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## THE AMERICAN INDICTMENT.

IT is fortunately not probable that the English Government or its representatives at Geneva should lose their temper; but perhaps the majority of Englishmen have begun within the last week to modify the general satisfaction with which the Treaty of Washington had been regarded. The few dissentients who thought that the national dignity had not been sufficiently guarded, and that there was a risk in unlimited concession, readily admitted that it was useless to resist the prevailing judgment of Parliament and of the community; nor can they derive satisfaction from the proof that their doubts and fears were well founded. In truth, the impression that American rancour had at last been conciliated was universal in England; and it is not surprising that the attainment of so desirable an object should have been thought worth the heavy price at which it had been purchased. The case, or, as it is justly called by its authors, the indictment, against England will have undecayed all who are not obstinately determined to retain their amiable illusions. Mr. SUMNER'S speech, General BUTLER'S frequent harangues, General GRANT'S Message to Congress in December 1870, Mr. HAMILTON FISH'S Note to Lord CLARNDON at an earlier period, were friendly, moderate, and reasonable in comparison with the extravagant invective which is to be laid before the tribunal at Geneva as an excuse for monstrous and incredible demands. Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS, who was instructed to prepare the case, has been assisted by Mr. BLAMAN, author of several pamphlets which were conclusively answered by "Historians"; and their joint production has been revised by Mr. CALIB CUSHING, who, as Attorney-General in the Presidency of Mr. PIERCE, officially expressed the hope that a prosecution instituted against the English Minister would "rebound against the throne of Queen VICTORIA." The animosity which long preceded the Civil War is consistently cherished when all the pretexts for enmity have been changed. The *Spectator*, not unnaturally disturbed by the falsification of its hopes and prophecies, censured the *Morning Post* for a statement that the American demands might amount to four or five hundred millions sterling. As damages are asked for the supposed prolongation of the war during two years, the calculation of the *Morning Post* is short of the amount proposed to be extorted. It is true that no possible evidence can be adduced to show that the escape of the *Alabama* prolonged the war by two years, or two months, or by a day; but the immediate question is not as to the justice of the claim, but as to the spirit which is exhibited by those who prefer it.

It was universally understood in England that under the provisions of the Treaty no claim could be made either for indirect or for vindictive damages. The unprecedented concession of the English Commissioners in expressing the regret of their Government for acts which were not admitted to be wrongful ought alone to have been considered as a satisfaction in full for any cause of irritation unconnected with material loss; nor is it conceivable that any Government which respected itself or the nation which it represented could have agreed beforehand to be haled in damages for uncalculated and wilful mismanagement of which it might be convicted. According to the agents of the United States, some of the questions to be submitted to the tribunal at Geneva are whether England owes the war owed a debt of gratitude to the United States, whether the conduct of the English Government at the time of concession was unbecomingly, whether the language of Lord CLARNDON and Mr. FISH was objectionable, and whether the duties of a Minister were not violated. It is not necessary to state the cause of

offence. The hostile intention of the framers of the document could not be more wilfully exhibited than in the mention of France as one of the States which had observed the obligations neglected by England. Among many unjust and intemperate effusions in the course of the long-standing controversy, the case of the American Government is the first attempt to aggravate the crimes of England by an invidious reference to earlier history. It seems that in several negotiations between 1812 and 1860 the United States Government was contented with a portion of its original demands, and it is coolly inferred that in every instance of the kind an obligation was incurred by England. One of the numerous benefits to be acknowledged was the conclusion of the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, "from which the United States did not derive the slightest advantage." The arbitrators are virtually asked to increase the damages which may be awarded for the escape of the *Alabama* because it is to be assumed that every earlier abatement of an American demand was a voluntary concession of an admitted right. No special reference is probably made to the commencement of the San Juan demand, or to the unfriendly dismissal of the English Minister in the middle of the Crimean war. No English student of diplomatic history is ignorant of the harsh and overbearing tone in which American negotiations with England have been uniformly conducted.

The American Government describes as English cruizers, issuing from English ports, not only the *Alabama*, which, by an abuse of language, might be so designated, but the *Santee*, which was built and equipped within Confederate territory, and other vessels for which the English Government could in no way be responsible. The tribunal is asked to compensate the owners of the vessels and cargoes which were destroyed, the shipowners who transferred their ships into English names, the insured who paid higher rates, and the insurance offices which covered increased risks. The expenses of the American navy in pursuing and watching the Confederate cruizers are also to be reimbursed, and finally, the entire cost of one or two years of war is to be paid, amounting perhaps to six hundred millions sterling. The tribute exacted from France by Germany after a complete victory is trifling compared with the damages which are demanded by the United States in virtue of a treaty which enthusiasts described as the commencement of a new era of peace and friendship. The most hostile and the most scornful of Prince BISMARCK'S communications to the French Government are courteous and friendly in comparison with the indictment for which the President and his Cabinet are responsible. An idle attempt has been made to exonerate the American Government by attributing the unprecedented rudeness and malignity of the attack to the counsel who have been employed. It may be true that the American agents have discredited themselves, but they have also compromised the character of their country. In private litigation a plaintiff or defendant is properly regarded as answerable for an unreasonable claim or resistance to a claim, and for any unfounded imputation on the character of an adversary. A defendant in an action for libel who repeats the obnoxious charge through his counsel is always understood to take the risk of increased damages in the event of an adverse verdict. It is absurd to suppose that the American Government would allow itself to be compromised by the violence or intemperance of its agents. It is clear that the signature of the Treaty has not been accepted at Washington in satisfaction for the cause of hostility which are supposed to have been furnished by England.

It is suggested with some plausibility that the American counsel are not in earnest, and that they wish only to make themselves popular at home, and perhaps slightly to increase the amount of damages which might otherwise have been

awarded to their clients. It is not absolutely impossible that their object may be rather insult than injury, but there is no third alternative. Offensive language would be comparatively tolerable if it were used as an instrument for obtaining several hundred millions of money. Discourtesy offered without any practical object would in one sense be more inexcusable. If the perverted and spiteful narrative is not introduced in aggravation of damages, it is a purely impertinent affront. It is indeed hardly possible that even the pliancy of the English Government and Commission can have induced the President and his advisers to believe in the possibility of inflicting a fine of five hundred millions on England. The Treaty was drawn with culpable laxity; but it cannot be strained into an interpretation consistent with the American demands. The English agents would have no choice but to withdraw from the arbitration in the improbable event of a consideration by the tribunal of the claim on account of the imaginary prolongation of the war. It is incredible that impartial jurists, with their own characters and with the credit of their respective nations at stake, should even listen to pretences which would make neutrality more costly than participation in war; yet it must be assumed that the able counsel employed by the United States have not adopted a vindictive line and preferred extortionate demands without belief in the possibility of success. If the arbitrators should, contrary to expectation, abet the scandalous injustice of the claimants, retirement from further contention would be consistent with the terms of the Treaty, and it would at the same time be an instructive comment on the blessed innovation of substituting judicial decisions for appeals to force. The statement of reasons for a declaration of war has but seldom been as acrimonious as the first proceeding in the great international arbitration.

#### THE FRENCH DEBATE ON THE INCOME-TAX.

WHATEVER may be thought of the soundness or unsoundness of the economical views of M. THIERS, no one who has read his recent speech can fail to be impressed with the lucidity of its method, the finish of its style, and the skill with which it was adapted to his auditory. It is also full of instruction, for M. THIERS based his opposition to an Income-tax mainly on the ground that France had already all that was good in an Income-tax, and it was therefore necessary for him to explain the whole system of French taxation. He took the last Budget before the war with its total revenue of 72 millions, and he showed how the burden of providing this revenue was distributed. Adding to the 72 millions raised for general purposes 12 raised for departmental purposes, he stated that the sources of revenue might be divided into two equal halves. One half, or 42 millions sterling, was levied on property. About 13 millions were levied on real property, 2 millions on buildings in the shape of a tax on doors and windows, 4 millions on personal property by means of a tax on householders according to their fortunes as indicated by the houses they occupied, and upwards of 4 millions on professional and mercantile profits in the shape of licences. Upwards of 18 millions were levied on the transmissions of property by means of stamps, charges on registration, and so forth. The other half of the sources of revenue, also producing 42 millions sterling, consisted of taxes on articles of consumption to the extent of 30 millions and of miscellaneous sources of revenue, such as the produce of the forests belonging to the State, the revenue of Algeria, and the income derived from the Post Office. Of the 30 millions raised from taxes on consumable articles, the Customs, exclusive of sugar, yielded 3 millions, sugar nearly 5, liquors 10, tobacco 10, and salt upwards of 1. The taxes on property and the revenues from miscellaneous sources, yielding 54 millions together, do not, according to M. THIERS, fall on the poor at all. Of the 30 millions levied on consumable articles, he calculated that 16 millions at the outside were paid by the poor. Thus, out of the total of 84 millions, the poor only contribute 16 millions, or a little less than one-fifth. This M. THIERS declared to be the most equitable scheme of finance, and the most favourable to the poor, of any known to the civilized world. His principal objection to the Income-tax was, therefore, that since it would be a new burden on property, and would not touch the poor, it would introduce an element of unfairness into that which is a fair system. It would make French finance unduly hard upon property, and the poor ought not to expect or desire that this should be changed; they ought to be credited with, or be taught, enough of patriotism to wish to bear their fair share of the new load under which France is beginning to groan. These are very much the same arguments, it may be

remembered, which Mr. Lowe used with so much force and success last spring against the plan of throwing all the increased burden of the taxation of the year on the payers of Income-tax, when he showed conclusively how very unfair it would be to take the course which a few days later he forced on a reluctant House of Commons. In France it is especially necessary that the poor should feel as much as they can be fairly made to feel of the inconveniences of having to pay the new taxes occasioned by the war. It was they who by their pliancy last year encouraged the Emperor to do whatever he pleased; and it is a salutary lesson for those who gave him this encouragement to find that when the man they allow to do as he pleases is pleased to go to war for nothing, they, in the long run, will have to pay for his fancy.

This was the main argument of M. THIERS, and it is one that carries much weight with it, if only some tax can be devised that will make the poor pay their fair share of the additional taxation made necessary by the war without crippling the resources and fatally fettering the commerce of the country. But he had other subsidiary arguments on which he relied to strengthen his case. He turned to the United States, and showed that the Income-tax was so unpopular there, and worked so badly, that the President had just recommended in his Message its total abolition. This argument was received with great favour by the Assembly, and was a very cogent one. The Income-tax was borne patiently enough in the momentous crisis that followed the close of the Civil War in America. But the frauds of which it has been the cause are so startling and notorious that prudent politicians in the States fear the national demoralization which must ensue. In France a merely temporary Income-tax would, as the best writers who wish for an Income-tax admit, be very unfair, as there are certain classes which already pay an Income-tax there, and to make it fair there must be a large readjustment of the whole system of taxation. M. THIERS had then to surmount the difficulty of the Income-tax existing, and being supported with tolerable patience, in England. He had, of course, the strong ground that the Income-tax was in the early years of its existence pronounced both by Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE to be essentially a temporary resource to meet a deficit that would soon pass away. It was so unwelcome even in England that the pill had to be largely glided before it could be swallowed. But in England it was, M. THIERS admitted, very wise and fair to impose an Income-tax. The landed interest and the makers of yearly profits were far too lightly taxed in comparison with the poor. Free trade was most advantageous to England, but only, according to the peculiar views of M. THIERS, because England is an island. In order to attain this great national benefit, Sir ROBERT PEEL had a perfect right to ask the rich to pay that fair share of taxation which they had previously escaped. In France, landowners, professional men, and traders are exceedingly heavily taxed, and therefore what was right in England would not be right in France. It might seem at first sight as if M. THIERS much understated the burden of taxation which in England falls on the landowner, for the landed interest supports an enormous burden of local taxation. But in a subsequent stage of the debate M. FOURRER-QUARTIER completed the statement of his chief, and asserted that the landowners in France, besides contributing their share to the revenue comprised in the Budget, and applicable to general and departmental purposes, pay 20 millions sterling to local purposes; and if this is true, it is obvious that landowners are much more heavily taxed in France than in England, even though allowance be made for the very much larger area of land in the former as compared with that in the latter country. M. THIERS was also right in saying that the Income-tax, although tolerated in England, is only just barely tolerated, and causes a very large amount both of fraud and inconvenience. Lastly, M. THIERS insisted most urgently on the unsuitability of the tax to France in its present circumstances. He probably exaggerated the arbitrariness with which it would be levied, but he pointed out that it would make the Republic odious; and he at once amused and alarmed the majority of the Assembly by declaring that they were all determined to give the Republic a perfectly fair trial. But he also pointed out, and the Assembly seemed to be entirely of his opinion, that in France, where the Government was so constantly changing, it would be most perilous for a trader to have to let the Government of the day know exactly how rich he was, as succeeding Governments would be tempted to plunder him. The argument seems worthy of Mexico or Venezuela, but the French Assembly immediately recognized its validity, and foreigners must therefore suppose that it is applicable to France.



M. THIERS made out a strong case against the Income-tax, but the majority of the Assembly was so heartily with him that even feeble arguments and a less telling manner would have sufficed for the overwhelming vote by which the proposal for the Income-tax was rejected. He was very inefficiently opposed by M. WOLOWSKI, who is a dreary, faint, and almost inaudible speaker, and who tired out the patience of an adverse audience by references to the pages of an English blue-book. The only effective reply to M. THIERS, if it can be called a reply, was that of M. LARGUOL. He insisted, with a great amount of truth, that the financial difficulties of France had been much underrated, and that the only chance of the country attaining a position which would enable it to meet the emergency would be to enter on a period of new and great commercial activity. This was only to be accomplished, he urged, by totally repealing and avoiding all taxes which add to the cost of exportable articles. This was obviously, in the first place, to prejudge the question between the Assembly and the Government as to the protective duties, and in the next place to point out a principle without showing how it was to be applied. It is almost impossible for a private member who holds to one system of finance to attack one part of the scheme of a Ministry which holds to another system. For what he would gain by defeating the Ministry on the point under discussion would only lead to a fraction of his system being practically carried out. Nor does it at all follow that, even if duties enhancing the price of exportable articles were to be abolished, an Income-tax in the form in which it was proposed would be the best mode of making up the consequent deficiency of revenue. What is to be the mode in which the revenue which the proposed Income-tax would have yielded is to be raised was left for future discussion. The Assembly decided that it would not have an Income-tax, but it did not decide whether the Government proposal to raise 6 millions by the taxation of raw materials should or should not be adopted instead. But although the discussion, or at least the vote of the Assembly, terminated in favour of M. THIERS, enough was said both by himself and others to throw some doubts on the truth of his reiterated assertion that the French system of taxation is perfect. If it were so, the obvious mode of getting new taxes would be to make an equal increase of every existing tax. One member proposed that this should be done, but M. THIERS received the proposal with great coldness. The Government has indeed already shown its readiness to depart from this perfect system of taxation. During the course of the debate the Government intimated its willingness to assent to an increase in the sum derived from licences, or, in other words, to make an exceptional increase in the contribution of the trading and professional classes to the revenues of the State. This was in effect to allow that the classes who would most suffer from an Income-tax might properly and advantageously be made to pay more than they do in the form of Income-tax applied to them. If, however, the Assembly did not go further than to decide not to have a general Income-tax, it showed by incontestable signs that a very large majority of its members was strongly opposed to the taxes on raw materials. M. THIERS will have to cram these taxes down the throats of his hearers; but he is so skilful and so necessary, that there is no saying that he will not persuade an Assembly to vote for the taxation of raw materials, although it considers such a form of taxation pernicious in the highest degree.

#### POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

AS the Ministers will keep their own secrets till the meeting of Parliament, it is impossible to anticipate with confidence the nature of the political conflicts which may probably be impending. Mr. STANSFELD lately spoke with hesitation, or perhaps only with official diffidence, of the possibility of introducing the Sanitary Bill which he pledged himself to prepare; but there can be no doubt that the Government must find time for a measure which in its general principle will encounter no opposition. The Act of last Session constituted the central authority which is indispensable to the efficient working of local administrative bodies; and the distribution of powers will be simplified by the experience of many years in the similar relations between the Poor Law Board and the Boards of Guardians. Little instruction is to be derived from the practice of the Home Office since it superseded the Board of Health. Its authority was nominally too extensive, and practically it was insufficient, nor was any adequate

staff provided for the discharge of the duties imposed on the Office by various Acts of Parliament. Even the Board of Trade, notwithstanding its chaotic organization, was preferred by those who had local business to transfer to the Sanitary Department of the Home Office. Under several recent Acts the Secretary of State had the power to insist on the removal of nuisances, and in case of refusal or neglect he was authorised to execute the necessary works at the expense of the delinquent community; but the Secretary of State had neither engineers to perform the work nor funds to pay for it in the first instance; and, by the fault of Parliament rather than of the Office, all enactments of the kind proved entirely inoperative. In future legislation stringent provisions for compelling local bodies to do their duty will be preferable to the alternative execution of works by a central authority; yet the difficulty of compelling those who for their own profit cause nuisances to abate them by their own action at their own expense will not be easily overcome. If the Bill is judiciously framed, Parliament will not refuse to confer all necessary powers on the Local Government Board, or rather on the President. The success of the measure will depend chiefly on the judicious selection of the mode of administration and of the best local authorities. On the whole, probably, Mr. STANSFELD will have recourse to the Boards of Guardians, both because they already exist, and because the area which they represent is intermediate between a parish and a county. Mr. GOSCHEN'S Bill of last year would have practically excluded the gentry from all share in local government, though it is fair to admit that such a result was not contemplated by the author of the scheme. It is not likely that either Mr. STANSFELD or the majority of the House will be disposed to increase the power of the Justices; and yet the upper classes in rural districts both appreciate most fully the importance of sanitary improvement, and possess greater independence than their poorer neighbours. The graduated parochial franchise is too little consistent with democratic principles to be favoured by modern legislation.

The Ballot Bill will, after the events of last Session, almost certainly take precedence of less purely political measures. It is probable that a majority of the House of Commons dislike and disapprove the innovation, but pledges must be redeemed, and, above all, the House of Commons must not give way to the House of Lords. There are politicians who attach to the machinery of Ballot Bills an importance which to others seems exaggerated. It is generally admitted that, if there are shades of merit in such contrivances, last year's Bill was not the best that could have been devised; but the additional strength which will be given by any possible Ballot Bill to the party of movement matters far more than the encouragement or abolition of certainties. The friends and the more candid enemies of the Ballot are entirely agreed on the main issue, which indeed is now practically decided. The extreme Liberals wish for the Ballot because it will increase the effect of popular excitement, and diminish the influence of position and of property. It is no longer worth while to inquire whether it is desirable that every man should give an unbiased vote without regard to the wishes or opinions of others. It is extremely unlikely that at a general election half-a-dozen seats should be obtained by the use of personation or any other flagrant kind of fraud. The kinds of corruption which will be promoted by the adoption of the Ballot are those which have hitherto been more familiar to Americans than to Englishmen. The House of Lords will show sound judgment by accepting an unpalatable measure which primarily concerns the House of Commons and the constituencies. It is not necessary on this occasion to determine the limits of legislative power which confine the action of a second and less powerful Chamber. It would be highly invidious for the House of Lords, after due delay and consideration, to prevent the House of Commons from determining the mode in which its members are to be elected; and if the deliberations of the Peers are guided by statesmen, they will at present be more than ordinarily unwilling to provoke a collision which would necessarily be followed by agitation. The premature anxiety of various demagogues to appropriate to themselves, after the fashion of SISSEY and his officers, fragments of the Constitution to be destroyed has for the time provoked a certain reaction. Mr. DIXON made little of his scheme for destroying the House of Lords, and the clamour for a Republic has died away without an echo. A popular pretext for fresh revolutionary proposals would be in the highest degree acceptable to the baffled enemies of the Constitution who have once missed their spring. It would

indeed require more than ordinary audacity at the present moment to renew attacks on the Crown. The feeling which was exhibited during the illness of the Prince of Wales must have served as a warning to the most conceited of Republicans, and the touching and eloquent letter of the Queen to the people of England will be remembered when recent attempts to earn notoriety are forgotten; but the House of Lords has no similar security against attack, and if it furnishes an excuse for hostility it will concentrate on itself all the attacks which have hitherto been dissipated upon several different objects.

The serious inconvenience which the Ministerial party may incur through the growing disaffection of the Nonconformists will be reduced to the lowest point by firmness in maintaining the Education Bill. No compromise is possible which would not fundamentally disturb the settlement of 1869; and if Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues show any disposition to waver, they will only tempt the malcontents to increase their demands. At the same time they will revive all the differences which the Act was intended to settle; and it is not clear that the new opponents whom they would provoke would be less formidable than their present assailants. The extreme section of a party sometimes prefers the triumph of open antagonists to the interests of lukewarm and moderate allies; but in the great majority of instances a recession is threatened twenty times for one case in which it is actually undertaken. Although the confidence which is reposed by thoughtful and moderate politicians on the PRIME MINISTER may not be wholly unqualified, nothing would be more undesirable than the temporary accession of the Opposition to office. Their leaders are not known to have a policy, and those among them who are most indisputably sincere are with few exceptions deficient in statesmanlike ability. On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE would be relieved by expulsion from office of the restraints which still to a beneficial extent hamper his excessive activity. In Opposition he has always been restless and often intemperate, and it is not known that he has any remaining prejudice which might not be overcome. One unpleasant task which awaits him at the opening of the Session is fortunately not such as will necessarily endanger the existence of the Ministry. It is certain that the late appointment to the Privy Council will be censured by the opponents of the Government, and a friendly majority will have to pronounce its verdict without any undue regard to the merits of the case. There are many Parliamentary contrivances by which the necessity of passing a vote of censure may be evaded. A business-like Assembly is not called upon to vote directly on issues which may for any reason be thought unseasonable. It is indeed probable that Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HAMPDEN will regard the support of a friendly majority as a full condonation of their questionable proceeding; but if they wish to ascertain the genuine opinion of Parliament, they will probably find the debate more instructive than the division. The enthusiasm of three years ago has not survived the experience and the disappointments of last Session; but it will be the fault of the Government if its position is endangered during the present year.

#### THE PARIS ELECTION.

THERE is every probability that the election of a deputy for Paris, which takes place to-morrow, will have the same result as that by which so many previous elections have been attended. The Radicals have found a candidate, and have agreed—though not, it seems, without many misgivings—to give him a united support. The party of order, which has everything to gain or lose by the choice of the electors, has allowed things to take their chance. It claims to be a majority in Paris; it is certainly associated with the majority in the Assembly and in the country; and yet, for any thing it makes of its strength, it might as well belong to a despised minority. When first the contest began, the friends of order made some little show of taking part in it. They allowed a Committee of newspaper editors to look out for a candidate on their behalf. When their choice was made public, it turned out to be the very worst they could have lighted on. There are good reasons why the Commander-in-Chief should not be a member of the Assembly, and there is one reason in particular why he should not be a member for Paris. If ever the Assembly is exposed to violence from without, it is to Marshal MACMAHON that it will have to look for deliverance; and nothing would be more likely to paralyse a soldier's hand than to have been a spectator of the irresolution and weakness of purpose which the Chamber would probably

have shown before making up its mind to resistance. So long as the state of siege is maintained in Paris, it may at any time be the duty of her representative to appeal to the Government or the Assembly against some needless severity on the part of the troops. The Commander-in-Chief could hardly be expected to do this part of a deputy's work. From these possible complications France has been saved by Marshal MACMAHON's prudence. It may be doubted whether the Paris Conservatives were really sorry when they thought there would be no opportunity for them to vote, or whether, now that an opportunity has presented itself at the eleventh hour, they will not prefer to let it slip. M. VAUTRAIN's appearance has deprived them of the plea that they have failed in finding a candidate. If the election turned on the issue between Monarchy and a Republic, they might perhaps excuse their inaction on the score that, where both the candidates are Republicans, electors who desire a Restoration are not called upon to vote for either. But the contest between M. VAUTRAIN and M. HUGO is really a contest between order and anarchy, between the French nation and the Paris Commune, between reasonable liberty and democratic tyranny. Paris has now to determine which of these rival creeds shall be put forward as hers in the Assembly. If the party of order takes no side in the controversy, it is bound to find some other name for itself before the next election. Either because the *bourgeoisie* of Paris dislike M. THIERES and his Government more than they dislike the Commune, or because their expectation of seeing the Commune restored in spite of him makes them anxious not to commit themselves in the eyes of their future masters, or because the political instinct has died out from want of exercise, their passion for abstention seems to be the one element of consistency in their character. If Heaven only helps those that help themselves their chance of providential aid in their next trouble will be an exceedingly small one.

The interest of to-morrow's election, such as it is, turns less upon the result, which we fear may be taken as foreordained, than upon the indications which may be gathered from it as to the future policy of the extreme Republican party. If there were no party of order to claim a share in the honour, the Paris Radicals might write themselves down as the most contemptible of political organizations. The controversy about the *mandat impératif* could never have arisen in a party which had any belief in its leaders; and a party which neither trusts the men whom it chooses to represent it, nor has the energy to replace them by others in whom it has more confidence, is not likely to achieve any conspicuous success. In all former revolutionary periods—and it is by the standard of a revolutionary period that the Paris Radicals must be judged—the great object at every election has been to return men whom the voters thought to be better men than themselves. The contest has in truth been one of men rather than of measures. The populace have accepted as essential whatever doctrines their leaders have chosen to call by that name, but they have never questioned that the election of their leaders meant the triumph of the principles they professed to maintain. Now the one settled conviction of the Paris Radicals seems to be that their representative will betray them if he gets the chance. They have invented the *mandat impératif*, they have accepted the *mandat contractuel*, for no other end than to deprive him of this chance. They only half like M. VICTOR HUGO, because he has insisted on the *mandat contractuel* being substituted for the *mandat impératif*, and many of them suspect that he has changed the form in order to get rid of the substance. It is impossible that a deputy elected under these circumstances should long retain even the modified confidence which the electors must be supposed to have had in him before they accepted his signature to the electoral contract. It is a safe prediction that M. HUGO will not have given many votes in the Assembly before the "jury of honour" which is to decide whether a deputy has violated his pledge will be convoked to hear the complaints of his constituents, and be appealed to to demand his resignation. Another feature that distinguishes the Paris Radicals from their predecessors in the same line is the extraordinary pettiness of the objections alleged against the candidate ultimately chosen. Whatever other qualifications M. VICTOR HUGO may want, it might have been thought that he would have been accepted as a good Democrat. But it seems to have been urged as a serious flaw in his title to this distinction that he sold his books at a price which allowed none but the rich to buy them, and that his opinions twenty years ago were not in all respects what they are now. It is difficult to imagine a position of less dignity for a man of genius than that in which M. VICTOR HUGO has chosen to

place himself; but the electors who will probably return him to-morrow have achieved what might have been thought impossible, and have made him almost respectable by contrast themselves.

If the programme embodied in the *mandat contractuel* had no unexpressed articles to be inserted between the lines, it would be by no means a very revolutionary document. Several of the demands embodied in it are such as a wise Government would long ago have conceded by anticipation. The return of the Assembly to Paris, the grant of an amnesty, the recognition of a dissolution as an indispensable preliminary to the exercise of constituent powers by the Assembly, the raising of the state of siege in the great cities, a larger measure of freedom in local administration, the removal of arbitrary restrictions on newspaper criticism on political events, the reform of the magistracy, the introduction of compulsory military service—are all matters upon which it is surprising that sensible Frenchmen can hold two opinions. Mixed up with these are some demands of very doubtful expediency, and others which are unmistakably mischievous. To the former class belong the immediate nomination of a Constituent Assembly, the abolition of capital punishment, the separation of Church and State, and the abolition of press prosecutions except in civil matters. To the latter class belong the abolition of the principle of irremovability among the judges, a proportionate tax upon incomes, the prohibition of religion in education—if at least this be what the Committee of the Rue Bréa understand by “gratuitous primary education, compulsory, and conducted by laymen,” and the gratuitous provision of secondary education by the State. Still even the most objectionable of these theories hardly comes up to the traditional notion of Red Republicanism. The omission of the doctrines generally attributed to the Socialist party is remarkable. With the solitary exception of the proportionate Income-tax, M. Hugo is pledged to nothing which a capitalist might not advocate with perfect safety to his pocket. Indeed it will be strange if the author of *Les Misérables* does not on this head go far ahead of his instructions. This absence of the Socialist element may help to explain the general mediocrity of the whole movement. The real strength of the extreme Republican party in Paris has not been put out. Probably it was not thought prudent for the Communists to come forward in their own character. Such a step might have been attended by inconvenient consequences, so long as Paris is in a state of siege; and the alarm which would have been given to the Assembly by an avowed Communist triumph might have led to a continuance and extension of repressive precautions. Nor would there have been any gain to set against these obvious risks. M. Victor Hugo will be as useful at Versailles as the most earnest of the Communist leaders. No men are better suited to play the cat to the Communist monkey than the men who, by contrast with the real wire-pullers, may be called the moderate Radicals of Paris.

#### THE MEMBERS FOR OXFORD.

THE annual speeches of Mr. CARDWELL and Mr. HARCOURT are always well received by their constituents; and on New Year's Day they left behind a not disagreeable impression that there is for the moment nothing particular to say. Mr. CARDWELL, as became a Cabinet Minister on a festive occasion, was cheerful, complimentary, and vague. He naturally shared the general satisfaction at the probable recovery of the Prince of WALES from an illness which had given occasion to a remarkable display of loyal feeling. With the past he was contented, and especially with the relief from the burden of purchase of an army which he justly described as devoted and heroic. Even the settlement with the United States has, in spite of the elaborate indictment prepared by the American counsel, not ceased to convince Mr. CARDWELL that the two nations are united by the bond of a common language, which one of them uses on all public occasions for the purpose of vituperating the other. As to the Ballot, Mr. CARDWELL said that he was in a peculiar position, inasmuch as he had never been an enthusiast for secret voting, having indeed consistently opposed it until it was adopted by the present Cabinet. On the licensing question, and on the general controversy about alcohol, Mr. CARDWELL wisely declined to enter, except that, as his audience happened to be sitting round a table covered with decanters, he expressed a laudable wish that everybody else might, like the present company, have reasonable facilities for enjoyment. Everybody in Mr. CARDWELL's opinion entertains the same

desire, although the temperance agitators would put an end to any enjoyment which may be derived from any kind of fermented liquor. Some passages in Mr. CARDWELL's speech seemed to point to the substitution of administrative or social legislation for political conflicts; and he concluded with a hope that all parties would merge minor differences, for the purpose of obtaining great results and of increasing our reputation as an example to all the nations of the world. It is much to be wished that less cautious Ministers would profit by the example of Mr. CARDWELL; but perhaps it is not to be expected that they should all look at the prospects of the coming Session with equal complacency. Having carried his Army Bill, the SECRETARY OF WAR, like a player who has completed his innings, walks aside, while Mr. BRUCE and Mr. STANSFELD in their turn concentrate upon themselves the attention of the spectators and the efforts of the hostile party to dislodge them. Mr. CARDWELL has nothing to do with public-houses or with Local Boards, except to vote, or possibly now and then to speak, in favour of the Ministerial measure. The anxiety of general supervision and guidance falls almost entirely on Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. CARDWELL was too prudent to betray in the smallest degree the confidence of the Government. It is probable that some resolution may have been taken with reference to the attacks of the Nonconformists and secularists on the Education Act; but Mr. CARDWELL confined himself to the harmless statement that twenty years ago only a small minority was in favour of State education.

Mr. HARCOURT, untrammelled by the restraints of office, is also on ordinary occasions more pugnacious and impatient than his experienced colleague, but the most exciting suggestion which he could devise was a general protest against repose. To Mr. CARDWELL's recommendation of harmonious co-operation in measures outside the range of politics Mr. HARCOURT replied, with some point, that “recourse to a non-political programme was the unfailing symptom of a used-up party and a played-out Administration.” In his opinion, it is the business of the Liberal party to attack abuses, and of the Conservative party to defend them; and from the conflict is evolved the kind of activity which is properly called political. It seems to follow that, if the Opposition should at any time neglect their proper function of supporting abuses, it would become indispensable that Mr. HARCOURT and his friends should assail the beneficent and valuable parts of the Constitution. Of all courses he most earnestly repudiates the system of leaving things as they are. Ideal perfection of government would be no excuse for the tranquillity or stagnation which must result from general unanimity. On one subject Mr. HARCOURT thinks that the Government has been too active, and that it might have more prudently let alone the whole question of licences. He doubts whether it is possible to reconcile “the views of those who wish nobody to drink anything with those of the persons who desire everybody to drink everything.” The issue which has been raised in the controversy could not be more tersely or accurately defined. The greater part of Mr. HARCOURT's speech was occupied with a general denunciation of the extravagance of successive Governments and of the House of Commons. He has discovered, as some other politicians have learned before him, that twenty years ago the national expenditure was only 55,000,000*l.*, whereas it is now above 72,000,000*l.*, and, without entering into the details of the public wants, he concludes at once that the whole or the greater part of the excess is to be regarded as superfluous and wasteful. One million, indeed, spent on primary education, he admits to be a legitimate addition; but 18,000,000*l.* might, in his opinion, be saved, and in the meantime the amount furnishes matter for political speeches. It is necessary, however, in making the comparison to allow for the increase of population and of revenue, and for the universal advance of prices. If the affairs of the United Kingdom were administered for the cost which was sufficient in 1851, it would follow that enormous proportional reductions of expenditure had been effected. Mr. HARCOURT cannot but be aware that his statements require to be modified, and apparently he thought that in an after-dinner speech it would be troublesome and tedious to enter into details; but round numbers have no meaning where the actuals are not more or less applicable to the actual state of facts.

It appears to have occurred to Mr. HARCOURT that his figures were inconveniently large, and that he was bound to furnish some explanation of the apparently wanton propensity of Parliament to squander the public money. He proceeded to ask whether the diplomatic service or the Colonial establishment had become in twenty years more costly, and he could not but answer his own questions in the negative. Was the army excessive? “Are you more competent to indulge in the

"favourite dream of some people, that of fighting Europe all round? Does your navy show less alacrity in sinking?" In other words, the army is not too large; the navy is not too large; and therefore the alleged extravagance of expenditure might be supposed to be imaginary. It would have been more to the purpose, though not more accurate, to assert that the army, the navy, and the other great branches of the public service were maintained on an unnecessary scale of magnitude. It was on this point that Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT incessantly harped, instead of sneering at the supposed inefficiency of the army or the navy. But Mr. HARCOURT, having deprived himself of the most obvious ground for complaint, boldly proceeds to account for the 18,000,000*l.* which might, according to his theory, be saved. "I will venture to let you into the secret. It is muddled away. It is spent nobody knows how, and goes nobody knows where." And this is spoken in the presence of the SECRETARY for WAR by a supporter of the severest economists among Prime Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer. The public accounts are, it seems, so laxly kept, and the outlets of the Treasury are so carelessly guarded, that one-fourth of the whole expenditure of the country is muddled away in such a manner that it cannot even be traced. If Mr. HARCOURT is unable to trace any item of the total amount, his incapacity only proves that he has not studied the Estimates, or checked the Votes of Supply; or rather that he has not yet devoted to finance the great abilities which have enabled him to master more attractive branches of knowledge. Nothing is commoner than for patriotic members to complain of extravagance to which they are themselves parties; but few Liberal orators have rivalled Mr. HARCOURT in the boldness of paradoxical self-accusation. Ships cost more and guns cost more than in 1851, and the pay of the army and the allowances of the navy have since been increased. The Civil Service Estimates, which are annually canvassed by members less impatient of detail than Mr. HARCOURT, have been necessarily enlarged in consequence of the various extensions of the functions of Government. It is the interest, as it is probably the conscientious desire, of the Ministers to curtail as far as possible the public expenditure; and the result of their efforts, and the expression of their judgment, is the Budget from which Mr. HARCOURT proposes to make his startling reduction. It is impossible to believe that, if he had seriously considered the effect of his statements, he could have thought that if he were himself in power he could strike off from the annual charge on the country eighteen millions, or twelve millions, or six millions. It would be a valuable service to the country to reduce the outlay by a single million without diminution of efficiency; but vague declamation against the whole system of financial administration can only promote either useless discontent or unflattering incredulity. An able and astute member of Parliament who avers that 18,000,000*l.* are annually muddled away virtually avows that he has not taken the trouble to become acquainted with the subject which he discusses. The proposal, borrowed from Mr. BRIGHT, of a "free breakfast-table," and the more original demand for the abolition of the Income-tax, would only deserve to be discussed when the possible contingency of a surplus was first established. Mr. HARCOURT longs for a Government which would do equal justice to all classes of the community, and at the same time, by allotting to the payers of Income tax the benefit of half of the whole reduction to be effected, he unconsciously admits that taxation is at present not inequitably distributed. It was not in this manner that Mr. HARCOURT proceeded when he was at home in his subject, and earnest in his desire to effect the change which he recommended. His scheme of legal and judicial reform, though both its principles and details may be open to criticism, was in one important respect a model project of reform. Knowing that legislation principally consists of details, Mr. HARCOURT took care to substitute a positive and complete system for the existing fabric. The titles, the salaries, the functions of the Judges; and the machinery of jurisdiction were all distinctly explained; and it was evident that the author of the plan was familiar at the same time with the institutions which he regarded as defective, and with the remedies which he undertook to provide. When he devotes equal attention to national finance, he will not content himself with the indolent and unmeaning proposition that eighteen millions are annually muddled away.

#### THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

PRINCE BISMARCK has notified that henceforth he will use the German language instead of the French in his communications with Foreign Powers. As he has made this

announcement in a communication to Count ARNIM, it might at first seem as if he were using a rather petty means of humiliating France in its hour of weakness. But Count ARNIM is only just entering on his duties as German Ambassador in France, and as this is a new beginning of diplomatic intercourse which was necessarily interrupted by the war, it seems a fair occasion for instituting a new system. To Englishmen the change seems a very natural one, for during the present century it has become the habitual practice of the English Foreign Office to use English only in its despatches, and the example of England has been followed by other States. But for about a century and a half previously French had been almost the exclusive language of diplomacy, partly on account of the intrinsic merits of the language, and partly on account of the preponderating influence of France. Yet this was an artificial practice in harmony with what, according to the standard of the present day, may be called an artificial system. While nations were subjected to the personal influences and caprices of great people—of princes, Ministers, courtiers, and able adventurers—it was natural and advantageous that there should be some common mode of exercising personal influence in diplomacy. Diplomacy was then very often an affair of rapid and daring stratagems. The first Lord MALMESBURY once got a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance signed by a Sovereign in opposition to the known wishes of the Royal advisers, and the simple mode he adopted was to bribe a valet to keep the King's chief adviser out of the closet. This is a curious instance of what a century or so ago was possible in diplomacy; but it is by no means a solitary or a very exceptional instance. One or two influential personages acted for a nation, and a diplomatist was an adroit influential personage sent to lead or mislead the local influential personages of a foreign State. For such purposes it was exceedingly convenient that all European people of importance should know at least that sort of French which was familiar to GEORGE II. and the Empress CATHERINE, and which sounded enough like French to make rapid communication possible between those who spoke it and any one who knew French. But now diplomacy is a very different matter. It consists partly in the communication of the official views and intentions of the Government which the diplomatist represents, and partly in the collection of all kinds of information as to the country in which the diplomatist resides. If a Government wishes to make a communication, it naturally wishes to do so in its own language; and if it is to receive information, it desires that this information should be procured by a man who speaks, not French, but the language of the country to which he is sent.

The announcement of Prince BISMARCK may therefore be said to point to the two new uses and purposes of diplomacy. The Government of a State desires that a foreign Government should precisely understand what are its opinions, what it complains, what it fears, what precautions it thinks ought to be taken, what line it may itself be preparing to take. Those who write such despatches can never write them properly in any language but their own. They know, or at least ought to know, what words and phrases mean in their native tongue, but they can never be sure that they are fully embodying in language what they wish to embody when they speak a foreign language. Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR is quoted by Professor BURNARD, in his very instructive lecture on Diplomacy, as having said that, as he should always prefer using his own word, so he should always prefer speaking his own language on important diplomatic occasions. If Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR felt this, all diplomatists must feel it; for it was certainly through no want of ability or knowledge that he was sensible of the need of using the one instrument of the expression of thought with the use of which he was perfectly familiar. A foreign language cannot always be made to express exactly what is wanted; and it may be observed that French, although excellently fitted in some respects as a common vehicle of expression, is in other respects badly fitted. It has, especially under the influence of the vague and grandiloquent writers of the last half-century, a fatal tendency to run into words and phrases which may mean almost anything. French looks clear because the language lends itself easily to very clear arrangement; but it looks very often clearer than it is, for it is full of expressions which seem to mean much and may mean very little, or which may seem to mean little but may be easily shown by those who use them to have meant a great deal. The language of modern French diplomacy teems with such words as "solidarity," "unification," "eventualities," and so forth, which always make a reader feel as if he were a provincial *maire* and LOUIS NAPOLEON was addressing him under



a triumphal arch. Nor is this all. Diplomatic documents are now to a very large extent the property not of diplomatists but of the public. A despatch from Prince Bismarck to Count ARNIM is very possibly meant as a manifesto to Germany. The celebrated despatch to Washington in relation to the Trent affair, which is said to have been very largely the work of the late PRINCE CONSORT, was meant to be, and was immediately accepted as, a solemn calm justification of the course taken by the Government before the tribunal of England and the world. Such despatches ought never to be written in any language but that of the country which has to make the words of the writers good. And the same may be said, although of course in a less degree, as to diplomatic documents of minor importance. The Duke of GRAMONT has within the last few days been called before a Commission of Inquiry, and to justify the course he took in the summer of 1870 he has placed in evidence two documents, one from the English Ambassador at Berlin, in which, as he states, the Ambassador announced that Prussia was bent on war; and the other from the English Ambassador at Paris, which, according to the Duke, stated that the intentions and tone of the French Government were very conciliatory. The English diplomatists thus appealed to will of course be desirous that their words should be fairly and carefully judged and appreciated by every one, but more especially they will be desirous that this should be done by Englishmen. A correct and critical judgment cannot possibly be formed in England unless the documents have been originally written in English. In short, in whatever way the point is regarded, it becomes evident that when diplomatic documents are presented in the name of, and are to be judged by, a nation, they must be written in the language of that nation, and not in any foreign tongue.

The change from French to German in the diplomatic documents addressed by Germany to France also falls in with the other great change in the character of diplomacy. The modern diplomatist ought to be expected and forced to make himself as much as possible acquainted with the language of the country to which he is sent. While French was the common language of diplomacy, an idle young man who knew French thought he had nothing more to learn. He could always do a little trifling business, or have a little gossip with persons inhabiting the country to which he was sent, if they belonged to the same circles as he did, and could speak French equally well. If all that the Foreign Office required was a guess at the possible caprices of a Sovereign, his mistress, or his Prime Minister, the young diplomatist could collect in the French tongue as much material for worthless guessing as he conceived himself to require. But if a diplomatist is to be regarded, as every year he is being more regarded, as a person one of whose main duties lies in making himself master of all the information he can get hold of as to the country to which he is sent, in order not only that correct political judgments may be formed by his chiefs, but that the nation to which he belongs may be guided in its own legislation, aided in its commerce, and enabled in every respect to deal with more intelligence and honesty in all its intercourse with the natives of the country where the diplomatist resides, he must learn to talk the language of that country. Nor will any nation gain so much as France itself by such a change in the habits of diplomatists. Frenchmen have suffered above all other men by French being so extensively used in diplomacy. French diplomatists started knowing so much that they would learn nothing more. It is said that many members of the body of French diplomatists residing two years ago in different parts of Germany were totally unacquainted with the German language, and yet they were expected to send home accurate and trustworthy reports as to the state of German feeling and opinion with regard to a war with France. A very large portion of the disgraceful ignorance among Frenchmen of almost every class which showed itself in the late war, and which was so large a cause of the disasters of the country, may be traced to the fact that Frenchmen considered it the business of foreigners to learn French, and not that of Frenchmen to learn foreign languages. If every nation writes its diplomatic documents in its own language, this peculiarity of the French mind will necessarily act with feebler force. Not that French as a medium of international communication will soon, or perhaps for a very long time, lose its hold on Europe. There are occasions when the use of French as such a medium will prove to be very useful in diplomacy. At a Congress or Conference, for example, it would be distracting if every diplomatist sitting round the table used a different language, and the readiest

means of arriving at being intelligible would be for all to talk French. There are some countries, too, which, if they want to be listened to at all, must use a language that Europe generally can understand. If the Government of the Danubian Principalities had anything to say to Europe, it would be absurd for it to write in Roumanian. Probably for some time to come even Russia must use either German or French in diplomacy. Changes like these, to which Prince Bismarck's announcement points, are not made suddenly or as a whole. They steal on gradually, and only make themselves felt and seen in proportion as an altered state of society permits them to gain strength.

#### LORD RUSSELL ON RELIGION AND LIBERTY.

A STATESMAN of Lord Russell's eminence must be supposed to have a meaning in all that he writes, but this assumption is subjected to a strain of extraordinary severity by his letters to Mr. ALFRED BOURNE. It is clear indeed that Lord Russell is dissatisfied with certain "onions" of religious liberty; but as his ordinary condition is to be dissatisfied with some one, and as, in his own estimation, Lord Russell's enemies for the time being are always the enemies either of religious liberty or of the settlement of 1688, this discovery affords no clue. Perhaps if Mr. BOURNE's letters had been printed along with Lord Russell's the obscurity might have been in some degree removed. But nothing is known of this gentleman's share in the correspondence beyond the fact that he seems to have asked Lord Russell to attend a meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, either at Stockwell in December, or in the Borough Road in January. If Lord Russell's letters are any sample of what he would have said on these occasions, had he been able to attend, the Society may be congratulated on his determination to pass the winter at Cannes. At meetings of this kind it is usually thought well to avoid any subjects which might provoke differences of opinion among the members, and as, according to one interpretation of Lord Russell's words, he would have appeared as the advocate of a new variety of concurrent endowment, this reasonable understanding might have been violated.

The historical survey which usually forms part of Lord Russell's conception of a letter goes back in this instance no further than 1839. That was a remarkable year in the educational history of the country. Lord Russell "obtained the sanction of the QUEEN to a declaration that she wished the youth of this kingdom to be "religiously brought up, and the rights of conscience to be "respected." The form of the sentence might be taken to imply that the QUEEN did not in the first instance wish anything of the kind, and that it was only under judicious pressure from Lord Russell that she consented to forego her prepossession in favour of irreligious education and a disregard of the rights of conscience. Fortunately, however, HER MAJESTY's known character is enough to show that Lord Russell could not have meant this inference to be drawn. Due attention has been paid to this expression of the QUEEN's wish "in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland," the last named country having been especially favoured by the planting "of a "sapling, not of the upas-tree, but coming from an "acorn of the British oak." It is rather puzzling to find the system of National Education established in Ireland in 1834 described as a sapling "coming from an acorn of the British oak" which was planted in 1839. This, however, might be only a bold figure of speech; what is harder to explain is how an educational system which neither in theory nor in practice has anything in common with the English system can be called a sapling from it. The characteristic feature of the Irish national system has always been the combination of united secular and separate religious instruction. The characteristic feature of the English system, down to the passing of the Education Act, was the employment of the same persons to give religious instruction and secular instruction. It is quite possible to hold that each of these systems was well adapted to the country and circumstances to which it was intended; but Lord Russell has been the first to discover that the two are identical.

A further difficulty is presented by his remarks upon the Conscience Clause. Hitherto, it seems, all the world has been in ignorance as to the true nature of this expedient. It has been always supposed to be a device for the protection of religious liberty. Instead of this it was the invention of "the enemies of religious liberty." Now the Conscience Clause was not applied to English schools until long after 1839, and so far Lord Russell's dislike to it is chronologically consistent.

But it was applied to Irish schools from the very first; so that Lord RUSSELL presents us with the distracting spectacle of the same critic regarding a Conscience Clause as incompatible with religious liberty in a system into which it was introduced after a long interval, and compatible with religious liberty in a system into which it was introduced at starting. The history of the Conscience Clause in England as given in these letters is this:—Lord RUSSELL and the QUEEN wished a religious education and freedom of conscience to be secured to every Englishman. It "occurred, however, "to some enemies of religious liberty that to give Dissenters a religious education and respect their rights of conscience was too much, that to have one of the two was quite "enough for Dissenters. They . . . therefore invented "the Conscience Clause." The natural conclusion from this narrative would be that Lord RUSSELL has suddenly become an extreme Denominationalist. He wishes every child in England to receive religious as well as secular instruction at the expense of the community, and the only obvious means of securing this object is to send the children of each denomination to schools in which they will be brought up by teachers of their own creed. The objection to this plan, founded on its enormous cost, would in Lord RUSSELL's eyes be of no moment. He has been told that if the "gracious intentions of the QUEEN of 1839"—this looks as though Lord RUSSELL thought the QUEEN of 1839 and the QUEEN of 1872 were different Sovereigns—are to be "fully carried "into effect," more room than is sufficient will be provided. "More," he answers with heroic indignation, "than is "sufficient for packing closely the boys and girls to be "taught, but not more than sufficient for faith and conscience." This notion of a certain minimum of cubic space being required for "faith and conscience" makes it evident that Lord RUSSELL is not the ardent Denominationalist which his desire that the State should give religious as well as secular instruction to "the youth of this kingdom" seemed to prove him, since, if separate schools were provided for the children of each denomination, there would be no necessary waste of room. The only alternative interpretation of his meaning is, that he wishes schools to be provided in which every English child may have an opportunity, if his parents choose, of being taught a sort of composite religion of which Lord RUSSELL appears to be the prophet. In this way, no doubt, very much more room would be provided than is "sufficient for packing closely the boys and "girls to be taught," since for every boy or girl so packed in a Church school, or in a Dissenting school, a similar amount of room would have to be kept in the Established RUSSELL school. Upon the doctrines of the religion for which he claims this magnificent endowment of empty benches Lord RUSSELL is silent. Its relations to Christianity seem to be friendly, for Lord RUSSELL intends that his converts shall be brought into the way of truth "without leaving their present church or "chapel." Its attitude towards the Founder of Christianity is one of positive patronage, for Lord RUSSELL, on the 20th of December, pronounces the comment on the Lord's Prayer recorded in the Gospel to be "excellent"; and on the 25th of December—having, we may suppose, read the passage again to make sure that he had not bestowed his commendation on an undeserving object—he declared it to be "admirable."

It is one disadvantage of a winter at Cannes that it interferes with the regular reading of English newspapers. At least this is the conclusion which necessarily follows from Lord RUSSELL's description of the present position of the Education controversy. He denounces the driving all the children of Dissenters into the national schoolrooms as a hardship which even "the Tory Lord NOTTINGHAM" would not have inflicted, and then he adds:—"But the Tories of "1690 were more Liberal than the present Liberal House of "Commons." Lord RUSSELL apparently supposes that the present House of Commons has passed a law—in a winter Session, we presume, and without asking the concurrence of the House of Lords—for compelling all the children of Dissenters to attend Church schools. Here in England the course of events wears a slightly different aspect. The "just "and deep offence" which, according to Lord RUSSELL, has been given to the Protestant Dissenters of England and Wales, consists, not in any attempt to drive their children into Church schools, but in the refusal of the House of Commons to sanction their attempt to drive the children of indigent parents belonging to the Church of England into schools to which they have a conscientious objection. If the grievance imagined by Lord RUSSELL had any existence in fact, it would be the exact counterpart of the grievance

which a section of the Dissenters are moving heaven and earth to inflict upon Churchmen and Roman Catholics. Perhaps when Lord RUSSELL returns to England he may see that it is not the less a hardship to drive a man's child into a school which he dislikes because Lord RUSSELL happens to like it.

#### THE IDEAL WORKING-MAN.

THE *Times* happened to remark, in a recent article on the licensing system, that what was wanted was not the suppression of public-houses, but the establishment of "public-houses without drunkenness"; and this useful, though not particularly novel or profound, observation has been followed by an amusing correspondence about working-men's clubs. Of course we do not mean that the correspondence is amusing in itself, for it is as dull and prosy as letters on such a subject might be expected to be; but only that it is amusing as an illustration of the extraordinary and complacent ignorance of working-men which is displayed by those who profess so much solicitude on their behalf. It is quite true that working-men in France or Germany do not, as a rule, give way to habits of intemperance to the same extent as working-men in this country, and one reason of this is that drinking is almost the sole recreation of the latter, while foreign artisans and labourers, even of the lowest class, have usually other sources of amusement at command. And it is very important that this should be remembered. Our countrymen are undoubtedly at a disadvantage as compared with their Continental brethren in this respect, and if anything can be done to place them on an equality, it will be a clear gain to the cause of temperance. It has been said that life is not all beer and skittles; but the association of ideas is not quite fair, and it is probable that, if there were more skittles, we should find a less exclusive devotion to beer on the part of our labouring population. Even if there were no diminution in the amount of liquor consumed, it would doubtless be better that men should, while drinking, play at some game which exercises their muscles, or, in however small a degree, their minds, than that they should be content to sit simply soaking and smoking in a dirty, ill-smelling, unventilated room. In France there is less difference between the personal habits of working-men and of middle-class citizens than might be supposed from the extreme divergence of their political sentiments. Each has a café which he frequents, and where he plays at cards, dominoes, or perhaps billiards, with his companions, when he has had enough of talking. The café of the *bourgeois* is rather cleaner and more brilliant in its decorations, perhaps his coffee is rather better or his sugared water of purer quality, than that of the mechanic, and occasionally he may indulge in some little luxuries which are denied to the latter; but substantially their recreations are much the same. The consequence is that, if a working-man rises in the world, he finds nothing particularly novel or irksome in the change of life; the difference is only one of quality, not of kind; and when he exchanges the blouse for broadcloth, he has no difficulty in accommodating himself to his new condition. On the other hand, an English workman who comes into a little money is apt to be a truly miserable object, for he can do little else than drink it, and is quite unused to any of the amusements or refinements of a higher social grade. The Australian gold-digger who, after trying a round of liquors, ordered the waiter to bring him a bottle of rum and charge it as champagne, was a type of his class. Probably the utmost that can be expected from legislation is that good order and decency should be maintained in the public-houses, and that the adulteration of liquors should be checked; but a great deal might undoubtedly be done to diminish intemperance by establishing public-houses in which the sale and consumption of drink should be only an incident of the business, and should be associated with amusements of various kinds.

The motives which have led philanthropic persons in various parts of the country to establish working-men's clubs are of the most respectable kind, but it is unfortunate that before embarking in the enterprise they did not take the trouble to ascertain the peculiarities of the class for whom they had so kindly undertaken to procure a pleasant and wholesome lounge. It is obvious that working-men's clubs are of no use unless working-men can be persuaded to frequent them, and it is in this rather essential particular that they appear to have generally broken down. Nice clean rooms, well lighted, well ventilated, with draughts and chess, a supply of religious periodicals, and a choice selection of works of an improving character, and perhaps a set of instructive maps, or a few

edifying pictures, have been provided; but, singular to say, the working-men will not enter the doors, or, if they come once, fidget about uncomfortably, and never return; the result being perhaps a two days' debauch at the "Blue Pig," as compensation for the shock to the nervous system which they experienced from the frigid and uncompromising proprieties of the model club-room. The good folk who have got up these prim little clubs seem to have forgotten, or never to have known, the human weaknesses of their kind. Of course, if working-men happened to be in want of moral improvement, and appreciated the proprieties, this would be just the place for them; but then that is precisely what they do not want. They are tired and thirsty, and perhaps rather sulky, after the day's work; they want to enjoy themselves in their own fashion, with a pipe and a mug of beer, in some place where they can stretch their legs and feel at home, and which shall not be so clean as to shame their own dingy clothes and faces. At the model club there is a solemn set of rules placarded over the mantelpiece, and smoking is forbidden. A visitor can indulge in the mild excitement of a cheap cup of tea or a bottle of lemonade, and in some cases the extreme concession has even been made of a glass of beer; that is to say, it is intimated that if anybody is hardened enough to ask for beer it will be produced; but it is not surprising that our friend in fustian should prefer the frank hospitality of the "Blue Pig," where the pot appears at his elbow as a matter of course, and the pipes lie in a heap on the dirty old table ready for use. One of the correspondents of the *Times*, who recognizes the importance of allowing working-men to amuse themselves in their own way, states that the committee of his club are so scrupulous on this point that they never go near the house, and that the rules are as few and as simple as possible; but it would appear that their simplicity is quite compatible with such a serious infringement of the liberty of the subject as an interdict on smoking. A similar mistake is usually committed by the benevolent people who build model lodging-houses. Here again we have an appalling code of rules and by-laws; everything must be kept so spotlessly clean and tidy that the class for whose especial benefit the buildings have been erected are scared away from them. Cleanliness and tidiness, instead of being attractive to them, are their peculiar abhorrence; and they would rather live in the freedom of a filthy court than in the decorous propriety of the model lodging-house, even if they had to pay double rent for the privilege of doing as they liked. Something might no doubt be done to wean the lower classes from their love of dirt and muddle, but it is quite certain that it can only be accomplished gradually and persuasively, and not by puritanical strictness or peremptory rules. And no good can come of providing for an ideal class of people, instead of taking working-men as they are, and making the best of them.

One of the most remarkable developments of modern mythology is the worship of the working-man as an impersonation of virtue and wisdom. It may be admitted that he has his good points, and is at the bottom by no means a bad sort of fellow, that his lot is in many respects a hard one, and that there is much which might and ought to be done to improve it. But this is not enough for the idolaters of labour. We are asked to admire the nobility of his life, and to accept his utterances on any subject as the perfection of human sagacity. He and his fellows are alone worthy of the attention of statesmen and legislators, and it is at once the duty and the privilege of the other classes of the community to pay his share of taxation for him, to educate him and his children free of expense, and to teach them a trade, if they do not think it beneath them to learn it; to provide him with a nice house and sunny garden in the pleasant outskirts of the town, with railways and tramways at nominal fares; and to compel shopkeepers to supply him with unadulterated provisions at cost price. It is true that the bargain is not to be altogether one-sided. In return for this liberal treatment on the part of his fellow-subjects, the working-man, we are assured, will in future be good enough to take all the responsibility of government and legislation off their hands. His simple instincts will make short work with the doubts and difficulties of statesmen and philosophers, and it will be unnecessary for the country at large to go through the costly and troublesome form of electing members of Parliament. It will be enough for the working-man to appoint delegates under a *mandat impératif*, although for the present this is a word which there may perhaps be some little difficulty in rendering into English. This is the ideal working-man of a certain school of politicians and philanthropists. If you labour with your hands, and are in receipt of weekly wages, you have a right

to consider yourself one of a superior order of mortals, and an admiring country will bow down before your august decrees, and make you comfortable out of the taxes. But if you happen to belong to any other class, if you work even so little with your head as well as with your hands, if you are a clerk or a shopkeeper, you are outside of the charmed circle; and no matter how ignorant or incapable of reasoning you may be, your instincts are of no more value than if they were the matured opinions of educated and thoughtful men. It is of course inevitable under a system of Parliamentary government that the votes of the majority should determine what should be done on any question, but a very good reason can be given for this without insisting upon the inherent wisdom and justice of the class which has a numerical preponderance. The most amazing circumstance connected with this fantastic cult is that the object of it should be a personage who might be assumed to be so well known and familiar as the working-man. Judging from the extraordinary notions which appear to be entertained in regard to his character and habits, it might almost be imagined that he appeared on earth only at rare intervals, or that he lived somehow or other beyond the reach of observation. It is not easy to say why there should be any insuperable difficulty in getting at the natural history of the working-man. Most people, we fancy, have at some period of their lives met with a specimen of the class, and with a little research it might be possible to test the beautiful theories which are current in some quarters by a reference to realities. The moral superiority of the working-man is not, we fear, distinctly attested by the hard facts of life. There is reason to suppose that at home he is apt to be rather brutal and selfish; that he has a somewhat loose conception of paternal obligations; that he is not over-scrupulous either as to his work or his word; and that, as a rule, he drinks a great deal more than is good for himself or anybody who has to do with him. His wisdom is represented by the rules of the Trade Unions, and by the political declarations of those whom he allows to speak on his behalf. The politicians who profess to have such faith in the unerring instincts of the working-man, and the good people who imagine that he is the sort of person who is likely to find himself at home amid the decorous proprieties of a model club or model lodging-house would do well to look at him a little nearer at hand. They will find that he does not quite match their ideal; and, considering the circumstances of his life, it would perhaps be strange if he did. No class has a monopoly of virtue, and wisdom is not altogether a natural faculty. The working-man has his good qualities and his bad qualities, and the extravagant adulation with which he is too often treated is at once foolish and demoralizing. If he were less flattered he would perhaps be more respected.

#### A NEW LEAF.

IT gives us pleasure to think how many people have been resolving within the last few days to turn over a new leaf. It is not that we suppose that any large number of such resolutions will be kept, for that would be a very equivocal advantage. If virtue should be increased, the number of prisons and bores would also be multiplied incalculably; for it may be assumed that at least nine-tenths of the good resolutions in question are due to the desire of leading a perfectly methodical existence. The pleasure of which we speak is the pleasure of thinking how many innocent enthusiasts there are in the world who retain some faith in the virtue of a resolution. Though we condemn presumption and self-conceit, there is no doubt that they are the cause of an immense deal of happiness to their fortunate possessors; and surely the most satisfactory of all feelings must be the conviction that you are able to fix your future character for yourself. Who would not envy a young gentleman who really believes that he has only, as it were, to pass a kind of private Act of Parliament in order to lay down the outlines of his future conduct? We have no doubt that many thousands of young ladies and gentlemen have been giving this proof of a touching freshness of mind on the opening of a new year. It is true indeed that they will very soon lose this energetic faith in their own autocratic power. A very few years of experience will teach them to be less sanguine, and therefore less happy, in their resolves. As the character stiffens we become conservatives; that there are certain changes which are apt to be had by wishing for them, however strenuously. Some people flatter out by five-and-twenty that early rising is beyond their power, and others that nothing will make them love their neighbours. They may endeavour to make the best of their qualities, such as they are, and to find one of those positions in life in which punctuality is no object, or a power of inflicting pain without flinching more desirable than a disposition to make things pleasant. Fortunately, there is room in the world for most qualities; but long before we are middle-aged we learn that our main hope must lie in changing

our circumstances and not our qualities. If internal experience does not enforce this lesson upon us, a man must be lucky indeed upon whom it has not been impressed from without. Such of our readers as have the good or ill fortune to be rich and benevolent have probably had many reminders of this kind lately. They have had one more appeal from the impecunious friend who declares, with his usual solemnity, that he is about to turn over a new leaf and never again get into debt. They have been requested to give another chance to the drunkard who is this time really going to take the pledge and keep it. They have been invited to be reconciled to the relation who has definitely sown his crop of wild oats, and is never to make a bet or attend a horse race again. They know well enough what would be the simplest, and perhaps in the end the kindest, course; that they had better, so far as their own interests are concerned, recommend the fast young gentleman to go to the diggings or any other place where revolvers are used as recklessly as possible, that the dipsomaniac should be enabled to drink himself to death, and the gentleman in difficulties take the shortest possible road to the workhouse. Why struggle to keep a man's head just above the waters into which you know him to be irremediably sinking? The process is a laborious one for us, and we should be inclined to fancy that it could not be an agreeable one for him. As for the vain hope that a good resolution will change the course of the unfortunate victim's life, that is altogether too shadowy a prospect to be taken into account by reasonable men. As Christians we are forbidden to despair of our neighbour, or at least to refuse to offer him a helping hand; but as men of business we feel that our hope is of the smallest, and only trust that our merit in giving help may be proportioned to the depth of our conviction of its uselessness.

There are few people who have not had enough of such experiences to regard the boyish trust in good resolutions as one of the most groundless illusions of childhood. We have ourselves made so many good resolutions, and we have watched the results of so many good resolutions of other people, that it is impossible for us any longer to be sanguine. We can probably remember the time when we resolved to keep a regular diary, to make careful abstracts of all the standard authors in the language, to work out a grand philosophical system which should reconcile all the conflicting views of different schools, to reform the world, and to keep our accounts accurately, and we know how small a part of these admirable schemes has ever borne fruit in practice. We have probably been less disappointed by the shortcomings of our neighbours; but in one way or other we have ceased to regard the resolution to turn over a new leaf as being identical with, or even as being a probable preliminary to, turning it over in practice. We feel a keen sympathy with poor Dr. Johnson, who continued for seventy years to resolve that he would be an early riser, with no nearer success at the end of that period than at the beginning. And yet, after all, we must admit that, under some circumstances, a good resolution may be rather useful than otherwise. A habit of making good resolutions is indeed a very dangerous thing. It has sometimes been argued that reading novels and poetry is on the whole prejudicial to the moral nature, because it leads us to be satisfied with the cultivation of our benevolent emotions without applying them to any practical purpose. On the same principle, it should be dangerous to be always picturing ourselves as the possessors of every virtue under heaven without making any distinguishable progress towards the accomplishment of our wishes. Our will, it is said, becomes enervated when we acquire a habit of aspiring without carrying our aspirations to their legitimate fulfilment. And of course it is true that good resolutions are objectionable if they produce no dividend whatever. Yet it is possible for a man to improve, however rare the phenomenon may be; and if, by resolving to get up an hour earlier—early rising is so frequent a subject of good resolutions that we cannot avoid drawing our illustrations from that source—we succeed in actually rising five minutes earlier, or even in stopping our natural downhill course towards rising later, we have done something. Indeed it must be admitted that there is frequently something to be gained by forming good resolutions at such stated periods as the beginning of a new year; our lives run so much in grooves, that it is useful occasionally to change our point of view, and endeavour for a few moments to see ourselves from the outside. It is not unfrequent for a man on such an occasion to gain sudden glimpses which reveal to him his whole life in a different aspect from that to which he is accustomed. He may find out for a moment that he has been frittering away his time and talents on totally unworthy objects, and may resolve to take some plunge—into matrimony, for example, or into a different profession—which will entirely alter his whole scheme of existence. Cases probably occur when a man discovers that he is and has been for many years a fool; and though that useful piece of knowledge is likely enough to be forgotten when he has returned to his usual routine, it is nevertheless a discovery which may leave some traces upon his career. No man is quite the same after he has once distinctly said to himself, I have made an unequivocal blunder in the whole theory of my life.

This, however, refers to the conjuncture of circumstances which is not likely to occur more than once or twice to any man. The more normal case of good resolutions, the determination to break off some bad habit or to raise the general tone of character, is less likely to lead to tangible results. Yet even here something may occasionally be done. We need only refer to the change known amongst certain classes of religious functionaries as conversion. Very often

that phrase means nothing more than a fit of temporary excitement; sometimes it implies a simple change of dialect, whilst the character remains essentially the same; but it would be absurd to deny that, whatever may be the philosophy of the case, the term sometimes denotes a very remarkable change of character even amongst the most unimaginative and commonplace of mankind. But without dwelling upon topics of this exalted nature, something may be done by ordinary human beings if they are content not to expect too much. Everybody, as the common phrase goes, is a fool or a physician by forty; some people are both; and, to transfer the doctrine from the physical to the moral health, everybody should have learnt before that period what is the method of treatment by which he may be coaxed into some kind of improvement. A good resolution is a medicine of which the amount and the mode of application require to be carefully considered; and no very plain rules can be laid down beyond that tact which is inexplicable even to its possessor. An overdose is very apt to turn the stomach, and too small a dose may produce no effect at all. Perhaps the only general principle is that the moral, like the physical, medicine can do very little beyond securing fair play to nature. It would be absurd, for example, though nothing is more common, for a person who is never capable of catching a train or answering a letter to determine to become all at once a model man of business; but some moderate improvement may occasionally be brought about by judicious measures. As a rule, a person sets about the work of reform by putting up an elaborate set of pigeon-holes, laying in a store of red tape, and resolving to answer every letter by return of post. The result is of course that in a short time he finds that he has a more elaborate machinery than he ever before possessed for reducing things to a state of systematic chaos. A more limited ambition might have produced happier results. If, for example, the patient had resolved to destroy all his papers without an effort to preserve them, and to allow such business as he neglected to do itself without struggling to interfere in the process, he might have obtained a kind of inverted order, which is certainly not of the most desirable kind, but which is perhaps more congenial to him and more satisfactory in the long run than any compromise between confusion and perfect arrangement. But if we attempted to discuss such matters, we should be drawn into inconvenient detail. All that can be said generally is that making good resolutions is a fine art, which requires a good deal of time and attention. Our ordinary spasmodic efforts at turning over a new leaf end for the most part in nothing but disgust; but if we carefully measure what we can do, and consider what are the means really within our power, we may sometimes succeed, not in substituting good qualities for bad, but in so distributing our energies as to make our bad qualities rather less obnoxious to ourselves and our neighbours than they have hitherto been; and that, it must be admitted, is far from a contemptible result.

#### THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE French Academy has recently filled the vacant chairs of four of the most remarkable of the Immortals who within the last fifty years have been gracefully handed down to oblivion in the customary *Éloge*. M. de Montalembert, who is succeeded by the Duke of Aumale, deserves to survive the literary obsequies which must, in the course of French nature, be performed over his remains, and, thanks to the name and merits of his successor, the ceremony will probably be something better than a form of painless extinction. Happy at least in the opportuneness of his death, happy assuredly in the hour of his departure from a world of disenchantments and regrets more difficult to endure than disease and pain, the felicity of his release is ratified by the posthumous good fortune of being consigned to the cenotaph of the Palais Mazarin by the heir and historian of the House of Condé. The Liberal, the Catholic, the Royalist, the constitutional and Parliamentary orator and writer, could not have desired a biographer more capable of doing justice to a life of impassioned fidelity to honour and conscience, to the eloquence that never quailed before despotism or anarchy, and to the faith and piety that never deserted the cause of human freedom or confounded reaction with religion. M. de Montalembert belonged to the choicest type of Academicians, such as we cannot doubt that the great Cardinal designed. It is a vulgar popular fallacy, and a ceaseless cuckoo-cry of the small literary whippersnappers of the Boulevards that Richelieu, because he amused his leisure moments in writing bad verses and worse plays, created the Academy as a representative body of professional men of letters. To support this theory it is assumed that Richelieu was anxious in the first instance to establish a privileged camaraderie of authors and critics, who would naturally indulge his own literary pretensions, and surround him with the reflected halo of their own renown. Richelieu may very probably have been more vain of his verses than proud of his statesmanship. But it was the statesman, not the poetaster, that founded the Academy; and he founded it, not as a republic of authors, though he was certainly not insensible to the rising intellectual glory of his country, but partly as a department of intelligence in which the licence of the unruly tribe of penmen might be placed, without their knowing it, under some sort of State supervision and control, and partly as a school of good manners and polite traditions, which should infuse through the middle classes of society a spirit of aristocratic repugnance to innovation. Richelieu never intended the Academy to be a society of men of genius or of literary men. What he



wanted was a select company of representative men of all recognized ranks and orders and talents in the realm, statesmen, ecclesiastics, lawyers—the aristocracy of the sword, the Church, the robe, and the pen, with a moderate mixture of companions—and he meant to keep this miscellaneous company well in hand without imposing the slightest perceptible restraint upon their dangerous pastimes. The history of the Academy from 1637 to the present year is a fulfilment of the Cardinal's sagacious purpose. All the more or less pungent or insipid pleasantries which have been levelled at the institution by the rival occupants of the Forty-first Chair, who have stood generation after generation idly sneering and shivering at the portals, trying to keep their vanity warm with mutual assurances of indifference and superiority, attest the strength and soundness of Richelieu's foundation, and the singular uniformity with which his original design has been preserved in the midst of revolutionary perturbations and vicissitudes. It will be found, with a very few exceptions, that the Academy has always been a composite collection of men not invariably eminent, not always literary, but mostly mediocre, and discreet, tempering gaiety with gravity and liveliness with severity, and preserving in their mannered compliments and faint allusive whiffs of irony, something of the faded perfume of an old régime.

It would be easy of course to name decided instances of Academicians in a period of two centuries and a half who have not answered to this general description. Before and since the Revolution brilliant and destructive writers have figured in the illustrious *fauteuils*, and have sat side by side with infidels and heretics. But these writers have been the friends or the clients of great social and political personages, and the infidels and heretics have been Cardinals and Abbés. The Academy has persistently shut its doors against the literary adventurers, the pure and simple "gentlemen of the press," or what we should call in these days the Bohemian tribe. Aggressive heterodoxy it has repelled rather as a sin against the forms and usages of good society than as a sin against dominant beliefs. In the last century it shut its doors against the greatest man of letters of the time, until he had written a mock and therefore doubly humiliating recantation. And yet Voltaire had given a home to a Jesuit refugee; he had dedicated a tragedy to the Pope; he had restored a church and personally dedicated the sacred edifice to the Deity; he was chamberlain to a King, and the familiar correspondent of monarchs, Ministers, and marshals; and, after all, it was not so much his letter of submission to the Church as his considerable social relations throughout Europe which secured a seat among the Forty for the author of a national epic and of classic tragedies, for the expounder of the philosophy of Locke and the science of Newton, for the historian of the grand epoch of "all the glories" of France. As a man of letters Diderot was only second to Voltaire, but Diderot was a "Bohemian." What sort of men of letters, it has often been asked, would an English Academy elect if it proceeded on French principles and precedents? Perhaps the patrons and Committee of the Royal Literary Fund, and the members of the famous Literary Club, would be the natural representatives of such an institution in the present day. In former generations such men as Addison, Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Burke, Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson might have been typical Academicians. It is not difficult to recognize the many well-known and popular names in our literature that would have found no place in the company, and we can imagine the taunts of the ready writers of the journals and the circulating libraries, when a bishop, a dean, a Privy Councillor, or a ponderous essayist was chosen, and a novelist or a playwright was rejected. Fortunately, an Academy of Literature is as little likely to be established on this side of the Channel as a Provisional Republic. We have only suggested a fanciful analogy by way of illustrating the false conception of Richelieu's Academy as a society of professional men of letters. No doubt it was to be the supreme guardian and arbiter of the literary language; it was to be entrusted with the laborious monopoly of compiling a couple of dictionaries—one for common use and the other classic and historical. The former of these tasks was indeed accomplished in the course of the last century, and the work has passed through some five or six editions; the latter has advanced, we believe, as far as the fifth letter of the alphabet, and at the present rate of progress will probably be completed in the thirtieth century. The First Napoleon, who had his reasons for detesting the Immortals, complained bitterly of their neglect of the founder's intentions in the matter of the Dictionary; he would willingly have transformed the Academy into a sort of literary Council of State. He did not quite succeed in this; it was not so easy as to sterilise the national intelligence, to silence the free voices he could not subdue, and to suspend the vending of history.

Under the Restoration and the Monarchy of July the elections to the Academy were, for the most part, if we have correctly interpreted the founder's intentions, in strict accordance with his original purpose. The mere literary man, professionally speaking, was consistently excluded; but the eloquent statesman and parliamentary debater, the high-bred ecclesiastical dignitary, the voluminous national historian, the correctly classical dramatist, the ingenious professor, the novelist of society, the literary critic, and the poet when he was also a peer of France, were admitted without misgiving, and without putting too fine a point on questions of confession or conformity, or prying into secrets of the conscience. M. Mérimée, for example, to whom M. de Loménie succeeded, wrote exquisite fictions in a perfect style; his intel-

lectual resources were rich and various, his culture was delicate and refined; but in politics he was nothing but a sceptic until the Second Empire made him a Senator for what they call in our Navy "particular service"; and in religion, if he had any, it is enough to say that he was the bosom friend and disciple of Henri Boyle. M. Villemain, so long the Permanent Secretary of the Academy, to whose chair M. Littré has so worthily succeeded, was the French Quintilian, a consummate Latinist and critic, a Professor equally versed in ancient and modern literature, a Liberal-Conservative Minister of Public Instruction, and as good a Catholic as Voltaire when he corresponded with a Cardinal. The lamented Prevost-Paradol, whose seat, so early filled and so early vacant, is now occupied by a gentleman conspicuously unknown to the world at large as the historiographer of the French War Office and the compiler of a very weighty abstract of French history, owed his election to the conditions and circumstances of the time in which his lot was cast as a political writer on the Liberal side under a military despotism. A fellow-student of About and Taine at the *École Normale*, he chose a political career on the losing side, and the losing side at that time, if displeasing to the gods, was pleasing to the Immortals. He fought for the good cause with the only weapon a Liberal could use, a rapier of keen and polished irony, "the ice-brook's temper." While his friend About was disporting himself in Bohemia, and accepting the hospitalities of Compiègne as one of the lighter sort of guests of "the third series," Prevost-Paradol was combating and suffering on behalf of all the necessary liberties. It was the example of respectability, of moral courage, and of moderate constitutional liberalism which the Academy rewarded in the person of that attached disciple of M. Thiers, who was destined by the cruel sarcasm of fate to fall as suddenly as he had risen, and with the losing cause, a victim to the blandishments of M. Émile Ollivier, and who removed himself abruptly from the scene after the manner of a Roman Stoic under the Cæsars, because he could not face his friends at home whose warnings he had disregarded, or bear witness to the fulfilment of his own prophetic fears. Were the French Academy what it is ignorantly accused of not being, and what it was never designed to be, a purely literary society, assuredly the claims of M. Prevost-Paradol were neither superior to those of M. About nor equal to those of M. Taine. M. de Loménie may be considered an average specimen of the literary Academician; his name indicates a more than satisfactory social position; he is an agreeable Professor, a painstaking and not too sparkling biographer, and in politics and religion he belongs to the *juste milieu*, that "safest middle" of moderate and reasonable men of the world. The Duke of Aumale, if he were nothing but a Liberal commoner returned from exile, would have amply deserved an Academical *fauteuil* by his literary qualifications, his public services, and the perfect dignity of his life and conduct. The minority of one by which M. About lost his election may well surprise those who remember his diverting, but not dignified, political gyrations under the last régime, his attacks, his adulations, his services, his desertions, his simulated disdain and his voracious sympathies, better than the pathetic charm of his *Tulla*, the delicate observation and genial wit of his *Marrages de Paris*, the sound sense and vivid clearness of his chapters on *Progress* and his *Workman's ABC*, and the incisive mockery of his *Roman Question*. There is no denying that as a literary handicraftsman he is of the lineage of Voltaire; but the writer of those atrocious letters in *Le Soir* at the opening of the war of 1870, who glouted over the coming slaughter of the Germans, and depicted, in anticipation of coming events, the Turks (who carry civilization in the folds of their flag) licking their lips at the sight of the *blondes Bavaroises*, never had a spark of Voltaire's generous humanity in his breast, and was never capable of Voltaire's serious and exalted sympathy with suffering, his horror of cruelty and oppression, and his respect for the dignity of letters. Still, as a mere literary artist, M. About is not an improper candidate for a chair in the Academy; and if he never wrote another line, his works would certainly be remembered for some years after M. de Pongerville's translations and M. Viennet's fables were forgotten. Nor is it an unwelcome aspect of the Academical development since the fall of Imperialism that a philosopher of M. Littré's calibre and independence is chosen, and that the author of *La Question Romaine* is only rejected by a single vote. Whether it be true that M. About's near approach to success was owing to the personal influence of the President of the Republic, who had promised and withdrawn a diplomatic appointment for which the Academy was expected to provide an honorary compensation, we cannot say. But the unprecedented and unwarrantable scandal of Bishop Dupanloup's virulent and violent attack upon M. Littré; that fiery prelate's endeavour to turn the Palace Mazarin into a Holy Office; his pamphleteering examinations, his restless conspiracies, his sudden resignation of his seat among the Immortals, his capricious descent from Olympus in a cloud of the blackest episcopal ink, and in a storm of his loudest episcopal thunder, warn us to abstain from too confident dreams of a republic of letters in which the ecclesiastical lion and the heterodox lamb will sit down together, and agree to differ.

Bishop Dupanloup's own qualifications for the Academy consisted principally in his having resisted Ultramontanism and Imperialism, and defended the Pagan classics against a bilious Abbé who insisted that the Catechism and the Lives of the Saints were a sufficiently nourishing and stimulating diet for the

intellect of youth. His own literary performances out of the pulpit are more remarkable for vigour than for refinement, and, as Mr. Disraeli would say, "want finish." On the other hand, the Bishop is almost the sole survivor of Gallicanism; he was the friend of Montalembert, and he believes in a constitutional monarchy. Wherefore this extraordinary outburst against M. Littré, the quietest, most blameless, most meritorious, most learned and laborious of citizens and philosophers? Bishop Dupanloup has been content to sit side by side with Voltairians like M. Viennet, translators and disciples of Lucretius like M. de Pongerville, Epicureans like M. Sainte-Beuve, cynics like M. Mérimée, philosophers like M. Cousin, who was more Platonic in his philosophy than in his passion for the fair penitents of the Fronde, and who fancied himself devout at an age when he could only hope to accompany Madame de Longueville to her Carmelite retreat. And now he shrinks, as at the breath of a pestilence, from contact with a man of Benedictine patience and learning, of the severest and simplest life, of incorruptible integrity, of perfect moderation in political opinion, who has never uttered or written an aggressive or mocking word against any Church or creed; but who, in an age of toleration and inquiry, and liberty of conscience and printing, has avowed that he prefers what he considers a scientific conception of human life and history, to some prevailing theological systems and formulas. Bishop Dupanloup appears to be one of those ecclesiastics who can tolerate any simulated uniformity better than any honest or open incredulity; and who resent, even more than conscience in a heretic, the example of public and private virtue in an unbeliever. If M. Littré were one of the well-behaved and sagacious Sadducees of society, who keep their opinions, if they have any, to themselves, he need never have parted company with the Bishop of Orleans on this side of the grave. Had he only buried himself for years in the compilation of a dictionary, without avowing himself to be a disciple of M. Comte, the Bishop of Orleans would be delighted to welcome him among, at least, the provisional Immortals of this terrestrial sphere. But although M. Littré long ago renounced the religious pretensions of his master, and solemnly withdrew from the church of Comte, it is enough that he should persist in acknowledging his obligations to that philosopher's scientific teaching and discipline, and his preference of the inductive to the theological interpretation of such facts as are accessible to finite intelligence, to make Bishop Dupanloup pronounce, of his own mere motion, the major excommunication upon his inoffensive colleague, and then, with admirable logic, instantly proceed to excommunicate—himself. It seems doubtful whether, according to the statutes of the Academy, the liberty of self-excommunication is allowed. Can an Immortal become again a mortal? That is the question upon which the French Academy will have to pronounce, if the Bishop should not recover his temper and almost persuade himself to be a Christian before his heretical friend, M. Littré, upon whom he, out of the abundance of his heart, has lavished so rich a vocabulary of charitable epithets, takes his seat as M. Villemain's successor. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the French Academy would contemplate the resignation even of a Bishop without much remorse, if only M. Emile Ollivier, whose election a year ago remains one of the most flagrant scandals in its history, could be persuaded to go and do likewise.

#### THE DOCTORS AND ALCOHOLISM.

THE declaration respecting alcohol which has just been signed by two hundred and fifty physicians and surgeons, headed by the Presidents of the two great Medical Colleges, and including nearly all the most eminent members of the profession, has certainly not appeared before it was required. We have ourselves more than once called attention to the increasing passion for stimulants which is observable in modern society, not only among the lower classes, but among educated and cultivated people, men and women alike, in the drawing-rooms of May Fair as well as in the Clubs of Pall Mall and the counting-houses of the City; and we are glad that the doctors have at last taken up the question in a serious manner. There are some scandals about which it is perhaps well to say as little as possible, but there are other scandals which must be boldly faced if any good is to be done, and which cannot be hushed up, however strong may be the desire and however general the consent that they should be treated as non-existent. The drinking habits of the upper and middle classes seem to us to have reached a point at which they clearly belong to the latter category. It is necessary to speak out and to call things by their right names in order that those who are now dallying more or less unconsciously with a degrading and ruinous vice may see the peril of their ways and make a resolute effort to turn from them. In any comparison between the present generation and our grandfathers or great-grandfathers it is usually assumed that we are superior to them at least in our temperate use of intoxicating liquors. Gentlemen no longer come reeling into the drawing-room after a debauch at the dinner-table. Five-bottle men have gone the way of the dodo and the pterodactyl, and the days of prolonged potations are at end. At a dinner party the gentlemen rejoin the ladies after a brief interval, sometimes following them at once to the drawing-room. Heavy drinking is regarded as a disgraceful anachronism, and a

man who gets drunk excludes himself from good society. All this is very true, but it does not quite prove the assertion that we are a more sober people than our grandfathers; it only proves that we do not get drunk in the same way as they did. It is quite possible to drink a great deal of liquor, even of strong liquor, without yielding to that absolute intoxication which reveals itself in inarticulate speech, staggering movements, or senseless stupor. A good deal depends on whether the liquor is consumed at a sitting or in drams taken at intervals during the day. Violent or helpless intoxication is but one among many phases of drunkenness. It may be said that it is only navvies or the lower order of mechanics and petty shopkeepers who now allow themselves to be seen in this condition. Some of them are confirmed sots, and are always tipping; but as a rule, when men of this class get drunk, it is not by means of habitual drams, but as the natural conclusion of a drinking bout in which they have engaged with a distinct expectation, if not expressly for the sake, of this result. There is a "big drink" recurring with more or less frequency, and in the intervals they are perhaps as sober as judges. This was once the way in which gentlemen settled down to their cups, and the fashion has been gradually descending in the social scale. Of course it is a disgusting and brutish habit, and it may be hoped that in the course of time it will be cast off by the labouring population as it has been by the gentlefolks, judicious legislation perhaps assisting the natural process. But what we are now concerned to point out is that this is after all only one kind of drunkenness, and not in all respects the most dangerous and destructive kind. Its very grossness and the violent external indications which accompany it supply to some extent a warning, if not a corrective. It is a rock on which no vessel can split unawares. There is a sharp, unmistakable penalty for each carouse, which suggests reflection and encourages reform. If a man goes to the dogs in this manner, he goes with his eyes open, and everybody can see plainly what has happened, and can put together cause and effect and draw the necessary moral. It is the strong still current of the stream above the falls, the fatal grip of which is not appreciated until it is too late to struggle against it, which is most to be dreaded. It is possible for a man to be very much the worse for drink, as the phrase is, both in a moral and physical sense, without showing it in his gait or speech, and even to be all but a confirmed drunkard without himself being more than faintly aware of the peril in which he stands. Hence the serious and alarming aspect of the kind of drunkenness which is now becoming so prevalent in society, even in quarters where it has hitherto been little suspected; drunkenness which, stopping short of absolute intoxication, takes the form of a perpetual and feverish craving for alcoholic excitements, for nips and drams, for odd glasses of sherry and "spots" of brandy at irregular hours. As a mere matter of hygiene, it would probably be better for a man to get fairly drunk once or twice every few weeks than to yield himself in bondage to an evil desire, which, when once indulged, establishes its dominion by preying on the stomach and destroying the appetite of its wretched victim, and thus compelling him to depend on stimulants for sustenance. It is possible for a time to make alcohol a substitute for food, but of course it can only be for a time, and the end is certain, and often swift in coming.

It may be admitted that there is more refinement in the drinking habits of the present day than in those of the past century; but it is a mistake to take mere grossness as a measure of vice. Sir Walter Scott's grand-aunt once confessed to him that she, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, was ashamed to read Mrs. Behn's novels, which, sixty years before, she had heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles consisting of the best society in London. The frank obscenity of Mrs. Behn are still more out of date now; but it would be rash to assume that the delicately worded fiction of some of our own lady novelists does not supply a more insidious and dangerous poison. A similar remark may perhaps be made with regard to the more decorous indulgence in stimulants which has been substituted for the simple brutality of sitting down to drink steadily and without intermission until the host and his guests fell dead drunk under the table. In the latter case there was at least a limit to drinking for the time, and nature was able to impose an interval of sobriety before the next debauch. But the habit of taking drams and nips may be continued, almost without cessation, from one year's end to another, until paralysis or delirium intervenes. There is of course a constant tendency to increase the dose, and the tippler's condition is always becoming more pitiable and helpless; but his descent is smooth and not interrupted by the shocks which pull up the more violent drunkard in his desperate career, and almost compel him, in spite of himself, to reflect on the misery and degradation which he is accumulating for himself. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the signs of the times. On every side we see proofs of the increasing habit of drinking at all hours of the day. The railway stations are becoming vast drinking-saloons. There are few bakers or confectioners who do not exhibit a decanter and glasses on their counter. The theatres present the appearance of a succession of bars. One of the newest of them opens into a tavern, which shares the same roof, and may be regarded as part of the same establishment; while visitors to another find barmails established in bowers of bottles at every turn of the central staircase and in every spare nook and corner of the auditorium. It might almost be supposed that the day is not far distant when the West-end theatres will borrow a leaf from their humble suburban rivals, and

provide every accommodation for industrious drinking during the performances. As if this abundant public provision for the insatiable thirst of the community were not sufficient, it appears that it has of late become the custom for commercial men to set up a private bin, or at least bottle, in their places of business. No counting-house would seem to be considered complete without a well-stocked cellar, and it is hinted that attorneys' chambers are fitted up with equal care for similar rites. If it is true that there was more downright drunkenness fifty or sixty years ago, on the other hand it may be doubted whether the consumption of liquor has not greatly increased. There are apparently not a few people who are under the impression that, with the exception perhaps of brandy and whisky, no intoxicating drinks are now in use, champagne being only a kind of lemonade, and sherry as innocuous as currant wine, while claret, of course, is only a sort of coloured water. It would perhaps occasion considerable surprise if the amount of raw alcohol contained in the light wines which are so much in favour, and which are triumphantly referred to as a proof of the increasing sobriety of the nation, could be extracted and exhibited. Most of the low-priced sherry is only brandy-and-water in disguise, but the brandy which forms the principal basis of the deleterious compound bears no relation to the juice of the grape; it is a fiery, corroding spirit, distilled from potatoes, beet-root, grain, or perhaps even from timber. Some people flatter themselves that, if they keep to a very dry sherry, they are safe; but dry sherries, to any degree of dryness, are now to be had at any price, the wine-merchants having discovered that the addition of nitre will produce the desired flavour. Much of the cheap claret which is consumed under the impression that it is a light temperance beverage is also highly fortified with coarse spirits. It may be observed that persons who are accustomed to this so-called light wine often disparage the better kinds as tame and insipid. The introduction of cheap wines into this country has proved, we suspect, a very questionable advantage. Quantity for quantity, it may be better to drink a simple claret than strong port; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the claret usually sold is very far from being so simple and innocuous as is supposed, that it is consumed more freely and frequently than port was in former days, and that a large class of people who rarely drank wine at all, but contented themselves with water or light beer at their meals, are now in the habit of drinking several glasses of wine in a day. Formerly wine, in households of moderate means, was reserved for state occasions, a birthday or some other family festival; but now everybody drinks wine, or what is supposed to be wine, as a familiar indulgence. Every middle-class house with the least pretensions to respectability, down to the clerk's toy villa at Islington or Camberwell, boasts of a cellar, and there is always a supply of liquor temptingly at hand. If people do not get drunk as they used to do, it is certainly not because they have reduced their consumption of intoxicating drinks; and it is not certain that the modern fashion, although it may be more decorous, is an improvement as regards its effect on health and morals. The feverishness and restlessness of modern life, the morbid passion for excitement and sensation, the tendency to reckless speculation in business, and to a headlong pace in society, may without much difficulty be traced in a great measure to the increasing use of dangerous stimulants.

Under these circumstances, it is satisfactory to find that the doctors, who have great influence in such matters, are now turning their attention seriously to this canker of society. Some offence has apparently been occasioned by the opening statement of the Medical Declaration that, "it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by Medical Men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits"; but it is impossible to deny that the doctors, as a body, have made themselves responsible for a certain share of the mischief. Their sins in this respect have been sins both of omission and commission, and their reticence has perhaps been more injurious than their prescriptions. They have encouraged the use of stimulants, not only by administering them somewhat too freely in particular cases, but also by neglecting to challenge or rebuke undue indulgence with sufficient plainness of speech when it came under their notice. It is true that patients often take upon themselves to interpret the physician's advice in a sense agreeable to themselves, or to father upon him directions which he would be the last to give. What has been recommended for an emergency is adopted as a regular habit, and drops are magnified into drams. At the same time, although the doctors do not deserve all the blame which is cast upon them, it can hardly be said that they have shown that caution and that sense of grave responsibility which are necessary in prescribing so fascinating and dangerous a drug as alcohol. The Medical Declaration, in fact, hits the blot exactly when it says that "alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past." If the doctors choose, they can do immense service by dissipating the superstitious exaggeration which prevails as to the value of alcohol as an article of diet; by warning their patients of the insidious and fatal advances of the appetite for stimulants if once encouraged; by compelling them to reckon up the extent of their regular potations; and by stripping off all disguise or illusion as to the character of the liquids consumed and the inevitable consequences of a disgusting and destructive

vicia. It has been calculated that one ounce and a-half of absolute alcohol, or two ounces in the case of unusual mental or physical exercise, is about the maximum daily allowance for adult men, and three-quarters of an ounce (or two glasses of ordinary cherry) for women. Of course it cannot be expected that people should take their wine in measured phials; but it is well that it should be understood that it is only within narrow limits that stimulants can be safely taken, that frequent small doses, especially if taken apart from meals, are almost worse than an occasional overdose, and that drinking may be carried to an excessive and ruinous point without producing anything like absolute intoxication.

#### SWISS FEDERAL REFORM.

WE lately described the opening of that important Session of the Swiss Federal Assembly which has taken in hand the great work of a thorough revision of the Federal Constitution. One stage of that work has now been gone through. The *Nationalrath*, or House of Representatives, has debated and voted on some of the most important of the proposed changes, and has now gone home to enjoy its Christmas holiday and to meet again on January 15th. We have been a good deal amused at the kind and degree of notice which the proceedings of the Assembly have thus far met with in the English newspapers. We have nowhere seen any consecutive or intelligible account. But notices have come here and there at haphazard, which we suppose may pass as signs of the amount of knowledge which the ordinary English reader and writer has gained of Swiss political affairs. For instance, the last and nearly the first telegram which appeared in the daily papers announced that "the National Council had decided" that education should be so-and-so. We tried this form of words on a thoroughly impartial witness, and we found, as we expected, that the idea conveyed was that, when the National Council had decided a thing, there was no more to be said about it, and that what they had decided became law without more ado. The words certainly would not suggest to any one the notion that a measure—especially a constitutional amendment—which has only passed the National Council is a good deal further from being law than a measure which has only passed the House of Commons. No one would guess that the vote of the National Council was, in the case of an amendment of the Federal Constitution, only the first vote out of four; that the measure when it had passed the National Council could still be either rejected or amended by the Council of the States (*Ständerath* or Senate); and that, when the two Councils agreed on the form of the measure, it had still to be submitted to a vote of Yea or Nay at the hands both of the Cantons and of the nation at large. When an attempt has been made, as was done in at least one case by the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the question of *Etablissement* or *Niederlassung*, to give some account of the points at issue, the account given has been such as to convey a somewhat exaggerated notion of the existing state of affairs. The Swiss citizen of one Canton settled in another Canton is certainly treated as a foreigner in many points of communal affairs; but it is by no means true to say that he is treated as a foreigner in cantonal affairs, in which he has exactly the same rights as a native of the Canton. Swiss politics are so complicated; they contain so many wheels within wheels, the Cantons within the Confederation and the Communes again within the Cantons; there are so many cross interests of Catholics against Protestants, of the *Welsh* Cantons against the German; the whole mode of procedure is so unlike anything that we are used to among ourselves, that the thread is somewhat difficult to follow even for those who have made Swiss affairs a special study, and the piecemeal announcements which the newspapers put forth from time to time must be wholly unintelligible to the general reader. Now that a break has taken place in the proceedings of the Assembly, it seems to be a good time to give some general account of what has been already done. We have followed the debates carefully throughout, and are thinking at least, they contain many points of extreme interest.

What has been done as yet has been for one body which the Legislature—the *Nationalrath*, or *Conseil National*—to go in order directly represents the Swiss people as a nation, and through the first chapter of the Federal Constitution and the amendments on it which have been proposed in various quarters. This first chapter of the Constitution, the heading of which is *Allgemeine Bestimmungen*, or *Dispositions Générales*, deals with matters which for the most part are not in the strictest sense constitutional. The form of the Federal Government itself, its legislative, executive, and judicial branches, are dealt with in the second chapter of the Constitution, which the debates of the Council have not yet touched. Nothing therefore has been said as yet on the great question of the direct voice of the people in Federal legislation, nothing about the proposals known as *Veto*, *Referendum*, and *Initiative*. The questions dealt with as yet are many of them very important, and they are of a very miscellaneous kind. Besides questions which have no great interest out of the country, the Council has been dealing with many matters which are worthy of the attention of political students everywhere, such as the constitution of the army, the relations of Church and State, especially in the matter of education, the codification of the civil and criminal law, and that most interesting question which has no exact parallel among ourselves, but which hangs on to so many political and historical questions in all times and places—the question of the rights of citizens settled in a commune which

is not their own by birth. On these points the National Council has had before it the proposals of a Committee of its own body and of another Committee of the *Ständerath*, as well as the proposals of the Federal Council (the executive Government), and the various proposals made in the course of debate by members of the Council itself. The proposals of the Select Committee of the House have been by no means universally accepted by the House itself. In some cases the National Council has preferred the proposals of the Committee of the *Ständerath*, and in other cases it has preferred the amendments of individual members. One or two points in the way of carrying on the debates at once strike an English reader. Though there are in Switzerland strongly marked political parties, yet the forms of the Constitution do not admit of anything exactly answering to a Ministerial and Opposition side of the House. As the Federal Council is chosen by the Assembly for the same term as the existence of the Assembly itself, there can never, in the ordinary course of debate, be any question as to keeping in or turning out this or that Administration. There is no room therefore for anything answering to our Treasury Bench: there is no opportunity for any one member to hold the position, one unknown to the law, but so familiar and important in practice, of our Leader of the House. It follows that the functions of the President are somewhat more extensive than those of our Speaker. He to some extent unites the functions of Speaker and Leader of the House, so far at least as concerns such matters as suggestions as to the order of business in the House, which in England fall to the Leader of the House, but in Switzerland to the President. Like the English Speaker, he votes only when the House is equally divided, a duty which has fallen upon him more than once during the course of these debates. But what at once strikes one familiar with our House of Commons, though it is no more than the practice of our own House of Lords, is that the present President, Herr Brummor of Bern, has at least once in these discussions left his chair of office to take part, like an English Lord Chancellor, in the debate. The members of the Federal Council also have made frequent use of the provision in the Constitution which allows them to appear and speak in either House of the Assembly at pleasure, but without the right of voting. Herr Dubs in particular, the well known political writer, has been as ready in speech as with his pen; he has taken rather a prominent part in the debates, and has laid several amendments before the House. And, what strikes an Englishman as more singular than all, it seems not to be against rule for a member of the Federal Council to speak openly in the Assembly of the secrets of the innermost sanctuary of the Commonwealth, to announce that on such a point the Federal Council was unanimous, while on such another point it had divided with such or such a majority and minority. It is more in accordance with English Parliamentary usage when a Federal Councillor announces that the Federal Council has determined that such a point shall be an open question, and that each of its members shall be free to support whatever side he pleases. It must be remembered that, though the Federal Council constantly lays proposals before the Assembly, and though the Assembly constantly refers matters to it for its advice, it has no direct voice in legislation, neither the absolute  *veto*  of the English King nor the suspensive  *veto*  of the American President.

In our study of the debates in the National Council we have come across several things which we must confess that we look upon with some little dread. The Federal principle is the very life and soul of the Swiss Commonwealth. A number of small communities, differing widely in blood, language, religion, and social condition, but united by a common history, a common love of freedom, common interests in the face of more powerful neighbours, have been kept together by a system which allows them to act as one nation in the face of other nations; a system which creates a central power clothed with authority in all matters which concern the whole body, while it leaves to each of the component States the fullest independence, the fullest legislative and administrative power in all matters which concern itself only. The principle on which the existing Constitution goes is to entrust to the Federal authorities such matters as the Cantons cannot deal with for themselves, and to leave to the Cantons everything which they can deal with for themselves. It has been rightly felt that the same legislation need not always be the best for a Catholic and a Protestant community, for a German-speaking and for a Romance-speaking community, for the people of a pastoral valley and for the people of a manufacturing town. And it has been no less rightly felt that, putting aside all questions of what is abstractedly the best legislation, the historical traditions and the historical pride, nay the mere prejudices and susceptibilities of commonwealths many of which have for ages gloried in their independence, are not to be touched with a rude hand. It has been felt that it is better to leave some things in a less perfect state than to run any chance of sowing discontent or discord among the confederated States. It has been felt that there are cases in which it is better to let a Canton govern itself in a worse way than to govern it in a better way by the interference of the central power. The principle of cantonal sovereignty is the basis of the whole Confederation; and, when we turn to the Constitution of 1848 followed on a close examination by the work of the conquerors in that year, we find that the wonderful and honourable to its framers that principle has been so carefully preserved throughout. If the principle of cantonal sovereignty is ever given up, Switzerland will at once lose its great distinctive glory and advantage in the face of other nations. Without the cantonal principle, the differ-

ence between Switzerland and the surrounding nations will be cut down to a difference between monarchic and republican forms of government. In a Federal Switzerland the possession of the highest degree of local freedom by each separate commonwealth is an attraction strong enough to bind States together which otherwise have more in common with some of their foreign neighbours than they have with one another. If Switzerland should ever, instead of a Federal, become what is called a Unitarian State, if independent Cantons ever sink into mere administrative departments, the men of Ticino, for instance, may begin to ask, or at all events some one may begin to ask for them, whether an Italian-speaking country on the Italian side of the Alps might not as well be a department of Italy as a department of Switzerland. To us, as outsiders, it seems that no danger can be so great as that of needlessly wounding even the traditional feelings of the several confederated States. To us it seems rash to seek for legislative or administrative unity at the risk of doing the slightest damage to national unity.

Now in reading the debates it strikes us, as indeed we hinted in our former article, that a party in the Confederation, chiefly the Liberal party in the German Cantons, have shown themselves too eager to purchase certain real or supposed improvements at the cost of striking a blow at the higher principle of cantonal independence. They remind us somewhat of the impetuous zeal of the younger generation of Oxford reformers. Because there are many points in which the legislation of many Cantons may be greatly improved, because it would often be better if some Cantons would imitate the legislation of others, a large party seems prepared to force on the reforms which they seek at all hazards by crowding the Federal Constitution with provisions which, to our thinking, ought to stay, as they hitherto have stayed, within the competence of the Cantons. It must be remembered that in a Federal State there is no means except that of a provision in the Federal Constitution for enforcing any change throughout the whole country. All powers which are not specially vested in the Confederation by the Federal Constitution remain within the competence of the Cantons, and ordinary Federal legislation cannot touch them. Hence the eagerness to deal by means of constitutional provisions with matters which to us do not seem to be constitutional matters at all. There seems a forgetfulness that a Federal Constitution is not simply a law for a certain territory, like an Act of an English Parliament or a Ukase of a Russian Czar, but that it is essentially a treaty between independent States, which keep their full independence on all points on which they do not formally give it up. There seems a forgetfulness that it is not enough to show that a proposed change will be abstractedly an improvement, but that it must be further shown that it is an improvement so absolutely necessary as to justify thrusting it down the throats of independent States against their will. In the Burgundian Cantons, on the other hand, these distinctions seem to be perfectly well understood. It is the special interest of those Cantons to understand them. To them the retention of cantonal sovereignty is everything. Now they are independent States, the equals of their German neighbours. Turn the Federal State into a "Unitarian" State, and they will be at once swamped by an overwhelming German majority, and may perhaps be made to receive a code of German law for which they have no fancy. Hence, in the course of these debates, we find members from the Welsh Cantons, whose views are as liberal as those of their German brethren, but who also see that on every point of this kind there are two questions to be asked. Member after member from the West gets up and says:—"I approve of such or such a proposal in itself; it is the law of my own Canton, or I should like to make it the law of my own Canton; but I do not look on it as a thing which ought to be forced on unwilling Cantons by a provision in the Federal Constitution." We venture to think that this line of argument is more truly Liberal than the overbearing eagerness of those who would overturn all barriers in order to carry their own particular reforms, however desirable in themselves. And we are sure that to bear with weaker brethren, to give a little and take a little, is the surer way to maintain the unity and safety of the Confederation.

We trust in another article to enlarge a little more fully on some of the special points which have been under discussion in the National Council.

#### FATHER GRATRY'S RECENTATION.

WHILE the Vatican Council was sitting in 1870 Father Gratty, one of the most learned priests in France, published four Letters, since translated into English by Mr. Bailey, addressed to Mgr. Dechamps, Archbishop of Malines, who was a principal leader of the infallibilist party among the bishops. His Letters were alike remarkable for their earnestness, their logic, and their outspoken earnestness of tone. In the first he examined and exposed at length the heresy of Pope Honorius, and his condemnation for heresy by three Ecumenical Councils and a succession of Popes, summing up the argument by a statement that, "if the Letters of Honorius are not heretical, the whole Church has for centuries anathematized as heretical a writing, a man, a Pope, perfectly orthodox, and on a question of faith and dogmatic facts three Councils and twenty Popes have obstinately deceived themselves in their most solemn decrees." He further shows that the Roman Breviary has been seriously tampered with in order to conceal these unpleasant facts, and denounces with just severity a system of "infamous" falsification which has been for



centuries one main cause of religious decay among Catholics. In a second Letter he returns to the attack, and expates still further, and in detail, the tactics of this "*secte de mensonge*," which has misled the noblest men and greatest intellects in the Church, and which he considers more perilous to her interests than all the heretical sects. He insists that all the advocates of Papal infallibility are working directly or indirectly on forged authorities, that there are no traces of the doctrine in the first five centuries or in any great theologian of any age, except those who have been deceived by what we now know to be forgeries, and that it is therefore "evidently false." There is not indeed "any question, theological, philosophical, historical, or other, which has been so disgraced by falsehood, bad faith, and forgery. It is a question utterly disgraced by fraud." Nay, more, this school of lying "is none other than the obstacle foreseen by Christ, these gates of hell which will attempt, but in vain, to prevail against the Church," and which are the real cause of her "at present scarcely ruling a twentieth part of the human race." In his third Letter Father Gratry vindicates his argument against the feeble rejoinder of Mgr. Dechamps, and shows from the solemn Bull of Paul IV., "*Cum ex Apostolatus officio*," signed in Consistory by all the Cardinals, and "addressed to the whole Church, and even to the whole human race," that, according to his own infallible decree, "the Pope is the master of all kingdoms, the crime of heresy deserves capital punishment, and *ipso facto* deprives all princes of their dominions, and all men of their rights and property, and that every domain, property, or kingdom belonging to those convicted of heresy lapses of right to the first occupant." And he indignantly asks whether men possessed of reason and moral sense are prepared to trample under foot truth, justice, and the Gospel of Christ, and to depose God Himself by accepting such monstrous tenets. This is pretty strong; but the fourth and concluding Letter, in reply to those infallibilist partisans who had written against him, is the most remarkable of the series. In it he demonstrates, against the dishonest blundering of Dom Guéranger, the systematic falsification of the Roman Breviary in the interests of infallibilism, and applies to it the well-known passage in the Book of Job, "*Nunquid indiget Deus mendacio vestro?*" The real aim, he says, of "the sect" represented by Dom Guéranger, is "to abolish the Councils and to suppress the episcopate." And he ends with a vigorous protest against the infallibilist decree then on the eve of being forced through the Vatican Synod. "Why treat the peaceful and humble assembly of the faithful 'as it never yet has been treated' (to quote Father Newman), why tread under foot the convictions of so vast a number? . . . Why insult, despise, outrage, crush hundreds of doctors and bishops, thousands of the faithful, enlightened, intelligent, zealous, well informed, whose life you trouble, whose conscience you grieve?" He adds that what is not clearly contained in Scripture and tradition cannot be defined as a dogma, and that that certainly is not contained in Scripture and tradition of which so many doctors and bishops in all ages declare the contrary to be found there. Such were the sentiments of Father Gratry, publicly and deliberately repeated in four successive pamphlets, the last of which only appeared a month or two before the Vatican decree of July 18, 1870.

And now let us turn to his letter just published in the *Debats* to the newly-appointed Archbishop of Paris, the Ultramontane successor of the murdered and heroic Darboy, who was the chief opponent of the infallibilist dogma at Rome, and who has left a record of his latest sentiments on the subject in the little pamphlet *La Dernière Heure du Concile*, issued just before the close.

Montreux (Vaud), Nov. 25, 1871.

**Monsieur,**—If I had not been very ill and incapable of writing a letter I should long before this have addressed to you my respectful welcome. I wish at least to-day to say to you, Monsieur, what it appears to me perhaps does not require to be said—that, like all my brethren in the priesthood, I accept the decrees of the Council of the Vatican. Anything which I may before that decision have written upon that subject which is contrary to those decrees I efface.

Be pleased, Monseigneur, to send me your blessing.

**A. GRATTEY.**

The Archbishop, as was to be expected, at once replied with the flattering assurance that his correspondent had rendered greater service to the Church by "effacing" his anti-infallibilist pamphlets than by all his "useful and eloquent works" formerly published in defence of the Church. But another and very different reply was soon to follow which disposes summarily of at least one statement in Father Gratry's remarkable opistle. That a writer who had been only a year before an energetic in denouncing the atrocity of pious frauds, should commit himself, in view of the events of the last few months, to the assertion that all his brethren in the priesthood agree in accepting the Vatican decree, is sufficiently startling. And one of the most illustrious of his "brethren," not only in the priesthood, but in the French priesthood, who is also an intimate friend, has taken care that it shall not pass unchallenged. Writing from Munich on the 23rd of December to his "very dear Father," Gratry, the Père Hyacinthe proceeds, with a delicate gentleness and courtesy which add fresh force to his criticism, to gauge the moral and intellectual value of this brief and wholesale recantation. Not quite agreeing with the Archbishop's estimate of the matter, he observes pointedly that such collective letters as those recently published by his correspondent against the new dogma can hardly be disposed of by the mere statement that he "effaces" them, especially when coming from a writer who insisted but a year before that he "had received orders from God" to write as he did, and was prepared to suffer, if necessary, for the truth's

ake. Father Gratry had not simply asserted, but proved by a "demonstration as logical as it was eloquent," that the whole question of Papal infallibility was "gaugered by fraud," and had indignantly asked whether God needed such falsehood; and now "he writes in an easy, offhand style which both surprises and saddens," to say that he simply "effaces" what he wrote before. We do not wonder at Father Hyacinthe sorrowfully asking if "the truth and human souls are hereafter to be treated in this manner in the Church of Christ?" Before he can hope to effect anything by his recantation, Gratry must refute as well as retract his former arguments, and explain why—if such be indeed the fact—he has ceased to regard the Vatican Council as "an assembly without authority, because it was without liberty," and what tests he would now suggest to discriminate a sham Synod from a real one. Father Hyacinthe continues:—

If you admit the two pretended dogmas of the personal and separate infallibility of the Pope *abque consensu Ecclesie*, and of his universal episcopal jurisdiction, do not attempt to give them an interpretation which is opposed to the evident and natural meaning of the decrees, the only one, moreover, which is accepted and imposed by the Roman authority, but show to us how that meaning agrees with the facts of history which you have so learnedly established and discussed. Then, my dear Father, but only then, you will have "placed your conduct in harmony with your convictions," as the Archbishop of Paris has written to you, and you will have acquired "new authority to defend the rule of religion," which is at present so sadly compromised. For my own part, what I dread the most for it is not the outspoken and loyal rejection of the adversaries of revelation; it is the unconscious scepticism of those who place a false authority and a false unity above the truth. The first consolidates the sacred edifice by the very assaults which it makes upon it externally; but the other mines secretly within it, disturbing the foundation upon which it rests—sincerity of faith and integrity of conscience.

These last comments of Father Hyacintho will not unnaturally recall to memory another passage from a distinguished Roman Catholic writer, which may indeed have suggested them:—

Truly such a school of lies would cause the weak to lose their faith. It makes one giddy to see such masses of error built up on the foundation of ancient impostures, and their consequences maintained as if the impostures had not been unmasked. . . . Is it not time for men of honour, of sincerity, and of faith to look this scandal in the face, and drive from the temple no longer only the sellers, but the robbers and coiners of base coin, religious or moral? They are more guilty than the forger who, in France at this time, has been hanged over to justice for having forged and trafficked in false scientific documents. . . . It is because I understand, more clearly now than ever, why our admirable mother, the Holy Church of God, the mother of humanity, whose spirit is nothing else than the unity of all the just who have ever lived, at this day scarcely rules a twentieth part of the human race. The reason of the low progress is this: it is the secret and internal foe which stops our march, it is the school of error which I do denounce, and which is none other than those gates of hell which will vainly strive to prevail against the Church.

It would be difficult to denounce with sharper or more searching rebuke the "unconscious scepticism" of which Father Hyacinth complains. But the rebuke comes from the second of Father Giraty's Letters to the Archbishop of Malines.

How are we to account for this strange and sudden conversion? Certainly any reader who compares the Letters of 1870 and of 1871 will be tempted to exclaim *Nemo fuit unquam sic impar- sibi*. No doubt Father Gratry may plead, as it is reported that he does plead, that he has but followed a multitude to do evil; for, of all the bishops who voted at Rome in the minority, Strauss- mayor is now the solitary Abdiel. But then it has not generally been the way with bishops to hold out against despotic wrong. A student of Church history might at least have been expected to remember the ignominious collapse of the Catholic episcopate after the Council of Nice, when St. Jerome complains that the whole world ground to find itself Arian; and the Court of Rome is to the episcopate of the nineteenth century pretty much what the Court of Constantinople was to their predecessors of the fourth. They have given hostages to fortune, and find it more convenient to save their position than their conscience. It has been all along predicted that this would be the upshot, and the opportune removal of the one man among them of combined the wisdom of a statesman with the courage of a martyr left them free to follow the instincts of cowardice for fear. But that Father Gratry, who had a reputation for learning as well as for consistency, should join in the greater cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" had not been anticipated. Yet under similar whom he once professed to venerate, was able to purchase a circumstances by the cruel kindness of his noble the ordered quiet old age by framing his lips to the grave is, "nothing aliboloth, he replied without hesitation, with a lie in my mouth," before me, and I will not descend into that the eloquent, "brouwer for his own credit it might be well-tailed in the V. Synod say for his of the "*ecole de mensonge*" which its triumph. Sup of Paris had declined, like Dollinger, trees with the Argon. Sup of Paris own sake, for we can as little of his recent conduct into that the "noble and generous, as that it "bright and, notwith- fit the cause of Ultramontanism." *Idem* again, and not one harmony with his own teaching to "Mgr. and not one standing all protestations of his. Mgr. and not one intelligent reader will ascribe a feather to devoted, hollow, flippant, but simply to authority which is to the fiat of Rome it. When the potent to among other reforms in the effect of the French seminary system, and of the inferior clergy, as fatal to the

## PARIS AND THE LESSONS OF ADVERSITY.

Paris is still the Paris of the Empire. Impoverished as she is, she still finds the means for dissipation and frivolity. She has discarded decency, and seems bent on proving to Europe that the refinement and good taste on which she prided herself were only tinsel on the surface. She is holding her orgies in what should be the house of mourning. She has pitched the booths of her Vanity Fair on pavements scarcely cleansed from the blood of her citizens. The stalls are set as thickly along the Boulevards as ever they were, and the trade in *étrennes* goes forward more briskly than before. It appears as if the chosen seat of genteel comedy had lost all sense of the ludicrous. Does Paris believe life to be a *vaudeville* and crushing national calamities things to be trifled with or jested over? It is hard to see where even the most ingenious and light-hearted and vainglorious of peoples can find matter of mutual congratulation in the events of the past year, or the prospects of the coming one. Fancy an English or German family munching bonbons and exchanging jests on the day after a funeral, and while there is an execution in the house. A moralist might find something suggestive of the hollowness of things in France in those gaudy and costly cases which contain a franc's worth of unwholesome sweets. Still we can conceive that something might be said by a Parisian for keeping up the friendly fashion of *étrennes*. Abused as it has been, it is the French counterpart of the German Christmas-tree, and originated doubtless in kindly family feeling. There might be a false air of chivalrous spirit in struggling to be cheerful in memory of past happiness, in pinching upon straitened means in order to be generous. No such defence can be set up for the public amusements of the season. The masked balls at the Opera House are in full swing. Most people know what these are, by hearsay, if not by personal observation. The masked ball means the loosest of loose Paris celebrating its saturnalia, in a disguise that invites decency to join while giving indecency its wildest license; indecency of thought, speech, and all but act, we should say, for experience has taught the necessity of detailing a powerful force of police to quell any demonstrative obscenity. It means dancing beginning at midnight after long dinners; suppers in the cabinets of the Maison Dorée and the Café Anglais; women in "costume," with as little character as clothes, shading off through the neutral classes of shopgirls, actresses, *dansesuses*, and *dames de comptoir*, to ladies of society ensconced snugly in their masks and dominoes. These masks and dominoes give absolute immunity from the whispers of the world, even were the world more inclined to censure than it is. The fair wearers may rub their draped shoulders with the naked ones of the most brazen-tongued of the lost sisterhood, and listen freely to shameless talk. It is easy to conceive the facility which these balls give for assignations in a city where married women are frequently as much their own mistresses as fascinating young girls in business. One might fancy that the censorship which busies itself with the politics of the drama might profitably turn its attention to the morals of these forcing-houses for female innocence. The masked ball exhibits the dignity of Frenchmen in quite as striking a light as the delicacy of Frenchwomen. The grand nation that blazoned the walls of Versailles with its victories, reared the Arch of Triumph, and cast the column of the Place Vendôme, has just been capitulating by hundreds of thousands, their arms in their hands. Here they are, fresh from the Caudine Forks, capering, shrieking, and grimacing as clowns, Pierrots, and monkeys. Not that they have forgotten the war. On the contrary, with their felicitous sense of the fitness of things, they have made the taking of each other prisoner and the spoils of the victor the standing jokes of the season. Nor are the ladies altogether oblivious of the dead; if they wear

but the lowest of corsets and the briefest of skirts, they have their minimum of raiment suitably trimmed with black and silver grey. We cannot say that we admire the taste of dancing the *caneon* on a coffin-lid, nor are we sure that we do not prefer the *pétroleuses* of the Commune to the Bacchantes of the Carnival. But then we are not French, and we suppose we must take French patriotism as we find it. The same spirit of cynical indifference reigns supreme at the theatres and the *cafés chantants*. The Théâtre Français and the Odéon have never had quite the vogue which their admirable acting, their State subventions, and the masterpieces of Molière and Corneille should secure them. Still one might have believed that their turn must have come in the grave circumstances of the hour, and that Molière's comedies might have been light enough for the taste of the desolated city. On the contrary, all the different managements are constantly ransacking their *répertoires* for frivolities and indelicacies to rival the Palais Royal and the Bouffes. We are the less surprised when we remember the delighted crowds that filled the latter house on the morrow of the evacuation of Paris by the Germans. Yet let us be just. One change the war has wrought in the Parisians, and we have referred to it already. The most sensitive of people has suddenly become the most thick-skinned. We should have imagined that for many a year to come, prisons and prisoners would be sore subjects with French soldiers; that the sight of a Prussian helmet would act like a red rag on a bull. We are informed that the most popular caricature in Paris is a group of German soldiers acting wild beasts behind the rails of the Tuileries gardens, while a single Frenchman stands sentry over them. As for the German in blue tunic and spiked helmet, when he is not walking away with clocks, he is pressed into carrying bonbons. On the whole, it is not clear what the Parisians have gained by getting rid of the Emperor, or what they would lose by having him back to-morrow.

## MR. SPURGEON ABROAD.

HERE we are again! The genuine original-comic Christmas entertainment for this night only at the Tabernacle, Newington. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will undertake, as usual, the part of Harlequin, while the Pope of Rome will do involuntary duty as Pantaloon. Managers of other Transpontine houses may thank themselves that this formidable competitor appears only for one or at most two nights. We should fear that the best pantomime in London would fail dismally if it depended only upon speech and action unaided by one or more gorgeous transformation scenes. But although Mr. Spurgeon promised to illustrate his lecture by dissolving views, the interest of the lecture was so absorbing that the audience would probably not have missed the illustrations if they had been forgotten by the lecturer. They desired to see Mr. Spurgeon and hear him talk. He has been on a holiday trip to Rome, and he was certain to crack some of his most racy jokes over the superstitious practices which he witnessed there. The preliminaries of the lecture were soon transacted. "Take care of your pockets," says Mr. Spurgeon, "and let us sing a hymn." Of course Mr. Spurgeon could not prevent the literal fulfilment of the text, "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Where the prey is there will be the vultures; and people who place cheques for 200*l.* at the disposal of a beloved pastor must inspire pickpockets with a feeling like that of the veteran Blucher when he beheld the wealth of London, and thought of the fierce and hungry soldiers whom he had led through France. But we cannot help wondering whether Mr. Spurgeon noticed in his tour that the presence of those that sell and buy in foreign cathedrals is a point in which they resemble the Tabernacle which he left at home. A reporter of a daily newspaper calculates that the profits of this entertainment must have been immense, for, besides the admission money, "all legitimate means of increasing the fund had been devised and cleverly carried into practice." The tea, although unlimited in quantity, as well as in accompanying supplies of cake and bread and butter, must have yielded, says this reporter, "a handsome commercial return." The sale of a poem written for the occasion, and offering a welcome home to Mr. Spurgeon, must have added something to the receipts, and besides, there were collections in boxes throughout the building. It is curious that a feature of Continental churches which we have always thought particularly disagreeable should be produced with improvements at the Tabernacle. Many readers have doubtless witnessed the noonday performance of the Strasburg clock, and may remember the keen, business-like manner of the verger who lets chairs for halfpence to visitors who desire to secure good places for the spectacle without the fatigue of standing. Just try to help yourself to a chair, and see how quickly the verger will discover and pursue you. This we had thought a tolerably strong example of the practices which the text condemns, because the performance of the clock cannot be considered as a religious service, although the twelve apostles take part in it; but it is nothing compared to the banquet of tea and cake and the lectures and dissolving views at the great annual festival conducted by Mr. Spurgeon.

As might be expected, Mr. Spurgeon was tremendously funny upon relics. Perhaps our own feeling in that respect does not differ widely from Mr. Spurgeon's, but we should not think of expressing it as he does. In Roman Catholic churches we see the reverential sentiment carried to an unwholesome, and it may be ludicrous, extent; and at the Tabernacle, if we went there, we should per-

ceive that the same sentiment was in lamentable deficiency. Mr. Spurgeon is very severe upon the degraded superstition which causes people to kiss the foot of St. Peter's statue at Rome, and it probably does not occur to him that the ladies who work slippers for his own feet would kiss them if they had the chance. The Roman form of idolatry has this advantage, that St. Peter's statue will last for many generations, while Mr. Spurgeon is certainly mortal. The Church of Rome may boast with some show of reason that she is founded upon a rock, while the cohesion of the worshippers of the Tabernacle depends upon the personal qualities of their minister. It is difficult to understand how a Christian can speak of any form of Christianity as Mr. Spurgeon speaks of Roman Catholic doctrines and practices. And yet we felt certain before reading any report of Mr. Spurgeon's lecture that he would be overwhelmingly facetious about images. It would be a curious experiment to take an Italian priest of good power of observation and description to the Tabernacle, and set him to write an account of what he saw and heard there. Mr. Spurgeon at Rome wondered how humanity could have fallen so low as to worship relics. An Italian priest at Newington might wonder how Divinity could have fallen so low as to dwell in the same place with purveyors of tea and cake and exhibitions of dissolving views. We should think that among all the unprepossessing British tourists who have afflicted the Continent with their presence during the last year, Mr. Spurgeon would bear away the palm. "The only relic he had brought away from Rome was the piece of wax candle he had used in the catacombs." This statement was of course provocative of laughter. The mirth, however, has not been wholly on one side. Mr. Spurgeon preached in Rome, and, according to his own account, "he was said to have said and done some very strange things." We believe that since Mr. Spurgeon took to lecturing he has for the most part reserved for week-days the drolleries which used to ornament his Sunday sermons; but still he sometimes falls into the old vein, and if he happened to be in good temper and spirits, as he probably was, at Rome, we have no doubt that he did say and do some things that would have appeared to us, who are used to him, very strange, and which by Italians, if they could have understood them, would have been accepted as symptoms of disordered mind. Mr. Spurgeon described the services he held in Rome, and the interruption of one of them by a secular priest, "who declined, however, to enter upon a public discussion." We do not know what may have been the secular priest's motive for thus declining. Perhaps he may have laboured under a difficulty of understanding Mr. Spurgeon, or of making Mr. Spurgeon understand him. We can only express our profound regret that any impediment should have existed to a performance which must have been even more amusing than a lecture by Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle. The friends and admirers of Mr. Spurgeon would probably have taken care that he should not visit Rome before the Pope's temporal power was abolished. Mr. Spurgeon's rule seems to be, "When you are at Rome do as you do at home," and we cannot help fancying that even the presence of the troops of the King of Italy in that city does not free this rule from all danger in application. But probably almost nobody understood Mr. Spurgeon's testimony against idols and relics, and people in general must have regarded him as a new variety of the race of harmless British lunatics who annually squander their money on the Continent.

The success of this annual lecture by Mr. Spurgeon is a curious phenomenon. The late Mr. Thackeray gave lectures, and they were successful because many people were willing to pay for seeing and hearing a celebrated man. But the admirers of Mr. Spurgeon have built a Tabernacle for the purpose of seeing and hearing him every Sunday, and it is big enough to receive all the casuals who come to "do" Mr. Spurgeon as one of the curiosities of the metropolis. Probably there would be an equally full attendance whatever might be the subject of Mr. Spurgeon's lecture, but we must suppose that his proper flock felt interested in the particulars of their pastor's journey, and they doubtless anticipated—if we may put holy thoughts into profane language—that Mr. Spurgeon would have a shy at the Pope. We feel as outsiders only a feeble interest in the statement that Mr. Spurgeon was hurried over his dinner at Dijon, and endeavoured at Lyons to perform the operation which is called keeping the fire warm. Probably many of us in vacation tours have written such particulars in letters or journals which we knew would be read with interest by wife, sister, or daughter. But it is a different thing to stand up, and narrate them before seven thousand people. However this large assembly heard the story of Mr. Spurgeon's journey with attentive ears. At Nice he was troubled with mosquitoes, which he calls "natty little creatures." The pun is bad enough for a burlesque. At this point we pause to inquire where were the dissolving views? A good likeness of Mr. Spurgeon, eating his dinner in a hurry, to save the train at Dijon, or combating in his bedroom with the mosquitoes at Nice, would have been almost equal in excitement to the famous contest between the devil and the baker which used to adorn the slides of magic-lanterns in our youthful days. It is a pity that Mr. Spurgeon could not have visited the Pope, and still more that he should not have been photographed. But the Pope now lives in strict seclusion. It does not appear to have occurred either to lecturers or hearers to consider seriously the nature of that power which enabled Mr. Spurgeon's influence over his people to be so great as the Tabernacle to the Coliseum. The temporal power of the Pope has passed away;

but if his spiritual power loses in one direction, it gains at least equally in another. Mr. Spurgeon's sneers about the Virgin Mary's milk please himself and the narrow-minded people who delight to hear him talk. But the mind which dwells most on the gross and fraudulent absurdities of the Romish Church ought to be most strongly impressed with amazement at the width and depth of its influence over mankind. We think that Mr. Spurgeon is a wonderful man, but the Pope is an institution, and incomparably more wonderful.

#### THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS, the third year given by the Academy to historic schools, scarcely as yet indicates exhausted resources. That fewer rooms are occupied this season than last, and that 150 fewer pictures are collected, may be accounted an act of mercy. Five galleries, comprising 274 works which range over a period of five centuries, will certainly be found to yield amply sufficient materials either for a casual visit or for sustained study. Still some exception may be taken to the selection made. There would seem, for example, to be little reason why the least successful of Reynolds's works, the portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, exhibited here as recently as 1870, should again be hung as signboards in the vestibule. Other properties of the Academy, thirteen in number, include some diploma works redeemed by genius, such as Hilton's "Ganymede" (36); but several, like "Jael and Sisera" (111), by Northcote, might with advantage have remained in the collars. The Academy, perhaps wisely in regard to its reputation, has never yet ventured to exhibit its collection of diploma pictures as a whole. This year, however, living Academicians come forward in the new character of collectors; as many as eight members of the body appear in the list of contributors, and though the works sent are with some few exceptions little remarkable, yet we think it tells well for our contemporary school when leading painters affectionately gather in their homes some memorial of deceased brethren, or some cherished heritage from olden times. Still, we think, there are signs of an effort to win through the Exhibition a reputation for unaccredited works. We may mention that the total number of contributors is 77, and the total number of artists represented 117. Among contributors of the largest number of works are Her Majesty, the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Thomas Baring, and Sir Richard Wallace; and among the painters most fully represented are Vandyke and Reynolds. The distinguishing characteristics of the present collection may be said to be—first, the prominence given to the English school; and, secondly, the presence, after long seclusion, of the Hertford pictures. The nation has recently had to thank Sir Richard Wallace for the donation of a masterwork of Terburg, and now the Academy is indebted to the same munificent benefactor for the loan of the "Rainbow Landscape," by Rubens, "Nolly O'Brien," by Reynolds, and other scarcely less famous works which, when last seen fourteen years ago among the Manchester Art Treasures, excited a popular furore. We cannot conclude these preliminary remarks without once more complaining of the uncritical character of the Catalogue. It may be gratefully acknowledged that never before has been given at so low a price such good paper, clear type, and handsome margins; but when historic or other information is sought, nothing more recondite can be found than "Guido Reni, called Guido." When we recall the Catalogues of even provincial Exhibitions, such as those of Manchester and Leeds, the sixpennyworth now before us would seem little to the credit of the Royal and chartered body to whom the art education of the nation is in some measure delegated.

The Italian masters are of less value than in previous years. Still, of the Florentine school are Filippino Lippi and Sandro Botticelli; of the Milanese, Leonardo and Luini; of the Roman, Raffaele; of the Bolognese, Guido and Annibale Carracci; and of the Venice school, usually strong in English collections, Titian, Piombo, Veronese, Tintoret, Palma Vecchio, and Paris Bordone. One of the choicest of Italian pictures, as may be naturally imagined, is "The Virgin and Infant Christ" (95), by Raffaele, contributed by the Duke of Aumale. The master's manner, in its transition from the spiritualism of the Umbrian and Florentine schools to the stronger and higher development of the Roman period, is almost too well known to need description. This small composition, one of the very many Madonnas and Holy Families painted by Raffaele—not less than fifty in number—is tender, delicate, and lovely in the extreme. The infant in its play on the mother's knee has a sportiveness with a symmetry of line which recalls the Colonna picture now in Berlin. The work, given in outline by Kugler, was in the Orleans Gallery; fortunately the gem has been once more acquired for the Orleans family. The picture probably dates between 1506 and 1508, and is therefore, as the types and the colours indicate, prior to the Gavagh Raffaele in the National Gallery. Just before this Orleans Madonna was painted, Raffaele and Leonardo da Vinci are supposed to have met in Florence; doubtless they talked often together of art; they found much in common; yet, judging from the sequel, they must have agreed to differ. The pictures here ascribed to Leonardo are, as usual, open to doubt. Certainly "The Virgin and Child" (117), according to the present tendency and temper of criticism, would be transferred from Leonardo to Luini; whereas the capital companion composition, "A Madonna and Child" (113), though

assigned to Luini, has a severity better accordant with other masters. Yet, though beset with these historic doubts, we should be sorry to surrender faith in, or love for, that magic, and as it were mesmeric, "Portrait of a Young Man" (215), here ascribed to Leonardo. But when we recall the Beltraccio in the National Gallery, and still more the "Creator Mundi" by the same artist at Leigh Court, we seem to have the secret of this mystery-shadowed, eye-piercing portrait. The earnest steadfast outlook of this face, with its inward depths of consciousness, makes an impression not to be obliterated. The head once seen haunts the memory. In the presence of this work we cannot but feel the grandeur of which portraiture is capable. In execution the picture clearly belongs to the school of Lombardy; the manner became infectious, and, passing over the Alps, entered the studio of Dürer in Nuremberg. And yet sometimes we are tempted to think that the geographic distribution of styles was just the reverse; that Squarcione, Mantegna, Leonardo with the Vivarini in Venice, owed much of their pictorial manner, as did assuredly the Lombard architects, to the so-called Goths of Germany. Gallery No. V. contains pictures from Lombardy, Germany, and the Low Countries, which suggest interesting speculation as to the origin and consanguinity of early schools. There are noteworthy "figures" (242) in monochrome by Mantegna, a master of whom we always desire to see and to know something more. The painter tended to monochrome when not to repellent colour, as classicists habitually do; and here again the drapery is cast in the symmetric lines pertaining to classic art, the bearing is statuesque, and so the work becomes removed from common life, while even as to execution the surface suggests a fine keen chisel rather than a broad sweeping brush. Also for study of drapery, both as to disposition of lines and technical methods, "A Portrait" (270), by Botticelli, is instructive. These early painters were more indebted to classic art than is usually imagined; it might be shown that Fra Angelico and other ultra-spiritualists were in intimate relation, as regards harmony of line and symmetric proportion, with Greek and Roman sculpture. In this masterly piece of manipulation even the materials used are all but identical with the ancient tempera, and when we here observe the exquisite play of light pigment over a warm underground, we might almost call in question the advantage gained by the introduction of oils into Italy. It may be observed how much our English artists in the present day are going back to the old processes; the guiding principle of course should be to adapt the process to the exigencies of the subject in hand. People curious in these matters will do well to pass in these Galleries from picture to picture in order to compare tempera with oils, panels with canvas, to see the effect of varnish in the way of darkness or lustre, and generally to judge of how time, the destroyer, has dealt with the artist's creation. A perfect medium, which is and always has been a first desideratum, would transmit with gem-like transparency the painter's thought, so that for all time the pigment should remain, like the original conception, of the quality of pure crystal.

A collection of all schools such as the present usually suggests the conclusion that the Dutch are most correct in what has been called the grammar of art, that the Flemings and Old Germans (as witness here works by Van Eyck and Mabuse) are the most perfect as to the management of pigments, and that the Italians, having thoughts to express and an ideal to attain which soar beyond the reach of paints and panels, occasionally break down in the mere materialism of their art. The obvious exceptions to this broad generalization may now be passed by as but exceptions which prove the rule. We have not space further to enlarge on this matter, and yet it is difficult to resist the temptation of a work so suggestive of speculation as "The Adoration of the Virgin" (217), by Filippino Lippi. The Italian painters were impelled by an imagination which avowedly did violence to historic fact, and accordingly here the manger of Bethlehem might almost be mistaken for the ruins of Baalbek. We presume that Rio, Montalembert, and other critics of that school, broadly classifying artists into the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left, would disallow to either of the Lippi a place among the former. And, looking to the adjuncts of this Nativity, to the ostentatious but inappropriate display of classic architecture, it is evident that at the end of the fifteenth century the rampant Renaissance had already set in. Filippino Lippi, who executed frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, strongly imbued with dramatic genius, was, as may be judged from the example before us, a man of fire and passion. What impetuosity he throws into his composition, how the figures crowd onward and around in tumultuous rotund, so that the Madonna whom they come to adore seems to be actually endangered! The picture as a whole would appear to pretend to little more religious feeling than a Christmas pantomime, and yet as a piece of decorative work the colour reaches deep harmonies, the light is something more solemn than that of common day, and so, as generally happens when we are in the presence of the old masters, the mind is lifted out of the sphere of ordinary life. This picture is decidedly superior to that of the same subject in the National Gallery, and therefore we transfer to it the anecdote from Vasari which Mr. Wornum appropriates. The story is as follows:—

Filippino having painted a composition of small figures for his friend Piero del Pugliese, he executed it with such skill and care that, when another citizen expressed a wish to have a similar work, Filippino declined the commission, remarking that it was impossible to paint a second picture like it.



The Venetians come as chief exceptions to the seeming rule in art that high conceptions are joined to infirm physiques. The painters of Venice, excepting the Vivarini and one or two others, did not mortify the flesh; they were jubilant in joyful life, and accordingly the characters they paint have eaten and drunken, and are given to song and dance. In this festive spirit has Jacopo Palma painted the portraits of his "Three Daughters" (67), lyre in hand and singing. These famous beauties pass in an analogous composition in Dresden for the "Three Graces." Violante, who was her father's favourite, has a face known in almost every Gallery in Europe; she served as a model indiscriminately for Venus nude, or for St. Barbara and St. Catherine fully draped. The golden hair of which the three sisters were proud was got by bleaching in the sun; we may imagine these girls seated on the house-top, with the crowns cut out of their hats, burning under an Italian sky till their curls had drunk in the sunlight which still as it were shines on their heads in the picture before us. The operation could not have been particularly favourable to the intellect, if we may judge from these blooming damsels, so buxom in flesh but devoid of thought. The picture at once pronounces the master when in joyous mood he cast off all care about the Saints and the Church, and took holiday, as was the custom of Venetians, with musicians in the open sunny fields. The "music parties," not only of Palma, but of Giorgione and of Titian, are famous. The work before us is a mere wreck, and the companion picture which we examined a few weeks since in Dresden has also suffered much; but it is naturally hard to find a panel which has reached the patriarchal age of three hundred years that has escaped the cruel hand of time. How solemn old Palma could be, how near he sometimes was to the grandeur of Titian and the glow of Giorgione, whom he in fact sought to emulate, is well known to all frequenters of the Galleries of Dresden, Vienna, and Venice. A fair example of this kind, "The Virgin and Infant Saviour" (124), from Hampton Court, is noble in form and altogether lovely. The figures are seated by a column in the midst of a hill country; indeed, about Bergamo, the painter's birthplace, there is much undulating ground which recalls the hills round Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem. Painters of the life of Christ living in Italy needed not to go to Palestine for landscape backgrounds.

The three great masters of Venice—Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret—make but a poor figure in the present Exhibition. "Diana and Actæon" (73) is apparently a late, and assuredly a feeble, work of the master, who lived to the age of ninety-nine, when he died of the plague. Blurred in touch and uncertain in hand, this picture is akin in execution to the last work of Titian now in the Academy of Venice. The assumed sketch of "La Gloria" (114), whether by Titian or not, is an interesting record of the great work which the painter in his will directed should be placed wherever his body rested. In violation of this injunction, the picture has been removed from the Escorial to Madrid. As the subject of the sketch and picture is unusual, we translate the description given in the Madrid Catalogue:—

The most Holy Trinity above, and near thereto the Virgin. On the right are Charles I. and Philip II., with princes and princesses of the house of Austria in white raiment. All are among the clouds, and severally they are introduced by angels, who assume the attitude of adoration rather than that of conferring favours. On the left are many holy Patriarchs and Evangelists of the New and Old Testament, and in the midst the Church, figured by a maiden, presents the company to the Holy Trinity.

In conclusion, we may point to a magnificent "Study of a Head" (116), by an unknown master of the Venetian school. One almost fancies that the picture might have been painted by the lender himself, Mr. Watte, R.A., who has so successfully emulated Venetian colour and texture. At all events, this fine "study" gains additional interest as affording ocular demonstration of how closely its owner has moulded and meliorated his manner after Venetian models and methods. With this one exception we can scarcely trace even the most distant relation between our modern art and the historic works here assembled. We heartily thank the Academy for this noble collection, yet, as to the Academicians themselves, they almost appear in relation to these historic schools to be pretty much in the position of the Roman painter who confessed to Reynolds that he had not entered the Vatican for many years.

#### OLD AND NEW BURLESQUE.

A PANTOMIME upon the story of Tom Thumb naturally directs attention to the burlesque upon the same subject which was written by Fielding to ridicule the pompous rhyming tragedies of his time. This burlesque, which could not be adapted for performance on the modern stage, may nevertheless be usefully examined as one of the most popular and successful works of a period much more fertile in dramatic genius than our own. The name of Queen Dollalolla, and her song, "What though I now am half-sea o'er," have been heard by many who know no more of Fielding's work. We may remark that the Queen's name has been borrowed by the author of the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre; but her song, and indeed the rest of the play, would have been unsuitable for his purpose. We do not of course know what Fielding may have had before him when he wrote, and it would be rash to say that any dramatic composition of any age is original; but we can hardly be mistaken in supposing that King Arthur and Queen Dollalolla have been the parents of a

long succession of potentates of burlesque. The comic effect of the scenes in which they figure may be easily tested by reading them with due exclusion to an intelligent audience without the help of dress, scenery, music, or dancing, to which so many modern burlesques are indebted for their success. The piece opens with a duet between Doodle and Noodle, which explains that King Arthur's Court is holding festival in honour of Tom Thumb's victory over the giants. The scene proceeds:—

DOON. Yes, Noodle, yes:—to-day the mighty Thumb  
Returns triumphant. Captive giants swarm  
Like bees behind his car.

[Flourish of trumpets.

NOOD. But hark! those trumpets  
Speak the King at levee. I go.

DOON. And I also to offer my petition.

NOOD. Doodle, do.

[Enter Doodle and Noodle.

(Trumpets.) Enter King Arthur, Queen, Lord Grizzle, Courtiers, Doodle and Noodle, and attendants in procession. They take their state.

KING. Let no face but a face of joy be seen!  
The man who this day frowns shall lose his head,  
That he may have no face to frown withal—  
Smile, Dollalolla!

DOON. (knocking). Dread liege, this petition—

KING. (dishees it away). Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day—

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,

And this, our Queen, shall be as drunk as we.

QUEEN. Is't so? Why, then, perdition catch the fallers;

Let's have a rouse and get as drunk as tailors

Air.

QUEEN.

What though I now am half-sea o'er,

I scorn to baulk this bout.

&c. &c.

The author, while ridiculing the tragedy of his own or nearly preceding times, did not scruple to make a sly hit here and there at Shakespeare. The stilted sentiment and grand roll of the lines in some of the speeches are an inexhaustible source of amusement to any one who remembers, and perhaps with all their faults admires, Dryden's tragedies. The speeches in these tragedies were meant to be spoken *ore rotundo*, and even Drury Lane Theatre, as it now stands, would not be too large for the delivery of them by properly instructed actors. The following passage is only a moderate caricature of the tragic style, and it deserves to be compared with the best of a series of portraits of statesmen and other celebrities of the present time in which the slight and delicate touch of a skillful hand imparts a grotesque aspect to an undeniably truthful delineation. The heroic Tom Thumb has now marched triumphantly into the royal presence, while in his train follows the chained Queen Glumdalca, whom he has made prisoner in a decisive battle with the giants.

KING (looking fondly at Glumdalca). I feel a sudden pain across my breast—

(Aside) Nor know I whether it proceeds from love  
On the wind cholic. Hugs our Queen of Hearts,  
Sure thou wert made by all the Gods in council;  
Who, having made a lucky hit beyond their journey-work,  
Cried out, "This is a woman!"

GLUM. Then were the gods confoundably mistaken—

We are a glumless. I tell thee, Arthur,  
But yesterday we were both Queen and wife;  
One hundred thousand giants owned our away,  
Twenty whereof were wedded to myself.

QUEEN (aside). Oh, bless'd prerogative of gianting!

KING. Be cheer'd, vast princess. Think our Court thy own;

Call for what'er thou lik'st—there's naught to pay.

Nor art thou captive; but thy captive we.

[Takes off her chain.

QUEEN (aside). Ha! Arthur faithless!

This hag my rival, too, in dear Tom Thumb!

Revenge! But I'll dissemble—

[Crosses to Glum.

Madam, believe that with a woman's eye

I view your loss; take comfort; for to-morrow

Our grenadiers shall be called out; then choose

As many husbands as you think you'll want.

GLUM. Madam, I rest your much obliged servant.

[Exit with Guards.

Any actors who could speak plainly would render this passage amusing, and at the same time the highest talent for burlesque acting would find ample scope in it. A modern manager would properly scruple at performing it in England, although in America there are some ladies of advanced opinion who would not be shocked at Queen Glumdalca's sorrow over several husbands killed in the same battle, and even among ourselves something has been published about "female polygamy"; but of course this was written with a serious didactic purpose, and not for transient amusement at a theatre. But setting aside the coarseness of the idea, there is admirable spirit and freedom in the lines. The sound pleases irrespective of the sense, and herein they resemble many hundreds of lines of Dryden's tragedies. We will give one more extract, which is perhaps even a happier effort of the same kind. It belongs, indeed, to a style of burlesque which is wasted upon any but an educated and attentive audience. King Arthur is about to stab himself, and lie down last of a row of bodies which extends from one side to the other of the stage. Before striking the fatal blow he speaks as follows:—

Death takes a feast to day,  
And but reserves ourselves for his bun-bonche (sic);  
So when the boy, whom name from danger guards,  
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,  
Kings, queens, and knaves tip one another down,  
Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;  
Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,  
And my sole boast is, that I fall the last.

In the mock heroic style this passage would be hard to beat. The distinction between the pathetic and the ludicrous has seldom been more finely drawn. But some acquaintance with tragic and epic poetry is required to see the point of it, and it would be almost thrown away upon an average audience at a modern theatre. We will only add that King Arthur and Queen Dollalolla, and the lords and ladies of their Court, are all brought to life again by the wand of the enchanter Merlin, who at the same time compels the red cow to disgorge Tom Thumb.

We have made these quotations from the "acting edition" of Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, as altered by O'Hara. The alterations were probably supposed to have adapted the work for representation at the time when they were made, but it could not be represented now without such excisions as would seriously reduce its body and destroy its spirit. It consists only of one act, and even in this short compass we could find many passages besides those quoted which are models of witty and vigorous composition. The piece offers the strongest possible contrast to those recent burlesques in which sumptuous accessories are supposed to disguise the essential poverty of the work. It would be absurd, however, to demand Fielding's genius in the ordinary playwright, and we would rather point to a modern author who has shown himself capable of work of higher quality than that which his contemporaries produce in unbounded quantity. The Gaiety Theatre has this winter justified its name by producing a burlesque at which young and old, careless and critical, may laugh together. We are not sure that Mr. Gilbert may not have written as well before, but he has not, we think, been equally fortunate in finding interpreters of his words. The idea of *Thespis*; or, *the Gods Grow Old*, is that the deities of Olympus, becoming with advancing years weary of their work, take twelve months' holiday, and appoint as deputies in their absence Thespis and other members of a theatrical company who have come up Olympus for a picnic. Here is an excellent basis laid for every kind of drollery, but it is only available on the supposition that the audience has some slight knowledge of classical mythology. It would not perhaps go far with earnest-minded reformers of education if we urged that boys who have wasted time at school over Latin and Greek are enabled as men to waste time at theatres over burlesques. But to show how much the modern stage would lose by neglect of ancient literature, we need only refer to this amusing burlesque of *Thespis*, and to the French opera of *La belle Hélène*. Let us hope that, in spite of utilitarianism, boys may long be so taught as to be able when they are grown up either to compose or enjoy such works. It will be a dull time when people are unable to laugh at Jupiter's complaint in this burlesque, that the influence of the gods on earth is failing, and that the sacrifices have positively dwindled down to preserved Australian meat. Jupiter, unlike some earthly potentates, is too wise to close his ears against unpleasant truths. Thespis and his company, being unquestionably trespassers upon Olympus, there is a pleasant humour in the warning which Thespis gives to the gods that this is a private mountain, from which he requests them to withdraw. Jupiter, preserving his temper under this insult, tells Thespis that he is the very man he wants. "Now," says he, "as a judge of what the public likes, are you impressed with my appearance as the father of the gods?" We need not say that Mr. Toole acts Thespis admirably. His performance is not only funny in itself, but the notion of placing Mr. Toole, the very embodiment of everyday English and, we might say, cockney character, in confidential intercourse with Jupiter is a joke in itself, irrespectively of what he says and how he says it. Thespis expresses his opinion with a frankness for which kings, either of Gods or men, ought to be, but very seldom are, grateful. "The fact is," says he, "you are not the Gods you were. You're behind your age." He recommends the Gods to go down to earth, mingle with the world, hear and see what people think of them, and judge for themselves as to the best means of restoring their influence. This advice of Thespis to Jupiter might be useful to Mr. Gladstone at the beginning of a long vacation. It may deserve notice also that Thespis did not advise Jupiter to go about the country making speeches to prove that the administration of affairs by himself and colleagues had been, in spite of factious opposition, completely and invariably successful; and that, if one department had been more successful than another, it had been either that of naval and military or of domestic management, and his only doubt was to which of these two departments to award the prize for superior excellence. Jupiter, under the advice of Thespis, preserved a discreet silence as to the past, while endeavouring to learn how to govern better in the future. Other rulers, perhaps, have not received such prudent counsel, or have not been willing to accept it. Thespis offers himself and his company to fill the places of the Gods during their absence, and he assures Jupiter that actors never fail, but have always great successes "in the bills." Thespis appears to belong to that class of persons who are more prudent in speech than in action. He gives excellent advice to Jupiter, and he narrates, as a warning for himself, "the story of the gentleman who undermined his influence by associating with his inferiors." We are quite sure that when Mr. Toole sings the lines—

These are the consequences all proceeding  
From his affable ways and his easy breeding,

he intends to make no allusion to public dissatisfaction caused by the intercourse of the Premier with Mr. Finlan, or by his civil mention of Mr. Bradlaugh's poetry. If there be a distant

resemblance between the character of Mr. Gladstone and that of the Chairman of Directors of the West Middlesex Junction Railway, who "sang little songs to the engine-drivers," we are quite sure that it is entirely accidental; and we are perfectly satisfied that no prediction concerning the Ministry is implied in the statement referring the career of this eccentric Chairman, that "the general public did not like it," and that the train conveying him and his Board was finally shunted on a lonely siding. But although we cannot discover political satire in Mr. Toole's song, one or two of the passages of this burlesque are certainly suggestive. Thespis and his company, being established as Gods upon Olympus for a year, have certainly not done the ordinary work of governing the world, but they have availed themselves of their position to try a series of hazardous experiments upon the order of things which they were appointed to preserve. Bacchus, having been persuaded to take the pledge, contrives that the grapes of Mitylene shall yield only what Mr. Bruce would call "an innocuous beverage"—namely, ginger-beer. We cannot help thinking that there is here a covert allusion to the Home Secretary's flirtation with the Alliance. A complaint is brought to Olympus that in Athens there has been a wet Friday in November for the last six months; to which Thespis answers, that the Athenians shall have a hot Tuesday in July for the next twelve months. The irrelevancy, as we venture to call it, of this response might easily be paralleled in the House of Commons, when Ministers are questioned upon some inconvenient subject, as, for example, the loss of the *Megara*. We happen to remember that, when it was reported that this ship had a hole in her bottom, Mr. Gladstone remarked, that the weakness discovered before the ship sailed was in her side. We are far from suggesting that Mr. Toole, in disposing of complaints against his government, has any mental reference to Mr. Gladstone; but we certainly think that Mr. Gladstone, in difficulties which we venture to regard as similar, might usefully imitate Mr. Toole's method of encountering them. In plausible justification of his own and his colleagues' blunders Thespis presents a strong likeness, which we can hardly regard as accidental, to the Premier. At any rate, Mercury, seeking a strong expression for his opinion of the rulers of Olympus during the last year, does not scruple to compare them to an English Ministry:—

From Jupiter downwards there isn't a dab in it,  
All of 'em quibble and shuffle and shirk;  
A Premier in Downing Street forming a Cabinet  
Couldn't find people less fit for their work.

Thespis might have found it convenient to assure the Athenians complacently that the whole subject of wet Fridays in November was under the consideration of his legal advisers, by whose assistance he hoped to frame a comprehensive measure for regulating rainfall.

This work has a large share of the same quality which so conspicuously belongs to Fielding's masterpiece in burlesque. The scenes from which we have quoted have an inherent drollery which is felt even in a bare description. They are also excellently adapted for every kind of laughter-moving accompaniment. We have preferred to speak of the literary merit of the piece, because that is in the present day most rare, but it has much merit of many kinds.

## REVIEWS.

### BLACKIE'S AND LEVIN'S LECTURES ON PHILOSOPHY.\*

THE system of public lecturing has attained such large proportions—and it is evidently on the increase—that much of what is now printed as literature has been originally delivered in the shape of lecture. This must certainly be reckoned among the causes which tend to lower the level of publications in this country. For the object and purpose of the printed book, is, or should be, different from the object of the speaker's lecture. When a person volunteers a book on any matter, he is bound by his title to exhaust the subject; or, if not to exhaust, at least to survey the whole of it. It must be presumed that he is acquainted with it in its whole extent. But he who offers a lecture on the same subject may select what part he pleases. Nay, he must select. For he is limited in two ways; by time, and by the knowledge possessed by his audience. In a word, a lecture must be elementary and popular. Consequently, books made up of such lectures are necessarily elementary, and are precluded from dealing profoundly with their theme.

There can be no great harm in this. At some time in his life every one must be a beginner. And there must be books, as well as lectures, for beginners. But whatever may be the effect upon the public taste of being flooded with well-written lectures upon all possible subjects, it is but fair that the critic should take note of the distinction, and not review a lecture as if it were a book. It would be very hard to make any individual writer answerable for the defects of an established custom. If Professor Blackie

\* *Four Phases of Morals—Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity, Utilitarianism.* By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. 1871.

*Six Lectures Introductory to the Philosophical Writings of Cicero, with some Explanatory Notes on the Subject-matter of the Academics and De Finibus.* By T. W. Levin, M.A., St. Catherine's College, Intermediate Lecturer on Logic and Moral Philosophy. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. 1871.

had announced a book on any one of the four subjects treated in the present volume, we should have had a right to complain if he had said no more than he has here said. But if a lecturer is superficial, we must recollect, when the lecture comes before us in print, that he was stooping to attract and entertain an audience. Professor Blackie has been long enough before the world for every one to know that he could, if he liked, speak to the learned. When he descends from the heights of science to address a word to the unlearned, it would be very unfair to turn upon him, and to say, "You have omitted this," or "You should have said that." We must take this book, not as a book, but as a lecture. It is not what Professor Blackie could say about Socrates and Aristotle if he chose, but what his hearers could take in.

It is impossible for Professor Blackie to speak on any subject without saying something witty and worth remembering. If indeed we had to take seriously his handling of the subject of his second lecture—Aristotle—we should find ourselves obliged to dissent from most of what is here said. But, taken as an hour's conversation to a miscellaneous assembly of persons of all ages, it sparkles with racy observations. How good, for example, is the following:—

Of all commodities in the world, the most difficult to deal with is truth. If indeed all men went about the streets, like Socrates, in search of truth, and thanking everybody frantically for any contribution to his stock of it, truthfulness would be an easy virtue. But we all know it is not so. Truth is an article to which, except in so far as particular truths may happen to prop up their prejudices, to flatter their vanity, and to inflate their conceit, many persons have serious objections. To fling it in their face is to insult them; to put it down their throat, even with a silver spoon and sugar-candy, a difficult operation. Hence, in the conduct of life, the great importance of not speaking too much truth, lest we frighten people, and not speaking too little, lest we learn altogether to live upon lies. In mixed society, on account of the extreme sensitiveness of all sorts of vain and self-important persons, the rule is generally adopted of speaking as little truth as possible.—P. 199.

This is very telling irony, though it may perhaps be objected that it is scarcely fair to have inscribed it "Aristotle." The following observation is not ironical:—

I do not know whether I have not seen more sad mistakes made in life by persons who were rather depressed by too little, than elevated by too much, self-esteem. I have sometimes thought that the conceit so natural to young men is given to them by a gracious provision as a superfluity that is sure to be pruned off. The world is constantly employed in pulling down outrageous conceit. But when a poor fellow starts in the hot race of life afflicted with that disease which the Greeks called "difficult-facedness," that is, so modest as not to be able to look a fellow-being in the face, I must confess, though I have a kindly feeling towards a person so deficient which I never can have to the smart and pert self-conscious inanition, I feel that the defect of the one is a much greater misfortune, and a malady much more difficult to cure, than the excess of the other.—P. 202.

We must remember that these lectures were delivered in London, for we can scarcely suppose that an excess of modesty is a vice which Professor Blackie has often occasion to rebuke in his own University. Again, of the following no one will deny the general truth or force, but we may venture to question the *apropos*:—

Aristotle may be regarded as the great prototype of those modern Germans, who, like the mailed knights of the middle ages, stand up in our libraries cased in the invulnerable panoply of polyhistoric and encyclopædic erudition; and he gave birth to the curious sort of intellectual laborosity which, when divorced from his genius and his sagacity, produced those accumulations of written and printed record under which the shelves of so many libraries groan; by which also not a few strong intellects have been lost to the world, smothered beneath heaps of cumbrous babblements, in extent infinite, in value infinitesimal.—P. 171.

The temptation to over-estimate learning is scarcely one which most besets a Royal Institution audience. And a captious critic might object to "polyhistoric and encyclopædic erudition" being the peculiar failing of a German Professor. Aristotle wrote upon everything, and his works are an encyclopædia of science as it existed in his time. On the other hand, it is the characteristic of German learning that each man is a specialist, compensating his exhaustive knowledge of one thing by knowing nothing of anything else. The book of a German savant is as exactly the reverse of "encyclopædic" as anything can well be. Whatever may have been the case in the eighteenth century, "polyhistoric" is not an attribute which can now be applied to German learning.

Professor Blackie was very careful not to inflict Greek on his audience. Though compelled by his subject to use a Greek term occasionally, he has avoided doing so as much as lay in his power. Hence it is the more surprising that, on two occasions at least, he should have been betrayed into inaccuracy. Aristotle surely has not called, nor could he call, the "End" "architectonic" (p. 330). A science, an art, or any constructive process may, in Aristotelean nomenclature, be "architectonic," regard being had to those arts, sciences, or processes which it comprehends and directs. An "end" can be said to be ultimate or final, but not "architectonic." Ἀρχιτεκτονικὸν τίλες must be a solecism, even were the phrase found in Aristotle himself. Ἀνδρείας, again, is a good Greek word, but assuredly it was not the name which the Greeks were in the habit of using to denote the virtue of courage. Down to the latest time the form consecrated by Plato—ἀνδρεία—continued to be the usual form in all books. And if in the debased ages it tended at all to give way as the word in common use, it was to ἀνδραγαθία, and not to ἀνδρείας.

Mr. Levin's book is likewise composed of lectures. Being College lectures, and therefore addressed to a special audience, they are able to go more closely into their subject than lectures at the Royal

Institution could do. We presume that Mr. Levin's lectures are among the first fruits of the recent determination of the Cambridge authorities that some regard shall henceforward be paid to the contents of the classics. It is well known that the grand difference between the classical systems of Oxford and Cambridge has been that, while at Oxford the chief attention has always been directed to the historical and philosophical substance of the Greek and Latin writers, at Cambridge, on the other hand, the language, or form, has been considered as the only valuable part of classical study. This distinction has all along stamped a corresponding distinction on the intellectual types produced respectively by the two Universities; a contrast which has been carried deep into character, and has not rested merely in a divergent direction of philological reading. Undoubtedly there are notable exceptions on both sides; as Cambridge can show Cudworth as an expert in the more recondite parts of ancient philosophy, Oxford can put forward Elmaley as an accomplished representative of the Porsonian school of criticism. Other such exceptions might easily be named, notwithstanding which the contrast remains as an easily recognisable fact. It remains to be seen if the new legislation of Cambridge, by which the Tripos examinations are to extend to the matter of the books, will really modify the traditions of the place. Meanwhile we may welcome Mr. Levin's lectures as an early attempt in the direction indicated.

Mr. Levin has taken for his subject the philosophical writings of Cicero. We may conjecture that what has determined his researches in this direction has been Madvig's magnificent edition of the *De Finibus*, of which the second issue appeared in 1869. Cicero has altogether been under a cloud lately, owing to the determined and systematic attempt to run him down in Mommsen's *History of Rome*. The contemporary of Bismarck and Moltke can see no merit that is not diplomatic or military, and reserves all his admiration for the heroes of the sword. Cicero, who was but a poor statesman, and who was compelled by the necessities of the time to take an ineffectual part in politics for which he had no aptitude, looks very small in a drama where the principal figures are bands of savage mercenaries and bloodthirsty gladiators. But when we turn from his insignificant public career to his glorious writings, it is impossible for a reader who possesses any sense of literary beauty not to feel the spell of that genius which heretofore enthralled the Renaissance. It seems indeed as if the neglect of the nineteenth century was a Nemesis for the deification of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Such neglect, however, can only be temporary. The injustice of Mommsen will of itself work a reaction.

Mr. Levin's lectures, however, do not depend for their value on any estimate of Cicero as a politician, nor even as a writer. They deal only with Cicero's philosophical writings. Of all the works of Cicero, his philosophical books have suffered most neglect—in some respects justly. Cicero himself was no philosopher. The most consummate rhetorician that ever lived, and wielding a most powerful logic, Cicero had no perception of metaphysics. He looked upon Plato with almost adoration; but it was for his wealth of language, his powers of description and irony, and the grandeur of his genius, not for his specially metaphysical disquisitions. It might seem that a man who wrote in Latin about Greek philosophy without having any insight into what philosophy was, cannot be worth much, and that what he wrote is not unreasonably treated with neglect. This indeed might be so, were we in possession of the writings of the Greek philosophers whom Cicero discusses. But unfortunately this is not the case. The whole of the enormous mass of philosophical literature produced by Greeks between B.C. 300 and Cicero's time has perished. Chrysippus alone is said to have put his name to more than seven hundred volumes. This wealth of reflection and experience was in Cicero's hands, and he thus becomes to us the representative—not indeed the sole, but the chief, representative—of a lost creation.

This being the case, it may be matter of surprise that Cicero's works have not attracted more attention as a storehouse of the history of Greek philosophy. Of this there have been two main causes. First, the interest taken by scholars in Greek philosophy at all has been concentrated first upon Aristotle and Plato, and next upon the pre-Socratic schools. The post-Aristotelean philosophy has had few cultivators. Its own unscientific character, and the fragmentary condition to which the accidents of time have reduced it, have left it in the shade. But, secondly, even those who have turned their attention in any degree to this period have made very imperfect use of Cicero as an authority. Of Stoicism, which is in some respects the most intelligible of the post-Aristotelean schools, there did not exist any tolerable sketch till the appearance of Zeller's fourth volume. And Zeller has made but a limited use of Cicero. Cicero was held to be an untrustworthy reporter of philosophical reflection. Where we have the power of checking him—as, e.g., in his references to Aristotle—we find him capable not only of gross inaccuracies, but of misunderstanding fundamental principles. We are much safer with Diogenes Laertius, who did not understand at all, than with Cicero, who misunderstands. The real truth is that, though Cicero was a diligent reader of philosophical books, he read them not for philosophy, but for style. When he began his career, he had no design of writing on philosophy. He looked wholly to the Forum and the Senate as the theatre for the display of the talent which he was so conscious of possessing. Misfortune, public and private, drove him to write on philosophy. He composed his treatises on this subject rapidly and without preparation. He mentions many names, and the books have the

air of being derived from wide reading. But it now appears, on the close investigation to which they have been submitted by Madvig, that large sections of them are borrowed from some one Greek original. For instance, in the First Book of the *De Finibus*, in expounding the doctrines of Epicurus, Cicero is thought by Madvig to have closely followed one text-book of the Epicurean Phædrus, although his exposition professes to be gathered from the writings of Epicurus himself. In the Fourth and Fifth Books of the same treatise, which abound in references to lost writers, it is probable that Cicero was not himself compiling from the writers he names, but was closely following, if not translating, some one work of Antiochus of Ascalon. The three books of *Moral Duties* again may be referred in great measure to a treatise of the same name by Panætius.

The fact that Cicero was a mine of information respecting the post-Aristotelian schools had been vaguely apprehended by scholars, but, owing to the causes above assigned, no use had been made of this knowledge. Among others, Morel, and Davies, President of Queens' College, Cambridge, deserve commemoration for their attempts to cite resembling passages. But to heap together passages expressive of similar doctrine from writers of all ages is very far short of the task which Madvig proposes to an expounder of Cicero—namely, that of determining the original Greek text which the Latin imitator may be conjectured to have followed in each instance. Mr. Levin does not himself approach a task so arduous or so well worth the ambition of a scholar. He has in view his class and its requirements, and confines himself necessarily to such information as is required by a beginner. But such a beginning must lead active minds further, and we may express the hope that the ground broken by Madvig in his edition of the *De Finibus* will be successfully cultivated by Cambridge scholars, or by Mr. Levin himself. He seems not indisposed to approach the more difficult parts of his subject. For he appends an Excursus on the formula "Prima Nature," and another on the arrangement of the Third Book of the *De Finibus*, both translated from Madvig. Indeed Madvig's Latin, though not that imbroglia of meaningless sounds which we are familiar with as German Latin, is by no means a limpid vehicle of what he has to say. It needs an interpreter. But it should be in the form of a transference, not of a translation. It is an error to think that an involved sentence of Latin is made more intelligible by having the words it contains turned into English. Madvig has done excellent work upon Cicero, but his book is not a great book, from its defective expression. Still, it cannot be read without instruction, and the comfortable sense that we are in the hands of a master. If Mr. Levin's book succeeds in introducing Madvig's *De Finibus* to younger students, it will have done good service.

#### LONGFELLOW'S DIVINE TRAGEDY.\*

THERE must have been a motive of some sort for every literary effort, though in our ordinary reading we do not often trouble ourselves to find it out. With the present work, however, it is a question that at once takes possession of the reader, superseding all others. What can have been Mr. Longfellow's motive in writing his *Divine Tragedy*? It is not likely to have been that motive which is unhandsonely called mercenary; and certainly he cannot have proposed to add to his fame by it. There is no attempt to develop hidden meanings, scarcely anything to be called a new view. No siren whisperings of rhyme or rhythm can have beguiled him, no lofty presumption to fill the silence of Scripture with divine speech and action. What then can have put him upon this extraordinary venture, resulting in so dire a failure? For we doubt if any man, not only calling himself, but called by the world, a poet, ever committed himself to the same degree in the matter of propriety, taste, and harmony, and all the craft of his art. We can only surmise the work to have been composed at the instigation and for the use of some amateur corps, who, having assisted as spectators at the great and every way admirable representation at Ammergau, are tired with a longing to imitate what is inimitable, and to enact a Passion Play before the Western world. There is every token of its being written, not for the closet, but for the stage. The eye of the poet, filled with a marvellous spectacle, entirely nullifies and dulls his ear, and whether or not it ever is to be or has been performed, the spirit of rivalry must have been the motive of the composition. The author could only guess its effect in representation; and here there is room for self-delusion. But he must know how it reads. Mr. Longfellow will probably say that he has been hampered by his reverence. It is essential to a Passion Play to represent Christ in bodily presence; but he shrinks from putting into the lips of the actor of such a part his own thoughts and words. Yet it must strike the reader that reverence is often only compatible with leaving things alone, and certainly is not compatible with taking language divine, wonderful, and admirable in its place, and rendering it mean and pretentious by putting it into the false garb of verse, and making it profess to be what it is not, raising expectations in the ear not to be fulfilled. Our Lord's words are generally broken up into the semblance of blank verse by the simple and of numeration, by counting syllables on the fingers, and when ten are numbered passing on to the next line, and beginning with a

capital letter. This, with here and there a transposition or the introduction of an article or conjunction, is all that is necessary to change rhythmical prose into halting prosaic verse:—

Children! how hard it is for them that trust  
In riches to enter into the kingdom of God;  
'Tis easier for a camel to go through  
A needle's eye, than for the rich to enter  
The kingdom of God.

again:—

Martha, Martha!  
Careful and tempted about many things  
Art thou, and yet one thing alone is needful.  
Thy sister Mary hath chosen that good part  
Which never shall be taken away from her.

Sometimes the exigencies of scanning suggest some apparently trifling departure from the text, the effect of which the poet is the last to detect:—

Thou gavest me no water for my feet,  
But she has wash'd them with her tears, and wiped them  
With her own hair.

In the utterances of the supreme actor in his drama Mr. Longfellow may adopt the boast of the Rabbi Simeon, as quoted by Gamaliel, who, whatever his other gifts, shows himself under our poet's treatment no hand at blank verse. This Rabbi

Boasted that his pen  
Had written no word that he could call his own,  
But wholly and always had been consecrated  
To the transcribing of the Law and Prophets.

But Mr. Longfellow does not confine himself to blank verse. His blank verse, such as it is, is relieved by various lyrical effusions. The poem opens with a dialogue called an Introitus between the prophet Habakkuk and an angel who bears him through the air. The poet's cunning has deserted him as conspicuously here as in a less accustomed field, the angel's tone and style forcibly reminding the reader of the effusions of the spirit-world invoked by a medium. The prophet is being commended by the angel with surely a lavish encomium for a simple act of kindness:—

Lo! as I passed on my way  
In the harvest-field I beheld thee,  
When no man compelled thee,  
Bearing with thine own hands  
This food to the famished reapers,  
A flock without keepers!  
The fragrant sheaves of the wheat  
Made the air above them sweet;  
Sweeter and more divine  
Was the scent of the scattered grain  
That the reaper's hand let fall,  
To be gathered again  
By the hand of the gleaner!  
Sweetest, divinest of all,  
Was the humble deed of thine,  
And the meekness of thy demeanour!

The original character in the drama is Manahem, an Essenian, introduced at first as accompanying our Lord and his mother to the marriage at Cana in Galilee; which is strange enough considering the absence of all mention of, or possible allusion to, the Essenes in the Gospel narrative. It is for this reason perhaps that he discourses wholly in long asides on this occasion; in fact his part is a standing soliloquy, sometimes in blank verse, sometimes in such rhymes as these:—

Is hurled into the abyss  
Of the black precipice;

or making "yore" ring with "Peor." It is possible that his reverend, aged whiteness of aspect is introduced to contrast with the youthfulness which Mr. Longfellow, in disregard of convention and chronology, assigns to the principal figure:—

Who is that youth with the dark azure eyes?

asks the governor of the feast. Elsewhere, in terms not intentionally profane, but which sound so, being incompatible alike with reading one's Bible or with any acquaintance with the world's masterpieces of art, a Pharisee denominates him "a stripling without learning," while another notes that

Never have I seen so young a man  
Sit in the teacher's seat.

Having satisfied his scruples by adherence to the text in the case of one of his characters, Mr. Longfellow allows himself to feel at home with everybody else. There is a flatness and stupidity in the talk of his Pharisees truly extraordinary; not, indeed, that there might not easily be dull Pharisees; but this stupidity is an anachronism, a modern dulness. "Clearly something must we do," says one. "If," says another, "this Galilean

Would be content to stay in Galilee  
And preach in country towns, I should not heed him;  
But when he comes up to Jerusalem  
Riding in triumph, as I am informed,  
And drives the money-changers from the Temple,  
That is another matter."

Especially does Mr. Longfellow do less than justice to Gamaliel, who is represented in the Temple listening to our Lord's utterances in the outer court, and making remarks alike discreditable to his taste, sense, and piety; and, moreover, so conscious of his own inability to do anything but rail as to exclaim at length:—

Oh, had I here my subtle dialecticism,  
My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-maker,  
Whose wit is sharper than his needle's point,  
He would delight to foil this noisy wrangler.

\* *The Divine Tragedy*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Houlston & Sons.



Pilate, the Roman Governor, falls into the same vein of heavy prose, beginning his soliloquy thus:—

Wholly incomprehensible to me—

The Apostles are made to deliver themselves in a dialect as colloquial as these disputants and doubters:—

PHILIP. There is one man with him  
I am amazed to see.

ANDREW. What man is that?

PHILIP. Judas Iacobi; he that cometh last  
Girt with a leathern apron.

Not less easy is the phraseology and tone of speculation of the Woman of Samaria:—

I wonder who those strangers were I met  
Going into the city? Galileans  
They seemed to me in speaking, when they asked  
The short way to the market-place. Perhaps  
They are fishermen from the lake; or travellers  
Looking to find the inn. And here is some one  
Sitting beside the well; another stranger;  
A Galilean also by his looks.  
What can so many Jews be doing here  
Together in Samaria?

We suppose this is meant to let us see the poet's imagination realizing a situation. But either the disciples would bear the marks of their calling in garb and aspect, in which case she would not speculate whether they were fishermen, but would know them as such, or the question would not come into her mind; and if, as travellers, they wished to find the inn, why should they ask "the short way to the market-place"?

To add circumstance and detail to narrative which is sacred at once to taste and religious feeling is, we own, a difficult task. But nobody, we think, could well manage it worse, or could more effectually lower, we may say vulgarize, the scene than is done here. The Mother of Jesus announces in the Gospel, "They have no wine." The governor of the feast, under Mr. Longfellow's inspiration, makes a demand:—

Give us more wine. These goblets are all empty.

And Peter, discoursing to Andrew of the miraculous draught of fishes, amplifies in this strain:—

Never was such a marvellous draught of fishes  
Heard of in Galilee. The market-places  
Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum  
Are full of them.

Mr. Longfellow, we suppose, agrees with those critics who hold that there can be no perfect tragedy without some infusion of comedy; for positively he interpolates into the awful scene in the palace of Caiaphas a smart dialogue between the damsel who recognised Peter and a fellow-servant of the opposite sex:—

SERVANT, in the Vestibule. Why art thou up so late, my pretty damsel?

DAMEL. Why art thou up so early, pretty man?

It is not cock-crowing yet, and art thou stirring?

SERVANT. What brings thee here?

DAMEL. What brings the rest of you?

SERVANT. Come here and warm thy hands.

DAMEL to Peter. Art thou not also  
One of this man's disciples?

PETER. I am not.

We have been profuse in our extracts, because only through them can any proper idea be given of this extraordinary performance—doubly extraordinary considering its author's popular reputation and practised hand. Mr. Longfellow has been successful in many fields—lyrics, translations, the melancholy *Evangeline*, and, lastly, *Hiawatha*—about which were such contrary opinions:—

Published cheaply at one shilling,  
Published sweetly at five shillings.

We cannot congratulate him on any sort or degree of success here; and yet, if *Passion Plays* come into fashion, which it is likely enough they may do, as fools rush in where angels fear to tread, we do not doubt that his *Divine Tragedy* will stand in favourable and dignified comparison with most or all of them. It is therefore we have felt this an occasion for speaking our mind and withholding nothing of our testimony. What is morally and aesthetically admirable among the devout and simple peasants of the Bavarian Tyrol would, to say the very least, be painfully incongruous if transplanted to the ungenial soil of nineteenth-century town life.

#### MOLESWORTH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1830.\*

IN the course of the last Reform agitation Mr. Molesworth published a useful and instructive History of the Act of 1832, which having also the advantage of being opportune, attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and was favourably received. This success has induced him to undertake a more ambitious task. He has now attempted to write a History of England during the forty years over which his memory ranges. As Mr. Molesworth had already given a sufficient account of the Reform Bill of 1832, it might have been supposed that he would now start, not from the point at which he began his former book, but from the point where he left off. Again, however, he reverts to 1830, and goes through the old story once more, at nearly the same length, and in almost the same words. For so doing he offers several reasons—

that the Reform Act is the earliest public event which he recollects distinctly, that it made a great change in the Constitution, and that it was the beginning of other important changes. We suspect, however, that his principal reason for repeating the history was that it was already written, and could be incorporated in his new work without any trouble. In point of fact, he has composed the greater part of the present volume by simply running his pen through a few paragraphs of his former book, and reproducing it in this slightly abbreviated form. Of 536 pages, 286 are given up to a reprint of stale matter. There are, it seems to us, several objections to this course. In the first place, a history of the Reform Bill cannot be accepted as a history of England; and in the next place, there is an obvious and unreasonable disproportion between the amount of space allotted to the Reform agitation and to subsequent events. More than half the volume is occupied with the struggle of 1830-32, while the other five years, down to King William's death, are compressed into the remaining space. There is an old joke of a man who began a history of a parish pump by an inquiry into the creation of the world, and the prehistoric condition of its inhabitants. Mr. Molesworth's argument that it is impossible to understand the history of the five years after the passing of the Reform Bill without taking the history of the three previous years along with it, might be used to justify an indefinite extension of the narrative. It is certain that the condition of England during the great Continental war had a very direct and important influence on the subsequent agitation for Parliamentary Reform; and one must go back still further in order to understand the origin and meaning of the war. An appreciation of the continuity of history is very desirable, and we have no fault to find with Mr. Molesworth for asking his readers to remember that what happened in 1830-32 had a good deal to do with what happened in 1833-37 and in subsequent years. But it does not therefore follow that he was entitled to reprint an old book as part of a new one. It would have been enough for him to refer to his previous compilation, and to other works on the subject of the Reform Bill, and to state in general terms the effect of the changes which were made by that measure in the representation of the people and the relations of political parties. The *encores* of the concert-room have not yet been introduced into literature, and it is not usual for an author whose first work has been applauded to reproduce it bodily in his next publication. However convenient for authors, the practice would hardly be fair to the public. The advertisements of this book ought, we think, to convey a distinct intimation that the greater part of it is a mere reprint.

In passing off an old History of the Reform Bill as a new History of England, Mr. Molesworth does not deal fairly either with the public or with his subject. The Reform Bill of 1832 was a very serious business in more ways than one. It indicated the existence of a very dangerous and critical state of society, and it also exercised an important influence on the subsequent course of English policy and legislation. But while the great struggle was in progress the country was not altogether engrossed by it. Reform may have been uppermost in the minds of the people, but it did not exclude everything else from their thoughts. Even the House of Commons discussed other questions, and the Government did not absolutely withdraw from all relations with other Powers or ignore the existence of colonial dependencies. The Reform Bill of 1832 was not, as it has been called, a revolution, but only an incident in a revolution. In writing its history, it was natural and legitimate that Mr. Molesworth should make it the central object, and subordinate everything else to it; but in a general history of England, the story of a particular statute, however important and comprehensive its bearings may be, should be reduced to its proper place as one of a series of events. Mr. Molesworth has somewhat condensed the narrative, and professes to have revised it; but he reprints without the slightest modification his extravagant and highly sensational version of the interview of Lord Grey and Lord Brougham with the King on the 22nd of April, 1831. The present Lord Grey has published a distinct and positive contradiction of the story; but Mr. Molesworth is of opinion that "after the generous and honourable alacrity" with which Lord Brougham, who had in fact supplied him with the marvellous tale, came forward to vindicate its accuracy, he would be wanting in gratitude if he now suppressed the passage. Mr. Molesworth's readers are entitled to remind him that what they have a right to expect at his hands is not a monument of gratitude to an obliging nobleman, but an accurate and trustworthy history. It is significant that the story has been omitted from Lord Brougham's own Memoirs. Mr. Molesworth has, however, some other odd notions as to the best way of writing history. In the preface to his previous publication he mentions that he avoided reading the works of other writers who had gone over the same ground—as, for example, Mr. Roebuck's *History of the Whigs*—until he had finished his own narrative. Originality is not the most essential quality in historical compositions, and it is desirable that a writer should collect and consider all the information he can obtain before he hastens to draw his own conclusions on the subject. Mr. Molesworth's present volume would perhaps have been better if he had enlarged the scope of his reading.

Mr. Molesworth's account of the five years of King William's reign subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill is little more than a *précis*—very carefully and accurately done—of Parliamentary history. The body of his narrative is derived from *Hansard*, and

\* *The History of England from the Year 1830.* By William Molesworth, M.A., Vicar of Spottland, Rochdale, Author of the "History of the Reform Bill of 1832," &c. Vol. I. London: Chapman & Hall.

such glimpses of the outer world as he affords are merely the passing glances of a man who lifts his head for a moment from his desk to take a hurried look out of the window. He has given us a useful and interesting abridgment of the debates; but those who take up the book expecting anything else will, we fear, be disappointed. Beyond the limits of Parliamentary history such information as is furnished is vague and scrappy. It is hardly worth while to set up as an historian in order to tell people that the name of Scott is a household word, and that his works are to be found in every library, or that Coleridge's writings are "replete with profound thought and the loftiest eloquence." "We believe," adds the historian, with an odd affectation of having a bit of private and highly original information to communicate, "that Dr. Arnold, Keble, Pusey, T. Carlyle, Gladstone, the two Newmans, the two Froudes, Colenso, and the writers both of the *Tracts for the Times* and *Essays and Reviews* were all largely, though perhaps unconsciously, indebted to the seeds of thought which he (Coleridge), directly or indirectly, sowed in their minds"; which is only another way of saying that Coleridge exercised considerable influence as a thinker, and that the persons enumerated as subject to that influence were not beyond the reach of the philosophical currents of their time. Of the personal character of the political leaders we get hardly a hint; they are mere names, or, at the most, faint shadows. Yet, in order to understand the history of the period, it is at least as necessary to know what sort of men O'Connell, Peel, and Wellington were, as to know how the Reform Bill was passed. Some surprise that Lord Melbourne should have been chosen to succeed Lord Grey in 1834 was perhaps natural at the time, but this surprise is scarcely justifiable in an historian who has the advantage of knowing the qualities which Lord Melbourne afterwards displayed in office. After a page of wondering, Mr. Molesworth innocently winds up with the observation:—

The only explanation, as far as we know, that could be given of this appointment was that his strong good sense, firmness of purpose, suavity of manner, and thorough goodness of heart, recommended him to the King, to his colleagues, and to both sides of the House on which he sat, and enabled him to manage them better than a man of greater ability and a more unbending character could have done.

To most people this will seem a sufficient and satisfactory explanation. It would be difficult to conceive better reasons for the choice of a Prime Minister, though it is true that the description of Lord Melbourne is not exactly applicable to the head of the present Government. Perhaps Mr. Molesworth is of opinion that strong good sense and suavity of manner are defects which disqualify a statesman for the leadership of his party. On the whole, we can recommend this work as an interesting review of Parliamentary history; but we fear that Mr. Molesworth, in aspiring to be an historian in any other sense, has been tempted beyond his depth.

#### PALMER'S DESERT OF THE EXODUS.\*

NOT very long since the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic at Cambridge, to which the author of this most interesting work has just been appointed, was more of a sinecure than it is likely to be in his hands. When the first half of the present century was well advanced, this honourable, if not lucrative, post was occupied by an estimable gentleman, afterwards pushed on by politics and good luck to an archiepiscopal throne, among whose qualifications for the chair an extensive knowledge of the sacred language of the Mohammedans was hardly the most conspicuous. His chief duty for years had been the issuing of a printed notice every term, announcing public lectures to be given in his College rooms at stated days and hours; when two young humorists, fresh from their first degree, resolved to take this formal invitation in sober earnest. Knocking therefore at the Professor's door at the proper time, they found themselves brought face to face with a large party which he was entertaining at breakfast. Their errand briefly told, the host rose from the table with many apologies to his laughing guests, took the unexpected pupils into his library, and forthwith began to ransack his books for any Arabic work that might chance to come to hand. After a short and fruitless search, the happy thought occurred to him of questioning the lads whether they could read the alphabet of the language. On their reply in the affirmative, he next asked what they knew of the verbs, of which that tongue is furnished with a formidable array, regular and irregular, trilateral and quadrilateral, surd and defective. On their answer proving less satisfactory, the Professor told them, with much dignity of manner and as grave a countenance as he could assume, that University lectures were not for those who were ignorant of the elements; let them first master the grammar, and he would then take them through some easy Oriental story. The pair departed, feeling that they had scarcely come off best in this encounter of wits; the Professor returned to his breakfast party, cheerful and victorious.

Mr. Palmer's Arabic studies are of a somewhat different stamp. He has made a perfect mastery of that most copious of all existing languages thus far the chief business of his life, and is so much at

home with its almost infinite dialectic varieties, that, clad in Eastern garb, he will mix with Bedawin of the Desert around their evening camp-fire, and, listening to their simple tales, will tell his own in his turn, or even lead their public devotions; and then, like Mr. Palgrave, can withdraw from the company when he chooses, without incurring the least suspicion of being an unbeliever and a Frank. Yet it was not till the 8th of November, 1868, as he informs us, that he lay down to sleep for the first time in a tent, "the dark, mysterious Desert stretching far away behind me," when he joined the expedition sent out to explore scientifically the Peninsula of Sinai, and to execute the Ordnance Survey of that most interesting region:—

On the following morning we bade adieu to civilization. I shall not easily forget the impressions with which I entered the Desert. I had been for years familiar with the literature of Arabia, and had read with a certain vague interest the descriptions of Desert life; but here it was at last in all its reality before me.—P. 30.

The new situation for which he had schooled himself by long and elaborate preparation seemed natural to him from the very first. He found himself the more than interpreter of the whole party; and his *sobriquet* of Pundit among his European friends became with the Bedawin his proper name of Bundit, after they had transformed the consonant which their lips refused to pronounce.

Of the two parts into which this work is divided, though both are fraught with the most lively interest, the second has for us more of the charm of novelty. Some of the chief incidents comprised in the former part were admirably told in summary a year ago by Mr. Holland, one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who accompanied the scientific party in 1868-9, and had visited these regions three times before. Mr. Palmer also leads us over the beaten ground from Suez to Mount Sinai, and details the various processes whereby the officers of the Royal Engineers obtained their valuable results, and vindicated, apparently for all time, the claims of the traditional site of the Mountain of the Law, *Jebel Musa*, from the pretensions of its more western rival, *Jebel Serbal*. He takes us with him alike into the Greek convent of St. Katherine and into the Bedawin encampments, rendering us almost as much at home as himself with habits of life and modes of thought as different from each other as from our own. His account of the state of things at St. Katherine's is the least favourable we have yet met with. Besides the stagnation of mind and the dreamy irresolution only too natural in the circumstances of their dreary condition, the monks are represented as so careless of even the bare forms of their profession as to neglect the very Church services save when pilgrims are present; and those notably Russians, more zealous than themselves, as having "no enthusiasm, no hopes, no aspirations—no care for anything but indolence and rum." For the rest, their very alms are stones instead of bread:—

They do keep up, these holy fathers, a semblance of that charity which made the abbeys of old so famous, and every morning they dispense with an ungrudging hand loaves of bread to any Arab that chooses to apply. One of these loaves I brought back with me. An eminent geologist to whom I submitted it pronounced it "a piece of metamorphic rock, containing fragments of quartz embedded in an amorphous paste." No decently brought up ostrich could swallow one.—P. 61.

Of the Arabs of this portion of the Desert our author's report is much more pleasing. Those who do not understand them are wont to describe them as an irreligious people because they do not often perform the ostentatious prostrations of the Mohammedan ritual; but, says their partial, because better informed, friend, "I have frequently seen our guides grow silent and contemplative towards sunset as they walked along with their camels, and on riding up to them have overheard a simple prayer" (p. 95), to the full as intelligent as any poured forth in an English cottage home. Government, in its stricter sense, is unknown in these primitive communities. Each tribe has three sheikhs, the office being hereditary. "The sheikh," however, "is rather an agent and arbitrator than a ruler, his only duties being to collect and stipulate for the hire of camels, to represent his tribe in any dealings with the Government, and to settle disputes among the Bedawin themselves" (p. 87). Their marriages are arranged between the future bridegroom and the parents of the bride as a matter of barter and sale; but, to make some amends, the person most interested is formally apprised of it when the bargain is struck, and is allowed three days' grace to make up her mind. If she dislikes the match, a girl of spirit will take to the mountains or escape to some neighbouring tents till the unwelcome suitor is got rid of. In other particulars these children of the Desert, as depicted by Mr. Palmer, are just a little too much like the natives of Arcadia or fairy land:—

The Bedawin, in their social relations, present a favourable contrast to the more civilized inhabitants of the towns and villages of the East. Their simple food, and the pure uncontaminated air which they breathe, induce a healthful condition, both of body and mind. They are cheerful, and even inclined to jocularity, often enduring the greatest hardships and privations without a murmur at their lot. Their demeanour is courteous and gentle in a marked degree, and the little punctilios of etiquette and hospitality observed when Bedawin meet would not fall far short of a *Chatterfield's* standard. It must nevertheless be confessed that when they do dispute, which almost invariably happens when money is the point at issue, they are as violent, demonstrative, and abusive as the most advanced civilization could desire. In striking a bargain, an Arab will not hesitate to lie and overreach you by every means in his power; but, when the terms are once agreed upon, you may be perfectly assured that his word is his bond. Theft and fraud are absolutely unknown in Sinai.—P. 82.

All this is pleasant reading, but the distinctive excellence of Mr. Palmer's work consists of his narrative of his journeyings on foot, attended only by Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake as a naturalist, from

\* *The Desert of the Exodus: Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings, undertaken in connexion with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund.* By E. H. Palmer, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. 2 Parts. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1871.

December 1869 to May 1870, through the Wilderness of the Wanderings (Et Tih), the Negeb or South district of Palestine, and the region East of the Dead Sea, with the view of tracing the course of the Israelites during the thirty-eight years that they languished in those uninviting and almost unknown countries. It was his purpose to follow that people step by step, from one station to another, so far as their marches could be made out from the Pentateuch, and especially from the formal catalogue in the thirty-third chapter of the Book of Numbers. Amidst much obscurity in respect to details, the general course pursued by the Jews from Sinai (which Mr. Palmer made the starting-place of his second year's exploration, as it had been the extreme limit of his first) is abundantly clear. "There are eleven days' journey from Horeb by the way of Mount Seir unto Kadesh-barnea" (Deut. i. 2). But the actual progress from the Sinaitic Peninsula made by such a host was necessarily slower. Twenty-two stations are named in Num. xxxiii., and many more implied, of which Ezion-geber at the head of the Gulf of Akabah being one, it is certain that they travelled that way, "and did not enter the Tih by any of the passes in the southern edge of the plateau" (p. 508). Now one method of identifying sites mentioned in Scripture, of which until very recently little use has been made, is by ascertaining the names they bear at the present day; for so little have Eastern habits and language changed in historical times, that tradition is "fossilized" in the nomenclature, and thus often furnishes undying testimony to the truth of Scripture. Yet this mode of procedure is not without its disadvantages, as was distinctly perceived by an eminent traveller whom it often led wrong. "A tolerably certain method of finding any place at will is to ask an Arab if its name exists. He is sure to answer yes, and to point out some spot at hand as its location. In this way, I have no doubt, we might have found a Rephidim or Marah, or any place we chose" (Robinson, *Biblical Researches*, cited p. 14). Mr. Palmer's plan, as devised in his first winter, is rather more likely to lead to promising results:—

I accompanied the officers during the actual process of making the survey, and taking with me the most intelligent Bedawin that I could find belonging to the particular locality, I asked the name of each place as its position was noted down upon the sketch. I then made further enquiry in the neighbourhood from other Arabs, and never accepted a name without independent and separate testimony to corroborate the information I had at first received. Having in this manner satisfied myself of the accuracy of my information, I proceeded to enquire into the meaning and origin of the names, and set down against each one not only what I knew to be the signification of the word, but the meaning which my informant himself attached to it. I found this method invaluable for testing the accuracy of my orthography; and although the reasons given were not unfrequently trivial, or even ridiculous, they served the purpose of corroborative evidence.—P. 15.

Thus forearmed against false information, and resolved to search out the truth by painful inquiry even in matters of little moment, it would be strange if our traveller had plunged into that well nigh untraversed Desert to no good purpose. His daily progress, at least after leaving the Peninsula of Sinai, is distinctly traced on one of the elaborate maps which illustrate this sumptuous work, and some of the conclusions he arrives at are very remarkable. At Erweis el Ebeirig, one full day's march from the neighbourhood of Jebel Musa towards the North-east, he came upon the remains of a large encampment, differing essentially from any he had seen elsewhere in the country, and just outside the camp a number of stone-heaps, which, from their shape and position, could be nothing else but graves. A living Arab tradition, without connecting these remains with the Lord Moses, to whose history so many other spots are referred, affirms them to be the relics of a large Hajj or Pilgrim caravan, which in remote ages pitched here on its way to Ain Hudherah, and was afterwards lost in the Desert of the Tih (p. 258). This site is identified by Mr. Palmer with Kibroth-hattaavah, the "graves of lust," so called because they there buried the people that had lusted for flesh, and died of the plague. This identification is all the more probable inasmuch as not only is the place itself the first station from Sinai in that direction, but the next is still called Ain Hudherah, a modern form recalling the Hazereth of the sacred narrative (Num. xi. 35; xxxiii. 17), a spot which appears to have been visited before by no European except Mr. Holland. The distant view of the palm-grove of Ain Hudherah, as seen from a mountain gorge in the vicinity, and represented in one of Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake's numerous illustrations, is declared to be the most beautiful and romantic landscape in the Desert. "This picture, framed in the jagged cleft, and lit up by the evening sun, with the varied tints and shades upon its mountain background, and the awful stillness that might be seen as Egypt's darkness could be felt, was such a landscape as none but the Great Artist's hand could have designed" (p. 261). We will touch on but one point more. One of the most perplexing problems of Scripture geography is the position of Kadesh-barnea, the scene of the fatal murmuring of the children of Israel, in retribution for which they were driven back again into the great and terrible wilderness, to return to the same spot only when eight-and-thirty years were completed. During that long period the history of the doomed generation was almost a blank, its wanderings without aim or purpose, and there is much probability in the suggestion that, though the Tabernacle and the seat of government remained nearly fixed, the mass of the people spread themselves over the Tih, much as a Bedawin tribe does now (p. 519). The Kadesh from which they started and to which they came back at last is regarded by our author as Ain Gadia, on the very confines of Palestine, an open space immediately under the cliff (*Sela*) in which the spring (*Ain*) rises (p. 509).

Such is our general estimate of a work which the Biblical student will highly prize for the strong light which it sheds upon a most important portion of Scripture history, but which cannot be read without interest and delight by every one who is capable of taking an intelligent interest in manners and customs widely removed from our own. As critics must needs be grumblers, we cannot help giving Mr. Palmer one piece of advice. He knows so much about so many things that he ought to be under no temptation to talk of matters whereof he is plainly ignorant. We are his humble pupils in all that relates to Arabic and the Arabs, but he must really expunge from his second edition what he says (p. 69) about his Codex Aureus of the Gospels at St. Katherine's on Sinai, taking our word for it that he is talking unmitigated nonsense.

#### CHESTER AS IT WAS.\*

IT is somewhat of a sign of the times when we find our ecclesiastical dignitaries giving themselves to the illustration of the great buildings over which they are set to preside. The present Bishop of Llandaff some years ago published an account of his cathedral church, perhaps the first example for a long time of such a work being undertaken by an episcopal hand. We have now the Dean of Chester following in the same track. In so doing he is eminently in his right place. A Dean should always be something of an antiquary in the higher sense of the word. He should understand and love the fabric whose guardianship is one of his chief duties; every stone of the building and every detail of its history should be a living thing to him. The question, What is the use of a Dean? which in some places there is a strong temptation to ask, is not likely to be asked at Chester just now. Dr. Howson is the life and soul of a great work of restoration, less striking than the work which Bishop Ollivant had to record at Llandaff only because Chester had never fallen into such utter ruin as Llandaff. And his lot is cast in one of those cities in which the cathedral church is not everything. Chester, as we once showed in some detail, is a city which emphatically has a history. As a place with its history from the earliest times stamped on the face of it, Chester ranks along with York and Lincoln. In the completeness of its history it almost surpasses them. Even York and Lincoln can hardly put forth such claims to historic eminence as the city which beheld the Briton sink before the sword of Æthelfrith, and which was the last city in England to hold out against the power of William. We wonder that the Dean has not given a continuous sketch, however short, of the history of the city. It is hardly enough to say

The departure of the Romans left this city more or less desolate; and for a time we find the space within the old walls entitled "Waste Chester." But the later Saxon times and the earlier Norman times brought Chester back to its old importance, and saw it strongly re-fortified. It is probably to a brave Saxon princess that we owe, within this enclosure, the mound on which the Castle now stands, and here was erected the Norman keep, of which some traces still remain, though these are very slight.

This hardly brings out the fact that Chester was the scene of events which set the seal to two of the great revolutions in the history of our island. It was not the departure of the Romans which left the city more or less desolate. It was the victory of Æthelfrith which left Deva for three hundred years in the state in which the victory of Ælle and Cisa has left Anderida for fourteen hundred. Deva, Civitas Legionum, became, like Anderida, "a waste chester," not "the Waste Chester," as if "Chester" had already been a proper name in the days of Ælfred. Now the victory of Æthelfrith is one of the foremost events in the history of Britain. It marks one of the great stages of the English Conquest. Following fast upon the great campaigns of Ceawlin, it shivered and split up the British power for ever. The two events broke in pieces that long continuous British dominion which still stretched from Exeter to Dumbarton. Ceawlin and Æthelfrith, by severing this great mass of territory into three detached fragments, really decided the struggle between Briton and Englishman. Æthelfrith moreover succeeded in that attempt on the great British stronghold in this corner in which Ceawlin failed. Ceawlin reached Fethanleah, but Æthelfrith destroyed the City of the Legions itself. He thus not only dealt a deadly blow to the Briton, but gave a lasting check to the rival English power. Wessex had to lay aside all hopes of Northern dominion till the days of Egbert. All this is local Chester history. So is the tale how the Danes turned the forsaken walls of the "waste chester" into a stronghold against Ælfred and Æthelred, and how the Lady of the Mercians, the renowned daughter of Ælfred and wife of Æthelred, who lurks somewhat unworthily under the name of "a brave Saxon princess," struck no doubt by the capacity of the site as shown by this incident, called the City of the Legions once more into being. To bring out things like these in a vivid way makes just the difference between making local history a dead or a living thing. Dean Howson has given us a good deal of Chester history here and there in his book, but he has not brought out the grand drama, for such it really is, of the varied fortunes of the city.

The joint book of the Dean and Mr. Rimmer is a very pretty one, but we are not sure that it does not suffer from being, as the Dean explains in his preface, not exactly an antiquarian book, and not exactly a work of art, but something which pretends to some-

\* *Chester as it was.* By the Very Rev. J. G. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester, and Alfred Rimmer, Esq., Architect. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

what of both characters. We are a little afraid of what the Dean calls "poetry," of the attempt to make picturesque views of the past state of Chester or any other place. To our taste we should better like either a purely scientific representation of what Chester Cathedral or any other building must have been like at any given time—a work for which it is often possible to find indications which are quite enough—or else a representation of a mediæval city, which, as an individual portrait, may be purely a work of imagination, but which may rest on sufficient authority in all its detail. This last picture of course would not call itself Chester or any other place in particular. But views of the particular city of Chester, based partly on what is still standing, partly on a theory, however probable, of what things must have been, views which do not even profess to give a consistent notion of the city at any one time, strike us as something which lacks scientific precision. But all the world is not scientific, and a book like this may serve a very good purpose in giving people who are not professed antiquarian students a general notion of what a mediæval city must have looked like, a notion which is likely to be the more lively if it is based on some actually existing city. Many people will better understand the kind of changes which Chester and other places have undergone from this more picturesque kind of treatment than from the methods which we should look on as more scientifically exact. Still we think it would have been possible to bring out a more complete view of the great monastery of St. Werburgh, as it stood before the changes of the last three hundred years. The remains are so extensive that there would not be much need to draw on the imagination. The Dean's comments show that he thoroughly understands the history of the church and its relation to the conventual buildings. But the artist seems to have had his head too full of the "Cathedral" to bring out a complete picture of the Abbey. The one view which shows any of the monastic buildings does not bring them out with any force or at all show their relations to one another. Mr. Rimmer does not seem to understand what a monastery was. The parts of the book written by him are very inferior to the Dean's share, and they have a strong tendency to be twaddling and unintelligible. In one place he goes out of his way to make a long extract from a speech of Mr. Gladstone's which has no particular appropriateness to the Stanley House at Chester. And what is the force or meaning of such talk as the following about the Earl of Derby who was beheaded at Bolton?—

It is quite impossible now, with our present notions, to enter into the feelings of the interview between Lord Derby and his daughters—"my lady Catherine and Amelia"—as he met them about half a mile from Chester; but it is comfortable to think, so far from its partaking of the character of a last interview between a condemned criminal and his family of the present time, it probably had nothing in common with this. The heroic feeling of doing no wrong and yet suffering, fully bore them up under their trials, and imparted even a feeling of exultation; this may fairly be claimed by the delineators of old Chester, as a set-off against the painful feelings that the sufferings of the Stuart period might suggest, and almost reconcile us to the reading of the last interview between the grand old Earl and his family.

We have no kind of notion what this means, nor can we make much more of Mr. Rimmer when he deals with matters more in his own province. He says, truly enough, that a very small change may utterly ruin a fine prospect, or, as he oddly puts it, that "a new brick gable or modern shop" often spoils "a village or landscape that has been for many years a source of delight." He then adds:—

They manage these things much better on the Continent, and that because an eye for the comely has there been more encouraged. The small stalls and shops that nestle round a Continental Cathedral usually form a foreground of amazing picturesqueness. We are often struck with the seemingly shapeless massive appearance of Continental Cathedrals when seen from a distance.

He instances Beauvais, Amiens, and Strasburg, and goes on to say that in "Continental Cathedrals"

there are very rarely any base mouldings; these would be hidden; but all the efforts of designers seem to culminate in lofty naves and vast flying buttresses that are grouped in great numbers and variety, and form a splendid grey background for an artist.

There is something funny in the opposition between a base moulding and a nave, and we are altogether puzzled about the lofty naves grouped in great numbers and variety. We have no means of knowing what this kind of grouping would be like, but surely it would be something specially unlike the *Base Mouldings* at Beauvais. As for the flying buttresses, surely the position where they best show themselves is round the apse. Mr. Rimmer is evidently of the sect which looks on all "the Continent" as one concern, and which sometimes fancies that every big church is a "cathedral," sometimes that the presence of an episcopal throne somehow makes the church in which it stands altogether different in kind from a mitred abbey. As for the "shapeless massive appearance of Continental Cathedrals," it is the accidental character of some churches which were left unfinished, or which were built so high that it was impossible to furnish them with towers having any sort of proportion. There is nothing of "shapeless massiveness" about the great churches of Normandy, or the Romanesque churches of Germany. Mr. Rimmer then goes on to discuss his picture of St. Werburgh's from the north, and holds forth about the presence or absence of some cottages a long way off. "The present foreground," he tells us, "is sadly wanting in interest." He plainly does not see why, namely, because the chapter-house and refectory, having lost their

high roofs, hardly stand out in the distant view, and so the church has too isolated a look. Mr. Rimmer then adds:—

But the English Cathedrals are more symmetrical than the Continental at any time, as far at least as the outline is concerned. They were designed to stand alone. Hereford, Lichfield, Salisbury, and Winchester especially, owe much of their imposing beauty to the grounds which surround them.

Mr. Rimmer seems to see no difference between monasteries like Winchester and St. Werburgh's and secular churches like Hereford, Lichfield, and Salisbury. We wonder whether he knows that St. Werburgh's is a "Cathedral" only in the same sense in which the High Church of Manchester is. We know nothing of the "imposing beauty" which any of these churches owe to "the grounds"—whatever those are—which surround them. But as Mr. Rimmer thinks that churches, monastic, we presume, as well as secular, were "meant to stand alone," we suppose that he sympathizes with the savages who robbed Salisbury of its campanile, and Lichfield of its gateways. We should be sorry to trust Mr. Rimmer either at Wells or at Pisa.

After Mr. Rimmer's talk, it is pleasant to turn to what Dean Howson has to say about the Chester rows. We had always thought that they were unique. Dr. Howson quotes an analogous example from Rome, but from an "obscure corner." He well points out their utter unlikeness to the arcades of Bern, with which, and even with those of Bologna, it seems they have been compared. Such a comparison only shows how few people can catch the real points of likeness and unlikeness between any two things. Bern, Bologna, Padua, Carentan in the Cötentin, the Piazza of St. Mark's if it comes to that, all have arcades, but none of them have rows, none of them have an upstairs street like Chester. But though the one parallel is at Rome, there is no chance of any "actual continuity in this mode of building connecting Ancient Rome and Mediæval Chester." Æthelfrith saw too well to that.

The book, we repeat, is a very pretty one, and it has its use, though it would have been well if Mr. Rimmer had at least kept himself to the use of the pencil. We wish that, instead of writing discourses on "the comely" and the interview between the Earl of Derby and his daughters, he had given us a view of what St. John's Minster must have been when it was perfect.

#### ACROSS THE FERRY.\*

THE author of this book, who announces himself as Editor of the *Leisure Hour*, remarks that an "apology is due" for the republication from the pages of that periodical of these sketches of a brief visit to America. There are, as he tells us with much force, already many books on America. It seems, moreover, that he was barely two months in the country, and he cannot be expected to have penetrated within that time very far below the surface. We are rather at a loss to say whether an apology is really due or not. The casuistry of the whole question of publication has not, so far as we are aware, been properly considered. On the one hand, the press is free in England; and if a writer can obtain a publisher, and does not offend in some very glaring manner against the laws of decency, or blunder into a downright libel, no legal penalty can be inflicted upon him for rushing into print. We may even go further and say that he is not guilty of any appreciable moral offence. He has inflicted no wrong upon anybody, for no one need buy the book unless he chooses. On the other hand, it may possibly be urged that the practice of putting into a permanent form large quantities of matter which, it may be, did well enough in the pages of a periodical, is prejudicial to the interests of literature. When Lord Macaulay published his *Essays*, he thought it necessary to justify himself by alleging that American booksellers had already published them without his consent. Nobody thinks such a defence necessary at the present day; and the change of sentiment is perhaps a matter for regret. The literary digestion of the country is weakened by the masses of trash which are thrust upon it; and our power of appreciating excellence declines when we are overwhelmed with mediocrity.

Without discussing the knotty point at greater length, we may at once say frankly that if a person who writes an insipid and superficial book without necessity is bound to make an apology, then we certainly hold that an apology is due from the author of *Across the Ferry*. He has, indeed, the merit of frankness, for, as he tells us in his title-page, the book gives "first impressions of America and its people." Now, without any disparagement to Dr. Macaulay, who, for any thing we can see to the contrary, may be a very intelligent person, we have no hesitation in saying that neither his first impressions nor the first impressions of any other person on so large and so familiar a subject can be worth recording. If a young gentleman were to take to the study, say, of Greek history, and after spending a couple of months in reading the most obvious authorities were to publish his first impressions by way of a supplement to Grote, we should not admire his wisdom; but we do not see that his conduct would be intrinsically more absurd. Dr. Macaulay may perhaps have spent eight weeks in America, and, moreover, eight weeks during the "fall," when the opportunities of seeing the "most remarkable men in the country" are as limited as possible. In that time he visited New York, Boston, Niagara, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Washington, and, in fact,

\* *Across the Ferry*. By Jas. Macaulay, M.A., M.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.



made what may be called the regular American round. If we deduct from this the time necessarily spent in travelling by slow trains over great distances, the time spent in hunting up the friends to whom he had letters of introduction, the time wasted by all those petty inconveniences which necessarily await a traveller in a new country, we should say that a good half of his time must have been taken up in the mere preliminaries of observation. What could he really learn about a population larger than our own in the remaining four weeks? What, for example, can be the value of his opinion as to the relative merits of a denominational and a secular system of education, or as to the advantage of opening school by reading the Bible "without note or comment"? Or to take a still larger question, what can be the value of his judgment as to the religious movements of America? It appears to be his impression that America will reproduce the phenomena of middle-class Protestantism in England; that Anglicanism will perhaps be the prevailing persuasion amongst the rich, and that the great bulk of the nation will be substantially in sympathy with our Dissenters. The growth of Catholicism, he says, is simply due to the Irish emigration; the old Unitarianism is dying out, and infidelity disappearing along with it; whilst Spiritualism, Mormonism, and the other varieties of creed described by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, are mere trifles undeserving of a moment's attention. All this may be true, or it may imply a totally mistaken view of a very interesting subject. We merely say that Dr. Macaulay has not qualified himself to form an opinion on the subject, and that his testimony is not worth serious attention. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks to a different subject. We shall regard Dr. Macaulay as illustrating the spirit in which the ordinary Englishman visits the United States and the lessons which he draws from it.

The first thing which strikes such a traveller—and he takes great credit to himself for the acuteness of the observation—is that an American is a human being. He puts this commonplace in a great variety of ways, sometimes reflecting that Mrs. Trollope, Captain Basil Hall, and Dickens were guilty of caricaturing people whom, being men, they ought to have regarded as brothers; and sometimes remarking that Republicanism does not necessarily make people virtuous, and that evils are to be found under every form of government. Dr. Macaulay records with evident complacency a remark characteristic of this stage of sentiment, in which he has probably been preceded by many thousands of observers; it is that, in some sense or other of the words, England is as genuine a Republic as the United States. Whether there was any great value in this observation when it was first made may be doubted; but it has been repeated so frequently that we would fain hope that we shall not meet it much oftener. The next discovery which dawns upon the traveller is that Americans talk English, and many of them, moreover, an English dialect strongly resembling that of large classes in his native country. Mr. Spurgeon, for example, would find a thoroughly congenial atmosphere in America; and Mr. Ward Beecher would be equally at home in England. There is a continuity of religious and political feeling between certain social strata on both sides of the Atlantic, though it by no means extends throughout the whole nation. It is almost inevitable that the traveller should join himself to that class which most strongly resembles his own. If, for example, he is a good Scotch Protestant, like Dr. Macaulay, he falls at once into the hands of some of the leading members of the Presbyterian, or possibly of the Methodist, Church; if he happened to be a Radical of the ordinary type, he would probably be absorbed by the Abolitionists or their successors; but whatever may be the class with which he is most in harmony, he is certain to find it very hospitable, as all Americans are hospitable, and very much disposed to make him look at everything through its own spectacles. As a natural consequence, the traveller, during a tour of a few months or so, is handed on from one of the faithful to another, and the chances are that he never succeeds in obtaining even a glimpse of America as it would appear to one of the wicked. He has just time to learn the commonplaces current amongst the particular clique to which he has joined himself, and has no means of judging how far they extend, or of checking them by any external observation. One peculiarity, however, is common to all Americans, at least in the Northern half of the Union. Every traveller, unless he is made of abnormally tough material, is forced to go through a course of "institutions." The favourite institutions are, of course, the Common Schools. They are, speaking from the point of view of the superficial traveller, the great nuisances of the country. The great majority of Englishmen who do not belong to the scholastic profession never think of entering a school at home, and far less of examining an educational apparatus, or making a speech to the pupils; but they are expected, as soon as they land in America, to be consumed by a perfect passion for useful information on such subjects, and, as they have not generally such a passion in readiness, they do their best to work themselves up for the occasion. We have known a few persons of sufficient independence of character to revolt against this process, but the great majority (and we need not say that Dr. Macaulay is amongst them) abandon themselves with absolute resignation, and even—so great is the human power of self-deception—persuade themselves that they like it. When once a gentleman has yielded to the current, we know precisely what will be the pith of his work if he writes a book, though the details may vary. We shall have all the dismal old platitudes about the blessings of education, the advantages of local self-government, and the intelligence of the American people, mixed with observations as to the

common language, common laws, and common religion of England and America. The extraordinary delight which the Americans take in all manner of statistical information will enable him to fill up as many gaps as he pleases with scraps of useful knowledge. We shall be told once more how many newspapers there are in America, what is the amount of annual contributions to Mr. Ward Beecher's chapel, how many pigs are annually killed in Cincinnati, what have been the numbers of emigrants during the last thirty years, how many gallons of water flow down the Croton aqueduct or over the falls of Niagara, how many miles of water navigation join in the Mississippi, how many millions of dollars of the National Debt have been paid off, and—last and most distressing—what has been the rate of increase of the population of Chicago. When we mention the fact that Dr. Macaulay, so far from sparing us the thousand-and-first repetition of this perfectly exasperating story, repeats it over again, and absolutely revels in it, we have probably said enough to indicate the nature of his book. And with this remark we will return one more to the question of apology. If Dr. Macaulay and his like have any cause for apologizing, it is that they bid fair to make the very name of the United States a kind of warning bell which will induce all reasonable people to close their ears or shut the book before them. We really believe, and we hope to continue to believe, that many very interesting remarks might be made about our cousins, if anybody would only take the necessary trouble to study the question as it deserves. The phenomena worth notice are not entirely confined to the two or three subjects on which we have been deluged with figures and overwhelmed with commonplaces. And yet we feel that our faith grows weaker in spite of ourselves, and that we are in danger of laying it down as an invariable law that the United States exercise a benumbing influence over the faculties of all travellers, which must be attributed to something soporific in the climate and in the manners and habits of the people themselves.

#### COWTAN'S MEMORIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.\*

WRITERS on the British Museum have been very active of late. It would appear as though the restless energy displayed by the promoters of the rival establishment at South Kensington had put the officials of "the old curiosity shop in Great Russell Street" on their metal. Handbooks and catalogues have within the last few months appeared in unprecedented numbers, and the work before us is the second of its kind which has been published within a little more than a twelvemonth. In the *Lives of the Founders of the British Museum* Mr. Edwards furnished us with a vast amount of information on the subject of the various collections, and now Mr. Cowtan has added, as it were, a supplement, in which he admits us into that part of the inner life of the Museum with which he is most intimately acquainted. It must necessarily be difficult for an officer of a department to write of his brother officials. In such a work it is inevitable that, if he discharges his duties with firmness and truth—unless his colleagues are all paragons of virtue and learning—he should give offence to some. But a writer who proposes to himself such a task should be willing to bear the resentment of those deserving of censure, and to seek his reward in the consciousness of having acted with impartiality and justice. We have the greatest respect for the erudition and learning of the Museum functionaries as a body; but, however anxious we may be to accept the evidence of Mr. Cowtan on these subjects, he puts too great a strain on our credulity when he eulogizes in rapturous terms one and all, from the Principal Librarian to the junior official, and backwards from the former to the earliest Librarian employed by the Trustees. We become suspicious when we find such expressions as "profound student," "able scholar," "accomplished gentleman," applied to each, and we long to meet with some who are shallow, ignorant, and bores. That such there are even among Mr. Cowtan's colleagues we have no doubt, and his book would have been less insipid had he told us so. It is not complimentary to the intelligence of the public, and it is an insult to those members of the Museum staff who have distinguished themselves above their compeers, to class a body of men such as that of which he speaks as of one rank in intelligence and ability. Mr. Cowtan appears to have adopted the principle of besmattering every one with as much praise as he can get into the space he devotes to the notice of each. The result is, that he has produced a book which must necessarily be utterly untrustworthy, and in the worst possible taste. By his indiscriminate adulation he has reduced men worthy of admiration and honour to the level of those of whom the world never would have heard but for the appearance of the work before us, and we venture to affirm that even the outrageous puffing bestowed on these latter in its pages will never float them above the level which they are formed by nature to occupy.

In proportion to the space he devotes to the rank and file of the Museum does he detract from the interest which would otherwise attach to his book. It is impossible to feel a passing touch even of curiosity about a gentleman whose only title to distinction is that he has carried Mr. Disraeli, when a boy, on his back; or about another who is immortalized in the work before us for no other reason than that he was in the habit of inviting its author to

\* *Memories of the British Museum.* By Robert Cowtan, an Assistant in the Library of the British Museum. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

tea. This is the sort of twaddle which occupies page after page of Mr. Cowtan's book:—

I would not by any means omit the name of a lady who was kind to me from the morning of my first engagement in the Library: I allude to Mrs. Mary Bygrave, the Housekeeper, or, as she was termed in the Parliamentary Returns, "Chief Housemaid." This lady entered upon her duties as early as the 18th of March, 1799, and on my first connexion with the Museum I was a special favourite of hers. She had spent thirty and three years in the service of the Trustees, and though somewhat advanced in life, she still retained the remains of a beauty that must once have been very bewitchingly attractive. From my being the youngest man at that time in the Museum, she was particularly pleased with little attentions paid her. I remember presenting her one summer morning with a moss-rose bud, when I remarked that at one time it would have done for an emblem of herself. She told me, with a woman's pride, that she was once rather attractive, at least the young fellows told her so.

Fortunately for his readers, Mr. Cowtan's personal recollections of the Museum are not sufficiently voluminous to form of themselves materials for a book, and he has therefore been under the necessity of devoting some chapters to the contents and administration of the various departments. On these points his long service under the Trustees enables him to speak with authority.

At the time of his first appointment to the Museum, in 1835, Montagu House was still standing, and the only portion of the present building which then existed was that known as the King's Library. In this and the other libraries the total number of volumes was then about 230,000; at the present day they have grown to more than a million. During the first thirty-two years of this century "the net sum of public money applied to increase the only national library in the British dominions fell short of 20,000l.," now Parliament grants annually 10,000l. for the purchase of books. Such are some of the changes which have come over the Museum Library and its management during the last six-and-thirty years, and they illustrate in a marked manner the rapidity of the growth of national intelligence and education during that period. When we read Mr. Cowtan's description of the arrangements connected with the Reading Room of 1835, and compare them in our mind with those pertaining to the magnificent apartment which now annually receives upwards of 100,000 readers, the interval which has elapsed appears as though it should be counted by centuries rather than by decades:—

The approach to this room [the Reading Room] adjoining the Manuscript Department [says our author] was through a small archway from the courtyard, past Mr. Cary's apartments, and up a flight of narrow stone steps into a small lobby where the sticks and umbrellas of readers were left. This lobby was so small and so cold, and so uncomfortable, that the poor fellow stationed there as an attendant, who came to the Museum from the comfortable service of the Countess of Blessington, often told me a dog would not remain there except he was chained up.

A considerable improvement in the accommodation afforded to students was made when, in 1838, the completion of the Museum buildings placed at the disposal of the Trustees for this purpose the rooms in the north-east angle, which were fitted up with every available comfort. But as the number of readers increased, so many complaints were continually made of the bad ventilation and want of light, as well of room, in these apartments, that it became necessary to consider the advisableness of adding to the building a reading-room of sufficient size to satisfy the requirements of many years to come.

About this time the late Mr. Watts, in a series of papers on the British Museum which appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, suggested that a building should be erected in the inner quadrangle of the new building, capable of meeting all the demands made for further library accommodation. Of this proposal no notice was taken at the time, and a like suggestion made by Mr. Edward Hawkins in 1842 was also entirely disregarded. Ten years later the same idea occurred to Mr. Panizzi, and owing to his great personal influence and indomitable perseverance, it was carried into effect. The first brick of the present Reading-room was laid in September 1854, and the building was completed in May 1857. Mr. Cowtan gives us some curious statistics as to the size of the room:—

The dome [he says] is 140 feet in diameter, and its height 106 feet. . . . Its shelves contain about 60,000 volumes; and the new building altogether will accommodate as many as 1,500,000 volumes. The building contains three miles linear of book-cases eight feet high; assuming them all to be spaced for the average octavo book size, the entire ranges form twenty-five miles of shelves. Assuming the shelves to be filled with books, of paper of average thickness, the leaves placed edge to edge would extend about 25,000 miles, or more than three times the diameter of the globe.

It is perhaps of more practical value to know that the room affords space for 302 readers, and that this number of students is often to be found at one time within its walls.

We should scarcely be giving a fair sketch of Mr. Cowtan's book were we to omit to mention the very prominent position which the figure of Panizzi occupies from the frontispiece to the last page. The indiscriminate praise bestowed upon him throughout will appear to many to be overdrawn, but at least it will be recognised as the genuine expression of the glowing admiration of a devoted follower. And it cannot be denied that it is mainly due to Sir Anthony Panizzi and the system he introduced that the nation now possesses the most perfect library in the world, and that its contents are made available to the public with the fewest possible restrictions, and in the most convenient manner. Those, however, who have not already formed a high opinion of his undoubted ability will scarcely be led to do so by the perusal of Mr. Cowtan's book. In conclusion, with almost every other part, the pages dedicated to his house are conspicuous for the bad taste in which they are written. A considerable amount of interest attaches to the

chapters devoted to the statistical and historical accounts of the Museum; but Mr. Cowtan's personal recollections are worthless and insipid.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Commune and the Prussians, the two sieges of Paris, the state of French society, and the means of restoring it to healthful life, such are still the topics discussed in the immense majority of works which we have to notice. Some years ago a distinguished magistrate, M. Dubois-Guchan, writing two thick octavo volumes on Tacitus, endeavoured to prove that France had reached a state of civilization corresponding exactly to that of Rome under the Cæsars, and that a strong personal government was the only one suited to a nation where all political life was extinct, where faith no longer existed, and where the thirst for enjoyment absorbed everything else. The publication of so plain-spoken an apology for despotism excited the utmost indignation at the time, and the liberal portion of the community had no expressions violent enough to denounce the unfortunate M. Dubois-Guchan. Events, however, seem to prove in the saddest manner that Liberalism alone is not sufficient to save a people from political decay, and that a society enervated by scepticism requires a panacea much more effective than the one embodied in the famous axiom, "Liberty, equality, fraternity." On this subject M. de Pontmartin speaks with all possible plainness; he compares the France of 1871 to the shipwrecked mariners crowded together on the raft of the *Méduse*; and whilst he is far from despairing of the rehabilitation of his country, he frankly expresses his opinion that a revival of religious life can alone bring about the desired result. The book which he now publishes, composed of *feuilletons* written during the last six months, is a severe but, we think, a very fair bill of indictment not only against this or that section of the Paris population, but against the whole community. *Bourgeoisie*, working classes, aristocracy, leaders of fashion, journalists, statesmen, all come in for their share of blame, all are made equally responsible for the calamities which weigh down upon unhappy France. M. de Pontmartin has devoted a chapter to an impartial discussion of the well-known statement which is so often repeated amongst our neighbours at the present time—namely, that the want of proper education must be considered as the original cause of the chronic uneasiness which every now and then issues, on the other side of the Channel, in civil war and attempts at political revolution. The objection, our author remarks, is true enough, but when the ultra-Republicans clamour for education, do they not always mean that the teaching of the young shall be in all cases carefully founded upon the theories of Messrs. Eugène Sue, Quinet, Michelet, Victor Hugo, and Balzac?

It may perhaps be said that M. de Pontmartin's statements cannot be altogether received, coming as they do from a writer who avowedly takes the side of religion; but here we are able to bring forward the testimony of another journalist, whose statements will not on this point be accused of partiality—we mean M. Alphonse Daudet. His *Lettres d'un Absent* are extremely amusing†; and they describe with a good deal of truthfulness, though at the same time with too much levity, the faults of his countrymen. The late M. Vinet reproached the French for being essentially fond of theatrical display; M. Daudet says exactly the same thing in the picturesque language of a journalist. The love of *truc* is the cardinal sin of Frenchmen, and any one who is acquainted with the mysteries of Parisian society knows exactly how display, sham, lying, feverish agitation, want of principle are represented and condensed in the small word *truc*. "The education of the Parisians," M. Daudet bitterly remarks, "is generally carried on in dancing-saloons"; M. de Pontmartin never said anything stronger. They feed upon unhealthy novels, and it is not long since a few young men really attempted to illustrate practically M. de Balzac's celebrated tale, *Les Treize*. When the state of society is on the whole sound, such absurdities do not lead to any dangerous consequences; but imagine the case of a revolution, and place at the Paris *Hôtel de Ville* half-a-dozen *sans-culottes* who seriously set about reviving 1793. Thus it is, adds M. Daudet, that we have had Rigault-Trenville, Vermerch-Duchêne, and Vermorel-Robespierre. The episodes described in the *Lettres d'un Absent* are, we repeat, very amusing, but it is a pity to see the horrors of civil war treated with so much indifference.

M. Jules Claretie writes the history of *La Guerre nationale*‡ from the Republican point of view, and his pen has the steadiness which we should have liked to see in M. Daudet's otherwise valuable book. He gives us a detailed account of the battles fought outside Paris from the month of September 1870 to January 1871, and he thus completes the series of volumes already noticed by us. The preparations for the war, the defeat of Forbach, and the catastrophe of Sedan formed the subject of *La France envahie*; in *Paris assiégé* we had the exact journal, kept day by day, of all the events connected with the siege; the present volume, therefore, may be considered as an intermediate link between the two others. M. Jules Claretie feels convinced that France will one day rise from its ashes, but he does not see any principle of renovation higher than knowledge and intellectual life, whereas moral development is the condition without which the

\* *La Radeau de la Méduse*. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

† *Lettres d'un Absent*. Par A. Daudet. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *La Guerre nationale*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Lemerre.

greatest amount of mental culture, far from being beneficial, may be positively dangerous.

Bibliomaniacs are already spending money in profusion for the purpose of making complete collections of all the newspapers, bills, pamphlets, &c., published during the Commune. Such collections, we know, are extremely difficult to procure, and the British Museum itself has had some trouble in securing a set of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of modern Parisian revolutionary journalism. Let us then give our cordial thanks to "M. L. M.,"\* for the very interesting and able summary he has published of the Communistic daily press. His two volumes contain, in the first place, all the really important part of the *Journal officiel*, such as laws, decrees, orders, military despatches, reports of sittings, &c. &c. We have then copious extracts from the other newspapers which sided with the Revolutionary Government, and, finally, a few quotations from the Versailles press. The whole makes up a very useful and readable book, deserving to be placed side by side with M. Maillard's *Histoire des journaux de la Commune*.

Captain Jacquemont relates† the share which the Pontifical Zouaves had in the campaign against the Prussians. He begins his narrative at the time when the French army of occupation quartered in Rome was obliged to yield before the Italian troops, and to embark at Civita Vecchia; he describes the last attempt made by General Kanzler to defend the Pope against the soldiers of King Victor Emmanuel; he then speaks of Baron de Charette's reorganization of the Zouaves, and gives a most interesting account of the various battles in which the small Pontifical army took a part.

The anonymous author who describes the "agony of the army of the Rhine"‡ is loud in his wishes for revenge, and he expects that the day of retribution will come at no distant period; but, in the midst of expressions of unreasonable fury, he points out in the clearest manner certain facts which few persons have as yet noticed, and which explain most naturally, to a considerable extent at least, the catastrophe of Sedan. France, he says, did not desire war, and, with the exception of a few ambitious or active officers, the army was fully convinced that nothing would be attempted to thwart the ambition of Prussia. As a natural consequence of such a state of things, no attempt had been made to introduce a better system instead of the old spirit of routine which paralysed the efficiency of the army; and whilst the enemies of France were busily engaged in bringing their military organization to a thorough state of perfection, matters remained on the opposite side of the Rhine much what they were thirty years ago. But a second and more fatal cause was at work to help the Prussians and to bring about the disasters of the French. Convinced that the army alone kept up the Imperial régime and supported Napoleon III. and his throne, the newspapers belonging to the Opposition had long been doing their best to sow amongst the soldiers the seeds of disaffection, little knowing that they were thus busily preparing the degradation of their country. It is strange and singular to say that M. Gambetta and his friends should have had, after the revolution of September, to restore the discipline which they themselves had been most instrumental in subverting.

M. de Freycinet's book, *La guerre en Province*§, with its two maps and its voluminous appendix of *pièces justificatives*, is one of the best books that have been published on the late war. The author's conclusions deserve to be recorded here; we shall state them briefly. M. de Freycinet thinks that the faults committed by the French commanders were not really greater than in other wars; if they appear more glaring and more numerous, it is because the idea of defeat seemed scarcely credible to men who lived intellectually upon the traditions of the old Napoleonic successes. Still, faults have been committed, and it behoves all Frenchmen to examine calmly what are the best means of preventing a repetition of such disasters. In the first place, the axiom *tel peuple, telle armée* must be admitted as beyond discussion; an emaculated nation, corrupted by luxury, scepticism, and vice, cannot expect to have an army well disciplined, well informed, and actuated by high principle. Let instruction be made strictly compulsory, so that no man shall reach his twentieth year without having given satisfactory proofs that he possesses a minimum of information on all essential topics. Military service should be made obligatory for all, and so arranged that intellectual training may replace the tedious drills which uselessly take up nearly the whole time when a soldier is on duty. Promotion should be given, not by favour nor by seniority, but as the result of severe examinations. Garrison life is the curse of discipline; instead of quartering the regiments in large centres of population, they should be made to encamp and kept as much as possible away from the excitement of *cafés*, public meetings, &c. The staff and the commissariat must also be thoroughly remodelled, and the old *corps d'armée* replaced by district brigades, which will enable the reserves to be organized without either trouble or waste of time. Finally, says M. de Freycinet, let the task of reformation be begun at once.

M. Michelet publishes a new edition of his *History of France*||, adding to it a kind of autobiographical preface in which he de-

scribes the growth of his work and the influences under which it was written. He parades rather unnecessarily and offensively his hatred of Christianity, and states as a singular fact that "the only man who had sufficient love within him to create anew and build over again the inner world of the Church was he (Michelet) whom the Church did not bring up, who never took the Sacrament (the italics are M. Michelet's), whose faith was only the belief in humanity, who did not accept a *credo* authoritatively imposed, and who was a free-thinker." This declaration is plain enough, and it would be curious to inquire how the author of the book before us can reconcile it with the following passage translated from his introduction to the *Mémoires de Luther*:—"I shall not, as so many others have done, expose to the public gaze the wounds of a Church in which I was born, and which is still dear to me. Poor old mother of the modern world! derided, insulted by her son (Luther), it is assuredly not I who would add another injury to those from which she has been suffering." M. Michelet should endeavour to be a little more consistent.

The first volume of M. Guizot's new *History of France*\* has just been issued, and it takes the reader down to the reign of Philip the Fair—that is to say, it comprises the whole of the mediæval period. Historians have until lately been accustomed to consider the accession of Louis XII. to the throne as marking the beginning of modern times in the annals of our neighbours; but this date is evidently a mistake, for every student knows that to Philip the Fair belongs the honour of having given to the French Monarchy the form which it ultimately retained, and which constitutes, or rather constituted, its originality amongst the other political constitutions sprung from the alliance between the Roman element and the German one. M. Guizot's views are exactly the same as those which stamp his celebrated Lectures, and although the merely narrative style predominates in his recent work, yet philosophical generalizations are far from being neglected. The woodcuts added by way of illustration are in every way worthy of the volume.

M. Trognon is known chiefly as the author of a *History of France*, which we noticed some time since, and which is generally considered as one of the best works on the subject. He was also honoured with the friendship of the late Queen Marie-Amélie, who entrusted to him the education of the Duke of Montpensier. Such are the qualifications which led to his being chosen by the Princes of the Orleans family to write the life of their mother.† All the necessary documents were unreservedly placed in his hands; he was not only allowed, but requested, to use them with the utmost freedom, and he has given us in the shape of an interesting volume what must have been for him quite a labour of love. Without attempting to describe here the contents of M. Trognon's biographical memoir, let us merely say that it is a most valuable contribution to the history of the last sixty years, and that it bears fresh evidence of the firmness which has always been characteristic of the ladies of the French Royal family. Napoleon's celebrated *mot* about the Duchesse of Angoulême—*C'est le seul homme de la famille*—almost involuntarily occurs to us whilst we read the account of Her Majesty's behaviour at the Tuileries on the memorable 24th of February, 1848. Admiral Hernoux, a friend of M. Trognon, who happened to be present, observed:—"Every one around the King had lost his senses. Two persons alone preserved coolness and dignity; they were two old women (*deux vieilles femmes*), the Queen and Madame de Montjoye."

No writer was better fitted than M. Guizot to sketch the life and character of the Duke de Broglie‡, and we are glad to see that he has published in a collected form the articles contributed by him to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the biography of one of the best representatives of modern French statesmanship. M. Sainte-Beuve, in one of his earliest *Causeries*, spoke of the Duke of Broglie as the politician who, more than others perhaps, commanded the respect even of his adversaries; such is the idea which reigns throughout the pamphlet before us. The condition of France immediately after the Reign of Terror, the revival of literature through the joint influence of Madame de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand, the general craving for peace, order, and a powerful Government, are well described by the young man who, belonging to one of the first French families of the *ancien régime*, hailed the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire as a wholesome repetition of the *grand monarque's* dealings with the Fronde; whilst at the same time he could not shut his eyes to the probable results of a system which was introduced by arbitrary measures, without having in its favour the prestige of hereditary right and of long-standing tradition. The close connexion between liberal ideas and the principles of religion and moral dignity is a phenomenon which deserves to be closely studied, especially at an epoch when order is too often regarded as a synonym for despotism, and liberty as a euphemism for licentiousness. If the statesmen of modern France had been more universally cast in the same mould as M. Guizot, noble friend, we should have been spared the horrors of the Commune.

Whatever opinion we may have respecting Napoleon III. and the Imperial Government, it is impossible for us to endorse all the statements contained in the first chapter of M. E. Brault's volume. This gentleman writes in such a spirit of partisanship, he talks so

\* *Journal des journaux de la Commune*. Paris: Garnier frères.

† *La campagne des Zouaves pontificaux en France*. Par M. S. Jacquemont. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Légende de l'armée du Rhin*. Par un officier d'artillerie de 3e corps. Paris: Dentu.

§ *La guerre en Province pendant le siège de Paris*. Par Charles de Freycinet. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Histoire de France*. Par M. Michelet. Nouvelle édition, vol. 1. Paris: Charpentier.

\* *L'Histoire de France racontée à nos petits-enfants*. Par M. Guizot. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Vie de Marie-Amélie, reine des Français*. Par M. Auguste Trognon. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Le duc de Broglie*. Par M. Guizot. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *La France devant l'invasion*. Par E. Brault. Paris: Thorin.

wildly about the *empereur d'avenir* and the "noble traditions" of '92, that he does not inspire us with the slightest confidence; and his narrative must be classed amongst the pamphlets which only two years ago were printed in Brussels and London for the edification of amateur revolutionists. It cannot be too often repeated that if the French army of 1870 had lost all the traditions of discipline and self-respect, it was entirely the fault of those who endeavoured to revive the "noble traditions" of '92.

M. Léonce Dupont takes the opposite view of the question\*, and brings in a heavy bill against the Government of September 4. After the capitulation of Sedan, he observes, the military disasters of France formed the all-absorbing topic of interest. The most urgent thing then was to strengthen the Government, to give a more vigorous impetus to all the branches of the administration, and to organize throughout the country every available resource. Instead of this, a handful of ambitious men saw that the opportunity had now come for them to grasp the power which they had so long coveted; they marched without any opposition to the Hôtel de Ville, and made the disasters of their country the stepping-stone to greatness. M. Dupont argues that M. Jules Favre and his friends are really responsible for the civil war, because, in the first place, they gave to the Parisian mob the example of contempt for the law; and, in the second, many of the self-styled politicians who composed the Government of the National Defence were avowed friends of the Communists. Such is the theme of M. Dupont's preface; his book contains the journal of the sittings held by the military tribunals at Versailles from August 7 to September 20.

M. Champfleury continues his archaeological studies with the most laudable zeal, and his new volume gives us the history of mediæval caricature.† It will be understood at once that this title implies a great deal more than is generally meant by the word caricature. During the middle ages sculpture and wood-carving were almost the only means which satirists had of denouncing the vices and follies of society; and M. Champfleury's book consequently is to a great extent a history of church decoration. The author is a staunch adversary of the archaeologists who uphold the idea of symbolism, and who look upon the grotesque ornaments of our cathedrals as allegorical representations intended to convey striking lessons of good manners and wholesome doctrine. His book, profusely illustrated with facsimiles of old Gothic art, will be found very interesting.

M. Charles Garnier ‡, architect of the new Paris opera, is not unknown to our readers; but the volume we have now before us is of much higher pretensions than the one we noticed about a year ago. M. Garnier's architectural speciality is connected with theatres; for the last ten years he has studied every question referring to that subject, and he comes forward to give us the result of the experience he has derived from a personal survey of all the leading theatres in Europe. The first point to settle is that of the usefulness of scenic entertainments; for if dramatic representations are dangerous or unnecessary, we should not apply to them the resources of architectural art. M. Garnier contends that of all public institutions in modern society, the church and the stage are the only two which address themselves to the whole population, and which, therefore, should be under the special protection of the Government. It is impossible, he further argues, for private enterprise to build churches and theatres on a proper scale, and so as to combine all the indispensable elements of comfort, salubrity, and taste; the State alone can solve the problem in a satisfactory manner. After these general remarks, on which of course we need express no opinion here, M. Garnier goes on to examine in detail the numerous items connected with the building and decoration of theatres, taking as his guide the principles adopted by himself in the construction of the Paris Opera House. The documents he has added to his volume enable the reader to study the comparative arrangements of all the great European theatres.

With the exception of M. Cousin's *Histoire générale de la Philosophie*, and of a few translations from the German, French literature cannot boast of any important work on the history of various metaphysical systems; nor can even the volume of the late Sorbonne Professor be looked upon as complete, for it does not take us further than the beginning of the present century. M. Alfred Weber § has accordingly endeavoured to supply the deficiency, and his *Histoire de la Philosophie européenne* is intended as a handbook for students who want to unravel the mysteries of metaphysical science. The author aims, of course, at being strictly impartial; but still he adopts a point of view from which to examine the wide subject before him, and that point of view is clearly expressed in the following motto:—"La vérité métaphysique ne se trouve ni dans le matérialisme ni dans le spiritualisme dualiste, mais dans le spiritualisme concret, qui tient la force et l'intelligence pour les attributs distincts, mais inséparables, de l'esprit." M. Weber begins by showing the relations which exist between metaphysics and the other sciences, he then marks out the divisions of the philosophical field, and concludes his introduction by giving us what is called the literature of the subject. His last chapter enumerates the objections which

may be raised against the various systems existing now. Materialism, he says, is so far wrong that it fails to explain the logical side of nature and of history; Spiritualism should shake off the old Cartesian tradition; and, finally, Positivism must acknowledge that, as all science worthy of the name is the search after a law, or a system of laws, so it is a partial system of metaphysics, and philosophy is the metaphysics of the universe, or it is nothing.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF  
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### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

At the SECOND CONCERT, on Wednesday next, the following Artists will appear:—Madame Sheridan, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Enghwa, and Miss Fennell; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick; Pianoforte: Miss Kate Roberts. Conductors: Mr. J. L. Hutton and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Stalls, &c., Family Tickets for Four, 21s; Gallery, 2s; Axes 2s; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.—Tickets of Audit, St. James's Hall, Chancery Lane, New Bond Street; Keith, Prosser, & Co., Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Doney & Co., 20 Holles Street.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Burlington House.—The EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS, together with WORKS OF DECEASED MASTERS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL, is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Nine till Dark) 1s. Catalogues, &c. Season Tickets, &c.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

#### THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES is now OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. 6d.

ALFRED D. FRITT, Secretary.

DORÉ GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION OF PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYR," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCISCA DE ALMIRANTE," &c.) To be seen.—Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON'S ENTIRE COLLECTION OF OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS, now ON VIEW, at his GALLERY, 1 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster.—Admission, 1s. Open Daily from Ten till Five.

ASSOCIATION for the IMPROVEMENT of GEO-METRIC TEACHING.—President, T. A. HIRST, F.R.S. The SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of this Association will be held on Friday next, Jan. 12, at 11 A.M., at University College, Gower Street. All persons interested in this important Educational Question, whether Members of the Association or not, are invited to attend.

R. LEVETT, E. F. M. MACGARTHY, } Hon. Secs.

READING ALOUD, PUBLIC SPEAKING, &c.—Miss EMILY FAITHFUL continues her CLASS LESSONS every Monday and Thursday at 10 o'clock. Private Lessons daily. Miss FAITHFUL has been most successful in giving Instruction in Articulation, Elocution, and in strengthening Pupils suffering from Weak Chests (vide "Lancet").—Apply to SECRETARY, 30 Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, W.

#### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.

DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

Professor E. J. FOYNTNER, R.A.

TWO SLADE SCHOLARSHIPS will (if there should be properly qualified Candidates of sufficient merit) be ELECTED on July 6, 1872. Ladies, as well as Gentlemen, are eligible. Each Scholarship is of £50 per annum, and is tenable for Three years. No one above Nineteen years of Age on the day of the Election will be eligible as a Slade Scholar. Competitors must attend the Day Classes in the Fine-Art School of the College, during at least the Two Terms preceding the date of Election; they must therefore enter in the College on or before January 31, 1872. Copies of the other Regulations relating to the competition for the Scholarships, and to the conditions attached to their tenure, and also of the Prospectus of the Fine-Art Department, may be obtained on application at the Office of the College.

December 6, 1871.

JOHN ROBSON, R.A., Secretary to the Council.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.—Incorporated by Royal Charter 1848, for the General Education of Ladies and for the Diffusion of Knowledge. The CLASSES in the College and School will RE-OPEN for the First Term on Monday, January 21, 1872. Competitors, with all particulars as to Fees, Scholarships, &c., may be had on application to Miss MURRAY, at the College.

SCHOLARSHIPS will be formed, on the entry of Four Names, for the Study of Greek, or of Conversation Classes in Modern Languages. If orders are received by Mrs. BOOLE and Miss PARRY, in the College; and by Miss GARRICK, 7 Melcombe Place, Dorset Square; and Mrs. SEARLE, 15 Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

E. H. FLETCHER, R.A., Hon. Sec.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS.—At the Entrance Examination for next Term on Tuesday, 20th January, and on Monday, 27th January, 1872, the following Scholarships, value £55 a-year for two years, will be given to the Candidates who obtain the highest marks. The following Scholarships will be open to Competition as Scholarships only:—One of £55 a-year for two years; one or more of £25, and one of £10, and one of £5, and one of £2, and one of £1, and one of 5s. Further information may be obtained of the Head-Master, or of the Secretary, at Clifton College, Bristol. Examinations resemble on Tuesday, 20th January, and on Monday, 27th January, 1872. The following Scholarships will be open to Competition as Scholarships only:—One of £55 a-year for two years; one or more of £25, and one of £10, and one of £5, and one of £2, and one of £1, and one of 5s. Further information may be obtained of the Head-Master, or of the Secretary, at Clifton College, Bristol. Examinations resemble on Tuesday, 20th January, and on Monday, 27th January, 1872. The following Scholarships will be open to Competition as Scholarships only:—One of £55 a-year for two years; one or more of £25, and one of £10, and one of £5, and one of £2, and one of £1, and one of 5s. Further information may be obtained of the Head-Master, or of the Secretary, at Clifton College, Bristol. Examinations resemble on Tuesday, 20th January, and on Monday, 27th January, 1872.

\* *Les Communes et ses auxiliaires devant la justice.* Par Léonce Dupont. Paris: Didier.

† *Histoire de la Caricature au Moyen Âge.* Par Champfleury. Paris: Dent.

‡ *Le Théâtre.* Par Charles Garnier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Histoire de la Philosophie européenne.* Par Alfred Weber. Paris: Germer-Bailly.



THE

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OF

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### EASTERN EUROPE.

THE Russian Government has lately issued several manifestoes to its own people explaining the foreign policy of the CZAR. It has thought it necessary to show that it is doing all that can reasonably be demanded of it for the extension of Russian influence and the consolidation of its position at home and abroad. There are enthusiasts who think Russia might go on much faster than it does, and assume the position of the head of a great Slavonic community. To these critics the Government replies that Russia wants, not war, but peace, because peace, while it permits the country to become rich and strong, gives it all the political advantages it needs; and, secondly, that to do anything more for the Slavonic provinces of neighbouring Powers than to take care that they have a fair chance of developing themselves in their own way would be the very worst course possible in the interest of these provinces themselves. The first task of the Russian Government was to show that there is a fair probability of the peace of Europe being preserved, and of this peace, if preserved, turning to the profit of Russia. That peace is likely to be preserved is, it owns, an expectation not in accordance with the views of PRINCE BISMARCK. The German Chancellor not very long ago remarked to a traveller that the main reason why the Prussian Government tried hard to avert a war with France was not because it had any doubt of the immediate result, but because it was convinced that war, if once begun, would last half a century. This is a very dreadful look-out; but even if PRINCE BISMARCK's calculations were true, the Russian Government thinks that the late war between France and Germany is itself a guarantee that Russia will not be drawn against her will into the wars of the next half-century. Germany chose to impose exceedingly hard terms on the unfortunate nation which she conquered. Russia does not pretend to judge Germany in the matter; but she may legitimately study the inevitable consequences of the course which Germany thought proper to adopt. The result of the late wars that Germany has on her Western border a nation of thirty-five millions of persons burning to take revenge on their hard-hearted conquerors. Germany cannot, therefore, act with freedom against the great Power that borders her on the West. There is no great Power that can really hurt Russia much except Germany, and Germany will henceforth know that France will rush to arms as the ally of Russia if Russia is attacked. If France assumes the war, Russia can, if she likes, remain neutral, and demand as the price of neutrality some concession like that by which she has lately made herself once more mistress of the Black Sea. All this seems to us very true. The late war was very advantageous to Russia. It is scarcely possible that a war between two great Powers should not turn to the advantage of some of the bystanders. The Crimean War enabled Austria to throw off the fetters of dependence which Russia had imposed on it, and it enabled Piedmont to start on its career of unifying Italy. Austria and Piedmont, it is true, were not mere bystanders, but it was because other nations stood the real shock of the war that they got what they wanted. The late war between France and Germany has in the same way improved the political position of at least three Powers—Russia, England, and Italy. Russia can now play with a French alliance as she likes, in order to keep Germany quiet, showing seal for this alliance if Germany seems inclined to thwart Russia, and coolness if Germany lets Russia have her way. England is certainly more secure for a time, as France, the only nation that at present could think of attacking us on our own shores, has been compelled to reduce its expenditure on its navy, while Italy has taken advantage of the war to absorb the possessions

of the POPE. These are patent facts, and it is quite right that each of the nations concerned should be reminded of them by its Government; and it is for each nation to see that its Government does not adopt a wrong policy in consequence of regarding these facts in a false light. England has to see that the invaluable opportunity now given us of re-organizing our defences with the maximum of efficiency at the minimum of cost is not thrown away. Italy has to see that the POPE has no real ground of complaint, and that the attention of the Government is henceforth mainly directed to internal reforms. Russia in the same way has, according to Russian views, to see that the Government does not neglect the interests of inferior nations or populations allied to it by race or religion; and that it is not neglecting these interests is what the Russian Government proceeds to show, after it has established to its satisfaction the general proposition that peace may be preserved, so far as Russia is concerned, in a manner very advantageous to her.

Austria is the quarter from which, in the opinion of Russian alarmists, danger is likely to come. Germany, it is said, may be tempted to profit by the Austrian crisis, and to annex the German provinces of Austria, leaving Austria to make up for its losses in the East. Possibly Germany might be tempted to co-operate with Austria and Hungary in the prosecution of this process of compensation to Austria. Those who go furthest fancy that the integrity of Russia will be menaced, and that the Galician Pole, always ready to do Russia an injury, will be used to open a way into the heart of the Empire. The language used by the Russian Government in criticizing these suggestions is very remarkable. It acknowledges its duties as the protector of outlying Slavonic populations, and it owns that the crisis in Austria inspires it with some apprehension. It therefore explicitly declares that, if Slavonic populations are oppressed or threatened by Austria, or if any serious source of danger to Russia is opened in Galicia or otherwise, it will at once act promptly and efficaciously. But, on the other hand, it wishes all Russian patriots to understand that the best thing that can happen in the interest of these populations is that they should continue to thrive in peace under the government of Austria; and what is said of Austria may be also said of Turkey. These populations are, it must be admitted, for the most part in a very backward state, and what they want is time and leisure to make progress in the arts of peace and of civilized life. It would neither suit Russia nor them that they should be at too early a date attached politically to Russia as members of a great Slavonic Confederation like the new Confederation of Germany. The Germans have had a thousand years of civilization, and even in Germany there are not wanting signs of a strong separatist tendency. If the Slavonic populations were prematurely attached to Russia, they would be wanting in the qualities the existence of which is necessary if a Confederation is to endure, and a movement towards the disruption of a Confederation might possibly imperil the unity of Russia itself. The best thing, therefore, that Russia can do for itself and its Slavonic neighbours is to uphold the actual position of the Austrian and Turkish Governments, using these Governments as the means by which the humbler members of the Slavonic family are to be encouraged to make material and intellectual progress. If this progress is in any way unduly thwarted, then Russia will put forth its great strength, and obtain by force, or the threat of armed force, what its nationalists fairly demand; and that it would do so successfully is tolerably well assured by the circumstance that humiliated and revengeful France will be always lying in wait on the left flank of Germany, preventing Germany from interfering in the East. From the Russian point of view, according to which Russia has no objection but to declare itself the champion and

of all Slavonic populations and of all members of the Greek Church, the programme of its policy thus put forward by the Government seems well founded and conceived with much foresight and good sense. But it is obvious that, according to this view, the Austrian Government must conduct its affairs under the perpetual supervision of Russia, who will let it alone and calmly and benignantly patronize it so long as it treats its discontented subjects in a manner of which Russia approves; but who will reprove it, and even coerce it, if it does not.

That the exposition of this scheme of Russian policy should have been received with much disfavour at Vienna is only natural. That Russia should consider her position with regard to Austria to be that of a superior keeping watch over the behaviour of a useful inferior is bad enough; but it is much worse that the Russian Government should say this openly, and thus humiliate Austria before the world. The very arguments by which Russia seeks to tranquillize Austria are themselves new sources of irritation. It is evident that Russia does not want to hurt Austria, the Russian Government says, because it has never profited by the very numerous occasions in the last half-century when Austria was at her mercy. There is nothing new, it is alleged, in the peaceful policy of Russia, for the Emperor ALEXANDER is only treading in the steps of his peace-loving father. It is at last acknowledged, the Russian Government states with a grand audacity of assertion, that the Emperor NICHOLAS never threatened any one. If the document in which this statement is made had been exclusively intended for Russians, it might have allowed that it was for them alone to judge whether they would accept the pious fiction that the father of the EMPEROR was a singularly harmless and inoffensive man. But Austrians are not likely to forget the famous proposal to divide the inheritance of the Sick Man; and Austria is scarcely well enough herself to feel quite easy if it is true that the policy of the two CZARS is really identical. Still, for the moment, Austria may be no doubt content that Russia disclaims any intention of stirring up her disaffected provinces against her. The documents published by the Russian Government may at any rate be taken as showing these provinces that it would not be convenient to Russia that their disaffection should come to a head just at present; and the new Austrian Ministry may have been wise in giving indications of a friendly disposition towards Russia. Turkey is in much the same position as Austria, and ever since the results of the recent negotiations regarding the Black Sea proved to Turkey that it could not count on the active support of England, the Porte has shown an inclination to adopt a new line of policy, and to be on the best of terms with Russia. One curious consequence of the new relations between Russia and Turkey has been seen in the last few days. Prince BISMARCK has for many months been trying various methods of putting enough pressure on the Roumanian Government to make it accede to a fair compromise with the bondholders of a line of State railways who happen to be for the most part Germans. For a time the Roumanians steadily resisted and baffled his efforts, until he hit on the device of making Turkey threaten to interfere as the Suzerain Power of Roumania unless justice was done. To the threat of this interference the Roumanians have reluctantly yielded, and a Bill sanctioning a compromise acceptable to the bondholders has been passed by the Roumanian Legislature. Prince BISMARCK has thus been successful, as he generally is sooner or later. But his success would have been impossible, or must have led to an open rupture between Germany and Russia, had Russia persevered in its traditional policy of seeking to emancipate the Principalities from the authority of their Suzerain. Turkey would never have dreamed of threatening to send troops into Roumania unless it had been satisfied that Russia would not object to such a very demonstrative mode of asserting the dubious and ill-defined authority of the SULTAN over the Principalities. Turkey feels, like Austria, that it will within certain limits receive the countenance of Russia if it uses its legal or semi-legal power over its subjects; although Turkey, like Austria, must be aware that there is no saying how long a power exercised by the sufferance of a foreign Government will retain any reality.

#### THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

THE American Government still abstains from any participation in the civil war in Cuba; but its acts form an effective commentary on the scandalous document which is

about to be presented on its behalf to the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva. In the view of international law the insurrection against the authority of the Spanish Government is far less plausible and respectable than the secession of the Confederate States from the American Union. The rebels in Cuba have had no organized Government, either before or after the commencement of the war; nor have they at any time been able to place a regular army in the field. With the moral or political merits of the dispute foreign Powers have no concern; but it is remarkable that, while the colonial authorities have not yet abolished slavery, the insurgents have never formally committed themselves to the doctrine of emancipation. It is possible that the PRESIDENT may be justified in his interference with the internal policy of Cuba, and in the indirect assistance which he has given to the rebels; but his proceedings are curiously contrasted with the scrupulous neutrality which is supposed to entail on England a liability heavier than the penalty inflicted on France by the victorious Germans. Mr. HAMILTON FISK thought himself at liberty to urge on the Spanish Government the emancipation of slaves in the West Indian Colonies. Lord RUSSELL never took the liberty of addressing Mr. SEWARD on the protection of State rights against Federal usurpation. In 1870 and 1871 the officer commanding the American squadron on the coast of Cuba was ordered to station his vessels in such a manner as to cover the escape of insurgents from the island. There can be no doubt that any similar employment of English ships during the Civil War would have provoked an immediate rupture. The position of the United States as a neutral Power during the insurrection in Cuba has in fact in some respects modified the extravagant pretensions which had been advanced by the American Government in its belligerent character. The PRESIDENT found it convenient to assert the discretionary power of recognizing the existence of a state of war, although the QUEEN'S Proclamation had been previously treated as a hostile measure; and the precipitate concessions of the English Commissioners were voluntarily limited by the Government of Washington so as to exclude liability for the breach of blockades by private adventurers. In other respects the Americans, confident in the deference of England and in the weakness of Spain, have not been solicitous to maintain perfect consistency. The despatch of men-of-war to places from which insurgents may conveniently escape is more likely than the captures of the *Alabama* to prolong the war by discouraging submission.

Although the Americans have been systematically unjust to England down to the date of the outrageous invective of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and his colleagues, their policy in relation to Cuba must be regarded without passion or prejudice. It may be doubted whether the persons or property of American citizens have been really exposed to danger during the recent troubles at Havannah; but it was natural that the indignation provoked by the conduct of the Volunteers should find official expression. The anarchy and demoralization which prevail in Cuba have never been more painfully exemplified than in the transactions of the last autumn. A Spanish loyalist visiting a suburb of Havannah in consequence of a challenge, for the purpose of fighting a duel, was basely assassinated by his political adversaries. Some time afterwards a body of medical students were guilty of a foolish riot at the cemetery where he was buried, and some of them were said to have defaced his tomb. The Spanish Volunteers, in spite of the protests of the Governor, immediately proceeded to try the offenders by court-martial, and several young men of respectable parentage were shot in punishment of their boyish irregularity. As soon as the account of the judicial murder was received at Washington, two or three ships of war were ordered to proceed with all haste to Havannah for the protection of American citizens. On their arrival the commanding officer informed his Government that the city was perfectly tranquil; but the despatch of the squadron will have been rightly interpreted as a reproof and a warning. Notwithstanding the theoretical equality of States, and the general doctrine of non-interference, great Powers, confident in their security from retaliation, commonly exercise a moral censorship or supervision over their weaker neighbours. In former times petty Italian potentates were frequently reminded that they were not strong enough to claim absolute freedom from responsibility in their capricious oppression of their subjects. The Americans regard Cuba as a property of their own in reversion, and they have no difficulty in devising excuses for the protection of their contingent interests against the tenant in possession. It is thought desirable to remind those who may suffer by the weakness or misconduct of the actual Government that they

have a powerful protector within reach; and, even if the Americans were sensitive to foreign opinion, they are secure against serious disapproval when they resent such an atrocity as that committed by the Spanish Volunteers. For many good reasons they are in no hurry to annex Cuba; and they would rather allow the inhabitants to detach themselves from their allegiance to the mother-country than accelerate the process by intervention. They will certainly not directly abandon neutrality until the decision of the arbitrators is given at Geneva. The sacred right of Governments and insurgents to fight out their own quarrels must be respected as long as American advocates are pretending to impute officious partiality to a detested Government and nation. When the temporary reason for non-intervention has ceased to operate, there will still be a reasonable disinclination to a rupture with Spain, which, if it involved little risk, would be expensive, and barren of glory. No prudent man gives a price for that which he believes that he can ultimately acquire without payment. There is no use in fighting for a territory which, according to the general belief, must inevitably drop into the Federal system by force of gravitation. There are also thoughtful politicians in the United States who appreciate the inconvenience of conceding a share in the government of the Republic to a population which, though it will acquire equal rights, will in reality be neither free nor equal to the genuine citizens of the Union. The rioters and the assassins of Havannah would not be eligible fellow-countrymen, and the planters and slaves of the interior are still less ripe for free Republican government. The Senate of the United States has shown statesmanlike wisdom and firmness in quietly suppressing General GRANT's imprudent eagerness for the annexation of San Domingo. Throughout the Spanish colonies there is not one man in a thousand who understands the meaning of freedom, and there is not a single Protestant.

How far it is possible that the authority of Spain should be re-established it is difficult to judge. For three years all parties have professed entire unanimity of determination to retain the colonies, and in that time fifty or sixty thousand regular troops have been sent to Cuba without perceptible result. It is scarcely known who are the leaders of the insurgents, or what is their object; but experience shows that the power of the Government is non-existent in a part of the island, while even in the capital there are many proofs of disaffection. The colonists of European blood are jealous of the Spaniards; but at the same time they have no desire to accelerate the extinction of slavery, and few of them can regard with complacency the prospect of annexation to the neighbouring Republic. From time to time the local Government reports that the rebellion is almost entirely extinguished; but after an interval the normal condition of anarchy is once more acknowledged. It is to the credit of the people of Spain that they cherish a patriotic regard for the national honour and greatness; but it is perhaps not too much to say that the era of colonial empire is at an end. England, which is far more vigorous than Spain, has been gradually compelled to concede practical independence to the colonies; and, if the recognition had been delayed, it is probable that the insurrection of Cuba would have been anticipated by Canada, Australia, and the Cape. The Spaniards are not yet prepared to content themselves with a nominal sovereignty over their colonies; and they will find it impossible to govern them from home. Yet it would be rash to foretell the continuance or success of the present insurrection. A commander of genius, an original statesman, might discover the means of conquering or conciliating the rebels; and the Americans, though they might be disappointed by the result, would acquiesce in an accomplished fact. If the King could be spared from the Peninsula, his offer to proceed in person to Cuba might perhaps be accepted as the most promising mode of terminating the struggle.

#### THE FRENCH BUDGET.

**A**FTER having got rid of the project of a general Income-tax, the French Government has had to ask the Assembly to seek in other directions the augmentation of revenue necessary to meet the estimated expenditure. This week has been devoted to a discussion of the proposal to tax certain forms of personal property. But before an estimate can be formed of the best mode in which the necessary money can be raised, it is important to understand what are the new taxes already voted by the Assembly. In his speech on the Income-tax M. THIERS attempted to prove that the system of taxation

prevailing not only under the Empire, but under all Governments since the Revolution of 1789, was in all substantial respects perfect. The poor were taxed, but not too much, and the holders of property paid, as they should do, to meet the requirements of the State. From twenty-five to twenty-six millions more a year are needed now than were paid before the war, of which sum fifteen millions are said to have been already voted, and the question now before the Assembly is how the other ten millions are to be raised. The new taxes voted in August were as follows:—There is an increase of the duties on registration and of stamp duties, to the amount of nearly four millions. These duties would depreciate the saleable value of all property, and would so far be a tax on the small landowners. But the bulk of the new taxes fall on the wealthier classes. 80,000*l.* is to be obtained from horses and carriages, and as much more from an impost on the subscription to clubs and on billiard-tables. A quarter of a million is to be derived from a tax on cards and licences, and over a million from a tax on railway passengers. Taxes on lucifers and paper are each to produce nearly half a million, and the Post Office is to give an additional million. Coffee, tea, cocoa, tobacco, and sugar are to yield four millions and a half, and alcoholic liquors nearly three millions more, while gunpowder and petroleum are to furnish what is necessary to make up the rest of the fifteen millions. The basis of the whole of this new mass of taxes is the extraction of new indirect taxes from the luxuries of all classes, or rather from that which is something beyond the bare necessities of life in all classes. What is novel in these new taxes is chiefly the novelty of getting at the pockets of the comparatively wealthy in hitherto untried ways. But on the whole the poor will bear, under the taxes already voted, quite their fair proportion of the fresh burdens imposed on the country by the late war. These new taxes, however, brought the Government almost to the end of what it considered could be realized by new charges on articles of consumption beyond the bare necessities of life. Accordingly it proposed to open up new sources of revenue in order to procure the ten millions which have yet to be voted. It is true that the taxes on sugar and lucifers are to be augmented, so that the former shall produce 800,000*l.* and the latter 200,000*l.*; and thus one million sterling of these further taxes is a mere augmentation of the charges already voted by the Assembly. But the remaining nine millions are to be derived from new sources, of which there are three principal ones. A tax on raw materials is to give nearly four millions, and a tax on textile fabrics is to give upwards of two millions. An impost on securities other than the funds and the shares of Co-operative Societies is estimated to yield upwards of a million. The mode in which the Assembly, under the guidance of the Government, has dealt with the Ministerial project, is first to discuss and decide against an Income-tax; then the question has been debated whether the tax on securities shall be imposed, and this has been discussed in the past week, with the result that the Government has virtually consented to abandon this part of its project. Finally, the question will be decided whether the taxes on raw materials shall be imposed. The only alternative which the Government allows to be possible is a general augmentation of all direct taxes; and the Assembly is to be made to choose between this, which would be highly unpopular, and a tax on raw materials, which the Assembly regards with great disfavour. This is the corner into which the ingenuity of M. THIERS has driven the Assembly. But this is not all. Matters have been so arranged that the door has been firmly closed against the discussion of the preliminary question whether this money is really wanted. Private members get up and suggest that the large new expenditure on the army is unwise and unnecessary; but the Government does not condescend to take any notice of what they say; and the Assembly is so much under the mastery of M. THIERS that it quietly follows him in discussing how the money for the new expenditure on the army is to be provided, before it is decided whether this extra expenditure is justifiable.

The mode in which the Budget is discussed is so extraordinary that it is difficult to say whether the proposal to tax securities was ever seriously made or defended by the Government. M. THIERS threw it over directly he began to discuss it, but M. POUYER-QUERIER resolutely defended it. There are, however, so many objections to every possible tax that no proposal has a chance of being accepted unless it is sustained with the whole force of the Government, and is maintained on tolerably satisfactory grounds. But not only did M. THIERS show his dislike of the tax on securities, but the grounds on which M. POUYER-QUERIER defended it were of

the weakest possible description. The speakers who had objected to the proposal before the FINANCE MINISTER spoke had divided their opposition into two heads. In the first place, they said that the great object of France at the present crisis was to attract foreign capital into the country, and that the readiest mode of doing so was to keep up the marketable value of French marketable securities. If shares and obligations were specially taxed, they would of course fall in value, and the present holders would lose the difference, thus undergoing a diminution of their capital, instead of merely paying an Income-tax. There can be no doubt that this would be the case, unless foreigners residing abroad were exempted from the tax; but although this would keep up in a great measure the value of the securities, it would to an equal extent diminish the receipts from the tax. M. POUYER-QUERTIER did not deny that the tax would have the effect of lowering the value of French securities in the European market, but the general tenor of his remarks on the second head of the arguments of his opponents made anything he said as to the first head of no importance. His critics objected that there was no difference between one portion of personal wealth and another, and that the holders of securities, such as those of railway obligations and shares, ought not to be subjected to a special Income-tax from which merchants and manufacturers were free. M. POUYER-QUERTIER replied, that the general Income-tax had been rejected because of its inquisitorial and arbitrary nature, and that, although it would be very inquisitorial and arbitrary to tax the profits of merchants and shares, as the Government could get at the exact amount to be paid without asking a question of any one. A more dangerous doctrine could not have been broached by a Finance Minister. It simply comes to this, that a Government in difficulties is to lay its hands on the form of property that is most easily plundered. But M. POUYER-QUERTIER had not only to draw a distinction between merchants and the holders of securities, but between the holders of Rentes and the holders of other securities, as the Government proposed that the new tax should not extend to Rentes. The real reason of this proposed exemption was, of course, that a new loan to an immense amount will soon be necessary, and the tiny hoarders of capital in France would never dream of investing in the new loan if they thought that the interest they were promised might be diminished by special taxation. M. POUYER-QUERTIER had, however, to find some basis for the distinction which he was endeavouring to create. Railway shares and obligations really represented, he said, the fruits of gigantic monopolies created by the State for the benefit of private persons. Were such persons, enjoying in ease the benefits of the State's favour, to be compared with good merchants and traders labouring to make their country rich? or, as he might have logically added, with patriotic citizens subscribing to loans in order to get the foreigner out of the country? This was a most astonishing kind of talk for a responsible Minister to use. The State wanted its railways made, fixed the terms, found subscribers, and got the main railways it wanted. M. POUYER-QUERTIER proposes that the State should now turn round on these subscribers as on a description of public enemies, and make them bleed. They were once public benefactors subscribing for the railways which the country wanted; but the country has had their money and does not need any more from them, and therefore it can afford to mulct them, while it must humour the fundholder, as it has new loans to ask for. It is superfluous to consider how far a fair tax on railway securities would lower their value, when we find a Finance Minister treating these securities as tainted in their origin and nature, and as proper objects for a special burden of taxation of an indefinite amount by way of penalty. If these are the views they entertain, French Ministers may entirely spare themselves the trouble of considering how far French railway shares and obligations are likely to be purchased in the European market at anything like their present price.

By securing the rejection of the Income-tax and of the tax on personal securities, M. THIERS has imposed on the Assembly the choice between his scheme of laying heavy duties on raw materials and the imposition of the necessary number of additional centimes on the direct taxes. It is a curious illustration of the present state of France, that while all agree that he is intending to make a catpaw of the Assembly, one set of gossips is sure that he means to get the duties imposed on raw materials, and another set is equally sure that he means to make the Assembly incur the odium of augmenting the direct taxes. That the odium of such an augmentation will be very great, and very dangerous to the

party at whose door it is popularly laid, is incontestable. When he was describing the general system of taxation in his speech on the Income-tax, M. THIERS, in order to show that the French poor are very lightly taxed, was pleased to consider all the owners of property as belonging to the easy classes. Nothing could have been more inaccurate so far as the description applied to the landowners. Out of seven millions and a-half of French landed proprietors, five millions hold on an average six acres each. These landowners are mostly very poor men, struggling hard to keep their heads above water, and they are already very heavily taxed. They pay the direct duties to the State and to the local bodies, they have to bear exceedingly heavy charges on every transmutation of property, and they pay, when a cottage is part of their wealth, the door and window tax. They already groan under this taxation, and their sole idea of politics has long been to find some ruler who will relieve them from a portion of their existing burden. "I was told," says M. RENAN in his recent work on France, "by one of the most capable administrators of the Empire, *à propos* of the elections of 1869, that the 'part of French institutions which appeared to him in the 'greatest danger was that of the direct taxation on land, 'every peasant wishing to make candidates enter into engagements to support changes which would involve France 'in financial ruin.'" PREVOST-PARADOL, after a candidature in the Loire-Inférieure, described to M. RENAN as his main impression that the peasantry would soon bring the State machinery to a standstill, and M. RENAN learnt the same lesson from his experiences in Seine-et-Marne. What will these peasants say if they hear that the new Government has actually increased the very taxes which they are burning and hoping to see diminished? Theoretically, the best way of filling up the deficit in the Budget is no doubt to get a little more from each person who already pays; and, as M. THIERS says that the system of taxation is perfect in France, the fairest thing would naturally seem to be to increase what each person pays under this perfect system. But to make the peasants pay more direct taxes would be politically very dangerous. If it is to be done, M. THIERS wishes the peasants to understand that he was their friend, but that a tyrannous Assembly would insist on adding to their burdens; so that they ought to hate the Assembly and not him. He, in fact, stands to win either way. The duties on raw materials will be accepted by the Assembly, and then he will have a Protectionist system to his heart's content; or they will be rejected by the Assembly, and then the wrath of the peasants may be expected to fall on the Assembly, and not on the good PRESIDENT of the Republic.

#### LORD HOUGHTON ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

A DEFENCE of the House of Lords by Lord HOUGHTON in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review* shows that the conductor of that periodical still maintains the liberal practice of allowing all parties to be heard. The wide range of political controversy in the present day is illustrated by the publication, in the same number which contains Lord HOUGHTON's apology for the House of Lords, of an unqualified eulogy on CHAUMETTE, one of the most brutal and ferocious ringleaders of the Paris mob during the first Revolution. One of ROBESPIERRE's few good deeds was the execution of the leaders of the Commune, including CHAUMETTE, who introduced the worship of the Goddess of Reason, and perhaps devised her costume. A few years ago the vindication by LAMARTINE and LOUIS BLANC of the character of ROBESPIERRE was thought a sufficiently immoral paradox. M. REGNARD, the admirer of CHAUMETTE, now denounces ROBESPIERRE as a middle-class reactionist who was base enough to believe in a God according to the gospel of ROUSSEAU. From the question whether CHAUMETTE or ROBESPIERRE deserves the lower place in the revolutionary *Malebolge*, the transition to an inquiry into the merits of the House of Lords is as wide as if three or four thousand years had intervened between the publication of the two contemporaneous articles in the *Fortnightly Review*. It may at once be admitted that in a Socialist Republic an hereditary Chamber would be an inadmissible anomaly; and indeed, as Lord HOUGHTON observes, Professor FAWCETT, who is neither a Socialist nor an impatient Republican, is naturally surprised to find himself discussing the expediency of preserving the House of Lords. CHAUMETTE, and probably ROBESPIERRE, would have effected a sweeping reform by cutting off the heads of the peers, and proscribing their descendants; but in England the controversy has not yet advanced to the stage of decapitation. It is pos-



sible that Mr. Dixon's Birmingham failure may have arisen from incidental causes, nor is there any reason why he should not yet organise an agitation as formidable as Mr. MIALI's attack on the Church. Both factions rely on the aid of the professed revolutionists, who, until they are in a position to sweep away Mr. DIXON, Mr. MIALI, and the class to which they belong, will readily and consistently do their utmost to overthrow all the outworks and securities of property and of order.

Lord HOUGHTON naturally and properly assumes in his argument that the existing system of society is to be maintained. The House of Lords could scarcely have taken a part in the shameless worship of Mrs. MONRO in her character of Goddess of Reason, although M. REGNARD "can find nothing to condemn in the ceremony except its preposterous simplicity." As might be expected, the genial and experienced advocate of hereditary legislation is not extreme or fanatical. He gives reasons for believing that public feeling is not unfavourable to transmitted privilege; and he endeavours to show how the energies of the House of Lords might be more usefully employed. His remarks on the vitality of titular distinctions are acute and deserving of attention. In France and some other Continental countries where privilege has long since been abolished, titles are still used and respected; and it may be added that a few years ago a law was passed by the French Legislature imposing penalties on the unauthorised use of honorary designations. The nobility of France eighty years after the Revolution still form a caste, and the old grandees of Spain, possessing no kind of political power, refuse to admit to social equality the dukes and counts who have been promoted by recent Governments. On the other hand, the use of titles of nobility has been effectually suppressed in the United States; and the designations which indicate civil or military rank have there no tendency to become hereditary. In England, unless a subversive revolution were accomplished, it is probable that the use of titles would survive the privileges which some of them at present imply. The preference which, as Lord HOUGHTON remarks, is habitually given to peers and to other men of rank, might have been even more strongly stated. If the members of the House of Lords receive their peerages by descent, they hold innumerable offices by virtue of popular election; and in many instances their constituents have the strongest interest in securing the fittest incumbent of the place which they voluntarily bestow on a nobleman. As Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, of various kinds of Boards, of commercial and of charitable institutions, peers possess, and for the most part justify, the confidence of some of the most intelligent sections of the community. The idlers, the gamblers, the libertines, who are necessarily to be found among four or five hundred persons selected by the accident of birth, bear but an insignificant proportion to the entire body. Lord HOUGHTON's inference from the practical popularity enjoyed by men of rank is more questionable than his statement of facts. "This must mean," he says, "that there is a conviction—and who in the present state of physiological investigation will treat the theory with contempt?—that there is a transmission of hereditary qualities which excites admiration and respect." It is perhaps premature to assume that physiological science has advanced far enough to distinguish between the qualities respectively transmitted to their offspring by peers and by commoners. The heir of the Marquis of STREYN, or of the Marquis of MONMOUTH, if he had been a man of business, would have been preferred to all the honorary offices which are customarily conferred on the great men of the neighbourhood; but the selection would scarcely have implied universal admiration and respect for the epicurean heroes of Mr. THACKERAY and Mr. DISRAELI. The preference given to a great peer over a less fortunate competitor indicates, not so much respect or admiration for the virtues of his ancestors, as a rational appreciation of the securities which his position provides for the due discharge of certain functions. In the absence of proof to the contrary, it may be taken for granted that a peer is not an adventurer, and that he is a gentleman. There are no TWEEDS, or FISKS, or SWENZYS in the House of Lords, although there may be an ordinary proportion of simpletons who are soon found out by those who have any interest in judging of their capacity. According to the hackneyed passage in BURNS, the man may be the gold, and the rank but the guinea stamp or mark of coinage; but in practice it is more convenient to judge whether coins have the proper stamp and superscription than to assay unstamped ingots. Twenty peers taken at random would certainly be equal in knowledge and natural ability to as many educated gentlemen

without titles. It is useless for them to claim a higher degree of superiority, except that several of them have received an exceptional training as statesmen. Commonplace agitators at Birmingham and elsewhere tauntingly ask whether hereditary legislators are not as anomalous as hereditary tradesmen or hereditary professional advisers. It is not the custom of the shallower herd of political declaimers to look round them before they speak, or to profit by every-day experience. It is notorious that bankers and brewers, solicitors and doctors, tailors and shoemakers, are in innumerable cases hereditary, and that customers and clients prefer the natural successor, or even the purchaser of the good-will of a business, to an equally meritorious stranger. Their choice is determined, not by admiration or respect founded on the present state of physiological science, but by habit confirming a well-founded belief that it is convenient to have some guarantee of respectability, and that it is much less easy to test exceptional ability. The House of Lords would not be more competent to discharge its duties if it were appointed by any conceivable process of election. It contains a great majority of men of independent means, of liberal education, and of average natural powers; and its leaders are always among the principal statesmen of the time. Its chief claim to popular respect is founded on wealth and rank, and both attributes to some extent impose on the general imagination. An orator may be, and a demagogue is, a charlatan, and a reformer is sometimes an impostor; but there is no doubt that the peers are men of rank, and that many of them are rich.

Lord HOUGHTON, in common with other members of the House of Lords, frets under the compulsory idleness to which the House is exposed during the greater part of every Session. It is a cause of regret that so much capacity for business should be wasted and impaired by the want of sufficient material for activity; but there are always causes of existing effects, and in this case the result follows from intelligible reasons. From the time of the Reform Bill to the present day, the House of Lords has never, except during the four years of Sir ROBERT PELL's Administration, been in harmony with the House of Commons. A majority has always been opposed to Liberal Governments, and Lord DERRY and Mr. DISRAELI, who were supported by the House of Lords, were in a minority in the House of Commons. While all serious legislation practically devolves more and more entirely on the Executive Government, it is not to be expected that great measures should be introduced by Ministers in a hostile assembly. When the experiment has been tried, the labours of the peers have been wasted, because they have always modified the Ministerial measures so as to make them unacceptable to the House of Commons. It is true that in dealing with certain social and economic questions the peers may be more independent than the members of the House of Commons; but it must not be forgotten that the external pressure is equally applicable when a Bill has come down from the Upper House. The whole question deserves full consideration, and Lord HOUGHTON's contribution to the controversy is reasonable and useful.

#### THE PARIS ELECTION.

THE return of M. VAUTRAIN for Paris by 121,000 votes against 93,000 obtained by M. VICTOR HUGO has been a universal surprise. Frenchmen of all parties and foreigners of all countries have grown so accustomed to regard Paris as a city altogether given up to revolutions, that the election of a moderate Republican has furnished occasion for almost as much speculation as if the new deputy had been the Count of CHAMFORD himself. The most hopeful reading of M. VAUTRAIN's success would be to accept it as an indication of the rise of a new party in Paris. Certainly there is an ample opening for something of the kind. The Radical Republicans are discredited morally by the excesses of the Commune, and intellectually by the extravagances which characterized M. HUGO's canvass. The old Party of Order are discredited by their physical and moral cowardice, by their impartial dislike of the rifle and the ballot-box, and by their inextinguishable conviction that it is somebody else's duty to protect them. If it be true that M. VAUTRAIN's return is due to a combination of seceders from both these factions, that his supporters are politicians whose love of liberty does not lead them to stomach anarchy, whose love of order does not breed forgetfulness that there are times when every man's hand may have to guard his own head, there is more hope for the permanent tranquillity of Paris than there has been for a long time. A body of opinion strong enough to command 121,000 votes would have an

immense advantage in the midst of so many discordant elements, and the fact of its having once asserted itself successfully would bring over a large body of recruits to its flag. If the election could be repeated to-morrow, M. VAUTRAIN might be returned by a much larger majority. Indeed the future of a new Party of Order would to some extent be endangered by the very number of the accessions to it. The ruin of its predecessor has been the dead weight of cowardice and irresolution included in it. There is such a thing as brute weakness as well as brute force, and brute weakness has been precisely the characteristic of the Paris Conservatives. Their numerical preponderance has been a simple disadvantage to them, something to be deducted from their effective strength, instead of something to be added to it. An army is paralysed by the presence of too many camp followers, and the mass of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris have been little better than the camp followers of order. If M. VAUTRAIN's victory is to be the earnest of others like it, the most prudent policy for his supporters will be to maintain themselves as a distinct organization under whatever name they may think best designates them. As such they may continue to hold the balance between Conservative violence and revolutionary violence, until by degrees they have won the best of their opponents to their side, and made peace and good government equally secure whatever may be the political party actually in power. Paris, like France itself, has work cut out for it which must be done alike under a Monarchy or under a Republic; and the good sense of its citizens, as of Frenchmen generally, would be best shown by this work being taken up alike by Monarchists and Republicans, leaving the question of the ultimate form of government to remain in necessary abeyance. Hereafter M. VAUTRAIN's supporters may be found in opposite camps, but they will have discharged the duty laid upon them if they ensure that the constitutional controversy shall be determined by the consideration of what will most promote the peace of the country. There are many persons who would profess, and perhaps feel, a desire that the controversy should be settled by peaceful methods. M. Hugo himself has declared that henceforward votes must do everything and muskets nothing. The mark of genuine patriotism in France is readiness in a Monarchist to accept a Republic, and in a Republican to accept a Monarchy, according as a Monarchy or a Republic can conciliate that measure of popular adherence which is needed to give permanence to any form of government. No Government can hope to be more than a passing accident so long as its title to power is the fact that there are eighteen millions of Frenchmen in its favour and only seventeen millions against it.

Within certain limits, of course, it is the duty of every man to promote, so far as he has the power, the spread of the opinions he thinks soundest; but at present there is a more immediate duty incumbent upon Frenchmen. They have to ascertain what opinions are really held by the intelligent majority among the French people, which solution of the constitutional problem out of those which conform to the essential conditions of free government is best calculated to gain the acceptance of a united nation. Where the facts are so hard to discover and appreciate, honest men may easily arrive at different conclusions upon this point; but much would be gained if it were generally recognized that it is the one point upon which they are bound to form a conclusion. The fanatical Monarchists, the Radical Republicans, and the Bonapartists equally sin against this law. The two former avow that the form of government they are endeavouring to set up ought in their opinion to be set up irrespectively of consequences. The adherent of the Count of CHAMBORD maintains submission to the descendant of St. Louis to be the bounden duty of every French subject; the Radical holds that the right of the Republic is superior to the will of the people upon whom it is to be imposed; or rather that a man who is not a Republican is not one of the really sovereign people, but merely a slave, who has no rights except such as he enjoys by the complaisance or the contempt of his master. The Bonapartist has no theoretical aspirations of this sort. He is either the adventurer who has staked his fortune upon the eventual triumph of NAPOLEON III. or NAPOLEON IV., or the tradesman who, amidst the ruinous confusion of the last eighteen months looks back with excusable but uninstructed fondness to the time when he was by the fleebots. But in practice all these factions seem to agree upon a common line of conduct. The majority among them vote for no candidate who does not exactly represent their own shade of politics. The bolder minority vote for whatever candidate they think most likely to embarrass

the Administration which, notwithstanding its many and glaring blunders, represents most nearly that rational patriotism which alone can give repose to France. This latter statement must be qualified probably as regards the Radical Republicans. There have been instances, it seems, in this very Paris election, of Legitimists and Bonapartists voting for M. VICTOR HUGO, but we do not know that there have been instances anywhere of Radicals voting for an avowed Legitimist or Imperialist.

It is possible, however, that this whole notion of the rise of a new party in Paris may prove to be baseless. M. VAUTRAIN, it must be remembered, has been returned under circumstances which are not likely ever to recur. It had been understood that in the event of his election the whole influence of the Government would be used to induce the Assembly to return to Paris, while, should M. HUGO be chosen, M. THIERS would have no choice but to leave the Assembly to take its own course. The belief in the power of a Government to do what it likes is still strong among the Paris *bourgeoisie*, and it is quite possible that a large proportion of the 121,000 electors who voted for M. VAUTRAIN did so with the simple intention of voting for the return of the Assembly. If so, they voted under the pressure of a very strong material inducement. To have the Assembly back again means a revival of those forms of industry which have been especially injured by the war, some amount of Court splendour, and a brisk trade in all the articles of luxury which are everywhere identified with Paris. The powers that be are rarely in a position to offer a bribe of this magnitude, and it is possible, to say the least, that when the consideration money for M. VAUTRAIN's return has been paid and Paris is once more the seat of Government, the instinct of abstention will reassert itself, and the Paris shopkeeper will take as little trouble as heretofore to keep the advantages he has gained. If the Assembly consents to return to Paris on the score of M. VAUTRAIN having beaten M. VICTOR HUGO, it will show that it was only seeking for a colourable excuse for reversing its former decision. The 93,000 Radicals who compose the minority are not less dangerous because the majority has for once, and under the protection of a state of siege, plucked up courage to go to the polling-booth.

#### MR. SCOTT RUSSELL AGAIN.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S pretensions as an economist and politician may be questioned; but in one department he has proved himself a master. No recent projector has so successfully practised the art of pulling. The crude and yet stale Socialism of his scheme for the regeneration of England would, if it had been simply published in a pamphlet or a newspaper, only have suggested the question, "Who is 'Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL?'" The question has now been answered by anticipation, because the author of the so-called Social Movement has induced half a dozen well-known politicians to recognize to a limited extent his claim to conduct a negotiation between different classes. It may be safely assumed that the persons who are pompously described as a Council of Legislation supposed that their correspondent spoke with some kind of authority; yet their suspicion might well have been excited by the assumed title of a "fellow-workman." Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL, who pursues the respectable occupation of a contractor, is a workman in the sense in which all persons who are not absolutely idle are also workmen. A doctor, a lawyer, a shopkeeper, even an active member of Parliament, works; and a day labourer contracts for his wages with his master, and for the necessities of life with his tradesmen; but a contractor is a workman only in the same sense in which a workman is a contractor. It is convenient to describe men according to their characteristic employments, and not with reference to accidents which are common to themselves and to the rest of the world. Having provided himself on one side with the support of a few working men, who were naturally willing to take anything which they could get in the way of concession, and having gained a hearing from some Conservative noblemen and gentlemen, Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL propounded the Seven Resolutions which have attracted at least as much attention as they deserved. As soon as the document was published, every member of the imaginary Council of Legislation peremptorily repudiated the extravagant doctrines which they were supposed in some sense to have sanctioned. It would have been easy for Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL to correct any misapprehension which might have arisen; but he announced that he was detained by business at Vienna, and that he must postpone explanation till his return to England. It is not known whether any private communications have

since passed between Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL and his former correspondents; and it is of course possible that they may all have retracted their disavowal of his projects. Unless he has received from them some fresh authority, it is not easy to understand his recent address, which contains no reference to their published denial of the charge of tampering with revolutionary Socialism. He announces the intention of soon laying "before the Council of Legislation the communications" which they are awaiting of measures calculated to remove "the disadvantages which affect the condition of the working class." If there is any meaning in words, Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL's correspondents were awaiting no such communications; and they had expressed strong disapproval of the Resolutions which are now formally submitted to their consideration. The commentaries which are now for the first time appended to the Resolutions are far more audacious than the original text. If Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL sincerely believed that a body of Conservative peers and landowners would sanction a project for taking a part of their property on the assumption that they had been guilty of robbery, he must take a singular view of the nature which is common to peers and to the rest of mankind. It is certain that not one of the members of the supposed Council is so ignorant as to accept Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL's statement that the commons which have from time to time been enclosed were the property of the artisans on whom an equivalent is to be bestowed, or of the people of England. Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL has apparently not mastered the rudiments of the subject on which he proposes to legislate; but those whom he addresses know that the commons were only divided by inclosure among those who already possessed the exclusive estate in the land. Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL cannot but have suspected that, among several landed proprietors, some at least must be in possession of lands which were formerly held in common. His own theory, indeed, is that those who profited by inclosures were not merely the lords of manors and the commoners, but the class which he significantly designates as the rich. All revolutionists and all students of revolution are familiar with the label which is habitually attached to the intended victims of spoliation. That Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL believes in the adoption of his doctrines by his Council of Legislation is credible only on the supposition that he is too innocent a recluse to have any right to meddle with worldly transactions.

It is hardly worth while to discuss proposals which could only be realized at the cost of a subversive and probably bloody revolution; or it might be more accurately asserted that a large part of the scheme would in any circumstances be impracticable. As an illustration of Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL's ignorance or carelessness, his estimate of the average agricultural value of land at 50s. an acre may be worth noting, though it has no bearing on his arguments. In the first instance, he proposes to raise for the purchase of land 150,000,000l., to be secured by rentals of cottages and gardens, and another sum of indefinite magnitude to be levied by a property tax on "the rich." On the land which is to be so purchased skilled artisans are to be settled with the legal privilege of working only for eight hours a day. There is not the slightest reason why the favoured class, or the unskilled majority of workmen, should not on the same principle relieve "the rich" of the remainder of their superfluities; but revolutionary projectors are always minutely specific in defining the limits of plunder. Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL's Preamble, as he calls it, or detailed exposition of his scheme, is framed in the imperative terms of an Act of Parliament; and perhaps he may be regarded by DILKE, BRADLAUGH, and ODGER as a competitor for the office of Dictator in the future Republic. In one respect his aims are more ambitious than those of any of his rivals, for he intends to abolish in respect to food, and probably as to other commodities, not only the class of tradesmen, but the distinction between wholesale and retail prices. The State is to take care that food is conveyed direct from the producer to the market, and that it is there divided, without superfluous charge, according to the wants of the consumers. It is to be part of the duty of the mayor of every village and town "to see that a market is established on the common land as one of his public buildings, and to see that market provided first hand and wholesale with the best food at the cheapest price, and to ensure full weight and honest delivery." It will of course also be his duty to take care that the three-hooped pot has ten hoops, and generally to effect in the ordinary course of administration the other reforms in which Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL was long since anticipated by JACK CAPP. A final appeal to "my lords, gentlemen, and fellow-workmen" to take all these measures proposed into consideration is perhaps intended to be ironical. The follow-

workmen who are to buy by retail at wholesale prices for the supply of households established at the expense of "the rich" would probably not object to the adoption of Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL's scheme, although most of them have sufficient sagacity to distrust his ability to effect his professed objects. His reason for keeping up the solemn farce of a Council of Legislators who are to discuss and pass Socialist laws is probably the same which induces dealers in patent medicines to advertise the infirmities and the miraculous cure of some unfortunate nobleman. The puff in the first instance succeeded beyond expectation; but it is now reinserted with diminished effect. The plan is itself neither new nor ingenious; and it would have been better adapted to English tastes if the greater part of it had not been plagiarized from French books and pamphlets. The mayor who is to superintend the distribution of food at wholesale prices is not an insular functionary. It will be long before even skilled artisans will be disposed to allow public officers to manage for them all their own private business. The purchase of land at the expense of "the rich" for the benefit of skilled workmen is but an awkward substitution for the more sweeping measures of the International Society, the Land and Labour League, and the other revolutionary Clubs. It is highly probable that Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL has calculated on the unwillingness of the members of his Council of Legislation to contradict once more the implied assertion that they are in any way connected with his project. On the whole, they will perhaps show sound judgment by maintaining silence. The intellectual food which Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL provides ought, according to his own system, to be conveyed direct from the producer to any consumer who can be found; and the mediating peers who are to find customers and manage the distribution of nonsense to the populace ought, like private butchers, to be superseded by the State.

#### LORD DERBY AT LIVERPOOL.

THERE is no reason to doubt the sincerity with which Lord DERBY has repudiated the idea of aspiring to the formal leadership of the Conservative party; but if he had any intention of reconsidering his refusal to occupy that position, he could not have produced a more judicious and persuasive manifesto than was embodied in his speech to the Conservative Working-Men's Association at Liverpool. Although nominally addressed to working-men, it was evidently intended for the serious consideration of the two sections into which the Conservative party happens to be divided, as well as of an important and highly influential section of those who still profess allegiance to Mr. GLADSTONE. There are, it is known, Conservatives who are eager for the ostentation and patronage of official authority, who believe that if their party had the distribution of places, the control of the finances, and the privilege of drafting Ministerial measures, even under the peremptory and contemptuous dictation of their most violent opponents, it would be a gain to the body of opinion which they represent, and at least a personal gratification to those who have espoused their cause. There are others who hold that the object of a great party should be, not the mere official advancement of its leaders and members, but the practical ascendancy of the principles with which it is identified, and that the promotion of Conservative policy is more important than the promotion of Conservative politicians. To them it is a comparatively small matter on which hand of the Speaker their representatives may happen to sit, as long as they are assured that revolutionary changes are vigorously resisted, and that the old lines of the Constitution are respected and maintained. In their view the first aim of the party should be to secure leverage for its opinions, and there is a disposition to believe that this leverage can be more effectually and securely obtained in Opposition than in office. It is to this division of the Conservatives that Lord DERBY has proclaimed his adhesion. He warns those who still hanker after place of the danger and ignominy which, judging from experience, are certain to attend any attempt to form an Administration with a minority in the House of Commons. If a genuine majority can be created, it would of course be a breach of duty to evade the responsibilities of office; but in the meantime the wisest course is to support the moderate Liberals in restraining the subversive ardour of the more advanced sections of the party, and to be content with power rather than place. The Education Act is a very good example of the legislative results which may be expected from a policy of judicious compromise; and most of the questions which demand attention, might, Lord DERBY thinks, be dealt with in a similar manner.

and with no less satisfactory results. The argument which is thus addressed to the Conservatives appeals with equal force to the class of Liberals whose co-operation is desired, and who are justly assumed to have no sympathy with the revolutionary crudities and anarchical violence of the agitators with whom they are accidentally associated.

The advantage of the course which Lord DERBY recommends to his party is that in following it they will be not only turning their present minority to the best account, but taking the most effectual means of converting it into a majority, and strengthening themselves for office should an opportunity of entering upon it be legitimately presented. It is impossible that an active Administration can be established on a policy of pure negation; and it is a conspicuous and welcome feature of Lord DERBY's speech, which distinguishes it from most of the addresses that have been delivered by Conservative orators during the recess, that he has a distinct practical policy to propose on each of the questions upon which he touches. He may be assumed to be expressing his own personal experience when he remarks that new subjects of controversy are taking the place of the old Liberal programme, and that on these new questions public opinion inclines to Conservative rather than to Radical views. It is probable that hereditary influences have determined, in more ways than one, the peculiar position which Lord DERBY has hitherto occupied in politics. He appears to have taken up the principles which his father espoused in early life, and to have found himself unable to resist the logical conclusions to which they carried him. The Reform Act of 1832 justified in advance the demand for an extension of the franchise at a subsequent period, and the disestablishment of the Irish Church was in principle conceded by the emancipation of the Catholics from civil disabilities. The crop of measures which seemed to follow naturally and in logical sequence upon the legislation of former years is now exhausted, and Lord DERBY is less embarrassed in dealing with the new subjects which have been brought forward. It is a safe but irrelevant admission that if we were framing a Constitution for the first time we should not establish an hereditary assembly similar to the House of Lords. The question is not what should be done under an imaginary and impossible set of circumstances, but what should be done with an existing institution in the actual state of society. The chief recommendation of the House of Lords is that it owes its existence, not to a theoretical conception of what might be best in an ideal Constitution, but to the gradual and historical developments of our political system. Lord DERBY does not agree with Lord MALMESBURY's doctrine that a peerage carries an endowment with it in the commercial value which a titled family enjoys in the matrimonial market; and in order to remove what he considers the scandal and danger of pauper peers, he would try the experiment of a limited number of peerages for life, to be created, however, under Parliamentary regulation and not by the Royal prerogative which has now become only another name for the arbitrary will of a majority of the House of Commons. In stating the necessity which in his opinion exists for a more scientifically organized Court of Appeal, Lord DERBY did not explain what relation he desires that it should bear to the House of Lords; but the legal profession may perhaps see reason to be apprehensive of a reformer who is audacious enough to attack the Long Vacation, and to hint that the Lord Chancellor ought not to be a member of the Government.

It may be assumed from Lord DERBY's remarks on the Ballot that, although he believes that the political importance of the measure has been much exaggerated, he is disposed to assent to it, if provision can be made for a scrutiny as a check upon personation. It is difficult to say to what extent frauds of this nature might be practised, but the experience of France and America would seem to point to the dishonest enumeration of votes as a more serious evil. In establishing a system of secret voting, it is necessary to remember the peculiar temptations which it will create, and that there is no security for the returning officers, upon whose integrity so much will depend, being henceforth chosen from the same class as at present. Recent disclosures at New York have shown how simply and effectually a community can be enslaved by the appointment of one or two unscrupulous officials, who at once become masters of the situation. It was not to be supposed that the intolerant fanaticism of the United Kingdom Alliance would find favour with a politician of Lord DERBY's temper. He leans to the plan, which the exceptional experience of Liverpool is certainly not sufficient to condemn, of leaving the liquor trade open, and enforcing very strict regulations as to hours and management. After the reception which Mr. GOSCHEN's Rating Bill met with last

Session, it is scarcely conceivable that it will again be brought forward, even in a disguised form; and Lord DERBY's warning on the subject is perhaps less necessary than his indication of a possible danger into which the Government may fall in attempting a vast scheme of sanitary reform on a national scale, instead of being content merely to provide more effective machinery for enforcing existing laws and more minute and careful supervision of small local details, which may appear to be comparatively insignificant in themselves, but which, like the *infusoria*, are very serious in the aggregate. Lord DERBY's prayer for a commonplace Budget will be widely echoed; but his recommendation that something should be done at this season of prosperity to reduce the Debt should, considering to whom it was addressed, have been qualified by the condition that a reduction should be effected only in the most direct and simple manner, and that care should be taken not to pay off with one hand what must immediately be put on again with the other. The caution against Socialist projects for emptying towns into the country, cutting up the fields into flower-gardens, and making everybody happy by Acts of Parliament, was certainly not uncalled for, and it is to be regretted that the fantastic scheme which Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL borrowed from Continental Communists was not received in the first instance with equally distinct and emphatic repudiation by the politicians to whom it was disclosed. As to Ireland, Lord DERBY agrees with the IRISH SECRETARY, that all that can be done for the present is to be patient and firm, and expresses a hope that the firmness will include a determination not to depend on the priests as a means of governing the country. His tone on foreign affairs is perhaps too much that of a man who hugs himself with the thought of stout shutters and a snug hearth, whatever storms may rage without. Of course, if there is no chance of our doing any good by interfering in a foreign quarrel, there may be consolation in the thought that at least we can keep ourselves out of it; but mere neutrality for its own sake should hardly be the highest aspiration of statesmanship. Perhaps the best way to appreciate such a speech as Lord DERBY's is to read it along with Sir J. PAKINGTON's speech at Rochdale on the succeeding evening. Sir JOHN has nothing to offer us but a *réchauffé* of laments over the legislation of the last three years, and all the old stories about Ministerial mismanagement, without the faintest suggestion of a principle or policy for future guidance. His speech is a dirge for the dead rather than a prescription for the living. If politicians of this class would only reflect that recent legislation, whether for good or evil, has been the work, not of the Ministry alone, but of the Ministry and the country together, they would perhaps see that, unless we are to sit down in despair and bury our heads in ashes, the proper course is to accept conclusions which cannot be altered, and try to make the best of them, not by mere wailing, but by practical proposals.

#### SANITARY REFORM.

THE first move in the sanitary reform of next Session ought not to be a very troublesome undertaking. It will be to create the authorities by whom the law is to be administered. A short Act of Parliament may constitute the Town Council, the Local Board, the Commissioners administering special Acts, the Board of Guardians, or whatever other body the Government may determine on, the local authority for all purposes of public health within the area over which they severally have jurisdiction. As soon as this measure has become law, there will everywhere be some one sanitary authority, and nowhere more than one. All confusion and uncertainty as to who are the proper persons to apply to on sanitary matters will thus be removed. This will of itself effect a considerable improvement. Wherever the inhabitants of a district are really anxious to guard against disease, they will be able to give effect to their anxiety by electing Town Councillors or Guardians, who will put into action the powers conferred on them by the existing law. The seed of sanitary reform will have been universally sown, and it may be trusted even without any further care to grow up in favourable soils. Later on will come the consolidation and amendment of the statutes relating to public health. It is of the utmost importance that the duties of the sanitary authorities should be so set forth as that every person living within the area they administer shall know exactly what it is he is entitled to demand of them. At present no one knows even to whom to apply, but the bringing this knowledge within the reach of everybody would be an



imperfect victory if it were not accompanied by the knowledge under what circumstances to make the application. The statute which consolidates all previous sanitary Acts ought to constitute the entire code on the subject of Public Health. It should be prepared with a view to its being referred to by the public, as well as by officials or experts, and it should be edited under the direction of the Local Government Board with such notes and examples as may put every reader in possession of the services which the sanitary authority is bound to render him. Even if nothing more were done than to designate the authority and to remove all uncertainty as to what the functions of that authority embrace, an immense reform would be secured. Much of the prevailing sanitary neglect is due to the confusion that exists almost universally on these two points.

It is not, however, to be desired that this consolidating process should immediately follow upon the creation of the administrative authorities. Important as it is to get such a code as has been described, there are good reasons why its preparation should not be hurried. In the first place, if the Act is to have the right effect, it must be drawn with unusual care. It would be better to wait a year for a thoroughly satisfactory code than to get one forthwith which might turn out to want amendment the following Session. In the next place, there is a good deal that must form part of any perfect code which is not included in any of the statutes now in force. Either, therefore, amendment must precede consolidation, or consolidation and amendment must be effected by a single process. Where sanitary matters are concerned, the latter alternative is objectionable on two grounds. It wastes time and it provokes opposition. If the Government are able to say that the Consolidating Bill makes no alteration in the law, they may fairly hope to get it passed without much comment. If they have to admit that some of the provisions are new, they may not find it possible to confine the debate to the new matter. The discussion may travel over the whole contents of the Bill, and clauses which in a measure of simple consolidation would have excited no remark may be hotly contested because they occur in a measure which is also one of amendment. It seems the wiser policy, therefore, to invest the sanitary authorities, whether local or central, with such additional powers as may be required before consolidating the law, and then to incorporate these new provisions into the final code. Probably this undertaking may prove less troublesome than it may at first appear. Very extensive powers have already been conferred upon the various bodies which now occupy the ground, and when these bodies are reduced to unity, it may be found that by a little extension of their powers, and a general substitution of "shall" for "may" in the clauses which confer them, all that is really needed will be secured. If those alterations had to be set out in the first instance in connexion with the enactments to which they are designed to give vigour, they might excite more opposition.

To define what new powers are required would be to draft the Sanitary Bill. But, without going to this length, it may be possible to indicate the direction in which it seems desirable to move. It must be borne in mind at starting that the standard of sanitary administration is necessarily a varying one. What are now regarded as the best established conclusions of sanitary science may be discredited in a few years, and precautions supposed to be unimportant to-day may by to-morrow have come to be accepted as essential. It will be a serious hindrance to the ordinary business of legislation if a Sanitary Reform Bill has to be included in the programme of every Session. Unless the public are to be disgusted by the irrepressible vitality of this unsavoury subject, some means must be devised by which the required improvements can be introduced from time to time without the passing of an Act of Parliament. The machinery of the Education Act seems to suggest an expedient. The conditions which schools must fulfil in order to obtain a Parliamentary grant are contained in the minutes of the Education Department; but no new minute can come into force until it has lain for a month on the table of both Houses of Parliament. In like manner the sanitary conditions on which the Local Government Board intend to insist might be embodied in a set of minutes to be added to or varied from time to time. The final adoption of any such addition or alteration would of course be deferred until there had been an opportunity of raising a discussion on them in both Houses of Parliament; but in the great majority of cases the changes, as in the case of the Educational Revised Code, would become law as a matter of course. In this way the omissions or mistakes incident to the subject and to the novelty of the work to be done would be supplied or corrected

with the least possible trouble. The Education Act may furnish some other hints as to the relations between the central and local authorities. The mode of dealing with a sluggish or refractory School Board might be applied almost as it stands to the case of a sluggish or refractory Town Council or Board of Guardians. The 18th Section of the Education Act provides that, "if at any time the Education Department are satisfied that a School Board have failed to perform their duty," they may send them a peremptory requisition, and if the School Board do not comply with this requisition within the time prescribed in it, "such Board shall be deemed to be a School Board in default." The Education Department may then take their choice between two modes of proceeding. The 66th Section gives them power to dissolve the School Board, and to order another election. The 63rd Section authorises them to nominate a new School Board, the members of which shall hold office until the Department are satisfied that the default has been remedied. The Sanitary Commissioners recommend that, on the default of a Local Health authority, the central authority should have clear power to recover penalties from the defaulter, or itself to execute the works ordered, and to charge the outlay on the rates of the defaulting district. Stringent clauses to this effect should certainly be included in the new sanitary statute, so far as they are not already conferred by previous Acts. But the milder methods of a new election in large districts, or of nominating a new authority in districts where a new election might fail to change the composition of the local authority, would in most cases be found adequate to the need, while they might give less offence than the performance of the duty by the agents of the Local Government Board.

It may also be a matter for consideration whether the machinery of Parliamentary grants might not be called in to lighten, as regards the most deserving cases, the money pressure of sanitary improvements. The knowledge that if a school is not maintained in a proper state of efficiency the whole instead of a portion of the expenses will fall on the rates, will probably exert a wholesome influence on many economically minded School Boards. If the same principle could be applied to the sanitary expenditure of the Local Health authorities, they might often find it cheaper to do the work thoroughly, with the prospect of having the outlay defrayed in part out of the Consolidated Fund, than to do it imperfectly, with the prospect of having their application rejected. It would be the business, of course, of the Local Government Board to see that no unnecessary expense was incurred from this motive; but, as between two outlays equally sanctioned by the central authority, there seems no reason why the larger, if it were also the more beneficial, should not obtain a proportionate amount of aid.

#### THE TRADE-UNIONISTS' CONGRESS.

THE National Congress of Trade Unions has met this week at Nottingham, and there has been much discussion of an Act of the last Session of Parliament intended to check practices which had become intolerable. The processes of rattening have been described in the Report of a Commission, and they have furnished Mr. CHARLES READE with material for a novel which was afterwards turned into a play. Few persons will believe, after all that has been written on this subject, that no special legislation was required. But we find that the Congress objected not only to particular provisions of the Act, but to the Act itself. There has been a conviction under the Act before the magistrates at Bolton, and an appeal to Quarter Sessions, which, according to a speaker at the Congress, "involved an expense of 200l." We should think it must be rather a nice thing for a lawyer to be employed by the Society which took up this appeal in such an exceedingly handsome manner. The appeal was from Petty Sessions to Quarter Sessions—held at the same place, Bolton—and there was no dispute as to the facts; so it is difficult to understand how it could be possible to expend any sum like 200l. upon the case. Complaint was made that if a man had no funds he could not appeal, and must suffer the punishment awarded. This complaint, however, might be brought against other provisions of this law, or against any criminal law. Unfortunately it does, and always will, make a difference whether an accused person can pay lawyers to defend him. There has been, however, if we may trust to ordinary channels of information, a large number of cases in which there could not be any doubt as to the commission of acts which are offences under the new law; and, in truth, the persons committing the acts avowed and gloried in them. Without entering at this moment into discussion of the Bolton case, we



may venture to say that magistrates would do well not to convict in any except clear cases. As we do not expect Parliament, with or without the assistance of this Congress, to define the word "coerce," it must be left to magistrates to say whether acts proved before them amount to coercion, and if they feel doubtful on this point they must abstain from conviction. We think, however, that, subject to an appeal as provided by the Act, magistrates may be safely trusted with the jurisdiction which the Act confers on them. To call this Act "class legislation" appears to us to be unmeaning vituperation. It was primarily intended to protect some members of a class against other members of it, and unless we are entirely mistaken that protection was strongly needed. The clause against which complaint was particularly directed at the Congress was that which makes it criminal to "watch or beset" the house or place where a person resides, or works, or carries on his business. According to Mr. MUNDELLA, who, together with Mr. AUBERON HERBERT, "looked in" at the Congress, this clause in its present shape was introduced in the House of Lords, and he and other members of the House of Commons were outvoted in opposing it when it came before them in the small hours of the morning. We are not concerned to maintain that the words of the clause are the best that could be chosen to express the meaning of its authors, and we certainly think that the House of Commons between 1 and 2 A.M. is the worst possible place for discussing a verbal question of criminal law. It will be open to Mr. MUNDELLA to propose any amendment of this clause in the ensuing Session, and there are very few chapters in the Statute-book of which the language could not be improved. But we may at least say that Parliament knew what it meant when it passed this Act, and we doubt whether the speakers at this Congress will induce Parliament to depart from its intention of protecting working-men against each other. We think it very unlikely that any person convicted under the Act will be unable to find the means of prosecuting an appeal; and, indeed, in the Bolton case, complaint is made that, whereas the defendant appeared to support his appeal at an expense of 200l., the magistrates who had convicted him did not appear by counsel to support their decision, and he had a very narrow escape of seeing his conviction quashed without argument, which would have been regarded by himself and his friends as the crowning grievance. It certainly is hard, after spending 200l. in law, not to have what is vulgarly called a run for your money. However, in the nick of time the prosecutor turned up, and the case was argued, and judgment has been given on it.

It is remarkable that, while this Congress demanded the repeal of the Act against coercion, it was equally urgent for the passing of an Act for the regulation of mines. As Mr. MACDONALD rather too eloquently says, the periodical slaughters which occur in mines "shake the heart of humanity to its centre," and it appears probable that the Government will hardly be able by any mismanagement to avoid accomplishing legislation upon this subject in the ensuing Session. We should have thought, however, that Mr. READE, or somebody else who writes as powerfully as Mr. MACDONALD speaks, might have called the system of rattening at Sheffield a "Juggernaut of destruction" quite as reasonably as Mr. MACDONALD applies that term to the neglect to inspect mines. There is, indeed, this difference, that an Act against rattening would operate in restraint of workmen, whereas an Act compelling more frequent inspection of mines would be inconvenient to masters. We do not find that any speaker at the Congress denied Mr. MUNDELLA's statement that rattening at Sheffield had done more injury to the working-men of England than all that their opponents could have done. The delegates do not like the Act, and that is all they have to say. They admit that the Trade Unions' Act, passed at the same time, is a valuable measure, although in some points capable of amendment; but they refuse to register their Societies under this Act until the Criminal Act of the same date is repealed. There was indeed a difference of opinion in the Congress upon this question, and Mr. ODEAN sensibly proposed that, as this was the case, they should not talk any more about it. The members of Parliament who "looked in" at the Congress could not, of course, go far in the utterance of unpalatable truth; but it might be well if any person to whom these Unionists would listen with respect would tell them plainly that it will be time enough to propose the repeal of the Criminal Act when they are able to show Parliament that it is unnecessary. A learned gentleman who read a paper at the Congress objected to this Act, on the ground that cases of actual violence which had been punished under it might have been punished more severely under the general law.

After this we cannot help thinking that there is not much to be said against the Act, except the vague complaint that it is an "implied stigma" on Trade-Unionists. One speaker urged that there should be no conviction under the Act except upon the verdict of a jury; but a case could not well come before a jury unless sent to them by a magistrate; so that a magistrate must, under any circumstances, give a decision upon the case. We think that the law is necessary, and that magistrates may be trusted, subject to appeal, to convict under it, but we would repeat our advice to them only to convict in perfectly clear cases. When the law can be shown to be unnecessary, all political parties will gladly concur in its repeal. But revolutions only a few years old have fixed in our mind an impression of the blind submission of the working class to unscrupulous leaders, which cannot be immediately dissipated even by the fact that Mr. AUBERON HERBERT condescends to address their Congress.

A case occurred at the Hammersmith Police Court on Thursday which opportunely illustrates the working of the Criminal Act. A man named JOHN TURK was summoned by Mr. HENRY GWYNNE, engineer, "for molesting him by watching his premises to coerce him." The men at Messrs. GWYNNE's works had demanded the nine hours' rule, but their employers declined for the present to accept it. Hereupon the men gave notice to leave, and left. On Monday last JOHN TURK distributed in front of Messrs. GWYNNE's works handbills appealing to the men employed there not to enter into any engagement except under the nine hours' rule, and adding, "by so refusing you will forward our cause, as well as your own as working-men." It was proved that TURK used a threat to a man named PIKE, but the summons was for watching Mr. GWYNNE "with a view to coerce him." The magistrate held that the words "by so refusing you will forward our cause" showed intention to coerce Mr. GWYNNE. He, in effect, found that TURK "beset" the premises of Messrs. GWYNNE to compel them to alter the mode of carrying on their business, and this is an offence under the Act. The defendant was convicted, but there will probably be an appeal, and a liberal subscription for the costs of it. Judgment was also given on Thursday on the appeal in the Bolton case, and the learned Recorder of Bolton held that the conviction could not be supported. In that case a man named COOPER owed a fine to a Society, and the defendant WEARDEN, who worked at the same place as COOPER, represented to the employers that a man was on the job who was objectionable because he would not pay his fine. To put the matter shortly, WEARDEN applied for COOPER's discharge as a means of compelling him to pay his fine; but he did not "watch or beset" the place where COOPER worked, with a view to coerce him to pay the fine. Being employed at the same place, he spoke to the employer about COOPER, but he cannot be said to have "watched or beset" a place where he was doing his regular work. When the facts are clearly stated, it becomes manifest that the magistrates were wrong in convicting, and it is to be regretted, although it is inevitable, that magistrates should sometimes make mistakes. It would have been easy for the Home Office to supply a clear exposition of the Act which would have prevented this mistake; but that is too simple and obvious a step to be adopted in our legal practice.

#### THE ALMANACH DE GOTHÄ.

IN these revolutionary days it is pleasant to find that there is no falling off in the pious loyalty of the *Almanach de Gotha*, which still holds fast to its old faith in kings and princes, although it has been compelled, after a severe struggle, to accommodate its theory of divine right to the exigency of events, and to admit that the people of a country may deserve some notice as well as the sovereign and his Court. It now boasts of an existence of more than a century, and during that period has been the witness and historian of a succession of startling changes in the condition of Europe. It has seen three monarchies, two Empires, and three Republics succeed each other in France. It has seen Prussia overthrow France, and France overthrow Prussia; the collapse of the Holy Roman Empire, and the establishment of a new German Empire; the ejection of the Bourbons from Spain, as well as from their other principalities, and the deposition of the Pope as a temporal sovereign. In its early days it had a bitter contest with the first Napoleon, whom it endeavoured to ignore as a usurper, and who in turn revenged himself upon it for its fidelity to the Bourbons. "The last *Almanach de Gotha*," the Emperor wrote in 1807, "is irregularly done. In the first place, it contains the name of Count de Lille (Louis XVIII.), and then it mentions all the princes of the Confederation, as if no changes had taken place in Germany; likewise the names of the family of France appear in improper terms. Send for the Minister of Gotha, and make him

understand that in the next almanack all this must be changed." There were some years when the *Almanack* hardly dared to appear at all, and for a time its publication was fitful and irregular. In more recent days it has also had to struggle between its political sympathies and its duty as a chronicler of events. It evaded as long as possible an acknowledgment of the changes which followed the Italian war, and dethroned princes still find friendly and respectful shelter in its pages. The Royal exiles—with whom *Candide* supped at Venice were six in number, but some of them had never actually reigned. A large party of ejected sovereigns might now be got together. The *Almanack* has not forgotten, if the world has, Ferdinand IV. of Tuscany, Francis V. of Modena, Robert of Parma, and Francis II. of the Two Sicilies, who still cling to their titles, although they appear to have abandoned the ceremony of fictitious Courts and nominal Ministers. The Elector of Hesse and the King of Hanover, Queen Isabella of Spain, and the Emperor Napoleon might also be bidden to the dimal feast, together with the Count of Chambord and the Count of Paris, one at least of whom considers himself a monarch in everything save territory and subjects. The Pope, too, might run up from Rome to bless the gathering. Even the *Almanack* has given up the territorial sovereignty of the Pope, who now figures under a personal heading, "Le Pape," while the Cardinals are enumerated under the title of "Saint Siège Apostolique," which oddly enough comes by alphabetical arrangement between St. Domingo and the Sandwich Islands. This, however, is not so grotesque as the toy duchy of Anhalt following immediately after the German Empire in the catalogue of Royal Houses. Until this year the editor, with local reverence, placed the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg first of all sovereigns, but the German Emperor—the *Almanack* says Emperor "of," but we had a notion it was to be "in" Germany—now occupies the post of honour, and Saxe-Cobourg has to take its turn alphabetically with the rest. France has always been a source of great embarrassment to the compiler of the modern Book of Kings. He has never been sure what might not happen from month to month in that volcanic country, where the constitutional architecture is of that light temporary character which is suitable to constructions on a crust of lava. Last year he was driven to the expedient of putting France at the very end of the book, so that additions or corrections could be made down to the latest moment before publication; and this year he has done the same, showing very plainly his opinion of the stability of the existing arrangements. The address of the heads of the "Maison Bonaparte" is at present "England"; and as the cautious remark which was appended last year—*actuellement non régnante*—is not repeated, it may perhaps be inferred that an Imperial restoration has ceased to be considered imminent. The two other pretenders to the throne appear under the head of their respective families.

After the reigning sovereigns and those who assert a right to reign come the princes and counts who have no pretensions to sovereignty—a large and motley swarm. This is perhaps the most characteristic part of the volume. It is possible to take an interest in kings and emperors without being intensely monarchical; they are at least substantial facts, and possess an historical importance which even the most violent Republican would not attempt to dispute. But princes who are princes only in name, the disembodied ghosts of departed principalities, or mere modern nobles dubbed "prince" for the sake of the empty title, without having ever been associated with a principality of any kind—these must be loved and worshipped purely for their own sake. A register of them is valuable, of course, for historical purposes, just as any peerage or parish directory might be; and it is natural that people who live near them and have to do with them in the flesh should be anxious to know all about them. We are not aware that *Burke* or *Debrett* has been translated into French for European circulation, although these works are reputed to enjoy a kind of Biblical authority in certain sections of British society. That even in Gotha it should be imagined that keen international curiosity exists on the subject of the Pücklers and Pappenheims, the Lobkowitzes and Quadt-Wykradts, and all the interminable tribe of Salms and Hohenlohes, is surely amazing. We have no doubt, for example, that Count Ferdinand Wurmbrand-Stuppach, Baron of Steyersberg, Stickleberg, Reitenau and Neubaum, Seigneur of Stuppach, "Grand-Écuyer de Bouche héréditaire" in the Duchy of Styria, Chamberlain, and captain of Austrian cavalry, proprietor of the majorats of Steyersberg, Stickleberg, and Forst, &c. &c., is a great man in his own neighbourhood—almost as great, perhaps, as a Chairman of Quarter Sessions who also represents his county in Parliament; and possibly people at Stuppach and Stickleberg are never tired of reading about him and his brothers and sisters, and aunts and uncles, and all his cousins to the third and fourth degrees. We question, however, whether this kind of reading is likely to be much in request away from Stickleberg. The only consolation is that the number of princes seems to be gradually diminishing. A new one was made this year, and we can fancy that it may have rather strained Count Bismarck's loyalty to consent to be mixed up with the shadowy princelings among whom he is now enrolled; but, on the other hand, the Pückler-Muskau have just flickered out. If we turn back to any early copy of the *Almanack*, before the Holy Roman Empire had collapsed, we shall find that some 300 minor sovereigns, sovereign or quasi-sovereign, were enumerated; but, with the exception of a few reigning princes, these have now been reduced to 468 families, not counting subdivisions.

out sovereignty, of whom 49 enjoy the distinction of being addressed as "Most Serene," or rather "Most Transparent" (*Durchlaucht*), Highness, which was conferred on them by the German Confederation in 1825. In addition, there are 30 "Majestés comtales," the heads of which have a right to the title of "Most Illustrious" (*Erlaucht*). Prince Bismarck, it may be mentioned, is one of the Serenities, and is, we suppose, entitled to wear a red hat if he chooses. Of course the counts and princes are not all German; there are French, Italian, Dutch, and Polish families among the number; a strange collection of old and new, some genuine relics of territorial chiefs, and some descendants of the mushroom growth of princes which sprang up after the dissolution of the Empire, while others are of quite modern manufacture.

When the editor of the *Almanack* had so far mitigated the rigour of his divine right principles as to admit actual sovereigns into his catalogue whatever might have been their origin or the means by which they ascended the throne, there seemed to be no reason why he should not take notice of any form of government which happened to be in existence, whether monarchical or not. Logic and sentiment, however, do not always run together, and we can conceive what a pang it must have cost to find a place, not only for the President of the United States or of a French Republic, but for the chiefs of dusky commonwealths, such as Liberia and St. Domingo. The diminutive Republics of Andorre and San Marino are not overlooked in the enumeration of the different States of Europe. Andorre is under the protection of France and the Bishop of Urgel, to each of whom it pays in turn a tribute of about 35*l.* a year. It is governed by a Council-General of twenty-four members, which is elected for four years by a constituency composed of four heads of families from each parish, while executive functions are entrusted to a Syndic appointed by the Council. The area of the Republic is about 400 kilometres square, and the population is variously estimated at from 4,000 to 12,000. San Marino is governed by a couple of Captain-Regents, who are changed every six months, and possesses a couple of Secretaries of State and a Commander-in-Chief. About 7,000 inhabitants occupy the mountain ridge which constitutes the territory of the Republic. By the side of these tiny Republics may be placed the microscopic monarchy of Monaco, covering 15 kilometres square. The Prince has his Council of State, three aides-de-camp, a couple of maids of honour, and some 3,000 subjects. The most significant change in the contents of the *Almanack* is the continually increasing space which is given to statistics and other information relative to the institutions and population of each country. The early editions of the work were made up exclusively of genealogical notices of Royal and princely personages, with some slight padding in the shape of sentimental anecdotes, tales, and scraps of natural history. The padding has disappeared, and more than half of the volume is now filled with the "Annuaire Diplomatique et Statistique." "I wish," Lord Palmerston wrote to his brother at Naples in 1834, "you could contrive to put something more into your despatches than the movements of the Royal family. Tell us now and then about the internal state of the country as to commerce, finance, army, &c." The diplomatists have taken the hint, and the veteran courtier of Clutha has followed their example. This part of his annual volume is always growing, and one of these days we shall perhaps find the "Serenities" and "Transparencies" cut out to make room for more information about the domestic and constitutional features of each country. From this section of the *Almanack* it may not be amiss to borrow a few figures which should interest the sanguine politicians who profess to believe in an unbroken reign of peace. The reorganization of the Russian army which has just been decreed will supply, in addition to local troops and militia, a body of 1,234,460 men in the European portion of the Empire, ready to be mobilized for war at any moment, while there will be a standing army in time of peace of 730,000 men, without counting the Cossacks and militia. The peace army of the German Empire numbers 383,899 men, the war army 1,261,081, of whom 651,716 will be ready to take the field at once. It might be worth while to have these figures read out in the House of Commons occasionally.

#### COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS IN AMERICA.

PRESIDENT GRANT recently appointed a Commission in order to consider the best means of reforming the Civil Service of the United States. The Commissioners have made a Report recommending substantially the adoption of a system of competitive examinations after the English model. There seems to be a fair prospect that their recommendations will be adopted in practice. The President proposes to give effect to them during his own tenure of office, and invites Congress to pass a law in order to make the system binding upon his successors. Up to a certain point we can see in the proposed change nothing but reasons for congratulation. The mode of appointment which has hitherto prevailed in the United States has been one of the greatest blot on their system of government. All the degrading influences of party politics have been intensified by the habit of regarding public offices, from judgeships down to postmasterhips, as spoils to be distributed amongst the adherents of the conquerors. Every intelligent American has been perfectly willing to admit the greatness of the evil; but hitherto it has been generally regarded as

an evil from which no relief could be anticipated. Lately, however, it appears to have dawned upon the mind of the people that, on the whole, it is a mistake to allow the Government to be in the hands of thieves; and they even appear to be drawing the further inference that their system should not be such as to offer the greatest possible attraction to thieves. It would be too sanguine to anticipate that an evil which has struck such deep roots will be extirpated at a single blow. Though the Tammany Ring appears for the time to have utterly collapsed, it may be found difficult to render the growth of such combinations impossible for the future; and though at last a President has had the courage to attack a system sanctioned by the practice of forty years, we cannot be sure that perfect purity will be instantaneously produced, and health be immediately restored to the shattered constitution of the body politic. And yet we would not undervalue the importance of the change. It is something that public opinion is turning in the direction of serious efforts at reform; and it is encouraging to remark that the powers of cohesion of *romes* are less than might have been supposed. If American politicians should once get it into their heads that genuine assaults upon corruption will be more useful at the poll than general denunciations of corruption in party platforms, it is not impossible that very great improvements may be effected within a moderate period.

Considered, then, as a symptom of this very desirable change in public opinion, we can hardly speak too emphatically of the merits of President Grant's proposal. If it is successfully carried out, he will have done more to suppress a profoundly demoralizing system than any of his predecessors, and we shall not grudge him any of the credit which he may receive. In political questions, however, we can only speak relatively. Given the actual circumstances of the country, that measure may be the best which has any chance of adoption. Any mode of appointment is better than downright corruption. It is better to make a man postmaster or keeper of a lighthouse because he can pass a good examination than because he is the friend of somebody who has the ear of another man who has in some way made himself convenient as a party tool. In other words, if the effect of leaving free powers of appointment to any man in authority is that he will abuse his power, it is better to adopt some mechanical test of merit which is at any rate free from that corrupting influence. If the choice lay between appointment from electioneering motives and appointment according to a candidate's weight, or the colour of his hair, or his skill (as was the practice in Lilliput) in jumping over a rope, there is something to be said in favour of any of the latter modes of selection, which at least are not directly mischievous. We congratulate the Americans on having made an effort to extricate themselves from what appeared to be a hopeless slough of despond; and if we were writing for American readers, we should be too much pleased at this result, and too unwilling to throw the slightest damp upon their new-born enthusiasm, to say a word against the proposed plan. We should simply wish to see it carried out as speedily and applied as fairly and decisively as possible. In England, however, we have not to encounter an evil of anything like the same magnitude. Places in public offices were certainly not always given from the highest motives before the introduction on its present scale of the system of competitive examination; but neither was there anything like the unblushing jobbery and total disregard of public interest which prevailed amongst our cousins. We may, therefore, venture to point out without reserve that, if the new system is better than the worst, it is almost equally far from being the best method of appointment. If the Americans adopt our plan, an impetus will doubtless be communicated by way of reaction to ourselves. Some seventy millions of English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic will be looking upon success in competitive examinations as the natural aim and end of youth; and they will be inclined to imagine that a practice which is universal amongst the only part of mankind with which they are acquainted rests upon something like infallible authority. They will speedily find it difficult to imagine the bare possibility of any other system, or will at least believe that the only alternative to competitive examination is corrupt influence. In one respect, if we rightly understand the Report of the Commission, the Americans are inclined already to go beyond their model. The Commissioners propose that every branch of the Civil Service shall be divided into grades; and that not only the admission to the lowest grade, but promotion from any grade to that above it, shall depend upon competitive examination. The highest officials alone are to be exempted from the operation of this rule. We have not yet arrived at this pitch of perfection; though, if we go on as we have begun, it is not impossible that we may some day arrive at it. People are in the habit of talking about appointment by competitive examination as if it were identical with appointment by merit; and if that assumption be granted, it is plain that we ought not merely to choose the subalterns of our Civil Service by these means, but also to use the same test in promoting colonels to be generals. In reality, however, the two systems are so far from being coincident that they are mutually exclusive. You are bound in the case of competition only to take into account one particular sort of merit. The whole system would be upset if you could look outside the written papers to select a man who had failed to get as many marks as his competitor, however certain you might be that he was superior to him in every other respect. The moral or intellectual virtues which are not capable of being tested by winning marks are absolutely prohibited from being taken into account. In order that the appointment may not be determined

by undue influences, it is forbidden to allow the most weighty considerations to affect the decision. Within the service this is palpably true. The head of an office can tell incomparably better than any Board of Examiners which of his clerks is best calculated for promotion. He is daily applying tests of far more delicacy, and including a far wider range of qualifications, than any written papers of examination; and in this case the injustice of promoting men, not because they were generally deserving and had shown honesty, diligence, and fitness for their employment, but because they had crammed most successfully for an examination, would be too glaring to need exposure. In the primary admission of candidates the same objection does not precisely apply, because, however inadequate the examination test may be, there is no other available means of distinguishing merit, and less harm is therefore done by the assumption that the order of merit in a wider sense corresponds to the order in which the candidates are placed by the examiners. Perhaps, in the absence of any other means, it may be as well to be satisfied with a rough approximation; but it is well to remember that it is nothing more than a rough approximation, and that you must of necessity more or less discourage excellence of any kind, when you not merely do not insist upon its being noticed, but positively forbid any attention being paid to it.

The unfavourable results of such a system may best be seen in its bearing on education. We have applied a great stimulus to learning, but it is distinctly a stimulus to learning of inferior quality. We have before us, for example, a little handbook intended to point out to aspirants the most probable mode of success. It is not badly done for its purpose, and some of the recommendations are sensible enough—such, for example, as the advice to avoid all attempts at “high-flown, flowery, or magniloquent language.” Nor are there any suggestions for deliberately unfair or injurious modes of cramming. The general tendency of the system, however, is obvious. In the first chapter we find the student at once advised to spread his efforts over a good many subjects. It would not be safe, for example, to go in for some examinations resembling those for the Indian Civil Service without studying elementary mathematics, physical science, English composition, history, and literature, and two of the following subjects—French, German, Italian, moral sciences, jurisprudence. The programme is certainly not a very wide one for a liberal education, but it is wide enough to make economy of labour desirable. How this is to be accomplished appears from subsequent details. The student of English history, for example, is to get two books—one an abstract in about a hundred pages, and the other one of the ordinary student's histories of six or eight hundred pages. He is to work these diligently into his mind by constant reading, making abstracts, and setting himself papers. A study of these two works will enable him to answer an amazing variety of questions on history, constitutional law, and biography. Any attempt to go to original sources, or even to study other compilations, would of course be so much waste of time. The marks gained could not be proportional to the labour. A terrible warning is held out of an enthusiast who happened to be well up in geography. He exhausted all his time in elaborately answering one question about certain remote countries, and thus had no time to get marks. This “piece of folly” is properly denounced, and it is obvious that the best safeguard against such eccentricities is not to acquire superfluous knowledge. You will then never be tempted to produce it, and you will make a great saving of time. The student is expressly warned on these principles that he need not acquire more than “a superficial knowledge of physical geography,” though he is recommended to acquire such refreshing pieces of information as the names of all towns with a population of more than fifty thousand. One other recommendation is sufficiently characteristic of the whole system. The examiners have a habit of testing the knowledge of English literature by asking for the authors of certain well-known passages. These questions, we are told, appear “overwhelmingly difficult” to the uninitiated. In fact, many genuine students of English literature would probably be unable to identify off-hand the source from which many such passages are taken. But let the student get *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, and the difficulty vanishes. The test which to the innocent-minded Examiners of an earlier generation appeared sufficient to discover the degree of a lad's acquaintance with literature really discovers nothing more than the fact that he has gone through the improving process of learning a dictionary by heart. Nobody would be fool enough to take the round-about course of exploring the whole field of literature in order to gather opinions for himself when they are all brought together and neatly ticketed for him. It is of course necessary to put a boy through a certain course of studies to many of which he can only be introduced by means of summaries, abstracts, and other aids to knowledge. It may be very proper that he should learn English history on some such system as we have described, if he has no time for anything better. But what we desire to bring out is the obvious and inevitable tendency of all schemes of competitive examination to give an undue premium to the superficial method of study. It not merely fails to encourage more thoroughgoing methods, but it teaches a youth to regard them as positively injurious. He considers that reading books, when you can have summaries of books, is foolish waste of time; and every attempt which the Examiners make to probe the soundness of his knowledge is met by a corresponding move on the part of the “grinders.” The whole art may be said to consist in such devices as substituting for the study of English literature the study of a dictionary of quotations. The

more effectually this can be done, the greater the advantage given to the judicious crammer over the systematic learner; and, to judge by the book from which we have been quoting, the art has been brought to a very high degree of refinement.

#### THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE contradiction which was given by the *Daily Telegraph* to the report that the Lord Chamberlain had excised from the pantomimes all uncomplimentary allusions to the Ministry, has been followed by an official statement that the excisions were actually made, not indeed by the Lord Chamberlain himself, but by his deputy. The Examiner of Stage Plays has followed the example of his predecessor, Mr. Kemble, in expunging from the manuscripts sent to him for revision all "personal or personally political questions," as well as all passages or words, names or phrases, which seemed to him to be likely to give offence on religious or moral grounds. Mr. Donne, in fact, has done this year only what he has done in all previous years; and it is remarkable that a customary practice should have been resented by managers and authors as if it were a startling innovation of a peculiarly oppressive and injurious character. It is impossible to resist the inference that those whose business it is to make people laugh feel that the interdict against any reference to the Government is at the present time a more serious deprivation than usual. Indeed, they seem to have felt this so strongly that allusions to Mr. Lowe's Budget and Mr. Gladstone's temper have been retained even in defiance of the Lord Chamberlain's authority. The Ministerial jokes were the plums of the pantomime pudding, and could not possibly be spared. *De minimis non curat lex*, and there is no necessity for enforcing a reasonable and useful law too rigorously against the drolls of the theatre. If humanity revolts at the idea of condemning a learned and accomplished gentleman, not only to read through a score or more of pantomimes and baguettes, but to attend the actual performance of them, and to observe how far his directions have been complied with; and it is obvious that in order to carry out this supervision effectually, Mr. Donne would require to be reinforced by relays of able-bodied assistants, who would have to be very highly paid for so exhausting an occupation. This is perhaps enough in itself to condemn the project in the eyes of an economical Administration. We are afraid that the resources of Scotland Yard, as at present organized, are scarcely equal to the suppression of "gagging." M. Thiers is said to have given strict orders that no jokes against the Prussians are to be permitted on the French stage, and as far as the spoken dialogue is concerned the command is literally obeyed. But when an actor fumbles for his watch and cannot find it, and resignedly makes a gesture descriptive of the spike of a Prussian helmet, the audience has no difficulty in appreciating the jest. The censorship of the stage must always be, to a great extent, a matter of discretion. Mr. Donne is of course bound to adhere to the instructions of his chief and the precedents of the office, and to point out any passages which appear to be objectionable under the rules which have hitherto been observed. But it is no reproach either to him or to the Lord Chamberlain that they do not attempt to ferret out and punish every small infraction of their orders. The censorship is useful rather as the assertion of a principle and as a warning of powers which may, on occasion, be enforced than as a fussy active institution.

Some of our contemporaries have jumped somewhat rashly to the conclusion that, because it is desirable that the censorship of the theatre should not be too minute and meddlesome in its operation, it had better be abolished altogether. The Examiner of Plays has told us in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons that his interference is rarely called for, and that managers and authors generally endeavour to conform to the requirements of propriety and good taste of their own accord. It does not follow, however, that they would do so to the same extent if all supervision were removed, and if they were free to do as they liked without fear of an interdict from the Lord Chamberlain, or the withdrawal of their license. Good order is generally supposed to be a testimony rather to the efficiency than the uselessness of the police; and the fact that theatrical managers are so conciliatory to the Examiner of Plays, and rather anticipate than infringe his injunctions, may perhaps be regarded as a proof of the usefulness of his office. According to Mr. Donne's evidence in 1866, he had read one thousand eight hundred pieces in the course of twelve years, and of these only nineteen had been condemned. Some of these were French pieces of an unsavoury kind, others were highly flavoured examples of the criminal drama, such as *The Blood-Spot*; or *the Maiden, the Miser, and the Murderer*; *Old Rotherhithe*, or *the Female Highwayman*; and *the Gipsy of Edgware*, or *the Crime of Gilt's Hill Lane*. This last piece was founded on the murder of Mr. Weare, which once before, indeed immediately after the crime was committed, had been produced on the stage, with "the real gig" to add to the attractions. Baron Parke, who tried the murderer, was included in the *dramatis personæ*. Another condemned play, called the *Last Slave*, related to the civil war in the United States, which was in progress at the time. A curious passion for Scriptural drama has occasionally broken out in Paris, and the fashion has sometimes spread in a mild way to our own shores. Some years ago the Parisians flocked in crowds to see Daniel surrounded by postboard Hottis and lively ballet-girls, whose scandalous proceed-

ings must have been a severe trial to the prophet. Another popular piece was devoted to the adventures of Susannah. In our own country in recent years dramatic enterprise once took a similar turn. *The Prodigal Son* and *Esther* appear to have been tolerated in a modified form, but the *Hebrew Son*, which was a version of Joseph and his brethren, found a place in the Examiner's Index Expurgatorius. It is possible that a similar predilection for Biblical melodramas might again be displayed, under the stimulating influence either of Paris or Ammergau, and it will be admitted that it is just as well to have an officer whose business it is to restrain such dangerous experiments. As to the rule which excludes party politics from the stage, it is surely reasonable and wholesome. A few good-natured jokes in a pantomime may be hardly worthy of the solemn intervention of a high officer of State, but the general principle involved is a sound one and ought to be sustained. There was once, it seems, a piece ready to be produced at the Adelphi in which the House of Commons was to be represented, and Mr. Buckstone had got himself up as Lord John Russell, when the Lord Chamberlain interposed, and the piece was abandoned. A similar interdict was launched at a version of *Cummings*, which had been prepared by Mr. Shirley Brooks. Not long ago, however, Mr. Gladstone was nightly personated at the Alhambra by an actor who made up for the part very cleverly, and who sang some verses about "flesh and blood," in a vindictive manner which seemed to gratify the audience. The argument that it is superfluous and inconsistent to maintain a censorship over the stage while the press is free from any such supervision, is open to the obvious remark that, if a man finds a book or a newspaper not to his taste, he has only to put it down, and refrain from reading any more of it; whereas the production of anything on the stage which is offensive to a large portion of the audience is naturally provocative of dissent and disorder. When Addison's *Cato* was produced, the two great parties of the day attended in order to applaud passages to which they chose to give a political construction favourable to their respective views; but an avowedly political piece, full of hits at public men and questions of the day, would now be apt to provoke something different from a flattering competition of applause. If the drama were to become political, it would be necessary at least to have separate theatres for each set of partisans. It must be an indispensable condition of any entertainment which is offered to a mixed audience that subjects on which there is likely to be any violent disagreement should be scrupulously excluded from it.

It is perhaps significant that one of the most vehement advocates for the abolition of the censorship complains that "the general tendency of the Licensor's influence is to promote mildness, which is pretty much the same thing as tameness, in dramatic literature." It may be inferred that if this restraint were removed, the public would be treated to performances which would be unmistakably free from the reproach of being mild and tame. We are very much disposed to agree with our contemporaries as to the probable result of relaxing the supervision of the stage, although we should regard such a result rather with apprehension than satisfaction. The complaint that the censorship produces "tameness" in dramatic literature is clearly inconsistent with the argument which is coupled with it, that, if there were no system of licensing, managers would of their own accord adhere to those rules of propriety which are now enforced by the Lord Chamberlain. The remonstrances which have from time to time been addressed to managers in regard to the nudity of ballet-girls and the indecency of the dances sufficiently indicate the readiness of some at least of those who cater for the amusement of the public to provide any kind of entertainment which they think will "draw," as well as their opinion of the sort of thing which is likely to prove most attractive. Within a few days a poor wretch has been killed and half eaten by the lions which he professed to have tamed, in the presence of spectators who, to do them justice, were no doubt horrified at the tragic turn which the performance had taken, but whose enjoyment of it on ordinary occasions was greatly heightened by a sense of the danger of the feat. Some years ago lion-queens were put down by the Lord Chamberlain, after one of them had been torn to pieces and two others dreadfully mangled; and perhaps *Masarti's* fate may cause the interdict to be extended to lion-kings as well. It is obvious that the good taste and delicacy of the public or of its entertainers afford a very imperfect security against disgusting and offensive exhibitions. We have no doubt there is a large body of people who may be trusted not to patronize gross or brutal entertainments; but all they can do is to stay away, and the class to which managers are too often tempted to appeal is sufficiently numerous to render them indifferent to the absence of the more refined and modest section of the community. Even if it could be shown that the censorship does no good, at any rate it does no harm, and the arguments upon which the demand for its abolition are based afford perhaps the best justification of its continuance.

#### MR. FERGUSSON, MR. STREET, AND THE LAW COURTS.

THE great Law Courts fight has passed into a tangible and satisfactory phase, since the prosecutor-general, Mr. Fergusson, has contributed his *acte d'accusation* to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and Mr. Street has published his personal rejoinder. Mr. Fergusson's charges may be summed up under four principal heads. The first is, that Mr. Street has chosen "to devote his undoubted talents to



reproduce the art and fashion of the thirteenth century, resolutely shutting his eyes to the fact that he and we are living in the nineteenth." At the same time our critic teaches us, in a rapid *précis* of the growth of Gothic architecture, that in the fifteenth century on the one hand—

The baronial halls were lighted with tall and spacious windows, and roofed with carved and gilded wood-work of the most elegant designs, and were fitted up for feasting and gaiety, in strange contrast to the gloom of the refectory. Bower and bedroom with large square-headed windows superseded the long gloomy dormitory with its pointed loopholes; light and air were everywhere introduced, and space and brightness symbolized the fulness of manly enjoyment, in contradistinction to the gloom and solitude of the cloister, which was even then fast fading into a thing of the past.

while in regard to the practice of our own age we learn that—

In the early part of this century an attempt was made to obtain galvanic life, by introducing the Grecian style, with all its superior refinements and grace. It was thought that its exquisite elegance and purity would reconcile the public to its manifest incongruity and inconvenience. The effort culminated in the new buildings of the British Museum, which at last opened the eyes of all the world to the absurdity of the attempt, and drove them at once to the opposite extreme.

The second of Mr. Fergusson's charges is that—

To Mr. Street was awarded the Law Courts, because his design was the worst—a perfectly competent tribunal having awarded him only three marks in the competition, while it had assigned Edward Barry forty-three.

The result of the selection of Mr. Street, which we recapitulate in the third place, is that—

It is the accuracy of imitation pervading every detail that makes it so perfectly intolerable. According to this Joshua of architects, the sun of art stood still when Edward III. died in 1377, and has not moved forward since that time. Hence the lawyers of the nineteenth century must be content to lounge in vaulted halls, with narrow windows filled with painted glass, and so dark that they cannot see to read or write in them. They must wander through corridors whose gloom recalls the monkish seclusion of the Middle Ages. They must sit on high straight-backed chairs, and be satisfied with queer-shaped furniture, which it is enough to give one the rheumatism to look at; and no higher class of art must be allowed to refresh their eyes than the heraldic devices, or the crude, ungainly, nightmare paintings of the Middle Ages. It is strange that educated men in the nineteenth century should desire this; but if they do, it is well they should have it in perfection. The more complete the *reductio ad absurdum*, the sooner the reaction will set in.

The fourth and final charge is that—

The particular crotchet which, besides its anachronism, renders the principal façade so unsatisfactory, is Mr. Street's determination to insist on his great vaulted hall. In his first design this hall was placed east and west, in the centre of the building. It was not seen from the outside, and was useless inside. It was therefore harmless, except that it increased the expense enormously, while it darkened the lights, and rendered the courtyard passages around it noisome and inconvenient. In addition to these trilles, however, it may be added that it is not Gothic, for so far as I know no such vaulted hall was erected for any civil purpose in any country of Europe during the Middle Ages.

In the new designs the hall is placed north and south, and comes so near the front that the temptation was irresistible to justify its introduction by showing it, and making it a feature in the design. It could not, without destroying its supposed use, be brought quite to the front, like Westminster Hall, thus making it the central feature in the façade. It must consequently be seen in perspective at some distance behind, but in order to enable this to be done the façade must be cut in two; and more than this, all the nearer features must be kept small and subdued, so as not to dwarf the distant hall.

On the first of these heads Mr. Street does not vindicate himself so fully as he might have done, although the following statement points to the elements of a defence which would seem, if worked out, to be amply sufficient:—

Any one who will take the trouble to look at my plans will see that they are not inconvenient. Almost all the windows are large, square-headed openings, of an average width of four feet, and they are always placed in the most convenient part for lighting the room. The whole building is most carefully fire-proof in its construction, and in no part have I ignored any modern appliances or uses which present any real advantages. The style I have adopted makes it quite unnecessary that I should do so. It is perfectly free and elastic, and lends itself so easily to every useful requirement as to be infinitely more suitable for a building of such varied requirements than any variation of Classic or Renaissance architecture.

But upon the accusation which we quoted in the third place, although it is little more than a repetition, in other terms, of the first, Mr. Street retorts very roundly (having previously explained that there were on each side of his hall eight of the large windows of two lights apiece):—

My vaulted hall is not a lounging-place for barristers. It is the Westminster Hall of these New Courts—the passage-way to the whole of them—but not likely to be used by barristers at all or ever. The "narrow" windows have each light 5 ft. wide by 30 ft. high. There is no intention on my part to fill them with stained glass. There is not a gloomy corridor in my building; they are all lighted directly from the open air without borrowed or artificial light. I have proposed no "high, straight-backed chairs."

By this it appears that the sum total of the side lighting only of the hall, not to reckon the huge end windows, was an area of 4,800 feet of glazing, embodying surely "the tall and spacious windows" of halls found in Mr. Fergusson's ideal Gothic; while the numerous square-headed windows, in contrast to "pointed loopholes," which are very generally adopted throughout the building, with a breadth to each light of four feet, almost actually fulfil the conditions which have induced Mr. Fergusson to stop and bless that Gothic of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Street might have gone on to show with truth and force that his final scheme not only was not, but could not be, mediæval in any other sense than that in which a Roman building must be classical, from the fact that it had gradually resulted and come together in its multiplied arrangements, and in the dimensions of

Law-Courts and rooms, of corridor and courtyard, from the sum total of the hardly consistent injunctions of the many lawyers whom he had to serve, and whose only desire was to realize the maximum of nineteenth-century comfort. But he sums up the principles on which he has acted in the following terms:—

The more I have thought the more certain have I been that there is only one way in which such a building can possibly be made all that it should be, and this is, by setting before myself, as the first object to be obtained, the perfectly convenient arrangement of the floor-plans in every part. The drawings which I have now just completed are the fourth complete scheme which I have had to make. And each scheme has, I feel sure, as far as arrangement goes, been rather better than its predecessor. The details have all been sifted over and over again by all the persons best qualified to judge whether they are suitable for the purpose. They have been thoroughly approved and endorsed by those authorities, and I may assume that in this important respect they may now be held to leave little to be desired. The alterations from the plans approved by the Courts of Justice Commission are in no case alterations of principle. The number of Courts is decreased, and various offices are omitted, but all that remain are arranged in the same manner as in the plan approved by the Commission.

Mr. Fergusson's second charge, involving a distinct imputation of unfairness upon those who appointed Mr. Street to the position, wears a very different aspect in the more extended statements of facts which it has provoked:—

The competition designs were sent in in January, 1867; and in order to assist the judges of design in arriving at a conclusion, four separate investigations were carried on by direction of the Courts of Justice Commission.

(a) A Joint Committee of Barristers and Solicitors was appointed to report on the plans. This was the most important inquiry of all, as the final plan had to be founded on this very report, to the exclusion of all others.

(b) The designs for each department were sent to the several heads of departments, and their opinion was asked as to the comparative merits of the several office-plans in detail.

(c) In December, 1866, two gentlemen (Messrs. Shaw and Pownall) were also asked to make a separate report on the plans.

And—

(d) Finally, Mr. Gardiner was employed to estimate the cost of carrying into execution the several designs.

When Mr. Fergusson talks about "a competent tribunal" having awarded Mr. Barry the first place, he refers solely to the third of the preliminary inquiries referred to above.

The first inquiry resulted most unfavourably for Mr. Barry. The second Report (b) was very unfavourable to Mr. Barry's plans, and much more so than it was to mine. The third Report (c) is that to which Mr. Fergusson chooses to confine himself; and the fourth (d) was extremely against Mr. Barry, whose design was estimated as being likely to cost no less than 87,000*l.* more than mine was.

The judges of design, when they came to a decision, made, as is well known, an equal recommendation of Mr. Barry and myself; and finally, not "because my design was the worst," the Government appointed me to the sole conduct of the work.

We do not think it necessary to quote the foot-note in which Mr. Street illustrates his assertion of the unfavourable results of the first inquiry in regard to Mr. Barry's design. It is sufficient to say that they are condemnatory of the project in nearly all its principal features.

At last we reach an objection in which Mr. Fergusson condescends to be specific. He condemns the hall which Mr. Street offers, and he calls it that architect's "particular crotchet," and speaks of his "determination to insist." No one who is even a little conversant with the history of the projected building can be ignorant that the central hall has been all along a *sine quâ non* with those who have controlled the plans, and the system on which Mr. Street obeyed the order can best be explained in his own words:—

My "imporferato" vault was and is to be lighted by very large windows, at the north and south ends. It has also on either side eight enormous windows, each containing about 300 feet of glass, and there is absolutely no single portion of the surrounding buildings which can by any possibility obscure the light from any portion of these windows.

Unless the Courts of Justice Commission, and all the authorities that have been consulted from first to last, are entirely in the wrong, a central hall is not "useless," but indispensable. I prefer to cover it with a stone vault, for the very practical reason that on any other terms it would be impossible to make it fire-proof, or to avoid the greatest risk to the whole enormous building in case any part of it were set fire to.

I maintain that both were deliberately chosen more than three years ago, and that it is not fair now to argue as if they had not been. Mr. Fergusson naturally tries to call off attention from this point to discussions as to whether a central hall, such as mine, may be vaulted in stone in the absence (so far as he knows) of "mediæval authority for such a vault." It would be about as reasonable to inquire whether or no there is "mediæval authority" for eighteen courts of justice in one great building! He settles, next, that my hall being, in spite of its want of precedent, "so correct in all its details, must be ornamented with richly coloured glass;" and I suppose, when he finds that this does not enter into my conception of what is desirable in any part of such a building, he will again complain of my want of respect for the "authorities," of which, after all, it would seem that he is the most slavish worshipper. It is not to the point to compare the lighting of the Manchester Hall with that of my buildings. I do not believe that the conditions are the same. But it would be very much to the purpose to compare the area of my hall with that of Westminster Hall, and to notice that the proportion of glass to area is very much greater in my design than it is there.

To be sure Mr. Fergusson is kind enough to throw his straw to the man whom he has tried to drown by proposing the substitution for Mr. Street's "vault" of a "glazed court," such as the hall which appeared in Mr. Waterhouse's competition designs, with the charitable purpose of enabling the architect "to close up the front, and introduce a central feature with appropriate wings." On this proposal Mr. Street provocatively recalls to Mr. Fergusson's memory that, in his *History of Modern Styles of Architecture*, he argues that the façade of Somerset House would have been improved had the centre been thrown back some 70 or 100



feet, and crowned by some prominent feature. We cannot find a flaw in this *esquisse*. No doubt the Great Hall in the Law Courts is thrown back, but as assuredly it is only thrown far enough back to produce that break of line and those effects of light and shade which relieve the outline of every great building which pretends to the attribute of regularity, while the Strand elevation still preserves the character of a single balanced facade. As to the prominence of the Hall, the dimensions above the Strand line of 131 feet height to the apex of the gable, and of 191 feet to the summit of the stone fleche which shoots up from its ridge, stand in lieu of any demonstration. In fact, demonstration finds no place in this particular discussion. A central hall of the outline which Mr. Street proposes, and relieved as he relieves it by so dignified a fleche, unless blundered in its dimensions, as no one has the hardihood to assert that Mr. Street has done, must always be a grand and pleasurable object to those whose architectural eye has been trained to appreciate sky line and pyramiding outline—that is, to all who understand and appreciate the principles of Pointed architecture.

It is the possession of these qualities which helps to give their charm to the Sainte Chapelle and the Cloth Hall of Ypres, to Westminster and Guildhalls, and the Hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the noble army of mediæval cathedrals up and down the cities of Europe. Those who have no eyes for the beauty of these buildings may with consistency join Mr. Fergusson in his cry for a glazed court, but we should imagine that the persons who could willingly confess their preference for this expedient would be chiefly found in the class in whom all culture and all love of beauty is dead. The fact is that Mr. Fergusson will not make a clean breast of his dislikes, and cannot make one of his likings. His criticisms lead us directly up to the general condemnation of Gothic as the style appropriate for the Law Courts of the nineteenth century, but they leave us there. The true key to the feelings under which he wrote the articles in *Macmillan* must be found in his earlier writings, and we cannot be much mistaken in turning especially to the conclusions of his *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture*, in which he successively lays down the following propositions:—

(1) "Few will dispute the assertion that there is no Renaissance example equal as a work of art to any Gothic or Saracenic building, or that even attained to the picturesque appropriateness of these styles. Nor has any modern building ever worked out the intellectual elegance of the Greek or Roman or the sublimity of the Egyptian."

(2) "If the style ("of the future") "is to be a true style, it must take many years to elaborate, and many minds must be employed in the task." If so, it will be "perhaps" more "good and beautiful" than any which has preceded it.

But (3) "it will certainly not be Gothic, if for no other reason at least for this—that the mediæval is a complete and perfect style"—(In which of its phases? and how does Mr. Fergusson reconcile this dictum with the history which he gives, even in *Macmillan*, of their gradations?)—"and progress in it is consequently impossible without a recurrence of the circumstances under which it was created" (and yet the article gives a history of the alleged progress of this "style" in consequence of marked social changes between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries).

(4) "The same is true of the pure classical styles, from which we are separated by even a longer interval of time, and also by a geographical barrier which renders them unsuitable for our climate;" although, according to Mr. Fergusson, the "educated classes at least know more and feel more for the age of Ictinus than for that of William of Sens, and are more capable of appreciating that of Vitruvius than of Wickham or of Waynflete"—i.e., of pagan Greeks and Romans than of Christian Englishmen. "But be this as it may, the Classical is also a perfect style" (the Classical of Athens, of Rome, "or of Spalatro?") and progress in it is unattainable "unless we can put ourselves in the position of the Greeks and Romans when they were elaborating it" (at Athens and at Rome, not to mention Spalatro), "and without progress it is impossible to adapt any art really to our use or purposes." The upshot of all the argument is that—

(5) "The Renaissance Italian is by no means worked out or perfected, and from the causes pointed out in the preceding pages" (i.e., a merciless dissection of it in detail), "has hardly yet had even a fair trial of its merits."

The general drift, therefore, of this string of assertions is, that because there is no Renaissance building equal to the Gothic and Saracenic buildings in existence, because the "mediæval is a complete and perfect style" (the number of the styles of mediæval architecture, taking both centuries and countries into account, being past enumeration); and because "Classical," under which term Mr. Fergusson expressly includes the widely differing architectures of the Greeks and of the Romans, "is also a perfect style," therefore the architecture of the future is to be built upon the lines of that one especial style which, upon Mr. Fergusson's own showing, has hitherto broken down—namely, the Renaissance Italian (itself a deduction from the unreplicable Classical in its Roman phase)—because, from the inability which Mr. Fergusson finds in our again placing ourselves in the social attitude either of mediæval Englishmen or classical Greeks and Romans, he is led to assume that we may very easily adopt the attitude of Italians of Leo X.'s time, and that although those Italians were able to mould the old Roman style into one suited to their wants, we are cursed with an inability to do the like with our own old English style.

But even for this blessed consummation "many years" and "many minds" are requisite, and so in the meantime the Lord Chancellor may continue to occupy Lincoln's Inn Hall, and the Common Law Judges to oscillate between Westminster and Guildhall, until the great Fergussonian development of Renaissance Italian shall have at some day, not too early in the twentieth century, brought forth its fruit in a faultless Palace of Justice. What the lawyers would say to this modest proposal we can easily imagine. Perhaps, indeed, Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Cavendish Benbow may hate Gothic so much more heartily than even they love the convenience of their profession, that their voices will be heard in approbation of the great policy of delay. But besides them we leave Mr. Fergusson's objections, now that we have shown the basis on which they stand, to the common sense not only of the legal profession but of the world. In fact, Mr. Fergusson is so acute as a dissector of morbid architecture that he has well nigh contracted an antipathy to healthy organism. He can find no trace of deep-seated disease in Gothic or in Classical, and therefore he will have none of them. Renaissance Italian is full of morbid malformations, and the kindly surgeon nurses the manifold diseases of his patient as a symptom of future healthfulness. How far the Goths who love not Street, and who have therefore been pleased to enlist under the Fergussonian banner, are prepared to follow their leader to his legitimate conclusions, we leave to their own consciences.

In the meanwhile we make an offer which we hold to be perfectly fair and reasonable to Mr. Street's antagonists. They are in possession of the requirements of the legal profession, they have the plan of the site available, they know how much the Chancellor of the Exchequer is prepared to pay; let them then, instead of inditing long-winded letters to the papers, put their heads together, and give us, in general outline, their own idea of the solution of the problem. After they have done so, and if the persons for whose benefit the Law Courts are to be built pronounce themselves as well satisfied with the practical results as they are with Mr. Street's project; if that portion of the public who are competent from knowledge and taste to speak out approve the suggestion as equal in dignity to Mr. Street's design; and if, in the third place, the contractors who are willing to build Mr. Street's Courts within the stated sum see no difficulty in accomplishing the rival scheme with a similar outlay, then we shall be prepared to consider whether it is worth while to add a couple or more to the many already wasted years for the pleasure of humiliating Mr. Street. On other conditions we must refuse to listen to the dilatory pleas of a host of discontented critics.

#### CHURCH AND STATE IN SWITZERLAND.

WE return to the debates in the Swiss Federal Assembly in order to say somewhat on some of the more interesting questions which have been started in them. In so doing we shall not confine ourselves to the exact order in which these questions were raised; or rather we will follow an accidental order. It was a little ominous that an ecclesiastical point should have been raised very early in the debates, and that too in discussing an article in the Federal Constitution which at first sight would not seem to have any ecclesiastical bearing. We will therefore begin by giving a sketch of those discussions which have anything to do with the relations of Church and State. In Switzerland, it must be borne in mind, those relations have hitherto, with two exceptions, been left wholly to the competence of the Cantons. In a country so divided in religion as Switzerland this has obviously been the right course. For the Federal authority either to establish any particular form of religion or to decree the universal disestablishment of all would have been utterly unjust in a country where one Canton is almost wholly Protestant, another almost wholly Catholic, while a third is pretty evenly divided between the two Churches. The Constitution of 1848 contented itself with decreeing that no political or civil disabilities could be imposed in any part of the Confederation on any member of a "recognized Christian confession" on account of his religion. Vaud cannot refuse a vote to a Catholic elector nor Luzern to a Protestant one. Perfect mutual toleration was secured to the two dominant Churches, and that was all. All questions about establishment and endowment, about the *status* of the clergy, about religious and secular education, about the lawfulness or unlawfulness of monastic institutions, were left to each Canton to settle for itself. Each Canton might establish either, or neither, or both of the two dominant Churches; it was simply forbidden to impose any secular disability on the members of either. It would even seem that, till the constitutional amendment of 1866 on behalf of the Jews, persons not belonging to either of the "recognized Christian confessions" were left wholly to cantonal legislation. In two points only did the Federal power step in. The order of Jesuits and all orders affiliated to it were declared unlawful throughout the whole extent of the Confederation. A provision like this, approaching so nearly to the nature of a *privilegium*, would at first sight seem by no means in place in a Federal Constitution. But it was a natural, perhaps justifiable, result of the events which led to the legislation of 1848. Switzerland had certainly had quite enough of Jesuits, and the triumphant enemies of the order might be excused for wishing to keep them out by any manner of means. Otherwise the question of Jesuits or no Jesuits does not seem in itself to be a constitutional question, and the existence of such an article in the Constitution might naturally be used, as it seems to have been

used, as a precedent for further Federal encroachments on the ecclesiastical independence of the Cantons. The other provision bearing on ecclesiastical matters is that by which the clergy of both persuasions are made ineligible to the National Council, and therefore to the Federal Council, whose qualification is the same. "Wahlfähig als Mitglied des Nationalrathes ist jeder stimmberechtigte Schweizerbürger weltlichen Standes." No such restriction is made in the case of the Council of the States, and the Committees of both Houses propose to leave it out altogether in the present revision. But it happens that restrictions of the same kind have been enacted by the internal legislations of several Cantons, in some of which the vast majority is Catholic. Such a restriction plainly comes within cantonal competence. Now, oddly enough, at a very early stage of the debates, a strong supporter of cantonal right, the representative of Uri, Herr Arnold, proposed an amendment which would have had the effect of narrowing cantonal competence in this matter. To the fourth article of the Constitution, which declares the equality of all citizens before the law and abolishes all traces of the old oligarchic distinctions, he proposed to add a provision which is given in the French version:—"Nul ne peut être privé de ses droits politiques à cause de son état"; or, as another member proposed that it should run, "de sa profession." The object of this was to hinder any Canton from laying any disqualification on the clergy. The storm then broke forth in a form which shows how men's minds are stirred by late doings at Rome, and which, to our thinking, adds another to the many proofs of their utter impolicy, even from a Papal point of view. More than one member, among them a representative of Catholic Ticino, bitterly denounced the Catholic clergy as "soldiers of the Syllabus," men who had Rome for their first country, who were Romans before they were Switzers—the last description seeming to imply a failure to catch the point of the famous saying of the Venetian captain. Other members on both sides took a more dignified tone, and argued the question from its proper constitutional point of view. In the end Herr Arnold's amendment was rejected by a large majority.

But the chief subject which has led to the stirring up of ecclesiastical controversy has been, as might have been expected, a question of national education. Hitherto primary education has been a matter of cantonal concern. This has been according to the principle of leaving to the Cantons whatever the Cantons can do, and giving to the Confederation only such things as it is thought that the Cantons cannot do. On this latter principle the Federal Constitution has given the Confederation the power of founding a Polytechnic School, which it has founded, and also a Federal University, which it has not founded. Beyond the foundation of the Polytechnic School, everything has been left to the Cantons, and in most Cantons primary education has been both compulsory and gratuitous. The *commune*, the local division which lies at the root of all Swiss institutions, has been the immediate authority in matters of education. But in many cases education has come more or less into the hands of the clergy of the two Churches, and in some of the Catholic Cantons even into the hands of members of the religious orders. This has been especially the case with female schools, which have been largely placed under the care of teaching sisters. The proposals made by the Committees of the two Councils show no disposition to meddle with the state of things; they do not go in any way to narrow the liberty of the Cantons in educational matters, but only to give power to the Confederation to found other institutions for the higher education (*d'autres établissements supérieurs d'instruction publique*), besides the existing Polytechnic School and the possible University. But this has not been enough for that school of reformers who would have everything everywhere beaten out to one uniform level, and to whom education bestowed by clerical, and above all by religious, hands seems very like the traditional red flag to the bull. Here again, to our thinking, reformers have been somewhat too eager to press such changes as they think good in the abstract, in utter forgetfulness of the rights of independent commonwealths. The history of the debates on this matter is very curious. A crowd of amendments were brought forward tending to enforce some general scheme or other of education upon the Cantons in general, and most of them aiming at shutting out all ecclesiastical influence of every kind. An outsider is tempted to agree with the majority of the Committee of the National Council in thinking that the matter might very safely be left in the hands of the Cantons, when he reads in the debate that primary education is already compulsory in every Canton except Geneva, and that in Geneva, though education is not compulsory, it is gratuitous, and that it is in contemplation to make it compulsory also. He may also think with the Committee that the question whether primary education should be gratuitous is one on which there is much to be said on both sides, and that, in a country like Switzerland, where the circumstances of different districts differ so widely, the wisest course was to leave the question to be settled by local experience in each case. He may further think with them that there may be many small and isolated places in which to shut out altogether the influence of the priest or the pastor, or even the influence of the monk and the teaching sister, may be pretty much the same as shutting out education altogether. The majority of the Committee were therefore satisfied with adding, possibly as a sop to Cerberus, a provision which makes the article against the Jesuits yet more stringent, forbidding the interference in educational matters of any class of men who could be suspected of Jesuitry. A minority of the Committee had proposed

to make it a constitutional provision that primary education throughout the Confederation should be compulsory and gratuitous, and that it should not be entrusted to members of any religious order; but even the minority saw that wholly to forbid the agency of the secular clergy of either confession was, at least in the present state of things, hopeless. These two views of the majority and the minority of the Committee were set forth in temperate and well-reasoned speeches by their respective spokesmen, Herr Landammann Heer, and Herr Stämpfli, of Bern. But the proposal even of the minority of the Committee was far from being enough for the zealots of reform. The occasion was tempting for declamations against the Catholics, especially the regular clergy, and impartial spectators, and one would think moderate Catholics also, cannot help feeling that late events have given them a certain force. Other speakers on the same side insisted on the absolute necessity of education and on the duty of the Confederation, in centralising its military system, to provide for the instruction of those whose military service it calls for. Catholic speakers, on the other hand, appeal to cantonal rights and to the liberty of conscience, besides maintaining the actual good quality of the education in the schools managed by sisters and other religious persons. And again Protestant members from the West, showing, we venture to think, a truer Liberalism than some of their German brethren, give more or less of support to the same arguments. One speaker objects to the exclusion of the clergy on the ground that it is establishing a distinction between laity and clergy which he holds ought not to be recognized at all. And M. Pictet de la Rive of Geneva uses language which in itself is worth transcribing, and which ought to be read with special pleasure by any man of English blood on either side of the Atlantic:—

Quant au mot *laïque* et à ce qui concerne les ordres religieux, l'orateur s'éloigne des opinions des proposant. Il croit bon en soi que l'instruction soit laïque et qu'elle soit autant que possible tout-à-fait en dehors des ordres religieux. Si l'on pouvait se borner à un conseil et même à une invitation pressante, il l'accepterait; mais il ne croit pas qu'on puisse et doive imposer à tous les cantons une pareille disposition.

Il a été élevé dans des idées de libéralisme qui sont aujourd'hui un peu vieilles, quoiqu'elles aient fait la grandeur de l'Angleterre et des États-Unis. Ces idées sont remplacées aujourd'hui par un radicalisme autoritaire qui lui plaît moins. Il ne croit pas que tout soit permis aux majorités. Il ne se sent pas le droit d'opprimer une minorité respectable. Et ici il s'agit en particulier des petits cantons primitifs, le berceau de la Confédération. L'orateur n'a aucun motif de se méfier de leurs populations. Il ne peut pas considérer qu'il y ait un danger réel à ce que les petites filles de canton d'Unterwald soient élevées par des sœurs comme l'ont été leurs mères et leurs neules, et chacun connaît l'énergie d'indépendance dont ces dernières ont donné le glorieux exemple.

Le vrai progrès est lent. Il doit venir du peuple lui-même et des autorités cantonales d'accord avec lui. Il jette ainsi de profondes racines et est bien plus certain et vrai que s'il est imposé.

A crowd of amendments were put and rejected, and the final result for the present was that the clause was carried as proposed by the Committee, the effect of which would be to leave primary education, as now, wholly in the hands of the Cantons. On this a power was exercised which is doubtless parliamentary in Switzerland, but which strikes an Englishman as odd, though its practical effect is much the same as that of raising a debate on the third reading among ourselves. Herr Kaiser of Solothurn demanded that the debate should be opened afresh, which was accordingly done almost at the end of the session. We do not see that any specially new arguments on either side were brought forward in this second debate; but when it came to the final vote, the exclusion of the clergy and of the religious orders was rejected by fifty-nine votes to fifty, and the resolution, which was at last carried by the casting vote of the President, stood in the French version as follows:—

Les cantons pourvoient à l'instruction primaire obligatoire et gratuite. La Confédération peut fixer, par voie législative, un minimum de ce qu'on doit exiger des écoles primaires.

Another proposal which led the way to ecclesiastical disputes was also a proposal of the Committee to introduce into the Constitution a provision with regard to the law of marriage, another matter which has hitherto been left in the competence of the Cantons. The proposal of the Committee did not touch any ecclesiastical question, but it declared two or three civil principles, having chiefly in view the abolition of certain vexatious restrictions on marriage which had been established in some cases by local law. But this debate was of course made the opportunity of further attacks on anything like any relations of Church and State. A number of members pressed for a distinct assertion of the civil character of marriage. One member, Herr Hungerbühler of St. Gallen, announced openly that the marriage between Church and State must be dissolved, and that marriage in the school were the two points on which this could practically be done. Again we find a voice from the West, that of M. Ruchonnet of Vaud, calling for the omission of several provisions which he looked on as excellent in themselves, but as unfitted for a place in the Federal Constitution. The result of this debate was that the proposal of the Committee was adopted with the insertion of words declaring that marriage could not be hindered on any ecclesiastical ground ("aucun empêchement au mariage ne peut être fondé sur des motifs confessionnels"), a provision of which we do not very clearly see the effect.

The other ecclesiastical question arose on the constitutional provision with regard to the Jesuits. The old provision stood thus:—

L'ordre des Jésuites et les sociétés qui lui sont affiliées ne peuvent être reçus dans aucune partie de la Suisse.

To this the Committee of the Council of the States proposed to add the words—

Et toute action dans l'Eglise et l'école est interdite à leurs membres—

while the Committee on the National Council proposed further to add—

Il est interdit de fonder des couvents ou de rétablir ceux qui ont été supprimés.

Both these proposals were carried after a debate in which violent attacks, somewhat in the style of Mr. Whalley, were made on monastic institutions in general, and were showered on the principle of cantonal independence. One Catholic member called for the repeal of the law against the Jesuits, and another, Herr Segesser of Luzern, the distinguished historian of his Canton, proposed, seemingly in irony, that if Jesuits and monks were to be forbidden, Freemasons should be forbidden also.

We have read these debates with deep interest, and with some concern. We can put ourselves into the position of the Catholic members, who must have constantly felt that their religion was being made the subject of ungenerous attack. We can also put ourselves into the position of those Protestant members who looked, and surely not without reason, on some of the doctrines which have been lately set forth by Papal authority as subversive of all civil, and especially of all republican, government. But even on this point of view it is well to bear in mind the weighty words of the Federal Councillor Cérésole:—

Ce n'est que par la liberté que nous pouvons lutter contre l'Encyclique et le Syllabus. Les mesures autoritaires ne nous conduisent qu'aux luttes intestines, aux conflits stériles et aux déceptions. Faisons comme l'Italie, la Belgique, l'Angleterre, les États-Unis. Ne suspendons pas l'exercice de la liberté contre ceux qui ne pensent pas comme nous; ne froissons pas dans les sentiments respectables une minorité du peuple suisse à laquelle nous devons égard et respect précisément parce qu'elle est minorité.

Ce n'est pas en fermant des couvents que nous combattons le Syllabus, c'est en ouvrant des écoles.

Throughout the debates our sympathies lie with those Protestant members who, holding fast to their own principles, to their own views of what was abstractedly best, could still see that, in framing a Federal Constitution, the question is not always whether such and such a measure is abstractedly the best, but whether it is one which ought to be enforced by Federal authority. It is a true and keen discernment to see that the maintenance of those cantonal rights which are the very life and soul of Swiss freedom is a higher object than forcing upon unwilling Cantons even the very best provisions about schools, convents, or marriages.

#### THE LATE SIR JAMES A. HOPE, G.C.B.

THE retreat upon Corunna and the expedition to Walcheren occurred in the same year, and it is not wonderful that an officer who had survived both these operations should live to the mature age of eighty-five years. The late Sir James Hope saw the military character of Great Britain reduced to the lowest point in 1809, and he shared in nearly all the battles by which in the next five years she taught the rest of Europe to contend successfully against Napoleon. We have been usefully reminded by Lord Derby of the burden of taxation which our fathers were content to bear, and certainly it is wonderful to observe that so much money could have been raised, and still more how it was spent. The campaign of Sir John Moore in Spain proved at any rate that British soldiers could fight, which after all is the first requisite in war; but the special characteristic of the unfortunate expedition against Antwerp was that nearly half an army was lost without a battle. There were good reasons for undertaking this expedition and good hopes that it would have succeeded if it had been promptly executed. Napoleon had made Antwerp a principal naval station, and he contemplated that at some convenient time it might become a basis of operations against the east coast of England. At the time when the expedition was undertaken he was engaged upon the Danube in a doubtful struggle against Austria, and if a British force could have seized and held Antwerp, it is possible that Northern Germany might have risen against the French with the vigour and unanimity which it displayed a few years later when Napoleon had sustained a heavy blow in Russia. The battle of Aspern or Essling was fought on the 22nd of May, and Napoleon at the close of a day of unparalleled anxiety saw himself repulsed from the left bank of the Danube and driven into the island of Lobau, which his ablest officers advised him was untenable. He, however, held fast to his position, and during the next six weeks he drew reinforcements from every quarter, including Antwerp, and prepared himself for a second attempt, in which failure would have been destruction. The British Government, hearing of the battle of Aspern, determined to attack Antwerp; but the battle of Wagram had been fought and Austria had made peace with Napoleon before that determination was carried into effect. "In the meantime," says an impartial historian, "the object of our preparations had, by the aid of the English journals, become as well known on the Continent as it was at the Horse Guards or the Admiralty." The battle of Wagram was fought on the 6th of July, and on the 28th of the same month an immense fleet, carrying an army of 40,000 men, sailed from the Downs for the Scheldt. The fleet was commanded by an Admiral of undoubted vigour and capacity, Sir Richard Strachan, and he had under him several officers of high distinction. The army was commanded by the Earl of Chatham,

whose only title to military employment was that his father and his brother had been eminent in civil life. The Ministers who directed this expedition were not only dilatory in the execution of it, but they committed the grievous error of dividing the military resources of the country between Antwerp and Spain. The battle of Corunna was fought on the 16th of January, and after the death of Sir John Moore and the severe wound of Sir David Baird, the command of the British army devolved upon Sir John Hope (afterwards Lord Hopetoun), who embarked the troops without disturbance from the enemy, and returned to England. Thus it happened that Sir John Hope and a portion of the army which had shared in one abortive expedition shared also in another in the same year.

Sir John Hope was accompanied both in Spain and on the banks of the Scheldt by Captain Hope, the subject of our present remarks. His division was the first to arrive at the scene of intended action, and it took part in such fighting as there was. It has been said by a French writer of authority that the army should have been landed at Blankenberg, a few miles north-east of Ostend, and marched thence by Bruges and Ghent upon Antwerp, while the fleet forced the passages of the Scheldt. But, by landing on Walcheren and the other islands, and laying siege to Flushing, time was given to the French to send troops to Antwerp and strengthen its fortifications, and also to the fever of the country to do its destructive work upon the invaders. This great army and fleet did take Flushing, and also Fort Bantz, which lies further up the Scheldt, and thus it occupied four weeks. On the 26th of August a council of war was held, which determined that the enterprise had better be abandoned; for sickness was increasing daily, and the enemy had completed his preparations, besides which the French fleet had been removed five miles above Antwerp, so that even the capture of that place might not ensure its destruction. Accordingly, all our magnificent conquests were abandoned except Walcheren, where a garrison was kept until the end of the year, "when the healthy season was commencing." Official returns show that upwards of 14,000 soldiers of our army were sick, and, although not more than one-fourth of this number died, "yet," says the historian whom we have already quoted, "scarcely one who is alive at this day but carries in his frame some unsubdued portion of the disease, some rheumatic affection or periodical ague-fit, forcing upon his recollection the share he had in an expedition which, for the credit of its planners and the honour of their country, it were better could be buried in oblivion." There was of course an inquiry into the causes of this disastrous failure, and Lord Chatham admitted that when he left England he knew nothing about the place he was going to attack. It would be idle, however, to dwell upon his incompetency for high command except to exhibit the folly of those who placed him in it. The conception and execution of this enterprise were equally ridiculous. It has been said that Antwerp might have been taken in three days after the troops reached the Belgian coast; and unless it had been taken soon it was not likely to have been taken at all. The perversity of the British Government in employing Lord Chatham upon this service was the more remarkable because, after Sir John Moore's retreat and death, they still held to the plan of combating the French armies in Spain and Portugal, and they had sent Sir Arthur Wellesley with a small army to Lisbon, whence he advanced to Talavera and fought a battle highly honourable to his troops, although otherwise without result. Even if "the late Lord Chatham," as he was called, had been a man of energy and ability, it would still have been the height of folly to divide the small military power of this country between Belgium and Spain. The original notion of an attack on Antwerp at the end of May might have been a good one if it had been promptly carried out; but when the opportunity of Napoleon's embarrassment on the Danube had passed by, the most ordinary prudence would have dictated the concentration of British effort upon Spain, where something considerable might have been effected. But with the force at his disposal Wellesley, after the failure of Spanish co-operation, could do no more than make good his retreat to Portugal. The incapacity of British military administration down to the end of 1809 was almost equal to that which lately sent a French army to destruction at Sedan.

It was, however, the good fortune of Captain Hope to escape the Walcheren fever, and to return next year to Spain, where British military affairs were henceforth to be efficiently directed. He had already served as aide-de-camp to Sir John Hope, and he now became aide-de-camp successively to Sir Thomas Graham and Marshal Beresford, with one or other of whom he was present at almost every great action of the Spanish war. He must have had good friends and good abilities to obtain these employments, and he must also have had good health and good fortune to retain them through all the hardships and dangers of those campaigns. Many officers of equal or superior intellect wanted the bodily strength to endure the fatigue and vicissitudes of climate which active service in those years involved. The campaign of Sir John Moore in Spain lasted from November to January, and we have all probably read and remembered something of the miseries of his retreat. Then came a voyage in a crowded transport or man-of-war to England, and then preparations for the disastrous expedition to the Scheldt. The winter's cold and summer's heat did their worst upon that army of which this officer was till lately an honoured relic. It was said of another officer, who died a few weeks ago, that he had served with his regiment through the Spanish campaign, and was only absent from

duty four days in all that time. Sir James Hope not only served in all these campaigns, but he was present as a Staff officer in almost every battle and siege that occurred in them, so that his experience of war must have been almost unequalled among officers of his standing. He was under thirty years of age when this brilliant career terminated, and, although manifestly capable of great things, he found no further opportunities for distinction. The constitutional strength which carried him through so many hardships was further proved by his surviving until last week, when he who had endured Corunna and Walcheren yielded to old age. It is to be feared that the hardihood which supported such trials is more rare in modern Britain than the incapacity which produced them.

#### DR. DÖLLINGER'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

IT is barely five years since we noticed a remarkable address on the *Past and Present of Universities*, delivered by Dr. Dollinger as Rector of the University of Munich. He has now been again elected by the almost unanimous suffrage of his colleagues to that honourable post, in a year alike remarkable as the fourth centenary of his *alma mater*, and from its eventual significance in the history of his country and his Church. He delivered just before Christmas, in presence of a large Academic audience and of many distinguished members of the Bavarian Court and Government, as well as foreign ambassadors, the inaugural lecture of which a pretty full report has now appeared in the German newspapers. The members of the Theological Faculty, who had alone voted against the one man of their body who had the firmness to stand to his convictions, were of course conspicuous by their absence. But for nearly two hours his address was listened to with breathless attention, interrupted by frequent bursts of applause, by the immense majority of the professors and students of the University. His subject, as he himself observed, was on this occasion not so much chosen by himself as prescribed by the momentous events which have recently occurred, viewed in what may be called their academical bearings; and accordingly he announced as the question to be examined, "What significance has our most recent history for the high educational institutions of Germany and the purposes they serve?" Two great events, by no means destitute of moral connexion both in their causes and results, were thus prominently indicated—the Vatican Synod and the Franco-German war. And to a man who is at once an ardent patriot and a devout believer, few subjects could offer deeper or more varied interest. It is not surprising that so great an anxiety should have been manifested to hear what he had to say in the way both of comment on the past and suggestion for the future. Nor can his hearers have been disappointed in the result.

Dr. Dollinger commenced by a graceful tribute to the courage and patriotism of his countrymen in the late war, and expressed the desire which must now be felt for a lasting peace; though, in view of the hatred of Germany which the French threaten to hand down as an heirloom to their children in place of their old detestation of England, it is impossible at present for Germany to disarm. It seems to be a necessity for the French, he sorrowfully observed, to have some nation or other to hate, but "this hatred Germany does not return." All Christian nations are members of one great confederacy, and have need of each other's aid; but most especially is this true now, as it always has been, of France and Germany. Both peoples have a common historical origin in the Carolingian Empire, and are destined to supplement one another. For a long time Germany was the receptive party in this "intellectual marriage." The foundation of the famous University of Paris, about the year 1200, made France the focus of European learning, and for centuries her supremacy was unchallenged. Meanwhile the intellectual intercourse between the two countries continued uninterrupted, and at the Councils of Constance and Basle, in the fifteenth century, the learning of both joined hands on German soil in the persons of the French Gerson and D'Ailly and the German Nicholas Cusa. Since then French influence has been deeply tainted by moral and political corruption; but yet the French nation will long preserve its old reputation, which has been dwelt upon by the English writer Macaulay as the channel through which world-stirring ideas and discoveries are popularized, not always indeed without degenerating into shallowness in the process. And it will be the wisdom of Germany to recognize this fact, and to admit candidly that "Germany and France are nations indispensable to each other." Just now, it is true, though the vital power remains unexhausted, French intellect is passing under an eclipse. Nor is the explanation far to seek. The highest ethical law of science is love of truth, and the priests of true science, though liable to error, will never lie. But the period since 1789 has been not inaptly termed an age of lies, and hence "the noble French nation lies stretched on a bed of severe though not hopeless disease." Her historians have inoculated her with a profound untruthfulness, and in the word "Chauvinisme" the French have invented a name for the monomania under which they labour of considering themselves the first nation in the world. What Lamartine's mendacious *History of the Girondins* did for the first half of the French Revolution, the historical works of Thiers have done for the second, and the writings of Michelet and Louis Blanc have a similar tendency. Against this systematic falsification of history and of the moral standard, men of the most various parties—like Tocqueville, Provost-Paradol, and Thierry—have

vainly protested. France has indeed erected her self-worship into an infallible dogma, comprised in three articles; first, that the French nation is the noblest, and can never err; secondly, that it has an inalienable right to rule over German territory up to the Rhine; thirdly, that the French army can never be beaten. And accordingly, on the 18th of July, 1870, the French declaration of war against Germany "fell like a ripe fruit from this upas-tree."

And it did not come alone. On the same day Rome, "the second metropolis of Latinism," declared war against German science and German intellect. On that day 547 Roman bishops proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope. The lecturer remarks that witnesses of authority have shown this dogma to have been promulgated only to checkmate the Germans, and to serve as an antidote against inconvenient German investigations. He might have added that leading advocates of the dogma have admitted as much. Father Dalgairns, for instance, did but state the same thing in his own way when he said that the Church was compelled to choose between the infallibility of the Pope and the infallibility of the German professors, and therefore chose the former. And the Roman, like the Parisian, declaration of war, was the result of an age of lies. For years past the Roman hierarchy had been sedulously engaged in disseminating throughout colleges and seminaries text-books full of misstatements and falsifications, and thus gaining over the rising generation of clergy to the cause of Papal absolutism. In Germany alone this system was not more than partially successful, and hence the urgent need for putting German science under anathema. The Jesuits had formulated a doctrine of intellectual obedience (*sacrificio dell' intelletto*), which was first directed against physical science, and resulted in total failure. Now the science of history is attacked, and the inevitable consequence of success would be universal scepticism. But Rome is fully bent on the conflict; at her dictation the German bishops have formally complained to the Emperor of the "inharmious progress" of science in the German Universities, which the Jesuit *Civiltà Cattolica* had already designated as "oscu, non pur arido, ma fetido, tanto è il puzzo che n' esce di dottrine corrompitrici e pestiferi." But history was never better able than in the present age to meet the attack, for never was there more perfect harmony as to the principles of the science, or more general agreement about the facts. This the lecturer proceeded to illustrate by a striking sketch of the political development of the German nation, which had now reached its legitimate culmination in the establishment of the Empire. But that Empire means a federation, not a tyranny. The Germans are a people of peoples, and their Kaiser is no French or Roman Cæsar, no Slavonic Czar or Byzantine Basileus, but the head of independent Kings and princes. There must be no attempt at centralization—no Paris, where all the vital elements of the nation are concentrated in a single point, and to which the whole country is subjected, while it serves at the same time as a common high school for the refinements of sensuality. It is the duty and interest of the restored Empire to maintain fraternal relations with Austria, and with all the surrounding countries, and if is their interest also.

And here the lecturer came to the question which naturally arose out of the application of the inquiry to University education; "What branches of study have received a new impulse from late events?" After noticing their obvious bearing on history, as also on philosophy, "which occupies among the sciences the same mediating and international position as is held by Germany among the nations of the world," he pointed out that German theology is above all favoured by the new order of things. That is a science which both among Catholics and Protestants has much to learn and much to forget. Since the great division of the sixteenth century its chief task has been polemical; but henceforth it should change a polemic for a peace-making tendency. Patriots, he said, have long lamented her religious disunion as the principal impediment to the unification of Germany, and till that gulf is bridged over the new Empire will remain an unfinished edifice. Not is the question simply a national one. It concerns the Christian as much as the patriot. And throughout Europe there is a growing desire felt for the reunion of the separated Churches. But there is a double reason why the work has a primary claim on German theologians. In most countries of Europe the Reformation either eventually triumphed or was finally suppressed; in Germany the result was a drawn battle, and from that day to this the two confessions have existed side by side on equal terms, but their internal difference has been a bar to national unity. And, moreover, it was there that the division had its source. The country where the quarrel originated should be the first to bring about a reconciliation. And the fearless spirit of honest and patient inquiry which has characterized German science, historical and theological, offers the best pledge for a favourable result. The old maxim, *noblesse oblige*, applies to nations as well as to individuals. With her growing power the obligations of Germany to mankind are also multiplied. And a further ground for the urgency of this work of religious reconciliation is found in the circumstance of modern navigation having opened up every part of the globe. Above two-thirds of the human race—more than eight hundred millions of human beings—have still to be gained for Christianity and European civilization, and they too ought to profit by the power and prestige of the new German Empire. On the other hand, individuals must not forget the moral duties of ever-increasing importance which await the man of culture, who is bound to labour to the utmost within his own sphere, however limited it may be, to promote the social elevation of the people,



while endeavouring to gain and preserve for himself that purity of heart which is the best safeguard against intellectual sloth.

We have only been able to glance at the leading points of an address every word of which, we may be sure, from the known character of the author, was deliberately weighed, and will repay attentive perusal. And it says much, not only for the lofty independence and broad sympathies of the speaker, which could hardly have been doubtful, but for the calm and moderate temper of those whom he addressed, that at a period of great religious and political excitement such words should have been publicly spoken, and received with enthusiastic applause by a highly-cultivated and, we may add, fairly representative audience of German statesmen and scholars. As to the precise apportionment of praise and blame in the origin and events of the late war, there will necessarily be considerable differences of opinion among observers from without, nor will all be agreed as to the nature and prospects of the new Empire. But events, as well during as after the war, have too abundantly justified the lecturer's criticism on the demoralisation of France, and we cannot doubt that he has put his finger on the sore place in exposing that system of false and feeble self-flattery which has done so much to turn a great nation into a vast Mutual Admiration Society, while it finds its ecclesiastical counterpart in the system of pious frauds which culminated in the Vatican decrees, and gained for the Assembly itself the unenviable designation of a Synod of Sycophants. Those who wish well to the future of Germany and of Christianity can hardly form a better aspiration for either than that Dr. Dollinger's spirit and temper may be largely shared by his countrymen.

#### THE LORD ADVOCATE ON EDUCATION.

IF Scotland met with scanty recognition during the past Session, it has been more than made up to her during the Recess. She has listened to the platform utterances of many of her members who were not so fortunate as to gain a hearing within the walls of the House of Commons. She is at this moment enjoying the excitement of an election contest between two men of the same party, neither of whom is unversed in the strategies of electioneering. And she has been privileged to hear and criticize the speeches of four not unimportant members of the Government—the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Under-Secretary for India, and the Lord Advocate. These four eminent men have each had their say before crowded assemblages of appreciative Scotchmen, and their addresses have, through the newspapers, been freely considered and discussed, not in Scotland only, but throughout the kingdom. A family likeness, as is becoming, pervaded all four, at least in the commencement. They all sang paeans over the labours of the Administration since it came into office, and then delivered their souls upon the work of their departments. *Desunt in picem mulier formosa superne.* The disestablishment of the Irish Church, the settlement of the Land question, the establishment of English education, the abolition of purchase, the preservation of peaceful relations during the late war, the termination of the *Alabama* controversy, these were beautiful topics, and full of comfort. But with them the lovely woman fades away, and the scaly continuations take her place. Mr. Gladstone on his Scottish blood, Mr. Bruce on his efforts to propagate a Licensing Bill, Mr. Grant Duff on the "Cobden legacy," and the Lord Advocate on "the religious difficulty in Scotland," excellent as they all are on each topic, are much less easy to understand, and much less interesting to read, than when they are singing *Io triumphe* in the Elgin Burghs or at Pollockshaws.

Scotch education was the main theme of the Lord Advocate's address. He promised that the long-looked-for Bill would be the second measure of the Session, and that, so far as it lay with the Government, every effort would be made to pass it into law. He indicated that the Bill of next Session would be similar to the one which he introduced last Session; the only difference—by no means immaterial—being that, whereas last year's Bill contained only the permissive-compulsory clauses of the English Act, the new Bill would make compulsion universal and imperative.

On the religious question Scotch public opinion is more completely in solution than it has been since the commencement of the education controversy five-and-twenty years ago. It has become curiously involved with a question of ecclesiastical polity, old enough in the history of the Presbyterian Church, but comparatively new in England—the question, namely, of Church patronage. The Presbyterians in Scotland amount to some eighty-six per cent. of the population. Various schisms, all of which can be traced to this question of patronage, have divided them into three bodies—Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches. These three bodies, full of enmity to each other on all other points, are at one on two subjects—their love of the Shorter Catechism, and their hatred of Roman Catholics and Episcopalians. A movement, however, is going on in those bodies towards union, which seems destined to end in more hopeless disunion than exists at present. The question of patronage has again come to the front. A large majority of the Established Church think it expedient for the well-being, and indeed the very existence, of their body as an Establishment, that private and Crown patronage should be abolished; and with them, a pious, if fanatical, detachment of the Free Church, going down from the Pinnacles of poverty upon the promised land rich in the preferments of the Church, incline to throw in their lot; while the wealthier

and more sober-minded majority are turning towards the resolute arms of the United Presbyterians. The education question is taken up by the former sections, and is being cunningly used as a machine to weld together the anti-patronage men of the two Churches. A Society calling itself the "Scottish Educational Association" has been formed, and has sent out the more eloquent of its orators to stump the principal towns of Scotland during the recess, and try—but so far vainly—to arouse some patriotic feeling by singing aloud the praises of each other, and of Scotland, and the Shorter Catechism, and the Scottish Thistle, and John Knox, and Sir William Wallace, and denouncing the conduct of the Government towards Scotland (which they say is worse than any Government since the days of Bolingbroke) and the tyranny of England. The nominal objects of the Society are—to secure by Act of Parliament (1) the teaching of religion according to "use and wont"; (2) Scottish management for Scottish schools; (3) the proper training, remuneration, and "status" of the Scottish schoolmaster. The first branch of this programme means, when translated into English, that a statute shall be passed enacting that the Shorter Catechism shall be taught without a conscience clause in all State-aided schools, and that Episcopalian and Roman Catholic schools shall be starved or stamped out of existence. The second means "Home Rule" in matters educational. It includes the absorption of a quarter of a million a year by an irresponsible Scotch Board sitting in Edinburgh, and dispensing public money at its own sweet will—the establishment, in short, in Scotland of the Irish Board system with all the evils and none of the safeguards. The third means an Act of Parliament to give every Scotch schoolmaster a house and a garden, 50*l.* to 100*l.* a year of salary, besides his fees and grant, fixity of tenure in his office, and "status." What "status" means we do not know. Perhaps it is Scotch for social position, and it may, for anything we know to the contrary, include armorial bearings for all the teachers, precedence for their wives, and statutory invitations to dinner with the chief magistrates in the towns, and the "value-rented heritors"—whatever they may be—in the country. It would appear unusual to include such things in an English Act of Parliament, but Scotchmen have always pampered their schoolmasters, and Scotch Acts of Parliament are peculiar.

The programme, however, whether in Scotch or English, is very useful in the welding process. "Use and wont" being directed against Prelates and Papists, draws together all the more fanatical of the Presbyterians. Scottish management captivates the Home Rule patriots who are opposed to English interference in Scotch schools, and all who may hope for place or influence in a Scotch Board. That vague and indefinable "status" is an irresistible bait to the irrepressible teachers of youth. And the hope of defeating any Education Bill introduced by the present Government brings together the residuum of the Conservative party in Scotland who are not already hooked by the anti-patronage programme. The Bill of last Session was not to their liking. The Squires have always looked upon the parish schools as private preserves belonging to their party, and any interference with them as an invasion of the rights of property. These schools are supported by rates levied equally upon landed proprietors and their tenants, but the tenants have no voice in the management. The minister of the parish, who pays no rate, is always the leading, and generally the only active, manager, and the teacher, being appointed by him, is invariably a member of the Established Church. The Bill proposed to break up this monopoly and to open the management to all who pay, and to relieve the parish minister of the burden of managing and appointing, unless he was elected by the ratepayers like any other man. The landed interest object to this proposal, and call it "godless"; but, seeing that opposition on this ground is hopeless, they join the "Educational Association" on the three heads of their programme, and encourage them to put forward the attractive warms (the Catechism, the Scotch Board, and "status") in the window, while they keep the real substantial business (the exclusive management of the parish schools) in the back shop.

The Lord Advocate gathered himself together, and went straight at the programme, taking the parish schools in his stride, and leaving Sir William Wallace and the Scottish Thistle for another occasion. Management and status he cleared without much difficulty, going in and out as if they were a double post and rail. But the religious question was a power, and, wisely or unwisely the result alone will show, he decided to go round by a gap. He regarded it, he said, as a question of the first importance, and that in every view of it—whether religious, educational, or political. The religious matter that he wanted to be taught was sufficiently plain:—

We are all agreed [he said, amid the acclamations of his audience], we are all agreed, I trust and firmly believe, that a child without instruction in religion, without the knowledge that there is a God above him, and around him, closer to him than breathing, nearer than hands and feet, about all his paths, springing out all his ways, knowing all his thoughts long before, and to whom, this life ended, his spirit must return to give account of the deeds done in the body—I say I trust and believe that we are all agreed that, without this knowledge a child is not educated, even elementarily, in such a manner as to fit him for his duties in the world in any station, however humble.

But the difficulty was in the manner of teaching it. Three plans had been proposed—the Denominational, the Presbyterian (or "use and wont"), and the Secular. The Denominational system he rejected because it must be voluntary, and never could be national, and under it there was, and always would be, many schools



where none were wanted, and no schools where many were wanted. The Presbyterian plan he rejected because it would be impossible to carry it. Teaching of religion in the public schools has never been proscribed in Scotland by an Act of Parliament, or by any law whatsoever, and the time has gone by when Parliament could be asked to sanction the application of public money for instruction in a particular form of religion, even the Presbyterian, to the exclusion of any other. The secular plan, by which he meant the proposal to "make common cause against that ignorance which is the common enemy, and leave the teaching of religion to the parents, the churches, to pious individuals or associations of pious individuals who may provide it for them," he rejected also. Sympathizing with this plan, like many of his countrymen "I am constrained," he said, "by that deference which is only becoming on my part by what I believe to be the prevailing opinion of the people of Scotland, for whom it is my duty to attempt to legislate effectively on this matter, to decline to attempt to legislate according to these views." All these proposals therefore are rejected. The fence was too stiff all along the field, but he found a gap in the corner. The schools shall be national and in no sense Denominational, and in them instruction in religion shall "neither be proscribed nor proscribed." The School Boards are to regulate the branches of instruction to be taught in the schools under their management, and it will be for them to decide whether any, and if so what, religion shall be taught. The battle of the Denominations will be fought out in every parish and burgh. But it will not rage fiercely. Where 86 per cent. of the whole population are Presbyterian, it is pretty certain that Presbyterianism will have very much its own way. In Ireland 80 per cent. of the population are Roman Catholic, and there Roman Catholicism will have very much its own way when what is law in England and Scotland comes to be law in Ireland. Whether this is for the good of the United Kingdom or not the Government of which Mr. Young is a member will have to judge. It is certainly hard on the minority, whose claims, whatever may be their value, ought not to be appraised by the rough process of counting heads.

#### THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

IN a former article we treated of the Italian schools; we now turn to Spanish, German, Flemish, and Dutch pictures. The Spanish school is this year rather weak, notwithstanding some not unimportant works of El Greco, Zurbaran, Murillo, and Velasquez. El Greco's portrait of his daughter (112) is interesting in many ways. The work comes from the collection of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, author of *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, and is therefore well accredited. El Greco, architect, sculptor, and painter, a Greek by birth, as his pseudonym implies, has been described as "an artist who alternated between reason and delirium, and displayed his great genius only at lucid intervals." He was best when he condescended to emulate Titian. We have seen eleven of his pictures in the Madrid Gallery, mostly portraits; his style is apt to be wooden and mechanical. The painter has delineated his own fine Hellenic features; the hands and face are expressly of the æsthetic type; evidently the man was designed by nature for noble work. El Greco's beautiful daughter, now before us, appears also in the great altar-piece of Toledo; the portrait justifies the eloquent words of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell in the "Annals":—

She is painted in the prime of life and loveliness; her dark eyes and rich complexion are finely set off by the white-furred mantle drawn over her head; and her countenance, in depicting which her fond father has put forth all his skill, is one of the most beautiful that death ever dimmed, and that the pencil ever rescued from the grave.

Zurbaran, called sometimes the Spanish Caravaggio, was great in monks; he painted a friar with as much gusto as Raffaello a Madonna, Titian a Venetian noble, or Vandyck an English gentleman. But "St. Francis at his Devotions" (93) is unworthy of the master; the head, poor in quality, would probably be seen, on close inspection, to have been repainted; the rough brown robe alone, broad as a sack, and worn into holes, bespeaks the artist's mastery. Passing on to the highest genius in Spanish art, we have once more to complain of the catalogue. Two remarkable examples of Velasquez, lent by Sir Richard Wallace, are thus curtly described:—"A Spanish Infanta" (75), and "Portrait of the Infanta" (142). Both these pictures were in the Manchester Art Treasures; the first (75) is not known as an Infanta at all, "but simply as a Lady with a Fan"; the last (142) is one of the artist's many portraits of the boy Don Carlos, Prince of Asturias, son of Philip IV. This is the little fellow familiar to every one who has the slightest acquaintance with the picture galleries of Europe, often represented full tilt on a pony, sometimes in shooting costume with a dog, or again, as in the portrait before us, with baton and sword, standing, solemn and stiff, after true Spanish fashion. The picture is marked by masterly sketchiness, and we may observe how completely the figure is rounded in relief, without being detached from the background. Reynolds, it will be remembered, objects to portraits wherein the spectator seems to be invited to walk all round the figure; the old masters were too compact in composition to allow of much vacant space for walking or dancing. Next to Velasquez, the great master of Castile, naturally comes Murillo, chief of the school of Andalusia. One picture only of this popular painter needs notice; a fine ex-

ample of a favourite subject, formerly in the Augustine convent at Seville, "St. Thomas of Villanueva dispensing Alms at the Door of his Cathedral" (98). This important picture, of which there are several replicas with variations, is much darkened and obscured, but it serves as a memorable example of the artist's semi-secular subjects. The contrast between the Saint and the ragged and dirty applicants crowding around for charity is well conceived. The pale and venerable countenance of St. Thomas, it is said, inspired love and confidence, and accorded well with the office of shepherd and bishop of souls. The dirt obtrusively shown on the beggars' feet might with advantage have been left out; a like vulgar naturalism in the famous beggar boys at Dulwich is stigmatized by Mr. Ruskin as "foulness."

The early German and Flemish schools are present in a few small but interesting works by Van der Goes, Van Orley, Mabuse, Van Eyck, Lucas van Leyden, and Quintin Matsys. It is worth while to notice how the four first-named of these painters use Gothic architecture as an encircling accessory to their figure compositions, and how well the pointed arch, the clustered column, the perspective of nave and choir, lend themselves to visions of saints and flights of angels. The architecture introduced into a picture often serves as an index to date, locality, and school. We may add that we generally look with misgiving upon any Renaissance intrusions into pictures which belong to lands north of the Alps. Painters are known to take liberties with architecture, partly because of the temptation to rear, by the easy means of the brush, structures which could not stand elsewhere than on canvas. The architectural backgrounds of Van Eyck, which we recall in Munich and elsewhere, are wrought, however, with exceptional fidelity; indeed, early masters generally, whether Northern or Italian, seldom falsify facts. Early schools for the most part do not seek for a beauty which is incompatible with truth, though imagination and the sense of the supernatural had full sway. In "A Legend of the Madonna" (222), by Van Orley, angels mingle among arches and columns, and minister to the Madonna. And again, in another charming composition, "The Virgin and Child; Angels on either side" (221), by Van der Goes, the winged messengers from the world of spirits are poised, bird-like, mid air, without fear of fall. Artists in the olden time had learnt the secret of being true to the imagination while they contravened the physical laws of nature. In one or two of the compositions before us we see how architectural backgrounds and surroundings give to the enclosed or canopied figure balanced symmetry and statuesque dignity. In that exquisite little gem, highly finished as a miniature, "A Virgin and Child" (234), by Van Eyck, the figures are brought into truest relation with the Gothic adjuncts, so that the composition becomes one and indivisible. Another instance of analogous treatment, "A Virgin and Child under a Canopy" (229), by Mabuse, introduces a later, freer, and less pure style, German Gothic such as we meet with in shrines and canopies of Nuremberg. It might be interesting further to work out the relation subsisting between Gothic architecture and the early pictorial schools of the North; Gothic sculpture would of course come in as a connecting link, and the general argument might receive further elucidation through French, German, and English ivories, wherein Gothic details are plentifully found. The present exhibition naturally affords fuller illustration of the Renaissance side of the question; but the close connexion between architecture, sculpture, and painting under the Italian Renaissance is almost too well known to need elucidation.

A curious but eminently characteristic example of that strange, fantastic man who forsook the blacksmith's anvil for the painter's easel is "The Call of Levi" (239). This is a picture which would have greatly delighted the English pre-Raphaelites in the time of their first love, when they put off beauty for ugliness, the garment of joy for sackcloth, and, turning aside from flesh and blood, clung tenderly to skin and bones. We have sometimes regretted that Quintin Matsys did not remain a blacksmith to the end of his days, yet we cannot but be grateful to the painter who has given us the magnificent "Descent from the Cross," now in the Antwerp Museum. "The Call of Levi" here before us belongs less to the sacred than to the secular division of this painter's art; the low type given to the Christ sinks the work irremediably; the money-changing, customs-taking properties in the shop rank the composition with the famous "Misers." The technical qualities of this curious panel are by no means admirable; it is said that Quintin had a son Jan, who worked out and multiplied the old man's designs. Lucas van Leyden, the contemporary of Matsys, is better known by his numerous engravings than by his somewhat scarce pictures. Well accredited, as coming from the choice collection of Mr. Thomas Baring, is a composition severe in style, serious in purpose, yet abounding in almost decorative detail—the "Legend of St. Giles and the Wounded Hart" (224). St. Giles, St. Hubert, and St. Eustace are in legendary art severally associated with the chase. St. Giles, who alone remains in our Calendar, is the patron of cripples; hence the name "St. Giles, Cripple-gate." The whole legend could not be more compactly or prettily told than in the picture exhibited. The Saint is seated in a rocky country nigh to his hermitage, and at his feet falls the arrow-stricken hind that furnished him with milk. The timid creature seeks shelter from the huntmen, and thus the King of France in his pursuit of the hart discovers the Saint. The theme is handled earnestly and lovingly; flowers tenderly painted in the foreground, as in Italian pictures of the same period, symbolize

a life like that of the lilies of the field, without care for the morrow.

Nine pictures by Holbein, some among the finest portraits ever painted, have a right to more space than we can spare. We begin with the mention of one of the artist's general subjects, "Noli me tangere" (225), from Hampton Court, and once, as the number on the panel testifies, in the collection of Charles I. It evidently is an early work, belonging to the period when Holbein was jack of all trades in Basle. In technique the greater part of the picture is simply vile, yet the figure of the Magdalen has grand dramatic movement. Holbein, in common with his contemporaries, was the skilled craftsman ready for any work which good fortune might fling in his way—altar painting, glass designing, portrait painting. That we in England know Holbein, as we do Vandyck, chiefly through portraits, is because the art trade of England has always taken that direction. But we have reason to be proud of our portraits; never was a face more faithfully or unflinchingly painted than that of Lady Butts (94); how shrewd is the eye, how decisive the nostrils, how firm and resolute the mouth! The panel, too, in its outlying surface and inlying tissues, is all but intact; whereas the companion portrait of "Sir William Butts" (96) has suffered grievously from repairs which are as obnoxious as the overcoatings of a plasterer. Mr. Wornum, in his volume on Holbein, throws doubts on the "Portrait of John Reskimer, a Cornish Gentleman" (213), from Hampton Court; also on the "Portrait of Dr. Thomas Linacre, Physician to Henry VII. and Henry VIII." (214). The same conscientious critic discriminates wisely as to the "Portrait of Warham, Archbishop of Cantorbury" (82). The picture appears to us angular and scratchy, dry and colourless; a replica, in some points superior, is in the Louvre. Mr. Wornum mentions the Archbishop's portrait as "one of the first of importance painted in this country, and a remarkable specimen of the painter's powers." Mr. Millais, R.A., contributes "A Portrait" (52), which was well spoken of in the Holbein Exhibition of Dresden. "Sir Henry Guildford" (138), a well-known head from Windsor, is one of the master's most individual and incisive heads. The works we have enumerated once more declare Holbein to be the most literal, whilst the least imaginative, of painters. Accordingly, as historic records, we trust these transcripts as we should trust photographs.

The art of Vandyck, as compared with the art of Holbein, was that of the courtier and sycophant. Bluff King Hal may be taken as the type of the one, while the more elegant figure and æsthetic features of King Charles are indicative of the other. Vandyck made nature bend to his pre-ordained lines of grace. Hogarth's line of beauty, whereof Vandyck might be supposed to have had prevision, is generally to be traced in his compositions; the pose of his elegantly formed hands, drooping as if the sitter's soul were languishing, is often the keynote to the entire portrait. Thirty-two works by this painter afford a pretty full summary of his art; the interesting series of small sketches in monochrome, contributed by the Duke of Buccleuch, show into what monotony the artist's mannerism degenerated, yet they are marked by his usual "delicate precision of drawing, nice discrimination of character, and grace of action." These small heads in brown chiaroscuro, having been put into the hands of the best engravers in the Netherlands, were published with etchings executed by Vandyck himself. From Windsor Castle comes one of the most delicate, silvery, and painstaking of the artist's works, the "Portrait of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I." (99). Observe the light touch of the pencil in the play of the hair, the tenderness of the greys passing with nice distinction from face to neck, from pearls to satin. In the way of full-lengths there are no finer examples than the portraits of M. Philippe le Roy and his wife (128-134), contributed by Sir Richard Wallace. For stately bearing, for style which reconciles artifice with simplicity, these noble figures are without rival. Here we see in the classic column and the ponderous curtain the pomp and circumstance which, as we have shown, the Renaissance brought into the pictorial arts. The lady's dress might be a lesson to Mr. Buckner and other painters of millinery; the true artist knows the point at which to stop short of extravagance. These two magnificent portraits were purchased in 1850 by the late Marquis of Hertford, at the sale of the King of Holland's collection, for the considerable sum of 5,300*l*. That such well-known works should involve a ridiculous blunder in the Catalogue shows that Royal Academicians are not always well-read men, even in their own profession. Some savant of Burlington House, blessed with the knowledge of a little French, read "M. Philippe le Roy" as nothing less than King Philip; accordingly the companion picture is entered in the Catalogue as the "Portrait of the Queen of Philippe le Roi." The compilers of this guide-book might have saved themselves from being laughed at if they had taken the trouble to turn over the pages of Dr. Waagen, or even of some schoolboy's handbook.

The Dutch pictures comprise a dubious "Portrait of Rembrandt's Mother" (68); "A Lady" (148), sumptuous in satin, by Terburg; "La belle Limonadière" (190), another case of shimmering satin by Netscher; "A Cavalier and Female with a Tankard" (194), a panel sharp and sparkling in touch, by Mieris; also "A Young Man Robbed of his Watch," a sly satire on the times, showing a finish and refinement not usual with Steen. Any persons who may have a love for Teniers are kindly furnished with works which will gratify their tastes. A pleasing example of what may be termed the Italianized Dutch style is a "Landscape" by Jan Asselyn. Lovely for light and for liquid water is "The River" (147), a scene which we may be sure

warmed the heart of bucolic Cuyp. We must also mention, as very fine in quality, a large tree study (180), by Hobbema; "A Ruined Arch, with Trees" (89), and "A Ruin on a River Bank" (184), both by Ruysdael. But the pride of the collection is the famous "Rainbow Landscape" (125). We might here suppose that Rubens determined to outdo Titian. With impetuous hand indifferent to detail, he sweeps across his vast canvas golden field, and shadowy trees, and blue horizon, spanning and illumining the sky with the bow which brings the composition together. The audacity of genius, or what some might call the triumph of art over nature, was never more conspicuous than in this masterpiece. In a future article we shall speak of the English school.

## REVIEWS.

### PHILLIPS'S GEOLOGY OF OXFORD.\*

IN no department of physics can the scheme of scientific study incorporated of late years with the Oxford course be said to have taken more vigorous root, or to have brought forth fruit of greater promise, than in that of geology. Fortunate, or we should rather say judicious, in the choice of a successor to the chair vacated by Buckland, Oxford has shown herself to possess among her rising minds a fund of sympathy and a growing taste for that branch of study such as to second and give practical effect to the energy and abilities brought by the Professor to his task. Courses of lectures admirable for their clearness and vivacity found a supplement even more stimulating perhaps to the zeal, and leaving a deeper impress on the minds of his class, in the series of excursions planned by Professor Phillips during appropriate periods of the year, bringing the student face to face with nature in her structural aspects, and enabling him to verify and grasp by direct contact with phenomena the generalizations or inferences of the classroom. Hand in hand teacher and pupil have thus sought at the fountain-head of nature herself the secrets of her progressive stages of growth. Excursions of this kind have, we doubt not, though the writer has not expressly said so, contributed in no slight degree to the full and exhaustive accumulation of materials which makes the volume before us as complete a monograph of the physical features of a single district as the literature of scientific exploration has to show.

Nor is the interest attaching to the subject of that merely local character which the title of the work might at first sight suggest. The geology of Oxford and the Thames Valley has, as Professor Phillips begins by explaining, a remarkable bearing upon the widest problems of the science. The history of that part of the earth's surface now occupied by the Valley of the Thames comprises the whole period of geological time, from the oldest rocks of sedimentary formation to the latest pre-historic alluvium. In no district of such moderate extent can so large a series of persistent marine life be placed in such co-ordination with physical conditions of land and sea through so long a range of continuous time. The museums of the University of Oxford, of which Professor Phillips gives a slight preliminary sketch, have lent their valuable aid to the preparation of the present volume, and to the illustration of every branch of the subject. Among these is the oldest collection ever formed in the British Isles for the illustration of natural history, antiquities, and geology. Though popularly known by the name of Ashmole, its donor and second founder, the nucleus of this museum was formed by the Tradescants, father and son. In later years the labours of Buckland, Strickland, Acland, and Rolleston have had for their result an almost unrivalled wealth of organic remains as well in the department of comparative anatomy as in that of fossil geology. Foremost among the treasures of Oxford is the great series of reptilian bones from the oolites. It is by the high and almost continuous oolite range of the Cotswolds that what may be called in a limited sense the natural district round Oxford, including the branches of the upper Thames, is bounded to the west and north, as well as by the almost equally lofty cretaceous strata to the south and south-west. Oxford, though not quite, geographically speaking, in the centre of this district, is strictly so in relation to its geological distribution and structure. In a larger sense the district which is open to the Oxford student is extended by Professor Phillips to the whole range of the chalk from Wiltshire to Bedfordshire, with the river Kennet; and the vale of the Severn, with the picturesque chain of Malvern. His coloured geological map, supplemented by a series of vertical sections, gives a clear idea of the striking arrangement which affords in the Malvern ridge a key to the whole mystery of palæozoic life. Oldest amongst all the rocks of Great Britain, having probably contemporaneous groups in the gneissic hills of the north-western Highlands of Scotland and the Hebrides, the gneissic ridges of the Malvern Beacon, at once crystallized and laminated, uprear themselves amidst and through the surrounding strata. Of igneous origin and metamorphic in condition, these monuments of a primary age, separated by a line of fault on either side, have on their western face felspathic and hornblende rocks of considerable variety, which by many persons, including Professor Phillips himself, were once thought to have been erupted after the stratified Silurian beds were formed which now cover them in part. A longer examination has made this opinion no longer

\* *Geology of Oxford and the Valley of the Thames*. By John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1871.

tenable. It may be considered certain that the main portion of the lowest rocks in all the hills of the Malvern range is of older date than any of the strata which rest unconformably upon them. The theory which has assigned the earliest of these stratified deposits to the Laurentian series of Canada is not indeed borne out by sufficient evidence, but there can be no hesitation in identifying them with the Cambrian strata of the next palæozoic age, followed as they are by the lower and upper Silurian, the old red sandstone, the marls and conglomerates which precede the coal measures and Permian conglomerates. The middle space of the Oxford district is filled for the most part with mesozoic strata of great interest and variety, while tertiary deposits appear towards the southern border. The student has thus presented to him, within an area well nigh to be scanned from the watch-tower of the Worcester Beacon, an epitome of the whole series of changes which the surface of the earth has undergone from the dawn of geological time.

The vale of Severn is shown by the accumulations of drift in its various hollows to have had its present general aspect in periods as far remote as when the mastodon, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus roamed over the surface of Britain. Yet there is reason, Professor Phillips shows, to regard it as having been formed, in great part at least, by excavation of the once more widely extended strata; the hills of Brecon and Dumbleton having been separated from the Cotswolds, and the line stripped from the red marls which it once covered probably to the foot of the Malverns. He pictures to us the steep western escarpment of the breezy colt chain, beaten by the rough Severn sea, before the elevation which raised the vale of Severn and Avon from 50 to 300 or 400 feet. To the east and south of the Cotswolds another area of elevation and depression is seen in the great system of Thames drainage. A special chapter is given by our author to the first of British rivers and its tributaries. Never has Tamesis or less been so minutely or exhaustively traced through its etymological or geographical windings to its "very head," its affluents verified and measured, the strata which determine its course and qualify its waters mapped and analysed, and its history drawn out from the days of the Cæsars, through prehistoric, to British, classic, and modern times. On a general view of the country drained by the Thames, there appear three distinct ridges, alternating with hollows parallel to the ranges of out-cropping strata. First is the vale of Thames and Ray between the line of the Cotswolds to Edgehill, and that from Faringdon across Shotover to Brill; secondly, the vale of Ock and Thame, to the south of the latter range, and north of the line of Downs of Wilts, Berks, Oxon, and Herts; beyond which the vale of Kennet and Thames forms the third and principal hollow, prolonged into the great estuarine plain which reaches to the German Ocean. Though least conspicuous by its height, Shotover ridge presents a succession of insulated summits which have escaped the denuding influence of watery action everywhere else traceable over this region, still retaining its cap of iron sand and ochre above the Purbeck beds and Kimmeridge clay. To account for the peculiar configuration of land and water space, we have to fall back upon the condition of things which gave rise to the existing "summits of drainage," as Professor Phillips well designates the lines of high level or summit ridge from which rain falling vertically runs down to a valley on either side, in preference to such terms as either "watershed" or "water parting." Those lines were materially determined by the irregularities of the sea bed, as the land which ultimately formed the British island group rose by gradual elevations. A series of maps is made to exhibit clearly the aspect of the country at successive periods, as affected by elevations from 1,000 to 500 and 250 feet above the sea. At the earliest of these periods nothing but the higher peaks of the Malvern Hills, Cleve, near Cheltenham, and Broadway, near Evesham, can have appeared above the waste of waters. At 500 feet we have the aspect of things represented in our author's intermediate diagram—the Cotswolds as a broken series of digitated masses, the Thames basin confluent with the Avon of Wilts and the Avon of Warwick; a series of islands branching out in a wide expanse of ocean, and more than half the area of the Oxford district still submerged: no limit to the sea on the eastward; islets of oolite near Oxford, straits of chalk near Pangbourne, with other straits, especially on the Evenlode and the Cherwell, through which a communication is open to the great midland sea which reaches to the hills of Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, and Shropshire. At intervals, in the process of elevation, ice rafts in abundance may be conceived drifting southward by the straits of Evenlode and Cherwell, transplanting the red pebbles of Warwickshire to the vale of the Thames. When within 250 feet of its present level, the valleys of the Severn and Thames are distinctly demarked, that of the Thames a vast estuary with a sea loch up the Kennet vale. Lochs extend right and left up the Thame and the Ock. Straits are seen between the chalk hills of Chiltern and Lambourn, straits near Abingdon, and lochs again right and left up the Ray and the Thames. Under these conditions the Cotswold rivers may be conceived delivering abundant detritus, and forming gravel and sand beds of great extent on the sides of the long loch of the upper Thames, while from the chalk hills considerable quantities of flints would be collected on other parts of the shores. Following the retiring sea, rivers hollowed out their beds to their present configuration, sweeping away the deposits of an earlier age, or covering them with a fresh accumulation of matter. The various sub-aerial vicissitudes, gradually rather than by any cataclysmal violence, modified the features of the land, and left their memorials in the rich profusion which the hand of science is now outstretched to grasp.

In a series of special chapters Professor Phillips draws out in

detail the several links of the chain of proof which he has indicated in general terms at the outset of his argument. From the oldest azoic or gneissic rocks, with their crystallized masses of quartzo-felspathic granite, hornblende or felspar, through the second or Cambrian age, with its first faint traces of life in a fossil fauna, possibly fucoïd, followed by richer deposits in the black shale of unmistakable relationship with the Tremadoc or Upper Lingula flags, together with the earliest form of trilobite, the Malvern rocks are shown to teach the simplest lessons in comparative geology. A gap occurs in the next stage, owing to the absence of the rich fossiliferous strata classified as the Bala rocks in North Wales, and as the Llandeilo and Caradoc beds in South Wales and Shropshire. In the later Silurian deposits closer analogies are to be traced. For the compound series following the old red sandstone and carboniferous strata, introducing totally new conditions, the term "poikilitic" has for thirty years been applied by Professor Phillips; and to it he with reason adheres, as expressive of its multifarious analogies or affinities; although the later section has been separated by Sir R. Murchison under the category of Permian, and the magnesian limestone of the series has, on the ground of its fossil contents, been assigned by our Professor himself to the carboniferous group. Between the coal and the Rhaetic base of the lias the whole series of Permian, triassic, and Rhaetic deposits may be treated as one great poikilitic series. The total thickness of these strata on the east of the Malvern ridge is estimated at 1,370 feet; the deposition of a sea which washed the face of these cliffs, working up and laying a new bed of sandstones, marls, and conglomerates, the debris of the palæozoic rocks. The earliest member of this series has since the time of Murchison's great exploration taken its name from the district which forms its most generic type, the ancient kingdom of Perm, in Russia. The necessity for the introduction of a term for the newly-discovered group between the new red and the lias, resting for its principal type upon the succession of fossil fauna in the series of the Rhaetic Alps, led to the name of Rhaetic being adopted for the shales, limestones, and clays below the lias and oolites. The Rhaetic beds have in this country nothing like the richness in respect to forms of life which belongs to the grand series of oolite deposits. That which is the most original and instructive portion of Professor Phillips's work is his description of the mighty forms which head this magnificent series—the Megalosaurus and Cetosaurus. Owen had thirty years ago drawn attention to the analogy of the first of these vast reptilians to birds of the type of the ostrich. The ileum of Megalosaurus in the Oxford Museum suggested by its shape to Professor Huxley a strong affinity with the pubis and ischium of the struthionide. Further avian points of structure have been demonstrated in the head, the vertical column, ribs, and limbs of Megalosaurus, of which excellent diagrams and measurements are given in the volume before us. We may picture to ourselves from Professor Phillips's pages the general aspect of this great carnivorous lizard some thirty feet in length, amphibious in habits, and capable of uprearing itself upon land, upon his strong yet not clumsy hind legs, wading in the shallows or swimming by help of the tail.

Of still more imposing dimensions was the giant Cetosaurus, of whose remains the earliest specimens were found in the oolite of Chapelhouse, near Chipping-Norton, in 1825, and were at once assigned by Dr. Buckland to some yet undescribed reptile, larger than the iguanodon. Later discoveries of fragments were crowned in the year 1870 by the disinterment at Euslow Bridge of a mass of bones which have enabled nearly the whole skeleton of the Cetosaurus to be constructed with the exception of the head. Professor Phillips's chapter upon the subject, with its accompanying illustrations, forms the fullest account which has yet appeared of this mightiest representative of the group of Deinosauria or Ornithoskelida. In the absence of the head it must remain uncertain in what specific member of the group we are to recognize its nearest congener, and from thence deduce its missing elements of size or structure. Estimated by analogy with the existing crocodile, and with the scapula for a standard, the length of the Cetosaurus would appear to be no less than 100 feet, though, judged by that of the vertebral column, it would be no more than 42 feet. If the monitor or iguana be taken as a standard, we may assign 60 or 70 feet as the length. Combining the two results, we may allow for a full-sized animal the length of 50 feet, justifying its name as the "whale-lizard." Standing probably 10 feet at its full height, and of a bulk in proportion, this creature was doubtless unmatched in magnitude and physical strength by any of the largest denizens of the mesozoic land or sea. Did it live in the sea, in fresh waters, or on land? and what was its diet? That it was fitted to live exclusively in water was at one time inferred from the biconcave character of the caudal vertebrae, as well as from the sheer magnitude of the animal, which would allow it an easier life while aloft than when moving with slow and painful steps along the ground. On the other hand, the articulation of the ends of the leg bones shows an adaptation to movement in definite directions, and in consequence to terrestrial walking, with which agrees the possession of large claws, and the hollowness of the long bones. On the whole, however, as Professor Phillips suggests, it was most probably of an amphibious habit, a marsh-loving or river-side animal, dwelling amid alga, cydæceans, and conferrous shrubs and trees, full of insects and small mammalia. Its diet, as inferred from the mutilated fragment of a tooth in the Oxford Museum, resembling in general that of the iguanodon, appears to have been of a vegetable cha-

sector. The edge of this tooth is not serrated, but the striæ of serration are so arranged as to suggest that it may have been. The diagram (the size of nature) shows a sweep of the concave surface, similar to that of the iguanodon, and a corresponding attenuation towards the edge. The truth of this conclusion has since been borne out, we learn from *Nature*, by the discovery in the Emslow Quarry of a tooth apparently young, nearly perfect in the crown, the serrations of which have been similarly worn away. In this interesting chapter, as throughout his book, Professor Phillips shows a grasp of facts and a mastery of the method of inductive reasoning which must make the work a valuable model for the geological student to follow.

#### FREEMAN'S HISTORICAL ESSAYS.\*

THE immense increase in the quantity of historical literature produced in our days has been so unfavourable to its quality that it is with no common surprise and pleasure that one finds a volume of collected articles whose intrinsic and permanent merits make them thoroughly worth reprinting. Those who write in periodicals, even when they happen to be men of real literary capacity, are too apt to write in the consciousness that their work will be hastily read and soon forgotten, and the impression they make on the reader is that they do not care to put forth such powers of thought or of research as they may possess, but seek to please by a display of the superficial arts of style. It is far otherwise in the case of these *Essays*. Mr. Freeman strikes us as a man who cares so much for his subject and the enforcement of just views regarding it, that he addresses himself to the composition of an article for a monthly or quarterly with as much zeal and spirit as if it were a chapter of a regular history intended to take its place in libraries. He feels a more lively interest in the politics of the eleventh century than most of us do in the politics of the nineteenth, and is as anxious to set people right about Waltheof, or Earl Simon, or the claims of Edward I. on Scotland, as Mr. Gladstone is about his Irish policy, or our friends in the *Spectator* about their favourite Gambetta. With this intense desire to correct popular errors and prejudices on historical questions, he has perceived that there is a great public which cannot be reached through regular histories, but which may be reached, and have its errors and prejudices set right, by a succession of articles in reviews and magazines. To this work Mr. Freeman has set himself, and the perseverance with which he has reiterated his views time after time, in article after article, is not more admirable than the vigour and seriousness with which every article is marked. He puts as much force into his statement of a case, is as anxious to be accurate in his facts and sound in his judgments, to add something substantial to the knowledge of his readers, as if he had not written in the knowledge that the lapse of a month or two would consign his article to the upper shelves. In some respects, indeed, he seems to us, like Macaulay, to show to more advantage in detached articles than in a long continuous history. Macaulay in his *History of England*, and Mr. Freeman in his *History of the Norman Conquest*, have often the air of being oppressed by the mass of their materials, and by the high standard of historical composition which they have set up for themselves. Both are apt to linger too long over comparatively unimportant details, to comment too fully on the aspects of a situation, to exert their powers of description in a way which leaves too little to the reader's imagination and makes too frequent a demand on his feelings. In their occasional pieces they work with a freer and bolder hand. They tell us not everything, but only what is striking and easily remembered; their style has a quicker and more varied movement. And both alike improve us the more by this, that a collection of articles gives a far stronger impression of the range and profundity of their knowledge than a long treatise upon the same subject can do. Mr. Freeman's *Essays* do not, indeed, like Macaulay's, cover a wide field of literature and politics as well as of history, but in the domain of history proper they display not only a singularly full and accurate mastery of things ancient and modern as well as mediæval, of things Continental as well as English, but a comprehensiveness of view, a power of interpreting each part by the light of all the rest, which is one of the rarest and highest of an historian's gifts.

The *Essays* included in this volume fall into three groups—those bearing on English history, those bearing on foreign European history, and two (the first and the last) of a more general kind. Although considerably different in merit and interest, all of them are well worth reading, and very agreeable to read, full of sound thinking, and evidently based on a careful investigation of facts. They are also excellent examples of true historical method—of the way to gather facts, sift them, interpret them, generalize from them. And no clearer conception can be gained of what it is that constitutes a right and what a wrong method in historical inquiry than by comparing these *Essays* with the work, we will not say of such writers as Mr. Hapworth Dixon, but even of men of some real literary skill, like Mr. Buckle, Mr. Lecky, or Mr. Kingsley. Being mostly criticisms of books, and rather comments on history than narratives, they presuppose some little knowledge of the events and characters they deal with; but as Mr. Freeman's manner is

rather direct than allusive, they are most of them quite intelligible to an ordinarily well-read man, and often put an historical situation in a clearer light than one can find in any of the standard histories. We could have wished, however, that, as they were not printed precisely as they first appeared, Mr. Freeman had omitted some of his milder criticisms upon the books which occasioned the articles, just as these criticisms usually are. The article on St. Thomas of Canterbury, for instance, would be more enjoyable if one were not drawn aside from its main scope to mark Mr. Robertson's faults; and the admirable estimate of Charles the Bold's character and position would lose nothing by cutting out of it the censures on Mr. Kirk's extravagances of style. When the object of an article is to demolish a bad book, as was the case with Macaulay's review of Croker's *Beowulf* and Robert Montgomery's poems, it is another affair; but here Mr. Robertson and Mr. Kirk are of secondary importance, and take up time and space which were better spent on the subject itself.

The most valuable, and we think also the most interesting, of the *Essays* are the six which deal with foreign mediæval history—"The Holy Roman Empire," "The Franks and the Gauls," "The Early Sieges of Paris," "Frederick the First King of Italy," "The Emperor Frederick the Second," and "Charles the Bold." There is a natural connexion between all these (a connexion which would have been still more perfect if the author's well-known article on Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy, in *Oxford Essays* for 1857, had also been inserted), and, taken together, they will do more to remove current misconceptions of mediæval history than any other book in the English language. They ought in particular to be prescribed to those unhappy people for whom especially (though not always in charity) Mr. Freeman seems to write—people who have drawn their notions from French books, and from those English followers of Auguste Comte who seem more hopelessly belated than the French themselves. The central idea and purpose of these six *Essays* is to make clear the relations to one another of the three great Continental races of the earlier middle ages—Italians, Germans, and French—and in particular to show what was the attitude of the Germanic Emperor to the King of France and the various Powers of Italy. The first of these purposes is carried out with excellent clearness and precision in the article entitled "The Franks and the Gauls." Mr. Freeman remarks very truly that the chief source of error is the amazing ignorance of historical geography which comes from our want or neglect of proper maps:—

There is perhaps nothing which people in general find harder to master than the science of historical geography. Few men indeed there are who fully realize the way in which nations have changed their places and countries have changed their boundaries. We say "fully realize," because the facts are continually known in a kind of way when there is no sort of living realization of them. Almost everybody has heard, for instance, of the succession of "the Britons" and "the Saxons" in this island. A man knows in a kind of way that "the Saxons" are his own forefathers, and that they drove "the Britons" into a corner, but he does not fully take in the fact that these "Britons" and "Saxons" are simply Welshmen and Englishmen. . . . One cause of the evil is doubtless the want of proper historical maps. Every household does not boast a copy of Spruner's *Hand Atlas*. People are set to read the history of the world with two sets of maps. One is to serve from Adam to Theodoric, or to Charles the Fifth—we are not quite sure which—the other, from Theodoric or Charles the Fifth to the year 1860. They sit down to read about John and Philip Augustus either with a map of Roman Gaul, or with a map of Napoleonic France. Now if you want to find the homes of the Twelve Peers of France, it is no light matter to do so when you have to choose between a map showing you only Gallia Lugdunensis and Germania Prima, and a map showing you only the departments of Gironde and of Ile and Vienne. People read of the return of Richard Cœur de Lion from the East, and how he falls into the hands of the Duke of Austria, and is presently passed over into those of the "Emperor of Germany." This Duke and this Emperor are persons not a little mysterious to those whose only idea of "Austria" is something which takes in Venetia at the one end and Transylvania at the other.

He is therefore very exact in following down from century to century the changes in the names of the various Frankish kingdoms, and in the relations of the races which were comprised in them, showing how the boundaries of these kingdoms varied; how by degrees a French, that is a Gallo-Roman, nationality formed itself under the leadership of the Counts of Paris and their successors the Kings of Francia Occidentalis; how these kings extended their power by annexing one after another the great fiefs which had owned a merely nominal subjection to the Parisian Crown; and how the modern kingdom of France was at last built up by the seizure of other territories, belonging some of them to the Germanic, others to the Burgundian kingdom. The details of this sketch are further worked out and illustrated in an article on the early sieges of Paris, and in a review of Mr. Kirk's *Charles the Bold*, specially valuable for the clearness with which it sets forth the attitude of nascent Switzerland to the States upon its borders. To the other main object of these *Essays*, the explanation of the European position of the Germanic Emperors, three *Essays* are devoted—one in which the general character of the Empire is described; another containing an account of the life and reign of Frederick Barbarossa; and a third reviewing Mr. Kingdon's *History of the Emperor Frederick the Second*, in which is given a very able and interesting, though slightly exaggerated, estimate of that extraordinary man. These three articles, like the three before mentioned, should be read together, and it is rather surprising that they are not so arranged in the book.

Of the English articles the best, to our thinking, are those on the continuity of English history and on St. Thomas of Canterbury and his biographers. In the former of these our author, who usually delights more in details than in generalities, draws in out-

\* *Historical Essays*. By E. A. Freeman. London: Macmillan & Co. 1871.



line, but with a free and masterly pencil, a picture of those essential features of the English Constitution and English political character which have remained substantially the same since the formation of the nation itself:—

This continuity of English history from the very beginning is a point which cannot be too strongly insisted upon, but it is its special continuity from the thirteenth century onwards which forms the most instructive part of the comparison between English history and the history of Germany and France. At the time of the Norman Conquest, the many small Teutonic kingdoms in Britain had grown into the one Teutonic kingdom of England, rich in her barbaric greatness and barbaric freedom, with the germs, but as yet only the germs, of every institution which we most dearly prize. At the close of the thirteenth century we see the England with which we are still familiar, young indeed and tender, but still possessing more than the germs, the very things themselves. She has already King, Lords, and Commons. She has a King, mighty indeed and honoured, but who may neither ordain laws nor impose taxes against the will of his people. She has Lords with high hereditary powers, but Lords who are still only the foremost rank of the people, whose children sink into the common mass of Englishmen, and into whose order any Englishman may be raised. She has a Commons still diffident in the exercise of new-born rights; but a Commons whose constitution and whose powers we have altered only by gradual changes of detail; a Commons which, if it sometimes shrink from hard questions of State, was at least resolved that no man should take their money without their leave. The Courts of Justice, the great offices of State, the chief features of local administration, have assumed or are rapidly assuming the form whose essential character they still retain. The struggle with Papal Rome has already begun; doctrines and ceremonies indeed remain as yet unchallenged, but statute after statute is passed to restrain the abuses of and exactions of the ever hateful Roman Court. The great middle class of England is rapidly forming a middle class not, as elsewhere, confined to a few great cities, but spread, in the form of a minor gentry and a wealthy yeomanry, over the whole face of the land. Villainage still exists, but both law and custom are paving the way for that gradual and silent extinction of it which, without any formal abolition of the legal status, left, three centuries later, not a legal villain among us. With this exception, there was in theory equal law for all classes, and imperfectly as the theory may have been carried out, it was at least far less imperfectly so than in any other kingdom.

The article on St. Thomas is an excellent illustration of the way in which history has gained by what one may call the sympathetic method. No man desired more earnestly to be fair and candid than did Hallam, but there was an innate repugnance in him and all his friends to ecclesiasticism, a repugnance laudable in many ways, but which made it impossible for him to master and appreciate one whole side of mediæval history. Mr. Freeman's estimate of the famous Archbishop (an extremely subtle and ingenious piece of work) is not only fairer, but incomparably more instructive, than what one could have had from a Whig of the good old type—fairer even, we venture to think, than the powerful narrative of Dean Milman, and in the main coincident with that of Dean Stanley, a writer to whose best qualities Mr. Freeman pays proper tribute, and who represents in a striking manner one form or line of the modern sympathetic school. Historians of this school are exposed to two dangers. One is a tendency to forget or ignore permanent moral distinctions, to lose sight of the rightfulness or wrongfulness of acts in the attempt to enter into and make the best of the feelings of the actors—a tendency of which we have so many examples among living writers that none need be specially named. Mr. Freeman is quite free from this, but not equally free from the other danger, that of partisanship, especially where his feelings of English patriotism are at all stirred. In dealing with Godwin and Harold he is much more the advocate than the judge, and in the essay which deals with the Historical Relations of the Crowns of England and Scotland he is manifestly biased by his enthusiasm for Edward I., and for his own theory—a theory pushed much further than we think the authorities warrant—of what he calls the English Empire. It deserves, however, to be noticed that with Mr. Freeman partisanship never takes the form, its worst and commonest form, of appeals to the passions of the reader. This essay contains none of those suggestions of national prejudice which have been so often used to darken the question; it is a string of arguments always clear and usually cogent; arguments whose weight is in some cases over-estimated, but every one of which deserves consideration, and might properly be brought forward in a court of law.

Were we not at the end of our space, we should be disposed to urge upon Mr. Freeman and other writers of the exact school that they weaken the effect of their corrections of great historical blunders by being nearly as vehement in the correction of small ones. People who are exhorted with equal earnestness not to call Colonia Cologne, and to remember that it is and always was a German town, may be apt to think that the former fault is as grave in their preacher's eyes as the latter. There is an occasional want of proportion in Mr. Freeman's dealings with these matters; nor can we help regretting that he should so frequently intersperse his discussions of the early relations of France and Germany with hits at Louis Napoleon; they produce a disagreeable sense of incongruity. However, there is something characteristic even in this; there is a force and flavour which one would not willingly lose, and blemishes far more serious might be pardoned for the sake of the vigorous individuality which stands out in every page of these Essays. Few men have done so much as Mr. Freeman, and none have done more, to raise the character of English historical learning, and to show that painstaking accuracy in details is not incompatible with, is indeed the natural preparation for, a comprehensive grasp of general principles. Addressing a comparatively limited public, and never accommodating himself to its tastes or prejudices, he has nevertheless produced a marked and definite effect upon English opinion, and all the more for the direct, common sense, English character

of his own mind. He is perhaps rather too fond of a fight, too impatient of ignorance, too harsh in his judgments of adversaries whose position he has not entered into. But it is always for what he regards as truth and justice that he fights; and he never touches a question without adding to our comprehension of it, without leaving the impression of an ample knowledge, a righteous purpose, a clear and powerful understanding.

#### CHAPTERS OF ERIE.

THE assassination of the notorious James Fisk lends a special interest at this moment to the principal subject treated in the volume before us; but the book has quite sufficient intrinsic value to deserve and repay attention. The essays of which it is composed originally appeared, with one exception, in the *North American Review*, and are the work of Mr. Charles Francis Adams and Mr. Henry Adams, two sons of the late American Minister in this country. They are for the most part directed against the Erie and the Tammany Hall Rings, and present no pleasing picture of American life; but for that very reason the public owes its best thanks to the authors, who have been among the foremost in denouncing the venality evinced by the Bench, the utter disregard of honesty, and the complete unscrupulousness which have characterized the prominent actors in these financial combinations, and disgraced the Legislature and society of America for years past. Now that the Erie Ring is in a state of collapse, it is difficult to conceive of its former position, or to understand how it was enabled to wield such uncontrolled power, to extend its authority over everything that came near it, and to present a spectacle sufficient to make educated men despair of their country.

The first essay in this volume is entitled a *Chapter of Erie*, and represents the contest between Vanderbilt and Drew in 1867 for the possession of the Erie Railway, and the tactics employed by them in their struggles. The Erie road was no ordinary prize; its receipts in 1865 exceeded three millions sterling a year, while its operations were conducted over 773 miles of track. It was in the hands of Mr. Drew, a gentleman of whom it is stated "that he ever regarded his fiduciary position of a director in a railroad as a means of manipulating its stock for his own advantage." On the other hand, Mr. Vanderbilt had in 1866 gained possession of the New York Central Railway; it only remained for him to make himself master of the Erie, and thus control the two great lines of railway which traverse the State of New York and connect it with the West. In order to effect this, Vanderbilt had two things to do—in the first place, to buy up the Erie stock; in the second, to prevent the issue of a further supply, which Mr. Drew might be confidently expected to have recourse to should circumstances render such a proceeding desirable. Judge Barnard accordingly enters upon the scene, and issues an injunction restraining the Erie Board from any new issue of capital stock by conversion of bonds or otherwise. Drew, however, has also his own Judge, who grants another injunction staying all proceedings commenced in the suit before Judge Barnard. It may be safely asserted that orders, writs, and injunctions are always to be obtained whenever they are wanted to fulfil any conceivable purpose, and the judicial pawns are played one against the other with little intermission. In spite of Judge Barnard, fifty thousand shares of new Erie stock were flung upon the market and absorbed by Vanderbilt before its origin was suspected, while Drew and his colleagues, with seven millions of their opponents' money, were obliged to seek their safety in flight, and avoid, by retiring to Jersey City, the consequences of having openly set at defiance the authority of the legal tribunals. The further proceedings before Judge Barnard are thus characterized:—

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the strange and revolting scenes which the next few months witnessed in the rooms of the Supreme Court. They read like some monstrous parody of the forms of law; some *Saturnalia of Bench and Bar*. The magistrate became more partisan than were the paid advocates before him, and all seemed to vie one with another in their efforts to bring their common profession into public contempt. Day and night detectives in the pay of suitors dogged the steps of the magistrate; and their sworn affidavits, filed in his own Court, sought to implicate him in an attempt to kidnap Drew by means of armed ruffians, and to bring the fugitive by violence within reach of his process.

The scene now shifts to Albany, where a Bill was introduced into the Assembly legalizing the recent issue of new stock, and forbidding the consolidation of the two great railroads in the hands of Vanderbilt. This move of the Erie party failed, as the Bill was adversely reported on, and the Report was adopted by a vote of eighty-three to thirty-two. At this point Mr. Gould comes into prominence, and goes to Albany as the Erie emissary, with the view of obtaining the legalization of the recent issue of stock. Mr. Gould is arrested, bailed, again arrested, escapes, and returns to Albany, where his fertile expedients and an unlimited command of money aid in restoring public sympathy with the Erie party:—

He gave to one man in whom he said "he did not take much stock" the sum of 5,000 dollars "just to smooth him over." This man had just received 5,000 dollars of Erie money from another agent of the Company. Another individual is reported to have received 100,000 dollars from one side to influence legislation, and to have subsequently received 70,000 dollars from the other side to disappear with the money; which he accordingly did, and thereafter became a gentleman of elegant leisure.

The result of these negotiations was that a fresh Bill was intro-

\* *Chapters of Erie, and Other Essays.* By Charles F. Adams, jun., and Henry Adams. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Tribner & Co. 1871.



duced, and though but a few days before it had been thrown out by a vote of eighty-three to thirty-two, it now passed the Assembly by a vote of one hundred and one to six. A compromise was now entered into between the two contending parties—a compromise which drew nine millions from the Erie treasury, and left the management of the road in the hands of Gould and Fisk. Their directorship involved the continuance of the same practices. Between the 1st of July, 1868, and the 24th of October, 135,000 shares had been issued, and the stock of the Company increased 138 per cent. in eight months. Allied to the Tammany Hall, in the persons of Tweed and Sweeny, after a series of disreputable transactions and shameless intrigues, they made themselves the complete masters of the Erie road.

Among these histories of scandals perhaps the most graphically descriptive is that contained in the article reprinted from the *Westminster Review*, entitled the "New York Gold Conspiracy," in which Gould and Fisk again appear on the scene in an endeavour to raise the premium upon gold from thirty to forty cents at harvest-time, and, as a consequence, oblige the farmer to "send all his crop to New York for export over the Erie Railway, which was sorely in need of freights." It was owing to no want of energy on the part of the promoters that this scheme failed, but simply from the interference of the Executive. An "Erie Raid" gives an account of the fight for the management of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad between Mr. Ramsey, the original projector of the line, and the Erie Directors, to whom it had become a desirable acquisition, owing to its proximity to and connexion with their own railways. The history of one of these attempts is the history of all, and we do not care to go through the successive steps in chicanery and corruption which characterize the proceedings. One Judge sets aside the decrees of another; one orders the arrest, another the discharge, of the prisoners; rival receivers are appointed, which results in a contest between the two locomotives, the collision of the engines, and a hand-to-hand fight between Mr. Ramsey's party and that of the Erie Directors. This state of things was, however, even beyond what the State of New York could tolerate, and as the Courts were unable to enforce their jurisdiction, the Executive, in the person of the Governor, stepped in and placed the road in the hands of a State Receiver. Ultimately the Attorney-General began a new suit, in which all parties were included, with the view of solving the difficulty:—

Twenty-two suits had been begun, a score of injunctions had been issued, numberless orders had been made, and both parties now stood ready to continue the same style of warfare, just as long as any Judge could be found who disregarded the duties of his position on the one side or who did not lack nerve on the other.

The case came before Justice Smith, who sustained the Ramsey Board in almost every particular, decreed costs to them, and animadverted upon the conduct of the Erie Ring in the terms which they deserved. Fortunately for Mr. Ramsey, the property in question was leased in 1870 to the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company, with whom the Erie Directors could not afford to quarrel.

Though it is this succinct series of exposures which gives its chief value to the volume before us, it is pleasant to leave the atmosphere of the Erie Ring and turn to an article on Captain John Smith by Mr. Henry Adams, which constitutes the modicum of sack allowed during the consumption of this financial bread. Captain Smith was a member of the council of the Virginian Company, upon whom James I. conferred a charter in the year 1606, and the difficulties attendant upon the settlement of the new colony in the following year led to the episode in connexion with which Smith is best known—namely, Pocahontas's intervention in his behalf. According to the received version of the story, Smith was taken prisoner by the Indians during his exploration of the Chickahominy, and led up the country to the residence of Powhatan, their Emperor. Here he was dragged up to two great stones, his head laid upon them, and himself on the point of being killed, when Pocahontas, the king's daughter, appeared upon the scene, and "when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death." Her intercession was successful, and Smith was re-conducted in safety to the fort. It is sad to think that this is another story which must be added to the legion of more ancient and exploded myths, but the arguments furnished by Mr. Henry Adams leave little room for doubt. Smith published several accounts of his adventures among the Indians, the first of which was printed in 1608, and entitled *A True Relation of Virginia*, in which the story of his capture is told without assigning any share to Pocahontas in his rescue. After a variety of other publications, the first allusion to it appeared in a second edition of a pamphlet called *New England's Trials*, printed in 1622. Once started, the story received due elaboration, grew in importance, and attained its fullest dimensions in the *General History* published by Smith in 1624, from which time it has been embodied in all accounts of the colony, and received unquestioned credence until within the last few years. It seems only too probable that the notoriety which Pocahontas attained by her marriage to John Rolfe in 1613, her conversion to Christianity, her visit to England in 1616, her reception at Court, and residence in London, stimulated the recollections of Smith to a very considerable extent, and suggested the introduction of a story which he thought would add to his own fame as well as to her credit. The fact that none of the contemporaneous accounts mention the circumstance lends additional probability to the correctness of this view.

The three following essays are devoted to the consideration of the Bank of England Restriction, British Finance in 1816, and the Legal Tender Act, while the last hundred pages contain an elaborate review of the Railroad System in America, the frauds incident to its working, and the prospect of its reform. The creation and rise of a wholly new power in the course of a few decades has brought about complications which the Executive alone, if indeed the Executive, can unravel. The interests of the public are lost sight of, while the corporations, exceeding all legitimate bounds, exercise an uncontrollable authority. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company now commands more than 3,000 miles of track—a despotism within a Republic. One episode in its career deserves to be mentioned. In 1870, after a combination with the coal companies, they endeavoured to starve out the miners who had struck:—

They not only ceased to produce from their own mines, but they trebled their freights, and thus put a stop to production by all others. The result was not only great inconvenience and suffering throughout the country, but a violent disturbance of industry, and in Pennsylvania there resulted almost a condition of civil war.

To prevent abuses such as these, to check the secret issues of stock, and give the public a greater security for the efficient management of the roads, Mr. Charles Francis Adams advocates the delegation of a discretion in details and administration to a permanent and competent tribunal. This book is, in fact, one continued protest against the corruption and dishonesty which have been the marked features of American politics for years past, and its appreciation will afford some hope that the reform which has begun may be continued, and that the malpractices of such men as Tweed and Conolly may be as distasteful to Americans as to the rest of the world. We can only trust that the reaction in the public conscience which has set in will not expend its strength too soon—a reaction in which the authors of these essays may claim for themselves no inconsiderable share.

#### IRISH CHIEFTAINS AND ANGLO-NORMAN KNIGHTS.\*

WE will make a clean breast of it at starting, and say that we have not read the whole of this book. There are cases in which a brick is a fair sample of the house. But we have not judged Mr. Gibson's house by a single brick. On the principle of taking care of the ends and letting the middle take care of itself, we have read two chapters at one end of the book and one chapter at the other end, besides here and there drawing a bow at a venture, or making *sortes Gibsonianæ* to see what we might find on any two pages taken at random. The results of this last kind of chance-medley were cheering. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and Mr. Gibson acts manfully according to the precept *Pecca fortiter*. Here is something to come upon by mere chance:—

I am indebted to the kindness and politeness of the Rev. Mr. Drew, Rector of Youghal (from whom I have received many a valuable hint), for the opportunity of inspecting an interesting pedigree of the Grace Family, printed on vellum, now in the possession of Captain Sheffield Grace, of the 68th Regiment. From this we learn that the great ancestor of our "Fat Friend," or favourite Norman knight, Raymond, was Otho or Other, an Italian baron, who was descended from the Lords of Tuscany. He passed from Florence into Normandy, and thence into England, about the time of King Canute's marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard Second Duke of Normandy, and widow of King Ethelred, who died 1016. Other Fitz-Other, the son of Other, appears by Domesday Book to have been a baron of England in 1058, in 16th of Edward the Confessor. His son, Walter, was the Governor of Windsor, during the reign of William the Conqueror, and was therefore called Walter de Windsor.

So much for the ancestors on the father's and mother's side of Raymond le Gros. His descendants, judging from the vellum pedigree, are innumerable. I may here mention that the Rev. Mr. Drew, who forwarded the document for my inspection, is descended from some of the most distinguished of our Norman knights and Irish chieftains—from Strongbow, De Lacy, De La Poer, Earl Marshal, Diarmuid, King of Leinster, O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, and Mac Carthy, King of Cork.

*O sancta simplicitas!* we may say of the man who judges from a vellum pedigree. We will not stop to ask about the "Lords of Tuscany," whether we are to understand by the name Lars Porsena or the Marquess Boniface. But we should really like to know about this Other who seems to have come in the train of the Old Lady Emma. He may be recorded in a vellum pedigree, but vellum pedigrees are not for ordinary mortals, and we poor diggers and delvers in charters and chronicles have not had the good luck to meet him anywhere in our humbler haunts. Fearful of losing any glimmering of light, we took down Domesday to seek for the man so circumstantially described as "a baron of England in 1058, in 16th of Edward the Confessor." We did not remember many cases of such minute chronology in the Survey, but there are one or two, and we thought the fault might be ours. But, alas! the nearest approach that we can find to Other Fitz-Other, the son of Other and Baron of England, is a certain Otre, of whom all that is recorded is that he—or one or more persons of the same name—held lands T. R. E. both in Yorkshire and Devonshire. "Walterius filius Otheri" is a real man in Domesday T. R. W., but there is as little about his father being a Baron of England as there is about his being an Etruscan Lucumo. Whence all this comes we know not; most likely from the same mint as the kindred rubbish about Brucos, Comyns, and Grosvenors. One thing we do know, that, as it does not come from Domesday, so neither does it come from Dugdale's Baronage.

\* *Historical Portraits of Irish Chieftains and Anglo-Norman Knights.* By the Rev. Charles B. Gibson, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

Another dive, and at p. 394 we light on a young Earl who was suddenly enamoured of a humble maiden, and whose marriage with her excited the brutal pride of his followers:—

He, with a broken heart, fled, with his beautiful bride, to Rouen, in France, where he died. It is to the honour of the heroic and chivalrous Henry V. of England, who was then in France, that he expressed his admiration of the young Earl's character, conduct, and choice, by attending, as chief mourner, at his grave.

There is something charming in the casual mention of Henry the Fifth as being "then in France." Henry's presence in that part of the world is seemingly, in Mr. Gibson's eyes, a sort of everyday accident, something as much in the ordinary course of things as the presence of Henry the Second might have been. And, though it is but a small evil, yet, as Mr. Gibson thinks it needful for his readers to mark out the position of Rouen with special precision, we cannot help asking whether the heroic and chivalrous Henry the Fifth of England would have acknowledged the description of "Rouen in France" as a piece of correct geography.

Such are the treasures on which we lighted during our somewhat irregular raid into the inner parts of Mr. Gibson's book. We will now put on record something of what we have seen in our more orderly examination of his earliest and latest chapters. Mr. Gibson begins his prologue with a somewhat needless challenge of our dear old friend Dr. Dryasdust, whom, perhaps that the general reader may the better take in the etymology of his name, he kindly divides by hyphens and capitals into "Dry-as-Dust":—

An attempt to write History in the attractive form of Historical Portraits, will, of course, be discontinued by the "Dry-as-Dust" School; but we know of no other mode of dealing with periods of Ancient History, intended for the public, and not for the learned, exclusively. This is true of early Grecian and Roman History, in the production of which the imagination has had some share.

No man, without some kind of imagination, should attempt to write ancient history, for its materials present a dark chaos, from which such a mind alone can produce light and order. There are periods of history which can be read by the light or illumination of romance, only.

The distinction between "light and illumination" is perhaps due to the same pious care which led the author of "Dearly Beloved" to put forth every clause "tam Latine quam Teutonice, ut omnes intelligent." But it is perfectly true that no man should try to write ancient history, or any history, without some kind of imagination. The question is whether it will do to trust to the imagination only for the writing of history. Without imagination it is quite impossible to understand, much less to reproduce, the recorded facts. But it does seem a little hazardous to trust to the imagination to supply us with the facts. Let us look to Mr. Gibson's own practice. He gives us about three pages of sensational talk between Dervorgilla—we do not mean the pious foundress of Balliol College, but the naughty Queen Dervorgilla, who ran away with King Dermot—and her waiting-maid Nedha. We confess that we are wholly in the dark about the existence or non-existence of Nedha, but certainly, if there ever was such a person, she must have been a very dangerous companion for so flighty a lady. However, here we have the picture:—

Dearforgil, the Princess of Brefney, the daughter and sister of a king (of the royal house of O'Melaghlin), sat in a deep embrasure of a window, in a small square apartment, of the *Caislean na Nua*, on the islet of Lough Ree. The evening sun was shining on her golden hair. She raised her dark eyes from her tapestry frame, looked beyond the waters of the lake, which surrounded her dwelling like a silver zone, and said, "Nedha, come hither."

After all it is a little hard that we do not even know whether this touching description is due to Mr. Gibson or to somebody else. "A writer of Irish romance," he tells us, "has given the following account of the abduction, and as there is nothing improbable about it, we offer it to the reader for what it is worth." He then goes on to say that he "concludes that the romance is just about as probable as the 'Song of O'Rourke' by the poet Thomas Moore." As Mr. Gibson tells us in his title-page that he is the author, not only of *Life among Convicts* and the *History of the County and City of Cork*, but also of the *Princess of Brefney*—no bad companion-piece, one would think, for *Life among Convicts*—we cannot help fancying that Mr. Gibson is himself the writer of Irish romance whose account is just about as probable as the poet Thomas Moore's song, and that he has thrust two or three pages of his own novel, by way of padding, into the middle of his Historical Portraits. Nay, our reading in this way is so very small that we do not know whether Mr. Gibson may not himself be the Irish poet who "gives us a glowing description of the condition of Ireland during the reign of the monarch Cathair Mor of the Wine-red Hand," and by whom, in the latter part of the poem, "the effect of Cathair Mor's death on the state of Ireland is eloquently expressed." It is certain that Mr. Gibson sometimes makes verses, for he tells us that "Brian Boru is said to have given expression to his sorrowful revenge for his brother's death in an elegy." This elegy Mr. Gibson has "taken the liberty of paraphrasing," and we are glad, for Brian Boru's sake, to hear that it is paraphrased "with something more than a poet's license."

But Mr. Gibson does not wholly confine himself to romance and poetry. What a picture of learned energy does he set before us when he tells us, "I have pored over Irish Annals for years to discover when and why it was that Ireland attained the high appellation of 'the Island of Saints'." But what follows is a little puzzling:—

Had there been real saints in the land before the introduction of Christianity, we should say it gained the high appellation during the reign of Galla Olghobhach, in Anno Mundi 3960, "for observers of antiquity affirm of him that the conversion of his subjects in general, in his time, was as

sweet a harmony to one another as any music, because they lived together in such concord, amity, and atonement among themselves, that there was no discord or strife heard to grow between them, for any cause whatsoever."

Is this orthodox? Mr. Gibson at least suggests the possibility of "real saints" before the introduction of Christianity. We had always fancied that the proper dogmatic teaching was that all the best doings of heathen men were nothing but *splendida peccata*. Or are we to see in Mr. Gibson's suggestion a dim shadow of the possibility that Ireland may, before the introduction of Christianity, have been made illustrious by the virtues of saints of the Old Law? May not the Hebrews of Cornwall somehow have spread themselves into the sister island? Then again, we know that "the Chronicles of Eri" were written either in the Phœnician dialect of the Scythian language or in the Scythian dialect of the Phœnician language—we at this moment forget which. The Carthaginian talk in Plautus again has been read as good Irish. Putting all these things together, why may we not think that likeness of speech has led to some confusion, and that orthodox Israelites, possible saints, may, purely on the strength of their Semitic talk, have been mistaken for wicked worshippers of Baal? But we will leave speculations which are too deep for us, and on which we touch only with fear and trembling. We stand on firmer ground when we get to St. David's Head in the eleventh century. Here we will again quote Mr. Gibson:—

Camden, in his *Itinerary*, describes the English Conqueror William I. as standing on the high cliffs of Wales, which command the Wicklow mountains, in Ireland, and saying, with something of the profane boasting of Artaxerxes, "I will have the ships of my kingdom brought hither, wherewith I will make a bridge to invade this land." When Murchard, king of Leinster, heard this boast, he asked, "Hath the king, in his great threatening, inserted the words, *If it please God*?" "No," was the reply. "Then," said Murchard, seeing this king putteth his trust only in man, and not in God, I fear not his coming." When this was told to William, he frowned, and bit his thumb.

Let us explain that, after some pondering, we lighted on the happy thought that by "Camden's Itinerary" might be meant the Itinerary of Giraldus. And so it turned out. Did Mr. Gibson stoop to make use of modern editions, we should most likely have heard of "Dimock's Itinerary." But "the English Conqueror, William I." is a very odd description of anybody, even if we take it of the person better known as William the Third, but who certainly was William the First of Ireland. But it is stranger than all when we turn to the Latin text, and there find that the King spoken of is carefully described as "Guillelmus, Guillelmi Regis Bastardi filius, et Normannorum in Angliâ Rex secundus, qui et Rex Rufus est agnominatus." Now both the first and the third William were devout men after their several fashions, while the "profane boasting" is quite in character with the second. But we are somewhat in the dark as to "the profane boasting of Artaxerxes." Why Artaxerxes? Perhaps Professor Rawlinson may know all about it; we for our own part should have suggested Xerxes. Lastly, neither Camden nor Dimock helps us to the picturesque incident of the English King biting his thumb. But perhaps the period of "the English Conqueror William I." is one of those "periods of history which can be read by the light or illumination of romance only." And no doubt the biting of William's thumb is "just about as probable as the song of O'Rourke" or the conversations of Dervorgilla of Brefney.

There are some other funny things about "Chro. Saxon." and "Doomsday Book," and there is the sentiment that "the unsettled state of England in 1064 demanded the strong and stern rule of a conqueror like William of Normandy." Now mark the minute accuracy of Mr. Gibson. It is not every one who would have pitched upon a year which, on a superficial reading of the Chronicles, seems so bare of events as the year 1064. But Mr. Gibson goes below the surface; he reckons backward in his Florence—he perhaps calls it his Thorpe or his Petrie—and finds that 1064 must have been the year of the bloody doings of Tostig and Eadgyth. But we must hurry from the eleventh century and from the first chapter of Mr. Gibson's book to the last years of the fifteenth as set forth in his last chapter. Ireland, as every one knows, was the scene of the first appearances of the two pretenders who disturbed the reign of Henry the Seventh. One might have thought that any one could have distinguished the two, and would not have confounded Edward, Earl of Warwick, and Richard, Duke of York. Yet Mr. Gibson speaks throughout of the Earl of Warwick as Richard, and makes Lambert Simnel be crowned at Christ Church as Richard the Fourth instead of Edward the Sixth. Lord Lovell too appears with the odd description, first of "Baron Lovell, of Northamptonshire," and "Francis Lovell, Baron of Northamptonshire." He adds the "reliable statement," that Lord Lovell "secreted himself in a vault at Minster Lovell." Then follows the well-known story of the finding of the skeleton, which we know no reason to doubt. But Mr. Gibson's notions of Minster Lovell are a little vague. He tells us that "the skeleton of a man, seated at a table, with book, paper, and pens before him, was discovered about two hundred years ago, in the vaults of that old Minster." Minster Lovell church, as far as we remember, has no vaults, at least not in Mr. Ayrton's sense, and it most certainly was not old in the time of Henry the Seventh. Mr. Gibson clearly pictures to himself Minster Lovell as something like St. Albans, but unluckily it was not in the church but in the ruins of the manor house that Lord Lovell's skeleton was found.

This, we think, is enough. By going straight through the book we might doubtless have culled some more flowers of the same kind, but we think we have found enough to show that the power

of imagination, on which Mr. Gibson dwells with such delight, was not wronged by Bishop Butler when he spoke of it as that "forward delusive faculty."

#### CECIL'S TRYST.\*

THERE are various ways of reading a novel. The true orthodox method is of course to sit down in a comfortable elbow-chair, armed with an efficient paper-cutter, and to work steadily through from the first page of Vol. I. to Vol. III. A hastier method, which we fear is occasionally adopted, is to take up a volume at random, and, opening it as chance may direct, to pitch upon any scene that strikes your fancy, and, if necessary, use your fingers instead of a knife to clear a way as far as may be desirable. The true lover of literature is apt to regard such a proceeding as indicating a want of that respect which should be paid to anything in the shape of a book. There is a certain regard due to the mere external form common to the trashiest novel and to the plays of Shakespeare. As a truly humane man would not be uncourteous even to the vilest of his species, the genuine student will admit the force of the plea founded on the bare fact of bookhood—if such a word may be coined for the occasion. In deference to such principles, we beg leave to state distinctly that we have perused with due attention every word of *Cecil's Tryst*, the last performance of the author of *Lost Sir Masingberd*. It is the more necessary to make this statement explicitly, because we propose to criticize it from the point of view of the careless reader. We will imagine that such a person has accidentally taken up the third volume, and has pitched upon a thrilling narrative contained in a letter, signed Cecil Wray, and dated Eggischhorn Hotel. The name will have recalled many pleasant associations, if the reader happens to be an Alpine traveller, and he will be anxious to see how one of the most delightful centres of Swiss scenery figures in a novel. The narratives of the Alpine Club are generally supposed to bear more or less relation to fact, allowing, of course, for a pardonable indulgence in exaggeration; but they give opportunities for avowed fiction of which our English novelists have as yet scarcely availed themselves. There is room for innumerable villains in the crevasses of Swiss glaciers, and heroes tired of the conventional performances of saving the object of their affections from the commoner forms of death might find ample opportunities for distinction amidst snow-slopes, and avalanches, and mountain torrents. We are of opinion, however, that some local knowledge is desirable before indulging in such performances. The narrative of which we are speaking will, we fear, shock the purist in Alpine literature. Mr. Cecil Wray, it seems, with his "dearest Jane"—who, to prevent mistakes, appears to be his sister—has been taking a walk on the Aletsch Glacier. We shudder as we add that the author systematically spells that name "Alitech"—a crime which in our eyes (we speak for the moment in the character of an Alpine enthusiast) is as great as it would be to describe this metropolis as "Landon." It occurs to the couple to climb a high mountain, with a "wedge-like summit," which we have entirely failed to identify, but which is supposed to look down upon the glacier. Cecil, looking round for a moment, hears a shriek, and turning back discovers that his sister has slipped from his side, and is falling down the precipice with her hands stretched out in vain to save herself. We know too well what would really happen in any such case. The poor young lady would be crushed to pieces, and her mangled remains would lie at the foot of the cliff. But, owing to some singular conformation of the mountains in those parts, or to the fact that the lady has managed to spring about half a mile in a horizontal direction, she descends into a crevasse at the end of her fall. The despairing brother descends to the ice, and lingers long about the fatal spot. Ultimately he returns to the inn by moonlight, goes straight to his sister's room, as though to assure himself that he had not been suffering from a nightmare, and then rouses the house. The body cannot be found, though the young man is carried on the shoulders of the guides to point out the place where it is engulfed.

Here, it must be admitted, is a sufficiently striking incident; and all the more striking because it occurs at the beginning of the third volume. To the experienced novel-reader it is plain that a catastrophe occurring in such a place is specially significant, for it can neither be the final wind-up nor can it be the commencement of the mystery. At worst it may be the culminating point of a series of (as we hope) almost equally thrilling adventures. Moreover, a good observer will instantly, if we may use a vulgar expression, "smell a rat." We need hardly point out that there is something very significant about the conduct of the hero of the performance. The care which he takes to come home by moonlight, and the singular notion of going first to his sister's room, is strongly suggestive of some deeply laid plot. Our cursory reader will have to choose between going forwards and discovering the consequences of the catastrophe, or turning backwards to trace out the series of events which have led up to it. In the former case he will find that Mr. Cecil Wray's conduct becomes strangely mysterious on returning to his affectionate friends. He surprises them all by the extraordinary change in his character; his memory has been so singularly affected that he can, as a rule, recall only those events in which his sister had taken part; he is invited to meet a beautiful actress with whom he had been deeply in love

before she went upon the stage, and does not recognize her when he sees her; and he attempts in a strange fit of moodiness to commit suicide for no very particular reason. Part of this eccentric behaviour might be accounted for on the hypothesis that he had been the murderer of his sister instead of the innocent spectator of her death; but this would have no bearing on his singular defects of memory, to which special prominence is given with evident design. If, on the other hand, the reader makes a cast backwards, he may have the good luck to open on another scene at the close of the first volume, almost equally startling in its nature, though the surrounding circumstances are rather more conventional. He will find himself in the good old court of justice where a bunch of county magistrates are investigating the death of a young man. The person under examination is an idiot called Batty. Mr. Batty has declared that he is himself the criminal. The victim, one Richard Waller, was working in a certain mine, of a kind peculiar to the district. The earth in the pit had to be supported by timber props; and on the morning of the occurrence the props had been removed by some person or persons unknown. Mr. Waller, in company with his sister Ruth, insisted upon entering the pit in spite of the absence of this necessary safeguard, and after a few strokes of the axe the earth fell in, suffocated him, and all but suffocated his sister. The idiot Batty declares that he had himself removed the props, and further declares that he was incited to his diabolical act by a present of five pounds. And who gave you the money? he is asked. The reply, which causes unbounded astonishment, is that the donor was Mr. Cecil Wray. Mr. Wray succeeds in establishing a most conclusive *alibi*; and yet the intelligent people of the story are all fully convinced that the idiot was saying what he believed to be true. As he speedily hangs himself in gaol, he is incapable of giving any further information on the subject. And thus a very pretty mystery is created which is somehow bound up with the other mystery on the Eggischhorn. We set the problem before our readers as we might do at a competitive examination. Given the circumstances above related, it is required to invent a coherent story which shall explain them all, and to the development of which they shall be essential. By way of additional assistance, we will mention the fact that Ruth Waller, the young woman who just escapes being crushed in the mine, is no other than the popular actress with whom Mr. Cecil Wray falls in love.

Having stated our puzzle, we should perhaps leave the solution to the ingenuity of our readers. We know, however, that everybody likes to have the answer to a conundrum; and we fear that the interest we may have excited will be scarcely sufficient to justify us, after the precedent of some of our contemporaries, in postponing the answer to our next number. We will therefore simply request all whom it may concern to give the matter such attention as they may think it deserves, and, having fully appreciated the various conditions to be fulfilled, to pursue what follows; as Cuvier or Owen constructed some extinct monster from a fossil bone, so we may put together the story of *Cecil's Tryst* from the trifling indications already given. In the first place, we may remark upon the curious mystery which surrounds Mr. Cecil Wray. Obviously we are there at the heart of the problem. After the accident to his sister, he undergoes a complete transformation. Is it possible that there should be some delusion about the accident, from which all witnesses, except the survivor, have been carefully banished? Then we remark that there is a similar mystery about the murder. If the idiot speaks truly in saying that he was bribed to its commission, and if he sincerely believes that the briber was Mr. Cecil Wray, whilst it is equally plain that Mr. Wray was somewhere else, the only conclusion would seem to be that some person with an interest in the death of Richard or Ruth Waller has been personating Mr. Wray. Now, if we suppose that the personator on this occasion also personated Mr. Wray after the Alpine accident, we shall have a coherent explanation. In this last case, however, it is clear that the only possible personator was his sister. If he was the real sufferer, and his sister the survivor, the queer lapses of memory above noticed would be explained. The chief apparent difficulty disappears when we find from another dip into the book that the brother and sister are twins with an extraordinary resemblance; and there is no difficulty in imagining reasons why a young lady might be anxious to get rid of a pretty girl of low birth with whom her brother was desperately in love. We will in fact, without keeping our readers longer in suspense, admit that this is the true answer to the problem, and that Miss Wray first dressed in her brother's clothes to bribe the idiot to commit the murder, and afterwards, on her brother's death, succeeded for a certain time in assuming his character and acquiring his fortune. We might take credit for the extraordinary sagacity displayed in this ingenious mode of unravelling the difficulty, were it not that we, like Edgar Poe, have had good means of knowing the answer before we stated the difficulty.

From this statement our readers will be able to decide for themselves whether they are likely to enjoy reading *Cecil's Tryst*, so far at least as the plot is concerned. Though we have not touched upon a variety of subsidiary events which go to complicate the thread of the narrative, it will be evident that there is plenty of exciting incident for those at least who are not repelled by a very large allowance of improbability. For ourselves, we will frankly confess that stories of this kind are not very much to our taste, and do not appear to us to belong to a very high order of art. We will however add, in justice to the author, that, though he has not scrupled at indulging in very extravagant combinations, many of the minor characters and events are

\* *Cecil's Tryst*. By the Author of "Lost Sir Masingberd." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.

sketched with much vivacity and considerably greater resemblance to the ordinary course of affairs in this world. The adventures of the hero in his dealings with the managers of certain theatres are set forth with a graphic humour which suggests that they are founded on personal experience; and there is a benevolent father, given to quoting Elizabethan dramatists, and an old-fashioned aunt, who are very good portraits in their way. We should like them all the better if they were not mixed up with murders and accidents and personations of a slightly incredible kind; but that is a matter of taste, and we have no doubt that there is a large audience who would rather read of a sister passing herself off for a brother than study the most delicate descriptions of character and manners. It is lucky that there are such people, or what would become of the novelists?

#### M. RENAN'S POLITICAL IDEAL.\*

THE reader who knows M. Renan mainly by his *Life of Jesus*, or by the commotion which that book created, would scarcely, without further insight into M. Renan's mental constitution, divine his political ideal. One would be more likely to guess it from his photograph than either from his critical writings or from the kind of position he occupies relatively to the Church. Louis Veuillot hit the mark in his own unkind way in two out of three epithets—

Si doux, si gras, si laid de mine.

The last is rather too bad. M. Renan may not be an Apollo, but it is hardly right to call him ugly. An intelligent and resolute face is all that is to be expected from one of our sex, which has no pretension to be charming. But the other two epithets, "doux" and "gras," are as happy as ill-natured epithets possibly can be. What gives them their peculiar felicity is that they apply as much to M. Renan's manner of writing as to his person. He is softly and unctuously persuasive, and hard usage seems to have no more effect upon him than the sea's hard usage has upon a jelly-fish. As Byron said "that he loved wisdom more than she loved him," so M. Renan has an ill-requited affection for Catholicism. The reader who is not particularly familiar with the turns of M. Renan's mind may be somewhat surprised to learn that his ideal France is based upon a noble and a priest in every village, and that whenever he becomes enthusiastic it is always about something as remote as possible from the modern spirit. What enchants him most of all is the ceremony of coronation at Rheims, because in that ceremony the essences of Royalty and Catholicism were so intimately blended. His references to it are quite fervid and glowing, whereas he never speaks of anything purely modern, such as the industrial spirit, without coldness or disdain. All this is highly curious, and M. Renan's mind, to a student of human nature, is as interesting as any highly cultivated intellect we know. We have no desire to imply what very opposite parties are saying of M. Renan just now in France—that he has written dishonestly with a view to prepare for himself an agreeable position under a coming monarchy; and as for inducing the clergy to forgive the past, M. Renan must be well aware that nothing short of an unconditional submission like that just tendered by Father Grady could ever reconcile him with the Papacy. M. Renan is probably quite as honest as is compatible with the craft of a very clever literary artist. We do not suspect him of uttering sentiments which he does not feel at the time that he is writing, but his disposition to write from sentiment at one time and from reason at another, and the very opposite directions into which these two forces are continually leading him, produce an appearance of hypocrisy. Besides, ordinary human nature cannot understand how a man whom the priests have been calling a toad and a viper, and everything that is abominable, for several years past, can really in his own breast feel those reverential sentiments towards them which he professes, and there seems to be a want of spirit and a want of dignity in this total absence of resentment. The behaviour of Garibaldi seems to all simple natures to be more after their own fashion, as indeed it is. The priests call Garibaldi a brigand and a swindler, and Garibaldi, affecting no concealment of his sentiments, and speaking no language that can possibly be suspected of insincerity, says that the priests are a pack of lying chaulatans. Now, although we may not exactly agree with Garibaldi, we all feel that his utterances are not the utterances of a sneak. He has been pelted with ecclesiastical brickbats, and he returns the compliment in kind, like a plucky boy in a playground. But M. Renan always speaks so smoothly and civilly of the clergy that some people suspect him of endeavouring to turn away their wrath by soft answers.

M. Renan's ideal for France is strongly opposed to the industrial spirit, which he believes (and with reason) to be a cause of military decline, and the origin of a growing indisposition to incur the dangers and inconveniences of warfare. The objects of a trading community are first to make money to buy certain comforts and pleasures, and then to have peace to enjoy those comforts and pleasures without interruption. M. Renan, who has a dislike to Philistinism quite as strong as that professed by Mr. Matthew Arnold, though he does not call it by the same name, believes that the Philistine spirit has been immensely fostered by the remarkable commercial prosperity which developed itself under the Empire. It is perfectly true that the love of fighting has de-

clined in France; every observant foreigner who has lived in the country during the last ten years must have perceived it; but the Government of Louis Napoleon, instead of fostering the pacific tendencies which, though unavowed, were silently taking root amongst the shopkeepers and farmers, thought military glory a necessity of its existence, and undertook four of the very costliest wars in which French armies were ever engaged. M. Renan says that the nation did not desire the war of 1870, that it had already become too *bourgeois* to be capable of military ardour. The truth is, that the French are and have been for some years in quite a peculiar state as to military feeling. Two assertions may be made which are in appearance directly contradictory, and yet both are strictly accurate. The French are extremely pacific, as pacific probably as even we English ourselves should be if we had not the salt water between us and the great military States of the Continent; and yet it is true that the French entered upon the war with Prussia in a condition of the most intense military excitement. The explanation of this is that the industrial and pacific temper was too recent to have entirely got the better of old habits of thought and action. Had the old sentiments been left to themselves, they would not have kindled into a flame, and the war would not have taken place; but to say that the French did not desire the war when it actually broke out is to say that which every impartial person who lived in France during the summer of 1870 knows to be perfectly untrue. On the other hand, Louis Napoleon is equally wrong in affirming that the French people forced him into the war. It would have been as easy for him to prevent the nation from going into that conflict as it is for the driver of a quiet horse to hinder him from leaping over the parapet of a bridge. What drove the country mad at last was an absurd story to the effect that the King of Prussia had kicked the French ambassador. Even at that late hour, if the Government of Napoleon had not decided upon fighting, it might have satisfied the country that there had been no insult. Instead of doing that, it purposely allowed the press to flood the country with the most preposterous patriotic nonsense, and a war-fever was created of such intensity that it caught even the cultivated classes too, and it became unsafe to utter a word of reason, even amongst educated men. M. Renan says that France is pacific to a fault, but that Louis Napoleon dragged her into wars for his own purposes; and Louis Napoleon affirms that he was carried away by the warlike spirit of the nation. The exact truth is that the nation was pacific enough until it was excited, that Louis Napoleon excited it or permitted it to be excited when a word from him would have calmed every one; and also that when once the fever was at its height, nothing but bloodshed could effect a cure. What M. Renan desires is a permanent military spirit in the country; what he most dislikes is the pacific *bourgeois* spirit, which is leading the French nation to that aversion from warfare, that strong preference of business and domestic tranquillity to military adventure, which already characterizes the English.

This, we conceive, is the main reason why M. Renan so earnestly desires a strong monarchy, and nobility, and priesthood. He sees that a nobility dreads the sacrifices of war less than a nation of tradesmen, and just as our Cobdens and Brights praise commerce because it conduces to the pacific arrangement of international disputes, so M. Renan likes a high-spirited nobility because it so readily grasps the sword. And as the French noblesse has always been in close alliance with the priesthood, M. Renan is willing that there should be a powerful priesthood also, and would gladly abandon the minds of the common people to its direction if only the State would leave the sceptical lay professors a fair field in the University. A conception of this kind, which would hardly ever occur to an Englishman or an American, does not so much surprise us in a Frenchman, and arises, we believe, much more from a clear perception of the different needs of Frenchmen than from any indifference to truth. The English feeling on the subject might be expressed in this way:—"If M. Renan does not believe Romanism to be true, it is wrong in him to encourage the preaching of it to the people." This is naturally the feeling of a Protestant country, but there are thousands of men in France who believe that Catholicism is excellent for peasants and for women and children, but impossible for men of culture; so they desire to see Catholicism duly administered to those for whom it is suitable, just as a man likes his horses to have plenty of hay, though he does not eat hay himself. Every one who has lived on terms of intimacy with highly cultivated Frenchmen must be familiar with this feeling, and it has been sufficiently expressed in one of M. Renan's previous works to shield him from any suspicion of affecting it now for temporary purposes. The mainspring of M. Renan's desires is for the present not religious, but military. He longs, as a Frenchman, to see his country take her old place as the first military Power; he does not believe that she will ever be able to do this so long as she is given up to industrial ideas; and so, to get rid of industrial ideas, he is willing to establish a strong social hierarchy of king, and noble, and priest. M. Renan's sympathies are with the organization of the middle ages, and he wishes to build up something like it in the France of to-day or to-morrow. We can understand these desires, and Englishmen, who have preserved much of what was good in the middle ages, are even likely to share them. Yet M. Renan must know that they are mere dreams. France is becoming every year more and more of an industrial democracy, and less and less inclined (in her ordinary temper) to unprofitable military adven-

\* *La Réforme intellectuelle et morale*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Lévy.



ture. The difficulty in the way of establishing a strong monarchy and nobility is that the sentiment upon which they are founded has lost its force even in the country, and in cities no longer exists. The best future which the state of the French mind seems to promise to the country is that of a hard-working and careful community, enjoying the fruits of its labours, and strong enough, with the help of some prudent alliance, to defend them against aggression. We hazard no prediction as to the internal political organization which will prevail ultimately in France if ever the country becomes settled and unanimous; but the probability is that the chief of the State, whether President, Emperor, or King, will never really have that external character which M. Renan desires for him, never be outside of the State and independent of it, but only representative, as in one sense or other the later chiefs of the State (Louis Philippe, Napoleon, Thiers) have been. The habit of modern Frenchmen always to consider the chief of the State as a functionary liable to lose his situation is of itself quite enough to prevent the substantial organization which M. Renan desires. A French Government must always henceforth be in one way or other elective, and M. Renan greatly prefers the hereditary principle, as offering fewer risks. Our House of Lords is, on the whole, a very favourable example of what M. Renan likes, but, notwithstanding the greater risks of election, the Commons are more active and lively, whilst with few exceptions they are equally respectable. On this, as on other points, M. Renan writes, like a true Frenchman, with remarkably little reference to facts. Even the present French Assembly and the present French Cabinet are enough to prove that M. Renan's picture of the results of election is untrue. Considering that France is not a well-educated country, it is really remarkable how many men of high culture there are in the Assembly and, proportionally, in the Cabinet.

#### MISS EDEN'S LETTERS FROM INDIA.\*

**U**P the Country contained the letters in which the Hon. Emily Eden described the doings of herself and her sister Frances, and her brother the Governor-General, and the whole tribe of aides-de-camp and secretaries, from the day on which they set out on their Vice-regal tour to the North-West provinces till their final return to Calcutta, after some two years of absence; and *Letters from India* record the occurrences which took place on the voyage from England and during their actual residence in the City of Palaces.

Some eighty or ninety years ago William Eden, the father and founder of this family, was perhaps the best-abused man in all England. When he "ratted" from Fox and his friends, and carried his excellent business abilities and popular manners to the side of William Pitt, a sensation was caused which seems altogether surprising in this age of comparatively *cautious* principles. It so happened also that the party from which he deserted had recently provided in the pages of the *Rolliad* a convenient vent for the satirical talent of their aspiring partisans, and "Billy Eden, the renegade scout," was immediately installed as one of the principal subjects for scourging and ridicule. His first office being the conclusion of the famous commercial treaty with France, the changes are rung again and again upon this "second loss of Eden" being a "more affair of trade"; and a lively ballad to the tune of "Ally Croker" tells us how:—

There lived a man at Beck'nham in Kent, Sir,  
Who wanted a place to make him content, Sir;  
Long had he sighed for Billy Pitt's protection,  
While thus he gently courted his affection:  
Will you give a place, my dearest Billy Pitt, O!  
If I can't have a whole one, oh! give a little bit, O!

But the able and versatile William Eden flourished in spite of everything, and during the remainder of the century did yeoman's service to his country. He married a daughter of the then rising house of the Elliots of Minto, and so various and divergent were his diplomatic employments that each of his four or five children was born in a different Continental capital. The letters of his numerous correspondents are filled with constant allusions to this circumstance, and Gibbon, in one of his artificial, but not ungraceful, complimentary notes, referring also to the family name, desires his "compliments to Lady Auckland, whom I revere as a second Eve—the mother of nations—though I am persuaded that she would not, like Eve, have eaten the apple." As the family began to grow up, the house "at Beck'nham in Kent, Sir," became a favourite resort of some of the most eminent men in England; and among others who yielded to its fascinations was the "Immaculate Boy" of the *Rolliad*, William Pitt, who became something very like engaged to one of the young ladies, and it was only, as he informed the father, a consideration of his involved circumstances which induced him to forego the idea of matrimony, and "sacrifice his best hopes and dearest wishes to his conviction and judgment." The lady thus singularly distinguished became afterwards the wife of Robert, fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire, and it is to her that all the letters of the former collection and the best of the present are addressed. *Perages* of late years have become diplomatically silent as to the dates of ladies' births, but the Eleanor Eden who gained whatever amount of affection

William Pitt had leisure to bestow must have been old enough to have been the mother of the Emily Eden to whom we are indebted for these charming letters, and who, by a strange coincidence, might, if we are not misinformed, have herself become the wife of another Prime Minister of no mean fame. This long-credited rumour derives a certain amount of confirmation from the fact that, when she was about to embark for India, Lord Melbourne sent her a copy of Milton, in which he said he had marked his favourite passages, and added:—

My mother always told me that I was very selfish, man and boy, and I believe she was right. I always find some excuse for not doing what I am anxious to avoid. I cannot bear to come and bid you good-bye, for few events of my life have been so painful to me as your going. May God bless and keep you!

At the same time she received another farewell letter from a still more exalted personage:—

I have had a beautiful letter from our King, which I would send you, only there is no time to get it back again, and it must serve as a character to our next place. He sent me a very long message by George, who told me to write my thanks, which I did in the most abject and affectionate style; and then, on Saturday, there came this farewell—really a beautifully written letter—saying, that amongst his many other amiable qualities, he had always given George credit for his exemplary attachment to his sisters, &c. Then there is another whole page of approval of our not consenting to be separated from him by fear of the climate or remoteness of destination as "so affectionate a brother deserves the devotion he meets with," and then he desires us all to be good and happy, and so on, and assures us his best wishes will follow us there. I hope for their sakes, poor things, they will go overland.

It was a little ungracious, if not ungrateful, to turn such really kind words into ridicule, but Miss Eden was a keen politician, far keener than her brother the Governor-General, and in October 1835 she had not forgotten King William's summary dismissal of the Whigs not a twelvemonth before. We cannot help wishing that the *ipissima verba* of this letter had been given, for William IV., in spite of his narrow forehead, his facial angle, and rather limited education, could occasionally write a great deal better than the general run of monarchs, constitutional or other. His description of his first introduction to Nelson, for instance, is graphic in the extreme, and, in the rapidly growing critical slang of the present day, would be said not only to "possess the true ring," but to be "crisp" and "full of colour" besides. Our object, however, in thus dwelling upon the antecedents and surroundings of the Eden family is to show the peculiar attractions of the circle in which they had moved from their earliest childhood, and thus to justify in some degree the half despair with which they write of an aboard-ship life, and the whole despair with which they at first regarded the society of Calcutta. In the former situation, according to Macaulay, most people find some relief in eating twice as many meals as on land, and, we may add, by indulging in stertorous and unrefreshing slumbers in the intervals. But from the tedium of tropical female society as seen from the "Eden Lodge" and "Beck'nham in Kent" point of view, there is not even this mode of escape. To the brother, immersed in public business, all new and much of it interesting, and surrounded by colleagues and secretaries his equals or superiors in ability, there was no such drawback to enjoyment; and we find accordingly that the sisters confess again and again, with ever-renewed astonishment, that "George was never so well in his life before," while they themselves find nothing to write about save repinings at their banishment, and the doings of the Ayah, the lapdog, and the thermometer. In the hands of Emily Eden, the authoress of *Up the Country* and the cherished friend of William Lamb, these topics, uninviting as they appear, come to us clothed with all the spirit, grace, and humour which we might expect from her facile pen and cultivated and original mind. But, unknown to the title-page and advertisements, some ninety or a hundred pages are taken up with the letters of a younger sister, who tries to treat the same subject in the same playful way; but, alas! genius and culture were alike wanting; "Chance" becomes a pampered cur gasping for breath; "Rosina" a brown middle-aged female with betel-chewing proclivities; and the instrument of Fahrenheit sinks into a vulgar perspiration-ometer.

In our notice of the former series of letters\* we spoke of them as "thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end," and, as far as those signed "E. E." go, we may repeat the same opinion of the present collection. General officers, after fights, sham or real, especially the former, are in the habit of writing that, "where all have distinguished themselves, it would be invidious to make distinctions," and the most practised of "umpires" would find the same difficulty in selecting passages for quotation from Miss Eden's writings. Almost at random we choose the following description of her English lapdog's introduction to the Calcutta course:—

My dearest Sister,—I will try to run off a letter early in the morning, for it is so hot, and I am so sleepy after luncheon that I always fall asleep when I am in a transport of sentiment over my letters home. The weather has been better though the last fortnight; occasional days of pouring rains when we can have the windows open, and there have been two or three evenings this last week which were really pleasant—something like the hottest summer evenings of that exquisite country, England—with a little air stirring, and no necessity for gossiping with one's tongue hanging out, like Chance. That little black angel has the audacity to date on India, and never enjoyed better spirits, or a more imperious temper. He was once nearly carried off by some vultures, and he and — a greyhound both narrowly escaped the snare of an alligator. He swims so far out into the Ganges

\* *Letters from India*. By the Hon. Emily Eden, Author of "Up the Country," "Semi-Detached House," &c. Edited by her Niece. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.



that his own attached servant screams with fright. He has learnt from the natives to eat mangoes, and is very much suspected of smoking his hookah whenever he can get comfortably alone with my tailors. He is allowed, for a great treat, to run before our horses on a cool evening; and the other day, when George was riding with me, Chance insisted on going to the race-course with us. I asked Captain Macgregor to inquire why Chance's own valet was not with him, and he translated the answer that when the Lord Sahib himself took the dog, the sicar, or head of that class of servants, thought it right to go himself. So there was a grand-looking man in the flowing dress of the upper servants, with a white beard down to his waist, gambolling after Chance, who took to running after the birds, and gave a little growl every time his tutor interfered, and the sicar, who was not used to him, looked frightened out of his senses, and then began running again. I could hardly ride for laughing, but I mention the fact for Dandy's edification.

As we have before intimated, this pet occupies a conspicuous place in the correspondence, and his mistress contrives to interest us so greatly in him that we have admitted "Chance" into our own particular family of canine favourites, where he will find himself installed with "Rab," "Argus," "Maida," "Camp," and some five or six other similar heroes. Our next quotation, taken equally at haphazard, is humorous and animated, and as true as a photograph:—

I wish you could see my passage sometimes. The other day when I set off to pay George a visit I could not help thinking how strange it would have seemed at home. It was a rainy day, so all the servants were at home. The two tailors were sitting in one window, making a new gown for me, and Rosina by them chopping up her betel-nut; at the opposite window were my two Dacca embroiderers working at a large frame, and the sentry, in an ecstasy of admiration, mounting guard over them. There was the bearer standing upright, in a sweet sleep, pulling away at my punkah. My own five servants were sitting in a circle, with an English spelling-book, which they were learning by heart; and my jemadar, who, out of compliment to me, has taken to draw, was sketching a bird. Chance's servant was waiting at the end of the passage for his "little excellency" to go out walking, and a Chinese was waiting with some rolls of satin that he had brought to show. All these were in livery, except the Chinese and another man, who had on a green and silver cap instead of a red and gold turban, and as I came out he flung himself down on the ground, and began knocking his head against the floor, whining and talking in the most melancholy way, which, as I don't understand a word of Hindustani, was of great use. However, I took for granted his house was burnt, which happens to all our servants constantly, and they expect us to pay for a new house; so I told the jemadar to tell him to stand up, as I never would give anything to anybody who went on begging in that crouching way, and to ask what had happened; and, after a great deal more whining and sobbing, the jemadar began interpreting: "By your favour, the man say, he be your Lady Sahib's housemaid—what we call *matar*—and the Lord Sahib's matel have got a red turban, and this man say he got none." So I said I would ask Major Byrne about it, but I had no objection to give him money privately for a turban if there was any difficulty. "Oh! but Major Byrne have given him white turban, only no red cloth in it, and he so sorry." I am sure if he had lost all his relations he could not have cried more, and the misfortune is that Major Byrne is quite obdurate about it, and says he is not to have this rag of his ambition; so, to keep things comfortable, I see I shall have surreptitiously to give him the cover of my dressing-box, which is composed of scarlet baize, and will make up into a very handsome turban.

This gifted lady, besides being a letter writer such as one too seldom meets with, was also an accomplished artist, and was equally at home with the sculptor's tools and the painter's brushes. This talent, perhaps more delightful than any other to its possessor, she was always ready to put in practice for the gratification of those around her. Take the following as an instance:—

I have such an interesting picture to copy just now—a picture by Zoffany of Madame Talleyrand, when she was in this country as Mrs. Grand. It is so pretty. Captain Cunningham borrowed it of the owner to have a copy of it made for himself, and, as there are hardly any artists, and none good at Calcutta, and he would have had to give 100 rupees for a bad sketch from it, I am copying it for him.

This picture was in the possession of Mr. Marshman, then as now the great authority for all matters connected with the by-gone days of Calcutta, and nobody ventured to dispute the name either of sitter or of painter. Both, however, were mere random guesses. We happened the other day to see Miss Eden's drawing, and at once recognised it as a spirited and graceful copy of one of Sir Joshua's many "Kitty Fishers"—that particular one in which the Mabel Gray of our great-grandfathers is represented as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl. From this source, however, grave historians have drawn their description of the wife of Talleyrand, and Mr. Herman Merivale, that most poffunctory of all editors or continuators, complacently carries on the fable by informing us that the mistress of Philip Francis had "more of feminine softness than of strength in her fair countenance; the sensual prevails everywhere over the intellectual."

We wish we could say anything in favour of the editing of these volumes, but we can hardly fancy greater carelessness than is everywhere displayed. We allude partly to senseless misprinting of Anglo-Indian words which have evidently been properly given in the original, but principally to the indiscriminate substitution of a dash—wherever a name occurs. This is destructive of all individuality, as was perceived by Miss Eden when she herself superintended the publication of the former volumes, and was careful to keep each character separate by appropriating a particular initial as its representative.

#### THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.\*

**N**EARLY as fascinating as the records of individual longevity are speculations on the subject of the best mode of securing length of days. One set of writers finds the secret in tempo-

rance and careful diet, another in high feeding and an epicurean resolve to live while you may. The close study of Cornaro's life might lead to the conclusion that its marvellous length was due to his imperturbable self-interest and self-satisfaction, which shut out all care or thought for others, and made itself independent of external sources of sorrow and anxiety; while the more amusing, though less known, theories of the German Cohausen—who, on the faith of an ancient votive tablet, ascribing a life of 115 years to constantly being in the atmosphere of "puellarum anhelitus," argued, in a perfectly innocent sense, that the tabernacle of man's body might be repaired again and again to an indefinite age by associating much with, and breathing the same air as, the young—recommend themselves to acceptance by the value they set on cheerfulness as promotive of health and length of life. But the paradoxes of the subject are not less manifold than the practical conclusions which have been drawn from it. If sobriety, cleanliness, regularity of life are shown to conduce to days long in the land, so, on the other side, can a curious case be made out for the opposite vices. In short, the question seems destined to remain an open one; and, under such circumstances, it was with curiosity that we opened the *Secret of Long Life*, especially as the book is dedicated (we suppose by permission) to Lord St. Leonards, a living instance of longevity, a keen, observant, hard-headed lawyer, who both from his own experience and from practice in weighing evidence might fairly be supposed to have formed sound conclusions on the matter. Strange to say, however, the author to whom he has apparently accorded his *imprimatur* has a most inveterate habit of travelling out of his brief; and though it is true that in what he terms his "exordium"—by a slip of the pen, we presume, for "peroration"—he ascribes the secret of long life to "ideas, independence, and indolence," we can honestly say that until we reached his concluding chapter we were utterly at a loss to determine whether he meant that long life depended on living in a model village, on writing sonnets on aristology, on going to bed at sunrise, or on having a "complete" wife and perfect daughters. If, indeed, he wrote with the weight of a veteran and the experience of an octogenarian or nonagenarian, we might be able to think highly of the secret which he professes to hold; but as, from his not infrequent sketches of himself and allusions to his habits and pursuits, we feel safe in fixing his age at some forty or at most fifty years, it has to be borne in mind that his are the lucubrations not so much of one who has lived, as of one who means to live, long; and the faith to be placed in his prescriptions will be measured accordingly. It is well known to those who are versed in the records of longevity that the desire of life is a very powerful stimulus to prolonging it; and about our author's desire none can have a doubt who enjoy his confidences about his pleasant manner of life, his fine friends, his unfettered, sunny, and serene existence. "I relish this world, and mean to stay in it as long as I can"; "my thesis is that by cultivation of physical and mental health it is easy to reach a hundred in good condition, and that a hundred and twenty ought not to be deemed an unattainable age"; such are the *dicta* of this epicurean philosopher, as to whose practice we confess that we doubt whether it is not calculated to teach his readers "how not to do it."

But what is his secret? Is he quite certain himself? If he were, he could not but out with it; for though the book is published anonymously, we have not read half through it before we are enabled to identify its writer with the author of *The Marquis and Merchant*, *The Inn of Strange Meetings*, and other effervescences of prose and poetic fiction which froth up from the pen of Mr. Mortimer Collins. And in the course of his chapters he discovers his inability to disguise the names of horticultural and literary friends whom he designs not to betray, but to shadow forth in well-rounded periphrases. As has been said, he delivers himself at last of a threefold secret; but does the bulk of his volume agree with this? Let us see. In the first place, then, "ideas" conduce to long life. "A great soul," we are told, "is full of power, and takes easily the accidents of the world." "To think is to live." "An active mind keeps the body out of mischief, and stagnation at a distance." How does all this square with the long life of the Westmorland folks, touching which the author cites statistics in his chapter on "Long Life in Lake-Land"? We take it that the obituary of the Westmorland gazette contains in any given week the names of more names than geniuses; and it betokens lack of faith in his own doctrine to fly off to the subtlety that the man who thinks and does brainwork *lives longer*, even if he die young, than the idealess churl or the *ennuyé* aristocrat of ninety or a hundred. It is true that this all turns on the question discussed in Chap. II., "What is Life?" and it is perhaps not inconsistent with our author's somewhat loose theory that "Life is co-extensive with the continuance *in statu quo* of the atoms of the material form. When they wear out, the spirit moulds itself another tenement." According to this teaching, we are destined to metempsychosis and transmigration from lower to higher states, singing an endless song of "excelsior" until we reach the topmost round of the ladder. Furthermore, says our philosopher, we are to train ourselves for enjoying the future by enjoying the present; and though it is postulated that this enjoyment is to be intellectual, and that we shall "find exercise for our faculties in commune with the invisible and the divine," yet so much are sunshine, good living, sleep, and company necessary to this intellectual perfection, that we are by no means sure that a

\* *The Secret of Long Life*. London: King & Co. 1871.

literal carrying out of the rules laid down might not nip the centurion in the bud before he were well out of his budding stage, and prematurely land him in apoplexy. It may afford some criterion of the be-all and end-all of the writer's intellectuality if we quote a characteristic qualification of his thesis that a poet cannot create except in *sunshine* :—

A poet may sing in winter now and then, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire and a flask of wine. For coal is fossil sunshine, drunken in by forests that perished myriads of years ago; and wine is liquid sunshine, caught in grape-globes that grew on the margin of Rhine, or Arno, or Charente.

As it strikes us, the weakness of the author's "idea" theory is that it sets too much store by "eating and drinking," in the process of keeping the mind awake and active. No doubt he is right in avoiding town life, even in its highest circles, for other reasons than the closeness, noise, and ill-savours of crowded cities; and though we can go along with him in his prescription of a country life for men of a high class—because "the original genius works best in solitude, with the occasional pleasant interruptions of wife, children, and friends," and "any man who is a scholar, or even a student, and has an ample library, may live happily in the country, and live long"—we incline to think that it should be accompanied with a proviso that these happy folk should live more regularly and simply than would consist with the programme of our author and his Apician friends, if they would avoid those visits of biliousness which we take to be hurtful to intellectual activity. But as the country life of average men is nothing more than stagnation on "vile beer and talk of beeves and corn," our professor of longevity purposes, when his novels, poems, and essays like the present have made him a millionaire, to start an ideal village, a modern Colonos, with good houses graduated to suit all classes, except lawyers: with a village Parliament; a band of doctors, who are to be bribed to cure rather than kill; and an emigration society to ship off such black sheep as have not previously been washed white in a juvenile reformatory. Clubs for gentle and simple, houses-of-call for stray travellers, who will have to show their passports to the village reeve or warden; a church that is not to stand in the light of meeting-houses; a village Eton to encourage learning and athletics, *pari passu*, amongst the young masters, and, in time, the young misses, too, of the model village; a village green; a model theatre, and other like institutions, "to stimulate society and discourage secrecy"—such are to be a few features of the village of the future, the regulation and due ordering of which, if left to the founder, will, we fancy, interfere with the "independence" and "indolence" which he considers *sine-qua-nons* of long life. We forgot to say that no newspaper is to find its way into the village, but only a matutinal sheet akin to the *Tatler* or the *Spectator*, combining "clarity of thought with politure of style" (*sic*).

At all events we must sympathize with the writer's enthusiasm for trees. To be sure it is consistent with his belief that he is going to live to 120 to be fond of the saplings which he knew as acorns and hopes to know as mature oaks; but about such longevityarians of the wood and lawn poetries are endurable, as they are about the river that runs past the village—ay, and will run on when even the Collinses and Lord St. Leonards shall have gone to their rest. But the river of our intellectual friend, in order to conduce to the enjoyment which is essential to longevity, requires, we find, to be enlivened by pretty girls in canoes, by the Chloes, Marigolds, and Phillises whom we read of in the *Inn of Strange Meetings*. Although we do not for a moment suggest that these divide with him the homage logically due to the Eairin of his poetry, and the wife-of-completion and "altera ego" of his prose, yet we cannot help seeing that they do enhance the charm of the river running by, that they colour with gay hues his intellectual existence, and that a life-dream standing in need of such accidents is liable to distractions, and is scarcely compatible with his boasted independence. To the author's dogmas on the marriage of completion our sons and daughters will have something to say. He may be allowed to theorize that a woman should be twenty-five and a man thirty at the time of marriage; but when he stipulates that for the perfecting of family relations, in connexion with a longer lease of life, the term of minority needs to be extended from twenty-one to thirty years, we really shudder at the temptations to parricide which he sets in the way of young people; of whom he says that "the boys are probably Republicans and Deists, the girls Tories and High-Churchwomen."

According to the opening axiom "that length of life depends upon ideas," one might have thought that politics would, at least in this sense, favour longevity. Not a bit of it. Politics are for dull second-rate folks. "The higher minds of the race cannot be expected to do such dirty work." These higher minds must exercise themselves in writing articles "on a bird-haunted lawn, under the lime-trees, with their dogs at their feet, and a bottle of hock close at hand." "See me!" says the writer in effect, in the picture he draws, under the head of "aristology," of the union of *ideas* with *independence* and *indolence*. In p. 135 he says casually, "I often enjoy a sunrise before going to bed," and in Chapter VI. he gives a sketch of his mode of life, pretty much as follows. *THE 3:30 A.M.* he sits up, throwing off his articles ("healthy literature," of course, and "no lies for money"), then strolls out to hear the nightingales at vesper, and the starlings going to breakfast, and then goes to bed till noon. This, he allows, would not suit hacks who live by work not to be done as they list. This is the life of "ideas." His "panadum," or noon meal at coming downstairs, consists of cold

meats, prawns, lobsters, fruit, salad, strawberry pice, sardines, and cold game when attainable, with light wines according to the season. This, again, is not living for hacks, but for well-paid brain-workers who can afford it. For the dinner of "ideas" *seems* is the hour—

*Ante focum si frigus erit, al mensis, in umbra—*

on shorthorn sirloins, Southdown saddles, venison, pheasants, and all the accessible home produce that a complete wife can teach "a farmer's daughter" to cook "better than the Vatel, the Udes, and the Soyers."

Of course a gentleman who sleeps (see chapter vii.) so beautifully that in his dreams he hobs and nobes "nectar" or "bitter beer" with Apollo in his visits to Olympus; who cultivates his five senses so well "that a dog—ay, or even a bee—knows him from a cad by his odour"; who associates with patrician classics and naturalists, and has friends "who blend the poet and gardener as no man ever blended them since Adam made his first love-lyric within the nightingale-haunted foliage walls of Eden"; who envies no man; who, like a fine old English gentleman of other days, keeps well in the sun and open air; and who, if he is out of sorts, follows his nose to the sea, which he can sniff from Warwick; of course, one so gifted "has a great pull" (to descend to slang) over work-a-day, brain-taxing, time-bound mortals. Long life, according to his programme, is for such as can "take life easily," the select few who are qualified to be denizens of his modern Colonos, and content to realize the meaning of a word of intolerable coinage, the verb "to laze," which is all that sticks by us of his frothy chapter on the influences of laziness on longevity. We should like to hear what Lord St. Leonards has to say to "lazing" as a secret of long life. We should like also to get from a trustworthy observer of such problems a diagnosis of Mr. Collins's case, and a statement of his reasonable expectation of life. His "ideas" certainly will not wear out his machine, though we should say that the independence and indolence which conspire to facilitate his living too luxuriously, and thereby becoming a martyr to gout and such like disorders, are certainly against the chances of his illustrating his own theory. We take it that if he surmounts these impediments, his chances of long life arise from quite another cause. If unbounded self-esteem and an imperturbable good conceit are (as the example of the French *beaux-esprits* seems to indicate) eminently conducive to longevity, then the author of the *Secret of Long Life* is in a fair way to live for ever.

#### MINOR POETS.

MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER—"he then who, forty years ago, took up this rhythmic strain"—by the publication of the fourth series of *Proverbial Philosophy* has at length brought his *magnus opus* to its close. The proud, but well-earned, motto of his title-page is *Jamque opus exegit*. Not only has he completed his task, but he takes leave of his measure. He says that he

Now will resume, for this last time, his first old style of proverbs,  
And then for ever lay aside the harp of Satch's son.

The harp is laid aside before the hand that touched it has lost any of its magic power. Whatever of poetic fancy, of inspired thoughts, of noble words, of harmonious numbers, Mr. Tupper had "in earliest youth, eight lustres back," remains with him now after "years—and years—of studious toil," of "musing reverie by night, and day's fastidious care." Why, with all his poetic powers as vigorous as ever, he should not go on to a fifth, or even a sixth, series it is not for us to say. His *Proverbial Philosophy* at present contains about 16,000 lines. But, as he himself proudly says, he has not published every line he wrote. On the contrary, "only a tithe is stored, the nine parts lie ungarnered." If we understand him rightly, we shall not be wrong in inferring that he has either in manuscript or in his brain, including also what is here printed, no less than 160,000 proverbial lines. Let him not be too modest, but take confidence that those who have already bought fifty editions of his first series will be ever eager for more, and so long as he can furnish a supply will never slacken in the demand. "Nearly a million copies" of his great work, we are told, "have been sold in America," and we should be greatly surprised if each purchaser of the first million does not at once require a copy of this latest and last series. For it contains, not only a portrait of the poet in the ripeness of age, but "a biographical sketch," and a whole proverbial-philosophical essay on "this book's story." Mr. Tupper himself, as he informs us, "would willingly have been left unnoticed by way both of portraiture and of memoir." Happily, he has yielded to the importunities of his publisher, who has in his turn yielded to the importunities of the public, which at length finds its desire gratified of knowing somewhat of the features and life of him of whose great work it now hails the fiftieth edition. The biographical sketch is written by the editor

\* *Proverbial Philosophy*. In Four Series. Now First Complete. By Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Moxon & Co.

*The Immortals; or, Glimpses of Paradise*. A Poem. By Nicholas Mitchell, Author of "Famous Women and Heroes," &c. London: William Tegg.

*Oh, Happy England! A Forecast of a General Lament*. A Poem in Five Acts. By Emmon Edward Middleton, Poet-Do, Author of "The Cruise of the Kate," &c. London: John Camden Hotten. 1871.

*The Inn of Strange Meetings, and other Poems*. By Mortimer Collins. London: King & Co. 1871.

*A Poem from the Bible: Samson*. Williams & Niegata.

of *Representative Men*, who, judging from his most intimate acquaintance with the facts of Mr. Tupper's life, must be, we should imagine, his twin-brother. It is interesting to know that "at Christchurch, as a member of the Aristotle class, he was a fellow-student of many distinguished men—as the late Duke of Newcastle, the late Marquis of Dalhousie, the late Earl of Elgin, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Professors Jelf, Hill, Doyle, and Vaughan." We are not told what position "the future popular author" took among these distinguished men, or where his name was placed in the class-list. We may assume, however, that he shone amongst them all "velut inter ignes Luna minores." At all events, "he took his degree of B.A. in 1832, of M.A. in 1835, and of D.C.L. in 1847." Between him and the future Premier there must, we should imagine, have existed the closest friendship, when we reflect on the wonderful similarity of their minds. Who could not believe, on reading the following lines, that Mr. Tupper was writing, not of himself, but of the Prime Minister?—

Always thinking at a heat, as a Geyser bursting upward,  
The spring was never dry, nor pumiped when it ceased flowing,  
And though the rush seemed sudden, yet it had long lain hid,  
Collected inadvertently as in some mental cavern.

Though Mr. Tupper's name is generally known only as the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, yet the list of his published works fills nearly a page of the biographical sketch. Among his earliest publications was *An Author's Mind; containing Skeletons of Thirty Unpublished Books*. We have never yet suffered from superstitious fears, but the boldest might well tremble to meet thirty such skeletons as these, if once they took it into their heads to issue forth from the mind in which, strangely enough, they are said to be contained. "The writings of Mr. Tupper," we are further told, "bearing the impress of an impulsive, enthusiastic nature, are, it is asserted, poured forth with exceeding ease and rapidity, and partake much of the character of improvisation." We wonder if Mr. Tupper, when he first read this biographical sketch, was in the same perplexity as was Mr. Vincent Crummies when he found in the newspapers curiously accurate notices of himself and of his children, and wondered how the editor ever managed to obtain the information. Scarcely less suggestive and interesting than the biographical sketch is the "Alphabetical List of above Six Hundred Names of Persons and Places incidentally mentioned in this Work." This list has been given, we suppose, to show the breadth of Mr. Tupper's reading. How broad indeed it has been can be seen at a glance. How much must a man know before he could write about all, for instance, who come under the one letter V, as Vashiti, Vacluse, Venus, Vespasian, Vesuvius, Villiers, Virgil, Vishnu, Vulcan! Proudly can our poet say:—

A true book is more lasting than the monumental brass;  
Let come what will, nor fire, nor storm, nor sword, nor tooth of time  
Can blast this record of my soul, or blot it out or bring;  
With Horace I can sing, I shall not altogether die—  
With Ovid, Ennius, David, I shall not die, but live.

Mr. Tupper should remember that Horace has also sung of one greater danger that awaits poets than oven fire, or storm, or sword, or tooth of time. If he escape all those, he may yet be borne away

in vicum vendentem thus et odore,  
Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

Mr. Michell, combining, as he thinks, the discoveries of modern astronomical science with written revelation, propounds the theory "that the bright star Alcyone, the principal member of the Pleiad group," is the spot where the soul, after its "journey through the solar system," enters into Paradise. We shall not pretend to follow him in his flight, in which he has dared to "pierce skyey depths where roam angelic forms," nor to examine into the grounds of his theory, which, quite as much as our planet, may be said, in his own words, to have been

From out its torpid chrysalis of chaos rolled.

While we are still in our "swaddling clothes of fragile clay," we may well be excused if we are reluctant to take so vast a flight; and to pass through space where "comets alone the viewless medium feel." Declining under his guidance to take glimpses into Paradise, we have had nevertheless our interest, if not our pity, greatly excited by an equally ingenious theory which he propounds as regards the duration of life in the planet Neptune. He says:—

If we carry out the theory before named, in relation to the term of life assigned by God to his creatures, then must we suppose the inhabitants of Neptune favoured with length of days beyond any patriarch we read of in Sacred Writ. The summer of Neptune comes around but once in 164 of our years; and we can scarcely imagine that the Almighty would create beings to witness only one solar year of their world; consequently man, if permitted to live even for twenty of Neptune's summers, would attain to an age equivalent to about three thousand of our years.

We do not know why Mr. Michell, if he is to argue from analogy at all, should limit the Neptunian man to but twenty solar years. He would be quite justified in assuming that the duration of life will be fourscore years, and that man "would attain to an age equivalent to about" thirteen thousand of our years. How stupendous are the reflections to which such a thought gives rise! Mr. Michell, in the short life of this world of ours, has already written seven volumes of poetry "of between 200 and 300 pages each." We have calculated that these contain about 42,000 lines. If, however, he had lived in Neptune, we must, following his argument from analogy, assume that he

would have written 6,882,000 lines, which, according to our estimate, would, if laid end to end, have reached 324 miles, 140 yards. We shall never for the future gaze into the heavens at night without feeling wonderful compassion for our fellow-critics up in Neptune. Think of 324 miles, not counting the odd yards, of such poetry as the following:—

What means the unwonted burst of torrid beams,  
Arrowing in coruscations swift and bright,  
From the veiled centre of the universe?  
The shafts fly silverly across the gloom;  
They reach grim Darkness in his farthest seat,  
And startle Desolation. Ether glows  
With rosy tints, foretelling earth-born flowers,  
Its depths all tremulous as with ecstasy.  
Soft-shine the vaporous sides of forming globes;  
Harmonious sounds go pulsing thro' the void,  
Sweet yet supernal music, from the source  
Whence music afterwards gushed richly down  
To ravish new-made worlds.

From Mr. Michell and his glimpses of Paradise we pass to Mr. Middleton, *Poeta Doo* as he modestly styles himself, and author of *Ah, Happy England!* "This poem is dedicated to the unmarried world," and it "has one peculiarity. It is Shakspearian. Every one has his or her say, and says it slap out." The fishwives of Billingsgate have also every one her say, and say it slap out; but this peculiarity of theirs we have never hitherto been accustomed to describe as Shakspearian. Mr. Middleton is, we should imagine, very young. He is certainly very foolish, very conceited, and occasionally very coarse. He is arrogant enough to pretend to be not only a poet, but a Shakspeare, before he has learnt to distinguish between sense and nonsense. It is certainly an odd notion among young writers that extravagance of thought and expression is a certain sign of poetic talent. For ourselves, if we had to decide between Mr. Middleton and the author of *Magnall's Questions*, for instance, as to which of the two is the more Shakspearian, we should give it against the poet without a moment's hesitation. For a writer who not unfrequently knows what he is writing about has at all events a certain kind of resemblance to Shakspeare to which Mr. Middleton most assuredly can lay no claim. If he aspires to be a second Shakspeare, we would recommend him first to try to raise himself to the level of the common run of folk, whose words, if not full of any very deep meaning, are yet plain enough. Let him take one of the ordinary subjects of the day—the sewer question for instance—and try to write about it clearly enough to come within the understanding of a vestryman. When once he has succeeded in this, let him next put his composition into verse, and if still it can be understood, let him take heart, and gradually rise to still greater themes. If he goes on steadily in this course, he may at last find himself able, without the assistance of the preliminary exercise in prose, to compose from the outset in verse, and yet to be not altogether deficient in sense. How far, however, he is at present removed from this, the following extract from his poems will show:—

Thus cornered, creviced talent such as Plato's  
Can only value age in its potatoes;  
Instead of seeing that mankind must fit  
The never changing laws which rule us all,  
Such aping geniuses would cramp necessity;  
Would cramp necessity, as if deriding God  
They thought necessity a hubble or  
Some bladder-swollen toy for them to prick  
Reducing it at leisure: and thus the fools,  
The talent—moles have toyed at life;  
Have set them up this status as a God,  
Conveniences of which must judge the moral!  
And such a status! such a crush of statuses!

Mr. Middleton in a note informs his readers that "Plato's 'Republic' is the absurdity or selfishness of senility. The arguments on justice are utterly false reasoning." We remember hearing how one day in an aged painter's studio a young gentleman—probably about the same age as Mr. Middleton—was running down Italy. While he was clearly proving that there was nothing to see there worth seeing, the painter, as he went on painting, was heard keeping up a running commentary, like Uncle Toby's whistle during the reading of *Emulphus' Course*, of "Poor devil! Poor devil!" While Mr. Middleton has settled Plato, it is some consolation to find, from an advertisement affixed to the present volume, that he has spared us Virgil. Nay, moreover, being well aware that "no past translation conveys more than a shadow of Virgil," and that "translation is a transposition and intensification of ideas from one language to another, and not a mere transposition of words," he has condescended—second Shakspeare though he is—to translate afresh the first four books. His translation, as he tells us, as a whole, "appeals directly to painters and to the whole poetical world"; while the "fourth book appeals directly to every living woman." Some of the rhymes may, for all we know, appeal directly to every cockney ear, as for example that contained in the following lines:—

The horse advances, gains the city's fort,  
A huge awe-spiring mass of murder's thought.

Mr. Middleton represents *Aeneas* as on one occasion asking—  
But shall I speak, or grind my crashing jaws?

We hope that the next time he fancies that the Muse is working within him he will be able to keep silence, even if he has, in his effort at self-restraint, to "grind his crashing jaws."

Though Mr. Mortimer Collins is not the most original of poets, reminding us sometimes of Byron, sometimes of Keats, and some-

times of Clough, it is yet somewhat hard on him, we fear, to bring him into the same company as Mr. Tupper, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Middleton. He is neither commonplace like the first, nor pretentious like the second, nor silly like the third. He writes often gracefully, and often cleverly, and succeeds, in our opinion, far better as a poet than as a novelist. At times he offends by using slang expressions, and still more frequently does he go out of his way to show his love of tobacco by introducing his cigar. He surely could write a poem on Charing Cross without first telling us that as he stood

In the Square of Trafalgar,  
The swift Vesuvian flashes  
For a poet's calm cigar.

Gray, in his ode on "A Distant View of Eton College," might surely with as much propriety have told us that his spectacles—that is to say, if he happened to use them—flashed in the sun as he fitted them on his nose so as to gain a clearer view of the antique towers. Mr. Collins can write, and generally does write, a good deal better verses than those we have just quoted, or we should not have apologized to him for the company into which we have introduced him. The following lines from a poem entitled "Winter in Brighton," though they are certainly too much after Clough's style, are yet clever enough:—

If you're a thousand a year, or a minute—  
If you're a D'Orsay, whom every one follows—  
If you're a head (it don't matter what's in it)  
Fair as Apollo's—  
If you approve of flirtations, good dinners,  
Seascapes divine which the merry winds whiten,  
Nice little maids and still nicer young sinners—  
Winter in Brighton!

The author of *Samson, a Poem from the Bible*, thinks it necessary to find some justification for what he calls "Single Poems." "Johnson's *London*," he says, "and Gray's *Elegy* (a poem that every poet envies), are notable instances." He goes on to add, "The merit being adequate, why should not the experiment be repeated?" He is needlessly fearful, however, lest the reviewers may, "on account of its comparative shortness, throw this poem aside." We can assure this successor of Johnson and Gray that, so far from scorning his brevity, we rejoice in it as affording us at all events one, if only one, opportunity of bestowing on him a little praise. There is at all events one modern poet who, like almost all the rest, having nothing to say, has yet managed to get it said in less than a thousand lines. A story is told of a country fellow who was amazed at the extortion of a London dentist, who, having in a few seconds extracted a double tooth, charged him a guinea, whereas the village blacksmith had often, in trying to draw a tooth, dragged him three or four times round the smithy, and never charged more than a shilling. In like manner, we suppose, the author of "Samson" imagines that reviewers value poets in exact proportion to the trouble they give them. Just as there are some strange people who like long sermons, so there may be some strange reviewers who like long poems. As for ourselves, we can only say that, whether with poet or parson, we will do our best to be pleased, if only they will be short. It is somewhat difficult, however, to admire the poet before us, even if we allow with him that "blank verse is more and more becoming intelligently free." So "intelligently free" is our poet's blank verse, that, if it were not for the printer's aid, it would be almost impossible to discover that he and his hero had not been talking prose all the time. "A sympathetic reader," however, as he observes, "will quicken or retard the lines as demanded." It will require a very sympathetic reader to make much of such lines as the following:—

And finding (whether provided by the Lord,  
And in his hands became a giant tool),  
A new jawbone, the jawbone of an ass,  
He, freed, put forth his hand, and took it up,  
And with it fell upon them, and destroyed  
A thousand men; 'mongst whom, a scarlet pile,  
What time the sunset smote him round with fire,  
And seemed to make a sacrifice of the whole,  
He said, or sang,— "With the jawbone of an ass,  
Heaps upon heaps with the jawbone of an ass  
Have I slain a thousand men!"

Our poet "respectfully suggests that it were as well to read the chapter in Judges besides the poem." We must congratulate him on his moderation. He might have suggested that we should read his poem instead of the chapter in Judges.

#### PATTY.

THERE are many airs of a brisk and popular kind which remind one of something one has heard before. Here a bar, there a movement, carries a certain echo of reminiscence, perhaps not as a distinct repetition, but as a suggestion; so that, although the whole may be bright and taking enough, we miss in it anything like the fire of originality, and are only pleased at second-hand as it were. So it is with some works of fiction. They are prettily written, the characters are amiable and well described, the scenes are nicely set, and the story runs smoothly in its appointed lines; but there is a curious flatness about it all, a feeling as of going over old ground, and knowing what is coming; the grammar of construction necessitating certain actions, of which there is at most but a choice between two, with a very decided

chance in favour of one. *Patty* is one of these pretty but unoriginal books. It is a charming story, free from the graver class of defects, though it might be all the better for the removal of some minor blunders; it is pleasantly written, in spite of an occasional unnecessary avoidance of nominatives; and the interest is kept up fairly enough throughout, though it might have been better sustained at the end, which falls terribly dead, being, so far as *Patty* herself is concerned, a very decided anticlimax. But, pretty and nice as it is, it is not a creation in the true sense, and there is scarcely a character or a scene which does not read more as a *réchauffé* than as work at first-hand. *Patty* herself is in the beginning merely fluty in *Adam Bede*; and though the sequel of her fortunes is essentially different, the key-note of the character remains the same. As for Nuna Beaufort, dreamy, unpractical, sweet-natured Nuna, the "lily lady" where *Patty* is the cottage rose, she, too, is a type of not infrequent occurrence; while Will Rogers, as the stalwart bucolic lover who has manliness and virtue but no culture to speak of, with Paul Whitmore the artist, whose tastes are æsthetic but whose morality is shaky, are both old acquaintances, if pleasant ones. There are certain peculiarities in some of the characters which we can hardly reconcile with common sense; the first and most important being the extraordinary rapidity of Paul Whitmore's manner of making love. Granting that his passion for *Patty* was, as we imagine it is intended to be represented, of the lowest and most instinctive kind, it seems odd that it should have blazed out in such sudden and overpowering violence. Nor would it, being the kind of love it was, have taken the plaintive and sentimental tone given to it when *Patty* comes into her fortune, and makes her first use of her newly acquired wealth to turn against the man whom only a few hours before she was proud to call her lover. The whole episode stamps Paul as a mere schoolgirl in male attire; men even of the self-indulgent kind not generally yielding to a week's fancy with such desperate self-abandonment. The authoress, too, forgets, or perhaps does not understand, the divorce which artists are able to make between the beauty of the model they paint and the fascination of the woman they elect to love and marry. As an artist Paul must have been used to pretty girls, so that the loveliness of *Patty* would not have had such an overwhelming effect on him; unless indeed he was more hopelessly weak and of less moral worth than he is described to be. Having made this blunder in the beginning with one fair face, Mrs. Macquoid repeats it in Paul's sudden attachment to Nuna, which, however, is of a somewhat higher character than was his love for *Patty*, yet at the best not of a very noble kind. Nuna, too, loves Paul in just the same headlong manner; though with such a nature as hers, unsensual, poetical, dreamy, we might have expected more virginal pride and reticence on the one side, and the need of deeper roots and slower growth on the other. *Patty's* passion comes more naturally; but the whole of the love-making is too sudden, too abrupt, from Paul's first intoxication at the sight of a pretty rustic in a pink cotton gown to the marriage of a well-born gentleman with a nameless woman met by chance at a foreign hotel, with very many of the characteristics of an adventuresome about her. It is all wooing at railway speed, passion at high pressure; and, though just barely possible in each instance, in an accumulated form it is to the last degree improbable, and gives a hurried and unnatural appearance to the story throughout.

The character of *Patty* is touched in with what seems to us to be a slightly undecided hand. A cottage girl, who in the tumult and delight of her first love could speculate on the amount of money likely to be possessed by the gentleman who makes love to her, and whose kisses throw her into such burning raptures of delight, shows a keener appreciation of relative values than is likely. To her any gentleman would have been a rich man. The change from her present sordid circumstances, which would have been wrought by her marriage with even an artist, would have been great enough to have satisfied her in the beginning; and her desire for jewels would have been sufficiently fulfilled had she been able to buy things of less value than diamonds. Her ambition might have grown with use, and probably would have done so; but between her life as Paul's wife and her condition as she was—the drudge of her miserly old father, dressed in a "washed-out cotton," obliged to milk the cow, and kept without companionship—there would have been too great a contrast to have allowed her for the present further aspirations. This abruptness of feeling is the cardinal failing of Mrs. Macquoid's work. She has not given her characters time to develop, and all her circumstances are without sufficient reason why. The character of *Patty* is especially open to this objection, from the first page to the last; from her pondering on Paul's probable fortune while she is blushing with passion at the remembrance of her love, to her solitary walk on the garden terrace, in her black velvet gown, "trying to be good." In which accomplishment, in spite of the author's encouraging words, *Patty*, if true to herself, will never succeed. Nuna's transformation from a careless and untidy little dreamer to a clever nurse and good manager follows the same rapid course, and seems to point to a grace independent of education, in which theory we are no believers; and we scarcely think that *Patience Coppock* would have burst her bonds and thrown off the restraint of a lifetime in the volcanic manner assigned to her. Indeed we regard *Patience Coppock* as a mistake altogether; and her strange meeting and living with her old lover unrecognised is rather painful than pathetic. She wants centrality of action and motive, and



meanders through the story in a very disagreeable manner. She could have been dealt with more effectively; but as she is, she strikes us as all out of drawing, and rather an excrescence than an integral element of the plot. Again, Patty's education is as rapid as all the rest, and miraculously thorough, considering the short time it takes. She goes to a French school, learns there a few superficial airs and graces and much questionable worldly wisdom of the cynical sort, and in a few months becomes "a finished lady," marvellously like the real thing, for all that her gold is only lacquer. Yet how she has been able to overcome her decided provincial accent so soon, and in a foreign country too, where she could not have had good English models to imitate, remains a secret for the knowledge of which many a lowly-born woman, raised by the grace of fortune to a good position, would give much. That she was thus able is certain; else Maurice Downes, the proud, worldly, middle-aged gentleman of fortune and position, would not have been taken in so completely as he was. Some word, some slight intonation, some little slip of later memory and instinctive recurrence to old ways, must have surely happened to have startled, if not warned, the fastidious and refined English gentleman; but we do not find the least indication of such a chance, which, moreover, would have given colour and lifelikeness had it occurred; and the peasant girl of only a few months ago is depicted as the perfectly well-bred and self-possessed lady who can put to confusion blue blood itself, and disarm fashionable insolence with its own weapons. It is all eminently unnatural as a study of character, and improbable as regards the plot.

We are disappointed that we hear so little of Will Bright. He and his love and his sorrow run into sand, to which undesirable terminus indeed the whole story has too strong a tendency. We know of course that he will go on loving Nuna to the end of his life, but we should have been glad to have seen him made happy somehow; and we think it rather cruel of the authoress to let him drop so entirely when she had no further need of him. In character he was far more worthy of happiness and of the prize of Nuna's love than Paul; and he carries the reader's sympathy with him as the weak and passionate artist never does; but he gets huddled out of sight in a very undignified manner, and we can only hope for a good future for him, of which we have no indication. An opportunity of subtle painting is lost when Nuna goes to stay with him and his mother. True, she was married and Will was honest; but he loves her all the same; and if the imprudence, as it would seem, of a visit paid by a neglected and unhappy wife to an old lover was committed at all, it might as well have been made of avail. On the other hand, what possible good was there in throwing Paul into Patty's way again? The risk was too great to be run for mere vanity, and there was nothing else to gratify. A bolder writer would have handled that dangerous theme more powerfully, and more according to nature, if less objectionably, than Mrs. Macquoid has done. A clever adventurous—as Patty practically was, in spite of her money—whose soul was set on worldly ambition and social success, would not have perilled the stake for which she was playing for the gratification of a paltry vanity and spite, to regain the love of a man she had thrown over, and to distress a girl whose sole crime was that she had once been her social superior. She had no longer any love for Paul, and Nuna was too far removed from her to annoy her senses or memory; why, then, did she run the risks she must have run in seeking to detach the artist from his wife? and, above all, why did she carry him off on that foreign tour during Nuna's absence? What was the gain? A woman such as she is represented would have had some more important object in view than the childishness ascribed to her, and a better trained writer would have made more capital of the incident; and here, again, we miss the life-likeness of a well considered character, and seem to come into a land of shadows and pasteboard humanity.

Still, with all its shortcomings if judged by a high standard of merit, *Patty* is a pretty book, and by no means unwholesome. It might be improved, as indeed what work might not? As we have pointed out, more distinctness of type in Patty herself would have given greater vitality to the story, and thrown a more vivid interest round her path and fortunes; and a more elaborated style of narration showing the gradual growth of feeling, and a more closely knit chain of circumstances—more sequential writing in fact—would have kept up the flow better, and would have prevented that sense of jolt and jerk and moral gymnastics from which the reader suffers as things are. Mrs. Macquoid must, however, remember that to judge of work by a high standard and to point out deficiencies is to show more appreciation for an author than to say a good word for inferior work because there was no possibility of anything better from that hand. Severity is sometimes greater praise than kindly indulgence, which is too often a euphemism for contempt.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsvagent, on the day of publication.

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.

At the THIRD CONCERT, on Wednesday next, the following Artists will appear:—Madame Stiermington, Miss Enghagen, Miss Fennell, and Madame Rudersdorff. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Pianoforte: Miss Kate Roberts. Conductors: Mr. J. L. Hutton and Mr. Sidney Naylor. The Orpheus Glee Quartett. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s., to be had at the usual places.

## SHERRINGTON, SIMS REEVES, RUDERSDORFF, and LEWIS THOMAS at the next BALLAD CONCERT.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S KING CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT, written by J. R. PLANCHÉ, HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, and A PEELIAR FAMILY. Every Evening, except Saturdays, at Eight. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Mornings at Three. Royal Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES is now OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORÉ GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI"). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON'S ENTIRE COLLECTION of OIL and WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS, now ON VIEW, at his GALLERY, 4 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster. Admission, 1s. Open Daily from Ten till Five.

## SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of the FINE ARTS.

FOURTEENTH SESSION. FIRST CONVERSAZIONE, Thursday, January 18, 1872, at the Society of British Artists' Gallery, Suffolk Street. Four Conversations (with Ticket to admit One Friend), 1 Lecture, Exhibitions, &c., Thursday Evenings. Annual Subscription, One Guinea. No Entrance Fee. GEORGE BROWNING, Honorary Secretary.

9 Conduit Street, Regent Street.

NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE and CAMDEN SCHOOLS for GIRLS.—A COURSE of LECTURES will be delivered during the next Term on the "Theory of Education," for Teachers of both sexes, by C. H. LAKE, Esq., B.A. (Lond.), one of the Examiners for the College of Preceptors in the Theory and Practice of Education. Full particulars may be obtained of Miss Brown, 12 Camden Street, N.W.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS at the UNIVERSITIES.—Mr. H. M. HEWITT, M.A. (First Classman), and Rev. T. GALLIERS, M.A. (Twelfth Wrangler), are forming a SPECIAL EVENING CLASS for the EASTER EXAMINATIONS.—2 Farnley's Inn, E.C.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.—Incorporated by Royal Charter 1850, for the General Education of Ladies, and for Granting Certificates of Knowledge. The CLASSES in the College and School will RE-OPEN for the Lent Term on Monday, January 22. Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Fees, Scholarships, &c., may be had on application to Miss MIDGLEY, at the College. A SPECIAL CLASS will be formed, on the entry of Four Names, for the Study of Greek, or for Conversation Classes in Modern Languages. Boarders are received by Mrs. DOUGLAS and Miss PARRY, in the College; and by Mrs. SMYTHE, 7 Melcombe Place, Dorset Square; and Mrs. SEARLE, 25 Alfred Place, Bedford Square. E. H. FLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS.—At the Entrance Examination for next Term on Tuesday, 30th January, one or more HOUSE-MASTER'S SCHOLARSHIPS, value £50 a-year for two years, will be given to the Candidates who sufficiently distinguish themselves. The following Scholarships will be open to Competition at Midsummer next:—One of £75 a-year for two years; one or more of £50, and one or more of £25 a-year, tenable for two years or till election to other Scholarships. Further information may be obtained of the HEAD-MASTER or CHURCHWARDEN, the College, Clifton, Bristol. Boarders receivable on Tuesday, 30th January. Names of Candidates for Scholarships to be sent to the Secretary not later than Saturday, 27th January, 1872. Clifton, 1st January, 1872.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, SCHOOL.

Head-Master.—T. HEWITT, M.A., F.R.S. Vice-Master.—E. R. HORTON, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. The NEXT TERM will begin for New Pupils on Tuesday, January 30, at ten a.m. The School is close to the Governesses' Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Terminal of several other Railways. Prospectuses, containing full information respecting the Government Scholarships given in the School, Fees, and other particulars, may be obtained at the Office of the College. January 1, 1872. JOHN BOWEN, B.A., Secretary to the Council.





THE

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## THE AMERICAN DEMANDS.

THE admirers of the Treaty of Washington are naturally unwilling to admit that the American claim is fatal to the reputation of the diplomatists who fancied that they had established a precedent for arbitration as a substitute for war. It is true that no Government except that of the United States would have been capable of repaying the sacrifices of English feeling by demands which combine insult with wrong; but the threatening demeanour which now excites irritation and alarm in England is the same which extorted the concessions embodied in the Treaty. There can be no doubt that the sharp practice of the President and his advisers is unanimously approved by his countrymen, although some American critics admit that the damages which can be recovered will bear but a small proportion to the amount of the claim. It is not, however, known that a single American writer or speaker has censured the extravagance either of the demand for some hundreds of millions or of the abusive misrepresentations by which it is supported. A patriotic complacency in every national wrong which can be perpetrated or contemplated is in the United States regarded as the most indispensable of public virtues. It may seem strange that a Power which is likely to be neutral in the majority of future wars should propound the doctrine that neutrality ought to be made more costly than belligerency or defeat; but Americans are well aware that they are practically invulnerable and inaccessible to European attack. Their own history furnishes them with numerous examples of cruisers equipped in their ports for participation in foreign warfare; and they have uniformly and successfully repudiated all liability for the captures effected by American *Albatrosses*. If they were required to pay the cost of a war supposed to have been prolonged by their aid or connivance, they would not refer the question to any tribunal at Geneva or elsewhere, but would simply defy the complainant to enforce his demand. The affected confidence in the justice of the arbitrators which is professed by disappointed English enthusiasts probably causes unmixed satisfaction in the United States. It is true that the admission of the American claims is simply inconceivable; but, if they are taken into formal consideration, the Treaty will be conspicuously exhibited in its true character of an abject capitulation. One of the Rules established under the Sixth Article of the Treaty has happily been, for its own purposes, tacitly abandoned by the American Government. The scandalous admission that a neutral Power is bound to prevent its ports from being used for the supply of arms to belligerents would have been made the excuse for further extortion, if it had not been flagrantly inconsistent with the conduct of America during the European war and the Cuban insurrection. It was the business of the English Commissioners, or rather of the Government which controlled the negotiation, to secure, in return for their humble apology and for their acceptance of an *ex post facto* rule of law, a limitation of the American claim within reasonable bounds. Unless the terms of the Treaty are found to exclude the greater part of the American claim, the rejection of the demand on the merits will not exclude the coveted triumph of violence and cunning. The mere discussion of the question will prove that the English Government preferred to dissension with the United States the possible payment of a sum equal to half the cost of the twenty years' war with the French Republic and Empire. It had been thought that the Americans had consented to waive at least one preposterous ground of complaint. The Treaty contained no reference to the alleged precipitancy of the Proclamation by which the QUEEN recognized the existence of a state of war; but the agents who have drawn the case home, with the sanction of their employers, furbished up the stale grievance in aggravation of damages, if not as a substitutive claim.

The rejection of the claim, if it were otherwise doubtful, is conclusively proved by its possible or maximum amount. The English Election Judges lately suggested to a Parliamentary Committee the propriety of treating the expenditure of an extravagant sum by a candidate as conclusive proof of corruption. The attempt to extort for alleged breaches of neutrality more than the cost of a war is entirely inconsistent with good faith. Nothing could have been easier for the English Government than to have terminated the blockade of the Southern ports, and to have transferred to the Confederates, as their allies, the command of the sea. Those who pretend that the capture of some scores of merchant vessels prolonged the war by two years would scarcely deny that the alliance of England with the Confederate States would either have secured their permanent independence, or have indefinitely postponed the Northern conquest. The annual expenditure of fifty millions would have amply sufficed for the struggle, and abstinence from all participation is taxed at ten times the amount. It is notorious that the Emperor of the French would have been eager to concur with England in the defence of Confederate independence, for the purpose of ensuring the success of his Mexican enterprise. Mr. RUSSELL and one or two other English politicians failed even to obtain a hearing when they suggested that the true policy of England would be to assist in establishing the independence of the Confederacy as a check on the arrogance and ambition of the United States. It is perfectly clear that if the American claims were ratified by the Tribunal of Geneva, the arguments of the professed enemies of the United States would be retrospectively justified. Mr. SEWARD's correspondence is full of expressions of anxiety for the maintenance of neutrality by England; but he would perhaps concur with his successor in the desire to exact a penalty for compliance with his wishes. Ten years ago it would have been thought useless to insist that England should be both neutral and responsible for the cost of the war; but extreme deference, when it fails to arouse generous feeling, naturally invites insolence and extortion. The English Commissioners at Washington undoubtedly intended, if possible, to gratify American susceptibility by straining the law of nations into a recognition of liability for the captures of the *Alabama*. It is doubtful whether any body of jurists can be induced to sanction the innovation; but an award for the value of the ships and cargoes destroyed by the *Alabama* would not have been unwillingly accepted by the majority of Englishmen. The American agents cynically demand damages not only for the proceedings of a vessel which escaped from the *Mersey*, but for the injuries inflicted on commerce by the *Sumter*, which was built and equipped in an American port. The hospitality which could not be refused to a Confederate man-of-war is made a pretext for offence, although it is well known that the French Government accorded the same treatment to the vessels of both belligerents, and that the *Alabama* sailed from the harbour of Cherbourg for the encounter in which she was destroyed. It would be both useless and improper to anticipate the arguments which will be urged before the tribunal at Geneva; but the hostile spirit which is indicated both by the tone and by the substance of the American claim is a legitimate subject of comment.

It is not too much to say that the demand for the cost of one or two years of war cannot have been honestly preferred. Mr. SCHNER, indeed, advanced a similar claim in the speech by which he sought to flatter and to stimulate American hostility against England; and General GRANT and Mr. HAMILTON FISH repeated the demand in documents which in other respects also sounded like declarations of war; but neither the President nor the Secretary of State can have seriously believed that the Treaty of Washington would have been signed on the understanding that the demand of an enor-

mous tribute was held in reserve. That it was not expressly excluded was perhaps the fault of the English Commissioners; but all negotiations are conducted on the assumption that both parties are governed by certain principles of delicacy and honour. Mr. SUMNER, General GRANT, Mr. FISH, and the counsel who draw the recent claim are all equally aware that the cruise of the *Alabama* had no bearing, direct or indirect, on the duration of the war. A certain number of Northern merchants and shipowners suffered from the capture and destruction of their property; but the Confederate Government was in no degree richer or more powerful in consequence of the injuries inflicted on the commercial marine of the enemy. If indeed the North had been defeated, it might have been possible to contend, with more or less plausibility, that the catastrophe was accelerated by the activity of the Confederate cruiser, and by the negligence or inefficiency of the Federal navy; but there is no relation between the cruise of the *Alabama* and the operations in Virginia or in Louisiana. The brief argument of the American agents on this point is almost humorous in its cynical absurdity. The battle of Gettysburg, which put an end to the invasion of the Federal States, is selected as the natural termination of the war. "The 4th day" of July, 1864, saw the aggressive force on land of the insurrection crushed. From that day its only hope lay in prolonging a defence until, by the continuance of the permitted "violations of British neutrality by the insurgents, the United States should become involved in a war with Great Britain." Again, "the Tribunal will see that after the battle of Gettysburg the offensive operations of the insurgents were conducted only at sea through the cruisers." War, therefore, is not war when the weaker party is reduced to the defensive. After the battle of Gettysburg the Confederate Government never thought of surrender; and at a much later date General LEE defeated General GRANT in a series of pitched battles, with a Federal loss equalling in numbers the whole Confederate army of Virginia. If it is assumed that the Confederates would have discontinued the war as soon as they were reduced to the defensive, it follows that during the victorious advance of LEE into Maryland the Federal Government ought to have discontinued the struggle. It is impossible that the Americans can deceive themselves into a belief that their Government is actuated by any motive except the desire to humiliate England. It may be admitted that the Treaty of Washington countenanced the belief that no demand would be too extravagant to succeed; but nevertheless the American statement has been received with feelings of surprise and disappointment. There is perhaps little advantage in discussing the conduct or temper of a foreign Power which prefers to have an ethical code of its own. Englishmen are rather concerned with the fresh illustration of the newfangled policy which consists in profuse humiliation in the presence of every powerful adversary.

#### THE FRENCH BUDGET.

LAST Saturday M. THIERS made a great financial speech in favour of his scheme for the taxation of raw materials. This, it appears, was the corner into which he had been employing his dexterity in driving the Assembly. His arguments were, however, by no means solely financial, and he appealed to his hearers even more on political than on economical grounds. He also resolutely refused to allow them to examine any questions but those which he submitted to them. A large portion of his speech is, therefore, outside of the region of finance, and cannot be discussed on those bases on which the discussion of a Budget usually proceeds. If the country must have the Truce of Bordeaux, and if the Truce of Bordeaux is interpreted with the sanction of the Assembly to include the acceptance of whatever Budget the Government presents, there is no great use in employing such arguments as political economy provides to show that the Budget is a bad one. M. THIERS insists also on having ten millions provided by new taxes; but he will not hear of any discussion as to the preliminary point whether those new taxes are needed. He has raised the expenses of the army by three millions, and he only deemed it necessary to observe that, if any of his hearers thought a reduction in this enormous estimate could be made, they would on examination find that any possible reduction would be so trifling that to make it would be wholly useless. The simple fact is, that if M. THIERS proposes to spend three additional millions on the army, there is no one in France who can oppose him. In the same way he proposes to raise eight millions sterling by taxation to pay off a portion of the advances of the Bank, for

the very laudable purpose of restoring specie payments. But no one in France is in a position to question whether the restoration of specie payments could not be effected more cheaply, and it seems quite natural to Frenchmen that the Head of the State should be generally supposed to be asking for a larger fund than is necessary for this purpose, in order that he may have a fund in hand for any secret policy he may favour. Having thus shown that ten millions must be derived from new taxation, and that the continuance of the Truce of Bordeaux depended on his being allowed to raise it in the way which he most fancied, he proceeded to show, or rather to state, that no other taxes but taxes on raw materials would produce the necessary amount. He threw overboard the project of augmenting proportionately the existing taxes, for, as he said, the land could not possibly bear any additional taxation. This was quite at variance with his statement in his speech on the Income-tax that the scheme of taxation before the war was perfect; for obviously, if the land only paid its exactly right proportion of what the nation required, it could bear an augmentation as well as any other source of revenue. But he knew, and his hearers knew, that he could not afford to quarrel with the peasants, and that, even if an augmentation of the direct taxes on land was just, it was politically dangerous. There is no arguing on financial grounds with a Minister who talks politics while he affects to be talking finance; and when M. THIERS said that an Income-tax in every form was tainted with Socialism, there was no good in disputing with him. He stated his willingness to get a quarter of the ten millions he wanted from other sources, such as an augmentation of the sugar duties; but the other three-quarters he avowed he must and would have from taxes on raw materials. It was only by a concession to human weakness that he argued in his favour. If the Assembly has to do his bidding, it might seem superfluous to add persuasion to force. But he chose to do so. He offered in the lightness of his heart to prove that these taxes on raw materials would not only do France no appreciable harm, but would do her a great amount of appreciable good, and that they were quite in harmony with the English Treaty of Commerce. If the master of many votes condescends to argue, and once gets into the vulgar arena of financial discussion, his arguments may be criticized just as if they were not the arguments of an adroit Saviour of Society.

The new taxes on raw materials will fall on a great variety of articles; but Mr. THIERS confined his remarks to the taxes on cotton, wool, and silk, and it is enough to attend to these articles as specimens of all the raw materials to be taxed. There are imported into France about one hundred million kilogrammes of cotton, according to the statement of M. THIERS, and each kilogramme is worth two francs. A tax of twenty per cent. or forty centimes will give forty millions of francs, from which there is to be deducted a drawback of four millions; the amount of manufactured cotton goods representing a tenth, or rather less than a tenth, of the cotton imported. The revenue will thus be benefited to the extent of nearly a million and a-half sterling, while the consumer will scarcely feel it, the additional cost being about a halfpenny a yard on calico. A subsequent speaker contested this estimate, on the ground, apparently a valid one, that M. THIERS had founded his calculation on statistics collected while Alsace was still a part of France, and his view was that, after allowance had been made for the abstraction of the consumption of Alsace, the revenue would only receive about a million sterling. M. THIERS also appears to have completely ignored the main objection to taxes on raw materials, that the consumer pays much more than the first amount of the tax, as the capital requisite for its payment lies idle until numerous subsequent processes have converted the materials into the manufactured article. The profit to the State will therefore be probably much less, and the burden to the consumer much greater, than M. THIERS was willing to allow. But no doubt the revenue will derive a considerable benefit from the tax on raw cotton; and as France does not produce cotton, there is nothing of a Protectionist character in this tax. It is otherwise with the taxes on wool and silk. M. THIERS was especially strong on the absolute necessity of having a duty levied on foreign wool in order to protect the French grower. The owner of French sheep cannot, he thinks, compete with Australian and other foreign wool, and so he must be protected. It happens that out of two hundred million kilogrammes of wool employed in French manufactures, one hundred millions are produced in France, and one hundred millions come from abroad. M. THIERS takes the weight of the hundred millions coming from abroad as 45 millions after the wool has been cleaned, and the

value of each kilogramme at 5 francs. He proposes to impose a duty of 88 centimes per kilogramme on this quantity, which would produce 36 millions of francs to the Treasury, subject to a drawback of 10 millions, or 26 millions net, while the French wool-grower would be protected by a duty of 18 per cent. against his foreign competitor. But who will pay this duty in the long run? In this particular case the consumer will not pay it, as M. THIERS thinks; for on a coat costing four or five pounds the duty will only be a shilling, and the tailor will easily be able to bear that amount of loss. So that farmers, whom all the world loves, will be richer, and no one but tailors, whom every one hates, will be the poorer, and so this is a very good tax. Silk, again, stands on its own peculiar footing. A drawback equal to the duty is to be granted, and as the quantity of silk imported from France appears on the face of the statistics to be exactly equal to that exported, the State would derive nothing at all from the tax. But M. THIERS says that the dye of the manufactured silk adds so much to its weight that one-third of the imported silk really stays in France, although the weight of the dyed manufactured silk is equal to that of the raw silk imported. There are a million and a-half kilogrammes of foreign silk on which no drawback will have to be allowed, and on this quantity a tax of twelve francs per kilogramme, or about sixteen per cent., will, according to M. THIERS, give a clear revenue of a little over a million sterling; while the poor growers in the South of France will be proportionately protected from competition. And so little will the tax be felt by the consumer—for here, curiously enough, it is the consumer, not the milliner, who is to suffer—that a grand dress with some twenty yards of silk in it, and now costing 24*l.*, will only cost twelve shillings more when the tax is imposed.

Humble as the Assembly may be before the predominating influence of M. THIERS, it was scarcely possible that statements such as these should pass without challenge. M. MONTGOLFIER showed on Tuesday that to get sixty millions of francs from silk and wool the Government was going to give a bonus to French producers of forty-eight millions, so that the consumer would have to bear almost double the burden of the taxation. He also showed that the amount of silk exported was greater than that imported, so that French producers would turn the drawback into a bounty; for out of four and a-half millions of kilogrammes imported he would only consent to deduct half a million for the increased weight through the dyes used. The drawback, however, would, he thought, be insufficient to protect the French manufacturer, and thus he would lose the foreign market, and Lyons might as well give up making silk altogether. M. AMBROISE JOURET also showed that the French manufacturers must employ sixteen millions sterling more than they have now invested in order to find capital for the payment of the duties, and this would plunge many of them into great difficulties. If any arguments could tell, these might fairly be called telling arguments; and those urged against the imposition of these duties as an infraction of the Treaty of Commerce with England were scarcely less weighty. The treaty provides that, if an article produced in France is subjected to a new tax, the French Government may impose a corresponding duty, and if a drawback is allowed on an article of French production, a corresponding duty may be imposed. Australian wool now comes into France under the treaty duty-free, and if a tax were placed on French wool there might, according to the treaty, be imposed a corresponding duty on Australian wool; or, if the French Government first imposed a duty on French wool and then gave a drawback on it, there might be a corresponding duty imposed to prevent Australian wool getting the benefit of the drawback. But the French Government does not intend to levy any duty at all on French wool, while it does intend to subject Australian wool to a duty. How is it possible that this should be considered in accordance with the treaty? M. JOHNSON, a deputy from Bordeaux, pointed this out, and M. THIERS vouchsafed him the oddest reply a Minister ever gave. He entreated him not to be so unpatriotic as to put the English up to this argument. It was, he thought, a very subtle one, and if M. JOHNSON would but hold his tongue, very likely the English would never find it out. M. THIERS is engaged, he says, in negotiating with the English Government as to the treaty, and these negotiations are going on extremely well. The English do not deny that France may impose compensating duties, and they are willing to see whether some modifications of the treaty may not be acceptable in England. It is, according to M. THIERS, the height of unpatriotic folly in a Frenchman to give the English a hint that

duties should be laid on French products before compensatory duties can be levied on similar English products. If the English are awake enough to see this, then there is nothing left but for France to give formal notice of its wish to abandon the treaty altogether. But, although M. THIERS is strongly convinced that the wisest thing is to abandon the treaty altogether, he is aware that many Frenchmen do not agree with him in this opinion, and to humour them he is willing to give England a fair trial; and if England is as simple as adroit Frenchmen may reasonably hope, and will agree to call duties on English products compensatory duties, although similar French products are not taxed at all, he does not see any reason why the supporters of the treaty in France and England should not have the innocent amusement of believing their treaty to remain in full vigour.

#### MR. ROEBUCK AT SHEFFIELD.

MR. ROEBUCK'S speech to his former constituents at Sheffield is characteristic, amusing, and almost touching. Like many other zealous advocates of innovation, he has lived half round the circle of political thought, and yet the change in his opinions has been so gradual that he feels little or no sense of inconsistency in opposite convictions which have the permanent quality of honesty and of warmth. Mr. ROEBUCK, indeed, candidly admits that in his youth he made some mistakes, as when he wrote an essay under the title "Of What Use is a House of Lords?" Since that time he has found out that the House of Lords performs the functions of a Second Chamber, not in conformity with ideal perfection, but better than any substitute which has been suggested in England or tried in Continental Europe. On topics which have risen to the surface in later times the earnest Radical of forty years ago has nothing to retract. It is, indeed, highly probable that he may sometimes have denounced the Irish Church; but it is only within a few years that the question of disestablishment became practically important. The Irish Land Bill could never have been introduced in the days of PEEL, of STANLEY, and O'CONNELL; but it may be confidently asserted that, if such a measure had then been proposed, Mr. ROEBUCK would have been one of its warmest supporters. At a more advanced age he utterly disapproves of the whole policy of the present Government. The Irish Church Act is distasteful to him because it is acceptable to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and he is not inclined to recognize in exceptional circumstances an excuse for interference with freedom of contract between landlords and tenants. Mr. ROEBUCK is perhaps too much inclined to confuse the motives which dictate the adoption of a policy with the reasons which may recommend it to an impartial judgment. It is certain that the Church Act and the Land Act tended to confirm Mr. GLADSTONE in the possession of power; and unfavourable critics, such as Mr. ROEBUCK, may suspect that his main impulse was that of personal ambition; but a measure is not condemned as unjust or inadequate because its author may have had a personal interest in its success. It has indeed been sufficiently obvious that, as Mr. ROEBUCK says, the leaders of the two political parties have been bidding against one another for public approbation, and that, after Mr. DISRAELI had played the card of household suffrage, he was effectually over-trumped by his opponent. But Mr. GLADSTONE may have done good service to the country by the proceedings which enabled him to command a large majority in the House of Commons; and Mr. ROEBUCK'S analysis of his motives, though acute, is altogether one-sided. Mr. GLADSTONE is not a cold-blooded speculator in politics, but rather a fanatic who believes any theory which happens for the moment to suit his purpose. The feminine element which Mr. ROEBUCK discerns in his character is not confined to the vindictiveness which he has frequently displayed. There is also something womanlike in the impassioned earnestness which can at one time see only half a question. When Mr. GLADSTONE, during his political tour through Lancashire, repeatedly exulted in the approaching defeat of Mr. ROEBUCK at Sheffield, he probably thought that it was for the benefit of the country, as it was undoubtedly a gratification to himself, that one adversary should be removed from his path.

It has evidently not crossed Mr. ROEBUCK'S mind that, notwithstanding his distrust of Mr. DISRAELI, and the absence of any connexion on his part with the Parliamentary Opposition, he has himself by a natural and gradual process become a thorough-going Tory. It is highly desirable that at a time when many things are becoming unsettled, such politicians should have a hearing. The self-complacency of the present Minister, and the abject sycophancy of some of his followers, require to be

corrected by a vigour of criticism which is only to be expected from a moral and political antagonism verging on antipathy. It is not to be supposed that Mr. ROEBUCK cherishes any personal enmity to Mr. GLADSTONE, but he finds his versatile earnestness, his occasional violations of the Constitution, and his passionate love of quibbling altogether intolerable. More dispassionate observers might remark that Mr. GLADSTONE has nevertheless performed great public services, and that when he is under no temptation to employ tortuous methods, he often succeeds by the legitimate use of argument and persuasion; but Mr. ROEBUCK's portrait has at least the likeness which is found in a good caricature. Mr. GLADSTONE will perhaps console himself for the attack by the reflection that Mr. ROEBUCK lives in London, and that he has therefore some corrupt interest in purchase in the army, or in some other abuse which has been corrected by the present Government. On the other hand, it may be suggested that Mr. ROEBUCK spoke in a provincial town, and that some of his hearers applauded some of his remarks. There is reason to fear that metropolitan scepticism has penetrated as far as Sheffield, though it had two or three months ago not extended to Whitby. Mr. GLADSTONE himself does injustice to the London Clubs, of which BROOKS's is not the least celebrated. A member of that body lately, in a letter to the *Times*, described the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England as "one of the 'free-lances of the Liberal party,'" because he had ventured in a dignified letter to censure the indefensible conduct of the PRIME MINISTER and the LORD CHANCELLOR in the matter of the Judicial Committee. If Mr. GLADSTONE is not satisfied with a devotion which may almost be called impudent, he will scarcely find stronger proofs of allegiance even in the columns of the provincial papers. The correspondent who writes from BROOKS's further defends the job on the ground that the Act of Parliament which has been evaded was passed in a hurry; and it might have been supposed that the Ministers were in some degree to blame for enacting a law so imperfect that it could be justifiably disregarded. Mr. ROEBUCK adopts the view that the proceeding was "as barbed, as sorry, and 'as thorough a cheat as ever was passed on a gaping multitude by a thimble-rigger';" and calm or friendly critics, while they regret the unnecessary strength of Mr. ROEBUCK's language, will not deny that the transaction furnishes some excuse for his too vivid expressions of indignation. It may be collected from Mr. GLADSTONE's concise answer to the CHIEF JUSTICE that he will rely on the division of responsibility between himself and the CHANCELLOR, and an ingenious critic has compared the apology to a well-known contrivance recorded by STERNE for distributing between two speakers the pronunciation in separate and harmless syllables of an obnoxious word. Mr. ROEBUCK is not inclined to be satisfied with any subtle or far-fetched apology.

When Mr. ROEBUCK formerly doubted the utility of the House of Lords, he would perhaps not have been greatly shocked at a theoretical Republic. At Sheffield he would perhaps scarcely have thought it worth while to notice the recent and abortive agitation, if he had not conjectured that the promoter of the movement was encouraged by persons more important than himself. Mr. ROEBUCK may, he says, be regarded as a suspicious man, but that he has suspicions he admits. He "cannot help thinking that the agitation was 'undertaken with full knowledge of the consequences,'" and he is certain that to Sir CHARLES DILKE the consequences will not be disadvantageous. In other words, the seconder of last year's Address has reason to hope for promotion from Mr. GLADSTONE, who indeed noticed his speeches against the Crown in terms of courteous and moderate dissent. Mr. ROEBUCK undoubtedly breathes an air of suspicion. The mob popularity which might perhaps have been earned by successful advocacy of the overthrow of the Monarchy furnishes a sufficient explanation of the efforts of the Republican agitator, nor is there the smallest reason to suppose that his enterprise has been in any way countenanced by his political superiors; but if the Ministers are exposed to far-fetched and unfounded suspicions they have themselves to blame. After wantonly proclaiming himself a convert to universal suffrage, to the claims of deceased wives' sisters and of female politicians, and to a dozen other crotchets, Mr. GLADSTONE has destroyed all confidence in the steadiness of his convictions; and the wildest paradox which he could adopt as an article of faith would excite more indignation than surprise. On the last Lord Mayor's Day he was still a loyal subject of the Crown; but at Greenwich he confined his defence of the House of Lords to a statement that he would think once and twice and thrice before he consented to its abolition. After the reward conferred on the ringleader in the Hyde Park riot, the appoint-

ment of even Sir G. DILKE to an office under Government is not incredible; yet Mr. ROEBUCK is once more a victim to preternatural suspicion when he hints that the riot itself was the result of a vast conspiracy for placing the present Ministers in power. It was bad enough that Mr. GLADSTONE withheld, at a moment of great danger, his aid from the Government which was charged with the maintenance of the public peace. It is not known whether he formally concurred in the improper appointment which is no the only misapplication of patronage by the present CHANCELLOR. Waste of time and of strength probably prevented Mr. ROEBUCK from including in his review the foreign policy of the Government. It is not to be supposed that he approves of the abject capitulation of Washington, especially since it has been illustrated by the commentary of the American statement of the *Alabama* claims. In other respects Mr. ROEBUCK's speech would have been more comprehensive if he had not concentrated his attention on the supposed defects of Mr. GLADSTONE's character. It is to be regretted that an uncharitable view should be taken of any character, and especially of that of an eminent statesman; but political dislike sometimes evokes the same kind of sagacity which is often displayed in the conduct of private quarrels. Satire is no always just, nor invective well founded; but it is not against the strong points of any man's nature or conduct that the attacks of an adversary are directed.

#### PARIS AND THE ASSEMBLY.

IT seems possible, after all, that M. VAUTRAIN's election may miss its mark. M. THIERS appears to have hoped that the exhibition of the Paris electors clothed and in their right minds would convince the Deputies that Versailles is no the natural meeting-place for a French Legislature. Yet, if the expected result had come to pass, the Assembly would have shown itself strangely illogical. It cannot be said that the arguments for a return to Paris are strengthened by the recent election. There has never been any doubt that the majority of the Parisians are on the side of order. A community so largely given to retail trade may be trusted to dislike street fighting. But the Paris shopkeepers are not miraculously secured against being forced to put up with what they dislike, and the Assembly probably believes, and is certainly justified in believing, that in the event of the Chamber being invaded by armed rebels, the supporters of M. VAUTRAIN would be found guarding their own hearths and homes. A few thousand determined revolutionists are a match for ten times that number of peaceably disposed citizens. The Assembly has chosen to misread the lesson of the Commune, and the stress which has been laid on M. VAUTRAIN's return is very well calculated to confirm it in its error. M. BUISSON, the reporter of the Committee which has advised against a return to Paris, insists that the insurrection of March failed because it could not lay hands on the Assembly, and from this he argues that the way to make all future insurrections equally unsuccessful is to keep the Assembly well out of their reach. It would be a truer account of the matter to say that the Commune broke down because the Assembly had troops whom it could trust. If the Versailles army had followed the usual fashion of French soldiers in time of revolution, and fraternized with the insurgents as soon as they were brought face to face with them, the position of the Assembly would have been as insecure at Versailles as in Paris. The Deputies might have had time to make their escape before the Communists entered the town, but it may be questioned whether, having once got away, they would have had sufficient resolution to meet again elsewhere. What the defeat of the Commune has really done is, as has been often pointed out, to break the tradition that what Paris wills France wills. The spectacle of the great city holding out resolutely but hopelessly against the steady advance of French troops obeying the orders of a French Government, must have been infinitely discouraging to the Republican fanatics who had thought that whoever could get possession of the Hôtel de Ville would have the victory at his feet. It may be true that this spectacle would never have been exhibited if the Legislature had not been sitting outside Paris, though this assumes a degree of feebleness in M. THIERS and in Marshal MACMAHON which is hardly consistent with fact. But, granting this to be the case, it does not follow that men whose real strength has been revealed to them by a defeat can never exert that strength again. What the Assembly has done is repeated. Wherever the Assembly may be seated, the same men ought now to know that the French nation is something more than a mere echo of the Paris mob.



judicious precautions before a revolution, and reasonable firmness in the hour of revolution, the right of the nation to review the decisions of the capital can be successfully asserted. Whatever other elements of weakness the existing Assembly may possess, it has at all events no taint of that unwillingness to fire on the people which was fatal to the last King of the French. This view of the case would have been equally true, no matter what had been the result of the recent election. The real strength of the Government at the moment of actual attack is not in the number of unarmed shopkeepers who secretly wish it to win, but in the fidelity of the armed soldiers who are prepared to ensure its winning. Under a proper military system there ought to be no difficulty in getting hold of this essential condition of keeping order in a disturbed country. M. THIERS will be ill advised if in the coming debate he rests his case on the political virtue of M. VAUTRAIN's friends. It is satisfactory of course to be assured that there are a large number of Parisians who wish that the Assembly should reign over them. But to suppose that these respectable but unwarlike citizens can be trusted to give effect to their own desire would be entirely to mistake their temper. They want a Government which will protect them, not a Government which looks to them for protection.

The particular indication which the Assembly has lately given of its indisposition to return to Paris is the rejection of a motion to take up the Bill for investing the Councils-General with legislative functions, in the event of the Legislature proper being deposed or subjected to violence. There is no reason to suppose that the Assembly is hostile to this measure on its own merits. It is humiliating, no doubt, to have to confess that anything of the kind can be required, but to withhold such a confession would argue a culpable unwillingness to see facts as they are. The legitimate Governments of France have not always been able to hold their own against the sudden violence of a factious minority, and on more than one occasion the cause of order and liberty might have been materially served if the supreme authority had devolved by force of law on somebody beyond the sphere of the immediate insurrection. The course of a Paris insurrection has usually been to deny the claim of the Legislature to represent the country, and then to use the machinery of Government to bring about the return of a new Legislature devoted to the interests of the momentary holders of power. The acceptance of the proposal to make the Councils-General a second line of defence would give the authors of the next revolution two legislative bodies to deal with instead of one. The members of the Councils-General owe their places to popular election, and in the event of the Assembly being from any cause incapacitated for doing its work, a body chosen from the Councils-General would be as accurate an expression of the feeling of the country as any that could be devised beforehand. But though the Assembly may have no objection to the proposal itself, it has a very strong objection to discussing it before determining whether it shall return to Paris. If the majority were anxious to reverse their former decision on this point, they would naturally have welcomed so convenient an excuse for changing their mind. But the fact that the conversion, under certain circumstances, of the Councils-General into a provisional Legislature affords them such an excuse is for the moment sufficient to condemn it. Until the motion for returning to Paris has been negatived, the majority have no wish to see the step deprived of any of its risks. Later in the Session, when it has been settled that they are to remain where they are, they will probably give a favourable hearing to a proposal which will then come as an additional instead of, as now, a substituted security.

If M. THIERS is as anxious as he appears to be to get the Assembly to Paris, he has chosen an unfortunate time for recalling the worst atrocity of the Communists. There is absolutely no reason why the murderers of the hostages should only now be put on their trial. If they had been the first prisoners arraigned on a capital charge, M. THIERS might have been credited with a wish to ensure them a calmer and more impartial hearing than they could have looked for in the first horror caused by their crime. But urgency has not been the fault of M. THIERS's proceedings hitherto, and the character of the trials seems to undergo no change as the events to which they relate become more distant. On any other supposition these men ought to have been tried first of all. The offence alleged against them was the gravest committed under the Commune, though it seems to excite less interference in the party of order than the almost venial crime which could alone be charged against Rouget. If they had been tried while the recollection of the Commune's crimes was fresh in the public mind, even a wholesale execution would have seemed an excusable excess of severity.

about even the most guilty of them will now seem like a defiance of the demand for an amnesty which formed the basis of the Paris election as well with M. VAUTRAIN's supporters as with M. VICTOR HUGO's. And every day of orderly government makes it harder to explain why the trial of civil offenders is left in the hands of military tribunals. A little promptness six months ago would have enabled the Government to dissociate itself for the future from all the memories of the excesses of the Versailles troops. By an extraordinary want of judgment, M. THIERS has so distributed his severities that the one act of his reign which he ought to wish the Parisians to forget, shall be continually brought to their recollection.

#### MR. FAWCETT AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IF Mr. GLADSTONE is in the habit of reading the reports of criticisms on his policy, he will have had the pleasure within a few days of comparing Mr. FAWCETT's comments with Mr. ROEBUCK's and Mr. HORSMAN's. It cannot be said that either speaker is highly complimentary, but they assail the Government from opposite directions. Mr. FAWCETT is still young enough to be a zealous Reformer, though he is seldom in accord with the majority of the Liberal party, or with their recognized leaders. While Mr. ROEBUCK complains that the Irish Church and Land Acts were introduced for the purpose of keeping Mr. GLADSTONE in power, Mr. FAWCETT asks why the English Church also is not destroyed; and he demands legislation for the purpose of transferring a portion of the property of English landowners to their tenants. After taunting the Government with its slackness in regard to the Church and the land, Mr. FAWCETT proposed to reform the law in a direction which has not hitherto been attempted. He was shocked at the spectacle of an Attorney-General occupied for a week or a month together in addressing a jury on behalf of a private client. The TICHBORNE case, although it may furnish a popular illustration of the divided interests of law officers, is not more engrossing than the general practice of the leaders of the Bar. If the Government requires only legal advisers exclusively devoted to their official duties, it must dispense with the services of the heads of the profession. Sir RICHARD BETHELL, Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, Sir W. BOVILL, and Sir JOHN KARSLENE probably made a larger income by private practice than by official fees during their respective occupations of the place of Attorney-General. No leader of the Bar would accept an appointment which might perhaps last only for one or two years, at the cost of sacrificing all his professional emoluments and prospects. The question is precisely the same with the comparison which has often been made between political Ministers and permanent civil servants. There is something to be said for government by clerks; but as long as the House of Commons retains its power, none but its chiefs will command public confidence and respect; and an Attorney-General with the rank and position of an Under-Secretary would not be strong enough to maintain himself against the contempt or opposition of the principal members of the Bar. If Mr. FAWCETT lives to the age of Mr. ROEBUCK, he will perhaps discover that it is necessary not only to note an anomaly, but to suggest an alternative.

It might also be worth Mr. FAWCETT's while to reconsider his determination to act without regard to party. If every member, or every independent member, insists on the adoption of his own opinions, it will be necessary to devise some other mode of government than by a Parliamentary Constitution. There are indeed some points on which political connexion ought to be disregarded; nor can Mr. FAWCETT be blamed for expressing the universal opinion on the evasion of the Judicial Committee Act; but when he proceeds to demand a vote of censure on the Government, he takes but a circuitous method of advancing the Liberal cause. The debates in both Houses will contain a sufficient condemnation of the act which has been perpetrated; and it is even possible that Mr. GLADSTONE himself may be for once convinced that he has done wrong. A vote of censure by the House of Commons would compel the resignation of a Minister who still commands a large majority, and who, like M. THIERS in France, has no competent successor. Only an impracticable purist would wish to bring a professedly hostile Government into office for the sake of recording an abstract resolution in the Journals of the House of Commons. It is not "better" that half-a-dozen Administrations should fall than that Parliament should sanction this act of lawlessness. Or rather it may be said that by abstaining from a vote Parliament will sanction nothing. The fall of half-a-dozen successive Administrations might perhaps lead to a revolution, and it would

certainly tend to weaken authority; yet nothing can be more certain than it would be impossible to form a stable Government if Mr. GLADSTONE were at the present moment driven from office on an accidental and non-political issue. The presence in the House of Commons of a few detached politicians such as Mr. FAWCETT is not without its advantage. There is much justice in his complaint of the evils which result from excessive subservience to the leaders of a party; but a prudent man will always be inclined to suspect that, if he holds an exceptional position, he is, like a privileged person in private society, an object rather of toleration than of envy. All Governments are liable to blunders, and it must be confessed that Mr. GLADSTONE's mistakes are sometimes peculiarly irritating; but if all his measures were considered exclusively on their merits, it would be impossible for him to govern the country. Many votes are given in favour of a Ministerial proposition because the majority prefers that the power which must be entrusted to some body of men should be exercised by its own leaders. A prudent Minister will not strain the allegiance of his followers by such measures as the Licensing Bill of last Session. Mr. FAWCETT concurs with Lord DERBY in the belief that the evils of the liquor trade are not to be corrected by the institution of a gigantic monopoly which, like all other monopolies, would tend to increase of price and to deterioration of quality. In all probability Mr. BRUCE will, in the ensuing Session, abstain from encumbering himself and his colleagues with an impracticable measure. To the Temperance fanatics and the promoters of the Permissive Bill Mr. FAWCETT is not bound by any ties of loyalty and discipline. Nothing can be more manly than his announcement that he will never consent to give a local majority the tyrannical power of enforcing abstinence on their neighbours. It is perhaps an inconvenience to be governed by a Premier who has every quality except common sense, and by a Home Secretary who shares only the defects of his chief; but unfortunately there are no other leaders at present to be found; and when, as in the case of the Licensing Bill, their blunders are too extravagant, total failure furnishes the best remedy for legislative incapacity.

A large part of Mr. FAWCETT's indefatigable energy has been devoted to Indian affairs; and he blames the House of Commons for paying render attention to trivial questions of parks and public buildings than to the interests of "180,000,000 of our 'Indian fellow-subjects.'" According to Mr. FAWCETT, the Indian expenditure has risen within fourteen years from 32,000,000*l.* to 53,000,000*l.*, and the debt has been increased threefold; and it might have been convenient to add that the comparison is made between the periods before and after the Mutiny, and that a large part of the increased outlay is due to the proved necessity of maintaining a larger European force in India. One-third of the total debt has been incurred for the construction of public works, "which have been so ill devised and so 'extravagantly constructed that upon the aggregate outlay 'the returns are insufficient to pay the interest on the money 'borrowed, and a considerable portion of the money has been 'altogether lost.'" The remedy proposed for the alleged mismanagement is that the House of Commons should exercise a constant supervision over the finance and administration of India; yet it is impolitic that either the House itself or a Committee should make itself responsible for the details of public works. When the East India Company was abolished, there was some reason to fear that Indian affairs would be exposed to the mischievous effects of party struggles, and to the corrupt or ignorant intervention of English politicians. Experience has shown that the subject-matter was too large for an Assembly which finds ample employment in the legislation and government necessary for the United Kingdom. The government of India has been administered, as in former times, by the Viceroy and the civil and military authorities in India, under the control of a Secretary of State, who is checked and assisted by a Council of some of the ablest and most experienced officers who have formerly held high positions in India. There can be no doubt that errors are sometimes committed, as when the able and indefatigable Minister who now presides at the India Office lately determined to cripple the whole railway system of India by introducing a new variety of gauge. It is also true that, as Mr. FAWCETT says, many charges are from time to time imposed on the Indian finances which ought properly to be defrayed by the English taxpayer; but the House of Commons is itself chiefly responsible for an injustice by which its constituents profit; and it is desirable that the greater part of the affairs of India should be locally managed. It may be that some great Indian disaster will hereafter "distract every English home, from John

"o' Groat's House to the Land's End"; for a vast and distant empire necessarily involves many possible causes of danger. Mr. FAWCETT is well employed in studying the risks which exist, and the securities which may be provided; but his researches will probably lead him to the discovery that the habitual interference of the House of Commons would be more dangerous than any other source of misgovernment.

It may be hoped that the protest of a genuine democrat against the socialistic follies which have been promulgated by Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL and, to a smaller extent, by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, will produce some effect on those who are likely to be deluded by promises of food and dwellings provided by the State. Mr. FAWCETT still retains his attachment to liberty and his belief in personal independence. It would indeed have been strange if his unsparing criticisms on the policy and conduct of the Ministry had led him to hope for Utopian felicity under the paternal care of a Government which has not, in the discharge of its ordinary functions, succeeded in gaining his confidence. Mr. HORSMAN's speech at Liskeard shows that in questioning the soundness of Ministerial policy Mr. FAWCETT does not stand alone. Several years have passed since Mr. HORSMAN was celebrated by Mr. BRIGHT as a chief seceder to the Cave of Adullam, and as one half of the ambiguous animal with undistinguishable head or tail. Mr. HORSMAN's mutinous tendencies were punished by a temporary exclusion from Parliament; and when he reappeared he had become one of the most earnest supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy. His natural inclination to tamper with party discipline seems to be breaking out again; for he inquires why everything which the Government has touched since the passing of the Irish Land Bill has proved a failure. The Education Bill involved falsehood to the Liberal party; the match-box tax was a blunder; and the substituted Budget was something worse. The object of the Licensing Bill was the reverse of that which ought to have been pursued, but Mr. HORSMAN, apparently thinking Mr. BRUCE scarcely responsible for his own measures, kindly adds that he was not to blame. The Army Bill was introduced when the Government had no scheme of re-organization, and in using the Royal Prerogative the Government "followed a course for which Ministers in other days had lost 'their heads and monarchs had lost their crowns.'" Finally Mr. HORSMAN apprehended that the Government intended to crown their errors by altering the rules of the House of Commons; and he assured them that he made his remarks in no unfriendly spirit. "It was not a friend who flattered," and it was certainly not Mr. HORSMAN. Mr. GLADSTONE, when he can spare a moment from listening to the plaudits of the *Telegraph* and the country members, may perhaps profitably listen to the whispers in which Mr. HORSMAN, Mr. FAWCETT, and Mr. ROEBUCK remind him that he is mortal. It is scarcely possible that they can all, like the unprincipled opponents whom he denounced at Whitby, have a corrupt interest in purchase in the army.

#### THE DUKE OF PERSIGNY.

ANOTHER, and almost the last, of the small band of personal adherents of the late Emperor NAPOLEON has passed away. The EMPEROR has to mourn the loss of a perfectly exceptional friend and supporter, of a man who not only shared his fortunes, was staunch to him in adversity and prosperity, gave him every help that a ready head and a faithful heart could give, but who believed in him and his cause, was firmly and honestly persuaded that in the Napoleonic ideas lay the only key to the welfare of France, and who planned or associated himself with the fiascos of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the triumph of the *Coup d'état* of 1851, in a spirit not only of personal devotion, but of fanatical patriotism. The Duke of PERSIGNY believed in NAPOLEON and Napoleonism very much as the comrades of the PROPHET believed in MAHOMED and Mahomedanism; and in these later days it at least marks a man as a man apart that he should in the France of the nineteenth century be possessed towards a leader and a cause with the burning spirit of Arabian devotedness. The son of a soldier named FIALIN, who fell at Salamanca, the Duke served in the army of CHARLES X. until, after the revolution of July, he was forced to leave the service on account of the hostility he felt and expressed towards the Orleans Government. For three years after 1831 his most enthusiastic and inquiring biographers admit that he lived in an obscurity which all their efforts have failed to dispel. But in 1834 he suddenly reappeared as the Vicomte de PERSIGNY, having created for himself, or, as he said, restored to himself, a title which at least gave

him distinction, whether it had or not any ground in the dim legends of his family history. The Viscount made society aware of his re-existence by publishing a violently Bonapartist journal called *L'Occident*. His poverty prevented his extending the life of this publication beyond the limit of a single number; but even a single number sufficed to show the BONAPARTE family that a most singular person, with the most singular views as to what they and their ideas were worth, had revealed himself. The attention of LOUIS NAPOLEON was called by his uncle JENOUX to the indisputable merits and probable utility of the new partisan. The young Prince and the Viscount met, and thenceforward, for more than thirty years, they have shared together the shade, the sunshine, and the eclipse of their fortunes. In 1836 the Viscount planned and shared the hazardous enterprise of Strasburg; but although arrested, he managed to escape into Germany and thence into England, whence in 1840 he accompanied the Prince to try once more at Boulogne what luck would bring them. They were captured, and the Viscount was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment; but as time wore on, and no great harm seemed likely to come either from him or his friend, he was allowed to live at Versailles under a very mild system of supervision. There he was living when the Prince came in 1848 to shine out before long in the glories of his Presidency. Bonapartism was at last triumphant, and the good time he had so long dreamt of had come to France and to the friend of LOUIS NAPOLEON. Pleasant things were at once showered on him, but he never held any very conspicuous position until after the *Coup d'état*, to the success of which he devoted his untiring energies and his undoubted gifts for conspiracy. Thenceforward great honours and high places and splendid opportunities of political influence were at his command. He was made an incontestable Count, and then a Duke; he was twice Ambassador in England, twice Minister of the Interior; the daughter of a Prince and an appropriate fortune to start him in married life were provided for him; and he was made, of course, a Senator and a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. In the later days of the EMPEROR's reign, however, although the personal ties that bound him to his Sovereign were as strong as ever, he kept himself, or was kept, somewhat aloof from the arena of practical politics. He allowed it to be known that his views varied somewhat from those of the EMPEROR. He combated the opinion that the Napoleonic ideas were compatible with Parliamentary government when he first saw the EMPEROR inclined to give way to what he considered an illusion; and afterwards, when the EMPEROR began to make concessions, he thought that a bolder line should be taken, and that more should be given, and more rapidly, if anything was to be given at all. Politically speaking, his day had gone by before the war of 1870 broke out and Sedan hurried his friend and his friend's cause into the abyss of utter humiliation. The dreaming Bonapartist of 1834 lived to see the coronation as Emperor of the Second NAPOLEON, but he also lived to hear the tidings of Sedan. Few persons probably have ever had reason to appreciate more vividly the truth of the old saying, that no man ought to be accounted happy until he is dead.

There is always something touching and interesting in the life of a man whose one great characteristic has been fidelity, even though we may not very much admire the persons or the causes to which this fidelity has been shown. There has been a time in English history when men like the Duke of PERSIGNY have run a course only dissimilar to his because their cause was never successful. The STUARTS, whatever may have been their faults, provoked a fervour and romantic attachment to their persons and their interests, got men to conspire for them, run hair-breadth dangers for them, die for them, sing in their honour, swear in their honour, and dream of nothing and care for nothing except that the CHARLIES might have their own again. The leading Royalists and Jacobites of this adventurous class were not perhaps very able men, not fitted really to govern a great kingdom, not at all good judges of the permanent interests and fitting policy of a nation; but they gave a brightness and a lustre to the Stuart cause which even at this distance of time makes that cause the cause of poetry. The Duke of PERSIGNY was not unequal to the honours he achieved, or had thrust on him. He was a popular and not incapable Ambassador, having pleasant things to say to men and women, and active in forwarding the interests on advancing which his master was bent. When he had to act as Minister of the Interior, he at least showed that he had a distinct conception of his duties, and that he would not tolerate any opposition of whatever kind to the Head of the State.

was a first-rate man for enterprises like those of Strasburg, Boulogne, and the *Coup d'état*; a fairly good Ambassador and Minister of the second class, and much more than competent to be a Senator; but he was not the man to be of great use to his master in the higher region of politics. It was not at all necessary for his peculiar branch of eminence that he should have any very high gifts in this way. It was enough that he was capable, presentable, shrewd, and agreeable. For this was all that was needed to make his fidelity respectable and meet for high recompense. He was too clever, too much a man of the world, too resolute to be regarded in the half-comic light of the foolishly attached personal follower of the EMPEROR. It was not a light matter that the EMPEROR should have such a devoted friend as the Duke of PERSIGNY. And to the EMPEROR he filled a place which no one else could fill. They had been associated together as no other comrade of the EMPEROR had been associated with him; and in all their long connexion the Duke had never wearied in his devotion. He always took the EMPEROR and everything the EMPEROR did and had done in a serious light, and heartily believed in everything the EMPEROR had chosen to think in harmony with his position. This must have made him invaluable to the EMPEROR. Other men shared his fortunes, associated with him, gave him their best aid and advice, took from him the good things he had to give, and smiled gently when anything brought to remembrance the eccentricities or failures or weaknesses of their chief. But to the Duke of PERSIGNY everything Napoleonic was sacred, great, and glorious. It is easy to imagine what a deep comfort to the EMPEROR it must have been that he had about him one man who could be trusted to think of the eagle of Boulogne without any sense of the ridiculous; who had himself attended on, or perhaps helped to carry, that unfortunate bird; and yet not merely bore up in perfect honesty against his memories of it, but actually accepted it in good faith as an admirable living embodiment of the aspirations of the BONAPARTES. Perhaps none among the faithful followers of the STUARTS ever got quite so far as this. And the enthusiastic attachment of the Duke of PERSIGNY not only did him credit, and cheered his master, but it raised and ennobled the cause to which he attached himself. Bonapartism is not dead in France, but there are no more Dukes of PERSIGNY. Bonapartism is but the name for the schemes of one set of intriguers among the hosts of intriguers in divided France. There is no longer a belief in Napoleonic ideas; no longer any attachment to a man. There is merely a calculation that Imperialism may yet be a winning card, and perhaps a sincere belief that a Government which, as it is said, gave France twenty years of prosperity, is the best sort of Government that France could have. It must be allowed that the success of the EMPEROR was as much above what is generally put forward as the programme of the Imperialist party as the Duke of PERSIGNY was above the vulgar herd of Imperialist courtiers and adventurers. The EMPEROR really had ideas, and to shoot Communists and give the people bread and amusements, which now forms the whole programme of Imperialists, was only part of the programme of their chief. Misfortune and the exposure of the evil tendencies of his system have now obscured at present the memory of what he was; but history, we think, in recording the devoted attachment of the Duke of PERSIGNY to LOUIS NAPOLEON, will also record that LOUIS NAPOLEON had some qualities of head and heart that made him not undeserving of that attachment.

#### IRISH EDUCATION.

THE Resolutions adopted at the Roman Catholic meeting in Dublin on Wednesday ought to be considered apart from the speech with which they were introduced by Cardinal CULLEN. In the latter there were some statements which the speaker would certainly find it difficult to prove, and there was a general tone of serenity which seems inconsistent with some of the admissions he himself made. If Cardinal CULLEN is right in believing that "the most influential and distinguished members of the Anglican body" are with the Irish Roman Catholics on this question, and that "the principal liberal and enlightened Protestants of the Empire" wish them success, a temperate enumeration of the real or supposed grievances under which he considers the members of his Church to be labouring would be more to the purpose than some general declamation. Nor is it quite fair to the Government to take no notice of the Report of the Royal Commission, which is the probable, though not the necessary, basis of future legislation. When, for example, Cardinal CULLEN asserts that "in National Schools under Pres-

"byterians, thousands of Catholic children receive religious instruction from Presbyterian teachers, recite anti-Catholic prayers, and read the Protestant version of the Bible," it would have seemed only natural to point out that these particular hardships would be absolutely prevented if the recommendations of the Commissioners were adopted. Under a rule that no child registered as a Roman Catholic shall be present when religious instruction is given by a Protestant, proselytism becomes impossible. This rule has been in operation since 1866, but it has hitherto been clogged by a proviso that the prohibition shall not apply to children whose parents express a desire that they shall receive religious instruction with the rest. In appearance nothing can be more innocent than this exception. It simply protects the freedom of the parent against the possible hardship of an inflexible rule. But when the circumstances of Ireland are taken into account this seeming innocence disappears. Why should a parent who has registered his child as a Roman Catholic desire him to receive religious instruction as a Protestant? The case of a real conversion is provided for by the parent being at liberty to change the entry in the register, and to announce that he and his children have ceased to be Roman Catholics. The only motive he can have in the immense majority of cases is to please the patron of the schools, who is probably the Protestant squire, or more usually the patron's wife. An Irish peasant will not change his religion to avoid offending an employer, and there are not many employers who would place much value on such a conversion. But there are peasants probably who, with the same end in view, may express a wish that their children should remain in school while the Protestant teacher is giving religious instruction, and there are employers, it may be feared, who would welcome the opportunity of bringing Roman Catholic children "within the sound of the Gospel," and would exert pressure upon the parents in order to obtain it. The case of a parent wishing his child to be brought up in a religion different from his own is of too rare occurrence to call for any special provision. If such an anomaly is ever forthcoming, the means of obtaining Protestant teaching are not likely to be wanting in a parish where the patron of the National School is a Protestant.

The adoption of these recommendations would be a sufficient compliance with the demand contained in the latter part of the Sixth Resolution carried on Wednesday. The Dublin Roman Catholics do not deny that "in particular circumstances mixed schools cannot be avoided;" they only ask that where this is the case "measures shall be adopted to save Catholic children from the danger of proselytism." In the earlier part of this same Resolution, however, they plead that in a great part of Ireland there are numerous National Schools "which are frequented wholly, or almost exclusively, by Catholics," and in these they "call for such changes in the rules of the National Board as will allow the practice of Catholic exercises of piety and of Catholic teaching in schools which are practically Catholic." We have said in a former article that this request appears plausible enough in itself. It may be thought, for instance, to be a piece of superfluous strictness to forbid Roman Catholic pictures to be hung up in a school which has never from the day it was opened been attended by any but Roman Catholic children, and which is planted, perhaps, in a district containing none but Roman Catholic families. But before a relaxation of this rule can be sanctioned, it must be shown that in the event of a Protestant family settling in the neighbourhood, and sending their children to the National School, the protection which is now guaranteed will at once be revived in their favour; and also that there is no danger of obstructions being placed in the way of Protestant children entering a school where their admission would compel an immediate and important change in the arrangements as to religious teaching. The issue practically submitted is whether a school "frequented only by Catholics," and alleged to be likely from the character of the neighbourhood to continue to be so frequented, might safely be recognized as a Denominational School with a stringent conscience clause, on condition that, as soon as a child registered as a Protestant is found attending, the ordinary restrictions shall once more come into force. It is obvious that, if such a rule were adopted, the managers of an exclusively Catholic school might have a strong motive for deterring Protestants from sending their children, or even from settling in the district. The main object of regulations about religious teaching is to ensure that there shall not be a child in Ireland who may not "have the benefit of secular instruction without any danger of his receiving religious instruction to which his parents may conscientiously object."

and the Commissioners are clearly right in holding that "in all places where there is only one school which can reasonably expect support from the State, that school must be open to children of all denominations." When it is argued that such a school is, as a matter of fact, attended only by children of the same denomination, and that therefore it may be possible to allow some of the precautions against proselytism to lie dormant, the very material question arises, what security can be taken that these indispensable precautions shall come into play again the moment the school ceases to wear this exclusive character. It is admitted by all reasonable people that proselytism, either direct or indirect, must under any circumstances be prevented, and that school managers ought to enjoy as much freedom in other respects as is compatible with the rigorous observance of this condition. The point on which the Roman Catholic Resolutions go beyond the recommendations of the Royal Commission is in the suggestion that in schools "practically Catholic," religious emblems may be used, and incidental religious teaching given in addition to the formal religious instruction at fixed hours. We have formerly shown, however, that the Royal Commissioners regard this suggestion as inadmissible, as leaving a loophole for possible proselytism, from which in the end the Roman Catholics themselves would be the greatest sufferers.

The Resolutions which relate to the higher education are unexpectedly moderate in their wording. They contain no specific demand for the establishment of a separate Roman Catholic University, or for the endowment of a separate Roman Catholic College. The Eighth Resolution, which is specially concerned with this subject, sets out that Catholics are "at present virtually deprived of the advantages of a higher education," and calls upon the Government to "establish a University system in this country of which Catholics can conscientiously avail themselves." The notion of the endowments now applied to the promotion of University education in Ireland being shared by colleges belonging to the three religious communions which virtually divide Ireland between them, is one which consistent Liberals could, of course, only entertain on the assumption that the State took proper care that the secular education given in all of them was up to a certain standard. Supposing such a concession to be too distasteful to English Radicals and Irish Protestants to have any chance of being adopted by the House of Commons, it is important to observe that its abandonment would not necessarily involve the rejection of the principle embodied in this Eighth Resolution. Endowed Denominational Colleges are not essential to the idea of "a University system of which Catholics can conscientiously avail themselves." Endowments might, according to one suggestion which has been made, be given to the University, and be held by members of the several colleges, just as certain University endowments at Oxford are held now by a member of Balliol, at another time by a member of Christ Church. If some such plan was adopted, Roman Catholics would get just so much of these endowments as their abilities enabled them to carry off in open competition. Every Scholarship or Fellowship or Professorship that fell vacant in the University would be tried for by Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and Presbyterians, without respect of persons, and the prize would fall to the share of the religious body which sent up the best man. For the endowment, though attached to the University, and wholly unfettered by religious restrictions, might be held by a resident at any one of the affiliated colleges, and would thus serve as a stimulus to every college alike. Clever young men, too poor to maintain themselves during their University career without help, would have the same inducement to go to a Roman Catholic College which made them eligible for a University Scholarship as to one which had Scholarships of its own to be competed for.

#### ALLEGED INSANITY OF CRIMINALS.

TWO persons have been tried within the last few days for murder, and in both cases the defence of insanity has been propounded on medical authority. The case of Watson presents, however, hardly any basis for this defence, and the case of Edmunds, irrespectively of the history of her family, does not offer any circumstances stronger than have been found in other cases in which the same defence has been rejected. The answer to the medical theory which has been submitted in these cases has been often given, and it is simply that the general admission of that theory would inevitably encourage murder. A fair test of this



theory was furnished by the case of TOWNLEY, which occurred a few years ago. It was proved that insanity had existed in the family of TOWNLEY. It was also proved that TOWNLEY had expressed to the medical witnesses who examined him the opinion that he had not committed any crime. He attempted to justify his act by alleging that the lady whom he had murdered was his property; that she had been illegally wrested from him; that he viewed her in the light of a wife who had committed adultery, and that he had as perfect a right to deal with her life as he had with any other description of property. The fact was that the lady had been engaged to marry TOWNLEY, and the engagement was broken off, whereupon he obtained an interview with her and killed her. Now it is possible that the defence which was set up in that case might under peculiar circumstances have succeeded; but it is manifest that if imitators of TOWNLEY had appeared, it would have become necessary, whatever the doctors might say, to hang them. It must be admitted that public opinion influences the administration of criminal justice in this country, and public opinion is liable to fluctuations. Some years ago corporal punishment was in extreme disfavour, whereas now people apparently like their newspaper to inform them how a garrotter looked during his flogging, and it is frequently suggested that other offences besides robbery with violence might be usefully visited with the lash. Garotting indeed went on until nobody was safe in the streets after dark, and it was felt that the civilization and humanity of the age must submit to the unpleasant necessity of reviving a punishment which had been regarded as only suitable to a period of ignorance and barbarism. TOWNLEY was found guilty, but was not hanged. He was condemned to penal servitude, and afterwards destroyed himself. But suppose that he had been acquitted on the ground of insanity, and that, as is only too probable, that form of insanity had become common, there would soon have been a general concurrence of opinion that hanging was the only effectual cure for it. "If," said the Judge in TOWNLEY's case, "his real motive was that he conceived himself to have been ill used, and either from jealousy of the man who was preferred to him, or from a desire of revenge upon him, committed the act, that would be murder. These were the very passions which the law required men to control; and if the deed was done under the influence of these passions, there was no doubt that it was murder."

It happened that Mr. Baron MARTIN, who tried TOWNLEY, also tried EDMUNDS, and his experience of such trials dictated the remark that it was common to raise the defence of insanity when people of pecuniary means were charged with the commission of crime. The proofs of insanity in the family of the accused were stronger and more recent in the case of EDMUNDS than in that of TOWNLEY. The father of EDMUNDS became insane, and died in a lunatic asylum. She had a brother whose history may be told in the same words. She had a sister who suffered from hysteria, and who attempted in a fit to throw herself from a window. Other members of the family had been similarly affected. This was the substance of the evidence given by the prisoner's mother and other witnesses, and, supposing that the evidence as to the prisoner's conduct and conversation left a reasonable doubt as to her sanity, the proof of insanity in her family would be entitled to considerable weight. But even if we allow that the evidence of the medical witnesses who examined the prisoner did go to this extent, the prisoner herself made a statement in court which went far in the opposite direction. She is reported to have said that she wished she had been tried on the other charge which had been brought against her, and she added, in reference to Dr. BEARD, "It is owing to my having been a patient of his, and the treatment I received in going to him, that I have been brought into this dreadful business. I wish the jury had known the intimacy, his affection for me, and the way I have been treated." It must be remembered, in any comments which we may make upon this speech, that the prisoner has not been tried upon the charge to which she referred, and that Dr. BEARD has not been tried at all. We make use of the speech only for the purpose of testing the defence put forward on the prisoner's behalf, and, looking at the case apart from the evidence of insanity in the prisoner's family, we should say that it would be almost conclusive against that defence. She says that Dr. BEARD's treatment of her has brought her into this dreadful business. Supposing that her complaint against Dr. BEARD is true, she supplies an explanation of the motive which led her to commit the crime for which she was tried which is quite as adequate as any explanation given by other criminals. Supposing that the complaint is

false, she displays a degree of cunning and cleverness which does not often indicate insanity, although not perhaps inconsistent with it. The same remark applies to her allegation of pregnancy, which appeared upon examination in the usual manner to be unfounded. Our ancestors would have said that she was a wicked woman, and would have hanged her without compunction, even if they had believed that her wickedness was partly caused by the wickedness of man.

The medical testimony in the case was perhaps weaker than in other cases where the same defence has been attempted. Dr. LOCKHART ROBERTSON regarded the case as on the borderland between crime and insanity. He thought the prisoner's intellect quite clear and free from any delusion, but her moral sense was deficient as is usual in the descendants of insane parents. This is almost exactly what was said by Dr. FORBES WINSLOW in TOWNLEY's case:—"His moral sense was more vitiated than I ever found that of any other human being." Mr. Baron MARTIN, in that case, told the jury that if TOWNLEY knew that the act which he committed was contrary to the law of God and punishable by the law of the land he was guilty of murder. This, indeed, is all that an English Judge can say of such a case, and perhaps it is all that he ought to say. The doctrine of vitiated moral sense excusing crime cannot be admitted without endangering the foundations of morality and criminal justice. Take, for example, the character which would have been described, in the words of a well-known play of the last century, as that of "a bold intriguer and a gay companion." The heroes of many comedies of that time were men of vitiated moral sense, but it would never have occurred to any psychologist to suggest that seduction or adultery was pardonable because it was committed without compunction. Another medical witness, Dr. WILLIAM WOOD, "was very much struck with the prisoner's absolute indifference to her position, and he failed altogether to impress her with its seriousness." These, again, are almost the exact words which were used by Dr. FORBES WINSLOW in TOWNLEY's case. This witness discussed with the prisoner the subject of what was said to have passed between her and Dr. BEARD. He asked whether she thought it wrong for a person to destroy the life of another person because she believed that the husband of that person wished to get rid of her. "After some hesitation she said she thought it would be wrong, but she did not say it in such a manner as to lead him to believe she really thought so." The witness here admits, while attempting to qualify the admission, that the prisoner had that capacity of distinguishing right from wrong which the law holds to be sufficient to render her responsible for her actions. It seems to follow that until the law is changed there is nothing more to be said about the case. Dr. MAUDSLEY gave evidence to the same effect. "He found an extreme deficiency of moral feeling as to the crime with which the prisoner was charged, and she did not appear thoroughly to realize her position." Such evidence ought to be disregarded in this as it has been in many other cases, but it happens that the medical witnesses are supported by the fact that near relations of the prisoner have been committed to lunatic asylums on the usual certificates, and have remained in them until death. Mr. Baron MARTIN, commenting upon similar evidence which was given in TOWNLEY's case, said the object of that evidence was to show that it was possible, and not unlikely, that the hereditary taint might exist in the prisoner. "All the evidence," however, failed to show the existence of any delusion in the prisoner's mind which could explain his act." These words fit accurately to the present case, but it must be acknowledged that the evidence of insanity in the prisoner's family went much beyond that which was given in TOWNLEY's case. It is of course possible that the doctors may be right although they give wrong reasons for their conclusions. We may observe that Dr. MAUDSLEY has given the same reason for the same conclusion in the case of WATSON, where we cannot help saying that both reason and conclusion appear to us preposterous. It has of course been remarked that, if the prisoner EDMUNDS had committed suicide, and the evidence of insanity existing in the family had been given at an inquest, the jury would have arrived without hesitation at a verdict which would have been generally approved. It is, however, unnecessary to add that in all such cases we ought not to be unduly influenced in our estimate of facts by the indisposition which we feel to give apparent sanction to a theory of irresponsibility for crime which we regard as mistaken and pernicious.

## THE METRIC MANIA.

THERE is a very simple and easy method of agitation, which consists in fixing the attention steadfastly and exclusively on one side of a question, in utterly ignoring everything that has been or can be said on the other side, and in continually repeating the same arguments and assertions as if they had never been challenged and confuted. Simple people are sometimes confounded by this daring and unscrupulous pertinacity. They imagine that it is impossible that statements which have over and over again been contradicted and exposed should be calmly and confidently put forward as if they were accepted truths. These are apparently the tactics of the gentlemen who have undertaken to bring their country under the bondage of what is called the metric system. On Wednesday a meeting was held in one of the off-rooms of the Mansion House to promote this object. The weather was unpropitious, and to this circumstance is ascribed the smallness of the company who responded to the invitation; but it may be doubted whether the brightest sky would have brought together a larger gathering. It does not appear that, with the exception perhaps of Sir J. LUBBOCK and Dr. FARR, who spoke from private and professional points of view, there was any one present capable of pronouncing an authoritative opinion on the subject. Speeches were made and resolutions were passed, asserting that the introduction into this country of the metric decimal system of weights and measures would greatly facilitate commercial intercourse and save a great deal of time and trouble in practical business; that the metric system was of peculiar value in the mechanical arts and manufactures, from its perfect decimal division, and from the direct relation which it offered between the measures of length, capacity, and weight; and that a system of decimal coinage would be a necessary corollary to the introduction of the new system of weights and measures. The gist of the resolutions was, of course, that the French system of coinage, weights, and measures, ought to be immediately introduced into this country. It is desirable that this proposal should be stated in the plainest manner, and that the full extent of it should be clearly understood. It is obvious that the decimalization of the coinage and of weights and measures must go together, and that to make this change in one case and not in the other would be a purely mischievous proceeding. The metric maniacs seem to have thought in the first instance that the country might be more readily persuaded to take their cherry in two bites than to swallow it whole; and if they could have committed us to metric weights and measures, the decimalisation of the coinage would have followed as a matter of course, since the former measure by itself would simply have caused great inconvenience without any advantage. The public, however, was not to be deluded so easily as was supposed, and it has now been determined to bring out the whole project honestly in the face of day. We are warned that nothing less is in view than the compulsory substitution of the French coinage, weights, and measures for the familiar and time-honoured modes of reckoning which are inextricably mixed up with our history, our literature, our ways of business, our scale of prices, our daily habits of life, and our expenditure. The use of the metric system is already permitted, but, as nobody apparently is willing to adopt it, it is proposed that henceforth it shall be enforced by law, with the addition of a decimal coinage.

Before considering the disadvantages of the change, let us look at the benefits which we are told to expect from it. The speeches of Sir J. LUBBOCK and Dr. FARR were in a great measure beside the question, for they were mainly directed to prove the desirableness, which we are not concerned to contest, of having a uniform system of coinage, weights, and measures throughout the world. It would also be a great advantage if all the world spoke the same language; but there are as yet no philosophers sufficiently advanced to propose that French should be substituted for English as the vernacular of the country. It would, no doubt, be a convenience to merchants and bankers who have accounts with foreigners to be spared the trouble of converting their bills into foreign denominations and vice versa, although the fluctuation of exchanges would still remain. Statisticians would also find their calculations simplified if the same system of notation prevailed among all civilized nations. Sir J. LUBBOCK (who was not, however, prepared to say that the metric system was in all respects the best) and Dr. FARR had perhaps some reason for recommending the change from their own professional points of view. If it were adopted, Sir JOHN could probably dispense with one or two clerks, and Dr. FARR might now and then get to bed an hour sooner. We should certainly

be glad to promote the economical management of foreign business in the City, and to secure to statistical philosophers the full measure of repose to which their arduous labours entitle them; but other people may also claim to some consideration. In point of fact, there is no law against computing by decimals if anybody chooses to resort to it; sums can be worked by decimals, and, with a little trouble, the results can be re-converted into common numeration. At the meeting it was urged that the metric system would be a boon to chemists; but it happens that, as we once before had occasion to remark, this class would gain very little from the change, inasmuch as proportions only are concerned in chemistry, the actual quantities dealt with being a matter of indifference, and there is nothing to prevent a chemist from expressing proportions in decimals.

It is perhaps needless to say that the agitators at the Mansion House did not take the slightest notice of the long series of reports of Committees and Commissions directed against their pet crotchet. Our present system of weights and measures is by no means perfect, and it is possible that improvements might also be suggested in our coinage. These are questions which may deserve further consideration; but the arguments against an entire revolution of our coinage and weights and measures are altogether overwhelming. It must be remembered that this is not a subject on which the philosophers are on one side and the populace on the other. The metric mania has been condemned by the highest scientific authorities, including Professor AIRY and the late Sir JOHN HERSCHEL. The basis of the metric system is, as is well known, an absurd chimera—one of those foolish freaks of vanity which continually discredit the French among reasonable people. Sir JOHN HERSCHEL has shown in his letters to the *Times* that, in point of fact, our British system refers itself with quite as much arithmetical simplicity, through the medium of the inch, to the length of the earth's polar axis (a unit common to all nations), as the French system does, through the medium of the metre, to the elliptic quadrant of a meridian passing through Paris (a unit peculiar to France). It also refers itself with more precision than the French to our standards of weight, capacity, and length. It would certainly be a great disadvantage to give up a system which admits readily of binary division. In the small affairs of life, in retail trade, in house-keeping, and the "petty cash" of business, the facility afforded by the duodecimal system in this respect is very important; and if we look to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the convenience of the multitude must be set against the office expenses of wealthy bankers, and the occasional annoyance of statistical philosophers. It is somewhat singular that in the capital of the chief commercial country in the world it should be seriously proposed that we should give up our own system of reckoning in favour of that of another country much inferior to us in commercial standing. If there is to be a change, it might more reasonably be proposed that it should be on the other side. Sir J. LUBBOCK remarked that, if we could not induce other countries to adopt our system, it would be better for us to adopt theirs rather than be shut out from trading with them. We might admit the argument if there were any reason to suppose that we suffered from our singularity in this respect, but the Board of Trade Returns certainly do not indicate that we are at present "shut out" from commercial relations in any quarter. It is perhaps hardly worth while to speculate as to the compulsory establishment of the French system in this country, because we do not for a moment believe that such a course is practicable. Even if the army were employed to reinforce the constabulary, it is impossible to suppose that the great body of Englishmen, and still less that more resolute and conservative part of the population, Englishwomen, would allow themselves to be policed and dragooned into doing business in francs and centimes, metres and litres. Official calculations would be made in the new reckoning, various commercial firms would follow the example, and in the course of time, if the change were decreed, it might come into tolerably wide operation; but at the very earliest this would not be until a generation had passed away. In the meantime the greatest confusion and discomfort would prevail; to many it would occasion serious loss, to some even ruin. We have only to reflect on the extent to which pence and shillings have become standards of price in all sorts of ways, for cabs, fees, periodicals, admission to places of amusement, and for all kinds of small articles in constant demand, in order to understand the revolution which would be caused by the abolition of these familiar and indispensable coin. What had formerly cost sixpence would have to be reduced to fivepence, while articles at a shilling would perhaps be raised to fifteenpence. On every side we should have disturbance and per-

plaidy, and it is impossible to doubt that for a time domestic trade would be seriously injured. Even in France at the present day the people still cling to the old ways. Parisian writers almost invariably reckon by sous instead of centimes; and the absence of farthings, which are perhaps beneath the notice of capitalists and philosophers, is a serious loss to poor people. The disadvantages of a change would be certain and enormous, while the advantages would at the best be petty and equivocal. The spiritual zeal of the advocates of the metric system appears to have infected the Educational Committee of the Privy Council. Under the latest edition of the Code, this system has been made an obligatory subject of examination in elementary schools. It is directed that a chart of the system—a most formidable-looking document, as we can attest from actual inspection—shall be exhibited on the walls; and children who are still struggling with the elements of arithmetic are required to meditate upon “the advantages to be gained from ‘uniformity in the method of forming multiples and sub-multiples of the unit.’” The disturbing effect which, according to the old doggerel of the school-room, fractions are supposed to exercise on the youthful mind will thus be introduced at an earlier period and considerably intensified. It is not quite fair, either to the children or the public, that the time of the former should be occupied in learning what will in all probability never be of any practical use to them, especially while there is so much difficulty in getting them taught really essential and important things. The sham simplicity and superficial clearness of the metric system may have, at first sight, a plausible appearance; but the more thoroughly the subject is examined the stronger will be the conviction that our own system is superior to the French both in theory and practice, and that any defects which may belong to it can be repaired without sweeping it away altogether.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN LEAGUE FOR THE PROMOTION OF MORAL SCIENCE.

WE have quoted at full length, because we know not how to condense, the title of a singular Association which has suddenly burst upon the world at Manchester. We are not a little puzzled to understand the objects which it proposes to itself, and the means by which it hopes to carry them out. We imagine, vaguely enough, that it is intended to be some kind of dim reflection of that lively body, the Social Science Association; and we may surmise that it is intended to provide a more orthodox rival to a Society which rather piques itself upon a philosophical superiority to all forms of creed. In order to arrive at some more distinct estimate of its purposes, we may look into its composition and glance at the series of Resolutions which were passed at its first meeting. The gentlemen who “took part in the proceedings”—for the League does not appear to have assumed sufficient consistency to provide itself with a Council or a Committee—included the Dean of Canterbury, the Rev. W. B. Pope, tutor of a Wesleyan College, the Rev. Canon Berdsey, the Principal of Owen's College, and the Rev. Dr. Fraser, a Presbyterian minister. Its leaders, therefore, would appear to be Low Churchmen and Dissenters. Their aim is apparently to promote that desire for a wider union which must be felt by all sincere Christians, but which has generally been expressed most strongly by members of the opposite party in the Church. The first Resolution, which, like the others, is intolerably wordy, expresses this sentiment. It says that “the first condition of national morals is the unity of the Church of Christ, and, as this unity consists, not in uniformity, nor in the fusion of denominations, but in the recognition of each other as fellow-Christians, by the members of all Evangelical Churches, therefore it is a primary duty of all such fellow-Christians publicly to recognise each other.” This is a very queer statement. The unity of the Church is compatible, it appears, with the Church being split up into any number of sects, so long as two conditions are observed. The first is, that the sects must be “Evangelical,” whatever that means; and the second, that they must “recognise” each other. That word “recognise” is a terrible puzzle to many people, as we have learnt from the discussions about the wickedness of “recognising” vice by making laws in restraint of it. In this case it has probably been selected as indicating the very lowest degree of common feeling by which any body—if that which is really an aggregate of competing bodies can be called by such a name—can possibly be bound together. The bond of Christian unity, when it is neither to be a common belief nor a common government, but a mutual recognition, will certainly not be strong. Dr. Payne Smith, some, however, to have thrown some light upon the subject by a speech of which we regret that we have a very imperfect report. He observed that the establishment of the right of dissent was one of the greatest gains that had ever been made to the Christian Church. No one certainly will regret that necessary step towards complete toleration; but Dr. Payne Smith's reason was peculiar. At present, he said, “the truth was much wider than the mind of any one of them could well stretch to.” Perhaps the time would come, in this world or the next, when our minds would be sufficiently enlarged for the recognition of

all truth, but at present the various denominations are useful because each denomination holds one truth more fully than others. This is really an grotesque view as we have often encountered. The Christian faith, it seems, resembles patterns which are so big that it takes two, or indeed a dozen, men to display them. We remember a story of a school where the boys were in the habit of repeating the Creed in a certain order; a strange stranger coming one day found that a most important article of faith was omitted, and on inquiring the reason was told, “Please, sir, the boy who believes in that Person isn't here to-day.” On the same principle Dr. Smith appears to think that by putting together, say, a Baptist, an Independent, a Presbyterian, a Samaritanian, and a Quaker, you may get a complete system of dogmatic belief. There is one obvious difficulty. It is frequently proposed to aim at the attainment of unity by believing only that part of the Christian dogma which is common to all sects; but nobody ever before proposed to attain it by combining all their distinctive tenets—and for the obvious reason that the tenets are apt to be contradictory. One cannot believe at the same time that infant baptism is of Divine authority and that it is a human corruption. However, Dr. Payne Smith may, for aught we know, have explained himself in some more intelligible manner.

The second Resolution, proposed by a Wesleyan, was that, as “the second condition of national morals” was the acceptance of a “higher law of life,” the Christian Churches were bound to unite for the “creation of a science of Christian morals.” A Presbyterian then moved that “all Catholic Churchmen” ought to “concert operations.” A Baptist moved that the principles of “systematic beneficence” ought to be recognized by Christian Churches in the “dispensation of their wealth.” This was the “fourth condition of national morals”; and the last speaker, an Independent, then moved that, as “the highest and finest condition of national morals” was the influence of divine grace, the Churches ought to “unite their supplications, as well as their counsels and operations.” The meeting here separated, apparently under the conviction that it had been doing something for the promotion of Christianity and civilization.

We confess that our own state of mind is pretty much what it was upon first reading the title of this singular League—one, namely, of profound bewilderment. The Resolutions have that terrible flow of language which is probably used in the vain hope of concealing from those who speak, as much as from those who hear, that they really don't themselves know what they would be at. So far as the meeting indicates a vague but amiable desire for the conciliation of hostile sects, we have not a word to say against it; but we should like to ask the Dean of Canterbury and his more sensible supporters whether they really believe that they are likely to promote anything beyond a preposterous growth of platitudes. Some modern Leagues have been found very useful in influencing the votes of the House of Commons; and there were Leagues in old times that have left their mark upon history. But nothing more ludicrous has often entered into the minds of men than the notion of using the modern League—the machinery, that is, for getting a number of popular speakers on to a platform and evoking “loud cheers”—in order to do the work of the old Leagues, which rested on the enthusiastic devotion of zealots or fanatics, eager to force a new ideal upon the world. Dr. Payne Smith has before him a task from which the old Covenanters, or the followers of Ignatius Loyola, might have shrunk in dismay; and he proposes to accomplish it by inducing a number of dissenting ministers and Evangelical clergymen to indulge in periodical speech-making. It is possible, indeed, that he really expects nothing more than to promote a few friendly meetings between Churchmen and Dissenters. If so, the language of the Resolutions is of an amazingly “mouth-filling” order. What, for example, does the League mean by proposing that Christian Churches should unite to form a “Science of Christian Morals”? We were always under the impression that it was the special boast of Christian advocates that our religion provided a perfect system of morality, enforced by the highest sanctions, and absolutely free from impurity. What is it that the Christian Churches are invited to do? Are they to add a new set of laws to the existing code, or are they to discuss questions as to the rival claims of intuitive and utilitarian systems of ethics? The Resolution states that the “higher law of life is only possible to be accepted after it has been discussed and formulated by the best minds in all parts of the Church.” What does this mean? Cannot we decide that it is our duty to love our neighbour until the propriety of such a course has been discussed by Dr. Payne Smith and the Rev. Dr. Fraser? Are we not to accept the “higher law” till a Resolution has been passed in its favour at some Council elected by the Evangelical Churches—whatever they may be? Even if such a Council should come to some conclusion on the subject, if ninety-nine of the members were in favour of one theory and one of another, what possible authority would such a decision possess? Should we know anything more about the question than we knew before, or would any sensible man be in the smallest degree biased in his opinions? When it is stated that it is not possible to accept the “higher law” till it has been “formulated” by the best minds, what are we to think of our unfortunate ancestors, or indeed of ourselves, who live before the formulation has been accomplished? Have not they and we accepted some law, and are we fools for having done so prematurely? Ought we to go on until the said formulation on the hypothesis that these-called Christian duties are all open questions? A set of equally puzzling questions arises when

we go to the other Resolutions. Christians, it is said, are to pray for grace; they are to dispend their wealth on principles of systematic beneficence; they are to concert operations, as such concert is quite consistent with their independent existence. This is all very well; but surely we don't want an Association to tell us that prayer for Divine assistance is a Christian duty, or that Christians are bound to be careful as to the employment of their property. Again, the third Resolution asserts what is obviously not the fact. Concert in operations implies a certain surrender of independence. If A and B promise to follow the same path, one of them, or both, must give way more or less to the will of the other. If, however, we admit that different Churches may be wisely employed in combating the common enemy rather than competing with each other, it may be quite true, but the obvious moral is that Churches ought to unite. That is the one radical remedy for discord, and so long as there are sects there will be sectarian animosity, even though fifty Deans of Canterbury were to preach the necessity of union.

We will venture to put the true state of the case, as it appears to us, a little more simply. A certain number of persons who call themselves Evangelicals have remarked that other parts of the Church have derived strength by expressing the growing desire for unity. They wish to make use of the same cry. They find it difficult to do so, because they are split up into a number of fragments. However, they fancy that they can provide some new kind of cement by the modern machinery of public meetings. In order to have something to say, they talk a number of those platitudes on which everybody can agree, because they mean nothing, and which have a quasi-philosophical air because they are composed of such very big words. But, in truth, they either ought to propose that the Association shall supplant the Christian Church as hitherto understood, or to admit that the Christian Church supplies all that they ask without any need of spouting or platforms. To do them justice, some of the persons present seem to have come to this conclusion. A conference was held after the meeting, and the Secretary explained that there was at present "no ascertained standard of morals in the Church." Hereupon Dr. Fraser asked, very pertinently, what they had been doing during the last 1,800 years? The Secretary replied that the Church had been all that time "neglecting the gravest duty of its existence"—which is a conclusion hardly likely to be accepted by many Deans, or indeed by many Christians. Even if the statement is true, we cannot but doubt whether Dr. Payne Smith's Association is likely to do better than the Christian Church. We feel some sympathy with a Mr. Barber, who remarked that, though he had been listening all the evening, he confessed himself utterly unable to understand how it was intended to work the Society. We fear that we cannot help him.

#### POLITICAL ALCOHOLISM.

IT is admitted that Mr. Gladstone's majority has been for some time declining both in numbers and enthusiasm, and there has been a good deal of curious, though somewhat superfluous, speculation as to the cause of this phenomenon. Mr. Gladstone himself has referred it to a fixed law of nature. All large majorities, he assures us, decline after a year or two, and the wonder is, not that his majority should have begun to fall off, but that this should not have happened sooner and more rapidly; his is, in fact, the first Liberal Government which has subsisted for three years with a large majority. This was perhaps the most cheerful view that could be taken under the circumstances. If a large majority is fatal to the longevity of Ministries, it is a fault which is continually being mended in the case of the present Administration. The objection to the theory is that it is not historically exact. Lord Melbourne's second Government had, if not a large, at least a sufficient majority, and existed for six years; and Lord Palmerston, with the exception of the brief interregnum of Lord Derby's Government, was in office from 1855 down to his death at the end of 1865. It is somewhat singular that Mr. Gladstone should have overlooked in his historical retrospect the existence of two Administrations which not only upset the theory of his defence, but help by the force of contrast to suggest a very obvious and simple explanation of the present condition of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone's plight is no doubt due to a fixed law of nature; but not to the imaginary law which he invented for the occasion. The reason of the decay of his majority is to be found, not in its inconvenient largeness, but in the reckless and exhausting uses to which it has been applied. Mr. Gladstone insisted on putting the country through a course of treatment which involved much excitement and exaltation of spirit, and he must not wonder if the natural and inevitable period of reaction arrives at last. It is perhaps a legitimate boast that a great deal has been accomplished in three years, and that it could not have been accomplished by any other treatment than that which Mr. Gladstone has pursued. Without stopping to inquire whether there was any necessity for pressing the pace in this manner, and whether the same results could not have been obtained more safely and effectually by less violent means, it may be remarked that in any case the process was exhausting, and that its consequences ought to have been foreseen. Mr. Gladstone chose to adopt a line of policy which could only be carried out by the profuse administration of political stimulants, and it is not surprising that there should at length be a general protest

against the continuance of so dangerous a system. Alcoholism may have its uses in politics as in medicine, but it constitutes a perilous and pernicious diet; and there is a general impression that it has already been carried somewhat too far. Borrowing the language of the recent Medical Declaration, it may be said that the inconsiderate prescription of political stimulants has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits (of which painful examples are to be found in the violent language and revolutionary proposals of the more advanced section of the Liberal party); and that it is desirable that political leaders should exert their utmost influence to inculcate habits of great moderation in the use of exciting appeals to popular sentiment and passion.

A craving for political excitement, accompanied by a certain languor and depression, is the natural result of the course of treatment to which the country has been subjected. The divisions which exist in the Liberal party represent on the one hand the sulky irritation of those who have acquired a confirmed appetite for the drams to which they have lately been accustomed, and who resent the threatened withdrawal of them, and, on the other hand, the alarm which is entertained by more sober and steady politicians lest the administration of stimulants should settle down into a regular habit. A wise physician considers not only how he can most quickly cure disease, but what will be the subsequent effect of different methods of treatment on the constitution of his patient. Violent measures may be necessary on an emergency, but they should be followed by sedatives and repose. It may also happen that a doctor who, from his daring and determination in the use of heroic remedies, is especially serviceable at the critical moment of a desperate disorder, is not the best man to do the work of the ordinary family attendant, and to deal with the small ailments of everyday life. A weakness for heroic treatment is apt to become a dangerous passion. It has happened more than once that a skilful surgeon has been suspected of a predilection for amputation, just as a "daring pilot in extremity" has been accused of whistling for a wind:—

Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high  
He sought the storm; but, for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

A bigoted faith in uniformity of practice is a familiar form of political delusion. It is dogmatically assumed that there can be only one good system of government, only one good type of statesmanship, and that what is good once is good for ever and always. In point of fact, the excellence of a particular form of government, or of a particular school of statesmanship, depends altogether on the circumstances of the time, and what is good at one season may be almost necessarily bad at another. Nothing can be more absurd than the notion that gratitude for political services of a peculiar kind binds a country to submit, under altogether different circumstances, to the administration of a statesman whose temperament and modes of action, however valuable previously, are quite unsuited to the new condition of affairs. Most people have had experience, at one time or another, of the utility of a prompt and stringent blister, but only a lunatic would think it a good idea to wear a blister habitually as part of his everyday apparel because it had once done him good when he was threatened with bronchitis. Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy was unquestionably a great achievement, and it is natural that his admirers should point to it as a proof of his capacity for rousing public opinion, and carrying the country along with him in a great scheme of legislation which was to regenerate the world and put an end to all discord and unpleasantness. Mr. Gladstone's powers in this way will be readily acknowledged, and it may even be admitted that there are perhaps occasions when a great effort cannot be made without recourse to stimulants. At the same time it is desirable that the inevitable consequences of this kind of excitement should be distinctly recognized. When the fit is off, qualms follow, and there is a tendency to recur to the dose on the slightest provocation.

There are moments in the life of a nation, as of an individual, when the heroic treatment may be appropriate and necessary; but, as a rule, something simpler and involving less strain on the nerves, less excitement at the time, and consequently less reaction afterwards, is more suitable to the ordinary course of affairs. It is the source at once of Mr. Gladstone's strength and weakness that he has always a tremendous reason for the most ordinary bit of business. Of course it is a very good thing that the national debt should be kept down as far as possible; and there are a great many commonplace reasons, which are nevertheless very important, why this should be done, as, for example, that it keeps up our credit, and maintains a sound financial equilibrium. But when Mr. Gladstone a few years ago had a proposal of this kind to make, he was quite above such trivial observations. He discovered that in a few years all our coal would be used up, and it was indispensable that we should make a desperate effort to pay off the debt before the chief source of our wealth was exhausted. Again, there was a good deal to be said in favour of disestablishing the Irish Church and clearing up the muddle into which the land question had fallen, so as to give landlords and tenants a fresh start, with a clearer view of their relations to each other; only, of course, when these questions were looked at in a plain matter-of-fact way, doubts and difficulties sprang up, and it was by no means certain that mischief would not be done by meddling with them rashly and precipitately. Mr. Gladstone's fervid rhetoric supplied the dram which dissipates scruples and inspires the mind with passionate resolution. It was proclaimed that the business on hand was not a piece of ordinary legislation, but a message of



peace to Ireland, and the sealing of a bond of fraternal love and harmony for the rest of time. Human nature was to become something quite different from what it was before, and Heaven and earth were to come together in a way which would anticipate the Millennium. The play has not exactly fulfilled the promises of the bill, and it is not surprising that there should be some disappointment in consequence. If the thing had been done soberly and quietly it might perhaps have taken more time, but future difficulties would not have been created by a discrepancy between visionary expectations and small practical results. More would have been thought of the mouse if there had been no fevered dream of a brood of lions. There is a variation of Lord Melbourne's "Can't you let it alone?" which Lord Derby, following Lord Palmerston, seems disposed to adopt, and it is this—You had better let matters alone unless you feel quite sure that you will do good by meddling with them; do not meddle more than is necessary, and do not expect too much from anything you do. Of course this is not the mood in which heroic things are done, but it happens to be the mood of the country at the present moment. Heroic legislation is on its trial, and before we have any more of it, it will be as well that we should wait and see what comes of it. The history of the Wexford estates, for example, during the next few years will throw a good deal of light on the working of the Land Act, and the new relations which have been established between the Government and the tenants who have bought the estates at apparently extravagant prices. A study of the party politics of the last few years shows that the alcoholism has not been exclusively on one side. There is now, however, a strong desire throughout the country that habits of political temperance should be cultivated. It is especially important that legislation on social matters which may in any degree infringe on the liberty of individuals and the freedom of private contract should, to quote again from the doctors' Declaration on a kindred subject, "be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past."

#### NEWSPAPER COMMENTS ON LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

THERE seems to be a disposition on the part of some of the newspapers to resent, and even to repudiate, the well-known rule against the discussion of questions which have been submitted to the judgment of a Court of law. In theory, the right to publish reports of trials is still exercised on sufferance. The Judges are held to be supreme and absolute in their respective Courts, and it is assumed that they have power at any time to prohibit the publication of reports, just as they have the power to exclude the public and to sit in private if they see fit. Practically, of course, the press is at liberty to report judicial proceedings as fully as it pleases, provided only that the reports are fair and accurate, and that they do not embody comments on pending questions. It is now contended that the right of reporting ought not to be even nominally a matter of sufferance, and that it ought to carry with it the further right to comment freely on the course of the proceedings. The Judges of a previous generation would probably be even more amazed than shocked and horrified to find a Conservative journalist demanding such untrammelled freedom, or, as they would consider it, license, for "the free press of a free State"; but we are afraid that it would only strengthen their conviction of the dangerous tendency of the concessions which were gradually obtained from them. It does not follow that, because the Judges were in the wrong in attempting to suppress reports of trials, the newspapers should now be allowed to say anything they please in regard to what passes in the Courts of law. It is evident that the Tichborne case has been a sore trial to the patience of some of our contemporaries. They have suffered the agonies of Tantalus in the brimming wave which mocked his thirst. For months they have been, as it were, half buried in materials for the most thrilling articles, and yet have been debarred from turning their riches to account by fear of punishment for contempt of Court. An occasional attempt has been made to deal with the subject in a side way, but this indulgence has only sharpened the appetite which it failed to satisfy, and has imparted a more acute sense of the vexatious restraints of the law. If the trial had chanced to take place in America, the claimant, defendant, counsel, witnesses, and probably even the Judge and jury, would have been repeatedly interviewed, and every phase of the case would have been sharply and unreservedly discussed in the newspapers. Perhaps it will not be very long before our own cheap press indulges in a similar license. It is apparently only the fear of the Judges which now keeps it in check, and already the exportment has been tried of dealing with criminal trials in a way which we imagine would not be permitted in a civil case. Not content with reporting in the usual manner the trials for murder which have just taken place at the Old Bailey, some of the morning journals have published at the same time a highly coloured description of the appearance of the prisoners and the Court, interspersed with free comments on the tactics of counsel and the value of the evidence as each case was unfolded. One of the counsel is complimented on his "dignified presence and deep impassioned voice," another on his "calm, lucid, and judicial" style of addressing the Court. It may be presumed that if the reporter happened not to be satisfied with the looks or behaviour of the bar, he would consider himself equally at liberty to express his opinion. It is not desirable that the advocates who have to prosecute or defend

prisoners should be encouraged to regard themselves, or should permit it to be supposed that they regard themselves, as performers seeking popular applause. A dignified presence has not been vouchsafed to all even of the leading counsel at the Old Bailey, nor is the sort of oratory which is heard there invariably calm, lucid, and judicial. If a protest is to be made against personal criticism of this kind, perhaps it had better be made while the penny-a-liners are trying it on, for a beginning, in a complimentary vein. If counsel are to be puffed in the papers, they may perhaps expect, as the next step, to be applauded or hissed in Court. The question whether a barrister conducts his case judiciously obviously involves an opinion as to the merits of the case itself. To say, for example, as one of the newspapers did this week while a case was in progress, that Serjeant A., "with the skill of a practised advocate, glided over" certain parts of the evidence, is as much as to say that this evidence was damaging to his client. It is difficult to imagine anything more injurious to the judicial temper of our Courts, of which we have hitherto had so much reason to be proud, than that the conduct of an important case should from day to day be made the subject of loose criticism by ignorant and irresponsible writers, who are chiefly anxious to produce smart sensational articles, and to administer "eye-openers" to their readers.

One of the reporters who have this week been sent by their employers to do the Old Bailey, remarks, with apparent regret, that, if English trials were conducted, as no doubt he thinks they ought to be, "with a view to sensational effects," the case for the prosecution against Mr. Watson would have concluded with the production of the box in which it is supposed that he had intended to conceal the body of his wife. There are indeed a great many effects of this kind which might be introduced. Why should not the body itself be exhibited, or, at least, a wax model of it? A hint might be taken from the Alsatian piece which is just now being performed at one of the theatres; and, if the accused could not be brought, under the influence of mesmerism, to re-enact the incidents of his crime, the counsel for the prosecution might give their version of it with histrionic vividness. The reporter from whom we have just quoted appears also to have been greatly disappointed that Serjeant Ballantine in another case addressed the jury "with a total absence of gesticulation." If the Serjeant wishes to stand well with these critics, he should lose no time in putting himself in the hands of Mr. Toole or Mr. Irving, and must take more pains with his gesticulation in future. It is lamentable to think of the opportunities for dramatic display which are at present thrown away by a perverse adherence to old traditions of professional dignity and self-respect. A few months since, an American lawyer shot himself in Court with a revolver with which he was illustrating an incident of the case; and not long since, at a trial in Brussels, the carcass of a sheep was produced to show the effects of gunshot wounds, while an expert in firearms went through an interesting performance illustrative of various forms of suicide and assassination. It may be admitted that at present our system of judicial procedure falls very far short of the melodramatic ideal which would satisfy the penny-a-liner. One result of getting up trials with an eye to striking effects would perhaps be to remove the difficulty which is sometimes experienced in procuring jurymen. A place in the jury-box, instead of being dreaded and shunned as at present, would become an object of keen competition. The only danger would be that, if trials were made too attractive, enthusiasts who found it difficult to obtain admission in any other way might be tempted into criminal courses for the sake of a good front seat when their own case came on. In the meantime, if the trials as they actually take place are tame and formal, the reporters do their best to atone for these deficiencies. The writers who are employed on this kind of work appear to have graduated in the "penny awful" school of fiction, and it may be admitted that their romances of the Old Bailey are quite as thrilling as *Ada the Betrayed* or *Sixteen-String Jack*. On the first day of what is called the Brighton Poisoning Case, Miss Edmunds sat for her portrait to a couple of these accomplished artists, or rather we should say the artists painted her portrait in their peculiar style, though whether from life or imagination it is impossible to tell. It is quite clear that one at least of the pictures must have a good deal of imagination in it, since they are quite dissimilar. In one, Miss Edmunds is presented as a careworn, hard-featured woman of thirty-five, "plain, decidedly plain"; in the other, as "young, bright, and not uncommonly." It is an old-fashioned principle of English justice that an accused person should be deemed innocent until proved to be guilty. The reporter who resented Miss Edmunds's plainness seems to have been troubled by no qualms of this kind. He read her guilt in the expression of her countenance; a summary process of judicial inquiry which, if it had been followed by the Court, might have saved a good deal of time, trouble, and expense. Occasionally, we are told, the prisoner "smiled a saturnine smile." It is in the lower features of her face that her character appeared to the writer to be most conspicuous, and the various features are minutely noted, in the form of an indictment—profile, irregular; upper lip, long and convex; chin, straight, long, and cruel; lower jaw, heavy, massive, and animal in its development; lips, loose and pendulous, and so on. The left side of the mouth, it is added, twists up with a sardonic, defiant determination. We have no doubt that there are people who relish this sort of trash, but it is strange that a journal with any pretensions to respectability should stoop to pandar to such morbid and disgusting tastes. It must be remembered that this description of a

prisoner on trial for her life was published during the progress of the case, and it is difficult to understand what comes of the rule against comments on pending questions if a journalist is allowed to excite prejudice against an accused person by depicting her as cruel, brutal, and sardonic, with just the sort of features and expression which one might expect to find in a woman who had committed the crime imputed to her. It is quite certain that if anything approaching to this had been said of either of the parties in a civil case, the Judge would at once have punished the offender; and it is difficult to understand why a rule which is deemed of so much importance in civil cases should be infringed with impunity in criminal cases.

It would be absurd, of course, to argue that judicial proceedings should be wholly withdrawn from public comment; but it appears to be not unreasonable that comments should be forbidden on cases which are actually pending before the Courts of law. Neither Judges nor juries are infallible, and they are all the better for knowing that the manner in which they discharge their duties will be closely scanned and frankly criticized; but criticism should at least be reserved until the case to which it applies has been finally concluded. A very good example of the confusion of mind which prevails on this subject is to be found in an article contending for the absolute freedom of the press to discuss matters which are under litigation. The writer quotes Lord Hatherley's statement of the principle, when Vice-Chancellor, that "the rules which have been laid down as to fair comments on matters of public interest and notoriety do not extend to comments on matters still pending, waiting for argument and decision, which have a direct tendency towards directing and swaying the mind of the Court or jury by whom the case is to be determined." But, asks the writer, do not the speeches of counsel, the evidence of witnesses, and the remarks which are thrown in by the Judge tend to "sway the mind" of those who read the reports in the papers, and why should "a hard and fast line be drawn between what witnesses and advocates may say, and what journalists may write?" The answer to this question is so obvious that we are surprised the writer should have failed to see it. The reason why a line is drawn between the public writers and the persons who are engaged in a judicial inquiry is simply that the latter are bound by certain strict rules of procedure, while the former are not. An advocate who makes an assertion in Court is required to produce evidence in support of it. The witnesses have the fear of cross-examination before their eyes, and give evidence under the solemn responsibility of an oath. It is the Judge's constant care, in which he is of course assisted by the counsel on either side, to prevent the admission of improper evidence. But an anonymous writer in a newspaper is under no such responsibilities; he may say anything he pleases, and though what he says may not be strictly untrue, it may, from the manner in which it is worded, convey a false impression, or may embody testimony which would be rejected in a Court of law. It is assumed that the counsel on each side will do their best for the interests of their respective clients, and that the Judge is capable of preserving the discipline of the Court; and it requires very little reflection to see that judicial proceedings could not be satisfactorily conducted on any other system. The absolute control of the Court over the whole course of the proceedings is indispensable; and it is quite clear that journalists are not under the same restraint as witnesses and counsel. A sound and necessary rule may be unwisely over-strained, or under exceptional circumstances may be wisely suspended; but it would perhaps be for the public advantage if the Judges, instead of relaxing their right to punish for contempt of Court, exercised it more strictly and consistently, by applying it to criminal as well as civil cases.

#### FAMOUS PREACHERS.

THERE are various methods by which the "bubble reputation" is sought and obtained, and in the present day the preacher's mouth is certainly a commoner, if a less illustrious, source of fame than the cannon's. That there are preachers, both English and foreign, who as fully deserve their reputation in the nineteenth century as the "golden-mouthed" Chrysostom did in the fourth, we are very far from denying; and we doubt not that the results of their zeal and eloquence are equally beneficial, though congregations at St. Paul's or Notre-Dame do not clap their most telling periods, as St. Chrysostom and St. Cyril were applauded, though by no means invariably obeyed, by their enraptured hearers at Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople. It is, indeed, curious to observe how close is the similarity, in points of detail, between ancient and modern preaching, though the stricter decorum of our own day has banished, at least in the Church of England, all outward demonstrations of approval from the sacred walls. Then, as now, the sermon was sometimes delivered from the altar steps, sometimes from the *ambo* or pulpit; then, as now, shorthand-writers eagerly employed themselves in taking down notes of the discourses of famous preachers, so that St. Gregory of Nazianzus especially addresses them in his farewell sermon at Constantinople, and at a later date Claudentius of Braccia complained of their transcribing him inaccurately. Then too, as now, sermons were sometimes, though rarely, read off entirely from notes or manuscript, as is so common in England, or committed to memory, like those of Bourdaloue, Massillon, and the great French preachers generally; sometimes delivered partly extempore, according to a plan previously prepared; and sometimes altogether extempore. Thus

St. Augustine tells us that his choice of subjects was occasionally suggested by the passage of Scripture which the *lector* had been reading, and St. Chrysostom speaks of something he witnessed on the way to church, or which occurred during divine service, suggesting the theme of his discourse, as when the lighting of lamps during his sermon had drawn off the attention of his audience. Very likely we might be able to trace an analogy in another respect also, if our means of information about those remote ages were as full as those supplied by the more various and voluminous literature of the present day. But, as a matter of fact, only the discourses of really distinguished writers have come down to us, and there are no journals or biographies, or serials and newspapers, of the patristic era to enlighten us on the popular taste in the matter. But we know that even apostles anticipated the snare of "itching ears," and it is more than probable that popular preachers often won as cheap a reputation among the early Christians as among their descendants.

How that reputation is sometimes acquired in our own day is to most educated men an insoluble enigma. That there are preachers who really deserve it we have already admitted, and there are some, it may be added, who deserve much more of it than they obtain; but it is not with these that we are concerned just now. Of all the forms of literary or quasi-literary charlatanism, it is hardly too much to say that there is none so conspicuous as that of the pulpit charlatan. If it has passed into a proverb, *quantuli sapientul regitur mundus*, we might with equal truth observe, *quantuli eloquentul delectatur mundus*, where, moreover, *mundus* does not stand only for what is somewhat euphemistically described as "the religious world." In the latter case, the problem is not so difficult to explain. To a large section of religionists, "preaching the Gospel" is the one great ordinance of Christianity, to the exclusion of prayer, sacraments, and perhaps some other things besides. And, as the late Dean Gaisford is reported to have spoken from the University pulpit of "taking into our favourable consideration the minor facts of the Gospel narrative," it is only natural that persons whose one criterion of piety is the hearing of sermons should be willing to take into their favourable consideration the minor graces of the preacher who exerts so critical an influence on what they term their "eternal prospects." It is both pleasanter and more amiable to believe that where the *style* is so obvious and so important there is a flavour of the *duode* mixed with it. And hence, to a preacher who has hit on the true standard of Evangelical orthodoxy much is both credited and forgiven. There is a story told of a candidate for ordination who, having displayed in his examination papers a blank ignorance of the first rudiments of theology, was seriously rebuked by the Bishop for presuming to undertake the instruction of others in subjects of which he knew so little, and was asked how he proposed to preach? The youthful aspirant, who was an Irishman, promptly replied, "Ah, my Lord, nothing can be easier: I guess I'm the boy to preach the saving truth of justification by faith." And it is extremely likely that if he had not very properly been refused ordination, his augury would have been justified by success. Another story, said to emanate from one of the most distinguished prelates on the Bench, has a similar bearing. He had set an ordination candidate to preach in his private chapel before himself and his chaplain. The preacher, whose conception of the duties of his office was, like his Irish brother's, a very definite and somewhat narrow one, began at once by dividing his hearers into the converted and the unconverted. "Stop there," said the Bishop; "in which class do you place me?" Nevertheless, commencing with this not very reconcilable classification is to many persons, like the blessed word *Memento*, very full of consolation, if it is not indeed a decisive criterion of a good or bad discourse. The orthodox twang is with many persons—especially if accompanied with a loud voice in the case of the uneducated, who are always apt to be deaf—the one secret of eloquence. "Dear Mr. Spotsaway," as the old woman remarked lovingly, "he goes to my heart; he goes through me." And thus we may set down the preacher's agreement with the theological views of his hearers, particularly when those views are Evangelical, as one of the royal roads to reputation. It is always pleasant to have your own "doxy" emphatically endorsed by a person who speaks with authority, and not less so when the sanction includes a sweeping condemnation of your neighbour's "doxy" for time and eternity. Still there are preachers and preachers even among the orthodox, and this is not the whole account of the matter.

The *Times* is often full at the silly season with piteous complaints of the dulness and prolixity of sermons. And yet, considering that there is no Act of Parliament, nor even any rule of the Church, except for the unconfirmed, to compel people to hear them, it is wonderful how few of the complainants ever dream of taking the remedy into their own hands. No doubt the devout female sex preponderates largely in many congregations, and there are preachers of the Rev. Charles Hemyman type who are at least as much indebted for their acceptable ministry to the skill of the hairdresser and glover as to their own. Still this large-hearted tolerance, and more than tolerance, for the students of the pulpit is by no means confined to devotees in pinstripes. The long list of preachers published every Saturday in the daily papers must, we suppose, be regulated by the law of supply and demand, yet certainly not a tithe of the names which ordinarily appear can make the slightest pretension to distinction of any kind; and the same remark applies to the copious reports of sermons

which on certain occasions, as, for instance, at Christmas, overflow columns after columns of the newspapers. It is a dreary task to pick the needles out of the bundle of hay. What, then, is the secret of attraction? Often, no doubt, that the successful orator is tickled, for the fragrance of the pulpit, unlike the fragrance of the room, is by no means independent of nonpareils. Just as one man may steal a horse while another is condemned for looking over a hedge, so a titled talker of the voracious twaddle may have crowds hanging on his pompous platitudes, each one of them as ready to swear to his eloquence as each of the five hundred spectators to swear that the monumental lion wagged its tail, while his less fortunate brother may discourse with the tongue of angels to empty benches. When a man is a "Right Reverend," or a Monsignore, or even a Dean, not only does the mystical prefix cover a multitude of indubitable sins, but create a multitude of wholly non-existent virtues. Perhaps he has been lucky enough for some popular writer to have blown his trumpet, for some noble patron to have smiled upon him, or for him to have some connexion, real or supposed, with the aristocracy, and his fame is made. His fluent nothings are words of wisdom, and a sonorous voice reveals the music of eloquence in its loud metallic ring. *Fama volat*, and each fresh hearer swells the chorus of laudation; *vires acquirit eundo*. There are those of course who detect the imposture, but they hardly dare whisper the discovery under their breath. Not to every one is given the nerve of the Evangelical spinster who observed sorrowfully, when the preacher she had been listening to with rapture turned to the East for the ascription of glory at the end of his sermon, "I thought he had the gift of the Spirit, but alas, he has only the gift of the gab." And so strong is the pressure of public opinion, or rather of vulgar error, that most people dare not even in thought rebel against it. Not to know the merits of the spoiled darling of the elect, who are also the *élite*—one of the chosen band advertised every Saturday in the *Times*, who adapt the gospel to the aristocracy—is to argue yourself unknown. It is safer to follow a multitude than to brave its frown. *Populus vult decipi*, and therefore *decipiat*. We know how fixed epithets, inseparable as "rosy-fingered morn," have become attached to great names in theological literature. There is the "judicious" Hooker, the "imaginative" Taylor, the "brilliant" Hall, the "honest old" Burnet, the "profound learning" of Barrow, the "strong sense" of South, the "keen logic" of Chillingworth, and the like. It would not be more difficult to upset any of these established reputations than to dethrone a preacher who has once, by the caprice of fortune, been set up on his pedestal till the *cultus* of some newer idol consigns him to oblivion.

Meanwhile an anecdote, the authenticity of which we can guarantee, may serve to illustrate the critical value of newspaper encomiums on the pulpit, which are probably compiled much in the manner that schoolboys write—or in the good old days used to write—their Latin verses with the aid of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*. A certain popular preacher had been advertised to appear on an important occasion, but, as it turned out, he was called elsewhere at the last moment, and the intended sermon was not delivered. Eloquent it might, or might not, have been if it had been preached, but, like the old speculation on what would have happened if Abraham had really killed his son, the question must for ever remain unsolved. However, next day a long account of the service at which the distinguished preacher was to have discoursed appeared in the newspapers, in which he was stated to have "delivered a most eloquent sermon." *Laudari à laudato viro* may be a justifiable ground of satisfaction, but to be praised for your eloquence by those who have never heard it can only gratify a very voracious appetite for applause. And the misfortune is that, while income is so freely offered to many who do not deserve it, there are preachers not mute, but inglorious, whose eloquence is wasted for want of the *notes sacer*. The fact is, that a really good sermon is neither an easy nor a very common achievement, and they are comparatively few who appreciate it. To reflect with blind fidelity the prevalent tone of religious sentiment, and elaborate a theology which is the merest microcosm of prevalent beliefs in your own particular circle, to display a gift of tongues not exactly Pentecostal, but which enables you to speak to all men—and more particularly to all women—in a language which they think they understand, these are the graces, combined with a faultless attire, a serene self-possession, and a, let us say, seraphic smile, which ensure success. Originality of thought and genuine power of speech are essential ingredients of eloquence, but not of the average eloquence of the pulpit.

#### MR. HARCOURT ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

REFERENCE has been made by Mr. Vernon Harcourt to the failure of the First Napoleon's attempt to invade England, in order to show that apprehension of future invasion is unreasonable. It is quite true, as Mr. Harcourt says, that Napoleon abandoned this attempt in 1805, and it is also true that, having marched his army in September of that year from Boulogne to Ulm and Austerlitz, he did not march it back again. But if Mr. Harcourt advises this country to incur deliberately the danger in which it was unvoluntarily exposed in 1805, we can only say that his study of English history has led him to a strange conclusion. By great fortune meeting the patriotic devotion of his country, this country escaped once from the imminent peril of invasion, and we are inclined to believe that it will escape always. Napoleon, when

he planned his attack, was able to dispose of the naval power both of France and Spain. He had one French fleet in Toulon and another in Brest, and the Spanish fleet lay in Cadix, Ferrol, and Carthage. He ordered the Toulon fleet to put to sea, join the Spanish squadron at Cadix, and then sail to the West Indies. He hoped that Nelson, who commanded the English fleet in the Mediterranean, might be drawn after the combined fleet; and if its commander could give Nelson the slip, and return before him to Europe, he might join the other French fleet in Brest, overpower the Channel fleet of England, and give to Napoleon the "quinze jours" which, as he said, was all he wanted for his invasion. This plan did up to a certain point succeed, and it is difficult to believe that under a more vigorous commander it might not have succeeded further. The Franco-Spanish fleet did get back to Europe before Nelson. It fell in with an English fleet under Sir Robert Calder, fought an indecisive action, and put into the Spanish port of Ferrol, instead of attempting to fulfil Napoleon's design by appearing in the English Channel. Hereupon Napoleon laid aside his plan for that year, and marched away his army. Even if the French Admiral had acted with more resolution, Nelson was not very far behind him, and it is probable that Cornwallis, who commanded the English fleet off Brest, could, with the help of Calder, have resisted the utmost power of the Franco-Spaniards until Nelson came to his assistance. The truth is that the combined fleet would have been unmanageably numerous, while the English would have compensated for inferiority in strength by unity of command and superior naval skill.

But let any reader exercise his imagination upon the condition of England while Napoleon was waiting at Boulogne for his "quinze jours." For many weeks uncertainty had prevailed as to the position of the Franco-Spanish fleet, and of Nelson who had gone in pursuit of it from Gibraltar to the West Indies. The Channel fleet under Cornwallis was keeping its usual station off Brest, where one French fleet was lying ready to come out as soon as another French fleet and a Spanish fleet should appear to help it. Mr. Harcourt says that the fleet of England, compared with the fleets of Europe that might be combined against it, is stronger now than it was when it sufficed to baffle the calculations of Napoleon. Even if this assertion were true, the situation of affairs in August 1805 was in the highest degree critical; but it is not true. At that time we had proved by twelve years of almost uninterrupted warfare what ourselves and our various enemies could do upon the sea, whereas at present nothing can be predicted of the result of a naval engagement, except that it would in all probability be speedily and heavily destructive. Even before the battle of Trafalgar this country had reached a height of maritime power which it may or may not ever attain again, but from which it certainly is very distant now. The enthusiasm of the early days of the French Republic, which manned the *Montagne* and the *Jacobin*, had yielded to the steady courage of British sailors under Lord Howe. The obstinate valour of the Dutch could not prevent their obliteration as a naval power by Duncan. The Spaniards, with their large fleet of lofty ships, were over-matched in seamanship and ready audacity by Jervis, as they had been in bygone time by Drake and Hawkins. Lastly, when Napoleon had disciplined the vehement spirit of revolutionary France, the maritime superiority of England was again and more decisively demonstrated by Nelson at the Nile. Mr. Harcourt seems to forget that, if we went into a naval war now, our Nelson would have to be discovered, and possibly might not be forthcoming upon research. He seems to forget also that, besides the seamen actually in pay for the year which he selects for comparison with a recent year, the ports of England, after all those years of conflict, were full of sailors who had had experience of war, and whose services, if they did not volunteer upon an emergency, a pressing would have made available. Besides, Mr. Harcourt should have remembered that, at the time to which he refers, this country had a reserve of ships of war beyond those in commission, such as it has not now, and, looking at the rapid changes in naval architecture, is unlikely ever to have again. In the year 1805 there were in commission for sea service 83 line-of-battle ships, and in ordinary 33, while the number of ships of the same class for harbour service was 39. It had been proved by twelve years' experience that the loss of any of these ships either by wreck, accidental fire, or hostile force occurred so rarely as to be amply supplied by the new ships which were or ought to have been built. But some of the most powerful of modern ships are suspected to be unseaworthy, and nobody can calculate the destructive force of torpedoes and other contrivances which may be employed in the next naval war. If, however, Mr. Harcourt intends to represent that the condition of the British navy at the period to which he refers was satisfactory, his own authorities would confute him. He recommends the naval estimates of 1802 and 1803 to the attention of the "apostles of panic" of the present time. Let him look into James's *Naval History*, which he has at hand, and he will find that that trustworthy author, referring to the number of ships that appear in his *Annual Abstract* as "built" at the beginning of 1805, says:—"Nothing can better demonstrate the exertions made by the new First Lord of the Admiralty (Lord Melville) to recover the British navy from the low state into which it had previously fallen." This, then, was the effect of the economy which Mr. Harcourt now proposes for our imitation. Let us remember what were the efforts by which men made up in those days for the deficiency of material. Cornwallis maintained the blockade of Brest for twenty-two months, including two boisterous winters. Nelson noted in

his diary of July 20, 1805, that he had not quitted his flagship until that day for two years wanting ten days. By such exertions of such men was Napoleon barely frustrated of his "quinze jours." We recommend to Mr. Harcourt's particular attention Nelson's own account of his intentions during the last few weeks of his long cruise. "I am thankful," said he, "that the enemy has been driven from the West India Islands with so little loss to our country. I had made up my mind to great sacrifices, for I had determined, notwithstanding his vast superiority, to stop his career, and to put it out of his power to do any further mischief." Because our navy saved the country once from extreme peril, Mr. Harcourt wishes us to assume as prudent men, adopting a permanent line of policy, that it would be certain to do so at any future time. Swift, discoursing on an incident in the Acts of the Apostles, remarked that modern preachers, although inferior to St. Paul in the power of working miracles, did very far surpass him in that of putting people to sleep. We think that Mr. Harcourt is far more capable of lulling the country into false security than of finding the men or measures which would save it from such tremendous peril as it encountered in the nine months preceding the battle of Trafalgar.

It appears improbable that this country will ever again attain even that degree of naval security against invasion which it reached in the beginning of 1805; but our fathers did not think that security sufficient to dispense with preparations for combating invaders upon the soil of England. Peace was made with France in 1802, and war broke out again next year. It may be true, as Mr. Harcourt says, that there were no Volunteers in 1803, but there were half a million a few years later. An organization was gradually created by which an invader might have been successfully encountered; but no such organization exists now, and it is to be feared that invasion would take place, if at all, before it could be created. "We are told," says Mr. Harcourt, "that it is a reasonably safe computation that some Power may throw 100,000 men on our shores when we least expect it." There is no need to go the length of representing this computation as "reasonably safe"; if it is barely possible, that is enough to justify, and indeed demand, every practicable measure of precaution. Consider the enormous accumulation of valuable property in the Southern counties, and the cost of only a few days of successful warfare with an invader in Kent and Sussex. We can only quote once more Lord Overstone's words—"It must never be." Looking at the matter merely as one of commercial prudence, and without regard to national honour, any reasonable rate of insurance ought to be cheerfully paid for the protection of the vast wealth of London. There is, indeed, one method of reducing the estimates of which Mr. Harcourt complains, and if Englishmen would prefer to serve their country in person rather than in purse, a defensive force might be created which would for ever banish from the minds of Continental strategists the notion of a campaign in England. Mr. Harcourt, however, instead of urging timely preparation, chooses to propagate the mischievous delusion that preparation may be made after war has commenced. "When the danger really came, the English people made ready to meet it. . . . There were no Volunteers on foot in 1802; in 1804 there was something like 400,000. As the preparations of Napoleon progressed those of England grew." If there were now in Europe an enemy of England as able and unrelenting as Napoleon was, he would desire nothing better than to see her imitate the example which Mr. Harcourt here produces for her guidance. He would make his preparations quietly, and declare war when they were complete. If Mr. Harcourt imagines that the naval power of England, compared with the rest of Europe, is as great now as in 1803, we think that he must have read very imperfectly the books of history from which he quotes. But, indeed, his own figures suffice for his refutation. He says that the number of line-of-battle ships in commission, which had been 100 in 1801, was reduced to 32 next year. There were, therefore, 64 line-of-battle ships in ordinary which could have been sent to sea as quickly as crews could be found for them on any symptom of hostility being shown by France. And it was known exactly what each of these line-of-battle ships could do, which is more than can be said of the experimental ships of which our fleet now consists.

It pleases Mr. Harcourt to describe Antwerp as "the favourite bugbear of panic-mongers," but it is hardly possible that he can have failed to understand the important part which Antwerp played in the designs of Napoleon against England. Napoleon never abandoned the plan of invading England, but he postponed it to other plans; and he determined when he resumed it to render Antwerp a principal station of his invading fleet. "Nothing certainly," says Mr. James, "could exceed the eligibility of the situation he had selected." The unfortunate expedition to Walcheren in 1809 was undertaken by the British Government in the hope of destroying the fleet and naval establishments which Napoleon had by that time created. The possession of Antwerp by a great military Power would in truth reduce this country to a condition like that under which it existed, and indeed flourished, during the years of Napoleon's prosperity. The country was entitled to have, and had, the fullest confidence in its fleet, but nevertheless it was prepared any day to fight for existence on its own soil. Mr. Harcourt may easily inform himself as to the nature and extent of the preparations which were made to receive a French army in the Southern counties. The anxiety which co-exists with such preparations may have a valuable effect on national character, but it is not comfortable, nor does it facilitate the operations of productive industry. We do not doubt that Mr.

Harcourt is correct in saying that "steam is on the side of the superior naval force." But, looking to the demands of our trade and colonies, and to the possibility of intervention from the other side of the Atlantic in European complications, we have not, and are not likely soon to have, anything like the naval superiority which we had at the beginning of 1805, when this country narrowly escaped invasion. The effect of Mr. Harcourt's speeches and writings on English history will probably be to convince the public that he belongs to a party to which the honour of England cannot be safely trusted.

#### PISA.

THE changes in the coast-line which on one side of the Italian peninsula in one sense destroyed, in another sense called into being, the renowned city of Ravenna, have on the other side dealt in nearly the same way with the no less renowned city of Pisa. It is hard, perhaps impossible, to see the Adriatic from the tower of St. Apollinaris in Classe, and it is but a faint glimpse of the Tyrrhenian sea which rewards the traveller who climbs the more famous tower of Pisa. It is hard, as we look on that slight streak in the distance, to call up the days, days spreading over a long series of ages, in which the city in which we stand was one of the great havens of Italy, nay, whenever political circumstances allowed, one of the great seafaring powers of the earth. Our first glimpses of the old Etruscan city set her before us as

The proud mart of Pisa,  
Queen of the Western waves,  
Where ride Masalia's trimmies,  
Heavy with fair-haired slaves.

And when the power of the local Rome had passed away, when her Empire had split up again into countless principalities and commonwealths, Pisa again appears, in the new birth of Italy, as one of those great maritime cities which disputed the dominion of the Mediterranean alike with the Saracen rovers of Spain and Africa and with the Cæsars who still held the straits of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont. It is hard to believe that the thoroughly inland city on which we look down was once the rival of Venice and Genoa alike in naval warfare and in naval traffic. But Pisa, unlike Venice and Genoa, depended on a river as the immediate highway for her fleets, and a river is a less trustworthy stay of naval power than either the open sea or the lagoon. The change in the coast doomed Ravenna to final insignificance; but it gave her first a moment of unrivalled greatness. To Pisa it caused a gradual fall from the height of power and glory to the most bitter form of bondage. The rival of Venice and Genoa became the subject city of inland Florence. But there is a cycle in human things. New modes of communication are opened by the discoveries of modern skill, and, as new cities rise, old ones sometimes rise again. Pisa, shorn for ages of her traffic by sea, looks forward, under the development of the Italian railway system, to become one of the great centres of communication by land. She looks to reap at last the reward of her ten years' struggle, and she trusts that this new tide in the affairs of men may again raise her above the city which was once her local tyrant, and to which she has had so long to look up, as first her provincial and then her national capital.

The great architectural works which now form the chief glory of Pisa are closely connected with the early history and the early triumphs of the commonwealth. The great metropolitan church, the noblest pile reared by the native art of Italy, is emphatically a trophy of the warfare to which Pisa owed her ancient glory. The foundations of the mighty *Duomo* were laid out of treasures won in naval warfare with the Saracen. To take in the position of Pisa in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the time when the city on the Arno stood forth as a great European Power, we must bear in mind how completely the sea was up to that time the dominion of the two powers whose existence in European history men are apt to forget. The Western Empire and the kingdoms into which it split up were essentially land powers. They were like France under the elder Buonaparte, or like the new German Empire at this moment. Their rulers were lords of the mainland, but they were not lords of the sea, and therefore they were not lords of the islands. The dominion of the Mediterranean was disputed between the Eastern Emperors and the various Saracenic powers which grew out of the division of the Caliphate. The great islands of Sicily and Orete obeyed alternately a Byzantine and a Mahometan master; they paid no homage to Rome, Pavia, or Aachen. It was the maritime commonwealths of Italy which first won for Western Christendom any share in the dominion of the great inland sea. Such at least was the work of Genoa and Pisa; Venice, the outpost of the Eastern Rome, can as yet hardly be looked on as part of Western Christendom. And of the three we can hardly doubt as to giving to Pisa the highest place as a worker for the general interests of Europe. Pisa was in the eleventh century what Venice became long after, the bulwark of Christendom against the Moslem. No power took a more active share in the great crusades against the infidel, and Pisa, unlike Venice, was free from any share in that mock crusade which overthrew the Roman Empire of the East, and paved the way for the coming of the Ottoman into Europe. But Pisa, like the Christians of the far East and of the far West, was already a crusading power before crusades were preached to Western Christendom at large. The maritime commonwealth did what Emperors and Kings had failed to do, and



won back the great island of Sardinia from the Saracen. Within that her insular realm Pisa had Judges and even Kings to her vassals, and, when her episcopal church was raised to metropolitan rank, the land which she had won back for Christendom was fittingly made part of the new ecclesiastical province. With the Saracens of Spain, of Africa, and of Sicily the warfare of the Republic was never-ceasing, and it was a warfare in which the Republic had as often to defend its own homes as to invade those of the misbelievers. The alternations of the struggle are well marked in the meagre entries of the national chronicle:—

Anno 1005. "Fuit capta Pisa a Saracenis."  
 Anno 1006. "Pisani devicerunt Saracenos ad Regium die Sancti Sixti."  
 Anno 1012. "Status Saracenorum de Hispania venit Nissas et destruxit eas."

Later on, in 1035, 1050, and 1075 we read how Pisan fleets took Bona and what the chronicler is pleased to call Carthage, how they drove back a Saracen prince who had again established himself in Sardinia, and how after each victory the loyal commonwealth—Ghibeline before Guelph and Ghibeline were heard of—dutifully sent the crown of the vanquished prince to the Emperor. At last, in 1063, we come to the entry which most concerns us, an entry which may still be read on the front of the pile whose foundation it records:—

Anno 1063. "Pisani fuerunt Panormum et fractis catenis portus civitatem ipsam ceperunt, ibique sex naves ditissimas ceperunt, Saracenis plurimis interfectis, et combusserunt naves quinque; unam Pisas duxerunt mirabili thesauro plenam, de quo thesauro eodem anno majorem Pisanam ecclesiam inceperunt."

These entries set before us the loftier character of the Pisan commonwealth, at once maritime, crusading, and imperialist; but they are mixed up with other entries pointing to the causes which in the end brought the commonwealth to its fall. Mixed up with the records of the great strife with the Infidel are the records of the local warfare by land with Lucca and by sea with Genoa. The never-ending rivalry with Genoa led in the thirteenth century to the two sea-fights of Meloria—the first where the Ghibeline commonwealth made prey of the prelates bound for the Papal Council, the other that crushing overthrow in which history, as commonly read, sees the main cause of the downfall of the commonwealth. But perhaps a single defeat, however overwhelming for the moment, would not have crushed Pisa for ever, had not physical causes already determined that maritime rule was to pass away from the city of the Arno. Be this as it may, the history of Pisa, when forced to struggle on as a purely inland Power, is a sad contrast to the earlier days of her naval greatness. One fearful tale, the tale of the most fearful doom which ever fell on convicted traitor, has made the name of Pisa and her Tower of Hunger familiar to every ear. But the course of later Pisan history is on the whole a dull one. Pisa, like Venice, had been transferred, but, unlike Venice, not wholly by her own act, from the scene of her ancient glory to a scene on which little glory was to be won by her. At one moment the stern tyrant of Lucca, at another the oppressed bond-slave of Florence, engulfed at last in the common humiliation of Medicean dominion, chosen on account of her desolation as the theatre of an Ecumenical Council, twice only do the fortunes of Pisa call forth any real interest or sympathy. The Ghibeline city, true to her old faith, wakes into life as the Cæsar from Lützelburg, the last real restorer of the Empire, comes to do honour to her loyalty, and at last to lay his dust within her mighty temple. She wakes again to a yet truer life in her last struggle with the revived democracy of Florence, so zealous for freedom for herself, so chary of letting others share with her in the gift. But, at least after the death of Henry the Seventh, the old Pisan commonwealth, the commonwealth which checked the advance of Saracen and Turk, the commonwealth which filled the East with her merchants and her warriors, and which raised as her trophies the noblest monuments of Italian skill, must be reckoned among the things which have passed away for ever.

We have quoted the entry from one of the Pisan chronicles which assigns the beginning of the metropolitan church to the year 1063. Another chronicle, also in the great collection of Muratori, places the date twenty-six years later. To a Northern inquirer the difference is of no great consequence. In either case the building is contemporary with Durham; if we accept the earlier date, it is also contemporary with Eadward's work at Westminster and with Eadwine's work at Jarrow. In the history of art the difference made by the few years between Jarrow and Durham bridges over one of the greatest gaps on record. But, after all, Jarrow is a rude specimen of the style of which Pisa is the noblest monument, while Durham is the equal rival of Pisa in a distinct style. As a group, the buildings of Pisa are probably unrivalled in the world. Nothing can be more unlike the usual way in which the great churches of Continental cities are crowded and jostled by inferior buildings than the broad space in which the four great ecclesiastical structures of Pisa, the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Campanile, and the Campo Santo, all stand close together, apart from all other buildings, except the wall of the city itself, in a corner of whose circuit the wonderful group is placed. But it is hardly more unlike the position of those Italian churches—Venice, of course, being the crowning example of all—in which it has evidently been sought to give effect to the building by making its front look out on a wide open space. At Venice indeed St. Mark's is a mere appendage to the secular buildings of the commonwealth, the presence of which hallowed the home of its rulers. But even where the Duomo or

other great church stands more independently than it does at Venice, there is not the same air of an ecclesiastical quarter which there is at Pisa. But, though we find at Pisa a distinct ecclesiastical quarter, its feeling is as unlike as possible to that of an English cathedral close. In England the close is commonly something cut off from the city; in some cases the city itself is simply something which has grown up outside the close. At Pisa, though we are in an ecclesiastical quarter of the city, we still feel that we are within the city, that the great church and its satellites were the work and the possession of its citizens, and not the separate domain of an ecclesiastical prince. So unusual a site was beyond doubt chosen advisedly. The metropolitan church was built on ground which had been occupied by a humbler church of St. Reparata; the original cathedral must therefore have stood on some other spot—most likely, as in most other cases, in the heart of the city.

As a matter of mere style, of mere architectural detail, the Duomo of Pisa differs but little from the forms which we have already seen at Lucca. We must remember that the Duomo of Lucca was rising at the same time as the Duomo of Pisa, and that according to one account these two great works were begun in the same year. The original design of the Luccan church has been lost among later additions and rebuildings. At Pisa, just as at Salisbury, though the west front must in actual age be many years later than the apse, we still see one design, the creation of one master mind, harmoniously carried out from one end of the building to the other. The name of the architect of Pisa is handed down to us as Busketus or Buschetto, and he must have been a man worthy to rank beside Iktinos and Anthemios, beside the designer of Spilato and the designer of Durham. His work shows that he had thoughtfully studied all the forms of architecture which had arisen in his age. His work was the trophy of victory in a land which Normans as well as Saracens were striving to free from the yoke of the misbeliever; it was the work of a city which rivalled Venice in its commercial intercourse with the East. Is it too much to think that the designer of the great church of Pisa drew ideas from each of so many enemies, rivals, and allies? The apse and the west front, if they stood at Lucca, would simply be remarked as the greatest among many kindred works. But the ground plan and the design of the interior introduce us to something which, in its fulness, has no parallel at Lucca, at Ravenna, or any other city. We see plainly the influence of the basilica, but we see no less plainly the influence of the domical churches of Constantinople and Venice; we see also, we venture to think, the influence of the mosques of Palermo, and of the churches, if not of Northern Europe, at least of Northern Italy. From the East came the central cupola, from the North we cannot but think came the spreading transepts; and these two features Buschetto strove to work into harmony with the central body, whose general design was to be that of the most gigantic of basilicas, but not without touches which must have come from a Northern source. St. Sophia, St. Vital, and St. Mark had no long-drawn nave; the basilicas had no central cupola; the church of Pisa was to have both. The attempt was not wholly successful. Nothing can be more glorious than the Pisan interior lying directly east and west; the long ranges of mighty columns, the double aisles, all leading on to the vast mosaic which looks down from over the high altar. The general effect is that of a basilica, the noblest of basilicas. But to this effect the cupola and the transepts are sacrificed; they are denied their proper prominence, while they have prominence enough to disturb in some degree the perfect basilican ideal. The architect was evidently afraid to break in on the direct eastern and western range by giving the cupola its proper support constructive and æsthetical. We miss the four great lantern arches which should form a main feature in any church which has a central cupola or tower of any form. The cupola is, as it were, thrust in so as to interrupt the direct view as little as may be; its supports are thrown into the background; its scale is insignificant, and instead of the round resting on the square, its form is that of an awkward ellipse. For the same reason, not to interrupt the direct range, perhaps also with some memory of the tribunes of St. Mark, the arcades are carried, though with some change of designs, across the openings of the transepts. The transepts are thus cut off from the main body of the building in a way which is most unusual, but which appears again, where we should not have looked for any special likeness to Pisa, in the two great churches of Strasburg.

The Duomo then has some manifest faults; the architect had several conflicting ideas in his head, which it was hard to work into an harmonious whole. But the merits of the building far outweigh its defects. The arcades are the very glory of the basilican idea. And they carry, what is not to be seen at Ravenna or Lucca, a real triforium. The form of a Northern triforium is here skilfully translated into Italian language, more skilfully than in those examples at Modena and Pavia which come actually nearer to the thing itself. The Northern triforium is here made flat, there is no recessing; ornament is sought for, in the Italian fashion, by alternation of colours. The arcades and triforium are worked well together; but the architect was less successful with his clerestory, which still remains disjointed, with a gap between itself and the triforium, just as we see over the arcades of the basilicas from which the triforium is absent. The double aisles, as ever, help to heighten the feeling of vastness and infinity. And, moreover, to bring their arches to the level of the main arcades, they are given the pointed form. Let no one think that this is a sign of approaching Gothic. The pointed form is here the

tribute of the vanquished Saracen, as in the triforium and the transepts we have the contribution of the Norman ally.

Such is the great church of Pisa, the glory of Italian Romanesque. Strange to say, some of its faults are avoided in a smaller church essentially of the same type on the other side of the Arno. But the few moments that we have left we must give to the satellites which surround the Duomo. The lower stage of the baptistery is admirable work of the twelfth century; but the upper portion, which was not finished till late in the next age, suffers a good deal from the introduction of pseudo-Gothic detail. The campanile is far more satisfactory. It is perhaps more famous for the accident which has thrown it out of the perpendicular than from its own merits. Yet the tower of Pisa may claim to be the noblest tower of the Southern Romanesque. The round form doubtless comes from Ravenna; but the Pisan tower is a Ravenna tower glorified. At Ravenna, as in East-Anglia, the round form may have been adopted in order to avoid quoins in a building of brick or flint. At Pisa, as in Ireland, the form was chosen out of deliberate preference. And the preference was a wise one. The square form could hardly have borne the endless ranges of arcade upon arcade which perfectly suit the shape of the Pisan campanile, and which make it one of the noblest works of human skill.

The Campo Santo, the cloister which seems to have supplanted an earlier one attached to the church itself, alone remains. As a specimen of the Italian Gothic we need hardly dwell upon it; nor do its painted decorations belong to our subject. But nowhere else in the Ghibelline city does the student of Imperial history find himself more thoroughly at home. In one walk is the statue which loyal Pisa reared in honour of the first Frederick, a witness, we must confess, which says more for their loyalty than for their artistic skill. The sculpture of the Imperial effigy at Pisa hardly ranks above that in which his enemies at Milan have recorded their triumphs over him. We turn to another walk, and there, a perfect contrast in its noble workmanship, is the effigy of the last Cæsar who found a resting-place in Italian soil. Moved from its earlier place in the cathedral, the tomb of Henry the Seventh now fills a place in which the inquirer has to search carefully for the Imperial monument among the records of the meaner dead. Our thoughts fly back to the last Imperial tomb on which we have gazed. The gap between Honorius and Henry of Lützelburg seems to us a wide one. In the eyes of Dante there was no gap, no break, between two lawful possessors of the throne of the world. Our thoughts may perhaps flit away from both to the true Imperial King of Italy, to the Karling Lewis, who sleeps at Milan. The gap is hardly filled up by an intermediate stage so unlike either. But it is in truth in contrasts of this kind that we best learn the strength of the abiding Imperial idea. The difference between Honorius, Lewis, and Henry seemed as nothing in the eyes of those who believed that the Roman Cæsar, in whatever form, was God's temporal Vicar upon earth. And to those who fail thoroughly to understand the full force and depth of that belief, how men were ready to spend and be spent for what seems to us the most shadowy of chimeras, mediæval history must ever remain an utter blank.

#### ULTRAMONTANIST ALMANACS.

IT is not to be expected that the Ultramontane clergy in Germany will submit very passively to the law which prohibits them from delivering political sermons. Not only in Germany, but in Switzerland and Belgium, one sees in every bookshop the signs that religion, according to its latest Ultramontane expositions, is fast becoming politics, and little but politics. Bishop Goss of Liverpool has lately declared Ultramontanism to be the only perfect realization of Conservatism. In our "Mug-house Clubs" of the time of George I.—to cite no later instances—we have had proof in England that obstructives as well as destructives can cast themselves at the feet of King Mob and invoke his brutal protection. The Roman clergy abroad, having learned from the Jesuits that it is vain to put trust in princes, autocratical or constitutional, already throw out here and there a threat of turning themselves into demagogues. It is among the possibilities of the future that the kiss of peace may be exchanged between the leaders of the two anti-national forces in Europe—that Universal Republic which is to embrace every man it leaves unmurdered, and that Universal Roman Church which is to embrace every Christian it leaves unexcommunicated. Dr. Manning and Mr. Odger will walk arm-in-arm.

The wonder is—and to no men can it have been a greater wonder than to the Ultramontane clergy themselves—that the States of Europe have tolerated the provocation and insult of these anti-national teachers so long. The Jesuits must have foreseen that the abuse of the pulpits of national churches to the purpose of exciting national disaffection must come to an end sooner or later. They have for some time been prepared for this end, and have arranged new workshops for their political business. The Berlin Correspondent of the *Daily News* lately told us that the clergy "now confine themselves in the pulpit to reading a written sermon which may bear the scrutiny of the law; and they invite their flock to meet them at some private place in the evening, where they will address them in their capacity as citizens. Special societies are formed for this purpose, one in every parish; and in larger places a little newspaper of their way of thinking is added." This may be the case in some districts of Germany; but it can scarcely be the rule in every Catholic parish, nor does it extend to Catholic Swit-

zerland or to Belgium. The appeal to "the people" in these countries is made in what seems at first sight a most unobtrusive manner. The clergy, to borrow a favourite phrase of the religious world in our own country, "get hold" of popular literature. They desire to edit, or to direct "the radiation" of, the newspapers which circulate amongst the peasantry. They adopt, with a difference, the saying of Dr. Arnold, that he did not so much want religious books as secular books with a religious purpose. They publish a sort of literature which resembles, with some qualifications, the semi-secular branch of the business of the Religious Tract Society and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

There is one kind of book which seems to be a necessary of life to all Continental peoples—a calendar, almanac, or year-book, filled with pictures, stories, and weather predictions. Every province, every canton, every town of moderate size has at least one calendar of its own. Some of these are of respectable character, and some of considerable age, as, for instance, the widely-circulated *Lahrer Hinkenden Boter*, which is in 1872 in its "72 Jahrgang," and is sold both in Baden and German Switzerland. The earliest almanacs were not published for commercial men, but for clerics and husbandmen, and the foreign almanacs to this day retain the original features of their earliest predecessors in the prominence they give to the Church Calendar and the *Bauernregeln*. The year-books of the Protestant German Cantons of Switzerland, such as the *Vetter Jakob* of Zurich, and *Der Pilger* of Schaffhausen, retain these features as rigidly as the two Calendars of monastic Einsiedeln, or the Ultramontane *Christliche Hauskalender* of Luzern.

Since the promulgation of the two new articles of the faith—the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope—the Ultramontanists have extended the term "rationalistic" until it embraces every species of popular literature which does not contain an implied or expressed acknowledgment of these dogmas. At the same time they have extended the political phrase "atheistic socialism" until it covers all political activity which has not as its open or secret end the maintenance of the Pope upon his temporal throne. A Jesuit in Cologne handed us one of their own pictorial annuals as "a counteraction to the rationalistic people's literature of the age." The only rationalistic annuals or calendars we have come across in the German language are the very few which do not print any *Bauernregeln*, those quaint and generally ancient weather predictions which indicate the character of the coming season from the character of some preceding Church holiday. Our only wonder is that the Jesuits have not discovered a treasonable and rationalistic appeal to history in these *Bauernregeln* themselves. For it is notorious—and it is perhaps some indication of their antiquity—that they all start their prognostications from the days of Saints canonized before the Reformation and the Council of Trent, even from such forgotten Saints as Urbanus, Procerus, Martinianus, and Vincentius; while none of them take their cue for the weather from the days of such approved and oft-quoted Saints as Alphonsus Liguori, Rosa of Lima, or Ignatius Loyola. "*Maria Himmelfahrt*," which is mediæval, sets many a farmer on the watch; but "*Maria Empfängnis*," which is so peculiarly modern and Papal, gives him no anxiety about his corn or wine in the coming year.

We have now before us a pile of these popular counteractions to rationalism in German, Flemish, and French, collected at the towns in Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium in which they are published. The Belgian—both French and Flemish—are on the whole inferior to the German and German-Swiss; they are smaller in size, poorer in their woodcuts, worse in their paper, and they make little or no attempt at the comic element, literary and pictorial, which seems to be a necessary part of the German and Swiss year-book. A very short glance at the pages of these counteractive almanacs will go some way in explaining the anti-clerical excitement of the towns, and some of the pro-clerical and pro-Papal excitement of the country, in the nations for which they are published. The chief duty of a good man in 1872, according to the articles, stories, poems, and anecdotes which fill these year-books, is to be religious. Religion consists in honouring the Pope, believing the two new dogmas, opposing the Liberals, and respecting the Jesuits. The *Véritable Almanach populaire Liégeois* actually makes the martyrdom of the late Archbishop of Paris redound to the honour of Jesuitism:—"Les bandits de la révolution," out of their hatred to religion—that is, to the Pope—have murdered "l'archevêque et des pères Jésuites." Switzerland has suffered so much from the Jesuits that, although it is in many respects the most advanced and liberal of all Germanic nations, it will not allow a Jesuit as such to live within its limits. The old German Cantons have suffered the most severely; but although a Jesuit may not minister in the Stifts-Kirche at Luzern, or in the beautiful St. Oswald's in Zug, or in the historical abbey of Einsiedeln in Schwyz, it is plain enough that every belief and hope of Jesuitism can get into the houses of the peasantry under the covers of the *Christliche Hauskalender* of Luzern, of the *Zuger Kalender*, and of the two almanacs of Einsiedeln. Every Swiss who understands the splendid traditions and present noble position of his own nation, and who loves the Republic as well as his own Canton, whether he be Catholic or Protestant, sympathizes with Italy in the Italianizing of Rome. But this event is described at length for the Luzerners in their *Hauskalender* as the "*Berufung der Italiener wider Rom*"; and for the countless German-speaking pilgrims of Switzerland, Elsass, and all Germany who visit the

black image in Einsiedeln, and buy the old calendar, it is related as "Der grosse Kirchenraub in Italien im September 1870." The *New Einsiedler Kalender* has no special article upon the Italian occupation; but in its summarised "Geschichtskalender" it marks September 20 with the sufficient hint, "Einzug der Bonapartisten in Rom." The poor ill-clad women whom one sees packed so thickly on the steamboats on the Lake of Zurich, with their meagre bundles of clothing and food in their hands, on their way to Richterswil, are taught to look upon the sufferings of "the Prisoner of the Vatican" as a subject for their own tears and prayers.

The *Luzerner Kalender* contains little else than glorifications of the Pope. Its longest articles are upon his "Unfehlbarkeit," his Ordinations of 1869, his dogma upon the Conception of the Virgin, and his sufferings as prisoner of the Vatican. There is an article upon the war between France and Germany; no almanac in the German tongue would be complete without such an article; but is given, as "der Kalendermacher" admits, like a fable, for the sake of its moral, and the moral is that France was beaten because it preferred Liberalism to the Pope. The Jesuits in the war of the Sonderbund have once stirred up the Luzerners against their Protestant fellow-Cantons. In the light of this recollection many a Swiss must read the "4th Hint" the Ultramontane calendar-maker gives to his readers:—

Warum kehrt sich die Wuth der Gottlosen alle Male gegen die katholische Religion und Kirche? Während die Synagogen der Juden und die Kirchen der verschiedenen Sekten unbehelligt bleiben, mussten die katholischen Tempel Plünderung und Schändung erfahren. Weiss etwa die Revolution, wissen etwa die Sozialisten zwischen Freund und Feind zu unterscheiden?

The same moral is presented in another form to the French-speaking almanac purchasers in Liège. Marshal Randon, as an eminent 'vert, has a biography given him both in the new *Einsiedler* and the Liège almanac. In the former he stands as one amongst fourteen deceased celebrities; the editor, perhaps with some care for the deserved scientific and literary reputation of the *Kloster of Einsiedeln*, gives the Marshal as his companions such men as Gervinus and Sir John Herschel. The Liège biography of Randon is of greater length; it is made up of gushing anecdotal recollections from the private letter of a person who was present in Geneva at the Marshal's death. The Pope, it seems, took much pleasure in thinking of Randon, and had a great desire to obtain his portrait. When he at last obtained one he wrote with his own hand underneath it, "Dominus det tibi gratiam ut sis mecum in eadem caritate." The autograph was sent to the Marshal, who for five years would never allow the treasure to be separated from him. "He carried it everywhere with him," says the narrator, "and when he had rendered up his beautiful soul to God, I saw it upon his funeral couch. The prayer of the Prisoner of the Vatican had been answered." We must give two of the anecdotes of this "beautiful soul" in the original. The first runs thus:—

Voici une particularité encore. En 1864 on me communiquait une lettre au maréchal au cardinal Antonelli. On m'a appelé cléricale, moi, protestant. Je ne connais pas de termes plus bête dans la langue française. Moi, cléricale, parce que j'ai dit que, si j'ai le droit de garder ma vigne de la Côte-d'Or, le Pape a aussi bien que moi le droit de garder son pouvoir temporel.

The second is better:—

En 1866, après Sedan, il voulait la guerre contre la Prusse. Napoléon lui dit: "Attendez quelques années."

— Randon: "Sire, dans six mois ce sera trop tard."

— Napoléon III: "Je veux laisser se former une grande nation protestante pour intimider tous les cléricaux qui me donnent la tabatière. . . ."

Et Sedan a été la vengeance de Dieu.

The same doctrine about the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty is preached in Switzerland as in Belgium. One of the *Einsiedler* calendar-makers is a kind of Zedkiel; like our English prophet, he prints a list of his "fulfilled predictions." In 1867 Napoleon III. presented to the Mother of God in Einsiedeln a magnificent set of candlesticks, and with his gift he sent the following expression of his wishes:—"I desire that I and my children may be placed under the protection of the Holy Virgin." The prophet of the *Einsiedler* calendar declared at that time, "The French Caesar will remain under the Virgin's protection so long as the Holy Father Pius IX. remains under his protection." This prophecy, like so many of Zedkiel's, is now fulfilled. "This man," triumphantly says the writer to the peasants, "withdrew his hand from the support of the Pope, and at the same moment an invisible hand was withdrawn from the Emperor of the French. It is now with him, as it was earlier with his uncle and his model, the First Napoleon, who, from the moment of his ill-treatment (Mishandlung) of the Seventh Pius, was himself doomed to captivity." A man's success in this world, the Swiss and Belgian peasantry are asked to believe, depends upon his devotion to the Pope. This will be hard for the busy Catholic Swiss to believe, who have daily before their eyes the contrast between Zurich and Zug, Lucerne and Basel, Schaffhausen and Solothurn.

The *Allemans Grief*, an almanac of some hundred and forty pages, is published at Yverbois, in the province of Antwerp, and has a large circulation amongst the Flemish-speaking people. This almanac is interesting simply as a piece of popular literature in the popular tongue. Excepting the notices at the railway stations, the rapid English traveller on his way through Belgium to the Rhine or Switzerland meets with none of the local language of the people he sees in the streets and the fields. The man of business who sits next him in the train sees nothing but

newspapers, or speaking in French to one another. Yet in Flanders, as thoroughly as in Elsass, little more than the superficial of social life is French. In the cities of both countries, not only in Strasbourg but in Bruges, one has but to stand still in the streets, and listen to the talk of the workmen, or of the children pouring forth from the schools, to realize that the substance and foundation of society is German. A Nottingham artisan who heard a mechanic in Bruges call out to his father "Oude man!" would think that he was listening to his native English. An Englishman who has some knowledge of German will not find it difficult to hold a simple conversation with the poorer class in Ostend or Bruges. The Low Countries are in fact the natural bridge between England and Germany. Both the German and the Englishman will see something brotherly and homely in this rude little year-book for Flemish folk. We should like to quote, if it were not far too long, a dialogue headed "Zoo zijn er," on the danger of delaying use of the Sacraments until the hour of death, which begins thus:—"Ej. Goeden morgen, buurvrouw; is het waar wat ik gehoord heb? Ej. Helaas! maar al te waar." But we will give, as a shorter specimen, the tale of the Englishman and his wife:—

Tijdens een hevige gerevult tussen de Franschen en Pruisen wandelde een Engelsman met zijne vrouw op een gevaarlijke plaats. "Harry," riep de vrouw angstig, toen zij de kogels al snorrende voorbij zag vliegen, "lieve man, hier is het toch gevaarlijk." "In't geheel niet," hernam de man koelgelyk, "dat zijn kogels van Franschen en Pruisen: die kunnen ons geen kwaad, dat gaat ons immers niet aan, wij behooren en onzijdig land."

The compiler of the *Allemans Grief* deserves great praise for his pains. Nevertheless, although its tongue is so agreeably and wholesomely national, its tone is throughout as anti-national and Ultramontane as the other year-books we have noticed. There is a special article on "alang," about "De Jesuiten." New names are found for the months, and these names show a peculiarly Jesuitical view of the year's course. Thus March is not only "Maart" and "Lente-maand," but "St. Josephmaand," and the 19th, St. Joseph's Day, is marked with letters in size and shape granted to none of the Apostles' days. May is not only "Mei" and "Bloesmaand," but "Mariasmaand"; July is "St. Anna-maand"; August, "St. Joachimsmaand"; October, "Roos-kransmaand." As some indication that these new names should be used in preference to the general or the popular names, they are printed in larger letters, and placed as titles to each month's page, while the old worldly names are placed below them in smaller type. Extremes meet once more; and to a Quaker calendar, a Red Republican calendar, and a Positivist calendar, we may soon have to add a Jesuit and Ultramontane calendar.

#### NAPOLEON III. ON FRENCH AND GERMAN MILITARY ORGANIZATION.

IMITATING the example of his uncle, Napoleon III. occupied his enforced leisure during captivity in writing a book to account for the fact that he was a captive. The frankness and honesty of the *Note sur l'Organisation militaire* contrasts favourably, it must be admitted, with the unblinking but ingenious falsehoods of the famous *Mémoires de St.-Hilaire*. The uncle was in the habit of attributing his misfortunes to fate, to treachery, to the incapacity of his subordinates—in short, to everything and everybody but himself. The nephew, unblinded by arrogance and accepting his reverses with more dignity, accuses nobody, save perhaps incidentally the Chamber of Deputies, but justly lays the blame on a defective organisation unsuited to modern requirements, and on a system which had become an anachronism. The first part of his book, which is devoted to a detailed account of the Prussian military system, contains nothing that is not already perfectly familiar to the military student. The eighth chapter, however, is so remarkable an essay on the comparative merits of French and Prussian military organisation, that, coming as it does from such a pen, we are astonished that it has met in the English press with little more than a bare notification of its existence. The Emperor sums up the principles upon which the Prussian system is founded in the following words:—"L'égalité des charges et l'avancement par l'instruction." In theory, it is admitted by every one that the most sacred duty of a citizen is to serve his country. Among the ancient Romans this theory was strictly carried into practice. As the Emperor observes, wealth and birth had their responsibilities as well as their privileges, and the rich patrician was expected to set an example of civic and warlike virtues. In the palmy days of Rome no one could become a candidate for high office until he had taken part in ten campaigns. As in modern Prussia, so in ancient Rome, military service was viewed as an honour and a privilege, not as a misfortune or a personal tax. As long as these patriotic and noble ideas lasted Rome was invincible; as soon, however, as her chief citizens began to depute the defence of the State to slaves and foreign mercenaries decadence set in. Like the citizens of decaying Rome, those of all modern States, save North Germany, corrupted by luxury, corrupted by a selfish love of gain or ease, have come to look upon military service as a hardship, and have shrank from all patriotism which involves individual sacrifice. The result is that Prussia has become the most powerful military nation in the world.

France has already suffered severely from her want of genuine patriotism; who can tell when similar faults elsewhere may not meet with a similar punishment? One of the greatest elements

of Prussian military superiority is to be found in an admirable Staff. Prussia repudiates both the Chinese system of competition which has found so much favour in England, but which never can discover those qualities whose presence it is above all desirable to ascertain, and the French system of educating officers from the beginning for a Staff Corps. Knowing well that theory and practice are the complements of each other, Staff officers are not taken from amongst the most book-learned, but from the most capable men in the army who have from time to time intervals of regimental duty. Though the War Academy affords an opportunity of proving absolute fitness for the Staff, the graduates have no claim to employment, which indeed is often given to ordinary regimental officers. France, on the contrary, up to 1869—since which date some improvements have been introduced—formed its Staff entirely from members of the Staff Corps. This Staff Corps was practically almost exclusively composed of the best pupils from the Polytechnique and St.-Cyr. The consequence is, that French Staff officers are, as a rule, little more than mere theorists, and have no sympathy with, or practical knowledge of, the feelings and wants of the rest of the army.

As regards military organization proper, though every consideration is paid in North Germany to private interests, the Head of the Confederation (the Emperor wrote before the Confederation had merged in the new German Empire) can in case of necessity avail himself of the services of every man in the country. The soldier passes only three years with the colours and five with the reserve, but even after that time the State still profits by his military training; whereas in France, when a soldier quits the active army, he ceases to be of any value to the country, and his years of training are altogether thrown away. Unfortunately for France there has long existed a great prejudice against trained and organized reserves, a prejudice encouraged by a no less eminent authority than Marshal Soult. The Marshal declared that the best reserve was constituted by a large number of young men left at their homes, and subjected in time of peace to no military training. The Emperor points out that this system might have answered formerly when other nations possessed no better organization than did the French, when railways did not exist, and when plenty of time for preparation was available; but that in the face of present circumstances it is full of perils. We are fond of likening our Militia to the Landwehr, and the French, by some inexplicable mental process, found something analogous to that corps of veterans in the Garde Mobile; but the latter existed only on paper, and did not receive even a nominal training. It is a mere truism, but it is a truism which we scarcely even recognize, and spin not acknowledging which the French have suffered severely, that to form an army it is not sufficient to order a certain number of regiments in garrison to assemble at a certain place on an appointed day. The Emperor combats this error, which requires, but certainly does not merit, refutation. He shows that to pass from a state of peace to one of war is a most delicate and difficult operation. The difficulty has been, as we know, most successfully solved by the Prussians, and their success has been chiefly due to the system of decentralization which they have established. The Minister of War simply sends to each of the thirteen commanders of corps the order "Mobilise," and by these thirteen commanders the mobilisation is entirely executed. Every one knows what he has to do; no fresh instructions are required, and the corps commander merely circulates the Minister's order among his subordinates. Each corps d'armée, division, brigade, and regiment is permanently quartered in the district whence its reserves, recruits, Landwehr, stores, train, &c., are to be drawn. The lists of reserves, recruits, and Landwehr are kept corrected up to date. All clothing, arms, and material of war are ready stored in the magazines of the different regiments or in the general magazines of the district. A permanent Committee at once provides the horses required. Every one knows his place and his work; the civil and military authorities work harmoniously together, and without the slightest jar or check the allotted task is performed, and the entire army corps, permanently organized, takes the field as one homogeneous body. At the same time depôts are formed, a fresh local Staff is appointed, and the fortresses are placed in a state to undergo a siege.

The contrast between this forethought, careful organization, and skilful division of labour, and the hurry, confusion, and delay which occur in France on the outbreak of a war, is very striking. The army once formed, only cadres and recruits remain at the depôts, while the fortresses are left without garrisons. In France, when war is decided on, not only general instructions, but also the minutest orders, are sent from Paris. In fact the Minister of War undertakes alone to accomplish that which in North Germany is the task of thirteen men. The process of bringing up regiments to their full strength is effected as follows:—The Minister of War sends orders to the commandants of the eighty-nine recruiting depôts to call in all men on leave or belonging to the reserve. The commandants send to the 36,000 mayors the names of the men summoned, accompanied by orders for the latter to join their depôts, which are scattered all over France. Forthwith all the roads and railways in the country are crowded with men proceeding to their depôts, which they subsequently quit in order to join their regiments. It is only when war is actually on the point of being declared that an attempt is made to organize an active army. The regiments to be assigned to the different brigades, divisions, and corps d'armées are then for the first time designated. Then only are the artillery, engineers, and train

distributed through the army, and then only are the general and Staff officers nominated. At the same time that all roads, railways, and diligences are crowded with officers and men hastening from all parts of the country to join their corps, the necessity arises for collecting, transporting, and distributing an enormous number of horses and a large quantity of material of war. The latter, instead of being stored in the different military districts, is kept in a few central magazines, and generally in Paris. Even what is actually at hand in the provinces cannot be issued without authority from Paris—such is the baneful system of centralization which prevails. The want of method in transporting camp equipage, other stores, and provisions is so great that it reminds one of the Bal-clava muddle. These stores are sent off by fractions, instead of by entire units, and the contents of each package not being marked on the outside, great accumulation and confusion take place at the railway stations. At Metz, we are told, there were "mountains" of bales which had to be opened in order to ascertain their contents. The waggons of the train are massed in immense magazines and kept dismounted from their wheels. Consequently much time is lost in preparing them for the road. Then the large number of additional horses required are sent to remount depôts without any reference to the number of men present at each to take charge of and use them. The result is that at some depôts there are plenty of men and few horses, at others an abundance of horses and scarcely any men. It may be imagined what confusion, labour, mistakes, and loss of time arise from such a system, or rather want of system. The Emperor happily likened the military administration of France to a machine of which all the parts, skilfully constructed, are kept separately in the workshops. When it is required to set the machine in motion, it is necessary to remount it entirely, from the simplest screw to the most complicated piece. In Germany, on the contrary, he says, the machine is all ready, and to put it in motion it is only necessary to bring water and coal and to light the fire.

Can we not draw a profitable moral from this comparison? Is our machine of war put together, mounted, and requiring only water, fuel, and fire to set it in motion? Does it, in short, resemble the German or the French machine? We fear that the only possible answer to these questions is one which is anything but reassuring, or creditable to our administrative capacity. We possess no means of rapidly and efficiently expanding our regiments. Our small army reserves are scattered all over the country without reference to the quarters of the corps which they would be called upon to join. Our Militia and Volunteers are raw levies instead of veteran troops like the Landwehr. Permanent brigades, divisions, and corps d'armées do not exist. The Staff and general officers would have to be nominated in a hurry. No provision has been made for the efficient garrisoning of our fortresses in the absence of the active army, or for filling up the gaps in the latter which are inevitable in a campaign. No arrangements exist for procuring and distributing the additional horses which would be required. Our military waggons are little more than a sample. Stores, ammunition, arms, clothing, are all collected in one or two central arsenals. Worst of all, in England, as in France, scarcely a step could be taken which was not authorised by a Minister of War who labours under a disadvantage from which in France they are free, that he is a civilian, and necessarily ignorant of everything which he is officially bound to manage, control, and direct. It has been urged against the Emperor Napoleon that he ought to have published his views on military organization a little earlier. Had he done so, however, it is doubtful whether his subjects would have profited by his teaching. We have not only the advantage of learning the views of an able and perfectly competent writer on the subject, but have been warned by the sad experience of our French neighbours. We have had now more than a year to digest the lesson taught us by the late war, but as yet we have positively not taken one step towards converting an aggregate of tactical atoms into an organized army. Purchase, ensigns, and cornets have been abolished, but no single endeavour has been made to render us more fit for sudden war than we were twelve months ago.

#### THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

THE present Exhibition raises the important but not very difficult question of the responsibility incurred by the public display of spurious works. It is evident that responsibility must lie somewhere, but, in order to shift the burden to other shoulders, the following notice is prefixed to the Catalogue of the present year:—

The names of the painters and the titles of the pictures are inserted by their owners. The members of the Royal Academy, while they consider themselves without authority to alter these descriptions, cannot be in any way responsible for their authenticity.

This doctrine of non-responsibility is untenable and pernicious; partly because a false picture, after it has been exhibited in the Academy, gains a fictitious value—it would even sell for more in an auction-room—also because the exhibition of a spurious work is an injury to art and a perversion of truth; the public, instead of being guided aright, are misled. The paragraph we have quoted implies either an indifference to truth or an incapacity to detect error; it reminds one of the common announcement that Railway Companies are not responsible for neglect of duty. That it is the duty of the Academy to issue a judg-



ment on the genuineness of pictures offered to it for exhibition there can be no doubt, and certainly Academicians are not backward in the performance of invidious duties when it becomes a question of rejecting two or three thousand contributions from "outsiders." It would appear that it is only in dealing with the dead that any delicacy or difficulty is felt. The notification now made for the first time may have been necessitated by the flagrant blunder of last year—the spurious Turner. Mr. Ruskin, without fear of the clamour of collectors or picture-dealers, was more outspoken than the Academy; the "Italy," he declared, was not by Turner, nor even by an imitator of Turner acquainted with the essential qualities of the master. What renders the non-responsibility doctrine now announced still less intelligible and acceptable is that the Academy assigned to this spurious Turner the best place in the room. This year likewise fictitious pictures are well hung. We would suggest that the printed notice in the catalogue should contain the additional words:—"Visitors will find copies, inferior replicas, and forgeries in central places near the eye; the Academy is not responsible, the public must judge for themselves."

We will begin our notices of the English school with Hogarth, its reputed father. "Captain Coram" (37), was just the figure for Hogarth; the shrewd, good-natured old captain, seated at a table with papers and the globe of a navigator beside him, demanded vigour rather than refinement, resolute character rather than flowing line or easy grace. The rare merit of the picture is that here we see old Coram seated to the very life; no one can pass him by, so pointedly does he arrest attention. A more retiring, a less obtrusive or fussy man, would not have been so much in Hogarth's way; his sitters always seem restless and fidgety; they have none of the eternal repose, the imperturbable contemplation, pertaining to the ideal school. How Hogarth could lose himself and sink his subject is painfully seen in the notorious "March of the Guards to Finchley" (45). This satire on the military manoeuvres against the Pretender violently displeased the King. George II., in broken English, asked, "Who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "Bainter! I hate bainting and bostry too. Neither the one nor the other ever did any good. Does the yellow mean to laugh at my guards? What! a bainter burlesque a soldier! Take his trumpery out of my sight." We forgive the King whenever we see the picture. This drunken saturnalia would be better suited to the descriptive pen than to the realistic pencil; the incidents are too coarse and revolting to be brought before the eye, neither is the work commended by the fine technical qualities found in many of the painter's compositions, even when wit, merriment, or tragic incident might excuse the absence of supreme art. Hogarth, in the telling of a story, never failed of point, sequence, and completeness; his narratives are so clear that he who runs may read; and some portraits which we recall, such as that of Miss Rich, can scarcely be surpassed for delicate and transparent, facile and felicitous touch.

Hogarth had his studio on one side of Leicester Fields, Reynolds on the other, and the styles of the two painters were equally opposite. Reynolds had pretty playfulness, quiet humour, was always void of offence, and never transgressed the limits of kindly feeling and good taste, as may be judged from "Infancy" (62), "A Girl Learning on Her Hand" (85), and the "Infant Academy" (47). Reynolds, moreover, professed principles directly the reverse of those proclaimed by Hogarth; instead of decrying the old masters, he adopted them as his models. Hogarth had the advantage in originality, invention, and dramatic action. Reynolds, in fact, put out his power in portraits, of which we have here some of the choicest, selected apparently to illustrate the President's supreme felicity in the delineation of women and children. We miss his masculine, vigorous heads—such as those of Johnson, Baretti, Charles James Fox, Lord Thurlow, and Lord Mansfield. Instead, we are invited to admire the witching ways of "Nelly O'Brien" (81), the fresh beauty of the "Young Lady Painted for Mr. Edmund Burke" (105), the grace and balanced line of the "Jessamy Bride" (109), the brilliant blue and pearly white of the "Lady in a Blue Dress" (50), the glorious colour, Rubens-like, golden as autumn, of the "Portrait of Miss Theophila Palmer reading Clarissa" (60). It is grievous to see what swift ruin has overtaken several of these priceless pictures; around them hang portraits by Holbein, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck, older by one or two hundred years, yet comparatively intact. One reason why many of our English works have so speedily perished is to be found in the reckless use of asphaltum, a tempting but untrustworthy pigment, save perhaps when firmly fixed in its place by some varnish medium. Pictures in this collection by Newton, Wilkie, and Reynolds, together with a grand composition by Hilton in the National Gallery, are cracked and rotten, especially in the shadows, where asphaltum has been loaded on to gain transparent depth and rich broad union. Reynolds's once lovely picture of "A Girl Learning on Her Hand" (85) is worth examination as a sad example of the destruction inevitable from the adoption of unscrupulous processes. The background is not so much like a picture canvas as like the pitched plank of an old boat. The shadows of the face, too, are terribly broken by cracks; and yet, out from the wreckage and ruin, peer the sunny features of this arch and effusive child, the lights shimmering in contrast with the shadows, pure and translucent as when the paint first left the palette. Happily the gaze of these Reynoldses, "Nelly O'Brien" (81), has suffered less. The complexion on face and neck may have somewhat faded, and the infant

on the lustrous satin petticoat may be a little faded, yet enough remains to show that this has been, and still is, one of the most brilliant and artistic portraits that ever left the easel.

That Gainsborough and Romney were the rivals of Reynolds is easily accounted for by the works here collected. In Gallery V. are five portraits which prove that Gainsborough was unsurpassed in precise drawing of the human face, in fine impasto in flesh, in sketchy freedom and suggestiveness in accessories. Yet even when at his best, as in the portraits of "Lady Boulby" (254), and the "Duchess of Montague" (263), the artist was apt to be scratchy in execution and chalky in colour. Romney, on the other hand, erred in opposite directions; his masses are broad to excess, his colours ruddy, his complexions are suspicious of rouge, his attitudes bespeak the stage. But an artist is deservedly popular who can produce a portrait so lovely, a picture so fascinating, as that of "Miss Linley, Sister of Mrs. R. B. Sheridan" (135).

Turner's several periods are represented, excepting the last, when his art fell into delirium. We should assign a date between 1800 and 1805 to the sober-minded, solidly painted "View on the Maes" (6). Then it was that Turner emulated Vanderwilde, and resolved to become a great marine painter—which in fact he was, if not the very greatest. "Summer Evening" (22), full twenty years later, painted in 1827, shows wholly different aims; instead of a crisp literal touch, the hand has become vacillating and tentative, even botchy; the artist strove after more than he could achieve by paint and brush; the outlines of the trees against the sunlit sky and the refulgent river are dissipated in thin air; the pictorial effect belongs to the artist's atmospheric period. In any review we might have to take of Turner's successive styles we could not follow precisely the dogmatic divisions of Mr. Ruskin, who, however, is the man above all others entitled to speak on the subject. The several manners of the painter are not invariably successive as to time; on the contrary, the distinctive styles overlap and intermingle. "Mercury and Hæra" (131) is as early as 1811, when the spell of mythology was upon the painter. This grand composition is so close upon the ideal and symmetric manner of the Italians, that on first entering the room we were tempted to exclaim, "What a magnificent Claude!" We soon found, however, that the work went far beyond the comparatively circumscribed limits of the artist of Lorraine. One use of this stupendous scene seems to be to teach our living artists the omnipotence of "composition"; art is inferior to nature, save in the supreme power of composition, which in its highest manifestations becomes creative. The habit of modern painters and critics is to ignore and decry the origination faculty which carried Turner far—possibly too far—from the circuit of commonplace. How perilous was the path on which he entered is but too well known. "Paestrina; Composition" (11), though exhibited not later than 1830, verges on extravagance. Any one acquainted with the actual site must be shocked at this flagrant falsification of topography. Perhaps the greatest mistake Mr. Ruskin ever made was to proclaim Turner the most truthful of painters. It is obvious that "Paestrina" was but a theme which the artist chose in order to play his variations in line, his fantasies in colour. Turner, who was not master of metre, grammar, or spelling, ushered the composition into the Academy with these not quite comprehensible lines from the fictitious "Fallacies of Hope":—

Or from yon mural rock, high-crown'd Pronoste,  
Where, mistleiming of his strength, the Carthaginian stood,  
And marked, with eagle eye, Rome as his victim.

Three painters here seen to advantage—Constable, Crome, and Cotman—are closely akin. They were natives of the Eastern Counties, and, like the soil of their birth, their pictures are of a flat, open, or copse-grown country; to them a mountain is unknown. They severally went to nature without a theory or a prejudice; accordingly their works are as unmannered as nature; while living they were comparatively decried, and now that they are dead they are superlatively extolled. Turner passed through their lowly stage of development, but, as we have seen, went beyond it; while Danby and Martin, soaring at once into the heavens, spurned the common ground which Constable, Crome, and Cotman so humbly trod. The most important landscape by Constable is "Passing the Lock" (80); each touch is crisp and sparkling as when it left the brush; we have seldom seen a picture in better condition. On the contrary, an equally characteristic work, the "White Horse" (118), has been so rubbed, smoothed, and otherwise bedeviled by dealers and cleaners, that little of Constable is left, save in the region immediately round the white horse. "Old Crome" was even less sophisticated than Constable; nothing can be more simple, honest, and plainspoken than "Minding Sheep on Mousehold Heath" (33). This art could have no great reach; yet a picture which was sold for a few shillings in the marketplace of Norwich has been known to fetch more than a hundred pounds. By Cotman, also a Norfolk man, are two charming examples on "The Yare" (35, 261), the river which of all rivers the painter was likely to know the best. In direct opposition to this art, which had its habitat in the fens on the coast of the Wash, are Danby's ideal landscapes, so remote from earth that they might almost have been painted in the moon. Yet "Olympo" (137) is very lovely. Sunsets thus sustained, yet subdued, have gone out of fashion; landscapes thus reduced to unity of poetic conception are anachronisms in these naturalistic times.

This year the Academy has lit upon the happy and obvious thought of giving prominence to its deceased members. Accordingly, in addition to the Academicians already mentioned, appear Watts, James Ward, Stothard, Newton, Hilton, Eley, Mulready,

and others, making a total of twenty-two. It is impossible within the space at our command to afford to the many interesting works collected the notices they invite. Wilkie, Newton, and Mulready, the founders of what may be termed our Anglo-Dutch school, combine the manipulative perfection of the Dutch with the pictorial proprieties approved by the English. Of eight examples, comprising Sir David's changeful methods—his last high art failures excepted—the chief are the "Letter of Introduction" (date 1813), "Blind Man's Buff" (date 1812), and the "Penny Wedding" (date 1818); the two last are from Buckingham Palace. Wilkie, especially in "Blind Man's Buff," managed his compositions according to the artful method of Ostade. In looking at these living, speaking studies of character we see the peculiar force of the proverb, within the sphere of art, "The child is father to the man." Wilkie "could paint before he could spell," and while yet a youth in the Academy at Edinburgh he "surpassed all his companions in comprehending the character of whatever he was set to draw." In character these pictures are inimitable.

Hilton and Etty have somewhat in common; each took colour as the centre of art creation. Imagination and passion, too, they held as ruling powers. Hilton's "Ganymede" (36), suggested no doubt by Titian, we have always accepted as a grand conception; how boldly the figure floats, how duringly it flies, fearing no fall! Etty, audacious in colour, careless of form, is exalted by three master works—"Pluto and Proserpine" (42), "Nymph and Satyr" (30), and the "Triumph of Cleopatra" (23). Like others in our English school, Etty fails only when brought into invidious comparison with Titian, Veronese, and the great original masters of Italy. Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims" (174), one of three replicas of that most popular picture at Leigh Court, had, it is said, but a single defect—the want of age; yet, though a modern work, it possesses a primitive simplicity, an untutored grace, which belong to all time. This and other works which we have noticed of deceased British painters do honour to the Academy. Over a period of one hundred years artists of distinguished talent have followed on in unbroken succession; as one generation passes away, another, no less worthy, comes. This Exhibition shows that, though styles may change, art cannot die. The Academy has been indeed fortunate, for down to the present hour it can still boast of artists who carry on the good work of their fathers.

## REVIEWS.

### ZINCKE'S EGYPT OF THE PHARAOHS AND OF THE KEDIVÉ.\*

MR. BARIHAM ZINCKE'S records and impressions of a tour in Egypt during the early months of last year are marked by freshness and originality of view rather than by depth of research or ripeness of critical knowledge. With a keen eye to the facts of nature and the salient features of life and manners, he unites an over-quickness of generalization, and his summary way of overleaping difficulties as often betrays him into error as it helps him to the discernment of truth. Whenever he sees simply with his own eyes, and limits his judgment to the sphere of direct and personal experience, he speaks like a man of rare powers of perception, with an intense love of nature in her various moods, and an intellectual sympathy broad and deep as the truth itself. The culture of a scholar underlying the instincts of a philosophic inquirer suggests at every step points of analogy and relationship between the present and the past, and gives the charm of classical refinement to the workings of a robust and masculine intellect. It is in the special preparation needed for the task he has undertaken that he shows himself lacking. The cleverness which makes vivid and truthful pictures of the Egypt of the Khedivé is far removed from the lore which is needed to revive the Egypt of the Pharaohs. Egyptology, whether as a phase of science or of history, is not to be mastered offhand in the space of a few months' flitting between the banks of the Nile. As he started for Egypt at a few hours' notice, it did not occur to Mr. Zincke to take any books with him. Nor does he seem to us to have bestowed upon the subject, either beforehand or since, anything like the patient and critical study which was needed to verify his crude suggestions, or to give weight to theories engendered upon the spot. It is not by the mere light of nature that problems which for centuries have exercised the most critically trained intellects are to be disposed of. Nor are the enigmas of the Sphinx or the Great Pyramid in reality any easier to read in the glare of the Egyptian sun than by the subdued light of a library. We have no manner of faith in the reputed virtue of inspiration on the spot, where the difficulty is as old as the literature of the world itself. Mr. Zincke came and saw and conquered, so he feels confident, the battle-field of ages. Who were the Egyptians? Is one of the standing puzzles of ethnologists. "What were their origin and affinities? To what race or races of mankind did they belong? At what time, whence, and by what route did they enter Egypt?" It is comparatively easy to set aside as inconclusive or inadequate more than one answer which bars the way to Mr.

Zincke's own hypothesis. The Egyptian, though African by situation, had very little that could be regarded as African affinities. We cannot call him a child of the soil. He is at first sight more akin to the inhabitants of the neighbouring Arabian peninsula. But here too the resemblances are not great. Even that of language is far from conclusive. The complexions of the races differ. So far from there being any suspicion or tradition of kindred, there was always deep antipathy between them. The religion of the Egyptian was totally unlike that of his neighbours; nay, it was thought by the Greeks identical with their own. \*Egyptian civilization neither descended the Nile from Ethiopia, nor did it ascend the river from the coast of the Delta." Still it is not to be conceived indigenous. Can its origin have been Semitic? Here again no decisive affinities of language can be made out. Colour is rather adverse to the Semitic theory, the Egyptian being hot so swarthy as the Arab, though darker than the Jew. As far as sculptures and paintings go, he seems to Mr. Zincke a cross between the Caucasian and the Ethiopian or modern Nubian. His organization by castes was totally opposed to Semitic freedom and equality, and his intensely ordered state rule to that of the family and the tribe. To the strict monotheism of the Semite the wide Pantheon of Egypt was an abomination. In their ideas of law no less contrariety existed. But if the Egyptians were neither African nor Semitic, what were they? There are not many alternatives to choose from in Mr. Zincke's view:—"The process soon arrives at a complete exhaustion. They must have been—there is no other possible race left—mainly Aryan; that is, of the same race as ourselves." If ever Mr. Zincke has heard of the Mexican affinities so dear to rival ethnologists of a fancy kind, he sweeps them contemptuously away, with all Lord Kingsborough's gorgeous volumes to boot. The great Turanian theory, based upon the building capacity and taste of old Egypt, finds no greater mercy with him. Semitic or Aryan? is the only question. If not one, therefore the other. There is no more antecedent improbability, he goes on to urge, in an Aryan wave having reached the Nile than in other waves having reached the Ganges or the Thames. That the Egyptians themselves had not the faintest trace either of a tradition or suspicion of the fact is no more than might have been expected from the analogous ignorance of denizens of the Thames or Ganges. "This only shows—which will explain much—that the migration took place at so remote a period, so long before the invention of letters, that we feel as if it might have resulted from some displacement or variation of the axis of our earth in the glacial epoch." Of the precise weight of this negative portion of Mr. Zincke's argument we do not attempt to judge. Nor as regards the more positive points which seem to him most plausible can we say that our judgment goes very closely with his own. It would never have occurred to us that there was any close resemblance in point of complexion between the Egyptian of the monuments and the Hindoo of our day. Again, in speaking of the Hindoo as "indubitably Aryan," Mr. Zincke boldly sets aside or ignores those ethnological distinctions on which the whole system of castes in Hindostan depends for its origin. If all Hindoos are to be lumped together as Aryan, what becomes of that conquest of a more primitive race by a more civilized Northern stock which forms part of his argument elsewhere? In the matter of caste, indeed, he discerns a parallelism between Egypt and Hindostan which is not only far from being borne out by what we know of the nature of the institution in the two countries, but which is strangely adverse to the date he assigns for the Aryan immigration into Africa. This immigration he is disposed to carry back to some thirty thousand or so years ago—a fragment of a condition of things which bequeathed to Europe such enigmas as the Etruscans, the Finns, the Laps, and the Basques. A later wave resulted in the formation of the Hindoo; as well as, by a westward outflow, of the Greeks, Romans, and Tontons. Are we to conceive the Aryans of this early date bringing with them the principle of caste, when "the May Flowers of that old, old world were hauled up upon the beach, and the stout hearts that had crossed in them the Indian Ocean," not having as yet, we presume, the caste horror of their descendants for the black water, "prepared for their inland march across the desert hills to the great valley?"

We like Mr. Zincke when discoursing upon the Egypt of the Khedivé much better than when straining at paradoxes touching the Egypt of the Pharaohs. The impressions made upon his mind by the physical features, the climate, and the resulting singularity in social and mental traits of this exceptional country are vivid and just, though we do not see that they add much to what has been set down, to go no further than the present generation, by Lord Lindsay and Miss Martineau. In the chapter, "How in Egypt Nature affected Man," the broad and permanent elements of influence, the desert, the river, and the ever-present sun, are treated with great acumen and vigour of thought. The growth, as well of individual character as of social and political organization, is shown to be the direct result of the peculiarities of the country. Guarded on either hand by the desert, the land had in the great river a fertiliser whose beneficent flood gave it two rich crops a year, and a highway for commerce whose course from south to north gave it the command of provinces varied as the manifold climes through which it passed. Nature offering no high lands or strong places, there was no scope for turbulent or factious movement against the governing power. Revelations were therefore unknown. The absence of mountains suggested indeed and made possible the construction of pyramids, which

\*  *Egypt of the Pharaohs and of the Kedivé. By F. Barham Zincke, Esq. of Wharfedale, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1871.*

would have been but pigmy structures beside nature's monuments. Man thus entered into rivalry with nature, and outdid nature. But the work was that of multitudinous, not individual, force. "Under such circumstances the individual was nothing. There could be no Homeric chieftains, no tribunes of the people, no eccentricities of genius. The community was an organism, of which every member had his special functions and purpose; a well-ordered machine, which did much work and did it smoothly." In his chapter upon the mode in which Egypt owes its creation to the action of the Nile in planting down its bed during a long series of geological ages, depositing its alluvium, and widening the valley as it readily shifted its channel to the right or left, for which theory he considers Professor Owen under obligation to him, Mr. Zincke seems oblivious of such claim to originality as might attach to the researches and measurements of Mr. Horner thirty years ago, not to speak of later investigators of the geology of the Nile Valley, with especial reference to the breaking down of earlier cataclysms and the consequent lowering of the river bed. The analogy of the Platte, Niagara, and Colorado rivers need hardly have been brought in from his observation of the New World, as suggesting a totally new solution for a familiar phenomenon of the Old. In his answer to the inquiry, "Why labour was squandered on Pyramids?" Mr. Zincke seems to us far more original and shrewd of judgment. There was, he shows, absolutely no outlet for that surplus or bottled-up labour which is the capital of a country. Taxation paid in kind for want of a coinage flowed in superabundance into the royal exchequer, whither what little there was of the precious metals and stones likewise found its way. There was no direct enjoyment of any kind to be got from all this. Yet the selfishness of man forbade leaving it all to future generations, while as yet the idea of great works of irrigation, reclamation of the desert, foreign invasion, or domestic defence, had not presented itself to the mind of a Pharaoh. What better than to build a monument to himself? "What treasure he had might as well be sunk in stones as bottled up barrenly. He would have the satisfaction of providing a safe and magnificent abode for his own mummy." Mr. Zincke's strong sense prevents him from giving more than a passing mention to the Great Pyramid craze of Mr. Henry Taylor and Professor Piazza Smyth, though, in identifying that peculiar structure with an improved and scientifically constructed funeral cairn, he fortifies himself with what is new to us as a point conceded by scholars. "At all events, we know that the word pyramid means the mountain, perhaps the cairn, the heap of stones." Mr. Zincke should have given us the word he had in his mind. We are aware that an origin for the word pyramid has been sought for in the Coptic *p-our-em-hau*, "the royal sepulchre," and that such words, although not combined, exist in hieroglyphics, as *pa-ur*, the "great" or "chief," and *maha*, a "tomb." But we know no other word for pyramidal tomb (which we have not the means of expressing in hieroglyphics) than *abmar*. We should further like to ask for the proof that the Egyptians of old had a familiar knowledge of the rotundity of the earth. In accounting for the worship of the beetle, Mr. Zincke relies upon the fact that the insect, in depositing its eggs upon the river bank, works up the moist clay around the mass into a perfect sphere, which it rolls back to the edge of the desert, often a long way off. "Who could be so dull," he asks, "as not to see in this sphere, full of the seeds of life, a perfect symbol of this terrestrial globe, framed by creative wisdom and energy of instinct, with all the germs of manifold being? And so the beetle became the symbol of the Creator." There is scarcely less strain upon the fancy in the ingenious logic by which our author draws out of the habits of the beetle in burying itself, and subsequently emerging from the chrysalis state into a new mode of being, the Egyptian usage of mummy interment, together with the belief in a future state.

Perhaps, however, the most original and characteristic portion of Mr. Zincke's book is that in which he deals with the history and nature of this tenet as part of the Egyptian creed, passing on to the still more momentous question why the Hebrew Scriptures, down to a certain period, apparently ignore the doctrine of a future life. With the Egyptian the thought of the soul after death was more present than the thought of life itself. Why, then, is it so difficult to find definite traces of it in the Mosaic Law, the historical books, and even in some later portions of the Hebrew Scriptures? We entirely sympathize with Mr. Zincke in his repudiation, even in his schoolboy days, of Warburton's hard and arbitrary method of doing away with this difficulty. And we hence feel the greater interest in following his alternative train of thought, which is at least remarkable for subtlety, if not for thorough consistency with facts. It is not enough, we agree with him, to dwell upon the necessity of breaking totally off with Egypt and all things Egyptian, looking to the actual retention of such points as circumcision, the division of the lunar month into weeks, &c. But yet we ask, can much stress be laid upon the fear of Moses that the priestly caste, by means of the lever supplied by the tenet of a future state, should attain a mastery like that which they wielded in Egypt? The first object with the lawgiver our author holds to have been to form a people; to reveal a religion was, he contends, but a means to that end, the religious part of the question being limited to the consideration of what form of religion would best make the disorganized multitude before him into a nation. One indispensable requisite was that it should be one which should never take them back in thought or action to Egypt.

Heaven would be no place of happiness for them, peopled as it already was by Egyptians. Moses gave his people a paradise, but it was a paradise at the beginning, not at the end, of things. It was also an earthly paradise. In the very Ten Commandments he implied a protest against the forty-two Commandments of the Egyptian code. Yet even with all this Mr. Zincke feels the need of a further solution of the problem. That which "occurred to him at Jerusalem" was to look at it in the light in which it presented itself to, and was met by, the "Divine Master." Hitherto the people had been living under a law, and that a divine law, which God himself executed here in this life. Henceforth God would be the source in men's hearts of the law or principle of right. They must also put in practice these principles as a code of social polity and conduct. But this world admits neither machinery nor scope for perfectly adjusted compensations and retributions. For this, consequently, a future life was necessary. Such is in brief Mr. Zincke's argument. We are afraid of doing it injustice, not only on account of the brevity or baldness of statement to which we find ourselves reduced for want of space, but owing to the difficulty we feel in grasping the connexion of his ideas. We will quote the words in which he states his argument summarily:—

The object of Moses had been to form a people in the ordinary sense of the words; a people, that is to say, who would be well-ordered at home, and able to hold their own among their neighbours. For this purpose a code was the first necessity, and, indeed, it might effect all that was required. The code he delivered was, necessarily, from God. But a code requires that its violations should be punished visibly and at once. This, therefore, implied God's punishing in this world and in this life.

"A necessary preliminary to bringing these the Saviour addressed to believe in the rewards and punishments of a future life must be the undoing the work of Moses in a certain sense and to a certain extent." But is this what was in the mind of Moses when evolving or enunciating a code which rested on sanctions having no reference to the future life? Is it enough to say that "the Mosaic dispensation promulgated municipal law which required immediate rewards and punishments, and this under the circumstances excluded the doctrine of a future life; while the Christian dispensation promulgated natural universal law, and so required the doctrine of a future life?" On the whole we cannot say that Mr. Zincke's argument, however able and coherent within certain limits, appears to us to offer an exhaustive solution of the problem with which he deals.

#### GEORGE GASCOIGNE.\*

THE enthusiasm for Elizabethan literature in the mass that prevailed some forty years ago has subsided into a calmer and more just estimation of its deserts. Introduced by the Shakespeare commentators of the last century, it was propelled by the able, but sometimes extravagant, praises of Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge. They naturally extolled the richness of a field in which they were the most distinguished, though not the earliest, reapers. It was partly a generous tribute to some unjustly forgotten English worthies, and partly a protest against the opinions of a time which, under the powerful sorcery of *Marmion* and *Childe Harold*, proclaimed Scott and Byron to be not merely the heralds of a new era in literature, which they were, but superior to nearly every one of their predecessors, which they were not. Elizabethan and Carolinian writers, in verse or prose, have found their proper level again. They are respected, though we fancy little read; but they are not now the objects of indiscriminate panegyric. The great lights of the literary firmament still hold their state. Time writes no wrinkles on the brow of Chaucer or Spenser, of Hooker or Bacon, of Shakespeare or Milton. Yet few now, we suspect, care to read, except through the doubtful medium of extracts, many pages of Halcigh's *History of the World*, of Sir John Davies's or Lord Brooke's poems, or generally of the old dramatists or old divines. The humour of setting up the works of a past age, remote from us in the character of its interests and feelings no less than in time, as models and "stedfast stars" for the present time, was not a new one. Such a humour, partly genuine, partly affected, irritated Horace; possessed, among other strange fancies, the eccentric Emperor Hadrian, who preferred Cato to Cicero, Ennius to Virgil, and one Antimachus to Homer; and it moved the spleen of the usually calm Pliny the Younger against people who kept their praises for dead, and withheld them from living, authors.

Commemoration of benefactors is a pious and laudable practice observed by Hall and Colleges. Even a special portion of Holy Writ is selected for the purpose, and reprinting old writers who have done literature good service in their day is also a praiseworthy office. For many reasons the works of George Gascoigne merited this attention. He was one of our earliest satirists, lyrical poets, and dramatic writers; he throws no little light on his own times, and considering the state of our language when he wrote it—that is, during the first nineteen years of Elizabeth's reign—he was no mean contributor to the melody of English verse. In Mr. Hazlitt Gascoigne has met with a loyal and laborious editor. We have to regret indeed that his biography of the poet, for which his own writings offered good materials, is not more complete; but as these

\* *The Complete Poems of George Gascoigne*. Now first collected and edited from the early printed copies and from MSS. with a Memoir and Notes. By William Carew Hazlitt. 2 vols. 4to. Printed for the Roxburghe Library. 1870.

volumes, forming a portion of the Roxburghe Library, are *livres de luxe*, and so intended for the few, the laws of the Society may have regulated the space and contents of "Preface" and "Memoir."

A wide interval severs the poetry and prose of the earlier from those of the later years of Elizabeth's reign. Prose indeed had been seriously damaged by theological heat in the days of her two immediate predecessors, as any reader may discover who will take the pains to compare the writings of Sir Thomas More with those of Jewell or Ridley and Cranmer. Verse, too, had in harmony and perspicuity fallen below the standard of Surrey and Wyatt. Pens dipped in gall, and held in the hands of ready but angry writers, cannot be expected to produce smooth or deliberate work. For several years Elizabeth sat far from securely on her throne; her title to it had not ceased to be questioned; the Established Church was assailed by many and various opponents—some complaining that the rage of the old Babylon were not quite rent away from her; others demanding that her former decent or gorgeous apparel should be restored. It was in this stormy period that Gascoigne wrote; and it should be remembered that, dying in 1577, he composed his poems and plays before Shakespeare had written a verse, or Hooker shown what organ tones might be drawn forth from his native speech. Among dramatic authors he perhaps scarcely deserves to be ranked, because both his plays—the comedy of the *Supposes*, and the tragedy of *Jocasta*—are translations from Ariosto in the one case, and from Euripides and Seneca in the other. The dialogue of his *Supposes*, for its easy and colloquial tone, might have been composed, and yet not appeared singular, at least half a century later. "Gascoigne," as Warton observes, "was the first who exhibited on our stage a story from Euripides in metre, and the first that produced a comedy in prose." That comedy perhaps attracted the notice of Shakespeare—though it is by no means certain that he could not read at least enough French and Italian for his purposes—since either from Gascoigne's play or the *Suppositi* he seems to have borrowed the name of Petruchio, and at least one scene of the fourth act of the English version. The blank and rhymed verse in his *Jocasta* is very inferior to the smooth flow of his comic dialogue. If not as stilted and extravagant as the metre of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, it is as stiff and monotonous in cadence as *Gorboduc*. The *Jocasta*, indeed, is more a paraphrase than a translation of the Euripidean play, and for the first and fourth acts Gascoigne is not responsible, they being written by his friend Francis Kinwelmarsh. The indispensable chorus of the Greek original is represented in the English play by lyrical odes which do not discredit their authors; and in the absence of scenery, the device of dumb show is resorted to at the beginning of each act. Pope's couplet on the fashion of crying up nearly forgotten writers—

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;  
It is the rust we value, not the gold—

will not apply either to the comedy or the tragedy of Gascoigne, since they have always been read as curiosities, not as pleasures, of literature. Yet his two plays have their value, inasmuch as they furnish one more proof of the gigantic impulse given by Shakespeare to the English drama. Within twenty years after Gascoigne's death were represented tragedy, history, and comedy that would have been without rivals had they not been surpassed, at a later date, by the mighty magician himself.

Gascoigne had in his veins good blood, but, as is not unfrequently the case with well-born persons, wild blood also. He came of an ancient Yorkshire family; his father, Sir John, a younger son, being descended from that Sir William Gascoigne who has the credit—although in these searching and sceptical days the fact is questioned—of sending Henry Prince of Wales to prison for brawling in court. George, on his mother's side, was connected with the Frobisher family, one of whom—Martin—is chronicled among naval explorers and heroes, and who, after escaping many perils by land and sea, died at last by the visitation of a blundering surgeon. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, then newly established, but there is no record of his having graduated. Next he is found a student of Gray's Inn, where, if he were twenty-three years old, as he would be if born in 1545, he was old enough to know better than to be sentenced to "temporary durance on a charge of dicing and other disreputable practices." There can be little doubt that he wasted his substance in riotous living; for which, after getting to the end of paternal patience, he is said to have been cast off by his father. There is indeed good—that is to say, his own—testimony that he acted "the younker and the prodigal" until he was nearly forty years of age. For in some verses he wrote for Alexander Neville he confesses to much irregularity of conduct, but ascribes also, among the causes of his ruin, his poverty to the costliness of living in or about Court. Nor was his a solitary case. To keep at all in the Queen's graces, a courtier or a suitor needed good private means; him on whom she smiled she expected to wear the rental of one farm at least on his back, and to expend that of another on giving her Christmas-boxes and Easter-offerings.

For want of the peace to the wars I must go;  
Oh! had I but money, it would not be so,

sings the impecunious student encountered by Don Quixote on the highway. Similar emptiness of purse drove Gascoigne to the war in the Low Countries, which to gentlemen in difficulties was then much what the cure of Adulman had been in King David's

time. A few years later Ben Jonson was to be seen there trailing a pike, and acquitting himself like a stalwart gentleman. Right valiantly also does George Gascoigne seem to have borne himself. But his project for improving his condition by taking some Spanish captain or colonel, and getting certain cruces for his ransom, failed entirely, since, like Jack Johnson, he was "taken himself instead of taking Widdin." Had he not possessed some influence—what we are not told—he ran a fair chance of spending some time, if not of dying, in a Spanish prison. Helped out of this scrape, he came home as poor as he left it, but perchance a wiser man. He certainly made a better use of his abilities than formerly; for he really set to work, and developed extraordinary fertility of brain, as will be seen in these portly Roxburghe volumes.

Even at home, when he returned in 1573, trouble awaited him. Through the indiscretion or ignorance of two brothers in the poetic craft some of his verses had scandalized the clergy, who, though not objecting to amorous ditties, like Beza's "*Juvenilia*," in good Latin, regarded such themes as unseemly in English. To clear himself of this rock of offence, Gascoigne in 1575 reprinted, improved, and added to his fugitive pieces, but his editor thinks did not do much towards expurgating them. If it were really so, we cannot see why there was any clamour at all, clerical or lay, unless wit is a moral offence, or several hundreds of verses, quite witless, are an aggravation of it. In his satiric verses the reader may now and then be reminded of Swift, oftener of "Prior's easy jingle." In 1578, a year after his decease, Gabriel Harvey enumerates among books "fit for the library of a Maid of Honour, the works of Gascoigne, Chaucer, and Surrey, with some medical books," from which it appears that the maid's shelves were stocked much in the same manner as the widow's who teased Sir Roger de Coverley. A criticism of Gascoigne in Hake's edition of his works, 1588, will perhaps express a modern reader's opinion of their character:—"Among the lesser late poets his works may be endured." As Mr. Hazlitt's is the first complete collection of Gascoigne's writings, and as there are some, though not very important, additions to them made by the present editor, the poet has one more chance of obtaining a hearing, though he may not find favour with Maids of Honour, who, we greatly fear, would, if they read him at all, hold him far below Tennyson or Browning—nay perhaps even below Martin Tupper.

#### AMERICAN LUNATIC ASYLUMS FROM WITHIN.\*

IT has but rarely befallen us to undertake a literary office so painful as the study and review of this book—a description of American lunatic asylums by a lady who has endured a long experience of life "behind the bars." Some newspaper readers complain occasionally of the needless intrusion of painful or disgusting topics upon their notice; and when these are taken up wantonly in order to gratify a prurient curiosity, or furnish an exciting article, the strongest censure can hardly be too strong. But the effect of such censures is destroyed when they are applied to writers who deal with subjects which, however disagreeable in themselves, are matters of public concern calling for social or legislative action, and who treat them honestly, no matter how plainly, with a view to practical measures. Newspapers are not written only for women, or for men who, living in lettered leisure, or immersed in private business, concern themselves almost as little as women with the interests of the public. They address also politicians and philanthropists; the men who control the government of the State or of great social institutions; they are called upon to warn the community against abuses in either; and such abuses are nowhere so likely to flourish as under the shelter of that aversion which ordinary men feel to subjects at once difficult and disagreeable. English experiences have shown how grievously helpless people may suffer from the privacy which, for many good and some natural reasons, is allowed to conceal the interior of asylums; and we heartily welcome a book which, most unpleasant as its revelations are, depicts American asylums as they appear to a patient sane enough to note things exactly, judge them temperately, and relate them truthfully. We believe that the kinds of abuses described are comparatively rare in England. Physical brutality on the part of attendants in the cheaper class of asylums, public and private, does occur; and the only remark we feel it possible to make on an evil so inevitable where helpless men and women are at the mercy of uneducated attendants, is that there seems a want of due supervision and an inadequate severity of investigation when outrages are committed. The less gross, but much more systematic, cruelties of the American system are, we hope, strange to our practice. But it is doubtless true that much mischief may arise from the kind of mystery and secrecy which attends cases of insanity in this country, through the desire of families to conceal their occurrence. The author of *Behind the Bars* misses the chief reason of this desire—the fact that the hereditary character which often marks the disease causes it to be regarded as a sort of physical stigma on the family, damaging the chances of its members in marriage, which it is only natural that they should wish to conceal. There is probably much less of this feeling in America, where privacy is less respected and less strictly maintained in this as in all other domestic concerns. Nevertheless it would seem that we secure more of the benefits of publicity than our Transatlantic cousins. There, private asylums are controlled only by non-professional trustees, who are

\* *Behind the Bars*. Boston and New York: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.



necessarily at the mercy of the medical staff; here, they are inspected by an authority in which the profession is admirably represented, and to which the physician of the asylum is compelled to defer. The securities against the imprisonment of sane persons which exist in England, inadequate as they are, appear to be neglected in America; and relatives seem to be able to immure an apparently unsound person without the sanction of any public authority or independent medical certificate.

The first great characteristic of the American system appears to be that it is a system; that, instead of adapting treatment to the patient's condition, all patients are compelled to conform to a rigid scheme of regulations resembling those of a prison rather than of a hospital, and in some important respects more merciless than those of American prisons, severe as these are. This prison character pervades all the arrangements of the asylum; bolts and bars everywhere meet the eye, and the one dominant thought in the mind of the medical men and attendants is obviously the prevention of escape. Detention, according to the writer, is needlessly and cruelly prolonged. An amount of physical restraint is employed which would not be allowed by our Lunacy Commissioners in any ordinary cases; and it is applied with an indiscriminate recklessness which, unless greatly exaggerated, we must call simply atrocious. Here, as elsewhere, we must allow the author to speak for herself, feeling that her own words are more forcible than our rendering of them, and that much of the effect of her book depends upon the internal evidence of truthfulness:—

Let us look at this "very insane woman." Tell us her history. "Depressed or excited?" Strangely "depressed"—a mistress of a happy home—a mother of a family, but fallen into sadness, wearied, aggrieved, dependant, "run down," yet gentle, harmless, tractable as a child. There are so many of such cases! So many worn-out wives and mothers, over whom depression draws itself suddenly like a veil, like a cloud that obscures the sun for a season! And what is the treatment for such? To-night, if not to-day, that lady will be bound; chert, arms, hands, will become pressed, tied into a sleeved corset, as it seems, only it is rough, like tow-cloth, and she will be told to go to sleep. This new garment, this unusual style of habilliment, this of itself is sufficient to "murder sleep."

She does not sleep, and must pay the penalty. She is watched if she turns, if she struggles to get free, if she strives to rise, if she weeps. She is reported upon, and morning comes with its accusing record written in a "Watch-Book" for the physician's eye of "no sleep;" and through grief, wakefulness, waiting, watching, homesickness, bewilderment, the poor woman is made more frantic with torture and opposition to nature. She is locked into this building. Yesterday at home, with the world to choose from, cherished, indulged, tended with love, with liberty—to-day she is ordered, tortured, harassed, locked up, tied down; to-night perhaps worse befalls, and to make all safe and sure she is tied to a bed!

Another prison regulation, of all others the most unfit for an asylum, where sleep is of such vital moment and so difficult to secure, among nervous patients whom sleeplessness may throw into delirium, and who are peculiarly liable to be startled, is enforced at least in some asylums. The thing would be incredible if we could believe that the writer could have gratuitously invented it:—

A dependant or credulous patient will fasten on himself accusing thoughts of settled disease, without hope, from the absolute inability to sleep; but one sufficiently strong to hold his own opinion will refute all such vagaries, knowing that not the whole medical faculty itself could withstand the ordeal of watch-attendants; which amounts to this, that a person does not sleep because he is awakened.

These watch-attendants carry lanterns, and this is the delightful use for which they employ them. A patient is put to bed at nine o'clock—the regular hour for retiring—and woe to that patient who is found lagging behind the rule. Out goes the light, and ladies or gentlemen who at home act their own pleasure and direct their servants are here ordered off like children to bed in the dark, and find themselves changing places with servants. Indeed the manners of some of these Yankee attendants are hardly on a footing with those of the higher Irish servants. There is a certain courtesy and a suavity among these last which are not always found in New England, and the courtesy of Erin is lost sight of in the coarseness of Vermont manners. The patient may have just fallen off into a doze, or he may be "doing well" in the achievement of sleep, and by a simple and natural let-alone process he might remain thus the entire night. But presently his ear catches the sound, not yet the sight, of the lantern, clink clink, rattle rattle, as it swings from the attendant's hand, through the long gallery, at the door of every patient, until it stops at his own; then the shadow throws its length upon the wall or ceiling, and then it dangles in his very face; the murky light pries boldly into his eyeballs, which are reared from their sockets in a moment; he looks at watcher and lantern in silence and bewilderment, and the vision, having satisfied itself that he is awake, vanishes for another hour. Thus, you see, reader, they wake the patient up to see if he is asleep.

In one way after another the patients are, if the writer may be believed, needlessly and cruelly thwarted and annoyed. Any friendships among them are strictly forbidden and repressed, and if even "rational" patients of the same sex show any preference for each other's company, they are at once separated as effectually as possible, and forbidden even to speak if they meet. All conversation too lively for the understanding of part American housemaids or dull male attendants is rebuked as "crazy talk," and treated as a proof of increased insanity; and this among patients many of whom would not be consigned to an asylum in any country but America. Tears and depression, most natural among women separated from their families and confined behind bolts and bars, are treated either as a crime or as proof of madness, according to the temper of attendant or physician. The author tells one pitiful story of this kind, which she describes as one instance among hundreds:—

I remember one instance connected with this nature which is worthy of a record, since it illustrates in a most striking form the rigidity of the system. One of the patients occupied a very high room, from the window of which she could look down upon the avenue leading to the house, and from which

she saw the visitors who came into the front entrance. One day she saw her husband pass from the house, and proceed to untie his horse, which she also recognised, that stood at the door. What would have been the act of any reasonable human being at such a moment under such circumstances? What impulse stronger than reason, what touchstone of the emotions would have kindled revolution? The same that governed this insane woman, who, from behind the bars of her prison beheld, for the first time for two years, the living portrait of her husband.

She threw up the window and called to him loudly, but it was of no avail; and, besides, what man would stop to listen to the cry or shout from the walls of an insane asylum? But this woman paid the penalty of her anguish; for, as if the doom of not being satisfied were not enough, she was presently ordered from her room, by an attendant who had witnessed the act, and for the rest of that day she was turned out and locked out of her room, and moreover, threatened with a dark room below stairs, if she did not cease to express her tribulation. Yet she did not faint or scream, or behave violently, as an insane woman might have been expected to do, or as a woman of the world would most likely do. She only shed a few natural tears, and these told their own story.

One whole chapter is devoted to an account of the food given to the patients. These, be it remembered, are people mostly in delicate health, with fastidious appetites; and they pay at a rate which ought to secure them at least as much of comfort and indulgence in this respect as they enjoyed at home, where of course every care was taken to find something they could eat and like. But we are told that their fare at the asylum from which the writer's facts are gathered is such as only ploughboys could eat, and as even ploughboys or paupers would not eat save under compulsion. Bread marked with black streaks, rancid butter, tea and coffee viler than those of our worst railway buffets, form the staple of breakfast and supper, and the dinner is no better. If the patient shrinks from this nauseous rubbish, and eats less than satisfies the attendant's standard of appetite, he is tied down and fed with liquids of a similar quality, by a process which we spare the reader. We need not proceed with this description of what the author calls a hell on earth. The only questions to be asked are, first, how such things are possible; and next, how far they are common to the generality of American private asylums?

The same facts furnish a reply to both questions. We learn that it is a universal rule that communication with friends is utterly forbidden in private, though not in State, asylums. This is not an exceptional restriction, applied with extreme reluctance in a few instances, but a part of the horrible "system" which the author describes. That it is wholly needless and inexcusable the contrary practice of the public asylums proves, and our own ablest and most respected medical men would be the first to proclaim. Indeed, we write partly in the hope that the attention of such men as Dr. Forbes Winslow may be called to this work, and that some utterance of their opinion may awaken the profession and the public in America to a sense of the barbarity and folly of the antiquated practice still tolerated among them. Wherever visits from friends are discouraged, and writing to them forbidden, as a rule of the asylum, it is right to suspect abuse. There can be no honest reason for such a rule. Frequent visits might in many cases be undesirable; letters might be wild and extravagant; but the friends of a lunatic understand his condition, and are but too ready to accept the doctor's explanations and assurances. They ought to insist on visiting the sufferer at pleasure and without notice. Nothing else can prevent abuse; nothing else can operate so effectively in keeping the machinery of the asylum up to the mark, or ought to be so frankly welcomed by a conscientious physician, who knows that anything in his practice which he dare not avow to the friends of a patient must be wrong, and who must desire to have the assistance of their visits in keeping his subordinates to their duty. Lastly, nothing else will prevent dishonest principals from keeping a cured patient in prison—for such the asylum is to a convalescent—for the sake of his fees; and dishonest men are to be found in all professions. Moreover, it is the natural tendency of medical men conversant with insanity, as our criminal courts are constantly proving, to exaggerate the symptoms of mental unsoundness, and to find them in men quite able to conduct themselves rationally in everyday life; and this tendency operates as strongly in the case of convalescent lunatics as of persons for the first time suspected of lunacy. Our last extract shall contain one of the writer's shrewdest observations on this tendency:—

Indeed, the patients of an insane asylum find it a very nice and difficult thing to guard their spirits and emotions, and evenly balance their deportment, where every word is weighed and tested, so as to keep within the befitting moral precincts of pretty stiff opinion and judgment on the part of doctors and attendants. Between these two comprehensive latitudes of "excited" and "depressed" it seems almost impossible to escape calumny. From the many minor forms of detraction currently waiting upon the patient's condition, those given below are familiar terms, and it is a very common thing for the attendants to stand at a window from the gallery looking upon the yard, while the patients are taking their airing, and comment with an official, semi-professional tone upon the quality and vent of the patient's madness on that particular day. The east winds are proverbially nipping and eager in the sweet localities of some of our best asylums, and the poor inmate who must take them, for he is driven out whether he will or no, is glad to walk as fast as possible to try to catch a glow that this wind does not easily kindle; indeed, were he not a madman and sane enough to know better he might run—that is, if he were out in the world, where he would not appear singular—and the erraticism might find charity. As it is he is branded as follows, as the case may be:—If a patient walks pretty fast, "So-and-so is very excited to-day—see how fast he goes." If a slow one appears, he is "depressed;" if a talkative one, "somewhat exhilarated;" if quiet and apart from company, "in one of their moods." Why not use a lazier phrase, being in a condition of lunacy, and call it one of their moods? If a patient be downcast, morbid is a good word for him. If tears show themselves, "emotional" is only too expressive. If a decided dejection is visible, "very suicidal" cannot be served upon him too quickly. Indeed, is it not rather hard upon the patient to brand him with that criminal

seer, suicide, because he is a helpless wretch in the last condition of factious hopelessness, for the reason that he cannot get into the world, not out of it? We do not mean to express a doubt that there are private asylums in America much better than those described by the author. But we may be sure that, while the only supervision exercised is that of local non-professional trustees making visits at fixed times or after notice given, there will be many as bad as she paints them; and that the prohibition of the visits of friends and of correspondence with the patient is strong *prima facie* ground for believing that any given asylum belongs to the latter class.

#### DARBOUR'S BRUCE.\*

THE Preface, Notes, and Glossarial Index promised in the title-page are kept back till Mr. Skeat gives us the remainder of the text of Barbour. We will therefore not say a word about either the author or his editor from any philological point of view, but simply make a few remarks suggested by the history, or rather mythology, of this remarkable poem. A great part of the matter of Barbour must be familiar to many who never read a word of his own text, because so many of his stories have found their way into Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. We remember the tales well many years ago, before we had begun to think whence they came or how far they were to be believed. Scott, we now think, treated his grandson rather unfairly in the matter. He did not tell Barbour's story throughout as Barbour gives it. Scottish patriotism itself could not venture to fly in the face of undoubted truth in quite so daring a way as that. A grandfather, of all men, talking to his grandson, could not venture on the daring confusion of the relation between grandfather and grandson on which Barbour's whole story hangs. In Barbour's legend, King Robert distinctly appears in the character of his own grandfather. The victor of Bannockburn is made out to be one and the same person with the original competitor for the Scottish Crown. When a writer starts with such a daring falsehood as this, we at once know what value to attach to the details of his story. They may be true, as this or that thing in the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungen* may be true, but we have no more certainty that they are true than if they were found in the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungen*. In a certain way we put less trust in Barbour than we put in the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungen*, for the wide difference between myth and conscious falsehood must not be forgotten, and it is quite impossible not to discern conscious falsehood, if not in the Archdeacon of Aberdeen himself, at any rate in some informant whom he trusted. Neither in the Greek nor the Teutonic poem do we ever suspect that any facts have been altered to suit a political purpose. But it certainly is staggering when we come to such daring misrepresentations as those which we find in Barbour, in a writer who might easily have spoken to men who were actors in the scenes in which he speaks. A man who wrote in 1375 cannot be acquitted, if not of conscious falsehood, at least of *crassa ignorantia*, of following the wrong story when he must have had means of knowing the right, when he confounded the two Roberts, grandfather and grandson, and ascribed to the compound monster thus formed words and deeds which were certainly never said or done by either of them. In itself the confusion is perhaps not greater than when Mr. Croker—we think it was Mr. Croker, it certainly was some one of whom Lord Macaulay made sport—confounded Sir William Wyndham of the days of Walpole with the William Windham of the days of the younger Pitt. But there is no reason to believe that the confusion between the two Wyndhams was due to any political motive, while the motive for confounding the two Bruces is obvious enough. Now here comes our complaint against Scott. He had knowledge enough and honesty enough not to follow Barbour in making King Robert out to have been his own grandfather; but he did not scruple to fill his book with tales which, as they rest on the authority of Barbour, must by the critical historian be pronounced to rest on no authority at all. After such a beginning as Barbour makes, his unsupported assertion goes for nothing; his stories may be true, but we cannot accept them as true, or even as likely to be true, unless they have some further confirmation in the shape either of external or internal evidence. When Barbour deals with the known facts of history we can of course test him by comparing him with authentic writers. In a large part of his story, especially when he gives us the details of the hairbreadth escapes of his hero, we have no such means of testing him, and we are driven to the test of internal evidence. Sometimes, just as in the case of the *Iliad*, we can get hold of such internal evidence. The mere fact that the lawful Scottish King, the assenter of Scottish national rights, the darling hero of the Scottish people, is set before us by his own poet as being constantly in danger of death at the hands of Scottish enemies, is in itself worth something. Barbour of course tells these stories to enhance the glory of Robert, and to heighten the wickedness of the black traitors who opposed him. To us they suggest a somewhat different thought; it would almost seem as if Robert Bruce was always in danger the moment he set foot anywhere near the borders of what was really Scotland. In fact, may there not be some ground for the statement which we once heard a daring man make—namely that, in the wars of Edward the

First, the Scots were ever faithful to their father and lord against the Norman and English rebels under Robert Earl of Comyn?

The Archdeacon begins with a magnificent panegyric on historical truth, coupled with his own purpose of strictly adhering to it. Presently he tells us how, after the death of Alexander the Third,

The land vi ser, and mayr gar fay  
Lay desolat eftir hys day.

It is only then, after the six years, that the Barons come together to choose a King. In authentic history somewhat more than three years passed between the death of Alexander in Lent 1286 and the coronation of John of Balliol on St. Andrew's day, 1292. And it was a busy time enough, between the nominal reign of the Maid of Norway, the assertion of the claims of the endless competitors, the long pleadings in the Court of the Lord Superior, the final decision of a most fairly constituted tribunal in favour of the lawful heir. The point in dispute between the houses of Balliol and Bruce is altogether misstated by Barbour. Bruce is daringly affirmed to have been the representative of the male line, and the question is made to be one between male and female succession. Every one knows that the real question lay between John of Balliol, the grandson of the eldest sister, and Robert of Bruce, the son of the second. Then, by a daring contempt of chronology, King Edward, in 1290, is asked to come back from the Holy Land, which he had left in 1272, and, by a further self-contradiction, the Scots are told that they ought to have been aware of Edward's love of rule, as shown by his dealings with Wales and Ireland. When he is come from Palestine, Edward is made to offer the crown to Robert of Bruce, and Robert—the loyal Englishman, who so willingly admitted King Edward as his sovereign lord and Emperor—refuses it unless he can hold it freely; but, as John of Balliol is ready to hold it on such terms as the King of England pleases, it is adjudged to him. More shameless falsehood was never put on paper; the only question is whether the Archdeacon or some one to whom he listened was the conscious liar. It is inconceivable that any one who had taken the smallest pains to find out the truth could have really believed that Robert Bruce the competitor was the same person as Robert Bruce the King. It is equally inconceivable that such a one could have really believed in a misrepresentation of Edward's conduct so glaring in every point.

In the like spirit we get this description of the forfeiture or resignation of John of Balliol:—

He was King bot A liill quhill;  
And through gret subtilte and ghyll,  
For liill oncheone or nane,  
He was arrestyt syne and tane,  
And degradyt syne was he  
Off honour and off dignite.

Who would see in this account the appeals brought against John by his own subjects, his treacherous dealings with France, his renunciation of his allegiance, his invasion of England, the battle of Dunbar, the march to Perth, the final abdication?

Of William Wallace there is not a word. Two suns could not be endured in the same heaven nor two lions on the same shield. Then comes the legend about Bruce, Comyn, the indenture, the escape from London, all which it should be remembered is, as Dr. Lingard pointed out long ago with grim humour, made yet more romantic in Hume than it is in Barbour. It is allowed that the slaying of Comyn was a sin, but rather, it would seem, on account of the sacrilege than on account of the murder. Nothing is said of the murder of Robert Comyn by Bruce's satellite, Christopher Seton; but when Christopher was afterwards executed for the murder, we have a great lamentation over "so worthy persons as he," and a legend of one Maknab who betrayed him. Another daring falsehood is that Robert Bruce's wife was put in prison:—

And put the lady in prison,  
Sum in-till castle, sum in dangrene.

Instead of this she was sent with an honourable attendance to one of her husband's English manors. Edward is also made to order the hanging the Kildrummie prisoners on his death-bed, whereas they had been hanged more than a year before.

This is perhaps enough to show what the value of Barbour is as an historical document. But it suggests a good many thoughts. A large part of the adventures ascribed to Robert Bruce is doubtless honest legend; much of it may really have happened; at any rate it is the kind of thing which is likely to have happened, and the particular stories are such as are sure to grow up in such a case. But the kind of thing of which we have hitherto been speaking is not honest legend, but deliberate falsehood, not necessarily on the part of Barbour, but either of Barbour or of some person unknown. We might wonder that falsehoods which could be so easily exposed should have been ventured on so soon. But the history of our own times shows how easily either wilful falsehood or mere confusion gets accepted instead of truth. Many people honestly believe that Louis Napoleon put down the Reds in July 1848. They not only believe it, but they look on those who think otherwise as very ignorant. To be made to believe that Robert Bruce was his own grandfather is a trifle by the side of this. In these days perhaps no one would put such a statement in a book; we have seen odd statements in books about very recent affairs, but none perhaps quite equal to this. Yet the enormous number of the *Times* about Prussia being admitted into the Zollverein did not fall very far short of it. That Scottish men should stupidly; but, whether a misstatement taken from honest stupidity or from wilful invention, the phenomenon of people being got to believe

\* The Bruce; or, the Story of the most Excellent and Noble Prince, Robert the Bruce, King of Scots. Compiled by Master John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, A.D. 1375. Edited, with a Preface, Notes, and Glossarial Index, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. London: Published for the Early English Text Society, by Trübner & Co. 1870.

it is exactly the same in either case. And let no one draw the hasty moral that history is a mass of lies. Such a conclusion is pre-eminently a hasty one; it is the belief of a man who has not studied history long enough or thoroughly enough to get the critical test which distinguishes truth from falsehood. The philosophical value of Barbour we leave for the present to Mr. Skeat; his historical value, as an authority for facts, is as low as value can be; but his story is really precious as a contribution to the study of the human mind, as showing what wild fables men can be brought to believe very soon after the time when the alleged facts are said to have happened.

#### WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.\*

DR. MACDONALD'S latest novel might be reviewed on four separate counts; as a religious essay; as a romance partly mystic, partly mysterious; as a study of character and conduct of men and women of the present day; or as a work of art. Any one of these might be assumed as the object for which the story was constructed; but this complexity does not strengthen the interest of the book. On the contrary, the very uncertainty of the ground-plan gives a shifty and insecure character to the tale; while vagueness of plot, a rambling style of narration, long drifts of mystical maundering and hysterical piety, and a singular effeminacy of tone of thought, brings each its own special source of weakness to attenuate still further the work of a writer whose sins have never lain on the side of robustness, though his virtues have always been those of grace and purity. The most undesirable source of weakness among them all is the fatal habit of breaking up the narrative by long pages of religious discussion, and by minute descriptions of certain allegorical dreams, which are meant to have either a deep spiritual significance or to be prophetic of future events, but which are simply blots on the work as a work of art, and obstructions to the story as an interesting tale. But as there are certain discrepancies of statement which seem to denote haste or carelessness of workmanship, perhaps these lengthy parentheses, which flow so glibly, are only padding to gain time, and save the trouble of closer construction and better balanced composition. They are easy writing, if they produce the traditional effect of hard reading.

The first volume of *Wilfrid Cumbermede* is a strange thing to come from the hands of a man. A large part of it is taken up by the vague memories, the dreamy fancies, and the scientific ignorance of a very young child; and it closes with the dreams and fancies of a school-boy of fourteen. We are used to this kind of thing from lady writers; but we confess that it strikes us as scarcely in harmony with the dignified character of a learned doctor to bestow so much time and pains on what is substantially of so little value either as a psychological study or a matter of art. In early life it seems that the autobiographer, Wilfrid Cumbermede, has a profound awe and love for trees, and a deep conviction that they make the wind; indeed he believes that he himself by shaking his hair can also make the wind; and we have a great many paragraphs devoted to this view of natural flatulency. About this time—we conjecture the youthful experimenter to have been some three years old—he finds a pendulum which had been made by a scientific ancestor, and which has a catch and a groan in its inside, not well understood. By setting this pendulum going, the child imagines that he and the trees together can make a dreadful quantity of wind; and as a fearful storm arises immediately on his doing so, he is fully convinced that he and the pendulum have found out the secret of tempests, and that he can arouse, if not allay them, at pleasure. During the height of the storm there comes to the house a man who never seems to grow any older all through the book; and of whom the autobiographer gives, from his childish recollections, the accurate description of a trained physiologist, even to the shape and position of his ears and the conformation of his thumb. Him he imagines to be the Prince of the Powers of the Air come to carry him off to make his skin into bagpipes. In point of fact he is only a sharp local attorney, anxious to induce Wilfrid's uncle and guardian to take up a long dormant claim, and to regain certain old family lands and possessions which had wrongfully passed into another branch. And what of plot or story *Wilfrid Cumbermede* contains belongs to this right, and its gradual development.

The child has also a mysterious attraction for an old sword, which plays a prominent, if not important, part in the narrative; and he is once taken up a flight of stairs into the presence of another and a living mystery—his grandma, or rather his great grandmother—who is more important than prominent, and to whom much in the story is, characteristically, owing. For Wilfrid Cumbermede is quite in harmony with himself when he dwells on the life and sayings of a dotting old grandma, as matters of supreme importance. The strange accident which befalls this second Excalibur, this mystic sword with which so much of the story seems somehow to be connected, belongs to the romantic and mysterious aspect of the tale. When Wilfrid has grown old enough to leave off shaking his hair to make the wind, and even to have doubts as to the power of the pendulum, he is sent to school; and one day, while rambling with the rest of the boys in the woods belonging to Moldwarp Hall, a certain rosy-cheeked apple falls at his feet. The other

boys have all gallantly resisted the temptation of stealing this apple, but Wilfrid cannot. Accordingly, he picks it up and bites it; but his teeth have no sooner met in the juicy flesh than he feels all the torments of Adam's guilt, and rushes off to the Hall to entreat Sir Giles Brotherton, the owner, "to box his ears." It gives a strangely clear insight into the quality of Dr. MacDonald's own mind that when, very many years afterwards, Wilfrid finds out that he is the rightful owner of Moldwarp Hall, his first thought is that the apple he appropriated as a child was in reality his own. To a critic who can read indications, this one instance of morbid conscientiousness, of sickly introspection, and the very puerility of remorse, gives the keynote to the whole. By his desire to have his ears boxed Wilfrid Cumbermede gets invited to Moldwarp Hall, where the housekeeper behaves oddly to him when she hears who he is. And here he loses Excalibur. For, on a future visit, when he is asked to sleep there—and when he has taken this huge sword with him, which was such a very likely thing for a small schoolboy to have done—in the middle of the night he is sent into a fainting fit by the moving of a certain piece of newer Gobelins let into some old tapestry, the protrusion of a mailed hand and arm through the gap there made, then the entrance of a figure armed *cap à pie*, and then a long arm stretched out towards the bed. In the morning the sword has vanished. It turns up again, however, in future pages, in the Moldwarp armoury, duly labelled and described as belonging to the family collection. The possession of this sword, an old MS. volume, the fact that at the Mont, Wilfrid's home, a piece of old tapestry exactly fits the place where the newer Gobelins has been inserted into the old tapestry at Moldwarp Hall, and an entry in a parish register, clumsily covered by a forgery, are among the most conclusive proofs that Wilfrid Cumbermede is the rightful possessor of Moldwarp Hall. But as, by the time he has made his case clear, the girl he loves, Mary Osborne, has married the man he hates, Geoffrey Brotherton, the present possessor of the estate, he lets his claim lie in abeyance until Geoffrey obligingly dies, when he hopes to gain both Mary and his suit.

His love affair with Mary Osborne belongs also in some measure to the mystical part of the story. We know little of her save that she is the sister of Charley, Wilfrid's bosom friend, and the sickliest, least satisfactory young man we have met for a long time. Wilfrid, sleeping again at Moldwarp Hall when, a grown man, he has volunteered to arrange and catalogue the library under conditions which no man who respected himself or knew the world, as an Oxonian must have done, would have accepted, occupies again the chamber where, as a child, his sword had been taken from him. Here he has a dream of a lovely maiden whom he calls Athanasia, who penetrates his soul, has something to do with death, and causes him mingled ecstasy and anguish. When he wakes he finds his Athanasia, as Mary Osborne, fast asleep by his side, and the naked sword on the counterpane between them; on which he escapes in his shirt, and dresses *à fresco* on the leads by the chimney-stack, making his washing-basin of a little pool of rain-water he finds in a depression of the leads. We do not hear what he uses as a towel, or how he manages for soap and tooth-brush. We do hear, however, that he leaves one of his shoes behind him in the bedroom, and that Mary drops there her ring; and that he is seen crowding the leads with the sword, which he carries off to his own home, and which consequently he has to restore as a theft, and suffer the imputation of being a thief. So that the whole episode is a muddle, and as ineffectual as it is both silly and inartistic.

As an allegory the character of Charley Osborne may have its uses, possibly its merits; as the portrait of an average English gentleman, we have seldom seen anything more unpleasant or less lifelike. Effeminate and unreal as is Wilfrid, he is a hero by the side of a miserable creature who, as a boy, nearly goes into a fit because everything looks blue and ghastly in an ice cavern; as a man, sinks into the worst form of craven despair when he has been seduced by Brotherton into carnal sin; as a thinking being, takes up with reckless atheism because his father is a narrow Christian; and finally commits suicide because he misapprehends a scene between his lover and his friend. Yet on this miserable creature Dr. MacDonald, as Wilfrid, has lavished a more than womanish tenderness, and his passionate apostrophes to "My Charley, oh, my Charley!" with his dreams of angelic Charlies standing on heavenly roses, and the like, will cause some of his male readers amusement and others disgust, as temperament may direct. But as Dr. MacDonald writes professedly for women, seeing that he always speaks of the reader as "she," perhaps he will be indifferent to the verdict of the coarser masculine world; and, provided his female admirers remain steady to their worship, will willingly brave the contempt which all manly-minded men must feel for the false sentimentality, the misty vagueness, and want of grip which are his besetting sins as a novelist. They are characteristic, however, which please a certain style of women; and even *Wilfrid Cumbermede* will find its admirers.

Among the very few tangible opinions given in this work, we may count as about the most distinct the belief that every living thing has an immortal soul, and that, so far from the future of man being a great negation, the future of dogs, and birds, and horses—we suppose also of midges and infusoria; for where can the line be drawn?—is as real and eternal as man's. This doctrine is repeated with fuller force in the matter of Lilith, a white horse of some importance and wonderful intelligence; and the man's dictum that Lilith has not gone to the worms clinches the boy's

\* *Wilfrid Cumbermede*. By George MacDonald, LL.D., Author of "Robert Falconer." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

argument, which was to the effect that, though Charley had once killed a little bird, he could still "beg its pardon" for having shot it, seeing that the bird lived in the spirit world, and that its death was not its destruction. If this doctrine is true, we trust we are not profane in hoping that the souls of beasts may undergo a considerable amount of purification, and that from our parent ascidians, through extinct races of pre-historic monsters and microscopic diatoms, up to lions and tigers on the one hand and fleas and bugs on the other, we shall find a well-behaved spiritual museum, where spiders' webs will not catch flies, and boas will refrain from bolting rabbits.

We cannot say that *Wilfred Cumbermede* is in any way an advance on Dr. MacDonald's former work. As art, it is scratchy, vague, confused, and without central interest or sustained effort; as philosophy, it is weak, fanciful, and muddle-headed; as a story of modern life, it is simply farcical; and its portraiture can scarcely be dealt with seriously. For indeed it is difficult to determine whether the characters are meant as mere emblems or as possible men and women. If the former, they are outside the pale, if the latter, they are below the dignity, of grave or careful life criticism. Such beings as Wilfred Cumbermede and Charley Osborne are not according to any type of sane living Englishmen known to us; while the two girls, Clara and Mary, are as unreal as the men. Dr. MacDonald has a fine fancy, keen sensibility, subtle thought, and undeniable grace, but he wants backbone and manliness. *David Elginbrod* was his best book, because his simplest and most natural; but since then he has been gradually and steadily deteriorating, till he has sunk at last into a state of hysterical sentimentality to which no living author of any note affords a parallel, and which has its parallel only in the bygone Rosa Matilda school of gush and moonshine.

#### CHEAP SCHOOL BOOKS.\*

THE dawn of a cheaper education is breaking. One of the economic puzzles of parents alive to the value of a liberal education has hitherto been how to keep in check the half-yearly book bill, which is an unwelcome supplement to professedly inclusive terms. In our own early youth, when William IV. was King, we distinctly recollect a form of boys between twelve and thirteen years of age being supplied with Bloomfield's Greek Testament, a couple of thick octavos, the main portion of the contents of which was learned and voluminous annotation quite beyond the comprehension of tiros not long out of Greek *Delectus*. And still, after nearly two score years have passed, we witness the same want of consideration for the interests of parents and pupils as regards this matter, even at the best of our public schools. Though it can scarcely be supposed that in the present day the low motive of discount and percentages has ought to do with this phenomenon, it is not the less true that schoolboys bring home a single volume of Grote (in the octavo shape), or an instalment of the *Bibliotheca Classica*, the expense of which has been inflicted upon unwitting parents simply for the sake of the pupil's reading three or four chapters of the one, and perhaps a play or a book of the other. In such cases the pupil sets no store by books which, being but parts of a set, represent no addition to a library; and hence, when the next term comes, he either lays them by in neglect, or haply disposes of them for a mere song to swell the catalogues of second-hand booksellers. Excepting to the studious few in a sixth form, or to candidates for honours at the Universities, it may be confidently said that costly and elaborate school books are useless, and it is a matter of fact that at the end of a term the rank and file of schoolboys are as innocent of the contents of an editor's notes and commentary as they are of his name and pretensions. It is enough for them if they can construe the text, and any annotatory light upon it comes to them, if it comes at all, from an exceptionally inquiring schoolfellow.

Such being the case, it is cruelty to books of real merit, cruelty to boys of ordinary type, and cruelty, moreover, to parents' pockets, to give out expensive editions of the classics for school use. There is much to be said in favour of thorough lexicons, dictionaries of antiquities, mythology and biography, atlases, and such-like books of reference. These to a working student may remain a *crux* *sic* *ac* when school and college days are over, and if idlers fail to use them at firsthand, they may descend to younger brothers, or even come in useful for the home library. But we have long felt that a reform was needed as regards the character and cost of text-books. The interests of all concerned require that handy and well prepared selections from the authors usually read in schools should be the rule, and not the exception, of a boy's literary outfit. As it is well put in the prospectus of the series now lying before us:—

School books are seldom preserved for any length of time. They are exposed to many accidents, and if they survive these in a presentable form, they often become obsolete before they reach the hands of another genera-

tion. At the same time they often contain much more than, as a matter of fact, can be made use of. Small books, sold at a low price, which would serve for a term or a half-year, and would be read from beginning to end, would, it is thought, be found by parents to effect an economy in what is often a heavy expense.

All honour to the publishers who, having such clear and unselfish views, adventure upon the path of cheap and yet sound and solid school literature with a simple trust in a ready response to their disinterestedness. To produce Latin and English selections from the classic of both tongues, so well and exquisitely printed, so strongly bound, so sensibly annotated, as the four samples that lie before us, involves a very considerable expense, and we should be sorry to attempt an exact calculation of the number of copies of each which must be sold before the scheme can pay, or a profit be realized. It will be of more service to the promoters of the series to assist in giving publicity to the volumes of it which have already appeared, and which strike us as presenting a more uniform excellence than any of the cheaper series of classics likely to come into competition with them. We have not a word to say against the "Oxford Pocket Classics," which are mostly supplemented with short notes; and there are a good many volumes in what is known as Weale's Series which supply a wonderful mass of condensed information in notes and commentary. Messrs. Seeley's "Cheap School Books" do not clash with these, inasmuch as they profess to be selections. In portability, and in beauty of typography, they certainly bear off the palm; and it is no little matter to furnish the schoolboy with a really pocket volume, which may accompany his walks, and of which the print and paper may, by their perfection, charm him into close and familiar acquaintance.

It is fair to give precedence to Mr. Church's "Ovid," because he has the credit of having suggested the series. His co-editor in the *History*, and *Germany*, and *Agricola* of Tacitus, and in the *Epistles of Pliny*, for which well edited editions we had a word of commendation as they severally appeared, is the editor of a volume of selections from *Horace's Odes*, with which it would be very hard to find a fault. And Mr. Butler's selections from *Cæsar* have the signal merit of reproducing for the perusal of English boys that particular part of *Cæsar's Commentaries* which ought to command their interest as a very early page of British history. But, without being invidious, we set most value on the selections from Ovid, as well because they are excellently chosen with an eye to *memorabilia* of the poet himself and of the early annals and legends of his country, as because Ovid's elegiac poetry cannot be too much studied and learned by rote by young Latinists, with a view to proficiency in verse-writing. And yet it would never do to let a schoolboy loose upon the *Amores* and the *Ars Amandi*. He must be limited to selections, and the purveyor of selections which shall be at the same time choice and inoffensive confers a great boon on young students of Ovid. No choice could be happier than that of Mr. Church. His first extract should be committed to heart as an elegant and succinct account of Ovid himself and his literary contemporaries. The better and less known poets of the Augustan period are passed one by one in review, the name of each being cleverly coupled with the works that made it famous. The same kind of grouping is adopted, in the case of Greek and Roman poets in the second extract, an apology from the *Amores* for the devotion to poetry which some take for indolence. Homer, Hesiod, Callimachus, Sophocles, Aratus, are criticized in a single couplet each. The Roman Gallus is associated with his Lycoris, and the lasting fame of Virgil is prophesied in a couple of lines, which are pregnant with compliment to the poet and the Empire:—

Tityrus et fruges Æneiaque arma legentur,  
Roma triumphati dum caput orbis erit.

It would have been well if Mr. Church had given a note about Gallus, and connected him with the tenth eclogue of Virgil for the information of young readers, but we suppose that he of set purpose withholds such information as may be easily got by access to a classical dictionary. Certainly he is never wanting in the best sort of assistance where there is a legitimate difficulty. Thus in the lament over Tibullus (*Amores*, iii. 9), p. 18, vv. 55-6, where, after his wont, Ovid has pictured the other poets he has known, in Elysium, he adds:—

His comes umbra tua est. Signa est modo corporis umbra,  
Auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.

Here a schoolboy might doubt, if he thought about the matter, what was the exact sense of "numeros." Mr. Church translates the word "companies," and in another rather difficult couplet of the poem about the death of Corinna's parrot applies the same rendering (alternatively) to the same word. Ovid wrote thus:—

Optima prima fere manibus rapiuntur avaris.  
Implentur numeros deteriora suis.

And it is probable that in both instances he meant the same thing, and that a military term. An apt parallel is furnished to the former passage by Mr. Church's comparison of *Lygdamus*, 178-9:—

There entertain him all the ætials above  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies.

Generally, throughout his brief notes, the editor strikes us as a "full man" judiciously giving out of his abundance just such needful help to the pupil as will be easily carried away, and at the same time set him thinking and inquiring. The distinction between "agere" and "ferre" in plauding (vi. 61), the information about the form and shape and essential of a Roman book when properly turned out by the bibliopole (viii. 7-12), are instances of this, and on the whole we prefer this direct mode of

\* *Ovid: Select Passages for the Use of Schools.* With Notes by the Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

*Horace: Select Odes.* With Notes and Introductions by the Rev. W. J. Brodrick, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

*Cæsar: Select Passages, including the British Expedition.* With Notes by the Rev. F. B. Butler. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

*Milton: Selected Poems and Sonnets.* With Notes by the Rev. H. R. Buxton, M.A., Fourth Master in Merchant Taylors' School. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1871.



enlightenment to that which we observe Mr. Butler makes use of in his notes to *Cæsar*—the interrogative mode, as we may call it. The latter, upon c. 2, "Ad eum legati veniunt, qui polliceantur obsides dare atque imperio populi Romani obtemperare," gives the following note:—

*Qui polliceantur.* Not "who promise," but "to promise." Why? *Dare.* The more usual construction would be—what?

We fancy schoolboys will think there is a time and place for all things, and that questions should be asked in class; information in notes categorically given. A map of the theatre of operations would be an improvement to the selections from *Cæsar*.

We would fain hope that the Milton of this series is the forerunner of other equally well chosen selections from other British classics, to the end that English schoolboys may be freed from the stigma of knowing more about Latin and Greek poets than about those of their own land. Mr. Huckin's prefatory notice of our great epic poet is singularly neat and pointed. Such data as the Swedish envoy's *mot*, "There is but one man in England who can write Latin, and he is blind," as the story that his most brilliant passages were composed by night, and as Dryden's comparison of Milton with Homer and Dante are just the points to lay hold of a boy's imagination, and to form pegs on which to hang the essentials of the poet's biography. And the poems given—namely, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and ten picked sonnets—are calculated to inspire a lad of any taste or culture with a desire to acquaint himself with the other and more famous works of our English epic poet; especially since the way is smoothed, and the study of these selected poems made alike easy and agreeable, by interesting and attractive notes on the rhythm and the language of their author. The committal to memory of parts of *Comus* and the whole of *Lycidas* will be less irksome when it is made clear to the learner that such a line as *Comus*, 474, is an Alexandrine, admissible because "the thought and sound accord," and when he is taught in a brief note how to scan *Lycidas*, v. 85:—

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood.

If, too, such a learner will lay to heart the notes on such words as "coy," "weanling," "foil," "swart-star," "rathe" (we take a few instances from *Lycidas*), he will have acquired in the least task-like fashion no little insight into the sources and derivation of our "well of English undefiled." Take the note on "rathe" for an instance (*Lycid.* 142):—"Rathe is 'early.' Its comparative is 'rather,' and the superlative 'rathest' is found. *Rather* therefore is the same as *sooner*, and we find the word used as equivalent, in the phrase, 'I would sooner not do it,' or 'I would rather not.'" How few boys—ready with half-a-dozen Latin epithets for the violet or the primrose—would know, off-hand, the force of "rathe" in this connexion, or dream of the suitableness which it manifests when compared with its synonym.

Indeed, Mr. Huckin's task, if briefly, is lovingly done. Witness the note to *L'Allegro*, 132, on "Jonson's learned sock," into which he contrives to throw a brief but remarkable contrast between the far-fetchedness of "rare Ben Jonson's" thoughts and the native ease and simplicity of Shakespeare's. Or that in *Il Penseroso*, 156:—

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale, &c.

where the annotator localizes the "cloisters" (th. *claustris*, to shut) as those of the poet's nursing-mother, St. Paul's, the "high embowed roof" and "antique pillars" of the context being those of the adjoining (old) cathedral. It is by this manner of imparting interest to a text that it is helped to cling to the memory.

We cannot too warmly hail this series. Let the editor and the publisher spare no pains upon it; let them jealously adhere to the characteristic feature of brevity which distinguishes the volumes they have put forth. Most surely, if all the schoolmasters in England would adopt this series, or the principle of it, they would have fewer occasions to complain of boys not having read their notes, and fewer grumbings on the part of patres-familias at the heavy items of the book-bill.

#### THE DEBATABLE LAND.

THIS book by Mr. Robert Dale Owen is a reprint from an American publication, and is worth a brief notice as illustrating the singular phenomenon known as Spiritualism. If Mr. Owen's statistics are trustworthy—but it must be added that this is a very large "if"—indeed—there are seven millions of Spiritualists in the United States. They are beginning to show some tendency to base a religion upon the alleged manifestations, and this is perhaps the most interesting side of the question. Mr. Owen is the interpreter of their creed, such as it is; and his book is intended, not merely to relate a number of strange stories, but to exhibit their bearing upon the future religious history of the world. Mr. Owen's creed may be briefly described as a kind of sentimental Unitarianism; he follows the example of Lord Russell and other reformers of the same class in holding—we need not ask with what justice—that a pure Christianity is to be distilled from the tenets of different sects by omitting all their characteristic dogmas. He devotes a great many pages to show that Protestantism failed to conquer the world because it adopted the repulsive doctrines of Calvinism; and he thinks that we are now in

danger of either submitting ourselves to the infallible authority of Rome, or accepting the atheistic views which, as he tells us, prevail amongst men of science. Spiritualism offers the only mode of escape, by adopting scientific conclusions and yet demonstrating the immortality of the soul. The miracles which accompanied the birth of Christianity were not strictly speaking miracles, but manifestations of the same forces which we now include under the name of Spiritualism; and we are now, as we were nineteen centuries ago, on the eve of a new religious era, to be heralded by the occurrence of similar mysterious events. We will say a word or two upon this theory presently. Let us first glance at some of the facts upon which the theory is grounded.

Conyers Middleton was perhaps the first writer who drew attention to the argument against miraculous stories derived from the utterly uncritical state of mind of the relators and their opponents. If some centuries hence any future Middleton should find it necessary to attack Mr. Owen, he will have no trouble in showing that the Spiritualist of the nineteenth century is as incapable of appreciating evidence as any Father can have been in the fourth century. Some of the stories which we are about to mention have indeed, more or less, a show of evidence; but Mr. Owen has also raked together a heap of the most absurd narratives, and betrays the state of his critical faculty by the mode in which he conceives himself to have established them. No superstition is beneath him; he believes that witchcraft had some real foundation in the bad conduct of "spirits of low character," though he does not believe in the devil; and it is amusing to find him quoting as a weighty authority Sir Thomas Browne, "physician, philosopher, and scholar," in ignorance, as we must suppose, of the good Sir Thomas's love of half-exploded superstitions. He would have no difficulty in finding better authority on behalf of astrology. Mr. Owen, however, has an indiscriminating appetite for the marvellous of all kinds. He collects stories of the ordinary type, where a dying man appears to a friend at a distance. He tells a wonderful legend of Captain Marryat taking a shot at a ghost in an old country house, which it seems that the Captain's daughter declares to be an authentic narrative. Assuming that she related it as she heard it, we should say that it proves the not very surprising fact that the author of *Peter Simple* enjoyed a mystification or a practical joke. Then we have a story which Lady Morgan tells on the authority of Lord Erskine. Lord Erskine, so the story runs, as he related it to Lady Morgan many years after, once returned to Edinburgh after a long absence, and met the old family butler, looking very pale and ghastly; the butler asked him to obtain the payment of a certain sum due from the steward, and then took an opportunity of vanishing, and in fact turned out to be a ghost. Of course the ghost's story was correct, and Lord Erskine became a believer ever after. Mr. Owen glories over the sceptic at great length, putting a series of such dilemmas as this—either Lord Erskine one morning in Edinburgh met a ghost, or Lord Erskine lied. He thinks the last the less improbable of the two hypotheses, and it is gratifying to see that a Republican entertains so high an opinion of the personal honour of our aristocracy. But it is characteristic that Mr. Owen fails to see that his dilemma omits any number of other possible cases. For instance, Lady Morgan may have lied; or, not to be so uncivil, Lady Morgan may have made a mistake; or Lady Morgan may have heightened her narrative for dramatic effect; or Lord Erskine may have told the story about his grandfather, and Lady Morgan have transferred it to herself, and so on *ad infinitum*. If an old lord and a lively lady could not compose a good ghost story between them, we should be indeed badly off for family legends. This omission to notice the weaker links of a chain of proof appears in almost every story related. Mr. Owen has collected various cases in which bells have rung in houses without any visible causes, and for considerable periods. He assumes—we can't see why—that they were rung by spirits. And he observes, as an interesting fact, that in more cases than one the disturbances were in some way connected with the presence of some particular person in the house. This, he says, is intelligible enough now when we are accustomed to "mediums." We are disposed to agree with him, because, now as then, we attribute the results to human agency; but Mr. Owen evidently fails to see how naturally suspicion is raised by the very fact upon which he dwells.

We will proceed, however, to Mr. Owen's own experiences. He seems to have been originally converted by an experience at Naples in 1856. Several ladies were trying the experiment of "automatic writing"—that is to say, one lady wrote and said that her hand was moved independently of her will by a spirit. One lady asked, Who gave me these pins? Hereupon the pen traced out the reply, "The one that gives you a maid and cook." The donor of the pins had in fact sent the lady two servants from Florence. It is of course asserted that the lady who held the pen was in complete ignorance of the facts, and Mr. Owen therefore jumps to the conclusion that a spirit must have guided her hand. His notion of investigating the subject was to inquire from the lady to whom the answer was given whether she could throw any light upon it, but he does not appear to have taken the trouble of interrogating the lady who gave the answer. He was therefore naturally unable to obtain any explanation of the supposed mystery. Returning to the United States, he became acquainted with a great number of mediums, and gradually came to see various surprising results. His confidence in the honour of these persons is unbounded. One of his instructors was Mr. Foster, of whose feats of producing names written on his arm after his visitor had written them

on folded pieces of paper we have heard something in England. The trick is described in the well-known recent article in the *Quarterly Review*, and is perhaps rather superior to that of the Davenport brothers. Mr. Owen regards the performance with an unquestioning faith which gives us some measure of the value of his confidence in other performers. Another touching instance of his teachable and trustful spirit occurs in his mention of Mr. Home. He says that a medium should never seek "worldly wealth and profit through spiritual revealings," and *à propos* of this he tells us that the "celebrated medium" just mentioned administered a serious reproof to a prince who wished to make some inquiry as to his prospects of succession to a throne. Mr. Owen did not think it necessary to ask whether Mr. Home always remembered his own warnings. We do not wonder, all things considered, that Mr. Owen has seen some very wonderful manifestations indeed. He has more than once seen spirits. One spirit manifested its presence by a luminous figure of circular form moving about, and then, after making "a slight guttural sound"—probably clearing its throat—succeeded in saying, "God bless you!" On another occasion, being in company with a lady much esteemed in Boston as a teacher of singing and dancing, and with several mediums, he saw a female figure draped in white and shining garments walk into a room and then walk back and disappear. Two of the mediums present did not remember seeing anything. Mr. Owen says that his "faith in the reality of this appearance is not at all shaken by reflecting that a Signor Blitz or Robert Houdin," with proper appliances, could have produced all that he witnessed. His reason is that the performance took place in a private house with some eminently respectable ladies who did not take money. As we are not acquainted with the ladies, and do not know what names are indicated by "Mrs. K." and "Mrs. D.," we cannot quite share his confidence. A still more surprising series of phenomena of this kind is recorded on the authority of two or three highly respectable people at New York. Certain persons, including one very well-known female medium, succeeded in frequently seeing a lady related to one of the visitors, who had been dead for some years, and afterwards were honoured by several visits from Dr. Franklin. Franklin had an uncomfortable way of only appearing in bits, and with a "deformed and disagreeable aspect" of face; but at times he came out so strong that the persons present were allowed to pull his clothes, and on one occasion he sat in a chair looking at them for more than an hour. He does not appear to have made any remarks which might have been interesting. What are we to say to such stories as these? That they prove ingenious imposture, or delusions approaching to those of insanity, or monstrous lying, or practical joking, or real appearances of some kind? Having no means of investigating the question, we cannot offer any opinion; but if matters go on at this rate, we may expect before long to meet ghosts walking about our streets as commonly as policemen.

We can only ask what light these phenomena are supposed by those who believe in them to cast upon religion? The miracles related do not remind us very vividly of those recorded in the New Testament. Somehow we find it difficult to imagine St. Paul shutting himself up in a dark room with Sergius Paulus, and converting him to Christianity by making a table stand on one leg and cut capers in the air. We fancy that, if he had relied upon such means, Elymas the sorcerer would have got the better of him. The doctrines preached by the spirits seem to be singularly vague; and indeed it is part of the theory that the spirits do not know much more about anything than we do ourselves. Mr. Owen prints a communication to which he attaches great importance, but which we cannot quote from fear of irreverence. It is enough to say that it deals with the mystery of the Incarnation; and that it strikes us much as if somebody had listened to a sermon upon that solemn subject, and to a lecture on popular science, and had managed to mix up the two in a strange and meaningless jargon. It is not a very edifying or consoling belief that after death the commonplace Yankee will be a commonplace Yankee still; or that there are beings moving about in this world, imperceptible to our senses, but resembling us in our most ridiculous sides. Believing as we do that the medium is a more or less clever impostor, we can easily understand why the revelations made should be as vulgar and prosaic as the minds of their originators; but, on the opposite theory, it is certainly strange that people should come from the dead and yet should be able to bring us no inspiring news, to preach no new doctrine, but, at the utmost, only to sit in a chair in substantial clothes, and look steadily at us with a deformed and disagreeable aspect. We are not surprised to find that a church resting on such a basis has already developed heresies, and that some of the spirits preach Christian and others "radical" doctrines. In all probability they will talk as much nonsense as is already in the minds of their believers. But we certainly admit that the existence of such superstitions is very curious, and may possess a significance upon which we cannot now speculate.

#### FAIR TO SEE.\*

**N**EXT to the masterpieces that are apparently things of the past, we like the clever novel that grows upon one. We do not refer now to the work of the practised veteran, who, knowing

\* *Fair to See*. By Laurence M. Lockhart, Author of "Double or Quits." London: Blackwood & Sons. 1871.

that sensation must fall however well it is sustained, has back at the start, and holds himself hard throughout, that he may bring his readers with a rush at the finish. We speak of the man who visibly warms as he goes, moves more freely as he feels his strength, and raises the ideal of his conceptions as he interests himself in his own creations. His feelings enlist themselves in aid of his brain, and, without ceasing to be lively, in spite of himself he becomes more earnest and less superficial. In society you meet "a good fellow" who makes himself excessively agreeable, and you pass a pleasant half-hour in his company. If these half-hours are often repeated, and he always meets you much as he was at first, he very speedily begins to bore you. But if you feel yourself drawn to him by glimpses of something better and more sterling beneath the mere sparkle of the surface, then the acquaintance ripens into esteem and friendship under the genial influence of his amiable qualities. You are drawn to him the more that he agreeably disappoints you. This is very much our experience with *Fair to See*. It begins very well indeed with a chapter of after-luncheon "palaver" in a mess smoking-room. The interchange of chat and chaff is much what we might expect in the circumstances, and the tone of the dialogue is not much more highly pitched than an intelligent reader has a right to ask of a clever writer. But we know, or fancy we know, what it is meant to lead on to. Melancholy experience makes us distrust any author's power to entertain us or do himself justice through three volumes of the regulation regimental novel. In these piping times of peace we cannot hope for the rollicking excitement that carried *beaucoup sabre* like Charles O'Malley through campaigning picnics which were all the merrier because danger and hardship were standing guests, and death might drop in at any moment. Barrack life is as vivid as the heeltaps left in last night's champagne-glasses, and Homer himself could strike no fire if he sung the commonplace garrison flirtations. We half surmise that Major Lockhart at first intended his hero to fritter away his little hour on the stage as a gentlemanly, good-natured fellow, who was capital company in his way but did very little credit to his belongings, and that he simply meant him to amuse us from page to page with little ulterior purpose. In one of the very first chapters Bertrand Cameron lends himself to ridicule, and, in plain English, makes an idiot of himself. If that was not Major Lockhart's idea, he is rather hard on Mr. Cameron; but if it was, as we believe it was, he forthwith repents. Repenting, he turns the blemish to advantage, by showing how easily he can overcome the prejudice it inevitably creates. We are almost made to forget how Mr. Cameron in his sober senses chose to induce himself in a dress kilt for the first time in broad daylight, and swagger in it for the entertainment of a mixed steamboat-load of critical Scotchmen. We feel a conviction that, although once strangely left to himself for some inexplicable reason, he is never likely to sin again in the same way. Not that he does not commit follies in abundance; indeed, on his crowning folly, turns the interest of the book, and it comes near to marring his existence. But his follies are the follies that spring naturally from the generous, impulsive nature of which Major Lockhart makes a vigorous and life-like study, and they work themselves happily into an ingenious and well-weighed plot. Major Lockhart can plead high precedents for reconsidering his hero. Our greatest authors have done the same thing in the very best of their books. We know how the crack-brained squire of La Mancha, self-knighted, cudgelled and mocked by clowns when he first rides out on adventure, grows under Cervantes' pen into the high-souled hidalgo, monomaniac on a single point; how the absurd founder of the Pickwick Club, who had been wheeled in a drunken sleep to the village pound to be pelted by the village rabble, withdrew to end his days at Dulwich, followed by the respectful attachment of countless readers. And we hold that there can be few better signs of a promising writer than his following Cervantes and Dickens is an inconsistency that comes of a vigorous grasp of his characters, and a capacity for identifying himself with them. The plot of *Fair to See* undoubtedly shows a great deal of constructive power, but what is more, it exhibits the artistic instinct—a higher and much rarer quality. A good strong serviceable plot may be hammered with patience and perseverance out of a very ordinary brain, and the constructive faculty develops like the muscles with practice. But the artistic sense is the gift of nature; the dramatic artist, like the poet, is born, not made. We do not refer merely to the judicious use of contrast, especially in the contact of conflicting characters, although there Major Lockhart excels. But he specially shows power in the numberless little touches that lighten love scenes and descriptions; in slight liftings of the corner of the veil that hides the future from us; in delicious ways of putting things, and in an adroit suggestion of the immense does that stimulate curiosity.

As a rule, we prefer, in reviewing a novel, to avoid anything more than incidental references to its story. To risk betraying the *dénouement* is a double injustice to the author and his reader. But it is difficult to indicate the special merits of *Fair to See* without telling something of the plot, and our doing so is of the less consequence in this case that the chief merits and interest of the tale lie in the way it is worked out. Bertrand Cameron and his friend Pigot, lieutenant and captain respectively in a line regiment quartered in the South of England, read and answer a tempting advertisement offering a couple of guns and a month's shooting and the attraction of a charming family club somewhere in the Western Highlands. The arrangement is made, and they find themselves domesticated with the McKillops. Mr. McKillop has retired upon a large fortune made in Australia. In an era

hour for himself he has espoused a certain Mrs. Grant, widow of a captain of that name. Mrs. McKillop is coarse-minded and vulgar to a fault—to a fault in the book, indeed. Husband and wife have each a fair daughter, the fruits of their former marriages, both delightful girls to all appearance, but the lustre of Eila McKillop's grace and beauty eclipses the quieter charms of Morna Grant. Bertrand Cameron is exceedingly impressionable, his friend Captain Pigot very much the reverse. Bertrand is highly eligible moreover, for he is nephew and presumptive heir to Sir Rowland Cameron, who is in possession of the family estates and has amassed an ample fortune in the course of a long career as administrator in the colonies. Bertrand is drifting into love with Morna Grant, and quietly making his way, as we are led to suspect, *en pays conquis*, when the brilliant Eila flashes on the scene. The passion-stricken youth sees his fate and henceforth only lives for the new comer. She, on her side, is quite disposed to live for him, provided she can play no more profitable game; in other words, she is the most calculating of girls. Bertrand's succession to the unentailed family property is absolutely contingent upon his uncle's pleasure. The uncle of course refuses his consent to the marriage, and Bertrand is straightway jilted. Blinded by love and implicit faith, he has hitherto let himself be humbugged to any extent by that ingenuous young woman, but in giving him his formal dismissal she is sufficiently left to herself to write a lie which she cannot subsequently explain away. Her father contrives to exercise pressure on Sir Roland, and compels his consent. Bertrand, who has been brought to death's door by a fearful illness, and whose eyes have been thoroughly opened, declines to avail himself of his uncle's tardy permission. He has already proved his disinterestedness by courting disinheritance for Eila's sake, and now he demonstrates it again by positively refusing to marry her, although she is richly dowered by her father, and comes to him as the assurance of his family inheritance. Of course he has nothing to regret in the end; he escapes himself with the sterling Morna, and the pair live rich and very happy; while retributive justice is wrought upon those who had so nearly wrecked his peace and ruined his prospects.

The interest of the plot turns on certain awkward antecedents in the career of the wealthy Mr. McKillop, and on the mysterious hold he has established upon the distinguished Sir Roland. Expectation is worked up by the exercise of that artistic gift we spoke of, although, when the explanation comes at last, the machinery that solves the mystery is perhaps somewhat too commonplace to satisfy our anticipations. But it is excellently adjusted to its purpose of bringing out Eila and her by-play. The way in which we are permitted to mark and follow her evident game, while we can still sympathize with the sensible victim of her illusions, is very cleverly managed, and her love letters as pieces of mystification show real talent. Yet Morna Grant, while more unpretending, and necessarily withdrawing herself into the background while her brilliant rival makes play in the front, is perhaps, take her all in all, the more effective character of the two. Eila shows an unnatural absence of heart; it is not that Cameron does not touch it, but there is not one particle of latent sentiment about all her pretty person. Accordingly, when she pays the penalty of her faults in the end, we have no more sympathy for her than every man must necessarily feel for a lovely woman in anguish. If Morna had ended unhappily, we should have been slow to console ourselves. She is one of those fresh, honest girls whom one cannot help liking; quite pretty enough, yet captivating and holding you more by her candour, kindness, and native dignity of disposition than by her pleasant looks; frank by nature, yet reserved on occasions; almost blunt and over-outspoken, yet altogether womanly and ladylike. Major Lockhart, like Mr. Trollope, can identify himself wonderfully with girls and their ways of thought; there is an indescribable something about the manner of their talk, about the neat little turns he gives to their expressions, that makes one realize the scenes he describes, and understand how it came about that the flirtation should pass into love-making. This makes it the less explicable how he should have drawn Mrs. McKillop, Morna's mother, in such harsh and improbable outline, unless we suppose that he is paying the penalty of his original sin and false start, when she becomes something of a blot in his book. Although he had half-committed Bertrand Cameron, he could retrieve him; but Mrs. McKillop had been coloured too violently to be easily toned down. Yet, had she been less staring, she would have been far more telling, because she would have been more of a foil to her quiet daughter Morna. As it is, the incompatibility of the pair calls us back from the world of illusion to the hard realities of criticism, and we are reminded that Morna is mythical when we are asked to believe her the child of her mother. Talking of foils and the art of contrast, the generous, impulsive, warm-hearted hero is well set off by his Ascham Pigot, who prides himself, with reason, on his imperturbability, although his cynicism will not stand the test of another's adversity, and Bertrand's dangerous illness converts him into the most attentive and unselfish of sick nurses. Pigot is, to outward appearance, the most unsentimental of men, and as he neither marries nor falls in love in the course of the story, we presume he is really as little inflammable as he seems. It is his duty fate to have his sympathetic beam overflooded by the transports of his friend's passion, and the talk of the two, with the way in which the victim mounts the rill imposed upon him, is often capital. The dialogue indeed is generally very good, except when Mrs. McKillop enters into it with her infamous French, her Celtic pedigree, the mythical exploits

of her barbarous ancestors, and her vulgar posturings generally. Major Lockhart has a strong sense of humour, and if we had space we could gather illustrations of it in abundance from his pages. He describes well enough and laying his scenes far the most part in the grandest districts of the Scottish Highlands, he finds ample openings for description. But he rattles his story along so merrily that we are seldom in the vein to pause and commune quietly with nature; just as pictures, originated for the admiration of the sublime and beautiful, generally utterly fail in that respect if they chance to turn out pleasantly. In short, while thus recognising the dramatic vivacity of *Far to See*, we can warmly recommend it to those who like something better than a lively story. In our opinion it makes an advance upon the author's former work as on its own earliest chapters; and we are disposed to think that it contains good promise of still greater success in the future.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

FEW sorts of books promise so much and perform so little as the personal recollections of celebrated men by their intimate friends. From the reader's point of view, this species of literature may be compared to a lottery in which the rare prizes—the Boswells and the Rickermanes—are of inestimable value, but in which blanks are the rule. In nine cases out of ten one is compelled to ask, "And is this all you have to tell us?" We do not complain of Baron von Friesen\* for being no exception to the general rule, though it certainly is hard to comprehend how any one should have known Ludwig Tieck for seventeen years without being able to record seventeen particulars of interest concerning him. But we do think it unjustifiable to publish two stout volumes purporting to contain the author's recollections of an illustrious man, but which, in fact, only contain his opinions respecting that personage. Baron von Friesen is a man of culture, and his views respecting Tieck's activity as author and dramatic manager are not wholly unworthy of attention, only they should have been published under their proper designation, and not offered to the public as a contribution to biographical literature. Judged by the standard prescribed by the author himself, we must pronounce this book a lamentable failure; it is utterly destitute of biographical interest, and it would be waste of time to spend another word upon its pretensions in that respect. The character of the criticisms is respectable mediocrity; but the essay on Tieck's novels has at least the merit of recalling attention to a series of delightful and unjustly neglected compositions.

The late Arthur Schopenhauer† must be admitted by those most opposed to his philosophical views to have rendered one eminent service to metaphysics, in demonstrating the feasibility of uniting depth of research to lucidity of style, and applying abstract principles to the treatment of practical topics. His merits in these particulars could not be more strikingly exhibited than by the two goodly volumes of excerpts which his literary executor, Herr Julius Frauenstädt, has been enabled to select from his published writings. There is scarcely a line of them that is not perfectly comprehensible by a reader of average culture; the terse and masculine style is always easy, and frequently brilliant; and the subjects, rather ethical than metaphysical, are in general such as recommend themselves to the attention of a thoughtful man of the world. It is needless to observe that they are coloured throughout by the author's characteristic pessimism, which is itself the product of the arrogance, envy, and mortified pride which gave the tone to his views of men and things in general. We scarcely know a more signal instance of tragic irony than the spectacle of this great, forlorn, solitary thinker disdainfully and dogmatically condemning the entire scheme of existence, divine and human, animate and inanimate, on the strength of its appearance in the tinted glasses through which he surveyed it, and which he had systematically discoloured himself. The collection, however, abounds with truth as well as paradox, and its paradox is frequently suggestive of still deeper truth.

(The design of Dr. F. A. Arnstedt's essay on Rabelais‡ is to exhibit the great humorist in the light of an educational reformer, the precursor of Montaigne, Locke, and Rousseau, most of whose suggestions are shown to have been anticipated and exemplified in the education of Gargantua, as conducted by the judicious Poncecrates. At bottom, indeed, the method of Rabelais in pedagogy seems to be very nearly that of Bacon in philosophy, involving one main principle—the substitution of common sense for reliance on traditional dogma—which being once admitted, the rest follows almost of itself. Rabelais's unsystematic spirit, and the burlesque buffoonery in which his ideas are disguised, have deprived him of much of the credit to which he is entitled as a thinker. The work, which is written with great ability, contains a short biography of Rabelais, an account of his forerunners and imitators, a specimen of the extremely curious old German version by Fischart, and other interesting supplementary matter.)

The French, who played so lamentable a part on the actual scene of conflict, seem likely to obtain some poor amends by carrying off the literary honours of the late campaign. Most of their contributions to the history of the struggle are excellent,

\* Ludwig Tieck. *Erinnerungen eines alten Freundes aus den Jahren 1824-1842*. Von Hermann Freiherrn von Friesen. 2 Bde. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Schopenhauer-Lectures etc. Von Julius Frauenstädt. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Francis Rabelais and his Fruit of Education*. Von Dr. F. A. Arnstedt. Leipzig: Barth. London: Asher & Co.

while, with the exception of some essays from the tactical point of view, and the personal observations of a few newspaper correspondents, German books on the topic are dull and commonplace, and palpably the manufacture of professional bookmakers. On the other hand, their name is legion. It must suffice to indicate the handsome and copiously illustrated history by Dr. Fechner\*, the plain useful compendium by Georg Hesekiel†, and Dr. Winterfeld's‡ volume, typical of the whole class. The latter contains a facsimile of the famous draft of a secret treaty in Count Benedetti's handwriting.

The domestic organization of Prussia§ is now the subject of attentive study in all civilized countries. All necessary information about it will be found in the admirable work of Max von Oesfeld, which embodies a complete account of the political organization of the country, a digest of its jurisprudence, and a treatise on its agriculture and natural resources.

The result of Dr. H. Brunner's|| elaborate researches into the origin of trial by jury is that it is not an English, but a French institution, introduced into England by the Normans, but derived by them from the Frankish jurisprudence which they found existing on their settlement in France.

Dr. von Stein's treatise on financial science¶ is a very full, lucid, and interesting discussion of the subject in all its branches, especially the theory of taxation. The main idea of the work is that of a parallel between the financial systems of the three leading European nations—England, France, and Germany—the two former of which Dr. von Stein regards as embodying opposite principles of administration, while Germany occupies an intermediate place. He appears to consider that the German system will ultimately incline more to the English, especially in the matters of direct and local taxation. As regards import duties, he is a moderate protectionist, and his political economy is not even sufficiently advanced to condemn the taxation of articles of primary necessity.

We are unable to penetrate the design of the well-known "Arkolay's" disquisition on the conflict of races in the Austrian Empire.\*\* That it is meant to intensify the animosity already unhappily subsisting among the various nationalities is indeed clear enough, but we fail to discover the writer's ultimate object. If he looked forward to the absorption of Austria by the German Empire, the rationale of his work would be obvious; but he apparently desires the perpetuation of her national existence, and how this is compatible with the entire confiscation of the political rights of every nationality except the German, he would probably be as little able to explain as we to understand. It would be fifty times more tolerable for the non-German races to be subjects of Russia than of such an Austria as "Arkolay" desires to see. The virulence of his language against the Hungarians, in particular, almost exceeds belief; "bestial," "cannibal," are quite ordinary amenities of speech with him.

Dr. von Plener, late Austrian Minister of Finance††, has performed a task which should hardly have been left to a foreigner. It is perhaps characteristic of our countrymen to be more intent on enacting useful legislation than on registering their performances; certain, at all events, it is that, while England is the only country that has systematically regulated the period of labour by statute, and endeavoured to ensure the health and comfort of the artisan as far as his occupation permits, nothing approaching to a survey of the subject exists in our literature. Dr. von Plener appears to have filled the void so ably that nothing is now left but to translate his book. He gives the history of the various agitations on the matter, analyses the investigations of the Commissions on whose reports legislation has mainly been founded, and describes the main features of the legislation itself. As a whole, this department of jurisprudence commands his warm admiration, and he attributes the mitigated character of English strikes in great measure to its influence. On the Continent, it would appear, legislative interference with the hours of labour is decried not so much from commercial considerations as from its being supposed to concede the theory of Socialism. Dr. von Plener maintains that, however the case may stand in the region of abstract theory, the practical result is the very reverse.

Otto Ule's‡‡ essays treat a number of scientific, and some psychological, subjects in an agreeable but superficial manner.

Congresses, except on subjects where the pocket is intimately concerned, usually subserve one or both of two ends—the

ventilation of crotchets, and the delivery of commonplaces. The ecclesiastical conference at Berlin last October\* seems to have been principally devoted to the latter purpose, the uniform insipidity of the proceedings being only ruffled by a slight breeze when the comparative merits of Lutherans and Calvinists came up incidentally as a subject of discussion. Towards the close of the proceedings, however, Professor Wagner, of Berlin, delivered a really valuable discourse on the progress of the International Society and other forms of Socialism, in which he plainly told the assembled divines that the complaints of the German artisans were to a considerable extent well founded, and pointed out the inequitable nature of the existing system of taxation, with suggestions for its amendment which seem to have been received with favour.

Professor Bernhard Weiss's minute and prolix, but very thorough, scrutiny of every word in the Gospel of Mark† brings him to the conclusion that it is the most ancient of the Gospels in their present form, but is at the same time based upon a still earlier and really apostolical document—the *Logia* attributed to Matthew by Papias—which the other Synoptics, especially the first, occasionally reproduce with stricter verbal fidelity. In the main, however, Mark is, he considers, to be regarded as the source of the other Synoptic narratives, and by no means as a mere abridgment of Matthew. He thinks that the quasi-apostolical character of the Gospel originated the legend of Mark having acted as the amanuensis of Peter. In matters of textual criticism Dr. Weiss assigns the highest value to the Vatican MS.

Great strides are now being taken towards the utilization of those mounds of Chaldee literature comprised under the general names of Talmud and Midrash, which till a short time ago were so scornfully looked down upon. In laying before his readers a first instalment of an intended Hebrew translation of the New Testament‡, Professor Delitzsch pays a just and almost enthusiastic tribute to the value of those Rabbinical writings. Not merely are many technical terms of a philosophical nature used by St. Paul only to be understood by being retranslated, as it were, into the original terminology of the school of Gamaliel and the other masters of the period, but the very dialectic formulas used in his reasonings only find their true explanation by a reference to their prototypes. Well did the Reuchlins, Buxtorfs, Lightfoots, and others, theoretically and practically, pave the way for such knowledge; but darkness supervened again, and their labours were almost forgotten by theologians. Professor Delitzsch, after a brief introduction, treats of previous attempts at Hebrew versions of the Gospel, and devotes a special chapter to the efforts of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. This is followed by a criticism of the last revised version, due chiefly to Mr. Margoliouth. The castigations inflicted upon that gentleman's labours, both as to linguistic knowledge and accentuation, fill about nine closely printed pages. We cannot but hail this instalment as a work of genuine value.

The first part of Teuffel's history of Roman literature§ extends to the fall of the Republic, and treats the subject with true Roman brevity and simplicity, in a dry, business-like way. The work makes no pretensions to the charms of style, but is a model of condensed abundance of matter.

A collection of Jacob Grimm's minor writings|| is less interesting for the actual importance of the contents than as an illustration of the robust and dignified character of the author. His autobiographical reminiscences, his impressions of a visit to Rome, and his essay on old age deserve especial notice in this respect. Hermann Grimm's collected essays¶ on art are very agreeable reading. They include valuable notices of the great German artists, Dürer, Cornelius, Schinkel, and Carstens.

It is gradually coming to be recognized that the languages and the national character of the great civilized nations of antiquity are liable to be misconceived when surveyed exclusively from the point of view of their classical writers. The Latin of Pompeii was evidently not quite the same thing as the Latin of the Roman Senate, and Petronius reveals phases of society which we should not have discovered from the ostentatious declamations of metrical satirists. This observation is less applicable to Hellenic than to Roman literature and manners, the former being less artificial, and the latter more closely approximating to a uniform type. There are not wanting, however, indications of a rustic and popular element of Greek life and thought, obscured awhile by the splendour of civilization, but reappearing when this is withdrawn. The interesting inquiry, how far the modern Greeks have preserved ancestral traditions which are but obscurely to be traced in classical writers, is the subject of an excellent work by Herr Bernhard Schmidt.\*\* The present volume is chiefly devoted to an examination of the numerous traces of the ancient religion in present

\* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg von 1870-71.* Von Dr. H. Fechner. Berlin: Grote. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Deutsche Kriegs- und Sieges-Chronik.* 1870-71. Von Georg Hesekiel. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Der Krieg von 1870 und 1871.* Von Karl Winterfeld. Berlin: Hempel. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Preussen in staatsrechtlicher, kameralistischer und staatswirtschaftlicher Beziehung.* Von Max von Oesfeld. 2 The. Breslau: Kern. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Entstehung der Schwurgerichte.* Von Dr. H. Brunner. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Lehrbuch der Finanzwissenschaft, mit Vergleichung der Finanzsysteme und Finanzgesetze von England, Frankreich und Deutschland.* Von Dr. L. von Stein. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Das Germanentum und Österreich. Österreich und Ungarn. Eine Fackel für den Völkerehre.* Von Arkolay. Darmstadt: Zernin. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Die englische Fabrikgesetzgebung.* Von Dr. Ernst von Plener. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Aus der Natur. Essays.* Von Otto Ule. Leipzig: Froberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Die Verhandlungen der kirchlichen October-Versammlung in Berlin.* Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Das Marcusevangelium und seine synoptischen Parallelen.* Erklärt von Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Berlin: Hertz. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Paulus des Apostels Brief an die Römer.* Uebersetzt und aus Talmud und Midrasch erläutert von F. Delitzsch. Leipzig, 1870.

§ *Geschichte der römischen Literatur.* Von W. S. Teuffel. Lief. 1 Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Auswahl aus den kleineren Schriften von Jacob Grimm.* Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Zehn ausgewählte Essays etc.* Von H. Grimm. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.

\*\* *Das Volksthum der Neugriechen und das Hellenische Alterthum.* Von B. Schmidt. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.



religious beliefs and observances, and to an account of popular superstitions with reference to the intimations of their existence in ancient times which may be gleaned from the classical authors. These, though but scanty, afford sufficient evidence of a nether stratum of feeling and opinion of which we know but little. The tendency of such researches is, on the one hand, to attenuate the line of demarcation between the ancient Hellenic and other Aryan races; and, on the other, to approximate it more closely to its modern representatives. Herr Schmidt is very decided on the question of the substantial Hellenism of the latter, pointing out that the Slavonic influence supposed by some to have profoundly affected their ethnological relations could not have extended to the islands, and that the perfect correspondence of the islanders with the inhabitants of the mainland is a sufficient proof that the latter are as truly Hellenic as the former. The second volume is to contain a collection of Romic tales, traditions, and popular songs and ballads.

F. Pecht and A. von Ramberg's "Gallery of Goethe's Characters" is to consist of fifty ideal portraits designed by them for artists, with an illustrative text by the former. So far as the work has yet gone, the conceptions of the designers appear adequate, the letterpress displays intelligence and critical acumen, and the work promises to be an elegant companion to the collection of Goethe's writings.

If Paul Konewka, the restorer of the neglected art of silhouette illustration, has not succeeded quite so well with Falstaff as with Faust, the fault does not rest with the artist, but with the limitations of his peculiar department of art. We certainly cannot consider his portraits of the Falstaff group equally successful with his previous performances. The reason may be their association with the critical essay of Herr Kurz, to which no exception can be taken in itself, but which imparts an air of over-seriousness to what is only acceptable as a *jeu d'esprit*.

"Faded Leaves," and a little volume of novelettes by Marie von Olfers, belong to a higher class than ordinary works of fiction. The former is a record of emotion, a striking though sketchy picture of a sensitive mind ill at ease with itself. The form is that of a diary; some of the details have the appearance of being derived from actual experience. The subjects of Fraulein von Olfers's stories are taken from domestic life, with just the tinge of idealism which distinguishes the lively representation of reality from the mere mechanical transcript of it. They are distinguished by remarkable buoyancy of style and vivacity of dialogue, associated with real insight into human nature, and deep, though not obtrusive, feeling. "Sara" is a respectable circulating-library novel.

Three of the best productions of Robert Hamerling, brought together in a volume, constitute one of the most acceptable examples of recent German poetry. The author's imagery may be too dazzling, and the ear is soon satiated with the too uniform sweetness of his versification, but these defects are mainly the exaggeration of unquestionable poetical endowments. Hermann Lingg's deficiencies as a dramatist are analogous to Hamerling's; his diction is too exuberant, and his whole cast of mind too dreamy for so austere a walk of art as tragedy. Regarded as a dramatic poem, his "Violante" is not unsuccessful; it is replete with elegance, fancy, and tenderness. The subject is the fate of Manfred, King of Naples, in the thirteenth century; but the figure of the hero, betrayed by treacherous nobles, while, as the representative of intellectual freedom, he battles strenuously against the whole power of the Church, is less adapted to Herr Lingg's genius than the pathos of the female personages. A faithful and generally satisfactory version of the first series of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, by Dr. Feldmann, is chiefly noticeable as an illustration of the influence which the study of English models may exercise on German versification. The translator has successfully reproduced the cadences of his original, and has shown that the general poverty of German blank verse is rather owing to the negligence of the poets than to the deficiencies of the language itself.

The strong point of Albert Moser's poems is their correctness in point of form. Platen is evidently his model, but the scholar, though not unworthy of the master, does not, like the latter, carry his power over language to the extent of investing mere commonplace with an air of grandeur, though he is fully competent to embellish and adorn them.

\* *Goethe-Galerie. Charaktere aus Goethe's Werken. Gezeichnet von F. Pecht und A. von Ramberg. Mit erläuterndem Texte. Lief. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.*

† *Falstaff und seine Gesellen. Von Paul Konewka. Text von H. Kurz. Straßburg: Schauenburg. London: Williams & Norgate.*

‡ *Vergil'se Blätter. Ein Tagebuch aus früherer Zeit. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.*

§ *Novellen. Von Marie von Olfers. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.*

|| *Sara. Roman. Von E. von Dincklage. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate.*

¶ *Gesammelte kleinere Dichtungen. Von Robert Hamerling. Verbeinigte Gesamtausgabe. Hamburg: Richter. London: Williams & Norgate.*

\*\* *Violante. Tragedie. Von Hermann Lingg. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.*

†† *Königsdänylen. Von Alfred Tennyson. Deutsch von A. J. Feldmann. Hamburg: Grünig. London: Williams & Norgate.*

‡‡ *Nacht und Sterne. Neue Gedichte. Von Albert Moser. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.*

The conductor of "Alemannia," a new journal of "the language, literature, and popular tradition of Alsace," seems unable to find anything to his purpose later than the fifteenth century. The first part of his publication, at least, contains hardly anything but old poems and legends of saints of somewhere about that date, of purely grammatical and antiquarian interest. A severer sarcasm on the recent annexation could hardly be conceived, unless the circumstance may be accounted for by supposing that the miscellany too faithfully reflects the individual tastes of the compiler.

\* *Alemannia. Zeitschrift für Sprache, Literatur und Volkskunde des Elsass und seiner nicht angrenzenden Gebiete. Von Dr. Anton Birlinger. Bonn: Marcus. London: Asher & Co.*

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## FRENCH FINANCE.

THE Assembly asserted an unwonted degree of independence in adopting M. FÉRAÏ's motion to the effect that a Commission should report whether the sum necessary to balance the Budget could not be procured without recourse to taxes on raw materials. But it is not in the nature of things that an Assembly should be able to do the work of a Government. It was immediately obliged to entreat and implore M. THIERS to retain office, and it did not hint at any change of Ministry. The consequence is that M. THIERS governs, and M. POUYER-QUERTIER represents his Government. The Assembly tries to maintain its right of deciding what amount shall be raised, and how it shall be raised; but it really cannot move except under the direction of M. THIERS and M. POUYER-QUERTIER. Its first tasks were indeed of a tolerably simple character, for it had merely to grant those taxes which had been proposed by the Government, and as to which there was really no contest. Sugar is to be taxed still more, a small impost is to be laid on all packages going into or out of the country through the Custom House, and a further tax is to be levied on matches. The history of the tax on matches is curiously illustrative of the mode in which taxes on commodities may be used to enhance greatly the price of an article to the consumer. Last summer a duty was imposed on lucifer-matches, which came to the fifth of a halfpenny on each halfpenny-box. The vendors immediately raised the price to a penny, thus getting through the new tax an extra profit four times as great as the amount of the tax. The Government thinks this too much of a good thing for the match-sellers, and proposes to tax each box four-fifths of a halfpenny, leaving one-fifth of a halfpenny to the sellers as compensation to them for having to advance the amount of the tax until they are recouped by the sale of their matches. If M. THIERS ever meditated on any facts that he did not like, he might profitably meditate on this illustration of the burdens cast on the consumer by the taxation of raw materials. He always in his numerous recent speeches left out of account, in calculating how far the tax he was advocating would burden the consumer, to add to the tax itself the additions which at each stage of manufacture are put on to the price, in order not only that the sum advanced for the tax may be recouped, but that, if possible, a profit may be made. It is not even as if the proposed taxes on raw materials were to be levied on a few articles so extensively used, and capable of being so enormously subdivided, like cotton and woollen products, as to make competition keep down the price to some extent, and to permit the distribution of the tax by small fractions of increased price. There are altogether 350 articles until now imported free on which, according to the tariff submitted for the approval of the Commission of the Assembly on raw materials, duties are to be imposed. The main reason for this is no doubt that, when once an article is to be taxed on its entrance into a country, there are so many other articles that must be taxed for the sake of fairness; just as, for example, chicory is taxed in England, simply because, if coffee is taxed, chicory must be. Probably it would be found, if the list of the said 350 articles was examined, that the French Government is necessarily led to propose that four-fifths of them are to be taxed because it has first made up its mind that one-fifth of them are to be taxed. But it is this indirect and accidental burden on the consumer which is one of the worst features of the reckless use of indirect taxation, and yet it is the inevitable result, as it seems likely to do, into adopting all the taxes suggested by the Government, it will be helpless before the facts which will tell it that a widespread system of indirect taxation is the inevitable consequence of the adoption of the proposed taxes.

M. THIERS has violently denounced the Treaty of Commerce with England, and all Treaties of Commerce. M. POUYER-QUERTIER has since characterized Treaties of Commerce as badges of national slavery. The Assembly has appointed a Commission to inquire whether the treaties are good things or not, and more especially whether the Treaty with England shall be kept on foot. The contest as to the composition of this Commission was very keen, and it finally appeared as the result of the voting that, out of fifteen members of the Commission, nine were against upholding the Treaty with England, and six for it. The majority of the Assembly may therefore be taken as sharing the opinion of the Government on the subject, and there is now every probability that notice will be given to England before the 4th of next month that France wishes that at the end of a year from that time the Treaty should be at an end. The majority of the Assembly is not, indeed, so far as can be judged, as positively hostile to Treaties of Commerce generally, or to the Treaty with England in particular, as M. THIERS and M. POUYER-QUERTIER. It hopes to get England to agree to a new Treaty of Commerce fashioned so as to suit France better. The present Treaty, it is said, will be in force for a year, and if discussion shows that more favourable terms can be got for France—by which it is simply meant that France may be allowed to tax her imports more highly—then a new Treaty can be made before the year expires. At the worst, if England will yield nothing, the present Treaty can be revived. The Government may add that there is a third result, and that is that France and England may cease to be bound by any Treaty of Commerce at all. It is probable that the English Government will show itself very indifferent to the existence of a treaty, and the conductors of the negotiation on the part of France are avowedly hostile to the whole principle of Treaties of Commerce. Under such circumstances the chances are that the Treaty will be not modified, but altogether abrogated, as the Assembly, which does not know its own mind, and which does not keep in the same mind two weeks together, cannot really control a Government the existence of which it has just pronounced to be indispensable to the welfare of the country. But in France the Treaty is looked upon as valuable or pernicious, not so much on its own merits, but chiefly as offering a symbol of Free-trade. Its existence is considered a victory for Free-traders; and even if it were modified so as to become a charter of Protectionist maxims, it would be still thought a sort of certificate that France was liberal and enlightened, and fond of Free-trade. The more advanced economists of France may therefore regard their flag as still flying, so long as there is a Treaty of Commerce at all; and this sentimental view may possibly have so much force in France and England that a Protectionist Treaty may be endured because it gives a ray of comfort to a party in France which has been most friendly to England, and is vigorous enough to make itself regarded by the French Government. Otherwise it may be concluded that the Treaty of Commerce is virtually at an end, the only question being now whether it shall be abrogated, or shall remain a name and shadow for the gratification of French Free-traders, who cannot bear to be so utterly defeated as to see it pass away entirely.

The Assembly proposed to consider all other possible taxes before it discussed taxes on raw materials, and so long as it busied itself with duties on sugar and matches it got on very comfortably. But it had to go through the proposed taxes in order, and the next tax it had to consider was one on merchant shipping. Here the Commission of the Budget had gone far ahead of the Government in the regions of Protection. The Government had only proposed a tax on the tonnage of merchant ships; but the Commission had added a duty on foreign

ships, and on goods carried in foreign ships, for the avowed object of reviving the decaying state of the French mercantile navy. The Government had no objection in principle to this. It entirely approved of fostering French shipbuilding by Protection, and it coincides with the opinion that a mercantile marine must be stimulated, if necessary, artificially, in order to form a basis for the navy. The proposed tax was warmly opposed on two grounds. In the first place there exist Treaties of Commerce, and especially one with Austria, by which differential duties on foreign ships are prohibited. The Government quite acknowledged this. If the Assembly voted the tax, it could not be carried out except very partially. Nations not protected by treaties would of course be subjected to the tax at once; but nations with whom treaties forbidding differential duties exist must be exempted from the tax. But then the French Government could approach the Governments of these nations, and show them the decision at which the Assembly had arrived. It could press on them that France now openly declared what measures it would take for its own benefit if it were free to act, and it would then ask the Government it was addressing whether it was really inclined to subject France to the burden of a Treaty from which France in unparalleled circumstances of difficulty and distress wished to be relieved. This, as M. POUYER-QUERTIER pointed out, is the best and surest means of getting these obnoxious Treaties of Commerce set aside. If the Government merely makes this or that proposal, foreigners do not know what it is they are asked to do, and are not sure whether France cares about the concessions asked for being made. But if the Assembly has voted the imposition of a tax to levying which a Treaty of Commerce forms the sole obstacle, the foreign Government addressed will know exactly what is asked, and will be sure that it is France that is asking for it. In the second place, it was alleged that the duty on foreign ships would raise the price of imported goods in France. No one could contest this. The consumer would lose, but the French shipbuilders and freighters would gain. The merchant navy of France is decaying, as those who wish for adverse duties on the foreign flag allege; and even the opponents of these duties admit that it is not in a very flourishing condition. They assert, however, that its decay is caused by the introduction of steam, against which a merchant navy like that of France, mainly composed of wooden ships, cannot hold ground. To this the friends of Protection reply that Frenchmen cannot build steamships to compete with foreign ships, except with the assistance of differential duties. It is evident that the whole question of taxing raw materials is prejudged in the decision of this issue as to differential duties in favour of the French merchant navy; for if Treaties of Commerce are not to stand in the way of these duties, neither need they do so in the way of duties on raw materials; and if the consumer of imported goods is to be taxed in order that French shipbuilders may make money, so may the consumer of imported wool be taxed for the benefit of French sheep-growers. The general result of the vote on M. FÉRAY'S motion appears therefore to be that the Assembly, instead of, at the bidding of the Government, first voting the taxes on raw materials, and then abrogating the Treaties of Commerce, is, under the guidance of the Government, being led to combine the two operations, and to abrogate the treaties and tax raw materials by one process.

#### THE MANCHESTER ARBITRATION CONFERENCE.

A CONFERENCE and a public meeting were held a few days ago at Manchester in favour of International Arbitration. The difference between a public meeting and a Conference may perhaps be intelligible to professional managers of leagues and associations; and in this instance it seems to have consisted in the absence from the public meeting of two out of three members of Parliament who had attended the Conference. The loss may have been the more endurable because Mr. RYLANDS and Mr. JACOB BRIGHT are well known to be ready for any vent which may be opened for their restless activity. In the Conference they were chiefly anxious, after the manner of peace-mongers, to pick a quarrel with somebody. Mr. RYLANDS abused diplomats and ministers of religion in general; and Mr. BRIGHT rewarded the Bishop of MANCHESTER for his adhesion to the Arbitration movement by exhibiting his well-known antipathy to bishops. If the scheme is useful or practicable, it is unlucky that it should not be defended by advocates of higher intellectual pretensions. Mr. RICHARD indeed possesses some natural ability, though his long con-

nexion with sects and factions can scarcely have been favourable to the formation of an impartial and comprehensive judgment. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT'S indefatigable pugnacity may possibly be sometimes useful; but universal discontent impairs the effect of an attack on any special grievance. Mr. RYLANDS'S political calibre may be sufficiently estimated by the examination of almost any sentence in his speech. "People," he said, "were beginning to feel that, in spite of the humbug of diplomacy, the filching of colonies from other countries was far from the best means of extending our commerce." It might as well be said that, in spite of the humbug of geology, the manufacture or exhumation of flint implements was not the best way of improving steam-engines. In a Select Committee which some time since wasted much time under his auspices, Mr. RYLANDS proposed large reductions of the diplomatic establishment on the ground that the information furnished to the Foreign Office was sometimes incorrect or incomplete, and that negotiations had been frequently unsuccessful. It had not then occurred to him to cross-examine the witnesses who attended the Committee on the efforts which Mr. RYLANDS supposes them to have made, for the benefit of commerce, to filch colonies from other countries. The capture of colonies in the wars of a hundred years or eighty years ago was effected not by diplomacy, but by arms; and modern statesmen are exempt from all suspicion of desiring to revive a policy which is wholly obsolete. Perhaps Mr. RYLANDS may refer to a recent arrangement with the Government of the Netherlands for a rectification of colonial boundaries on the West Coast of Africa; but as the transaction, whatever may be its merits, is entirely voluntary and friendly on both sides, it can scarcely be described as an attempt to filch a colony from a foreign country; and it has nothing whatever to do with any theory or project of arbitration. It is natural and proper that the House of Commons should be partially composed of members of ordinary abilities and of limited information; but it would be well if, like peers who possess similar qualifications, they would be content to leave active interference in public affairs to others.

Mr. HUGH MASON, who presided at the public meeting, complained that among 350 members of Parliament who had addressed their constituents during the recess, not five had touched on the great question of arbitration. In one sense Mr. MASON is mistaken, for a large majority of Liberal speakers have indulged in congratulatory platitudes on the imaginary triumph of the principle which was to be affirmed by the Manchester meeting. The opening of a new era of peace has been repeatedly dated from the signature of the Treaty of Washington, by which the animosity of the Americans to England was supposed to have been finally abated. One successful experiment is in political controversy worth whole volumes of argument and demonstration; and it was not surprising that an instance in which a serious quarrel between two great communities had been referred to a judicial tribunal should be thought almost decisive of the question whether arbitration could be substituted for war. It was indeed pointed out that there was seldom a difficulty in settling a dispute when one party was ready to make all the concessions which could be demanded by an opponent. A few months before both France and North Germany had summarily rejected Lord GRANVILLE'S proposal of a reference to arbitration, because neither Power was willing in any contingency to abandon the rights or pretensions in dispute. The English Government was of a different temper; and it may be admitted that its unbounded concessions were approved by the country at large, notwithstanding the protests of a few individual politicians. The price, though it was heavy, was deemed not too large to pay for the great object of establishing for the first time since the War of Independence a friendly feeling towards England on the part of the United States. The desired result seemed to have been obtained, as far as a judgment could be formed from the language of American journals and from official documents. If it is true that 350 addresses were delivered during the Recess, at least 200 must have contained a string of well-meant commonplace about the Treaty, the proposed arbitration, and the consequent millennium which was to come.

It is strange that Mr. RICHARD, as the 351st speaker, not to mention Mr. JACOB BRIGHT and Mr. RYLANDS, should wholly omit to notice the blessed innovation which commenced with the Treaty of Washington. Mr. RYLANDS may perhaps be prejudiced against all international agreements, as partaking of the humbug of diplomacy, though it is difficult to understand how two Governments are ever to come to an arrangement if they are precluded from employing authorized agents;



but it might have been supposed that the supporters of arbitration in general would have referred to the most conspicuous illustration of the system. Their deliberate abstinence from the topics of the Treaty of Washington and the Tribunal of Geneva is equivalent to an acknowledgment that arbitration is no remedy for national rancour. If the counsel on either side in the *TICHOSSON* case were deliberately to pass over the evidence or argument by which his client are chiefly pressed, it would be justly inferred that the omitted facts or inferences could not be controverted or disputed. It would seem that Mr. RICHARD and his friends are similarly embarrassed by the wonderful claim which has been preferred by the counsel for the United States. It can scarcely be contended, even by the most fanatical advocates of peace, that a treaty would be expedient or justifiable which should result in a verdict against a neutral for a sum larger than the probable cost of participation in war. Mr. HUGH MASON states that, on the outbreak of the war of 1870, cotton and other property were depreciated to the value of a hundred millions; but in that case there was little or no real destruction of property; and to those who were able to hold on for a few weeks, the loss was imaginary or trifling. The American Government now demands a sum which may range from one hundred to five hundred millions, as a penalty for the alleged negligence of England in relation to half-a-dozen Confederate cruisers. It must be assumed that neither the President and his advisers nor the agents whom they employ would degrade themselves by advancing claims which they had no hope, however faint, of establishing. It must therefore be assumed, for the purpose of the general argument on arbitration, that its first result may possibly be the perpetration of a profligate and ruinous extortion. Mr. RICHARD and Mr. MASON had good reason for avoiding all mention of a proceeding which is almost fatal to their theory; but it was perhaps hardly worth while to hold a meeting and a Conference for the purpose of evading the most material point in the discussion. Until recently most persons would have agreed with Mr. RICHARD that the question was not so much whether arbitration was desirable as whether it was practicable. It had not been foreseen that a litigious adversary might make a judicial proceeding the basis of hostility and wrong; and that the pleadings in the cause would furnish ample opportunities for inflammatory declamation. The miscarriage in the present case is more remarkable because it was universally understood that the offensive claim was expressly excluded by the statement of the American Commissioners that, in the hope of an amicable settlement, they provisionally waived the claim for indirect damages. As soon as their demands had been eagerly complied with, and when the English Commissioners and their Government had concluded the Treaty on the assumption that it would be construed together with the previous declaration of the Commissioners, the American agents proposed the extravagant demands which, as they well know, would, if they had been previously advanced, have put an end to the negotiation. It is not too much to say that, unless securities can be provided against ill-will, sharp practice, and bad faith, international arbitration will henceforth be rarely attempted.

The promoters of the Manchester Conference may, if they are desirous of further knowledge, find an illustration of the subject in a still more recent proceeding of the American Government. A journal which enjoys the confidence of the President, and which was the first to publish an abstract of the scandalous claim against England, announces, apparently on official authority, that the citizens of the United States resent the protests of Spain against their natural sympathy with Cuba, and that six ironclads have been ordered to put to sea for the purpose of protecting American interests against Spanish pretensions; and although the statement has been doubted or contradicted by other papers, it has not been withdrawn. If there is any ground of quarrel, there would be no difficulty in referring it to arbitration; but there is no room for the intervention of an umpire between the wolf and the lamb. The suspicious Spaniards may perhaps fear that there may be some intention of effecting the object which Mr. RYLANDS describes as "kicking a colony." It is more probable that decisive measures will be deferred until the Tribunal at Geneva has concluded its sitting. In the meantime, though ironclads are not the instruments which Manchester philanthropists recommend for the settlement of national differences, they are likely to be more effective than arbitrations conducted in the manner adopted by the American Government.

#### IRISH DISAFFECTION.

THE contest in the county of Kerry is conducted with all the violence and factious excitement which are peculiar to Irish patriots, whether they advocate Home Rule or any other form of disaffection. To assault the hostile candidate and his supporters and to intimidate peaceful electors has always been considered in Ireland the most appropriate kind of protest against English usurpation. The Roman Catholic clergy are not without good reason alarmed at the progress of an agitation which is for many reasons distasteful to them; but they also are unable to discontinue the use of the incendiary language in which they have so long indulged. Cardinal CULLINAN boasted at his recent meeting that he was supported by the only two Roman Catholic peers "whom the penal laws have left us." As any penal law which could have effected the passage or its religious opinions has ceased for nearly a century to exist, it might have been thought that a prelate anxious to secure the concurrence of Parliament in his policy would have preferred conciliatory language, or abstinence from an irrelevant topic, to the wanton utterance of sectarian spite; but at Dublin, as at Manchester, religious antipathy transgresses the laws which in modern times regulate merely political contests. Twenty or thirty years ago it was commonly asserted that Ireland offered insuperable difficulties to one of the two great Parliamentary parties. The embarrassment has in no degree diminished; but it now affects all Governments almost equally. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have indeed made large concessions to popular interests or wishes; but the turbulent classes in Ireland are only encouraged by partial success to prefer additional demands. The Home Rule agitation follows the Church Bill and the Land Bill, as the Repeal agitation ensued on Catholic Emancipation. Of the Education controversy it is enough to say that Mr. GLADSTONE's most zealous adherents in England declare themselves irreconcilably opposed to the measures which are required by his professed friends in Ireland. He had hastily pledged himself before his accession to office to remove a grievance; and he is probably at present unable to ascertain either the exact nature of the grievance or the remedy. In dealing with Home Rule the Government has a simpler but not less arduous task. Mr. GLADSTONE announced at Aberdeen his firm resolution to maintain the unity of the Empire, and he may undoubtedly count on the support of an overwhelming majority in Parliament; but the open avowal by large Irish constituencies of hostility to the present Constitution cannot be regarded with indifference. It may be hoped that no attempt will be made to convert Irish difficulties into party weapons.

Only a moderate effort of imagination was required to suggest the assertion that Mr. BRIGHT approved the project of Home Rule. In former times he often indulged in rash and intemperate declamation with respect to Ireland, and his denunciations of English shortcomings were easily twisted into a recommendation that there should be an Irish Parliament. Mr. BRIGHT has now thought it right to contradict a report which attributed to him concurrence in the professed object of Mr. BURR's agitation. He says that, on the contrary, he considers that a second Parliament within the United Kingdom would be a mischievous institution; and there can be no doubt that he has always held the same opinion. It was perhaps not his business to inquire into the real purpose of the Home Rule movement, which, except in the speeches, and perhaps in the thoughts of Mr. BURR, has nothing to do with federation or with the maintenance in any form of the connexion between England and Ireland. Mr. BURR himself has never attempted seriously to grapple with the conclusive arguments against the simple repeal of the Union, and the revival of the Irish Parliament. He is well aware that it would be impossible to provide an Irish House of Lords which would not be unanimously opposed to the experiment. The popular Assembly, which would exercise supreme authority, would at once disregard the constitutional restraints which would nominally be imposed on its activity. It is, indeed, unnecessary to discuss the merits of an organization which has no genuine advocates. The mobs which applaud Mr. BLENKINSOP and molest his opponent have never thought of accepting a subordinate Irish Parliament supposed to act in concert with an Imperial Legislature. To them Home Rule means separation, though they have probably not troubled themselves to consider the future relations in which they would stand to England. It may be conjectured that they are still more earnestly bent on getting rid of their own landlords, whose property after a successful rebellion would not be worth six months' purchase. Some sanguine minds may also hope for the expropriation of barons, though the Fenian section of the party has learned

to be comparatively indifferent to religious questions. Mr. BRIGHT, though he once asserted that the landlords would be exterminated if Ireland were floated out into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, would object even more strongly to the practical working of Home Rule than to the ostensible proposals of Mr. BUTT.

The bishops and priests who are bent on securing to themselves the control of education are contemptuously told by the Home Rule agitators that, if they want Ireland to be a Catholic community, they had better in the first instance ally themselves with those who propose to overthrow an alien Protestant Government. If the promise of sacerdotal supremacy in the future Republic inspired confidence, there can be no doubt that the offered alliance would be accepted. In some parts of Europe, and especially in Belgium and Germany, the Roman Catholic clergy is engaged in the desperate experiment of trying to attain its ends by the aid of the democracy. The Irish priests possess more political experience, and they know that they have little hold on the Fenians who form the majority of the supporters of Home Rule. Any prelate who ventures to disapprove of the popular clamour is denounced as plainly and as contemptuously as if he were a Protestant landlord. Mr. BUTT has often spoken of the concession of the claims of Cardinal CULLEN and his associates, as if it would be the inevitable result of the convocation of an Irish Parliament; but it is highly probable that a revolutionary Assembly would repudiate clerical pretensions to influence. It is on the whole more prudent to attempt to hold the balance between the English Government and the promoters of secession. Lord DERBY was probably justified in his assertion that it was impossible to govern the Irish people through the Roman Catholic clergy, and that their influence had been greatly exaggerated; but hitherto they have exercised an extensive control over elections, and they have little reason to complain of neglect from successive Governments. It was their own fault, or their own choice, that, in compliance with the terms of their alliance with the English Dissenters, they missed the opportunity of securing to their Church a portion of the coveted spoils of the Protestant Establishment. A year or two earlier Mr. DISRAELI's offer of considerable advantages was rendered abortive by the extravagant pretensions of the bishops, and by the consequent release of Lord MAYO from his imprudent pledges. Although Cardinal CULLEN protested on behalf of the Roman Catholic community against any further delay in the settlement of the education controversy, it is not for the interest of the clergy to precipitate the contest. The Government will not improbably announce that the state of public business renders the production of an Irish Education Bill impossible; and the House of Commons will perhaps think it prudent to abstain from prematurely binding itself by any abstract resolution.

It matters little whether Mr. BUTT thinks it for the advantage of his cause to provoke a discussion on the chimerical project of Home Rule. He may perhaps wish to compel hesitating and reluctant Irish members to declare themselves on one side or on the other; but the division would prove the numerical weakness of his party, and the debate would involve a conclusive exposure of the absurdity and unreality of his scheme. The dismemberment of the United Kingdom, as it could only be effected by force, is not a proper subject of Parliamentary debate; but it may be useful to demonstrate that the issue which Mr. BUTT affects to submit to Parliament is altogether imaginary and fallacious. It is impossible to believe that the House of Commons can at any future time voluntarily consent to abandon the natural allies and loyal subjects who would be exposed to ruin if Ireland were handed over to the absolute control of the revolutionary faction. Even if separation were inevitably to follow, an armed contest could scarcely be averted; for it would be impossible that England should remain neutral in the civil war which would immediately follow. Although Mr. GLADSTONE's two great measures have not produced either gratitude or tranquillity, the vast concessions which have been made would, if it became necessary to suppress an Irish insurrection, greatly strengthen the hands of Government and of Parliament. All parties would be able with a good conscience to concur in any measures which might be necessary for the maintenance of the unity of the Empire; nor is there any reason to doubt that the respectable classes in Ireland, although they might perhaps be intimidated into ostensible complicity with secession, would heartily approve of an exercise of power which would furnish the only security for property and order. Mr. BUTT has belonged to various parties in turn, and he has not hitherto succeeded in obtaining the confidence of any body of allied politicians. His present

followers perhaps trust him because he has burnt his ships, but few of them think his nominal plan either practicable or desirable.

#### THE NONCONFORMIST CHANGE OF FRONT.

THE Nonconformist Conference at Manchester is the most important event that has yet occurred in the long controversy upon elementary education. Hitherto one great element of strength in the Denominational position has been the seemingly incurable divisions existing in the ranks of their adversaries. So long as the Dissenters insisted on unsectarian education, they were simply asking for an impossibility; but it was clear from the debates on the Education Bill that the great mass of them had not then realized this fact. The Secularists, who offered an intelligible and consistent opposition to the Government measure, were but a small minority. The majority of the Nonconformist Liberals appeared to be satisfied by the exclusion of Denominational formularies from the School Board schools—a concession which they too hastily interpreted as equivalent to a recognition of unsectarian Christianity as the universal creed of the English ratepayer. Under any circumstances the working of the Act in country districts would probably have disabused them of this notion, but in the meantime they have been led to abandon their favourite theory by a different and more rapid process. The unexpected advance which the principle of compulsory education has made in public estimation, and the impossibility of giving it effect under the Education Act without making use of Denominational schools, have opened their eyes to the fact that there is no middle term between Denominationalism and Secularism. Many among them perhaps hardly yet understand how great a step they have taken. At Manchester, on Tuesday, for example, one of the speakers at the preliminary meeting talked of keeping "entirely clear of the religious difficulty by prohibiting the "payment of public fees to Denominational schools," as though he still imagined that the simple repeal of the 25th clause of the Education Act was the sole change required. But the speeches of the leaders of the Conference showed that they have thoroughly made up their minds to accept Secularism as the only way of escape from Denominationalism. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT pointed out that the Nonconformists ought to start from an unassailable position, and that they could not have this unassailable position short of secular education. What was called unsectarian education might be, and probably was, as offensive to the Roman Catholic and the Jew as the teaching of the Catechism to the Dissenter. Dr. MELLOR insisted that matters on which there are no differences of opinion should be taught by the State, and matters on which opinion is divided by voluntary agency. At the first sitting of the Conference on Wednesday Mr. MIALL, according to the *Daily News* Correspondent, confessed that at the time of the discussions on the Education Bill the Dissenters had not made up their own minds. They had hesitated to restrict Government to the secular part of education, and had allowed it to assume a religious function. The revival of the religious difficulty was the result of this indecision, and it could only be finally disposed of by "the limitation of the Government to its "secular function in all education—elementary, secondary, "and University." Mr. ROGERS maintained that there is no such thing in the world as unsectarian education. It is a phantom which the Nonconformists must hunt after no longer. These declarations were the more significant because the Committee of the Education League had just before declared themselves in favour of secularism. They, too, have given up the impossible compromise of undenominational religious teaching, and the hypocritical compromise of Bible reading without note or comment. Their new programme excludes from recognition as public elementary schools, and, by consequence, from a share in the Parliamentary grant, all schools not under the control of an elected School Board. Existing voluntary schools may by consent be placed under the School Board, on condition of giving up the management of the secular instruction, though retaining the control of the school buildings out of school hours. In School Board schools, periods distinct from those devoted to secular instruction may be set apart for religious instruction—such instruction to be given at the cost of the several denominations, and by specially appointed teachers. Thus the difference between a voluntary school carried on under the School Board, and a School Board school, would be that in the former no religious instruction would be given except by the permission of the school managers, while in the latter the religious instruction

might embody—in separate rooms or at distinct times—the doctrines of as many denominations as happened to be represented among the scholars, and chose to be at the trouble of hunting up their own children. With this unmistakably Secularist programme before it, the Conference made no attempt to isolate itself from the Education League. On the contrary, it welcomed every declaration in favour of secularism, and Mr. MIALL in particular declared, amidst “enthusiastic cheering,” that in the programme the League had just put forth he saw the basis of a fair settlement.

The only incident which could have raised a doubt as to the genuineness of the Nonconformist conversion was the discussion which took place upon the third Resolution moved on Wednesday evening. As the Resolution originally stood, it declared that “in any national system of education the School Board and the State should make provision solely for the secular instruction which all children may receive in common, and that the responsibility of the religious education of each district (which in every case should be given by teachers other than those employed in the ordinary work of public schools) should be thrown upon voluntary effort.” The words contained in the parenthesis appear to have been objected to by at least one delegate—we do not know on what grounds—as opposed to Nonconformist principles; and in the end they were withdrawn. The point involved in the insertion or omission of some such words as these is one of great moment. As the clause stood before the omission of the parenthesis, it described a system of purely secular education; as it stood after the omission of the parenthesis, it described a system which might easily be identical with that unsectarian education which the Conference had been denouncing just before. If all the Dissenters wish is that the State should not pay for religious teaching, that condition is already satisfied. The Parliamentary grant to Denominational schools does not cover the cost of the secular education; and the fee which is paid by some School Boards in the case of children attending Denominational schools is no larger than the fee it has to remit in the case of children attending its own schools. The Dissenting answer to this, so far as we can understand it, is that in a Denominational school the teacher is not paid separately for the religious instruction he gives. It is something which he throws in for nothing, because he has been appointed by a Denominational agency. Whoever pays, therefore, for his support as a secular teacher, does in effect pay for his support as a religious teacher. Now apply this reasoning to the case of a secular school, in which the religious teaching after school hours was given by the schoolmaster. If the School Board consisted mainly of Churchmen, they would probably appoint a Churchman as teacher. They would then, in their capacity of School Board, pay him a salary for giving secular instruction, and in their capacity of a Denominational agency arrange for his teaching the Catechism after school hours without extra pay. If the School Board, on the other hand, was composed of Dissenters, the process would probably be reversed. A Dissenter would be chosen as teacher, and an arrangement would be made for his giving “unsectarian religious instruction” in the reserved hour without additional salary. It is obviously impossible that either of these practices should be retained under a secular system. All the Denominationalism that can exist under a time-table conscience clause is comprised in the fact that the same teacher gives instruction in religious as well as secular subjects. But the inconsistency of establishing Secularism, while retaining at the same time the characteristic feature of the present system, was too patent to be left uncorrected. The apparent divergence from the programme of the Education League was only an oversight. On the following evening Mr. DALE put everything straight by carrying a resolution, with only three dissentients, that in no case should the secular schoolmaster be employed to give religious instruction. This part of the proceedings at Manchester has been dwelt on at what may seem disproportionate length. But if it had not been for Mr. DALE's promptness it might have been appealed to after the close of the Conference as a proof that the Dissenters have not adopted Secularism, and for that reason it was necessary to show that any hesitation they may have displayed on the subject was merely momentary. It is impossible at this moment fully to weigh the results of this change of policy on the part of the Nonconformists. It is enough on this occasion to point out that it involves the division of the country into two opposite camps, Denominationalists and Secularists. The large and gelatinous mass of religious sentiment which has shrunk from definite religious teaching in State schools on the one side, and from no religious teaching in State schools on the other side, will

now have to make its choice between the two. The contest will lie for the future between, on the one hand, the Church of England, the Roman Catholics, and perhaps the Wesleyans—all agreeing in demanding State aid towards the maintenance of their separate schools; and, on the other, the Congregationalists, Baptists, and persons of no professed creed—all agreeing in opposing any appropriation of public money to this purpose. So great a change in the composition of the opposing hosts cannot fail to have an important influence upon the course of the battle.

#### M. THIERS AND THE ASSEMBLY.

M. THIERS has shown the Assembly that his often repeated threat of resignation was not quite so empty as it had come to be regarded. When it was finally made clear that the Deputies would not carry their obedience so far as to adopt his plan of taxing raw materials, the blow was at length suffered to fall, and for two or three hours France was without a Government. It is a curious commentary on the constitutional makeshift of last summer that the relations of the PRESIDENT towards the Assembly should still be such as to make this step a natural one. Not one of the objects which the majority proposed to themselves in making M. THIERS President of the Republic has been attained. The Deputies wanted something less costly than M. THIERS to sling stones at, and with this view they devised the scheme of making him into a constitutional Sovereign, and providing him with a Cabinet which they could turn out at pleasure. But the PRESIDENT of the Republic has proved to be only the Provisional Chief of the Executive writ large. In taking possession of his new dignity M. THIERS has surrendered none of his old privileges. He has taken the same part in debate, and identified himself quite as completely with a particular line of policy. Last Saturday the crowning inconsistency was achieved, and a functionary, supposed to represent the nation, and not any particular party in it, retired from power because his Finance Minister had failed to get the consent of the Legislature to a particular mode of raising money. The truth is, the Assembly, when it fell in with the “Proposition River,” was trying to compass an impossibility. A provisional state of things will not cease to be provisional by reason of a mere change of title. The position which M. THIERS holds in France is one altogether distinct from that held by any ordinary constitutional Sovereign. It is essential to the idea of such a Sovereign that he shall reign and not govern; it is essential to the purposes for which M. THIERS is required that he should govern and not merely reign. M. THIERS has been picked out as the one politician who can guide the country through a crisis of unexampled difficulty. His dexterity, his Parliamentary experience, his freedom from compromising antecedents, have combined to invest him with this character. To make him in reality a constitutional monarch would have been to render these qualifications useless. It is, of all others, the position which gives least scope for their exercise. France wants a statesman with a policy, and especially with a definite theory as to how and when the indemnity is to be paid off; a constitutional King is bound to accept the policy offered him by his Ministers. There is no identity, there is not even a resemblance, between the two. M. THIERS saw this, if the Assembly did not, and the consequence of his clearer vision has been that he has played the same part under two names. He has been called President, but he has in all respects acted as Prime Minister. On the occasion of the first defeat his Cabinet has sustained, he has not even affected to dissociate himself from it. He might have dismissed M. POUYER-QUERTIER, and made some show of calling another Ministry to his aid. He might have used his exceptional position to avoid pledging the Assembly to a decisive vote, or to smooth matters over when the decisive vote had actually been given. Instead of this, he accepted the defeat of the tax on raw materials as a special slight to himself, and resigned office as if he had been the most petulant and wilful of Prime Ministers. If M. THIERS's acts were really as much dictated by temper as they appear to be, he would have gained little by his long Parliamentary experience. But his is eminently a rage with method in it. In this instance he had marked out for himself the course to be followed after defeat by engrossing the largest share of the defeat to himself. In the long debate which preceded the final vote M. POUYER-QUERTIER was nowhere. It was M. THIERS who maneuvered, M. THIERS who spoke, M. THIERS who acted. The acceptance of the tax on raw materials could not perhaps have been ensured by any means at M. THIERS's disposal, but it

rejection was probably made more certain by the irritation of the Assembly at seeing itself replaced in the position from which it had thought to extricate itself by making M. THIERS President of the Republic. That expedient had not been resorted to without much searching of heart. An Assembly which, while secretly longing for a Monarchy, finds itself living provisionally under Republican forms, is naturally unwilling to give those forms more open assent than it finds unavoidable. So far as it went the creation of a President of the Republic, where before there had only been a Chief of the Executive Power, did constitute such an assent, and the Monarchical party in the Assembly must have been hard put to it before they gave even this amount of sanction to institutions which they so profoundly dislike. It was from no feeling that a Republic was the Government best calculated to unite Frenchmen that they brought themselves to take the step. The motive that influenced them was the feeling that the situation had become intolerable, and that they must provide some means of giving expression to their views without running the risk, at every separate utterance of them, of overturning the Bordeaux compact and delivering up France to anarchy. The honourable shelving of M. THIERS was the expedient adopted, but they forgot to consider whether M. THIERS would consent to remain shelved. The event has shown that, in omitting this inquiry, they omitted the most important element in the calculation. M. THIERS was quite willing to accept such amount of external dignity as they chose to invest him with, so long as it did not involve any sacrifice of real power. When the Assembly met again after the recess, it soon became apparent that he had accepted his new position, not in substitution for his old one, but in addition to it. His conduct of the Budget debates has shown the finesse of a Prime Minister, not the reserve of a Sovereign; and the rejection of his favourite scheme was probably in part due to the determination of the majority to shut their eyes to the unwelcome fact that their master was no further off from them than before.

Their assertion of independence was promptly followed by the resignation of the PRESIDENT. M. THIERS had managed, within an hour or two of his defeat, to impress the Deputies with the conviction that this time his determination was irrevocable. He shed some natural tears over his defeat, but as soon as they were wiped away, he professed the utmost relief and pleasure at the prospect of laying down the burden of office and retiring to sweet communion with his bronzes and china. But the Assembly was scared by the catastrophe it had brought upon itself. The Right Centre, the Left Centre, the Left, all were agreed, from whatever motives, in regarding M. THIERS as indispensable to France. They could not avert the resignation; for, as soon as the Assembly met the next day, M. GUYOT read the expected letter conveying the assurance that M. THIERS could only "continue to watch over the safety of the State" during the necessary delay before his successor could be appointed. But by proper submission the resignation might be cancelled, and the veteran cherub who keeps watch over the life of France be reinstated in his high position. All parties at once devoted themselves to the preparation of a Resolution which should express their anxiety to retain M. THIERS on his own terms. The Assembly was made to declare that its vote of the day before was not to be regarded as an act of mistrust or hostility, or as implying the refusal of the support which the Assembly had always given to the Government; that it now made a fresh appeal to the patriotism of the PRESIDENT of the Republic, and that it refused to accept his resignation. M. THIERS was at once informed of the vote, and allowed himself to be persuaded to withdraw his resignation. Perhaps his object was answered in the opportunity this interview gave him of giving the deputation a warning. The Army Bill was coming on, and a fresh difference between him and the Assembly might arise upon the question of universal compulsory service. On this point he hinted that no compromise would be possible. If he was again constrained to resign, it would be a resignation that knew no repentance.

Neither of the parties to this singular trial of strength can be said to have come out of it with dignity. But, on the other hand, both parties were acting to some extent under the pressure of an inexorable necessity. M. THIERS's position—at all events his conception of his position—compelled him to show the Assembly that it cannot have him as President without taking his policy into bargain. If he had not made this clear on the first occurrence of a serious difference between them, the Deputies might have traded upon his forbearance, and rejected the projects of his Cabinet as freely as though the President of the French Republic were a mere *roi fainéant*

like an Emperor of Austria or a King of the Belgians. And the Assembly, when once he had resigned, had really no choice but to get him back again on his own terms. There is no other man who can pilot the ship through the sunken rocks and conflicting currents and shifting sandbanks among which her course still lies. So long as M. THIERS remains indispensable, the Assembly must be ready to submit to him whenever submission is the sole means of retaining him.

#### SOCIALISM IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE ingenious projector who lately selected as his imaginary allies in a scheme of Socialist revolution some of the leaders of the Conservative party may fairly appeal to an article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* in proof of his sagacity. The writer indeed affords no indication of his political connexions, nor is it impossible that he may be a professed Liberal; but he has succeeded in inducing the journal which is supposed to be the principal Conservative organ to publish his lucubrations. If the *Quarterly Review* really expresses the opinions of any important section of the party, it may be inferred that Lord DERBY's recent speech has not been unanimously approved by his political allies. The difference between the advocates of paternal government and the supporters of individual freedom is as wide as the schism in the Liberal party which was described by Lord DERBY. The Reviewer, indeed, devotes a portion of his essay to the proof that all the remedies for existing evils are within the reach of the working classes themselves; but he at the same time recommends that they should be aided by legislative measures which on his own theory might have been deemed superfluous. Curtailment of the liquor trade, more effectual protection of workmen from the tyranny and exactions of Trade Unions, and the provision of improved dwellings by the countenance or direct act of the State, are the principal methods by which existing evils are to be corrected. It matters little to a benevolent theorist that Parliament has lately been compelled to relax the restrictions on Trade Unions, and that the leaders of the artisans are engaged in an agitation for the purpose of obtaining additional facilities for their favourite organization. Philanthropists who are anxious to diminish the use of intoxicating liquors not unnaturally listen to the demands of that section of the working class which seeks to be protected against itself; but it is perfectly clear that the millions which are annually expended on beer and spirits are voluntarily paid, and that a legal prohibition of an almost universal practice would be at the same time oppressive and abortive. Mr. BRUCE and his colleagues were justly blamed for framing a Bill which it would have been obviously impossible to pass; but subsequent discussion has shown that almost any alternative scheme for the same object would have been equally impracticable. Nearly all the prominent speakers who have lately discussed the question, including Lord DERBY, Mr. FAWCETT, and Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, have, on various grounds of political economy or of party expediency, recommended the Government to abstain from legislation; and Mr. DALRYMPLE, an enthusiast in the cause of temperance, lately announced to his constituents his refusal to support the scheme of the United Kingdom Alliance.

The proposal that additional facilities shall be given for the erection of comfortable and wholesome dwellings is less familiar, though it cannot be called novel. The Reviewer professes himself unable to understand the grounds on which land may be compulsorily taken for railways or other public works, while builders of houses for the working classes are reduced to depend like their neighbours on ordinary opportunities of voluntary purchase. The dislike of railways which the writer betrays in several expressions is curiously characteristic of the little sect of social economists to which he evidently belongs. A sneer at facilities for the transit of goods or the locomotion of the richer classes, or a suggestion that the average net earnings of railways are less than five per cent., proves that the writer has not understood the enormous addition to the public wealth which arises from the regular and speedy transit of goods and of persons. The saving of time alone to hundreds of millions of passengers can scarcely be estimated in money value, even if convenience is regarded as insignificant. It is in fact quite unnecessary to compare the respective advantages of railroads and of cottages or lodging-houses. The distinction between the cases, as far as compulsory purchase is concerned, is that a railway must be made on a definite piece of ground, while a builder who cannot buy a plot of land in one place may easily go to another. A single proprietor might, in default of



Parliamentary powers have prohibited the construction of the line from London to York or to Dover; but, as experience showed, the FRANKLIN Trustee bought the land which they wanted in two or three different quarters of the town, and their operations could only have been rendered impracticable by a perverse and impossible league of all the landholders and lessees in the metropolis. Their undertaking, though it is understood to be moderately thriving, has not hitherto attained so marked an economical success as to induce capitalists to continue the experiment on a comprehensive scale; yet, if there is any meaning in the Reviewer's reference to railways, it would seem not difficult to find money for any enterprise which offers a fair prospect of remuneration. When he says that "no Railway Company could prove a 'preamble half so forcible or so indisputable' as the allegations which might be made in support of his building scheme, he is apparently not aware of the indispensable recital that "such object cannot be attained except by 'the authority of Parliament.'" It might be asserted that an acre of ground could not be bought by private contract in Spitalfields or Westminster, but the assertion could certainly not be proved. The proposal that land for buildings should be taken by compulsory purchase is made without reference to the well-known rule that in such cases an additional percentage of twenty or twenty-five per cent. is customarily and justly allowed to the vendor. If builders cannot be induced at present to run up lodging-houses on speculation, they would not be tempted by the prospect of paying an additional price for land. Having proved to his own satisfaction that it would be worth the while of capitalists to erect improved dwellings, and to incur the surplus expense of compulsory purchase, the Reviewer next recommends that the Socialist deity which is known as the State should, in case of need, descend to untie the knot. If the builders cannot raise money for lodging-houses at the market price, the State or the Treasury is to help them by the use of its credit. Every projector who demands the assistance of the State admits, as a matter of course, that he proposes to neglect in the particular case a rule which is otherwise prudent and sound. In another part of his essay the writer attempts to show that an average artisan might save from his earnings 50% a year; and if the calculation is accurate, it is evident that he could afford to pay a rent which would return a fair interest or profit to a builder. If dwelling-houses for the working classes for sale or for lease once became good investments, it would be as unnecessary for the State to interfere in Bermondsey as in Belgravia or May Fair. The notorious proposal to provide air, sunshine, and garden ground for the city workman was more attractive, and not much more chimerical.

Another grievance on which the Reviewer dwells is the exorbitant superfluity of retail traders. There is no doubt that the economic machinery of society is in this respect defective, or rather redundant; and French reformers of the world have repeatedly proposed the extinction of shopkeepers, and the substitution of a more limited number of official distributors of commodities. The English Reviewer shrinks from the posterous results which would follow as a legitimate deduction from his doctrines; and he can only rely on the perfectly legitimate competition with tradesmen of Co-operative Societies. The further suggestion that squires and employers of labour should establish and maintain "one comprehensive store, and enable 'it to beat out or eat up all rivals, on condition of its adopting honest prices, sound quality, full measure, and no 'credit,' might perhaps lead in practice to a collision with the laws against the truck system. Miners and other workmen extremely dislike the comprehensive stores which are provided by their employers. Squires have in general enough to do in maintaining the rights of property without converting the whole class of retail traders, and especially the shopkeepers in their own neighbourhood, into deadly enemies. After all, village shops with their bad goods and high prices have been established in compliance with a practical demand. If it suited their customers better to make their purchases elsewhere, there would be no need of legislation, or even of argument. According to the Reviewer, "any contrivance (or 'regulation, if that were possible) that should reduce the 'number of retailers by 50 per cent. or 70 per cent. 'would be probably the greatest practical and immediate boon to the working classes that could be devised.'" If philanthropists would take the advice of cold-blooded bystanders, they would keep their designs on the shopkeepers secret till they had shut up half or three-fourths of the public houses. The regulation which is hinted at as a barely possible means an Act of Parliament against all retail traders not less stringent than Mr. Bacon's scheme for running the

publouses. When the Legislature or the Government has fixed the number of shops in every branch of business, it will perhaps dawn even on the semi-socialist intellect that the revival of obsolete restrictions is not uniformly conducive to progress. It took several centuries to convince the English nation that, as a general rule, people know their own business best. Lord DERRY and some less eminent politicians still hold to the faith which had of late been reputed orthodox; but the SCOTT RUSSELLS, and FAKINGTONS, and Quarterly Reviewers assiduously employ themselves in pushing back the hands of the clock. It is not surprising that little attention is paid to their protests against ruder and more impatient interference with social arrangements. It is necessary to leave the machinery to itself, if it is to be of any use, except where it has to be wound up or exceptionally regulated. The alternative plan of depending on the judgment and caprice of the State, which means in England a Minister or a Parliamentary majority, will only satisfy those who from time to time fancy that they can impose their own crochets on the ruling power. The Quarterly Reviewer would be regarded in France or by the International Society as a feeble reactionist. His truisms, his commonplaces, his exposure of popular delusions, though they form much the soundest part of his treatise, would not, in the judgment of real Socialists, be redeemed by his plans of expropriation, or even by his denunciation of shopkeepers; yet a wise revolutionist would not discourage an unconscious associate who, with the best intentions, may be useful in opening the door to the assailants outside.

#### NAVY ADMINISTRATION.

THE evidence taken before the *Meyers* Commission may or may not end in enabling Lord LAWRENCE and his colleagues to find out who was really to blame for sending that unfortunate ship to sea; but it certainly has had the effect of revealing to the English public the very extraordinary manner in which one great department of State affairs is conducted. Several navy officials have been examined, and all they say points in one direction. There is no such thing as the administration of the navy in any proper sense of the term. All is chaos inside the Admiralty. There are Departments, the very number of which is a matter of speculation. There is a Board, which its Secretary describes as a phantom. There are clerks who open letters and do what they like with them. There are also persons who answer letters, but it is left to them to connect or not, as they may think proper, what they say with what is said to them. There are persons who sign these answers, but it is no part of their business to know what they are signing. The Admiralty keeps no record showing the history of a ship, although some intention of keeping such a record seems to have been once formed. All that the Admiralty does is to issue an infinity of orders regulating the conduct of its subordinates; but none of these subordinates know what these orders are, nor does the Admiralty trouble itself to see that they are carried out. There is no communication between different branches of the administration, and no one can say in whose sphere the discharge of any duty lies. The Admiralty officials seem to be, with some few exceptions, on which, before the publication of the Report of the Commission, it would be premature to comment, honest and zealous public servants. But in the face of such a hopeless muddle what can they do? They can at the most discharge such duties as they are allowed to fulfil to the best of their ability. But they cannot know what is happening around them, or whether their efforts will be of any avail to the public service. They can only wait and see when the curious state of things to which they belong will come to an end. The Secretary is perhaps the official who sees most of the muddle, who has the greatest opportunity of watching letters opened that afterwards, in the words of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, vanish into space like the *Bella* and the *Osprey*, and then of perusing the communications which ingenious clerks write in answer to such of these vanished letters as they think can be answered with such powers of invention as nature or habit may have given them. And the only conclusion to which the present plain-spoken and intelligent Secretary, Mr. VERNON LUSHINGTON, was able to arrive after fully making himself acquainted with the interior of his office, was that some day a revolution must come which would sweep the whole mass of absurdity away. He may have the satisfaction of knowing that, when the day arrives for such a revolution to have a chance of being realised, he will have done not a little to help it along.

How the business of the Admiralty is really carried on can

only be judged by reading in detail the bulky evidence that has been given to the Commission. Here one little instructive fact peeps out, and there another; and scarcely a witness appears who does not add some touch to the general picture of collapse. But, as the conduct of different public officials is touched on by these witnesses, and as the Commissioners have not reported how far the officials concerned have been guilty of negligence or dereliction of duty, to quote the evidence given so far as it illustrates the conduct of Admiralty business might be to quote evidence prejudicial to men not yet condemned. It is only when the witness makes general remarks, or describes some mode or procedure as to which there is no dispute, that reference can at present be properly made to what he has said. Still some instances may be given which illustrate the system, while they do not bear adversely on the conduct of individuals. One of the theories started to account for the loss of the *Megara* is that the corrosion of the iron plates was due to the galvanic action produced by copper. The President of the Council of Contractors of the Admiralty stated that, in spite of an Admiralty order prohibiting the use of copper pipes and rose-boxes in particular cases, there were many ships in which such articles were still being used, which he attributed to the division which existed between the Contractor's Department and the Engineer's Department. There was an order issued to Dockyard officers, prohibiting the use of copper pipes and rose-boxes, but no such order had been issued to ships' officers; so that, in his opinion, the engineers and officers of the *Megara* were justified in making use of copper, as they had received no order against it. Again, a kind of cement is admitted to have been used in the *Megara* which was so bad that an order was sent to remove it from other ships in which it had been used; but this, according to Sir SPENCER ROBINSON, was omitted to be done in regard to the *Megara* because a clerk had omitted to register a letter in the Ship Branch, owing to which piece of neglect the matter "slipped through." In 1866 a Report was sent from Woolwich, stating that the *Megara* might do for a couple of years, but should then be re-examined. This Report was no doubt recorded somewhere, as the same witness informed the Commissioners, but no one could say where. In 1867 he wished for some information regarding the *Megara*, and applied to the Woolwich officers who had sent in this Report. But they had entirely forgotten all about it, and reported that there had been no Report. There was also a letter from a Commodore of the same date in reference to the *Megara*, but there was what the witness called another "extraordinary lapse" about it; for, although it came to the Admiralty, it never went to the Controller. Further, the witness stated that there was no system in the Admiralty by which the previous reports on ships could be precisely brought up. Partly this miserable absence of all proper organization was, Sir SPENCER ROBINSON thought, due to the insufficient number of clerks employed. But the figures he gave scarcely bore out his statement, as it appeared that each clerk had to attend to an average of only nine letters a day. But, even if nine letters a day are too many for a Government official, it does not appear how a larger number of clerks to do the work of dealing with letters by mere haphazard, and with no notion of what was to be done with them, could have been of any benefit to the country. All that these clerks and their immediate superiors could do was to survey the muddle in which they lived with serene complacency, and placidly await the revolution which the Secretary considered inevitable, but which, had it not been for the loss of the *Megara*, might easily have been delayed until long after they were all dead and buried.

Who is to blame for all this enormous waste of time and money, and for the dangers to which the lives of officers and seamen, and the safety and honour of the country, have been exposed? It must be owned that the system of Parliamentary government, whatever compensating advantages it may possess, lies more than anything else at the bottom of the mischief. A civilian is by a turn of fortune in the House of Commons suddenly called on to manage the English navy. He may be as absolutely ignorant of the navy and everything connected with it as Mr. GOSCHEN was when he had last spring to pass from the Poor Law Board at a minute's notice to be the head of the Admiralty. The civilian has of course an immense deal to learn. The Naval Lords are certainly there to help him, and the permanent heads of departments are also there. As a rule, the permanent officials of Government departments are very ready to help those whom the shifting waves of Parliamentary strife roll over their heads; and such is the prestige of the House of Commons, and the force of habit, that scarcely

any one probably in the Admiralty feels aggrieved or annoyed that his master for the time being is a bustling stranger who does not know one end of a ship from the other. The civilian does not lack assistance, or valuable assistance. But he has so much to do to learn even the rudiments of his business, that he cannot get down to such details as the mode in which letters are answered or left unanswered. Mr. CHILDERS did set himself to work to do something towards reorganizing navy administration, but he naturally began at the end nearest to himself. He altered a little at the top; but he was years off getting to the bottom. The permanent officials, it might be thought, would be able to suggest useful reforms. But when a great system assumes that type of disorganization which consists in a total want of cohesion between its separate branches, those who are conversant with any one branch cannot really propose a remedy for the mischief, but can only try to make the conduct of business in their own department more efficient. Their requests naturally take the form of asking for more money for extra clerks, supervisors, and so forth, and they are at once snubbed. The civilian cannot perhaps understand much about the navy, but he can understand that his colleague at the Exchequer will not like a larger staff being employed. Very great imperfections of management are, we fear, almost inseparable from the plan of making members of Parliament, who have no knowledge whatever of what they have to manage, masters of enormous and complicated portions of the machinery of Government. It is chiefly the honesty, the ability, and the zeal of hundreds of men who spend their lives for a very small recompense in Government offices that make this anomalous system of administering public affairs work as well as it does. Every now and then, too, there is some lucky accident which, in a manner that no one could have anticipated, gives an opportunity of effecting some reform on a great scale. Such an opportunity has now been afforded with regard to the navy, and we can only hope that it may not be thrown away, although it is, we confess, very disheartening to find that Mr. BAXTER is convinced that the system of naval administration as it exists falls little short of perfection.

#### THE CASES OF WATSON AND EDMUNDS.

THE decision of the HOME SECRETARY in the case of WATSON appears to be in harmony with the prevailing sentiment of society, and it would probably be useless to examine too curiously the reasons by which it might be justified. An atrocious crime was perpetrated with circumstances of almost unexampled horror, and at least half the people one meets express compassion for the criminal. Instead of criticizing what Mr. BRUCE has done, let us observe with satisfaction what he did not do. Neither he nor the Judges who advised him have in this instance given any encouragement to those elastic theories of insanity which would rescue from capital punishment all murderers who excite pity, and many also who do not. In considering the practical application of these theories in Criminal Courts, it may be useful hereafter to remember that they were made to embrace a case in which the only evidence of insanity was furnished by the act for which the prisoner was tried. After a long life of learned labour WATSON saw himself reduced to poverty, and he was, let us assume, further afflicted by the irritating companionship of his wife. When medical witnesses, starting from these facts, proceed to discourse learnedly about "melancholia" and "homicidal impulse," they ought not to be surprised at finding that public respect for the profession to which they belong has not been enhanced by their appearance in the witness-box. Let us, however, do justice to the motives which no doubt induce medical practitioners to place themselves in a position which is always disagreeable and only occasionally remunerative. Mr. Baron MARTIN lately remarked that the defence of insanity was commonly raised when "people of means" were charged with crime. We are quite sure that neither the learned Judge nor any of his hearers forgot that generous devotion which has made medical and surgical science freely available "for all sorts and conditions of men." Hospitals are among the few institutions of this country with which nobody finds fault, and wherever money is raised to build and maintain a hospital, skilful and kind treatment is readily forthcoming for the patients. Both the heads and the body of the medical profession, alike in town and country, are entitled to a recognition of the great services which they render to society and individuals, irrespectively of pecuniary reward. And if the doctors were generally greedy of money—which they are not—they might probably observe that they are likely to get what is called, in homely language, "more

"kicks than halfpence" in Courts of Justice. Provincial practitioners are not only ready, like their London brethren, to give their help gratuitously to those who cannot pay for it, but they have also made observations and formed theories which they are willing upon occasion to ventilate in the witness-box or the newspapers. One of the most odious criminals of modern times was a man named SOUTHEY, alias FORWOOD, who murdered three children, in London, and a woman and a child at Ramsgate. This monster was tried at Maidstone, and money did not seem to be largely supplied for his defence, yet medical evidence of insanity was produced regardless of expense as well as of facts and common sense. It is doubtless true that if a person whose friends possess ample means is charged with a capital crime a lawyer is employed to get up a defence, and he goes to the doctors, just as in another class of cases he goes to the engineers, and he generally obtains what he wants. At a large outfitter's you may find clothes to suit any shape, and among doctors you may find a theory of insanity adapted to any variety of murder. The outfitters are much more particular about payment than the doctors; but, on the other hand, a coat is always worth something, whereas a medical opinion may be unfounded, and possibly pernicious. The experience of Mr. Baron MARTIN, as of other lawyers, might probably be correctly said to amount to this—that honest medical testimony to the insanity of a murderer may be obtained in a great many cases where the prisoner has friends who will take the trouble to apply for it. In this point of view the case of SOUTHEY deserves to be compared with that of WATSON, and indeed the Judge's charge to the jury in SOUTHEY's case was cited by the counsel who prosecuted WATSON, in anticipation of the defence of insanity which was raised in his behalf. WATSON, being a clergyman and schoolmaster, may be presumed to have held the ordinary system of religion and morality which condemns murder; whereas SOUTHEY had framed a system of his own which excused it. Both commit murder, and the one having led a good and the other a wicked life, the goodness of the one and the wickedness of the other seem to be alike regarded as evidence of insanity. The truth appears to be that the production of medical evidence depends not upon the means of the prisoner's friends, but upon the notoriety which the crime obtains, the length of time which elapses between the act and the trial, the topics which happen to occupy the newspapers, and various other fluctuating circumstances. The doctors, however, are not to blame for this accidental and partial application of their theories. They are only too ready to appear when called upon.

We find in the *Daily News* an account of the supposed reasons for relieving WATSON, of which the writer must have seen, although he did not indicate, the absurdity. The prisoner is old, his character was good, and he is believed to have acted under extreme provocation. This journal has discussed the cases of WATSON and EDMUNDS with so much good sense and moderation that it cannot need to be reminded that wives of the "aggravating" type are not uncommon, and the provocation which they give their husbands is never admitted as an excuse for beating them, although it is now offered in extenuation of the more heinous offence of murder. The *Daily News* even goes further, and suggests that, if the prisoner had been younger, this plea of provocation might not have availed him. It was doubtless apparent to the writer of this article, as well as to everybody else, that hanging would deprive WATSON of only a short span of life, and that the force of passion ought to diminish with advancing years. If the sentiment of respect for grey hairs were invoked on his behalf, it would be simultaneously remembered that his wife's grey hairs were stained with her blood which his hand had shed. The real source of the compassion which undeniably was felt for WATSON was probably the contrast between the prospects of his early life and the disappointment and misery of its close. His classical attainments won for him the Gold Medal of the University of Dublin, and while he was a student he saw the lady to whom, after the lapse of twenty years, he made an offer of marriage, which was accepted. There are few features of character which more widely excite sympathy than this constancy in mature manhood to an attachment formed in youth; yet WATSON's story of his life, as he told it in a few words of Latin on a scrap of paper, painfully confirms the cynical saying that the cure for love is marriage. At the age of forty he obtained the Headmastership of the Stockwell Grammar School, with a salary upon which he and his wife were able to live comfortably, but hardly to save anything. He held this post for twenty-six years, and then, being, as being thought to be, worn out, he was cast aside. Thus he found

himself at sixty-six or more years of age with the tastes and habits of a gentleman, and the position and prospects of a pauper. He had pursued throughout life the studies by which in youth he had gained distinction. But all these years of diligent reading and prolific writing had obtained for him neither fame nor fortune. His learning was not a readily marketable commodity, and the greater part of his time and energy had been expended in procuring the means of decent existence, and nothing more, for himself and wife. It is not the fault of the managers of the Stockwell Grammar School that they are unable to provide pensions for exhausted masters, or to pay salaries out of which provision may be made by vigorous manhood against old age. There have been few more painful stories of life-long struggle and final failure than this of WATSON, and the public mind was strongly affected by the remark that it would be cruelty rather than mercy to cause him to live the few and evil days which remained to him on earth. With much learning, ceaseless toil, and some want probably of worldly prudence, he saw himself at the close of his working life as poor as when he began it:—

He hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

It is not intended to suggest that WATSON was a man more sinned against than sinning; nor need we be disturbed by the possible inference from his reprieve that respectability is an excuse for crime. If he had been less learned he might perhaps have been more prosperous, and might not have been exposed to trials which neither religion nor philosophy enabled him to bear with patience. There is an ancient Greek epigram which describes EPICETUS as lame of body and poor as a beggar, and "beloved of the immortal gods." In modern England study and contemplation are apt to lead to poverty unmitigated by general esteem. In our age and climate a philosopher cannot live in a tub, but must pay rent and taxes for a house. These reflections may perhaps supply some explanation of the compassion which, whether reasonably or not, has been felt for WATSON.

As regards the case of EDMUNDS, we are not prepared to say that Mr. BRUCE could well have taken any other course, under the circumstances, than that which he has followed. It would have been difficult for him to disregard Mr. Baron MARTIN's recommendation of further inquiry, and if there was to be an inquiry he could not do better than entrust it to physicians of experience and reputation who had not appeared as witnesses upon the trial. Unfortunately we have not before us the report of those physicians, or any other information which would enable us to form an estimate of the value of the evidence upon which they founded their opinion of the insanity of Miss EDMUNDS. As the case stands at present, the plea of insanity which, upon the evidence submitted at the trial, was unanimously rejected by the judge and jury, has now been accepted upon evidence as to the nature or worth of which we know absolutely nothing. It is of course possible that the physicians who made this inquiry may have discovered facts which were not made known at the trial; but the only reasons for supposing Miss EDMUNDS to be insane with which the public is acquainted have failed to justify that conclusion. The existing practice of reviewing sentences in criminal cases is in the highest degree unsatisfactory, but all that can be said against it has been often and strongly said, and thus far without any effect whatever. If criminal prosecutions were conducted upon any system, provision would be made in it for the adequate examination of cases of alleged insanity, and for reviewing the result of an inquiry with the same publicity which attends the inquiry itself. It is to be hoped that a theory of criminal insanity which must be regarded as most dangerous to society may not be encouraged by the precedents of this week. The application of that theory to the case of WATSON was a *reductio ad absurdum*; and the only conceivable justification of the decision in the case of EDMUNDS is that the physicians who examined her after the trial found evidence of insanity of which nothing was previously known. Nothing can be more dangerous to public security than this private and irresponsible method of investigating the plea of insanity in criminal cases.

#### MR. BRUCE AND THE BREWERS.

WE have not heard much of Mr. BRUCE since he endeavoured in the autumn to excite the compassion of his constituents by likening himself—not perhaps very discreetly, considering the violent Protestantism of his audience—to a well-known saint stung all over with arrows, and by enumerating the number of letters he had to open and answer every

morning even when he was supposed, in mockery, to be enjoying a holiday. It may be taken for granted that the HOME SECRETARY has not a very easy time of it. He has a great variety of questions to deal with, and the questions, though not always important in themselves, touch people very closely, and occasion a good deal of personal or local irritation and excitement. The French have a phrase about "killing the mandarin," implying that it is very easy to settle awkward questions by sacrificing a Chinaman at the other end of the world; but a Home Secretary's victims are all near at hand, and if they do not like the treatment they receive, they are sure to make their groans audible and to exhibit their contortions under his eyes. As the HOME SECRETARY'S duties are, under any circumstances, so troublesome and difficult, it is a pity that he should persist in creating artificial embarrassments for himself by a perverse and injudicious course of action. It cannot be said that Mr. BRUCE has not had sufficient warning. Last Session was to have been a great Home Office Session, and we know what came of it. Mr. BRUCE'S bungling occasioned the loss, not only of his own Bills, but of several seats which had been filled by Ministerial supporters, and which are now filled by opponents. His Licensing Bill was laughed out of the House of Commons, but the interests which were threatened did not think it altogether a laughing matter, and have not been slow to take their revenge. It is possible that legislation may be necessary which will not be agreeable to the brewers and publicans; but it is quite certain that no Government can cope with such an influential body which is not backed up by a strong and resolute public opinion. The measure of last Session pleased nobody, and the HOME SECRETARY had no alternative but to abandon it. We are afraid, from Mr. BRUCE'S answer to the deputation of ale brewers last Wednesday, that he has failed to profit by experience. He has learned nothing, but he has forgotten a good deal which it would have been as well to remember. The Government, he intimates, will in future be careful not to repeat the error of introducing too many measures at once, and the Licensing Bill will not make its appearance until the Scotch Education Bill, the Ballot Bill, and the Mines Regulation Bill have been disposed of. This may be a prudent resolution, but the consequence may perhaps be that there will this year be no time for a Licensing Bill of any kind. It does not follow that, because legislation may have to be postponed, the intentions of the Government should therefore be kept absolutely in the dark. It would be absurd to expect that a Minister should disclose the clauses of an important measure, before it had been submitted to Parliament, to a deputation which might probably make use of the information in order to oppose the Bill. But there is a wide difference between giving the details of a measure and indicating the general principles upon which legislation is to be based.

If Mr. BRUCE is under the impression, as he appears to be, that the Licensing Bill of last year was an excellent Bill, and that it was lost only because it happened to be brought forward at a time when there was a crush of other measures which led to its being thrust out of the way, he has profited very little by the instruction and meditations of the recess. The Bill was, in fact, a very bad Bill—arbitrary, fantastic, illogical, and unjust. It pleased nobody and offended everybody. The publicans naturally resented the confiscation of their property. The Temperance people were disappointed by the delay which must take place before the restrictive operation of the measure would commence. Those who looked only to the interests of the community at large were alarmed by the dangerous precedent of a violent invasion of the rights of property, while at the same time they distrusted the effect of a close monopoly in the hands of powerful capitalists. But even if the measure had been of a less objectionable character, there was another reason why its chances of recommending itself to public favour were sensibly diminished. Mr. BRUCE had been so careful to conceal his intentions before the measure was produced, that when it at last appeared it took everybody by surprise. Legislation is not conveniently conducted after the fashion of an ambushade. A suitor in a Court of law cannot be expected to disclose his case beforehand to his opponent; but the passing of Acts of Parliament is not a mere contest between individuals who are seeking, under the guidance of smart attorneys, to take advantage of each other. Mr. HORSMAN has very justly observed that one of the reasons why the Irish legislation of the Government was accomplished so successfully was that the public mind was fully prepared by long discussion for most of the conclusions which were then thrown into a statutory form. It is reasonable that a Minister should be allowed to reserve

the details of his project until he has an opportunity of presenting it to Parliament in a complete and matured form; but for his own ease, and in the interest of the measure, as well as in justice to the public, he should take care beforehand to secure popular assent to the broad principles which are involved. The long and tedious controversies which often precede legislation on important questions in this country represent not only the gestation of opinion, but part of the process of promulgation. When the law is at last passed, the country is familiar with its precepts, and is prepared to obey them, instead of having to make acquaintance with new, and perhaps vexatious, regulations in the unpropitious form of pains and penalties. The only chance of passing a satisfactory Licensing Bill is by appealing for support, not to fanatics on the one side, or to interested tradesmen on the other, but to the community at large. If Mr. BRUCE hopes to deal successfully with this question, he must either be content to follow public opinion as it is, or he must create a public opinion in favour of his own views. In either case he had better pluck up his courage, and tell us plainly the principles on which he means to act.

It appears that Mr. BRUCE still looks back fondly and regretfully on the absurd and mischievous project of last Session; but it may be assumed that he will not be permitted by his colleagues to reproduce it. To say that the principle on which the Government desires to legislate is regulation, not restriction, seems to us to be little better than an idle quibble. There is no way of regulating the public-houses which does not involve restriction. It is impossible to reduce the number of public-houses, to limit the hours during which they shall be allowed to remain open, to punish drunkenness, without restricting in a greater or less degree the freedom of the people who keep or frequent these establishments; although, if anybody finds it more comfortable to have this called regulation, and not restriction, there is perhaps no great harm in indulging the whim. It is supposed that the people of this country drink a great deal more than is good for them, and it is obvious that, if there is to be any legislation on the subject, it can only be in the direction of reducing the consumption of liquor. In so far as legislation fails in accomplishing this object, it will be useless; in so far as it succeeds, it will reduce the receipts of the publicans, and will consequently offend that body. Mr. WHITBREAD, it seems, once told Mr. BRUCE that when the sale of beer at any of the public-houses belonging to his firm began to fall off, it was almost invariably discovered upon inquiry that the house had become disreputable and disorderly, so that respectable people would not frequent it. It is possible, therefore, that strict police supervision, although it would probably promote sobriety, might not be agreeable to the Tcetotallers, inasmuch as it would, on Mr. WHITBREAD'S theory, encourage rather than diminish the sale of drink. The HOME SECRETARY appears to be still of opinion that the number of public-houses should be reduced, but he does not say whether he will attempt a reduction. If police inspection, as to the propriety of which everybody except the lowest class of publicans is agreed, were efficiently carried out, it might be expected to lead, indirectly if not directly, to the suppression of the disreputable houses of the existence of which Mr. BRUCE reasonably complains. It was stated by the deputation of brewers that the Beerhouse Act of 1869, and the Suspensory Act of last Session, had been followed by the withdrawal of 8,241 licences, or one-fourteenth of the whole number. If the HOME SECRETARY would be content to confine his Bill to police regulations, and to leave the licensing jurisdiction to the magistrates, as at present, he would probably find little difficulty in passing a measure which would do good not only by its own operation, but by putting an end to, or at least moderating, a very unpleasant and unprofitable agitation. It is impossible to condemn too strongly the disgraceful uproar at the Easter meeting on behalf of the Permissive Bill, and the cowardly attack on Bishop TEMPLE; but the tactics of the Alliance agitators do not invariably display the temperance which they advocate. It is stated that two of the justices at Liverpool on Monday last inflicted fines for drunkenness to the amount of 100*l.*, and also that one of them intimated to some of the prisoners that their employers would be informed of the convictions. It does not fall within the duty of magistrates to circulate reports of the proceedings in their Courts; and it is desirable that they should discharge their judicial functions with calmness and impartiality, and without reference to their private crochets.



## LITERARY GARBAGE.

A PUBLISHER whom we will not name has sent us a packet of books with which we are at a loss to know what to do. We have glanced at a few pages, and have no desire to read any more. We should be very sorry to find a place for the volumes on our shelves, and still more to promote their circulation by giving them away. Even in the fragmentary form in which they might be sent to the butterman or used for domestic purposes, there is no saying what contamination a stray sheet might not carry with it. In short, there is only one satisfactory way of disposing of the gift, and that is to put it at once in the fire. In doing so, however, we cannot refrain from making a protest, in the name both of decency and art, against the publication, or rather, we should say, republication, of such works as those which we have just consigned to the grate. These six volumes contain the "Plays, Histories, and Novels of the ingenious Mrs. Aphra Behn," reproduced, as regards paper, type, copper-plates, and binding, in exact imitation of the original editions, and without the slightest curtailment or modification of the original text. It may be admitted that, if Mrs. Behn was to be reproduced at all, there was no use in trying to make her decent. Expurgation would have been a fruitless labour. Shakespeare may be Bowdlerized, so might Dryden, and even Congreve might be made to yield some solid residuum of wit and sense at the bottom of a Puritan crucible. But Mrs. Behn is nothing if not indecent, and would disappear bodily under any process of purification. When the experiment was completed, it would be found that there was nothing left except the covers of the volumes. The publisher of the present edition is, to do him justice, above the mock modesty of asterisks and dashes. If anybody wants to know exactly what Mrs. Behn wrote, and what sort of stuff her contemporaries relished, he will find it all here, as rank and feculent as when first produced. Time has not staled the foulness of the ordure. It appears that copies of Mrs. Behn's writings have become very scarce, and, as they fetch high prices, it may be inferred that there is a keen demand for them. There is a fashion in these things, and Aphra has been picked out of the gutter in which she has lain so long. She is still perhaps to be found here and there in the dusty, worm-eaten libraries of old country houses; but, as a rule, we imagine, she has been ejected from all decent society for a generation or two. It may be remembered that Sir Walter Scott's grand-aunt, Mrs. Keith of Ravelstone, desired in her old age to refresh her recollection of Mrs. Behn's works, which, as a girl, she had often heard read aloud for the amusement of a fashionable company in London. "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn," she said, returning the volume, "and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire; for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel." She was ashamed at eighty years of age, and sitting alone, to find herself reading it. The revived taste for these works, if there really is a revived taste, must necessarily be morbid and artificial; indeed, it may be called rather a litch than a taste. It must be presumed that a publisher would not go to the expense of reprinting such books unless he saw good reason to expect a market for them. There can be no doubt, we fear, that there is a market, and, from the commercial point of view, a very good market, for a certain kind of salacious literature, although it is possible that Mrs. Behn may prove, not perhaps too indecent, but at least too stupidly brutish even for the most depraved taste of these days. In looking through the catalogues of several well-known dealers in second-hand books, we have been struck by the prominence given to the class of works which are sometimes described by the mild technical designation of *Facetie*. Within the last year or two, the number of the dealers who make these wares the staple of their business, and the openness, and even demonstrativeness, with which they advertise their erotic character, appears to have increased in a very marked way. If the title of a work is not sufficiently explicit, stimulating comments are appended as an incitement to purchase it. We find, for example, *Contes à rire* recommended as "a very curious collection of amatory tales or novels"; and last the peculiar flavour of Crébillon should not be generally known, it is mentioned that his writings are of "a very singular and free character."

It has apparently become a regular, and, if we may judge from the scale of prices, a highly lucrative, branch of book-selling, to seek out all the literary nastiness of past generations for the gratification of eager and wealthy amateurs. The Society for the Suppression of Vice has done good service, for which it deserves better support than it receives, in helping to put down the more obscure purveyors of indecency; but when one hole is stopped, another is opened. It would seem that there are booksellers, with handsome shops in conspicuous parts of the town, who still contrive to do a brisk business in a similar line, not only with impunity, but with profit, and with little, if any, disguise. In the catalogue of a West-end book-shop we lately found a collection of "Nude figures and other free subjects, carefully mounted on stout drawing-paper, and bound in a handsome atlas folio-volume, half red Turkey morocco, cloth sides, ornamental tooled gilt back, gilt edges, patent locks and key, marked at 10s. 10s., with a note appended—"This collection cannot be sent on approval." We have heard that the British Museum was at one time infested with readers who had a predilection for books of the sort which is sometimes called "satirical," and sometimes "free," until the Secretary established a rule that works of this kind should be shown only in a particular manner.

in the presence of attendants of severe mien, specially appointed for the purpose—an ordeal which soon checked the abuse. Private dealers naturally encourage a taste to which they owe their gains, and occasionally, it is said, indulge regular customers with the run of their shelves, and the freedom of the little back room which contains their choicest treasures. A party of connoisseurs revelling in the masterpieces of literary or artistic obscenity suggests some curious reflections. The passion for notoriety, the rage for distinction of any kind, sometimes plays strange pranks; but it is difficult to realize the elation of the man whose bosom swells with the proud consciousness that he is pointed out in society as possessing a finer collection of nasty books and prurient pictures than any one else. Rich bindings of morocco and gold would seem to suggest convivial uses for the volumes which are thus ostentatiously arrayed, although the locks intimate that the exhibition is reserved for a select fellowship.

We have certainly no intention of entering upon a critical examination of Mrs. Behn's writings. It may be said of her indecency, as of the indecency of another dramatist of the same period, that it is protected against critics as a skunk is protected against the hunters; it is safe because it is too filthy to handle, and too noisome to approach. In literary style, in dramatic ingenuity, in delineation of character, her works are as poor and commonplace as anything that can be imagined. The characters are little better than lay figures, and even in the labelling there is a strange poverty of invention. A mean and cowardly fellow, who is or has been a Commonwealth man; a dashing rake, who is of course a Tory, who despises marriage, and who succeeds with the women rather by bullying than coaxing; one or two weak and wanton women, who are all in love with the scamp, and ready, like ripe fruit, to fall at a touch or a breath—these are the types which are reproduced with tiresome monotony. The men are either canting rogues or heartless libertines; the women are ladies of quality who are taken for courtesans, or courtesans who, from the assimilation of manners, find no difficulty in passing themselves off as persons of quality. And this description of the characters is also a description of the plot, which, with some small variations in detail, is always the same wire-drawn story of licentious intrigue and complicated amours, assignments and mistakes of identity, courting and scuffling, with occasionally, when the fun begins to flag, a rush of the company in their night-clothes across the stage. We do not accept wit as an excuse for indecency, but there are books which may be read for their wit in spite of their indecency. But if Mrs. Behn is read at all, it can only be from a love of impurity for its own sake, for rank indecency of the dullest, stupidest, grossest kind, unrelieved by the faintest gleam of wit or sensibility. Even if one were not revolted by the obscenity, one would be oppressed by the wearisome inanity of the dialogue before one had read more than a page or two. It is difficult to conceive any human creature, with intelligence enough to read at all, reading through six volumes of such vapid and disgusting nonsense. We have here at least a proof that dulness and indecorum are quite compatible.

We know, of course, all that can be said in favour of such books as illustrations of art and archaeology. We admit at once that Mrs. Behn's novels and plays, like a great deal of worthless and noxious stuff of the same kind, cannot be ignored by historical students. That they should have been so popular when first produced, and that a century later they should still have been read aloud for the amusement of good society, are facts which must affect our estimate of the culture and morality of those periods. The works of Mrs. Behn are part of the history of Puritanism. The outbreak of debauchery which followed, and was to some extent produced by, the fanatical austerities of the Commonwealth, is illustrated by the profligacy of the *City Heiress*, and the *Feigned Courtesans*, or *a Night's Intrigue*. Even in her own day, however, Mrs. Behn's works had a scandalous reputation, and Pope, who could stand a good deal in that way, was startled by her audacity:—

The stage, how loosely doth Astraea tread,  
Who fairly puts her characters to bed!

It is true that this did not prevent her from attaining honourable burial in Westminster Abbey, and it is a pity her books could not have been put to rest with her bones. That they should now be disinterred from the obscurity into which they have happily fallen is surely inexcusable. For historical purposes there are copies enough in public libraries and private collections, and the general reader may be content to accept on trust the assurance that all he would learn from perusing them himself would be that they are very dull and very indecent. We were startled the other day to find a weekly paper—not *Reynolds's*, as might perhaps be supposed, but a literary journal of some pretensions—declaring effusively that "all students of English literature will be grateful" for this reprint of Mrs. Behn, and that "a larger public may now find entertainment, and should find nothing but profit, in studying" her writings. The idea of getting any good out of such books as these reminds one of the philosopher of Laputa who endeavoured to extract the elements of food from the refuse of humanity. The critic admits regretfully that "the best passages cannot be quoted," but he does not appear to be conscious of the inconsistency of welcoming the reprint of what he is himself afraid or ashamed to reproduce in his own pages. In a recent prosecution a question was raised as to how far the reproduction in a popular form of well-known works of art and literature comes under Lord Campbell's

Act; but the repentance of the defendants, and their promise not to repeat the offence, spared the magistrate the necessity of giving a decision on what is perhaps a difficult question. It is quite certain that, if Aphra Behn's novels and plays were now published for the first time, the publisher would suffer for it. They are worthless as art, and outrageous in their gross and bestial indecency. It is true they are not as yet hawked in the streets. The reprint is reserved for those who can afford and are willing to pay handsomely for filth. The idea of reproducing Aphra Behn in a costly *édition de luxe* reminds one of the unmentionable messes in strange vessels which are supposed to have sometimes been paraded at the drunken feasts of Rochester and his companions.

If we could suppose that this reprint was only a casual freak, we should not be disposed to say much about it. But we have observed a systematic progress in these experiments which is somewhat alarming. The publisher who has now favoured us with a reproduction of Mrs. Behn began by a reprint of a collection of old ballads, some of which were unsavoury enough to impart a distinctive flavour to the volumes. Not long since we had to remonstrate with another publisher, who seemed to be making it his mission to revive books which should rather have been allowed to rot in their old obscurity. Where is this sort of thing to stop? These are days of democratic levelling, and the masses will not submit to a monopoly of nastiness for the benefit of rich amateurs. There is no reason why Mrs. Behn's, or other works just as bad, or worse, should not be republished in penny numbers for the benefit of shopboys and housemaids, as well as in four-guinea editions on large paper. The infamous crew whom the Society for the Suppression of Vice has in a great measure succeeded in punishing and dispersing will return to their old trade in a new and simpler, as well as safer, form. This is not a subject on which one law can be maintained for the rich and another for the poor; but example is more effective than legal restraints. We trust that the publisher of Mrs. Behn will be disappointed in his hopes, and that he will find his venture left upon his hands. It can hardly be pretended that there is any need to revive old nastiness. It must be a strangely unreasonable appetite that is not satisfied with what is to be found in the current literature of the day. We have women who write novels quite as wanton, if not so gross, as Mrs. Behn's. *Astræa* herself would perhaps have blushed at some flights of the Swinburnian muse, and might not unreasonably resent the imputation of having trodden the stage more loosely than the hundreds of half-naked ballet-girls who now dance the *can-can* nightly at the most fashionable theatres.

#### LONGEVITY.

WE have often felt a vague wonder at the industry of that anonymous writer who daily adds up the ages of the longest-lived persons mentioned in the obituary of the *Times*, and determines their average tenure of existence. We confess that we do not share the astonishment by which he appears to be periodically seized on the discovery that the united ages of half-a-dozen people recently deceased amount to over five hundred years, and their average age to near ninety. We have no particular data by which to guide our anticipations, and the phenomenon to which our attention is invited has now occurred so very often that we have ceased to regard it as bordering on the miraculous. But if our unknown friend would carry his investigations a little further, we fancy that he might provide material for some really interesting speculation. A German observer, for example, has recently calculated the average longevity attained in different professions. His information, if trustworthy, would be very interesting, not merely to insurance offices, but to young men settling the difficult question of their employments for life. If a youth will be content with 56 years, he may become a doctor; if he requires a year more, he may be an artist; if he wants 58 years of life, he may go to the Bar; but, in order to have a fair prospect of attaining to 65, he must enter into holy orders. Is it better to attend to the physical or to the spiritual wants of man when nine additional years of life reward the higher line of duty? Does the superior longevity of clergymen spring from the possession of a good conscience, or from the fact that the responsibility of attending to the soul presses more lightly than that of attending to the body, or from differences in the physical conditions of the two professions, or from the varying demands which they make upon the intellect? De Maistre drew an inference in favour of Catholicism from the supposed fact that the average reigns of kings in countries which had adhered to the old faith were longer than those in countries polluted by heresy. We should be sorry to adopt his logic in this case, though we do not quite see our way to the opposite conclusion, apparently adopted by the *British Medical Journal* (from which we derive our information), and embodied in the old saying about those whom the gods love. Whatever occult causes may be at work, it is plain that in any case the average longevity in any profession must be affected by a great number of complicated conditions; and to unravel their varying influence it would be necessary to check these simple observations by others bearing upon different sets of causes. We may assume, for example, that the intellectual conditions go for something, though they are generally subordinate to others which act more immediately. When, for instance, we find that artists came so low in the list, we may suspect that not merely the irregularities to which they are tempted, or their disposition to a town instead of a country life, must be accountable for a great deal, but also that some effect should be ascribed to the

peculiarities of the artistic temperament. It would be interesting from this point of view to compare the average longevity of men who pursue different studies under similar physical conditions. Thus we might ask whether in Universities professors of theology are generally found to live longer than professors of medicine or of literature or the fine arts. If so, part of the superiority of the clerical tenure of life must be ascribed to the nature of their studies as well as to the external circumstances of the clergy. We are not prepared with any body of facts bearing upon these inquiries, and merely throw out the hint for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

There are, however, a few obvious facts which may suggest the possible fruitfulness of such investigations. Parents have for a good many centuries been disgusted when their sons have plunged into metre instead of taking to the counting-house; but they have never, we suspect, made full use of the argument from the deleterious influence of the pursuit upon human life. Poetry, we should be inclined to say, from a cursory inspection of the most accessible facts, is almost as destructive as those trades which are proposed to be the subjects of Parliamentary interference. It is as bad as razor-grinding. Looking through any list of English poets, the number of early deaths is startling. Burns, and Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, and Chatterton will occur at once. To the list of those who died before fifty we may add Spenser, Thomson, Collins, and Goldsmith. Shakespeare managed just to get beyond his fiftieth year, and Pope and Gray got halfway from fifty to sixty; but an aged poet is an exception of the proverbial kind. Milton lived to a respectable age; but then he long refrained from indulgence in this dangerous practice in favour of the superior (we speak from a sanitary point of view) pursuit of political life. He did not long survive the recurrence to his earlier pursuits. Cowper lived to near seventy; but it drove him mad. Dryden reached the same age without the same penalty; and Wordsworth, by dint of a regular country life, survived all his contemporaries, and attained the respectable age of eighty. The only wonder, in the last case, is that a man of so sound a constitution, and placed under such favourable circumstances, did not live to confute Sir G. Cornewall Lewis; he is really a case of premature death, and we suspect that the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" took ten years out of his life, while his other inspired moments may account for the remaining period. Besides which, two years in the Lakes cannot be counted for more than one in London. Dryden alone remains to confront us; and it must be confessed that Dryden's poetry comes very close to the borders of prose. By way of contrast, let us suggest the names of a few speculative philosophers amongst English writers of reputation. We find that Bacon and Hume lived to be 65; Berkeley to be 69; Locke, 72; Reid, 86; and Hobbes, 91. Amongst the German metaphysicians, Kant died at 80, and Schelling at 79, whilst Hegel was prematurely cut off at 62. In France, Malebranche lived, in spite of a delicate constitution, to be 87, and then had to be killed by an encounter with his brother metaphysician, Berkeley. Descartes, it is true, died at about the age of Shakespeare; but Descartes was naturally delicate, whereas we can hardly doubt that Shakespeare had a fine constitution. If they had exchanged pursuits, no one can say that Shakespeare might not have rivalled Hobbes, and Descartes perished as early as Keats. Spinoza, again, died at 44; but De Quincey very properly argues from this and other circumstances that he must have been murdered. Let us hope for the credit of philosophy that such was the case. At any rate, though the shortest-lived of metaphysicians, he would have had a very fair tenure of life for a poet. We have not indulged in any profound researches; but we have had the curiosity to determine the average age of the English poets contained in a short list at the end of the *Golden Treasury*. The result comes out precisely 56, which, according to our German authority, is just that of the most unhealthy of all professions. The average, however, is materially increased by the admission of such unreasonably long-lived people as Rogers and Mrs. Barbauld, and other minor poets. A still shorter list of metaphysicians gives an average of 68 years, or a length of life superior even to that of the clergy; but we admit that it would be desirable to base any decided theory on a wider collection of facts.

There is of course nothing surprising in these results. The true philosophical temperament is precisely that which is favourable to long life. A man who never irritates himself about anything, who never subjects his machinery to an unnecessary shock, will go on living when a far stronger man, animated by more troublesome passions, will beat himself to pieces against the world. The same disposition which fits a man for long processes of patient meditation will generally enable him to take life easily; and it is curious to observe how such a speculator, for example, as Hume, whilst his philosophy tends to upset all established creeds, may be personally a Conservative of the strongest kind, and desire the stability of the institutions whose vitality he is doing his best to destroy. Just so Gibbon attacked Christianity in theory, but was utterly disgusted when revolutionists began to reduce his theory to practice. Poetry of a certain class may be comparatively innocuous for similar reasons. Chaucer, Wordsworth, and Goethe were all long-lived poets, because they seldom indulged in violent emotion. Descriptive poetry generally may be regarded as fairly harmless; and even graceful song-writers, like Herrick in old days and Tom Moore in ours, may be a long time in wearing themselves out. But a young man who takes to writing revolutionary odes, or who shares the passionate impulses

of a Byron or a Shelley, might almost as well take to drinking, so far as his prospects of longevity are concerned. It is the feverish irritability to which all poets are more or less liable that is really destructive; though, of course, they may occasionally keep their passion within bounds. Perhaps there is an apparent contradiction to this theory in the fact that clergymen are said to be long-lived. Mr. Galton asserts, in his work on hereditary genius, that the spiritual heroes of the world have generally been men of sickly constitution; and one might fancy that a tendency to indulge in strong religious emotion would be as pernicious as the analogous disposition to poetry. But, in the first place, it is probable that the mass of clergymen are as little inclined to undue excitement of any kind as their neighbours. Most of the sermons which we hear give very little indication of a fiery soul absorbed by uncontrollable passion, and overpowering its feeble tenement of clay. And, moreover, excitement does not appear to be injurious when it is worked off in action. Politicians and lawyers live long enough, though they go through a constant course of vehement excitement. A man of a certain strength of constitution probably finds the stimulus rather healthy than otherwise; and men like Brougham or Palmerston are all the better for the ceaseless strain upon their faculties. If they had been excluded from any practical displays of energy, and condemned to be always working themselves up into vehement emotion, with no better mode of discharge than writing verses, it is possible that they would have fretted themselves out of the world at an earlier period. We must add, however, that in all such speculations there is always an obvious alternative. It may be not that poetry exercises a deleterious influence, but that men of weak constitutions naturally take to expressing themselves in poetry. The disease may, in short, be the cause, instead of the effect. It would be impossible to pronounce confidently on so large a question, and we can merely commend the subject to statistical inquirers. If they apply themselves to the investigation, we might discover some useful hints, and even find out in time what particular schools of art or theology are most destructive; whether, for example, a Calvinist generally lives as long as an Arminian, or a classical as a romantic poet. The field is boundless, and we are content to leave the development of the subject to those who may have time and opportunity to work it out.

#### THE ETHICS OF INFECTION.

IN the last few years a great deal has been written, and perhaps something learnt, about the nature of infection, and the means of stopping the spread of infectious disorders. No one, however, so far as we know, has at all considered the course which a man should pursue when illness breaks out in his neighbour's household. There are indeed many general rules of conduct which are for the most part carefully observed; but they have never as yet been reduced to any system. We propose, therefore, in our present remarks not so much to try to throw any further light on this question, as to gather together from our observation of what is usual a few simple rules which may serve as a kind of Institute of Infection. In the first place, then, it would be well to remember that, though there is a divine command to visit the sick, it is of course implied provided they are not infectious; for it is not to be imagined for a moment that we should be commanded to run the least risk of conveying any disorder to others, not to speak of ourselves. Moreover, while we are enjoined to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, nothing is said about visiting them in their infection. On the contrary, we are enjoined to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, which certainly may be taken to imply that we should keep entirely clear of all contagious illnesses. If, therefore, fever has bereft a wife of her husband, or a widow of her child, let no one, however near he may be to her, be so presumptuous as to think that it is his duty to go to console her. Let him write to her at as great length as he pleases, assuring her that, though from a sense of duty he cannot visit her, yet his heart is with her. At the same time it would be only common prudence to request her not to answer his note, for fear the paper might convey infection. We are not sure that prudence in such a case ought not to be carried so far as to require him to refuse to attend the funeral, for there is no saying how illnesses are spread. Perhaps it might be sufficient if it were distinctly understood that every one should assemble wearing gloves previously steeped in Coddy's Fluid or sprinkled with carbolic acid, and that no greeting should pass beyond a shake of the gloved hand. In all cases we must remember that our sense of what we owe to ourselves, to our family, and to the public should far outweigh what we owe to the sufferer. It may possibly be painful for a widow or a bereaved mother to be constantly reminded of the infectious illness from which she has so sadly suffered. At the same time we may feel satisfied in our conscience if we are promoting the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number. These precautions, and others like them, should be exercised not only by those who have never had the disorder, but quite as much by those who have already had it. Even if we have had the scarlatina, for instance, it is well to remember that perhaps one person in every hundred takes it a second time, and that even those who do not take it may convey it to others in their clothing. Perhaps the best way of completely satisfying our conscience, if we are at all foolishly troubled with the subject of any infectious duty, is in each case to repeat constantly that the person we have been suffering from a highly contagious, or even more dangerous, or most infectious disorder, and that therefore we must

precautions are required. In like manner, should the young mother of a large family have her children stricken with fever, the utmost that a judicious friend of the family can possibly venture or be expected to do is to send the gardener or one of the outdoor servants now and then to make a noise and to give trouble by ringing at the bell and leaving his mistress's kind love and inquiries. It might at first sight be thought that a neighbour who had herself nursed all her own children through the fever, and who therefore had nothing to fear, ought to offer her services, and was especially bound by the divine injunctions to visit the sick. It has however in other matters been abundantly shown that many of the precepts of the Gospel, suitable as they may have been to a far simpler form of life, cannot be literally applied to our complex society. Society brings its duties, as well as the bed of sickness, and just as it would be scarcely decent in our crowded thoroughfares to take off one's coat and give it to a man who had taken one's cloak, so it would clearly be contrary to good breeding to render ourselves and our homes an object of suspicion and alarm to our neighbours by visiting the sick.

At the same time, while we can do so little for our neighbours in their troubles, we can at all events greatly increase the sympathy felt for them by spreading exaggerated reports of the fever. The surest way of raising general interest is to begin to ask whether there has not been something wrong in the drainage which ought to have been looked to long ago. It will be well to go on to say that it is reported that the eldest boy can scarcely live through the night, while the baby is beginning to show the rash. Should the mother leave the sick-room to seek a breath of fresh air, and be met in the road by a neighbour, the latter will of course hastily cross over to the other side, and in a loud voice express her regret that her duty to her own family requires her to keep so far apart, considering in how severe a form the fever has appeared. If she is assured that the disorder is running its course very mildly, she will, while expressing her delight, not fail at the same time to observe that in these mild cases the after consequences are always the most severe. Such remarks as these are really most kind, as they effectually prevent that elation of spirits which is commonly to be noticed in a mother who is nursing three or four children at the same time. While there should be the utmost carefulness in shunning not only those who nurse the invalids, but also every member of the family, even if they have had the fever before and carefully keep away from the sick-room, there is not the slightest need to be on one's guard against the doctor. It is not to be supposed for a moment that it could have ever been intended that doctors should be deprived of all the pleasures of society, and it is reasonable to suppose that by a special dispensation they do not carry infection with them. No lady therefore need scruple for a moment to invite to a dinner-party all the physicians of the Fever Hospital, provided only that she carefully exclude any of her friends who may in the last month or two have had a case of fever in their family. She must not be foolish enough to think that, after all the anxieties they have gone through, a little pleasant change might be beneficial for them. She will of course write to tell them how much pleasure it would have given her if she could have seen them at her table, but that she feels sure that, under the circumstances, they will not attribute her apparent want of hospitality to any lack of friendliness. Important as these rules are for every one, still more important are they for a parent. He should consider that the obligation of preserving his own children is far above all other obligations. Unmarried people, of course, may be bound to visit the sick, provided that they are careful not at the same time to visit the sound. Unmarried people may at once try to comfort widows and orphans, even before the whitewashers have come in, and before Condy has done all that Condy can do. But parents, and especially mothers, should remember that there can be no moral duty so strong but that it may be with a safe conscience neglected, provided its fulfilment involves their children in the slightest risk of the remotest danger. Let them remember that selfishness for their children's sake is after all a sort of virtue. Some captious people may possibly object that children who see their parents selfish for their sakes may possibly grow up themselves selfish. But surely a parent can guard against this by general exhortations on the duties we owe to our fellow-creatures, and by taking advantage of every such event as the illness of the Prince of Wales to inculcate the general obligation we are under of feeling for the sick.

It may be the case that a parent is so fortunate as to have his child fall ill of a fever at school. If so, he will not, we trust, neglect to profit by all the advantages which are afforded him. He will at once write to the head-master, and, while acknowledging that of course illnesses are not under our control, but are under the dispensation of a far higher power, he will add that it is really most vexatious that his son should have fallen ill, and that he cannot in the least account for it. He will not fail to add that, as the child has fallen ill at school, he must decline to bear any responsibility in the matter, nor can he, out of consideration to his other children, if he has any, or to himself, if he has none, for a moment think of visiting him. Still, to show that he is not indifferent to his child's sufferings, he will request that those who are nursing him will find time to send him at least two letters a day, giving him the fullest particulars of his health. There may be some parents who, being their love for their children to such a point of weakness as to venture to offer, if it can be in any way arranged, to look in through the window at their sickening son

when on his sick-bed. With a view to such displays of parental love, it would be well if all school infirmaries were built on the ground-floor. A parent who thus ventures will no doubt make a point of seeing the nurse, and will promise her half-a-crown if she will look after his son more carefully than after his companions. When the boy is safely through, he will probably remember that after all it is not to human aid that our thanks are due, and will be content with offering her two shillings. Of course he will at the same time remove his son from the school, to mark his sense of the great impropriety of the occurrence of such an illness. However mild may be the nature of the fever that breaks out in a school, no judicious parent will for a moment hesitate at once to remove his son, at least for a time, provided he has not taken it already. He will not be moved by any such idle considerations as that "the child is father to the man," and that a boy who is taught to flee from the most moderate risks will never grow up into a courageous man. He will not allow any considerations of studies interrupted to have the least weight with him, nor will he for a moment deign to reflect whether it might not be better for his son to incur some slight danger rather than have his habits of industry broken in upon, and his stock of knowledge lessened instead of increased. There will no doubt be some heartless or foolhardy parents who will say that their son must take his chance, and that it is idle to hope that he can always escape risk of infection. The true parent, however, as we have said, will at once remove his son, and will decline to pay the school bill. He will in that case see the youth grow up worthy of him, with the same prudent regard for that chief blessing, health; which, while it will throughout life allow him to feel for the sick, will nevertheless lead him to feel for them most conveniently when they are at a safe distance.

#### THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE BRIGHTON REVIEW.

IF we were left without patent examples to show what are the dangers that attend the possession of a large Volunteer force, and what are the defects which those who on patriotic grounds advocate its maintenance should set themselves to overcome, there would be fair excuse for those wide differences of opinion among the leaders of the movement which are exhibited in the letters of Lord Bury on the one hand and of Lord Elcho and Lord Truro on the other. In commenting on this remarkable phase in the history of our modern Volunteers, we shall preface our remarks by stating broadly that we believe it difficult to overrate the value of the sentiment that produced them, if it is properly utilized. Born of a special insult from our nearest European neighbour, the Volunteer force has survived the first occasion of the discovery of the need, has hindered the recurrence of the panic which overtook us, in common with other neighbours of the Second Empire, after the success of Solferino, and has given the whole nation that intelligent interest in its defensive resources the want of which caused our Crimean disasters, and would have proved our ruin had the campaign of 1854-5 been waged at home instead of on the shores of the Black Sea. But as we strove to encourage the movement in its early struggles, so we hold ourselves bound to point out its shortcomings now, and especially when the pages of recent history offer two vast examples which seem as if written for our warning.

It is almost a truism to say that, if the late war in France has taught us any lesson, it is the obvious and perhaps mortifying one that masses of armed men, though filled with ever so much patriotic ardour, and thrown by their leaders into the jaws of death with ever so much zeal and skill, cannot avail to save a country invaded by trained armies of regular soldiers. The scattered efforts of the Gauls of old were hardly of more advantage against the shock of Cæsar's legions than the levies of Republican France against the corps of Prince Frederick Charles, of Manteuffel, Gœben, and Werder. This was from no lack of personal valour, or military aptitude, or competent generalship. Let but a fair study be made of General Faidherbe's own narrative, in which the colours used are most favourable to his army, and it will be seen how, at the first sound of serious reverse, his raw troops melted from him beyond all power of rally. There is a lesson here by which all will be impressed, save those wild dreamers who still prate of the success of Robespierre's *levée en masse*, as though that standing falsehood of advanced Republicanism had not been exploded long before Gambetta's sad and useless attempts to imitate it. But there may yet be those in this country who refuse to see in the Armies of the Loire and of the North the counterpart of what our own Volunteers might prove on an emergency under some rigorous administrator who should insist on making field armies of them. These were but Frenchmen, they may say, opposed to Von Moltke. Let such persons look closely at what happened to our own kith and kin across the Atlantic a few years earlier, yet at a period later than the creation of our own Volunteer force. Here was a powerful nation which had refused to take the pains to keep up its own limited regular army even to the moderate standard fixed by its representatives. Suddenly a crisis came which left it face to face with the national danger of an armed and organised rebellion. The life of the Great Republic, that unity which its founders doubtless designed to endure, seemed to be threatened fatally, and the people of the North were roused unwillingly to action. Were our readers forgotten the events that followed? The conventional American trust in millions of militia, enrolled

on paper and bound to State muster once a year—a ceremony often omitted—vanished at the breath of real war. Volunteers for three months were called for, and crowded in myriads to Washington eager for the fray. Alas! the three months had well nigh expired ere any leader could be found bold enough to take them three days' march into Virginia to face even the hardly better organized force which had gathered to meet them. We need not dwell on the sequel; the attempt of McDowell to outflank his enemy, the defeat that turned in panic rout before the army knew itself to be beaten, the inextinguishable ridicule which followed all over the world when that famous description of the flight from Bull Run was read, which perhaps helped to sow the seeds of the deep-rooted enmity that is now manifesting itself in the pages of the American case at Geneva. We laughed Homerically on this side of the water; but, laughing, we forgot one vital matter; the picture which War Correspondents drew was the picture of the behaviour of a Volunteer army in its first panic, and that army mainly one of our own blood. Many of the men who thus shamefully fled fought like heroes on many a bloody field after, and showed themselves the enduring kinsmen of those who triumphed under Wellington, and marched up to the muzzles of the Sikh guns under Gough.

What, then, is it that makes the difference between rout and heroism? Whence the danger—for there is an obvious danger—to those Governments which trust in enthusiasm, numbers, and devotion, rather than in made soldiers? Shortly, it is this. There are certain real essentials for a fighting army, besides the men and the material suitable to its numbers. They may be divided into the three well-known heads of organization, drill, and discipline. As yet we are only aiming at the first of these things as regards our regular forces, and no one pretends that it has been applied to the reserves of any class. We must therefore pass on to the others.

Drill in its lower elements is the easiest of military accomplishments—at any rate for infantry soldiers—to acquire. The higher or tactical portion is only just being opened to our forces generally by the practice of large manœuvres. How little the present spirit of the Volunteers promises for them in this direction may be gathered from the fact that, after the loud advertisement of the War Office that no more than 5,000 could be received into the Aldershot manœuvres, and that priority of application only would be attended to, it was with difficulty that 3,000 could be collected. In plain words, the Government could not succeed in getting one-sixtieth part of the Volunteer roll together for a fortnight's genuine exercise. Yet drill of any description is comparatively easy of acquirement, as it is easy to comprehend and to define, compared with the higher quality of discipline—the chief governing principle, not only of armies, but of all successful combinations of masses of men. Discipline is known, like its opposite, panic, rather by its practical effects than by theory. It is discipline which inspires with his stern sense of responsibility the Polish corporal serving the German or Russian masters whose cause he dislikes; which enabled the Archduke Albert, with a familiar parade-ground word, to recall to its duty a battalion staggering under the enemy's fire; which has again and again, in ancient history and in modern, carried a small body of regular soldiers straight through a mob of untutored warriors rushing to the encounter in the first simple confidence of personal courage. For discipline implies that common trust in the guidance of the superior, and in the support of the equal, which makes each individual no longer a mere unit, brave or faltering as the case may be, but a component part of a powerful moral machine. Give a Volunteer three days of isolated spring drill, and the effect will, in three days later, vanish from his natural carriage; give them to an old soldier out of practice, and he will walk through the next summer with a more erect bearing. For the action of discipline is ever far more moral than physical, and the soldier has thus been practically reminded of the profession to which he belongs.

If these truths are, as we hold them to be, indisputable, we must thank Lord Bury for his plainspoken protest, with which all our readers must be familiar, against the resolutions of Saturday last. "The Volunteers," he says, "as far as the meeting could bind them, have decided for themselves against Sir Hope Grant." To put the whole matter briefly, an honest and plain-spoken General, not a brilliant genius, but a man of much hard service and of kindly heart, thought fit last year to express his candid opinion that the gathering on Brighton Downs was "calculated to do more harm than good." The commanding officers chiefly concerned meet, and, instead of laying their views respectfully before the authorities, as Lord Bury suggested, and obtaining full discussion on the matter, they constitute themselves practically their own Minister of War, and resolve that "it is desirable to hold the Easter Monday Review as usual." And these are the men to whom the country would have to look for the enforcement of discipline in the Volunteer battalions if the emergency came for which they exist. Truly may we say with Lord Bury, we "hope it may not yet be too late to take the wisest course." With him too we hope that an appeal to the general good sense of the body of Volunteers will discountenance all that savours of faction and of the fatal tendency to put the force above the country for the defence of which it exists.

Lord Truro and Lord Elcho have stated the other side of the case. Perhaps the best answer to their arguments is suggested by a couple of sentences of their own. Lord Elcho, for example, is disposed to subordinate military preparation and efficiency to the enjoyment of a cheap holiday at the seaside, or "a hard-worked metropolitan course and urbanity." Let them have



the holiday by all means, but let us abstain from the mockery of calling it military service. Again, Lord Truro takes an utterly false view of the situation when he speaks of the protest of commanding officers as "due to the body they represent." Their first duty in all such questions is to England herself, whose Volunteer battalions they have undertaken to lead. Without some sort of discipline acknowledged by all ranks, such battalions should not be maintained by the country which their commanding officers apparently refuse to serve unless allowed to have their own way without contradiction, comment, or check. Discipline of any kind implies self-abnegation, a quality of true patriotism which the proceeding of last Saturday, and Lord Truro's defence of it, alike ignore. Yet if this be struck out of their category of virtues, and if the place of the discipline which embodies it is to be filled by joviality, goodfellowship, and personal feeling, we shall have a force of which that judgment may be pronounced which a high authority has lately uttered as to the old seventeenth-century fortresses of France:—"This means of so-called defence is useless in peace, and very dangerous in time of war."

#### THE SOCIAL ANATOMY OF NEW YORK.

THE assassination of Mr. James Fisk will probably satisfy the popular conception of poetical justice. He won his position by violent means, and he came to a violent end. It appears to be beyond doubt that, in his quarrel with Stokes, Fisk had wrenched the law to his purpose, and had, by the connivance of his hirelings and satellites on the Bench, contrived a plan for crushing his adversary which was in its way quite as violent and lawless as the "wild justice" to which Stokes resorted. It is possible that in the particular question at issue Fisk may have been in the right and Stokes in the wrong; but it is at least certain that when Stokes heard that he was to be indicted for conspiracy before one of Fisk's creatures, he believed that his condemnation was written in advance, and most people who knew anything of the relations between Fisk and the Judges of New York took the same view. It is needless to say that, even if this view is correct, it does not in any degree justify the deliberate and cold-blooded murder which has been committed. It would perhaps be rash to assume that, even upon the clearest evidence of his guilt, Stokes will not be acquitted. Criminal, as well as civil, justice in New York is administered in a peculiar manner. A murder of a singularly brutal and unprovoked character was lately committed in one of the tramway cars, and the murderer, although convicted and sentenced, has practically been reprieved by the favour of the authorities. In another case, a man who had shot a journalist was acquitted in consequence of his plea that the journalist had seduced his wife. A well-known politician a few years ago murdered his wife's lover, and was acquitted on similar grounds. He took his wife back, and has since held high office in the diplomatic service of his country. Poetical justice is a bastard branch of the judicial family, and must be excluded from the Courts. The only safeguard of society is that murder shall be uniformly punished, without reference to the motives which may have actuated the murderer. Evidence as to motives may be admitted in order to show whether the act was or was not premeditated, but not in extenuation or justification of the crime itself. The acquittal or pardon of the murderer of Fisk, on the ground that he was an injured man and that Fisk provoked his fate, will tend to perpetuate and confirm the chronic lawlessness which has made New York a byword among civilized nations. It would be absurd, of course, to affect any regret for Fisk's death, apart from the manner in which it was brought about. There are occasions when adherence to the maxim "De mortuis," &c., is as idle as well as a foolish, and in some degree immoral, hypocrisy. Fisk was in every sense, and in almost every possible way, a bad man. His wickedness was flagrant and defiant. He was a notorious blackguard, swindler, forger, and thief. His private life was a course of shameless and vaunting profligacy. His public career was devoted to cheating and robbery. He cheated when he could; when he failed in that way, he seized what he wanted pretty much as a footpad might do. These things do not cease to be true because he has now been shot like a dog. It is no use mincing words about such a man. At this distance we can look at the matter calmly and dispassionately, but it is necessary to speak plainly about Fisk's character in order that the nature of the society in the midst of which he flourished, and the circumstances which made his villainy triumphant, may be clearly understood.

Fisk's personal history is pretty well known, and we need not go over it again. A pedlar's son, he was successively an errand boy, waiter, hanger-on at Van Amburgh's show, pedlar, commercial traveller, broker, railroad proprietor, and gold speculator. He was a bold, dexterous, and unscrupulous adventurer, as ignorant as he was impudent, but with abundance of ready wit and unflinching self-possession. The "watering" of Erie stock, the violent expedients by which he and Gould obtained absolute control of the railway, the "cornering" of the gold market in 1869, and the subsequent speculation of contracts, to the ruin of a large number of people, when the Government intervened to stop the game, will be remembered among the principal episodes of that and his confidence, and sufficiently indicate the nature of the operations by which he built up his fortune. He was connected with the Tammany Ring, and shared through its medium with the Judges and the whole administration of the

city. Since the recent revolt of the citizens against the rulers who had so long enslaved and plundered them, things had not been going so well with Fisk. He had influence enough with the Bench to save himself, and he no doubt reckoned that, when the storm had lashed a little, another daring coup would recover lost ground; but in the meantime he was beginning to be pressed by the interests on which he had trampled. Among others who had turned against him was one of his mistresses, who threatened to publish the confidences with which he had entertained her four years ago, when he seized the Erie books, and fled with them and her to Jersey, and from that sanctuary made arrangements for "buying the Legislature." The feud was embittered by the appearance of Stokes, a fast young Wall Street broker, as the woman's adviser and protector; and Fisk, abandoning all efforts to compromise the matter, prepared to crush the pair by means of the irresistible power which a corrupt judiciary placed at his disposal. The contest was an obviously unequal one, and this has been urged by Stokes's friends—Stokes himself maintaining a wary silence—in excuse, if not in justification, of the murder. Whether Stokes reckoned on public sympathy to secure impunity for the crime, or how far such a calculation may prove by the result to be well founded, remains to be seen. The news of Fisk's death sent up Erie shares about 3 per cent., and it is evident that though the mob, with whom he was always on good terms—having the highwayman's trick of being free-handed with his money—was at first somewhat excited, and threatened to lynch the murderer, the general feeling of the community is rather one of satisfaction and relief. It is, we fear, a symptom of the kind of demoralization which has gradually and insensibly overtaken the inhabitants of New York that there should be no manifestation of deep abhorrence for the crime. As far as we can see, it is regarded chiefly in the light of an unfortunate and rather irregular proceeding which prudence would not have dictated, and which cannot in strict propriety be approved. People are quite ready to say a good word for Fisk, but we have failed to detect any strong condemnation of the murderer. A sagacious observer predicts that, even if there is not enough sympathy already to save Stokes from the gallows, there is sure to be enough before his trial comes on. He is on the best of terms with the reporters, he is to have his portrait in two of the illustrated weeklies, and an anxious public studies with rising interest the minute daily chronicle of his life in prison—the number of cigars he smokes, his gossip with his visitors, his mutton-chops and omelette for breakfast, chicken broth for lunch, and "porterhouse steak, pickled beet, and pot of strong tea" for supper. The opera-house was besieged to see Fisk lying in state in full uniform; he had a public funeral, at which his regiment of militia paraded with the conventional emblems of mourning, and listened to a gushing sermon from the chaplain. But Fisk is buried, and almost forgotten, and Stokes is the hero of the hour. "Stokes in good spirits" is the comforting heading of the latest bulletins. The "irrepressible Jolie," the vulgar Helen of a coarse intrigue, also shares the honours of the occasion, "her voluptuous charms splendidly set off by a dress of black silk, velvet jacket, jockey hat, and 'illusion' veil." She has now probably a great career before her as a lecturer on women's rights.

An amusing and characteristic apology has been put forward on behalf of the respectable people of New York to explain away the predominance which such a man as Fisk was allowed to attain amongst them. Fisk, we are assured, was never admitted into good society. No genuine "Knickerbocker" ever sat down to dinner with him. Even Shoddy was rather shy of his company. He was excluded from all respectable clubs and haunts of men, and he walked through public ball-rooms, with his diamonds blazing on his shirt front, without a single person saluting or in any way recognizing him. The truth is, we are told, that Fisk and Tyed and the rest of them were social outlaws in New York. This is just the sort of reasoning which we used to hear from the St. Germain people in Paris about the Emperor and his Court. The Faubourg did not "know" Louis Napoleon, and the trifling circumstance of his holding France, including the Faubourg, in absolute subjection was of course immaterial. For several years Fisk and his friends were masters of New York, distributed the patronage, helped themselves freely out of the treasury, packed the Legislature, and suborned the Judges. They exacted taxes, passed laws, jobbed, and plundered as they chose. But the gallant and high-spirited Knickerbockers had their revenge. They refused to dine with Fisk, and made a point of cutting him in society. Several reasons may be suggested to explain the sudden and despotic dominion which Fisk secured over the affairs, not only of the Erie Railway, but of New York. In the first place, he was essentially a barbarian, and had the advantage of that simplicity of purpose and action which is free alike from fear and shame, and goes straight to its aim by the shortest and most direct road. He had no conscience, no scruples of honour or honesty to restrain him. It was perhaps not unnatural that a civilized community which had grown accustomed to something like law and order should at first be bewildered and confused by such a sublime defiance of the elementary principles of social intercourse. In the next place, the political constitution of the State favoured the execution of his purpose. When the tyrant gazed that humanity might have had one look, it was with a view to holding the people ready by the throat; and the administration of the State might be supposed to have been conducted with a similar object. The ballot represented the key of the situation to any party which could obtain the custody of the ballot-boxes. Fisk and his friends imposed no restriction upon

liberty of voting, and perhaps their expenditure on personators and repeaters has been exaggerated; they secured the counting of the votes, and they had invariably, down to the end of last year, a large majority. With the Legislature, the Bench, and the Civil Service in their hands, they could do what they pleased; and, considering the temptations to which they were thus exposed, it may be said that they were almost moderate in yielding to them. Again, although New York now boasts that it never sat at meat with Mr. Fisk, it certainly made an idol of him after a fashion. It has been suggested that Fisk, when he first came to town, set himself deliberately to do strange, indecent, and outrageous things, in order that they might be taken notice of in the newspapers and might make him notorious. It is improbable that Fisk ever heard of the historical precedent for this line of action, and it is doubtful how far he set himself to work it out with distinct premeditation. But, at any rate, if he only followed the promptings of his nature, he profited by them. The newspapers were constantly full of him, and when he drove his four-in-hand through the Central Park, or appeared with a bevy from his harem in any public place, all eyes were fixed on him. He was the best advertised man in the New World, and his speculations profited by it. Moreover, the public began to regard the source of so much amusement and excitement with a kind of good-natured, friendly feeling, with which was mingled probably a certain degree of admiration for his pluck and cleverness, and above all for his success. Fisk was not a representative man in the sense that he reproduced in himself the precise characteristics of the society in which he lived, and over which he triumphed; but he was unquestionably a product of that society. Its loose morality, political supineness, love of excitement, and sympathy with successful smartness, supplied a congenial soil for this rank and noxious weed. New York has no more to fear from Fisk, but unless there are considerable changes in its own moral and political condition, there is no reason to suppose that another impudent and unscrupulous adventurer may not play the same part, and reduce the city once more to the servile and disgraceful subjection from which she has hardly yet escaped. Fisk's rascality was not single-handed, and numerous partners of his guilt and spoils survive him. Respectable "Knickerbockers" who were too nice to dine with him, were not above gambling in the wake of his villanies. It is positively asserted that only four or five weeks back several capitalists in New York took part in negotiations which were started by Fisk and Gould for a new form of fraudulent security to the amount of between six and seven millions sterling. We judge the tree by its fruit, the body by its humours, and the accidental removal of such a creature as Fisk does not heal the rottenness on which he thrived, and of which he was only the outward symbol.

#### METOIKOI IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Swiss Federal Assembly began its adjourned Session on January 15th, and the *Ständerath* has already debated and resolved on some of the points on the treatment of which in the *Nationalrath* we have already spoken, and on some also on which we have not. But we will put off all remarks on the present Session till the Session is ended, the more so as it seems that the Assembly can debate faster than we, even with the help of a vacation, can comment. We feel ourselves quite behindhand in not having yet said anything on the debate in the *Nationalrath* on the question which many people regard as the most important of all that have been started by the present Revision. This is the question of *Etablisement* or *Niederlassung*, the rights of citizens of one Canton who are settled in another. For aught we know, the *Ständerath* may be discussing the matter at this very moment, and they may have come to their conclusions before what we are now writing can find its way into type. But we will go on as we have begun, with the proceedings in the *Nationalrath*, and will keep the amendments or confirmations of the *Ständerath* till the Session is over. And let every one bear in mind that the decisions of both Houses together are not final. In a matter of everyday Federal legislation they would be so; but in the case of a constitutional amendment, two powers stand behind, the Cantons and the whole people, either of which can reject, though neither can amend, the proposals of the Federal Assembly.

The question of *Niederlassung* or *Etablisement* is one which has special interest for the classical or mediæval scholar. The Swiss *Gemeinde* or *Commune*, which, more than either the Confederation or the Canton, is the real kernel of Swiss life, is a thoroughly mediæval institution, which has lived on through all changes, and which, like so many other mediæval institutions, reminds us at every moment of things in ancient Greece and Italy. Some years ago we lighted on *metoikoi* in a small district in North Germany, a common possession of the commonwealths of Lübeck and Hamburg. We presume that they are there still. There certainly is nothing in the new German Constitution to change their position in local matters, and, if it has given them votes in Imperial matters, the analogy between their position and what we shall presently have to speak of in Switzerland is only made more perfect. If it be so, it will follow that in both cases men who are denied the lower privilege are allowed the higher. In the old state of things in Switzerland, we need not say, there were *metoikoi* in abundance. There are now no *metoikoi*, but the *metoikoi* are still a large and increasing class. The *Gemeinde*, the *Commune* or Parish, is the element which is at the bottom of everything. It would be

both historically and practically, though not constitutionally, true to say that, as the Confederation is simply an aggregate of Cantons, so the Canton is an aggregate of *Communes*. The difference of course is that, as the Cantons are sovereign States, the Confederation can legislate for them only so far as the Federal Constitution empowers it to do so, while, as the *Communes* are not sovereign, each Canton can freely legislate for its own. But practically the Canton is an aggregate of *Communes*; the *Commune* is as distinctly an independent sphere of political life smaller than the Canton as the Confederation is an independent sphere of political life greater than the Canton. The exact rights and powers of the *Communes* differ widely in different places according to ancient usage and cantonal law; but everywhere the *Commune* has large powers of self-government, and powers which touch those small affairs of everyday life which come more keenly home to the mass of mankind than the greater matters which come within the range of the Canton and the Confederation. The church, the school, and many other of the small matters for the sake of which, after all, political societies largely exist, are in the hands of the *Commune*. And it is to the *Commune*, not to the Canton or the Confederation, that the citizen who is no longer able to support himself looks for support in his extremity.

But what is the *Commune*? How is it constituted? Who are its members? How is membership gained? How is it forfeited? On these points the Federal Constitution has hitherto been anything but explicit. Its forty-first article lays down the general principle that every Swiss citizen may settle in any part of the Confederation which he thinks good, and that he everywhere carries with him his *status* of citizen and the right to vote in all Federal and all Cantonal matters. But his position in the *Commune* is left wholly to local law; the Constitution expressly excepts from the civic rights which he carries with him the right to vote in communal matters or to have a share in the profits of communal property. These points are left to cantonal legislation. Now in the Swiss *Communes* generally, just as in the old Greek commonwealths, citizenship is strictly hereditary. Wherever a man lives, he remains a burgher of the *Commune* of his forefathers; mere residence, even from generation to generation, conveys no more right to the burghership than it did at Athens or Sparta. The Swiss of another Canton, or even of another *Commune* in the same Canton, who settles in a *Commune* to which he does not belong, though the equal of his neighbours in all Federal and all Cantonal rights, is for all communal purposes, that is, for all the small purposes of daily life, as strictly a *metoikos* as Lysias was at Athens. On what terms he may be admitted to the burghership—on what terms, in short, communal burghership may be granted or sold—is a matter with which the Federal Constitution does not concern itself; it is left wholly to local law. All that it does secure to him is that he shall have free *commerce*, and shall not be subject to any special *peroletoi*. But most *Communes* have some corporate property, and in some of them the corporate property is very considerable. And the degree of liberality in conferring the communal franchise is remarked to be in an inverse ratio to the value of the communal property. A poor *Commune* is always more liberal in granting its franchise than a rich one. In Geneva, indeed, where the communal property is small, the communal franchise can even be claimed as a right by one class of *metoikoi*, that is, by the adult children born of Swiss parents in the Canton. Otherwise, where there is no legislation of this kind, the *metoikos* and his descendants, except in the case of special grant or purchase, remain *metoikoi* for ever and ever. And though the *metoikos* cannot be laid under a special *peroleion*, the same thing may be done in another way. The members of the hereditary *Commune*, instead of using their corporate property for public communal purposes, may divide its profits among them as a private estate, and may provide for public communal purposes by taxation, in which the *metoikos*, though he has no vote, pays his share. Again, though the Federal Constitution guarantees the right of settlement everywhere to all its citizens, the right is a good deal clogged by various stipulations. Settlement may be altogether refused to him unless he produces certain papers—"un acte d'origine ou une autre pièce équivalente, un certificat de bonnes mœurs"—which of course may mean anything—and "une attestation qu'il jouit des droits civils et qu'il n'est point légalement flétri." We should certainly think it odd if an Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman settling in another part of the United Kingdom—to say nothing of a mere change of county or parish—should be asked for papers of this kind before he could buy land, or vote, or do anything at all. Then, though the *metoikos* cannot be denied his cantonal rights, his admission to them may be delayed by cantonal law for any time not exceeding two years. Lastly, by one of the vaguest provisions in the world, the settled *metoikos* may be removed from the *Commune* of his settlement, not only if he becomes chargeable, as we should say, to the parish, but by judicial sentence in penal matters, and by police authority—"s'il a perdu ses droits civils et a été légalement flétri; si au contraire est contraire aux mœurs; ou s'il a été condamné pour une contravention aux lois ou règlements de police." This is certainly clothing the police—that is, as far as the Confederation is concerned, allowing cantonal legislation to clothe the police, if it thinks fit—with an arbitrary power which seems strange under a democratic government. How many convictions are needed for a man to be reckoned as "condemné pour?" and might a treasonable *commune* shut its gates against all who, by settling there, were guilty of "con-

As a matter of study, of comparison between old Greek, mediæval, and modern commonwealths, nothing can be more interesting than this state of things. And it is a state of things of which traces may still be seen in many places among ourselves. Wherever any kind of privilege or property belongs to a class of hereditary freemen, we have the remains of an institution essentially the same as that of the Swiss *Gemeinden*. Nowadays such privileges and property, where they still exist, have no exclusive political character; no one is anywhere shut out from voting either for a member of Parliament, for a town-councillor, or for a guardian of the poor, on the ground of his not being an hereditary or otherwise qualified freeman. But when, as was the case up to the great Reform Bill, the elective franchise was in many boroughs wholly in the hands of freemen, the powers of the English *Gemeinde* went even further than those of the Swiss. But, curious as the present state of things is as a matter of antiquarian politics, it is plain that it must be full of practical evils. According to statistics which were brought forward in the debates, nearly half the population of Switzerland live in Communes to which they do not belong by birth. That is, they have communal rights which they cannot exercise in their hereditary Communes which perhaps they never saw, while in the Communes where they actually live and where all their nearest interests lie, they are—whatever local legislation may think fit to make them. They may perhaps, in old age and poverty, be sent away against their wills from the place where they have spent all their lives to find relief in a place where they have all along had hereditary rights, but with which they have never had any personal connexion. Some remedy is clearly needed for such a state of things as this, a state of things which must often interfere with personal freedom in a way hardly consistent with democratic principles. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the several Communes have the same right to their corporate property as any other individual or corporate owner, a right which we are far from denying the power of the supreme authority to touch, but which at all events is not to be lightly touched. Proposals to remedy these evils were laid before the Assembly by the Federal Council and by the Committees of the two Houses. Those of the Federal Council and of the Committee of the *Ständerath*, speak, we must say, with an uncertain and hesitating voice. But the proposals of the *Nationalrath* are clear enough. The settler in a strange Canton is to obtain a communal as well as a cantonal vote after three months' residence, but he is to have no share in the property of the Commune. Moreover the right of settlement may be either refused or taken away, not only in the case of a penal sentence, but in case of the settler becoming chargeable, as we should say, to the parish. It will be seen that, though the settler is secured his vote in communal matters, yet the members of the hereditary Commune are not hindered from dealing with the communal property as a private estate and throwing all public charges on the taxation which *étrangers* share along with hereditary burghers. On the other hand, the proposal not only takes away the absurd certificate of good morals, but seemingly takes away all necessity of "papers," unless they somehow lurk in the words "*après avoir dûment justifié de sa qualité d'électeur*." The extraordinary variety of the communal institutions in different Cantons, and even in different parts of the same Canton, was clearly set forth in the debate, as well as the practically different senses in which the word Commune is consequently used. Vigorous attacks were made on the system of expulsion on the ground of poverty—expulsions just like the removals once so familiar under the English law of settlement. But it seems strange to any Englishman used to go, settle, buy, in any county or parish, and to get a vote by simple residence, that the requirement of "*la production d'un acte d'origine ou d'une autre pièce analogue*," struck out by the Committee, was put in again by the House. Two of the most interesting speeches were those of M. Rambert of Vaud and Herr Klein of Basel. The former set forth the wide difference between those Communes where the public property is fairly applied to public purposes, and those in which it is treated as a private estate. His proposal that all such private divisions should be forbidden, and all corporate communal property applied only to public communal uses, was lost only by the casting vote of the President, who himself did not object to the principle of the proposal. Herr Klein's proposal that the *étrangers* should gain a right to parish relief in the Commune of his adoption after five years' residence was not adopted.

The final result of the voting in the *Nationalrath*, if adopted by the other powers of the State, will leave the power of refusing or withdrawing the right of settlement only in the case of a criminal conviction or of chargeability to the parish. The "*acte d'origine*" is retained. The *étranger* who passes these tests acquires both a cantonal and a communal vote after three months' residence. But he gains no right over the communal property, which the hereditary freemen may still deal with as they please. It is plain that something has been gained, but not so much as might have been looked for from the liberal tone of many of the speeches. The Swiss *Gemeinde* will still for many purposes remain one of the curiosities of political archæology.

#### AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

WE need not say that our best wishes will accompany the Livingstone Expedition, yet it by no means follows that the Government is to be blamed for declining to subsidize it. We

should be loth to take a desponding tone with regard to one of the most sanguine and adventurous of travellers. Dr. Livingstone has made fast friends in the highest scientific circles; and, as it has seemed to many, the men most competent to form an opinion on his fate have gone on hoping against hope. But long ago these hopes seemed to be founded less on reason than on feeling, and they have necessarily grown fainter as the latest news from the traveller has receded into the distance. It is now nearly three years since we last had any authentic accounts of Livingstone. If he still survives, he may be presumed to be in a district which communicates with the coast by native traders; and the residence of a white man so widely known over Central Africa must have created more than a merely local sensation. Yet no trustworthy rumour about him has reached Zanzibar or any other of the trade ports on the coast. Those who know Africa best must best know the chances that beset a European life under prolonged sojourn in the probable conditions. Those who know Livingstone best express a strong confidence that he is the very man to live down the circumstances that beset him. His works and his labours go far to support this confidence, and we gladly admit that there is a good deal to be said from that point of view. But then, we ask, is the Government in precisely the same position as any private person or association? Does it enjoy the same freedom of indulging generous and chivalrous impulses? It is a grave responsibility to attach official sanction to an enterprise which at the best partakes of the character of a forlorn hope. The history of the search after Franklin and his companions taught men in authority a lesson which they surely should not forget. Sir John Franklin carried a Government commission into the Polar seas. Long after all reasonable hope of his rescue had ceased to exist, the Government persevered in an almost desperate attempt. Expedition after expedition was sent among Arctic icefloes and icebergs with the certainty of great suffering and at the peril of valuable lives. The sympathy of the nation sanctioned these expeditions, and even when we felt that they had become Quixotical we were slow to say as much. But it is right to point out that, in the present case, the Government need recognize no similar obligation to reach some indefinite point of Central Africa. Dr. Livingstone holds, it is true, Her Majesty's commission as Consul, and his researches have deserved and obtained the gratitude of his countrymen; but we must remember that he did not undertake in his official capacity the journey that has landed him and us in the embarrassment which we now deplore. If, however, the Government subsidized Lieutenant Dawson's party, and if Lieutenant Dawson should be reported missing in the interior, the Government would bequeath to its successors another Franklin legacy. The Government is bound to weigh the matter well, and we can easily understand that it may feel itself obliged to adhere to its answer in the negative. It is the penalty of public life that it must often require a sacrifice of private feelings, as in the case of a Home Secretary who has to refuse reproaches to criminals under capital sentence. We are sure that a gallant volunteer like Lieutenant Dawson would be the last man to press the Government for a guarantee of his personal safety. At the same time we may express our conviction that, should the Dawson expedition share the fate of the traveller in search of whom it is sent, popular sentiment will insist on efforts to extricate it, if extrication seems at all practicable. This of itself is a sufficient reason why the Government should not be precipitate in tendering any such guarantee, or exceed its strict duty by hampering the action of its successors.

Because we believe the Government to be right in this matter, it by no means follows that the Geographical Society acts unadvisedly. On the contrary, this is precisely a case where private individuals and corporations may legitimately exercise a wide discretion, and, thinking as it thinks, the Society is more than justified in acting as it proposes to act. It owes much to Livingstone himself. It owes something to the memory of its late President, who expressed a firm hope to the last hour of his life that he would again see his absent friend. The present President and the official and unofficial authorities of the Society have in a measure inherited Sir Roderick Murchison's convictions. The acclamations of the meeting of Monday evening expressed the warmest approval of the proposed expedition. Very well. Let the expedition be carried out by all means. It is a matter of public concern which commands the public sympathies. It was the idea of the Geographical Society, and has grown up under its auspices. Surely the Government, without laying itself open to censure, may take the view expressed by Mr. Ball in his short and sensible speech, without adopting all his conclusions. It might urge something to the following effect:—Scientific geographers, who, as they say themselves, are the authorities most competent to judge of the chances of success, pronounce decidedly in favour of the expedition. The public very naturally follows the lead of these capable guides. The movement has no lack of friends, the sum asked is comparatively small, the expedition has been decided upon in any case, and such a subsidy as has been asked for ought to be unnecessary. This is what the Government might have urged fairly enough, but we think it would have acted more wisely had it said nothing at all beyond meeting the demand with a simple negative. Unluckily it has thought fit to give reasons for its refusal, and we agree with Sir Henry Rawlinson that those reasons are no reasons. We puzzle ourselves as to what alternative to a search expedition it can possibly have had in its mind.

This Livingstone Expedition suggests reflections on the broad

subject of Central African exploration. We do not underrate the value of scientific discovery, nor would we discourage the spirit of English adventure. The enterprise that has done such great things for us would cramp and stifle itself were it confined within the limits which cold common sense might prescribe to it. But we are entitled to ask, although there may be a satisfactory answer to the question, whether all that we have gained in Central Africa can be held to compensate all that we have lost or risked? Or, if we strike a balance now, and decide that the martyrs of African adventure have not sacrificed health and life without a sufficient equivalent, we may still fairly enquire whether it is worth our while to persevere further. We can understand expeditions undertaken for definite practical reasons. We can conceive that philanthropists may be fully justified in facing fever, famine, and poisoned weapons for some such philanthropic purpose as the suppression of the slave trade on the Upper Nile. But researches for the gratification of geographical curiosity are a different matter, and commerce, we should fancy, has assured itself by this time that the game is hardly worth the candle. We have filled up in outline that great blank in our maps which used to be marked "unexplored." We have justified broadly Sir Roderick Murchison's speculative predictions as to the watershed of Central Africa. We fancy we have traced the mysterious course of the Nile to its lake fountains. We have also acquired something more than a vague notion of the natives and the capabilities of their country. We know the names of savage potentates, and their barbarous capitals. We have learned vicariously by melancholy experience the treacherous character of their policy, and the arbitrary proceedings of their chiefs. And the moral of all that we have learned amounts very much to this—that we are not very likely to benefit either them or ourselves by hasty meddling with them. We do not say that a time will not come when, by appealing to their self-interest, we may impose on them the blessings of civilization and commerce. We only argue that the result is not to be precipitated by wild dashes at the interior. Indeed, the good work is going slowly forward now in the natural course of things; but where it is advancing to any purpose, it is making its way from the outskirts where civilization is steadily pushing barbarism back. In the South, for example, it is not so very long ago that Gordon Cumming's volumes of sport appeared as a new revelation. Until then his hunting-grounds had been an unknown world. Now the white man has pushed back the elephant almost to his furthest limits. Chiefs far to the north of the territory of the ferocious Moselekatze have received white legations in the shape of missions, and regulated their conduct on some sort of compromise with the teachings of the Christian faith. Livingstone himself had settled on the Zambesi river. Long ago on the Eastern coast we established diplomatic relations with the Sultans of Zanzibar, and, notwithstanding the abuses of the Eastern slave trade, we have exercised a sensible influence there. Englishmen of courage, ability, independence, and honesty, like Sir Samuel Baker, are clearly doing excellent service to humanity when they consent to replace incompetent and interested Egyptian officials. But the commercial and political history of our settlement on the Western coast is scarcely such as to encourage us to mix ourselves up in the domestic affairs of the remote interior. In the West the tribes which might seem to have a direct interest in conciliating our favour fight out their intestine squabbles on our very borders, with the weapons we sell to them. Of course it is our national mission to develop trade everywhere, and, equally of course, when there is any reasonable prospect of profit, we should hesitate to say a word against it. But, as far as we have yet learned, Central Africa is rich neither in gold nor ivory, and our prejudices do not permit us to deal in the slaves which are the staple produce of the interior. Central Africa is not the barren desert we once believed it to be, but in the best years the provision-grounds do little more than supply the population, as our travellers have discovered to their cost. Thus, we fancy, we can form a rough estimate of all that England would be likely to gain were she to succeed in opening communications and establishing amicable relations everywhere. We believe, moreover, that we can give a shrewd guess as to how far we should benefit the natives. On the other hand, experience has taught us the difficulties, hardships, and dangers that beset the pioneers whom we despatch on this work—native ferocity to be dominated, native suspicion to be disarmed, native intrigues to be baffled, native cupidity to be satiated; commons short, water scarce and often poisonous, and a climate fatal to European life. Experts have decided that there is adequate ground for Lieutenant Dawson's expedition; and we repeat that we wish him and his party all success. But we earnestly trust that the Geographical Society may never again have to make application to Government for Government aid towards a similar object.

#### BALZAC'S PÈRE GORIOT.

WHEN dramatists wish to illustrate the tenderness of pater-nity, and especially the sufferings inflicted by that tenderness, they do wisely to paint the relation between a father and his daughters. The influence of sex, so strong in all the relations of life, affects the parental relation very powerfully. In many instances the fatherly instincts which are only half-awakened by the advent of a first-born son become energetic on the arrival of a daughter, and during all the years of childhood a little girl has privileges which are denied to the most exemplary of her brothers.

All men in whom the paternal feelings are not utterly deadened make pets of their little girls, and nothing but the eager anxiety for a male heir could so change the natural condition of a man's heart as to make him tenderer towards a boy. The general rule is that women spoil boys, and men girls; but however probable it is that a tender-hearted lady will bring up a boy too indulgently, it is still more probable that a father will be utterly incapable of anything like discipline where his daughters are concerned. In some instances this weakness is carried to the most extravagant excess, and a natural law which in healthy moderation serves to compensate men for the comparative uselessness of female children, and prevents them from feeling that they are a burden, becomes the cause of some of the most exquisitely painful situations which the student of humanity can contemplate. Many a man denies himself repose that his daughters may live in the most self-indulgent idleness, and sacrifices of this kind are made so habitually that they scarcely attract attention. The visibly painful cases are comparatively rare, and a case so painful as that of Balzac's *Père Goriot* is, we will not say impossible in real life, but at least unusual enough to lie quite beyond the range of ordinary experience. We may do well, however, to remember the observation made long ago by Dickens in the preface to *Nicholas Nickleby*, that "what we call the world, which is so very credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary," and also to bear in mind that an observer like Balzac, in a place like Paris, is likely to meet with examples of softness and hardness of heart which go beyond anything that we are commonly accustomed to. Even the daily newspapers contain occasional instances of parricide; and since there are people in the world unflinching enough to poison and stab their progenitors, it is possible that there may be others who, having been accustomed from infancy to the most boundless indulgence, will accept it and abuse it to the last.

The parallel between the *Père Goriot* and King Lear is sufficiently obvious, but in Balzac's story we have no Cordelia, and he has the advantages and disadvantages of a minutely realistic study from modern life, and of a narrative in simple prose. Typical examples of human passions are admitted more readily in the "no man's land" of poetry, and though in one sense a story from modern life may impose itself on our belief with greater circumstantial force, we receive it in a more critical spirit. No one asks whether there are women so cruel as the daughters of King Lear, but the reader cannot help wondering whether in modern Paris there ever existed two ladies so heartless as the daughters of old Goriot. In one respect Goriot wins our sympathies more easily than Lear, for Lear is a king, and so is placed above the conditions of ordinary mortality; whereas Goriot is on our own level, a successful tradesman who has for sons-in-law a banker and a viscount. The division of a kingdom affects us less than the division of a fortune, and the very obscurity of old Goriot's latter years, spent in a dusty lodging-house, in ever-increasing poverty, seems more terrible to the ordinary reader than the tumult of a royal camp. The idea suggests itself as probable that Balzac may have had some distant intention of this kind. He may have thought, "I will give the people a King Lear of their own time and in their own class, and compel them to feel his hardships, as hardships which might happen to themselves."

The *Père Goriot* began life as a simple workman in a vermicelli manufactory, and being clever and economical he purchased his master's business when the latter accidentally fell a victim in the troubles of 1789. Goriot managed to avoid the dangers of the time, and by great prudence, combined with the commercial faculty, amassed a considerable sum of money in time of scarcity, with which he carried on his regular business afterwards, and so multiplied it. In his own trade he became extraordinarily acute, and to a fertile conception united great rapidity of execution, planning like a diplomatist and marching like a soldier. Outside of his speciality he remained the uncultivated working-man that he had been on his start in life, a man insensible to every kind of intellectual pleasure and incapable of understanding an argument. In nature of this kind the affections concentrate themselves as the intelligence does. Goriot's wife was the first object on which he lavished his affection, but on her death his two daughters took her place, and his love for them grew into a form of mental disease, or over-development, the abnormal passion of pater-nity. He brought up his two girls without refusing them anything, educated them like ladies of rank, and accustomed them to the luxuries of fashionable life. Anastasia, who was courted for her beauty by the Count de Restaud, had aristocratic tastes which made her accept his offer in order that she might shine in high life; the other sister, Delphine, cared more for money, and married a German banker called Nucingen, who became a baron of the Holy Roman Empire. Goriot remained in trade, but his daughters and their husbands worried him till he quitted it, though nothing else in the world had any interest for him. He gave his daughters 30,000*l.* each, reserving about 400*l.* a year for himself, the produce of the goodwill of his business. His hope had been to pass the greater part of his time with his daughters, but he perceived very soon that an old vermicelli-maker was not the kind of father whom these noble ladies were anxious to grow to society. They received him when they had no other company, but gave him clearly to understand that his presence was not desired at their dinner-parties. When Goriot offered his fortune between his two girls he had fondly expected to pass the remainder of his days in their two houses alternately. As soon as the truth became quite clear to him he went to live at Madame Vau-



quer's pension. This house of entertainment was situated between the Pantheon and the Val-de-Grâce, one of the dullest and dreariest quarters of old Paris, full of nothing but schools and lodging-houses. Here was a horrible *table d'hôte*, where poor old Goriot ate his meals. Balzac is particularly strong in his descriptions of places of this kind, and spares us no detail. He tells of the dim glass, the chipped old plates, the dirty napkins, the walls with their encrusted foulness, the various and unimaginable smells. It is a horrible life for an old man who has no friends, that life of the *table d'hôte*, and most horrible of all in a regular pension of this kind, amongst vulgar and unfeeling people who like to make a butt of a timid and defenceless convive. Any one who is gentle, whether from weakness or from refinement, is sure to be treated contemptuously by a company of oads and snobs, and Balzac describes in detail, or rather portrays than describes, the coarse brutality of manner which old Goriot had to put up with.

But why put up with it? A single man with 400*l.* a year need not live in such a place as Madame Vauquer's lodging-house. When he first came to lodge with Madame Vauquer, old Goriot, at that time in his seventieth year, took a suite of three rooms in her house, and dressed well, putting on a clean white waistcoat every day. He had eighteen frilled shirts of uncommon fineness, and wore two large diamond pins in his frills united by a golden chain. Everything about him was equally irreproachable. He had plenty of silver plate, and linen of various kinds; he took snuff from a box of massive gold, and took it like a man who knew that the supply would never fail. At that time, of course, he was not le Père Goriot, but Monsieur Goriot; for in France, when the title of father is applied to a layman, it implies a certain contemptuous familiarity. In those lustrous days of the gold snuff-box and diamond pins, Monsieur Goriot was treated with consideration. Madame Vauquer went even beyond this, and endeavoured to make herself agreeable to him, with an ultimate view to the possibility of a matrimonial alliance. The failure of this project, and a pecuniary loss occasioned by the departure of a swindling "countess," embittered her mind against Goriot, and she began to torment him in her way by depriving him of certain little luxuries. This being ineffectual, for the old vernicelli-maker was too simple in his habits to pay attention to annoyances of this kind, she set her other lodgers against him, and they began to make a butt of him for their amusement. They had no precise idea in the lodging-house of what the old man might be, or of what he had been in the past, and their balked curiosity resulted in very unfavourable guesses. When people are at the same time empty and garrulous, they resent reserve on the ground that, if a man will not talk about his affairs, it is because his affairs are bad. So the people in Madame Vauquer's establishment attributed to Goriot every vice and shame that hides itself from the light of day. Amongst other things he was a spy, but this theory fell to the ground, because he was considered too stupid to be a spy. It was certain, however, that he was an old libertine, because a beautiful young lady had been to see him in his rooms, and Madame Vauquer and her servant, who had listened, had caught some expressions of endearment. This visit was followed, a month later, by one from another young lady. About this time Goriot removed to a story higher, and reduced his pension to nine hundred francs. This change fixed his title for the future. When it took place, Madame Vauquer and her lodgers ceased to call the old gentleman *Monsieur Goriot*, and called him *le Père Goriot* ever after.

It then became the fashion to torment the Père Goriot mercilessly about the young ladies who came to see him. He answered that they were his daughters, which was not believed, and Madame Vauquer asked if he had thirty-six daughters; old Goriot replied gently that he had only two. He became more and more economical in his way of living, gave up taking snuff, used powder no longer, went up to the third story, and reduced his pension to forty-five francs a month. When he ceased to use powder, his face, under the discoloured remnant of his natural hair, took upon itself an expression of ever-increasing sadness. The signs of deepening poverty were also visible enough to eyes so accustomed to observe such indications as were those of the mistresses of a lodging-house. His diamonds, his snuff-box, and other precious things disappeared one after another. His fine linen was worn out and replaced by the coarsest and commonest. His handsome blue coat was succeeded by a rough brown one, and his whole costume revolutionised in the same way. He became gradually thinner and thinner, the calves of his legs disappeared, his face, formerly round, with contentment, was wrinkled all over, the skin of his forehead gathered up into folds, and his jawbone marked itself below the hollowed cheek. His eyelids were red round his eyes, his lower lip began to fall, his face took an expression of stupidity. In a word, he aged rapidly and lamentably.

His fellow-lodgers, who, though of different occupations and professions, were all of the class that delights in chaffing, became more and more contemptuously merciless. They laughed at him to his face, and treated him with unpleasant familiarity, and with the odious patronage exercised by the vulgar towards the weak and unfortunate. The one exception to this rule was a young student of gentle birth, Eugène de Rastignac, who perceived that they were mistaken in their estimate of Goriot, but who could not, until circumstances aided him, find the solution of the enigma. It happened about this time that this young gentleman had an ambition to make his way in society—an ambition the more natural in him, since he was related to one of the most distinguished families of the French Republic, the Germain, and at the same time compelled by

poverty to live in the uns congenial atmosphere of Madame Vauquer's lodging-house. M. de Rastignac called one day upon a lady of rank whom he knew slightly, and found himself agreeably received in her house until he happened to speak of the "Père Goriot," whom he had just seen in the act of leaving the same house, adding that they were very near neighbours. The lady's husband took up the word "père" in undisguised irritation; the lady tried to turn the difficulty by asking Rastignac if he liked music, and going to her piano. The fact was that this countess was the Père Goriot's daughter. The discovery of this led Rastignac to a close and singular intimacy with Goriot. Afterwards the young gentleman became acquainted with Goriot's other daughter, Madame de Nucingen. When Rastignac saw how both these ladies lived he could not help asking Goriot how it was that, whilst he had daughters whose surroundings were those of luxury, he himself could live so miserably:—

Ma foi, dit-il, d'un air en apparence insouciant, à quoi cela me servirait-il d'être mieux? Je ne puis guère vous expliquer ces choses-là; je ne sais pas dire deux paroles de suite comme il faut. Tout est là, ajoute-t-il en se frappant au cœur. Ma vie, à moi, est dans mes deux filles. Si elles s'amuse, si elles sont heureuses, bravement mises, si elles marchent sur des tapis, qu'importe de quel drap je sois vêtu et comment est l'endroit où je couche? Je n'ai point froid si elles ont chaud, je ne m'ennuie jamais si elles rient. Je n'ai de chagrins que les leurs.

In a word, the reduction in Goriot's manner of living has been due simply to a constant drain upon the resources that remained to him in order to supply the extravagance of his daughters. It is a case of excessive or diseased sentiment, as remote from the true balance of healthy nature as the intensest egotism of the avaricious. Goriot has become personally quite insensible to good or evil fortune, yet at the same time painfully sensitive to the slightest and most temporary inconvenience which can affect the ideal well-being of his daughters. To put it otherwise, his sensitiveness to the inconveniences and sufferings of poverty, instead of being reduced or deadened, has on the contrary been heightened, but at the same time it has been transferred, carried out of himself and his own life, into the life of his daughters, by a morbidly exquisite sympathy. Balzac paints with daring truth the consequences of a sympathy of this kind. It goes so far that whatever can give pleasure to the daughters, whether the pleasure is right or wrong, moral or immoral, is a source of happiness to Goriot, whilst the least privation or annoyance that can ever affect them wounds and tortures him intolerably. For their vainest pleasures, for the payment of debts they had neither of them any right to contract, he reduces himself in his old age to the barest necessities of existence. This passion of paternity becomes more and more dominant as senile weakness supervenes. Finally it absorbs and concentrates all the remaining energies of the man.

The drama steadily increases in pathos and interest to the end. Goriot defaces and sells the pieces of silver-plate that remain to him, reduces himself to the lowest pitance, and finally has an attack of serious apoplexy, brought on by a terrible scene with one of his daughters, who urgently wants more money of him, because she has been pawning her husband's family diamonds. Goriot's latest extravagance has been to furnish a separate apartment for Madame de Nucingen, which has cost him 12,000 francs at a time when he refuses himself a pinch of snuff from motives of economy. In consequence of this he cannot help his other daughter, and finds himself in the difficulty which is always finally certain to overtake the boundlessly generous—the difficulty of having no longer the means of generosity. The consciousness of this is more than Goriot can bear, and he succumbs to the misery of feeling that he is no longer equal to the duties of paternity. Whilst he is dying, his daughters, not ignorant of his illness, go to a great ball, and a hundred times in the night the old man repeats, "They are dancing; she has her beautiful ball-dress. Delphine, my little Delphine—Nasie!" He is happy to think that they are enjoying themselves; but later he begins to want them, and, finding that they do not come, feels their ingratitude very painfully. The strongest passages in the book are the dying man's alternate outpourings of tender love and cruel disappointment:—

Elles vont venir, reprit le vieillard. Je les connais. Cette bonne Delphine, si je meurs, quel chagrin je lui causerai! Nasie, aussi. Je ne voudrais pas mourir pour ne pas les faire pleurer. Mourir, non bon Eugène, c'est ne plus les voir. Pour un père, l'enfer, c'est d'être sans enfants, et j'ai déjà fait mon apprentissage depuis qu'elles sont mariées. Dites donc, si je vais en Paradis, je pourrai revenir sur terre en esprit autour d'elles. J'ai entendu dire de ces choses-là. Sont-elles vraies?

He waits and waits for them, suffering through the weary hours of the night, and the day following. Finally, he perceives that they will never come, and sees clearly:—

Elles ont toutes les deux des cours de roche. J'avais trop d'amour pour elles pour qu'elles en eussent pour moi. Un père doit être toujours riche, il doit tenir ses enfants en bride comme des chevaux sornous. Et j'étais à genoux devant elles! Les misérables! elles couronnent dignement leur conduite envers moi depuis dix ans. O mon Dieu! puisque tu connais les misères, les souffrances que j'ai endurées; puisque tu as compté les coups de poignard que j'ai reçus, dans ce temps où m'a vieilli, changé, tué, blâmé, pourquoi me fais-tu donc souffrir aujourd'hui? J'ai bien mérité le péché de les trop aimer. Elles se sont bien vengées de mon affection, elles m'ont tenu comme des bœufs.

Still, just as he is dying, he calls for them tenderly again, by the pet names used when they were children, "Nasie—Filine!" And just at last, when his eyes are dim, and Rastignac and the doctor lift him to ease him, his outstretched hands catch the men's hair and he whispers it to his daughters:—

Je ne meurs plus, dit-il. Ah! mes anges! Deux mots, deux mots seulement, pour que je s'en aille sur cette parole.

The tragedy ends with a pauper's funeral, followed to the cemetery by two empty carriages. There is a sentence towards the close of the story which implies that, in Balzac's mind, Goriot represented "la Paternité." But the truth is that, though a striking delineation, and one of the most complete conceptions in the whole range of imaginative literature, Balzac's *Père Goriot* does not represent all the qualities which belong to the ideal father. It is conceivable that a father might love his daughters as tenderly and devotedly as Goriot loved his, and yet have sufficient strength of character to set limits to his indulgence. At least one-half of the beauty and grandeur of paternity consists in the firmness which denies itself the pleasures of tenderness unrestrained. Goriot was punished, not because he indulged his daughters, but because he indulged himself. His self-indulgence, it is true, was not of a common type. He refused himself every physical luxury, and every mental luxury except one. That one, however, the luxury of paternal tenderness, he revelled in till it first ruined, and then killed him. We cannot help pitying Goriot, and, in spite of Balzac's manner, there is deep pathos in the narrative; but Goriot's case is one of those numerous cases in which a quality or passion appears to be wonderfully strong because other qualities, which ought to counteract it, are too weak to do their duty.

#### THE TRADESMEN'S PROTEST AGAINST INTERNATIONAL BAZAARS.

THE tradesmen who met this week at the Mansion House to protest against international bazaars have expressed their meaning with unmistakable distinctness. The managers of these bazaars will hardly have the audacity henceforward to pretend that the late Prince Consort would have approved of their development of his idea of International Exhibitions. It is impossible to doubt that, as the Lord Mayor observed, the Prince Consort "would have been grieved if he had thought that these Exhibitions would ever have undergone such a transformation." The difficulty, however, is to give practical effect to the protest of this meeting. These Exhibitions are not national, although they are called international; and as the nation does not directly pay for them, the national representatives need not be consulted about continuing them. It is a fact deserving perhaps of explanation, that the ostensible manager of these Exhibitions is an officer of Royal Engineers, and that the work of preparing for them has been chiefly done by soldiers of the same corps, wearing uniform. It is possible that this may have been intended to symbolize the pacific policy of the present Government. When swords are beaten into pruning-hooks, it may be proper to employ red-coated Sappers to unpack crockery. It might, however, be worth while for some member of the House of Commons to ask Mr. Cardwell under what department of military duty he arranges the shopkeeping proceedings of Colonel Scott and his assistants at South Kensington. These soldiers are either employed in the public service or they are not. The establishment which they manage may be a national Exhibition or it may be a trading bazaar, but it cannot be both.

It appears that the departure of the Commissioners from the original principle of International Exhibitions has been caused by their concession to French exhibitors of the right to manage their part of the Exhibition as they pleased. Thereupon the French exhibitors instituted a large bazaar instead of an exhibition of art, and the Commissioners, to meet the complaint of the English exhibitors, offered them similar privileges. But a speaker at the meeting declared on behalf of himself and his brother tradesmen that they did not want shops rent free at South Kensington. They would rather not have them, for such a system is not calculated to render these Exhibitions useful in the promotion of arts and manufactures. The speaker recommended the Commissioners to recall the concession which they have made to French exhibitors, and to conduct the Exhibition on the same principle as the Royal Academy—that is, "to admit nothing which had not a certain degree of merit in it." That, said he, would be satisfactory to all concerned. But, supposing that the Commissioners should refuse to adopt his recommendation, then he urged the English traders "to meet them with a passive resistance, and one and all abstain from exhibiting." We hope that the English traders will follow this sensible advice. Even the ingenious Mr. Cole C.B. will hardly find himself able to conduct an Exhibition without exhibitors. If, said the speaker, the representations of that meeting failed, his hearers had simply to refuse to exhibit at all, "and then there would be no Exhibition." We think, but are not quite sure, that he is right. There would still be the Educational Department, to which it might be possible to induce schoolmasters to send copybooks; and there would, of course, be also the Department of Fine Arts, where a moderate trade might be done in pictures and engravings. We do not at this moment see how any new departments could be invented, but Mr. Cole C.B. would doubtless be equal to the emergency. The danger is that the combination against the bazaar may not be universal. Some tradesmen may perhaps be tempted by the prospect of a concentration of the puffing powers of the Commissioners upon themselves. It would, however, be difficult to pretend that a few obscure tradesmen represented the industry of England, and it might even happen that the business of unpacking and arranging goods might leave Colonel Scott and his corps of Sappers at liberty to attend sometimes to military duties.

Another speaker, with whom we sympathize, declared that he was tired of all the nonsense that was spoken about the fine arts in these days. "One would suppose," said he, "that we had never heard of the fine arts until Mr. Henry Cole came into existence, but that was all nonsense." It may be doubted whether Mr. Cole has ever advanced those arts which he certainly did not invent, but it is certain that he is a principal author of the system of international bazaars. "It was found," said another speaker, "that there was an under-movement of Mr. Cole and Mr. Wright, and that the foreign exhibitors were selling and removing goods." This was felt to be unjust to the English exhibitors, who were therefore permitted to do the same, and the consequence was an influx of fresh goods every day, and the Exhibition was turned into a bazaar. Assuming this to be, as we believe it is, a correct description of the progress of affairs at South Kensington last summer, the proper idea of an International Exhibition was manifestly abandoned. It can scarcely be believed, said another speaker, that men in the high position of the Commissioners of the Exhibition would lend themselves, as they have done, to proceedings so strongly to be deprecated. Of course it could not be believed until we knew that there was "an under-movement of Mr. Cole." But it remains to be seen whether Mr. Cole's potent influence will not be overborne by the vigorous protest of the London tradesmen. "I am here," said the Lord Mayor, "to denounce in no measured terms anything like an attempt to make the International Exhibition a retail trade for the advantage of foreigners." This is tolerably plain language. "I do not think," said the Lord Mayor again, "that the gentlemen acting on behalf of the Trades' Protection Association have been fairly treated by the Commissioners;" and this is an opinion which can hardly be disregarded. "It is a most unfair procedure that the foreign exhibitor should have conceded to him privileges which are denied to the English exhibitor." But if the same privileges are conceded equally to all exhibitors, the idea of an Exhibition is irretrievably lost in the reality of a bazaar. The Commissioners can hardly disregard the public protest of the Lord Mayor against their "conduct, as utterly opposed to the righteous dealing which we might have expected at their hands." But he finds a partial excuse for them in their amazing ignorance of the under-working of Mr. Cole. The Lord Mayor, having thus opened the proceedings, a resolution was moved to the effect that the meeting viewed with regret and alarm the determination of the Commissioners to convert the International Exhibition into enormous retail shops. A speaker, in support of this resolution, was certain that the Commissioners would not dare to disregard it. But the Commissioners—or at least Mr. Cole, acting in their name—possess a sublime audacity. Popular opinion is to be brought to bear upon the Commissioners, and they are to be compelled to retrace their steps; but if they do, it will be for the first time since they placed themselves under Mr. Cole's guidance.

Whatever becomes of International Exhibitions, it is certain that Mr. Cole will proceed with the duty which he has undertaken of improving his countrymen's taste and instructing them in science and art. We shall, however, wait with curiosity to see whether anything comes of this meeting at the Mansion House. The speakers are manifestly and unanswerably in the right. It is monstrous that the foreigner should have an advantage over the Englishman in selling goods at these Exhibitions, and it would be impossible to place them upon an equality. When complaint was made that the foreigner had been allowed to open shop in the Exhibition, it was suggested, on behalf of the Commissioners, that the Englishman might open shop also. But how could space in the shop be fairly apportioned among various claimants for it? In the result a favoured few would probably obtain the privilege, and would monopolize the advantages which men of small capital would be unable to enjoy. And besides, a bazaar is one thing and an Exhibition is or ought to be another. We trust that the unanimity of the meeting will be proof against the allurements of individual advantage. The tradesmen will carry public opinion with them in their protest against the degradation of art and the insult to the Prince Consort's memory. Let us suppose the shops, English and foreign, to be established, and the system of catalogues and guides and reports to be in full activity. It would be impossible to avoid the suspicion, and difficult to prevent the reality, of favouritism on the part of the Commissioners towards a tradesman whose wares might be most extravagantly puffed. We should imagine that the Commissioners would decline to incur the imputation of partiality, even if there were any advantage in the bazaar system, which there is not. It was announced as the unanimous opinion of the manufacturers in the Staffordshire Potteries that they ought not to assist the present or any future Exhibition at South Kensington by exhibiting in the Fine Arts Department, unless the idea of a bazaar be entirely abandoned. If this resolution be adhered to, there will be almost inevitably a mitigation of the activity of Mr. Cole.

#### REVIEWS.

##### PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.\*

THE title of *Saviour of Society* is almost as definitely personal as a proper name; and, as the Prince of Hohenstiel-Schwangau makes war on Austria and smashes Savoy and Nice,

\* Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, *Saviour of Society*. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1872.

the French Empire might have been substituted for the imaginary principality, and Paris or the Tuileries for the Residenz, but that delicacy prescribes the use of a conventional name when the character of a living person is analysed. The Emperor Napoleon indeed would, even if he had been introduced in his own name, have had little reason to complain of an apologist who sometimes defends his conduct and motives with a subtle ingenuity of which he might perhaps himself be scarcely capable. Notwithstanding the ironical appearance of the title-page, his services in saving society are acknowledged in perfect seriousness. It may be conjectured that a part at least of Mr. Browning's qualified approval is attributable to the Emperor's share in the liberation of Italy, for few indigenous patriots have been so earnestly devoted as the foreign poet to the cause of Italian independence; but for purposes of art or of criticism it matters little whether opinions which may be advocated in verse are politically sound. The enterprise which narrowly escaped defeat at Solferino was only one step in the adventurous career which included the Crimean war, the abortive Mexican expedition, and the disaster of Sedan. The Empire which was to establish peace resulted in a succession of wars; and the French nation is not consoled for the misfortunes which it has endured by the incidental triumph of justice in Italy. Whatever objects beyond the acquisition of two Piedmontese provinces by France may have induced Napoleon III. to engage in the war of 1859, he has won for himself the unforeseen advantage of a powerful though discriminating advocate. The apology would have been completer and more arduous if it had included some plausible explanation of the quarrel and declaration of war in 1870, and of the delay at Metz and the fatal advance from Châlons. It is possible that the greater part of the poem may have been written before the fall of the Empire, and that an explanation of the final reverses would have been incompatible with Mr. Browning's plan. The unpopularity which at present attaches to the thesis maintained by the Prince of Hohenstiel will perhaps not be abated by the style of a poem written in Mr. Browning's harshest and most enigmatic manner. His condensed vigour of thought has never been displayed with less admixture of ornament; although he has seldom afforded fuller proof of his extraordinary power of reasoning in verse. The versification is sometimes rough and generally monotonous; and yet the effect of the composition is in no respect prosaic. The dramatic propriety of the Prince's monologue is carefully and successfully maintained; and it is unnecessary to inquire whether the supposed speaker would in real life be capable of the generalizations by which he justifies his conduct. The poet indicates, amongst other elements of character, the unconscious sophistry which tinges all controversial autobiography; but the general tone of the earlier part of the apology apparently corresponds with Mr. Browning's serious judgment. In substance the fallen potentate takes credit to himself for having kept society in Hohenstiel-Schwangau together for twenty years. Claiming no constructive genius, he holds that he served his country best by maintaining internal peace, and allowing time for consideration. Like Bishop Blougram, the Prince of Hohenstiel admits to himself that perfect sincerity is difficult or unattainable:—

Alack! one lies oneself  
Even in the stating that one's end was truth,  
Truth only, if one states so much in words.  
                    but, do your best,  
Words have to come; and somehow words defect  
As the best cannon ever rifled will.

Not one man in ten, and not one woman in a hundred, tells the truth and the whole truth in assigning a reason for the most trivial act. A systematic justification of a life passed on the summits of power will undoubtedly be liable to verbal deflection.

For the purpose probably of transposing an everyday topic into an ideal region, the poem is, by a machinery characteristic of Mr. Browning, enclosed in a framework within a framework. The Prince addresses his apology, over a cigar in Leicester Square, to a young person of the neighbourhood, who would assuredly not have understood a single word of his elaborate explanation; but towards the end of the poem it appears that Leicester Square and its congenial denizens are only creations of a dream, and the speaker finds himself at home in his Residenz of Hohenstiel-Schwangau, having fallen asleep over a letter to his "Cousin-Duke," containing probably the remonstrance against the Hohenzollern candidature for the throne of Spain. Awake or asleep he follows the same course of reflection, consoling himself with the remark that

Twenty years are good gain, come what come will;  
Double or quits! The letter goes! or stays?

The letter, as the world has reason to know, went to its destination, producing, among more important consequences, a striking inconsistency between the policy of the Saviour of Society and the imaginary description of his own conduct:—

While I have rule,  
Understand! war for war's sake, war for the sake  
Of the good war gets you, as war's sole excuse,  
Is damnable, and damned shall be. . . .  
Now you fair would war  
Because the neighbour priggish even much;  
Because there has been silence half an hour,  
Like Heaven on earth, without a gunner shot  
Announcing Hohenstiel-Schwangau  
Are minded to disturb the jubilee . . .

You I aspire to make my better self,  
And truly the Great Nation. No more war  
For war's sake then. And, seeing wickedness  
Springs out of folly, no more foolish dread  
Of the neighbour waxing too inordinate  
A rival through his gain of wealth and ease.

A careless reader might be puzzled by the Prince's depreciation of that foolish dread of the prosperity of a neighbour which in fact brought his prototype to ruin. He also exceeds the permissible license of self-deception when he represents the war with Austria as a purely beneficent and disinterested protest against wrong, and the seizure of Savoy and Nice as a condescension

To the natural susceptibility  
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch  
You soar to, and misdoubting if Truth, Right,  
And the other such augustnesses repay  
Expenditure in coin o' the realm.

For himself the hero only announces to his countrymen:—

Hohenstiel-Schwangau, you and I must march  
The other road! war for the hate of war,  
Not love, this once. So Italy was free.

It is much to be wished that Mr. Browning would regard the natural susceptibility of folks who admire his genius, if not by abstaining from the dramatic use of sophistry, at least by substituting lines which may be scanned for such agglomerations of tuneless syllables as

To the natural susceptibility.

Verse pregnant with thought and meaning may sometimes be allowed a temporarily pedestrian gait, but it is bound to be verse, and not merely inharmonious prose. If Mr. Browning is sometimes careless of the niceties of language, he is never indifferent to dramatic consistency or to the logic of poetry. The second half of the apology of the Prince of Hohenstiel-Schwangau is at the same time a satire, in the form of an ideal narrative of the career which might have been pursued:—

Autobiography, adieu! The rest  
Shall make amends, be pure blame, history,  
And falsehood; not the ineffective truth,  
But Thiers-and-Victor-Hugo exercise.  
Hear what I never was, but might have been  
I' the better world where goes tobacco smoke.  
Here lie the dozen volumes of my life—  
(Did I say, lie? The pregnant word will serve)  
Cut on to the concluding chapter, though,  
Because the little hours begin to strike;  
Hurry Thiers-Hugo to the labours' end—  
Something like this the unwritten chapter reads.

It is in the life so depicted by the "veracious and imaginary Thiers" that firm discouragement of war, disinterested liberation of Italy, and acquisition of supreme power without violation of pledge or promise, are contrasted with the actual history of the Second Empire. The irony which is thus directed against some portions of the Prince's conduct is not incompatible with apologetic hints, nor even with partial eulogy. The suppression of the National Assembly and the Republic is justified by arguments which might in some degree excuse the means by which the end was attained:—

Hohenstiel-Schwangau being, no dispute,  
Absolute mistress, chose the Assembly, first,  
To serve her; chose this man, its President  
Afterward, to serve also—specially  
To see that they did service, one and all.  
And now the proper term of years was out,  
When the Head-servant must vacate his place,  
And nothing lay so patent to the world  
As that his fellow servants one and all  
Were, mildly make we mention, knaves or fools.

In the imaginary story the President resigns his power and appeals to the people, who unanimously entrust him with the power which he demands; but on the assumption that all his opponents were knaves or fools, the conspiracy of 1851 might be almost pardoned, especially as the Assembly would, in accordance with the Constitution, have prohibited the Prince from seeking re-election. The methods of enforcing order or submission were in both cases the same:—

Heavily did he let his fist fall plumb  
On each perturber of the public peace,  
No matter whose the wagging head it broke—  
From bald-pate craft and greed and impudence  
Of night-hawk at first chance to prowl and prey  
For glory and a little gain beside,  
To sordid head-top, foamy patriotism,  
And tribunitian daring, breast laid bare  
Through confidence in rectitude, with hand  
On private pistol in the pocket.

By precisely the same arguments tyrants in all ages have defended enterprises which might otherwise have been regarded as selfish. If all adversaries of despotism are knaves and fools, if patriots keep their hands on private pistols in the pocket, it matters comparatively little whether the despot who reduces them to silence appeals to a confidential body of Fleury's and Morny's and St. Armands, or to the people which is assumed to be at the same time infallible and supreme. It must be for the general benefit that the only wise and competent ruler should ascend the throne, and if the door is locked he must climb in through the window. The ideal Prince of Hohenstiel also followed the example of democratic usurpers in the use of the power which he had acquired by free election:—

As thus began his sway,  
So, through its twenty years, one rule of right

Sufficed him; govern for the many first,  
The poor mean multitude, all mouths and eyes;  
Bid the few, better favoured in the brain,  
Be patient, not presume on privilege,  
Help him, or else be quiet—never crave  
That he help them.

The giant Talus in the *Faery Queen* adopts the same doctrine of the expediency of flattening the hills and exalting the valleys; but in the days of Elizabeth it had not occurred to English poets that perfect polity would be represented by a dead level of society with a presiding Sultan. It is indeed probable that on this point Mr. Browning sympathizes rather with the direct judgment of the Prince of Hohenstiel than with the theories of his more perfect counterpart. In the autobiographical part of his apology the Prince sneers at the privilege by which

divers hundred thousand fools may vote  
A vote untampered with by one wise man,  
And so elect Barabbas deputy  
In lieu of his concurrent.

It would be presumptuous to attribute too confidently to an essentially dramatic poet the opinions which are expressed by the characters whom he creates; but when he comes to Italy, and especially to Rome, Mr. Browning scarcely cares to abstain from looking through the mask. It certainly never occurred to any previous assailant of the Papacy to describe its nature as

best typified  
By its embodiment in Peter's Dome—  
The scorpion body with the greedy pair  
Of outstretched nippers, either colonnade  
Agape for the advance of heads and hearts.

To a friendly or indifferent eye the east front of St. Peter's scarcely suggests the image of a scorpion. The description of a congregation or assemblage of cardinals round the Pope, trembling at the menaces of the Emperor, is singularly effective:—

And ye, what strikes the panic to your heart?  
Decreet council chambers, where some lamp  
Drives the unbroken black three paces off  
From where the graybeards huddle in debate,  
Dim cowl and capes, and midmost glitters one  
Like tarnished gold; and what they say is doubt,  
And what they think is fear, and what suspends  
The breath in them is not the plaster-patch  
Time disengages from the painted wall  
Where Rafael mouderingly bids adieu,  
Nor tick of insect turning tapestry  
'To dust, which a queen's finger traced of old;  
But some word, resonant, redoubtable  
Of who once felt upon his head a hand,  
Whereof the head now apprehends his foot.

The picturesque and impressive passages which are thickly interspersed through the poem would sufficiently atone for defects which it might be possible to point out both in the plan and in the composition. The Sphinx, as the Emperor calls himself, undertakes to disclose her riddle:—

Because night draws on, and the sands increase,  
And desert whispers grow a prophecy—

and as long as such reasons are assigned for the disclosure, it is perhaps not necessary to inquire why the revelation should be made to a questionable auditors in Leicester Square. The intellectual effort which is required to grapple with Mr. Browning's marvellous involutions of thought is in itself no inconsiderable pleasure, for experience shows that the windings of the labyrinth are regulated by a law, and that in the inmost recesses a treasure is concealed.

#### KAVANAGH'S ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE AND MYTHS.\*

THIS is the kind of book which is thoroughly baffling to the reviewer. He is inclined to make the same remonstrance as Achish, King of Gath—"Have I need of madmen?" Of course we do not for a moment suppose that Mr. Morgan Kavanagh is not perfectly capable of taking care of his private affairs; but, as far as anything like literary criticism goes, his speculations are much on a level with the belief of the man who, though rational on other points, believed that he had private intelligence from the planet Saturn, or of the other man who came one step nearer to the bounds of possibility by believing that he corresponded with a princess in cherry-juice. In truth we are not sure whether in making these comparisons, we are not giving Mr. Kavanagh an undue advantage. These two unfortunate persons suffered only under a monomania. If their friends only kept clear of the two fatal subjects, they could hold reasonable discourse on other matters. There was no fear of their breaking people's heads or breaking out into abusive language. Mr. Kavanagh's case is somewhat different. That he writes nonsense about the Origin of Language and Myths is in no way remarkable; in so doing he is, as we know to our cost, only one of a very large body. That he writes, as on the whole we think he does, greater nonsense on those ticklish subjects than any one else that we know of, is, if we come to think of it, in no way remarkable either. On every subject on which men write nonsense there must be some man who writes the greatest nonsense, if we only had the good luck to come across him in each case. If this were all, Mr. Kavanagh's theories about the letter O, and all the other odd theories to be found in his book,

would fairly come under the head of harmless monomania. He would be no worse than the ingenious gentleman who believed that all the details of the Nibelungen Lied were true history, and that they all happened in Norfolk. He would be no worse than our cherished Yorkshire friend who believes that all the great events of British history happened within the postal delivery of Doncaster, save only the landing of Caesar, which took place in the same region as the exploits of Attila and Theodoric. The speculations of Mr. Kavanagh, Mr. Haigh, and Mr. Surtees are in themselves very much on a level, but Mr. Haigh and Mr. Surtees do not revile sound scholars in the same way in which Mr. Kavanagh does. Mr. Kavanagh, in his second volume, gets dramatic, and gives us a long performance in dialogue, of which we are far from understanding the whole, but which seems designed to deal by Professor Max Müller very much as Aristophanes dealt by Socrates and Cleon. Mr. Kavanagh has also a great deal to tell us about several other living persons who have in different ways pleased or offended him. But the person of whom Mr. Kavanagh tells us most is Mr. Kavanagh himself. He is his own Boswell; he keeps a window in his breast; he reveals the secrets of his own confessions.

If we were to look on Mr. Kavanagh from the point of view of reasonable people, we might be surprised at the presumption of one who has undertaken to set so many eminent scholars right, when, by his own showing, his qualifications for the task are so remarkably small. Will it be believed that the man who has undertaken to upset the whole system of Comparative Philology confesses, or rather boasts, not only that he knows nothing of Sanscrit, but that he is actually ignorant of modern High-German? In fact, as his instances of words seem always to be picked out of dictionaries, we may perhaps be allowed to doubt whether he has any scholarlike knowledge of any language whatever. We cannot help being surprised that a man in this state of mind should take upon himself to deal with philological subjects at all. But we are not surprised that, when he has taken it upon himself, he should throughout speak of real scholars with the boisterous contempt, not of mere ignorance, but of that more hopeless state in which the eyes are wilfully shut. We all know the type of man, often a merely harmless and amusing type, who really knows nothing of modern scientific discovery, who has been diligently muddling himself through his whole life with the works of antiquated and mystical writers, whom he quotes as so many infallible oracles. There is always something which, if amusing, is a little touching, in the way in which people of this kind appeal to their Bryant, their Parkhurst, or whatever the cherished idol may be, as if the whole modern world, instead of keeping an indistinct memory of their names, would at once recognize a reference to every page of their writings. Such men, it often happens, have never heard of scientific philology and mythology, and most likely would not even know the names of the scholars who have given themselves to their investigation. Their light is in truth more misleading than utter darkness; still they have been honestly working according to their light, such as it is. Mr. Morgan Kavanagh has got far beyond this harmless stage. It would be too much to say that he understands the views of scientific scholars; but he knows that there are such men, and that they have views the acceptance of which would utterly set aside his own cherished theories. He therefore turns on them with a sort of ferocity. We are sure Mr. Kavanagh is perfectly honest; the very self-condemning nature of his confessions, the very wildness of his attacks on others, shows that he is pouring forth what he really feels. Of course this is no excuse for him, as he has the means of knowing better; but it makes his mental and moral state a curious study. It seems that Mr. Kavanagh wrote another book a good many years ago. He came to a knowledge of the writings of Professor Müller and M. Littré after he had written that book, and to his great surprise he found that neither of them had taken any notice of it. That they had really never heard of Mr. Kavanagh and his book—that, if they had seen his book and if it was at all like the present book, they might think it the greatest kindness to say nothing about it—of course never comes into Mr. Kavanagh's head. Professor Müller, M. Littré, and scholars in general, are all engaged in a wicked conspiracy to hide Mr. Kavanagh's light from the world. Moreover he wrote for the "prix Volney," and did not get it, and therefore he has a further grievance against the judges of the "prix Volney" and the world in general.

What Mr. Kavanagh's own theory is we do not profess to know. We have tried to make it out; but there are things which are beyond us, and this is one of them. But, as far as we can make anything out, it seems to have something to do with the letter O, which has somehow become the Alpha as well as the Omega of Mr. Kavanagh. If we rightly understand him—a point about which we are very far from feeling comfortable—"man's first word" was to say O; a view which would have been fully understood by Will Atkins's wife in *Robinson Crusoe*. We think it safer to say where Will Atkins and his wife are to be found, as haply some modern readers may have forgotten them. Will Atkins's wife, then, summed up all religious worship under the phrase of "saying O"; her grand and simple view of natural theology was that "all things say O to Him." In the same spirit, according to Mr. Morgan Kavanagh, human speech began by all men saying O. Again, if we rightly understand it, it was the sun to whom they said O; for is not the sun round? and is not the letter O round? and do we not make a round shape with our lips whenever we say O, whether to the sun or to anything

\* *Origin of Language and Myths*. By Morgan Kavanagh. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.



chief. Of this, the true origin of language, Professor Müller and Mr. Littré were not aware; they were blind, wilfully blind, for had not Mr. Kavanagh already written a book on the matter, by whose light they obstinately refused to profit? They are therefore to be reviled and held up to scorn throughout the book. Professor Müller especially, besides his other offences, has to suffer for the deadly sin of being a German; he therefore comes in for yet harder measure than his French fellow-sufferer. There is something irresistibly droll in Mr. Kavanagh's way of quoting and referring to both his friends and his enemies, and in the simple-minded confessions of his own ignorance with which the quotations and references are often accompanied. "It will not be difficult for a child to correct Mr. Max Müller's mistakes, even though as ignorant of German as I am myself." "What is the word for serpent in Hebrew? It is, according to Dr. Adam Clarke, who, as every one knows, was a great Hebrew scholar, Nachash." "This is confirmed by Webster, from whom I learn that the Saxon of the verb to *rep* is *hrepian*," &c. "The Greek word *καρπύριον* is thus explained by Donnegan." "I learn from Webster that the etymology of *copy* is *copie* in French and *copy* in Armoric." "I open my Parkhurst, who was, of all learned Christians, one of the most orthodox." "The mistakes of Professor Müller in this passage would be unpardonable if its author knew anything of the origin of language." "It seems that Welcker, a great German scholar, is of opinion." "Bopp, though a very learned man, knew nothing of the origin of language." "If M. Max Müller knew no more of Sanskrit than I do myself—but believing, as every one else does, that he is deeply read in this language." "If I did not know from report that M. Max Müller is very learned in Sanskrit, I should say his knowledge of this language was very limited." "This I knew before, but not from an acquaintance with Sanskrit, of which I happen to be wholly ignorant; but from my own principles, which must in time to come serve the philologist more than a knowledge of fifty languages." "A philologist named Jal, some learned German, I suppose—has been led to imagine." Such are the *ignes fatui* of scholarship which Mr. Kavanagh has arisen to put out; how different is the steady light of his own intuitive knowledge!

But why do I not allow myself, in my etymologies, to be led astray by fanciful notions? Because I have been so led too many times already, so that I am now doubly on my guard against every etymology bearing in the slightest degree the appearance of fancy. And then I have the advantage of certain fixed principles unknown to my predecessors, by which I am constantly checked and kept within rational limits whenever on the verge of going wrong.

The fixed principle unknown to Mr. Kavanagh's predecessors seems to be that of steadily keeping out of sight, not only the special discoveries of Comparative Philology, but all regard to the historical connexion of languages in any way. We will put aside all references to mysterious languages like German and Sanskrit, of which Mr. Kavanagh "happens to be wholly ignorant." Mr. Kavanagh, by his own account, has lived a good deal in France, and seems to be able, or to think himself able, to write for a French prize. But it is all one to him whether he derives a French word from Latin or a Latin word from French. In the like sort it is all one to him whether the syllable of a word on which he plays off his philological sleight of hand is the root or only the ending. Distinctions of that kind may be very well for German Professors and people who understand Sanskrit. They are beneath the notice of men who speak always on fixed principles and who are never led away by their fancy. One or two specimens may amuse. Mr. Kavanagh gets across that very hard word *gargon* and its kindred:—

M. Littré allows us to understand, as shown above, that the ending *on* of *gargon* has grown out of *garcionem*, accusative of *garcio*, a word in low Latin; now granting that there ever has been such a word, and that it has been regularly declined after the manner of words in the third declension, I cannot help regarding as a mistake the derivation of the ending *on* of *gargon*, which I believe to be the same as the *on* of *budon*, *broudon*, *monton*, &c.; that is, as an article fallen behind its noun, and of which a more ancient form appears to have been *an*, and that like this word, it then meant *one*. And this view is confirmed by M. Littré himself, since he shows, in passages quoted from old writings, *gargon* to have been written *gargun*. And we should remark that every word which served anciently as an article meant both *one* and *the*; that is to say, it was both indefinite and definite. Hence the word *gargon* must have once been *an gars* or *an gars*, and then the meaning was either *an gars* or *le gars*, as the sense directed. Thus the peasant, with whom the old forms of words in all languages remain longest, frequently uses *gars* for *gargon*, as every Frenchman knows. We have, therefore, in our endeavours to trace *gargon* to its original, to notice only *gars*, which must have long preceded *gargon*, just as *le sold* must have long preceded *solat*; that is, before *le* fell behind *sol* and joined with it.

A little knowledge of "low Latin," and of its manner of declining words in the third declension, might not be wholly useless to one who explores the early history of the French tongue, even though Sanskrit and German are deemed to help nothing to that end. We remember very well how St. Thomas of Canterbury—we are sorry that he used such bad language—once addressed a certain man, "*garcionem filium et broum appellatum*."

Here again—

In *filios*, *sol*, and *sun*, the radical meaning of each of these words is *one*. This is made very plain by *sol*, root of *solus*, yet the *fil* of *filios* is the same word; that is, it means *solus* or *one*. And in the *u* of *sun* has grown out of the separate *h*, this word has also the meaning of *one*, for the root is *sun*. The Greek of *monos* is *monos*, and its root *monos* differs from *sun* and *sol* from the *fil* of *filios*; and what one may more clearly than the mean *monos* and *sol*, just as the *sun* does, then its meaning and *monos* and *sol*.

and *sun*, for the *l* of each of these words being the same as the *l* of *monos*, and *monos* and *sol* must be therefore the same as *monos* and *sol*. And the English word *moon* has still the same meaning, for it is radian to *mon*, as is shown by *moon*, and *mon* is the radical part of *monos* which means both *one* and *alone*.

We have not room to copy what Mr. Kavanagh says at vol. i. p. 76 of *seq.* about the etymology of *tranquillus*. We could not conscientiously recommend anybody to buy Mr. Kavanagh's book, but, if any one of our readers chances to fall in with a copy, it might be worth while to con over those three or four pages; and, indeed, by the simple process of turning over the pages, the philologist in an idle mood will constantly light on things which to the initiated are equal to the cream of all jest books.

In all things it is well to know what is in store for us:—

Atqui scilicet quæ sibi barbarus  
Tortor pararet.

Among Mr. Kavanagh's curiosities we have not failed to notice his curious fly-leaf, which runs thus:—

Copies of this Work are, with the Author's respects, presented to several Literary Reviews and Scientific Institutes, in the hope that, considering the importance of its subject, it may, for the sake of truth and science, be thoroughly and critically investigated. The principal parts of all such notices—whether favourable or adverse—shall, while received with thanks, be inserted and freely commented on, in a small volume or brochure, to be entitled "An Author his own Reviewer."

We await our doom with calmness, sitting in expectation "on our keel," which, according to Mr. Kavanagh, is the true sense of "*tranquillus*."

#### PHILLIPS'S ESSAYS FROM THE TIMES.\*

THESE essays, which now for the first time appear under the name of the author, are specimens of the literature which some twenty years ago was considered to be the best writing of the leading paper of the day. The essays, or some of them, for we confess that our curiosity has not been sufficiently great to induce us to clear up every detail of their history, were originally collected in order to provide for the wants of railway travellers. The publisher described them as "literary productions of the highest order," and intended them to be a substitute for the wretched trash which then had almost exclusive occupation of the book-stalls. The motive was excellent in every way, and we may hope that it was rewarded by a fair amount of success. The essays are throughout most unexceptionable in their morality, and we should be glad to think that, even at the present enlightened period, the materials offered at railway book-stalls were always up to this standard. We shall, however, merely consider them as illustrating the pitch of excellence attained in this department of literature at the time when the first Great Exhibition was the wonder of the day, when Louis Philippe was the last new exile from the French throne, when Gordon Cumming was the great African lion, when people were disputing as to whether John Sterling was an infidel, when Mr. Kingsley was writing vehement radicalism, and when the *Saturday Review*—if we may mention such a trifle—was not yet in existence.

The general character of the writing may be described in two words. We should call it, if we might borrow a bold metaphor from America, "one-horse" Macaulay. We recognize the characteristics of the most popular essayist of the time, so far as those characteristics are compatible with immeasurable inferiority in force and fulness of mind. Lord Macaulay's popularity has lately been on the decline, and those who boast themselves to be our great connoisseurs in style are apt to sneer at his obvious faults. Yet, after every deduction has been made, it would be grossly unfair to deny to him the possession not only of wide and accurate knowledge, but of talents as vigorous as they were undoubtedly limited. To many aspects of politics and literature Lord Macaulay was all but absolutely blind; but what he did see he saw distinctly, and described with admirable vivacity. His merits and his faults are reflected in an unequal degree by his imitators; and that which was pardonable mannerism in the original is apt to become ridiculous in the reproducer. In some respects, however, the model was not a bad one. He did not tempt his followers to lose themselves in the clouds, or to talk sheer nonsense in aiming at philosophy. Young writers in the press might easily find a guide who would lead them on more dangerous paths.

We will however come a little nearer to Mr. Phillips. He of course adopts that distinctive peculiarity of his model which may be described as a constant indulgence in false antithesis. We find sentence after sentence which, though apparently brilliant at the first glance, will seldom bear a moment's inspection. Mr. Phillips, for example, calls Coleridge the "great philosopher, to whom learning came in humility, wisdom with the confession of ignorance, to receive the lessons which poured from his soul with an aim, a fulness, a scope, an originality and force that have never been surpassed in modern times, if even they have been equalled in antiquity by the great oracles of the Academy and the Porch." The exaggeration of the eulogy, as well as the form of the phrase, is characteristic. To compare Coleridge to the great Greek philosophers or to the great Germans from whom he plagiarized, is one of those rash judgments which imply that their writer wishes to be very eloquent about something which he does not understand. And when we look into the phrases in detail, why should learning come with humility, and wisdom with the confession of ignorance?

\* Excerpt from the Times. By Samuel Phillips, B.A. London: John Murray. 1871.

Why should not learning confess ignorance and wisdom be humble? The last antithesis sounds to us the neater of the two; but it is probable that, so long as the sentence had a good mouth-filling sound, Mr. Phillips did not trouble himself much about the meaning. Here is another bit of fine writing about *Égalité* Orleans, which means to say that at one time he was very popular:—"Did he visit the theatre, the performances were suspended that actors and audience might join in one tumultuous welcome of the hero. Was he met in the public walks, the enthusiasm of idolatry knew no bounds. Did he present himself to the people, surrounded by his family, the people threw themselves at the feet of their benefactor, and loaded him with blessings." It is easy to manufacture formulae of this kind by the dozen; and few readers will take the trouble of asking whether the imposing framework encloses any solid substance. Mr. Phillips says in one place of a bombastic proclamation of Lord Ellenborough, that it was written in a style "for which the inflated bulletins of Napoleon, the talkee-talkes of a North American Indian, and the Song of Deborah might each have stood as the model." That sounds very smart; but, if one looks twice, it is impossible to understand how three such dissimilar models could well have been adopted at once. The Napoleonic style, indeed, is obvious enough; but Deborah and the Red Indian have plainly been thrown in at random to make an apparent epigram, though at the cost of swamping the real meaning.

The likeness, however, of which we speak extends far beyond the style. Mr. Phillips, who quotes the "eminent historian, Mr. Macaulay," in nearly every essay, evidently shares his opinions. He is a good sound Whig, with a general impression that railways and telegraphs will annihilate all human evils. It is amusing to see this good, steady—we had almost said stupid—essayist, triumphing over "the redoubtable Thomas Carlyle," to whom he administers a severe rebuke on account of the *Life of Sterling*. Of the merits which make that book one of the most perfect bits of Mr. Carlyle's writings, or indeed of all English biography, he does not show even a glimmering perception. It never occurs to him that it displays humour and graphic power, or tender feeling; he is intensely offended by a mannerism differing from his own, and irritated at Mr. Carlyle's belief that the world is full of shame which will not be cured even by an unlimited supply of railways. It may be—we need not argue the point—that the thoroughly commonplace mind is nearer the mark in one sense than the original genius. Mr. Carlyle's view may be dyspeptic and distorted; but the attempt to criticize his book by a man who is profoundly incapable of even recognizing the existence of the evils which Mr. Carlyle exaggerates, is like nothing but the attempt of a colour-blind man to criticize a painting. In a similar spirit Mr. Phillips falls foul of Alton Locke. He remarks, *à propos* of Mr. Kingsley's attack on the sweating system, "How much wiser to give soap, light, and air to the poor, than to irritate spirits sufficiently depressed by dirt with dreams of political equality never to be realized," and so on. That is the true self-complacent spirit of the comfortable classes; give the poor soap instead of appealing to their souls and intellects. The advice may have something in it, though it comes rather oddly from a man who in the same paper extols the *laissez-faire* principle to the skies, or, in other words, declares it to be a primary political axiom that the people are to get soap for themselves. But at any rate Mr. Kingsley's errors—we imagine that he has pretty well repudiated them now—were above the reach of a man who could only recommend soap instead of sermons. The article ends with a genuine bit of Macaulayese:—"And this is Chartism! And this is the book of a man of the people, addressed to those who are answerable for the workman's wrongs and bound to reform them!" After a great deal of which eloquence the agreeable conclusion is reached, that "even such wild and wanton teaching as that with which we have been dealing can operate but as a feather against the wholesome living tide that pours steadily and surely on towards the abiding shores of a blessed civilization." A feather against a tide is a bold metaphor, and it is rather hard to work out the metaphor about the tide and the shore; at all events one is tempted to prefer even the wild ravings of a Socialist fanatic to the calm, stolid self-content that prevailed in these islands when the first victories of Free-trade were still considered as heralds of an immediate millennium.

Turning to more purely literary matters, we find the closest approximation to the Macaulay type in an essay on Swift. In this, as in several other essays, Mr. Phillips follows the precedent of his original in merely taking a book as a text, and relating the story as from his own sources. The essay on Swift is suggested by M. de Wailly's novel of *Stella and Vanessa*; but it is substantially on the model of Lord Macaulay's essays on Addison or Byron. In accordance with the well-known precedent, he begins by a string of antitheses. Swift, he declares, was from one point of view an "angel," and from another "a fiend." "If we tell the reader what he was, we shall in the same breath communicate what he was not." Then it appears that though he was witty, he never laughed; that though he was a strong friend, he abused his familiars; that though he was economical to a fault, he made sacrifices to the poor; that though he was a sufferer in body, his frame possessed great vitality; that though he hated Ireland, he was Ireland's first patriot; that though sincerely religious, he played into the hands of infidelity by exposing cant and hypocrisy, and so on. "If we decline to pursue the contradictory series further, it is in pity to the reader, and not for want of materials at command." We should think not; for there never was a prominent man who might not be made the subject of a similar series. In

fact, not one of the above antitheses has anything surprising in it. They are mere tricks of language, not genuine puzzles of character. What, for example, is there surprising in the combination of a strong constitution with a tendency to a particular disease or set of diseases? Or would any one anticipate from Swift's ferocious and sardonical humour that he was likely to be a laugher? Or what was there inconsistent about a proud man with a soured temper being a fast friend—especially when his friends were at a distance—and yet coarsely imperious to his dependents? These are childish enigmas if seriously propounded, and they are irritating to one's taste if they are mere devices for giving forced animation to the style. Mr. Phillips applies his "contradictory series" in this instance to prove that Swift was more or less mad from his youth. The hypothesis is almost as convenient to a biographer as to a criminal judge, and summarily gets rid of all necessity for analysing motives and portraying character. That Swift had morbid tendencies which ultimately ruined his intellect is of course clear enough; and they may have affected his conduct for a long time previously, and given the peculiar tinge to his savage humour. But, whatever may have been the extent of the disease, no human being had ever a more strongly marked character than Swift, or, setting aside a few superficial eccentricities, one which was more thoroughly consistent throughout. It was a character, if ever there was one, which he that runs may read; and it annoys one to find a writer cast a glance at it, exert his ingenuity to distort it by a few easy antitheses, and then roughly mark it down as mad. There is of course one part of Swift's career, his relations to Stella and Vanessa, which naturally suggests some mystery; but we suspect that Scott is right in indicating a different explanation.

Before parting with Mr. Phillips, we must add that, in spite of the faults we have described, he had really very respectable abilities, and some genuine literary merits. He could tell a story straightforwardly and unaffectedly when the attraction of "our eminent historian" did not urge him to eccentricities. The best essay in these volumes is probably that upon Southey. The many admirable qualities of that exemplary man are well brought out, and the judgments expressed of his writings seem to be sound and fair. Mr. Phillips shows no great fund of knowledge though he writes like a well-educated man, and no special richness of thought or observation. Still he writes in the main a good manly English, and only blunders into nonsense at rare intervals when following Lord Macaulay too blindly, or venturing to discuss subjects which are beyond his sphere. The standard which he reaches is not a very high one; but, after all, when we look at the bombast and the sentimental twaddle of some professors of fine writing amongst our contemporaries, we may reflect that there are worse people to imitate than Lord Macaulay.

#### MYTHS OF MEDIEVAL POPES.\*

SOME eight years ago, when he was preparing to write a work on the history of the Papacy, Dr. Döllinger gave the world the first fruits of the course of studies in which he was engaged in the shape of a bulky pamphlet, entitled *Papstfabeln des Mittelalters*. He explained that these "fables," nine of which are included in his treatise, however various in their origin, had so much in common that they had all at different times exercised a marked influence on the history, poetry, theology, and jurisprudence of the middle ages. And he therefore hoped that they would have an interest not only for professed theologians, but for students of mediæval history and literature generally. That hope was fully justified by the reception of the work in Germany; but it now appears for the first time in an English dress, and we cannot doubt that Mr. Plummer has done well to translate it at a time when the author's name has come to be so widely known in this country. His object in doing so is partly of course the same as that of the original publication; but he avows also a secondary motive, applying to some only of the essays, as bearing on the present crisis in the Roman Catholic Church. And we may add, from a wider point of view, that all of them alike supply an instructive illustration of the natural genesis of myths, and of the truth of the popular saying about the distinction between scotching a snake and killing it. It would indeed be difficult to find more signal testimonies to the fact that, while truth is often slow of attainment, and little valued when it is known, error once accepted dies very hard. This is strikingly exemplified with reference to one class of the fables:—

What is of importance still to consider is this:—that though these legends have been abandoned, the claims which have been made on the strength of the legends have not been abandoned. The self-condemnation and self-deposition of Marcellinus is assigned to the regions of fable; but the principle *Prima sedes non judicatur a quocumque* is maintained. The grant made to Silvester is allowed to be apocryphal; but the authority and territory which the popes acquired or retained on the strength of that supposed grant are still either possessed or claimed. It would not be too much to say that the bulk of what is now claimed or reclaimed by the Roman See, in the way of supremacy, infallibility, and temporal dominion, is demanded, either directly or indirectly, in virtue of documents which have been either forged or falsified. The invalidity of the *Uti sedit* has been exposed again and again, but possession (or vehement claim to possession), through a most unhappy prescription, still continues. "C'est une question totalement gangrenée par la fraude."

\* Fables respecting the Popes of the Middle Ages. A Contribution to Ecclesiastical History, by John J. Ign. von Döllinger. Translated, with Introduction and Appendix, by Alfred Plummer, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Livingstone, 1871.

There are some historical problems, no doubt, as Mr. Plummer observes, which even in this critical age remain, and are perhaps likely always to remain, unsolved; but those here selected for discussion by Dr. Dollinger are no longer among the number. In some cases, as in the alleged baptism of Constantine by Silvester, the fiction looks at first sight more natural than the truth, while such strange inventions as that of Pope Joan can only commend themselves on the principle of *Credo quia impossibile*. But in all alike we are enabled, in the light of modern research, to lay our finger on both the process and object of the working of what Mr. Grote calls "the mythopoeic faculty." And herein lies the special interest of the investigation. We shall best consult the convenience of our readers by giving one or two specimens of Dr. Dollinger's method of unravelling these historical puzzles, which may incline them to examine the volume more fully for themselves. And we will select for the purpose the first and the last of the fables comprised in it, that of Pope Joan and of Silvester II., which, amid important differences, resemble each other closely in some minor particulars, as well as in equally exhibiting the fortuitous origin and the tough vitality of vulgar errors in history. Up to this day the story of Pope Joan is not only widely credited, or at least regarded as credible, among the ignorant, but is even used as a controversial weapon against Popery, not merely, as we were previously aware, in the florid rhetoric of English Dissenting pulpits, but also, as Dr. Dollinger has shown, by grave professors and historians. Less than thirty years ago Professor Kist wrote a book in defence of the myth; and Luden, in his *History of the German People*, considers it inconceivable that a tale universally believed "from the eleventh century downwards" should be untrue; while a writer in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, published in Paris as lately as 1858, goes further, when he says, "Cette croyance a donc régné dans le monde chrétien depuis le neuvième siècle jusqu'à la Renaissance." Even Kurtz, who denies to the myth any historical value, thinks it will probably always continue to be an insoluble enigma. And it has in fact been for the first time satisfactorily solved in the volume before us.

Dr. Dollinger begins by enumerating as false or inadequate several previous explanations, all of which, moreover, share the common vice of assigning to the invention much too early a date. For, so far from being universally accepted from the ninth, or even the eleventh, century, it never assumed any definite shape before the middle of the thirteenth, when it first appears in a theological work of the Dominican Stephan de Bourbon, who quotes the contemporary chronicle of another Dominican, Jean de Mailly, four centuries after the alleged occurrence. All earlier notices are now proved to be interpolations. But the chief means of disseminating the story was the worthless Chronicle of Martinus Polonus, which attained an authority to which it had no intrinsic claim through the author's close connexion with the Papal Court, where he long filled the offices of chaplain and penitentiary. Yet Martin himself knew nothing of Pope Joan, whose name is a later interpolation in his record, first written in the margin at the bottom of the sheet, or as a gloss at the side, and thence gradually and very violently thrust into the text, somewhere between 1278 and 1312. And the interpolation was accomplished in this wise. Martin's Chronicle allowed each Pope as many lines as he had reigned years, and each page contained fifty lines, or embraced half a century. But he did not know how to fill up the eight lines appertaining to Leo IV., who reigned from 847 to 855, and accordingly left a blank space at the top of the page containing the second half of the ninth century. Here, before Benedict III., who really succeeded Leo within a few days, was introduced the story of Pope Joan. And there was a further reason for the period selected. The extreme improbability of a woman being elected Pope is explained in the legend by her great intellectual attainments, and Leo IV. happens to be the only Pope noticed by Martin as a man of remarkable learning during the four centuries from John VI. to Gregory VII. The language used by him of Leo is repeated with slight modification in the interpolated record of his alleged female successor. Other chroniclers took up the story, which was chiefly spread by the Dominicans and Franciscans, who had been alienated from the Roman Court by the policy of Boniface VIII.; and by the beginning of the fifteenth century it had become so thoroughly established, that when Huss defended his teaching at the Council of Constance by appealing to the case of "Agnes who became Pope Joan," no one thought of contradicting him; and even the learned Gerson cited the case to prove that the Church might err in matters of dogmatic fact. Pius II. (*Æneas Sylvius*) did indeed express some doubts, but his Ultramontane contemporary, Cardinal Torquemata, had none; and the Dominicans, who possessed the means of detecting the fraud at any time, never attempted to do so. It was not till the later half of the fifteenth century that the Greeks, to whom it would have been so serviceable a weapon of offence, heard of the story. Such, then, is the history of its growth; but how are we to account for its origin? We are first struck by the strange discrepancies in different versions of the tale. Sometimes the Pope is Agnes, sometimes Jean; at first she was altogether nameless; some writers place her date, eventually fixed, as we have seen, at 855, as late as the eleventh century; some assign Mayence, some Athens, some England, as her early home. Nor is the catastrophe itself related in the same way by all the chroniclers. According to Stephan de Bourbon, the child took place as the Pope was going in state to the Lateran palace to be crowned, and she was at once stoned by the people; but the earliest form of the narrative, as found in the interpolated

Martinus Polonus, allows her a quiet reign of more than two years before the fatal *dénouement*, after which she at once dies, and is buried on the spot; while Boccaccio makes her retire into private life, instead of dying or being killed. In one account the child is born while the mother is celebrating High Mass. And when we come to examine the basis of fact, it is truly amazing to discover from what a molehill the mountain has grown up. There was a statue—whether of a male or female figure is now uncertain—holding a child, in a street which, on account of its narrowness, was avoided by ecclesiastical processions; the statue, removed by Sixtus V., was metamorphosed into Pope Joan and her baby, and the Papal *cortège* was supposed to make a *détour* in order to avoid passing the scene of her public disgrace. Near this statue was a stone, really set up by a priest of Mithras in the third century, but supposed to be the tomb of the detected impostor, and the inscription on it, "Parc. Pater Patrum P.P.P.," i.e., "propria pecunia posuit," was misread into

Parce pater patrum Papiam prodere partum;

in which form it is cited by Stephan de Bourbon; and the words were afterwards explained to have been addressed to the Popes in full Consistory by the devil. Last, but not least, there were two pierced stone seats of peculiar shape at the Lateran palace, taken probably from one of the ancient public baths, where it was customary, from the time of Paschal II. in 1099, for the newly elected Pope to be placed, and the object of this ceremony was asserted to be that his sex might be publicly ascertained. Curiously enough, this is expressly declared by the Swede Lawrence Bank, who was present at the enthronement of Innocent XI. in 1644, and professes to have seen the seat, though in fact the ceremony had been abolished more than a century before. Our astonishment at the slender and wholly irrelevant data on which so portentous a superstructure has been erected may be somewhat diminished by the strange catalogue of similar mythical growths, such as that of Archbishop Ilatto and the rats, which Dr. Dollinger has appended to his criticism. But still the well-known sarcasm of Thucydides about the little trouble taken by most people to ascertain the truth has seldom been so conspicuously verified.

It is remarkable, on the other hand, as Mr. Plummer has pointed out, how much of the reputation of the Roman Church for immutable orthodoxy is due to the obscurity of her earlier rulers, and how soon the ideal halo fades from their brows when they emerge into the light of history.—

It is a coincidence worth noting that, while Liberius thus prominently steps forward from the obscurity which envelops most of his predecessors, he at the same time loses the character of unflinching orthodoxy with which (in the absence of evidence to the contrary) it is not difficult to invest them. Zephyrinus, it is true, during his long pontificate, had held and taught heterodox and contradictory doctrines respecting the Godhead, sometimes following Noetus, sometimes Sabellius. But his errors were the errors of a confused and ignorant man, ruled by the powerful and subtle mind of Callistus; and Zephyrinus left behind him no formal statement of his beliefs to discredit his office. It was reserved for Liberius to commence his pontificate by excommunicating Athanasius, and to regain it by signing the semi-Arian creed of Sirmium, and once more renouncing communion with the great champion of the creed of Nicea.

Dr. Dollinger may perhaps take some comfort, under his present sentence of excommunication, from reflecting that he suffers in company with the illustrious champion of Catholic orthodoxy fifteen centuries before.

The last of the fables here mentioned, that of Silvester II., who was supposed to have made a compact with the devil, differs from the myth of Pope Joan in having been long since consigned to general oblivion. But in several respects the two legends have a strong family likeness. Both were of strictly Roman origin; both were gradually developed; both were spread chiefly by Dominican writers; in both a Latin verse plays an important part; and both had a personal rather than a theological significance, though capable of easy adaptation to controversial purposes afterwards. The story of Silvester, who reigned from 999 to 1003, is briefly this:—

A Pope, who was held in great honour by his contemporaries, who was renowned as the most learned scholar and the most enlightened spirit of his time, whose memory remained unswayed for a century after his death, becomes gradually an object of suspicion, the calumnies about him assume larger and larger dimensions, until the papal biographers of the later middle ages represent his whole life and pontificate as a series of the most monstrous crimes. According to them, Silvester II. entered into a league with the devil, and exercised his pontifical office in the devil's service and in obedience to his will.

At first it was only insinuated that Gerbert had shown too much love for profane sciences, and thus found favour with the Emperor Otto III., who procured his elevation to the Papacy; but a century after his death Hugo of Flavigny speaks of his sinister arts (*præstigia*), meaning probably Court intrigues. Some years later Siegebert of Gemblours says he was addicted to the black art, and had been struck dead by Satan; while Cardinal Benno, who was a bitter enemy of Gregory VII., not only makes Gerbert first introduce the art into Rome, but relates how Satan promised him that he should not die till he had said mass in Jerusalem. The story evidently was framed to account for a man of the very humblest extraction rising by sheer force of intellectual culture to the highest dignity in Christendom, which was to the populace an implausible riddle, and to their leaders matter of bitter jealousy. And then came in the fumes but scarcely metrical line—

Secundus ab Æ Gerbertus in R. de postea Papa vigens R—

first said to have been composed by Gerbert himself to com-

morate his translation from the Archbishopric of Rheims to that of Ravenna, and finally to the Papacy. Then he was said to have written it beforehand as a prophecy, and finally to have received it as a promise from the devil, to whom he owed his unexampled success. Accordingly Ordericus Vitalis in 1141 states that he studied with a demon, and twenty years later William Godell represents him as doing formal homage to Satan. In this fully developed form the story is related by William of Malmesbury and a host of Dominican chroniclers, with some picturesque additions of their own. In 1390 Dietrich von Nien had the good sense to suggest the correct explanation, that the Romans hated Silvester on account of his extraordinary learning, and therefore accused him of practising devilry.

Mr. Plummer has done his work as a translator creditably, and has added an interesting introduction and some useful appendices of his own. From one of these we learn that Mosheim did his utmost to rehabilitate the story of Pope Joan for polemical purposes, and Bayle's exposure of his sophisms is sufficiently complete. Other Protestant writers have supposed her child to be Antichrist, and an eminent Dutch minister considers it immaterial whether his father was a monk or the devil. Mr. Baring Gould supposes her to be an "impersonation of the great whore of Revelation, seated on the seven hills," as expressing the prevalent idea about the Papal Court from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, which appears to us a rather far-fetched, and certainly superfluous, explanation. Another appendix gives the text of the famous letter despatched by Adrian IV. (Nicolas Brakespear) bestowing Ireland on our Henry II., by virtue of his inherent right to dispose of all Christian islands, and on condition of an annual tribute of one *denarius* for every household to the Roman exchequer. For that large class of English readers to whom German is still a sealed book, Mr. Plummer's clear and readable version of a work of considerable historical interest, and displaying all the profound and conscientious research for which the author is distinguished, will be a most valuable boon.

#### PORTER'S LIFE OF DR. COOKE.\*

THAT Dr. Cooke was a very remarkable man is sufficiently proved by what he did. He rose by perfectly legitimate means from a low rank in life to a position of national importance, in which his opinions and actions were worth the consideration of statesmen. He undertook great enterprises, and accomplished them with astonishing success. When he was a young Presbyterian minister, the Synod of Ulster, with which he was connected, was deeply tainted with Arianism. The Arians were its most intellectual, most active, most courageous members, and Cooke had to play, in a manner adapted to the North of Ireland, the part of *Athanasius contra Mundum*. He expelled Arianism from the bosom of the Synod, and succeeded in enforcing tests with a strictness that had been long quite unusual. In consequence of his persevering action all candidates for the ministry were obliged to subscribe the Westminster Confession of Faith, and even the lay elders had to accept the Westminster standards. Having banished heterodoxy, Dr. Cooke proceeded to seek union. All essential differences between the Synod of Ulster and the Secession Synod had disappeared; the two bodies became one, and agreed to form for the future the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. When national education was in question Dr. Cooke obliged the Imperial Government to defer in some important particulars to the views of which he was the exponent and organ. During the Repeal movement he challenged O'Connell to a public discussion, and the agitator was glad to evade the challenge at the trifling expense of a lie. An American College conferred the degree of D.D. on the champion of evangelical truth, and Trinity College, Dublin, requested him to accept the degree of LL.D., which he earned, not only by his opposition to heterodoxy, but by his advocacy of establishments. Having been early Moderator of the Synod of Ulster, he became in due time Moderator of the General Assembly. He taught moral philosophy and harangued on party politics. For eighteen years he conducted three services every Sunday at a church in Belfast, giving at each service a lecture or sermon an hour long, without either exhausting his own strength or cloying the appetite of his congregation. He was appointed to the appropriate Professorship of Sacred Rhetoric in the Assembly's College, he became President of that College, Dean of Queen's College, Belfast, and Agent for the Regium Donum. When years, honours, and occupations were growing on him he resigned the emoluments connected with his church, and wished the congregation to elect another minister as his successor; but they were unwilling to have any one in his place, and he continued to preach to them for another twenty years. To use the words of his biographer, he was the idol of all sects of evangelical Protestants. When he died at the age of eighty he was honoured with a public funeral almost as a matter of course, and he is to stand in bronze for the edification of the people of Belfast.

Yet Dr. Cooke was not a man of a peculiarly elevated type. If he had been greater in himself his work might have been less, or at any rate the result of his labour would not have appeared so much in a rounded and symmetrical shape. There was something physical in the character of his energy; his manner of arguing

was akin to boxing or wrestling; he caught hold of his man, and mauled him. His very positive opinions were formed by some reading, a little thinking, and a great deal of fighting. He seems never to have had any serious intellectual difficulties to overcome, but to have piled his stock of information with perfect ease on the top of Calvin's *Institutes*. Illustrations he was glad to have to any conceivable extent, but too much knowledge of a thorough kind might have been inconvenient to him. When he was no longer a young man, he kept no commentary beyond grammar and lexicon; he was guileless, so far as we know, of a single original thought, and his popularity as a speaker depended on qualities quite alien from depth and refinement. His speeches and sermons, when printed, disappointed persons who had heard and admired them; they required for their full effect an atmosphere of impassioned personality. He carried his adversaries about with him to be attacked and mangled at his pleasure. He would reply to a newspaper from the pulpit, and when O'Connell was at a distance, exclaimed, "Hear me, Mr. O'Connell! You challenged me at Belfast; I challenge you in the face of the Empire." We may be sure that if the two men had met, the Cook of the North would have crowed as loud and struck as fiercely with his spurs as the champion of Repeal. Dr. Cooke would not, like O'Connell, have condescended to falsehood and subterfuge, but he would have fought with unsparing severity, and have betrayed rather loose notions of a fair fight when hard hitting was in question. His object as a controversialist was to disable his adversary, and in his retorts he considered justice far less than effect. He once found himself opposed to a certain Mr. Brooke, whereupon he remarked, "I list the murmurs of a babbling brook." The pun raised a laugh, but scarcely disposed of the subject under discussion, which happened to be the desirableness of creeds. Mr. Brooke, who was opposed to all compulsory subscription, observed that the Bible was the work of God, and that the attempt to frame a creed was therefore a presumptuous attempt to improve a work of God. The argument was certainly not profound, and might have been answered in a legitimate manner; but Dr. Cooke preferred to give it a rough and ready treatment. "My reply is easy and self-evident," he said; "you are a work of God, and even your best friends will admit that you are capable of considerable improvement." It would be difficult to find a stronger example than this of the kind of retort which with strict propriety is called impertinent. Mr. Brooke was placed in the same category with the Bible, that he might be made the object of an unworthy personal attack; what became of the Bible under the circumstances the speaker did not stop to consider. Dr. Cooke could be, when he pleased, still more crushing and equally illogical. An American who once lauded in his presence the working of the voluntary system in the United States was asked by him whether any of the ministers who were supported by voluntary contributions resided in the Slave States. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, Dr. Cooke replied:—

Well, well! The delicacy of some ministers, like the delicacy of some appetites, is truly wonderful! Some men faint at the smell of cheese; others to the attar of roses prefer the perfume of ripe stilton. *De gustibus non est disputandum*; nor shall I infringe the canon. Still I may be permitted to admire that ecclesiastical *gourmanderie* which rejects State endowments as abhorrently as tartar-emetic, yet can swallow and digest the bones, sinews, liberties, and souls of slaves.

The attack was not only unnecessary and ungenerous, it was also unjust. Dr. Draper has observed, in his recent *History of the American Civil War*, that the conversion to Christianity of the African race in the Southern States has been neither superficial nor nominal, but universal and complete, and that the annals of modern missionary exertion offer no parallel success. Though a determined partisan of the North, he attributes this wonderful change to the admirable conduct of the white women of the South towards the slave population; to their active exertions as well as to their passive example; to their care in teaching the young, and administering religious consolation to the aged, sick, and dying. The Southern clergy were the closest allies of the Southern women in matters both political and ecclesiastical, and were utterly misrepresented by Dr. Cooke when described as spiritual ogres devouring the bodies, rights, and souls of men.

But we shall do in our turn an injustice to Dr. Cooke if we think of him as a hard-headed man who indulged in unfair personalities with the deliberate intention of playing on the passions and prejudices of his hearers. When he roared most terribly he was a lion upon instinct, and obeyed the same impulses that he excited. He was born in Londonderry, and though he had some blood of the English Puritans in his veins, he was more influenced by the Scottish descent of his mother. We know what the Scotch character becomes after a little seasoning in Ireland. It gains pliancy without losing much in firmness. The Ulster man is often on the surface as witty, as playful, as easily moved to laughter or anger, as much given to bulls, as any other Irishman, but below the outer covering there is a hard firm-grit that tells of another nationality. The Scotchman proper has purpose, but not wit; the Irishman proper has wit in abundance, without adding purpose; the Irish Scotchman has both purpose and wit, though his manner of combining them is often incongruous. He has taste, but it is bad taste; his rhetoric is better in quantity than in quality, and he hides his metaphors in details. Dr. Cooke belonged to the transplanted stock, and bore fruit accordingly. In an early sermon we find him describing France as something given over to the country; he probably did not see the joke, but he might just as well have described her as something else. In one of his letters

\* *The Life and Times of Henry Cooke, D.D., LL.D., President of Assembly's College, Belfast.* By his Son-in-Law, J. L. Porter, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Belfast. London: John Murray.



he writes:—"On Thursday we had a meeting of the Bible Society in Fernoy. We had Mr. Pope. He is a delightful man. He is a Goliath trusting in the God of Israel." If in one of George Eliot's novels we had been told of a Mr. Pope who advocated the Bible Society, and was a delightful man, yet a Goliath trusting in the God of Israel, we should have congratulated the novelist on the happy audacity of her invention; but truth is often stranger than fiction, and the future Dr. Cooke had probably not the faintest notion how good a thing he had put on paper.

Dr. Porter, who has married one of Dr. Cooke's daughters, has performed the part of biographer in a very creditable manner. As his volume covers eighty eventful years, he cannot be accused of dealing at too great length with the life and times of his hero. There is more said than is wholly necessary or agreeable about thrilling eloquence, cutting irony, scathing satire, and so on, but these touches of description are probably only true to the facts. Dr. Porter's short jerky sentences contrast curiously with the rolling, surging, foaming specimens of eloquence which he quotes from the speeches of Dr. Cooke. It appears that he could not always read his father-in-law's writing, for he makes Dr. Cooke say in a letter:—

The Church of England and Ireland has sinned much, and it will suffer much. I see it in the distance. It must pass through the furnace that it may be purified. Yet in that Church there is still a world of spiritual life. Indeed, I think it contains the most spiritual men I meet. Dear Mr. Simons, of St. Paul's Cross, the holiest man I ever met, is praying for you.

Paul's Cross perished at the fire of London, and did not rise again. The true reading is St. Paul's Cray, a village in Kent, of which the church, which is somewhat remarkable for its architecture, is dedicated, we believe, not to St. Paul, but to Paulinus. The incumbent, when Dr. Cooke wrote the above-quoted letter, was the Reverend John Simons, a well-known leader of the Evangelical party, who united piety with humour. His grace before meat was "John Simons, lackest thou anything? Lord, thou knowest that I lack nothing." He was somewhat curious in eating, and occasionally combined cookery and theology in a singular manner; and his ministrations in church were not always conducted in strict conformity with the rubrics of the Church of England. But he created a very favourable impression on Dr. Cooke, and on a great many people besides. On the whole, the great Protestant leader of Belfast has been happy in his biographer. He has received in death, as in life, a great deal of high-flown praise, but his history has been told in a plain, straightforward manner, suitable to a character that did not need magnifying, and would not bear idealizing.

#### HAMERTON'S ETCHER'S HANDBOOK.\*

THIS useful little book gives to the amateur and young student both practical knowledge and critical insight. The chapter on the "Training of an Etcher" may be taken as an example of the pleasing way Mr. Hamerton has of approaching a subject which is necessarily technical, and often encumbered with details and directions as to "plates," "grounds," "etching-needles," "printing," and "processes." We are told that, "with few exceptions, etchers of high rank have hitherto been distinguished painters to begin with." In proof of this position—which in itself implies that etching is not an easy art—may be quoted the names of Rembrandt, Dürer, Claude, and Turner, with many others. An etcher, in fact, must be an artist in knowledge and in training; his hand must be sure and swift, his eye keen and discriminative; his intellect too should have the analytic power of selecting in nature the salient traits of a picture. Mr. Hamerton, indeed, holds that an etcher, "before he uses the needle, should have studied drawing, light and shade, and composition, in some other art, either with the brush or the crayon or the pencil, in water-colour, oil, chalk, or charcoal." An etcher, we are told, must be a sketcher; he will do well also to practise pen-drawing for the sake of form and play of line; soptic work with the brush likewise is to be commended for study of light and shade, without which a plate will turn out scattered, weak, and purposeless. Etching, in fact, though frequently chosen as a pretty dilettante pastime, can be perfected only at the cost of labour and study, patience and perseverance. Mr. Hamerton says to the tiro plainly:—

You will have many a hard battle, many an hour of mortification, but let me tell you that all good etchers have passed through these ordeals, and been dirty with charcoal and oil and printing ink, and burnt their skin with acid, and spent hours and days in rubbing and scraping and correcting, often with no immediate result except utter disappointment. Correct plates a little, but if they do not come right with a reasonable amount of effort and pains, have them repolished, and etch something else upon them. You will advance better by doing fresh subjects than by wasting time in trying to cure incurables. Imitate nature in this as in everything. She does not trouble herself about curing incurables, but sends fresh, healthy babies every day into the world to replace them; she leaves the uprooted tree to rot where it lies, but all around it the twin-leaved younglings sprout from their cotyledons. Etch many plates innocently and happily, not troubling yourself in the least about what any friends or the public may think about them.

Mr. Hamerton tells us that, since the revival of etching within the last two years, etchers have found out two things—first, that the art is more difficult than it was supposed to be; and second, that

its capabilities are quite beyond anything before dreamed of. The difficulties arise from what may be termed the contradiction between etching and nature. Etching depends solely on lines; whereas in nature there are, according to an accepted maxim among artists, if lines, at any rate no outlines. Hence an essential distinction as soon becomes apparent between painting with a brush and etching with a needle; the one at a single sweep graduates the tone, which the other can simulate only by reiterated lines. "The doctrine about the etched line" involves more subtle distinctions than the ordinary reader can well imagine. The principle that "every art does best when it is most itself" seems to point to the conclusion that etching best develops its capabilities when most reliant on lines. The stroke of the needle should therefore be freely outspoken, frankly confessed, "preserved as much as possible, and made the most of." The line leaves the hand without let or hindrance; the executive touch—like that of the musician with bow sweeping the strings of a violin—is responsive to the will, and resolute under impulse. "The slightest accent or deviation, even the most transient hesitation or trembling of the designer's hand, is at once registered by the sensitive line." Thus etching, though denied colour, is not cold; though restricted in modes of utterance, it is not wanting in "executive expression" and "emotion." Mr. Hamerton tells us how Rembrandt, "the greatest painter-etcher who ever lived,"

knew the value of executive expression—that kind of expression by which the hand, from the beginning of the work to the end of it, reveals the most delicately various phases of passing emotion, the seekings and waitings and hesitations, and the bursts of passionate ardour when the light from heaven flashes upon the soul of the artist, and his heart glows with tenfold heat, and the hand cannot be swift enough to record what the brain sees in the intensity of the inward vision.

The etcher's art, like other arts, has much which cannot be taught; the best part of it, as indicated in the above passage, is happy intuition, or what usually goes by the name of genius. Still even as to "the doctrine of lines"—a doctrine which implies subtleties that might engage the thoughts, not of artists only, but of philosophers—much may be learnt from the practice of the great etchers. A kind of conventional language has become current in the art, based on rational principles which are the outgrowth of experience. Given methods may, too, have become all the more prescriptive because etching is not so much a strict transcript as a free translation of nature. In etching we come constantly to the correspondences which subsist between things outward and inward; to confess weakness is moral strength; to work with modesty and moderation is a sign of art power; and thus the etcher's line, which in its infirmity and insufficiency is the limitation to his art, becomes his victory. There are ways by which the art, without imitating, can construe, interpret, and unfold nature. In "etching from nature" Mr. Hamerton rightly says, make it a rule to choose the kind of subjects best adapted to the art and to yourself. Distant mountains, the modelling of the human figure, present difficulties; on the other hand, the etcher can successfully deal with picturesque buildings, foregrounds exuberant in vegetative overgrowth, costumes, "a beggar's tattered dress, or the wrinkled face of an old woman." Experience, with the observation of thoughtfully manipulated plates, will teach the student how to make his lines explanatory, expressive, and descriptive. The lines of a sky will naturally be horizontal, those of an upright building necessarily perpendicular, those of a thatched roof diagonal. But, besides such leading lines of latitude and longitude, there will be scope for endless variations; when the wind ripples the waves, or bends the reeds by the river, the needle must glide sportively, freely, yet firmly. Again, the contrasted character of surfaces, whether rough as a rock or smooth as a silvery beech stem, must find response in the etcher's touch. Indeed, we know of few more exquisite delights than to watch the way in which a consummate master will play with his subject, circumvent nature, and perfect his art. Etching has about it a certain legerdemain, not the trick of the conjuror who plays with swords and eats fire, but the skill of the musician who from the pointing of his fingers evokes melody.

Mr. Hamerton does not take kindly to our English etchers. He tells us that they "are not generally to be recommended as examples of the most genuine work in the art, because, for the most part, they have set themselves to get painters' results, or engravers' results, rather than the special qualities of etching." Again, he says, "In England etchers usually finish falsely by the multiplicity of lines which have little meaning." And yet in the volume on *Etching and Etchers* the author uses among his illustrations masterly plates of Mr. Samuel Palmer, Mr. Cope, Mr. Frederick Taylor, and Mr. J. P. Knight. But his affections are evidently given to the French, notwithstanding the "meaningless impudences" of their manipulation. It cannot be denied that each school errs; the French through effrontery, affectation of carelessness, ostentation of sketchy incompleteness, and other assumed marks of genius. The English, on the other hand, fail through timidity, pretty painstaking, and over-finish. We incline to think, however, that the English etcher is the safer instructor of the young beginners for whom this Handbook is chiefly intended. An English etcher is usually himself a learner; by teaching others he himself learns how to spell; he is on a level with his pupils; and, what is more, he is seldom troubled by that impetuosity of genius which carries away wildly the etching-needle of certain devil-may-care French artists. The humble truth-seeking state of mind best befits the young student. But English executants

\* *The Etcher's Handbook*. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "Sketching and Etching." Giving an Account of the Old Masters and of Processes recently Discovered. Illustrated by the Author. London: Robertson & Co. 1871.

fall from want of knowledge when to leave off; they belabour the plate over-much, and so, instead of transparent brilliance and sketchy suggestiveness, their work runs into dull opacity and assiduous stolidity. Mr. Hamerton, in his twenty-second chapter, on "Finish in Etching," distinguishes between opposite errors. Finish does not consist in the multitude of lines, or in other signs of great labour. On the contrary, the best finish is that which conveys most thought by fewest touches. The principles which regulate art expression and literary composition are identical; concentration is the secret of strength, brevity is the soul of wit; perspicuity, conciseness, compactness are at once the laws of thought and the grammar of language and of art. "True finish," says Mr. Hamerton, "lies in the intensity and successfulness of the mental act, and that may be proved quite as much by selection and omission as by hard labour." False finish is labour without guiding thought, the multiplication of lines without meaning, a smoothing of surface at the expense of character, an endless adding of detail with no accession of truth. Chalk drawings over which pupils slave in our Government Schools of Art err in this direction; the method of study in France has greater breadth, because more of mental purpose.

This "Handbook" will doubtless be the means of still further extending the practice of etching, an art which has peculiar charms for the amateur, and rare capabilities for the thorough professional. We have known many amateur etchers, and we hear of several dilettante or professional etching clubs. Among the latter may be named a well-trained class in the schools at South Kensington, under the direction of Mr. Richard Lane, A.R.A. The work here done is intelligent and unostentatious; the pupils study in a quiet, steady way; the studio contains plates in various stages of progress; a press throws off impressions, and thus a summary is presented of the art of etching. The subjects are taken from the neighbouring Museum; they consist of crosses, jewelled caskets, damascened blades, embroidered fabrics, &c. &c. The pupils have placed on their drawing tables the several objects selected, and then etch upon the plates, direct from the originals, the forms, the light, and the shade as seen before them. Thus the execution proceeds from an intelligent understanding of the work in hand; each line is right only when it responds to form, surface, and material. We have seen etchings thus produced by Mr. F. A. Slocombe, Mr. A. R. Bradbury, and others, which scarcely suffer under comparison with analogous works from the Louvre. Such studies are not merely feats of manipulation; they often imply keen and discriminative insight. An etching is instinct with life, while a photograph of the same object has the shadow as of death. Assuredly between amateur etchers and amateur photographers there can be little comparison, though of late photographers have arrogated to themselves the title of "artists." Etchers deserve, as they need, encouragement; they have committed themselves to a tempting and exigent art, wherein small successes are easy, but high attainments hard. Etching has been compared to the writing of poetry, in which the aspirants are many, the proficient few; or, again, the art has been likened to playing on the violin, wherein merit may range anywhere from the street fiddler up to Joachim. And yet a true student, an honest worker, can scarcely fail of his reward.

#### THE COINAGE AND THE MINT.\*

THE Report before us adds one more to the number of those productions which appear to be the corollary of modern legislation, and, like most first-born, it is ushered into the world with more ceremony than will probably be the lot of its younger brethren when the charm of novelty has worn off. One result of the Treasury Minute of the 7th of January, 1870, as is well known, was to transfer the Mastership of the Mint to Mr. Lowe, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Whether this change was in any way influenced by the historical fact that the Barons of the Exchequer held that office after the Conquest, we will not venture to speculate; at any rate, the practical duties, which in times past have occupied men like Sir Isaac Newton, Sir John Herschel, and Mr. Graham, have since devolved upon the Deputy. We have all the more reason for congratulating Mr. Fremantle on the careful and industrious sponsorship to his first literary infant.

The privilege of coining, we need hardly observe, is inherent in the Crown—in *ossibus principum*, as the old legal maxim quaintly runs. Archbishops and bishops once gladly acted as delegates; and cynics may discover some lurking attachment to filthy lucre on the part of more modern clerical dignitaries in the fact that the two chief authorities on the coinage are Archbishop Sharpe and the Rev. Rogers Ruding. We have already expressed our views on the decimal coinage; but the advocates of the present system may be well content with its practical utility, in preference to the plea of antiquity, which traces its historical existence to the Conquest, and its supposed origin to Charlemagne. A national gold coinage seems to have begun with Henry III., but foreign byzants of 10s., coined at Constantinople, and gold "florences"—so called from their Italian birthplace, and the gold prototypes of our florins—had been in use before. "In the reign of Edward III.," says Mr. Fremantle, quoting the standard authorities, "the noble, and in the reign of Edward IV. the angel and rose-noble or rial, were followed by the double rial or sovereign of Henry VII., which was to pass for 20 shillings, and by the

laurel of James I., of which the current value was to be the same" (p. 5). This was the original of the guinea, first adopted by Charles II. as a 20s. piece, and which, after reaching its maximum value of 30s. under Queen Anne, was fixed at 21s. in 1718. It is probably unnecessary to remind any but doctors and lawyers that this abnormal coin was practically superseded by the sovereign in 1817. Five-pound and two-pound pieces are still nominally included in the currency, and are legal tender, though none have been coined in the present reign. Gold was constituted in 1816 the sole standard of value, and silver converted into the subsidiary currency of a token coinage, passing at its nominal instead of its real value; an arrangement which will probably form the basis of any practical system of international coinage.

The history of the silver coinage is simple. Silver halfpence and farthings appeared under Edward I., shillings under Henry VII., threepenny and sixpenny pieces under Edward VI., and half-crowns under Mary. Maundy moneys are coined annually for Royal bounty. They consist of fourpenny, twopenny, and penny-pieces, of the respective numbers of 4,569, 5,347, and 9,002, amounting in value to 158l. 4s. 4d. We are not aware whether this item forms part of Sir Charles Dilke's indictment against the Crown, but we quote the official figures because a certain amount of accuracy in such matters may appear desirable. The Bank of England is the medium which determines the supply of silver required; and *apropos* of Mr. Toulmin's still pending controversy, Mr. Fremantle remarks that "no obligation is imposed by the Coinage Act of 1870 upon the State to coin silver for the public;" and "the low average price of silver bullion has rendered it impossible for a long time to allow the unrestricted importation of silver into the Mint." The copper coinage came in with Charles II., who introduced also tin farthings. Lead tokens had been sanctioned by Henry VIII., and James II. treated his Irish subjects to a composition of old guns and pewter pots. The recent bronze coinage, consisting of 95 per cent. of copper, 4 per cent. of tin, and 1 per cent. of zinc, has been chiefly taken since 1861 from the stock of old copper money called in, no less than 236 tons of which still remain in store. The nominal value of this coinage is difficult to determine, from the somewhat inconvenient circumstance that, "in order that the penny might not be too large, or the halfpenny and farthing too small," the latter coins were ordered to be of greater fractional weight than their titles indicate.

The present standard of fineness for "Crown gold" dates from Charles II.; that of silver is attributed to the Saxons. Both, however, have undergone a succession of changes. The insufficiency of the supply of the precious metals to meet the growing demands of trade has in most countries subjected the coinage to rapid and repeated depreciations. These may take place, as Lord Liverpool remarked, in three different ways—(1) by diminishing the quantity or weight of the metal of a given standard, (2) by raising the nominal value of coins, (3) by increasing the quantity of alloy. It is enough to say that each method has been resorted to by the Crown in England. Such debasements almost invariably mark epochs of internal discontent, and amply explain the unpopularity of the old "noble." Their chief effect is a general unsettling of contracts; they could only answer the momentary exigency of the monarch at home, and inevitably led to an increase of the nominal taxation. It was the use of paper money in addition to our metallic currency which alone saved us from such a deterioration of the coin during the last century as took place at earlier periods of our history. Three tests are employed in assaying gold to ascertain the fineness of the metal, by which accuracy is secured at the Mint to the "minimum of one-tenth of a milliema." They are fully described by Mr. Roberts, the Chemist of the Mint; the first is by a simple addition of the requisite alloy of copper to the raw metal; the second takes place after fusion; and the coined work is subjected to a final ordeal before issued. By a seeming paradox the gold-copper alloy must be pure, and even minute particles of lead, arsenic, or antimony make the mixture brittle and unfit for coinage. Silver is assayed more simply by the ancient method of cupellation, by which the alloy is mixed with a certain quantity of lead, and the "weight of silver which resists oxidation at once indicates the amount of precious metal originally present in the assay piece" (p. 104). Usage, however, has charitably conceded a margin to Mint Masters in the shape of the "remedy of fineness," fixed at two parts per thousand for gold, and four for silver; but the extreme accuracy of the automaton weighing-machines, which appear to reject 20 per cent. of sovereigns, has restricted the "remedy of weight" to 1·6 per thousand parts. The well-known "Trial of the Pyx"—an important security while coinage was a direct source of profit—is regarded too often nowadays as an obsolete ceremonial of antiquarian interest; but the recent Coinage Act wisely estimated its possible utility by guarding it against abuse. The coins in future will be weighed singly, instead of by the pound; they are set apart and chosen for the purpose at a preliminary trial held thrice a week at the Mint from the "journey-weights"—i.e., the weight of coined work executed each journey, amounting to seven hundred and one sovereigns, delivered by the Operative Department.

For a long time the Mint performed one of the chief functions of the Bank of England, a circumstance not referred to in the historical portion of the Report. Previously to 1845 it received large quantities of bullion from private owners for security, until the practice was discontinued from the free use which Charles I. made of the deposits. Light gold coins have been taken back for re-coining.

\* The Annual Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint, 1870. London, March 13, 1871.

since August 1870, in parcels of not less value than 100*l.*, on condition that they have been previously defaced, and the importer receives the full Mint rate of *q*l. 17*s.* 10*d.* per oz., without charge. Worn silver pieces are "garbled" or sorted at the Bank, and the Mint estimates include a charge of 15,000*l.* a year for the loss on their re-coining. It is satisfactory to find that the gold coinage is "not counterfeited to any serious extent in this country." The density of the metal, in fact, renders detection easy; the only successful imitations appear to be "composed of platinum, covered with an electro-deposited film of gold." The action of a galvanic battery has been found of service in the interests of fraud, and American ingenuity seems to have lately been enlisted in its aid. Silver is more easily counterfeited; the spurious coins consist of a "fusible alloy, of which lead is the principal constituent; but in order to secure the 'ring' of the counterfeits, it has been the practice to make them also of iron" (p. 26). At all events, the appointment of a professional chemist to the Mint is a source of congratulation to the public.

The Report gives an interesting peep into the Operative Department, but we have not space to follow in detail the processes of manufacture comprised in melting, rolling, cutting, annealing, blanching, and coining. We recommend this compilation as a preparatory handbook to intending visitors—whose numbers only reached 1,414 last year—since the ordinary fate of the amateur sightseer, including those gifted few who go for instruction, is usually to emerge in the same state of chaotic wonder which we can conceive to bewilder the intelligent foreigner after a visit to Woolwich Arsenal or the Elswick Manufactory. Fortunate as we are above other nations in possessing in our coinage a series of historical portraits, *quantum valent*, of our sovereigns, almost since the monarchy began, we certainly want a Benvenuto Cellini to teach us artistic design. Mr. Fremantle complains with reason of the poverty of invention displayed by the reverse of our modern coins; and Simon in the seventeenth century was the best engraver the Mint has yet boasted. The effigy of the King standing on a ship, which owed its origin to the naval victories gained by Edward III. over the French, was continued for two centuries and a half. The florin with its Royal coat of arms is, to say the least, an attempt at originality; though the first batch issued in 1849 strangely omitted the important D. G. Pistrucchi's lately resuscitated design of St. George and the Dragon was well known in the reign of George IV., but was discontinued in 1823, and has only recently been revived.

The operations of the Mint include the nickel coinage of Jamaica, and the bronze coinage of Jersey, besides those of Canada and Newfoundland. 24,339,621 coins in all were struck during the last year, of the aggregate value of 3,182,958*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.* Our gold coinage, which forms the staple of the currency, amounted to 2,769,732*l.*; the value of coined silver was 209,683*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*; and that of bronze 32,793*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.* No farthings were struck last year from the "absence of demand," but without reference to the intrinsic merits of that particular coin, it is a fair question how far the demand is regulated by the supply. There is no doubt that the paucity of farthings, while adding to their disrepute, is a boon to retail tradesmen, who take care to include such small fractions in their bills, in full confidence that the liberality of their customers will square the total in their favour. Last year's gold coinage was about half the usual average of five millions, but this is explained, according to a rough balance, by the unusually high amount of 9,000,000*l.* coined in 1869, and the increased coinage of 6,500,000*l.* now in progress.

One important change in the Mint remains to be noticed, effected by the Commission in 1848, viz. the abolition of the contract system. The old Masters of the Mint, whose earliest known representative appears to have been one "Godwin Socche, of the Winchester Mint," in the reign of Henry I., were merely contractors under the Crown. Their proceedings were subject to a "Warden" and "Comptroller"; and the names of foreigners, once so frequently found in that post, would lead to the inference that our forefathers felt their inferiority in these matters to the Italians. Five "moneyers" were existing as sub-contractors in 1848, when the office was abolished. They received no salary, but a compensating allowance of 4*ol.* each per annum, under a Treasury Order made in 1793, so long as the annual coinage fell short of 500,000*l.* It is easy to understand what temptations that system offered to peculation or jobbery. Much may be said in favour of Mr. Shiel's proposal to put the work up to public competition; at any rate the contract system, according to Mr. Fremantle, seems to have led to some laxity of practice on the Continent. A salutary reform was introduced in our Mint last year by increasing the regular wages of the workmen and boys, and reducing the payments for piecework. But we have extracted enough from this Report to show the varied character of its contents. It would be a golden age for reviewers if the proverbial dryness of Blue-books were more frequently exchanged for so interesting a repertory.

#### TWO HISTORICAL FICTIONS.\*

THE two books before us belong to the class of mild fiction written for the benefit of school-girls before they have attained the age at which downright novels are considered per-

missible. At the corresponding period in the life of a boy, he is provided with books of an adventurous and stirring nature, where impossible midshipmen and other heroes of equally tender years engage in terrible combats with alavers or pirates, break in houses with the skill of a professional rough-rider, shoot bears and tigers with the accuracy of a Leather-Stocking, get lost on desert islands and captured by Red Indians, run every peril that can fall to the lot of mortal man, are cheerful and slangy through it all, and on serious occasions express some sentiments of piety. A softer style of literature is supposed to suit girls—a kind of ghost of a novel, where the love-making is judiciously toned down with plenty of religious discourse. Prohibited, as they often are, from reading Shakspeare, Spenser, or the Waverley Novels, average girls are reduced to devour an incredible amount of pretty stories of this nature, and grow up believing the *Hair of Rulachyffe*, or the *Wide, Wide World*, to be the finest specimens of literature in existence. Still, great as is the youthful power of consumption, we doubt if many readers will be found capable of struggling through such a long-winded and confused narrative as the *Tower of the Hawk*, a laborious, but by no means successful, attempt to light up the dreariness of German fourteenth-century history.

The mainspring of the story is the honourable conduct of Frederick the Handsome, of Hapsburg, in returning of his free will to captivity, when he found himself unable to fulfil the understanding on which his captor, Louis the Bavarian, had released him. Great pains have evidently been taken to get together a set of interesting characters. Besides the noble Frederick, there is Agnes of Hungary, first the savage avenger of her murdered father, then the saintly Abbess of Koenigsfelden; John of Luxemburg, the gallant King of Bohemia, who rushed blindly to his death at Crecy; and William, or as our author is pleased to call him, Guillaume Tell, loaded with his mythical honours. The fictitious, or semi-fictitious, part of the *corps dramatique* consists of equally remarkable people. An idiot boy, whose brain had been affected by the Queen of Hungary's attempt to strangle him in his cradle; a murderously disposed monk whose tongue has been cut out by the Emperor Henry VII.; a good hermit of Protestant tendencies, who presents the heroine with a rosary enclosing texts of Scripture in its beads; a disguised Earl of Ulster, inheriting royal blood "from the melesion kings," are among the most prominent. Hapsburgs male and female, priests, nuns, and sundry charming young ladies and virtuous Swiss mountaineers, fill up the background. John of Luxemburg plays the part of hero, for which he is well fitted, the more so as he is a subject unhacknied by writers of fiction. To ordinary English readers, he is only known as he flashes meteor-like through the *mélée* of Crecy, to strike his last stroke in front and die. Every one has heard how the Blind King of Bohemia fell; but most people's acquaintance with him begins and ends with his death, and never extends to his life. In competent hands the restless hero of Luxemburg, struggling in vain to rule his wild kingdom according to his own views of right, would form a striking figure. But a certain attention to the dates of his life would be desirable. We are not sticklers for over-minute accuracy in such matters. In the time when Walter Scott could calmly admit that not only had he introduced nuns at Whitby and Tynemouth long after they had ceased to dwell there, but also at Holy Island, where they had never been at all, we perhaps got more vigorous writers than nowadays, when an historic novelist lives in fear of being taxed with inaccuracy. But there are limits to licence, and the author of the *Tower of the Hawk* has overpassed them without even an apology. The scene of the story is laid at the time of Frederick of Hapsburg's deliverance from captivity—that is to say, in 1325, or shortly after. John of Luxemburg is represented as having been betrothed in early youth to Frederick's daughter, Elizabeth or Bertha; but he has since been elected to the Bohemian throne, on condition of marrying the princess of that country. With this temptation before him he nevertheless remains staunch, travels in disguise through Switzerland to see his betrothed, nearly getting murdered on the road—a fate from which he is saved by the intervention of Tell—and demands the hand of Bertha, who, in the morbid spirit common among the heroines of semi-religious novels, refuses her lover in order to follow the fortunes of her father. John thereupon falls back upon his Bohemian match, while Bertha devotes herself to good works, and Frederick to the study of a copy of the Scriptures, obtained surreptitiously from "a minister of the uncorrupted Church of the Waldenses." Now, unfortunately for this romance, the real John of Luxemburg, at the time of Frederick's release, was incapacitated for playing the young lover at the Castle of Hapsburg by the fact that he and his Bohemian wife had been wedded some fifteen years. Neither was he, as he is here styled, the "yet uncrowned King of Bohemia"; for shortly after his marriage he had been consecrated and crowned with all due solemnity by the Archbishop of Mayence at Prague. This is not all. Alice, a daughter of Leopold of Hapsburg, is represented as marrying a De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, who wanders about disguised in the company of John of Luxemburg; and we have the tale of his ancestor's feats of strength in the days of King John of England, and how they were rewarded by the privilege granted to him and his representatives of remaining covered in the Sovereign's presence, a history which may all be found at greater length in the *Peerage*. But at the date of the *Tower of the Hawk* the Earldom of Ulster was held by a De Burgh, and not by a De Courcy; the hero who cleft a block of marble with a hunting-knife having in fact been the first and last Earl of his name. The author is no happier among Popes, as we are told that the Abbot of Koenigsfelden owed his first rise in life to

\* *The Tower of the Hawk*; some Passages in the History of the House of Hapsburg. By the Author of "Chillon." 8vo. London: Hatchards, 1871.  
*Small Barry of Wynacote, her Daughter Bertha*; a Tale of Swiss History. By Emily Bertha Holt, Author of "Mistress Margery." London: Hatchards, 1871.  
 "Chillon." London: Shaw & Co.

"his melodious voice," which "attracted the notice of Gregory the Eighth." This sounds rather startling at first, as it would make the Abbot over 140 years old; but, later on, we find that the author uses Gregory VIII. as a name for the famous Pontiff Boniface VIII.

The style of the book is much on a level with the matter. "I was obliged to call the Grand Duchess," says a lady-in-waiting, who, one supposes, is not meant to be vulgar in her phraseology; and John of Luxemburg talks about our "mutual hopes of peace below and pardon above." We admit that the moral tendency of the story is unobjectionable, and that sound Protestant theology is inculcated at every opportunity. Whether, except in a Protestant novel, any nun was ever such a fool as to steal a princess's velvet dress for the purpose of decking an image of St. Clare, and to give out that this gorgeous attire had descended supernaturally from Heaven, as is done by Sister Eva, may be doubted.

*Isoult Barry of Wynacote*, though a tale of the same class, and of the same theological school, is a much more meritorious performance. As a rule, Miss Holt has got up the period she is writing upon only too well. Her story, she tells us, is so strictly historical that the fictitious element in it is little more than a thread on which are strung the facts she has obtained from unpublished MSS. :—

Of the "Lisle Papers" alone there are eighteen quarto volumes, and the extracts from them, which may be found in Mrs. Everett Green's *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies* (all that have been published), would barely fill one of the eighteen. Fifteen of them, comprising the English correspondence, have been laid under contribution for this little volume.

Miss Holt deserves all honour for her industry; but she would have done better if she could have resisted the temptation, doubtless a great one, to display the full extent of the knowledge thus painfully dug out of MS. quartos, and spared us some of her many details as to parquets, palls, gowns of lion-tawny velvet, kirtles of crimson damask, and other antiquated articles of attire. A genuine letter, written by a damsel of Henry VIII.'s time, has its interest, though she discourses of nought but new gowns and her kirtles; but it does not follow that the same subjects are entertaining when worked into a story. Our authoress cannot refrain from showing that she knows what gloves cost in this year, and hose in that, and hackneys in another; and we do not find an imaginary mediæval bill more amusing than a real modern one, especially if we have to read it in Roman figures, as in the following extract:—

Gloves be now both scarce and dear. Marter *Huse*, which is about sending of a parcel of iij dozen thereof unto my Lady *Lisle*, could not buy the same under ix shillings—to wit, ij s. ij d. the dozen, which is a rare price for gloves, as I well know *Mother* would say an' she heard it. And *Venice* ribbon (which is little worth) is now iij d. the yard, and *Tours* ribbon may not be bought under v pence.

Indeed this folly of Roman numerals is irritating. A story is not the more life-like because the narrator is made to write "There were present M persons to see her die." On the contrary, the elaborate and painful imitation of sixteenth-century phraseology only provokes one into asking whether ordinary young ladies of that period kept diurnal books, and made such long and wise entries in them as Mistress Isoult Barry. We doubt whether the following remark upon Henry VIII.'s religious views would have been made by a quiet country-bred girl. That Isoult, after her wits had been sharpened by her residence in Courts, and in the Lord Deputy of Calais's household, might write it in conscious sarcasm is possible, supposing her to be fearless as well as shrewd; but that she should set it down in pure ignorance, at a time when she is represented as so simple that she refuses to believe there can be any place more beautiful than the village where she was born, is inconceivable:—

And, indeed, 'tis not a little hard in these times for a poor maid to know what is hersey; the orders so changeable, that what is pure truth to-day shall be rank hersey to-morrow. Only of course that is needs the true faith which it pleaseth the King's Highness for to put forward to be holden.

Mistress Isoult Barry, who makes this sharp observation, is a waiting-gentlewoman to Anne Basset, the step-daughter of Lord Lisle and one of Queen Jane Seymour's maids-of-honour. She is, so Miss Holt tells us, a real person—indeed, almost all the characters are real, and when not, the reader is solemnly warned of the fact—and she is made, as already intimated, to tell her own history by means of her diary, a device of which we are rather weary. At Court she attracts the notice of Lady Latimer, the King's future wife, who gives her Tyndale's translation of the Gospels to read. She afterwards goes to Calais as one of the household of the Lord Deputy, and there the work begun by Lady Latimer is completed by the sermons of George Buckler, *alias* Adam Dampier, the history of whose preaching and death may be found in Foxe's *Martyrs*. In this there is nothing very novel. Most Protestants have been surfeited in their youth with stories in which the hero or heroine is converted from Romanism, and are familiar with every detail of the process; so we shall only say that Miss Holt treats the subject gracefully and in good taste. To draw a religious conversion really well, to let us into the working of the convert's mind so that we should see that the change of opinion or feeling was the natural result of the mental process he or she had passed through, instead of being merely brought about because the author so willed it, would require talents such as are given to few. In many respects *Isoult* is well sketched. The way in which experience of the world changes her from a simple, merry girl into a

grave and thoughtful woman; her childish dislike of George Buckler as a troublesome boy turning to enthusiastic worship when, after an interval of some years, she meets him as the great preacher of the new doctrines; her dread of Master John Avery, whom she has been contracted to in childhood, but has never seen, are well brought out. She has no romance about her, never thinks it possible that she can break off the advantageous marriage her parents have been at great pains to secure for her, but lives in terror of the day when John Avery shall claim his bride. Yet she feels a sense of insult when he appears to hang fire; "for truly (though I little desire his coming) it doth seem somewhat strange that he hath never so much as come to give me good day." But as John Avery turns out to be gifted with all virtues and charms, Isoult is made happy in the end. The dry business-like way in which the matter is treated is an agreeable change from the ordinary sentiment of fiction. The episode of a poor girl who marries a priest, and is subsequently separated from him by the passing of the "Six Articles," is pathetic; and the contrast between Lord Lisle, morbid, gentle, and irresolute, and his quick, shrewd, affectionate wife, who half forces him, half tricks him, into measures of which his conscience disapproves, is effectively drawn. But we protest against being required to remember all Lord Lisle's children and step-children, particularly when they begin to intermarry. No one likes having to get up a pedigree, even though it is neatly drawn out in a note at the end of the book. It should be considered that people read stories for amusement, and *Isoult Barry*, though not uninteresting when one knows what it is about, is too complicated in construction to be read with pleasure at first.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IN scientific, at least as fully as in any other branch of literature, America holds her own. Whatever justice there may be in the proverbial imputations, quite as ripe in their own mouths as in those of any European detractors, which ascribe to the citizens of the Transatlantic Republic an absolute and universal devotion to the worship of the dollar, it must be borne in mind that in a country where, despite the judicious liberality of rich men who are able and willing to divert a much larger portion of their wealth to public purposes than Englishmen can commonly afford to do, endowments are comparatively few and small, there is no lack of men of ability, and even of genius, who are willing to devote their lives to the pursuit of unremunerative studies, and who deliberately prefer a small stipend as professors or scientific observers to the temptations offered by all the manifold avenues to wealth open in a yet young and uncrowded community. It is clear that the love of knowledge for its own sake, the literary and scholarly tastes which have given us the works of a Hallam, a Mackintosh, or a Coleridge, the generous enthusiasm which has rendered a Davy or a Faraday proof against all inducements to turn their talents and acquirements to pecuniary profit rather than to the pure advancement of science, are not less prevalent or less powerful in the land which has produced a Maury and a Motley. American opinion is at least as prone as our own to the encouragement and recognition of such services to mankind. While in this country there is a powerful political party which grudges the application of public money to scientific uses; while the economic school which has attained at all events a temporary and accidental preponderance among official men can hardly be induced to continue the favours accorded by a former generation to science, and is for the most part deaf to all applications for further aid in an age when the means and appliances of scientific investigation are growing daily more costly and less within the reach of the modest fortunes of private students, the publications which emanate from the official presses of the Federal, and even of the States Governments, bear witness to the liberality of the American people, as well as to the diligence and devotion of American investigators. Some of these works have direct reference to practical purposes and pecuniary results—as those, for example, which deal with the mineral and agricultural resources of the country, and particularly of the scarcely settled regions west of the Mississippi Valley; but even in these a large space is given to questions purely scientific. And other books are printed at the public expense which would seem to have little or no interest for any readers but those who have made science a subject of special study. Others, again, published at the cost of private Societies or individuals, bear witness to the existence of a by no means insignificant or confined scientific culture, and a yet more diffused interest in scientific subjects. We have before us at this moment several volumes of special value and interest, some of them executed in a style which certainly suggests a Minister "regardless of expense" to a degree which would startle an English Chancellor of the Exchequer. The manner in which the authorities of the Survey of the Fortieth Parallel have got up the third volume of their series\* and its accompanying *Atlas* certainly implies that they thought efficiency and thoroughness of more account than economy either of time or money, and spared

\* *United States Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel*. Clarence King, Geologist-in-charge.

*Mining Industry*. By James D. Hagen. With Geological Contributions by Clarence King. Submitted to the Chief of Engineers, and published by order of the Secretary of War, under authority of Congress. Illustrated by Thirty-seven Plates and accompanying *Atlas*. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1870.

*Atlas*, accompanying Volume III. on *Mining Industry*. New York: Engraved and Printed by Julius Wess.



the nation's purse no more than their own labour. Four other volumes are to deal with the more strictly scientific aspect of the inquiry; this, the first published, but the third in order, describes the mining industry of Nevada and Colorado. The thick quarto volume which contains the letterpress is printed in such type and on such paper that the reader will be spared the necessity of stooping over the desk on which the book, far too ponderous to be held, must of necessity be laid. It contains a detailed description of the principal lodes, and of the regions in which they are found, with an equally minute account of the mining processes and the machinery employed, profusely illustrated with plates and diagrams showing every part and aspect of each apparatus. The Atlas contains plans on the scale of 100 or 300 feet to an inch of extensive mining districts. At least half of both is devoted to the great silver-bearing bed of Nevada, whose place among the geological strata is clearly indicated by a map, more aptly coloured than geological maps are wont to be. The gold-mining industry of Colorado, and the coal basin of the Green River, are the subjects of separate chapters. It is plain that the processes employed in gold and silver mining, both for the extraction of the ore and the separation of the metal, have been rapidly developed and improved of late years, though both scientific and ordinary skilled labour are still in request; and we should think that Nevada offered as good a field to the enterprise and industry of an English emigrant from the mining districts as his heart could desire.

Next to this imposing work, though of much smaller dimensions and less imposing appearance, are the Reports\* of the United States Expedition sent to the Mediterranean to observe the great Solar Eclipse of December 1870. The Observatory is subordinate to the Navy Department, and it is accordingly to that department that the Report is addressed. It contains separate records of their observations, as well as an introductory paper summing up their general conclusions, from each of the observers employed; elaborate tables of the observations taken in order to determine the exact longitude of the observing stations; notices of the results obtained both with the telescope and the spectroscope, and most interesting facts and inferences with respect to the great subject of present curiosity—the corona. That the corona is a solar appendage—that is, that it does not belong either to the moon or to the terrestrial atmosphere, and that it does not lie, as the matter reflecting the zodiacal light is supposed to do, in the intermediate region between sun and earth—the American observers seem to agree. They note, however, that some of those who took sketches of it by eye were not well practised observers of such phenomena, and seem to have been dazzled and somewhat misled by its radiance. One writer infers that it is a species of solar atmosphere, perhaps composed of incandescent vapour of iron, external of course to the "prominences" or chromosphere; and some such idea seems to prevail among the rest. We should greatly like to see their rejoinder to Mr. Proctor's comment on this theory—namely, that any such atmosphere must, from its enormous weight and the vast force of gravity at the sun's surface, exercise a pressure on the lower strata (the chromosphere included) incompatible with their existence in the gaseous, perhaps even in the liquid, state, whereas we know that the chromosphere at least is gaseous.

Another sub-bureau of the Navy Department, the Hydrographic Office, translates and publishes for the public benefit, primarily of course for the information of naval officers, and to assist them in testing and verifying the theory involved, an interesting series of Papers on the Eastern and Northern Extensions of the Gulf Stream, written by several German hydrographists, and embodying accounts of recent German expeditions to the Arctic Seas, and the results of their experiments. That the Gulf Stream in particular, and the ocean currents in general, are mainly responsible for the various climates of the continents and islands washed by the Atlantic, is a doctrine pretty generally received; but the last papers we had read on the subject did not at all lead us to expect the conclusions to which the German *experts* have come respecting the depth, width, warmth, and extent of the Gulf Stream itself. That it carries along a sufficient body of water at a sufficient temperature to make the difference between the climate of England and the climate of Labrador is so generally assumed, that some recent suppositions as to its shallowness near our shores were a little puzzling; but it is startling to find it here set down as having a depth of several hundred fathoms, and a temperature of 66° in mid-Atlantic, as extending, with diminished depth and warmth, to and beyond the Faroe Islands, and finally circling the Pole itself. On the Polar counter current, which is supposed to cross underneath the Gulf Stream, which undoubtedly kills the northern coasts of the United States, and which the writers trace into the Equatorial Seas, as well as concerning an Antarctic current supposed to find its way into the Northern Temperate Zone, these papers contain some curious dissertations. Perhaps the suggestion which will have most interest for the general

public is that the Polar current, and not the Gulf Stream, governs the direction in which there is the best chance of our one day finding an open water-way to the North Pole.

To these works we may add the "Transactions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," at its Nineteenth Annual Meeting, held at Troy, N. Y., in August 1870. The sections are differently divided and subdivided from those of its British prototype, but the distribution of the papers is sufficiently distinct and logical, and the volume contains the usual number of essays, more or less striking and original, more or less sound and valuable. One paper, by its title, "The Discovery of the Force which originally imparted their Motion to the Stars," may be expected at least to attract curiosity—how far it will repay attentive study we cannot here pretend to decide. The Report of the Commissioner of Patents† contains a list of some 12,000 or 13,000 patents granted during the year 1870.

A curious work on Americanisms‡, by Dr. Schele de Vere, contains a large amount of really interesting and amusing information and speculation regarding the origin of a variety of phrases and words with which the English reader is gradually becoming acquainted through the popularity acquired by the writings of the American humorists of the day. Its chief defect is that it does not distinguish between words which can really be said to form a part of the spoken language of America, and those which are mere slang terms, either peculiar to the uneducated and vulgar, or to particular trades or particular districts; as also that, for want of intimacy with English as spoken at home, the writer often sets down as Americanisms words and forms of speech which are older than the American colonies, either as colloquial idioms or as provincial peculiarities. The chief merit of the book is that it diligently traces the different Americanisms to their origin; some, as "vamosé," through the Texan borderers and Californian settlers to the Spanish; some, through the Western pioneers, to the Indian, as "coyote" to burrow, to sink a small shaft; some to the Dutch of New York, as "Overslaugh," originally the overflow of a river; "cookeys" (also found in Scotland), for small cakes, and "dough-nuts." *Prairie* is French. *Loafer* is said to be German. A large number of colloquial Americanisms are of course simply the phrases of a particular craft or trade, metaphorically applied, and some of these, whose original sense was not exactly self-evident, are ingeniously traced home by Dr. de Vere. Altogether the work is worth dipping into, if not reading through; and it is rendered the more serviceable by a regular glossary of what the author considers as "cant and slang" terms at the end.

Some English readers may remember the name of the Hon. G. W. Julian as an active Radical politician of the second or third rank; but we certainly should not have supposed that his speeches§ were of sufficient importance to be collected and published during his lifetime, with a memoir of the orator, unless as a means of recalling his services to the memory of an ungrateful people. Having read some of them, we are yet more at a loss to understand that in 1871, and under the Presidency of General Grant, an American politician should desire to remind the public that in 1865 he called in terms of frantic abuse for the blood of the Confederate leaders, military as well as civil; that he reviled General Lee in language such as the Attorney-General would hardly venture to use in speaking of "the Claimant," and bitterly complained that the General who had for four years stood between the devastators of his native State and the reprisals justified by the laws of war had not, in violation of every law of honour and of civilized warfare, been hanged as a criminal.

We have on our list two biographical works of very different quality. The *Life and Letters of Catherine M. Sedgwick*|| is a well-edited volume, in which the materials supplied by the autobiographical recollections and profuse correspondence of the subject are pieced into a quasi-continuous whole by the introduction of as little adventitious matter as possible. As Miss Sedgwick's life was utterly uneventful, and the whole interest of the book centres in her lively, graceful, and sensible letters, this mode, defective as it would be for narrative purposes, is excellently adapted to the editor's particular objects. "A Woman's Mission"¶ is simply the story of a missionary school maintained by an American lady at Corfu, where it was perhaps as much wanted as in India or Natal, but where, as in a Christian country, the idea of a "mission" seems not a little impertinent.

\* *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Nineteenth Meeting, held at Troy, New York, August 1870.* Cambridge: Joseph Lovering. London: Tribner & Co. 1871.

† *41st Congress, 3rd Session, House of Representatives, Ex. Doc. No. 29. Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1870.* Vol. 1. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1871.

‡ *Americanisms; the English of the New World.* By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia; Author of "Studies in English," &c. New York: Scribner & Co. 1872.

§ *Speeches on Political Questions, by George W. Julian.* With an Introduction by L. Maria Child. New York: Hunt & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

|| *Life and Letters of Catherine M. Sedgwick.* Edited by Mary E. Davoy. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

¶ *One Woman's Mission, and How She Fulfilled It: a Memorial of Mrs. Harriet E. Phelps.* By Rev. A. M. Arnold, D.D., Professor in the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill. Boston: Young & Co. London: Tribner & Co. 1871.

\* *Washington Observations for 1870. Appendix I. Reports on Observations of the Total Solar Eclipse of December 1870.* Conducted under the direction of Rear-Admiral B. F. Sanble, U.S.N., Superintendent of the U.S. Naval Observatory, Washington, D.C. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1871.

† *Summary of Navigation; Hydrographic Office. Papers on the Eastern and Northern Extensions of the Gulf Stream.* From the Collection of Dr. A. F. Schott, Dr. W. von Freeden, and Dr. A. Hilgert. Translated by the United States Hydrographic Office, in charge of Captain L. A. Wyman, U.S.N. By E. A. Knorr. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Tribner & Co. 1871.

*Woman's Worth and Worthlessness*\*, by Gail Hamilton, is a curious attempt to hold the balance between the old and new ideas of woman's position by outraging both. The authoress denounces woman's suffrage, not because woman is not equal to man, but because she is infinitely superior. She ought to bear rule over the man at home, and he ought to be her supporter and agent abroad. At the same time, the writer's honesty compelling her to admit that women are disqualified from active competition with men by inferiority of intellectual as well as of physical strength, her claim to domestic supremacy somewhat conflicts with her admission that the strongest must rule, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding. In short, the book displays, from the first page to the last, an internal conflict between the instinct and experience which force on the woman the conviction of woman's weakness, and the modern temper, fostered in America by democratic education, which cannot bear to acknowledge a superior authority or an obligation of obedience. We fear the "shrieking sisterhood" are beyond the reach of Gail Hamilton's arguments; and to ordinary Englishwomen, and in ordinary English homes, she who is a preacher of peace and decency to the sexual revolutionists of America would be a firebrand of discord and rebellion.

*A Russian Journey*†, by Edna Dean Proctor, is chiefly occupied with brief but clear descriptions of the principal cities and buildings—"the sights," in short—of a journey which extended from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and from Moscow to Kazan, the Volga, the Euxine, and Sebastopol. The memories of the latter seem to have suggested to the writer the moral of the book—that Russia is destined to take Constantinople and reign supreme in the East as the United States in the West; and that no Power can then pretend to compete with either of them. Of the British Empire not a word is said; by that time of course it will have vanished into thin air. That the said Empire might make any difficulty about vanishing, or might interfere in the least with the realization of the Russo-American dream, Edna Proctor, who of course is well up in the Treaty of Washington, does not contemplate as an hypothesis worth even a word of refutation.

*Japan in Our Day*‡ is intended to form part of an illustrated library of travel, at once instructive and entertaining; consequently it is neither quite one thing nor quite another. It is not the record of a journey; it is not the description of a country taken from several travellers; it is not a history; but it is a sort of mixture of all three. On such a plan no writer could construct a really readable book; but Mr. Bayard Taylor has done his best.

*Border Reminiscences*§ is the misleading title given to a collection of anecdotes of West Point, of military life, of pioneering, of Indian adventure—a medley, in short, of amusing recollections such as a man who has roughed it in all parts of the Union, and mingled in all the society of the frontiers, could not but be able to produce in his old age for the benefit of his grandchildren. If the stories are not very good, they are quite good enough to provoke a laugh; and no one who takes up the volume will regret spending a leisure half-hour over its pages.

We have several collections of poems, none of them without merit. Bret Harte's *East and West*|| contains, we think, few or no pieces which were not contained in volumes already mentioned in these columns. Mr. Leland's¶ poems are such as might be expected from those who have read both his translations and his *Breitmann Ballads*; they have neither all the flavour which the latter derive from their peculiar dialect, nor all the power which in the former belongs to the original; but they are far from being weak or worthless. The *Last Knight*\*\* is a translation from the German into a species of loose and somewhat jingling ballad metre, but by no means wanting in spirit or vivacity.

\* *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness: the Complement to a New Atmosphere*. By Gail Hamilton. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *A Russian Journey*. By Edna Dean Proctor. Boston: Osgood & Co., late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Illustrated Library of Travel, Explorations, and Adventure. Japan in Our Day*. Compiled and Arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

§ *Border Reminiscences*. By Randolph B. Marey, U.S. Army. Author of the "Prairie Traveller," "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

|| *East and West*. Poems. By Bret Harte. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

¶ *The Music Lesson of Confucius, and other Poems*. By Charles Godfrey Leland. Boston: Osgood & Co. 1872.

\*\* *The Last Knight*. A Romance Garland. From the German of Anastasius Grün. Translated, with Notes, by John O. Sargent. New York: Hard & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

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January 30, 1872. G. GROVE, Secretary.

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## THE ALABAMA ARBITRATION.

SOME weeks ago it was announced that the Lord Chief Justice had visited Geneva for the purpose of meeting his colleagues, in order that the Tribunal of Arbitration might be formally constituted. Little attention was paid to a statement that the English Government had proposed to waive the ceremonial proceeding, but that the Americans, in the exercise of their undoubted right, required that all proceedings should be taken in regular order. It is perhaps not hypercritical to suspect that a practical motive may have induced the Government of the United States to insist on the strict observance of form. It may perhaps have been foreseen that the publication of the American Case would cause a revulsion of feeling, and that the English Government would hesitate before proceeding with a reference to the Tribunal of claims which, as the Americans well knew, had been supposed by the English Commissioners to have been finally abandoned. It really matters little by what means the formation of the Tribunal has been completed, since no objection could be made to the competence of the arbitrators before they were ready to commence their duties. By the First Article of the Treaty "all the said claims growing out of acts committed by the aforesaid vessels" (i.e. by the *Alabama* and other vessels which escaped from British ports), "and generically known as the *Alabama* claims, shall be referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration." It is clear that the English Government is not bound under this head to refer to the Tribunal claims on account of the *Sumter* or other vessels which never escaped from British ports. According to received rules of interpretation, the mention in the First Article of specific claims would overrule or interpret the vague language of the Second Article, which directs the Arbitrators "to examine and decide all questions that shall be laid before them on the part of the Government of Her Britannic Majesty and the United States respectively"; but the American counsel will necessarily contend that the reference is open and unlimited, and that the word "questions" in the Second Article is equivalent to the word "claims" in the First Article. In municipal litigation a difference as to the scope of a submission to arbitration would be determined in the last resort, not by the arbitrators themselves, but by some Court of competent jurisdiction. An arbitration between sovereign Powers is controlled by no superior tribunal, and consequently either Government must exercise its own discretion as to withdrawing from the arbitration in preference to acquiescing in any usurpation of authority. Many years ago the settlement of the boundary line between Maine and Canada was referred by both Governments to the King of the Netherlands, who, in excess of his powers, awarded an arbitrary line as a compromise, instead of adjudicating on the evidence. The American Government consequently rejected the award, and the English Government acquiesced in their decision.

The extreme carelessness with which the Treaty was drawn renders the position of the Government in the highest degree embarrassing. If the Treaty is construed together with the Protocols which record the proceedings of the High Commission, it is clear that the arbitrators are precluded from entertaining a claim for indirect damages. The demand was expressly waived on the part of the American Government, in the hope of attaining the amicable settlement which was immediately afterwards effected by the English tender of an apology, and by the admission of a new standard of international right to be retrospectively applied. The American Commissioners must have been fully aware that their English colleagues concluded the Treaty on the distinct understanding that the only question submitted to the Tribunal was the liability of England for the actual damage done to American

merchants and shipowners by the operations of certain cruisers; yet it is probable that the Government of the United States will rely on the vague and elastic terms of the Treaty itself, to the exclusion of all preliminary documents. Under the Second Article, if it is considered without reference to the First, any claim whatever, even if it had not reference either to the Confederate cruisers or to the civil war, might be preferred by the American agents before the Tribunal at Geneva; and the audacious demand for reimbursement of the cost of two or three campaigns, although it involves a grievous violation of good faith, is not inconsistent with the letter of the clause. The English Commissioners, or rather the Government from which they received daily instructions, consented almost without protest to waive all counter-claims for the damage caused by the open connivance of the American authorities at the Fenian invasions of Canada. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE perhaps wished to offer even excessive facilities for the recognition of the genuine *Alabama* claims, in the well-founded belief that nothing less than the concession of their right to compensation would thoroughly satisfy the Americans. The excessive anxiety of the English Government to conciliate the other party to the controversy, though it has been proved by the result to have been impolitic, was substantially approved by the great majority of English politicians. Until the publication of the abstract of the American Statement, not even the severest critics of Lord KIRON's diplomacy suspected the possibility of the sharp practice which has been rendered possible by extreme friendliness and unfounded confidence. Although it may be deemed impossible that any body of jurists should admit the extravagant and dishonest claims which have astonished Europe, England cannot afford a second time to incur by negligence a risk of miscarriage. If the highest legal authorities hold that the scope of the Treaty is governed by the Protocols of the High Commission, the English Government ought to insist on the rejection of the claim for indirect damages before the commencement of the arbitration. The American Statement recites, as a material document in the litigation, the Protocol which is fatal to the claim. If the objection to the admission of the claim for indirect damages is taken and overruled, the English arbitrator and counsel will probably withdraw from further proceedings. Successive English Governments have done their utmost to satisfy American feeling by the REVERDY JOHNSON Treaty and by the Treaty of Washington. Every advance that they have made has been rewarded by a fresh outbreak of animosity; and the American Statement is more deliberately offensive than Mr. SUMNER's speech, Mr. Fish's despatch, or General GRANT's first Message to Congress. Any one of these public declarations might have served as the preamble to a declaration of war; and now Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and his colleagues have done their worst. If the Americans wish to express still more hostile feelings, they must discontinue verbal controversy; and perhaps, instead of permitting Fenian incursions, they will themselves undertake an unprovoked invasion of Canada.

One consideration of the highest importance has perhaps been overlooked in the just irritation caused by the publication of the American Statement. The policy of the Government of the United States has not yet been sanctioned by public opinion. The abstract of the claim appeared in the *New York Times* a few days before Christmas, and it was not till the end of the first week in January that its contents were generally known in England. The extravagance of the claim was immediately noted by writers who were not committed to approval of the Treaty, but several days elapsed before the majority of English journalists could persuade themselves that the American Government was in the right. The comments on the Treaty and the

claim which have since followed in rapid succession must by this time have been generally read in the United States; but the impression produced there is not yet known; and it may be confidently asserted that Americans in general will be as much surprised as Englishmen. For three weeks after the publication of the summary of claims the subject scarcely attracted the slightest notice in the United States, although the *New York Times* accurately described the Statement with its violent invectives as an indictment against the English Government. The *Nation* soon afterwards expressed an opinion, which may perhaps be generally entertained, that the enormous demands of the United States would probably result in an award of a few millions of dollars. It would not be in the nature of an American journalist to express disapproval of an exaggerated claim, or to comprehend that there was any impropriety in a series of violent attacks on the English Government and nation. A Correspondent of the *Times* has stated that in a recent visit to the United States he had not met with a single American who contemplated as possible the claim for indirect damages which forms the sting of the American demand. It is certain that in America, as in England, the Treaty and the reference to arbitration were regarded as an amicable settlement of all causes of difference; nor can it have been thought that friendly feeling would be compatible with the exaction of a penalty representing the cost of one or two years of the civil war. Thus far the people of the United States are not responsible for the hostile proceedings of their Government; but there is too much reason to fear that, when they understand the nature and extent of the claim, they will adopt a policy which must necessarily render the Treaty abortive. The President, Mr. HAMILTON FISH, Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS, and Mr. CALLEB CUSHING cannot but have supposed that acrimonious declamation and litigious extortion would be agreeable to their countrymen. If it had been their object to attain an establishment of friendly relations with England, the professed object of the Treaty, they would not have indulged in the offensive charges and imputations which form the bulk of the Statement. Even if they had in good faith thought that the terms of reference included a claim for indirect damages, it would have been easy to use courteous and temperate language. The tone and temper of the Statement preclude the supposition that it can have been framed in an amicable spirit.

It is satisfactory to observe that, for the first time in eleven years, all parties in England are absolutely of one mind on the merits of a controversy with America. The most enthusiastic supporters of the cause of the North during the Civil War, the most devoted admirers of Republican institutions, concur in the determination to resist pretensions which can only have been advanced for the purposes of injury and insult. Only a few politicians are perhaps aware how entirely the English Government had the best of the controversy from the days of Lord RUSSELL and Mr. ADAMS downwards. Even if the arbitration proceeds, it will be difficult for the Tribunal to find a pretext for awarding damages on account of the escape of the *Alabama*. The persistent assertions and the resolute diplomacy of the American Government have probably persuaded the majority of Englishmen that the duties of neutrality were at least imperfectly discharged; yet it is absolutely certain that the Government of the day intended in good faith to maintain perfect impartiality between the belligerents. The concessions which were involved in the Treaty of Washington were dictated by the anxiety of the Government and the nation to obliterate the unfriendly feelings which had their origin or their pretext in the conduct of England during the war. The American Government has since repeatedly taken credit to itself for obtaining an apology and a retrospective admission of new doctrines of international law; and, having received full consideration for modifying its hostile demeanour, it now takes advantage of the careless good faith of the English representatives to combine vituperation, hitherto unprecedented in diplomacy, with a claim for a tribute equal in amount to the demands of Germany against France.

#### THE TREATY OF COMMERCE.

THE French Assembly has reached the point at which it becomes necessary that it should consider whether it will authorise the Government to put an end to the Treaty of Commerce with England. The Commission selected to report on the matter was composed of members ten of whom were known to be in favour of the Treaty being terminated, while only five were in favour of its being kept in force.

The Report, therefore, as might have been expected, was in harmony with the known opinions of the majority of the Commission. Their views are also those of the majority of the Assembly; and the Assembly has shown, by decisive votes against preliminary proposals to let the matter stand over for the present, that it will give the Government the authority for which it so vehemently implores. For many months negotiations have been going on between the English and French Governments as to the Treaty, and both the Commission and the Assembly were very anxious to have a copy of the correspondence laid before them; but the Government declared that it was unusual and impolitic to publish correspondence belonging to negotiations still going on. Sufficient, however, was revealed by the Government to make it intelligible what has been the line adopted by the English Cabinet; and the course taken has been, so far as we can gather, a very proper one. The Treaty can be terminated by notice given a twelvemonth before the time of expiry; and some doubt existed whether this notice must be given before the 4th of February, the date of the Treaty. The English Government, willing to avoid all difficulties, has declared that it will accept a year's notice at whatever date it may be given. Then, again, the Treaty has always been regarded as having a political and social bearing as well as an economical bearing, and as conducing to promote good feeling and constant intercourse between the two nations. The English Government has stated that, if France chooses to terminate the Treaty, England will recognize this as solely caused by the financial difficulties of France, and not as betokening any diminution of cordiality towards this country. Further, the English Government, it may be inferred, has, without giving any distinct and embarrassing pledge, allowed it to be understood that we shall not commence a new war of tariffs; or, in other words, that we shall not preclude ourselves from enjoying the imports from France that we want because France will not take as much from us as she has done. The whole basis of Free Trade, a basis which we may almost say no nation but England really comprehends, is that the way to make a nation rich is to get as many foreign products as it can for its consumption or use at the very lowest cost possible. It would be Englishmen, not Frenchmen, who would suffer most if we made our claret dear. Therefore the French are quite welcome to terminate the Treaty if they think fit, although we should have cause to regret that they should do so; for it would check the increasing intercourse between the two nations, it would throw France out of the rank of progressive countries, and it would, no doubt, inflict considerable injury on some important branches of English trade. The effect of the new commercial policy of France, will be, we believe, to increase English trade on the whole, for in the markets of the world the languor of Protectionist countries cannot compete with the energy of Free-Trade countries, and we should probably gain most of what France lost. But still there are branches of English trade which would, temporarily at least, suffer from the abrogation of the French Treaty; and this would be a subject of regret, although not perhaps of so much regret as the spectacle of a great nation like France setting itself to go back from the paths of economical wisdom.

But even the majority of the Assembly does not like the notion of the Treaty being wholly terminated. It would like to have it recast, so that it might exist and produce its good effects, while it allowed France to put on exactly what tariffs she pleased. M. THIERS and M. FOYER-QUETIER honestly avow that they hate Treaties of Commerce altogether. They think the policy of the Emperor in concluding such treaties entirely wrong, and positively injurious to France. But these extreme opinions are shared avowedly by very few. Most of those who are now engaged in voting that notice shall be given to terminate the Treaty think, or at least adopt the language of those who think, that the Treaty has been very beneficial. They even say that Free Trade is a good thing in itself, but that France is in great difficulties, and must be placed in a position to do freely what she thinks best for herself. The Government itself tries to borrow this style of talking as well as it can, and vows that it is not from any bias towards the system of Protection that it thinks that the Treaty should be terminated. M. THIERS does not, of course, for a moment conceal that he is as staunch a Protectionist as ever; but he says that he is willing to waive the abstract superiority of Protection, and to take his stand on the ground on which the majority of the Assembly resolve to stand—that the termination of the Treaty is necessary to give France fiscal freedom. The Commission selected to draw up the Report was strongly pressed by the Free-Trade minority in its ranks to



insert a definite statement that the termination of the Treaty was not to carry with it a return to Protection. But it would not go so far as this. All it would do was to advise that the Assembly should state, in adopting the proposed Bill, that it did so without wishing to return to the fiscal system obtaining in France before 1866. This means very little, and was meant to mean very little. The Assembly in fact is quite at home about Protection. It is not capable of asking itself what it means by a modification of tariffs which shall not involve a return to Protection. The Government stated that it has repeatedly asked the English Government whether it will consent to modify the Treaty instead of having it terminated; and the English Government has always declared itself, and still declares itself, quite willing to discuss any proposals for a modification of the Treaty which do not involve a return to Protection in France. But there are no modifications on which the French Government sets any value which do not involve such a return. Directly the vague term "modification" is translated into plain language, it is found to mean schemes for protecting certain favoured kinds of French produce. The recent debate on the taxation of raw materials amply showed this. One of the chief objects on which M. THIERS had most set his heart was an import duty on wool, and he wanted this mainly because he declared that, without a differential duty in their favour, French wool-growers could not compete with the wool-growers of English colonies. If he had chosen for mere revenue purposes to tax French wool and foreign wool alike, the Treaty of Commerce would have interposed no obstacle. It is quite open to France to do this to-morrow if she pleases. But this would not at all have suited him. It is true it would have been of much more use to the French Treasury, in the interests of which the whole subject of the Treaty is supposed to be discussed; but it would have given no bonus to French wool-growers, and therefore the Government wishes the Treaty modified, so as to let the French wool-growers have their bonus; and the Assembly in its innocence pronounces such modifications highly desirable, and not involving any approach whatever to Protection.

But the real tendency of the majority of the Assembly may be judged otherwise than by looking in what direction M. THIERS is guiding their bewildered minds and feeble purposes. They have just done something all by themselves, and a pretty piece of work it is that they have done. They have passed, in the shape of a Bill for regulating maritime commerce, one of the most ineffectual and silly measures ever passed by a legislative body. It cannot come into more than the most limited operation for five years, as during that time France is bound to Austria, and through Austria to nations that can claim to stand on the same footing with her, by treaties creating reciprocal freedom of navigation. While the Bill was being passed so many exemptions were introduced that, even if it could operate, little revenue would be derived from it. The object of raising a revenue, which is supposed to be the only object the Assembly has in view in its discussions on the Budget, was avowedly left out of consideration. It was allowed that the Treasury would receive no benefit from the Bill worthy of notice; but it was said that the Bill was necessary to keep up the French navy. The French cannot build iron ships, it was urged, and they cannot build wooden ships so cheaply as foreigners can. What then is to become of the French navy if the commercial fleet, which ought to be its nursery, goes to decay? An officer of high rank in the navy pointed out that what the Bill really came to was an attempt at this period of the nineteenth century to get the carrying trade of France done by wooden sailing-ships, while other nations did their carrying trade by iron steamers. A member of the Ministry allowed that this was so, but argued in reply that this would be such a wonderful advantage to the French navy that patriotism bade every other consideration sink out of sight. While the Treaties now existing endure, it was conceded that the Bill could not do much good or harm; but the Government suggested that, as England was willing, if France wished it, to see its Treaty of Commerce of 1860 terminated, a successful appeal might be soon made to Austria and other nations to follow the example of England. It certainly sounds odd that France should go to Austria and ask Austria to give up a pecuniary benefit, not that France may be helped in its difficulties, but that a nursery for the French navy may be artificially created. The experience of the United States certainly supplies almost incontestable ground for believing that, if Austria agreed to terminate its treaty, and the French Government had its way and protected its commercial fleet of France as much as it wished, this nursery of the

navy would wither away altogether. But this only leads to Austria being invited to sponsor an advantageous treaty in order that France may effect an object with which Austria has nothing to do, by a system of legislation which would produce exactly the reverse of what it was intended to produce. The views of the majority of the Assembly are not, however, to be judged only by the general scope of the Bill. One of the exemptions which it allowed is equally indicative. Some one pointed out that one effect of the Bill would be to increase the price of guano by twenty francs a ton. The majority was seized with instant horror. Agriculturists would not like this at all, and agriculturists have to be considered as no other class has. The special friends of the peasants found themselves on the brink of putting the peasants on the level of other consumers of imports, and they recoiled at once from so terrible an abyss. They voted that guano should come in without paying any tax whatever. *Fertilis minimus agricola*. The peasants, and the peasants alone, are to be favoured in a Bill for regulating maritime commerce; and yet the Assembly half believes that it does not wish to see the English Treaty terminated, but only wishes to see it modified without any return to Protection.

#### THE COMING SESSION.

THE plan of the Session, so far as the Government can control it, is definite and unambitious. Mr. BAUX lately informed a deputation that the error of bringing forward too many measures would not be repeated. This time Temple Bar will be passable, if only there is no traffic coming the other way. The Ballot Bill, with the improvements announced by Lord HARTINGTON, ought not to occupy any considerable time. The opponents of secret voting may fairly submit to the majority, finding any consolation which they may require in the knowledge that they have given the Government an opportunity of modifying or completing an imperfect measure. If the House of Lords desires to relieve the Ministry from its numerous difficulties, it cannot do better than once more reject a Bill which it will ultimately have to pass. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues would wish for nothing better than to rest their continuance in office on the issue whether the Lords are to determine the mode of electing the House of Commons. Mr. DIXON of the Birmingham League is also Mr. DIXON of the Association for Reforming the House of Lords, and the malcontents in general would engage in the struggle with the House of Lords as heartily as the mutineers of the *Nore* returned to their allegiance when they were hurried off to fight the battle of Camperdown. It is more probable that the Ballot will be practically disposed of when the Bill leaves the House of Commons; and the QUEEN'S Speech has been anticipated by the official declaration that the Scotch Education Bill and the Mines Regulation Bill are to follow next in order. The fourth place must be assigned to Mr. STANSFELD'S Local Government Bill, which will be favourably considered if its provisions are confined to the primary object of sanitary improvement. Arbitrary redistribution of taxation would produce strong opposition; and it may be hoped that Mr. STANSFELD will abstain from reproducing Mr. GOSCHEN'S cooked statistics as a pretext for unjust legislation. The Mines Regulation Bill, though it will be introduced by the HOME SECRETARY, also relates to a sanitary question. There can be but one opinion as to the expediency of protecting colliers from foul air and firedamp, and the House will have every disposition to support a well-considered measure. The inquiries of Committees and Commissions have supplied some of the materials for legislation, and the Government can command all the professional assistance which may be necessary.

In ordinary times a Scotch Education Bill would excite but little interest among the majority of members. The wholesome tradition of leaving Scotch matters to the management of Scotch members has given equal satisfaction on both sides of the Border. No reasonable Englishman pretends to understand questions which are even remotely connected with the ecclesiastical concerns of the Presbyterian Church and its numerous schismatic offshoots. From the singular coincidence of diversities of opinion on Church government with unity of theological doctrine, it has happened that sects which are habitually engaged among themselves in internecine warfare are always ready to combine against the rest of the world. It may be collected from the LORD ADVOCATE'S recent speech that the Government has, against its inclination, recognized the force of some affluence of the kind in preparing the Scotch Education Bill. Any oppression of a minority which

may be contemplated by the Ministers and their Scotch supporters would have been easily effected if the English and Irish members could have been induced to adopt their usual policy of abstention; but at present the question of education is in a combustible state, and an explosion commencing in any part of the United Kingdom will inevitably spread. The militant English Nonconformists have already announced their intention of attacking the Government on the Scotch Bill; and on the other side the Irish will eagerly join in the fray; nor can the remainder of the House of Commons be expected to shrink from the discussion. The faction which lately assembled at Manchester probably overrates its strength, for it was remarkable that only half-a-dozen obscure members of Parliament could be induced to take part in the Conference. The narrow bigotry and the arrogant intolerance of the speakers will not have rendered their cause more popular; but the more turbulent Dissenting ministers command a certain number of votes in almost every borough; and a not inconsiderable section in the House itself is pledged to attempt the repeal of some important parts of the English Education Bill. The Government is undoubtedly alarmed at the threatened secession; nor can it at present foresee the results of the contest which will arise on the discussion of the Scotch Education Bill. Attempts will be made at the same time to extort a disclosure of the Ministerial policy with respect to Ireland; and it may happen that a casual combination of hostile parties will precipitate a crisis. It would be impossible to obtain a majority in support of any common theory of education to be indiscriminately applied to all parts of the kingdom. A more skilful tactician than Mr. GLADSTONE might perhaps contrive to play off his various adversaries against one another, and especially to make the North and South, like Austria and France, shoot in each other's mouth. The Dissenters and Secularists will not be well advised if they insist on forcing their favourite nostrum on the unwilling Scotch. It is not impossible that the casual struggle on a point of secondary importance may accelerate the impending disruption of the Liberal party. The adhesion of some of the moderate Liberals of the last general election to the Conservative candidate in the Northern Division of the West Riding is significant of a coming change; but cautious politicians would deprecate the separate organization of an extreme party with Mr. GLADSTONE for its probable leader.

It is unfortunate that the first debates of the Session can scarcely fail to damage Mr. GLADSTONE and one of his principal colleagues. On no question has there been greater unanimity of judgment than on the impropriety of the judicial appointment which has been so fully discussed. Mr. GLADSTONE has further gone out of his way to advertise his contempt for Acts of Parliament by his wanton disregard of recent legislation in his disposal of the living of Ewelme. It was expressly provided that the benefice should be held by a Master of Arts of Oxford; and Mr. GLADSTONE, who would probably otherwise have given the preferment, according to his usual practice, to a member of his own election Committee, capriciously selected a Cambridge graduate who had merely gone through the form of being admitted *ad eundem* at Oxford. The object was perhaps rather to enjoy the intellectual gratification of a quibble than to evade the law; but when such eccentric tastes are repeatedly indulged, Parliament cannot be expected to approve of a virtual illegality merely on the ground of its sophistical ingenuity. The question is nevertheless one on which a vote may be justifiably given on party grounds; and it would be better to elicit a general condemnation of the appointment than to force a division. In the House of Lords it is thought that personal respect and regard for the LORD CHANCELLOR will prevent the adoption of a hostile vote; but the over-zealous admirers who defend his occasional abuse of patronage on the ground of his superhuman virtue are not the most judicious of advocates. All the world admits that the LORD CHANCELLOR is a good man, but he would be none the worse if he were to make good appointments of County Court Judges. Cynical suggestions that conscious virtue is sometimes unscrupulous ought not to be too literally construed.

It is at present impossible to determine whether the Ministers will be compelled to defend their conduct in a far graver matter. The uneasiness which has been caused by the American indictment against the English nation will unavoidably be expressed in the form of anxious and urgent inquiries. The Ministers might indeed contend that their conduct in concluding the Treaty of Washington was virtually approved by Parliament, because it was never discussed or criticized; but the Executive Government is properly

held responsible for its own miscarriages, even though the House of Commons or the country may have shared its errors of judgment. With blameable carelessness, politicians of all parties looked only to the assumed fact of a reconciliation with America, instead of examining the terms of the Treaty to discover the loopholes which were left for the sharp practice of a litigious adversary. The disregard of the wholesome rule of employing in confidential transactions only the partisans of the Government was not sufficiently noted at the time. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had not been invited to take part in the Commission, or if he had refused the appointment, the regular Opposition would perhaps have exercised its proper function of watching and criticizing the Ministerial negotiations. Mr. DISRAELI, having formally assented to the acceptance of the office by his colleague, became indirectly a party to the Treaty; and Mr. GLADSTONE, though it is but fair to acquit him of any selfish purpose in the arrangement, finds himself relieved from the necessity of defending the Commission in the House of Commons. When the question is raised, any demand for reserve or postponement which may be preferred by the Ministers must in common prudence, and in accordance with Parliamentary custom, be conceded; but it is not impossible that the Government itself may wish to be strengthened in resistance to extravagant pretensions by an expression of Parliamentary opinion. One of the minor consequences of the threatening attitude of the American Government will be the difficulty or impossibility of adjusting the Budget. The great prosperity of the past year may fail to produce any fiscal relief, if it becomes necessary either to pay a heavy fine for peace or to prepare resistance to insufferable aggression. Mr. BRUCE may repair past miscarriages by the easy process of leaving the publicans alone; but Mr. LOWE may probably have been anxious to retrieve the exceptional discredit of last year's financial arrangements. Mr. GOSCHEN will perhaps undertake to correct the administrative anarchy which has been disclosed by the *Megara* Commission. On the whole, the prospects of the Ministers are not remarkably cheerful, but some of the obstacles which apparently await them may possibly dissolve as the Session advances.

#### FRANCE.

THE forced reconciliation between M. THIERS and the Assembly has had the effect which forced reconciliations usually have. The Assembly feels even less love for the PRESIDENT than before, and the PRESIDENT shows no disposition to treat the Assembly with greater consideration. If M. THIERS had wished to make his peace with the Chamber, there was an obvious means of doing so open to him. He might have hinted to M. POUYER-QUERTIER that the proper course for a Finance Minister whose Budget has been rejected is to retire from office. It is true that M. POUYER-QUERTIER's plans were really the plans of M. THIERS, but here was an opportunity of making a show of deference to the majority, by assuming for the moment that constitutional impersonality to which they are anxious to see the PRESIDENT reduced. Without abandoning the essentials of his scheme of taxation, M. THIERS might have made it less offensive by committing the further exposition of it to a Minister who was understood to accept it from financial necessity rather than from choice. The resolution adopted by the Assembly to try every other means of raising money before resorting to a tax on raw materials gave just the opening which such a Minister might have turned to account. He must be a very poor financier who cannot convince a Committee that this or that proposal is inadmissible when he has himself to supply it with the means of forming a judgment. M. THIERS's view of his own position seems to resemble that of a lion-tamer who thinks it prudent to rule his beasts by fear, even when to all appearance he could make them do what he wishes by coaxing. What the wire whip and the heated irons are to the one, M. POUYER-QUERTIER is to the other.

There are signs, however, that the submission of the Assembly is not without its limits. There has been some serious talk among the majority of appointing a Vice-President of the Republic, and overtures have even been made to Marshal MACMAHON in order to ascertain whether he will accept the post. The wish to give the proposed second place in the State to a soldier is sufficiently significant of the purpose with which the new office would be created. The Assembly is very much afraid of letting M. THIERS go, but its alarm has nothing in common with any real desire to retain him. It dislikes him because, in spite of many faults of character, he is at bottom a Parliamentary statesman. He

will bring a great deal of illegitimate pressure to bear on the representatives of the nation, but he wishes, notwithstanding, to rule through them, not without them. In the eyes of a part, at all events, of the majority this desire seems altogether out of place. For more than twenty years they have been disused to Parliamentary government, and even before that time the traditions with which Parliamentary government is associated are for the most part traditions of weakness. The deputies of the Right do not trouble themselves about political philosophy, or the injury which a nation sustains from the loss of the habits and instincts which only self-government can give. But they do care about being protected against revolution by some one stronger than themselves. They have no special love probably of military despotism, and for this reason, among others, they were glad when the work which had heretofore been done by the NAPOLEONS was taken in hand by a civilian. But M. THIERS has an unfortunate preference for Republican forms, and his reactionary tendencies take for the most part a financial direction. It is true he maintains the state of siege here and there, but he does it as though it were only an exceptional expedient to be resorted to in extreme cases. He does not deny that he wishes to see the Assembly back in Paris, which to many of the Deputies seems a desire almost murderous in its malignity. Those and similar faults have pretty well disgusted them with M. THIERS, and yet so long as he is without any recognized lieutenant it is impossible to send him about his business. M. THIERS has told a deputation that, in the event of his resigning, his patriotism will ensure his continuance in office until such time as his successor is appointed, or that, supposing him to be unable to do this, the supreme executive authority will be worthily exercised by M. GRÉVY. But this picture of a future which they are more than half inclined to turn into a present has no charms for the Right. It is one thing to elect a soldier to reign over them, and another to provide for his exercising temporary powers by a devolution of authority which has been arranged for beforehand. The former might be impracticable without a revolution, the latter would give rise to no excitement, and if it had been acquiesced in during M. THIERS's term of office could hardly be repudiated after his retirement. The thought of having M. GRÉVY for a protector is even more distasteful to them than the thought of retaining M. THIERS. M. GRÉVY's Republicanism is of a more decided hue than the PRESIDENT's, and his character, as displayed in the chair of the Assembly, is certainly not less resolute. The appointment of a Vice-President would give them precisely the opportunity they are seeking. They could put a creature of their own into the post, and thus make the retirement of M. THIERS a positive gain to the Monarchical cause, instead of, as now, the signal for an outbreak of anarchy. It is one of the few bits of good fortune that have fallen to the share of France of late years that Marshal MACMAHON seems to be superior to personal ambition. He is in a position which might well tempt a man to play the part of a MONK or a BONAPARTE. If he would consent to be the first Vice-President, the post would probably be at once created for his occupation. But Marshal MACMAHON steadily refuses to take any part in politics, and though something has been said about appointing another General, there is no certainty that any one except the Commander-in-Chief will possess that influence over the army which would constitute the best weapon at the Vice-President's disposal. For the most part when a nation or a party wish to sell themselves into slavery they have no difficulty in finding a purchaser. Marshal MACMAHON's determination not to make a tool of the majority, even when the majority ask to be made a tool of, will probably be fatal to the scheme.

The fresh manifesto from the Count of CHAMBORD makes it additionally difficult to obtain a Monarchical Government, except by something in the nature of a *coup d'état*. Orleanists of the school of M. GUIZOT may admit the hopelessness of a fusion between the older and younger branches, and acquiesce in the conclusion that there is no Government possible but a Republic. There are other Orleanists, however, who have become so, not from political conviction, but simply from a belief that in no other way are they so likely to secure a Government which will keep down Communism, Socialism, and every other heresy which makes light of the sacred institution of property. To the accomplishment of these hopes a fusion seems indispensable. The French Conservatives are a strong party numerically, but they are greatly divided on the question what form their Conservatism shall take. While the Empire lived and prospered they were willing for the most part to give it a general support. But now

that the Empire is gone they have no similar agreement as to what shall be put in its place. Legitimist, Orleanist, Imperialist Restorations have each their advocates, and there are times when the mutual hatred of the three parties almost overpowers their common hatred of the Republic. Still a union between any two of them would render the cause of the third hopeless, and would thus in all probability win over the majority of its adherents. Such a solution is impossible, except between the Legitimists and the Orleanists; between them it might be possible if it were not for the Count of CHAMBORD. So long as he will neither abdicate in favour of the Count of PARIS nor consent to a Legitimist restoration conducted on Orleanist principles, there seems but a small chance that either of them will be King of France. The history of the Monarchy of July shows that the only hope for Royalty lies in the perfect accord of its natural supporters. Legitimists and Orleanists working together might possibly build up a throne strong enough to hold its own against the Republic. The announcement that the Count of CHAMBORD will not desert his subjects, coupled with his refusal to become the legitimate King of a Revolution, has again scattered all these expectations. The next Sovereign of France may be legitimate or illegitimate as regards his relationship to CHARLES X., but unless the French people are suddenly converted to a belief in divine right, he must be equally the King of a Revolution.

#### THE DISSENTERS AND THE EDUCATION ACT.

THE Nonconformist Conference has transferred the controversies arising out of the Education Act from the sphere of amendment to that of absolute repeal. It is not meant, of course, that, if the Dissenters carry their point, no part of the existing Act will be reproduced in its successor. There are some features which are necessarily common to all legislation on the subject, and which would be equally included in an Education Bill whether the draughtsman were Mr. DIXON or Archdeacon DENISON. But though many of the details might remain after the programme of the Education League had been adopted as the basis of legislation, the principles of the Act would have undergone a decisive revolution. The object of the educational policy with which Mr. FORSTER's name was identified was, first, to clear the Denominational system of everything that can operate as a practical grievance to Dissenters; secondly, to make the fullest possible use of the Denominational system thus modified in the promotion of primary education; and, thirdly, to provide a machinery by which the defects incident to any voluntary system may be corrected and supplied. This in brief is the aim of the Education Act of 1870. It is open to any one to say that this aim is a mischievous one, and that the Act must give place to one designed to answer a totally different purpose. But it is not open to any one to say with candour that the introduction of changes having for their object the exclusion of the Denominational system from all recognized share in the work of primary education is merely such an amendment of the Act as the Government may fairly concede by way of compromise. Unless Denominationalism and Secularism are identical, there is a radical difference between the Education Act as it stands and the Education Act as the League and the Nonconformist Conference wish to see it. What the Government is really asked to do is to make a clean sweep of the educational legislation of 1870, and to take up the question afresh with a determination to settle it finally in the exclusive interest of one of the parties in the controversy. Such a measure as that suggested by the Education League and the Nonconformist Conference is in no sense a development or an adaptation of the existing Act. It is a measure founded on a different principle, conceived in a different spirit, and aiming at a different result.

It will be quite reasonable to refuse to entertain this demand on the ground that the question is for the present outside the range of legitimate discussion. The arguments now advanced by the Secularists were all fully considered during the progress of the Education Bill through the House of Commons. The purport and object of the Bill was as well understood then as it is now. It was urged as a reason for rejecting it that it would do the very thing for doing which Parliament is now asked to repeal it. Is there any reason to think that the opinion of the country has undergone such a change as to make it expedient that the case should be re-heard? We know of none. It is true that the Secularist party has since been reinforced by the unsectarian party. But it by no means follows that the strength of the coalition is to

be estimated by a sum in simple addition. The unsectarian party comprised a large number of persons who were genuinely anxious that religion should be taught, and who believed that it was possible to teach it without going beyond the ground occupied in common by every denomination of Christians. As a basis of national education this system would have been theoretically imperfect, since it would have taken no account of Jews or Unitarians; but as neither of these bodies is in a position to make any heavy demands upon the State in the matter of elementary schools, it might have served the purpose if the English people had included neither Roman Catholics nor High Churchmen. The presence of these two forms of belief was fatal to the unsectarian theory, and has led more than anything else to its abandonment by the very men who formerly constituted themselves its prophets. But though unsectarianism has passed away as a formal organization, the particular form of religious sentiment on which it was founded may not have passed away with it; and, so far as it remains, it may lead unsectarians to prefer Denominationalism to Secularism, provided that the Denominational spirit can be subjected to sufficient restrictions. No one has attempted to show that, in this last respect, the Education Act is a failure; and if it had been in the power of the Nonconformist Conference to adduce evidence on this point, it may be taken as absolutely certain that they would not have let the opportunity slip. There is great room for doubt, therefore, whether the moderate unsectarians will not now be inclined to make common cause with the moderate Denominationalists. In that case there can be no such revolution in public opinion as to necessitate that the Education question should be reopened within eighteen months after a settlement which was intended to dispose of it for years to come.

This, in all probability, will be the line adopted by the Government. They may declare themselves willing to introduce any modifications and additions of detail which experience has shown to be desirable, while announcing their intention to stand by the main lines on which the Act was framed. Since the close of the Conference two subordinate members of the Administration have stated their views on this question, and the tenor of both their speeches points to this conclusion. Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN looks at the matter as an avowed Churchman. Mr. WINTERBOTHAM approaches it as an ardent Dissenter. The one thinks the settlement arrived at in 1870 ought to be retained for its own sake; the other thinks the country would be well rid of it. But both agree that it must be retained. Mr. WINTERBOTHAM does not profess to have become a convert, since taking office, to the merits of the measure which he opposed as an independent member. On the contrary, he declares that the opinions he expressed in 1870 are the opinions he holds in 1872. His objections to the Denominational system are unaltered; he still deprecates the decision with regard to it to which the Government came. But he urges the Nonconformists to bear in mind that to prevent an Act being passed is one thing, and to repeal an Act after it is passed is another. In the former task, had the Dissenters listened to him, they would, he thinks, have succeeded. In the latter, his "deliberate judgment" is that they must fail. It is natural that Mr. WINTERBOTHAM should believe that if in 1870 his efforts had been seconded by all who have since come round to his views, they would not have been so barren of results. It is not easy to see, however, how the victory which Mr. WINTERBOTHAM looks back to as within the reach of a united Nonconformist opposition could have been gained. It requires but little knowledge of Mr. FORSTER to feel sure that no amount of pressure on the part of the Secularists would have induced him materially to alter the Bill; and unless the Government had been deserted by the whole body of its supporters, it would still have triumphed by the aid of Conservative votes. But it is quite certain that it would not have been deserted by all, or nearly all, its supporters. Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN is a sufficiently good Liberal, but he tells his constituents plainly that though, to avoid a schism in the Liberal party, he would go great lengths in yielding points of detail, he will not give up Denominational education. "Party," he says, "is after all a combination of men to carry on the government of the country on certain principles; and if agreement upon principles ceases to exist, there is no legitimate or honourable tie by which a party can be held together." The Nonconformists at Manchester seemed to suppose that it was only by their secession that the Liberal party could be broken up. They forget that it is at least equally possible that it should be broken up by the secession of the opposite wing of the party. The action of certain Liberals in the North-West Riding is an example of this danger, and though Mr. ACKROYD

may, in the opinion of Radical members, have no claim to be called a Liberal, he has been a unit in the Ministerial majority, and his defection counts in a division as much as that of anybody else. Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN is quite right in assuming that, if the old distinction between Liberal and Conservative is done away with, and a new division into Church and anti-Church put in its place, there will be a considerable redistribution of party strength. There is a third element in the calculation which Mr. WINTERBOTHAM does not take into account in his estimate of what might have happened if the Dissenters had known their own minds as clearly two years ago as they seem to do now. It is one of their chief complaints against the Education Act that in many parishes it leaves the education of the people to be carried out by voluntary agency. Is it not possible that, if it had been proposed to supersede this voluntary agency by schools provided by School Boards, and maintained out of school rates, the ratepayers would have had a word to say on the question? There are so many things which can only be paid for by taxation that it would hardly have been prudent to resort to this mode of raising money to meet expenses which are at present borne, and borne cheerfully, by private persons. The question of rating was not raised, at least to any serious purpose, in the debates on the Education Bill. But if there had been any question between accepting the Ministerial Bill and superseding it by one which should throw on the ratepayers of England the whole burden now sustained by the subscribers to voluntary schools, a good many Liberal members might have found that their re-election absolutely depended on their being true to the Government measure. A sense of the value of education must be far more generally diffused than it is at present before there will be a universal willingness to pay the price of education.

#### MR. CHILDERS AND THE ADMIRALTY.

MR. CHILDERS has had, as a witness before the *Megara* Commission, an opportunity which must have been very welcome to him of explaining and justifying the reforms he initiated when he was First Lord of the Admiralty. He could throw little or no light on the loss of the *Megara*, but the whole question of navy administration had come before the Commission, and on this question he was competent and eager to speak. He first gave an account of the system of administration which he found existing when he took office, and no one can doubt that he succeeded perfectly in showing that this system was a very bad system. He may have been right or wrong in deciding that the Admiralty shall not be governed by a Board, but the form of government by a Board which he found in existence was thoroughly bad. If an Admiralty Board is to be praised, or pronounced desirable or necessary, it must be some imaginary, possible, and future Board, and not such a Board as Mr. CHILDERS displaced. The Board did not in the least produce unity of action, or good administration, or practical economy, or superintendence of subordinates, or intercommunication of knowledge between departments. If letters are lost now, and reports are sent in to be forgotten even by their authors, much worse was the case before the CHILDERS period. Instructions to dockyards, for example, were sent sometimes by the Board, sometimes by the Controller acting under the Board, and sometimes by the Controller without his consulting the Board at all. At the dockyards there was no one who could be called the manager of the work of the yard. In the Controller's Office there was a most extraordinary division. Business relating to the construction of a ship was transacted in Whitehall, and business as to the engines of the same ship was transacted in New Street, and the two offices kept corresponding with each other as if they were independent bodies. The then Secretary was very unlike the present Secretary; for he thought his system perfect; but Mr. CHILDERS could not quite agree with him, for there was no registration of letters inwards, and there was a very cumbersome system of copying, as copying-machines were unknown at Whitehall, and no use was made of the printing-press. Still less was there any control over the expenditure of the navy; and with regard to this point Mr. CHILDERS related some somewhat personal to himself, which furnished a curious illustration of how very far it is a matter of accident whether reforms of the most obvious value are practically made under the English system of government. In 1864 Mr. CHILDERS was Junior Lord, and he then pointed out to his chief, the Duke of Somerset, that each of the great spending



departments of the navy was placed under the superintendence of a naval officer of high rank, without any direct check on the part of the civilian authority. The Duke was struck with the truth of this statement, and asked Mr. Childers to take the post of Financial Lord, in which capacity he was to have a check over all the spending departments. Mr. Childers accepted the offer, but before he completed his arrangements he received promotion, left the Admiralty, and became Financial Secretary. What happened? From that day to the time when he was made First Lord no attempt had been made by the Duke of Somerset or any one else to appoint a Financial Lord at all, or to provide any machinery by which there should be a check on the expenditure.

Mr. Childers has been much attacked and abused, and it is not to be supposed that he could have, shown himself so quick and eager a reformer without making some mistakes which laid him open, not only to captious, but to calm and impartial, criticism. But it ought never to be forgotten that, when he came into power, he found three great incontestable evils in the administration of the navy, two of which he cured, and the third of which he at least set himself to cure with great boldness and activity. In the first place, the business of the Admiralty was conducted in buildings widely apart from each other, so that a great waste of time, and of money for unnecessary clerks, was caused; and not only the departments did not know what each other did, but different branches of the same department treated each other as if one had been placed in London and another in Edinburgh. Mr. Childers swept away this nuisance altogether, and got the whole administration under the same roof at Whitehall. Secondly, there was no control on behalf of the taxpayers over the expenditure of the navy, although Mr. Childers had shown nearly five years before, to the satisfaction of the responsible head of the Admiralty, that such a control was absolutely necessary to prevent a waste of public money. Mr. Childers swept away this abuse also. He appointed a Financial Lord, and gave him such power as has resulted, in Mr. Childers's opinion, in making the control of this official over the expenditure effectual. Lastly, he found that no one knew whose business it was to do anything, that there was an incessant collision of authority, and that a great amount of necessary business was never done at all. This was an abuse far more difficult to deal with, for it was on a far larger scale, and it was deeply rooted in the whole traditions of the office, and in the habits of every official he had to employ. But he set to work vigorously, made some sweeping changes, good or bad, and would perhaps have succeeded in setting up a new system of a useful and practical kind, when unfortunately his health broke down after he had been two years in office; and apparently since Christmas 1876 everything has remained at the Admiralty as it was then, and all has been in the exact state of confusion, transfusion, new activity, old obstruction, and general chaos in which it was at the moment when Mr. Childers was arrested in his labours by illness.

Mr. Childers was not satisfied with defending the changes he had made in the administration of the navy, but justified himself against other charges that had been made against him. More particularly he was anxious to establish that he had never been on the side of false economy, and that he had been very active in selling ships. He had, as he stated, been in favour of building ships of a larger and more expensive class than had been recommended to him. He first got an Act of Parliament passed repealing a cumbrous and obsolete statute, by which the sale of ships had been obstructed; and then he sold no less than sixty-nine ships. It is due to him that the defence he made on these heads should be stated, but it is only with his reforms in administration that we are now concerned. The root of all the mischief that pervaded the administration, such as he found it, lay, in his opinion, in the existence of a Board, which wasted an infinity of time and destroyed responsibility by dividing it. He accordingly broke up the Board for all practical purposes, although he still retained it for two special objects—for the promulgation of general rules and orders, and for the punishment of grave offences. He substituted a system by which heads of departments should each preside over their own sphere, and be responsible only to him. The main good of a Board, that of an interchange of information between administrators, he considered he sufficiently secured by having all the minutes of proceedings in each department printed daily, and copies given to the heads of all departments. When a matter came before him which concerned the head of more than one department, he called all whom it concerned into consultation with him. When there was a

difference of opinion between the head of a department and a subordinate in that department, he heard what both had to say and made up his mind which was right. He looked as much as possible the number of branches into which the departments were subdivided, and brought each branch as much as possible under the control of the head of the department. He placed the dockyards under the administration of a civil manager, and tried to make the civil manager responsible for everything in the dockyard to which he was attached. He endeavoured to free the professional officers in the dockyards from the duty of filling up useless forms and making useless returns, which previously had absorbed a great portion of their time. He made some faint approach to a reform of the Secretariat, and to introducing order and method in the receipt, despatch, and registration of correspondence; and he appointed a Committee to report on the changes that would be desirable to effect this object. But before he could make any real progress in this direction his health broke down, and his whole scheme was only just beginning to be established when he had to retire from office. He is obliged to own that he could not get on so fast or so well as he could have wished. He could not put new wine into old bottles. The officials, and especially the minor officials, with whom he had to work, did not understand what he was at, and the silent obstruction of discontented, apprehensive, and irritated minor officials is an enormous obstacle in the way of ardent Ministerial reformers. He was obliged to allow a latitude to those under him which was practically inconsistent with the efficiency of his system. He was asked, for example, by the Commissioners whether he could account for the *Megara* being placed in 1870 in the First Reserve instead of the Fourth. He answered that, in his opinion, the real reason was, although the officials who gave the order may not now be alive to the fact, that they were influenced by what was happening at the time. The war between France and Germany had then recently broken out, and it was not certain but that England might be dragged into it and want every ship she had got. Application had also been made to take a party of astronomers in a Government vessel to see an eclipse, and the Admiralty was anxious to oblige these men of science if it could. In their eagerness to have ships ready under these circumstances, Captain LUARD and his colleagues put the *Megara* into the First Reserve, never thinking or heeding whether she was really fit to go to sea. This may be the true explanation or not, but at any rate it is Mr. Childers's explanation, and it shows in what a very incomplete shape his new system had been worked out, if indeed it does not point to a defect in this system itself. Here were certain officials, in the lightness of their hearts and under the pressure of excitement, stating that a ship was ready to go to sea, as to the readiness of which they knew nothing; and the only check on them was the control of a political civilian who might be in office one day and out of it the next. Scarcely anything that Mr. Childers undertook to reform was worse than the possibility of such a thing happening as in this case did happen, according to his own views of what is probable, under his own administration, and after he had been nearly two years in office.

It is perhaps unfair to pronounce any opinion as to what the value of Mr. Childers's work of reform would have been had it been in his power to complete what he began. So undoubted are the mischiefs with which he did away, and so energetic and bold was his method of reform, that he must always be remembered as a star in the not very shining order of navy administrators. But, after all that has been said in his favour has been said, there were, no doubt, weak points in the system he introduced. In the first place, it appears to be a system which, in the usual course of Parliamentary changes of the First Lord of the Admiralty, can scarcely be expected to be continued. It is now nearly a year since Mr. Goschen replaced Mr. Childers, and yet neither Mr. Childers nor any one else speaks as if there had been any First Lord of the Admiralty to carry on Mr. Childers's reforms since he himself ceased to be able to guide them. What Mr. Childers left undone is undone still. Where he stopped, there everything has stopped since he left. This may not be at all the fault of his successor. Mr. Goschen knew nothing whatever about the navy a year ago, and it is something if in a year's time he has learnt to understand how far Mr. Childers had got, without himself trying to go further. It is a great risk in any scheme of reform if its author completely overlooks the fact that, after he has pulled everything down, and before he has begun to build more than a very little up again, his place may, in the curious shiftings of Parliamentary government, be any day filled by a

stranger who cannot comprehend in the least what he was doing. In the next place, although a Board as administering the navy may have been a bad thing, there is considerable doubt whether Mr. CHILDERS was right in placing the fortunes of every officer of the navy at the discretion of a single official. He chose the best man he could find; and probably, if there was to be one man in such a position, no better choice could have been made than Sir SYDNEY DACRES. But Sir SYDNEY DACRES himself candidly told the *Megara* Commissioners that he thought that the feeling of the profession was that it would rather not be at the mercy of one man, and that it preferred a Board—that is, more than one person—to the government of Sir SYDNEY DACRES. But the real blot of Mr. CHILDERS's scheme is, we think, a more serious one. He totally omitted to provide for the existence in the office of any high permanent official knowing the history of the office, able to connect the threads of departmental business, and exercising a general superintendence over the whole system of administration. It was not only that he forgot that he himself was mortal and liable to the afflictions of mortality, but he could not see that, to meet the evils of the constant shiftings caused by Parliamentary government, there must be in every department of State a man of experience and authority, who, if he is the servant, is still more the guide of each successive Parliamentary chief. Mr. CHILDERS found an official in the system of navy administration whom he might have made to fulfil such a purpose, but it never seems to have occurred to him that the Permanent Secretary either was, or ought to be, anything more than a clerk of superior intelligence and amiability. If Mr. LUSHINGTON took a humble view of his duties, he had certainly learnt the lesson of humility from his late master. The Permanent Secretary may or may not have been the official who ought to have been made to occupy the post; but the success and solidity of Mr. CHILDERS's whole plan of reform would have been, we think, far greater if he had realized that there was such a post to be occupied, and if he had secured the services of some one who might have kept things in the right groove, whatever Minister or Government might be in office.

#### LANCASHIRE CONSERVATIVES AND BIRMINGHAM RADICALS.

TWO meetings held in the early part of the present week may claim the credit of having between them exhausted the political commonplaces of the day. At Manchester the "Lancashire Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations" assembled "to denounce the policy of the present Government, and to declare the unswerving loyalty of Lancashire to the QUEEN and Constitution." The Town Hall of Birmingham at the same time listened to speeches from Mr. DIXON, Mr. MUNTZ, and several of their more ardent local supporters. If the Government is afraid of hard words, its members may perhaps have been alarmed at the strong language which was applied to its proceedings both by Conservatives and Liberals; but it must be a consoling reflection that, to satisfy either class of assailants, Mr. GLADSTONE must necessarily provide the other with additional materials for invective. The working-men who nominally support the Conservative Associations of Lancashire judiciously left the greater part of the speaking to the members of Parliament who attended their gathering. Mr. ALGERNON EGERTON ventured on the modest prophecy that within a few years there would be a Conservative Government, with Mr. DISRAELI at its head. Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps not object to compound for a few years of office, and Mr. DISRAELI can scarcely afford to wait so long. A more sanguine opponent of the present Ministry might without rashness anticipate a temporary triumph at an earlier date; but Mr. EGERTON probably thinks, with many prudent politicians, that the Opposition will do more good by checking the Government than by driving it from office. The Liberal majority, though it is partially disorganized, is thus far not seriously impaired. The malcontents may possibly indulge their feelings of resentment by placing the Government in a minority on some incidental question; but Mr. DISRAELI and his allies, if they profited by the opportunity to form a Ministry, would immediately find themselves confronted by a compact mass of reconciled Liberals. The next general election will show whether the reaction which has undoubtedly commenced will counteract the inevitable tendency of the Ballot. In the Northern Division of the West Riding several moderate Liberals have detached themselves from their party, and joined the Conservative ranks; but it is not yet known whether they will

be followed by any considerable proportion of the constituency. The experiment of a coalition would have been more advantageously tried if Mr. RIPLEY or Colonel ARROYD had started as Liberal candidates with the support of the Conservative party. The general distrust of Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet assumed the form of confidence in Mr. DISRAELI.

The Conservatives of Lancashire and the Radicals of Birmingham, by an undesigned coincidence, used nearly similar language in discussing the character of Mr. LOWE. One of the few working-class speakers at Manchester asserted that, if the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had carried his original Budget, he would "have sent to a premature grave lots of the 'unfortunate matchmakers.'" "It was not until a terrible row took place in the House of Commons that Mr. LOWE went back and altered his Budget. If he had been an honourable statesman, what would his course have been? He would either have stood or fallen by his Budget." Perhaps Mr. LOWE may be excused for not insisting on a point of honour which would have caused the death of "lots of 'unfortunate matchmakers.'" A zealous Birmingham Liberal includes in a denunciation of the same character of another malignant conspirator among the present Ministers. "The match tax was just what might have been expected from such a man as ROBERT LOWE, and that abomination, the Trade Association and Criminal Law Act, from the hard-hearted BRUCE." It was candidly admitted that Mr. GLADSTONE is a "first-class workman," but he was warned that unless he found better men to work with him than the hard-hearted BRUCE and the hard-headed LOWE he would lose his place. Another speaker indulged in a philosophical analysis of the causes of Mr. LOWE's delinquencies. "He was so lost in learning that he seemed 'insensible to the difference between right and wrong.'" The orator thought it a great mistake to believe that a man was fitted to be a statesman because he was a scholar. "There were men who knew a great deal about what were called 'the classics and other abominations, about times past and dead men and dead languages, and seemed unconscious of the doings and the wants of the world in which they lived.'" No more interesting illustration of the continuity of English life and history can be furnished than the use, after an interval of centuries, of the same words by persons in the same stage of culture to express the same characteristic sentiments. As Mr. LOWE is accused of familiarity with "the classics and other abominations," Lord SAY was beheaded by JACK CADE, not only because he had caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, had built a paper mill, but more especially on the charge that he had "men about him that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." There is too much reason to fear that Mr. LOWE has in his time consorted with men who use these abominable words. There is also much reason to fear that Mr. GLADSTONE himself will not be able or willing to divest himself of his knowledge of the Iliad and "other abominations." The Birmingham brawlers probably fancy that they are themselves anxious to promote education; but they cherish a characteristic jealousy of its results. Resolutions were passed at Birmingham for the extension of the suffrage, the redistribution of seats, and the abolition of the minority clause. The more complete supremacy of those who are free from the abomination of knowledge is not perhaps the most urgent want of England in the present day.

Mr. DIXON and Mr. MUNTZ, both of them men of ability and of independent judgment, may perhaps have been slightly ashamed of the simple utterances of their humbler partisans. Mr. DIXON had the courage to express his dissent from the scheme of a Permissive Bill; and it is not a little remarkable that he spoke of the great lawyers as the proper persons to introduce Bills for Law Reform in the House of Lords. Since the failure of the agitation which Mr. DIXON attempted in the autumn, he seems to have abandoned or adjourned his schemes for the reform of the House of Lords; but he is still uncompromising and intolerant on the question of education. Professed believers in popular majorities are often the first to appeal from the decision of Parliament or of the country. According to Mr. DIXON, the Government has deviated from the path of religious equality, and "he thought that if this policy were persevered in—and he thought it would be—it would end in the great Liberal party being shattered to atoms." A small and compact body of Radicals and Nonconformists is to render a Liberal Government impossible if the just claims of the Nonconformists are disregarded. There is every reason to believe that the mass of the people are opposed to the project of secular education which has

lately been adopted by Mr. DIXON and his party; and it is probable that a vote on the question taken among Liberal members of Parliament would produce the same result. But a section of a Ministerial party has often the means of holding the balance of power; and the substitution of a sectarian issue for the questions which have hitherto divided parties may easily tend to break up the Government. The contention of those who threaten to secede is in substance that every Government, or every Liberal Government, ought to defer to the most extreme class of its supporters on all points to which they may attach vital importance. Sir ROBERT PEEL and Lord PALMERSTON led the House of Commons and governed the country with conspicuous success on an entirely opposite principle. If Mr. DIXON and his friends overthrow the Government, they are prepared to offer the fiercest opposition to the only Ministry which could take its place; and they hope that, after a rapid succession of changes, a resolute and disciplined minority will finally attain its objects by forming a coalition with some one of the contending factions. The same mode of conducting political contests has rendered Parliamentary government a failure in almost all Continental countries, and especially in Spain. When no statesman or party can count on a permanent majority, the representative system leads to chronic feebleness and anarchy.

Mr. MUNTZ, while he agreed with his colleague on political questions in general, offered as his special contribution to the unity of the Ministerial party a vigorous attack on the Act for the abolition of purchase in the army. He was, it seems, willing to compensate the officers for the regulation prices which they have paid; but he was shocked at the extravagance and immorality of recognizing in the form of compensation the practice of over-regulation payments, though they have been perfectly well known to successive Governments and to every member of Parliament. Mr. MUNTZ's objection to the Act seems, however, more fundamental; for he is shocked at the prospective jobbery of commissions by the Secretary of War and the Commander-in-Chief, and he holds that it is "fearful to contemplate the men who will be appointed as officers in the army under the system which is now introduced." Of the *Megara* Mr. MUNTZ neatly remarks that the loss of every soul on board would have been attributed to the act of God, whereas it would really have been caused by the wickedness of men. Not that the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY is, like the hard-hearted BRUCE, more than ordinarily wicked. On the contrary, Mr. MUNTZ believes that Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. CARDWELL are honest and intelligent men; but unluckily they know nothing of the business of the departments over which they respectively preside. There is always something respectable in a thoroughgoing grumbler, especially as he is often in the right. It appears not to occur to Mr. MUNTZ that he ought to suggest some alternative method of administering the army and navy. Mr. CARDWELL knows at least as much of military affairs as any civilian in England, and probably Mr. MUNTZ would not wish to vest his powers exclusively in the professional authorities at the Horse Guards. Criticism of this kind is on the whole innocuous, if it is too frequently useless, and it has luckily no tendency to dissolve parties into petty factions. Mr. MUNTZ's discontent will probably evaporate in words, for no military measure of importance is likely to be introduced in the ensuing Session. On the Ballot, which has now become inevitable, neither Mr. DIXON nor Mr. MUNTZ was inclined to be eloquent; and for similar reasons the Ballot was passed over almost without notice by the Conservative meeting at Manchester. It is not easy to understand why Birmingham, with its three ultra-Liberal members, should trouble itself greatly about the Minority clause, unless it is influenced by a loyal devotion to Mr. BUTLER. The arguments against the contrivance were forcible, and perhaps conclusive; but as the experiment has been adopted, it may as well be tried a little longer.

#### CONVOCAION AND THE RITUAL COMMISSION.

THE Archbishop of CANTERBURY has announced that the Convocation of his province will be asked in the Session which begins on the 7th of February to consider the recommendations contained in the Fourth Report of the Ritual Commission, with a view to their being embodied in a Bill and laid before Parliament. Ordinarily speaking, such a notice as this would be a natural and almost necessary complement to the labours of a Royal Commission. It is not so in the present case. The Ritual Commission was appointed in the first instance to answer a purpose which had already passed away before its sittings were concluded. It was de-

signed to shelve the vestment controversy; and by leaving the rubric, round which the strife had raged, unaltered and unexplained in its final recension of the Ritual directions in the Book of Common Prayer, it certainly did its best to fulfil the end of its creation. But before the Fourth Report appeared the question had been carried into the Law Courts, so that there would have been no real inconsistency if the heads of the Church had allowed the subsidiary suggestions of the Commission to be forgotten. It will be said in reply to this that the recommendations of the Fourth Report are good in themselves, and that it is on this ground, and not merely because they have been put forward by a Royal Commission, that it has been decided to take the first step towards incorporating them into the Prayer-Book. There is no need to dispute that the proposed alterations are improvements. The object of the present article is to show that, whether they be improvements or not, the risks involved in giving effect to them are greater than can be incurred with prudence.

The propriety, or rather the necessity, of consulting Convocation before asking Parliament to legislate on matters of this kind is beyond dispute. In the present condition of ecclesiastical parties, any changes in the Prayer-Book not sanctioned by Convocation would be treated as of no effect in at least half the churches in England. Nothing could be gained by reforms which, if allowed to remain inoperative, would bring the Legislature into contempt, and if enforced would make a formidable schism inevitable. Still the reference to Convocation does not altogether dispose of the purely ecclesiastical difficulty. The constitution of Convocation is not such as would long be endured if it were to assume the functions of a working ecclesiastical Parliament. The immense preponderance of dignitaries and capital proctors over the representatives of the parochial clergy is quite unsuited to the present circumstances of the Church of England, and the separation of work between the two provinces may easily give rise to great practical inconvenience. If Convocation is to have a hand in reforming the Prayer-Book, those who maintain that it ought first to be itself reformed will certainly have reason on their side. Yet it would be difficult to reconstruct Convocation without provoking a controversy as to the claim of the laity to sit in Church Synods, and it would be still more difficult to settle that question satisfactorily without reviewing the ecclesiastical position of the Crown and of the Parliament. It is a consideration of smaller importance, but one not wholly to be overlooked, that the clergy may fairly urge that before Convocation is asked to sanction the recommendations of the Ritual Commission they ought to have an opportunity of sending up fresh representatives. At the last ecclesiastical election the Irish Church was not disestablished, and the Judicial Committee had not begun its raid upon Ritualism. It is quite possible that the complexion of the Lower House of Convocation, at all events in the Southern province, will be considerably changed after the next dissolution; and if the clergy should represent this to the Crown, one of two things must happen. Either the Government will disregard the objection, reasonable as it certainly will be, and the unreality of the appeal to Convocation will at once be made clear; or they will recognize it, and the Church will be given over concurrently with the next Parliamentary dissolution to the excitement of an ecclesiastical election upon which an issue of real moment will depend.

In dealing with the recommendations of the Ritual Commission, it may be taken as something more than probable that Convocation will not be called upon, and, if called upon, will refuse to accept any but those on which the great majority of the Commissioners were agreed. The usually conservative and cautious character of the Anglican clergy is a sufficient assurance on this point. But the House of Commons is not conservative, and not always cautious; and though the Bill founded on the conclusions arrived at by Convocation might be extremely moderate, there would be no way of preventing radical alterations from being proposed and discussed. Every recommendation contained in the Report of the Commission, and every expression of dissatisfaction by any one of the Commissioners at the absence of other recommendations, would be a fair subject for an amendment in Committee, and it would be extremely unsafe to predict that none of these amendments would be included in the final version of the Bill. In this case a new dilemma would at once present itself. Would these amendments be sent back to Convocation for approval, or would its acceptance of the original form of the measure be held to imply its acceptance of any changes it might subsequently undergo? If the amendments were sent back and rejected—and Convocation would be almost certain to reject

some of them if it had the chance—a very angry feeling would be generated between Parliament and the Church. If they were not sent back, the mischief done would be in all respects as great as if the Bill had been introduced without reference to Convocation in the first instance.

Nor is this the only evil that might arise during the passage of such a measure through the House of Commons. Mr. MIALL's purpose could not be better served than by the opportunities these debates will offer of raising the controversy about disestablishment, not once only, and in the shape of a formal debate on his own motion, but again and again, and incidentally in the course of the debates on the Prayer-Book. For some time past the House of Commons has fought shy of religious subjects, and, except on their allotted Wednesday, the advocates of disestablishment have consequently had but few opportunities of enforcing their views. But a Legislature which has undertaken to remodel a book of public devotion cannot well discourage references to the allied subject of the relations of the Church to the State. Upon such questions as the retention of the Athanasian Creed, and of the phrases implying baptismal regeneration or recognizing the practice of confession, it will be open to any member to ask whether the people of England maintain an Established Church for the purpose, as he will argue, of propagating doctrines repulsive to charity and common sense, and practices which destroy family happiness. Unless Mr. BRAND is very well up in his new work, there is no certainty that a whole night may not be taken up with a debate on the eternity of punishment or the consequences of original sin; and no Speaker who has yet occupied the Chair would be able to prevent Mr. WHALLEY from reading excerpts from the *Confessional Unmasked*, on the occasion of moving amendments in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. Nor will this be the only phase of ecclesiastical opinion which will find something to its purpose in these debates. The Comprehensionists will be entitled to plead that, if a Legislature largely composed of Nonconformists is competent to revise the Prayer-Book of the Established Church, there can be no reason why the Established Church, which condescends to avail herself of the services of Dissenters in Parliament, should insist on the maintenance of formularies by which these same Dissenters are excluded from preaching in her pulpits and worshipping at her altars. The fact of a mixed Legislature undertaking to determine such questions as these raised by the Ritual Commission will be equally significant whether the Bill is materially changed in the House of Commons or not.

Even if we suppose these dangers triumphantly overcome, the possible mischiefs of the step which the Archbishop of CANTERBURY proposes to take are not exhausted. At present the Prayer-Book is accepted by both the extreme parties in the Church of England. There are passages in it which neither party thoroughly likes; but they have so long been regarded as unalterable, that each side puts its own glosses on them in the certainty that the correctness of its interpretation is never likely to be authoritatively determined. But if once the process of Prayer-Book making is resumed, it will no longer be open to them to pursue this convenient policy. Convocation and Parliament having once been called in, may be called in again whenever an adequate necessity for their intervention presents itself. Now the worst that can happen to an ecclesiastical party is to have its reading of the Prayer-Book judicially condemned—a misfortune which usually has the effect of making them insist with increased energy that it is the only interpretation permissible. Hereafter it will be their duty, as soon as the Law Courts have pronounced against them, to agitate for a revision of the passages upon which the controversy has arisen. No doubt it may be argued that these possible consequences would be, to say the least, an improvement upon the present state of things in the Church of England. It is not, however, to reasoners of this type that the present warning is addressed. We do not deny that the advantages of a revolution may sometimes outweigh its disadvantages; we are only anxious that the Archbishop's proposal should be recognised as one that may prove the first not in a revolution. Perhaps its author may have in his mind the maxim that a stitch in time saves nine. If so, he will do well to remember, by way of corrective, that the result of putting a new piece into an old garment is sometimes to make the rent worse. In the meanwhile busybodies are at their usual work of making confusion more sorely confounded. We do not so much blame the very miscellaneous knot of Church reformers who are advertising a public meeting under the inevitable presidency of Lord SHAFTESBURY, for if they were not to make themselves heard at this conjuncture they would be nowhere. But we have a right to expect somewhat more wisdom and statesmanship from the Bishop of London than, if

rumour speaks truly, he seems to be showing. The accident that he formed one of the select quartet who share the results of the PURCHAS judgment in no way renders him more responsible than any other prelate to see it answered to the bitter end. He may or may not be technically right, as against the fear or five thousand remonstrant clergy, about the proper position of the minister during the Communion service; but he is certainly wrong in policy to confine his public utterances to feeble expostulation, while he has no hesitation in using his utmost powers as patron to squeeze an unwilling compliance out of clergymen who owe their livings to his belief in their general capacity. Such forcibly feeble and exceptional autocracy in face of a respectable and influential section of public opinion can only result in creating sympathy for those who suffer by it, while it will assuredly import irritation into discussions where calmness and conciliation are vitally important.

#### CHEESEPARING AT THE TREASURY.

AN oninent man who had begun life in straitened circumstances used to apologize for his closeness in money matters by saying that he could never get the chill of penury out of his bones. The Government seems to be suffering from a somewhat similar complaint. Various instances of that miserable kind of thrift which concentrates itself on cheeseparings and candle-ends, which looks merely to the sum saved, and not to the return that might be expected from judicious expenditure, have lately come to light, and would seem to indicate a constitutional incapacity to distinguish between genuine economy and pure niggardliness. One of the worst examples of this infirmity is perhaps that which has just been illustrated by the case of *The Queen v. the Lords of the Treasury in the Court of Queen's Bench*. It is difficult to imagine a more unreasonable and pernicious parsimony than that which has been displayed by the Treasury in regard to the fees and expenses which are allowed by the Judges of Assize and Justices of the Peace in counties. It appears that, after these accounts have been taxed on the spot by competent officials under the direction of the Bench, they are revised by certain clerks at the Treasury, who reduce or disallow charges according to arbitrary rules which they have laid down for themselves, and apparently without reference to the particular circumstances of each case. One of their decrees is that not more than 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* shall on any account be paid to counsel in a Sessions prosecution when there are not more than four witnesses in the case. We do not know whether it is another of these inflexible rules that there shall be no allowance for the assistance of counsel in settling a difficult indictment, but we find that a guinea fee for this service, which has been approved by the Judge in a perjury case on the Northern Circuit, was struck off by the Treasury. Again, in a trial for murder, a guinea which had been allowed to a medical witness, whose evidence in such a case was presumably important, and whose loss of time can hardly have been over-estimated at this modest price, was cut down to half-a-guinea. These are only a few instances out of many, but they are sufficient to show the petty and vexatious interference of the taxing clerks at the Treasury. In the aggregate the sum which is thus saved to the country probably does not amount to very much; but it represents a great deal of annoyance and irritation, as well as some consequences of a more serious kind. The administration of justice touches the welfare and safety of society at innumerable points, and its efficiency is not likely to be promoted by a niggardliness which compels the prosecutors, who represent the public, to keep down expenses at all hazards, without reference to the requirements of each case. The Justices of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Kent, with the concurrence and support of a large body of Justices throughout the country, lately applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a *mandamus* to compel the Lords of the Treasury to repay certain sums which had been disallowed after they had been taxed and paid by the respective counties. The Lancashire case was decided on Monday, and this decision will of course rule the other two cases. The Court had no alternative but to refuse the application, on the ground that it has no jurisdiction over the Crown or its officers. "We are," the CHIEF JUSTICE said, "the Court of the Sovereign, and have no power to command the Crown. The duty of the Treasury is a duty which it owes to Parliament and the Crown, and we cannot enforce it by any legal proceeding." Mr. Justice BLACKBURN, who, with the other Judges, took the same view of the question, added that the only remedy which could be sought in such a case was by application to the House of Commons.



In giving this decision the Judges were careful to limit it to the question of their own power to grant a mandamus against the Ministers of the Crown. They were unanimous in their opinion that the Treasury had committed a breach of duty in overruling the taxation of the County officials, and that they were bound to pay the accounts as settled by the latter. The result is, therefore, that the Treasury has done wrong, but that the courts of law have no means of compelling it either to make amends for the past or to desist from the illegal course of action upon which it has entered. It is probable that the Justices were quite prepared for this decision, and that their application to the Queen's Bench was only a preliminary to an appeal to Parliament. In any case it may be assumed that the subject will be brought before the House of Commons, and that it cannot be allowed to remain on its present footing. There are, it will be observed, several questions at issue. First, there is the legality of the taxation by the Treasury, and on this point we have an authoritative, although informal, judgment against the Government, which has now no choice but to abandon its pretensions or to make them legal by an amendment of the law. Whether it is or is not desirable that the Treasury should have the power to disallow charges which have been passed by the County officials, it has no legal authority, if we may trust the Judges of the Queen's Bench, to do so at present. But is it desirable that it should have this power? In some degree we think it is. Formerly when the counties each paid for their own prosecutions, it was natural that they should exercise an absolute control over the sums expended. Either as a direct consequence, or as an odd coincidence, the expenditure increased considerably when it was transferred from local bodies to the country at large. There seems to be good reason to believe that there were grounds for the interference of the Treasury in 1857, whether that interference was legal or not, and one result was that the charges for prosecutions was reduced from 250,000*l.* to 150,000*l.* in a single year. The scale of fees and other allowances varies in almost every county, some being very liberal and others quite as stingy and penurious as the Treasury could desire. As the nation bears the expense, it is reasonable and necessary that the representatives of the nation should have the power to check the accounts sent in to them for payment.

We now come to the gist of the matter, which is simply whether the plan which has been adopted by the Treasury for revising the accounts is a good one. Most people, we imagine, will agree with the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE that it is "monstrous" and anomalous that, when the Court before which the "criminal actions have been prosecuted thinks unnecessary, "for the due administration of justice, to order particular expenses to be paid, two gentlemen sitting in London "should override the authority of the Court." The explanation of the present state of affairs is, we take it, pretty much to this effect—that when the country undertook to relieve the counties of the cost of prosecutions, the local officers showed a disposition to launch into expenditure somewhat too freely; that the intervention of the Treasury supplied in the first instance a useful check upon extravagance; that the expenses were thus brought within moderate limits, but that the taxing officers attached to the Treasury, instead of being content with this, and holding their authority in reserve for really grave abuses, have felt bound to vindicate the existence of their office by all kinds of petty and vexatious interference. It is one of the weaknesses of human nature that officials of this character should imagine that they would be neglecting their duty if they did not make a perpetual display of busy activity, and that the only way in which they can prove that they are alive and awake is by kicking. It should therefore be the business of their superiors to restrain this superfluous and injurious energy, and to keep it within due bounds. It would probably be found advantageous to revert to the plan which was abandoned some years ago, of placing the Treasury taxing-clerks in personal communication with the County officials, so that they might go through the accounts together. Some attempt might usefully be made, with the assistance of the law officers of the Crown, to draw up a scale of fees and allowances for general use; but it is obvious that prosecutions cannot be efficiently conducted unless the circumstances of each case are taken into account in deciding what amount of expenditure shall be allowed upon it. An absolute rule that the fees of counsel should be measured by the number of witnesses is equally absurd. The legal difficulties of a case, and the degree of forensic ability required to conduct it, bear no relation to the amount of evidence. It is possible that the case may turn rather upon argument than evidence, or that a small

number of witnesses may require more skilful management than a larger number.

In taxing accounts of this kind, everything depends upon the point of view from which they are regarded. As present the taxing officers of the Treasury appear to ask themselves, not how much money ought to be spent on a prosecution in order to make it efficient, but merely what amount of expenditure is necessary in order to keep up an appearance of prosecuting. As long as the criminal is put in the dock, and somebody in a wig and gown attends to make a speech and examine witnesses, that is enough. There is always a chance that the Judge will prevent the prosecution from breaking down altogether if he thinks there is anything in the charge, or that the looks of the prisoner may decide his fate off-hand with the jury. Some light is thrown on the practical results of this system by the large number of acquittals which take place annually. It is obvious either that a great many people are brought up for trial who should not have been prosecuted, or that a great many are acquitted who ought to have been convicted. Whatever may be said for or against the appointment of a Public Prosecutor, we believe that if the matter were probed it would be found that one of the chief causes of the unsatisfactory administration of the criminal law is simply the want of funds to conduct prosecutions properly. It is probable that in some counties there is a disposition to lax expenditure; but as a rule there is more reason for raising than for cutting down the scale of allowances in criminal trials. Competition at the Bar usually supplies a sufficient number of competent barristers who are ready and glad to accept briefs even with the absurdly small fees which are often marked on them. But attorneys in a good way of business are above such work, and the consequence is that the preliminary getting up of cases is apt to be neglected or mismanaged. A moderate allowance for taking counsel's opinion in preparing a case, and a higher scale of payment for attorneys, would prevent many a shameful miscarriage of justice, the mischief of which is not limited to the acquittal of a rogue or a ruffian in a particular case, but includes the dangerous encouragement which is afforded to roguery and ruffianism in general by the chances of escape which are thus publicly advertised.

#### CERTAINTY.

THERE has been a controversy between the *Spectator* and the *Dublin Review* on the one hand, and a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* on the other, as to the conditions of certainty. As usual, it tends to branch out into a variety of metaphysical and thirological questions, any adequate discussion of which within the limits of a single article would be altogether impossible. And, moreover, after the various opponents have sufficiently defined and re-defined their terms, it is a little difficult to say what is the precise point at issue. At one moment it appears to be a merely verbal dispute; at others, to involve very deep and important issues. The writer in *Fraser*, for example, asserted with great force that all belief admits of various degrees of intensity, and thought that he was opposing an opinion held by the *Dublin Review*. The *Dublin Review* answers that it implied the "very reverse." It said indeed that certitude, as meaning "the reasonable exclusion of doubt," admits of no degrees; but it added that by certitude may be meant a certain degree, which plainly may be more or less, of adhesion to the truth embraced. It is no wonder that a controversy becomes perplexed when the same word may be intended either to exclude or to admit degrees as it is used in different senses; and, in order to avoid plunging into these labyrinths about "assent" and "absolute certitude," and the rest of it, we shall confine what we have to say to a discussion of the particular cases adduced. The difference of principle, if there is any, will probably appear sufficiently in the course of our remarks.

We begin with an illustration given in the original article of the *Dublin Review*, and repeated in its reply to the writer in *Fraser*. A man is certain that his father, with whom he has lived from infancy, is a perfectly honest man. Five years ago a heavy charge was brought against the father, which, as he admitted, he was at the moment unable to explain. Nay at one time "the weight of argument" was against him. Ought the son to disavow *pro tanto* his confidence in his father's character, or ought he to reject the doubts absolutely, and to believe as strongly as ever? The *Dublin Review* declares for the latter opinion, and says that "the common voice of mankind" would condemn as "morally detestable" the contrary course.

The illustration is unfortunate in one respect as introducing an irrelevant consideration. Many people might hold that it is better to believe falsely that a father is good than to believe truly that he is a rogue. The moral overrides the logical consideration, and the proper statement of such an opinion would be, not that the son's conduct is detestable simply, but that it is detestable although reasonable. We will not go into the casuistry of the question, but simply state our own opinion, which is, that

in the case suggested the son's judgment ought to be guided by the evidence, but his affections ought not to be materially altered. He should think that his father is a rogue if the evidence shows him to be a rogue, but should perform the surely not impossible feat of loving him though he is a rogue. We cannot see anything "morally detestable" in such conduct, which it would be easy to illustrate by many cases of actual occurrence.

There is, however, another ambiguity in the case which it is necessary to notice. The *Dublin Review* speaks of "the weight of argument" being against the father. The weight of what argument? It apparently means the argument which might be produced in a court of justice, and which would necessarily guide the opinion of indifferent persons. Now it is perfectly plain that the son might rightfully decline to be convinced by any such evidence; and why? Simply because the son is in possession of a vast amount of contradictory evidence which he cannot produce in court, but which, if it could be produced, would convince reasonable men. Our knowledge of the character of a man with whom we have been intimate for years depends upon thousands, or even millions, of observations, few of which can be adequately described in words, many of which have almost passed from our consciousness, but which to us are just as legitimate arguments as any that could be adduced by an impartial scientific inquirer. They cannot be accurately appreciated and measured, but they afford perfectly good premises for valid reasoning. Evidence as to character is of comparatively little weight in a criminal trial, because its sincerity cannot be tested sufficiently, and because language is not capable of transferring from the mind of the witness to the minds of the jury the countless collection of facts on which it is founded. It is still more difficult to describe character than to describe physiognomy; but the inferences which we draw from a recollection of likeness are just as sound as those which we draw from more tangible and measurable facts. Not to go further into a set of considerations which are frequently important in such cases, we may say that a son may be perfectly right in not being convinced by evidence which would convince everybody else, because he is in possession of a great body of evidence which is open to nobody else. If, on the other hand, it is meant that the weight of evidence is against the father even after taking into account all the means of information at the son's disposal, it is quite clear that he is logically wrong in resisting conviction, and we should say that he is also morally wrong. His father has still claims on his affection, but not on his respect; for surely no one will argue that if a son, after taking everything into account, has reasonable grounds for disbelieving his father's virtue, he ought to force himself to believe in it. Such a theory would introduce a new principle of logic, to which there is too much inclination at present—namely, that our convictions should be guided by our passions; but, at any rate, it cannot supply a general rule of logic.

The *Dublin Review* "retorts" upon the writer in *Fraser* by putting another case. If, it says, a man should count with his own hands and eyes 16 rows of pebbles with 16 in a row, and make the total 256, should he doubt that 16 times 16 is equal to 256? Certainly not; he should think that he has made a mistake. And why? Simply because the evidence in favour of the arithmetical truth is incomparably greater than the evidence furnished by a particular process of counting. We do not ask, for it is totally irrelevant to this question, on what grounds our certainty of the validity of mathematical operations rests; whether, as Mr. Mill would say, on the testimony of experience, or, as the *Dublin Review* would say, on the testimony of some faculty capable of affording *a priori* knowledge. In any case, it will be admitted that we are, or may be, certain that  $16 \times 16 = 256$  in so high a degree that the chance of that statement being erroneous is as nothing as compared with the chance of a particular arithmetical blunder. But the illustration may be turned against the *Dublin Review*. If there had been 116 rows of 116 pebbles, and the counter had found them to be 13,446, whereas, on performing the arithmetical operation, he had come to the result 13,456, he would, if a bad arithmetician, have very likely supposed himself to have made a mistake in the multiplication, and not in the counting. In both cases he would really have to be guided by the balance of evidence. The question before him is simply whether it is more likely that he should have blundered in counting or blundered in multiplying.

These cases suggest another difficulty, which is brought out by the illustrations in the *Spectator*. Suppose, it says, that seventeen people swear that Mr. Gladstone was in the House of Commons at a given day and hour, and twenty-three that he was not, our judgment would then be in suspense. If, however, we were one of the seventeen, if we had seen Mr. Gladstone, made a speech in reply to him, and so on, should we not be justified in rejecting the evidence of the twenty-three? Certainly we should, as a general rule, and for the simple reason that the evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of Mr. Gladstone's presence. It is less beyond experience that twenty-three people should lie than that our memory should deceive us on a matter where we had such ample means of knowing the truth. Even here, indeed, we do not put the case quite so strongly as the *Spectator*. We think that, as a matter of fact, any man's judgment would be perceptibly staggered by an agreement of twenty-three men of, as we will assume, undoubted honour and probity. He would think that there was a strange mistake somewhere, and would

hardly think it quite out of the question that his own memory had played him a trick. Indeed, there is a simple test of this fact. The evidence of twenty-three unsuspected eyewitnesses would be enough to convince most people—we do not ask whether rightly or not—of the occurrence of a miracle; that is to say, of a suspension of the invariable order of nature. If such a belief is not out of the question, surely it cannot be out of the question to suppose that a similar amount of testimony would convince a man that he had been drunk, or dreaming, or seized with a temporary fit of insanity. And when the *Spectator* apparently says that any additional number of external witnesses should make no difference in our belief, we entirely decline to follow it. It falls, as it appears to us, into two fallacies. It speaks as if the knowledge of Mr. Gladstone's presence depended upon the immediate testimony of our consciousness. This is, of course, a mere slip of the pen. In matters to which a man's own consciousness testifies he is the only possible witness, and therefore his evidence is conclusive. If he has a toothache, the whole human race might swear that he had not without altering his belief, and for the excellent reason that they could not know anything about it. Such a case then comes within the general principle of proportioning belief to evidence, because by the hypothesis the whole attainable evidence is on one side; though it is perhaps hardly philosophical in such a case to speak of evidence at all. But in the case of Mr. Gladstone's presence on a given occasion, there are evidently several links which are supplied by inference. There is the possibility of the observer's memory being deceived, or of his having put a wrong interpretation on the sights, sounds, or other phenomena from which he inferred Mr. Gladstone. And if he was shortsighted, deaf, absent-minded, and so on, the links might be very weak. The principle, as the *Spectator* puts it, would imply that a man should never allow himself to be convinced by any external evidence that he has been under an hallucination; and that if a mad woman believes herself to be Queen Victoria, she is right in rejecting all the assurances of her friends that she is not. There is, however, another observation of more importance. The cases put by the *Spectator* are really cases in which the preponderance of evidence is enormously on one side. The probability approaches indefinitely near to certainty, just as a curve approaches indefinitely near to its asymptote; and the question is substantially this—whether a man ought to permit his conduct or his state of mind to be affected by a doubt of infinitesimal magnitude. Such a doubt certainly ought not to change his conduct; for the world would not be habitable if we did not at every moment of our lives assume the truth of innumerable propositions the certainty of which falls far short of mathematical demonstration. Indeed the degree of doubt may vary infinitely, and yet our opinions always amount to practical certainty. We should call the Atlantic pure water for all practical purposes though a pint of wine had been emptied into it, and under the same circumstances we might call Windermere equally pure. Yet the ocean would be purer than the lake in the ratio of the volumes of the two collections of water. In like manner we cannot distinguish the degrees of certainty with which we hold that two and two make four, that there is a city called Paris, that our father or our first cousin once removed is an honest man, or that we had eggs for breakfast this morning. The human mind resembles an imperfectly graduated thermometer which is not capable of representing very subtle changes of temperature. And yet there is a vast difference in our state of mind in these instances, which is proved by the fact that very different amounts of evidence would be required to upset our convictions in the various cases. To shake our belief in some of these truths would be to dislocate the whole structure of our minds, and to eradicate opinions which are intertwined with every thought that passes through them; to shake our belief in others, it would be enough to prove that we had had a passing lapse of memory, or suffered from a temporary aberration of intellect.

It may be right to call all these states of opinion by the name of "absolute certainty," meaning simply that we do not at present entertain, and are convinced that we never shall entertain, any doubt on the subjects to which they refer. What we should call varying degrees of assent or intensity of conviction may be properly designated as varying degrees of adhesion to the principles involved. That is a question of language in which we have no particular concern; and we should be glad to find that we really agree with the persons against whom we fancy ourselves to have been arguing. Nor can we even touch upon the application of such discussions to those religious inquiries to which of course they owe their real interest. We can only say that we see no reason for doubting the general principle that we ought, as far as possible, to proportion our convictions to the evidence, which is merely a particular application of the rule that we ought to believe as far as possible what is true, and therefore not to hold the chances to be 100 to 1 when they are really only 10 to 1. None of the cases alleged seem to have any tendency to invalidate this view. We do not doubt the perfect sincerity of our opponents; we only suggest to them that there is an obvious danger in using language which may be easily perverted to mean that a man may and ought to be "absolutely certain" of something which he really knows to be not certain at all.

## VITUPERATION.

THE mind of man naturally relies and takes delight in vituperation—in hearing others, provided that no personal interest is concerned, deliver themselves of hearty abuse, careless of nice discrimination. People would not call names if they did not meet with the sympathy of animated attention; there would be few vituperators if there were no applauding audience. Vituperation is, in fact, a social exercise, and the liking for it is engrained; a spice of abuse enlivens a dull subject as much as a good story. We may all recollect the stimulus which an honest, cheerful, witty vituperator on our own side has given to our convictions. Even before a side is taken, the confidence which is inspired by an outburst of contumely goes for something, and has done so from the beginning of things. Satire, says Dryden—and he means vituperation—is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are the praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others came not long afterwards. Of course the vituperation of which we speak as being so generally acceptable is not malignant. It is that habit of a ready, licentious tongue which anticipates and strengthens opinion in the speaker rather than is formed by it. People of ordinary good nature do not like to be parties to the more bilious forms of railing, where the railer desires to injure by his execrations; it must be understood that the bark is worse than the bite, that the whole thing is an achievement of rhetoric, with which malice has little to do. If we cannot admit in the retrospect that a trick of vituperation is really harmless either to speaker or sympathizers, yet people assume it to be so when it amuses them and they allow themselves to enjoy it.

The pleasure of vituperation we take to be a kind of glory, an exuberant elevation and sense of power in placing our antagonist or victim on any level we please. Whatever may be said of laughter, there is no doubt that calling names is an assumption of superiority; we judge a man when we designate him a blockhead or a rascal. Nor is this glory confined to the speaker; it inflates in a lesser degree those who listen, and who are supposed to be capable of appreciating a derogatory opinion which is confided to them. They feel themselves cleverer and honestest by unconscious comparison. The power to string epithets together stands for a substantial accomplishment, and has a way of creating conviction as the string lengthens. Hence a good vituperator is hailed as an important ally among the zealots of a cause, both as keeping adherents in good humour and their convictions at the proper tension. We are not sure that a party can ever be found to take root without one to carry people a little beyond themselves and so to commit them. Not but that there are men so keenly vituperative as to be unfitted for any kind of fellowship. They play their game alone. Social vituperators are of this class. As the practice can scarcely be largely indulged in in society without some qualities that make it entertaining, it all passes for sport, as "the man's way." There are people so much in the habit of witty disparagement that, if they talk of their friends at all, they cannot help doing them an injury, and attaching some stigma to their names in the minds of those who hear them, so that ever after there clings a sense of something to their disadvantage; for to hear a person called names whom we do not know, or to whom we are indifferent, establishes a prejudice, the strength of which is in proportion to the absence of apparent ill-will in the vituperator, and to the very vagueness and dimness of the charge. Nobody can slip into the vein without some ill-nature; but when a man is young and fresh this taint may be as little perceived by himself as by his admiring friends. Indeed, though ill-nature certainly grows under the habit, at first it may be little enough. It is the unrestraint and want of discipline which does the mischief, the use of a language immoderate, unmeasured, indiscriminating, unscrupulous.

A habit will long outlive the wit which set it off, and a hardened vituperator who calls names, and characterizes his neighbour's actions in opprobrious terms, has few friends. The same epithets which, in the fascinating insolence of sanguine and confident youth, appear to be a mere ebullition of animal spirits, offend us as disappointed malice when the game of life is played out. In fact, no imagination is active or lively enough to supply an unceasing flow of fresh invective, and yet there is no point on which the ear more inexorably demands novelty and play of invention. The man who designates either friends or enemies by the same abusive terms through a lifetime gets nothing but the reputation of a foul tongue for his pains. There must be something quaint and new, something to repeat, in order to sustain his band of listeners. The whole language of calling names is transitional, and changes with a rapidity known to no other art. Thus the scraggy railer finds himself superseded and outshone by some younger tongue well up in the most recent vein; his very terms are old-fashioned; and, whether for this or some deeper cause connected with the morality of the subject, we shall always find him flat, embittered, tinged with melancholy or discontent, his friends consulting and shaking their heads over him behind his back, and the whirligig of time bringing about abundant revenge. And what happens to persons in their private capacity happens to authors in regard to their fame. Pope made sure that his *Dunciad* would survive as long as the English tongue should remain as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George; he supposed to rest his fame upon it. It is read no doubt still, but how stale and wearisome have his epithets become now. The perpetual recurrence of *dunce*, *fool*, and *lunatic* repels the general reader,

to whose fancy they once condensed so much fine satire when *dunce* and *fool* were the favourite terms of opprobrium. Vituperation is the only language—assuming it to be the best of its kind—that loses credit and dignity with time. It will not keep. If when it is old it still amuses us, it is rather at the expense of the vituperator than of his subject and victim. In our calm superiority we see the injustice of it, and muse on the righteousness of moderation. What disadvantage is it, for example, to the Presbyterians of the seventeenth century to find them described by their opponents in a string of epithets as "covetous, false, undermining, poor-spirited, void of generous souls, sneaking, snivelling," &c. &c.? Who suffers in our estimation—Andrew Marvell, or the critic who habitually calls him "buffoon"? We are amused rather than convinced of Prynne's unpopularity when we are told that "he almost nauseated the sober part of the nation by the stench of his carrion pasquils." We are not influenced in our estimate of Anthony a-Wood when we find that a rival biographer pronounces his book a "tumultuous mixture of stuff and tattle." Vituperation has two stages of appreciation when approved at all. At first we like it because it expresses our prejudices with a courage and audacity which we are not equal to; and afterwards, as a literary curiosity, as showing upon what matters the asperities of a past age, which we have ourselves outgrown, exercised themselves. Where not redeemed by quaintness and the use of obsolete terms, the effect of vituperation on a style is generally to vulgarize it; for all names, all set forms of abuse, by whomsoever originated, descend to the vulgar at last. Hence it is wonderful how a habit of calling names lowers a man with posterity. Warburton was a great offender in this way. His *Divine Legation* "stuck with some candid men" who did not like his line of argument; and his orthodoxy was called in question. In return he calls the pious Roman an "execrable scoundrel." His correspondence abounds with such terms—applied to well-meaning divines—as *dunces*, *wretches*, a *worthless crew*, *abandoned libellers*, and *senseless profligate scribblers*. He looks forward, in his preface to a second volume, to "hauling them all like vermin in a warren, then leaving them to posterity to stink and blacken in the wind." He reached the climax of this sort of rhetoric when, in the House of Lords, he apologized to Satan for having supposed him capable of inditing Wilkes's pamphlet. Even antiquity was not safe from his tongue. Not only was the Society of Antiquaries a hospital of blockheads, but the very Fathers of the Church were mis-called. John of Antioch he suspected of being a "shagrag," and Theodoret and an august brotherhood were "poltroons." He only, however, exceeded the practice of the day. There was a trick amongst friends of praising one another up to the skies, and treating all the rest of the world as "wretches," which tells but poorly upon an indifferent and supercilious posterity. We find a record of Swift's, whose cynicism took this direction, showing a strictly private indulgence of the vein in his comments on the leading men of his day. If that on Lord Wharton, "the most universal villain I ever knew," was not well merited, at least it was shared by his friends; but he had also personal antipathies, as to the Scotch. Thus somebody is "one of the greatest knaves, even for a Scot"; the Duke of Argyll is "an ambitious, covetous, canny Scot." Then there follow in order Duke of Bolton, a great booby; Duke of Montagu, "as great a knave as any in his time"; Earl of Ranelagh, "the vilest soul I ever saw"; Earl of Sandwich, "as much a puppy as ever I saw, ugly and a fop"; Earl of Faversham, "he was a very dull old fellow"; Lord Guildford, "a mighty silly fellow," and so on. In order to show a high standard of merit, it was necessary to such a temper to flatter somebody. Flattery, indeed, is a necessary antithesis to vituperation, as we see when a few of these wits get together or write civil letters to one another.

The present century had the counterpart of these masters of the art in Professor Wilson, whom nobody ever surpassed in the reckless daring of his contumely. His vituperation was essentially of the unmalignant sort, betraying unrestraint and recklessness rather than malice. What a quantity of stuff of this kind that looks poor enough now amused his contemporaries, and uplifted them in the reading into some sense of his own audacious smartness! as when, for example, he characterizes cockneys by every epithet of scorn, calls Leigh Hunt, mainly on this account, a profligate creature, and stigmatizes all opponents, literary or political, as blackguards and villains. Though less exuberant, we find the same vein in De Quincey. It was a family tendency. His marvellous boy brother was an early proficient; once he proposed to execute the feat of standing head downwards on the ceiling "like those scoundrels the flies." He works himself into quite a passion of ill language against Dr. Johnson, for his tone towards Milton. He is incontinent and unappeasable. "Am I the man," he asks, "to suffer him to escape under the trivial impeachment of 'prejudice'?" "Dr. Johnson, viewed in relation to Milton, was a malicious, mendacious, and dishonest man." We call this vituperative, because he is obliged to make admissions about Milton which expose himself quite as reasonably to the same allegations, without once flying out at him. But the vituperative temper cares nothing for consistency; blindness is one of its characteristics.

We have only touched on the more creditable forms of vituperation, as indeed a branch of rhetoric, a vehicle for zeal, an expression of honest conviction even where self comes in. It is innocent in proportion to the absence of merely personal considerations, if indeed it can ever be quite clear of these or of some

dash of error. We certainly see that men may have tastes and principles so much at heart that they keenly hate, and rejoice to vilify, the dead who are removed from them by long periods of time, and remoteness of association. With what a rage of contumely Mr. Ruskin denounces painters who have lain for ages in their graves; what adjectives and what nouns in conjunction; what ingenuity of novel invective do his pages display! "Sickening offensiveness"; "weaknesses and paltrinesses"; "tottering affectations"; "tortured insanities"; "shallow, unreflecting nothingness"; "distorted feverishness"; "strained and disgusting horrors"—such flowers of criticism on art are thickly strewn. How he storms at the "intolerable, inconceivable brutality of Salvator," "base born, thief-bred"; and at the lower Dutch schools, "which lose the villanous in the brutal and the horror of crime in its 'idiocy'!" However well merited may be his rebukes, it is impossible not to discern in Mr. Ruskin a relish for railing in well-sounding periods and a perception of the literary use of invective—a relish which we regard as dangerous alike to growth in judgment and to permanent influence.

Whatever may be the incitement to this vein—whether a detestation of moral turpitude, as in the mutual denunciations of Cavalier and Roundhead, Puritan and Churchman; or of folly, which was the stimulus to abuse among the wits of a later age; or of defective taste, which is perhaps the provocative to bad language that is most general in our own time—all vituperation comes at last to the charge of knavery and villany of some sort. We are so far moral creatures that nothing satisfies the unlicensed tongue but measuring all men and things alike by a moral standard. The man is as villanous who perpetrates a false quantity as he who rebels against his king, or betrays his country, or scruples at a dogma, or tyrannically imposes it. However far removed our likes and dislikes, our tastes and efforts, may seem from the standard of moral right and wrong, vituperation never stops short of it. Not knowing the language of moderation, it is incapable of shades or degrees, and is driven to see wickedness and foul wrong in all that it disapproves in order to account for and justify its own vehemence.

#### ON A VISIT.

TO most young people the social arrangement known as going on a visit to friends at a distance is one of the most charming things possible. Novelty being to them the very breath of life, and hope and expectation their normal mental condition, the mere fact of change is in itself delightful; unless it happens to be something so hopelessly dull as a visit single-handed to an invalid grandmother, or the yearly probation of a girl of the period under the charge of a wealthy maiden aunt with strict principles on the question of chignons, and no croquet lawn. If the young ladies out on a visit are, however, moderately cheerful, they can contrive to make amusement for themselves out of anything short of such sober-tinted extremes as these; and very often they effect more serious matters than mere amusement, and their visit brings them a love affair or a marriage which changes the whole tenor of their lives. At the worst, it has shown them a new part of the country, given them new patterns of embroidery, new fashions of hair-dressing, new songs and waltzes, and afforded an occasion for a large supply of pretty dresses, which to most young women, or indeed to most women whether young or old, is a very effectual source of pleasure.

The great charm and excitement of going on a visit belongs naturally to the young of the middle classes; among those of higher condition it is a different matter altogether. When people take their own servants with them and live in exactly the same style as at home, they merely change the furniture of their rooms and the view from the windows. The same kind of thing goes on at Lord A.'s as at Lord B.'s, in the Scottish Highlands or the Leicestershire wolds. The quality of the hunting or shooting may be different, but the whole manner of living is essentially a repetition; and the dead level of civilization is not broken up by any very startling innovations anywhere. But among the middle classes there is greater variety; and the country clergyman's daughter who goes on a visit to the London barrister's family, plunges into a manner of life totally different from that of her own home; the personal habits of town and country still remaining quite distinct, and the possibilities of action being on another plane altogether. A London-bred woman goes down to the country on a visit to a hale, hearty Hessian, her former schoolfellow, who tucks up her woollen gown midway to her knees, wears stout boots of masculine appearance, and goes quite comfortably through mud and mire, across ploughed fields and undrained farmyards, taking cramped stiles and five-barred gates in her way as obstacles of no more moment than was the mud or the mire. Long years of use to this unfastidious mode of existence have blinded her to the perception that a woman, without being an invalid, may yet be unable to do all that is so easy to her. So the London lady is taken for a walk, say of five or six miles, which to the vigorous Hessian is a mere unsatisfying stroll, and what her youngest child could easily enough do. To be sure the walk includes a few muddy corners and the like, and Bond Street boots do not bear the strain well; neither is a glistening silk gown of the fashionable colour improved by being dragged through furze bushes and bracken, and brushed against the wet heads of field cabbages. Moreover, crossing meadows tenanted by cattle that toss their heads and

look—and "looking," in horned cattle, is a great offence to most town-bred women—has been a service of peril which alone would have taken all the strength out of her nerves, and all the pleasure out of her walk; but the hostess cannot imagine feelings which she herself does not share, and the London lady is of course credited with courage, because to doubt it would be to cast a slur on her whole moral character. The Hessian minds the beasts no more than as many tree stumps, but her friend sees a raging bull in every guilty mother that stares at her as she passes, and thinks something dreadful is going to happen because the flies make the heifers swing their tails and stamp. Then the dogs bark furiously as they rush out of farmsteads and cottages; and the newly-dressed fields are not pleasant to cross or skirt. The visitor cares little for wild flowers, less for birds, and all trees are pretty much alike to her; and this long, rude walk, accentuated with the true country emphasis, has been too much for her. Her host wonders at her evening lassitude and low spirits, and fears that she finds it dull; and the robust hostess anathematizes the demoralizing effects of Kensington, and scornfully contrasts her present friend with her past, when they were both schoolgirls together and on a par in strength and endurance. "She was like other people then," says the well-trained Hessian, who has kept herself in condition by daily exercise of a severe character, "and now see what a poor creature she is! She can do nothing but work at embroidery and crouch shivering over the fire." Sometimes, however, it happens the other way, and the lady guest, even though a Londoner, is the stronger of the two. The wife has been broken down by family cares and many children; the guest comes fresh, unworn, and young; the wife seldom goes beyond the garden, never further than the village, and is knocked up if she has done two miles; the guest can manage her six or eight without fatigue; hence she naturally becomes the husband's walking companion during her visit, to his frank delight and as frank regrets that his wife cannot do as much. And the wife, though good breeding and natural kindness would prevent her objecting to these long walks, finds them hard upon her. Most probably she bitterly regrets having invited her former friend, and mentally resolves never to ask her again. She wanted her as a little amusement and relaxation for herself; her health is delicate and her life dull, and she thought a female friend in the house would cheer her up and be a help; but when she finds that she has invited one who, without in the least intending it, and only by the force of circumstances, sets her in unfavourable contrast with her husband, we may be sure that it will not take much argument to convince her that asking friends on a visit is a ridiculous custom, and that people, especially young ladies fond of long walks, are best at their own homes.

In London there are two kinds of guests from the country; the insatiable, and the indifferent—those who wear out their hosts by their activity, and those who oppress them by their supineness. The Londoner who has outlived all the excitement of the busy city life wonders at the energy and enthusiasm of his friend. Everything must be done, even to the Tower and the Whispering Gallery, Madame Tussaud's and the Agricultural Hall. There is not a second-rate trumpery trifle which has been in the shop windows for a year or more, that is not pored over, and if possible bought; and among the inflictions of the host may be counted the crude taste of the guest, and the childish flinging away of money on things absolutely worthless. Or it may be that the guest has come up stored with many maxims of worldly wisdom and vague suspicion, and, determined not to be taken in, attempts to bargain in shops where a second price would be impossible, and where the host is personally known. With guests of this superabundant energy a quiet evening is out of the question. They go the round of all the theatres, and fill in the gaps with the opera and concerts. They have come up not to stay with you, but to see London, and they fulfil their intention liberally. Or they are indifferent and supine, and not to be amused, do what you will. They think everything a bore, or they are nervous and not up to the mark; they beseech you not to ask any one to dinner, and not to take them with you to any reception; they are listless at the theatre, and go to sleep at the opera; at the Royal Academy the only pictures they notice are those of their own neighbourhood, or perhaps one by a local artist known to them. All the finest works of the year fall flat, and before you have seen half, they say they have had enough of it, and sit down plaintively offering to wait till you have done, in the tone of a Christian martyr. These are the people who are always complaining of the dirt and smoke of London and the stuffiness of the houses, as if they were personally injured and you personally responsible. They show a very decided scorn for all London produce, natural or artificial, and wonder how people can live in such a place. They are sure to denounce the prevailing fashions, whatever they may be; while their own, of last season, are really exaggerated and excessive; and they refuse to have the town touch laid on them during their stay, but heroically follow the millinery gospel of their local Worth, and amuse you by themselves. They show real animation only when they are going away, and begin to wonder how they shall find things at home, and whether Charles will meet them at the station or send William instead. But when they write to thank you for your hospitality, they tell you they never enjoyed anything so much in their lives; leaving you in a state of perplexity, as you cannot help remembering their London and provincial complaints, and evident relief in leaving; and comparing your remuneration with the warm suggestions of pleasure now before you.



eyes. All you can say is, that if they were pleased they took an odd way of showing it.

There are people rash enough to have other people's children on a visit, to take on themselves the responsibility of their health and safety, when the young guests are almost sure to fall ill by the change of diet and the unwanted amount of indulgence allowed, or to come into some trouble by the relaxing of due supervision and control. They get a touch of gastric fever, or they tumble into the pond; and either bronchitis, or a fall from horseback, or tripping over from a ladder, or coming to grief on the swing, or such a such accident, is generally the result of an act which is either heresim or madness as one may be inclined to regard it. For of all the inconveniences attending visiting, these incidental to child guests are the most distressing. Yet there are philanthropic friends who run these risks for the sake of giving pleasure to a few young people; whether they deserve canonisation for their kindness or censure for their rashness we leave an open question. As for certain disturbances in health, that generally comes to other than children from being on a visit. Hours and style of food are sure to be somewhat different from those of home; and he slight constraint of the life, and the feverishness which he induces, add to the disturbance. Occupations are interrupted both to the guest and the host; and some hosts think necessary to make company for the guest, and some guests are heavy on hand. Some regard your house as a gaol, and on as the gaoler, and are afraid to initiate an independent action or to call their souls their own; others treat you as a landlord, and behave as if you kept an inn, making a convenience of your household in the most unblushing manner. Some are astiduous, and find nothing that they have been accustomed to, and covertly snub your wines, your table, and your whole arrangements; others embarrass you by the fervour of their admiration, as if they had come out of a hovel and did not know the usages of civilized homes. Some intrude themselves into very small household matter that goes on before them, and offer advice that is neither wanted nor desired; and others will not commit themselves to the most innocent opinion, fearful lest they should be thought to interfere or take sides. Some of the women dress at the husband; some of the men flirt with the wife and make love to the daughters surreptitiously; some loaf about or play billiards all day long till you are tired of the click of the balls; others bury their heads in a book, and are no better than nummies lounging back in easy chairs; some insist on going to be met in a hard frost; others will shoot in a downpour; and others again waste your whole day over the chess-table, and will not stir out at all. Some are so sensitive and fidgety that they will not stay above a day or two, and are gone before you have got into the habit of seeing them, leaving you with the feeling of a whirlwind having passed through your house; and others, when they come, stick, and you begin to despair of dislodging them. On the other hand, there are houses where you feel that you would wear out your welcome after the third day, how long soever the distance you have come; and here are others where you would offend your hosts for life if you did not throw overboard every other duty and engagement to remain for as many weeks as they desire. In fact, paying visits and inviting guests are both risky matters, and need far more careful consideration than they generally receive. But when it happens that the thing is congenial on both sides, that the guest slips into a vacant place as it were, and neither bores nor is bored, then paying a visit is as delightful as the young imagination pictures it to be; and the peculiar closeness and sweetness of intimacy it engenders is one of the most enduring and charming circumstances incidental to friendship. This, however, is rare and exceptional, as are most of the very good things of life.

#### THE PROPOSED CREATION OF CARDINALS.

THE Roman Catholic papers, which on such a point are likely to be well informed, report that the Pope contemplates very shortly filling up some fourteen or fifteen of the twenty vacancies in the College of Cardinals, and eleven names are mentioned of those expected to receive the red hat. Prominent among them is Archbishop Manning, and with him come the Archbishops of Munich, Cologne, Mechlin (Dechamps), Posen, Baltimore (Spalding), and the Patriarch of Lisbon, who makes an *ex officio* claim to the dignity by virtue of a privilege accorded by Clement XI. To these are added the names of four high officials of the former Papal Government—Bendi, Prefect of Police; Negroni, Minister of the Interior; Vissolacci, and De Merode. Of the claims of many of these personages to reap the reward of their labours in the cause of "ourism" there can be no sort of question. There is a story told of an English Catholic visitor expressing to a very distinguished German ecclesiastic his regret that Dr. Newman was not made a Cardinal. "My dear friend," was the prompt reply, "that is not the stuff Cardinals are made of." Exactly so; but such men as Manning, Dechamps, Melchers, and the reclaimed Archbishop of Munich, who has been good enough to excommunicate his old friend and counsellor, Dr. Dollinger, are just "the stuff Cardinals are made of," and have fairly earned their promotion. The Archbishops of Westminster, Mechlin, and Baltimore were leaders of the ultra party at the Council, while their brothers of Munich and Cologne, who were rather troublesome at Rome, have still more

constantly distinguished themselves since by their persecution of their former associates. Considering how important, though hardly conspicuous, a part was played by the police in the management of the Council, the bestowal of the purple on Negroni can only be regarded as a fitting and graceful acknowledgment of the services of Negroni and Vissolacci less is generally known; but De Merode is a man of mark in his way, and a staunch supporter of Papal interests, though his fraternal affection betrayed him into the impropriety of ordering a solemn requiem for the pious, but too liberal, Montalembert, which His Holiness, being quite superior to the superstition *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, countermanded, not without a tolerably free expression of his sentiments on the subject. On the whole, the proposed nominees appear to us admirably qualified for their elevation, though in the present state of things at Rome the precise marketable or other value of the dignity may perhaps be considered ambiguous. There is something ominous in the statement that the solemnities usual in the preconisation of Cardinals "will, on this occasion, of course have to be dispensed with," though the necessity, in fact, arises solely from the assumed captivity of "the prisoner of the Vatican."

As regards Archbishop Manning, indeed, we were a little surprised, not that the Pope should be ready to promote him, but that he should be desirous, if he is desirous, of accepting an honour likely to hamper his action and to impair rather than to enhance his influence in his own country. Cardinal Wiseman, whose genius was greater than his common sense, fully expected to be received at Court as Cardinal, and was not a little disappointed, if not soured, at finding that his new dignity conferred no social rank or position in England, and, being received from a foreign Sovereign without the sanction of his own, could not be recognised by the Government at all, so that all official intercourse had to be carried on through Bishop Grant of Southwark, instead of himself. Dr. Manning will be under no such illusions, and neither is he likely to apply to the Queen for permission to accept his new title, which was, we believe, asked and obtained in the case of Cardinal Weld. He is, however, the best judge of what will be most conducive to his ecclesiastical aspirations; and a higher status in Roman Catholic society, coupled with the reverential chances of influence in future conclaves, may perhaps seem a sufficient compensation for the drawbacks of a princely rank which will not be recognized and cannot be laid aside. For it is a curious circumstance, and one which oddly illustrates the composite character of the Papacy, that the highest position in the Roman Church next to that of the supreme and infallible Pontiff is a secular and not a spiritual office, which may be, and often has been, held by laymen. The whole history of the institution is so remarkable that it may be worth while briefly to recall it at a time when the anomalous Court in which Cardinals rank as princes of the blood is passing through a momentous, if not final, crisis of its long and chequered existence. "The Catholic Church," said M. About, in his peculiar manner, "is governed by a Pope and seventy Cardinals, in memory of the twelve apostles." This is not quite an accurate account of the matter; but it represents with tolerable fidelity the popular impression among both Catholics and Protestants as to the *de facto* government of the Church. But when we proceed to inquire how the body which was once ruled by twelve apostles came to fall under the domination of a Pope and seventy Cardinals, the answer can hardly be compressed into the limits of an epigrammatic sarcasm.

For many centuries, even after the Bishop of Rome had attained in practice to a position of unchallenged supremacy in the Western Church, his election was dependent on the joint action of the whole civic community in its threefold division—the Government, the clergy, and the people. It was not till the middle of the eleventh century that Nicolas II., acting under the inspiration of Hildebrand, who was soon afterwards to succeed him on the Papal throne, effected this great revolution—for such it undoubtedly was—which transferred the election of the supreme Pontiff from a large and mixed constituency, in which the civil authorities held a prominent place, to a small ecclesiastical senate nominated by himself alone. The preamble of Nicolas's Bull, after rehearsing the troubles and confusions of former elections as the cause for this momentous change, decrees that henceforth the right shall appertain first to the Cardinal Bishops, then to the Cardinals of lower rank, and that the clergy and people shall merely express their acquiescence. About a century later Alexander III. made the votes of two-thirds of the Conclave essential to a valid election, and this provision still continues in force. The present composition of the Sacred College is fixed by a later enactment, dating from the reign of Sixtus V., in 1585, which limits the number of members to seventy, divided into six Cardinal Bishops, fifty Cardinal Priests, and fourteen Cardinal Deacons. It must, however, be remembered that the nomenclature is purely technical; a Cardinal Deacon may be in priest's orders, as is the case with Cardinal Antonelli at this moment, and many Cardinal Priests are bishops. On the other hand, there may be Cardinal Priests who are not in priest's orders, as was for many years the case with Cardinal Dandini, who was also, while only a deacon, Bishop of Genoa. There have even, according to Moroni, been Cardinal Bishops who were only in diaconal orders. The fact is, that the cardinalitial title is a purely secular one; it is a grade in the Court of Rome, not in the Church; but as the Court is a strictly ecclesiastical one, all who belong to it have to wear the ecclesiastical habits, and to remain unmarried. Monsignori, for instance, many of whom are laymen, dress as priests, and cannot marry

without resigning their dignity. There is no ordination for a Cardinal as such, and he only requires the Pope's permission to return to secular life and marry, as many lay Cardinals have actually done. As recently as 1735 Don Luis of Bourbon was named by Clement XII. Archbishop of Toledo and Cardinal, at the mature age of eight; and Sixtus V. made his nephew a Cardinal when a boy of fourteen. There are several instances on record where Cardinals in holy orders have been allowed to renounce their dignity and marry, generally on political grounds. Only two centuries ago, Casimir, brother of the King of Poland, who was both a Cardinal and a Jesuit, received a dispensation to marry, and to marry his brother's widow, on the Jewish principle of "raising up seed to his brother." Several other instances occurred in the same century of Cardinals in sacred orders being allowed to marry. The real fact is that this hybrid dignity, while not a sacred, is yet, as belonging to the Papal Court, an ecclesiastical one. It is conferred on laymen by a legal fiction of appointing them for twelve months with an obligation of taking deacon's orders within that period, which, however, can be renewed *toties quoties* by the plenary power of the Pope, just as French Protestants were invested with the Cross of St. Louis for ninety-nine years, when their right to wear it would be forfeited if they remained in heresy. It was, however, ordered by a Bull of Pius IV. that Cardinals not in deacon's orders should not vote in conclave; but this exclusion is explained in a later Bull of Gregory XV. to be subject to Papal dispensation, and accordingly the Cardinal Archduke Albert, who afterwards married, voted in the election of Sixtus V. by virtue of a special license from the late Pope. It was the express wish of Pius IX. that all the Cardinals should be at least in deacon's orders, and there are accordingly no members of the present College below that order.

The process of creating Cardinals is almost as singular as their position when created. They pass, so to speak, through a chrysalis and an unfledged stage of existence—if such a confusion of metaphors may be allowed—before the fully developed butterfly displays its pointed wings. First, there are the Cardinals *in petto*, who are eventually destined by the Pope to that high dignity, though no one but himself need know anything of the fact. It was usual at one period for the Pope to mention their names in secret Consistory, as was done by Martin V.; but this imperfect promulgation did not entitle them to act as Cardinals. Then the practice was adopted of simply intimating in Consistory the number, but not the names, of the persons designated for the purple, which had no other effect than to limit the range of the Pope's power of creation, as these unknown members were held to belong to the Sacred College. A custom has since sprung up of the Pope's writing out in sealed packets the names of Cardinals promoted *in petto*, for the guidance of his successor, who, however, is not bound to carry out his wishes in the case of his death, and does not invariably do so. Pius IX. has the discredit of supplying the first example of a Pope annulling his own *in petto* nomination, and that, too, after it had been formally intimated by letter to the nominee, who was moreover by far the most distinguished Italian ecclesiastic of the present century—Rosmini. The future Cardinal, after receiving notice to make preparations for his public reception, not only found himself summarily rejected, but his latest work, published by the express direction of the Pope, placed on the Index. So much for the chrysalis or *in petto* stage of development, from which a freshly named Cardinal emerges into what was formerly a kind of novitiate, during which he is called a Cardinal *cum ore clauso*, invested with the dignity but debarred from all active exercise of office, until the Pope has solemnly "opened his mouth." Eugenius IV. declared Cardinals in this state incapable of voting in Consistory; but the restriction was removed by Pius IV. a century later, and accordingly Gregory XV. has ruled that every promulgated Cardinal—as distinguished from those *in petto*—has the inalienable right of the franchise. Seven Cardinals "with closed mouths" voted in the election of Clement X. in 1670, one of them being Clement himself. But in recent times this latter distinction has become a mere formality, though it still exists in theory, and might at any moment be revived, the closing and unsealing of a new Cardinal's mouth being accomplished in the same Consistory. On the other hand, a Cardinal's right of franchise in Papal elections once acquired is so strictly "inalienable," to use the term of Gregory XV., that no suspension, interdict, or excommunication can deprive him of it. This strange regulation was introduced by a Bull of Clement V. as a security against the passion or caprice of partisan Popes like Boniface VIII., who degraded the two Colonna Cardinals from their rank. Cardinal Soderini, who had been degraded and imprisoned for conspiracy by Adrian VI., was actually let out of prison, in spite of the dying injunctions of the Pope, to vote in the election of his successor, and said the Mass of the Holy Ghost at the opening of the Conclave. A still more notorious case occurred in 1740, when Cardinal Coscia, who had been imprisoned for the most scandalous crimes, was taken out of the Castle of St. Angelo to vote in Conclave. This precedent has never since been reversed. Pius IX., indeed, affected by a Brief in 1867 to deprive the late Cardinal Andrea of all "active and passive voice" in Papal elections; but the Cardinal's death, under sufficiently suspicious circumstances, two years later, makes it impossible to say whether the validity of this unprecedented and illegal stretch of authority would have been admitted had he survived the Pope.

It is obvious that a rank and title so exclusively connected with the Papal Court as distinguished from the Church must be materially affected, if not eventually superseded, by the loss of

the temporal sovereignty. For centuries four-fifths at least of the Cardinals have always been Italians, as was only natural when they formed the Senate of an Italian prince, and the constituency that was to elect his successor, and from whom practically—for there is no canonical restriction, on their choice—that successor was to be chosen. On the contrary, nothing can be more unreasonable than that a body which is to form the ordinary Council of the chief pastor of the Universal Church, and from whose ranks he is to be elected, should represent any one particular country or nationality. If it is necessary that the Sovereign of Rome should be a Roman, any local restriction is singularly out of place in choosing the spiritual Father of Christendom. Pius IX. has already lived to fill up almost the whole Sacred College twice over. We shall watch with some curiosity his next batch of Cardinals, if the twenty places now vacant, and which he can hardly have an opportunity of filling more than once again, are indeed about to be supplied.

#### THE LEGAL DRAMA.

THE practical basis of the English character assures the success of the legal drama. We like to find ourselves entertained without having to call upon our imagination, for we know by experience that imagination is always dull and often deaf. The theatre and its mimic stage may be all very well when we can get nothing better. It may suit the season of youth, when we live and breathe in an atmosphere of illusions, and find the transition easy from the fairy tales of our childhood to representations of history and romance which are more or less realistic. But our maturer faculties are reluctant to lend themselves to a conspiracy against our common sense. We are sharp to remark the tragedy monarch dropping his h's, and to note the garish glitter of the glass in his consort's jewelled diadem. With Garrick we detect in the clothes of the courtly *roué* "as vulgar a ruffian as ever trod the boards," and if we are betrayed into visiting the pantomime, we prefer the boxes that command a view of the machinery. In all this we show a striking contrast to our neighbours the French. They may be congratulated on preserving the perennial freshness of the illusions that die so early with us. Accordingly they can afford to be comparatively indifferent to the legal drama, because all acting becomes reality to them almost without an effort of the mind. Versatile, volatile, and impressionable, their quickly won sympathy reacts on the performers, and the stage and the house confound themselves in a common loss of individuality. Molière, Sardou, or Offenbach can always count upon drawing, and the impossible vaudeville is accepted for the instant in all good faith. Even the business-like frequenter of the Bourse can change at any moment his world of finance for the realms of fancy, by the purchase of a ticket at some *bureau de location*. We can thus understand why, after their first novelty had worn off, the trials of the Communists ceased to prove attractive. Thus, too, we may explain the fact that struck the *Times*' Special Correspondent the other day, when two exceedingly sensational trials drew neither reporters nor public from Paris to Versailles. We English could not afford to waste rare chances of this sort. Sensations with us are so much more difficult to come by that we can ill afford to miss the opportunities that supply them. A Parisian may be indifferent to the legal drama, because it is often duller to him than the fictitious, in spite of the possible sensation of the *dénouement*. The first object of its authors is not the entertainment of the public; its best situations are merely incidental, and telling points are never absolutely to be reckoned upon. The piece hangs, as Justice drags across the stage with proverbial deliberation, and in the getting up there is a general absence of the artistic element. Circumstances are elaborated to monotony, and bits of incidental evidence assume extravagant importance as if in contempt for the impatience of the audience. The counsel want fire, and the ill-timed interruptions of the Bench are fatal to the flow of eloquence. There are exceptions, of course, and occasionally the enterprise or good fortune of a public prosecutor enables him to compete with his professional rivals of the Odéon and Français. In trials like that of Tropmann he can emphasize some thrilling horror by the production of material *pièces de conviction*, as Mr. Wear's yellow gig was produced on the London stage after the Gill's Lane tragedy. But while in our English Courts some of us would welcome such adventitious sensation as this, our peculiar nature enables us to dispense with it. When once it is borne in upon us that there is a great interest of life and property at stake, we can afford to wait patiently while the plot develops. Nay, we take a positive pleasure in dallying with enjoyment which we feel must at best be only too brief. The dull business-like examination and cross-examination of a witness by some slow counsel serves to sustain our sense of the grave material interests involved; careful attention to the Judge's tedious summing up is one of the intellectual efforts of which most of us seem to be capable. A strain it may be, but we feel that he is weighing the issues of life and death, or that he is wringing the very heart-strings of struggling claimants for a fortune.

We do not know that this feature in our character redounds greatly to our credit. At best it distorts to a vice the national virtue of earnestness; and were we to recognize the fact, it might prove a corrective to the aim of moral superiority which we are so fond of parading. We confess to the existence of sin and sorrow, and we admit the universal infirmities of human nature; yet we not

critical of a statement which accompanied the discovery, that the present cathedral of Chester was "originally a Benedictine Abbey." The *Times* is the *Times*; it is our own times which it deals; we accept its statements as to what is actually going on among us, and we perhaps ought not to be particular as to things which happened so long ago as to come under the head of "originally." Indeed, the *Times* shows, on the whole, a very creditable amount of knowledge of the history of Chester. It knows that the present Bishopric was founded by Henry the Eighth, and it also knows that there were earlier Bishops of Chester, who were the same as the Bishops of Lichfield. It knows also that the seat of this earlier diocese was placed not at St. Werburgh's, but at St. John's. This is really an amount of local knowledge not at all to be despised, and on one who has got so far we should not be hard for putting his "originally" at a time so far removed as the latter years of the twelfth century, and for thinking that the Benedictine monks, who certainly were there then, had been there from the beginning. Thankful, then, for our great Gaelic fact, we will not do more than put in a gentle reminder that, as late as Domesday, St. Werburgh's was still served by secular canons, and that the Benedictine monks were a reformation or corruption, at all events an innovation, of Earl Hugh the Wolf, the builder of the earliest parts of the present church.

Our problem as to the ethnology of Chester city and county palatine is further complicated by a sermon alleged to have been preached by the Dean of Westminster in Chester Cathedral on Friday week, a sermon which the *Daily News* reported the next morning, but which the *Times* bottled up till the following Wednesday. We have compared the two versions, and we find no contradiction of any moment between them, though each, as so often happens, contains some things which are not to be found in the other. The *Times*, for instance, contains the statement that "for the first three centuries of the Christian era there were no churches at all, no places set apart for public worship anywhere." This statement the Dean is made to repeat, first with some vigour, and then with some signs of doubt. "There was not any one authentic instance, perhaps there was not one, in the whole of the first three ages." Dr. Stanley has been a Professor of Ecclesiastical History; so perhaps we ought only to ask, in an inquiring spirit, what then is the meaning of the accounts, accepted by most ecclesiastical historians, of the Christian churches which were pulled down under Diocletian? We confess that we rubbed our eyes over the report in the *Times*, and the *Daily News* seems to have been so puzzled with it as to leave it out altogether. But, to keep things straight, the *Daily News* presently contains another sentence which the *Times* leaves out, and which more nearly concerns our immediate subject:—"Chester Cathedral stood on the very outpost of the English frontier. It was the first English Cathedral that met the eyes of their wild Celtic ancestors far beyond the Dee in former times." Whose "wild Celtic ancestors"? The idea did flash across our mind that it was the Welshmen whom the Dean was addressing, and that the orator who spoke Gaelic was no other than Dr. Stanley himself. But there is no sign in either version that Dr. Stanley spoke any language but English, and the passage about "their wild Celtic ancestors" immediately follows an appeal to Cheshire men as such. We are therefore driven to believe that Cheshire men once had "wild Celtic ancestors"—wild Celtic ancestors who came from "far beyond the Dee." Mark again the careful prudence which avoids any more definite word than "Celtic." The wild ancestors of the Cheshire men were Celts from beyond the Dee; but it is not said that they were British, Welsh, Cymrian, or the like; they may, as far as this statement goes, very well have been a vestige of the Gael in Gwynedd. Mark also how lately they came into Cheshire. When they came from far beyond the Dee, "Chester Cathedral was the first English Cathedral that met their eyes." It is plain then that Dr. Stanley is talking of times since Henry the Eighth, since the foundation of the present Bishopric, when, in his own words, according to the *Times*, "the old Benedictine Abbey became the new Cathedral of Chester." We thus, by comparing our two authorities, get to the bottom of the whole mystery. Some time since the reign of Henry the Eighth Cheshire was settled by wild Celts from far beyond the Dee, who are the ancestors of the present Cheshire men. Thus much we learn from Dean Stanley. From our other informant we learn that the city of Chester still contains a considerable Gaelic-speaking population. The two statements help out one another. We now know from what branch of the Celts the wild ancestors of the present Cheshire men sprang. They were not Cymry but Gael, a most important fact in British ethnology. Some time then within the last three centuries a Gaelic settlement from some part of North Wales occupied Cheshire, they became the ancestors of the people of the county palatine, and in the city itself they still retain their language. The fact is new and striking; it is especially strange that, contrary to what commonly happens in such cases, the Gaelic tongue has survived in the city, while, as far as we have ever heard, it is not to be found in the county at large. We will not say *Credo quis impossibile ait*; the fact rests on a much higher line of argument. It is established out of the mouth of two witnesses, and that by a series of undesigned coincidences. No evidence, according to all rules of historical criticism, can be better.

With this great discovery fresh in our minds, we are not in a mood for cavilling. Otherwise we might ask what is meant by

Chester Cathedral being "a fragment, as it were, of that old Roman fortress and stronghold from which it takes its name." Again, the Cathedral is "the depository, the centre, of a long and varied history in Church and State." "That outward church arose first out of the living deed—works of the first of that ancient Royal Saxon line of which almost every daughter was a saint-faithful or a saint." The first of the ancient Royal Saxon line was, according to all orthodox genealogy, no other than Woden. Woden then, and no smaller person, was the founder of Chester Cathedral, and, to judge from the passage about the "fragment," it would seem that, like Theoderic at Ravenna and Abbot Paul at St. Albans, he built it out of Roman remains. Of course we need not believe that any part of his work is now standing, any more than we have the work of Augustine at Canterbury, or of Dunstan at Glastonbury. It might be objected that Woden, if not himself an idol, was at least an idolater, and was therefore an unlikely person to be the founder of a Christian church. But, if Voltaire built a church, why not Woden? The tolerances of early times, whether at the court of Alexander Severus or at that of Æthelberht, went a good way. Some months back we gathered from Dr. Stanley himself that Stuf and Wiltgar, unbaptised descendants of Woden, were the founders of the church of Carisbrook. Why then should not Woden himself be the founder of the greater church of Chester? Then again, according to Professor Westwood, the tombstone of a grandson or great-grandson of Woden is still to be seen near Edinburgh, with a contemporary Latin inscription. This Romanising taste was most likely hereditary in the family, and it quite falls in with the notion of Woden using Roman materials in the construction of his building. On the whole, we recommend this view of the foundation of St. Werburgh's to the careful consideration of antiquaries, though we cannot receive it with the same undoubting confidence as the Gaelic occupation of Cheshire, the great "neglected fact" or "omitted chapter" in English history.

#### WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

IT must be allowed that the agitation for woman's suffrage in England is poor and tame compared with that of which reports come to us from the United States. We are told that at a convention lately held in Washington the celebrated Mrs. Woodhull was somewhat reserved during the morning, but "let herself out" in the evening. We have sufficient acquaintance with the speeches and writings of Mrs. Woodhull to be able to realise, as Americans are fond of saying, the discourse in which she let herself out against the political and social arrangements of which she disapproves. According to one report of this convention, Miss Anthony defended Mrs. Woodhull against "immoral charges." We do not know who were the persons who brought these charges, or what they were; but we should have thought that the task of defending Mrs. Woodhull against herself would have tried to the utmost the friendly eloquence of Miss Anthony. Besides "letting herself out" at Washington, Mrs. Woodhull went to Boston and delivered a lecture on "Free Love," which was enough to rouse the austere founders of that city from their graves. It is curious to speculate upon the probable treatment of this doctrine of "free love" under the severe discipline of the Puritan colonists of New England. Mrs. Woodhull, according to the report, argued that it was her inalienable constitutional and national right "to love whom I may, to love for as long or as short a period as I can, and to change that love every day if I please." It is extravagant to suppose that any such doctrine could have been propounded in the early history of Boston, but we know what was likely to happen to man or woman whose conduct might appear to be a practical anticipation of the doctrine. But the severity of Puritanism has been greatly mitigated at Boston. Mrs. Woodhull's enunciation of the principles of free love provoked "a little scene," but the moral people of Boston, as the reporter calls them, received the lecturer pretty well, and she doubtless proceeded to let herself out in a strain of argument which Miss Anthony would have some difficulty in persuading us is not immoral.

It appears that some of the American advocates of woman's suffrage are beginning to be dissatisfied with their association with the energetic champion of their cause who speaks so very freely upon the subject of free love. A lady who signs herself "Olivia Logan" writes to a newspaper to disclaim the distinction which had been conferred upon herself and her husband of "standing in the front line of the ultra-progressionists of the age in regard to marriage." We presume that the honour which Mrs. Logan disclaims would be cheerfully accepted by Mrs. Woodhull. Indeed, we think that the "platform" on which she placed herself before the Bostonians must be on a level with the most advanced line of progress. Mrs. Logan, however, has either never reached this line, or has recently performed what a Yankee would call "a considerable backwardation" from it. She has heard that it has been reported that she and her husband regard the religious ceremony which took place on the occasion of their marriage "as a concession to the prejudices of the unenlightened majority." This report, says she, is entirely untrue. Indeed she goes so far as to declare that, if woman's suffrage means free love, she is opposed to woman's suffrage. We sympathise with Mrs. Logan, but at the same time we must confess that we should like to hear Mrs. Woodhull letting out against her. It certainly cannot be alleged that Mrs. Woodhull or her defender Miss Anthony made any concession to the prejudices of that

unenlightened majority in which we must reckon ourselves. On the contrary, Miss Anthony took "the broad ground" that social degradation ought not to affect political rights, or, in other words, that the class whom she, or the reporter of her speech, calls "prostitutes" were as much entitled as herself to share in the agitation for woman's suffrage. We have ourselves been particularly careful not to adopt the ugly word which seems to be used in this report as descriptive of the professors of the doctrine of free love. We feel a difficulty in distinguishing between Mrs. Woodhull's Bostonian "platform" and the principles which would be likely to be held by the class to which Miss Anthony refers, supposing that that class held any principles at all. But then we belong, as we have already admitted, to an unenlightened majority which requires concession to its prejudices, and thinks that a man and woman ought to be married before they proceed to live together for a longer or shorter period. We remember a play, long since banished from the stage, in which the fun turns upon the mistake of a gentleman who visits the house of a lady under the belief that it is a resort of the class which Miss Anthony invites to join her in agitating for woman's suffrage. It seems to us that a male reader of Mrs. Woodhull's "platform" might possibly fail to perceive the distinction between free love and something which we will not name.

It is perhaps one of our prejudices which causes us to speak of Mrs. Woodhull's school of morality with a reserve which her disciples do not imitate. We observed in a recent number of her journal a correspondent's letter which appears to treat of that development of free love which in the Old World is called adultery. This letter states that a very intelligent millionaire in Wall Street, who also indulges in scientific farming and cattle-breeding, remarked lately that he was proud of his stock outside his house, but that he was ashamed of his stock inside. This millionaire being intelligent, is happily free from prejudices which have widely prevailed in all ages and countries of the world except perhaps in the nineteenth century in America. If, he said, he was as free to experiment inside the house as outside, he would bet half his fortune that he would improve the domestic stock as much as the stock outside. There are obviously two ways and no more in which the "domestic stock" could be improved, and it is not perhaps clear which of these two ways the intelligent millionaire preferred. The correspondent remarks that, when such "scientific aspirations" got spread among "money kings," who are a good deal in the habit of having what they want, the institution of civilized marriage will undergo as severe a strain as that of civilized slavery lately did. It is unfortunately true that even in England rich men are much in the habit of having what they want, but still their "scientific aspirations" are not always gratified with impunity, while those of their wives are liable to severe condemnation. The intelligent millionaire who desired to improve the "domestic stock," might, if he had been an English peer, have perceived that, under the guidance of scientific aspirations, an inconvenient confusion might arise as to what the stock was. If he supposed that his sex might indulge in scientific aspirations which would be forbidden to the other sex, it is desirable that Mrs. Woodhull should repeat at New York the lecture which she lately gave at Boston. As a leading contributor to her journal puts the claim of woman, "the freedom to be healthy must be absolute." As long as a woman can be crushed by an imputation of impropriety, she will remain, says this writer, virtually a slave. A woman who is conscious of being true to herself, will disregard "the worst word of vituperative slang" which the world can hurl at her, and she will proceed to develop her own destiny in accordance with the design of her being. Here, again, our unenlightened prejudice crops up, and we venture to suggest that, with husbands improving the domestic stock and wives developing their own destinies, society would have a tendency to become chaotic.

We do not of course impute to the advocates of woman's suffrage in England a full and deliberate participation in Mrs. Woodhull's plan for regenerating humanity. But some of the persons who agitate for woman's rights occasionally use suspicious language as to woman's duties. The term "female polygamist" was invented by one of these persons to describe the class which Miss Anthony invites to co-operate with Mrs. Woodhull and herself. It is remarkable that some of the persons who are active in demanding woman's suffrage in England have made themselves conspicuous in agitating for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act. If this agitation has been caused by sympathy for the class to which the Act applies, we think that the sympathizers are entirely mistaken, as the Act has already done more good to this class than they are likely to get by woman's suffrage, which Miss Anthony begs them to join her in demanding. We believe that Englishwomen will not readily advance to the point at which Mrs. Woodhull and her disciples now stand, but some of them are undeniably moving in the same direction at a slower pace. "The freedom to be healthy must be absolute. As long as woman can be crushed by an imputation of impropriety she will remain virtually a slave." These words, which we once more quote from Mrs. Woodhull's journal, express a demand for the enfranchisement of women in the very largest sense. It is time, says Miss Anthony, speaking on the same side, that women should throw off the mock modesty which has maddled them for so long a time, and deal plainly with facts as they are. We really hope that it is not time. We entreat the women of England to continue to wear the mantle of modesty, at least as a concession to

the prejudices of the unenlightened majority of men. We have felt compelled to deal plainly with the fact of the existence of Mrs. Woodhull, but the task is particularly disagreeable.

#### THE THEATRE.

A PLAY has been performed for some weeks at the Princess's Theatre which curiously exemplifies the caprices of popular taste. We should have thought that this play, which is called *On the Jury*, was at least as attractive as many others. It is a story of domestic life, by no means ill told, and there is an exciting scene in which a boat is upset and the heroine is rescued by her lover from drowning in the Thames, in sight of London Bridge and London. It appears hardly worth while to engage Mr. Phelps to play a principal part in a piece in which another principal part is given to a very poor imitation of a river steamboat. The piece is undeniably acceptable to pit and gallery, although less so as regards the higher-priced parts of the house. It is difficult to believe that anybody who cares for those scenes in which Mr. Phelps produces a considerable impression can care also for a representation, which is necessarily inadequate, of the upsetting of a boat by the swell of a steamer in the Thames. Opinions may differ as to the rank to which Mr. Phelps is entitled among actors, but at least it may be said that that which in past years he has done best he still does as well as ever. The upsetting of the boat on the Thames is preceded by a waterside scene, in which several persons pass over the stage, and one of them stops and buys a penny pie. This is the sort of thing which occurs frequently in pantomimes. It is not in itself funny, but we always know when such a scene occurs in a pantomime that the fun, such as it is, will begin directly the clown commences his usual operations on the pie-man. But it happens that there is a pantomime of by no means lively character at this theatre, and we cannot help thinking that in it we get enough of penny pies—not to say too much—to serve us for a single evening. Probably the incident of the purchase of a pie by a waterman, who states that it is the first bit of food he has tasted that day, is introduced in order to give an air of reality to the upsetting of the boat, which is transacted directly after it. We feel some regret that Mr. Phelps, after a lifelong devotion to the highest department of the drama, should be induced to ally himself towards the close of his career with those dramatists who depend upon sensational incidents for their success. Yet neither Mr. Phelps, nor any other actor, however accomplished, can depend wholly upon the dramas of past ages to maintain their position in public favour. And besides, if Mr. Phelps proposes to appear in the *Man of the World*, or some other comedy of the last century, there is the formidable difficulty of finding actors and actresses to perform with him who can assume the dress and manners of the period with propriety. We should, on this account, have been glad to see the piece called *On the Jury*, more successful than it is, and still more to find in it more merit than we can fairly say that it possesses. The introduction of the pie-man reminds us of the tight-rope dancer who, for one night only, was added to the other attractions of the *Last Days of Pompeii*, at the Queen's Theatre. It might be supposed that a drama founded on the novel of that name would be likely, if tolerably well acted, to succeed; but the manager must have a strange conception of his own aim if he expected that tight-rope dancing would help him to attain it. There is still a difference between a high-class theatre and a music-hall, and we believe that the experiment of combining the attractions of both at the Queen's Theatre was not carried beyond one night.

The moderate success which has attended a piece supported by Mr. Phelps and Mr. Webster causes surprise at the great success of another piece to which we should have ascribed even smaller intrinsic merit. The play called *Partners for Life* has now drawn fashionable audiences to the Globe Theatre for more than one hundred nights, and we are told that the attraction lies not so much in the piece itself as in Mr. Montague's acting of a part in it. We will quote, as a specimen of this play, the only incident which we happen, after a few weeks' interval, to remember. A servant announces dinner, and as the company pass out of the drawing-room he offers his arm to a lady, who comes alone and last in the procession, and says, "Allow me, Madam." Such an incident would be tolerable, but not particularly funny, in a farce; but in a genteel comedy, which the Prince of Wales went twice to see before his illness, its introduction is marvellous. As regards Mr. Montague's acting, we can only wish that he had something to act; but there is a scene near the end in which a barrister's blue bag is introduced, which deserves to be compared with the purchase of a penny pie at the Princess's Theatre. We certainly do not complain that the public is amused, or that the Globe Theatre is enjoying a prosperity which it has not often known. But it is wonderful that there are not more and better dramatists, when the rewards of success in dramatic literature are so considerable. The plays of the late Mr. Robertson still support the theatre where his faculty for writing modern comedy first became conspicuous. If there be an author capable of filling the place which his untimely death left void, managers, we should think, would be glad to hear of him. A piece rather better than *Partners for Life*, and equally well acted, would certainly run for a whole year. The public is disposed to be very grateful to those who may be able to amuse it.



Another dramatic event equally surprising is the success of a play founded upon classical mythology. We spoke lately of a musical piece in which the scene is laid upon Mount Olympus, and Jupiter is informed by Thespis, the manager of a company of actors, that he and the other gods are only available for theatrical purposes in burlesque. This piece is a great improvement on the ordinary burlesques with which our theatres are overdone, and it might have been expected that a classical subject would yield itself pleasantly to that kind of treatment. But the play called *Pygmalion and Galatea*, which now attracts good houses at the Haymarket Theatre, has neither music nor scenic accessories to contribute towards the success which it has undoubtedly attained. Nothing could have appeared more improbable than the result which Mr. Gilbert, with the assistance of manager and company, has produced. The public has become so familiar with attempts to make the scene-painter supply the deficiencies of authors and actors, that it cannot greatly care for a "Greek interior" which remains unchanged throughout this play; and as regards dresses, although brilliant in colour and probably correct in shape, they only serve to impress upon our minds that the wearers are British born and bred, and not the least bit of Greeks. Mr. Buckstone is an established favourite, and his appearance as a wealthy Athenian is probably considered by the audience as a good joke, irrespectively of how he looks and what he says. The part of an Athenian soldier is played by Mr. Howe, an actor who, in the course of a long and creditable association with this theatre, has changed from slight youth to a portly middle age to which perhaps a round hat and an umbrella might be more suitable than a brazen panoply modelled from the Achilles in Hyde Park. The sentiments of patriotism which this valiant Athenian utters are doubtless shared, like his corpulence, by many British volunteers. These depreciatory observations, which inevitably suggest themselves to a spectator of this play, are really high commendation, because they show that it has succeeded in spite of formidable difficulties. An ordinary English actor can do almost anything in the range of his profession better than he can wear a suit of armour; and as Mr. Buckstone is always Mr. Buckstone, his appearance as an ancient Greek directs our thoughts towards the region of burlesque, in spite of our knowledge that this theatre lies beyond it. Nevertheless the author has contrived to tell a pretty story pleasantly, and he does not allow his audience to yield to the temptation to laugh in the wrong place. He has altered the classical legend by providing Pygmalion with a wife; so that when the statue comes to life there is no place ready for her in the sculptor's household, nor is it easy to acquit the gods who vivified it of a malevolent purpose of providing business for the Divorce Court. The young person who has thus been introduced into an uncomfortable world has the good sense, as soon as she understands the circumstances of her position, to retire from it. She goes behind the screen from which she had originally emerged into life, and returns to stone. The gods having thus withdrawn their injurious favour, the domestic happiness of Pygmalion is restored, while that of the valiant soldier in scarlet and brass is announced as shortly to begin. It is manifest that the success, which is unquestionable, of this hazardous experiment is largely due to Miss Robertson, who plays the part of the animated statue.

The successful revival of Mr. Boucicault's comedy of *London Assurance* at the Vaudeville Theatre excites feelings at once of pleasure and regret. This amusing play is well acted, and is received with hearty applause; and we ask ourselves as the curtain falls why it should be impossible for this author to attain the same kind and degree of success again after more than thirty years of observation of life and theatrical experience. It surely could not have been from want of encouragement that he deserted the field in which this early and brilliant triumph was achieved. The allusions of the play have an almost archaic flavour, but the hand that wrote it still exerts a powerful, although mischievous, influence on the stage. The scene is laid for the most part in Gloucestershire, and the time is 1841, when actions of crim. con. and suits in the Consistorial Court flourished, and runaway lovers depended wholly on a postchaise and four horses to escape pursuit. Sir Harcourt Courtly still sends an anticipatory account of his elopement with Lady Gay Spanker to the *Herald*, disregarding the fact that that respectable journal has gone the same way as the elder Farren and Mrs. Nisbett, whom some of us remember as the delightful representatives of those characters. Those who have seen the father in this play will like to see the son, and those who have not seen the father, should see the son, in order to gain some idea of what the father was. If Mr. Boucicault could now write another play like this, he would find in Mr. W. Farren and other members of the same company efficient help in embodying his ideas, and the result of the joint labours of author and actors would be prosperity to all concerned. But Mr. Boucicault probably finds it equally profitable and much easier to write, or rather to put together, such plays as *Formosa*, instead of endeavouring to improve in mature age upon his early work. It is hardly possible that he is insensible to the fact that *London Assurance* is applauded by people who witnessed *Formosa* with wonder mingled with contempt. The success of this revival is as undeniable as that of the new play called *Partners for Life*, and it is far more easy to explain; for the revived play is the best work of Mr. Boucicault, while the new play is neither better nor worse than twenty other recent plays of Mr. Byron. The elder dramatist has produced at least one enduring comedy, while the younger hardly pretends to do anything more than write a play which may last

until he has had time to write another. It is strange that Mr. Boucicault should have created a sort of standard which marks the decline of dramatic art which he himself exemplifies.

## REVIEWS.

### FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.—VOL. IV.\*

THE new volume of his *History of the Norman Conquest* brings us practically to the close of Mr. Freeman's work. He has still to examine the immediate influence of the great revolution which he has described on the social and intellectual condition of the conquered country, and to trace its constitutional results as far as the reign of Edward I. But as a direct historical narrative his work ends with the death of William at the close of the present volume. If we compare it with its predecessors, it stands in some ways, no doubt, at a certain disadvantage. As a writer Mr. Freeman is emphatically "among them that delight in war," and though there is fighting enough in the ground he traverses here, there is no such great contest as that of Senlac to fire him to the enthusiasm which flowed through his story of the death-struggle between William and Harold. Nor is there that novelty in the subject of William's rule itself which made his account of the Conqueror's reign a distinct addition to English history. On the contrary, he is necessarily forced to traverse ground which has been already traversed by two great historians. In spite of the depreciatory references to Thierry which crowd the pages before us, we remain convinced that no amount of blundering can destroy the artistic value, the literary grace, the picturesqueness, and interest of Thierry's work; while, fragmentary as is the condition in which Sir Francis Palgrave's account has come down to us, its learning and originality make it a formidable rival to all after-comers. On the other hand, the present volume has a dramatic unity which its predecessors necessarily lacked. Throughout it we are at home. The story does not run on two legs; it no longer carries us abruptly from England to Normandy only to whirl us abruptly back from Normandy to England. In the former portion of the work this double character was inevitable, but during the reign of William the part played by Continental affairs is so small that it hardly interrupts the purely English current of the narrative. It is a still greater gain that our sympathies are not distracted by the presence of a couple of heroes. Harold is dead and buried, and throughout the present volume we are face to face with the Conqueror alone.

The disadvantages of his present story bring some of Mr. Freeman's merits conspicuously to the front. It is no slight praise to say that in historical lists like these he has fairly borne down his competitors, that he has added interest to a story which Thierry has handled, and discovered materials for the illustration of the Conquest which had escaped the research of Palgrave. If it is impossible to make the story wholly novel, he has at any rate given novelty to almost every part of it by his remarkable use of the details preserved in Domesday, and by his descriptive sketches of English towns, while the lack of military interest is atoned for by constitutional dissertations in which he stands immensely above his two predecessors. But though he can battle bravely with the disadvantages of his subject, Mr. Freeman shows less inclination to grasp its advantages. The distinctive peculiarity of the present volume, as we have said, is that from one end of it to the other we are face to face with the Conqueror. William is no mere name round which the historian may group a varied series of events which happened to occur in his time. His own vigorous personality meets us at every turn. From his coronation to his grave he fills the whole canvas. The terrible conquest, the wise reorganization, the mingled order and tyranny of his rule, the triumphs of its opening, the calamities of its close, all are his own. It is William whose sword hews its way from Cornwall to the Frith of Forth, or whose statesmanship plans that wonderful union of the older Teutonic constitution with the newer feudalism which created the England in which we live. Able men like Lanfranc are his counsellors, but they are never more than his counsellors. The work, for good or ill, is always his own. It is seldom that a man of such intellectual stature stands out so distinctly on the canvas of his time. The flatteries of his chaplain, the cold censure of the English chronicler, the traditions that floated down in the great houses of the Conquest, the letters of Lanfranc, the stories of Orderic, a hundred of such anecdotes as men of this sort are sure to grave deep in the popular memory, all enable us to know William as few historic heroes can be known. His character itself, too, is full of grand contrasts—the Norseman struggling with the civilizer, the wild passions of a savage bursting through the crust of the statesman. Few figures, in a word, are more fitted to kindle the imagination of the historian; and it is a little disappointing when we find that Mr. Freeman regards it with a coldness which tells upon every page of his book. It is not that he is ever purposely unjust to the Conqueror; it is that one feels throughout what a distinctly moral effort it costs him to be just. More than just he is resolute not to be. There is not a trace of

\* *The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Consequences*. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College. Vol. IV. The Reign of William the Conqueror. Oxford: the Clarendon Press. 1872.

sympathy, of fervid admiration, of enthusiasm in the picture. The historian has washed off the brilliant colours in which he painted Harold from his palette, and sketches his great rival accurately and conscientiously, but in grey. The result is inevitable. We bow with respect before the care and accuracy which are displayed, but we gain no lifelike impression of William.

The result is the more provoking that it does not spring from any want of power in the painter himself. Of all characters in our history Harold's is the one of whom we actually know least, yet Mr. Freeman has known how to create a Harold. William's life and character, on the other hand, is preserved to us with an amazing fulness, yet Mr. Freeman has left the Conqueror a figure without warmth or interest. What it really springs from is, if we may venture to term it so, an historic caprice. Mr. Freeman has chosen for his judgment of William the standpoint of a Peterborough monk of the eleventh century, who has left us his impressions of the Conqueror in the English Chronicle. With the chronicler, he is awed by William's amazing greatness, he is ready on the whole to do justice to his moral excellence, but he is not going to like him any more than the monk of Peterborough likes him. The choice of such a standpoint undoubtedly gives a certain originality and force to Mr. Freeman's view of the matter; but the standpoint is, after all, an artificial one; the English feeling about the Conqueror, or indeed any estimate of his own time, can only fairly be taken into account as elements in the larger appreciation of his character which history demands. On the other hand, this almost contemporary feeling which pervades Mr. Freeman's work has its obvious advantages in dealing with the time itself. The clearness and precision with which it enables the historian to grasp the very different aspects of different periods during William's reign appear in the opening of the present volume. Nothing can be finer than the way in which Mr. Freeman points out the character of William's position as soon as the coronation made him legally an English King. Resistance became in the eyes of a large proportion of his subjects rebellion, and all hope of any combined national rising was at once lost. It was with local revolts that the Conqueror had henceforth to deal, and these revolts left half the realm untouched from first to last. If we set aside the momentary outbreak in Kent, which had nothing to do with William himself, the whole country eastward of a line from the Fens to Lincolnshire remained steadfastly loyal to the new sovereign:—

The coronation took place, as I have said, during a moment of apparent universal submission; if all England had not acknowledged William, no part of England acknowledged any one else. The struggle which followed was a reaction after a panic; it was the revolt of a people goaded to revolt by the oppression far less of William himself than of William's unworthy lieutenants. In all those parts of the country which had already submitted to the new King, it was strictly rebellion, however justifiable rebellion, against an established government. And even in those parts to which William's power had not yet reached, in those parts which he had to subdue by force after his coronation, the struggle bore a somewhat different character from that of simple national resistance to foreign invasion. When the men of Exeter or Chester made defiance to William, they were bidding defiance to the only *de facto* King and government in England. Their resistance was therefore local rather than national; each city and district fought for its own hand, not for the common freedom of the whole realm. A land therefore which resisted bit by bit was, in the nature of things, conquered bit by bit.

Nor did William assume in this earlier period of his reign the character of a Conqueror at all. He regarded himself, and he called on England to regard him, as the lawful successor of Eadward, elected by the free choice of the people, and crowned formally by the Church. Of course there were difficulties in the way of such a theory, whether arising from his own Norman followers, whose greed it effectually checked, or from the stubborn resistance of a large part of his English subjects. Still there can be no doubt that at the outset William held it, and held it firmly. There was a striking likeness, as Mr. Freeman points out, between his position and that of Cnut, and what difference there was between them seemed all in his favour. William's accession was followed by few confiscations, and by no such judicial murders as had disgraced the opening of the Danish rule. The land, too, so far as outer appearances went, had accepted William's rule. The oppression of his lieutenants during his absence in Normandy did little to disturb its tranquillity; the disturbances in Kent and Hereford were easily suppressed; and an English party was growing up, especially among the trading and ecclesiastical classes, in William's favour. No one, we think, has definitely pointed out before the real relation of England to the Conqueror during the year which followed William's coronation. But his position as an English sovereign is strikingly shown in his early campaign against Exeter and the cities of the West. The account of their confederation and revolt forms one of the most remarkable passages in the volume; the claims of Exeter seem oddly to have resembled those of the Italian towns a century later. Its burghers offered to pay tribute, but they would accept no king or king's reeve within their walls. The notable thing, however, is that the revolt was put down by an English army, and the conquered citizens were treated as subjects rather than vanquished strangers by their conqueror.

The fine description which Mr. Freeman has given of Exeter itself is an admirable instance of the way in which the local position and the archaeological features of a place may be made to contribute to the illustration of general history. It is by a series of pictures of this sort that he has succeeded in giving interest to the period which followed this year of peaceful subjugation, the period strictly speaking of the Conquest. Of the successive campaigns in which William trampled down the revolts which burst

forth around him we know comparatively little, except in the great crisis which followed the appearance of Sweyn's fleet in the North. The best part of Mr. Freeman's work lies in his reconstruction, if we may use a Niebuhrian phrase, of this lost period of history by means of a careful survey of Domesday Book, and of a close local acquaintance with the towns which fell before the Conqueror's sword. One such picture is particularly interesting. Lincoln witnessed not merely the creation of a new French town on the height now crowned by its castle and minster, but the actual transfer of the elder English burgh to a new and lower site:—

For a small part of them a dwelling-place was found in a manner which forms one of the most interesting pieces of local history in England. Within the city, at the foot of the hill, beyond the stream of the Witham, lay a waste piece of land which had never been dwelt upon by man. This the King granted to his English favourite Colsweigen. A new town began to arise. At the time of the Survey thirty-six inhabited houses, inhabited doubtless by men who had lost their homes on the height, formed part of the estate of Colsweigen. For the use of his tenants he built two churches, the most striking portions of which still remain. They still bear witness, in their tall slender towers and windows of the more ancient fashion, that even while the Norman castle and the Norman minster were rising above their heads, Englishmen could still build in earlier and more national forms of art. Reared as they were after King William came into England, the works of Colsweigen, the towers of Saint Peter-at-Gowts and Saint Mary-le-Wigford still reproduce that style of building which Wilfrith and his contemporaries had brought from Rome, and which so long remained the common heritage of Western Christendom. I hardly know of any works of man which speak more strongly to the heart than these two stern and unadorned, yet stately, towers, reared, in the days of bondage, by an Englishman who, by whatever means, contrived to hold up his head among the conquerors of England, and to win no small share of the honours which belong to the founders of new temples of God and of new dwelling-places of man.

Domesday has been worked into the fabric of the history with similar skill. One of Mr. Freeman's discoveries by means of it is that of an early forfeiture and redemption of lands, which must have followed immediately on William's accession. But through every stage of the Conquest we are allowed to see the social and agrarian revolution which followed the march of the Conqueror. Domesday, indeed, is made to do such yeoman's service to history throughout the present volume that we can hardly complain if Mr. Freeman shows himself less sensible of the other opportunities for illustrating this period which present themselves in less trustworthy quarters. We find, for instance, the dealings of the D'Oillys with the Abbey of Abingdon, which in the monastic Chronicle present such a vivid picture of the wrong and violence which went on during the Conquest, and yet of the good which mingled with it; but the tale is reduced to its most prosaic form, and buried in an appendix. Yet we can hardly conceive a story which would have brought home more forcibly to an ordinary reader the actual condition of the country at the time. Little social pictures like that of Blachemann's home at Abingdon need hardly have been left in the obscurity of notes. But even when noting here and there a fact which is denied to us, we are astonished at the enormous mass of fresh information which Mr. Freeman has been enabled to give.

(To be continued.)

#### MUSTERS'S PATAGONIA.\*

OUR attention was drawn some six months ago to the geography and physical features of the extreme South of the American Continent by Mr. Cunningham's excellent Report of the Survey of the Straits of Magellan by the officers of H.M.S. *Nassau*, to which he was attached as naturalist. Though not equally exact or scientific in his descriptions of the country, its products, or its physical phenomena generally, the account brought home by Commander Musters of his explorations and experiences about the same period will be read with no less interest for the authentic and lifelike sketches which he gives of a district and a race little known to the ordinary reader. The very absence of scientific scope or of technical details for which the writer apologizes will possibly be hailed as redeeming the book from what is too often found a source of dryness and tedium by the unsentimental many. At the same time it need not be supposed that Mr. Musters writes simply for the entertainment of the shallow, or for the excitement of those who love sensation. Tales of stirring adventure and hairbreadth escapes are not, he plainly tells us, in his line. His object is, by a faithful and unadorned record of his twelve months' life amongst the wild tribes of the South, to make his readers feel as much at home as himself in those wild scenes and that singular society.

A chance visit to the Falkland Islands in April 1869, in the course of a business trip to Buenos Ayres, fanned into a flame the spark of curiosity and interest which had been first kindled during a previous term of service on the South American coast by the study of the charming works of Darwin and Fitzinger. Armed with the best credentials, as well as with the necessary appliances for the purposes of travel, observation, and sport, and relying much upon a tolerable knowledge of Spanish, Mr. Musters availed himself of the offer of an old friend who was bound for the Western Coast, and after a boisterous passage of eleven days found himself at Possession Bay, just within the entrance of the

\* *At Home with the Patagonians: a Year's Wanderings near Unsettled Ground, from the Straits of Magellan to the Rio Negro.* By George Musters, Retired Commander R.N. With Map and Illustrations. London: Murray, 1871.

Strait, with the mountains of Tierra del Fuego distinctly visible to the South and West. To his great good luck he came to Punta Arenas just on the eve of a small expedition being despatched by the Commandante, Señor Viel, to Vera Cruz in search of some runaways from that convict settlement. To penetrate the continent to this point being his cherished design, Mr. Musters was delighted with the Commandante's permission to join this party, and to leave behind him the desolate sandy point, the daintiness and *cosmopolitan* of which were bitterly bemoaned by the Señora Viel, a fair representative of the proverbial charms of the ladies of Lima. The Spanish penal settlement, transferred hither from the still more inhospitable site of Port Famine, is a place of poor resources, severe climate, and arid soil, producing little beyond potatoes; chiefly important for its command of the Straits, to which the recent discovery of rich beds of steam coal gives the promise of unbounded development. Hence, under the guidance of Lieutenant Gallegos, commanding the party, a thorough man for hard work—short, thickset, swart as an Indian, and not less skilful in throwing the bola or the lazo—our author took the first plunge into the boundless Pampas. We are not, he warns us, to conjure up pictures of the Pampas as the rich grassy or thistle-covered plains, rolling away for miles on miles, drawn in Sir Francis Head's delightful book. The word is applied indiscriminately by the Indians who have picked up a little *Ostentian* to any tract of country hunted over by them. After a successful day's sport and a hearty feast they will ask with great gusto, "¿Muy buena Pampa? No?" "Is not the wild life the best?" But the Pampas of Patagonia, properly so called, though occasionally spreading for miles of grassy surface, are more frequently, if not broken by hills and suddenly yawning ravines, utterly sterile, or presenting a sparse vegetation of stunted bushes and round thistle clumps, or even nothing more than bare patches of clay or gravel strewn with huge broken boulders, or rugged with broken volcanic masses. In winter an unbroken sheet of snow covers grass, rocks, and shingle alike, and the word Pampa invariably recalls to the memory either the cutting blast which sweeps the land from the hills to the West and South, or the terrific Pampero from the heated atmosphere of Buenos Ayres, which causes such disasters among the shipping. Over these plains, thickly strewn in places with gigantic volcanic débris, testifying to tremendous eruptive convulsions at no remote period of geological time, our traveller's path lay with little variety to Santa Cruz. Few Indians were met with among these barren wastes. At Santa Cruz Mr. Musters's desire of seeing more of the haunts and manners of the wild children of the plains was furthered by the opportune arrival of Casimiro, self-styled chief of the Tehuelches, by whom, as interpreter, he was introduced to Orkeke, a cacique who had just come in with a party of the Northern Tehuelche clan. With this fine old man, six feet in height, who, in vaulting upon a bare-backed steed on leading the chase, showed no sign of having passed his sixtieth year, Mr. Musters soon contracted an intimate friendship, and months spent in his company confirmed the impression of his intelligence and general qualities, which his fine features and thoughtful aspect inspired from the first. Though particularly neat and cleanly in his habits, Orkeke was not exempt from the plague of vermin, to which all Indians are victims, rousing his guest one night to have a smoke, and, after sitting a long while lost in thought, remarking, "Musters, hie never sleep." Though by no means a total abstainer, he was never guilty of great excess in drink, and it was an understood thing that either he or his brother Tankelow should, on occasions of a grand drinking bout, keep sober to protect their families. With him Mr. Musters decided on casting in his lot, seeing his friend and former guide Gallegos depart southwards with the deserters he had recovered, not without leaving behind many warnings as to the almost certain destruction which awaited the adventurous Englishman.

The winter was agreeably spent on the island of Pabon, the pleasant residential centre of the trading station of Santa Cruz, held by commission under the Argentine Government by Don Luis T. Buena, a captain in the navy. Mr. Clarke, an active agent from New England, with the missionaries Schmidt and Hart, who had worked hard for the conversion and civilization of the Indians, made up a pleasant and instructive party till the dawn of spring gave the opportunity of a fresh start. The interval afforded our author the means of studying the language, characters, and manners of his native hosts, and joining in many of their exciting scenes of sport. Guanaco and ostrich, with an occasional puma, by the aid of dogs or skilful throwing of the bola or lazo from horseback, kept the hunters supplied with food or with the excitement of the chase. At the breaking up of the camp or toils, after some attempts on the part of Casimiro, whose career betrays him to have been a drunken disreputable fellow, to secure the English traveller to himself, Mr. Musters, with Orkeke and the old Bluebeard's sixth wife, a strapping young woman six feet in height and of proportionate breadth across the shoulders, Tankelow, his son and daughter, sundry natives and Chilean hunters who had camped recently, rode forth up the valley of the Rio Chico. The journey was unpleasantly diversified at starting by the sudden outbreak of an old vendetta between the Southern and Northern Indians of the party, ending in a kind of pitched battle, in which the opposing chiefs, Casimiro and Orkeke, met their deaths. We do not know of decisive movements of the nature of this band of natives, but an opportunity occurred of testing their strength, a large spherical boulder being thrown at a place called Anaken, which it is an old custom with the

Indians to lift as a trial of muscle. It was so large and heavy that Mr. Musters could barely grasp it with both arms and raise it to the level of his knee; but some of the Indians managed to lift it to their shoulders. The rocks on the line of route were chaotic and rugged beyond all powers of description. One day the party encamped in a glen or corrie, apparently without a second outlet, walled in by frowning cliffs. All the rest of their march lay through a barren desert of rocks, frequently intersected by deep ravines, the faces of the precipitous cliffs on either hand displaying beds of red and yellow ochre, from which the women, after a difficult scramble, replenished their stores of paint. Desolate and generally waterless, the region afforded few opportunities for hunting, though at times flocks of the large ibis, called in Chili "bandarras" (*Theristicus melanopus*), were seen. An ostrich nest was luckily found by Tankelow, with thirty eggs, one of which fell to our author's share. To the east of the track, for thirty or forty miles, extends a district known to the Indians as "the Devil's Country," which they asserted was never entered, being wholly barren and impracticable. Beyond this is a practicable track, sometimes followed by the Indians, leading northwards, probably as far as the Chupat; but from that line so impassable is the country that it would take two years, the Indians said, to proceed by the sea-coast from Santa Cruz to the Rio Negro. The existence of such arduous tracks as these, and the desolate *Traviakas* encountered near the coast, will account for Patagonia being described as an arid, almost waterless, country. Mr. Musters, in reality, the coast barrier once passed, found most of the interior abundant with lagoons, springs, and frequent streams; while even in the *Traviakas* the numerous wild animals met with show that water exists. At Gelgelak (latitude 47°) game was found in great abundance, and our author, now expert in the use of the bola, could readily make a bag of guanaco or ostrich, though at other stages an occasional *arinadillo* would take out the traveller's scanty fare. In the range of hills visible from Kaimak (latitude 45° 50') there is a mine or vein of iron ore used by the Indians in the manufacture of bolas. Specimens brought home by the author have been pronounced to be both brown and magnetic iron ore. Some leagues to the east of this spot a mass of iron, having, so far as the report of the Indians could be made out, the shape of a bar shot, lying in the middle of a barren plain, is the object of superstitious veneration. Whether it is an aerolite or not, Mr. Musters had not the opportunity of judging by inspection. The degree of mechanical or artistic skill attained by the Patagonians, as shown in their weapons or implements in common use, seems but of the lowest kind. Wielded, however, by a muscular arm, the rude lamp of iron or hard stone forms a weapon of no mean efficacy, as is shown in the case of the herculean Waki, in the frontispiece (afterwards, we regret to hear, killed in a drunken fight), bringing down a full-grown puma with broken skull by a swing of his bola. The use of these primitive weapons is, however, rapidly giving way before the importation of fire-arms. In the picturesque illustration which the author gives of the meeting between the Tehuelches and Araucanians, by far the greater number of natives are seen armed with muskets or revolvers.

Without pretending to the character of a scientific observer, or hazarding theories regarding the ethnological relations of the tribes among whom his lot was cast, Mr. Musters supplies many graphic and interesting particulars of Patagonian ways and habits, or of tribal customs and beliefs. Among the most curious of these notices are the traditions which are found current among the Indians and Chilotes of unearthly or enchanted cities somewhere hidden among the woods. The legend of the Golden City, which the pages of *Westward Ho!* will have made familiar to many of our readers, and which has for ages floated between Mexico and the Magdalena, has reached and lingered along the slopes of the Southern Cordillera. The Gran Quivira of New Mexico, the fabled Iximaya, the El Dorado of Guyana, or El Gran Payititi of Brazil, is sought by the rude Patagonians in the mysterious city of Los Cemeses, or La Ciudad Encantada. A loud report, followed by the rise of a dense cloud of smoke above the peaks of the Cordillera, was explained by Jackechan, our author's Indian companion, as betokening an unknown city or settlement to which the tribe had in vain sought to penetrate. To Mr. Musters it seemed, with more reason, the explosion and smoke of an active far-off volcano. A Chilote or Valdivian, Juan Antonio, told him a story which he had at third or fourth hand from its source, of one of a wood-cutting party who, having lost his way in the forest, was guided by the sound of a bell to a settlement or town of white men, by whom he was led blindfold to an exceeding rich city, and after three months brought back to the same spot blindfolded as before. An impudent young man, twelve years old, who was missing for three months, turned up well clad and in good condition, giving out that he had been all the while "with the man on the island in the lake" there being no known lake nearer than Nahuel-huapi, thirty miles distant. Mr. Musters was asked by the guide Jaria, while travelling from Punta Arenas, a propos of the wild animals of Patagonia, on which Lieutenant Gallegos was enlarging, whether he had ever heard of the Tranco or Trauco, said by the Chilotes to inhabit the western forests of the Cordillera—a kind of *homoideus*, possessing the form of a wild man covered with a full of shaggy hair, which is believed to descend from some inaccessible spot among the forests, and attack the earth, upon which it preys. To the discovery of the mysterious haunt shadowed forth in the manifold phases of this legend, the records of which have been

mainly brought together by the researches of De Angelis, the attention of Buenos Ayres, Lima, and Chili was for a long time directed. Mr. Musters traces a curious combination of strands in the triple cord of tradition, which connects the marvellous stories of the Northern Indians and Chilotes with the half mythological records of the Spanish conquest. His dealings with the natives during the twelve months of his sojourn or wandering among them, left our author favourably impressed with the kindness, good temper, and general fairness of these children of nature, who are far from deserving the epithet of ferocious savages, brigands of the desert, and so forth, frequently bestowed upon them. It was with manifest regret that he turned his back upon his hosts and companions upon his arrival at Patagonia, as Carmen, the chief coast town, has been named of late. We do not gather from his pages any very encouraging presage of what political or social fortune may be in store for this wild and little known region. Such attractions as it possesses appeal to the love of adventure, and the sympathy with nature in her rough and untamed moods, rather than to the prudential forethought which seeks new fields for settled energy or commercial development. The enjoyment which our author found in this free and unconventional kind of life makes itself felt in the course of his descriptions throughout, and imparts to his work a spirit of reality and liveliness which never flags.

#### YONGE'S THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.\*

WE trust that the students of Queen's College, Belfast, for whose use, we are told, "this volume was originally compiled," will not in their study of English literature be tempted to take as a model of style Mr. Yonge's dedication. We have read a good many dedications in our time, but never till now have we come across one by a Regius Professor of Modern Literature. If it took one Regius Professor to compose it, it would take another to understand it. Perhaps we can manage to guess what Mr. Yonge means, but it is a pity that he (or his printer) has left so much to conjecture. The volume, we read, is inscribed to Dr. Henry, the President of Queen's College, "in acknowledgment of the warm interest which he has at all times taken in the welfare of the [sic] and of great and constant kindness experienced by the author, O. D. Yonge." A dedication, however, does not properly belong to the general reader, and if it satisfies Dr. Henry, it is not for us to find fault. But Mr. Yonge has a good deal to say about the style of the authors of whom he treats. Clarendon, for instance, he tells us, was led by "an extreme redundancy of expression into a length of sentence which is absolutely unparalleled." We have not applied a foot-rule, first to the sentences in the *History of the Rebellion*, and next to those in *Three Centuries of English Literature*, and so we are not able to state whether, if expressed in yards, feet, and inches, a sentence of Clarendon's or of Mr. Yonge's would be found the longer. The Professor, however, quite early in his work has given us a sentence containing thirty-two lines of by no means large type, and it is reasonable to suppose that in a work of so many hundred pages he may have succeeded in safely managing a yet longer sentence. Though there is a certain credit due to any one who can get correctly through a long sentence, just as there is to any lady who can manage a long train, or to any gentleman who can, without tripping over it, carry a long sword, yet with train and sword the long sentence has gone out of fashion. Mr. Yonge tells us that it is Lord Macaulay who "has probably had more part than any other in influencing the taste and forming the style of the present generation." We would recommend the Professor to set his class as a useful exercise the following passage from his essay on Charles Lamb to be turned into English in Macaulay's style:—

Moreover there was a tendency to hereditary insanity in his family, which at one period of his life attacked himself, and which in the case of his sister led to a terrible catastrophe, as in a sudden paroxysm of frenzy she murdered her mother; and the consequences of this calamity, while it gave him an opportunity for displaying his extreme tenderness of heart and devotedness of family affection, appear still more incompatible with that peace of mind which one would suppose necessary to lively writing.

We have noticed other peculiarities in style, some of which perhaps may be peculiarities only on this side of the Irish Channel. Edward Hyde, we read, "was born in 1608, as the son of a country gentleman in Wiltshire." Mr. Yonge evidently does not wish to cast any stain on the reputation of Edward Hyde's mother, and yet, if he really was the son of a country gentleman in Wiltshire, we do not understand why he should be said to be born as the son. Again, in reference to some exhortations addressed to young Hyde by his father, we are told that

The admonition was impressed on the young man's mind with peculiar solemnity, since, as Hume, who has given us the account, continues: "In the midst of these rational and virtuous counsels he was suddenly seized with apoplexy and died."

The solemnity certainly was very peculiar, if, as the sentence undoubtedly reads, a young man having had a fit of apoplexy that ended in death was only the more deeply impressed with his father's admonition.

When we come to consider the matter of Mr. Yonge's work, we find it difficult to picture to ourselves the audience to whom it was, in the shape of lectures, originally delivered. It is too elementary for the members of a University, and too ambitious, we might almost say too pompous, for a set of school-boys. We do not profess to know much of Queen's College, Belfast, but we should scarcely think that the students of that learned institution require a Regius Professor to publish for them at full length "The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," or the description from "Pickwick" of the Eatonswill election. It is something to know, however, that though "Hohenlinden" is given, the students apparently are assumed to be familiar with "My name is Norval," and "The Diverting History of John Gilpin." At all events these are not quoted. Chaucer would seem to be beyond the reach not only of the students, but also of the Professor. Can Mr. Yonge have even so much as glanced at the *Canterbury Tales*, when he says that "the study of works of this age belongs rather to the antiquarian than to the modern scholar"? Further on he says, when talking of Dryden's version of some of Chaucer's tales, that the "obsolescence of their original had long rendered them unintelligible." We will undertake to say that, if as much space had been given to Chaucer as is given to Gray, Campbell, Marryat, and Dickens, not only Mr. Yonge's "ripe scholars," but even the students of Queen's College, might, with the assistance of a glossary, have read this "obsolescence" with ease and pleasure. It requires a far riper scholar to make out the Latin Delectus than the "Knight's Tale," and long before a boy should get to Homer he is fit for Chaucer. We would recommend Mr. Yonge to set his class to study the admirable little volume of selections from Chaucer, published in the "Clarendon Press Series." After one day's experience he will not talk any more about obsolescence. He must have, however, the vaguest notions of that remote period of antiquity when Chaucer flourished, for he tells us that the poet was one of "the composers of works in the language which was [i.e., at the close of the fourteenth century] beginning to be called English." Though, apparently, Mr. Yonge has not read Chaucer, he is full of admiration for his genius. In writing of his poems, and of John Barbour's, he reminds his hearers that they are peculiarly "admirable, as proofs of the power of genius to surmount the greatest difficulties and hindrances (for Chaucer and Barbour lived before the invention of printing, and therefore knowledge had unrolled for them but few of her learned stores)." In the same page in which this passage occurs there is a quotation from Æschylus. Moreover, from an advertisement at the end of the book we learn that Mr. Yonge is the author of a Greek Lexicon and a Latin Gradus. Therefore the Professor himself, if not his pupils, ought by this time to have become somewhat accustomed to the contemplation of genius composing poetry without the aid of the printing-press. John Barbour, moreover, he describes as a Scotch minstrel; and to the minstrel's art the invention of printing had, we always imagined, given the deathblow. It would be just as reasonable to find in Robin Hood's archery proofs of the power of genius to surmount the greatest difficulties and hindrances, seeing that he lived before the invention of gunpowder, as it is to gaze with wonder on a man for being a minstrel before the invention of printing. The criticism on Shakespeare is scarcely more satisfactory. Mr. Yonge warns his hearers that "to present detached scenes, as specimens of his genius and art, is to exhibit Shakespeare at a great disadvantage." He goes on to add, "but it may be hoped that the passages so presented will prove sufficiently attractive to induce a study of his different plays in their entirety." Again, we find ourselves lost in wonder at a college where it would seem that the students, till a Regius Professor of Literature came among them, had not so much as heard of Shakespeare. Mr. Yonge tacks on to "the passages presented" little bits of criticism and scraps of history. He quotes a passage from *King John*, and does not neglect the opportunity of defending Hubert's reputation. "I should remark," he says, "in passing, that in this play, as afterwards (in a lesser degree) in *Henry IV.*, the poet does injustice to one of the great men of our early history." Does Mr. Yonge mean to describe "the real Falstaff" as one of "the great men of our early history"? Perhaps, however, he will justify himself by a further quotation from Shakespeare, and with Mueller will ask, "Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations." He shows not a little dexterity in the way in which, without any apparent break, he passes from one set of characters to another. He had been describing Benedick and Beatrice, and making long quotations from *Much Ado About Nothing*. He thus easily passes to *Romeo and Juliet*:—

From these dissembling lovers we may fitly proceed to those who did not disguise their affection. Romeo and Juliet, the son and daughter of two unfriendly families in Verona, who nevertheless have found [sic] to make such acquaintance as has proved sufficient to inspire them with ardent mutual love. Romeo, like a faithful wooer, ventures into her father's garden by night to speak with her at her window; and poetry has never clothed the aspirations of true love with more exquisite imagery than he addresses to his mistress, nor is the lady insensible to his eloquent passion.

Mr. Yonge himself in this hopelessly obscure passage almost rises to the height of, at all events, a modern poet, when he makes Romeo address to Juliet imagery that formed the clothing of his aspirations. From Juliet Mr. Yonge wishes to get to Constance, and he shows even greater dexterity than in his passage from Beatrice to Juliet. "But women," he says, "is not always un-

\* *Three Centuries of English Literature*. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. Author of "A School History of England." &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.



certain, coy and hard to please like Beatrice, nor ardent and passionate like Juliet. The affection of a mother is deeper than that of any maiden." "The affection of a mother" is Constance's cue, and she makes her entry with dignified ease.

It would have been well if Mr. Yonge had reserved for his *Three Centuries of Modern History*, which we see advertised, some of the historical facts that he gives us in his present work. It requires surely something more than a chance statement in a paragraph to prove that the impeachment of Strafford was one "of the most iniquitous proceedings of the Parliament," and that the Grand Remonstrance was a "mischievous manifesto." The students of Queen's College, when they first learn that there was once such a man as Milton, will at the same time learn that he was a man who was possessed by "a general spirit of insubordination." They will further learn that as a poet, presuming on the fact that in Virgil "Jus and Asaracus and Dardanus, the founders of Troy, were permitted" to enjoy themselves in the other world, he has thought it "consistent with common sense or propriety to represent the devils as similarly indulged by their justly offended Maker." But we shall scarcely do Mr. Yonge justice unless we quote the whole passage:—

He even amplifies Virgil's picture; aggravating, if possible, the indecency by choosing as the moment of their holiday the breaking up of the Council, the Stygian Council, as he calls it, in which each fiend has vied with the other in blasphemous and threatening machinations against the Most High.

We have not mastered yet Mr. Yonge's method of easy transition from one subject to another, and we must pass as best we may from the insubordination and indecency of Milton to "the unwearied industry, steadiness, and honesty of purpose" of Johnson. The student may be somewhat puzzled when he reads in page 389 that Johnson, by "his unwearied industry and steadiness," raised himself "to an eminence in the literary world," and in page 390, that he was of "a desultory turn of mind and indolent habits." We could forgive Mr. Yonge, however, if he would do nothing worse than contradict himself in two successive pages; but we cannot forgive him for his abridgment of Johnson's celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield. He is welcome to look upon it as "uncalled for, not to say ungrateful," if only he would quote the letter as a whole. That he does not do so is certainly not from want of space, for his own remarks and the extracts he maims in giving are far longer than the letter itself. Possibly he feared that he might rouse in the students of Queen's College the same "general spirit of insubordination" for which Milton was famous, if once they heard, without due comment, the whole text of such a letter written by a poor commoner to a nobleman "of the very first eminence in the political world." Certainly he is very successful in drawing the sting out of the severest passages. Every one but the students of Queen's College knows the passage where Johnson says:—

The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it.

We should have thought it impossible for a student of literature even to dream of mangling such a passage as that; but then we must confess we were not greatly familiar with Regius Professors of English Literature. At all events, the following is the form in which it is presented to the students of Queen's College:—"He [Johnson] declares that 'the notice which Lord Chesterfield had taken of his labours had been delayed till he was known, and did not want it.'" It is not necessary to carry this examination into Mr. Yonge's work any further, or we might show how equally unsatisfactory is his treatment of the great novelists of the last century, and of some of the greatest poets of this century. His book contains, no doubt, a good deal of information; but so ill arranged, and at times mixed up with such inaccuracies, that we should hesitate about placing it in any one's hands.

#### HADDAN AND STUBBS'S COUNCILS AND ECCLESIASTICAL DOCUMENTS.—VOL. III.\*

OF the general character of this great collection we spoke nearly two years back. The single volume which had then appeared was the work of Mr. Haddan, and related chiefly to Welsh matters. The second volume, also devoted to the Celts, was also to be Mr. Haddan's, and it seems that, though the third is mainly due to Professor Stubbs, Mr. Haddan has had a hand in that too. An unfortunate illness of Mr. Haddan's has delayed both volumes; the second it has so greatly delayed that it has been thought better to publish the third at once without waiting for the appearance of the second. But we are told that the second volume may be looked for in the course of the present year. We trust that this is a sign of Mr. Haddan's thorough restoration to health and thereby to capacity for work. English scholarship cannot spare such workers. And another thought passes across our mind as we look at the title-page of the book. Mr. Haddan is there described as "Honorary Canon of Worcester." In that diocese the Bishop can do no more for him; but it is not creditable to those who have the disposal of preferments which are not honorary at Worcester and elsewhere that so unpleasant an objective has to

cleave to the description of one of the foremost of the class for whom cathedral preferments are specially designed.

The present volume, for which we are mainly indebted to Professor Stubbs, deals with the ecclesiastical history of England from 597 to 870—that is, from the first conversion of the English to the accession of Alfred, or, as we might otherwise put it, to the partial reappearance of heathenism under the Danes. This point makes a very good break. With the Danish settlements in Northumberland and a large part of Mercia the ecclesiastical and literary life of Northern England suffered a rude shock. Up to that time we may say that, on the whole, the light had shone most brightly among the countrymen of Beda. Mr. Earle, it will be remembered, goes so far as to say that the whole literature of Southern England is not native Saxon, but merely transplanted Anglian. At all events, the point at which this volume ends marks the time at which, mainly as an indirect result of the Danish invasions, the supremacy, both political and intellectual, began to be fixed in Wessex. The volume therefore, as the Notice fastened into it tells us, "contains a complete and separate period of History." Nor can we regret when we hear that it is "required for the use of the Theological School at Oxford." It is good news that a Theological School should be set to work on English History between 597 and 870. It is all the better news, because, if they are set to study it under Mr. Stubbs's guidance, they cannot help studying the contemporary Imperial history along with it. From such a collection as this men may learn, among other things, how great was the oecumenical position of Alcuin—our Ealhwin—and his master. Even the "Anglicanus" of the *Times*, if he could bring himself to sit for a while at the feet of the great scholar who has given us this volume, might learn to see something more than "romantic interest" in the days of the great Emperor. And a kindred writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* might learn that those days, with the blaze of light which parts them off from a time of gloom on either side, were not "the darkest period of European history."

The present volume has not—in the nature of things it could not have—the same freshness of interest as the Welsh volume of Mr. Haddan. That volume carries us into a region large tracts of which had never before been trodden by the foot of a critical scholar. Except what had been done by Archdeacon Jones in his History of St. David's, Mr. Haddan had the field wholly to himself, and he had throughout the great and exciting interest of waging war against one of the most pestilent of popular idols. Mr. Stubbs's lines have fallen in very pleasant places, but not in places quite so pleasant as those of his colleague. He has brought together a mass of materials from various quarters which hitherto have had to be searched for in various quarters; he has arranged them in their due order and proportion, and he has brought to bear on them an unfailing critical instinct such as has never been brought to bear on them before. But there is not the same absolute novelty which there was about Mr. Haddan's volume. Mr. Stubbs has plenty of new facts to set before us, plenty of old mistakes to root up, but he has not to grapple throughout with one obstinate spectre, like those dreams about the "Ancient British Church" which Mr. Haddan has sent back to their native place within the ivory gate. Again, the light which Mr. Stubbs's ecclesiastical researches throw on political history can be fully taken in only by those who have worked for themselves at the political history of the time. In those days, when, as soon as heathenism was once uprooted, the Church and the nation were truly one, the two threads of civil and ecclesiastical history cannot be kept apart. As the ecclesiastical divisions followed the political divisions of the times when they were made, precious pages of early English history can be nowhere so well spelled out as in the ecclesiastical map. And our whole political legislation from Æthelberht onwards shows the ecclesiastical impress on every enactment. All these things come out, as they never came out before, under the hands of Mr. Stubbs. Still Mr. Stubbs has not, as Mr. Haddan had, to tell the tale of a Church and a nation withdrawing step by step before the advances of another nation. In short, Mr. Stubbs has to deal with our own domestic affairs within our own borders, while Mr. Haddan had to tell the more exciting tale of a foreign conquest.

If we were called on to pick out one particular point of special value in Mr. Stubbs's materials, one particular point of special value in his way of treating them, it would be the way in which, as we have already hinted, they throw light on the relations between England and the Continent, and thereby on the general course of European affairs. It is not merely ecclesiastical intercourse with the see of Rome. It is a general interchange of thought, not uncommonly an interchange of men, between England and Continental countries. Theodores at Canterbury and Boniface at Mainz, Alcuin at the Court of Charles, Eadwulf of Northumberland brought back by the Pope and the Cæsar, Cenwulf vigorously denying to Pope or Cæsar any jurisdiction in his realm of Mercia—all these things bring vividly before us the way in which English and Continental affairs were entwined together both in their political and in their ecclesiastical aspects. And Mr. Stubbs's profound knowledge of the original sources of German history has enabled him to illustrate many of these points as they have never been illustrated before. The great advantage of a collection like this is that it brings before the reader, in a connected view, arranged and commented on by a consummate scholar, a mass of documents which hitherto had to be hunted up in a hundred different and often inaccessible quarters. Take, for in-

\* Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland. Edited after Spelman and Wilkins, by Arthur West Haddan, B.D., and William Stubbs, M.A. Vol. III. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1871.

"romantic interest," as it seems to our superficial friends. Our usual English authorities, those to be found in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, teach us that Legates, one of them George by name, were sent over to England by Pope Hadrian in the days of King Offa. If we turn to Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, we find a reference made to their mission in a letter from a later Pope to a later Mercian King, from Leo the Third to Cenwulf. If we turn further to Wilkins or Spelman, we find the report which the Legates made to the Pope at their return. But for the letter which, before the Legates were sent, Pope Hadrian wrote to King Charles touching a rumour of certain designs against himself on the part of King Offa, we have hitherto had to go to the great collection of Jaffé. Now it is quite possible that an English scholar might not have easy access to all these books at once; it is quite possible that a man who had lighted on one of the documents might know nothing of the existence of the other. Mr. Stubbs gathers all of them together from the four winds; he sets them all in their proper order, and adds his comments on the documents themselves and on the matter contained in them so as to make a connected history of the whole business. People who just skim the surface of these matters, whose notion of Charles is doubtless that of a "romantic" personage surrounded by French Paladins, will hardly understand the amount of curious thought which is suggested to a scholar on finding that Pope Hadrian thought it necessary to explain to the King of the Franks and Lombards and Patrician of the Romans that he does not believe the report that the King of the Mercians—"gentis Anglorum Rex," as he seemed at Rome—was trying to persuade the Roman Patrician to depose the Roman Bishop. It is something to be able to turn without looking off one's book to the report which the Papal Legates gave on their return and the list of the instructions which they gave to the English Kings and people. It is no small matter to find Roman Legates laying down such a rule as the following:—

Sanximus, ut in ordinatione regum nullus permittat pravorum prevalere assensum: sed legitime reges a sacerdotibus et aulicis populis eligantur, et non de adulterio vel incestu procreati.

If we are uncharitably disposed, we may suspect in this instruction something like a narrowing of the elective franchise, but we can nowhere find a more distinct setting forth of the elective nature of kingship, anything further removed either from theories of divine right or from the doctrine that all crowns are at the disposal of the Bishop of Rome. And possibly a little good advice as to the choosing of Kings may not have been wholly useless just then, especially in Northumberland, where Kings were rising and falling with such wonderful speed that the Legates did not easily find out the right name of the Northumbrian King whom they visited, but report King Ellwald to the Pope by the more saintly name of Oswald as well as by his own. Then again we find that it was needful, even at the end of the eighth century, to preach against certain vestiges of heathen usages, and even those who may not sympathize with the legates' zeal against the custom of eating the flesh of horses may at least think well of them for denouncing the silly and cruel fashion of cutting off their tails, slitting their nostrils, and tying their ears together. We turn over a few pages, and we come to a series of letters from Alcuin to a whole host of English correspondents, which have the most important bearing on both English and Continental history, but which are now for the first time made accessible in their proper place and order among the materials for English history. He writes letters of good advice in his own name to Kings, Bishops, and others in England; and in his letter to the Bishop and Church of Lindesfarne, then suffering the horrors of an invasion of heathen Danes, we find a passage which illustrates the way in which the different parts of Europe were brought together, as by other means, so also by the prevalence of the slave trade:—

Cum dominus noster Rex Karolus hostibus per misericordiam Dei subditis domum revertetur, ad illum venire disponimus, et si quid tunc vel de pueris qui in captivitate a paganis abducti sunt vel de aliis quibuscunque necessitatibus vestras sanctitati proficere possumus diligenter ad effectum producere curabimus.

Then we find both in English and in Continental writers the records of the negotiations between Charles and the English Princes and Bishops about the question of image worship, and the attendance of English members in the Council of Frankfort. Mr. Stubbs does not forget a possible objection that the wise men who came "de Britannia partibus" may have come from the continental Britain. Then we find letters, sometimes from Alcuin, sometimes from Charles himself, promising protection to English pilgrims, interceding for the restoration of English exiles; and, on the other hand, asking the Mercian King to command the return home of a Scottish priest who tarried at Köln, and profanely ate meat in Lent. These passages illustrate the doctrine set forth by Charles himself:—

Nullatenus vastam terre longinquitatem vel procellosa maria latitudinem federante in Christo amicitie jura disrumpere, fas arbitramur. Sed quanto longiore spacio humana dividitur conversatio, tanto probatore fide pietatis pactum servari debet.

But, besides these gentler feelings, the great King and Patrician could also sometimes be stirred up to wrath, as when Alcuin writes in his name to Offa to set forth the indignation of Charles against the people of Northumberland for the murder of their King Ethelred. Parts of this letter are indeed given in a book so easy of reference as William of Malmsbury. But here we get it in full and in its proper place as a step towards the later documents which record the direct interference in North-

umbrian affairs on the part of Charles, now grown from King and Patrician into Emperor. In fact, we have here for the first time the full materials for the history of a series of transactions of which very little notice has hitherto been taken, and which throw a most important light on the international affairs of the time.

We have picked out for special mention one only among the crowd of subjects of all kinds which are illustrated by this volume. Mr. Stubbs shines equally in his critical examination of the authenticity of his documents and in his dealings with the historical value of their contents. If he can trace out the connexion of events bearing on the highest relations of the Church and the Empire, he can also sit down to fix the exact authorship, and spell out the exact text, of the various Penitentials. As a specimen of Mr. Stubbs's skill in dealing with a matter of internal ecclesiastical history, we would refer to his comments on the document printed in page 575, where we get a lively picture of one stage of that constant flux between regulars and seculars and seculars and regulars which fills so many pages in the history of the time. There is special acuteness in his remark that "the word *monk*, if retained at all, was sharing the change which befel the companion word *monastery* or *minster*." The use of the word *monasterium* to express a secular church is, we need not say, one of the standing puzzles of the half learned.

We heartily wish Mr. Stubbs and his colleague all health and strength to carry on their great work till—we will not say what date, but down to the latest date consistent with the appearance of a great narrative history from the hand which has not only gathered together the materials for a most important and commonly most misunderstood period, but has also drawn the living portraits of Henry the Second and Richard the First.

#### ANNIE.\*

MISS MAINE'S little story has many merits, though we can scarcely recommend it for reading to low-spirited young ladies. The story is profoundly melancholy, and the author sternly refuses to gratify us by even a single gleam of sunshine. She dwells upon the misfortunes of her heroine as steadily as Sterne contemplated the misfortunes of his imaginary prisoner, though her morality seems to be rather of the stoical than the sentimental order. To those readers of novels who love to indulge in the luxury of tears this statement will doubtless count as an argument in favour of the book. To them we can conscientiously say that, assuming the end to be right, it is pursued with much literary skill. The story is more carefully designed, its characters are in better keeping, and the style is more graceful than is often the case with modern fictions. Miss Maine has evidently made up her mind distinctly as to the effect which she wishes to produce, and has taken the most direct path to her object. In spite, however, of these merits, we have a certain doubt whether she would not find more fitting application for her talents in some other form of literary art, or rather, whether she is as yet quite sufficiently familiar with the resources at the novelist's disposal. There is an occasional touch of constraint, as though she were not quite confident of her power in certain situations; and there is a disposition to leave her characters in the background, whilst she is explaining the nature of their sentiments about each other or the world in general. A novelist is not compelled to speak, like a modern dramatist, exclusively through the mouths of his creatures; but he should be careful not to be too obtrusive in performing the part of chorus. A young writer is tempted to indulge in too much moralizing, because he or she has not yet found out the way of making the story speak for itself; but if this is a venial fault, it is one which requires correction, because it has an inevitable tendency towards the worst of all sins—dulness. Miss Maine has not, in our opinion, come fairly within the scope of that damatory epithet; but there are passages in which she runs a slight danger of trying the patience of a hasty generation.

It is time, however, that we should cease our own generalities in order to criticize the story in detail. The plan, as we have said, is studiously simple. Two young sisters are living by themselves in the Lake country. The elder is the heroine, "Annie," or, as she is called in the alternative title, the "Excellent Person"; and we fancy that Miss Maine herself takes a kind of grim pleasure in fixing that unpromising name upon her victim. For poor Annie is doomed to be the butt of misfortune. She works hard to support herself and her beautiful young sister by teaching music and playing the organ. We need hardly add to the last statement that the clergyman falls in love with her. Whether clergymen always fall in love with female organists in real life is more than we can say; but the final cause of such persons in novels is to provide worthy objects for clerical affections. So far, then, all seems well. There is no conceivable reason why this calm, sensible young lady should not marry a clergyman of slightly realistic proclivities, and live very happily ever afterwards. It is a fact, however, that very sensible young ladies sometimes cherish sentimental affections with foolish tenacity. Annie refuses the clergyman out of love for a fine-looking young Oxford man who had made her acquaintance on a reading party a long time before. His suit had then been summarily refused by her father, now dead; but Annie

\* *Annie: an Excellent Person.* By E. G. Maine, Author of "Among Strangers." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1879.

the less persuade ourselves that, such as we are, we are the salt of the earth in matters of religion, humanity, and civilization. Looking serenely down from the most elevated point that man has yet attained, we complacently denounce the barbarities of the dark ages, and the brutalities of benighted contemporaries. We avert our shuddering gaze from the shows of the Roman amphitheatre. We even hesitate to admit the horrors of the arena as fitting inspiration for our fastidious art. Gérôme himself dare only deal with them suggestively. Conceive the thrill that would pervade metropolitan circles were Astley's or the Agricultural Hall to announce a genuine Spanish bull-fight. Yet the difference between a butchery of gladiators or bulls and one of those famous causes which commend themselves to the best English society seems to us a mere question of habit and fashion. We have trained our nerves to be squeamishly sensitive to bloodshed and coarse physical torture, but as long as our eccentric sensibilities are spared on these points, there is no amount of harrowing sensation we are unequal to. There is a great murder trial. The crime has been committed with unusual grandeur of conception, or under circumstances of ingenious atrocity. Murders there will always be, and examples must be made of murderers; but a murder trial would seem to be one of those matters which refined society might safely leave to its professional guardians, just as the sheriff shrinks from performing in person the last sad offices of justice. Society, however, thinks differently. Society scrambles for orders of admission, bribes the doorkeepers, and crowds the Court. Nor do the motives of its eagerness demand such searching analysis as the subtle drug which puzzles experts in a poisoning case. The interest of the spectacle clearly lies in the fluctuating chances of the wretch arraigned for his life, or in the details of the atrocity related at second-hand. The spectators hang breathlessly on the lips of the counsel who opens the case with a moderation significant of conscious strength. They are hurried delightfully along with the voluble sophistry of the eloquent advocate for the defence. Under other circumstances they are no great amateurs of oratory, nor can they follow a popular preacher for his twenty minutes when he appeals to them on matters which they believe to be of vital moment to themselves. Here in the Court, on a hard seat and in a foul atmosphere, the winged hours fly past them like minutes. They can distinguish the shadow of the gibbet looming over the shoulder of the prisoner on trial; they can point the speeches of counsel by reference to the countenance of a man—or, better still, a woman—worn and weakened by protracted anxiety and confinement; they eagerly note the convulsive clenching of the fingers, the nervous twitching of the throat, the suppressed heaving of the chest. Nor are they without the sympathy that comes of comprehension. There are ladies whose beauty or social fascination has served as a voucher to the front places, and they reflect in their fair faces the pallor of their criminal sister. They enjoy the luxury of latent hysteria. Their eyes fix themselves in compassionate horror as she sinks swooning under the words of doom into the arms of the female warder. That comfortable blinding of sympathy and horror is the very climax of the entertainment they came for. Their overwrought feelings have been deliciously exhilarated by the morbid stimulant they craved. The art of Siddons or Ristori has no such resources as those which her special circumstances have bestowed on that commonplace culprit at the bar. The tragedy is played out so far as the spectators are concerned. It has been eminently successful, and they carry away a store of agreeably horrible memories for future delectation. Their thoughts, it is to be hoped, do not follow the convict to the gloomy cell and the grim pressroom and further. At least, if they do, what can we think of the nature which courts these vivid impressions of misery which the spectator can do nothing to alleviate?

It has been the fashion of late to run pieces on the London boards in a way that twenty years ago would have made managers and the public stare. By a singular coincidence the legal drama has suddenly followed the prevailing fashion. The grand case of the day mocks at precedents, as we fervently trust that it may defy parallel in the future. There was amply sufficient in it to account for the attention which it excited from the beginning. *Tichborne v. Lushington* translates into real life the pet plot of sensational romance writers, with variations and elaborations which the author of a French *feuilleton* could hardly have dared to risk. If the claimant were what he professed to be, the rightful heir to an almost historical family had reappeared under circumstances that demanded explanation at every stage. If he were what the defence represented him, still the fact remained that, in the face of improbabilities, he had persuaded men of character, capital, and intelligence to stake money and reputation on their belief in his success. Presumptions appeared so evenly balanced that the coming trial seemed a very fair match, and people waited anxiously for attack and defence to "show their form" in public. So far all was natural enough; and the same thing might have happened had an ex-private of Spahis turned up after a ten years' service in Algeria, laying claim to some ancient title and domains of the Rohans or Montmorencys. But in France the interest would have died away with the opening speech of Brother Béthune, possibly to revive with the reply of the Attorney-General. How it has been in England we know. The interest has gone on growing in intensity until at last it has been brought up to the point of carefully perusing the eight daily columns in which the *Times* reports Sir John Coleridge. What will happen when the aspects of the notorious trial clash with those of the debate in Parliament

defies speculation. Already, we understand, the case has exercised an appreciable effect on the lighter departments of the book market. Anonymous enthusiasts lose their heads, and pelt everybody, from the Judge downwards, with communications which can only have a single destination. Witnesses who have only an indirect concern in the affair reappear in Court day after day with a regularity that goes unremunerated. The women knit like the tricoteuses of the French revolutionary tribunals; the men eagerly anticipate the elaborate reports that would reach them in any case a few hours later. We have ceased to be surprised at this. The witnesses have at least an indirect concern in the case; while the general public, with no concern at all, has so far mastered the proceedings that probably nine people out of ten could pass a creditable examination on the minutiae of the interminable controversy. If the Tichborne trial establishes nothing else, it demonstrates beyond question the hold which the legal drama has established on the public taste.

#### THE MANCHESTER MALIGNANTS.

IT is not perhaps surprising that the name of Mr. Matthew Arnold should not have found much favour with the Nonconformist Conference. Sweetness was not exactly the predominant characteristic of the meeting, either in temper or in language, and its conception of light may be gathered from the demand for the exclusion of the Bible and everything pertaining to religion from public education. The dissidence of dissent was exhibited in a very striking and impressive manner, but the Protestantism of the Protestant religion is not immediately recognizable in a protest against the Scriptures being allowed to be read by Protestant children during the hours when Roman Catholic children are absent from school. Authority is to be found in one of the old moralists for recommending, or at least excusing, a course of hearty imprecation as a means of throwing off a fit of spleen, and at once calming and clearing the mind. If there is anything in this prescription, the Nonconformists should be very much the better for the meeting at Manchester. It is to be hoped that the discharge of expletives has been accompanied by a sense of relief, although it may be doubted whether it has tended to vindicate what Mr. Miall calls "the moral dignity of the Nonconformist body." A Scotch laird who was much addicted to this cheap and simple alternative is said to have accustomed himself, with an amiable desire not to hurt anybody's feelings, to "swear at large"; but the Nonconformists have apparently no relish for such pointless commination. While dealing maledictions very freely all round, they reserved a special share of them for Mr. Forster and Mr. Matthew Arnold. The name of either of these gentlemen seemed to produce much the same effect on the meeting as the fluttering of a very red handkerchief is supposed to have on an excited bull. "The vast audience," writes an enthusiastic reporter, "which crowded meeting-house and galleries rose again and again to its feet," and applauded violently when one of the speakers requested Mr. Gladstone to oblige the meeting by dismissing Mr. Forster from his present office. It cannot be denied that Mr. Forster has disappointed the expectations of the Nonconformists. They have been struck, as it were, by a shaft feathered from their own breast, and the wound is therefore doubly painful. If we might venture on another simile, we might say that Mr. Forster was the Trojan horse by the introduction of which into the Ministerial citadel the Dissenters trusted to master the Government, but unfortunately he carried his contingent to the service of the defence, instead of co-operating with the besiegers. There is no reason, however, to suppose that Mr. Forster was a party to the hopes which were fixed on him. Those who are now loudest in their anger against him appear to think that he was under some kind of obligation to act as in his position they would no doubt have acted, and to place sectarian aims above the obligations of statesmanship. Mr. Richard, who is a member of the House of Commons, and who must be supposed to know something of the composition of the Ministry, had the hardihood to assert that over the door of the departments was written, "No Nonconformists need apply." There are two distinguished Dissenters in the Cabinet, and several in the secondary rank of Parliamentary officials. It cannot be said that Mr. Forster stands alone in refusing to conform to the intolerant and malignant Nonconformity of the Manchester Conference. In point of fact, the dissidence of Dissent applies in a large degree to the violent programme of Mr. Miall and Mr. Richard. Mr. Miall was himself obliged to confess that the Education Act, which he refused to recognize as a compromise, had been passed with the tacit assent of a large body of Dissenters, who "failed to distinguish between their religious principles and their religious sentiment, and who held that religion should never be dissociated from education." A complaint was raised at the Conference that Nonconformists were not sufficiently represented in the management of the Endowed Schools, but it was shown that, when proper application had been made to the Commissioners on this subject, Nonconformists had been appointed in several instances which were mentioned. It was added in explanation that Nonconformists were, as a rule, reluctant to move in the matter. It may be assumed therefore that Nonconformists generally are not dissatisfied with the proceedings of the Commissioners, and that on this, as on other points, the Conference is very far indeed from representing the general body in whose name it professes to speak.

It is evident that a number of Nonconformists have lashed themselves into a violent passion with regard to the Education Act, and the exhibition, though not perhaps very pretty, is not without its uses. *In uno veritas*, and the intoxication of anger also tends to display in their true colours those who are under its influence. We are indebted to the Conference for a tolerably candid and explicit statement of Nonconformist pretensions, and it is desirable that it should be understood what these pretensions amount to when plainly expressed. It has been thought to be rather absurd, and perhaps not quite honest, that the Alliance should have submitted a scheme of prohibitory legislation under the name of a Permissive Bill. But this is after all less anomalous than the demand which is now made in the name of religious freedom for the suppression of religious education. Constitutional freedom, as opposed to what, from a recent notorious example, may be called the freedom of the Commune, has hitherto been construed to mean that the majority shall decide how the affairs of the country shall be managed, with the qualification that, as far as possible, the minority shall not be compelled to do anything of which it conscientiously disapproves. This rule we are now asked to reverse. Freedom, according to the Nonconformist reading, means that the majority shall not be permitted to co-operate for its own purposes, if the minority does not happen to approve of those purposes, even though the minority itself may be under no coercion in the matter. As far as can be ascertained, the great body of the people of this country are agreed on two principles of national education—first, that existing voluntary schools shall, as far as possible, be turned to account; and, secondly, that such religious instruction as is agreeable to the majority shall be given at such times and under such conditions that no child need attend against the will of its parents. It is now proposed that the majority shall no longer be permitted to carry out these principles, but shall be compelled to do something which it has the strongest possible objection to do; and the only ground for this peremptory and tyrannical command is that a minority, and, according to all means of calculation, a small minority, does not like to see the majority enjoying its present freedom of action. The practical effect of the demands put forward by the Manchester Conference would be that ratepayers throughout the country would be compelled to go to the expense of setting up purely secular schools, in which a kind of education would be given to which they, as a body, object, and to abandon the use of the voluntary schools, with which they have no cause of complaint. By the side of existing schools which satisfy the people, and which cost comparatively little, there would have to be established other schools, which would offend the prevailing religious sentiment of the community and which would impose a heavy and unnecessary burden on the ratepayers. And all this must be done in order to please a peevish and distempered minority of Nonconformists—a minority not only in the country, but even, as it appears, in their own body—who do not so much as pretend that they have any practical grievance to complain of, and whose policy is simply the wanton malice of the dog in the manger. There could hardly be a more striking illustration of the sour bigotry and shrewish intolerance of the Conference than the demand that schoolmasters in the pay of the public shall be absolutely precluded from devoting any of their time out of school hours to religious instruction. It would perhaps be better to begin at once by requiring from every schoolmaster a distinct repudiation of every form of religious belief. We should then have religious freedom in perfection.

The best way to realize the practical operation of the new dogma of the rights of minorities is to apply it to some other subject than education. Take, for example, the military defence of the country. There are a number of worthy, respectable people who object to armies on principle. The great body of the nation, however, happens to be of a different opinion, and the consequence is that the peace party has to contribute to the support of the army, and is under the same liability to military service as other citizens. According to Nonconformist principles, the members of the Peace Society should not only be relieved from these obligations, but should be allowed to pass a veto on the maintenance of an army at the expense of other people. At Warrington, the other day, Mr. Rylands ridiculed the idea that the majority had a right to teach religion against the wishes of the minority. Apply this to the army, and we arrive at the conclusion that the majority has no right to provide for the defence of the country against the wishes of a minority of fanatics who object to war on principle. As it is, every facility is provided for the education of the children of Nonconformists without exposing them to proselytizing efforts, and it is, in fact, admitted that no such efforts have been made. Moreover, Nonconformists are exempted from all contributions for religious teaching. All that they have to pay is a small sum which does not even cover the whole cost of the secular instruction which is provided for their children. It is not freedom for themselves that they are now seeking, inasmuch as they have it already, but liberty to coerce others. Montesquieu has remarked that every one has given the name of liberty to the government which agrees with his habits or inclinations. The liberty of fanaticism is the liberty of the Inquisition and the stake; and the violent intolerance of the Nonconformists who met at Manchester equals, if it does not surpass, that of the most bigoted Ultramontanists. It is intimated that no candidate who refuses to embrace the Wahabism of Mr. Miall and his friends in its most extreme form shall be supported at the elections. Another addition has thus been made to the band of ego-ideal zealots who are willing to stake the government of the

country on the acceptance of a single wretched. What with the Nonconformists, the Alliance, the idolaters of Contagious Disease, the champions of women's rights, and the people who want to marry their deceased wives' sisters and nieces, candidates at the next general election will have a nice time of it. Perhaps some means may be discovered of pitting the different sets of fanatics against each other, but it is obvious that it will be of little use to swallow one formula without the rest. Anybody who has stomach for them all will be at liberty to enjoy his own opinions as to such trivial matters as the distribution of taxation, the security of the country, the regulation of wages and hours of labour by the State, and so on. It is just possible, however, that the great body of the people, who have as little taste for the bigotry of Little Bethel as for the fanaticism of its acclimatist and positivist allies, may interfere to spoil this pleasant combination, and candidates will perhaps be shrewd enough to look to this quarter for protection.

#### CHESHIRE ETHNOLOGY.

WE know not by what freak of good or bad luck it is that something is always happening to bring the ancient City of the Legions—that on the Dee we mean, not that on the Usk—into special notice in some shape or another. We not very long ago reviewed a Chester book, and just now the restoration of the cathedral, and the ceremonies accompanying the reopening of the restored building, have caused Chester again to figure in several paragraphs of the daily papers. If those paragraphs are to be believed, the opening services seem to have been marked by some incidents of a singular kind. We read, for instance, in the *Times*, that, as there is—as is but natural so near the march—a considerable Welsh-speaking population in Chester, a sermon had been preached, or was going to be preached, for their special benefit. But the odd thing was that the sermon was to be addressed to the Britons “in their native Gaelic.” To ordinary minds there seems something very strange in preaching to Welshmen in Gaelic, something not wholly in harmony with that article of the Church which condemns all ministering in the congregation in any “tongue not understood of the people.” A profane wit indeed suggested that the account of the ball of the Gaelic Society, the description of which appeared in some of the papers in parallel columns with the restoration of Chester Cathedral, had, by some freak of the printer, got jumbled up with the narrative of the more sacred ceremony. That the company at a “Gaelic ball” should deem it their duty to talk Gaelic, whether “native” or otherwise, seemed not wholly unlikely; it seemed at least far more likely than that any man should think of preaching in Gaelic to a congregation of Welshmen. But we set this suggestion aside as rationalistic. Whatever we may say of its trustworthiness as to past events, we cannot but accept the authority of the *Times* as decisive with regard to those times from which it takes its name—our own times, namely, as they pass day by day. We are bound, therefore, to believe that the sermon was preached, or was to be preached, as the *Times* tells us, in Gaelic. And as we cannot suspect any one concerned in the ceremony at Chester of fostering the error of celebrating divine service in an unknown tongue, we are bound to believe that there is a population at Chester to whom a Gaelic sermon would be a sermon “in their native Gaelic.” The fact is new to us, and at first hearing it sounds a little startling; but a few moments' thought will show that such a fact, kept in the dark as it has hitherto been, falls in exactly with the conclusion of one school of British ethnologists. The existence of a Gaelic population at Chester is much less surprising than the existence of an Iberian population in South Wales, as affirmed by Tacitus and Professor Huxley. That there was, at some time or other, a Gaelic settlement in North Wales, has been very generally believed; legends of the incursions of the *Gwynedd*, and traces of their name and local nomenclature, are rife in various parts of the Principality. Some indeed explain them by mere desultory incursions from Ireland, of which some instances certainly did take place. The national legend of Cunedda tells of a Gaelic invasion of North Wales within the historic era. One school of antiquaries, like Archdeacon Jones in his *Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd*, explains the whole class of phenomena by the theory of a general Gaelic occupation of Britain, earlier than the settlement of the Britons or Welsh. We will not undertake to resolve these knotty points one way or another, because the fact which the *Times* has so kindly revealed to us, the fact of a Gaelic-speaking population being found at Chester in our own times, fits in equally with any of these theories. It matters very little whether the existing Gael of Chester are casual settlers from Ireland, or the descendants of a great migration from the North in the fifth or sixth century, or a vestige of a primitive occupation which once occupied the whole Isle of Britain. In whichever of these ways we may account for the fact, we have the word of the *Times* for it that the Welshmen of Chester, settlers no doubt from the neighbouring counties of North Wales, are at this moment more likely to be edified by a Gaelic sermon than by one in either Welsh or English, and we commend the neglected fact to the special attention of ethnological and philological scholars.

The existence then of these vestiges of the Gael in Chester we thankfully accept as an important addition to our knowledge, and in this thankful frame of mind we are not disposed to be hardly



allies to the memory of the heroic-looking youth for years of hopeless separation. When eleven years have elapsed since their meeting, the youth—no longer very young—comes up again, still looking heroic, lately become rich, and now disposed to act like a gentleman. The engagement is renewed, but is broken off, in spite of the honourable behaviour of both persons, by the wiles of Annie's beautiful young sister, who, we regret to say, tells downright lies to both in order to bring about a separation and secure her sister's lover for herself. This piece of treachery to poor Annie, who had carefully brought up the sister from her earliest years, meets with complete success. Annie hands over her lover to her sister, and retires in a crushed condition to a village at some distance, but still within reach of the ritualistic clergyman. The clergyman behaves admirably, and, his rival being thus cleared from his path, once more proposes to give Annie a home. This time she is more reasonable, and we hope to reach a happy conclusion. Perhaps, however, Miss Maine thought that a melancholy catastrophe was imperatively required by the general tone of the story; or perhaps it struck her that there would be something slightly ludicrous in allowing the arrangement for a change of partners to be carried into effect quietly and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. To one of these considerations the luckless clergyman falls a victim; for, just as he is going to propose, he is summarily drowned by a convenient flood, and poor Annie is again left desolate. She is even yet not quite free from misfortune. The natural fate of a young lady thus jilted by one lover, deprived by death of another, and victimized by the machinations of a beautiful younger sister, would be to take to some form of "doing good," if not to retire into a convent. Poor Annie, however, is endowed with a special aversion to doing good in the conventional manner, and does not more than half believe in the opinions of her clerical admirer. Her only real consolation seems to be playing the organ to a small congregation in a retired village of Cumberland; and, in spite of her talents for music, we cannot fancy that to be a very exhilarating employment. However, she is ultimately dismissed with just a gleam of comfort. "It may be," we are told, that in struggling for devotedness to the people and to her art, she was "at last content, if not happy. Sooner or later, on such a life as hers, the blessing of peace must fall." Judging from her previous performances, we should say that it would be very late indeed—probably about her seventieth year.

We have already noticed what is, in our opinion, the weakest part of the story. The most striking difference between a powerful and a feeble novelist is generally this—that the powerful writer gives the most marked indications of vigour at the critical periods of the story; whereas the feeble writer is apt to shirk the more trying situations, and to dwell upon the comparatively easy periods which intervene. Judged by this test, *Annie* is not quite satisfactory. We take, for example, the scene in which the heroine breaks off the engagement with her first lover, under the impression that he is really attached to her sister and is only faithful to her from a sense of honour. The explanation takes place during a drive; and it must be confessed that it is rather awkward for them both. The lady feels that she is finally bidding adieu to her chances of happiness, and the lover is half-conscious that her accusations of coldness have some real foundation. It is perhaps only natural and in harmony with the reserved and proud character of the lady that her part of the conversation should be short and pithy; but the gentleman takes his dismissal with a coolness which argues either that he is singularly wanting in passion, or that the author is rather anxious to get rid of her task. He sees that she is in earnest after a couple of sentences, and then, without a word, drives her back as fast as the horses will take them. After all the careful explanation we have received of the feelings entertained by both parties to the dialogue, we are a little disappointed at this calm conclusion. We expected a more vehement explosion; and, to whatever cause the faintness of the picture may be owing, it strikes us as a want of art. The gentleman ought to have more fire in his composition in order properly to enlist our sympathies; we are too much driven to the conclusion that, after all, Annie is well rid of a lover who takes his repulse as quietly as he could have taken the breaking-off of an advantageous bargain for a horse or an estate. We are rather disposed, indeed, to think that in this instance Miss Maine feels the usual difficulty of feminine writers in adequately describing the male animal. The scenes in which the younger sister tells the heartless lie by which her sister is finally separated from their common lover are more efficiently worked out; yet even there we feel that a writer whose forte lay in describing painful emotion could have got more out of the situation than Miss Maine has succeeded in doing. "What an angel you are, Annie, and what a brute I am!" exclaims the young lady, in a momentary spasm of remorse; and the last part of her exclamation is undeniably near the truth; but the remorse is hardly as keen as it ought to have been in order to do justice either to the moral nature of the beautiful sister, or to the artistic merits of the position. A girl who breaks her sister's heart as quietly as she says that she is not at home to a troublesome visitor does not possess the interest which we ought to feel towards the bad characters of a story. It must, however, be set against this, that the story has real merit in the portrait of a self-contained character, who makes chances of happiness from sheer want of passion at critical moments. She has that kind of self-distinctness and consequent incapacity to assert herself properly, or to display a due amount of selfishness, which often leads to

"excellent persons" being thrust to the wall by more unscrupulous and vigorous characters. Annie, in short, is a good centre of the story; but we should have wished to see a little more vitality in the subordinate characters. And our chief piece of advice to Miss Maine would be something of the same kind as we should have given to her heroine. She should add a little less in calm analysis of motive and character, which makes stories unduly long and prevents people from energetic action at the right moment, and try to put a little more fire into the emotions of her actors. She has abundant delicacy of observation, but is a little wanting in colour and animation.

#### PLINY'S LETTERS FOR ENGLISH READERS.\*

FOR a synoptical view of Roman life and society during that portion of the Imperial era which is represented in literature as the "silver" age of Latinity, Pliny the Younger may be trusted with the same confidence that is placed in Horace as the illustrator and exponent of the Augustan or "golden" period. From the Satires and Epistles of the latter we gain our liveliest notions of Rome and the Romans under the heir of Julius Cæsar; the familiar letters of the younger Pliny supply the material for a comprehensive picture of Roman manners and scenes and characters, after the Empire had passed from the family of its founder into the hands of Cæsars chosen and appointed by the army. It is owing to a happy taste for letter-writing, contracted perhaps from a general admiration of Cicero, his intellectual superior, that so polished and competent a representative of the later epoch has transmitted to posterity his observations and impressions of the age in which he lived, and thereby furnished a link between the old world and the new, whilst illustrating the transition period between Paganism and Christianity. Even in its secular aspect, the singular features of that epoch deserved to be caught and depicted; for whereas the blind jealousy or administrative abilities of this or that Emperor had rendered the pursuit of politics dangerous or superfluous, the field for the study of literature, eloquence, and the fine arts still remained open, and the machinations of informers and sycophants did not prevent the private houses of illustrious Romans from being the abodes alike of Republican virtue and Augustan culture. The domestic life of Pliny and his friends was, as far as one can judge, more uninterruptedly serene and happy than that of Cicero and many of his contemporaries; and if in the Augustan period success in prose and poetry was more brilliant, in Pliny's days it was at least sought more widely and generally. There are diverse other points of view in which so much of the social history of Rome as is to be found in the letters of Pliny presents an interesting and instructive study to modern readers; so much so indeed that they are deserving of being more largely read at school and college than, owing perhaps to the difficulty of crowding later Latin writers into an already full programme, has hitherto been the custom.

At the beginning of last year Messrs. Church and Brodribb materially contributed to the recognition of Pliny's merits as a Latinist and a letter-writer by an edition of selections from his correspondence, illustrated and explained by copious and apposite notes; and now they follow up that boon to those who can read Latin with another not less valuable to the English readers who are only capable of enjoying the letters at second-hand. Mr. Lucas Collins's very useful and popular series has afforded a fit opportunity for a sketch of the life and writings of the younger Pliny; and the writers of the volume before us have contrived, out of their intimate and complete familiarity with their subject, to place the man, his traits of character, his friends, and his surroundings so vividly before us that a hitherto shadowy acquaintance becomes a distinct and real personage.

So much of the same ground was necessarily gone over in our review of the "Select Letters" at the time of their publication by Messrs. Church and Brodribb, that it would be superfluous to attempt more than a passing glance at much of what is detailed in the chapters of their "Pliny for English Readers." These set before us with sufficient clearness the scenes which succeeded each other in that part of the drama of the Empire in which Pliny was more or less an actor; the dark days of the beginning of Domitian's rule, and the reign of terror with which it closed; the new age in which, under Nerva, the friends of the proscribed, and Pliny amongst them, found courage to take reprisals, and to exact reparation from the infamous informers of the defunct tyrant; the still calmer and more settled tranquillity of Trajan's reign, in which Pliny rose to the highest office as governor of a distant and important province. In the first period he was a rising advocate and man of letters, preserved by his own caution and tact from being the victim of Domitian's jealousy which would naturally have fixed itself upon him on account of his intimacy with the philosophers, whom the Emperor banished in a body from Rome. In the house of one of these he was staying when the order came for his banishment; and, at the death of Domitian, a paper containing an information against Pliny by Carus Matius, a principal delator or false accuser, was found in his portfolio. At this time Pliny would have been in his thirty-fourth year, and his practice in the law courts (more particularly in the Court of the Hundred, which

\* *Pliny's Letters, Ancient Classics for English Readers.* By the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A., and the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

decided civil matters and questions of property, and of which and its advocates he tells some curious stories in his letters) must have enabled him to lend valuable aid in exacting, either in the Senate or before a court of arbitration, a tardy atonement for violence and rapine in the previous reign from two notorious creatures of Domitian, Publicus Certus and Marius Priscus. He had studied oratory and style under Quintilian, yet, from his frequent abuse of a veteran pleader in his own court, the informer and fortune-hunter Regulus, one is led to suspect that this man must have got more briefs through his tricks and artifices than his less adroit and more conscientious junior. Pliny is certainly too hard upon a man who, by his own showing, as the authors of this volume observe, was not intellectually contemptible.

If the glimpses which the letters afford of the law courts are interesting, still more so is the insight they offer into literary life under the Emperors of Pliny's epoch. Silius Italicus and Tacitus, both greatly his seniors at the bar, were associated with him also in the cultivation of the Muses. With Silius he was on terms of intimacy, and his criticism of him, that he wrote "verses with more diligence than force," coincides with the verdict of modern scholars. With Tacitus he was more closely associated. He rejoiced in his society and good opinion, and it was the pride of his life that on one occasion a stranger sitting next Tacitus at the games, and finding him to be a distinguished author, concluded he must be "either Tacitus or Pliny." To Martial the epigrammatist, Pliny stood in the position of a patron. When, in the early part of Trajan's reign, that poet quitted Rome for Spain because he did not succeed so well with the new régime as with Domitian, whom he grossly flattered, Pliny, as he tells a correspondent, presented him with a *viaticum* for his travelling expenses, and this in pursuance, he adds, of a good old custom of "complimenting with money those who had written the praise of persons or States." The simple-minded letter-writer regrets the disuse of a practice which, as the authors remark, was "recognized amongst ourselves till, happily both for the purse and for the honour of our men of letters, the public superseded the patron"; and he is curiously insensible to the field for satire opened by payments for praise, whereby

The patrons live to future generations,  
The poets live by their industrious earning,  
So that, alive and dead, men live by Learning.

It is indeed Pliny's connexion with literary men, both with some whose works have come down to us, and with others—e.g. Passennus Paulus, a descendant and imitator of Propertius; Caninius Rufus, a would-be epic poet; Vergilius Romanus, a comic poet; and other poets and prose-writers, to say nothing of the foreign philosophers and rhetoricians with whom he was intimate—which has called forth one of the best and liveliest chapters in the very pleasant volume before us; we refer to that which is devoted to the custom of "Public Readings" (vii. 80-89). It seems probable, from the cases in which we can form an opinion, that Pliny, if a just, was also an indulgent, critic; and another way in which he strove to encourage and foster literature was by attending diligently the gatherings at which ambitious authors were wont to court, by recitation of their compositions, the publicity and sales for which modern writers depend on the energy and good offices of their publisher. Though the multiplication of copies of popular books was a far easier and cheaper process at Rome under the Empire, and the supply was much more satisfactory in the first centuries of the Christian era, than it was much later in mediæval Europe, yet the "Sosii brothers" were booksellers rather than publishers; and a Roman author had not his Murray or his Blackwood to go to for the sale of his copyright or the arrangements of advertising, floating, and in short publishing his book. Messrs. Church and Brodribb put this very lucidly before their readers, as they do also the alternative, which existed only in Imperial Rome, to the fashion of which the "assiduo ruptæ lecture columnæ" of Juvenal give such vivid testimony. It had existed in the Augustan age; it had become a business of life in Pliny's time. When a hall of library, chairs, benches, and audience had been secured for the purpose, the reader would anticipate the popular lecturer or preacher of to-day (with his diamond ring, his bran-new coat, and well arranged hair) by adornment, and sometimes extravagant adornment, of his person. The reciter, we are told, would occasionally "put a gay coloured hood on his head, bandages on his ears, and a woollen comforter round his neck." Whether the ear bandages were designed to save the reader from the infliction which his labour imposed on his auditory we are not certain, but it must be clear that the tax thus laid upon good-natured folks' patience was very severe, and it must have been only a sense of duty to literature and to society that enabled refined hearers like Pliny to endure it. We are reminded that there was not then "the abundance of reading which constitutes one of the most serious burdens of modern life"; there were no magazines, no pamphlets, no newspapers; perhaps, too, there was always the chance, as at a modern sale, of some extempore fun, or a little quiet gossip. Such an interlude as that recorded in pp. 87-8 would have repaid even a bored listener for the unwilling loan of his ears. "Passennus," the elegiac poet, "had collected a number of friends to hear him read a new volume; among them a lawyer, Javolenus Priscus by name, with whom he was on very intimate terms. The poet began, 'Priscus, you bid me'; but was astounded by a sudden interruption from his friend, 'I do not bid you!'" We may illustrate this incident by supposing that Pope is reading in public his *Essay on Man*, and has got as far as "Come now, my St. John," when St. John, who is one of his audience, inter-

rupts him with, "Come, indeed!—not I." Javolenus, says Pliny, "is a man of doubtful sanity, though he takes a share in public business, is summoned to consultations, and even gives opinions on civil law." The fact is, our authors go on to say, "that he was a very distinguished lawyer, some of whose legal wisdom is still preserved in the Pandects of Justinian. Possibly in a fit of absence, while his mind was wandering to scenes more congenial and familiar, he was startled by hearing his name, and made the ludicrous reply which Pliny has preserved. Or, if Passennus was one of the poets who had occupied with their readings nearly every day in April—one of the busiest months, it must be remembered, for lawyers—and Javolenus had been dragged from court to attend them, his 'I don't bid you' may have been the expression of pent-up annoyance, which no feelings of friendship could restrain." Pliny's practice, if he gave a reading, was, he tells us, to minimize the burden on his friends' patience, and assuredly he deserved listeners by his conscientious rule of "putting himself in their place." Still one may marvel that, in April and other months most given up to these public readings, he did not put up a notice, "out of town," on his house-door or club-chambers, and betake him to one or other of those delightful villas near Ostia or under the Apennines, or even beside the Lake of Como, which might thus have become refuges from importunate public readers as well as from Imperial jealousies and proscriptions.

The chapter devoted to Pliny's country residences divides with that on which we have been dwelling our special interest in this volume. We seem to know already so much of Pliny's friends and family relations (to which, by the way, the writers do full justice in their ninth chapter), that we crave for information about a more abstruse matter—the arrangements of his famous villas. The chief of these were the Laurentine and the Tuscan, though those on the Lake of Como, "Tragedy" and "Comedy," must have had their attractions. "Comedy," he tells his friend Romanus in a letter, is so close upon the lake, "that you may almost throw your line from your chamber, and fish as you lie in bed, as well as if you were in a boat." But the larger villas possess most interest, and have been the subject of speculation to English and French writers on the architecture of antiquity, such as Castell, Félibien, and André Lefèvre in his popular "Parks and Gardens." The Tuscan was the more important country seat, with its estate and farm buildings; the Laurentine was not a villa proper, but rather a villula, or house with simply its gardens and pleasure-grounds. But the charm of this latter was its easy distance from Rome, its look-out on the Tyrrhene Sea, its rare recommendations for a studious retreat in autumn and winter weather. As its owner describes it, nothing can surpass the variety of landscape or the perfection of its internal arrangements. Like all such villas, it was limited in height to one story; nor does it ever appear that the exterior aspect and elevation of the building entered into the consideration of the proprietor in comparison with his anxiety to get the best possible outlook. His land view was now shut in by woods, and now widened into broad meadows, whose flocks, driven down from the hills by winter, grazed and grew fat in spring weather upon spring keep. From the "specularia" or windows of his dining-room might be seen a prospect of, as it were, three different seas, and from another point of the same room "you look through the colonnade into the court, and see the mountains in the distance." Left of the dining-room was a sitting-room, within which was a smaller winter snugger, one side of which caught the morning and the other the afternoon sun. Another room, fitted with a wall bookcase containing "such works as one can never read too often" (*non legendos libros sed lectitandos*), had its windows so disposed as to catch the sun at all times of the day. It has been said that this villa was one-storied, but the exception to this general rule was a storied tower at the end of a tennis-court, the highest story of which was designed to catch the extensive and diversified prospect which its site commanded. A similar idea, we learn from Mr. Gervase Wheeler's *Choice of a Dwelling*, has been turned to very good account in a first-class American country house; but there is another feature in Pliny's Laurentine villa which bespeaks a completeness that few modern dwellings even of the rich and luxurious have realized—a cryptoporticus, or windowed cloister, which could admit the air in fine weather, and exclude wind and rain in foul. Outside of this was a sunny terrace fragrant with the scent of violets (p. 133). The Tuscan seat was on a larger scale, and resembled some spacious English park. It lay in a vast amphitheatre, with a broad plain in front, bounded by wooded hills well stocked with game of all kinds; the lower slopes planted with underwood, except where, here and there, were stretched undulating lawns rich as to soil and fruitful as the valley itself. Below lay a series of vineyards belted with shrubs, and then the meadows and tillage, good arable land and rich flowery pastures. The estate was well watered, and yet quite free from marsh or stagnant water, owing to the slopes down which all surface water ran into the Tiber. Here too, as at Laurentum, the house commanded a fine view. A southern aspect and an afternoon sun in summer were further attractions; and the long, broad colonnade, with an antique portico and a terrace beyond it, skirted by box and other shrubs, clipped and trimmed according to the vagaries of the topiary art, were other recommendations to this favourite summer residence of Pliny. From the terrace you descended into a lawn, or raised border, which Pliny calls "pulvinus," and Lefèvre "une pelouse en pente douce," and beyond which came a shrubbery formed of soft and almost liquid acanthus. Such summer and winter retreats may well have wooed their refined

and scholarly owner from the turmoil of city life, and attracted to his society the many and valued friends to whom he wrote his epistles; for they must have breathed a calm unknown to the noisy capital where the pleasures which prevented life from being tolerable consisted in the games and betting-ring of the Circus, the shabby splendour of the dinners of the new-made rich, and the everlasting public readings of good, bad, and indifferent poets.

One or two aspects of Roman life as portrayed in Pliny's letters are all that we have attempted to notice; for the rest, and for the figures which trod the stage on which Pliny was no insignificant actor, we must refer the reader to the very agreeable sketches contained in the volume before us.

#### THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE.\*

CONSIDERING the great amount of writing devoted every year to English art, it is remarkable how poorly we are provided with anything like an adequate history of it. The *Century of British Painters* by the Redgraves is, indeed, excellent so far as it goes, full of carefully selected facts intelligently and interestingly told; but the scheme of their book, which really embraces English painting from its origin to our own day, confines it necessarily to an outline. Invaluable as a handbook to a modern Gallery, or to such an exhibition as that of the Old Masters at the Academy, the "Century" rather reveals the wealth and importance of its subject than displays it. Cunningham's "Lives," which include architects and sculptors, are amusing, and fairly rich in information; but the writer's strength lay less in criticism than in anecdote, and the series (which has many omissions) ends more than forty years ago. Yet a continuation of this book, with an introductory volume, might supply a tolerable history of English art; and, looking to the public interest in the matter, much extended by recent exhibitions, one would fancy that it might answer as a trade speculation. Many of the materials for such a continuation, it may be added, exist in the single biographies of our later artists. These are, indeed, in general but poor performances; Gilchrist's "Blake," despite its mannered style, and the Life of D. Scott, by the writer now before us, being the only creditable ones we remember; but the feeblest contemporary records are invaluable to the later biographer who has never even "seen Virgil."

One grave difficulty, however, besets all writing about art—namely, the necessity of copious and elaborate illustration. Without this, the story of an artist's life is stripped of its reality; it wants its *raison d'être*; it is like the musician's company when he will not play. The biographer of poet or novelist may quote from the works, or can at any rate easily refer his readers to memory or to their bookshelves. The painter's biographer, wanting adequate illustration, can appeal only to vague remembrance, or to works dispersed through a hundred Galleries, or reunited in one for a single season. He is thus but one degree more advantageously placed than the author who attempts the hopeless task of reviving the transitory triumphs of the theatrical or operatic stage, whilst he wants in general the lively anecdote or personal gossip of the actor's life; for it is only the inferior class of artists who either practise or endure what France, its natural home, calls the "vie de Bohème." And this necessity of illustration obviously presses more in the case of the sculptor than of the painter, or even of the architect; sculpture, in modern days, being buried in private houses, and presenting decided material difficulties in the way of its periodical exhibition. It is in part owing to this circumstance that the literature of sculpture is at once so theoretical and so meagre. What a series of journeys, what a labour of obtaining leave, what a waiting on Providence for sunshine sufficient to reveal the beauty of the Venus and justify the modesty of the Nymph, would be required by him who should truly write the history of British sculpture only! To this we must add the cost of adequate illustration; and, although photography, by supplying materials for the engraver, affords facilities heretofore unknown, yet even as an aid to the draughtsman it must be very cautiously used, whilst it is wholly inadequate to take the place of engraving. For, however loud may be the interested boasts of each ingenious process as it appears, however complacent the echoes of half-trained admirers, each and all labour under the same curse of mechanical quality. The so-called facsimile, autotype, heliograph, or whatever fine name it may bear, invariably and necessarily misses exactly one little matter—the life of the original. If put forth as art, the photograph is one of the things, as Blake said, "which all artists hate." And had he lived to see the photographic reproductions of his "Job" and "Gates of Paradise," we venture to say that he would have hated it still more.

These considerations incline us towards more leniency to the book before us than it might otherwise have been entitled to claim. Looking to the subject, the liberal proportions of the volume, and the editor's name, we must confess to some disappointment. Mr. W. B. Scott is favourably known as the author of an able sketch of Dürer's life, as well as of the biography already noticed, and the *British School of Sculpture* contains a sufficiently large number of engravings, on metal and on wood, to give some true idea of the best works executed by our deceased sculptors, to whom the present selection is confined; yet,

whether from commercial exigencies or from imperfection in the scheme adopted, the volume can hardly rank above the ordinary "Christmas book" standard. Take, first, the selection of works for full-size illustration. The book is indeed dedicated to the memory of Flaxman as "author of many perfectly beautiful illustrative works of European celebrity" (a clumsy and one-sided compliment, as it seems to ignore Flaxman as a sculptor); yet of the full-sized illustrations but one is given to this great genius, whilst seven are devoted to Messrs. Gibson, Spence, and Baily, artists whose merits, which we fully acknowledge, certainly bear no such proportion to Flaxman's as would be indicated by this distribution of favour. Watson, again, whose eminent gifts Mr. Scott recognizes, has but one print, and Banks is not illustrated at all. Yet these really poetical and accurate artists, so little known to their countrymen, surely deserved honour more than Wyon's tame imitation of the Greek, with its falsely managed drapery, or the half-modelled sketches in which Monro allowed his natural feeling for grace to lose itself.

In the woodcuts we are glad to observe more discrimination in choice, although here the proper effect has been occasionally sacrificed by coarse execution. Flaxman's figure of Resignation from Chichester Cathedral (p. 131), perhaps the most beautiful single draped figure in modern sculpture, with some of the woodcuts from Gibson, are examples. In other cases, for some inexplicable reason, the name of the artist has been omitted, whilst nothing in the text supplies an explanation. We notice these blemishes with reluctance, but it would not be just to pass them over; partly because in a book on sculpture illustrations have necessarily very great importance, partly because the publishers have provided here excellent materials, to which on all accounts we should like to see more justice done. By some addition and some little cancelling, these illustrations might easily be reproduced in a volume really worthy to be classed as a book, not for a season's run, but for the libraries of all who care about the noblest of the fine arts, and the one also in which the existence of Flaxman places us amongst "the most favoured nations."

Should such a reproduction of the "British School" as we fancy over pass into fact, the editor's portion of the task must also be thoroughly reconsidered. Mr. Scott cannot indeed write without showing an artist's feeling, and (what does not always co-exist with this) a genial sympathy for art of diverse aims and merits. Yet he, as author of the books already named, should also know what sound biographical and critical work means; and although disposed to grant large license to the editor who is employed on a book framed on such a scheme as this, yet we think he would allow that there are pages here in which he has not done himself the justice due to his reputation. Meagre in some notices, in others—notably in Flaxman's case—he indulges in a discursiveness which gives the impression that he has not fully realized his subject. In such a task as this, however, there is so great a discouragement to a conscientious critic, as distinguished from the mob of Christmas-book makers who write with ease (to themselves), that we shall hope for a very different result should the publishers think our suggestion worth following, and reissue the volume as a true record of the British School of Sculpture. It is in the full conviction that they, as well as we, would be gainers, that we submit these criticisms. We are sure, at any rate, that this will be a far wiser scheme than the completion of that which has been announced, a companion volume on living British sculptors. Such a book cannot help becoming a mass of laudatory padding, in which the value of deserved praise will be effaced by the presence of inevitable compliment. The task is one in which a man desirous to speak his mind out must fail, and Mr. Scott should leave it to the official trumpeters of the Albert Memorial.

Quitting this ungracious portion of our task, let us give one glance, not indeed to Mr. Scott's whole subject, for which space fails, but simply to the exquisite genius which lends the charm to his volume. Many of the woodcuts from Flaxman's monumental reliefs are sufficiently delicate to give a fair idea of that genius. And as we turn from one little group to another, finding in each a new version of that tale of sorrow which, of all tales, has been most outworn by the sculptor's art, what a singular variety and freshness in its rendering is set before us, what a truth to human feeling, what ever-present tenderness and elevation! There is, indeed, some inequality in the designs, the later ones exhibiting marked advance; yet on the whole we may say that each of these woodcuts is a little poem from life, simplified and idealized at once by Flaxman's genius. We know nothing in sculpture, since the Greeks, testifying to such an affluence of creative imagination; nothing near it. This volume alone contains as many "inventions" by Flaxman as would have adequately filled the career of a good artist; and yet this volume does not contain one-fifth, we believe, of Flaxman's monumental or sculptural designs, beyond which lies the vast series illustrating Homer and Hesiod, Æschylus and Dante.

What place in his art should we assign to Flaxman? Without attempting to argue this question—for which Mr. Tenniwood's long-promised, long-delayed "Life" will, we hope, one day furnish fitting opportunity—we may briefly indicate our judgment. Roughly dividing the qualifications which compose an artist's title to recognition between the formal or material (which refer to mastery over the knowledge required for his art, and power in using that knowledge consistently with its special limits), and the inventive (which comprises all that, in the way of thought or feeling, began express through the medium of his art), Flaxman must yield to the greatest of the Greeks

\* The British School of Sculpture. Illustrated by Twenty Engravings and Fifty Woodcuts. With Text by W. B. Scott. London: Virtue & Co.

on all points except sentiment. This, however, is the ultimate test; it is one to which it is almost cruel to expose the sculptor. He was also inferior in technical knowledge of form to many of those who have practised the art in Europe since 1500, with or without natural genius, and to a much smaller number (within the same range) in power of handling the chisel. We cannot claim for him, again, the mysterious sublimity of Michael Angelo, nor the realistic force of David of Angers. On the other hand, Flaxman—to begin with the formal side of sculpture—is unequalled since the sculptors, not of A.D. 1500, but of the third century after Christ, in his sculptural instincts; in his power of selecting for his art exactly the right subject, and then treating it in the most sculptural manner. More than any modern or mediæval sculptor, he has the Hellenic “note” of propriety. No one, again, has surpassed him in his conscientious truth to natural form, so far as he had mastered it, or his sedulous avoidance of a forced or sentimental effect—vices into which, respectively, Michael Angelo and Canova (to name but two conspicuous instances) often lapsed. No one has been so free from conventional emptiness, whether the material emptiness of modern Italy, the Academic emptiness of France, or the pedantic emptiness of Germany. And no one, as we have said, has come anywhere near him, since Hellenic days, in copiousness of invention, united with tenderness and grace. Go to the Cathedral of Chichester, where local patronage (we suppose) has gathered some ten or twelve of his little monuments, and turned that building into a shrine more attractive and more sacred to the scanty worshippers of pure Art than the mechanical splendours of Cologne, or the gay grandiosity of St. Peter’s. Flaxman has created more types here alone, and those of an incomparably more significant order, than a century of Italian monumental sculpture produced, when Italy was at her best, and when kings and convents vied with each other in splendid patronage. And yet Flaxman, after his noble “Mansfield” group, the single great monument due to the expenditure of tens of thousands during his lifetime within the Abbey, though justly valued and praised by Rogers, the accredited oracle of taste in the patrons’ circle of the day, hardly seems to have received a commission for anything beyond a relief in miniature. We have indicated several curious problems here; the solution of them we now commend to the reader.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE BOURGOING has just published another volume of his “*Diplomatic History of Europe during the French Revolution*,”\* and he describes all the complications of politics during the period which elapsed between February 1793 and July 1794. We need not point out the importance of a work like the one now before us, especially when it possesses the merits of accuracy, clearness, and completeness which distinguish M. de Bourgoing’s production. The history of the Revolution had until lately been treated too exclusively from the military point of view, and, with the exception of Baron Bignon’s *Histoire de la Diplomatie française*, it would be difficult to name a French book bearing on the subject in question. M. de Bourgoing has been fortunate enough to obtain access to the voluminous collections of State papers preserved at the *Ministère des Affaires étrangères*. More than once we have had occasion to remark upon the absurd restrictions with which those collections are made available to students, even when existing international relations cannot be affected in the slightest degree by such researches; but it would appear that a more liberal system is now adopted, and it is not unlikely that the character of the publications issued within the last few years in Germany on the history of the French Revolution has helped to bring about this result. In one of the notes at the end of his volume M. de Bourgoing gives a very interesting summary of the principal German works on the subject, especially that of Professor von Sybel, and he shows how the recent feuds between Austria and Prussia have affected the accounts written by historians of the efforts which the Coalition made seventy years ago to put down the revolutionary movement.

The essays collected by M. Henri Martin under the title *Études d’Archéologie celtique*† may be considered to a certain extent as an introduction to his History of France. The Celtic element was the first he had to study, and he naturally wished to verify by personal observation the facts which literature and archaeology have determined. Fortunately, the scholar can find even now in a few remote districts of Western Europe representatives of the race to which Gaul was indebted for Druidical civilization, and we can catch, so to speak, an echo of the old songs which celebrated Merlin and King Arthur. M. Martin truly remarks that these sources of information should be consulted with a sympathetic disposition; if we approach them in the spirit of negative criticism, they will be for us entirely meaningless. Such is the idea which prevails through M. Martin’s essays. They comprise—1. A dissertation on the Celtic Race; 2. A series of Notes of a Journey through Wales; 3. various papers on questions of Breton Archaeology, Mythology, and Literature; 4. A paper on Sweden and on Scandinavian Antiquities. And as, especially just now, politics must always slip in even amidst topics of a purely

literary nature, our author endeavours to show what the relations between Prussia and the Scandinavian populations are likely to be. His volume, printed, we should remember, before the terrible events of last year, ends with a word of caution to France, to the effect that it behoves her to make alliances which shall secure the independence and power of the Scandinavian States.

We have to thank M. Lenoir for a small volume\* which, although having no scientific pretensions, is particularly interesting, and deserves to be read. Having joined M. Göttsche’s expedition in Middle Egypt and Arabia, the author undertook to chronicle the every-day adventures of his fellow-travellers, and to describe the more or less amusing incidents which relieved the graver part of the journey. Whatever scenes M. Lenoir had the good fortune to observe struck him by their picturesque or humorous features, and supplied him with abundant materials for gossip. Others may throw light upon the past history of Egypt, or appreciate its present resources and the social condition of the people; we must not expect from our author anything but mere *impressions de voyage*, and descriptions as sketchy as the scenes which suggested them. Some of these descriptions, however, are droll enough to amuse the dullest reader, and the woodcuts which illustrate the volume add much to its interest.

The race of the Magyars is perhaps one of those about which we have the least information of a trustworthy kind. M. Amédée Thierry, in his work on Attila, and M. Rambaud, in his *Empire grec au X<sup>e</sup> Siècle*, elucidated, indeed, the difficult problems connected with the origin of that people, and M. Saint-René Taillandier, as we shall presently see, has done much to make us acquainted with Magyar history and literature; but before M. E. Sayous published his little volume† we had no consecutive work of importance on any separate period in the annals of that race. The epoch treated by M. Sayous is one of the most dramatic in the history, not only of Hungary, but of Europe; it begins with the accession of Leopold to the Imperial throne, and ends with the catastrophe of 1815. The French Revolution was for the Magyars the signal of a national and constitutional resurrection, which steadily developed itself notwithstanding reactionary measures sufficiently violent to crush, one would suppose, the strongest manifestations of freedom; and the clash of the armed legions which met on the battle-fields of Rivoli, Austerlitz, and Wagram‡ did not prevent the Hungarian subjects of the Emperor Francis II. from carrying on vigorously the work of political revival. But, as M. Sayous remarks, they may also be said to have taken a considerable share in the coalition against Napoleon, inasmuch as their devotedness saved Austria from destruction. If they had chosen to take advantage of the approach of the French for the purpose of asserting their independence, they would have effectually crippled Austria’s power of resistance. M. Sayous has performed his task with care; he gives us at the beginning of the volume a list of works consulted by him, which form an interesting collection of Hungarian literature.

M. Saint-René Taillandier also has taken as the subject of his latest researches the nations belonging to the Magyar race§, and the volume he now publishes is devoted to an account of the Servians, from the rebellion of 1804 to the death of Prince Milosch in 1860. A brief introduction describes the condition of Servia during the middle ages, and explains likewise the circumstances which led to the writing of the present monograph. In the first place the author discusses the question of Pan Slavism, and shows that the best safeguard against the encroachments of Russia is to be found in the strengthening of the small States on the banks of the Danube. Why is it that, twenty years ago, the Hungarians were disposed to throw themselves into the arms of the Czar rather than submit to the yoke of the House of Hapsburg? Why is it that the Slavonic populations are even now tempted to follow the same course? Simply because Western Europe took no interest at that time in the Christians of the East, and because the fatal policy of Prince Metternich was still followed—a policy the leading feature of which consisted in sowing the seeds of division among the various elements of the Austrian Empire. If the interests of the Germans and the Magyars were separated, as some thoughtless enthusiasts hope, the aims of Pan Slavism would be fully satisfied; but between this dualism and a return to the Metternich traditions there exists, according to our author, a happy medium, and the true interests of Austria itself require that Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, and all the Eastern nations, should form a powerful federation under the rule of the Hapsburg family. While attempting to point out a solution for a political difficulty which has long puzzled the ablest statesmen, M. Saint-René Taillandier has also aimed at reading to his own countrymen a lesson of patience, of patriotism, and of constancy from the history of modern Servia. His preface dwells with much elegance upon this topic; it is like a *swarm corda* addressed to despairing France.

M. Boulé goes on publishing for the benefit of the general reader the lectures on archaeology which he delivers at the National Library.¶ Having taken a final leave of the Cæsars, he conducts us to Herculaneum and Pompeii, and endeavours to describe all the circumstances of the volcanic eruption which in Pliny’s time destroyed the environs of Naples. In his introduction he undertakes to write with “the impossibility of a magister who follows

\* *Histoire diplomatique de l’Europe pendant la Révolution française*. Par M. de Bourgoing. Paris: Lévy.

† *Études d’Archéologie celtique*. Par M. Henri Martin. Paris: Delagrave.

• *La Fayette, le Saint et Péron*. Par M. Gust. Lenoir. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Histoire des Hongrois et de leur situation politique de 1804 à 1815*. Par E. Sayous. Paris: Garnier-Baillière.

§ *Le Serbie*. Par Saint-René Taillandier. Paris: Delagrave.

¶ *Le drame du Vésuve*. Par M. Boulé. Paris: Lévy.



painfully the track of some great crime"; but we must never take M. Boule's etymology at his word when he talks of his "impossibility"; passing is the very essence of his nature, and the chief merit of his work is that, whilst professing to give us the history of Mount Vesuvius, he really writes the history of the human beings whom the most unexpected of all catastrophes hurried into destruction. The author's profound acquaintance with antiquity, and also with the manners of the Campanian population, has enabled him to give a lifelike character to his descriptions. After remarking on the superiority of Herculaneum, the Greek city, in point of taste and of intellectual culture, over Pompeii, the Oscan town, inhabited by a colony of merchants and fond only of coarse pleasures, M. Boule goes on to state that the excavations in the former city are not attended with the difficulties which most people suppose, as the workmen have to dig through a crust of dried mud, not of caldried lava. The city was actually destroyed by an inundation of mud and of ashes mixed together, and whereas this substance, hardened to a certain degree but yet perfectly capable of yielding even to the knife, reaches to a depth of about sixty feet, there is not a centimetre of lava in all the parts of Herculaneum which have as yet been explored. M. Boule recommends in conclusion that, even at the risk of abandoning Pompeii, the efforts of the *arçhæologues* whose business it is to superintend the excavations should be concentrated upon the other city.

It is satisfactory to find Rabbinical studies so far encouraged in France that a scholar of such distinguished merit as M. Moses Schwab has undertaken a French translation of the entire Talmud.\* The first volume of this important publication is now before us. Mr. Deutch's well-known article in the *Quarterly Review*, whilst quite sufficient to give ordinary readers a general idea of the Talmud, had stimulated the curiosity of many students who wanted to become acquainted with the Rabbinical work, not at second-hand from the imperfect essays of Buxtorf and others, but through the medium of the text itself. Next to the advantage of being able to overcome the difficulties presented by Rabbinical Hebrew, the help derived from a good translation is invaluable; and here M. Schwab has rendered an important service. Should he be spared to complete his gigantic undertaking, we shall at last have the means of studying one of the most curious and interesting repositories of theological literature. The fact that M. Moses Schwab was for a long time the *collaborateur* and amanuensis of the late Professor Munk is the best guarantee of his qualifications. It is at the special request of M. Ad. Franck and other well-known Oriental scholars that he has begun his heavy task, and, with the help of a few able coadjutors, he hopes to carry it on to a successful issue. The first volume contains the entire treatise of Berakhoth, according to both the Jerusalem Talmud and that of Babylon; it is preceded by an introduction which discusses all the problems of theology, philosophy, philology, &c., bearing upon the work. A table of contents, a list of Biblical quotations, and a number of valuable notes have also been added.

M. Rathier's prose translation of Theocritus† is a work of some pretensions, and claims a brief mention here. Not merely does it give a faithful rendering of the Sicilian poet, but it supplies also a number of valuable notes on points of antiquity and of moral philosophy. Thus the fifteenth idyl is followed by an essay on the mythological systems of the ancients as compared with the doctrines of the Christian religion; and at the close of the sixteenth we have some remarks on war, and on the providential character of the calamities which afflict the human race. The parallel quotations from Horace, Virgil, André Chénier, and others, are judiciously chosen; the biographical and geographical details are illustrated wherever necessary; and the scholiasts have been consulted with a minuteness which proves that M. Rathier is at home in the most recondite paths of ancient literature.

M. Chaignet has aimed at giving in a small compass an introduction to the study of Plato and of the Platonic philosophy.‡ His book, which bears evidence of conscientious research, is divided into three parts. We have first a biographical sketch of Plato, and here the scanty means of information left to us by Greek antiquity are made the most of. Respecting the moral character of Plato M. Chaignet allows perhaps too much weight to the testimony of Athenæus, and forgets that the founder of a school of thought, a man constantly before the public, must necessarily be exposed to calumny and abuse. But the Plato whom we are chiefly concerned to know is the philosopher, and not the private person; in the latter capacity he escapes from our grasp; in the former, on the contrary, we are able to arrive at a more satisfactory result, for his works are before us, and it is from the study of them that we can pass judgment. M. Chaignet dwells especially upon the pedagogic vocation of Plato; teaching was his strongest point, and his two greatest works are educational treatises. The second part of our author's volume comprises a discussion of the problems connected with the various dialogues, the determination of their authenticity, the classification proposed by editors, &c.; each dialogue is then analysed separately, and a list is given of the best editions, and of the commentaries, translations, and other works which it has

suggested. The third division of the treatise examines from a general point of view what the Germans would call the *Essence* of the subject; this is the most unsatisfactory part of M. Chaignet's labours; it strikes as very incomplete, and we find no names whatever, for instance, of Mr. Grote's great work.

The history of French literature has lately been frequently examined by competent scholars, and M. Albert's volume goes to a great extent over the same ground which M. Réaume had already surveyed in his *Prosauteurs français*. The origins, however, occupy six lectures in the course delivered by M. Albert, and we are taken as far back as the *Chansons de geste*. In like manner the concluding chapters of the work go somewhat beyond the limits which M. Réaume had assigned to himself. Hæcæ, the *Provençaux*, Corneille, and Voiture are introduced to the reader, and M. Albert stops only on the very threshold of the *siècle de Louis XIV.*, properly so called.

M. Littré is not only a painstaking lexicographer, and one of the few men who know all the mysteries of French grammar, from the origin of the language to our own day; he has also devoted a considerable part of his time to medical studies, and he was favourably known as the editor and translator of Hippocrates long before he published in the *Journal des Savants* his researches on the early monuments of French literature. The volume he now gives to the world under the title *Médecine et Médecins* may therefore be considered, to a certain extent, as his *jeunesse*; and although some of the essays it contains are of recent date, yet most of them were written at least twenty years ago, and treat of subjects which M. Littré has lately seldom noticed. The preface opens with a kind of autobiographical fragment, explaining how it was that the disciple of M. Auguste Comte was induced to study the science of medicine, although he never passed his examination, nor took the diploma which would have qualified him to practise. He goes on to describe the revolution undergone by pathology, and, assigning this revolution to the influence of positivism, he contends that Comte's doctrines form the only true foundation upon which science can be established. The essays collected by M. Littré are of various kinds, some of the most interesting being those in which pathology is made to illustrate some literary problem or some incident in the life of a celebrated personage. We may mention the article on Pascal's amulet, and that in which our author discusses the question whether the Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I., was indeed poisoned, as the majority of historians would lead us to believe.

The present state of France naturally affords an opportunity for politicians to bring forward their theories, and to discuss the best means of reconstructing society so as to prevent the recurrence of a war between capital and labour. M. Étienne Baudry is one of these reformers; his *Fin de Monde* § contains a number of useful truths put in an amusing way, and the various classes of the community have sat for portraits which are scarcely caricatures. M. Baudry stands up in defence of the *bourgeoisie*, and he has no difficulty in proving that what the disciples of Messrs. Aul and Millière call "social liquidation" would be simply the destruction of the working classes, because the power hitherto wielded by the *bourgeoisie* class must inevitably fall into the hands of the peasants, who have no fellow-feeling with the *ouvriers*, and can manage perfectly well without them.

M. Oscar de Vallée § invites all men of common sense and all true patriots to join for the purpose of destroying that democratic pride which he considers infinitely worse than the arrogance of the greatest despots who ever occupied a throne. He does not condemn the Republican system of government, but he wants to see consistent Republicans giving the death-blow to centralization, instead of working, in the name of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," the system which they are the first to condemn when it is carried on by a Napoleon.

Count de Chambrun's *Fragmenta politiques*|| are interesting, but they are too fragmentary, and the author is so fond of generalizations that he leaves facts almost entirely in the background. His sympathies are altogether on the Orleanist side, and he is very decided in the expression of his religious views. It is matter for regret that he has not taken more pains to throw his thoughts into a popular shape. He seems to forget that political questions must be discussed, especially under the *régime* of universal suffrage, so as to command the attention of the community at large, and that a dry, axiomatic style cannot influence the majority of readers.

Numerous pamphlets are still poured forth with the view of explaining various incidents of the late war, and of showing that Prussia, notwithstanding the genius of Prince Bismarck, must finally give way as soon as France is in a condition to begin the contest again. The author of *L'armée de Henri V.*¶ has thought proper to publish anonymously a satire which displays a lamentable amount of bad taste, and an equally wonderful share of prejudice. In the struggle against Germany the *Hoyat* soldiers of Cathelineau and Charette gave proofs of at least as much patriotism

\* *Les Littératures françaises, des origines du siècle de Louis XIV.* Par Paul Albert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Médecine et Médecins.* Par E. Littré. Paris: Didier.

‡ *La Fin de Monde.* Par E. Baudry; précédé par M. Laboulaye. Paris: Dent.

§ *Le Gouvernement nécessaire.* Par Oscar de Vallée. Paris: Dent.

|| *Fragmenta politiques.* Par le comte de Chambrun. Paris: Garnier.

¶ *L'armée de Henri V.* Les bourgeois-gentilhommes de 1871. Par G. Garnier-Bellière.

\* *Études des Érudits du Talmud de Jérusalem et du Talmud de Babylone, traduites pour la première fois en français.* Par Moses Schwab. Paris: Hachette.

† *Les Épiles de Théocrite, traduites du grec.* Par G. Rathier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *La vie et les écrits de Platon.* Par M. Chaignet. Paris: Didier.

as the Garibaldian *franco-tirons*, and it is certainly not very generous on the part of a journalist to hold up to ridicule a political party whose only fault is that they represent the traditions to which France owes all its glory.

M. Emmanuel Liáis comes from Rio Janeiro to assert in the loudest manner the intellectual superiority of *le peuple le plus spirituel de l'univers*, and to prove that the majority of the French nation has not been deteriorated by the influence of luxury, selfishness, and pleasure. His words are no doubt comforting to the readers for whose special benefit they have been written, but we do not think they are likely to go far with sensible men. The preface to Baron Stoffel's *Rapports militaires* is much more wholesome reading than the nonsense of M. Liáis.

Like many other Republicans, M. H. Entz lives on a number of old sophisms which have for the last fifty years passed current in France, but which are now worn thoroughly threadbare. The political programme he brings forward is only the concluding part of a small volume devoted, as the title suggests, to an enumeration of all the crimes committed by the Prussians, and to a vehement cry for revenge.

The events which took place between the 24th of February and the 18th of March have supplied M. Charles Yriarte with the materials of an interesting and well written volume. The author has had at his disposal several documents hitherto unpublished.

M. Alfred Duquet's narrative of Count de Flavigny's famous journey to Ireland is intended as a manifesto against England for the want of sympathy we showed towards our French neighbours during the war. Let us not, says M. Duquet, rush into fresh hostilities with that recklessness which characterized the last campaign; but let us remember that, by supporting the cause of Home Rule in Ireland, we can be a permanent thorn in the flesh of perfidious Albion.

• *Suprématis intellectuelle de la France.* Par Em. Liáis. Paris: Garnier.

† *Delenda Germania.* Par H. Entz. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Les Prussiens à Paris et le 18 mars.* Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: Plon.

§ *Irlande et France.* Par Alfred Duquet. Paris: Lévy.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.**—The following Artists will appear on Wednesday next:—Madame Sherston, Miss Blanche Cole, and Miss Bess Wynne (her first appearance since her return from America); Miss Enriqueta, and Miss Fanny (her first appearance since her return from America); Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Harry Byron, and Mr. Maybrick. Banquets: Miss Agnes Zimmerman. Conductors: Mr. J. B. Watson and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Seats, &c., Family Tickets for Four, Six, & Twenty, &c., at the Theatre and Gallery, 12. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Messrs. G. & Co., Holles Street; and the usual Music-sellers.

**JULIAH WALTON'S ENTIRE COLLECTION OF OIL, AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS,** now on view, at his GALLERY, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster. Admission, 1s. Open Daily from Ten to Five.

**DORÉ GALLERY.**—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 38 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION OF PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYR," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCISCA DE ALMENDRA," &c.). Admission, 1s.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.**—POLITICAL ECONOMY. Professor CARNESE will deliver the FIRST LECTURE of his Second Course of Twelve Lectures on Tuesday, February 13, at 4.30 p.m. The course will be continued on the same hour on subsequent Thursdays and Tuesdays. The subjects of the Lectures are: WAGES, INTERNATIONAL TRADE, and LAND TENURE. See A.L. for full particulars. The class and to the competition for the Prizes and Scholarships. See A.L. for full particulars. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

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## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

IN the present difficult and anxious crisis the speeches delivered in both Houses of Parliament on the question at issue with America are in the highest degree satisfactory, as showing the unanimous determination of the country to resist an unjustifiable demand. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI, in accordance with the traditional practice of English statesmen, abstained from throwing any impediment in the way of the firm and prudent policy announced by the Government in the Speech from the Throne. Lord GRANVILLE, always courteous, was also firm and decided; and even Mr. GLADSTONE, in language which has been criticized as going beyond the necessities of the occasion, showed that his blood was stirred at last. It is scarcely worth while to pursue Mr. DISRAELI's inquiry as to the exact date of the communication which has been forwarded to Washington. In matters of detail the Government has a right to exercise a latitude of discretion corresponding to the greatness of its responsibility. Lord GRANVILLE says that the advantages and disadvantages of various forms of communication were carefully considered, and Mr. GLADSTONE observed that the first words in the discussion are not necessarily the last. There could be no impropriety in a fortnight's delay; and perhaps it may have been well that the state of English feeling and opinion should be known in the United States before it became necessary to deal with official despatches. The American Government and Senate had announced their intention of waiting for the QUEEN'S Speech before arriving at any decision, and it may be hoped that the debates on the meeting of Parliament will also be carefully studied. On this occasion they will find that while, as on all former occasions, Parliament is anxious, even at the cost of considerable sacrifices, to appease American hostility, there is neither hesitation nor difference of opinion as to the necessity of making a stand. Mr. GLADSTONE relies on the language of the Treaty, taken in connexion with the Protocols, and interpreted by the speeches of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord RUSSELL, and by the subsequent silence of the American Government; but he also remarks that, if any verbal ambiguity could be established, the impossibility that the American claim could have been submitted by an English Government to arbitration is in itself conclusive. In Mr. DISRAELI's words, "the American Case demands from this country a tribute greater than could be exacted by conquest, which would be perilous to our fortunes and fatal to our fame." Mr. GLADSTONE adds that the sum demanded is greater than the penalty imposed by Germany on France, which was itself ten times as great as any similar payment recorded in history. The people of the United States must be well aware that Mr. GLADSTONE is passionately, if not excessively, devoted to the cause of peace; and he only expresses the universal feeling of his countrymen when he declares that, "if there is one country to which we are willing to give more, and from which we are willing to exact less, that country is the United States of America." The most pacific of Ministers nevertheless reserves "the right to fall back on the plea that a man or a nation must be taken to be insane, if supposed to admit in a peaceful arbitration claims which not even the last extremities of war and the lowest depths of misfortune would force a people with a spark of spirit, with the hundredth part of the traditions or courage of the people of this country, to submit to at the point of death." The Americans may perhaps be excused for contending, in the first instance, that, if the claims are unreasonable, they will be rejected by the Tribunal; but a party to a controversy who submits the dispute to arbitration must be understood to admit that the decision may possibly confirm and enforce the utmost demands of his adversaries. If the Treaty had been intended to in-

clude a reference of the claims since advanced by the United States, the negotiators must, as Mr. GLADSTONE urges, have voluntarily conceded more than could be extorted by a conqueror.

The *New York Herald* declares that the American people will require the utmost damages which the arbitrators may award, and that, if necessary, they will extort payment at the point of the bayonet; and it is asserted in recent telegrams that the Washington Government is determined to adhere to the position it has taken. But there is no need to pay attention to insolent menaces or unauthenticated rumours; and in general the answers of the principal American papers to the English comments on the Statement of Claims confirm the conjecture that they would be utterly taken by surprise. The vituperative language and the monstrous demands of the American agents were regarded by their countrymen, with or without approval, as empty bluster. It is impossible that there should have been no speculation on the probable reception of the document in England, if the people of the United States had supposed that they were preferring a serious claim for three or four hundred millions sterling. Their explanations of the official statement are evidently extemporized at a moment's notice, as when it is asserted that the indirect damages were intended to be set off against any unreasonable demands which might be preferred by English traders. It is certain that if the arbitration had proceeded on the basis adopted by the American agents, the Tribunal of Geneva would have awarded or refused damages without reference to the litigation which might be simultaneously proceeding at Washington. The leaders of opinion in the United States will now have had time to reconsider their position, and it will be well if they adhere to the just and pacific feelings which prevailed two months ago; but there is too much reason to fear that the Government will be encouraged to persevere in its aggressive course. The strong and unanimous expression in England of surprise and alarm, and the unexpected warmth of the PRIME MINISTER'S language, will furnish a plausible cause of offence. Some Americans have not unreasonably reconstituted against the public discussion of issues which are to be tried before a competent tribunal; but it was scarcely possible to ascertain the scope of the arbitration without touching incidentally on the merits of the case. The tone and language of the American Statement of Claims were proper subjects of protest, even if they had been used in support of the most moderate demands. Above all, it has been necessary and opportune to examine into the extent and meaning of the reference. No arbitrator is a final judge of his own powers, and, in the absence of a superior tribunal, the litigant Governments alone can deal with any difference of opinion as to the preliminary question. On the extreme supposition of an award condemning the English Government in the full amount of damages claimed by the Americans, the inevitable refusal to comply with the decision would have borne the semblance of bad faith; yet the American negotiators were well aware that the payment of any damages which might be awarded was necessarily contingent on the sanction of Parliament; and they cannot have expected that the House of Commons would vote three hundred millions to be paid in tribute, until a dozen English counties were, like French departments, occupied by a hostile army. It is on all accounts better that the probable failure of the Treaty should be acknowledged before the commencement of the arbitration.

When the immediate excitement has subsided, no reasonable American will deny that the unfortunate misunderstanding which has occurred was compatible with perfect sincerity on the part of England. The laxity of the wording of the Treaty might suggest an ambiguity, if it had been possible that the English members of the High Commission should have agreed

to the ruinous surrender which would be implied in the American version of the arrangement. The explanations of the Treaty which were given by Lord GRANVILLE and Lord RIFON in answer to Lord RUSSELL's speech and motion gave an official interpretation of the sense in which the Treaty was understood by the English Government. The President and his Ministers might indeed contend that they were not bound by any statement of the opposite party; but the contemptuous irony which would have been involved in deliberate, though tacit, encouragement of a misconception, would not be worthy of a powerful Government. That the Ministerial explanation was allowed to pass without diplomatic comment or objection is proved by the passionless forensic statement which was afterwards prepared for the arbitration. If Lord GRANVILLE and Lord RIFON were mistaken, the American Minister in England or the Secretary of State ought in common courtesy and fairness at once to have corrected the error. The unambitious English draughtsmen seem to have taken for their guidance rather the assumed intention of both parties than the words of the Treaty. In some instances, perceiving that the terms of the *ex post facto* law might possibly render a neutral liable for the operations of traders in contraband, the framers of the English Statement are compelled to rely on a voluntary waiver of the advantages which might have been derived from a too precipitate concession. The American Government, having since the civil war permitted the uncontrolled supply of arms to belligerents, thought it prudent to announce that they would not insist on the clause which prohibited a neutral from furnishing military stores and equipments. The wording of the Second Article of the Treaty itself is not creditable to the English negotiators. If the clause is construed by itself, there is nothing to prevent the American counsel from claiming damages for the War of Independence, for the war of 1812, or for any of the numerous grievances which have been devised by a litigious neighbour during times of nominal peace. It has also been pointed out that the First Article, which, with the rest of the Treaty, was evidently dictated by the American Commissioners, is copied word for word from Mr. HAMILTON FISH's offensive dispatch to Lord CLARENDON. The American Government will probably contend that phrases which were on the former occasion used in support of hostile and extortionate demands ought not even by English simplicity to have been understood in an innocent sense. It was not in this manner that negotiations were conducted by the agents of GRENVILLE, of CASTLEREAGH, of CANNING, or of PALMERSTON. Future diplomatists may learn from the disastrous miscarriage of Washington that abject submission is not even gainful, and that cowardice may be rasher than courage.

It is unfortunately impossible to acquit Parliament or the community at large of the involuntary complicity which consists in acquiescence. The House of Commons, which prattled and wrangled for months over the Purchase Bill and the Ballot Bill, never found a day for the discussion of one of the most momentous of international transactions. It was enough that American rancour was thought to have been at last appeased; and any disposition to criticize the method of settlement was effectively removed by the participation in the Treaty of a recognized leader of the Opposition. Scarcely a single public speaker, and only one or two political writers, condemned the servile policy which, as they nevertheless believed, might have attained its immediate object. To the illusion which has now been rudely dispelled the admirers and the opponents of the Treaty were equally subject. There was probably not a single Englishman who suspected that the American statement of claims would include a demand for the cost of the pretended prolongation of the war. Even travellers and residents in the United States shared in the universal belief that the controversy was practically settled. Excessive confidence in the justice and good faith of the American Government may have been a proof of weakness; nor was there any reason why the meaning which was attached by the English Commissioners to the Treaty should not have been distinctly expressed. The vehemence which the American papers now denounce as unseemly represents a natural reaction, but it is idle to revive the fabulous statement that the Treaty was a statesmanlike example of mutual concession. American apologists may perhaps succeed in showing that the Statement of Claims is not inconsistent with the letter of the Treaty; but the temper and manner of the demand can only have been dictated by deliberate ill-will. Mr. SUMNER's invective against England had previously been surpassed in acrimony by Mr. FISH's despatch; but both competitors must yield to the superiority of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS, Mr. CUSHING, and Mr.

BEAMAN. It remains to be seen whether the American politicians and jurists who have condemned Mr. SUMNER's pretensions will extend their censure to the malignant composition of the agents for the arbitration. The language which has been already used in the American Senate is, as might be expected, angry and menacing; but there is reason to believe that the issue raised by the English Government has not been clearly understood. There is no question of repudiating a treaty, and there is also a positive determination to abide by its genuine meaning and purport. During the long controversy of eleven years England has hitherto always been divided in opinion, but

Now these her parties are come home again

nought shall make us rue  
If England to itself do rest but true.

#### THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT met on Tuesday full of anxiety to know the truth with regard to the Treaty of Washington, and to see how far the Cabinet had set itself with premises of success to surmount the innumerable difficulties that beset it. The beginning of the new Session was by no means reassuring. Bad as Queen's Speeches are expected to be, it was impossible to suppose that a speech could be framed so slovenly in style, so confused, so utterly inadequate. Fortunately, the only very important paragraph in it, that relating to the difference of opinion between England and the United States as to the scope of the Treaty of Washington, was carefully and judiciously worded. It left no doubt that England understood that the claims for indirect damages were excluded, while it forbore from reproaches and from any expressions that might make further friendly negotiations impossible. But almost the whole of the rest of the Speech was bad. It was full of blunders and inelegancies of language that were perfectly astonishing. It gave little of the information which it seemed intended to offer, and it introduced mysteries and suggested puzzles where clearness seemed the simplest thing in the world. After a preamble, in which it was announced that, on the Thanksgiving Day, the "necessary" accommodation would be afforded to members of Parliament in the "Metropolitan" Cathedral, it proceeded to select as its first topic of importance the Slave Trade in the Southern Seas, and events were depicted with an obscurity akin to the darkness of those benighted regions. Pronouns were distributed at haphazard, and it was left to the ingenuity of hearers or readers to decide whether they should be supposed to refer to islands, Englishmen, or nefarious practices. Bills, it was announced, would be introduced to punish persons guilty of this trade, and endeavours will be made to "increase in other forms the means of counteraction." Perhaps clever persons in Australia, the country principally concerned, may be able to guess what this means, but to Englishmen such phrases only suggest that the use of the QUEEN'S Speech is to conceal the thoughts of the Government. Canadians, too, are offered a puzzle of their own, for they will read with interest that the provisions of the Treaty of Washington which require the consent of the Parliament of Canada "await its assembling." One part of the Speech was so supremely absurd that Mr. GLADSTONE had to explain that two of the paragraphs had been accidentally transposed. The QUEEN was made to say in her Speech that several measures of administrative improvement for Ireland would be laid before Parliament; in particular a Bill, having for its main object the establishment of secret voting, would be immediately presented—language which seemed, as Mr. DISRAELI said, to imply that the Ballot Bill was only intended to apply to Ireland. With regard to Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation of how this blunder came about we may observe—and the observation may be extended to the minor blunders and inaccuracies of the Speech—that Ministers ought not to be guilty of that amount of negligence which is involved in putting into the mouth of the QUEEN language so unworthy of her. It may of course be assumed that the Speech, such as it was read—transposed paragraphs and all—was the Speech of which she approved. She has no choice, or, at any rate, from the remoteness of her residence from the seat of Government, she gives herself no choice. She approves on Monday in the Isle of Wight what is to be published to all the world in London on Tuesday. But it is especially fitting that this jumble of obscure and ill-chosen phrases should be put into her mouth. Any one who has read her Journal must know



that she herself writes in the clearest, simplest manner possible; and her subjects may be quite sure that if her Ministers had asked her to say for them what they meant to say, the Speech would have been written in good plain English, and its paragraphs would not have been transposed.

The first duty of Parliament on its reassembling is to choose a new Speaker. The leaders of both parties could honestly and cordially join in a testimony to the services which Mr. DENISON has rendered to the House while he has occupied the Chair; and although the address to the QUEEN praying that she will make Mr. DENISON a peer is a mere matter of form, yet it is perhaps worth while to draw the attention of the public to the fact that a peerage is sometimes deserved. The SPEAKER has declined to accept the pension usually given to retiring Speakers, on the ground that he will feel happier during the rest of his life if he is not a burden on his countrymen; but it is no burden on a country to pay its officials properly, and every precedent of a rich man offering to work at a lower figure than poor men can accept ought to be very jealously watched. The principal measures of the Session are exactly what might have been anticipated, and the Ministry has done wisely in limiting as much as possible the area of its labours. To the measures which were matters of course the only addition is a proposed Bill for dealing with the higher Courts of Justice and Appeal. This is a measure very much wanted, and, as it will naturally be introduced in the House of Lords, need not add much to the real business of the Ministry; but the CHANCELLOR has hitherto shown himself so entirely incompetent to conceive measures of Law Reform combining width of view with knowledge of details, that it is difficult to suppose his Bill will do much good unless abler men among the law lords will show themselves possessed of enough public spirit to shape his measure for him, so that it may ultimately assume a satisfactory form. The difficult subject of Irish education was passed over in silence in the Speech, but the Ministry subsequently explained that they only refused to take up the question because they had not time to deal with it, and that they would deal with it this Session if they could dispose of other business more quickly than they expected. They thus give it to be inferred that their policy with regard to Irish education is determined; and it is tolerably certain that they will not find it practicable to leave it in doubt until the end of the Session what their determination is. The debates on the Scotch Education Act and on the proposed remodelling of the English Act must force them to indicate how, in their opinion, Irish education is to be dealt with, even if the early introduction of Mr. FAWCETT'S Bill with regard to the Dublin University does not oblige them to be explicit. The Speech was also silent on all that concerns the Army and Navy, and this silence naturally provoked the comments of Opposition speakers. The fact is that the whole administration of the Army and Navy is in such a complete mess, and the members of the Cabinet to whose provinces the superintendence of their administration belongs are so bewildered, and find everything under their management going on in such a confused and chaotic way, that the Cabinet spares all reference to the two services as long as it can, and is quite right in doing so. Sensible men, when they know that there is a weak point in their case, say as little about it as possible.

The notices of motion and the speeches on the Address show that this Session will be marked by a very important change as compared with last Session. The Opposition is now prepared to act as an Opposition—to criticise the acts and measures of the Government, and to try its strength in divisions. The Yorkshire election occurred on the very day on which Parliament met, in time to infuse fresh vigour and inspire new hopes in the Conservative party, and the Yorkshire election was only the last in a series which shows that the Government has rapidly lost ground in the country. It is a great misfortune when the Opposition is so beaten down and hopeless that it ceases to fulfil its proper functions. The less responsible members of the party out of office take upon themselves to do the work of criticism, and necessarily do it in a very imperfect manner; they have no authority, and do little else than obstruct the passing of Ministerial measures by sheer waste of time. But this is by no means the worst consequence of the abeyance of the regular Opposition. The nation loses the benefit of having the free hearing of important acts of the Government pointed out to it, and does not understand and appreciate what is being done. The extraordinary use of the Royal Prerogative to abolish Parliaments may have been defensible or not; but it was a lamentable failure in the discharge of his duties as leader of the Opposition that Mr. DISRAELI, after characterising it in the strong and

even violent language which he used with regard to it, should not have invited the House to consider not only its immediate, but its ultimate, consequences. No doubt he would have been beaten on a division; but Ministers are not undisciplined by the strong and well-grounded remonstrances of able opponents, and it is highly probable that, if the Government had had the danger and folly of riding roughshod over law and usage strongly impressed on them, they might have succeeded in showing to their satisfaction that in that particular instance they were justified, but would have been led into a frame of mind which would have made the COLLIER'S appointment impossible. In the same way it is now a cause of the most extreme regret that all discussion of the Treaty of Washington was hushed in the Commons. This was partly owing to the retirement of Mr. DISRAELI from the real duties of his position, and partly to the unfortunate appointment of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE as one of the Commissioners, which prevented the Conservatives from criticising the terms of the Treaty, lest they should cast dirt upon one of their friends and minor leaders. It is to be hoped that the precedent of seeking to avoid Opposition criticism by getting a leader of the Opposition to make himself responsible for the acts of the Government will never be repeated. It is quite true that, if a Conservative of eminent ability like Lord CAIRNS had gone as one of the Commissioners to Washington, the nation would have gained a great advantage; but this would have been impossible. Had so able a man as Lord CAIRNS been at Washington, he would have insisted on drawing up the Treaty as he knew it ought to be drawn up, and the Government at home would thus have been put in a secondary and unendurable position. It was only by getting a Conservative who held a place in his party much the same as that which Lord RUSSEL holds in the Ministerial party, that the supremacy of the Government at the other end of the Atlantic cable could be preserved, and at the same time the criticism of the Opposition prevented. This Session the Opposition is strong enough to proceed in the regular path which constitutional tradition assigns to it. A motion to censure the Government for the COLLIER'S appointment is to be made in both Houses, and Mr. COCHRAN gives notice that on an early day he will call the Government to account for its mismanagement of the Admiralty. Important matters will no longer be discussed at haphazard, or disposed of by stray and random votes. The speakers on both sides will do their best, and will strive to show that they have gone to the bottom of the matter debated, while the voting will force each voter to take a serious and deliberate part. Of course the Opposition keenly enjoys the change of circumstances which has opened this new field to them, but their gain in this respect is the gain of the whole country, and may even become the gain of the Ministry itself, if it is wise enough to give ear to the lessons of good counsel that will thus be forced on its hearing.

#### PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE ULTRAMONTANE PARTY.

PRINCE BISMARCK took occasion last week to unfold to the Prussian Assembly his views on the present pretensions and conduct of the Ultramontanes. Two Catholic deputies, one of whom, M. WINSTROCK, is a Hanoverian, had attacked the Government on account of the suppression of what is termed the Catholic division of the Ministry of Public Education and Worship. Their argument was that, according to the theory of the Prussian administration, the Catholics had a right to be represented in Ministerial circles in proportion to their numbers. This drew from Prince BISMARCK not only a vehement protest against any religious body urging any claim of the sort, but an exposition of the attitude towards the Ultramontane party which he said the Government has been forced to assume in consequence of the new form which the hostility of this party to the Government has taken. Prince BISMARCK spoke as usual with the utmost frankness and boldness. It is one of his chief pleasures to let all whom it may concern know from time to time what he has been observing, and what he is going to do in consequence of what he has observed. He has lately watched the course taken by the Ultramontane party in the elections, and he has seen that these violent members of the Romanist communion have not only got hold of a new dogma, but have been impelled by the fact of holding this new dogma into a new method of attacking the Prussian Government. Formerly the chiefs of the communion, the Pope himself and the German bishops, were perfectly well satisfied with the treatment which Catholicism received at the hands of the Prussian Government. They and

their subordinates were treated with great respect and much courtesy, and were allowed to manage their own affairs very much as they pleased. But a new spirit has come over them, and the adoption of the dogma of Papal infallibility has been the cause of the change. In the first place, they wish to avail themselves of the power of the State in Prussia to punish or reduce to submission those recalcitrant members of their communion who hold professorial or ecclesiastical offices and will not accept the new dogma. In the next place, they regard Prussia and the Government of Prince BISMARCK, and the German Empire itself, as so many powers barring the way to the triumph of those views of social and political life which necessarily accompany or flow from the acceptance of the dogma of infallibility. The downfall of France and the virtual subjection of Southern to Northern Germany have been two heavy blows to the Papal cause; and if the dealing of these blows has been specially the work of any one man, that man is unquestionably Prince BISMARCK. The Ultramontanes have therefore set themselves to work against him, in the first place, by representing in electoral speeches and journalistic manifestoes the Prussian Government as a Government hard upon Catholics, unfriendly to them, and prone to deny them their just rights; and, in the second place, by combinations and intrigues with the Separatist party in the Imperial Assembly, to embarrass, if not to break up, the German Empire itself. Prince BISMARCK, among his other retorts on their attacks, denied that they really represented the Catholics of Prussia. To discuss whether he was justified or not in saying this would lead us into the wide field, every day acquiring new interest and importance, which is opened by the opposition of a section of the Catholic world to the new dogma. It is impossible to foresee, for example, how great may be the consequences of the revolt of the Vicar of the Madeleine against the authority or tyranny of the new Archbishop of PARIS. But although the larger and more general question of the true relation of the Ultramontanes to the Catholic world is of great moment to Europe, and must have been vividly present to Prince BISMARCK's mind, it may be worth while to study his speech from a narrower point of view. No contribution, probably, of equal value to the right comprehension of the current politics of Prussia and Germany has been made since the tender of the Empire at Versailles and the surrender of Paris completed the political and military successes of Prince BISMARCK and his master.

It is difficult for foreigners to pronounce how far Prussia can be at present considered to be a country under constitutional government. But it is quite certain that Prince BISMARCK has in all his recent utterances assumed that constitutional government exists in Prussia. In former days he was a strong opponent of the Liberal and constitutional party in the Prussian Assembly. He persistently said that the objects which that party had in view could not be accomplished by the means in which they confided. Prussia was constantly thwarted by Austria, which was the home of the mediæval and reactionist clique, and Prussia could not stir a step towards the unification of Germany because, first, Austria, and secondly, France, stopped the way. If Prussia was to be free at home and the bulwark of German unity, she must fight those who were ready to use force to prevent her attaining the ends she sought. The power of the King and the efficiency of the army must therefore be upheld before everything else. This was the opinion which Prince BISMARCK, rightly or wrongly, always upheld, and he acted up to it with that resolution and contempt for all opposition which distinguish his character. He laid Austria in the dust, he humbled the pride of France. The German Empire was created, and then he said the time was come for constitutional government at home. In strict accordance with these views he rejected the claims of the Ultramontane party, on the ground that they were totally incompatible with constitutional government. While the Government of Prussia remained the Government of an absolute monarch, it was, he said, quite consistent with good sense that there should be a Catholic division in the Ministry of Education and Religion. The King wished to know what each section of his subjects thought and desired on matters of considerable importance to them. He was not in the least bound to follow the advice or be influenced by the statements which they offered to his consideration. He was the sole judge and master, and the Catholic division was only an instrument by which he got together information which he was pleased to think might be of use to him. But things are quite different now. There is a Ministry responsible to the Assembly, and the members of this Ministry must have a certain mode of thinking in common, and must repre-

sent the opinions and aims of the Parliamentary majority that supports them. A Catholic division in a department of the Ministry would now be quite out of place. Either its views would have to be taken into account in the decisions at which the Ministry might arrive, and then the Ministry would no longer be in harmony with its supporters, or the opinions of the Catholic division would be entirely ignored, and then the existence of such a division would be superfluous. If, again, the Catholics were to claim a certain number of places in the Ministry because a certain number of Prussian subjects are Catholics, there is no saying where this would stop, and in every department of Government and administration there must be a distribution of offices on account, not of the fitness of the holders of office, but of the religious tenets they might happen to profess. All the sections of Protestants would require to be represented, as they too would have an unanswerable title not to be overlooked. A theological standard, or rather a series of theological standards, would dominate the whole of Prussian political life, and the result of such an absurd state of things would be, not only an abandonment of the wholesome traditions of Prussia, which try to thrust theological differences as much into the background as possible, but the downfall of constitutional government. The Assembly would be turned into an Assembly of the representatives of rival creeds, and every measure would be discussed from the theological point of view. No Ministry could hope to administer public affairs successfully, or to secure the passing of useful measures, if it was itself the motley representative of motley theologians. The thing must fail, and the country would be driven back again into absolutism.

The action of the Ultramontane party must not, however, be viewed simply as it regards Prussia. The Ultramontanes are the enemies of the German Empire as well as of the Prussian Government. They form a clique in the Imperial Assembly, the sole aim of which is to put the adherents of German unity into difficulties. With this end they have constituted themselves the allies of the heterogeneous factions which in the Imperial Assembly itself oppose that unity of Germany to represent which forms the main reason of the existence of the Assembly. There are still many parts of Germany in which a strong dislike of the new order of things prevails. The States violently annexed by Prussia after Sadowa abound with persons who regret the fall of the petty Governments under which they formerly flourished. With some this regret proceeds from an honourable attachment to rulers who befriended them, or from a traditional love for local independence. With others it is only a form of expression of general reactionary leanings. Others, again, have been mortified by the high-handed and arbitrary behaviour of Prussian officials; and a considerable number look back fondly to times when abuses prevailed by which they were allowed to profit. In the South of Germany Bavarians, and to some extent Wurtembergers, resent the inferiority to which the States to which they belong are now condemned in face of the eminence of Prussia. It is not very long ago that politicians of some tiny eminence dreamt that an arrangement would be possible under which Germany might be placed under the dominion or leadership of three Powers—Prussia, Austria, and a group of minor States, headed by Bavaria; and to men who dreamt such dreams it is mortifying to find how facts have belied their fancies. There is also a party, at present very insignificant, which longs to overturn the German Empire in order to raise up a democratic Republic on its ruins. The Prussian Ultramontanes have no real sympathies with either of these classes of politicians. They are Prussians, and are not naturally Separatists; they are Catholics, and all their principles would lead them to keep aloof from a Socialist or violently democratic Republic; and yet they work in concert with Separatists and democrats in order to promote what they conceive to be the interests of their Church. Theology comes with them before love of country or love of social order. Prince BISMARCK asks them to understand that he is quite alive to the game they are playing. It is, he says, his rule in politics to be the friend of his friends and the enemy of his enemies. The Ultramontanes are doing what they can to thwart him, and he will do what he can to thwart them. He does not affect to think that the German Empire has no enemies in Germany. He recognises that it has enemies, numerous, active, and unscrupulous. But he informs them, and by informing them he informs his friends also, that he will not be caught sleeping. He points out who his enemies are, and carefully measures their strength; and then says that he intends to fight them as hard as he can. Boldness in such a case seems to be the wisest and soundest

policy. When Germans thoroughly understand that the Ultramontanes mean to destroy the unity of Germany if they can, and that Prince BISMARCK will not hesitate to do everything in his power to defeat them, his success is half assured. Intrigues and cabals and manœuvres such as are dear to all theological factions might do much mischief so long as attention was not drawn to them; but when the issue has once been decisively raised, whether the hopes of the German nation are to be baffled in order that the supporters of a new dogma may rule society and tyrannise over those whose submission they claim, there cannot be much doubt as to the answer which the bulk of Germans will give.

#### THE PROPOSED VOTES OF CENSURE.

IT would be unreasonable to blame Lord STANHOPE, Mr. CROSS, or the political friends with whom they have probably concerted their intended motion, for asking Parliament to censure a transaction which has out of doors been unanimously condemned; yet it may be permissible to express regret that the Opposition should not have thought it consistent with its duty to abstain from a discussion which may perhaps be unseasonable. It is perhaps still possible that when the opinion of both Houses has been elicited, and after the explanations of the Ministers whose conduct is impugned, the resolutions may be withdrawn. The safety and honour of the country are paramount to all ordinary considerations; and it is not desirable that the Government should be engaged in defending an isolated act of two of its members at the moment when its attention ought to be concentrated on the negotiations or discussions relating to the Geneva arbitration. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed, with obvious sincerity, welcomes the challenge which has been offered; but his personal feelings, though they are entitled to due regard, ought not to be put in competition with national interests. Since the discussion has become inevitable, it may be hoped that it will be conducted on both sides with moderation and good temper. The strong expressions which have been already used may supersede the necessity of too severe a censure on a proceeding which is not likely to be repeated. From the first, judicious politicians have regretted the probability that a division would be taken on a personal question. A vote of censure or of want of confidence is a legitimate mode of determining whether a Government shall be driven from office; but prudent leaders of Opposition have not been in the habit of delivering the blow until they have, like Sir R. PERL in 1841 and Lord PALMERSTON in 1859, satisfied themselves that it would be effective. There is much inconvenience in passing a censure on a Minister who will afterwards remain in office; and it is in the highest degree undesirable that as long as he commands a majority he should be driven from power by a formal Parliamentary vote. If indeed the appointment of Sir R. COLLIER had been illegal, as it was substantially irregular, it might have been absolutely necessary to correct the error by the authority of Parliament; but, as the formal validity of the appointment is not seriously disputed, any resolution which may be passed against the PRIME MINISTER or LORD CHANCELLOR will be abstract in character and inoperative in result.

Although Lord STANHOPE has formally moved for papers, the facts of the case are universally known, and the merits appear to ordinary apprehension to lie in a nutshell. It might, on the mere statement of the matter, seem to be obvious that an Act of Parliament which imposes a qualification for office virtually limits the choice of the Crown to candidates who have independently satisfied the legal condition. If the managers of the Corps of Commissionaires had, from motives of benevolence, determined to employ only one-armed men, they would probably not approve of an applicant who should cut off one of his arms in the hope of entering their service. A few years ago it is true that members of Parliament were in the habit of obtaining, by fictitious contrivances, the pecuniary qualification which was then required by law; but their ingenious devices were occasionally baffled by Election Committees; and they were not, in their capacity of candidates, either official keepers of the Royal conscience or principal representatives of the English nation. The evasion of a long-established law by a private person bears little analogy to the open disregard of a recent Statute by the Minister who passed it. The habitual connivance of society or of Parliament at a legal fiction is in itself a constructive excuse for irregularity; but legislation is useless if the Ministerial coach-and-six is to be deliberately driven through Acts of Parliament as soon as they are passed. In ordinary parlance a Judge of the Common Pleas is a functionary who has been appointed for the sole and ultimate purpose of administering justice in that Court. If a testator had left a fund to the Crown for the payment of the salaries of the Judges, it would be monstrous to promote additional Judges for the purpose of enabling them to receive a portion of the payment. A Judge who is made a Judge that he may immediately afterwards be made something else furnishes none of the usual guarantees of competency and character. Lord HATHERLEY would probably not, except in peculiar cases, appoint to the Common Law Bench Judges exclusively familiar with Chancery practice; but when the Court of Common Pleas is used as a stepping-stone, it becomes immaterial whether one of its nominal members is ever capable of discharging the duties of his office. Sir ROBERT COLLIER, indeed, was perfectly qualified for the place of Puisne Judge; but the Act of Parliament implied that the Chancellor who made the appointment should take nothing into consideration but the fitness of his nominee. In whatever way the case may be presented it is almost too plain for argument; but Mr. GLADSTONE's subtlety is more than sufficient to confuse any superficial plainness.

The Government is, it seems, prepared to contend that the construction which has been placed on the Act is correct, and that, as Mr. GLADSTONE injudiciously adds, the opposite construction would be mischievous to the public service. It is strange that a practised dialectician should fail to see that the correct construction of a given clause in a statute cannot possibly be affected by any benefit or injury which may accrue to the public service. If the provisions of the Act were injudicious, the Government is responsible for the miscarriage, and it has no right to correct by a forced interpretation the error of the Ministry or of Parliament. The appeal to expediency is almost equivalent to an admission that the obvious meaning of the enactment has been overruled or evaded. The daily eulogist and apologist of the PRIME MINISTER had already vindicated a similar irregularity, on the plea that Mr. GLADSTONE had disapproved of the restriction imposed by statute on the disposal of the living of Ewelme. If he had also objected to the statutory qualification for the office of paid member of the Judicial Committee, it would be a bold pretension to claim that his personal judgment should supersede the authority of an Act of Parliament; but in the particular case, those who introduced the Ministerial Bill deliberately omitted the mention of the law officers, who had been in earlier versions of the Bill placed in the same category with the Judges. The mischief which is supposed to be inflicted on the public service must have been distinctly contemplated by the framers of the Act; and it is a graver mischief to explain away a Judge of the Superior Courts into any barrister who may be promoted in order to give him a qualification. Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps argue that no Government would appoint to the Judicial Committee a person who was not qualified for a seat on the Bench of the Common Pleas; but he has himself lately placed on the Committee a jurist who, however personally eminent, was not even a practising barrister. The only precedent for the appointment of a member who had not held judicial office was that of a lawyer who had recently been the undisputed head of the Equity Bar. It may be perfectly true that it was a mistake to interfere with the discretion which is in other cases exercised by Government. It is desirable that the fittest man should be selected, although he may have received no previous promotion; nor can it be alleged that judicial patronage has often been abused, although the most capable among several candidates may occasionally have been passed over; but questions of this kind have nothing to do with the only charge which has been brought against Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HATHERLEY.

If Parliament had no more urgent business to attend to, it might be useful to prove, as far as a vote could establish the proposition, that Mr. GLADSTONE is mistaken in the meaning which he has no doubt conscientiously persuaded himself to attach to the clause in the Act of last Session. It would in any case be difficult to convince him that he had erred, or to fix his attention on the distinction between the letter and the spirit of a document; but it is only in vindication of vital truths that ATHANASIUS can afford to put himself in the balance against the world, and the unanimous verdict of Parliament, and of society in general, might perhaps raise a doubt even in an infallible mind. At present both Houses ought to be cautious in taking any course which can weaken the Government; and even if they decline to pass an adverse vote, they cannot be accused of condoning any atrocious crime. Mr. GLADSTONE is not a dark conspirator, nor is the excellent Lord HATHERLEY a traitor to his country, or an enemy of the human race. The PRIME MINISTER is

unfortunately too fond of quibbles; and the CHANCELLOR extends to his own judgment the confidence which he might safely repose in his good intentions. Little weaknesses of this kind are irritating, and when they find vent in usurpation or abuse of authority they require to be checked; but the criticism which Mr. GLADSTONE has borne, as he declares, with patience, from friends as well as enemies, will probably serve as a warning for the future. The comments which have been made in all quarters will be repeated next week by Lord STANNOR and Mr. CROSS; and probably it will be found impossible to induce a non-official member of either House to defend the Ministerial construction of the Act. After due discussion and explanation, it may perhaps be possible for Lord HATHORLEY's friends on the Opposition benches to induce their colleagues to abstain from a hostile vote. In the House of Commons the case is simpler, inasmuch as the Government majority may fairly be rallied in opposition to a vote of censure. If the previous question or some colourless amendment is moved, no member is bound at the instance of an adversary to affirm or deny any proposition, except with a practical object of which he approves. Mr. HUME formerly said that he would rather vote that black was white than aid in defeating a Government which he wished to keep in office. In the present case it is unnecessary to assert anything which is even theoretically untrue. The House is, with the exception of the Treasury Bench, of one mind about the evasion of the Judicial Committee Act; but more than half its members are perfectly willing to support the Government. The Opposition are, in the present circumstances, not anxious to bring on a change of Ministry or a dissolution of Parliament. The centre of political interest is neither in Westminster Hall nor in England, but in the Cabinet and Senate at Washington.

#### PARIS AND THE ASSEMBLY.

THE French Assembly has definitively refused to return to Paris. A Parliamentary vote is of course open to be rescinded, and there are few things more certain than that the schism between the capital and the Government will not be perpetual. But it seems that the rules of the Assembly forbid the reopening of the question for six months, so that the work of Friday last can only be undone by a straining of Parliamentary forms which is greatly to be deprecated in a country where representative institutions have taken such imperfect root. And, whenever the decision may be reversed, it must, while it holds good, be regarded as a very serious matter. So long as the Executive and the Legislature are to be looked for elsewhere than in Paris, there can be no settled Government in France—no power confessedly superior to the mob of the capital. Versailles was described in the course of the debate as the strategical quarter of Paris, and the theory of the majority of the Assembly seems to be that, in fixing themselves at Versailles, they are only choosing a vantage ground from which Paris may be more completely controlled than from any nearer point. But such a control as is here contemplated is an exclusively military control—a control exercised over enemies, not over subjects. The police of a great city may be reduced, owing to exceptional circumstances, to the necessity of blockading the criminal quarter as the only means of keeping its inmates in check; but, so long as they dare not enter it, the law is militant, not triumphant.

The debate failed to call forth any new arguments. M. VAUTRAIN tried to persuade the majority that, had the Assembly been in Paris, the insurrection of the Commune would never have happened. His hearers, on the other hand, were firmly persuaded that, had the Assembly been in Paris, the insurrection of the Commune would never have been put down. It is not easy indeed to feel any confidence in the soundness of M. VAUTRAIN's conviction. Had the Assembly been in Paris last March, we confess to believing that it would have fared no better than some of its predecessors. But the conditions of the problem are altogether changed since that time. The Legislature was once saved by a fortunate absence from Paris from becoming the victim of revolutionary aggression, but it does not follow that the same degree of protection can be assured to it in no other way. In March the Assembly would have been weak in Paris for the same reason that it was actually weak at Versailles. The Government had no troops that it could trust; at all events, it did not trust those which it had. If the Commune had made an immediate and vigorous attack upon Versailles, it is by no means certain that the Assembly would not have been driven into space. But, with the army which M. THIERS can now command, the Deputies may feel as easy in one place as in another. While the troops are faithful to them, there is no

danger in Paris; if they waver, there will be no safety in Versailles. Thus much of truth, however, there was in M. VAUTRAIN's speech. The presence of the Assembly might not have prevented the Communists from rising, but it certainly would have lost them the sympathy, passive or active, of a large part of the population. The pride of the Parisians was hurt and their trade injured by the arbitrary determination of the Assembly to hold its sittings somewhere else. They had just sustained a long and desperate siege, and at the very moment when they hoped to find the eyes of all Europe fixed upon them in admiration, they found the eyes of the French Assembly turned away from them in distrust. The revival of business to which they had trusted to make good their losses during the war was indefinitely delayed; the sufferings they had endured at the hands of the enemy were to be aggravated by the perverse timidity of their own countrymen. It is no wonder, therefore, that on the first outbreak of an insurrection which had Paris for its centre, and the aggrandisement of Paris for its aim, the shopkeepers should have overlooked the social heresies of the Commune in their admiration of its political purpose. So long as the Assembly persists in treating Paris as an enemy, it has no right to be surprised if the Parisians see a friend in any one who is the enemy of the Versailles Government. The Commune was probably not the last opportunity that will present itself for the gratification of this dislike.

The vote of Friday was made almost inevitable by the mismanagement of the Government. M. BUISSEAU dwelt with just severity on the inconsistency of first demanding urgency for the motion, and then proposing to postpone the consideration of it. It was not, he said, the majority that had forced the question on. It had been forced on by the Government against the wish of the majority. Now that the Government came forward to undo their own work, the majority had a right to decline to assist them. There is no answer to this reasoning. A Government which presses forward questions of this magnitude, unless it is prepared to resign in the event of the division going against it, exposes itself to just contempt. There are some subjects that ought either to be left alone altogether or treated as involving the existence of the Cabinet which introduces them. It is true that the unprecedented position which M. THIERS occupies makes the resignation of the Cabinet peculiarly difficult. Though they are his Ministers in name, they are his colleagues in fact. The policy they carry out is not dictated by the dominant party in the Assembly; it is the policy of the PRESIDENT. The course taken by M. THIERS upon the tax on raw materials showed his clear appreciation of this fact. The resignation of the Ministers was only an incident accompanying the resignation of the PRESIDENT. Great as are the inconveniences which belong to this state of things, it would be unfair to lay them wholly at the door of M. THIERS. The PRESIDENT of the Republic cannot resign every time the Assembly insists on having its own way, without endangering the stability of the Executive. Yet, if he accepts the alternative, and consents to see a policy which he thinks mischievous carried out by Ministers not of his own choosing, he is not playing the part assigned him at Bordeaux. Before M. THIERS can do all that is expected of him, he must be King and Minister in one. But this state of things, while it provides M. THIERS with exceptional excuses, ought to subject him at the same time to exceptional restraints. A statesman who knows that no important difference can arise between himself and the Legislature without his having to choose between sacrificing the dignity of his office and leaving the country a prey to confusion should be especially careful not to provoke such differences. If M. THIERS thought the return of the Government to Paris a question of sufficient moment to be forced on in an Assembly known to be bitterly opposed to it, he ought to have made as much of it as he did of his financial projects. If he was not prepared to go this length, he should have left it altogether alone.

Nor is it M. THIERS alone that has come out of this discussion with a diminished reputation. The Duke of ANJALU and the Prince of JOINVILLE have thought it expedient to declare that, had they been present during the division, they should have voted in favour of Paris. The inquiry naturally suggested by this notification is, Why were they not present? The silence of two Deputies about whose admission into the Assembly there was so much controversy, may often be due to a desire not to embarrass the Government. But though this motive may hinder the Duke of ANJALU from using his influence to throw out projects of which he disapproves, it need not interfere with his support of projects which he approves.



M. THIERS is anxious to see the Assembly consent to return to Paris, and any influence which the Princes of Orléans might have used on behalf of this step would have been a direct support of the existing Government. As it is, they have no right to wonder if their enemies attribute their abstention to their uncertainty whether the minority would be large enough to make it prudent for them to be classed among it. The exception to the general discredit which this vote has contrived to entail upon all connected with it is M. CASIMIR PÉRIER. His speech was not very vigorous, but he seems to have a degree of readiness to stand by his opinions, whatever may be the consequences of doing so, which is rare in France at present. Nothing, it seems, could have made him so popular, even with the majority against which he voted, as his determination to resign. There is some disposition on the part of the Deputies to regard M. THIERS's Ministers, especially M. POUYER-QUÉNETIER and M. JULES SIMON, as so many old men of the sea. The discovery that one of the Cabinet has persisted in leaving it is calculated to suggest a hope that the staying power of the rest may have been exaggerated.

#### THE TREATY WITH HOLLAND.

AS the Ministers seem to have been at a loss for matter when they framed the QUEEN'S Speech, they might perhaps as well have noticed the little colonial transaction which has produced some exorable excitement in Holland. As the negotiation for the transfer of the Dutch settlements on the Gold Coast was on both sides entirely voluntary, it may be taken for granted that neither Government has suffered by the bargain. Long experience has shown that neighbouring civilized Powers in contact with the same inferior races are in frequent danger of collision. Before the conquest of Canada the French and English in North America were always squabbling for influence with the Indian tribes; and on a small scale a similar antagonism prevailed on the West Coast of Africa between the Dutch and the English. The police of the seaboard was in the hands of two independent authorities, and the local chiefs probably believed that any disregard to the orders of either Government would be countenanced by the other. It is easy to believe that amalgamation or monopoly may have been the only effectual remedy for the inconveniences that ensued; and as the possessions of England in the neighbourhood were larger than those of the Netherlands, it was an obvious arrangement for the more considerable competitor to buy out a willing rival. The consideration is paid partly in money, but principally in concessions as to another colonial region. It seems that under existing treaties the English Government had a right to impose certain restrictions on the extension of Dutch power in the great island of Sumatra; and the claim, whatever it may have been worth, is henceforth abandoned in consideration of the cession of Elmina and the other Dutch forts on the Gold Coast. The confusion which has hitherto existed was explained by the intermixture or alternation along the coast of Dutch and English settlements. In similar cases private owners are generally anxious to round their estates by exchange or by purchase; and although it is not in the nature of English dependencies to be absolutely costless, the burden of maintaining the establishment will probably not be increased by the enlargement of the dominion. It may be inferred from the names of some of the local dignitaries that the population as well as the territory has been somewhat capriciously distributed. A patriotic representative of the subject King of ELMINA is called Mr. DAVID MILL GRAVES, and the burgomaster of the capital signs his name as J. HARMAN SMITH. It may be hoped that in time the alien clans of GRAVES and SMITH will find it possible to reconcile themselves to English rule. It is true that they are both probably of the race of HAN, but the original godfathers or patrons of their families would seem to have been rather English than Dutch.

The opponents of the measure in the Netherlands Parliament were fairly justified in their assertion that Holland is a great colonial Power. No European State can boast of historical achievements so illustrious in proportion to the number and natural resources of the population; and the administration of Java and of other Dutch settlements proves that, although from political changes it is no longer possible for the kingdom of the Netherlands to occupy the position which was held in the seventeenth century by the Confederacy and its Stadtholder, the national vigour has at the present day not been impaired. The jealousy which is excited by the withdrawal in any quarter of the boundary of an Empire is legitimate and respectable; but probably there is more to

be gained in Sumatra than to be lost on the African coast. Some of the speakers complained that the English Government was annexing the diamond fields of South Africa at the expense of the little Dutch Republic which borders on the Cape Colony. Where English settlers go English authority must follow them with protection and control; and there is no reason to believe that the farmers of the Republic object to the practical extension of English territory. It might have been remembered that the independence of the Transvaal Republic was voluntarily established by the English Colonial Office only twelve or fifteen years ago. It is natural that the people of the Netherlands should sympathize with the descendants of their former colonists, but the South African Republic has no political connexion with Holland. If Dutch patriotism derives any satisfaction from recalling the exploits of RUTTER against the English in the days of CHARLES II., it may nevertheless be suggested that, because the Admiral visited Elmina and entered the Medway, it scarcely follows that a friendly cession of Elmina for full consideration is necessarily a compromise of national honour. Although Holland may no longer be equal in power to England, the arrangement which has recently been effected had nothing whatever to do with the naval or military superiority of either party to the contract. The Government of the Netherlands has apparently satisfied the Parliament that the covetousness attributed to England is wholly imaginary, and that there is no question of attempting to detach Surinam or Curaçao from the present allegiance.

Mr. GRAVES, the intelligent Envoy of the titular King of ELMINA, unintentionally explained the grounds of the transfer which he was sent to oppose. According to the statement which he was instructed to present, his countrymen of Elmina lately saved the colony from certain Fantee invaders, who were, it is said, instigated by the English. It may be conjectured that no barbarous tribe within some hundreds of miles has at any time engaged in a warlike expedition which has not been attributed to the malignant influence either of England or of Holland. When the Fantees recommence hostilities against Elmina, it will be impossible to suspect that they are set in motion by the Government which they will attack. It is not surprising that the German Minister at the Hague should have declined to interfere with an arrangement which exclusively concerns England and the Netherlands. It would hardly suit the purpose of the German Government to maintain the independence, or rather the Dutch government, of Elmina, on the general ground that no Power ought to annex a province against the supposed wish of the inhabitants. Perhaps the Elmina Ambassador may be induced to reconsider his amiable intention of persuading the King of ASHANTEE to cut off the heads of all the German subjects who may come within his reach. The sable potentate will probably reflect that the political representation of Elmina belongs henceforth not to the nominal King of his Envoy, but to the protecting Power. As Mr. GRAVES in the intervals of diplomatic employment keeps a shop or store in his native town, the increase of business may perhaps, unless he happens to be interested in contraband trade, console him in course of time for the shock inflicted on his feelings. The more important interests of the Dutch traders on the coast are protected by a guarantee of perfect free trade. In the days of commercial and colonial monopoly, the transfer of a dependency by one Government to another involved the destruction of an existing trade. On the other hand, the treaty provides that the merchants of the Straits Settlements shall be entitled to trade with Sumatra on equal terms with the Dutch. An equivalent for the concession is provided by the stipulation that the Surinam planters shall be entitled to obtain free labour from India as freely as the inhabitants of the English colonies. It would seem that all parties concerned benefit by the arrangement; but the principal advantage will accrue to the African tribes in the neighbourhood of the coast. They will no longer be able to indulge in warfare among themselves, nor will the Fantees attempt to conquer or devastate the English territories. The negotiations have taken many years to complete, and it may be fairly assumed that all interests involved have been duly protected.

Mr. RYLANDS, the self-appointed censor of foreign policy, referred to the Gold Coast Treaty with Holland when he lately propounded the doctrine that the Government would be better employed in effecting internal reforms than in filching colonies from neighbours by the dark practices of diplomacy. If he repeats his criticisms in the House of Commons, the Government may fairly adduce the treaty as an illustration of the benefit which the country may derive from the unostentatious activity of its diplomatic agents and of their chiefs at the Foreign Office. Lord CLARENDON, who set the scheme in

motion, was probably influenced by the representations of the only persons who understood the condition of the Gold Coast settlements or the interests involved in the trade. The imports and exports of the Coast already amount annually to a million and a half; and in the probable contingency of the trade being doubled by the discouragement of disturbances and native wars, a small percentage on the profit will far more than repay the expense during several years of the English Legation at the Hague. The resources of the interior of the continent have been but imperfectly explored; but they have been both increased and rendered available for legitimate commerce by the suppression of the slave trade on the Western Coast. As the exports have hitherto exceeded the imports in value, it would seem that there must be a growing demand for English manufactures which will find their way from the coast to the interior. In an early stage of civilization cheap cutlery and cotton prints begin to be appreciated; and the inhabitants of the Gold Coast and their inland neighbours are fortunately not without the means of paying for the commodities which they require. If any advantages which may result from the acquisition of additional territory had been purchased at the cost of unfriendly conduct or disrespectful demeanour to Holland, they would have been bought too dear; but the Government and Parliament of the Netherlands are competent judges of the interest and honour of their country, and both have deliberately approved the transaction. As far as England is concerned, it is satisfactory to find that the Foreign Office is not always occupied in making unlimited concessions to powerful and exacting claimants. In commercial negotiations the Government can always secure the aid of skilled advisers who have in the special matter a common interest with the nation. The Foreign Minister is not, like the President of the French Republic, wiser than the manufacturers and the merchants who suggest to him the most effectual modes of opening and extending new or existing markets.

#### THE WEST RIDING AND GALWAY ELECTIONS.

THE elections which have occurred during the Recess have almost uniformly gone against the Government, and the meeting of Parliament has not broken the spell of defeat. Two more seats were lost on Tuesday; a close contest is apparently inevitable when the Speaker retires from North Nottinghamshire; and the only consolation that can be offered to the Government is that, if Mr. PENDER succeeds Mr. LOCH at Wick, its majority will not thereby be diminished. As regards the Irish elections, we should perhaps distinguish in fairness between the Government and the Ministry. It may be plausibly argued that the Home Rule candidates are opposed rather to the British Government than to any particular Administration, and that if the Conservatives had been in office the result would have been the same. At the same time it is obvious that if, as we are assured in the QUEEN'S Speech, serious crime has declined and trade and agriculture are unusually prosperous in Ireland, the constituencies either do not attribute these advantages to Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy, or they have chosen a singular method of showing their gratitude. The North-West Riding election has a significance which it is impossible either to overlook or to explain away. It is sometimes difficult to say precisely why one candidate is preferred to another. There is perhaps no broad political issue between them, or, if there is, it is complicated by personal preferences or local influences, and the constituency is swayed by a combination of motives. The personal popularity of one candidate may outweigh political objections, while his opponent may be acceptable in his opinions but not in himself. In the West Riding, however, the candidates appear to have been pretty equally matched. Each had been in Parliament before, each had a connexion with the county, and there seems to be no reason to suppose that one was personally more agreeable to the electors than the other. Nor were there, as far as we can see, any local questions involved. The election turned distinctly and exclusively on the choice between Radicalism and Liberal-Conservatism. Mr. HOLDEN endorsed the revolutionary intolerance of the Dissenting junta, and the subversive crotchets which have been taken up by the advanced wing of Mr. GLADSTONE'S party. Mr. POWELL adhered very closely to the programme which Lord DERRY sketched out the other day at Liverpool. The question most sharply at issue between the candidates was that of religious education. Mr. HOLDEN demanded secular instruction and the immediate disestablish-

ment of the Church of England. Mr. POWELL supported the compromise of the Education Act, and deprecated any rash violence towards the Church or any other institution which, however it might offend fanatical theorists, was practically beneficial in its operation, and gave rise to no tangible grievance. It is true that Mr. POWELL was opposed to the Permissive Bill, while his antagonist either had, or was supposed to have, a leaning towards it; but it does not appear that this question caused much excitement in the West Riding, or exercised a decided influence on the election. The most prominent subject of controversy was undoubtedly the freedom of religious education, and it is significant that the efforts of Mr. MIALD and his friends in Bradford did not prevent Mr. HOLDEN from being left in a minority in that borough. The result of the first election since the Nonconformist declaration of war furnishes perhaps the best comment on the campaign to which they have committed themselves.

It appears that the return of Mr. POWELL has been hailed as a conclusive proof of the existence of what is called a Conservative reaction; but it may be doubted whether this is an accurate description of the political condition of the West Riding, or of other parts of the country where similar symptoms are observable. There can be no longer any doubt that the Liberal ranks are seriously divided. Mr. AKROYD, and other gentlemen who have hitherto been associated with that party, openly supported Mr. POWELL, and his success was clearly due to the votes or neutrality of a large body of Liberals. This indeed has been the common history of most of the elections which have taken place during the Recess. The Government has ceased to command the implicit confidence of its supporters; they are willing that it should remain in office, but they think it safer to clip its wings and restrain its flight. There is an indisposition to strengthen Mr. GLADSTONE'S authority, because it is not known to what use he may be tempted to apply it, and because it is suspected that it may be a use which will not be generally approved. It is thought, therefore, to be the more prudent course to keep down his majority, just as a cautious father reduces his son's allowance in order to put him on his good behaviour. It is true that the hurried violence of recent legislation has been followed by a condition of languor and fatigue; but it can hardly be said that there is a reaction in the sense of a desire to go back. The general feeling of the country appears to be merely a longing for repose, and a reluctance to go forward without a distinct understanding as to the direction and pace of movement. "Rest and be thankful" is again a popular device. The defection, as it is called, of Mr. AKROYD and others of his class may perhaps be attributed in some degree to social causes similar to those which have produced so remarkable a change in the political complexion of Lancashire; but there can be no doubt that it corresponds with the prevailing sentiment of important classes.

The Galway election is a characteristic illustration of Irish politics. Captain NOLAN, the Home Rule candidate, has been returned by an overwhelming majority, but it is not known whether, like Mr. MARTIN, he will sit and speak, but not vote, in the Parliament whose authority he repudiates. Mr. BUTT, whose rumoured appointment to a well-paid Indian judgeship has been contradicted, has expressed some doubts as to the prudence of challenging a decision on the Home Rule question in the House of Commons, and the Parliamentary organization of this great party of half-a-dozen members appears for the present to be impeded by the difficulty of determining which of them shall command it. It is stated that the priests took an unusually active part in the Galway election, addressing their flocks from the altar in favour of Captain NOLAN on successive Sundays, and heading the march of voters to the poll. In Kerry clerical influence is also said to have been vigorously exercised on behalf of Mr. BLENNERHASSETT, another champion of the Home Rule movement. Sir T. BURKE, who was declared by an excited priest to have rung his own death-knell, complained to the Archbishop, and was assured that the expression was used in a purely political sense; but it might have led to unpleasant consequences if the words had been literally construed by a passionate and ignorant peasant. It may be doubted whether clerical intimidation will be checked by the Ballot; a threat of divine wrath does not depend for its effect on the disclosures of a scrutiny. During the Galway election there was some rather serious rioting in different parts of the county, several people were injured, and on one occasion the Riot Act had to be read. In Kerry the authorities have during the week been prepared for similar disorders. The Home Rule candidate deprecated violence, but his opponent Mr. DEANE had already had his ribs broken by

the mob. The various candidates who have taken up the cry of self-government for Ireland have been careful not to enter too minutely into explanations of the practical nature of the project. It is announced that the object is not to obtain a repeal of the Union, but to promote the "reconstruction of society," and to transfer legislation for Ireland from those who misunderstand or neglect it to those who have an interest in advancing the welfare of the country. It is necessary that the Imperial Treasury should play an important part in this scheme of social reconstruction, and the Union is to be preserved to the extent of placing Imperial revenues at the absolute disposal of patriotic Irishmen for the benefit of local interests. It appears to be also thought desirable that arrangements should continue to be made for the admission of Irishmen into the civil and military service of the Crown. Another concession which the Home Rulers may not be indisposed to grant is that the British Government should continue to advance money to Irish tenants, who desire to become landlords; but the payment of interest or rent in return for those advances will of course be a purely Irish question, to be settled by the free will of an independent people. It may be supposed that, if there were any chance of the Home Rule movement becoming really serious, there are people in Ireland who, for their own sake, would at once take care to put it down. It is to a belief in its impotence that it owes the factitious importance which it has been allowed to assume. The respectable classes who have no sympathy with reckless agitators, and who would be the first to turn upon them if they gave any indication of being practically dangerous, are willing to play them off upon the Government, in the hope that a little pressure of this kind will help their own demands. It is for the Government to show that this pressure has ceased to be effectual.

#### LORD RUSSELL ON THE EDUCATION ACT.

NO reputation is safe from being discredited by the subsequent freaks of its possessor, and if Lord Russell had not been "obliged to write again on the subject of education," he would have been open to just censure for giving this unpleasant spectacle to the world. But, as the victim of compulsion, he has a claim to sympathy and condolence, and the things he has said under the pressure of this necessity make the claim an unusually strong one. To be obliged to write must always be a hardship; to be obliged to write as Lord Russell has now written is a misfortune of extraordinary magnitude. He begins, it is needless to say, with an historical retrospect. The object of this survey is apparently to disprove the claims usually set up with regard to popular education on behalf of the Church of England. The clergy have really been the enemy that sowed the tares in the educational field. The object for which the National Society was founded was simply to counteract the efforts made by Lord Russell's father to provide "schools for all." In these admirable institutions the Bible was daily read, and the Roman Catholics of that generation seem to have been made of less stern stuff than their descendants, since for some years they, as well as the Jews, sent their children to these schools "without scruple or objection." This delightful harmony might have lasted till now if the clergy had not interfered. They were "generally opposed to the education of the poor," and to give effect to their opposition they invented Denominationalism. Schools for all were making progress; their further extension must be checked by the establishment of schools for some. Hence the National Society. It might have been thought that the really guilty people in this transaction were not the founders of the National Society—who, even on the principles of Lord Nottingham and Lord Mansfield, had a right to teach their religion in whatever way they chose—but the Government which aided them with public money without insisting upon a conscience clause. It may be unjust to help one man to teach his children and not to help another; but it has not usually been held that a man ought to leave his own children without education unless he is prepared to educate at the same time the children of all his neighbours. Perhaps the fact that Lord Russell was himself responsible for the assistance formerly given by the Government to strictly Denominational schools may account for his shifting the blame to the shoulders of the clergy. It will be admitted, however, that his last retrospect is a great advance on those that have gone before it. Hitherto Lord Russell has been rather given to the production of jejune summaries of universally known facts. This time he has soared above the level of *Mangnall's Questions*, and has invigorated his statement with a warm imaginative glow. The

future historian will hardly turn to his house for information as to the early history of National Schools; but the novelist may study it to learn how to give verisimilitude to a narrative which is absolutely the creation of the writer's own brain.

The Birmingham League will perhaps survive Lord Russell's regret that they "have adopted the fallacious and inadequate plan of secular instruction." But if they wish to maintain their character for ingeniously misrepresenting the intentions of the Education Act they must be on the alert. For perverse unfairness of criticism it will not be easy to rival Lord Russell. He describes the 25th section of the Act as sanctioning "an exclusive rate far worse than the former 'Church rate.'" How the epithet "exclusive" can be applied to a rate which is spent in paying the fees of indigent children at any elementary school which their parents may prefer is not evident, but the description of the actual working of this clause is more wonderful still:—"As matters stand at present, half-a-dozen pauper parents who 'have been cajoled by the Church can inflict a rate upon their neighbours, three-fourths of whom may differ from the Church on the thorny and obscure question of infant baptism.'" Nothing can be more certain than that the neighbours of these cajoled paupers would have to pay a much larger rate if the 25th section were repealed, since in that case, whenever a parent was ordered to send his child to school, and pleaded inability to pay the school fee, it would be incumbent upon the School Board to build a School Board school for his exclusive use, while all the time there might be ample room for him in a voluntary school close by, and his parents might actually wish him to be sent there. Taken by itself, the reference in this paragraph of the letter to the "thorny and obscure question of infant baptism" appears hopelessly unintelligible. As the only question in dispute is whether the School Boards shall teach reading, writing, and arithmetic by a master of their own providing, or pay the master of a school already in existence to impart this rudimentary instruction, the opinions of the ratepayers on matters of sacramental doctrine seem beside the mark. But a later paragraph clears up the mystery. "To force Baptist parents to pay a rate for the enforcement of the Church Catechism," says Lord Russell, "is an unjust and persecuting innovation." From this it appears that Lord Russell supposes that the fees paid to Denominational schools go to defray the cost of religious as well as secular instruction, and that all the children attending the school are compelled to be present at the religious lesson. No misconception less complete would cover the whole of Lord Russell's proposition. Before a Baptist parent can be correctly described as forced to pay a rate for the enforcement of the Church Catechism, the Church Catechism must be forced on the scholars, and the money of the Baptist parent must go to assist the process.

From these general views on the subject of education Lord Russell turns to defend himself against the sneers of "a Bedfordshire Clergyman"—a phrase in which we seem to recognize a characteristically inaccurate reference to the letters of "a Hertfordshire Incumbent," who has blamed him for "saying that those who arrived at years of discretion might decide for themselves whether they might join the Church or any other Protestant, or the Roman Catholic, Communion." Lord Russell refers for a justification of his statement to the preface to the order of Confirmation. The Church of England, he considers, has shown "its usual wisdom" by giving a *locus penitentiae* to all children baptized into its pale. It "approves the entrance of a child a fortnight old into the 'Christian Church,' but it 'sees the absurdity of supposing that a babe who cannot speak or understand can be bound irrevocably to the faith' professed in its behalf. It is ordered, therefore, that children who are come to years of discretion shall ratify and confirm with their own knowledge and consent what has been promised for them by their godfathers and godmothers." Lord Russell acknowledges that this form is too often only a form—that a child "who has for years said the Lord's Prayer at its mother's knee, who has gone regularly 'with its parents to the parish church, and has learnt to say the Creed and the Ten Commandments, is easily induced to 'attend and renew its promises openly.' Still the Church itself repudiates this unfair pressure, and 'asks the children now come to years of discretion for their own assent.'" Lord Russell assumes that to ask assent is the same thing as to allow dissent; but supposing him to be right in his interpretation of the Prayer-Book, it would be well that this should be more clearly expressed in the Confirmation Service. A very slight addition would remove all doubt upon this head. The Bishop might be ordered to instruct the candidates, before putting the question which begins "Dost thou,"

that they are not to answer "I do" unless it is their own wish. It must be borne in mind, however, that on this supposition the Church of England goes a good deal further in its "usual wisdom" than most secular moralists have been accustomed to go. The promise in respect of which the Church "asks the children now come to years of discretion" for their own assent does not relate exclusively to belief. It is largely concerned with practice. But there is nothing to show that the Church makes any distinction between one part of it and another, and consequently, on Lord Russell's theory, it must equally intend that those arrived at years of discretion shall decide whether they will or will not renounce the lusts of the flesh. No doubt a very considerable amount of choice is exercised on this point; but it is something new to have it laid down that the Church of England wishes her members to approach the question with as little bias as the natural prejudices of education will allow.

It is clear from the last paragraph of Lord Russell's letter that, if he were ten years younger, the disestablishment of the Church of England would have to be added to the list of enterprises which he is ready to undertake at a moment's notice. He is full of surprise that "the present Ministry have taken no pains to retain and conciliate so valuable and distinguished a colleague as Mr. MIALI," and he intimates, not obscurely, that, if the choice lay with him, he would rather have Mr. MIALI's friendship than that of "the bishops and clergy, and the congregations committed to their charge." New joint-stock companies are rather fond of getting an aged peer for their chairman, and the Liberation Society may perhaps like to advance to the charge for which their trumpets have lately been sounding under the leadership of the author of the Durham letter and other equally brilliant raids into the region of ecclesiastical politics. At all events, if this is their desire, there is no fear that Lord Russell will incline an unfavourable ear to their prayer.

#### STATE CEREMONIALS.

EVERYBODY remembers the celebrated "purple patch" in Lord Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings; it is an excellent bit of rhetoric of its kind, and it is hard to read it without being carried away for the moment by the imposing roll of sentences, by the historical allusions to Rufus and Baron Somers and Strafford, and by the graphic portraits of the distinguished spectators of the show. There, as we remember, the "historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres"; there were "the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age"; Sir Joshua was allured from his easel, and the grand spectacle had "induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid." This and much more of the same kind is known by heart to many of the author's favourite schoolboys. Is it fair to look too closely into the gorgeous sentences, and to ask whether they are really gold embroidery or tinsel? At times we feel the language to be a little overcharged and provocative of a certain scepticism. We wonder whether Gibbon really thought what he ought in all propriety to have thought, or whether his mind was perhaps more occupied with the possible effects of draughts, or with the atrocious behaviour of somebody who was treading upon his toes. Did it want much persuasion to induce Parr to suspend his labours in that mine the treasures of which seem, rather oddly, to have been at the same time extracted and buried in the earth? or did the deprivation of his much-loved tobacco weigh upon his spirits more than the absence of books? In one or two passages the upholstery arrangements are a little too prominent. Neither military nor civil pomp, we are told, was wanting. There were grenadiers and cavalry outside; whilst "the Peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by heralds under Garter King-at-Arms," and "the Judges in their vestments of State attended to give advice on points of law." The gold and ermine and the vestments of State give, we fear, a slight tinge of vulgarity to the eloquence; and we can hardly refrain from a smile when the orator rolls forth the imposing name of "Garter King-at-Arms" in such simplicity of faith. It may be wrong, but in our fancy poor Garter King-at-Arms would be a fit companion for the lion and the unicorn in "Looking-Glass land," rather than a personage made visible and tangible to our senses. It is curious to turn from the rhetorician to a keen humorist, and to contrast with this glowing description Thackeray's account of the funeral of Napoleon. Here we have the seamy side of the tailoring and upholstery business. We hear how the awed and expectant throng stamped their cold feet and blew their fingers and munched their ham sandwiches, and laughed at the unfortunate Englishwomen in an outrageous bonnet, who with true national obstinacy succeeded, in spite of rebuffs, in forcing her way into a good place. There are distinguished personages enough, but we are not invited to bow down before them in solemn reverence. There is your old Memory, for example, the Governor of Paris in

1814, who has been praying to live over this grand ceremonial; for him we cannot but have a kindly feeling, but we can hardly say as much for the other "illustrious Marshal who once carried a candle before Charles X. in a procession, and has been this morning to Neuilly to kneel and pray at the foot of Napoleon's coffin. He might have said his prayers at home, to be sure, but don't let us ask too much; that kind of reserve is not a Frenchman's characteristic." We may be glad that Englishmen have still some of it; but if they overcome their shy reluctance to publicity on any future occasion, we can guess how the imitators of Macaulay would work their prayers into a bit of fastian. At length the drums beat, and the guns roar, and the audience draw their breath as they do when the rockets go up at Vauxhall, and the clergy chant in "a weak, snuffling, lugubrious manner," and Napoleon's coffin passes. "A box covered with a great red cross, a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it—seamen on one side and Invalids on the other—they had passed in an instant and were up the aisle."

Which of the two reporters suits our feelings best? It is needless to decide, for at all public ceremonials that we happen to have witnessed, the real impression is produced by the conflict of two currents of feeling, which probably get the mastery by turns. The gravediggers in *Hamlet*, according to our English taste, serve to heighten the pathos of Ophelia's funeral. It would seem, indeed, that we take pains to reproduce the same effect by our national method of conducting that melancholy ceremony. The pathetic and exquisite service of the English Church stands out in relief against the clumsy and ludicrous mummeries of the British undertaker. That estimable person does not generally possess Shakespearian humour; but he does his best by his pompous affectations to provide an efficient contrast to the natural manifestations of grief. We could dispense with a great part of his services as being superfluously incongruous and obtrusive; but there must always be a certain element of the mechanical and the prosaic even in the most solemn ceremonies, which we do not desire to ignore too completely. It is well to remember that even the most impressive ceremonies destined to give expression to the deepest feelings of a nation are very far from absorbing all its energies. There are sandwiches to be eaten and noses to be blown even when our greatest heroes are being carried to their final repose; and all the gold lace and ermine and upholstery in the world has a seamy side to it somewhere. The ceremonial which has recently taken place at Westminster, and that which is about to take place at St. Paul's, undoubtedly correspond to genuine sentiments. Englishmen have a considerable regard for their Parliamentary institutions, and we need not speak of the sympathy excited by the recovery of the Prince of Wales. It would be unbecoming in the one case, as it would be superfluous in the other, to point out how much that is insincere or unworthy mixes with the public demonstrations in these as in every other ceremonial conducted by human beings. If we refuse to confine ourselves to the imposing exterior, we may detect abundant illustrations of the manifold meannesses of which the world is made up. The lessons which we should learn would not be the less profitable because they would not all bear public expression. We do not by any means condemn for such reasons any State ceremonial which has in it a genuine core of belief. There is indeed something occasionally impressive in an entire absence of pomp. Visitors to the United States during the civil war might see a gentleman in commonplace costume, surrounded by less state than attends the mayor of the smallest English borough, who, as was said, had only to touch a bell in order to place in arrest any obnoxious person in a population of twenty millions. There was in its way something striking to the imagination in such a combination of external simplicity with the possession of almost unlimited power. It is merely a question of art. There are occasions on which we may fully study the utmost possible simplicity, and there are others on which we may fairly aim at producing the most gorgeous effects. The grand rhetoric of Milton or of Burke may be as appropriate in one sphere as the straightforward vernacular of Swift and Cobbett in another. There is a time for all things in this world, as the wise man reminds us; a time for talking sense, and a time for talking nonsense; a time for the baldest method of stating facts, and a time for soaring, if we can manage it, to the loftiest flights of eloquence. And it is plain that the British constitution, depending so much as it does upon the prestige of a long series of uninterrupted historical associations, must frequently call for ceremonials of a gorgeous character which are attempts to put into tangible shape the vague mass of recollections that floats before our minds. We would not rashly abolish Garter King-at-Arms, or even a single beefeater, though we need not be altogether blind to the ridiculous side of some ancient observances. It is in fact desirable to keep up a sense of the ridiculous, if only to check the tendency of the mere upholstery to take leave altogether of reality, and to become a mere mass of meaningless pomposity. The misfortune is perhaps that our sense of ridicule is apt to be a little too keen. The disposition to criticism passes the bounds at which it is a useful check. It infects the unfortunate performers themselves; and though a Garter King-at-Arms is a very harmless, and even at times a very useful, institution, he is apt to break down when he is failing even to believe in himself. In this as in every other case it is impossible to lay down any mechanical rule for deciding what can only be properly decided by instinctive taste. Thus much perhaps may be said with more or less confidence—that it is better to make an



the side of simplicity, and that we should therefore abstain altogether from any ceremony in those cases where their absence would be felt as painful. A monument should always be erected for the sake of the person commemorated, not the person commemorated for the sake of the monument. A ceremony becomes absurd in proportion as it is intended to give rise to a sentiment, and not to provide a vent for a sentiment which exists already; and the same principle would be applicable to many of the details of such matters. We do not mean of course to hint the slightest doubt as to the propriety of the two performances we have referred to; we simply suggest that the strain of sentiment described by Macanlay may have a complement in the vein of satire to which Thackeray has given expression. It need hardly be said that there is a wide distinction between simplicity and shabbiness, and that, when it is thought desirable to have a public ceremonial with any pretensions to magnificence, it should be carried out handsomely, and without niggardly reserves.

#### RABAGAS.

IT is a familiar boast among Frenchmen that in their country ridicule kills, and that no party or institution can survive being laughed at. If this is true, some of the recent productions of the French theatre would seem to be somewhat ominous for the Republic. If Beaumarchais helped on the great Revolution with his *Mariage de Figaro*, succeeding dramatists have not shown themselves favourable to democracy. Perhaps under a Monarchy or Empire they may from malice have given a carping tone to their pieces, but as soon as a Republic has been established they have invariably turned against it. The performance of such burlesques as *La Propriété c'est le Vol* and *La Foire aux Idées*, no doubt, had their effect in disintegrating the Republic of 1848; and *Rabagas* and some other plays which have lately been brought out in Paris are apparently aimed at the democratic Republicans. It is known that the censorship is very strict in France, and that the present Government has no hesitation in suppressing any publication which displeases it. Several Bonapartist and Radical journals have been summarily punished, and the Minister of Justice is now considering whether he ought not to put a stop to the circulation of a "Popular Republican Catechism," in which the alarming doctrine is advanced that every man has a right to personal freedom and the use of his senses. On the other hand, not only has M. Sardou's *Rabagas* been allowed to be produced without, it is said, the alteration of a word by the censorship, but a strong force of police is employed to keep an eye on any perverse Radicals who may attempt to get up a demonstration against it. It is impossible to resist the inference that this comedy enjoys to a certain extent the patronage of the Government, and that M. Thiers is not sorry that M. Gambetta and his friends, at whom the piece is supposed to be levelled, should be presented in a ridiculous aspect to the Parisians. The play does not appear to be of much value from a strictly literary point of view, and the central idea is old and commonplace; but it is worked out with a good deal of vigour and vivacity, and at any rate it seems to please. On the first night the Democrats showed their teeth; the curtain fell amid great disorder, cries of "Vive la République!" were answered by "A bas les communistes!"; and the gas had to be turned off in order to compel the audience to disperse. The controversy was transferred to the streets, where the disputants fell to blows, and at one moment there were fears of a riot. The next evening there was only a little hissing, but it was observed that groups of men, isolated in appearance but evidently with a common understanding, had assembled in the neighbourhood of the theatre, and it was suspected that these were Democrats watching for an opportunity to renew the disturbances of the previous night. Since then the hissing within and the crowds without have both subsided. Those who resent a satire of this kind are obviously at a disadvantage, because their resentment is at once seized upon as an acknowledgment that the cap fits. M. Gambetta's more prudent friends have discovered that *Rabagas* is not Gambetta but Ollivier. M. Sardou's own explanation would perhaps be that it is not a portrait but a type. The political significance of the affair is that, whether rightly or wrongly, *Rabagas* is popularly identified with Gambetta, and that the Parisians are on the whole delighted with the caricature. It is quite possible that this may smooth the way of the Assembly back to Paris.

The plot of the piece, as far as *Rabagas* is concerned, is very simple. Readers of Mr. Browning will remember his *King's Tragedy*, in which the wily old legate, having a revolt to quell, tackles the leader in a private interview, and wins him over by exciting his ambition, and pointing out his superiority to his confederates, who already envy and distrust him, and his fitness for a higher sphere. This is, in substance, the story of *Rabagas* of Monaco. "Le plus joli batailleur de phrases, un aventurier jovial, bon gaçon et grand taiseur de chopin," who is the life and soul of the Bode of the little principality. He writes shocking articles for their newspaper, *Le Carnegole*. He makes tremendous speeches at their club, and whenever he holds a brief for a criminal he takes care to direct his glowing rhetoric against the authorities. "When civilization gets worn-out, you are sure to come upon the export: as the man of action disappears the theoretician appears." This is the political text on which the dramatist punches; and when he talks of "Hymenism, squabbling about an adverb more or less, while, gliding through the shade, the Turks, who act and do not talk, are suddenly at his gate."

There can be little doubt at whom the piece is pointed. While Gambetta vapours, Molike is at your gate—that is the prompt translation of the dullest fellow in the pit. Round the central figure is grouped the select society of the *Chaparré Folies*, a dingy tavern which is not only the headquarters of the revolutionary club, but the office of the *Carnegole*. Over the door is a notice that a fine of fivepence will be inflicted for any allusion to the Deity. The company is a choice collection of broken persons and disappointed ambitions; the barrister without briefs, the doctor without patients, the dramatist who has been hissed, the discharged clerk, the cashiered officer, a defaulter, three bankrupts, two blacklegs, a Utopianist, seven idiots, and eight drunkards. This is light, liberty, and progress at Monaco! A simple-minded youth, whose father is a well-to-do shopkeeper, is welcomed and fleeced. He is continually losing half-francs for saying "Mon dieu!" and whenever anything has to be paid for, the bills are handed over to him. The great General Petrowaki, the knight-errant of democracy and *commis-voyageur* of liberty, who undertakes to head the projected rebellion if he is provided with a gorgeous uniform and liberal pay, but who is sadly scared by the shadow of a gendarme, and a couple of very free and easy young ladies, complete the group. We are introduced to these amiable conspirators while they are engaged in concocting a number of their newspaper. *Rabagas* has just returned from successfully defending a victim of society who had kicked an old *garde-champêtre* to death with his wooden shoes; but then, as he argued, killing a *garde-champêtre* is not murdering a man, it is only crushing a principle. A subscription has been got up for a widow's pig which has been run over by the despot's carriage. Letters from correspondents are received and answers supplied. One has a scheme by which the working classes are to obtain ten hours' pay for five hours' work, with a whole holiday every Monday to allow for recovery from the relaxations of Sunday. Another reports the funeral oration of a materialist at the burial of his wife with civil rites, proving with much eagerness that he can never meet her again in any other world. A soldier writes to ask whether as a citizen he is bound to obey his sergeant, a question which is promptly answered in the negative.

While a rising against the Government is being planned with much enthusiasm, an invitation to a ball at the Palace arrives for *Rabagas*. His companions are disgusted that he should think of accepting it, especially as he will have to go in knee-breeches, the livery of servitude. He is warned that a man who begins with knee-breeches may come to decorations at last. The Democrats of Monaco share Mr. Peter Taylor's conscientious objections to the appearance of a "sans-culotte en culotte!" But *Rabagas* is not to be shaken in his determination to visit the Court. Rubespierre, he says, wore knee-breeches, and, after all, they are only trousers cut short. So he goes and falls into the trap that has been laid for him. It was set and baited by a clever American widow, with whom the Prince is deeply in love, and who responds by pitying him, at least as a sovereign, and by doing what she can to help him in his difficulties with his subjects. She has seen through *Rabagas* and gets over him very much as the legate gets over the revolutionary leader in Browning's drama. What good, she asks, would he get by a revolution? It would go to the profit of the low fellows of the *Crapaud Volant*, if of anybody, and with such a set *Rabagas*, an aristocrat by genius, if not by birth, an aristocrat by his instinct for the good, the great, the delicate, the fine, could have no real sympathy. Opposition, the temptress argues, is not an end but a means, and the portfolio of Minister is better worth having than the leadership of a pothouse club. *Rabagas* yields; he takes office as the Prince's chief advisor; but when the mob, howling around the palace, learn his appointment, their rage is doubled instead of being calmed; they receive him, when he presents himself on the balcony, with groans and hootings, and he is the first to propose that the dragoons should charge the people. Having borrowed the Prince's carriage, he is captured by mistake and imprisoned in the Hôtel de Ville, where he witnesses a succession of impromptu Governments. For broad humour this is perhaps one of the most telling passages in the comedy. A provisional Government having established itself in the green room, another Government turns the key on it and installs itself in the yellow room. Soon after a third Government, entering by the window, establishes itself in the red room, and locks up the yellow room Government, which still holds captive the green room one. But this last escapes by the chimney, returns by the cellars, and compels the red Government to jump out of the window by which it had entered, while the yellow Government seeks shelter on the roof. The chiefs arrest each other, and up to the time at which *Rabagas* himself escaped there had been three Governments in three-quarters of an hour. Anybody who will take the trouble to turn back to an account of the 4th of September and 31st of October will perhaps be surprised to find how closely the history of those days approaches to Sardou's broad farce. The joke, however, has at least a serious side for the Parisians, which might, on reflection, tempt them, as the vulgar phrase goes, to laugh on the other side of their mouth. *Rabagas*, played out in Monaco, starts for France, the only country, he says, where people of his stamp are appreciated. And with this the play ends. In character *Rabagas* resembles Ollivier more than Gambetta, though he exhibits some traits of both. The object, no doubt, is to discredit the democratic Republicans, and this object will perhaps be accomplished with the assistance of the Government, which may be surprised to find hereafter that it has thus been undermining its own position.

The political significance of *Rabagas* is emphasized when it

is construed along with another piece by the same writer—a piece of a very different kind, but with much the same moral. In *Le Roi Carotte*, which is not a comedy but a burlesque, there is little, if any, trace of Sardou's incisive and vigorous wit, at least in the published version; but the censorship may have dealt with it less indulgently than with his later play. Prince Fridolin, who is supposed to recall memories of the Empire, is a light-hearted, frolicsome monarch, who has led rather a wild life, and is now disposed to settle down and behave respectably. He is deposed by *Le Roi Carotte*, a wretched creature composed by a witch out of the vegetables she has boiled in her caldron; his misfortunes help to sober him and to cure him of his fondness for a certain Princess Ounégonde, who may be presumed to typify the *Quartier Bréda*. The fickleness of the populace and the treachery of courtiers are illustrated by Fridolin's experience, and in the end he is restored to his throne with every promise of a reputable reign. In the course of his adventures he is cast by shipwreck on the Island of Monkeys, and the antics of the apes are supposed to point to some of the peculiarities of the Commune. Another popular burlesque, *Qui veut voir la Lune?* exhibits a couple of Parisians, who, visiting the moon, are received as the "monkeys of the earth," and welcomed to a Republic "one and invisible"; but even in the moon Republics are not exempt from the fatal influence of reaction. It is tolerably clear that the intention of the satirists is to ridicule the democratic impatience and inconstancy of the capital. The *bourgeoisie* finds it an easy way of settling old scores with the Radicals to go to the theatre and laugh at them; but perhaps it may turn out that ridicule is not so potent an influence in politics as most Frenchmen imagine, and that revolutions are not to be averted by simply going to the play.

#### THE VIRTUES OF RED TAPE.

IN one of those naval tales which formed the delight of a past generation there is an amusing account of a triangular duel, which, as far as our memory serves, ran somewhat in this fashion:—A had quarrelled with B and C, while these latter had no cause of mutual dispute. But, in order to bring matters to an issue as speedily as possible, and to save time, the following arrangement was planned and carried out by a second, whose ideas on these subjects were taken from the code of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. A, who owed satisfaction to the other two disputants, was to fire at B; and B, instead of returning A's shot, was to aim at C, with whom he had no difference, while C was to clear off his own score and that of B with A, by firing at this person. In the end, if we remember right, one man was shot in the cheek, and went off the ground wondering if he should be able to hail, or give the word of command in a gale of wind. Another of the combatants was hit in a more equivocal part of the person, but no one was killed or maimed, and the affair terminated "satisfactorily." The late disclosures of the proceedings of the Admiralty show that business has been conducted pretty much on the idea of responsibility which was present in the mind of the officer in Marryat's tale when he sketched out the above plan for a duel. Letters are received and opened by anybody, are minuted in one department, and are sent on for the answer to be drafted by another, while the reply is signed and issued by a Secretary who has never seen the original communication, the minute, or the draft. We may, however, for the present, leave this nautical chaos, these phantom Boards, and those inchoate reforms which appear only to have ramified error and to have facilitated confusion, to the remedies which will doubtless be suggested or proposed by Lord Lawrence and his colleagues. We merely hope to show how business is conducted in a great Dependency where the officials certainly do not err on the side of moderation in letter-writing, and where a bad system of record and revision might lead to errors as formidable in their consequences as those under which unroasted coffee was served out to troops in a Russian winter, or a rotten ship was freighted with valuable lives, and exposed to the gales of the Southern Ocean.

The Government of India, presided over, as all are aware, by a Viceroy, assisted by the Commander-in-Chief, by a general officer known as the Military Member of Council, by an eminent jurist, by two experienced Indian administrators, and, occasionally, by an English financier, is divided into five great departments, to which very recently there has been added a sixth—that of Agriculture and Commerce. Under the Imperial or Supreme Government, so constituted, are no less than eight subordinate or local governments—that is to say, the Governorships of Madras and Bombay, the three Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, Agra, and Lahore, and the three Chief Commissioners of the Central Provinces, Oudh, and British Burmah. For our present purpose these are sufficient, without taking into account the kingdom of Mysore, administered in a paternal fashion during the minority of its lawful possessor, and the important Political Agencies or Residencies in Rajpootana, Central India, and Nepal. Before explaining the distribution of business between the Viceroy and his councillors, we shall endeavour to show how correspondence is registered, examined, noted, or minuted on, and finally recorded, in each or any of the great departments of an Indian Secretariat. The system, which sprang from the counting-house and has gradually been adapted to the requirements of a vast Empire, is, with some slight modifications, essentially the same and is worked with success and regularity, in the furnace blasts of Upper India, in the steamy atmosphere of British Burmah, or where the fresh sea breeze blows along the esplanade of Bombay.

At the head of every Secretariat is an official termed a Registrar or Chief Clerk. This official is invariably taken from the Uncovenanted Civil Service, is often of European extraction, has spent the greater portion, if not the whole, of his life in the country, and receives from 700*l.* to 900*l.* a year. The chief duties of this person are to distribute the work amongst the clerks of the office, to take care that current business never falls into arrear owing to temporary and unavoidable absences, to open every letter that comes to hand either by post or by messengers, to see that the work of transcribing, printing, and recording in the office, as well as of despatching missives from it, does not fall into confusion, and, generally speaking, to keep the whole framework and machinery in complete working order. The registrar at 9.30 or 10 o'clock commences the operations of the day by opening every letter, and noting in a book the date of despatch and that of receipt, the official title of the sender, and the subject of the correspondence. When he has ascertained, which he generally does at a glance, to what subdivision of the Secretariat the communication belongs, he delivers it to a clerk, whose peculiar business it is to "docket" the same. Every letter, if possible, is folded after the same pattern; and on the back, in addition to particulars of date, name of transmitting officer, and so forth, is inscribed a brief and accurate *précis* of the contents. The letter, so prepared, is then given to a clerk, who looks up all previous correspondence bearing on the question; and in a well-regulated and well-officed department it is marvellous in how brief a space dusty records and ancient red-leather volumes are scanned and made to yield up their hidden treasures. When this operation is concluded, the pile of correspondence, arranged chronologically, is laid before the Under-Secretary. This gentleman is a Covenanted civilian, chosen usually from among the most promising members of his service, and he has probably resided in India from four to eight or ten years. If the matter be one of routine, or fixed precedent, or one where the office is used as a mere channel of communication with other departments, it is disposed of by the Under-Secretary himself, or after a reference to the Secretary, who, like his deputy, is a Civil servant, but of much older standing. If the subject be new or controversial, as many are in a huge Empire and a hot and irritating climate, the Under-Secretary masters the case, and transmits it with a formal note, or with such brief suggestions of the points for decision as his intelligence or previous experience in the executive lines may warrant him in giving. If the case is one of those interminable disputes on education, land revenue, changes in the police, or in the mode of taxation, which are variously the terror or the delight of Indian administrators, the bundle is carried home, analysed in the early hours of the day, and melted down into an exhaustive *précis* or a masterly "note." The papers then come before the mature and experienced Secretary, who may send them on with a brief comment, or with an addition of his own, or may perhaps be fired with some bright idea, and so give an unexpected turn or a new life to the whole controversy. From the Secretary to the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor the transmission is short and easy. When the papers have been systematically arranged and analysed, when the *précis* or note is clear, when the suggestions are incisive and full of good sense, the labour of the Indian statesman is considerably shortened. Boxes are emptied and piles of correspondence disappear, or are knocked over like the knights in the lists at Ashby before the spear of Ivanhoe. An experienced hand will know when he may safely rely on his subordinates, what subjects he may dispose of on the note or the *précis* by a few curt remarks in pencil, and what bundles he must keep by him until he has mastered every line of the huge written debate, and can shape the plan of action in some minute which shall provoke an animated discussion in the Council Chamber at Simla, or even awaken a host of genial reminiscences in the minds of retired administrators at Westminster.

Let it not be imagined that such a careful system of record, preparation, and inspection by two or three different officials, is incompatible with the prompt despatch of business, or with the issue offhand of instructions to executive officers on an emergency or a crisis. Whenever anything unpleasant occurs in any province or district of the Empire, the telegraph is put in motion, and the Governor is advised through the wires of the event that has happened, and of the inevitable Report which is to follow. As soon as a despatch finds its way into the hands of the Registrar—say, on a sudden *monsoon*, an inundation, the destruction of a great mart by fire, or a dormant feud which has again broken out and has resulted in a whole batch of killed and wounded—it is taken out of the regular routine, and forwarded with a red label to the Secretary, who flies with it to the Governor, whom he probably finds to be fully informed of the calamity by a long demi-official letter penned for His Honour by the Magistrate or Commissioner. The celerity of despatch on which one of the *Megara* witnesses prided himself is obviously indispensable in India, where troops have to be moved to protect a frontier from a raid, or measures taken to shelter a starving, drowning, or burnt-out population. But we will give a few samples of the work of an Indian Secretariat. Simplin, the active Magistrate of Shikarpore, writes through the Commissioner to say that he has been at work continuously for the last thirty-three months; that his district is in excellent order; and that he hopes for the two months' leave of absence which the "exigencies of the service" prevented him from obtaining a year ago. The real reason for the leave is dropped out in a demi-official enclosed in the formal letter and directed to Elmhurst, the Under-Secretary, a college friend, who is told that there is to be a grand gathering of sportsmen at the celebrated hunting grounds of the Roshma-

patra, or in the jungles of Rohilound, where the absence of Elphinstone would be much regretted. It is needless to say that the latter is passed on with extraordinary promptitude, and the leave probably granted. Robinson, who is of an archaeological turn of mind, sends up a copper plate which has just been dug up in some old fort, and which he conceives may throw some light either on the great controversy between Buddhists and Brahmins, or on the limits of the ancient and well-known kingdom of Mithila. The Under-Secretary, being lukewarm on these matters, suggests that Robinson be thanked, and that the copper plate be made over to the Asiatic Society. A Commissioner pens a hurried line to say that he is off as hard as a palanquin and relays of bearers can carry him, to investigate on the spot a tremendous row between the members of the great rival creeds in the East, and that all he can say at present is that three men are reported dead and ten wounded, and that he is credibly informed that the occurrence is due either to the act of a low caste Hindoo who slaughtered a pig in front of a mosque, or to that of a fanatic Mohammedan who flung the shibboleth of an ox at the head of a venerable and orthodox Brahmin just as he was stepping out of the temple of the goddess Kali. The Commissioner is informed in reply that His Honour will await his promised Report with anxiety, and that the officer commanding the nearest military station has been warned to hold a detachment of the Ballygunge Irregulars in readiness to march at half an hour's notice. A collector writes in despair at the falling off in the receipts of the wheel-tax. A magistrate asks whether he should reward, or should commit to the Sessions, one of the village watch, who, going his rounds at night, espied the head of a burglar issuing from a hole in the wall of a shopkeeper's house, and, without further question, smote him so that his life was despaired of by the Civil Surgeon. From one district comes an account of a hailstorm which has destroyed whole acres of the poppy-plant, and has seriously impaired the prospects of the next opium season; from a second, intimation that a bridge, or a barrack, lately built by the Department of Public Works, has cracked from top to bottom; and from a third, an announcement that a rich native banker, whose eldest son has miraculously recovered from an attack of cholera, is willing to expend the sum of 1,000*l.* on the construction of a new road, or the deepening or clearing out of an enormous old reservoir. One functionary presses on the attention of the Government the propriety of looking after the head of a new sect, who is preaching general repentance and humiliation, but who is believed to hold heterodox doctrines concerning the payment of taxes and the proprietorship of land. Another has rashly revived a discussion which regards the peculiar position of a Rajah whose ancestor was exempted from the operation of the General Laws and Regulations by the policy of Lord Wellesley, and who is described as an anomaly and an anachronism that ought to be summarily put down. All these cases, and scores of others for which we have no space, according to their several degrees of urgency and importance, are submitted to the various functionaries already described by us; not one letter in one thousand is lost, stolen, or strayed; no one signs letters without seeing the order or the draft of what he is signing; and no one records orders without having it in his power to see whether they are duly carried out. When orders have been passed, the papers are dealt with on the same principle. The Under-Secretary drafts and issues all ordinary correspondence. Anything at all out of the common run is written, or revised, or seen by the Secretary; and in highly important letters the actual language receives the imprimatur of the Governor.

We now come to the division of labour amongst the members of the Council of the Viceroy. In former times, when the Government was rather more autocratic and proconsular, the Governor-General took the lead in all business, and was the first to see every letter or bundle. As the Empire grew in extent and business multiplied, the following system was devised by the late Lord Canning, and by Sir J. P. Grant, the present Governor of Jamaica, and, with some alterations and improvements, it is now still in force. The Viceroy takes to himself the whole of the Foreign Department, embracing our policy in Central Asia, in the Persian Gulf, and even the Chinese waters, and our relations with the whole tribe of independent, semi-independent, and feudatory States adjoining or lying within the Indian Peninsula. Lord Mayo has also at one time undertaken the conduct of the department of Public Works. The Military Department, which is a thing wholly distinct from the discipline and management of the army, was in the hands of the late Sir H. Durand, and is now worked by General Norman. Sir Richard Temple is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen is a fitting successor to Sir H. Maine as legal member; and the other departments, of which the Home is the most overworked, are entrusted to two very able civilians, one of whom represents Bengal and the other Bombay. The Commander-in-Chief has no *portfolio* in the Government of India, though he assists at all its deliberations, executive and legislative. Lord Napier has, however, for the management of the forces, his Adjutant-General, his Quartermaster-General, and his Judge-Advocate. But these officers have no direct connexion with the Government of India. A great deal of the vast business of that Government is disposed of by the members of Council or by the Viceroy, working, as it were, in isolation and independence. But no case remarkable by its importance or its novelty, nothing that involves any material departure from routine or precedent, no reform in education, finance, jurisprudence, or general policy of

any kind, ever fails to come under the direct cognisance of the Viceroy. While ordinary business is transacted by the members of the department, with its Secretary and Under-Secretary, everything of political moment and of real value ends by being debated by the whole council. This system has been so admirably organised and is so thoroughly understood that, while the Viceroy is relieved of an enormous mass of detail, routine, and uninteresting business, he is never left in the dark while solid reforms are under preparation, and he is invariably referred to first by each individual member whenever it is proposed to amend the laws, to alter the form of taxation, to add to the police force, to increase the pay or the number of the native Judges, to reform gaol discipline, or to consider, not only those questions which we should designate as Cabinet questions in this country, but those which involve in any way the permanent interests of the humblest Englishman or the lowest caste of Hindoos. The system, to our thinking, secures a reasonable distribution of work and a right division of labour, together with the proper concentration of authority and responsibility in the head of the Indian Cabinet. Lord Lawrence was, and Lord Mayo is, as fully responsible for a bad or good law, for an unpopular or an equitable tax, as he is for an impolitic move in the direction of the Llama of Thibet, or the Jam of Lus Boyla, or the Khan of Kelat. Whether such a system, tried, proved, and never found deficient, could or could not be adapted to the business of the Admiralty, we cannot now stop to inquire. But it is quite certain that, whatever may be the errors or the shortcomings of the Indian Government in actual administration, work is there got through, as far as each bureau is concerned, with a regularity, a despatch, and a completeness which illustrate the excellences of that much-abused article of stationery which has supplied us with a title to this paper.

#### THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THERE could hardly be a better example of the way in which English institutions are gradually built up and adapted to the circumstances of each period than the office in which Mr. Brand is about to succeed Mr. Denison. The Speaker of the House of Commons is a remarkable illustration of the continuity of politics. The constitution of the office is to be sought in a bundle of historical precedents. Its origin may be traced to the principle of natural selection. A crowd of men summoned from different parts of the country to bargain with the King as to the amount of money to be paid to him was helpless without a mouthpiece, and the hubbub of voices was hushed in order that one might speak with authority for all. The Speaker was, as it were, the foreman of the jury, and, with such hints probably as a preliminary meeting might furnish, he had to plead and higgles for his fellows as best he could. A glib tongue, with some adroitness and smoothness of manner covering a good deal of moral courage and stiffness of purpose, was the primary qualification for the post. Softness of speech was pretty much in proportion to the moderation of the King's demands; if he held out for large sums, he had to take hard words with the grant, and very plain language was sometimes used with regard to the favourites of the hour, who tainted the honour and wasted the revenues of the Crown. It was natural that the Commons should endeavour to conciliate the Sovereign by choosing as their spokesman some one who was personally agreeable to him; and, on the other hand, the Sovereign was not long in perceiving the advantage to be derived from having in his own hands the choice of the agent with whom he had to negotiate for supplies. Hence the usage of presenting the Speaker for the Sovereign's approval, although to this hour it has never been formally determined whether this sanction is really necessary. A conflict on this point has been carefully avoided, the Commons no doubt thinking that it did not much matter how the Speaker was appointed as long as they had the absolute and exclusive right to dictate what he should say. On the only occasion on which the Crown positively refused to accept the nominee of the Commons, another was, after some demur, elected and approved. On the other hand, when Charles I. was a prisoner in the keeping of Parliament and the army, when the Convention Parliaments of the Restoration and Revolution were summoned, and again when George III. was in seclusion, Speakers were elected without communication with the Crown. A presentation to the House of Lords was in these instances deemed sufficient. The Speaker of the House of Commons is still the *parleur* of that body, but his most important functions are of another kind. As the power of the House increased, the question became, not how much money the Sovereign would be content to accept, but how much the House chose to grant; it recorded its resolutions on the subject, and practically there was then an end of the matter. The original duty of the Speaker has thus passed away. Since the Revolution his chief business has been to regulate the proceedings, to put questions, and to maintain order in the assembly over which he presides. There is a tradition that a garrulous Speaker once treated Queen Elizabeth to a speech of two hours, while another inflicted an address twice as long on her successor. A member of the present House of Commons has remarked that it is much easier to talk than to listen; but the Speaker is practically incapacitated from taking part in the debates, and has no longer an opportunity of indemnifying himself for his reticence in the House by his loquacity before the Throne. It is rarely that he has to address the Sovereign, and the occasions on which he has to survey the thanks of the country to a distinguished public

servant, or to rebuke an offender at the bar, are scarcely more frequent. A great capacity for silence is an indispensable qualification for the Speakership. Mr. Gladstone's worst enemies would not be cruel enough to condemn him to the Chair.

The importance which is attached to the prestige of the office as held individually by one man, and sustained by the confidence of the House, is attested by the reluctance which has always been shown to permit the duties to be discharged by deputy, except in the case of urgent and extreme necessity. The House has frequently adjourned, or taken care not to make a quorum to commence a sitting, in order to release the Speaker, without providing a substitute. A few years ago it was arranged that the Chairman of Committees should, as a matter of course, preside in the Speaker's absence; but a proposal that the latter should enjoy some relief from constant attendance was decisively rejected. It is necessary that the office should be individualised, in order that it may carry with it the full measure of respect. Uniformity of decision would be endangered if it were put into commission. The errors or indiscretions of one of the Commissioners would reflect discredit on the body; and the appearance of different men in the Chair would weaken the sentiment of personal deference with which its occupant ought to be regarded. The absolutism of the President necessarily makes large demands on the confidence and respect of the assembly. It may be remarked that submission to the Speaker has become more complete in proportion as it has been made clear that his authority is derived from, and is exercised in obedience to, the House itself. The doubts which prevailed in former days as to whether the Speaker was the House's man or the King's man gave rise to ill-disguised suspicions and unseemly altercations. During the stormy debates on privilege in James I.'s time, we find one member declaring that he "will spare none, though they sit in chairs," while another "admonisheth Mr. Speaker that sometimes he neglecteth his duty to the House in intruding or deferring the question"; and a third finds it necessary to remind the Speaker that "he is but the servant of the House, not a master, nor a master's mate." Edward Seymour, though a strict disciplinarian, used to be chaffed for his beardless chin and his losses at play, as well as more gravely rebuked for the haunts which he frequented to the scandal of good citizens. Once, it is recorded, a member put out his tongue at a Speaker, while on another occasion a member, gliding behind the Chair, shouted "Baugh!" to the "great terror and alflight" of the occupant. Happily Mr. Brand need be under no apprehension of tricks of this kind. Everything is now done to show honour to the Speaker. The members rise when he enters or leaves the House, they bow when they pass before the Chair, and they are also careful to raise their hats if they meet their President out of doors. His decision on a question is rarely challenged, and never without the utmost deference and respect, while his invitations to dinner rank as commands next to those of the Sovereign. At the close of each sitting the cry, "Who goes home?" is supposed to summon, as of old, an escort of members to attend the Speaker to his residence; only, as he lives in a wing of the same palace which contains the House itself, the escort is conveniently dispensed with. On a memorable occasion a Speaker told the King that he had neither tongue, eyes, nor ears but what the House gave him; and this is illustrated by his obligatory blindness to the emptiness of the House when his attention is not expressly called to it. He is not allowed to take notice that less than forty members are present unless a member refers to it. Even if he were left alone, he could not move the adjournment of the House; and it is said that once it happened that he was actually deserted without a formal motion for adjournment, and had to sit till some one could be found to move his release. Nor can he inflict punishment without the order of the House, although it would appear that in certain cases he is entitled to "name" an offending member, and the result of naming him would be his ejection by the Serjeant-at-arms if he refused to withdraw of his own accord. Speakers have been known occasionally to exercise somewhat arrogant authority over the House, and the right of *clôture* has even been assumed to exist. "You have a right to speak," said Spencer Compton on one occasion, "but the House has a right to judge whether it will hear you." This right, however, has never been enforced by a vote, marks of impatience and disorder being deemed sufficient to express the disinclination of the assembly to listen to an intrusive or prolix orator.

A Speaker, disparaging his own appearance and qualities, once drew an ideal picture of the kind of man who ought to fill the post—"a man big and comely, stately and well spoken, his voice great, his carriage majestic, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy." This last qualification has ceased to be indispensable, a sufficient income and pension being now attached to the office; but it was certainly desirable, in days when the Speaker's revenue was mainly derived from fees, that the possession of private means should place him above the temptation of accepting bribes. Two Speakers have been expelled for this offence. The other qualifications are still desirable, and though Mr. Brand cannot be called big, or his carriage majestic, there is no reason to suppose that the dignity of the office will suffer during his incumbency. It may perhaps be thought that it is very easy to sit in a padded chair, crying "Order, order!" now and then, and only rising to put a question or to announce the result of a division. But, in the first place, even this is, when continuous, anything but a light labour, and, in the next place, it is only a part of the Speaker's duties. It is said that Arthur O'Slow once sat in the Chair for seventy-two hours, and Mr. Denison must often have

sat for ten or twelve hours with only the little break of a quarter of an hour at nine o'clock. It is calculated that Lord Eversley sat for something like 18,000 hours during his term of office. At any time the physical fatigue of even eight or nine hours in the Chair must be considerable, but allowance must also be made for the mental weariness and depression of listening to rapid talk and the dreary repetition of exhausted arguments. Members come and go, and even a Minister can snatch an hour or two for dinner or perhaps a visit to the Opera; the Serjeant-at-arms has his deputy who divides the night with him, and sometimes relieves him altogether; the reporters flit in and out in frequent turns. But the Speaker must sit through it all, with just such relief as may be got from a slight change of posture in his chair, leaning back or sitting upright, crossing one leg or another. He is tied to his seat as tightly by the obligations of his office as Finch was by the resolute arms which held him down while Elliot read out his famous Resolution. It is perhaps difficult for any one who has not tried it to realize the utter weariness of such an experience. It is not every one who is gifted with such energetic wakefulness as to be able to resist the soporific influence of the Parliamentary MacFlecnos. Speaker Cornwall, who had a sonorous voice, imposing figure, and all the physical qualities for the place save one, was not proof against the drowsy atmosphere of the assembly; and a contemporary bard has recorded his agonizing efforts to keep himself awake:—

Like sad Prometheus fastened to the rock,  
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;  
In vain the power of strengthening porter tries,  
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies.

"I am tired," Speaker Norton used to exclaim in a dull debate, "I am weary, I am heartily sick of this"; but we are afraid that a Speaker of our day would hardly venture to exhibit such candid impatience. If a member wanders from the subject before the House, he has a right to check him; but there is no measure of the proper length of speeches, and even the House itself cannot authorise the Speaker to check an unduly prolix orator whose love of talking gets the better of his modesty and good sense. The mere putting of questions is simple enough, but points of order occasionally arise which it is less easy to decide off-hand, especially as the spirit as well as the letter of a rule has to be taken into account. The duty of determining which member out of a number who rise simultaneously has caught the Speaker's eye has been simplified by the practice, when there is a great debate, of arranging the order of speakers beforehand through the medium of the Whips; but occasions still occur when it is a delicate and embarrassing question to say who shall be declared to be in possession of the House. Not the least important part of the Speaker's work is that which he discharges out of the Chair when the House is not sitting. He is usually in his study by noon, and many awkward questions in regard to points of order or the arrangement of business are settled there quietly, without being brought before the House at all. A private hint from the Speaker, or a few minutes' conversation with him, will often remove a difficulty which might prove troublesome if a public decision were demanded from the Chair. When Lord Eversley was Speaker, he got over an important constitutional difficulty by suggesting that clauses or amendments passed by the House of Lords which infringed the taxing privileges of the House of Commons should be printed in italics, or, as is now the custom, in red ink; thus the Lords can indicate their meaning without offending the jealousy of the Lower House. Some of Mr. Denison's hints have been equally valuable. The smooth working of our Parliamentary system, which those who look at it from the outside are disposed to attribute to the perfection of the machinery, is not a little due to the judicious oiling of the wheels, and the careful supervision which keeps little gritty obstructions out of them.

#### HATBANDS AND SCARFS.

WHEN Lord Bantam succeeds by his father's death to the hereditary title of Earl Ffowlesmere, his first act of independence is to overhaul the bill of Messrs. Rooking, the undertakers, one item alone in which—"two hundred and ten silk hatbands at 30s. each"—led him to the conclusion that "the honour of a funeral in Westminster Abbey was altogether too dear." With a strength of mind that showed a commendable superiority to custom and public opinion, the new Earl set his butler to count the number of hatbands at his father's funeral, and succeeded triumphantly in reducing Messrs. Rooking's bill. But though the shoe pinches even worse with small folk than with great, it would seem that, as a rule, the cost of the last disguise goes quite untaxed, a sense of delicacy towards the memory of the dead recoiling from all question of "nicely calculated loss or more," where the chief object is to be unsparing of the customary tribute of respect and regret. There is, no doubt, much to be said for this pious acquiescence. Weeping eyes are ill able to scrutinize the quality of silks and the freshness of crepes; and in any case there is an unfitness in the exercise of sharp-eyed economies in the house, and at the time, of mourning. Yet there is no reason why custom should not discourage itself of certain outrageous superfluities, and try back to a simplicity which might be quite as respectful to the dead, as well as less burdensome to the living—not to speak of the moral advantage of removing sore temptation from the path of the fashionable widow.



cometices, novels, and general experience concur in representing as the sole gainer by the exaggeration of outward manifestations of respect for the dead, whereby in very truth *corruptio optinet, et pascitur*.

The time is seasonable for raising this question, inasmuch as it has been announced that the clergy of one of the London districts have resolved henceforward to decline accepting the scarfs, gloves, and handbands which have heretofore formed no inconsiderable addition to the burial fee, and which in some cases have brought the sacred profession into discredit by tempting the poor incumbent into an unseemly sort of "sale and barter"—namely, a negotiation for the return of these useless trappings in reduction of his mercer's bill. There can be little doubt that in this social reform many of the laity would gladly follow the example of their spiritual pastors, for these insignia of mourning are as awkward and ugly as they are useless; and nothing but lack of moral courage to lead the way impedes the reduction of the amount of ceremonial and paraphernalia on such occasions to a minimum consistent with due solemnity and common sense. Now and then, indeed, a noble testator leaves instructions in his will that he be buried plainly and quietly, and by a decisive stroke of the pen displays at once consideration for his friends and wariness as regards undertakers. One fine old squire we have heard of who, having no mind for feathers, velvet, mutes, and pages to make his obsequies senselessly formal and ridiculous, left it in charge to his executors to have his body placed in a plain oak coffin, and conveyed by his own carriage horses in his own "break" to the place of burial, without mourning-coach or hearse—no pall, no handbands, no scarfs, and only such following as the necessities of the occasion and the unbidden respect of friends and neighbours might ensure. A more sensible *cortège* never traversed "the way to dusty death." Unfortunately, however, there is always a large number of persons who, measuring sorrow by the number of folds of crape, exercise their severity of criticism upon those who forsake the customary groove, and who respectfully carry out such considerate and sensible provisions. Hence timid heirs come to disregard this sort of testamentary veto upon costly obsequies, or else compromise the matter for fear of incurring the opprobrium of stinginess. They have no affection for a mummy which has neither taste nor picturesqueness to recommend its continuance; and if it were a personal concern, they would be foremost in deprecating such waste; but the fear of evil tongues becomes paramount at a time when the question is pressing, and the mind is unready and unhunged. Thus it is that a custom which is generally voted hollow and superfluous holds its own, to the enrichment of a class of tradesmen who, we suppose, compound with their dislike of ridicule, and taking the bitter with the sweet, endure the shafts of satirists and humorists so long as they can do a good thing in "best gentlemen's black kids at 4s. 6d.," and "ten guineas for the use of velvet pall, satin-lined." As we descend to the lower strata of society, it is curious to observe the strange influences which conduce to the retention of the custom of going to the utmost verge of cost and display for the "last tribute of respect." It might be expected that in this rank of life pride, imitation, and the spirit of rivalry would co-operate with the influence of custom in prompting a family to bury its dead with no less outward ceremonial than its fathers used, even though divisions and subdivisions have reduced the patrimony, and rendered needless cost especially undesirable. But still meaner motives occasionally come into play. There is a story of a disconsolate widower of this class who, within a shamefully brief space after his wife's death, applied to the clergyman of his parish to publish his banns for a second marriage. The rector expostulated. It was like Hamlet's mother—"a little month, or ere the shoes were old"; and here he was proposing to take to himself another mate. But the widower was justified by his own code of "the proper and becoming" in such matters, and it came out that a funeral about which no expense was spared was, in his view, an absolution from all further concern, regret, or mournful remembrance. "I buried her handsome, sir," he said; "I buried her handsome! Handbands and scarves, the lecturer and the curates and all; handbands and scarves! I buried her handsome!"

But this "burying handsome" is apt to supersede the pressure of heavy expense to the bitterness of death and bereavement. It is true that with millionaires and great territorial magnates the most sumptuous funeral expenses can form but an inappreciable item in the vast list of contingencies involved in the maintenance of many houses and many retainers. If the reform begins with the testamentary injunctions of such persons, it must at least be admitted that their action is entitled to the praise of unselfishness. The real champions of the *statu quo*, the unwilling supporters of the undertakers, quites, and mourning-coaches, are the gentlefolk of moderate incomes, who reverence the authority of custom to an idolatrous extent, and are prepared to pinch themselves and encumber their estates rather than depart in any way from the measure of the expenditure and social pretension of their fathers. A lively insight into this condition of things is shown in a novel which was reviewed in these pages some three or four years ago—*A Scarcy Leap*. Towards the end of the third volume the hero's father, an embarrassed old squire, has died, and "the rites of the feudal Libitina" are in course of celebration. Here is a sample of the talk over the funeral talked next day:—"Why, what a lot of tomfoolery this is," protested the doctor, sagaciously; "the old bankrupt ought to be sent to the pound before he is buried; and besides, he should have been buried at the parish expense, if he had not been so

Now there has been gussling and drunkenness enough during the last five hours to devour half the future income of the whole family." "It's all part of the same system; this sort of squandering, my good sir, are getting used up very fast," remarked Mr. Old-square, the family lawyer. And in coarser language one of the tenants, a page or two further on, comments upon the inherent absurdity of such a state of things:—"The best mourners here is them he owes money to, and I spect there's many an' on 'em, and their sorrow's real enough, for they must feel now they've little chance of being paid." It should be added that the heir and the solicitor had done their utmost to avoid lavishing on undertakers the small remnant which was barely enough to meet other exigencies, and had only waived their objection to "the very showy piece of upholstery drawn by four very creditably plumed black horses" in deference to a unanimous and strong expression of the feeling of the family. No doubt the novelist's satire refers rather to the burial feast than to the funeral weeds; and to what a pitch of ill-timed extravagance such feasting has been immemorially carried may be gleaned from a paper in *Notes and Queries* (January 27, 1872), "On the Usages and Expenses at a Dumfriesshire Funeral a Hundred Years Ago," from accounts in Irish tales of the customary "waking" of Irish gentlemen, and from the experience of those who know what an affair a funeral still is in Wales. But the advance of civilization must of itself tend to cure "guzzling and drunkenness" at such times. It is a more difficult matter, because it touches a sentimental chord, to reform the conventional custom with regard to that outward guise of woe which a writer in the *Times* justly calls one of "the most cruel and offensive of our social tyrannies." Even the keenest reformer would not dream of abolishing that customary wearing of black apparel which is adopted, we believe, by all sects of religionists except Quakers as the garb of mourning. The retrenchment need not be extended beyond the purely gratuitous paraphernalia, the showy, floating accessories of the so-called funeral pomp. Stories have been rife of good-for-nothing husbands who, when their wives died before them, bade the hearse-drivers go gently over the stones, lest they should wake again the tongue that had so late taken rest. Yet if a wife had been careful and thrifty in her lifetime, one would say that, if aught could rouse her from her last sleep, it would be the lavish waste of silk and crape and velvet which characterizes a funeral procession for no other end than to outrage real taste, and to offer a field for exorbitant extortion to the trade which lives by death. Some people, indeed, like the sort of thing, but would like also to cheapen it; and it is in their interest, and with a view to their patronage, that numberless advertisements invite mourners and executors to patronize the "Necropolis Company," "the Reformed Funerals Company" (Limited), "Shillibeer's Economic," and the like. All these profess a moderate tariff. They hold out the bait of "elegant equipages, chaste appointments, respectfully attired and well conducted men, careful supervision, and very reasonable charges." But this is only like making two bites of a cherry. The principle is retained, only it is to be carried out on a "cheap and nasty" scale, and most people will think that, if reform is to go no further than this, it were as well "to eat the devil as the broth he's boiled in." What is really required is that a sufficient number of persons worthy in their respective spheres of life, and weighty too through their known character and general maintenance of the decencies and proprieties of life in those spheres, should set themselves to effect a steady, if gradual, change of fashion as respects the needless accessories of mourning and the prescriptive extortions of undertakers. The sooner "the trash of state" is dissociated from death and burial, the more easy will be the contemplation of that other side of the grave where all are equal. Very few persons, it may be believed, when looking that change in the face, can say with Ennius, *Nemo me laqueum decet*; more commonly and naturally,

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;

and there is a yearning for the genuine tribute expressed in the words—

His saltem accumulæ donis, et fangar inani  
Munera.

Yet we question whether any human being, taking into account the uselessness of it to himself, and the tax inflicted upon his successors, ever found the near approach to the dark passage cheered, solaced, or enlivened by the vain prospect of being "buried handsome."

#### THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

IT was well known at the time that the Court of Rome, with its wonted astuteness, had seized on the opportunity of Mgr. Darboy's timely removal and the embarrassments of M. Thiers's Government to insist on the nomination of a staunch Ultramontane—the first time for many years past—to the see of Paris. Dupanloup had been originally designated by the Government for the post, but it was privately intimated by the Papal Nuncio to M. Thiers that no minority bishop would be accepted by Rome, and the French President was weak enough to yield to the pressure put upon him. And accordingly the throne of Quelen, Affre, and Darboy has been filled by one of the feeblest and most narrow-minded of the septuagenarian adherents of the dominant faction. His first step, naturally enough, has been to suppress through-

but his diocese the Paris liturgy, with its noble hymns and comparatively unadulterated lectionary, in the interests of that dead uniformity which it has long been the unwisdom of Rome to mistake for unity. His next step, as was all along expected, and was of course intended—probably required—by those who secured his appointment, has been to demand of his clergy, many of whom were known to be decided anti-infallibilists, an *ex animo* submission to the new Vatican dogmas. We have had occasion already to notice the pusillanimous recantation of Father Gratry, who, from his previous writings on the subject, was the most prominent among them in vindicating the old faith. On the other hand, Father Hyacinthe had shown his unmistakable resolve to bear everything rather than profess to believe what he does not believe; and in the first number of the journal he has just started, the *Esperance de Rome*, he clearly defines his position as at once a loyal Catholic and a determined opponent of infallibilism:—

If [he observes] we venture, with all due deference to the Church, to demand reforms, let it be fully understood that we do not therefore renounce our title as Catholics. . . . We only ask for the reform of the Church within the Church, and if we frankly condemn the abuses committed by those who claim to be her sole representatives, we console ourselves with the recollection of her beneficence and her greatness.

Father Hyacinthe was the only spokesman of the French Opposition at the Munich Congress last September, but he was not its sole representative. Three other names are given in the official report, and one priest, whose name it somehow omitted, was also present, who bids fair to become the leader of the movement now organizing in France in connexion with the *Allkatholiken* of Germany and other countries of Europe.

Dr. Michaud, though he is a comparatively young man, has long been known as one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of the French priesthood. He was the friend of Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Archbishop Darboy, and has learnt from all of them, without becoming the disciple of any. His wide information, keen intellect, and great force of character alike indispose him *jurare in verba magistri*, and it is evident from his public utterances that he is now taking a bolder line than has been yet ventured upon by even the most fervid of his compatriots and comrades in the fray. He openly denounces Rome as heretical, and it is certainly difficult to see what other judgment could be consistently formed from his point of view. The tenet of Papal infallibility is so momentous a dogma that it can hardly escape the alternative of being either regarded as a sacred truth or an outrageous falsehood, and it is obvious to which category alone the Old Catholics could refer it. M. Michaud visited England last autumn, and was in communication with many distinguished divines, both of his own Church and of the Anglican. But he bided his time, feeling probably that his course would be clearer and his position stronger if he did not himself take the aggressive. Of course he had not long to wait. When the new Archbishop found himself firmly seated, he lost no time in requiring of his clergy an explicit acceptance of the new dogmas, and directing them to require it of their flocks as a condition of receiving the Sacraments. Dr. Michaud, who was one of the vicars—or, as we should say, curates—of the Madeleine, one of the principal parish churches in Paris, could not remain passive under such an injunction. He accordingly addressed a personal inquiry to the Archdeacon as to whether the Archbishop would allow confessors in his diocese to give absolution to those who rejected the Vatican Synod and its decrees; and whether the clergy themselves were at liberty, while continuing to say mass, to disbelieve those dogmas if they did not openly attack them? To both questions a decided negative was returned, although Archbishop Darboy a few days before his arrest had answered them, in a personal interview with M. Michaud, in a precisely opposite sense; and it seems that even the present Archbishop was himself at one period of his life opposed to Ultramontaniam. This we gather from the letter addressed to him by M. Michaud on the 5th instant, and which is published at length in the *Journal des Débats* of the 7th, opening with the remark that, from 1845 to 1853 his Grace, as Bishop of Viviers, had "energetically attacked Ultramontaniam, and Veuillot, its leader." The letter soon afterwards proceeds:—

You, Monseigneur, at one time, when you were Bishop of Viviers declared that the Ultramontane party was anti-Catholic; but now you treat as heretics and schismatics the Catholics who persevere in rejecting Ultramontaniam. You formerly defined Catholic truth to be that universal truth which, in the words of Vincent de Lerins, had "always been believed everywhere and by everybody"—*quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus creditum est*; but now this Catholic truth has degenerated in your mind to Roman truth. Formerly the Catholic Church was the agglomeration of all particular Churches, but now in your eyes and those of your adepts the Church is nothing else but Rome and the Pope. The universality of the Church of Jesus Christ is degraded to the individualism of one man. You, in fact, ignore Jesus Christ, and care only for His vicar, whom you make His master; for with you the Gospel is subordinate to the interpretation which the Pope may choose to put upon it. . . . The Gospel is no longer that of Jesus Christ, but the Bull which it may be the good pleasure of any present or future Borgia to issue.

This, the writer adds, is "un changement complet de drapeau," and just as a French soldier would disgrace himself by deserting his national flag, so, too, it is a dishonour to a soldier of Christ to abandon the banner of Catholicism. In such a crime he will not be an accomplice, and he therefore sacrifices his office at the Madeleine and his honorary Canonry at Châlons, though well aware that this determination will cost him both in ecclesiastical and temporal penalties. An unjust excommunication will separate him, not from the Catholic Church, but only from Ultramontaniam.

His future he leaves in the hands of God, not knowing where he may find even provision for his daily wants; his present duty is to remain loyal to conscience and to Catholic truth. Nor is he moved by being told that he is undermining the authority of the Church; for he holds that those are really undermining it who would merge its divine and primitive sanction in the absolutism of a single human will. And if he is told that the discharge of a solemn duty will give scandal, he replies that it is not sincere and intelligent men, but only cowards and fanatics, who will be scandalized. The real scandal is occasioned by "those sceptical priests and bishops who publicly accept the new dogma, while laughing in their sleeves." Nor does he arrogate to himself that infallibility which he denies to an ignorant and peccable man, though he be Pope. He does not stand alone in his protest. Without dwelling on the Armenian bishops, the priests and faithful of Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, Silesia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and other parts of Germany, who prefer excommunication to dishonesty, there are numbers in France, England, Italy, and Spain who reject the authority of the Vatican Synod, which a French bishop designated *Ludibrium Vaticanum*, as the modern correlative of the *Latrocinium* of Ephesus. Dr. Michaud adds that he knows enough of the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church to be aware that there are numbers of them who "completely repudiate in *foro interno* this *Conciliabulum*." In conclusion he desires to insist on two points:—

First—I am, and will remain, a Catholic, not following the heterodox decisions of Ultramontaniam, but adhering to the orthodox principle of ancient Catholicism, which is the sole true rule, admirably formulated by St. Vincent of Lerins, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. Secondly—I am, and will remain, a priest. Obligated for the moment to recognize in you [the Archbishop] the power, not of right but of force, I cannot indeed, thanks to the ignorance of the faithful, exercise my sacerdotal ministry in the churches under your jurisdiction. But the locality does not affect the validity of the sacraments.

Dr. Michaud adds that, wherever his services are desired, he shall continue to administer the sacraments of baptism, penance, marriage, the eucharist, and extreme unction, and to bury the dead, and shall say mass in his own house, and recite his breviary, acting as the early Christians did in the ages of persecution. And, when opportunity occurs, he will preach, and meantime will write, as will his friends also, to advance the cause of the true Church. A Committee will at once be formed to meet at his house, 74 Boulevard de Neuilly, in connexion with similar Committees in Russia, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain; and, as soon as the means are provided, a church will be opened, and the question thus publicly tried, under whatever practical difficulties, "who will eventually prevail, those who fight for Christ ruling the Pope by His Gospel, or those who fight for the Pope supplanting Christ by his *Syllabus*."

Contemporaneous with this outspoken manifesto of a distinguished Parisian ecclesiastic, we have in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* the report of the first of a series of lectures in course of delivery by Dr. Döllinger in the Great Hall of the Museum at Munich, on the "Schemes for Reuniting the Christian Churches, and the Prospects of Future Union," giving a masterly sketch of the present divisions of the Christian world, to be followed in the next lecture by a notice of its relations to the outlying religious communities of heathendom. In Italy Dr. Cassani is engaged in disproving at length the canonical authority of the Vatican Council, in a series of essays in the *Rinnovamento Cattolico* of Florence; so that it is by no means without influential protest from the most various quarters that, to quote the words of a recent Catholic author, Mr. Lowry Whittle, "the whole constitution of the Latin Church has been swept away," so far as the Vatican Synod had power to effect the change. In what were probably the last words he ever spoke on the subject, a few days only before his imprisonment, Archbishop Darboy characterized the infallibilist dogma as "un dogme inepte." It is possible that the Court of Rome may be compelled at its cost to acquiesce in a similar conclusion. It has all along been notorious that a large section of the Parisian clergy share Dr. Michaud's convictions, and now that the ice has once been broken, some at least may have the manliness to declare themselves. And it is anyhow significant that the Old Catholic movement should have been taken up by the clergy of a nation which, as Dr. Döllinger lately observed, is the habitual interpreter of world-stirring ideas and discoveries to Europe, and by a man marked out alike by his antecedents, his attainments, and his eloquence as one of the most eminent and influential of the clerical body. There is something almost grotesque in the circumstance that only a few days before the publication of Dr. Michaud's letter the Abbé Theodores Loyson, the Ultramontane brother of Father Hyacinthe, in a lecture at the Sorbonne on the "Catholic Renaissance of France, and the Schism of Munich," was indiscreet enough to assert, with a somewhat premature outburst of devout gratitude, that "the German Schism, thank God, will not invade France." The "German Schism" has meanwhile just obtained a signal victory in the Bavarian Chambers, where the Ultramontane party strained all their energies to upset the liberal policy of the present Ministry, and arm the bishops with legal powers to eject from their benefices all priests—beginning of course with Döllinger—who reject the new dogma. They were defeated, in a House containing an unusually large proportion of clerical members, the most noticeable feature of the debate being an energetic speech of Professor Sepp, who was till lately a strong Ultramontane, against the dogma, the crooked means by which it had been introduced through the Vatican Synod by the creation of a crowd of titular

bishops, the slavish submission and intolerance of the German episcopate, and the character of their adherents, whom he described as "the old and young women of both sexes." The greater part of the bishops, he declared, do not themselves believe in the dogma; and, turning to the clerical portion of his audience, he added, amid shouts of laughter, "Do you believe it yourselves?" Dr. Reishmayer, the one theological professor of Munich who sided with Döllinger, is just dead, and it is expected that his place will be supplied by Reinkens, one of the leaders of the *Akkatholik* party. At Cologne the first *Akkatholik* service has been celebrated in the church of St. Pantaleon, Dr. Taugermann, who spoke at the Munich Congress, singing High Mass, and preaching from the words, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Another church at Cologne is also handed over to the Old Catholics. The movement is thus strengthening its hold and enlarging its area in Germany, while the war-cry is echoed from the opposite bank of the Rhine, from the very bosom of that clergy whose "filial devotion" to herself has been the standing boast of Rome.

#### ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE IN LOMBARDY.

WE spoke lately at some length of both the historical associations and the architectural remains of three of the noblest cities of what in the oldest geography was the borderland of Italy and Cisalpine Gaul. From Ravenna, Lucca, and Pisa we will ask our readers to follow us back into that old Gaulish land which in mediæval times became the truest Italy. From Tuscany we will again turn ourselves northward, and trace the form assumed by Romanesque art in a district which, in the fluctuations of Italian geographical nomenclature, we may perhaps be allowed to speak of as specially Lombardy. This is a Lombardy which stretches on both sides of the Po, but which does not take in the cities of the land known at different times as Venetia, as the Veronese or the Trevisan March, and, earlier still, by the startling, but perfectly harmless, name of the Lombard Austria. Our present district lies mainly within the Lombard Neustria, but we will venture to take in some more southern cities, lying all of them within the Lombardy of the Hohenstaufen, most of them within the dominion of the Visconti Dukes of Milan. We purpose, in short, to take a glance at the evidence on our subject supplied by the cities of Modena, Parma, Piacenza, and the once rival capitals of Pavia and Milan. The last-named city indeed might, from other points of view, claim as full a notice as Pisa and Ravenna. But as a contribution to the history of Romanesque architecture, the buildings of Milan, though of very high importance, are still of a kind which will be best treated in a group with several others.

The student who transports himself suddenly from the Arno and the Apennines to the river-basin of the Po will find himself spirited away into a new architectural world. Let him flit from Pisa to Modena. Pistoia, a city of high interest on other grounds, will not long detain him. A single noble campanile is attached to a basilican *Duomo* which would hold a third or fourth-rate place at Lucca, and which at Pisa no one would think of mentioning at all. The church of Pisa and the church of Modena are contemporary buildings, and the Great Countess is honoured as a benefactress to both; but they are as far removed from one another as any two buildings of the same date and general style well can be. At Modena we get our first glimpse of the genuine Lombard form of the Italian Romanesque, a form wholly unlike either the domical or the basilican type, and which makes a far nearer approach to the Romanesque of the lands beyond the Alps. The approach is indeed only an approach; the *Duomo* of Modena is Italian, and not English, French, or German; still it is a form of Italian far less widely removed from English, French, or German work than the style of Pisa or St. Vital. As at Pisa, the architect seems to have halted between two opinions. The church is cruciform, but the transepts have no projection on the ground-plan; there are real lantern-arches, not obscured as they are at Pisa, but they do not bear up any central dome or tower. The lantern-arches are pointed; but here, as at Pisa, the pointed form is more likely to be Saracenic than Gothic. Without, three eastern apses, rising from between pinnacles of quite Northern character, group boldly with one of the noblest campaniles in Italy, which is certainly not improved by the later addition of a spire. The great doorways rest on lions; the west front has a noble wheel window; the greater part of the outside is lavishly arcaded, but the arcading is of a different type from that of Lucca and Pisa, the long rows of single arcades; the favourite form of Modena is that of several small arches grouped under a containing arch. We are therefore not surprised to find, on entering the church, an elevation more nearly after the Northern type than anything which we have yet seen in Italy. At Pisa we saw an arcade, triforium, and clerestory; but the triforium was not so much the Northern type itself as the Northern type translated into Italian language. But at Modena we find as genuine a triforium as in any minister of England or Normandy. To be sure its form seems somewhat rude and awkward, as if the containing arch had been crushed by the lofty clerestory above, and eyes familiar with Norman detail may possibly be amazed at the sight of mid-wall shafts, and those of a somewhat rough type, showing themselves in such a position. But the mid-wall shaft is constructively as much in its place in a triforium as it is in a lofty window, and in the whole elevation there is nothing lacking;

there are pier-arch, triforium, and clerestory, and the deep play of the highest range hides the presence of any continuous blank spaces such as we have seen in the basilican churches. The capitals are a strange mixture of classical and barbaric forms, and in the alternate piers, supporting the arches which span the nave, we find huge half-columns, which form a marked contrast to the tall slender shafts commonly used in like positions in Northern churches. Altogether the Cathedral of Modena is strictly an Italian church, yet the approaches to Northern forms are very marked, and they are of a kind which suggests the direct imitation of Northern forms or the employment of Northern architects.

At our next stopping-place, if we venture to discern traces of the same influence, it is to a much smaller extent, and, such as it is, it has made its way into a church of far more distinctly Italian character than that of Modena. At Parma attention may easily be drawn away from the cathedral itself to the noble baptistery, one of the grandest in Italy, and in which most of the details show the widest departure from anything to which we are used north of the Alps. Here, in most of the stages within and without, we find the ornamental arcade cast aside for the ornamental colonnade. It is an entablature instead of a range of arches which rests on the small decorative shafts. Yet even here, in the strange capitals of some of the lower columns, and in the vast doorways with their many receding arches, we may see a certain approach to Northern forms which contrasts strangely with the ultra-classical survival in the other details. In the *Duomo* itself it is not always easy to say how much is genuine Romanesque work, and how much is that later reproduction or adaptation of Romanesque work of which we have seen so many examples in Italy. The west front is thoroughly Italian; and nothing can be less like a Norman church, though at the same time few architectural objects can be grander, than the present effect of the apsidal east-end and apsidal transepts joining to support the noble octagon cupola. But inside we have, as at Modena, the genuine pier-arch, triforium, and clerestory, just as we might see them in England or Normandy, except that the triforium consists of a range of four arches in each bay, not grouped together under a containing arch as at Modena. Yet this arrangement may possibly remind the spectator of Matilda's church at Caen, and the vaulting shafts at Parma approach far more nearly to Northern forms than those of Modena. Still at Parma the departures from the more purely Italian type are of a kind which do not force themselves upon the eye so strongly as those at Modena.

The *Duomo* of Piacenza, though much altered, contains some fine Romanesque portions, but there is nothing in them which especially connects itself with the Romanesque of the North. We pass on to two churches of the highest interest, both architectural and historical, an examination of which may perhaps throw some light on the questions which we have already started. These are the two great Romanesque churches which still survive in the once rival cities of Northern Italy, in Quercia Milan, and in Imperial Pavia. We pass by the crowds of other objects presented by those two noble cities, and fix our attention on the two buildings which will teach us most for our immediate purpose—the churches of St. Ambrose at Milan, and St. Michael at Pavia. At Milan we will turn away from the dazzling exterior, the really solemn interior of the comparatively modern *Duomo*, and fix our thoughts on the venerable temple which covers the dust of the patron saint of Milan and the dust of the most truly Italian Emperor, and which boasts, truly or falsely, of containing the resting-place of the one worthy antagonist whom Rome sent forth to withstand the Gothic invader. A flash of the old magic of Ravenna passes over us as we look on the tomb of St. Ambrose, on the tomb of Lewis the Second, and on what at least professes to be the tomb of Stilicho. The mosaics of its spreading apse might hold their own in Pisa, in Ravenna, or in Venice, and one small portion of the pile lays claim to a date going back to the days of the saint whom it commemorates. But for our purpose we must pass on from the days of the saint to the days of the Cæsar, the Cæsar who was the champion of Italy against the Saracens, the truest Emperor that she had seen since the days of Majorian, the truest King that she has seen from Theodoric to our own day. It was under the worthiest of the Karlings, Lewis, King and Emperor, that the pile arose in which he lies buried. It seems impossible to withstand the direct evidence which assigns not only the glorious goldsmiths' work of the high altar and the soaring baldachino above it, but the main part of the building itself, to Archbishop Anshert in 868. The building has received large changes and additions; the vault with the pointed arches across the nave, the octagonal dome, the advanced upper story of the west front, seem all to belong to a renovation which began in the twelfth century, most likely after the overthrow of the city by Frederick Barbarossa. But everything leads us to believe that, in the main arcades of the nave, and in the most distinctive feature of the whole building, the *cortile* or western cloister, the genuine work of the ninth century still survives. It is the genuine Lombard style, something utterly unlike the classical forms of Ravenna, Lucca, Pisa. It comes nearer to our Northern Romanesque in its Norman variety, but it has throughout an earlier and ruder air. The general look of the building is dark and cavernous; the proportions are low and broad; the arcades support a large open triforium, like Norwich or Waltham, but without a clerestory—in that resembling the great minister of St. Sernin at Toulouse. As at Pisa, the arcade is continued across the transept arches, and here also the triforium assumes the form of coupled arches under a containing arch. The compound pier is used throughout both in

the church and the cortile, to the exclusion alike of the classical column, of the square piers of the German Romanesque, and of the vast cylindrical piers of the English form of Norman. But there is a heavy squareness and flatness throughout surpassing anything in Norman work. The capitals are famous for the lavish use of animal forms; nowhere in Italy is there less imitation of classical forms. The Ionic volute alone seems here, as everywhere, to have lived on in the mind of the artist, and, both here and elsewhere, many strange forms occur which show that that favourite form of ornament was never forgotten. A bunch of leaves, a head, human or animal, may easily be so disposed as to keep the general effect of the volute; and when the beast represented happens to be a ram, one of those cycles which play their part in art as well as in everything else has brought back the architectural form to its first legendary origin. Some of the double-headed beasts at Milan can hardly fail to remind us of some of the double-headed beasts at Persepolis; but the likeness is doubtless as purely accidental as the likeness which has been often remarked between the columns in the Treasury at Mykéné and those to be seen in many a Romanesque building among ourselves. The subjects of some of the capitals should be noticed, as well as those in other parts where animal forms are used. Some are mere plays of fancy, others seem to represent hunting scenes; but there is a more remarkable one in the west front, representing a human figure between two lions. The reference to the sports of the amphitheatre is obvious, but its special purport may be doubted. It may of course refer to some legend of martyrdom; but it should not be forgotten that the combats with wild beasts went on at least as late as the reign of Theodoric, though they were looked on with no favouring eye by the Gothic King and his great minister. Altogether, if we can really believe this church to be in its main features the genuine work of Ansebert, we have in it one of the most instructive buildings in all Christendom. And the evidence seems directly in favour of such a belief. From St. Ambrose we shall then naturally turn to St. Michael at Pavia, where we shall find, among many later changes, the main portions of a church of the same character, therefore most likely of the same date as St. Ambrose. The general effect of the interior is somewhat less dark and cavernous, but the arrangement of arcade and triforium without any clerestory is essentially the same, and the same flatness and squareness reigns in the compound piers and their capitals. But one feature is prominent at Pavia which is not to be seen at Milan. The mid-wall shaft has thrust itself into places where we should least have looked for it, into the transept front and into a range of coupled windows running across the whole western façade itself. In both these two remarkable churches it is far from easy to distinguish the earliest work from later changes which follow the same general forms. But we have little doubt that in the main arcades of both we have work of an age of which in Northern countries we have nothing but a few uncertain fragments.

It is indeed impossible to believe, even if we bear in mind the wide differences which probably existed between Lombardy and Tuscany, that these buildings can be of later date than the columnar churches of Pisa and Lucca, with their elaborate and highly classical detail. Tuscany may either have uninterruptedly retained classical forms, or it may have deliberately fallen back upon them; but it is hardly possible that Milan and Pavia should have so far lagged behind as to have produced such work as we see in St. Ambrose and St. Michael in the twelfth century, after such work as we have seen at both Lucca and Pisa in the eleventh. And if the ruder parts of St. Ambrose do not date from the reparation in the twelfth century, they can hardly fail to date from the rebuilding by Ansebert in the ninth. We have then in these examples a genuine Romanesque style, which had worked itself remarkably free from classical detail, while preserving the main constructive features of Roman architecture. It is probably the earliest form of pure Romanesque which was worked out, a form distinct alike from German and Norman, but from which both German and Norman architects doubtless borrowed ideas in after times. On this style came the great architectural movement of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, which, in different ways, so greatly modified the Romanesque of all Western Europe. In Italy it chiefly took the form of a *Renaissance*, a falling back on classical forms, as at Pisa and Lucca, at Murano and Torcello. In other cases, as at Parma and more strongly at Modena, the style took a direction which distinctly assimilated it to Northern forms, whichever side of the Alps we may hold to have borrowed from the other. In a third class, as at St. Zeno, we get a type intermediate between the classical forms of Tuscany and Venetia and an improved and refined variety of the Lombard style of Milan and Parma. The Italian Romanesque thus offers many types, varying considerably, partly according to date, partly according to district. But all are Italian; all agree in those points of difference from Northern buildings which are caused partly by difference of climate, partly by difference of national traditions. However nearly an Italian church may approach to a Northern one in its internal arcades, the external effect is always utterly different. No Italian church shows the varied outlines, the ever-shifting groupings, of the great churches of Germany. Even the less elaborate outline of a Norman or English church with its three towers finds only a feeble approach to it at St. Ambrose. The high roof is unknown, and the absence alike of the high roof and of any towers thoroughly worked into the building gives an utterly different form to the

main fronts. The style, in all its various forms, is thoroughly national. It is a style which has largely attracted the attention of architectural students, but it may still be studied with advantage by a more strictly historical and comparative method than has hitherto commonly been done. It should especially be compared with the contemporary forms of other Southern countries, of Provence and Aquitaine. For our own part we have done nothing more than throw out a few hints suggested by a few particular buildings. One subject more will bring our present survey of Italian cities and their buildings to an end. We cannot part from the Romanesque of Italy without a few words as to the change by which so noble and truly national a style was cast aside to make room for a feeble imitation of the Northern forms of a later age.

#### MR. HARCOURT ON OUR INSULAR POSITION.

WE all know that Great Britain is an island. It has pleased Mr. Vernon Harcourt to produce poetical authority for the fact, but perhaps the defensibility of our insular position may be most conveniently discussed in prose. We may remark, however, that the poem which Mr. Harcourt has translated exhorts Britain to rely rather on her navy than her army, and that is all. Without exactly apportioning the share which navy and army might be expected to take in repelling invasion, we should like to see the country able to rely on both. Mr. Harcourt has given us some rhymes against military preparation, but he has certainly given us no reason. Let him look at the martello towers and other defensive works which were erected on the Southern coast during the years of Britain's greatest naval power. They form a durable monument of the opinion of the statesmen of that time that the defence of the country could not be safely entrusted to her fleet alone. The history of the year 1805 has been referred to by Mr. Harcourt and his opponents with equal confidence; but it surely is tolerably plain that this country ran fearful risk during that year, to which no sane man would expose her if it could be avoided. Mr. Harcourt is desirous to show that Nelson and the fleet which he commanded were not "decoyed away" from home defence to the West Indies. It is doubtless true, as Mr. Harcourt says, that the French could only draw Nelson to the West Indies by going thither themselves, and thus the European fleets of the contending Powers were reduced by nearly an equal number of ships on either side. But evidently Napoleon proceeded on the supposition that his fleet might reach some point of effective action, were it the West Indies or Ireland or England, in advance of Nelson. This attempt so nearly succeeded as to show that it might quite succeed another time. That is all that the advocates of a second line of defence say, and it is enough. Mr. Harcourt has now got up the facts of our naval history tolerably well, but he does not reason upon them satisfactorily. "If," he says, "the French Admiral, instead of making Ferrol, had tried at Brest, he would have encountered a still more crushing defeat from the Channel Fleet under Admiral Cornwallis, with a force equal to his own." But at this time there lay in Brest, ready for sea, a fleet under Ganteaume at least equal to that of Cornwallis; and if Villeneuve, having got the start, as he did, of Nelson, had appeared off Brest, he would have had the opportunity of combining in an attack on the British with a superiority of two to one. We think that Cornwallis would have slipped through somehow, but there was the opportunity if Villeneuve had had the skill to take advantage of it. He steered for Ferrol instead of Brest, and before he reached Ferrol he was intercepted by Calder, who had raised the blockade of that port, and was cruising to the westward of it to intercept Villeneuve. But Calder left in Ferrol a Spanish squadron of more than half his own strength, and if that squadron had put to sea in time to assist Villeneuve, it might have gone hard with Calder. Besides, there was a French squadron at sea which had escaped from Rochefort, and this also might have fallen in with Villeneuve, or have appeared off Brest to co-operate with Ganteaume. It happened that this Rochefort squadron neither did nor suffered any great mischief, although it took more than forty prizes and caused intense alarm to British mercantile and colonial interests. The British navy of that time was not only numerically strong, but it possessed a familiarity with naval warfare as then conducted which its enemies could not approach. The bold measure of ordering Calder to raise the blockade of Ferrol was suggested to the Admiralty by the expectation that he might have time to defeat Villeneuve before the Spaniards in Ferrol could or would move to the assistance of their allies. In the same spirit the Admiralty ordered Cornwallis to cruise between Ushant and Finisterre, so as to give him the opportunity of defeating Villeneuve, if he came that way, before Ganteaume could make up his mind to sail from Brest. Yet the success of these tactics should not conceal the tremendous risk which they involved. Besides in those days it was known by experience what British ships and seamen could do, and the same cannot be said now. We do not doubt the skill or bravery of British seamen, but it is at least uncertain how some of the ships would behave at sea.

It may perhaps help to make the arguments of Mr. Harcourt and his opponents intelligible if we give a brief summary of the events of the naval war of 1805. We shall then see clearly what were the risks to which this country was exposed, and how it was preserved from them. A treaty had been signed in December 1804 between France and Spain, by which the French fleets and ports were placed at the disposal of the Spanish fleet.



power. "It," says Mr. James in his *Naval History*, "Napoleon with his forty or forty-five sail of the line had calculated to create such a diversion of the British fleets as should give him a clear channel for his flotilla to cross, how must his expectations have been raised now that he possessed the disposal of upwards of seventy sail of the line!" Mr. Harcourt has quoted from this author, and will probably admit the accuracy of his History; and this is the conception which he had formed of Napoleon's plan. By alarming England for the safety of her colonies and commerce all over the world, the Emperor hoped to induce her to weaken her fleet at home, and thus to find an opportunity of invading England, or at least Ireland.

The commencement of the year 1805 found Admiral Cornwallis at his station off Ushant with a force not exceeding eleven sail of the line; while the French fleet under Ganteaume, which lay in the road of Brest ready for sea, numbered twenty-one sail. The British fleet, however, was speedily reinforced, and throughout the spring months it kept Ganteaume in harbour, although Napoleon contemplated that he should join Villeneuve in the West Indies, and "after ravaging the British possessions there," return to the Channel. "It was then that the great blow was to be struck," Napoleon wrote concerning Ganteaume on April 23:—"Dieu vaille que mon courier ne le trouve point à Brest." But as this aspiration was not gratified, Napoleon directed Ganteaume to remain quiet, and sent orders to Villeneuve to return from the West Indies to Ferrol, pick up the Spanish squadron there, and sail thence either to join Ganteaume off Brest, or directly to Boulogne, where he might expect to arrive four or five days before the British Channel Fleet. "In these four or five days the flotilla was to cross, and the descent be effected." Whatever Napoleon may have thought or said at a later time, he did entertain this plan in May 1805. The dispositions of the British Admiralty were doubtless made in view of all the alternatives open to Napoleon's commanders. It was known that Nelson had gone to the West Indies in search of Villeneuve. On July 7, in the morning, the brig *Curieux* reached Plymouth with intelligence that Villeneuve's fleet had been seen off Martinique and was on its return to Europe. The Captain of the *Curieux* arrived at the Admiralty on the 8th, after the First Lord had gone to bed, and the despatches were not communicated to him until the morning of the 9th, when, without waiting to dress himself, he wrote orders which reached Admiral Cornwallis off Ushant on the 11th. This promptitude of decision could not be credited by Napoleon. The orders were that Rear-Admiral Sterling should raise the blockade of Rochefort, and join Vice-Admiral Calder off Ferrol, who should also raise the blockade of that port and take with his own and Admiral Sterling's ships a station westward of Cape Finisterre. At the same time Admiral Cornwallis, with the Channel Fleet, was to cruise between Ushant and Finisterre. This plan was probably the best that could be devised; but it must be remembered that there were in Rochefort and Ferrol French and Spanish squadrons at least equal in strength to the blockading forces, and when the blockade was raised these squadrons had nothing to do but put to sea, and appear wherever they could do most harm to England. In fact the Rochefort squadron did sail immediately, and made a six months' cruise, in which it did much harm to British trade, and got safely back with 1,200 prisoners. This squadron was composed of five powerful ships, commanded by an enterprising officer, and we are entitled to speculate on the consequences of its turning up off Brest or when Calder was engaged with Villeneuve. The Spaniards in Ferrol were brave men, and they also had fine ships, but they did not hate England as Napoleon did, and they doubtless required to be stirred up by their energetic ally. There were also French ships in Ferrol, but they waited for the Spaniards. At any rate the combined squadrons remained in Ferrol until Villeneuve entered that port, and invited them to join him. He had sailed from Toulon, passed the Straits of Gibraltar, picked up the Spanish squadron in Cadiz, and sailed thence to Martinique, which he reached on the 12th of May. He had instructions to wait a month or more in the West Indies for the expected arrival of Ganteaume with the Brest fleet, and during his stay to do as much harm as possible to British colonies and commerce. Hearing of the arrival of Nelson in these seas, and not hearing of Ganteaume, who, as we have seen, was still in Brest, Villeneuve, in further pursuance of instructions, quitted the West Indies and sailed for Europe. He arrived off Cape Finisterre on the 9th of July. Nelson had quitted Antigua on the 13th of June, hoping to reach Europe before Villeneuve, but he only came in sight of Cape St. Vincent on the 17th of July. He sailed thence to Gibraltar for provisions and water, and on the 25th he received intelligence that Villeneuve had been seen five weeks before by the *Curieux* on her way from the West Indies to England, as already mentioned. Nelson again cruised off Cape St. Vincent, until, having reason to believe that Villeneuve had gone northward, he took that direction himself, and joined Cornwallis off Ushant on the 15th of August, where he heard all that had occurred. The Admiralty, on learning by the *Curieux* that Villeneuve was on his way to Europe, ordered Calder, as we have seen, to cruise off Cape Finisterre to intercept him. Accordingly, on the 22nd of July, Calder encountered the combined fleet about forty leagues west of Finisterre, and took two ships of it. Calder did not force a renewal of the battle on the 23rd, because, as he wrote to Cornwallis, it behoved him to be on his guard against the combined squadrons in Ferrol. He was not to be contented

and recommended for not having resumed the action. The best proof that Nelson was not near enough to assist Calder is furnished by the fact that he did not hear of this action until nearly a month after it was fought. Nelson, doubtless for good reasons, shaped his homeward course for Cape St. Vincent and Cadiz, whereas Villeneuve steered for Finisterre and Ferrol. Thus Villeneuve had ample opportunity of combining with the Ferrol squadrons against Calder, or with Ganteaume against Cornwallis. He missed the opportunity, and it did not again occur. Having united the Ferrol ships to his own, he was still expected by Napoleon to attempt one more combination with Ganteaume. But he merely sailed from Ferrol to Cadiz, and lay in that port until he quitted it to receive a decisive defeat from Nelson at Trafalgar. We leave this statement of facts to the consideration of students, civil or military, of the art of war.

#### THE EGYPTIAN SLAVE TRADE.

A LETTER has been received by the Prince of Wales from Sir Samuel Baker, in which an account is given of the progress of an expedition undertaken for the suppression of the African slave trade. The letter is dated from Gondokoro, on the 26th of August last, and the writer says that at that place he has once more attained solid ground, after twelve months passed in unhealthy morasses. From the beginning of the enterprise all that the leader could personally arrange had been rapidly carried out, and the various branches of the expedition were united with admirable precision. But the Egyptian authorities acted as might have been expected. Sir Samuel Baker arrived at Khartoum on the 7th of January, 1870, and found that nothing had been prepared at that place for the expedition. There was not a vessel ready, and all people, high and low, were averse to the suppression of the slave trade of the Nile. There had been premeditated delays in Egypt, and the fleet, instead of starting so as to pass the catarnots at high water, dallied at various stations on the river until the passage became impracticable. Thus, instead of finding at Khartoum six steamers and thirty vessels from Egypt, as well as twenty-five other vessels which were to be provided at Khartoum, there was absolutely nothing ready at Khartoum except a house, which had been purchased by the Governor for the residence of Sir Samuel Baker. The authorities appear to have determined to thwart the Viceroy's expedition by a passive resistance, for which plausible excuses would be forthcoming. And for one season they did succeed in delaying it. By driving, threatening, and sometimes persuading, Sir Samuel Baker obtained thirty-three vessels, after losing invaluable time at Khartoum. He attempted to proceed with this squadron up a branch of the White Nile, called the Bahr Giraffe. The entire country was marsh, through which the river flowed beneath tangled vegetation. For thirty-two days he cut canals through dense masses of obstructive growth, from four feet to five feet in thickness. The season was too late, the rains commenced, and great numbers of the men employed upon the work died. Nevertheless the fleet crept forward until it reached a portion of the river where the depth did not exceed one foot. He was forced to return; but not wishing the Khartoumese to triumph over a temporary failure, he formed a camp about 700 miles above Khartoum, and commenced operations against the slave trade. He caught the Governor of Fashoda in the act of kidnapping women and children, and released the slaves and reported the Governor to the Viceroy. During his stay of seven months at this place he stopped all vessels, liberated the slaves, and put the principal traders in irons. Thus, says he, not a slave passed down the river in 1870. He made every preparation for surmounting the difficulties of the Bahr Giraffe in the ensuing season. He went down to Khartoum to superintend these preparations, and after much hard work got together 59 vessels, including a steamer of 100 feet length of deck, and 32 horse-power. The vessels averaged about thirty tons burden, and drew four feet of water when deeply laden.

The events of the second season began on December 1, 1870. A serious disaster occurred in the sinking in deep water of a vessel laden with sections of lake steamers. By great exertion the vessel was raised, dragged ashore, and repaired. The point was reached where the shallowness of the water stopped the expedition the year before. It was now the month of Ramadan, and the soldiers and sailors were fasting during the day and eating all night. Of course no work was done. The impatience of an energetic English employer of labour during Ramadan may be conceived. At length operations commenced, and many weary months were passed in working through vegetation and shallow channels. The country is a vast marsh, without a single dry spot to the horizon. "Fortunately," says Sir Samuel Baker, "I had English spears and broad hoes in hundreds, and slowly we dug canals, and dragged the heavy vessels forward." He had dismantled the paddles of the steamer, but she gave great trouble, owing to her length, in the sharp turns of the river, where sometimes 1,000 men dragged her bodily through the mud. Months passed in this severe labour, until Sir Samuel Baker, who was reconnoitring ahead, reached a fine lake, which in five miles took him to the White Nile junction. The news gave some courage to the men, and after a few days of hard toil the fleet of 59 vessels assembled in a portion of the river resembling a long pond. While engaged in cutting a channel in advance to reach the lake, the river,

accelerated by the cuttings newly made in the rear, ran from under the fleet, and left it aground in two feet of water. The only escape lay in a strong dam, which was forthwith constructed of piles, fascines, and sandbags. "The success was perfect. The fleet, lately helpless, floated. The wind was strong from the north, and, two vessels taking the steamer in tow, we passed through the new channel to the lake, and shortly reached the Great White Nile. We all felt thankful for deep and clear water." The bulk of the fleet arrived at Gondokoro on the 22nd of May, having occupied five months and twenty-two days in accomplishing a distance of 700 miles from the Sobah junction, just above Khartoum. Formerly when the White Nile was open this voyage would have occupied twenty or twenty-five days. This is a remarkable example of English perseverance in repairing the consequences of native neglect. The White Nile having become blocked up by unchecked vegetation, the fleet had to make a channel for itself up a branch of the main river. "Thank God," writes Sir Samuel Baker, "we are here, with all the material of the expedition." He writes thus from Gondokoro within five degrees latitude of the equator, and more than twenty-five degrees from Cairo. He has 1,000 troops in good condition, and ten mountain guns. The Baris, who dwell around Gondokoro, declared against annexation to Egypt, and refused to acknowledge the Viceroy's authority. Hereupon Sir Samuel Baker declared war, and gave them "several lessons." His black troops are excellent. He wishes he could say as much for the Egyptians, many of whom are convicts transported to the Soudan for felonies, but he has them all tight in hand. He is building a new fort and town, after which he will go through the Bari country, with 600 men, and thoroughly subdue them. Until that is completed it will be impossible to travel south with so large a transport of material. He has written for reinforcements, which he hopes no intrigues in Egypt or the Soudan will delay.

It is evident from the tone of Sir Samuel Baker's letter that he is entirely satisfied with his work, but we cannot help thinking that the impression made by him on the Baris will be obliterated as soon as he leaves the country. We indeed hardly understand why the expedition was sent out unless it was to prove that an English vessel could float wherever the ground was slightly damp. No doubt every step in the enterprise, and particularly the giving of "lessons" to Baris, or, in other words, the killing of them, has proceeded upon the highest principles. As a place of residence for Englishmen we cannot think that Gondokoro has any attractions, except perhaps in the fact that "the post is merely annual." It happens that Sir Samuel and Lady Baker like that kind of life, at any rate until they are tired of it; but when they are, then we should say will come the deluge. Poseidon and Apollo did not sweep away the Greek entrenchments before Troy more speedily and completely than the Baris will abolish all traces of interference with their trade in slaves. Sir Samuel Baker says that he has succeeded in his main object. "The slave trade of the White Nile has ceased." And he believes that it cannot reappear except with the connivance of the authorities after his return to England. We also believe this; but we expect that the authorities will connive just as we expect that weeds will grow in the channel which Sir Samuel Baker cut for his vessels. The traders will offer to the authorities a handsome bribe, which the authorities will accept, and the old order of things will be restored and the "lessons" of Sir Samuel Baker will be forgotten. It might, indeed, be possible to find an Englishman to take his place, and even an Englishwoman to take the place of Lady Baker. It might be represented that Gondokoro was a distant and nearly inaccessible shooting-box with a "merely annual" post, and that the Baris were a peculiarly fierce and active kind of game which might be slaughtered on purely philanthropic principles. Sir Samuel Baker states in a second letter, dated the 19th October, that he has been obliged to make a month's campaign against the Baris, in which he has completely subdued them. But a spirit of disaffection has appeared among the officers, and is shared in by the men, because Sir Samuel Baker insists upon the suppression of the slave trade, which, as he admits, is contrary to public opinion in Egypt. We suppose that there is public opinion as well as steam-engines in the country of the pyramids; and probably it favours a convenient trade. The Viceroy has indulged his good friends the English in this little whim of suppressing the slave trade of the White Nile, and he does not object to their opening a water route to Gondokoro, nor even to their slaughtering Baris who may resist them. Sir Samuel Baker trusts that in a few months the country will be in peace, which is quite likely if the Baris feel that they have been soundly thrashed. Peace, when it begins, may possibly continue as long as Sir Samuel Baker has a force at Gondokoro which will obey his orders. We are happy to learn that the soldiers of his army who were killed in battle died "quite unnecessarily," and perhaps the sport of shooting Baris will not be less attractive when it is found to be moderately dangerous. There are probably many worthy persons in England who regard this expedition as a great triumph of civilization and Christianity, which is exactly what was thought of the enterprises of Cortez and Hernando de Soto by their contemporaries. A hundred years ago public opinion in England did not demand the suppression of the slave trade; and it is not surprising, although perhaps disappointing, to find that public opinion in Egypt favours what we have learned to think a wicked practice.

#### LOCALIZATION OF THE ARMY.

IN the speech with which Mr. Cardwell introduced the statement of his contemplated measures of military reform, he claimed for his plan that it would render future panics impossible. Nearly a year has elapsed since that confident assurance was uttered, but as yet he has done but little towards the attainment of his object. He has abolished purchase, he has changed the system of regimental promotion, and he has introduced autumn manoeuvres—for which last innovation at any rate he deserves all praise; but he has not organized our military forces, or placed us in any degree in a better position than that in which we were a year ago, either for resisting an invasion or despatching a foreign expedition. There is as much cause for uneasiness now as ever, and the worst of it is that we do not see any prospect of improvement. In order to render panics impossible, or rather to remove all reasonable grounds for apprehension, it is necessary that we should possess a sufficient number of well drilled, efficiently commanded men, fully supplied and equipped, and be able promptly to concentrate them on any given spot in a fit state to take the field. We do possess a sufficient number of men, and of these the regular troops are well commanded, and regimentally well supplied, clothed, and equipped. The Militia are but indifferently officered, and are by no means well treated in the matter of clothing and equipment. The Volunteers we need hardly on this occasion take into consideration, for in case of an invasion there would be ample employment for them in garrisoning our forts, guarding communications, and performing other important subsidiary duties. Even assuming the efficiency of the Militia to be within the next few months largely increased, we shall after all possess only the elements of a field army, not a field army itself. We have both the tactical units and the material of war, but we have not the organization which is required to connect these two into an army able to take the field within the short period which would probably elapse between the warning and the blow. Our military forces are not homogeneous; they are even in some respects antagonistic. The Militia is unconnected with the line, is administered, and even disciplined, differently from the line, with which moreover it enters into rivalry in the matter of recruiting; and of that welding into one harmonious whole of which Mr. Cardwell spoke last year so confidently, there are as yet no visible symptoms. As to the regular army, we even now find it difficult, if not impossible, to keep it up to its full strength, and we have no system analogous to the Reserve of Prussia for supplying the large gaps which soon occur during even the least bloody campaign.

In our opinion, the most effectual remedy for most of the evils we have enumerated is to be found in localization, which, while increasing the comfort of officers and men and the military strength of the country, would involve no additional expense. Under such a system, moreover, Mr. Cardwell's much talked of welding process would have a fair chance of success. By localization we mean the division of Great Britain and Ireland into large districts, each permanently occupied by a complete corps d'armée, with staff, military train, and subsidiary establishments complete. As regards details, as well as in general principles, we might with advantage follow the example of Prussia—divisions, brigades, and battalions being each permanently assigned to particular circles. So likewise it would be desirable to establish in each district magazines, arsenals, and storehouses, capable of satisfying the first requirements of the corps d'armée on being mobilized. Let us see how far such a system could be carried out as regards individual regiments. It will be sufficient for our present purpose if we confine ourselves to the case of the infantry. It must be borne in mind that we are in a different position from Prussia, inasmuch as out of our hundred and forty-one battalions of infantry (not reckoning the Guards), sixty-nine, or nearly one-half, are employed on foreign service. We have also two battalions in the Channel Islands, where no recruits are to be obtained, and twenty-one in Ireland—not counting a battalion of the Guards—where it might be imprudent to localize a large number of regiments. An exact copy of the Prussian system is therefore clearly impossible. A very substantial approximation to it is, however, feasible. There are only eight battalions which bear Irish titles, and of these on an average half would be always abroad or in the Channel Islands. Only four at a time could therefore be quartered in Ireland, even if the principle of local connexion were uniformly followed, and no soldier could pass more than half his term of service in his own neighbourhood. Any danger of disaffection might further be greatly diminished by quartering Irish regiments only in loyal districts, and by furnishing them with a proportion of recruits from an English general depot. The remaining thirteen line battalions of the garrison of Ireland would necessarily be furnished by English regiments in turn. Of the sixty-four non-Irish line battalions on home service, two would be required to garrison the Channel Islands when no Irish battalion took the duty, fourteen would be stationed in Ireland, and only forty-eight would be in Great Britain. And not even all the latter would in any case be quartered in their own districts, for Aldershot would certainly have to be kept up for training purposes, though it might be desirable that the original idea of a camp should be reverted to. At present Aldershot is nothing more than a gigantic barracks. From these considerations it will be evident that a non-Irish battalion would out of every twelve years spend, say, six years abroad or in the Channel Islands, a year and nine months in Ireland, fifteen months

in a training camp, and only four years in his own district. Four years of uninterrupted residence in their own neighbourhood would, however, be a great boon to the men, who would cease to feel that enlistment entailed the utter severance of all their former ties and associations. Besides, it is an essential part of the system of localization that, be the head-quarters of the regiment where they may, the dépôt should for recruiting purposes be stationary. By this means a constant connexion with the district would be kept up, and every man would have a chance of adding a year or two to his regular four years' residence at home. As a rule, it would be well that every regiment should conduct its own recruiting; and under a system of localization this could be easily managed, and with great advantage and economy. The commanding officer would scarcely require to send out recruiting parties, for men on leave to their homes would practically act as such. If recruiting parties were required occasionally, the commanding officer would from his local knowledge be able at once to fix on the most suitable fields of action; and, moreover, he could ensure that none but efficient and thoroughly respectable men were enlisted. It would also be practicable to secure a plentiful supply of good recruits by establishing friendly relations with the surrounding civil authorities, clergymen, and landowners. But, indeed, solicitation would in all probability be quite unnecessary, and men, instead of needing to be persuaded to enlist, would come forward of their own accord to request admission into the regiment. The impulse given to recruiting through localization would, we believe, be greater than the general public can well imagine. All experienced officers know well that local connexion is of the utmost value in this matter. Recruiting operates at present by fits and starts. Sometimes it does not rain at all for months together, but when it does rain it pours. Recruits, especially in country places, are like sheep; where one leads the others follow blindly. When you get one popular man from a neighbourhood, his example is generally imitated by a dozen of his acquaintances; and if, as a rule, in granting commissions, gentlemen were as far as possible appointed to their local, or at least county, regiments, their influence would secure a constant supply of the best recruits. It would, no doubt, be impossible to obtain in all cases and at all times a sufficient number of recruits by regimental arrangements; but this difficulty might be met by establishing general recruiting centres at some of the principal towns in the kingdom—say, two in Ireland, and one each in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, and Glasgow. Only a small staff would need to be employed on this duty, and the recruits should be as far as possible sent off at once to the regiments which required them.

It is obvious that discipline would gain largely by a system of localization; for officers and men would be known to each other, and the influence of the former would consequently be much greater than at present. The connexion of officers and men would begin before enlistment, and would not terminate on discharge. The influence of friends and relations also could not fail to exercise a beneficial effect. The soldier would not, as at present, be lost in the ranks of the army, but would retain his individuality, would have a reputation to keep up, and would feel that others besides his military superiors took an interest in his good conduct. Every crime, even every petty offence of which he might be guilty, would come to the ears of those whose good opinion would affect his reputation as long as he lived. Home influence would no longer lose its hold over him, while, if he wished to desert, he would be restrained by the thought that quitting his colours meant banishment from all he held dear. Moreover, as a large portion of his military career would be passed among or near his friends and family, the inducements to desert would be much diminished. *Espirit de corps* also would be largely increased by localization, for the soldier would feel that he had not only the credit of his regiment, but also that of his parish and county, to keep up.

What the intention of the authorities may be with regard to the marriage of soldiers we know not. With the present short service and the constant change of quarters it would obviously be difficult to encourage it. If, however, a regiment were, during the greater part of its home service, kept in one station, and that station the centre of the district which supplied it with recruits, marriage, instead of being detrimental, might be rendered conducive to the interests of the service. A commanding officer could, under such circumstances, take care that none but respectable women able to contribute towards the family purse were placed on the list of recognized soldiers' wives. Women of this description would be desirable acquisitions to the military community, and, permission to marry being only given to the soldier as the reward of good conduct, the means of moral control at the disposal of the commanding officer would be increased. Further, no longer haunted by the dread of constant and expensive changes of quarters, soldiers' wives would be drawn from a better class of women than is the case at present, and they would be able to support themselves without that aid from the State in the shape of lodging-money which they now receive. Instead of lodging-money, employment might be found for them in the district or regimental workshops. The result of such measures would be increased comfort, sobriety, and discipline, and consequently greater efficiency and attachment to the service. Much has been said and written about employing soldiers in workshops, and enabling them to fill up their leisure by civil occupations. Under present circumstances the frequent and uncertain changes of quarters interpose great obstacles to the carrying out of such

plans; but if a regiment were kept for three or four years in its own district these obstacles would vanish.

We have said that localization would involve no addition to the estimates; we believe, indeed, that, even after allowing for the cost of a few general recruiting dépôts, there would be an absolute saving. The estimates appear to be purposely drawn up so as to baffie the inquiring zeal of economists; and we cannot, therefore, venture to give more than an approximate estimate of the saving which might thus accrue. In the last estimates the cost of recruiting parties is given as 13,000*l.*, besides 20,000*l.* for local dépôts for raising and training recruits for the regular and reserve forces, and for officers and men employed at schools of instruction for officers. In the preceding year, when no schools of instruction existed, 10,964*l.* was the amount estimated. Roughly disentangling the cost of the dépôts as regards the regular forces, we may fix the sum chargeable to recruiting and training recruits for the regular army at 22,500*l.* Consequently, as no training dépôts at all, and only a few general recruiting dépôts, would be required under a system of localization, we may assume that the saving would be hardly less than 20,000*l.* Again, were localization adopted, the aimless movements of troops in Great Britain and Ireland would be diminished by at least two-thirds. In the last estimates the cost of these movements, including the hire of horses, was 152,600*l.* It will not, therefore, be unreasonable to calculate the saving under this head at 100,000*l.* The cost of transport of stores is set down as 27,645*l.*, and that of regimental travelling expenses at 11,000*l.* Much of this expense, say 10,000*l.*, would be unnecessary in the event of localization. We arrive therefore at a rough estimate of saving of about 130,000*l.* per annum. Against it, however, must be set the cost of a few—now barracks, stores, arsenals, &c., and of keeping the troops in constant readiness to take the field. Still, even with this set-off, it is probable that in the course of a few years a considerable permanent saving might be realized.

We have hitherto dealt chiefly with the matter as affecting regiments individually, but the general advantages to the army are not less worthy of attention. By localization and the establishment of corps d'armée, we should be able to place the whole of our troops in the field in a state of readiness to commence a campaign at the very shortest notice. Every corps d'armée would be complete in itself, and would require for mobilization nothing beyond the mere order to effect it; and generals, staff, and regiments, being all intimately acquainted with each other, the army would be like a man-of-war which has been a long time in commission. Whether it were required to repel a hostile landing, or to despatch an expedition to the Continent, the system would be equally effectual for the purpose. Under such a system, and only under such a system, could efficient arrangements be made, by registering carts and horses, for supplying the transport required. The military topography and resources of each district would be thoroughly familiar to all, and the arrangements for every possible variety of operations would be prepared and recorded in the offices of the Staff. Finally, the military and the civil population would be drawn closely together, and the aid of the latter could be readily rendered and fully and systematically utilized. As the merits of such a scheme have long since been pointed out by able writers and practical soldiers, and as the experience of Prussia has proved its utility, it is difficult to conceive why Mr. Cardwell should not introduce it. At the worst harmless and inexpensive, the experiment is at least worth trying.

## REVIEWS.

### HELPS'S THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT.\*

THOSE who have read Mr. Helps's numerous writings on cognate subjects will anticipate the general tendency of his opinions on government. In his characteristically perspicuous style he points out the increasing complexity of human affairs, and the consequent inefficiency of private and personal action. A man may look at the moon without consulting his neighbours, but he will scarcely be able to buy a candle unless there is a shop in the neighbourhood; and when he requires gas he becomes dependent for light on those by whom it is manufactured and distributed. From similar results of civilization Mr. Helps infers that the province of government naturally becomes larger and larger; and with mild audacity he avows himself an advocate of paternal government, the alternative being in his opinion the fraternal government which derives its first precedent and its frequent practice from Cain and Abel. Historically the antithesis scarcely coincides with experience, for democratic nominalists or professors of fraternity are also the most fanatical believers in the wisdom and power of their ideal State. Modern French theorists are almost without exception utterly regardless of individual liberty; and their disciples in Europe, and even in America, openly denounce the national prejudice against official interference. To a certain extent it is undoubtedly true that communities, as they become more artificially civilized, require additional machinery for regulating their common affairs. The settler in a forest or a prairie, untrammelled, and often mismanaged, his own sanitary regulations, while the inhabitants of towns must necessarily combine, either of

\* *Thoughts upon Government.* By Arthur Helps. London: Bell & Daldy.

their own accord or by compulsion of law, if they require effective drainage. The supply on a large scale of necessities of life, such as gas and water, also becomes legitimately subject to legislative direction and to administrative control; and it is infinitely more convenient to be protected by a municipal police than by a casual aggregation of militant householders or private watchmen. Popular education, which had in Scotland and in several foreign countries long since been secured by legal provision, is now by general consent regarded in England as a matter which concerns the State. Unluckily the system of paternal government is liable to derangement when the heads of the household find in the management of the family the most appropriate field for fighting out their own domestic quarrels. In most departments of economic affairs the participation of the local or general government in administration is by general consent acknowledged to be useful; but the point at which official intervention becomes officious is a legitimate subject of controversy. The supply of gas and water has in many places been already entrusted to municipal authorities; and within a few years the remaining undertakings of the kind will probably be transferred to similar bodies; yet the change from Companies to Corporations will have been almost exclusively due to fiscal causes, which themselves depend on modern legislation. A quarter of a century ago a limit was imposed by Parliament on the dividends of gas and water Companies; and consequently the surplus profit belongs to the consumers, who are practically identical with the local community. To the shareholders, as soon as they become annuitants, it is indifferent whether they retain their property in its original form, or receive an equivalent payment; and in the majority of instances it is thought better that the beneficial owners of the estate should develop its resources. For the most part, the transfer is unattended by improvement or practical change in the administration. The details are necessarily confided to professional agents, who serve joint-stock proprietors or elected Town Councillors with impartial fidelity and zeal. If the Government, or rather the Legislature, had interfered a little earlier, it might perhaps have made slightly better terms for the consumer; but if it had meddled with the matter too early, it would have inflicted a heavy blow on enterprise and improvement.

Mr. Helps proposes only to correct in favour of paternal government the balance which, as he thinks, inclines too far in the opposite direction; but it may be doubted whether the ancient jealousy of supervision has not already been sufficiently impaired. Among all nations, the English and Americans, while they have depended least upon the State, have displayed the greatest faculty of organized co-operation. Little perversities, such as the unexpected shunting of trains in the awkward station at York, may possibly deserve Mr. Helps's censure; but perhaps he would have abstained from gibbeting the North-Eastern Company if he had known that they are at this moment providing for the removal of similar inconveniences by constructing at a great expense a new station open at both ends, where passengers will be able to resume their seats without a moment's perplexity. There is not much paternal government at York, but there is a great deal of it at Antibes. The reverence for the *consigne*, which, as all travellers know, forms a national religion in France, lately caused a score or two of dead bodies to be left for days without examination or recognition; nor are the friends of missing passengers at this day able to ascertain whether they perished in the frightful catastrophe. It is a smaller evil to run once or twice up and down the York platform than to be locked up in a den after the Continental fashion until the moment comes for a scramble into the carriages under the orders of imperious station-masters and guards. It is difficult to determine whether the abject submission of Frenchmen to administrative abuses, and the indignant resistance of Englishmen, is a cause or an effect of opposite systems. The wildest Jacobin at Paris or Antibes would never think of remonstrating against the heartless stupidity of the police. A traveller slightly hurried over his midnight coffee at York either writes to the *Times* or consigns his grievance to immortality in his published "Thoughts upon Government." The second series which Mr. Helps conditionally announces will illustrate by special instances the extent of the functions which he proposes to vest in the Government. It might at the same time be convenient to inquire into the nature of the Government itself. Sanitary regulations, for instance, must necessarily be entrusted to local authorities, who in modern times are elected by household suffrage. The Corporations of large towns have on the whole displayed an amount of public spirit and good sense which could scarcely have been expected from their origin. In default of the marked ability which is occasionally found among the members of the local parliament, Corporations are fortunately, like that of Ephesus, largely under the influence of their town clerks, who are with few exceptions eminent solicitors. With the aid of the borough engineer, the borough surveyor, and perhaps of the accountant, the Town Clerk induces the Mayor and Corporation to administer an approximately paternal government. The professional advisers consult the interests rather than the prejudices of the constituency with which they have only an indirect contract; but there are whole classes of abuses with which it would be dangerous to deal. The engine smoke which Lord Palmerston endeavoured to suppress in London is still emitted from the chimneys of every manufacturing town in England; and the discharge of mill refuse into the rivers is still perpetrated by the conscript fathers of the municipal community. In this case a central control is evidently required; and perhaps Mr. Stansfeld or his successors may contrive an adequate remedy.

The greater part of Mr. Helps's treatise is devoted to an examination of some of the methods by which administrative efficiency may be promoted. His long experience and his practical accuracy of observation give value to the expression of his judgment. On some points in which familiarity might have been expected to correct enthusiasm Mr. Helps seems to have indulged in imaginative dreams. During his whole official career he never knew of a job; and he believes in the Privy Council as heartily as if he had never entered its doors:—

The peculiar felicity of the constitution of the Privy Council consists in its including almost all those persons who have borne high office in the country. . . . It is most useful that there should be a body formed of the best men of business of all parties, from among whom Committees may be chosen to hear and decide upon many of the vexed questions of the day.

Mr. Helps must know best; but many persons not wholly ignorant of public affairs will be almost as much surprised to learn that "the power of calling such Committees into being has by no means fallen into desuetude" as when they are informed that for thirty years past patronage has been exclusively determined by merit. It is true that one of the two Supreme Courts of Appeal is technically described as a Committee of the Privy Council, and that its members are chosen without regard to political opinion; but it is a mere accident that actual or retired Judges are decorated with the rank of Privy Councillor; and Mr. Helps treats not of judicial, but of administrative, functions. It had been generally supposed that a lay Privy Councillor enjoys a titular sinecure as fully as if he had been created a baronet or appointed a Knight of the Bath. It is true that non-official persons, and sometimes political opponents of the actual Government, are commissioned to inquire into questions of importance; but it is not as Privy Councillors, but in virtue of their special commission, that they exercise their functions. Mr. Helps describes the Privy Council as "a consultative body, not of large numbers, not of one form of politics, not inexperienced in business, but which has the power to direct the immediate execution of the measures it may resolve to take." The official reports of the proceedings of the Privy Council always record the exclusive attendance of members holding executive office in the Government of the day; and the powers which are exercised beyond mere matters of routine really proceed from the President or Vice-President of the Council, both of whom are now members of the Cabinet. It may or may not be expedient that there should be a non-political Council entrusted with certain branches of administration, but, unless Mr. Helps has betrayed an official secret which had hitherto been rigidly kept, the Privy Council is either a name, or a department of the political and executive Government.

It is satisfactory to be assured by Mr. Helps that the permanent members of the Civil Service habitually co-operate in perfect harmony with their political chiefs. There is, indeed, no reason why any jealousy should exist between the motive power and the machinery to which it is applied. Every nation, directly or indirectly, chooses the depositaries of power, who in their turn depend on the possessors of administrative skill. In former times a King bore nearly the same relation to his Ministers which now exists between a Secretary of State and the permanent heads of his department. The higher authority can alone carry into effect what the official person may suggest or arrange in detail. In England the loyalty of subordinates has hitherto been secured by the happy circumstance that both classes of functionaries have consisted of gentlemen. It is possible that the same cheap device of universal competitive examination. Mr. Helps, in common with the great majority of experienced public officers, distrusts and disapproves the Chinese system of selection. It would perhaps not have been consistent with his plan to dwell on the importance of requiring in the civil servants of the State a certain social position. The training for examinations, though it may be intellectually mischievous, has the great and unforeseen advantage of being so expensive that it seems likely to be only adopted by the upper middle classes which under a more rational practice supplied recruits to the public offices. By preference Mr. Helps discusses less hackneyed questions, such as the advantages of statesmanlike foresight, and the inconvenience which arises from the want of time for statesmanship. The appropriateness of his citation of the Girondins as examples of want of foresight might be questioned on the ground that, if they were wholly wanting in providence, the defect was not redeemed by the possession of any moral or political quality which belongs to the character of a statesman. "There never, perhaps, was an instance in the world in which so many good men, having really great designs for the welfare of mankind, were so utterly deluded and deceived." If the Girondins had been good men, instead of being unprincipled fanatics, they would perhaps not have been so absolutely devoid of wisdom. The one consolatory event in the Reign of Terror, with the exception of the execution of the leaders of the Commune, is the destruction by more unscrupulous ruffians of the cutting men of blood who had not even the miserable excuse of being deliberately bloodthirsty. Pétion and Barbaroux, Brissot and Vergnaud, were as cruel as Robespierre as long as they had enemies or rivals to suppress, and they were almost exclusively responsible for the war which Robespierre desired to avert. They were parties to the massacre of the 10th of August, and to the judicial murder of the King; and they only ceased to promote the activity of the guillotine when their own necks were in danger. The great designs for the welfare of mankind, which consisted in a thorough-



and ignorant devotion to a republican form of government, however much it may be a subject of sympathy and approval.

Criticism of such a work as Mr. Helps's *Thoughts on Government* is necessarily desultory. A thoughtful man who has passed a busy life notes reflections, not as they might be arranged in a systematic theory, but in the casual order which depends on events and opportunities. The work is the result of thought and experience, and in every part it is suggestive of thought. The prophet of organization, who has often commented on the importance of details, unconsciously perhaps exemplifies his own doctrines in the transparent lucidity of his style, in the clearness of the print, and in the fulness of the index. There are no wanton obstacles to the convenient study of an instructive disquisition.

#### SOUTH SEA BUBBLES.\*

THIS is one of the liveliest books of travels that we have met with for some time. It records the experiences of two gentlemen during a yachting cruise in the South Seas. They describe themselves on the title-page as the Earl and the Doctor; and to the information so conveyed we can only add that the Earl, who is apparently the chief author, calls himself P., whilst the Doctor is described as K. As the number of earls' titles beginning with P. is decidedly limited, and as there are few amongst that limited number who are likely to have been yachting in the Pacific during the autumn of 1870, many of our readers will probably have little trouble in raising the thin veil of anonymity. We, of course, shall not attempt to do it for them; but we fancy that, from the internal evidence of the book itself, we can form a pretty fair guess at the author's character. He is obviously a young man, running over with a superabundance of animal spirits; he is a little inclined to indulge in downright slang—as, for example, when he calls one of the native rulers an "awful sweep"—and, in fact, to write with a free and easy disregard of the stricter proprieties of style. He has no scruple at occasionally firing off an outrageous pun; and he has no objection to something between a jest and a sneer at the most critical moments, and on the most serious subjects. Leaving a desert island in a small boat after a shipwreck, he remarks that the "proper platitude" on such occasions is "trust in Providence"; but he proceeds to explain, though meaning "no irreverence," that his view of his duty does not imply a belief in what is called a particular Providence; "two sparrows," he remarks, "do not fall to the ground without God knowing it, but the sparrows fall all the same." The Earl so far resembles a good many young English gentlemen of a lively, or, we might almost call it rollicking disposition, enjoying any pleasure that comes in their way without excessive scrupulosity, and inclined to make fun of everything, from lovely scenery up to theology. If he had been nothing more his book might have been one of those which, by revealing to us the character of the inferior variety of British traveller, unintentionally explain why he can be one of the most offensive of mankind. The Earl, however, is a good deal more. He has a very lively sense of beauty of all kinds, including that of the male and female islanders of the Pacific; he has plenty of humour; he shows a very kindly feeling towards his hospitable entertainers, and he writes with much apparent shrewdness as to the character of the missionaries and the queer white population of the Pacific. In short, he gives us the impression that there is genuine sense and feeling as well as humour under the superficial exuberance of slang and nonsense. If at times the latter qualities are a little too exuberant, we can forgive him in consideration of his merits, and we may hope that in the atmosphere of the House of Lords he will, as it were, become sufficiently oxidized with respectability. Yet even when that consummation is attained, we have no doubt that he will occasionally look back with a sigh to his picturesque Bohemia in the Pacific.

We have lately been inclined to fancy that the hero of *Locksley Hall* would find himself rather mistaken in seeking refuge from civilization in "the gateways of the day." Missionary reports will give you the impression that the valleys are filled with the sound of the churchgoing bells, that the inhabitants have ceased to be cannibals, have given up tattooing themselves, and have adopted white ties and black coats. The Parliamentary blue-books, on the other hand, make one fancy that a new slave trade is springing up which will speedily sweep the harmless islanders from the face of the earth. In each of these views there is some truth; but it is also true that many happy regions yet remain where the natives, still unspoiled by the white man's intrusion, remain what they were in the days of Captain Cook. The Earl is never tired of commending the graceful forms and the exquisite natural taste of the fair inhabitants. The glorious scenery and climate are propitious to happy indolent loafing. We have endless pictures of deep still lagoons, guarded by coral reefs from the ocean swell, the shores covered to the water's edge with rich vegetation, and a background of precipitous peaks rising in the distance. The natives are in harmony with the country. In an incredibly short time, says the Earl, "You feel a kind of really Christian brotherly love coming over you, a delicious indolence, a refined gentleness of temper, and a blunting of the edge of your moral sense." We know not how far it was owing to the personal qualities of their visitors, or how far it was in accordance with the ordinary

customs, that the inhabitants of all the islands visited appear to have given him an equally warm welcome. "Whenever he lands the nearest native receives him like a brother, presents him with coconuts, bananas, pigs, and fowls, and is absolutely sure if any hints are made at payment. The young ladies think nothing of proposing to accompany him back to his native land or elsewhere ten minutes after the first introduction. He goes with uncomfortable forebodings to a school inspection, remembering the nature of such performances at home. There girls, boys, and women are one and all crowned with wreaths of the loveliest flowers; the whole instruction appears to be carried on by singing and dancing, even the alphabet being converted into a "really pretty song"; and the girls manage to combine diction with arithmetic. At Raiatea we come upon the one disagreeable native encountered—namely, the "awful sweep" before mentioned; but even of him it is written that he has his good points, "the chief one being that when he is drunk he goes away on the loose, and when he is sober shuts himself up altogether." Moreover, his Queen, a "wonderfully pretty girl," called Moa, and described with infinite enthusiasm, made herself in every way so charming that the Earl was strongly inclined, on hearing of the "sweep's" death, to go back and make her an offer. At Raritonga, whilst attending church service, he remarks a native elder in proper clerical costume, with a mighty pair of spectacles, joining vigorously in the hymn, and precisely resembling a "very bilious Scotch preacher." Next day he is treated to a state reception by the King of the country. Sitting at the doorway of the palace, he remarks a crowd advancing, in front of whom, frisking, bounding, and gambolling with the wildest antics, comes a native in a coat of many colours, flourishing a strange weapon, half spear, half paddle, and delivering an address interrupted at every three words by a series of frantic howls. The orator, as it gradually becomes evident, is no other than the preacher aforesaid. Following his lead, deputation after deputation advances, with strange drummings, with inconceivable bellowings, with wild Pagan dances, in which the surrounding crowd joins with a will, and each deputation brings fresh heaps of presents—bananas, and pigs, and fowls, and mats, and ancient weapons, and shells, and, in short, specimens of all native "objects of art and science." The deputations plunge furiously at the Earl; "they embraced him whenever they could get hold of him; they crowned him with riva-riva crowns; they girded him with strange belts, and clothed him with wild-coloured matting, till he looked like a cross between a Roman Catholic priest in full canonicals and a youthful Bacchus." When the storm of kisses and embraces had partially lulled, the King's life-guard performed such a drill as never was performed before; in fact, by the description, it appears to have partaken far more of a scene in a ballet than of any operation known to military sciences. The overflowing enthusiasm of the simple savages was not satisfied even with these demonstrations; the yacht was speedily flooded with a crowd of excited girls and men, and the proceedings ended with a national dance so expressive and picturesque that the Queen finally interposed in the interests of propriety.

This appears to have been the culminating point of the festivities by which the fortunate Earl was everywhere greeted. We have no space to quote more—not even to tell how the lovely princess, the beauty of Samoa, chewed cava for him with her own fair mouth, and ultimately produced a drink which, though he describes it as tasting like "thin gruel, into which the slightest suspicion of white pepper and rhubarb had been cast," was delicious for the sake of the giver. This was unluckily the last entertainment of the travellers, for shortly afterwards their yacht was hammered to small pieces against a coral reef, and they escaped after considerable danger in their boats. The main object of the narrator is to explain to us how admirably his captain and crew behaved, and to express his own extreme dislike to figuring in a romantic adventure. He calls himself a fool, and denies that he is a hero. It would be uncivil to contradict a gentleman, and we will therefore only say that, when we are wrecked on a desert island in the Pacific or elsewhere, we shall be very willing, in spite of these little drawbacks, to accept him for a companion. We could at least depend upon him to see the comic side of the most tragic occurrence. Meanwhile we must add a word or two as to the more serious reflections which, in spite of his rollicking tone of high spirits, he has added in the last chapters of his book. Without attempting to analyse his account of missionary enterprise, his view would seem to be to the following effect. The good-natured kindly savages—if it is fair to call them savages—are thorough gentlemen, and possess every virtue under heaven, with two trifling exceptions; they are hopelessly lazy, and they hardly know what chastity means. The missionaries have succeeded in putting upon them a superficial varnish of Christianity, but the old character remains substantially unchanged. The old heathen dances, which were supposed to have been long ago suppressed, break out, as we have seen, at a moment's notice; and at intervals, people like the Maoris, who were supposed to be model converts, sometimes cast off their new creeds as easily as their clothes. The genuine South Sea islander appears to be, like Pope's women, "matter too soft a lasting mark to bear"; and though he may be easily governed, he can hardly be transformed in character. The Roman Catholic missionaries have great advantages over their Protestant rivals in the superiority of their discipline, and the more picturesque character of their worship. Yet if the Earl, who seems to have a hearty dislike to that form of religion, is to be trusted, these advantages are counterbalanced by their tendency to introduce political disturbances, by the con-

\* *South Sea Bubbles.* By the Earl and the Doctor. London: Bentley & Co.

picion with which the French are regarded in those seas, and by the more special and characteristic circumstance that the natives utterly refuse to see the advantage of celibacy:—

I will back [he says, in his characteristic style] half-a-dozen enthusiastic Jesuits or Marists, going the round of Polynesia, to do more to demoralize the people and shake what hold Christianity has upon them than five hundred of the most dissolute sailors.

The Wesleyans, on the other hand, are, we are told, not only tyrannical and given to insist upon Sabbathical observance and teetotalism, regardless of consequences, but are given to mixing commerce with conversion in a very questionable manner. The most successful missionaries, according to the Earl, are those employed by the London Missionary Society, principally because they take things more easily, and do not try to force ideas upon the natives for which they are not yet prepared. The great advantage of the Protestant labourers generally is in their wives, whose example does more than any number of sermons to teach the virtues of fidelity and domestic affection.

We give these opinions for what they are worth, and it is to be remembered that a very lively young gentleman receiving a series of "ovations" during three months' cruise in a yacht is hardly likely to get to the bottom of all the social and religious problems involved. His merits as a lively describer of a thoroughly free and easy and utterly unconventional mode of life are so great that he need not be ambitious to rival amateur compounders of blue-books.

#### FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.—VOL. IV.\*

(Second Notice)

AT the very opening of his reign, in the year of peace which followed his accession, William had already sketched out the main features of his policy—his conception of his own position as an English King, his resolve to unite England into a centralized kingdom by the destruction of the great Ealdoms, his system of administrative balance in the preservation of the Teutonic system of government and law face to face with the feudal institutions of the new military aristocracy. In the later chapters of the present volume Mr. Freeman has described the gradual working out of this conception when the ground had been thoroughly cleared by the years of gradual conquest. The ecclesiastical reforms of the King and his Archbishop, Lanfranc, are described carefully and with remarkable fairness; but "the general effect of Lanfranc's administration, the reform and revival of monasticism, the impulse given to learning," is reserved for an after volume. Even so, however, some use might, we think, have been made of Gundulf, whose personal life, so recently illustrated by Dean Hook, is passed over in silence to make way for his architectural efforts. On the other hand, Mr. Freeman has for the first time shown "the friendly relations which existed at the time between churchmen of Norman and of English birth," by his examination of a very curious document, a sort of bond of spiritual confederation between Bishop Wulfstan and his house at Worcester and the abbots of six monasteries, two of whom were foreigners and the rest English. The seven Abbots bind themselves into a brotherhood of devotion and mutual charity, and it clears away a good deal of misunderstanding about the real effects of the Conquest on the Church, when "we find prelates of foreign birth so readily taking their places alongside of the men of the conquered nation with whom they were brought into spiritual alliance." Here again Mr. Freeman is strongest on the constitutional side of the question. He dwells with much force on "the purely ecclesiastical character, unknown to English usage," which Lanfranc, with William's sanction, gave to the Councils which he held year after year for the reform of the Church.

In earlier days ecclesiastical and temporal causes had been heard, and ecclesiastical and temporal decrees had been passed, in the same assemblies, local and national. The practice of separating ecclesiastical and temporal affairs had even been solemnly condemned by a formal decree of a national Council. But this state of things was altogether opposed to the theories of ecclesiastical propriety which were held both by Lanfranc and by William. The episcopal laws which had been hitherto in force in England were now declared by King William and his Witan to be bad and contrary to the sacred canons. The Bishops were now forbidden to bring any cause which involved questions of Canon Law, or questions concerning the cure of souls, before the ancient courts of the shire and the hundred. Hitherto the Bishop had presided alongside of the Ealdorman, and the men of the shire had given judgment in matters alike ecclesiastical and temporal. The Bishops were now to hold courts of their own, in which alone matters of ecclesiastical concern were to be judged, and in which every man was bound to appear when summoned, no less than in the court of the civil magistrate. Here we have the beginnings of those specially ecclesiastical tribunals which, with lessened powers, have survived to our own day.

Of the conscientious motives which influenced both the King and the Primate there can be no possible doubt. But Mr. Freeman has omitted to notice how remarkably the arrangement suited both of the parties who concurred in it. The ecclesiastical theory of the time was flattered by the severance of the spiritual power from the civil; while the isolation of the Episcopate from the nation threw it during the Norman and Angevin reigns helplessly into the hands of the King.

There is, as we cannot help fancying, a certain tone of languor and weariness towards the close of the volume which perhaps accounts for Mr. Freeman's treatment of a part of his work which we should

have supposed would have especially called out his powers. The various measures by which William engrafted his peculiar modification of feudalism on the older English Constitution are all accurately described, but we have no such general picture of the new Norman Constitution as Professor Stubbs has given us in two or three pages of the wonderful Introduction which he has prefixed to his little volume of *Documents Illustrative of English History*. The new administrative developments which, if they do not begin with William, were rapidly pushed forward by him; the increased jurisdiction of the King's Courts; the silent growth of a ministry and judicature in the King's Chapel; the germs of the Exchequer which one finds, for instance, in the Domesday Commissions, are passed over with little notice. Nor, again, do we find the special character of English feudalism, or the differences which separated it from the feudalism of the Continent, insisted on with Mr. Freeman's usual vigour. On the other hand, he dwells with especial animation on William's love of the chase:—

We must remember that in those days hunting had, in many parts even of our own island, not yet wholly lost its original character of defensive warfare with the wild beasts. Scottish traditions speak of the bear as still lingering on in the eleventh century, and it is certain that, at all events in the less cultivated parts of Britain, the wolf still survived to prey on the flocks, and the wild boar to ravage the fields, of men who were striving to turn the wilderness into a fruitful field. The stag and the roe, in northern Britain even the rein-deer, were still untamed rangers of the wilderness, whose flesh was sought for as food, and whose haunts might be profitably cleared for the service of man. In such a state of things hunting might be a sport, as war might be a sport, but it was something more. It was always a business; it might often be a duty.

With Ælfred, for instance, the chase had been as much a part of his Royal office as war or government; and even in the later legislation of Cnut, in the earliest Forest Law, the special claims of the Royal hunters had not interfered with the general right of every subject to slay the wild beasts on his own ground. But "with William a new period in these matters begins." What had been every man's duty was changed into the mere sport of a few privileged kings or barons, and Mr. Freeman finds in the Conqueror and his sons the first instances of that peculiar form of modern enjoyment which seeks pleasure "in the wanton infliction of suffering and death." He has perhaps borne a little too hardly on the Norman Kings, in failing to remark how inevitable such a change was as the waste progressively disappeared before the efforts of the cultivator while the habits of the Kings or nobles remained unchanged, and while the chase afforded their one means of escape, save war, from the tedium of their homes. But the observation is a very striking one, and it throws a new and satisfactory light on the bitter outbreak of the Chronicler against the new Forest Laws, and the resolute opposition of the people to them through two centuries of struggle with their Kings. As to the New Forest itself, Mr. White has, if we remember rightly, shown that there is a vast deal of exaggeration in the contemporary accounts of William's devastations, that the villages and churches, for instance, which he is said to have demolished, went on quietly enough within the extended bounds of the Forest itself. The moment indeed we get rid of the modern notion of "Forest" as woodland, and conceive of it in the mediæval fashion simply as land exempt from the common law and subject to peculiar provisions respecting the chase, the creation or extension of Forests ceases to be a very terrible matter, and certainly does not necessarily mean the "devastation of a large tract of fertile country." Any one who knows the New Forest knows that very comfortable villages and homesteads still exist within its bounds.

This enclosure of the New Forest, however, plays, next to the execution of Waltham, the most prominent part in Mr. Freeman's theory, or rather in the contemporary English theory which Mr. Freeman has taken whole from the Chronicler and Orderic, respecting the later years of the Conqueror. With these crimes his glory is supposed to have been changed into shame, and his reign to have died out in disappointment and defeat. The theory was a natural one with any Englishman of the time, and it harmonized with the feeling of the age on the vanity of earthly glory, which we find in Orderic, as we find it in Henry of Huntingdon:—

On the guilt [says Mr. Freeman] followed the punishment. William's later days of domestic trouble, of shame and defeat, the disgraces of his arms, the mysterious deaths of his offspring—events which have no parallel in the history of his earlier days—were, so men then deemed, so many strokes of the avenger to requite the blood of Waltham, and the ruined homes and churches of Hampshire. To speculations beyond this range the historian can say neither "yes" nor "nay."

Facts, as is very often the case, will save the historian from the necessity of deciding on speculations. During the eleven years which are used to "point a moral and adorn a tale," William remained, beyond doubt, the most powerful monarch in Christendom. Without, he was strong enough to hold even Hildebrand at bay. At home his rule was unbroken by a single revolt. He was strong enough to crush the intrigues of Bishop Odo with a single blow. After two years of preparation the Danish fleet did not venture to attack him in his island realm. The Great Harry, and the completion of his system of legislation, mark these years off supposed decadence. His "domestic trouble" arose simply from the worthlessness of Robert; and the rebellion of one son—a rebellion extinguished almost without an effort—was more than compensated by the fidelity and affection of his two younger sons. The death of a single son is no very rare calamity in a family. The "mysterious" death of his daughter rests on a slender legend. The "shame and defeat" involve themselves into a round about at the hand of his son and a repulse before Dol, for his withdrawal

\* *The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results*. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College. Vol. IV. The Reign of William the Conqueror. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1871.

from St. Beanne was simply to meet danger elsewhere. Such events, at any rate, are too small to overload the greatness and glory of the last eleven years of William's reign. The view of his government during this period is fair and just, both in its notice of the order he preserved and of the peculiar character of the oppression which was practised under the forms of law. In his mention of the Judicial Duel, Mr. Freeman might have noticed the abhorrence with which the introduction of it seems to have been regarded by the English. The later history of either Leicester or St. Edmondsbury shows how dearly they were ready to pay to free themselves from its yoke. But the most novel part of Mr. Freeman's close lies in his narrative of the revival of the Benedictine monasticism in the North. From all the country north of the Humber the monks had been cleared away by the sword of the Danes, and Selby was the first religious settlement in the old Northumbria. The true revival, however, dates from the arrival of Prior Baldwin of Winchcombe with two brethren from Corham. "The three set forth on foot, with an ass to carry their books and vestments," and finally settled in the ruins of Jarrow. Among those who followed their example was one whose story furnishes an admirable illustration of the time:—

Turgot, in after days Prior of Durham, Bishop of Saint Andrews, and biographer of the holy Queen Margaret, was an Englishman of noble birth in the parts of Lindsey. Already, it would seem, a priest, he was given to William as one of the hostages for the obedience of his shire. Kept in ward in the castle of Lincoln, he escaped by dint of a bribe to his keepers, and made his way to a Norwegian ship in the haven of Grimsby. In that very ship certain ambassadors from King William to King Olaf of Norway had already taken their passage. The hostage had been sought for in the ship by the King's officers, but the friendly Northmen kept him hidden till the ship had actually sailed. Then the hostage for whom such search had been made suddenly appeared before the astonished eyes of the envoys. They called on the sailors to turn back again, that the King's fugitive might be delivered up to him. The Northmen refused, and William's ambassadors had to put up with the company of the man who was fleeing from William's prison. The English priest was received in Norway with all honour, and the pious King Olaf took him as his master in divine things. But the heart of Turgot was ever and anon stirred by calls to the monastic life. At last, enriched with the gifts of the friendly Norwegian King, he set sail to return to England.

Eventually Turgot settled at Wearmouth, and revived the old religious house of Benedict Biscop. The story throws light on the dispersion of the English exiles after the Conquest, which is yet more remarkably brought out in Mr. Freeman's monograph on the Varangian body-guard at the Court of Constantinople.

In any review of such a volume as this it is impossible to do justice to the amazing research and critical judgment displayed throughout, or to notice all the points on which light has for the first time been thrown. The Hereward story, for instance, is cleared from its veil of legend; and William's policy towards Ireland is explained by his design of adding it to his dominions. The appendices are, as before, models of critical investigation, though we are sorry to find that the mystery about the siege of Oxford remains, after all Mr. Freeman's trouble, as great as before. The merits as well as the faults of his style remain unchanged. He is still forcible and exact, he still rises to a severe eloquence on great matters; but there is still the same tendency to diffuseness and repetition, and what we must call, for want of a better word, allusiveness. People are described by their titles or their fathers' names, or by some exploit or characteristic, when their own names would serve the purpose far better. The least satisfactory bit in the whole volume is unfortunately the description of William's death. But if anything could atone for this, it would be the new touch of interest which Mr. Freeman has added to the after-story in his description of the fire which broke out at the Conqueror's burial. There are a few minor points which suggest themselves as we close. "Cenomanians" is an awkward phrase when "Mancels" exists in Wace and the dialect of the country to-day. The special meaning of the word "Commune," the founding a new liberty on the "conjuratio" of the guild brethren rather than on any traditions of the past, is hardly brought out in the account of the rebellion of Le Mans. A false impression is produced when Mr. Freeman translates the "barbari" of Orderic or William of Poitiers as "barbarians." It is merely a bit of the false classicism of the time; and Lanfranc, in using the phrase of the English, simply meant "strangers," as Lambert did when he used it of the Normans themselves. But specks of this sort do little more than bring out the general accuracy with which the vast mass of information which Mr. Freeman has brought to bear is treated throughout. We shall look forward with interest to the new volume which is to complete the history of the Conquest.

#### HENCE JONES ON THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.\*

IT can hardly have been possible to make a book of very lively or absorbing interest out of the history of the Royal Institution. But it cannot in fairness be denied that Dr. Hence Jones, out of the materials at his disposal, and within the scope to which his subject naturally limited itself, has succeeded in making up a volume of much value as the record of a movement which has had an important influence upon the progress of science in this country. Besides availing himself with due effect of the opportunities afforded him by his official position at Secretary to the Institution in Albemarle Street, he has searched widely and for the most part forgotten facts bearing upon its history and development.

\* *The Royal Institution, its Founder, and its First Progress.* By Dr. Hence Jones, Honorary Secretary. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

A great part of the volume, and that which will largely attract have the chief interest for readers at large, naturally treats of the history of biographical notices of the founder and of the successive generations of scientific men whose discoveries or teachings have given to the Institution a place of power in the world of intellect. The rapidly evanescent as regards the public at large is the glory of the pioneers or conquerors of nature, that the achievements, if not the very name, of Count Rumford may need to be recalled by somewhat of an effort to the minds of the existing generation. The "phenomenon" of his day, who, in a term of years within the ordinary span of life, had made his mark upon well nigh every department of human energy and knowledge, may well claim to have the monument of his genius and toil set in its fitting light before the eyes of posterity, and the lines which record his merits chiselled, so to say, afresh after half a century of decay. A life of Rumford, written by Dr. G. E. Ellis, of Boston, for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, has furnished many particulars unattainable before, which have been supplemented by despatches and letters in the manuscripts relating the American War in the library of the Royal Institution, as well as by the unpublished correspondence of Sir Joseph Banks in the archives of the Foreign Office and in the State Paper Office.

The descendant of a certain James Thompson, who in 1630 landed at Charlestown, Massachusetts, as one of Winthrop's company, and settled at Woburn, about ten miles thence inland, Benjamin Thompson was born March 26, 1753, at his grandfather's farmhouse at Woburn. At the age of three the child lost his father, Captain Ebenezer Thompson, and his mother married again. He was not however neglected; but, though described as fickle and careless and disliking regular work, he had the benefit of a good grammar school, such as the law of Massachusetts required in every village, and he made special progress in arithmetic. Quick and energetic in his own way, he had a special aptitude for mechanical work, and at fourteen turned out a machine of his own for solving the problem of perpetual motion. Seeming unfit to be made a farmer, he was apprenticed for a while to a general goods dealer at Salem, and at the age of seventeen to a store-keeper of the same class at Boston. As early as this he was writing upon light, heat, and the wind, making fireworks, getting himself an electrical machine, and drawing caricatures. After grounding himself for eighteen months under Dr. John Hay in anatomy, chemistry, materia medica, surgery, and physics, followed by a medical course at Cambridge, he became master of a school at Concord, New Hampshire, formerly called Rumford. Here was the crisis of his life which doubtless in later years prompted his choice of a title. His marriage with a rich widow, Mrs. Rolfe, made him one of the chief men of the place. A major's commission in one of the provincial regiments introduced him to a military career. The breaking out of the War of Independence seems to have found him wavering in his choice of a side, but he is ultimately found in the King's service, and sent to England in March 1776 with the news of the evacuation of Boston. Here his scientific tastes brought him into notice among the leading men of intellect, and he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1778, after having contributed to the *Philosophical Transactions* several papers upon gunpowder and projectiles, a subject which he had experimentally studied during a cruise on board the fleet. Meanwhile he had been engaged in the political service of the Government, and served as Under-Secretary of State for the Northern Department. In 1781 he was appointed Colonel of the King's American Dragoons, and was despatched with his regiment to Charlestown, serving with distinction until the disbanding of that corps at the close of the war. Love of a military life induced Colonel Thompson to embark in 1783 for the Continent, intending to seek service in the war expected to come off between Austria and the Turks. The "grand Gibbon," as the vainglorious historian styles himself, mentions meeting "Mr. Secretary-Colonel-Admiral-Philosopher Thompson" on board the Calais packet, September 17. An accident changed the course of Thompson's career. Such was the impression produced by him at Strasburg upon Prince Maximilian, afterwards Elector and King of Bavaria, that an offer was at once made him of military service under the Bavarian crown. Knighted by George III., Sir Benjamin Thompson received the King's permission to close with the offer.

The wonderful energy and versatility of his character now found a fitting field for its exercise. His first work in Bavaria was to rearrange the military service, and to introduce a new system of order, discipline, and economy among the troops. Ever mindful, he writes, of that great and important truth, that no political arrangement can be really good except in so far as it contributes to the general good of society, he made it his endeavour to render the military force even in times of peace subservient to the public weal, "to make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers." Fixed garrisons were formed, to which were attached military gardens, especially for the culture of the potato, and work-houses for the manufacture of clothing and accoutrements for the army, upon which, after six years, a net profit was declared at Munich alone of 100,000 florins. Of none of Thompson's measures was he more proud than of employing the army to sweep away the swarms of beggars, thieves, and vagabonds by which the country was infested. A system of mounted police was formed out of four regiments of cavalry. To make the soldiers and abandoned happy, the general idea had been first to make them virtuous. Reversing the maxim, Thompson would make them "first happy, and then virtuous." A public building on a large scale was made to comprise a public kitchen, a bakehouse,

an eating-room, workshops for carpenters, smiths, turners, tool-makers, spinners of cotton, wool, and worsted, weavers of all kinds, dyers, fullers, and those engaged in washing. At this house of industry as many as 1,500 people were sometimes fed in one day, at a cost for fuel of no more than twelve kreutzers—fourpence-halfpenny. There is no little mystery as to how the funds for this gigantic phalanstery, which seems to combine much of the national workshops of French Socialists with sundry of the objects of Mr. Scott Russell's Committee, were forthcoming, and what was its ultimate financial or social success. We hear of subscriptions being invited, and gifts of bread, meat, and clothing being taken in. The work done was paid for; and the greater part being destined for the army, the result was doubtless for a while a great stimulus to trade and manufacture at the public expense. No wonder that when the great director of all this combined philanthropic and economic machinery was reported to be dangerously ill at Naples, the poor of Munich in multitudes put up prayers in church for him, Protestant as he was. In 1791 he was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, having been previously raised to the rank of major-general and Privy Councillor of State, and placed at the head of the War Department.

In 1795 Count Rumford again visited London, and here he promulgated, in an essay upon provision for the poor, with especial reference to his Munich establishment, the original idea of the Royal Institution. A light which will be entirely new to most people in this country is thrown by Dr. Bence Jones upon the primary design of this establishment, by the publication of Rumford's prospectus, dated January 1, 1796. This was a proposal for "forming in London by private subscription an establishment for feeding the poor, and giving them useful employment, and also for furnishing food at a cheap rate to others who may stand in need of such assistance." Connected with it, yet essentially subsidiary to it, was an "institution for introducing and bringing forward into general use new inventions and improvements, particularly such as related to the management of heat and the saving of fuel, and the various other mechanical contrivances by which domestic comfort and economy may be promoted." A public kitchen was to form the first nucleus of this institution, which was taken up by a number of distinguished and benevolent personages, the King himself accepting the office of patron. It was as a Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor that its founder continued to refer to it in his letters from abroad to the managing Board after the scheme had been fairly launched. It is interesting, and we need scarcely add gratifying, to note, by the aid of Dr. Bence Jones's records, the steps whereby the philanthropic element of the design gradually merged in the scientific. The process was aided in the main by an intermediate portion of Rumford's scheme—the formation of a class of working mechanics, whose lack of knowledge was to be supplied by instruction in science and the arts, while work was to be allotted to them under the eye of the officers and lecturers of the Institution. In a large room on the ground-floor "we built up," writes Webster, the architect of the Institution, "for practising the men, chimneys and fireplaces of all kinds in a slight manner, pulled them down, and built up others. We fitted up improved fireplaces within, models of old-fashioned cottage chimneys, also boilers of various kinds, and showed how smoky chimneys might be cured," &c. Eighteen or twenty young men were to be boarded and lodged in the house. It was not till the second and much ampler prospectus of 1800, put forth by Count Rumford, that anything was said about providing attractions for the rich and diffusing a spirit of experimental investigation among the higher ranks of society. The setting up of a printing-press within the premises, primarily for the publication of the journals of the Institution, together with the appointment of a professor of natural philosophy and chemistry, "to the end that no false scientific doctrine might be taught at the Institute," and for the superintendence of all the philosophical experiments to be carried on thereat, were steps of progressive importance towards the mission which the Institution has since fulfilled in the world of science.

Its later history is bound up with the lives and the scientific discoveries of the able men who have in succession worked in its laboratory and lectured in its theatre. Of Dr. Garnett, the first lecturer, who held the post for less than two years, there is not much that Dr. Bence Jones has found to tell us. Nor in his lives of Young and Davy has he added much to what was generally known of the careers and labours of those distinguished men. His pages are more occupied with minute details from the journals of the Institution than with the strides in scientific progress which, by the agency of its illustrious staff, it has been the means of making good. There can be little doubt that the crisis in its life coincides with the retirement of its founder from the dictatorship which he exercised over it, and the consequent abandonment of the philanthropic crotchets which would have made science a mere stalking-horse, if not a laughing-stock. Of Rumford's personal qualities Dr. Bence Jones speaks with a tenderness which is pardonable in one writing, so to say, as the mouthpiece of the eccentric Count's darling creation. But it is impossible to keep back the impression of egotism, of fustian, and of inordinate self-sufficiency which every word and deed of his went to form in the minds of those who had to do with him. This idea of his character breaks out most fully in the otherwise friendly *éloge* of him pronounced by Olivier before the French Academy, January 9, 1815. In his public services and benevolent enterprises, it was not love for mankind so much as the love of dominating and ordering them

about that animated Rumford. He had the ideas of a show-master or the pedantic absolutism of a mandarin. It seemed, said Olivier, as though all the low passions which he had been wont to observe in the wretches under his care, or in those whom his own good fortune had made jealous, had poured him against human nature. In milder terms Dr. Young speaks of Rumford as "ambitious of fame and distinction, and having too great a propensity to dictate without sufficiently regarding the opinions of those who were of equal authority with himself." The closing years of Rumford's life were clouded by domestic troubles as well as by bickerings with the French savants. Having lost his wife in 1792, he was induced to contract, in 1804, a marriage with Madame Lavoisier, the widow of the celebrated chemist, which ere long resulted in bitter quarrels, and eventually in a formal separation. To his daughter by the earlier marriage he writes of the "horrible purgatory" of the three and a-half years that he was living with that "tyrannical, avaricious, unfeeling woman." On the other hand, his daughter, even after the separation, was charmed with her, and speaks of her "truly admirable character." With this more favourable view agrees M. Guizot's glowing picture of her, drawn in 1841, five years after her death. The source of difference is probably to be found in the intense individuality and irrepresible force of will which belonged to each partner in the ill-assorted match. With all Rumford's faults of temperament, there can be no dispute as to his powers of intellect or his services to science. Not to speak of his indirect contribution to the cause of knowledge in the Institution which owes to him its existence, there were in his multitudinous writings the germs of not a few of the leading discoveries of the last half-century. On the subject of light and heat in particular, with their relation to motion, his experiments and reasonings entitle him to a permanent place among the foremost ranks of physical discoverers. Rumford's genius, energy, and fertility of resource were such as could not fail to leave their mark upon any age. We cannot help wondering at what particular point they would have placed him among the political schemers and scientific workers of our day.

ANDREW BORDE.\*

WE have been too slow in noticing a very curious book. We will lay aside all cavils whether books of the reign of Henry the Eighth come within the natural scope of an Early English Text Society, when we get matter of such intrinsic interest as Mr. Furnivall has now given us. Nay, we will go further. In consideration of the curious descriptions of foreign parts given us by Andrew Borde, we can even forgive the astounding gambols of his Editor. We feel fairly carried into Wonderland, or into regions behind the Looking-Glass, when a grave philologist at the end of his preface—we beg pardon, his Forewords—scries out, "Oh, fair-haired Alice, how well you waltz!" We can smile complacently while Mr. Furnivall tells us about his games with his boy, his long walks with his wife, his races, picnics, drives, visits, dances, and chats, and how "the angry roar of war came to trouble his sweet content, and made him feel it wrong almost to think of private pleasures or Society's work." While Mr. Furnivall was waltzing with fair-haired Alice, and otherwise so enjoying himself with "pleasant outdoor country life" that he could not work in the midst of it, the German war came into his Paradise like the Jabberwock, and made it impossible to take any interest in "printer's dates, or Bourde's allusions." Mr. Furnivall heads the last page of his Forewords, "Hard to work in the country. Woe to Louis Napoleon." Let Mr. Furnivall speak for himself. There are those who willingly said Amen to Mr. Furnivall's anathema, but who are so far from admitting Mr. Furnivall's dogma that it is impossible to work in the country that they do not understand how anybody can work anywhere else.

But, leaving the caperings of Mr. Furnivall, and stifling our desire to learn something more as to the adventures of the fair-haired Alice, we will turn to the life and works of Dr. Andrew Borde. His life was a strange one. He was brought up at Oxford, and became a Carthusian monk while still under age. Mr. Furnivall thinks it necessary to refute the opinion of Mr. Lower that he was the same as a certain Andrew Borde, a *notions or villain regardant* who was set free by a deed of George Neville, Lord Abergavenny, in the second year of King Henry the Eighth. The personal question is of no great moment; but the existence of villains to enfranchise so late as 1510 is a fact to be noticed. It is well known that villainage was never formally abolished in England, but that it died out by the gradual enfranchisement of all the members of the villain class. It is also well known that cases of villainage can be found a good deal later than 1510. Still by that time we are getting so near to the disappearance of the class that each case of enfranchisement may be looked upon as a personal step towards its extinction. What whether or not Andrew the monk was or was not the same person as Andrew the villain, we presently, in 1521, hear of his being "dispensed with the religion" by a Papal Bull, in order to be a villainum to

\* *The First Book of the Introduction of Knowledge made by Andrew Borde of Physicke Doctor. A Compendious Treatise or a Summary of Health, made in Hightyngton, Composed by Andrew Borde of Physicke Doctor. Borne in the Defence of the Bishop of Tournay, and was the first of Doctor Borde's upon his travels. Edited with a life of Andrew Borde, and large extracts from his writings, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq. London: Published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner & Co. 1870.*



Robert Sherton, Bishop of Chichester, an aged prelate, who had been largely employed in diplomacy under Henry the Seventh, and who is locally famous as the founder of certain prebends and as the builder of the episcopal dining-room. It seems, however, that Borde never actually became a Bishop, and eight years later, in 1539, he was again "disposed of religion" for quite another purpose—namely, in order to go abroad and study medicine. Somehow or other, whether at Montpellier or anywhere else, he must have taken the degree of Doctor in that faculty; but the notion that he took such a degree at Oxford is by Mr. Furnivall vigorously scouted as "gammon." He seems to have led a strange, wandering, and not altogether reputable life, being several times charged with incontinence, and getting into prison more than once on different charges. In fact he seems to have died in the Fleet Prison; at all events he was there when he made his will in 1549. His story is chiefly made out from his letters to Cromwell and others, many of which Mr. Furnivall prints at large. In one letter, bearing date 1536, he tells Cromwell "pat I am now in Skotland, in a litle myuersyte or study namyd Glasco, wher I study and practyse physsyk, as I have done in dyverser regyons and prouncees, for pe sustenacyon off my lyuyng"; in another place we come once more across the city of Chester and the impenetrable darkness which seems to brood over its ecclesiastical foundations, handed on perhaps from the days of the Chester mysteries. Borde has occasion to mention "pe ryxth honorable eschyre master Cromwell, and my lord of Chester." Mr. Furnivall puts in a note—"A Prior. Henry VIII., when Prince of Wales, was Earl of Chester. The Bishopric of Chester was erected 4 Aug. 1542." We do not see what these two indisputable propositions, the former of which is as true of the present Prince of Wales as it was of his predecessor, have to do with Borde's very natural description of "my lord of Chester," by which he of course means the Abbot of St. Werburgh's. Borde's writings were very miscellaneous and very curious. Mr. Furnivall gives us in the Forewords large extracts from those which he does not print at length, but we have the full text of what is doubtless the most curious of all—"The fyrst boke of the Introduction of Knowledge." "Dedycated to the right honorable and gracious lady Mary, daughter of our souerayne Lorde Kyng Henry the eyght." Here we have the text with the original woodcuts, the whole fairly answering the promise in the title:—

The whych dothe teach a man to speake parte of all maner of languages, and to know the usage and fashion of all maner of countreys. And for to know the most parte of all maner of coynes of money, the whych is currant in every region.

The book is most curious and amusing throughout. Borde goes through nearly all Europe, besides some small excursions into other parts of the world, and everywhere he gives both a verified and a prose account of the country and its inhabitants, headed by a grotesque woodcut. In most cases, but not in all, the description is followed by a specimen of the language of the country, with an interlinear English version. Like a good philologist, he commonly chooses the numerals among his specimens. We thus get the exact measure of Borde's attainments in the matter of language, and we see how different tongues sounded in the ears of an intelligent Englishman of the sixteenth century. He begins with England, and, whereas in other cases the inhabitant is drawn in the costume of his country, the Englishman appears unclothed, with a piece of cloth and a pair of shears ready to cut his garments according to the fashion of the moment. Of the English language he unpatriotically says:—

The speche of Englande is a lase speche to other noble speches, as Italian, Castyllon, and Frenche; howbeit the speche of Englande of late dayes is amended.

This amendment, as Mr. Furnivall hints in a note, doubtless means the displacement of true English words by "long Latin and Greek coinages." The accounts of Cornwall, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland are most curious. Of Cornwall he says that it has two languages, "the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other is Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the whiche cannot speake one worde of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe." The naughty English would seem, as might be expected, to be West-Saxon; at least the Cornishman is made to say *iche* where the Englishman says, in modern form, *I*. He gives a specimen of Cornish and afterwards a specimen of Welsh; but he makes no remarks on the likeness between the two tongues. But after he has given his specimen of Irish, and moves into Scotland, he says with great truth:—

In Scotland they have two sondry speches. In the northe parte, and the parte luyng to Ierland, that speche is muche lyke the Iryshe speche. But the south parte of Scotland, and the vssall speche of the Peeres of the Realme, is lyke the northern speche of Englande.

Borde's verses on the Welsh, Cornish, Irish, and Scots are throughout bitterly satirical. And he takes care to tell us that "Scotland is a kyngdome, the kyng of the whyche hath in olde tyme come to the parliament of the kyng of England, and hath be subject to England." He has also a curious remark on the ecclesiastical position of England. It would hardly have done in his time to talk about "alterius orbis Papa," but he sets forth the same doctrine in another shape:—

In Englande is a metropolitane, the whych is a patriarche; and there be now but few; for there was a patriarche of Iherusalem, there is a patriarche of Constantinople, and there is a patriarche of Antioch; but different patriarches, not one for one, so many byschops under them as the patriarches of metropolitane of Englande.

After Scotland he goes to Shetland, &c., as he writes St. Shetland, and then to "Fryce" or "Fryceland," where he comments on the freedom still retained by the inhabitants, who "while they be subject to no man, although they be vnder the Emperours dominion." "Theyr speche," he adds, "is lyke to base Germanys spech; it doth dyffer but lytle." He makes the same remark on the speech of Flanders, Holland, Brabant, "Hanago," Gelderland, "Cleuelonde," "Gulyk," and "Lowke." The speech of all these countries is "Base Doche," though in "Hanago," "they do spake in diuers places, as well Frenche as Doche." At last we get a special chapter of "base Almayn," with a specimen of the speech, and the geographical description of its extent:—

Base Almayne, or base Doche londe, rechyth from the hydermost place of Flaunders and Hennago, to the cite of Menne, and to Argentyn, as some Doche men holdeth opynyon.

Argentyn, we suppose, is Argentoratum or Strassburg. He goes on to tell us that "the cheefe Cyte of Doche land or Almayne is the noble cyty of Colyn."

Then follows "Hyghe Almayne or hyghe Doch lond," and Borde has hardly got there before he begins to make mock of "yonkers." As for the geography of the country:—

Hyghe Almayne, or hyghe Dochelond, begynneth at Mene, and some say it begynneth at Dorne, and contayneth Swaerlond, or Swachlond, and Baselond, and the hylles or mountayne of the most part of Alpes, stretching in length to a town called Trent-by-yonde the mountayns; half the towne is Doche, and the other half is Lombardy. There is a greates difference betwixt Hyghe Almayne and Base Almayne, not only in theyr speche and manere, but also in theyr lodgyng, in theyr fare, and in theyr apparell.

He then goes to Denmark, where he remarks that "theyr speche is Doucho," a remark true only in the widest sense of the word. Thence he comes into Saxony, which he describes as a "Dukedom-shyp, And holdeth of hymselfe." Led astray by a name, he begins to "maruel greatly how the Saxons should conquere Englonde, for it is but a smalle countre to be compared to Englonde." Their speech, we need hardly say, is "Doch speche," but what chiefly strikes Andrew Borde in Saxony is the prevailing innovations in religion:—

They do not regarde the byshoppes of Rome, nor the Romayne, for certayne abusions. Martyn Luter and other of hys factours, in certayne thynges dyd take synistrell opinions, a concernyng prelates to hau wyues, with such like matters.

This description Mr. Furnivall seems not to understand, for he adds in a note:—

Andrew Borde speaks, I suppose, as a Saxon heretic here (Pope = Bp. of Rome), Romanist though he had been, and condemning Luther as he does in the next lines.

Andrew Borde does not at all speak as a Saxon heretic, but as a dutiful subject of King Henry the Eighth, who dedicated his book to that King's daughter. In the eyes of such a one the Saxons were praiseworthy in so far as they had cast off the usurped authority of the Bishop of Rome, blameworthy in so far as they had fallen into the heretical innovations of Martin Luther. Then comes the kingdom of "Boeme," where also Borde is scandalized at the heresies of the natives, and somewhat strangely reports their speech, without any qualification, to be "Doch." Yet more strangely, in the kingdom of "Poll," he pronounces the speech to be "corrupt Doche," and in his eyes "the speche of Hungary is corrupt Italian, corrupt Greke, and Turkeysh." It is plain that Borde, who seems to have been a fair Teutonic and Celtic scholar, had not ventured on Slavonic, much less on Magyar; but when he reaches Greece he carefully distinguishes between "the trewe Greke" and "such Greke as they do speke at Constantynople and other places in Grece," and he gives specimens of both. But here we cannot exactly follow Andrew's geography. Greece in his eyes is a land "by-yonde Hungary; it is a great region and a large countre." It contains seven provinces:—"Dalmacye, Epire, Elades, Tessely, Macodyny, Acayra, Candy, and Cicladea." He knows that now the Turk has it under his dominion, but he still seems to think that St. Sophia is a Christian church "in the whyche be a wonderfull syght of prelates." He has elsewhere a separate chapter of the Turks and of Turkey, but he gives no geographical limit to the country. He gives the Turkish numerals, and also the Egyptian, and ends with the Jews and "Jury," where he draws much the same distinction between good and bad Hebrew which he had already made between good and bad Greek. We hurry over the Italian part, curious as it is, but we must notice that when he comes to France he strongly asserts the right of England to "Aqynty, Gascony, Bion, and Normandy." In the Spanish peninsula he somewhat curiously distinguishes "Catalony and the kingdom of Aragon," "Andalase," "Cyuel," "the kyngedome of Portygale," "Spayne," "the kyngedome of Castyle and of Biscay," and "the kyngedome of Neuer." It is not easy to see what he meant distinctively by Spain. He tells us that "Byskay and Castyle is under Spayne." "The cheife cities and townes in Spayne is Burges and Compostel," and "theyr spech is Castylion." "The spech of Portygale" also "is Castilyone; how be it in some certen wordes they doth swerue from the true Castylion speche." But it marks Borde's accuracy that, in counting up the Spanish kingdoms of Charles the Fifth, he reckons only "part of the kingdom of Neuer." He remarks that "the Emproure doth ly much in Catalony," and heads the chapter with the image of Charles so clearly marked by his imperial crown as to need no superscription. Mr. Furnivall adds in the margin the strange comment, "The Emperor of Austria dwells in Catalonia." The important bearing which these descriptions of Borde's

have on various points will be easily seen by the discerning reader. We confess that we envy him his power of talking of "Acon," "Colyn," and "Lewke," but anything is better than betraying cities of the Empire to the Welsh enemy.

#### MORLEY'S VOLTAIRE.\*

THERE is an amusing passage in one of Sainte-Beuve's Essays in which he complains of the difficulty not only of getting at the truth about men and things in the first instance, but of keeping to it afterwards. He gives humorous expression to the distress of an elderly scholar who has been at some pains to investigate various subjects, and to arrive at careful and nicely balanced conclusions respecting them, and who finds everything challenged and all the old questions reopened by impetuous young men who are anxious only to make out a case for their own theories, and who set up all manner of imaginary characters to represent their predilections or aversions. Voltaire has always been a favourite subject for treatment of this kind. In his own day he was known not only to France but to Europe. He had visited England, Holland, Prussia, and Switzerland; he was always flitting about, and always making talk and attracting attention. He carried on a wide and varied correspondence; he published a great deal in his own name, or under assumed names which were readily penetrated; and his writings and adventures gave rise to quite a voluminous body of literature. Everything that it was essential to know about him was known either in his lifetime or soon afterwards. Nothing has since been discovered which could materially affect our judgment of him. And yet there have been repeated fluctuations of opinion as to his character and philosophy, and the controversy seems to be perpetually renewed. During the greater part of his life, while he was an active member of society, he was thoroughly understood and appreciated by the people around him, and a very fair impression of him can be obtained from their correspondence and memoirs, after making due allowance for malice on the one hand or partiality on the other. In his last years, after he had shut himself up at Ferney, he was contemplated from a distance with admiring awe by a generation which knew nothing of his youthful freaks and exhibitions of temper, and which revered him as an oracle of universal wisdom and authority. People wrote to him from all parts of the country humbly soliciting his interest or advice. If a man had any grievance against the Government or the Church, or any doubt on a point of history, literature, or philosophy, it was to Voltaire that he applied for assistance. "A burgo-master of Middleburgh," he informs Madame du Doffand, "whom I do not know, wrote to me a little while since to ask me in confidence whether there is a God or not; whether, in case there be one, he takes any heed of us; whether matter is eternal; whether it can think; whether the soul is immortal; and begging me to answer by return of post." And, in the same way, it was to Ferney that reference was sure to be made if a young author wrote a book and wanted a publisher, if an actress thought she had been wrongfully deprived of the lease of a country theatre, if a couple of cavalry officers fell to disputing at the mess-table on a question of grammar. When the patriarch was seen at Paris—a comical little figure in a red coat lined with ermine, half buried in a huge Louis XIV. peruke, black, unpowdered, in which his withered visage was so hidden that only two eyes glittering like carbuncles could be seen, topped by a square red cap in the form of a crown—his oddity and affectations were perhaps somewhat of a shock to the enthusiasm of his votaries; but death speedily withdrew him from the public gaze. After the Revolution his reputation declined, for he was regarded as, in some degree, the accomplice of its crimes. Napoleon, who dreaded Voltaire dead almost more than Madame de Staël living, hired writers to blacken his memory, and the priests of course spared no effort on the same side. Dr. Johnson's saying that he would sooner sign a sentence for Rousseau's transportation than for that of any felon who had appeared at the Old Bailey for a long time, and that the difference between Rousseau and Voltaire was so slight that it would be difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them, probably represented for a great many years after it was spoken the prevailing English opinion of the rival philosophers who were thus bracketed in a common anathema. Even after the horror and alarm with which Voltaire was once regarded by all orthodox people had passed away, although he was judged more fairly, he was far from being popular, for his scoffing was out of harmony with the more earnest spirit and passionate humanity of the age. In our own day Voltaire's true character and position have been very clearly marked out both by French and other critics; his good qualities and his bad qualities, his greatness and his littleness, have alike been acknowledged. He has been recognized as something more than a mere smart free-thinker with a fluent pen and biting tongue, though not exactly as the mouthpiece of a new religion. There has been a tendency perhaps to dwell rather too exclusively on the comic side of his character, to laugh at the philosopher who would storm and rave about the most insignificant trifles, at the high priest of humanity who had a shrewd eye for the funds and bits of land and loans to needy noblemen, who never scrupled to tell a lie if it suited his purpose, and who was perpetually scheming and intriguing to augment his fortune and to puff

his reputation. But at the same time the great intellectual force which lay beneath these outward eccentricities and deformities has also been discerned and respected. Mr. Carlyle, in one of his early essays, has summed up Voltaire's character very fairly and temperately as an unparalleled combination of many common talents, and as more remarkable for adroitness and expertness than for really heroic qualities; and in this estimate Sainte-Beuve substantially concurs. Voltaire, in fact, was rather a great intellect than a great man; his philosophy, which had its force possibly among the accumulated impostures and corruptions of his own day, was at best partial and inconclusive; and his system, as far as anything that can be called a system is deducible from his writings, is one of mere negation and destruction.

We do not think that the accepted estimate of Voltaire is in any danger of being seriously disturbed by Mr. Morley's volume; or indeed by anything that is likely to be discovered or written about him in these days. Mr. Morley is disposed to rank Voltaire with Luther and Calvin, among the spiritual regenerators of the world. "The existence, character, and career of this extraordinary person," he says, "constituted in themselves a new and most prodigious era. The peculiarities of his individual genius changed the mind and spiritual conformation of the West with as far-spreading and invincible an effect as if the work had been wholly done, as it was actually aided, by the sweep of deep-lying collective forces." While Luther and Calvin in their separate ways brought into prominence new ideas of moral order and Divine government, Voltaire proclaimed the power and rights of human intelligence. He led a powerful reaction against the subordination of the intellectual to the moral side of men; and henceforth, "a new type of belief, and of its shadow, disbelief, was stamped by the impression of his character and work into the intelligence and feeling of his own and the following times." Upon the facts of Voltaire's life Mr. Morley does not pretend to throw any new light. He takes them as he finds them, and except on some minor points he has so far no quarrel with the familiar biographies. He thinks, as we think, that a too exclusive prominence has been given to the grotesque side of Voltaire's career, and that even in what have been considered its most ridiculous aspects—the hardships of his life with Madame du Châtelet, his unhappy experiences at Frederick's Court, his tempests about trifles with printers, booksellers, and other people—there was almost as much to command sympathy as to provoke laughter. There was sincere affection and good faith in his attachment to the Marquise and his patience with her caprices; his relations with Frederick redound less to his own discredit than to the King's; and if he stormed over much about small things, it was because of his passionate abhorrence of injustice of any kind, irrespectively of the measure of material damage. To Madame du Châtelet we think Mr. Morley is rather too favourable. He has apparently overlooked an acute bit of French criticism which shows that the *femme savante*, according to Voltaire's ingenuous confession of the perplexity into which they had both been thrown by a remark of Descartes on an elementary proposition, was about as loose in her mathematics as in her morals. On the whole, Voltaire's own life was superior to his philosophy. His vices were the vices of his time, and he displayed many high qualities which proved that he was in advance of it; in spite of his explosions of temper, his shifts and subterfuges, it is necessary to do justice to his generous temper, his passion for truth, and his intellectual courage and sincerity. Even with all the precautions to which he resorted, it was a very daring thing to speak out as he did constantly and vehemently in defiance of authority. Nor was his eagerness to take part in politics, to perform diplomatic feats of intervention, and so to connect himself in some direct and practical manner with the course of events, a sign of a shallow or vulgar vanity. It showed no doubt an imperfect consciousness of his own power as a thinker and writer, which was infinitely greater and wider than that of any statesman or diplomatist; but it must be remembered that this power was not so visible to himself or to any of his contemporaries as it is to us, who can look back not only on its operation, but on its consequences; and it was natural that a man with Voltaire's vivacity and strong practical bias should at times grow weary of the slow, unseen force of words, and long to make his mark on public affairs in an unequivocal manner. "Everything," he wrote in one of his latest letters, "that I see, appears the throwing broadcast of the seed of a revolution, which must inevitably come one day, but which I shall not have the pleasure of witnessing. The young are very happy; they will see fine things." But this was just after the inspiring reception which he had met with in Paris, and he was not always in this sanguine mood. Ten years before he had wished a friend, as his best wish, "another age, other authors, other actors, and other spectators." Voltaire, like Swift, was essentially a man of action; he wrote for the most part with an immediate practical purpose, just as a Minister might write a despatch, or a Parliamentary leader join in a debate; and in a later generation it is not improbable that he might have distinguished himself as an active politician, though whether altogether for good is another question.

It is not perhaps worth while to go into the old question, how far a man like Voltaire influenced, or is influenced by, the age to which he belongs; but it seems to us that it was, above all, Voltaire's susceptibility to external impressions, his faculty of reproducing in himself and his writings the image of his generation—his capacity, in short, as an interpreter—which constituted in a great measure his peculiar force. It was said of him that he was the very first man in the world for writing

\* Voltaire. By John Morley. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

down what other people thought; and the observation is true, though not in the disparaging sense in which it was made. His originality lay in his unparalleled power of comprehending and reproducing in the most vivid and lucid manner the dumb, struggling thoughts and sensations of the world around him. An attorney's son, trained by the Jesuits, and caught up into the ante-chambers of the Court, he was the petted plaything of dukes and princes, who were amused by his sprightly grace and saline vivacities, till suddenly there was a suspicion of claws, and next a real scratch; and then a shameful beating by lacquies, the Bastille, and exile warned the aspiring genius of the terms on which he was admitted to the tables of the great. Voltaire was the natural Nemesis of the insincere and contemptuous patronage of intellect which distinguished the "grand age." Although he never bore towards the aristocracy the conscious and open hostility which he indulged towards the Church, his shafts struck at all authority alike, and at everything which rested on reverence and prescription. He taught the people the trick of scoffing which he had learned at Court. The present perhaps is hardly an opportune moment for the publication of an eulogium on the Voltairian spirit, the practical effects of which are still so painfully conspicuous in France. Mr. Morley admits that we search Voltaire in vain for a positive creed which logic may hold in coherent bonds, or which social philosophy may accept as a religious force; and that his system is essentially one of negation. What he has to say in vindication of it is that it is the negation of darkness, and that this leads inevitably in the direction of day. This, however, is an argument which can be accepted only with considerable qualification. It may be admitted that Voltaire was honest in his passion for truth, that the exposure of what is false is a necessary step towards the manifestation of what is true, and yet we must hold that Voltaire's system was a bad one, and did more harm than good. No doubt, as Mr. Morley says, the surgeon who has couched his patient's cataract has done good service, even if he do not straightway carry him to enjoy the restored faculty on some high summit of far and noble prospect; but the question is, whether such a method of surgery as that which Voltaire brought into fashion does not tend, while perhaps removing a film from the eyes, to distort and weaken the vision. There is a long sight as well as a short sight, and an imperfect long sight may be better than a perfect short sight, especially if the latter is accompanied by a fixed and confident belief that it goes as far as it is possible or necessary to see. The mischief of Voltairism is not that it does not carry the patient up to a far and noble prospect, but that it prevents his seeing it even if it lay before him, and leads him into a false assurance that there is nothing to see, or worth seeing, except his five fingers before his nose. It is impossible to turn over any of Voltaire's writings without being struck by the inherent shallowness and superficiality of his reasoning. Examples are to be found even in Mr. Morley's own pages. Voltaire, fresh from the Bastille, rejoices over the English freedom of speech and criticism, but he happens to find a man who has been seized by the press-gang for service in the fleet, and he is immediately "afflicted at there being no liberty on the earth." He appreciated the privileges without realizing the obligations of a free society and the necessity of providing for its defence. Again, take his treatment of religious questions. The immortality of the soul is a childish delusion, because nobody would think of attributing an immortal soul to a flea, and if not to a flea or a monkey, why to his Champagne valet or village steward? Or there is his well-known argument as to the resurrection of the body. A Breton soldier goes to Canada, and, when famishing, eats a piece of an Iroquois who had fed on Jesuits for several months:—"So there is the body of the soldier with Iroquois, Jesuit, and whatever he had eaten before entering into it. How then will each resume exactly what belongs to him?" A system of discovering the truth which leads only to the discovery that there is nothing true carries its own comment on the face of it. Mr. Morley attributes Voltaire's power not merely to his exquisitely clear keen sight and lucid expression, but to the fact that he saw much that was hidden from others. We should be disposed to attribute it rather to the fact that his vision, though clear and keen, was limited in range, and to the confident dogmatism with which he conveyed the impression that he saw all that was to be seen. Truth on any great subject is seldom so clear and plain as Voltaire's incisive sentences imply; and his very lucidity should perhaps suggest suspicion. The value of a system of destructive criticism must be measured not only by what it destroys, but by what it spares.

We find that our space has been occupied in discussing Voltaire, and that we have little left for Mr. Morley. It is impossible to read his volume without being struck by its independence of thought, its sincerity and candour of expression, as well as by its ability and literary power. We have freely expressed our dissent from the views which it presents of the value and wholesomeness of the Voltairian philosophy, if that name can fairly be applied to anything so essentially unphilosophical; but at the same time it is well that such views should be fairly argued out, and that, whatever inconvenience it may occasion to people who, having once made up their minds on a subject, dislike to have them disturbed, accepted conclusions should be occasionally tested over again. Mr. Morley has given us a valuable and highly suggestive study of the great man of a very critical age, and we only wish he could have persuaded himself to give us this and nothing more. It would have been better, we think, if he had adhered to

the plan of his admirable sketch of Burke, and refrained from loose digressions upon questions of the day, which distract the artistic unity and diminish the scientific value of the work, without supplying an adequate or satisfactory discussion of the grave subjects which are touched upon in this sidelong and incidental manner.

#### DISEASES OF THE HAIR.\*

THIS book is an answer to a demand for more light on a curious and interesting question. A writer in the *Lancet*, it seems, has stirred a subject which comes home to many of us. In every public concourse he had found his eye attracted, fascinated as it were, by one phenomenon—the number of heads wholly or partially bald. Go where he might, to theatre, church, or Exeter Hall, wherever educated men congregated, at least one-tenth of them would certainly be either altogether bald or would show but a coronet of hair. Taking smaller assemblies, the result was the same. In one of the largest medical schools in London, out of a staff of twelve medical officers, all under fifty, only four had their heads covered with hair; and even among the students he noticed from fifteen to twenty whose crowns were only saved from visible baldness by the adroit manner in which the hair was brushed. "What is to be done?" he concludes; "where is this to stop?" It is very true that where there is a view to be established men can always see what they look for. It is not everybody who could count as many bald heads as this alarmist. Nevertheless we are disposed to think there is something in it. In the biographical literature of two or three generations back we find no personal description complete without some notice of the sit of the hair on the brow and temples. Look at the portraits of the time; they have all hair on their heads. Men who had achieved fame had still hair enough to be regarded as a feature. Walter Scott's portraits show a shaggy abundance of hair, Campbell's a fine Brutus head. De Quincey, among his points of likeness between Wordsworth and Milton, finds one in the way in which the hair lay upon the forehead. Talfourd speaks of Charles Lamb's black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead, and so remaining for the twenty years he knew him; and of Coleridge's hair silvered all over. Haydon surveys Bentham, the white-haired philosopher, from his window, "his head the finest and most venerable ever placed on human shoulders." He maliciously records Hazlitt at the glass arranging his hair, trying different effects, and asking his advice whether he shall show his forehead more or less. What temptation has poet or philosopher to make a fool of himself by such a question nowadays? It has long ago ceased with him to be a possible alternative whether to cover his forehead or reveal its magnificent development. Time and nature have taken the matter into their own hands. In those days, to be sure, men had nothing but their hair to exercise fancy upon. The beard was an impossible archaism. Even the whisker, taking, as has been said, the form of the British mutton-chop for its model, exercised the foppery of the dandy—the lady's man—rather than of the poet or the thinker; whose intellectual credit with the multitude was best sustained by hair on the brow alone—hair suggestive of laurels, at once shading and setting off the expansive forehead, wavy, abundant in its proper place, but strictly confining its abundance to the seat of the higher faculties.

Have beards added to the number of bald pates, on the principle that you cannot have it in meal and in malt too? If they have, it is an argument against them. Or are they a natural resource under a privation peculiar in its degree to this generation? On this point our author does not commit himself. On baldness itself he expends hard names. It is an hereditary infirmity; bald fathers have bald sons. It is a disease, he tells us; an ugly word, but carrying with it the consolatory hope that, as such, it may be cured. Yet, turning over the pages rapidly, we find the matter assume sometimes a very serious complexion. More than once we come upon the ominous summing up, "Death ensues"—a very common issue of antiquated baldness it must be allowed, but discouraging to youth under the same condition; until we learn that death ensues, not to the patient, but to the roots of his hair. We would not willingly expose a nervous subject unprepared to the perusal of a diagnosis such as the following:—

The root, unable to make any coloured material, goes on forming the fibrous structure until the last, but when the last comes, and the conical cavity in which the papilla lived becomes obliterated, no new cells are formed, and death is the result.

The only reserve or tenderness we notice in our author towards the consulters of his book is to be found in the veil which he habitually throws over its subject. He will talk of scalps as bare as the head of a barn-door turkey, but he rarely calls the hair by its own name; and a simple reader may get a long way into his treatise without knowing how nearly it concerns himself. It is the "hirsute covering," or "hairy covering," or "cranial covering," or "comate covering," or "comate treasure," or "hirsute visitor," or "hairy filament," or "hirsute appendage." We cannot say that any of these sound like pleasant personal belongings; but clearly it is a matter of delicacy not to say hair too often outright. In fact, it may be noticed that nobody can write of hair in a simple manner. The style invariably curls and oils and frizzes and

\* *Diseases of the Hair.* By Benjamin Godfrey, M.D., F.R.S. London: Churchill.

disguises itself after the caprices of its subject matter. For the same reason, as a sort of inevitable wash and dressing, it is always set off by a vast amount of learning, as what Galen, and what Celsus, and what Hilny said and did, with a catalogue of all the hairy people and all the bald people on record, whether in history or in pre-historic times. But when this display has exhausted itself and subsides into repose, we come upon what seems both good sense and knowledge of a more practicable and modern date. The youth threatened with "alopecia" is encouraged to make a struggle for it. He must leave off stimulants, and beware of the Yankee prescription "to use brandy externally till the hair grows, and take it internally to clench the roots." He must eat fat in some form or other; he must apply tincture of cantharides to the sterile parts; he must shave down until it develops into stubble; he must try what arsenic and iron will do; he must follow it up with electricity, employing Smee's battery; and if all won't do—and there are obstinate cases—why wigs are very nice things, and beautifully made now; he must wear a wig.

From baldness we pass naturally to greyness; from alopecia, that is, to trichonosis cana. What is greyness? the reader is asked:—

It is analogous [in the reply] to caries of teeth; it is a nutritive change and a pigmentary degeneration resulting from nervous derangement, which leads to a degradation of nutrition, and is an unmistakable index of diminished physiological force.

Greyness Dr. Godfrey considers a surer sign of age than the parish register; and perhaps our own observations would take the same direction. Not that it indicates at all the date of death, but some people are a long time young and only a few years old, and others a long time old after but a short youth. Wordsworth lived to eighty-two and kept his hair; but from brown it changed to a harsh grizzle, very unbecoming, so Dr. Quincey says, to his complexion, which had in its time changed through exposure to wind and weather from a fine sombre Venetian tint to red or sanguine; these changes being consequent on a temperament which lived its life faster than the generality. When under forty he was assumed by a coachful of strangers to have passed his grand climacteric; one of them, on being undeceived, exclaiming, "God bless me! so then, after all, you'll have a chance to see your childer get up like and get settled! Only to think of that!" We have known premature grey hairs on a very wise head excite a rapture of scarcely welcome veneration for the years they were supposed to crown. An early induction into the honours and privileges of old age may console the man of philosophic mind for the loss in youth of "nature's greatest ornament"; but what compensation is there to a woman for premature greyness, especially should her complexion incline to olive?—the greyness following upon neuralgia and adding gloom to dyspepsia. It is consolatory to find that medical skill can do something in this extremity, though, mindful of the old fable, we would not recommend the following practice except under experienced direction:—

In the greyness produced by neuralgia epilation is the best method. Pull out every grey filament, and keep the power of the body up while the new hair is growing. Quinine, arsenic, and iron, given internally, will help the cure, especially if there should be any pain remaining. A young lady consulted me once for this condition. She was but twenty-three years of age, and was about to be married. It took her several hours to remove every light-faced intruder, and when finished a large heap remained upon the dressing-room table. Her honeymoon was enjoyed and the grey hairs did not return. The same plan should be followed for greyness the result of disease of the stomach. But the indigestion must be cured, or all treatment for the hair will be in vain. Blanching from fright is incurable.

Our author remarks, in cases of disease and malformation, a connexion between dental and hirsute life not yet fathomed. May we not note the same in health? Every large concourse in street or market presents some vigorous physiognomy remarkable for an exuberance of both; a flash of teeth, a curl of hair, a bushiness of beard, which concentrate all notice on themselves. Such an aspect we have known rudely, but aptly enough, summed up as "all hair and teeth like a ratcatcher's dog." We do not care to enter into those points in the book which are of a more strictly medical character, however fascinating the Medusa-like *Pilea Polonica* may be in its horrors. But facts on every topic interest the inquiring mind. Therefore our readers may like to know certain facts of length and strength and weight and numbers brought out here, which we leave it to them to verify by experiment. A woman's hair may grow to the length of six feet. A young lady of Massachusetts refused a thousand dollars for her "crinal covering which was only one inch short of" this measurement. The thickness of hair averages the four-hundredth of an inch—that is, four hundred hairs side by side would cover an inch of ground. The thickness of hair depends much upon the colour. "The blonde belle has about one hundred and forty thousand filaments to comb and brush, while the red-haired beauty has to be satisfied with eighty-eight thousand"; the brown-haired damsel may have one hundred and nine thousand, the black-haired but one hundred and two thousand. How few ladies, is the reflection, consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head! the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning. A German experimentalist has proved that a single hair will suspend four ounces without breaking, stretching under the process and contracting again. But the hair thus heavily weighted must be dark brown, for the blonde breaks down under two and a half ounces.

We believe it will be observed that rustics, both men and women, and all persons engaged in outdoor labour little stimulating to the brain, keep their hair, and keep its colour unchanged,

better than men in cities, or men of sedentary and intellectual employments. To such, under the deprivation to which thinking on the one hand, or hereditary indigestion on the other, exposes them, we would offer the consolation that, as our indications sometimes serve us well, so do our natural defects. Thus a bald head in a churchman may stand voucher for austerities, and may supplement and exaggerate a natural air of sanctity; while white hairs fostered, combed, and curled will impart benevolence to any set of features.

#### THE NUSR-I BE-NUZEER.\*

WE have here the text and two independent translations of an Indian fairy tale. The original is written in Urdu, or Hindustani, and both the text and the two translations have been published for the benefit of students in Hindustani, the book being "one of the Test-books for the Examination for a Certificate of High Proficiency." The two translators have been engaged upon their work simultaneously, and probably were, and may even yet remain, unacquainted with each other's labours. Both translations profess to be literal, and make no pretensions to elegance of style. Indeed the English is sometimes so obscure as to make a reference to the original necessary for its comprehension. The story itself is of the slightest, and is one of those extravagant fairy tales which seem to excite equal interest in the Oriental adult and in the occupants of European nurseries. But in the estimation of Orientals the chief charm of the original story is the style in which it is told. It abounds in those pretty conceits, puns, *doubles-entendres*, far-fetched allusions, and turgid metaphors which are so agreeable to the Eastern mind, but which are untranslatable, and are utterly uncongenial to the more disciplined and less imaginative intellects of the West. The title of the work is indicative of its character. The word *nusr* signifies "prose," or a work in prose; *be-nazir* means "incomparable," and is the name of the hero of the book. So one of our translators renders the title as "Incomparable Prose," and the other as the "Story of *Be-nazir*," and both are right. The equivoque and alliteration of the title must have cost the author no little pains, and its accomplishment was no doubt regarded with some complacency.

The translators confine themselves to the mere work of translation, and tell us nothing of the origin of the book beyond what is to be gathered from its own pages. The original work was a *masnawi*, or poem written by Ghulam Hasan of Dehli. This poem, called *Sitr ul Bayan*, or "Magic of Narrative," obtained a considerable reputation. Hasan died in 1786, and his poem was printed at Calcutta in 1805. Just at the close of the last century our Government in Bengal became impressed with the importance of the Urdu or Hindustani language. It was clear that their servants must acquire a knowledge of that language, and that the old rough-and-ready way of learning it by using it could no longer be trusted to. But the language at that time had little or no literature, no books suited for learners, no settled grammar, and but few teachers. There were poems like the *Sitr ul Bayan* of some length, and plenty of minor poems and songs, but these were unfitted for the purposes of education. Fortunately the Government had at their command a man suited to the emergency—Dr. John Gilchrist, a hard-headed, self-satisfied, and somewhat crotchety Scotchman, who knew the language well, and understood what was wanted. He wrote a grammar and compiled a dictionary, and under his direction several educated natives were employed in translating works from the Persian, or, as in the instance before us, in reducing a Hindustani poem to a prose narrative. Turning now to our author's preface, he tells us that he had previously written "the tale in the vulgar tongue for beginners in an easy style," but that, under the directions of "John Gilchrist, Esq., of enlightened mind, great ability, and lofty counsel," he reproduced it "in prose and refined language, in such a style that every learned man and poet might find pleasure in hearing it, and that a memorial of his unworthy self might remain in the world." This translation was first printed in 1802, three years before the poem from which it is derived, and of which it speaks in the highest terms of eulogy, declaring every line of it to be *be-nazir*, or "incomparable," and every verse a *bad-munir*, or "glorious full moon."

The story opens by narrating that "there was a King with the dignity of an Emperor, who protected his subjects and was the asylum of the world." "His country vied with Paradise, and was very large and well populated." "He had no grief of any kind, except the pain of want of offspring," but this made him resolve upon abandoning his throne and adopting a religious life. His friends and ministers opposed this resolution, and recommended medicine, prayer, and hope. So fortune-tellers and astrologers were consulted, and they promised the birth of a son; but the king's twelfth year was predicted to be fraught with danger, and he was

\* *The Nusr-i Be-nuzer*. Reprinted for the use of the Junior Members of Her Majesty's Indian Civil and Military Services. Second Edition. Revised and Corrected by W. Nassau Lees, LL.D., Member and Secretary of the Board of Examiners. Calcutta. 1866.

*The Nusr-i Be-nuzer; or, the Incomparable Prose of Nusr-i-Hasan*. Literally translated into English by Major Henry Claret, Distinguished Bengal Cavalry. Officiating Personal Interpreter to H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief Simla. 1853.

*The Nusr-i Be-nuzer; or, Story of Prince Nusr-i-Hasan*. An Indian Fairy Tale, translated from the Urdu by C. W. Howarth, B.A., Lieutenant of the 1st Irish Lanciers. Ball: Book & Map. Calcutta: Thacker & Co. 1853.



not to go on the housetop to see the heavens until he was full twelve years old. The child was born, and great rejoicings followed. To preserve him from the threatened calamity, the King ordered a garden house to be built, such as should have "no equal in the flower-garden of the world." The author goes into raptures over this edifice, and enters into the most minute details and extravagant praise of all its appointments. But the evil could not be averted. The fairy Mah-rakh (moon-face), as she was flying through the air, perceived the young prince, and fell in love with him. She bore him off to fairy-land, and exercising what we may presume to be a fairy's privilege, she made desperate love to him, but with only indifferent success. To divert his melancholy, she lends him, upon his promise not to return home, an aerial steed like that of our old friends Valentin and Orson. Roaming abroad he passes over a garden in which he espies a lovely maiden, Badr Munir, the lustrous full moon. We have a full description of her person and her charms; and her dress and ornaments are all detailed with the most minute precision and extravagance of metaphor:—

What shall I say regarding her hair!  
No night has ever been the scene of such beauty.

Its blackness was wonderful, and gave lustre to the eyes; the curls were ravelled in such a way, that, in unravelling them, the heart would become ravelled, and their elegance would fascinate the soul. Her back hair was drawn tight, the parting in it was very clear, and her golden hair ribbon shone brightly; what shall I say of its colour and brilliancy, for it glowed like the Ursa Major in the last watch of the night, and underneath her veil appeared like the lightning flashing in a thin cloud; whoever saw its glitter began to call out without being able to help himself,

The golden hair ribbon has created great havoc!  
It has tied the tail of the night to the day.

Or, as Mr. Bell renders the last line—

It has given a planet (or knot) to the day at the end of the night.

An obscure allusion, in which "the back hair" is referred to as "the tail of night." The two young people, of course, fall desperately in love, but Be-nasir is forced to return to the fairy. He goes again to visit his charmer, and the fairy discovers his amour. In her jealous rage she confines him in a deep well covered with a ponderous stone, and there he remains for some time, while the fair damsel pines and consumes with love and sorrow. At length her faithful friend and attendant, Najm un Nissa, "the star of women," resolves to go in search of him. Dressing herself as a wandering devotee, she roams lute in hand from place to place, until she finds the place of his imprisonment. Then, by the help of a good genius whom she has charmed, she effects his deliverance. The prince is conducted home to his father's Court, and his marriage is shortly afterwards celebrated with Badr Munir. The pomp and splendour of the ceremony form a theme worthy of the writer's powers, and he fails not to make the most of it.

Such are the very scanty materials which are made to fill one hundred and fifty octavo pages in the original language. They have been stretched to this extent by a most elaborate description of the veriest trifles, by heaping up simile upon simile, and by a liberal quotation of verses from the original poem. Both of our translators have rendered these verses in literal prose, and few of them deserve any better treatment. Here and there a poetical sentiment may be found, but in the main they consist of frivolous conceits and far-fetched allusions. One line tells us that "the graceful movements of the necks (of the dancing girls) were as the wrath of the day of judgment." Some lines, describing the power of music, state how

Embracing the trees the morning breezes  
Began to say in their ecstasy, Bravo!  
And such was the beauty of the music at that time,  
That the moonbeams fell fainting in all directions.

Extravagant comparisons like these are accepted by the native mind without the smallest idea of burlesque, and when they are tricked out with the jingle of rhyme and alliteration they exercise a charm which to us is inconceivable. A considerable portion of the work is written in what is called *Munja*, or prose having a marked cadence and rhyme, which is considered very elegant. To describe the dresses and ornaments of the persons who figure in the work the dictionary has been ransacked for an endless variety of terms, and the most unusual and obscure words have been preferred by the author in order to achieve his object of "refined language."

This, then, is one of the works which a candidate for honours in Hindustani must study and pass in. The construction of the language of the book presents no unusual difficulties; but it requires much ingenuity to discover the point of many of its allusions, and a vast amount of labour to learn up its immense number of out-of-the-way words. An immediate pecuniary reward follows, a certificate of high proficiency, and a greater reward is in prospect in the shape of lucrative employment, so that a candidate may fairly be required to exhibit evidence of careful and varied reading. But it is a question whether study is not thrown away upon a work like this, abounding in words which a European will never hear, and certainly will never have occasion to employ; words, in fact, which are learnt with great trouble, and soon forgotten from want of use. How many Englishmen are there who know or care to know the names of the various articles and nick-nacks of female attire? A clever fashionable young lady might set a paper which would puzzle even a *Clarendon* scholar, and prove that there are depths of knowledge which are almost unobtainable and altogether unprofitable.

There is little to choose between the two translations. Either

of them will greatly assist the student who has to go through the thankless task of "getting up" the book, but neither of them can be implicitly relied on. Both gentlemen speak very moderately of their performances, and of the difficulty of rendering the book into intelligible English. If they will carefully and candidly compare the two translations, their respective versions may be greatly improved. Mr. Bell may learn that *Asi* is no part of the author's name, but a deprecatory term expressive of his unworthiness. He will also see that, instead of speaking of "Khakán and China," he should have said "the Emperor of China"—Khakán being the title by which the supreme ruler is known among the Tartar races. It was borne by Timur and Beber, and it is the name by which the Emperor of China is now known among the Turks and Mongols. Mr. Court, too, will see that his author is not responsible for the statement that "the suffron-coloured faces became yellow." The phrase *rang-ba-rang*, which they both translate literally, as "of various colours," and "of every colour," means "of every sort." It is commonly used in this way without reference to colour. There are many other slips of this kind which a careful revision would bring to light, with the result of making the translations more serviceable to those who alone are likely to read them. A man of inquisitive mind and odd tastes, with an appetite for anything that is new and a relish for what is uncommon, may look into this book and may here and there find a passage to his liking; but not even he is likely to read it through, much less study it, without the strong incentive of a liberal remuneration.

The native title of the book, as transcribed in Roman letters by the gentlemen responsible for the three works before us, presents a very different appearance, and brings up again the never-ending quarrel as to the proper way of rendering Oriental names in European letters. We are no pedants or purists in this matter, and we are not sure that the reporters of Warren Hastings' days did not present a more definite entity to their readers when they boldly turned Siraj ud Daulah into Sir Roger Dowler; but in works intended for educational purposes we have a right to expect something like system and consistency. Colonel Lees and Mr. Bell differ in their respective methods, but each adheres to his system, and is consistent. Mr. Court, however, has no system, and transcribes his vowels haphazard, neither according to spelling nor sound. This is a grievance to a learner, and we recommend Mr. Court to adopt in future some regular and intelligible method.

#### TWO NOVELS WITH A PURPOSE.\*

A NOVEL with a purpose, to be in any way interesting, ought to be subtle and suggestive rather than direct. It should convey its meaning by character and action rather than by avowed teaching; and because its aim is didactic, care should be taken to keep its method dramatic. When it begins to preach, it has lost the distinctive quality of a novel without acquiring that of a sermon; it merely becomes dull as a work of amusement, without gaining in power and dignity as a treatise on philosophy or morals. In fact, it has the faults of a hybrid; and, like the famous sinner between two stools, falls to the ground for want of unity of basis. We have classed together two novels of very different degrees of merit, but with the same kind of mistake in each; being novels with a purpose where the purpose is made too evident, to the infinite damage of the story as a drama, and of the work as art generally. One of them is designed to set forth the beauty, value, and satisfactoriness to be found in the life of a celibate "priest" (Anglican); the other the delights which a maiden lady of middle age and scanty means may still enjoy in her quiet sphere. Now both these doctrines are true in their degree. It is quite right that a clergyman who has conscientious objections against marriage should be able to live happily without a wife; and it is also true that a maiden lady of limited income would find life still full of pleasure and interest through her sympathies with others, and by her small economies would be able to create a margin available for charity and well-doing. But to make either motive the groundwork of a novel, and to give a dramatic interest to the tale, requires considerable skill in the manipulation. And this is just what we do not find in any high degree in the one, or in any degree at all in the other. Nothing could be better or purer than the intention of both these novels; and parts of *Church and Wife* are smart and effective; but both are disappointing, and, we are sorry to add, one is insupportably tedious.

The author of *Church and Wife* is evidently an ardent Ritualist; and while conceding on occasions certain small non-vital ceremonies—as that his favourite priest should wear the black gown when in a stranger's pulpit, and omit "the invocation" before the sermon when preaching to an Evangelical congregation, though he keeps terms with his conscience by whispering it to himself—he is staunch as to doctrine, and brings his principles triumphantly through every ordeal. Of course the most formidable ordeal through which his hero has to pass is love, and the crucial test of his absolute rightness is the question whether he should give way to his natural inclination and marry, or remain single and faithful to his creed and cause. For neither the author nor his hero, the

\* *Church and Wife: a Question of Celibacy.* By ROBT. ST. JOHN COLETT, author of "The Canon's Dilemma," 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.  
*The Lady of Limited Income.* By the Author of "Mary Powell," 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Reverend Henry Briancourt, believes that a "priest" has any business with a wife and family, both holding that a celibate clergy would display greater holiness and spirituality than is to be found in a married priesthood, and that the care of his parish claims a man's whole time. The character of Mr. Briancourt is well sketched. He is the type of a certain class of Ritualistic clergymen; a man whose ideas of religion contain nothing gloomy or distasteful, whose very fasting does not include "eating hardships," and whose exuberant spirits and almost boyish jollity repel the strict Evangelical nearly as much as his vestments in church and his dress out of it. Tall, thin, angular but handsome, with frank and unaffected manners, high spirits, and many accomplishments, a man of the world, a gentleman, and thoroughly believing both in Christianity and the Church, he is a portrait to the life, and we would say taken from the life. His mother is a good blue-eyed Evangelical, whose greatest hope has been to see her younger son a clergyman, nicely married and settled, and preaching good Low sermons in the parish church; his older brother is a noble, broad-shouldered sceptic; but he more than half brings the former over to his own views, while we feel that the latter is on the highway to become a devout Christian under the softer influence of Tillie Maurice, a young lady "as mild as moonbeams," whom his brother has first converted from Low Church to High, and made frantically in love with himself during the process. The broad-shouldered sceptic, however, changes all this, and puts a finishing touch to poor Tillie's spiritual and emotional manipulation by converting her to as ardent a love for himself the sinner, as she had formerly, and only so lately, felt for his brother the saint.

We do not pretend to understand much about young ladies' hearts, and that queer thing which goes by the name of love among them; but it strikes us as rather odd that both Bessie Horton and Tillie Maurice should have been able so quickly and so completely to pass through the fog of earthly passion, and rise into the purer atmosphere of spiritual affections. Both girls fall unreservedly in love with the priest; and he on his side falls in love with them, up to a certain point. But the whole thing hinges on this one phrase; and the point to which Henry Briancourt will not come is indulgence. He is fascinated by the beauty and intelligence, the grace and spirit and enthusiasm, of Miss Horton, who, while slightly "fast" in manner, and of the world in all personal and social characteristics, is also an ardent churchwoman and a good girl; and the domestic tenderness, the sweet simplicity, and the soft-heartedness of Tillie Maurice also touch him on another side. But he keeps himself well in hand; and gives out to both, on fitting occasion, that he holds to the doctrine of a celibate priesthood and intends to remain single. And as soon as they hear this both girls shake themselves free of their love fever; and, setting all their dreams and desires beneath their feet, mount up into that purer atmosphere of which we have spoken, and from love-sick maidens, dreaming of home and husband, become simply dutiful and affectionate daughters of the Church, spiritualized lambs, whereof Mr. Briancourt is the all-but adored shepherd. And both give the best possible evidence of their change of feeling; for Bessie marries the Duke of Alcester, a man whom she had refused once before when he was in the dark age dedicated to the turf and to youthful indiscretions of various kinds, but who has now come out into the light of grace and the nobler and more manly ambition of a senator; and Tillie dries her eyes and leans on the arm of her stalwart sceptic, whom she hopes to lead into the fold before long. Still we maintain that the change is sudden, that the power the girls have over their affections is remarkable, and that their conscientious scruples are more admirable than natural, if there is any truth in the instincts at all.

We have no doubt of the success of this book with the school to which it is addressed. The very things which we object to in it as a work of art, the sermons and disquisitions on Church principles, will please the readers for whom we may assume it to have been mainly written. No one, too, can fail to recognize the earnestness which pervades the whole story, the air of intense conviction which has put a soul into its dry bones, while there are clever and well-thought passages that would do honour to the most legitimate novel. The question is, however, how far a novel with a purpose is legitimate *quod* novel; and whether, the purpose being granted so far, for the sake of argument, it should not be suggested rather than treated broadly and directly. The meaning of *Church and Wife* is all compressed into the title-page; for, after the second title, *A Question of Celibacy*, comes an axiom which begs the whole question and decides it—Punch's famous advice a little travestied; "To parsons about to marry—*Don't*." We cannot part with this book without a word of commendation of the characters. There is a freshness and naturalness about them not often met with. The girls are especially charming, more like life on the outside than most authors' girls, and the men are also real and individual. If the story is wanting in plot while it is encumbered by purpose, what there is of drama in it is nicely put, and Mr. Corbet writes like a scholar and a gentleman. The opening of the book is especially bright; but these are coruscations only, and coruscations, however brilliant, do not make a successful novel, as a critic counts success.

The good we have had to say of *Church and Wife* we are sorry not to be able to repeat of *A Lady of Limited Income*; for, save in its purity of intention, this is a book which has really nothing to recommend it. It is feeble and flabby, irritatingly

goody, and full of puerile bits of advice, like a lady's version of *Poor Richard's Almanac*. When Alured breaks a blood-vessel, Miss Beaumore, the lady of limited income, brings in a "sliced lemon slightly sweetened with sifted sugar." This, she says, is a styptic, the only one she has in the house; but Miss Partridge, her friend, improves the occasion, and when she comes, she gives "twenty drops of diluted sulphuric acid in a wineglassful of water." Elsewhere we are told that wet towels round the heads of reading men are apt to produce "palsy of the brain." We are treated to a description of Alured's chamber gymnastics, which the quiet little household of Miss Beaumore takes to be an earthquake; and we know that the author intentionally makes her younger readers a present of the formula for their benefit when Miss Beaumore reckons up the household expenses with a view to retrenchment where possible, and, setting "a little pudding at eightpence or ninepence," decides that it is hardly worth while to strike the small luxury out of the domestic bill of fare, "and then more meat would be eaten." We take this as a hint to young housekeepers, probably not without its value, but scarcely of sufficient importance to warrant the writing of a two-volume novel. Also we may perhaps, in the interests of art, demur to the prominence given to the subject of eatables, from tea-cakes to strawberries, and to the footnotes by which extracts or statements are referred to their sources. It is all too much like jalap smothered in jam for our taste. If we must have the jam, let us take it honestly, and solace ourselves with wry faces, if they will solace us; but, for heaven's sake, let us have our jam unmedicated and *au naturel*. Further, we would counsel the author of *A Lady of Limited Income* to put more life and "go" into her work than she has bestowed on the present story. Conversations are pleasant and profitable as a method of storytelling when well done; but they must be well done, else they are miserably tedious. In this book they are miserably tedious because they are pointless. The story is mainly made up of the most puerile incidents amplified by the weakest talk. There is no briskness, no life, no nature: we have a disquisition on loyalty and a panegyric on the Queen, a disquisition on ritualism, and the condemnation of a sister for her excesses, which seem to consist mainly in fasting, wearing a chaplet, and carrying an emblazoned Prayer-book. But we must confess ourselves incompetent to speak very distinctly of the second volume; for our patience gave way after the first, and we have only looked into it here and there. Life is very short, and its duties are many and heavy. We have failed to find the half-hour so worthless that it might be profitably employed in reading through to the end a book so weak and tiresome as this.

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## CONTENTS OF No. 850, FEBRUARY 10, 1872:

- |                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| The Meeting of Parliament.            | England and America.                        |
| The Proposed Votes of Censure.        | Prince Bismarck and the Ultramontane Party. |
| The Treaty with Holland.              | Paris and the Assembly.                     |
| Lord Russell on the Education Act.    | The West Riding and Galway Elections.       |
| State Ceremonials.                    | Religious.                                  |
| The Virtues of Red Tape.              | The Speeches.                               |
| The Old Catholic Movement in France.  | Holland and South.                          |
| Mr. Harcourt on our Insular Position. | Romanism Architecture in Lombardy.          |
| Localization of the Army.             | The Egyptian Slave Trade.                   |
| Helps's Thoughts upon Government.     | South Sea Bubble.                           |
| Freeman's Norman Conquest.            | James Vernon on the Royal Exchequer.        |
| Andrew Burns.                         | Henry's Vindictive.                         |
| Dispute of the Irish.                 | The French Revolution.                      |
| The Revue with a Paragon.             |   |



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## THE ASSASSINATION OF LORD MAYO.

Few events of our time have been so appalling or so lamentable as the assassination of Lord Mayo. In the discharge of his duty while visiting a penal settlement, in the midst of a career of eminent usefulness and signal success, just as increasing experience was adding daily to the value of his vigour, his generosity, and his rigid love of justice, he has been taken away, by the blow of an Afghan convict, from India, which mourns him as a friend, and from England, which honours him as one of the best of Indian Governors. It was on Thursday of last week, the 8th, that the Viceroy, after finishing his inspection of the convicts at Port Blair in the Andaman Islands, was returning from a climb up a neighbouring hill, where he had gone to enjoy the prospect. When he reached the pier from which he was to embark, it was quite dark, and he was being conducted by torchlight to the launch that was to take him to the *Glasgow*, in which he had arrived. With his usual intrepidity, he was going a little too far in advance of his guard, and it was then that the convict SHERE ALI rushed out of the darkness which had concealed him, and stabbed the Viceroy twice in the back. Lord Mayo survived the attack only a few minutes, and the assassin, who was immediately arrested, explained that he had acted under the inspiration of God. This is the whole story so far as it is at present known, and the only ray of comfort which it presents is that everything tends to show that the act proceeded from a sudden impulse of fury or fanaticism, and had nothing of a political character. The assassin belonged to one of the Mahomedan hill tribes of our North-Western frontier, and had served with a good character, and for some time as an orderly to the Commissioner of Peshawur. A blood feud had long raged between his family and another family of his tribe, and unfortunately he encountered one of his hereditary enemies in the suburbs of Peshawur, and murdered him. According to the ethics of a barbarian tribe he had taken a step which was part of a recognized system of warfare, but by English law he was a murderer. Capital punishment, however, was not inflicted on him, partly perhaps because of his previous good conduct, and partly because some allowance was made for the enormous standard of right and wrong to which he had been trained by native usages to conform. There is nothing in his antecedents to connect him in any way with the proceedings of Wahabees or any other fanatics. The condition of the Port Blair settlement must also be taken into consideration. The total absence of anything like discipline that had long prevailed there had caused the most serious apprehension to the higher authorities, and to Lord Mayo himself. This settlement is described by an Indian journal as "a paradise of rum-drinking and unlimited idleness." The convicts are said to have been in the habit of taking into their service the *Sepoys* who were supposed to guard them, and were free to draw for a gallon of rum at a time. Last year a Port Blair convict was convicted at Calcutta of having, after one of these drinking bouts, killed a fellow-prisoner, and he was recommended to hang on the ground that the crime would not in all probability have been committed but for the disgraceful laxity of discipline and want of proper control over the convicts at Port Blair. The assassin of Lord Mayo had therefore been living for a long period in a society without any thought and purpose of crime had been allowed to grow unchecked, and where deeds of violence had not met the sanction of the community or rejection of the authorities. A man who commits a murder under such circumstances is not to be judged by the standards of an ordinary and calm society. A man who

borderer, nursed in legends of feuds and tribal murders, might easily have given way to the impulse of doing one more bloody deed, when the whole circumstances of his recent life had sapped any little reverence for good government that he might have had, and had made violence and revolt seem to him the natural course of daily existence. The instrument, too, with which Lord Mayo was killed, an ordinary table-knife, points strongly to the conclusion that the act was not, as has been suggested, the result of the promptings of any native agent belonging to a secret society of Mahomedan fanatics. A surer and more deadly weapon would have certainly been selected by a cool contriver of murder; nor does the statement of the murderer that he acted under the inspiration of God point to more than that he felt impelled to do something which he had not premeditated, and that assassination was an act capable of so many justifications that he easily reconciled an impulse to commit it with the theory, habitual to his barbarous mind, that everything done or happening suddenly is specially contrived by the Almighty.

Lord Mayo served three times under Lord DERBY as Chief Secretary for Ireland, being on the third occasion a member of the Cabinet. His repeated employment showed that he possessed the confidence of the chiefs of his party, and his pleasant cordial manners and transparent honesty of purpose gave him a certain position in the House of Commons. But few persons outside the House knew more than his name in political life, until he was employed to announce the famous scheme of levelling up, or, in other words, of concurrent endowment, as the programme of the Conservative party with regard to the Irish Church. To be entrusted with the enunciation of such a proposal was not to have the avenue to fame opened to him, and it was with a surprise amounting to incredulity that the public received the news in the autumn of 1866 that Mr. DISRAELI intended to make him the new Viceroy of India. No more remarkable instance of a Prime Minister acting deliberately on his own private estimate of the worth and capabilities of a subordinate can be adduced, and certainly none could have been more fully justified by the result. The appointment of Lord Mayo reflects the highest credit on Mr. DISRAELI, who, in answer to the adverse criticism expressed on his choice, boldly prophesied that Lord Mayo would leave behind him in India a reputation second to that of none of his predecessors. Mr. GLADSTONE came into power before Lord Mayo was actually installed in office, but he very wisely forbore to interfere with the choice made by his predecessor. From almost the first hour of his landing in India Lord Mayo was a success. It was soon obvious to Indian officials that they were going to have at the head of Indian society a man and a family in every way fitted to lead it. Winning, easy, good-natured, liberal in his expenditure, possessed of the air of good society, anxious to learn but able to learn without letting himself become the victim or the creator of bores, he soon inspired the conviction that Indian life under the new Viceroy would be unusually pleasant. It was soon discovered that Lord Mayo had still higher qualities. He knew how to entertain the princes and great men of the East with a courtesy and a splendour that charmed them. He delighted in every sport and was indifferent to every form of fatigue. He loved to see everything for himself, and to become personally acquainted with all men of eminence, and to inspire the feeling that they were working for a man who knew, appreciated, and admired what they were doing. He had the happy gift which his chief had displayed in choosing him, and listened with facility and accuracy on those who were likely to serve him well. Having once done so, or having seen them and recognized their fitness for the offices they were filling, he cheered them with a steady and discriminating support. They could

act, for they knew they would be understood, and could venture, for they knew they would be defended.

Lord MAYO began by gaining the high esteem due to his social qualities, to his extraordinary activity, to his sense of what was becoming in the representative of the QUEEN, and to the loyalty and consideration he displayed towards his subordinates. But he soon placed his reputation on a higher footing. The Duke of ARGYLL, in bearing a warm testimony to his merits in the House of Lords, said on Monday that he had never had a serious difference of opinion with Lord MAYO since they had been engaged in the joint work of governing India; and the Duke of ARGYLL has not only been a very able Secretary for India, but is a man of a highly critical mind, and is surrounded by a staff of old Indian officials who would have afforded him ready help in the task of criticizing adversely the proceedings and views of the VICEROY if any opening for such criticism had been given. Lord MAYO showed the power of a real statesman in at least three conspicuous directions. In the first place, he knew how to establish relations at once becoming and cordial with native princes, and one of his earliest triumphs was the confidence he inspired in the honesty and kind intentions of the British Government when he met the ruler of Cabul at the Durbar of Umballa. In the next place, he was the ardent and indefatigable supporter of all schemes of material improvement. His Vice-Royalty fell at a time when the great system of public works initiated by Lord DALHOUSIE was beginning to fulfil the promises with which it was started. He thus entered, in some degree, into the harvest which other men had sown, and good fortune gave him a chance which it had denied to his predecessors. But he knew how to make the best of the opportunity given him; and he always showed himself alive to the necessity of constantly pushing forward, and of losing no means of securing to the millions whose fate was largely in his hands the enormous advantages which the wealth and science of England could assure them. Lastly, he strenuously maintained the great principles of justice and rigorous impartiality between classes and creeds, which must be the basis of our Indian Government if it is calculated, or deserves, to endure. One of the last acts of his life was to express his cordial concurrence in the principles of a Bill introduced into the Legislative Council by Mr. STEPHEN, for enabling persons who have abandoned a native religion without becoming Christians to marry as easily as if they had given up their ancestral creed to adopt that of their Western rulers. Such was the man whose life the random stroke of a barbarian assassin has cut short at a moment when he was visiting a distant, a repulsive, and an almost unknown spot in the English dominions, in order that he might be sure that he understood the wants and could measure the vice and misery of vile and abject men, left to prey on themselves by the disgraceful neglect of those to whose care they had been consigned. It is far easier to mourn than to replace a Viceroy who in three years has gained a name which Englishmen will long mention with mournful pride, and who has shown himself, as was prophesied of him, the equal of the best of those who held his high office before him.

#### THE AMERICAN CLAIM.

ALL the telegraphic rumours and extracts from American papers confirm the belief that the people and the press of the United States, if not the Government, have been taken by surprise, both at the extent of their own claims and at the feeling which is unanimously entertained in England. In the first instance, the English version of the submission to arbitration was described as a repudiation of the Treaty; and it was even imagined or asserted that the excitement which has prevailed in England was, by some unknown means and for some unintelligible party purpose, deliberately promoted by the Government. It was unfortunately but too easy to foresee that, having advanced inadmissible pretensions, the United States would refuse to own that they had been in error; yet it is evident, in spite of confident assertions to the contrary, that the exaction of indirect damages was never seriously contemplated. The agents who compiled the American Case from beginning to end of the document adopt an angry tone which sometimes assumes the form of trivial and irrelevant rudeness. Thus, in quoting the Foreign Enlistment Act, they remark that it is "written in the verbiage which the customs of England make necessary in the laws providing for the punishment of crimes"; and they proceed to "translate" this statutory language into the expressions commonly employed by politicians and writers on international

"Law." It might have been thought that the style of an English Act of Parliament concerned the English nation alone. It would not be worth while to refer to so trifling a discourtesy except as an illustration of the temper in which the English apology has, notwithstanding the assurances of the American Commissioners at Washington, been received by the authorised spokesmen of the United States. Nevertheless the claim which seems likely to render the Treaty abortive is propounded at the end of the Case in the most summary terms, and with scarcely a pretence of argument to support it. Out of 479 pages, only two pages and a-half are devoted to the establishment of a claim which would probably amount to four or five hundred millions sterling. The cases of all the cruisers in respect of which it is alleged that the English Government is responsible are severally discussed in minute detail with remarkable vigour and astuteness. In the *Alabama* case the United States formally ask the Tribunal of Arbitration to consider in their award "the losses of the United States or of individuals in the destruction of their vessels or their cargoes by the *Alabama* or by its tender," and also the expense to which the United States were put in the pursuit of either of these vessels, or in the capture and destruction of the *Alabama*. The corresponding claims for damages supposed to be due in consequence of the acts of other cruisers are preferred in the same or similar terms; and, although the expenses of the United States' navy could not on general principles have been included among direct damages, it cannot be disputed that these claims were explicitly submitted to arbitration. A reader who had stopped short at the 472nd page of the Case would never suspect that the United States claimed damages for the increase in the rate of insurance or for the transfer of vessels to a neutral flag. In the 476th page he would learn for the first time that some hundreds of millions were demanded on account of the alleged prolongation of the war. The summary mention of a claim which it is obviously absurd to admit, and impossible to satisfy, would in itself furnish a sufficient proof that the American agents desired, not to obtain the money, but to gratify the assumed feelings of their own countrymen or to affront the nation which they regard with unconcealed animosity. The frivolous argument which they adduce to prove the liability of England will appear to those who are familiar with American modes of thought an intentional and unseasonable joke. The framers of the Case, as acute reasoners and able lawyers, could not fail to see that the cruises of the *Alabama* and of the other vessels, as they brought no profit to the Confederate Treasury, could in no degree facilitate resistance to the superior Northern force. It was therefore necessary to find an indirect pretext for the claim of indirect damages; and the process of causation is, with a kind of cynical humour, traced through the supposed intentions of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and the Government of Richmond. According to the facetious suggestion of the American agents, the Confederate authorities were induced to prolong the war solely in the hope, afterwards falsified by the act of England, if it was ever entertained by the Confederate Government, that the proceedings of their cruisers might produce a rupture between England and the United States; and, for motives which it is impossible to prove, operating on the minds of persons over whom the English Government had no control, it is, not seriously but formally, insisted that England shall be responsible; and, in preference to abandoning a colossal demand which occupies the two-hundredth part of the elaborate American claim, the United States are apparently willing to retire from the Treaty which recorded the almost unbounded concessions of England. It would be unjust to Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and his colleagues to attribute to them a grave belief that, but for the presence of the cruisers on the sea, the Confederates would have surrendered the day after the battle of Gettysburg. The Southern army of Virginia then suffered its first reverse in an offensive campaign on the enemy's soil. The result indeed proved that Gettysburg was the turning point of the war; but nearly two years of desperate fighting intervened before Lee surrendered at the Appomattox. The American agents had previously assumed, without a pretence of discussion or proof, that the amicable settlement mentioned in the Protocol of the 8th of March was not the amicable settlement provided by the Treaty. If Mr. GLADSTONE went too far in assuming that the meaning of the phrase on two occasions was identical, the framers of the Case are at least equally hasty in adopting the opposite and paradoxical construction.

It is possible that the American Government may have overlooked the mischief which was capable to result from the culpable levity of the agents who drew the Case;



and although it is useless to renege, it may be permitted to repeat the allegation of two great communities, and all the possible slanders which may follow from the weakness of producing a conspicuously stated demand. If the United States had wished or expected to extort a tribute from England, no pains would have been spared in laying a solid or plausible foundation for an unprecedented demand. The less violent American journals confess that the only tenable claim is that which the English Government and people are fully willing to submit to arbitration; but hitherto they have refused to understand that a liability to a penalty of five hundred millions is not a fit subject of reference. It is indeed incredible that any arbitrator should sanction such a claim; but two months ago it would have been equally difficult to believe that it could be advanced by one of the litigants. If any dispassionate American can persuade himself that the English Government or its Commissioners intended to refer the demand to arbitration, he must suppose that the minds of English statesmen are strangely constituted. As an authoritative exponent of the Treaty and the preparatory negotiations has remarked, the *Alabama* claims, which are in the first article of the Treaty exclusively referred, had been fully defined by the official correspondence before the time at which Mr. SUMNER first invented the demand of damages for the prolongation of the war. The framers of the American claim virtually adopt the English interpretation, until they arrive at the unfortunate peroration which has rendered the rest of their labours useless. The language and the significant silence of American writers and speakers from the date of the Treaty down to the beginning of the present month supplies still more conclusive evidence of the understanding which was common to both nations. If it had been thought in the United States that the arbitration could by any possibility result in an award of hundreds of millions, it was impossible that the approaching discussion should have been regarded with tranquillity, and almost with indifference. It is not pretended that the House of Commons could be expected to vote the payment of the damages which are claimed; yet a refusal to pay would have been a more plausible pretext for hostility than a refusal to proceed to arbitration.

Mr. SMALLEY, who has for some years been London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, has stated in a letter to the *Times* that Mr. SUMNER, General BUTLER, and other American politicians of position and influence expressed, shortly after the conclusion of the Treaty, their opinion that the claim for four or five hundred millions was included in the reference. Mr. SMALLEY, indeed, remarks with a sneer that the calculation is of English origin; but he can scarcely deny that the costs of the war from the battle of Gettysburg to the surrender of LEE would amount to at least as large a sum. For his own part, Mr. SMALLEY professes to have been totally unaware that his own interpretation of the Treaty was not universally accepted in England. The *Tribune*, as the advocate of Fenianism, and the consistent enemy of England from the days of SMITH O'BRIEN'S rebellion, has a fit representative in Mr. SMALLEY; who has uniformly written of all English matters in a tone of contemptuous acrimony which is remarkable even as proceeding from an American Correspondent. It is probably no part of his duty to ascertain, or to understand, or to communicate to the readers of the *Tribune*, the real state of English opinion; but when he proceeds to impute to the English Commissioners a fraudulent complicity with the understanding which they have publicly repudiated, he forgets the statements of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord RUSSEL in the House of Lords. By a curious oversight the framers of the American Case have for other purposes quoted two passages from the debate, so that their Government must have been fully aware that the claim for indirect damages had, in the belief of the English Commissioners, been abandoned. Mr. SUMNER'S expectation that his hostile version of the Treaty would be adopted by the American Government has been justified by the result; but it is nevertheless certain that the people of the United States believed that the controversy was virtually settled, at the moment when their agents were conducting an inflammatory invective against England with a demand which, if it were allowed, could only be enforced by war. It is also more than probable that the American Government intended to indicate to the tribunal by the manner of their claim that it was merely nominal as it was utterly unfounded. Mr. SMALLEY, who seemed to enjoy the confidence of the American Government, continues in his second letter to the *Times* the conjecture that the demand for indirect damages would not have been seriously pressed. An American who was capable of understanding the English Government had any feelings of honour or self-respect, would

entirely ask that it should submit to arbitration a statement and losses incurred, in the hope of enabling some payment through the final moderation of the extraordinary demand. According to one of the latest rumours, the American Government offers to abandon the indirect claims if the Geneva Tribunal awards the calculation of damages to the Board of Amateurs. If the report is well founded, it would seem that the withdrawal of the claims from the cognizance of the Arbitration would be equally just and reasonable. The Geneva Tribunal can award a gross sum only "for all the claims referred to it," which, according to the English construction, are the same private claims which, as a second alternative, are to be referred to the Board of Amateurs. The Government of the United States, if it draws a distinction between the two tribunals, must be understood to contend that the "claims" mentioned in the Seventh Article of the Treaty are more "extensive than the claims" in the Tenth Article. The real dispute between the two Governments is narrowed into the issue, whether a demand which would in any case not be pressed shall be ostensibly submitted to the tribunal of Arbitration.

#### THE DEBATE ON SIR R. COLLIER'S APPOINTMENT.

THE vote of the House of Lords on the appointment of Sir ROBERT COLLIER will have created more surprise than dissatisfaction. It was well known that the PRIME MINISTER and LORD CHANCELLOR would be whitewashed, but it had been thought that the operation would be performed for the first time in another place. The House of Lords may fairly take to itself the credit of having, in the face of much provocation, declined to give a party vote, or rather of having given a political vote in opposition to its own party feeling. The Duke of ARBUTHNOT, anticipating an opposite result, did his utmost to prevent calm consideration either of the merits of the question or of the public interest. His furious and unreasonable invective against the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE might have been described, in his own misapplied words, as a railing or ribald accusation. The Duke of ARBUTHNOT might have known that the journals which are most devoted to the support of the present Government have from the first almost unanimously censured the evasion of law which has now been formally condoned; yet he repeatedly declared that Lord STANHOPE'S motion was only founded on party grounds, and in the intemperance of his zeal he even challenged the opposition of his "pretended friends," the Liberal peers, who may be suspected of not reposing unqualified confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE. The real feeling of the majority of the House of Lords was much better expressed by Lord PORTMAN, who repeatedly admitted that the law had been strained, and that the conduct of the Government had been blamable, although he contended that there was not a case for Parliamentary censure. Lord PORTMAN also asked the material question whether Lord STANHOPE and his supporters were prepared to undertake the government of the country if they succeeded in driving the present Ministers from office. It was by considerations of this kind, and not by the wild declamation of the Duke of ARBUTHNOT, that the unexpected vote of the majority was determined. There was also a well-founded disinclination to inflict a censure on a Lord Chancellor who is both personally and professionally respected. It is not probable that any peer was convinced by the arguments of Lord ROMILLY, who holds the very doctrine which was used by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE as an extreme illustration of the impropriety of the late appointment. According to Lord ROMILLY, it would not be an objectionable proceeding to make a barrister Chief Justice of the High Court of Bengal for the purpose, not of providing for the administration of justice in India, but of giving a qualification for the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. It may be hoped that the technical objections which Lord ROMILLY has, as he says, spent his judicial life in discouraging, are less serious than the plain meaning and intent of a recent Act of Parliament; but there is fortunately no doubt that, as an upright Judge, he would condemn, and, if possible, annul, any private transaction which even remotely approached the character of Mr. GLADSTONE'S interpretation of the recent statute. The opinion which Lord ROMILLY had formed on the issue before the House may perhaps be explained by his astonishing statement that among the persons with whom he had conversed the preponderance of opinion was in favour of the Government. There is probably no other member of either House of Parliament, or of the profession of the law, who has met with so eccentric a portion of society.

The complaints of the LORD CHANCELLOR that he had been condemned unheard are answered by his own speech, which contained facts which were not already perfectly

well known. The tone and temper of his explanation contrasted favourably with the Duke of ARGYLL's injudicious burst of violence. If the House of Lords had before entertained any doubt of the LORD CHANCELLOR's upright character and intentions, it would have been dispelled by his simple and earnest apology. Unfortunately his judgment is not infallible; and there is just cause for regret at his defence of the appointment of Mr. BEALES to the bench of a County Court. It was undesirable to revive the memory of the discreditable negotiation between a Minister of the Crown and an agitator who, fresh from a triumph of mob violence, afterwards boasted that the streets would have run with blood if the Government had not been intimidated into compliance with his demands. Lord HATHERLEY declares that he had from his first entrance into office determined to provide for a man who had been reduced to ruin for an expression of political opinion. A Lord Chancellor ought not to encourage the belief that political opinion may be legitimately expressed by pulling down railings. Lord STANHOPE weakened his own case by raising an ill-founded objection to the appointment of an Attorney-General to a seat at the Privy Council. The apologists of the Government made the obvious answer, that an Attorney-General is always supposed to be eligible for the highest judicial offices; and both the objection and the reply were utterly irrelevant to the question which was to be determined. On the main charge no defence was offered, or could be offered, which deserves a moment's attention. The LORD CHANCELLOR was ill-advised in relying on the double-edged argument with which he had been furnished by Mr. Justice WILLES. It may indeed be regarded as a proof of openness and candour that the document was voluntarily submitted to the House. It is not a little strange that a Judge who combines profound legal learning with great ability and general cultivation should have composed a singular testimonial which partakes of the nature of a squib. Of Justice WILLES's two propositions, that the appointment was legal, and that the legal appointment of a fit man cannot be an evasion of the law, the first is a truism, and the second is a blunder. If the law had been violated, the Act could not have been evaded. An appointment which "may have surprised those who had not considered the terms of the Act" was extremely likely, as in the present instance, to be an evasion of the Act. In the case of Sir R. COLLIER, as in the Ewelme case, Mr. GLADSTONE carefully considered the terms of the Act, for the purpose, and with the result, of finding a loophole of evasion. To simpler minds the direct and obvious purpose of a law would seem better worthy of study. It was unnecessary for Mr. Justice WILLES to disclaim any participation in "the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's letter to the newspapers." If he had not been temporarily blinded by some unexplained feeling, he would have known that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's letter was addressed, not to the newspapers, but to Mr. GLADSTONE, who was then about to complete the objectionable appointment. The grave and temperate remonstrance of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is not more damaging than Mr. Justice WILLES's suggestion that the Ministers whom he undertakes to defend had surprised Parliament into passing the Act by a suppression for which they are answerable. The interpretation of the sneer is that the salary provided in the Act was not sufficient to induce the Judges to vacate their present posts. On this ground Mr. Justice WILLES seems to have anticipated the very evasion of the Act which was afterwards perpetrated. If he had been interested in the Ewelme Act, he would have, with similar astuteness, discovered that it was open to a non-natural interpretation; but in the Judicial Committee Act the Ministers themselves provided the loophole through which they subsequently evaded the law. Lord SALISBURY was justified in referring to the disposal of the benefice of Ewelme in illustration of Mr. GLADSTONE's mode of dealing with Acts of Parliament. The LORD CHANCELLOR had in that case, on behalf of the Government, consented to introduce a clause by which members of Convocation of Oxford were exclusively qualified to hold the preferment. Mr. GLADSTONE, according to his own account, objected to an interference with the prerogative of the Crown; or, in other words, to a restriction imposed by Parliament on the Prime Minister's disposal of patronage. In former times it was understood that Parliament was supreme; but the author of the Royal Warrant for purchase and of the COLLIER appointment is not to be controlled by obsolete traditions. On a close and pettifoggish examination of the words inserted by his colleague, Mr. GLADSTONE discovered that a clause provided for the exclusive benefit of Oxford might be perverted into a mode of providing for a member of the University of Cambridge. Accordingly the Prime Minister of England

condescended to advise a clergyman to acquire a fictitious qualification for a benefice to which he then proceeded to present him. If a blunder has occurred in the completion of an awkward juggle, Mr. GLADSTONE coolly informs the House of Commons that the loss will fall, not on himself, but on his comparatively innocent nominee. There is reason to fear that the vote of the House of Lords, though it may have been in the circumstances expedient, will encourage the Minister in his avowed indifference to legal and constitutional scruples.

The debate and division in the House of Commons will now excite comparatively little interest. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER has been induced once more to appear in his favourite character of a solvent and responsible surety for a suspicious firm. In August last Parliament was kept waiting for prorogation till a certificate had been produced from Sir R. PALMER that the revival of an obsolete prerogative was wholly unobjectionable. His high character is again to be thrown into the scale against the universal and well-founded conviction that the PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR have been guilty of gross perversion of a statute. His evidence will in no degree bear on the merits of the question; but it will remove any scruple which might have interfered with a strict party vote. Any ordinary Liberal member may plausibly argue that he is neither as learned nor as conscientious as the mover of an amendment with which he might otherwise in his simplicity have been excusably shocked. There will be a clear majority for the Government, at the cost of lowering in a perceptible degree the standard of political morality. It is a cause for regret that the future Chancellor should be the person who undertakes to prove that the present CHANCELLOR is not deserving of censure because he had enabled the PRIME MINISTER to evade the plain meaning of the law; nor is an evil example rendered less pernicious by the fact that all the three personages who combine to set it justly enjoy the highest character for religion and morality.

#### THE BALLOT.

THE Ballot, if it is one of the most important, is certainly one of the most uninteresting of public questions. Mr. DISRAELI at the commencement of the Session announced that he would offer the Government Bill his most unflinching opposition, but he entirely failed on Thursday to keep his word; neither he nor any of the leaders of his party made any sign of antagonism to the Bill. The Government did not care to defend what was not seriously attacked, and the debate fell almost wholly into the hands of the non-official members of both parties. So very slight was the interest which the debate awakened, that it is stated one speaker found himself speaking to an audience of two members, and an attempt was actually made to count out the House while it was engaged in giving a second reading to a Bill which, if it passes into law, must seriously affect the whole Constitution and history of the country. All this only shows that the Ballot is not really a matter of practical discussion. For good or for evil, it is an experiment which is going to be tried. Those who object to it feel that they are in the position of persons objecting to racing who should be asked to discuss whether the Derby shall be run this year, or of persons liking Ministerial firmness who should be asked to discuss whether Mr. BRUCE will give way the next time pressure is brought to bear on him. What is the use of speculating on, or contending against, certainties? The Ballot will soon be the law of the land, and all that wise men can do is to make the measure passed as perfect, as effectual, and as little objectionable as possible. Any real life, again, that there might have otherwise been in the opposition of the Conservative party to the Bill is killed by the conviction which many Conservatives entertain that the measure will in many constituencies work to their advantage. Mr. POWELL, the most newly elected of Conservatives, has come up to Parliament pledged to vote in favour of the Ballot. The local managers of his party think that, if the Ballot prevails at the next election, their prospects will be even better than they would otherwise be; and it is notorious that many Liberals who approve of the Ballot and vote for it avow that they are making involuntary martyrs of themselves, and that secret voting means for them a speedy retirement into private life. There are, of course, many Conservatives who honestly and on public grounds oppose the Ballot, and who are ready to utter what seems to them to be true about it in spite of the practical indifference which their leaders show to the question. But they can make no head against the apathy which meets them on every side. There is, indeed, no enthusiasm for the Bill; but then this is, in a

great success, due to the universal conviction that the Bill will be passed. The Conservatives won several seats from the Government during the recess, but in no single instance did their successful candidate invite the electors to support him in opposing the Ballot. The constituencies do not appear to care much for the Ballot, but they have got it into their heads that the Ballot is a small, if unintelligible, tribute that ought to be paid to their merits. They echo the formula that the Ballot is the necessary supplement to the last Reform Bill, and although Conservatives with very safe seats say of course anything they please, and denounce the Ballot to their hearts' content, yet if a Conservative wishes to gain a seat, or to hold one keenly contested, he does not like to seem afraid of trusting the electors, or to stand in the way of a change which they consider complimentary to them, more especially as his agents will very probably whisper in his ear that the Ballot will be the very best thing for him and his local partisans that could be desired.

The result of all discussions on the Ballot is that it is in itself a bad thing, and that as a corrective of bribery it will be either ineffectual, or possibly an aggravation of the mischief, but that it may act beneficially as a deterrent from intimidation. It is a bad thing in itself, because it will lead to much disgusting trickery and manœuvring, because it will largely increase the power of wire-pulling, and because it will, we fear, very much decrease the amount of personal interest felt in political questions. When great masses go to the poll, no one knows how or why, the tendency to abstention which so fatally prevails in France is very likely to take strong hold of those who care to judge and read for themselves. Bribery will prevail after the Ballot as much as it does now. The disposition to incur the reputation of having actually bought votes is perhaps a little diminishing before the growth of a wholesome public opinion, although this may very easily be disputed; and the electors of Wick certainly do not seem inclined to exact from their candidate that standard of sensitive purity or passionate remorse which made a Scotch Judge kill himself because he felt life to be unendurable for one who had been suspected as guilty of corrupting a constituency. But the Ballot will rather tend to make bribery seem less than more odious to those whose longings to enter the House of Commons tempt them to try to get there by a lavish expenditure. It will be far more difficult to prove bribery on an election petition than it is under the present law, for no one's vote will be known. At present, if a humble partisan suddenly goes over, or if the wavering of a notorious money-seeker is suddenly terminated, there is some clue given by which practised agents may guess when bribery began, and how the bribe was administered. It is true that those who give bribes will not be so sure that they will get value for their money; but they can pay for results, and although the elector will not have so strong a temptation to vote if the payment is contingent as if the money were in his pocket, yet it must be remembered that a contingent payment will be all he can get, and may easily seem better than nothing. If both sides bribed, the elector would be in a delightful position, for he must win whatever was the result, and whichever way he voted; and candidates who are deterred from bribing from regard, not for principle, but their pockets, will be much more tempted to bribe than they are now. They can only have to pay if they are successful, and this will be most seductive to them. At present a candidate may spend four or five thousand pounds on an election, get no return whatever for it, or else win his seat, and, after holding it for a few months, be exposed to much public ridicule and some public odium when the details disclosed in an inquiry on petition are published day by day in the papers. But after the Ballot is established, a clever serpent of a local attorney will have very sweet things to whisper into the ears of a rich man who is doubting whether he will go through all he must go through in order to get into Parliament. The tempter will be able to say that all he asks is a cheque for so many thousand pounds the day after his listener becomes an M.P., while there is no chance of discovery, as it will be impossible to find out how those who will be adequately influenced have voted. If the proposal to make the constituencies pay the legal expenses is carried, the attorney will be able to occupy still stronger ground, and will show his rich acquaintance that he is not called to spend one single shilling, unless he chooses to gratify his vanity and fill up his time by going down and speaking to, or by addressing through placards and advertisements, the electors whose support is really to be gained in another way.

Intimidation is a very different thing. A man who wishes to

be elected if he is capable of taking money, and the Ballot will only slightly, if at all, stand in the way of his getting what he wishes. But a man wishes not to be intimidated, and the Ballot may help him to carry out his wishes. In this case the voter is on the side of the Ballot, uses or profits by it, and this is very different from the case where the voter wishes to nullify the Ballot and prevent it from standing in his way. There can be little doubt that the Ballot will—at least at first—diminish intimidation. The fertile brains of professional local politicians may hereafter devise means of intimidating in spite of the Ballot, but we never yet heard of any constituency as to which those who knew it best were not of opinion that, if there were the Ballot, there would unquestionably be many voters more free than they are now to support their honest opinions, gratify their prejudices, and humour their own personal feelings, good or bad. Is there, however, enough intimidation to make the Ballot worth having? This is a question to which very different answers are given. Intimidation means, in fact, very different things. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland, on Thursday, while ridiculing the idea that electors are trustees for non-electors, said that he remembered once seeing a trustee escorted by eight soldiers to the poll, to protect him from his *castus que* trusts. This is one form of intimidation. Another form of intimidation is when a tenant is asked to vote for a landlord whom he has known from childhood, whose family he considers a part of his own social life, whose meat and ale he has often tasted, and who has never done him a bad turn. He may easily fancy, and fancy very rightly, that if he refused to vote for his landlord he would suffer for it, not by having his farm taken from him, but by cold looks, a painful sense of distance and reserve, and a cessation of hospitalities. The pressure thus put on him to vote against his wishes, assuming that he has wishes prompting him to vote the other way, is a species of intimidation. The Ballot would, to a certain unascertainable extent, diminish the force of these forms of intimidation, and of all the various forms that lie between the extremes. If under intimidation we are to include all the means by which men are led away by a reasonable fear of disagreeable consequences from voting as they would like, the probability is that there is a large amount of intimidation in England, although not nearly so much as is to be found in other countries; and although there are many causes tending to lessen the amount in England, there are two indications that there is a great deal of intimidation in England, which deserve to be noticed. In the first place, most of those who have lived among the artisans of large towns, and know something about them, agree that those men are subject to much pressure with regard to elections from their masters, and still more from the foremen and overlookers, and still more, again, from each other. In the next place, when we find so many constituencies, and especially constituencies that have returned Conservatives whose general principles might naturally make them lean against the Ballot, declaring that they want the Ballot, and think it the only way of giving important sections of the electoral body a fair chance of returning a member to their taste, they cannot be supposed to be talking nonsense. They must be prompted by the knowledge they have obtained of real facts. It is inconceivable that the Conservatives of the North-West Riding would send a new member to vote for the Ballot unless the intimidation exercised by their opponents was something that hurt and annoyed and alarmed them. The good of the Ballot is that it will, at least at first, and at least partially, stop intimidation, which is a mischief widely spread and occasionally keenly felt. The evil of the Ballot is that it will lower the tone of political life, and augment rather than diminish bribery. Whether the good or the evil is likely to be the greater might be a matter for interminable argument, were it not that the question has, as was shown on Thursday night, passed practically out of the region of argument altogether.

#### THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY AND THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

THAT France is a Republic without Republicans has become a commonplace, but it is a little difficult to reconcile this epigrammatic statement with the results exhibited by so many successive elections. Two more Departments have just returned Republican candidates by considerable majorities, the defeated candidates being in one instance a Legitimist, and in the other an Imperialist, and a Conservative unpledged to any particular form of government. In Brittany the return of a Legitimist would have been natural enough, and there is

certainly nothing to wonder at in 35,600 votes being given in his favour. The point that really calls for notice is that, in spite of all the exertions of a party which could send so many voters to the poll, the Republican carried the day. Normandy, at least rural Normandy, is said to be Imperialist in its sympathies, having a grateful recollection of the Treaty which opened the English markets to its cheese and butter. Consequently we are not surprised to find that in the Eure the Imperialist candidate had 21,000 supporters. Here again the point that calls for notice is that, in spite of all the Bonapartists could do, the Republican was elected by a majority of more than 10,000 votes. If France is a Republic without Republicans, how are these returns to be accounted for? Six months ago they might have been explained by saying that the Republic—that is, the THIERS Government—was the sole embodiment of order and authority in France, and that it was in this capacity alone that so many Frenchmen were anxious to see it maintained. This can hardly be said with accuracy now. The union which formerly existed between M. THIERS and the Assembly has sustained too many shocks for any Frenchman who cares about politics to believe that in voting for a Republic he is simply supporting the party of order. It has been clear for some time that the ideas of the majority in the Assembly are monarchical, however they may differ as to the family in which they would like to see their ideas embodied. It has been equally clear that M. THIERS is bent upon keeping the Republic in being, at all events until the indemnity is paid and French soil set free from German soldiers. The desire to preserve order is not therefore an adequate motive for the electoral support which has been accorded to the Republic. Politicians who can see below the surface may feel sure that the setting up of a Monarchy, whether Legitimist or constitutional, would be a signal for civil war, and may for that reason be ready to sink their personal preferences rather than gratify them at so terrible a cost. But the rank and file of a party are not restrained by such a consideration as this, especially when they have to decide, not whether a Monarchy shall be proclaimed, but simply whether the deputy to be sent to Versailles shall be one who would support it if it were proclaimed. Consequently, now that party divisions are more sharply marked in the Assembly, we should expect to see them more sharply marked in the country. So far the expectation has not been disappointed. The resolution into component elements which the Conservative party in the Assembly has undergone has had its counterpart in the constituencies. What was not expected was that the proportions between the elements in the two cases would be entirely different. Both in the Assembly and among the electors the party of order commands a large majority; but in the Assembly order and Monarchy are regarded as synonymous, while in the country the disposition rather is to identify order with the Republic.

At the time when the existing Government first took shape this difference would have seemed unimportant. The necessarily provisional character of any constitutional arrangement made with an enormous ransom still due, and a portion of French territory held in pledge for its punctual payment, was strong in men's minds. There was a general disposition, except on the part of the extreme Left, to postpone the consideration of questions which tended to divide Frenchmen from one another. If it had been possible for M. THIERS to retain his original position in the Government, this happy state of affairs might have lasted for some time longer. So long as France was ruled by a simple President of the Council of Ministers, the fact that the supreme authority was in abeyance was obvious to every one. Under every form of Government, from pure despotism to pure Republicanism, there is always an officer holding a place similar to that then held by M. THIERS. No section of opinion could regard itself as pledged by submission to him, or be irritated by a feeling that such submission involved a compromise of principle. No amount of difference between the opinions of the majority in the Assembly and the majority in the country as to the distant future need have prevented their agreement upon what was to be done in the actual present, and by the time that this distant future arrived the Assembly and the country would have been brought into harmony by the process of a general election. But when M. THIERS became President of the French Republic the circumstances of the case were greatly changed. The monarchical party were at once irritated by the recognition accorded to a form of government they disliked, and absolved from the understanding they had given to respect the provisional character of the Government by its suddenly diverting itself of the especial note of that character, the absence of any acknowledged head. In

some respects this premature recognition was a disadvantage to the Republic. A Government in which the Chief of the Executive is his own Prime Minister in so abundant that it can hardly help giving birth to all sorts of speculation, and for every one of these the Republic is held responsible. The effect of this state of things is, that the majority in the Assembly is annoyed to find itself under a Republic, while it is continually supplied with excuses for declaring that Republic intolerable. If the monarchical sentiment were gaining ground in the country, this annoyance might easily be endured in the conviction that the longer it was put up with the more complete would be the triumph which was being secretly prepared throughout the country. But when a monarchical majority in a Legislature which has been wont to see victories won by a *coup d'état* sees its power in the country declining before it has struck one blow for the interests it wishes to see uppermost, there is no slight danger that it may choose to make an effort at once, while it has at least an advantage of position, rather than wait until the hopelessness of its cause is revealed to all men by its becoming a minority in the Chamber as well as in the constituencies. Every fresh addition to the Republican party in the Assembly thus becomes a reminder to the majority that the time is short, and that a year hence its ability to set up a monarchy may be as much less than it is now as its ability to do so now is less than it was a year ago.

Some such feeling as this is probably at the bottom of the various manifestoes of which rumours are current from time to time. If the majority in the Assembly were homogeneous, something of the kind would doubtless have been put out before now. But so soon as the deputies got to work at drawing up a statement of principles, the old division between Legitimist and Orleanist comes to the surface, and the phalanx which is so united against the Republican becomes divided once more when the question is no longer shall there be a Monarchy? but whom will you have for monarch? It is on the discord thus aroused that the Bonapartists found their chief hopes of an Imperialist restoration. The history of every electoral college goes to show that the object of a common hatred has sometimes a better chance of success than either of the factions by which he is hated, and there is at least a possibility that this law may be again exemplified in the constitutional deliberations of the French Assembly. The return of M. ROCHER will give the Bonapartists a Parliamentary leader endowed with considerable tact and eloquence. Hitherto there has been no one in the Chamber to turn its errors to account, or to demonstrate, for the benefit alike of deputies and electors, the position of NAPOLEON III. as the sovereign to whom a majority of French parties would give their second vote. Beyond the opportunity thus afforded, M. ROCHER's election is not specially significant. The Corsicans have nothing in common with Continental France, and they have a kind of family tie to the Empire which deprives their support of any tendency to reproduce itself elsewhere. But the presence of an able politician in a divided and distracted Chamber will sometimes have consequences out of all proportion to the strength of the party which has sent him there. A general election is not usually prescribed for a country for which peace is the first necessity; but it is quite possible that a dissolution may soon become the only way of delivering France from the rule of a majority driven to intrigues by the consciousness of representing but a fraction of the French nation. How a dissolution is to be obtained in the constitutional entanglement in which France now finds herself, is a practical consideration of equal moment and difficulty.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

THE Contagious Diseases Acts are not a pleasant subject of discussion; and the conduct of the Government has probably rendered the vindication of sound principles for the present practically useless. Another step has been taken in the course of subordinating the public welfare to the demands of noisy sects and factions; and, if it is desirable that the progress of political degeneracy should be obvious and inevitable, it is perhaps well that the Government should in this matter have been represented by a candid and simple-minded Minister. Few legislators would openly confess that they disapproved of their own proposals, and that their political arguments which they believed to be either dishonest or erroneous. In their long series of administrative blunders, of the Ministers boasted that any responsibility which they might have incurred was that the Government had not



their persistent and abiding anxiety for the benefit of the community. It was because they were not content to wait for a future opportunity that they had provoked the hostility of those supposed to be interested in the maintenance of status. Mr. Bruce's colleagues are necessary co-participants in the enthusiasm of philanthropy which in their judgment atones for his administrative mismanagements, and for his acknowledged want of skill in the management of parties. On Tuesday last Mr. Bruce adopted the trampler theory that it is useless to legislate in advance of public opinion, or, as he might have said in still plainer language, that it is inexpedient to alienate any section of Liberal electors. It was exclusively on the assumption of the unpopularity of the Contagious Diseases Acts that he proposed in his new Bill to omit the provision on which their efficiency principally depends. For the sacrifice of his own convictions, and of the interests of those concerned in the matter, Mr. Bruce consoled himself by a vigorous exposure of the mendacious hollowiness of the clamour to which the Government has yielded. No supporter of the Acts which are to be superseded could have denounced with stronger indignation the false statements, the calumnies, and the perverse reasoning of the male and female agitators who will now celebrate their triumph. The Acts had succeeded beyond the hopes of their promoters in checking vice, in diminishing suffering, and, above all, in reducing the risk of future evil to innocent victims. On all these results Mr. Bruce dwelt with emphasis and complacency, for the apparent purpose of proving that in reversing the course of beneficent legislation he had deferred exclusively to ignorance and passion. Public opinion is but a vague term, though it has sometimes been paradoxically defined as the opposite of the aggregate of private opinions. In the present instance those who are best able to form a judgment almost unanimously support the measures which are not to be renewed. An overwhelming majority in the medical profession approves the maintenance or extension of the practice of compulsory examination; nor is there any reason to believe that the system is regarded with repugnance even by the unfortunate persons whom it directly affects. In the estimation of many politicians, and, as it appears, of the present Ministers, public opinion is the utterance of any considerable body of voters in a doubtful borough. One of the members of the Government was, a year or two ago, defeated in a contest because he declined to pledge himself to the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, and his colleagues and superiors are not inclined to repeat a dangerous experiment.

Mr. Jacob Bright, as a principal advocate of the admission of women into the political amphitheatre, naturally supports the demands which some of them have proffered with characteristic indifference to expediency and to principle. It was by an inexcusable misapprehension of his meaning that he was supposed to agree with his feminine allies in holding that it is wrong to interfere with disease because it is the appointed penalty of vice. If female agitators were bound to be consistent, they would, if they had absolute control over the health and life of the community, deliberately retain or introduce one of the deadliest of diseases, because they fancy that it may indirectly discourage immorality. Even the Jews who believed that those on whom the Tower of Babel fell were exceptionally wicked would have hesitated to undermine its foundations in aid of divine justice; but in those days women took no active part in public affairs. That the entire issue should be misapprehended by excited ladies was perfectly excusable; but their successful efforts to enforce their mistaken views afford the fullest illustration of the wisdom of established institutions and traditions. If the question had been, as in former times, discussed exclusively by the colder and more accurate sex, the sophisms and the falsehoods which failed to satisfy Mr. Bruce's understanding would perhaps not have been allowed to determine his action. It is not yet known whether the other members of the Cabinet approve, with Mr. Bruce, of the legislation which at his instance they propose to abolish. Mr. Asquith some time since told a deputation that the Government appreciated the moral objections to the existing Acts, and that he hoped that the measure which was to be introduced would satisfy all parties. Having already forewarned his opponents to the cause of the rights of women, Mr. Gladstone may perhaps, without departing from his own character, be inclined to adopt the principles of women. If he has become a proselyte, he has not succeeded in convincing his colleagues of the House of Commons; but Mr. Bruce might be more easily assured for giving way to the Prime Minister than for maintaining a traditional position. If, on the other hand, the Government in general agree in opinion with Mr. Bruce, it ought to have shown in the House of Commons the responsibility of repealing measures which

most valuable among recent enactments. Mr. John Lubbock observed, if the House could vote against the Acts would be supported by a large majority; and, in spite of discontented constituents, a resolute Ministry would, even under the present system, probably have been supported in a conscientious policy. The shrill arguments of the pro-contagious platform, and the unnecessary details of the pamphlets published by the Association, are not calculated to be effective in the House of Commons. Whether the prospects of a future election would have induced members to compromise their principles, it is now impossible to ascertain. As Mr. Bruce has by choice or compulsion declined to legislate in accordance with his own judgment, no private member could with any hope of success attempt to introduce into the present Bill the more stringent provisions of the former Acts. The measure itself will probably be considered unobjectionable, and it may perhaps do some good, though its omissions will be the cause of much vice and misery. It is not likely that the severer punishments which are to be attached to certain offences will meet with opposition, and perhaps even the opponents of the former Acts will consent to a moderate extension of the powers of the police. Some of the more zealous female orators indeed have complained of the impediments which were placed by the former Acts in the way of occasional or intermittent irregularity on the part of women; but it may be hoped that provisions against the molestation of passengers in the streets will be tolerated as a reasonable compromise. The grievance of separate legislation for one sex will unfortunately remain, but, as one of the speakers on Mr. Bruce's motion remarked, it is difficult to avoid an invidious distinction in dealing with a class to which there is nothing analogous among men.

The legislative failure which Mr. Bruce is not solicitous to conceal indicates a weakness in modern Parliamentary government far graver than the impediments to business which occupy the attention of Committees. The Ministers almost openly acknowledge that they are dependent, not only on the support of a popular majority, but on the favour of the several petty sections into which it is divided. If there are any plausible reasons for repealing the Contagious Diseases Acts, Mr. Bruce neither stated their substance nor acknowledged their value. It is true that it is impossible to legislate in defiance of general opinion, but in this case the agitators and their dupes form a comparatively inconsiderable part of the population. If the opponents of measures against contagion are really strong enough to control the House of Commons and the Government, several other minor factions must have equal power to thwart legislation which they may regard as unpalatable. The present Government in the present Parliament would scarcely succeed in effecting an organic reform such as that which was accomplished in the Poor Law Act of 1834. It is not difficult to assail inherently feeble institutions like the Irish Church, or even to wield against a comparatively small class of landowners the powers which are derived from the support of a united majority. Neither the Irish Protestants nor the Irish landlords belonged to the Liberal party which it is the business of the Government to satisfy; and consequently both of Mr. Gladstone's great measures increased and consolidated the majority by which they were carried. The Association which has procured the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts exercised a certain influence over elections; and consequently it has received more than due consideration. The decision of the Government may perhaps be excusable, but it reveals a serious defect in existing political institutions.

#### CATHEDRAL REFORM.

CATHEDRALS and Chapters are becoming again a subject of discussion, and in some quarters of anxiety, though the public interest in their prosperity can hardly yet be said to be very keen. But it is taken for granted by many, perhaps with scarcely sufficient ground, that they are the specially weak point of the English Church system. There are obvious and plausible reasons for this opinion, though the real value of these reasons is quite another question; and the opinion is one which recommends itself to every-going thinkers who appreciate a case which can be shortly handled, as it is also a conventional one when a subject is wanted on which to earn, at no very great expense, a reputation for reforming zeal, and to direct criticism from one's self to one's neighbours. The Cathedral system has undoubtedly its weak points, as most institutions have; but institutions which have lasted a long

time have usually some strong points too; and Cathedrals can certainly show them.

The Cathedral system has two weaknesses which strike everybody; one of them inevitable, as things are now, though it belongs to the condition of man rather than properly to the system itself; the other open to change and remedy, though it has become fast fixed in the traditions, the current ideas, and the actual working of our own Cathedral institutions. It is inevitable that Deans and Canons, who hold their offices for life, should fall sick, should grow old, should become unfit for work; it is inevitable, as the working Chapters now consist only of five members, mostly appointed after the prime of life, that occasionally a whole Chapter should be in a disabled condition. There is no curing this element of weakness, unless the difficult question of retirement—difficult in all services, eminently difficult in this—can be arranged. The other weakness is an accident of the Cathedral system as such, though it is inherent in the mode of working it which has long prevailed, and which is still not out of date. It arises from looking on Cathedral offices as something secondary and subordinate to a man's other objects and business in life; as sinecures, or as prizes, or as posts of dignified retirement, or as additions to income, or as periodical variations of work, breaking at intervals, and those not very long ones, the ordinary employment of an active clergyman. It is the weakness which comes from assigning the highest pay, the highest dignity, the highest position, to what is in reality only the accessory and occasional portion of a man's occupation; to that which interests him and others least, which makes the least call on his energy and ability, and the least demand for his self-devotion and sacrifices. But this weakness, natural as it is, is not a necessary one, and may be got rid of, if there is only the will.

The truth is, that the only tenable reason to be assigned why Cathedral Chapters should exist is that they do furnish a clergyman with an object and work which it is worth living for. Not a subsidiary or complementary sphere of labour, to which he can turn for relief when tired, or in which he can expend his superfluous force; but one to which he may devote himself, and is bound to do so, as much as a parson is supposed to be taken up with his parish, or a bishop with his diocese. In this spirit Cathedral institutions began; with this view of Cathedral ends and obligations Chapters were founded. A number of clergy were associated, in order, at a point of vantage like that afforded by an important locality, and with the strength derived from numbers and mutual help, to carry on a serious and systematic work, and to make a corresponding impression on society in favour of religion. The business of the Chapter, however it might be interpreted, furnished the direct and sufficient end for which each member professed to live; and we cannot but think that unless Chapters can make it clear to the public mind, not only that Deans and Canons are sufficient for their places, but that their places are sufficient for them—sufficient to give worthy scope to high purposes and adequate occupation to high abilities—the indirect advantages of Cathedral institutions, which are not inconsiderable, will hardly meet with due justice.

But, in reality, if the Cathedral and its life were to become the main and governing object to members of Chapters, instead of being in the second line and only thought of from time to time as a kind of ornament or variation to a man's ordinary life, they would furnish quite enough to fill up a clergyman's thoughts and time, and to task his powers to the utmost. It is much less important for what particular object these posts are used than that they should be used—used to furnish the main and direct business of a man who is in earnest about what he does. There are at the first glance three great employments for which it would be difficult to find a fitter place than in our Cathedrals. One is the primary and original function of those bodies which were collected in the first instance to serve in them; it is the business of Cathedrals to furnish and keep up the purest and highest model attainable of public service and worship. It is unfortunately too notorious how many fall short of what might be expected of them in this matter. It is also clear that nowhere is care taken to make the service what it ought to be, without a warm and ready response from the crowds who are soothed, comforted, encouraged, attracted by it. If this one point were reached in all or most of our Cathedrals, if their great capacities and resources were worked to the full, not in over-ornate and over-refined services adapted to the fastidious tastes of professional musicians and nice critics of ritual, but in forms of worship which by their grandeur, simplicity, and, above all, their serious and unaffected devotional earnestness, should be adapted to impress

and subdue the hearts of worshippers, there would not be many people to cry out against Cathedrals. But they have other uses equally fit to be a man's main object in life. Cathedrals have opened to our generation new ideas about the limits and the aims of preaching. Good sermons there have long been both in the Church and out of it; and plenty besides of loud, vulgar, noisy ones, for those who found good sermons tame. But even the partial use which has been made of the large spaces of Cathedrals for preaching has developed a type of sermon which thirty years back would have been thought beyond our reach. It is a kind of sermon which has in it the argumentative power, the theological knowledge, the cultivation, the good taste, the deep thought, the pure English of our older preaching, with the fire, the boldness, the popular sympathies, the oratorical breadth and impetuosity, by which a great speaker is distinguished from one who is great with his pen. We have hitherto had no sermons to match as examples of popular eloquence the masterpieces of the great French schools; we may now expect to have them in time, if we have not attained to them yet. And since people have discovered that Cathedral naves were not built merely to be promenades for sightseers, it has gradually dawned upon us that the Church is still, even at home, a missionary institution; and that there is no place where crowds ever assemble so readily to hear what their teachers have to tell them—no place where they come with less sense of restraint, and with that openness of mind which goes with the feeling of perfect freedom to hear and to judge for themselves, to stay or depart as they will—no place where they can be so completely at home with their own thoughts and longings—as in those glorious halls which open their gates wide to every comer, and have room, no questions asked, for throngs of the most varied composition.

If there are objects which a clergyman may make the governing and adequate purposes of his life, they are certainly the care of the public worship of the Church, and the work of preaching. Here are two objects quite sufficient to fill the life and task the ability and power of any man; and when to this is added a third occupation, the life and business of the scholar, the student, and the teacher, it cannot be said that fit and absorbing work cannot be found for members of Cathedral bodies. These are their special and characteristic business, not necessarily all, but one or other of them; and it certainly is not the fault of the business if it is not enough to form the definite and sufficient employment of Deans and Canons. It is in this direction that Cathedral reform ought to be pushed. An idea finds favour in many quarters that their resources may be better turned to account by making them great diocesan organizing *bureaux* in which the educational or the ecclesiastical business of the diocese should be concentrated and transacted under heads of departments, in close connexion with the Bishop; and it is further suggested that definite offices connected with this business might be by law attached to each canonry. To this the answer is, that diocesan business cannot need such expensive and magnificent machinery. It can be done much cheaper; and Cathedral institutions were meant and adapted for other purposes, and not for this. It would simply be a waste and misapplication to use them in this way. Doubtless they owe service to the diocese; but if they are good for anything, they owe service also, more important service, to the Church at large. Their fate is sealed if they cannot show that they are able to render it. Let these diocesan offices, if occasion offers, be attached to the Cathedral as supplementary elements. We have nothing to say adverse to this; what we protest against is their being treated as the primary object of the Cathedral system.

Let Cathedral life once come to be thought a primary and sufficient occupation for a hard-working man, and improvement amply justifying their undisturbed continuance will follow. If any changes are to be made by law, they ought to be of two kinds. Deans and Canons should be as strictly bound as other people to residence in the place where their proper work lies. Except on the notion of a canonry being a sort of decoration and not a real work, what reason can possibly be given for the system which prevails so widely, of the one Canon, turn and turn about, in residence? And next, power, and with it responsibility, should be concentrated in their hands. The various anomalous and independent bodies which are found in many Cathedrals, able and sometimes willing to thwart improvement, must in time disappear, if the Cathedral system is ever to be worked with vigour. But, after all, even under the inherited disadvantages from which it still suffers, a great deal may be done, much more than is often supposed either by critics or apologists, with the system as it stands. What is at the root of the whole matter is that men should be selected for these

places who are qualified for them. Let them be appointed as men are appointed to high and important posts in the public service; not merely deserving men, or men who have in their day worked hard, but men who have proved what they are worth, and are still able to do serious, and it may be difficult, work. Make Cathedral work real work, as varied as is compatible with the idea of the institution itself, and choose good men to do it; and there is no portion of our English Church system which may be more important or more useful.

#### THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE preparation of a Scotch Education Bill is in many respects an easier matter than the preparation of a similar measure for England. Scotland has had for centuries what England has had for a year and a-half—a system of public elementary schools. In every borough there has been a borough school, in every parish there has been a parish school, maintained out of public rates. Down to 1861 these schools belonged to the Established Church—not in the sense in which Denominational schools in England belong to the denomination which originates and in part supports them, but in the sense in which grammar schools belonged to the Church of England, before the passing of the Endowed Schools Act. They have come down from a time when Scotland recognized no religion save the Presbyterian, and barely tolerated any other. So far, therefore, the framers of a Scotch Education Bill have had a clear course before them. They have not had to consider whether School Boards shall be universally appointed, for the existence in every borough and parish of public elementary schools maintained by the community settles this point for them. In England the ground has hitherto been occupied solely by voluntary schools, and the question Mr. FORSTER had to consider was whether to reoccupy it in every case with School Board schools, or to content himself with appropriating positions which had been left unoccupied altogether. The LORD ADVOCATE found schools answering to the School Board schools created under the English Act existing everywhere, and all he had to do was to make additional provisions for their management. The chief of these provisions are the election of a School Board in every parish and borough by the owners and occupiers of real property, the vesting in their hands of all the existing parish or borough schools, and the supply of sufficient school accommodation in a manner substantially identical with the corresponding provisions of the English Act.

Seven clauses appear in the Scotch Bill which have no counterpart in the Act of 1870. Last year the power given by the latter measure to School Boards to make by-laws for enforcing the attendance of children at school was transferred to the Scotch Bill. But during the interval public opinion has made a great advance on the subject of compulsion, and the LORD ADVOCATE now feels himself strong enough to impose the duty of ensuring school attendance upon School Boards, instead of giving them the option of imposing it upon themselves. The 67th Clause of the Bill makes it the duty of every parent to provide elementary education for his children, and, if unable from poverty to pay the school fee, to apply to the School Board to provide it. The 68th Clause makes it the duty of every School Board to appoint an officer to ascertain what parents resident within their jurisdiction have failed to provide elementary education for their children, and to keep the Board constantly informed of their names. Defaulting parents are to be summoned before the Board, and in the event of their being unable to produce any reasonable excuse for their neglect, a certificate that they have grossly failed in their duty towards their children will be sent to the Procurator Fiscal, who is thereupon to prosecute them before the Sheriff. By the 70th Clause employers of children under thirteen, on receiving notice from the School Board that a child has not received elementary education, will be held to undertake the duty of a parent and will be liable to the same penalties. Mr. FORSTER stated on Thursday that in England by-laws for compulsory attendance have already been passed by 118 School Boards, having within their districts a population of about 8,000,000, or more than one-third of the whole population of the kingdom. So satisfactory a result of this goes far to prove that an extension of the compulsory principle would meet with much less local opposition than has been feared; and another year's experience, fortified by the example of Scotland, ought to make it possible to supply this obvious, though at the time unavoidable, deficiency in the legislation of 1870.

What may be called the political interest of the Scotch Education Bill centres round its dealing with the religious difficulty. The Government had to make their choice as regards the parish and borough schools, between enjoining the teaching of religion, prohibiting the teaching of religion, and leaving the local authorities to exercise their own discretion in the matter, either with or without limitation. Of these four alternatives, the first was excluded beforehand. No Government could now propose to make the teaching of religion obligatory in schools maintained by the community. The second, the prohibition of the teaching of religion except by voluntary agency and after school hours, is virtually the Irish system. The third is the system established in School Board schools in England, where any religion that the Board pleases may be taught, but not through the natural and convenient medium of accepted formularies. The fourth is the system proposed to be introduced in England by the first draft of the Act of 1870. Whatever may be the abstract arguments in favour of the secular system as it exists in Ireland, its application in any particular case can only be defended on the ground that it is desired by the majority of the population, or that, being already in existence, it is working too well to make a change expedient, or that no other system is possible under the special circumstances of the country. It cannot be said that any one of these conditions is fulfilled in Scotland. The system already in being is a system in which the teaching of religion is practically enjoined in the parish and borough schools, and though the continuance of this system is impossible, it has apparently become so by the general diffusion of the doctrine of religious equality rather than by any active distaste for it on the part of the Scotch themselves. "At present," says the LORD ADVOCATE, "a system which prohibits the teaching of religion in schools would be so distasteful to the people of Scotland that it would be very partially received or acted upon." The LORD ADVOCATE may of course be mistaken in this estimate of Scotch feeling, but the "solidarity" that exists between the Scotch members upon all purely national questions renders this highly improbable. Mr. McLAREN would like to see the provision of the English Act adopted, and the teaching of Denominational formularies forbidden in parish and borough schools. But the failure of this compromise in England has been too complete and conspicuous to make it possible for the Government to propose its reproduction in Scotland. The Dissenters, to please whom it was resorted to, have declined to see any attractions in it. There may have been some among them who thought when the proposal was made in the House of Commons that, in excluding the Church Catechism, they had virtually excluded Church teaching. If so, they have grown wiser since, for the liberty accorded by the Education Act to teach Denominational religion in School Board schools now always makes one of the charges brought against Mr. FORSTER. How such a provision could ever have met with even a partial acceptance is extraordinary, considering that the teaching given in most pulpits is strictly Denominational, while at the same time it scarcely ever makes use of a Denominational formulary. It would be in all respects as rational to prohibit the use of EUCLID'S Elements in schools as a concession to a class of persons who objected to the teaching of geometry. Some inconvenience might be caused to the master by being deprived of a text-book he was accustomed to, but if he were competent to teach geometry at all, he would be equally able to teach it with or without such assistance.

The Government considered themselves brought, therefore, by an exhaustive process to the fourth alternative, the leaving the local authorities free to use their own discretion in the matter of teaching religion, unfettered by any restriction beyond that contained in a time-table conscience clause. This permission does not go far enough for some of the more enthusiastic Scotch members. Mr. GORDON called upon Parliament to "manfully" declare what it thought necessary for the religious instruction "of the children," and thus relieve the local Boards from "distressing conflicts." It is not easy to understand what it is that Mr. GORDON wants Parliament to do. Is it to say what particular form of religion it thinks true? In that case Presbyterianism would probably be excluded from many town schools by a majority made up of English Churchmen and Irish Roman Catholics. Is it to say that the established religion of Scotland shall be taught at the public expense in every Scotch school? This would be reasonable enough if the established religion of Scotland were also the religion of the whole Scotch people. So far as it is so, it will be the religion taught under this Bill; but there can be no reason why a Legislature, consisting mainly of members of other religions, should insist upon the established religion being taught in a school

the majority of the ratepayers who support it, and of the parents who send their children to it, belong to a different creed, and perhaps wish a different creed to be taught in the school. As the *Lord Advocate* said, it is strange to be accused of violating the religious feelings of the people in the matter of religious instruction by proposing to leave that matter to be settled by the people themselves. Such an accusation can only come from persons who are afraid that, if the question is thus turned over to the people, it will in some cases be settled in a way they will not like.

Mr. Dixon's objection is more specious. Education, he says, is an Imperial, not a local, question—by which he must be understood to mean that the teaching of religion out of funds contributed in ever so small a proportion by persons not of the same religion is a violation of principle, and, as such, not permissible in one part of the Empire more than another. Mr. Dixon's conclusion is perfectly valid if you do but admit his premises. But those who have no conscientious objection to the religion of the local majority being taught in the local school will not consent to regard the question as one of principle. And if it is once admitted to be a question of detail, there is none which is more fittingly left to the decision of great aggregates of people, such as the inhabitants of England or Scotland or Ireland, with the single condition that it shall be so guarded as not to be used by way of oppression against the private efforts of special communities. Mr. Dixon holds up the Irish difficulty as a reason for not establishing the precedent of allowing each country to have its own system of education. The answer to this is that, if any limitation is set to this liberty as regards Ireland, it will be set, not out of deference to an imaginary general principle, but from regard to the interests of the Irish people themselves.

#### PARKS AND CHURCHYARDS.

WE are indebted to Mr. HARCOURT for the discovery of a serious conspiracy against the liberties of Englishmen. Having exhausted one panic of invasion, he has been good enough to start another. The dangers which menace the country must, we are assured, be sought within, and not without; the blow is struck, not from across the Channel, but by a traitor in our midst. Magna Charta is in peril, Lord Russell has been telegraphed for, and Mr. AYRTON has been, or ought to be, immured in the deepest dungeons of the Tower. Lord SUMMERTON'S Six Acts and the General Warrants of another period of our history will compare favourably, in Mr. HARCOURT'S opinion, with the Bill for keeping order in the Parks which has just been introduced by the Chief Commissioner. The birthright of the roughs is threatened. It is bad enough that the minions of the law should parade the public streets, insulting the independence of the people by their conspicuous uniforms and invidious authority. But at least it has hitherto been possible for citizens whose high spirit and sensitive honour were outraged by this offensive exhibition to withdraw into the Parks, and, with the playful freemasonry of their order, take a sight at the policemen through the railings. It is true that even these sanctuaries are infested with park-keepers, but, though usually stalwart and formidable in appearance, they are mild in manner, indolent in movement, and destitute of legal authority to check disorder. Mr. HARCOURT'S friends are quite aware that the by-laws posted up at the gates by the Ranger are little better than a *brutum fulmen*, and that his bark is worse than his bite. It is also true, however, that Hyde Park has for several years been placed under the charge of the police, but this will probably be regarded as an additional reason why a stubborn resistance should be offered to any further invasion of the rights of obscene and riotous blackguards. If Mr. AYRTON'S Bill becomes law, nobody will in future be allowed to trample down flower-beds or shrubberies, pull the flowers, tear off branches, or injure any building, structure, seat, railing, or other property in a Park. It will be an offence to commit any act in violation of public decency, or to use profane, indecent, or obscene language; and, as if this were not enough, the roughs are to be debarred from their favourite amusement of interfering with or annoying other people. This is an indication of the spirit of "Algerine despotism" in which this measure has been framed that even the small indulgence of carrying or ill-treating animals in the Park is peremptorily forbidden. And this is our boasted English freedom! Mr. HARCOURT, who is a distinguished lawyer, asserts that such a measure as this has never before been laid on the table of an English Parliament, and that it is an attack without precedent on the liberties of the subject. Most people will be disposed to think that, if it is a measure without precedent, it is high

time the precedent should be established. Mr. HARCOURT was defeated on a division, but he has given notice of a resolution for the next stage of the Bill, the gist of which may be expressed in a familiar formula—that the power of the police has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

It is scarcely necessary to offer any serious criticism of Mr. HARCOURT'S rapid and mischievous sleight-of-hand. Some of the phrases which he used show that he has been reading up O'CONNELL, and that he is not above borrowing the epithet of an agitator who was at least original in his squint. The object of the measure which he denounced in such an extravagant and melodramatic manner is simply to adapt the law to altered circumstances, and to place public recreation-grounds, which happen to be nominally in possession of the Crown, on the same footing as other Parks and gardens belonging to municipal bodies throughout the country. The Royal Parks are in law the private property of the Crown, and those who are placed in charge of them have no power to deal with people who misconduct themselves, except that of a private owner. The consequence is, as Mr. AYRTON has explained, that there are practically no means of enforcing order and decency in these enclosures. The park-keepers are not constables, and their authority is of a very limited character. Mr. HARCOURT did not attempt to suggest any reasons why greater license should be allowed to disorder and ruffianism in the Royal Parks than elsewhere. If the Parks were municipal, instead of Crown, property, there would be no difficulty in placing them under proper regulations. It is as absurd to talk of the freedom of anarchy as of the order of chaos. The liberties of the subject necessarily imply the protection of the subject in the reasonable enjoyment of them. The object of the Bill is, in the words of the preamble, to protect public property, and to secure the public from molestation and annoyance while using the Parks and gardens provided for their benefit. It is in fact simply an endeavour to carry out the essentially democratic principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Mr. HARCOURT professes to be an admirer of French equality, but it is certain that he never saw in any public garden in France the loathsome and disorderly crew who may any afternoon be seen disporting themselves like Yahoos in St. James's Park. We agree with Mr. HARCOURT that it will not do to legislate in such a way as to make the Parks an exclusive preserve for one class of society. They are intended for the enjoyment of the whole community on equal terms; and it is in order to remove any doubt on this point that legislation is necessary. The gambols of the roughs, and the Sunday meetings of the demagogues, are an infringement on the rights of quiet, respectable people who desire to enjoy the Parks in their own way. It is unfortunate that successive Governments, by their imbecility and vacillation, should have allowed the question of meetings in the Parks to remain in so unsatisfactory a position. Hitherto these gatherings have been held only by one political party, or section of a party, and Mr. AYRTON candidly acknowledges that he has no desire personally to prevent meetings being called to denounce his political opponents; but if there were any desire to retaliate, rioting would probably be the consequence. The objection to Clause 2, by which it is proposed to enact that "no person shall deliver, or invite any person to deliver, any public address in a Park, except in accordance with the rules of the Park," is that it tacitly admits a right which has never yet been recognised. By the rules of the various municipal and people's Parks at Finsbury, Southwark, Birmingham, Barnsley, Halifax, and elsewhere, all political meetings are forbidden.

The Burials Bill, which has been again brought forward by Mr. O. MORRIS, opens up a kindred question as to the propriety of throwing open the burial-grounds of the Church of England for any kind of service or performance which may be technically described as religious. Mr. MORRIS asserts that it is an "utterly untenable assumption" that Dissenters could take advantage of a funeral service to deliver political addresses. After the recent exhibition of political bitterness and animosity at the Nonconformist Conference, the assumption is not perhaps quite so untenable as we are asked to believe. Besides, it must be remembered that Dissenters are not only entitled, but that it includes the Free-thought Republicans who blaspheme and sedition against the Church of England, and who are advertised at Greenwich. Reading these newspapers like other people, and when they are asked to know what kind of service is wanted for their graves, the Churchmen, who have a solemn charge in a solemn way at Walworth, and who dance and jump in the reading of the Bible, would also, under this Bill, be entitled to go through their revolting antics among the tombstones of the churchyard.



Mr. Moser suggested that if society were given that there should be nothing objectionable or calculated to outrage the convictions of religious sects generally in the service at the grave, a compromise might be arrived at; but it is obvious that, as the Bill stands, Jaspers, Howlers, Positivists, Free-thought Republicans, Free-love Hitters, Shakers, and Socialists would have full liberty to celebrate their peculiar rites, and to indulge in any extravagances which might be suggested by fanaticism or malice. The Burial Service of the Church of England would appear to answer Mr. Moser's description, and if it were allowed either to be read or to be dispensed with at the choice of those in charge of the funeral, any other service being performed elsewhere, no practical grievance would arise. It is impossible not to suspect that the proposal embodied in Mr. Moser's Bill is only the thin end of a dangerous wedge. The delivery of sermons and political addresses in the churchyard would be followed by a demand for the freedom of the stump in the Church itself. The "rainy day" argument would be insidiously pressed, and there would be loud complaints of the inhumanity of any clergyman who refused the use of his church to a party of drenched and dripping mourners. It is significant that the Nonconformists at Manchester claimed to be placed on the same footing as Churchmen with regard both to marriages and burials; apparently implying that the churches of the Establishment must be thrown open as well as the churchyards. It is of course impossible that the Church of England should consent to occupy the humiliating and intolerable position of being the only denomination which had no churches or churchyards of its own.

#### THE COMING COMET.

NERVOUS people, as it is credibly stated, have been put to great anxiety by the announcement which recently appeared in the papers, that a distinguished astronomer had discovered a monstrous comet rushing straight towards us with amazing rapidity from the remote abysses of space, and yet pursuing its course with as little tendency to deviation as though it were running upon rails. Some friendly planet might by possibility put forth a helping hand, and twist the approaching monster from its course, as the hero of a novel diverts the runaway steed just as it is about to crush the heroine. Good-natured astronomers have taken pains to explain that there is no such comet coming, that, if it were coming, it would be a very welcome visitor; and that we have already passed through a comet and found it less obnoxious than a London fog. The astronomers mean well, but they are terribly prosaic people. They ought surely to understand that they are robbing us of a lively pleasure. Have they not in their boyhood, for even astronomers have been boys, snatched a fearful joy from the ghosts and other supernatural dangers with which a childish imagination loves to people the dim borders of its little world? Would anybody willingly give up that delicious feeling of superstitious awe which was at once the charm and terror of his early years, and have all phantoms suppressed till the world should be no more haunted than a railroad station? Astronomers have already taken terrible liberties with the comet of our childhood. The huge fiery monster plunging through the sky with a death-dealing tail has been weighed and measured, and had, as it were, a mathematical hook put in his jaws, till his impressiveness has departed from him. We know the legend of Cuvier's descent into the infernal regions, and of his declaration that the horns and hoofs which terrified our infancy were unmistakable proofs of a gaminivorous nature. Even so the comet has been lowered in popular estimation till our skies have become as empty of horrors as Hyde Park of tigers. Sir W. Thomson indeed was kind enough last autumn to revive some of our ancient alarms, and to assure us that some time or other the world would be smashed to atoms like a bursting shell, by a fate as inexorable as that which will bring about a collision at a metropolitan junction. Of course his fellow-philosophers found fault with some of his details, for science is a remorseless enemy to poetry.

Let us, however, for a brief period "dally with false alarms," and endeavour to return to the simple faith of a child. Let us imagine that the astronomer has really prophesied our approaching fate, and that the prophecy is correct. Within a few weeks we shall be able without the help of telescopes to see the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, and streaked with comets more dazzling than have ever before dazzled the human race. It will grow slowly at first, but afterwards with a rate of increase almost painful to our naked vision, till at last the whole sky will be lit up with the fiery orb. Night by night we shall watch its terrible growth, and before long it will be brilliant enough to outshine the sun itself. Then the darkness will rise to be first troubled, and then heated, then scorched, as it is entered in the hottest heat of a Turkish bath. But the time is short which we shall be conscious of as we are scorched and heated. The two large bodies, plunging towards each other, will be compared with which the speed of a comet is almost nothing. It will crash into each other with a violence which will be placed between two such antagonists, we shall

not have time even for an exclamation. The petty annoyances of life, the little vexatiousness of the world, the little annoyances of the world, the little annoyances of the world, will be instantaneously dismissed from existence. On the other side of the world we shall perhaps have just one flash of sensation. We shall see the mountains, without any metaphors, slipping like snow, and be ourselves sent spinning into space just as the dust—to indulge in a humble simile—is knocked off the under side of a carpet by the blows upon its upper surface. For an instant we shall have a glimpse of the broken fragments of the earth starting off, each on its new career, to whirl through the universe, each bearing with it—so we shall remember on the faith of a President of the British Association—some minute germs to be planted, if they have good luck, on some distant planet, and there to begin over again that endless process of evolution which will have come to so summary a conclusion here. Or, if we please, we may contemplate another alternative, and suppose that we just miss the nucleus of the comet, but are wrapped in his fiery tail, which will turn oceans into steam, dissipate the eternal ice of the poles, and singe the world into the likeness of an American prairie after a fire. Nothing will be left but a vast surface of gray ashes, gradually to be converted into mud as the waters again condense and descend upon the depopulated planet. Alas! we cannot claim the eloquence which would be necessary to do justice to such tremendous catastrophes. Milton writing under the superintendence of Dr. Cumming might possibly be equal to the task of describing the complete and instantaneous ruin of a world; but nature is not prodigal; she only gives one such mind at a time.

We have ventured to suggest the bare outlines of a purely imaginary picture which our readers must fill up for themselves. It is rather curious to inquire what would be the state of our minds if such a catastrophe could really be predicted on scientific grounds, and we were really to believe the man of science. It is necessary to notice this last condition, for it is highly probable that we should resolutely decline to believe anything so unpleasant. There are limits to one's faith even in mathematics, and we should insist upon our prophets prophesying smooth things, even if they had to twist a few laws of nature for the purpose. But let us imagine that this difficulty is surmounted. If we were all really convinced that at 4 o'clock P.M., Greenwich time, on the next 12th of August, the whole human race and its dwelling-place would be summarily knocked to atoms, what would be the effect on our minds? The most natural supposition is perhaps that the whole course of affairs would be thrown out of gear, and that we should be reduced to the state of a city demoralized by a plague. Persons of strong religious feeling would either go into retirement, or would endeavour to awaken the consciences of the sinners around them; whilst the sinners would become utterly reckless, and would remember that there was no use in keeping a cellar of wine to be consumed by a comet. Some such tendency would, of course, be manifest; but the question remains, how far it would be overpowered by the opposite tendency to be carried on by simple *inertia* in our old grooves. After a little time one would become more or less accustomed to the prospect. One would feel that, if it was not worth while to undertake anything new, neither was it worth while to give up the old employments which have become necessary parts of our existence. There are innumerable stories such as that of the man who insisted on taking his accustomed pill an hour before he was hanged; and if we were all under sentence of execution—as, indeed, sermons are apt to remind us that we are, even without the intervention of a comet—it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that we should act in the same spirit. The great bulk of mankind would say, It's all very well; we shall not want anything more after the 12th of August; but that is no reason why we should not have our regular meals and enjoy our newspapers at breakfast. It does not appear inconceivable that the Tichborne case would drag its slow length along though it were perfectly clear that in a few months the estates would be flying in fragments, some towards Sirius and others to the Pole Star; that nobody's title, however perfect, would be of much value when the lands in question were situated in different comets as well as counties; and that a writ of ejectment had been served upon all parties with an emphasis which there was no resisting. We suspect that cargoes of preserved meat would be exported from Australia, though it was certain that the sea would be dried up long before they could make even the most rapid passage. The daily papers would continue to appear, and indeed would be driving a roaring trade; everybody would be anxious to have the latest intelligence as to the comet, the details as to its structure revealed by the spectroscopes, and the result of the last calculations as to the exact moment of collision. Editors would be provided with that invaluable boon—a topic, the interest of which would be steadily increasing to the end of the world; and, though they would doubtless receive letters up to the last from correspondents anxious to explain the causes of the dulness of sermons, the decline in the trustworthiness of servants, and the unkindness with which excursion trains were managed, they would be more independent of those interminable, though now fortunately to be terminated, controversies. And when we reflect on the immovable eloquence and the strong sense of duty of the British journalist, there is nothing of which we feel more confident than that the morning of the 12th of August would be signalled by the appearance of an article in the highest style of the *London Telegraph*, summing up the history of the world in a few glowing paragraphs, and congratulating mankind on the fact that the catastrophe would at any rate be contemporaneous with

that of themselves and of William Ewart Gladstone. Fresh editions would be published up to the latest possible moment, and we should be encouraged to hope that the germs flying off to other worlds on the fragments of our own carried with them a potential *Telegraph*. The persons for whom we should feel the deepest sympathy would be the prophets, as it would be so very annoying a reflection to Dr. Cumming that, if it had not been for this ill-regulated comet, the Battle of Armageddon would have taken place next year, and the accuracy of his prognostications have been signally verified.

We are, it may be, assuming a little too much. There are certainly some things in which a change would be perceptible. There would be no betting, for example, on next year's Derby, and the funds could not be influenced by rumours of approaching wars. The spirit of gambling would have to take a different shape, and *roulette* or *rouge et noir* would gain a sudden popularity in place of speculation on more distant events. But in one form or other, in spite of the emotions of the more excitable sort of people, we fancy that the machinery of life, from its greatest down to its pettiest operations, would have to go on working up to the very eve of the catastrophe, from the sheer incapacity of most persons to break off their accustomed habits. We have not considered the case of a partial crash; nor do we much care to ask what our feelings would be if America or Ireland or China were suddenly swept out of existence, or still less what we should feel if we knew that it was an even chance whether the ball would fall upon them or upon us. That reflection opens a boundless field of speculation; and we will only express our conviction that a good many people would still enjoy their dinners, and even feel it as a not unpleasant excitement, if a whole hemisphere were crushed to-morrow, so long as it was not their hemisphere. But whether we are to consider this as a melancholy proof of our deficient sympathies, or as a merciful arrangement to save us from unnecessary pain, is a problem which we cannot discuss.

#### THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD MAYO.

WHEN Lord Mayo, at a crisis in the fortunes of the Conservative Ministry, was selected for the Viceroyalty of India, the announcement was received by the public with surprise, if not with absolute incredulity. It is natural that at this moment the public estimate of his administration should be coloured by the painful feelings excited by the news of his assassination. But we do not fear to incur the charge of exaggeration when we say that, by the death of the Viceroy, the Ministry, the public services, and the native community have lost a statesman who had shown himself singularly fitted for his post; who had evinced great skill and tact in the art of governing aliens; who had by his own personal example maintained and increased the discipline, honour, and integrity prevalent amongst the civil and military servants of the Crown; who in the space of three years had inspected the most celebrated marts, the most important frontier posts, and the most civilized and the wildest districts of our great dependency; and who, having done much to further and consolidate the many practical schemes left unfinished by his predecessor, had given fair promise of leaving his own mark on the country in the two years which yet remained to him of office, and of bequeathing to it some legacies peculiarly his own. We have elsewhere discussed the recent terrible event in its political aspect. We shall here consider the principal measures of the administration which has been so prematurely cut short.

When Lord Mayo, after visiting the minor Presidencies, assumed charge of the Supreme Government, on the 12th of January, 1869, he found that three great controversies analogous to those which arose out of the land tenure in Ireland had been happily terminated. He at once saw that the settlement of these vexed and perplexing questions ought not to be disturbed, and that he would have time for those branches of administration to which he could contribute something of enlarged statesmanship, or even of practical knowledge. And, from the very first, he announced his intention of undertaking the department of Public Works, and of controlling and guiding financial experiments, whether of expenditure or taxation, in addition to the work of the Foreign Office, which has always been the peculiar province of the Viceroy. In the latter department Lord Mayo found matters ripe for an interview with Shere Ali, the ruler of Cabul, who, after a series of romantic adventures, had regained possession of the throne of his father. Thoroughly imbued with Lord Lawrence's sound doctrines with regard to Afghan politics, Lord Mayo arranged the first of his grand ceremonial displays, for the benefit of the Amir, at the large military station of Umballa. Nothing was wanting that could impress the foreigner with a sense of the vast resources of the British Power, or with a feeling of reliance on the sincerity and good faith of its representative. A man of war from his youth, the Amir witnessed with delight the evolutions of disciplined troops, and the scientific practice of artillery directed by the best officers of the Indian army; needy and impoverished, he received splendid gifts, ample munitions of war, and large sums of ready money; lately a fugitive and a pretender, his title was publicly proclaimed; the brother of one who had slain our envoy and annihilated our forces, he saw himself placed far above the native chiefs and princes of India, and treated on a footing of equality by the delegate of the British Queen. The precise forms and the results of the negotiation with the Amir, which was carried out in the intervals of Durbars, re-

views, and fêtes, have never been made public. But we have warrant for asserting that the effects of the Umballa meeting have been to secure the Amir against vague fears of aggressive and ulterior objects on the part of the Government of India; to give us, on our frontier, one well disposed and friendly Power; to moderate the alarms felt in consequence of the undeniable advances of Russia in Central Asia; almost to prohibit, by moral example, sanguinary and cruel retributions in Cabul itself, and even to give promise of financial and social improvements amongst a high-spirited but fanatical and conservative nation. As a proximate consequence of the Umballa Durbar, the Viceroy turned his attention to the long-standing dispute between the Amir and the Shah of Persia relative to the boundaries of Seistan. Viewed by itself the controversy was not pressing. But as every quarrel between the Court of Teheran and a neighbouring Khah or Amir may afford a pretext to some European Power to interfere with advice and assistance, even the limit of a howling desert or a useless lake may assume an importance far beyond its intrinsic merits. To Lord Mayo's tact, sound judgment, conciliatory spirit in dealing with the Amir, and to his perseverance with the Home authorities, it is owing, not only that we have a friendly ruler at Cabul, but that we may hope, quietly but firmly, to put some stop to Persian encroachment and aggression. No one who has not studied a map of the dominions claimed and occupied by Persia within the last twenty-five years can form a correct idea of the art and astuteness with which pretensions have been put forth, one after another, to slices of territory belonging to Beloochee chieftains, or to convenient ports in the Indian Ocean. Lord Mayo also at a very early period became aware of the importance of maintaining our prestige in the Persian and Arabian waters. Since the abolition of the Indian navy in 1861-2, it had been found impossible to keep Her Majesty's vessels in the Persian Gulf for a large portion of the year. At length, after a great deal of argument and persuasion, the Admiralty was induced to sanction a plan by which a compact naval force, better suited to the climate and the locality, should be placed under the orders of the Viceroy for continuous service, and the Government of India agreed on its part to make a yearly contribution of some 70,000*l.* to the expenses of the fleet on the Chinese station.

Of the contest for the sovereignty of Muscat Lord Mayo was a vigilant observer. He continued to direct all the influence of the Government towards the suppression of the slave trade of Zanzibar; and taking advantage of an avowed relinquishment of the claims of the Dutch Government, he unostentatiously, but formally, took possession of the Nicobar Islands in the name of the Queen. The propriety of this proceeding will be appreciated by all those who admit that, whether we interfere in Continental matters or not, we must maintain our supremacy in the East, and that we cannot in common prudence allow even a friendly Power to occupy a vantage ground within three or four days' sail of the mouth of the Hooghly. Then, continuing to carry out his fixed plan of establishing what has been termed a fringe of independent, but well disposed, native Powers to the north of the Indian Peninsula, Lord Mayo lost no opportunity of strengthening the relations existing with the able and vigorous ruler of Nepal. The brother of Maharaja Jung Bahadur had been already received in Calcutta with some of the honours and exemptions only accorded to independent rulers. The Maharaja of Cashmere has been re-assured, as far as possible, against the apprehensions not unnaturally created by the loose and unguarded talk of subalterns and sportsmen, who openly discuss the propriety of annexing a tributary State with such delicious fruits, so fine a climate, and such lovely scenery; and it is fresh in all our recollections how Mr. Forsyth was directed to cross plains of blinding salt and passes some 17,000 feet high, in order to encourage trade with the energetic ruler of Yarkand. Of the internal policy of Lord Mayo in dealing with the princes and aristocracy of India Proper, we shall speak presently.

Next in importance to a clear and well-defined foreign policy, laid down and controlled by the Viceroy himself, is the conduct and regulation of the finances. Early in the year 1869 the Financial member of the Viceregal Council was compelled to absent himself from his duties in order to recruit his health in England. In his absence it was discovered that some of the calculations on which the year's Budget had been based were erroneous, and that, instead of a small surplus, there would be a startling deficit of one million and three-quarters. Lord Mayo spared no pains, and even sacrificed for a time all his popularity, to restore the balance and to make two ends meet. All the luxuries, as well as some of the necessities, of a beneficent Government were retrenched; the Income-tax was increased in the middle of the year; and the increase was only submitted to by the European native community in dependence on the exertions and personal character of the Governor-General. After a great deal of acrimonious discussion, charges, and counter-charges, after allegations of bad faith, of unnecessary economy on the one hand, and then of needless impositions on the other, an equilibrium was reached at the date of the Budget of 1871-2. It seems to us unquestionable that Lord Mayo's rigid inquiries, severe retrenchments, and additional taxation were amply justified by the results of a twelvemonth ago. But we fear that this commendation cannot be extended to the continuance of the Income-tax, at its present high rate, throughout the whole of the present financial year. However impressive it may be to command a surplus, to build roomy barracks, to plan State railroads, and to irrigate provinces in order to save them from famine and desolation, it is of

the last importance not to annoy and excite the native population by fruitless endeavours to get at even an approximate average of their gains. We have little doubt that, had Lord Mayo lived, he would this year have devised some other and more politic mode of replenishing his Exchequer, and we gladly turn from what is perhaps the only vulnerable point in his rule to the consideration of other measures of decided originality and breadth.

One reform was what is termed the decentralization of finance. That the power of the purse, as well as of war, should reside with the Viceroy and his Council, seems to us as fundamental an axiom as ever. In Lord Mayo's own words, the Supreme Council must be able to provide for the defence of the country, for the efficiency of the services, and for the public credit. And it would be a grievous mistake to permit local Governments to raise loans on the security, express or implied, of the general revenues, to create new offices, or to increase the stipends allotted to old ones. At the time of this change we pointed out some of the dangers which might result from the ambition or the improvidence of a Governor who had committed his portion of the Empire to enterprises to complete which funds were not forthcoming, and which were useless or unproductive as long as they were incomplete. On the other hand, it is quite certain that forms of Indian taxation must be suited to castes and creeds varying in associations and manners. A capitation or house tax, perfectly well understood in British Burmah, would raise, and even has raised, a riot in Bareilly or Benares. An octroi in Umritsar, submitted to cheerfully by the shopkeepers and shawl-merchants, would, if attempted in Lower Bengal, result in a series of legal actions in the High Court. In the end, however, the partial decentralization of the finances was carried out on a principle which, as carefully fenced and limited, seems politic and sound. Public credit and general efficiency will be maintained by the Supreme Council. Local wants will be met, and local peculiarities will be treated with consideration, by the administrator who knows the province, and is responsible for his management of a half-educated or suspicious community.

Equally just and sound were the principles contended for by Lord Mayo, following closely in the steps of Lord Lawrence, regarding the imposition of an education cess in Bengal. All who have heard of Lord Cornwallis and his Permanent Settlement of the Land Revenue of Bengal are also probably aware that this excellent measure has been invariably used by the Bengalees and their advocates as a bar to any additional increase, burden, or imposition whatever. This contention, if admitted, would simply relieve one of the richest parts of India from all liability to contribute to the growing wants of the Empire, and would throw the burden on districts and races much less able to support it. In other words, the landholders of Lower Bengal, whose rents have increased enormously since their liabilities to the State were fixed for ever, would have exemptions in almost everything, because they had been specially favoured in one thing. The Secretary of State fortunately saw the drift of this argument in a clearer light than several members of his Council, endorsed the view taken by the Government of India, and authoritatively ruled that the landholders of the Gangetic Delta must bear their fair share of general and increased taxation, just as much as if they possessed nothing but fleets of rich merchandize, stately mansions in Calcutta, or rolls of five per cent. paper. The support given by the Duke of Argyll to the late Viceroy in this and other matters deserves recognition.

Not very remote from this subject was the creation of a special department of State for the interests of agriculture and commerce. In a country where mineral resources are yet undiscovered or undeveloped, agriculture is the main pursuit of the rural population. It was obvious that, although the Indian Ryot with a light plough, a pair of bullocks, and primitive means of irrigation, could produce much, the application of science and a successful example might enable him to produce more. And the Government, which in India is expected to take the lead in all improvements, will now have it in its power to establish model farms, to encourage the scientific rotation of crops, and to vary the valuable products of rich and fertile plains on some more enduring and continuous system than that of distributing prizes for fat beasts and huge sugar-canes at agricultural shows. So a sixth department was added to the Viceregal Secretariat, and was entrusted by Lord Mayo to Mr. A. O. Hume, who is a son of the veteran reformer so long member for Montrose, and who, not inferior to any of his contemporaries in vigour and independence, had somehow been left out in the cold shade, in spite of the distinction which he gained in the mutiny.

Great activity was displayed in the extension of railways. In the commencement of 1870 the whole line was opened from Bombay to Calcutta, and this was followed by the completion of a small unfinished section between Delhi and Lahore. The lines from Bombay and from Madras next met at a given point, and as the system of trunk lines, originally laid down by Lord Dalhousie, was then finished, Lord Mayo settled an important question regarding the breadth of the gauges, on account of which many projects had been held in abeyance. A line, small in extent, but commercially important, has been opened in the cotton districts; and more or less of progress has been made in the survey or the actual construction of railways for Rajpootana, for the Indus Valley, in Hyderabad, and on the line from Lahore to Peshawur. The decision in favour of the narrow gauge will effect a very considerable saving in the construction of lines the political, commercial, and social effects of

which we can at present only dimly conceive. The Public Works were next overhauled. The higher posts in that department are always entrusted to engineers of the Indian services, who form a corps inferior to none in India for talent and acquirements in their particular lines. Nor were the civil engineers employed by the Government untrustworthy. But a great deal of the actual work of building and repairing must be entrusted to natives, or to subordinate Englishmen, bound by no feelings of professional honour. The distances were great. The control was imperfect; and the consequence was that malpractices in the subordinate grades were alternately the jest or the scorn of Indian journalists, and that buildings erected at a disproportionate cost by skilful designers, were less able to resist the inroads of the climate than the works of untrained amateurs. Lord Mayo took advantage of a grievous failure in the case of the barracks at Allahabad to apportion responsibility and to mete out punishment with decisive clearness and vigour.

The occasions on which Lord Mayo appeared to most advantage in the eyes of the native community were, we have been reminded, the levee, the reception-room, and the Darbar. It is said that the days of the paternal or patriarchal government of India are well nigh past. No doubt, in all the older and more settled provinces the Hindoos and Mohammedans are becoming aware of the degrees and distinctions of authority. They can distinguish between the will of a Commissioner and the decree of a Judge. A large number of them know that it is useless to ask a Viceroy or a Governor to interfere with a legal process, to compel the execution of a decree, or to settle a disputed boundary. But, though a perception of the difference between the power of judicial and executive agencies is gradually gaining ground in the Oriental mind, there is still ample scope for the influence of high position and the exercise of social qualities by a Viceroy. The native chiefs or princes are really settling down into their true position as loyal feudatories or tributaries of the Crown; and the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh two years ago, as well as the ceremonial displays of the Viceroy before and subsequent to the Duke's visit, have materially contributed to widen and deepen this feeling. Nothing could have been managed with more tact and delicacy than the presentation of the native aristocracy to the Duke. He was accompanied everywhere by well selected officials. His time was passed in visiting objects and institutions of interest, historical cities, picturesque camps. Every one was invited to look on the illustrious visitor, and yet no native was deluded into the belief that the Duke came to India to redress grievances or to supersede the Viceroy. It is no easy matter to conceive and to carry out such a programme without failure or contretemps, and to convert splendid, but ephemeral, pageants into sources of permanent loyalty and goodwill to the Throne. Oudh Talookdars, Sikh princes, even Maratta sovereigns, were all more or less charmed, dazzled, and fascinated by the dignity and condescension of the Viceroy. But the most timely and effective of his addresses was perhaps that delivered at Ajmere to the blue blood of Rajpootana. No Governor-General since the days of Lord William Bentinck had addressed the oldest Hindu chieftains on their own soil. And to go from legislative assemblies in which natives deliver speeches in English, from the commercial activity of Calcutta or Bombay, from the agricultural development of the Doab, to the sands and lakes of Rajpootana, is like going back at one step from the Georgian era to the Middle Ages. Princes fighting with unruly nobles regarding privileges of investiture and feudal homage; stalwart and handsome Rajas, with pedigrees of two thousand years old, expert riders, crack shots, and yet often wilfully ignorant of the commonest rudiments of administration; caves and fastnesses occupied by wild Bheels and hereditary cattle-lifters; torturing of witches and burying alive of lepers—these are some of the characteristics which make a Report on Rajpootana read like a chapter of Walter Scott. Nothing could be more judicious or forcible than the Viceroy's address to these haughty and sensitive chieftains, assuring them, as he did, of the full enjoyment of their lawful rights, but intimating that the Government expected in return something to indicate that sovereigns exist for the welfare of their people. It is remarkable that only two noted instances occurred in which the late Viceroy was compelled to exchange the language of courtesy or of encouragement for severity and censure. The Maharaja of Jodhpore, who was ill-advised enough to insult the Viceroy by refusing to appear at a Darbar on a paltry pretence of etiquette, was sharply reprimanded; and the Nawab of Jinjheera, a Mussulman who owns a principality lying south of Bombay, was deprived of the power of mismanaging his territories, after repeated but ineffectual warnings.

In the dispensation of patronage Lord Mayo evinced much penetration and discernment in selecting the best instruments. Sir Henry Durand, in spite of his many valuable qualities and attainments, was not always easy to manage. Lord Mayo acknowledged his merits as a councillor, and then sent him to govern the Punjab. When the State was deprived of his services by a fatal accident, Lord Mayo supplied the vacancy by Mr. R. H. Davies, from Oudh, who was bred in the school of Lord Lawrence, and who is thoroughly acquainted with a difficult and extensive frontier. To fill the Chief Commissionership of Oudh thus vacated, he selected General Barrow, a Madras officer of great knowledge of the province and high character; and when he was disqualified by temporary illness, the Viceroy confided Oudh to Sir G. Couper, who had served with distinction under Lord Dalhousie and Sir George Edmondstone,

and who had been one of the illustrious garrison of Lucknow. To Colonel Malleson, a gentleman of marked culture and attainments and an accomplished writer, was assigned the difficult task of preparing the young Maharaja of Mysore for the duties of sovereignty, while the whole administration of that kingdom was confided to the experienced Colonel Mendo on the departure of Mr. Bowring. Two able civilians have been sent to Burmah, one as Judicial and the other as Chief Commissioner; Colonel Daly, once known as the chief of the Sikh Guide Corps, was nominated to the important agency for Central India; Mr. George Campbell, whose name is more familiar to Englishmen than that of many other Indian notables, was made Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; and when the Secretaryship of the Foreign Department became vacant, Lord Mayo offered it to a young civilian of only fourteen years' standing, whom he had never seen in his life, and whom he knew only by reputation. In not one of these appointments could there be traced the slightest political bias, and all, we believe, were dictated by an exclusive regard for the best interests of the State, justified by the event in every single instance.

We cannot now write of the many kindly and generous traits of Lord Mayo's private character. It is sufficient to say that they were in keeping with his public merits. In the prompt despatch of current business, in careful consideration of weighty and intricate matters, in the exercise of vigour and firmness when demanded, in unselfish devotion to the welfare of India, he was all that a Viceroy should be. We can only hope that the statesman who may be selected to succeed him will, while displaying a similar capacity for rising at once to the level of his exalted position, meet his supporters and subordinates as anxious and able to serve him, the regard and even the affection of the community not purchased by any unworthy concessions, and a less tragic end.

#### THE THANKSGIVING CEREMONY.

IT is evident that a great deal of interest is taken in the approaching Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales; and everybody is naturally anxious that it should be a great success, that it should go off not only smoothly, but grandly, and leave behind it some recollections worthy of the occasion. As a popular demonstration, there can be no doubt that it will be everything that could be desired. There is always something highly impressive in the sight of a great multitude under the influence of a common sentiment or emotion, and the crowds which on Tuesday week will line the way to St. Paul's will, in any case, be the best part of the show. There will probably not be the same tumultuous excitement as when Garibaldi appeared at Nine Elms eight years ago, or when the Princess Alexandra passed through the City on her first arrival in this country. The circumstances of the day are of a different character. A Thanksgiving suggests solemn thoughts which will no doubt have their effect on the demeanour of the people; but the enthusiasm will not be less genuine or intense for being expressed in a comparatively quiet and subdued manner. The meeting between the Queen and the people will of course be the principal feature of the occasion; and if she were merely to drive in the simplest possible way through the long lane of loyal and sympathetic subjects massed on each side, that in itself would be a great sight. It does not follow, however, that all accessories should be neglected. There is no reason why an attempt should not be made to render the spectacle as brilliant and picturesque as possible. If there is any good in such things, it must be in the way of producing a vivid impression on the public mind; and it is desirable that everything should be done to stimulate the imagination, and to make the scene striking and suggestive. Perhaps the first thought that will occur to many persons is, how much better an affair of this kind would be managed in France, or even in Germany. Of course it would there become a great military spectacle. There would be an immense parade of troops, but the ecclesiastical part of the display would also be very effective, the people who had to wear robes or other dresses would look as if they rather liked it, and the decoration of the streets would be carried out in a uniform and systematic manner. Voluntary effort is no doubt a fine thing in its way, but it is apt to produce awkwardly discordant results when applied to the composite execution of a work of art. The enterprising shopkeepers who are now getting ready their bunting and paper flowers and heraldic emblems are quite capable of comprehending the absurdity of a number of people sitting down to play an overture, every man choosing his own instrument and tune. But they are themselves doing something which is quite as absurd and outrageous, in attempting to decorate Fleet Street and the Strand each in his own way and after his own peculiar taste. It would be much better if they would put their subscriptions or contributions in kind into a common stock, and submit to carry out the directions of a competent authority. They would find that unity of design, especially on such a large scale, would produce magnificent results at a comparatively small cost. The City Architect appears to have obtained some kind of control over the arrangements in Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, but the disorder of unconditional freedom appears to reign to the west of Temple Bar.

It has been suggested as a joke that the decorations of the route along which the Queen is to pass should be entrusted to Mr. Beverly, the scene-painter, who would have no difficulty in

transforming the dingiest streets, or even the muddy desert of the Thames Embankment, into Bowers of Bliss and Palaces of the Sun. But, in earnest, the idea is not a bad one. Of course we do not want our familiar thoroughfare converted into fairyland, but the eye of a practised artist like Mr. Beverly would discover at a glance great opportunities for simple and appropriate decoration. During an Imperial progress in France the authorities used to think nothing of running up a few impromptu streets and noble edifices of lath and canvas. If the Metropolitan Board would take the matter in hand, they might give us some idea of the architecture of the future along the Thames Embankment. It may be presumed that the ugly boarding which now encloses the excavations of the Law Courts will be pleasantly disguised; but perhaps it has not yet occurred to Mr. Ayrton that this would be a favourable opportunity for taking the verdict of the public on a scenic reproduction of Mr. Street's designs. We are quite sure that Mr. Beverly would avoid the mistake into which the City Architect seems to have fallen with regard to Temple Bar. This venerable structure is, in the first place, to be scrubbed clean, which no one who has observed the thickly encrusted mud and filth which now disgraces it will object to, although it is natural to inquire why it should not be kept decently clean at all times. But when this has been done, the Bar is to be daubed over with gold and colours, and draped in curtains, which will be apt to give it the appearance of a glorified four-post bedstead in which the Corporation is in the habit of taking a nap on State occasions. It would surely be in better taste to preserve the original character of the monument instead of travestying it in this fashion. The triumphal arch at the bottom of Ludgate Hill will at least help to hide the hideous bridge of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and we are glad to see that the Directors of that Company, entering into the spirit of the day, have promised to take down their impudent advertisements for this occasion only. When they get leave to construct this bridge, it was on the understanding that it should be of an ornamental character, and as the City keeps an architect, it is a pity he is not set to look after the Railway Company, and compel it to fulfil its promises. It may be assumed that the Dean and Chapter will take care that St. Paul's is not disfigured by temporary decorations. The main object to be kept in view should be to provide accommodation for the audience, with the least possible interference with the design of the edifice. The Lord Chamberlain is said to be overwhelmed with applications for admission; but perhaps a highly suggestive letter in the *Times* has afforded him some relief. The writer has pointed out that when the many tiers of woodwork are in their places, the interior of the building may be likened to a vast furnace ready to be lit. It would only require an accidental spark and a few lighted shavings, favoured by the strong currents of air always present in the building, to produce a tremendous conflagration. It is impossible to suspect Lord Sidney of composing this letter; but he should be very much obliged to the writer. The warning, however, is one which ought not to be overlooked.

The ceremony on Thanksgiving Day will consist of two parts—the procession to, and the service in, St. Paul's. The latter is in good hands, and will no doubt be satisfactorily arranged. As the Queen is to go in semi-state, the ladies will be able to appear in morning dress; while the men will wear such robes, uniforms, or Court suits as they may be entitled to assume. There will thus be sufficient diversity and richness of colour in the area of the building to light up the whole without the addition of any other decorations. It must be a relief to the company to know that no opera-glasses are to be allowed in the upper galleries, but it will be difficult to enforce the order, and perhaps the most prudent course would be to close the galleries altogether. A view from such a height, especially without a glass, would be painfully tantalizing to the unfortunate people who had been tempted to climb so high to see so little, and if anything fell over it would be very dangerous for those below. The procession through the streets is naturally the chief object of interest to the general public, who will have no chance of seeing anything else. It would be repugnant to English sentiment to make it a military display. The route will be kept by soldiers, and the Royal carriages will have an escort of cavalry. When George III. and Queen Charlotte went to St. Paul's in 1789, they were attended by "the gentlemen of the London Association, the Artillery Company, and a party of Toxophilites, or Society of Ancient Archers, dressed in green, with bows and quivers of arrows." We are afraid the Toxophilites have vanished, and that the Foresters of our own day could hardly be invited to join the procession. But there is no reason why the Artillery Company and the Volunteers should not turn out. The Lords and Commons are to be present in St. Paul's, but they are not to go there in a body, according to ancient precedent. The Lord Mayor is more faithful in his adherence to old customs. It has been determined that his Lordship, with the Sheriff, four Aldermen, and eight Common Councilmen, all mounted on horseback, shall receive the Queen at Temple Bar, presenting her with the golden keys and the City sword, and escorting her to the Cathedral. Nothing could be more heroic and self-sacrificing than this resolution of the Fathers of the City to witch the world with noble horsemanship, but we hope that they will take care to accustom their steeds to the flatter of their robes by frequent rehearsals. A stampede of aldermen on horseback would be appalling. In 1780 the Lord Mayor wore "a large cloak of purple velvet that covered both his lordship and his steed, which



he managed with great skill and dexterity." It comes out, however, in another paragraph, that it was a led horse, on which he rode bareheaded, with the sword in his hand. Fifteen gentlemen in gowns, with their horses in the custody of policemen would, we fear, not contribute to the dignity of the occasion. It has been arranged that the Queen shall go by Trafalgar Square and the Strand to the City and return by the Thames Embankment, but the latter part of the programme has excited strong and almost universal dissatisfaction. The Thanksgiving Day is intended to be a day of general rejoicing, and the larger the number of shopkeepers who are enabled to pay their rent for the year by letting out their windows for an hour or two, the more complete will be the rejoicing. From this point of view Oxford Street is clearly the preferable route, and it would also be more agreeable in many ways for the general public. The proximity of the Embankment to the river renders it dangerous for a swaying crowd, and it will also be difficult to protect it sufficiently from the roughs. If the decision to use the Embankment is persisted in, the authorities must be prepared for disastrous accidents. The experience of the Princess Alexandra's procession will, we trust, not be forgotten in making the police arrangements for the day. The two things to be chiefly guarded against are the pressure of separate masses of people down different streets converging on one central point, and the rush of the mob along with the procession. It is to be hoped also that the precautions taken in 1789 to test the strength of the scaffolding and other erections will be now repeated.

#### MINISTERS AND TAXPAYERS.

IT is a blessed tendency of the human mind instinctively to condone the irretrievable, and to decline altogether to take into consideration the remoter causes of its woes. The tax-gatherer presents the ominous notice. The head of the struggling household reads the announcement that he is cast for five shillings or five pounds, as the case may be. Naturally he writhes under an imposition which seems to bring him no tangible compensatory advantage. He lives or starves from hand to mouth, and is little in the way of soaring above his petty cares to generously comprehensive ideas. For the moment he sets small store by the share in our administrative blessings which his payment secures him. He forgets that it guarantees him against invasion panics, their causes and their consequences; that it symbolizes his joint proprietorship in the Horse Guards, the Admiralty Board, and the admirably organized forces which these twin departments dispose of; that it is his contribution towards the wages of his dignified representatives in our diplomatic, consular, and police services. Yet some comfort may come with subsequent reflection. He has a dim recognition of these manifold benefits, and candour whispers that he has no more claim to enjoy them for nothing than to demand a gratuitous supply of gas and London water. The State does give him some sort of value for his money; the amount at which he may be rated for administrative waste is inevitable and relatively unimportant. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he rarely recollects that fourpence in each of his shillings goes to defray an interminable annuity due upon barren encumbrances, and it is probable that he never speculates on the way in which these embarrassments grew. This is most fortunate, we say, for his peace of mind, and fortunate too for the tranquillity of the State; for a retrospect of Ministerial faults or blunders, of the contradictory policies that have run up our national liabilities, might either plunge him in profound gloom, or urge him to vent his bitterness in sedition.

It is superfluous to go into an unprofitable review of all the separate items that have swelled our debt. Taking our point as proved beforehand by the vaguest recollections of the most cursory student of school histories, we may merely indicate some patent instances from a harmonious sequence of similar events. For example, there was the pigheaded policy that embroiled us with the colonies which have since developed into the unfriendly America of the *Alabama* claims. There was the costly reaction when Pitt, after undue delay, exchanged absolute non-intervention for universal war and indiscriminate subsidies. There was the timid hesitation of the statesmen who drifted into that Crimean campaign whose fruits we offered up last year as a sacrifice to legitimate Russian susceptibilities. There was the uncourtous negligence of customary forms that provoked King Theodore, and saddled us with the estimates for the Abyssinian military promenade. We say nothing now of culpable negligence when the historical *Alabama* case was yet in embryo in Messrs. Laird's dockyard; for the *Alabama* case still stands for trial before an international tribunal, and consequently, in its earlier stages, it may perhaps be regarded as privileged. But, take it all in all, if we audit our national balance-sheet by the light of contemporary history and subsequent reflection, its prominent items resolve themselves into so many illustrations of the fallibility of "eminent" statesmen. Not that our statesmen's shortcomings have gone unobserved or without comment. We may admit that John Bull has never suffered his inalienable privilege of grumbling to lapse by disuse. English journalists have never from fear or favour flinched from exercising their prerogative of smothering criticism. There has always been an organized Opposition in Parliament, which has been neither blind nor blind to the mistakes of Ministers. And yet with all this, and though it is the fashion to abuse them, there is a general and exaggerated opinion that Ministers, in virtue of their pos-

sition, are as infallible as men well can be, and the superstition is always striking deeper root in spite of Ministerial errors and their exposure. We abuse the governing powers as a matter of course; and yet all the time, in the depths of our consciousness, we believe that no other men could do much better. We argue that in the free fight of public life the best men must necessarily force their way to the front. We confirm ourselves in what may be an illusion, when we see that the old landmarks set up by aristocratic traditions have been levelled with the ground; that it is essentially a Minister of the people who has exercised a power almost autocratic, who has broken with formidable castes, and defiantly disregarded immemorial interests; who has even dared to override his own legislative measures, and managed in spite of it all to retain a majority in our representative Assembly. Intense vitality of political existence must needs argue transcendent abilities, and accordingly our inherent faith in our Ministry survives experience and disastrous precedents. Suddenly some ugly diplomatic embarrassment crops up to induce us to reconsider that idea. We are brought face to face with awkward contingencies which we possibly exaggerate. The excitement is general and hysterical. The political enemies of the Government denounce its action with the dispassionate animosity of faction, and under the joint influences of a menace to their pockets and an insult to the national pride, the whole nation, except placemen and red-hot partisans, emulously sides with the hostile critics. The more violent the excitement the more short-lived it is likely to be. The graver the difficulty the more practically ineffective are the attacks on its responsible authors, because it is obviously unpatriotic to embarrass the action of the Government. The animus of the critics is suspected, and their energy of assavation defeats its own object. So, contenting itself with the boisterous expression of an opinion in which it has little faith, the general public turns quietly back to its own affairs. It leaves those of the country to be dealt with by the men whose business it is to manage them, and the Ministers practically go their own way. After all, statecraft is statecraft—a trade like another, and one to which a man should be regularly apprenticed. The governed may grumble, but, knowing in their hearts their own incompetency, they are shy of condemning their professional governors. So the diplomatic difficulty drags its slow length along. Perhaps diplomacy gets a triumph, and the matter is peacefully shelved to breed international animosities at leisure. Perhaps the sword is called in to cut the knot, and appeal is made to a costly war. There may be a party attack in the House. There may be a motion for papers, and some inquisitive or indefatigable member may procure them. But in any case short of a humiliating catastrophe, the national verdict on Ministers is pretty sure to be one of acquittal, or rather judgment is indefinitely deferred. Ministers have been the victims of circumstances beyond mortal control, and have done as well as mortals could reasonably be expected to do. To use a vulgar proverb much in vogue in City circles, "It is no use crying over spilt milk." The expenditure in which we have been involved is written off by busy men, who have to bestir themselves to retrieve their losses and meet the increased taxation. The memory of political blunders is buried for the time, to be dug up and theorized upon by the bookworms of some future generation.

Our remarks are intended generally, and yet we suspect that they may be always susceptible of application. As matter of history, we may observe that the presumptions on which these national verdicts are based are too frequently falsified by facts. The Minister has been wanting in sense, tact, or temper; has been tricked or talked over; has committed himself by carelessness or on impulse. He may have been scarcely all that we had a right to suppose him to be. We may have been too ready to accept him at his own valuation. He may have been raised to power by accident, and his reputation may have been born of a combination of circumstances and coincidences. A Minister may be an impostor like other men, and may impose dangerously on other people because he has succeeded so thoroughly in deluding himself. He may have been more than all that we conceived him to be, and may be only the more mischievous on that account. He may have been raised to power in consideration of certain qualities which, serviceable as they may be in domestic reform, become positively mischievous in case of foreign complications. He may be in the habit of thinking foreign affairs as far removed from his special province as they are from his individual tastes, and he may be roused some morning to decide upon a matter of which he is profoundly ignorant. He may believe in the genius that inspires him with sudden convictions, and be gifted with an eloquence and force of character that convert his colleagues against their better judgment. Or he may have been selected for office as emphatically a safe man, and "safe" may prove a synonym for sluggish and stupid. His limp hand, working with judicial deliberation, may turn itself slowly round to seize some pregnant opportunity, and find the opportunity fled far beyond its reach. Nor is it only mismanagement arising from infirmities of the Ministerial mind that we may have to pay heavily for. The maladies of the Ministerial body may have far more to do with it than we fancy. A statesman comes up from the country in the autumn recess to slave over irritating work, to be pained in a foul atmosphere, to be fretted with weaning anxiety. Perhaps he recruits his forces pretty freely at table, forgetting that his exercise is purely mental. He becomes dyspeptic, and his liver gets out of order. He takes a jaundiced view of circumstances, and his feelings reflect themselves in his despatches and instructions.

Explanations are refused, or are given in curt brusque language, and differences once susceptible of arrangement become irreconcilable. or a flying fit of the gout seizes him at some most inopportune moment. In an evil hour it occurs to a man whose notoriously pacific disposition has invited liberties to vindicate the insulted honour of his country and his own at the cost of a bloody war. He furnishes an instance the more of the trifling accidents on which great results depend. A guinea paid to a physician at the right time, a few pence expended on colicium or mercury, might have saved the British taxpayer a hundred millions.

So, remembering that Ministers are men, we cannot help feeling some natural anxiety at a moment like the present. We doubt not that they will do their best, and perhaps we ought to confide in them implicitly. But yet, according to America, this is a question of hundreds of millions. The possible expenditure of hundreds of millions in one shape or other figures among the various contingencies which our nervous apprehensions suggest. Our better judgment may tell us there is no adequate reason for these apprehensions, but the very mention of such stupendous sums may well make the taxpayer uneasy. If we tide over the difficulty peacefully, if we pay nothing in hard cash, still some little shortcoming in tact or adroitness may be productive of those needless animosities which bear a very appreciable market value. Already vague anxiety has been followed by a heavy drop in securities of all sorts, which must mulct so many taxpayers in their means of meeting the claims of the Exchequer. And the instances in which it is admitted that the Ministers have already laid themselves open to criticism are not altogether encouraging as to the future. They shipped a delegation of dignitaries and doctrinaires to cope with the shrewdest practitioners bred in the sharp schools of American law. They were entirely deceived as to the spirit in which the American Government was prepared to meet us. They neglected all those ordinary precautions which prudence suggests even to the closest friends when they propose subscribing a formal contract. All this may be characterized as "growing out" of the single negative fault of carelessness, if we may borrow a phrase likely enough to become historical. Finally, even when their eyes were opened, they delayed for a whole month to communicate officially to America the intense surprise with which we learned the extraordinary character of the American demands. Possibly the greatness of the shock stunned them, and, now that they have regained their senses, we may count on their exhibiting all the qualities that have hitherto been conspicuous by their absence. But they can hardly wonder if the taxpayer's fevered imagination follows with intense interest the deliberations of the frequent Cabinet Councils. We do not know how deeply our pockets may be concerned. The Ministers are mortals; predecessors of theirs have erred in far less delicate circumstances, and there is always the possibility that these *Alabama* claims may be so mismanaged as to furnish material for a hideous page in the national ledger.

#### THE GOVERNMENT WHIP.

THE Government Whip is a necessary complement to the statesmanship of the Cabinet. If all the world were wise, patriotic, and disinterested, if political questions were invariably examined by the pure white light of reason, and determined on their merits, it might be enough for a council of sages to expound their measures and then leave them to the dispassionate consideration of a just and severely logical assembly. It happens, however, that even the representatives of the Collective Wisdom are not exempt from passion, prejudice, the bias of personal interest, and other frailties of humanity; they have to be coaxed and conciliated as a step towards being convinced, and the process of persuasion is not altogether a course of philosophical dialectics. The strongest and most conclusive arguments are not always delivered within hearing of the Straugers' Gallery; and the thundered eloquence of the Minister has at times proved less effective than a little whisper from his subordinate, the Whip. Those who know nothing of Parliament except what they gather from the reports in the *Times* or *Hansard* are apt to wonder how it happens that an apparently weak and inconclusive line of reasoning leads up to a triumphant division, while on another occasion a really strong argument is perhaps ineffectual. The truth is, that the public debates present only one side of Parliamentary history. The great statesman at a green table rapping on a red box and pouring forth a flood of solemn oratory is supplemented by a busy and less dignified confederate, flitting between the bar and the lobby, translating the arguments of his leader into a concise and familiar tongue, and adding a few expressive touches of his own. We must wait for another Walpole or Wrexall to give us the "asides" of the lobbies and the smoking-room. If the Whip's speeches were reported, they would perhaps help to clear up many mysteries. It does not follow, because the kind of pleading which he is in the habit of using is of a somewhat different cast from that of public controversy, that it is necessarily disingenuous, or corrupt, or otherwise discreditable. Party government, as we know it in this country, implies co-operation for the sake of general results; and it is an important part of the Whip's business to see that this is kept in view, and that the broad course of policy is not endangered by narrow votes on isolated issues. He has to remind his flock that the question is not merely whether in the abstract this or that line of policy is sound, but whether, under the circumstances of the moment and in view of immediate practical results, it is desirable that the policy should be carried out in the way and to the

extent proposed. The thing may be right in itself, but a defeat of the Government or an embarrassment of other questions may be too high a price to pay for it; or, on the other hand, it may not be absolutely the best thing that could be done, and yet, for the sake of graver questions and more important results which are mixed up with it, it may be expedient that it should be carried out. The Whip may be said to be an incarnation of the *argumentum ad hominem*. Let me show you, he in effect says to each member, how this vote will affect you, as to your personal interests, your sentiments, your favourite principles and measures, your crotchets, your social position, your relations with your constituents, and so forth. If the formation of opinion could be scientifically analysed, it would be found to be composed of a curious amalgam of different motives and desires. It is the business of the Government to set its sails so as to get the benefit of all the little breezes that may be blowing.

The origin of the office was unquestionably evil. In the interval between the acquisition of supreme power by the House of Commons and the complete identification of the House with the nation the Sovereign found it convenient to strengthen his authority by bribing the Legislature to do what he desired. The Tudors relied rather on coercion than corruption; but Charles II. found that it was easier and less dangerous to take a sufficient number of members into his pay, and thus secure a majority on important divisions, than to beard the Assembly which had beheaded his father. Clifford and Danby organized the vile system, which was not discontinued until at least the beginning of the present century. William III. professed to have struggled against it, but in vain. "I have to do," he pleaded, "with a set of men who must be managed in this way, or not at all"; and the plea survived as long as the evil flourished. The "King's Man" for the purchase of votes had become a regular institution in the reigns of the first two Georges. It was an old joke by that time, although still fresh in its application, that the House of Commons was like a pump which, when it showed signs of becoming dry, could always be made to yield an abundant supply of water by pouring a jugful down it; in other words, that a few thousands spent in bribery yielded a large return in votes of public money. Members flocked round Walpole, as in the worst days of the Restoration they had done round Danby, "like jackdaws after cheese." Newcastle, Bute, North, and even Grenville, followed in Walpole's steps. Walpole and Newcastle were their own paymasters; and when the distribution of places and pay was first entrusted by the Premier to a subordinate, it was rather with a view to having the work better done than from any shame that the head of the Government should be concerned in such a dirty business. It was in 1714 that a Patronage Secretary was first appointed to assist the Financial Secretary of the Treasury in some of his more confidential and dubious duties; but the Paymaster of the Forces appears also to have occasionally taken charge of this department. Henry Fox is said to have kept open shop at the Treasury for the purchase of votes, the lowest price being from 200*l.* to 300*l.*, and as much as 500*l.* being given on critical occasions. The Secret Service money for 1764 amounted to 41,000*l.*, the greater part of which is supposed to have gone in procuring majorities in the House of Commons. It was then usual for the Sovereign to maintain a contingent in that assembly, which he employed as he thought fit, sometimes placing it at the service of the Ministry, sometimes using it against his own Government, as he happened to be pleased or displeased with its policy. It appears from Bubb Dodginton's Diary, that it was an understood rule that "the King's Admiralty boroughs" and other constituencies over which he exercised a personal control should be kept in his own hands, while the Ministry had a right to make the best of its authority, "as by the customs, excise, &c.," in other directions. In George III.'s time bribes to members of the House of Commons and election expenses constituted a heavy charge on the Civil List Fund. The elder Pitt held aloof personally from all such trafficking, but during his alliance with Newcastle the Duke was only too ready to take charge of this department. The younger Pitt appears to have been equally circumspect. When he was forming his Ministry, Wilberforce, going down to the House with Steele and some others, happened to remark that "Pitt must be careful whom he makes Secretary of the Treasury, for it is rather a roguish office." "Mind what you say," exclaimed Steele, "for I am Secretary." Pitt's Government was too strong to stand in much need of corrupt support, and it is probable that Steele's duties were chiefly confined to the management of elections and the distribution of patronage.

The purchase of constituencies survived the purchase of members, and the Secretary to the Treasury had to provide the Government with a majority on the most economical terms. In 1806 Lord Granville was able to boast that not a guinea of the public money had been spent for elections. The fact was, that the Government had hit upon the plan of buying seats from their friends at a low price, making up the deficiency by appointments and promotions; these seats were then sold at the average market price to men who promised support, and the proceeds formed a fund for use at contested elections. In those days there appears to have been no alternative except to take a seat from the Government or a patron with the obligation to vote as directed, or to buy a seat to which no conditions were attached. Sir Samuel Romilly paid 2,000*l.* for a seat rather than accept one from the Prince of Wales. Lord Palmerston's first seat was held on condition that he should never go near his constituents, and it is said that on one occasion a member who had

bound himself to a patron paid a fine in order to obtain freedom to indulge his own opinions. It will be seen that the Government Whip had thus a great many curious and delicate transactions to manage. The patronage from which his office derived his title was also extensive and troublesome. There was an insatiable demand for small places as a sort of small change to scatter among the electors. In a debate Lord Rockingham once stated that there were no less than seventy elections which turned on the votes of revenue officers. Members had to be conciliated on the one hand, and their constituents on the other, and the more that was given the more was demanded. Each party made the most of its opportunities when in office, and it cannot be denied that public interests suffered woefully. The competitive system, while it has greatly abridged the power, has also lightened the labours of the Patronage Secretary. At first the right of nomination was reserved for the Ministers, although the actual appointment depended on the subsequent examination; but since the greater part of the Civil Service has been thrown open to unrestricted competition, even this fringe of patronage has been torn away. When Mr. Lowe came into office he found that he had a single office in his gift, and he at once introduced a Bill to abolish it. His colleagues have more at their disposal, but the resources of the Patronage Secretary are rapidly drying up. Except an occasional County Court Judgeship, there is scarcely anything left to job with. The cheap and handy coin of tide-waiterships and clerkships has disappeared. The Secret Service money is still voted, and it is of course impossible to say what is done with it; but it is understood that the greater part of it is allotted to the Foreign Office, and it may at least be safely asserted that it has ceased to influence our domestic politics. A Patronage Secretary without patronage, who has little to offer but cold political breakfasts to those who aspire to sip in gilded saloons, is certainly somewhat at a disadvantage compared with his predecessors.

The duties of the Whip may be generally described as the management of the House of Commons. He is the medium of communication between the members and the Government; he prepares the course and settles the order of business; he feels the way of the Government on delicate points, ascertains how far a majority can be reckoned upon, and does his best to secure one by such means of persuasion or coercion as are in his power; he endeavours to stave off awkward questions, to smooth ruffled feelings, to arrange compromises. It has been said to be the business of the junior members of the Government to make a House, keep a House, and cheer the Minister, but for the making and keeping of a House the Whip is primarily responsible. On dull nights, when the House is deserted, he has to provide a subterranean contingent in case the bell rings suddenly for a division or "count." One of his most delicate and troublesome duties is the arrangement of the order of speakers in a great debate. This is no longer left to chance, or at least only partially so; a regular programme or time-table is now prepared for each night of the discussion, with perhaps a few blanks in the middle which are left to be filled up by the process of natural selection, or competitive adroitness in catching the Speaker's eye. The position of the Whip between eight and eleven on the night of the division is peculiarly painful. Whenever one member sits down a score or two of desperate men immediately start up, each with a speech by heart or in his pocket, a copy of which is perhaps already in type in the office of his local paper. The Whip tries to keep out of the way; if he appears for a moment, he is beset by entreaties to allow another night's debate. One member has an important view to communicate, another feels that he can never face his constituents again unless he lays his mind bare on the question before the House. All that the Whip can do is to advise them to try to accommodate each other by shortening their speeches and so making the most of the time. But even as he is suggesting this futile consolation, there is a cheer and a rush of members from the lobbies, for the leader of the Opposition is up and the Premier will follow, and there will be a division at two o'clock. The gathering of members from far and near for a critical vote, the summoning of truants from odd corners of the New World and the Old, from invalid retreats, and even perhaps from the sick-bed itself, is also an anxious task, especially as the days rush past and some of the deserters are as yet making no sign. But the Whip has his reward when he goes up on the right of the tellers to proclaim his triumph. It is a happy symptom of our political condition that for a long time there has been no suspicion of foul play or corrupt practices on the part of the gentlemen who "manage" the House of Commons. There is a seamy side to politics as to everything else, and it is easy to laugh at the expedients to which a Whip has sometimes to resort in order to secure votes. But it must be remembered that the Government must take men as it finds them, and it is clearly entitled to use any kind of influence which is not dishonest or oppressive. The Whip fills a useful and laborious office with much responsibility and not much honour. He has no opportunity of distinguishing himself in debate or identifying himself with important measures. Beyond the walls of Parliament his name is little known, and he has usually no hope of obtaining higher official rank. He is not a member of the Cabinet; and, though he may privately and indirectly influence its deliberations, he is ostensibly only its servant, bound to accept its conclusions and to go about declaring that they are the perfection of human wisdom and justice. Yet if he can be satisfied with a sense of secret power, he has probably no reason to complain.

## EPISCOPAL JUSTICE.

**ARCHDEACON DENISON** has published a four-months' correspondence between himself and the Bishop of Bath and Wells. When we say that it relates to the ordering of the services in the parish church of East Brent, every one will know beforehand that it virtually closes with an intimation from the Archdeacon that, rather than conform to the Bishop's conditions, he will submit to be deprived of his benefice. It is not, however, with the Archdeacon's part in the correspondence that we propose to deal. That is characterized by all the qualities which Archdeacon Denison's letters invariably display—great clearness of statement, great firmness of purpose, and an entire inability to look at the questions in dispute from any point of view except his own. He maintains that certain practices in use in his church are ordered or permitted by the law of "this Church and Realm," and treats any decision to the contrary given by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a "modern interpretation" so "conspicuously absurd" as hardly to deserve a passing notice. If the Bishop of Bath and Wells had taken or sanctioned proceedings against the Archdeacon for an offence against ecclesiastical law, no fault could have been found with him. We might have regretted another attempt to enforce an impossible and one-sided uniformity, but we should have been obliged to admit that the Bishop was acting within his right. The course he has chosen to take in preference is one of which it might have been hoped the Church of England had seen the last. There was a time not very long since when such measures were common enough, but their revival after they have fallen into disuse ought not to be passed over without comment.

Certain parishioners of East Brent became dissatisfied in the course of last autumn with the ordering—the changed ordering, as they allege—of the services in the parish church, and, by the advice of a neighbouring clergyman, they wrote to the Bishop, asking him to give them an interview. The course which the Bishop should have taken in this matter is sufficiently obvious. He was bound to hear the complainants; he was also bound to give the Archdeacon an opportunity of answering the charges brought against him. If the answer appeared insufficient, it would then have been his duty to ascertain the facts for himself, and to deal with the case accordingly. This is what the Bishop ought to have done. What he did was this. He wrote to the complainants suggesting that, before appealing to him, they should send a memorial to the Archdeacon, asking him "to restore the services to their former state." This was in effect to pre-judge the question, by assuming that the services had been altered, which it was at least possible the Archdeacon might deny. But the Bishop did more than this. He went on in the following remarkable words:—"Possibly many of the parishioners who might be unwilling to take the step of appealing to me against their vicar would join in such a request to the vicar himself; and if he found a considerable portion of the parish were aggrieved, his own kind feelings would probably dispose him to comply with their wish. If, however, the step I suggest fail to induce him to make the alteration requested, you could then appeal to me." Here we have a judge in effect suggesting to the plaintiff how he may strengthen his case against the defendant before the trial comes on. Probably this view of his conduct did not occur to the Bishop, but he could hardly have been blind to the handle he was giving the complainants in himself suggesting that many parishioners who had not hitherto acted with them would be willing to do so if the episcopal hint was followed up. As it was, no such memorial was set on foot; but, supposing there had been one, the authors of it would have been fully justified in representing it as really the production of the Bishop. It seems to have been the Bishop's wish that his interference at this stage of the proceedings should remain unknown to Archdeacon Denison. It is needless, however, to say that the answer to the complainants was not kept secret, and that a copy soon found its way through a third person to the Archdeacon. He felt naturally and justly aggrieved at the Bishop's line, and still more perhaps at the fact that the Bishop had not given him any notice, either of the complaint or of the answer to it. The Bishop defends himself by denying his judicial position. "The 'hearing,'" he writes to the Archdeacon, "and 'judging,' and 'communicating my judgment' on an *ex parte* statement, had no existence but in your own imagination." No doubt if "hearing" means hearing both sides, and "judging" means comparing the accusation with the defence, the Bishop was quite guiltless of any such procedure. But that he assumed, both in the letter we have quoted and in a subsequent interview, that the aggrieved parishioners had good grounds of complaint against their vicar, seems quite clear; and such an assumption on the part of an official who might subsequently have to decide between them was a real injustice to the side against which it operated. A similar observation is suggested by the Bishop's first letter on the subject to the Archdeacon. This letter was written immediately after the interview with the complainants. What he had said to them is not stated, but that he had adopted their view of the matter in hand is evident from what he says to the Archdeacon. "I have no hesitation in saying," he writes—and writes, it must be borne in mind, before hearing any account of the alleged changes at East Brent, except that of the complainants themselves or those who sympathized with them—"that I think you have done them a great wrong in suffering their religious sensibilities to be wounded as they have been by unauthorized services . . . and I must add that, filling as you do one of the highest offices in the diocese

next to the Bishop, you do owe it me even more than any ordinary incumbent does, to keep strictly within the Church's discipline, and not allow doctrines to be taught from your pulpit which the Church has not sanctioned." If this is not "judging," and judging "on an *ex parte* statement," we confess ourselves unable to frame a definition of those acts. Immediately after the sentences quoted comes a piece of advice which, however sound it might be in itself, the Bishop had already put it out of the Archdeacon's power to follow with any good effect. "What I think you ought to do is to ask your parishioners to state to you what are the things which most grieve and estrange them, and to do all in your power to meet their wishes." Supposing that the Archdeacon had done so at this late stage of the dispute, what would have been the inference drawn by the complainants? Clearly, that he had heard of the Bishop's advice to them to get up a memorial, and that he wished to take the bull by the horns. Instead of looking like a desire to meet his parishioners half way, it would have looked like a desire to steal a march on them, and this result would have been entirely due to the Bishop's misplaced determination not to regard himself as a judge.

Upon a great part of the letters that follow there is no need to touch. On the 3rd of January the Bishop forwarded to Archdeacon Denison a memorial, signed by six householders of East Brent, setting forth certain "innovations" in the "ritual and service" of the parish church, and claiming protection against "the continuance and spread of a system of teaching . . . directly contrary to the law of the land, and to the teaching of the Reformed Church of England." In this it will be seen that the Bishop did what he ought to have done more than two months before. To those charges the Archdeacon sent a formal answer, denying some of the acts attributed to him, and justifying others. The Bishop thereupon issued certain "formal and peremptory directions" amounting to a prohibition of all but two of the practices complained of, and the Archdeacon closes the correspondence, so far as it concerns himself alone, by refusing to render "un-canonical" obedience to a "modern and self-stultifying interpretation" of the law of the Church of England. It would have been well for the Bishop of Bath and Wells if the correspondence had ended here. He had reduced the controversy between himself and the Archdeacon to a fair legal issue, and the only question that remained for him to consider was whether his duty to the complainants required him to institute proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts. Unfortunately it seems to have occurred to him that, though he could not touch the Archdeacon except at some expense to himself, there were others whom he could touch without incurring any cost or trouble whatever. The vicar of East Brent is a beneficed clergyman, and as such he is irremovable except by process of law. The curates of East Brent are not beneficed clergymen, and consequently they may be ejected without any regard for law. The day before issuing his monition to the Archdeacon, the Bishop wrote to each of the curates, giving them notice that unless within a fortnight they could show reason to the contrary he should summarily revoke their licenses. The curates, with an irony perhaps not quite unintentional, "respectfully submit" that in order to their being in a position to show cause to the contrary, it is necessary to know the precise ground upon which the Bishop proposes to subject them to this heavy penalty. To one of them the Bishop answers with pious *unrestraint* that he does not think himself bound, either by law or by that fairness which he hopes no provocation will ever induce him to lose sight of, to furnish him with any specific and precise charges as the ground of his proposed action. But in a letter to the other curate, Mr. Henry Denison, he gives as his reason the unlawful practices in East Brent Church, "most of which, if not all, were introduced by yourself." Now two months before this letter was sent, Archdeacon Denison had written to the Bishop—"My two curates act for me, with me, and with my express sanction in all particulars"; and a few days before it was sent he had further written, "The whole responsibility is mine and not theirs in any particular." The Archdeacon naturally infers that the Bishop does not believe him. We have no doubt that the Bishop believes him, indeed, the notion that Archdeacon Denison would allow the services in his own church to be ordered by any one except himself is too absurd to be entertained for an instant—least of all by his own Diocesan. The simple truth of the matter is that the Bishop wanted to do something to mark his disapprobation of the Archdeacon's proceedings, and preferred to punish the curates, who could only submit, rather than the vicar, who might and would resist. That he could only do this by committing an act of patent injustice was nothing to the purpose. Fair dealing towards a couple of enthusiastic young men is not to be put in comparison with episcopal authority. By the side of the Bishop of Bath and Wells the Church Association itself shows to advantage. It does fly at incumbents. We had hoped that by procuring unmistakable legal decisions on every disputed point of ritual it had made even Bishops ashamed of flying at anything less. Yet the Bishop of Bath and Wells is well known to be in private life both a generous and a kind-hearted man. But having at the outset committed himself to a false estimate of his position he has at last had to choose between personal inconsistency and official autonomy; and when such a temptation befalls a man it is rare that he makes the truly courageous choice.

#### THE SWISS CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

THE Swiss *Nationalrath* was employed during the latter part of January in discussing questions of the class which are in the strictest sense of the word, constitutional. We mean questions directly touching the various powers of government, their disposal among the executive and legislative bodies, and the mode of appointment of those who have to discharge them. Many of the questions which have been discussed during the present revision of the Federal Constitution are not constitutional questions in this sense. Some of them could hardly have become constitutional questions at all under any but a Federal system. Take, for instance, the question of education, which has filled so prominent a part in the discussions of the Federal Assembly. It is manifest that questions whether education shall or shall not be compulsory or gratuitous, whether clergymen and members of religious orders shall be allowed to act as teachers, are not in any strictness constitutional questions. They are questions which have nothing to do with the form of government or the manner of its administration. They are questions which might arise equally in a pure democracy and in an absolute monarchy. And in any State not being Federal, whatever might be its form of government, they could be dealt with by an ordinary act of the legislative body. If any such State chose to make them articles of its Constitution, it would simply be in order to make its decision on those points more solemn and less easily changed. There is no necessity in any non-Federal State for making constitutional questions of them. But in a Federal State, if it is wished to have any common legislation on such points over the whole country, it can be had only by making a provision in the Federal Constitution on the subject. The ordinary Federal legislation cannot touch any matter which is not expressly committed to it by the Federal Pact; all matters not so expressly committed come within the sphere of the sovereign rights of the Cantons. If therefore the point is to be dealt with by Federal authority, a commission to deal with it must be entrusted to the Federal power by the Federal Constitution. In this way almost any point may, in a Federal State, become a constitutional point, because it may be needed to determine how far it is to be brought within the range of the Federal power, and how far to be left within the competence of the Cantons. But the present session of the *Nationalrath* has been mainly occupied with questions which are constitutional in the strictest sense, and which would be looked on as constitutional questions anywhere. Such is the proposal that the executive power, the *Bundesrath*, should be chosen directly by the people, and not, as at present, by the Federal Assembly. Such is the still more startling proposal to abolish one branch of the Federal Legislature, the *Ständerath* or Senate, the representative of Cantonal sovereignty. Such again is the smaller change by which it is proposed to take away the restriction which forbids clergymen of either Church from sitting in the *Nationalrath*, and thereby in the *Bundesrath*. Of these three proposals the first two have been thrown out, while the third has been carried; that is to say, it has passed through one of the four ordeals through which every amendment of the Federal Constitution has to pass. But the main interest of the debates—and we may add that we have read them throughout with the highest interest—gathers round the proposals to bring in a direct popular control in some shape or another over the resolutions of the two Houses of the Federal Assembly.

These different proposals take the form of *Volksinitiative*, *Veto*, *Volksreferendum*, and the *Volksreferendum* may be either *fakultativ* or *obligatorisch*. We confess to a certain malicious pleasure that neither the English nor the German tongue—though the latter can certainly find names for most things—seems able to find names for these strange devices. The object of the *Veto* or *Referendum* in its different forms is to provide a means of appealing from the resolutions of the two Houses to a popular vote, a system which has been introduced in several of the Cantonal governments. Either as a matter of course, or when a certain number of Swiss citizens or Cantonal governments demand it, the acts, or some classes of the acts, of the Federal Assembly are to be submitted to a vote of Yea or Nay at the hands of the whole Swiss people, accompanied or not accompanied by a like Yea or Nay vote of the Cantons voting as Cantons. The *Volksinitiative* would oblige the Legislature to legislate on a given question on the demand of a certain number of Cantons or of Swiss citizens. This right at present exists only in the case of an amendment of the Federal Constitution. The two Houses can at any moment undertake the revision of the Constitution of their own free will. In case fifty thousand Swiss citizens demand a revision, a Yea or Nay vote of the people is taken whether there shall be a revision or not. If the popular vote is Yea, the Houses are bound to proceed to the revision, and the same popular vote of revision or no revision is taken when one House votes in favour of a revision and the other against it. When both Houses have agreed on the amendments to be proposed, their resolutions are submitted to the Yea or Nay vote both of the Cantons and of the people. This system, or something like it, the supporters of the *Initiative*, *Veto*, or *Referendum*, wish to apply to other acts of the Federal Assembly besides constitutional amendments. But of course endless changes may be rung on the different details of these proposals. Shall there be only an *Initiative*, or only a *Referendum*, or both at once? How many citizens must join in the



demand for the *Initiative* to take effect? Shall the *Referendum* take place in all cases, or only in certain specified cases, when the Houses themselves vote for it, or when a fixed number of citizens or of Cantons demands it? Shall all acts of the Assembly be liable to the *Referendum*, or only some particular class of acts? Especially, shall treaties with foreign States, declarations of war, and such-like international matters, be subject to the *Referendum* as well as the internal legislation of the Confederation? And again a question—the most interesting of all to students of Federal politics—is the *Referendum* to consist only of a general vote of the Swiss people, or shall it also take in, as is now the case with regard to a constitutional amendment, a vote of the Cantons as Cantons? On these points the proposals of the Committees of the two Houses are different, and a crowd of amendments have been made by individual members. The *Bundsrath* has no proposal at all. The Committee of the *Ständerath* proposes that Federal laws and votes of money amounting to more than a million of francs shall be submitted to a vote both of the people and of the Cantons, either when the two Houses themselves vote for such an appeal, or when the appeal is demanded either by five Cantons or by 50,000 Swiss citizens. The Committee of the *Nationalrath* proposes that a certain class of Federal laws—namely, those passed under the powers which it is now proposed to transfer from the Cantons to the Confederation—shall be submitted to the vote of the people and of the Cantons as a matter of course, and that the same may be done with laws of any other kind whenever the two Houses themselves may think fit. The same Committee also proposes the introduction of the *Volkinitiative* in this form, that, whenever fifty thousand citizens demand a change in the law, the two Houses may at once draw up a proposal to be submitted to the vote of the people and of the Cantons; and if they do not approve of the suggestion, a vote of the people and of the Cantons shall be taken on the question whether the Assembly shall legislate on the subject or not. It follows that, by the proposal of the Committee of the *Nationalrath*, though not by that of the *Ständerath*, the Assembly may be obliged to legislate on a matter against its will. But it will also be observed that neither Committee proposes to submit anything bearing on foreign affairs to the popular vote. These are the proposals of the two Committees; the amendments of individual members were far too many for us to give them in detail. And besides the various forms of *Initiative* and *Referendum* there was a proposal of M. Carteret of Geneva, according to which there would be no popular voice on any legislative matter, but, on the demand of a fixed number of citizens, a new election of the Assembly should take place. That is to say, the people as sovereign would be invested with the power of dissolving Parliament, whereas now the Assembly, once elected, comes to an end at the close of its three years' term, but cannot be dissolved sooner.

In the debates on these questions, which were marked by many speeches of great ability on both sides, the main question was chiefly dealt with as one of centralization. The extreme proposal to abolish the *Ständerath* met with few supporters, but it shows the direction in which things are tending among a powerful party. The abolition of the *Ständerath* would be equivalent to a surrender of the Federal system. All Federal legislation would then depend on a numerical majority, by which the smaller Cantons might easily be swamped. And without going this length, the more zealous supporters of the *Referendum* urged that the confirmation of the acts of the Assembly should be by the vote of the people alone, without any distinct vote of the Cantons. Here again we have the appeal to the mere numerical majority, without any regard to the existence of the Cantons as sovereign States. Proposals of this sort of course united several classes of enemies against them. They would naturally be opposed by all who object to any sort of change, and by all who object to further changes of a democratic kind. But they would further be opposed by all those, whatever may be their politics on other matters, who cleave to the sovereign rights of the Cantons, as at once the historic Constitution of the country, as the Constitution best adapted to its actual condition, and as the only means of preserving the rights of large classes of the Swiss nation. Here then, as at other stages of the debates, we find men pulling together whose notions on other points are widely different; we find the oldest and the newest Cantons working in a common cause; for anything that infringes on cantonal rights is equally threatening to Uri and to Geneva. The *Initiative* and *Referendum* are thus opposed on two grounds, either of which alone certainly seems to us to be quite conclusive. If Switzerland is to remain what she has hitherto been, she must cleave to the Federal principle, which alone can secure really equal freedom and prosperity to the various elements which have been brought together within her bounds. And, as we have before said, the appeal from Parliament to the people at large, from the better informed to the worse informed, surely overthrows every principle of representative government. It is no answer to say that, because several Cantons have adopted the system, the Confederation must adopt it also. Opinions differ widely as to the working of the *Referendum* in those Cantons which have adopted it. But, be it ever so good in the Cantons, it does not follow that it is suited for the Confederation. We may reasonably expect that the average of intellect and experience will stand higher among the members of the Federal Assembly than among the members of a merely Cantonal body. It is certain that they will often have to deal with affairs of a higher and more difficult nature than those which can come before a Cantonal body. It is therefore perfectly conceivable that the *Referendum* may work

well in certain Cantons, and yet not be at all suited for the higher range of the Confederation. In a country which has full freedom of the press and full right of meeting and petition, and which further chooses its representatives for three years only by universal suffrage, it is hard to see what more is wanted in the way of popular rights. The example of the *Landsgemeinden* proves nothing. They are Assemblies; but an Assembly of the whole Swiss people is as impossible as an Assembly of the whole English people. Every one knows the difference between a vote given in a deliberative body and the mere signature of a paper. And a vote given after the fashion of the *Referendum* has much more in common with the latter process than with the former. On the other hand, some references to the Bonapartist *plebisuite*, as a warning against the *Referendum*, prove nothing the other way. In a Bonapartist *plebisuite* the whole thing is a sham; there is no real choice; the alternatives are Bonaparte or chaos. But in the *Referendum* there is a real choice between the existing state of things and the proposed change in the law. A negative vote is conservative; it leaves things as they are. And many members seem to fear that the main effect of the *Referendum* would be to hinder progress by the throwing out of good measures. It is spoken of by the emphatic name of a *Hemmschuh*, a drag.

Some of the speeches during this long debate deserve special mention. It was opened by a vigorous speech of Herr Scherer of Zurich on behalf of the proposed changes, which was presently followed by one from Herr Anderwert of Thurgau against the distinct vote of the Cantons. The historian Segesser of Luzern clearly set forth the opposition between the Federal and the purely democratic principles; he defended the vote of the Cantons, without which the Federal principle would be upset, but at the same time he somewhat startlingly argued for placing treaties with foreign States on a level with Federal laws and decrees, making them subject to any form of *Referendum* which might be introduced. Herr Segesser voted against both the *Initiative* and the *Referendum*. The President of the *Nationalrath*, Herr Brunner, and Herr Welti, the newly chosen President of the Confederation, both descended into the arena. Herr Brunner spoke in favour of the changes, while the *Bundespräsident*, in a speech of high eloquence, defended the system under which the Confederation was honoured and flourishing, showed how utterly inapplicable the *Referendum* was to Federal affairs, exposed the fallacy of the argument drawn from its use in Cantonal affairs and still more from the analogy of the *Landsgemeinden*—

Die Landsgemeindeordnung hat mit dem *Referendum* nichts zu thun, weil die Form, in welcher der Wille des Volkes sich ausspricht, bei jener eine lebendige, bei dem *Referendum* eine tote, papierene Form ist.

The President ended by an appeal for the preservation of Communal rights and the extension of education, as better means to raise the character of the people at large than any extension of its political powers. Herr Bider of Baselland gave an amusing description of the working, or rather non-working, of the *Referendum* in the odd little commonwealth to which he belongs, in which it seems the great difficulty is to get people to vote at all about anything. Soon after this voice from the youngest of democracies came one from wall-nigh the oldest, and we can understand the feelings with which a representative of Schwyz, Herr Eberle, spoke of the theories of "die neuen Demokraten," and called on his countrymen to stand fast by the ancient principles of their Federal system. A powerful argumentative speech from Dr. Recher of Zurich followed on the same side, while Herr Cäsliach of Graubünden pleaded for the *Referendum* as not being a centralizing institution, and appealed to the experience of his own Canton, where the *Referendum* was of immemorial antiquity. We doubt, however, the analogy between the exercise of communal sovereignty in the old Confederation of the three Leagues, and the *Referendum* as now proposed. Other remarkable speeches were those of M. Carteret of Geneva and Herr Conzenbach of Bern, on what we suppose we must call the Conservative side, though the name sounds odd when applied to so strongly democratic a politician as M. Carteret. One sentence of his is well worth preserving, pointing out the impossibility of really carrying out the proposed changes on account of the endless demands which they would make on the time and attention of the people. He says—

Wir sind keine Athener, wir besitzen keine Sklaven, die unsere Arbeit verrichten während wir uns zum Forum begeben.

The vigorous assertions of Cantonal rights which were made in the course of this debate were certainly not needless, when one speaker could so far forget the whole history of his country as to say, "Die Kantone sind nichts anderes als Fragmente des Schweizervolkes." Yet we can thank the same speaker, Herr Foer-Herzog, for so clear and sound a distinction as the following:—

Er will die Wahrheit der Demokratie, und diese kommt nur in den kleinen demokratischen Kantonen vor, in den übrigen Kantonen ist das Repräsentativsystem die wahre Demokratie.

When the House divided, the peculiar mode of voting by successive and conditional divisions gives each member the opportunity of voting conditionally for what he considers second best, as well as positively for what he thinks best of all. Thus the "fakultative *Referendum*" was carried conditionally against the "obligatorische *Referendum*" by 79 votes against 26. But when the final vote came whether there should be any *Referendum* at all, the House divided equally, and it was decided in favour of the *Referendum* only by the casting-vote of President Brunner. The vote of the Can-

tons was rejected by 59 votes against 50, and the *Initiative* was carried by 60 votes against 47. The result is a vote on the part of the *Nationalrath*, that Federal laws and decrees, but not treaties with foreign Powers, shall be submitted to a vote of the people whenever the Assembly itself thinks good, and whenever five Cantons or 50,000 citizens demand it. Again, when 50,000 citizens demand legislation on any subject, if the Assembly approves the demand, they will at once proceed to legislation. If they disapprove it, a vote of the people is to decide whether there shall be any legislation or not, and another vote of the people will finally decide on proposals of the Assembly. It remains to be seen whether this resolution of the *Nationalrath* will be accepted by the *Ständerath*, by the Cantons, and by the people at large.

#### A STRANGE STORY.

THE "very extraordinary story" which has lately appeared in the *Times* might, if there had not been the Tichborne case and the *Alabama* claims to take priority, have occupied the attention of society as strongly as did the disappearance a few years ago of Mr. Speke. It may be useful perhaps to remark that the small number of unimaginative persons who declined to believe that Mr. Speke had been murdered turned out to be right. That gentleman, to the great loss of sensational novelists and dramatists, appeared after a few weeks to be living in the country, and thus dissipated the growing belief that there existed certain mysteries of London which had never been penetrated by the police. In opposition to the opinion which prevailed during the interval of suspense, it was urged that there are plenty of places in London where you may lose your money or your character, but it would be inconvenient to deprive you of life. The rule of law which requires proof of the *corpus delicti* before trying a man for murder is founded in common sense. If there were not such a rule, many persons would have been hanged for supposed murders which had never been committed. It is of course possible that a body may be so completely destroyed as to leave no trace behind. In the drama of the *Bells*, which Mr. Irving's acting makes so painfully impressive, the body of the Polish Jew is supposed to have been thrown into a lime-kiln and entirely consumed. But as the murder was committed for the sake of the Jew's money, which the murderer keeps or employs in trade, it is obvious that if eminent respectability had not disarmed suspicion, an intelligent policeman would, "in consequence of information received," have waited upon Matthias and put to him some troublesome inquiries. We are not objecting to a play because it involves an improbability; for if *Le Juif polonais* had not been written, Mr. Irving could not have acted in the *Bells*. We remember what has been said as to animals conversing:—

"Tis plain that they were always able  
To hold discourse, at least in fable.

It happens, however, that lime-kilns are not common in a great city, and if we suggested sausage-mills as a substitute, it might be answered that there would be a practical difficulty about buttons. We avail ourselves of our recollection of Mr. Speke's case for the purpose of suggesting that here is an opportunity for the Spiritualists to convince unbelievers of the truth of their pretensions to hold converse with the unseen world. The attempts to obtain information from spirits as to Mr. Speke's condition were unsuccessful, but as a Society has been lately formed for the more systematic investigation of spiritual performances upon articles of furniture, it is possible that the disappearance of Mr. Bauer may by its help be correctly explained. For our own part we disbelieve in the potency in London alike of secret societies and of spirit-rapping, but in both respects we are open to conviction, and if the spirits would conduct us to the place where Mr. Bauer was imprisoned and murdered, we would confess two mistakes at the same time. But in the absence of further evidence we shall continue to disbelieve in the perpetration, within the Metropolitan Police District, of more than very few murders of which some trace does not remain. A few spots of blood, or any remains which might be supposed by possibility to be human, would suffice to set the police upon inquiry, and the newspapers upon the manufacture of sensational leading articles. A secret society which murders men as a punishment for thinking of marrying would be doubly abhorrent to the feelings of Englishmen, and its members, if they became suspected, would find London an exceedingly warm place. Many of us remember the excitement which was created some years ago by what was called the Waterloo Bridge mystery, and the alarmists are entitled to the admission that the murderer—if it was a murder—was not discovered. Supposing that the fate of Mr. Bauer should remain unknown, the material will be supplied for a play or novel, or both, of the most exciting kind. So far as we remember, the Euston Railway Station has not yet been brought upon the stage, and we should expect that an accurate representation of it, with some real cabs and horses, would suffice to ensure a six months' run even for a piece which in other respects might be poorly qualified for public favour. But in moderately skilful hands a drama upon this subject could not fail to be enormously successful. It is true that when we are sitting coolly in our rooms reading the newspapers, the suggestion that a man was kidnapped in daytime—we will not say daylight, for there may have been none—at Euston Square and carried away is absurd. A cry for help would have brought to his assistance porters, policemen, and the general public, among whom it may be conjectured that at least one specimen of the

genus penny-a-liner would have been included. But although this is obvious in the morning, we are not quite sure that the absurdity of the incident might not by skilful management be momentarily obscured from the excited audience of a theatre in the evening. We remember, however, that lately at the Surrey Theatre a girl was brought upon the stage to be murdered, and the audience were desired to understand that she had been abducted for the purpose from an hotel in Furnival's Inn; but the manager did not venture to represent the actual abduction. He must have thought that that would be piling it up rather too high. Nevertheless the story, as it has been told, dates the kidnapping of Mr. Bauer within three hours after noon, and that feature, if unchanged, would, we think, offer difficulty in treatment. But there are other features upon which a dramatist would fasten with delight. There would of course be a first act, or perhaps, as more fashionable, a prologue, in which Mr. Bauer as a youth would be admitted with any quantity of mysterious and horrific rites to the Society whose rules he afterwards infringed. As none of us, critics or others, know anything about this Society except its object, the author, manager, and scene-painter might indulge in the raw-head-and-bloody-bones style of business to an unlimited extent. The quaffing of a bowl of human gore would be a necessary incident of such a ceremony. There would next be a love-making scene, ending in an engagement, which would most properly transact itself in a garden at Moscow by moonlight, with an emissary of the Society watching and listening behind a tree. There might then, if the Society had not been already made the most of, be a scene in which Mr. Bauer would be informed against, and tried in his absence, and sentenced to death by the hands of certain appointed executioners of the Society's decree. We should next have the parting of Mr. Bauer from his family and his betrothed, and perhaps one or two incidents of his journey and voyage to London, which might be of a comic character, to relieve the solemnity of other scenes. The kidnapping at Euston Square, performed to an accompaniment of rapid music, would have a tremendous and overpowering effect, and it would be followed by a view of the interior of the headquarters of the "Sufficient Number," in which we should contemplate Mr. Bauer undergoing an imprisonment which must briefly end in death. We need not say that the theatrical artists employed upon this scene might exercise their imagination to an unlimited extent, being, at least in our judgment, entirely unfettered by any possible reality to which they need have regard. They would not be called upon to place the dread abode of these avengers in any particular street or square, so that each spectator on his return home might have the luxury of believing that imprisonment and murder were being perpetrated next door to him without impediment or even suspicion by the police. The composition by Mr. Bauer of the letter which has been published in the *Times* could of course be interspersed with any quantity of pathetic exclamations on the hardness of his fate in being thus cut off at once from life and love. The author of the drama might, if he so pleased, seek a precedent for a dying speech among the Greek tragedies, but he must be careful not to allow Mr. Bauer to apostrophize the sun, because the supposition that that luminary appeared in London in January would be almost more ridiculous than that of the existence of a secret Society which murders and makes away with men whenever it sees occasion. It is remarkable, by the way, that Mr. Speke was said to have disappeared because he did not wish to marry, and that Mr. Bauer is said to have disappeared because he did.

Taking the story as it has been told, it appears that Mr. Bauer and his luggage were simultaneously abducted from the station. A telegram despatched at five minutes past twelve from Euston Square reached Messrs. Blews & Co. at Birmingham, and must therefore have been sent either by Mr. Bauer or by the Sufficient Number. But if they seized and carried him off before he reached the station, they could have no motive for taking the trouble and risking the exposure necessary to send this telegram. Considering, too, that Mr. Bauer was staying at the Charing Cross Hotel, and had an interview that morning with a gentleman upon business, he could only have been in places where the task of kidnapping him without exclamations, which must have attracted notice, would have been quite as difficult as at Euston Square. A good many years ago, when Burk and Hare were performing their exploits, timid people were ready to believe that a plaster might be placed over a man's face and the man thrust into a sack and carried off, say from the Strand or any other crowded thoroughfare. At that time, however, the very object of the crime was supposed to be the possession of a body, whereas now the existence of a body would be a great, and almost insurmountable, embarrassment to the criminals. But, supposing that Mr. Bauer did arrive at the station, we cannot but remark that the tendency of railway porters to exact fees from passengers, instead of being a fault, deserves to be regarded as a beneficent arrangement, of which Directors ought to be allowed to divide the credit with Providence. An instinct equally beautiful and useful with that which guides the bee to build her cells would have taught railway porters that Mr. Bauer was a foreigner requiring, and able to appreciate and reward, assistance. They would have captured him and his luggage in a friendly, but determined, manner the moment that he stepped out of the cab which brought him to the station, and it would have needed a very sufficient number to have taken him and his belongings out of their hands. We may doubt whether the police could detect a

murder, but we cannot doubt that railway porters would have ensured the safety of Mr. Bauer.

It appears from a further statement in the *Times* that both the cabman who drove Mr. Bauer to the station, and a porter to whom he spoke at the station, have been found. It is not clear what became of his luggage. The letter purporting to be written by him states his belief that it had been destroyed by the intending murderers. But if it reached the station, they would not be likely to take the trouble to remove it even if they had the power. It is further stated that the letter signed "L. R. Bauer" and that subscribed "A Sufficient Number," have been pronounced by an expert to be written by the same hand. It is now stated that a body, which may possibly be that of Mr. Bauer, has been discovered in the Thames. We forbear to enter upon conjecture, but, if it clearly appears that he is dead, the first step will have been taken towards showing that he may have been murdered.

#### THE GROANS OF THE TRADESMEN.

MOST of our readers are probably aware that there are in London certain institutions called Co-operative Stores, whose members have the privilege of obtaining genuine articles of daily consumption at moderate prices. The two most important associations of this kind are, nominally at least, connected with the Civil Service; the labour of establishing these institutions was undertaken by persons in Government employment, but the qualifications of membership have been interpreted with extreme liberality, and members of either House of Parliament, clergymen, barristers, military and naval officers, and friends introduced by them, have for the purposes of these associations been considered as belonging to the Civil Service. The oldest institution of the kind in London was established in 1865, and its headquarters are in Monkwell Street. It has now large premises both in Monkwell Street and in Long Acre, and it numbers about 25,000 members. A kindred association, which is younger only by a few months than the one we have mentioned, has its headquarters in the Haymarket, and numbers about 12,000 members; and each of these centres of novel, but perfectly legitimate, trading is crowded with customers day by day, while the street is thronged every afternoon with the carriages of well-to-do persons, who fail to recognise the fact that their money is entrusted to them for the special benefit of their tradespeople. We are not surprised that many shopkeepers regard these institutions as things to be put down by all available means, whether legitimate or otherwise, and we are not altogether surprised that they should have made their grievances known to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, although the fact of their having done so, while it serves to show the straits to which they are driven, does not raise our estimate of their intelligence. We learn from the report of the interview that they first sought the assistance of the Premier, and were by him handed over to the sympathies of Mr. Lowe. Their condition is pitiable, and the frankness with which they publish their wrongs is engaging. It appears that at the two hateful "Stores" 630,894*l.* was paid for groceries, wines, drapery, and other articles during the past year. The deputation of tradesmen who waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 9th instant did not pour out to him the full measure of their sorrows and their wrongs: they might have made their tale more piteous by adding that very many members of their own class, wiser in their generation than themselves, and making peace with a power too great to be resisted, had connected themselves with the odious associations, and had been selling on very favourable terms to their members, and that probably goods to the value of some 250,000*l.* had been in the same period sold by these tradesmen at wholesale prices. The same course is, we presume, open to the members of the deputation, but they prefer to regard themselves as the objects of Governmental protection, and to demand that the energies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer shall be put forth in order that they may prey on the public with impunity. Their case was so weak that we can only admire the patience with which Mr. Lowe listened to them, and the well affected sympathy with which he bade them carry their grievances to Parliament. Impotent to put an end to the system, they demand that an unprecedented exercise of power shall be devoted to restraining civil servants from buying in the cheapest market. In vain were allegations recklessly made that these associations paid no Income-tax, that they sold excisable articles without licence, and that the time belonging to the Government was diverted to the management of their affairs. These assertions were at once and authoritatively contradicted; and at last the sole remedy which the deputation could propose was that Mr. Lowe should exact eight hours a day from clerks in Government offices instead of six, and that, by some means or other, not stated and probably not discovered, they should be compelled to pay exorbitant prices for everything that they required. If the tradesmen had their way, no two gentlemen who happened to be in the service of the Crown would henceforth be at liberty to club together in importing a hoghead of claret or a pipe of port. It is to be regretted that, if their own intelligence was unequal to the discovery, neither the Solicitor nor the Secretary to the National Chamber of Trade told that body, what their deputation had, to learn from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that "it has not been the practice of the Government hitherto to interfere with the engagements of civil servants during their own time; it is notorious that some civil servants write books, that others write

plays, and that others edit or write for reviews; so long as a civil servant does his duty to his office, the rest of his time is at his own disposal, and it is not in our power to interfere with the use which he makes of his own time." Of course nothing else could have been expected from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we hope the tradesmen will lay to heart the words of sound common sense which Mr. Lowe bestowed on them.

While the subject is before us we should like to have our say about it; and first we would remind the aggrieved tradesmen that the system of co-operation for the purchase of food and clothing did not originate with the civil servants, but with a body of artisans in the North, and that if, by the exercise of some hitherto unknown and arbitrary power, the stores connected with the Civil Service were closed next week, the system would continue, and the same associations would be carried on for the benefit of the same people, although probably the name might be changed. So thoroughly indeed is the principle established, and so perverted is the public conscience, which fails to see the duty of every householder to tax himself for the benefit of the shopkeepers, that such associations are springing up on all sides, with a rapidity indeed which has made us suspect in some instances that they are but private shops under another name. We have ourselves suggested in these columns a considerable extension of the system\* to articles of daily use which are perishable in their nature. At present butchers, fishmongers, and greengrocers are unaffected by co-operative rivalry; but the establishment of markets in all our suburbs would bring these classes to the same depth of whining discontent and helpless dismay to which their brethren who deal in groceries and the like are reduced.

The real origin of the co-operative movement is to be found in the false and vicious principles on which retail trade is ordinarily conducted. The tradesmen have had their innings, and very long innings they have been; the public on whom they have preyed has been a helpless victim; for long it bore with adulteration and extortion, but the time came at length when the point of endurance was reached and passed. Not only are the labourer's beer and the spinster's tea doctored and drugged until the original properties of those articles can with difficulty be discerned, but the very medicines on the purity of which a life may depend cannot be obtained with confidence. The attempts to redress these evils were bungling and unbusiness-like at first; but they have now passed through the experimental stage, and are established in full working power. The consuming public has discovered the virtue of paying ready money and buying at wholesale rates; and persons who have made this discovery are not likely to retrace their steps—indeed they could hardly do so if they would. Even as it is, prices are increasing rapidly, and it is but sober truth to say that if this country were engaged in war next week, many households whose annual income is measured by hundreds of pounds would, under the pressure of increased prices, in a few months come in sight of something very much like want. Persons whose earnings are stationary, and who see little prospect of easier circumstances, will be slow to learn the duty of supporting retail tradesmen because they contribute to the Income-tax and are a part of our social system; and indeed we know of no amount of wealth which would make it criminal in its possessor to buy in the cheapest market. Instead of repressing efforts at independence and economy, the Government will do better to devote its attention to the more stringent enforcement of laws which exist, or, if necessary, to the passing of new laws, for the punishment of fraudulent traders. We question whether the rascal who poisons us by easy stages is less of a criminal than the garotter, and it may be that we shall not get wholesome food for our money until some highly respectable vestryman has been subjected to the same punishment, and we have had an opportunity of learning, through the energy of the *Daily Telegraph*, how he bore it. We are too apt to thank God that we are not as other men are, that wholesale frauds are not of such frequent occurrence amongst us as they are elsewhere; but after all we believe that to be the highest type of honesty and morality which is tried and not found wanting in the little things of everyday life. It is not given to every man to make a great *coup* which ruins hundreds while it enriches himself; but it is in the power of every tradesman to sell things which are pure, to measure them by honest weights, to charge, not what he thinks his customers can be made to pay, but what he knows to be a fair remuneration, and to give ready-money customers the full benefit of their prompt payments. The tradespeople seem at present to be much disturbed, and not without reason; they have clamoured for free trade, but, like the Yarmouth fisherman who advocated free trade in everything but herrings, they have demanded an exception to be made in their own interests. We would advise them, however, not to be too prone to seek the aid of the Government, lest they thereby become the subjects of its care in a manner which would be distasteful to themselves, although gratifying probably to their customers. It is futile for them to declare that they must live, and that co-operation is making this a difficult thing to do; that plea has often been put forward to justify evil deeds, and we fear that society is just now so hard-hearted as to deny the necessity. There is nothing so sacred in the interests of the individual shopkeeper as to make him the object of exceptional solicitude to the State; nothing so beautiful in himself or in his position as to render his preservation essential to the symmetry of society. If the aggrieved tradesfolk would take counsel from

\* See *Saturday Review*, May 6, 1871.

us, we would offer them a new prescription, and say, "Try a little honesty." Too long have they combined against their customers; they now find that it is a game at which two can play, and, in mercy to them, we forbear from prophesying which will win.

#### AMONG THE SPIRITS.

WE are indebted to the *New York Herald* for a report of a case in a police court, in which "the workings of the spirit world" are exposed by a medium who becomes disgusted and professes to tell all he knows. The medium was accused of stealing a gold watch, and the defence was that the charge had been trumped up to destroy his character and discredit the testimony which it was feared he would give against his employers. The complainant was Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller, "magnetic and electric physician," of New York, who stated on cross-examination that she had never graduated in any college, but she understood electricity, and thought herself competent to go ahead in her profession. She believed that she was assisted by spiritualistic agencies in her treatment of disease, and particularly by the spirit of an Indian girl named Pick, "the last of the tribe of Mohicans." She said that the defendant Sproul called upon her on a Sunday evening for the purpose of spiritualistic conversation, and after his departure she missed her watch. The defendant appeared and denied taking the watch, and gave a long account of his conversation with Gordon, who is alleged to have instigated Mrs. Fuller to bring the charge. He had assisted Gordon in *séances*, understanding that he should have a fair share in the proceeds of the speculation. The *séances* were opened with prayer. There was an altar, on which was a crucifix and seven lighted candles, and there was a swinging censor. Gordon was the High Priest. "The religious service at opening was that of the High Church of England," Gordon stated that he was controlled by a deceased Bishop White, and sermons were preached occasionally by him. Faces were exposed, and if any person asked whether that was "Susan" or "Emily," the figure bowed. This was Sproul's description of the business carried on by Gordon and his associates. Gentlemen were charged a dollar and ladies fifty cents, for admission. But before long the master spiritualist and his man quarrelled. Sproul had found a paste-board face of a pretended spirit in a trunk. He represents himself as having been up to this time deceived by Gordon; but we may suspect that he felt a justifiable indignation at the blundering manner in which his chief operated. "There," said he to Gordon, "is your spirit. You can't sit at a table and give *séances* worth a cent. I am going to set up a shanty of my own and burst you up." Hereupon Gordon put rage around his head and pretended to go out of his mind, and Sproul determined to expose the matter. At this point Mrs. Fuller appeared upon the scene as a spiritual reinforcement to Gordon. She called at Gordon's residence, and seeing Sproul, she told him that spirits were around him, but wanted some medium to get into him, and she was the medium. "Wanting to have some fun," he pretended to be under mesmeric influence. Mrs. Fuller then became unconscious, and "put it through," or, in other words, made a revelation by the help of the spirit of the Indian girl Pick, that Gordon could not give a *séance* that night, "as things were not harmonious," which they certainly were not. She invited Sproul to visit her, promising to give him more magnetic strength, and he accordingly called next evening, when the alleged theft was committed.

In cross-examination Sproul stated that he became acquainted with Gordon about three months ago. "He took a notion to me, and wanted me to become his spiritual brother." At this time Sproul was working at bookbinding. Perhaps he thought that if he could live without working it would be an improvement. He accepted Gordon's invitation, took charge of his rooms, and managed his financial affairs. He did not assist Gordon in the *séances*, but "acted in the audience"—a very expressive phrase. In the rooms which were placed in his charge he found cardboard pictures. They were fourteen inches one way and ten the other. One of them represented Gordon's spirit bride, dressed in diamonds and laces. This picture, apparently well known as the Queen of Beauty, was produced in Court. Another picture was of a boy, and had "Willie" underneath. People at the *séances* thought it was their darling little baby. Gordon held the pictures in his left hand. "The fraud was so bunglingly done that I did not think he would have the audacity to produce it." When he taxed Gordon with the fraud, he answered that Sproul was not yet far enough advanced to understand the spirits. The picture of the Queen of Beauty, adorned with a diamond stud belonging to Gordon, "was performed one night to convince a very sceptical gentleman." It is not stated whether he was convinced.

A witness on behalf of Gordon testified his belief that the spirits were real, and not an illusion produced by pictures or other fraudulent contrivances. This witness describes himself as a candid seeker after knowledge. He wanted to know whether forms of the departed could be produced, and he is satisfied after attending several *séances* that they can. Before following this witness through his description of what he saw, or supposed himself to see, we will remark upon the exceedingly wide field of inquiry on which the police magistrate allowed himself to enter. The only direct evidence of theft was that of Mrs. Fuller, who stated that she had a watch when Sproul visited her, and could not find it after his departure. The watch was not proved to

have been found in Sproul's possession, or elsewhere, not to have been in any way handled by him; and in the absence of any evidence beyond that of Mrs. Fuller, it might have been expected that the case would have been dismissed. But American Courts of Justice always seem to be conducted on the principle of getting as much talk as possible out of every case. An observer of their proceedings will easily understand how it comes to pass that even lawyers of reputation can see nothing unreasonable in the claim to indirect damages for the *Alabama's* cruise. In their own domestic litigation they never seem to know where to stop in admitting evidence or arguing thereupon. In this case Sproul appears, and alleges that the charge against him has been got up to prevent his exposing Gordon's fraud. He describes proceedings which, if they occurred, were necessarily fraudulent. But, on the other hand, the prosecution produces witnesses who state that they did see spirits, and not merely manipulated pictures, at Gordon's *séances*, and we are told that Gordon himself would appear, and doubtless he would assert the reality of his own spiritual influence. It is unnecessary to observe that neither Gordon nor the inquirer whom he has converted can give any evidence relevant to the charge which the police magistrate has to try. If that officer considers himself called upon to decide whether the pretensions of spiritualists are true, we should think that he would find himself sitting upon the case even after the jury in the Tichborne case have been discharged. The sceptical gentleman for whose conversion the Queen of Beauty, according to Sproul's story, was adorned with diamond studs, would be a most important witness. For every sceptic on one side a believer might be produced on the other, and unless the spirits would appear and testify to their own existence, it is difficult to understand how the case could ever end at all. The candid inquirer denies that the effects which he saw could be produced as Sproul pretends they were. He asserts that machinery, erected at the cost of 50,000 dollars, could not produce them. He admits, indeed, that "the spirits never showed their backs," which to an impartial reader of the evidence rather indicates that they had no backs to show. At the end of the *séance* Gordon would appear to be in a trance. Sproul pretended that this was a contrivance to avoid moving until the company had departed. But the candid inquirer was satisfied that it was a real trance. On one occasion a spirit-child was seen in Gordon's arms. "A bloody-looking bunch" appeared on Gordon's arm when he came out of the trance. Some of the company who yet lingered in the room went forward to find out what it was, and found nothing. "They explained that it was a possible railroad accident somewhere, in which a child was being cut to pieces." The report of the case which we have before us is incomplete, and we cannot feel sure that the Judge may not have admitted evidence to show that there was a railroad accident in which a child was cut to pieces at that moment.

It matters little what the decision in this case may be, because believers in Spiritualism will continue to believe in it whatever estimate the Judge may form of the character or conduct of Sproul or Gordon. The cross-examination of the former was directed to show that he was a man who would do anything to avoid the necessity of working for his living. Assume that he is not what the other side say he is, and you have this remarkable result, that Spiritualism is "in advance of orthodoxy," and that Gordon is the high priest of an improved religion, and Sproul is his assistant. The proverb *noscitur a sociis* would appear to be applicable to the case.

#### REVIEWS.

##### BESANT AND PALMER'S JERUSALEM.\*

A GREAT deal of new and concentrated light has been thrown of late on the history and topography of the Holy Land, and on that of the Holy City in particular. In the interval which must elapse before the scheme of a thorough survey of the country on a scientific scale can be carried into effect, or before a freer license to excavate can be expected to set at rest the controversies which rage as to the sacred sites, the public may be said to be in possession of the whole body of facts which the researches of the learned or the enterprise of explorers upon the spot has brought together for the comparison, to the mind's eye, of Jerusalem as she ruled in her queenly pride with what she is as she now sits captive in the dust. What was felt to be the most urgent need was something that should fill up the void in history between these two widely distant periods, and span the gulf of ignorance or obscurity which undeniably existed in all but a few specially instructed minds regarding the fortunes of Jerusalem, from the quenching of her light in the blood of her children to that rekindling of interest which forms so remarkable a sign of the intellectual life of our own day. This blank will now be in a great measure satisfactorily filled by the work which we owe to the joint labours of Mr. Walter Besant and Professor Palmer. The design of these writers is to give a connected history of Jerusalem from the period immediately preceding her fall to the present time. The city is shown to us in

\* Jerusalem, the City of David and Solomon. By Walter Besant, M.A., and E. H. Palmer, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. London: Bentley & Son. 1871.



each of the three main aspects which she respectively presented under Herod, under Justinian, and under Saladin. In a succession of chapters we follow in review the siege and capture by Titus and the last desperate revolt of the Jews; the Christian occupation of three hundred years; the Mahommedan conquest, with its monumental record, the building of the Dome of the Rock; the Crusades, the Christian Kingdom, and the final settling down of the city under the long night of Mahommedan rule, unbroken till our day save by the periodical flocking of pilgrims or travellers to the Church of the Sepulchre, or by a more than usually scandalous outbreak between the Greek and Latin monks. It is with the less critically known period of this eventful history, that of the Mahommedan rule both prior to and following the Christian Kingdom, that the interest of readers at large will naturally be most closely bound up, and herein it is that the novelty and the consequent value of our authors' labours will be mainly found to lie.

Two chief sources of information are open for the historian of this period. One is the contemporary and later chronicles of the Crusades, written either in Latin or in the *Langue d'Oïl*, from which Mr. Besant has constructed his portion of the work. The other consists of what the Arabic historians themselves have put on record, upon which the special learning and well-known industry of the Lord Almoner's Professor have been brought to bear well nigh for the first time. We would gladly have had some more definite account of the authorities on which Mr. Palmer has drawn for this addition to the more familiar sources of knowledge. It is scarcely possible to obtain from his pages the slightest clue to either the names, the dates, or the place in literature with which these novel materials are to be associated. To what extent they may have been disinterred by his own hands from the stores of native lore and erudition which are vaguely understood to lie hidden in Eastern repositories long sealed to the eyes of the Giaour, or may have been amassed by oral contact with such wise men as may still preserve, with the fidelity of Eastern memory, the traditions of their fathers, we have no information to guide us. Vague allusions to the "annals of the Mahommedan Empire" might be taken by many to imply a fund of official and authentic material such as has been opened up in the archives of Simancas, or in the records of our own State Paper Office. Letters and proclamations of caliphs or viziers are quoted verbatim, with an apparent exactness which we are far from calling in question, but of which the value and interest would have been unquestionably enhanced by an intimation of the place where the originals were to be consulted. When we are told of the description of the mosque of Omar, by "an early pilgrim who saw it," that it was a simple square building of timber, capable of holding three thousand people, and constructed over the ruins of some more ancient edifice, we think it hard upon the ordinary reader, who might wish to know more of this anonymous pilgrim and of the date of his visit, to be left to hunt out such points for himself among the books of reference at his command, with such faint guidance as the architectural features of the pilgrim's story may afford. The terms of capitulation between Omar and the patriarch Sophronius are given with all verbal formality, and the consequent scenes accompanying the surrender of the mosque and Sakhras are added in detail, with corrections of verbal inaccuracies in the version given us by Reynolds. We are then treated to "another account" of the same transaction, and further on to "another version of this conversation," but we are still kept in the dark as to the nature or comparative truthfulness of these independent authorities, though a tantalizing stress is laid upon "the great accession to our knowledge of the literature of this period which has been made during the last century." No doubt learned professors have all such minor matters as these at their fingers' ends, and feel supreme contempt for those poor souls who need to have the alpha betas of Arabic literature or the rudiments of Mahommedan chronology put under their eyes. But it is by no means the usual way with scholars, in our time at least, to withhold from those less richly fed at the table of knowledge such crumbs of information as they may not unreasonably beg for. Many would be glad to hear more of Ibn 'Asâkir, to whom we are referred for a statement of the grand proportions and rich adornments of the great Masjid of Omar, as he saw it early in the twelfth century, with its 50 doors, 600 marble pillars, and 385 chains, sustaining 5,000 lamps; and its 15 domes or oratories, exclusive of the lesser mosque or Cubbet es Sakhras, 24 large cisterns, and 4 minarets. There must be many things of interest which the author of the *Muthir el Gharâm* has to tell us, as well as the fact that he found inside the haram wall a stone tablet on which the length of the Masjid was recorded as 784 cubits, and its breadth as 455 cubits. Even if we are right in assuming the common cubit to be here meant, these figures are not easily reconcilable with those of Ibn 'Asâkir, who gives as the length of the Masjid 755, and the breadth 465, taking the royal cubit as his standard. We may complain of being left in doubt whether to ascribe to our author's own hand or not the full and authentic translation of 'Abd el Melik's inscription running round the colonnade of the Cubbet es Sakhras, though instances are given of the astounding ignorance displayed in the translation of this curious record in an abridged form in Reynolds's *Temple of Jerusalem*. The name of 'Abd el Melik has been erased from this remarkable inscription—the *Quds* text of which probably owes its preservation to the ignorance of the Christian occupiers of the city as to its denial of the Trinity, and of the Divinity of Christ—and that of 'Abdallah el Mawaffak substituted; the date, however (72 i.e. 691 A.D.), being left unaltered by the clumsy forger. The circumstance that several of the particulars

of this incident are met with in the fine work of Count de Vogüé makes it the more tantalizing to us to find the authenticity for the residue of them withheld. Thus the Count is quoted for the statement of 'Abdallah Yâcût el Hamawi, a Christian Arab writer of the twelfth century, that the substructure of the Jewish temple served for the foundations of 'Abd el Melik's edifice, that monarch building a wall of smaller stones upon the more massive ancient blocks; the great substructures at the south-west angle, which have been much disguised of late, having been also raised by him to form a platform for the Aksa.

Many difficulties in understanding these native writers are cleared up by a more distinct attention to the terms employed by them. The Masjid el Aksa, for instance, is not to be taken as identical with the well-known mosque on the south side of the Haram. The latter building is called by the old writers El Jâmi el Aksa (the word *Jâmi* being exactly equivalent to the Greek *συνογωγή*, and applied only to the church or building in which the worshippers congregated), or simply El Aksa; the substructure being called El Aksa el Kadîmeh, the "ancient Aksa," while the title El Masjid el Aksa is applied to the whole sanctuary. Masjid, Mr. Palmer explains, is a general word derived from the verb *sajada*, "to adore," and is applied to any spot the sacred character of which invites to devotion. Our "mosque," a corruption of *masjid*, is applied in an incorrect sense to the building itself, as distinct from the whole sacred area. "The Jâmi el Aksa, Jâmi el Magharibeh, &c., are what we call mosques, but the entire Haram is a Masjid." The temple of Jerusalem was entitled generally El Aksa, "the remote," according to the Mahommedan doctors, either because of its distance from Mecca, or because it is in the centre of the earth: The title of *Haram*, or "sanctuary," it enjoys in common with those of Mecca, Medina, and Hebron. The Cubbet es Sakhras, imposing as are its proportions, is not properly speaking a mosque, not being constructed for public prayers and ceremonials. It is only an oratory, one of the numerous *cubbehs* with which the Haram area abounds, domed edifices marking the spots sacred in tradition. The form is all but identical with that of the ordinary Muslim *weli* or saint's tomb, while El Jâmi el Aksa is, on the other hand, a mosque on a plan similar to those at Constantinople and elsewhere, expressly designed for the worship of a large congregation. The primary motive which led to the building of the Cubbet es Sakhras is traced by Professor Palmer to the Koranic legend of Mahomet's night journey to heaven from the holy rock at Jerusalem. Over this rock, for the shelter of pilgrims, whose steps it was the Caliph's desire to divert from Mecca to Jerusalem, and moreover to restore the Masjid of Omar, 'Abd el Melik constructed his wondrous dome, without the slightest heed, we need scarcely say, to the notion of this rocky site having been either in fact or in legendary belief that of the Saviour's burial-place. For the safe custody of the treasure, equivalent to the seven years' revenue of Egypt, which he had amassed for this purpose, the Caliph first erected from his own design the small dome called Cubbet es Salsilah, which still exists, to the east of the Sakhras, and he was so pleased with the effect that he ordered the model to be followed in the more important building. Riya ibn Huiyih el Kauli was appointed controller of the treasure with the accompanying works, and Yezid ibn Sallâm, a native of Jerusalem, his coadjutor. Many curious particulars of the progress of the building, the ornaments and offerings lavished upon it, and the costly stulch and perfumes used for service, are collected by Mr. Palmer. In the reign of the second Abbasside Caliph, Abu Ja'far Mansûr (A.D. 755), the southern portion of the Haram es Sherif, standing upon its artificially raised platform, suffered severely from an earthquake; to repair which 'Abd el Melik's plates of gold and silver were stripped from the doors of the Masjid and converted into coin. Under his son and successor, El Mohdî, the mosque, having once more fallen into ruins, was rebuilt with many alterations of plan, the width being increased at the expense of the length. Still greater works were executed by El Mamûn, the son of the well-known Harun er Rashîd, to whom the Masjid may be said almost to owe its present existence.

With no less fulness or clearness does the work before us trace the history of the church known as that of the Holy Sepulchre, the object of pilgrim bands of Christians no less multitudinous or devout than those of Moslem devotees who flocked to the Holy Rock; its repeated destructions, especially that ordered by the madman El Hakem (A.D. 1010); and the successive restorations which have resulted in the stately but heterogeneous structure of our time. If the vicissitudes of the city and its holy places, newly culled by one of our joint authors from native records, differ at times in detail as well as in tone from those set forth by his colleague as represented by better-known witnesses or chroniclers, such minor discrepancies may well be excused on the ground put forth in the preface, that the one narrative is Mahommedan, the other Christian. We have dwelt by preference upon those portions of the work which lie somewhat beyond the usual sources of information; but the entire work will be found to sustain with exhaustive fulness and unflagging interest the historical drama of the City of Cities till the curtain falls upon the massacre of Acre, and the night of five centuries sets in during which Jerusalem has no history. In the appendix an excellent summary is added of the main points in the annals or the topography of the city which may be considered as definitely fixed upon historic evidence or verified by excavation, and which must needs be taken as a basis for all future speculation or research.

## WHITE'S HISTORY OF THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

THIS book presents itself in what a grazier might call "first-rate condition." In paper, printing, and covering it has everything that money can give and good taste approve. All is sobered down to a gravity becoming the sedate historian. Taking it in hand is like receiving a visit from some stranger of dignified and impressive mien attired in the perfection of gentlemanly propriety, who forthwith excites your curiosity touching the question whether the intellect within responds to the goodly exterior. Are you in the presence of a really great man or of "a solemn sham"? The reader will soon find the solution for himself in the present instance, and we shall not anticipate him by a prejudgment. There are certain features about the book which perhaps may at the commencement of his investigation puzzle him somewhat. It presents an odd mixture of ambition and simplicity, of modesty and conceit. The author begins by telling us that, having, "by the divine blessing, arrived at a period of existence when in a great measure" he had "overcome the toil and trouble of active life," he turned his attention to the early history of Scotland. Consequently, the present volume is the result of what he calls his "investigations" and of his reliance on his "own judgment among the numerous authorities" consulted by him. He affords us a list of these "numerous authorities," and this list is of a character that will be welcomed as new and refreshing to persons accustomed to the ways of the ordinary historical compiler. He—not the present author, but the ordinary compiler—having got his fact from some common source, traces his way back through the mazes of recondite authorities till he is able to lift it on the top of a mountain of learning. He has found it in Hume or Goldsmith, but he presents to you as his informers Nennius, Gildas, Venerable Bede, William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, Ordericus Vitalis, and Giraldus Cambrensis. Mr. White plays no such game, but with a noble simplicity and candour gives the real names of his "numerous authorities"—as, for instance, "Hume, D., the History of England, London, 1808, 10 vols."; "Henry, R., the History of Great Britain, London, 1805, 12 vols."; "Turner, S., the History of England during the Middle Ages, London, 1825, 5 vols."; "Macaulay, T. B., the History of England, London, 1849-61, 5 vols."; "Buckle, H. T., History of Civilization in England, London, 1867, 3 vols." But these citations do not display the full extent of the author's candour. Few people would care to appeal to Buchanan except to show the skill with which he converts the facts of history into a romance, and we may be sure that, as a general rule, the original Latin would be cited, especially if that language were not among the accomplishments of the author who refers to him. But our friend here valorously cites "Buchanan, G., History of Scotland, translated by James Aikman, London, 1867, 4 vols." One would suppose that there was no occasion for the historian of Bannockburn to embarrass himself by citing Herodotus at the risk of showing that he was unacquainted with the language of Greece, but Mr. White with superlative candour reveals the extent of his education by recording among his authorities "Herodotus, the History of, translated by George Rawlinson, London, 1858, 4 vols."

More remarkable still than the recondite character of his authorities is the author's reliance on the success of his topographical investigations. He had "on several occasions carefully examined the whole of the ground on the field and around it, and bestowed ample consideration on every contingency connected with the event." To extract from the nature of the ground an exact account of the military operations of which it was long ago the theatre may be an attempt worthy of commendation, but it is not always successful. Local antiquaries, for instance, satisfied themselves, by accurate study, of the ground swept by Dundee's Highlanders at Killcrankie and the spot where he fell, and it has been all told accordingly over and over to the tourists and duly imbibed by them. But when the history of the affair is set forth by him who had the fullest reason for knowing all about it—poor Mackay of Scourie, the defeated general—came to be printed, it was seen that the battle was fought some two miles higher up the glen than the stone held to commemorate the fall of the victor. We entertain a general scepticism about the results achieved in such inquiries. As the present author, however, appears to feel assured of his success, it is perhaps but fair to give the reader a substantial specimen of the fruits of his peripatetic meditations:—

Robert Bruce, availing himself of the wisdom and experience of the chief men around him, made every arrangement for battle. Next day being Saturday, the 22nd June, on learning by his scouts that the English had come to Edinburgh and passed the night there, he gave orders that the whole army should move on towards Bannockmoor, which they did by the Roman road that led through the Torwood onward to the north, and lay a little to the west of Stirling. This causeway descended in a straight line from the west side of the farmsteadings of Snabhead and Pirnhall, crossed the Bannock, passed within a short distance east of the Bore-stone, and continued through the hollow on a part of the road between Coxet Hill and St. Ninians. But, as has been stated, a part of it from near Milton to the latter place was probably comprised within the New Park, and though the fences thereof might be destroyed, the locality would still retain the same name. Accordingly, when the army came to Milton, the King caused a number of active men, accustomed to the spade in agriculture, to dig a series of deep pits, close together like a honeycomb, across the neck of land from the

lower end of Milton Bog to the lofty banks of the burn below that village. Both the ancient Roman way, and probably a more recent road, which may have been made to the east of the New Park when it was enclosed, were thus cut through, that all passage thereon, or near them, might be prevented. When those pitfalls were excavated, Bruce ordered them to be covered first with branches of trees, and above these green turf to be laid, and the earth so scattered about as not to show where the hollows really were. If the road at Brock's Brae was then formed, we may presume it was broken up, and the pits concealed in the same manner. Had these cavities been left open, the reader will perceive how easily the English might have caused them to be filled up, so that no obstacle then could have prevented them passing over. The Scots were occupied in digging them all night, and had them completed next morning.

About this time we may conclude the Scottish army occupied the height from the Whins of Milton to Calham Hill, with the hollow west of it, up to Coxet Hill, and if the staff of the royal standard of Scotland was ever planted in the Bore-stone, the broad folds of that banner must have waved from it during that Saturday afternoon. A few troops might be placed on the spot selected for battle, which was soon to be trodden down and flowing with human blood, but Bruce, we suspect, had the sense to leave that as it were open, till he saw the English advance, and if they took possession of the opposite ground near Foot o' Green and its vicinity, all would appear favourable. Still he was uncertain by what way or in what order they would approach, so that he could only hold his own army in readiness to meet them, and guard the passage to the fortress of Stirling. He took no rest during the night, but wandered about from one portion of his army to another, revolving in his mind the circumstances in which he was placed, and the bearing they might have on the future of Scotland, yet providing for all that might occur, and trusting to a higher power than that of man, so that when the shock of battle came these heroic men around him might be enabled eventually to achieve the freedom of their native land.

It is among the commonest of military experiences that men who have taken part in the details of a battle confess themselves to be ignorant of the general plan of operations on which that battle was fought. It may be assumed that one who draws certain details out of the profound depths of his own consciousness is not more likely to see the great lesson taught by the event. That lesson in the instance of Bannockburn was that mounted men-at-arms might be met and defeated by light-armed infantry. It was one of the occasions so common in war where a style of warfare or a class of warriors deemed in popular opinion to be irresistible encounter a reverse all the more astounding from this reliance on their irresistibility. Absolute reliance on the mounted man-at-arms, encased in his shell of iron plate, was a military superstition of the day. It was believed—and in countries where the peasantry were serfs, oppressed, and starved, it was a well-grounded belief—that one or two men-at-arms could cut through a peasant army as so many lions through a herd of deer. This belief gave an overweening confidence to a magnificent army like the English army of Edward. Its defeat was not wonderful when we look to the conditions on the other side. There was the choice of ground. It was not as if the two armies were free to choose, and tried to out-manoeuvre each other. The English King was to march to Stirling Castle and relieve it, and Bruce had the choice of the best ground where he could stop the way and get the support of the garrison. He had men under him hardy, well disciplined, conscious of a good cause, and cordially hating their enemies. Their tactic was a stationary resistance with long spears to the charges of the heavy cavalry, and bore a strong analogy to that of the celebrated squares of Waterloo. In fact, Bannockburn was not a solitary example of such a victory. It was part of a reactionary movement against that oppressive insolence which the mounted or baronial class of warriors were learning from their invincibility. Only twelve years earlier the workmen and peasantry of Flanders had defeated the chivalry of France at Courtrai. Only a few months after the battle of Bannockburn came the great Swiss victory over the Austrians at Morgarten.

Our author places much dependence on the historic accuracy of the "Bruce" of Barbour, and quotes it largely in his notes. To persons who are not acquainted with that curious and interesting work, we are inclined to recommend the present volume for the sake of these quotations. We are glad to see that the Early English Text Society is busy with the "Bruce." It commends itself to the student of early English literature, since it is written in a language more intelligible to the Englishman of the present day than the writings of the English authors of Barbour's period. But historical accuracy! Is it not a fact that he has put together his hero out of materials furnished by three generations of Bruces?

One word before parting with our author. Like all prudent men conscious of the possession of a valuable commodity likely to attract the covetousness of the unscrupulous, he announces "all rights reserved." We think we can conscientiously assure him that all these rights are in a condition of perfect security.

## GUTHRIE'S SUNDAYS ABROAD.

DR. GUTHRIE'S account of his foreign travels might have dispensed with the catchpenny title (as we presume it is in Scotland) of *Sundays Abroad*, except that it gives him the opportunity of writing a preface on Sabbatarianism, which, as coming from a leading minister of the Free Kirk, is certainly a sign of the times. He thinks it necessary to defend his adoption of the term Sunday instead of Sabbath, which was exclusively applied by the early Christians to Saturday, and proceeds to observe that the day was changed during the apostolic age, "no doubt by divine authority," and that "instructions to that effect, though not recorded,"

*Sundays Abroad.* By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. London: Stephen & Co. 1872.

*A History of the Battle of Bannockburn, fought A.D. 1314. With Notices of the Principal Warriors who engaged in that Conflict.* By Robert White, Author of *A History of the Battle of Otterburn*. "Poems," &c. Edinburgh: Johnston & Douglas, 1872.

were "probably given by our Lord" to His apostles during the forty days between the Resurrection and Ascension—which is just the account usually given in Roman Catholic manuals of the institution of the Seven Sacraments. In short, the Presbyterian doctor falls back on unwritten tradition. He makes a vigorous protest against the "extremely rigid and gloomy views" about Sabbath observance prevalent in his own country, and against those "ministers of the Gospel they may be called, and 'defenders of the faith' they may fancy themselves to be, with their sour faces and overflowing bile, their dogmatism and self-conceit, their bitter tongues and uncharitable tempers," who seek to enforce them. And we have an amusing anecdote, in illustration of Scotch notions on the subject, of what occurred to the author when visiting a brother minister, who is described as a devout Christian and man of powerful mind, in the North Highlands:—

I said to my host, as I retired to my bedroom on Saturday night, "I may ring for hot water in the morning?" On this he instantly raised his hands, saying, "Hush, hush!" Astonished, and taken quite aback, and fancying, from his deprecatory manner and look, that he had greatly misunderstood my question, I repeated it. But this only called forth a more startling and emphatic warning, followed by this explanation, *sotto voce*, "Speak of shaving on the Lord's day, and you need never preach more in—shire!" However much I might disapprove of customs that required a tradesman to open shop on Sunday for such a purpose, I could not see the difference between a man shaving his beard and washing his face on that day. This want of logic, however, was a small matter compared with a want of consistency I could not reflect on without a little grief and much astonishment—this, namely, that in hundreds of houses where you could not get, for love or money, one drop of hot water to shave with on the Lord's day, you would get plenty wherewith to brew whisky-toddy—as if whisky was not the bane of the country, the present and eternal ruin of thousands, as well as the main cause both of our poverty and crime.

On another occasion the late Duke of Argyll, who was whistling a tune at his hotel window in Princes Street, was suddenly roused by a sharp, though cracked and groaning, voice from the pavement, where stood an old woman, her Bible in one hand, and shaking the other, which trembled with rage, in his face, as she cried out "Ye reprobate, ye reprobate!" But, superior as Dr. Guthrie may be to the ordinary forms of Scotch fanaticism, he is by no means free, as we shall presently discover, from narrowness and prejudices of his own, though as a rule his ignorance and not his malice is in fault. He is laudably anxious to do justice to the better side of the manners and customs of the benighted Papists he meets with, and if his charitable desire not unfrequently lands him in self-contradictions in successive pages, he may fairly claim to have given an honest record of his own not always very trustworthy impressions. His occasional excursions into the domain of Church history, where his knowledge seems to have been chiefly derived from Dean Stanley's picturesque word-paintings, would be thought rather surprising in a clergyman on this side of the Border, and he is apt to miss the point of the legends he quotes from imperfect acquaintance with very simple matters of fact. Thus we are told, as evidence of the regard for the Lord's day even in the dark ages, of a monkish legend which represents the Druidical remains in Scotland as men and women turned into stone "for working on the Sabbath-day." But Dr. Guthrie is chiefly arguing against Sunday amusements, and he should know that the Roman Catholic Church has always denounced "servile work" on that festival as strongly as he can do himself; and, indeed, the modern miracle of La Salette had for one of its principal objects to enforce this lesson on French Catholics. It is, again, quite unfair, though we have no doubt the unfairness is unintentional, to speak of "the shops (at Aix-les-Bains) open for business on Sunday, as is usual and all but universal in Roman Catholic countries." It is no doubt very general on the Continent, and universal, or nearly so, in foreign Protestant countries; but so far from the Church of Rome being responsible for it, the opening or closing of shops on Sunday may practically be taken as a gauge of the influence of the priesthood. Rome, under the Papal Government, presented all the appearance of London on a Sunday; at Munich the shops are closed except for an hour or two, when hardly any one enters them, while they are open at Berlin; and so, again, they are closed in the Catholic town of Lucerne, while at the Protestant Interlachen they seem to drive a roaring trade on that day. Dr. Guthrie is partly aware of the fact, and explains it by observing that "evil communications corrupt good manners, and those who protest against the errors of Popery follow one of the worst of them;" which is not only a gratuitous, but, on his own showing, a manifestly incorrect, explanation. He admits that in the most remote parishes of his favourite Waldensian valleys, where there are few or no Roman Catholics, Sunday is equally disregarded, and to the Waldensian sect he attributes—wrongly of course—an almost apostolic antiquity. On the other hand he has the candour to contrast the sobriety of Florence, where, during a week's stay, he did not see a single instance of intoxication, with the drunken "Protestantism and piety" of his own land.

We have said that, if the author is prejudiced and ignorant, he is never ill-natured, and moreover he has an eye for the artistic and religious beauty of institutions and observances which are not his own. He does not crack coarse jokes, like Mr. Spurgeon, on relics and images and the Virgin's milk, or summarily dismiss one of the noblest of Italian cathedrals, like the late Archbishop Whately, as "the biggest idolatrous temple I have yet seen." One of his earliest reflections is on the nuns at Aix-les-Bains, who, "in devoting their youth and energies and affections to works of benevolence and charity, mistaken as they might be, were an honour to their sex, and a blessing to society;" and he is

so struck by the frescoes of Fra Angelico in St. Mark's convent at Florence as to "feel inclined to repeat the angel's salutation, 'Hail Mary, full of grace!'" We are indeed told elsewhere that nunneries, equally with monasteries, are "haunts of indolence, hotbeds of vile passions and the grossest sensuality," the Report of Henry VIII's Commissioners being referred to in proof of the indictment, much as Mr. Froude writes history from the preambles of Henry's Acts of Parliament; but the author proceeds just afterwards to speak of several monks he had fallen in with personally, who were well informed, courteous, and devoted men. His *a priori* conceptions are often prejudiced enough, as may be seen in his savage attack, dragged in head and shoulders, on the Contagious Diseases Act; but he never wilfully misrepresents such facts as happen to come within his own knowledge. In one respect he can hardly escape the charge of being rather Popishly inclined himself. Not only does he recount, with evident belief, an alleged miraculous interference in favour of the Madiai, who were imprisoned at Florence for Bible-reading some years ago, but he is half disposed to accept the legend of St. Peter's nocturnal visit to Westminster Abbey for the excellent moral it contains, and more than half ready to credit Savonarola with the gift of prophecy. At Florence we have the following graphic account of a preaching friar, where, by the way, we may observe that, "the three P's" are quite new to us:—

On returning in the twilight from a visit to the Duomo, we saw people entering a church; and, joining the stream, we found ourselves inside on the outskirts of a great crowd. Some sitting, others standing, they were gathered in front of one of the side chapels, under the arch of which stood a platform, raised some five or six feet above the floor. The whole interior was wrapped in gloom, save where the fading twilight, and the lamps of various "holy shrines," and a single candle fastened to one of the pillars, showed us an imposing figure in possession of the platform. The speaker, a preaching friar, was seen from head to heel. He was tall, erect, vigorous, full of power. His under dress was a white robe, and over it, sweeping down his back, hung a long black cloak. There stood a great orator, not stuck into a barrel; not reading an MS. spectacles on nose; but now pacing in freedom up and down the platform; now standing on its edge; now bending over the crowd below; now erect with outstretched arms and glowing face raised to heaven; now putting a question with the tones and accents of an interrogator, and now answering his own questions with a complete change of voice. He was discoursing on—not a very suitable topic, some may think, for a celibate, a Roman Catholic priest—domestic duties, and our relationship to God as our common Father and Friend. And such—though I followed him but imperfectly—was the charm of his oratory that I could have sat there, under an image and on the steps of an altar, long enough to hear him; as, alive to the importance in preaching of the three P's, as they have been called, he *proved, painted, and persuaded*. No doubt his gesticulations, which were thoroughly Italian, seemed occasionally *outré*, but it was real oratory, effective and affecting preaching; and I thought it were well if some of our narrow-minded ecclesiastics, instead of indulging in unmeasured denunciations of the Church of Rome and shutting their eyes to everything good out of their own denomination, would go themselves, and use their influence to send out students, to see such specimens of pulpit preaching. I saw no wandering eyes—none asleep, or even holding down their heads.

But for Dr. Guthrie the main interest of Florence naturally centres in Savonarola, of whose career we have a sympathetic and fairly accurate sketch, though it is coloured by the ordinary Protestant blunder of making him a precursor of Luther, which attains its most grotesque form in the Luther Monument at Worms, where the Dominican stands with his monastic habit and shaven crown, in very uncongenial companionship, as one of the four supporters of the great Protestant hero. It was reserved, however, for Dr. Guthrie to make him, not only the forerunner of Luther, but the successor of Leo the Isaurian, who "destroyed the images of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints," which is the very last thing Savonarola would have dreamt of doing. But as we read on the next page of "the matters treated of by the Council of Vienna," and the efforts of "the Cardinal Julien at the Council of Basle," it is clear that the author's views of ecclesiastical history are derived from sources inaccessible to the general public, which it would therefore be rash to criticize. A similar reflection is suggested by his citation of the prayer of a Dominican monk—"Salvum fac populum tuum, et benedice hereditati tue"—which is hardly accordant with the version of the Breviary in common use. But we must make a passing protest against Dr. Guthrie's comparison of Savonarola, whose "breadth and tenderness of sympathy" he justly dwells upon, to the coarse and brutal John Knox, who is rather oddly described as wringing tears from Queen Mary, and "the liberties of his country from her bloody hand." Is it possible the author has confounded Mary Stuart with her Tudor namesake? This is the first time we have seen the epithet applied to the Scottish Queen.

At Venice our tourist is greatly impressed with St. Mark's, and, like most English travellers, he visits the Armenian convent. A city which was notable in former days for bearding the Pope, and where, as we are assured, a wonderful success has attended "the preaching of the Gospel" by Gavazzi and others since the expulsion of the Austrians, has of course special claims on so staunch a Protestant. But it is a little strange to find him passing over without any mention the Tintoretto's in so many of its churches, and the glorious Assumption of Titian in the picture gallery. Perhaps he was in too great a hurry to reach the "Waldensian valleys," which occupy his closing chapters. The Waldenses, who had been formed into a religious order by Peter Waldo towards the close of the twelfth century, after the refusal of Alexander III. to recognize their rule seceded from the Church. They were no doubt a much more respectable body than the Albigenses, with whom they are often confounded, and who reproduced and improved upon the worst abominations of the Manichees.

but to speak of them as handing down the "apostolical succession" of the primitive Church from time immemorial is simply absurd. Dr. Guthrie's description of their present state is interesting, though we should hardly have selected as the chief recommendation of their ritual the usage of reading out the Ten Commandments every Sunday. It is creditable, however, to his elasticity of mind that he admires, and even desiderates in his own communion, the use or partial use of a liturgical service, and objects to preaching being made a substitute for prayer. He may be pardoned for his somewhat childish raptures at hearing the Pope openly denounced by Garibaldi's chaplain, "in a land once crimsoned with the blood of martyrs;" but his pages would be none the less interesting if they were a little less rubricated, so to speak, by this perpetual infusion of martyr blood, which comes in, like the British Constitution in Burke's speeches, to fill up every vacuum. "Shrieks of mothers and babes murdered by Papists," "russian soldiery of the Pope," and "sucklings impaled on their cruel spears," are very sad reminiscences no doubt, but it is possible to hear too much of them. And would it not be worth while to remember that, if only Papists persecuted in the middle ages, when they alone had the power, Protestants have been in later times by no means remiss in following so bright an example? It is quite true, as our author remarks, that any attempt in this day to rekindle the fires of Smithfield would raise from most—he might have said all—Roman Catholic countries a cry of indignation. And it is equally true that no such cry rose three centuries ago from any single Protestant country when the stake was lighted by Protestant hands, at the bidding of the greatest but one of Protestant Reformers, to burn the Socinian Servetus. "The claws of the tiger are clipped," happily, or the heretical lamb might have little less to fear from the tender mercies of Exeter Hall than of the Vatican.

#### SCRAPS ON PRIMEVAL ANTIQUITIES.\*

A NUMBER of what we hope it is not irreverent to call scraps on this or that special subject—little books, papers reprinted from the Transactions of Societies, and the like—have a way of gathering on the reviewer's table till he has the materials of making an article out of several of them together, none of which perhaps would have justified a separate notice by itself. Mr. Sutherland's *Outlines* come under the head of independent little books, and a very sensible little book this one is. Our other scraps are more literally scraps, being papers read before Societies, which we suppose are not, strictly speaking, published in this separate form, but which have come to us in the way of business nevertheless. Lieutenant Oliver's paper has his name in print, but we are not told from what Transactions it comes. Colonel Leslie's papers are anonymous as far as the art of the printer goes, but a manuscript note on our copies tells us whose they are, and that they were read "in the Anthropological Department of the British Association," on the 4th and 5th of August, 1871. A comparison of the Lieutenant and the Lieutenant-Colonel might make one think that promotion in the army at all events does not go by proficiency in archaeological studies. The Colonel is decidedly flighty; the junior officer—to be sure he is L.A., a disciple of the "Heppo balistarius" of Domestday—gives us a piece of honest, careful, and sensible work. All our writers take us among the Celts and the men of the old time before the Celts; but while Colonel Leslie and Mr. Sutherland keep in the northern part of the Greater Britain, Lieutenant Oliver carries us beyond sea into the Lesser. All three have got hold, more or less firmly, of the comparative method of inquiry, though the Colonel seems to be still airing the discovery with all the zeal of a first acquaintance:—

By a great philological authority we are told that there was a time when the ancestors of Celts and Germans, Greeks, Romans, and Slavonians, lived in Asiatic regions, and in close communion with the predecessors of the Persians and Hindus, and that this time was previous to the first appearance of any of the European branches of the Aryan race in Europe.

Colonel Leslie's chief object seems to be to prove that the stone circles and the like are not sepulchral but religious—that is, that they are actual temples; for, in a wide sense of the word, anything sepulchral may among most nations be called religious also. In so doing he shows a much greater knowledge both of Picts and of Phœnicians than we can pretend to, and he seems anxious moreover to run himself into great danger by getting into a dispute with the best authority on Scottish antiquities. We do not envy the fate of any one who knocks his head against Mr. Stuart and the Sculptured Stones of Scotland. There are certain sculptures which Colonel Leslie thinks good to call Pictish, and which, according to him, "exhibit traces of a Phœnician or Asiatic origin." We will not quarrel with the phrase "Phœnician or Asiatic," because it seems at least to show that Colonel Leslie has grasped the fact, which many people find it very hard to grasp, that Phœnicians once dwelt at Carthage and Gades as well as Tyre and Sidon. The other view is that these marks were signs of "family descent, tribal rank, or official dignity," in short, that they represented

"personal ornaments." Colonel Leslie, with praiseworthy curiosity, asks how these personal ornaments "were fixed on our naked ancestors." May we suggest the possibility of a naked ancestor having been tattooed, and remind Colonel Leslie of the existence of bracelets, earrings, and even nose-jewels? But the nakedness of his ancestors is a point to which the Colonel comes, seemingly with some satisfaction, more than once. We know not Colonel Leslie's pedigree, Pictish or otherwise. So we can only say, Speak for yourself, Colonel Leslie; our ancestors wore very decent breeches at least as long ago as the time of Trajan.

Mr. Sutherland's very clear and useful little book is designed to meet a practical object. "There are many," he says, "especially country people, who have by their own observation collected many facts and objects which are in a great measure lost for want of a few hints as to their meaning and use." This is true both in Scotland and elsewhere; and any one who, like Mr. Sutherland, puts together the results of scientific inquiry in a shape suited "to those who have not access to larger works," is doing a real service. Mr. Sutherland has worked in the wake of Professor Daniel Wilson and of Mr. Stuart, "whose archaeological knowledge may be considered as practically exhaustive." He carefully distinguishes between the facts gathered from these trustworthy sources and some "Speculations" at the end for which he himself is alone responsible. But Mr. Sutherland's speculations are modest enough, and show good appreciation of the comparative method. The following remarks strike us as extremely thoughtful and to the purpose:—

In dealing with these Archaeological Remains, the question very naturally arises as to the mode and means of their construction. The Cairn and the Mound are the results of labour and nothing more; but how were the immense blocks of the Standing Stones, and Cromlechs, and the like, moved, often from a distance, and then raised into position? In the present age of powerful and complicated machinery, we do not perhaps fully realize the effects of the simple mechanical powers when worked with patience and an adequate expenditure of labour. Our machines save time rather than increase force; and when the Megalithic Monuments were erected, time was of little value. With an inclined plane of earth, and wooden levers, and sufficient supply of men, and unlimited time, the aggregate result is out of all apparent proportion to individual effort. Union and perseverance and unlimited time are the secret of the immense labours of primitive man. A similar explanation may be given of the finer works of early ages. These are often so elegant in form, and so excellent in workmanship, that we can scarcely believe them to be the work of a rude people, without culture, and without anything that we would dignify with the name of tools. Commonly their beauty lies in the simplicity and freedom of design; and their execution is due to the immediate application of the workman's hand, a more delicate and pliable instrument than man has yet invented. The Hindoo artisan, sitting by the wayside, with a few rude tools not superior to those of an ordinary tinker, executes work more delicate than that of the European goldsmith, with "all means and appliances to boot," and at a cheaper rate; for the construction is regulated by the sensitive touch of his hand, and his valueless time is freely lavished on his work.

It is no less to the point when he says:—

What Druidism was is very obscure beyond the simple fact that it was a different system from the religion of Ancient Rome. The elaborate explications of Druidism brought forward in the 17th century are chiefly fancy sketches, and held their ground only so long as no one inquired on what foundation they rested.

Mr. Sutherland contends, as indeed Colonel Leslie does also, for the existence of a pre-Aryan race in Britain, the authors of the earliest remaining monuments, clearly distinguishing, what so many people find it hard to distinguish, between ancestors and predecessors. He argues on behalf of a long "Archæological Period," meaning thereby a pre-historic period; for Mr. Sutherland uses the word "archæological" in a way which strikes us as peculiar, and which is the exact opposite to its French use, in which it has got almost exclusively to mean mediæval architecture. He has also some good remarks on the extinction of animals, as a process still going on, and on the probability of many of the extinct animals having existed much longer than we are sometimes inclined to think. Perhaps, however, it would not be safe to carry this argument so far as to explain thereby the appearance of the elephant on the sculptured stones. The beast seemingly is an elephant. As drawn, he goes far to realize the light-of-nature description of that wonderful quadruped as a beast "with a tail at each end and never a head." Our elephant proudly tosses both his hindmost tail and his trunk, but his head and his tusks are held downwards in a lowly fashion. His legs and feet moreover are drawn in a way which by no means answers the popular description of "the elephant that boweth not the knee." He is more like the elephant whom a correspondent of the *Spectator*—we mean Steele and Addison's *Spectator*—saw kneel down at Bartholomew Fair to take the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman on his back. Colonel Leslie looks on the elephant, as well as some of the other figures, as "emblems of astral myths or atmospheric phenomena." Mr. Sutherland discreetly declines to commit himself to theories which he cannot prove. For our own part, considering the early times to which some Scottish pedigrees run up, we might have been tempted to see in the "olifant" a compliment to some primeval Laird of Gask, only we believe that the older form of the name is "Olfard," and that the pachydermatous spelling came in only in the late and dangerous times of William Wallace and King Edward.

Mr. Sutherland goes in a thoroughly clear and orderly way through the whole range of Scottish primeval antiquities, and his book seems to us entirely suited to the purpose for which he designed it. Lieutenant Oliver's contribution is a paper, and not a book; but he goes through his subject in a most business-like way, giving the results of his own inquiries made in company with Sir

\* *Ancient Megalithic Sculptures.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes Leslie. Cornwall & Sons, Printers, Aberdeen.

*Megalithic Sculptures.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes Leslie. Cornwall & Sons, Printers, Aberdeen.

*On the Primeval Remains in Brittany.* By Lieutenant S. P. Oliver, R.A.

*Outlines of Scottish Archaeology.* By Rev. G. Sutherland, A.M. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Douglas. 1870.



Henry Dryden, and also of the earlier researches in Brittany and elsewhere of Dr. Thurnam, Mr. Lukis, and Mr. Barnwell. He has his speculations, and he is strong in favour of the sepulchral as against the religious theory, a point on which his companion Sir Henry Dryden, seems less certain. Starting from the fact, which no reasonable person now doubts, that the cromlechs and other smaller sepulchral stone chambers are simply tumuli—may we say *stumps*?—from which the earth and small stones which covered them have fallen away, Lieutenant Oliver goes so far as to suggest that the like has been the case with the larger objects of the same class:—

We venture to suggest that the circles of stone in Brittany and elsewhere may be looked upon as the possible remains of colossal "peristylæ," the sole indications of gigantic tumuli which may formerly have filled their interior space, and which have now disappeared by atmospheric, aqueous, and human agencies during the lapse of centuries. Nor need we much wonder if no trace of the actual sepulchral chambers within be left, when we consider that the largest tumuli have generally been found to contain the most insignificant remains; besides, it is far from improbable that the builders of the huge mounds, such as those at Mont St. Michel, &c., in the immediate neighbourhood of the lines and circles, constructed their barrows from the material afforded by the debris of the more ancient tumuli within the circles.

He carefully compares the remains in Brittany with those in Wiltshire, or Dartmoor, and elsewhere, and other inquirers have pointed out that cromlechs, or something very like them, go on to this day being raised in some parts of India; he also points out that something which may pass as an ornamented form of the megalithic remains of Brittany is still in use in China, and that for sepulchral purposes:—

We read that the great tomb (the Ling or resting-place of Yung-Lo, of the Ming dynasty), thirty miles from Peking, consists of an enormous mound or earth-barrow, covered with trees. Its height is not mentioned, but it is evidently considerable, from the fact that the circular wall which surrounds it is a mile in circumference. In the centre of the mound is a stone chamber containing the sarcophagus in which is the corpse. This chamber or vault is approached by an arched tunnel, the entrance to which is bricked up. This entrance is approached by a paved causeway, passing through numerous arches, gateways, courts, and halls of sacrifice, and through a long avenue of colossal marble figures, sixteen pairs of wolves, kelpies, horses, camels, elephants, and twelve pairs of warriors, priests, and civil officers.

It is quite possible that avenues of rough stones might, in process of time, be improved into avenues of sculptured figures of this kind. Lieutenant Oliver goes on to mention other Chinese examples where, "although not covered by artificial tumuli, the sepulchral chambers are excavated in the side of the natural hills, whilst those belonging to high officials are approached through avenues of stone pillars and carved figures, animal and human, though on a much smaller scale than those of Peking and Nankin." Dr. Thurnam again is quoted as suggesting the possibility of Stonehenge itself having been roofed in.

In all these inquiries the wider our range of examples is the better. Forms exactly like one another are found in places the most distant from one another. It may be simply that nations, whether connected or not, produce works of a certain kind at a certain stage of their progress. This undoubtedly accounts for many cases of likeness between very remote times and places. But other cases seem decidedly to point to community of origin. Many things join together to suggest that these puzzling monuments are the works of a pre-Aryan race, traces of which may be found, perhaps in all three continents, certainly in Europe and Asia. How far we are to identify them with existing Lapps or Basques is another matter. For strictly historical purposes the negative argument is perhaps enough. Here is a good bit of argument of Lieutenant Oliver's:—

Now if the Veneti or their progenitors erected the menhirs and dolmens, it is naturally to be supposed that their descendants, the modern *Morbihanais*, would have handed down by tradition the true sepulchral character of these remains; instead of which we find that the construction of their chambered barrows is universally attributed by their folk-lore to the *Keris* and *Twa*, the mischievous elves and benevolent fairies; therefore these dolmen mounds would appear to have been constructed by a race who inhabited a large portion of America west of Vauxes, previous to the Veneti; so we must now assign the avenues and circles of amorpholites to a yet more ancient pre-Celtic race, not aboriginal, but probably intruders from the north and Scandinavia, of whom these long-lasting rough stone masses alone remain as memorials of their existence.

We have, we think, said enough to show that two of our inquirers are inquirers of the right sort. We shall be glad to hear more for either of them; and meanwhile there is the larger work of Mr. Ferguson on the same class of subjects calling for our best attention.

#### REDLANDS.\*

THIS story is very moral and very dull. The lesson that it teaches is no doubt sound enough, but unfortunately, like many another lesson, it will never win the attention of those for whom it is meant. Miss Bowra writes what we may call a sermon-novel on bad temper and the sufferings that attend it. It would certainly be an excellent training for any young lady as peevish as the heroine to read through the eight or nine hundred somewhat closely printed pages of these two volumes. But we feel sure that if her temper was really bad, she would throw down the book in impatience long before she had reached even the part where sufferings begin to gather thick round the still hardened girl, and still

longer before she had seen how the penitence that arises from suffering is rewarded by a husband, wealthy in himself, and with a still wealthier bachelor uncle. So moral a story will no doubt find many readers; but, unfortunately, readers of that excellent sort who, having no bad temper to cure, will derive from it merely matter for self-satisfaction. They will congratulate themselves once more that they are not as other girls are, though when, in the last chapter, the ill-tempered heroine at last somewhat suddenly gets the good husband, they may perhaps be inclined to ask whether after all a little bad temper may not be a good thing just to make a start with. In these moral novels there is always the great drawback that the prize gained at the end of the course is a prize bestowed on one who made a bad start. Moreover, the reward is so inseparably connected with the errors of the first volume, that it appears to be quite as much owing to these as to the virtues of the last volume that the prize is gained. The result therefore of reading these pious prosings, if we may so venture to describe such stories as the one before us, would be that the young reader who was anxious to gain that common reward of penitence, a good and wealthy husband, might think it advisable to begin by rousing penitence necessary. With a few more such stories on temper as this, every father will find his daughters becoming neglectful of their home duties and indulging in ill-temper, and, on his mildly remonstrating, will be informed that they are merely preparing themselves for a short amount of suffering, to be followed by a still shorter penitence and lifelong rewards. In morals, as in other matters, we shall have to say, with the French, *il faut reculer pour mieux sauter*.

Passing from these somewhat general considerations to the story before us, we must do Miss Bowra the justice to admit that her novel is free from two faults which are by no means uncommon among lady novelists. She neither indulges in those extravagant scenes which are known as sensational, nor has she written, as authors have often written whose morals are quite as lofty, a single line of which she or her readers need be ashamed. The plot of the story, absurd though it is in the legal part, is not altogether without interest. If any one, after having read the first fifty pages or so, were then to try reading one paragraph in every alternate page, it is quite possible that he might be tempted to go on to the end. After all, so given to matchmaking is the whole human race, that if in a story there are piled up hindrances to the marriage of any young couple, the writer must be dull indeed who cannot, just as a stoppage in a street gathers a crowd, keep his readers about him in their eagerness to see how the hindrances will be cleared away at last, and virtue be rewarded by Hyacin. Miss Bowra, like many another lady novelist, seeks in an eccentric will the chief part of her plot. We hope that the day will come when no author will venture in fiction to meddle with law without first consulting his solicitor. We should not indeed be surprised if there were to arise some day or other a special branch of the profession devoted entirely to giving advice to novelists on legal matters. We have long had fictions in law; it would be well to have law in fictions. "The conditions" of the will before us are described as being "easy enough to arrange with the pen." How easy they were will be seen by the author's own description of them:—

To Henry Murray, whom he professed to regard as his heir, he did indeed leave his fortune, amounting to 40,000l. a year, with all else of which he died possessed; but on condition that he married one or other of his cousins, Louisa Wainwright or Caroline Percival; and he further directed that the unmarried god-child should be paid the sum of 15,000l. on the marriage of the other. Should the cousin selected decline the proposed marriage, Henry was free to keep all; but should he refuse to fulfil the condition imposed, the money was to be divided among different hospitals, at the discretion of the Trustees.

Eccentric though this will was, still more eccentric was the reason that led to it. The mother of Caroline Percival, the heroine, had written to Mr. Mark Hunter to ask him to do something for her daughter, his god-child, and he apparently had seen no better way of helping her and his favourite nephew, Henry Murray, at the same time than by making this strange will. (Given such a will as this, and a highly moral, if not priggish, nephew on the one hand, and a beautiful but ill-tempered girl on the other hand, and it is not difficult to arrange an almost endless series of complications, quarrels, sermons, and remorse. When we add that, in addition to all this, the heroine has a drunken father, an evil genius in the shape of her fashionable cousin Louisa Wainwright, a highly honourable country parson for her brother-in-law, and a somewhat unscrupulous country parson for her lover, our readers will at once admit that we have the materials for a great deal of sound Sunday reading. Miss Bowra, indeed, in a long discussion on the observance of the Sabbath, proves the soundness of Sunday novel-reading altogether. The hero on his first introduction to the heroine reads her and her father, his uncle, a sharp lecture on their disregard of that day, having on a visit to their house surprised the heroine after church "poring over a book," which turned out to be a novel. He points out that on Sunday "we require to pause and, as it were, shake off the dust that has settled down, and plume our wings to enable us to rise above the earth, where we have been creeping." We venture to say that even Mr. Henry Murray would not have objected to such a work as *Redlands*, which has indeed all the merits of a sermon, and few of the drawbacks of a story. In fact, if such passages as the one we will now quote are not in sermon, they ought to be. Many a curate who is piecing together his

\* *Redlands, or, Home Temper.* By Harriette Bowra. 2 vols. London: Hoddin & Stroughton. 1872.

next Sunday's discourse would find numbers of passages quite as suitable as this to insert bodily:—

Misfortunes, in the general acceptance of the term, are sometimes messengers of mercy, and have a special mission to perform; but when ill-success or constant failure pursues a man's footsteps through life, it would be well to look below the surface of events, and try to trace them to their spring. In many cases the fault is with himself. There is a traitor in the camp, something defective in his views, an injudicious adaptation of means to the end proposed. There may be some failing he will not mend, some forbidden indulgence he will not resign, some one exertion he will not make, or some quality he will not acquire.

There are certainly, if we may rely on Miss Bowra's assertion, some lighter passages which would perhaps be judged scarcely grave enough reading for anything but a week day. She tells us on one occasion that the heroine, "fluttering gaily about her cousin, was ever ready to catch the ball at the rebound, and fling back the sparkling repartee," and she often mentions that there was jesting and laughter. At the same time we feel in justice bound to allow that the repartees and jests are never reported, and that, though the characters often certainly did laugh, yet, as far as we could see, it was most inexcusable conduct on their part. In addition to the serious qualities of the book, it can boast of a minute accuracy in details which cannot but have a most happy effect in training up young readers in the strictest truthfulness. It is all very well for a poet to burst in upon you with "a chieftain to the Highlands bound." A more scrupulously accurate writer would have taken at least two whole volumes, if not half the third, before he allowed the young couple to arrive at the shores of the loch. It is scarcely consistent with a love of exactness, certainly it is not respectful to the reader, not first to give an account of the ancestors of Lord Ullin's daughter and the chief of Ulva's Isle, and then to describe at due length the circumstances which led to this hurried flight. It would be necessary of course to give full particulars of the bride's dress, and of the limited trousseau which the hurried circumstances of the bridal trip required. It might be also mentioned that the heavier luggage had been sent on by the carrier, under the charge of the Chieftain's valet and the Honourable Miss Ullin's maid, whose absence in the poem, as it at present stands, is only too conspicuous. In pleasing contrast with such poetic abruptness is a passage such as the following, which is a fine example of the laborious accuracy of the whole story:—

Crossing over to the entrance near which Mr. Murray still stood, Miss Heywood proposed going home. He willingly assented; and, after calling the fly, went to fetch his cousin from the group among which she was sitting. She rose with reluctance.

On taking leave, Lady Bailey expressed a desire to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance, and promised to call upon her in a day or two. As the Beauchamps left at the same time, the two parties walked away together. The horses and the Redlands' fly were in waiting; and, while Mr. Beauchamp said a few last words to his companion, Henry offered to send his sister; an offer she gladly accepted, saying he was more expert than her brother. When he turned to help his own party, Caroline was already seated in the carriage, and Robert was on the box.

We cannot but think that Miss Bowra might have killed two birds with one stone, if she had insisted as much on the drunken habits of the father as on the bad temper of the daughter. We at once admit that she makes very great use of the brandy bottle, for unless the father had, after draining it, knocked down his daughter, broken an arm, put out the shoulder, and thrown her into "a rampant fever," it would have been scarcely possible for her to become good enough for her moral lover. Still an ill-looking intemperate father has quite as much need to be reformed as a good-looking, ill-tempered daughter; and if, as is the case, an excellent story has been written on the fact that "his mother drinks gin," we do not know why an equally excellent story should not be written on the fact that "her father drinks brandy." Something is certainly done by way of reform, but not nearly enough. We think that when a gentleman born, as was the heroine's father, has taken to drink, it is somewhat hard that while his daughter is allowed to reform and to marry an "interesting looking" man of fortune, the most that can be done with him is to allow him, "with the approbation of his family," to marry his cook, "who was aware of his failings, and knew how to manage him." Of course, if this had been a novel on temperance instead of on temper, the reformed drunkard would have had the chief prize, while other sinners would have picked up what was not required for him.

Accurate as Miss Bowra is on most points, we cannot congratulate her on her quotations. Even Longfellow, even the Psalm of Life, she can misquote: "Life is earnest, life is real," is not to be found among "those beautiful lines of Longfellow." On two occasions she would seem to be quoting Shakespeare—whether consciously or not we cannot pretend to say. When she writes "hew and shape events as we will," she can scarcely imagine she is altogether original; and yet, with all her love of amendment, she can scarcely be venturing to amend Shakespeare. We are fairly puzzled, however, when one of her characters suddenly breaks the silence with observing, with a comma curiously in excess, "The world is out, of course," and goes on to wish for a fairy's wand to make the crooked straight. There must, we presume, be some faint recollection of Hamlet's speech, though it is gratifying to notice that, so far from improper language being used, and rectitudes being expressed to set matters right, the speaker is most mild in the words he uses, and is anxious to reform things in general. Unhappily as we have had to judge of this work, happily there will be found quite enough very good and very dull passages to satisfy us thoroughly; and to praise the author as much

as she could desire. She will not, therefore, we trust in the present case find in her own words that "life's highway is strewn with the debris of disenchantments, ruthlessly torn from us by the stern hand of experience."

#### CAPTAIN BURTON'S ZANZIBAR.\*

THE two thick volumes before us are an addition to the literature of African travel by Captain Burton. They refer to the expedition undertaken by him in company with Captain Speke, which led to so many geographical results, and unfortunately also to a conspicuous illustration of the difficulty of brethren travelling together in unity. As Captain Burton reminds us, this journey has been the subject of four volumes published by himself; whilst it has been noticed in three others published by Grant and Speke. Perhaps the most natural question that will arise is, why a subject which might be supposed to have been exhausted should again be discussed more than ten years after the events to which it owed its principal interest. The answer, as explained in Captain Burton's preface, is that certain reports which he wrote at the time, and which were supposed by him to have been irretrievably lost, have only recently turned up; and he thinks it worth while to publish them, inasmuch as Zanzibar, the place to which they principally refer, is increasing in importance, and has not been adequately described. Besides this, Captain Burton apparently desires to relieve his mind upon various points, and has still something to say about his relations to Captain Speke, and upon various subsidiary matters. The result is the present book, which is marked by the author's usual qualities, but which we cannot conscientiously assert to be very interesting to the general reader, unless that person should be contemplating a trip to Zanzibar. If, according to the usual formula, one person should have been prevented from executing so rash a design, these pages will not have been written in vain. In other respects we find it rather hard to commend them to the world at large. They contain, indeed, a great deal of curious information as to the manners and customs of the natives. They abound in the usual vein of caustic and cynical remark by which Captain Burton delights to vindicate his cosmopolitan superiority to the prejudices of the untravelled Briton, to show his contempt for the commonplaces of missionaries, and to prove that he is capable of regarding with philosophical impartiality the peculiarities of Christian, Mahomedan, or heathen belief. When mentioning, for example, the practices of the African Mganga, or medicine-men, he points out that analogous superstitions are to be found amongst the Esquimaux, the inhabitants of Siberia, and the Indians of North and South America; that Irishmen and Fins and Hindu Jogis lay claim to similar powers; and he observes that "in civilization the last remnant of the barbarous belief is the practice of public prayers for rain, a process far less troublesome and not so efficacious as planting trees and preserving the land from being disforested." These little sallies, mixed with expressions of contempt for any unlucky geographer who happens to have disagreed with his theories, give a not unpleasant acidity to his pages. We may add, though it is comparatively a trifling remark, that some oddities of expression seem somehow to harmonize with the eccentricity of substance. Within a few pages, for example, we meet with such words as these:—a "fuyant" brow, a "chetif" body, the "querelle" of the frogs, the "coolth" of the steam, the "provaunt" on which his men subsist, and so on; phrases which savour of the same indifference to grammatical laws of propriety that he elsewhere exhibits to laws of more importance. In spite, however, of the character which is everywhere stamped upon Captain Burton's writing, he has a fault which goes far to spoil the effect of his peculiar idiom. He is, to speak plainly, unpleasantly long-winded. It is a fault to which African travellers are painfully liable. After spending a year in travelling three or four hundred miles, they are naturally inclined to bestow half-a-dozen pages on every mile. We can understand the temptation, and would be lenient accordingly; but the consequence is too often to make the reading nearly as heavy work as the travelling. Where there is really an exciting story to be told, the interest may carry us through without too much impatience; but in the book before us Captain Burton has really no story to tell. The expedition to Lake Tanganyika being omitted as already narrated, the whole book is devoted to what in an ordinary book of travels would merely furnish the introduction and the conclusion. The description of his starting-point fills nearly the whole of the first volume, and that of a preparatory expedition, together with his remarks upon Captain Speke, occupies the second. The consequence is that the shrewd sayings with which his pages are sprinkled are insufficient to keep up the attention of any one who has not a special knowledge of the subject. We shall confine ourselves to a few remarks on the most distinctive points.

The last chapter is devoted to a kind of brief biography of Captain Speke. Shortly after poor Speke's death, in 1864, Captain Burton was asked, as he tells us, to publish a sketch of his life and adventures; but at the time he "had hardly heart for the task." Certainly it might be doubted whether, under the unfortunate circumstances, Captain Burton would have been the best man to perform such a duty. The two fellow-travellers had become, as Captain Burton puts it, angry rivals, and when one of them was smothered away by a strange accident in the middle of

\* Zanzibar. By Richard F. Burton. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.

the controversy, the other could scarcely reconcile the demands of sincerity and generosity when speaking over his fresh grave. We confess to a doubt whether the lapse of seven years has quite removed the obvious objections; but, if the thing was to be done at all, we have no great fault to find with Captain Burton's performance. He speaks warmly enough in general terms of Speke's energy, "temper, patience, single-mindedness," of his "earnest and indomitable pertinacity," and his "almost heroic determination." And yet the biography written by the rival reads of necessity almost as much like an indictment as a panegyric. In order to justify himself, Captain Burton is forced to dwell upon the shortcomings of his colleague, and to lay stress upon the wrongs which he conceives himself to have suffered. He is speaking, as we do not in the least doubt, precisely what he believes to be the unvarnished truth, and the portrait which he draws of Speke, if not showing marks of partiality, shows also no sign of temper or of posthumous hostility. It is to all appearance a frank explanation of the view taken of Speke by a shrewd observer who is not disposed to be lenient, but desires to be just. The only question is, whether it might not as well have been left unsaid. To Captain Burton the quarrel which deprived him of what he conceived to be his just claims as a discoverer doubtless has a greater importance than it will have to other people; but perhaps it would have been—we can hardly say more magnanimous—but in better taste, to leave the settlement of the question to other people. The facts are pretty well established by this time, and we do not perceive that Captain Burton adds anything of material importance. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of this conclusion to his volume, the chapter is interesting in itself, and is indeed, in our opinion, the best written part of the book.

We turn to a very brief notice of some of the other points in these portly volumes, and perhaps it will be sufficient if we attempt to describe the delightful city of Zanzibar. The permanent population of this interesting place was, in 1857, about 25,000, rising to nearly double that amount by periodical influxes from the surrounding districts. The West end is comparatively decent, though we read disgusting accounts of the dead bodies and other disagreeable remains which lie about on the sands. Here, however, there is a gutter, whilst further back all signs of civilization vanish; the streets are variegated with green and black puddles, and "the festering impurities render strolling a task that requires some resolution, and the streets are unfit for a decent (white) woman to walk through." In front are certain simple mosques, and the houses of the superior Arab inhabitants are occasionally tolerable. There is a rude fort arranged so that a broadside would blow the wall into pieces, and every bullet which struck the fort would inevitably kill some of the gunners. It was once stormed successfully by a sailor, with a party consisting of a Newfoundland dog, who dispersed the garrison and endeavoured to liberate a couple of his comrades. The prison in which these persons were confined is "the beau-ideal of a prison—a place whose very name should develop the goose-skin, and which the Chinese significantly call 'hell.'" It used to be visited by foreigners in order to see what Captain Burton, in his peculiar language, calls the chief "curio" of the place—an unlucky native, accused of having been an accomplice in the murder of a Frenchman, who was chained to a gun in heavy irons in such a position that he could neither stand up nor lie down, and who remained there for twelve years. The native city in the rear consists of a hideous collection of pestiferous hovels; a lagoon almost surrounds the place at high tides, and when the waters retire they leave behind them a rich legacy of fevers and other terrible diseases. There are a few wells with tolerable drinking water; but the sites have to be frequently altered, as the form of the ground directs the drainage into them. When rain has not fallen for some time they become as thick as horseponds, and, as Captain Burton tells us, he could hardly bear to look at the women as they filled their jars from them. Dysentery and fever are the natural consequences of these arrangements to the inhabitants and to the ships which visit them. But, besides these nuisances, a veil of noxious gas overhangs the whole shore at low tides and after dark, owing to the deficient arrangements for drainage. The population which fills this detestable place is motley enough; there are Arabs, native Jews, Baloch merchants, half-breeds from the western shores of the Persian Gulf, and swarms of negroes, whose variety of origin is indicated to the experienced eye by the different tribal marks, where the artificial scars are strangely complicated with those left by all manner of diseases. Of these diseases Captain Burton gives a hideous list. No European, he says, should stay in the place more than three or four years, and we do not envy him if he stays so many. Careful directions are given as to the precautions by which diseases may be kept at bay, though not for more than a brief period. Drunkards, we may remark for the benefit of teetotallers, live longer than water-drinkers. Ague and fever may be avoided by sleeping under a blanket in a closed room; but Captain Burton doubts whether the effects of this mode of treatment are not worse than those of the fevers themselves. If bad for men, the climate is inevitably fatal to European women. Why, asks Captain Burton, should Englishmen poison or stab their wives when a few months at Zanzibar would do the business more quietly and effectually? Probably the expense is one objection. Meanwhile, men and women alike are subjected to all kinds of horrors. Contagious diseases which we regard with disgust, and which are attributable partly to the gross immorality of all the inhabitants, are so common as scarcely to be noticed. Elephantiasis afflicts twenty per cent. of the population, though Europeans escape. All

kinds of ulcers and abscesses are common. Fever of course is rampant, and leaves behind it a long series of evil consequences. Pulmonary diseases of various kinds abound. Small-pox is terribly fatal, and disfigures half the population. Cholera was unknown till 1859; but in that year Captain Burton, returning from the interior, found that it had broken out, and he gives a hideous description of the sights which greeted him at a place called Kilwa, on the coast. Corpses lay about in every direction, and "the smooth oily water was dotted with remnants and fragments of humanity; black and brown when freshly thrown in; patched, mottled, and particoloured when in a state of half pickle; and ghastly white, like scalded pigs, when the pigmentum nigrum had become thoroughly macerated." In 1870 the plague appeared again, and one-third of the entire population is said to have been swept away. On the whole, Zanzibar strikes us as scarcely an eligible place of residence even for gentlemen who are anxious to get rid of wives; if, however, any one resolves upon going there, he may find in Captain Burton's work a great mass of information, geographical, meteorological, historical, anthropological, and other, which must make it useful as a handbook, though scarcely light reading for the general public.

#### BARING-GOULD'S LEGENDS OF OLD TESTAMENT CHARACTERS.\*

THE readers of Mr. Baring-Gould's pleasant volumes on curious mediæval myths, and of his valuable contributions to Mr. Henderson's work on the folklore of the Northern English counties, will expect to receive not less of instruction and delight from this collection of Talmudic and Mahometan legends which have clustered round certain characters of the Old Testament. Nor will they on the whole be disappointed. They will find here a large number of stories grouped under the names of the persons to whom they relate, together with an immense number of Aryan and other myths to which they are supposed to bear some resemblance; and they will also find references to the books from which Mr. Baring-Gould has taken them. In this respect his volumes may be contrasted favourably with M. de Planey's *Legends of the Old Testament*, which, for lack of such references, he found to be of little or no use in his task, and also with some graver historical works which still receive considerably more than their due share of authority.

But if Mr. Baring-Gould's readers look for that critical or scientific treatment of legends of which his previous works gave good promise, they will, we fear, come to the conclusion that he has gone back rather than forward, and will experience the unpleasant feeling of being in the hands of a guide who shows himself uncertain as to the track which he ought to follow. Here and there they will come across passages which seem to imply that popular stories are things which may be treated scientifically, and that they have a relation to language which it is not safe to neglect; more often they will see the legends of Jews, Mahometans, Buddhists, of Aryan, Turanian, and Semitic nations or tribes, brought together apparently for no clear purpose, and certainly not for the establishment of any definite conclusion. Amongst the stories dissected in the *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* are some which Mr. Baring-Gould has handled with the legitimate confidence of a man who knows that when traditions of different tribes exhibit in the same sequence a series of extraordinary or impossible incidents, and when moreover they have a distinct philological connexion through the names which occur in them, these traditions may be grouped in classes, and furnish a *prima facie* ground for thinking that similar tales in which the philological connexion cannot be traced may be classified in like manner. In this way the legends of St. Ursula and Tanhäuser, of Schamir and of the Swan Maidens, were made to furnish some noteworthy results. The conclusions might be right or wrong, but Mr. Baring-Gould had no hesitation in giving his reasons for thinking that Ursula with her eleven thousand virgins is the moon attended by her myriad stars, the Asterodia who wanders on her starry pathway among the fifty children of Endymion, the sleeping sun, the Venus who reappears as the charmer of Tanhäuser in Ursula's hill, the Horselberg, and of True Thomas in the secret places of Ercildoune. Even where, as in the myth of Tell, he spoke more diffidently, the work of placing the evidence on both sides before the reader was fairly done; while the large number of intricate myths which were reduced to the simple elements asserted by comparative mythologists to be the groundwork of all primitive myths seemed to warrant the inference that the method might be applied to all legends, in the absence of special reasons for holding it to be inapplicable. If we open the present volumes with this expectation, we shall soon discover that Mr. Gould's trumpet gives a very uncertain sound indeed.

As a class, the Talmudic and Mahometan legends labour under this disadvantage, that, although they may contain a good deal of really old matter, they are on the whole comparatively modern, and are so far the result of mere arbitrary manufacture as to bring the whole body of such stories into grave suspicion. But if Mr. Baring-Gould seems to decline the task of discriminating in each between the more ancient and the more modern tales, he throws the subject into further uncertainty, and may seriously mislead readers by expressions which seem to imply that the legends springs from Jewish traditions, just as not very long ago

\* *Legends of Old Testament Characters.* By the Rev. M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

common belief, not yet wholly dead, that all languages were derived from the Hebrew. It is unfortunate that these passages should in some instances suggest questions which our author might find it embarrassing to answer. From Anastasius of Sinai he cites the tradition that when men saw how the face of Seth shone with divine light, and heard him speak with divine wisdom, they said "He is God!" and therefore his sons were commonly called the sons of God; and his comment is that, "as Seth was an ancient Egyptian sun-god, the origin of the myth of his shining face can be ascertained without difficulty" (i. 24). But if the story of the Adamite Seth be a solar myth, we need a reason to show why the same story, when related of Moses, may not be a solar myth also; and if, on the other hand, the Jewish tradition has the priority, then it is not easy to see why Egyptians should choose for their god the name of one of the sons of Adam and Eve, and why, in turn, a myth relating to this sun-god should be fastened on the Adamite Seth.

The same uncertainty runs through the section which treats of the Fall of the Angels. Having given first "the Catholic theory of this fall," which "historically is represented as a war in heaven," Mr. Baring-Gould relates the Talmudic legends of Samael or Satan and his four wives (of whom the first, Lilith, is also said to have been the first wife of Adam), and then adds that, "among the heathen traditions of the Angelic apostasy and war have remained." Among such traditions he notices those of Mahisasura, and Ahiriman, of Loki, Typhon, Kronos, Hephaistos, and the smith Wayland. Mr. Gould's readers are surely entitled to know his meaning. Are these legends cited as being actually "traditions of the Angelic apostasy and war" of which the Talmudic stories speak, and which of course refer to the war between Michael and Satan spoken of in the Old and the New Testament? If so, the Hebrew tradition is not only the oldest, but is actually the source from which all the other traditions here brought together have been derived. We can but ask for some evidence for a conclusion so astonishing, while we may fairly suspect that a closer examination of "the tradition" might furnish a clue to the answer. In Mr. Gould's words—

The Indian story is as follows:—

At the head of the apostate spirits is Mahisasura, or the great Asur; he and those who followed him were once good, but before the creation of the world they refused obedience to Brahma, wherefore they were cast down by the assistance of Shiva into the abyss of Onderah. Mahisasura is also represented as the great serpent Vritra, against which Indra fought, and which, after a desperate struggle, he overcame.

From this it would seem that the story of Mahisasura and that of Indra and Vritra may be regarded as to all intents and purposes the same, and that the one is as old as the other, or that there is no particular reason for giving precedence to either. This, it may be safely said, is an inadequate and slipshod mode of dealing with the subject, and one which, if applied to the ascertainment of physical facts, would render the growth of any science impossible, for it consists simply in not observing all the phenomena. The very phrase "the Indian story" betrays the root of the evil. Not an effort is made to distinguish between the various forms which the myth assumes; not a hint is given of any differences which distinguish the mythology of the oldest Vedic songs from the latest extravagances of Hindu belief. The seeming unconsciousness of the enormous difficulties which are thus quietly put aside is amazing. If all Hindu traditions are to be regarded as on a par, we are bound to begin by giving our reasons for denying the priority of the Rig Veda to the Puranas; if we shrink from this, or admit it to be impossible, we have a starting-point from which we may go on to deal with the myth. But as soon as we enter on this path, we find that in the most ancient records of the Aryan race not one word is said of spirits who, originally created good, are thrust into the bottomless pit for their pride and rebellion; while, instead of this, we have a great struggle between Indra and Vritra, of the nature of which no one who has the least acquaintance with the subject has the faintest doubt. The songs themselves speak with unequivocal clearness of the battle between Indra, the god who refreshes the earth with rain, and Vritra, the demon who shuts up the waters in his prison-house. Whether under these names, or with those of Ahi or the Panis, of this struggle, and of this alone, they speak. One solitary sentence alone seems to furnish the germ of that moral and spiritual meaning which, never attached to the myth in the land of the Five Streams, grew on Iranian soil into a system of theology to the influence of which it is not easy to place limits. It is unnecessary to go further. The only reason for saying so much is the need of showing that vast masses of traditions, the result of generations and centuries, and exhibiting frequently points of wide difference, cannot be spoken of as the Indian or the Persian or the Norse story. Still less can all these be huddled together with a number of Rabbinical and Mahometan legends, and dismissed with the remark, "How far they refer to a tradition common to the human race, and how far they relate to the strife between summer and winter, sun and storm cloud, I do not pretend to decide." On Mr. Baring-Gould's ground that the heathen traditions represent the Jewish traditions of the Angelic apostasy and war, there can be no doubt as to the answer. In this case the notion of the physical spoken of in the Vedic songs is a comparatively recent addition into legends which spoke originally of something different. It is enough to say that the difficulties of this theory are difficulties of our author's making, and would disappear before the honest effort to note the facts of the case. He has unfortunately chosen a path

which seems smooth at first, but which will leave us entangled in impenetrable thickets. One of these snarls lies in the last "identification." Djemachid "is probably to be identified with Tubal-cain" (i. 99). Xisuthrus "is the same as the Biblical Noah" (i. 119). "Zerovanos is the same as Zoroaster" (120) and "Herorus supposed that Ham was the same as Zoroaster" (138). Lastly, "the names Vulcan and Volundr bear some affinity to Tubal-cain; for, cutting off Tu, we have Balcain or Vulcan" (103). If we are allowed to do this, we may identify the Caribbean Luogno with the Norse Loki without being at the trouble of cutting off anything at all.

We have had no scruple in speaking thus plainly of the faults of this book, partly because Mr. Baring-Gould is not likely to be readers, but chiefly because he does himself injustice by assuming the place which he might fill to the great benefit of mythological and historical science. As it is, the reader is tempted to ask why, if no clear result is to be looked for, so vast a number of Aryan, Turanian, or other myths should be brought together in a book treating of traditions with which it is not shown that they have anything to do. But while he may regret that Mr. Baring-Gould has not done more with his materials, he will not deny their abundance, and it will be to his own loss if he foregoes the pleasure and the profit of reading these entertaining volumes.

#### CALL'S GOLDEN HISTORIES.\*

MR. CALL apologizes for this volume of small poems by quoting a couplet from Walter Savage Landor:—

The birds have different voices, yet we hear  
To hear those sing which do not sing the best.

The weakness of the analogy makes it a dangerous one to use, as the birds do in reality all reach excellence in their respective kinds and the difference between bird and bird is rather that between the violin and the triangle in an orchestra than between poet and poet; moreover, to sing is a very different thing from publishing. Yet, in spite of this weakness, and in spite of the degree to which volumes of minor verse tax one's endurance just now, we should not be disposed to follow Professor Ruskin in his well-known sweeping condemnation of all metrical writing which is not of the highest and best order. Metrical writing has more than one side to it; and if it sometimes reaches an almost divine level, giving exercise to the supreme efforts of human genius, it has also a low and (as it were) a kind of professional field, where scholarship and culture and disciplined facility not only have a right to work, but may and do succeed in producing genuine pleasure. The mischief is that this field is constantly overrun by people who bring neither scholarship, nor culture, nor discipline to their work, nor anything else in many cases but unlimited assurance, and the feeblest of all hankerings after distinction. It is only fair to Mr. Call to say that he does not belong to this objectionable fraternity of verse writers. If his book cannot be ranked among those which add to the sum of actual poetry, it may take a respectable place among volumes that are best described as carefully worked protests in behalf of culture, and which sometimes do good service by leading a reader to compositions higher than themselves.

What really causes surprise in a collection like *Golden Histories* is the question how the writer could have found pleasure in producing before the public eye a series of minor poems which while possessing many merits of their own, are perpetually suggesting and impressing on the attention unfavourable contrasts on one side with the work of Keats, on another with the work of Wordsworth. For instance, *The Legend of Ariadne*, which fills nearly a quarter of this book, was clearly written many years ago under the strong influence of Keats's *Endymion*. The whole conception of the legend is moulded on the *Endymion*; Ariadne, after the departure of Theseus, pines, as the Latinian shepherd pined with a longing which nothing but the superhuman will satisfy being in the end translated to the skies, as he was; and when Peona, the consoling sister, was to Endymion, the same is Phodra to Ariadne. The mystic scenery, the attempt to correct a certain vagueness in the story by a succession of highly coloured effects, the mixture of a mildly transcendental insight with the simplicity of the old heroic and legendary characters are common to both poems; and, except that Mr. Call has discarded rhyme, there is hardly a single point in the general structure of the earlier poem which he has not kept in view. The very tricks of Keats's language—phrases, for example, like "marble pieties" and "beautiful divinings"—are reproduced not indeed without a very considerable degree of taste and judgment in the imitation, but with the effect, as we before said, of impressing a contrast. And the contrast shows that, while the shortcomings of *Endymion*, which are many and great, are more than atoned for by the splendid force and vigour of genius which burns through the whole poem, it is just this excess that is wanted as a justification for *Ariadne*. The surprising reflection is that Mr. Call probably knows this more thoroughly than any critic's suggestion could point it out to him. It is quite certain that he must have a genuine feeling of the inferiority of his own work relatively to its model; for, if there is one feature which his character of mind more distinctly than another, it is a remarkable delicacy in receiving and appreciating the impressions stamped by genius—a power which he himself feels

\* *Golden Histories*, &c. By William Mark With Call. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.



very highly, and has treated in his little lyric called *Epithalamium*. In spite, however, of his insight and knowledge, he has produced a poem which, had there been no *Eudymion*, would have deserved recognition as a composition bold in design and with many beauties of execution, but which, as *Eudymion* exists, must needs affect the reader very much as a manifest copy would affect him when hung side by side with an original Titian or Correggio. It is just the same with a large number of small lyrical poems in this volume that recall the ideas and the manner of Wordsworth. Page after page is written in the mood of "O blithe new-come," or of the opening lines in the "Ode on Immortality," but not once in all the pages are we arrested by anything resembling the power and beauty of those two undying passages. A man who does not bring a high degree of creative genius to his task may yet be quite justified in handling subjects metrically, and may succeed well in his design; but he should by all means avoid the sort of contrast which we have been describing; for where is the use of going over ground that has been sketched and coloured by genius, and showing what the difference is when genius is less or is absent? Mr. Call's verse, also, though richly melodious, and for the most part thoroughly scholarlike and well handled, is wanting in variety. Too many of the smaller pieces turn on the thought of how beautiful was life in early years, and how ecstatic were the dreams and the simple pleasures of vanished childhood and youth. It has been said of Mendelssohn that, though his modes of altering the treatment of one and the same theme are in themselves often bewitching with a subtle charm, yet his frequency of recurrence to certain themes shows in some degree a limited range of ideas. Mr. Call's "Romantic Poems" suggest a similar reflection, and with much more pertinacity of iteration. But we should be sorry to do scant justice to a writer of so much modesty and conscientiousness in work as Mr. Call. *Ariadne*, notwithstanding the unfortunate effect of contrast, is filled with passages that have a certain grace and merit of their own; like the testimony to Bacchus, for example, regarded as the god of passion in its nobler phases:—

He is the life that throbs in burning stars,  
And gleams in clouds; from whom sweet longings come,  
Fierce joys, and thoughts dreadful and beguiling;  
Shadows of mightier worlds by mightier suns  
Thrown in glad colours on the world of man.  
Of him is song that honours human life,  
And the wild sweet enthusiasm of love,  
And ecstasy, and dream and oracle.

And the disenchantment that follows when the god departs—the quenching of the ecstatic halo of fancy, the removal of

The light that never was on sea or land,

and the bareness of unrelieved material objects—is touched with fine effect a little later:—

But ere he spoke, the conscious forests sank,  
The sobbing rivers left their channels dry,  
The green swift life of trees, as in a frost,  
Paled into death; where late were glorious flowers  
Sprang pulpy stems; what once were noblest lakes  
Shrank to mean waterpools, with sordid wood  
O'erflung; and all that magic forest-realm,  
Now disenchantèd, lay a waste forlorn.  
—A common waste among four common hills.  
So is it ever when the Gods depart.

Three or four longer poems intervene between *Ariadne* and the quasi-Wordsworthian lyrics of the volume. The story of the Dictator Fabius, and of the magnanimity shown by him to his recalcitrant Master of Horse, Minucius, is worked together, out of the twenty-second book of Livy, with the spirit and care which Mr. Call brings to any translation or adaptation from Greek or Latin antiquity. Abnegation of self is the text also of the poem *Khaled*—the "Sword of God" in Moslem chivalry—who served loyally under his inferior, Obaidah, without promotion and without recognition from the Caliph Omar. *Manoli* is a rather ghastly legend adapted from the Moldo-Wallachian myth of a guild of master masons, whose only means of neutralizing the efforts of evil genii who thwarted their work was to immure the first woman who chanced to cross the new threshold. This woman turns out to be Manoli's own wife; and the unstinted horror of her cries and entreaties, as the walls close in around her, is not relieved by falling back on the philosophical *dichum* that "the affections, even in the affectionate, are powerless against the tyranny of ideas." This is quoted from Mr. *Lowen's Life of Goethe*, and no doubt, in certain individuals, and—at certain crises in the world's history—in masses of men, it has been true; but it does not convert *Manoli* into a beautiful poem. One would fain hope, in spite of the Moldo-Wallachian legend, that, among all the sacrifices of personal affection which have been made for the sake of ideas, the ideas of genuine art have been responsible for very few indeed. It is at any rate a remark worth setting aside by side with this rather sombre reprint from the *Corradini*, that among the really great artists of the world, no matter in what department, a very large majority have been conspicuous for the vitality and faithfulness of their domestic affections, as well as for the truth and endurance of their personal friendships. In art, happily, as in other great fields of human effort,

The best men ever are the wisest too.

Art never in reality demands as an absolute condition a ruthless surrender of personal love; and the legend of *Manoli* is, we

think, in spite of some power in its treatment by Mr. Call, a blot on the Moldo-Wallachian fancy.

The volume concludes with a set of translated pieces; the Homeric "Hymn to Demeter"; the long chorus from the opening of the *Bacchæ*; several little pieces from the Greek Anthology, and some lyrics from Catullus and from Heise. We so far think highly of Mr. Call's powers in translation as to regret that he did not translate Catullus's *Epithalamium* (LXIV.), containing the story of Ariadne, instead of waiting the poem with which this collection begins. He might also have added to the "Hymn of Demeter" his translation of the "Hymn to Apollo," and parts of the "Aphrodite," which were all included by him in a small and very pleasant volume of versions from the Greek, written in his Cambridge days, nearly thirty years ago, and called *Lyra Hellenica*. His rendering from the *Bacchæ* is spirited, though he is sometimes led off the track by the influences of rhythm and rhyme, as where he writes

Blithe is Bacchus, when in glory  
He descends from mountain heavy—

for what is in reality, "Jovial is the Bacchant, when he throws himself rollicking on the ground." The translation which in our opinion is not far from being the best thing in the whole book is that of Catullus's remarkable poem (LXXVI.), beginning

Siqua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas,

and embodying a serious effort, in a profound soliloquy, towards the mastery of a hopeless and unworthy passion. The last lines, from the *O di, si vestrum est misceri* of the original, run thus in Mr. Call's version:—

If ye can pity, if in death's last strife  
Gods! ye have lent your aid,  
If I have lived a pure and holy life,  
And holily have pray'd;  
Behold me in my misery, dread and deep.  
Drive, drive this plague from me,  
Which glides into my limbs like death's last sleep,  
And banishes all glee.  
I ask not now that she may love me. No!  
I ask for love no more,  
I ask not that she may be true, for ah!  
'Twere vain. The Past is o'er.  
I would regain my strength, I fain would drive  
This loathsome plague away;  
Hear me, O Gods! for holily I strive  
Your precepts to obey.

These lines are not perfect; but, judging from the volume as a whole, we believe that Mr. Call might produce a translation of all Catullus's works which, in point of even and durable merit, would more than deserve a place beside either the brilliant one of Mr. Martin or the learned one of Mr. Ellis.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE voluminous stores of Varnhagen von Ense's correspondence continue to be available for publication, but the restriction of the contents of the latest issue to personages little known to the world at large is perhaps indicative of an approaching exhaustion of the supply. The measure of celebrity, however, is not always the measure of attractiveness, and the persons whose lives and characters are illustrated in the present volume offer features of more genuine interest than many whose names would be more generally familiar. This is especially the case with the two principal—the physician Koreff and the poet Clemens Brentano—in the portrayal of whom Varnhagen has expended all the resources of biographic art. He uses the pen as if it were an engraver's tool; the execution is incisive, and the effect indelible. No subjects can be more adapted for picturesque portraiture than these abnormal personages; the brilliant medical adventurer, half sage, half charlatan, and the wayward man of genius, alternately libertine and anchorite. Some of the anecdotes here given of Brentano's morbid love of mischief and unusual association of mystical raptures with entire callousness to ordinary human feeling would appear incredible if they were less in harmony with what is known of him from other sources. The memoir, however, is avowedly drawn up under the influence of feelings of strong aversion; while, in his account of Koreff, the writer does not dissemble his intention of extenuating as far as possible the failings of his erratic friend, whose career might easily have been made to wear quite a different complexion. The memoir is in both cases far more valuable than the correspondence to which it serves as introduction. There is also an interesting sketch of Caroline von Fouqué, whom Varnhagen describes as infinitely superior to her husband, the author of *Undine*. Something of the jealousy of Berlin literary coteries peeps out here; Rabel and the Baroness von Fouqué were evidently not on the best of terms; and regard for the former may not improbably have biased the biographer's opinion of her early friend, the Countess von Pacht. This lady's history, recounted by Varnhagen with singular effect, resembles a novel of George Sand's, but the grotesquely pathetic catastrophe would have surpassed the imagination of most novelists. The letters of Henri Campan and Scholz merely serve to swell the volume.

\* *Biographische Portraits*. Von Varnhagen von Ense. Nebst Briefen von Koreff, C. Brentano, Frau von Fouqué, Henri Campan und Scholz. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Morgate.

It is the distinction of Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, surnamed Il Soddoma\*, to be less known than any of the great Italian painters, both as regards his life and his works. His life, though psychologically interesting in many respects, was not marked by striking events; his works are not very numerous, and many of the most important of them lie out of the ordinary track of travellers. The painter's very name has been erroneously read as Razzi until quite recently; his careless, jovial character has afforded scope for the misconceptions or misrepresentations of Vasari. He has at length found a kindly and discriminating biographer in Herr Jansen, who, without claiming for the artist an earnestness, or for his works a significance, to which neither advanced any pretensions, eulogizes in both rarer and more incommunicable qualities—the *naïveté*, spontaneous cheerfulness, and pure naturalness of the best periods of classic art, the delightful freshness of feeling which can only exist at the very best and happiest period of development, whether of an art or an individual. This conception of the fundamental characteristics of Soddoma's genius supplies the key-note to Herr Jansen's criticism on his works, which is conveyed in the pleasantest style, with exhaustive but unobtrusive erudition.

Fräulein von Lagerström's "Biographical Memorial Book"† consists of a series of short biographical notices of eminent persons, one for each day in the year. They are in general characterized by good taste and good feeling.

Dr. Straeter's biography of Oliver Cromwell‡ is founded upon Mr. Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches*, and may almost be regarded as a digest of the latter, reduced to a regular narrative, and adapted in point of style to the taste of readers of the nineteenth century. The raciness of the original Cromwellian utterances has of course disappeared, but the substitute tendered by Dr. Straeter is clear, compact, and consecutive. As concerns his views, the writer is a disciple of Mr. Carlyle, and an unflinching admirer of Cromwell, whose most doubtful proceedings are systematically vindicated. A natural coolness of temperament and a studied moderation of language prevent this advocacy from degenerating into partisanship, and the author's conception of Cromwell's character as an enlightened and patriotic ruler is so substantially just that the possible inaccuracy of minor details is overlooked in the fidelity of the general representation.

The character of Gustavus Adolphus§ offers a similar problem to Cromwell's, and although the contrasts it affords are not so violent, it is perhaps even more difficult to determine where religion ends and policy begins. Professor Droysen, whose elaborate biography is just concluded, is evidently disposed to lay principal stress on the latter spring of conduct. In his opinion Gustavus's great object was neither the rescue of the Protestant religion nor the attainment of the Imperial Crown of Germany, but the foundation of a great Scandinavian Empire. The book is written entirely from the political point of view, in the manner of Ranke. Tried by the ordinary standard of historical writing, it appears tame and insipid; but if regarded as an endeavour to deduce conclusions from existing materials for the use of subsequent historians, its unimpassioned sobriety of style must be admitted to be well adapted to the end in view.

Another important contribution to the history of the Thirty Years' War is the extensive publication, edited by Dr. M. Ritter||, of documents referring to the league of Catholic princes formed about the beginning of the seventeenth century, under the auspices of the Elector of Bavaria. Like so many similar publications, it is issued by the Historical Commission of the Academy of Munich, at the expense of the late King Maximilian. The first volume, including the period from 1598 to 1608, contains nearly six hundred documents, comprising letters, confidential reports, instructions to diplomatic agents, and protocols of conferences. The most important are given in full, the others in abstract. There can be no question as to the great value of the collection as illustrative of the causes and preliminaries of the Thirty Years' War.

The documents published by\*Dr. F. W. Ebeling¶ from the Saxon archives are important illustrations of the history of France under Charles IX. They include memorials from the French Protestants to the Saxon Court, letters from Coligny, reports from envoys, and other interesting papers. The longest is a contemporary detail, by J. W. von Botsheim, of "cyclopica illa atque inaudita hæcæna detestanda atque execranda laniæna," the massacre of St. Bartholemew.

Dr. M. Haushofer's work on statistics\*\*, after a brief essay on the history and philosophy of this branch of scientific inquiry, adduces tables of results in nearly all the departments of knowledge to which it admits of being applied; such as the popula-

tion, public health, revenue, commerce, agriculture, marriages, &c., of most civilized nations. The value of such a condensed mass of research is obvious, and the work appears to be very carefully executed.

Archbishop Philaret's history of the Church of Russia\* is a dry book, even in the German version, and would have been much drier still but for the translator's resolute action in unmercifully docking his author of his accumulated appendages of textual citations. It derives, however, some adventitious importance from the probability of a schism in the Church of Rome bringing the pretensions of the Oriental community into notice, and even those who are indisposed to regard such questions from an ecclesiastical point of view may find some interest in observing how the case of the Russian Church is put by an official advocate, for there is no mistaking the ultimately polemical object of the work. The result of the inquiry is not encouraging; all the obstinate immobility, stolid fanaticism, and courtly servility popularly supposed to characterize the Russian Church are faithfully reproduced in the work of its episcopal chronicler. There is no trace of elevated moral feeling; the crimes of "orthodox" sovereigns, from the partition of Poland downwards, being extolled or glossed over; but there is abundance of abject superstition in connexion with relics and anchorites, and morose hatred of schismatics abroad and dissidents at home. If the book fairly represents the spirit of the Russian Church, a very considerable change must come over her ere she can be acceptable to any considerable section of religious opinion in the West. Considered as a repository of information, the Archbishop's volumes no doubt possess considerable value; his record, though tame and bald in point of style, is rich in picturesque details, and he has unconsciously managed to convey a vivid conception of the extraordinary union of religious fervour with absolute intellectual stagnation by which his communion is characterized, and which can only be explained on the hypothesis of the utterly superficial character of Russian civilization. The translator has added two appendices—one comprising an explanation of the symbolism of the Russian liturgy, the other the catechism of another Archbishop Philaret, the late Metropolitan of Moscow.

Iwan Golowin's desultory volume on the decline of France† seems to be seriously intended; but it is difficult to discover any guiding idea or direct purpose in it. It is in the main an incoherent medley of anecdotes, some relevant, more irrelevant, a few amusing, not many authentic. Without being exactly favourable to France, the writer is inimical to Germany, and prognosticates war for 1875 as a consequence of the Russian policy of non-intervention.

There are probably few mundane transactions involving a more flagrant discrepancy between theory and practice than the election of a Pope, and there are few controversial weapons admitting of employment against the Church of Rome with more destructive effect than the too naively accurate reports of her own "Conclavisti" on the proceedings habitual on such occasions. Dr. Zöpfel's treatise on the Papal elections of the mediæval epoch‡ is not compiled with any polemical purpose, and relates to a period when the art of electoral intrigue was in a comparatively rudimentary condition, when the Holy Spirit was not as yet liable to be overruled by the French or Austrian Ambassador, and ere the Pope's pretensions as universal Bishop were stultified by the practical restriction of the privilege of election to the Italian Cardinals. There is, however, quite enough to exhibit Ultramontane claims in the most propitious light. The tone of the work is singularly dispassionate and impartial, and its scope purely scientific. It includes an interesting inquiry into the development of the ceremonies now observed at the election and enthronization of a Pope, and an excursus on the double election of 1130. The conclusion arrived at is, that neither the recognized Pope nor his competitor, Anacletus, was canonically elected.

Dr. Wilken's history of the religious drama in Germany§ contains a full account of the extant remains of compositions of this description, whether founded on Scriptural themes or on the legends of saints. As was but natural in performances principally designed for edification, the spectacle seems to have been always considered of more importance than the diction of the piece, and there is no symptom of any tendency on the part of these rude representations to acquire literary significance, as in the case of the Greek Dionysiac exhibitions and the Spanish autos.

Professor Friedrich's|| diary in Rome during the sittings of the Vatican Council has already been the subject of so much discussion that it is unnecessary to do more in this place than mention its publication. We may take a future opportunity of noticing it more fully. A work on "Romanizing tendencies" in the German Churches¶, by a minister at Berlin, exhibits, under the cloak of an apparent protest against whatever is specifically Roman,

\* *Leben und Werke des Malers Giovanni Antonio Bazzi von Vercelli, genannt Il Soddoma*. Von Albert Jansen. Stuttgart: Ebner & Seubert. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Biographisches Gedenk-Buch*. Von Angelika von Lagerström. Quart. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Oliver Cromwell. Ein Essay über die englische Revolution des 17ten Jahrhunderts*. Von B. T. M. Straeter. Leipzig: Froberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Gustav Adolf*. Von G. Droysen. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Nutt.

|| *Ursach und Acten zur Geschichte des dreissigjährigen Krieges in den Zeiten des vorwärtenden Bischoffes der Wittelsbacher*. Bearbeitet von M. Ritter. Bd. 1. München: Rieger. London: Siegle.

¶ *Archivische Beiträge zur Geschichte Frankreichs unter Carl IX.* Von Dr. F. W. Ebeling. Leipzig: Wöller. London: Asher & Co.

\*\* *Lehr- und Handbuch der Statistik*. Von Dr. M. Haushofer. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

\* *Geschichte der Kirche Russlands*. Von Philaret, weiland Erzbischof von Tschernigow. Ins Deutsche übersetzt von Dr. Blumenthal. 3 The. Frankfurt and London: Baer, Sotheman & Co.

† *Frankreich's Verfall (1870-71)*. Von Iwan Golowin. Leipzig: Froberg. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Die Papstwahlen und die mit ihnen im nächsten Zusammenhang stehenden Ceremonien in ihren Entwicklung vom 11. bis zum 14. Jahrhundert*. Von Dr. R. Zöpfel. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Geschichte der geistlichen Spiele in Deutschland*. Von Dr. E. Wilken. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Tagebuch während des Vaticanischen Concils*. Von Dr. J. Friedrich. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Über romanisirende Tendenzen. Ein Wort zum Frieden*. Von F. W. Schulze. Berlin: Stilke & Van Meyden. London: Trübner.

a decided inclination towards the principles which have found their logical development in the decrees of the Vatican Council. A *Life of Christ*, by Dr. Krüger-Velthusen\*, is a compromise between the orthodox and the rationalistic schools, which will hardly satisfy either.

Dr. Bastian† seems not clearly to apprehend the objections advanced by criticism to his *modus operandi*. He most justly observes that one of the cardinal vices of modern thought is the disposition to erect imposing theories on an inadequate substructure of fact, and that the accumulation of materials must precede the working them up. His fault is not the diligent aggregation of particulars, but the incoherence which renders his diligence almost useless. The gigantic commonplace book which he has recently published under the title of "Contributions to Ethnology" is indeed a magazine of most valuable information on the subject, but before this can be rendered practically available, it will need to be analysed, digested, and re-arranged with scarcely less labour than that demanded by the original compilation itself. Scissors, paste, and a book of blank paper are almost indispensable requisites for the profitable perusal of any work by Dr. Bastian.

Herr Platzmann's comparative vocabularies‡, designed to establish the connexion between the languages of America and Europe, seem to prove a little too much. He makes out just as strong a case for the American affinities of the Aryan and Semitic as for those of the Turanian languages, and thus seems almost logically conducted to his strange proposition of the probable origin of the human race in America.

Dr. Seidlitz's lectures on the Darwinian theory§ are clever, entertaining, and more thoroughgoing in their advocacy of the hypothesis than the author of it himself, since Dr. Seidlitz is apparently prepared to assert the adequacy of natural selection alone to account for the phenomena under investigation. A bibliography of works and essays on the subject is a valuable addition to the treatise, but incidentally proves the writer's unacquaintance with the formidable criticism of Mr. St. George Mivart. An observation in reply to M. de Quatrefages is characteristic of the habits of thought of many modern scientific writers. He objects to the French naturalist that he opposes the theories of others without bringing forward any of his own. Why should he? M. de Quatrefages has probably a salutary distrust of the "provisional theories" and "working hypotheses" which, put forward in the first instance as mere aids to the co-ordination of facts, so easily become accepted dogmas, to which facts must accommodate themselves as best they can.

*Unsere Zeit* || exhibits its usual opulence of able and instructive articles, both literary and political. Among the former may be especially noticed excellent papers on Schiller, Dickens, and the German Romantic School; among the latter those on the last days of the Second Empire, the Commune, the political situation of Austria, the affairs of the Netherlands, and the progress of Russia in Central Asia.

It is a genial extravagance worthy of "Hans Breitmann" at his best to introduce Joseph Victor Scheffel¶, the author he has now undertaken to translate, as "the most popular poet in Germany." If the statement is accurate in any sense, it can only be in that in which "John Gilpin" might be described as the most popular poem in England. No doubt these quaint humorous lyrics, more distinguished however by a pervading jollity of mood than by the brilliancy of individual strokes of wit, may command an extensive public in South Germany, and they seem to have lost so little of their point in Mr. Leland's skilful hands that we are disposed to presage a fair degree of success for them in England.

We have to record the completion of W. Unger's excellent series of engravings of the masterpieces of the gallery at Cassel.\*\* The fourth and concluding part contains the whole of the letter-press.

\* *Das Leben Jesu*. Von W. Krüger-Velthusen. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Nutt.

† *Beiträge zur Ethnologie und darauf begründete Studien*. Berlin: Wiegandt & Hempel. London: Trübner.

‡ *Amerikanisch-asiatische Etymologien*. Von J. Platzmann. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Die Darwin'sche Theorie*. Von Dr. G. Seidlitz. Dorpat: Mattiessen. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Unsere Zeit*. *Deutsche Revue der Gegenwart*. Herausgegeben von Rudolf Gottschall. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Gaudamus! Humorous Poems*. Translated from the German of J. V. Scheffel and others. By C. G. Leland. London: Trübner.

\*\* *Die Galerie zu Cassel in ihren Meisterwerken*. Nach den Originalgemälden radirt von W. Unger. Vierte Serie. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Nutt.

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HENRY Y. D. SCOTT, Major-General, Secretary.

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TUESDAY—SPECIAL CONCERT BY GLEE and MADRIGAL UNION.  
WEDNESDAY—ORCHESTRAL BAND, GRAND ORGAN, &c.  
THURSDAY—SPECIAL CONCERT BY GLEE and MADRIGAL UNION.  
SATURDAY—SATURDAY CONCERT, at 3 P.M.

The Fine Art Courts and Collections, including Picture Gallery (the Works on Sale); the Technological and Natural History Collections; all the various Illustrations of Art, Science, and Nature, and the Gardens and Park always open. Music and Fountains daily. Admission, Monday to Friday, 1s.; Saturdays, 2s. 6d. Guinea Season Tickets free.

### CRYSTAL PALACE MUSIC MEETINGS, June 27, 29;

July 2, 4, and DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, July 6.—Choral Societies (Male and Female), Church and Cathedral Choirs, Glee and Madrigal, and Non-Vocalists, Military and Volunteer Bands, Amateur Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass Solo Singers, intending to compete for Prizes at the First Annual National Music Meeting of the Crystal Palace Company, must send in their applications before April 15. The Rules, Forms of Application, List of Music to be prepared, and other details, are now ready. All Communications to be addressed to Mr. WILLIAM BRADBURY, at the Crystal Palace.

By Order,

GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

MADAME SCHUMANN begs to announce that she will give TWO RECITALS of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in the St. James's Hall, on Thursday Afternoon, February 22 and 23. Vocalists, Madlle. Anna Rogers. To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely. Box-stalls, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 30 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—KING CHRISTMAS (Last Representations), written by J. R. Planché, (MORE FOR THE HOLIDAYS, by Mr. Cornely Grain, and CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME, written by B. Howe, Esq. Music by Alfred Cellier. Every Evening (except Saturday) at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 2.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES will CLOSE on Saturday, March 2, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

ELIJAH WALTON'S ENTIRE COLLECTION of OIL and WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS, now ON VIEW, at his GALLERY, 4 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster.—Admission, 1s. Open Daily from Ten till Five.

DORÉ GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI"). Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

ART-UNION of LONDON.—Subscription, One Guinea.—Every Subscriber receives a Series of EIGHT COAST SCENES, engraved in line, from the Originals by David Cox, Copley Fielding, and Samuel Prout; besides a chance of one of the numerous valuable Prizes; the chief of which is the Life-size Marble Statue, THE WOOD NYMPH, for which the Sculptor, Mr. Birch, received 2000. The Prizes are now ready.

444 W. Strand, February 1, 1872.

LEWIS POCOCK  
EDMUND E. ARTHURSON Hon. Secs.

INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE.—The THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Institution will take place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 31st, 1st, and 2nd of March next, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi.

Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction, on Practical Ship-building and Marine Engineering, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Mercantile and for War, will be read at this Meeting. Naval Architects, Shipbuilders, Naval Officers of the Royal and Merchant Services, and Engineers, who propose to read Papers, are requested to send immediate notice of the subject and title to the SECRETARY; and the Paper itself, with illustrative drawings, must be deposited at the Office of the Institution on or before the 25th inst. Candidates for admission as Members should send in their applications by the same date. The Annual Subscription of £3 5s. is payable on admission, and becomes due at the commencement of each succeeding year.

C. W. MERRIFIELD, Hon. Secretary.

9 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., February 15, 1872.

CHELtenham COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Twelve Scholarships, May 1872—viz., Six Junior Scholarships, 450 for Three Years; Two Senior Scholarships, 500 for Three Years; Two Junior and Two Senior, 250 for Two Years.—Full information given by the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

WOOLWICH.—INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE and GIVE SERVICE and LIFE.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES (Waring, Joh. Col. Cam.) who during the last 20 years has passed over 200 Pupils for the service, continues to receive CANDIDATES.—Basing, W.







THE

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## THE ALABAMA QUESTION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S answer to Mr. DISRAELI'S repeated inquiry as to the date of the reception of the American Claim suggests a painful doubt of his qualifications for avoiding or removing an international misunderstanding. On the first day of the Session, on Monday last, and again on Tuesday, Mr. DISRAELI asked for information as to the time and circumstances under which HER MAJESTY'S Government first became acquainted with the American Case. It would be impossible to frame a simpler question; and, as it happened, voluntary informants had already supplied an equally distinct and precise answer. No Minister but Mr. GLADSTONE would have been capable of making on such an occasion a statement which occupies two-thirds of a column of the *Times*. It appears from the report that several printed copies of the Case were received at the Foreign Office on the 26th of December; but as a copy was "debited," or in plainer language sent, to Mr. GLADSTONE from the Foreign Office on the 20th, there must be some mistake as to the dates. By a singular casualty the copy seems to have been lost on the road; but Mr. GLADSTONE is careful to explain that, if he had received the volume, he would not have taken the trouble to read it, or even to glance over its contents. He had "devoted considerable time, at no small inconvenience," to the comparatively useless occupation of studying the English Case, "of which I had" quite unnecessarily "read every word." With regard to the American Case he would not have ventured to form an opinion without the guidance of the legal advisers who drew up the counter Case. The remaining copies were unluckily required for every possible purpose except for the information of the members of the Cabinet. Some were wanted in the Foreign Office; one was sent to Lord LYONS, perhaps to gratify Mr. THIERS'S curiosity, and another to Lord RUSSELL, to divert his mind from the question of Education and the crimes of the Church of England. After getting rid of as many copies as possible, there were five copies left; and by glancing at the index or the table of contents, any Minister would have been referred to the material passages of the Case, and in ten minutes he might have understood their general effect; but "there was not a sufficient number of" copies for the members of the Cabinet," and the Foreign Office printers were perhaps slack in their work on Boxing Day. In spite of Mr. GLADSTONE'S description of the helpless ineptitude and imbecility of the public departments, and of the assumed stupidity or carelessness of his colleagues, it is impossible to believe that, whatever may be the PRIME MINISTER'S appreciation of his duties, no person in the Foreign Office took the trouble to look at the American Case. Its contents must have been known to Lord GRANVILLE within a few hours; and there can be no doubt that he must instantly have called Mr. GLADSTONE'S attention to the extravagant demand for indirect damages. No explanation worthy of a moment's attention has been given of a delay which was assuredly not caused by the reasons alleged by Mr. GLADSTONE. If there is any misunderstanding, the PRESIDENT and his SECRETARY OF STATE might possibly have been willing to rectify it before the question was complicated by discussion and popular agitation. The actual communication, as it would have been made by the FOREIGN SECRETARY, would not have been mystified or rendered unintelligible by the use of Mr. GLADSTONE'S favourite style. It is highly probable that any representation would have been useless, but frivolous details about the number of copies of the Case in the Foreign Office furnish no shadow of excuse for a flagrant dereliction of duty. It may, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE'S lumbering and irrelevant statement, be taken for granted that the delay really arose from more adequate causes.

The spectacle now presented to the world by England and

the United States has no precedent in history. For the first time in living memory Englishmen of all parties are unanimously convinced that they are justified in resisting a claim which seems to them demonstrably wrongful. On the other side there is too much reason to believe that the American Government and an overwhelming majority of the people are resolved to insist on their demand. The more respectable American papers admit that the claim of three or four hundred millions for the alleged prolongation of the war is extravagant in amount, and they are probably correct in their assumption that it would not have been seriously pressed. Several American writers have sneered at the mention of an enormous sum which, as they contend, has never been mentioned by the Government of the United States. It may be perfectly true that the Americans neither spoke of three hundred millions, nor intended to insist before the Tribunal on a demand which could evidently not have been enforced except by war; but it is undeniable that the claim is as definitely advanced in the American Case as if it had been reduced into figures. At the 479th page of the Case the American agents say, "Thus the Tribunal will see that after the battle of Gettysburg the offensive operations of the insurgents were conducted only at sea through the cruisers; and, observing that the war was prolonged for that purpose, will be able to determine whether Great Britain ought not in equity to reimburse to the United States the expenses thereby entailed upon them." The whole cost of the war for a year and three-quarters is thus claimed in explicit terms; and the amount would certainly not be less than 400,000,000*l*. For the purpose apparently of impressing on the minds of the Arbitrators the full extent of the claim, the American Government proceed to suggest as the date from which interest is to be calculated the 1st of July, 1863. The battle of Gettysburg was fought on the 4th of July, 1863; and it is implied that both principal and interest are due from the time at which fortune began to incline to the stronger belligerent. Mr. MONSE, in one of his able and temperate letters to the *Times*, has both illustrated the frivolity of the demand, and expressed his opinion that it is not within the terms of the Treaty. The *Alabama* had, as he observes, as much to do with the prolongation of the war as the *Flying Dutchman*, and surely the English Government is not bound to admit, even hypothetically, its liability for any acts which may be attributed to the *Flying Dutchman*. The argument that an unjust and extortionate claim would not be sanctioned by the Tribunal has no bearing on the English objection. It is impossible to believe that the Commissioners could have intended to submit such a claim to arbitration; and, according to the English construction, the claim was not so submitted by the Treaty. An able Prussian writer contends that the English Government ought to proceed with the arbitration, but in the event of an adverse decision on the indirect claims to refuse to submit to the award. It seems a simpler and a more legal course to refuse in the first instance to enlarge the jurisdiction of the Tribunal. If a single million were awarded on account of the prolongation of the war, the Arbitrators would, according to the English contention, have exceeded their powers; yet the sympathy of the world, which would attend a refusal to pay the cost of one or two years of the civil war, might be withheld from a technical objection to the payment of a comparatively insignificant sum.

It is desirable, at the risk of repetition, to explain that the submission to arbitration under the Treaty relates exclusively to "the claims generically known as the '*Alabama*' claims." A refusal on the part of the English Government to refer any other question to arbitration can by no possibility involve a repudiation of the Treaty. Both parties assumed that the definition of the claims was intelligible and sufficient; and it was only in the diplomatic correspondence

between the Governments that the term "*Alabama claims*" had been officially used. In his voluminous and unfriendly despatch, addressed to Mr. MOTLEY, Mr. FISH expressly stated that he made no claim of any kind. It is therefore only from the language used by his predecessor, Mr. SEWARD, that the interpretation of the submission is to be found. In a despatch of August 27, 1866, to Mr. ADAMS, Mr. SEWARD enclosed a list of "claims of citizens of the United States against Great Britain for damages suffered by them . . . by means of depredations upon our commercial marine committed on the high seas by the *Sumter*, the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, the *Shenandoah*, and other ships of war;" and Mr. SEWARD further stated that "the principles on which the claims are asserted by the United States have been explained by yourself in an elaborate correspondence with Earl RUSSELL and Lord CLARENDON." "The claims upon which we insist are of large amount. They affect the interests of many thousand citizens of the United States. The justice of the claims is sustained by the universal sentiment of the people of the United States." Enclosed was a list of claims solely for direct damage alleged to be suffered by private citizens; and neither before nor after the date of the despatch has any other class of claims been either presented to the English Government or "generically known as the *Alabama claims*." In the negotiations relating to the REVERDY JOHNSON Convention, which was afterwards rejected by the Senate of the United States, the "*Alabama claims*" were uniformly distinguished on both sides from all other claims, and the term was strictly confined to private claims of owners, freighters, and insurers who had suffered directly from the depredations of the cruisers. The demand for a portion of the cost of the war was first advanced by Mr. SUMNER in the notorious speech which caused the rejection of the Convention, and at that time the claim purported to be founded, not, as in the American Case, on the acts of the cruisers, but on the general unfriendliness attributed to the English Government, and more especially on the Proclamation of Neutrality. Mr. SUMNER's speech was not a diplomatic document, nor could it have extended the meaning previously attached to the term "*Alabama claims*"; and his hostile and extortionate demand was not even preferred as a claim connected with the *Alabama*. It is difficult to understand how American lawyers can contend that any claims but the *Alabama claims* are referred to arbitration, or that those claims include a portion of the cost of the war. Perhaps the most conclusive proof that the Treaty includes only direct claims preferred by private citizens consists in the hatched contrivance by which the framers of the American Case attempt to connect the prolongation of the war with the operations of the cruisers. Neither Mr. SUMNER nor Mr. FISH preferred the demand as a part of "the *Alabama claims*," nor has it at any previous time been so described by American writers or speakers. The astute lawyers who framed the Case knew that any claim which they advanced must be an "*Alabama claim*," or, in other words, they adopted the English construction, which excludes the indirect damages from the scope of the Treaty.

It may be admitted that if the Treaty is to be construed together with the Protocol of the 8th of March, the expenses of the United States' cruisers and the loss of Government vessels sunk by the *Alabama* might be included in the reference. The English Government would not refuse to give effect even to an informal understanding contained in the Protocols, or expressed by the English Commissioners orally or in writing. If there has been any misapprehension, it is perhaps not too hazardous a conjecture that, while the American Commissioners thought that it would be sufficient to abstain from pressing the claim for indirect damages before the Tribunal, the English Commissioners believed that the "amicable settlement" of the Treaty was the "amicable settlement" of the Protocol, and that the indirect claims were accordingly withdrawn. If, indeed, the American Commissioners intended to keep the claims alive, the charge of carelessness and want of skill which has been urged against the English representatives must be transferred to their American colleagues. If nevertheless their Government can show that they were misled, there may still be room for a friendly adjustment. The delay of an answer to Lord GRANVILLE's Note may probably be explained by a prudent determination to postpone a decision till the debates in Parliament have been carefully considered. It might also be worth the while of the American Government to reflect on the unanimous and sincere belief of all parties in England that the reference to arbitration of the indirect claims is wholly impossible.

## THE ARMY.

WHATEVER criticism may be bestowed on the various details of Mr. CARDWELL's speech, every one must acknowledge that he had a scheme to submit to the consideration of Parliament which dealt with the army as a whole, and aimed at giving vitality and organization to its component parts. More especially Mr. CARDWELL has made a serious effort to introduce that principle of localization which is the key to all effectual army reform. The essential idea, as he told the House, of the plan which he wishes to adopt is that of territorial districts, each to contain two Line battalions, two Militia infantry battalions, and a certain quota of Volunteers, formed into an administrative brigade; the whole to rest on the brigade depôt or centre. As one-half of the troops of the Line will be serving abroad and the other half at home, it is intended that one of the two Line battalions of each district shall be always abroad, and the other in the United Kingdom. At the head of all the forces in each district is to be placed a lieutenant-colonel of the regular army acting as a brigadier, and commanding in chief not only the Regulars and Militia, but also the Volunteers of the district. All recruits, both for the Line and the Militia, will be trained at the local centres, to which also will be attached the Army Reserve men and pensioners residing in the district. All the infantry, Militia, and Army Reserve arms, clothing, and other stores will be collected at the centre, and the Militia will be trained there under canvas. The districts are to be 66 in number; 9 in Scotland, 8 in Ireland, and 49 in England. No regiment is to be sent abroad until it has been six years at home. But the system of localization is not to be absolutely and rigidly carried out. It has been found to conduce to the efficiency of the army that there shall be an admixture in the battalions of English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers; and means will be taken by which such an admixture may be preserved in the remodelled army, although its main character will be that of a force attached to local centres. The general result will be, Mr. CARDWELL says, that in each district there will be a depot battalion and two Militia battalions, in such a state of preparation that the Line battalion of the brigade at home could be put at once on a war footing, while at least one other Militia battalion would be ready for immediate embodiment, and the depot would remain in a state to raise and train recruits and to furnish the required reliefs. The Artillery is to be dealt with on similar principles, although the districts to which the force is to be attached will be fewer and larger. Each division of Artillery will, however, be under the command of the general officer in charge of groups formed out of the sixty-six districts above described. A lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Artillery will be appointed for the Militia and Volunteer artillerymen of each Artillery district, and ten lieutenant-colonels trained at Shoeburyness have been already sent to different districts for the purpose of instructing the Militia and Volunteer Artillery in the latest improvements in the science. The adjutants of the Militia and Volunteer Artillery are to be supernumerary captains of the Royal Artillery, and the permanent staff is to be composed of non-commissioned officers of the Coast Brigade, who, if they fail in their duty, will be sent back to their regiments. The Yeomanry Cavalry are to be associated with the cavalry of the regular army by the adjutant of the Yeomanry being a supernumerary officer of the regular cavalry, and by the permanent staff being composed of non-commissioned cavalry officers.

It is hoped that by this scheme the spontaneity and all the other advantages of the auxiliary forces may be united with the highest possible amount of training which the regular army can furnish. By the association of every regiment and battalion of the army with some particular district it may be expected that the ties of kindred and of locality may bring a better class of men into the army, that the Militia may be willing to furnish recruits for the army, and that only men of a certain age and of fixed constitution will go out to discharge the duties of soldiers abroad. In order to get rid of billeting, which Mr. CARDWELL rightly holds to be an evil of great magnitude, the Militia regiments will be trained either at the depôt centres, where they will be partially under canvas, or at larger stations to be provided for them. At present barracks have been built without any reference to strategical considerations, and the counties have had to bear the expenses of Militia barracks. From this burden the counties are to be henceforth released. Where the county buildings are suitable for the purposes of district centres, the Government will buy them from the county; where they are not, the Government will place the existing buildings at the disposal of the county, and will erect once for all the

new buildings necessary for the carrying out of Mr. CARDWELL's scheme. For this purpose 3,500,000*l.* is to be raised by terminable annuities. Land for parade-grounds at each centre will also be bought for the use, not only of the regular troops, but of the Militia and Volunteers. When the training of the Militia is over, the tents used by them will be left standing for the training of the Volunteers. The drill of Volunteers is to be made as far as possible more continuous, and is to last during a definite portion of the year, in order to be assimilated to that of the Regulars. But, although the Volunteers will be under the command of the lieutenant-colonel commanding the district, their internal organization will remain, subject only to certain new rules of great importance. No officer will be allowed to hold commissions in two corps. Every officer and non-commissioned officer will be obliged to qualify, and he will not be allowed to draw the capitation grant without attending drill like a private. No one will be allowed to continue a rifleman without going to the target, unless he has become a marksman. Volunteers are to be obliged to attend once a year for brigade instruction, when called on to do so by the general officer commanding, and on such occasions not less than half of the enrolled strength of each corps must attend, or the corps will lose the capitation grant for the current year. In this way a reasonable hope may be entertained that before long Volunteers will have none but qualified officers, that they will be all practised rifle-men, that the regulations will be strictly enforced, and that inefficient officers or corps will be got rid of.

The English army of the future will consist of about 130,000 Regulars, half of whom will be serving abroad, 140,000 Militia, and 30,000 Reserve and other minor forces. Of this force of 300,000 men, one-half will be liable in case of urgent necessity to serve abroad. In addition, there will be the Volunteers. Their numbers, which now reach nearly 170,000, will very probably fall off at first; but then those who remain will be worth having. The Volunteers of the future will be trained troops, good shots, accustomed to act under an officer of the regular army, and acquainted with the duties that they would be called upon to fulfil in time of war. Those who are Volunteers in order to enjoy a holiday at the seaside would retire into the civilian life for which they are naturally adapted. If only 100,000 Volunteers remained after the amateurs have been weeded out, England would have 400,000 soldiers trained, attached to local centres, knowing where to go and where to look for stores, armed with the best weapons, and, although of course of very different degrees of efficiency, yet all efficient for some of the purposes of defensive war. We should require about 65,000 at the least of the best of our troops to be constantly absent from the country, and this number would be naturally increased if we were engaged in a war with any country powerful enough to think of invading England. To the invader we should have to oppose the finest fleet in the world and 300,000 soldiers; and we think that we may say, without vanity, that the defence would be likely to have the best of it. But then everything depends on this force of 300,000 men being made a real, practical, fighting force. We have had a paper or huckram force of 300,000 men for so many years that we grow weary of counting them. For the first time, a plan for giving us a real force has been afforded to the long-suffering and much deluded English taxpayers. Unfortunately, at present it only exists in the brain of Mr. CARDWELL, and no one can say whether it will ever be realized. The nation longs to have a real army for its millions of money, but the nation is powerless unless the right men do the right thing. There are two preliminary questions which will instantly occur to every one, and on the answer to which much of the success of the scheme obviously depends. What is to be the cost of the army of the future, and what will be the temper and feelings of the officers of the regular army when they are invited to give that co-operation without which the scheme must entirely collapse? Mr. CARDWELL thought himself justified in giving satisfactory answers on both heads. The army is to cost a million less than it did last year, and a quarter of a million less than was anticipated is to be expended in the extinction of purchase. With regard to the officers there are certainly two very encouraging facts. The number of those who have applied to retire has not only been greatly less than the critics of the Government prophesied, but it has been considerably less than the Government itself estimated. Then, again, officers are showing themselves most unreservedly anxious to embrace every opportunity of perfecting their professional education.

They attend diligently garrison instruction, study good maps, and armise themselves with the *Kriegsspiel*. On the minor measures proposed by Mr. CARDWELL for the improvement of the position of officers—providing them with horses, paying for their bands, cheapening their messes, placing the Guards and the Line on a footing of something like equality, and accelerating promotion in the scientific corps—we must forbear for the present to comment. There will be enough opportunity hereafter to criticize details. It is the broad features of Mr. CARDWELL's scheme that command immediate attention, and although this scheme may on examination need many modifications, it seems to be in its broad outlines simple, bold, and practical.

#### THE LAST OF THE COLLIER CONTROVERSY.

THERE is at last an end of the COLLIER controversy, if a one-sided discussion can be so called;

*Si pugna est, ubi tu pulas, ego vapulo tantum.*

The Government, indeed, would willingly have warded off the blows of its adversaries or have struck in return, if there had been any ground of defence or of retaliation. The Duke of ARGYLL attempted to divert attention from the miscarriage of his colleagues by a violent onslaught on the Lord Chief Justice; but he has properly apologized for a portion of his speech, and perhaps he may be aware that the rest would have been better omitted. The virtual condemnation which the House of Commons has substituted for a Parliamentary censure will perhaps be sufficient to prevent the repetition of the offence. A Government with a clear majority of eighty, in the face of an Opposition which avowedly wished to avoid a change of Ministry, has escaped by twenty-seven votes from a direct Parliamentary censure; and curious statisticians profess to have ascertained that, as the Lord Chancellor procured his own escape from censure in the House of Lords, the majority in the Commons exactly corresponds to the number of official votes. Sir ROUNDSELL PALMER, who undertook the protection of his friends, expressly limited the terms of his amendment to the proposition that "the House finds no just cause for Parliamentary censure." In his speech he called attention to the exact issue which he had raised, as involving, not the nature or merits of the act which had been committed, but the extent of the penalty. The House had no alternative between the sentence proposed by Mr. CROSS and a concession of impunity which must not be confounded with acquittal; and it would be unreasonable to blame those supporters of the Government who thought themselves at liberty to adopt Sir ROUNDSELL PALMER's lenient estimate of the deserts of the Ministers. Mr. GLADSTONE in his vehement way protested that, if he were found guilty of the conduct imputed to him, "a man so blasted by the sense of 'the House ought to be expelled from its walls by the sentence 'of the House, and if he were not so expelled, he ought himself to decline to be a member of it.' The House never thought of either expelling or blasting Mr. GLADSTONE, and it voted by a small majority that his conduct was not even culpable enough to require a formal Parliamentary censure. It is no defence for a person who is accused of a misdemeanour to insist that he has not committed a capital crime. It is interesting to observe that Mr. GLADSTONE congratulates himself on the opportunity of appealing to the House of Lords in its judicial capacity rather than to an ignorant and prejudiced rabble; yet surely the rabble, including the entire English Press and the Lord Chief Justice, is our own flesh and blood. Sir ROUNDSELL PALMER, in his double capacity of counsel for the accused and member of the judicial tribunal, admitted that the frequent repetition of colourable appointments would deserve censure, although it is evident that no accumulation of blameless acts could amount to a wrong. In dealing with the question whether the appointment was proper or improper, he reminded the House that when he "used the words 'proper and improper, he meant proper or improper in 'a sense pertinent to Parliamentary censure.' " "I do not 'propose to enter into the discussion of any question about 'of that, as to whether a man may think it is or is not 'the wisest act that could have been done. The question 'before us is whether it is an improper act in the sense of 'being censurable.' Much less would he have deemed it a question of blasting Mr. GLADSTONE or expelling him from the House. Less logical in this respect than Lord ROSSLYN, and having, perhaps, not associated with that eccentric coterie which approves of the appointment, Sir R. PALMER agreed with the Lord Chief Justice that it would be improper to make a barrister an Indian Judge for the

purpose of qualifying him for the Judicial Committee. The scandal of acting on Lord ROMILLY's doctrine would have been more flagrant, but it would have been of precisely the same character with the appointment which was made to the Court of Common Pleas.

Sir R. PALMER concluded his apology for the Minister by an appeal on behalf of Sir ROBERT COLLIER, who might perhaps, as he said, have thought it necessary to resign his office in deference to a vote of the House of Commons. An address to a Legislative Assembly which, unlike a jury, has a right to exercise a discretion, could not have been more judiciously framed for its purpose. It might perhaps not have been possible to obtain a verdict of not guilty, but political expediency might fairly be allowed to determine a vote on the punishment to be inflicted. Neither Sir R. PALMER nor the LORD ADVOCATE attempted to explain the utility of the restricting clause in the Act on the assumption that it might be innocently evaded. Serjeant SIMON, the only non-official lawyer except Sir R. PALMER who defended the appointment, was compelled to argue that the House, in considering an alleged evasion of the law, was bound to be guided by the strict interpretation of the Act. The adoption of such a rule would enable every evasion of the law to be perpetrated with impunity. The Ewelme rectory was legally conferred on a Cambridge graduate for the express purpose, and with the undoubted effect, of evading a statute which was passed for the benefit of Oxford. In construing an Act of Parliament, as in answering a question, Mr. GLADSTONE makes it his first object to baffle the legislator who had vainly thought to bind him, or the troublesome querist who desires information. Thus after three attempts Mr. DISRAELI extracted but a cloudy explanation of the reasons which rendered it impossible for the most industrious of Ministers to read within three or four weeks a document on which the question of peace or war may perhaps be found to have turned. If there had been a law requiring Mr. GLADSTONE to read the American Case as soon as it was printed, he would probably have contended that Parliament must be supposed only to contemplate a legitimate and official impression executed at the Foreign Office.

The faithful organ of the Government exults in the abstinence of the Opposition from any attempt to prove that Sir ROBERT COLLIER was not qualified for the Judicial Committee. If an unfit Judge had been appointed, the PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR would have committed a grave offence of which, in the present instance, they have never been accused; but unless they had also evaded the spirit of the law, as in the colourable appointment to the Bench of the Common Pleas, there could have been no pretext for the charge which has narrowly failed to subject them to Parliamentary censure. The speeches of Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS, and more especially of Mr. DENMAN, are more significant than scores of party votes. The personal and political reasons which must have rendered it painful for Mr. DENMAN to express the universal feeling of disapproval were fully appreciated by the House of Commons. As he asserted with undoubted truth, he has stood by Mr. GLADSTONE when it was difficult for a Liberal not to waver in his allegiance; nor is it a light thing for a leader of the Bar to censure the conduct of the head of his profession. The flippant assertion that the minority gave a party vote happens, in this instance, to be the reverse of the truth. The Bar at least has from the first, as the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE stated, been practically unanimous in opinion; and it is satisfactory to observe that neither of the English law officers could be induced to defend the impropriety which has been committed.

If Mr. DENMAN with his strong convictions was in the right, it is not to be assumed that the majority was necessarily in the wrong. The statement that the House of Commons is at any time engaged in a judicial duty is always more or less figurative and incorrect; and it becomes especially inapplicable in cases where the prisoner at the bar and his accomplices occupy a seat on the bench. It is the business of a legislative body to decide, not what is legal, but what in all the circumstances of the case is conducive to the public interest. As a general rule it is not expedient to condone a violation or evasion of law; but even in such cases a sovereign Assembly is entitled to exercise a discretion. If for any reason the majority desires to keep a Government in office, it must in consistency abstain from a direct vote of censure, which is a measurable and definite punishment ordinarily involving resignation of office. There are various modes by which disapproval may be indicated, as by the intentional absence of leading members, by the silence of habitual partisans, and by the defection of a few more scrupulous adherents. All these

hints and warnings were administered to the Government in the recent debate; and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's limited and cautious amendment was in itself an admission that the proceeding had been liable to objection. A member of the majority might fairly convince himself that the conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HATHERLEY was not deserving of Parliamentary censure, although it would have been wrong, on grounds of party convenience, or even of public interest, to meet Mr. Cross's motion with a direct negative. It is highly desirable that judicial and political functions should be kept distinct, even when Parliament is called upon to deal with an alleged infraction of the law. Before impeachments became obsolete, although the House of Lords was transformed for the purpose into a strictly judicial body, the duty of the House of Commons was to determine on political grounds whether it should prefer articles of impeachment. If no high crime and misdemeanour had been committed, the prosecution could not be supported; but when the offence was established, it was for the House to determine whether it was desirable as well as just to proceed. A simple vote of censure is still more obviously a matter of discretion; and the House of Commons has perhaps shown wisdom in adopting the amendment, especially as it has been adopted by so small a majority. Those who voted with Mr. Cross were clearly in the right; those who voted with Sir R. PALMER were perhaps in the right; and those who intentionally stayed away were also in the right. It is pleasant to arrive at the conclusion that all persons concerned, except Lord HATHERLEY and Mr. GLADSTONE, may by a benevolent interpretation be considered to have done their duty.

#### THE NEW VICEROY.

THE choice of a Viceroy for India is necessarily limited. The holder of the office must be a nobleman on the Ministerial side of some eminence, but not in the front ranks of his party. The list of such men is small, and it is further reduced by the obvious conditions that he must give a fair promise of showing the peculiar qualifications which the successful discharge of the office requires, and that he should be willing to go. When all these requirements are added together, it is obvious that the number of possible appointments might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Lord KIMBERLEY, Lord DUFFERIN, Lord MONCK, and Lord NORTHBROOK are probably the only names that could have been easily suggested, and they would probably have occurred to most people in the order in which we have given them. Of these Lord NORTHBROOK is to be the man, and no one can possibly say anything against the appointment. If not much is known of Lord NORTHBROOK, nothing is known against him, and the little that is known is in his favour. He has had something like a quarter of a century of official life, has been private secretary to various Ministers, and has been Under-Secretary of State on various occasions, having been Under-Secretary of State for India for two years. All that early and long official training could do for a man it has, therefore, done for Lord NORTHBROOK. And such training is no doubt very valuable for a Viceroy. It gives him habits of patience and industry, it supplies him gently and gradually with a great variety of information, and brings him into contact with a considerable number of people of different ranks and different habits of thought. It is a clear advantage that the new Viceroy should enter on his office with such an amount of knowledge of India as must have been gathered in two years by an Under-Secretary of State. Probably few men who have not been in India know so much about it as Mr. GRANT DUFF, and if the industry and passion for knowledge exhibited by Mr. GRANT DUFF are in some measure exceptional, yet any able Under-Secretary must learn in two years far more of the geography, resources, needs, and history of India than is possessed by the ordinary intelligent Englishman who has not been through the training of the India Office. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Lord NORTHBROOK starts in this way with a knowledge of India essential to the discharge of the duties of a Viceroy which he could not have gained in less than half a year after his Viceroyalty had begun. He is very much in the position of a diplomatist knowing already the language of the Court to which he is accredited. But Lord NORTHBROOK has also been for a long time Under-Secretary for War, and here too his experience will be of great use to him. The Viceroy of India governs a vast Empire dependent for its existence on the supremacy and efficiency of a comparatively small military force, and to understand the machinery of army organization is to understand how the main



instrument of his rule practically works. A Viceroy can know nothing of military science, nor can he form any trustworthy judgment of military operations, from merely having been Under-Secretary of State for War; but he must have learnt very much of that which it is the peculiar province of the Viceroy to know with regard to the Indian army—how troops are got together, quartered, and cared for, how much they cost, and what are the general antecedents of the regiments, and of the officers commanding them. Lord NORTHBROOK starts, therefore, with two kinds of knowledge which will be very useful to him. But all special knowledge is but the scaffolding on which the fame of an efficient Viceroy is to be built. The qualities he mainly needs are far higher, far more personal, than any which training can give. He must have insight, calmness, boldness, and generosity. No one can pretend to say whether a man who has only filled subordinate offices in England will exhibit such qualities when he is made Viceroy of India. Something must be taken on trust and accredited to the mere fact that he is the choice of the Government, which is deeply interested in making a good choice, and the chiefs of which have abundant opportunities of gauging the character and capacity of their subordinates such as no one else can have. Lord NORTHBROOK, too, has had one opportunity of showing that he possessed qualities of a higher calibre than the possession of a subordinate office would necessarily imply, and he took ample advantage of it. Last year it fell to his lot to introduce the Army Bill in the House of Lords; and he did so with such a comprehensive grasp of his subject, with such a knowledge of details, and such a power of weaving details into a whole, that he not only effaced the memory of the weak and incoherent manner in which Mr. CARDWELL had advocated the Bill, but he silenced the criticism of the Duke of RICHMOND. A subordinate official who could make such a speech fully deserves to have an occasion given him of showing all that he can do on a large scale and in a high sphere.

Lord NORTHBROOK has by no means an easy task before him. Lord MAYO has been very popular, and has merited his popularity, and his sudden and awful death will cast a halo round his memory, which will easily make men feel it a duty to themselves to have had a warm and abiding esteem for him. It will be harder for Lord NORTHBROOK to be considered at first a fit successor to Lord MAYO than it would have been if Lord MAYO had served his time, and come home safely to England, and Lord NORTHBROOK had then replaced him. But, apart from this, the Viceroy of India, whoever he may be, has many causes of anxiety pressing on him. Two especially seem to press more heavily every day. In the first place, there is the financial difficulty, which is very serious. India is taxed almost as much as it can bear, and yet the proceeds are scarcely sufficient to meet the inevitable expenditure. The Indian Civil Service, otherwise so rich in ability, has certainly not produced the financial ability which can deal with the revenues of the Empire as a whole. The experiment of sending out financiers from England has been a failure, with the exception of Mr. WILSON; and the only other resource is to have as chief financier an official trained in India. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE is perhaps as competent as any one that could be named, but he has shown that he is quite unaware whether he has got a surplus or a deficit, and has no knowledge how a new tax will practically work. In military matters and in legal matters the Viceroys have on the whole been very fortunate. They have had men of great ability and ready resources to help them. Lord NORTHBROOK himself begins his rule auspiciously in this way, for the Bar could not have supplied him with a legal adviser better fitted in every way to assist him and to imprint a large character on his legislation than Mr. HOBHOUSE, who goes out at the same time with him. But in finance Lord NORTHBROOK will get very little help worth having, except that which will be afforded him by the experience, industry, and accumulated stores of information which he will find at his command in almost every higher branch of the Indian Civil Service, and which will serve him as a trustworthy basis on which his general schemes of finance may be founded. The English Government in India is necessarily enormously expensive. It cost us a great amount of money to conquer the natives, and now we have to make them pay the interest on the cost of conquering them. What weighs India down is the burden of debt incurred to conquer India, coupled with the enormous cost of having enough European soldiers to guard our conquests now that they have been made. If we have no more wars of any magnitude in India for

many years, the country will become much richer, and the burden of debt will consequently be relatively lighter. But as things are at present we cannot possibly reduce our military expenditure. We have not got a soldier or a rifle too many in India, and the natives must somehow be made to find the money necessary for the army. Savings might perhaps be made here and there, but they would be trifling. There is, in fact, only one change which, if it were possible, would really permit a reduction of expenditure, and lessen the pressure of taxation. If we could persuade the native princes to disarm on condition of a guarantee of quiet possession from any exterior force, we should be relieved from one of the causes of danger which make our military expenditure so heavy. These princes amuse themselves by keeping on foot and equipping with arms of the newest pattern armies of very considerable size for no apparent purpose whatever. These forces are ten times what they need for the internal police of their territories, and there is no external enemy that could touch them. The real object of these armies is that their masters, if bad times came for the English, might rule the situation, and ask their own terms. We are at present on excellent terms with these princes, but we are obliged to watch their armies and keep armies of our own ready to hold them in check. The consequence is that the vast majority of the natives of India bear the burden of taxes which they hate, and which grind them terribly, in order that the princes of a small minority may enhance their dignity by keeping up armies to frighten us with.

The other new and somewhat serious danger which a Viceroy has to face is that of religious fanaticism impelling men to kill or rise against those who are their religious enemies, even though they will certainly sacrifice their own lives in the attempt. We do not mean that Lord NORTHBROOK has to contend with the fear of being himself assassinated. It is very unlikely that such a thing should occur twice, and even if it were more likely than it is, Lord NORTHBROOK is an Englishman and would never dream of shrinking from his duty for fear of his life. But the head of a great Government has to think of other people, and this new danger of assassination does undoubtedly throw a cloud over Indian life. Let it be granted that no number of assassinations would prevent the Indian Government from having a constant supply of fit servants at its command; there still remains the immense amount of family distress and apprehension that must prevail, and which would cause a man of feeling in the position of Viceroy the most poignant regret. Hitherto the servants of the Crown in India have gone about their daily duties in happy tranquillity, as if they had been in England; and it would be a terrible change to them if they began to feel as if they were living in Westmeath. Nor is it only assassination that is to be feared. We have not heard as yet the true history of the extraordinary Kooka outbreak, and of its still more extraordinary suppression. The severity with which the insurgents were punished, the wholesale sacrifice of life after all resistance was at an end, can only be justified on the ground that the officials on the spot saw in the movement a far more serious danger than those not on the spot could appreciate. It is not pleasant for Englishmen to read of deeds being done on people under our rule which the leaders of the Versailles troops scarcely rivalled last May. Both such assassinations as that of Chief Justice NORMAN and the Kooka outbreak seem, as has been truly remarked in the *Daily News*, to be due to the operation of general causes, the effects of which are clearly traceable in Europe at present. As modern thought prevails in the world, the bigotry of the bigoted becomes intensified and furious. What is called religion poisons more and more the hearts of those who think themselves pre-eminently religious. Ultramontanes are the Kookas and Wahabees of the West. The last news from Berlin is that the police have cautioned Prince BISMARCK against probable attacks by fanatics roused by Ultramontane agitation, and have arrested a Papal Zouave who, they thought, was meditating his assassination. This may be all nonsense; the police may be unnecessarily apprehensive; and if any Ultramontanes have formed such a design, they must be Ultramontanes of whom the general body of Ultramontanes would be thoroughly ashamed. But there is no saying to what lengths religious fanaticism, when it feels its empire tottering under its feet, will not go; and the base attacks made daily on the Abbé MICHAUD by the Ultramontane press in Paris exemplify to what depth of infamy men calling themselves religious will sink, and how eagerly they will try, although they spare the body, to destroy by lies and calumnies the

moral life of a man who, although he agrees with them on ninety-nine out of a hundred points of their religion, ventures to differ from them on one.

#### PARTY PROGRAMMES IN FRANCE.

IT has for some time been evident that neither of the two great parties into which the French Assembly is divided would have patience to pursue much longer a policy of self-restraint. The first to depart from it has been the Right. The recent manifesto of the Count of CHAMBORD was an intimation to the more reasonable Legitimists that they must take matters into their own hands. All that HENRY V. would do for them was to make their position in the country more and more impossible. A monarchical restoration is obviously unattainable unless it can secure the support of all sections of the monarchical party. Viewed from the dynastic side, a fusion is easy enough. The head of one of the rival houses is childless, and the head of the other is his natural heir. A settlement that would make the Count of CHAMBORD King would at the same time place the Count of PARIS next in succession to the throne. If in this way the present would be given to the Legitimists, the future would be reserved for the Orleanists. The one would have all they could look for under any circumstances, the other would have as much as they can hope for under the actual circumstances. Viewed, however, from the side of principle, this solution is not so much a matter of course. The monarchy of July represented the supremacy of the national will in constitutional questions. To ask its supporters to accept the Count of CHAMBORD as their King, without any reservation, would be to ask them to abandon all for which they have been contending, whether in power or in Opposition, for the last forty years. And even if their support could be obtained on these terms, the more reasonable Legitimists are no doubt aware that, though they might be valuable as a Parliamentary reinforcement, they would bring with them no real force in the country. Any power the Orleanists may possess outside the Assembly would be lost by their unconditional submission to the White Flag. The state of affairs in France is hardly such as to make it safe to postpone the consideration of the attitude to be assumed by the monarchical party in the event of the constitutional issue being suddenly presented to the nation. In name, no doubt, the Bordeaux compact is still in force, and the position and conduct of M. THIERS is certainly as exceptional, and in that sense as provisional, as anything can well be. But the maintenance of the singular compromise under which Frenchmen are now living depends absolutely on the life and temper of one man. The death of M. THIERS must inevitably put an end to it; his resignation may put an end to it any day. The wisest thing that all parties could do at this moment would be to lay aside all thoughts of the future, and devote themselves to the needs of the present. But two considerations may be supposed to have prevented the monarchical party from taking this course. In the first place, they probably fear that the country is, to say the least, not growing more monarchical. They are stronger in the Assembly now than they can feel sure of being by and by. In some form or other dissolution, total or partial, must eventually overtake them, and if they wait much longer before giving shape to their policy, they may have to formulate it in the character of a Parliamentary minority. In the second place, they can have no assurance that their adversaries will be equally forbearing. There may be sensible Republicans, as there may be sensible Monarchists, who wish to see established, not the form of government they themselves prefer, but the form of government which has the best chance of securing a working majority in the country. But the more active members of the Left have as little intention of submitting their cause to the judgment of the nation as the most ardent partisans of Divine Right. They are willing to put up with a Government which, though in form Republican, is in effect provisional, because they think that time makes for them rather than for their opponents. But, if they changed their opinion upon this point, they would precipitate a revolution or a *coup d'état* with no more hesitation than if it were a change of Ministry. The Right are not likely to underestimate the danger to themselves involved in this frame of mind, and the dread of it has probably helped to drive them into more decisive action.

The first move came, as might have been expected, from the Moderate Right. They were not so pledged as the extreme section to await the initiative of the Count of CHAMBORD, while the Right Centre, consisting chiefly of Orleanists, had

no manifestoes to escape from, and could consequently afford to wait while the Legitimists tried their hands on the construction of a common platform for the whole monarchical party. Accordingly the Moderate Right drew up a programme which was signed by about eighty deputies, and then taken to Antwerp to be submitted to the Count of CHAMBORD. The Count appears to have behaved with unexpected prudence. What he said on the subject has not been made public, but at all events he left so much freedom of action to his supporters that on the return of the deputation to Paris the programme was signed by the whole of the Legitimist Right. It seems certain that this programme contains nothing which is opposed to Orleanist principles, though it may be silent upon some points which the latter party would like to see included. The difference between the two is not however sufficient to prevent the Orleanist Right Centre from signing a letter of adhesion addressed to the authors of the programme, and claiming to share in their belief that constitutional Monarchy is the best government for France. The programme and the letter of adhesion have between them obtained not far short of 280 signatures.

It seems to be understood that the programme of the Right will not be put forward as a call to immediate action. Probably nothing would be less to the taste of the deputies who have signed it than a sudden rupture with M. THIERS. They may be expected therefore to disclaim all thought of disturbing the existing order of things, or of anticipating by a premature application of their principles the constitutional settlement which must follow upon M. THIERS's retirement. It remains to be seen, however, whether the PRESIDENT will overlook their avowed enmity to Republican institutions in consideration of their tolerance of the particular Republic he has taken under his protection. M. THIERS is probably sincerely convinced that the Republic is the Government best calculated to unite the nation, and such personal ambition as he may possess must lead him to desire the permanence of institutions with which his name will be inseparably associated. Until a day or two back it was believed that the Left and the Left Centre were nearly all agreed upon a programme by which M. THIERS should be declared President either for life or for a long term, an Upper Chamber could be created, and the dissolution of the Assembly should be spread over three years by the expedient of partial elections. Parties in the Assembly are too nearly balanced to justify any confident prediction as to the result of such a proposal. It differs from that of the Right not only in the nature of the settlement which it aims at effecting, but also in its more open departure from the Bordeaux compact. There would be nothing provisional about a Republic with a regularly constituted Legislature, and M. THIERS as Life President. It would rest on a direct exercise of that constituent power which the Left have hitherto denied to the Assembly, and it would be quite inconsistent with that subordination of the constitutional controversy to the more immediate needs of France which M. THIERS has hitherto preached. Whether these features in the scheme would be favourable or unfavourable to its success in the Assembly it is hard to say. On the one hand, its adoption would give the Republic a formal sanction which it has not yet received, and would so far defeat the ends of the Monarchists. On the other hand, it would give the Republic an evident stability which does not now belong to it, and so might conciliate that class of Conservatives which is more anxious to obtain a strong government than careful of the shape in which it is cast. On the whole, it seems most probable that, should the question be submitted to them, the majority of the Assembly will prefer the course which offers them the smallest amount of immediate and conspicuous change—a recommendation which is certainly possessed by the programme of the Left. The additional stability conferred on the position of M. THIERS will affect its duration, but will not alter its visible character; and some even of those who have signed one or other of the documents put out by the Right may persuade themselves that in making M. THIERS President for life the Assembly will be only carrying out the principle laid down at Bordeaux, and deferring the final determination of the form of government until the special work which he has undertaken has been completed. The victory of the Right, if followed by the resignation of M. THIERS and the break-up of the existing Government, offers a far more alarming prospect to timid politicians. The Republican party would certainly not allow the majority in the Chamber to carry out its designs unopposed; and to provide an open conflict with them, with the German troops still occupying French territory, and a Monarchist faction watching every occasion of turning the dimensions of

their adversaries to their own ends, would be an act of unexampled folly. It is possible also that M. THURM might rather to recognize the right of the existing Assembly to proclaim a Monarchy, and might thus force the Right to take their choice between submitting their scheme to a fresh Assembly, of whose disposition they could have no assurance, and facing the armed forces of the Republic with Marshal MACMAHON at their head. Considering the unsatisfactory nature of these prospects, it will be strange if French Conservatism, after it has once aired its monarchical predilections, does not find some excuse for consigning the expression of them to the journals of the Assembly.

At the last moment, however, it appears to be doubtful whether the Government have not repented of their intended abandonment of the existing order of things, and whether the Bill introduced on Tuesday by the Ministers of the Interior is not meant to be their answer to the movement of the Right. M. LEFRANC proposes to take power to prosecute "under the law of the 17th of May, 1819," all attacks upon the rights and authority of the Assembly and the Government legally constituted by successive votes in 1871. An Orleanist journal characterizes this Bill as an attempt to make the Republic permanent by a side wind; and it is so unusual to find the Left supporting a measure of so stringent a kind, that this description, though it comes from a hostile quarter, may perhaps be admitted as substantially true.

#### MR. GLADSTONE IN THE TANTRUMS.

IT is evident from a variety of indications that the political atmosphere is at present in a highly electrical condition; and those who are under its influence exhibit all the symptoms of restlessness, irritation, and general *malaise* which are usually observed when there is a storm in the air. The temperature is sultry, gusty little breezes are blowing about from all quarters, and sparks are extracted on the slightest provocation. Of course the wind may change and the weather may clear up, but at present there is every reason to look out for squalls. At any moment the gathering clouds may come together with a crash. Mr. GLADSTONE's nervous and sympathetic nature is peculiarly susceptible to meteorological conditions of this kind, and it is not perhaps surprising that his temper just now should not be at its best. It is enough to try the equanimity of the most placid and philosophic statesman to find that, after being accustomed to wield a large and docile majority, he is compelled, in the very first week of a new Session, to withdraw a motion lest he should be ignominiously beaten; and that on a grave question of Parliamentary censure he can, with all his efforts, muster only a bare majority of twenty-seven. The train of reflections is not a pleasant one, and probably accounts for the strange outbreak of Thursday night. It has been remarked that while the Ministry were singularly successful in the two great measures which they first brought forward, they have, by a curious fatality, gone wrong in almost everything else. Sometimes they have made a false start to begin with; sometimes they have started right and have then skittishly and perversely bucked up a wrong turning, or wheeled round and dashed off in the opposite direction. On the Royal Parks Bill, which has supplied a striking illustration of their freakish and uncertain temper, their course seemed to be too plain and simple for the possibility of mistake. It is absurd and intolerable that the Royal Parks should be the only public grounds in which there are no adequate means of maintaining peace and order. If they had happened to be under the care of any municipal body they would at once, and as a matter of course, have fallen within the scope of enactments providing for the strict and efficient supervision of the people frequenting them, and for the suppression and punishment of disorder. The wording of some of the clauses of the Bill is perhaps open to improvement, and the question how far the park-keepers should be assimilated to the police is one which may be usefully discussed. But the general purpose of the Bill was so obviously reasonable and necessary, that it was startling to find that even Mr. VERNON HARCOURT could discover anything in it to object to. Mr. HARCOURT, however, has laid himself out to play a particular part. It is impossible to be a great agitator if there is nothing to agitate about. It is Mr. HARCOURT's misfortune, not his fault, that he did not happen to be in Parliament when the Six Acts supplied a tempting subject for patriotic declamation. But if there are no Six Acts now, why then, of course, patriots must make the most of what there is. The country manager took care to bring his tub and pumps

into the play because he had picked them up cheap, and felt bound to turn them to account. Mr. HARCOURT has apparently laid in a stock of stale invective from the *storehouse of Hansard*, and the Parks Bill happened to be the best one he could find for his laborious recitations. A great many good things and strong things have been said in the course of time about the liberty of the subject, and Mr. HARCOURT is not weak enough to be debarred from repeating them merely because the question was settled before he was born. Mr. ARRYEN remarked that it is very easy to get up in the House of Commons and read off pages of *Hansard*, but we fancy there is only one member capable of doing it—at least in Mr. HARCOURT's way.

It is impossible to suppose that there was any collusion between the Government and Mr. HARCOURT, but the sudden surrender which they attempted on Thursday was certainly suspicious. One of the provisions of the Bill is that the Ranger shall have power to draw up by-laws for the regulation of the Parks, which are then to be submitted for the approval of the Chief Commissioner of Works. The effect of this arrangement would of course be that the Government would be responsible, through the Chief Commissioner, for the regulation of the Parks. In deference, however, to Mr. HARCOURT, the HOME SECRETARY proposed suddenly, and without notice, to transfer the responsibility from the Government to Parliament. The real contest is, of course, about the right of holding meetings in the Parks; and the consequences of this amendment would necessarily be, as Mr. HARDY pointed out, to keep open a dangerous controversy, and to provoke protracted and irritating contests as often as the question was raised. It is obvious that a matter of this kind ought not to be settled definitely and permanently, and that there ought not to be periodical squabbles as to whether one meeting should be allowed and another meeting prohibited. Mr. GLADSTONE holds that there "might be cases of particular celebrations in the Parks which might present exceptional circumstances, and which might perhaps require regulations of a special and temporary character." It will be at once apparent that there is the widest difference, for example, between a meeting held in honour of Mr. GLADSTONE and a meeting held to protest against his policy and to ridicule his character. Mr. GLADSTONE's "flesh and blood" is bound to agree with him on all questions, to sit with humble admiration at his feet and look up admiringly, to sing his praises and to do his bidding with prompt and servile obedience. For a long time the meetings in the Parks and streets have all been on Mr. GLADSTONE's side, and the whole force of the police has been placed at the disposal of the agitators. But there have been of late some indications of a change of tone in the howlings of the mob, and Mr. GLADSTONE is now satisfied that there are circumstances under which these meetings may require some regulation. It is unfortunate that this discovery should not have been made at an earlier period. Mr. GLADSTONE admits that six years ago "the power and authority of the Legislature and of the Crown were placed at the mercy of the populace of London." The attempt to shirk responsibility for the present Bill is hardly more discreditable than Mr. GLADSTONE's attempt to fasten the blame of this melancholy incident on the Conservative Government which was then in office. The Government of that day certainly did not manage the matter discreetly, but the difficulties in which they were placed were in no small degree caused by Mr. GLADSTONE himself, who did what he could to prevent, not only the enforcement of the law as it was, but the passing of a new law intended to prevent a repetition of these dangerous disorders.

If Mr. GLADSTONE has exhausted his stock of heroic policy, he has still abundance of heroic language which he can turn on at a moment's notice. Mr. HARDY's candid criticisms were denounced as "a most wanton and extravagant manifestation of the acid and venomous spirit of party," while an unpleasant reminder that he had welcomed the rioters at his own house was declared to have not "a single shred, syllable, or shadow of truth in it." Mr. DISRAELI was under a misapprehension when he said that Mr. GLADSTONE addressed a mob which had assembled outside his house. It was a member of Mr. GLADSTONE's family who did the honours on that occasion to the tumultuous guests; but on a subsequent day Mr. GLADSTONE himself received the most notorious and disreputable of the ringleaders of the mob at his house, and conferred with them in an encouraging manner as to the arrangements for a demonstration on the next Sunday afternoon. It was then that Mr. GLADSTONE, addressing FINLEN and his companions, said "he was always happy to receive a deputation of real working-men, such as the one before him," and intimated that "expressions of public opinion" were good

for the House of Lords. On Thursday night Mr. GLADSTONE said that he did not consider the famous meeting, for which he promoted Mr. BEALES to be a Judge, an illegal assembly. It is known that the PREMIER has peculiar views as to the interpretation of statutes and the authority of the law. His moral consciousness is no doubt superior to the paltry restrictions of ordinary jurisprudence. Mr. GLADSTONE must have been aware in 1866 that Sir A. COCKBURN, Sir R. BETHELL, and Mr. WILLES had signed an opinion that "the public" "have not acquired any legal right to use the Parks by reason of the continued user under the license and by favour of the Crown." Moreover, he cannot have been ignorant that Sir GEORGE GREY, before he left office, had given precisely the same orders as Mr. WALPOLE in regard to popular demonstrations. In point of fact, the law has remained the same as when successive Home Secretaries, supported by authoritative advice, declared that meetings in the Parks were illegal; yet for five years such meetings have been repeatedly held in defiance of the law, under the tacit encouragement of Mr. GLADSTONE, and some at least of his associates, who have even gone so far as to place the police at the service of the agitators as a guard of honour. Whether political meetings in the Parks and streets should be allowed is a question on which there may be some difference of opinion; but there can be no doubt that it is dangerous and discreditable that the law on such a matter should be left in a state of uncertainty, or rather that the law should be certain and that the authorities should be indisposed or afraid to carry it out. Mr. GLADSTONE is now reaping the fruits of his own factiousness in other years.

#### RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

THE House of Commons has approved the proposal of a Joint Committee to inquire into the projected schemes of railway amalgamation. A similar course was adopted some years ago with reference to the schemes of metropolitan railways; but in the present instance the plan is rather plausible than expedient. It might be reasonably contended that an impartial tribunal, not fettered by the examination of details, would be competent to determine the general course of the lines which would be best suited to the accommodation of London. A fuller inquiry was afterwards conducted in the usual manner by an exceptionally able Select Committee under the presidency of Lord STANLEY; and its task was partially simplified by the previous elimination of some of the competing schemes by the decision of the General Committee. The proposed amalgamations are not competing schemes; and the expediency of each union must depend on the particular circumstances of the case, which can only be ascertained by a detailed inquiry. It is not likely that a Joint Committee will propound any general principle by which the merits of amalgamation can be affirmed or denied. Mr. CARDWELL's Committee nearly twenty years ago propounded a doctrine which still deserves attention, though its application is liable to qualifications and exceptions. The Committee recommended that, as a general rule, amalgamations of continuous lines should be favoured, but that parallel and competing lines should be kept reciprocally independent. Select Committees have since that time not unfrequently disregarded both rules in special instances; and their decisions have in the great majority of cases been sound. If a just conclusion may not be certain of attainment even when all the conditions of the question are fully known, much less will it be secured at random, and in ignorance of the facts. Some amalgamations are useful; some are mischievous; and any general proposition which applies to both cases must necessarily be false.

The largest scheme of amalgamation which has been proposed for several years was, after an arduous and exhaustive inquiry, rejected by a Committee of the House of Lords; and, although the promoters were naturally disappointed, the soundness of the judgment, as representing the balance of expediency in a difficult case, was generally acknowledged. The traders in one district, containing perhaps a million of inhabitants, supported the proposed amalgamation; the traders in another district, with half the population, petitioned and appeared against it, and three or four Railway Companies considered that their own interests and those of their customers would be seriously injured by the measure. All the statements and arguments on every side were carefully weighed; and the decision was given exclusively with a view to the public interest. If the case had been

considered by such a Committee as that which is now to be appointed, any judgment which might have been formed would have been as worthless as a decision by the cast of the dice. Without minute inquiries it would have been impossible to judge how far traffic would be cheapened, facilitated, or diverted by the union of two Companies, or which of the representations of the various parties to the contest ought to prevail. All the disputants were from their respective points of view more or less in the right; and there was no royal road to the result of ascertaining the balance of expediency. If a Committee of Judges had sat on the TICHBORNE case before it was submitted to the jury, they could only have formed a conjectural opinion of the truth; and the expediency of an amalgamation is a more complicated question than the truth or falsehood of a narrative. If Parliament had arrived at a resolution that no Railway Company should be allowed to possess more than a certain mileage, or a certain amount of capital, it would be perfectly reasonable to supersede a detailed inquiry into a proposed violation of the rule; but in such a case it would be idle to remit the question to a Committee, which can have no special qualification for imposing general rules on Railway Companies. It was long ago discovered that first principles in science and philosophy were barren, and first principles about railways are at least equally unprofitable. It may be confidently asserted that any proposition which should be equally applicable to the lines in the South-west of England, to the London and North-Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire, and to the Midland and Glasgow and South-Western, would be at the same time arbitrary and nugatory. A partial investigation of any of the cases, in the absence of full information, would be in the highest degree unsatisfactory.

Some of the commercial bodies which have urged on the Government, or on Parliament, the adoption of an exceptional mode of inquiry, appear to have thought that the applications for amalgamation furnished a suitable occasion for imposing on the Companies a reduction of rates. It is not impossible that in some cases such a course might be just and practicable, but no Committee can fairly lay down a general rule on the subject, unless it is assumed that all the existing charges are both equal and excessive, and that the working expenses would be largely reduced by amalgamation. If a General Committee recommended a reduction of rates as a condition of granting the proposed facilities, the Companies might refuse to proceed with an amalgamation which might nevertheless be required by the public interest. As the actual rates are, with few exceptions, far within the Parliamentary powers of the Companies, a mere reduction of legal tolls would in the majority of instances operate only on the margin between the Parliamentary tariff and the practical rates. On the other hand, it would be unjust to reduce the legal rates within the limits which have been fixed by the judicious liberality of the Companies. It is not improbable that some of the Companies may be prepared to offer a reduction of some special charges as a price for the boon which they ask of Parliament; but no General Committee in a summary inquiry will have the opportunity of examining whether their offers are sufficient. It is out of the question to do justice in complicated matters of business without entering into minute details. As the two Companies propose by their Amalgamation Bill to revise and consolidate their joint tariff, the traders of the district will have an opportunity of being heard on the question of rates which they may regard as objectionable; but the revision of the tariffs of the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Companies is incapable of being summed up in a few general propositions. The uncertainty which is often invidiously attributed to the decisions of Parliament on such questions as those of railway amalgamation is inherent in the subject-matter, and not in the judgment of the tribunal. As long as some amalgamations are desirable and some are undesirable, a just solution of the questions which arise must be sometimes positive and sometimes negative.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the issues which are apparently to be decided in haste, because they especially require careful and leisurely deliberation. It will probably be alleged by some opponents of the London and North-Western amalgamation that it will terminate a beneficial competition, and that it will place large manufacturing districts at the mercy of a single Company. Other opponents will contend that it will frustrate the policy of Parliament by directing traffic exclusively on certain lines, and by rendering useless the authorized outlay of millions of capital. The effect



Boards will be prepared with answers to objections which they will not have failed to anticipate; and both parties will be prepared with statistics and skilled opinions in support of their respective opinions. It may be assumed, on the authority of those who know best, and who are directly interested in the result, that unless unduly severe conditions are imposed by Parliament, the amalgamation will be immediately beneficial to both members of the intended partnership. Whether it is prudent for railway shareholders to combine into gigantic monopolies, is a question of ulterior policy which Boards of Directors apparently think too remote for notice. A Company with eighty or ninety millions of capital and two thousand miles of railway offers to its enemies the temptation of presenting a single neck to a future blow. Parliament will, however, not consider so carefully either the near or the distant prospects of the shareholders as the interest of the great body of travellers and freighters who may be affected by the proposed combination. The advantages which will be offered have been on several occasions enumerated by the allied Boards, but hitherto the principal customers seem to apprehend a balance of loss and inconvenience. On every point, except the interest of the amalgamating Companies, the General Committee will only be able to acquire a vague and general knowledge. If, not satisfied with the complexity of each separate inquiry, they attempt to deal comprehensively with all the Companies which ask either for amalgamation or for working agreements which will have nearly the same effect, they will only arrive at a decision by excluding from consideration the most important elements of every case.

#### DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

SOME surprise was expressed during the debate on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on Wednesday that the COMMON SERJEANT should, with unaccustomed modesty, have been content to move the second reading by simply nodding his head, and should have remained bashfully in the background while the discussion was proceeding. Considering his latest appearance in connexion with the measure, it is perhaps more surprising that he should have mustered up courage to present it once more, even mutely, to the consideration of Parliament. Mr. CHAMBERS must have been painfully impressed by the tameness of Parliamentary procedure as compared with the exhilarating liveliness of an indignation meeting in St. James's Hall. There was discretion, if not wit, in the brevity of his remarks. He may possibly be reserving himself for a lime-light demonstration among the lions of Trafalgar Square; and it is natural that he should keep his eloquence for those who appreciate it. Mr. CHAMBERS observed on Wednesday that argument on the Deceased Wife's Sister question was exhausted, and this is an obvious inference from the incendiary policy to which he pledged himself last year. If he had had any faith in argument, he would not have appealed to the Red Republicans of the metropolis to assist him in destroying any parts of the Constitution which seemed to stand in the way of his pet scheme for revolutionizing the marriage law. His democratic allies were more logical than their leader in demanding the abolition, not merely of the Bishops, but of the whole House of Lords; for if the Bishops had abstained from voting, the Bill would equally have been rejected. It may be admitted that if all the checks of the Constitution were removed, legislation by crotchet-mongers or interested agitators would be much facilitated. If the COMMON SERJEANT had happened to be a deceased wife's sister who did not want to marry her brother-in-law, and who felt that it was cruel and unjust to expose her to the suspicion that she had an eye to her sister's shoes because she was kind to her nephews and nieces, he would certainly have felt justified in proposing the abolition of a House of Commons which passed such Bills.

It is acknowledged that the demand for this change in the law of marriage comes only from a small knot of people. It is known that the anonymous Society which conducts the agitation with so much spirit and such a lavish expenditure is mainly supported by one or two rich widowers who are living with their wives' sisters, and who, having gratified their passions in defiance of the law, now desire to procure an indemnity for their selfish and deliberate misconduct. Mr. GULPIN, who is a supporter of the Society, repudiated with not unnatural heat the suspicion that he has himself done anything of the kind; but of course he could not deny that the ladies and gentlemen who ambuscade behind the Secretary have the strongest personal reasons for seeking an alteration of the law, and for not allowing their names to be pub-

lished. We are asked to believe that it is in the interest of the poor that the change is advocated; but this plea has been repeatedly exploded. In the first place, the cohabitation of a deceased wife's sister with her brother-in-law is by no means so frequent among the labouring classes as has been asserted. The Royal Commission of 1847, which was got up by the agitators, which was biased in their favour, and was supplied with evidence that they had been at great pains to collect, could discover only forty cases of such unions among the poor. In two large and populous metropolitan parishes the closest and most persevering research brought to light only a couple of instances. But even if it were true that these unions were common among the working classes, that would in itself be an obviously insufficient ground for bringing the law into accordance with the peculiar habits of ignorant and impulsive people. There are among the poor more cases of marriage within other prohibited degrees, and of the worst kinds of incest, than of this particular infraction of the law; but it will hardly be argued that incest should be legalized in order to whitewash those who have committed an abominable crime. No doubt the law is a grievance to those who are suffering from having broken it; but it is a grievance of the rich rather than of the poor. It is the rich man who feels most acutely the scandal of his position, and the difficulties which he has placed in the way of leaving property to his children. Previously to 1835 there might have been some confusion of mind as to the legal aspect of the question, but all doubt was then removed, and a fair warning given to all who might think of forming a connexion within the forbidden degrees. It is impossible to speak too strongly of the reckless selfishness of the men who have contracted unions of this kind, regardless of the consequences to the partners and offspring of their shame. A similar spirit is now displayed in the demand that the established usages of society, fortified by custom and justified by experience, shall be revolutionized, to the pain, perplexity, and disorder of the whole community, in order that a small number of persons who have deliberately and wilfully broken the law may be relieved from the penalties of their misconduct. It is known that the Scotch are strongly opposed to this measure. In Ireland, as Mr. MAGUIRE said, it is regarded with loathing and execration. In England there is perhaps more indifference on the subject; but it cannot be pretended that there is any popular desire for a change in the law; and it is certain that one of the affinity restrictions cannot be removed without loosening the rest. At present the law rests on a distinct and consistent principle which everybody understands; but if the marriage of a deceased wife's sister is sanctioned, it will be difficult to produce logical reasons why a man should not be allowed to marry his mother-in-law, or his wife's aunt, or niece; or why women should not marry their deceased husband's brothers, nephews, uncles, or fathers.

Even if it could be shown to be not contrary to public policy to permit men to marry their deceased wives' sisters, nothing could be more demoralizing than that a retrospective indemnity should be allowed to those who have violated the law; and it is also objectionable to legislate with regard to a particular relationship without settling the whole question of affinities on some intelligent and unmistakable principle. In point of fact, however, the partial relaxation of the affinity restrictions which is now proposed is, in itself, impolitic and mischievous. Custom has much to do with the sanctity and force of laws, and it is important that the public mind should not be unsettled on such a subject as marriage without serious cause. At present most people are satisfied with the law as it is, and suffer no inconvenience from it; and that is an excellent reason for letting it alone. But we are also of opinion that the Bill, if passed, would create greater hardships than any which it removes. It is singular that the advocates of the measure do not see how completely and conclusively "the natural protector" argument recoils against themselves. It is true that in the hour of affliction the sister-in-law appears upon the scene as the natural guardian of the bereaved family; but if it were to be understood that she might perhaps be chosen to console the widower as a second helpmate, her position would be materially altered. It is simply because the deceased wife's sister is regarded as a real sister that she is able, without scandal or offence, to show sisterly attentions to the widower, and to take a motherly charge of the children. By the COMMON SERJEANT'S Bill the "natural protector" would be at once banished or abolished; and auntie would become a marriageable woman who has her character to look after. It is possible that this measure may again pass the House of Commons; but loose and care-

has legislation on such a matter is not creditable to that assembly. The majority on Wednesday was a shade more than the majority of last year, although less in proportion to the numbers present. There is no subject on which the House of Commons has displayed so much hesitation and uncertainty. The Bill has been thrown out in one House quite as often as in the other, and though the declarations of the Commons in favour of any measure ought of course to be duly taken into account by the Lords, the Lords are also entitled to consider how far these declarations embody sincere, earnest, and permanent convictions.

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH BILL.

THE Public Health Bill seems likely to encounter more criticism from the friends than from the enemies of sanitary reform. At first sight this may seem a virtual condemnation of the Bill. There are, it may be objected, so many interests and prejudices which will be, or think that they will be, injured by effective legislation on the subject, that to say that a measure has any chance of escaping their hostility is equivalent to saying that it is worthless. That the public health will not be properly cared for without a stand-up fight with all manner of local abuses may be readily admitted. The only question is, at what stage of the campaign the decisive battle should be fought. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY holds that there is no time like the present. He regrets that Mr STANFELD has not aimed at consolidating the existing sanitary laws, as well as at amending and completing them. The reason he gives for this regret is perfectly sound in itself, but it fails to support the conclusion which he bases on it. It is true that the law at present is so confused, contradictory, and scattered that nobody knows it. That is a conclusive argument for future consolidation, and if those were the only defects that can be charged against the law as it stands, it would be a conclusive argument for immediate consolidation. As a matter of fact, however, the existing law has other faults, and the question which Mr STANFELD had to consider was whether, in attempting to remove both kinds of defects by one and the same process, he might not be less successful than in applying a remedy to each separately. The necessary amendments and additions may not be very numerous, but many of them relate to matters of extreme importance, and—what is more to the purpose—to matters whose full importance can only be seen when they are viewed in connection with the existing law. These new provisions will constitute the missing wheels which are to set others in motion. Until they have been supplied it may not be expedient to make the capacity of the machine too well understood. There are many sanitary powers already created by Act of Parliament which are inefficient simply because there is no proper authority to put them in operation. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY's plan of action would amount to a proclamation that such or such a sanitary authority is to be constituted in every district, and that the powers vested in it are to be of such or such a kind. A warning like this would naturally arouse whatever latent opposition there may be on the part both of those who will have to exercise and those who will have to submit to the new authority. All that it can do, or make others do, would be flouted in the face of opponents at the very moment when the House of Commons is asked to call such an authority into being. The danger of active resistance would thus be immensely increased, and in a body like the House of Commons active resistance to reforms unconnected with a political party is usually successful for a time. The Opposition knows what it wants, and is willing to subordinate all other considerations to the one object it has in view. The authors of the measure, supposing it to be introduced by the Government, have other things to think of besides the passing of this particular Bill, and may easily be tempted to conciliate support in other directions by showing themselves pliable on this point. It is asked why the same danger will not arise whenever the work of consolidation is taken in hand, the answer is that the House of Commons scarcely ever troubles itself about a consolidating Bill if the Minister who has charge of it is able to assure the House that it contains no new matter. The fact that it only puts into shape the existing law is a sufficient reply to any criticism either in Parliament or out of doors. The merits of the several provisions incorporated into the Bill have presumably been discussed at the time they were separately adopted, or they may be discussed hereafter when the repetitions, contradictions, and omissions which at present obscure them have been removed. But even if amendments

be introduced, and every member is free to criticize them to the utmost, and to criticize the existing statutes so far as he can show that they are altered or extended by the amendments. A Bill which consolidates and amends the law at the same time is a challenge to adversaries to survey the measure as a whole. It provokes discussions which by a different procedure might have been avoided altogether.

Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY would perhaps say that the evils arising from the absence of consolidation are so great as to neutralize all the good derived from amendment. Even this statement would not really dispose of the argument in favour of keeping the two processes distinct. After all, the value of consolidation greatly depends upon what it is that is consolidated; and, if the consolidating measure of 1873 contains valuable provisions which would have been omitted from the consolidating measure of 1872, the ultimate benefit will compensate for the year's delay. But this extreme view of the mischiefs which only consolidation can cure is certainly exaggerated. The very Report of the Royal Commission to which Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY refers as making consolidation easy enables the Government to dispense with consolidation for a little time longer without serious inconvenience. Among the most valuable of the many valuable labours undertaken by the Commission was the reduction to a homogeneous form of the Sanitary Statutes now in force, together with an enumeration of the amendments required under each head. Now, assuming that the Public Health Bill introduces these amendments, there is no reason why the law on every important point that can arise should not be as familiar to the Local Government Board now while the Consolidating Bill exists only in draft as hereafter when it has been embodied in a statute. The central sanitary authorities will know what is the local authority in every part of England to which they must look for the carrying out of sanitary improvements. They will know what improvements the local authority may be compelled to undertake, and what are the means through which this compulsion is to be exercised. So far as the Government are concerned, this knowledge is the main thing which they need. It has been wanting hitherto not because the law on the subject was not consolidated, but because it was defective. In some places, and for some purposes, there was no local authority; in other places, and for other purposes, there were too many authorities, or they were of the wrong kind. And everywhere and for all purposes there has not been sufficient means of making them use the powers which the law gives them. When these errors and omissions are remedied, the essentials of sanitary administration will be secured. And if they can be secured a year sooner by postponing consolidation, it would be an eminent instance of more haste worse speed to hurry it forward.

We are not, of course, depreciating the value of consolidation. The administration of the laws on Public Health will be made greatly easier by it. One of the greatest obstacles with which the central authority will have to contend is the apathy of those who ought to keep the local authorities to their work. The Local Government Board will stand to the Town Councils and Boards of Guardians in the position that the Court of Chancery stands in towards trustees. It is ready to compel them to do their duty, but it often only hears of a case for its interference when its aid is invoked by the beneficiary owners of the trust fund. In the same way no apparatus of inspection and supervision will enable the central authority to exert with full effect the powers vested in it by law, unless the persons for whose health the local authorities are bound to make provision—the population, that is, of every town and every parish in the kingdom—are ready to appeal to the local government whenever their obligation is neglected. It is in this respect more perhaps than in any other that consolidation may be expected to do real service. Until now those who have felt themselves aggrieved by the permitted existence of nuisances have constantly been ignorant to whom to look to abate them, and in what legal nuisance consists. The former uncertainty will be removed by the Public Health Bill. The latter will be removed by consolidation, provided that the result of consolidation is to throw the law on the subject into the shape of a statute so framed, or at all events capable of being so edited, that he who runs may read it. The preparation of a Code of Public Health—and the Consolidating Statute ought to be nothing less than this—requires more time and thought than can possibly be given to the subject by a department which has to amend and add to the law as well as to reduce it to shape. Supposing that the Public Health Bill contains all the provisions necessary to make the machinery of sanitary administration complete—supposing, that is to say, that when it con-

junction with the statutes already in force, it gives the right powers to the right persons, and takes the right occasion for the proper exercise of those powers—all the materials for the construction of the required code ought to be in existence by the end of this Session. The Local Government Board will then have a clear field before it, and twelve months hence we may hope that sanitary legislation will have passed from the work of creation to that of simplification. The inquiry whether the measure introduced last week answers to the description here given of what it ought to contain must be deferred until the publication of the Bill supplies the material for a detailed study of its provisions. All that can be said at present is that Mr. STANFELD has been well advised in leaving consolidation alone for the present year.

#### COTERIE GLOBY.

THE pursuit of fame, and, with the pursuit, the art of advertising, are in some form or other as old as our race. The age when all men were content to produce honest wares and let them make their way without advertisement must be placed before the age of which any record is existing. Hence, although many vigorous diatribes have been penned against advertising by Mr. Carlyle, who has treated the puff and the sham as the special vices of our day, we must in some measure dissent from that great writer. Or perhaps we may interpret his meaning thus; that every form of society will bring with it its own special processes for obtaining fame, and as civilization grows more complex, the processes by which the first steps are made upon the ladder of glory will become more complex also. One of these processes, which we shall take the liberty of illustrating by a contemporary example, we here propose to consider.

Putting aside sophistical ingenuities, and treating fame as a thing not only worthy of rational human desire, but also as substantially attainable, we may distinguish at least three forms of it, to none of which we can justly deny the name, although only one is entitled to it in the highest sense. There is the fame widespread, but transitory; the fame within a small circle of believers, and coexistent only with their lives; and the fame which is at once widespread, intimate, and durable. Smaller provinces of fame, it will be seen, may be carved from these; as that to which Mr. M. Arnold has given the happy name of "distinction," and which, though permanent, never goes beyond the few, or the converse case of reputation durable and general, but never reaching the "inner circle." And each division, of course, fades into the next; in many cases by fine though traceable gradations. Yet, on the whole, we think the preceding distinctions will be accepted as answering to the common sense and parlance of mankind. These are "kings of thought," in Shelley's phrase; there are princes who never mount the throne or found a dynasty; there are also those who are of the blood-royal to their own party, but pretenders to the world at large.

It is to the last species of fame, which we may more briefly term coterie glory, that a complex and widely-spread civilization such as our own presents peculiar facilities. When the cultivated portion of a nation is small, there will be a greater general publicity of tastes, and a greater unanimity in forming them. Thus, in Athens, whilst poetical judgment was not sufficiently uniform to prevent the admirers of Aristophanes from coexisting with the admirers of Euripides, yet the position and value of these two poets were facts known to the whole mass of citizens, although weighed by each party in different balances. But amongst the Greeks of the free Hellenic age even these differences in taste were of rare occurrence; the line of sight of the race appears to have generally issued in identical conclusions; nor can we recall any one instance in which a widespread but transient fame came into being. Later on, in the Alexandrian and Roman periods, which more nearly resemble our own, we find poets and artists famous in their day (as Philotas, Callimachus, or Varus), who did not outlive it. The fashion for archaism also appeared in a section of the Latin literature, and was criticised by Horace with his unvarying good sense. Yet neither then, nor when letters and taste once more awoke in earnest after the Norman conquest in Europe, do we trace anything like coterie glory—the reputation only dear to a small set of believers, and held by them with irritable faith or impenetrable fanaticism. The cultivated class of each country was at all these periods too small for such a growth; or, if it came into being, it followed the law of its existence and faded into oblivion.

These twinkling, star-bright lights of the land  
Dropped away one by one from the mounting band—

and in times when periodical criticism and literary travel were not, were soon wholly obliterated. But even these, however, possessing their advantages, have also the compensating quality which progress can never free itself. A few facts—some of them very old and the few, and destined to the permanent fame—have now at least as great a difficulty in establishing themselves as in the Athens of Pericles, or the Rome of Augustus. The age was no longer, as in the Athens of Pericles, one of a few, and no daily criticism, as in the Rome of Augustus, to keep the public in the habit of new impressions. A crowd of new facts, and a crowd of new theories upon them, fill our minds, and we are more or less, even upon the half-cultivated.

the "large utterance of the early gods," we have lost their large simplicity of receptiveness. Devotion succeeds reaction, and each has but a partial truth, which it takes for the whole. The one true "voice" must be loud and long, to conquer the "many echoes."

The wide extension of cultivated intelligence, increasing the number of schools of taste, has a peculiar effect in adding to the difficulty. Each school has not only its own god, but its own temple and pulpit, its own texts and creeds, almost its own body of dogmatic theology. Is it the proper aim of poetry, let us say, to teach or to please, to amuse or to elevate? Should it move mostly among present thoughts and feelings with Byron, or in the romances of the past with Keats? Is it best when simple or when subtle? These and a hundred similar doctrines rage among the sects, and the strife has at times a singular effect upon general criticism. So much may be said on each side; had or weak taste has such facility in clothing itself in the hundred formulae which are current, that criticism takes what is called an "appreciative" or "genial" attitude, and proclaims a kind of æsthetic toleration. Specious as this change may be, and welcomed by sentimentalists (who also are greatly indebted to such toleration), it has certainly in the end a very lowering effect upon criticism, and thus upon public taste. No landmarks are henceforth recognised; the idea of a standard disappears; the great monuments and efforts of our predecessors are ignored and forgotten; not to bow down before the last thing out is rank Philistinism; and Novelty, that worst enemy to true art in a friend's disguise, tends to become the final, if unacknowledged, source of the pleasure which we seek in painting, or music, or literature.

Some remarks upon this uncritical attitude of criticism occur in a recent paper in the *Quarterly Review*, forming the close of a survey of our modern "literary poets," as the writer names Messrs. Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris. These poets are here treated with a grave and well-mannered contempt, which, though distressing to the believer's mind, springs naturally from the reaction produced by unbridled and indiscriminate praise. And, although many may consider that the critic has here and there surveyed his subject from too adverse a point of view, we think his paper well worth study. It is sane, searching, and, if a little wanting in sympathy for aims which the writer holds to be low, factitious, and unmanly, it is undebased by the intrusion of personal laudation or satire. We had it therefore as a return to the legitimate method of criticism, and this the more because the facts bear out what the critic hints—namely, that the fame compassed by the poets in question forms, at the least, an example of that "coterie glory" which the existing phase of civilization and literary criticism engenders. Something similar has been already twice seen within this century in poetry, not to speak here of the other fine arts. Seventy years ago we had the once famous "Della Cruscan" school, surviving now only, if it can be called survival, in Gifford's ponderous but effective satire. In that school "culture" and refinement were the watchwords, and a little circle of mutual admiration contrived, by ingenious devices of criticism, to create in the outer world what for awhile looked like real fame. Afterwards we had the "mystic" school, to which the authors of *Fanshawe*, the *Roman*, and other kindred spirits, chronicled in fall by Mr. Gillman, belonged; and here, again, there was the same spectacle of the small band of devotees, unable to secure any permanent place for their favourites—although it is but fair to add that the praise in this case came from disinterested quarters, and that the intrinsic quality of the writers (as evidenced by the numerous editions of Mr. Bailey's poem) was much beyond that of the "Della Cruscan" group.

We do not intend here to express any opinion upon the actual merit of our so-called "Pre-Raphaelites." The pace is tremendous; but what the staying power may be will be decided by Time, that sole judge in the stadium of the Muses. Meanwhile, however, and without prejudice to the belief of these men of taste who pronounce these artists already sure of immortality, some of the elements may be pointed out which justify the phrase of "coterie glory." What are their leading inspirations? Mr. Swinburne's at first were of the literary or artistic order; they seem now (and we mean no criticism in saying it) to be the most advanced ideas of the "International," as magnified and idealized by the rhetorical glamour of M. Hugo. Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Morris work, broadly speaking, within Mr. Swinburne's earlier sphere. Both draw much from certain modern types of art which rarely venture within the coarse climate of public exhibition; both also—and here again we write without meaning to question their originality—are largely inspired by mediæval and Renaissance literature. There is a sense, of course, in which poetry must form itself upon former models and materials. But the poetry of which we are speaking rests also upon certain models in verse and prose, as authorities, without a knowledge of which much in the modern work loses its beauty or its significance. These poets, therefore, cannot be followed or enjoyed as they would wish to be, without a rare and peculiar course of preparation. Like a man at the Turkish bath, the reader must be prepared to undergo several antechambers, and become acclimated to their atmosphere and aroma, before he can recline in the luxury of their conversation within the inner sanctum.

And what are the characteristics of merit in poetry which these poets of this order can appeal only to? It is a question which, if it is to be answered, must be answered in a language of its own. This, however, is a question which, if it is to be answered, must be answered in a language of its own. They who have been at the

pains of mastering such special qualifications, by a natural law, soon regard them as the only canons of taste; nothing which does not conform to them has the true ring. Having conquered caviare, they find all that pleases "the general" tasteless. Philistinism itself is not more adverse to discrimination than this Pharisaic isolation. Once in this frame of mind, men rapidly unlearn judging in favour of believing; they feel that they do right to be partisans in such a cause; they taste the keen delights of initiation into a creed hidden from the vulgar; they reject all moderating or hostile criticism from the laity without, as proceeding from men not specially qualified; they tend to pass from faith into fanaticism. Hence also, the general attitude of criticism being of the tolerant or sceptical order already described, the believers at first write all the reviews, and man every bastion of what Goethe somewhere calls the "critical Zion." That it has been so in the case of our later "Pre-Raphaelites" is denied nowhere; indeed, the phenomenon has been welcomed with innocent, though imprudent, sympathy; and natural, or indeed inevitable, as such a process is, crowns thus decreed may certainly and uninvincibly be described as "coterie glory." The artist, whether in poetry or in painting, labours for the initiated; and the initiated, in turn, write their best about the poems and the pictures. In such a process there is nothing abnormal, nothing intentionally unfair, and we can hardly understand the wrath which it has excited in some quarters. The only question is, what is the value of this order of criticism? What promise of fulfilment is contained in its prophecies?

A curious sign, lastly, confirms the position which we have here advanced. It is the very essence of faith to be uncritical; to regard the day for criticism as passed. To the faithful any contradiction of faith inevitably assumes the character, not of fair divergence in judgment, but of heresy. Simple non-acceptance of the creed may provoke a pitying smile at the sceptic's invincible ignorance. But to question it must be malice, envy, and imbecility. There is something in human nature, alas! which makes everybody, except an office-hardened politician, hate criticism; but this feeling, from which even poets are not exempt, may be intensified inordinately when the poet sees nothing but worshippers around him. It seems to be simply impossible for the artist and his circle of believers to regard a criticism on his art as anything but a criticism on himself. Many of our readers who may have watched with amusement the recent squabble between Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Rossetti will recognize a proof of our statement. Into the merits of the case we decline to go; we do not ask whether Mr. Buchanan's attacks were well founded, whether he was entitled to use a pseudonym, or whether his article exhibited that good taste which is nowhere more called for than when a question of taste is the matter in discussion. Our point is, that the "Fleshy School of Poetry" did, in the main, attempt to try Mr. Rossetti's verses, and not Mr. Rossetti himself as distinct from Mr. Rossetti the author, by critical rules. That the poet, rudely roused from the security of fame generated by the too friendly voices of disciples, should have regarded his reviewer as actuated by base personal motives was natural. But it is characteristic that the followers should be under the same impression. One of the latest of them has just published a further reply to Mr. Buchanan, which rivals what we had too fondly believed was the tone of discussion and the form of argument peculiar to the "odium theologicum." Mr. Forman, the writer, is so hurried away by zeal for his faith that, though known only as a critic, he prefixes to his paper a cruel (and in his case, we are sure, an inapplicable) motto, describing critics as the offspring of jealousy and literary failure. To re-state Mr. Buchanan's arguments in his own vocabulary appears to Mr. Forman, and we do not doubt appears in perfect good faith, equivalent to their refutation. To quote in full Mr. Rossetti's sonnet on "Nuptial Sleep" is proof of its maiden modesty of phrase so absolute that a man must be, we cannot venture to say what, who denies it. The gist of the whole is; that every criticism made against the book is in fact levelled against the author. What reads like a remark that a rhyme is weak is really an ungentlemanly libel on the rhymester. It is obvious that this is the canon, not of criticism, but of fanatic faith; nay, that it implicitly treats criticism as sin. For what judgment is possible if critical blame is treated as personal malignity, and if to ascribe affectation to a song is the same as to insult an artist? Yet such is the impassioned spirit of coterie that this appears to be the underlying, though no doubt the wholly unconscious, postulate of the poet and his followers. We altogether disclaim such an inference; and give notice that when we say that Mr. Buchanan's attack is less damaging than Mr. Forman's defence, we do not thereby imply that Mr. Forman has a base or wilful intention to injure Mr. Rossetti. He is only what some writer calls "that worst of enemies, your worshipper." But we have detained the reader long enough over the details of a squabble which assuredly has been hitherto no "battle of the giants."

By the preceding remarks we do not mean to suggest that the glory which begins in a coterie may not ultimately reach the generality and permanence of fame in its only serious sense. *Solitary ambulation.* And we will anticipate an objection which may possibly be made to our argument, by adding that such fame has in fact often started within a small circle of believing friends. Indeed, glory in general must originate with the acceptance of some two or three, especially when the artist is either much opposed to the fashion of his day or much in advance of it. Very few, like Byron or Scott, can awake and find themselves famous. But it is a truism to add that where coterie glory has

been the cradle of true glory, the circle of friends must have consisted of exceptionally gifted and impartial judges. More often (we may quote Keats and Shelley as recent examples), the believers with whom fame begins are not friends with their innocent but almost inevitable bias, but isolated persons of taste within the crowd which they are destined at last to convert to their own conviction. To be welcomed thus, whilst the artist finds among his own friends his first critics and his last believers, is by far the most healthy condition for genius. It is a severe atmosphere no doubt, and one wholly unlike the forcing-house air of the coterie, with its exotic flowers and subtle sickly perfumes. But the fruits produced within this atmosphere, if any, will be mature, and wholesome, and permanent. And it is by these signs, and by these alone, so far as they apply to transient and unstable humanity, that we can recognize the growth of secure and genuine glory.

#### THE BEAUTIES OF LONDON.

IT is our modern humour to affect a passion for savage scenery. Every Cockney can babble of green fields, and has raptures at command for the first prospect of rocks and glaciers. We are never tired of expressing our contempt for the canopy of fog under which we live so comfortably, and for the gloomy vistas of smoke-dried brick and mortar in which we nevertheless contrive to exist. Johnson's manly preference of Charing Cross to the most romantic scenery excites no sympathy in our bosoms, or at least we are ashamed of openly responding to it. Once we despised a lover of field-sports as a mere country bumpkin or boorish Squire Western. Now many men would rather be held insensible to the charms of the Fine Arts than to those of partridge-shooting. Persons who for ten months of every year are limited to the pavement of Pall Mall affect the airs of country gentlemen, and walk as though they felt rather awkward out of the saddle. Is there not also some spice of snobbishness in decrying the merits of our mother city, and extolling moors and mountains above the honest level flagstones of our native streets? We are always sneering at the Parisian for his fanatical adherence to the asphalté. He may carry his passion to extremes, but after all one would say that he has as good a *prima facie* case as we. Why should it be right to quarrel with our daily bread and butter; to become too sentimental to endure the necessary surroundings of our daily life, and to admire a place precisely in proportion as it is unsuitable to the wants of our fellow-creatures? That a philosopher should necessarily love retirement is intelligible; we must have intervals of relief from barrel-organs and omnibuses and the shouts of "second editions!" "God Almighty first made a garden," says Bacon; and we accept the implied inference that fragments of wilderness—that is, of wilderness properly dressed and cultivated—contribute an essential element to the harmony of our lives. But we begin to hesitate when Cowley, seduced by a love of antithesis, goes one step further, and declares that

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

And we protest altogether against the insinuation implied in the often-quoted aphorism about the town and the country. So long as it is only gardens that are in question, there is some recognition of the charm added to raw, uncultivated nature by human agency; but when it is attempted to set up the country pure and simple as superior to the town, and superior for the very reason that it has not been sophisticated by man, we are inclined to invert the argument. It would prove that we should prefer raw meat to cooked, and that a savage who plasters himself with mud is better than a civilized being who puts on a coat. The revolt against the artificial tastes of the last century explains the sentiment of Cowper, which is indeed a mere corollary from the sentimental adoration of uncivilized life inculcated by Rousseau and his disciples; but we have surely advanced a little beyond the stage at which such opinions are plausible. When all men wore wigs it was pardonable to insist upon the advantage of keeping the hair in a state of nature; but it is time to be laying more stress upon the necessity of using brush and comb. The love of the wild and savage, purely because it is wild and savage, has surely reached its extreme limit. The simple absence of any direct relation to humanity cannot be a sufficient reason for admiring any object. In the controversy which arose half a century ago about the merits of Pope's poetry, Bowles maintained, in opposition to Byron, that there was something essentially more poetical in natural than in artificial objects; that the sea, for example, was more poetical than ships, and mountains than towns. Byron retorted by asking whether the ruins of the Parthenon did not go for more in the interest of the view of Athens than the natural features of Hymettus; and whether the Grand Canal did not owe its charm rather to the palaces which look down upon it than to its connexion with the Adriatic. The problem stated in these terms may be considered as insoluble; for it is absurd to lay down as a universal truth that an artificial is superior to a natural product, or the reverse. Most people, however, would probably so far agree with Byron as to admit that Venice and Athens are more impressive to them than any mountains, seas, or rivers; the town touches our sympathies at a far greater number of points, if its aspect is not so overpowering from certain particular points of view.

Now London, to return to the point from which we started, is not intrinsically beautiful; if some half-dozen buildings were



removed it might even be described as containing a greater mass of uniform ugliness than any equal area in the world; and we are sometimes inclined to fancy that the absence of beautiful architecture deprives the vast city of any poetical interest. It matters little, however, what may be the means by which associations are suggested. London is impressive, not because of the fine proportions or exquisite details of its buildings, but by force of the thoughts which it dimly prompts in every intelligent mind. Wordsworth, supposed to be the great poet of country life, is fairly overcome by the view from Westminster Bridge at sunrise. "Earth," he declares, with almost exaggerated emphasis—

Earth hath not anything to show more fair.

And, as he afterwards says:—

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill.

Yet in 1803, the date of this celebrated sonnet, the banks of the river could boast less of architectural beauty than at present. The genuine poet is impressed by the sentiment, in spite of the external ugliness, just as we may be struck by the moral beauty of one of those faces which we conventionally describe as ugly. Monmouth Street is not precisely the spot to which we should conduct an intelligent foreigner in the hope of impressing him with the majesty of our metropolis; and yet it was in Monmouth Street, if we may believe his biographer, that the idea of his great work first flashed across the brain of Teufelsdröckh. "Often," he says, "while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of civilized life, the capital of England, and meditated and questioned destiny under that ink-sea of vapour, black, thick and multifarious as Spartan broth; and was one lone soul amid those grinding millions—often have I turned into their old clothes-market to worship. With awestruck heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, with its empty suits, as through a Sanhedrim of silent ghosts." Teufelsdröckh, it must be confessed, is a slightly eccentric philosopher; and it was owing to the peculiar turn of his speculations that Monmouth Street impressed him more than any other quarter of the "monstrous tuberosity." But he that has eyes to see, who can be moved by tragedy as it appears in a police-court as well as when it puts on the conventional state robes, can find a sufficient stimulus to the imagination even in the meanest and dirtiest of London alleys. Few people are likely to be much impressed by the "finest site in Europe," as far as its architecture is concerned, by the pepper-boxes of the National Gallery, or the mastheaded admiral, or the lion who watches on Northumberland House; or to feel much jarred by that manufactory of which Mr. Matthew Arnold has so pathetically complained, because, after all, there is no beautiful object to come into contrast with it; yet nobody could look at the ebbing and flowing tide of human beings, dingy, disreputable, and wretched as a large proportion of the tide may be, without acknowledging that there is some force in the Johnsonian maxim. This indeed may be taken to show, not that London is beautiful, but that it is impressive to the moralist or the philosopher. Without disputing about words, or asking whether their power of stimulating sentiment does not amount to beauty of a kind, we may remark that it is the latent sense of this human interest which heightens the effect of what is more strictly speaking beautiful. Compare, for example, a sunset as it is often seen from the Marble Arch, and a sunset as seen from some established show place in the Alps. Undoubtedly there is greater delicacy of colouring, and of course a far greater extent of horizon, visible from the Rigi or the Faulhorn; and there is a suggestion of material massiveness which is entirely absent from its rival. Yet when the sunset in the clear Western sky is contrasted by the vast lurid cloud which owes its sombre dignity to the contributions of thousands of chimney-pots from Park Lane to Bethnal Green, the inferior extent of the London view is made up by the dramatic intensity of the sentiment.

The cloud which overhangs a vast city is not bigger or brighter, probably it is both dimmer and smaller, than that which clings to the flanks of a mountain; but an indistinct recollection of all that is concealed beneath it gives it the same sort of impressiveness which there would be in the commonest deal box which we supposed to be destined for a murdered corpse. The cloud in itself is nothing more than its thousands of uninteresting brethren that are wandering aimlessly over the monotonous fields of an agricultural county; but here it is the curtain which hangs about innumerable tragedies, and has therefore an acquired majesty. Readers of Balzac know what wonderful effects he produces by minute descriptions of the tortuous lanes and queer passages of the old Paris; in his hands the commonest walls become ominous of strange horrors. Even so, any picturesque gleam of light or depth of shadow in London streets is, if rightly interpreted by the help of a careful study of police reports, far more impressive than the wildest jungle where only wild beasts lurk, or the most tremendous chasm of the mountains. The Thames is not perhaps so beautiful in itself as the Rhine, or even as a good many Alpine torrents, though it is full of picturesque bits of scenery to which painters have hardly yet done justice; but tinge it with some of the sentiment belonging to it; think of the celebrated carpet-bag which plunged into it from Waterloo Bridge, of Hood's *Bridge of Sighs*, or of the admirable descriptions of river life in which Dickens delighted—to say nothing of those legitimate historical associations which never come when they are wanted—and the Thames gains an almost Shakespearean intensity of interest. We hurry through the streets carelessly and thoughtlessly; few of us realize what impressive effects of

Rembrandt-like light and shade are produced by the gloomy atmosphere which we abuse; and still less do we give ourselves time to invest a great city with those associations which are its natural due. Some of the associations, it is true, would be as unpleasant that we should scarcely care to dwell upon them; but we should perhaps be inclined to admit, after a time, that if London is not strictly beautiful in an artistic sense, it has a curious fascination of its own which has not yet found a worthy expositor.

#### THE CLERGYMAN OF THE FUTURE

THERE is an unpleasant story among the old legends of the buccaneers of an evil-minded surgeon attached to one of the pirate ships, who, having got an enemy into his power, gratified at once his thirst for vengeance and his passion for experimental science by cutting his victim gradually in pieces, now dexterously slicing off a finger or two, then a foot, then a leg or an arm, and deferring the final and fatal stab until there was nothing left but a maimed and helpless torso. The wicked leech was anxious, it is said, to see how long life could be preserved under successive amputations, and how small a fragment of body was sufficient to lodge the soul. It might almost be supposed that there is some design to practise in a similar manner upon the English Church. Attempts are constantly made to subject it to a process of protracted vivisection. First one limb, then another is threatened; church-rates are gone, the churchyards are besieged, and it is confessed that the object of seizing upon the churchyards is simply to get more readily at the pulpit and the altar. If this sort of thing goes on, disestablishment may well be welcomed, and even demanded, as a *coup de grâce*. There are two ways of attacking the Church. One is to try to pull it down at once about the ears of the congregations, the other is to worry people out of it. And it is the latter course which appears at present to be most in favour. These petty and miserable tactics are doubtless dictated by policy. In the first place, the Samson who is capable of dragging down the pillars of the Establishment in a muscular embrace has yet to be discovered. And, even if the summary disestablishment and disendowment of the Church were practicable, it would perhaps hardly suit the interests of the Nonconformist leaders. If the Church fell, the Liberation Society would fall too. There would then be nothing left to agitate about, no pretext for subscriptions, no useful platform at the service of Dissenting politicians; they would have to pay their own election expenses, and to invent another cry. From this point of view, there is a good deal to be said in favour of making the present cry last as long as possible. The Church is to be condemned to a lingering death in order that the Liberation Society may not be cut off in its prime. The Church of England is not an absolutely perfect institution, and it is possible that there are "judicious reforms" in its constitution which deserve consideration; but it should at least be understood that it is idle and foolish to offer concessions in the hope of appeasing sectarian animosity. At the beginning of the present Parliament Mr. Morley, in seconding the Address, formally intimated that the Dissenters would be satisfied with the settlement of the Tests question, and with a reasonable compromise in regard to the Burial Bill. Mr. Morley, however, has failed to produce the amendment he promised in order to carry out his suggestion that some common religious services should be agreed upon for use at the grave; and Mr. Miall has declared that the possession of the burial-grounds is sought with a view to ulterior objects, and that no compromise can be allowed.

It must be confessed that the prospects of the clergy are by no means encouraging. If the Burial Bill, the Ecclesiastical Procedure Bill, and the Occasional Services Bill are to be taken as significant of the spirit of future legislation, the position of the proverbial toad under the harrow will be happy and dignified compared with that of a minister of the Church of England. It is hard to say whether the Church has more to fear from the attacks of open enemies or the blundering attentions of her friends. There is no reason to suppose that Lord Shaftesbury cherishes secret hostility to the communion of which he is ostensibly a member, and it is known that he received encouragement from several occupants of the episcopal bench in the preparation of his Ecclesiastical Procedure Bill. Yet it is difficult to conceive any measure fraught with greater mischief to the peace and harmony of the Church. The Bishop of Peterborough's able and trenchant speech exhausted the arguments against this shortsighted and dangerous Bill, and ensured its immediate rejection. It would have enabled any three persons in a diocese to prosecute, or, in effect, to persecute, a clergyman on any question of ritual that might be trumped up against him. The three prosecutors might be the greatest fools or rogues in the district. Three imbecile old women, half blind or deaf, and wholly stupid; the squire, whose wife was offended by the rector's wife not having promptly returned her visit, or who was himself smarting under a spiritual rebuke, with his bailiff and gardener, a publican, who had been offended by a sermon against drunkenness, with his potboy and barmaid; or even the keeper of a worse place of resort, with a couple of his most frequent visitors, might make up the prosecuting trio. Any three persons in any part of the diocese, no matter how distant from the parish in which the accused clergyman officiated, might club together in the indulgence of personal spite or meddlesome vanity in order to get up a prosecution. The authority of the Bishop was entirely over-ruled in criminal prosecutions grand juries have the right of setting

aside unreasonable indictments; there are other processes of law which cannot be commenced without the sanction of the Attorney-General. Even apple-women and contermongers are protected from malicious prosecutions for trading on Sunday at the instance of "sunny, foolish, and misguided people," as Lord Shaftesbury called them not long since, by the interposition of the chief constable, two justices, or a stipendiary magistrate, whose assent must be procured to a prosecution. But, under Lord Shaftesbury's Bill, the clergy would have been left absolutely at the mercy of any three silly or malignant persons who might choose to fancy, or to pretend, that the rubric had been violated, and who were willing to spend a little money in baiting a helpless clergyman, with perhaps a large family and a small purse, to whom a law-suit would be utter ruin. Indeed there was nothing in the Bill to prevent the Liberation Society from devoting its funds to this congenial purpose. Mr. Cowper-Temple's Bill for throwing open the pulpits of the Church to laymen or ministers of other denominations is also, we doubt not, excellent in its intention, but it might, if it became law, be used in a way very different from that contemplated by its author. As Mr. Gladstone pointed out, it would introduce into the Church preachers who were relieved from all discipline and control, and who could proclaim any doctrines they pleased. Lord Shaftesbury threw a good deal of light on his own state of mind when he spoke of doctrine as a "minor matter" compared with ritual. Of course, if doctrine is of no consequence, and ritual is everything, something might be said for Mr. Cowper-Temple's Bill.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and the measures of which we have been speaking indicate perhaps the sort of legislation which is in store for the Church. If so, the clergyman of the future is certainly to be pitied. We can imagine him struggling under the accumulated indignities and perplexities of his unhappy position. As he passes through the churchyard on his way to his church, he is observed by a passionate Shepherd who is celebrating the funeral of one of the pillars of his Little Bethel, and who thereupon redoubles his stentorian denunciations of the pride and vain-glory of a Babylonian Establishment, while the mourners turn to hoot the representative of priestly tyranny as he glides meekly past in the shadow of the wall. Further on a Positivist Professor is taking advantage of the burial of a member of the Commune to glorify assassination and rebellion, but his voice is almost drowned by the clamour of a party of Shakers, who are working themselves into convulsions by manual shrieks and breakdowns. From another part of the enclosure rises the cheerful melody of a Bradlaughite hymn; the Free-thought Republicans and the Fenians have clubbed their funds for an empty coffin which they bury periodically (of course always digging it up again), as a pretext for a demonstration and subscription. Entering the church, the clergyman finds a bevy of dejected wives' sisters, a mother-in-law who has taken compassion on her disconsolate son-in-law, and a pretty niece who is going to console her uncle for the loss of her aunt, ranged before the altar-rails, waiting to be married. An apostle of Strauss is lecturing from the pulpit on the ludicrous aspects of Christianity, and it appears from a time-table programme attached to the clerk's desk that the pulpit is likely to be engaged for the rest of the day, as a Carmelite friar and a Plymouth Brother are both waiting to take their turn. In the evening the church is to be at the disposal of the Recreative Religionists, who have prepared a grand entertainment in aid of Decayed Unbelievers. The clergyman puts his name down for the use of his own pulpit on the only vacant day, and as he is leaving a couple of letters are thrust into his hand. One is from the Secretary of the Church Association, intimating that he will be prosecuted unless he immediately conforms to the ritual prescribed in an accompanying circular, and the other from the Secretary of the Church Union, announcing similar measures if he dares to depute from the established rubric. He has already two or three suits on his hands at the instance of several tribes of malcontents in the diocese; his wife's money has been exhausted in law expenses, he has had to take his boys from school, to let the parsonage, and go into cheap lodgings. The summonses of the rival Vigilance Committees of the Church fill up his cup, and he resolves to throw off his gown and emigrate. It is easy to say that this is an exaggerated and overstrained picture of the state of things which would prevail if the Barons Bill and similar measures were followed out to their practical results; but it is not so easy to show where the line is to be drawn if the principle is once admitted that the churches and churchyards of the Establishment are to be freely at the disposal of all sects alike. The power and authority of the Church have been due in a great measure to the high character of the clergy, to their faith and pride in their work, their learning, independence, and devotion. They have held an honourable place, and they have shown themselves, as a body, worthy of it. But these are not the men to submit tamely to the indignities and humiliation which it is proposed to heap upon their office, nor are men qualified to succeed them likely to be attracted by the kind of legislation which has been recommended. The Church as it is known and honoured has been produced under certain well-known conditions, and if those conditions are altered, it is idle to expect that the Church will remain the same.

## JURIES.

THE hardship and partiality of operation of the present system of summoning juries ought to be considered separately from the general question of the utility of juries in civil cases. If this ancient institution is worth preserving it ought to be improved, and we think that its value was well shown by Mr. Denman in a recent debate in the House of Commons. "If," he said, "cases were tried in the superior Courts without juries, it would soon become well known what views were held by certain judges on particular classes of cases, and all sorts of jobbery would be resorted to by suitors to get their causes tried by judges who had shown a leaning to the view they themselves held." This jobbery could only be practised under considerable restrictions, but Mr. Denman's experience correctly informed him that there would be strong inducement to attempt it. Railway Companies complain of the prevailing tendency of juries to find verdicts against them, but the public would probably have greater reason to complain if the decisions in cases of alleged negligence were wholly left to judges. Any lawyer whose experience extends over the last twenty years must know that in a large number of cases which have been tried during that time the decisions of particular judges on the facts might have been predicted with certainty, beforehand. As the law stands, the judge may, and often does, withdraw a case from the consideration of the jury, but if it goes to them they are quite as likely to find against the judge's view of the case as in accordance with it. The influence of the Railway Companies is in various ways so enormous that, in reference to them, the institution of juries has something of the same value which it has been always held to have in cases between the Crown and the subject. It is quite true that juries have frequently gone further in imposing liability on Railway Companies than an impartial Judge would approve; but, speaking generally, it is better for the public that they should go too far in this direction than not far enough.

The difference between juries and judges in this respect may be illustrated by reference to an action which arose out of the fall of an iron girder upon a train of the Metropolitan Railway Company during the construction of the new Meat Market at Smithfield. The girder was suspended preparatory to being fixed in position to support the structure of the market which has been raised above the railway. The suspending chains slipped, and the girder fell upon a train which happened to be passing at the moment. Several passengers were killed or wounded, and one of them brought this action against the Railway Company. The works were being carried on by the Corporation of London under Parliamentary powers. The question in the case was whether the Railway Company were liable to compensate the injured passenger as having negligently omitted any reasonable precaution for the safety of their train. The case came on for trial at the assizes, and by an arrangement between the parties it was reserved for consideration by the Court, without calling on the jury to give their verdict. But it was assumed by judge and counsel at the trial that the verdict, if given, would have been against the Company. When the case came before the Court of Common Pleas, that Court considered itself to be placed by the terms of the reservation in the position of a jury, and, looking at the case as a jury, it decided that the Company was liable. There was then an appeal to the Exchequer Chamber, where the decision was that the Company was not liable, and on further appeal to the House of Lords this decision was upheld. Thus the plaintiff ultimately failed, although he had the Court of Common Pleas in his favour, and he almost certainly would have had the jury also in his favour if the case had gone to them. The case, having reached the exalted tribunal of the House of Lords, enjoyed the advantage of being irradiated by those bright beams of equity which, as Lord Westbury might say, do not descend to that lower level upon which common lawyers generally, and particularly certain Judges of the Common Pleas, are content to form what they think are legal judgments in what they are pleased to call their minds. It is not our present purpose to discuss the reasons for the ultimate decision in this case, but merely to use it as an illustration of the probable consequences of depriving juries of the share which they now possess in the decision of this class of cases. The plaintiff was an ordinary passenger who had of course no conception of the risk which he incurred when he took a ticket by the train. It was a risk which no rational person would have incurred for the sake of the convenience of travelling by that train. The Railway Company knew that the hoisting of girders was part of the work which was being done above their line, and they had both the power and opportunity to place the contractors for the work under obligation to arrange for its performance with proper regard to the safety of their trains. Even if this were not so, they had power to arrange their trains so that they should not pass along that portion of the line while a girder was suspended by chains above it. Any ordinary person, with a mind unenlightened by that effulgence of wisdom which guides the decisions of the House of Lords, would have thought that the Railway Company was bound to do as much as this. It is convenient, and perhaps our habits have made it almost necessary, that this Railway Company should run its trains every five or ten minutes; but still, if we were told that we were to pass under a suspended girder, we should prefer to be late for our appointment, or to take a cab. The Company by their method of proceeding reversed a well-known quotation. They seem to have thought that it was worth while *propter causas vicendi perdere ritum*, or, in other words, for the sake of the business or pleasures

of life to lose life itself. We assume that the tackle was strong, and managed with ordinary care, but still it might slip, and it did. The decision of the Exchequer Chamber and the House of Lords might perhaps be reckoned among many proofs of the truth of the remark of a legal luminary, that the wisdom of the Law is not like the wisdom of ordinary mankind. At any rate we think that ninety-nine juries out of a hundred would have found a verdict in this case against the Railway Company, and we venture to regard the tendency of juries to find such verdicts as wholesome, although liable to be carried to excess, and requiring to be watched and controlled, as it now is, by judges.

Supposing the existing system of summoning juries to be reformed, so that the duty may be fairly distributed, we do not see any hardship on individuals which is not more than counterbalanced by the advantages of the system to society. The varied practical experience of twelve men of different pursuits is highly valuable. Without ascribing any sanctity to the number twelve, we should say that there is no good reason for altering this number, unless it be determined to try the questionable experiment of substituting the verdict of a majority for that of the whole number. The complaints which one commonly hears proceed, not from juriesmen who have been employed, but from those who have been kept waiting without employment. If serving on juries is, as we hold it to be, a valuable part of the education of a citizen, it appears undesirable to minimize the opportunities by which that education may be obtained. It deserves consideration, too, that the abolition of juries would necessarily produce a vast increase in the already formidable bulk of law reports. Taking again for illustration the case of an action against a Railway Company for alleged negligence, it is to be observed that the question which most usually produces a report is whether there was evidence in support of the plaintiff's case which ought to have been submitted to the jury. If the judge thought there was not, he would nonsuit the plaintiff, and the propriety of his ruling might afterwards be brought before the Court *in banc*. But although there are many such cases, there are infinitely many more which are tried by a jury under direction of a judge and nothing more is heard of them, nor do any reports appear of the trials except in newspapers. If, however, the judge decided all questions both of law and fact, it is difficult to see how to avoid the necessity of reporting at considerable length many cases which are now consigned to convenient oblivion. This necessity already prevails to a great extent in the Court of Chancery, and although something has been done of late years to diminish the number of bulky volumes which are indispensable in a lawyer's practice, the shelves of legal libraries still groan under an almost unmanageable mass. The Attorney-General said that it was an advantage of the present system that a judge who tries a case is compelled to state his view of it in a manner that may be intelligible to twelve ordinary men. We may add that it is a further advantage that the judge's statement of his view is not usually reported, except perhaps in newspapers.

We do not greatly favour a proposal which has been made for the employment on special juries of persons "who have very little indeed to do, who are very intelligent, and who would be glad to be so employed." A special jury in London or Middlesex as now constituted includes a considerable variety of experience and practical knowledge and ability which men of leisure would not necessarily possess. It has been stated that it depends upon a man himself whether his name appears in the list of special or of common jurors, but in fact there is a great difference in the class of men who usually serve on special as compared with common juries. Certain varieties of actions almost always succeed if tried by common juries, but very often fail if the defendant goes to the expense of a special jury. If it be said that this is a confession of weakness which goes far to condemn the entire system, we answer that judges as well as juries have their prejudices, and by combining the two in a trial one is made a check upon the other. It must be remembered that, from relationship or other causes, there is always danger that particular counsel may acquire predominating influence over a judge, whereas this can hardly happen with juries which are changed from day to day. We may admit that judges devote many perplexing questions upon juries, who settle them by methods scarcely to be approved by a refined judicial intellect. The amount of damages is supposed to be often fixed by taking the aggregate of the sums named by all the jurymen and dividing it by twelve. But perhaps this rough justice is as good as any other. Let the lists of jurymen be carefully prepared, and the persons whose names appear in them be fairly summoned, and if possible employed, and we believe that the jury-box will continue to be a popular institution.

#### THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND THE REPRESENTATIVE WORKING-MEN.

THE Lord Chamberlain must have passed an anxious and exhausting week. The thanksgiving in St. Paul's is a State ceremonial, and the ordering of it consequently falls to his charge. He has had to distribute a limited number of seats among an unlimited number of applicants, to weigh the relative dignity of all kinds of public functionaries and representative persons, to settle a great many minute questions of etiquette and precedence, and to submit to be teased and badgered by a multitude of people who think themselves slighted and ill used. Somebody has been

writing to the papers to complain that the entry in front of the Lord Chamberlain's door at St. James's Palace is too large, and that as he passes to and fro along the narrow strip of pavement there is no room for anybody else to share it, and no alternative for the public but to walk in the mud. We are afraid this correspondent is a disappointed ticket-seeker. Surely this is not the time to grudge Lord Sydney the protection of the largest entry in the service. Indeed, it is satisfactory to have this visible proof that there are still large entries to be had, and that the army is not wholly composed of the lathy undersized striplings who are supposed to be identified with Mr. Cardwell's economic economies. The Lord Chamberlain appears to have got on very smoothly with the Peers, but the Commons were more troublesome. It has been arranged that each member is to have a ticket for his wife, if he has one, and a free passage on board the penny steamer from St. Stephen's to St. Paul's. A Scotch member, however, seemed to be rather nervous lest marriage certificates, about which his countrymen are understood not to be always very particular, would have to be produced; while Mr. Montague Guest was very persistent and eloquent in pleading the claims of unmarried members to the additional ticket for the benefit of any lady whom they might choose as their companion for the day. It was officially explained that the ticket for a wife was a great concession, and quite without precedent, and that woman's rights could not be recognized any further. There appears to be a strong popular desire that the Cabinet should emulate the heroic policy of the Aldermen, and join the procession on horseback, or at least in carriages; but the Ministry are not disposed to make themselves conspicuous. It is on record that when Lord Bute visited the City he used to be attended by a bodyguard of prison-keepers specially retained for the occasion; and even Pitt in 1789 was "very grossly insulted on his way to the Cathedral, in consequence of which he did not return in his own carriage, but stopped to dine with the Speaker and some other gentlemen in Doctors' Commons; he was escorted home in the evening by a party of the London Light Horse." The People's William, however, can hardly be apprehensive of similar treatment from his own flesh and blood. It is a pity the procession cannot be made more of a pageant, but the mere addition of a great many carriages to its length would make it only more tedious, not more picturesque or impressive.

Perhaps the most startling and puzzling circumstance connected with the arrangements for Tuesday is the announcement that "the Lord Chamberlain has very gracefully reserved a considerable number of seats in St. Paul's for those representative members of the working classes in the metropolis who may desire to participate in the ceremony." Of course it is highly desirable that as many people as possible should be provided with seats in the Cathedral, and that all classes should be represented. The invitation to "the representative members of the working classes" would seem, however, to require some explanation. If they are to be present in their representative capacity, it is important that it should be distinctly understood whom they are supposed to represent, and on what authority their representation is based. How, we should like to know, does the Lord Chamberlain take cognizance of the representatives of the working classes? Hullam has remarked that the common law of England has "never recognized gentlemen," and we imagine that it has also overlooked or ignored the distinction of caste or class which has just been brought into notice by the Lord Chamberlain. It has hitherto been assumed that there are only two orders of Englishmen, the peer and the commoner. Is it now to be understood that there are three orders instead of two—peers, commoners, and working-men—and that the working classes are to be regarded as an estate distinct from, and independent of, the rest of the community. This would seem to be the natural inference to be drawn from Lord Sydney's "gracious" act. The House of Commons is to represent the general community, but not the working-men, who are to be specially represented by members of their own order. Before the last Reform Act, when a large proportion of the working classes had no votes, it might perhaps have been plausibly argued that they were not represented by the House of Commons. But they have votes now, if they choose to use them, and their representation in the popular Assembly must therefore be held to be complete; indeed it is on this very ground that the adoption of the Ballot has been justified by the Government. Since the extension of the suffrage the working classes have played an important part in various constituencies, and have thrown their influence now on one side now on another. But there is one thing which they have carefully, persistently, and invariably refrained from doing, in spite of much pressure and solicitation, and that is from electing what are called working-class candidates to represent them in Parliament. No list has been published of "the representative members of the working classes" who have been chosen for exhibition in St. Paul's, but if, as is possible, and perhaps too probable, they belong to the set of men who go about calling themselves working-men and professing to speak with authority on behalf of that class, it is necessary that it should be pointed out that the working classes themselves have never endorsed these pretensions. Whether the working-men of Chelsea showed good taste and sound judgment in preferring a brace of baronets to representatives of the Odger type is a question we have no desire to argue. We are speaking only of facts, and it is an indisputable fact that not only were the baronets preferred on this occasion, but that Mr. Odger has been repeatedly rejected by democratic constituencies, and that not a

single working-man candidate has been elected in any part of the kingdom. And, if the working classes so emphatically repudiate representation by people of this sort in Parliament, why should it be supposed that they will be flattered by being so represented in St. Paul's? Again, if the invitation has been addressed to the officials and delegates of the Trade Unions, it must be observed that the Unionists compose only a fraction of the whole labouring population, and that the non-Unionist majority have at least an equal right to be taken into account.

The Lord Chamberlain is not only an officer of the Royal Household, but a subordinate member of the political administration of the day, and it may perhaps have been thought a good stroke of policy to bid for a little popularity among the democrats of the metropolis. It would appear that neither Mr. Odger nor Mr. Bradlaugh has been conciliated by Mr. Beales having been made a Judge, and it may be doubted whether Republican agitators, who have been and are still busily engaged in vilifying and denouncing the monarchy, will receive the invitation to be present at St. Paul's in the spirit in which it is offered. The *sans-culottes* of Monaco could not forgive Rabagas for going to Court in knee-breeches, and the Freethought Republicans whom Mr. Bradlaugh is supposed to lead would naturally resent the double treason which would be involved in his countenancing a ceremony based on a recognition of the Deity and loyalty to the Crown. It is unfortunate that "the representative members of the working classes" whose names are most familiar should have chiefly distinguished themselves by their seditious violence and insolent defiance of authority. Between a Government which is charged with the enforcement of the law and an impudent brawler who collects a mob in a public place merely, as he intimates, because the Government has forbidden it, there can be no decent or honest interchange of civilities. If anybody is anxious to know the kind of language which the agitators to whom the Lord Chamberlain is said to have "graciously" addressed himself are now using in regard to the approaching ceremony, they should refer to the organs of the party. The shameless print which rejoiced with infamous glee over the death of the Prince of Wales's infant son has not failed to improve the present occasion in a similar spirit. The Socialist quacks or fanatics who lately offered their services, through the appropriate medium of Mr. Scott Russell, to the Conservative party, and some of whom have since hired themselves out as the peripatetic agents of the Liberation Society, will probably not be persuaded to surrender their project of sunny gardens at the public expense by the offer of back seats in a dark cathedral. It will have been observed that whenever one set of these so-called working-men come to the front, they are immediately denounced by rival speculators in the same imposture. It is notorious that these agitators are not working-men at all, and that they trade on the fiction just as the sham soldiers and sailors who beg in the streets trade on their borrowed uniforms and pretended amputations. The Lord Chamberlain will have some difficulty in distributing his favours impartially between the "Hole-in-the-Wall," the Hall of Science, the International Association, and the "Cockspur Street lot" who are accused of "devilling for the Treasury Whip." If Mr. Finlen and Mr. Bradlaugh can be persuaded to join Mr. Gladstone in a solemn thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, we can only hope that it will do them good; but as a trick of political canvassing we are afraid that it will lead to disappointment. If any value is attached to it, it will be only as a pledge of personal sympathy and more substantial concessions. There is no desire to inquire too curiously as to the private persons on whom the Lord Chamberlain may have bestowed tickets, but it is obvious that the public recognition by a high officer of State of the politicians of the pavement as a representative body entitled to a place beside the Lords and Commons is a circumstance which calls for some explanation. If there is to be class representation, it may be asked why any one class is selected for this distinction, and also why the working classes are to be represented without their consent, and against their will, by a set of men whom they have by their votes on all occasions consistently and steadfastly repudiated? In itself this may appear to be a small matter, but unfortunately it is only another indication of that false and fawning flattery of a particular class which is at once immoral and demoralizing.

#### EMIGRATION.

THE largest part of the emigration from our shores goes to the United States. It is not wonderful that emigrants should prefer a short voyage to a long one; and, as compared with the cold of Canada or the heat of the West Indies, the temperate region which lies between them is as attractive now as it was three hundred years ago. The idea of white immigration into the West Indies has been almost abandoned, although, as Mr. Kingsley has pointed out, there were a hundred or more years ago flourishing communities of English origin in islands which are now almost exclusively occupied by coloured people, who are able to live in a rude way with very little labour. There is probably no subject on which hastily formed opinions are more likely to prove erroneous than this of colonization. We look at the crowded population of a great town, and we read of countless millions of acres of waste land existing in our colonies, and we can only understand

by experience the difficulty of moving ten families from England to Australia. It is obvious indeed, on a slight consideration of the subject, that the class of men whom we at home should be most willing to deport are exactly those whom the colonies would be least willing to receive. But as regards women, it is wonderful that emigration has not been carried further than it has. It is stated in the last Report of the Emigration Commissioners that they lately received from the Government of New South Wales a request that they would undertake the expenditure of a sum of money voted by the Colonial Legislature for immigration in sending out to the colony "female domestic servants." We shall take the liberty of assuming that the emigrants sent out under this name would rapidly pass into the condition of wives of the humbler class of settlers, and that this change would be neither unexpected nor undesired by some at least of the emigrants. There was some difficulty in sending them out, and if an attempt were made to promote emigration of women of a higher class it would probably be a lamentable failure. It is perhaps surprising that the agitators for woman's rights have not taken this matter of emigration in hand more effectively than they have done. They would immediately obtain—although perhaps they would not greatly value it—the sympathy and co-operation of many men who are now disposed to laugh at them. They surely might induce people of the middle-class to look more than they now do to emigration in educating their daughters. There are many parents who cannot hope to leave fortunes to their girls, nor even to find husbands for them at home, but who might, if they set about it in good time, give them such training and opportunities as would enable them to marry comfortably in the colonies. Society owes at least thus much to Miss Faithfull and her allies, that it has been taught by them to put aside false delicacy in discussing the position and prospects of women. We think that the time has almost come when the Government of New South Wales might venture to say what it doubtless means, and might request the Emigration Commissioners to send out to the colony an assortment of young women suitable to become wives of artisans and farmers. If a young man in a colony can keep himself, he can usually keep a wife; and the more children he has the better, since they are all likely to be able to live, and some of them to prosper, in a country in which they have been born and bred. As a possible preparation for colonial life, the efforts which are being made to procure more useful education for girls deserve to be heartily supported. We do not object to women practising as doctors in England if they can get patients, but, as a qualification for the wife of a settler in a new country, a knowledge of medicine, as of cookery or laundry work, must be highly valuable. Perhaps by the time that a crop of girls educated in useful things have grown up, a method will have been invented of exporting them to colonies desiring to receive them as what they would really be—namely, intending wives of settlers. Of course, if any propriety is thereby supposed to be maintained, they can be described in official correspondence as "female domestic servants"; and the male inhabitants of the colony to which they go will not perhaps object to marrying housemaids or cooks if they find that the wives they so obtain are amiable, sensible, and well-instructed. We are told by the Emigration Commissioners that the arrangement proposed by the authorities of New South Wales was that they should despatch one ship in every second month carrying about two hundred "females," with a few selected families for their protection. We pause here to remark that the only limit to the number of "females" whom the Colonial Government was prepared to receive appears to have been the amount of money which they had in their hands to pay passage-money and expenses. Here, then, is an opening for charity which can hardly be misplaced. If benevolent people in England will subscribe a fund, it may be applied without visible limit to the exportation of "female domestic servants" to New South Wales.

It is strange, however, that the proposed arrangement which seems so advantageous was found impracticable. "The impossibility of collecting so many as two hundred eligible female emigrants in a short time, and the difficulty of retaining those we might collect unless passages could be found for them without unreasonable delay," are stated by the Commissioners as sufficient reasons for only partially fulfilling the request of the Government of New South Wales. They do not say that "eligible" female emigrants could not be found at all, but only that they could not be collected in batches of two hundred at intervals of two months. If we asked for a further definition of an "eligible" female emigrant, it would probably be explained to mean at least this—that no lady need apply. But if we are right in this assumption, it suggests rather melancholy reflections. It comes to this—that a girl born of middle-class parents, and brought up in the usual course, must accept the position in which birth and education have placed her, and cannot hope to improve it by any enterprise or energy of her own. There is a story that the brothers Lord Hood and Lord Bridport ran away from school and went to sea, and, beginning active life as ship boys, they ended it as admirals. But for women hitherto there has been no possibility of breaking the dull, and often joyless, monotony of home life except by the sacrifice of character. It surely is permissible to wish that the daughter of a bank clerk might be allowed, and indeed encouraged, to emigrate as a "female domestic servant" to a thriving colony. Hard work and plenty in Australia is preferable to listless gentility and semi-pauperism in Pentonville. The Commissioners state that they have been compelled to send out the young women as they could collect them in small bodies in private ships, surrounding them with all the protection and taking every precaution for their wellbeing that was practi-



cable. At the date of their Report they had despatched three parties, "comprising 197 females," on this plan. They had received a report of the arrival of the first of these parties in New South Wales. There was no death and hardly any sickness on the voyage, and the emigrants on their arrival obtained "immediate and satisfactory engagements"—it is not stated of what kind. We wish that the ladies who are so busy with Woman's Rights and the Contagious Diseases Act would devote a little of their time and energy to arranging for the supply to New South Wales of as many "eligible female emigrants" as that colony is willing to receive. It is evident that the more women are sent out of this country the higher will be the value which men will place upon those who remain; but that is a simple and practical view of the subject which these high-flying philosophers may be expected to disdain.

It does not appear in way that our Government can do anything to divert the stream of emigration from the United States to our own colonies; but it is possible that the exertions of individuals and Societies can do much. There was a considerable increase in the number of emigrants to Canada in 1870 as compared with the previous year, and much of it is attributed by the Commissioners to the benevolent exertions of associations which have undertaken to assist the emigration of deserving persons of the labouring class. These associations are worthy of general support, and they can be assisted by the diffusion of knowledge as to the condition of the colonies, and the manner of reaching them, almost as effectually as by subscribing money. Information for intending emigrants to the United States is fully and regularly provided; and, we believe, that a Guide to the diamond-fields of South Africa is periodically published by Messrs. Silver and Co., the well-known outfitters. The same thing ought to be done as regards all the colonies; and perhaps, if people in the middle class in England could resolve to bring up their children in the expectation of having to struggle for existence in a colony, both England and the colonies would in the next half-century be thereby profited. It is not perhaps going too far to say that in England at present there is rather a superabundance of a false kind of gentility, and even in some of the colonies we believe that the same useless article is not uncommon. People expect, in some way, to live upon one another, and they do not recognize the truth that the wealth of a community can only be the aggregate of the productions of individual industry. If you bring up children, whether girls or boys, to work, and send them to a country which has a fair soil and climate, they are not likely to starve, and they may expect to share in the prosperity of a growing colony. It is to be feared, however, that the growth of some of the colonies depends rather on loans obtained from England than on the industry and frugality of the colonists. Such prosperity is transitory and delusive.

It may be useful to remember that migration of labourers is possible within the United Kingdom, and also that waste lands capable of cultivation may be found in England. But it is probably easier to induce an artisan or labourer to cross the ocean than to travel over two hundred miles of land. Even the most ignorant and sluggish nature can be moved by a description of a "new and happy land" beyond the Western waves, nor is it desirable that the wandering propensity should become extinct in the modern race of Englishmen. But without any jealousy of the United States, it may be declared to be undesirable that the whole of the New World should be constructed after one fashion; and therefore we think that individuals and societies should do their utmost to promote emigration to the English colonies. It appears from the Report to which we have referred that a great deal may be done in this direction without calling upon Government to undertake work which does not properly belong to it.

#### THE WOMAN'S DRESS ASSOCIATION.

IT is curious to watch the constantly recurring efforts made by certain women to check the follies and extravagances of fashion. Their action is not always wise, and sometimes their inventions are as objectionable as the monstrosities they would displace; but they are so far to be respected as showing that they have an uneasy sense of the absurdities to which they are subjected by milliners and dressmakers, and that they would, if they could, reform an abuse which stands in very patent need of reformation. Bloomerism was the most famous of the modern innovations on the side of simplicity and usefulness; but Bloomerism was condemned beforehand because of its unnecessary ugliness. It wilfully violated the whole ethics of costume; it set women in a kind of travestied antagonism to men, the ladies' coats and pants being only the outward and visible signs of the inward unnatural rivalry that animated the fair reformers; it made the exercise of woman's natural religion, beauty, impossible; and it ended in collapse, as it was sure to do. Since then we have had no organized resistance to the follies of fashion until now, when a new guild, "The Woman's Dress Association," has started into life, with what result remains to be seen. Individual women have protested in their own persons against the monstrous chignons and high-heeled boots, the overloaded ornamentation of every article of attire, the preposterously long skirts of the house, and the no less preposterously scanty pillow-cases of the street, in which it has pleased fashion to clothe the female world of late. But a modest

head here and a rational petticoat there cannot do much to check a great national outbreak of hairy pumpkins on the cranium and of peacock trains about the feet; and all that the protesters get by their dissent is undisguised scorn for their dowdiness in fashionable caricatures, and either commendation or disdain from the public at large, according as their protest is made in good taste and simple grace, or meagrely, baldly, without beauty in detail or harmony in its central idea. For dress, like every other expression of art, can never be right unless it has a good central idea on which it is constructed.

To judge by the published declarations of the "Women's Dress Association," nothing like a sweeping or radical reform in fashions is contemplated by its promoters. So far as we can see, the real aim of the Association is to oppose extravagance in the cost of dress, and exaggeration of forms, while leaving the general direction of fashion untouched. But the rules are vague, and their interpretation is necessarily elastic. "To dress moderately, neatly, and becomingly; the dress to be consistent with the occupation and position in life," reads well; but how about the application? May a servant wear artificial flowers—that *crux* of the soverer kind of mistress? and if not, why not? "Because they are not consistent with her occupation and position" is no answer. The poorest peasant girl of Genoa and the Riviera wears her pomegranate blossom or her spray of jessamine just peeping out from the folds of her white veil; and why may not our unmoneyed classes wear that which is the recognized British substitute for nature—a few fragments of cambric, cut, painted, and wired to look as much like the real thing as possible? It saves expense, too, in the end, they will tell you; and, sumptuary laws being abolished, it may be thought hard that a woman, because she is poor, should be cut off from such a simple and universal taste as the use of flowers for personal decoration. But if they object to an artificial rose in her bonnet as unbecoming in a servant, our ladies would object a great deal more were they to meet Mary Jane decked out in natural flowers, though they may have been charmed with the fashion in Italy, and envied the Genoese women their style. So that, taking this flower question as an example, it would almost seem that the code of unbecomingness to station is founded on jealousy rather than on critical judgment, and means, broadly stated, that ladies do not like their maids to be too pretty.

Another rule of this Association which the fair members undertake to obey is, "To avoid all waste of time in frequent changes or alterations of dress, and not to allow dress or dressing in any respect to infringe upon other and higher duties." By the by, the Association might improve its English. How many changes of dress in the day would be considered allowable under this rule? May a lady dress for dinner only? or may she go through her five changes, as she does now if she rides on horseback and goes to a ball the same day? May she wear a morning gown of a comfortable kind, such as she cannot pay visits in of an afternoon? Then, must she dine in the same dress in which she has been paying her visits? If her hair is tumbled, must she rearrange it without taking off her gown? And if she goes to a ball late in the evening, must she go in her dinner dress, or dine in her ball dress? These are momentous questions needing deep and patient study, and the Woman's Dress Association does not give the answer to them. Perhaps, as we have now indicated the want, it will apply its collective mind to the solution of the difficulty, and lay down a strict rule as to the number of times its members may change their dress during the day, and also tell us of what patterns and materials ball dresses and dinner dresses, dresses for out-of-doors and dresses for indoors, are to be, and how they are to be made transferable. "To avoid all exaggerations (especially in head-dresses)" is a prohibition which we cordially go along with. It would really be a boon to see the English feminine head once more in its natural condition, and not as a monstrous brown pumpkin. It is not pleasant to remember that nearly every woman one meets carries a living lie on her shoulders; that shape and size always, material almost always, and colour very generally, are alike false; and that in proportion to the wretchedness and poverty of the truth are the assumed magnificence and wealth of the pretence, the biggest "heads" betokening the smallest brains, and the most luxuriant *chevelure* being a certain sign of barber's tresses bought at no much the ounce. We cannot think that the systematic practice of deception, even in a matter so apparently trivial as the fashion of hair-dressing, can be without its ill effects on the national character. Pretence and deception are pretence and deception, look at them how one will; and as everything comes by small and slow degrees, the habit of practical lying begun in a chignon may end in something far worse, by the mere force of use and natural progression. Further, no member of the new Association is to wear any "unsightly articles of dress which interfere with the natural figure, or anything which might attract improper attention." Here again we have one of those elastic utterances which may mean anything, and can be dissolved away to nothing. What is meant by not interfering with the natural figure? Following the lines too closely, we should come at last to the style adopted by those two famous belles who got themselves well damped before they went to a ball, so that their scanty garments should cling to their limbs as tightly as possible, and show their shapes to the greatest advantage; which is scarcely what the Association would endorse. That was in the days when close, narrow, clinging dresses, and short waists under the arms were the mode; and a woman had to be

careful of her movements and take heed that she was graceful and well posed at all times, no friendly crinolines or flowing folds hiding her awkwardness and substituting drapery for personality. "Attracting improper attention" is evidently a blow aimed at those unduly low dresses which let the daylight through; and we suppose also at the famous "shoulder strap," which does not leave much to the imagination. But this, like all the rest, is too vague and elastic; for there are prudes in the world to whom everything is improper. We once knew a clergyman who objected to his wife's wearing a large cameo brooch in the front of her dress, on the rather gross plea that it attracted men's eyes to a part of her person which he desired they should ignore. There are people to whose prurient imagination improper thoughts are suggested by quite innocent and allowable fashions.

To say the truth, glad as we should be to see the question of women's dress rationally handled, we do not expect much from the new movement. The general education of the public taste, reacting on that of the purveyors and the arbiters of fashion, is the only thing that can do good. If women of good social position would take up the matter, and set a fashion that should be at once lovely to the eye and suitable to our climate and manners, the thing would be done. But as long as they submit to be mere dolls draped by their dress-makers and stuck about with bows and feathers and flowers by their milliners, blocks bewigged and bofizzed by the hair-dresser, clothes-horses meandering in stripes or breaking out in spots as the manufacturers may determine, they will never be well dressed. Fashion has become now a matter of trade; it is no longer a question of taste; and until the two can be united, we shall have to endure the many eyecsores which now afflict us. It cannot be said that we have no beautiful models to fall back upon. There is no earthly reason why such modifications of the old Greek costume as would render it practicable in our modern life should not be adopted. We have never gone beyond it in its exquisite grace and grave simplicity; and yet classic drapery did not render active work impossible. Indeed, Greek and Roman women did more manual domestic labour than our modern ladies dream of; and antique costumes clothed as active limbs as are to be found under crinolines and panniers. At all events modifications are possible, as we see every now and then among our more artistically draped women. Medieval fashions, too, give some very lovely forms, if perpetually disturbed by quaintnesses and uglinesses. The simple draperies of surcote and mantle were at least true in line and beautiful in flow, though too long and cumbersome for modern use; but whenever a good form was found it was sure to be overlaid by some adjunct which gradually changed its character till it became another thing altogether; or the effect of one article of attire was ruined by the extravagance of another, till absurdity culminated in the double horns, the knotted sleeves, the hard-pointed stomachers that seemed to cut the body in two, the unsightly farthingales and monstrous ruffs, with which women disguised the beauty of their drapery and rendered themselves hideous. But, in spite of all their eccentricities and aberrations, there are fine models of dress in olden times; and the worst of them are scarcely more absurd than the worst of our own fashions. The very "horns" themselves are but a shade more absurd than the modern head of false hair, with the odd little hat or bonnet perched on the top of a fuzzy laycock; and medieval mantles did not trail in the dust with more grace or less cleanliness than do our ladies' modern trains. The short walking skirt is about the only thing of which we can boast; and this, according to our sagacious contemporary the *Queen*, is getting longer, so as to trail an inch or so on the ground. Thus here again, as so often before, women have proved themselves utterly foolish in the matter of fashion, and incapable of appreciating a good or useful thing when they have got it. Seriously, it is a pity that they blunder so egregiously in their dress; but so long as fashion reigns art is nowhere, and beauty is a mere matter of chance, lost almost as soon as found, abandoned for an ugly caprice, for the mere sake of novelty, and on the absurd plea of change being good for trade.

#### GOthic ARCHITECTURE IN ITALY.

WE have been tarrying for a long while among the cities of Italy and the noble buildings of the early middle age which they contain. But we trust that no one who feels the charm of tracing the impress which the history of stirring times has left behind it on brick and marble will deem that we have tarried too long in a land of such surpassing interest. One sketch more will bring the subject, from the point of view from which we have looked at it, to an end. In all our studies of Italian buildings we have made the Romanesque architecture of the country our main object. We have done so advisedly. No style of architecture has higher claims on the attention of the historical inquirer than the Romanesque of Italy. Its actual merits as a form of art may, of course, like those of all other forms of art, be variously judged by various minds and eyes. Yet we can hardly understand, certainly we should not envy, the taste which should see other than some of man's noblest works in such piles as the Cathedral of Pisa and the Council-house of Padua. But, leaving alone questions of taste, the Romanesque of Italy, looked at in its historical aspect, must rank among the highest and purest forms of the art which the world has seen. The style is thoroughly

national in its origin; it is thoroughly consistent in point of construction. The style of classical Rome was, after all, an awkward attempt to combine a system of construction of genuine Italian birth with a system of decoration which was simply borrowed from Greece. It has been said over and over again, but it cannot be too often said, that the true architecture of ancient Italy was an architecture of the pier and arch, while the architecture of ancient Greece was an architecture of the column and entablature. The style of classical Rome was an attempt to blend the two, an attempt to give to a building raised according to the Italian system of construction a superficial likeness to a building raised according to the Greek system of construction. The pier and its arch, the real construction which ought to be boldly brought forward and ornamented, as it were, into the background, and ornament is sought in the Greek features, which are thrust in without any constructive purpose. The most truly satisfactory buildings of the classical Roman time are those which are the least enriched, those where the Greek features are quite secondary or are absent altogether—the amphitheatres, bridges, and aqueducts. But a style which allows of more enrichment than is fitting for buildings of this class is needed for buildings of other classes, for temples, palaces, or senate-houses. Now classical Rome never worked out for itself a thoroughly consistent style, a style in which the round arch, the real constructive feature, should receive its proper place as such, and should stand boldly out as the life and soul of the building, the centre of an appropriate and consistent style of ornament. This great problem was first solved by the Italian Romanesque. The Northern Romanesque, in Germany above all, was largely influenced by the more massive and unadorned Roman works. Such an interior as that of the church of Mainz has really more in common with an amphitheatre or an aqueduct than it has with a basilica. The Italian architects, on the other hand, could not bring themselves to give up features of such exquisite grace as the columns which Rome had borrowed from Greece. They worked out a style in which the Italian arch and the Grecian column should each have its place, a style in which they should not simply stand unconnectedly side by side, but should be fused together into one harmonious whole. They found a use for the column, in which it played as honest and consistent a part as it had played in its native land of Greece. There the column had, rightly and naturally, supported the entablature; now that the construction of the entablature was exchanged for the construction of the arch, the column was, no less rightly and naturally, set to support the arch. Our first certain example of this great change—a change which was the groundwork of every later development of Romanesque and Gothic art—is indeed to be found beyond the bounds of Italy, on the other side of the Adriatic. The palace of Diocletian at Spalato forms, as we have already hinted more than once, one of the great landmarks in the history of architecture. It is not of the slightest consequence that Spalato is not geographically in Italy. It would have been of as little consequence if the change, instead of being made by Diocletian at Spalato, had been made by Constantius at York. The arts of Rome were common to at least the whole Western half of the Empire, and Italy was the part of the Empire in which this great change took the firmest root and bore the richest crops. We have seen an intermediate stage of Ravenna, where the architect still did not venture to make his arches spring direct from his columns without the interposition of a last lingering trace of the entablature. But the general effect is really but little modified, even at Ravenna, and the arrangement of Spalato comes out again in its purity at Lucca, and reaches its fullest development in the crowning glories of Pisa. A pure and consistent round-arched style was now in being; a style which really united the grace of the Greek column with the constructive advantages of the Roman pier and arch, and which gradually worked out for itself a pure and consistent form of decoration. The style as we see it at Pisa and in the better examples at Lucca answers every reasonable requirement for an architectural style. It is consistent and harmonious, capable of the highest degree either of majesty or of grace. And it is a truly national style, a genuine product of the Italian mind. It is the unborrowed growth of the soil, suggested by the circumstances, and answering the needs, of the land in which it arose.

We will not attempt any invidious comparison between the Northern and the Southern forms of Romanesque. It is enough that one is Northern and the other is Southern. The forms of Durham would be out of place on the banks of the Arno, and the forms of Pisa would be out of place in the peninsula which overhangs the Wear. What we now wish to dwell upon is the fate of the two styles respectively, the nature of the later forms of art to which they severally gave way. To the architects of Northern Europe a more excellent way was shown, and the Romanesque of Speyer and Caen and Norwich vanished before a style yet nobler than itself. Pilgrims and warriors returning from the Holy Land brought with them a new architectural form, a system of construction worthy to rank side by side with the entablature of Greece and the round arch of Italy. The Mahometan architects had long used the pointed arch, not only as an accidental or incidental shape, but as a prominent feature of their buildings. But they had used it without knowing its full capacities; in their hands it remained lifeless, never gathering round itself an appropriate and consistent system of ornament. In Sicily the Norman Kings still reared their churches and palaces in the same style as their Mahometan predecessors. Buildings, both basilical and domical, were,

differring from those of Ravenna mainly in the pointed arches of their still columnar arcades. In more Northern lands the pointed arch was first placed on the more massive piers of the German or Norman Romanesque, and was employed as a purely constructive feature in the main arches of the building. Gradually the new constructive feature, as by a kind of attraction, gathered round itself a whole system of appropriate ornament. The smaller decorative arches followed the shape of the main constructive features. A system of mouldings and other enrichments, appropriate to the new construction, but which would have been incongruous with the old, was developed step by step, and the mere grouping of single-light windows side by side gradually grew into the great invention of tracery. As for the place or nation to which the new style is due it is idle to enter into controversies. In Germany, in France, and in England, Gothic architecture is equally at home; in all alike it is thoroughly native; in all it speaks essentially the same language, though that language branches off into various dialects in every kingdom, almost in every province. It is idle to ask which of the three great nations was in advance of the other two; each national variety of the style has its own distinguishing characteristics, and it is a mere matter of taste which is to be preferred to another. Amiens and Salisbury have been compared and contrasted over and over again, and the same answer must always be given, that the French church shows the more speedy and perfect development in some points, as in the windows, while the English church has a no less undoubted advantage in other points, as in the sections and mouldings of the pier-arcades. The great artistic creation of the middle ages belongs in short to no particular nation; it is the common property of all Western Christendom North of the Alps.

Let us now once more cross to the lands South of the mountains, and we shall there find the case exactly opposite. The true Gothic of the North is not there to be found. There are doubtless in Italy crowds of buildings with pointed arches, but to produce a Gothic building something more is needed than simply to give the arch a pointed form. The building is not true Gothic unless the pointed arch is accompanied by an appropriate system of decoration—by those appropriate forms of moulding, of capitals, of windows, which the instinct of the Northern architects gradually worked out as the fitting enrichment of the constructive form which they had learned from the Saracen. No buildings are historically more interesting than those in which the pointed arch appears without having as yet won for itself this appropriate system of decoration. Such are alike the original Saracenic buildings, the Saracenic churches of Sicily, and the various transitional buildings of Northern lands, the various forms intermediate between Romanesque and Gothic, the various strivings, as yet not wholly successful, after the full development of the new principle. But their historic interest is so high mainly because they are artistically imperfect, because they show us the various steps by which men felt their way after a new style, the way in which old ideas fell off one by one as the new ideas found freer play. The more inconsistent such transitional examples are, the more clearly they set before us the mixture of two discordant principles, the more do they teach us of the way in which styles of architecture were developed, and the higher is their interest as stages in the history of art. But their value of this kind depends wholly on their being genuine and natural stages of a healthy development, strivings after something more perfect which is not yet reached, but to which every fresh attempt brings us nearer. They are essentially struggles after something which has not yet been seen, not imperfect copies of something which has been seen. Now what place shall we assign to the pointed architecture of Italy? Assuming the Northern Gothic, with its deep-cut mouldings, its elaborate tracery, with the principle of vertical extension carried out alike in the main lines of the building and in its minutest details, to be the ideal of a style which has the pointed arch for its main constructive feature, it is not too much to say that in Italy such a style is unknown. Particular buildings, particular cities, come nearer to it than others, but it would be impossible to find an Italian building in which the principles of the style are so completely and consistently carried out as they are in the best churches of England, France, and Germany. Here and there we find a church in which the arches are pointed, but in which the whole feeling is Romanesque. Were such a church a Sicilian mosque, conquered and baptized by King Roger, its historic interest would be of the highest order. But when we find that it is a building of the thirteenth or fourteenth or fifteenth century, a building later than Salisbury and Amiens and Köln, we see in it, not a striving after something more perfect, but a falling back upon something less perfect. We feel inclined to bid it be either beast or bird, and to cast off its bat-like nature; we could be well pleased either to develop its details into the forms of the perfect Gothic, or to turn back its constructive features into the forms of the perfect Romanesque. Take a normal Italian pointed church, one for instance of those huge piles which, in most of the cities of Italy, the Friars began to build, but which in so many cases they found themselves unable to finish. The arches are pointed, but broad and sprawling, as they are, they miss the Gothic idea of vertical extension. In the pillars there is no bold clustering, in the arches there are no deep-cut mouldings, the windows are few and small, the tracery is commonly of the most rudimentary kind, more like holes punched in a flat surface than like the bold self-asserting lines of either the earlier or the later form of Northern tracery. Nowhere do we see in its fulness the pier-arch, tri-

forum, clerestory, and vault, all the members closely fitted into one another, and all seeming to rise upwards by one common effort. The genuine Gothic in its highest developments hardly tolerates the existence of a mere wall; tracery, panelling, string-courses, vaulting-shafts, so completely cover the whole as to leave hardly such a thing as a plain surface. In the Italian pointed style the wall is as prominent as it is in Romanesque. In short, all that really constitutes the life and character of the true Gothic is lacking in the Italian imitation of it. There are Italian buildings with pointed arches which have, in the interior at least, a grand and striking effect. But they cannot endure the test of the same minute study as the great churches of the North. Milan, largely the work of German architects, comes nearer to a Northern church than perhaps any other, and no one will deny that its internal effect is magnificent in the extreme. But Milan itself will not bear picking to pieces as we can pick to pieces any great Northern building. No doubt the best Northern buildings have their faults, but they are incidental and individual faults, which do not affect the purity of the style. At Milan, magnificent as it is, the style itself is not the pure Gothic. So again, among the pointed work of Italy there is to be found a rich store of detail of exquisite beauty; more largely among the palaces of Verona and Venice than in the churches. But it is almost always detail which would show to far greater advantage in a Romanesque than in a Gothic building.

The explanation of course is that the true Gothic style was impossible in Italy. It did not suit the needs of the climate, neither did it express the historical feelings of the people. The native and natural style of Italy was its own glorious Romanesque. No event in the history of art is more to be regretted than that the Italians ever took to copying pointed forms at all. The style which they copied they could not reproduce in its perfection, and they threw aside the opportunity of working out still nobler developments of the national style than even Pisa and Lucca had produced. To an imitative Gothic succeeded an imitative classical style, whose chief element of true life came from the fact that Romanesque, after all, was not quite dead. It lived on, as we have already seen, in the towers through the whole mediæval period, and its forms were far from being without influence on the earlier and better work of the Renaissance. But in the end the living development from the principles of Roman architecture gave way to the dead imitation of its details. The two sides of the great Piazza at Venice show the difference. The northern side, Renaissance in date, might almost be called Romanesque in feeling. From that turn to the southern side; it is the change from a living offspring to a dead copy.

What is the moral for ourselves? The style of Italy for Italy, the style of England for England. The revived Italian, the style of Tyrants, Popes, and Jesuits, is as utterly unnatural, as utterly out of place, on the soil of England as the helpless attempts to reproduce the Northern Gothic were on the soil of Italy. The purest forms of Ely and Lincoln would be out of place in Tuscany; the purest forms of Pisa and Lucca would be out of place in England. But if the living reality would be inappropriate anywhere but in its own land, what shall we say to its dead counterfeit?

## REVIEWS.

### THE WORKS OF HOOKHAM FRERE.\*

THE most important of Mr. Hookham Frere's works are his brilliant versions of some of the plays of Aristophanes; and both his principles of translation and his practical illustrations of his theories deserve separate notice. The biographical Memoir which occupies a part of the first volume records the comparatively uneventful life of one of the most accomplished men of the world, and one of the most finished and graceful scholars of a former generation. In a letter which has already been more than once quoted, Mr. Frere relates how Canning, in his mature life, learned from him for the first time that tadpoles grow into frogs. Many statesmen of the present day are capable of explaining how themselves and their equals have been developed from jelly-fish or from yet more primitive protoplasmata. One of their number, who has proved with scientific cogency that the wings of birds are adapted to the purpose of flying, could have satisfied Canning that the tails of tadpoles are inevitably destined to bifurcate in due season. In both instances liberal studies of widely different kinds have served as a training for the conduct of affairs. The composition of Latin verses, and the investigation of the physiology of frogs, are perhaps almost equally well calculated to make the intellectual muscles strong and supple. For any other object it may be conceded that natural science and classical learning are in ordinary cases equally useless. The advocates of the older form of education which is now becoming unpopular still contend that the liberal arts are more effective than the study of nature in promoting refinement of taste and manners; and if they seek for evidence of the soundness of their judgment, they can find no more favourable example of scholarly polish than that of Mr. Frere. He had the good fortune to live at a time when his gifts and acquisitions, and the station which he inherited, readily opened the path to distinction. The early success of Fox and of Pitt had given youth an

\* *The Works of John Hookham Frere, in Verse and Prose. Now first collected; with a Prefatory Memoir by his Nephews, W. E. and Sir Basil Frere. 2 vols. London: Pickering. 1871.*

advantage in general estimation which has since entirely disappeared. Grenville, Ryder, and Addington were advanced to high office because they were contemporaries of Pitt; and before Canning had left Oxford both the rival parties were already calculating on his future alliance. The eldest son of a country gentleman of good family, Mr. Frere, on leaving Cambridge, where he had become a Fellow of Caius College, entered Parliament at the age of twenty-seven as member for a nomination borough, and immediately became Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office under Lord Grenville. An Eton intimacy with Canning probably accounted for his introduction into office, and he formed a strong personal and political attachment to Pitt. In 1797, a year after his entrance into the House of Commons, he became a principal contributor to the *Anti-Jacobin*. The best parts of the celebrated collection, including the "Progress of Man," the "Loves of the Triangles," the "Inscription for Mrs. Brownrigg's Cell," the "Elegy on the [imaginary] Death of Jean Bon St. André," and the "Rovers," were jointly composed by Canning, Ellis, and Frere. The speeches at the meeting of the Friends of Freedom, including an excellent caricature of Erskine's style, were written by Frere. Even at this distance of time it is evident that the great advocate's autobiographical fragments are faithfully copied from the original:—

He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester school; he had been called by special retainers during the summer into many different and distant parts of the country, travelling chiefly in postchaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of the country, of the free and enlightened part of it at least. He stood here as a man. He stood in the eye, indeed in the hand, of God, to whom (in the presence of the company and the waiters) he solemnly appealed. He was of noble, perhaps of royal, blood; he had a house at Hampstead; was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical reform; his pamphlets had gone through thirty editions, skipping alternately the odd and even numbers; he loved the Constitution, to which he would cling and grapple; and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature.

Parody and even satire are not the highest achievements of the human intellect; but the little knot of young men who wrote the parts of the *Anti Jacobin* which after seventy years are not yet forgotten possessed no common ability. Between Frere and Canning a remarkable similarity of tastes and accomplishments cemented a warm and lifelong friendship. They were both faithful followers of Pitt, not only in his later task of opposing revolution and democracy, but in his antagonism to religious bigotry and to economic restriction. In his later years Mr. Frere often complained that the Whigs had appropriated to themselves many doctrines which had long before been professed by his own early leaders and associates; and he stated from personal knowledge that Pitt regarded Catholic Emancipation as more important than the Irish Union. Of three epitaphs which he wrote on Canning, it may be worth while to quote the tersest and the best. With the personal distrust which accounted for the hostility of Canning's chief opponents his nearest friend could have no sympathy:—

I was destroyed by Wellington and Grey.  
They both succeeded. Each has had his day.  
Both tried to govern; each in his own way;  
And both repent of it—as well they may.

It appears from a statement made by Mr. Frere, many years after the event, that when Addington became Prime Minister, Pitt in vain urged Canning to remain in office. He wished on his return to find Canning in office, where he might have retained him (without difficulty from his aristocratic supporters), but Canning would not let him.

In 1800 Frere was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Lisbon, and two years afterwards he was transferred to Madrid. After the rupture of the Peace of Amiens he remonstrated with Godoy, better known as Prince of the Peace, in language so strong that Pitt's Government, anxious if possible to preserve the neutrality of Spain, thought it prudent to recall him. His services were rewarded by promotion to the Privy Council, and by a pension for life conferred on him, after the pleasant fashion of those days, at the age of thirty-five. Three months after his return Spain declared war in consequence of the ill-advised attack of the English squadron on the treasure-ships and their convoy. During his residence in Madrid Frere had mastered the language, and he had also formed friendships with some of the principal persons in the capital. Lord Malmesbury has recorded an opinion which Frere expressed soon after his return, that a revolution against the degraded Court and the French supremacy was impending. When the Spanish nation rose against Napoleon's usurpation in 1808, Frere was naturally selected as the English Envoy accredited to the Central Junta. He had previously, by a curious accident, been enabled to supply a credential to the agent who was employed to communicate with the Marquis Romana, then commander of the Spanish contingent with the French army in Denmark. Mr. Robertson, a Catholic priest who undertook to carry the message, was instructed, in the absence of any written document, to repeat to Romana an emendation of a passage in the *Gests of the Cid* which Frere had suggested in conversation some years before. Romana at once determined to effect his escape with his whole force; and, as is well known, the English fleet conveyed 9,000 Spaniards and their commander in safety to their native country. No English representative could have been more agreeable to the leaders of the insurgents; but the mission was clouded by the great disaster of Corunna. When Napoleon was

marching on Madrid, Frere urged Sir John Moore to advance into the heart of Spain; and in any case, to retreat by way of Galicia to the coast, instead of making his way into Portugal. He even gave great and just offence to Moore by proposing that, rather than retreat on Portugal, he should allow a French emigrant officer who brought the latest news from Madrid to be examined before a Council of War. The subsequent death of Moore and the embarkation of his army directed popular irritation against the English Minister; and he was soon afterwards superseded by Lord Wellesley. He was still more unfortunate in incurring the disapproval and dislike of the great historian of the war. The Napoleons had been trained to arms under Sir John Moore, and Sir William Napier was at all times incapable of justice or consideration to any one who had come into collision with his own family or friends. His bitter and contemptuous invective against Frere has determined the judgment of the majority of those who have studied the history of the time; but the temperate version of the transaction in the present volume deserves the fuller attention because Sir Bartle Frere has, although in a different region, had large experience of public affairs. Sir John Moore entered on the campaign in the spirit in which Nicias sailed to Syracuse; and from first to last his despondency never intermitted. His offensive movement and the choice of his line of retreat were on his own responsibility determined by the advice of the civilian whose interference he resented. Frere had at least the qualification of a sanguine faith in the possibility of the enterprise which it was his duty to further. He from the first reposed a just confidence in Sir Arthur Wellesley, who truly said of himself that he was the first general throughout the revolutionary wars who had not been afraid of the French.

After his return to England Mr. Frere never re-entered public life, though he refused an embassy, and on two occasions a peerage. During his absence Canning had, in consequence of his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh, retired from office; and many years elapsed before he resumed a leading position. About the same time Mr. Frere succeeded, on the death of his father, to the family estates at Roydon, in Norfolk, and for some years he divided his time between the occupations of a country gentleman and the enjoyment of general society in London. In 1816 he married the Dowager Countess of Erroll, and her delicate health afterwards casually determined the course of his future life. In 1821 he settled in Malta for the sake of the climate; and although Lady Erroll died in 1831, he never returned permanently to England. Sir Bartle Frere, after visiting him on his way to India in 1834, was satisfied that he judged wisely in preferring "a life of singular dignity and ease" in Malta to a residence in a country which had become strange, among the fragments of a society which had been dispersed and thinned by time. The loss of Canning alone would have for him deprived England of much of its former attraction. "If it had happened twenty years earlier," he said with a pardonable exaggeration, "I believe it would have killed me." Grief seldom kills, but the friendship which is even in imagination so profound is one of the rarest of human relations. Among the Maltese of all classes, as well as among the English residents and visitors, Mr. Frere was universally beloved and admired. His courtly bearing, his wit, and his scholarship were fully appreciated by competent judges; and his thoughtful liberality endeared him to the poorer classes of the community. With his friends, and especially with his brothers, who were all remarkable for ability and cultivation, he maintained an affectionate correspondence. Although he began at a comparatively early age to speak and think of himself as an old man, he lived to be seventy-six, dying in 1846. He was buried not far from the house which he had long occupied in the Floriana outworks above the Quarantine Harbour. As Mr. Norton, an American critic, happily remarks in a passage quoted by Sir Bartle Frere:—

Mr. Frere was too indolent to push his way in the long procession of aspirants to the Temple of Fame, and far too fastidious to like the company he would have been forced to meet at the door. . . . He was one of those men of whom there are always too few, with ample and self-sufficing power, who can do so easily what others find it hard to accomplish that they are deprived of the sting of ambition, and are content to enjoy while others are compelled to labour. His temperament, his taste, his culture, his position, united to make him the type of the man of literary genius, as distinguished from the professional author.

He was cordially admired by Scott, by Byron, by Moore, and by Brougham; and Coleridge, whom he had sought out in a social sphere far removed from his own, left in his will a tribute to Mr. Frere as the most perfect man and gentleman he had ever known. His chief literary performance, with the exception of his Aristophanic translations, was the poem of the *Monks and the Giants*, which first introduced into England the octosyllabic stanza, and the semi-serious style of Pulci and Berni. The versification is easy, but occasionally flat and prosaic, and the story is barely interesting enough to sustain to the end the attention of a careless reader. Mr. Frere was amused by the disappointment of Mackintosh when he failed, after careful study, to discover the non-existent political meaning of the light and fluent story; but he rightly judged that it was not worth while to follow further a vein of nonsense which had nothing serious beneath it. The most important result of Mr. Frere's experiment was the adoption by Byron of the same style and metre. Few competent judges will agree with Coleridge that the versification of *Beppo* was less skilful than that of the *Monks and the Giants*. That both *Beppo* and *Don Juan* were liable to moral objections, and that in *Don Juan* there was sometimes an approximation to doggerel,



could not be disputed; but Byron showed a sounder poetical instinct than his graceful predecessors, when he weighted and strengthened the slight fabric of narrative verse with satirical humour. Both the giants and the monks are too shadowy to laugh at, while Don Juan's adventures, though the personages of the story are thin and unreal, are as amusing as they are, in many instances, improper. The fragment of the Whistlercraft Poems has nevertheless a definite literary value. The republication of Mr. Frere's writings, and the interesting account of his life, will preserve the memory of a genius which was inadequately represented by its visible products.

#### CALENDAR OF THE CAREW MANUSCRIPTS.\*

WE have from time to time taken occasion to notice the valuable volumes which Mr. Brewer and Mr. Bullen have been now for some years engaged in editing from the Carew Manuscripts at Lambeth. The volume now before us is of a somewhat exceptional character. It does not continue the notices of the History of Ireland, which left off at the end of the last volume, published more than a year ago, with the death of Elizabeth in 1603. We observe from their advertisement that the editors intend resuming the chronological order in their sixth volume. Meanwhile they have interrupted their work by issuing a fifth volume of an entirely distinct class. The latter half of it consists of epitomes of documents found among the Carew Manuscripts, much in the usual style. The earlier portion is divided into two parts, each of which is a complete whole in itself. One of these is entitled the "Book of Howth," and the other the "Conquest of Ireland." Both of them have been, we think, judiciously printed at full length, and in the latter the original orthography, as Mr. Brewer calls it, has been preserved; the only alterations made consisting in an improved method of placing the stops and the use of capital letters, according to modern fashion. It is, no doubt, what Mr. Brewer calls it, an interesting and curious specimen of English as spoken in the Pale; but readers, with all the advantages of the new style of punctuation, will, before they have read many pages, demur to the villanous spelling being classed under the designation of orthography. However, we have first to speak of the "Book of Howth." Probably scarcely any of our readers will know what the title means. Neither has Mr. Brewer been able to throw much light upon the time of its compilation, or on the author of the Chronicle. It is a small folio in vellum, written in different hands, all of the sixteenth century, and was apparently formerly preserved among the archives of Dublin Castle, and therefore, we should suppose, ought still to be there. It is useless to conjecture how it fell into Carew's hands, or what right the Lambeth Library has to its possession. Possession is said to be nine-tenths of the law, and assuredly in this particular instance it is not likely to be disturbed. As to the authorship, there are only two pieces of internal evidence which bear upon that point. On the last leaf appear the words "Crystofer Howthe hys Bouke," which of course means possession, not authorship. And the preceding leaf ends with the words:—

There was one Walter Howe, clerk or chief engrosser of the Queen's Majesty's exchequer, foster father to my brother Richard L. of Howthe, lived five score years, and died the 9 of March, 1554.

Accompanying this is a marginal note in Carew's hand, stating that he lived to the age of 107 years, and giving a reference to folio 120 of the book. The reference is very obscure, but it appears to imply that part at least of the Chronicle was taken from a book of Walter Housse's, who "was servant to William Howthe when he slew James Earl of Worman's brother and seven of his men at the bridge of Kilmainham."

Whoever was the writer, the compilation is most curious and interesting, and we are glad that the editors have departed from the usual practice adopted in this series, and have printed the Chronicle *in extenso*. The historical information is of course derived from earlier sources, for it goes back beyond the times of St. Patrick. Sometimes these sources are pointed out in the book itself, sometimes they may be detected by those who are conversant with early chronicles; but Mr. Brewer rests the claims of the "Book of Howth" on the traditional anecdotes and personal notices contained in it; and in illustration of this he quotes in his preface some interesting remarks on Surrey, Gray, and Sidney, whilst the following little anecdote of Northumberland shows that the writer's observations sometimes extended beyond Irish affairs:—

The Duke of Northumberland, in Edward VI.'s days, asked a spirit in close, whether any man should overcome him by violence, and the spirit answered that no man should have the upperhand of him. And after, Queen Mary had him taken and put to execution, for she was but a woman. Such is the guile of the false spirit.

After giving a few extracts as a specimen of the volume, the editor observes that it would be easy to multiply passages equally expressive of Irish life, feeling, and manners. But before we go on to say anything more of the contents of the volume in question, we think it quite necessary to ask of our readers the same indulgent construction which Mr. Brewer is careful to impress upon

his readers as being absolutely necessary in reading and interpreting such a curious farrago of facts and falsehoods, probabilities and improbabilities:—

It is the strong impress of their nationality which makes these early histories of Ireland the most amusing, and in some respects the most explicit, of any, if the reader will only remember that he is reading Irish history, and will not insist upon testing it by the stern rule of right and literal accuracy which he is accustomed to apply to history and its growth on this side the Channel.

Let us hope that the following story of St. Bride or St. Bridget, which immediately follows the life of St. Patrick, may be true. It is at least more credible than some of the miraculous legends connected with her name:—

One fact of her being yet a child made her famous. The King of Leinster had given to Dubtachus (her father), in token of singular affection for his good service, a rich sword. Now it befell that the maiden visiting the sick neighbours diversely distressed with hunger, her father being a stern man, his lady a shrew, she saw none other help to relieve those wretched people but to part the jewels of that idle sword among them. This matter was heinously taken and came to the King's ears, who coming shortly after to a banquet in her father's house, demanded the girl, not yet nine years old, how she durst presume to deface the gift of a King. She answered that it was bestowed upon a better King than he, "whom (quoth she) finding in such extremity, I would have given all my father's and all that thou hast, yea, yourselves and all, were ye in my power to give, rather than Christ should starve."

The most remarkable thing in the volume is the miscellaneous nature of its contents and its entire want of arrangement. From fol. 61 down to fol. 100a there is a series of Annals extending from a few years before the landing of Henry II. down to 1378 A.D., the forty-fourth year of the reign of the King—i.e. Edward III.—after which follow eight leaves which Carew has certainly described with good reason as "a confused collection." We can discover no kind of law pervading this collection. It relates to the affairs of different nations. No sort of chronological sequence has been observed. The Chronicle runs backwards and forwards for more than a thousand years, between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries. In the middle of it occurs a description of the siege of Rhodes, which appears to have been mostly taken from Hall's Chronicle; then comes "a discourse of the variance between the Earls of Kildare and Ormond." In this discourse occurs a passage to which Mr. Brewer has called attention in his preface as throwing a new light on the character of Henry VII. It represents the King as laughing with Kildare when the latter made coarse jokes against the Bishop of Meath. But the story seems to us to prove the skill of the Irishman in coming over the dull, saturnine English King, rather than any unbending of the King's usual gravity.

Sometimes a passage is inserted which has nothing whatever to do with the subject of the preceding paragraph. No explanation of these dislocations can be given by the supposition that the leaves of the book have been wrongly put together. For instance, on the second page of folio 137, after a notice which belongs to the year 1579, we have an account of the size of different giants and portions of their bodies which have been discovered, and feats which they had accomplished, ending with a broken sentence which shows that it was not a collection made from various authors relating to a particular subject, but an extract from a single work. The passage ends, "This much of the giants I find written in a credible—," after which three pages are left blank. If all the figures are magnified in proportion to those of Goliath, whose height is represented as being nine cubits and his breadth four cubits, we shall have no difficulty in reducing the account into more credible dimensions. This is followed by a fragment of the early history of Ireland, and this again by an enumeration of the "Rebellions that hath been in England from the time of William the Conqueror." And here we trace a laudable purpose on the part of the writer. After stating quite enough to prove his point, he says that he omitted thousands of other instances to avoid tediousness, and adds:—

The occasion of this remembrance is, for that when any of England birth come to Ireland, they report and brag that all that therein is are traitors, as who would say and affirm that there was nor is any treason ever in England committed. The truth is that no country that is known ever more rebelled against their Prince than England; so hereby you do understand the cause of this rehearsal.

On the back of the same leaf on which this enumeration concludes begins an argument in favour of the title of the King of England to reign over the whole of Ireland, resting upon the charters and confirmations of different Popes, and the submissions which native princes had from time to time offered. Whatever may be thought of the validity of these claims, the writer, whoever he may have been, does not strengthen them by the following allegation:—

That the Irish were subjects to the Crown of Britain before they set foot in Ireland, thus it appeareth. They dwelt in that side of Spain whereof Bayon was the chief Imperial city, and the same then in possession and obedience to Borgandyne three hundred seventy-five years ere Christ was born, as it was to his successors many a day after—namely, to Henry the 5, as I find noted in certain precepts of government, dedicated by James the 5, to James Bottler, Earl of Ormond, then Lieutenant of Ireland, A.D. 1416. From this coast and city, now Earl of Burgundy, came the fleet of those Iberians who in 60 ships met Bourguntius on the sea, returning from the conquest of Denmark, to whom they yielded oath and service, and for a dwelling-place where, by him [sic], he conducted and planted them in Ireland, and became his liege people.

On the back of the same leaf appear the following three lines, which have no connexion with anything that precedes or follows:—

Apparent in Fabian the 8th part, f. 139, A.D. 665, that Saint Denis' church beside Parvay was covered with plates of silver.

\* Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts preserved in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth. Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A., and William Bullen, Esq. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

† Saturday Review, September 19, 1868, and July 31, 1869.

There is one set of verses in the "Book of Howth" of which we will give a specimen. It contains an account of the origin and the untimely end of the Order of Templars, all whose possessions the writer says

were given unto the religion of Knights of St. John the Baptist, after they had been convicted of 10 articles of heresy, not fruitful to be put in memory A.D. 1311. In Ireland their houses were Clonetaff, Donabrowe, Gormanstown, Kilmaynam-by-Kelles, Palmerstown, and divers other, &c.

The account of their rise is as follows:—

Pope Honoré gave the authority,  
Of holy Church being that time head.  
A white habit they bare for chastity;  
Eugenius after gave them a cross of red;  
And to defend pilgrims out of dread,  
Gan Sarazins through their high renown;  
This was chief point of their profession.  
While they lived in wilful poverty  
These crossed knights, in mantles clad of white,  
Their names spread in many far country;  
For in perfection was set all their delight.  
Folk of devotion caught an appetite;  
Therefore to increase gave them great almes,  
By which they gan increase in great riches.  
By process within a few years,  
The number great of their religion  
And the fame of the said Templars  
Gan spread wide in many region.  
With towers, castles, they gave them to delices,  
Appelled in virtue which brought in many vices.

Towards the end the book becomes more and more heterogeneous in its contents. In a single page we have the following entries in the order which we give:—

There is a place in England called Barame Houth, between Dover and Canterbury, whereat H. 6 was received after his coronation at Paris, being then but 10 years of age.

Paul's steeple was set a-fire by lightning in a tempest—and also in Queen Elizabeth's time—21 H. 6.

37 H. 6 the Duke of York fled to Ireland.

The third of H. 2 was seen two suns, and in the moon was seen a red cross; and in Italy was seen three suns and three moons, and in the middle moon a red cross.

33 H. 2 appeared at Dunstabull in the air a crucifix, and Christ nailed thereon.

8 H. 1, he caused a resumption of all his former gifts. There was hail stones as big as eggs, which did much harm in England; and spouts was seen in the air in likeness of fowls bearing fire in their bills, 4 J.

5 J. wheat was sold in England for 15s. sterling the quarter.

We scarcely know how, by any amount of extracts, to convey to our readers an adequate idea of the singular nature of this volume. No class of subject seems to have come amiss to its compiler. Unquestionably none but a native Irishman could have put together such a funny combination of incidents. How much or how little he believed of what he wrote, we will not pretend to determine. We may at least say that no one could read the volume attentively without increasing his knowledge of Irish history, and improving his insight into Irish character. We have confined our attention to the "Book of Howth," which does not occupy much more than a fourth part of the volume. But the history of the "Conquest of Ireland," which is also transcribed in full, is well worth reading. And the last half of the work contains epitomes in the usual fashion of the contents of some volumes of miscellaneous papers collected by Crew. Amongst them are some notices of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. Two of these are of great importance. They are only copies, but their originals are probably not in existence, and being State Papers of the reign of Henry VII., of which so few documents have been preserved, they should have been printed at length, instead of being given in a mere analysis. The first is Henry's letter to the Mayor and Citizens of Waterford "touching Parkyn Warbeck." The other is from the same to the same, and on the same subject. In the first, which is dated August 6 [1497], he offers them a reward of 1,000 marks if they can take him, and advises them to send out ships for the purpose. In the next, which is of October 17, written from Exeter, the King informs them of the submission of Perkin at Taunton, "openly showing his name to be Piers Osbeck, and that he was never Englishman born, but born of Torney and son to John—some time while he lived comptroller of the said Torney." He adds how he had pardoned the people of Devonshire, with the exception of the chief stirrers and misdoers, who are to abide their correction. Historians say that the King refused to see him, but this letter certainly implies that he came into the King's presence at Taunton.

We may perhaps on a future occasion have more to say on the second portion of this volume, which concerns the conquest of Ireland.

#### AN AUSTRALIAN PARSONAGE.\*

MRS. MILLETT, the author of the little book before us, passed five years as the wife of a chaplain in Western Australia. She gives a pleasant and unaffected account of her experiences, and, if she does not show any remarkable literary power, exhibits at any rate a sense of humour and an eye for the peculiarities of a new country. Though she very sensibly avoids the form of a journal, we can fancy that the book is in substance the reproduction of a pleasant series of home letters, and by its help we may gain some notion of the general aspect which one of our

most neglected colonies presents to an English lady of refinement. One peculiarity of the country is not likely to affect such an observer pleasantly. From 1851 to 1868 a steady stream of convict labour was directed upon it; and as the whole population only amounts to 25,000, a very large majority of the labouring class either is or has been convict. Mrs. Millett tells us how she heard the approach of what she took to be a string of horses with jingling chains, and how, on looking round, she discovered a file of heavily-fettered convicts approaching under the care of guardians duly armed with loaded revolvers. There is something attractive to the imagination in the picture of a new country where manners are simple, hospitality flourishes, and a certain sense of fellowship in a common enterprise unites all the members of the little community. It must be confessed, however, that the case is a good deal altered when most of your fellow-citizens have been London pickpockets, burglars, forgers, and bigamists—when it is a delicate matter to make the most distant allusion to a rope in the hearing of any accidental companion, and when there is a general understanding that the fewer questions you ask about the career of any of your acquaintances the less need there will be for drawing upon their powers of fiction. Indeed it would seem by Mrs. Millett's account that, if the colonists themselves are to be believed, Western Australia has been for some time an abode of injured innocence. The stories she tells are enough to shake one's faith in the time-honoured judicial institutions of our native land. One poor fellow, for example, had been banished from his home simply because he kept a cart. Some anonymous persons borrowed it one evening, and drove to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, and when it returned, the cart was found by some strange mischance to contain the whole of the gentleman's plate. Another person had borrowed money from a bank, and having from unforeseen circumstances failed to return it in time, found that his innocent transaction was harshly described as a theft. A third victim of fate declared that, owing to some innate peculiarity of mind, he "had been always much addicted to the sharpening of a knife." Unluckily for him, he had happened on one occasion to quarrel with his wife at a time when he was absorbed in this favourite, but surely innocent, pursuit. She basely called in the police, and swore that he had tried to cut her throat; and upon this preposterous version of the affair this interesting monomaniac had been sentenced to take part in laying the foundations of a civilized community in the antipodes. These misunderstood persons suffer from a grievance to which we confess that we should not have suspected them to be specially sensitive. A great many of them, it appears, are Protestants, so far as a very pronounced aversion to Roman Catholics may justify the name. Now, as many of the immigrant women are Irish Roman Catholics, a great number of mixed marriages take place, and are apt to be followed by quarrels embittered by an *odium theologicum* worthy of more intelligent Christians. Mrs. Millett, for example, describes a bitter dispute between a certain Mr. McDougall and his wife in regard to their deceased infant, which Mrs. McDougall had clandestinely carried off to be baptized by the Roman Catholic priest, whilst Mr. McDougall retorted by insisting on its burial according to the rites of the English Church. There seems indeed to be little enough reason for such superfluous causes of quarrel. We are told of a match where the bride's father had been transported for cutting off his wife's head, and where the bridegroom was arrested three weeks after on suspicion of murder; whilst the bride came to ask for assistance with a baby of a fortnight old in her arms.

In short, so far as a large part of the whole population is concerned, the Western Australians of the future will scarcely look back to their ancestors with that kind of pride with which a New Englander speaks of the Pilgrim fathers. We suspect that their family trees will generally spring rather abruptly from a mist judiciously drawn over the early days of the colony. Possibly the Herald's College of remote centuries will adopt a device for which a precedent may also be found in America. As in Massachusetts everybody's ancestor came over in the *Mayflower*, so in Virginia all the first families trace their descent from Pocahontas. Some "black fellow"—if Mrs. Millett's account of the aborigines be true—may serve very well as the assumed forefather of innumerable Australian families. It does not, indeed, appear that there is any romantic legend as to the early relations of the two races, nor does the native Australian rival the dignified bearing of the Red Indian of poetry and fiction. Yet Mrs. Millett gives a far more favourable account of the intelligence and moral qualities of the natives than we have generally been accustomed to hear. She supports her case by some touching instances of their fidelity, and of the kindness which they show to the race before which they are so rapidly vanishing. They have indeed one or two drawbacks. They do not appear, for example, to have any sort of religious belief beyond a vague superstition about an evil power, known as Jingy. Jingy is in the habit of going about at night doing more or less mischief, and it is said that he occasionally requires to be propitiated, though the ceremonies performed in his honour are so obscure that even their existence is doubted. Moreover, the views of marriage entertained by the race are of a very simple character; and it is thought to be highly creditable to acquire a new wife by the summary means of knocking her down and carrying her off by force when a favourable opportunity occurs. Mrs. Millett expresses her dislike that any woman can under any circumstances really welcome a partner in her husband's affections; but she is forced to confess that the native women whom she had

\* *An Australian Parsonage; or, the Settler and the Savage in Western Australia.* By Mrs. F. Millett. London: E. Stanford. 1872.

the opportunity of observing did not protest by any means so feebly as they ought to have done. One of the natives of whom she speaks most warmly is a certain Khourabene, who was a kind of hanger-on to her establishment, and who in earlier times had been in trouble with the English Government for killing a previous wife. This little fact, however, seems to have been forgotten, and at one period of Mrs. Millett's story he had again set up a double family, and was, as she thought, rather henpecked by both his partners. It seems, however, that there is a summary remedy provided by native customs for cases of excessive domestic tyranny over the husband; and accordingly one fine day Mr. Khourabene speared another wife, and again found himself at variance with the English Government. Mrs. Millett appears to have felt sincere pity for his misfortunes, and is glad to tell us that up to the time of her leaving the colony he had not been brought to what we are pleased to call justice for his vigorous assertion of his matrimonial rights. The poor savages are in all probability doomed; but Mrs. Millett speaks with enthusiasm of the efforts made by a small body of Roman Catholic missionaries for their civilization. The mission of Noreia, in which the Benedictine monks have secluded a small body of natives from the contamination of the convict settlers, is, we are assured, much respected by men of all opinions, and a village of native Christians has really sprung into existence, and labours very successfully at small agricultural operations. It cannot be on a very large scale, as we are told that, according to the census of 1870, there were eighteen men and sixteen women, besides twenty-six children. However, it deserves credit as being an intelligent, and to some extent a successful, attempt to solve the apparently hopeless problem of raising a despised race to some degree of civilization.

If the lower social strata of Western Australia are not altogether of the most attractive kind, there may be some consolation in the climate. It has the advantage over the neighbouring colonies of being completely free from dust-storms and hot winds, and it is thought that this may be in some degree the cause of its singular suitability to consumptive patients. Mrs. Millett tells us that she was acquainted with two cases of pulmonary disease, which she expected to terminate fatally within a few weeks, or even days, and in both of which the disease was arrested, and the sufferers were enabled in some degree to return to the ordinary duties of life. It is a trifling set-off to this advantage that the dryness of the climate causes people's teeth to drop out even before they are decayed, and that diseases of the eye of various kinds are exceedingly common and distressing. The colonists regard Holloway's pills as a panacea for all diseases, and it is observed that those who take them do not die faster than those who leave them alone. The question, therefore, to be considered by persons about to emigrate is whether immunity from consumption is worth purchasing at the price of teeth and eyes, a separation from most of the luxuries of civilized life, and an association with a population chiefly derived from the criminal classes.

We have not, indeed, given a complete account of the advantages which may be discovered by people of an optimistic turn of mind. Mrs. Millett, if we may judge from the tone of her book, seems to have derived the keenest satisfaction from a variety of pets, whose manners and customs she describes with a good deal of humour and with evident affection. The first and most singular of these was a lizard, called the "mountain-devil." As he was covered with prickly spines, it was easy to tether him by the tail to a post in the garden. There he led a placid life, protected by a wire dike from the attacks of a cat, and living upon ants. Ultimately he lost an eye in a misdirected attempt to recover his independence, and sank under the blow. A beast of more generally intelligible merits was a kangaroo, which led a tolerably happy existence, and acquired a taste for beer. Unluckily he took to feeding on the corn of the neighbours, and was sentenced to exile, where, being deprived of his beer, he pined away, and came to a premature end. The most attractive of Mrs. Millett's pets was an opossum, which avoided the fate of its companions. Opossums, it appears, are generally disliked from their habits of destroying everything of a breakable nature about the house. Mrs. Millett saved her crockery by allowing her pet to spend the night in solitary rambles, and after three years' companionship it chose to retire into the woods altogether. The description of these creatures and of the various small interests of house-keeping in a newly settled country is pleasantly written, and perhaps some clergymen's wives may be apt to fancy after reading it that in the society of opossums, kangaroos, and mountain-devils they could surmount the hardships of life amongst convict congregations, and in a climate where the temperature rises to a point which in England would mean suffocation. If so, we may advise them to consider whether the good temper with which Mrs. Millett encountered the inconveniences of life in Barladong is not a rather rare endowment, and whether most people of equal culture would not have been likely to bring back a more depressing account of the country. Scientists and oculists in search of practice, and persons of consumptive tendency, may be safely recommended to consider the advantages of Western Australia, but most other people will probably find its attractions small until the process of opening up its resources and connecting it with other parts of Australia has been carried out a little further.

#### LEVY ON BLINDNESS AND THE BLIND.\*

FROM none but one of themselves could we hope to gain anything like a thorough and adequate expression of the thoughts, the emotions, and the cravings which we instinctively associate with the sad lot of the blind. It is to his personal experience of this privation, as enhancing the powers of an otherwise observant collector of facts, fairly adept at the processes of generalization, that much of the value as well as of the pathetic interest which belongs to Mr. Levy's little volume is justly due. In *Blindness and the Blind* we have not only a practical treatise upon the causes, the treatment, and the cure of loss of sight, with such alleviations of this terrible physical evil as it is the object of the new science or art of typhology to introduce and to develop, but we have the advantage of being taken, so to say, into companionship with a mind capable of analysing and giving form to its own existence, workings, and impressions, and, by the enforced concentration of its powers upon a limited range of the objects of perception, throwing an exceptionally strong and vivid light upon many of the central problems of psychology. A large portion of Mr. Levy's book, interesting as it is throughout, might have been compiled by any one whose sympathies, either of a philanthropic or a philosophical kind, or whose professional calling by itself might have led him to accumulate facts and figures relative to the blind, their proportion to the population at large, the causes of blindness, whether congenital or assignable to accident or disease, the methods of training and educating the blind, with the respective merits of rival systems of reading, tangible maps, globes, and other adjuncts to imparting knowledge, together with what we may call the literature of blindness—the long list of those who from the earliest times have shown themselves great, wise, and admirable under one of the direst of natural calamities or privations. There would be, we need hardly say, a definite superiority on the side of one who approached this wider province of his task in the full fruition of the bodily senses. We are indeed reminded of the drawback from literary excellence which must needs be imposed where one special faculty is lacking, by the occurrence in the book before us of lapses which the glance of an eye would surely have obviated, a word, or even a line or two, having dropped out here and there, with other failings in the text which lie beyond the pale of ordinary misprints. What, however, on the other hand, we should have looked for in vain from the highest habits of industry and intelligence on the part of "sighted persons," as they are termed by their less privileged fellows, is the statement of such primary facts as spring from the personal consciousness of the blind, and come to us consequently with an authority which is all their own. No part of Mr. Levy's work is of more value or interest than that which treats of the influence of the loss of one sense upon those which remain. It has been doubted, even by those more immediately occupied with matters relating to the blind, how far such a loss is made up by increased power in the remaining senses. From Mr. Levy's mode of approaching the question we infer that he is conscious of a distinction between the total or absolute fund of nervous power possessed by the brain or seat of nerve force, and the relative amount expended in the way of sensitive action. It is evident, he remarks, that a certain amount of nervous power is excited by every action of the mind or body. This being so, it is clear that a sighted man expends more nervous power through the medium of the eye than he does in connexion with the organs of any other sense. "When, however, the sense of sight is wanting, the nervous power usually exerted by it is employed by the other senses." Thus the powers of perception by hearing, touch, &c. enjoyed by a blind man in common with his sighted brethren are more acute than they would be but for this partial privation. This concentration of energy, though it mitigates, cannot indeed wholly compensate for the loss of sight. The special impressions formed by one sense-organ cannot of course be acquired by the use of any other organ. Yet the power or keenness of the remaining organ is actually enhanced by the extra amount of nervous energy thrown upon it. The sense of touch, for instance, can never be cultivated so highly in a man who can see as in one who is blind, for the simple reason that, whereas the nervous power of the man who sees is diffused through five senses, in the sightless it is more concentrated, being diffused only through four senses. This conclusion, we need hardly repeat, is altogether apart from the question whether the total energy possessed or exerted by those who are defective in any sense is on a par with that of those who enjoy the full complement of senses. How much gain of force, to say no more, may there not be of a reflex kind in the impressions formed or the stimulus excited by the contact, through the medium of sense, of the various ranges of external objects corresponding to the different sensitive organs? The relative amount of nervous power, moreover, latent in, or exerted by, the different senses is no doubt far from equal in all. If, then, it is conceded that the highest amount of relative strength or energy belongs to sight, the greater must be the residual degree of force thrown into the action of the other senses when the action of sight is suspended:—

The senses are like five wires radiating from an electric battery, commonly called the brain. These wires, or senses, differ in their capacity for conducting nervous power,—the largest wire, i.e. the sense of sight, carrying and applying perhaps more nervous power than the other four wires or senses combined. If the largest wire be disconnected from the battery, the whole power of the battery is thrown into the four wires; and so when sight is

\* *Blindness and the Blind*; or, a Treatise on the Science of Typhology. By W. Hanks Levy, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

wanting, the whole nervous power of the human system is thrown into the remaining four senses, which gives to them an increased power of development.

The senses of hearing, smell, and sight have been properly called the distant senses; touch and taste the near senses. The former only perceive through the medium of air and light, while the latter act through immediate contact with the objects perceived. Distinct, however, as they are, each in its special sphere, psychology has done much to trace the laws whereby they are fitted to render mutual service to each other, so that, for instance, the perceptions of the eye may be corrected by the touch and other senses. The perception of distance has been shown to result from the correlation of the impressions made by more than that single organ of sense. A wide class of phenomena full of importance to the science of mind is that which has been called the "unrecognized senses." Besides the five senses universally recognized, it is beyond doubt that man possesses certain powers which are neither to be classified among the senses nor among the faculties. Such, for instance, is the power which enables a man to perceive the quality of weight, a power to which has been assigned the name of the muscular sense, or sense of weight. There are, however, further phenomena to which the admission of this sixth sense supplies no explanation. And to some of these facts the peculiar sensitiveness of the blind has enabled our author to refer with a degree of authority which we unreservedly recognize, without feeling bound by his conclusion that they are only to be explained by admitting the existence of "as many senses as there are independent powers of perception in man," seven or eight senses at the least having to be thus recognized. Whether in the house or in the open air, whether walking or standing still, Mr. Levy can tell when he is opposite a solid object, and can discriminate whether it is tall or short, slender or bulky. He can also detect whether it is a solitary object or a continuous fence; whether it is a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it is a wooden fence, a brick or stone wall, or a quickset hedge. He cannot usually perceive objects if much lower than his shoulder, but sometimes very low objects can be detected. This, he thinks, may depend upon the nature of the objects or some abnormal state of the atmosphere. The currents of air can have nothing to do with this power, since the state of the wind does not directly affect it. Nor has the sense of hearing anything to do with it, since, when the snow lies thickly on the ground, objects are felt to be more distinct, although the footfall cannot be heard. It seems to him that he perceives objects "through the skin of his face," and has the impression immediately transmitted to the brain. The only part of his body which possesses this power is his face, as he has ascertained by a series of experiments. Stopping his ears does not interfere with it; but covering his face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. None of the five senses having anything to do with the existence of this power, the circumstances he has named induce him to call this unrecognized sense by the name of "Facial Perception." Dr. Saunderson, equally blind, could tell when a cloud obscured the horizon. At one time Mr. Levy could himself do this with great accuracy, but he cannot now trust himself in this respect. Whether long residence in London, "where clouds may be said to be the rule," may account for this he cannot say. He has known many persons totally blind, Mr. Farrow amongst others, who had this power. The presence of fog interferes greatly with facial perception, the impressions of objects being then faint and untrustworthy. The drier the atmosphere the more perfect does experiment show the exercise of this sense to be. Day or night makes no difference to the faculty. When passing along a street Mr. Levy can distinguish shops from private houses, and can even point out the doors and windows, and this whether the doors be shut or open. On one occasion, walking in a lane, this perception enabled him to judge more correctly than the sight of a companion as to the height of a fence between the road and a field. He believes himself to have here a succession of proofs sufficient to establish the existence of a special sense possessed indeed by all, but unrecognized in all but the blind, on account of the all-absorbing claims of the eye. It is likewise, he thinks, of a more secret and subtle nature than any of the other senses.

Now, keen and correct as Mr. Levy has shown himself in the observation of facts, he has obviously fallen into the common fallacy of those who would take for granted the existence of a new cause, while there is nothing all the while in the phenomena observed but what well-known causes are amply adequate to explain. The various impressions of which he is so acutely sensible resolve themselves into nothing more than so many conditions of atmospheric pressure, the delicate surfaces and avenues of sense, abnormally sensitive in the blind, appreciating changes exceedingly slight and transient in the fluid medium in contact with them. In free and open air the impression upon these highly organized and nervous surfaces will be a corresponding feeling of openness and freedom on all sides. Let them now be brought near to a solid and inert body like a wall or paling, and the substitution on one side of so much hard and inelastic matter for the elastic and yielding atmosphere will make itself readily felt. Degrees of hardness, or breaks of continuity in the barriers thus opposed to free circulation, will even become appreciable to an extent sufficient to explain the phenomena which so struck Mr. Levy whenever he took his walks abroad. Everybody must have felt at times the effect produced by an open door even in the stillest room. Similar in kind, however more subtle in degree, must be the effect of a cloud closing in upon and weighing down the atmo-

sphere; the pressure of which, extending in all directions, penetrates to and influences all the tactual organs of the body. The hearing, as such, would not be sensitive to this change of pressure, but the tympanum of the ear would be mechanically affected by it, whilst the general sensation would be most effectively described as distributed over the skin of the face. This exactly corresponds with what Mr. Levy describes as his experience. Hence, too, the importance of a dry and elastic state of the atmosphere. There is not the slightest need for invoking the agency of electricity, as Mr. Levy is inclined to do. He is quite right, we believe, in his conviction that various substances, such as iron, wood, stone, &c., will be found to convey different impressions to the face, and that in close relation to their various degrees of elasticity, just as they are known to differ in their effects upon sound. By the simple suggestion of an intense perception of the interference of solid bodies with the normal elasticity of the air, we may hope to explain the adroit way in which creatures blind as bats in their flight keep clear of walls, trees, and other obstacles. The cultivation of the like faculty has no little to do with the power of the blind to walk alone, though the stick must be in general, and to the less gifted or trained order of sightless walkers, the guide and safeguard of their steps. We note it, by the way, as a subject for national complacency, indicative of superior physical or mental fibre, that the practice of their English compeers in traversing the streets of London without a guide was the cause of much surprise to the blind of Paris, to whom the author mentioned that fact during a visit some years ago. It disappoints us to find Mr. Levy dismissing so summarily as he does, in his remarks upon the sense of touch, all question about the power of the blind to discriminate colours, even the most strongly marked. All that touch can do, he declares, is to distinguish between surfaces; it cannot feel rays of light. And he quotes Sir Charles Bell as equally restricting the capacity of touch in his treatise upon the Hand. As colour makes no alteration in the surface of an object, touch, it is argued, cannot deal with it. Widely spread as the opposite belief has been and is, we are told to look upon it as a fallacy due to impostors or "interested persons." We are sorry that Mr. Levy should have passed without notice the suggestion that latent heat may possibly cause objects the same in material or stuff to differ perceptibly in warmth to a delicate touch according to their difference of hue. It has been held by some within our own knowledge, by seeing persons even, that they could by this test distinguish, at all events, broad differences like those of black and white, or red, yellow, and blue, in substances like silk, cotton, or cloth. The problem is, at all events, one which calls for further experiment and verification, and we should rejoice to see it made the subject of thorough and careful study by one with Mr. Levy's special powers and opportunities both of observation and analysis.

#### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.\*

THE great mine of comic humour to be found in the plays of Plautus has been so little worked by playwrights of modern date that it might repay our dramatists to become more intimately conversant with those masterpieces of plot, dialogue, and lively repartee. And as English scholarship has grown subtler, as well as more general, than it was in the days of Addison and Fielding, there would be this advantage in cultivating such an acquaintance—that the poet's life and spirit might be more thoroughly distilled, if imitators either possessed a competent knowledge of Latin comedy themselves, or had access to as good a translation of Plautus as Hookham Frere has left us of four plays of Aristophanes. Unfortunately Thornton and Warner's Plautus is not equal even to Colman's Terence, and, though generally literal, is seldom as lively a representative of the flavour of the original as is desirable when a translation is the chief medium of knowledge of a given author. Its notes are useful, and its analyses of the plots would be equally so were they not oddly placed at the head instead of the tail of each scene or act. It is liberal in parallels for the aphoristic expressions which play so large and opportune a part in the dialogues of Plautus, as they do indeed in the writings of all great dramatists who have courted the ear of the people. But it is far from coming up to the ideal of a translation, and betrays the handiwork of matter-of-fact workmen in imperfectly reflecting the sparkles of the original wit. No doubt the task is difficult. A more cautious plan is to attempt a single play, as Mr. Strong has done with the *Mostellaria*, of which the *Haunted House* is a translation. Engaged in professorial duties in the Scotch University where the late Professor Ramsay brought to bear upon Plautus all the acumen, research, and stores of illustrative information of which his posthumously published *Mostellaria* is an imperfect memorial, he has put forth the *Haunted House* as a feeler, and proposes, if it meets encouragement, to follow it up with the *Captivi* and *Miles Gloriosus*. One would not willingly discourage so laudable an aim; yet we cannot award unreserved praise to an experimental version which, with many proofs of aptness for the task, combines almost as many drawbacks and errors of taste and judgment. And as the arrangement, introduction, and general getting-up of the book are eminently satisfactory, we have the less hesitation in noting points for avoidance in those which may possibly succeed it.

In the first place, however, we must testify to the clearness

\* The *Haunted House*. Translated from Plautus. By H. A. Strong, M.A., Oxon, Assistant Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.



with which Mr. Strong has analysed the play in his introduction, and the tact he has shown in noticing, not at too great length, its Danish and English imitations. Fielding's *Intriguing Chambermaid* will be pulled down from the top shelf and the region of cobwebs to which her free and easy ways have exiled her, and will be re-perused, or perused for the first time, with no detriment to the reputation of our great English humorist. Whereas in Plautus it is a rascally male slave who weaves the web of tricks and lies which it is the business of the *dénouement* to unravel, in Fielding's farce the rogue is an equally versatile Mrs. Lettice. In the original, the spendthrift Philolaches is a serious character, spoilt by extravagant associates, a reckless mistress, and the absence of parental influence; in the imitation, young Valentine Goodall is a very Charles Surface, though with this great point in his favour, that, in spite of his irregular habits, he has a virtuous attachment for the somewhat yielding and susceptible Charlotte. Each of the spendthrifts, unexpectedly cut short in their mad folly by the return of thrifty merchant fathers from abroad, deputes a "fallax servus" to act as a sort of "buffer" to meet and parry, as best he or she may, their bursts of indignation. Tranio, the Plautine slave, "lies like an angel," and Fielding's female counterpart is no discredit to the representatives of her class on the English stage. The former says of one of his own inventions:—

Calidum hercle audiivi esse optimum mendacium:  
Calidum hoc est: etsi procul abest, urit male:

Or, as Mr. Strong translates it, not amiss:—

A lie, like pudding, should be fresh and hot;  
I'm burnt by this before it left the pot.

And any reader who does not know how attractive to an audience are the shifts and complications of a lying servant on the stage might realize the fact by seeing a piece, enacted at the end of last year at the Gaiety, called *Night and Morning*, though in Mr. Dion Boucicault's play the tissue of lies is doubtless a pious fraud. Not so in the Latin play, the plot of which turns on the cheat put upon the perplexed father by his slave's information that his house is shut up because it had been discovered to be haunted by the ghost of a man murdered in it by the last owner. Scarcely is he withdrawn from the doors, which, had they opened to him, would have betrayed his son in mid debauch, when up comes a uaurer, clamorous for payment of the profligate's debt to him. Tranio's ready invention persuades the father that the debt was incurred in order to purchase a new house at a great bargain. But no sooner is the money-lender satisfied than the old man, gulled and delighted by what he deems his son's eye to a profitable investment, wishes to inspect the purchase. The slave contrives on some false pretext to get leave for this from the owner, who is just gone off to the Forum for gossip; and the visit is repeated afterwards in the owner's company, the latter thinking that its object is to get a wrinkle or two for the building of a new mansion, and the father being under the delusion that the owner has sold it to his son against his wishes, and that silence is good taste on a sore subject. Of course "murder will out," and the tissue of lies gets discovered at length by the inopportune appearance and candour of an honest slave coming to fetch home his master, a boon companion of Philolaches. A very comic scene winds up the Latin play, and a scene, too, which could have no exact parallel in a modern piece; for Francis, the rascally slave, takes sanctuary at the horns of the stage altar, and there maintains his effrontery and his principles of self-preservation towards a master who is so sharp as to call forth all the slave's characteristic acuteness. Here is a fair sample, from Mr. Strong's translation, of the word-fence betwixt the two. Theopropides, the father, begins:—

TRA. I want to ask your counsel: do pray rise!  
I feel when I am seated far more wise.  
Bethink you, too, men hold for most divine  
The counsel given from a holy shrine.  
THEO. Rise, look me in the face: don't trifle so.  
TRA. I'm looking.  
THEO. Do you see?  
TRA. Indeed I do.  
THEO. There's no room for a third when we're together:  
He'd starve outright: we're just birds of one feather.

There are very few faults to be found with the Roman play, which would have been undesirably augmented could Dunlop's criticism have been adopted, and the character of Philolaches, the spendthrift with chronic prickings of conscience, "better brought out." As to Fielding's imitation, Mr. Strong is quite right in thinking that he might have made more use of the scene between Sino and Theopropides going over the house at cross purposes, each thinking he is humouring a whim or weakness of the other. The *Intriguing Chambermaid*, however, carries upon its face the marks of hasty workmanship, and it is hard to conceive so fertile a genius as its author troubling himself to borrow with much precision or formality what he wanted for the nonce from Plautus.

But to recur to Mr. Strong's translation. The first fault to be found with it is the ill-advised use of rhyme throughout the play, the dialogues and soliloquies, as well as the "cantica," being, contrary to the usage of the English drama, all done into rhyming couplets. It is difficult to conceive why the translator has chosen thus to hamper himself, thereby at once abridging his freedom and enhancing the necessity for inexactness, of which there would have been no need had he resorted to the normal dramatic blank verse. In that case it might have been a pleasant relief to find the trochaic tetrameters converted, when they occur, into fifteen-syl-

lable English ballad rhymes, whilst as to the cantica, touching the metrical arrangement of which there is considerable obscurity, great latitude would have been obviously admissible. But it is both tedious and unnatural to have nothing but rhymes, instead of the iambs, trochaics, and other metres of the original; besides which, the translator is by his choice not seldom betrayed into laxity of rendering where there is nothing to be gained by it, and into expletive additions not warranted by the Latin. To take an instance of this last fault. In the sixth scene, where Tranio is palming off his ghost story on the father, the latter asks—

What made you first suspect this horrid deed?

And Tranio's answer—

Your son was dining out, and, as agreed,  
At his return we turn'd in for the night—

bears on its face the sign of added words to satisfy the necessities of rhyme. The Latin words, "Abimus omnes cubitum condormivimus" (475), and their context, are utterly destitute of any justification for the inserted words signifying concert or agreement. Not to waste time in more instances of this, we must further take exception to the singularly ill choice of a metre for the representation of the Bacchic tetrameters in which Philolaches, in the second scene, delivers his half-penitent soliloquy. It is all very well so long as Mr. Strong confines himself to octosyllabics, with an occasional variety of decasyllabic and hendecasyllabic lines; but we can only marvel at the taste which can reconcile itself to recasting the mock didactic lines which contain the scapegrace's maudlin confessions and prosings on the errors of youthful inexperience, in the metre of *In Memoriam*, now for the first time subjected to such an indignity. Indeed, to accommodate himself to the trammels of this metre, he falls into the trap of vagueness and slack translation, as may be seen in the following stanza, where the third line is a very loose rendering of the words "Eatenus abest una fabria," the sense of which is given fairly enough in the French translation, "Dès ce moment l'ouvrier échappe à l'ouvrier":—

The son adopts the man's career  
Under some kind relation's eye,  
The workman leaves him with a sigh,  
He serves his first campaign a year.

Very unsatisfactory, too, is the license which Mr. Strong occasionally takes to leave out, not merely a line or two here and there, but even whole passages—as, for example, from v. 200 to 218 in Bothe's edition, where Philonotium argues with her graceless maid Scapha in favour of confining herself to one lover, Philolaches, who, unperceived, is a listener to the conversation. This scene is so amusing that we may well grudge any retrenchment of it.

We have also to complain of the misconception or slurring of passages which have a fun in them not expressed in this rendering. Thus, in v. 345 (Bothe), at the opening of the scene where Tranio learns that the old merchant has unexpectedly arrived in port, the fun consists in the slave's addressing to the audience the words "Equis homo est, qui facere argenti cupiat aliquantum lucri," and creating a laugh by thus offering a handsome price for a substitute. But this does not at all come out in Mr. Strong's vague line—

What gains can e'er recoup thee for thy sorrow?

which we are sure he cannot intend for a literal translation, because he has rendered with considerable neatness the lines immediately following:—

Ubi sunt isti plagiarii, ferritribaces viri,  
Vel isti qui trium numerum causa subeunt sub falsis,  
Ubi aliqui quindenis hastis corpus transdigi solent?  
Where are those gallow-birds whose total gains  
Ne'er pay their masters for their cost in chains?  
Or those who for three coppers scale a breach,  
And sell their lives for just three spear-wounds each?

Mr. Strong needs to be reminded that his renderings of Plautus ought to be as clear and palpable as he can make them, and that for example, it is begging the question of the meaning of the poet's adage, *Tam facile vincer, quam pium vulpes comest* (543), to render it "You'll win the day that Reynard eats a pear." Of course he may mean to take the proverb as expressing an impossibility, although if, as in *Theocr.* i. 49, foxes can take an interest in ripe grapes, so can they in pears. For our part we cannot see how the proverb can refer to aught but the facility of the process of arbitration proposed in the context by Tranio. Something might be said of positive blunders which occur here and there—e.g., vv. 879-885, where Phnicus, a well-disposed slave, complains of his worthless fellow-servants that—

Ubi adeorum ut cant  
Vocantur hero—non eo: molestus ne sis

is their reply. Now Mr. Strong ought to know from Terence and Plautus the technical meaning of "advorsum ire" (see v. 913, "ei advorsum venimus") far too well to render those words—

Say they're bid to go an errand; be the message from their lord;  
"I am busy," you may hear them say, or else, "I can't be bored."

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he mistakes the sense of "advorsum ire hero"—i.e., "fetching home a master"—and that he takes "hero" for an ablative, if he thinks at all about the Latin. It is equally surprising that in scene xv. he should translate "orator" "a suppliant," in the words "sum orator datus," when obviously the meaning is an "ambassador," which we know from Virgil to be its frequent sense. That Mr. Strong is capable

of better and more sustained work is evident from his management of many of the best passages in this play. He has done very well Sino's contradiction of Tranio's statement that his house is a cool one (vv. 743-8):—

Nay, the reverse is true: though shade abound  
In every corner else, here Sol is found  
From morning until eve—sure never than  
Was so perennial as my friend the sun;  
My well's the only shady corner here,  
But e'en that this is cool I wouldn't swear.

The line "quasi flagitator adstat usque ad ostium" is capitally turned in the words we have italicized; and, in default of a better rendering of Tranio's immediate rejoinder,

Quid Sarcinatis equa est, si Umbram non habes—

a topographical pun which needed an Italian audience to appreciate it—Mr. Strong's attempt,

Well, if you have a well you can't want better,

is kept in countenance by similar hits in our pantomimes and burlesques. Had we space, we should like to extract a page or so of the toilet scene, at which Philoaches is an cavesdropper. It is a locus classicus touching ancient unguents and cosmetics, and is represented with considerable life and spirit, as well as truth to the original. Failing that, we must conclude with a passage from the scene from which our last extract was taken, as a specimen of the translator's lively presentation of the impudence of Tranio, who avails himself of his self-chosen office of showman of Sino's house to impose upon his old master's failing sight:—

THU. The more I'm pleased. The more I look  
TRA. See yonder, how one rook  
Is plucking, turn by turn, yon vulture pair.  
Look straight at me; you'll find the rook is there.  
Say, do you see it?  
THU. I can't say I do,  
TRA. Then can you see the vultures nearer you?  
THU. To cut it short, I see no bird at all;  
There are no paintings all along the wall.  
TRA. Your sight is fading as your years increase:  
So, never mind! Alas! no excuses, please.

If he will but correct and amend a few shortcomings, we shall be glad to see Mr. Strong again representing the "durus pater" and "fallax servus" to English readers.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC TESTIMONIES ON THE PAPACY.\*

THREE little volumes, issued within the last few months, are before us, differing considerably in their tone, their purpose, and the details of their subject-matter, but all by Roman Catholic writers, and all bearing on the claims and action of the Papacy. The first is by an Italian monk, who wishes to prove that the sole guarantee for the freedom and security of the Church and the rights of the Episcopate lies in the supreme and infallible jurisdiction of the Pope; the second is by a French Abbé, who declares that the Episcopate is annihilated and the whole constitution of the Church revolutionized by the modern pretensions of Rome; while, in the third, Mr. Lowry Whittle, an Irish Roman Catholic already favourably known by his contributions to the literature of the Irish education question, pointedly contrasts "Catholicism" with "the Vatican." The external observer is irresistibly tempted to exclaim under such circumstances, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Our present aim is not so much to pronounce a decision as to indicate the force and extent of the divergence. Had such criticisms on the first of these three works as are incidentally supplied by the other two been made by a Protestant writer, they would have been at once set down to ignorance or malice, and cited as a fresh evidence of the utter incompetence of those without the fold to comprehend the simplest elements of Catholic truth. But such a verdict can hardly be hazarded on the strictures of a French priest and doctor of divinity and of an Irish Catholic layman. France is the eldest daughter of the Church, and Ireland has always prided herself on the immaculate purity of her faith. Let us hear then what our three witnesses have to tell us, and how far their testimony agrees.

Father Tondini, to do him justice, writes with calmness and precision, and is commendably free from the abusive rhetoric so common with controversialists. He is anxious to establish the immense superiority of the Roman system to that of the Russian Orthodox Communion, which is "undeniably as much enslaved as a Church possibly can be," the legislative and administrative functions being concentrated in the hands of the Czar, who is "Supreme Judge," and even "Head of the Church." He broadly hints that the Russian is as completely subjected to the civil power as the English Church, except that the Czar has hitherto disclaimed any right of interference with doctrine; and he dwells especially on the subjection of the Russian as contrasted with the independence of the Catholic bishops, and on the instability of faith and discipline in a Church liable at any moment to revolutions as much as any secular State. The sole and sufficient preservative against these dangers and abuses is

intimated in the title of his work, the *Pope of Rome and the Eastern Popes*. There is no alternative, he assures us, but "Catholicism or revolution"; or, in other words, "the Pope is the only authority able to preserve the Church from enslavement and revolutions"—by him alone "can the jurisdiction of the bishops be effectually supported"; and, strangely enough, he refers, in evidence of this, to the decree of the Vatican Council, which has been generally represented, not as supporting, but supplanting, episcopal rights. The Council, he observes, merely expressed "an elementary truth and a patent fact" when it declared that the authority of bishops is strengthened by the assertion of the Pope's prerogative of ordinary and immediate jurisdiction in every diocese of Christendom. We are not going to enter here on any discussion of the condition of the Russian Church. Many systems present a very different appearance on paper from what is exhibited in their practice, and probably an advocate of "orthodoxy" would have a good deal to urge at least in arrest of judgment. Our present concern, however, is not with the Russian Church, but the Roman, in whose constitution and actual working Father Tondini sees a perfect example of the freedom, independence, and immutable security of faith and discipline, wherein the Oriental Churches are so fatally deficient. There at least the bishops are not nominal but real chiefs and heads of the Church, ruling in all the fulness of apostolic authority; there no lay power dares to interfere with ecclesiastical independence, and no revolution is possible. Be it so. We offer no comment of our own, but we propose to call attention to the fact that there is certainly some conflict of testimony on the subject.

Let us now turn to Dr. Michaud's *Guignol et la Révolution dans l'Eglise romaine*, where, curiously enough, the very title flatly contradicts one main item of Father Tondini's contention, and the very first section as emphatically contradicts the rest of it. The Pope alone secures the authority of the Episcopate, and excludes the intrusion of laymen into the government of the Church. So says Tondini. But Dr. Michaud begins by telling us how Lamennais, in his work of 1814 on the Institution of Bishops, bitterly attacked those "despots who thought to stifle truth by their decrees and their dungeons," while he soon afterwards welcomed with enthusiasm De Maistre's work on the absolute monarchy of the Pope. To Lamennais has succeeded Veillot, a layman like De Maistre, who seems to have effected all, and more than all, that the Russian Czars are accused of in the way of degrading the Episcopate and revolutionizing the Church. So at least we infer from the following trenchant passage:—

Autant Veillot a varié en politique, autant tous les rois, que détestait Lamennais, autant il lui est resté fidèle dans sa haine contre l'épiscopat et dans sa théorie de la suprématie absolue du pape. Complètement dépourvu de théologie, simple prophète gouailleux, Veillot avait sur Lamennais et sur Dom Guéranger l'avantage de n'être point embarrassé dans ses contremarches et ses promesses par le poids du savoir: aussi mena-t-il à bonne fin l'œuvre que Lamennais seul n'eût pas réussi, malgré tout son génie paradoxal, à accomplir. C'est lui qui fut vraiment le tueur d'évêques; les autres ne furent que des maîtres de chasse et des sonneurs de cor. Sa méthode est de ne pas raisonner, d'injurier, de faire peur à son adversaire, et de faire rire la galerie. La est tout son art et tout son secret. . . . Il faut lire certains articles de 1840, et voir la façon mystérieuse et dégradée dont Messieurs de l'Unives traitaient déjà les évêques de France, d'Allemagne et d'Angleterre. Autant ils ont été circonspects à l'égard du parti qui voulait réduire l'autorité épiscopale au bénéfice du clergé du second ordre, autant ils étaient animés, excessifs, violents, envers ceux qui, comme Lamennais, voulaient imposer cette même autorité à l'autorité suprême de la papauté. A la fin, les évêques, qui n'étaient pas précisément des héros malgré le caractère qui leur avait été conféré, sentirent leur croquer trembler dans leurs mains. Déjà en mai 1852, Mgr. Dupanloup ne craignait pas de se plaindre hautement en ces termes: "Tous les évêques ont pu entrevoir par là, comment serait traité désormais quiconque, parmi eux, se permettrait, dans les questions les plus graves et les plus importantes pour la religion, de penser autrement que les redoutables de l'Unives." Et depuis 1852, quo n'est-il pas passé! La terreur blanche exercée par Veillot et son parti a fait de lui et de ses hommes de véritables puissances. Après avoir tremblé devant eux, évêques et fidèles les ont invoqués, leur ont demandé la lumière, et surtout se sont soumis à leur décision.

Puis, les évêques une fois anéantis, Veillot et ses hommes ont anéanti l'épiscopat. Ce dernier coup a été l'œuvre du concile du Vatican, qui lui-même a été l'œuvre de Veillot et de ses hommes, à l'exclusion totale de l'Esprit-Saint.

And this, adds the author, "was only the beginning of the revolution." In several successive chapters he gives us extracts from synodical and episcopal decrees, severely condemning Veillot and his doctrines, among which a pastoral of Mgr. Guibert, the present Archbishop of Paris, stands first. The bishops, however, could not hold their own against their lay censor, and another chapter under the startling title, "Le maudit devenu pape; l'épiscopat aux pieds de M. Veillot et de son parti," explains how, while Pius IX. is titular Pope, "the true Pope, who holds the threads of Jesuit and Cardinalial administration and of the Roman Congregations in his hands, is Master Veillot," who observed during the Council, with characteristic modesty, "Pour moi, je ne m'en irai qu'avec mon dogme dans ma poche." The poor dogma, observes Michaud, was badly lodged, but on the principle of *cuique suum* it was the right place for it. It is a fact, we believe, that Veillot exercises a terrorism over the French clergy infinitely greater than the Pope and all the bishops put together. In a concluding chapter the author describes the Ultramontanism as "revolutionaries in the Church," and again quotes Mgr. Guibert's condemnation of Veillot for conducting society to an "abyss," preparing "a great apostasy," and labouring to substitute for legitimate obedience servility to superiors and revolt against the laws, while Dupanloup characterized his Ultramontanism as "an

\* *The Pope of Rome and the Popes of the Oriental Orthodox Church*. By the Rev. C. Tondini, Barnabite. London: Longmans. 1871.

*Guignol et la Révolution dans l'Eglise romaine*. Par M. l'Abbé E. Michaud. Paris. 1872.

*Catholicism and the Vatican*. By J. Lowry Whittle, A.M. London: King & Co. 1872.

outrage on authority." And, finally, we are informed, in words which could hardly have been more explicit if they were aimed directly against Tondini's rose-coloured representation, "In the Roman Catholicism of 1872 the former Catholicism no longer exists. The revolution is actually in the Roman Catholic Church. Such is the simple fact."

No two writers could well be more unlike in style and in their intellectual build than the fervid French ecclesiastic and the calm but incisive author of *Catholicism and the Vatican*. Yet there is a singular unanimity in their conclusions. Mr. Whittle thus defines the practical gravity of the crisis:—

An eminent Irish member delighted his Catholic supporters some time since by bidding men who talked about Ultramontanism talk about Mesopotamia; one term was as much to the purpose as the other, the fluent orator contended. This sort of language only echoed the general sentiment of Catholic society. Now, however, it is very plain that, for those who care about Catholic truth, Ultramontanism is a very pressing matter. If that is the true form of Catholicity which Ireland has hitherto been without, our boast that we have always maintained the faith is unfounded, and the claims of Ireland to Catholicity have to be reconsidered. If Ultramontanism is not true, then every Catholic must feel it is his duty to lift his voice against it, to do what in him lies to testify to the truth, and to protect the faith of our people.

And then, after giving in English the text of the two Vatican decrees on the infallibility of the Pope and his "full and supreme, ordinary and immediate, jurisdiction over the universal Church, and over all and every Church, and every pastor and every believer," he subjoins the following very pertinent comment, in which we have italicized the few crucial words which contain a direct, though of course unconscious, challenge to Father Tondini:—

The first of these dogmas destroys at once the whole theory of the episcopacy. Each bishop becomes only the local agent of the Pope. Greatly as the Pope's authority over the bishops had grown in the latter times of the Church, the bishop still took the oath of fidelity to the Pope, with the clause *salvo meo ordine*. He had distinct rights in the Church as a member of the episcopacy claiming to represent the apostles; and his obedience to the Pope was regulated by the canon law. The *ordinarius potestas*, or power of the bishop, was the authority to which each priest or layman was immediately subject in religious matters. Now every priest and layman is subject to the Pope directly; the Pope's power extends over pastor and believer.

The practical effect of this first part of the Vatican decree is greater than that of the following section. The sweeping away with the consent of the episcopacy of the whole constitution of the Latin Church, is one of the most remarkable facts the modern historian could record. All the rights and privileges of separate orders in the Church are abolished. All the customs of local or national churches, the relations of the parish priest to his flock, to his bishop, of the bishops to each other, of the various national Churches to the Papacy; the whole canon law which elaborately regulated all these relations; all these institutions of the Church have only a significance so far as the Pope may permit in each particular case. According to this dogma, those who for so many centuries relied on the canon law as a limitation of the power of the Pope, as a guarantee of special rights of bishops and of priests, and of local churches, were violating the ordinances of God.

Tondini, it may be remembered, allowed that the Czar held himself bound by the dogmatic, though not the disciplinary, Canons of the ancient Councils. Mr. Whittle shows that henceforth neither can bind the Pope. And as to tradition and episcopal authority, he points out that the new dogmas have been carried in the very teeth of the unanimous teaching of the Irish bishops and the belief of their flocks for centuries. The doctrine of Papal infallibility, he says, was never thought of as an article of faith in Ireland before the meeting of the Vatican Assembly, never hinted at in catechisms or devotional manuals, and was known to the Catholic people only as a calumny, put forward by Protestant misapprehension or prejudice to prevent their attaining their civil rights. The greatest ornament of the Irish Episcopate in this century, Bishop Doyle, always regarded the Church as "an organization constituted by law," and expressly stated to the Parliamentary Committee who examined him in 1825 that the Papal power was "limited by decrees of Councils and by usage," and that "if the Pope directs any decree respecting local usage to any nation beyond the limits of the Papal territory, the assent of the bishops of such country is necessary in order that the decree should have effect;" which flatly contradicts the new dogma on the Pope's universal episcopate. Archbishop Kelly of Tuam affirmed still more explicitly before the same Committee that "if Bulls or Rescripts emanating from the Pope contained doctrines or matters not compatible with the discipline of the particular Church to which they may be addressed," the bishops were bound to reject them; which implies also a denial of Papal infallibility. These and similar statements of Irish and English bishops were quoted in the Vatican Synod by Bishop Clifford, with the obvious comment that Catholics would be held to have violated honour and good faith if they now proclaimed doctrines which they had obtained their civil rights by expressly and formally repudiating. Mr. Whittle adds that his Catholic fellow-countrymen laughed at the notion of Papal infallibility, which they had always been taught to disbelieve, being made an article of faith, till "by degrees a faint echo of the *Letters of Quirinus* made its way to Ireland," and, "when at length the course of affairs at the Vatican became clear beyond all doubt, they gave way to a feeling very like dismay."

We cannot follow the author through his graphic and laud sketch of the Catholic movement in Germany and of the Munich Congress, at which he was present; but we may cordially recommend his book to all who wish to follow the

course of the movement. It has a special interest on another ground also. With the exception of a striking article on the movement by "a Liberal Catholic," in the current number of the *Theological Review*, it is the first public protest against the Vatican decrees we have seen emanating from a British Roman Catholic, and certainly the first appearing under the author's name. That he has given expression to a sentiment very general among his countrymen seems evident, and we shall be curious to observe whether Cardinal Cullen succeeds in crushing out the traditional faith of Irish Catholics, and achieving for Pius IX. that conquest over their spiritual rights which Adrian IV. effected over their civil independence. Mr. Whittle prints in his appendix the remarkable Bull of Adrian assigning Ireland to Henry II., on condition of an annual payment of one penny from every house, by virtue of the undoubted "dominion of St. Peter and the Holy Roman Church over all islands on which the Sun of Justice hath shone."

#### THE ROSE AND THE KEY.\*

THE sunset of the opening chapter of a novel often gives as much mystical lore as the sunset of life, and quite as much favours coming events in casting their shadows before. If the sun as it sinks casts a faint yellow light over tower and tree, if the wind is rising and soon begins to "sough" in a melancholy way, if the rain comes down and brings down the dead leaves with it, then, even if the heroine is not yet born, still we know that she will be consumptive, and towards the end of the third volume will leave the hero disconsolate. If, on the contrary, the evening is fair and the sun goes down in glory, if the wind has fallen and the summer leaves scarcely rustle, we know that, even if troubles and dangers have to be surmounted, nevertheless the story will close with a marriage, and only the wicked people will be killed. We must confess, however, that we found our skill at fault when we tried to draw from Mr. Le Fanu's opening chapter any augury of the probable course of his story. The sun behaved in a most inconsiderate manner, and was almost as confusing as the plot of *The Rose and the Key*. What could we make of a "summer sunset with a melancholy flush," "a sea-green sky flecked with faint crimson," "mists of sunset," "golden light which catches the tip of the nose and chin" of an old lady, "piles of flaming cloud," "solen purple shadow," "faint green and yellow sky," "streaks of purple vapour, and the fading crimson and scarlet fires of sunset," and "ominous piles of cloud, black against the now fast-fading sky"? The "melancholy flush" was certainly portentous of evil, but "the golden light on the tip of nose and chin," gazed upon as it was by the heroine, seemed to bring hope with it. In the "ominous piles of cloud" we saw, however, that mischief portended, and we inferred, and rightly, that the heroine would have a dreadful time of it, even if she were destined to reach happiness and the "hymeneal altar" in the end. In the thunderstorm that followed close upon the sunset, the lightning, or rather its "wild reflection," behaved in a most irregular and uneloquent manner, for it actually "flickered on trees and fields." Does Mr. Le Fanu know what is the meaning of the word "flicker," or does he happen never to have seen a thunderstorm? While the lightning was flickering, the rain was "whacking the pavement below all over," "while a sleek, lean man, lantern-jawed," with one eye, was dogging the heroine's footsteps. Men are not often sleek and lean at the same time, but no doubt the combination of contradictory peculiarities only rendered this one-eyed monster more odious still. No wonder the heroine exclaims, as she gazes upon him, "I tell you, cousin, I have a presentiment that some misfortune impends. I suppose there is a crisis in every one's life; the astrologers used to say so. God send me safely through mine." By the time the misfortune is ready to come upon her, and the crisis is reached, the sunset speaks in an unmistakable way, and gives her the plainest of warnings; and though there was neither flickering lightning, nor whacking rain, nor the sleek, lean, one-eyed man to increase the horrors of the scene, yet the boldest of heroines might well have had misgivings. But Mr. Le Fanu shall make the sun set in his own words:—

It is a strange, wild, ominous sunset. Long floods of clear saffron flush into faint flame, and deep purple masses, like piles of battle-smoke, load the pale sea of green above. The sun dives into its abyss of fire. Black clouds, like girdling rocks, with jagged edges dazzling as flame, encircle its descent with the yawn of a crater, and, high in air, watered flecks of cloud, like the fragments of an explosion, hang splendouring the fading sky with tongues of fire. The sun is now quite down; all is gradually darkening. The smoke is slowly rolling and subsiding, and the crater stretches up its enormous mouth, and breathes out a blood-red vapour that overpreads the amber sky, and mists the sinking masses; and so the vaporous scenery fades and blackens, leaving on Maud's mind a vague sense of the melancholy and portentous.

The sun, no doubt, made a great effort on this occasion; for it does not happen every day that it sets upon a heroine who is heir to "one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year in land, and a great deal of money besides," and yet, in the full possession of her senses, is being hurried off to a lunatic asylum. After all, if in our descriptions of scenery we are to use words, we do not know why we should not use as long words as our dictionaries supply, and if we are to give our heroines fortunes, we do not know why we should not go as far in our numbers as our knowledge of

\* *The Rose and the Key*. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

Cocker allows. We feel grateful to Mr. Le Fanu for the excellent and noble company in which he keeps us. We delight in their titles, in their aristocratic names, and their vast estates. We rejoice in having Lord Warhampton's only son, the Honourable Charles Marston, for our hero, and Miss Maud Guendoline Vernon, Sir Amyrald Vernon's heiress, for our heroine. We delight in "the grand Elizabethan structure—broad, florid, built of white stone, yellowed and many-tinted by time," in which so many of the scenes pass, and we delight also in the good county families of ancient name which visit there. Many of us in actual life suffer so cruelly from the vulgar names which we inherit from our sires, that in our fictions at least we may fairly expect to be allowed to forget our vexations. Which of us after all would not far more enjoy the *History of a Foundling* if the hero of the story had been christened, not Tom Jones, but Amyrald Vernon? We see in every suburb of London the eagerness with which we all try to throw a halo of gentility round our very homes, and though we are spoiling everywhere our country lanes by turning them into roads or streets, yet we find some compensation by giving them a high-sounding name. We remember a village where once there long raged a furious contest over a Hanger Lane. It was all in vain for a time that the more respectable portion of the inhabitants showed how painful it was to their feelings and how injurious to their position to live in a lane whose name seemed in some remote manner associated with the extreme penalty of the law. At length vulgarity was defeated, and the respectable inhabitants no longer now with faltering accents give their address, but with confidence proclaim themselves as dwelling in St. Ann's Road.

But we must return from the digression into which our admiration for Mr. Le Fanu's big people and big names has led us. The plot of this story, as we have already said, is most confusing. There are two mysterious marriages, and a mysterious will, and a mysterious deed, and a mysterious monument, and a mysterious son, and a mysterious one-eyed man, and a mysterious two-eyed man, "a swarthy little gentleman, with wooden features and black wig," and a mysterious mad doctor, whose yet more mysterious eyes had "a power of indescribable coercion," and a mysterious phantom, and lastly there is a great deal of the most mysterious talk. Lady Vernon, the heroine's mother, is wrapped up in mystery. Just as the doctor exercises a mesmeric effect on every one by his "baleful eyes," so she by her "clouded dark eyes," or her "sturdy grey eyes," or her "dark cold eyes," scarcely allows her own daughter to breathe. This poor young lady has a sad time of it, and what with the doctor, what with her mother, and what with the one-eyed man, goes as nearly mad as a heroine may. Happily the little gentleman with the black wig proves more than a match for the baronet's widow, the mad doctor, and the one-eyed man; and altogether, unlike the reader, knowing what the story is all about, and what particular crime every one has committed, he is able to defeat this combination of people with remarkable eyes, and to rescue the heroine. We notice, by the way, that Mr. Le Fanu never allows this little gentleman to enter upon the scene without drawing attention to the fact that he brings "his wooden features and his black wig" with him. Apparently he can so far trust his readers' imagination as to leave it to them to supply the other parts of his body and the other articles of his wardrobe. In his love of assigning to each person an epithet, he is, indeed, somewhat Homeric. Even his very footmen are never footmen simply, but are "tall footmen in their blue and gold liveries." We like this, however; we begin to feel, as the story goes on, and as the heroine gets into a more and more desperate position, that if the devotion of old family retainers, in spite of their "blue and gold liveries," cannot avail her, yet in those wooden features and under that black wig lies a secret power which will in due time defeat the machinations of all the eyes in the world. We are not disappointed. The Commissioners in Lunacy had given in their report that the heroine was undoubtedly mad, the wicked mad doctor felt sure of his five thousand a year for her maintenance, the remorseless mother seemed to have gained her mysterious end, and the end of the third volume was alarmingly near, when, in a moment, by the little gentleman, with the help no doubt of his wooden features and his black wig, the doors of the asylum are thrown open, the doctor is exposed and ruined, and the mother is killed off by heart disease. At the same time, with convenient promptitude, the Honourable Charles Marston's noble father goes to join his ancestors, and allows Maud Guendoline Vernon to become Lady Warhampton. The one-eyed man had been previously tried for perjury, and a wicked distant cousin of Maud's, who as a county magistrate had signed the certificate for her reception in the asylum, is not only disappointed of getting a share of the great Vernon property, but is reduced to what, in Mr. Le Fanu's novels, is absolute destitution. Of all his estates he has nothing left him "except the Grange and a rental of seven hundred a year." No wonder he retires to France, refuses to see his own daughter, and has "a slight paralytic attack." We are glad that Mr. Le Fanu is content with merely giving him a slight attack, and does not at great length kill him off. We have before noticed in reviewing his novels the bad taste he always shows in deathbed scenes, and the pleasure he has in dwelling on that which to any but the most vulgar of medical students is so repulsive. All other writers, however much they dwell on the dying hours, yet have decency enough to leave the corpse alone. Mr. Le Fanu, on the contrary, like those women who perform the saddest and most revolting of all offices, thinks that when the breath is out it is then that his

special duties begin. Why, when he has used his finest and silliest of writing in killing off Lady Vernon, must he go on to say?—

The great and faultless Lady Vernon is by this time cooling and stiffening; rapidly, on the sofa, a shawl over her feet, her head propped with the pillow, and something under her chin to close her mouth.

Surely he might have stopped where he tells us how the "awful Lady Vernon" dropped down dead, and how

the gold-mounted ink-bottle lies on its side on the rich table-cover, as it were in a swoon, and bleeding ink profusely, quite neglected.

If anything can be said to bleed ink profusely, it must surely be Mr. Le Fanu's pen, and we can only wish that some means could be found to stop the hæmorrhage. In former days cauterization was found to be a rough but not an ineffectual means. Against this, however, we fear both it and he would be proof. So long as there are vulgar readers there will be vulgar writers, and, in spite of School Boards and compulsory education, many a day must pass away before there will be any cessation in the demand and the supply of foolish and offensive stories. It will not perhaps be too much to ask that for the future, if Mr. Le Fanu wishes to display his classical learning, he will first refresh his memory of *Henry's First Latin Book*. He will there find that, if in nothing else, he is original at all events in assigning *tondere* to the third conjugation. Dr. Automarchi may have been "a brilliant rogue," but he showed himself scarcely worthy of his mesmeric eye when he selected as his motto *Tondit oves*.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*UPS and Downs on Land and Water*\* is the title of a series of rough, but very clever, sketches of European travel, after the pattern of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" and some other "Tours" with which our readers are sufficiently familiar, but on a larger scale, with more at once of truth and humour, and with less extravagance of caricature. Most of the scenes, and many of the faces, are evidently and avowedly real, and have names attached to them—a liberty which in some instances amounts to wanton and offensive impertinence. Not only are the names of inns and so forth correctly given at the foot of several caricatures, but at Ober-Ammergau the hospitality of Joseph Mair is repaid by a caricature of the bedroom in which he accommodated the travellers, and by rude, but characteristic, portraits of Mair himself (who filled the part of Christ in the Passion Play) and of the John, Judas, and Peter, as well as several other incidental sketches. The artist's touch is bold, and his drawings are full of life and character; and, if names had been omitted, while his book would have lost nothing of its realistic interest, we should have been able to enjoy it without any sense of self-reproach or displeasure.

Our readers have already heard of Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews and his new science of "Universology" (see *Saturday Review*, October 14, 1871), and therefore it may be enough to say of the *Basic Outline of Universology*† that it is such a work as its title suggests. It is a heavy treatise on a general scheme of so-called science devised by the author, chokeful of novel terminology and of old words with new technical senses assigned to them. As we cannot pretend to the slightest acquaintance with the language in which the book is written—it is not, we presume, the Alwato tongue mentioned in the title-page, inasmuch as the words which connect the different technical terms are English—we may be utterly wrong in fancying that the author has adopted some modern form of Pythagorean mysticism; but the stress which he lays on the relations and importance of numbers, on the antagonism and mutual exclusion of "unism" and "dualism," &c., suggests some such interpretation of what may, on the other hand, for aught we know, be wholly original and simply absolute nonsense.

Mr. Ben. E. Green‡ translates for the benefit of American readers a work published by M. A. Granier de Cassagnac in 1838 respecting the history of the working and burgher classes; upon which we shall only observe that neither author nor translator appears to have the slightest suspicion that Platarch is not a trustworthy authority for the earliest history of Greece, or that the Lycurgian legislation is not as distinctly and certainly historical as that of Justinian or Napoleon. The only part of the work with which we are here concerned is the preface, in which the translator claims an intimate knowledge of the secret counsels of President Lincoln, and declares that the latter was induced to issue the Emancipation Proclamation much against his own will, and actually offered that, if the South would resume her old position in the Union, she might appeal to the Supreme Court to set it aside as unconstitutional (which it unquestionably was), and that the several States should be at liberty to reject the

\* *Ups and Downs on Land and Water*. By Augustus Hopkin. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

† *The Basic Outline of Universology: An Introduction to the newly discovered Science of the Universe; its Elementary Principles, and the First Stages of their Development in the Special Sciences, together with Preliminary Notices of Alwato (ahl-wah-to), the newly discovered Scientific Universal Language, resulting from the Principles of Universology*. By Stephen Pearl Andrews, Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Ethnological Society, the New York Liberal Club, &c., Author of the "Science of Society," &c. &c. New York: Dion Thomas. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *History of the Working and Burgher Classes*. By M. Adolphe Granier de Cassagnac. Paris, France, A.D. 1838. Translated by Ben. E. Green, of Dalton, Whitfield Co., Georgia. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remondet, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co.



Constitutional Amendment by which the North had sought to give validity to it. Whether Mr. Lincoln did really play fast and loose in this way with the rights of the States, with his own word and his public duty, and with the hopes and safety of the negro race, we cannot pretend to judge. But there can scarcely be a doubt that his death was the crowning misfortune of the South; that, had he lived, he would have offered terms at least as favourable as those proposed by Mr. Johnson, and would have had the power which his successor had not to enforce the fulfilment of those terms by Congress. It has seldom, if ever, happened that a political assassination has in the end profited the party in whose interest it was committed; and assuredly the murder of Mr. Lincoln—in which no Southerner was concerned—was one of those crimes which rank among the worst and most fatal of blunders.

The *Transactions of the American Philological Association*\* for 1869-70 contain little that belongs to the higher regions of philological science (except a paper by Professor Whitney on the Origin of Language, setting forth the present condition of the question among scientific inquirers), and very little of special interest. Three papers—"On the best Mode of Studying the North American Languages," on Algonkin and on Creole Grammar, alone possess a certain local character and speciality.

The first number of the *Journal of the American Anthropological Institute*† deserves mention as an indication of a growing interest in the science, as well as for the information it contains regarding the sculptured rocks of Ohio, and other traces of a very ancient human occupation of the Mississippi Valley, perhaps at a time when much of the present North American continent was under water.

The interest that belongs to the New York Insurance Reports‡ depends chiefly upon the evidence they afford of the substantial value of the protection afforded to insurers by the legislation of the Empire State. We have in these volumes a very full and detailed statement of the accounts of every one of the Insurance Companies of the State; accounts which it is, no doubt, possible to falsify to some extent, but which nevertheless cannot but afford considerable assistance to a prudent and observant insurer, and the necessity of publishing which must be a powerful check on deliberate fraud. Nor is this the only benefit which the public derives from the stricter laws of America. These accounts pass through the hands of an officer whose special business is to keep a watch upon the proceedings of the Companies, and in the present Report there is a narrative of the measures by which he detected the insolvent condition of one Company, and compelled it to close its offices and wind up its business. In England it might have received premiums and robbed widows and orphans for many a long year to come.

The Report of the Board of State Charities §, Massachusetts, also contains a good deal of curious and useful information. The peculiar relation of the American States to charities of every description, from hospitals and almshouses to reformatories and penitentiaries—some of which are mainly supported by public funds, others receiving either a fixed subscription or an allowance proportioned to services rendered—gives the State a right of supervision and control which it can only obtain in this country by a forcible interference with private property. The Board through which its powers are exercised reports upon the condition of a great variety of institutions, and recommends the legislative changes which appear necessary to render their working satisfactory. In the present instance the Secretary takes occasion to defend the public lunatic asylums of the State from charges somewhat similar to those preferred against private asylums in a book that we lately noticed; but his argument only goes to show that the State asylums have no motive for detaining persons unduly or treating them harshly—no one ever said they had—and does not touch the strongest and most probable of the complaints made by the author of *Behind the Bars*. In another portion of his Report he comments with a vigour and frankness characteristic of American officials on the abuse of the power of pardon entrusted to the Governor of the State. We can easily conceive how a similar system would work in England, if, for example, the prerogative of mercy were exercised, not by the Sovereign on the advice of a Minister responsible to Parliament, but by the Lord-Lieutenant of Counties, subject at most to the necessity of laying their reasons before a Council elected by the ratepayers. The State is so small a community, the Governor is so little raised above the rest of the community, often so near to the criminal and to his friends, that it is scarcely possible for him to exert an independent judgment, to shake himself free from personal sympathies and local influences, or to withstand the pressure that may be put upon him by a numerous body of petitioners. We have seen too much of the weakness and want of intelligible principle which characterize the decisions of a Home Secretary, who is for the most part raised above all possibility

of the most indirect personal interest in the fate of a prisoner or the feelings of his friends, and too remote to be influenced by local feelings, to have any difficulty in believing that the exercise of a similar power by a gentleman living as it were in the county town, holding office for a short period, unprotected by any high social dignity, and dependent on party for his future position, must be capricious, lax, and dangerous in the extreme. Our only surprise in reading the Report is that the mischief has been confined within such moderate limits, and has not wholly nullified the deterrent effect of the penal code.

Two volumes of a small series published by Messrs. Putnam of New York contain a good deal of interesting information in a condensed form and in popular language respecting ordinary food\* and the different stimulants† in use in different parts of the world. Dr. Beard takes, in both cases, the conservative or common-sense view, and condemns the vegetarians and similar theorists on the one hand, and the prohibitionists on the other. Concerning food, his little volume gives us all the familiar facts as to the consumption of different kinds of nutriment, the various functions performed by them in nourishing and supporting the animal frame, the manner of their digestion and assimilation, their chemical constituents, and their relations to the vital powers; and notes here and there some facts not so generally recognized—as, for example, the consumption of butter, oil, and other fatty substances in tropical as well as in Arctic climates. If his book has a fault requiring notice, it is that he now and then lays down a rule of somewhat questionable authority without sufficiently warning his readers that it is not universally acknowledged. The little treatise on stimulants and narcotics will probably draw on its author a storm of invective from the prohibitionists of every sect; for, without exaggerating the value or underrating the abuse of alcohol, it brings out those facts which tend most conclusively to show that both stimulants and narcotics answer to a real want of human life. It describes the immense variety of such substances independently discovered and used by nations the most remote in local habitation and the most diverse in race, usages, and civilization; the wines of Southern Europe, the spirits prepared from corn in the North, the barley beer of England, and the maize beer of North America; the coffee of Arabia, the tea of China, the opium and hashish of Turkey, the coca of South America, the various kinds of liquor prepared from vegetable juices in every quarter of the globe. It relates instances in which life has been sustained for long periods by these stimulants alone; and cases in which they are habitually used to enable men to endure severe and protracted exertion, sometimes under circumstances of extreme privation. Such facts can scarcely fail to convince reasonable persons that there is something either in the constitution of man, or in the circumstances of human life, that demands a kind of support which is neither necessary nor suitable to brutes, and which may therefore be fatal to them without being on that account less useful to us. On this branch of the question Dr. Beard has some interesting observations, showing, among other things, that alcohol is not the only stimulant which, taken in a raw state, is poisonous to cats, dogs, and rabbits, but that the essential principles of beverages so harmless as tea and coffee may be equally destructive. Altogether, the work is well calculated to diffuse sound knowledge and clear ideas among the unlearned readers for whom it is intended.

There are several philosophical or metaphysical works on our list, none of them of very high pretensions, or likely to be popular with the general reader on the one hand or valuable to the critical student on the other. The most important is an abridgment of Dr. Noah Porter's larger work on the Human Intellect‡, a treatise intended for students, which begins with a discussion of the fundamental issue of psychology—the existence of an immaterial soul—and thence proceeds to treat the general character and working of the mind of man, and the ordinary problems of metaphysical science. As a manual for students, the work would be much more suitable if, instead of discussing questions and laying down the law from his own point of view, Dr. Porter had confined himself to defining the terminology of metaphysics, and explaining the different theories and systems of the recognized masters of the science. The *Science of Nature Versus the Science of Man* §, by the same author, is a sort of enlarged essay read before a Debating Society at Harvard, on the relations of metaphysical and natural science, and on the claim of the former to preference—a claim as generally acknowledged from the time of Socrates to that of Bacon, as it has been generally repudiated since the latter period. A *Positivist Primer*|| is written in the clumsy form of question and answer, the inquirer having really nothing to do but supply headings for the language of the respondent. Its purport is to afford an elementary explanation

\* Putnam's Handy-book Series. *Eating and Drinking: a Popular Manual of Food and Diet in Health and Disease*. By George M. Beard, M.D. New York: Putnam & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

† Putnam's Handy-book Series. *Stimulants and Narcotics, Metacally, Philosophically, and Morally Considered*. By George M. Beard, M.D. New York: Putnam & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

‡ *The Elements of Intellectual Science; a Manual for Schools and Colleges*. Abridged from the "Human Intellect," by Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

§ *The Science of Nature Versus the Science of Man*. By Noah Porter. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

|| *A Positivist Primer; being a Series of Familiar Conversations on the Religion of Humanity*. By C. G. David. New York: Wesley & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

\* *Transactions of the American Philological Association, 1869-70*. Published by the Association. Printed by Case & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Journal of the Anthropological Institute of New York*. New York: Westermann & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1871-72.

‡ *Twelfth Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, State of New York*. Part I. Fire and Marine Insurance. Part II. Life and Casualty Insurance. Albany: Printing House of the Argus Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

§ *Seventh Annual Report of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts, to which are added the Reports of its several Officers, January, 1872*. Boston: Wright & Potter, State Printers. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

and vindication of the system of which M. Comte was the founder and arch-priest, in language as well adapted to popular comprehension as the nature of the case admits.

A thick and closely printed volume on the living female writers of the South\*, scarcely one of whom is known outside her own country, and the immense majority of whom are hardly known even there, could only be filled by what Englishmen would consider an invasion of private life and a violation of personal confidence; but in America both the writers and the victims of journalistic criticisms and biographical notices are comparatively indifferent to these things. Very few of the ladies whose names are here recorded have done anything to provoke this intrusion upon their privacy, the majority having been guilty of nothing more serious than a few graceful verses, harmless tales, or literary criticisms. There is, however, a certain interest attaching to the work in consequence of the situation of those whose names it commemorates. Many of the ladies here mentioned have been made widows or orphans by the war; many have lost sons or brothers; many have been reduced from wealth to poverty; some were first induced to write by the circumstances in which they were left when emancipation and conquest had completed the ruin which the devastations of Butler, Sheridan, Stoneman, and Sherman had commenced. For reasons which may easily be imagined, the editor has avoided as far as possible selections directly relating to the war, or expressive of strong party feeling; but those which are given are effective and touching, and the whole work is pervaded by a tone of sadness and subdued regret such as might be expected in a collection of memorials of the wives and daughters of Confederate heroes, the women of a desolate and conquered land.

Of novels we have several. *More than She could Bear*† is a story of adventure and of horror in the early days of Texas; of a war the very name of which is, as the writer admits, scarcely remembered by Americans, and is *a fortiori* likely to be quite unknown to English readers. It is full of sensational incident and extravagant sentiment, and deformed by a style sadly too common among all but the very best American writers—a style of high-flown expression, incongruous metaphor, and sesquipedalian epithet, such as might be expected from an underbred girl put through a course of *Esfield's Speaker* at a "genteel academy." Next comes *Women, or Chronicles of the Late War*‡, by Mary Tucker Magill, an authoress estranged, as some of our readers may remember, in Bret Harte's *Sensation Novelists*, with more animosity and less point than was shown in the rest of those clever caricatures, or than the present volume can at all explain. It is true that, as is shown in the incident related in the preface of an application to Stonewall Jackson to detail a shoemaker to make shoes for the ladies attending the hospitals, Miss Magill is somewhat deficient in the sense of humour, and is apt to transgress the boundary between the ludicrous and the pathetic; but there is little in her present work either of the self-conceit or of the frantic virulence which the caricaturist imputes to her. Of course a Southern lady writing of the war in which her country was conquered and her kinsmen slain can hardly write with the impartiality of a philosophic historian; and some license of invective might be allowed to a writer of fiction who witnessed the cruel and repeated devastation of Northern Virginia, and the wanton destruction of the home of the chivalrous and generous leader of the Virginian armies. But the sharpest expressions put into the mouths of Miss Magill's heroines are courtesy itself when compared with the language of grave Northern historians and responsible statesmen; and no act ascribed to any Federal soldier is worse than those actually committed by Butler, Milroy, and others, and condoned, if not formally sanctioned, by Mr. Lincoln. *My Rose*§ is a story of life among the French Creoles of Louisiana. *The Funny Philosophers*|| is a quasi-comic novel, by an author whose powers are hardly adequate to the effort to be wise and witty through two hundred and fifty pages.

Our list includes the names of five poetic aspirants, of whom the most ambitious will surely prove the most utterly unsuccessful. We cannot pretend to the courage required by the critic who should undertake conscientiously to read through a poem in twelve cantos—some 8,000 lines of very blank verse—under the title of *Man*¶, so that there may be meritorious passages in Mr. Franz Ganter's volume that have escaped our ken; but we hardly think that many English readers will be adventurous enough to seek for them. Mr. J. Watson's *Beautiful Snow*\*\* gives a title to a volume which

contains several readable and some graceful pieces, but none, we think, that will remain on a reader's memory. Mr. W. A. Butler's \* *Two Millions and Nothing to Wear* are already known and deserve to be known more widely. There is power, humour, vivacity, and earnest thought in his satire; and if he would take more pains with structure and expression, condense, correct, and polish, so that his poems should be as easy reading as those of other American humorists who certainly do not surpass him in intellectual vigour or poetic talent, he might achieve a more permanent, if not a wider, popularity than theirs. The present collection of his verses is worth looking through, for the sake of the few pieces that are worth a careful perusal. Mr. Brincklé† is not to be compared with him, but Mr. Brincklé, too, has power, if he would not waste it on impossible *lours de force*. English hexameters are, save in the most skilful hands, all but intolerable; but English elegiacs—"longs and shorts," as they were called in our school-days—are simply impracticable, and we can only regret that Mr. Brincklé has wasted so much effort in showing that he can write better than we should have thought possible what neither he nor any one else can write well. Mr. Stockton Bates‡ makes the same attempt, and certainly with no better success. Neither volume can be said to be mere rubbish; neither contains much that is in any way remarkable.

\* *Poems*. By William Allen Butler. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Poems*. By T. G. Brincklé. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Dream Life; and other Poems*. By Stockton Bates. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

MR. SMALLEY, in a letter to the Times, after asserting that certain charges against himself are "simply untrue," proceeds to say:—"I am tempted to apply an even stronger word to the astounding assertion that I 'imputed to the English Commissioners a 'fraudulent complicity with the understanding they have publicly repudiated.' That is a pure invention. I have never thought 'nor said anything of the kind, nor made an imputation of any 'kind on the honour or good faith of the English Commissioners.' It is not desirable to enter into a controversy with a writer who uses language which can neither be tolerated nor imitated. The statement to which Mr. SMALLEY would apply a stronger word than that it is simply untrue is founded on the following passage in his first letter to the Times:—"As to what your Commissioners understood, I 'have no direct testimony to offer, and I do not care to repeat 'hearsay evidence. I did not reach America till after they had 'sailed for home, but I was told that the consultations and conversations in which they had borne part had been of the freest nature. 'No one hinted that they had been overreached or deceived, and 'no one supposed that between them and the American Commissioners there could be a misunderstanding. Any explanation 'of their state of mind at that time must be purely conjectural, 'and I suggest none; but you will have anticipated no in wonder-'ing by what complication of unlucky chances it was possible for 'them to quit America in ignorance of the American view of the 'Treaty, which they were perhaps the only persons in the country 'who did not perfectly comprehend. You cannot suspect forty 'millions of people of a conspiracy of silence." Mr. SMALLEY implies that he could produce hearsay evidence of the English Commissioners' knowledge that the indirect claims were understood by the Americans to be included in the Treaty; that such knowledge had been conveyed to them in consultations and conversations "of 'the freest nature"; that there had probably been no misunderstanding; and that it was impossible for them to quit America in ignorance of that which Mr. SMALLEY now represents as the American view of the Treaty. Yet Mr. SMALLEY "never thought nor said anything of the kind." The question whether the alleged concurrence of the English Commissioners in the interpretation now affirmed by the American Government to the Treaty would be properly described as fraudulent complicity is one for their countrymen, and not for any foreign despotism.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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\* *The Living Female Writers of the South*. Edited by the Author of "Southern Writers." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *More than She could Bear: a Story of the Gachupin War in Texas, A.D. 1818-19*. By Hepler Bendbow. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Women, or, Chronicles of the Late War*. By Mary Tucker Magill. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

§ *My Rose: the Romance of a June Day*. By L. Virginia French. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

|| *The Funny Philosophers; or, Wags and Sweethearts*. A novel. By George Yellott. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

¶ *Man: a Poem in Twelve Cantos*. By Franz F. Ganter. Author's Edition. New Orleans: Printed by the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin Printing Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

\*\* *Beautiful Snow; and other Poems*. By J. M. Watson. New and Enlarged Edition. Philadelphia: Peterson & Brethman. London: Sampson Low & Co.



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## THE QUEEN AND THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

A WEEK which seemed destined to be marked by nothing but the expression of the loyalty of the English people to the QUEEN and her family has been chequered by the intelligence that a foolish and wicked attempt has been made to frighten, annoy, and possibly hurt the QUEEN. A young Irishman thought proper on Thursday to try to earn a contemptible notoriety by presenting at the QUEEN an unloaded pistol, in order to secure her assent to a petition for the release of the Fenian prisoners. No harm was done, the QUEEN behaved with her usual courage, and the miscreant was immediately secured to await the punishment which ought to be unsparingly dealt out to him. But although the only effect of the occurrence will be to make the affection with which the QUEEN is regarded still more lively, Englishmen may be reasonably grieved that anything should have occurred to mar the effect of Tuesday's solemnity. The ceremony of the Thanksgiving Day was a great success. The day was fine, the crowds were immense, the demonstrations of loyalty sincere and overwhelming. The Prince of Wales was able to attend, and the sympathy which his presence evoked came evidently from the hearts of those who saw and cheered him. The decorations were at least abundant, if not always very remarkable for taste or originality. Inside St. Paul's there was a gathering such as even England has seldom or never seen; and, without any ostentation of religion, there was a genuine display of religious emotion. The occasion was such as to touch the feelings of all who could feel. The contrast between the gloom of the dark days when the life of the PRINCE hung on a thread and the brightness of the day of early spring when he showed himself in renewed health to thousands of delighted spectators, afforded not only an obvious theme for the address of the ARCHBISHOP, but a point that actually suggested itself to the most ordinary mind. The Royal Family did its best to deserve the welcome it received, and the presence of the QUEEN in London is sufficiently novel to be highly appreciated. Among minor incidents of the day that deserve notice is the attendance of the Emperor NAPOLEON, with the EMPRESS and PRINCE IMPERIAL, at Buckingham Palace. Englishmen, if they once take it into their heads that any person of high rank has deserved well of them, are exceedingly slow to change their opinions; and the meditated spoliation of Belgium is forgotten by those who remember the alliance of the Crimean war, the Treaty of Commerce, and the constant kindnesses which during his time of prosperity the EMPEROR showed to Englishmen of all ranks. That the EMPEROR should have had his mild share of the pleasures that were going on last Tuesday was an extra gratification to those who knew of it. Loyalty is not only paid to the Sovereign of the country. The atmosphere which it creates extends beyond the central point to which it is directed; and Englishmen are pleased on all public occasions to show that they have a personal liking for those whose names and history they know and who are making their annals famous. Mr. DISRAELI has never taken any pains to be popular, and he has pursued a course in politics which might have been thought likely to have alienated from him the sympathies of the multitude. But he was cheered heartily on Tuesday, as he always is cheered when he shows himself in public. The people like to see a man, even although he is not on the popular side, who has made a successful fight in life and has won an historical name. A loyal people is so far a generous people, for loyalty is the antithesis of envy. It is impossible not to see that in the great disparity between rich and poor in England there might be much room for envy. But we have been truly and recently by an acute observer, the

an envious people. One great reason is, that they are a loyal people. They freely acknowledge that there is one family above them in whose doings they take the most intense interest, in whose grandeur they feel a personal concern, and in whose adversity and prosperity they delight to share. This feeling for one family above them blunts the edge of envy towards other families above them, and they learn to be content generally because in one direction they are satisfied and happy.

Some accidents, of course, marred the serenity of the day and the success of the pageant. One or two persons were killed, and many persons were maimed or hurt. The recklessness of an English crowd is only equalled by its good humour. The most unfit persons get into the worst kind of crowds in the most absurd way. Excitement destroys not only prudence, but the commonest care for the safety of helpless persons. Babies are taken in arms only to be suffocated; old ladies get under the wheels of hansom; young women are carried off their legs until they are trampled on, and have to be taken away on stretchers. But the mob on Tuesday did not show itself cruel or heartless, and the police frightened into obscurity the gangs of roughs who are apt to please themselves by causing the greatest amount of unpleasantness they can contrive to all who look likely to be afraid of them. The procession itself was not imposing. Nine carriages do not make much of a show; but it was the heartiness of the reception, the unanimity and depth of popular feeling, the free, painstaking effort to give the QUEEN its best that London was making, which constituted the greatness of the occasion. The *Daily Telegraph* assures us that so pathetic was the spectacle that a large number of officers at the Army and Navy Club began to cry as the QUEEN passed, and this certainly was a most striking tribute to the greatness of the occasion that touched the popular heart. Almost equally striking, however, was the assiduity and earnestness with which the inhabitants of houses or streets had set themselves to go somewhat out of the common groove of decorations in order to show that they had given not only their money but their thoughts to the cause of doing honour to the QUEEN and her son. Ludgate Hill more especially distinguished itself, and offered a very novel and pretty effect to the eyes of such of the Royal Family as had leisure to observe it. The actual passing of the procession lasted a very short time in proportion to the cost that each group had spent in preparing for it; but the few minutes during which it was the centre of excitement were supremely delightful to each street in turn. Perhaps those who went early and waited long in the Cathedral had the hardest time of it, and few probably would care to record how they whiled those weary hours away. One of those patient people has, however, thought proper to let the world know how his leisure was occupied. The Correspondent of the *Standard* asserted that he spent the entire morning in looking at the decorations of the galleries in St. Paul's, and thinking how very much better they would have been managed if Lord JOHN MANSERS had been First Commissioner of Public Works. Of all the vast crowd, thus man possessed with, and absorbed in, this overpowering thought was perhaps the most enviable, for an hour was but as a moment to him, and he did not even know that his patience was being taxed.

It does all men good to express on rare and solemn occasions the feelings which are never quenched or absent, but which ordinarily lie in a somewhat dormant state in their hearts. It is only at intervals that a nation can show its loyalty as England showed it on Tuesday, but when it does come, the occasion, if properly seized, makes a people a little better and good deal happier for the moment. Let us hope that an

outburst, not of conventional and strained, but of genuine unbought loyalty, such as that which the day of National Thanksgiving evoked, may be of some use, not only to those who showed their loyalty, but to those to whom the loyalty was shown. The Prince of WALES must see that he is the heir to a throne the occupant of which has only to be a little loveable to be very much loved. The QUEEN has done great things for her subjects, and their gratitude is proportionate; but the English are willing to take almost everything on trust, and to make the best of the monarch they have got. To be ungrateful to a people so desirous of showing respect and kindness would be alien to the feelings of any man of honour and good sense in the position of a Sovereign if he would but try to do justice to himself and his nation. Fortunately there is no barrier of any kind between the Royal Family of England and the mass of the nation. The position of the Sovereign is thoroughly in harmony with the feelings of the people. It has much historical grandeur, a fair share of actual pomp, no inconsiderable connexion with practical government; but the QUEEN, though the heirress of ALFRED and the CONQUEROR, derives her title from the will of the nation, is not forced to seek eminence by intrigues and cabals, and has much the same tastes and habits, religious and social, as a large portion of her subjects. It certainly is not necessary for her to explain to any interviewing reporter, as the Count of CHAMBRAY lately did, that she does not wish to be a crowned canoness. The service at St. Paul's was not at all of the kind which a crowned canoness would have cared for. It was a homely, family sort of proceeding, with a prayer or two, ending with one of the least poetical hymns that were ever sung on such an occasion. The homely rhymes and halting metres of the Rev. Mr. STONE were very much what any curate might have written if any squire's son had recovered from an illness, and perhaps this accorded very well with the simple and family character of the day's work. It was because the whole proceeding on the part of the QUEEN and the PRINCE and the people was thoroughly free from any affectation that it had a nobleness of its own. The QUEEN's son had been as ill as a man can be without dying; he had been mercifully preserved, and the nation was very glad to see him well again. This was all; but it was enough to give zest to a holiday that will long be remembered, to afford vent to the emotions of a nation, and to inspire a hope that those bonds of law and order, the force of which depends so much on the sentiment of the people, may have been thus strengthened and made more enduring.

#### ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE decision of the Cabinet at Washington will be received in England with regret, but not with disappointment. When the English nation unanimously resolved not to submit the indirect claims to arbitration, little hope was entertained that the American Government would withdraw a demand which had been deliberately preferred. It is not yet known whether Mr. FISH will think it necessary to support his refusal by argument; but he may be supposed to hold the opinion which has been expressed with remarkable concurrence by the American press. If the question is discussed, the Protocol which records the proceedings of the 8th of March will probably be adduced in support of the American claim. It is not disputed that the American Commissioners then connected the indirect claims with the depredations of the cruisers; and it is known, though it is not formally recorded, that they asked for a gross sum which would have exceeded the amount of the direct claims. If Mr. FISH states that the understanding of his Government was that the proposed amicable settlement was an ultimatum, it can only be answered that in that case the negotiators were at cross purposes. Only a few of the more violent journalists affect to believe that indirect damages could have been awarded by the Tribunal, and many writers have intimated a doubt whether the disputed claim is properly included in the terms of reference; yet, because the claim has been presented, and because an objection has been raised on the part of England, it is declared by general consent that a modification of the demand has become impossible. The *New York Nation*, as might be expected, contains the clearest and fairest admission that the demand for consequential damages is inconsistent both with the understanding of the negotiators on both sides, and with the terms of the Treaty. It believes "that nothing was better understood by both parties, when the Treaty of Washington was under negotiation, than that the question of consequential damages—

that is, the question whether England was responsible for the loss caused by the prolongation of the war after the escape of the *Alabama*—was not a question of dispute between the two countries. . . . It was never considered by any lawyer as a question which could be gravely submitted to any human tribunal." Again, the *Nation* shows that the provision by which the arbitrators were to assess the damages done by each vessel separately seems to exclude from the Treaty the demand for consequential damages. "It is fair to conclude, therefore, that the negotiators did not intend that any attempt to estimate English responsibility for that prolongation should be made." Nevertheless the writer in the *Nation*, after expressing full concurrence in the English interpretation of the negotiations and of the Treaty, contents himself with some vague and general expressions of regret for the probable failure of the negotiation. If his conclusions are just, the Americans ought to correct the error which they have committed; but he prefers to suggest that, if England had confidence in the Tribunal, the Board would be considered as competent to pass judgment on the extent of the American claims as on their nature. The English Government and nation have agreed to refer one issue to the Board of Arbitration; and they have, according to the *Nation* itself, not agreed to refer the question which is now in dispute. It is strange that they should be blamed for adhering to the Treaty which they have made, and for declining to assume the existence of a Treaty which neither they nor the other party thought of making. Confidence in the justice of their case is not sufficient when they are asked to submit to a fallible tribunal a ruinous demand. The framers of the American Case quote from Swiss and Italian jurists opinions which would countenance the widest claim for consequential damages; and the doctrines which may prevail in Brazil are absolutely unknown. It is not absolutely impossible that the arbitrators might adopt the same theory, and the English Commissioners never thought of submitting to any arbitrators whatever the question of a payment of three or four hundred millions. It may be incidentally observed that, in quoting the opinion of a certain Professor PIER ANTONIO in favour of their claims, the American agents betray the fact that, when they were drawing the earlier part of the Case, they were not prepared to demand consequential damages. The Professor declares that he is unable to conceive how another Italian jurist had excluded the demands for indirect damages which had been advanced by "il SUMNER ed il suo Governo." The framers of the Case quote the opinion, "without claiming" the extreme rights which this learned gentleman concedes to "them." The extreme rights which were not claimed at the 184th page of the American Case are no other than the claims which were added, probably by an afterthought, in the 477th and following pages.

Although it is difficult to understand the position or the feelings of a foreign country, it is not too much to say that in international controversies, and more especially in disputes with the United States, Englishmen make efforts to be just and impartial which are seldom reciprocated. The arguments which have in England produced unanimous and conscientious conviction have not even been noticed by the American journals. With scarcely an exception they speak with a contemptuous pity of the flurry or the excitement which they attribute to the English people, or they invent specious and baseless theories of party interests which are supposed to have prompted the agitation against the American demands. In no single instance has a distinction been drawn between the question of the extent of the reference and that of the merits of the demand. All Englishmen know with absolute certainty that the refusal to submit an unforeseen issue to the arbitrators has no relation whatever to party politics; but it seems impossible to make Americans listen to English statements or arguments; and they derive little assistance from the Correspondents of their papers. Only the other day the Correspondent of a principal New York journal avowed that he had not been aware of any doubt in England that the Treaty covered Mr. SUMNER's claim, which amounted, although Americans affected to sneer at the translation of their own rhetoric into figures, to hundreds of millions. If he had persuaded himself and informed his readers that the population of England consisted of Mahomedans or Buddhists, he could not have shown greater inability or disinclination to collect or to communicate accurate knowledge. The supercilious comments of American journalists on the feeling which their claim has produced frequently end with the not unfounded remark that England has more to lose than the United States by the failure of the Treaty. It is true that England has neither the power nor the wish to injure America, while Canada and other



English possessions would be exposed to danger in the event of a war. It would seem to follow that, in refusing to enlarge the terms of the reference, the English nation is protecting its honour and its safety at the expense of important interests; or, in other words, it prefers a measurable risk to the possibility of a mistaken judgment on the part of a Tribunal which has no jurisdiction over the issue of consequential damages. The comments which are made on Mr. GLADSTONE's speech may perhaps be natural or even reasonable, but they are utterly irrelevant to the justice or expediency of persisting in the disputed claim. Mr. GLADSTONE expressed with unnecessary, and therefore injudicious, vehemence his confidence in a construction of the Treaty which approves itself to the great majority of Englishmen, and to the most competent American interpreters. His language was not intentionally discourteous, except so far as an eager and positive disputant assumes too candidly that his opponent is in the wrong. Every page of the American Case is full of bitter and offensive attacks on the good faith of England; and yet, if it had confined itself within the limits of the reference, it would not have provoked a syllable of remonstrance. To persevere in an unjust demand because Mr. GLADSTONE said in his usual language and manner that it was unjust would not be a creditable proceeding. No notice appears to be taken of the fact that the American demand is regarded as inadmissible by the English journals which have, up to the present time, consistently displayed the strongest sympathy for the United States. In the general expression of contempt no exception is made in favour of the *Spectator* or of the *Daily News*. When the abstract of the Case was first published, the *Spectator* refused to believe that the American Government could have departed so widely and so wantonly from the spirit of the Treaty. Its misplaced confidence deserves a less discourteous return.

To a certain extent American politicians are misled by the sincerity and genuineness of their own disappointment. In common with the vast majority of Englishmen, they believed that a final and amicable settlement had been effected, and they could not have expected that their own Government and its agents would present a Case which both in form and substance would have been unnecessarily hostile if it had been intended to justify a declaration of war. Any English Government which had adopted a similar course would have been summarily driven from power; but American patriotism unfortunately requires that in all international transactions the Government of the day shall be unanimously supported. It has been shown on former occasions that neither the American Government nor its agents seriously expected to obtain indirect damages; and it appears that the claim would not have been preferred if the framers of the Case had not changed their minds during the progress of their labours. It may be plausibly conjectured that the American Government and people regret the impediment which has been unnecessarily placed in the way of the arbitration; but they chose to employ agents of whom some were notoriously unfriendly to England, and it is thought impossible to withdraw any pretension which has once been advanced. The failure which has been caused by the conduct of the American Government has been forced upon England. The unpleasant consequences which may perhaps follow the rupture of the negotiations cannot be contemplated without serious anxiety; but there is happily no room for hesitation, nor is there any cause which can produce future remorse. The apology which has been made without consideration cannot be retracted, and perhaps the blundering innovation on international law may be held valid, except as to the part which has been already annulled by joint consent. England is still ready to pay any damages which may be awarded on account of the *Alabama* claims, but not to extend the terms of the Treaty.

#### THE BALLOT BILL.

ALMOST the whole of Thursday evening was consumed by the House of Commons in a discussion of the question whether the Corrupt Practices Bill and the Ballot Bill are to be taken as separate Bills, or as virtually forming part of the same measure. The Government has separated them on the ground that each subject will raise a great amount of discussion, and that it is better and simpler to keep the two subjects of discussion apart. Mr. FAWCETT, however, stated with his usual candour the objections to this course of proceeding. The Government is very weak, and may any day go out of office. If it carried the Ballot Bill, but not the Corrupt Practices Bill, and then a dissolution took place, a new general election would be conducted under the Ballot without

any of the checks on the operation of the Ballot which the companion measure is intended to provide. This would be to let the Ballot Bill operate for the first time in its worst shape, which would be unfair to the experiment of secret voting, and very injurious to the country. It is idle to say that the two measures may be looked on as covering totally distinct ground, that the Ballot Bill secures that the vote shall be given secretly, and the Corrupt Practices Bill that it shall be given honestly. The Ballot Bill is a great encouragement to dishonest voting, for it makes it impossible to know how a voter has voted. Practically, it is in a large measure through voters being known to vote in a particular way that bribery is detected. An election agent who has received a promise of support from a voter whose character does not command very high respect finds that his man has gone over to the other side, and further inquiries disclose that he went over towards the close of the poll, after much hesitation and after long colloquy with other voters of his own stamp who also did as he did. The election agent is tolerably certain that bribery has been at work, and he has a fairly good clue to discovering how and by whom the bribery has been administered. He knows where to begin to hunt up evidence showing that resort has been had to illegal practices. But under a system of secret voting there would be no clue of the kind. It is therefore in the highest degree reasonable to ask that every safeguard which can be devised against bribery should be adopted at the same time that the Ballot is made part of the institutions of the country. It is true that no new safeguard against bribery will make up for the loss of that which exists under the present system. We cannot have both secret voting for the prevention of intimidation and open voting for the prevention of bribery. But if we are to prefer preventing intimidation to preventing bribery, we may at least do all that we can to lessen the amount of bribery under the system of secret voting. Nor would it be very difficult to make the kind of bribery that would take place under the Ballot Bill a hazardous undertaking. But to do this it would be necessary for the House of Commons to use a severity towards persons of their own class which they have generally shown themselves very reluctant to exercise. Even if it could be shown that nothing could be done to mitigate the evil of increased bribery under the system of secret voting, it is at least desirable that this should be clearly realized, and that before the Ballot is carried the cost at which it must be purchased should be clearly known. Personation is less directly connected with the Ballot than bribery is, because personation may be stopped if enough money is spent to prevent it, and if the machinery of the law is sufficiently stringent, whether the voting is open or secret. Personation and the Ballot go together in the minds of men, because in the countries where the Ballot prevails personation often prevails; but there is no necessary connexion between the two. As, however, one of the popular objections to the Ballot is that it leads to personation, it might be wise to show how it is proposed to stop personation at the same time that the Ballot is adopted.

The Government, therefore, did perhaps the best thing it could in offering a compromise which Mr. DISRAELI accepted on behalf of the Opposition. This was that the clauses of the Corrupt Practices Bill as to personation and bribery should be taken out of that Bill and made part of the Ballot Bill. The only object of this arrangement is, however, to content the House of Commons. It is obviously a very clumsy mode of legislating, for personation and bribery are among the corrupt practices which a Bill to prevent corrupt practices at elections ought specially to prevent. That the Government should thus early in the Session have had to submit to such a compromise awakens natural uneasiness as to the whole character of the Session. The plain fact is, that the House has no confidence in the Government, and the Government has no confidence in itself. Last year it was in the heights of arrogance, now it is in the depths of despondency. It prepares halves or quarters of measures, and talks humbly about its chances of carrying these fractions of Bills into law. Mr. GLADSTONE informed Mr. MUNDILLA on Thursday night that, although the Ballot is to extend to municipal elections, the Corrupt Practices Bill is not, because it would have been necessary for the Government to devise some new machinery under which offences against the Corrupt Practices Act could have been tried in municipalities. How are the mighty fallen! Here is the same Minister who, in the days of his glory, delighted in contriving all kinds of elaborate machinery for dealing with Ireland, and now he pauses and he dotes before the difficulties of deciding the question how a man is to be deterred from giving his humble neighbours half a crown

a head to elect him as alderman. This Ballot Bill is the first Bill in the Ministerial programme this year, and already the Ministry is getting faint-hearted. It speaks of its earnest desire to see the whole of the Corrupt Practices Act carried, but it owns that it may be disappointed. If any one threatens to attack it, even in the faintest manner, the Government feels as if it had nothing to do but to hide its head under its wings, and wait till it is shot. The COLLIER and the Ewells cases have sapped the personal respect and enthusiasm with which Mr. GLADSTONE was regarded, and he has sunk to the level of being defended on the ground that he is for the present inevitable. The Ballot is no longer a Ministerial or a Liberal measure. It is a measure on which schemers are fixing their attention in order to show how amazingly clever they can be at the election which they now think is near at hand. The whole atmosphere of the House of Commons is that of an Assembly which finds no interest in what is going on day by day, and is occupied in gloomy forecasts of the future. The legislation offered it is small, judiciously small, but not judiciously perfect. It is proposed and advocated in a faint trembling way, and every sign of opposition flutters the nerves of the Ministry. It is scarcely possible that a Session begun in this way can end with credit to Parliament and profit to the country.

Whatever may be the occasion, the two Messrs. BENTINCK will have their fun; and on Thursday night one of them made, and the other defended, a proposal that the votes of the House of Commons should be taken by ballot. Mr. C. BENTINCK argued that such a mode of proceeding would be in strict harmony with the Constitution, as a motion to the same effect was only lost by two votes in the Long Parliament; and as CROMWELL was on the side of the majority, it may be inferred that he got Parliamentary voting by ballot rejected in order that he might exercise that intimidation over members which was a necessary beginning of his despotic career. In the same way M. GUIZOT, as Mr. BENTINCK informed the House, abolished the system of secret voting which used to prevail in the French Chamber, because he found it interfered with that tyrannical supremacy which he cherished as the right of the First Minister of the Crown. Unfortunately the parallel broke down just as it began to be applied to the present state of things in the House of Commons. Mr. BENTINCK would have been glad to argue that the Ballot was necessary to protect members against the tyranny of Mr. GLADSTONE. But then he was still more delighted to point out that the days of Mr. GLADSTONE's tyranny are at an end; and as the two lines of argument were irreconcilable, he chose that which, if it told most against his motion, gave him the greatest immediate satisfaction, and a speech which purported to show how a wise House of Commons would guard itself against the machinations of CROMWELL or GUIZOT wandered into a strain of rejoicing over the helpless and prostrate condition of the Liberal party. Mr. BENTINCK had, however, a special triumph of his own, for he adduced a singular proof of the changes that come over political parties. He appealed to the SPEAKER to recall to memory an occasion when the SPEAKER, as Whip of the Liberal party, implored Mr. BENTINCK himself to talk against time in order that the Government of the day might bring up voters to defeat Mr. BERKELEY's motion for the Ballot. The laborious joke of Mr. BENTINCK's proposal was soon over, and the House entered on the debates of the Ballot Bill. The only point in the subsequent discussion that deserves attention is the ample manner in which the Conservatives redeemed their pledge to help to make the Bill as good a Bill as it can be made. Everything that was said and done was said and done with the obvious wish to help Mr. FORSTER, and with such encouragement and aid it is to be hoped that the Ministry, even in its present state of low spirits, may feel itself strong enough to make satisfactory progress with the Bill.

#### THE COUNT OF CHAMBORD.

THE visit of the Count of CHAMBORD to Antwerp has been a cause of almost universal annoyance. Some few persons no doubt felt genuine and intense pleasure in gazing with loyal veneration on the one living Child of France who has not dallied with modern ideas or thought of bartering his birthright as a Legitimate King for the miserable potage which is all that the Revolution has hitherto offered to French sovereigns. But this emotion must have been limited to the ladies in rich costumes and the priests who stood with clasped hands in the Royal ante-chamber. Everyone else, from the Count himself downward, must wish by this time that he had never

left the seclusion in which it has so long pleased him to remain. His stay at Antwerp was the signal for disturbances which it was difficult to check and discreditable to allow. The Belgian Government had naturally no wish to abridge the right of asylum to the disadvantage of an exile who may yet sit on the throne of France; but his presence in their territory could hardly have been agreeable to M. THIERS. There was something more than a coincidence in the sudden appearance of the Legitimist pretender so near the French frontier just at the moment when the Legitimist section of the Assembly had been making a strong and, to some extent, a successful effort to heal the schism in the monarchical party, and to unite the partisans of the elder and younger branches in support of a common restoration. M. THIERS may not have thought it consistent with his dignity to address the Belgian Government on the subject, though this consideration is not one which has much weight with him when he has an object to gain by speaking. But the Belgian Cabinet has so many grounds of quarrel with the Liberal party that it may naturally have been irritated at having an additional disagreement thrust upon it by the arrival of the Count of CHAMBORD. The municipal authorities were less hampered in this respect, and though they seem to have left the rioters to do pretty much as they liked in the Place Verte, they were profuse in their expressions of regret when once they found themselves inside the Hôtel Antoine. No civic corporation, however, can be happy in the consciousness that it is allowing disorder to go on without let or hindrance, and the experience of the last fortnight at Antwerp may hereafter be turned against the officials who left things to take their course.

To Belgium, however, the annoyance has in the main been only temporary. In France it must have been very much more serious. It may be difficult to say precisely why and in what respect the monarchical cause has been injured by the Count of CHAMBORD's presence at Antwerp, but there can be no question that it has been injured. The truth perhaps is that the only real chance that Monarchy has in France is the chance that a nation tired of every form of government may at last return to the old house. It is an indispensable condition of such a reaction that there should be no apparent attempt to impose a King upon France. There are many Frenchmen probably who are quite ready to consider whether a Monarchy would not give them better guarantees for order and good government than either the Republic or the Empire. But, outside the extreme Legitimist section, there are no Frenchmen who are willing to play the part of the Prodigal Son, and to confess their own unworthiness of the least favour at the hands of their offended father. It would be unfair to the Count of CHAMBORD not to admit that his language at Antwerp has given no countenance to the notion that he expects any such submission. But it is the misfortune of a Legitimist pretender that mere silence on his part is not an adequate disavowal of those pretensions. Whenever he appears in public some shadow of Royal State must surround him. If he himself could forget that he is King by the grace of God, there will always be some among his attendants who are sure to keep the fact before the world. Of all the members of the Assembly who have lately been debating whether the Count of CHAMBORD should be called to the throne, not one can fail to see in the appearance of the Count in Belgium an intimation that the title of HENRY V. is unaffected by all that has happened in the last eighty years, and needs no aid from Frenchmen to give it technical validity. This was exactly the conclusion which, in the monarchical interest, it was most to be desired that Frenchmen should not draw, but it is the one which every Frenchman will draw from what has been going on at Antwerp. Even if it were possible for them to shut their eyes to so obvious an inference, the Legitimist press would take care to open them. The journals of a party in opposition are rarely so well subsidized as to make the number of their readers a matter of indifference, and young and enthusiastic Legitimists like to have their principles expounded and applied with all the force and piquancy of which the subject admits. In the hands of a writer like M. VEUILLLOT, for example, it admits of a great deal, and cautious deputies who would like the monarchical heaven to spread unnoticed for some time longer must have cursed the epigrammatic impudence which will not let Frenchmen remain in ignorance that their King is waiting to re-enter the patrimony from which he has been traitorously excluded.

Even M. THIERS would probably have preferred that the Count of CHAMBORD should not have come prominently before

ward at this moment. His appearance gives a point to the monarchical manifesto that has been circulated in the Assembly which might otherwise have wanted; and though M. Thiers on the country is rather strengthened than this circumstance, his position has necessarily changed. He finds himself in opposition to most whom he has up to this time relied. As the champion of the Republic against a monarchical reaction, he will have abundance of followers, but they will not be taken from that Parliamentary majority which has hitherto given him a faithful if grudging support. If the monarchical demonstration had been confined to the distribution of manuscript manifestoes, M. LEFRANC'S Bill might never have been introduced. The Right are anxious to have it understood that they cherish no desire against the existing Government, and that their avowed monarchical hopes is only intended to apply to the state which must one day succeed to the present interregnum. An announcement of this kind might have been sufficiently parried by M. ST. HILAIRE'S letter. Under a Provisional Government no one has a right to complain if the thoughts of some of those who are subject to it occasionally travel into the future. In this respect M. THIERS, as painted by M. ST. HILAIRE, is as unblushing an offender as any member of the Right, but both are acting within the limits imposed on them by the situation. The one hopes that two or three years of the present Government will so habituate the nation to Republican forms that the Conservatives will no longer think that order and security are only attainable under a Monarchy. The other hopes that two or three years of the present Government will show so clearly the inherent weakness of Republican institutions that Monarchy will be welcomed as the sole resource of all who have anything to lose. But the arrival of the Count of CHAMBORD at Antwerp, and the rush of Legitimists which immediately followed, gave a different air to the monarchical movement. It revealed it as the avowed antagonist of the Provisional Government, instead of one among its possible successors. M. THIERS accepted the challenge, and replied to it by a Bill which places at his mercy the Legitimist as well as every other form of Opposition journalism. Probably if he had not taken some step of the kind he would have lost the confidence of the Left, and so found himself in the end an object of common suspicion to the whole Assembly. As it is, the Bill will probably be adopted with some modifications, and the monarchical party will be left to repent in silence the imprudence which led them to blow the horn before they had drawn the sword. Even the Count of CHAMBORD seems to have found out that his action was premature, since he has warned his friends not to renew in Holland the ostentatious devotion of which he was the object in Belgium. For the interests of Monarchy in France, this revival of prudence comes too late. Whatever harm it is in the power of the Count of CHAMBORD to inflict upon the cause he represents has been inflicted already.

#### MR. LOWE'S RESOLUTIONS.

THE House of Commons has a natural disinclination to relax or to modify its rules. The excitement among the members of the House during the debate of Monday was out of all proportion to the interest felt in the subject out of doors. Half the evening was spent in discussing the expediency of allowing a single member to exclude strangers by calling attention to their presence; and ultimately it was found for the moment impossible to devise an alternative arrangement. The Government, in accordance with the recommendation of the Select Committee of last Session, proposed that strangers should only be excluded on a vote to be taken without debate or amendment; but Mr. BOUVIER and others objected that a division in a full House occupies half an hour, and that a motion for excluding strangers might perhaps sometimes be made for the purpose of delay. It might also have been suggested that if in times of agitation the galleries attempted to influence the House, a factions majority might possibly, like the Mountain in the French Convention, be inclined to sanction disorderly proceedings. Colonel WILSON PATTEN approved in the first instance of a plan by which twenty members would at any time be able to clear the House; but, when Mr. BOUVIER embodied the scheme in an amendment, Colonel PATTEN thought that the question required further consideration. It is acknowledged on all hands that the aid of reporters is indispensable to Parliament, while the spectators in the galleries only gratify their own curiosity. To the profane vulgar it would seem not impossible to adopt a rule of exclusion which should apply in the first instance only to

the Strangers' Gallery, the Speaker's Gallery, and the seats under the gallery. A single member might be allowed, as at present, to call the Speaker's notice to the presence of strangers not occupied in the business of reporting; and, if it were thought desirable to attempt an impossible maintenance of secrecy, a vote might be taken on the exclusion of reporters. The absence of publicity which once surrounded the proceedings of Parliament with a mysterious awe would now render impossible the exercise of its sovereignty; but there is no harm in maintaining a fiction as long as it remains practically inoperative. Within modern memory the power of excluding strangers has only been used on two occasions; one expresses the resentment of an obscure member against unappreciative reporters, and more recently, with the comparatively laudable purpose of rebuking feminine want of delicacy. If the old rule is maintained, it will seldom be felt, and if it is abolished, it will scarcely be missed; yet the House of Commons found itself, after an earnest effort, incapable of adjusting the balance between two almost imaginary sets of advantages and dangers.

The contest on the second Resolution was much more serious and animated, and ultimately the recommendation of the Government and the Committee was adopted only by a small majority. It is to be feared that too many Englishmen who suppose themselves to possess some knowledge of public affairs are culpably ignorant of the conditions under which Parliamentary business is conducted, and of the limits and extent of the privileges of private members. As some antiquarian speakers remarked, the original duty of the House of Commons was to secure redress of grievances before granting the Crown any supply. Consistently with the ancient theory, as soon as the Government proposes the Estimates for discussion, active members give notice of motions to be made on the question that the Speaker leave the Chair; and, in a certain sense, all or most of their projects relate to the removal of supposed grievances. There is a wide gap between the proceedings of mediæval knights and hughers and the modern privileges of independent members, for the present practice is of recent origin, having been established only about seventy years ago, and having become general since the abolition of debates on petitions. It was by incessant speaking on strings of petitions that BROGHAM procured the recall of the notorious Orders in Council. In the present day he must have contented himself with motions on Supply nights, but the great service which his energy rendered to the country illustrates the advantages which may sometimes be derived from Parliamentary discussion, as distinguished both from legislation and from financial supervision. The admirers of bureaucratic government would not be unwilling to allow Parliament to amuse itself with talking, if it would transfer to permanent officials the real conduct of affairs, but it is because the House of Commons is supreme that its debates, even when they lead to no definite conclusion, exercise a commanding influence. All parties in the House agree that it is necessary to transact the regular business without surrendering the right and power of general control; but past and present Ministers not unnaturally differ from non-official members on the comparative facilities which should be respectively offered to the Government and to independent critics. One of the oddest cross divisions of the House of Commons separates those who have no wish or no hope of office from the acknowledged leaders of both parties on the opposite front benches. For certain purposes those who manage the business of the House must preserve with each other a common understanding which is regarded with an amusing jealousy by some of their followers. On one occasion Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI were almost hooted down by both sides of the House, and, amidst universal gloe, they were outvoted by an enormous majority.

Mr. Lowe, always more solicitous to convince than to conciliate, intimated in proposing the Resolution a distinct preference for Government business over amateur legislation. As he truly said, the Ministers are practically charged with the conduct of all important measures, and they are also responsible for the Estimates and Votes of Supply. In the Select Committee he had proposed that on two nights of the week Supply should have precedence, but he accepted as a compromise the concession of Monday nights; and he further agreed to allow one motion to be made on the question of the Speaker leaving the Chair, provided it referred to the branch of Estimates under discussion for the day. As he clearly explained, the discussion of general notices of motion not only immediately displaces the votes of Supply, but also renders it necessary for the Government on various occasions to bring forward Ministerial Bills in preference to proceeding with the

**Estimates.** The consequence is, that the money votes are postponed to the latter part of the Session, when the morning sittings enable the Government to get through the business with less interruption. The most important practical result is perhaps that the public offices are subjected to additional trouble, and that the Estimates are perfunctorily examined or discussed in Parliament. When they are hereafter, under the new Resolution, introduced early in the Session, they will still, as in former times, be passed with little or no alteration, because those who frame them understand the wants of the various services better than any private members; but on the whole it is decorous and convenient that grants of tens of millions should be brought before the House of Commons when it has leisure to consider them. The form of giving a supply to the Crown is still properly observed; but, if the House of Commons made its liberality dependent on the redress of grievances, it would, under the modern Constitution, only stimulate its own activity by the threat of a penalty to be imposed on itself. The Cabinet, which represents the majority of the House, is responsible for the efficiency of the army, the navy, and the civil service, as well as for the provision of ways and means by which the consequent expense must be met. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, the SECRETARY for WAR, and the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY can do far more than the House of Commons to control extravagance and to sanction desirable and profitable outlay. Some of the most experienced members of the House concurred in opinion with the Government that one night in the week was not too much to be allowed for the business of Supply. The independent members will still enjoy the use of Wednesday for legislative crotchets, and of Friday for the exposure of grievances. On the rare occasions on which a grave charge is advanced against the Government, Parliamentary custom secures an early opportunity of discussion.

Having obtained with difficulty the consent of the House to the most important of the proposed changes, the Government may perhaps not think it worth while to proceed with the remaining Resolutions. It was on the remonstrance of Mr. DISRAELI that Mr. GLADSTONE withdrew his original motion for the appointment of a new Committee; and he may probably, if Mr. BENTINCK renews the amendment which he withdrew on Monday night, not be disinclined to shelve a question which may otherwise be troublesome. In the course of the last Session he more than once threatened the House with a forfeiture of its power if it declined to modify its forms of proceeding; but the causes of his irritation are no longer operative; and he has perhaps discovered that there is no point on which it is more dangerous to dictate to the House of Commons. The failure of one of the Resolutions, and the narrow majority which bestowed Mondays on the Government, may serve as a warning against the attempt to introduce more ambitious changes. Sir ERSKINE MAY's scheme of Grand Committees to discuss the details of Bills might perhaps be advantageously adopted, but when the plan is discussed, the opponents of change will not fail to remark that, if the practice adopted in appointing Select Committees is followed, all check on the majority will be lost. A Committee on any important matter is habitually, and perhaps necessarily, packed. The custom is to give the supporters of the Government a majority of one; and it is not uncommon to find that the most material questions are decided by a strictly party vote. It was in this way that Mr. GOSCHEN two years ago carried in the form of a Report a pamphlet previously composed by himself; and on the Report he founded a Bill which would have been regarded by a large portion of the community as in the highest degree mischievous and unjust. As the minority in the House could have no claim to a preponderating voice in the Committees, it is not easy to understand how the decisions of Grand Committees could satisfy Parliament; but it may be admitted that the plan is recommended on high authority; and the principal reason for not pressing it on the attention of the House is the dislike with which all internal changes are regarded. There is also a general impression that much of the hindrance which has recently occurred is due to deficient adroitness or imperfect temper on the part of the Government of the day. The House of Commons would inevitably resent an attempt to alter its rules if it believed that the same result might be attained by the exercise of foresight in the introduction of measures, and of tact in the conduct of business.

## SPAIN.

IT seems possible that the political regeneration of Spain may ultimately be effected by an able and resolute King. A monarchy which is only in a prospective sense hereditary possesses but a part of the strength which belongs to the institution; but even an elected King is distinguished from an adventurer by the circumstance that he is inseparably identified in interest with the country. Queen ISABELLA herself might have survived the factions which disturbed her reign if she had not yielded to the selfish temptation of religious fanaticism. King AMADEO is not of an age or of a temper to cultivate his own spiritual welfare by the sacrifice of his duties at the expense of his subjects; and all the temporal motives which can influence his conduct tend in the direction of national prosperity, which again depends on internal harmony. The latest of six or seven Ministerial crises which have occurred since his accession appears to have been caused by the personal intervention of the KING to remonstrate against the squabbles of his Ministers. On the morning of a weekly Council Señor SAGASTA, having stated that there was no business which required the KING's attention, was surprised by the answer that nevertheless the KING had something to say to his Ministers. He then proceeded to read to them a formal document, expressing his resolution that there should henceforth be only two great parties in the Cortes and the country. He had no prejudice against either Radicals or Conservatives; but it was impossible to deal with petty sections of either party who were constantly quarrelling among themselves. In the hope that such an adjustment of parties might result from the impending general election, the KING insisted that his Government should abstain from interference with the free choice of the constituencies. When the majority was definitely ascertained he was prepared to support its policy with the aid, or subject to the check, of an organized Opposition. At the close of the interview the Ministers were divided in their interpretation of the KING's rebuke and warning; but, finding that the substance of the Royal letter had been communicated to the press, they ultimately thought it necessary to resign. The various candidates for office and the factions which they represent will have to devise some new combination; but no permanent Ministry can be constituted before the meeting of the Cortes.

The outgoing Cabinet, formed only a month before its retirement, affected to reproduce in some degree the union of parties which had lasted from the time of the Revolution to the death of PRINCE ALFONSO. Although the bulk of the Liberal party held aloof under ZORRILLA, SAGASTA himself professed to be a Progressist, while TOPETE was the acknowledged chief of the moderate Conservative party. The dissolution of the Cortes immediately after the formation of the Ministry seemed to ensure their retention of office for at least two or three months; but some members of the Cabinet thought there was a favourable opportunity for a job, and General GAMINDE, Minister of War, promoted several officers, including a brother of SAGASTA, to the rank of generals. Admiral TOPETE, either because none of the number belonged to the Unionist party, or perhaps in well-founded disapproval of a pernicious practice, objected to the measure, and demanded, on pain of the withdrawal of the support of his party, that General GAMINDE, Señor ANGULO, and two other followers of SAGASTA, should be removed from the Cabinet to make way for as many members of the Liberal Union party. SAGASTA offered a compromise in the dismissal of General GAMINDE, but the proposed victim obstinately refused to sacrifice himself for the benefit of his colleagues. The coalition was accordingly on the eve of rupture when the KING produced or accelerated the crisis by his unexpected allocution. He has since endeavoured to effect an alliance of all the Conservative fractions who would be represented by SERRANO, TOPETE, RÍOS ROSAS, and SAGASTA. As none of them is strong enough to command a separate majority, all the leaders have an interest in suppressing their differences; and it is possible that the KING's remonstrance may have produced a salutary impression; but the seventh or eighth Cabinet within a year could scarcely hope for a prolonged enjoyment of power, even if all political arrangements were not absolutely dependent on the character of the future Cortes. The Progressists can hardly fail to profit in the management of the elections by the petty and bitter dimensions of their adversaries. An Opposition is, in the nature of things, more easily united than a Ministerial party; and at present a follower of TURAT would probably not promote the candidature of an adherent of SAGASTA. The late Cortes was returned under the leadership



supremacy of PAIN, whose authority united all the constitutional majority against the Carlist and Republican factions. The political anarchy which has followed his death is the most conspicuous memorial of his great services. It seems probable that his most valuable legacy to the people of Spain will have been the King whom he selected; yet for the present the new Italian dynasty can only be regarded as an experiment.

King AMADEO appears to have studied with unusual care the theory of a Parliamentary Constitution in its latest development. In the repeated changes of Government he has laboured to ascertain the leaning of the Cortes; and he has on more than one occasion refused to accept the resignation of a Minister who might in his opinion still have commanded a majority. The Presidents of the two Chambers have been repeatedly consulted as the best authorities as to the intentions of the Parliament; and the Cortes, if they had known their own minds, might at any time have determined the policy of the Government. The chief political leaders, such as SAGASTA and ZORRILLA, profess to share the King's desire for the establishment of two powerful and well defined parties; yet the assumption that the practical working of the modern English Constitution is founded on an immutable law of nature is hasty, if not paradoxical. The doctrine that the statesmen of a country should choose sides like boys at a cricket-match is a generalization from a narrow and empirical observation. If SAGASTA and half the Cortes think that a certain policy is right, it scarcely follows that the other half should, in concert with ZORRILLA, determine that it is wrong. While PRIN was in power the country was governed on a less artificial system; and if he could have rallied round him the extreme and outlying sections, he would certainly not have regretted the absence of a formal Opposition. The King may have reason to know that it is no longer possible to induce the Liberal Unionists and the Progressives to work together for the public good; but he is unduly sanguine if he supposes that he can consolidate all rival ambitions and jealousies into two solid and opposing forces. GEORGE III., who understood Parliamentary government better than any Continental politician, would have been incapable of appreciating the liberal and enlightened views of the young King of Spain. To him the political opponents of a Ministry which he favoured were malcontents, if not rebels; and he would have been the last to regret any internal quarrels which diminished their efficiency as a party. Modern statesmen are more tolerant or less in earnest, and modern Kings have discovered that impartiality is safer than active intervention. M. THIERS, who provisionally administers the functions of a King of the older type, differs entirely from King AMADEO in his estimate of the duties of an Assembly. If all French parties could be broken up into minuter fragments than those of Spain, they would be more docile or more easily manageable than the great bodies of Legitimists, of Orleanists, and of Republicans. It is true that a King and the President of a Republic govern under different conditions; but probably King AMADEO will sooner or later discover that it is impossible to manage Spain on strictly English principles. The object of party leaders in that country has been rather the acquisition of power for themselves than the promotion of political principles. In former times the rivalry between NARVAEZ and O'DONNELL was almost exclusively personal, and even now it is difficult to understand why SAGASTA and ZORRILLA, who were both members of PAIN's Government, should be necessarily chiefs of hostile parties. When the King has had time to acquire the confidence of the nation, he will probably be able to adopt in many respects an independent course without exciting suspicion or disapproval. It is not impossible that he may in time be recognised as the most honest man in the country, as he is apparently not the least able. His reprimand to his Ministers proves that he is not disposed to acquiesce in a state of chronic fecklessness and disorder; but at the same time he is thoroughly loyal to the Constitution which he has promised to maintain. If the restless competitors for power were capable of statesmanlike foresight, they would reflect that the ultimate struggle will not be among themselves, but between exponents or Parliamentary politicians on one side, and on the other either a King or a military chief. The rumour that all the disaffected factions, Carlists, Republicans and Aflentists, have conspired against the Government is significant, even if it is premature. The supporters of the Monarchy, on the other hand, profess confidence in the loyalty of the army; but generals who are required to give their support to a Government may prefer to sell it for a price. If the moderate majority of the Cortes and its nominees throw away the power which they possess, it will devolve on a different class of

rules. In Spain constitutional government is on its trial; and if the experiment fails, the fault will rest with the factions which have wasted a probably irrevocable opportunity.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

THE Ministers have made up their mind upon the Education question. On Tuesday they will meet Mr. DIXON's motion with an amendment which, in all but form, is a direct negative. Mr. DIXON proposes to condemn the Elementary Education Act on four counts—its failure to secure the general election of School Boards, its omission to make attendance at school obligatory, the liberty given by it to School Boards to tax the community for the maintenance of Denominational schools, and the further liberty given to them to impart dogmatic religious instruction in the schools which they themselves support. Mr. FORSTER declines to go into the inquiry to which the House of Commons is thus invited. The amendment of which he has given notice pleads the shortness of the time which has elapsed since the passing of the Act, and the necessarily incomplete progress which has been made in the arrangements under it, as a reason why the House cannot enter with advantage upon a review of its provisions. The Government is unmistakably right in taking this course. It is no longer possible to consider Mr. DIXON's proposals simply on their several merits. Were this possible, much might be said in favour of making compulsory attendance at school universal, and something perhaps in favour of appointing School Boards in every parish. Taken by themselves, however, any amendments in this direction would only make the Act more obnoxious to Mr. DIXON and those whom he represents. At present, the fact that compulsory attendance is not universal keeps a great part of the country free from controversy about the payment of fees in Denominational schools, while the limitation of School Boards to districts in which there is either a deficiency of school accommodation, or an effective desire to elect them on the part of the ratepayers, prevents that close identification of schools maintained out of the rates with a particular religious denomination which would otherwise be apparent in many rural parishes.

It would have been idle to attempt any compromise with Mr. DIXON on the basis of accepting two parts of his motion and rejecting the other two. Such a proceeding would not have conciliated the Dissenting opposition, while it would have involved the abandonment of a very strong position. Here and there, indeed, there may be Nonconformists whose dislike of the Education Act is founded on its alleged inefficiency in respect of the appointment of School Boards and of compulsory attendance. But the great majority among the Dissenters dislike it because it has incidentally worked to the advantage of the two denominations which have brought most zeal to the promotion of popular education. If the former section of its opponents had their way, there would be only so much the more fuel to feed the indignation of the latter section.

In addition to this, any proposal on the part of the Government to modify the provisions of the Education Act, even as regards the two points on which Mr. DIXON might perhaps make out his case, would be regarded by the Conservatives, and by an important section of the Liberals, as something not far short of a breach of faith. There is a sort of understanding among politicians that an important Act of Parliament is not to be altered in essential particulars within two Sessions of its being passed, unless the arguments brought forward in favour of the change were somehow excluded from consideration in the debates in which the measure was cast in its actual shape. It cannot be said with any truth that this is the case with the Education Act. It is true that the particular difficulty out of which so much controversy has arisen was hardly foreseen until the Act was passed. But though in 1870 the precise form which the antagonism between Denominationalists and Secularists would ultimately take was still undetermined, the existence of such an antagonism was manifest to all men. The reasons which Mr. DIXON will allege in support of his motion on Tuesday will be only a repetition of those urged by him in support of his amendment on the second reading of the Elementary Education Bill. If it could be shown that those who supported the Government two years ago did so in the belief that they were depriving Denominational schools of all aid, direct or indirect, from monies raised by taxation, or that they were ignorant of the important province assigned to Denominational schools in

the Ministerial scheme, it might be maintained that the Act was the offspring of a misunderstanding, and that, as such, it ought to be reversed in the light of later knowledge. But neither the contents of the measure nor the declarations of the Government left any room for such a misconception. It was plain on the surface both of the Bill and of Mr. FORSTER'S speeches that its authors looked to the voluntary action of the Denominations to do much of their work for them, and that in return for this assistance the schools maintained by the Denominations were to be placed in a position of perfect equality with those set up by the School Boards. What new plea can Mr. DIXON allege for the readjustment of the question in a spirit of avowed hostility to the schools whose co-operation was thus courted? None, except that the provisions of the Act have worked badly. The answer to this is so obvious that it is strange that the prospect of being met by it should not have induced him to anticipate Mr. FORSTER'S move by postponing his motion at least till another Session. How can the working of an Act of Parliament be fairly criticized before there has been time to ascertain what that working is? It is hard to see how Mr. DIXON can hope to meet this objection. The only results to which he can possibly point in confirmation of his theory are results that were foreseen and counted on two years ago. The Government and the majority of the House of Commons had to make their choice between irritating the Secularists and a section of the Dissenters who for the most part had done very little towards promoting the education of the people, and irritating the great bulk of those who had already made great efforts in the cause of education, and were ready, if generously dealt with, to make similar efforts in the future. No one expected Mr. DIXON to approve of the decision to which Parliament came; but it did not seem too much to expect that he would acquiesce in it until such time as the reliance of the Government on Denominational energy should be proved to be unfounded, or as the Liberal party should have been convinced of its sin in using that energy for a public object. Certainly neither of these conditions has as yet been fulfilled. Instead of Denominational energy having shown itself unequal to the burden laid upon it, the main drift of Mr. DIXON'S complaint is that it has answered to the call in a way which even those who expected most from it failed to foresee. It is the extraordinary increase of Denominational schools that has evoked the passionate hostility of the Dissenters towards the measure under which such an increase was possible, and that has led so many School Boards to prefer paying Denominational schoolmasters to give secular instruction to the children of indigent parents rather than set up schools and schoolmasters for themselves. To the practical educationalist it is a fact of great moment that so many persons should be willing to bear a large part of the expense of giving secular instruction to all the children sent to them, on condition of being allowed to give religious instruction also to some of these children. By this means a School Board can in many cases be done without, and, considering that an education rate is an almost necessary accompaniment of a School Board, this is not a trifling advantage. Is there any evidence to show that the experience of the last eighteen months has made an education rate popular with rural ratepayers? Yet in the absence of such evidence Mr. DIXON'S policy would be tantamount to consigning the execution of the Act to a class which, having no education itself, naturally sees no reason why other people should have it.

This is the issue which is to be decided over again next Tuesday. There is no religious principle involved in it, though many Dissenters have brought themselves to think that liberty of conscience is in some mysterious way at stake. What is involved in it is the fortunes of elementary education. The Dissenters have taken a line which for all practical purposes is one of simple obstruction. They will not consent to secular instruction being given by, and to a considerable extent at the cost of, the persons who give religious instruction. If this objection is recognized, the inevitable consequence will be that secular instruction will be given very imperfectly, and sometimes not at all. There will be the same conflicts between the Education Department and the more obstinate School Boards that there have been between the Poor Law Board and the more obstinate Boards of Guardians. In the long run, no doubt, the Education Department will win; but before that day comes, a whole generation of children will have grown up in ignorance. There is no fear that Mr. DIXON'S motion will be successful, but it is nevertheless of great moment that the nature of the issue raised by it should be clearly understood. Mr. FORSTER is charged with having betrayed the Nonconformists. It is a sufficient answer that he could not have acted otherwise without betraying the cause of education. The Noncon-

formists have chosen to put themselves in a position in which fidelity to them is treachery to the community. They must not wonder that they are deserted by statesmen and patriots when they insist on preferring the ignoble interests of their narrow sects to the accomplishment of a great national purpose.

#### PAY AND EXPENSES IN THE ARMY.

MR. CARDWELL'S statement of last week did not deal with the question of the pay of officers, but it will, we think, before long be found absolutely necessary to consider the subject. The financial position of the soldier has during the last hundred years improved considerably; yet, notwithstanding that the expense of living has very much increased, the pay of the officer has remained fixed. In comparison, therefore, not only with the soldier, but with all persons in the service of private employers, and with the prices of the necessaries of life, the officer is much worse off now than he was formerly. At present it is impossible for a subaltern to live on his pay; a captain obtains from it a bare subsistence, and even in the case of an unmarried field officer the margin for luxuries is very small. It is notorious that badly paid work is generally synonymous with badly performed work. Further, the fact that a man who has completed his apprenticeship cannot live by his profession is apt to produce a want of self-respect. There are also other reasons for revising the existing scale of the pay of officers. Hitherto the army has not been looked upon as a profession by which a man might earn his bread. Only an insignificant minority of men possessing no private incomes have up to the present time accepted commissions. Henceforth, we are told, the army is to be open to every young man of talent, and the country insists that the career of arms shall be a genuine, earnest, and hard-working profession from which all idleness, incapacity, and mediocrity will be excluded. This theory is all very well; but if able men are to be attracted, attractions must be offered to them, and if soldiering is to be a profession, it must possess the conditions of a profession, and afford something more than honour and social position. Every other profession either affords a respectable subsistence from the first, or else holds out to the clever and industrious man a fair chance of competence ere middle life is reached, and a few grand prizes at a later period. The army holds forth neither of these inducements, and till it does, it will not divert its fair share of talent from the law, medicine, commerce, and civil engineering.

It is certain, however, that before the House of Commons will listen to any proposal for granting officers an increase of pay, it will demand that the extravagance now so rife among military men shall cease. How great this extravagance is money-lenders could tell, and the records of the Court of Bankruptcy sufficiently prove. We do not here refer to exceptional, but to habitual and almost compulsory, extravagance. The chief causes of this extravagance may be summed up in two current phrases of fatal and disastrous import. One is, "We must live like gentlemen"; the other is, "It is incumbent on us to keep up the credit of the regiment." Yet in the navy, as a rule, officers contrive to keep up their position and the credit of their ships without either running into debt or making constant demands on the paternal purse. It is well known that neither naval nor military officers are as a body rich; but while the latter, from false, and we must add vulgar shame, try to disguise a fact incapable of permanent concealment, the former honestly, and with manly self-respect, accept their position. Except in the very junior ranks a naval officer manages to live on his pay. In the army a subaltern cannot get on without an allowance of 100*l.* a-year, and even with that the closest economy is required to avoid debt. Government may doubtless accomplish much in the way of reform, and we gladly recognize in Mr. CARDWELL'S speech a sincere effort in this direction; but unless supported by public opinion—influenced by the senior officers—it can never thoroughly succeed. Moreover, any attempt to curb extravagance must be conducted systematically, or it will fail. Some sixteen years ago the Duke of CAMBRIDGE did make an effort to diminish the mess expenses at Aldershot, and eleven years later his example was followed as regards the Bengal army by Lord SANDHURST. The question not having, however, been dealt with systematically and as a whole, and, above all, but little perseverance having been shown, all the circulars and orders on the subject were soon treated as so much waste-paper. Perhaps the time for vigorous action had not arrived. Now, however, when a complete revolution in our military system is taking place, is the time for arresting a levissimum of expenditure

which is quite inconsistent both with the means of officers and with that simplicity of living which should be the characteristic of an earnest, hard-working profession. One reason for the comparative extravagance of living which has hitherto prevailed in the army is perhaps that the subaltern, finding it quite impossible to live on his pay, is not over-scrupulous as to the extent to which his expenditure is carried. If with economy he could live by his profession, he would have the less excuse for extravagance, and the evil could be more easily checked by the authorities, as it is in the navy..

Let us notice the chief sources of the present excessive expenditure. These are two in number—namely, dress and the mess; and they were both referred to in Mr. CARDWELL's statement. In all armies, save the English army, it is the exception, not the rule, to wear plain clothes when not on duty. A century ago English officers could always be distinguished by their dress. Now it seems to be the fashion for them to aim at being taken for civilians whenever they are not actually in the performance of some military duty, and, seeing that the head-quarter staff sets the example, this is not to be wondered at. To judge from appearances the British officer is ashamed instead of being proud of his profession. The evil of this piece of false vanity is twofold. In the first place, it tends to make officers look on soldiering as an interlude rather than the business of their lives. In the second place, the expenses of officers are thereby unnecessarily increased. A moderate estimate of the extra expenditure thus produced is 30*l.* per annum. In our opinion plain clothes should seldom be worn by officers on full pay save when travelling, or engaged in field or athletic sports. The officer who is ashamed of his cloth is wanting in that professional pride which should distinguish him. Again, the officer's pocket might be greatly saved by a diminution in the present variety of uniform, and by making it the fashion that uniforms should be made by the regimental tailor, and accoutrements supplied from the regimental store. It is notorious that it requires a good memory in a cavalry or Highland officer to know what his dress should be under every diversity of circumstance, and the bill of the army outfitter and tailor has wrung many a groan from fathers' hearts. Besides, the terms tailor and money-lender are not seldom synonymous. Abolish the army tailor, and you at once circumscribe money-lending. The other great source of extravagance is the mess, with its concomitant expenses. Few officers can keep their mess bills under 10*l.* a month, while in many cases they double that sum. An officer has just informed us that a few years ago, when quartered at Gibraltar, his bill, though he was unmarried, and never dined at mess save on special occasions such as inspection dinners, amounted on an average to 5*l.* a month. The 10*l.* a month which may be taken as a not undue average for the bachelor officer includes not only the cost of his own breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, but those of mess guests and general expenses. Indeed the surplus over his own personal expenses for actual food may be estimated at not less than 20 per cent. Can anything be more absurd and wrong than that men whose incomes average perhaps from 250*l.* to 300*l.* a year, including all ranks, but of course excluding those who are exceptionally rich, should live in the style of the possessors of 10,000*l.* a year? The mess dinner includes soup, fish, French dishes, game, and elaborate sweets—fare which most of the partakers of it never tasted before they entered the army, and which they never see when they return home on leave. The majority of officers are the sons of clergymen or other professional men, or of squires with a moderate estate and immoderate families. At their fathers' houses the dinner consists of a plain soup or cheap fish, a joint and tart or simple pudding, washed down with beer and Marsala, light claret, or some other inexpensive wine. At mess, the subaltern, however freshly caught, grumbles if both rich soup and expensive fish are not provided, criticizes the made dishes which up to a month or two previously he had never heard of, and insists on game or poultry, whatever its price. As to the wine, in nine cases out of ten he pronounces the mess sherry "beastly," and on the slightest provocation indulges in dry champagne, of which he affects to be a connoisseur. At his father's table the plate was probably electro, and was limited to forks and spoons. At mess it is considered essential to have massive candelabra, silver forks, spoons, and dishes, and elaborate centrepieces, to purchase and keep up which special subscriptions are occasionally called for. If any prudent officer ventures to suggest the advisableness of economy, he is snubbed by his comrades with the remark that they must live like gentlemen, and must have a mess fit to ask guests to. It strikes him that it would be more gentlemanlike to avoid debt, while, as for guests,

those who only come for the sake of a luxurious dinner are not worth inviting. Another argument in support of extravagance is that it is necessary to make some return for the hospitality of the neighbouring gentry. By all means, we say, be hospitable, but to attempt to vie with neighbouring magnates is not only ruinous but ridiculous. Officers succeed, at the cost of debt and ruin to many of their number, in making a false display of wealth, but every one knows perfectly well that they are, on the contrary, comparatively poor. It is absurd to argue that they pay individually little for the results they obtain, and that they merely take advantage of the co-operative principle. If by clubbing together they can secure a luxurious dinner at half-a-crown a head, it is evident that, by adopting the same expedient, they could obtain a good plain meal for half that sum, and they would still fare as well as their fathers and brothers.

In addition to the expenses we have mentioned, there is a special tax of a most onerous nature, which, though technically a voluntary subscription, is in reality obligatory. We refer to regimental balls. The cost of these varies in different regiments and under various circumstances. It is scarcely ever less than 5*l.* a head, generally amounts to 10*l.*, and occasionally is as high as 25*l.* or 30*l.* In the case of a ball given by a regiment at a certain Northern city a year or two ago, ladies were presented with fans at the door, perfumed fountains were scattered all over the rooms, and the supper was obtained from Paris. No London fine lady, with twenty or thirty thousand a year, would deem it necessary to be so lavish; why therefore should some thirty officers, possessing average incomes of at the most 300*l.* a year, indulge in such extravagance? No wonder that keeping up the credit of the regiment cost on that occasion upwards of 25*l.* a head. Indeed, that sum does not seem to be considered excessive, for it is estimated that it will cost the officers of another regiment, notoriously poor, no less than 25*l.* a head to return the hospitality of their neighbours in the same city. The total income of many of the subscribers does not, we may safely assert, exceed 200*l.*, which is scarcely proportionate to an expenditure of 25*l.* for one night's display. It is really time that such mischievous follies should be checked by the authorities and discouraged by the good sense of the older officers. Nor would there be either difficulty in so doing or lack of precedent for repressive measures. In the Navy the captain is held responsible that the mess expenses of his officers are kept within reasonable bounds. Why should not the colonel of a regiment be required to interpose his authority to prevent the credit of the regiment, the social position of the officers, and the goodwill of the neighbours, being purchased at their present exorbitant price?

#### CROWDS.

AS a rule, we see human nature by retail. We judge of our fellow-creatures as the student judges of a geological formation from hand specimens. It requires an imaginative effort of which few people are capable to construct a picture of the Sahara from a peck of dust, or of the human race from the half-dozen specimens with whose peculiarities we are intimately acquainted. It is worth while, therefore, to take advantage of an occasional opportunity for observing the phenomena presented by a vast crowd, and to have actually before our eyes an appreciable fraction of that object of which we talk so much and about which most of us know so little—the people of England. It is useless, indeed, to disguise the fact that a crowd, considered simply as a crowd and without reference to any ulterior object, is a highly disagreeable phenomenon. We have always wondered that Balaam, who was presumably not a sentimental person, expected to find it easier to curse the Israelites when he could only see a small portion of them. We are rather inclined to agree with Swift, that, although Tom, Dick, and Harry may be very amiable persons, a mixed assortment of precisely similar Toms, Dicks, and Harrys becomes rapidly detestable. The satisfaction which a crowd takes in seeing itself is, however, a notorious, if an inexplicable phenomenon. It almost upsets the philosophical theory that every event must have a cause. A crowd is often its own cause; or at least it resembles a planetary system in which there is no central sun, but each unit is kept in place simply by the combined attraction of all the other units. Though this was of course not the case on Tuesday last, it was true even of that occasion that the pleasure of which we are speaking was an ingredient, to an amount not easily determinable, in the motives which attracted people. The sentiment may perhaps be a relic of some distant age when man was a gregarious animal. Mr. Darwin has not yet arranged the precise line of our ancestry, but a good deal that is singular in human nature would be explained if it could be proved that one of our remote ancestors was a sheep. Whatever the ultimate cause, however, of this conglomerative or swarming instinct, we may learn many useful lessons whilst gratifying our strange propensity. A mob is in every respect a phenomenon worth studying. It is,

for example, a practical exemplification of the strange power of human sympathy; the feeling produced is not a simple aggregate of what each individual would feel separately, but rises in some complex ratio as the emotion of the unit is intensified by the reflection of his own thoughts from the surrounding multitude. To realize fully the working of this curious action and reaction is to understand the philosophy of revolutions, crusades, or any great popular outburst of feeling. A mob may be regarded as the spiritual analogue of an electric battery, and politicians of a higher order than the orators of Trafalgar Square may do well to become familiar with this potent machinery. And, indeed, for Englishmen at this moment the problem is especially interesting. The mob went out on Tuesday to see the *Heir-Apparent* to the monarchy; but, if certain persons are to be believed, the mob was the *Heir-Apparent* itself. It was a specimen of our future master, if the prognostications of dismal Conservatives and sanguine demagogues are well founded; and assuming that there is a remote chance of such a consummation, one would rather like to know what are his tastes, opinions, and character. Is Leviathan, as Hobbes called him, likely to be a gentle or a brutal master? Does he show a taste for the guillotine, or is he likely to be of a lethargic temperament, and to bound his ambition to unlimited beer and plenty of holidays?

Probably we should be favourably impressed by the experience of Tuesday. After all, a British mob is generally conspicuous, and on such an occasion it is of course more than usually conspicuous, for a certain rough good-nature. There is not a bit of malice in it. A mob, it is true, may occasionally lose its temper at an election, or under the eloquence of a Protestant denouncer of the *Scarlet Lady*, or when it is moved by actual hunger or misery. But at the worst it is not bloodthirsty, as a French or an Irish mob is sometimes bloodthirsty. It is more given to horse-play than to absolute fury. It is not likely to cut your throat, hang you to a lamp-post, or drag your dead body through the streets, though it is not impossible that it may unintentionally knock out your brains with a brickbat. Even those two hundred persons at Reading station, who, to Mr. Odger's imagination, resembled a herd of "starving wolves," only succeeded in tearing his coat and forcing him to take refuge in a somewhat undignified, but not very inaccessible, refuge—rather a gentle exhibition of lupine ferocity. Even on the most serious occasions, an English mob has a coolness of temper, or a sense of humour, or some other undefinable instinct, which fits it rather for practical jokes than for graver outbursts of brutality. It always seems to be dimly aware that there is a comic side to its proceedings, and it is most judiciously reluctant to take a high moral tone, or, in other words, to become actively offensive. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that it is equally conspicuous for a certain helpless stupidity or pithlessness, which is occasionally irritating in the extreme. It cannot be said, for example, that Englishmen are generally aware of the fact that a thousand people will pass through an opening two feet wide more readily if they walk in file than if they insist upon all going abreast. They show a lordly indifference to the inexorable laws of space which is imposing, as all sheer stolidity is imposing, but is apt to lead to crushed ribs under the conditions of concrete existence. And finally, every mob, English or otherwise, has a happy facility in combining the extremes of rashness and cowardice. The ordinary rough appears to believe, or at any rate he acts as if he believed, that the bough of an elm-tree is capable of bearing for an indefinite period just as many human beings as can be placed upon it side by side; and when it snaps, as a tree corrupted by a long residence in London may be excused for snapping, he regards the accident as totally unprecedented, and probably due to a special interposition of Providence. He is not the less liable to the most groundless panics, and is likely to be just as easily convinced that St. Paul's is being upset by the crowd as that a deal beach with no particular support will bear any number of tons weight.

Now it cannot be said that we have been describing a model ruler of mankind; and indeed it has not been as yet proposed that the functions of government should be exercised by a mob pure and simple. There is no arguing from the mass to the units of which it is composed. A mob of statesmen, philosophers, or divines, if such a mob could be collected, would be just as thoughtless and impulsive as the mob of ordinary cockneys; and the humours of the crowd can no more be adduced as an argument that they will not exercise their political power judiciously on the polling-booths than the follies of a mob of Oxford undergraduates at a Commemoration would prove that they are incapable of doing well in the Schools. And it is true that anybody who has seen a well-dressed mob at a public meeting or an evening party will admit that in many respects it is not much more sensible than the less polished crowds which fill our streets on a public occasion. It is a little more subdued in manner, but without it is essentially as selfish, cowardly, and impulsive. The weakness of a mob, we have said, are not merely the sum of the weaknesses of its individual members, but are somehow developed like certain diseases by the simple process of placing a number of human beings on an unduly limited space of ground. And yet, after making every allowance, it must be admitted that the sight of a vast crowd is rather trying for the faith of a *Thengiving* democrat. The problem of all constitutional monarchies is in some way or other to bring together the wisdom of a nation, and to give to it the principal functions of its ruling. Now, whatever may be the form of the

democratic argument, it must be admitted that the first impression produced by the sight of a great crowd is that the task in question must be uncommonly difficult. There is obviously such a vast superincumbent mass—not of wickedness, or even bad intentions—but of sheer unadulterated stupidity. The golden grains dispersed through the sands of a river, or the needle in a bottle of hay, are ineffectual symbols of the proportion between the wisdom and its opposite. One thinks, on the one hand, of the intricate problems which come up for the consideration of Parliament, of the vast Empire that has to be governed on more or less intelligible principles, of the financial and social and legal reforms that are needed, of the vast amount of knowledge required to supply the mere bases on which an opinion must be formed, and of the learning required to enable a man to go through any process worthy of the name of reasoning upon the data when discovered; and, on the other hand, one counts up the proportion of the crowd which presents even a *prima facie* appearance of knowing that there are such difficulties, to say nothing of knowing how to meet them. What an infinitesimal number of persons are there in any large mob who are fit, for example, to pronounce upon our Indian policy, on the view which we ought to take of Prince Bismarck, or on the American difficulty, or the best modes of educational or sanitary reform? We know very few, even amongst the most educated classes, whose opinions we should be inclined to accept on these or on a dozen other subjects; and the enormous majority of the people before us depend for their knowledge on some fragment of a stump oration, or on the dictum of some writer of second-rate articles who is all but as ignorant as themselves. And yet there are many sober and serious reformers who proclaim, and to all appearance believe, that the political salvation of mankind depends upon allowing all these people to have a voice in matters of which they are as ignorant as they are of the mode of calculating the path of a comet. One gentleman thinks that everything will go well when Parliament is arranged so as to present a photographic miniature of every shade of opinion in the country, so that, if there are ninety-nine fools to one wise man, one-hundredth part of the House of Commons should be wise. Another thinks that the political atmosphere will be purified as soon as we give votes to all the female fools as well as to all the male fools. When we see before our eyes the mass of our fellow-countrywomen—very excellent mothers, sisters, housemaids, and washerwomen, it may be, but dependent for their political knowledge on the scraps which fall from the table of their male relations—we have a dim sense of wonder at the faith of these reformers. Surely they must fancy themselves to be in possession of the philosopher's stone when they fancy that they can transmute this mass of ignorance into the pure ore of political wisdom.

There are, we are aware, many consolations which may be applied to these natural misgivings. It may be said, for example, that even our legislators are as great fools as the rest of us, and that in this world we must be content to rub on through a series of blinders. Or it may be urged that, if the masses are ignorant, they have good instincts, and can tell who is seeking their good, though they may not be able to judge independently of the merit of the measures proposed. To discuss any such suggestions would lead us into the whole theory of politics, which is perhaps scarcely admissible at the end of an article. We must be content to remark that an honest democrat will probably ask himself some such questions as we have suggested; and perhaps, when he has looked the people fairly in the face, and seen how much mud goes to how much gold in the composition of his idol, he will console himself with some of the off-hand solutions of the problem that are offered to us by ordinary reformers.

#### LAST TUESDAY.

**A**FTER making due deduction from the gushing enthusiasm and hysterical rhapsodies of some of our more emotional contemporaries, it must be admitted that the *Thengiving* of Tuesday is an historical event of considerable significance, and that everybody is entitled to shake hands over it, and to exchange sincere and hearty congratulations on the success which attended it. The procession was punctual; the Queen and Prince of Wales entered thoroughly into the spirit of the day, and bowed incessantly with a frank, cordial recognition of the popular greeting which they everywhere received; the crowds on their part were good-natured and orderly, and the authorities who had charge of the arrangements contrived that, as far as the proceedings in the daytime were concerned, everything should go off smoothly and agreeably. It is not always that such a happy conjunction of pleasant circumstances can be secured. The *Times* *Telegraph* is good enough to say that it is proud of its countrymen, and declines to measure its words, or timidly to abate its praise and admiration. Whether its countrymen are proud of the *Times* *Telegraph* is another matter; but there is certainly no trace of timidity in its glowing rhetoric, and if it has not measured its words, we have done so for it, and find that they fill some twenty-six columns of dense type, and that they form an unbroken column of the very longest and finest words in the language, mixed up with loose magnificence and Oriental splendour. From a short sentence we learn that the Queen's carriage was drawn by a trumpet whose blast was the loudest ever heard, and that the royal procession was seen through the land in a magnificent manner. This sort of writing may not have much to do with the practical details



but it conveys a vivid idea of the kind of confused gorgeousness which characterized the decorations of the day, and may be described as typographical hunting. The other papers of Wednesday were equally copious, though less resplendent, in their narratives of the proceedings, and anybody who has gone through the various reports, or even one or two of them, will perhaps hardly be disposed to read any more on the subject. It may be worth while, however, just to put together briefly and simply some of the features of this really great spectacle. In the first place, the route of the procession from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's by the line of the Strand and back by Oxford Street is rather more than seven miles in length; and along the whole of this distance the pavement on each side, the houses, roofs, temporary stands, side streets, and open spaces were thronged by an innumerable multitude. A portion of the crowd may have "doubled," as the actors say, assisting first at the going and then at the return of the procession; but the ground was occupied so early along the whole route that there could not have been much room for those who arrived late; and it may be assumed that the crowds in Oxford Street were quite distinct from the crowds which had previously gathered along the Strand. Thus there were seven miles of people closely packed on each side of the way, and here and there spreading out, as at Buckingham Palace and Trafalgar Square, into a vast sea of upturned faces. This was a sight of which any Sovereign might well be proud, and which hardly any other than our own could have commanded. And then there was the cheering. Salvoes of cannon are as nothing compared to the great shout an hour long which followed the Royal party, and which was kept up continuously, without the slightest pause or lull, along the whole line. For a good hour and more going, and for another hour coming back, there was a tumultuous, unintermittent, deafening roar from the throats of hundreds of thousands. The multitude was undoubtedly the best part of the show; and the Prince would have been more or less than man if he had failed to be profoundly touched by the sympathetic and kindly anxiety which was expressed in the glance of those myriad eyes:—

You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
With painted imagery, had said at once,  
Jesu preserve thee!

If there was not much fancy or variety in the decoration of the streets, there was at any rate no stint of bright colours and glittering gaude; and the general effect was blithe and cheery. There would probably have been more order, more obvious art in a French display, and the Germans on such an occasion would have come out strong in emblems and allegories. There is a kind of simple child-like poetry in the German mind which runs naturally to allegory. But Englishmen, either because, if they are poetical at all, they are poetical in a deeper way, or because they are more realistic, are usually not good at this sort of thing, and avoid it. At St. Dunstan's a kind of emblematic illustration of the force of prayer was exhibited; but it was hardly a success. The crowd identified the attendants at the patient's bedside with the doctors, and wondered why they should be arrayed in robes of gold and colours. There seemed indeed to be a good deal of curiosity about the doctors, and some surprise was felt that they were not included in the procession. The Prince's recovery would appear to be more intimately associated in the popular mind with Dr. Gull and the glass of bitter beer than with the bench of bishops. One of the inscriptions in the streets was tolerably comprehensive in its acknowledgments, and in the way of doggerel was, at least as good as Mr. Stone's hymn:—

To God who spared his life,  
To Jenner, Gull, and Lowe,  
And to the Princess wife,  
Our gratitude we owe.

There is a comic side to the gravest subjects, and the crowd found plenty to amuse them in the incidents of the day. An admiral on horseback appears to have excited great admiration by the skilful manner in which he beat up to windward and ported helm on his rather lively craft. It was suggested that perhaps he would have been more at ease in the Speaker's state coach, which swung on its old leather straps like a hammock in a storm. The Nonconformists who were present must have been gratified by the sight of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the custody of a couple of mounted policemen, an omen of the doom which Mr. Miall is preparing for him. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs went through their part of the performance with great heroism and gallantry. There are some things which it is difficult to accomplish with perfect dignity, and one of these perhaps is to mount a horse with the aid of a ladder and the many hands of a crowd of hunkies and policemen, more especially when the daring equestrian is arrayed in a voluminous crimson cloak, a tippet of ermine, and a big cocked hat. Once on horseback, however, the Lord Mayor, with his great sword pointed in air, looked sufficiently imposing, and his cloak hid the ampler in charge of his steed. The Sheriffs also had the aid of the sergeants to get up into the saddle; but it was thought better not to dismount the Aldermen and Common Councilmen, who, having been privately adjusted on horseback, were left there for an hour or so till it was time for the cortege to move off. A good many people, hopeless of seeing the show, contented themselves with watching the embarkation of

Lords and Commons at Westminster Bridge. After accommodating members' wives, it was found that some spare room still remained, and Mr. Montague Guest was pacified by a kind of half-handed recognition being extended to "members' ladies." When the steamers were on their way to St. Paul's, a lot of gamblers on one of the bridges called out, "Have yer got lilka with yer?" It has since been thought worth while to make an authoritative announcement that the President designate of the British Republic of the future did not join in the thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. It appears that Mr. Bradlaugh also declined the Lord Chamberlain's civilities. Inside the Cathedral the scene was certainly very grand and impressive, and it was generally remarked that it would be difficult to find another edifice so well adapted for such a purpose. The decorations were meagre, but the people furnished a certain amount of colour to light up the building. There was a sufficient number of brilliant uniforms to supply several stripes and patches of bright colour in the area, and the ladies' dresses took off the sombreness of their black-coated companions. Although curiosity and an exhilarating sense of a bright pageant were perhaps more predominant than any other feelings before the service commenced, it was impossible not to trace the influence of tender and solemn thoughts as it proceeded.

The proceedings of the evening suggest the remark that if an illumination is worth doing it is worth doing well. The present practice of illumination imposes a burden on individuals for the gratification of society, and appears calculated to produce the least satisfactory result, with a large expense of money and unpleasant apprehensions, which are always more or less realized, of distressing accidents. The scene in Saville Row was disgraceful to the authorities who permitted it. A dense crowd collected to see the illumination of a house which has acquired celebrity by previous displays, and carriages were permitted to drive through this crowd, so as to increase the liability, which must necessarily be great, to overwhelming pressure. There was perhaps a grim propriety in the selection for such proceedings of Saville Row, where a case of semi-suffocation, or of fractured limb, would be certain to be treated by the best medical and surgical skill in London. The iron railings and stone steps, against which sudden pressure must drive the weaker members of the crowd, might probably aggravate the mischief, for which, however, special means of alleviation would be found within the houses. Let any person who doubts the justice of our complaint against the police who permitted such proceedings inspect the locality by daylight. It would have been quite bad enough to allow that to be done which necessarily attracted a large crowd into a street from which egress at either end is narrow and indirect. But to suffer this crowd to be invaded by carriages was monstrous. If carriages are to be permitted at all on these occasions, which we greatly doubt, they ought to be confined to the broadest streets and compelled to drive slowly. But we go the length of saying, that if a tradesman is desirous to display loyalty and patriotism, he ought to find some other method than the illumination of his shop front in a narrow or inaccessible street. Let the householders of the principal streets, who are generally expected to illuminate, subscribe to raise a fund for a display of fireworks in the Parks, and if subscriptions do not suffice, let public money be voted for the purpose. Considering the gratification to a vast population which such displays afford, no expenditure on any object not necessary could be more laudable. Besides fireworks, there might be such effects as were produced on Tuesday evening by circles of coloured lamps around the dome of St. Paul's. They could be seen from any open space from which the Cathedral is visible, and thus they rather attracted people from, instead of towards, danger. An illumination of the Houses of Parliament would be visible from great part of the Thames Embankment, and if the stairs leading to the river were duly fenced and carriages prohibited, a vast multitude could be assembled without danger and to their great enjoyment. Instead of attracting the turbulent East-enders to the more civilized parts of London, they should be entertained with fireworks in Victoria Park and illuminations of conspicuous buildings in their own neighbourhood. It must not be forgotten that three of the most dangerous places in London on Tuesday evening were St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, and Temple Bar, and it was the action of public authorities which drew together the crowds in which the greatest number of casualties occurred. The width of Farringdon Street interposing between Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill enabled the decorations of the triumphal arch to be viewed without the peril which attended a near approach to the Cathedral or Temple Bar. Considering the extent to which the City has been cleared in recent years, it seems wonderful that the Corporation should invite the public to crush itself to death in streets and places which still remain unwidened. Take their own recent work, the Holborn Viaduct, which they should delight to glorify. They might have produced there a far finer effect than at Temple Bar, and it would have been seen without danger by as many people as Farringdon Street would hold. If we go West we find Trafalgar Square, where surely Government might do something to amuse the public on such a festival without endangering their lives. It might at least have been expected that Lord Nelson would have figured as a part of the display. There are also those empty, dreary spaces beside the Embankment, and there is the river, and there are all

in order not to bring ourselves into collision with the economic

principles of Mr. Lowe, we will venture to suggest that the Metropolitan Board of Works might be empowered on certain occasions of special rejoicing to expend a limited sum in the nocturnal ornamentation of the capital on a comprehensive system, and with due regard to the suggestions of decorative art. An infinitely small addition to the general rate now paid would relieve tradesmen from the future obligation to exhibit, and ourselves from that of again beholding a wearisome succession of stars, crowns, initials, and other devices, showing much less variety than the shapes of the houses to which they are affixed. We are aware that some tradesmen may regard illumination not as a costly burden, but as a profitable advertisement, and in this point of view the present system is particularly objectionable. Perhaps the strongest impression which remains after one of these displays is that of its general meanness and poverty of invention, and the palpably commercial motive of some of the most successful efforts that were made. As was said on a memorable occasion, "We cannot be all tailors," and therefore if the metropolis is to be illuminated it ought to be done at the general expense, and on the principle of aiming at a few grand and widely seen effects. We should have thought that something might have been done at the Victoria Tower which would have gratified every person who could stand upon the Embankment or float upon the Thames. It was said that the fireworks prepared for the national festival held on the conclusion of peace with Russia were not all expended, and that the residue were returned into store, where perhaps they still remain. We should imagine that the resources of Woolwich Arsenal would be available for pyrotechnic work at moderate expense; and certainly, if bonfires were desired, the materials would be forthcoming to any extent from the public offices. The Admiralty, for example, might contribute an enormous mass of Reports and correspondence which have never been arranged, and therefore are practically useless; and the Home Office might send Mr. Bruce's abortive Bills, which would supply enough waste paper for any reasonable quantity of fireworks.

Returning, however, to the point from which we started, we must emphatically express the wish that London may never again arrange for itself an evening's amusement which is certain to end in bringing sorrow into several or perhaps many households. We propose, as regards Temple Bar and St. Paul's Churchyard, the same test that we have applied to Saville Row. Let readers go and look at the places, and say whether any reasonable persons charged with local government would invite or encourage masses of people to concentrate themselves there after nightfall. The City Police are entitled to credit for having excluded carriages from their jurisdiction; but although in this respect they showed prudence, they cannot be exculpated from blame for not foreseeing that which actually occurred. "At a quarter to 10 o'clock there was a terrible crush of people at Temple Bar. One man was killed and several other persons dreadfully injured." When this country pays the indirect damages for the *Alabama's* cruise, the City authorities ought to be put upon their trial for causing this man's death. It is impossible to read the list of injuries which has been published without feeling that they painfully deform a picture which otherwise the nation might look back upon with pride and joy.

#### THE LITERARY USES OF FOLLY.

CONSIDERING how irritating and irksome folly is when we come to close quarters with it, how what Hawthorne calls the intolerable proximity of a fool makes life a difficulty and a weariness, mankind shows a seeming inconsistency in its delight in the delinquency of folly. Yet certain it is that there is hardly any subject more attractive in the whole range of literature, or any characteristic of humanity that more exercises the observation, research, and powers of analysis of wise and witty men. Every student of human nature and society, from the Son of Sirach downwards, has exercised his keenest intelligence on the anatomy of folly, whether in the abstract or in some particular example. Especially is it meat and drink to the wit to see a fool, to penetrate into the inside of him, to detect the springs of action, to trace the vagaries of his shuttlecock mind, to take him off. And he is encouraged in this employment by a certainty of sympathy. His hearer or reader is sure to meet him half way. If he likes to talk of folly, we like to listen: so long as it is folly at arm's length an unfailling interest hangs about the subject, high and low, vulgar and refined, the fool is a fascination to them all. Of course at first sight this looks very much like pride. If we laugh at fools in print or on the stage, it is an assumed evidence of self-love; we deride folly because we think we are, at least by comparison, wise. But there is probably another side to this partiality. The fool amuses us, not because he is a monster, but because he is one of ourselves. To a certain point we can always fraternize with the laughter-moving fool, either in the object he aims at or in his mode of seeking it. If both the object and the mode were foreign to our nature, we should view the portraiture with indifference as a dull failure. We cannot be diverted by an exhibition of human weakness apart from sympathy. We see ourselves in the fool we laugh at, knowing too well that our wisdom does not make away with our folly, but only keeps it under. We differ in this, that with the ideal fool folly is never a concealed quality; it is always uppermost, it is what he values himself upon. We confess that in ourselves something may be found akin to his

extravagances, but discretion and judgment befriend us. So when the satirist boasts of some pre-eminently successful presentation of folly, he bids us believe that it is not a caricature of this or that man amongst us, but

He's knight o' the shire and represents you all.

And if it is not self-love but self-knowledge that keeps the subject in perennial freshness and interest, yet it is not all humility either. The fool exhibits in an extraordinary degree human vivacity; a quality excellent in itself, yet one on which thought and discretion not seldom act as drags. We could all be brighter than we are if we were not afraid of being foolish. We hold ourselves in check, but we admire energy and self-assertion; and are not these special characteristics of the fool proper? We do not recognize as such a man of feeble volition—shy, reserved, dull-spirited; a man so characterized may lack understanding, but he does not offer the points and marks proper to our present subject. There is no fool either in satire or experience who does not show an exceptional vitality, a delight in making his nature manifest; and so long as we are concerned with him only as a spectacle, we feel ourselves bricker and more capable under the influence of his sprightliness.

Folly is a flash, a prominence, an attraction. There are people who are really great in all their qualities—who cannot help making a figure, an appearance, whenever they show themselves. Next to them come the fools. An unobtrusive fool is a contradiction in terms. The spirit of folly is combustible, and flames out on the smallest provocation; vitality is necessary to keep men thus conspicuous in any field. Folly is, in truth, an enduring, long-lived quality. What Charles Lamb says tenderly of a foppish schoolfellow who died prematurely is felt as a truth by us all:—"When men go off so early, it scarce seems a noticeable thing in their epitaph whether they have been wise or silly in their lifetime." Folly being thus long-lived and self-satisfying, it is perhaps no very great reproach to mankind that we pity a man for being blind and lame, but never pity him for being a fool. There must always be an appeal for pity before we bestow it—a mute appeal perhaps, but still our pity is asked for. The fool who asked for your compassion in good faith would by the act withdraw himself from the category of fools.

A creature thus vivacious, forward, apt at self-display, exhibiting in broad, bold characters the commonest impulses, desires, ambitions of humanity, naturally takes a prominent place in all pictures of human nature. All literature gives evidence of the attraction. Folly, indeed, while literature was in abeyance, became a profession, and as such has embarrassed our language with a merely technical use of the word. People could not do without the diversion which the exhibition of it in books and on the stage now affords us, so they took the rude, straightforward course of making it a livelihood. Of such Ben Jonson sings:—

Fools, they are the only nation  
Worth men's envy, or admiration;  
Free from care or sorrow-taking,  
Selves and others merry-making;  
All they speak, or do, is sterling.  
Your fool he is your great man's darling,  
And your lady's sport and pleasure;  
Tongue and bauble are his treasure.

But the folly which gets its own living—which thus makes and not mares—has absolutely no modern characteristic. Jonson in his *Alchemist* has plenty of fools—hungry dupes preyed upon by sharpers; Dogberry, Justice Shallow, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are fools for all time. One and all are boasters, especially of the achievements of their folly. Slender, on the other hand, is simpleton pure; he wants the vivacity which is the distinguishing mark of a subsequent creation. No fool of later comedy could so far forget self as to give utterance to the ear-pleasing apostrophe, "Oh, sweet Ann Page!" Dickens's Toots is something of this school—capable of devotion, but not capable of making it pleasing. Even to assert a liking is beyond the simpleton's powers of self-assertion or independent action. The sprightly fool would have had no need to fall back on father and uncle when the supreme moment came:—

SLENDER.—I had a father, mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen; good uncle . . .

ANNE.—Master Slender, what would you with me?

SLENDER.—Truly; for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father, and my uncle, have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

Slender is an ugly fellow and a boor. A world of evils, ill-favoured faults are made handsome in the father's eyes alone by the glamour of his three hundred pounds a year. The modern example is polished by society and travel into a lady's man, and at the same time, as the moralist of the day observes, into something ten thousandfold more insufferable than the simple lost, his advantages supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities. Shakespeare, however, has forerunners of the fool of a more refined age; the fool of parts, for example—the fool who can do something well enough to outshine the wiser neighbour. He has his place of society exalting the foolery of the day to their highest development. Such is the capitalist merchant, who has been at a great feast of languages and stolen the words, when the learned pedant finds too pickled, too spiced, too salted, too acid, as it were,

too periphrastic—who in fact puts his nose out; of whom he critically observes:—

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantasies, such incoherent and point-devise comparisons, such reckons of orthography as to speak about, fine when he should say, doubt; dot when he should pronounce debt; d, e, f, t; not d, e, f; he clepeth a calf calf; half half; neighbour, vocatur, nebhour, neigh abbreviated ne.

Like the fine gentleman of a later date, he despises arithmetic; witness his discourse with the page:—

ARMADO. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

MOTH. You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARMADO. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told?

ARMADO. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

MOTH. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

ARMADO. I confute both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARMADO. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar call three.

ARMADO. True.

Parolles is a less aimable specimen of the same species. He can speak five languages, and Helen, for his master's sake, owns to some liking for him:—

And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit upon him,  
That they take place when Virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak in the cold wind.

He on his part reciprocates her regard thus far:—

Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

We need not quote Hotspur's popinjay, with his pouncet-box and "holiday and lady terms," who illustrates with such exquisite truth that distinguishing quality of the ideal fool—an absorption in self which no presence, no circumstances, no excitements, surprises, or terrors can shake; whom nothing can deter from the exposition of his individual tastes, preferences, and small, paltry experiences:—

He made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!),  
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was spermaceti for an inward bruise.

No man is quite a fool who can be carried away out of himself; but the fool has always a suggestion, and the merits of spermaceti obtruded upon Hotspur in such a battlefield are just the sort of suggestion which tallies with our experience.

But, though nobody can portray a fool better or with more playful enjoyment than Shakespeare, fools do not take the same prominent place on his canvas that they do later on in our literature. When wit was the boast of an age above every other intellectual or indeed moral endowment, folly and false wit necessarily became a subject of constant prominence and interest; and their delineation was an art to be pursued with all the seriousness due to an important study. Wits discussed their own and each other's foibles as a sort of crucial test of literary success; failure in this department was visited with severer remark than in any other. Thus Wycherley said of Shadwell that he knew how to start a fool very well, but never was able to run him down. "Most modern wits," says Dryden in his prologue to *The Man of Mode*,

Such monstrous fools have shown,  
They seem not Heaven's making, but their own.  
Something of man must be exposed to view,  
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.  
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,  
The ladies would mistake him for a wit,  
And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,  
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company,  
So brisk, so gay, so travel'd, so refined,  
As he took pains to graft upon his kind.

Pope pinned his own and his victims' hopes of immortality pre-eminently on his satire on fools; the fools who, he anticipates, shall survive in the *Dunciad* so long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the days of Queen Anne and King George. Such immortality is more surely won, to our mind, by his less spiteful ideal impersonation—

Sir Finesse, of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Some of the fools who were elaborated with so much care, but are now laid on the shelf—a fate no way to be regretted in regard of the company we find them in—may still serve to illustrate effectively the more harmless varieties of a past state of society. But they must be reserved for another opportunity.

#### ÆSTHETICS OF THE THANKSGIVING.

THE Thanksgiving service inside St. Paul's Cathedral was to the highest point impressive in its cause and in its conduct, in the outburst of loyal devotion out of which it grew, in the elements of which it was composed, in the demonstration of those whom it chiefly concerned, and in the attitude of the vast crowd

of notabilities and obscurities whom it brought together in such a union of common worship as, we suppose, the Church of England has never before, since the Reformation, witnessed. But as a function it was not impressive. Even members of the Church Association may have felt, when they had seen the great principles of popular, aristocratic, and civic activity embodied in the gorgeous processions of the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Mayor, and after them the principle of religious life with no more brilliant paraphernalia than the crumpled surplices of the Chapter and the grim vesture of Anglican Episcopacy, that if some measure of outward show be wholesome in any other branch of our old traditional society, it cannot be out of place in the most sacred and most important of its institutions. Neither did the interior of the Cathedral display any attempt at special decoration. Every tradesman in Oxford Street who had a little balcony to drape endeavoured to contribute to the general cheerfulness by some well-intended contrast of colours, every public body or enterprising adventurer who erected a street stand, expanded in draperies, in borders, and in banners. But the Board of Works, after it had raised (and for this we commend it) its massive galleries within the Cathedral, could find nothing better with which to drape them than the inevitable and perpetual monotony of unrelieved red cloth. Of symbolical decoration there was of course an absolute absence; the Dean and Chapter, with the heavy work of the permanent decoration of the Cathedral on their hands, could not have been expected to spend their funds on temporary decorations, while the niggardly interpretation of national feeling which characterizes our artistic administration never, we may be certain, for an instant compassed such a notion as the adornment of God's House to make it fit for a nation's thanksgiving. Yet we are pressed with the remembrance of how rapidly, how simply, and how cheaply foreign Cathedrals can be made to assume their festal attire by some rich tapestries well hung, some banners tastefully disposed, some standard evergreens judiciously ranged, and some artificial lights symmetrically displayed. We cannot, therefore, help regretting that St. Paul's should have shown what we venture to prophesy will be the last salient example in England of the superstition of false simplicity, upon an occasion when the popular feeling would have welcomed an unsuspicious resort to thoughtful art.

To find the real æsthetics of the Thanksgiving we must follow the line of the procession along those leading thoroughfares which converge upon St. Paul's—namely, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Holborn Viaduct, Holborn, and Oxford Street. There was of course infinite jumble, while countless false concords of colour and vexatiously ungraceful trappings might have been noted on too many of the houses, but it would not only be ungenerous, but unfair and almost untrue, to dwell upon them. The general result is the important consideration in all united demonstrations, and in the breadth of the whole effect minor incongruities are effaced. A few colours thrown together upon a small area may be a discord, but the repetition of such discords along a mile or more of street connects the many faults into one brilliant flower-garden, in which the eye refuses to rest upon any specific point. In Oxford Street, in particular, the repeated strings of flags stretched over the roadway contributed not only tone, but that aerial perspective which no amount of side line decoration could adequately provide. In many places, too, combined action supplemented individual fancy. The double range of Chinese lanterns along the whole extent of Oxford Street was of course primarily erected for the illumination. But even as a daylight garnishing it was far from devoid of quaint picturesqueness. The gay festoons of white and pink flowers depending from tall shafts which lined the western part of Holborn deserve praise as an example of a pleasing effect attained by cheap and easy means. The decoration of Ludgate Hill exhibited a similar arrangement of a more elaborate type. On the other hand, the uniform strips of red cloth which crossed at mid height the various houses of Fleet Street erred as an attempt to apply an unchangeable system of decoration to a most discordant mass of constructions. If the width of the strips had been uniform, but the colours left to each man's taste, the whole would have made a remarkable patchwork, but the pictorial result would have been far from unsatisfactory.

Some special points require more particular notice. The triumphal arch at Regent Circus must be credited with good intentions. But the open space where Bloomsbury Street diverges from New Oxford Street was taken advantage of for a structure of much simpler gracefulness; an open circular temple in the mid street, capped by a trophy of flags, and linked with the corners of the convergent streets by strings of flowers. Far more elaborate was the triumphal Gothic arch—Ludgate revived—where Farringdon Street parts Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, with its triple portal, its pyramidal contours, its mouldings and tracery, its gold and heraldic blazoning. The details, as we need hardly say, could not stand criticism. But it was a showy piece of street scenery, and a refreshing substitute in an old English city for the crumpled repetitions of Palladio which generally passes muster by way of triumphal arch. Poor Temple Bar was in the unhappy plight of the man who falls between two stools. Left alone it would have been the old familiar grimy Temple Bar, such as two centuries of London traffic and weather have left Wren's handiwork. Temple Bar adequately decorated would have been a bold experiment and one which called for sympathetic appreciation. At the triumphal entry of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr.

Dunning, the then City Architect, converted Temple Bar by means of gorgeous draperies into a very rich arch, but no more the identical Temple Bar of our everyday life than it was the Arch of Titus. Mr. Horace Jones, his successor, announced his intention of working upon the real arch, instead of hiding it away, and in so doing took hold of the right conception. But time or means, or both, must have failed, and so the Bar has not only been cleaned, but actually whitewashed, while the decoration has stood still at a partial and ineffective gilding of some of the mouldings, and a small contribution of additional imitative sculpture. Such feeble presentments of possible work are worse than useless, for they only disgust persons whose artistic education ends at enabling them to appreciate actual shortcomings, without comprehending the real effect which has been inadequately foreshadowed. Of private displays, Messrs. Gillow's, in Oxford Street, with its silvered statues and carefully decked balconies, deserves particular notice.

It would not be fair to close our review without some reference to opportunities lost. First among them is the "Place" at the bottom of St. James's Street in front of the Palace and of Marlborough House. If there was one locality in London more than another which instinct would have fixed upon for some signal display of artistic loyalty, it would have been the curtilage of the old kingly residence, the portion of the town adjacent to the house of the invalid on whose behalf all the ceremony was taking place, and the spot where the Royal Procession first turned into the streets; and yet this position was totally forgotten. As for Pall Mall and Charing Cross generally, we may safely say that they showed very indifferently by the side, not only of the wealthy City, but of the more remote regions of Oxford Street. The weak point of the Northern line was at the "Carfax," where Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road, New Oxford Street, and Broad Street meet. Grim and squalid as this quarter is in its working-day guise, it possesses an irregularity of outline of which, in artistic hands, good use could have been made for a very effective street scene. As it was, the decoration displayed there was insufficient and commonplace. But of all neglected points, the Holborn Viaduct was the most desolate. No arch, no trophy, no subtly marked a spot which, alike on account of its ancient civic history, and from the noble opportunities created by its modern manipulation, ought to have been emphatically a central point of the whole decorative scheme. The empty spaces were no doubt filled up by a series of stands, whose red cloth and little banners imported colour into the scene. But stands are only secondary decorations, for their intention is not to honour the procession, but to house the gazers, and as elements of a general system of ornamentation they are among the least effective, from the unbroken horizontal outline which the circumstances of their construction impose upon them.

On the whole, the mass of decorations, with all their drawbacks, showed a manifest advance of national taste in the right direction. For us, who look upon art as a wholesome and freshening element in the moral life of a nation, as of every member of that nation, the circumstance is satisfactory, for we have never been among those who have striven to save themselves trouble by writing down the British nation as hopelessly inartistic, and blind to the impressions of outward form and colour. The ancient records of the realm tell a very different story; while the political accidents of the three last centuries seem to yield sufficient reason why the bigoted worship of false simplicity should, not without credit to national moderation and firmness of purpose, have got deeply rooted in, at all events, the middle class mind of England. But it never held exclusive hold even of that portion of the population. If other evidence were wanting that it had not done so, the popularity of the Lord Mayor's Show is convincing evidence; so was that of the old Birthday procession of mail-coaches, not to talk of the perpetual gala in Hyde Park which vexes Mr. Harcourt's patriotic soul. It is, however, a long lane which has no turning, and we see on all sides symptoms of the break-up of the old British indifference to public art. Of these symptoms none has been more important, because so spontaneous, so general, and so little encouraged by persons in official station, than the circumstances of the National Thanksgiving.

#### INTERVIEWING A PRINCE.

THE *Times* on Thursday morning congratulated the Count of Chambord on having secured a valuable advertisement in its columns through granting its Correspondent an interview at Antwerp. People who read the *Times* for the sake of news will probably think that the Count had decidedly the best of the bargain. He obtained a couple of columns of valuable space, studded with his name, in return for a little cheap civility and a kind of rag-bag collection of stale Legitimist sentiments and worn-out phrases. Perhaps big Jupiter would not have been so obliging to the Count if he had known that little Jupiter had been put on a level with him. As a peculiar favour and signal mark of esteem, the Count takes the *Times* into his confidence; but the next day he is quite as confidential to the *Telegraph*, and, we suppose, if any other paper had thought it worth while to send a reporter to Antwerp, the Count would have been only too glad to see him, and would have gone through the same farce of unbosoming himself, and disclosing the innermost secrets of his soul. Divine Right and Legitimist principles have come to a pretty pass when an old-established paper

like the *Times* is treated on an equality with the *Louis Napoléon* of journalism. "The principle of Hereditary Monarchy," said the Count, "is on my side of the question"; but Legitimists should surely hang together. There are different kinds of interviewing, but almost every kind of interviewing is foolish and objectionable. If a public man does not desire to take the world into his confidence, it is an impertinence to ask him to do so in a private interview. If, on the other hand, he wishes to make a statement to the public, he should do so in his own name, and should authenticate it by his signature. Our newspapers have not yet got the length of sending an emissary to the Treasury to ask Mr. Gladstone whether he does not think the Ewells appointment a shady business, or how he reconciles his present position as to meetings in the Park with his encouragement of the rioters when he happened to be on the other side of the House, and "Gladstone and Liberty" was the cry of the mob. Mr. Gladstone himself has indeed given the newspapers encouragement to do so. He has intimated to the Correspondent of a New York paper that whenever he says anything in the House of Commons which is not clearly understood he will always be happy to answer any inquiries on the subject. It is obvious that Mr. Gladstone cannot refuse to his own countrymen the confidence which he places so freely and generously at the disposal of Americans; and the occasions on which he uses language in Parliament which requires subsequent explanation occur, we imagine, pretty frequently. Perhaps the Premier had better secure a page or two of his favourite journal for "Gladstone's Answers to Correspondents." It must be admitted that it is much more honest and straightforward for a public man who has anything to explain to write his explanation himself than to make use of an interviewer who conveys the information at second-hand, and who can always be repudiated. When the *Times* reporter was taking leave of the Count of Chambord he asked, "Have you any intentions, Monseigneur, as has been attributed to you, of publishing a further manifesto, or rather, for the reporter is a wordy fellow, and was evidently determined to report himself as much as possible, 'of communicating publicly your ideas in some form or another upon points with which you have not hitherto dealt?' " "No," replied the Prince, "I have for the moment abandoned that intention. It appears to me that it would be useless to write again; but when I shall believe the moment has arrived, I shall speak, and I will explain myself in a manner that will dispel all doubts." In plain English, the simple-minded reporter was told his face that he was under an entire delusion if he imagined there was anything new in what had been communicated to him, or that the Count meant to commit himself by anything he had said. The *Times* calls the rigmarole of meaningless phrases which the Count recited to its reporter a manifesto, and in so far as it suits his purpose the Count may perhaps take advantage of it as such; but he intimates very clearly that it is not a real manifesto, and that when he thinks proper to publish one, he will do it at his own time and in his own way. When the Count of Chambord wants to say what he means, he has only to write a letter, and the papers will be happy to publish it.

An examination of the reports in the *Times* and *Telegraph* will show how worthless is the information which the Count communicated to their representatives. The *Times* man appears to have written down a series of questions beforehand, and to have assumed that the Count would of course answer them categorically. There is, however, an obvious difficulty in the case of conversation-book talk, and that is, that when you have prepared an admirable series of inquiries and remarks on your own side, your interlocutor starts off on a line of his own which quite throws you out. Something of this kind seems to have befallen the *Times* reporter.

"Monseigneur," said I, "in your last manifesto you said you represented Reform and not Reaction. Those who are opposed to you have imagined that they found in that word Reform a menace against the Liberal institutions of France." "Yes," he said, and his countenance seemed in the shadow to sadden, "it is the custom of France never to accept the sincerity of spoken words. I made use of the word Reform because there are many bad things to reform, and not because there are Liberal conquests to destroy. I said what I meant, and if I had desired to say anything different I should have expressed myself differently."

That is all very well, the reporter might have said, but if there are bad things to be reformed, people would very much like to know what the bad things are. Again, in answer to a question about universal suffrage, the Count replied in the following enigmatical manner:—

"It is not universal suffrage that would suppress, but universal chance. At present very frequently it is chance alone which determines the choice of the electors, and the nation which has the right to be represented often allows itself to be led astray by considerations quite foreign to the choice of a representative." It is then the first victim of his own error. To be truly represented a nation must act with a full knowledge of facts, and must only be governed by precise considerations really in harmony with the object it has in view."

If the object of the reporter was to ascertain whether the Count designed, if he ever got the opportunity, to make any change in regard to universal suffrage, it is a pity he did not repeat his question, and ask for an answer, Yes or No. If the Count had said, "It is not universal suffrage I would suppress, but a great deal more coming up the street put his head into the window and said, 'What was that?' So he died, and also married the baron, &c." "It would have been quite as much to the point as his meaningless remarks about 'precise considerations' in harmony with the object it has in view." The *Telegraph* Correspondent repeats the same story.



the Government than his colleagues, but he got very little out of him, except that if the Count ever spoke over France, he would be not the King of one time but the father of all. As to the form of the Constitution, the Count said that must be decided by France as represented by the Chamber. "But then," he added, "no questions of the future, and the future is in the hands of God." From this the Correspondent vaguely deduced that the Prince would be bound by any Constitution which he accepted with the Crown; but the reply obviously throws no light whatever on the kind of Constitution he would accept. It is perhaps not of much practical consequence to know what the Count of Chambord thinks on these subjects, but it can hardly be worth while to send reporters to Antwerp to extract answers of this kind. The Count has published a number of manifestoes in his time, he has a number of journals either in his pay or devoted to him for other reasons, and nothing can be simpler or clearer than the ideas he is known to represent. It is possible that there may be something behind what he says which he does not yet care to avow; but it is absurd to suppose that, if he does not choose to publish his secrets in a manifesto, or to communicate them to the journals which he inspires, he will divulge them to the reporters of English newspapers.

The only part of these letters which is of any interest or value is the account they give of the appearance and manner of the Count and his relations with the devotees of Divine Right who made a pilgrimage to Antwerp to see him. The *Telegraph* reporter was very favourably impressed by the Count. He describes him as one of the freest and youngest looking men he has ever seen, simple, frank, polished, exceedingly intelligent, and thoroughly posted up in the politics and literature of the day. The Correspondent of the *Times* was somewhat disappointed as to the looks of the "Enfant du Miracle." He portrays him as short, stout, dragging his right leg in walking, with the toes turned out, and rather greyish; but he has a high prominent forehead, a good expression of mouth, and a sonorous and sympathetic voice. His answers to his visitors are in the highest style of art. It is needless to say that one of his secretaries sees all the visitors beforehand, and pumps them about their personal history and pet sentiments:—

"You were at Patay," said the Count to a young man. "Oh, how I did hope that the precious blood there shed would have sufficed to appease the Divine wrath!"

"You have given a noble example to your company, I know," said he to another; "continue to serve France above all."

"Plus IX. gives us a beautiful example of patience and resignation," said he to one of the priests; "unhappily we have neither his virtues to wait with patience nor his age to resign ourselves."

Outside, meanwhile, the mob was shouting various cries, and *Vive la République!* mingled with *Vive le Roi!* As soon as a reception began the democrats began their tumult, and they did not desist till it was over. They appear to have been chiefly Belgian students and French refugees, and their argument was that as Victor Hugo, Puvion, and others had been expelled from Brussels, the Count of Chambord ought to be expelled from Antwerp. There can be no doubt that Belgium has a difficult part to play as a constitutional country which not only adjoins, but speaks the same language as, a nation in a state of periodical revolution; and its hospitality is apt to be abused. If, however, Belgium desires to have the credit of constitutional principles, it must adhere to them with some consistency; and it is quite certain that neither Victor Hugo, nor M. Thiers, if he happened to be in exile, nor the Emperor Napoleon, would be permitted to hold levees in any part of the country such as the Count of Chambord has been holding at Antwerp.

#### PARLIAMENTARY LOGIC.

IF the scheme which was once proposed of a daily or weekly "Chronicle of Human Error" should ever be carried into practice; if, daily or weekly, men versed in the various branches of human knowledge should record the choicest blunders and unwise utterances made in their several departments; it is a painful thought how large a share of the pages of such a universal black book would have to be set apart for utterances made in the great council of the nation. We are not thinking of the occasional ebullitions of the great leaders on either side, but of that vast mass of sayings which are uttered when some honourable member, who to an outsider seems to have no particular call to say anything at all, gets on his legs as if purposely to show how little he knows of the facts of the subject on which he is talking, and how wide a gap it is possible to put between the assertions which are intended to pass for arguments and the conclusions to which the supposed arguments are intended to lead. What manner of men can these gentlemen be, who, like the crow in the fable, might have kept their reputation by the easy process of holding their tongues, but who prefer to open their mouths, as if of set purpose to lose it? Two explanations indeed are possible, but they are explanations of the same sort as that which tells us how the elephant stands upon the tortoise, but does not tell us what the tortoise stands on. We cease to wonder at the members themselves, but only at the cost of having to wonder at somebody else instead. Perhaps it is done to please their constituents; perhaps the aim of Bunscombe makes it a point of honour that their member should say something, and they are better pleased that he should talk nonsense than that he should not talk at all. In the same way

daily undoubted and sympathetic with the members, but then our feelings of wonder are transferred from these to the constituents. We perhaps should think less with the reporters. We know how little sense is to be gleaned in human testimony of any kind; how little that the minutest, instead of the words put into their mouths, really uttered words of surpassing wisdom: it may be that they talked so far over the heads of those who had to record their sayings that we get only the wood, hay, and stubble of the reporter's imagination, instead of the genuine gold, silver, and precious stones of the senators themselves. In this case, again, our feelings of wonder are in no way lessened; they are simply transferred from the members to the reporters. Of these two possible explanations, the former, as being a question of motives, does not concern us, but the latter, as a question of facts, concerns us a great deal. We wish it to be distinctly understood that any remarks which we make on the speech of any member are made only hypothetically, on the supposition that he really said what the newspapers make him out to have said. If the truth should happen to be that he said something quite different and much wiser, all that we say of course falls to the ground.

In casting our eyes over the reports of the debates for the last week or two, some very choice flowers of this kind may be culled. There is, for instance, a passage in the speech of Mr. Hardcastle in which he introduced his now denuded Game Laws Amendment Bill, which makes us quite understand the feelings of that zealous Oxford student who is recorded to have read a certain passage of Aristotle nineteen times with his coat off before he had the faintest glimmering of its meaning. Mr. Hardcastle is reported to have said that "he did not believe that public opinion was altogether in a satisfactory state, while he was also convinced that public opinion was to a great extent influenced by the justice of the law." This is a little hard, but we think that by an effort we see our way through it. Mr. Hardcastle may possibly refer to that remarkable way in which law and custom do in many cases react on one another till it is impossible to say which is the cause and which is the effect. Or he may simply mean to say, what is almost a self-evident truth, that men think more lightly of breaking a positive law when they do not feel it to be inherently just than they do when positive law and natural justice clearly go together. But what follows is altogether beyond us:—

There could, for instance, be but little moral difference between the purchasing the right to the presentation to a living on a Monday or a Wednesday in any given week, and yet if the incumbent happen to have died on the Tuesday, the purchase on the Wednesday would constitute the offence of simony.

We are bound to suppose that this illustration does in some way or other bear upon the Game Laws, but it quite passes our understanding to see how. Taken by itself, it would not give the faintest hint whether the orator was speaking for the Game Laws or against them. It would be equally dark in the mouth of Mr. Peter Taylor or in the mouth of a battle-loving county member. But we will say that Mr. Hardcastle has chosen his days of the week very discreetly. There are acts which may be lawfully done on a Monday, but which, according to the views of various religious schools, would be unlawful if done on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday. Wednesday is perhaps not quite so safe as Thursday, but it is safe as compared with the days further on. The people of Brobdingnag, indeed, according to Captain Lemuel Gulliver, kept their Sabbath on Wednesday, but among nations of the usual height the second and fourth days of the week are pretty much of a muchness. But the odd thing is that Mr. Hardcastle thinks it strange that it should be unlawful to do a thing on a Monday and lawful on a Wednesday "in a given week." This seems to be because the two days are so near together; if it were Monday and Wednesday in two successive weeks Mr. Hardcastle would not find the same difficulty. Yet we can conceive many cases besides that of buying a presentation in which things may be very properly done on Wednesday which it would be highly improper to do on Monday in the same week. Let us put a bold face on the matter and take the strongest case of all first. It may be bigamy in a given man and woman to marry on Monday, but perfectly lawful on Wednesday, if the husband or wife of one of them died on the Tuesday, and if a licence can be got with the needful speed. Far be it from us to counsel or approve such hasty remarriages as an ordinary rule. But we know that so to act may sometimes be not only lawful, but a man's highest duty. Did not good King Harry so act out of motives of the purest patriotism? Or again, a man may rightly do many acts on the Wednesday which he could not lawfully have done on the Monday, supposing that on the Tuesday he has succeeded to an estate or has been appointed to an office. If it so chanced that Mr. Hardcastle's election happened on a Tuesday, surely he felt quite another man on the Wednesday, a man endowed with different powers and privileges from what he had been on the Monday. Perhaps Mr. Hardcastle means that he sees no reason in the law which allows a presentation to be sold while the living is full, but forbids it when the living is void. For such a view there is doubtless something to be said from two opposite sides. But this is not what Mr. Hardcastle says. His words, if they are his words, mean, not that it is unreasonable that the death of the incumbent should make a difference, but that it is unreasonable that it should make a difference so soon as the day after his death. Now, we would ask, would Mr. Hardcastle legislate for the case of a demise of the Crown happening on a Tuesday? In such a case, to our thinking, there would be a great moral difference between many acts done on Monday and the same acts done

on Wednesday. It would be the duty of the new King to do many things on the Wednesday which it would have been unlawful, and perhaps treasonable, for him to have tried to do on the Monday. Or would Mr. Hardcastle make the dead King, by a legal fiction, reign for a few days longer, in order to avoid the anomaly of so short a space as two days making so great a difference?

May we go back for a short time to a period yet earlier than Mr. Hardcastle's Game Law Amendment Bill? Let us turn to the debate on the Ballot. There is Mr. Liddell; he stands forth as a friend of the Monarchy and the House of Lords; but those who really wish those institutions to last should certainly pray that they may be saved from such friends as Mr. Liddell. "During the recess they had heard animadversions on the monarchy and the House of Lords, and in some obscure places something about republics." We can conceive the delight of the orator in talking about "animadversions." It is almost equal to enlarging the bounds of the terraqueous globe. In the mouth of the most slovenly speaker it is five syllables—as many as Nebuchadnezzar; and by a distinct utterance it may be made into six—equal to Mesopotamia itself. The next time Mr. Liddell wants to talk big, let us recommend by way of variety "diatribes" instead of "animadversions." Those unlucky people who have learned Greek are always so puzzled at once to know what a "diatribe" means, and to find out whether it is meant to be three syllables or four. But the odd thing is, that the animadversions on the monarchy and the something that was said about republics seem to have had nothing to do with one another. The something about republics was said only in some obscure places; while the animadversions on the monarchy seem to have been made in places of greater dignity and importance. An enemy might perhaps ask what was said about republics in the obscure places, and whether what was said there may not have taken the form of animadversions on republics. At any rate Mr. Liddell goes on to give his own animadversions in the very grandest form of the grand style:—

They had learnt a lesson from what had lately happened on the other side of the Channel; and the state of things also across the Atlantic taught them that a high state of morality was not the invariable accompaniment of a Republic.

Now as this sentence was received with a cheer, it would seem that there were other people in the House besides Mr. Liddell himself who really thought that it proved something. But against whom did Mr. Liddell fling himself to be arguing? Was anybody ever idiot enough to maintain that a high state of morality is an invariable accompaniment of a republic? Would Mr. Liddell venture to say that it is an invariable accompaniment of a monarchy? But if he would not, his argument is clearly worthless. People who stop to think would see that some monarchies have had a higher moral state than some republics, and that some republics have had a higher moral state than some monarchies. A man who is bent on something else than talking big might have seen that the comparative advantages of the two forms of government in any particular case must be argued on quite different grounds. And really the Attorney-General for Ireland is not much better than Mr. Liddell:—

He thought the result would be to strengthen the Monarchy, and he hoped the time would never come when there would be in this country any institution like the Commune of Paris or the Tammany Ring of New York.

The Attorney-General for Ireland has at least the advantage over Mr. Liddell of calling a spade a spade. When he means a Commune and a Tammany Ring, he talks of a Commune and a Tammany Ring, and he does not, like Mr. Liddell, point vaguely to "the other side of the Channel" and "across the Atlantic." But still, what is his argument worth? If it means anything, it would mean that all republics must lead to something like the Commune and the Tammany Ring. Now, to go no further, the former Republic of Venice, and the actual Republic of France, whatever there may be to be said against either of them, are at any rate as unlike as possible to either the Commune or the Tammany Ring. And we would venture to ask whether the Attorney-General for Ireland ever heard of another republic which is just now engaged in revising its Constitution. It is a comfort to think that the royalty of England can be defended by arguments somewhat stronger than those urged on its behalf by Mr. Liddell and the Irish Attorney-General.

We will not dwell on the singularly emphatic and mysterious utterance of Mr. Walter in the course of the same debate, when he tells us, in words evidently full of meaning, how

With regard to the exercise of secret voting in political elections, he thought that honourable gentlemen who imagined that the humbler classes of voters were the only classes that would make use of the Ballot were under a great mistake. He thought that if they were to have the Ballot at all they would find that persons in the upper classes would be quite as ready to avail themselves of it as the lower classes. But that was not a matter which he was anxious at the present moment to press upon the attention of the House.

For what more convenient season Mr. Walter keeps back this Burslem-like oracle it is not for us to guess. But we may be allowed to ask whether Mr. Walter meant his argument to tell for the ballot or against it. To those who wish to legislate in the interest of the whole nation, and not in the special interest of either the upper classes or the lower, it might seem a strong argument in favour of any measure that it was acceptable to both upper and lower classes at once. But whether Mr. Walter meant this or anything else we are left to guess, as he at once

left the subject of the ballot and went on to talk of the wholly distinct subjects of the anomalies existing with regard to borough boundaries and to the county and borough franchises. But we are in no mood for such grave inquiries. We have before us the speech of Mr. Montague Guest, who, to be sure, has already made himself famous. Yet we doubt whether all the subtleties of his speech have been commented on as they deserve. Mr. Guest thought it "a most unjustifiable thing that married members should have tickets for their wives and that unmarried members should not have tickets for their wives." The wives of unmarried members, or of unmarried men of any kind, are a class so seldom spoken of that it is not wonderful that the remarks of Mr. Guest were received with "much laughter." An uncharitable censor might be tempted to expound the seeming anomaly by referring to the story of Sheridan and his son. "Tom, I recommend you to take a wife." "By all means, sir, whose wife?" But it is more probable, as well as more charitable, to suppose that Mr. Guest aspires to nothing more than the apostolic privilege of leading about a sister. We do not know whether Mr. Guest is in any way a kinsman of the more famous bearer of his name, but things really look as if he had been dabbling somewhat inopportunely in the lore which his name suggests. The whole thing becomes plain by the light of early Teutonic scholarship. Mr. Guest simply used the word *wife* in its earliest meaning. This appears quite plain when we come to the words of explanation upon which Mr. Guest fell back after the "much laughter" of the House; *wife, weib*, in the earliest stages of our language, simply means *woman*, married or unmarried; and in the refined language of the nineteenth century the place of the exploded word *woman* is taken by that of *lady*. Mr. Guest, therefore, when the House had "laughed much" at the antiquated language by which he had ascribed wives to unmarried men, most properly translated the remark into more modern phrase by saying, "It was not asking too much to desire that a ticket should be granted to each member's *lady*." And, as the House still laughed, though this time it was only "a laugh," instead of the former "much laughter," Mr. Guest the third time made his meaning clearer still by speaking of a ticket for each member and "his wife or *lady*." We need not be reminded of the story of the wife of an Irish Archbishop demanding admittance at a forbidden door on the ground that she was the "Archbishop's lady," and getting for answer that she could not be allowed to go in there even if she were the Archbishop's wife. In Mr. Guest's language *wife* and *lady* are not opposed, but synonymous, words; they are alternative translations in earlier and later English of *yuwif* or *femina*. Mr. Guest, we think, was unfairly laughed at; his expressions were perfectly accurate, only he might perhaps be open to a little gentle censure for thrusting such antiquated forms of speech on a modern House of Commons. Our only difficulty is to be found in Mr. Guest's last sentence, where he speaks of a "ticket for their sisters or other lady," which sounds as if the "other lady," whoever she may be, is of the same value as several sisters. It may be doubted whether in the arrangement of seats in the Cathedral this would be found to be physically true, but here again it is only Mr. Guest's early researches which have led him astray. Just as an Englishman, his oath or his life, was looked on as equal to several Welshmen, just as athane was looked on as equal to several churls; so Mr. Guest looks on some other class of lady not more minutely defined as equal to several sisters. But, after all, his meaning is much clearer, and what he means is much more to the purpose, than the dark saying of Mr. Ayrton in answer to him, in which he speaks of "those occupying a distinct position of relationship towards the members of the House and occupying a position in society as the wives of members." This class of persons, whoever they may be, are to have a selection made in their favour, and it may possibly mean that a preference is to be given to those ladies who have the twofold claim of being at once sister to one member and wife to another. But Mr. Ayrton has so much to say about position, his own position which is shared by Mr. Guest, the distinct position of relationship occupied by some ladies towards members of the House, and the position—seemingly not the "distinct position"—occupied in society by the same ladies or others as the wives of members, that we think it better not to inquire too minutely into this mysterious subject of position, and so forbear from guesses which might prove to be fruitless.

#### THE RENEWAL OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

IT is difficult to say what amount of credit is to be given to the telegraphic and other reports which have recently appeared in the newspapers, of a design on the part of Pius IX. to recall into existence the Vatican Synod which, if not dead, was certainly supposed to be buried. The idea of His Holiness making a pilgrimage to Germany in *proprio person* to heal or suppress the nascent schism in the Church almost reminds one of poor Abbe Laborde starting for Rome in 1854, with his breviary and his green umbrella under his arm, to stop the definition of the Immaculate Conception, or of the late Canon Townsend and his wife interviewing the Pope in the hope of converting him to Anglicanism on the spot. Still there are many conceivable reasons which might lead the Pontiff, or at least the advisers who usually have his ear, to think a migration from Rome towards Germany is far from clear that they would not have occasion to regret

their counsel afterwards. It is less easy to understand any adequate motive for desiring to revive, under far less suspicious circumstances, the "farce"—as one of the actors has himself termed it—played out at the Vatican in 1870. No doubt there is a certain informality in the present state of things, and many Roman Catholics who object on more substantial grounds to the new dogmas have a convenient plea for declining to receive them in the fact that, the Council being still unfinished, *ad hoc sub judice lis est*. But, on the other hand, the Court of Rome has never admitted the validity of the plea, and could not, without patent inconsistency, admit it now; while it is very questionable whether the inconvenience of again having to use a machinery which was found to require so much manipulation would not greatly outweigh any contingent advantages of putting it together again after its work is done. It may be inferred from the cautious language of the *Tablet* last week, that the Ultramontane journals have not yet received their cue, and the subject is not improbably still under discussion at headquarters. The sort of ostensible and temporary success achieved by the coup d'état of July 1870 may have suggested to the Jesuit Cemarilla the ambition of achieving some further triumph for their cause. They have already, by the admission of their most resolute opponents, accomplished an "immense revolution" in the Church, and made it "impossible to deny that Roman Catholicism and Ultramontanism are convertible terms." But then the victory was not by any means a costless one, and they may naturally be anxious to secure as well as to improve upon it. Let us for a moment review the salient points of the case.

If few of the bishops persist in open resistance, there are many everywhere who make no secret of the purely formal nature of their submission, and tell their friends that they are simply biding their time, till the coming reaction is fairly set in. And their recorded words are always liable to be quoted against them when they show any disposition to profess a different line. We referred just now to one of the French prelates who called the Council *Luxubrium Vaticanum*. Then there is Archbishop Kenrick's published statement in his treatise *De Pontificis Infallibilitate*, that the composition and organization of the Council invalidate it *de facto* and *de jure*. And if we turn to the official *Synopsis Observationum*, since reprinted in Friedrich's *Documenta*, we find one Bishop saying that he had rather die than accept the decree; another, that it would be an act of suicide for the Church; an Irish Bishop, that it is an "unprecedented innovation," and will produce "a horrible infidelity on every side"; while a fourth adds, that it will "lead to the apostasy of a great number of the best Catholics." The Archbishop of Cincinnati declares that henceforth there will be no answer to the Protestant dilemma, that either the faith has changed, or it was false to disclaim the new dogma previously; Cardinal Rauscher says it is a declaration of war with the whole past of the Church; another German Bishop, that it "has no basis in Scripture or Tradition, and antiquity believed the contrary"; Dupanloup, that it is "an unheard-of absurdity." Nor do the anti-infallibilists scruple to lay down very explicit grounds for their rejection of the Council. They say that an Ecumenical Council should faithfully represent the universal Church, and not only the Court of Rome; that all available means should be taken to facilitate a thorough discussion of the points at issue, instead of all means being taken to stifle it, on the principle, to quote a recent writer, of "Stat pro ratione voluntas—*Jenitarum*"; that, instead of freedom of meeting together and of the press being denied them, the entire liberty of all members of the Synod should be guaranteed; and that, instead of notorious forgeries being used as evidence, only authentic documents should be admitted.

And this opposition to the authority of the Synod is not of a nature or extent to be lightly ignored. There are the Uniate Armenians, who hold out in their separation from Rome, notwithstanding the pretended success of Mgr. Franchi's mission last year, while in 1870 alone three thousand Danubian Slaves abjured Roman Catholicism. In Germany, and especially in Catholic Bavaria, there is a formal schism, growing every day, and all the German Universities are at open war with Rome. In France, where the national character is less serious, and there is more of sceptical indifference, opposition, though no less real, takes for the most part a somewhat different shape. There is a vast interval between those who "believe" and those who merely "accept" the dogma, and diplomatic silence means in the mouth of a French Catholic, as one of them lately explained with more force than elegance of diction, "*Je me soumetts comme Catholique, mais le diable m'emporte si j'en crois un mot*"; much as Sancho Panza says, "I forgive you, as a Christian." However, it seems that even in France regular committees have been formed of Old Catholics, in unions with members of the Oriental Churches, with Anglicans, and with French Protestants, under Dr. Michaud's guidance, and he speaks of having received warm encouragement from all these sources. What is more surprising is that the movement makes itself felt in quarters where it might be least expected to penetrate. We have heard of convents even in England where the death of Pius IX. was prayed for by the nuns during the Council as the last hope of averting what they regarded as a grave scandal to the Church; and a recent occurrence at Bonn, which has been noticed in the German newspapers, proves that the feeling among this class of persons is both deep and permanent. A certain Mother Augustine (*Amalie de Lammert*), for twenty-four years Superior of the Sisters of Charity in charge of St. John's Hospital at Bonn, who was renowned and venerated all over the Rhineland for her holiness of life and works of mercy,

and was even reputed to work miracles, refused after the Council to accept the Vatican decrees. She was unshocked and turned out of the convent during her last illness, to her great distress; but her Ultramontane relations seem to have been hardly less cruel than her ecclesiastical judges. She was harassed in her last hours by their solicitations and the visits of infallibilist priests whom they forced upon her to shake her resolution, but she told them that "she had no untruth to answer for before her Saviour, and dared not appear before God with a lie in her mouth." After a long and painful illness, patiently borne, she died at the end of January last without the Sacraments, and the vengeance of her persecutors still pursued her to the grave. Her earnest request to be buried in her convent, or at least in her conventual habit, was refused, and, when she was laid in the family burial-place at Weissensturm, the parish priest would not allow the last rites of the Church to be solemnized. Professor Reusch, one of the priests recently excommunicated by the Archbishop of Cologne, attended to say some prayers over her grave. Rome may well tremble for the consequences of a dogma which both Irish Catholics, as Mr. Whittle assures us, and professed nuns, usually the most ardent and obedient of her votaries, regard "with dismay," and had rather die "unhouselled, unanointed," than accept.

Yet one does not quite see what remedy another Session of the Council could provide. Neither the Austrian nor the English Government would be likely to interfere with its assembling on their territory so long as no violation of the law was attempted. But they certainly would not hand over to the Pope the control of the police and of the press in the city where it assembled, which proved on a former occasion of such paramount importance to his interests. Nor is it obvious what a Council, with the best intentions, could do for him which he could not do as well or better without its aid. There cannot be two co-ordinate jurisdictions, and no ulterior sanction can help, any more than it can hinder, the action of infallibility. If Pio Nono's ruling passion for the construction of new dogmas is still unsatisfied, he has unlimited means for its further gratification in his own hands. There was, we believe, some talk at the time of getting the Council to endorse the Syllabus; but why call in a human authority to authenticate the suggestions of the Holy Ghost? Every one of its eighty propositions is infallibly guaranteed already. The *raison d'être* of General Councils was to collect and solemnly promulgate the verdict of the Universal Church; but if infallibility lies not with the Church but with the Pope, there is at once a safer and shorter method of attaining the desired end. Dr. Dollinger has pointed out in the lectures now in course of delivery at Munich the close analogy between the circumstances of the Vatican and of the Fifth Lateran Synod held at Rome just before the outbreak of the Reformation, under Julius II. and Leo X. Both were exclusively designed for the exaltation of Papal authority; to neither did the Episcopate venture to offer any effective resistance, and the first led, as the second is leading now, to a vehement reaction within the Church. That reaction was partly represented and partly restrained by the Council of Trent, which was a model of liberty and moderation as compared with the hole-and-corner Lateran assembly composed of some fifty Italian prelates. Even the Old Catholics of Munich are content to accept its doctrinal utterances. But it does not follow that a second Council of Trent would command the same reverence, even in the very problematical contingency of its proceedings being conducted with an equal amount of freedom and respect for national requirements. It has indeed become pretty plain that nothing like universal recognition would be accorded in the present day, even among Roman Catholics, to any Council where the Eastern Churches were unrepresented, while on the other hand the Jesuits, if not their master, may be credited with sufficient discernment to be aware of the hopelessness of eliciting their assent to infallibilism. And a Council of Malta would lack even the magic which sometimes dwells in a name. On the whole, till the rumours flying about just now have received some stronger confirmation, we shall adhere to our previous belief that infallible wisdom will be wise enough to let well, or at least to let ill, alone.

#### THE SUNDAY POST.

THE Post Office yields a flourishing revenue, and it is obvious that the feeling which requires a diminution of Sunday labour in delivering and receiving letters can easily be gratified if the nation is disposed to incur the necessary expense. Indeed, the worthy people who desire to deprive their neighbours of a Sunday post might partially attain their presumed object by subscribing to provide for the regular postman a substitute for the whole or part of that day's work. Among recent Parliamentary papers is a Report upon this subject, which causes us to observe that its authors have omitted to take account of the addition to the labour of postmasters, or at least post-mistresses, by the introduction of cards which invite perusal during the process of sorting. They have also forgotten to mention whether in ascertaining the majority which may obtain discontinuance of a Sunday post, cards are counted equally with letters, and what is the value of a newspaper of a religious or sporting character or of a book as compared with a letter. Another important question would be whether the requisite majority must be shown to exist for a day, or week, or longer period; because, if a short period would suffice, it would be easy for a Sabbatarian Association to complete the desired number of letters by artificial means at

moderate expense, which they would doubtless cheerfully incur for the advancement of a favourite plan. The Committee of Inquiry gives a curious account of the result of attempting to substitute delivery at the post-office for delivery from house to house on Sunday. They conclude that this change is not advisable because, among other reasons, a large number of non-official persons, callers and messengers, who perhaps need not otherwise stir from their homes, have to visit the post-office. This is, we believe, a new as well as strange variety of fanatical absurdity. Can it possibly be considered to be wicked to walk along the High Street of a town on Sunday? A person who comes to the post-office must at any rate have got out of bed, and we will not say dressed, but put on clothes, and therefore that person is more or less advanced towards a state of preparation for attending church or chapel. We should think, in apparent opposition to the author of this Report, that for the majority of the population the worst way of spending Sunday was not to stir out of their houses. But we are told that a further objection to the delivery of letters on application is, that it tends to bring together "a crowd of sometimes disorderly persons" at the post-office. The disorder would probably consist in this—that some of these persons might be smoking pipes or cigars, and that they might engage in conversation or a little mild chaff of one another. The only disorder that could naturally arise on the occasion would be a contest of not very violent character for priority of application. The excitement of such a scene would not be greater than occurs habitually at the entrances of certain fashionable churches. But perhaps it might happen to some expectant of a letter to bring a dog, and the animal, not having been properly instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, might have the audacity to bark, which would of course be a disorderly and almost profane proceeding. The Committee resemble those pious mothers who sometimes accompany their sons on first going up to one of the Universities, and occupy themselves in endeavouring to make sure that young Hopeful will attend at least once on Sunday at a church where the unadulterated Gospel may be preached to him. They perhaps discover after a term or two that their sons have contracted a disinclination to have any sort of Gospel, pure or impure, preached to them; and it may be well if they do nothing worse in their career at college than sit in their own or a friend's rooms on Sunday mornings employed in colouring a meerschaum. We could wish that our towns saw no worse sight on Sunday morning than that of a "disorderly" crowd waiting outside a post-office for letters. We shall expect to be told next that people who fetch their dinners from bakeries are disorderly, and that if they would content themselves with cold meat or bread and cheese they need not stir from their homes on Sunday. Really this is Sabbatarianism gone mad. It may be, however, that the practical objections stated to this Committee by experienced officers were valid, and that the Report gives silly reasons for a sound conclusion. It is properly suggested that any person who objects to delivery on Sunday may have letters kept till Monday, and if this were done to a considerable extent the amount of Sunday labour in any town might be largely reduced without interfering with the convenience of people who do not hold strongly the Sabbatarian view. We can remember when there were people who desired to prevent other people's dinners being baked on a Sunday, and we are by no means sure that such people do not still exist. The Report adds that the time occupied by delivery would be much reduced by the general adoption of letter-boxes in doors. People have a propensity to remain not only in their own houses but in their own beds on Sunday mornings, and it is probable that delays from want of letter-boxes are more numerous and longer on Sunday than on any other day. If a Society were formed in any town for promoting the general adoption of letter-boxes in doors, the result might be approved on economical as well as on Sabbatarian grounds.

Many persons who reside in London would be equally disturbed by a proposal to deliver letters in London, or to discontinue delivery at places to which they go for short visits to the country. Violent interference with our habits, whatever they be, is disagreeable, but there are some would-be legislators who seem to think that any change which is unpleasant is necessarily beneficial. The extreme Sabbatarian who would close post-offices altogether on Sunday may remember that they were recently used in order to transmit by telegraph the form of prayer for the recovery of the Prince of Wales as well as the bulletins of his illness. But if a person must be in attendance during certain hours, it is not, perhaps, a spiritual disadvantage that that person should have employment. The Committee were assured that, as the sale of stamps could not be refused for telegraphic purposes, it would make no practical difference in the work of the officers if they sold stamps for postage as well. We suppose that the number of persons likely to apply for stamps could not anywhere become so large as to be capable of being contemplated as a disorderly crowd. The Committee assumed that even if a post-office could be wholly closed on Sundays for letters, it must remain open during some part of the day for telegrams. We have, however, an impression that certain post-offices which are open during some hours of Sunday for letters are, or lately were, altogether closed against telegrams. The Committee say that they have felt the danger of exciting discontent and opposition from "a numerous and influential section of the community," in which perhaps they would include the readers of weekly publications. The reason why so many of these publications appear on Saturday is probably this, that Sunday is the day on which they are most likely to be read. There are un-

doubtedly large numbers of persons who, having devoted the days to their own business, employ a portion of the seventh in informing themselves as to the progress of the business of the nation. The greater part of England is now accessible by railway in twelve hours, and the bulk of the population are not likely to surrender the privilege which they at present enjoy of receiving on Sunday morning the London publications of the day before. But the constantly increasing business of the Post Office not only can but must be arranged upon the plan of allowing to all offices a reasonable amount of relief from labour on Sunday. Irrespective of religious considerations, all men require for bodily health periodical rest from work, and that rest may as well be given on Sunday as on any other day. Christians in general agree that labour should be suspended on Sunday sufficiently to allow opportunity for public and private worship, and the Sabbatarians might reasonably be content with that which they can obtain without trouble, and they should not disturb themselves and others by agitating for that which it is very improbable they will ever obtain at all. The Committee suggest that all messengers who travel as many as fourteen miles daily in the performance of their official work on weekdays should, by the employment of substitutes, be entirely relieved from work on every alternate Sunday. The expense of such substitutes is estimated at about 4,500*l.* a-year, and we should say at once that this expense ought to be incurred, not only for the relief of hardly-worked postmen, but in order to deprive the Sabbatarians of any reasonable complaint against the system of delivery of letters on Sunday. It is already the rule of the service that rural post-messengers should return earlier from their work on Sundays than on other days, and this rule does not appear to the Committee to be capable of improvement. We hear nothing of the famous proposal of compelling rural post-messengers to ride on bicycles, and therefore presume that it has been for some time abandoned. In towns the time occupied in preparing letters for delivery and delivering them is from three hours to three hours and a-half, and except at remote towns the work commences at 7 A.M. Thus a letter-carrier in a town, unless he is required to collect letters from a box or to carry a mail-bag to a railway-station, has all the remainder of Sunday to himself. We think that he is not badly treated, but we do not object to his being treated better; and indeed we should hardly object to any reasonable diminution of Sunday labour at post-offices; but we would most strongly resist the fanatical proposal to abolish it altogether. The authorities decline to entertain any such proposal except on evidence of "substantial unanimity" among the inhabitants of a town in desiring it, and there has been no instance of such evidence being produced. Looking at the thing practically, it is probable that postmen in general have a moderate appetite for church or chapel services, which might be sufficiently gratified by allowing them to call twenty-one hours their own property on Sunday. But we should think that, by a small subscription in any town, substitutes might be provided, so that every postman should have one Sunday in two or three wholly to himself. If this were done, the Sabbatarians would be deprived of the last vestige of a grievance.

## REVIEWS.

### BISSET'S ESSAYS ON HISTORICAL TRUTH.\*

MR. BISSET is not the only writer who is likely to be charged with secondary or interested motives when he seeks only to know whether certain alleged facts are really facts or whether they are not. To those who will take the trouble to read through his book it will be clear that the acceptance of his own conclusions is not the first object present to his mind, and that he would be well content to weigh evidence which pointed in a different direction, and to admit himself in the wrong as soon as he was shown to be so. To those who glance over these pages superficially it may seem that Mr. Bisset's great aim in writing them is to cover with infamy the dynasties of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns of England. In truth, Mr. Bisset is in this volume both a judge and a pleader; and, like some others, he may suffer from the combination of vigorous advocacy with a keen judicial scrutiny. The myths of the ancient world have been related with the greatest enthusiasm by those who look with cold unbelief on all efforts to treat them as sources of genuine history; the exquisite narratives of Herodotus have been most appreciated by some who have dealt most roughly with them as historical documents. And so it is with Mr. Bisset. More fairness requires the admission that in every one of his essays the first question presented to his mind is the nature and value of the materials with which he has to deal, and the first point to be ascertained is, whether there be any evidence forthcoming in any given matter, and, if so, what may be its results. But so strong is his respect for law, so intense his hatred for all violations of law through mere insolence or arrogance of power, so detestable in his eyes are all schemes for trampling on the liberties of a people by corrupting the administration of justice, so horrible all systems of terrorism which seek to ensure impunity for wicked rulers by impressing on the governed the hopelessness of resistance, that his very sincerity may appear so

\* *Essays on Historical Truth.* By Andrew Bisset. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.



some an extraordinary enthusiasm. Nor can we well deny that, however noble this enthusiasm may be, it carries with it, like all enthusiasms, its own special dangers; and that the historical critic whose first object it is to clear up some of the darkest passages in the history of our country may seem to be bent rather on maintaining that Elizabeth and James I. were among the very wickedest of human beings. With the temper which leads a man so to speak we can, scarcely fail in a certain degree to sympathize. There can be no other motive for such inquiries and for such condemnation than the desire to resist the tyranny of power, and to establish the supremacy of law over the arbitrary will of the despot. Nor can we forget that the existence of organized conspiracies on the part of sovereigns against the liberties of their people are at the least within the range of possibility, and that the examination of such evidence as may have come down to us may prove that these conspiracies have in this country been both more frequent and more serious than we generally take them to have been. Whenever this can be shown, the expression of a righteous indignation is fully justified. We cannot expect from every historian the cold neutrality of Sir Cornwall Lewis.

We have become familiar of late years with the protests of writers who insist that scepticism deal very hardly and unfairly with the historical evidence furnished by the traditions of the ancient world, and who hold that a satisfactory result cannot be attained until these sceptics allow in historical investigations the application of a more flexible rule than that which guides a court of justice. The refusal to see in the Trojan war of the Iliad the reflection of a real struggle between Achæans and Trojans on the shores of the Hellespont, or to discern in its results the influence of Hellenic colonization on the coasts of Asia Minor, is blamed as a real, though perhaps unconscious, effort to obstruct the growth of historical knowledge. But the position may obviously be reversed. Even into the history of periods for which we have a large, perhaps a too large, amount of indubitable contemporary documents, so much of falsehood has either crept in or been purposely introduced, that, except by the strictest applications of the canons of judicial evidence, the discovery of the truth of many facts must, it is thought, be abandoned as hopeless. To the existence of difficult passages in history, so difficult as to involve the extreme perplexity, we cannot possibly shut our eyes; and equally impossible is it not to long for the means of clearing away the darkness. In short, if we lose something by dealing too rigidly with so-called traditional history, we may lose much more, and do a greater injustice, by dealing in too lax a fashion with a history which may have come down to us in written or printed documents, but in documents possibly which have been composed to distort, or tampered with to hide, the truth. Nay, the palpable wrong done in many instances by giving credence to testimony purposely falsified may justify an excess of caution in the acceptance of statements which are said to rest on the authority of merely traditional narratives. If the Earl of Gowrie and his brother are, on the supposition of their innocence, extremely ill-used men, so also on the same hypothesis is Themistocles an extremely ill-used man, and if an examination of such evidence as we have in the latter case shows that at the least the verdict must be one of "Not proven," even the comparative mythologists may be forgiven if they refuse to become diggers of history out of the wells of indefinitely more ancient, and therefore more uncertain, traditions. If we will generalize, our generalizations must be based on facts, not on fancies; if we deal with particular events, we may be sure that in a vast number of instances our task will be far harder than we may be inclined to suppose that it will be. In either case a loose acceptance or rejection of evidence will cause mischief which will spread far beyond the regions of theory. Dreams about government must be followed sooner or later by a very ugly awakening.

Mr. Bisset's volume is taken up with an examination of some of these dreams, and some of these instances in which, for whatever purpose, historians have handled evidence essentially judicial in a way which is certain to defeat the ends of justice. If we say that the latter portion of his work is far more valuable than the former, we do but imply that, excellent though his remarks may be on the generalizations of M. Comte and even of Mr. Buckle, they can scarcely do more than slay those who are already slain. Without disparaging the genius of M. Comte, or even questioning here the truth of his philosophy or theology, we may very safely hold that, so far as they rest on deductions from history, they rest on a foundation wholly of his own devising. His system may conceivably be right; though Dr. Whewell has shown long ago that the idea of there being a good positive stage of science which in the order of history succeeds a bad metaphysical stage is a mere dream. But M. Comte's dreams are mischievous dreams. We shall simply misinterpret the whole history of the world if we listen to his talk about the transcendent wisdom and beneficence of the old Egyptian priesthood, and to his placid assertion that the statesmen of Greece and Rome, greater though they were in his judgment than all modern statesmen put together, are but incomplete personages in comparison with "the fine theoretical nature of antiquity." But, exploded though the notion may be among genuine historical scholars, the fancy that the sciences or the art of Europe was cradled in Egypt, or Nineveh, or Babylon, is so widely spread among less informed or more credulous men, that Mr. Bisset has done excellent service in once more giving M. Comte's dreams in review. It is well to strip of their majestic generalizations a philosopher who bids us venerate the memory of Joseph and impostors; who, by an astounding chain of logic, holds that the nation of Aristophanes derived its strength from the

errors which had sprung up during the long intellectual interregnum between the age of Socrates and his own (37), and who insists that there must always be a necessary harmony or correlation between the form of government and the state of civilization (40). It is manifestly impossible, as Mr. Bisset replies, to explain changes and revolutions except by the fact that the form of government has come to be out of harmony with a large portion of the people.

Such a discordance between the aims of the rulers and the wishes of the governed pre-eminently marks the age of the Stuart Kings of England; and Mr. Bisset very fairly insists that, if we fail to understand the government of the Stuarts, we cannot take a right measure of the resistance which brought about their downfall. The Tudors and Stuarts are no favourites with Mr. Bisset; indeed, he makes no secret of his opinion that their government was suited only to savages such as the Zulu Kaffirs. Perhaps others, who have reached this conclusion by a different road, may be disposed to think the expression not much too strong. That English freedom would have been effectually crushed if the schemes of Strafford had met with no opposition, few will be hardy enough to deny. If, in addition to this, the evidence of history seems to show that, in the eyes of the Stuarts, the lives of their subjects were at their absolute disposal; that these lives were taken, when it became necessary to take them, without process of law, that such crimes were concealed by an unbounded use of lies and terrorism, that even the imputation of suspicion against the King or his Ministers brought with it almost inevitable ruin; that evidence was suppressed or fabricated, documents mutilated or forged, and that judges and lawyers were in league to uphold this iniquitous system, we can but confess that Mr. Bisset's vehement denunciations of the infamy of more than one of these Kings, and of James I. in particular, are justified. The matter is wholly one of evidence, and we must admit further that, if in the instances cited his position should be regarded as substantiated, the number and enormity of the cases must be held to settle the point definitely.

The incidents which Mr. Bisset has examined in detail in the present volume are those which relate to the deaths of Lord Gowrie and Alexander Ruthven, of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., of Sir Thomas Grenbury and Lord Salisbury, and finally of Lord Essex, who on the eve of the trial of William Russell died, or was murdered, in the Tower. With the evidence in each and all of these cases Mr. Bisset urges that some at least of the historians who profess to deal with it have dealt unfairly, but within the limits of a few paragraphs it is obviously impossible to go through any one of them thoroughly. The Gowrie story, however, is, in its atrocity and its complications, so cruel an instance that, if the crime can be charged on King James, all antecedent improbability is taken away from any other iniquities attributed to so merciless a tyrant and so shameless a liar. At stating the fact is significant that Hume, who dismisses the death of the father in one or two lines, is absolutely silent on the subject of the tragedy which resulted in the death of his two sons and the wiping out of his name. Of Walter Scott it is enough to say that he gives full trust to the narrative of the King, and, "not content with turning a story resting upon such evidence into history, has, in one of his romances, characterized the basest and most cowardly act of a life of cowardice and baseness as one in which King James 'showed the spirit of his ancestors' (191). But the evidence which is forthcoming contradicts this story in every particular, and acquires increased force when we remember that it admits 'the uninterrogated, untested evidence of a single and deeply interested witness' (193). The King told a story, which Walter Scott follows, that Alexander Ruthven decoyed him from the hunting-field by telling him about a man with a pot of gold (George Grainger, it, who seems to have been master of Lord Gowrie's household, swears that when, on the King's arrival, he asked young Ruthven the reason of his coming, the answer was, that Robert Abercromby had brought the King there to cause His Majesty to take order for his debt. This Abercromby was not produced, and the suppression of his evidence must be taken into account against the King, on whose side even the torture of the boot could extort nothing more than mere expressions of opinion not antagonistic to his version of the matter. If we take the evidence of Andrew Henderson, the supposed man in armour, we find him asserting that the King would have been twice stabbed that day had he not relieved him, and if we believe the King's story, that this man enabled him to throw open the window and cry "Treason! Murder!" we have before us a man who deserved to be well rewarded by the King. But the summons of treason issued in August includes the name of Andrew Henderson, and, again, by October this same name has disappeared from the list of traitors. Moreover, in his first deposition he swears that Ruthven intended to murder the King, the second asserts that he wished only to keep him a prisoner. "The memory of a man who was telling truth could not," Mr. Bisset holds, "put him on such a point as this at such a distance of time as two months." In short, he comes to the conclusion that "the whole of Henderson's statement is a tissue of falsehoods, and that there is no evidence of a credible nature that he was at Falkland on that day, or that he was in the chamber with the King and Alexander Ruthven at all" (207). Nay, more, the story of the man with the pot of gold was not the story first told by the King himself. On the day after the tragedy, Nicolson, the English Ambassador in Scotland, wrote to Cecil saying that the King had been enticed to Gowrie House by

a message from Lord Gowrie that he had found in an old tower a great treasure to help the King's turn. - But if we take the King's story, in any of its forms, it is full of internal improbabilities of the gravest kind, and he had taken care that the lips of those who could gainsay him should be sealed in death. He had come for the special purpose of seeing the man with the pot of gold; yet for an hour after entering the Earl's lodging he sat grumbling about the long time spent in getting his dinner ready. Why did he not spend the hour in the examination which was the special object of his coming? To explain the plot, the King alleged that the object of the Gowries was vengeance for the death of the Earl, who had been executed in 1585; but with this King James had had nothing whatever to do. To explain the closing scene, he declared that "when Ruthven put his right hand to his sword, he with his right hand seized upon Ruthven's right hand and sword, and with his left hand clasped him by the throat, as Ruthven with his left hand clasped the King by the throat with two or three of his fingers in his Majesty's mouth, to have stayed him from crying" (242). But at the same time and with the same hand to clasp another by the throat, and put three or even two of the fingers of the hand in that other's mouth, is, Mr. Bisset remarks, impossible. The story may prove that there was a struggle; but it proves that the struggle was on Ruthven's part purely defensive, as "he, a young man of at least ordinary strength and courage, would have found no difficulty in dealing with a person of such a feeble body and such consummate cowardice as King James" (244).

But although the chief witnesses against him had been removed by death, and those on whom he could not place sufficient reliance had been executed with all possible despatch, James did not yet feel easy. His story was not believed, and one man was found bold enough and honest enough to tell him to his face that he did not believe it. It was necessary therefore to bring up more evidence; and thus we have, as a second part in this black drama, the narrative of the trial, torturings, and execution of the wretched notary Sprot, and his revelations of treasonable correspondence between Gowrie and Logan of Restarling. While Sprot was yet living to be tortured into satisfactory confessions, the story was that Gowrie had written one letter, which was to be found in Sprot's chest. The King's advocate never, it appears, took any steps to get this letter; but when Sprot was dead, the Privy Council produced not one letter, but a long correspondence, of the genuineness of which some writers speak as though it were unquestionable and unquestioned. It would be almost an injustice to attempt to compress the evidence on which Mr. Bisset holds that they are barefaced and palpable forgeries, and that they were written after the passing of the Act for extirpating the name of Ruthven—a proceeding not only new, but unprecedented—in July 1600, when the letter is said to have been written, in which the writer, by a strange power of divination, anticipates in his own case a penalty which had never yet been devised. We will content ourselves with expressing our gratitude to Mr. Bisset for the masterly and thorough analysis which entitles him to a high place in the ranks of judicial historians. In the eyes of Englishmen it will be no demerit if the impartiality of the judge is united in Mr. Bisset with an intense hatred of the tyranny which the Stuart Kings exercised to their profit in Scotland, and from which they hoped to reap still greater profit in England. It would be well if all historical students would read Mr. Bisset's essays, with the purpose not of accepting his conclusions, but of sifting the evidence on which they rest, and of judging for themselves whether it be possible to come to any other.

#### DIXON'S SWITZERS.\*

MR. DIXON is a most provoking writer, because it is so perfectly plain that the worst features of his style and matter are deliberately put on for a purpose. There is unluckily a large class of mankind which likes extravagant and sensational writing, while it is careless about sense and accuracy. To the perverted tastes of that class Mr. Dixon does not scruple to address himself. There can be no doubt that he does so with his eyes open. Mr. Dixon does not lie under the hard necessity of either writing nonsense or not writing at all. Throughout his writings there are lucid intervals. The push of gaudy and extravagant talk to which he doubtless owes his popularity is ever and anon relieved by intervals which show that he is capable of better things. When Mr. Dixon gets a book ready for the market, he takes good care of the two ends. Without a sensational beginning and a sensational ending the thing would not do; it would not hit the taste of Mr. Dixon's public; perhaps it would not be recognized as a work of Mr. Dixon's at all. But when the two ends are once carefully provided, when the book is ready to come in and go out with a flourish of trumpets, the middle, it seems, may be safely left to itself. There are several parts of this book in which Mr. Dixon condescends to give information which cannot easily be found elsewhere; there are even some places where he condescends still further to clothe that information in a garb of reasonable English. Mr. Dixon, like Mr. Disraeli, seems to have one point on which he is in earnest. On all other points we cannot help suspecting Mr. Disraeli of mocking us, but we know that he gets thoroughly in

earnest whenever he begins to talk about Jews. In the like sort Mr. Dixon has his one point on which he seems to be really speaking because he has something to say. That point, as he becomes a member of the London School Board, is popular education. But the effect of coming to the man's real thoughts is different in the two cases. We can always tell when Mr. Disraeli is in earnest by his talking nonsense which he would not have talked at any other time. Mr. Dixon's earnestness, on the other hand, leads him into passing fits of sense. He seems really to have looked with some care into the state of education in Switzerland, and there are several places in this book in which he gives the result of his inquiries in passages which do not sin against good grammar or good taste, and in which we may even now and then find that rare phenomenon in Mr. Dixon's style, the presence of the historical tenses. When he gets upon education he can give us sober facts and figures; he does not think it needful to gasp and pant through every sentence, and he can speak in his own person without resorting to the pseudo-dramatic trick of an imaginary conversation. To be sure the subject is brought in and sent out with a flourish; but, if we may liken Mr. Dixon's arrangement to a sandwich, he gives us a good thick slice of solid meat in the middle. All this shows that he not only has the natural gift of writing sense, but that he has not wholly lost it through the long practice of writing nonsense. But this only makes his offence greater. A man who can do better things whenever he chooses sets himself down in cold blood to gratify a vitiated taste which in his own heart he must despise.

We spoke just now of Mr. Dixon's fashion of throwing things into the form of imaginary conversations. He has a way of bringing out this and that point dramatically, by putting it into the mouths of characters whom we can hardly think that he ever met with in real life, and who look very much as if they were called into being on purpose to set forth this or that side of a question more effectively. Now drama and dialogue, when they profess to be nothing else than drama and dialogue, are perfectly legitimate kinds of composition; but we confess that we doubt whether it is quite the thing for an author to call up puppets of his own creation in order to make books of quite another kind seem a little more lively. Mr. Dixon's very preface is a dialogue of two voices, an English voice and a New York voice. In the English voice we seem to hear the voice of Mr. Dixon himself, and we have a lurking suspicion that the New York voice is set talking purely for the sake of contrast. Directly after, at the very beginning of the book itself, we get an elaborate picture of a Sister Agnes from Wallis and an engineer on public service from Bern, who presently fall discoursing as if they were in a dialogue of Plato. The one talks the most old-world piety, and the other the most enlightened modern philosophy in the highest politest style. We get illustrations from the Caspian Alps and the Plains of Esdraelon; we have a parable of Man and Nature living in peace like a man and wife, growing like each other year by year; and we learn how the people of Italy are not only soft and poetic, which we had heard before, but also "phosphorescent," which is a new light to us. The nun was "warm and feminine, with a drooping brow, and eyes that wait on nature and solicit saintly help." Our acquaintance with nuns is not large, and Mr. Dixon's description, though it sounds very touching, is still so vague that we do not feel certain whether we have ever seen anything like it among ordinary lay women. At all events, the thing described found favour in the eyes of the Bernese engineer; for after the nun, "the golden sunset on her face," had uttered a specially devout sentiment, we read how "a smile that seems to say—if ever smile had meaning—I should like to kiss that nonsense from your lips," plays round his delicate mouth and sparkles in his cold blue eyes. Happily, however, the engineer, "genuine son of Thor" as he is elsewhere called, had the grace to restrain himself; for a moment after he is talking philosophically about the mountain races in every sense. But towards the end of the dialogue a third speaker creeps in unawares, and though the nun still puts in a word now and then, we seem to be hearing a dialogue between the engineer and Mr. Dixon. Then comes a chapter which seems to be all Mr. Dixon's own; we are told how "the sun is sinking, the mist is rising," and how "a flash, a star, a comet, expands and colours the pinnacle of flame." In the next chapter the engineer and the nun turn up again, and after a paragraph put into the mouth of the engineer, we get another paragraph which is made up of the word "Excellior!" This last paragraph, as it is not put into the mouth either of the engineer or of Sister Agnes, we suppose we are right in looking on as the genuine, though not quite original, composition of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Gradually the nun and the engineer die out, something in the same way as the personal Childe Harold dies out in the poem called after him, and we are left standing face to face with Mr. Dixon himself. The nun makes a formal and pious farewell; but the engineer gradually fades away, as the nun did a chapter or two back, in a mist of statistics and philology; but before he goes, among other statements about language, some of which sound very odd, he tells Mr. Dixon—if it be Mr. Dixon—that "the Swiss language is High German in the Colleges, Low German in the streets." Now really Mr. Dixon is singularly lucky. We never had the good luck to overhear a dialogue between a nun with a drooping brow and an engineer with cold blue eyes. Still less did we ever come across any one in any book or corner of the Everlasting League who told us that High German was spoken in the Colleges, Low German in the streets. Does Mr. Dixon think the difference between High and Low German is a physical one? We have noticed that several of the most learned men in Switzer-

lead carry on their labours, like Esquimaux, up several pair of stairs:—

... εὐσεβὲς μὲν ἐργασίας,  
ὁὐκ ἀνασβέδον;

Perhaps Mr. Dixon thinks that that is the reason why their German is said to be High, and he seems to leap to the conclusion that the German spoken by the little boys who run about under their windows must necessarily be Low. It is perhaps by way of following out this view that all the Swiss peasants that Mr. Dixon meets dwell in "thorpes," "Tentonic thorpes." For our own part, we had thought that the word thorpe, as an appellative, had been dead and buried for some centuries, and we do not remember to have met with the word, even in proper names, anywhere south of the Thames. We should rather have looked for our Swiss peasants in High German *Dörfer*; but, if they speak Low German in the streets, it is not unlikely that they also speak it in the cottages; and, if so, we may reasonably conceive them as cleaving to the oldest forms, and as loyally obeying Grimm's Law by talking of thorpes as Mr. Dixon describes them.

Mr. Dixon's book is throughout written in the sandwich fashion of which we have already spoken. We now go on for several chapters without anything more about Sister Agnes or any particular flourish of trumpets of any kind. To be sure, the next time the trumpets do sound they sound louder than ever. But that is not for several chapters to come, not till Mr. Dixon has got to Einsiedlen, when we get a page or two of the very finest writing, nearly every line having the word "whang" in different forms—"whang," "wha-ang," "wha-a-ang":—

ἀρχαῖος πρῶτον πάντας πάντας, ἐξῆν' ἰδὲν παπαπάντα.

Before we get to the whanging, Sister Agnes has appeared again, but before that we have several chapters in which Mr. Dixon really tries to do some politics and history. We know that he is really trying, because in these chapters we get the surest sign of a lucid interval, the employment of the historical tenses. When Mr. Dixon is on the high horse, writing in the "whang, wha-ang, wha-a-ang" style, everything is present or future; in these humbler chapters he stoops, like other men, to imperfects and aorists. To describe the communal institutions of Switzerland is doubtless less exciting than to echo the "whang, wha-ang, wha-a-ang" of the guns on a festival day at Einsiedlen. For many pages together, therefore, we get what, for Mr. Dixon, is a near approach to good sense and good English. And people do fancy such odd things, and make such strange confusions, that in these times we can sincerely thank Mr. Dixon for explaining that the Swiss Communes have nothing whatever to do with the late Commune at Paris. We will let this piece of good service count against the astonishing statement that "the German Kaisers draw their line from Neufchâtel." What Mr. Dixon probably means is the well-known fact that the Kings of Prussia were for several generations Princes of Neufchâtel, but that they drew their line thence is a discovery of Mr. Dixon's. But when we get to the chapters in which he takes upon him to expound the history and constitution of the League and its Cantons we get stranger things still. First and foremost Mr. Dixon, in a book bearing date 1872, still believes in William Tell, in the Three Men, the Thirty-three Men, the Oath of Grütli. Mr. Dixon is trying to explain that Zurich, though the first in rank, is not the oldest Canton, but that Switzerland takes its name from Schwyz; and he does it in this fashion:—

Schwyz gave her name, her genius, and her flag, to the Alliance. From Schwyz we get the name of Switzer; the connexion of religion with democracy; the pure white cross upon the blood-red field. When Tell was tending kine at Hütigen, on the Uri slopes, there were no Switzers save the men of Schwyz. Tell never called himself a Switzer. Tell was a Uranian, and his Canton Uri. Schwyz had gained in war—for she was ever stout in fight—the flag she lent her allies of the League. Three other Forest Cantons, Uri, Unterwalden, and Luzern, were in the League while Zurich stood outside—a feudal and imperial town. But Zurich was a rich and powerful city, and the moment she adhered to the Alliance she assumed in it the leading part. Bern followed her, and shared her power. Luzern, as chief of the four Forest Cantons, claimed an equal rank. As soon as any Federal Council met, this council set by turns in either of these capitals—two years in each. But Zurich and Luzern have each given up the claim to rank as capitals; and now the President, the Council, and the two Assemblies, find a permanent seat in Bern.

What the latter part of this sketch of the growth of the League means we are quite unable to guess. It seems to us that Mr. Dixon has jumbled together the fourteenth century and the nineteenth. We do not know what time he refers to by the words, "as soon as any Federal Council met." The name Federal Council (*Bundesrath, Conseil Fédéral*) dates only from the Constitution of 1848, while the state of things in which meetings were held in three *Forêts* in turn belongs only to the Federal Pact of 1815. Then again, who are "the President, the Council, and the two Assemblies"? The *Bundespräsident* has no existence apart from the *Bundesrath*, and by the "two Assemblies" it is to be supposed that Mr. Dixon means the two Councils, Chambers, or Houses (*Räthe, Conseils*), which together make up the Federal Assembly (*Bundesversammlung, Assemblée Fédérale*). Mr. Dixon would doubtless think it odd, if any Swiss writer on English matters should talk about "the two Parliaments," but here he does exactly the same thing. To be sure he mends matters a little when he gets to a chapter called "the Federal Pact," where he does give a fair account of the Constitution now under revision. He makes, however, the mistake of thinking that the clergy are excluded from both Houses of the Assembly, whereas the restriction applies to the National Council only.

Mr. Dixon is not much more lucky with the Constitutions of the Cantons. He gives the following description of what he calls Parliamentary Democracy:—

In each of the first group of Cantons—that of Parliamentary Democracy—a council, called the Grand Council, is elected by the voters having civil rights; that is to say, by males who have attained the legal age and have not lost their rights by either emigration, idleness, or crime. The voting is by ballot. This Grand Council names a smaller body, called a State Council; and these two chambers choose, according to a form laid down, a President, who bears the title of Avoyer, Landammann, or Burgomaster, to conduct the government and execute the laws. A meeting of these members is the Cantonal Assembly. From their decisions there is no appeal. The three estates of President, State Council, and Grand Council exercise the sovereign power.

We wonder whether Mr. Dixon ever took the trouble to look at the Constitution of Geneva. To talk about "the three Estates of President, State Council, and Grand Council" might be a mere silly flourish on the part of one who probably fancies that one of the three Estates of England is the King. But it is utterly unpardonable in one who is pretending to explain Genevese politics to leave out of sight so important a body as the *Council General*—that is to say, the whole body of electors. It is by them, not, as Mr. Dixon says, by the Grand Council, that the executive power, the Council of State, is chosen. And it is by the Council of State alone—not, as Mr. Dixon says, by the Council of State and by the Grand Council together—that the President is chosen. Moreover, the President is a mere Chairman of the Council of State, and not, as any one would think from Mr. Dixon's account, an independent power in the Commonwealth. Nor is Mr. Dixon much more lucky when he gets from "Parliamentary Democracy" into "Absolute Democracy." He gives a description of a Uri *Landsgemeinde* which is both weak and inaccurate, and which shows that he can never have seen one. The readers of the *Saturday Review* may possibly remember descriptions of *Landsgemeinden* by those who had seen them, and they need hardly trouble themselves with Mr. Dixon.

From Uri Mr. Dixon goes on through Graubünden, where, oddly enough, he finds Lutherans at Chur; through Zurich, where he finds a church of "Charles the Great," meaning doubtless the Great Minister of the twelfth century, which is a church of Charles the Great only in the sense in which the present St. Paul's is a church of Ethelbert. But Mr. Dixon was perhaps misled by the statue on the south-west tower, the statue of "Kaiser Karli," as the Zurichers speak of the great Emperor, in the same spirit of indulgent familiarity which Lucius Papirius showed to Jupiter himself. A little way on we read:—"In the Virgin's quarter, near the Town Hall, stand the city schools for boys." The words "Virgin" and "school for boys" make us think that Mr. Dixon has got the cloister of the *Frauenmünster* in his head; but if by the Town Hall he means the *Rathhaus*, we cannot follow him in his topography. Presently we read that in Zurich "singing clubs were formed. A theatre was built. Some fine hotels were added to the town. The Dom was put into repair." The "Dom" is, we suppose, yet another name for the Great Minister; but the short sentences show that Mr. Dixon has got into the gasping mood; so the next sentence is—"a higher spiritual plane was reached." We have now got into the region of fine writing, and we have only to ask what "a spiritual plane" may be, and whether it applies only to the "Dom," or also to the theatres and hotels. In another chapter or two Mr. Dixon gets once more to an account of the beginnings of the League, which it is hardly worth while to examine in detail, but which at least has the merit of being written in the past tense. This chapter seems to show a process of enlightenment in Mr. Dixon's mind; for though he still talks about the oath of Grütli, he has nothing to say about William Tell. But in a later chapter both Grütli and Tell appear in the mouth of a priest of Schwyz, who, however, confronts them with the names of Kopp and Rilliet. It is plain then that by the time that Mr. Dixon had got thus far he had heard the names of Kopp and Rilliet. Whether he ever heard of Hisely, Huber, and Vischer, and a crowd of others who have had their share in substituting history for legend, we are not told. Now the judgment of charity is that Mr. Dixon learnt something as he went on, in the very process of making his book. In his first mention of these matters he seems to swallow the whole myth without straining at a single detail. This is, we fear, not a very unlikely state for many people to be in even now; but it is hardly the state in which a man should sit down to write even the shortest sketch of the history of Switzerland. In the second stage we hear nothing of William Tell. The last reflexion of the Sun-god has died away from Mr. Dixon's story, as the sun himself died away in the piece of fine writing earlier in the book. To disbelieve the story of Tell, but to believe the story of the oath, is a possible frame of mind. The story of the oath, though there is no historical evidence for it, is not so palpably mythical as the story of the archer. Are we then to infer that between these two stages of his work Mr. Dixon had taken a dose of Kopp and Rilliet, or at least had heard of their names, and was thus brought to what we may call a half-critical state of mind? If so, why did he not make use of his new light, and cut out all that he had before written about William Tell? A conscientious scholar would have done so; but we know how conscientious scholars set about their business, while we do not know how writers of the school of Mr. Dixon set about theirs. Are we to infer that books of this class are written in such a desperate hurry that the author never stops to correct what he has written, and perhaps forgets what it is? Or are we

to suppose that, though Mr. Dixon's study of Kopp and Billiet had convinced him that William Tell was a myth, yet he did not find it prudent to strike out what he had written about the mythical hero, because William Tell was the only Switzer of whom his public had ever heard, and to them a book on the Switzers which had nothing in it about William Tell would have seemed a contradiction.

We have now done with Mr. Dixon. We believe that he might have done good service—indeed we do not deny that to some extent he has done good service—in collecting facts about communal, educational, and military matters. An account in sober English of what Mr. Dixon has seen and heard on these points would have been of use to readers of a higher class than his ordinary public. But it is not for such readers that Mr. Dixon writes. He has chosen his own lot, and a man who might do better things deliberately caters for those who are attracted by imaginary conversations between blue-eyed engineers and nuns with downcast brows, and who, we suppose, see something either of wit or of eloquence in a page mainly made up of inarticulate sounds.

#### ELZE'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON.\*

THIS book, as the translator allows, will not add to our knowledge of Lord Byron's history. The author has used old materials without sifting them. Yet, excepting some errors, especially in his judgment upon the quarrel between Lord and Lady Byron, he has given, though not a brilliant nor a lively, a good solid chronicle of Byron, which is said to be the first, besides one of little note, that has appeared in Germany. The reason for republishing the book in England is not quite plain. The two last chapters—"Characteristics of Byron" and "Byron's Place in Literature"—which the translator thinks important and novel, might have been printed without the four hundred pages of old matter which has been open for years past to everybody in England. If we might hazard a guess at the reason, we should say that the preface sounds as though it were meant to stimulate the imperative demand of friends for the publication of a coming book, heralded as the late Lord Broughton's final and complete vindication of Lord Byron. It is hard to disturb the reveries of enthusiasts, but we must remind Dr. Elze and his translator that no words of Lord Broughton can weigh down the damning evidence on record. Besides, Lord Broughton has warned us that he will not tell everything, that he will not discover anything injurious to Byron. "My sole wish," he says in his "Posthumous Memoirs," "was to do my duty to my friend"; and elsewhere we find these words of his, well worthy of note:—"I know more of B— than any one else, and much more than I should wish anybody else to know." Nor is it to be forgotten that he, above all, was the destroyer of Lord Byron's memoirs. It is too much to ask for implicit faith in the new version of an interpreter whose own act has prevented us from comparing it with the original.

We must perhaps make one qualification to the statement that Dr. Elze has not added to our knowledge of Lord Byron's history. If we may trust him, uncontradicted by his translator, he has made certain, what was before conjectural, the cause of the quarrel which ended an affectionate friendship of fifteen years, beginning from 1815, between Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh. They did not quarrel about money matters, but because, on the publication of Moore's *Life of Byron*, in 1830, Lady Byron, reading the scenes which ended in the second offer of marriage, discovered that Mrs. Leigh, who was at Newstead in September 1814, was the friend whom Lord Byron had consulted before he wrote the pretty letter.

It is not easy to tell by what rule the leaders of Lord Byron's defence divide his friends from those whom they would call his enemies. The editor of *Medora Leigh* sent forth a book to vindicate Byron, and Dr. Elze thinks that the vindication was complete; yet Dr. Mackay has received even less mercy than might have been expected by an enemy. Again, in Moore's book, which Dr. Elze praises as a masterpiece of extenuation, the translator finds only Lord Byron's charming letters and journals encumbered by the author's tedious, turgid reflections. The unfriendly regard in those cases may perhaps be attributed to the unwitting disclosure by Dr. Mackay and Mr. Moore of facts which, well considered, compel conclusions most unfavourable to Lord Byron. On the other hand, Byron's character as drawn by Dr. Elze is of the vilest. Yet the biographer is praised by the translator for his skilful and artistic use of the old materials, and for the truth and soundness of his critical judgments, with a gentle hint that perhaps his analysis of the rich and varied traits of Lord Byron's character is as unparing as it is elaborate. The reason of this forbearance may be that, while Dr. Elze writes down crime and folly in the plainest words, he writes without a sign of moral disapprobation, and seems to absolve the offender because he was a very young man, of rare genius and ungoverned temper, and had been hugely aggravated by his wife. We do not contest the fitness of ranking Dr. Elze among Lord Byron's friends, but there seems no sufficient reason why those who cannot agree that crime and folly are to be thus unqualifiedly should be branded as small men, slanderers, and enemies. Byron, has, in truth, no enemies. The world, which in

his lifetime showed no lack of love and admiration, chastened by transient fits of just anger, is still only too ready to pity and forgive for the sake of his transcendent genius. How should he have an enemy? His contemporaries are gone; and there is no living poet who, pretending to vie with him, can hate him for the same cause for which he hated Shakespeare. It is ridiculous to call those the enemies of Byron who simply decline to worship a man whose image is thus graven by one devotee and set up by another. We copy a few out of many such strokes:—

An unmanly vanity which displayed itself not only in his person, in his dress, and in his manners, but leavened at last his whole character.

The greatness of Shakespeare excited in him only mortification and jealousy, and he gave vent to these feelings in censures as bitter as they were unjust.

He told Lady Blessington that Shakespeare owed one half of his popularity to his low origin.

His character, in spite of its undeniably finer qualities, has been shown to be—

inconsistent, vain, embittered, petty, unmanly, egotistical, often insincere and distrustful.

The question, doubtless, had been debated also between Byron and Shelley. The latter, at any rate, it is well known, could not be convinced that marriage between brother and sister was absolutely sinful, and appealed to antiquity, to the Ptolemies, and to other examples.

The immorality [of *Don Juan*] lies rather in the cynical nihilism that pervades the whole poem, which destroys the difference between good and evil, between right and wrong, between the beautiful and the repulsive, and degrades all things alike to the meanest level—everything, in short, but sensual pleasure.

Goethe declares *Don Juan* to be the most immoral work which poetic art ever produced.

Enough, Byron was a *porcus de grege Domini Joannis* [a hog from Don Juan's sty], and Fletcher, though he had a wife at home who had not separated from him, worthily followed him as his Leporello.

His poetry bears the same relation to his life as his own Apollo-like head to his Satyr-like feet.

We have not space to mention more than two of Professor Elze's minor errors. When Lord Byron bequeathed all that he possessed to Mrs. Leigh and her children, it was not because his father and her father, Captain Byron, had wasted her mother's fortune; for, in the will made in 1811, and unrevoked until 1815, the year of Medora Leigh's birth—the will by which he gave 7,000*l.* to the young (treck—he did not give one shilling to his sister. Walter Scott never accused Lady Byron of capriciousness of temper; but he did tell of a visit that she paid to Abbotsford in 1817, and he spoke of her as one of the most interesting creatures he had ever seen, and of her patience and becoming resignation; he said that his heart ached for her, and he wondered that, young and beautiful, having birth and rank and fortune and taste, and high accomplishments and admirable good sense, she could have failed to make Lord Byron happy. Her visit must have recalled to his memory the scene in Murray's drawing-room two years earlier, when Byron quoted to him with the bitterest despair the strong expression of Shakespeare:—

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us;

and added:—

I would to God that I could have your peace of mind, Mr. Scott; I would give all I have, all my fame, everything, to be able to speak on this subject [that of domestic happiness] as you do.

The more serious errors of Dr. Elze lie in his narratives of the destruction of the Memoirs and of the separation. First, as to the Memoirs. The manuscript was the absolute property of Murray, who, on the day after the news of Byron's death had arrived in London, offered it for two thousand guineas (the price that he had paid to Moore) to Wilmot Horton, who at the time of the separation had represented Lady Byron, and was now the representative of Mrs. Leigh. The two ladies were of one mind. Colonel Doyle was to have acted for Lady Byron; and when, for a reason that will appear presently, she was forbidden to interfere, the Colonel and Wilmot Horton were both permitted to appear under the name of two friends of Mrs. Leigh. Gifford, whose judgment Lord Byron had always regarded as almost infallible, pronounced that the manuscript was too gross for publication. Hobhouse insisted that it should be burned. Moore, who meant to take it away from Murray and to edit the Memoirs for Longmans, protested that he, and he only, had a right to pay for the redemption of the manuscript, and entreated that it might be placed in quarantine with a banker until the leprous parts had been cut out. To this Wilmot Horton assented, saying that it was what he meant to propose. Hobhouse and Moore agreed that it would be treachery to Lord Byron to suffer Lady Byron to interfere. The manuscript was to be given to Mrs. Leigh, and she was to determine whether it should be destroyed or saved. But she had not the two thousand guineas, and Lady Byron offered to pay the price, as that the Memoirs might be delivered to Mrs. Leigh, to be dealt with as she might think fit. Lord Byron's friends, Gifford, Hobhouse, and Dr. Mackay, all declared it to be essential to his reputation that the Memoirs should not be published; Hobhouse and Moore agreed that, although she might pay the money to prevent the publication, she should have no power over the manuscript. Wilmot Horton, deemed that it might be published and preserved. Until the very end it was considered as a matter of course, that if Moore paid the money, it should be preserved for him; but, if Lady Byron's offer was accepted, it should be at the absolute direction of Mrs. Leigh. The strange will of Hobhouse over-

\* *Lord Byron: a Biography, with a Critical Essay on his Place in Literature*. By Carl Elze. Translated with the Author's sanction, and abridged with notes, with Portrait, and Facsimile. London: John Murray.



some Wilmet Chilton's desire and Miss's hand stopped. But however the destroyer of the Manuscript. Is a last desperate effort to save them. Murray pointed out that he would be a shrewd offer to him if he did not refuse and deliver the manuscript to Mrs. Leigh. He flung away, and Murray received, the two thousand guineas that he had borrowed from Langens. Misshouse held him to his promise to place the manuscript in Mrs. Leigh's power, and it was burned. Wilmet Chilton's motive was obvious. If the objectionable portions could be saved, he would be glad to save Lady Byron's money. Why did Misshouse refuse so reasonable a proposal, and demand that the manuscript should be destroyed unopened? Is the answer to be found in his words that he knew much more of Lord Byron than he wished anybody else to know? Did he find—for he had read the manuscript beforehand—hidden thoughts that ran through it and might one day be uncovered? He pleased Moore, who was not rich, and many a time afterwards urged him, in vain, to accept Lady Byron's money. Is it to be supposed that Lord Broughton was a go-between, seeking, with a bribe furnished by Lady Byron, to persuade Murray to destroy her husband's defence against calumny? Yet that is the charge which Dr. Elze brings against Lady Byron.

We did not expect that the sophistries with which we dealt two years ago would come before us again, vamped up as foreign novelties; that we should be called upon to repeat that Lady Byron was neither mad, nor guilty of an atrocious lie for a most wicked purpose. As to her sanity, it may suffice to say that through the whole course of the events which are still the subject of controversy, all the world, foes as well as friends, were watching her with eyes vigilant or jealous. A mere doubt of the soundness of her understanding would have been invaluable to her husband, as his surest, his only sure, defence against the charges upon which she demanded separation. No such suspicion was suggested, and we will not, a dozen years after her death, in order to evade a difficulty and save the trouble of thinking, pretend to believe that she was a mad woman. Granting the truth of the accusation published by Mrs. Stowe, the conclusion that it was the cause of separation seemed inevitable. Then came the letters of January and February 1846, the startling fact that Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh were affectionate friends at that time, and until the year 1850, and the evidences, collected by the *Quarterly Review*, proving that at the time of the separation and down to his death, in the year 1824, Lord Byron's fixed and deliberate feelings towards his wife were those of respect and admiration. These are things which his advocates have never attempted to explain, and which, in parting with the controversy (20th January, 1870) we pointed out as presenting the difficulty. Dr. Elze acknowledges that the affair is involved in obscurity, and, professing himself unable to reconcile such contradictions, covers them over with a cloud of idiosyncrasies, hallucinations, mental delusion, and monomania. We find a difficulty on the one hand, but we find impossibilities on the other; and, because we see no other way of escape out of the obscurity, we may recommend for consideration the solution offered in a vindication of Lady Byron which came out last summer—that the crime published to the world by Mrs. Stowe had been forgotten before the marriage; that it was discovered, and, being deeply repented, was forgiven after the marriage; that Lord Byron would have renewed it, but did not prevail; and that it was not the real cause of separation, although Mrs. Stowe has testified that Lady Byron declared to her that it was.

Of Byron's place in literature we cannot speak fully here. Dr. Elze ranks him with Shakespeare and Milton, herein going beyond Chateaubriand, who held him to be the greatest poet that had arisen in England since Milton. Chateaubriand was perplexed because his name had never been mentioned by Lord Byron, who followed his footsteps among the ruins of Greece, along the shores of the Mediterranean, and through Rome, and who seemed to have borrowed some outlines from *L'Histoire* to adorn them with his own colouring in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Edgar Allan Poe said that he who sang *Childe Harold* was of the family of René; M. Villemain, that the imaginations in the incomparable pages of René had been re-created in *Childe Harold*. For twenty years French and English journals had been filled with controversy on the works of Chateaubriand, and English critics had compared him with Lord Byron, who must have heard his name; and it was passing strange that, citing almost every contemporary French writer, he should have passed it by unnoticed. René might surely claim some part in the creation of that one single person who had appeared in the various characters of *Childe Harold*, Conrad, Lara, Manfred, and the Giaour. The question which troubled Chateaubriand can perhaps be answered by those who have studied the Byron mystery, and are acquainted with René, with the chapter in the *Génie du Christianisme* entitled *De l'usage des passions*, and with the *Défense du Génie du Christianisme*—those passages of it especially which tell how Chateaubriand had fought against the humour that possessed the young man of his time to be guilty and gloomy after the fashion of Rousseau and Werther, and those other passages which sum up the character of René, and mark the different degrees assigned to him and to his repentant victim. Byron persistently obtained from Chateaubriand any obligation to René. A reason will suggest itself to those who consult the books, and we will not unnecessarily dilate upon the historical theme.

#### COMMENT ON MODERN GREEK FOLK-LORE.

THIS interesting book Professor Schmidt has given us of his work on modern Greek folk-lore as illustrations of Hellenic antiquity makes an important contribution to the knowledge of the remaining past. If it were only an account of the amount of information it contains, a great part of which has been obtained by the author himself from the mouths of peasants and other Greeks of low degree, it would be invaluable to students of comparative mythology and folk-lore; but it has many other good qualities to recommend it. Professor Schmidt has not thought it beneath the dignity of a scholar to pay attention to the arrangement and condensation of his material, so that if the other volumes of his work correspond in this respect with the first, and if he will deign to provide it with a practical index, ordinary readers will be able to consult it without undergoing the pains which so many erudite books inflict upon them. He seems, moreover, to possess a large share of the judgment and critical calmness which very learned men sometimes prove themselves to lack, and therefore he deserves to be listened to as an umpire rather than as a partisan when he discusses those questions concerning race which have given rise to so much heartburning among Hellenes and Philhellenes.

In his preface Professor Schmidt expressly declares that his work is of a purely antiquarian nature, and that it is not intended to be, what the Greek newspapers said it was to be, a reply to Fallmerayer and his disciples. But his opinion is thoroughly opposed to that of the celebrated upholder of the theory that the modern Greeks are mainly of Slavonic descent, and he gives it full expression both directly and incidentally. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that although the Slavonians undoubtedly occupied parts of Greece, yet they did not eject the original inhabitants, who ultimately proved sufficiently strong and numerous to absorb their invaders. "The Greeks have not been Slavized," he says, "but the Slavonians have been Hellenized." In support of this opinion he relies mainly on the fact that the language of the people shows but few traces of Slavonic influence, being a direct descendant from that spoken by the Greeks of the classic period. Of late years the various dialects of Greece have been carefully studied, and one of the results of this research has been the proof that a number of classic words and expressions have been retained by the peasantry although they have died out of the speech of educated men—a fact which he thinks strongly in favour of the supposition that there has never been a break in the Hellenic character of the population of Greece. So far as this part of his argument is concerned, and in his remarks about the neglect of Fallmerayer to test his theory by researches among the islanders as well as the mainlanders, we are entirely of Professor Schmidt's opinion. But we are inclined to doubt some of the conclusions which he deduces from the unquestionable similarity between the customs and the superstitions of the modern Greek peasantry and those of the ancient Greeks. That Professor Schmidt has proved such a likeness in every case which he adduces there can be no doubt. But we venture to suggest that in many instances Slavonic superstitions are more akin to those of new Greece than the religious ideas of the old Greeks can now be proved to have been. It is true that it may be replied that the Slavonians have borrowed from the Greeks, and Greek ideas have indisputably affected, to no small extent, the folk-lore of at least the Eastern Slavonians. But it seems probable that the beliefs of the common people in modern Greece have taken more of their colouring than Professor Schmidt will allow from those of the foreigners who, at one time, according to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, so overran "all Hellas and the Peloponnesus," that "the whole country was Slavized and became barbarian."

Professor Schmidt has divided the first volume of his work into five sections, the first of which is devoted to the "Heathen Elements in the Christian Faith and Worship" of the modern Greeks. In it he shows how the traditions connected with the ancient religion have been in many cases preserved by the memory of the people, although the old gods and demigods have been changed into saints and other Christian characters. Sometimes the name of a dethroned divinity is to be heard in the speech of the people, as when the Cretan exclaims *ἡσυχίαν πρὸς Ζεὺς ἡμῖν*—the word *Ζεὺς* being supposed to represent "O Zeus!"—or talks about the village *Ζεφύρα*—i.e., Vale of Zeus, which lies at the foot of Mount Ida. Sometimes the attributes of the Olympian ruler have been transferred to the Christian Deity, the word *θεός* conveying to the mind of the modern Greek peasant the ideas which were connected with the name Zeus by his pagan predecessors. Thus, when a thunder-storm takes place, he exclaims, *Βοῆς ὁ θεός*, or—in allusion to the firing of guns and the general uproar consequent upon a wedding—*ὁ θεός παντρεύει τὸν υἱόν μου*, "God is celebrating his Son's marriage." One peculiarity of the modern Greeks, as distinguished from those of old, is that they represent God as riding like the German Wotan, the Scandinavian Odin. Zeus, like Thor, either walked or drove. But the *θεός* of the present day resembles Zeus in many other respects; as, for instance, in that he produces earthquakes by bowing his head or shaking his locks.

But, as a general rule, the respect paid to the heathen gods has been transferred, as in other lands, to the Virgin and the Saints. St. Nicholas has succeeded to Poseidon as the ruler of the seas and the rescuer of shipwrecked mariners. In Focæ, for instance,

he is known by the name *Θαλασσιεύς*, and is invoked in a church upon the shore. St. George is the patron of warriors, and rescues prisoners taken in battle. Cosmas and Damian carry on the work of the old gods who cured diseases; St. Marina fulfils many of the functions formerly attributed to both Artemis and Aphrodite. The old local gods have become local saints—one spot boasting of a St. John surnamed *ὁ κυνηγός*, and another of a St. George *μυθουργός*, the latter of whom appears to have inherited some of the worship formerly paid to Dionysos. In one popular tale the discovery of wine by Dionysos is attributed to a St. Dionysius; in another St. Paul, as a Christian Herakles, is spoken of as clearing Oreste of wild beasts. The holy pictures of the present day have, in some cases at least, taken the place of the old idols, many of them being looked upon as oracular. A picture of the Virgin Mary, for instance, was seen by Professor Schmidt in a grotto near Kallipádo, in Zacynthus, on which peasants who had questions to ask stuck small pieces of copper money. If the coins adhered to the picture, that meant Yes. If they dropped off, that meant No. The burning of lights also before these pictures, and the Easter-tide decking of the churches with foliage, seem evident relics of heathenism, while a Christian version of the Torch Procession which formerly took place during the greater Eleusinia may be recognized in the funeral procession which on Good Friday evening passes through the streets of Athens with blazing lights and mournful song—a procession, by the way, of which Curt Wachsmuth has given an interesting account in his excellent sketch of the subject which Professor Schmidt is now treating in detail, entitled *Das alte Griechenland im neuen*. The cakes, in some respects answering to our Christmas plum-pudding, in which, under the names of *τὰ στυπὰ* and *τὰ κόλυβα*, the modern Greeks indulge on days consecrated to the dead or to the Saints, are compared by Professor Schmidt with the old Hellenic thankofferings, and the Christmas festivities at which cakes called *κουλλοειρα* are eaten seem to him due to a recollection of ancient rites in honour of the hearth. So the heathen *ἐγκοιμήσις*, the sleeping in a temple in order to be rid of a disease, has crept into Christian custom; in Lesbos, for instance, it is still the practice to bring the sick and insane to the Church of the Miraculous Virgin of Agiáso, and there to leave them on a Saturday night. On the Sunday morning it is expected that they will be found hale and sensible. The explanation is, as in heathen times, that the patron of the temple descends at night and performs miraculous cures.

But we must not dwell any longer on this portion of Professor Schmidt's work, or we shall have no space left for the mention of its other sections. Of these, the second is devoted to Demons—*τὰ δαιμόνια*, as these are often called, just as in early Christian writings the heathen bore the name of *οἱ ἔθνη*—among whom the place of honour is given by the author to a race of female spirits bearing a singularly strong resemblance to the Russian *Rusalkas* or the Servian *Vilas*. Under their present name, the commonest form of which is *Νηπαίδας*, are grouped the representatives of all the various kinds of nymphs who were known in classic times as Dryads, Oreads, &c., and especially of the Nereids, whom they resemble in some respects, though they are no longer exclusively sea-nymphs. They are generally beautiful both in face and form, though they are sometimes represented with goats' feet. They are not immortal, but they often live for fifteen centuries. They have husbands who resemble the old Satyrs in appearance, but sometimes they fall in love with a modern Hylas, and carry him off into their subaqueous haunts. Indeed several families in Greece are supposed to be descended from them, as certain great houses in classic times traced back their origin to unions between heroes and nymphs. Sometimes, like Swan Maideus, they are captured by mortals, for if a Nereid is deprived of her scarf she loses her magic powers. There are many stories of Nereids who lead quiet lives with their capturers, and prove themselves excellent wives, till some day or other they recover their long-lost scarfs, and immediately disappear. In one case the departing wife not only takes away with her one of her two boys, but also carries off half of her only daughter. In Cephalonia, however, it is held that the truant wife will return to her husband at the end of seven years, provided he has never once left the house during that period.

The Nereid is a sufficiently dangerous sprite, but she is not so much to be feared as the Lamia, whom Professor Schmidt considers the modern representative of her classic namesake, but who seems to be twin sister of the terrible hag known in Lithuania as the *Lavne*, in Russia as the *Yaga Baba*, in India as the female *Rakhasa*. In one of her peculiarities, however, that of sometimes having one foot made of metal and another constructed like that of an ass, she resembles the Hellenic Empusa. The *Kalikantzaros*, a sort of wer-wolf, seems to be of decidedly foreign origin, especially as his name can be traced, through the Albanian, to the Turkish *Kara-Kondjolos*. He makes his appearance only during the period between Christmas Day and the Epiphany. At that time he asks all whom he meets the question "Cork or Lead?" If they answer "Cork," he does not molest them; but if they say "Lead," he attacks them with his sharp nails and scratches them almost to death. The only way of keeping him quiet is to give him a sieve and tell him to count the holes in it. This he cannot do, the number three being always avoided by him—for a curious reason, suggests Wachsmuth. The question put by the *Kalikantzaros* recalls to mind that sometimes asked by the Slavonic *Rusalkas*, who say "Wormwood or Parsley?" On the unhappy mortal who answers "Parsley" they immediately pounce, and tickle him till he stams at the mouth. Both formulas are now unintelligible, but they are probably corruptions of some foreign phrase

which has degenerated into incoherence. When the priest comes to pay his official visit on the 6th of January, the *Kalikantzaros* disappears. According to a popular tradition, he and his kindred spirits then "dive under the earth and saw away at the great pillar which supports it."

The "Lame Demon" may fairly be traced back to the Satyr of old days, whom some recollection of the fall of Hephaistos has represented with a limp like that of our Wayland the Smith. But he has become very malicious, and is much to be feared, though he may be kept at a distance by fire, or by the burning of fragments of old shoes—the specific hurled by ourselves after a newly-married couple. In the same way the spirit in whom the herdsmen on Parnassus recognize the ruler of hares and wild goats may be identified with Pan. But the *Bourkolakas*, or Vampire, seems to be of decidedly foreign extraction. Its name Professor Schmidt allows is "undoubtedly of Slavonic origin," being akin to the Servian *Vukodlak*, wer-wolf, and he justly laughs at the attempt to derive it from such words as *σείρα*, slime, and *λάκκος*, a pit, though he admits there is more plausibility in the *Μαρμολέκη* derivation. But he thinks that, although the modern vampire is called by a Slavonic name, and some of the traditions connected with it may have been borrowed from the Slavonians, yet the original idea is deducible from old Greek superstition. This may be the case, for vampire stories have always flourished in all countries, and among others in classic Greece; but the great similarity between the vampire of Slavonian lands and that which in modern Greece generally bears a Slavonian name leads us to incline towards a different conclusion. It should be stated, however, that in the islands the vampire is found under the really Greek names of *καρχαράς*, the "devourer," *σαρκωμίνος*, the "well fed," &c.

The third section of the book is devoted to Guardian Angels, Local Spirits, and Dragons, the last of which bear a strong resemblance to the Fiery Snakes which play so leading a part in Slavonic folk-lore. This section is full of interest, especially as regards the stories about house-spirits and the account given of the sacrifices attendant upon laying the foundation of a new house; but we must now pass rapidly on. In the fourth section the author gives a full account of the Giants who have succeeded to the classic Cyclopes. They are sometimes called *Έλλανοί*, or Hellenes, that name having been applied in early Christian times to the heathen Greeks as opposed to the orthodox *Γραικοί* or *Ρωμαίοι*—i.e., Romans. The fifth and last section deals with the subjects of "Fate, Death, and Life beyond the Grave." The ancient Fates have not altered much, only the people call them *οἱ Μοῖραι*, instead of *αἱ Μοῖραι*. Soon after a birth they visit the new-born babe, settle its lot in life, and write their decree on its nose or brow. Consequently it is important to propitiate them, and the infant's relatives are careful to provide a handsome meal for them, and to speak of them euphemistically as "the good, the golden Fates."

The classic Charon, under the name of *Χάρος*, or *Χάρουρας*, has become changed from the Ferryman of the Dead into Death itself. Some writers think that Charon was originally the Destroyer, but became changed into the Ferryman under the influence of foreign, probably Egyptian, ideas. Professor Schmidt will not give a decided opinion on this question, but he wishes to point out that the idea of Charos as Death is not absolutely modern, but may be traced back to Hellenic times. The usage of placing a coin in the mouth of a corpse as an offering to the ferryman of spirits—or as a toll, to be paid on crossing the bridge of souls which the Turks have probably introduced into Greek folk-lore—has in recent times been to a great extent abolished by the Church. As for the realm swayed by Charos, it is gloomy in the extreme—the tone of the stories showing, we are told, that, as in old days, death brings with it no benefit, life is still all in all. But this remark might be made with equal justice of the stories of many other lands.

Here we must stop for the present. But we shall wait with much interest for the arrival of the new collection of popular tales and songs which Professor Schmidt promises, and to which he often refers in the most tantalizing manner—a collection which will, we have no doubt, form a most welcome supplement to the works of Fauriel, Passow, Hahn, and the other explorers of the rich field of modern Greek folk-lore.

#### POOR MISS FINCH.\*

OUR prolific novelists are all mannerists, more or less, but no one of them is more of a mannerist than Mr. Wilkie Collins. Were his title-pages suppressed, the least critical of circulating library subscribers might be trusted to pronounce decisively on the authorship of his productions. For his is not mere mannerism of style—although that is marked enough—but a very decided mannerism of mind. He has considerable powers of imagination, but it is plain that his imagination works and schemes with patient deliberation. He plans his stories as a plotting chamber-counsel might draw a settlement, elaborating details with the conscientiousness of a man who guards himself against flaws, and realises his grave responsibilities. The plot must work plausibly, even where it is to be startlingly sensational, and accordingly the wilder its episodes the more realistic are the incidents of its every-day life. It is the art of Deceit adapted to a species of

\* *Poor Miss Finch. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Author of "The Woman in White," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Co. 1872.*

writing which in the days of Defoe was not yet in fashion. There can be no doubt that Mr. Collins has studied the tastes of his public, and in certain instances has pleased them—we will not say pandered to them—with great success. But novels constructed like the *Women in White* will less than any others bear indefinite repetition. It is hard to cap a climax of sustained and of intricate interest, and one great success in that particular line makes an author his own most formidable rival. Each successive work becomes more of a strain and an effort, and he has to go further afield to grasp the leading conception which is to produce his latest effect. His conception in itself may do the greatest honour to his ingenuity, and yet because it is far-fetched it is likely enough to fail of interesting his readers. We should say this is very much the case with *Poor Miss Finch*. In *Poor Miss Finch* we find all the author's characteristic faults and merits, and each intensified. As his faults are of a sort that irritate, we fear they may be found to outweigh the merits; and yet the merits are unmistakable. The plot is constructed with Mr. Collins's customary care, and excellent situations are continually rising out of it. The conception of the heroine entitles him to the credit of the originality he claims for it. There is evidence of observation and research in the information which Mr. Collins has collected, and he uses it in a way that surprises without positively shocking us. And yet we find the book wanting in the two primary essentials of a novel; the heroine fails to charm, and the story flags when it begins to interest us.

In the first place, *Poor Miss Finch* is a surgical and a medical novel. Now we are willing to admit that passions sufficiently intense, and situations sufficiently sublime, may be born of pain and physical afflictions. We know that *Poor Miss Finch*'s special burden of blindness has lent itself before now to the noblest purposes of poetry and romance. But then those authors who have turned it to their professional purposes have idealized it gracefully, resting lightly even on the sightless eyeballs, dealing with the thoughts and following the mournful fancies of a mind driven to prey upon itself. Mr. Wilkie Collins recognizes this in his preface, and takes credit for handling the subject of his choice in an original and more natural manner. He undertakes to interpret faithfully what others have misrepresented for artistic purposes—to represent a blind person acting and speaking as she would really act and speak. The professed moral of his story is to show "that the conditions of human happiness are independent of bodily affliction, and that it is even possible for bodily affliction itself to take its place among the ingredients of happiness." How far he has succeeded in the latter part of his design it is difficult to say, for we do not see how a story based on circumstances purely fictitious can prove anything. But, with regard to the former, we have little doubt that Mr. Wilkie Collins has made his blind girl more faithful to nature in thought, act, and speech than Lord Lytton's Nydia. What then? Fidelity is, after all, not the foundation of all fiction. We set Murillo's fanciful Madonnas higher than his realistic monks, and so we prefer the work of art that suggests to us bright impressions and graceful fancies. Mr. Collins's story turns upon a couple of men falling violently in love with blind Miss Finch; but for ourselves we can get no further than pity, and a pity that is by no means akin to love. True, Miss Finch is represented as beautiful. But then naturally she was expressionless; and it seems to us that an infirmity like blindness should chill the passions to a temperature in which it would be impossible for love to spring up. It was not the mere difference of station that made the refined and susceptible Glaucus insensible to the beauties of the blind Nydia. Supposing Miss Finch's charms of mind and person all-sufficient in themselves to captivate our hearts, still the persistence with which her blindness is forced upon us, and subsequently the perpetual presence of the operator, would have been sufficient to disenchant us. Miss Finch's blindness is forced obtrusively upon us; and naturally so, because it is the very point on which everything is made to turn. And when once she is placed under treatment, Mr. Collins's genius revels in the indulgence of his peculiar bent. To do him justice he seems thoroughly to have mastered the technical details of his subject, and talks with all the minute volubility of garrulous science. We do not know that we are hyper-fantastical, but if our sentiment struggles against the idea of the examinations, consultations, and cases of surgical instruments, it is hopelessly killed when it comes to the question of bandages. And if Mr. Collins's heroine idealizes the surgical element in the novel, his hero embodies the medical. Mr. Oscar Dubourg is maltreated by some ruffians, who knock him on the head with a life-preserver. The consequence is that he becomes liable to epileptic fits. Bad things at best, these are very bad in his case, inasmuch as he is engaged to blind Miss Finch, and is passionately impatient to be wedded. The doctor pronounces his immediate marriage out of the question, and even shakes his head over the prospect of his ultimate cure. Is there no remedy, then? demands the distressed lover. There is one, it appears, yet one so terrible that most men, rather than submit to it, would go on suffering. The very simplicity of the prescription and the audacity of its consequences make us assume that Mr. Collins's medical science may be trusted here. The remedy is nitrate of silver. It infiltrates the veins, and, blending with the blood, acts on the epileptical tendencies; in fact, it has effects which are much the reverse of the Ethiopian changing his skin. At all events, under the treatment Mr. Oscar Dubourg turns all over to a permanent dull blue colour. Now this is decidedly novel, and in a sense interesting. But it appears to us that its interest is rather of a character that would achieve a success in the columns of the

*Lancet*, did our distinguished medical contemporary publish a professional *familiar*. It is in a sense interesting; for Mr. Collins makes the most of his rather repulsive materials, and so far justifies his resort to them. The interest, such as it is, is kept alive by Miss Finch's fluctuations between light and darkness, and by her violent prejudices on the score of complexion. Oscar Dubourg is no sooner well launched on his medical course than he discovers to his horror that his mistress has the antipathy of the blind to anything dark. Were she once to detect the dyeing of his skin, her instincts would infallibly prove far too strong for her love. The consequence is, constant precautions against betrayal, and a series of dangerous mystifications. It sounds unnatural that so startling a secret could be possibly kept at all from a girl whose other senses were preternaturally sharpened by the loss of sight. It would have been altogether impossible had it not been for the extravagant circumstances in which Mr. Collins has placed her for his stage purposes. Be that as it may, the secret is kept, and plays into the hands of Oscar's twin brother when he falls in love with his brother's betrothed. Nugent is a strange mixture of impulse and generosity. He fights his passion for a long time before he yields to it. Then he becomes almost unnaturally a most scheming villain. But, recollecting that this pair of Dromios are identical in everything down to the tones of the voice, at least in everything except their characters and complexions, it is easy to see how ingeniously circumstances may be made to complicate themselves in the hands of a planner of labyrinths so experienced as Mr. Collins. We shall hint nothing as to how the story turns out; whether it leaves the lady in possession of her sight, or one of the brothers in possession of her; whether the curtain falls on revenge or on a general reconciliation. We shall only say that more than once Mr. Collins eludes the foresight which believes it has seized his scheme, and that his last scenes are among the most pleasing and powerful in his story.

We have said that Mr. Collins runs the lines of his story on the familiar model. There is the invariable personage who acts as annotator or chorus, and the book turns at last into the inevitable journal, although, singularly enough, not till the third volume. It is a Madame Pratolungo whom Mr. Collins has selected to tell us the story, and we recollect few personages in the range of his fantastical creations who can boast a more eccentric individuality, or one worse sustained. She is by birth and breeding a Frenchwoman, although, in spite of her protestations to the contrary, nature and Mr. Collins have made her essentially English. She is the widow of a Republican adventurer, and professes to have inherited her husband's principles. But the apostrophes to the Universal Republic, the affected invectives against the rich, which jar on us often at first as excessively out of place and character, gradually become rarer and almost vanish, until they reappear towards the close in an expiring flicker, a tardy tribute to consistency. Madame Pratolungo is in reality a frank, honest-hearted Englishwoman. Notwithstanding the French varnish which Mr. Collins rubs on, and the occasional twaddle he puts into her mouth, and in spite of her odd Republican antecedents, she is eminently practical in thought and action. The worst of it is that her twaddle takes the shape of humour, and Mr. Collins's strong side is certainly not the humorous. He sets about amusing us with the same conscientious conviction that he brings to the construction of his plot, and therefore his failure is not surprising. He seems to think that a joke is like a drama, and that its merit is to be judged by the number of repetitions, forgetting altogether that it is the same set of people who have to sit them out. We should be sorry to calculate how often he invites us to laugh at Madame Pratolungo's "poor papa," so brave and so impressionable—a scampish old *roué*, whose wonted fires lived in their ashes, and were always burning his daughter's fingers. Then there is the Reverend Finch, the heroine's father, so called systematically throughout the volumes, which leads us to surmise that our critical acumen must be at fault when we detect no joke in the omission of the Christian name. Mr. Finch's prolific wife is distinctly comic, but the comedy is of the sort in which Mr. Charles Reade indulged so generously in a recent work—comedy that may be classed in the midwifery department of this medical novel. Little Jicks, one of Mr. Finch's children, promised very well, but she was probably too light to suit a form of humour which generally reminds us of a bear dancing in *sabots*, and always coming down heavily in the same place. To sum up, we should say *Poor Miss Finch* ought to be popular with readers who appreciate ingenuity, are indifferent to poetry, and unsusceptible of the ludicrous. It is unquestionably clever in its way, and there are not times when omnivorous novel-readers can afford to neglect anything with substantial pretensions to cleverness.

#### MALLESON'S RECREATIONS OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL.\*

UNDER the title of *Recreations of an Indian Official* Colonel Malleison republishes a series of essays, the majority of which he says have appeared at various times in different periodicals, mostly in the *Calcutta Review*—a *Review*, we may observe, which is one of the few undertakings of the kind that have managed so far to survive the difficulties inherent in any literary enterprise conducted under the changeful conditions of Anglo-

\* *Recreations of an Indian Official*. By Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Malleison, Guardian to H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore; Author of the "History of the French in India." London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

Indian life. Originally started, we believe, by Mr John Kaye, when a subaltern in the Bengal army, considerably more than thirty years ago, it has been maintained uninterruptedly ever since, sometimes prosperous, more often struggling, but usually containing articles of respectable ability, and often contributions which deserve a wider circulation than such a vehicle affords. In thus distinctly announcing the sources whence his volume has been derived, Colonel Malletson commendably departs from a practice now too common, of serving up a *réchauffé* of fugitive essays without any indication of the time or place of their first publication. Not, however, that such a procedure ever really imposes upon anybody, for the appearance of a volume of this sort at once excites the reader's suspicions, although it may be some time before doubts whether he has not seen the thing before become resolved into certainty, even if he should not be able to recollect distinctly the time and place where the first acquaintance was made. Colonel Malletson's action is the more praiseworthy in that it would probably have been quite a safe experiment to reprint essays from the *Calcutta Review* for English readers as if they were original.

Nearly one-half this volume consists, however, of three articles on the career of Lord Lawrence which appeared in *Blackwood* in 1869, shortly after that nobleman had resigned the Governor-Generalship of India. These deservedly attracted considerable attention at the time, and were well worth preserving in their present form, as being a well-written and interesting, and, we may add, the only accessible, account on record of that distinguished man's career. At the same time we are bound to add that this part of the book—and indeed the same flavour is apparent in the essays on Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Vincent Eyre—reminds us irresistibly of a Chancery suit affidavit, where every possible fact is cited in favour of the party whose case is advocated, and nothing whatever is admitted adverse to the interests of the suit. The painting is all light and no shade, and the paint is laid on too thick throughout. We have no desire to say anything which could tend to lessen the reputation of a statesman whose career was certainly among the most distinguished of those which have illustrated the history of British India; but if the plan set forth in Colonel Malletson's preface for writing contemporary biography be a valid one, at any rate let it be biography, and not mere panegyric.

The sort of treatment to which we refer, and which will make it necessary, whenever—it is to be hoped not till many years hence—Lord Lawrence's biography comes to be seriously written, to read this particular contribution with a careful commentary, pervades the whole essay so completely that it is impossible to give more than a few indications of it here. We may first notice, for example, the account at p. 17 of Mr. Lawrence's aid to the British cause when magistrate of Delhi during the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6. That great city, we are told, "the possession of which had so often been considered decisive of the fate of India—a city containing within its walls upwards of 150,000 inhabitants, more than half of whom were Mahomedans; a portion of it occupied by the titular King, the descendant of Baber and of Akbar, and by his dissolute Court—was as quiet and secure as any part of India, though scarcely two hundred miles from the seat of war;" which satisfactory result, we are given to understand, was due to Mr. Lawrence's well-known fearlessness and decision of character, which overawed the people. But it was just this peculiarity of the city that would account for its behaviour at that particular crisis. The Mahomedans and Sikhs have been bitter enemies for ages, alternately persecuting each other as they got the chance; and although no doubt in a general way the people of Delhi—Mahomedans or not—as of all other parts of India, would have been pleased to see their masters get a fall, and would have liked a state of excitement and eventual possibilities to replace the dull monotony of our rule, it is not at all probable that they were disposed to do anything to help their hereditary foes, the Sikhs, in getting the upper hand, whose first step in such an event would certainly have been to march upon Delhi, and commence an open persecution of the Mahomedan religion there. Besides, there was no precedent at that time for supposing that advantage would be taken of foreign wars to create intestine disturbances. Had our army on the Sutlej been crushed, a state of general turbulence might have supervened on the disaster; but the general attitude of the people during the war was simply one of expectancy, and we suspect that Delhi would have remained perfectly quiet even if the most incompetent civilian in the country had been in charge of it. Lord Lawrence's character for firmness and courage does not need bolstering up by such far-fetched evidence.

Again, when on the annexation of the Punjab a Board of Administration was formed for its government, and Mr. John Lawrence, who was then Commissioner of the trans-Sutlej States, which formed a portion of the territory subject to this new body, was called up to a seat in it, his brother, Sir Henry, being President, Colonel Malletson tells us (p. 41) that "he had not asked for a seat at the Board," which is very likely, and also that "he had expressed a desire to be allowed to retain his old post as Commissioner of the trans-Sutlej territory; but he was informed that his services were required for the Punjab, and, with the devotion to duty that characterized him, he submitted." As to this we must observe that, if Mr. Lawrence really showed this coyness to undertake higher responsibilities, it was not in the least like him to do so, and was certainly not a thing to praise. Promotion from lower to higher duties is what every deserving Indian civilian looks forward to as an ordinary course—much more a civilian of

eminent ability, who would certainly prefer a share in directing the administration of a new country to the subordinate part of carrying out as an executive officer the plans of others; while, we suspect, Lord Lawrence himself would be the first to repudiate any claim to exhibiting devotion to duty when "submitting" to receive a higher appointment with higher pay.

As regards Mr. Lawrence's share in the government of the Punjab, first as member of the Board of Administration, afterwards as Chief Commissioner, or, in other words, sole Governor, it would be invidious to say a word in depreciation. But it is only due to others to point out what would hardly be inferred from Colonel Malletson's essay by a reader coming fresh to the subject, that the extraordinary vigour and success of the Government of the Punjab during the first years of the British occupation were due, first to Lord Dalhousie—his penetration in selecting the right men for employment there, in all grades and departments, and the personal attention and vigour he brought to the matter—and next, and mainly, to the great man who was the first head of the local Government. When Mr. John Lawrence succeeded his brother, Sir Henry, four years after the annexation of the country, the unique system of administration which made the Punjab the model province of India had become firmly established, the main difficulties of the task had been overcome, the frontier policy had been carried into force, and the great public works which Colonel Malletson speaks of as having been "nearly completed" during the government of the younger brother were projected and begun. In this successful and original administration the latter held no doubt an active and important share from the first; but we believe the facts in this case to be quite in accordance with the usage which would fairly bestow the main credit for success in any work on those who, being at the head of affairs, are responsible for results; while it may be fairly doubted whether the extraordinary vigour and devotion to duty which characterized the whole body of Punjab officials in those days would have existed in anything like the same degree but for the warm personal attachment towards himself which the great and good Sir Henry Lawrence inspired in all who came in contact with him.

The second essay in the volume is devoted to Sir John Lawrence's action during the mutiny, and it describes clearly and well behaviour which cannot be placed too prominently before the people of England. It would be difficult for any panegyrist to exaggerate the part taken in that crisis by the man to whom, before every one else, so far as it is possible to distribute the respective importance of shares in any complex event, the salvation is due of the British cause in India. In the face of that crisis the hardness which sometimes created needless friction in civil matters found its use, and when all men had to set their backs against the wall together, there was no room for personal prejudice to work. The judgment which did the right thing at the right time; the energy and directness of purpose; above all, the penetration and self-denial which led Sir John Lawrence to denude his province of troops and concentrate all efforts to recover Delhi, risking everything else to carry this point, the one point to be carried—conduct so plainly the best, yet needing so much courage to exhibit—render this government of the Punjab in 1857 one of the finest feats ever achieved by any Englishman. It is a pity, therefore, that Colonel Malletson should overstate even this case, which needed no undue advocacy, by denying that Sir John ever proposed the abandonment of Peshawar and the trans-Indus country. Unfortunately for this assertion, the original correspondence on the subject is published in the second volume of Sir John Kaye's *History of the War*, which appeared the year after this essay was published. But in fact Sir John Lawrence's reputation does not need bolstering up in this fashion; he, if any man, can afford to admit, after the event, that his opinion was mistaken, and probably he would be the first to say that it is fortunate his advice on this (at best) questionable point was not acted upon.

The same criticism must apply to the account given of Lord Lawrence's Viceroyalty. In defending every act of his government during the period, Colonel Malletson appears to be going out of the way to run a tilt against imaginary foes; for the number of those who deny all merit to Lord Lawrence's Indian administration must be very small indeed, and they cannot be worth answering. If you describe in glowing colours everything that a man does, and leave out all reference to what he leaves undone, the picture will be hardly a well-balanced or accurate one, while in thus speaking up to his brief Colonel Malletson gives the Governor-General credit for acts which, good or bad, were not his. Thus, where it is said (p. 196) that he directed the formation in the three Presidencies of Sanitary Commissions, we have to observe that the direction in this case came from the Secretary of State, and it was merely Sir John Lawrence's duty to carry out the instructions he received. We may add that these sanitary commissions received decent burial as soon as the sanitary service which had led to their formation. Colonel Malletson does good service when he explodes the fallacy, if indeed there are any fallacious believers in it, that the late Governor-General was deficient in private liberality; but when he talks about the financial management of this time, he opens up a subject upon which, whatever we think the less that is said the better. If, as we understand, there never was a Governor-General more honest or more economical, it must in fairness be added that he was equally liberal with the public purse, and the so-called liberality of the period appears to have consisted in increasing the public expenditure in every



It is of the Administration ever faster than the constantly increasing income. Colonel Malleon, indeed, talks about an excess of income over expenditure to the extent of six millions during the five years in question, if the "extraordinary expenditure" be deducted—this extraordinary expenditure being incurred for transports, for building the India Office, and various public buildings at Bombay, and for extensive new barracks. If the salaries of all public officials during the same time were to be deducted, as well as the cost of constructing roads, and the interest on guaranteed railways, the surplus would have been still more handsome. If once you begin with the juggle about ordinary and extraordinary expenditure, you may bring out any result you please. We remember to have read something about this kind of finance, and the manipulation of ordinary and extraordinary Budgets, among our neighbours on the other side of the Channel; and so far as we understand the general result of Lord Lawrence's financial administration, it was distinguished by the removal of the Income-tax, which was put on again immediately afterwards, and a general increase of salaries all over the country. Both measures may have been very proper in their way, only their financial aspect is hardly their most commendable. The fact is that of anything like intelligent finance in the proper sense during Lord Lawrence's Viceroyalty there is scarcely a trace perceptible; but it is not given to anybody to excel in everything, and it is no discredit to that distinguished man that he should not have excelled in a branch of government for which his official education had afforded no training.

There is one point more as to which we have to offer a remark. Colonel Malleon speaks (p. 209) of

the unsatisfactory mode in which the cumbrous machine of Governor-General and Council worked during the five years of Sir John Lawrence's incumbency. The fact is, that the Supreme Council requires in the Governor-General rather a master than a colleague. It has, however, been too much the tendency of recent legislation to place the Viceroy and his councillors more on a level of equality.

This extract appears to combine a curiously distorted criticism with a distinct blunder as to facts. As a matter of fact, the relations of the Governor-General to his Council had been entirely unaffected by recent legislation, the law on the subject being in Sir John Lawrence's time precisely what it was in the days of Lord Cornwallis. In reality, the relations between the Governor-General and his Council depend on the man more than on the system. In Lord Dalhousie's time the Council deferred to the Governor-General, in Sir John Lawrence's time the Governor-General deferred to the Council. As to the nature of the machine, it might properly have been termed cumbrous in the days of the former, when all business was disposed of by the collective body, but the appellation is singularly inappropriate at the present time, when each member superintends a separate department, and nine-tenths of the business transacted never goes before the Council at all.

#### THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.\*

THE home love of people born among mountains or by a wild sea-shore is something quite special, and seems to infect even settlers who are not autochthonous. When a man has lived for a few years among the lakes and mountains of the North country or by the rugged Cornish coast, he has generally struck his roots deep into the soil; and he not only loves the place like a native, but is as much interested in the people as if he had known their homely ways and been used to their racy Doric from his earliest years. Perhaps his interest has even a more lively character, novelty lending its spur; and if his tastes lean towards literature and he has nothing else to do, he frequently amuses himself by getting up the whole subject of dialect, traditions, and local customs, till he makes himself as accurate as, and perhaps a great deal more profound than, those who have been born into familiarity and consequent uncritical acceptance. The railroad and the constant influx of visitors it brings are, however, fast destroying all the specialities of by-places. The Dolly Pentreaths and the Jonathan Ottleys—though the two were entirely dissimilar, and have only the common fact of local celebrity to connect them—are giving place, the one to a race of well-mannered, intelligible, be-credlined and be-chignened young Cornish women, who know the latest turns of fashion and the exact worth of money, and whose old creed of generous hospitality is lost in the new one of making a good harvest while the summer lasts and spoiling the Egyptian strangers with a will; while the self-taught men of the stamp of Jonathan Otley are becoming daily more rare as learning is more accessible by all, as travelling is an everyday matter even among the dale-dwellers, and as the education of a boy in accordance with present notions is regarded by parents as a profitable investment, which in time will make a better return than looking to the old ways.

But with much local picturesqueness, and some local virtues, we are bound to add that many local vices are also disappearing. In Cumberland and Westmoreland twenty or thirty years ago there was no more shame in a man's drunkenness, or in an unmarried woman's bearing a child, than if the one were a nobleman and the other a wife. On market nights the most

respectable "staplers" of the district might be seen strolling about the towns, or going home dead-drunk in a cart, with out-cripples on offence. It was thought nothing of; it was a manly weakness, or rather strength of appetite, which had to be allowed for, like the "stap o' blue" in the randy songs of clapping and saving times. But, though drunkenness is still too common "out by yonder," it is decreasing in extent, and a scottish man is not as well looked on as a sober one. "Sittin' up," too, which is, in fact, going to bed with their clothes on, is not now the usual mode of courtship between respectable young people as it was a generation ago; and though we have no statistics before us, we should expect to find the number of illegitimate births lessened of late years, knowing as we do the improvement in public feeling, and the greater delicacy of manners in this respect. "Marry-meets" and "brideweives" have gone, with their coarse fun and questionable manners; they are "bails" now, and wedding-parties, as at other places; in fact, the whole life of the country is becoming tamer if one will, less coloured, less individual, but at the same time with more refinement if with more greed, more ambition of becoming like the rest of the kingdom if with less simple honesty and less sturdy independence. Oatmeal porridge and barley-meal porridge—"kittly slip-douns"—oat-cake, or "havre bread," coarse "Skiddaw-grey coats," "bedgowns," and many other old distinctions of food and clothing have gone with the rest; and the dale-folk now, at least the younger portion of them, dress as bravely in London "farlies" as their betters, and feed the pigs and milk the cows in hats and gowns that are the exact counterparts of those worn by their sisters in London and Liverpool. Even so late as thirty years ago some strange specimens of country "priests" were to be found in the remoter districts—men who, if not quite so fragrant as "t' Uldale priest," who used to go to Oadiback on Saturday nights "stripped to buff," and do his round of fighting like a man, or as old Lancaster of Thornthwaite, who was rarely seen sober, and after whose accidental death, when drunk, it was said that a footless glass and half-emptied bottle of gin were found stowed away beneath the desk of his pulpit, were yet eminently unfitted for their office. But the late Bishop (Percy) set himself to change all that, and required some sort of guarantee for at least decency in the spiritual pastors of the Dales. Odd stories are yet afloat here and there; but Cumberland and Westmoreland, once almost bywords for clerical indecency of habit, are now as correct and well served as any other English rural counties.

Mr. Richardson, of St. John's, Keswick, has just put out a pleasant little book of "Cumberland Talk," which has the advantage of being phonetically as true to the dialect and pronunciation, without being quite so unsightly, as some others. He, however, and Mr. Gibson, whose admirable book on the *Folk Speech of Cumberland* we reviewed some time back, both use accounts which give an un-English and difficult look to their pages; perhaps they are necessary, though the famous *Borrowdale Letter* has none of them, and other writers of the Cumberland dialect have done without them. But then the *Borrowdale Letter* is more crabbed in its spelling than is *Cumberland Talk*. Thus the former spells again "agyn," the latter "agyn"; home is "hyam" with the one, "hæmm" with the other, the *Borrowdale Letter* says "tyu" for too, Mr. Richardson "tau"; and these examples may stand as specimens of the difference in the orthography of the new and old styles; the old using y where the new employs an accent.

There are one or two good stories in Mr. Richardson's little book, though none perhaps so racy as those in Mr. Gibson's. "T' barrin' out" in the St. John's school during "Priest Wilson's" time is, we believe, a local epic quite authentic; the story of "Jemmy Stubbs' Grunstone" we have also heard, but we had forgotten who Jemmy Stubbs was, or, if he was at all; and his whereabouts "at t' boddom o' Skiddaw," if it was there, had also passed from our memory. The "Dalehead Park Boggle" is a well-known tradition; so is the "Armboth Boggle"; and the man would have been exceptionally bold twenty years ago who had braved the unknown terrors of either the one or the other. Perhaps by this time the superstition has disappeared. It is curious to note what kind of boggle this was; no white lady beautiful and mournful, no tricky elf mischievous and frolicsome, no gruesome ghost, no absolute shape at all, but a Germanized Rührhül kind of glamour more than a positive thing, and eminently rustic. "A girt lime an' mowd heap, 'at reah't clean across t' rwoad," that "went up heigher nor t' wo' o' teals side o' t' rwoad, an' slow't doon tull about hofs a yard lwe o't' udder," does not seem a very formidable kind of apparition; though it does pass away when, as the bold daleman says, he "went on tul't, an' thowt I wad set me feht on t' to see what it wa'." Another time, however, the boggle was more terrible, when it showed itself as a fire on the top of the Park, which "lowe't up sec a heat, an' sparks fell i' shoors o' aw sides on't"; but in neither case did it do more harm than "freeten" the narrator, and convince him of its existence.

A few well-known names come in among the narratives. "John Peel in his cwoat seesh gray," who lived over "Irby way," was one of those men of local celebrity who, had they lived in earlier times, would have become to a certain sense

\* *Cumberland Talk*, being Short Talks and Legends of the Dialect, by John Richardson, of St. John's, Keswick; John Gibson, of Carlisle; and G. Coward.

mythic after death. So would the champion wrestlers who used to go to Carlisle and throw all comers, the quarrymen on Homister Orag whose feats of strength sound almost superhuman to the softer Southern, the statesmen who lived as small Homeric kings in their dales; all of whom give a distinctive character to Cumberland and Westmoreland life of which Mr. Richardson might have availed himself more largely than he has done. We have good graphic bits, however. "Willie Cooband an' his Lawsuit" carries us back to the time when the road from Patterdale to Penrith by Ullswater was a rude track, exceedingly dangerous under Styebarrow. "Theer was nobbut just t' brenth of a car hack't oot o' t' cragg feace; an' if owt went ower t' edge it wad gang reet doon into Ullswater, an' waddent be worth laten oot agein," says Willie's biographer. "Auld Fwok an' Auld Times" dwells on that same theme of the bygone, and recalls what the old Lincolnshire farmer complained of, when he confessed that he was fairlie bet with all the whuzzen and the buzzen that was going on in the world, and the earth going round the sun on the top of it. We will give a sample of the old fellow's style:—

I dunnet know what this warld's gaan to git tel' efter a bit, I's seurr, for they gitten mowin' machines, an' reapin' machines, an' threshin' machines, an' sheep-dippin' things, an' I dunnet know what beside. Enny body 'at leaves a few years langer 'll see 'at theer 'ill nowder be mowers, nor shearers, nor soavers, nor owt else 'at's good for owt. Thur machine things come oot yan efter anudder 'at yan gits amakilly teann to them be degrees, or else I've oft thowt 'at if yan o' them auld fellows 'at deat about three scowre year sen could come back noo he wad gang clean crazy.

I wonder what Tim Crostet o' Wantnet wad think if he was to pop up some day, an' could see enny bit anafien thing drivin' away an' whuselen an' mowin' sebben or eight yacker in a day. Tim was yan o' t' best mowers 'at lver was 't this country. He use to mow wi' a sye 'at heid two yords o' edge, an' he could fell fower square yords lvery stroke. He use to tak fower yords o' breed an' a yerd forret lvery bat. Bit, what, theer neah sek fellows as Tim noo-a-days! He was afeen sixteen steann weight, aw beann an' sinny, an' as lish a buck. He could ha' hitch't ower a live bar't yat wi' t' ligger yan hand on t' top on 't, an' theer nut sa memny sixteen steann chaps 'at could deu that.

But would he have said "know"? Would it not have been "knew" or "ken"? And is not "divn't ken" more full-flavoured than even "dunnet know"? We do not always quite agree with Mr. Richardson's formulæ. In the "Barrin' out" he says, "we sidit t' scheull up as weel as we could"; we think the particle is wrongly placed for genuine Cumberland, and should say, "sidit oop t' scheull." But he has excellently true expressions. "An' Cumberland talk 'at's as rough as git oot" is a phrase which every one who knows the dialect will recognize. "His shoan war wholl't beath nibe an' heels" is also good; and there are many words, as "mainly-what"—"They use to mainly-what tak a nag up to trail them to t' edge"; "She was t' girtest as lver owt was," to express pleasure and pride; "It was a gay rough untidy swoart iv a hoose, when yan gat a fair leuk at it" for a rough rambling place—which are characteristically true and natural. As far as it goes, *Cumberland Talk* is good and pleasant; but Mr. Richardson had richer material than he has made use of. Perhaps he will gather up some of the unchronicled traditions still floating about the dales and fell sides, and give us a few more vivid pictures of a once special race, and of their manners, now rapidly passing into undistinguishable conformity with the rest of the world.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE

**M.** FRANK'S new volume\* is an interesting contribution to the history of philosophy, both ethical and metaphysical. It forms a kind of gallery of portraits where the most antagonistic schools are represented, and where, from the middle ages to our own time, typical men find an appropriate place. Pope Sylvester II. opens the list, M. Renouvier closes it. Some of the characters sketched by M. Frank are already so well known that we need not say anything further about them; others are familiar only to persons who make philosophy their peculiar study, and perhaps the general reader who takes up the volume will find himself introduced for the first time to Levi ben Gerson and Pietro Pomponazzi. The former of these thinkers flourished during the fourteenth century, and is considered the greatest philosopher that Judaism can boast of next to Moses Maimonides. Spinoza evidently borrowed largely from his writings, Kepler speaks of him in terms of high commendation, and Pope Clement VI. caused one of his treatises to be translated into Latin. The chief aim of philosophy, according to Levi ben Gerson, as well as to most of his contemporaries, both Jews and Christians, was to reconcile faith with reason, and to show that the teaching of the Scriptures is in perfect harmony with that of Aristotle. So far the Jewish Rabbi differed from Pomponazzi, whose aim, as might be expected from a true Renaissance philosopher, was to establish the claims of reason on a ground of their own. In other respects—as, for instance, when discussing the origin of our ideas, the doctrines of Providence, free-will, prophecy, and miracles—Pomponazzi and Ben Gerson agree almost completely. They represent the transition from scholasticism to independent thought, and occupy in the history of philosophy a place which M. Frank has perhaps been the first to define satisfactorily.

*Souvenirs et Portraits.* Par Ad. Franck, de l'Institut. Paris: Didier.

The thirteenth and last volume of M. Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis*† is another series of portraits which cannot be suffered to pass unnoticed, although some of the chapters included in it are printed here for the third time. It would be a sad thought that the world has now seen the last of the productions of the *omnis*'s versatile brain, were it not for our belief that many of his manuscript notes at present withheld from the public for obvious reasons will one day appear in print. In the mean-while we commend to notice the opening chapter of this volume, as a brief but most interesting piece of autobiography. We know not of course what may be the character of the forthcoming memoir announced from the pen of M. Levallois, but we imagine that several particulars connected with M. Sainte-Beuve's life might easily be extracted from the pages of the psychological novel *Volupté*, which he published about forty years ago. The thirteenth instalment of the *Nouveaux Lundis* contains essays on M. Ampère, Saint-Evremond, and Malherbe, besides the detailed account of General Jomini which has already been published separately, and a few minor fragments.

Under the title *Souvenirs et Portraits*‡ the editors of Lamartine's works have collected a number of autobiographical pieces which possess great interest, but which were entirely lost or *délavés*, as our neighbours would say, in the *Cours de Littérature* which he issued many years since. We remarked some time ago on the scattered materials from which a good memoir of the author of *Jocelyn* might easily be compiled, and we mentioned particularly the very collection which has now, we are glad to observe, been turned to excellent use. The *Cours de Littérature* itself, we always thought, was a failure. It looked too much like the speculation of a man driven to his last resources, and anxious to make money as speedily as he could; scissors and paste did more than half the work; and the only valuable part consisted of the *souvenirs* we are now noticing. The first volume (the whole work is to be completed in three duodecimos) gives us portraits of the public characters with whom Lamartine was acquainted in his youth; Chateaubriand, for instance, the De Maîtres, the society which used to assemble in Madame Récamier's drawing-room at the Abbaye-aux-bois, Talma, &c. In speaking of his intercourse with M. de Genoude, he brings in the striking, though rather repulsive, figure of Lamennais, and gives us many curious details respecting that writer, whose revolutionary tendencies had begun to frighten the Church even at a time when he was still the champion of Ultramontanism.

The numerous originals painted by M. de Lamartine, M. Franck, and M. Sainte-Beuve are well known, and even in the case of those who do not belong to the present generation, or to the one immediately preceding it, we still have the means of gathering from their writings some notion of what they must have been. The case is totally different with the personages crowded together in another gallery to which we would now draw the attention of our readers; we mean La Bruyère's inimitable *chef-d'œuvre*—*Les Caractères et les Mœurs de ce Siècle*.§ The sumptuous edition of that work just published by M. Lemerre affords us an opportunity of saying a few words about one of the most perfect and most amusing of the French classics. Here, too, we have to deal with a series of portraits; but who will venture to identify the Ménalques, the Théobaldes, the Onuphres, the Orontes, immortalized by La Bruyère? Solutions have often been suggested, and keys invented, all to no purpose. Yet it matters very little, we think, whether Ménalque was really the Marquis de Brancas, and Cliton "le gros Givry"; the essential quality of delineations like these is that they should supply correct representations of human nature, and not grotesque and impossible caricatures. One of the great merits of the French Theophrastus is that he never-yields to the temptation of exaggerating his sketches, and of *frapper fort* under the pretext of *frapper juste*. The best way of illustrating this remark is to take Balzac's description of the miser, as exemplified in his *Père Goriot*, or Jules Janin's character of the Bibliomaniac, and to compare either of these pieces with any of La Bruyère's portraits. The difference will be immediately perceptible. M. Charles Asselineau's notes, which terminate the second volume, show that he has studied profitably not only the old commentators, but also the recent ones, such as M. Edouard Fournier and M. Gustave Servois; and his analytical table is very useful. The only poor feature in this excellently edited work is the etching which professes to give us the likeness of La Bruyère; it seems to us a slovenly performance.

M. Lemerre's collection of French standard works is prepared on a rather extensive scale; it includes not only the authors generally acknowledged as classics, but also some of the most distinguished representatives of the Renaissance school. Thus we are informed that Agrippa d'Aubigné's vigorous and interesting productions are to appear in this series, and likewise the various members of the "Pléiade" who, under Ronsard's guidance, endeavoured three hundred years ago to reform the French language by casting it afresh in the mould of Greek and Latin antiquity. Two specimens of this new "*bibliothèque de nos aïeux*" are now before us. Let us first say a few words about Olivier

\* *Nouveaux Lundis.* Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Vol. 13. Paris: Lefevre.

† *Souvenirs et Portraits.* Par M. de Lamartine. Vol. 1. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Les Caractères et les Mœurs de ce Siècle.* Par La Bruyère; édition nouvelle revue et corrigée par son éditeur M. Lemerre. Paris: Lemerre.

de Magny and his *Gaistes*.\* As the new editor remarks in his preface, Olivier did not officially form part of the "Fleud," but he was intimately connected with most of its members, and the true poetical genius which he displayed entitled him to a place amongst them far above that held by certain writers whose works were universally known and often extravagantly admired. The "gaistes" bear marks of that affectation, that *signoriserie*, which is so peculiarly characteristic of Ronsard and his followers; but they are worth reading, both from a philological and from a biographical point of view. The title they bear has misled many critics, and procured for them a reputation of licentiousness which they do not altogether deserve. Most of the pieces included in the collection may be regarded as historical documents illustrating the literary annals of the sixteenth century.

Jacques Tahureau, *gentilhomme du Mans*, is another remarkable writer belonging to the same epoch. His dialogues, carefully edited by M. F. Conscience†, are a satire directed against the vices of a nation which had allowed itself to be corrupted by the influence of Catherine de Medicis. The variety of subjects discussed in these colloquies reminds us at first of Montaigne's essays; but the author, instead of confining himself to general remarks, draws striking portraits of the persons by whom he is surrounded, and thus challenges a comparison rather with the *Satire Ménippée* and the *Dictionnaire des Précieuses*. The dialogues—two in number—are followed by a glossary.

Mlle. Clarisse Bader goes on with her history of the fair sex. After having studied her subject on the banks of the Ganges, and devoted a second volume to a survey of what the Old Testament tells us about the condition of women, she now takes us to ancient Greece‡, and endeavours to collect from the writings of Homer, the dramatists, the historians, and the monuments which crowd our museums, a few trustworthy data as to the domestic life of the old Hellenes. From a hint thrown out in one of the foot-notes we gather that she has had the benefit of M. Egger's advice and assistance in the composition of her book; she has certainly made the best use of this valuable help, and her reading seems to us as judicious as it is extensive.

The *Chanson de Roland* §, which has so long been erroneously ascribed to a *trouvère* of the name of Thurold of Théroalde, has already been edited several times, but never with the care, the learning, and the completeness displayed by M. Léon Gautier in the magnificent publication now before us. M. Francisque Michel was the first to draw general attention to the old poem which forms, so to say, the centre of all the romances composed on the subject of Charlemagne and his Court. M. Génin came next, and his edition, printed at the expense of the French Government, deserves mention here. Unfortunately, he too often committed himself to statements which were either historically or philosophically wrong, and he allowed his imagination to lead him astray. M. Sainte-Beuve said somewhere of him:—"C'est quand il est en pleines broussailles philologiques qu'il se met le plus à scintiller." This is perfectly true, and for a writer who professes to deal with subjects of mere erudition we know of no severer condemnation. It would be poor praise indeed to say that M. Gautier's *Chanson de Roland* is better than M. Génin's; unless some fortunate antiquary should one day happen to discover the missing manuscript of the poem which belonged in former days to the library of Peterborough Cathedral, we do not know what more can be done on behalf of the old *chanson-de-geste*. M. Gautier's edition comprises two large octavo volumes and a quarto supplement. In the first volume we have two hundred pages of *prolegomena*, giving a full account of all the circumstances connected with the origin, composition, authorship, and historical importance of the poem. We then have the text itself, accompanied by a translation in modern French, and illustrated by thirteen etchings. The second volume contains notes, various readings, a glossary, and a table. In the supplement we find a revised edition of the original, with corrections and emendations. It is singular that the best manuscript of the *Chanson de Roland* should be preserved in the Bodleian Library, and the fact that M. Gautier has now published a really critical edition of it ought to recommend his volumes more particularly to English readers.

The French generals who took part in the late war are naturally anxious to vindicate their reputation as military men against the criticisms to which it has been exposed, and to explain how plans of defence, laboriously discussed and deliberately adopted, failed so completely when they came to be applied. We have had already the narratives of General Chanzy and Faidherbe; now it is the turn of General d'Aurelle de Paladines. It will be remembered perhaps that M. de Freycinet, the delegate of the Minister of War, published some time ago a volume in which he endeavoured to apologise for the administrative acts

of the Tours Committee. He showed what were the available resources of the country at the time when the Committee attempted to organise a system of national defence, and in explaining why, notwithstanding some partial successes, the final result was so deplorable, he tried to lay the fault upon the want of discipline of the soldiers and the incapacity of the generals. As for the former of these accusations, we have already seen that the Republican agitators did all they could during the reign of Napoleon III. to excite a spirit of insubordination among the troops; as for the latter, General d'Aurelle de Paladines has, we think, successfully refuted it, and he has moreover criticised with deserved severity the conduct of the Tours delegation. It seems to us clear that the affair of Beaune-la-Rolande, and the rout at Orléans on the 4th of December, are ascribable to the Minister of War; the disastrous expedition of General Bourbaki in the Eastern departments was also an idea of M. de Freycinet. General d'Aurelle de Paladines has completed his interesting volume by the addition of numerous documents and excellent maps.

M. Edgar Bourlouton\* has been a prisoner of war in Germany. Instead of idling his time, like some of his fellow-sufferers, and brooding over disasters which he could not have prevented, he very wisely set to work to study as accurately as he could the nation whose energy had struck so severe a blow at the military reputation of France, and, "with an impartiality against which his patriotism vainly protested" (we quote M. Bourlouton's own words), he determined to find out why the Germans had been able to arrive at "freedom without revolution, and at equality without the intervention of the guillotine," whilst obtaining extraordinary political influence abroad. The volume before us is, on a small scale, a very complete and satisfactory account of the moral, religious, intellectual, political, and commercial state of Germany. M. Bourlouton judiciously recommends his fellow-countrymen to advance in the direction which their neighbours on the other side of the Rhine are following, if they would arrive at the same degree of prosperity. The campaign of 1870 is only a retaliation for the wrongs of 1806; but the French forget this, and, whilst declaiming against the cruelties of the Prussian soldiers, they are too apt to slur over the humiliation of Jena.

Scientific publications have not been so numerous this month as usual; but still we have a few items to notice. M. Louis Figuier, abandoning hazardous speculations about the state of man after death, has wisely returned to the task which he discharged so well—namely, that of a popular teacher and expounder of scientific doctrines. The fifteenth volume of the *Année scientifique et industrielle* † embraces the facts and discoveries which came to light during the first six months of 1870, and the last half of the following year. It would be a mistake to suppose that the terrible events of the late war arrested all scientific progress; the necessity of preparing the best means of offensive and defensive warfare, of multiplying to the greatest possible extent the means of giving surgical assistance to the wounded, and of providing for the comforts of large armies, has, on the contrary, told very conspicuously upon the development of applied science, and almost every section of M. Figuier's book treats of discoveries or improvements made with the view of minimizing the unfavourable chances of a military expedition. A distinct chapter is reserved as usual for the *comptes-rendus* both of the Academy and of other learned associations, and brief biographical sketches of savants lately deceased terminate the volume.

M. Dieulafoy, author of a recent instalment of the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles* ‡, has written a useful and accurate little volume on the various questions connected with precious stones. He begins by giving us a physical account of these substances; he tells us under what geological conditions they are found, and how they are affected by heat, light, and electricity. The ancients and the philosophers of the middle ages entertained the most absurd views about the nature and properties of precious stones. Some of these are noticed by M. Dieulafoy, after which, passing on to the domains of reality, he examines successively all the gems which nature produces, their mode of crystallization, their elements, &c. The artificial manufacture of diamonds and other stones is next considered, together with the means of distinguishing the true from the false; a section is reserved for a brief notice of the manner in which precious stones are cut, mounted, and engraved; and the whole concludes with a tabular summary of the facts enumerated by the author. A hundred and thirty vignettes illustrate the letterpress, not one of them, M. Dieulafoy assures us, being *une gravure de fantaisie*. On such a subject rigorous truthfulness is absolutely indispensable.

To the same class of books belongs M. Millet's *Merveilles des fleuves et des ruisseaux* §. It includes under its comprehensive title an account not only of hydrographical marvels, but of fishes, fresh-water beetles, and other insects, birds which build their nests on the banks of streams, &c.

\* *Les Gaistes d'Olivier de Magny*; texte original avec notes. Par E. Courbet. Paris: Lemerre.

† *Les Dialogues de Jacques Tahureau, gentilhomme du Mans*; avec notes et index. Par F. Conscience. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *Le Femme grecque; étude de la vie antique*. Par Mlle. Clarisse Bader. Paris: Didier.

§ *La Chanson de Roland*; texte critique, avec introduction, notes, etc. Par M. Léon Gautier. Tours: Mame.

¶ *La Première Armée de la Loire*. Par le général d'Aurelle de Paladines. Paris: Fleud.

\* *L'Allemagne contemporaine*. Par Edgar Bourlouton. Paris: Germer Baillière.

† *L'Année scientifique et industrielle*. Par Louis Figuier. 15<sup>e</sup> année. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Diamants et Pierres précieuses (Bibliothèque des Merveilles)*. Par Louis Dieulafoy. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Les Merveilles des fleuves et des ruisseaux*. Par C. Millet. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

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## PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

PRINCE BISMARCK is fighting his great fight against the enemies of the German Empire with all his wonted energy and resolution. But he makes no attempt to conceal from himself or the world that he has a very difficult task before him. It might be thought that the Prince could have little difficulty with the King of PRUSSIA or with a Prussian Parliament in defending against all adversaries the great prize which it has cost Prussia so much to win, and that the KING especially would be the last man to take any course that could be prejudicial to the German EMPIRE. And yet the Bill for placing the inspection of schools in the hands of State officials, and taking it out of the hands of the clergy, only passed through the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament by a majority of twenty-six; its passage through the Upper House is exceedingly doubtful; the KING is at best very lukewarm in its favour, and the QUEEN is dead against it. The cause of all this opposition is very simple. The Ultramontane clergy are using their influence in the schools to thwart and, if possible, to break up the German Empire. Prince BISMARCK wishes to baffle their action by placing Catholic schools under State inspection. But Prussia is a land of religious equality. What is done to one sect must be done to all. Consequently, if the clergy of Catholic schools are deprived of the control of those schools, the Protestant clergy must equally be deprived of the control over their schools. There may possibly be some disaffection to Prussia among a fraction of the Hanoverian Protestant clergy, but the Protestant clergy of Prussia generally have no more wish to break up the German Empire than they have to bring the POPE to Berlin. And yet, because their theological enemies are using the control of the clergy over schools for purposes which the Protestant clergy regard with aversion, the Protestant clergy are to be ousted from the control of their schools. This would be, in their view, to give a very unfair and very unwise advantage to non-religious teaching in Germany. Exactly the same thing, it may be remembered, has for many years been going on in Ireland, where extreme Catholics and extreme Protestants have been equally hostile to the national system. The Pietist party in Prussia, as it is called, thus regards the measure proposed by Prince BISMARCK as hostile to it, and thinks that this hostility is entirely undeserved on its part. This party is very strong in the Prussian Upper House, the QUEEN is devoted to it, and the KING has always maintained very cordial relations with it. A party so powerful and so highly favoured does not like to see itself sacrificed on account of the faults of other people, and therefore it objects to Prince BISMARCK's Bill. There seems to be no doubt that it is sufficiently strong in the Upper House to throw out the Bill if it acts in conjunction with the Catholics, but it may give way at the last moment rather than run the great risk of depriving the KING of the services of Prince BISMARCK, and of giving a triumph to the enemies of Germany.

It is certain that Prince BISMARCK would not confront such an opposition, risk his whole political position, and thwart the wishes of the Court, unless he was thoroughly convinced that the point for which he is contending is of overwhelming importance. Why is it so important he avows without the slightest disguise. In the speech he has made this week in the Upper House, he has drawn attention to the fact that in old days there used to be no religious difficulties in Prussia. There was no antagonism with its position, and the State and the clergy were in harmony with each other. Why has this happy state of things been lost? The answer may be given in two words. Prussia has humiliated the Pope, and thus alienated the Catholics of the Continent, and thus alienated the

seeking to avenge themselves by creating divisions in her midst. The miserable war of 1870 was in a great measure undertaken by France because the EMPEROR was pressed to risk everything against his better judgment by a clique who saw in the anticipated defeat of Prussia an Ultramontane victory. The victories of Prussia cost the POPE his temporal power, and gave the various schools of politicians opposed to the Papacy all the ascendancy of success. The sword of the flesh is for the moment lost to the POPE, and it is Prussia that has wrenched it out of his hands. If the POPE and his friends look round and see how they may regain what they have lost, they find that it is the German Empire that in every direction stands in their way. France might like to help them, but the heavy heel of the German is on the neck of France. Italy may be menaced and plotted against, but Italy goes on its way rejoicing, for the German Empire is its ally. Austria has as much as she can possibly do to hold her own, and in the hour of need she must lean on the German Empire for support. Theoretically there is of course no reason why the POPE should want the sword of temporal sovereignty to back his claims. Prince BISMARCK declares that with the merely spiritual claims of the POPE he has nothing to do. Catholics may, for all he cares, be good Catholics after such fashion as may please them. But all this is only theoretical. In real life it makes an immense difference what is the relation of the State to the Church, and if the State is the obedient instrument of the Church the spiritual power of the Church is immensely increased. To shut out all other forms of belief is the aim of every zealous ecclesiastical body, and this can only be done by the State placing its forces at the disposal of the Church. So long as great States like France and Austria were in a large measure controlled by the Church, it was not intolerable that the Church should be content with a bare position of equality in Prussia. But now that France and Austria are, for the moment at least, overshadowed by the German Empire, the notion of the State being used by the Church as its minister seems likely to die out of the minds of men. To avert this very probable phase of opinion it is in the eyes of Ultramontanes indispensable that, before the battle is wholly lost, the German Empire should be broken up; and they are therefore doing their utmost to bring about this chief aim of their endeavours, while Prince BISMARCK is doing his utmost to disappoint them.

The Ultramontane party have several modes of conducting their attack. They ally themselves with the Separatist party in North Germany. They strive to increase the disaffection of the South German Catholics. They manipulate the elections in the Rhenish provinces. They have even gone so far, Prince BISMARCK declares, as to agitate in favour of France. This certainly seems a strong measure if it is German priests who are addressing Germans, as Prince BISMARCK's words in the telegraphic summary would seem to imply. But it is not wholly unintelligible that the Ultramontanes should remind their more devoted adherents that France is, from an ecclesiastical point of view, their friend, and ought not to be pressed too hardly. France is to some extent suffering now for the misadventures of the Republican leaders of the 4th of September rather than for the faults of the EMPEROR, and it may sound a plausible theory to willing listeners that the part of the punishment of France which may be ascribed to the errors of the enemies of the Church should be omitted in dealing with a Power which is ready to be the friend and ally of the Church as soon as it can. But the great field of Ultramontane activity is Prussian Poland. They see there a fine opportunity of striking a blow deep into the side of the German Empire. They have been preparing the ground there with great care for many years. The late

Prussian Minister of Public Instruction was a great ally of theirs, and in order to promote the views of the Pietist party, to which he belonged, allowed very free action to the clergy generally, including the Catholic clergy of Poland. In order to keep their flocks free from the taint of Germanism, the Polish clergy have tried to confine the knowledge of the schoolchildren in Poland to Polish only, and whole villages which used to speak German have ceased to speak it. The idea of a Polish nationality, distinct in religion and language from Germany, is sedulously kept alive, and preparations are being quietly made for a great political stroke. Russia is trying to convince the Poles that it is entirely impossible they should ever be again an independent nation. They have only the choice between being Russianized and being Germanized, and they are urged to notice how much better it is for them to be Russians than Germans. The heads of the great Polish families in exile are said to be deaf to this appeal, and to maintain undiminished their deep distrust of Russia; but the appeal has not been without effect in humbler quarters. Russia is the only Power that, so far as can be seen at present, would have the slightest chance of opposing successfully the German Empire in arms, and Russia would start with a great advantage if Russian Poland was not only heartily with it, but would have a good chance of drawing Prussian Poland to follow in its steps. On the other hand, if the Papal party rendered, or contributed to render, this signal service to Russia, it might reasonably hope to make excellent terms for the Polish members of its religion. Russia and Ultramontaniam may be brought to work together, because each party has something to give which the other wants. This is no trifling or imaginary political danger, and it is not therefore surprising that Prince Bismarck should use his utmost influence, and boldly warn his countrymen in time, so that this danger may be warded off before it assumes more serious proportions than it presents as yet.

#### THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE PUBLIC BUSINESS.

THE Duke of Richmond lately renewed the periodical complaint of the unequal distribution of business between the two Houses of Parliament. The House of Lords has sometimes scarcely anything to do before Easter, and in the latter part of the Session its work is inconveniently crowded. Lord GRANVILLE could not dispute the Duke of Richmond's statements, but, as he justly remarked, a complaint which has been repeated during fifty years indicates an intrinsic difficulty in the removal of the alleged grievance. Lord SALISBURY suggested a novel and questionable plan of introducing Bills simultaneously in both Houses, but it is highly improbable that so anomalous a contrivance should be adopted. One obvious inconvenience would arise from the inevitable reference which would be made in either House to the debates which might be concurrently proceeding in the other, and in many instances the entire discussion would be terminated and rendered useless by a division in another Assembly. It is not desirable that measures which are doomed to defeat in the House of Commons should be passed by the House of Lords, and in many instances promoters, though they may have no hope of carrying their Bills through the House of Lords, are reasonably anxious to obtain and place on record the approval of the House of Commons. There are already too many facilities for collision between the two Houses, and the number would be greatly increased by the practice which Lord SALISBURY proposes. Lord GREY recommended a more modest innovation in the form of a Standing Order, by which the House of Commons should reserve to the ensuing Session the transmission to the House of Lords of a Bill which the peers would otherwise not be able fully to discuss. In the next Session, under Lord GERRARD's plan, a single vote taken without debate would suffice to send the Bill at once up to the House of Lords. It is scarcely worth while to discuss a project, however ingenious or equitable, which will never be approved by the House of Commons. The Lower House is not disposed to increase the power of the House of Lords by giving it a larger share in legislation. If the proposed Standing Order had been in force during the last three years, neither the Irish Church Bill nor the Irish Land Bill would have become law in the Sessions in which those measures were respectively introduced. The opponents of the Government in the House of Lords would have announced that there had not been sufficient opportunity of discussion, and they would have contended that the Standing Order dispensed with any necessity for pressure. In such cases the business would have been occupied with a trouble-

some agitation, and the great majority of the House of Commons would have been baffled and irritated. The complaint that the House of Lords has not sufficient time for discussion is not unfrequently exaggerated. The previous debates in the House of Commons have for the most part reduced the controversy to its essential issues; and the peers have the laudable habit of confining their debates within moderate limits. The rejection of the Ballot Bill was not attributable to any want of time for examining or amending its detailed provisions. The measure might perhaps be essentially faulty; but it was not the proper business of the House of Lords, even if a majority had been favourable to the principle of the Bill, to elaborate the machinery of elections. The suspension of the Army Purchase Bill was founded on the alleged incompleteness of the measure, and not on the late period at which it was introduced into the House of Lords.

Lord SALISBURY remarked that the HOME SECRETARY was unwilling to allow the Bills relating to his department to be introduced where he could himself have no opportunity of explaining them; but even if the Home Office were, as in the days of Lord LANSDOWNE or Lord MELBOURNE, administered by a peer, it would still be necessary to introduce contentious matters in the House of Commons. Since the first Reform Bill no Government has commanded a majority in the House of Lords, except during periods which collectively amount to less than a fourth of the interval. As all important legislation has gradually fallen into the hands of the Executive Government, it is unreasonable to expect that Liberal Ministers should produce measures to be rejected or remodelled by an adverse Assembly. Lord HALIFAX mentioned the case of a Scotch Education Bill which, after being largely altered by the House of Lords, was restored to its original shape by the Commons, and ultimately defeated when it was returned to the House of Lords. If similar experiments were repeated, they would often be followed by the same results; and it is not convenient that the Minister in charge of a Bill should be compelled to inform the House of Commons that he disapproves of some of its material provisions. It is indeed agreed on all hands that party measures should be first introduced in the House of Commons; but it becomes more and more difficult to distinguish between different kinds of legislation. It would have been impossible to foresee that the Contagious Diseases Act, providing merely sanitary regulations, would furnish a pretext for a popular and unscrupulous agitation. If the measure had originated in the House of Lords, the male and female agitators who have frightened the Government into submission would not have failed to denounce the peers as the enemies of freedom. It was said in the course of the discussion that the duty of the Upper House is rather to revise than to initiate legislation. There is no objection to a theory which, although it may conflict with constitutional doctrine, corresponds to practice and to the actual relation between the two Houses. The more powerful body necessarily takes the initiative, and the less ambitious function of revision devolves on the weaker branch of the Legislature. If the House of Lords wishes for a larger share in the conduct of business, it must accustom itself to support Lord GRANVILLE or any other Minister who may succeed him. A friendly majority would often strengthen the hands of the Government by a careful supervision of the details of a measure; but in any case it would be necessary to avoid any action which could excite the jealousy of the House of Commons, and the large class of Bills which involve questions of money would not be within the competence of the House of Lords.

The most important of the remaining legislative functions of the House of Lords are those which relate to the amendment of the law. The subject is withdrawn from the region of party by the inability of laymen to interfere in the special province of lawyers. The House of Commons has little capacity or inclination for dealing with schemes of law reform; and those of its members who understand the subject best are for the most part overwhelmed with professional engagements. The law lords have learning, experience, and leisure, and they are for the most part entirely disinterested. The differences of opinion which arise among them seldom coincide with party distinctions; nor are the professed supporters of the Government always the most easily satisfied with the proposals of its legal members. The Bills which the Home Office has undertaken to introduce for the constitution of a High Court of Judicature and a Court of Appeal will probably be founded on the Report of a Committee of which Lord CARRINGTON was a leading member; and the amendments which may be expected from Lord WILSON will not be hampered by any excessive partiality to a Liberal Government. Although it is by a kind of accident that the House

of Lords has become charged with the amendment of the law, the lay members will be well advised in assisting to the utmost of their power the efforts of their professional colleagues. Practical services rendered to the community will outweigh theoretical arguments against hereditary legislation. Many of the powers and qualifications of all Assemblies, Governments, and other constituted authorities have been accidentally acquired. The House of Lords owes its existence to the fact that its original members were, independently of any legal or corporate privileges, the most powerful persons in the country. As other classes have gradually become important, the House of Lords has in some degree changed its character; but it still includes a large proportion of the leaders of social life, and as long as other institutions remained unchanged, its members would lose scarcely any of the power which they possess if they ceased to form a branch of the Legislature. It is perfectly natural that the most energetic of the peers should chafe at the restraints which are imposed on their conscious ability to serve the country; but when their chances of office and their numerous opportunities of exercising influence are taken into calculation, they have little reason to complain of disabilities which are inseparable from their position. Occasional remonstrances against the enforced inaction of the House in the earlier part of the Session only give occasion for demonstrations that the arrangement of business is natural and inevitable. In the present year there is reason to suppose that the peers will have abundant opportunity of discussing the Ballot Bill; and it may be hoped that they will not be tempted into any rash exercise of power. Their most prudent leaders will undoubtedly deprecate any attempt to overrule the deliberate and repeated decision of the House of Commons. According to the rules of political action, the Opposition in the House of Lords is bound to act in concert with the representatives of the party in the House of Commons; and neither Mr. DISRAELI nor his principal allies have thought it expedient to attempt to defeat the measure. Many peers disapprove of secret voting; and some of them may doubt whether the country at large really cares for a change which has after many years received the unanimous support of the Liberal party; but it is not desirable to shift the issue to a contest between the two Houses on a matter which directly and primarily affects only the constitution of the House of Commons.

#### THE ATTACK ON THE EDUCATION ACT.

MR. DIXON and Mr. RICHARD between them made the most of the case against the Education Act. The division of labour between the first two speakers undoubtedly saved the time of the House, and it had the further result—not perhaps foreseen by either mover or seconder—of showing that after all Mr. DIXON does not attach much value to the argument against the 25th clause which alone has given any real strength to the assault. "If," he said, "I have at various times denounced the large building grants that have arisen out of the period of grace, the increase—nearly fifty per cent.—of the annual grants to the public elementary schools, and the payment of fees to Denominational schools, it is not because I think those measures have affected the question of religious equality." Mr. DIXON may have other reasons for disliking these features in the Act; but his motion would certainly not have obtained ninety-four votes had the theoretical objections on which he dwelt in his speech been all that were entertained by his supporters. The agitation against the 25th clause of the Act is a sectarian agitation or it is nothing. The only excuse for the language that has been used against Mr. FORSTER, and for the ostentatious martyrdom courted by several of the agitators, is that they have persuaded themselves that the principle of religious equality is somehow at stake. A man would not refuse to pay a school rate because he thought that by the adoption of a different machinery a better school might be obtained for the same money. He would do his best to get the Act altered, but in the interval he would go on paying cheerfully for such a school as it gave him. When therefore Mr. DIXON dissociates himself to some extent from the Nonconformist opposition to the Act, he weakens to that extent his own case. If his dislike to the Act were based on religious principle, he would of course be bound to oppose it in season and out of season; but, if he merely thinks it imperfect and timid, he is surely bound, after it has been welcomed by so many genuine friends of education, and has been passed by such large Parliamentary majorities, to wait until the event has justified his forebodings before endeavouring to

throw the country back into the educational chaos which existed before 1870.

Mr. DENNIS's condemnation of the Education Act reduces itself to this—that it allows the Denominational system to coexist with a National system. Against this permission he urges three principal objections—first, that under the Denominational system the spending of large amounts of public money is entrusted to irresponsible managers; secondly, that the Denominational system creates dissatisfaction in the teachers; and, thirdly, that large as the sum entrusted to irresponsible managers is, it is still totally insufficient for the purpose in view. Let us assume that these three charges are true, and see how far they support the inference Mr. DIXON draws from them. By irresponsible managers is meant managers appointed by the subscribers to the school fund, and not by the ratepayers of the district. If Mr. DIXON's desire were simply to see the money entrusted to school managers spent as grudgingly as possible, his preference for ratepayers over voluntary subscribers would be quite intelligible. But this is not his object. He has a genuine zeal for education, though not, as it seems to us, a zeal according to knowledge, and he hopes to see a time when the amount of expenditure on schools and schoolmasters will be very much greater than it is now. Mr. DIXON's theory, we suppose, is that the ratepayers will be anxious to make their school a thoroughly good one, while the subscribers will be content so long as the religion they themselves profess is taught in the school. According to this view, Denominational zeal for the secular part of education is altogether feigned. The clergy and such of the laity as subscribe to Church schools are in their hearts indifferent to the children learning arithmetic or geography; all they care for is that they shall be taught the Church Catechism. This theory is opposed to a large number of recorded facts. One of the causes which did most to produce the Revised Code was the eagerness of voluntary school managers to carry children further in secular subjects than it was possible for them to go with profit in the short time they were at school. Mr. DIXON speaks as though the importance attached to the three R's in English elementary schools were attributable to the Denominational system. The truth is, that the prominence now given to the rudiments is due to a victory of the Educational Department over the Denominationalists. The clergy were more ambitious than "My Lords," and in their desire to push forward a few clever children, they too much neglected the many backward children. If Mr. DIXON expects that a School Board in a rural district will have a higher ideal of education than the parson and his friends, he is certain to be terribly disappointed. The difference between the two, left to themselves, would be that the latter might neglect the rudiments in the supposed interest of more advanced studies, while the former would neglect them in the supposed interest of economy. Under the Education Act, however, neither are left to themselves. Both are subjected to the same check, and provided with the same inducements. Both have to submit to Government inspection. Both hope to obtain a Government grant, dependent on the results of that inspection. We contend therefore that, even if the managers of voluntary schools were fairly chargeable with being content with giving the minimum of secular instruction which will entitle them to a share in the Parliamentary grant, they are no worse in this respect than the majority of managers elected by the ratepayers, and that in the latter case, at least as much as in the former, the only real security against acquiescence in this low standard will be the supervision of the Education Department. And, supposing the two sets of managers to stand on the same footing in this respect, the Denominational system has the advantage of giving the public a large amount of money, freely contributed for educational purposes, in place of leaving the whole sum required to be wrung from careless or hostile local authorities.

The complaint of the schoolmasters, which forms the second head of Mr. DIXON's case, is twofold; that they are dependent, and that they are badly paid. They are the servants, they say, of the clergy, or, as one of them told Mr. DIXON, they are "anything between a gravedigger and a parson." All, however, that this grievance amounts to is that schoolmasters are the servants of those who appoint them—a painful position possibly, but one not peculiar to schoolmasters; nor, unless Mr. DIXON proposes to make schoolmasters irremovable by School Boards, will such of them as may hereafter exchange dependence on the clergy for dependence on the representatives of the ratepayers have any cause to congratulate themselves. They may no longer be anything between a gravedigger and a parson, but they will not gain much by becoming anything

between a beadle and an Inspector of Nuisances. If they hope to get a larger salary, their calculations are equally faulty. It is not probable that the Education Department will so far interfere with the scholastic labour market as to fix a minimum standard of pay for schoolmasters, and without this a School Board composed of small farmers will hardly pay their teachers better than the clergy have done. Nor is it clear how they would have the means to do so even if they wished it. Mr. Dixon expressly exempts the managers of voluntary schools from the charge of wilfully underpaying schoolmasters, and indeed it must be obvious that in the prospect of an increased Government grant they have a strong inducement to get as good a man for the post as they can command. The reason why the salary of the teacher is too low is that the school fund is insufficient for the burdens laid upon it. But Mr. Dixon can hardly suppose that ratepayers will necessarily be more liberal than voluntary subscribers. The Education Department will have power to prescribe certain necessary outlays, but it will not be able to insist upon a poor and unwilling parish bringing its school up to a level which, as Mr. Dixon sorrowfully admits, has not yet been reached by the most successful schools in England. Whatever force there is in the argument derived from the present insufficiency of school funds tells against the universal substitution of rate-supported for voluntary schools. As Mr. Forster said on Tuesday, the parson and the squire "will very often manage schools in a country district more liberally, and make them more efficient, than would the recalcitrant farmers who are forced to pay the rate."

There is no need to criticize Mr. Richard's speech at any length, because the Nonconformist objections to the Education Act have again and again been considered in this journal. Mr. Richard repeats the assertion that to pay Denominational school managers for giving secular instruction is the same thing as subsidizing schools. If so, to buy gas from private gas works set up for the supply of a church would be subsidizing the Establishment. We question, however, whether the most rigid Dissenter would scruple at lighting his shop or his chapel from this source if it happened to be more convenient than manufacturing gas for himself. Mr. Richard's general charge, that the Education Act makes use of machinery supplied by the Church of England for the diffusion of elementary education, may be disposed of by the admission that it is true. The machinery was there, and, being there, it would have been folly, and worse than folly, in the authors of the Act not to make use of it. They were bound to take care that this machinery was not abused to purposes of proselytism, and this they believe has been done by a time-table conscience clause. If this precaution can be shown to be insufficient, if it can be proved that children are subjected, directly or indirectly, to religious teaching of which their parents disapprove, and that the Education Act provides no real redress, and no effective means of preventing a recurrence of the evil, then no doubt the machinery supplied by the Church of England must be cast aside. Till then, to rely solely on rates, to the exclusion of an existing denominational zeal, would be deliberately to ignore an auxiliary of immense value.

But little was said on Tuesday as to the feature in the Education Act which is really most open to criticism. The agitation against the 25th clause has thrown into the background the objection against the permission to teach religion in School Board schools. Judging from the small minority which Mr. AUBERON HERBERT found to support him on Thursday in condemning the similar permission contained in the Scotch Education Act, Mr. RICHARD was well advised in passing lightly over this portion of his brief. The doubts we expressed in 1870 upon the working of this provision in the English Act have not been removed by anything that has happened since; but in Scotland, where the voluntary machinery for teaching religion is far less complete than in England, the argument for allowing the community to do so if it chooses, subject to adequate provisions for protecting the rights of minorities, is of course proportionately stronger.

#### THE TICHBORNE CASE.

THE TICHBORNE Case has come to an end at last, abruptly, but not unexpectedly. It is true that the Claimant was cheered by the crowd outside the Court up to Friday last, but this probably expressed the popular appreciation of the audacity of his persistence rather than faith in his case. The Tichborne Bonds never recovered the shock which they received from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's able and exhaustive speech. A careful examination of the plaintiff's own evidence

showed that he had utterly failed to make good his claim. The burden of proof was upon him, and he broke down under it. It would have been monstrous if the title and estates of an ancient family could have been carried off on such flimsy and insufficient testimony as was offered on his behalf. On Monday the Claimant called a meeting of his backers, which was interrupted by a message that the Jury had suggested that the case should be stopped. As, one by one, his supporters withdrew, he was heard to be repeating, "All will be settled on Wednesday," and on Wednesday night he was lodged in Newgate, on the Judge's warrant for perjury. Whether he is a perjurer or not we will not say. He is unquestionably, as far as the evidence goes, an impostor, but perhaps he is a monomaniac. The mad doctors have another glorious opportunity of vindicating the innocence of crime, and although THOMAS CASTRO is not a murderer, his wickedness is not to be disparaged. His attempt to seize upon the name and estates of the TICHBORNES, and to stab the reputation of at least one of the members of that family in the most cruel and infamous manner, was in its way quite as bad as any murder. Some worthy people seem to have been rather startled, and perhaps shocked, when the ATTORNEY-GENERAL sought out a few strong words in order to describe the Claimant; but it is clear that either he is ROGER TICHBORNE or what Sir JOHN COLERIDGE described him as being; and it had become necessary that this issue should be set forth very plainly and distinctly. In most civil suits there is no villany on either side, but only prejudice or misapprehension; and there is usually a point at which a compromise is possible. But in this instance there was no room for any middle course. A feeling of misplaced sympathy and false tenderness for the Claimant had apparently taken possession even of some of those who did not believe in him; and there was a disposition to give him the benefit of any doubt, whereas justice and common sense alike required that this benefit should go to the other side. We do not mean to say that the jury were subject to this feeling, but it was conspicuous in the remarks which were made on the subject in society; and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who had no other means of gauging the sentiments of the jury, was bound to clear it away, if possible. Whether the Claimant took any of his various advisers and backers into his full confidence is a question upon which some light may perhaps be thrown by the criminal proceedings which have now been commenced. It is scarcely possible to doubt that some of his associates must have known, not only that he was quite scoundrel enough to be an impostor, for that of course they all knew after a little while, but that he was actually an impostor. The deception began in 1865, and was maintained for seven years; and if during the whole of that time TOM CASTRO kept his secret to himself, and made everybody else his dupes, he must be a man of preternatural astuteness and strength of mind. In the course of those years the case passed through the hands of several attorneys, who successively threw it up; but as Chief Justice ROVILL remarked, there is no "privilege" to prevent an attorney from exposing the criminal proceedings of a client. Even the seal of the confessional is not recognized to that extent; and if any attorneys labour under a delusion on this point, it is a pity they cannot be undeceived by some sharp process. Knowing a man to be engaged in an abominable fraud, and keeping his secret for him, is, in effect, simply abetting his villany, and either is, or should be, a criminal act.

The most obvious remark which is suggested by this trial is, that the finish of it should naturally have been the beginning. As soon as it was quite certain that ROGER had a number of indelible marks on his body which were not on the body of the Claimant, there was of course an end of the case. If it had been the other way, if the Claimant had been tattooed, and ROGER had not, that would not have been conclusive, although it would have raised a nice question as to the age of the marks, for they might have been put on after ROGER went away. But a man cannot be untattooed, except by a process of burning or scarification which tells its own tale. In the Roman case to which allusion has more than once been made, when an impostor pretended to be QUINTILIUS, the Emperor, knowing that QUINTILIUS spoke Greek fluently, examined the man to his Greek, and, as he could not speak a word of that language, gave judgment against him. A similar test would have gone against the Tichborne Claimant, for French was almost like ROGER's native tongue, and the Claimant does not know a word of the language, and cannot even pronounce the name of ROGER's mother correctly, calling it *Faustine* instead of *Félicité*. It is possible, however, for a person utterly to forget a language, as was admitted in this case, although



there was an obvious absurdity in offering, or at least admitting, evidence on such a question. A Polish lady asserted that she had ceased to be able to speak Polish, but no proof was given that she had ever been able to speak it; and besides, if she chose to persist in saying that she could not speak it now, it is difficult to see how the truth as to her knowledge of Polish could be ascertained. Of course the loss of a language is quite possible, but it is highly improbable, especially in ROGER's case; ROGER spoke French perfectly at twenty-four years of age, when he disappeared, and we are asked to believe that he lost not only the words, but the accent, of the language in twelve years. Whatever changes may take place in the mind, manners, speech, or looks of any one, the changes of which the body is susceptible are limited. A man may grow continually fatter, his hair may fade, his expression may alter, but after a certain age he cannot grow taller, nor can his head grow larger, nor can his ears change their shape. Apart from the tattoo marks, the Claimant appears to be an inch or more taller than ROGER; his head is much bigger, so that he can but just get on a helmet which was too loose for ROGER; and his ears are large and pendulous, while ROGER's ears were thin and adhering to the head. If these differences could have been proved at the outset, no amount of curious knowledge on the Claimant's part as to the affairs of the TIGHBORNE family, or of evidence as to a general resemblance between him and ROGER, could have affected the conclusion that, whatever likeness there might be, he certainly was not ROGER. When a man asserts that he is a certain person, the first and most natural step in an inquiry as to identity would seem to be to impound his body, ascertain what sort of a man he is, and then compare him with what is known of the person he professes to be. If the Claimant had been ROGER, he would no doubt at the outset have offered himself for examination. Another point which must strike every one in regard to the inquiry is that Mr. HOLMES, Mrs. JURY, and other persons, who could have thrown light on many points, should have been present and should never have been examined. The interposition of a Judge in the management of a case must necessarily be guarded, but it is possible that the English plan of regarding a trial as a game of skill between counsel, with the Judge as umpire, may be carried too far.

However paradoxical it may appear, nothing at first told so much in the Claimant's favour as that he was in several important points utterly unlike ROGER. ROGER spoke French, and he could not. ROGER was thin, and he was a gross mountain of a man, a FALSTAFF, or DANIEL LAMBERT. How, said shallow, superficial people, should a man so very unlike ROGER ever dare to personate him? He must be really ROGER, or he would never have dreamt of such a thing. In the first place, there is no reason to suppose that when he went into the affair he intended to keep up the personation. If anybody is responsible for this imposture it is the crazy old lady whose death was perhaps hastened by a dawning sense of the mischief which her malicious perversity and folly had brought upon her family. The wonder is, not that a ROGER turned up in 1866, but that, as BAIGENT said, there had not been a crop of ROGERS long before. The Dowager offered her own fortune, with the chance of the family estates, as a bid for a pretender. If the Claimant when in Australia formed the impression that she wanted some one to come forward and personate ROGER, and that from spite, self-interest, or some other reason, she would at once identify him no matter what he looked like, he would have been fully justified by the Dowager's letters in coming to that conclusion. In any case he probably imagined that he would get a good sum out of the old lady, and that he could then retire from the affair if he chose. When he fell in with retainers of the family who supported and assisted his case, the chances of a successful imposition drew him gradually further along a path from which there was at last no retreat; it was almost safer to go on than to go back. It is probable that his resemblance to ROGER was closer than the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was disposed to admit. Even the photographs show a certain similarity in the lackadaisical eyes and general expression of the face. The Claimant is in manner and appearance neither such a blackguardly ruffian on the one hand, nor ROGER, on the other, such a pleasant gentleman, as has been assumed. ROGER had some generous instincts and respectable qualities, but he did not produce an agreeable impression on those who knew him. When General COSTANCE described him as a wretched, unwholesome, dirty-looking little fellow, he was perhaps not far wrong. He had taken to drinking before he left England, and people who allowed for that and for twelve years' knocking about in Australia may be excused if they thought it quite possible that the Claimant

might be him. Nothing can be more absurd than to attribute "gentlemanly demeanour" to CASTRO, as we suppose we must call him; but he has undoubtedly that kind of cleverness which shows itself in ready social assimilation. At Wagga-Wagga he was at first a "very dirty butcher," but he is said to have gradually improved in appearance, and a similar improvement is reported to have taken place since he came to England. The combination of a certain likeness to ROGER in expression with a marked unlikeness in other respects really helped his case. If a thin man exactly like ROGER had appeared, the comparison would have been more rigid and exacting; it was the stoutness which threw observers off their guard, and carried them into the region of imagination, where they could form their own ideas as to what ROGER, after thirteen years of a hard and dissolute life, "among the "savages," as the Dowager said, would look like. The manner in which evidence as to identity was got up might have supplied Sir G. C. LEWIS, had he lived, with a supplementary chapter for his book on the influence of authority on the formation of opinion. The process of identification appears to have been pretty much this—that the Claimant identified a number of persons from information about themselves previously pumped out of them by his adherents, and that those persons were then led to suppose that they had identified him. One fool, or dupe, makes many, and when a little knot of witnesses had thus been got together, others were ready to adopt their convictions. One peculiarity of this case has been the application of the principle of limited liability to a speculation in law. It is impossible to suppose that the members of Parliament and others who subscribed funds for the plaintiff merely backed a rogue on the chance of his winning. They must have had the ends of justice in view, and their own feelings will no doubt prompt them to offer a handsome contribution to the expenses of the much-injured heir.

#### MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON ENGLISH INSTITUTIONS.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is always an eloquent writer, and an article which he has published in the *Fortnightly Review* illustrates the undoubted proposition that anger is the most eloquent of passions. The sustained indignation of his invective against existing English institutions could only have been made more impressive by the introduction of some gradation or variety into his universal censure. An historical scholar, who is also an earnest revolutionary politician, may with perfect sincerity extend to the ancestors or predecessors of the present peers the animosity which is provoked by the Conservative tendencies of the House of Lords; but the ordinary reader has not sufficient imagination or energy to direct his antipathy at the same moment against the courtiers of HENRY VIII. and the aristocrats of the present day. A numerous party which shares Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's hostility to the Church Establishment will find it difficult to resent the expulsion from the House of Lords of the abbots, "who were elected for life, and sometimes by merit, so that they formed, comparatively speaking, a democratic element." To Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH the peers of the sixteenth century are still hateful as "knaves and sycophants, steeped in public rapine and judicial murder"; and he is shocked because "the lovers of ELIZABETH, one of them notoriously the murderer of his wife, and in every respect a most abandoned scoundrel, were received into a 'temple of honour,' in which the men who saved the nation, the DRAKES, and RALEIGHS, and WALSINGHAMS, found no place." It is perfectly true that LEICESTER was not an exemplary character; but CECIL, who contributed to the task of saving the nation, was certainly not a lover of ELIZABETH, and any miscarriage in the distribution of honours by the Tudor Sovereigns happened a long time ago. Sympathy with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's wrath is almost exhausted before it arrives at the titled capitalists of the present day, who are supposed to be the latest and basest of all the component parts of the peerage. "After a temporary antagonism caused by the Corn Laws, and a certain amount of coy resistance on social grounds, the capitalists have been recognized by the landowners, and in their turn are decking themselves with the titles of feudal barons, ordering Norman pedigrees with their equipages and liveries, doubling the crush and deliquescence at St. James's, and thinking it part of their right as millionaires to make public honour and national government their family property, and to hand them down with the other fruits of successful speculation to their aristocratically educated sons." Ambition may partake of the nature either of virtue or of vice; but if the desire of hereditary rank implies

a wish to convert public honour into family property, any effort to acquire political eminence might with equal justice be stigmatized as an attempt to make public honour and national government a personal property. It may perhaps seem an evasion of the real issue to comment on the want of proportion and reticence which weakens the force of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's fierce attack on the House of Lords; but literary criticism, if it is sound, often indicates defects of substance which account for errors or peculiarities of style. Indiscriminate denunciation of an "historical accident" which has made or modified history for several centuries is by its own violence convicted of exaggeration, and at least of partial injustice. There are, in truth, no historical accidents, and the description of any institution as an unaccountable anomaly would be a confession of ignorance.

The object of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's essay is to urge upon the party of movement the concentration of their efforts on the destruction of the House of Lords and of the Church Establishment. He is perfectly right in holding that it is a mistake to attack Christianity as well as the Church, and to assail in the first instance the throne, which he regards as the strength and support of oligarchy. With hostility to religion it is evident that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has no sympathy; but in recommending the postponement of agitation for a republic, he only points out that, "if you attack the monarchy, you give battle to your opponents on a field of their own choosing." "On this subject true policy seems to point to silence and patience, a patience which will probably not be overtaken when the House of Lords and the Privileged Church are gone." No reasoning can be more candid; but the threatening promise of POLYPHEMUS to ULYSSES can scarcely be described as silence, and patience is perhaps not the most prominent of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's controversial qualities. If the fall of the peerage and of the Church involves, as is indeed probable, the destruction of the throne, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH would seem to be giving battle to his opponents on a field of their own choosing. He can scarcely blame them for profiting in argument by his own voluntary admissions. His own scheme of political and social reform is intelligible and comprehensive. After the abolition of the House of Lords, the Church, and the Crown, the confiscation of the increase of the value of land, and the prohibition or discouragement of hereditary wealth, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH proposes the election by universal suffrage of local Legislatures, which are in their turn to elect a Central Parliament. The Executive Power is to be vested in a Ministry or Council of State, to be appointed at certain intervals by the Parliament. In this manner he expects by some unexplained process to put an end to government by party. His project differs from the American system by dispensing with the Federal House of Representatives, with the Senates of the several States, and with the President elected by universal suffrage. The proposed Constitution may perhaps be as plausible as any democratic scheme of the same kind; and if it promoted, as Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH anticipates, patriotic feeling and national unity, it would so far be highly beneficial; but the whole fabric of legislation and government is essentially American, in spite of detailed modifications, and an America without an unlimited supply of land is an experiment which has not yet been tried.

The temper in which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH deals with existing institutions is not calculated to produce implicit confidence in the soundness of his judgment. His assertion that the overthrow of the French Republic by LOUIS NAPOLEON in 1852 was nearly contemporaneous with the Sheffield outrages of 1866 or 1867 shows that indignation tends to confuse chronology. A description of the State Church which would have done credit to the combined genius of JUVENAL and COBBETT deserves to be quoted at length:—"With the House of Lords would go, too, the State Church, the religious organ and the most miserable slave of political reaction, whose political course through Tudor persecutions of Nonconformists, Stuart conspiracies against liberty, English Restoration St. Bartholomews, Scotch Restoration torture chambers, Five Mile Acts, Conventicle Acts, promulgations of passive obedience, temporary rebellions when JAMES and JEFFREYS, instead of merely bathing in the blood of peasants, proceeded to touch Church pence, relapsed into passive obedience and conspiracies against liberty as soon as the Church pence were safe, SACHEVEREL, High Church riots and burning of meeting-houses, Acts to prevent Dissenters from educating their children carried by the aid of the most Christian BOLLINGBROKE, civil wars and foreign invasions of the country instigated by persons who were drinking in the PRETENDERS in Oxford common rooms while their peasant dupes were agonising on Culloden Heath,

"preachings of American and French wars, defilements of GEORGE III., and support of Government by Privilege and Catholic exclusion, is certainly the meanest episode in the annals of Christendom, and perhaps as mean as any in the annals of mankind. It is one course of opposition to progress, justice, and humanity—one series of servile alliances with powers of evil, with murderous tyrants, infamous favourites, profligate intriguers, buttresses supporting the Church from without, devout members of the Hellfire Club, practical atheists, and political sharpers down to the present hour." The passage is a masterpiece of vituperative rhetoric, and the reference to one class of supposed allies of the Church will be recognized as the private mark of the master. The defect of this kind of composition is that it is equally applicable to any party or cause. A Tory with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's command of passionate language could compose an effective supplement to the *Anti-Jacobin* in denunciation of Liberalism or Dissent. It would be as easy to assert that Fox perpetrated the September massacre as to state that the Highland Jacobite clans were the dupes of Oxford parsons; "Restoration St. Bartholomews" would have been in the highest degree censurable if only they had occurred. Like all sweeping satirists Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH excludes from consideration the virtues and the services of the objects of his animosity. The obscure and ill-paid toil of a laborious and beneficent clergy in towns and country districts, the civilization which is maintained and propagated by their efforts and example and by the efforts and example of their families, is entirely forgotten by their angry and contemptuous censor. In its corporate capacity the clerical body is perhaps narrow and timid, but it now exercises little political or collective power. It is in the parishes of England that the justification of the English Establishment is to be found, and it is everywhere but in the region in which the Church really exists that reformers go to look for it. The experience of other countries shows that it is not easy to constitute a body of clergy who shall be gentlemen before they are priests. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH truly asserts that many Ritualists are disaffected to the Establishment, but he can scarcely sympathize with their tendencies or their motives.

The political revolution which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH proposes would have the designed result of subverting the present system of society. Whether it would promote national unity is at least doubtful. Many of the changes which he advocates have been long since effected in France, which is nevertheless distracted by the endless struggles of irreconcilable factions. There is in France no House of Lords; and there is a peasant clergy which, if it were deprived of its meagre pittance from the State, would become, if possible, more abjectly devoted than at present to an extranational allegiance. The land is held by peasants in small portions, the artisans possess the right of universal suffrage; and both classes are inveterately hostile to all whom they suppose to be possessed of wealth or privilege. The worship of equality is not accompanied by love of freedom; and, in the absence of any other kind of superiority, the agents of the Government of the day exercise almost undisputed power. In Spain also universal suffrage has created a Government of military and Parliamentary adventurers who supplant each other incessantly in office. The gravest statesmen of the Continent habitually speak with admiring envy of those institutions which inspire Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH with unqualified hatred. That such a man should propound such doctrines with declamatory and intolerant vehemence is undoubtedly a proof of the insecurity of the English Constitution, but not of its inherent unsoundness.

#### FRANCE.

FORTUNE has dealt a blow at M. THIERS from an unexpected quarter. He has had his share of troubles since the day when he accepted the task of reorganising France; but amidst all his cares he has hitherto been happy in his Finance Minister. M. FOURIER-QUARRAS had unusual qualifications for the post he has just resigned. He is a man of ability, so much so indeed as to have attracted a special compliment from the German Government, which had had some means of testing his qualifications. He is a Protestant, and as the policy of France will probably be Protestant as long as M. THIERS is President, no matter who may be the Finance Minister, it is perhaps as well that the officer who is to construct the Budgets should be a believer in the principle which underlies them. And notwithstanding that there is con-

sideration, he has always been willing to give the President the first place in every financial debate, and to see his own proposals altered or abandoned whenever it suited M. THIERS's purpose. It is no wonder that M. THIERS has clung fondly to such a real treasure among Ministers. Yet even his zeal in support of convenient friends has been worn out by the part which M. POUYER-QUERTIER has taken in the trial of M. JANVIER DE LA MOTTE. M. THIERS is too old a servant of the State to be very much shocked at any disclosures as to the misappropriation of Government money. But M. JANVIER DE LA MOTTE's case was peculiarly flagrant, and the present is a peculiarly inconvenient time for the Government to be committed to anything which looks like condonation of the Empire. M. THIERS has all but quarrelled with the Right, and the Left is hotly opposed to corruption, not so much perhaps because it is corruption as because it was especially prevalent under NAPOLEON III.; consequently the Left, which is all that M. THIERS now has to lean on, would have been sure to attack the Government if it had sheltered an Imperialist prefect, and M. POUYER-QUERTIER did everything in his power to shelter M. JANVIER DE LA MOTTE. From his own point of view, it was scarcely more than an act of simple justice to do so. M. POUYER-QUERTIER is evidently a believer in the leading principle of Imperialist finance. That principle may be succinctly described as the provision of secret service money under other names. Budgets had to be constructed in such a way as to be popular, and popularity could only be secured by the excision of disagreeable items. But under the Second Empire the necessities represented by these disagreeable items had to be met in one way or another. NAPOLEON III. could not be allowed to make a progress through his dominions without spontaneous exhibitions of devotion, and during the later years of his reign spontaneous loyalty was a very costly product. It was impossible to allow money paid for cheers or addresses to figure in the Prefect's accounts under their proper titles. Yet, as the money had to be got out of the taxpayers by one pretence or another, there was no choice but to manufacture fictitious creditors, or to exaggerate the claims of real creditors. M. JANVIER DE LA MOTTE only did what every Imperial agent, from the highest to the lowest, was doing in his proper sphere. M. POUYER-QUERTIER is not an Imperialist agent; but he appears to recognize in these devices the common practice of all Governments. The immaculate Republic has the same wants as the anything but immaculate Empire, and they must be met in the same way. M. POUYER-QUERTIER's indignation at the unjust persecution to which M. JANVIER DE LA MOTTE has been subjected seems to have carried him beyond all regard for Ministerial decorum. He was not content with testifying to such facts as he supposed to be favourable to the accused, nor even with declaring that all that had been done was within the limits of allowable financial manœuvring. He denounced the MINISTER OF JUSTICE for instituting the prosecution, and the Judge for entertaining it, and erected the Ministry of Finance into a universal protectorate of financial scandals. It was clear that after this M. THIERS must consent to lose either M. POUYER-QUERTIER or M. DUBAÏ. If the consent of the Minister of Finance is to be required before a defaulting prefect can be brought to trial, and that Minister avows that to obtain money for one purpose and spend it on another for which it never could have been obtained is a perfectly legitimate proceeding, the custody of the scales would become something worse than a sinecure. For a short time, indeed, it was thought possible that the acquittal of M. JANVIER DE LA MOTTE would have enabled M. POUYER-QUERTIER to hold his own against his colleague. But such a solution of the difficulty would have plunged M. THIERS into danger out of which even his tact and energy would have found it hard to open a way. The corruption of the Empire has been the favourite text of the Republican Opposition for years past, and they could not, with any consistency, support a President who by the mouth of his Minister of Finance declared this corruption to be normal and necessary. The Right might not have disliked to see the Republic identify itself with the Empire as regards its financial morality, but it would certainly have turned the incident to account at some future time. Even the proved Protectionist convictions of M. POUYER-QUERTIER could not weigh down such drawbacks as these. His resignation was accepted, if not demanded, and the graver interests that have lately occupied the Assembly have been put aside for the pleasanter excitement of a Ministerial crisis.

Even before M. POUYER-QUERTIER's appearance at Rouen there were signs that the quarrel between the Government and the majority in the Assembly was cooling down. The combatants are too necessary to one another to allow the con-

dict to be carried on & outrage. The last thing the monarchical party can wish is to have the embarrassment of governing France suddenly thrown on its hands. The last thing that M. THIERS can wish is to have to govern France without the aid of that Conservative feeling which alone enables him to keep the Left in check, and to invest his administration with the steady and business-like aspect dear to capitalists and creditors. It seems to be understood that if M. THIERS accepts the modifications which have been introduced into M. LEFRANC's Press Bill by the Committee of the Assembly, and abstains from any attempt to give the Republic a more permanent character, nothing more will be heard of the monarchical Manifesto, or the Letter of Adhesion. M. THIERS is probably a genuine believer in the essentially provisional character of a Government which was created to treat with an enemy in possession for the liberation of its own territory, and his desire to hurry forward the definitive proclamation of the Republic will not survive the corresponding anxiety on the part of the Right to hurry forward the definitive proclamation of the monarchy. The events of the last few weeks must have convinced the more rational members of the Right that they made a false move in abandoning their attitude of reserve. Some of them may now regret that they did not adopt a bolder policy a year ago, and identify the return of peace with the restoration of the Monarchy. But granting that it would have been wise to make the attempt then—a concession in which an unbiassed observer will hardly concur—it does not follow that it would be wise to make it now. The monarchical sentiment may have been stronger in France in 1871 than it was in 1872, but as the tide was not taken at its flood, the more prudent course is to wait till the ebb is past. In France there is always a fair chance that the Government for the time being will do something to discredit itself, and delay has, as regards the monarchists, the further advantage that one serious hindrance to their success may be taken out of the way before the time for action arrives. The Count of CHAMBORD may die or abdicate, and either of these events would be an inestimable advantage to the cause which he represents. The ethics of assassination have not yet sanctioned the removal of a prince by his partisans on the ground of impracticability; but there is a bare possibility that the Count of CHAMBORD, who seems to share with PIUS IX. the advantage of having a profound faith in his own pretensions, may be convinced that the cause of Divine Right may be better promoted by having the prince next in succession on the throne than by keeping the prince in possession an exile.

Meanwhile, amidst embarrassments of every kind, France keeps true to her determination to pay off the Germans at the earliest possible date. A further instalment of the indemnity has been forthcoming nearly two months before the appointed time, and perhaps nothing but the feeling of the Government that an immediate emancipation from the burden might not in the present state of France prove an unmixed good, prevents the later stages of the process from following each other with yet greater rapidity. But a patriotic Frenchman, eager as he may be to see his country freed from the disgrace of foreign occupation, may still remember that the term of the indemnity is also the term of the Provisional Government. When the obligation to the foreigner has been discharged, a constitutional settlement can hardly be put off. A longer delay may perhaps be useful in helping the majority of the nation to know their own minds.

#### MR. LOWE AND THE INCOME-TAX DEPUTATION.

MR. LOWE is perhaps as zealous an economist as Mr. BRIGHT; but, not being yet relieved from the responsibilities of office, he cannot deal so summarily with the proposal for mutilating the Income-tax. Three years ago Mr. BRIGHT was a member of a Government which obtained from the House of Commons a revenue of nearly seventy millions, but he now recurs to his former opinion that no Government ought to be tolerated which cannot do its work cheaper. Seventy millions is undoubtedly a large sum; but general propositions about the expenditure required by the necessities of the country are simply worthless. About two-fifths of the total outlay is appropriated to the payment of interest on the Debt; and certainly Mr. BRIGHT would not approve of any attempt to tamper with the national credit. Some politicians are of opinion that efforts ought to be made for the reduction of the Debt; but there are no funds by which the operation could be effected, unless a surplus income is provided by taxation. It is universally admitted that the cost of administration necessarily increases as the activity of Government extends into new departments; and the augmentation of prices and

wages which is principally due to large importations of gold makes every public and private operation more expensive. Mr. BRIGHT would probably confine his plans of retrenchment chiefly or wholly to the military and naval establishments; but, if he had been in office during the last Session, he would have supported the Bill for the abolition of purchase, which will ultimately cost several millions. The scale of the national defences must be determined by other considerations than those of their absolute cost. The country is rich enough to maintain whatever force may be required for its safety and welfare; and if its wealth were quadrupled, it ought not to pay for a superfluous ship or regiment. Mr. BRIGHT's answer to the deputation which requested him to oppose the Income-tax had the not inconsiderable merit of evading a troublesome and unseasonable discussion. In anything which could be said against the tax he was perfectly willing to concur; but his economical doctrines were equally applicable to any other tax; and he specially included in his condemnation the duties on tea, sugar, and coffee. It was not to be expected that the author of the phrase of "a free breakfast-table" would modify the opinions which he has often expressed. Even if the expenditure were reduced by two millions, the majority of Mr. BRIGHT's political allies would probably insist on the maintenance of the Income-tax as an important source of revenue, although some of them might endeavour to render its incidence more partial and unequal.

The deputation which waited on Mr. LOWE on Wednesday professed to recommend the abolition of Schedule D, or of the tax on the profits of trades and professions; but several of the speakers, with more regard to justice, proposed that the Income-tax itself should be removed; and one of them, who as a Birmingham alderman must be a constituent of Mr. BRIGHT's, censured the Government for lifting taxation from the working classes and laying it on the shoulders of the middle-class. Colonel BARTLELOT, whose speech is not reported, must as a county member and landed proprietor have found himself in unaccustomed company; nor can it be supposed that he desired to exempt traders and professional men from the tax at the expense of landowners and farmers. If Colonel BARTLELOT renews in the present Session his annual motion for the repeal of the Malt-tax, he will furnish an additional argument against the proposal of the recent deputation. Mr. LOWE's answer was straightforward and candid, and, as might have been expected, it was not encouraging. Unlike Mr. BRIGHT, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who scrutinizes every item of the national expenditure, sees little possibility of retrenchment, and though he dislikes the Income-tax, he considers that it must stand or fall as a whole. He reminded the deputation that the alternative taxes which might be suggested were the same which have in recent years been abolished to the general satisfaction. "There were the duties on fire insurance, soap, beer, glass, windows, and other things"; but he reasonably took it for granted that any such imposts would be thought more objectionable than the Income-tax. Some part of the present agitation must be attributed to the injudicious zeal of those who assess the Income-tax. Mr. LOWE declined to make himself responsible for the acts of the independent local Commissioners, and he intimated his willingness to undertake the assessment and collection of the tax through the officers of the revenue. The change would be a great improvement on the present practice, and there seems no reason why Mr. LOWE should not introduce a Bill for the purpose. One of the arguments by which he justified the maintenance of Schedule D was perhaps too subtle to be appreciated by his audience. If the origin rather than the receipt of income is taken into consideration, the abolition of Schedule D would, according to Mr. LOWE, involve the exemption of the fundholders, who contribute 700,000*l.* to the tax. The Loan Acts contained clauses to the effect that the fundholders shall not be liable to any Parliamentary tax whatever, but Sir ROBERT PEEL invented a distinction, described by Mr. LOWE as metaphysical, between the origin of the income and the actual receipt. The fundholder is taxed, not in his special capacity, but as the recipient of income which the State declines to trace to its source, though it intercepts it at the Bank of England. If there were no stronger reason against the abolition of Schedule D, it would be competent to Parliament to open its eyes in one case and to shut them in another; nor would it be difficult to contend that the exemption of profits was justified by some other pretext than an investigation of their source. The fundholders are not in a position to declare that, in Mr. LOWE's words, they will not be a single penny.

The real objection to the removal of the tax on earnings is that an undue privilege would be arbitrarily

conferred on a large part of the wealth of the country. If Schedule D produces 3,000,000*l.* it follows that the income which it affects must be at least 150,000,000*l.*; and, with due allowance for imperfect returns, the amount may be confidently estimated at more than 150,000,000*l.* No sound economist has at any time admitted that, as long as a tax is placed on any kind of income, this vast amount should be capriciously exempted from contribution. The Income Tax Association itself makes an exemption, to the detriment of shareholders in Joint-stock Companies, although they are traders in precisely the same sense as private speculators who pursue similar branches of industry. Mr. HUBBARD formerly attempted to claim exemption for private traders, on the ground of their personal exertions; but every firm must be managed either by proprietors or by paid agents; and if the owner of the business thinks fit to perform the duty which he might devolve on a deputy, the amount which he saves is as fairly liable to taxation as the salary which a substitute would receive. A far more plausible pretext for exemption is founded on the uncertainty or short duration of commercial, and much more of professional, incomes; but the apparent inequality is effectually corrected by the co-extensive existence of the tax and of the income on which it is levied. A pound of income enjoyed for ever pays a perpetual annuity of sixpence, which may be capitalized into a charge of fifteen or sixteen shillings. A pound of income enjoyed for three years at the same rate pays first and last no more than eighteen-pence. It must be allowed that the calculation is deranged by changes in the percentage of the tax, and for that reason a judicious financier will abstain from raising the rate to cover temporary demands. The whole amount of income which is taxed under Schedule D is not less permanent than interest or rent; and any of the great professions, taken separately, produces a perpetual revenue which, together with the tax, is distributed among successive practitioners. It is not the business of financiers to assume the functions of a petty Providence by correcting the inequalities of fortune. The owners of property are richer than those who earn an equal income in exactly the same proportion before and after the payment of a uniform tax on both heads of revenue. It is true, that as a general rule, taxes are more burdensome to the poor than to the rich; but the same comparative disadvantage attaches to all their pecuniary relations. A capitalist may be better able than a lawyer or a doctor to spare sixpence in the pound of his income; but he can also afford better to pay his butcher or his wine merchant. Mr. LOWE or his predecessors merely take things as they find them, without attempting to reform the world.

It is highly improbable that at any future time the recipients of income will be exempted from a special and direct contribution to the national revenue. Free breakfast-tables, or the open ports which attract the fancy of sanguine politicians, imply the imposition or maintenance of a charge upon incomes; and although it is possible that future Parliaments may establish an arbitrary distinction, the property which is the endowment of traders and professional men ought to be taxed at the same rate as the residue which is enjoyed by sinecure owners. The practical inference from the discontent which has lately revived among a portion of the industrial classes is that the assessment should be managed with all possible regard to the feelings of the taxpayer, and that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should, if possible, keep the percentage low. Little was heard of the pressure of the tax as long as it was limited to fourpence in the pound; and Mr. LOWE may thank his own second or third thoughts as to last year's Budget for the pleasure of his interview with the recent deputation. It is satisfactory to observe that the Government has profited by the criticisms which were provoked by its imposition of the cost of abolishing purchase on the payers of Income-tax. Mr. CARDWELL announces that the three and a half millions which he requires for district barracks are to be raised by terminable annuities; and, although a simple loan might have been preferable in principle, the provision of capital to meet a charge properly belonging to capital account is a laudable innovation or return to sound practice. If it is found practicable in the present year to make any remission, Mr. LOWE could not employ a surplussage less than in the removal of the twopence added last year to the Income-tax.

#### LEGAL EDUCATION.

ALTHOUGH Sir GEORGE J. STUART, Bart., is establishing a School of Law at the University of London, a majority in the House of Commons, the Government of which



by the successful leadership is sure to be in one form or other a successful one. The question whether it is desirable that barristers and solicitors should be educated together has been left in abeyance, and an opportunity has been given to the Inns of Court to supersede the necessity of a new school of law by improving the school of law which they have now in existence. But already the main point, that of compulsory examination for all persons wishing to become barristers, has been secured, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL announced on behalf of the Inns of Court that they were ready to deal with the whole subject of legal education in the most wide and liberal manner possible. If they carry out their present intentions in a satisfactory manner, there really is nothing more to be done. They have ample funds, and they are under the guidance of men who know what legal education ought to mean and what is the best mode of providing it. Their action is infinitely preferable to that of a new body less independent and more liable to be acted on by the influence of the Government of the day or by the currents of unenlightened popular opinion. But, as those who spoke for them in the House frankly owned, their present resolve to make their system of legal education worthy of them has been in a great measure the fruit of the movement set on foot by Sir ROUNDELL PALMER and his friends; and, if they succeed, Sir ROUNDELL PALMER will have succeeded also. It may now be assumed that the Inns of Court will endeavour to set up as good a school of law as they can devise; and the only points to be considered are what is the best school of law that can be set up, and what would be the general effects of an improved system of legal education.

The Inns of Court have had for many years what may be termed a school of law. They have had a body of readers who have given public lectures and held private classes; and studentships and exhibitions have been freely given to successful students. But the success of the system has been impeded by the absence of any necessity to pass an examination being imposed on those who wished to be called to the Bar, and by the existence of a belief, shared by many of the most eminent men at the Bar, that men who wanted to learn as much as they could while students rather lost than gained time by availing themselves of professorial teaching. Still the system has done a very great deal of good. It has been under the superintendence, first, of Lord WESTBURY, and then of Sir EDWARD RYAN, and their superintendence has been exercised with much care and practical wisdom. They have secured an ample amount of private teaching in the details of various branches of the law, while they have allowed the readers perfect liberty in the choice and range of the subjects of the public lectures; thus permitting a teacher interested in his subject to be always moving forward, and to give to his lectures at least that merit of being full of novelty and freshness to himself, the absence of which must make all public teaching unutterably dull to hearers of every age and class. The students who attend need not attend unless they like, but they attend in very considerable numbers, and show by the interest they take, and by the kindly understanding they preserve with the lecturer, that they are getting what they consider worth having. It must be remembered that legal students consist of very different sorts of persons, and there is one large class to whom the education provided by the Inns of Court is of great value, and it is a class for whom the Inns of Court are bound to take thought with peculiar care. We make all who wish to practise at the Bar in very various parts of the British Empire come here to be called. If a Hindoo wishes to practise as a barrister at Calcutta, if a Frenchman wishes to practise at Mauritius, or a Dutchman to practise at the Cape, they must all come and be called in England. But these are only extreme samples of a class. There are a great many persons who wish to be called who do not go to any University, and they feel in a great degree what those coming from remote dependencies feel in a still greater degree—the advantage of having a centre of legal instruction, something to do that they must do, some one to address whose business it is to advise and aid them, and the pleasure of learning what they must learn under the guidance of a teacher who knows what they have got to know, who can appreciate their difficulties, and who cheers them by constantly inspiring the thought that what seems dull and uninteresting to them is of perpetual and unmistakable interest to a person who is further advanced in the subject than they are.

The Inns of Court, however, cannot possibly supply more than one school of law out of many. Different Universities and colleges are all engaged in teaching law with great

success and industry. At Oxford and Cambridge law is taught under advantages which the Inns of Court can scarcely rival. At a certain number of fellowships are already given to men eminent in Law and History, and the number is likely to be increased. There are offices far beyond any that the Inns of Court can offer. Those, too, who have been sent to a University would, for various reasons, after they have made up their minds to go to the Bar, rather study law at their University than elsewhere, and so they often come up to London having little to learn from a school of law. All the professorial teaching and all the teaching that any school of law can give to students is only preparatory to the real learning of their business. They must go into the chambers of working lawyers and attend courts of law assiduously in order to learn that for which they hope to get paid in after life. All study in the way of reading text-books and attending lectures is only preparatory to the learning that teaches a man how to be useful to a client. But the difference between going into chambers or courts, according as a man has or has not previously made himself master of some of the general principles of law, is enormous. Thousands of pounds are every year wasted in fees for permission to attend chambers by those who do not know enough beforehand to understand what is going on there. The primary function of the Inns of Court as a school of law is to provide for those not trained at Universities that preparatory education which is or may be provided at Universities. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL announced that the Inns of Court are going to get the very best instruction that money can buy; but, although it is of the first importance to get the very best instruction possible, yet in any case the main work of the school of law established by the Inns of Court must be to give, in common with other schools of law, the best preparatory instruction it can to those who, thus qualified, will be able to make good use of practical training. The number of men who have gone through this preparatory instruction and who will leave their practical training to come and hear lectures must necessarily be exceedingly small. A man who has mastered the general principles of Equity under a system of preparatory instruction, and is at work in chambers learning practice from a leading junior to whom he has paid a hundred guineas, will not cut up an afternoon by going to hear a public lecture on the principles of Equity delivered by the ablest lecturer the Inns of Court could select. It is, however, possible that the Inns of Court might enter usefully on a field which would have attractions even for those who have gone through sufficient preparatory instruction. This is the field of what is known in France as "Comparative Legislation." Those who have mastered some of the general principles of English law, and know something also of Roman law, would probably think it worth while to pursue, under competent guidance, the interesting questions raised by a discussion of the various modes in which the same legal problems have been solved or encountered in different ages and in different countries.

The uses of legal education are, up to a certain point, very obvious. It is an excellent thing that an examination should stand in the way of those who are utterly incompetent, and who yet may hold important public appointments simply because they are barristers. It is only right that men of different nationalities, brought here whether they like it or not to pass a long time in England before they are called, should have a public body to welcome, guide, and instruct them. It is a great gain to the more advanced and zealous students that they should begin the practical training for their profession only after they have learnt a good deal from books and lectures. But the question may be asked, and was discussed in the House of Commons, what further good legal education would do; and the point raised for assertion and negation was, that a higher legal education would make English law more scientific. It is not very easy to see what is meant by this. It seems more true and ample to say that a good legal education would lead to those improvements of the law which come, in one way or other, from lawyers being able to look at law in different aspects. Legal education may in one sense be easily too scientific. It may go too far into the minutiae of Roman law; it may be too much a reproduction of the thoughts and mannerisms of foreign jurists. One of the most disheartening facts of legal education is that what is called scientific law, limited as it is in quantity, is seldom written in intelligible English. What is wanted is that the scientific lawyer should take hold of the principles, not the minute details, of Roman law, or the principles set forth in the works of foreign jurists, and should ask himself what is plain English, technical terms apart, these principles come to; and he will find a very large

number of instances find that his familiar English law embodies the same principles. This process of discovery, accompanied, of course, by the parallel process of discovering where English law has not the same principles embodied in it, and why it has not, is perhaps what is properly meant by the scientific study of English law, and no doubt it is a useful process. But the law itself will be improved principally by the improvement of the profession, which determines its character and a large portion of its contents. Legal education can do much towards such an improvement. It can make a lawyer know various branches of law in a general way, and one great obstacle in the way of the improvement of the law has been that Chancery men know nothing but Equity, Common lawyers nothing but the Common Law, and so forth. Legal education, too, if good, can teach lawyers the habit of setting out from principles, and considering how they apply to the facts before them, before reference is made to precedents. The judgment of a great judge always reads as if it were nothing but the perfection of common sense, sharpened by experience and knowledge; and legal education can do something towards making lawyers generally think in a humble way as great lawyers have thought in an eminent way. Whether codification is or is not likely to be a fruit of the improvement of English legal education is a doubtful point, and one perhaps not very important at present. In any case, before either the form or substance of English law receives any great change, there is a preliminary task to be accomplished—that of making lawyers have an idea of law as a whole, a habit of being guided by principles, and a perception of what are the main problems of law, together with some knowledge of how these problems have under various systems been practically solved. When this preliminary work has been accomplished, it will be time enough to talk about a code.

#### THE STORY OF THE TICHBORNE CASE.

THE Claimant in the Tichborne case has submitted to a non-suit in his action against the Tichborne family, and although he is technically at liberty to reopen the question on payment of the expenses of the suit just closed, the intimation of the jury that they had heard sufficient evidence practically amounts to a verdict against him. The testimony produced during a protracted trial of 103 days would fill a moderate-sized library, but we will endeavour to compress it into a brief and connected narrative, with a view to illustrate the origin and development of what appears to be one of the most daring and extraordinary impostures which have ever been brought to light.

First, there is what a dramatist would call the prologue of the play. The Tichbornes are an old and distinguished family. If you turn to any guide-book of Hampshire you will find that Tichborne Park is supposed to have been in the hands of Tichbornes from before the Conquest; the baronetcy dates from the reign of James I. The estates are valued at some 24,000*l.* a year, though at present heavily mortgaged. In 1854 Sir Edward, who had added the name of Doughty to that of Tichborne, was still alive; but he had no son, and Mr. James Tichborne was his heir. Mr. James Tichborne had married a daughter of Mr. Seymour, who had been born and brought up in France, and who was essentially a Frenchwoman. The marriage was not a very happy one. Mr. Tichborne was apparently a warm-hearted, generous man, but violent in temper; his wife was flighty and eccentric, and inspired by a feeling of intense suspicion and hostility towards her husband's family. Their eldest son, Roger, inherited some of the peculiarities of both parents. He was shy, whimsical, and impulsive, of weak character and moderate intelligence; he had been educated in a loose, patchwork kind of way—first under French tutors, then for three years with the Jesuits at Stonyhurst; and afterwards he had been for three years in the army. In appearance he was slight and somewhat insignificant. Without being a student, he was fond of reading, and had a good stock of general information. His letters show that, when travelling, he liked to look up the history of any place he visited. He spoke French better than English, but he wrote a very fair English letter, and had some knowledge of Latin and natural science. Stonyhurst probably did a good deal to polish him up; but his broken English and certain oddities of manner exposed him to some ridicule when he joined his regiment, the Carabiniers. He was a tempting subject for little jokes, which were sometimes carried too far; but, on the whole, he seems to have been pronounced a good fellow by his companions, and to have passed muster as an efficient, though not a smart, officer. When stationed with his regiment in Ireland, and also during his visits to England, he went a good deal into society, and knew how to bear himself like a gentleman. The domestic storms amid which he had been brought up had left a painful impression on his mind, and he was more at home at his uncle's, with Lady Doughty and his cousin Kate, than with his own parents. He was, after his father, the next heir to the baronetcy, and Sir Edward took a paternal interest in him; but when it was discovered that the cousinly regard between

Roger and his daughter was passing into something deeper—at least on Roger's part—Sir Edward strongly discouraged it. He objected to the marriage of cousins, and besides, Roger's character was not yet quite settled enough for him to have full confidence in it. He was young, and certain bad habits, such as drinking too much, might pass away or might be confirmed. It was arranged after a time that if at the end of a year or two there were no other objections to a marriage, that of cousinship should not be pressed. Sir Edward and Lady Doughty showed the utmost affection for their nephew, yet he could not but feel that, even though they might consent to the match, they would prefer that it should not take place. It was under the influence of this disappointment that he threw up his commission and resolved to visit South America. He parted on good terms with all the family, wrote to his mother, aunts, and other friends from different points on his journey, and pressed them to write in reply. He looked forward to returning after a year or two, and desired to have his name put up at the Travellers' Club. He had arrived at Valparaiso in June 1853, had made an expedition to the Cordilleras, and visited Santiago, Buenos Ayres, and other places. From Buenos Ayres he wrote on February 20, 1854, to an intimate friend, Vincent Gosford, still harping on Kate Doughty, deploring the discord in his own home, and congratulating himself on being out of the way for a time now that Sir Edward was dead and that his father had succeeded him. Except for his fears of his cousin's marriage, he wrote in good spirits, and as if enjoying the independence and variety of his life abroad. On March 12 he wrote to Lady Doughty from Monte Video in a similar strain. He was going to Rio, thence up the Amazon, and then to Jamaica and Mexico. He was most anxious for letters, and gave repeated directions where they were to be addressed to him. On April 20 he embarked at Rio in the *Bella* for New York. Six days afterwards a long-boat, bottom upwards, marked on the stern, in yellow letters, "*Bella*, of Liverpool," was picked up at sea by a passing vessel, which also, near the same place, fell in with some broken spars, a round-house, and some straw bedding. The owners of the *Bella* had no doubt that she was lost, with all on board; the underwriters paid the insurance; Roger Tichborne's will was duly proved, and on his father's death, the inheritance passed to his younger brother, Alfred, who also dying in the beginning of 1866, left a posthumous son to enjoy the baronetcy and estates.

Years had passed over without anything occurring to disturb the belief that Roger had perished in the *Bella*. The Dowager, Roger's mother, was the only person who refused to accept this conclusion. She had, as she said, "a settled presentiment" that he must somehow have been saved, and that she should see him again. She was constantly talking of him, and even started inquiries about him in Australia. Once she questioned a sailor who came begging to Tichborne Park, and who was ready enough to say that he had been in Australia, and had heard of the crew of a ship having been picked up at sea and brought to Melbourne, and that he rather thought the name of the ship was the *Bella*. After her husband's death she became more anxious and excited on the subject. She advertised for Roger, or for any information as to the crew of the *Bella*, in the *Times* and in various Australian and colonial papers. It became a kind of standing joke in the servants' hall, and among the people round Tichborne Park. More than once there was a report that Roger had been found, but nothing ever came of it. She began advertising at least as early as 1863. The advertisements caused a good deal of talk, of course; they were copied into many papers, and gave rise to innumerable paragraphs. In 1865 the Dowager had got into communication with Mr. Cubitt, who had a Missing Friends' Agency in Sydney, and who readily undertook to find the missing man if he was to be found at all. He advertised on his own account in the Australian papers, giving the Dowager's description, only somehow leaving out the word "thin." By a remarkable coincidence, he had no sooner taken the job in hand than an old friend of his at Wagga-Wagga wrote to say that he had "spotted" the man; and immediately the Claimant appears upon the stage. Mr. Gibbs, Cubitt's correspondent at Wagga-Wagga, had there made the acquaintance of a slaughterman who went by the name of Tom Castro, and whose pipe he one day observed bore the initials, scratched on it with a knife, "R. C. T." Mrs. Gibbs had previously called her husband's attention to the advertisements for Roger Charles Tichborne, and Gibbs at once put the two things together. Castro had about the same time been in the habit of cutting the same initials on mantel-pieces and every bit of wood that came in his way. He, too, had previously seen one of the advertisements. A Hampshire man had shown it to him, and may possibly have added some remarks of his own, either as to the old Dowager's notorious craziness on this subject, or as to Castro's likeness in expression or feature to the missing Roger. Castro, having placarded his initials in this conspicuous manner, affected to be very much annoyed that Gibbs should have "spotted" him, but allowed himself to be persuaded that he had better surrender his secret and go back to his mother. It is clear from the correspondence which has been produced in this case that the Dowager communicated a good deal of information about Roger to Cubitt, through whom it may have reached Castro, and also that Castro at first went altogether astray in his demonstration of his identity with Roger. To convince the Dowager, he mentioned two circumstances known only to her and to himself—"the brown mark on my side, and the card case at Brighton." But, as it happened, the brown mark was Castro's exclusive property, Roger never

having had anything like it; and as for the card case—referring apparently to a well-known trial for cheating at cards, with which Roger had nothing whatever to do—the Dowager entreates that nothing more may be said about it, as it would turn every one against him. In another letter he asked after Roger's grandfather, who died before he was born. He also said that he had been educated by the Jesuits in Paris, instead of Stonyhurst, and that he had been a private in the Guards for a fortnight. The correspondence shows that the Dowager was constantly pointing out mistakes of this kind; and yet that she was at the same time determined to accept Castro as her son. "You do not tell anything at all about my son," she wrote to Cubitt, "and I hardly know anything at all about the person you suppose to be my son"; yet in the same envelope she encloses a letter to the supposed son, taking him to her heart as her "dearest and beloved Roger," and begging him to come to her. While he is making up his mind, not without much hesitation, whether he should accept her invitation, it may be worth while to observe what sort of reputation, as appears from the evidence taken by the Australian Commission, Tom Castro at this period enjoyed among those who knew him.

He had been for some time at Wagga-Wagga, and was allowed to be a good slaughterman. He was fond of "blowing" or boasting about himself, declaring at one time that his mother was a duchess, and at another time that he was a peer of the realm. Occasionally men came to Wagga-Wagga who had known Castro in other parts. It appears that he had led a wandering and uneasy life, alternating between stock-riding, butchering, and horse-stealing. In Gippsland "he had bought some horses that turned out to be stolen, and he was afraid he could not find the party he bought them of." At Reedy Creek he got into another scrape with horses. Down to this time he was known as Arthur Orton, but he appeared at Wagga-Wagga as Castro. Two of his mates had been hanged; another had been shot by the police; "Ballarat Harry" had been murdered by a friend of his own and Castro's after spending an evening with the latter. A lady, satirically called "Gentle Annie," was also a member of this agreeable society, and lived with Castro before he married. Before 1859 he went by the name of Arthur Orton, Arthur the Butcher, or Big Arthur, and afterwards as Thomas Castro, with a short interval when he borrowed Morgan's name. These circumstances were partially known at Wagga-Wagga, and Castro was naturally annoyed when allusion was made to them. In 1865 his bragging about his family appears to have become more definite and systematic, and he began writing and cutting out the initials "R. C. T." At the time he fell in with Gibbs he was very hard pushed for money. While the Dowager was writing over about the 15,000*l.* a year awaiting her son in England, Castro was begging for a few shillings to save him from destitution. Roger had left a good balance at Glyn's and credit at another house, but Castro could think of no means of procuring a little money except by abject appeals to Gibbs's compassion. If Gibbs could not give him money, would he at least speak to one of the storekeepers to let him have necessities for the house? "I expect," he says, "Mrs. Castro to be confined before Saturday. And believe me Sir I am more like a Manick than a B of B K to think that I should have a child born in such a hovel."

Notwithstanding his desperate circumstances, Castro was in no hurry to accept the Dowager's pressing invitations to help himself to 15,000*l.* a year down, with half as much again in reversion. It was clear from her letters that she was determined to be convinced that he was her son, and that his absurd blunders about the family and about the principal incidents of Roger's career did not disturb her. It is possible that her extraordinary eagerness to adopt a man whom she had never seen, and about whom she knew absolutely nothing, for all information had been withheld, may have suggested a suspicion that she wanted the heir for some purpose of her own and did not care who played the part. "Let him come; I will identify him and it will be all right"—this was the gist of her letters, and a strong desire was also expressed that the discovery of the heir should be kept secret from the family. As she was in this mood, and evidently not disposed to stick at trifles, the Claimant had perhaps some reason to complain that she would not recognize his handwriting at once as that of Roger. "You have caused a deal of trouble," he says, by not identifying the writing; and he hints that unless she does so at once he will stay where he is:—"But it matters not. Has have no wish to leave a country where I enjoy good health I have grow very stout." While in this hesitating mood, he somehow falls in with Guilfoyle, who had been gardener at Tichborne Park, and with Bogle, valet of the late Sir Edward Doughty. From them he might of course learn all about the Dowager's peculiarities, her craze about Roger, her visits to the grounds round Tichborne Park on dark nights with a lantern to guide the long-lost heir if he happened to be there, the lamp set in the window, and the other gossip of the servants' hall. If there was any resemblance between Castro and Roger it would also be remarked. Castro's hesitation is now gradually dissipated. On September 2, 1866, accompanied by his wife and child, and by Bogle, he sailed from Sydney to Panama on his way to England. At Panama he dallied awhile; then he went to New York, where there was another delay, and at last he started for England. Here again, however, he preferred the tedious route by the Thames to the Victoria Docks at Poplar. He arrives on the afternoon of Christmas Day, and almost immediately he hurries off to Weymouth. Muffled up in a large pea-coat, with a wrapper round the lower

part of his face, and a peaked cap overshadowing the upper part, he enters the "Hobbs" public-house, makes his way to the bar-parlour like an old acquaintance, and over a glass of cherry questions the landlady about the Ortons. He tries to see one of Arthur Orton's married sisters that night, but she is out; and early next morning, without waiting for breakfast, he is off again to the neighbourhood of Weymouth. He picks up all the information he can get about the Ortons, and sends a letter under an assumed name to one of the married sisters. Afterwards he sent them photographs of himself and of his wife and child as portraits of Arthur Orton and his family, and he also supplied the sisters and a brother with money. The Dowager was impatiently expecting him in Paris, but he was in no hurry to go to her. He avoided all Roger's relatives, and went to Gravesend to be out of their way. Next we have a glimpse of him, under the name of Taylor, hidden in his big muffler and peaked cap, driving round Tichborne Park and studying a catalogue of pictures in the house, with Bogle in attendance. Bogle refreshes his recollection of the house by a visit to it. It was necessary to have an attorney, and, passing by all the legal advisers in any way connected with the Tichborne family, he took one who was introduced to him by a gentleman whom he is said to have met in a billiard-room at London Bridge. At last he felt equal to confronting the Dowager. He reached Paris, accompanied by the attorney and the "mutual friend," at nine o'clock at night, but deferred his visit to his mother till next day. But next day he was so overcome with emotion that he had to send for her to come to him. He then, it is alleged, went to bed, where he anxiously awaited her. It is obvious that bed-curtains, blankets, and the dingy light of a Parisian bedroom are not favourable to the distinct recognition of a doubtful face. We do not know exactly what took place at the interview, but the result was that the Dowager agreed to recognize him. There were many old friends of Roger's in Paris, but none were sent for except Chatillon, who at once pronounced him to be an impostor.

Returning to London, the Claimant began to get up his case. If he had been under the impression that on his identification by the Dowager he would at once step into the enjoyment of a handsome fortune, he discovered his mistake. He must make good his claim at law, and it was necessary to collect evidence. We have seen what blunders he committed about the family affairs in Australia, before he met Bogle. At Wagga-Wagga he had given Gibbs directions to prepare a will disposing of the Tichborne property, not one item of which was stated correctly. The Dowager's Christian names were wrongly given, and the names both of persons and places had nothing whatever to do with the Tichbornes, but oddly enough were associated with Arthur Orton's career. When in London he wrote to Mr. Henry Seymour as "My Dear Uncle," spelling the name "Seymore." Mr. Seymour was, in fact, Roger's uncle, but the relationship was never alluded to between them, the Dowager, Roger's mother and Mr. Seymour's half-sister, having been an illegitimate child. Some of his relations having with great difficulty obtained interviews with him, he took his uncle Nangle's butler, a young man, for his uncle, who is an elderly gentleman; mistook his cousin Kate for another cousin, calling Kate Lucy, and Lucy Kate. On many points, however, he showed an intimate knowledge of the Tichborne affairs, and as time went on he began to talk more freely about them. It happens that there is a great stock of information about the family which is easily accessible. It is an old family with a history, and there is a great deal about it in County Histories, Baronetries, and similar works. There is Roger's will at Doctors' Commons. There have been administrations and various suits in Chancery, and the documents are open to inspection on payment of a small fee. It is certain that Roger kept a diary, and was very particular about preserving accounts and letters; and the Dowager herself was a mine of information. Bogle also knew, as a servant knows, the private history of the family in our own day. Rous, the landlord of the "Swan" at Alresford, had been a clerk to Dunn and Hopkins, the attorneys to the late baronet; and the Claimant quickly established a good understanding with Rous, although it afterwards broke down. With his scraps of information picked up from the Chancery papers and from talk with Rous and Bogle, Hopkins was next angled for and hooked. Then there was Balgent, who at first declared the Claimant to be an impostor, and who suddenly discovered that he was the real man. The adhesion of Miss Braine, who had been Miss Doughty's governess, and of Moore, Roger's servant in South America, were not obtained till 1868. On the 12th of March the Dowager, who had been for some time restless and disturbed, died suddenly. This was so far a loss to the Claimant that it deprived him of the pecuniary help which he had obtained from the old lady, but on the other hand it rendered it impossible that his chief witness should turn against him; and when the Dowager died, she knew nothing of the Wagga-Wagga will, and other remarkable circumstances in the Claimant's career.

Tichborne Park was in 1866, as now, let to Colonel Lushington, and it was in every way a good haul when the Colonel was landed. The Colonel, who had never seen Roger, was mainly induced by the Claimant's recognition of the Dowager's picture, and a stuffed cock pheasant alleged to have been sent home by Roger from South America, and by his intimation that the backs of some mistakes would prove to be gold if scratched. The Claimant had, however, seen the Dowager, and had studied a catalogue of the pictures; the pheasant had not been sent home from America,

but was an English bird; and the miniatures had been framed by Baigent, who appears to have mentioned it. Towards the end of February an important auxiliary arrived—this was Carter, an old trooper of the Carabineers, who was henceforward always in attendance on the Claimant. A few weeks later Carter is reinforced by another old soldier who had been Roger's regimental servant—McCann. Previously the Claimant had either shirked or blundered about military matters, and Baigent had never even heard him make an allusion of any kind to his connexion with the army. But now he plunged boldly into Roger's military history, and converted military witnesses by his wonderful knowledge of minute incidents. There were old stories about a horse that killed a trooper, about another trooper who got drunk, about the practical jokes played off on poor Roger, such as "chucking all the things" out of his window and sending a donkey clattering into his bedroom, which he took for the devil; about the two dogs Spring and Piecrust, Mrs. Hay's crow, and so on. He has names, dates, and incidents at his fingers' ends. At first he begins with the privates. Carter spends a day at Sandhurst, standing beer to his former comrades, gossiping with them about old days, and preparing them for a meeting with the Claimant. Separate interviews were arranged; the Claimant received each man as an old friend, went through the familiar stories, hobbled about the room to show that he was in-kneed, and made the most of his assumed French accent. Next there was an expedition to Colchester, with similar proceedings, and after that visits to various barracks in the North of England. Carter was an active missionary; there was plenty of beer flowing, and an occasional distribution of half-crowns. One man brought over another, and the Claimant collected not only witnesses, but information. When he found he had got a good hold on the privates, he tackled the officers, and won over four or five, who had no idea how the twigs had been limed for them. The interviews were always pre-arranged.

As the ball rolled, it gathered bulk. The affidavits of the witnesses who were first secured proved a fruitful nest-egg. They were cleverly concocted and then circulated among people whom it was desired to catch. They were drawn up so as to fasten upon Roger several of the Claimant's peculiarities of expression or feature, and, being unconsciously accepted as evidence of what Roger was like, facilitated the recognition of the Claimant, who was found of course to be very like himself. Then there were little "test" incidents ingeniously contrived. When the Claimant went to Burton Constable, Sir Talbot Constable the first day could not recognize him. The next day the Claimant fired off one or two stories, possibly acquired in the interval from servants or others, about having played in private theatricals at Burton, and handed the wine round when a servant was tipsy, and about an old hedge being cut down; and Sir Talbot gave in. Mr. Biddulph, a second cousin of Roger's, is the only member of the family, with the exception of the Dowager, who has recognized him; and Biddulph has confessed that his opinion was influenced by a story about two death's-head pipes, which might have been known to many persons in the Tichborne household. Colonel Sawyer similarly succumbed to the Claimant's recollection of the Carabineers having been landed at Herne Bay from Dublin. This fact had been got from the War Office. At a railway station the Claimant captured Mr. and Mrs. Deane by going up to them and addressing them by name. They had the instant before been pointed out to him by one of his inseparable attendants. Mrs. Sherstone knew him at once because she has such a faculty for recognizing faces. Mrs. Hussey, who danced with Roger once at a servants' ball when she was fourteen years old, was confident as to his looks twenty years afterwards.

A great body of evidence was thus collected by the end of 1867. There was a sort of grand rehearsal in the examination before Mr. Roupell at the Law Institute; and then the Claimant had four years more to get up more facts, and to study his part, as the actors say. It is true he recollected a great deal of loose odds and ends of information when in the witness-box, but, considering the time he had had for preparation, there was nothing surprising in this. Indeed, the most remarkable feature in the whole affair is that he did not attempt to learn more; to get up a little French, for example, a few facts about Paris and Stonyhurst, some notion of cavalry drill, and so on. His memory, like his French accent, was capricious—sometimes very strong, at other times a blank. He had a distinct recollection of his pipes, of the number on a trooper's horse, of the stag's head and mauve stripes on his shirts and handkerchiefs; but he could remember scarcely anything about his life at Paris, or at Stonyhurst, and only such incidents in his military career as were the common gossip of the barrack-yard. He confounded a troop and a squadron, and did not know the difference between close and open order, or what telling off and proving meant, and he thought the Carabineers were a thousand strong. He had never heard of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. Roger had some knowledge of Latin, and the Claimant thought *Cæsar* was in Greek. He was sure he learned Hebrew at Stonyhurst, where no Hebrew was taught. Roger was fond of music and could play the horn; the Claimant, when shown some music, and asked why the horn was written in such a key and the pianoforte in three flats, said it was because the horn could not get down to the flats. The Claimant pronounced the Dowager's name Felicite. The letters of Roger and the Claimant in handwriting, composition, and grammar are as different as letters can be. His story of the shipwreck of the *Bella*, and his escape with eight others in a boat, was absurd and contradictory. No survivor of the *Bella*

has ever turned up. Neither the captain nor any of the crew of the vessel which he said picked them up can be discovered. First he said it was the *Oprey*, a Scotch schooner, then the *Themia*, and then again he tried back to another *Oprey*. The Chili Commission proved that, whereas Tichborne was not known, Arthur Orton was known to the people whom the Claimant had mentioned as his friends at Melipilla. The Chili Commission taken in connexion with the Australian Commission and other evidence would seem to point to the Claimant as being Arthur Orton, but who he is of no practical importance if he is not Roger.

As to Roger's appearance at the time he left England there is a substantial agreement in the different portraits. His friends generally describe him as a slight, dark, pale man, with a soft melancholy eye, with thin, straight, very dark brown, almost black, hair, and with large and rather bony hands. His mother adds some flattering but fanciful touches, that he was tall and had blue eyes. General Custance's picture is in another style:—"A little, wretched, unwholesome-looking young man, about 5 ft. 6 in., or at most 5 ft. 7 in., very pale, thin, and dirty-looking, and apparently not likely to grow." The General's picture is perhaps too harsh, but we suspect it is nearer the truth than the more complimentary likeness. Roger was rather a weak, insignificant youth. When he first joined the regiment he was so under-sized and odd-looking, and talked so curiously in his French way, that the Colonel thought he must have come to see the cook, and directed an orderly to conduct him to the kitchen. He had to explain that he had come to see the Colonel and not the cook. It is possible that there really was a stronger resemblance in expression, if not in feature, between Roger and the Claimant than the counsel for the defence were willing to admit. But the physical evidence against the Claimant was overwhelming. It is possible that a man might increase in bulk, so that, having been once slender as Roger, he should become gross and ponderous as the Claimant; but the latter is an inch or more taller than Roger, who was twenty-four when he left England—an age at which men cease to grow in height. His head is larger; Roger's helmet, which was too loose for him, and had to be padded with a newspaper, was a painfully tight fit for the Claimant. Roger's hair was straight and lank; the Claimant's is curly. Roger's ears adhered to the side of his head; the Claimant's ears are dependent and free, with large lobes. Apart from the disputed scars on the Claimant's left foot, he has no marks of having been bled at all; but Roger was frequently bled on account of asthma. Roger's arm was elaborately tattooed, first by a sailor, who pricked out the emblems of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and afterwards by Lord Bellew, a schoolfellow, who added a cable and "R. C. T." On neither of the Claimant's arms are there any tattoo marks, though there is a mark at the wrist which it has been suggested might be a tattoo of "A. O." burned out. It will occur to every one that if the Court could have insisted upon beginning with a physical examination of the Claimant there would at once have been an end of the case, and that three instead of one hundred and three days would then have been sufficient to dispose of it. As it was, the jury could come to no other conclusion than that the claim had broken down, while the Judge had no alternative but to commit Thomas Castro to Newgate.

#### NEWSPAPER DECORUM.

WE are, as is well known, an admirable people; and, if we have a strong point, it is the deep respect which we always entertain for that great safeguard of public morality which we call decorum, and which our French friends, by a slight perversion of the meaning of the word, describe as *cant*. As it is undeniable that we possess this virtue, by whatever name it may be called, we are of course quite right in giving heaven thanks for it as often and as publicly as possible. A man may sometimes be excused for hiding his light under a bushel, because a judicious display of modesty is frequently the best mode of extorting praise from our neighbours; but if as a nation we do not blow our own trumpet, we may be quite certain that nobody will take the trouble to blow it for us. Let us therefore rejoice with all due complacency that we are not as the Americans. Their newspapers pander to the curiosity of the many-headed beast by trespassing on the privacies of life, and publishing to all the world details which are rightly excluded from our admirable press. It should be our proud boast that our journals, like our novels, may be read from the top of the first column to the foot of the last—always excepting certain advertisements—without calling up a blush to the cheeks of virgins or boys, and without unnecessarily dragging into daylight matters which are not of public right. The British press should be, and of course it is, in this as in every other respect, the pride and envy of the world. But at the same time, for, alas! there are "buts" to every positive assertion—it must not be forgotten that even Englishmen are men. Newspapers must be more or less amusing, and cannot entirely deprive themselves of that great source of amusement which is derived from our criminal jurisprudence. The publicity of our trials is, we believe, one of the numerous palladiums of our liberties; and the more public they are, the more thoroughly, of course, will our liberties be secured. But, independently of constitutional considerations, no philanthropist could wish to set down materially the reports which rivet the attention of a whole



nation. It is undoubtedly a pity that there should be murders, adulteries, and disputes as to the ownership of large property; but as human nature is constituted we may be pretty certain that there will be an abundant supply of such incidents; and perhaps people who delight to trace the natural chemistry by which some good is distilled from the greatest evils will regard the pleasure given to the public as some set-off against the injury inflicted upon individuals. Compare, for example, the pleasure caused by the *feuilleton* in a French newspaper with the pleasure given by a really good crime in England. The fiction endeavours to interest people by glowing pictures of imaginary vice; and it possibly succeeds in amusing, if not in instructing, a large number of intelligent persons. The fact, on the other hand, may be far less artistically composed, and may be deficient in many elements of dramatic interest. But the magic of reality invests the dull, blundering criminal with a charm absolutely unrivalled by the most vivid hero of fiction. The most thrilling narrative of Balzac or Sue or Dumas, to say nothing of their humbler British imitators, is wearisome if set beside the true story of some flesh-and-blood ruffian with just enough originality to knock out somebody's brains on a slightly new plan. His performance gives pleasure to thousands of breakfast-tables, and provides entertaining reading on Sunday mornings for hundreds of thousands of intelligent working-men. Dickens was a popular writer, but he never commanded an audience to be compared in numbers with those which have hung over the minutest details of the deeds of our great practical artists in crime, nor did his readers follow his most thrilling narratives with the same absorbing interest. The novelist, it is true, has the advantage in the long run; but whilst, if we may so speak, the scent of blood is yet fresh or the mystery still unravelled, the worker in fact hopelessly distances the worker in fiction. And, therefore, if we consider the quantity without paying too much attention to the quality of the emotion, it is perhaps disputable whether the pleasure which, thanks to the newspapers, is the indirect result of a great crime does not frequently outweigh the pain which is its immediate consequence. We leave some inferences from this fact to be considered by utilitarian moralists, and are content with observing that our unrivalled system of reporting trials may be regarded as in some degree compensating our newspapers for the bonds of decorum which elsewhere restrain their energies. It would be wrong for them to regale their readers by imaginary vice; but they are both discharging a great public duty and appealing to a stronger interest when they give the fullest details of a real atrocity.

There are, however, certain limits, not altogether easy of definition, within which their energies should be restrained. It has been felt, for example, that matters occasionally transpire in the Divorce Court upon which it is not desirable to afford the widest possible publicity; and we are glad that reticence in such matters is more generally practised than of old. There is another class of cases in which our laudable practice produces individual hardships too great to be compensated even by the public amusement. When, for example, an attempt is made to extort money by threats of exposing the past circumstances of a woman's life, the public may possibly enjoy the scandal; but it is an enjoyment of which anybody with a relic of manly feeling would be heartily ashamed, and certainly it is not one which he would accept at the price of being made more or less the accomplice of the extortioner. The public interest is not that wings should be given to the scandal, but that it should be kept within the narrowest possible limits compatible with the ends of justice. Even if the alleged facts are true, or partly true, the public has no claim to know them. It seems monstrous enough that the whole newspaper-reading population should be invited to discuss whether or not a woman has always led a virtuous life. It is all the harder because, even if the accusation be utterly false, there is always a chance that some of the mud so thrown may stick. Cases of intolerable hardship frequently occur where the vilest accusations are made against character which, from their very nature, are incapable of being decisively answered. The question is simply whether A. is guilty of some infamous vice or B. is a perjurer; and very often no testimony is available except that of the accuser and the accused. People to whom the characters are well known may form some probable conjectures; but the general public, to whom A. and B. are nothing but A. and B., can only make a guess in the dark. In all such cases it would seem plain enough that every care should be taken not to give premature or unnecessary publicity to the accusation. The pain inflicted is in any case enormous: it may be inflicted on a perfectly innocent person; and, moreover, it may operate in favour of the worst criminals. A villain who attempts to extort money by a false accusation—a crime which is frequently more morally detestable than even a murder—counts upon the unwillingness of his victim to have a public inquiry which will be painful, whatever its ultimate results. To give unnecessary publicity to the inquiry is therefore to put a new weapon into the hands of the vilest of human beings, and to enable them to give another turn of the screw to the person under torture. We fully believe that many a sensitive woman would rather buy off a villain at any price than submit to the misery of having it published in every newspaper in England that an imputation had been made upon her virtue. We should not favour a man who could make such an imputation unnecessarily, even if it were true; still less should we help him to trade upon it; and, as no punishment could be too severe for the abandoned scoundrel who would try to trade upon a

false imputation, no care can be too great to avoid putting additional weapons into his hands.

For these tolerably obvious reasons, we have been very unpleasantly impressed by a case to which we shall not refer more particularly; though, from the care taken by the leaders of public opinion, we cannot suppose that many of our readers are ignorant of its savoury details. It has, however, revealed a state of the law and of the press to which attention may properly be called. In the first place, it seems that it is possible for a man to go before a magistrate, and without reference to any legal proceedings, to make a declaration quite promiscuously to certain facts which would be destructive of a lady's character. This appears to us to be a very singular arrangement. At the simple cost of liability to a prosecution, which in many cases may be a very remote risk, a man may gratify his malice or his avarice by putting upon record, with or without provocation, a solemn declaration that a woman is unchaste. We are quite unable to see what end can be served by allowing a certain official stamp to be placed upon the gravest accusations which, even if true, do not form part of any judicial proceedings. There are circumstances under which it may be necessary to take a man's evidence on such matters; but that he should be allowed to volunteer such a statement without rhyme or reason, just because he likes to make it, is opposed to all one's ordinary notions of English justice. So far as appears, we may any of us now walk off to the nearest police-court, and make a solemn exposure of the worst things we choose to say about our neighbours' lives, to which they can only reply by bringing an action for libel against us. But this evil is comparatively small in itself; as it does not appear that the declaration so made would necessarily be known to many people. We provide any intending extortioner of hushmoney with a convenient mode of recording his calumnies, but we do not give him the widest possible circulation. That kind office has been on the present occasion undertaken by the *Times*, which, in the case to which we refer, publishes at length the declaration in question. Surely this, if we put the best construction upon it, is a very cruel oversight. It may gratify the prurient tastes of some readers to know precisely what is the imputation which has been made upon a lady's character, but meanwhile it is placing her in a most painful position without the smallest necessity. It is giving every possible publicity and currency to an accusation which may turn out to be entirely false, but which, meanwhile, may probably make upon many people an impression hard to be removed, even by the clearest refutation. Of the merits of the particular case we can, of course, say nothing. It matters nothing for our present purpose who may be in the right as to the facts. But, according to the present system, it seems that a sufficiently unscrupulous man, who sees his way to concocting a tolerably coherent story against a woman, may threaten her with making a declaration before a magistrate, which will be published to the whole world and read on half the breakfast-tables of the United Kingdom before she has had any opportunity of making a defence. Without wishing to deprive anybody of a harmless amusement, we may safely say that this is a means of offence which can obviously be turned to the worst purposes, and we regret that a leading newspaper should by any inadvertence permit its columns to be made in any degree subservient to it. We indeed are sufficiently prudish to be very little edified by the completeness with which the evidence in the case has been reported by the press generally. The declaration seems to be a wanton aggravation of the evil; but that is a detail. If a man make a grievous imputation upon a woman's character, it is highly desirable that he should be punished if it is false, and a certain amount of publicity is necessary. But surely it is a case of all others where, under any circumstances, the publicity should be restrained within the narrowest limits. To give all the details of the accusation at full length can serve no possible purpose that we see, except gratifying a prurient curiosity. It is an unmanly action to take away a woman's character without imperative necessity, and those who spread the accusation as widely as possible are substantially allies of the man who originated it.

#### THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN BAVARIA.

FOR many reasons, with which our readers will by this time be familiar, the Catholic reaction against the Vatican Council finds its head-quarter in Bavaria. As a writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* the other day observed:—"The movement has no longer to seek for its natural centre; it has already found it in the Bavarian capital. Here for the moment it stands before the doors of a Church corresponding to its requirements within the State. It rests with the Government to open those doors: it was prudent not to do so earlier, but to keep them shut any longer would show a want of insight." In Austria, for some unexplained reason, the Government appears to have betrayed this want of insight, if we may credit a recent announcement that no civil validity will be accorded to the acts of Old Catholic priests. On the other hand, in Prussia, Prince Bismarck, who has never proved himself a religious partisan, and has certainly manifested no hostility to the Roman Catholic Church as such, has been forced by political exigencies into an intestine conflict with Ultramontanism, and there, as in Bavaria, the opposite party in the Church have every likelihood of being allowed fair play. The autograph letter of congratulation sent to Dr. Dollinger last week on the occasion of his seventy-third birthday may be taken

to indicate the friendly feeling entertained for him by his Sovereign; and the overflowing attendance at his lectures on the Reunion of the Churches, now in course of delivery at Munich, to which we shall have to refer again presently, sufficiently testifies to his continued influence and popularity. There is, however, further evidence of a more precise and statistical kind to the advance of the movement in the country, which is worth recording. The general establishment of Committees, and, wherever required, of religious congregations (*Gemeinde*) of Old Catholics, was the twofold object of the organization set on foot by the Munich Congress of last September. And the latter part of the programme was of course sure to be the most difficult in itself to carry out, while moreover it necessarily in each instance presupposes the former. These ecclesiastical communities, with a local home and a regular pastorate, could not in Germany be organized without the sanction of the Government; and there would be no means, nor indeed any adequate ground, for taking such a step in the absence of a considerable body of warm adherents of the movement. It is just in this crucial point, however, that it has attained a great and probably unexpected success. Let us mention a few examples.

At Cologne, as our readers are already aware, two churches have been placed at the disposal of the Old Catholics, who have obtained one at Bonn also. But to come to Bavaria. Congregations have, it appears, been formed at Nuremberg and Ratisbon, two of the principal cities, and the latter the see of the most violent of the German infallibilist bishops. At Amberg, in the centre of what is considered a peculiarly Ultramontane province, the burial of an Old Catholic citizen, Zunner by name, solemnized by Professor Friedrich, was attended by an immense concourse of all classes, while the address got up by the clergy as a counter demonstration was very scantily signed, and chiefly by persons who were evidently not accustomed to write their names. The country people are always held up by the Ultramontane organs as the firmest pillars of Papal orthodoxy; but at the villages of Tegernsee, Grating, and Sachseum, the discourses of the *Alt-katholik* leaders were received with enthusiastic tokens of sympathy. More important is the recent establishment of an Old Catholic congregation with a regular pastor at Kempten, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, in the heart of a district where the resistance of the people to the new dogma seems to be both general and of a very determined character. At Munich the pastoral charge has been entrusted by the Local Committee to a priest named Haasler, formerly chaplain at Ziegenhals, as the needs of the congregation had quite outgrown the zealous but necessarily irregular ministrations of Dr. Friedrich and others, who could not devote their whole time to the work. A request has also been preferred for the use of a second church within the city, as the little chapel on the banks of the Isar, which has been occupied for the last four months, is greatly overcrowded on all Sundays and festivals, besides the inconvenience of its remote situation, though no obstacles of weather or distance have at all cooled the zeal of the increasing band of worshippers. At Mering and Kirfersfelden, the parish priests who, together with their people, have openly repudiated the new dogmas, remain in undisputed possession of their churches and endowments, but the "New Catholics," as they are now called in Germany, are allowed the use of the church at certain hours. It is impossible to measure the full strength and extent of the opposition in Munich till the use of some large church in the city is secured to them, and, after the express declarations of the Government assuring them of the fullest recognition and protection by the State, as Catholics, it can hardly be doubted that so reasonable a demand will be speedily complied with. Already two of the most powerful corporations in the State—the University and the magistracy—are acknowledged representatives of the Opposition. It is of course freely objected by the adverse party that, after all, the movement is no more than a tempest in a teacup, and will be powerless, as Dr. Newman said some years ago of the Tractarian movement in England, to stir the huge inert mass of the Church and the dead weight of compact obstruction presented by the hierarchy. But to this there is the obvious reply that, to adopt the phrase of an intelligent observer on the spot, "the vast net in which the movement is intended to be stifled in the bud has a good many holes in it." There are, he adds, and his statement is no doubt true beyond the limits of Bavaria, abundant symptoms of a forced and unnatural acquiescence among the general body, who as yet make no outward sign of dissent. And we may add that there are not wanting signs of an equally unwilling and merely formal and provisional submission among the bishops of the minority, who have managed somehow or other to patch up their quarrel with Rome for the present. The sole consideration which exercised any control over the headstrong obstinacy of the dominant faction at the Vatican Synod, but which also again and again induced the bishops of the Opposition to hold their hand, was the dread of schism. And from the first the keener and bolder spirits in the minority perceived that to this, if they were in earnest, it must come at last unless the Curia would yield. Even during the early months of the Council Dr. Friedrich had plainly told his friends in Rome that it would not be the first or the second time a schism had been found the only remedy for the wounds of the Church, and that if the contest against Curialism and Jesuitism was really to be carried on, a temporary schism was the inevitable result. To this it has already come in Germany, and the example seems not unlikely to be followed elsewhere.

They, however, they defend the policy of a temporary schism,

the *Alt-katholiken* have always professed their interest in the cause of Christian union, and their conviction that it would in the long run be promoted rather than endangered by the present struggle. And in this sense we interpret the remarkable series of lectures which Dr. Döllinger has for some weeks past been engaged in delivering at Munich, an English translation of which, as we are glad to observe, is advertised to appear shortly by Messrs. Rivingtons. They have been addressed on successive Wednesdays to an unusually numerous audience in the great hall of the Museum, and are pretty fully reported every week in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. A very brief notice of the main points touched upon is all we can find room for here. The opening lecture gives minute statistics of the present divisions of the Christian world, with an account of the numbers and leading characteristics of the various component elements of which it is made up. In his second address the lecturer gives a similar analysis of the condition and prospects of the different sections of the heathen world, and of the missionary enterprises, both Catholic and Protestant, for their conversion, which he regards as at best very partial and unsatisfactory, and that in great measure owing to the disunion among Christians. He therefore concludes by entreating all who love the name of Christ to pray daily for an outpouring of the spirit of Peace, that a new Pentecost of harmony and enlightenment may be celebrated throughout Christendom. In the third lecture Dr. Döllinger returns to the religious controversies among Christians, with the aim of discriminating disputes about essential dogmas from disputes about matters of opinion, and he dwells at some length on the great schism of so many centuries standing between the Eastern and Western Churches. The fourth lecture, which must have been peculiarly interesting to such an audience, contains a vivid sketch of the German Reformation, and does ample justice to the "surpassing greatness of mind and marvellous many-sidedness of Luther, which made him the man of his age and his people." The split between the adherents of the old and new learning only widened with time, and it was not till the end of the seventeenth century that the centrifugal force of the Protestant movement had spent itself, and men on both sides began in earnest to look about them for the means of reconciliation. The fifth lecture is devoted to a review of the principal attempts which have been made in that direction, especially those connected with the names of Calixtus, Grotius, Bossuet, and Leibnitz, and the irenic policy of Innocent XI. The lecturer speaks hopefully of the future, and observes that, wherever he looks, and especially in Germany and England, he sees signs of a reaction towards unity. A sixth and last lecture is promised to be delivered on Wednesday next, with immediate reference to the religious phenomena of England. We are not, it must be remembered, engaged now in reviewing Dr. Döllinger's lectures, but are simply calling attention to them, and to the impression they are producing in Germany, in connexion with the movement of which he is the acknowledged leader. One rather important corollary would seem to follow naturally, if not necessarily, from the line of argument pursued, and is indeed expressly affirmed by other writers on the same side. The view is evidently spreading among the theologians of the party that none of the mediæval Councils, held after the division of East and West had been consummated, can be regarded as Ecumenical in the strict sense of the word, and that the Christian Church can only be reunited on the basis of the faith previously agreed upon, which must form the starting-point for any future developments. This is expressly stated in Professor Friedrich's *Tagebuch*, and is said to be maintained or certainly implied in the language of some leading bishops of the minority—Archbishop Kenrick for one. We are not of course concerned here to discuss the theological merits of the question. But it is obvious on the face of it what a powerful solvent the acceptance of such a principle would apply to a great deal of the popular belief and practice of Roman Catholic countries. And it is in such popular traditions, far more than in their dogmatic standards, that the chief grounds of antagonism between rival religious communions are usually to be sought.

#### IMPERIALISM WHITEWASHED.

IMPERIALISM has been put on its trial at Rouen in the person of the Count Janvier de la Motte, ex-Prefect of the Eure, and has been—shall we say honourably?—acquitted. We do not fancy that M. Thiers and his Republic will have much reason to congratulate themselves on the result of this experiment. M. Thiers, who boasted the other day of his years and experience, should certainly know his countrymen by this time. It may be assumed that he had a purpose in bringing a representative scamp of the Empire to the bar of public opinion, and that purpose can scarcely have been other than to discredit Imperial institutions. He bestowed himself in the midst of more important business to distract the defaulting official in his Swiss exile, and reclaim him for French justice in virtue of extradition treaties. He excluded him in an eight months' confinement while preparing the process that was to ensure his condemnation. He arraigned him at last on a series of apparently most damaging charges; conjured up a formidable cloud of highly respectable witnesses; flooded the full light of publicity upon a variety of scandalous and mischievous facts; naturally court the darkness. Enough has been advanced on all hands to cover with disgrace the official and moral character of the Emperor, according to our narrow legal notions. Yet M. de la Motte has been unanimously acquitted by the jury amidst general applause.

and leaves the Court "without a stain upon his character." We do not say that political opponents will fail to hold him up to contempt and execration, or to draw political lessons and moral warnings from his story. Very likely there will be social precursors and Pharisees to brand him as a representative of the sinners who have called down judgment on France. But there is not the least reason to suppose that he will in any way lose caste in consequence of the recent unpleasant disclosures. It is sufficiently clear that those who used to admire and associate with him, in spite of the immorality he paraded, will continue to hold him in as high esteem as ever; that misdemeanours which our criminal judges call by ugly names will be cancelled by a set-off of his brilliant gifts and his official merits; in short, that his public errors will be condoned, as inherent to a system that suits the people, while they throw his personal virtues into brighter relief. M. Janvier de la Motte evidently expected as much, and bore himself accordingly. Eight months of prison following on official destitution and exile had neither broken his spirit nor made his conscience unduly sensitive. At the bar of Rouen he carried himself erect as in the halls of his official residence at Evreux, and the prisoner preserved all the dignity of the Prefect. He knows his countrymen better than the veteran statesman who provisionally regulates their destinies. He has been moving with the age ever since he entered public life. He served his apprenticeship to statesmanship in the school of the Empire. The Empire made it its business to study the masses whom it ruled, to promote their prosperity, to pander to their weaknesses, to distract their fancies—at once to serve, to guide, and to dazzle them. M. de la Motte knew very well that he was not an ordinary culprit. Slightly to parody words placed on a memorable occasion in the mouth of his late master, he represents a system and a cause, a success and a defeat. M. Thiers's Government singled him out for exposure and retribution as representing resuscitated Imperialism. He was sensible of the honour, and accepted the challenge. He had a right to be proud of the implied distinction. Whether he had done all that he was charged with, or the half of it, he had only strained his powers within the limits of a judicious discretion, and acted as the most energetic and able of his *confrères*. So, in fact, said no less a personage than M. Thiers's Minister of Finance, and we at least are quite ready to believe it. M. de la Motte comprehended instinctively the principles of Imperialism, and had all the qualities to put them in successful practice. He entered on his political apprenticeship in the sub-Prefecture of Dieppe. Even in that modest station he found means of recommending himself to those whose business it was to develop serviceable talent. His first promotion fully justified the good opinion of his superiors, and procured him yet higher preferment. Although not a Prefecture of the first or second rank, the Eure was an important and delicate post. It contained a large and unusually intelligent Liberal element strongly disaffected to the Empire, and was moreover exceptionally exposed to Bourbon and Orleanist influences. An Imperial prefect had no need to make enemies in the Eure. He was sure to find hostile critics in abundance. The various ingenious methods of cooking official accounts would of course remain strictly family secrets, and the Conseil Général that passed the bills would be composed of staunch partisans of the ruling powers; but the outlay generally, the pomp, parade, and costly festivities, would be matter of public observation, while private irregularities far less flagrant than those imputed to M. de la Motte would be discussed and exaggerated by the gossip of a provincial town. Yet, such as he was, M. de la Motte gained an extraordinary popularity, and even the recent disclosures do not seem in any degree to have alienated the sympathies of his late subjects. We are told that he was regarded as a victim and a martyr—the victim of his own brilliant qualities and genial vices, a martyr to the political strategy of a precocious Government. The leading magnates of the department, cited as witnesses against him, seldom missed an opportunity of putting in a good word in his favour, and now that he is restored to liberty, they will no doubt associate with him on the old friendly terms. So we may fairly come to the conclusion that, according to French ideas, M. de la Motte is a model magistrate, and we may draw the inevitable conclusion as to the form of government that is best suited to his country.

It is a strange picture that we get of society in the department of the Eure under Imperial institutions and M. Janvier de la Motte. Work and waste went hand in hand at the Prefecture, and energy continually exerting itself could afford to indulge in occasional excess. The model prefect is represented as showing a sublime disregard for decency, worthy of the most autocratic voluptuary that ever filled a throne. His amours are described as promiscuous and ostentatious. Not content with perpetual visits to the capital, where he was as conspicuous in certain circles as any patron of the opera balls, he established in the Prefecture ornaments of the Parisian stage and ballet, and played the Don Juan in Evreux as well. As for his debts, they were on the scale that might have been expected from his magnificent tastes and extravagant pleasures. He owed money everywhere, and borrowed down to the most paltry sums in the most unlikely quarters. He dealt with the public funds as freely as if they had been his own. He himself pleads guilty to what we should call falsifying his accounts in all manner of ways; or, rather he avows it, for he admits no guilt in the matter. It was all an understood thing. He was supporting the dignity of the Empire, and studying the interests of the department, in the exercise of his official duties.

Levish display tended to secure public contentment and the stability of the dynasty; gold sown broadcast in works of public utility returned twentyfold to the department. And from the point of view that was justified by precedent and prevailing practice, it may be admitted that there is much in what he alleges. He was absolutely free from prejudice in the choice of his means, and something less than accurate in financial details; but, broadly speaking, he justified the confidence of his superiors. He spent freely, for the public as well as for himself; certainly he saved nothing. He developed the riches of his province, and converted the fluctuating mass of its sentiment to Imperialism. He appears to have been as generous to the poor as to himself, although he is accused of having borrowed from them in a time of dire necessity. He opened roads and built bridges that raised the value of land; he promoted the agricultural and horticultural exhibitions that have made the fortunes of farmers and gardeners in the Eure. He conciliated the aristocracy, created loyal enthusiasm among the people, preserved the public tranquillity, and pleased all parties. If every agent of the Bonapartes had carried out the Imperial programme with equal judgment, the Emperor might probably now have had a roof over his head at St. Cloud, instead of languishing in exile at Ohlschurst. For M. de la Motte was a man of indefatigable spirit as well as of iron frame. He went about his official business with even greater energy than about his pleasures. If he delighted in dissipation, it never dulled his faculties or interfered with his doing his master's work. He was a thoroughly enlightened administrator, and it was not only in moral questions that he set alight store by old-fashioned ideas. He had the reverential confidence of the rural mayors and the peasants; he won the respectful consideration of the commercial centres. He was half-fellow well-met alike with long-descended nobles, self-made men, and rustic clodhoppers, preserving all the time his own dignity and that of his master. For, with all his urbanity, M. de la Motte stood no nonsense. He suppressed journals, repressed the factions, put the maires and curés in training, and taught them, with their flocks and their villages, to answer the word of command with servile obedience. It would seem that the French like this sort of thing. They feel gratitude as well as respect for the man who can drive a team so queer with a hand at once firm and gentle; who will let them have their heads so long as they keep his road, but holds them well together in spite of themselves, and will suffer them neither to bolt nor to stumble.

Adroit, able, and brilliant as he was, surely M. de la Motte's official career would have been an impossibility in any country but France. The most painful and significant part of the story is the general tone of morality which it shows. No wonder that his "indiscretions" are regarded with leniency, when so many people of all ranks were found to make themselves his accomplices. For in every case where he confesses to a fabrication of accounts one or more persons besides himself were in the secret. Some of them were subordinate officials, whose careers might have been blighted by a single word from their master. It is natural, perhaps, that they should not have presumed to a virtue greater than his, but it is significant at the same time that he should have dared to admit so many of them to his secrets. It showed that neither he nor they believed he was placing himself in their power. Moreover, many of his accomplices were men of independent position. Yet they, no less than errant aeronauts, conservators of botanical gardens, and managers of theatres, all consented to forward the Prefect's designs on the purse which it was his business to protect. There were besides a perfect host of farmers, tradespeople, carriers, gardeners, common labourers, who were made privy to as many misdemeanours, and became parties to what we should regard as criminal offences in obedience to his simple order. We have no means of judging how far M. de la Motte may have corrupted society, or how far the easy tone of society carried M. de la Motte into pushing his moral liberty to license. We may reasonably suppose that a department is not to be utterly demoralized in a few years, and that he found in the Eure a soil exceptionally favourable to the growth of the seed he sowed. We may presume that this sort of thing has been going on generally over France during the two decades of the Empire. Of such men were the Empire, and such were its morals. M. Thiers has chosen to bring it to the bar of opinion, and opinion seems to pronounce decidedly in its favour.

#### INFANT LIFE PROTECTION.

THE practice which is commonly called baby-farming was investigated last Session by a Committee of the House of Commons, which produced a blue-book of formidable size; and Mr. Charley, who was an active member of that Committee, has introduced a Bill founded on its recommendations, which is as innocent as any child, and promises to introduce a Bill on the cognate subject of bastardy, which is perhaps questionable. We must allow that Mr. Charley can quote evidence from the blue-book in support of an alteration of the law of bastardy, but there would be little difficulty in producing evidence on the other side. The Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital thinks that magistrates have been rather too stringent in the proof they have required of the liability of the father of a bastard; but lawyers who practice before magistrates know that the odds are in favour of an affiliation summons succeeding. Cases frequently occur of married men who have lived many years without reproach being called upon to

most charges of this kind. There is a man's oath against a girl's, and there is also the requirement of corroboration of the girl in some material particular by another witness, which the law imposes and which magistrates are often inclined to fritter away. It is possible that the champions of woman's rights may take this matter up, and ally themselves with Mr. Charley; and if by such a combination of force the present bastardy law should be relaxed, the consequences to mankind will be serious. Respectability will be no protection whatever against these allegations, for when a girl resolves on perjury, she usually selects a victim who can pay.

The Bill for the better protection of infant life provides that a baby-farmer must take out a licence, which may be granted by a magistrate on a certificate to be given by a magistrate, minister of religion, or medical practitioner. The certificate must state that the person signing it has "personally investigated" the character and fitness of the applicant. We do not perhaps quite understand what is meant by "personally investigating" a woman's character, but if we do, we should think that men in general would feel disposed to decline the duty, particularly if, under Mr. Charley's other Bill, there might be a temptation to the woman to allege that during the process of investigation she became a mother. The Bill for protecting infants is a poor little Bill, and it was feebly introduced. There is to be no charge for the licence to keep a baby-farm, because, as Mr. Charley says, the exaction of a fee might tend to deprive the children of "many little luxuries," which he seems to suppose they usually enjoy. The Bill is not to apply to "homes or public orphanages established for the protection of infants," although we do not see how any distinction is to be drawn between a "home" and an ordinary baby-farm, where of course the comforts of a home are provided. Mr. Squeers said of Dotheboys Hall, "the fact is it ain't a hall," and probably nobody who sent a child there supposed that it was. When "the comforts of a home" are offered at a cheap advertising school, we understand what is meant. Any keeper of a baby-farm may call it a "home," and the statement that it "protected" infants as effectually as Mr. Charley's Bill would not perhaps be easy to refute. If any child dies in a licensed baby-farm, there must be a medical certificate that the death arose from "natural causes," or an inquest must be held. But in truth the causes of death at these receptacles are almost always "natural." The child is separated from its mother and kept in bad air on insufficient food, and a large percentage of children so treated die. The baby-farmers know their business far too well to accelerate incautiously the operation of the "natural" causes which tend to remove natural children from a world where their presence is inconvenient. Of course, if the babies are made to partake too largely of the "little luxury" which is vulgarly called "quietness," a coroner's inquest may help to bring the baby-farmer to deserved punishment. But we hardly see how the State can enforce the adequate feeding of nobody's children, except by feeding them itself, which would amount to an encouragement of illegitimate intercourse of the sexes. The House of Commons not inappropriately discussed on the same day with this Bill the question whether the mixing of water with milk should be punished as adulteration. Unless Government is to appoint inspectors of pap-boats we fear that Mr. Charley's well-meant efforts will be ineffectual. It appears from the evidence taken by the Committee that there are in all parts of London a large number of private houses used as lying-in establishments where women are confined. When the infants are born some few of them may be taken away by their mothers; but if they are to be "adopted," as is usually the case, the owner of the establishment receives for the adoption a sum of money, sometimes as little as 5*l.*, sometimes as much as 50*l.* or 100*l.*, according to the means of the person who goes to be confined. The infant is then removed to the worst class of baby-farming houses under an arrangement with the lying-in establishments, by which the owners of the baby-farming houses are remunerated, either by a small round sum which is totally inadequate to the permanent maintenance of the child, or by a small weekly payment which is supposed to cover all expenses. In the former case there is obviously every inducement to get rid of the child; and even in the latter case, unless the mother should come to look after it, which she seldom does, improper and insufficient food, opiates, drugs, crowded rooms, bad air, want of cleanliness, and wilful neglect are sure to be followed in a few months by diarrhoea, convulsions, and wasting away. This is the substance of the description given of baby-farming in the Report. The children born in lying-in establishments and removed to baby-farms are usually illegitimate. The burden of supporting these children may be imposed upon the father, or the mother, or the community. Make the father pay by all means if you can catch him. But if you press upon the mothers they will be irresistibly tempted to relieve themselves by falsely affiliating their children upon men who are able to maintain them. The third alternative is opposed by prevailing feeling; and yet if we cannot make up our minds to maintain bastards, it is idle to complain that they are allowed to starve. The objection to any effectual measure would be something similar in character to that which has been urged against the Contagious Diseases Act. It would be said that the State was encouraging immorality. But if an effectual measure cannot be passed, that is no reason why Mr. Charley should propose a measure which must necessarily be ineffectual. The Committee recommended a compulsory registration of all births and deaths, and we are told that the Government contemplated introducing a measure with that object. Sup-

posing it to be enacted and enforced, the children must, on failure of their parents' means, be supported either at parochial or national expense. At present no account is taken of these children, and 70, 80, or even 90 per cent. of them die from crime or neglect. Crime, however, is rare, while neglect is almost invariable; and from the two causes bastards are, as a witness puts it broadly, "killed off" before they are a year old. The Committee further recommended an inspection of lying-in establishments; but Mr. Charley tells us that so much difficulty existed in framing a provision for that purpose, that it had been determined not to embody that recommendation in the Bill. He did not explain what the difficulty was, and we should think that such a measure might reasonably accompany that for compulsory registration. If it is intended that illegitimate children shall continue to be "killed off" quickly, Mr. Charley's pretence of doing something may usefully conceal a determination to do nothing.

"The Christian, the philanthropist, and the legislator" are supposed by Mr. Charley to concur in desiring that he should interfere to prevent the "wanton destruction" of infant life. It appears, however, that the mere fact that children are hand-nursed instead of breast-nursed, will, unless great care be taken, raise the death-rate even in well-conducted homes to forty per cent. and upwards. We are told in the Report that "the children of wet-nurses, almost all of whom are single women, are usually put out to some dry-nurse for hire, and, in that case, scarcely any of them are known to live long." This remarkable statement is born out by evidence which deserves the attention of the Christian and the philanthropist as well as of Mr. Charley and other legislators. We all know that among people who can afford to pay for anything they desire to have, wet-nurses are sometimes in demand, and this Report shows that the supply can only be obtained by resorting to single women who have children. A married woman will not in general put another person's child in place of her own for any reward that can be offered, because this is in effect giving to the stranger a large, and to her own offspring a small, chance of life. In London, said a witness before the Committee, nearly all illegitimate children are put out to nurse, because if a mother has her child to nurse she can hardly get her own living. It appears that of children put out to nurse nearly half die under good treatment, and therefore Mr. Charley's Bill could at the most only affect the possibility of life of the other half. It is to be hoped that Christians and philanthropists will be able to reconcile themselves to the small results of Mr. Charley's labours. Perhaps if a Conservative Government were to be formed, it might appoint Mr. Charley to the office of Inspector-General of pap-boats under his own Bill.

#### RECRUITING

FROM a Report on recruiting just issued, and the recent debate in the House of Commons on the same subject, we glean many interesting facts and obtain much food for thought. A successful method of recruiting is the basis of every military system, for, however excellent may be the organization of an army, it avails nothing unless there be an adequate number of men to organize. Neither in Prussia nor in France is there any difficulty on this point; the former, by means of universal liability to service, and the latter, by conscription with substitutes, is able at all times to obtain the supply of men required. Both systems possess the advantages of simplicity, of economy, and of the certainty that there will never be any lack of recruits to complete the establishments fixed upon. In other respects there is a great difference between the two systems. That of Prussia tends to increase the respectability of the army and to raise the status of the soldier; that of France on the contrary degrades the profession of arms. It is objected to the Prussian method that it involves an oppressive personal tax, and interferes with the productive industry of the country. In France matters are even worse; for the conscription is not only a personal tax, but one which, like misfortune, is blind in its incidence, while by the admission of substitutes the poor are placed at a great disadvantage as compared with the rich. The latter pays merely a fine easily borne, the former contributes his all—namely, his labour. So strongly are the objections to both methods of recruiting felt in England, that although the voluntary system has always been more or less a failure, we still obstinately adhere to our old practice. This practice is simply that the State goes into the labour-market, and competes with other employers. It has been shown by a contemporary that the voluntary system, even when bolstered up by high bounties graduated according to the necessities of the moment, had scarcely ever succeeded in completing our establishment, and it may reasonably be anticipated that the abolition of bounties will tend to check any sudden supply of men. Nevertheless it is decided that voluntary enlistment shall have a further trial. Mr. Cardwell is confident as to the result, and is sanguine as to the effects which will be produced by localization, improvements in the condition of the soldier, and the holding out of prizes. It is probable that even the partial system of localization which is to be instituted will accomplish something, for it will bring the recruiter into closer contact with sources of supply which have not yet been tapped; and it is to be remembered that it will add but little to the small inducements to enlist. It is certainly time that some steps should be taken without delay, for our present position is as follows. Notwithstanding



that we accept boys for men's work, and take men as short as five feet five inches in height, the cavalry, engineers, and infantry are only nearly complete, and in the artillery there is a deficiency of some 1,783 gunners. Various explanations are offered for this unsatisfactory state of things, such as the augmentation commenced eighteen months ago, and the present great demand for labour. Still, be the causes what they may, the ugly fact remains that the supply falls even now short of the demand. The Inspector-General of Recruiting himself confesses that "at present the supply of men has not been quite sufficient," and that increased difficulty is to be apprehended in the future. He reckons the number of recruits now required as 10 per cent. on the establishment, and estimates that, owing to the transfer of long service men to the Reserve, the percentage will gradually increase, till in 1876, when the six-years' men will begin to obtain their discharge, it will amount to fifteen. According to this calculation, the demand will four years hence be half as large again as it is at present. We fancy that the estimate of ten per cent. is unduly low, and we would suggest both that the maximum of demand will not have been reached till all the twelve-years' men shall have been discharged, and that if ten per cent. of recruits are required yearly when men enlist for twelve years, nearly double that number will be necessary when the army is almost exclusively composed of six-years' men. It might be imagined that in proportion as the Reserve increases the active army may be reduced. A little consideration, however, will show that this is a fallacy. Reserve men will not be as efficient as those who have served upwards of three years with the colours without intermission. Nor can we ever reckon on obtaining, when we want them, all those borne on the rolls of the Reserve. It is obvious that unless high inducements are held out to tempt members of the Army Reserve to complete their Reserve service, no man will obey the summons to the colours unless it suits him to do so. How, for instance, is a Reserve man who originally enlisted in Cork, was passed into the Reserve in London, and subsequently settled in Tipperary, to be caught? What is there to prevent a man from emigrating should the fancy seize him? In last Monday's debate Mr. Holmes argued in favour of reducing the period of service from six to three years, and suggested that the army should consist of 83,000 men with the colours, 60,000 in the first reserve, and 50,000 in the second reserve. He forgot, apparently, that the annual percentage of recruits would thereby be raised from ten to over thirty, and that we should require each year about 25,000 men, whereas the Inspector-General of Recruiting informs us that "an annual average of from 20,000 to 21,000 is more than has been hitherto obtained." Besides, though an infantry soldier learns his drill in a few months, he cannot be considered as thoroughly trained till he has served three years. According to Mr. Holmes, therefore, as soon as he became valuable he would be passed into the Reserve. In three years his military habits would not have become fixed, his military knowledge would not have been converted into an instinct, and after a few months of civil life he would sink to a level of efficiency but little superior to that of a Militiaman.

But, after all, the pressing question is this:—We cannot get a sufficient number of recruits even now, when our demands are moderate; what additional inducements shall we hold out when our demands increase? and we have seen that they must increase. The Inspector-General confesses that by the abolition of bounty the inducements to enlist are in one respect less than they were. We consider the abolition of bounty a proper and judicious measure, but still, as a matter of fact, the inducement to enlist has been diminished by the amount of that bounty. Again, the soldier has now no right to serve long enough to obtain a pension, and, save in rare instances, he will not be permitted to make the army his profession for life. The Inspector-General institutes a comparison between the position of the man retiring after twenty-one years' service on a pension of a shilling a day, and the position of the man who, after six years' service, is passed into the Reserve with an allowance of 7*l.* a year for six years. The present value of the pension is from 33*l.* to 34*l.* 10*s.*, while that of the Reserve pay is 28*l.* 8*s.*, showing a balance in favour of the former of from 4*l.* 12*s.* to 6*l.* 2*s.* On the other hand he places the advantage of knowing that the short-service man can, if he likes, retire after six years. This is hardly a fair way of putting it, for as a rule he must retire, or the supply to the Reserve would fail. For our own part we very much doubt whether short service is an inducement. There are two classes of men who enlist. One consists of thoughtless lads, who never ask or think at the time about the duration of their engagement. To them short service is no inducement. The other class is made up of men who, enlisting deliberately and from a liking for soldiering, seek to make the army a profession and provision for life. To such men short service is positively distasteful. We are told that the average age of recruits is nineteen, and that it cannot be raised, because after that age men have settled down in some occupation. But take the recruit who, enlisting at nineteen, passes into the Reserve at twenty-five. He has forgotten his former trade or occupation; he is too old to learn it again; his habits are unsettled; and employers will not care to engage him because of his periodical absence at training. Great inducements are, according to the Inspector-General, offered by the promise that a discharged soldier of good character will, if able to pass an examination, be selected for a clerkship in the War Office in preference to other candidates. He also dwells upon the fact that men of the Reserve

will, if qualified, be appointed Post Office messengers in country districts. Now the number of annual vacancies at the War Office is very limited, and the remuneration of a Post Office messenger is not excessive. Still, if a beginning were made, and a large number of discharged soldiers were at once gazetted to these appointments, a beneficial influence on recruiting would no doubt be the result. But the question arises, would not the public service suffer if a considerable number of War Office clerks and Post Office messengers were suddenly recalled to the ranks? Were a national emergency to take place, the work in Pall Mall and the operations in the Post Office would certainly not be diminished; yet it is precisely at such a time that the Reserve men would be required with the colours. It seems questionable whether appointments under Government should be given to the soldier until after the completion of his Reserve service. Schooling is also brought forward as an inducement to enlist. Unfortunately those who most require education generally care least for it, while those who do not require it are able to do better for themselves elsewhere than in the army.

The Inspector-General, after exhausting his list of inducements, suggests two notable expedients for facilitating recruiting. One is that magistrates, the clergy, and the gentry generally should set forth the advantages of a short military training. Nothing could be more desirable, if we may assume their readiness to act as amateur recruiting sergeants. The other expedient is that loafers, if not actually tainted with crime, should be persuaded to join the regular army, where discipline and the removal from former influences would in many cases reform them. He does not state how such men are to be persuaded, and we must say we doubt the advisableness of lowering the tone of the army by making it a reformatory for vagabonds. We observe that the hope of obtaining a commission is not included among the list of inducements. The omission is creditable alike to the good sense and the honesty of the Inspector-General; for, at the present rate of officer's pay, a commission is not looked on by soldiers as a prize. Throughout the whole Report runs a vein of apology and foreboding. The apologetic tone is particularly discernible when the Inspector-General speaks of the Militia in connexion with recruiting. In one part of his Report he observes that the practice of the Militia and army recruiting side by side, the Militia recruit receiving a bounty and the army recruit none, is injurious to recruiting. In another passage, however, he combats this idea, and expresses a belief that as the Militiaman will probably be allowed after one training to volunteer into the Line, the Militia enrolments will help Line enlistments. To us it seems more reasonable to expect that direct enlistment for the Line will be enormously diminished, and that few men will enter the army save through the Militia. Were the bounty abolished for the Militia all rivalry with the army would cease; for, as a general rule, each would attract a distinct class of recruits. To make the Militia a mere passage into the army is not beneficial to the latter, and cannot fail to destroy both the efficiency and the *esprit de corps* of the former. Perhaps, however, the weakest point in Mr. Cardwell's scheme is the impossibility of reconciling short enlistments with Indian service. The India Office and Indian Government will never consent to incur the expense of relieving regiments oftener than every ten years. Even if the period of Indian service were reduced to five years and three-quarters, every man in the regiment would have to be enlisted the day before the regiment started, and to be discharged the day after its return, for the voyage out and back would occupy three months. If therefore the present system is to be persevered in, it is difficult to see how we are to escape the necessity of re-establishing the local European army—a proceeding on many grounds to be deprecated. Bearing in mind the large force kept up in India, we do not understand how it will be possible to carry out even Mr. Cardwell's present plans, much less to reduce the period of service to three years. An obvious solution of the difficulty would of course be to adopt the system of universal liability to military service; but for such a radical change the country is not yet ripe.

#### THE DEBATES IN THE SWISS STÄNDERATH.

WE venture to hope that we have made some small contribution to political knowledge by our attempts to give English readers some idea of the questions involved in the present reconstruction of the Swiss Federal Constitution. But it is a work which has been in some respects carried on under difficulties. It is not easy to record and comment on the proceedings of two bodies which are sitting at the same time. Add to this that there seems to be some mysterious difficulty in forwarding the debates from Switzerland to England. The official paper, the *Bundesblatt* or *Feuille Fédérale*, travels with perfect ease and regularity, but the *Bulletin*, which contains the debates of the Assembly, comes, as far as our experience goes, in a way like the eccentric orbit of a comet—one sheet in French, another in German, the French and German sheets in no way following or tallying with one another, and the variety being further improved by this or that sheet not coming at all. Under these circumstances it is sometimes a little hard to follow the thread of a debate, or even to know to what conclusion the House has come. Nevertheless we have done our best, and we believe that on most points we have been able to

give a fairly correct account of what has happened. And we feel sure that, in doing so, we have done some service to those political thinkers who have eyes keen enough to see that the amount of political instruction to be gained from the history of a country is not always in exact proportion to the extent of its area, and that a high degree of moral greatness may be found in States which make no pretensions to physical bigness.

The *Ständerath* or Senate has now brought the main stage of its labours to an end, and the present business of the Houses is that of discussing one another's amendments. Our former articles have been concerned with the debates in the *Nationalrath* or House of Representatives. We will now attempt a sketch of the fate of the different proposals which have gone up from them to the *Ständerath*. One branch however of the proposed changes we purposely lay aside. The "unification" of several branches of law throughout the Confederation, and the extended powers which it is most wisely proposed to give to the *Bundesgericht* or Federal Court, deserve to be treated separately, from the technical point of view of a lawyer, and we therefore reserve them. Another point also of a technical kind is the change which is proposed in the military arrangements of the Confederation. This, like most of the other proposed changes, is a change in a centralizing direction, lessening the power of the Cantons and increasing the power of the Confederation. As such it was strongly opposed by the supporters of Cantonal rights. An outsider is perhaps hardly qualified to judge between the actual and the proposed system; what mainly concerns the political student is that on neither side does there seem any disposition to forsake the distinguishing character of Switzerland in the face of other nations, and to substitute a standing for a national army. Putting aside therefore these more purely technical matters, legal and military, we will attempt to sketch what the *Ständerath* has done in matters more strictly political. On the whole it may be said to have adopted the proposals of the *Nationalrath* with some modifications. Both Houses therefore are committed, though not quite in the same degree, to what is called the Unitarian policy, to the increase of the powers of the League at the expense of those of the Cantons. But in the *Ständerath*, as in the *Nationalrath*, some of the proposed changes have been carried by the smallest possible majorities, and it must be remembered that they still await the affirming or rejecting vote of the Cantons and of the people. As we have throughout not concealed our own sympathies with the Federalist side, we are perhaps hardly fair judges when we say that the balance of eloquence and argument seems to us to be on the Federalist side. The famous James Fazy of Geneva, a man who has in his time done much good and much mischief, but who at any rate is entitled to honour as one of the chief authors of the Federal Constitution of 1848, has stood boldly forward to defend what is largely his own work. And he has met with a powerful antagonist in a member of the Federal Judicature, Dr. Blumer of Glarus, the constitutional historian of the primitive democracies. And the Federal councillor Dubs, using, like President Welti, the power which the Constitution gives him of speaking and making motions in either House of the Assembly, shone forth once at least as the chief orator of the debate. Our last piece of news is that this distinguished man is so dissatisfied with the course which things are taking that he has determined altogether to withdraw from his place in the Federal Government. He has offered his resignation to the Federal Assembly, but they have declined to accept it. It remains to be seen what will be done at the next election of Federal Councillors, but we trust that Dr. Dubs may be led to think again before he deprives his country of his services.

Passing by the military debates, the first question of much interest out of the country which came before the *Ständerath* is the question of education. It will be remembered that the *Nationalrath* rejected some of the fiercer proposals of its own members, and passed a resolution which we gave on a former occasion\* in the French version, and which the ups and downs of our information have now given us an opportunity of quoting in the German:—

Die Kantone sorgen für obligatorischen und unentgeltlichen Primarunterricht.

Der Bund kann über das Minimum der Anforderung an die Primarschule gesetzliche Bestimmungen erlassen.

The Committee of the *Ständerath* proposed to accept the clauses as sent up by the *Nationalrath*, only leaving out the word "unentgeltlichen"; but the House threw out both clauses altogether, a vote which, if sustained, will leave primary education to the Cantons, only giving power to the League to found other institutions for the higher education ("andere höhere Unterrichtsanstalten"), besides the Polytechnic School, which is, and the Federal University, which some day may be.

A point on which we believe we have not touched before is the restrictions on the practice of the Liberal professions which have hitherto existed among the Cantons. A lawyer or physician authorised to practise in one Canton cannot practise in another, except when he is allowed by *Concordats* between the Cantons. Lawyers, however, of any Canton may naturally practise in the Federal Court at Bern. Some of the proposals in the *Nationalrath* went towards making these professions absolutely free throughout the Confederation. But the resolution which has been come to by both Houses still leaves to the Cantons the power of licensing,

entrusting it to Federal legislation to deal with the question of making the cantonal licences good throughout the Confederation. Medicine, it is plain, must be the same everywhere; a man who is a competent physician at Geneva cannot be incompetent at Rorschach, and it was remarked in the course of debate that the restrictions on the practice of medicine tended to discourage the special study of particular branches of medical science. With regard to the lawyers, it has hitherto been argued that, as the laws of each Canton differ, a man who was learned in the law of one Canton might know nothing of the law of another. But, if the law is to be so largely unified as is now proposed, this difficulty will be pretty well taken away.

A curious question arose about gaming-houses and lotteries. Is their prohibition a constitutional matter? One would certainly be inclined to say, No; but then comes in the peculiarity of the Federal system, that, if a single refractory Canton chooses to tolerate establishments which are felt to be a shame to the whole country, it is only by dealing with it as a constitutional matter that the Confederation can put a stop to the evil. The gaming-house of Saxon in Wallis—in defence of which it has been ingeniously argued that only foreigners ruin themselves in it, while the natives gain by the foreigners coming—can therefore be got rid of only by the somewhat cumbrous process of a constitutional amendment. No new gaming-houses are to be allowed; no new leases may be granted to old ones; and lotteries are made subject to Federal legislation.

One of the points which in both Houses called for the longest debates and drew forth the greatest number of proposed amendments was the question of the *Ohngeld*, a tax which some Cantons lay on wine and other drinks coming from other Cantons. Such a tax certainly seems to contradict one of the main principles of the Constitution, which abolishes all duties between one Canton and another, and removes its custom-houses to the frontier of the Confederation. The division on this point being mainly geographical, a question between the Cantons which grow wine and those which do not, some cross divisions naturally took place; and in the *Ständerath* M. Fazy was able to twit his opponents from the greater Cantons with being less zealous than usual in the cause of unification when unification touched their particular local interests. The end of the debate was that, after the *Nationalrath* had refused the immediate abolition of the *Ohngeld*, the *Ständerath* added a clause for its abolition without any indemnity at the end of fifteen years. Several members however strongly objected to a compromise which they spoke of as being no abolition, but rather a re-enactment with greater authority.

We will not dwell on a crowd of financial questions which have no great interest out of the country, but will rather pass to the debate in the *Ständerath* on the great question of *Niederlassung* or *Etablissement*. We explained the points at issue, and gave the result of the deliberations of the *Nationalrath*, in a former article.\* The clauses as voted by the *Ständerath* differ in some points from the form in which they were sent up by the *Nationalrath*, but at this distance the differences hardly seem to be differences of principle. They admit the *piroque* to an equality with the hereditary member of the *Gemeinde* in all points, except any share in the enjoyment or control of the corporate property of the *Gemeinde*. In itself there is nothing to be said against this; it is no more than saying that Port Meadow at Oxford, the common property of the freemen of that city, should not be confiscated to the behoof of people who are not freemen. But when we remember how much wider the range of communal life is in Switzerland than anything at all answering to it in England, and how much larger is the—at least proportional—amount of communal property, it would not have seemed unreasonable if the *Ständerath* had adopted the proposal which we mentioned before as having been made in the *Nationalrath*, and which was again made in the *Ständerath*, according to which communal property would have to be honestly applied to public purposes, and not dealt with as a private hereditary estate. The whole communal system was strongly denounced by M. Fazy as the real hindrance to progress, and he did not scruple to liken some of the existing *Gemeinden* to the ancient oligarchies. M. Fazy no doubt spoke in the Romance tongue of his own Canton, but we are driven to quote him in a German version:—

Nicht die Kantone, wohl aber die Gemeinden, sind das Hindernis zur freien Niederlassung. Sie bilden einen Staat im Staat und ist der alte Adel dort noch vorhanden, alle Misbräuche sind dort noch in Kraft.

In many cases this is no doubt historically true; the Roman patriciate itself was probably in its first beginning a *Bürgergemeinde*.

When the *Ständerath* reached the dangerous ground of constitutional controversy, its debates seem to have been somewhat less fierce than those of the *Nationalrath*. The House rejected a proposal to make the observance of Sunday obligatory by an article of the Federal Constitution. It may be remembered that in the old provision of the Constitution which shut out the Jesuits from the territory of the Confederation, a clause was added by the *Nationalrath* forbidding the foundation of new, or the restoration of dissolved, monasteries. In the discussion of this question in the *Ständerath* we again remark the union of most opposite parties in the defence of local rights against the spirit which is anxious to press its own particular opinions on all mankind. Herr Lusser of Uri spoke as a man of Uri, and a Catholic whose religious

insulted, and whose religious liberty was infringed, by the proposed restriction. He proposed to strike out, not only the new provision against monasteries, but the old provision against Jesuits. From the other end of the Confederation comes the voice of M. Fazy in favour of things as they are. Jesuits he knows to be politically mischievous, and he will keep them out of the whole land. Of monasteries of other orders he has no experience. It is for each Canton to judge of them according to its own experience, not for the Confederation to enforce a common rule upon all the Cantons, to the infringement of their local sovereignty. This union of men reaching the same conclusion by widely different arguments carried the day, and the clause against the monasteries was struck out.

On the great questions of *Initiation*, *Veto*, and *Referendum*, proposals much the same as those sent up from the *Nationalrath* have been carried, some of them by narrow majorities, and after much vigorous speaking the other way. Above all stands forth the powerful speech of Dr. Dubs, whose eloquent wind-up seems to have carried his hearers beyond the bounds of Swiss parliamentary propriety, as it was received with "vielseitige Bravo's." Nor can we wonder when a veteran statesman makes such an appeal as this:—

Wir haben 24 sehr glückliche Jahre erlebt, und sind dadurch vielleicht etwas zu lässig geworden. Es können auch wieder andere Zeiten kommen, wo wir alle einander bedürfen, der Grosse das Kleine, wie der Kleine das Grosse. In diesen Zeiten hilft nur edelgütige Liebe und edelgütige Treue. Bauen Sie, meine Herren, kein Haus, von dem man sagen könnte: es ist zwar schön gerummelt, aber was darin fehlt, das ist das alte edelgütige Recht.

The main point on which Dr. Dubs insisted was the *Ständevotum* or vote of the Cantons. If there was to be a *Referendum* at all, it should be, as it is in the case of a constitutional amendment, not only to the People but to the Cantons as well. Appealing to the experience of Switzerland and America as against that of France and Spain, he asserted that the only true Republic was the Federal Republic. The main principle of all was the equality of rights among the sovereign States which had joined to form the Confederation. He disposed of the cavil about one man of Uri counting as much as many men of Bern. It was not that a man of Uri counted for more than a man of Bern; whenever men's votes were counted, the vote of each counted equally; but when it was an affair, not between individual men, but between sovereign commonwealths, then, as a poor man counts for as much as a rich man, as a small state in the European commonwealth has the same rights as a great one, so in their capacity of sovereign Cantons Uri and Bern had the same rights. It was vain to argue that, because Cantons which had the *Referendum* in their cantonal affairs had handed over certain subjects to the Federal authority, it therefore followed that the *Referendum* ought to follow them into the Constitution of the League. When the Cantons had handed the matter over to the League, they had, as Cantons, nothing more to do with it; but on the principle on which it was argued that there ought to be an appeal from the acts of the Federal Assembly to its constituents, that appeal ought to be equally to the constituents of both Houses, to the Cantons as to the constituents of the *Ständerath* no less than to the people as the constituents of the *Nationalrath*. At the final voting the *Ständevotum* was thrown out by a majority of one only, the House dividing by 20 against 19.

While we are in the act of writing the English papers are beginning to be a little more liberal with telegrams on Swiss matters, and one piece of news is, that on the question of education the *Nationalrath* having adhered to its own decision, the *Ständerath* has come round to it and voted, by a majority of one, that primary education should be a matter of Federal concern. Another telegram is amusing. The *Nationalrath* has voted that the new scheme of the Constitution should be voted on *in globo*—that is, that the whole should be submitted to a single vote of Yea or Nay, instead of being voted on section by section. In one at least of the English daily papers this appeared as a vote that the scheme should be "published in the *Globe*." The *Globe*, it would seem, is looked on as the official organ of the Confederation.

#### THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS BILL.

LORD SHAFTESBURY has described certain Bills which he has brought into the House of Lords as an attempt to make the Ecclesiastical Courts as cheap and accessible as County Courts. One of these Bills contained a provision that suits against clerics for offences against the laws ecclesiastical should be commenced, either by the Bishop of his own motion, or by three members of the Church, being inhabitant householders of the diocese. The forcible argument and keen ridicule of the Bishop of Peterborough have already proved fatal to this Bill, but there is another Bill which has passed through Committee in the Lords, and will probably come down to the Commons, although it very inadequately reflects Lord Shaftesbury's promise of showing clerical sport to laymen. Indeed it is difficult to understand what object the author of this Bill expects that, in its present shape, it will answer. It appeals the Church Discipline Act, and it omits nothing in its place. The right of laymen to prosecute clergymen for ecclesiastical offences will, after the passing of this Bill, have to be gathered from the law as it stood more than thirty years ago. If the rejected Bill had passed, a Jew

attorney, tempted to prosecute for the sake of costs, might have said that Lord Shaftesbury almost persuaded him to be a Christian. Such a Bill would so obviously have incited litigation that it is not wonderful that the House of Lords rejected it. On the other hand, the Bishop of Winchester brought in a Bill of much more moderate scope, which Lord Westbury inaccurately described as a proposal that a bishop should hold the door of a Court and let no one enter it without his sanction; and the consideration of this Bill has been postponed. It provided that the consent of the bishop of the diocese should be necessary to the promotion of a suit, and gave an appeal, in case he declined to give consent, to the archbishop. A system of free shooting is disliked by one party in the House, and the requirement of licences is disapproved by the other. And the result seems likely to be that the work which ought to be done by Parliament will be left in this, as in other cases, to be done by Judges, who will really make the law while professing to expound it.

The Church Discipline Act of 1840 provided that, in case of any clerk in holy orders being charged with any offence against the laws ecclesiastical, it should be lawful for the bishop of the diocese within which the offence was alleged to have been committed, on the application of any party complaining thereof, or of his own mere motion, to issue a Commission which should inquire and report to the bishop whether there was a sufficient *prima facie* ground for instituting proceedings against the accused. If they reported in the affirmative, and if the bishop of any diocese within which the accused held any preferment or the party complaining should think fit to proceed against the accused, articles should be prepared and filed, and the accused should be summoned to answer thereto. And it was provided that no criminal suit or proceeding for any offence against the laws ecclesiastical should be instituted otherwise than under that Act. It appears at first sight probable that the machinery of this Act would work as well as any substitute likely to be provided; but, however this may be, it is surprising to find this machinery abolished by the Bill without providing any substitute at all. The Church Discipline Act is, with an immaterial exception, repealed by the Bill, which puts nothing in its place. Lord Shaftesbury, in introducing the Bill which was rejected, represented it as a great restriction upon the existing rights of the laity. "It was supposed," he said, "that by the Church Discipline Act the rights of the laity to promote the Judge's office were entirely taken away. He never believed it was so. The issue had never been raised." It is clear, at any rate, that when this Act is repealed these rights, so far as it affected them, will revive, and the extent to which they exist and are practically available is likely to be elucidated by litigation. In reference to this point it may be useful to refer to a well-known case, in which Mr. Justice Wightman said that, "before the passing of the Church Discipline Act, the office of the Judge could not be promoted by private individuals for offences against the laws ecclesiastical without the previous leave of the Court." He quoted *dicta* of Sir William Scott that the previous leave of the Court is a part of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which is not to be exercised without discretion, or left entirely to the judgment or passions of private persons, and that the process of the Court is not to be refused in a proper case. Mr. Justice Wightman proceeded to say that it might be inferred from these *dicta* and from the text-books of practice in the Ecclesiastical Courts that, before the jurisdiction given to the bishops by the Church Discipline Act, there was some restriction upon the commencement of proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts for offences against the laws ecclesiastical, and that it was not a matter of course to allow the office of the Judge to be promoted by any private person who might think fit to institute a suit upon grounds entirely frivolous. It must however be admitted that it was said by an ecclesiastical Judge that, though application was always made to the Judge before a citation is issued in a cause in which his office is promoted, that is not for the purpose of considering the merits of the case, but to ascertain whether it is of ecclesiastical cognizance, and to test the fitness of the person to be made responsible for the costs to the other party. There were other cases which tended to show that, as the ecclesiastical law stood before the Church Discipline Act, there was no discretion in the Court as to permitting or refusing to permit the office of the Judge to be promoted upon any preliminary consideration of the merits in the case of a charge of an offence against the laws ecclesiastical. We have followed almost the exact words of Mr. Justice Wightman's judgment, in which, nearly twenty years after the passing of the Church Discipline Act, he examines two conflicting views of what the law was before that Act passed, and comes to the conclusion that a good deal may be said and much authority adduced for either view. After the lapse of more than another ten years, in which thicker dust has accumulated upon the precedents cited by Mr. Justice Wightman, it is seriously, or perhaps thoughtlessly, proposed that the questions which he could not satisfactorily settle should be again agitated under circumstances which would compel some settlement to be arrived at. The inclination or caprice of a Judge, the artifice of counsel, or mere accident, may decide that upon which Parliament ought to have declared its mind in the present or in some supplemental Bill.

In order that we may not do injustice to this remarkable project of legislation, let us go methodically through its clauses. It proposes to enact (s. 22) that, subject to the provisions of the Act, every provincial and diocesan Court shall have power to hear and determine all questions relating to branches of the laws ecclesiastical, suits for faculties, suits of duplex querela, to the like

extent that such Courts now possess. It further proposes to enact (s. 32) that, subject to the exceptions in the Act contained, no jurisdiction with respect to the correction of clerks in holy orders who may be charged with any offence against the laws ecclesiastical, or concerning whom there may exist scandal or evil report as having offended against the said laws, nor in suits involving any question concerning doctrine or the due administration of the sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, nor in any other suits in the Ecclesiastical Courts, shall be exercised by any Court or person except as mentioned in the Act. And, further (s. 34), a suit against any clerk accused of any offence concerning the doctrine, worship, discipline, or government of the Church may be instituted in the Court of the diocese wherein either the offence is alleged to have been committed, or the accused clerk has any ecclesiastical preferment, or is resident. And, further (s. 50), a suit shall be commenced in the provincial or diocesan Courts by filing a petition signed by counsel, and by serving the defendant with a copy thereof; and (s. 51) the petitioner shall make an affidavit that there exists no collusion between himself and the defendant, and that he believes the allegations contained in his petition are true. These appear to be all the clauses of the Bill that are material to our present purpose, and it is remarkable that the provision (s. 50) that a suit should be commenced by petition, being quite general in terms, would seem to indicate that any person, Churchman or Dissenter, resident or not in diocese or parish, might take proceedings. This, however, cannot be the meaning of this Bill, because, if it were, the other Bill would have been unnecessary. That Bill, as we have seen, provided that suits should be commenced "by three members of the Church, being inhabitant householders of the diocese," and that Bill has been rejected. The clauses 50 and 51 of the present Bill appeared in the original draft of it, while the companion Bill had still a possibility of becoming law. They remain in the Bill after it has emerged from Committee of the whole House, and after the companion Bill has been numbered among the things that were. The Committee included the Chancellor and two ex-Chancellors, and yet it has produced a Bill which any Parliamentary draftsman ought to be ashamed to send out of his chambers. A suit may be commenced by petition, but who may commence a suit? The Bill repeals the Church Discipline Act, and apparently revives the old law expounded by Mr. Justice Wightman in the judgment to which we have referred. The draftsman who framed these clauses supposed that they and the other Bill would become law at the same time. That Bill is defunct, and the clauses seem likely to pass the House of Lords. Can anything be more bewildering?

An important observation arises upon the clause (s. 32) which purports to transfer jurisdiction with respect to clerks "concerning whom there may exist scandal or evil report" to the Courts or persons mentioned in the Act. This jurisdiction cannot be transferred unless it exists. And the effect of the Bill would be to make it non-existent. We must again refer upon this point to Mr. Justice Wightman, who has said that the office of the Judge could only have been promoted in the case of some direct and positive charge of an offence against the laws ecclesiastical, and no proceeding upon the ground of the existence of scandal or evil report of having offended against these laws would have been admissible under the old law. Such proceeding was made admissible by the Church Discipline Act; but that Act is repealed by the Bill. It may perhaps be contended that the jurisdiction which purports to be transferred is by implication created; but penal legislation ought not to be conducted in such a loose way. There are minor defects in the Bill which indicate that the Chancellor and the two ex-Chancellors did their work rather carelessly. Thus we find (s. 27) that, in case of appeal, a report of the evidence, "with the summing-up of the Judge," shall be transmitted to the superior Court. These words evidently had reference to certain clauses providing for trial by a mixed jury of clergy and laity which have been struck out. We rely, however, upon the principal objection, which we have fully stated. If this Bill does authorise laymen to prosecute clergy, the other Bill and the debate and division on it were all nugatory. If this Bill does not authorise laymen to prosecute clergy, then, as it repeals the Church Discipline Act, it proposes a sort of "as you were" back to the law of thirty years ago, which is an absurd conclusion. There is a clause which we had overlooked, which rather seems to favour our suggestion that a Jew attorney might be tempted by the Bill to become Christian. A party to any suit under the Act (s. 104), or, if retained on behalf of either party, serjeants-at-law and barristers-at-law, may appear and practise in the Ecclesiastical Courts with all the rights that they possess in the superior Courts. We never heard of a "party" practising in Westminster Hall unless he was an attorney. We are almost tempted to fancy that this Bill was settled, not by three law lords, but by the three old women mentioned by the Bishop of Peterborough as possible prosecutors under the other Bill. The House of Lords refused to allow three old women to do that which, if this Bill is to have any effect, may be done under it by one old woman. The principal effect, however, of such a Bill must be to supply work for that meritorious class the lawyers, who ought to be greatly obliged to Lord Shaftesbury for sowing a plentiful crop of litigation. We would undertake to point out many grotesque errors of detail beyond those already indicated; nor is there any limit, except that of our own

space, to the adverse criticisms which might be made upon this extraordinary example of how to put the wrong word in the wrong place.

## REVIEWS.

### FROSSARD'S CORPS IN THE LATE WAR.\*

VERY much has been said out of France in condemnation of the readiness shown by French officers to rush into print, and display their own errors in the most palpable light in the effort to repair broken reputations. This course is nothing new, as all will remember whose fate it has been to trace the history of such former French disasters as those of Moscow and Waterloo. But the complaint against such writers is surely hardly fair. There is always a tendency after a very unsuccessful campaign to fix the special cause of the miscarriage upon some minor actor without strict regard to truth. Grouchy's case at the hands of the great Napoleon and his admirers is a signal example of this unfairness. And there really is no manner of reason why a subordinate who finds himself unfairly charged with the consequences of his superior's errors and shortcomings should not come forward to tell the truth in his own justification when the campaign is over, and when peace, accompanied too probably with loss of employment, has freed him from the professional subordination which tied his pen before. It may be in some cases a positive duty to history that he should do so. Had Grouchy gone down silent to his grave, that grave would have been dishonoured for ever, and history have suffered one of the grossest falsifications which have ever been wilfully employed for the distortion of facts. And if the writer be really guilty as charged, his own evidence will, as in the case of that attempted exculpation of De Failly's which we had occasion some time since to expose in these pages, be inevitably the means of more thoroughly condemning him.

We have taken up the work of General Frossard, therefore, in as impartial a spirit as we can bring to bear on it, and shall go as directly as possible to the portion of his narrative that is specially devoted to the catastrophe of his defeat at Forbach, which, coupled with MacMahon's rout on the same day, so shattered the morale of the Army of the Rhine as to throw it at once on a dangerous, and as the event proved most disastrous, defensive. Frossard's reputation we conceive must for ever stand well or be condemned by his conduct at this crisis, for his after share of events in the army of Bazaine was so entirely that of a minor actor as to leave him no practical responsibility.

But before the sharp test of Forbach came the unreal and childish show of war at Saarbrück, which has more than any other circumstance of this unfortunate war thrown contempt on the fallen Emperor who permitted it. It was Frossard's corps that was engaged, and his name has therefore been freely handled in connexion with this paltry business. We are bound to state that the exculpation he offers is both clear and complete. The movement of his corps on to the hill overlooking Saarbrück was but part of a general advance directed by Leboucq of the II<sup>nd</sup>, III<sup>rd</sup>, and IV<sup>th</sup> Corps, Bazaine being for the occasion vested with the charge of the whole operation—a fact foreshadowing his subsequent elevation to the command that has proved so disastrous to his name. Frossard's corps it was that being the more advanced, drove in the Prussian skirmishers at Saarbrück, and shelled the station beyond; but, so far from his having prepared the theatrical skirmish that the poor young Prince might have "his baptism of fire," Frossard shows that he had no reason that very morning to expect either Emperor or Prince to appear in his lines. We may add that his former connexion with the Imperial household as governor of the heir of the Bonapartes has no doubt tended to give consistence to the erroneous belief that the skirmish at Saarbrück was a show prepared for his former charge.

\* There is another charge against him arising out of the same event which is even more easily disposed of. This relates to an alleged bombardment of the open town of Saarbrück when the Prussian outpost—for it was no more—was driven back on the 2nd by the advance of Frossard's corps just spoken of. A good deal of nonsense has been written on this point, and the conduct of the French general has been even spoken of in the German reply to M. de Chaudordy's famous complaint of Prussian barbarity, as an excuse for the bombardment of French open towns. "Il est à la connaissance de tout le monde," are the words, "que l'armée française a commencé la campagne en bombardant Sarrebrück." General Frossard states that the place was neither bombarded nor even threatened with bombardment, since during the four days that the French guns overlooked it, their fire was never directed on anything but the station (which stands quite out of the place, on a hill beyond) and on the trains passing near. We are able to confirm this defence from personal observation, having searched the whole town for the traces of this alleged bombardment not long afterwards, and failed to discover them. On both these heads, therefore, the late chief of the II<sup>nd</sup> Corps, and ex-governor of the young Prince, deserves acquittal.

The more serious blot which has hitherto rested on Frossard's name concerns the events of the 6th, the day of the combat for

\* Rapport sur les Opérations du Deuxième Corps de l'Armée de Rhin, dans la Campagne de 1870. Par le Général Frossard. Paris: Dentu.



the heights of Spicheren, now generally known as the battle of Forbach. The General's narrative of this struggle is laboriously detailed and very clear, and we have no hesitation in saying that whoever reads it carefully will not fail to acquit the writer of the chief share in the discredit which has hitherto attached to him as the immediate commander of the corps engaged. The story which credulous Correspondents have picked up from French runaways and other untrustworthy sources, had represented Frossard as completely surprised in his position between Saarbrück and Forbach by the columns of the First and Second German Armies, converging on the former point. It has further been usually represented that his command was an independent one, that Bazaine's corps lay close by him, and that he put off sending for the succour which would bring upon the ground a senior officer to himself until it was too late to save his apparently strong position from being turned and carried, and his corps not only routed but forced off its line of retreat, and separated from the rest of the French army. Once inquired into, these charges are found destitute of the most moderate foundation, and we are brought direct to the conclusion that the special writers of English and other journals have to answer for a vast quantity of rubbish heaped up over the true story of the French disasters, which it will cost the true compiler of history much pains hereafter to get rid of. So far from Frossard's having this utterly fictitious independence of Bazaine, a telegram sent to the former at 1 P.M. the day before from the Imperial head-quarters, placed him under the direct orders of the Marshal, Ladmiraal's IV<sup>th</sup> Corps being similarly treated. Leboeuf, who had hitherto fumbled at the strings of each corps separately, had apparently become alarmed at the increasing strength of the reports which told of the German concentration, and in his fright was endeavouring—too late—to get rid of the system of dissemination hitherto kept up on the frontier, one chief reason of which had probably been the fear of making any of the chief generals too prominent. Bazaine, assuming his new charge officially in the evening, called for the ordinary reports from the other corps, and learnt that Frossard had, whilst still independent, begun a retreat from his exposed position near to Saarbrück, and thus had already neared the other corps. The Marshal kept his head-quarters at St. Avold, fifteen miles behind Forbach, as a central point to the three corps he now directed. For the fact that the affair of the next day fell entirely upon a single one, he and not Frossard must bear such responsibility as does not fall upon minor actors. It was not certainly from want of information that his lieutenant was left by him unsupported.

A fresh telegram from Metz, arriving during the night, ordered Frossard to meet the Emperor at a council of war the following afternoon; but the fatal day of the 6th began with a counter-order putting off this intended meeting, and giving the General the reason of the change, couched in the plain words:—"Tenez-vous prêt contre une attaque sérieuse qui pourrait avoir lieu aujourd'hui même." The fact of this message being sent direct to General Frossard, although he was now under the command of another by the Imperial orders, shows that Leboeuf or his master could not altogether refrain from interference in the newly-formed army. Bazaine himself, however, was nearer to Metz than the III<sup>rd</sup> Corps, with the telegraph line to the latter running through his head-quarters, so that the warning conveyed from Leboeuf was doubtless communicated to him, and he might have at once, had he so chosen, made preparations for reinforcing his subordinate against that "serious attack" which was so plainly predicted.

Bazaine, however, took no such precaution. By 9 A.M. the Prussian batteries had appeared before the Spicheren heights and engaged Frossard's artillery. That general at once telegraphed the fact to his superior at St. Avold, asking the support of Decaen's division, which he knew to be the nearest of those of the III<sup>rd</sup> Corps, and of a brigade in addition to cover his right towards Sarreguemines. At 10 A.M., having had no reply, he telegraphed to Bazaine that the action engaged would prove to be no less than a battle, and presently he received a reply to the effect that two divisions would move on Bening and Theding, points twelve and ten miles from the Spicheren plateau. "I cannot do more," added Bazaine, "having but a small force to hold the position of St. Avold;" and he went on to recommend General Frossard to detach a brigade, "and even more," to watch the road from Sarrelouis, by which his left might possibly be turned. Poor Frossard was far from being in a position to make detachments when this answer reached him about noon. The Prussians were attacking the spur of the bare heights sharply, though the brigade there had partly entrenched itself; they were swarming in the woods on the plain to the French left, pressing their right forward in the direction of Forbach; they were making attack after attack on the French right, where the Spicheren hill trending southward over the village of St. Arnaud is faced with wooded slopes favourable to skirmishers. Frossard was now obliged to bring the reserve of his own corps into action. He telegraphed repeatedly how severe the pressure on him was, and received replies to the effect that a third division was ordered to his support besides the two already mentioned. Frossard looked for them anxiously and in vain. About 4 P.M. a brigade of Bazaine's dragoons reached Forbach, where cavalry was the only arm not needed, and, as they cumbered the St. Avold road required for the ambulances, were ordered out of the way. At seven the Prussians had carried the wood on the French right, established their line of skirmishers on the crest of the Spicheren heights, and made a still more formidable lodgment in Frossard's original position on the plain towards Forbach. Moreover they were being reinforced.

Meanwhile not a battalion of Bazaine's corps had appeared. The French troops had fired away all their ammunition, and had had no meal. It was a foregone conclusion that Frossard should avail himself of the darkness to retreat from a position which was untenable by his corps unaided, and where he received no support from his chief.

The sole remaining question to solve is, what became of the three divisions of Bazaine's which were to have aided him. General Frossard traces their movements from hour to hour, and shows clearly that in each case there was a hesitation and uncertainty chargeable to the divisional commanders themselves more than to any complete default of orders from Bazaine. He declines, therefore, to make any direct charge against his late chief, and imputes the want of readiness to the vague apprehensions entertained of Prussian attacks from other directions. In fact each division generally appears to have expected to see the enemy on his own flank, and to have thought little of the duty of helping others. The uncertain and purposeless cross marches they had suffered at Leboeuf's instance for a fortnight before had infused timidity into the whole staff. And, like Bazaine, when he suggested Frossard's detaching "a brigade or more" in the very middle of the battle, they selfishly underrated the danger to which he was exposed. The whole story suggests a degree of imbecility rarely matched in military annals.

General Frossard's soldierly narrative is singularly confirmed by a loosely written, but not altogether despicable, account put forth by an artillery officer of the III<sup>rd</sup> Corps, under the sensational title of *L'Agonie de l'armée du Rhin*. We have only space for this writer's criticism on the events of the day, which we now give in his own words:—

Our divisions were posted at four different points, in motionless expectation of an imaginary enemy. Each of them was within reach of the battlefield, and heard the cannonade all day without the least suspecting the result. If Marshal Bazaine was obliged to scatter his divisions to guard various approaches, or to supply them more easily, had he not the power or had he not the will to make one of them march on the point where the guns were firing? This question will be without doubt answered some day.

The writer penned these words from his captivity in Germany, before Frossard had published the narrative which answers his interrogatory for the greater part with clearness, and which leaves on us the general impression that at this juncture the French higher staff officers were thoroughly deficient alike in foresight, energy, and unselfishness.

#### HISTORY FOR THE YOUNG.\*

THE first of the three volumes before us, having been out for some years, is probably by this time well known to the public, or to that part of it which is engaged, as the circulars say, in "the education of youth." The second, *European History*, is simply an extension of the plan of the first. For the benefit of the few who may not already be acquainted with the *Historical Selections* by Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge, both of whom have done much in their day towards rendering history attractive to children, we will explain that they are simply an improved book of extracts. As everybody knows, there is nothing in this world duller than a universal history, where all explanation, detail, and picture-queeness have to be sacrificed to the necessity of getting the facts into reasonable compass. On the other hand, such a book as Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, or Dean Milman's *Latin Christianity*, is obviously not well fitted for school-room reading, on account of the length at which it dwells upon one particular period or subject alone. In short, in the compilers' words, "the former course is usually found to render the study of history uninteresting. The latter (although the works themselves are fascinating) is unsatisfactory, because it is not sufficiently comprehensive." The plan which Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge (we are sorry to have always to speak of them in this awkward dual fashion, but as they have intertwined themselves like Beaumont and Fletcher or Erckmann-Chatrian, there is no help for it) have devised for supplying the deficiency is to make extracts from standard histories and connect them by a thread of intermediate sketches which give a general idea of the period treated of. Thus passages taken from Gibbon, Sir Francis Palgrave, Deans Milman, Hook, and Church, Mr. Freeman, and other writers, who are authorities on their own subjects, are arranged chronologically, and so form a kind of continuous patchwork of history. The abruptness and want of connexion which generally characterize a book of extracts are avoided by the narrative supplied by the compilers, and by the judgment with which the selection is made. That the writers drawn upon should in all cases be of equal celebrity is of course impossible, if the work is to be in any way continuous. If no first-rate writer happens to have treated the particular subject required, a second-rate one must serve the purpose.

Neither can the compilers be held answerable for every statu-

\* *Historical Selections. A Series of Readings from the Best Authorities on English and European History. Selected and Arranged by E. M. Sewell and C. M. Yonge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.*

*European History. Narrated in a Series of Historical Selections from the Best Authorities. Edited and Arranged by E. M. Sewell and C. M. Yonge. 11. 1083-1228, London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.*

*Richard the First and the Third Crusade. A Book for Young People. From the French. By the Rev. Charles Foran, Oxon, Belmont House, St. Leonard's, Sussex. London: Wyman & Sons. 1870.*

ment or opinion of the authors made use of, though we think that, in the instance of Roscoe's account of the Battle of Hastings, a note might have been appended with advantage. Gyrrh was not, as Roscoe states, "Earl of York," but of the East Anglians, the Northumbrian earldom being held by Morkere. It might also have been explained that the absence of cavalry in the English army, which, according to Roscoe, "has been pronounced a capital error on the side of Harold," was scarcely Harold's fault, unless it is held that he ought to have made a complete and sudden change in the tactics of his nation. That most unadvised of innovators, "Timid Earl Ralf" had some ten years earlier tried the experiment of making the English "contra morem in equis pugnare," the result of which had been the ignominious flight of Ralf and his whole army.

The majority of the selections, however, are from first-rate modern writers. Mr. Freeman supplies a general account of England before the Conquest; Deans Hook and Church have furnished the histories of Lanfranc and Anselm, the two great foreign ecclesiastics who did so much for Rufus and for Henry in their struggles against Robert and the purely Norman party. From Sir Francis Palgrave has been taken the history of Queen Margaret's attempts to civilize or to Anglize the Scots—a particularly well chosen passage, as it clearly explains what Scotland really then was, and what it afterwards became. The compilers utter a gentle protest against the severity of his strictures on the efforts of Margaret, whose chief errors, after all, proceeded from not acting in accordance with the maxim, *surtout point de zèle*. From him, too, has been taken the powerful, but somewhat overwrought and sensational, account of the death of Rufus. The more recently published volume *European History* contains amongst other things an abridgment of Professor Stubbs's preface to the *Gesta Regis Henrici Secundi*. This furnishes a good example of the way in which a collection of extracts like the present may be useful. The *Gesta* is not the sort of book generally to be found in school-rooms or drawing-rooms, and therefore the fine essay on Henry II. prefixed to it would otherwise be likely to be lost to ordinary readers. A full chronological index and a table of contemporary Sovereigns add to the usefulness of this second volume.

To those who are familiar with the works laid under contribution the interest of these two books lies in the original matter, which is thoroughly good historical writing—quiet in style, fair in tone, and free from all sentimental weakness. For example, there is none of the common lamentation over the Norman Conquest. No patriotically inclined English reader, we suspect, but at the bottom of his heart dislikes hearing that men of his own name were conquered by Normans, or, as the Chronicle still more painfully puts it, "French." The misleading, though convenient, term of Anglo-Saxons is agreeable in so far as it softens the unpleasantness of the transaction; but unless, with the cheerful poet who composed "The Tith Little Island," we regard Duke William's invasion as a testimony to the charms and advantages of England, the fact of the Conquest still remains unpleasant to the ordinary English mind. But the compilers of the *Historical Selections* have taken care to point out what is forgotten in the popular view of the subject, that it was the infusion of Norman blood and spirit which gave the energy and vigour to which we now lay claim. The following description of the pure English race, un-leavened by Dane or Norman, deserves quoting for its terseness and general truth:—

Sturdy and resolute, with great natural capacity and a deep sense of the poetical, but lacking energy and enterprise, the English of that period had honesty, but not honour; strength, but not spirit; pride, but not enthusiasm; intellect, but scarcely vigorous mental life, while sloth and actuality hindered the exercise even of the powers which they possessed. True-hearted but uncouth men, with great faculties, unavailing because never roused: such they were, and such in all human probability would they have remained but for their enemies.

But whilst such stern justice is dealt out to the old English, the Normans are somewhat tenderly handled. William certainly cannot be accused of treating his countrymen with weak indulgence, but his impartiality mainly sprang from a determination to be master in his own dominions. It might be pointed out that in one quality—mercy—the Normans were markedly inferior to those they conquered. That frightful cruelty which reached its climax in a De Belesme or a Fitz-Hubert, tearing out the eyes of child hostages, torturing and impaling prisoners of war, is hardly conceivable in a man of the pure English race, which has at all times been brutal rather than positively cruel. To the epithet of "chivalrous" the Normans are undoubtedly entitled, and their chivalry fostered a spirit of enterprise, and occasionally prompted actions of fitful generosity. But they had not much of the character which people trained on Tennyson's poems would attribute to chivalrous heroes. In real life, the elements of good in early Norman chivalry were almost counterbalanced by the heartless contempt with which its disciples were taught to regard men of meaner rank; and the ruffianly barons who turned England into a Pandemonium during Stephen's nineteen years of anarchy do not speak well for the system under which they had been reared. Norman chivalry required to be blended with the English respect for law and spirit of freedom before its brighter side appeared. Its glory is a kind of after-glow. That, when its aims and follies had died away, its ideal continued to influence men, and gave form to the great poem of Spenser, is the best proof how much real good was in it. That the present authors, however, did not let away by the glitter of romance, or by reminiscences of the Waverley Novels, is shown by the sketch they give

of that boasted hero of chivalry, Richard Cœur de Lion. Instead of the Richard of the *Tahman* and *Isabelle*, of Blondel and Robin Hood, the Richard against whom

The aweless lion could not wage the fight—

in short, the legendary Richard—we have a plain unvarnished account of the bold Angevin who is commonly looked upon as an English hero:—

Chivalry and romance have given a charm to Richard's character which it is to be feared would be found to vanish on nearer investigation. Generous he was undoubtedly, and brave even to rashness; but his ambition was selfish and unjust, and his temper uncontrollable; and though many of his faults may be attributed to his early education, and under better influence and in happier times he might have proved himself a sovereign of no ordinary stamp, he certainly cannot be said to deserve the enthusiasm which is so often lavished upon him.

The careful distinguishing of the Angevin princes from the Normans, with whom they are usually confounded, is also a praiseworthy feature.

The remaining work on our list, *Richard the First and the Third Crusade*, by the Rev. Charles Forge, Oxon, is vaguely stated to be "from the French," of which the assertion that "all Frenchmen wish to give their country its natural boundaries" is internal evidence. We presume, however, that the solemn advice printed on the fly-leaf is Mr. Forge's own:—

#### TO MY PUPILS.

HISTORY IS PHILOSOPHY teaching by Examples.

Read History.

BIOGRAPHY IS HISTORY speaking by Examples.

Read Biography

Avoid Sentimentalism and Sensationalism; they are weak.

Read Sir Walter Scott's Historical Novels; they are unsurpassed.

Read Cooper's; they are delightful.

But read Novels only as a refreshment after your severer studies.

But after reading this sound advice one would not expect to find Mr. Forge, or his French original, falling back upon the pages of the *Tahman* for a description of Queen Berengaria—a description, too, which mainly refers to the part enacted by the Berengaria of the novel. When Scott wrote that "she gambolled with the freedom of a young lioness, who is unconscious of the weight of her own paws when laid on those whom she sports with," he was thinking of the cruel trick she is made to play Sir Kenneth, upon whose fictitious misfortunes the plot of the *Tahman* turns. But the woes of Kenneth and Edith are unknown to history, and a passage constructed with reference to them is out of place in an historical work. Another remark which occurs on glancing over this book is that the first business of a translator has been imperfectly discharged. "Saxe" is not English for Saxony, nor "the Gallois" and the "Pays de Galles" for the Welsh and Wales; "his fiancée" would have been better rendered by "his betrothed," and the "abbés" who are represented as figuring at the coronation of Richard should have been abbots. To say that Matthew Paris styles the patriotic Londoner, William "le Barbu," is likely to give a false impression that Matthew wrote in French. The original *Willielmus dictus Barbatus vel Barba*, should have been preserved, or else translated into English. And we may add, by the way, that the only son of Henry I. was not Henry, but William. As for the composition, it is careless throughout, and Mr. Forge's pupils, it is to be feared, will hardly learn a good English style from such an example as the following:—

His hand on his sword, Richard, who had already received at Tours the sign of a crusader, when he was apprised of the fall of Jerusalem, burned with indignation against the Mussulmans guilty of such crimes, and swore a second time to cross the seas and bring them to punishment.

Neither do we much admire the description of Richard's personal appearance: the privilege of talking nonsense about their heroes' eyes ought to be confined to novelists:—

His eyes flashed fire in the transport of his passion, and in the excitement of the battle-field; but in the sweet intercourse of private life that terrible expression gave way to one altogether irresistible and seductive, and love and affection melted from their azure depths.

Richard's character, however, is more fairly treated than might be expected from a writer who disquisitions on the azure depths of eyes. He relates, with no attempt at palliation, the quarrel with the French knight Des Barres, an affair in which Richard, despite his lauded chivalry and generosity, showed how childishly malevolent he could be when his vanity was hurt; and the King's rapacity and unscrupulousness in screwing money out of his people are not disguised. But the book, if with no glaring faults, and with some merits, is too poor in style and composition to be accounted a successful work.

#### GRAY'S BIRDS OF THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.\*

THERE is something in the thorough knowledge and ardent love of a subject which may be trusted to preserve a writer, however technical or limited may be his task, from dullness or lack of general interest. It might have been feared that the work of a professed ornithologist, limiting himself to a narrow and out-of-

\* *The Birds of the West of Scotland, including the Outer Hebrides.* By Robert Gray, late Secretary to the Natural History Society of Glasgow. Glasgow: Murray & Son. 1871.

the-way province of the British Isles, would be about the last theme whereof to make a readable volume. Yet, precise as Mr. Gray shows himself in his treatment of natural history, and heedful as he is throughout of what is due to the requirements of science, he is nowhere open to the charge of dryness, nor can it be said that the interest of the general reader has been sacrificed on the altar of pedantry. His intense sympathy with the feathered races which he has made the study of his life finds vent in a certain warmth of description of which the reader can scarcely fail to catch the glow. Grave and measured as he is in style, he can rise to pathos in depicting the wrongs done to his favourites and companions by the cruelty, the greed, and the ignorance of mankind. We are moved to mourn with him over the extirpation which has befallen or which speedily threatens many a noble or curious breed; and greatly should we share his joy if our voice might perchance reinforce the plea which he feelingly puts in for mercy and care towards the varieties which still exist, as well as for an intelligent and loving study of what forms one of the leading wonders and charms of creation. It is not the ornithologist alone who will deplore the almost total disappearance of the golden eagle, whose very presence, as our author justly urges, gives a character to much of the finest scenery in Britain. Subjected to a relentless persecution which makes it a wonder that the bird should have survived at all, the Western counties and islands form now its only resting-place in the breeding season. On all the outer Hebrides the true golden eagle—*Aquila chrysaetos*, the "Iolair dhub" of the Gael—is still a well-known denizen, and from Barra Head to the Butt of Lewis Mr. Gray was enabled to trace many an eyrie during the breeding months of 1867. On North Uist there were two eyries last year; one containing but a single young bird, which was unluckily within too easy reach of the cragman to be let alone, but which Mr. Gray found thriving fairly well in captivity. In the islands of Lewis and Harris the birds are best known where the scenery is grandest. On Benbecula, where they are frequently seen, there are no eyries; but on the next island, South Uist, one is found every year on Mount Hecla. Thither the old birds, "the King of Hecla" and his mate, may "be seen almost daily carrying with their strong talons a young lamb each to their eyriets, the shepherds of Skye breathing vengeance against the pride and pest of the parish." True to its name, the Iolair dhub of the Western Isles is blacker, while smaller in size than those of the mainland—a difference of bulk due, in Mr. Gray's opinion, not so much to comparative scantiness of food or hardship of climate as to specific variation in nature, traceable equally in certain allied birds of California and Texas. Many anecdotes of the predatory habits, the powers of flight, and other characteristics of these splendid but now rare birds have been brought together by the writer during the twenty years which he has spent in executing his design, traversing repeatedly the entire coast-line of Scotland, besides making almost every variety of woodland and moorland so many observatories of the manifold phases of bird life.

Supplementing his own observations by a careful and extensive course of reading, Mr. Gray has made his volume a kind of repertory of all that has been added to this branch of ornithology since the labours of Sir William Jardine, Professor Macgillivray, and Mr. Selby. With the study of the records left by the older Scottish writers, more or less scientific, he has joined the personal inspection of nearly all the collections of birds, public and private, throughout Scotland, gaining thereby the advantage of putting to the test the accuracy of previous descriptions. He has thus been enabled to correct sundry prevalent errors, though, in justice to the soundness of earlier or still popular impressions, room must yet be left for possible changes in the physical conditions of life. Thus, birds like the Grey Shrike (*Lanius excubitor*), Great Spotted Woodpecker (*Picus major*, or "Snaagan darnich" of the natives), and Shore Lark (*Alauda alpestris*), formerly represented as rare, have been found by Mr. Gray to be now almost regular winter visitors in great numbers and scattered over a wide tract of country, although making their first appearance in the North-eastern district of Scotland; while the Hobby (*Falco subbuteo*), Wryneck (*Trochus tauricus*), Tree Sparrow (*Passer montanus*), and some other species, formerly looked upon as mere stragglers into North Britain, are now known to extend their breeding stations even to the westernmost counties. On the other hand, not a few species recently announced as new to Scotland are shown to have been familiar to older authorities. In Don's *Fauna of Forfarshire*, for example, several species, such as the Red-backed Shrike (*Lanius collurio*), Nuthatch (*Sitta europæa*), and others are catalogued as being well known in the county as far back as the opening of the present century. The observations of friends, whether naturalists by profession or amateurs in science, have been of especial use to our author in completing his notices of the migratory birds, according their seasons of advent and disappearance, with the range and nature of their haunts. One of the most interesting birds of Scotland, which, from being comparatively common, has become, with the extinction of the kite and hawk, the rarest of all, is the Osprey (*Pandion Haliaetus* or *Iolair wing*). It has even been stated at times that the osprey now breeds anywhere in Britain. Mr. Gray has had the satisfaction of finding that there are still three or four breeding stations of this bird in Scotland, which are strictly protected. Another station, the most westerly, is in Wigtownshire, while both in the counties of Kirkcubright and Inverclyde eggs have been taken within the last three seasons. Mr. Gray has seen young birds

recently trapped, in a poulterer's shop in Glasgow, and he remembers the bird sitting in Loch Awe and Loch Doe, though not of late years. From Inch Galbraith on Loch Lomond, from Loch Maree, as well as Loch Awe, Loch Menteith, and other former haunts, the osprey has disappeared, save that a stray bird may be seen at times hovering in the neighbourhood of the islands where the nests were found of old. It is but a rare straggler to the Outer Hebrides, a solitary specimen having been taken at Barra, and in Islay it is extremely rare. The most recent instance of its being met with in the mid-districts of Scotland was in October 1866, on the river Carron, between Falkirk and Larbert, where, after eluding a host of enemies during six days, it was shot with a perch in its clutch. Mr. Gray's opinion concurs with those of most other competent naturalists that there is no specific distinction between the British osprey and the Paudion Carolinensis of North America, or the allied birds of Asia and Europe in general, although the eggs of the American species seemed to him invariably richer in colour.

That the falcon tribe should have become comparatively rare of late years is to a great extent accounted for by the disuse of trained birds of this class for the purposes of sport. As a natural enemy of the farmyard and preserves, it could hardly survive the withdrawal of the artificial shield of protection. Representatives of the leading species are, however, still to be met with in the more out-of-the-way districts. Although a rare bird, the Gyr falcon, better known as the Greenland falcon (*Falco candicans*), is frequently seen both by sportsmen and naturalists, chiefly on the Western coasts of the Hebrides, but even in Aberdeenshire, and as far South as Scarborough. The Iceland falcon, or Labrador falcon of Audubon, is by no means uncommon; and even the Peregrine, *Sheablag*, though subjected to an extraordinary amount of persecution, still holds its ground in the tracts where it has been well known for centuries, and may be called a common bird from Burrow Head to Cape Wrath. It abounds in all the Western Isles. On the mainland the ravages of keepers and collectors have grievously thinned its numbers, and deserted eyries are to be widely seen. Compared with the Hebridean peregrines, those of the mainland are comparative pignies; but differences of more size, in the opinion of the best naturalists, are not to be taken as proofs of the deterioration of species. Whether in America or elsewhere, there is—as Mr. Gray is supported in thinking—no real specific difference between *F. peregrinus*, *F. matron*, and *F. nigripes*. Our author's partiality to this beautiful bird leads him to defend it from the charge of cruelty in killing more than its needful prey—striking down birds and leaving them dead, without further touching them. But even the anecdotes which his own note-books supply weaken sadly the case for the peregrines against the sportsman as to their being "too generous to imitate man in killing what they do not require." Of the Red-footed Falcon (*Falco rupestris*), Mr. Gray is happy in introducing to the public the only specimen which he knows to have been met with in Scotland. This singularly rare bird—a full-grown hen—was shot in Aberdeenshire, though it is by no means so uncommon in South Britain. Its stomach contained beetles, from which it may be inferred that, like many of its congeners, it is not so destructive of game as many preservers imagine. The Merlin, or Seag, *Falco Eximius*, a courageous little bird, is widely distributed throughout Western Scotland, including the Hebrides. Its habits are social, leading it to haunt the church towers, gables, and chimney tops of large towns, partly in pursuit of casual prey. Two birds came into Mr. Gray's hands which had been captured in Glasgow as black as sweeps from having haunted the chimneys after the pigeons and sparrows that doted there for warmth. The habits of the Kestrel—*Falco tinnunculus*—by far the commonest of the raptorial birds of West Scotland, are less interesting in the eyes of the naturalist. All that is new in Mr. Gray's observation of it is its being partly nocturnal in its flight, he having seen it on the hough-heads near Dunbar, about nightfall, snatching at ghost moths and large beetles as they hovered above some grassy patches near the edge of the cliffs. Of the terror inspired by the eagle-like dart or swoop of the Merlin our author's experience supplies a characteristic instance:—

On the east of Scotland, where I studied the habits of raptorial birds for many years, I remember some years ago seeing this Falcon capturing snipes very cleverly at the sea-shore. At a particular part of the coast near Dunbar, where a rivulet enters the sea, the snipes fed in great numbers at low tide, the ground, which was covered with small brown pebbles, being well adapted for the concealment of birds. With the most punctual regularity, a pair of Merlins used to come as I made my appearance at this place, and hover about till I had raised a brace, which were immediately pounced upon. But after a time the snipes became so terror-stricken that a hundred shots would not frighten them; nor could a single bird be raised, though I saw them occasionally skulking under the stones. I found them more than once, indeed, paralyse with fear, and so heedless of anything save the hawk, that I was able to pick up one or two and transfer them to my bag while my two friends were flying overhead disappointed of their usual supply, and doubtless in wonder at this sporting novelty. Ultimately, however—for the snipes persisted in frequenting the place, though an unusual one—these birds acquired so much cunning that they ran to conceal themselves under the slimy stones below tide mark, thrusting their bodies, crab-like, into the crevices as soon as the Merlins and I came in sight! At such times their hurry was extremely diverting; and as the facts I narrate extend over a length of time, I could not help being struck with the behaviour of the snipes during the protracted disturbance they were subjected to.

The destruction wrought by the greed or cruelty of man upon the winged natives of Scotland has in some slight measure been compensated by the introduction of the pheasant, an exotic

bird which seems to find itself at home, so far as climate is concerned, throughout the length and breadth of Europe, although requiring the aid of artificial protection against its human or other enemies. The pheasant is reported by Mr. Gray to be extensively naturalized in the Western counties, and as far inland as Ross-shire and Ayrshire. The first mention of the bird in Scotland occurs in a Preservation Act of James VI. or I., June 8, 1594. The flight of the strong-winged true game of the glen is very different from that of the pampered half-tame denizens of Southern preserves. How far the introduction of the partridge into Scotland may have been artificially brought about, or have followed naturally upon the reclamation of waste land and the advance of husbandry, it may be difficult to decide; but it does not appear to have made its way farther West than Islay, Mull, and Skye, while it is known to have been introduced into Harris by Mackenzie of Seaforth not more than eighty years ago, and also into Lewis, where it has failed to thrive to the same extent.

No bird has received of late years greater attention than the Great Auk—*Alca impennis* or *An Gearbhuid*. Mr. Gray's notice of the "Garfowl," so noted in ancient story, so full of melancholy interest to the naturalist of to-day, contains an excellent summary of all that is handed down from early times, combined with the descriptions of those who had seen perhaps the last specimen alive. The numbers of skins, skeletons, detached bones, and eggs of the rare, if not extinct, British auk are carefully tabulated by Mr. Gray, together with the countries which possess them; the finest specimen of all being that in the British Museum, knocked down with an oar by some sailors at Papa Westra in 1812. Whether a living representative of the race is destined once again to gladden the eyes of ornithologists, or to excite the interest of the larger class who are perpetually on the look-out for novelties, is a matter for hope or desire rather than for speculation. Unfortunately, the mournful conviction is forced upon us, as it is upon our author, that "its doom will most likely be sealed by its re-discovery." While the merciless hand of man is doing so much to thin or extirpate the native varieties of fowl, the greater is the value and the interest which attach to catalogues or descriptions so carefully drawn up and so thoroughly worked out as those of Mr. Gray.

#### SALA'S PAPERS HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC.\*

THIS little book lets us into a curious piece of information. Mr. Sala tells us in his preface that he has selected from his works the papers of which it is composed, and has prepared them, chiefly by considerable excisions, for the purpose of public reading. We fear that this fact throws a ghastly light upon the intellectual condition of our fellow-countrymen. We do not mean by this to say anything against the literary merits of the articles. There is, for example, a description of Niagara in winter which, for anything we need say to the contrary, is as graphic as most descriptions of Niagara. But we confess we are totally unable to realize the state of mind which leads a person to spend a certain quantity of coin and half an hour of time in order to hear another person read a description of Niagara aloud. People talk about the modern tendency to sensational exhibitions, and complain that managers endeavour to attract crowds by noisy, indecent, and dangerous performances. It may be so, for the world is wide and there is room for many tastes; but we may safely say that at no period of history with which we are acquainted has a form of amusement been devised so exceedingly mild and unobjectionable as that which is now offered. The British public must be very amusable, or must be very hard up for amusement, before it betakes itself to listen to a piece of ordinary prose which does not even affect to be dramatic; and we have little hesitation in saying that few persons are less likely to admire such an amusement than Mr. Sala himself. Yet he must be singularly free from vanity if he is not conscious of a gentle complacency at the thought that he can evoke admiration so ardent, if so ill directed. Perhaps he feels a little foolish at the rather grotesque form which his auditors' hero-worship takes, but no man could be stoical enough to refuse to gratify it. He condescends to clear up one bit of personal history which has perplexed the minds of many writers. We do not know what were the multitudinous forms taken by the legend which has gathered round the first appearance of this new luminary in English literature. Doubtless an event of such importance would go through many metamorphoses when subject to the popular imagination. Luckily, for once the hero can himself dispel the myths which have concealed the nucleus of fact. Mr. Sala, it seems, was already the author of a story in the *Family Herald* when he was one night locked out of his house with the sum of ninepence in his pocket, and, not having the courage to take a lodging on credit, walked the streets till next morning. Like a sensible man, he profited by his adventure to write an account of it, which Mr. Dickens inserted in *Household Words*; and he has ever since been a contributor to that periodical and its successor. Told in this bald way, the story sounds rather commonplace; though we can easily imagine how in skilful hands it would be converted into a thrilling narrative of a penniless and homeless man of genius springing by one bound into success, and deriving from his very misfortunes the materials for his future glory. But even in its baldest form it is in one

sense rather curious. The paper which Mr. Sala composed from his night's wanderings is not a very admirable work of art. It is not equal, for example, to Charles Lamb or to Addison's higher efforts. But it is so far remarkable as it shows a great facility for adopting the style of the most popular author of the time. Mr. Sala can write a bit of Dickens almost as well as Dickens himself. Add a few touches, and the description might do for a chapter in *David Copperfield*. In the same way, the paper called "Tattyboys Rents" is just one of those descriptions of squalid London in which his original delighted, and we could almost have sworn, were it not that Mr. Sala carefully fences off in brackets a few words supplied by Dickens himself, that the papers published in *Household Words* had all of them been polished up by the editor. Here, for example, is a passage describing an incident supposed to occur to Mr. Sala—whether historically or not we cannot say—in an attempt to run away from school. He meets a tramp, whose hands and face are "inlaid with a curious chequerwork of dirt, warranted to stand the most vigorous application of a scrubbing-brush," and of whom it is said, "It was a dreadful peculiarity of this man that when he spoke he scratched himself, and that when he didn't speak he gave his body an angular, oscillatory wrench backwards and forwards from the shoulder to the hip, as if he had something to rasp between his jacket and his skin, which there is no doubt he had." The anonymous tramp would have taken his place quite naturally as an inferior member of the society to which Bill Sykes, and the old man who meets Copperfield on his road to Dover, and a hundred other characters in Dickens belong. Obviously, if Mr. Sala did not give promise of much originality, he at least showed himself capable of hitting off with great precision the style in which a certain portion of the public takes unspeakable delight.

It would be rather hard to say what is the precise secret of the charm. One characteristic of Mr. Dickens which undoubtedly contributed very much to his popularity with his thoroughgoing admirers, though it generally repelled his more critical readers, was his delight in cheap pathos. Now although Mr. Sala has chosen to inscribe upon his title-page "humorous and pathetic," we must confess that we fail entirely to detect the slightest touch of the latter quality. We have not only read his papers with perfectly dry eyes, but we can venture to assure the most susceptible young woman who may be inclined to hear them read that she need not be afraid of any unpleasant shock to her feelings. There is indeed a description of an unlucky Jew being cruelly tortured and finally losing his head, which may possibly be supposed to come under this description. But instead of dwelling, after the true Dickens fashion, upon the sentimental side of his victim's suffering, and forcing us to watch him like Fagin tasting every drop of the cup of bitterness, Mr. Sala evidently regards the whole affair from a comic point of view. He is totally insensible to Shylock's argument as to a Jew's possession of the organs bestowed upon a Christian; and he speaks of his tormentor as he would of a young gentleman wrenching knockers off a door instead of crushing a fellow-creature's legs. Neither, to say the truth, does the humour in these papers strike us as very excellent in quality. There is a copious use indeed of some of those tricks of style with which Dickens familiarized us; but for the most part the humour which Mr. Sala undoubtedly possesses does not appear in this part of his writings. We are probably let into the secret of the interest which they possess in a paper called "Down White-chapel Way." There, at a "penny gaff" he listens, amongst other entertainments, to a duet performed by a couple representing a drunken tailor and his wife:—"Mr. S. reproaches Mrs. S. with the possession of a private gin-bottle; Mrs. S. inveighs against the hideous turpitude of Mr. S. for pawning three pillowcases to purchase beer. The audience are in ecstasies. A sturdy coal-heaver in the stalls slaps his thigh with delight. It is so real." The sturdy coalheaver represents the average reader. He slaps his thigh or indulges in some similar manifestation of pleasure when he reads Mr. Sala's adventures on that historic night when he had only ninepence in his pocket. There is nothing tragic and nothing even decidedly comic in them. But then we have all gone through experiences sufficiently near to enable us to appreciate the strict fidelity of the story. A sailor cast away at sea, or a traveller lost in a boundless desert, is a more imposing figure; but then few people have imaginations vivid enough to produce a fair representation of their feelings. A night in London streets, with its trivial incidents—the encounter with a policeman, or a stray dog, or a fire-engine, or a rival tramp—just comes home to our bosoms. A crowd of holiday-makers in a picture gallery will pass by the most poetical saints and virgins, the most exquisite works of the great colourists, or the most glowing landscapes, to fasten with intense delight upon anything that reminds them of their daily lives. Hogarth is infinitely more to their taste than Titian, though Hogarth is growing rather too old-fashioned. But a realistic picture of a contemporary English mob, inferior as may be the art, will at once call forth a genuine spark of enthusiasm. On the same principle, readers who would be utterly insensible to any refined observation of character or sentiment are carried away by a simple photographic description of the streets in which they walk, the clothes in which they dress, or the dinner which they eat every day. We do not, of course, mean to imply that simple accuracy of detail is sufficient to excite their interest. Some touch of the grotesque, or the humorous, or the pathetic, must be added, and there must be a certain skill in grouping the objects to be portrayed; and in the "Key of the Streets," for example, there is

\* *Papers Humorous and Pathetic.* By G. A. Sala. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1871.



evidence that Mr. Sala knows how to select the most impressive facts. But still wonderfully little appeal to the imagination and the feelings is necessary in order to make a tolerably good likeness amusing; and, as it is generally said that any man might write an interesting book by simply giving a perfectly sincere autobiography, so it seems that a man need do little more than set down briefly and distinctly what he sees whilst taking an hour's stroll in London in order to induce Londoners to hang upon his pages with delight. Great indeed is the force of simple unambitious realism, with just enough of the humorous in it to prevent its sinking into absolute dullness.

Mr. Sala, however, soon soared above these humble efforts, though we know not whether his more ambitious performances are likely to be better appreciated. They depend, indeed, partly upon the same principle. Mr. Sala is a cosmopolitan after a fashion. He delights in reminding us at every moment that he has travelled in various quarters of the globe. We have in this little volume sketches from the United States, from Paris, from Venice, and from Holland. They are not bad of their kind, and we admire the audacity with which the writer plunges into the most hackneyed topics. He has a plan of his own for giving them freshness. "Understand," he says, when beginning the thousand-and-first description of Niagara, "that I abandon any attempt at picturesque narrative, or at striving to emulate that which has been done, and done admirably, by a hundred men of letters." Though after this preface he naturally proceeds to imitate his predecessors a little, we must do him the justice to say that he generally keeps his word, and endeavours to set forth the scene before him, not as it would present itself to the eyes of a poet or a philosopher, but as it strikes a shrewd, sensible cockney, but still a cockney to the backbone. It is his evident pride that he looks upon Niagara or the Bridge of Sighs without the smallest attempt to get up the proper conventional emotion, but from the point of view of a Cook's tourist of rather superior abilities. He carries London with him everywhere, hates humbug, despises sentiment, and if in so doing he misses the deepest significance of the scenes, he at least tells us what is perhaps worth knowing—just how it strikes a thoroughgoing Londoner who won't condescend to varnish his emotions. We laugh at our American cousins for their resolutely prosaic way of contemplating the world; but in that particular respect the Americans are perhaps more allied to Englishmen of the ordinary type than we generally acknowledge. At any rate, whatever the value of such observations, we can easily understand that the ordinary Briton enjoys a writer who tells him without nonsense, and with a fair share of humour, though also with a large allowance of affection of superior wisdom, precisely what he, the said ordinary Briton, would feel if transported to the place in question. Yet, we must repeat once more, we are rather surprised that even the ordinary Briton should care to hear such writing read to him in public.

#### RATIS RAVING.\*

WE are working double tides to try to keep up with the Early English Text Society; and the Early English Text Society, or at any rate Mr. Furnivall, as its representative in the outer world, seems to be working equally hard to keep up with us. As we ought to have noticed Andrew Borde, so we ought to have noticed "Ratis Raving" long ago; but for once we will not be behindhand. We had hardly had time to turn our thoughts from Andrew Borde to "Ratis Raving" when what we take to be the very latest publication of the Society has come into our hands in the usual way. This takes the form of a single page, from which we find that, almost as soon as our review of Andrew Borde could have been in the hands of our readers, Mr. Furnivall set to work with a good heart to correct on a little fly-sheet the mistakes which we had pointed out. Nay, more, he showed that his memory reached over a period of several months, as he fell back upon the "Four Supplications" and explained that "gnatonical" does not mean "gnat-like." He adds that the entomological explanation of the word was "copied unthinkingly by Mr. Cowper from an edition of Foxe's *Martyrs*"—readers of Dr. Maitland will very well remember what edition. So far so good; but Mr. Furnivall is less happy when he corrects his amazing description of Charles the Fifth as "Emperor of Austria" into "Emperor of Germany." Perhaps Mr. Furnivall has been misled by the example of the composers of the Queen's Speech. We know not whether he has yet come back from his rural retreat into some place where he finds it possible to work, but the speed with which his sheet of corrections has come out looks as if he had. If, then, we are right in thinking that Mr. Furnivall has got to his books again, we should recommend a little course of German and other Imperial history before he meddles again with such terrible persons as Emperors, or attempts to quarter them in any particular part of the world. And in anybody but Mr. Furnivall we might be inclined to complain of the breach of literary etiquette which he has committed by attaching to his corrections the name of a supposed author of the article which he quotes. We need not say that we should be guilty of an equal breach of rule if we were to tell him whether his guess is right or wrong. But with Mr. Furnivall we do not get angry at these things. We do not expect

him to be governed by the same laws as other men; a little gambol or caper of this kind is merely of a piece with the other gambollings and caperings which went on in Mr. Furnivall's woodland paradise. For aught we know, when Mr. Furnivall sent out his fly-sheet, his head may still have been swimming after a waltz with the fair-haired Alice. How can we expect him to stoop to be guided by the dull prosaic laws of every-day life?

We turn from Mr. Furnivall to his colleague Mr. Lumby, and we find ourselves at once carried back from poetry into prose. There is no romance about Mr. Lumby, at least not in his editorial character. He makes no confessions or revelations beyond the dry description of himself as "late Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge." His preface does not contain a single personal detail about himself. We are left to guess whether he lives in town or country, whether he took the side of the Germans or the French, whether he has a wife to chat with or a boy to play with, or even so much as a fair-haired Alice to waltz with. Mr. Lumby is perhaps discreet in not treating us to any of these pleasant little revelations. He certainly acts in a way more conformable to the ordinary practice of scholars. Still it is something of a come-down in the world to turn from the highly wrought picture of Mr. Furnivall's holiday to such humdrum matters as "Ye grette lawis of Scotland of ye gude King David," or even to the more exciting theme of "Taurus cornutus ex patria germinare brutus."

The pieces here brought together consist, as the title-page tells us, of several moral and religious discourses in prose and verse printed in a manuscript in the University Library at Cambridge. They are all important philologically, as giving us a peculiar form of the "Louthiano Inglis," or Lowland Scotch, of which not much has been preserved. They date from the fifteenth century, "the later part of the early period of Scottish literature," and they mark the stage in that dialect when it was no longer, as it had been up to the war of independence, identical with the language of Northern England, but when it had not yet put on that distinct shape of that Scottish language of the sixteenth century which Queen Elizabeth found less easy to understand than French. Its peculiarities are set forth in a paper by Mr. J. A. H. Murray, from which Mr. Lumby gives us a long extract. Mr. Murray rules it to be "pure and unmixed Scotch" of its own date, as distinguished from the later dialect, which he calls "Middle Scotch." One difference which Mr. Murray remarks is curious, as showing a falling back on earlier forms on the part of the later dialect. "The indefinite article is, as in Northern English of same date, a before a consonant, *an* or *ane* before a vowel, in contrast with the Middle Scotch usage, as in *ane buik*, *ane kyng* (which appears in the Acts of the Scottish Parliament between 1475 and 1500)." But French forms unknown in Southern English have already crept in, as "*murderour*" for one guilty of murder (*murder*), from the French *meurtre*. So we find *ruis*, which Mr. Murray understands to mean streets, seemingly from the French *rue*; but Mr. Lumby doubts this interpretation. *Stankis* again seems to come from the French *étang* (*étang*), from *stagnum*. We get the characteristic plurals in *is* and the good old participle ending in *and*, as well as the Scotch form of the past participle in *yt*. *Eka* is become a verb; the curious growth of a verb from a conjunction, as also several verbs from adjectives, as *gud*, *yll*, *lesso*, *law*, *riche*—a usage still kept up in Scotland, but which in the first two cases at least has no parallel in modern English.

All the pieces of this volume are, as we have said, designed for religious instruction; and it is wonderful how small the proportion is with which any reasonable person of our time would be inclined to quarrel. Confession to a priest is enjoined; the virtues of the Mass are highly extolled, one whole piece indeed being devoted to the subject; and the Sacraments are of course reckoned to be seven. On the other hand, we do not think that there is a single word about invocation of Saints, or anything setting forth the usurped authority of the Bishop of Rome. And, as we so constantly find in mediæval religious writings, there is nothing of that quasi-controversial tone and colour thrown over the whole thing, that tendency to dwell specially on points characteristic of the writer's own sect or school, which is so common in modern writings of the same class. Where everybody is orthodox, where nobody doubts about anything, but where men simply need exhortation to a more lively holding of their faith and a more perfect carrying it out in their works, the character of religious writings is quite different from what it becomes in times when people are always thinking of the difference between opposing parties. There were dissenters in the fifteenth century, but we may doubt whether they had made much way in Scotland; and even in England they were not so prominent as to make simple and devout believers have them constantly before their minds. The consequence is that in these pieces we get much more on those points on which all Christians agree than on those on which they differ, and the greater part of the strictly religious teaching in this volume might be put into a modern sermon or a modern book of devotion without much risk of giving offence. The short piece on the "Vertewis of the Meas" is naturally the one at which modern readers are most likely to stumble. It is certainly startling to find words put into the mouth of St. Paul and of Our Lord Himself of which we find no trace in the New Testament:—

Sanct paul said that rycht as our lord ihesu cryst is mar worthi and mor precious than any uthir creatur that god maid [is this orthodox?], so is he mar mar worthi and mar precious than any uthir orewis or sacrifice that may be said or maid in this erd.

And directly after:—

Item, our lord ihesu said that quhat sum eua. thing þat men with clea

\* *Ratis Raving*, and other Moral and Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse. Edited by J. Rawson Lumby, M.A. London: Published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner & Co. 1870.

hart and gud deuotione askis at the mass in thar praterie, It salbe grantyt thaim or elles bettir and mar propitiable thing, na thai ask hyme be mekill. Item, quicquid orantes petit, &c.

One question we have to ask of Mr. Lumby on a point on which he gives us no help. What is the meaning of the name of the chief piece here printed, the one which gives its name to the volume? What is the meaning of "Ratis Raving"? The name comes from the author of the piece himself, who tells us, towards the end of his first book:—

Now þene, I pray the rest the here,  
For now is ended this matere;  
The quihik is ratis raving cald,  
Bot for no raving I it hald;  
Bot for rycht wys and gud teching,  
And weill declaris syndry thinge,  
That is rycht nodfull for to know,  
As the sentens it wyll schaw.

Mr. Lumby has no note upon this, and we cannot find either the word *ratis* or the word *raving* in the glossarial index. Is *raving* used by the author in the modern sense, or does he by *raving* simply mean dreaming? And, in either case, has *raving* anything to do with the French *rêver*, a word whose own origin is very puzzling? And whatever *raving* may be, what is *ratis*? We tremble as we ask whether it has anything to do with the "majores muros qui vulgariter vocantur *rati*" who, according to Giraldus, so irreverently ate up an Irish Bishop's books, and were therefore banished from the island. The black species may have crossed with the Dalriadic colony into the younger Scotia, as the brown species seems to have crossed into England along with the illustrious House of Hanover and Protestant succession. But when they have got there, we do not see what they have to do with moral instructions about "The Foly of Fulye and the Thewis of Wyemen." And we have unpleasant qualms whether our rats may not turn out to have as little to do with the matter as Mr. Funnivall's gnats. But, rats or no rats, the ravings of our worthy author consist of moral instructions, most of which are as much to the purpose now as they were in the fifteenth century. Nearly at the beginning we are taught not to abuse any of the five senses, in reading which we looked with special care to see in what way the seemingly harmless sense of smelling can be turned into an engine of sin. Perhaps an extravagant lover of perfumes might come under this head; but on this point our raver does not enlarge, but rather speaks in a way which shows that he was in his age a sanitary reformer:—

Than sonar sleis ill air nor sword,  
As men supposis now, veill and mare,  
In thair dais than thai did aie,  
That ill corrupcionne of aie  
Will schort levyinge and mekle empare  
The men that cumis quhar it is  
And kepis thaim rakeisly and myas  
And maisteris gud and kindly skill.

When he gets to the sense of touch, his illustration is curious enough. God gives grace to those who keep their hands innocent, and the example given is how "Gothra the bulgonè"—by which we are to understand Godfrey of Boulogne was able to cut an armed man—was he a foul paynim or a supporter of the rebel Rudolf?—in twain with one blow because he kept his hands innocent. There is much to say about loyalty, the word being used in the wider sense of strict adherence to engagements in general, and we are told how

This lumbertis gevis it mekle price,  
Thair dar weill better trust than tyll,  
Than tyll the emperouris wyll,  
Or tili his obligatiounne,  
Fore all his riches and renoune.

Considering that this was most likely written during the reign of Frederick the Third, we are not surprised—notwithstanding the splendid cope in which he is arrayed at Innsbruck by the piety of his penniless son—at the somewhat humiliating comparison.

We should like to know the piece of history or legend referred to in the following lines:—

"Be þone man the quihik wald nocht  
Put godis help in to his thoct,  
Bot traitis hail in his riches,  
And neuer of vanite wald sess."  
This was the superscriptione  
One mortymar was wryten doune,  
Quhen he was ded, upone his graif  
This wordis ware his ypatif.

Is this Mortymar the Roger of the century before—famous at Nottingham—or who? Mr. Lumby gives no help. There is a great deal of good advice in the book, especially about marriage and the behaviour of women. Daughters should be married while young, and in choosing a wife a man should look out for the daughter of a good mother. There is also a very pretty description of childhood and its toys. Altogether, our author, if he raved in the strongest sense of the word, certainly kept a good deal of method in his madness.

#### O'SHAUGHNESSY'S LAYS OF FRANCE.\*

THIS book contains an expanded version of five out of the twelve Lays attributed to the Anglo-Norman poetess, Marie de France. Mr. O'Shaughnessy would have done well to indicate, however briefly, the mode of treatment which he has adopted, and it is a blemish in his undertaking that he has preferred to omit any such explanation. Among the Anglo-Norman *trouvères*, Marie holds, if not the first place, at least a very prominent one. When Normandy was lost to England in 1204, there seems to have been a considerable emigration to this country of persons who had become attached to English rule; and among these, Marie is said to have changed her abode. Her Lays at any rate were very probably written on this side of the water, and certainly in the early part of the thirteenth century. The only MS. copy of them is preserved in the British Museum, and stands No. 978 in the Harleian Collection. Besides these twelve Lays, Marie wrote a collection of *Fabliaux*, and a sort of *Inferno* of her own, being a description of the descent of one Owayne Miles into St. Patrick's Purgatory.

The Lays have that peculiar air of romance, always on the border of the supernatural, and often passing it, which seems to have been indigenous to France at the dawn of literature, and never to have reached far beyond its limits. A comprehensive and very capable analysis of them was made early in this century by a female critic named Betham, and was published in 1816. Out of the seven Lays which Mr. O'Shaughnessy has left untouched, the three most remarkable are the "*Lai de Frayne*," "*Bisclaveret*," and "*Sir Lanval*." The word *bisclaveret* was the Norman equivalent for *wer-wolf*; and this tale is a very ghastly commemoration of the vengeance which overtook the unfaithful and treacherous wife of a French baron who had the misfortune to be plagued by this double existence. Being destined to become a wolf on three days in every week, he yielded to the obstinate solicitations of his wife, and revealed the means by which he might be prevented from returning to human form when the fated three days were over. She adopts the indicated method, and marries a paramour. In the capacity of a tamed wolf the injured baron becomes a favourite at court, and is at last able to wreak a terrible vengeance on the guilty pair, and to recover his proper body and position. The "*Lai de Frayne*" is, in our opinion, a more worthy subject for treatment than any of the rest, and it was a pity to omit it in this volume of expanded versions. It describes the fortunes of twin sisters, one of whom is called *La Coudre* (coudrier), the hazel, and the other *La Frayne* (fiène), the ash.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy's selections are "*Laustic*, or the Night-ingle," the "*Two Lovers*," "*Chaitivel*," "*The Lay of Eliduc*," and "*Yvenec*," or "*Ywonec*," as it is in the MS. These Lays stand eighth, sixth, tenth, twelfth, and seventh in the original collection. We propose to notice in detail the last two only, which are worked with especial care, and are both in subject and treatment very sufficient specimens of the rest. And we adopt this limitation the more readily, as the poetry of Mr. Morris's school, to which Mr. O'Shaughnessy belongs, has a decided tendency to grow long-winded. We are very far from taking up the extraordinary position of a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, and condemning those poets who go for their material and their inspiration to a nearer or a remoter past; and it would not be a good sign for the progress of taste if a deaf ear were turned to the lays of Chaucer's "*olde gentil Bretons*" (*les anciens Bretons courtois*). But the contemporary workers in this field are apt to run into an extreme, and to go on from page to page as if the history of a look or a sigh were the one engrossing topic in the universe.

The "*Lay of Eliduc*" has been very largely added to and altered by Mr. O'Shaughnessy. There are about 2,200 lines in his version against about 1,100 in the MS. Eliduc is a French baron who, falling under the King's displeasure, quits his palace and his wife, and goes to try his fortunes in England. In England he is received with much distinction at the Court of some vague chieftain; and with the aid of his ten knights, the small retinue who followed him from France, he is able to save his new friends from a formidable invasion, and completely to annihilate the foe. The rest of the tale is soon told. Though noble-minded in the grain, Eliduc is not proof against admiration and prolonged absence; and love grows up between him and the chieftain's daughter, Guilliadun, who at last returns with him to France. On the voyage a storm rises, and, in her hearing, Eliduc is charged with being its cause, as he brings home this princess, while a wife is still living in his palace. Guilliadun swears to death on hearing of her lover's marriage, and as she dies the storm passes away. He lays her in a woodland chapel, where by a miracle, after long watching, he discovers the herb that wakes her from her deathlike trance. And here Mr. O'Shaughnessy's version comes to a most unsatisfactory end, by recording how the true wife pined away, and remarking that, though the husband's love has blossomed into a new life, he will have a sorry return home at last. The original legend is much more in harmony with itself and with the temper and feeling of its age. In it, the wife, Guilliadun, is the watcher by the supposed corpse; it is she who miraculously brings about the waking; and when the two women have come to know the truth about themselves and the man they love, it is she who withdraws to some, with an idealised generosity,

\* *Lays of France* (Founded on the *Lays of Marie*). By Arthur W. F. O'Shaughnessy. London: John Bellamy, 1871.

into the chambered life, whither however she is soon followed by the others also.

"Yvonne," though not enlarged with quite the same freedom of addition as "Eliduc," has nevertheless been materially altered, and shown of its proper termination. Bertha is the young bride of an ogre-baron, who shuts her up in a tower. The supernatural element abounds in the sequel, and the virtues of the Sacrament are brought out into prominence. After a long and dreary waiting, she is visited by a princely lover, who has the power of assuming a falcon's shape while passing to her chamber. The Baron brings about his death by fixing a dagger-blade to meet the falcon-form at the window; but Bertha is able to pass out from the tower, and, reaching the palace of her lover, to find him in his proper character still able to make his last farewells. After his death she gives birth to a son, who was "named in lays" Yvonne the Deliverer. Here, again, Mr. O'Shaughnessy ends abruptly; but the legend goes on to tell how Bertha kept the prince's sword till the day of her son's knighthood, and how he was then enabled, by the first stroke he struck, to kill the baron who had wronged his mother and caused his father's death.

These specimens will show sufficiently the kind of method which has been adopted in this volume with reference to the original. It is not a method to be accepted with anything like unqualified approval. All that the author chooses to do is to guard himself against the impression that his work is a mere translation; but he guards Marie de France against nothing. No reader can be satisfied, without a laborious process which scarcely any one will take the trouble to go through, whether this or that page or line of thought and mood of feeling is to be attributed to Marie or to Mr. O'Shaughnessy. The whole position might have been set right by what in itself would have had an independent value—namely, a brief appendix, with some few text passages of the MS., both in the original form and in a completely literal rendering.

We regret the absence of such an obvious appendage all the more because—as we have before remarked in noticing an earlier volume of his—this modern votary of Marie has, in imaginative power, keen intuition, and ear, a genuine claim to be writing poetry, as things go now. There is a passage in the sombre and gloomy poem of "Chaitivel" which, among many others that deserve to be reproduced, seems to be especially representative. Chaitivel was a luckless lover, between whom and his lady, Sarrazine, three phantoms of former lovers intervened, with fatal and supremely grievous results. Altogether the story had better not have been worked out or published; the figures are more shadowy even than the scarcely traceable giant-form of the Cyclops in Turner's picture of the retreating ship of Ulysses; and it is all gloom, no relief. But the drawing of the dwelling-place of Sarrazine, where she used to lead her toiled life, is done with great beauty and effect:—

The slow cloud found it sweet to rest  
Over each shadow-haunted tower  
Of her lone castle, and to remain  
Low brooding over that domain  
Of deep autumnal wood and plain  
And mirroring lake that the power  
The sun and summer owned no flower  
Down in the deep and wayward ways  
Ruined and lost about her bowers,  
Whose desolation was the nest  
Of a strange plaintive bird with crest  
Of tarnished fiery feathers. Haze  
Of changeless morn and noon was blue  
Above the still blue of the lake,  
Where, year by year, some long dream grew  
More and more wonderful, and threw  
A stranger spell over wild brake  
And dripping mile of sallow sedge—  
Where the dark bittern and the crane  
Answered with lone unearthly cry,  
Or spectral, on the oozy edge,  
Some tall grey eagle with wide eye  
Stood slumbering.

It would be easy to select a number of isolated touches of real merit, like this of the deer in "Eliduc":—

On where, in wilds of forest grass,  
Through sun and shade was wont to pass  
The shrinking spirit-slender herd  
Of roe.

And Mr. O'Shaughnessy is also an accomplished master in those peculiar turns of rhythm which are designed to reproduce the manner of the mediæval originals. In octosyllables like these—

And the face of his own wife dear

And prayed Love would bless this and this

And marble things fair to behold

there is a halt, a limp, a catch, quite distinct in its effect from the forceful variations of rhythm in the ten-syllable heroic of Milton or of Tennyson; from

Burst after them to the bottomless pit,

or,

And the sword of the tounny across her throat.

Force and vigour and variety do not seem to be at all the qualities aimed at in the halting catch of the octosyllable, which is rather

a reproduction of the quaint manner of an age in which metre had not attained its final development. How marked is the mannerism which this peculiarity can introduce may be seen at a glance by comparing a page of these Lays, or of similar work in the same school, with a page of Walter Scott's octosyllabic writing.

Our real quarrel—and it is a serious one—with Mr. O'Shaughnessy and the school to which he belongs arises from the persistency with which it appears by them to be held that poetry is bound to represent the passion of love, with an increasing freedom of delineation upon the physical side. A tolerably advanced point has been reached already; and, to hear the adherents of this school talk, it is not the self-imposed restraints of the school, but only the external repression of accepted social morality, that prevents the limit from being indefinitely extended. Two leading propositions appear to underlie the efforts of this school; first, that the passion of love is by far the most important element in human life; secondly, that art is entitled, even if it is not under an obligation, to give distinct representation and expression to everything that is. When the first of these doctrines is urged, either by implication in some poem or directly in its defence, we certainly do feel grateful that there is still at work so vigorous and masterly a hand as George Eliot's to remind poets and lovers, and everybody in general, that there are such things as law and duty, besides passion; and that, on the whole, the more dignified course for a reasonable being, inheriting the results of many ages of cultivation, would be to subordinate passion to law, rather than to worship passion until it begins to revert towards the fetish influences of very early or very barbarous times. Mr. Swinburne has pushed to sufficiently offensive lengths the second doctrine about the universality of representation, without reserve, as the right, if not the duty, of art; though even he has hitherto remained far behind the brutal indecencies of Walt Whitman. In his version of the *Lays of Marie* Mr. O'Shaughnessy has in too many passages carried this treatment of his art to an excess which we are bound to censure and regret alike on moral and on literary grounds. Art committed to this fatal theory of the abandonment of all reserve—art, that is to say, divorced from law, and from the accumulated results of moral progress—is not only self-destructive, as history proves again and again, but tends to spread disorganization and destruction in society and in the individual consciousness, as far as its influence reaches.

Our protest against this perversion of art will no doubt be met with contempt by not a few adherents of the view which we are discussing, but it will be the contempt of those who have got out of gear with the higher life, not of the intellect only, but of feeling also.

#### EASTLAKE'S GOTHIC REVIVAL.\*

THAT great reaction from the Renaissance which has characterized the present century, and which has stamped indelible traces on the current art and literature of Europe, deserves and demands an historian. Mr. Eastlake, the Secretary of the Institute of Architects, has undertaken, in the volume before us, to trace the course of this movement in one of its most important developments—that of architecture. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the time has even yet come for an impartial review of the whole revival. A man would be very bold indeed who should pretend to prophesy the future phases of this memorable intellectual outburst. Who can tell with any accuracy, from the signs of the times, whether the Gothic Revival has culminated, or has begun to wane again, in the perpetual flux and reflux of thought and sentiment? On the other hand, it is clear that, unless the materials for a complete history of this new Renaissance of the nineteenth century are speedily collected, many of them will perish from men's memories. We shall see, in our examination of Mr. Eastlake's volume, that with all his pains and industry some important facts have escaped his research or have been forgotten. This reflection enhances our sense of gratitude to this accomplished writer for the zeal and impartiality with which he has undertaken, without further delay, a difficult and very important task.

Wisely contenting himself with his own special study of the building art, Mr. Eastlake, as the somewhat verbose title of his book tells us, attempts to show how the taste for mediæval architecture, which was never quite extinct in England, has lately been revived among us. Here, to begin with, he has laid hold of an important truth. Gothic architecture had not quite died out when the revival began. We scarcely know what Mr. Eastlake intends his readers to understand by the "two last" (he should have said "last two") centuries; but it is certain that the traditions of what is more properly called Pointed architecture have survived, in stone-producing districts, to our own days. Geology has had much to do with it; just as the fact that Paris commands so beautiful a material for building has given that city a stone architecture instead of a brick one. In the counties of England where good building stone is not procurable, the use of brick has helped to drive the Pointed style out of the field, except indeed in those districts where the abundance of native

\* *A History of the Gothic Revival: an Attempt to Show how the Taste for Mediæval Architecture which lingered in England during the Two Last Centuries has since been Encouraged and Developed.* By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.S.B., Architect. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

timber has favoured the retention of the older architectural forms.

In his laudable desire to keep clear of ecclesiastical controversies, Mr. Eastlake perhaps depreciates, though unconsciously, the influence which the Caroline Churchmen exerted in stemming the flowing tide of revived Classicism. He speaks indeed of Land's church of St. Catherine Cree, in Leadenhall Street, and of his collegiate buildings at Oxford, and he briefly mentions Cosin's works at Bishop Auckland and at Brancepeth. But other examples might be found. Strange to say, for example, the chapel of Peterhouse, Cosin's most memorable work, is not noticed. Indeed we incline to think from internal evidence, though it is difficult to believe it, that Mr. Eastlake has never visited Cambridge at all. Generally in his book we have been pleased to notice proofs of personal inquiry and examination in most of his criticisms. But his accounts of works in Cambridge are unusually meagre, and seem to be given at second-hand. Indeed in the long list of "selected examples of Gothic buildings erected between 1820 and 1870" (which forms a kind of appendix at the end of this volume), the very early and most remarkable specimens of the Gothic Revival contributed by Wilkins in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and by Hickman in St. John's College, find no place. We conclude that Mr. Eastlake never saw them, nor heard of them. But no history of the Gothic Revival can be in any sense complete without a comparison of the influence exerted by the two ancient Universities on the secular and religious architecture of England.

With this abatement—which, however, is not an inconsiderable one—Mr. Eastlake's summary of the gradual decline of the Gothic traditions in English architecture may be read with profit. He is scrupulously fair to Sir Christopher Wren, though his own sympathies are with the Pointed school. We doubt, however, if he has given that great architect credit enough for his sense of Gothic proportion. It is Wren's detail that is so disappointing in his Gothic buildings. The masses and outlines are generally most satisfactory. Witness, for instance, his noble tower of St. Mary Aldermary in the City, which might have been made, and ought (at all cost) to have been made, a leading feature in the new Queen Victoria Street. It is still possible to see the tower from one side; but an encroaching pile of warehouses has destroyed a matchless architectural effect. The twin western towers of Westminster Abbey, again, are charmingly proportioned, when seen from a distance—as, for example, from the Serpentine Bridge in Hyde Park—filling up the bottom of the valley down which the West Borne used to find its way to the Thames. It is only the detail, not the mass, that is bad in these towers. We probably owe more than we know of to Wren for his magnanimity in not altogether proscribing Gothic at Westminster; as Inigo Jones would certainly have done in Old St. Paul's had he had the opportunity. Wren's declaration, in his interesting report on the Abbey, which Mr. Eastlake quotes, to the effect that "he would strictly adhere to [the Gothic style] throughout the whole intention" of his projected and partly accomplished restoration, is very remarkable. As there is nothing very new in them, we pass over some interesting discussions of the influence which Horace Walpole's dilettantism had on the continuance and the revival of the Gothic style among us. We come next to Batty Langley, who is little more than a name to architectural students of our time. He is often quoted in derision; but most readers know little or nothing about him. Such persons will find in these pages a very amusing account of the once famous book in which he and his brother so far patronized the Gothic style as to improve it and reduce it to five orders, in harmony with the scientific laws of Vitruvian art. Mr. Eastlake, however, is quite right in giving Batty Langley a place in his *catena* of those who had a share in keeping alive the Gothic sentiment. He is on newer ground—to us at least—when he proceeds to chronicle actual eighteenth-century works in a quasi-Pointed style, such as those which Thomas Barrett carried out, in 1782, in Lea Priory, Kent (near Canterbury, though Mr. Eastlake forgets to tell us so), afterwards well known as the seat of Sir Egerton Brydges's private press, and very recently improved by Mr. Gilbert Scott and Sir William Chambers, in 1771, at Milton Abbas. It would have added largely to the usefulness and interest of the work if some illustrations of these forgotten designs had been given. Beckford's fantastic "abbey" at Fonthill occupies a large space in Mr. Eastlake's summary. It was the work of James Wyatt, "the destructive," who touched no ancient building that he did not spoil. Would that he had kept himself to such harmless vagaries as Fonthill, and spared us the interior of Salisbury! At this very moment the paintings of the vaulted roof of the choir of Salisbury are being renewed, in memory of the late Bishop, by Messrs. Clayton and Bell. The ruthless whitewash applied by Wyatt had so destroyed the mediæval distemper work that it is scarcely possible to decipher a single figure or a single legend. It was a wanton and most cruel destruction; and must have been a costly one, when the expense of scaffolding is taken into account. Mr. Eastlake is almost needlessly tender to Wyatt's memory, and says more for his works of Gothic restoration at Windsor and Belvoir than we are quite prepared to accept. That Nash ever attempted to design country houses in a Gothic manner will be new, we think, to most readers. James Essex, of Cambridge, was on the whole the foremost of his contemporaries as a practical reviver of Gothic. Mr. Eastlake says of him that "he may be fairly described as the first professional architect of the last century who made a study of

ture which is exemplified in the last-mentioned country seats and many others here enumerated, such as Elvaston, Donnington, Hawarden, Knowsley, Eaton, and Eastnor, the growth of a corresponding literature is to be observed. One of the first revivalists, as distinguished from the mere antiquaries, was that prolific writer John Britton, who, born in 1771, did not die till 1858. His *Cathedral Antiquities* in particular must have produced a very great effect in spreading a love and admiration for the ecclesiastical Pointed style in its highest forms. Among other writers who contributed to the progress of the movement were the elder Pugin and his colleague Willson. But of all these James Carter, using the *Gentleman's Magazine* as his organ, did the best yeoman's service in the cause of revival by remonstrating against unnecessary destruction and arguing for careful restoration of architectural remains. His writings mark the progress from purely archaeological description to the fervent spirit which distinguished the earlier apostles of the movement.

The names of Cottingham, J. C. Buckler, John Shaw (who built Christ's Hospital), Poynter (who designed St. Katherine's Hospital in Regent's Park), James Savage (to whom we owe the really fine church of St. Luke's, Chelsea, notable for its vaulted roof), Blore, Hickman, and Salvin, are the most distinguished practical architects of what Mr. Eastlake rather unhappily calls the præ-Puginesque period. The list of contemporary writers includes the names of Millers, the historian of Ely, Dr. Milner of Winchester, and Whewell. By a most singular omission Mr. Eastlake makes no mention whatever of two men still more eminent as architectural writers, Thomas Hope and Professor Willis. We cannot account for this oversight; more especially as Whewell is expressly commemorated as having introduced the Pointed styles of the Continent to English students. It was Thomas Hope who was actually the first, in his *History of Architecture*, to do justice to the Romanesque and Pointed architecture of the Continent. And Professor Willis is, both for foreign and home architecture, *facile princeps* among professional writers. We hope most sincerely, in the interest of historical truth and justice, that Mr. Eastlake may be called upon to produce a new edition of his work, in which these grave omissions may be rectified. Our space has been exhausted in considering the first half of the volume before us. We hope to notice the later history of the Gothic Revival in a second paper.

#### THE CHOICE OF A DWELLING.\*

THERE are few subjects about which an ordinary Englishman finds himself so much at sea as the means of protecting himself in taking or building a house. Whether he intends to rent, buy, build, or restore a mansion, villa, cottage, or town-house, his dreams are harassed with visions of architects, contractors, artisans, all of whom, he feels, know him to be a novice, and listen with scarcely suppressed pity to his crude ideas upon a subject which concerns the very comfort of his life. It needs no small application to master plans and specifications; and when this stage of adult education is past, there remains a sense of ignorance of details, and of unfamiliarity with the nomenclature of architecture and construction, which he does not like to confess, or to remedy by sitting humbly at the feet of the architect or clerk of the works. In this strait, the natural resource is a book which will furnish simple folk with the results of skilled experience; and though it is seldom wise to quote book-learning to practical people, yet, with a really handy volume upon such a subject as house-building, an intelligent reader might, without distressing himself, so far post himself up in the details and verbiage of the craft he has to encounter as to be able to understand the matters under discussion, and to save himself from being led blindfold into undertakings which he has never contemplated. But till now the handbook meet for laymen such as we have described has been a desideratum. Laxton's *Builder's Price-Book*, a very useful annual to those who are involved in much brick and mortar, is too strictly professional, and deals only with one side and branch of the subject. The *English Gentleman's House*, by Mr. Robert Kerr, though a very suggestive and able volume, is enough to frighten average house-builders by the sumptuousness of its conceptions, and the magnificence of scale on which the points "generally necessary" to an English dwelling, in the writer's view, are elaborated; however masterly it may be in its own way, it cannot pretend to perform the functions of a handbook. But the same publisher who brought out Mr. Kerr's work has just performed a similar service for a really handy book, by an experienced and skilful architect, Mr. Gervase Wheeler. Mr. Murray's advice and practical assistance are acknowledged with much frankness in the preface, and the public is at length provided with a well-arranged manual on all questions connected with the erection or purchase of a dwelling, written, as far as possible, in untechnical language, and adapted, it seems to us, to the needs of the most ambitious as well as the humblest-minded of intending housebuilders. And at a time when the Prince of Wales's illness and the supposed defects of drainage and ventilation at Scarborough and Sandringham have been the text of many an exhortation to householders to overhaul their

\* A Practical Handbook of Useful Information on all points connected with Hiring, Buying, or Building a House, with its Furnish and Garden Outbuildings. By Gervase Wheeler, Architect. London: John Murray, 1871.

continuously with the revived taste for mediæval architec-



domestic arrangements and set their dwellings in order, the appearance of the *Choice of a Dwelling* is singularly opportune, especially as it devotes more than one valuable chapter to drainage and water-supply, and to those details in house-arrangement as to which we are so much at the mercy of the plumber.

In the first part of the volume, which is taken up with matters preliminary to house-building or house-occupying, soils, materials, and sites are discussed in their order; and though it is premised that gravel, rock, sandy loam, and chalk are better foundation-soils than clay, yet, failing a choice, we are told how to make the best of clay by drainage, which, besides removing noxious fluids from within a house, shall carry off the surface water which is apt to clog the external and internal area of a heavy undrained soil, and by evaporation to become a serious evil. With proper drainpipes to convey water to an ultimate discharge, clay may be made a satisfactory building substratum, and in these pages the secret of sufficiently deep and uniform excavation, and lining with a bed of concrete, is expounded so lucidly that the reader who has to face the dread ordeal of "beginning to build" may, without any intense strain of mind, discover how to protect himself against careless contractors or workmen. With an open-air drain round external walls, and a system of house-drainage starting from below the lowest level of the lowest part of the building, collected to one point and led thence by the main drain, with as few junctions and turnings as may be, to the outfall, and with a map at hand to show the direction, depth, and ramification of the system of house-drains, there need be no uneasiness on this point, especially if the contractor has taken care to secure clear pipes, plenty of water, and a gradual fall, and has trapped every connecting drain at the point of junction. A most valuable section is devoted to the ventilation of drains; and a special caution to get rid of accumulations of noxious gases and the flow of foul air by means of an upright pipe carried above the gutter levels, and discharging high enough to keep clear of any upper windows (p. 10), will be read at the present time with as much interest as profit. Ventilation, indeed, in all its applications is a problem which is thoroughly met in the book before us, as will be conceived when we note that the somewhat unsightly tubular excrescence which runs up the external angle of the turret of an otherwise picturesque country house figured in the vignette at the head of Mr. Wheeler's preface, is a ventilating flue connected with the ceilings of the principal rooms. Equally careful provisions and suggestions are made with regard to an ample and wholesome supply of water for all purposes; and hints on filtration, on trapping waste-pipes of cisterns at the entrances of the drain, and on the often vexatious question of well-sinking—which is seldom carried deep enough—are given to the content of any puzzled householder. He may also by a study of the second chapter learn how to tell good materials from bad, and so, indirectly at least, to gauge the honesty of a builder or contractor. If we may not fathom our fellow-man, we may at least tell the honest brick by its ring and shape; and the mixture of garden mould and road scrapings with pit-sand which is often sold for "ballast" to make into mortar with strong lime, with dry rot and perishing mortar as its results, will readily be detected by any one who has been put on his guard by this volume.

It is, indeed, no little matter to understand the proper constituent parts of mortar and cement, so much have they to do with the binding together of the masses of stone or brick about which Mr. Wheeler has so much to say in the proper place. He winds up an account of the chief building stones by a suggestion that, as in France, a Government Commission should be issued to report upon the supply, nature, and relative value of the various kinds. Though not decidedly hostile to artificial stones, such as Ransome's patent and others, it is easy to see that our author has an architect's prejudice against them; nor are we aware that he has even alluded to those preservative or reparative washes with which, as in the case of the Houses of Parliament, it has been proposed to make perishable stone "beautiful for ever." But on the uses and proper laying of encaustic tiles, which are best laid, according to one of Mr. Minton's workmen, upon a timber floor covered with a sheet of stout zinc to avoid shrinkage; on the best roofing materials, as to which Mr. Wheeler has a strong leaning to good Bangor slates, which may be tested by ring and touch; and on the strength and seasoning of timbers, he is the reverse of reserved or uncommunicative. Upon the subject of slates he is more than one place recommends the wonderfully thin veneers into which they can now be split for the lining of cisterns, as well as of winter wardrobes and linen-closets. Backed with cement, these thin sheets of slate, which can be split to the thickness of a sixteenth part of an inch, would effectually exclude moth or vermin, and the shelves and compartments might be of the same clean and durable material. Floor timbers, Mr. Wheeler thinks, should be deeper than is commonly the case, in order to secure strength and stiffness. In a later portion of his work he recommends the construction, as is sometimes the fashion in Holland or the United States, of a double floor. We pass over the chapter on choice of a situation, because the suitable aspect and the arrangement of outlook, as well as the cautions against the proximity of trees, unless it be a cedar or two or a tree of umbrageous top for coolness in the vicinity of a larder, are points pretty generally known even to amateurs in house-building. Our space also forbids our noticing the hints as to a "house to let" contained in the first chapter of the second part. At the same time, it is only fair to say that any one who has laid them up in his memory need never be taken unawares as to what he has a right to claim of his landlord, nor be at

fault as to what are fixtures, what are removable, and what are debaseable fittings. He will know how to guard himself against smoky chimneys, and against loose and cheap door-handles, with shank and screw-hole out of which the screw is for ever getting lost. It has happened to ourselves to have been supplied with door-handles the knobs of which actually might be crunched into shapelessness by a fairly strong hand; and therefore we welcome "the door-knob with moveable collar round the shank of the handle, attached by screws to the face of the door, the other end of the knob going through with the door, and being permanently fastened thereto" (see p. 238). All sorts of preliminary advice to those who contemplate building, on estimates, plans, consulting architects, clerks of the works, and similar precautions, will be found in Chapters v.-vii.; while as to the buyer of a house, it is a golden suggestion that he should always, if possible, get a year's previous tenancy, so as to have "wintered and summered it."

The author's experience of his profession, not only in England, but also in America, enables him to offer many valuable suggestions for the re-arrangement, as well as the building *de novo*, of houses whether in town or country. The fault he finds with our town houses is their want of depth, arising probably from the difficulty about lighting the far end of a deep room in our dark atmosphere, as well as from the desire to get a backyard or small garden in the rear. The former difficulty he would cure by a rearrangement of windows, heightening of rooms, and judicious choice of colours for papering. The back external area he would sacrifice, except so far as to allow a small paved air-space. It is worth while to study Mr. Wheeler's application of his New York experience to English town-houses, although there are some features of internal arrangement which the different habits of society in this country render unnecessary. One of the most noteworthy features in the special plan of the house erected by him in Philadelphia is the octagonal planning of the dining-room, allowing as it does ample space for the front door and entrance passage, as well as corners for a fire-proof safe, a private store-closet, and other conveniences. This cutting off of corners, sometimes externally as well as internally, is indeed a great hobby of Mr. Wheeler's, and often a very successful one, though we are not quite sure that such a corner is ever, when it can be avoided, the place for a fireplace. In pp. 142-6 the author gives a plan and details of a London house with considerable depth, with library, dining-room, serving-room, and dressing-room upon the ground floor; front and back drawing-room with connecting ante-room on the first story; and, on three bedroom floors above, as many as nine larger and smaller sleeping rooms, with three dressing-rooms and bath-rooms, box-rooms, linen-closets, and so forth. In a sanitary point of view, the town-houses in pairs with a common party wall, and an external wall with side area for light and air to each, are highly to be commended, as allowing the transit of all house-drains, soil, and waste-pipes to the exterior side area, where they can be readily got at for cleansing and repair.

Equally happy and more diversified are Mr. Wheeler's plans for suburban and country-houses, as to which one capital bit of advice is not to build too much at once. "Much of the justly praised picturesqueness of our English country-houses arises from the additions which successive owners have made to the family homestead, and which often result in a peculiar charm unobtainable in a building planned and completed in one operation." He might have added, that besides the picturesqueness thus added to the exterior, there is an attraction to most minds in the irregular-shaped rooms which are often the result of an addition to the original homestead—as where the addition of a square or oblong space for an external court or garden is made to a narrow study with an arch connecting them, or a kind of apse is added to an already well-proportioned room. The prevailing fashion of ample bays is one which cannot be too much praised, and of this fashion Mr. Wheeler makes excellent use. He has also from his American experience contracted a fondness for verandahs which serves him in good stead in several of his best plans for suburban or country residences. To our thinking, his *parsonages* require to be regarded less as parsonages proper than as the dwellings of professional or business men who do not aim at a very handsome or costly mansion. In accommodation and cost they would frighten the secretary of a Diocesan Church Building Society. One feature in them, however, is very well conceived; we mean the private room opposite the library and hard by the vestibule, which all who have the charge of a parish find so convenient as a "speak-a-word" room. But five principal bedrooms, with four in the wing, two dressing-rooms, a bath-room, &c., &c., strike us as too large a provision for a house which will change hands in each generation, and which, while suitable for a clergyman who has pupils, means, and a large family, will be a tax upon the childless couple who may come after him and will have to keep it up. Very good and complete is the plan of the symmetrical villa of brick with stone dressings, of Italian architecture, square outline, but pleasingly varied elevation. The library, sixteen feet square, is under the campanile, which is carried a full story above the roof, and has a large bedroom on the top floor. A verandah surrounds the drawing-room and morning-room, which are on either side of the library, and a corridor from the drawing-room leads to the garden vestibule and to the conservatory. The dining-room in this as in all Mr. Wheeler's plans is conveniently connected with the kitchen, a serving-room and butler's pantry alone intervening, but not so as to interrupt direct access. Considering the amount of convenience and accommodation, we should call

this villa cheap at the author's estimate of 3,000*l*. But the house upon which we have set our affections is the large stone house with a tower, of which there is a drawing in the vignette, and which we learn was erected on a beautiful site on the slope of the Berkshire hills, Massachusetts, U.S. It is of irregular plan, and was designed to afford views of the wild scenery of the surrounding country. Hence its large square tower at the outer corner of the entrance, the windows of the square billiard-room in which command the landscape in every direction. Thick stone walls exclude heat, and a moderate area of glass secures pleasant internal temperature. The ground story of the tower is the library, 24 ft. square, and above the billiard-room is a parapet and flat cement roof, over which is an open-air "specula." Another pleasant break of the regularity of this plan is the boudoir on the right of the entrance porch with a room intervening. This has an octagonal projecting bay carried up to the roof as a lesser tower, and affording the same feature to the room above, which is the young lady's sitting-room, with an adjacent work-room for her maid. All the details of this house are in keeping, and its arrangements strike us as well nigh perfect. It has but one long corridor, a great recommendation in the author's eyes, though we are far from sure that corridors have not their utility, as they certainly have their charm. When fairly broad, they serve for a promenade between the dances at a ball.

Many hints about less expensive dwellings than those we have glanced at might be culled from this handbook, but our few remaining notes must be *à propos* of the "several parts of a house," which form the subject of a later chapter. Mr. Wheeler obeys a sound instinct when he rebels against the old theory of dingy furniture and dark flock papers for dining-rooms. In the library, too, he attaches due weight to the windows at the end and sides, and the recess for a table with front and side lights to catch the best aspect at each hour of the day. A deep bay or oriel with a cushioned immovable seat or locker, at the far end of the room, facing East, where the sun is off the windows by noon, is very desirable. And besides the ventilation of book-cases, for which the author provides, it is of importance to insist on the shelves being of sufficient thickness and of such moderate length, or with such frequent supports, as to prevent the weight of the books causing them to bend and give way. We see no notice of a plan which is very useful for arranging the leather work at the top of each row of books—namely, to glue it to oak strips attached to the shelves by a hinge, so as to facilitate the leather being raised to remove a book or books. But the suggestion in p. 215 of fixing the library window roller-blinds at the bottom instead of top, with a cord passing over a pulley above, and allowing light from the upper part of the window, is a very happy and, to us, original device. The hints for drawing-room decoration, for billiard-rooms, kitchens, &c., are clever and practical. The laundry is well conceived, too, though, if on a large scale, it would be worth while to have patent rinsing-machines, and hot closets for steam-drying the clothes passing through them upon clothes-horses, as described by Mr. Kerr. Much more might we say of this excellent *vaude-mecum*, of its sound advice as to offices, out-door arrangements, terraces, covered carriage-ways, and everything, in short, entering into the category of "the house and its essentials." It is easy to predict that it will take its place as a permanent book of reference on the subject of which it treats, and there can be no doubt that it will be the means of saving much time, worry, and expense to inexperienced persons who consult it when about to build or buy a house.

#### A WOMAN'S FAITH.

WE may perhaps venture to entertain a hope that novel readers in the stirring events of the last two years will have become surfeited with mere incident, however exciting, and will once more ask for delineation and development of character. It may, however, be the case that increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on, and that those who only a few months ago, if their morning paper did not contain an account of some bloody fight or siege, cried, "Fie upon this quiet life; there is nothing in the paper," will still expect to have their "six or seven dozen" killed for them, if not in real life, at all events in fiction. The influence of the telegraph moreover, we fear, will be unfavourable to a quiet style of writing, and in the constant supply which it furnishes of startling incidents, in what may perhaps be called Renter's English, will do but little to foster a taste for those novelists in whose pages adulteries and murders are not as frequently repeated as the text in a long sermon. We would suggest that a skilful writer might perhaps combine the advantages of the old and new styles, and so might please the taste of two sets of readers. He might, by a plan which we shall presently unfold, give a most minute delineation of character, and yet avail himself of all the resources of modern science in producing startling incidents. All that is required is to combine the old letter-written novel with modern telegraphy. If, for instance, a modern *Clarissa Harlowe* were living in India, and her correspondent were in England, letters could be written as long as those of last century, and character and incident could be as slowly and as minutely unfolded. At the same time, for those who are as eager for the rapid development of a plot

as persons who travel on the Great Eastern Railway are for the end of their journey, there could be sent by cable, not only a summary of each important letter, but also a notice of each important event. Even those who read the story in full would occasionally find a curious kind of interest in the news that came by telegraph; for while they were watching how the various characters were regarding the incidents that were surrounding them, and the hopes and fears they were entertaining, they themselves would often, by the previous insertion of some brief telegram, be aware what the issue had been. The heroine might, for instance, in a long course of letters from India, have been describing the machinations of the villain of the piece, and the plot he was slowly weaving round her. When the story was at its minutest and things at their blackest, a telegraph, brief but impressive, would arrive, announcing that "Vice was defeated and Virtue triumphant." The letters brought, however, by the next two or three mails would all be of the most desponding order, and the reader, aware that his beloved heroine was saved, would study without the pain of anxiety her efforts and alarms, and at the same time would be full of eagerness to learn how she had finally managed to escape. It might be objected that a story set before the reader on such a method as this, where the general narrative was often a month behind the most striking events, would have lost much of that breathless interest which the unfolding of a skilfully arranged plot affords. But we must remember that, on the one hand, our plan is confessedly a compromise between two opposite schools of novel-writing, and, on the other hand, that the interest would be just as often excited as lessened if the telegraph part of the book were skilfully managed. It will be some while, however, we fear, before a book appears written on this plan, though we do not reserve our invention for ourselves, but throw it open to the world. Meanwhile, till we can have a story thus written which will please every one, we must be content to go on dividing our novels for the most part into two classes. We shall still have the novel of incident and the novel of character. There are doubtless many novelists who more or less successfully combine both, but we generally find that those who deal in a rapid succession of startling incidents do not attempt to delineate character; and that those who attempt to delineate character do not deal in a rapid succession of startling incidents. If, however, as at the outset of our remarks we hoped might be the case, novel readers have had enough of startling incidents to serve them for some time, and would like a little repose in the fictions they read, we can with a good conscience recommend to them *A Woman's Faith*. It might be objected that, however free, with perhaps one exception, the story is from what are called sensational scenes, the rate of mortality nevertheless is excessively high. The heroine's sister dies, her mother dies, her baby dies, the hero's bosom friend dies; and the wild Italian girl, the heroine's unknown rival, dies. And yet so clearly is the author averse to dying scenes that, with the exception of the baby, all of them die off the stage. From the very opening scene, too, we are led to expect a tolerably rapid succession of deaths, as three of the characters are introduced to us in a very weak state of health. That the rate of mortality therefore should be high is as natural as it is in *St. Pancras Workhouse*, and does not afford any just grounds of astonishment or complaint.

The plot is simple enough. Two women are in love with one man; the one, Margaret Herpath, a pure, high-minded English girl, the other, Candida, a passionate, unscrupulous Italian peasant girl. Candida, by detaining some letters, makes the hero, Richard Brandon, believe that Margaret is faithless to him, and so keeps him for her own lover for two years. In the end he finds out how he had been deceived, and marries Margaret, without, however, having the courage to avow the intimacy that had existed between him and Candida. Candida, finding herself deserted, though not left unprovided for, revenges herself by giving Margaret proofs of her husband's former intimacy with her, and by stealing their newborn baby. The baby dies from exposure to the weather, but throughout this double trial Margaret still shows herself "a Faithful Woman." The story, by the way, we would observe, bears two names. On the title-page it is called "*A Woman's Faith*," but the heading of each page is "*A Faithful Woman*." Candida herself soon afterwards dies in a hospital, penitent and forgiven. Margaret adopts the child that her rival had borne to Richard Brandon, and brings it up as her own son. The first scene of the story is laid in Rome, and the hero, in a series of letters to his friend, an English country parson, gives a lively and interesting description of the society of that capital. These letters are the cleverest part of the whole book, and in a very pleasant manner they gradually introduce us to all the characters, few as they are in number, of the story. We have Rosie, Margaret's invalid sister, who, with all the suffering of a sick couch, manages, as so many women in real life do manage, in the intervals of pain to be the liveliest in her talk, and the warmest in her sympathies with the pleasures of others, though she cannot herself share in them. She has many a discussion with the hero, upholding English, from which she is an unwilling exile, against Italy, where he lives by choice. He had on one occasion "ostentatiously delivered" at the very notion of an English spring, when not only Rosie, but also Margaret, thus attack him:—

"Oh, Margaret! and to think of those April mornings on the English hills!"

"And the beech-woods in early May! and the little ope, blue with hyacinths! and the singing of the birds!"

"Yes; we've no such birds here, Mr. Brandon. They're too used to the

sunshine to their garden for it, here. I never could have imagined such an anomaly as a languid skylark until I heard one here, the other day. He was fairly, literally, sleek, poor fellow, and his wings and his voice both failed him. Did you ever happen to hear an English skylark, Mr. Brandon?"

Besides Rosie we are introduced to pretty Mrs. Portland, whose enthusiastic talk was not unevenly balanced by her husband's matter-of-fact brevity. Perhaps at times her garrulity is too fully reported; but, on the whole, she in her long speeches, and her husband in his short speeches, are cleverly drawn characters. Brandon tells his friend of his first meeting with Margaret, of the first time he heard her voice. He had been riding along, and while stopping his horse to gaze

into the almost dazzling brilliance of a kind of "drift" of those blossoms which had lodged about the spreading roots of some finely grown oak-trees,

he heard a voice, coming from the wood, say,

"We must gather plenty of them for Rosie. How she would love to see them here! How she would—oh, if the poor darling could only have come with us to-day! This lovely, lovely, lovely day!"

It seemed as if the voice would naturally have burst into singing, only for the underlying pathos of this tender regret.

He luckily managed at this moment to get his horse badly lamed, and so everything was provided that was needed to lead to an introduction. Everything would have gone on smoothly enough, and one volume instead of three would have easily contained the whole story, had it not unfortunately been the case that where Margaret was lodging there also was her rival, the unscrupulous Candida. Brandon had some months before been kind to this girl when she was ill, and without knowing it had won her love. For some weeks love-making goes on very pleasantly and steadily, when, as ill-luck would have it, Brandon hears that his bosom friend in England has fallen so alarmingly ill that he must at once hurry from Rome to his bed-side. In his absence Rosie dies, and the Herapaths also return to England. The letters that Margaret had sent to her lover, through Candida's treachery, never reach even the post, and when he hastens back to Rome it is to find that he has lost all trace of her. The hurried journey and the double anxiety he has had prove too much for him, and, combined with the unhealthiness of the Campagna in summer, strike him down with a fever. He is nursed through it by Candida, and, on his partial recovery, hears from a gossiping correspondent in England that Margaret is starting for America, and in all probability will soon be married. A man's faith, we fear, is weaker than a woman's, for he at once yields to despair, while Candida, in a "tearless frenzy," reveals to him her passion, which as yet was unknown to him.

Two years the story passes over in silence. At the end of that time Brandon, coming to London, suddenly meets Margaret, and learns that she has throughout been faithful to him. They are soon married; but who ever heard of a marriage only half-way through the second volume that boded any good? The sufferings, the remorse, and the faith that are told of in the sequel of the story, we have already briefly described. The chief merit of the story lies in the characters of Margaret and her sister Rosie, which are very well drawn, and in the lively conversations and descriptions of a quiet society in which the book abounds. We must remark, however, that the story might have been in many places cut down with advantage. The author writes with facility and accuracy, and no doubt finds a constant pleasure in the easy run of her pen and the easier flow of her words. Nevertheless, after she has gratified her own love of composition, she would do well at times to gratify her reader's love of brevity, by scoring out, *traverse calamo*, not a little of what she has written. Penelope lost none of her woefulness by her habit of undoing at night what she had done in the day, and authors would lose none of their readers if, in moderation, they followed in her steps.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—NOTICE is hereby Given, that on Wednesday, 21st of April next, the Senate will proceed to Elect EXAMINERS in the following Departments:

Examiners.	Subjects.	Present Examiners.
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Two in Classics	£200	Rev. Dr. Holden, M.A. Vacant.
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Two in The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, the Vulgate of the Christian Bible, and Scripture History	£50	Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D. Vacant.
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The Examiners above named are re-eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election. Candidates must send in their Names to the Registrar, with any attestation of their Qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Tuesday, March 26. It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind be made to its individual Members.

Residing in Gardens, By Order of the Senate, WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

RUGBY SCHOOL.—FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS, tenable for Five Years, if the holder shall remain so long at the School, will be open for Competition in June next to BOYS, whether already in the School or not, who shall not be over Fifteen years of age on the 1st of June next. Applications for Admission to the Examination must be made to the Head Master on or before June 1. Testimonials of Good Conduct and Certificates of Birth must be sent at the same time.

Rugby, March 1872. HENRY MAYMAN, Head Master.

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## INDIA.

LORD NORTHBROOK has already commenced his Indian career by making a speech on Indian affairs. What he had to say he said with much good sense and right feeling, but naturally he could do little more than engage to abide by the great principles of toleration and justice which were proclaimed when the Crown took upon itself the government of India. He paid a hearty tribute to the merits of Lord Mayo, and expressed a conviction that the late VICEROY would be lamented as much in India as in England. This anticipation has been fully justified by the detailed accounts subsequently received of what took place in India after Lord Mayo's death became known. There appears to have been a genuine feeling of horror at the act, and of lamentation that so good a friend to the people of India had been cut off. This feeling showed itself far beyond official circles, and although no utterances that come before the English in India can be relied on as showing the real feelings of anything like the mass of natives, yet it is highly satisfactory to observe that the natives, so far as Englishmen could detect, displayed sincere grief and affection and gratitude. No further evidence has been forthcoming to show whether the assassination of Lord Mayo was instigated by the action of a conspiracy, or whether it was due to the sudden and unpremeditated impulse of a barbarian. In the absence, however, of any evidence either way, it is more reasonable to incline to the latter hypothesis, not because a conspiracy to murder a Viceroy is in the least improbable, but because the chances of the conspiracy succeeding in the manner selected were so infinitesimally small that it is very improbable that any conspirators should have conceived it possible to murder a Viceroy as Lord Mayo was murdered. No one could have foreseen that Lord Mayo would go up a hill to see a view, stay till it was dark, and then walk on unprotected in front of his guards to a jetty. He had, indeed, been warned that he was not sufficiently protected, but he had as usual replied that he did not wish to show himself afraid or to feel afraid. On this occasion he happened to judge wrongly, but no conspirators could have guessed that he would do so. On the contrary, this was exactly an occasion when he would have been wise to take precautions to which ordinarily he was averse. No precautions whatever can save any one from assassination if the assassin absolutely abandons all hope of his own life. A Viceroy, therefore, is very wise as a general rule to show himself perfectly unconcerned about the possibility of a fate overtaking him which he cannot avert. To be unconcerned is the only way to preserve peace of mind and to inspire respect; and the two things which, in the long run, are the most likely to keep from assassination the very few men in any community who are willing to expose themselves to the certainty of death in order to commit a murder, are the perception that those whom they meditate killing are beforehand impervious to fear, so that the murder of one man does not alter the behaviour of others, and the conviction that there will always be a new official to replace the one that is murdered. Assassination is not always useless for its own miserable ends. It does no good in the long run, even according to the standard of good which the assassins accept. But it does sometimes produce an effect which the assassins may like to contemplate. If any of the attempts to assassinate the Emperor of the Far East had succeeded, there would probably have been a sudden panic and a relaxation of the reins of government in France which might have offered desperate men a chance. But in India the assassination of one Viceroy only leads to another Viceroy coming out prepared to tread almost exactly in the path of his predecessor. And what may be said of a

Viceroy may be said of course of judges and minor officials. It may be hoped that assassination will cease in India as soon as it is seen that it is of no use whatever to kill men who are only parts of a great machinery of government, and whose destruction leaves the machinery working on exactly as it worked before.

It is desirable to discuss the questions suggested by Lord Mayo's assassination out to the end, without any shrinking from the truth or any anxiety to make too much or too little of the event. The conclusion, we think, to which a full discussion of the subject leads is that our Indian officials do run a risk, and for the time possibly an increasing risk, of being assassinated. Crimes have a fashion like everything else, and, as Captain BURTON has pointed out in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the catastrophe of Lord Mayo's murder had been preceded by four other assassinations in a twelvemonth, three judicial officers having been murdered "up country," besides Mr. NORMAN at Calcutta. But what is the mode of meeting this fashion of assassination? Captain BURTON answers that the proper mode of meeting it would be to make certain reforms which he recommends in our way of treating Mahomedans. This seems to us an extremely wrong policy. The very first and the indispensable condition of stopping assassination is to bring home to persons meditating assassination that if they commit the crime they intend they will not only be certainly executed, but that they will commit this crime absolutely for nothing. That they should die, but that their cause should triumph, is exactly what they want to be the result of their act. A fanatic may possibly doubt whether he would be very highly rewarded if he killed an infidel without producing any benefits to the faithful; but if he gets concessions made to the faithful, he will be sure that his merits in killing an infidel will be adequately appreciated in a better world. If there were any monstrous injustice which we were committing against Indian Mahomedans, if we tortured them, or defiled their holy places, or forbade them to study the Koran, we should have, of course, to abandon our evil ways, even though assassination had been used to open our eyes to them. But on all doubtful points of ordinary policy, as to which our injustice is very doubtful or very slight, we ought to be absolutely firm in the face of assassination. A Mahomedan has been lecturing in England on the wrongs of his fellow-Mahomedans in India, and his great grievance is one that no doubt is practically felt by educated Mahomedans, but it is one which it is very difficult to remedy, and as to which it is very doubtful whether any attempt to remedy it ought to be made. It is that Hindoos get employment under the English Government more easily than Mahomedans do, because they can afford to give all their time when young to learning English, while Mahomedans are in conscience bound to learn Arabic and Persian. Captain BURTON's complaints of injustice are somewhat more serious, although we are startled to find that he opens his letter by denying altogether that revival of the Puritanism of ISLAM which Mr. GIFFARD PALGRAVE, at least an equal authority, has not only asserted to exist, but has described minutely. If two such authorities differ absolutely as to such a very prominent and startling incident in current Mahomedan history, it is hard to be sure whether Captain BURTON is right in describing the hostile feelings of Mahomedans towards our rule in India in the strong language he uses. The Mahomedans groan under our injustice, he says, on three heads. In the first place, we will not go on trying cases for ever, as was lately shown in the case of the Nawab of TONK. This, says Captain BURTON, is quite opposed to Mahomedan feeling, for they hold that it is never too late to do justice. In the next place, we are sometimes in conducting trials contented with less than the minimum prescribed by the Koran and the Old Testament of the oaths of two competent respectable witnesses

swearing directly to the fact. Lastly, we do not recognize the right conceded by the Koran and the Old Testament to the Avenger of Blood to kill the shedder of blood. It is useless to discuss these points in detail, but it is the adherence of the English Government to these forms of injustice which Captain BURTON calls a vicious system of which Lord MAYO was the victim, and he distinctly states that, if this system is adhered to, similar causes will produce similar effects. The mode of averting future assassinations would be, according to Captain BURTON, to let the Mahomedans of India see that, in consequence of five of our officials having been assassinated by Mahomedans, we were now prepared to go on trying disputed cases for ever, to alter our rules of evidence, and to let the avengers of blood have their fling. There could not, we venture to think, be any policy more foolish, more fatal, and more provocative of assassination.

To keep to the great unalterable principles of our Indian Government as Lord NORTHBROOK insists, to determine that assassination shall never succeed, and to imitate the example of Lord MAYO, and to be always seeking for information and inspiring personal confidence, are the first duties of a Viceroy. Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHEN has written from Calcutta to say that, in deference to the opinion of friends whose judgment he somewhat distrusts, he thinks it right to assure the English public that Lord MAYO's last journey was not undertaken for mere amusement. Mr. STEPHEN knows the English public far too well not to have seen that those who could believe that the English public would need any such assurance were entirely mistaken. The very last thing that would have occurred to any one here was to imagine that a Viceroy would go to the Andaman Islands for amusement. Lord MAYO went because he thought it a duty to go. That a Viceroy should not go too far into details is obvious; that he should not cease to learn from personal experience is also obvious; and how to sail between the two extremes is a question of tact and judgment. If Mr. STEPHEN's friends had urged that the public in England might have thought that a visit to the Andaman Islands was a work of detail rather out of the sphere of a Viceroy, there would have been some sense in combating the objection. *Prima facie* it does not seem the business of a Viceroy to visit a penal settlement. It was, therefore, very desirable that some one as competent as Mr. STEPHEN should explain why in this instance Lord MAYO very properly thought such a visit within his sphere. The duties of General STEWART, as superintendent of this settlement, are exceedingly arduous. He came after a period of utter anarchy, and he has striven under enormous difficulties to introduce something like order there. He has unlimited forests and fisheries at his disposal, and he might therefore hope to make the settlement in time not only orderly, but productive. Lord MAYO paid his visit in recognition of the magnitude of the task which General STEWART had undertaken, and of the spirit and zeal with which he had set to work. Lord MAYO's great knowledge of public works was also likely to be very serviceable to an official who can have few opportunities of receiving advice or assistance from his superiors on such points. There were, in short, very excellent and exceptional reasons why in this instance the Viceroy should visit a penal settlement; and it is very desirable that they should be explained, or otherwise Lord NORTHBROOK might hereafter be judged by an erroneous standard, and be condemned because he fell short of the zeal for entering into details displayed by Lord MAYO. If it is once known that Lord MAYO was quite aware that it is not the part of a Viceroy to be fussy and meddling, and that he only entered into details for exceptional and assignable reasons, none but fair criticism on this head will, it may be hoped, be bestowed on his successor.

#### MAZZINI.

THE vote by which the Italian Parliament has expressed regret for the death of MAZZINI is an authoritative condemnation of the errors of his career. Down to the moment of his death he was conspiring or agitating against the Constitution by which the Parliament exists; nor would he, if his life had been prolonged, ever have willingly consented that the country which he passionately loved should be free and independent except in accordance with his own ideal theory; yet his death, while it prevents the dangers which might have resulted from his misdirected activity, naturally recalls the memory of his early struggles with the domestic and foreign enemies of Italy. If MAZZINI's counsels had been followed, Italy would perhaps still have been split up into petty States

and controlled by an alien protectorate; but without MAZZINI's enthusiasm and impulse there might have been no aspiration for unity to be realized by more practical statesmen. To his eager but vague imagination the dream of a democratic Italian Republic presented itself as a single and indivisible object; and the revolution which converted a cluster of provinces into a great kingdom was to him an almost unqualified disappointment. With a more vivid perception of reality he would have understood that the largest part of his task has been already accomplished by himself and by others. To a reasonable Italian Republican the consolidation of the whole Peninsula under a national Government must seem a more indispensable achievement than any change in the existing Constitution. The Parliament assembled at Rome was right in remembering that MAZZINI had anticipated the establishment of an Italian Government in the ancient capital at a time when the Papal dominion seemed to the world to enjoy almost absolute security. Of the moral and political system of the great agitator it was unnecessary to take notice, except in the recognition of his undoubted honesty and earnestness. Although men are responsible for the soundness as well as for the sincerity of their opinions, a legitimate distinction may be drawn between unconscious error and deliberate violation of conscience. MAZZINI was so far a false prophet that he often mistook the character of his inspirations, but he never wilfully falsified the message which he thought himself bound to communicate. MAZZINI's memory will be tenderly regarded by his countrymen, if only because he habitually claimed for them equality, or more than equality, with the nation which they have long regarded with deferential admiration. It was one of his favourite assertions in his later years that France was exhausted, and that Italy must henceforth become the leader of social and political improvement.

In the early part of the century a feeling of general patriotism must have been unintelligible to the great majority of Italians. The insolence of French officials, civil and military, during the Empire, was in Italy, as in Germany, the first impulse to the sense of national existence; but on the fall of NAPOLEON, the popular wish in Lombardy, and in some other parts of Northern Italy, was directed to the restoration of Austrian rule. The separation of the Emilian provinces from the dominion of the Pope would have been anticipated by forty years if the exaggerated scruples of England and the jealousy of other Powers had not defeated the projects of METTERNICH for the spoliation of the Holy See. A few years of the restoration effectually dispelled the illusions of the Italian adherents of Austria. In MAZZINI's early manhood the actual condition of the Peninsula may have suggested the expediency of a national effort for deliverance. Beyond the limits of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom the power of Austria covered and secured the misgovernment of the Austrian Duchies, of Naples, and of the Papal territory. At that time, or somewhat later, devotion to the Emperor of AUSTRIA was inculcated as a religious duty in the Neapolitan catechism; and in the patrimony of St. PETER and the Legations it was well known that ecclesiastical tyranny would be supported in case of need by Austrian force. The scattered insurrections of 1821 were crushed by the arms of Austria, and a common oppression indicated to its victims the necessity of union. At an early period in his career MAZZINI, with a transient perception of the true method of liberating Italy, sought the alliance of CHARLES ALBERT, then Prince of Carignano, and heir-presumptive of the Crown of Sardinia; but he never forgave CHARLES ALBERT's desertion of the Liberal cause at the summons of Austria in 1821. The Prince, like MAZZINI himself, was an enthusiast, but the vehement orator failed to appreciate the silent resolution which finally concentrated itself in the enterprise of 1848. The darkest blot in the character of MAZZINI is his complicity in a plot for the assassination of CHARLES ALBERT shortly after his accession to the throne. Only a few years ago MAZZINI, in the course of a personal controversy, stated without any expression of regret that he had lent a dagger to a professed follower who promised to use it for the murder of the KING. It is not surprising that he should afterwards have been thought capable of sharing in the plot of ORSINI, with which he was probably unconnected.

By his brilliant writings and by his personal influence MAZZINI inspired his own zeal for the Italian Republic into the minds of a large portion of the educated youth of Italy; and many of his disciples have since distinguished more clearly than their master between the two objects which in his own mind were inseparably united. The Republic was an accident, or a fancy, if it was not a delusion; but the unity and independence of Italy were objects worthy of any sacrifice. MAZZINI was never able fully to understand that

the supremacy of a great military Power could never be disturbed without the agency of a regular army. He probably believed in the fabulous legends of the French national rising in 1792, and he resolutely refused to see that the Piedmontese troops were at the time the only genuine Italian soldiers. His addresses to the people of Italy are full of vague declamation about the might of the people to be exhibited in a general rising from the Alps to the sea; and MAZZINI himself apparently thought that clubs and daggers and pistols would prove a match for muskets and cannon. There was an opportunity of trying the experiment in favourable circumstances when CHARLES ALBERT suddenly burst into Lombardy in 1848, and threatened the fortresses of the Quadrilateral. MAZZINI could have done more than any other man to cause a popular rising in aid of the Piedmontese army; but he imposed as a condition of the exercise of his influence that the KING should undertake at the close of the war to allow the choice between a Monarchy and a Republic in the liberated territory to be determined by a popular vote. CHARLES ALBERT rightly regarded the augmentation of the power of Piedmont both as the best security against Austria and as the just reward of the valour of the Piedmontese army. On his refusal to accept the offered terms, MAZZINI withheld his aid from the national cause; and when RABETZKY made his victorious advance, the partisans of MAZZINI instigated the Milanese rabble to rise against the unfortunate and heroic KING. A few months afterwards MAZZINI proved that his perversity had no admixture of treason or cowardice by his gallant resistance, as one of the Triumvirate which governed Rome, to the profligate attack of the French Republicans under the orders of CAVAIGNAC and the National Assembly. After the inevitable fall of the city, the French officers had the decency to connive at the escape of the patriot leaders, who might otherwise have been exposed to the relentless vengeance of the POPE. Soon afterwards MAZZINI took advantage of the defeat of the Piedmontese army at Novara to instigate a rebellion, not against the POPE or the KING of NAPLES or the Emperor of AUSTRIA, but against VICTOR EMMANUEL, to whom CHARLES ALBERT had, in his despair, bequeathed the duty of retrieving the fortunes of Italy. The remnant of the army which had fought unsuccessfully at Novara was compelled to undertake the unwelcome task of suppressing the Mazzinian rebellion at Genoa.

After the establishment by French and Piedmontese arms of the Italian Kingdom, MAZZINI continued to preach discontent, and to organize conspiracies against the new Monarchy. On the other hand, he is said to have had a share in GARIBALDI's successful adventure in Sicily and Naples, and in the rash campaign which ended at Mentana. It would be unjust to deny to MAZZINI and to GARIBALDI a share in the acquisition of Rome as the national capital. The KING was notoriously unwilling to inflict further injury on the POPE; but it was necessary either to suppress a Republican rebellion or to secure the capital for the kingdom by the exercise of force. The unity of Italy was now accomplished, and MAZZINI resolved to devote the remainder of his life to his scheme for converting the Monarchy into a Republic. If his course has been often mistaken, it has never been mean. Although the practical result of the success of his schemes might probably have been confusion and anarchy, his own designs were always constructive; and he was never tired of dwelling on the duties, as contrasted with that which he held to be the immoral doctrine of the rights of man. One of his latest writings was directed against the Paris Commune, and against the extreme democratic party in France. He was entirely opposed to the atheistic doctrines of modern revolutionists, and to the elaborate system of COMTE; and he was a firm and earnest believer in the theism which had always formed his creed. Though his intellect was not of the highest order, he may be considered a man of genius. His eloquence, even when he wrote English, was remarkable, and in his own language it gave him a powerful influence over his own countrymen. Even his sanguine disposition may perhaps have been chilled by the recent prospects of his cause. No considerable section of the Italian people seems to wish for a change which would abolish the present securities for order and prosperity without providing any practical alternative. A breach took place after the French war between MAZZINI and GARIBALDI, who is, as it were, a MAZZINI without an intellect. The merits of the quarrel matter less than the fact that the two chief members of the revolutionary party were unable to agree on their objects, or on the means by which they were to be effected. There are sounder politicians than MAZZINI, and there are more

wise than GARIBALDI; but it is to the honour of Italy that the popular prophet and the popular champion have been always exempt from suspicion of selfishness or dishonesty.

#### PRINCE BISMARCK'S VICTORY.

PRINCE BISMARCK has won a great victory. He has carried his Bill for the Inspection of Schools in the Upper House by a majority of fifty. He induced no less than one hundred and twenty-five members of the House to vote with him. There were a short time ago about twenty Liberals in the House, and the Ministry recently used a power it possessed of calling a limited number of burgomasters to take their seats. These burgomasters were warmly in favour of the Bill, as are all the middle classes of the great towns. Twelve members thus added gave the Prince thirty-two only on whom he could absolutely rely on account of their opinions, and it appears now that he has managed to add ninety-three to his list of supporters. This result, which was entirely unexpected, and took Berlin completely by surprise, was produced by a combination of various influences. In the first place, Prince BISMARCK was permitted to announce that the measure had the entire approval of the KING, although that no great Court pressure was exercised may be inferred from the fact that Prince RADZIVIL, one of the KING's aides-de-camp, voted against the Bill. Still the Upper House prides itself on being eminently loyal, and many members who might have wavered if the sentiments of the KING had been supposed to be doubtful were probably determined by knowing that their Royal master wished his great Minister to be successful. Then again Prince BISMARCK disarmed much opposition by calling attention to the modesty of the sum which he proposed to expend on new school inspectors; 3,000*l.* a year was all he purposes to devote at present to carrying out the provisions of his Bill, which showed clearly enough that he did not wish to take the conduct of education out of the hands of the clergy generally, but merely to use the Bill where political danger was to be apprehended from clerical teaching. That at present political danger is threatened from Ultramontane quarters he proved beyond dispute. He showed that such a person as the Bishop of MAYENCE could be shown by documentary evidence to be in league with factions openly bent on breaking up the unity of Germany, and on favouring the future triumph of France, on the ground that France was the chief protector of Rome. But the most telling of his arguments was probably the personal one, that the Upper House must choose between letting him meet as he wished what he believed to be a great national risk and doing without him. Either they must believe him when he said that matters were much more serious than persons who only read newspapers would imagine, and must give him the new powers he asked for, or they ought to be prepared to govern the country on different principles, and to accept the responsibility of allowing German unity to be undermined as, if he were right, it would be sure to be. This was an argument that was really unanswerable. That, after all that German unity has cost Prussia to win, and amid all the dangers that still surround it, Prince BISMARCK, although supported by the KING, should be turned out of office because he tried to guard it, and that the favourites of the Upper House should rule because they were prepared to risk it, was simply impossible. And it was much the best thing for the country that its impossibility should be once for all recorded by the adhesion of an overwhelming majority to Prince BISMARCK's proposals.

The seizure of the papers of Canon KOEHLER, the conductor of a Polish seminary, had furnished Prince BISMARCK with materials of which he made liberal and effective use. Two letters were discovered from Herr WINDTHORST and the Bishop of MAYENCE to the Canon, in which the writers urged that no more addresses on behalf of Catholics should be sent to the German Parliament, but that addresses in a similar sense should be sent direct to the Courts of the German sovereigns, where they would be sure to produce an impression if they were continued systematically, and came in at regular intervals. "Even if," as Herr WINDTHORST wrote, "we may have little to hope for at the hands of German potentates, yet, if these petitions show their Catholic subjects to be stirring, they will not dare to interfere with the move which the Catholic Powers, sooner or later, are sure to make on behalf of his Holiness the POPE." This, Prince BISMARCK said, looked very much like an attempt on the part of the writer to beguile foreign Powers, although their political and military interests might in a future war be different from those of Germany. France is longing for her

revenge, and her evil counsellors are whispering to her that the surest road to revenge is to sow the seeds of religious discord in Germany, so that in the hour of need the forces of Germany may be paralysed, and then to strike a heavy blow at Italy. If Italy succumbed, the reactionary party in Austria would be sure to lift up its head, and so Germany might be surrounded by a league of Catholic Powers, and torn asunder by domestic dissensions before the great effort to win back Alsace and Lorraine was made. To this may be added, that if the schemes of Canon KOSMIAN and his friends were realized, Prussian Poland would have been brought to an extreme pitch of disaffection before a war with France broke out. Among the papers of the Canon was found a missive from the POPE, appointing the Archbishop of POSEN to be Primate of All Poland, including the portions of Poland belonging to Russia and Austria, so that a Prussian Archbishop had been secretly nominated to an office to which historical traditions of political power were attached, in order that the force of Poland generally might be used against Germany when necessary. The campaign has also been carried on vigorously in the West as well as in the East of Prussia, and special services have been recently held in Alsace to bewail the present afflicted state of the Church, so that the Alsatians might be taught that their restoration to France and the restoration of his temporal power to the POPE were inseparably mixed up, and that to achieve the former they must labour for the latter. The eyes of the whole Catholic world are, in short, to be directed to France as its champion in a crusade for the POPE; and in order that the holy object of placing the States of the Church once more under the government of priests may be obtained, Germany is to be first broken up by religious differences, then environed by a fanatical league, and then crushed on the field of battle. Prince BISMARCK accepted openly and resolutely the challenge thus given him, and his first pitched battle with his ghostly enemy has been fought and won.

To have got a majority of fifty in the Prussian Upper House, and to have obtained leave to spend a small sum on inspecting such schools as he may think fit through State agents, is a great deal to have done; for the opposition which Prince BISMARCK had to encounter was one very difficult to overcome. But the consequences of his victory go far beyond the sphere of Prussian schools. They must inevitably extend to France and Italy. The aims of the clerical party have been unmasked, and many Frenchmen will ask themselves whether they are prepared to support these aims. France is offered her revenge and the renewal of her political supremacy in Europe, and these are tempting offers to every Frenchman. But in return France is to be the abject tool and slave of the Jesuits. What Prince BISMARCK has done is to force this upon the minds of intelligent and patriotic Frenchmen. So long as the clerical party could work in the dark, and seem devoted to nothing but the good of France, men of sense and honour might overlook the real nature of the bargain that was proposed to them. The Education Bill of M. JULES SIMON, which has been framed on principles diametrically opposite to those of the clerical party, has no chance of being accepted by the Assembly; but its discussion will afford matter for serious reflection to those who see that there are two courses open to France in order to recover its greatness—that of being the champion of Ultramontanism, and that of reorganizing itself on new principles with compulsory military service and sound elementary education under the adequate, although not the exclusive, control of laymen. The former course is tempting, because it promises much earlier advantages, and makes it appear possible that revenge may begin almost as soon as the indemnity has been paid. Many years must pass away before the fruits of pursuing the other course would show themselves. But then, to say nothing of the superior character of these fruits to that of any which the adoption of the other course would bring with it, Prince BISMARCK has already done much to take away from the championship of Ultramontanism the probability of success. He has appealed to Italy as well as to Germany, and has shown that both are exposed to the same dangers. VICTOR EMMANUEL was almost as much interested in this seemingly petty question of the inspection of Prussian schools as the King of PRUSSIA was; and it may be useful to the King of ITALY to know that this was so. M. THIERS has stated in his evidence before the French Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry that when he got to Florence in 1870 he found the King willing to send 100,000 men to the aid of France, but that the Italian Ministry would not hear of it. Even the King must be glad now that his troops were kept at home, and must see that to go to Rome and to fight for France was a stroke of policy absolutely incongruous with each

other. In face of the machinations of the party which is endeavouring, not without many appearances of success, to get the control of French policy, Germany and Italy must stand fast by each other. Prince BISMARCK by the course he has taken and the success he has achieved has done much to brighten the prospects of this alliance. He has consolidated the unity, and therefore the strength, of Germany; he has given Italy at once warning and encouragement; and he has offered France an opportunity of considering in time whether it will accept the assistance of clerical intriguers, and whether, if it does so, there is any reasonable prospect of this assistance being worth having.

#### THE EWELME DEBATE.

THE House of Commons has on two recent occasions indicated with significant tact its opinion of Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiar mode of interpreting Acts of Parliament. When the COLLIER promotion was discussed, an official majority was allowed to protect the Minister from a formal Parliamentary censure, and during the discussion of the Ewelme scandal the House was nearly counted out. If the proceedings on both occasions had been translated into words, the House of Commons would have declared that successive evasions of statutes were both wrong in themselves, and especially irritating to those who wish to place confidence in the leader of their party; but that while neither case was grave enough to justify a vote which might have produced a Ministerial crisis, Mr. GLADSTONE had in both instances succeeded in convincing himself that he would be right in doing what to the rest of the world appears to be obviously wrong. The speakers in the Ewelme debate who repudiated any intention of throwing a slur on Mr. GLADSTONE's character were perfectly sincere. A tendency to intellectual tricks of sophistical ingenuity has no similarity to corruption. If the appointment of Mr. HARVEY had involved any personal or political advantage to the dispenser of the Crown patronage, Mr. GLADSTONE would probably have been deterred by conscientious scruples from serving himself even by the promotion of a deserving clergyman. On the other hand, it may be conjectured that Ewelme would have been given to an Oxford graduate if the Chancellor of the UNIVERSITY had not unluckily attempted to prevent the selection of an alien. Most persons have in the course of their lives been tempted to commit a trespass by a notice that there is "no right of road this way." The warning suggests the probability that there is a pleasant path or a convenient short cut; and if Mr. GLADSTONE ever in his youth committed such an irregularity, he perhaps held that the fence might be lawfully climbed to the right or to the left of the notice board; or he may have construed a notice that there was no footpath into an admission of his right to pass on horseback. Lord SALISBURY, or the LORD CHANCELLOR at his instance, stopped up one gap, in the belief that the Government would be induced to keep in the high road. He now knows that he ought to have provided at all points for the immunity of the Oxford pastures. The representative of the Government and of Mr. GLADSTONE in the House of Lords must have known that Lord SALISBURY would not have been contented with a restriction which only enforced on an alien candidate for the living the observance of certain forms. Mr. GLADSTONE asks why the House of Lords, if it meant to protect Oxford graduates, did not say so? and the answer is sufficiently obvious. The House of Lords, or rather Lord SALISBURY, thought that a concession must involve something conceded; and that the Government would interpret the condition in the sense in which he had himself suggested it. The *animus imponentis* has generally been regarded as the guide to the meaning of a contract. Mr. GLADSTONE not unnaturally objected to the power of imposing conditions which Lord SALISBURY derived from his position as a leading member of the majority in the House of Lords, and Mr. HENLEY judiciously observed that it would have been much better that the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage should be unrestricted. Mr. GLADSTONE was misunderstood as having hypothetically threatened an exercise of the Royal veto, when he merely announced that he would rather have dropped the Bill than have accepted a limitation to send *de jure* Oxford graduates. Even in its milder form his declaration was probably an unconscious afterthought. When he consented to the proviso that the Rector of Ewelme should be a member of the Convocation of Oxford, he excluded from the enjoyment of the benefice all the non-graduates who might, without a violation of law, have been appointed to the Regius Professorship of Divinity. The prerogative would not have



been much more profoundly compromised if Lord Salisbury had succeeded in his attempt to exclude Cambridge candidates. If the Lord Chancellor had consented to a clause disqualifying all but red-haired clergymen for the preferment, it would not have been worth while to object to the further stipulation that no man should evade the stipulation by dyeing his hair red for the occasion. Mr. Gladstone drew a characteristic distinction between the two cases in which he has lately evaded the intentions of Parliament. The Government had, as he admitted, bestowed the colourable qualification of a seat on the Common Law Bench, while the University of Oxford was responsible for making Mr. HARVEY a member of Convocation. In both instances Parliament had intended to limit the disposal of Crown patronage, and in both instances it was defeated by the exercise of the same subtle faculty of reasoning. The impression which such conduct produces on simple minds is apparently unintelligible to Mr. GLADSTONE.

The effect of giving a far-fetched construction to a statute bears an external resemblance to processes which pervade the whole system of English law and administration. Legal fictions are fossil records of obsolete institutions which retain their ancient form while their substance has gradually disappeared or undergone an organic change. There is no practical reason why Common Law Judges should be serjeants; but as the only harm of the custom is that it imposes upon them a certain expense, they still distribute rings with Latin mottoes which are gravely published in the Law Reports. If the popular legend that bishops were compelled to profess their repugnance to promotion had been true, the conventional falsehood would have probably pointed to some former time in which ambition found no place in clerical minds. It is not the duty of a statesman to anticipate the work of time by emptying recent legislation of its meaning and purpose. There is a wide difference between wilful mutilation of a tree and the natural operation by which its superfluous branches die out and ultimately fall off. It sometimes happens that unwise legislation, like the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and the cab regulations of two years ago, proves to be stillborn; but Prime Ministers owe a deference to the law which may be less inexcusably withheld by cabmen and Irish Roman Catholic bishops. Notwithstanding the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's plausible argument, there is something in "what honourable members are pleased to call the spirit of an Act of Parliament." Even Judges interpret ambiguous enactments by the aid of the supposed intention of the Legislature, and laymen may be excused for thinking that a clause which could have only one object must be supposed to have attained the end for which it was framed. The Lord Chancellor could not have supposed that Lord Salisbury was anxious to facilitate the transaction which furnishes the latest gloss on the disputed clause. Similar apologies were made last year when it was urged that the Royal Warrant strained the Constitution, although by universal acknowledgment it was conformable to law. The Constitution is the interpretation, and in some respects the supplement, of the law, existing only in the traditions and tacit understandings of those who share in the government of the country. It is because statesmen are supposed to respect the spirit as well as the letter of the law that the prerogative has scarcely undergone the smallest diminution, while the actual power of the Crown has been imperceptibly transferred to a Committee of Parliament. It is evident that Mr. GLADSTONE had no intention of claiming the perfectly legal power of advising the Crown to exercise its veto; but Mr. BOUVIER might be pardoned for thinking that the author of the Royal Warrant was capable of once more resorting to the worm-eaten treasure-house of the mediæval prerogative. Mr. GLADSTONE justly censured "one of those pro-dictions which possess all knowledge by intuition, and with the superfluity of which the nineteenth century is either 'blessed or cursed,' for the grave blunder, immediately afterwards repeated by Mr. HARDY, of confounding incorporation in the University with the less solemn form of admission *ad eundem*. It is to be feared that Mr. GLADSTONE is not one of those who consider criticism a blessing. He perhaps mistakes for hostility the expression of impatience at the occasional display of peculiarism which tend to diminish the public confidence in his judgment. There is perhaps but little use in pointing out defects which may be inseparable from a character, but political commentators are bound, not only to give advice which may probably be disregarded, but to counteract as far as they influence may extend the practical effect of erroneous conclusions. If any of them fancy that they possess by instinct perfect knowledge of *ad eundem* degree and of all

other human and divine subjects, they ought to be grateful to Mr. GLADSTONE for reproving their vanity. Nothing can be sadder than resistance, if it is thought to be worth while; but Prime Ministers, if the task were not too disagreeable, would often profit by the impartial or even unfriendly discussion of their acts and motives. Even hostile partisans select for attack the weak places of an adversary, and some of the sharpest criticisms on Mr. GLADSTONE's policy are not dictated by any party feeling. Those whose object is to overthrow his Government and to bring his rivals into office ought to welcome his orotichets, his sophisms, his vehement outbursts, his Privy Council appointments, and his Ewelme nominations. These things do the Opposition no harm, and they tend to weaken the Liberal party. The habitual application to Acts of Parliament of the canons of interpretation by which Lord PETER explained away his father's will is a damaging and unpopular propensity.

#### FRANCE AND THE ASSEMBLY.

THE French Assembly shows increasing signs of a disposition to break away from the restraints which prudence and patriotism have hitherto imposed upon it. The sitting of Monday is described as more stormy than any that have yet been witnessed, and, according to the *Times* Correspondent, the order which was at last restored was due rather to the curiosity of the Deputies than to any returning sense of decorum. The principal cause of this confusion was a telling phrase of General CHANGARNIER's. Two of the Deputies have had the bad taste to write violent articles against the Assembly, and General DUCROT proposed that one of them should be prosecuted in a court of law, and that the other should be visited with the censure of the House. The objections to the assumption by the Assembly of the post of public prosecutor are obvious, and General CHANGARNIER probably expressed the views of the more reasonable members of the Right when he recommended the Assembly to take no further notice of the offence. Unfortunately, however, in giving this prudent counsel he described the erring Deputies as ignorant of the usages of decent society, and proposed to extend to them an "amnesty of 'disdain.'" The confusion, which had been great before, became greater now. M. DE FOURTOUT, the Chairman of the Committee which had reported in favour of a prosecution, was so charmed with the epigrammatic turn of the sentence, that he at once presented an order of the day in which the Assembly was made to "associate itself to the words 'of General CHANGARNIER,'" and in spite of frantic protestations from the accused Deputies and from the whole Left, the motion was carried by an immense majority. The insincerity of the original proposal could not have been more clearly shown. It was not to vindicate the honour of the Assembly that a prosecution had been demanded, it was simply to gratify the spite of the majority. The Committee had probably not been able to invent anything biting enough to satisfy the occasion, and they had consequently been reduced to the commonplace expedient of advising an action for slander. But when General CHANGARNIER, in opposing this proposal, supplied them at the same time with the precise weapon they were in search of, all thought of pushing matters further was abandoned. The infliction of a verbal insult satisfied the wounded feelings of the Right, and to their keen appreciation of this pleasure they sacrificed all regard for their own consistency, or for the dignity of Parliamentary procedure.

Two days earlier the Assembly had been occupied with more important matters. M. GUIRAUD, a member of the Catholic Right, had thought fit to make the retirement of M. POUYER-QUETIER the subject of a question, and upon this question he founded a speech which constitutes the most open assault that has yet been made on M. THIERS from the Conservative side of the Assembly. He could understand, he declared, a system of Ministerial responsibility, and he could understand a system under which a Ministry had no corporate character, but simply carried out the orders of the Chief of the State. If the former is in operation, how is it that the composition of the Cabinet is continually changing, while the Cabinet itself is immovable? If the latter is in operation, what difference is there between the Republic of 1872 and the Empire of 1852? France has reversed the maxim, the King reigns and does not govern. She has now a Provisional King, who governs but does not reign. Such a state of affairs is good neither for the Assembly nor for the Government. The want of a homogeneous Ministry, of a Ministry appointed by the majority, and existing in virtue of their support, entails upon the Chamber the responsibility of a

policy which it never originates and does not always approve. Weakness on the part of the Assembly is necessarily weakness on the part of the Government, for the Government has nothing to rest on except the Assembly. It is supported neither by tradition, as in the case of the old monarchies, nor by universal consent, as in the case of the American Republic. Consequently the Government ought to have no policy distinct from that of the Assembly. Instead of trying to conciliate all parties, it should have cast in its lot with the strongest, and been content to share its fortunes. In its desire to establish the Republic, it has preferred to pursue the opposite policy, and the result has been to make both a Republic and a Monarchy impossible. A Republic is impossible without the co-operation of the Conservatives, and the Government has alienated the Conservatives. A Monarchy is impossible, because the Government has so openly showed its sympathy with the Republic, that for the present a restoration would only be the signal for another revolution. The only remaining alternative is the maintenance of the provisional state of things, and to this the construction of a homogeneous and responsible Ministry is an indispensable condition. Either the Government must regain the confidence of the majority, or the majority must regain command of the Government.

So far as facts go, this indictment against M. THIERS has a great deal of truth in it. His administration is in many respects unlike any of the ordinary forms of government. His own position is exceptional, his relation to his Cabinet is exceptional, his relation to the Assembly is exceptional. The answer to the charge is that an exceptional state of affairs requires exceptional treatment. M. THIERS governs France because in a moment of extraordinary depression twenty-seven departments returned him as their representative. He governs France with but little regard to the views of the majority in the Assembly, because he justly believes that the Assembly is but an imperfect representation of French opinion, while at the same time he shuns the confusion which would certainly accompany a new election. If the Right really expressed the views and feelings of a majority of Frenchmen, M. THIERS's course would be clear. If the indemnity were paid and the German occupation at an end, M. THIERS's course would be clear. In the one case he would have nothing to do but to choose his Ministers from the majority, and leave it to them to determine whether the Republic should make way for the Monarchy. In the latter case he would have nothing to do but to insist upon a general election, and leave the new Assembly to choose the form of government. As it is neither of these alternatives is open to him. To allow the present Assembly to have its own way would be to betray the Provisional Republic into the hands of men who are resolved that it shall never, if they can help it, become anything more than provisional. The determination of the majority to disregard the circumstances under which they were elected, and to assume constituent powers which were never formally entrusted to them, is evidence in itself of their consciousness that a dissolution would place them in a far less advantageous position than that which they now occupy. The country is patient under the rule of the Assembly because it has faith in the PRESIDENT. If M. THIERS were removed, it is more than doubtful whether the Assembly could command any confidence whatever. On the other hand, to dissolve the Assembly by main force—and in the absence of any constitutional authority armed with the power of dissolution, such a step might require force—however justifiable it might be at any other time, would certainly not be justifiable as long as the effect of political confusion might be to delay the payment of the indemnity and the liberation of French soil. Some of the Correspondents of English newspapers insist on the fact that the PRESIDENT has not the power of dissolution as a proof that, if M. THIERS were to take measures for appealing to the country to judge between him and the Assembly, he would be guilty of a *coup d'état*. That he would commit a constitutional irregularity is clear enough, but it is precisely a case in which the substance of liberty may easily be lost by a pedantic adherence to the forms by which it is usually preserved. Technically speaking, it is true that if M. THIERS were to declare the Assembly dissolved, and to issue writs for a new election, he would be guilty of usurpation. Technically speaking, it is true that if the Assembly were to proclaim the Count of CHAMBRAY King, it would be acting within its right. Yet there can be no question that the technical propriety of the latter act would not prevent it from being regarded as usurpation, and that the technical impropriety of the

former Act would not prevent it from being substantially constitutional. The claim of the Assembly to govern France is valid on one condition only. It was elected to perform a particular duty, and on the theory that this duty is not yet completely discharged, the Assembly is in its right place. But the mere act of passing from the task of paying off the Germans to the task of pronouncing on the form of government would amount to an admission that its original duty was fulfilled, and in that case, if its own sense of propriety did not lead it to lay down its authority, and to leave France free to decide upon her own future, it would devolve upon the Executive to meet an emergency for which no provision had been made, and to take care that the country, which is the ultimate master of the Assembly, is not betrayed by its own servants.

In spite of occasional outbursts, the common sense of the Assembly promises to keep it out of an open quarrel with M. THIERS. It seems as though nothing but infinite tact and temper on both sides would avail to do this, and the Assembly has neither one nor the other, while M. THIERS, who has tact, has not always temper. Fortunately the instinct of danger has hitherto stood in the place of both these qualities. It is to the credit alike of the majority and of the Government that M. GUIRAUD's sarcasms provoked neither imitation nor reply.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

IT is difficult to understand the ill-natured and almost malicious perversity which the Ministry have consistently displayed with regard to the Thames Embankment. Two years ago they were defeated in an attempt to appropriate for the erection of public offices the ground which has been reclaimed from the river at a great expense by the ratepayers of the metropolis. Last year Mr. GLADSTONE proposed to refer the question of the disputed ground to the arbitration of a Select Committee nominated by himself; the Committee heard all that the Government could urge, and decided that the land should be set apart as a public garden, "at a rental calculated after the rate paid for the adjoining portions of land reclaimed." This award has been repudiated by the Government, simply because they do not like it. They insist that the principle which has been formally laid down by the Board of Trade, and uniformly adhered to for some years past, of surrendering foreshore rights when required for public purposes at a nominal rent, shall be departed from in the case of the Thames Embankment, and that the ratepayers of London, who have spent a couple of millions in constructing a great public work and in providing a handsome approach to the Houses of Parliament, shall be compelled to pay for land which they have created and which previously did not exist, as if it had always been a valuable estate in the actual possession of the Crown. It is known that Mr. GLADSTONE has peculiar ideas as to the political wickedness of the metropolis, and he is perhaps not sorry to have an opportunity of getting up a cry that will pit "the country" against the capital. Nothing can be more iniquitous than that the virtuous and enlightened population of the provinces should be taxed in order to provide a pleasant lounge for the abandoned capitalists who debauch the press; but it may perhaps be doubted whether the political views of the nurserymaids and children in perambulators who frequent the Embankment have been strongly influenced by a corrupt interest in the purchase of commissions. The question which the House of Commons has to decide is not, as the Government puts it, whether a local improvement shall be paid for out of the national revenue, but whether the national revenue shall be increased at the cost of a local improvement. It is true that the Crown has magnanimously surrendered the foreshore and the water-frontage; but the foreshore, until the ratepayers reclaimed it, was nothing but a bed of mephitic mud washed by the tide, and the only return from the water-frontage was some 400*l.* for a little wharf. The increased rental which has been obtained from the Crown lands for enlarged gardens, and that which the Metropolitan Board is willing to pay, would almost cover the sinking loan, and it would be more than made up if the Metropolitan Board were to throw in, as has been suggested, two acres of ground near Whitehall Place. It may be argued that the country ought not to lose by the Embankment; but it is difficult to conceive why the country should expect to make a profit out of it.

The question as to whether it is a very simple one, and whether it is separate it from various extraneous matters, and whether it has got mixed up in the course of controversy. The question is

Government is summed up very clearly in the draft Report which the Commission of the Enquiry submitted to the Select Committee. It is responsible as unworthy of a moment's notice the fantastic theory as to the private ownership of the Crown lands with which Mr. GLADSTONE once startled and amused the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE's argument was that the income of the Sovereign is fixed at the full value of these lands at the beginning of each reign, that they are held in trust by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, not for the nation, but for the Sovereign, and that it would be a fraud upon the latter if on every occasion the utmost money value were not squeezed out of them. In point of fact, as Mr. LOWE shows, the beneficial ownership of the Crown lands is substantially in the nation; "for there is no chance that the Sovereign will ever again manage for his own benefit the estate of the Crown, or be independent of Parliament as trustee for the nation." Once it was the custom to give the Sovereign so much land, out of which he was entitled during his lifetime to make the best revenue he could. This was found to be, for various reasons, an inconvenient plan; and the Sovereign is now paid by a fixed salary in cash, instead of by the grant of an estate. It is certain that when the Civil List has to be settled at the beginning of the next reign the sum voted will not in any degree be affected by the question whether the Thames Embankment is laid out as public gardens, or is covered with Mr. Goss's "superior" family mansions, or by the wild assumption that it is only by the personal forbearance of the Sovereign that Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are not cut up into streets and terraces. The Crown lands are essentially national property, and they are therefore at the disposal of Parliament for any purpose to which Parliament may think fit to apply them. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER argues that the reclaimed ground of the Thames Embankment must be treated as if it were a slice of one of the Royal Parks, and that if the ratepayers of London want to have it, they must pay for it at the full market price. When this land was under water it was a freehold of the Crown, and the trifling circumstance that the water has been removed from above it, and that it has been converted from wet mud into dry land, does not affect the rights of the freeholder. There is a well-known play in which an unscrupulous speculator sells his rights in a salt-mine which turns out to be the open sea; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's "valuable property" of foetid ooze at the bottom of the Thames is an estate of a similar description. Legally, of course the rights of the Crown are not affected by the transformation which the estate has undergone; but justice and common sense, to say nothing of common honesty, alike require that the ratepayers should have the benefit of the soil which they have themselves created. "When one section of the community," says Mr. LOWE, "desires to obtain for its use the property of others, there is but one honest way of doing this—to pay for it." The ratepayers may reply that the property they claim is substantially their own, since it did not exist until they made it. It cannot seriously be pretended that the Embankment has diminished the value of the Crown property adjoining it, or that flower-beds and a noble roadway would drive away householders. Sir J. PENNETHORNE, who thinks that a garden frequented by nurserymaids and soldiers might be disagreeable to the residents in "superior houses," was obliged to admit that an open space of black slime for the recreation of mud-larks does not add to the amenity of a family mansion. The value of the houses in Arlington Street, Park Lane, and other streets surrounding the Parks is a conclusive proof that, if dwellings were built on the site of Fife House, the demand for them would not be affected by a public garden being interposed between the houses and the Embankment.

It is important to distinguish in such a case as this between the duty of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests and the duty of the Government. The relation of the Commissioners to the Board of Works or the Treasury is analogous to that of the Commander-in-Chief to the Secretary of War. In each case it has been thought desirable that a Parliamentary official, liable to political question, should not be concerned with the management in detail of certain delicate transactions. The Commissioners are in the position of technical officials, and they are bound to make the most of the property entrusted to them, subject to the general instructions of their superiors. If anybody is to blame in this matter, it is not the Commissioners, but the Government. It is for the State to lay down the principles on which the national estates shall be administered, and to see that the Commissioners comply with those principles. We agree with Mr. LOWE that the Commissioners

bound, in the first instance, to look with jealousy and distrust upon any proposal for the appropriation of national property to local uses. Something of course is due to London as the capital; but London has already a great many Parks and pleasure-grounds which have been provided by the State, and it is only reasonable that, if it wants more gardens, it should pay for them, just as any Little Pedlington would have to do. This is a sound principle, and it has been enforced in the case of the new Parks which have been opened by the Metropolitan Board. In reality, however, the ratepayers have paid for the ground which they now claim along the Embankment, inasmuch as they paid for making it. The Embankment is not only a work of great public convenience, but it has added conspicuously to the dignity and beauty of the capital, and may fairly be ranked among our national monuments. If an application had been made to the Government to bear part of the expense of constructing it, a good deal might have been said in favour of the proposal; but all that is now asked is that the Government shall not take advantage of certain technical rights in order to tax the ratepayers for their enterprise and liberality.

It has been said that, as Liverpool, Glasgow, and other towns have had to pay considerable sums for foreshore rights, London would be unduly favoured if the payment on account of the Embankment were remitted or reduced to a nominal sum. It must be remembered, however, that while Liverpool and Glasgow derive a handsome revenue from the purposes to which they have applied the foreshores, there are no tolls on the Embankment from which the ratepayers of the metropolis can recoup themselves. Moreover, the practice of exacting a substantial rent for foreshore rights has been discarded since 1866, when the management of this kind of property was transferred from the Commissioners of Woods to the Board of Trade. The principle upon which the Board has since acted is stated in a Minute of this date. The assumption, it is pointed out, is fatally erroneous that the pecuniary interest of the public in the foreshore is its most important interest; to sell it to private persons because a high price is offered, without reference to the interests of public health and enjoyment, would be as absurd as to sell Dover Pier or to enclose or build in the London Parks. There is no reason why private houses should be erected on the site of Fife House; and the most appropriate and satisfactory course would be to use the ground for one or more handsome public buildings, with open gardens in front. This would add greatly to the beauty of the Embankment, and if the Government wanted a little of the reclaimed ground for the purpose, an amicable agreement on the subject might no doubt be come to with the Metropolitan Board.

#### LEGISLATION AGAINST THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

THE Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs has addressed to the representatives of the Monarchy in different countries a Circular in which he recommends the adoption of common measures against the International Society. One of his proposals is to the effect that members of the Society shall be included in treaties of extradition which have hitherto never extended to persons accused only of political offences. The Ministers had already obtained the sanction of the Congress to domestic measures of repression which may possibly be justified by expediency or necessity. The Constitution of 1869 expressly recognizes the right of political association; but it was easy to foresee that every Government would make an exception against organizations which appeared to endanger the political and social fabric. The Republican party, forming a considerable minority of the population, has often displayed subversive and anarchical tendencies; and if the International Society has any hold on the people, it must have identified itself with the old Jacobinical faction. The Spaniards are of all nations the least likely to feel enthusiasm for cosmopolitan doctrines which affect to obliterate national distinctions. Their aspirations, their virtues, and their vices are indigenous and local; and Republican agitators are more inclined to ally themselves with disaffected Carlists than with the unfamiliar demagogues of Paris and London. Some Continental Powers may possibly be disposed to concert with the Spanish Government measures for the suppression of a Society which has undoubtedly caused general alarm. But if the Spanish Minister in England understands the habitual policy of the Government to which he is accredited, he will communicate the Circular only in obedience to the official order of his chief. It is wholly out of the question that the English Government should either hamper its internal legislation by agreements with foreign States or modify its

treaties of extradition in the manner which is suggested on the part of Spain. Those who join the International Society in Spain, in France, or in Germany may possibly be guilty of a moral offence, as well as a violation of the laws of the country in which they reside; but, of the innumerable exiles who during the troubles of Europe have taken refuge in England, few have been perfect characters, and nearly all have in their respective countries come into collision with some existing law. After the atrocities perpetrated by the Paris Commune, hasty protests were published against the possible concession to assassins and anarchists of the right of asylum which belongs to political offenders. The English Government wisely declined to recommend to Parliament any change in the law, and not a single demand for extradition of a Communist has been made by the French Government. Much less can simple membership of any Association be regarded as an overt act which could justify the surrender of a refugee. Among those who nominally belong to the International Club there are probably wide differences of opinion and of purpose, and even the deliberate propagation of the most mischievous opinions is constantly pursued in England with perfect impunity.

The French Assembly has passed, at the instance of the Government, a stringent penal Bill against the International Society. It is possible that measures which would meet with little favour in an English Parliament may be expedient or necessary in France; and, as a general rule, it is injudicious to criticize too severely the proceedings of a foreign Legislature. Notwithstanding the statements of apologists, the Society has repeatedly avowed its hostility to property, to religion, and to the middle and upper classes of society; and some of its members would probably welcome any opportunity of establishing their principles by force. Whether the Association is in France engaged in a conspiracy is a question for the French Assembly to decide, with the aid of any information which may be furnished by the Government. The Committee which approved the Ministerial Bill has apparently been guilty of an error in judgment in relying on doubtful or injudicious doctrines of political economy. If it is true that a large part of the working class must necessarily content itself with the bare means of subsistence, it would be prudent rather to leave those concerned to ascertain the fact by experiment than to invite their acquiescence by demonstrating the inevitable result of existing social arrangements. Still less judicious is a reference to the authoritative declaration that the poor will always be with those to whom the statement was addressed, or perhaps with a remote posterity. There are some fortunate regions in which there are no poor, and if it were possible to alter their condition, it would scarcely be a religious duty to introduce the element of poverty or of pauperism. M. LOUIS BLANC, who announced that he had never been connected with the International Society, profited by the mistake of the advocates of the Bill to contend that it could not be a crime to profess a desire for the amelioration of the state of the working classes. His own attacks on TURGOR and SAY were probably caused by an imperfect comprehension of their doctrines, but M. LOUIS BLANC is right in saying that disbelief in the conclusions of the soundest economists is not a proper subject of penal legislation. When the millennium arrives, there may perhaps be laws against talking or believing nonsense, if laws are any longer required; but legislators are not yet so infallible as to be justified in attaching punishments to offences which M. LOUIS BLANC describes as intellectual. A Bill which renders attacks on religious doctrines penal seems anomalous on the part of a Legislature which perhaps contains a majority of disciples of VOLTAIRE. The measure can only be defended by sufficient proof that the theoretical creed which is denounced is merely the symbol and bond of union among enemies of society engaged in a plot for the attainment of their objects. A part even of the practical aims of the International Society is, as M. LOUIS BLANC observed, regarded as legitimate in England. If a Trade Union has a right to organize itself in any country, it is difficult to understand how its action becomes criminal when the working classes of several countries unite for the same purpose. In spite of Sheffield outrages and of many minor abuses which have resulted from trade combinations, it is evident that artisans have a right to agree among themselves as to the conditions on which they will work. Their leaders long since discovered that it was useless and impotent to extort from the employers of labour terms which involved the transference of certain branches of work to foreign countries. The most obvious mode of overcoming the difficulty was to persuade their fellow-

craftsmen in foreign countries to refuse their aid to the external competition which in some degree regulates the price of domestic labour. Some English workmen who were deputed to visit the last great Paris Exhibition formed the nucleus of the International Society, and it is said that, although some of the English managers are among the most pestilent of political agitators, the great body of their constituents have adhered more closely than their Continental allies to the original purpose of the organization. At Bielefeld and at Lausanne the managers of successive Congresses contrived to pledge their followers to the wildest doctrines of revolutionary spoliation; nor have the English delegates at any time opposed the most anarchical proposals of French or German demagogues. At home they are compelled to confine themselves for the most part to the more modest objects of raising wages or of shortening the hours of labour. It is not yet known whether they have attained any practical success; and they have certainly not raised the wages of Belgian or German workmen to the English level. M. LOUIS BLANC adroitly directed the attention of the Assembly to the economic side of the system, while the penal clauses of the Bill had been really directed against revolutionary designs. Even if the majority had been convinced by M. LOUIS BLANC's arguments in favour of freedom of opinion, it would have remembered that the obnoxious Association had been closely associated with the rebellion of Paris. The English Trade Unions have not hitherto responded to the repeated invitations of political agitators to divert their efforts to revolutionary purposes.

Although there may be no necessary connexion between the organization of the International and the criminal proceedings of some of its chiefs, it is undeniable that its influence was used both to promote, and afterwards to defend, the worst excesses of the Paris Commune. The Council of the Society sitting in London, and including many English members, published a formal approval, drawn by a German revolutionist, of the murder of the Archbishop of PARIS and his companions in misfortune. Two or three of the more respectable of the English members thought it right or prudent to disavow the document, and to withdraw their names from the Association; but some even of their English colleagues still remain responsible for a formal justification of the worst of crimes. It may be hoped that in England there will be no hostages to murder, and that even if the opportunity were presented, English revolutionists would shrink from following the precedent which they applaud. Extreme ignorance and an habitual love of violent language may perhaps excuse or explain their nominal adherence to the doctrine of assassination. It is not surprising that French statesmen should, while the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville are still in ruins, take a sterner view of the guilt of the Association. Committees of Assemblies, like private persons, often assign reasons which have little effect in determining their conduct. Quotations from TURGOR or from the New Testament are open to M. LOUIS BLANC's criticisms, but the leaders of the Society were convicted by courts-martial, not of economic heresies, but of rebellion, and in some instances of still graver crimes. In the insecure condition of France it is excusable to take precautions against enemies who may perhaps have been but temporarily subdued. When our native OGBURN and BRADLAUGHS announce their intention of committing contingent high treason, society consoles itself with the conjecture that they will forfeit their pledges, or that, in default of a judicious inconsistency, they will be hanged. In the meantime there is no law against adhesion to the principles of the International or of any other Society; and the great number of revolutionary clubs which always consist of the same members seems to show that the International is not regarded even by its supporters as sufficiently powerful to overthrow society. The participation of foreigners in the management of its affairs is not unlikely to interfere with its local popularity.

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH BILL.

IF the Public Health Bill did nothing more than create a single Sanitary authority in every part of the country, and transfer to it all the powers now possessed by Sanitary authorities, Sewer authorities, and Boards of Health, it would be an immense improvement on the present state of things. The whole of England will in future be divided into urban and rural sanitary districts. Urban sanitary districts will include boroughs, Elective Improvement Act districts, and Local Government districts; and the sanitary authorities will be the Town Councils, the Improvement Commissioners, and the Local Boards. It will no longer be left open to the



to adopt or not adopt the Local Government Acts. They will be deemed to be in force "within every urban district, and all the powers and duties conferred by them, as well as by the Sewage Utilization Acts, the Nuisances Removal Acts, and the Diseases Prevention Act, will in future be exercised by the urban sanitary authority. The rural sanitary districts will include the rest of the country. Each rural Union will constitute a rural sanitary district, and the Guardians of the Union will constitute the rural sanitary authority. The powers and duties vested in the rural authorities will be the same as those vested in the urban authorities, with the exception that the Local Government Acts will not be in force in rural districts. After the passing of this Bill, therefore, every ratepayer will know that in giving his vote at an election, whether of Town Councillor, or Improvement Commissioner, or member of a Local Board, or Guardian of the Poor, he is taking part in the election of an official specially charged with the supervision of all matters relating to public health in that district. He will know, too, that to the officials thus elected he has a right to look for information and assistance whenever his own health or that of his neighbours suffers from preventible causes. It will no longer be in the power of an ignorant or niggardly minority to deny him this satisfaction. Permissive legislation will have come to an end; compulsory legislation will have begun. The case of new towns suddenly springing up, or of old towns outrunning their present boundaries, is met by a provision empowering the Local Government Board, on the application of any rural sanitary authority, to invest such authority with all the powers and duties of an urban authority, and further to declare any rural sanitary district, or any part of one, to be an urban district; and on this declaration being confirmed by Parliament, the district will become a Local Government District, and be subject to the jurisdiction of a Local Board. Power is also given to the Local Government Board at its discretion to form any sanitary districts into a united district for any of the purposes of the Sanitary Acts, especially for the prevention of the pollution or obstruction of streams, for procuring a common supply of water, or for constructing a system of sewerage. This provision meets the need for water-shed authorities.

Upon the authorities thus constituted sundry new powers and duties are conferred by the Bill. They must appoint Medical Officers of Health and Inspectors of Nuisances, and such other officers as are necessary for the efficient execution of the Sanitary Acts. As regards the rural authorities, the Local Government Board will have the same powers with regard to the appointment of Medical Officers of Health which they already possess in the case of the District Medical Officer of a Union. They will have, that is to say, a veto on the appointment and the sole power of removing them, and they will pay half their salaries. The Bill does not extend this provision to the Medical Officers of Health appointed by urban authorities. In the case of large towns it would clearly be superfluous. A wealthy and intelligent community, such as Liverpool or Bristol, may be trusted to know the value of having thoroughly energetic and independent officers. But there are many small towns in which the level of intelligence in the sanitary authority will be no higher than in the rural districts, and there is no reason why the same check should not be applied to them. A limit of population might be fixed above which the provision should not apply, or the Local Government Board might have a discretionary power to suspend its operation.

Two comprehensive clauses deal with the pollution of rivers. The first prohibits, under penalty of certain prescribed fines, the throwing of any solid refuse into a stream "in such quantities as to interfere with its due flow or to pollute its waters." The second imposes a similar penalty upon any person who causes or permits sewage matter, "or other polluting liquid," to fall into a stream. Eight scientific tests of what constitutes a polluting liquid are given in this section. They are taken from the Report of the Rivers Pollution Commission, but though for this reason they carry with them a certain *prima facie* weight, they will probably be the subject of some criticism in Committee. It is important, however, that the principle of a test should be preserved, as without something of the kind it might be difficult in a mining district to obtain a conviction under any circumstances. Under the Public Health Act of 1848 and the Sanitary Act of 1852 it is incumbent upon sanitary authorities, whether urban or rural, to see that all houses are furnished with sufficient means of drainage, and that no drains are allowed to become a nuisance. The Public Health Bill at-

tends and enlarges this provision. All sewers and drains, whether public or private, are henceforth to be maintained provided with means of ventilation, and kept so as to effectually prevent them from being dangerous to health. Every urban authority is to remove all refuse from houses, streets, and cesspools. Rural sanitary authorities may, if they choose, undertake to do the same thing; and if any urban authority, or any rural authority which has undertaken to remove refuse, omits to do so, it will be liable to a fine of ten shillings a day, to be paid to the occupier of the house, whose interest it thus becomes to see that they do not escape without punishment. The officers of the sanitary authorities may enter any house, after giving reasonable notice to the occupier, and inspect the drains for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are in such a condition as not to be a nuisance or injurious to health; and they are further ordered to make a similar inspection on the request of the owner or occupier of any house in their district, and to report to such owner or occupier the result of their inspection. The water supplied to every sanitary district, whether by the sanitary authority or by any Company or person, is to be effectually filtered when necessary, and to be free from any impurities rendering it unwholesome, or injurious, or dangerous to health. The water so supplied, as well as all polluting matter flowing into streams, is to be analysed under the direction of the Local Government Board. Other sections of the Bill impose on the sanitary authorities the duty of providing hospitals, medical assistance, and the means of disinfection for persons affected by contagious or epidemic diseases, and the Local Government Board may require the Medical Officers of Health to report all particulars of sickness within their respective districts.

The real importance of the Public Health Bill is shown but imperfectly by this bare enumeration of its provisions. They are so many supplements of the existing law, and some of the criticisms to which they have already been subjected show that their purport can only be understood when each is referred to its proper place in the network of sanitary enactments. It will then, we believe, be seen that the general effect of the measure, if properly carried out, will be to give the sanitary authorities all the powers that are required for the universal supply of pure air and pure water, or for the prevention and suppression of the various disturbing influences by which this universal supply is impeded or prevented, and to make it their duty to exercise these powers as often as an occasion presents itself. But when this has been conceded, two inquiries of great moment remain to be answered. What means of making an unwilling sanitary authority do its duty will be at the disposal of the Local Government Board, and how will it be known when a sanitary authority has failed in its duty? To the first of these questions the Bill supplies a sufficient answer. The 74th section provides that if any sanitary authority makes default in discharging any of the duties imposed on it by the Sanitary Acts, the Local Government Board may appoint an agent of its own to perform the duty, and charge the cost of performance to the defaulting authority. Or it may delegate to any body of persons locally interested in remedying the default all or part of the powers of the defaulting sanitary authority, including the power of levying and of borrowing money on the security of the local rate. Or it may make an order upon the defaulting authority, and enforce it by mandamus. Or it may apply in a summary manner to the Court of Queen's Bench to have its order enforced as if it were a rule of Court. Or, in the case of a Local Government District containing less than three thousand inhabitants, it may merge the district in some larger area. By one or other of these expedients every form of sanitary perverseness seems to be guarded against. To the other inquiry the Bill does not give an answer. The whole system of sanitary inspection on behalf of the Local Government Board remains to be created by an administrative decree. Under the Act of last Session the Board has power to appoint such officers as it thinks necessary, and by a clause in the present Bill the inspectors so appointed are to have, as regards the public health, powers similar to those possessed by Poor Law Inspectors as regards the administration of poor relief. Mr. STANSFELD's task will only have begun when the Bill has become law. The organization of his department will be scarcely less important than the completion of the law which that department will have to enforce.

## THE MEGARA INQUIRY

THE chief impression which is produced by reading the report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the case of the *Megara* is that the familiar constitutional maxim which asserts the infallibility of the Sovereign has now been extended to his Ministers. It is well known that the King can do no wrong, but we were not aware until we took up this singular document that the Parliamentary officers of the Crown are equally beyond the range of suspicion or reproach. The reason why the King can do no wrong is, we are usually told, because, being a constitutional monarch, he acts under the advice of his Ministers. Whatever is done is in reality their doing, and the responsibility therefore rests upon them, and not upon their master. It appears that this principle is now to be carried at least one step further. The Ministers are responsible for the King; but then the non-Parliamentary officers are responsible for the Ministers. It is obvious that the principle is capable of indefinite expansion, and we are not surprised to find that one of the *Megara* Commissioners thinks that it ought at any rate to be extended so as to protect the Controller of the Navy. The Commissioners intimate that the administration of the dockyards is full of flagrant and scandalous abuses, that the *Megara* was unsafe when sent to sea last year, and had probably been unsafe for a number of years previously, and that the blame rests upon the shoulders of Sir S. ROBINSON and a string of subordinate officials, going down even to the engineers and carpenters of the *Megara* in her several commissions. Everybody, in fact, is censured, except the only officials who are directly responsible to Parliament and the country. The Controller is held to be mainly responsible for the disaster which befell the vessel, inasmuch as "it was for him to take care that the organization of his Department was such that all the duties connected with it were efficiently performed." He ought to have seen how the cement was wearing which was applied to the *Megara*, and to have insisted on a general examination of her condition while she was lying unemployed at Sheerness. Neither Mr. REED nor Mr. BARNABY is free from responsibility; blame attaches to Mr. H. MORGAN; Captain LUCARD incurred a grave responsibility; Mr. Wm. LADD, Master-Shipwright, and Mr. HENWOOD, Assistant Master-Shipwright at Woolwich, and Mr. STURDIE and Mr. MITCHELL, who held similar offices at Sheerness, are severally deserving of censure. Even the engineers and carpenters of the *Megara* are in some degree to blame, and Captain THURPE "also appears blamable" for not seeing to the stowing of the cargo before he left Sheerness. From this Report Mr. ROTHELY partially dissents. He is apparently quite willing that the FIRST LORD, the SECRETARY, and the other Parliamentary representatives of the Admiralty should be relieved from all responsibility for the disgraceful muddle and mismanagement of dockyard work; but he is of opinion that the Controller and the officers of the Constructor's Department should also have the benefit of this immunity. He argues that Sir S. ROBINSON's responsibilities extended only to the issue of general instructions for the guidance of the dockyard authorities, not to a minute supervision of their work. The mistake into which the Commissioners have fallen is, Mr. ROTHELY thinks, in not clearly distinguishing between the duties of the Controller and the dockyard officers, and in making him responsible for acts of which he had not, and could not, have any knowledge. We are not quite sure whether there are any powder-monkeys now in the navy, but if there are, they could easily be proved, by an exhaustive process of reasoning in this style, to be the real culprits.

The Commissioners in their history of the *Megara* go back to 1859. She was then in a very unsatisfactory condition; her bottom plates were much corroded, and the decay was spreading. She was patched up with DAY's cement and continued to carry troops down to the beginning of 1864, when she was pronounced to be unfit for a troop-ship and was ordered to be fitted up as a store-ship. She was thoroughly refitted at a great expense, and SPENCE's cement was substituted for DAY's cement. In 1866, some of the plates being very thin, she underwent further repairs which were to keep her fit for another eighteen months or two years' service. There were some slight repairs in 1867, and more serious repairs in 1870, when her plates were again reported to be very thin. It is clear that as much money was spent in patching and cobbling the *Megara* as would have built a new ship. She was always having something done to her, and yet never gave satisfaction. It is not surprising that in 1870 Sir SYDNEY DAKES should

have remarked that she was the most expensive vessel that could be employed for freight. The Director of Transports concurred in this opinion; the expense of the *Megara* was so much out of proportion to the value of her services that it was a mystery why she was employed, and he assumed that "some special reason existed for keeping her in commission." Whether there was any truth in this supposition, or what kind of "special reason" is here referred to, the Commissioners do not say; but a good deal of light might perhaps be thrown on the management of the navy if this point were cleared up. It was now resolved to pay off the *Megara* as "a most extravagant ship, and quite useless as a transport"; but on a representation from Sheerness that she had another year's work in her, she was kept ready for sea, and in the beginning of January she was ordered to Australia with troops. It was on this voyage that she sprang a leak, and had to be run ashore on the Island of St. Paul, where she was abandoned. Besides the hole in her bottom through which the water came, there were three deep indentations not far from it, which were so nearly eaten through that the iron with a slight pressure bent like tin; in fact the plates for five or six feet around the leak were corroded, and they were dangerously weak over an extent of from two to three feet. This corrosion appears to have been due to the continued action of bilge water on the unprotected iron, and must have been going on for some years. The Commissioners express a decided opinion that the state of the *Megara* was such that she ought never to have been selected for the voyage to Australia, and that, as a matter of fact, she was an unsafe ship when she left Sheerness, and had probably been so for some years. There can be little doubt that the loss of this vessel was due to her not having been properly cemented so as to protect her from the corrosive action of the bilge-water, and that this action would have been discovered if she had not been allowed to go for six or seven years without being thoroughly overhauled.

The Report of the Commissioners leaves us in some doubt as to the functions and uses of what are called Parliamentary officials. It has hitherto been supposed that they are responsible for the management of their respective departments; that they exercise a vigilant supervision over the permanent officials, lay down general rules as to the manner in which work shall be done, and see that it is done punctually and efficiently. They are of course dependent to some extent upon their subordinates, and they are liable to be misled or deceived without any blame to themselves; but if it is proved that the general management of affairs under them is unsatisfactory, they must, on the principles which have hitherto been accepted, be held responsible for it. If it is true, as the Commissioners assert, that the administration of the dockyards is loose and inefficient; that vessels are imperfectly surveyed; that the officials follow a blind routine in the discharge of their duties, and that their chief aim is to shirk work and responsibility; that the Secretariat arrangements at the Admiralty are insufficient, and that its mode of registering correspondence is shamefully defective; that the checks by which responsibility is to be enforced are little better than nominal; that the records of ships are worse than useless, because they are imperfect and misleading; that estimates are carelessly prepared without reference to what has previously been done; that reports from the dockyards are accepted without being tested; that it is scarcely possible to trace the details of the actual work done under each estimate; that a crazy ship may go for six or seven years without being properly overhauled, may be employed long after she has become unsafe, and may at last be despatched to the other side of the world with three or four holes all but eaten through her bottom, and with her iron plates in such a condition that they bend like a bit of tin—if these things are true, most people will be disposed to think that the FIRST LORD and the SECRETARY of the Admiralty must in some degree be responsible for such a melancholy state of affairs. The Commissioners do indeed go so far as to hint that the System of Administration, as they designate it with solemn capitals, is not exactly all that could be desired; but they shrink from piercing through the System and transfixing the Parliamentary heads of the department, who, whenever things go well, take the credit of it, and when things go wrong shirk all responsibility. How is a line to be drawn between the Controller and those above him? It is held that "it was for the Controller to take care that the organization of his department was such that all the duties connected with it were efficiently performed"; but this is pretty much the language in which uninstructed people would be apt to describe the functions and responsibility of the Parliamentary officials.

Either the accounts of the dockyards are or are not properly kept; if not, the *Fraser* and his colleagues are to blame; on the other hand, if they are properly kept, "my Lords" and their Secretary ought to have discovered how much money was being wasted on a troublesome, costly, and useless vessel which, as the Commissioners admit, it would have been sound economy to get rid of long ago. Again, it either was or should have been known to the Parliamentary officials that for a number of years the *Megara* had never been properly overhauled, and in the absence of any distinct record on the subject, they should have given the crew and passengers, and not the vessel, the benefit of the doubt, and should have ordered an examination. It was at any rate known at Whitehall that the engines of the *Megara* were good only for a year when she was despatched on a voyage which, going and coming, would have occupied nearly that time. The whole history of the *Megara* is a history of false economy and parsimonious extravagance. She was continually being cobbled and mended when it would have been cheaper to break her up and build a new ship; and at the same time the repairs were so insufficient that the vessel must have been unsafe for some years past. It is impossible to read this Report without coming to the conclusion either that Parliamentary officials are useless and had better be got rid of, or that there is a serious omission in the finding of the Commissioners as to the persons upon whom blame rests for the loss of the *Megara*.

#### THE USES OF TATTOOING.

THE great moral of the Tichborne case, though we have not as yet seen it mentioned, is the desirableness of tattooing youthful heirs. Every young gentleman who has a fair prospect of inheriting a title or an estate should be indelibly marked in his infancy. It would be easy to arrange the marks in such a way as to defy the ingenuity of forgers. It might be contrived, for example, that a pattern should be made by a machine on the skin like the complex device on a bank-note. The original instrument would then be laid up in the family archives, and could be produced in case of necessity. A very little ingenuity would suffice to perfect this rough suggestion; and it would be inexcusable not to bestow as much care on securing the identification of a human being as is generally bestowed upon our shirts and tablecloths. Before long we expect to see an advertisement in all the papers, "Do you tattoo your children yet?"

The advantage of such a plan is obvious; but it is a melancholy proof of the feebleness of the human intellect and of human language. We talk in all manner of superlatives about the marvellous powers of style possessed by our great writers. Shakspeare is supposed to have had a talent for description; and nobody could ever hit off the external features, at least, of a face with greater skill than Dickens. But if we could imagine Shakspeare and Dickens rolled into one, and set them to describe a person so that he might be recognizable from the description alone, would not the task exceed the powers even of such a combination? We suspect that the dullest police officer who could measure a man's height, and take a note of a broken nose or a cast in the eye, would supply far more serviceable information than the greatest artist in words could extract from characteristics not accurately measurable by a foot-rule. Language at its best is a coarse and clumsy instrument to paint the infinitely varying and minute peculiarities upon which our recognition of a human countenance depends. You may walk in the streets of London for a day and not meet two people whose noses are indistinguishably alike; and yet the whole catalogue of phrases applicable to noses—short, snub, aquiline, and so forth—would scarcely do more than enable you to mark unmistakably the difference between the organs of the late Duke of Wellington and of a negro. The chances are, therefore, that even if a witness could distinguish one countenance from another beyond all possibility of doubt, he would be utterly unable to convey to other persons the differences on which his recognition depends. If another witness, who was either dishonest or whose perceptions were blunter, chose to contradict him, we could not look into their minds in order to inspect the ideal patterns by comparison with which the difference or the identity was established; and there is no art of verbal photography. Our perceptions altogether outrun our powers of utterance, and it is only to a very limited extent that we are capable of communicating ideas. We can no more define in words a colour or a sound than we can point out with a walking-stick the minutest markings on a butterfly's wing; and it would be vain therefore to attempt the description of voices and complexions which we instantaneously recognize when heard or seen.

If, however, tattooing is desirable to supply the deficiencies of language, it is still more imperatively required to supply the deficiencies of the intellect which uses that imperfect instrument. Our language cannot render our perceptions visible and audible; but even if it could, they would supply a most treacherous ground for positive conclusions. Everybody has remarked since the speech of the Attorney-General the curious process by which the believers in the Claimant were converted; how, when a single trick had been successfully played off upon them, their vanity became interested

in believing the whole story, and their intellects succeeded in representing every new fact as somehow confirmatory of the foregoing conclusion. The lesson was an instructive one in many ways; for the secret of the Claimant's power was precisely the secret upon which all spiritualist and other impostors depend for success. A man is first asked whether he has been the victim of a hoax, or the laws of nature have been suspended. Naturally he prefers to believe that the laws of nature have been suspended; and from that moment he becomes unintentionally the ally of the impostor, and develops a strange ingenuity in evading all difficulties and seizing every bit of evidence that seems to make in his favour. When we have once come to appreciate this process, we see how erroneous is the ordinary assumption that people habitually speak the truth and are tolerable judges of evidence. David tells us that he was hasty in asserting that all men are liars; but he might have said deliberately that most men are either liars or the unconscious accomplices of liars. The quantity of sheer unadorned lying which exists in this world is, we suspect, greatly underestimated by most people; and of the quantity of false statement which is not quite lying, because it begins by self-deception, few persons have even a faint conception. The reason of this seems to be simple enough. For practical purposes we are obliged to assume that people speak the truth. A certain quantity of mutual trust is necessary in order to carry on the business of life; and we naturally make the mistake of confounding a provisional assumption which for ordinary purposes is accurate enough with a statement of actual facts, and then apply it to cases where it is more frequently falsified than verified. We infer from the practical necessity of trusting people in trifles that they are always trustworthy even in serious matters; and thus we exaggerate beyond all bounds the weight which should properly be attached to a simple unsupported assertion. If a respectable person, that is to say, a man in a black coat who has not been convicted of picking pockets, tells us the wildest story of ghosts or rapping tables, the one hypothesis which the ordinary mind altogether refuses to admit is the surely not inconceivable one that he is a liar and a cheat. It is thought to be almost paradoxical to assert that any one, outside of the criminal classes, is ever guilty of downright falsehood. The weakness is certainly amiable; and yet it may fairly be doubted whether a capacity to tell the truth and nothing but the truth is not as rare as the habit of unequivocal lying.

It seems, then, at first sight rather singular that personation is not a more common trick than it appears to be in fact. For this is one of those cases in which there is a natural predisposition among persons of ill-regulated minds, or, in other words, among the great majority of the human race, to go half-way to meet the impostor. Even where no claim has been actually put forward, the popular imagination is ready to invent an appropriate legend in order to satisfy its own natural longing for the marvellous. The history of simpler times is full of such occurrences. Whenever a great hero died in an obscure manner, a legend immediately grew up, telling how he was waiting in some enchanted land or beneath the roots of some mysterious mountain for the day when he should once more reappear in his ancient glory. Sometimes a clever pretender took advantage of this state of mind, but the legend was able to maintain itself even without such a nucleus around which it might crystallize. The poor Lady Tichborne, refusing to believe in the death of her son and always on the lookout for his return, is merely a type of the popular state of mind when any object of widely-spread interest has vanished from the world. Royal personages are now surrounded so closely by observers of all their actions, they are so much in the habit of being interviewed, even at the moment of death, that there is little chance of the uncertainty which is necessary to generate even a popular delusion. They are no longer withdrawn in a cloud from our midst like a Homeric hero from a battle, but take their leave of us in as public a fashion as that in which princes used to be snatched into the world. And yet, even in our days, there were probably large districts in France where Napoleon III. would easily have been accepted rather as a new avatar of the first Emperor than as his nephew. In families of a position beneath royalty there are of course more frequent opportunities for fraud; and now that a conspicuous example has been presented, we may possibly expect to see a repetition of the experiment. It is perhaps not quite out of the question that a new Sir Roger may yet start from the Australian bush or the backwoods of America. The profession of a personator is not altogether so disagreeable as many other modes of precarious existence. The claimant may be certain of a good deal of popular sympathy if he shows a moderate amount of skill in making out his case; some of the difficulties in his path have been buoyed out by the last adventurer; and if the worst comes to the worst, he will ultimately be provided for at the public expense. Probably after a short time the pangs of what serves him for a conscience, if he is rash enough to maintain such a luxury, would be satisfactorily quenched. It is a question which can never be satisfactorily answered, but which appears to be open to discussion, whether the Claimant himself did not at some time or other really believe himself to be what he professed. George IV. it is credibly said, believed himself to have been at the battle of Waterloo, by dint of telling the story often enough. There is certainly a period at which a liar of the first water, a man who has that passion for falsehood which great thinkers have for truth, gradually loses the power of distinguishing between fact and fiction. Garrick maintained that, for the time of acting, he believed himself to be Richard III. A man who systematically

represents the part of somebody else may end, after a sufficient course of lying and dissimulation, in becoming puzzled as to his own identity. Everybody has sometimes been puzzled between the recollection of having done something and the recollection of having heard about it. How can we assign limits to such a process, or say confidently that we may not, by assiduous labour, generate a kind of permanent hallucination which will become to us a second nature? It has often been asked lately what is the value of our recollections of another person whom we have not seen for fourteen or fifteen years. We may go further, and ask what is the value of our recollections of ourselves? Are they not sufficiently shadowy to make it possible, by sufficient doses of what is at first deliberate falsehood, to render them altogether evanescent, and to substitute for them a set of fictitious recollections gradually acquiring firmness and consistency?

The question is obviously insoluble, because we cannot look into a rogue's mind, and it is precarious work to infer it from his outward words and actions. If such a feat could be performed, it would of course make the task of detection easier. Meanwhile we have the consolation of reflecting upon the advantages of the tutting. It is easy enough to persuade a large part of the world, and even, it may be, to deceive oneself; but after all there generally remain a certain number of hard insoluble facts which have an awkward way of cropping up without having been properly foreseen. The ease with which an impression can be made upon uncritical minds illustrates the ease with which a legend would spring up in ages before criticism was possible; but the difficulty of satisfying anything like a genuine inquiry remains so enormous that the chances must always be indefinitely great against permanent success. Luckily we have not yet reached the consummation of settling legal facts by universal suffrage and the average common sense. When that happens we may expect some very singular results, and nobody would know with any great certainty whether he was himself or somebody else.

#### THE SECRET POLICY OF THE VATICAN.

IT was probably beyond the expectations of Prince Bismarck himself to carry his School Inspection Bill in the Upper House by a majority nearly double what he had obtained in the Lower House. Indeed it was thought to the last moment doubtful whether it would be carried at all. It was distasteful to the Conservative party, and still more to the Court, though the King had given it his formal sanction. And it offended the keenest susceptibilities of the great body of the Protestant, no less than of the Catholic, clergy, though it was at the influence of the latter only that it was really aimed. The pending controversy on the relations of Church and State in Germany, of which this affair is one phase, is already producing quite a literature of its own, and we may gather from the work recently published by Dr. Fabri, an Evangelical pastor, under the title *Staat und Kirche*, some information as to the objections entertained by his co-religionists to the measure. He is alarmed generally at anything which may tend to loosen the union between the secular and spiritual authorities, and he is avowedly distrustful of the inherent capability of the Evangelical Church to stand alone. He fears that the political measures directed against the Ultramontane party will only be able to strike it through the sides of their Protestant rivals, and will thus in the long run promote the triumph of Roman Catholicism. He is also disposed to regard the policy of the Chancellor in his contest with Ultramontanism as hazardous for the interests of the new Empire itself, and thinks it too late now to assail the infallibilist doctrine or the system of Papal absolutism which it sustains—a view which is naturally controverted by some of his critics. His treatise, however, goes far to explain the sort of alliance, or at least armed neutrality, established between the extreme sections of Catholic and Protestant opinion, in their common resistance to Prince Bismarck's Bill. The argument by which the Prussian Minister conquered or disarmed the various and powerful forces arrayed against him was such as, once admitting the alleged facts, could hardly fail to control the suffrage of any national Assembly. *Illicus intra muros peccatur et extra* was the text and keynote of his discourse, and he certainly produced cogent reasons for believing that an organized conspiracy exists within the heart of the German Empire, designed to bring about its dismemberment. We need not repeat here what we have pointed out before as to the altered position of the Roman Court since Sadowna and Sedan, or the obvious grounds which induce it to make Prussia, to use Prince Bismarck's words, "the butt of its constant attacks," and to select Poland as the natural centre and base of operations. It is worth noting, however, that Mgr. de Ladachowski has been secretly made Primate of All Poland, which is the more remarkable as the dignity had been long extinct; and it has been for centuries the received policy of Rome to diminish or equalise all intermediate ranks of the hierarchy on the old Turquinian principle of cutting down the taller poppy-heads. Since the *Ladonian Decretals* found currency in Europe, the powers of archbishops and primates have been gradually curtailed, while their number has been multiplied, and the patriarchal office has been reduced to a mere titular decoration. It cannot therefore be without some special object that the Primacy of All Poland, including even its Austrian and Russian provinces, is suddenly revived in the person of the Archbishop of Posen. Still more significant are the letters addressed to Dr. Kosmin by Herr

Windhorst, late Minister of King George of Hanover, and by Bishop Ketteler, which were read in the House by Prince Bismarck. Bishop Ketteler of Mayence, it must be remembered, is a man of mark in his way, and the recognized leader of the *Gesamtdeutsche* party among the German bishops. Even while he was supposed to be leading the minority at the Vatican Council, he was all along the tool or dupe of the Jesuits; and his real animus came out clearly enough in his violent attacks immediately after his return home on those who had before been weak enough to believe in the sincerity of his professed convictions, and were still courageous enough to maintain their own. We are not at all surprised to find him plotting—as Dr. Dollinger in his famous Declaration last year asserted that the infallibilists inevitably would plot—against the new Empire of which he is a subject, in the temporal interests of the Pope.

Apart from the exciting nature of the particular conflict now raging in Germany, the affair has a wider interest of its own, from the striking illustration it affords of the habitual policy of the Roman Court and its standing army, the Jesuits. It must be borne in mind that Rome does not profess to have any cause of complaint against the religious policy of Prussia towards her Catholic subjects; and, indeed, till a year or two ago the two Powers were on the most friendly terms. The King of Prussia, if our memory serves us, presented a magnificent Brussels carpet for the Council Chamber in St. Peter's. Indeed, the force and range of the resistance to Prince Bismarck's Bill was due in great measure to his strict observance of the acknowledged Prussian principle of religious equality. The backbone of the opposition would have been broken if his Protestant supporters had been consoled by the assurance that what was sauce for the Ultramontane goose should not be sauce for the Evangelical gander. But no such compromise was ever dreamt of. It is not the religious interests of Catholicism, but the temporal pretensions of the Papacy, to which German Catholics are required to postpone the unity and independence of their country. "In mere spiritualibus," as the old Prince Bishops used to phrase it in the days before the Revolution, they perfectly understood that Prince Bismarck had no desire whatever to interfere with them, but so far from being content with spiritual freedom, Rome has never for a moment allowed such considerations to stand in the way of her dynastic claims. It is notorious that the Catholic priesthood of Prussia hold a higher place in popular estimation than their brethren in Italy or France, and it is almost equally notorious that the clergy of North Italy are more respectable and more respected than those trained under the orthodox Governments of Rome and Naples. There is abundant Roman Catholic, and even Ultramontane, testimony to these facts; yet the Pope and his advisers would gladly throw Germany into a conflagration, and compel German Catholics to choose between treason and apostasy, in the forlorn hope of restoring the corrupt régime which made Rome the scandal as well as the centre of Christendom. There is nothing new in this, nor is there anything new in the school being employed as one of the main instruments of political propagandism. From the first it was the chosen stronghold of the Jesuits, and the present tone of Catholic society on the Continent, both clerical and lay, is in great measure due to their long ascendancy in the education of Catholic Europe. History testifies that even in the middle ages the terrible weapons of excommunication and interdict were far oftener invoked to crush a revolted city or enforce a disputed tax than for the preservation of piety or faith. After the Reformation other and less direct methods of influence had of course to be discovered, but the spirit remained unchanged. It is a curious fact that the *Index Expurgatorius*, which was a real power in Latin countries, has been worked at least as much in the civil as in the religious interests of Rome, and it protected them by killing all literary energy and taste, till Latin theology and French novels became the staple and almost sole commodity of Roman booksellers. Not unfrequently ecclesiastical have been deliberately sacrificed to political considerations, as when Clement VII. aided the Smalkaldic League against Charles V. The zealous champion of Catholicism and Urban VIII. found it convenient to support the Protestant schemes of Gustavus Adolphus. In later days Pius VI. and Pius VII. did not deny that "they regarded the quality of a territorial prince more highly than that of head of the Church, and felt bound to act accordingly." Those who guide the counsels of the Vatican at the present hour evidently share that view. To embroil the Continent, already exhausted by two destructive wars, in a fresh and deadlier conflict, for the possible chance of rebuilding the Papal throne out of the ruins, even were the plot to prove successful, would do little to advance the religious interests of the Church, which the *Univers* declared the other day had been "handed over to Satan" by the appointment of a French Ambassador to the Italian Court. We are aware that this perverse estimate of the relative value of secular and spiritual rights is not confined to the members of any one communion. Lord Eldon was looked up to by a large party in England as one of the main "pillars of the Church," though it was ill-naturedly observed that he should rather be called one of the buttresses, as he seldom entered its doors. But the principle has never been embodied on so gigantic a scale, or carried out with such unflinching consistency, as in what German writers call the "Catholic system" of the Papacy. And the system has inevitably shown itself too strong for individual Popes who might themselves be differently minded. When, for instance, "the good Pope Inno-



cent XI.," as Dr. Döllinger justly calls him, endeavoured to restrain the immoral teaching of the Jesuits, they won an easy victory; and, what is more immediately to our purpose, when he resolved to respond through Bishop Spinola to the overtures of the German Protestants, he was obliged to let the Bishop act ostensibly in his own name only, "because the French cardinals in Rome opposed the scheme on the ground that a reunion of Protestant Germany with the Church would prove very awkward for French policy," and France was too important a Power for the Papacy to offend. In other words, it was against the political interests of the Vatican to convert to the true faith heretics whom it solemnly consigned to eternal perdition once every year for rejecting it. In our own day Rome has on similar grounds discountenanced the conversion of Mahometans. Renaudot says truly enough that the principal obstacle to the reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches is the demand of the former that some limits should be placed on Papal autocracy.

The chief instruments of this tortuous, but rigidly consistent, policy for the last three centuries, as we observed just now, have been the Jesuits, who are the real administrators rather than the servants of the Papacy. When the reigning Pope was, so to speak, in opposition, they had no hesitation in resisting him. Innocent XI. requested their General, Gonzalez, to write against the casuistical doctrine of "probabilism" then taught by the Order, whereupon they held an extraordinary Chapter for the purpose of deposing him. They further displayed their hostility to Innocent by supporting Gallican principles in France, and Jesuits actually had a hand in drawing up the Declaration of Gallican Liberties. In their foreign missions, and notably in China, they have owed much of their apparent success to very strange compromises with native superstition, for which the sanction of the Holy See has been either extorted or dispensed with. But, as a rule, the black Pope and the white Pope, as they are called in Rome, have pulled harmoniously together. And the maintenance and extension of Roman prerogative has been the supreme aim of their labours. It was for asserting the deposing power, and not for their religious belief, that Campian and his fellow-sufferers died at Tyburn. In these days the principle is no longer openly enforced, but it is quietly acted on by seeking to undermine Governments considered hostile to Papal interests. Infallibility is one of the weapons forged for carrying on this warfare, for it simplifies and strengthens the action of a centralized bureaucracy, and infallibility is the work of the Jesuits. In a pamphlet published last November on the *Infallibility and the Modern State*, Dr. Reinkens observes, and subsequent experience has strikingly confirmed his statement, that "in Germany, and especially in Prussia, the spirit of the infallibilist Roman Church is simply the spirit of Jesuitism, which is destroying the German Empire from within," and he shows that the poison has been secretly fermenting for the last half-century, and was noticed as long ago as that by Niebuhr, though recent events have served to precipitate the crisis. The school, the pulpit, and the confessional have all alike at various times been pressed into the service; but the Jesuits have always relied chiefly on their educational machinery, and the training of the people has become more important to them since they have lost the ear of kings. That they should ever obtain more than partial and precarious successes in their interminable struggle with the culture and social life of the modern world is not to be anticipated. But it is well to remember how considerable even yet are their resources, and how inflexible is their resolution in directing them to a single end. The perfection of piety consists, according to their code, in the absolute and entire surrender of the intellect and the will to superior authority. As the Jesuit obeys his General, so every Christian should obey the Pope, blindly and with an abject sacrifice of his own judgment. Every restriction on that supreme Authority is an abomination, every national law or constitution which asserts itself against the sole rightful Sovereign is a sacrilege and a treason. As Cardinal Pallavicini formulated the idea, the collective Church is a body inanimate without the Pope, but infused by him with a living soul; to him therefore belongs dominion over the whole Christian world as its head and master, whose authority is the sole foundation and uniting bond of all government, for he alone represents on earth *de jure divino* the sovereignty of God. And Gregory XIV. expressly recognized, in a Bull issued in 1591, the pre-eminent fitness of the Jesuit Order for ministering to the dominion of Rome, because, from its despotic military organization, it can the more easily be applied by the Pope to what purpose he will. Not one iota has been abandoned of the claims then made, nor are the disciples of Loyola one whit less ready to enforce them. The sudden collapse of the two great Catholic Powers is not so much a menace as a challenge to renewed energy in reconquering by force or fraud, or by a judicious combination of both, what the public opinion of a degenerate age is no longer willing to concede.

#### THE TWISS LIBEL CASE.

THE libel case which has for nearly a fortnight occupied the attention of one of the magistrates at Southwark Police Court is, from every point of view, so extremely unpleasant an affair that we are desirous of saying as little about it as possible. Of the case itself we shall only say that a solicitor named Chaffers was prosecuted by Sir Travers and Lady Twiss for having libelled

them in a Statutory Declaration, asserting that Lady Twiss had formerly had a disreputable life under the name of Marie Gelas, and had been the mistress of Sir Travers before he married her; that the evidence, as far as it went, appeared to supply a decisive refutation of these charges; but that, before it was completed, the counsel for the prosecution intimated to the magistrate that Lady Twiss had determined not to appear again in Court, and had in fact left London, and that his instructions to proceed with the case had been withdrawn. It is deplorable that a high judicial officer should be subjected to grave imputations, affecting his personal character as well as his domestic relations, which he is apparently powerless to meet. The libel was directed against Sir Travers as well as against his wife, and, if he had thought fit, he might have continued the prosecution on his own account. He did not choose to do so, and the magistrate had no alternative but to discharge the prisoner, who was brought up next day on another accusation of attempting to extort money by imputing a bigamous marriage to a "gentleman of position." This charge collapsed as strangely as the first had done, and proved at any rate, as Mr. Benson remarked, that Chaffers is an adept in the terrible art of libelling with safety. How many more reputations he may have in his grasp it is impossible to say. He appears to have been able to exercise a cruel and malignant terrorism over at least two families; and, ignominious as his victories have been, there is perhaps some reason to fear that they may be an encouragement to unscrupulous men to imitate his example. It was not necessary to prove that his allegations were untrue in order to sustain the charge of malicious libelling, but it is not unnatural that persons who are thus attacked should shrink from appearing in Court unless they feel confident that they can successfully vindicate their characters. The reasons which shook the confidence of Sir Travers and Lady Twiss in their case, while to outward appearance it was proceeding in their favour, may possibly be known hereafter; but for the present it is enough to say that they undertook a prosecution which they had not the courage to maintain. It is impossible to come to any positive conclusion as to the truth or falsehood of the allegations against them. This is a state of things which will, we fear, be highly distasteful to a certain section of the public. There are people, we may be sure, who will go about asking what they are to believe, and who will be miserable until they have adopted a distinct and definite theory on one side or the other. There is no help for them, however; as long as the question remains in the position in which the complainants have left it, the public must submit, with as much patience as it can command, to this painful and embarrassing perplexity. It may be their misfortune, and not their fault, that they cannot at the present moment clear themselves from the scandalous imputations which have been cast upon them; but, until they have done so, society, without going into particulars, has of course a right to protect itself in its own way. In the observations which the magistrate addressed to Chaffers everybody will concur; whatever view may be taken of the truth of his story, he must remain an object of abhorrence and contempt to honourable men.

It is probable that until this case commenced few persons were aware of the terrible instrument which is at the disposal of any scoundrel who may choose to avail himself of it for the purposes of calumny or malicious libel. It appears that it is possible for anybody to step into a police-court and to make a solemn Statutory Declaration, conveying the most wanton and scandalous imputations on other persons, and to get it attested by the signature of a magistrate, without any attempt being made to ascertain the truth of the charges, or any notice being sent to the persons attacked, in order to afford them an opportunity of defending themselves. The signature attached to the document, and the solemn form in which it is drawn up, invest it with a quasi-judicial appearance which may delude ignorant people, and such a document may be in circulation for some time before it becomes known to those whose character and peace of mind are thus assailed. And even when the victim learns the blow which has been aimed at him, he can ward it off only by a painful and perhaps costly prosecution, one effect of which will be—thanks to the disinterested zeal of the newspapers—to publish more widely the calumnies which have been brought against him. There seems to be some doubt as to the exact meaning of the law with regard to Statutory Declarations, and the circumstances under which they ought to be received. Some of the magistrates appear to be under the impression that they are bound to attest any declarations which are brought to them in a proper form; and it is doubtful whether they even take the trouble of reading them. Of course the person making a declaration does so at his own risk, and he may be indicted for libel, or, if the declaration relates to any judicial procedure, and is proved to be false, for perjury. It is obvious, however, that the liberty of making declarations is liable to great abuse; and although it may be possible to have an offender punished, it would be better that he should in the first instance be prevented from committing the offence. It is difficult to conceive a reason why any one should be allowed to charge another person, in this solemn manner, with immoral conduct not amounting to legal crime, unless it is in some way or other connected with a pending suit. There is an old maxim that the greater the truth the greater the libel; and Mr. Benson thought it necessary to warn the "vulgar and uneducated mind" not to assume from the issue of the late inquiry that a libel may be circulated with impunity if it

happens to be true. It is not desirable that encouragement should be given to the raking up of old scandals affecting private character, and even people who may have committed disreputable actions are entitled to protection from wanton and malicious persecution. Mr. Stapleton, we are glad to see, has given notice in the House of Commons of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the use and abuse of Statutory Declarations, and we trust that the result of the inquiry will be to place the law on a proper footing, and to prevent the repetition of such a case as that which has just been brought to so startling and painful a conclusion.

Whether or not a magistrate is bound to receive a declaration when presented for his signature, it is certain at least that the newspapers are under no obligation to report a case of this kind at full length. Now that the trial has terminated, the *Times*, which has every day published a long report of the proceedings, down even to the most minute and disgusting details, forbears in its leading article "to relate it in any greater length than is necessary to make its conclusions intelligible." It is stated that there are "more grounds than one" for this sensitive and high-minded reticence; and we can only hope that one of these reasons is a tardy sense of professional decorum. It would be unfair not to admit the good taste and propriety which are usually displayed in the reports of the *Times*; and we should be glad to think that this was only a casual error. A few short paragraphs would have been quite enough to indicate the nature of the charges in Chaffers's declaration, and the course of the case. It is impossible to doubt that the very full reports which have been published, by giving currency and an apparent importance to libellous imputations, must have rendered the sufferings of the persons who were vilified more painful and acute. As the *Times* observes, "Be Lady Twiss an angel of light, and the contrary has not been proved, she must have undergone unspeakable anguish from the moment that she became conscious of the defendant's malicious designs." It is evident that her anguish must have been greatly increased when she found that the newspapers were practically abetting her assailant by giving the almost publicity to his cruel aspersions. A general charge of immorality was laid enough, but when the defendant went into particulars which seemed to give an appearance of reality to his story, and when all his questions were published in the papers, it must have been a severe trial to the moral courage of the person attacked, even if innocent. We have refrained from indulging in any theory or conjecture as to this case; we express no opinion on any of the questions which were involved in the prosecution; but, speaking generally, we have a right to point out that when a man gets hold of an ugly secret or a trumped-up accusation, and desires to use it for his own purposes, it is the dread of publicity upon which he naturally works; and it is at first a temptation, and afterwards perhaps a consolation, to him to think that, even if he is prosecuted and convicted, the character of his victim will in all probability never be completely cleared. "Throw enough mud, and some of it will stick," is an old saying. There are always people who will persist in thinking that a serious charge would never have been made if there had not been some kind of foundation for it, and that the smoke betrays a hidden fire. Moreover the libeller will have had it in his power during the progress of the case to inflict the most terrible agony which perhaps it is possible for one human being to inflict upon another. Under such circumstances it is obvious that the newspapers are only playing into the hands of a man of this stamp if they advertise his libels in a prominent manner. For one case of the kind which gets the length of a public exposure, there may be, for anything we know, many that are compromised in fear of the publicity which is threatened, and which publicity the journals have, by their recent conduct, intimated that they are always happy to supply. Apart altogether from the injury which may be done by full reports of such matters, there are certain ordinary rules of decency which might have led the newspapers to abstain from going into all the unsavoury details of a shameful libel. It is not necessary to advertise the trifling and social peculiarities of prostitution, especially in periodicals which are intended for domestic circulation. The whole subject was nasty as well as painful, and on the score of its nastiness alone the newspapers would have done well to handle it as lightly as possible. No doubt there are people who take a pleasure in floating over gratuitous details and obscene suggestions, just as there are people whose diseased appetite prompts them to eat dirt or to do other filthy things. But this does not justify the press in pandering to uncleanness. The magistrate at Bow Street observed that he did not remember in the history of any criminal court anything so demoralising as the result of this trial was likely to be; and though this is certainly saying a good deal, there is unfortunately too much truth in it.

#### AN ORIENTAL ROGER

WHEN the Attorney-General referred to the pages of Gibbon or exhumed the forgotten records of French Courts of Justice for instances of audacious and unsuccessful imposture, he might have quoted a case which concerned ample estates, a fine social position, and an hereditary title, and which happened, in the memory of men still living, in our Indian dependency. The trial to which we allude sheds so strong a light on the social customs and observances of Hindoos, and on the judicial and executive administration of India before it was transformed by

the touch of recent statesmen and legislators, that it could scarcely fail to attract interest even had the English world never been satiated with the adventures of Orton or Castro. Viewed by the light of recent disclosures, the case of the claimant to the Bardwan Raj seems doubly calculated to amuse and instruct.

Not quite seventy miles from Calcutta, amidst rice fields and villages half hidden by palm groves, lies the pleasant and popular station of Bardwan. Formerly traversed by the Grand Trunk road to Benares, it has of late years become a first-class station of the East Indian Railway, and it has now a branch which passes through the Raneeungee coal-fields and rejoins the old and main line at a spot about midway between Patna and Bhagulpore. Bardwan is not only the residence of the Commissioner of the division but the home of the Maharaja of that ilk. This gentleman is perhaps the richest landholder under the Government of Bengal. He pays annually into the Indian Treasury more than 300,000*l.* His rent-roll, after this deduction, has been estimated by competent judges at 200,000*l.* a year. His estates not only cover nearly the whole area of the Bardwan district itself, but extend into four other adjacent districts; and under a peculiar tenure, which we need not stop to explain, but which some fifty years ago was made the subject of special legislation, his rents are collected over this vast extent of territory with punctuality, cheapness, and ease. Many a hard-worked Calcutta official has been as glad of a trip to Bardwan as a Londoner of a visit to Hastings; and all Englishmen resident in the plains of the Lower Ganges have seen or heard of the splendid mansion of the Maharaja, his huge reservoirs equalling small lakes in size, his fish-ponds and summer-houses, his shrubberies laid out with some approach to elegance, and his Zoological Gardens in miniature, where the natives of Bengal may gaze with wonder on what to them are the strange forms of the lion and the giraffe. The Hindoo gentleman who at present owns this magnificent property is liberal in tone and feeling, and has given various proofs of his loyalty and goodwill to the State.

The origin of the case to which we invite attention was as follows:—In the year 1820 Tej Chunder was Raja of Bardwan. At that time his son Pratab Chunder, known as the young Raja, fell ill, and, in the presence of numerous relatives and dependants, was carried in a dying state to the banks of the Ganges, near Culna, a place some eight-and-twenty miles from his ancestral residence. There, in the sight of the holy river so dear to orthodox Hindoos, he departed this life; and, with all the solemn rites and customs suited to the occasion, his lifeless body was committed to the flames and reduced to ashes. We gather from the proceedings that the young Raja was unmarried, or at any rate it is tolerably certain that no widow performed the rite of *suttee* on the corpse of her lord, though about that period the number of women who in Bardwan annually submitted to this ancient and horrid tradition amounted to nearly a hundred. After the cremation the few remnants spared or calcined by the fire were collected and deposited in one of the halls of the palace at Bardwan, and a monument was erected over the spot. In due time the father followed his son to the river bank and to the funeral pile; and the property, which then vested in a minor and an adopted son, was managed by a native gentleman known throughout the case as Pran Baboo. Years passed away, and the inhabitants of the district had begun to forget the existence and death of the young Raja, who had never succeeded to his estate, when in the year 1835 a person suddenly made his appearance in the adjoining district of Bancoorah, and, giving out that he was the deceased Pratab Chunder, collected together a considerable number of adherents, and laid claim to the Bardwan estates. Now it so happened that the districts immediately to the west of Bardwan and Bancoorah had lately been the scene of insurrection by a tribe of aborigines known as the Coles, who had caused considerable excitement, and had only been put down by a large military force. The claimant was arrested by the magistrates of Bancoorah, arraigned for riot and tumultuous assemblage, and convicted and sentenced to six months imprisonment; and he was further required to find securities that he would not again disturb the peace of the country. Those who know the dogged pertinacity with which Orientals urge their own pretensions or invade the rights of others will not be surprised to hear that this lenient sentence by no means disposed of the matter. In the spring of 1838 the claimant, who had not been idle since the expiration of his sentence, again appeared in public with a train of some three hundred adherents; and this time he took up his station at Culna, in the Bardwan district, obtained money from various persons on divers pretences, served notices on the tenants requiring them to withhold payment of their rents to the manager or guardian of the minor, instituted a civil suit in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, within which city lay a fractional portion of the vast real estate, and so alarmed the magistrate that the military were called out and prompt measures taken to disperse the assemblage, and to apprehend its leader. Owing to a misapprehension of orders, the Sepoys fired on the multitude while the claimant was going about with a drawn sword near a shrine, and their shots killed one man and wounded three others. This unfortunate occurrence led to the preferment of an unfounded charge of manslaughter against the magistrate of Bardwan, who was tried in the Supreme Court as a British subject, and, as might have been expected, was fully acquitted of the charge. Meanwhile the Government got frightened, and entrusted the case against the claimant to the late Mr. E. A. Samuels, at that time magistrate of Hooghly, and

afterwards distinguished in the Indian mutiny for his pacification of the province of Bihar. The pretender was arrested, and committed for trial at the Sessions' Court on the charges of fraud, imposture, and false personation; on that of obtaining money under false pretences, and on that of unlawful assembly, at particular specified dates, with intent to commit a breach of the peace.

The trial caused the greatest excitement in the Lower Provinces. Though held on the criminal side of the Court, it substantially and practically put in issue the right and title to the splendid Bardwan property. The proceedings occupied no less than thirty-one days. A throng of native witnesses, servants of the ancient house, family friends, record-keepers, officials, cultivators, and boatmen, was examined on one side or the other. The list was swelled by civil servants, independent Englishmen, officers of the Indian army, and medical men. One surgeon came to give evidence from the Presidency of Madras, eight hundred miles off. A gentleman afterwards a member of Council in the days of Lord Auckland and Ellenborough, and now still in office at Westminster, gave evidence against the Raja; and an action arising out of proceedings in which an active attorney had been arrested and confined by an over-zealous magistrate, was tried before Sir Edward Ryan, late Chief Justice at Calcutta, and now head of the Civil Service Commission. The case for the prosecution was plain and simple enough. The young Raja had died eighteen years before, like a good Hindoo, almost in the presence of a weeping parent, and in the sight of friends and attendants who might be trusted to believe their own senses. Here was no question of a departure for a distant colony, or of years spent somewhere across the ocean, in the plains of Australia or the Cortilleras; nor was there any doubt as to the heir's disappearance in one vessel on the high seas, and his miraculous rescue by another. The Raja, if he really died, died in one of the most populous districts of Lower Bengal, on the spot which would naturally be chosen for such a purpose, just as Meg Merrilies chose to free her spirit in a particular position in the ruined hamlet of Derncleugh. And what, it will naturally be asked, was the story set up by the claimant to account for his restoration to life and health?

Pras Baboo, whose management of the property we may admit to have been extremely unpopular, had, it was said for the claimant, prejudiced the father against the son, and had even attempted to poison the latter. Estranged from his nearest relative, the young Raja spent years in immorality and vice, and at last, in the act of committing some extremely heinous offence, was struck by sudden remorse, somewhat after the fashion of Dickens's stage hero, who, when about to blow out his brains, heard a clock strike ten, remembered that he had heard that hour strike in the days of his innocence, and became a virtuous and reformed character ever afterwards. Consulting the oracles of his religion, the young Raja was enjoined to absent himself for fourteen years, and to perform pilgrimages incognito; and in this view he feigned a mortal sickness, was conveyed to the river-side, and requesting the bystanders to withdraw, in order that he might offer up his soul to heaven, dived into the stream, was received into a boat, and left in his room a huge chest filled with shells, which the bystanders reduced to ashes under the belief that it contained the corpse of their young master. The sequel of the story was that, accompanied by one devoted adherent, he washed away his stains in the Brahmaputra, visited hallowed shrines as a pilgrim, travelled in Cashmere and the Punjab, and finally returned to claim his own again. The accused made no attempt to prove his version of the actual disappearance, but called numbers of witnesses to prove his identity. The prosecution, which was placed in the hands of a professional lawyer, undertook, on the other hand, to show that the so-styled Raja was one Kistoll, alias Alak Shaha; that he was well known as an inhabitant of the neighbouring station of Kishnagur; that he was a person of considerable abilities, and capable of influencing, and even fascinating, others; and that he had been in the habit of going about the country in the guise of a religious mendicant, and of occasionally representing himself as an incarnation of the Deity. As the case turned mainly on the question of recognition, identity, and similarity or dissimilarity of features, the style of examination and argument may readily be conceived. Indeed, when we read of ancient almsmen exchanged for corpulency and unwieldiness; of marks on the face and the body, attributed by the contending witnesses to wholly different causes; of past events detailed with minutest particularity; of recollections as to furniture, dimensions of houses, and even pictures; of a Major of infantry and a Surgeon of light cavalry who swore confidently that the claimant was the rightful heir; and of such witnesses as the late Dwarkanath Tagore and Mr. M. T. Princep, who were perfectly convinced of the entire want of resemblance, we seem to ourselves not to be poring over the records of a case which not one Englishman in a hundred has ever heard of, but to be present at the great *cause célèbre* which has tried the patience of a jury and furnished comment and conversation to countless households for the space of nearly a year. All agreed that the real Raja had a scar on his back, which had been caused by the bite of a horse. The pretender had just such a mark; but, said the prosecution, it was the effect of his falling on a piece of *kanter* as he galloped. One witness thought the Raja had an equine nose, and another that he had a Grecian one. It was urged in the claimant's favour that he laughed like the Raja, and cleared his voice before he spoke; and that he perspired freely in the cold season, when the skin is usually dry. It was contended against

him that he had six toes, and that the deceased had only the same number as other people. One man declared that he resembled Wilmamditzen, the celebrated King of Ougoin, contemporary with the Emperor Augustus. Another was of opinion that he was much more like an evil spirit. Then the prisoner had a scar on the ear, the remains of an ulcer in his mouth, a mark on the wrist, and a peculiar speck in one of his eyes, of a mahogany colour, only visible when he raised his eyelid. Again, in the course of the contest, which was very ably fought on both sides, reference was made to the precedents of unsuccessful impostors in other countries; to the French case of Martin Guerre in the sixteenth century, the particulars of which were given some time ago at full length in the *Times*, and to that of François Noyen in the same country, which occurred some time in 1762.

The result of the case was the conviction of the pseudo-Raja, but not by the Court which tried him, owing to the following legal difficulty. Until the promulgation of Lord Macaulay's Penal Code in 1860, the substantive criminal law regulating trials of persons other than Englishmen in all the Courts of the interior, save and except those established by Royal Charter, was the Mohammedan Code. We found this in force when we took on ourselves the actual duties of civil government, and, with a pardonable wish to make no violent or summary changes, we continued to try and punish criminals under it for some seventy years. It is true that its barbarities were softened and its deficiencies supplied by a series of equitable statutes; but as the basis there remained the law which had been promulgated, at one time or other, from Isfahan to Cordova. Under this system there was associated with the Sessions Judge on all commitments a dignitary termed a Moulavi, or Doctor of Mohammedan Law. His duty was to state whether an offence was punishable under the dicta of Arabic sages, and also to deliver his opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. If the Moulavi concurred with the Judge, the latter then proceeded to pass his own sentence only, as the deliverance of the Court. If the two differed, the trial was referred for the final orders of the old Sudder Court. The Judge found the accused guilty of false personation and illegal assemblage, but acquitted him of obtaining money under false pretences. The learned Mussulman would have acquitted the claimant on the charge of personation, for a reason which could only have occurred to the Oriental intellect—namely, that as it had not been proved who the defendant really was, it was not proved satisfactorily that he falsely personated the Raja. In other words, if it were not shown that Castro was really Arthur Orton, it could not be judicially decided that he falsely personated the deceased Tichborne.

Kistoll, alias Alak Shaha, after a fruitless attempt to appeal to the Privy Council, underwent his sentence, died subsequently, and is now almost forgotten. The sentence, we should state, was six months' imprisonment and 100*l.* fine. But the proceedings, as we have said, are curious and significant. The trial is an instance of the extreme audacity of a clever impostor, and of the credulity of persons who might otherwise have been thought proof against delusion and glamour. It illustrates also the conservative tendencies of the Indian Government, and the caution with which legislation dealt with ancient institutions and forms. It likewise furnishes a warning against rash zeal. We have referred to an action in which the magistrate who first attempted to arrest the prisoner was fined. The English attorney who conducted the claimant's case ventured into Bardwan, and was there arrested on the absurd charge of sedition, treated with some unnecessary rigour, and imprisoned, quite contrary to law. For this the magistrate was fined the sum of 200*l.* in the Supreme Court. We can best illustrate this part of the Bardwan case by supposing that one member of the firm conducting the case of the Tichborne Claimant had gone down into the country, had there found his Roger going about with a posse of discharged servants, professional vagrants, and pouchers from the estates, and had there and then been lodged in a gaol in Devonshire or Hampshire, on a charge of sedition against Her Majesty's Government, by some excited and indignant Justice of the Peace. The conclusion to be drawn from the proceedings which we have above analysed is obvious enough. From time to time craft and cupidity will be excited by such a tempting prize as a magnificent property, the heir to which died at a distance from home, or disappeared mysteriously by water or land. And the same odd coincidences will occur, and the same style of reasoning be resorted to, whether the trial be conducted in a Roman basilica, before M. le Président, before an Indian magistrate, or before a British jury.

#### THE COMPLETION OF ST. PAUL'S.

A RENEWED interest in the great scheme for the completion of St. Paul's following upon the Thanksgiving in that Cathedral was so naturally and obviously to be looked for that the chief concern of right-thinking men must have been lest the proceeding should bear the appearance of coining a new *cause célèbre*. Happily the general reticence, till after the Thanksgiving of those most interested in the subject has fully prevented any such blunder, and we may now regard the completion of the Cathedral of London on its own merits, as well as in connection with the ceremony of which it is likely to become the shining memorial. For us the question is anything but a new one. We took a real interest in it years ago, when Dean Milman first broached the conception, and at the time of that more systematic revival of

the project which coincided with Dean Mansel's accession we were foremost in advocating its claims. We may therefore be now excused for not tarrying to prove again how desirable it is that St. Paul's should be completed, and how disgraceful it is that its completion should have been so long delayed. The meeting which took place at the Mansion House on Monday was an eminently practical one, and we cannot do better than follow in the lines of the arguments there brought forward by giving some reasons why persons who are generally inclined to sympathize with the undertaking should accept the cautious and tentative policy adopted by its leaders, in their previous lack of means, as the best guarantee for a thorough, because calm and thoughtful, administration of the more abundant funds which are now pouring in. We believe that the reasonings of those who seek excuses for not helping a work which they will not in terms condemn are founded upon some demand for a "complete plan," which they profess to say ought to be forthcoming.

To those who urge this claim as a condition antecedent to their vouchsafing any help, we would point-out that what they ask for is impossible, except upon a scale and with a minuteness of detail which could not be attempted without a most wasteful consumption of time, money, and thought. The plan, complete or incomplete, of a new building is a simple affair; it is the presentment of something which actually does not exist. The plan for the restoration of some edifice which is at present gutted or ruinous is equally simple. But St. Paul's is not a new building, neither is it gutted or ruinous; while the larger portion of that rearrangement of fittings which its completion involves has been already effected in the restoration, with some necessary modifications, of the stalls and organ. Any "complete plan" must now deal with vertical, and not horizontal, spaces. It must sum up that substitution of marble for stone, of gilding for ingrained dirt, of windows richly glazed and carefully tinted for squalid casements, of mosaics or frescoes for naked panels, which is wanted to make Wren's masterpiece what Wren himself desired that it might become, and to render God's chief house in the largest and richest city of the world worthy of its dignity and its destination. A complete plan of so large and intricate an undertaking can only mean an indefinite number of cartoons, embodying in the fullest detail the iconography and the ornamentation of every panel, every window, and every moulding. But if this is to be done, the artist of each portion of the complicated whole must be at once chosen, and must—at an outlay which we would rather not forecast—be commissioned to stereotype his first conceptions to the restriction of the fuller thoughts of coming years. Otherwise, the complete plan will have to be drawn out, not by the artists to whose ability the permanent works are to be confided, but by some prophet of whose inspirations the selected artists will have subsequently to make themselves the exponents.

The Executive Committee, we are glad to learn, have refused to curry popular favour by the crude production of deceptive general designs based on so inartistic a principle. But they have done that which comes within the scope of legitimate forethought. They have so far matured their decorative scheme as to bring the vague projects of future embellishment into systematic unity, without hampering the free thought of the yet unselected artists. As we have shown, any series of laboured sketches now would either be fallacious or premature. But a connected scheme on paper, for the general iconographic treatment of the whole Cathedral in its future character of a grand pictorial presentment of revealed Christianity, could not be too soon completed, provided that the suggestion was not intended to bind any one, but only to exist on record for future consideration, and, it might be, modification. Such a document might become peculiarly useful as a standing protest against any capricious, haphazard, and fragmentary method of decoration, in which the donor of each patch would rather seem actuated by the wish to spoil his neighbour's contribution than to enhance the whole effect. The only difficulty about procuring such a scheme would be to find the man competent to prepare it; and here we think the Executive Committee, acting in concert with their architect, Mr. Penrose, have been very fortunate. The adviser whom they called in was Mr. Burges, who is well known for the research and enthusiasm with which he has added the study of iconography to that of architecture, and to whose capacity, some years ago, the authorities of Cologne paid the high compliment of soliciting his advice upon the artistic treatment of their now completed cathedral. The response which Mr. Burges made to the request was, as intended, in the shape of a written report, dealing with the Cathedral as a whole, and suggesting a grandiose pictorial treatment of the whole fabric, so as (style and grouping being left to the future artists) to make it an artistic embodiment of the Christian revelation. This report is now the absolute property of the men who are conducting the completion, to use as much or as little as they may think fit. But, having it, they are not steering without a compass, and at the same time they have not put themselves in the false position of having prematurely committed themselves to those details of special treatment which any commission for sketches from a painter would involve.

Of actually completed work the restored stalls, with the organ put right and left at the entrance of the choir and immediately to the east of the dome, are an excellent foretaste. That position of the organ is peculiarly convenient, as it affords the means whereby both the instrument and the capitular stalls can equally be used for the ordinary services mainly held in the choir, and for those extra occasions on which the dome is crowded

by vast congregations. The necessary sequel of the reorganised choir, the screen—probably of marble and metal, high enough to furnish the needful break between nave and choir, but light enough not to create any perceptible interruption of sight or sound—is not yet in its place, but we claim it as the next and most important instalment. Afterwards new ground will have to be broken, and we are glad to hear that, with the funds in hand, the Committee proposes in the first instance to concentrate itself upon the east end as the portion of the Cathedral mainly devoted to the purposes for which churches exist, and upon the dome as the grandest and most characteristic architectural feature of the fabric. As to the east end, we need only say that the prospect, visible all down the church, of the apse, with its conch aglow with rich mosaic, will transmute the physiognomy of the whole pile. Exception has been taken to the selection of Munich painted glass for the six windows of the apse, but for this the actual management is not responsible. Whatever may be the merit or the demerit of these windows, St. Paul's was, under a former administration, so far pledged to them, but the present Committee never had any intention of extending the use of Munich glass beyond the apse. For the completion of this part of the church a baldachino of worthy material, ample size, and graceful design, to surmount and enrich the altar, is plainly desirable, and no more worthy special gift could be offered by any one who desired to leave his special mark upon the work. As for the dome, the mosaic pictures—not satisfactory, it must be owned, as far as the two sometime executed paintings go—in the spandrels of the arches must be completed, and then will come the great achievement of replacing by bright mosaics those gloomy and depressing grisailles with which Thornhill, against Wren's protest, covered the interior dome. All these works will take time and money, but in the interval the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' grant will be available for the cleansing and reparation of the nave. We desire to be explicit in the assertion that ultimately the nave must be decorated if the national disgrace arising from the non-completion of St. Paul's is to be wiped out. But at present it may well afford to wait until those parts of the structure which have a higher practical and architectural value are first cared for. Now that the start has been made, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the enterprise can miscarry. But the Committee must not be elated by a mere financial success, nor fancy that because money comes in easily it may flow out lightly. The task which they have undertaken is one of eminently anxious responsibility, and it demands from them an heroic determination not to be content with any results short of the very best. Byzantine or Gothic treatment is plainly impossible, while the modern art which will be adopted must on the one hand not break away from the naturalism which the Renaissance evoked, nor on the other hand must it condescend to the carnality of which the Renaissance was the pioneer. We cannot well conceive a more delicate and anxious problem than such an accommodation of naturalism and religious feeling, particularly when we remember that, as in all art there are both true merit and plausible counterfeit, so especially in religious art there is an unusual danger of pretty commonplace. The reason is clear. All other art is more or less cultivated from a desire, however mistakenly expressed, for art itself; but religious art (to the personal credit of its promoters) is to no inconsiderable extent promoted for the sake of abstract religion. Consequently the employer thinks of the subject to the exclusion of the treatment of that subject, and is too apt to rest content with vapid sentimentality. There may not be very serious harm in such results in country churches, where the choice would probably lie between art which is merely passable and no art at all. But any introduction of the "goody" element into St. Paul's would be fatal. The educated world claims art in the first place, but in the second place, and even more emphatically, does it demand high art.

#### THE HOME SECRETARY IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

ONE of the ancient cities of England is seemingly, as indeed is only fair, about to be relieved at the expense of another. For some time past we have, by one odd chance or another, had our thoughts drawn very much to the north-western corner of England, to the famous City of the Legions. There seemed to be a kind of conspiracy to say strange things about Chester and Cheshire, their churches, their inhabitants, and their language. The *venue* is now changed, and that by no less a person than a Cabinet Minister, from the north-west to the south-west. The richest thing that we have seen for some time past is a saying, which may perhaps prove to be only the beginning of a series of such sayings, not about Chester, but this time about Exeter. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we might, before we get to the south-west, look in for a moment at the south-east, and ask what were the exact feelings of the church and city of Canterbury at the time of the late national thanksgiving. If the clergy and people of the Kentish metropolis are at all given to antiquarian precision of speech, they might fairly have expected that the rite was going to be performed among themselves. The Queen's Speech announced that the thanksgiving would take place in "the metropolitan cathedral." We know very well that in modern slang this form of words means St. Paul's in London; but, according to all accuracy of language, it means, when uttered in the precincts of Canterbury, Christ Church at Canterbury, and nothing else. That church, the seat of the Primate of All England and Metropolitan, is "the metropolitan cathedral," and some other south of Humber.



The Bishop of London is Dean of the Province, but he is not its Archbishop; we cannot at this time of day fall back on the speculations of Gilbert Foliot and claim metropolitan honours for the see of London on the ground of its having been the seat either of a Welsh Archbishop, or, in earlier days still, of an Archdeacon of Jupiter. No doubt "metropolitan cathedral" had a grander roll than such a simple phrase as "St. Paul's," but those who put words into the mouth of their Sovereign should stop to think what those words really mean.

But this is by the way; we have simply turned aside to look in at Canterbury; our real course leads us to Exeter. With regard to that famous city Mr. Bruce has, in a late speech in Parliament, announced a discovery which is quite equal to that of the Gaelic colony at Chester. In fact the two discoveries are closely akin. It is the irrepressible Celt who comes unexpectedly to light in both cases. Mr. Bruce's discovery, which relates to a time long past, is not at first hearing quite so startling as the notion of a Gaelic-speaking population abiding at Chester in our day; but when it is carefully weighed, it is quite as wonderful in its own way. Last Saturday the Celts had a night of it, at least part of a night, all to themselves. The groans of the Britons went up against Mr. Homersham Cox and his County Court Judgeship, and, to do the Britons justice, they do not seem to have groaned for nothing. It certainly must be better, *ceteris paribus*, to have in a Welsh County Court a Judge who can speak Welsh than one who cannot. And it is pleasing to hear from Mr. Osborne Morgan that Welsh solicitors are men of high honour, and still more pleasing to be assured by Mr. Richard that "there is no body of persons to be found more loyal to the Crown and more faithful to the existing Constitution than Welshmen." But the Britons, and the Celts generally—for we suppose that Mr. Mac-Arthur belongs to another branch of the race, or possibly to a discreet intermingling of the two—had at any rate the discretion to keep themselves within our own times. Not so the Home Secretary. Himself once a Welsh member, as his own career in that character is matter of past history, he seems to look upon Welsh affairs in general as a matter of past history also. The appointment of Mr. Cox at once carries Mr. Bruce back to the reign of Henry the Eighth, and he tries to conceive what the effect must have been on the minds of the Welsh when they first had justice administered among them in the English tongue. We might stop for a moment to ask whether the Act of Henry the Eighth made any difference to those parts of Wales which had already been made into shires in the time of Edward the First; but, however this may be, the first appearance of an English Judge to administer English justice among a people who knew no English must, whenever it happened, have been somewhat startling. In Mr. Bruce's words:—

The English system of law was first applied to Wales in the reign of Henry VIII., and the effect produced upon the minds of a people speaking Welsh exclusively by justice being administered by English-speaking Judges and barristers must have been extraordinary. In process of time the worst features of the case had undoubtedly been ameliorated, but even at the present moment anomalies still existed which were startling.

Presently, in the middle of remarks more directly bearing on the case of the County Courts, we hear a little about the appointment of Welsh clergy and Welsh bishops, and after a while we suddenly get back to past times again. We make our way gradually back. Mr. Bruce "believed that at no time since the conquest of Wales by Edward the First had there been more Welsh-speaking people than at present." It is hard to find statistics on such a point, but there can be little doubt that what Mr. Bruce says is quite true. There has been a territorial advance of the English language since the time of Edward the First, but it has been so small that it must have been more than counterbalanced by the natural increase of the Welsh-speaking population in the course of six hundred years. Mr. Bruce then takes a leap across the Bristol Channel to trace out the fate of another kindred dialect. And here comes the saying which we have treasured up as the great marvel of all:—

It was hardly one hundred years since the Cornish tongue had died out, and in the time of William Rufus the population of Exeter was so equally balanced that service in the Cathedral was directed to be performed alternately in Welsh and English.

Now we must here stop to give Mr. Bruce in the most special manner that—not benefit of clergy, but—benefit of reporters, which it is only just to give on such occasions. Possibly Mr. Bruce never said what is here printed in his name; perhaps it is all a confusion of the reporter, or even of the printer. But somebody has said it; there it is in black and white, and it has Mr. Bruce's name at the head of it. We shall therefore, having no other name to put instead, go on speaking of it as a saying of Mr. Bruce's, only adding an explanatory clause to set forth that, by the words "Mr. Bruce," we mean whoever may turn out to be the real author of the sentence, be he Home Secretary, reporter, or printer's devil. Now this statement, rightly understood and looked at all round, distinctly beats the saying about the Welshmen of Chester being preached to in their native Gaelic. To confound two Celtic tongues in this way, though a very respectable blunder as things go, is certainly not to be set on a level with the notion of the manner of worship in the eleventh century which is implied in Mr. Bruce's Exeter legend. There is something so specially charming in the notion of William Rufus, or anybody in the days of William Rufus, taking such special care to have divine service in a tongue understood of the people. There is something so thoughtful on the part of those who ordained it, so accommodating, and even self-sacrificing, on the part of those who submitted

to it, in the perfect equality thus established between the two rival tongues. To be sure the system of alternate services would have this disadvantage, that on each alternate day the Englishman or the Briton would have to choose between not going to church at all and going to a service which he did not understand. But then he might have comforted himself with the thought of his high privilege as a man of Exeter in getting even alternately a service which he did understand, in days when all Western Christendom out of Exeter, Englishmen, Britons, and everything else, had no chance of anything better than mass and vespers in unintelligible Latin. The difficulty about the alternate services might have been got over either by giving one of the nations a separate church, or by dividing the cathedral, as was done in a later age, into Upper Peter's and Lower Peter's. But to have let one nation keep the cathedral, while the other had to put up with St. Oswald's or some other inferior building, would have been a breach of the perfect equality between the two. And to cut the church in half, as the Puritans did, might have been thought likely to spoil the proportions of the building. The alternate system therefore clearly had something to be said for it. But, as described by Mr. Bruce, it had an obvious weak side. Even foreigners and conquerors have souls; and it seems hard that, while so much care was taken for both the English and the Welsh population of Exeter, no heed at all was paid to the spiritual wants of that class of the inhabitants who spoke French. Mr. Bruce's whole context shows that the word *Welsh* is not meant in a sense which would take them in, but that it is used in its common meaning of *British*. Yet in the days of William Rufus there must have been many French-speaking people in any great English city. The garrison of Rougemont had indeed their own castle chapel; but there must have been French-speaking merchants and others—French-speaking municipal dignitaries are not unlikely—who might, at the time when their tongue was so much up in the world, have not unfairly asked for a share in the cathedral alongside of their neighbours of the two conquered races. It may be that their exclusion was owing to the personal character of the reigning Bishop. Osbern, Bishop of Exeter in the days of William Rufus, was a man who stood almost by himself. He was a Norman by birth, a brother of the famous William Fitz-Osbern, Earl of Hereford. But while other Normans in England remained Norman, while many Englishmen were doing their best to turn themselves into Normans, Bishop Osbern, by the opposite process, turned himself into an Englishman. He put on the manners and feelings, and no doubt the language also, of his adopted country. Such a man might be even more likely than a native Englishman to shut out any French element from intruding within his church. And the special care for the Britons might have been handed on from the days of his predecessor Bishop Leofric, who, though English by name and German by education, is said to have been a Briton by birth.

From one point of view then, a purely local and temporary point of view, there is a certain degree of likelihood about Mr. Bruce's description of the ecclesiastical state of Exeter in the days of William Rufus. The state of things which Mr. Bruce describes really fits in very well with the personal position of two successive Bishops of Exeter at the time of which he speaks. But the arguments on the other side are overwhelming. We suspect that Mr. Bruce's description is a case of knowing too much—knowing too much within a narrow range as to time and space, and not taking a wider view of things in general. Such partial knowledge, the little learning of the poet, is proverbially dangerous. It would have been better for Mr. Montague Guest if he had not known the true original meaning of the word *wife*. So it would have been better for Mr. Bruce—for Mr. Bruce, we mean, in the Parliamentary sense which we have already defined—if he had been less familiar with the personal characters of Bishops Leofric and Osbern. From such a narrow range of study he has wrought out an *a priori* picture of what Exeter was likely to be in their days, without stopping to think whether the general condition of England and the world was such that things could be as he painted them in one particular city. We leave out of sight the small difficulty that no contemporary authority, indeed no authority at all, as far as we know, gives any account, the least like that which has been given us by the Home Secretary. We will meet *a priori* argument by *a priori* argument. Is it really possible that Mr. Bruce or his reporter—we might almost say that the printer—can have forgotten that in the days of William Rufus, and for a long time before and after, Divine Service was celebrated throughout the whole West in the Latin tongue? At a very early page of all our Prayer-books we find the complaint that "The Service in this Church of England these many years hath been read in Latin to the people, which they understand not; so that they have heard with their ears only, and their heart, spirit, and mind have not been edified thereby." One would need the very strongest evidence to prove that the Church of Exeter stood alone by itself in following a different and more reasonable usage, and that either an English or a Welsh version of mass or vespers was in use there or elsewhere. The notion, in short, is simply grotesque; it is a sign of the careless way in which even public men on public occasions allow themselves to speak. Nay more, it is one of the most amusing cases of a confusion which we have come across for some while. Mr. Bruce had evidently lighted somewhere on the statement that Exeter was once jointly inhabited by an English and a Welsh population. And so it once was, but it was a long time before the days of William Rufus. The one writer who tells us anything about it is William of Malmesbury, who speaks of the

equal occupation of the city up to the time of Æthelstan, but adds that Æthelstan drove the Welsh out, and made Exeter purely English. And we are sorry to add that this our one authority speaks of the Welsh part of the inhabitants in words which we are afraid to quote, for fear Mr. Morgan or Mr. Richard should chance to read what we are writing. As there is really no other source whence Mr. Bruce could have got any notion at all of a joint English and Welsh occupation of Exeter, we are driven to suppose, strange as it is, that he has somehow confounded the days of Æthelstan with the days of William Rufus, and has somehow forgotten that the only mention of the Welsh inhabitants is the mention of their being driven out. Whence the notion about the alternate Welsh and English services came into any man's head we have really no guess to offer, beyond the somewhat far-fetched one which we have already risked.

Why do our public men talk this kind of stuff, which might so easily be avoided, either by getting up the subjects about which they talk or by not talking about them at all? Mr. Bruce's speech is sensible enough as regards the appointment of Mr. Hlomersham Cox. But what light can be thrown on the appointment of a County Court Judge in Montgomeryshire in the reign of Victoria by questions about the language used in divine service at Exeter in the reign of William Rufus?

#### PROTECTION OF PACIFIC ISLANDERS.

THERE can be few more painful pictures than that which has been lately exhibited of the South Sea Islands, where some Englishmen labour to deliver the souls, and others to enslave the bodies, of the natives of Polynesia. It is strange that this country should send both the missionary and the kidnapper to the antipodes and should furnish simultaneously examples of exalted piety and of brutality and avarice. The murder of Bishop Patteson was provoked by outrages inflicted by Englishmen on the South Sea Islanders, and we cannot help feeling that that savage race has suffered at least as much as it has profited by its contact with civilization. A writer in a New Zealand newspaper, after describing the circumstances of the Bishop's death, remarks, "So much for your kidnapping vessels and your civilized white men. A vessel was here and took away some natives, and otherwise abused them. We being the next vessel, and the Bishop being the next white man that came this way, the natives were sure to be avenged. There is not an island we were at this cruise but we heard of vessels being there and taking away natives." The existing law has proved inadequate to restrain kidnapping, and we learn that a captain of the Royal Navy, having assisted the Consul at Fiji in arresting a vessel engaged in what is in truth a slave trade, found on bringing her to Sydney that she must be discharged, and that he was perhaps liable in damages for detaining her. The Attorney-General of New South Wales advised the Government that it was "very evident" that the captain of this vessel was engaged in the forcible abduction of natives from their homes with a view to their being taken to and left on other islands and places against their will; but it was not proved that this was done in order that these natives might be dealt with as slaves, and therefore the existing law did not apply. The Attorney-General further suggested that it might be advisable for the naval officer who had detained the ship to institute proceedings at his own expense in the Vice-Admiralty Court, in order to procure a certificate that there were reasonable grounds for the seizure. If this course were not taken, the officer might have an action brought against him by the owner of the vessel, "notwithstanding the meritorious endeavour made by him to suppress such disgraceful practices as the captain appears to have been guilty of."

Unquestionable testimony to the existence of the practice of kidnapping is furnished by Bishop Patteson himself in a memorandum concerning the means frequently adopted in the islands of the South-West Pacific to procure labourers for the Queensland and Fiji plantations. Whatever measures, he says, may be adopted to secure humane and just treatment of these islanders while in Queensland or Fiji, there is no check whatever upon the proceedings of the men engaged in procuring supplies for the labour-markets of these plantations. No regulations can prevent men, who are bound by no religious or moral restraint, from practising deception and violence to entice or convey natives on board their vessels, or from detaining them forcibly when on board. Much was said about engagements and contracts being made with these islanders. But the Bishop did not believe that it was possible for any of the traders to make a *bona fide* contract with any natives of the Northern New Hebrides and Banks and Solomon Islands. He doubted if any one of these traders could speak half-a-dozen words in any of the dialects of those islands, and he was sure that the idea of a contract could not be made intelligible to a native without a full power of communication with him. The Bishop seems to have been aware that while he was labouring in the Lord's vineyard, the Devil's kitchen was in his immediate neighbourhood. Something had been said about the benefit to the islanders by bringing them into contact with civilization. What kind of civilization they might see on the plantations he did not know, neither had he seen many natives who had returned to their homes. But he could not remember any instance of any one of these natives exhibiting any proof of his having received any benefit from his "contact with civilization," much less of his conferring any benefit upon his people. The Bishop appropriately refers to the African slave trade, which might

have been described as a process for bringing negroes into contact with civilization. That trade was nevertheless put down as a thing evil in itself, a disgrace to humanity, and a practical repudiation of Christianity. It is remarkable that the Bishop protested, as if in anticipation of his own fate, against any punishment being inflicted upon natives of these islands who might cut off vessels or kill boats' crews, until it should be clearly shown that these acts were not done in the way of retribution for outrages first committed by white men.

The lamented Bishop has forcibly answered the argument derived from the supposed benefit to these islanders of "contact with civilization." It may be usefully remembered that this argument was employed, much to his own satisfaction, by the pious princes of Portugal who first established the modern slave trade with Africa, and it would have been entirely conclusive with these Englishmen who under Queen Elizabeth engaged in the same business, if indeed they had ever had any misgivings, which they probably had not, as to the moral and religious character of the enterprise in which they were engaged. They enriched themselves at the same time that they extended the influence of Christianity, and thus by a fortunate arrangement they were able at once to serve God and mammon. If we look at the other side—for of course there is another side—to this question of deportation of South-Sea Islanders, we shall understand how the African slave trade was regarded by Englishmen who were engaged in it. Negro labour was wanted in the West Indies, and negroes were much better fed and treated on a plantation than they would have been in Africa. As regards suffering on the voyage, that was greatly mitigated by the desire of the captain of the slave to deliver his cargo of human cattle in good condition; and as to the severity of punishment for idleness or insubordination, of which the Abolitionists made so much, if you once assume the necessity of a system it is surprising how soon you learn to acquiesce in whatever appears requisite for maintaining it. The officers of our army and navy in the great war were humane gentlemen, yet they administered a discipline which now appears to us barbarous. Of course, in the slave trade, as in these deportations, whatever could not be proved was denied. We find in the recent Blue Book a statement of a girl who was deported which looks very like truth. There was only one person on board the vessel who could speak her language, and he told her that if when she got to Fiji she said that she had been stolen, she would be flogged. An Englishman or American who engages in such a business soon hardens himself to its supposed necessities; and when we read of the conduct of Spaniards who compelled the American Indians to work in gold or silver mines, we may moderate our indignation by remembering that deportation has been declared indispensable to the prosperity of cotton and sugar growing in Queensland and Fiji. A speaker in the Legislative Council of New Zealand expressed his belief that no compulsion had been used in the introduction of islanders into Queensland, and he laid particular stress upon the fact that an English nobleman was governor of that colony. We are quite sure that Lord Normanby is thoroughly earnest in all his expressions of anxiety for the protection of these islanders; but it is manifest that the mischief, if there be any, is done to them before they reach Queensland. The supposition that these islanders enter freely and intelligently into contracts for their own deportation is rather weakened by the statement that the agent holds up three fingers to a native who signs, or is believed to sign, assent, and this is understood to mean an engagement for three years' work in a plantation. If the native alleged that he meant to stipulate for three meals a day, his interpretation would be as plausible as that of the agent. The difficulty of ascertaining what agreements have been made, and how they have been performed, will be diminished as knowledge of the languages of the islanders increases among Englishmen. In this respect, as in many others, the loss of Bishop Patteson will be long and deeply felt. We must remark, however, that the testimony even of the most pious and devoted missionary ought to be accepted with some caution in proof of a charge of kidnapping against an emigration agent, and it would be satisfactory to place a control over these deportations in the hands of some officer of Government whose means of knowledge should be ample and his impartiality unquestionable. In imposing penalties the accused would have the benefit of any doubt; but unless a free contract were clearly proved, it would be both policy and justice to give immigrants an opportunity of returning home.

Complication is introduced into this subject by the fact that Fiji has sometimes a Government and sometimes not. The Government, when there happens to be one, must of course be addressed by other Governments in usual form, and thus the Foreign Office, as well as the Colonial Office, emits and receives despatches which are necessarily published in the blue-books. We are happy to learn from a despatch of the Prime Minister of Fiji to Lord Granville of the 8th of June last, that "the assumption of responsible government in Fiji affords its Ministers an opportunity of seconding the efforts made by the British Government to place the introduction of Polynesian labourers under salutary regulations." Mr. Sydney Charles Bush, Premier of Fiji, had much pleasure in communicating to Lord Granville, and doubtless Lord Granville had equal pleasure in being informed of the intention of His Majesty King Calakau's Executive to deal with this question without delay, and to frame proper regulations for the management of Polynesian labourers within the King's dominions. The Government of King Calakau, and the English and American planters who work that convenient machine,

have not discovered the importance of this subject at all too soon, because the civilized world could tolerate the failure of cotton-planting and responsible government in Fiji rather than the continuance of the atrocities by which labourers for these plantations have been hitherto procured among the other islands of the South Pacific Ocean. It would not suffice merely to suppress the business of deportation under the British flag, because it appears that vessels carrying the flags of France, Germany, and the United States have been implicated in similar proceedings. But it is the duty of this country to set an example by punishing its own subjects, and a Bill has been accordingly brought into the House of Commons for the protection of the islanders. There is another practice, called in the blue-book "skull-hunting," which is even more atrocious than that of kidnapping labourers, because it is difficult to understand how the most hardened avarice can deceive a ship's owner or captain as to the character of the act of conveying natives of one island to another in order that they may obtain skulls of its inhabitants as trophies of their cunning and audacity. We are not surprised to find that the sentiments of owners and captains of small trading vessels are represented by some of the Australian newspapers, who denounce missionaries as humbugs who pay when they can for native labour in "spiritual coin," and object to traders who offer hardware and calico for a day's work. The opposition between planters and traders on the one hand, and clergy on the other, dates from the time when a pious Bishop appealed to the Crown of Spain on behalf of the oppressed races of America. A protector of the natives is as necessary now as it was three centuries ago, and the question is still open to debate whether on the whole barbaric races have gained or lost by contact with civilization. The missionaries allege that every man or woman in the islands is married at an early age, and therefore deportation, even if really voluntary, involves rupture of the marriage bond. This, however, is perhaps an application of European ideas almost as premature as that which is involved in the supposition that all deportations are or can be based upon free contract. The planters of Queensland and Fiji may probably find their operations impeded by the legislation which is now proposed, but they may usefully remember that a prosperity created by means similar to those used formerly in the West Indies would almost certainly be followed by similar decay.

#### FIRE.

THERE are, as Mr. Henley lately remarked in the House of Commons, two sides to every question, and therefore we ought not to be surprised to find that something has been said in favour of the Match-tax which Mr. Lowe proposed, and which we had believed to be universally condemned. Mr. McLagan, in discoursing upon the origin of fires, attributes blame to people who use matches, and also to people who smoke cigars and pipes. Mr. Lowe's colleagues will certainly not be tempted by this unexpected laudation of the Match-tax to allow him to revive it, but he might perhaps obtain their consent to his making another equally bold financial experiment by proposing a tax upon smokers. This class, which Mr. McLagan describes as most indifferent to the comfort of others and to the consequences of their own bad habit, deserve, in the opinion of the speaker and of others like him, to be persecuted to the verge of extirpation. A proposal for taxing smokers would certainly be supported by a party which, although numerically small, is formidable for its resolute fanaticism, whereas the Match-tax was supported only by Mr. Lowe himself. The class of smokers in railway-carriages and other public places make themselves only too conspicuous, and therefore if a tax were imposed upon them it could not be evaded. Indifference to the comfort of others might continue to be displayed by the devotees of tobacco, but a sweet revenge might be taken by those whom he annoyed by calling upon him to produce his licence. A proposal which would excite the vehement hostility of a large class whom it injuriously affected would almost certainly be approved by Mr. Lowe, and therefore it is perhaps not impossible that he might adopt Mr. McLagan's hint and propose a tax on smokers. A speaker who followed Mr. McLagan in the debate remarked that the danger from lucifer-matches was increased a hundredfold when they ignited anywhere but on the box. Later in the afternoon Mr. Bruce arose and congratulated the House on the useful character of the discussion; but, considering that neither smoking nor the use of matches is likely to be restrained by law, we should like to be favoured with Mr. Bruce's notion of a discussion which is not useful.

The Report on which Mr. McLagan's Bill is founded appeared in 1867. It cannot be said that the habit of smoking, or that of using matches, has diminished in the interval. The need of legislation has certainly not grown less by the lapse of time; but, so far as we can discern, nothing would be even now proposed to be done if Mr. McLagan had not happened to take a special fancy to the subject. He is complimented on his able speech, and his Bill is read a second time, and Mr. Bruce promises him "every assistance." This, however, is one of the subjects which a vigorous Government would not leave to a private member. The Bill proposes to enact that coroners, or other officers to be specially appointed, shall hold inquiries respecting fires. The Bill does not interfere with the existing jurisdiction of Coroners, so that, supposing a fire to have caused death, there would be first the

regular inquest by the Coroner on the body of the deceased, and then the inquiry under the Bill either by the Coroner or by a special officer. If a Coroner's jury return a verdict of wilful murder or manslaughter against any person under the existing law, that person may be tried upon the Coroner's inquisition; but the results of inquiries under the Bill would be valueless except perhaps as materials for articles in newspapers. It might be expected that when a considerable enlargement is proposed of the duties of an ancient officer like the Coroner, an attempt would be made to fit the proposed change neatly into the existing law. But this is the kind of work which a private member can hardly be required to undertake. The Bill provides that the inquiry shall be held by the Coroner without a jury. He is to take evidence and make a report, and to transmit the same to the clerk to the magistrates for the place where the fire happened, and that is all. There is a curious provision that "a Coroner, or any other person," shall not be liable to any action in respect of the making or publication "in good faith" of any report or evidence. As regards the Coroner, or any witnesses that may appear before him, this provision is unnecessary. But possibly it is meant to encourage the editors of newspapers to publish the Coroner's reports of inquiries, which otherwise would be in danger of mouldering in the obscurity of a magistrate's clerk's office. A Coroner, we will suppose, makes a report in which he expresses his opinion that a barrister set fire to his chambers through dimness of sight and unsteadiness of hand produced by copious potations. This report is transmitted to the magistrate's clerk of the district, and is also published in the newspapers. The law as it stands does not punish a man for coming home late at night and rather the worse for liquor and mismanaging a candlestick. The Coroner's report, therefore, would not be followed by a prosecution, in which the accused might establish his innocence; and if he attempted to arrive at the same result by bringing an action against a newspaper which had published the report, this provision of the Bill would stop him. If, however, the newspaper had published any comment on the report, it would depend for protection on the law irrespectively of this Bill. Supposing that the barrister had returned in perfect sobriety from a Social Science meeting, and that the fire had been caused by his laundress's negligent use of matches, the publication of this report would be rather hard upon the barrister; but he must submit to individual injury for the public good. The Parliamentary Committee on whose Report the Bill is founded recommended that where a fire has been proved to have been caused by the culpable carelessness of any person, "such person should be deemed guilty of a punishable offence." But Mr. McLagan has not attempted to embody this proposal in his Bill, and indeed he would require the "best assistance" of Mr. Bruce to enable him to do so in a manner satisfactory to lawyers. Among usual causes of fires are leaving clothes to dry or placing wood upon the hob at night to be ready to light the fire in the morning. The people who thus cause fires usually suffer by them in property, and perhaps in person, so that we need not greatly regret that the law cannot be made to reach them. But Mr. McLagan might, if he had thought fit, have introduced a clause into his Bill making reading in bed a misdemeanour, punishable by imprisonment. As his Bill stands, it will only incur the penalty of being commented upon in a Coroner's Report. The subject of matches appears to be beyond the control either of civil or criminal legislation. The Committee of 1867 was of course presided over by Mr. McLagan, who has been waiting patiently until the Reform Bill and the Irish Church and Land Bills having passed, the House of Commons has leisure for legislation on the "dangerous and careless use of lucifer-matches." We find, on turning to the Draft Report which Mr. McLagan submitted to the Committee, that it contained a statesmanlike exposition of the principles which ought to guide Parliament in dealing with the trade in matches. "It has been suggested," says the Report, "that a tax should be laid on lucifer-matches, or that all those selling them should take out a licence for so doing." The Committee think that either of these suggestions would seriously interfere with a most important branch of industry without producing the desired results. "They would rather recommend that the attention of the public should be directed to the much greater safety of those matches which ignite only on the surface of the outside of the box in which they are contained, and it is hoped that through time these matches will come into general use, and entirely supersede those which ignite through friction on any rough surface." We regret to say that this gem of Parliamentary composition has remained unnoticed in a blue-book now nearly five years old. Mr. McLagan's colleagues on the Committee first proposed to amend his paragraph, and then struck it out altogether. Perhaps they thought that a Report of a Committee of the House of Commons ought not to be made the means of puffing a particular manufacture. If the Report had passed as the Chairman drew it, the next step would probably have been to move a resolution of the House of Commons that the only safe matches are those which light upon the box. The amendment proposed to the paragraph was as remarkable as the paragraph itself. "Your Committee are of opinion that the imposition of a small tax on common lucifer-matches (those which ignite by friction almost anywhere, and are consequently so dangerous in the hands of children and heedless persons) would produce a considerable revenue, and by slightly increasing their price produce a more careful use of such matches." We must say that a House of Commons to which such a Report

as this could have been addressed would have called loudly for reform. But the absurd paragraph and the equally absurd amendment were alike rejected by the common sense of the majority of the Committee. The amendment was in substance adopted into Mr. Lowe's Budget of last year, and the paragraph which embodied Mr. McLagan's favourite idea was not forgotten in the debate of Wednesday last.

Fraudulent incendiarism is doubtless an increasing crime. It is favoured by the reluctance of Insurance Companies to acquire a character for disputing claims, and it is likely to be checked by the inquiries which this Bill would authorise. Some years ago Coroners assumed to investigate the causes of fires as part of their ancient jurisdiction. But the Court of Queen's Bench decided that this jurisdiction did not exist. Mr. McLagan described his Bill as establishing that as law which this decision set aside; but this is hardly correct, because, if the Coroner proceeded, as in case of an inquest into the cause of death held *super vium corporis*, he would summon a jury, and with their assistance prepare an inquisition upon which an accused person might be put on trial, as in a case of murder. A Coroner exercising his ordinary jurisdiction enjoys the same immunity from actions for libel as other public functionaries; and if a newspaper publishes and comments on the proceedings at an inquest, it obtains by law or custom a sufficient protection from vexatious litigation. It is proposed by Mr. McLagan that a Coroner shall exercise this now or restored jurisdiction with all the powers and privileges which he usually enjoys; and if this proposal has been imperfectly effected by the Bill, it will be the duty of Government either to stop the Bill or to improve it.

#### FAULTS OF VISION IN TURNER AND MULREADY.

ARTISTS naturally flocked in unusual numbers to hear M. Liebreich discourse last week at the Royal Institution on "The Effect of certain Faults of Vision on Painting, with especial reference to Turner and Mulready." The lecturer is well known as an oculist, and so high is his repute in Paris that M. Thiers the other day, when suffering from an affection of the eyes, asked him to come over from London. M. Liebreich therefore takes a pathological view of art; indeed, we were almost prepared to hear from him that art genius is but a form of disease. Yet much of his lecture was not only startling, but true. It seems indeed little else than a truism that short sight and long sight, that keen sight and dim sight, must affect an artist and his work. It also is easy to believe that the eye with advancing years undergoes functional and structural changes which impair the clear definition of outline, or throw disorder into colour. The lecturer's attention was first directed to these chronic changes by two pictures by Mulready, both in the Kensington Museum—replicas known respectively as "Brother and Sister," and "The Young Brother," painted at an interval of twenty-one years. The earlier work is comparatively grey, tender, and quiet; the later is hotter, deeper, stronger; and the theory is that the painter's eye with advancing age lost its normal condition, that the lens became coloured, or rather discoloured, as by a yellow film. The possibility of such a change need not be called in question, but the specific case adduced is far from being sufficiently strong or conclusive. We have again examined the later work, executed at the age of seventy, and we fail to find loss of power or want of balance. We may mention also that Mr. Ruskin, who denounced the picture when exhibited in the Academy as frivolous in motive, recognized "an exquisite play of colour in the flesh," and admitted that "the colour of the whole was pure."

The pictures of Mulready, which extend over a period of more than half a century, are in fact singularly exempt from discrepancies or abrupt transitions; the shadows may be too purple, the lights too ruddy, but these defects were from the first inherent to a manner which the master year by year studiously matured. We remember with interest a conversation with the painter shortly before his death, the drift whereof was to show that such works as "The Choice of the Wedding-Gown," painted at the age of sixty, and perhaps the artist's masterpiece, had been long and anxiously considered, that the method employed was most deliberate, that the forms and the colours were balanced and adjusted with anxious forethought. We confess therefore that we have some difficulty in realizing the "faults of vision" imputed to Mulready; not indeed that he had no faults, for, just as every mind is supposed to be insane on certain points, so it may be assumed that all vision is in some degree distorted or discoloured. But the question strikes us as one of original idiosyncrasy rather than of accidental insanity or disease. Yet the theory, whether sustained or refuted by the facts adduced, seems to admit of easy illustration or explanation. Let us suppose a person to put on a pair of yellow spectacles. The effect is assumed to be, and we think correctly, that the yellows in a landscape or in a picture, unless extra strong, would be scarcely recognized, and that the blues also, unless very decisive, would be neutralized. The consequence seems to follow that the painter would throw ultra force into both yellow and blue; though against this supposition it must not be forgotten that the spectacles, or the crystalline lens as the case may be, would discolour precisely in the same degree the tones in nature and the pigments on the palette. At all events, the lecturer is, we think, wrong in his choice of painters; Mulready, as we have shown, does not serve his purpose, while Turner, as we shall see, is adduced in support of a distinct theory.

Turner, it might have been supposed, would serve as an ultra ex-

ample of the assumed law that in late life the lens of the eye becomes preternaturally yellow. It is hard indeed to conceive of a more painful contrast than that presented by grey, pearly works such as "The Frosty Morning," exhibited in 1813, and inflamed and fevered compositions like "The Angel Standing in the Sun," painted thirty-three years later. There is a disease called colour blindness; but Turner's affection was nothing short of colour madness; his latest works are incoherent ravings. M. Liebreich, however, did not dwell on these obvious aberrations; he insisted chiefly on certain supposed malformations in the cornea or the lens whereby perpendicular lines are elongated, and horizontal lines broken in their continuity, so that all forms become blurred and indistinct. The lecturer amused, if he did not convince, his audience by experiments which seemed to show that a change of lens transmutes an early Turner into a late Turner. The speculative oculist might have further fortified his case by adducing the change in the manner of David Cox; the early drawings of this artist are sharp in touch and defined in outline, while his later effusions are vague as clouds in dreamland. It may be objected that it is not easy to understand how Turner could for many years remain oblivious to the startling fact that the sun and the moon were no longer for him round. An artist of the smallest common sense would at once put his picture right. And thus once more we recur to the doubt whether Turner and Mulready did not deliberately, and with definite purpose, contract the mannerisms which the lecturer would identify with physical disease. Certainly the elongation of trees into the upper sky served a purpose, just as the tall and attenuated trees of Raffaello and Perugino aided the general composition. Again, long reflections in Venetian waters, and a soft haziness of outline in the palaces and gondolas, with a scintillation of colour at given focuses, though a treatment often pushed to excess, had an obvious intention. Turner strove to paint sunlight, he endeavoured to put upon canvas an atmosphere palpitating with heat, sunbeams wherein every dancing mote was burnished gold or fervid fire. We remember sailing on the Bay of Naples when, for the space of half an hour, this peculiar effect passed over the waters. The remark was made, "Nature has at last reached Turner"; for a whole life the artist had striven to realize this poetic aspect, which perhaps few besides himself had cared to analyse and understand. It requires care then lest, as we have said, genius itself should be denounced as a disease. What would become of poetry or art if oculists should insist on treating as a serious malady "the eye with fine frenzy rolling"? The lecturer spoke with pity of congenial minds that received with rapture the last extravagance of Turner or Beethoven. Some compassion, however, might fairly be extended to cold critics who deny to an artist or his work a soul because of some small fault of vision. Byron may have been the worst of critics; certainly he was neither calm nor cool; but, what was better, his imagination took fire when brought into contact with the beauties of nature or art. Yet we fear he might have alarmed his oculist when, in the presence of the Venus de' Medici, he exclaimed, "We have eyes, blood, pulse," "the heart reels," "dazzled and drunk with beauty." The relation between the passions and the arts has never been rightly considered. History, we believe, would show that great artists have strong passions; and especially an eye for colour is identified with fervid imagination, the love of music, and lives brimful of pleasure. Titian and his brethren of Venice are cases in point. But Titian's eye did not conform to the law laid down by the lecturer; it became grey instead of yellow, as may be seen by a picture in the Academy of Venice, painted beyond the age of ninety. In fact, the strongest colour pictures have been given to the world not by old men, but by men in their full prime faring sumptuously. The Venetians were addicted to festivity; Rubens lived as a prince. The lecturer's theory is not borne out by the majority of painters in their decline; for the most part when the sun of life sets the horizon is grey; seldom are the heavens golden.

M. Liebreich stated that he could walk through a picture gallery, and point out the disease of the eye under which the painters were severally suffering. In France he naturally pitched on M. Ziem, whose furiously coloured Venetian scenes might indicate an abnormal condition as incurable as that of Turner. In London it would appear that artists' eyes are far from what they should be. The lecturer says that in our Royal Academy some pictures show a vertical eye, others the horizontal blur, while other compositions are distinct and detailed, generalised and slurred according as the painter may be far or near sighted. One example more egregious than the rest was pointed out; an artist, it would appear, had painted not only houses in sunshine red and in shadow green, but had actually thrown a green shade on the backs of some cows. The lecturer stated that he had had occasion to examine the eyes of various artists, and we can well believe that a short-sighted or long-sighted crystalline lens would show itself in the distinctness, or the want of distinctness, in the distance or foreground of a picture. But here we may observe generally of the oculist's supposed discoveries that what is not new is true, while what is new is at any rate dubious. We may further remark that the inconvenience of short sight has been so fully recognized that a considerable percentage of our population have already provided themselves with the simple optical instrument known as a pair of spectacles. In like manner the dimness of vision consequent on old age has been equally ascertained and ameliorated. In England, at any rate, we scarcely needed the appearance of prophet or philosopher to tell us of these but too obvious infirmities. It would be more to the purpose if the



precise organic causes of complex conditions, such as colour blindness, could be demonstrated. The number of persons who are incapable of distinguishing between the complementary colours of red and green is so considerable that art must suffer, and some practical functions in life may occasionally fall into confusion; yet a man who finds himself blind after any sort will scarcely choose as his calling the painting of pictures or the working of railway signals. But how a person may to the end of his days be the victim of his vision receives amusing illustration in the well-known story that once upon a time John Dalton walked into the Quakers' Meeting at Manchester with a pair of flaming red stockings beneath his knee-breeches. The British Association, we believe, took the incident into serious consideration; but unfortunately M. Liebreich was not present.

Many important points the lecturer could not even glance at in the brief space of sixty minutes. It was unfortunate, for instance, that he made no allowance for the distinction between art and nature, especially in the province of colour. Notes which we have taken on the frescoes in the Vatican show, for example, that Raffaele, in the painting of draperies, used red as the shadow of green, and the Venetians capriciously, or rather purposely, sported with pigments prismatically, and never aimed at literal imitation of nature, except in a transcendental sense. We have often wished for a machine whereon, as upon a disc, we might whirl a Venetian or some other radiant composition round as fast as a spinning-top; thus all the colours would be blended into one prevailing tone, and that tone, if the lecturer's theory be correct, should correspond with the colour of the artist's eye lens. Such an experiment would probably go to prove that Turner had in late life a jaundiced eye; but if a picture of the middle period, such as "Crossing the Brook," were put on the wheel, the resultant tone would be a bluish grey, which might come to near accord with a normal eye balanced to white light. Human vision and outward nature are in complete and exquisite keeping; in fact, however positive and prismatic are the colours present, there is always a struggle and seeking for repose in white light and grey shadow; nature and art alike need the balance of a completed chord. In what way want of balance in a painter's vision may be set right it is not very easy to say; for disease or age there can be but palliatives; for a lens too yellow, glasses of a complementary colour—some tone of purple—might be recommended. But nothing is more easy to set wrong or more difficult to put right than what is technically known as "an eye for colour." Even a cold in the head will throw a painter's colour all out, and drink, late hours, and other dissipation deteriorate his pictures as much as his character. A sensitive eye for colour is, in fact, often the slave of the stomach, the victim of diseased digestion. But when faults in art vision are not organic, but merely functional, they may be rectified by any régime which improves the general health. We have known, for example, that a walk before breakfast clears the eye for colour; and a painter the other day told us that when jaded by overwork nothing so soon restored his sense of harmony as a turn into his conservatory; the complementary relations between a leaf and a flower, as in the common red geranium, range through the entire gamut; to pass the eye over such contrasted harmonies is like practicing scales. It is no new idea that all the senses are one and indivisible. Professor Hamilton, in fact, held with reason that every sense is but a phase of touch. At any rate an artist's eye for colour does not seem to be so much an isolated instrument as an organ which represents the whole man. The metaphors used in ordinary speech indicate that colour may be subject to every sense and respond to each mental emotion; thus we speak of hot and cool colour, of quiet and even of loud colour, also of sweet, delicious, and luscious colour; and then, again, colour may be passionate and voluptuous, as in the figures of Etty and the works of the Venetians generally. It is evident that M. Liebreich has treated of but a small section of a large subject, and, while thanking him for his suggestive discourse, we incline, after weighing the evidence, to return the verdict of not proven.

## REVIEWS.

### DU SAULLE ON PERSECUTION-MADNESS.\*

THE able work of Dr. du Saule throws the light of the widest and fullest knowledge of mental disease upon one of the special phases of the constitutional tendency to madness. There is a whole group of cases in which the morbid and uncontrollable craving for secrecy and self-concealment comes as one of the symptoms or indications most frequently to be observed, and requiring to be most definitely analysed in relation to the influences generally predisposing to aberration. The author's official position as physician to perhaps the most important lunatic asylum in Europe has afforded him exceptional advantages for the study of this branch of morbid psychology, while the long list of books in which he has embodied the results of his experience will be some proof, to those to whom the name and services of the writer are less known than they are in his own country, of the zeal and industry which he has during many years brought to bear upon his task.

From the earliest times it had been the custom to distinguish the two broad classes of general and special madness. It became later the fashion to subdivide the victims of partial madness into those whose notions took a joyous or lively turn, and those who became sad or brooding. By Pinel all the cases of partial insanity were brought together, without distinction, under the common category of melancholy. Esquirol, aiming at greater precision, recognised two forms of partial disorder, which he termed lypemania and monomania; but in the application of his method he left so great an element of confusion that Baillarger, with a view to obviating it, proceeded to subdivide Esquirol's lypemania into two classes—first, that of the depressed and moody, liable to develop in extreme cases into utter stupor or insensibility; secondly, that in which melancholy took a more acute character, issuing in various forms of active monomania. Scientific precision, however, it was clear, called for a further step onwards in the pathology of the subject. It was of importance, at all events, to detach certain natural groups or classes from the too wide and crowded divisions under which the authorities had drawn up the increasing ranks of the insane. To one of these the able monograph of M. du Saule, *Le Délire des Persecutions*, is devoted. The idea of being persecuted, of having one's steps dogged or haunted by enemies, frequent as it is in its occurrence, and clearly as it is distinguished by its symptoms or characteristics, is included by implication in the melancholy of Pinel, the lypemania of Esquirol, and the sad or gloomy monomania of Baillarger. M. du Saule proceeds to trace it throughout. He studies it in its various aspects by the light of all the phenomena which bear upon it, and he makes of it a species of madness by itself, invested with the importance due to a class of mental disorder which in Paris alone extends on an average to five hundred cases a year. His book has been compiled, he tells us, from his notes of lectures to the practical class of the hospital, published at the request of the physicians and students, founded upon a personal study of cases at the municipal asylum, and aided by the unpublished observations of twenty years left by Professor Lasègue. The registers of the Prefecture of Police, as well as those of the Bicêtre, supplied a further quantity of material, out of which, after careful elimination, a large mass of scientific facts has been brought together full of deep and lively interest to the public, while of the utmost significance and value to the philosophical student of mental disease.

What are the general signs or symptoms which betoken what, for lack of a neater term, we must call "persecution-madness," or the notion of being for ever threatened, watched, or haunted by secret foes? The observations of M. Lasègue, strengthened by those of Dr. du Saule, make it possible to trace these in numerous instances from the first moment that the idea of persecution fixes upon a mind which has hitherto shown itself not otherwise than sane. From the moment when the cloud of suspicion crosses it, the element of insanity gives to the feelings and the conduct of the victim a direction wholly different from that which would be followed by a person of sound intelligence. The suspicions and fears which prompt a sane man to seek the cause or motive of his being followed or haunted, to trace the authors and instigators of his persecution, to meet and rebut their plots or charges, and with this view to invite the counsel and co-operation of others in unravelling and exposing the conspiracy, lead the victim of mania, on the contrary, even if he invites confidence and sympathy, to start with an absolute conviction of the fact, so as to need no proof of the existence of the conspiracy against him. Though he may protest that he knows nothing that he has done to call for it, his wonder at its existence never goes beyond the point of protest and complaint. The smallest circumstances confirm his suspicions; the very attempt to combat and dispel his illusions only gives them a new quarter on which to fix. What was at first a vague sense of uneasiness, a general idea of things going wrong, settles itself by degrees into a definite channel, in which the whole thoughts and emotions get absorbed. In some cases real and grave misfortunes or mental shocks have gone before and predisposed to this alienation of the reason. But in others no predisposing cause is to be traced. The vague presentiment of threatened evil will indeed be filled up by the mind in some way connected with previous habits, experiences, or pursuits. Commercial rivalry will be the bugbear in one case, political opposition and cabals in another, mysterious diseases, occult poisonings, sudden fits or accidents will harass a third. If he does not actually hear voices in the air, or see palpable shapes which mock or menace him, the most trivial incident has a meaning for one so possessed. The smile or laugh of a passer-by is taken as a personal insult. Any casual remark will seem to apply to, or to threaten, him. The tolling of a bell sounds his death-warrant, or the moaning of the wind his funeral elegy. A group standing near will be proof enough of a deadly conspiracy. If given to scientific pursuits, he will perhaps think himself the victim of some subtle influence, electric or chemical, or he may suspect his food to be drugged, or secret mechanism to be placed under his bed. In the middle ages the wretch thus persecuted would believe himself to be possessed by demons or evil spirits, to be under the spells of sorcerers or witches, or sold to foul, malignant, and unearthly powers. In these days the imaginary foe more probably takes the form of secret societies, or occult social or political enemies. Sometimes a single enemy attracts the whole force of suspicion, jealousy, or hate, in which case murder is the too common result of the madman's passions. The murder of Archbishop Sibour was the

\* *Le Délire des Persecutions*. Par le Dr. Léonard du Saule, Lauréat de l'Institut de France, Médecin de l'Asile de Bicêtre, &c. Paris: Henri Plon. 1871.

result of this brooding on the part of Verger over his imaginary wrongs:—

Si le délire revêt enfin la forme la plus grave et la plus terrible, le malade se complait dans une solitude calculée: il se soustrait à toute préoccupation étrangère, s'éloigne du commerce des hommes et s'isole absolument du contact des affaires mondaines. Ayant peur d'être empoisonné, il change chaque jour de fournisseurs; il achète et prépare lui-même ses aliments, et va se délecter en tapinois à la borne-fontaine, car qui sait ce que renfermerait une bouteille? Soupçonneux, sombre et taciturne, il fuit le bruit et la foule; il se met aux aguets, épie et commente les actes, les paroles, les gestes ou le regard de ceux qui l'approchent, et, au milieu des trames d'un qui-vive perpétuel, il reste volontiers à l'affût de la méchanceté nouvelle qui va être imaginée contre sa personne. D'une longanimité en apparence résignée, il assimile silencieusement les hostilités qui l'atteignent et il les échange avec la secrète préméditation d'une terrible représaille à venir. Il y a plus: il se construit *in petto* son propre piédestal, et, dans son échange constant de communications intimes avec lui-même, il s'émoussaille des colères qu'il allume, des ressentiments qu'il suscite, des orages qu'il déchaîne. Ne le consolez pas; jaloux d'une douleur qu'il savoure, il la veut sans partage et se séquestre avec elle.

Un jour cependant, la mesure est comble et l'exaspération arrive. La résignation apparente a fait son temps, l'heure de la rébellion a sonné. Deux moyens, tout d'abord, se présentent: sortir volontairement de la vie, et, dans une déclaration suprême, rejeter sur ses ennemis la déshonorante responsabilité de ce suicide lentement provoqué par eux seuls, ou s'armer d'un fer homicide et assassiner le chef supposé du complot, dont une opiniâtre hallucination de l'ouïe a dévoilé toute la trame.

In the numerous cases by which M. du Saulle illustrates and enforces his views of this kind of mental alienation, almost every phase which the morbid imagination in question is wont to assume will be found exemplified in actual experience. Suicide in perhaps the majority of cases forms the readiest and most common mode of the victim's attempted escape. In others wild and often ingenious modes of flight and concealment are his resource. We are not going to speculate upon the possible solution that may thus be found for a mysterious disappearance which of late agitated society at home, confirmed as this hypothesis might be by the report of "wander-madness" manifested by Bauer, the missing Russian, at a former period of his life. We are far from laying it down that the explanation of his strange conduct will ever be traced to an ubullition in a particular form of what we have been taught by Dr. du Saulle to regard as persecution-mania. But with the facts before us which our author's wide experience has brought together, and with the pathological reasoning which he has with so much consistency and force brought to bear upon them, we feel the less need to waste our energies of fancy or harrow up our feelings by raw head and bloody bones' apparitions of Russian Vehm-gerichts sitting in London, and of men hale of body and sound in intellect and will being spirited away from railway stations, with not a trace of their corporeal or worldly remains coming to light. It may be that the missing man is yet to turn up safe and sound, as in the ridiculous case of Speke. In the meanwhile, if we must needs choose between two hypotheses, we had rather look for the solution of the puzzle to the records and the principles of science, than to any wild theory of bloody rites whereby a relentless and invisible Skoptzina inflicts upon its members the alternative of an inscrutable death or of fidelity to the precedent set by one who has been canonized, for the first time within our knowledge, by the *Spectator* of February 17, as "St. Origen."

In an appendix to his work Dr. du Saulle gives us the benefit of his professional opinion as to the mental state of the inhabitants of Paris under the exciting series of events which marked the progress of the recent campaign and the siege of the capital. Contrary to what must have been the general impression, he is prepared with figures and observations which set aside the idea of any great and abnormal addition to the numbers of the insane. Political revolutions and catastrophes have no effect, he argues, save upon minds predisposed to disorder, in which case they only precipitate an inevitable result. Any other cause of excitement would have had an effect no less violent than that of the fall of a throne or a street fusillade. The greatest social disturbances have but a slight influence upon the mental condition of a people, for the simple reason that they are transient. From 1847 to 1854 the number of insane patients admitted at the Bicêtre varied no more than in proportion to the oscillation of the population of Paris during that period. In an asylum containing 1,000 lunatics, M. Morel could find but five who had gone out of their minds from political excitement. Such few cases as M. Belhomme had marked in 1848 were traceable, our author is convinced, to predisposition. A more prolonged and gradual influence is needed, he represents, to overthrow the normal power of the brain. That the cases of mental alienation throughout France have increased in a lamentable proportion he admits as a fact, but he attributes it to laxity of moral training, to vicious methods of instruction, to the want of all belief, to the low moral tone of literature, to the culture of egotism, and material indulgence of all kinds; to the thirst for gold, with its accompanying evils of reckless speculation, violent ups and downs of fortune, and frantic fear or hope, not to speak of excesses in drink and orgies of various kinds. In the terrible chronicle of the siege which Dr. du Saulle's professional figures supply, nothing is more striking than the number of young workmen between seventeen and twenty-two years of age brought in suffering from acute alcoholism. Inventors of all sorts of ridiculous schemes for annihilating the Prussians abound, but this the Doctor considers only the particular channel into which the situation turned the pre-existent tendency to mania. Upon women the effect in general is that of despair, tears, groans, and weariness of life. Here and there a Joan of Arc declares herself, but few cases of

acute mania come upon the lists of the dépôt. The majority are traceable to what our author terms "physiological want"—literal loss of food, warmth, and sleep. In some the veritable persecution-madness appears in the form of fancying oneself haunted by the enemy, fearing to be shot as spies, &c., and not a few extra suicides ensue from this cause. Senile decay or idiocy is even more common, especially among the numerous poor thrown into the city from the banlieue. The most critical hour for the dépôt of the Prefecture was when the emissaries of the Commune broke in; Professor Laëgue was driven away, the director clapped in prison, and the almoner and eighteen Sisters of Mercy were expelled. Dr. du Saulle stuck manfully to his post. Among those who came under his care was the ill-fated President Bonjean, of whose mental state and heroic end touching details are to be read in Dr. du Saulle's narrative. Other names, among the rest those of Aasi, Lullier, Rosel, Urbain, Courbet are met with upon the physician's roll. Brief as it is, and limited to one aspect of a crisis in itself unique in history, this record is of singular value as that of one who was in a peculiar sense behind the scenes, and conversant in an exceptional manner with the internal springs of action.

#### THE LIFE AND REIGN OF EDWARD I.\*

THE author of the *Greatest of the Plantagenets* looks back with satisfaction upon his work. He has laboured to restore Edward I. to his proper position in history, and has now the pleasure of quoting a number of writers of high reputation, who, if they have not quite gone his length in worshipping Edward, have at any rate admitted that he has made an able defence of the great King. He now comes before the world with a second work upon the life and reign of his hero, a revised and altered version, in which, as he tells us, "all the more important and controverted questions have been reconsidered, and the chapters which concern them almost entirely rewritten." Reconsideration, however, and the lapse of a dozen years have not cooled the ardour of the author's admiration for Edward, to whom he stands much in the same relation in which a *preux chevalier* stood to his lady-love. Against Scots, Welshmen, lovers of national independence, students of the Constitution, he is ready to maintain the honour of the object of his adoration. When he repeats the praise which Professors Goldwin Smith and Burrows, Dean Hook, and Sir Edward Creasy have accorded to his former work, it is evident that the great Plantagenet is foremost in his thoughts, and that he only records his own good deeds in the same spirit in which Boileau-Guilbert boasted of the exploits which proved his love for Adelaide de Montemarc. Everything which might—we will not say discredit Edward, because honest research can find so little to his discredit—but which might have ruffled his dignity, is passed over, or at least apologized for. Thus it is notorious that Edward, on one occasion at least, uttered an oath; the famous dialogue,—“By God, Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang,” “By God, Sir King, I will neither go nor hang,” well known as it is, could not be omitted in any account of the political struggles of 1297. But it is accompanied by a note to explain that the author, “remembering the constant and earnest attention to religious duties shown by Edward,” was at first “inclined to doubt whether the chroniclers might not be in error in ascribing this oath to the King.” On finding, however, that the Pope himself, in a public reception of Edward's ambassadors, asseverated “per Deum” that he would do the King justice, our biographer took comfort and came to the conclusion that “even religious men in those days thought it lawful to use language similar to that employed by Abraham, by Job, and by Nehemiah.” We are glad he has made his mind easy on the subject, else we should hardly have thought the matter worth so much consideration.

Other matters which were mentioned in his former work have been silently dropped in the present. We are still informed of the rejoicings of nobles and citizens at Edward's birth; but we are no longer told how greedily King Henry sought after presents for his firstborn, or of the sarcastic Norman who observed, “God gave us this child, but the King sells him to us.” Is this only from a desire not to repeat what the author had written before, or is it that he shrinks from introducing his infant hero under an aspect which is slightly ludicrous? After all, if Edward was sold to us, it may be pleaded that he turned out worth the money.

However, the author of the *Greatest of the Plantagenets* stands on a much higher moral level than most admiring biographers. He is not guilty of attempting to persuade us that wrong is right if done by his hero, or of emulating the writer of whom Macaulay averred that, if it were irresistibly proved that Lord Bacon was concerned in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, he would tell us that at the beginning of the seventeenth century it was not thought improper in a man to put arsenic into the broth of his friends. Edward, in fact, would hardly tempt a professed whitewasher of villains; for when the worst accusations that Scot or Welshman can bring against him are looked into, they simply come to this—that he was ambitious, and pursued his ends with a heartless disregard for patriots and their feelings. Even granting that he wanted, in modern phrase, to rectify his frontiers, to gain his natural boundaries, to effect the unity of Britain, the age has not yet come which is entitled to pass severe judgment on such wishes, or to inquire too strictly how they are attained. And he

\* *The Life and Reign of Edward I.* By the Author of “*The Greatest of the Plantagenets*.” London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 3s. 6d.

was not a conqueror from the mere lust of conquest. The author points out with truth, that in reality the conquest of Wales and Scotland, though "too often described as the end he had in view, was never desired by him; but to bring the whole land into unity, so far as to render internal war impossible, had been his object from the commencement of his reign." His biographer's task is only to set his actions in a clear light, and dispel the false ideas current as to his history and that of his opponents. It is a strangely hard fate that has overtaken Edward, and one which could never have been anticipated by his contemporaries, to whom he was "the flower of Christendom":—

Troust men of alle thinge,  
Ant is were war ant wye.

That Welshmen and Scotchmen should heap maledictions upon him might have been looked for, but it could never have been expected that his own people, whose interests he had kept steadily in view, would, after the lapse of some four centuries, discard the testimony of writers of their own nation, and be content to take their opinion of their great King from the pens of his hereditary foes. The crime which is imputed to him—for his obnoxious tolls and talliages, of which complaint might be made with some reason, have left no great impression—is simply that he wished to make England strong and peaceful. As the first King since the Conquest who cared for the land and the people over which he ruled, he might meet with more generous treatment. Historical students, indeed, have by this time cleared their minds of Scottish romance, but it is not so easy to change popular ideas. Lovers of poetry think of the "ruthless King" of Gray, and the "fell Edward" of Scott; children adore the semi-legendary Bruce, and the English monarch who never watched a spider, and was never hunted with bloodhounds, has little chance of ousting his adventurous rival from their affections. But those who can free themselves from the fascination of the *Tales of a Grandfather* and the *Lord of the Isles* may profit by the clear and forcible statement of Welsh and Scottish affairs here given, on which points we go heartily along with the author. So far from Edward being an unprincipled conqueror, he acted throughout with remarkable honesty and openness. He claimed what there was at least good ground to consider his legal rights, and he claimed no more. The fact that he decided against the proposal of some of the competitors for the Scottish crown to divide Scotland into three—a scheme which would obviously have given great advantages to the Lord Paramount—is sufficient proof of the honesty of his dealings. The author has well shown how unreasonable is the charge of cruelty so often brought against him. Llewellyn was treated with leniency, and even with generosity; David, false and ungrateful, certainly deserved nothing better than to be left to the law; Wallace, the savage devastator of Northumberland, had a hope of mercy held out to him if he chose to submit. As for the accusation that Edward inflicted barbarous punishments, the writer truly remarks, "For more than four hundred years after Wallace's death no Englishman ever dreamed that there had been any peculiar cruelty in the mode of his execution." Edward's avowed intention of taking vengeance on all who were concerned in the murder of Comyn was simply the expression of a just and righteous indignation. We subjoin the author's observations upon this subject:—

Yet the death of that nobleman had deprived him of no favourite,—of no intimate personal friend or counsellor. Between this Scottish baron and the King there had been very little intercourse. For four or five years Comyn had kept the field against Edward, while Bruce had been professing the greatest zeal in his service. But Edward recognized in Comyn a frank and earnest opponent, who carried on the war until submission seemed to be a duty, and then surrendered his sword, accepted peace, gave his fealty to the King, and kept his covenant. And Edward saw this nobleman treacherously murdered by that Robert Bruce who had often sat at his table and professed attachment to him;—murdered, too, merely because he would not join in treason. Hence the King's vehement decision seemed at once to be taken, that for Bruce and his abettors there was to be no more mercy. The blood of Comyn should be fully avenged.

At the same time we are disposed to feel more sympathy for the Scots and the Welsh than the author would perhaps allow to be their due. Edward, indeed, was blameless in the matter; he found himself with legal claims over Scotland and Wales; he asserted them in a fair and legal manner; and it was not likely that he should have any respect for a love of independence which asserted itself by pillaging and devastating his immediate dominions. But it is fair to consider that the Welsh princes and people could not be expected to have any feelings of loyalty towards the alien King of an alien race. So, too, with Scotland. Ethnologically the so-called Scots might be Englishmen; but, as a matter of fact, they did not love their Southern brethren; and, judging from Peter Langtoft, the hatred was reciprocated. Of the merits of the question between the Crowns of Scotland and England, the ordinary Scot who followed Wallace would know nothing; but the presence of English soldiers would be a grievance that came home to him. As for the advantages of unity, they are at all times better appreciated by the stronger nation than by the weaker. "Scotland," says the author, "succeeded under Bruce in undoing all his [Edward's] work; but that Scotland was the better for such undoing is, we believe, wherever entertained, a most mistaken notion." "This irrational idea of 'Scottish independence' must have cost the two nations from Bruce's day to Elizabeth's at least a quarter of a million of valuable lives." As, however, the Scots chose to entertain this "irrational idea," it is matter for thankfulness that Edward did not live to conquer them. There was much wisdom in Arnold's

remark that "Bannockburn ought to be celebrated by Englishmen as a national festival, and Athelstree lamented as a national judgment."

Neither can we altogether agree with the author when he decries the Barons of Hereford and Norfolk in order to exalt the perfect glory of their sovereign, and hotly contests their claim to the gratitude of their country. It is of course easy to insinuate doubts of the purity of any man's motives. It is easy to say that when Hereford and Norfolk deprived Edward of the power of levying tolls and talliages without a grant, they were only actuated by distastes of the war with France, and reluctance to part with their money. The author pleads that Edward had given the freedom which alone rendered the resistance of the Barons possible; that his character was such as to entitle him to the confidence of his people; that Hereford and Norfolk should not have deserted him at a critical moment, and that "prices and talliages" were of the nature of "requisitions," a word of mysterious sound which may cover anything. Yet the Long Parliament is not generally blamed as unpatriotic for pressing its grievances upon Charles I. at a time when he had two wars upon his hands, and knew not which way to turn for money; nor the Commons of a later period, when they refused to grant the Deliverer himself a revenue on the terms on which his predecessors had enjoyed it. We know that William, like Edward, felt himself an ill-used man:—"They trusted King James," he complained, "who was an enemy of their religion and their laws, and they will not trust me, by whom their religion and their laws have been preserved." But a conviction that Hereford and Norfolk were right in their principle need not make us unjust to Edward, who can hardly be blamed for showing some reluctance to give up a valuable prerogative.

The style of the book is not equal to the vigour of the argument; its worst fault being a habit of saying things twice over, and sometimes oftener. Edward once exclaimed, on being told that it was in his power to show mercy to some offender, "May pardon him! Why, I will do that for a dog who seeks my grace!" Fine as the sentiment was, it is not improved by being four times repeated. We also notice a serious inaccuracy—the confusion of the statute of Mortmain of Edward I. with the Act of George II., commonly but incorrectly known by the same name. "Henceforth" is the writer's summing up of the former statute, "no man should be allowed 'with dying hands' to will away his possessions 'to holy Church.' All such bequests were declared to be illegal and void." Now there is not a word about dying bequests in the statute of Edward; and thus a long disquisition upon the great King's religious feelings, setting forth how, though he could not throw off the belief of his age, and himself made large gifts for the good of the soul of his beloved Eleanor, he nevertheless saw the evil of permitting men on their deathbeds to will away their estates under spiritual coercion, has no foundation. An admirer of Edward might, one would think, have taken the trouble to read the statute he lauds so highly.

In spite of these drawbacks, the book is one of great interest and argumentative power. The author is never an unreasoning panegyrist; he is an advocate stating all the arguments on one side of the case. Whether he will succeed in bringing any Scotchmen to acknowledge their rightful Lord Paramount may be doubted; but we trust that he may be the means of teaching some misguided English to appreciate one of the greatest and most maligned of their Kings, and of convincing them that, so far from being cruel, crafty, and unscrupulous, Edward was in truth a man of singular conscientiousness, clemency, and honour.

#### THE THOROUGH BUSINESS MAN.\*

WE were, we must confess, somewhat prejudiced against this book. The life of one thoroughgoing Methodist by another thoroughgoing Methodist did not at first sight promise to be very interesting to the general reader. We thought we had before us a huge tract—414 pages long—where it would be shown how Methodistical virtue is as bountifully rewarded here as it will be hereafter. The reward, we expected, would be proportioned to the size of the tract, and could even be roughly calculated beforehand. If, in a tract of four pages, a widow previously addicted to alcoholic liquors attends a revival meeting, gets converted, and is presented with a mangle, how much will a merchant receive whose history fills more than one hundred times four pages! Now, though there is certainly enough Methodism to satisfy even the most serious persons among that most serious community, yet there is a good deal else besides. And, though the ordinary unconverted and unrevived reader (if we may venture to coin the term) will skip a great deal of the religious experiences, still he will allow, we have no doubt, that both the author and his hero bear the impress of thorough sincerity. Mr. Gregory, in his biography of Mr. Walter Powell, a merchant of Melbourne and London, has aimed at showing that a man can be at the same time a thorough man of business and thoroughly religious, that he can rapidly make a large fortune, and continue to be one of the strictest members of one of the strictest Churches. We could have wished that Mr. Gregory could have cut down his memoirs to half the size. We must admit that he has not been nearly so long as he might have been, for Mr. Powell left behind him, when he died, a "jour-

\* *The Thorough Business Man: Memoirs of Walter Powell, Merchant, Melbourne and London. By Benjamin Gregory. London: Strahan & Co. 1871.*

nal of eleven folio volumes." It is something to have to cut down eleven folio volumes to one octavo. Nevertheless, if the octavo could have been halved, its readers likely enough would have been doubled. It is no doubt a most difficult matter for a biographer, who is almost always a friend, if not a relative, to distinguish between what will interest the general reader and what will interest only the little group of which the hero was the most conspicuous figure. If, as Molière used to read his plays to his housekeeper and watch what passages made her laugh, biographers would find some one to whom to read their manuscripts and watch what passages made him sleep, a great improvement might be obtained. However, Mr. Gregory has not in point of length sinned above all biographical sinners, and so we must not insist too much on this. Neither has he formed an exaggerated view of the man whose life he has undertaken to write, nor, as writers so often do, called upon the world to lament for the loss of a genius of which it hears for the first time. In his introductory chapter, in writing of his friend, he modestly enough says:—

His career is the more instructive, inasmuch as he was not a man of genius or of splendid accomplishments, though of superior natural ability and conscientious self-culture. In short, he was not a prodigy, but a pattern. "Patient continuance in well doing" was the whole secret of his spiritual and temporal success. It can scarcely be an uninteresting or unproductive inquiry to ask what were the principles and habits by which he acquired wealth, retained wealth, and devoted wealth to its legitimate uses.

Mr. Powell may justly be regarded as a representative man—representative of a class which one would fain believe to be increasing, and destined to increase, notwithstanding the confessedly low state of mercantile morality; a class displaying all the energy and acuteness of self-made men, yet withal spiritually-minded, sensitively honest, benevolent, public-spirited, and bent on intellectual culture.

Walter Powell, like many another man who has made his way in the world, was the son of parents who were sufficiently intelligent and sufficiently well educated to give him some little store of learning and an eager longing after more, and yet were so poor that, after all, the chief schooling he received was the schooling of circumstances. His father and mother, when he was still an infant, had settled in Van Diemen's Land, which as a colony was, like our hero, also in its infancy. There they, with many others, had had great hardships to struggle against, and Walter received that stern training in economy which, more perhaps than anything else, leads to wealth. Happily, with finely-gifted natures this severe economy in youth leads not only to wealth, but also to a noble use of wealth, in manhood and old age. At the age of twelve, when he had learnt from his parents—for they were his only teachers—how to write a fair hand and keep simple accounts, he obtained a situation as clerk in the office of a Launceston merchant. "The sole companionship" he had in his master's house, where he lived for three years, "was that of a man servant who had 'left his country for his country's good.'" When he was fifteen he got a better post in an auctioneer's office, where from his master he received a thorough training in business, from his mistress a devotion to Methodism, and later on from the two their daughter as his bride. Some years before this latter prize was won he had given proof of his sterling qualities. Commercial difficulties had come upon the colony, and his employer, among others, was sorely tried. Young Powell himself was the first to insist on the reduction of his salary, and when urged by friends to seek elsewhere better pay, "quietly replied, 'My employer took me when I was at a loss for employment, and I shall not leave him till I see him re-established.'" He undertook at the same time the work which had heretofore been divided among two.

Mr. Gregory will, we trust, forgive us if we do not dwell with him on the Methodistical side of Walter Powell's character, which, at the period of his life at which we have now arrived, is very largely set forth. He was undoubtedly one of the most earnest of Methodists, but he was an honest man before he was a Methodist. No doubt he found in its regular system, in its "class meetings," in its "Band-meetings," in its constant mutual examinations, in its unceasing searchings into the conscience, much that suited his natural temperament. But as certainly, in our opinion, his natural temperament, morbidly sensitive as it was, was very far from being benefited by all this rigorous method in his religion. Mr. Gregory himself admits that "this intense and persistent self-scrutiny seems prodigious": and he goes on to say that "doubtless, in conjunction with all his other labours, it shortened the earthly life which it intensified and refined." Mr. Powell himself, when, thoroughly worn out, he was dying at the early age of forty-five, writes to a friend:—

My crime is that I have tried to do too much. I have wrought in my business and in the Church like a strong man, when I ought rather to have nursed myself. I could not believe my doctors that I was killing myself, till one day head and hand refused to work for me any more. That convinced me that I must relinquish all my offices in the Church, and set about repairing myself. I hope, in future, moderation in all things will be my motto.

Twenty or thirty years more of so valuable a life would not have been dearly purchased by a certain neglect of Methodism, and a certain devotion to the pleasures of this life. We are not ourselves quite sure that we could have severely condemned him if in his youth he had devoted himself in all moderation to "midnight dancing," even though it is "comprehensively and incurably bad." Mr. Gregory indeed does not disapprove of all amusements, and allows that "relaxation is a necessity imposed upon us by the Creator, and is therefore an obligation." But then by relaxation he means something quite different from what most people mean, as will be seen by the following extract:—

For all those quietude which Christian prudence induced him to forego, he

found amply compensating substitutes in music, for which he had both taste and capacity, and of which he was passionately fond, in books, in swimming, in the public services of religion, and in "sweet counsel" with like-minded Christians.

It is no wonder that a man who was intensely devoted to the affairs of his Church, to the management of a large business, to his own self-culture, and to a great number of schemes of general public usefulness, and whose one bodily recreation seems to have been swimming, broke down early, especially when in the latter years of his life he settled in London. In Australia a man may not doubt get his daily swim most of the year if he lives near water. We should like to know, however, how many swims Mr. Powell had after he opened his new house of business in Broad Street Buildings, and lived at Lancaster Gate?

We must leave the Methodistical side of his life and turn more to the thorough man of business. Shortly after his marriage Mr. Powell removed with his wife to Melbourne, which at that date—1845—was a town of only some 7,000 inhabitants. There he had at first a most severe struggle; but with his "regularity, perseverance, punctuality, self-denial, economy, and industry," he gradually fought his way. Later on, when there came the excitement of the gold-diggings, he had the good sense to see that "his diggings lay at home," and in his business as an ironmonger he had a great sale among the miners. All his clerks and servants forsook him, and "every man his own clerk, every lady her own housemaid, was the order of the day." Overwhelmed as he was with work, he never seemed to forget schemes of public usefulness, but was occupied now in founding a church, now a school, and now an Immigrants' Home. Though this Home was founded by Wesleyans for Wesleyans, yet so long as there was room it was open to all sects. In the first fifteen months of its existence it gave shelter to 2,773 people, of whom only 1,335 were Wesleyans. In spite, or in consequence, of all his liberality he rapidly heaped up a large fortune. His biographer tells us that very early in life he rigidly set apart at least one-tenth of his earnings for benevolent purposes; but this was his minimum, which was always exceeded. His books after his death showed that he had spent on his orphan nephews and nieces nearly 1,200*l.* a year for many years, and that "during the decade 1850-60 he had expended on the average 1,600*l.* a year in private benefactions to individuals." On one occasion, through the death of a relative, he had come into possession of a considerable property, but he divided it at once among his "more necessitous relatives." On another occasion he sent "an anonymous donation of 250*l.* to Mr. Hargreaves, the discoverer of the Australian gold-fields, accompanied by a graceful letter, representing the donation as a scant offering of simple justice." In the distribution of his wealth he showed the same wisdom as he had shown in its acquisition. "His liberality was as practical and as business-like as it was unconstrained." He would only help those who were ready to help themselves, and where he did give, he gave "not only money, but also that which was far more precious—time, thought, and attention." To a young man he wrote:—"I will add fifty pounds to every hundred you have saved by the time you are twenty-eight; but if you do not depend upon yourself, you shall not depend on me. That would destroy all your energy, and make you worthless." He set his face steadily against that most immoral of all debts, a debt incurred for the furtherance of religion. "I have quite made up my mind," he says, "never again to subscribe to a chapel which will have a debt upon it." On another occasion he thus writes, in opposition to a proposal for "burdening a religious enterprise with debt, *à la* Polynesian Missions":—

You are not obliged to send more men than the fund can support, nor are the men, when sent, required, either by the Committee or their Great Master, to do more work than they are equal to. What is the use of preachers, any more than tradesmen, trying to do a large business with a small capital? That can only end in disaster. Let the missionaries do what work they are equal to. If they attempt more, they will accomplish so much less.

When we come to look into the causes of Mr. Powell's extraordinary success in business, we find that, in addition to habits of economy, punctuality, industry, and integrity, he had that wisdom which arises only from culture and from great breadth of thought. He was a good ironmonger; but what is really no less important for success in business, he was a man who had read widely and thoroughly. We see the cultivated side of his nature in the wise and liberal way in which he treats the people in his employment, trains up his partners, deals with his debtors, strives after every kind of knowledge, resists the temptation of too rapidly extending his business, and constantly insists that "the laws of success in business are as fixed as any other laws." "No man," he says, "can conduct a business well without succeeding in the long run." The remarks that he makes on these various points are often very shrewd and terse. For instance, "The secret of finding good partners," he says, "is training them." So well in fact did he train his people, that he can write, "I have half-a-dozen deserving young men now in my establishment that I would not hesitate at once to take in as partners, provided I required them." In dealing with defaulters his biographer says, "he never resisted the cry, 'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all,' but he insisted on regular and regulated payments, at a ratio adjusted to the ascertained means of the debtor." He writes from England to warn his partners against overtrading, and against trying to change from a retail to a wholesale business. "You must take off your jacket," he says, "and go to the retail. You ask, 'What will the public think of it?' The public thinks of nothing but its own interest." He insists that "how every part of



the business pays should be sifted with the greatest nicety," knowing well that a man who is not accurately informed in the statistics of his business is often losing heavily in some one article which once was to him a source of considerable gain. While scrupulously honest, and utterly incapable of using any unfair means, he maintains with just pride that "an honest rivalry in meeting the public wants is as noble in the competitors as it is serviceable to the community." He points out how valuable is the information that he is constantly obtaining as he travels through England, and urges his partners to have his remarks copied into a book, "the observations placed against each article they refer to, as the information is being obtained at great cost and trouble." In fact there is nothing, except perhaps uprightness, on which he insists more than on thorough and complete knowledge, and with him, as his biographer says, "Business was a fine intellectual exercise." Throughout his life he had never neglected self-culture, but when he was able to throw the chief burden of his business on his partners, and to get more time to himself, he entered on a methodical course of study. He began with the beginning, and, setting himself to master his own tongue, "in his fortieth year passed through a course of grammar exercises, and the schoolboy drudgery of 'spelling and meanings.' His next step was to familiarize himself with some of the greater masters of the English language." We cannot enter further into his course of studies, which seems to have been as soundly arranged and as thorough as his business. Unhappily those years of studious ease and cultivated retirement were not to be his, as death carried him off when he was but forty-five years old. He had lived long enough to show that a man may be a thorough tradesman, and at the same time an eager student, a sincere Christian, and a high-minded gentleman.

#### MRS. HOPE'S CONVERSION OF THE TEUTONIC RACE.\*

WE see in this book with a good deal of satisfaction that the results of the recent scientific treatment of history are beginning to make their way into the regions where we should have least thought of looking for them. Mr. Dalgairns, who edits—whatever that most ambiguous of words may mean—this small volume, may be remembered by many Oxford men as a "convert," or a "pervert," or what some call, in more colourless sort, simply a "vert." Now, whatever we may say of the older and more steady-going type of English Roman Catholics, the type of Dr. Lingard and Dr. Oliver, the modern type of converts or perverts is the last class of people on whom we should expect to find that modern thought and modern criticism had made any impression. Yet the book before us shows that they have by some means or other made a very perceptible impression on its author. Mrs. Hope or Mr. Dalgairns, whichever it is, seems to go on the principle that the laws of modern criticism may be freely followed whenever they do not clash with the teaching of the Church; though we must confess that the teaching of the Church must here be taken in a very wide sense indeed. Even if we accept the infallibility of the Pope in matters of dogma, it does not seem at all necessarily to follow that we are bound to accept the infallibility in matters of fact of every life of a saint which some fervid votary chose to write either in earlier or in later times. The book presents a curious contrast. As soon as she gets within the region of hagiography, Mrs. Hope, or her spiritual guide, seems to make it a matter of conscience to believe every legend, however wild in itself, and however slight may be the evidence on which it rests. But, as long as she is without this magic circle, Mrs. Hope uses her faculties, and uses them to good purpose. She has gone to the right sources, and she has used the right method, on many of those branches of knowledge the scientific treatment of which has been reserved for our own day.

The subject of the present volume is the conversion of the Franks and the English, and it is to be followed, or perhaps it is already accompanied, by a fellow-volume on St. Boniface and the Conversion of Germany. Now, in dealing with such ticklish matters as the Franks and the English, we do not say that Mrs. Hope exactly reaches our own ideal standard; but we do say that, whenever she sets herself free from her self-imposed fetters, she comes far nearer to it than nine-tenths of the books of the kind which it is our hard fate to have to look through. In the early chapters on the Germans and their invasions of the Empire, we might find things to correct here and there, but the general treatment is thoroughly sound. Mrs. Hope has quite grasped the general character of the Teutonic nations, and their true position with regard to Rome and the world in general. We confess to having been agreeably startled when the book began with the Aryans and their migrations, bringing in the Teutons in their proper place as one branch of the great family. Of course there is nothing new in this. Mrs. Hope does not profess to make any new discoveries, and some of her statements and derivations are certainly open to dispute; but it is a great thing to find a writer of a book of this class so clearly grasping and so boldly setting forth truths which, familiar as they are to scholars, are still utterly unknown—or, worse than unknown, utterly misconceived—by most of the writers of our smaller literature. And it is something to find that an editor from the London Gentry of St. Philip Neri finds no reason to strike out the results of inquiries in such

dangerous quarters. But it is rather provoking, after reading chapters like these, which show a striving, by no means unsuccessful, after a critical method, to turn to the tale of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins, all told with the minutest detail and the most solemn conviction of its truth. Mrs. Hope goes on to tell all the stories of the early Benedictine monks, and again those of Columban and his followers, as if every word was the most undoubted historic truth. Every tale about a wolf or a bear carrying the saint's baggage, or otherwise doing his bidding, is accepted with all gravity as a proof that the saints really had an extraordinary power over the animal world. Now these tales are by no means to be despised. They illustrate the religious sentiment of the age, and they often throw an incidental light on its manners and even on its political history. Moreover, looked at as the play of a devout fancy, the stories are often exquisitely beautiful, and in some cases it is not hard to see the groundwork of fact out of which the legend grew. Take, for instance, a class of stories in which Mrs. Hope evidently delights, those in which the tenderness of the saint towards animals forms a protest against the savage sports of the time. The wearied stag seeks refuge in the cell of the saint, and the hunters, at his rebuke, turn back from pursuing their prey. This is quite possible and quite likely; its frequent appearance in legend may even be taken as a sign that it has really happened; the only thing is that it is described as happening so often that we begin to doubt about its historic truth in each particular case. But when we are told that not only human hunters, but wolves, yielded in the like case to the saint's rebuke, then our faith begins to fail us. Such a story may have grown, by the usual process of legendary growth, out of the other class of tales which we have just mentioned. Or it may be a mere allegory. Or it is just possible that it may have in it a real groundwork of fact. The strange dread of man which seems impressed on wild beasts may have caused the wolf to turn back at the threshold of the saint, and an easy improvement on the part of the second teller of the story would be almost sure to turn this into an actual obedience of the wolf to the saint's bidding. When the tale had got thus far, it was easy to change negative obedience into actual service, and so we get the stories of bears carrying baggage and the like. But mark the difference. The tale is no longer beautiful; it is simply grotesque. No one laughs when the wolf turns back at the saint's bidding; it is hard not to laugh when the bear carries his baggage. One of these bear stories we must notice as a genuine bit of comparative mythology:—

On one occasion the brother minister (?) having found a bear eating their store of fruit, he [Columban] bade the brother divide the fruit into two parts and give one to the bear, forbidding it to touch more than its own share. On this and all similar occasions the wild beasts respected his commands.

Now we remember in our childhood a tale of a little girl eating some kind of porridge with a spoon, when a pig comes and seems inclined to take more than a fair share of the porridge. On this the child remonstrates with the request, "Take a spoon, pig." Surely a comparative mythologist would say that the stories of the bear and the pig come from the same source.

But Mrs. Hope is capable of much better things than these. The following is a really good setting-forth of the relations of the Teutonic invaders towards Christianity and Roman Paganism:—

The circumstances of the age, and the peculiar characteristics of the Germans, greatly assisted their conversion. Christian bishops and priests were often carried captive into Germany, where their saintly lives, their eloquence, and their miraculous gifts, brought about the conversion of whole tribes. When, on the contrary, the Germans were led to the south as captives, or wandered thither voluntarily, their worship of nature lost its hold on them. They missed the sacred oak, the grove, the spring, or the hill, which was the sanctuary of their gods. The whole aspect of nature, the seasons, and even the stars in heaven were changed, so that they could no longer carry out their daily routine of life under the guidance of their familiar deities. Perplexed by the strange novelty that met them on all sides, they would naturally look around to discover the new gods, to whom they must trust for aid and blessing. On the one hand, they would behold the gorgeous Pagan worship, associated with ideals of beauty and philosophy which were unintelligible to them, and with foul corruptions which were revolting to their better nature, while they would find that in point of depth and earnestness, especially as to the doctrine of a future life, it was far inferior to their own national religion. So palpable was this inferiority that Roman Paganism had no hold on the Germans, though the Romans were wont to admire the firm faith of the Germans, and often adopted their superstitions. On the other hand, they would find the Christian Church, whose simple creed was easily understood, and could even be connected with their own oldest national traditions and customs. Its poverty and chastity, the equality and fraternal union of its members, their devotion to the Lord to whose service they were vowed, their heroism as martyrs, were the supernatural expression of those virtues, which they had been wont to prize in their old forest home.

The English part of the book is still better than the Frankish. In the Frankish part, though Mrs. Hope rises far above the level of most books of the kind, yet, here and there, even when she is not telling stories about saints and bears, there are bits which show that, though she has gone a long way in the right direction, a little of the old leaven is still cleaving about her. In the English part, on the other hand, though she overdoes her story with cumbersome hagiography, yet in the parts where she has to deal with the ordinary world she has made a thoroughly good use of the latest lights. The political and geographical history, and the general circumstances of the conversion, are given with real clearness and insight. It is only when we come across the saints that we have anything to find fault with. The story of the conversion of the English could hardly be told without telling the tale of Gregory and the slave children yet again. Still Mrs. Hope might have spared us the rather sensational beginning of the English part

\* *Conversion of the Teutonic Race; Conversion of the Franks and the English.* By Mrs. Hope. Edited by the Rev. John Bernard Dalgairns. London: Washbourne. 1872.

of her book, and by relying on legendary authorities she carries Augustine into various parts of Britain into which history does not carry him. But the following contrast between the conversion of the English and that of the Franks is thoroughly good:—

We often meet still with great crimes, yet we never in the old English history come upon such hybrid monsters as Brunehaut and Frédégonde. In order to see how utterly different a Saxon king was from a Merovingian monarch, we have only to contrast the Venerable Bede with Gregory of Tours. The circumstances of the Saxon conquest of England will explain the difference. The Merovingian was a barbarian with a varnish of Roman culture. The Englishman was a fresh child of nature with the virtues of a Christian. The Frankish kings on the Continent found themselves in the midst of the ancient Roman Christianity, and settled themselves amongst and intermingled with the Romanized Gaul. It was not so with the German pirates who conquered Britain. Of course it is impossible to exterminate a nation, and British women no doubt often became the wives or slaves of the Saxons, and the serfs of the South and West were very probably enslaved Britons; yet the policy of the Saxon was one of extermination, while that of the Frank was, on the whole, of preservation. While the Franks dwelt amidst the churches and amphitheatres of the ancient Roman civilization, the Saxons drove the old population into the mountains and the fens, absolutely destroyed *Silchester*, *Pewsey*, and *Wroxeter*, and repopled waste cities. The peculiarity of the conversion of the English by St. Augustine and his successors was the consequence of this state of things. The Saxon king was not a blood-stained burlesque of a Roman emperor, like the Merovingian Frank. He was still a genuine German chief, and pure German ideas were to be found in England when they were adulterated on the Continent. Hence when the king was converted, Christianity was proposed to the Witan, and the nation gave to the religion of its king and nobles a hearing, which could not have been extorted by his command. Grace found a virgin soil in the frankness and independence of the Saxon, unspoiled by a decaying civilization.

The book is thus a curious mixture, but it is not like a good many books of the kind, in which theological prejudice is made to colour every word. The two incongruous elements in Mrs. Hope's book might be cut asunder with a pair of scissors. On one most important point her religion gives her an advantage over most people who take these times in hand. Whatever temptations may beset a Roman Catholic version of the conversion of England, there is at all events no fear of dreams about the ancient British Church, or of St. Augustine being made an accomplice in the massacre of the monks of Bangor.

#### MACDONELL'S SURVEY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.\*

MR. MACDONELL informs us in the preface to his book that he has no such excuse for publishing it as might be founded upon blaming his predecessors. He fully acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Mill, whom he describes as the greatest of economists, to Chevalier, to Roscher, and to other well-known writers. That he does not entirely accept the views of Mr. Mill or any other master will presently appear; but on the whole he may be described as belonging to the orthodox school. And why then publish a treatise which professes to teach nothing new, or at most aspires only to purify the sound doctrine from some of the errors with which it has become identified in popular estimation? Is there not already a superabundance of treatises expressing substantially the same views, and in the hands of everybody who cares for information on the subject? To this question Mr. Macdonell might reply, that if no books were written except those which were imperatively demanded, the business of publishing would be restricted within singularly narrow limits. He has as good a right to ask for a hearing as any of his competitors, and he may be justified in his undertaking if a slightly new arrangement of the matter, and felicity in expressing some of the theories under consideration, should fit his treatise to the tastes of any particular class. It seems indeed that Mr. Macdonell originally adopted a mode of publication which implies a considerable confidence in his powers of popularizing a proverbially dry subject. The book is based, we are told, on a series of articles which appeared in the *Scotsman*. The statement is calculated to increase the respect which we entertain for the Scotch people. It is startling to think of the vigorous intellectual appetite which is not repelled by a treatise on political economy appearing periodically as a substitute for light reading. In more Southern latitudes we fear that a discussion on the theory of rent or the laws of exchange would be squeezed out by descriptions of the last murder or the prospects of the next election. Yet even the readers of the *Scotsman* apparently require some sweetening of the pill. They could not quite manage that form of the study which affects a rigid scientific accuracy. So much at least we infer from Mr. Macdonell's method of treatment. He does not precisely expound the laws of the so-called science, but, according to his title, gives a general survey of results without venturing far into details. His book suffers in some respect when published as a whole. It seems to be deficient in systematic arrangement, and to assume an amount of previous knowledge which unfits it to be an elementary treatise. We fear that it would be less useful to a student who should desire to obtain a competent knowledge of the subject than to a hasty reader who is only anxious to be capable of superficial talking or writing about it. On the other hand, it certainly has the merit of being written in a more lively style than most similar works. Mr. Macdonell is evidently a well-read man, and can draw upon a considerable stock of illustrations. If we are inclined to fancy that he is rather too anxious to be amusing, we cannot suppress a certain feeling of gratitude to a quality so rare in a political economist.

We easily pardon a writer for being a little too jumpy in a study where almost every man thinks that he has a prescriptive right to be a bore. Yet our words must not be misunderstood, and we are far from accusing Mr. Macdonell of having produced a book which can, in any ordinary sense of the word, be described as entertaining. We only mean to imply that he is rather less uncompromisingly dry and systematic than we are accustomed to expect a writer of such a treatise to be.

Turning to the substance of Mr. Macdonell's book, we may say that it seems to have a fault or a merit—for opinions will differ on the subject—of a similar kind. He seems to have a rather inadequate grasp of the theories which he expounds. He discusses the claims of political economy to be considered as a science, and he appears to pronounce in its favour. He says that Comte's objection to conceding it so high a name is "neither just nor plausible in the case of the analysis of the phenomena of production which issue in conclusions absolutely true," and he thinks that "arguments which would be fatal to the pretensions of geology to rank as a science are not dangerous." In order to a full discussion of this question, we should have to inquire a little more precisely what is meant by science. If any study which leads to the discovery of truths is entitled to be considered as a science, history is a science just as much as geology; and, in truth, the word is applied so very carelessly in popular acceptance, that it may well include that as well as many other branches of study. The closer analogy would be between geology and statistics, both of which provide the facts on which it is endeavoured to base certain general laws. Without entering upon the question whether the laws announced by economists are entitled to be put beside the laws discovered by natural philosophers, we may say that the tendency of Mr. Macdonell's writings seems to be generally to discredit them. But for his apparently distinct assertion to the contrary, we should have inferred from the general tone of his remarks that he considered the claims of such writers to be greatly exaggerated, and that political economy, so far from in any sense comprising a body of accurately known and invariable truths, was little more than a collection of a small number of empirical observations, very liable to be upset at any moment. His general tendency is to find fault with most of the doctrines that have been most positively laid down, and, though not actually to deny their truth, to regard them as only approximately true, and true only in a minority of cases. He does not seem to attach any importance to what has been called the wage-fund theory; he does not believe much in the theory of rent, he finds much fault with Ricardo's theory as to the mode in which the value of certain commodities conforms to the cost of production; and he does not seem quite to accept the Malthusian theory of population. We have to speak rather doubtfully, for Mr. Macdonell does not express himself very positively upon these subjects, and always pays much deference to the authority of Mr. Mill, of Ricardo, or of Adam Smith, even when he is gradually paring away the most vital part of their theories. Part of what he says would be easily admitted even by the most orthodox economists, and amounts to a statement of what is substantially recognized by Mr. Mill. He observes, that is, that the concrete phenomena are not identical with the assumptions upon which economists generally base their arguments; that men are not actuated exclusively by the motives of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, and that the sum paid for the use of land is very frequently different from that which would be obtained by a rackrent. It follows that before we express economical theories in terms of real life we must make a great number of corrections in order to obtain anything like a true result. Just in the same way, the mathematician who calculates the motions of a perfect fluid, or of an absolutely hard body, would have to make many allowances before he could determine the way in which a particular lake or stream would behave, or before he could apply his formula to some bit of practical engineering. But besides this Mr. Macdonell appears to doubt the validity of some accepted conclusions, even when we limit ourselves to the ideal world of political economists. We cannot say that his arguments convince us in this respect, though we are quite ready to admit that he incidentally illustrates with much force the necessity for being careful in making the transition from theory to fact. Without going fully into any of the questions which he discusses, we will take an instance or two of his arguments, which will probably be a sufficient indication to our readers of the general characteristics of his style. Here, for example, is his attempt to meet Ricardo's theory of rent by a crucial instance. The Dutch, he says, drained Lake Haarlem and sold the 42,000 acres which were gained for 661,000*l*. "Suppose," he says, "the State, instead of selling the land, had rented it; would there—at all events need there—be one portion of this land not paying rent?" If not, he seems to think that the theory fails to correspond to the facts. We can give him a very simple answer. On the ordinary assumptions of political economists there would necessarily be either a portion of land not paying rent, or, which is equally in conformity with the theory, there would be a certain quantity of capital applied to the land which would pay no rent. The reason is obvious; for otherwise there would be an opportunity for capitalists to realize the average profit of which they would not avail themselves; and the theory of political economists is that capital, so to speak, spends itself equally over the whole field of production, and would therefore penetrate into Haarlem Lake. Whether this result would or would not be realized in fact would depend upon Dutch statistics or caprice.

\* *Survey of Political Economy*, By John Macdonell, M.A. Edinburgh: Blackie & Douglas, 1872.

Surplusage here mars the effect, and adds to the sin of mistranslation of the first word. The beautiful description of Alceas visiting her nuptial chamber, her home's altars, and her children for the last time, which follows almost immediately on the lines we have quoted, ought to have quickened any translator's emulation to transmute worthily such linked sweetness. But Mr. Williams does not see it. With a singular disregard for probability, he makes her bathe in "river streams" (*ibani norayung*, we imagine, means simply "limpid water"—see v. 159), as if by such rashness she wished to accelerate rather than protract the fatal fleeting moments. And where it least should be so,

\* *The Medea, Alceste, and Hippolytus of Euripides. Translated into Blank Verse, with the Chorus in Lyric and other Metres. By the Rev. Henry Williams, B.A., formerly Scholar of Jesus College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co. 1871*

his blank verse falls uniformly flat and commonplace. It is still worse with the choruses, as to which in his preface he takes some credit for having "put them into rhymed lines, the strophes and anti-strophes being generally of one metre and uniform length," and "care having been taken to select a metre in each case that should answer to, and in some degree express, the sad or joyous tone of the speakers in the choric songs." How is this promise fulfilled? In the first chorus of the *Medea* the first strophe and anti-strophe are rendered in elegiac quatrains—a measure not choral or lyrical—and the second in rhyming octosyllables. Any reader who calls to mind the chorus in question beginning with *ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν*, κ.τ.λ. (409-44), will understand that the first part of Mr. Williams's version is of necessity un-odelike, and will be struck by the unseasonableness of the chorus going off into a jingle when they recall Medea's flight from her fatherland, and her realization of the perjuries of Jason. In the second chorus of the same play strophes and anti-strophes do not correspond, in spite of lines being inserted, out of pure imagination, by way of makeweight; and of the third (a lyric ode deserving better fate—see *Met.*, 824, &c., *Ἐριχθίδα τὸ παλαιόν*, κ.τ.λ.), the first strophe shall be quoted as a sample of the author's idea of rhythm and lyrical fitness:—

Blest were Erechtheus' offspring in the olden time;  
From the gods most blessed sprang their lofty race:  
On wisdom faired they pastured of a sacred chime,  
Which of warlike ravage bears no lasting trace.

Ever softly moved they 'mid skies of deepest blue,  
Where report doth publish that in days of yore,  
Harmonia, graced with tresses of a golden hue,  
Nine Pierian Muses, *chaute in temper*, bore.

By dint of freely paraphrasing the epithets *ἀπορθήτου* and *ἀγνός*, Mr. Williams has succeeded in making of equal length verses not of equal length in the Greek. But he fails to spin out the anti-strophe to corresponding measurement; and apparently is so convinced of his ill success that he flies off to another metre for the rest of the chorus. A good deal of the fault lies doubtless in an unlyrical ear and a defective perception; but the poorest versifier ought to have had more acquaintance with the rules of his craft than to think that the concluding couplet of strophe β is either rhyme or melody:—

We beseech thee, Medea, by every plea,  
To forbear thy offspring beloved to slay.

Can it be possible that for a Cambro-Briton it is a permissible license to regard "plea" as a dissyllable? If so, the rhyme is saved; and really there is some colour given to this supposition by another of Mr. Williams's couplets, in *Alcestis*, 98-9:—

Before the gate I see no ewer,  
Containing lustral water pure—

where "pure" must clearly be pronounced "pūr." It would, however, be disingenuous to pretend that the translator allows a false rhyme or a syllable or two too many to stand in his way. We have found "came" rhyming with "dam," and many similar offences to the ear; and as for excess of syllables, we need only give the specimen which follows (*Alcest.* 125-6):—

Alcestis her escape had made,  
And left the darksome seats below,  
And pass'd the gloomy gates of Pluto.

It would be waste of time to give more proofs, though they might be culled from the *Hippolytus*, as well as from the two plays which we have referred to, that Mr. Williams is no more qualified to translate the dramas of Euripides on the score of poetic taste and aptitude than on that of scholarly accuracy. It remains to inquire, has he the requisite amount of tact, and sufficient management of the faculty of translation, applied to level and ordinary passages, to justify his appearance in a field to which he has no other claim of admission? He has no idea of imitating that eminent feature of classical poetry, its avoidance of all waste of words, its peculiar simplicity and chaste perfectness of form; he delights in amplification, and he rushes into the sin of "slipshod" without knowing it. Would any one believe that any taste could tolerate the expansion of two choral lines in the *Alcestis* (229-30):—

ἄρ' ἄλγῃ καὶ σφαγῇ ταύτῃ,  
καὶ πλῖον ἢ βροχὴν ἔσθην οὐρανὸν πελίσσαι;

into

Are not the sorrows which befall  
This house well worthy suicide?  
With inward pain the mind they tell  
More than enough to tempt the hand  
To tie the cord suspended high  
Around the neck with tighten'd band.

What a coil of words about a coil of rope! And if this leaves any doubt as to Mr. Williams's taste, the question may be settled by comparing the lament of Eumelus over his mother (*Alcestis*, 392-403), as given by Euripides, and as diluted, amplified, and sham-bled through by the translator. Here is the work of the latter:—

Oh! hard is my lot! my mother's departed!  
No longer she lives in the light of the sun.  
Thy life thou hast left, and me thou'st deserted,  
A destitute course in future to run.  
Behold, oh, behold, how her eyelash is falling,  
And her hands, all unnerced, hang loose on the ground.  
Hear me, mother, oh hear me, most earnestly calling,  
Thy darling doth bids thee in sorrow profound.

The only Greek words out of which Mr. Williams can have spun

the obscure and irrelevant stuff printed in Italics are *τῆς βλάβης καὶ παρατόνου χίρας*. The one Greek word in the whole strophe which he might and ought to have translated faithfully and exactly—*νεοσσός*, or "nestling," in the last line—he has missed altogether, and so confirmed our suspicion that his soul is dead to poetry. At all times, if there is a question between taking the first rhyme that comes uppermost and giving a little patient thought to produce another doing more justice to the sense, precipitation gains the day, as when, for instance, having to bring in Charon and his port, he translates *νεκρῶν πορθμῆς* (*Alc.* 253), "the steersman of the soul," which is simply nonsense. In like manner, in another chorus, the words *Σπάρτα κελεύει ἄνικα Καρνεῖον περιβίσσαι ὥρα μηνός*—*Alc.* 449-50 (i.e. "when the periodic season of the Carneian month comes round")—are rendered by him:—

When the Carneian month in Sparta's paraded  
In its annual round—

the passage being made unintelligible simply because "unaided" was the ending of the line before. One more extract from the same chorus, and we have done. The Greek dramatist makes the chorus say of Alcestis:—

τοιαύτας εἴη μοι κύρσαι  
συνδύας φίλιας ἀλόχον· τὴ γὰρ  
ἰν βίῳ σπᾶνιον μέρος· ἡ γὰρ ἰμοὶ γ' ἄλυστος  
δὲ αἰῶνος ἂν ζυγίη.—473-5.

Here is his translator's idea of a meet equivalent:—

Oh! would it were mine to meet such another,  
And with such a helpmeet live together!  
Such a portion in life 'twere rare to gain;  
Sho'd live with me ever and cause not one pain.

After these evidences of the murder of the *Medea* and of that "strongest, saddest, sweetest song" of Euripides, *Alcestis*, it is quite unnecessary to examine his treatment of *Hippolytus*. We shall have done a good work if we have succeeded in convincing Mr. Williams that by him at least Euripides is not likely to be made familiar to English readers.

#### OUT OF HER SPHERE.

A NOVEL founded on persistent misunderstanding gives the reader an odd feeling of unsubstantiality. It is as if he were set to walk in a world of mist and fog, where "nothing is, but all things seem"; where the rule is that of dreams, not realities; and where things go according to appearance, not according to facts. Of the two methods of telling a story—that which lets the reader into the secret and keeps the characters in the dark, or that which supposes a certain amount of knowledge on the part of the characters, but covers it up rigidly from the reader—the latter is the more interesting. Of the former, the favourite *modus operandi* is by misunderstandings of all kinds; broken talk that leaves off always just too soon; allusions which mean one thing to the speaker and another to the hearer, of which the reader alone sees both sides, and of which therefore he alone understands the full import; doubtful appearances that have only the semblance of evil, when the author has undertaken the task of making white look like black; sometimes, if the puzzle goes the other way, when evil has to be concealed, and black set in the sunshine so that it looks like white, infamous deeds masked by an appearance of noble candour and engaging innocence, and the evil genius of the book pranking through two volumes and three-quarters as an angel of light with a revelation of soot at the end; important letters that miscarry at the crisis as letters never do miscarry in real life; with all the other tricks and dodges so well known to the craft, and so profoundly tiresome to experienced readers. But whatever the speciality employed, the uniform result of things being made to look what they are not, and the whole action of the plot turning on misunderstandings, is, as we have said, to create a feeling of unsubstantiality on the part of the reader, and to make him both weary and impatient.

*Out of Her Sphere* is one of these unreal books where every one lives in a fog, and no one sees things as they are. From Mrs. Thornton, who looks bad and is only vulgar, to her servant Charlotte Clare, who poses for a lamb when she is a ravening wolf of more than ordinary ferocity, the story is more or less *maya* or delusion throughout; even the catastrophe being one thing when it seems to be another, and nothing being real save the death of the deluded. Mrs. Thornton with her large black eyes, her love of pleasure and fine dresses, her inborn actresshood, her capacity for flirting, her want of passion, and her density of perception, has the misfortune to be married to a man at once ascetic and fervid, intensely religious and wildly in love, a man in whose vocabulary imprudences and small sins find no place, life being too earnest to admit of any palliation of evil. As the mistress of a half-furnished, cheerless rectory, the windows of which look for their liveliest prospect on to the abutting churchyard and its mouldering old tombstones, Mrs. Thornton is emphatically out of her sphere; and her husband, as her husband, is as much out of his. She has come as a stranger to St. Hilda, and no one in the neighbourhood, not even her husband, knows that she was formerly on the operatic stage, but has been compelled to seek refuge in conventionality and respectable dullness because her voice has given way; yet the theatrical taint is felt if not under-

\* *Out of Her Sphere*. By Mrs. Elliott. Author of "The Curate's Discipline," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Sons.



stood, and Mrs. Thornton, for all that she is the wife of one of the best regarded persons in the place, finds it hard work to float on the current of social acceptance. For which cause, and being a reasonable woman, not desiring the honours of social ostracism for the sake of indulging in anything like rampant Bohemianism, we hold all the misunderstanding she created by what looked so like a desperate flirtation with Audley Dale, yet was only platonic friendship seasoned with a special confidence, to be a piece of folly of which so clever a woman as she was would scarcely have been guilty. And it is taxing the reader's simplicity a little too severely to ask him to accept her indignation at her husband's very natural suspicions, with her apparent unconsciousness that her extraordinary proceedings could possibly give rise to those suspicions, as in any way like real life. Such a woman as Mrs. Thornton must have known what the world was sure to say, and what such a man as her husband would be sure to think. She might or might not think the game worth the candle, but she would at least understand that the candle had to be burnt. And, though all her motives were pure and kindly throughout, and what appearance of flirting she threw in was merely so much spurious poetry to mask the poverty of the actual prose, still she could not have been ignorant of the effect she was producing, and of the harvest she must reap after sowing her imprudences broadcast as she did. Her manner of carrying on her schemes, too, was unnecessarily compromising, not to say clumsy. Can we conceive of a woman in her senses making an appointment to meet at a ruined fort the man of whom her husband is frantically jealous—a young officer to whom she undeniably “makes eyes,” though she does counsel him to marry her friend—merely to give him three letters which she might just as well have sent by post? And can we credit any man with so much common-sense perception as would enable him to know a hawk from a handsaw, who goes day after day prowling about the house where lives the woman to whom he has committed himself, and of whom he is horribly afraid, for no better reason than to indulge in a platonic flirtation with the mistress, though snubbed by the master, and waylaid and kept up to the collar by the maid? Had Audley Dale had a grain of sense he would have avoided the rectory of St. Hilda with scrupulous care. As it was, he too played his game with the blankest oblivion of the candle involved, though, had he any pretensions to manliness or rationality, his conduct was inexplicable. With all he had at stake—his love for Milly Lisdale, the certainty of his name being coupled with that of Mrs. Thornton in so small and gossiping a place as St. Hilda, and his one burning desire to escape the consequences of his boyish imprudence with Clare—the rectory should surely have been the last place he would have visited, and its master would not have needed to have shown his jealous anger even once, not to speak of half-a-dozen times or more. For Mrs. Eilcoat has made the artistic blunder of continuing the same passion on the same level throughout her story. *Out of Her Sphere* opens with a scene of jealousy, misunderstanding, and false appearances; and the same kind of action is repeated again and again up to the climax. There is no careful leading up to that climax; no gradual deepening of the colours, or further entanglement of the threads; no well-graduated *crescendo* passages preparatory to the final burst. It is all on the one string; repetition, not increment or growth. Only when the scene in the fort is reached is another chord struck and a change of phrase obtained. But this continued repetition of motive and manner of action gives a monotonous character to the book that wearies the reader, and leaves on him the impression of both poverty and padding. Nothing is more interesting, if well done, than a psychological novel of careful analysis; but then it must be well done, and it must give the reader the impression of growth. It is destructive of all interest to perceive that the author's own materials are flagging; and the condemnation of the book is pronounced when the technical exigence of “copy” makes itself more felt than the necessary conditions of art.

It is becoming rather a favourite theme with authors to paint a woman essentially pure but undisguisedly Bohemian, set in the midst of Philistine respectability. Of course all the men flirt with her, and all the women hate and think evil of her. Even by the County families, who flirt yet more audaciously than she does, she is tabooed as irregular and impossible to be countenanced; according to the old proverb about horses and hedges, which makes the careless indifference to appearances of the Bohemian a crime, while it allows the county families twice as much license with nothing worse than a deprecatory shrug. Mrs. Eilcoat has brought out this phase of injustice in the difference she draws between the two “mature sirens,” Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Rushington. Mrs. Thornton, only the wife of the Rector of St. Hilda, and herself an unknown nobody, flirts in all innocence but in all openness, and she is looked at askance in consequence; she dresses in showy colours, and her ribbons are accounted to her as sins; even her black eyes and her way of using them affront the better born who have not the same charms, and it is considered good taste to condemn her as bad. Mrs. Rushington, on the contrary, may do as she likes—and her likings are undeniably questionable—but no one presumes to criticize. It is all the difference between the theatrical taint, which is felt if not understood, coupled with the doubt always hanging about the unknown, and that security of good birth which so marvellously lengthens a woman's tether in country places. So far Mrs. Eilcoat has observed well and reported accurately, though she would have done better to have made more distinction of type between Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Rushington. As it is, they are rather too close in likeness; which

also adds to the sameness of workmanship characteristic of this story.

The best, because the strongest thing in the book, is the character of Harold Thornton; about the worst is that of Audley Dale. As for the rest of the men, they are of the ordinary run of women's men, and singularly unlike the real thing; but in none do we find that wonderful absence of moral manliness, that surprising indifference to the first principles of truth and straightforwardness and all that we mean by honour, which marks the masculine portraits of most women, as in the character of the “first walking gentleman,” Audley. Looking at the thing dispassionately, we are inclined to the belief that Charlotte Clare, the pock-marked, crafty lady's maid, was quite good enough for the Bishop's son; and that Milly Lisdale was cruelly thrown away on such a half-hearted, cowardly, and inconsiderate intriguer as he is represented. We do not quite understand why Mrs. Eilcoat does not do much better than she has hitherto done. She has good ideas of a story, and she evidently draws largely from life; but whether from over-haste, or carelessness, or from that natural incapacity for thorough finish which belongs to some minds, her work fails to satisfy, and the impression it leaves is one of incompleteness. It is so good that it ought to be better; and we cannot help thinking that a little more pains, a little more rigorous self-discipline, would make it better. We are sorry to see in *Out of Her Sphere* a tendency to hysterical outbursts and sentimental maunderings which serve no good end whatsoever, save the filling up of space. An author would do far better to write a one-volume novel full of pith than dilute and dilate into the dimensions of three. What we want is matter, not bulk; and as soon as padding comes in fire dies out.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE illustrious historian Gervinus\*, after a long life of honourable popularity acquired by the steady assertion of the liberties of his country, found himself in his latter days on the unpopular side, from his opposition to the measures which have resulted in the practical attainment of German unity. It is not amazing that a veteran politician should be unable to recognise the expediency of a system the reverse of his own, even when the end in view is the same; it is even natural that his aversion should be in proportion to its efficiency. When this consideration is duly allowed for, the temporary eclipse of Gervinus's reputation will pass away. It seems to be considered that this consummation may be hastened by the publication of two posthumous essays, composed in a measure for the purpose of self-defence. Whether calculated to promote this end or not, they are certainly curiosities worthy of preservation. The first is an address to the Emperor of Germany on the occasion of his recent victories, couched in the most dignified strain of philosophic morality, and exhorting him to disdain the intoxication of triumph, to eschew unprincipled rapacity, and to regulate his conduct by the precepts of eternal justice, more particularly in one crucial instance. It will naturally be inferred that this relates to the annexation of French territory—that the philosopher, rising superior to the passions of the hour, has recorded a stern protest against the iniquity of depriving free citizens of their nationality, the disgrace of condescending to the lower moral standard of the conquered enemy, and the impolicy of justifying his conduct by following his example. Not at all; the objects of the historian's sympathy are the dispossessed princelings of Germany, and the duty urged upon the Emperor is that of restoring them to their dominions without delay. To make an indignant and resisting Frenchman a subject of the German Empire is laudable and decorous; to perform a similar operation upon an assenting Hessian is monstrous and disgraceful. This is indeed to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. The singularity of the second of these posthumous essays consists rather in the form than in the matter. It is a vindication of the author's sagacity and consistency as a politician, in the guise of a letter addressed by himself to himself. It must be concluded that no one else in Germany would undertake the task, and the straightforward simplicity of Gervinus's machinery at least indicates an advance on the method of Southey, who, when he could find nobody alive to concur in his own estimate of his deserts, had recourse to the clumsy expedient of evoking the shade of Sir Thomas More.

The third and concluding volume of Hermann Baumgarten's history of modern Spain† is almost entirely devoted to a narrative of the Carlist war. The intricate history of that sanguinary and inglorious strife is disentangled with industrious skill from the bewildering mass of petty details, for the most part only accessible in Spanish authors. The writer has bestowed particular attention on the manifestoes and other documents proceeding from the Carlist side, which have naturally been hitherto much overlooked. Two leading personages have especially called forth his powers in the delineation of character—the heroic Zumalacarréqui, one of the very few men of genius that Spain has produced for a century—and the dismal, sinister, grotesque, yet not uninteresting figure of Maroto. The singular mixture of motives by which the latter was actuated, and the extraordinary concatenation of circumstances which led to the unexpected termination of the war by

\* *Hinterlassene Schriften.* Von G. G. Gervinus. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte Spaniens vom Ausbruch der französischen Revolution bis auf unsere Tage.* Von H. Baumgarten. Th. 3. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

the unique Treaty of Bergara, are analysed with much acuteness. Subsequent events are huddled up with extreme rapidity, though ample materials remain for a volume of equal bulk. The author takes leave of Spain with the remark that the problem of her destiny is identical with that of the future of all the Latin nations—whether the Roman Catholic Church will prove capable of reconciling herself with modern ideas; whether her failure to do so will force the peoples that have hitherto professed allegiance to her into the perilous enterprise of constituting a new social bond; or whether she will remain as now, a source of anarchy and perpetual strife until the surviving energy of the race is completely exhausted in a series of sterile conflicts.

Paul Hassel's history of the operations of the Crown Prince of Prussia's troops during the late war\*, at which he was present, although not in a military capacity, is a straightforward and very copious narrative, interspersed with intelligent military criticisms which seem to be derived from professional sources. The work is principally based upon the writer's own communications during the campaign to the official Prussian Gazette and other journals, supplemented by details borrowed from other sources of information. It appears on the whole to be as satisfactory a work of its class as we can expect to see at present. General von Wittich's diary† principally relates to the operations around Orleans and Mans during the winter. It is almost exclusively technical.

The name of Theodor Mommsen‡ is a sufficient guarantee for the merit of his manual of Roman civil law, which is the first of a projected series of handbooks of Roman antiquities by him and T. Marquardt, and is designed to replace the well-known work of Becker and the latter. It is intended to consist of three volumes, the first of which is entirely devoted to the organization of the magistracy under the Republic. The style, as befits a handbook, is nervous and condensed; and the object principally aimed at, next to accuracy, appears to be the utmost attainable scientific precision. It is consequently no book for beginners, and can be profitably used only by those whose proficiency in classical literature is already considerable.

A volume on the manners, customs, and popular superstitions of the Tyrol, by Ignaz von Zingerle§, is a welcome contribution to an interesting branch of inquiry. Many of these Tyrolean beliefs, as for instance those regarding the ash-tree, are so singular that they can only be explained as relics of an age when the objects to which they refer were invested with religious sanctity. The compiler finds the traces of the ancient mythology everywhere, even in many instances where a connexion would hardly be suspected. Thus the popular prejudices against red hair is explained by the attribution of this characteristic to the formidable Thor. This interpretation is apparently confirmed by the fact that, in the Tyrol, Thursday, not Friday, is usually the unlucky day *par excellence*. Not the least valuable part of Herr von Zingerle's book is the preface, which contains a systematic enumeration of the queries which may be most usefully propounded by the collectors of these fast perishing traditions.

The recent regretted death of Adolf Trendelenburg|| imparts additional interest to two volumes of his collected essays, which are also interesting as exhibiting the application of the philosophic intellect to practical subjects. The first volume is principally occupied with essays relating to the history and organization of the kingdom of Prussia. These comprise, among other matter, disquisitions on those writings of Frederick the Great in which the principles of Prussian policy are most distinctly indicated, a sketch of the legal reforms effected by him and his Chancellor, Cocceji, and an account of his contributions towards the final settlement of a code of maritime law applicable to a state of warfare. The harsh and unamiable spirit of exclusively Prussian patriotism breathes through all these compositions, but they are not the less valuable as clear presentations of important features in the successful policy which has welded the disjointed fragments of Germany into a whole. The second volume consists chiefly of academical papers, mostly on legal and educational subjects, but concludes with æsthetic disquisitions on Raffaele's School of Athens, on the Niobe, on the Cathedral of Cologne, and on the principles of Greek philosophy as expressed in Greek art. All are characterized by fulness of information and a sober, nervous, lucid style.

If Professor Trendelenburg was characteristically Prussian, Herr F. Giehne¶ is no less distinctively Austrian. His reflections on the political condition of Austria, on the educational controversy, that great battle-field of the Church and modern thought within her borders, and upon the late war, probably express the sentiments of an average Austrian Catholic with tolerable precision. They may be summed up under two heads—great reluctance to see the Empire dismembered by the logical application of the federal principle, and great perplexity as to how to prevent it.

The specious generalities of M. Renan respecting the essentially monotheistic character of Semitic religion have found too easy a reception among the learned and the unlearned. Their extreme exaggeration was exposed a few years since by Herr Grau in a brilliant little book, to which Herr J. Röntsch\* has not very successfully endeavoured to provide a counterpart in an exposition of the ethical and religious characteristics of the Indo-European races. The author is a plain straightforward thinker, who reasons fairly and justly from admitted data, but is too devoid of originality either to discover anything new or to set anything old in a novel light, and the freedom of whose inquiries is much restricted by his adherence to traditional opinions. He has, however, written a sufficiently sound and sensible treatise, from the orthodox point of view, on the characteristics of the Aryan races, regarded as the complement of those of the "chosen people." The most valuable portion of his work is the parallel between the three great epics, the Iliad, the Nibelungen Lied, and the Mahabharata, in which the fundamental unity of ethical sentiment among the three is well brought out. An analysis of the Ramayana would have still further enhanced his deservedly high estimate of the moral qualities of the chief conquerors and colonizers of the earth.

The need of a *raison d'être* keeps bodies like the Evangelical Alliance† in a condition of feverish activity, which commonly assumes the character of officious meddling, but is occasionally directed to a useful end. We must consider that the Alliance has been well employed in its interference on behalf of the persecuted Protestants of the Baltic provinces of Russia. A shabbier system of persecution cannot be conceived than that adopted by the Russian authorities, even though we should reject the apparently well-authenticated particulars of conversions obtained by fraud, such as alluring the victim to sign a paper in a language with which he is unacquainted, which paper proves to be an abjuration of his creed instead of a petition to retain it. These pages contain ample proof of the existence of gross oppression, of the violation of the most solemn engagements which it involves, of its exclusively political character, missionary zeal not being even affected, and of the deplorable religious and educational condition of the community to which it is sought to compel the Lutherans to conform. We have also a report of the interview between Prince Gortchakoff and the deputation from the Alliance. Some members of the deputation seem to have been more intent on complimenting the Imperial family than on fulfilling the object of their mission, but the question is not one that can be settled by unmeaning speeches on either side.

"The New Era"‡, a collection of philosophical essays by various writers, appears to be in great part intended to propagate the ingenious ideas of F. Krause (1781-1832). Anticipating some more modern speculations on "the colossal man," Krause adopted as the basis of his ethical views the attainment of the greatest possible unity, the nearest conceivable approximation to perfect identity, among the individual members of the human race. This object was to be attained by the constitution of an association of the choicest spirits, who were gradually to absorb the rest. Krause thought that he had discovered the germ of such an association among the Freemasons, which led him to bestow much attention upon their history, and to compose an esteemed work on the subject. Though comparatively obscure and unpopular, his views have never been entirely without adherents. The present collection contains several of his posthumous writings, especially "A Catechism of Faith in Humanity," which embodies the leading principles of his system. From other contributions to its pages, it would appear that the attention of his followers is at present principally engrossed with the reconciliation of metaphysical science with religion, and the abolition of war.

Edmund Montgomery's acute but very abstruse criticism of the Kantian theory of perception§ is a contribution to the empirical side of the argument, designed to establish the origination of the most abstract ideas from experience, and to prepare the way for the resolution of psychology into physiology.

Balthasar Gracian|| was a Spanish writer of the seventeenth century. His "Manual Oracle and Art of Prudence" consists of a series of aphorisms expressed in a proverbial form with true Castilian sententiousness, and expanded, with a view to practical application, with a terse and pithy comment. The spirit of the whole may be inferred from the author's opening observation:—"It takes more to make one wise man nowadays than it did anciently to make seven." Life, according to Gracian, is a state of perpetual warfare, and superior qualities of mind and heart expose their possessor to injuries against which prudence is the only safeguard. It is easy to understand the congeniality of this philosophy

\* *Von der dritten Armee. Kriegsgeschichtliche Skizzen aus dem Feldzuge von 1870-1871.* Von Paul Hassel. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Aus seinem Tagebuche, 1870-71.* Von L. von Wittich. Cassel: Kay. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Römisches Staatsrecht.* Von Theodor Mommsen. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Sitten, Sitten und Meinungen des Tiroler Volkes.* Von I. von Zingerle. Innsbruck: Wagner. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Seine Schriften.* Von A. Trendelenburg. 2 The. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Sitten und Studien.* Von F. Giehne. Würzburg: Stuber. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Ueber Indogermanen und Semiten. Eine völkerverpsychologische Studie.* Von J. Röntsch. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Evangelische Allianz und Russische Diplomatie. Ein Beitrag zur neuesten Geschichte Beider.* Von W. von Bock. Berlin: Schneider. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Neue Zeit. Freie Hefte für vereinte Erhebung der Wissenschaft und des Lebens.* Herausgegeben von H. Freiherrn von Looschardt. Prag: Tempky. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Kantische Erkenntnistheorie widerlegt vom Standpunkt der Empirie.* Von E. Montgomery. München: Achermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Balthasar Gracian's Hand-Oracle and Kunst der Weltweisheit.* Uebersetzt von Arthur Schopenhauer. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

for Schopenhauer, with his morose mistrust of his fellow-men on the one hand, and his overweening self-estimate, exasperated by neglect into monomania, on the other. His translation was executed during one of the most comfortable periods of his life, the latter years of his residence at Berlin. It is a masterpiece of condensed vigorous expression, and, in the contact of mind with mind, the worldly prudence of the old Spaniard seems penetrated and illumined with something of the sublime audacity of the system-shattering sage of Frankfurt.

Ferdinand Lotheissen's work on French literature\* and society at the period of the Revolution is a lively, and at the same time accurate, review of the literary and social phenomena of the time—the salons, the journals, the theatre, the authors who chiefly influenced their epoch or were the most characteristic representatives of its tendencies. The execution is somewhat slight, and too little care has been bestowed upon the man of letters, such as Mirabeau, whose direct action upon the Revolution was chiefly oratorical or administrative. The writer exhibits a preference for, and is most successful in dealing with, the characteristic qualities of writers who themselves personify some especial phase of the *esprit français*—the icy brilliancy of Chamfort, the exuberant sentimental enthusiasm of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the impassioned serenity of Condorcet, the practical, calculating idealism of Volney.

W. von Lenz† has few particulars of much personal interest to record respecting Liszt and Chopin; his brochure, however, contains a few notes of the opinions of those masters on musical matters, which possess some value in a technical point of view.

Rudolph Genée's‡ "Life of Shakspeare" is a sensible and practical arrangement of the little that is known on the subject, accompanied by an analysis of the dramas, and critical remarks partaking of the sober unambitious spirit of the biography.

"The Professor of Heidelberg," by Otto Müller§, is an exceptionally good novel. The length of the sentences, the prolixity of detail, and the leisurely development of the plot, occasion indeed a certain tedium, but this is redeemed to a considerable extent by the real interest of the story, the variety of the incidents, and the general indications of a culture and knowledge beyond those of ordinary novelists. It is in some degree an historical fiction, the scene being laid in Italy in the sixteenth century. The hero is the German poet Lotichius, who, in accordance with actual fact, is represented as travelling beyond the Alps in the capacity of tutor to some young students. The contrast between German and Italian morals and manners, a favourite subject with the novelists of Germany, is picturesque and well maintained.

Johannes Olaf, by Eliza Wille||, is a remarkably good novel of incident. The scene is laid on an islet in the miniature Frisian Archipelago, and the picturesque features alike of the waste region itself, and of the lonely, homely life of the inhabitants, are described with animation and truth. "At Twilight Hour," by Otilie Wildermuth¶, is a collection of very pretty stories of social life. The authoress possesses both fancy and pathos. The sentimentality of "Erna; or, I have lived and loved"\*\*, is quite in keeping with the title.

Deutsche Blätter†† is a new journal devoted to the discussion of political and theological topics in the spirit of moderate Conservatism. The most interesting paper in the first number is an account of the proceedings of the last ecclesiastical synod in Baden, the debates of which present a miniature reflection of the various controversies and practical problems that at present principally agitate the Church of Germany.

\* *Literatur und Gesellschaft in Frankreich zur Zeit der Revolution, 1789-1794.* Von F. Lotheissen. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Grossen Pianoforte-Virtuosen unserer Zeit aus persönlicher Bekanntschaft.* Von W. von Lenz. Berlin: Behr. London: Nutt.

‡ *Shakspeare: sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von R. Genée. Hildburghausen: Verlag des Bibliographischen Instituts. London: Nutt.

§ *Der Professor von Heidelberg. Ein deutsches Dichterleben aus dem sechzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Otto Müller. 3 Bde. Stuttgart: Kröner. London: Siegle.

|| *Johannes Olaf. Roman.* Von Eliza Wille. 3 The. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Zur Dämmerstunde. Erzählungen.* Von Otilie Wildermuth. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Erna, oder "Ich habe geliebt und geliebt."* Ein Seelengemälde. Von T. S. Braun. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Deutsche Blätter. Eine Monatsschrift für Staat, Kirche und sociales Leben.* Herausgegeben von Dr. G. Füllner. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

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OF

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## THE ALABAMA QUESTION.

THE Government exercised, as had been expected, a sound discretion in declining to produce the incomplete American correspondence. The questions asked by Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HORSMAN were intended as a warning that Parliament has more confidence in the good intentions of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues than in their diplomatic adroitness. Mr. GLADSTONE'S assurance that any change of policy will be communicated to Parliament seems to imply that the Government adheres to its own interpretation of the Treaty; but in that case the answer to Mr. Fish's despatch can have been little but a courteous formality. The main results of previous negotiations has unfortunately passed beyond the stage of anxiety and doubt. There is a fatal discrepancy of opinion or of policy between the two Governments; and the time appointed for the commencement of proceedings at Geneva will have been reached before another communication can have been received from Washington. The cumbrous constitutional arrangement which disables the Executive Government of the United States from making any binding arrangements with foreign Powers proved fatal to the REVERDY JOHNSON Convention; and probably it will serve as a pretext for declining any concession of the point in dispute; yet it must be remembered that the rupture of the Treaty will have been exclusively caused by the acts of the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet. Having ratified the Treaty, the Senate had finally discharged its functions, nor could it have exercised any control over the composition of the American Case. It has been too hastily assumed that General GRANT and Mr. Fish have been hampered or influenced in their recent deliberations by a consciousness that the course which they might adopt would be subject to the revision of the Senate. On the contrary, it would have been competent to the PRESIDENT at his discretion to modify the Case in such a manner as to remove all objection on the part of England. Some of the soundest politicians and best jurists in the United States have expressed the opinion that the English interpretation of the Treaty and the English version of the preliminary discussions are substantially correct; and the supporters of the American Government have, with few exceptions, admitted that the demand for some hundreds of millions was absurd and scarcely serious. It is not known that any American has recommended the simple course of withdrawing an unjust or an insincere pretension; and there can be no doubt that the PRESIDENT is sustained by popular opinion in his determination to maintain a demand which was perhaps in the first instance incautiously advanced. It is not likely that the question of responsibility will at any time be raised between the Executive Government and the Senate. If the matter had been referred to the Senate, the decision of the PRESIDENT would have been confirmed; but the Case and the refusal to alter the Case proceed exclusively from the Cabinet. Some American journals endeavoured to justify the conduct of their Government by referring to Mr. GLADSTONE'S strong expressions of opinion on the construction of the Treaty. The violent and discourteous language of the Case, consistently maintained through a volume of five hundred pages, has never provoked disapproval in the United States.

The suggestion that the meaning of the Treaty should be submitted to the arbitration of the Geneva Tribunal was equivalent to a proposal that the English objection should be withdrawn. If the reference had proceeded in the ordinary course, it would have been in the power of the English counsel at any time to raise a plea as to the jurisdiction. It was in such a form that the arbitrators at Washington lately considered and rejected the claim of the Confederate holders of cotton bonds; and the Geneva Tribunal might probably have

sustained the objection to the consideration of the indirect claims; but if the contention of the American agents had been successful, the scope of the reference would have been unduly extended. It would be discourteous to the American Government to assume that it authorised its agents to prefer a claim which it knew to be not only baseless, but extraneous to the Treaty. When Mr. Fish suggests that the Tribunal shall decide the preliminary issue of jurisdiction, he must be supposed to think it possible that a decision would be given in his favour. An agreement to refer the question whether a certain subject-matter shall be included in a reference is itself a reference of the substantial point in dispute. The English nation would never have consented to allow any arbitrator to determine whether a monstrous and preposterous claim for the expenses of a civil war in a foreign country should be submitted to arbitration. The offer to limit the maximum amount of damages, if it has really been made directly or indirectly by the American Government, would in no degree meet the objection, although the offer of a receipt in full on the contingent payment of four or five millions would conclusively prove the unfairness of demanding in a formal Case a hundred times the amount. If England had been even in the smallest degree responsible for the prolongation of the war, the liability would not have been represented by a trifling sum. It is absolutely necessary to repudiate, independently of the amount involved in any demand, claims which might hereafter be drawn into a fatal precedent. As a Belgian writer has lately remarked, the admission of the American demand might encourage ruinous exactions on the part of any powerful belligerent against a petty State. As the proposal is on all grounds inadmissible, it is almost unnecessary to observe that a proposed limitation of damages would, unless it had been clearly expressed, have probably caused fresh misunderstanding. The Commissioners, the whole English nation, and nine-tenths of the American people, implicitly believed that hostile feeling had been finally appeased by the English apology, and by the large concessions involved in the Treaty; yet all the time Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS, who had been Secretary of the Commission, was composing an inflammatory denunciation of successive English Governments, and his colleagues and superiors approved of the attempt to earn domestic popularity at the expense of international courtesy and good feeling. It is at least possible that, if the English Government had been induced by vague professions of moderation to enter on the reference, the bitterness and the extortionate spirit displayed in the Case would have been once more exhibited by the American counsel.

It has lately been the fashion to protest against any further discussion of the substantial merits of a controversy which will evidently not be settled by agreement; but in most disputes there is a right and wrong; and it is scarcely fair that the party who is wholly blameless should voluntarily place himself on the level of his adversary. It is perfectly true that the discussion cannot profitably continue for ever; but while public attention is fixed on the failure of the Treaty, it is expedient to remember that England has been unwillingly forced to abandon the hope of a friendly arbitration and a final award. The Americans have lately spoken with complacency of their own temperate language, and of the general absence of excitement; but the document which has caused the whole mischief was conspicuously intemperate, and not the smallest provocation has at any time during the controversy been offered to the American Government or nation. The strong feeling which was caused in England by the publication of the American Case was not disproportionate to the occasion; but the question has been exclusively discussed on its merits, sometimes with even an unreasonable assumption of candour. No

serious attempt has been made by American writers to answer the conclusive arguments which have been founded on the construction of the two phrases of "*Alabama claims*" and of "an amicable settlement." The indirect demands were to be abandoned in the event, not of a particular form of amicable settlement, but of an amicable settlement in general, and shortly afterwards the Treaty itself was formally described as an amicable settlement. The definition of the claims "generically known as the *Alabama claims*" is still more conclusive. No claims for indirect damages had at any time been preferred by the United States, while the direct claims of private citizens were from the time of Mr. SEWARD downwards generically known as the *Alabama claims*. Mr. SUMNER, who invented the indirect demands, preferred them in his notorious speech as consequences, not only of the depredations of the cruisers, but also of the alleged unfriendliness of the English Government, as shown in the recognition of Confederate belligerency, and in other acts throughout the whole course of the war. Mr. SUMNER's speech, delivered in Secret Session, was only published by the special permission of the Senate, and even if it had asserted any *Alabama claims*, it could not have been officially brought to the notice of the English Government. The demand has never been reproduced in any public document before the publication of the recent Case, except in Mr. FISH's despatch to Mr. MOTLEY, in which the SECRETARY OF STATE expressly declared that he preferred no claim of any kind. It is absurd to attribute to the Commissioners the impropriety of describing as known claims, claims which were diplomatically unknown to both parties to the Treaty.

It is not known whether the English Government has taken the precaution of preparing a counter case to be used in the improbable contingency of a settlement of the preliminary differences. If such a document should by some unforeseen accident be required, it will probably have been framed in the lawyer-like and dispassionate tone of the original English Case. It would be undignified and indiscreet to reciprocate the passionate rudeness of the American agents; nor is the temptation to recriminate likely to affect the minds of English lawyers. It will be necessary to avoid any notice of those parts of the American Case which relate to matters not within the jurisdiction of the Tribunal. An argument, however conclusive in answer to an irrelevant claim, might by astute opponents be construed into an admission that it was material. In fact the original English Case is, like Lord RUSSELL's letters to Mr. ADAMS, almost too forcible in its demonstration of the groundlessness of the American demands. It would scarcely be desirable, after all the concessions which were made at Washington, to irritate the American people by a complete disappointment of their expectations. A belief in the justice of the demand for consequential damages was probably confined to the followers of Mr. SUMNER and to other inveterate enemies of England, but there is no doubt that the entire nation, not having studied international jurisprudence, is convinced that the direct claims on account of the *Alabama*, and perhaps of one or two other vessels, were morally or legally just. No Englishman would have been disappointed if the less unreasonable expectations of the American people had been satisfied by the decision of the Tribunal. It is the fault of the Government of the United States that the whole transaction has, against its own wish, been rendered abortive.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE PARIS INSURRECTION.

**E**XACTLY a year has passed away since a knot of obscure men found themselves by a great chance, and to their own infinite surprise, the absolute masters not only of Paris, but of all the forts of Paris except Valerien, of 2,000 cannon, 450,000 muskets, innumerable stores, and 260,000 armed men, who, if they had not learnt to fight, had at least learnt to ramble about with a gun in their hands for fifteenpence a day. For more than two months these obscure men, or such as they, had Paris at their mercy. After they were subdued, Frenchmen were naturally very anxious to know how so strange and monstrous a thing could have happened, and an elaborate inquiry was instituted by order of the Assembly into the history of the insurrection. Three volumes have been issued by the Committee of Inquiry, and the volume containing the evidence on which the Report was founded is one of the most instructive and entertaining public documents of modern times. M. THIERS, Marshal MACMAHON, General VINOT, General D'AURELLE, JULES FAVRE, PICARD, FERRY, several Mayors, successive Prefects of Police, and a host of minor persons gave their evidence, and although they in some measure contradicted each other, the witnesses furnished quite enough materials to

enable the reader to deduce a tolerably clear notion how it was that the insurrection succeeded. It was indeed the fruit, the inevitable fruit, of the siege. M. JULES FAVRE declares that he always thought the fortifications of Paris a mistake, because no military advantage which they might secure could compensate for the evil effect of shutting up two millions of persons in a state of famine, excitement, and exhaustion. Every single person, high or low, who had anything to do with the Government of Paris from the 4th of September to the 18th of March declared that he had been from the first sure that a crisis must come sooner or later. The Jacobins, the Communists, the International, had all something to do with the insurrection; but it was the siege that really produced it. The National Guard under the Empire had a nominal strength of about 60,000 men; but it had never been trained, and had no organization. When the Prussians drew near it was suddenly determined that this faint, incoherent body should receive an indefinite expansion. Twenty-five thousand gaol-birds were admitted into its ranks. Arms were distributed to all who liked. Those who were the most audacious elected themselves commanders. But at first the front ranks of the force were filled by men of station, character, and enthusiasm, who really fought hard when permitted, were zealous in their duties, and kept down the rascals. But by degrees the worst elements began to attain the mastery. It is true that order was outwardly maintained until the capitulation, but the seeds of evil had been sown. A fatal separation had grown up between the respectable men who did their duty and fought for their country and the unrespectable men who liked being fed without working and being soldiers without fighting. Not that these latter were cowards, but they had peculiar views of what was due to themselves. They manufactured bombs secretly, they announced that they had other enemies nearer home than the Prussians, they denounced the Government of National Defence as the blackest of traitors. On the 31st of October these men, enraged by the news of the fall of Metz, attempted to overthrow the Government, and very nearly succeeded. But they were put down for the moment by the partisans of order, although the Government was terribly weakened by the contest. Some of its members had undoubtedly made, in some very unofficial way, a bargain that no great harm should happen to the insurgents. There was, however, a section of the Government which wished to show firmness, and a large number of the leaders of the insurrection were arrested. But the Government was afraid to treat them as guilty. It discharged those who had friends; it kept in prison, but did not bring to judgment, those who were judged more dangerous. There were many men of courage and sense in positions of some authority, but they were not backed up; and General TROCHU was as unsuited a man to his position as could have been found for the place. As one witness epigrammatically put it, he had just the wrong belief for Paris; he did believe in God, and he did not believe in the possibility of resisting the Prussians. He was pious, but he was a failure, and was conscious that he was a failure. When the fatal end came he was the most unpopular man in Paris; and when his reign came to a close, all government of every sort was hated and despised.

After the negotiations for the armistice had been commenced in the last week of January, the question was keenly debated whether the National Guard should be disarmed or not. M. JULES FAVRE on one occasion begged pardon of God and man for not having agreed that the Guard should be disarmed. But when he appeared before the Committee, he had to own that this was a mere flower of rhetoric. The truth was that it was entirely impossible for the authorities in Paris to disarm the National Guard. Prince BISMARCK insisted that only 12,000 troops should retain their arms. These troops had to devote all their energies to keeping the city tolerably quiet while the Germans entered, and could not possibly have disarmed a quarter of a million of National Guards. It is not true that Prince BISMARCK offered to disarm the National Guards. He did not wish to mix himself up with a difficult and dangerous business. What he did say was, that he thought he knew how to disarm them if it was necessary. His plan was simply to break off the negotiations, continue to starve Paris, which was then at its last extremities, and order the German troops to give a piece of bread to every Frenchman who brought him a gun. This was probably neither said nor taken seriously. It was merely a mode of expressing the thought that it was a very difficult matter to disarm the Guard, which was spread through the city, and could not be got at without much risk. The entry of the Germans was the signal for the seizing of the cannon, which was at first done without any

sinister design; but then, when the disaffected found what strength this incident had given them, they would never let the cannon be restored, although they affected to enter into arrangements with the Government for giving them up. During the six weeks that intervened between the ratification of peace and the 18th of March Paris was drifting faster into anarchy day by day. General CLÉMENT THOMAS resigned the commandship of the National Guard, as he despaired of being able to keep up the semblance of authority. General D'AURELLE was appointed to the post, but when he attempted to get his force into something like order, he found that his chiefs of battalions obeyed some secret authority and disregarded his orders. The moment peace was signed, the mass of regular troops, marines, Mobiles, and so forth, who had formed the Paris army, claimed to be sent home. The Germans permitted the number of troops kept with arms in Paris to be raised to 40,000; but there was not a sufficient number to be got, and those that were sent as reinforcements were utterly untrustworthy. The orderly part of the National Guard, and the best friends of the Government, took immediate advantage of the raising of the siege, and some 60,000 of them, according to the calculation of M. THIERS, were thus absent when the time of trial came. The soldiers were either bullied or seduced by the mob, and the agents of police run about in terror, pursued by those whom they had been sent to pursue. At length it was agreed to take, at all risks, some steps to terminate a state of things so disgraceful and so dangerous. On March 20 the Assembly was to meet at Versailles, and in order that the Government might not seem to have entirely forfeited its position, it determined that a bold attempt should be made on the early morning of the 18th to carry off the cannon from the heights of Montmartre.

The attempt failed, and unfortunately it was conducted by a man who never had the slightest hope of its success. General VINOT obeyed orders, but he thought the orders he obeyed were the orders of madmen. Two hours, as is well known, elapsed after the troops had got possession of the cannon before any horses arrived to take them away. General VINOT asserts that if the horses had been there they could not have been of any use, as the cannon had to be dismounted before they could be dragged off; if they had been carried off, they would have taken so long to get through the streets that the populace would have easily stopped them on the way; if these cannon had been removed, there were as many more in Belleville and Père la Chaise; if Montmartre had lost its cannon, it could easily have replaced them from the ramparts. These are only the excuses of a man who was sent on an errand which he did not fancy; and General LE FLO, the Minister of War, did not hesitate to declare that the blame of the failure lay at the door of General VINOT. A few hours afterwards, however, General VINOT rendered a service to France which may well outweigh all his shortcomings. M. THIERS gave positive orders that the army should retire to Versailles, and that all the forts should be abandoned. He made no exception, and on Sunday the 19th, when he was earnestly pressed to retain Valérien, he stoutly refused. At one in the morning, between Sunday and Monday, General VINOT made his way into the bedroom of M. THIERS, and did not leave until he got an order for the re-occupation of Valérien. Had this not been done, the Assembly and the tiny army of Versailles and the Government would all have been at the mercy of the insurgents. By so narrow an accident, and in spite of the man on whom his hopes of safety rested, was France spared from a catastrophe which would have increased tenfold the dangers that flowed from the abandonment of Paris. Fortunately the leaders of the insurrection were not in the least prepared for their own success. They were stunned and stupefied by the luck that had befallen them. The insurrection was not under any guidance. The Jacobins, the Communists, and the International successively contributed the elements of something like an authority; but there had been no previous preparation for the action necessary under the circumstances that actually occurred. General TROCHU and Admiral SAISSSET firmly believed, and probably still believe, that the devilry of BISMARCK was at the bottom of the whole affair, and that the anarchy of Paris was skilfully contrived by the lavish use of German gold. But M. THIERS and M. JULES FAVRE decided such wild theories, and found quite enough in the madness of the siege, in the hatred of classes, the cessation of labour, and the demoralization of the soldiers to account for what had happened. The general conclusion to which the evidence points is, that the insurrection, and its wonderful, if temporary, triumph, were mainly due to these causes, and that the action of the more violent dema-

gogues and of the Secret Societies was only a secondary cause. That the wrath of the defeated Communists and the operations of the International may be for a long time to come a source of apprehension to every French Government is highly probable; but the circumstances under which the insurrection of the 18th of March assumed such gigantic proportions can never, in all likelihood, occur again.

#### SIR CHARLES DILKE'S MOTION.

THE proceedings of the House of Commons on Tuesday last have in one sense afforded Sir C. DILKE an undeserved and unexpected triumph. Under the Monarchy which he has assailed, the Government is really administered by an Assembly which has often contrasted its own calm and dignified demeanour with the upstart bodies which have in foreign countries been formed after its pattern. English critics habitually ridicule with injudicious freedom of speech the disorderly episodes which occur from time to time in the debates at Versailles; but it is not recorded that either the most bigoted Legitimists or the wildest Republicans are in the habit of enlivening their discussions by imitating the crowing of cocks. It was right and natural that Sir C. DILKE's motion should, in remembrance of his speeches at Newcastle and other places, be received with marked disfavour; and it was for the House to decide whether the Ministers should be required to answer his statements, or encouraged to refuse all inquiry as unnecessary and indecorous. In either case the division which eventually occurred would have operated as a significant rebuke to a presumptuous agitator. It is a subject for regret that the ill-judged levity and rudeness of a certain number of members should, not indeed have justified Sir C. DILKE, but have placed the House in the wrong. On such occasions it is unfortunately in the power of a few young and inconsiderate persons to discredit the Assembly in which they hold an ordinarily humble position. The repeated attempts to count the House out could only have been excused by success, and even at the best an irregular attempt to terminate the debate would have been injudicious. The motion for excluding strangers might have been supposed by a stranger to convey an undeserved compliment to the speaker, whose feeble vehemence could otherwise not have been considered dangerous. It is true that Sir C. DILKE was allowed to complete his tedious statement without serious interruption; but when Mr. GLADSTONE had concluded his answer, Mr. AUBERON HERBERT's little paradoxes and platitudes ought to have been tolerated, not on account of their value, but from respect to the dignity of the House. It was not necessary to listen, or even to be present, during his oration; and at its close the House could have proceeded to a division. When a political fanatic proclaims opinions which he knows to be distasteful or offensive, his object is attained if his opponents imply by their conduct that they desire to silence him by force. The disturbance which took place is the more unfortunate because it follows after several petty riots against the political allies of Sir C. DILKE and Mr. AUBERON HERBERT. The more thoughtless members of the Conservative party only injure the cause with which they are ostensibly associated by a resort to violence which may hereafter serve as a precedent for more formidable disorders. The antidote to bad taste and bad feeling without or within the walls of Parliament is not the exhibition of the same qualities by others. Attacks against the Constitution will always be harmless as long as the House of Commons exercises with universal assent the prerogative which is formally vested in the Crown. The rabble which applauded Sir C. DILKE's autumn speeches will listen greedily to the assertion that the corruption which has been attributed to the Court has penetrated the House of Commons.

The dryness and formality of Sir C. DILKE's speech would have done credit to the most hackneyed devotee of routine. There was something whimsical in the conventional appeal of a fierce revolutionist to the authority of Mr. BURKE, Mr. DUNNING, and Mr. TIERNY. It was DUNNING who moved and carried the once celebrated Resolution that the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished. If the proposition was true, it logically followed that it was the duty of Parliament to inquire into the resources which enabled the Sovereign to transgress the limits of the Constitution. At that time it was notorious that the KING, as distinguished from his Ministers, took a personal and active part in public affairs; but it would have been too absurd to assert that such interference was practised at the present day. Sir C. DILKE, instead of repeating DUNNING'S

complaint, could only suggest that, if the QUEEN were to accumulate too large a private fortune, she might perhaps become independent of Parliament. When the savings of the Civil List render the Army and Navy Estimates superfluous, it will be time enough to take precautions against the despotism which undoubtedly was prevented in the seventeenth century by the financial dependence of the Crown on the House of Commons. BURKE and DUNNING would never have troubled themselves to inquire whether the Treasury might not, on a strict construction of the Civil List Act, be entitled to let at a rack-rent the lodges in the Royal Parks. As Mr. GLADSTONE showed, the Government was exclusively responsible for any irregularity which an astute critic could discover; and if in some trifling instances the convenience of the QUEEN and the Royal Family has been consulted, as in the disposal of the Royal lodges, the country would certainly not disapprove of the exercise of a reasonable discretion. That the Master of the Horse is allowed by custom to use the Royal equipages is not a reason for revolution, and probably it is not even an economical grievance. It is well known that in the QUEEN's establishment there must be surplus horses and carriages for exceptional occasions, and no harm is done if they are at other times appropriated to the use of one of the great officers of State. The provision for the QUEEN's daughters was deliberately made by the House of Commons, although on one or two of the later occasions the grants were opposed by a small minority of members. If the motion had not been discredited by Sir C. DILKE's previous conduct, there would have been no impropriety in inquiring whether the Treasury had exercised due supervision over the transfers from one department of the household to another. In any case the Privy Purse is practically the residuary owner of the entire income; and probably warrants have from time to time been issued in proper form. Members in want of employment may legitimately busy themselves with trivial matters of detail, but unless Sir C. DILKE had some better reason for undertaking his recent agitation, his conduct has been inexcusable. The strings of figures which wearied the House of Commons were paraded at Newcastle as arguments for the overthrow of the institutions which rendered such transactions possible; and artisans were invited to compare their own pittance of weekly wages with the large sums which are spent in maintaining the splendour of the Court. The inference that a Republic would be preferable to a Monarchy was absurdly disproportioned to the statistics which were presented to the House of Commons. A vote in favour of Sir C. DILKE's motion for papers might perhaps have been regarded as an admission that there was some ostensible pretext for his menace of revolution.

Mr. GLADSTONE anticipated the unanimous desire of the House by meeting the motion with a direct negative; and it may be safely asserted that no member has a moral right to force a division which leaves him in a minority of four. It is not unsatisfactory to find that between November and March the PRIME MINISTER has discovered that a proposal to abolish the existing Constitution deserves severe reprobation. It was undoubtedly proper to connect the motion for returns and the speech by which it was supported with the purpose to which Sir C. DILKE had formerly applied the same statements and arguments. The House declined to order even the most harmless returns when it was known that they were to be used for the purpose of giving plausibility to an attack on the Crown. It would perhaps have been better if Mr. GLADSTONE had abstained from giving a partial answer to Sir C. DILKE's speech, and had relied on the preliminary and decisive objection to the entire discussion. Two hundred and seventy-eight members afterwards voted against four, not that this or that petty payment had been sufficiently explained, but that no substantial ground had been laid for an inquiry into the management of the Civil List, and that no question of the kind should be raised for revolutionary purposes. Notwithstanding his long experience and his great oratorical ability, Mr. GLADSTONE is inferior to some of his predecessors in the art of saying nothing when discussion is inexpedient. Lord PALMERSTON, though he had no pretensions to eloquence, would have suppressed Sir C. DILKE more summarily and effectually by refusing altogether to correct or to explain his unseasonable assertions.

Sir C. DILKE and his solitary supporter have, through the blunder of a portion of their adversaries, escaped the sentence which General CHANGARNIER lately described as an amnesty of contempt. There have been a few occasions in history on which it became a duty for the champion of some great principle to stand alone in opposition to the world; but modern martyrdom unattended with the smallest suspicion of danger excites but little admiration. A one-ided zealot

who stands immovable when strangers are ordered to withdraw, or when the House is counted, may perhaps persuade himself that he assumes a heroic attitude; but a defiance of general ridicule and reprobation is rarely meritorious. Sir C. DILKE showed a certain amount of tact in adopting the Parliamentary tone and method which might have become Mr. HUME in an attack on some questionable item in the Estimates; but it was universally felt that he was bound, not to explain the terms of his formal motion, but to justify his wanton attacks on the Constitution and on the QUEEN herself. It is difficult to understand how any man of education and ability could have thought that frivolous criticisms on the salaries of coachmen and trumpeters were relevant to a proposal for subverting an ancient Government to which Englishmen are for the most part deeply and habitually attached. In no country is it permitted publicly to question the foundations of social order. The question whether a Republic would possess any theoretical advantages is not properly discussed before crowds which have neither the capacity nor the wish to balance the merits and demerits of different Constitutions. An American DILKE who openly advocated the substitution of a Monarchy for the existing Republic would not meet even with the qualified tolerance which is practised in England.

#### THE ROUMANIAN JEWS.

THE Jews of Roumania are among the most unfortunate people of Europe. They are constantly being persecuted for no other reason than that they are Jews. They are set upon by infuriated mobs, who show their Christian feelings by kicking, trampling on, and killing the unhappy children of Israel. English philanthropy, which embraces everything in its wide net of speechifying, and inviting subscriptions, and forming committees, has taken up the case of these poor wretches, and has invited Mr. BRIGHT to be present at a meeting on their behalf. Mr. BRIGHT could not attend, but he wrote to say how shocked he was that Jews should be so ill-used, and that religious bigotry should still exercise so much sway in the world. The obvious thing to do seems to be to appeal to the Roumanian Government, but the Roumanian Government is not nearly so powerful to check the evil as it would itself wish to be. It knows that these raids on the Jews are a disgrace to it and to the nation it represents; but then they are exceedingly popular, and the electors of the Chamber are determined not to be balked in their private diversions by the weakness of the Government. The barbarism and fanaticism of the population, and old traditions of hatred towards the Jews, combine to keep up the custom; and Roumanians of the lower classes are impervious to the reproaches of Europe and the criticisms of Mr. BRIGHT. But it is not merely religious fanaticism that sets the Roumanians against the Jews. It is the old story. The Jews are too clever for the Christians. They are more thrifty, more intelligent, more united. They make money when the degraded Christians do not make it. They lend money and get hold of the property of their debtors, and this the Christians resent. There is something certainly very sweet to the barbarous mind in first taking a man's money, and then, when he wants his money back, kicking him and beating him and half killing him on high religious grounds. The Roumanians are in this respect only in the mental state in which Englishmen were in the thirteenth century. The strange thing is, that in spite of all persecution the Jews hold their ground. An extreme amount of persecution, of course, quenches the efforts and spirits of the Jews, as it does the efforts and spirits of every body of men. The Jews were kept out of England from the days of EDWARD I. to the days of CROMWELL. They were hunted into Morocco or into the pale of the Church by the Spanish Inquisition. But they are not to be crushed by half measures. Wherever money is to be made, and they are permitted to hold life even as a persecuted and miserable race, they flourish, multiply, and grow rich. No spot is too remote, no form of trade too disgusting, no climate too unhealthy for the Jew. He does not fear isolation or discomfort, for he and his people have been for centuries isolated and miserable. He is sustained by the traditions of his race, by the sympathy of his brethren, by the hopes of his religion, and by the contemplation of the gold he accumulates. In Roumania the Jews are said to be hated more than in the other semi-barbarous countries in the vicinity, because there are so many of them there. They aggravate the Christians by multiplying as the sands of the sea, where they are most trodden under foot and persecuted; and fear of a power they cannot crush is one of the strongest



influences at work to animate the fury of the Roumanian population.

There is no real difference between the Roumanian Jews and the Jews of Galicia or Bohemia, nor can they in their turn be separated from the Jews of Germany, of France, or of England. The dirty, greasy usurers of Roumania are the humble brethren of the financiers of London and Frankfurt, and that the Jews are a great power in Europe is incontestable. What are, it may be asked, the secrets of their power? They are religion, the capacity for making money, and internal union. A ceremonial and, therefore, exclusive religion, a religion that binds together its members by rites that seem strange to the rest of the world, has a strong hold upon those who are within the fold. They are like the tenants of a beleaguered fort cut off from the rest of mankind, and obliged to protect themselves and help each other. But religion is not enough to raise a race into eminence. The Jews and the Parsees are eminent, not only because they circumcize their sons, or light fires on the tops of their houses, but because they make money. The money they have gives them consequence; but it is not only the money itself that does this; it is the qualities that go to making money which raise them—the patience, the good sense, the capacity for holding on when others are frightened, the daring to make a stroke when the risk is sufficient to appal. And the Jews are not only religious and rich, they are bound together by intimate ties. The inner world of Judaism is that of a democracy. The millionaire never dreams of despising, or failing to aid, his poorest and most degraded brother. The kindness of Jews for Jews is unfeeling, spontaneous, and unaffected. The shabbiest hat buyer or orange seller of Houndsditch is as sure of having the means provided for him of keeping the sacred feast of the Passover as if he lived in a Piccadilly mansion. To the eyes of Jews, even the most degraded of Jews do not seem so degraded as they do to the eyes of the outer world. The poorest have perhaps possessions which redeem them in the eyes of their brethren, and many of the lowest, grasiest, and most unattractive Hebrews who walk about the streets in search of old clothes or skins are known by their co-religionists to be able to repeat by rote portions of the sacred volumes by the hour at a time. To all these permanent causes of Jewish eminence there must, however, be added one that has only had time to develop itself since extreme bigotry has died away, and since in Western Europe the Jews have been treated, first with contemptuous toleration, then with cold respect, and finally, when they are very, very rich, with servile adoration. These people—so exclusive, so intensely national, so intimately linked together—have shown the most astonishing aptitude for identifying themselves with the several countries in which they have cast their fortunes. An English Jew is an Englishman, admires English habits and English education, makes an excellent magistrate, plays to perfection the part of a squire, and even exorcises discreetly the power which, with its inexhaustible oddity, the English law gives to him, while it denies it to members of the largest Christian sect, and presents incumbents to livings so as to please the most fastidious bishops. The French Jews were stout friends of France during the war, served as volunteers in the defence of Paris, and opened their purses to the national wants and their houses to the suffering French. The German Jews were as stout Germans in their turn, and in war, as in peace, they are always ready to show themselves Germans as well as Jews. It is the combination of the qualities of both nations that is now raising the foremost of the German Jews to their high rank in the world of wealth. In that world, to be a German is to be a trader whom it is very hard to rival; to be a Jew is to be an operator whom it is impossible to beat; but to be a German Jew is to be a prince and captain among the people.

In this way the Jews have managed to overcome much of the antipathy which would naturally attach to men of an alien race and an alien religion. The English Jew is seen not to be standing aloof from England and Englishmen. But it is impossible there should not be some sort of social barrier between the Jew and the Christian. They cannot intermarry, and it necessarily chills the kindness and intimacy of family intercourse when all the young people know that friendship can never grow into anything else. In order to overcome this obstacle, many wealthy Jews have chosen to abjure their religion, and enrol their households in the Christian communion. But the more high-minded and high-spirited among them shrink from doing this, and accept, and even glory in, the position into which they were born. Fortunately for himself and for England, a kind friend determined the religion of Mr. DIBAKLI before he was old enough to judge for himself, and

in his maturer years he has been able conscientiously to adopt what he terms the doctrines of the school of Galilee. If they are not decoyed into Christianity by their social aspirations, Jews are unassailable, for the most part, by the force either of persecution or argument; and although there are some conversions to be attributed to Christian reasoning or Christian gold, they are probably counterbalanced by the accessions to Judaism of Christian women who marry Jewish husbands. The Jews therefore lead, and must lead, on the whole, a family life marked by something of reserve and isolation. But the disadvantages they have thus to endure are not without their compensative advantages. Their family life, by being secluded, has gained in warmth and dignity. In very few families is there so much thoughtfulness, consideration, parental and fraternal affection, reverence for age, and care for the young as in Jewish families. The women, too, have been ennobled, not degraded, by being thrown on themselves and on their families for their sphere of thought and action. They are almost always thoroughly instructed in business, and capable of taking a part in great affairs; for it has been the custom of their race to consider the wife the helpmate—the sharer in every transaction that establishes the position or enhances the comfort of the family. Leisure, activity of mind, and the desire to hand on the torch of instruction from the women of one generation to those of another inspire Jewesses with a zeal for education, a love of refinement, and a sympathy with art. Homes of the best type are of course to be taken as the standard when it is inquired what are the characteristics of a race as seen at its best; and European family life has few things equal to show to the family life of the highest type of Jews. Their isolation, again, makes most of the men liberal and free from the prejudices of class, just as their connexion with their dispersed brethren relieves them from the pressure of insular narrowness. But, as Mr. BRIGHT remarks, religious bigotry is slow to die away altogether; and even in educated English society there are few Christians who do not think themselves entitled to approach a Jew with a sense of secret superiority. If a Jew is ostentatious, or obtrudes his wealth; if his women are loaded with jewelry, if he talks the slang of the sporting world in order to show what a fine creature he is, society is as right to put him down as to put down any Christian like him. But the philanthropists who invited Mr. BRIGHT to attend their meeting may be profitably invited to search their own hearts and ask themselves whether they are quite free from that feeling that the best Jew is never the equal of the worst Christian which is at the root of the Roumanian riots, and which certainly is entirely out of keeping with the tenets and teaching of the school of Galilee.

#### THE TREATY OF COMMERCE.

THE regret which will be felt in England at the denunciation of the Treaty of Commerce is certain to be misunderstood by the majority of Frenchmen. They will think the feeling itself perfectly natural, but they will find it hard to believe that our regret is for them rather than for ourselves. It is impossible not to compare the expectations which were based on this arrangement in 1860 with the fulfilment of them in 1872. It was thought that when once England had succeeded in getting the heaven of Free-trade into the minds of the French people, the work of conversion was as good as done. Every year, it was supposed, would show them more plainly the wisdom of the policy into which they had been forced by a ruler more clear-sighted in this respect than his subjects, and the only change that was to be looked for was the complete and unconditional abolition of all remaining restrictions on commercial intercourse. Twelve years have passed, and, though Free-trade has made great progress, it is not yet master of the field. M. THIERS has found the Assembly ready enough to thwart him upon many points; but he has had no cause to complain of it upon this one. A doctrine which to Englishmen seems as capable of demonstration as a proposition of EUCLID is still rejected by the mass of Frenchmen, or, if not rejected, is not thought worth insisting on when it is known to be distasteful to the PRESIDENT. It is strange that a nation of such quick intelligence should thus lag behind on a road on which its own interests, properly understood, demand that it should make rapid progress. Englishmen will find a further reason for regret in the probability that when France comes to her senses, those who care more for material prosperity than for political freedom will lament that the enlightened despotism which gave France the Treaty should have been forced to make way

for the Republic which ignorantly deprived her of it. The popularity of a defeated cause is the compound result of a large number of individual discontents. Those who are convinced that under Protection France will be less wealthy and less prosperous than she has been under Free-trade, may fairly lament the identification of tyranny with the seven years of plenty, and of liberty with the seven years of famine. Our feelings will be taken by most Frenchmen to be really prompted by selfish grief at being no longer able to make money at their expense. Figures make but little impression on the popular mind, or the fact that in the year before last our exports to France were less than one-fourth of our imports from France might help to disabuse them of this fancy. The French idea of the Treaty of Commerce is that it was a clever scheme for getting rid of English goods. The English idea is rather that it was a convenient scheme for getting hold of French goods. Which of the two theories is the correct one may be left to the test of statistics. In 1870 we paid the French 37,000,000*l.* for what we had from them, while they paid only 11,000,000*l.* for what they had from us.

These figures, though they may not convey enlightenment to Frenchmen, will at all events convey consolation to Englishmen. They may lose a market in which they have been accustomed to sell, but the market in which they have been accustomed to buy will remain open to them, and the buying part of the transaction is very much the larger of the two. It is some evidence of the value set upon Free-trade in this country that this is the only consolation we have allowed ourselves. Considering the talk there has been from time to time about a Protectionist reaction, it would not have been wonderful if some pressure had been put on the Government to restore the tariff which existed before the Treaty. It might have been argued that we abandoned certain sources of revenue in 1860, in return for the new opening extended to English trade, and that, now that this opening has been withdrawn, the proper course is at all events to consider whether we should not resume our former position as regards imports. No suggestion of the kind has been offered. The delusion that to be shut out from buying cheaply is any reparation for being shut out from selling largely is thoroughly exploded. Possibly Sir WILFRID LAWSON may plead that no form of alcohol should be admitted except at a duty which he would like to make prohibitive, and the correspondents of Conservative newspapers may raise an occasional wail over the decline of the ribbon manufacture—a branch of industry in which, for some unexplained reason, Conservatives seem to take especial interest. But no serious suggestion of retaliation will be made from any quarter. Our import trade will be practically undisturbed. Had the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to deal with a deficit instead of a surplus, the prospect would be less clear, as Mr. LOWE might like to cap his excise eccentricity of last year with an equally eccentric customs duty. But the necessity which was the mother of the match tax no longer exists, and we may hope to be spared any exhibition of financial sleight of hand. The incidence of English taxation is pretty fairly distributed over the several classes of the community, and an increase, when necessary, in existing duties of all kinds will in future be preferable to ingenious experiments in new modes of raising money.

Though the large balance of imports from France over exports from England under the Treaty has failed to convince Frenchmen that the arrangement has not worked to their disadvantage, there is another aspect of the same fact which has possibly had more influence on them. As the *Economist* has pointed out, only the smaller half of the trade between the two countries is directly affected by the abrogation of the Treaty. Of the 48,000,000*l.* which has yearly changed hands under its provisions, 37,000,000*l.* will continue to change hands as before. This consideration, while it comforts Englishmen, who have been the largest buyers under the Treaty, may also have had its weight with a not over-scrupulous politician in leading him to put an end to the Treaty. The French are more interested in the 37,000,000*l.* of money which they get in return for their goods than in the 11,000,000*l.* worth of goods which they get in return for their money. The interests which have England for a buyer are friendly to the Treaty, but then, as England will go on buying on the same terms, they will feel nothing but a sentimental regret at its abrogation. Consequently M. THIERS need fear no serious unpopularity, even with those who have most profited by the Treaty. If it were ever worth while to spite ourselves in order to spite our neighbours at the same time, we might have made his position in this matter very much less comfortable. A return to the state of things which existed before the

Treaty would cause serious dissatisfaction in France. As it is, the wine trade and the silk trade will be uninjured, while a substantial benefit will be conferred on the cotton manufacture. Bordeaux and Lyons may condemn M. THIERS's policy, but it will be with the unimpassioned condemnation of men who are not hurt by it. Rouen will give him the enthusiastic support of men delivered from an inconvenient rival. The one person who will not be considered in the matter is the French consumer. The peasant will have to pay more for his shirt, and if so he will probably lay the increased cost at the door of the Republic. It is curious that no form of free government in France seems to think it worth while to consider anything but particular interests. The two strings which the ex-EMPEROR had to his bow were public order and general prosperity. M. THIERS seems fairly able to answer for the first, but neither he nor the Assembly can bring themselves to see that, for one Frenchman who makes calico, there are a hundred who wear it. In their desire to conciliate the Norman manufacturer, they forget that buyers all over France may resent being forced to take his goods when English goods suit them as well, and cost them less. Under any circumstances the present condition of France must impose heavy burdens upon every one of her people. That is the unavoidable misfortune of a Government which has to pay for a war which it did not make. But to impose additional burdens upon the French consumer by the abrogation of the Treaty with England is exactly the way to make him confuse the authors of the burden which he might have been spared and of the burden from which there is no escape. If ever NAPOLEON III. appeals to the French peasantry to judge between him and those who have succeeded him—and his agents will make the appeal for him, whether he does or does not make it for himself—he will try as far as possible to explain the material difficulties under which France is labouring by reference, not to the money she has had to pay, but to the particular taxes which the Republic has imposed in order to get the means of paying it. If he had had to choose an enemy who would unintentionally play into his hand, he could not have done better than take M. THIERS.

The misdirected thought which the Government and the Assembly have lately been bestowing on finance may help to account for the remarkable lull which has come over the controversies that were raging a week or two back. There seems to be a pious disposition, even on the part of the least pious politicians, to spend Easter in peace and concord. Even the sacred cause of the POPE has had to yield to the universal desire to put aside all subjects of controversy. The monarchical fusion is no longer spoken of, and it begins to be whispered that, unless the idea is revived, M. LEFRANC's Bill against the press will be allowed to slumber in the same limbo with the Manifesto and the Letter of Adhesion. The provisional order of things in France must eventually meet the fate of the pitcher which goes often to the well; but no attempt at putting an end to it seems likely to succeed at present. If M. THIERS's faults and follies do not actually endear him to the French people, they are of a kind that they easily put up with. His financial heresies are pardoned as soon as he gets into the tribune, and if his way of raising money is not always approved by an Assembly which on this subject is less retrograde than the Government, it is something to his credit that he manages to raise it at all.

#### PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

THE subject of private Parliamentary legislation is seldom fairly discussed, for the simple reason that those who understand it best have for the most part a personal interest which tends to diminish their authority and perhaps to bias their judgment. The House of Commons includes many members who have acquired experience in Select Committees; but it is sometimes invited to rely on opinions which are from the necessity of the case theoretical or rather conjectural. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, the Chief Clerk at the table of the House of Commons, the Speaker's Counsel, and Mr. DONSON himself have the common qualification of general eminence and of want of habitual familiarity with the practice of Committees. Mr. DONSON is indeed Chairman, in virtue of his office, of the Court of Reference, which has illustrated by its notorious failure the inconvenience of a final tribunal to determine mixed issues of fact and of public expediency. The miscarriage has been due, not to the incompetence of the members of the Court, but to the inevitable adoption of rules of practice which are for the most part utterly inap-

plicable to the subject matter, and which sometimes degenerate into the narrowest technicalities. For two or three years after their first appointment the Referees exercised exclusive jurisdiction over the engineering details and estimates of public works. If the House of Commons had thought fit to consult those who were acquainted with the subject, it would have learnt that neither engineering questions nor disputes on estimates occupied in the great majority of cases any perceptible portion of the time of Select Committees; but when a tribunal was appointed to solve imaginary problems, a new branch of litigation immediately sprang into existence. Every railway project was opposed on the pretext that some part of the works was ill contrived or that the estimate was insufficient; and the decisions of the Referees often sanctioned fatal objections which would never have been seriously presented to a Committee. The expenses of private legislation were for the time largely increased, and the most mischievous injustice was perpetrated in almost every instance in which a Bill was defeated before the Referees. The fault lay not with the Court, which performed the functions for which it had been unwisely constituted, but with the House of Commons, which had misapprehended the nature of the issues to be tried. After a short trial the experiment utterly broke down; and the duties of the Referees were restricted to the inquiry whether petitioners were entitled to a *locus standi* before a Committee. Many practitioners at first approved of the reference of questions of *locus standi* to a separate tribunal; but experience has led to an almost unanimous condemnation of the present practice. Like all other Courts, the Referees adopt fixed rules, and establish as far as possible a body of precedents for their own guidance; and consequently they disregard more and more systematically the merits which almost always depend on the special circumstances of the case. It often happens that petitioners who are both deeply interested and exclusively competent to inform Parliament on the objections to a Bill are excluded from a hearing by a tribunal which takes no cognisance of public expediency or of substantial justice. The appeal to the House of Lords, which Mr. Dodson hastily deprecates, is sometimes rendered necessary by the inefficient machinery which has been provided by the House of Commons. The proposed Court will be of a higher order, but it will almost necessarily aim at that uniformity of decision which is no more desirable in private legislation than in *Nisi Prius* trials.

The promoters of a change of system naturally refer to the branches of litigation which have been successively devolved by Parliament on external tribunals. Estate Bills, Inclosure Bills, and Divorce Bills were formerly supposed to admit of the exercise of discretion which properly belongs to the Legislature; but the concession of extended powers to proprietors of limited estates in land is now dependant on the application of fixed rules; and nearly twenty years ago Parliament determined, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's strenuous opposition, that release from the bond of marriage should be granted as a right to a petitioner who could prove certain indispensable facts. At a much earlier period jurisdiction over applications for divorce had been tacitly, but exclusively, vested in the House of Lords sitting in a judicial capacity. Lay peers were excluded from interference as strictly as in cases of appeal from the Courts of Laws and Equity, and adherence to the rules of evidence was strictly enforced. A petitioner who could both establish the truth of his complaint and displace any counter-allegations was practically as certain that his petition would be granted as if he had in an analogous case entitled himself to a legal judgment. It had evidently become a waste of judicial power that the highest Court in the kingdom should be employed in hearing evidence and giving verdicts on issues of fact; and the great expense of the previous proceedings in a Court of law and in the Ecclesiastical Court, as well as of the application to Parliament, had created a scandal by making divorce a privilege of the rich. There can be no doubt that Parliamentary jurisdiction is inapplicable to the determination of rights which depend either nominally or practically on fixed rules of law. There was no similarity between the practice of the House of Lords and the reference of Private Bills to Select Committees of either House. The precedent of Inclosure Bills, which, if they were opposed, were formerly considered on their merits before Committees, is more nearly in point. In the great majority of cases Inclosure Bills passed without opposition; and since the appointment of Commissioners to make Provisional Orders, the lord of the manor, together with the proper proportion of commoners, has until lately practically acquired the power of including at pleasure. The Commissioners, perhaps rightly, interpreted the Act by

which they were appointed as a direction that they should grant all applications for inclosures, on compliance with certain fixed conditions. The consequence has been that, after many years of acquiescence, Parliament has, in deference to popular clamour, for three successive Sessions refused to pass the general Inclosure Bill which is required to give effect to the Provisional Orders. The Commissioners thought it no part of their duty to consult the public interest, and Parliament has at last remedied the defect by a summary refusal to consider private rights. The Bills which are affected by Mr. Dodson's Resolutions are more complicated than Inclosure Bills, and alternate uniformity of decision for and against the promoters would scarcely be consonant with justice. The transfer of jurisdiction over election petitions to the Judges has not been unattended by drawbacks, although the result is thought satisfactory by the House of Commons. The partial and limited discretion which was exercised by Election Committees was more conducive to purity of election than the adherence to fixed rules which is necessarily maintained by the Judges; but on the whole the conflicting claims of petitioners and sitting members are matters of right; and in this class of inquiries, as in Divorce Bills, the legal rules of evidence were always carefully observed. It was never doubted that the functions of Election Committees were purely judicial, while it is only by a metaphor that Select Committees on Private Bills are said to act judicially, when they are really exercising by delegation the legislative authority of Parliament. One of the advantages which Mr. Dodson anticipates from the appointment of his proposed tribunal is the establishment of fixed rules for the admission or exclusion of evidence. There can be no doubt that his expectations are well founded; but in dealing with issues not of right but of expediency, the practice of Committees in allowing a wide latitude of statement to witnesses is greatly preferable to any less elaborate system. Not only on questions of evidence, but in the substance of its decisions, a fixed tribunal will necessarily be guided by precedent; and in a short time it will be known whether the Court favours amalgamations, running powers, high or low rates, and the transfer of undertakings to public bodies or their retention by joint-stock Companies. Whatever may be its leaning on these and other points, it will necessarily be tempted to commit occasional injustice.

According to Mr. Dodson's calculation, the appointment of an external tribunal would release two or three hundred members from engagements which are supposed to conflict with their more important Parliamentary duties. For five or six weeks in the middle of the Session there are perhaps seven or eight Select Committees sitting; and it is the fault of the authorities of the House if the number is exceeded. Each Committee contains four members, making in the whole forty at the utmost, some of whom are employed more profitably to themselves, and more usefully to the public interest, than in any department of legislation for which they might be less specially qualified. The result of their labours is on the whole highly satisfactory to suitors; and although the expense of detailed inquiries before any tribunal must be heavy, Committees have the merit of acting gratuitously. The cost of Mr. Dodson's tribunal, though it would amount to several thousands a year, furnishes no conclusive objection to his plan; but although the salaries of the Judges would be far more than covered by fees levied on the present scale, the additional expense to the country would be precisely the same as if the payments were made from any other public fund. The fees now provide for the whole expenses of the Parliamentary establishment, and the surplus, if any, is paid into the Exchequer. The occasional appeal to Parliament would be regarded as an anomaly if the tribunal were so constituted as to command general respect. It is perhaps not worth while to remark on the absurdity of the suggestion that the right of appeal should be subject to the discretion of the Standing Orders Committee. The House of Commons will never refer such a question to a body which has no opportunity of judging of the weight of evidence, even if it possessed any judicial aptitude; but it may be allowed that errors of detail may hereafter admit of correction. Before the House of Commons arrives at a decision it would be desirable to obtain a return of the Private Bills which have been introduced within a limited period, with a short analysis of their provisions and objects. The various nature of the questions which have in this form been submitted to Parliament, and the wide legislative discretion which is required to decide them, would probably surprise those who are not practically acquainted with the subject.

## THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY TESTS BILL.

SO far as Mr. FAWCETT's Bill simply extends to the University of Dublin a principle already applied to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, no objection can be made to it. The abolition of tests has in this case been accepted beforehand by the corporation in which it is to take effect. The Provost and Fellows of Trinity College have determined to make a virtue of necessity, and to undo with their own hands the fetters which they cannot hope to retain much longer. Mr. GLADSTONE took exception to the large powers conferred by the Bill on the governing body of the University. No doubt they are very large. All the powers now possessed by the Provost and Senior Fellows with respect to the election of Professors, the control of lectures, examinations, and studies, and the granting of degrees, are to be exercised by the Council of the University, and all other powers are to be exercised by an Hebdomadal Board. There is no need for either of these bodies to come to Parliament, or to the QUEEN in Council, for leave to alter existing statutes or to make new ones. The right to do both or either is vested in them without any limitation other than the prohibition against imposing any religious test. We do not share Mr. GLADSTONE's objection to this part of the Bill considered simply on its merits. There is great force in Dr. BALL's plea that the autonomy of great educational institutions is a thing to be preserved and strengthened. The higher education does not benefit by being treated as a department of State. But the existence of such provisions would of itself be enough to condemn Mr. FAWCETT's Bill considered as a settlement of the Irish University question. The preamble of the Bill recites that it is expedient to abolish tests "under proper safeguards for the good government of the College and University as a place of religion and learning." At first sight it appears as though these words had no counterpart in the enacting part of the Bill. When it is looked at closer it turns out that the framing of these safeguards is left to the new governing bodies. A corporation hitherto closely connected with a particular Church is to be left to make its own regulations for the application of a system of mixed education. Cardinal CULLEN himself could desire no larger liberty. He might consent that the Fellowships in the Roman Catholic University should be open to candidates of all religions, provided that a Board in which the existing Fellows are in an immense majority were allowed to have the control of the lectures, examinations, and studies. It is true that at some distant period the proportion of Roman Catholics and Protestants in the Council of the University and in the Hebdomadal Board may be reversed, but it would need an actuary to pronounce how long it will be before this reversal can occur. Not even an actuary could venture to say how long it will be before it is likely to occur, inasmuch as this depends on the character of the lectures, examinations, and studies organized by the University authorities while the Protestant element is still in a majority. Nothing would be easier than for the University to legislate on these matters in a way which would operate as a virtual exclusion of the mass of Irish Roman Catholics from studying at Trinity College, and by a necessary consequence from being elected to its Fellowships. It would not be necessary for this idea to be consciously present to the minds of the University authorities. They would only have to arrange matters with the ignorance of Roman Catholic sentiment natural to members of another communion to ensure the result. It is idle, therefore, to imagine that Mr. FAWCETT's Bill could possibly be accepted by the Roman Catholics of Ireland as a measure for promoting mixed education. Even if it is taken at its author's own valuation, all that it will do in this direction is to lay the foundation of a system of mixed education which may be built up by and by.

It is worth while inquiring how such a system will work as applied to Trinity College. The Bill, as has been seen, regards the powers vested in the authorities as constituting a safeguard for the good government of the University and College as a place of religion. The Provost and a majority of the Fellows will for some time to come remain members of the Irish Protestant Church, and they will maintain the accustomed services in the College Chapel, and continue to give the accustomed instruction in Divinity to Protestant students. In process of time, however, if Mr. FAWCETT's anticipations are fulfilled, the Provost and a majority of the Fellows will be Roman Catholics. Their powers will remain unaltered, and they will naturally use them for the benefit of their own religion, just as the Protestant Provost and Fellows have been accustomed to use them for theirs. The chapel will be made over to Roman Catholic services, and the theological faculty will become Roman Catholic. These changes will all be within the clauses

which give to the University Council the control of lectures and studies, and to the Hebdomadal Board all other powers "heretofore exercised by the Provost and Senior Fellows." There is much pertinence in Mr. BUTT's inquiry whether, "if a Roman Catholic chapel were established in Trinity College and its Provost were a man whose appointment might be attributed to the influence of Cardinal CULLEN," Irish Protestants would continue to send their children there. It is a question which may be said to answer itself. But if Irish Protestants would almost to a certainty not send their sons to a mixed institution of which Roman Catholics had the control, why should Irish Roman Catholics be expected to send their sons to a mixed institution of which Protestants have the control?

There is not much use, however, in considering whether the Roman Catholics of Ireland ought or ought not to accept the opening of Trinity College to men of all religions in full satisfaction of their demands. Whatever opinions may be held on this part of the subject, the fact remains that they will not so accept it. The great majority of the Irish people desire to have an opportunity of obtaining a University degree without abandoning the principle of Denominational education. It is not enough for Mr. FAWCETT to say that this desire of theirs is mistaken. There are many sentiments of which enlightened politicians may entertain this opinion without the State being justified in disregarding or defying them. Let it be granted that Denominational education tends to "perpetuate religious discord," while united education both "tends to make the nation more harmonious, and promotes the highest interests of religion and culture;" still it does not follow that Parliament is to secure the acceptance of this more excellent way by forcibly closing every other. When Mr. FAWCETT asks the House of Commons to declare that those Irishmen who will not accept an education apart from religion shall be shut out from University degrees, he asks it, as Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out, to sanction the infliction of civil penalties on account of religious opinions. There may of course be great difficulty in constructing a system under which this disability shall no longer exist, though even on this point there has been much exaggeration. But there cannot to our minds be any doubt as to the propriety of constructing such a system, or as to the duty of the Government to make the attempt. Whether the Government ought not to have introduced an Irish University Bill during the present Session is a point upon which opinions may fairly be divided; but Mr. GLADSTONE would certainly have been to blame if he had allowed any further uncertainty to rest on the character and scope of such a measure.

The *Times* is shocked at Mr. GLADSTONE's language, because it amounts in substance to an admission that the demand of the Roman Catholics for the recognition, if not the endowment, of exclusive seminaries is founded in justice. Mr. GLADSTONE says nothing about the endowment of exclusive seminaries. He only says that an Irishman educated at an exclusive seminary ought not to be debarred from a University degree, provided he is fitted in other respects to receive it. If the demand for thus much of recognition is not founded in justice, it is hard to say what justice means. The *Times* professes itself unable to conceive how Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to carry out his policy. It finds it difficult to believe that it is intended "to leave all sects to their own unassisted endeavours, and to create a University like that of London, which will simply be an examining Board;" and considering that Mr. GLADSTONE expressly characterized the system of non-resident education as the weak and objectionable element in the system of the University of Dublin, there seems no reason why the *Times* should have tried to believe it. But it can imagine no third alternative between this and Mr. FAWCETT's proposal. In December last, however, a plan was described in this journal which would completely answer the description given by Mr. GLADSTONE of what a proposal for the settlement of the Irish University question ought to be, while at the same time it would not involve either the endowment of sectarian institutions or the abolition of the teaching function of the University. "According to this plan," we said, "all the endowments would be given to the University of Dublin, but provision would be made for their being held by students or teachers of the affiliated Colleges, of which one would represent and continue the Anglicanism of Trinity College, and another would absorb the existing Roman Catholic University. Instead of fellowships and scholarships being attached to particular Societies, as at Oxford and Cambridge, they would all be attached to the University, and the students or teachers of all the affiliated Colleges would be admitted to stand for them. The separate Colleges would thus be placed on the footing of



"the Halls at Oxford. Their tutors would be paid as a matter of private arrangement, but they would naturally be mostly chosen from those students who had gained or were likely to gain fellowships in the University. In this way no denomination as such would be endowed, for the affiliated Colleges might be Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, or Secularist; and yet no denomination could complain of not having its fair proportion of the endowments, since its share in them would only be limited by the number of scholars competent to hold them turned out by its own College." Of course, as Trinity College has repudiated its Anglicanism, one portion of the scheme would seem to be at a disadvantage; still it is so just in itself that we do not see why it might not be reconsidered under what would certainly be different conditions. As regards its remaining provisions, the plan would, whatever may be its merits in other respects, meet all the perplexities which have baffled the ingenuity of the *Times*.

#### THE NAVY.

ON Monday Mr. GOSCHEN was to have introduced the Navy Estimates, but Mr. CORRY interposed and insisted on having a discussion, nominally on the constitution of the Board of Admiralty, but really, as far as his own speech was concerned, on the question whether he was not a safer and more capable administrator than Mr. CHILDERS. This was a challenge which Mr. CHILDERS was nothing loth to accept. Mr. GOSCHEN was of course bound to say something on the subject, and one or two members who have a kind of vested interest in naval matters also took the opportunity of airing their pet views. But the House of Commons as a body very properly stayed away, and declined to countenance such a waste of valuable hours. A good deal has been said about the increasing pressure of business in the House of Commons, and the necessity of economizing time. An attempt has been made to show that it is the private members, as they are called, who are the chief obstructives; but it is doubtful whether the official and ex-official members are not the worst offenders in this respect. Mr. GOSCHEN thought himself hardly used because he was not allowed to introduce his Estimates on Monday; but the truth is that it is the House of Commons which is ill used by First Lords and other Ministers insisting upon "introducing" Estimates at all. All that a Minister has to say on such an occasion might be printed as a preface to the Estimates, and there would then be no necessity for the idle ceremony of a tedious speech. It is impossible for listeners, however well informed, to criticize a speech bristling with figures the instant it is delivered; a pretence is indeed made of discussing it, but it is only a pretence, and the real discussion is always postponed until the speech has been studied in the newspaper reports. Mr. CORRY wasted Monday by moving a Resolution calling for certain changes in the arrangements at the Admiralty, which it was known beforehand that Mr. GOSCHEN had determined to make of his own accord; and Mr. GOSCHEN on Thursday made a speech about the Estimates, which might just as well have been written out and printed along with them. Mr. CORRY was doubly to blame, because he introduced the question of the *Megara*, which other members, not being in possession of the evidence taken by the Commission, were unable to discuss. Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. CHILDERS had had the evidence in their hands for some time, and Mr. CORRY had also obtained an early copy of it; but the printing arrangements of the House of Commons are of such a nature that, although the whole of this evidence was put into type and printed day by day for the use of the Commissioners as the inquiry proceeded, and although the taking of evidence practically terminated on the 29th of January, it was not presented to the House until Tuesday last. It is hardly worth while to go into the question of the comparative merits of Mr. CORRY and Mr. CHILDERS as First Lords of the Admiralty. Mr. CORRY says he had a great many important reforms in his head, but he left office without carrying them into effect; and Mr. CHILDERS, after busying himself in pulling the old Board to pieces, might possibly have reconstructed it in a perfect manner if his health had not broken down under the pressure of the labour which he imposed upon himself. The fact that, as soon as Mr. CHILDERS withdrew, the whole office fell into confusion is in itself the best comment on his scheme of departmental organization. Under a Parliamentary system of government, no plan of administration is sound to the success of which the permanent supervision of a particular Minister is indispensable.

The greater part of the discussion as to the constitution of the Admiralty turned on a mere question of names. It is

of no consequence whether the office which manages the navy is called a Board, Committee, or Commission, or whether the officials who compose it go by the title of Lords, Secretaries, or Controllers. The essential thing is to take care that there shall be an efficient permanent staff, with well-defined duties and distinct responsibilities; that the team shall be harnessed so that the Parliamentary head of the office can hold them well in hand, and touch up or pull in any one who is not going exactly as he desires; and further that the reins shall be so contrived that they can be passed from one driver to another without throwing everything into confusion. The First Lord and his Secretaries, Permanent and Parliamentary, should exercise a general supervision over the whole department, and should know everything that is going on. If the First Lord is temporarily disabled, the Parliamentary Secretary should be competent to speak for him; if there is a change of Ministry, the Permanent Secretary should be capable of maintaining the continuity of the department, and of connecting the new administration with the old one. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that if the principle by which the patronage and discipline of the army is confined to a non-political officer is sound, it is equally applicable to the navy. In any case the First Lord, who will usually be a civilian, should be provided with the best professional advice in regard to all branches of the service; and if he is a wise man, he will constantly take advantage of it. Mr. GOSCHEN thinks that it would be a mistake to go back to the old system of making the Board a little Parliament, at which everything is brought up for discussion, down to the most trivial matters of everyday routine; but he has resolved that the Board shall meet regularly, and that there shall be consultations on all important professional or technical questions. The Controller is to be a permanent officer; and, although not a member of the Board, he will be allowed to take part in its deliberations, and to explain his views. He will be assisted by a Deputy Controller, who will take charge of the dockyards, and by a Chief Constructor, who will be in the position of a naval architect, and who will confine himself mainly to the study of designs and the scientific work of the Controller's department. The Chief of the Staff is to be abolished, and a new Naval Lord will be appointed to do his work, with a permanent Naval Secretary, who will be, under the Naval Lords, at the head of the *personnel* of the navy. It may be doubted whether it would not be better to have a non-political First sea-Lord, a kind of naval Commander-in-Chief, permanently at the head of the *personnel* rather than a Naval Secretary who will be nominally under, but practically from his tenure of office superior to, the moveable Lords. One of the most important reforms which Mr. GOSCHEN has in view is to raise the status and pay of the professional staff of the Admiralty.

Reserving a detailed explanation of the changes at the Admiralty for another opportunity, Mr. GOSCHEN on Thursday stated what had been done, and what it is proposed to do, in order to provide a strong and efficient fleet. The normal expenditure on the Navy may be fixed, he thinks, at about nine millions a year, but the estimates for the present year are half a million above that figure; and since 1870-71 a million has been spent beyond the normal limit. For this million we have obtained ships of the *Rupert* and *Cyclops* classes and a number of gunboats; and our coast defences are now in such a condition that, we are told, nothing more need be spent on them. The difference between the estimates of this year and those of last year consists mainly in a reduction in the sum to be applied to the construction of ships. It appears to be the opinion of competent judges that the *Devastation* is the best type of fighting ship; but Mr. GOSCHEN is a cautious man, and before he gives up building sea-going cruising ships of the first class, and builds more ships of the *Devastation* class, he is desirous of seeing how the *Devastation* actually acquits herself at sea. If she gives satisfaction, the *Fury*, a ship of the same class, which has already been laid down, will be completed; but if not, the money will be spent on small gunboats. In any case, two ironclads of the first class are meanwhile to be built, with armour thicker than that of the *Hercules* or *Sultan*, and armed on the broadside principle. Before doing anything more with turret ships, the *Glutton* is to have a couple of 25-ton guns fired into her; and although the frigates on hand are to be completed, no more frigates are to be commenced. The shipbuilding programme includes a torpedo ship of 540 tons. So much for the ships; now for the crews. Mr. GOSCHEN is able to announce that there is no difficulty either in procuring or in keeping a sufficient number of good sailors. A boy who goes to sea at sixteen is liable to change his mind as to the pleasure.

of a life afloat before he is twenty-eight; and a certain proportion of desertions must always be expected. At present they are at the rate of more than a thousand a-year; but this is less than the rate formerly; and it is an encouraging circumstance that eighty per cent. of the men re-enlist at the end of their first engagement. The plan of manufacturing our sailors, taking a boy when quite young and giving him a thorough training, answers so well that the Admiralty means to adhere to it. The Reserve is not in a very satisfactory position, but Mr. GOSCHEN is going to make another effort to persuade men who leave the service at thirty-eight years of age to join the Reserve; and an attempt will also be made to raise a new class of Naval Volunteers in all our large ports in connexion with the gunboats for the defence of the coasts. Perhaps the most important feature in Mr. GOSCHEN'S proposals is the conversion of Greenwich Hospital into a great Naval University for the scientific training of cadets. Boys are henceforth to be taken at fifteen, instead of thirteen, so that they may have two years' more schooling; and Mr. GOSCHEN hopes to be able to introduce a system of limited competition, with the view of "tapping" the public schools, and striking a blow at the cramming establishments. After a year at college, the cadet will go to sea in a man-of-war under naval instructors, and there will afterwards be six months' teaching on shore before he goes up for examination. By means of the Naval University a higher standard of professional study will be introduced into the service. The grant for an expedition to investigate the depth, temperature, circulation, and distribution of animal life in the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans is another healthy indication of the attention which the Admiralty is disposed to pay to scientific subjects.

#### LADY MAYO'S PENSION.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA, sitting in Council, has passed a Resolution assigning a pension to Lady MAYO, together with a sum of money as a provision for her younger children. As this Resolution has not unnaturally excited remark, it is worth while to examine it in what appears to be its logical sequence. It begins by setting forth the circumstances which, in the opinion of the SECRETARY and his Council, entitle the widow and family of the late GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA to some mark of public gratitude. Lord MAYO rendered eminent services as Viceroy; while in office he maintained the dignity of the Crown with munificence, and he was killed "by a deed of violence to which he was exposed in the discharge of his public duty." As far as words go, this acknowledgment of Lord MAYO'S services, without going beyond the truth, is sufficiently handsome and unrestrained. It is true that there are some other considerations which either were, or ought to have been, taken into account in fixing the amount of these allowances; but it was unnecessary, and it might perhaps have been improper, to refer to them in a formal manner. Enough is said in the Resolution to justify a liberal grant for the bereaved family; and if the Duke of ARGYLL and his colleagues, having got thus far, had asked anybody else to supply the conclusion to which their argument seemed unmistakably to point, there can be little doubt that the figures would have been very different from those which now wind up the Resolution. It might have been expected that such a prelude would lead up naturally to a substantial result. It is not without a shock of surprise that, after reading about eminent services, personal munificence, and violent death in the discharge of public duties, we come to a proposal to wipe off all obligations by a life annuity of 1,000*l.* to Lady MAYO, and a grant of 20,000*l.* for the younger children. It is a pity the SECRETARY OF STATE did not throw the resolution into the form of a complete syllogism; we have the minor and conclusion, but the major is wanting. Eminent services, most people would be disposed to say, deserve an eminent reward; but in the opinion of the Indian Council, if we may judge by the conclusion at which it has arrived, eminent services and a lavish personal expenditure for the benefit of the public service are sufficiently recognized, we cannot say repaid, by the smallest pension which can with decency be granted to the family of any official not of subordinate rank, who has died under circumstances which give his widow and children a claim upon the Government. One explanation of the paltriness of the allowance which was instantly suggested was that this was only the contribution of the India Office, and that it would be supplemented by a vote from the Imperial Treasury. Mr. GLADSTONE, when questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, affected to believe that it

concerned the Indian Government alone. He said he had no official information about it; but he understood that the Resolution published in the newspapers was authentic, and no question of any other provision had, as far as he was aware, been raised. He seemed to think there was a good precedent for this parsimonious gratitude. A thousand a year was granted from the Indian revenues to the widow of the late Lord ELGIN, with another 1,000*l.* from Imperial resources, which was awarded on account of Lord ELGIN'S colonial and diplomatic services. Two blacks, however, do not make a white, and one shabby precedent does not justify another. Besides, if it is a question of precedents, the case of Mr. SPENCER PERCEVAL may be cited; when he was shot by BELLAMY in the lobby of the House of Commons, an annuity of 2,000*l.* and 20,000*l.* down was assigned to his family.

It is absurd to argue this question as if it were merely one of economy. It is a question of policy, and to some extent of justice. The income of the Viceroy is fixed at an amount which is supposed to render a pension unnecessary, inasmuch as it allows a margin for legitimate savings. It may be doubted whether this is a wise or wholesome arrangement. It is not desirable that a Viceroy should be tempted to push his economies too far. He has a great position to maintain in the eyes of a people who expect to see men in authority surrounded by pomp and splendour, and who measure the extent and reality of authority pretty much by these outward signs. It is obviously important that the representative of the QUEEN should be on good terms with the native princes, that he should receive them at his own Court and should visit them in return, and that his dignity and hospitality should not be shamed by a comparison with those of his inferiors in rank. This kind of splendour may be very childish in itself, and some day the people of India may perhaps come to regard it with as much indifference as ourselves; but at present it is certain they attach great importance to it; and it is therefore sound policy to gratify their tastes in this respect. It is admitted that Lord MAYO, while he held the office of Governor-General, maintained the dignity of the Crown with a munificence which was of advantage to Imperial as well as to Indian interests. He had to bear the costly honour of a Royal visit, and he did his best to present the second son of the QUEEN to her distant subjects in such a manner as to leave a pleasant impression on their minds, and to create a kind of friendly personal feeling on their part towards the Crown. It was scarcely possible that the impression should be very deep, and it would be absurd to say that it made much difference in the work of governing the country; but the effect as far as it went was good; and Lord MAYO, in spending his money freely on this and on other occasions, undoubtedly rendered an important service to the country. The India Office must, by the language of its Minute, be held to approve his liberality; and it will occur to every one that if the expenditure was for the public benefit, it should have been supplied out of public funds, and not out of the Viceroy's private purse.

If Lord MAYO had not been prematurely cut off, he might perhaps have indemnified himself to some extent by future economies; as it happened, the outlay to which he was subjected rendered it impossible that he could lay aside those savings which in fact constitute the retiring pension of a Governor-General. It might perhaps be more convenient that the Viceroy should have a Civil List bearing some relation to his necessary expenditure, with a pension to retire upon; but Lord MAYO'S family are at least entitled to expect some equivalent for the money which Lord MAYO might have put by for them, but which he spent for the public benefit. We do not suppose that before Lord MAYO accepted the office of Viceroy he went into minute calculations as to whether it would pay better to go out or to stay at home; but the Government, in making provision for his family, might fairly take into account the prospects which lay before the late Earl if he had remained in this country. It is not desirable that a public man or his family should be a loser by his accepting an office of high rank and great responsibility. There is probably no other position in which so much depends on personal character and capacity as that of Governor-General of India, especially in the present condition of the country. It is of the utmost importance that the best man for the office should be obtained, and that, if he happens to be also a poor man, he should not be deterred from undertaking the office through a fear that he may not be able to save enough out of his income to provide for his family.

It is unnecessary to contend that the manner of Lord MAYO'S death increases the obligation to make an adequate

provision for his widow and children. A cynical observer might be tempted to suggest that the shabby allowance of the India Office is intended to convey to the people of India that a Governor-General is a very cheap article, so that when one is murdered, he can always be replaced, and the only expense the Government is put to is the price of a rope for the murderer and a small annuity for the family of the victim. On the other hand, it will certainly not tend to increase the respect which is entertained for a Viceroy to find how little value is placed upon his services by his grateful countrymen, when he is struck down in the midst of an active and zealous career by the hand of an assassin. It is perhaps as well that sentiment should not exercise a very strong or direct influence on questions of finance; but there is an unpleasant disparity that cannot be ignored between the profound emotion caused by the news of Lord Mayo's death and the paltry pecuniary tribute to his memory which is now offered. It is true that an adequate provision cannot be made for the family of every one who loses his life in the public service; but there are exceptions to every rule, and a Viceroy is not an ordinary official. As for the argument that what is called "the common quality of honour" in dying for one's country would be impaired if anything were granted to Lord Mayo's family which would be denied to the family of a subordinate functionary, it has not hitherto been discovered that there is anything ignoble or improper in a general being more highly paid for taking his chance of death in the rear of a battle than the private soldier who has to face the enemy in a skirmish in the front. The India Office has assigned 500*l.* a year to the widow of Chief Justice NORMAN, and the grant to Lord Mayo's family should obviously be in proportion to the rank he held. It is to be hoped that the Government may see their way to remedy a discreditable piece of national parsimony by proposing a vote of money from the Imperial Treasury in addition to the allowance which is to be paid out of Indian revenues.

#### HERO-WORSHIP.

SOME of our readers may have had occasion during the past fortnight to visit the banks of the Thames at Putney. There, if fortune has favoured them, they will have remarked a knot of young men, clad in blue and white, and, as we may venture to say without offence, of "unusual personal attractions." So far, at least, as broad shoulders, well-developed muscles, and a healthy glow of colour can justify the use of that phrase, they fully deserved it, and were worthy objects for the admiration of the surrounding crowd. For in all probability these good-looking idols were the centre of a ring of enthusiastic worshippers. Stolid masses of elderly flesh and blood gaped in dumb homage at the spectacle before them; the irrepressible street boy squeezed himself with characteristic pertinacity through the interstices of the crowd; and at the outer circumference of the ring the more dignified spectators sought in vain to conceal their emotion under a studied attitude of fashionable stoicism. Certain reflections of a more special kind may perhaps demand expression next week; but in the meantime we would regard this singular observance merely as an instance of the general tendencies of hero-worship. We may, indeed, venture even now to admit that it was not precisely the most elevated form of the passion: there are in this world some virtues, and even some intellectual attainments, which we still regard as decidedly superior to purely athletic excellence. But, abstractedly from the particular cause which called it forth, the scene strikingly exemplified the delight with which the bulk of mankind prostrate themselves before such specimens of human excellence as they are best fitted to appreciate. An admirable instinct! as some moralists exclaim; yet one which, we must confess, appears to us to be as misleading as most other admirable instincts.

Why, for example, does the crowd admire the heroes of athleticism, or of military, or political, or philanthropic, or religious energy? One main ingredient in the admiration is probably the belief that excellence has been obtained at the cost of much self-denial. How many days or weeks those gallant oarsmen must have borne up against aching muscles and labouring breath, and with stern resolution refrained from the fascinations of tobacco! How heroically the politician has listened night after night to speeches in Parliament, whilst Radicals prozed and Conservatives crowed like cocks for the good of their country! How patiently the Christian martyr awaited the spring of the wild beast, and saw the fangs being piled around his limbs! It is all very true; and yet one unpleasant doubt obtrudes itself. If self-denial is the test of merit, tastes differ so unaccountably that it is very difficult to say who is really the worthiest object of admiration. Few people indeed like being burnt at the stake, or exposed to the remorseless cleanness of an able orator. But, short of such unmanly evils, who is to say how far human eccentricity extends? One man, let us suppose, is a prosperous British merchant; his wife is like a faithful vint, and he never has any difficulty in paying the bills incurred by his olive-branches; he has bricks at his doors, makes a fortune, reaches the woolstack, is regarded with universal esteem

and confidence, and founds a new family to illustrate his well-won peerage. Another man is a philanthropist; he sacrifices fortune, health, and domestic comfort to his mission; he ventures into plague-stricken cities and offensive dungeons; he pleads the cause of the wretched till he becomes a bore; he reads blue-books; nothing is too tiresome or too disgusting for his energy; and, thus "driven by strong benevolence of soul," or by something equivalent, "he flies like Oglethorpe from pole to pole." But there's the pinch. Is it benevolence or something equivalent? You suppose that the successful lawyer has never known what self-denial means, because he has gained all the prizes that most men desire. You fancy the other man's life has been one course of self-denial, because he has encountered all that which most men shrink. But how can we know without looking into men's souls? For anything we can say, the philanthropist and the lawyer may both have been men with a taste for Bohemianism. The lawyer suppressed it rigorously, because he thought it his duty to employ his talents to good purpose; but to the end of his days he was longing to kick his wig and his briefs into the dusthole, to shake himself free from the bondage of his society, and possibly of his wife, and to wander off to the Bohemia of his imagination. He resists nobly, but he gets no credit for consenting to be rich and respectable, however hard the struggle. The philanthropist, on the other hand, has yielded to his natural taste, and found a creditable name for it; he has not really gone through greater hardships than you can bring as many thousand soldiers as you please to endure at a shilling a day; and not nearly so great as some men will encounter in the chance of an occasional shot at a tiger, or others in the hopes of adding a few dozen species of entirely new bugs—we speak after the manner of Americans—to those already labelled with Latin names. His hobby was a great deal more amusing than these, and brought in far greater returns in the shape of general adulation. Why was it more creditable to ride it? Are we not guilty of scandalous injustice in this instance, and admiring the man most who has really made by far the least sacrifice of his natural tastes?

The answer to one part at least of this difficulty is obvious enough. The amount of self-denial is not, in any sense, a proper measure of virtue. The ideal man would be one in whom the unselfish passions should be so powerful that he would without any self-denial prefer his neighbour's interests to his own. The perplexity which we occasionally observe upon the subject arises from a natural confusion of ideas. We measure a man's virtue very truly by the amount of external obstacles which it will overcome, and we transfer the same mode of reasoning to internal obstacles. A man who speaks the truth when he will be burnt for it has given a greater proof of veracity than a man who speaks it when it will be in his favour; and we therefore are apt to fancy that a man who speaks the truth in spite of a strong disposition to tell lies is better than one who speaks it because lying is naturally hateful to him. There is no end to the confusion which is introduced by this mode of reasoning. We have, for example, the ordinary theory that men of genius should be subject to a different code of morals from the rest of mankind. People talk as if genius was not part of the man himself, but a kind of wild beast committed to him for taming, and exceedingly difficult to keep in order. If we carried out the same system logically, we should infer that a murderer deserved pity rather than blame, because he was mastered by a bump on the back of his head, and, in short, we should make an end of all moral judgments whatever. In one sense it is true that the vices of a man of genius are occasionally more pardonable than those of other men; inasmuch as they do not necessarily indicate so debased a character. Byron's profligacy or De Quincey's opium-eating did not show the simple brutishness which we should have inferred from them in the case of a commonplace reprobate; but, to some extent, might be considered as indicating quick sympathies and brilliant imagination, which, in other directions, might lead them to noble actions. On the same principle, we should not detract from the merits of the philanthropist because benevolence happens to be his hobby, as tiger-hunting or insect-collecting happens to be the hobby of other people; for it is only the most unselfish of mankind who choose their hobbies at the prompting of their unselfish instincts. We should be falling into the same error as if we asserted that a lad who just escaped plucking for his degree was a better mathematician than Newton because he had taken more pains to understand a proposition in Euclid. If, in short, a man takes to philanthropy, we should esteem him in proportion to the strength of his passion, and not in proportion to the effort which it has cost him; though, of course, in many cases, our only means of judging the passion is by measuring the effort.

To descend, however, from these problems of moral philosophy, there remains a difficulty which it is not so easy to answer. No rule can be given for arguing from actions to character, and determining whether a particular action is due to vanity or ambition or benevolence. That is the point upon which our hero-worshippers are in a perpetual state of perplexity. The high priest of the sect evades the difficulty by claiming a certain power of insight which tells him at once whether a man is really acting from good motives or bad. He knows by immediate intuition that Cromwell was not a hypocrite nor Frederick a tyrant; and anybody who takes a different view of those characters is like a blind man arguing about colours. We do not profess to be endowed with this desirable instinct, and must humbly admit that we are frequently a good deal puzzled how to arrange men in the order of moral merit as any competitive examiner will profess to arrange

them in the order of intellectual merit. It is a slow and perplexing process to determine whether certain patriots of our acquaintance are actuated more by a faith in their characteristic ideas, or by a desire for popular applause, or by fifty other motives; and, indeed, we are not quite sure that problems of this kind always admit of definite solution. The more one considers contemporary celebrities the more one is inclined to respect Sir Robert Walpole's opinion that, whatever else was true, history must be false. Of course history, as it occurs in this aphorism, must be taken to mean a collection of verdicts as to the motives of the great men by whom the course of events was principally determined; for in other respects we are ready to admit that a certain number of facts are ascertainable; and here is the great advantage of the hero-worship which is practised on the banks of the Thames. There is, we are aware, immense divergence of opinion as to the merits of particular heroes; there are endless controversies as to whether one performer catches the beginning properly, whether another pulls his stroke through to the end, whether a third does not feather a thought too high, and whether a fourth may not be suspected with a certain show of justice of occasionally touching the water a hundredth part of a second before the stroke-oar. These horrible suspicions, we are aware, trouble the minds of many earnest inquirers, and have perhaps caused sleepless nights to some of those gentlemen upon whom the hopes of half the nation hang, and whose designation of "coach" seems to correspond very ill with the heavy responsibilities of their position. The fact may serve to remind us that, even after the most careful and elaborate investigation, the human mind is fallible. But, every deduction being made, it may nevertheless be said of these, as of few other heroes, that we may be tolerably certain of the actual existence of the qualities which we admire. People may dispute whether an orator is eloquent, but unimpeachable evidence shows that a particular youth weighs twelve stone, stands six feet in his stockings, and can write his name with a hundredweight hanging from his little finger. We may doubt the honesty of many politicians, but there can be no doubt that our eight heroes are capable of forcing a boat through four and a-half miles of water in twenty minutes and thirty-five seconds. We apologize if there is any error in our figures, but at any rate there is a tangible, solid, measurable quality about these muscular virtues which must be infinitely comfortable to true believers. They pin their faith to no shadowy essence which may vanish in an instant when an election goes the wrong way or a Minister is turned out, but on facts as solid as a steam-engine. Here at least, they may say, is so much undeniable bone and muscle of first-rate quality, and if our worship is not of the loftiest kind, at any rate it has little to fear from sceptics.

#### WEDDINGS AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

IT is a matter of unquestionable notoriety that all marriages are made in heaven, and it is equally certain that the beautiful descriptions of them which we read must be due to celestial Correspondents. Such choice of words, such felicity of arrangement, such grace of epithets could not emanate from any inferior source, and the future historian will best gather from these chronicles the condition of the English language in our day, and the manners and customs of those who spoke it. We shall not perhaps be accused of unnecessary repetition if we call attention to the subject. The sun is shining, and peculiar interest is excited. The bridegroom is accompanied by his friend who is officiating as groomsman, and who is qualified by frequent service for the efficient discharge of the multifarious duties which are attached to the position. At precisely thirteen minutes and a half past eleven they alight at the church, saluted by the acclamations of the crowd, the excitement of the bystanders, and the symphony of bells. When the door is opened, four-and-twenty perpetual curates and prebendaries, deans and archdeacons, begin to assist one another. The scene increases in interest until the climax is reached when the bride enters, leaning on somebody's arm, and supported by her bridesmaids supplied with jewellery by a neighbouring firm, which thus has the good fortune to secure eight advertisements of its goods. The religious ceremony is performed with peculiar solemnity, unbroken save by the fidgeting of the groomsman; the benediction is pronounced, and on repairing to the vestry the formalities of registration are gone through—a part of the ceremony which is often described in language worthy of Burke. After this the party repair again to a mansion or residence, where a sumptuous *dinner* is prepared, and numerous covers are laid—a mysterious but interesting process. It is here that English oratory is displayed to its best advantage, and graceful tributes are paid on all sides, characterized by good taste, by brevity, and fluency. The peer forgets his pomposity, and the fact that nobody listens to him elsewhere; the groomsman feels that the lightest part of his duties has come, and all regret the close of his remarks. At precisely four minutes past two the bride and bridegroom take leave of their friends, and seek the seclusion of a country seat.

Meantime the "friends" separate, and the Correspondent is enabled to furnish those advertisements which all read with interest, if not with excitement. The enumeration of the presents and of the names both of their eminent manufacturers and of their donors fills columns, and affords invaluable opportunities for fine writing. The "members of the

domestic household," called sometimes by profane and illiterate people servants, contribute something difficult to carry, and impossible to pack. It is interesting to know that the flowers were not the production of nature, but were expressly supplied for the occasion by the floral manufacturer; nor is the name of the pastrycook wanting who made the indigestible compound termed a "bride-cake." A few years more, and we shall be told the incomes of the guests, their ages, and the construction of the ladies' petticoats. It may be that publicity is thus ostentatiously given to the names of those who contribute towards the future *ménage* of the happy couple in order that the standard may be raised, and that the donor of a water-bottle may shrink from appearing in the same list with the donor of a diamond bracelet. That aim, however, has not yet been realized, and the list of objects is as varied and as free from all connexion with each other as the words which make up a page of Johnson's Dictionary. The company is a medley one; sugar-basins and aneroids, an antique pair of bellows, the Zoological Gardens faithfully represented in ormolu, a musical-box, a sketch mounted as a fan, fifty travelling articles to make locomotion impossible, a basket of snowdrops, and nine addresses on vellum congratulating the bridegroom on the examples he has to imitate and on the wisdom of his choice, quite unreadable from the magnificent flourishes with which the initial letters abound, and signed by the schoolmaster and schoolmistress in behalf of the scholars. Were the bride and bridegroom endowed with ostrich-like digestions they might find some use for these articles. As it is, they often prove the most unmitigated nuisance, a misery alike to him who gives and to him or her who receives. It occasionally happens that the announcement of an engagement, instead of recalling the fact that two people are perfectly certain of being happy for life, that the cares of this world are over for them, and that a beautiful account of their marriage will appear in the newspapers and enrich the literature of the country, only suggests the painful thought that a present must be given, and, in order to be given, must be bought. To explain the grounds for this impression would be impossible; a slight relationship exists between the victim and one or other of the engaged pair, and the persons about to marry are going to live in London, possibly in a large house; it may be that the intending giver received at some former period a perfectly useless and now blackened object, too dirty to make its appearance again in the world of rubbish, and that he feels bound to reciprocate the attention. "Human nature," says a great authoress, "is so well disposed towards those who are in interesting situations that a young person who either marries or dies is sure of being kindly spoken of." Whatever may be the cause, the dilemma remains the same. Much mental agony is undergone, increasing as the interval before the marriage becomes shorter. Some prudent persons have a stock of objects always at hand, one of which they forward upon receipt of the intelligence, and thus they may have the good fortune to send the first of the fifteen inkstands which follow. She who hesitates is lost; now helplessly bemoaning her condition, now peering unceasingly into shop-windows, and finding that everything costs seven pounds when she is prepared to spend only four. Her sense of her unfortunate position daily grows in intensity, and she may next be seen sitting in a shop with a choice selection in front of her, amongst which are a blotting-book covered with excrescences of brass like a portmanteau, a miniature helmet, two shepherdesses of modern Meissen, a silver-gilt machine for brushing away crumbs after breakfasting in bed, a gentleman in ormolu looking into a windmill about the same size as himself and of the same material, both containing cavities in their insides for matches, the discovery of which would occupy a lifetime. What a choice is here! The biggest fool of her acquaintance has just ordered the silver-gilt machine, which costs thirty pounds, so she takes the windmill with a sigh of relief, and sends it as a little object to remind her friend of the happy hours they have spent together. Her friend sends in return a little note assuring her that she will always value it, reflecting that it is a just requital for the ormolu porcupine stuffed with pins which she had presented on a previous occasion. But the donor and the windmill are not destined to lose sight of one another just yet. It is bad enough to see the rubbish in a shop, but there is some excuse for the production of these costly and worthless trifles. What the dogs are in the East to the streets, the givers of modern wedding presents are to the trade—the scavengers of refuse; what is too dirty, too useless, too ugly for other purposes, they absorb; but it is too hard to be called upon to look at it again when exposed to view in the drawing-room of the unfortunate girl whose future life is to be spent, or supposed to be spent, in its contemplation. There are entertainments of divers kinds and degrees of dulness, but the entertainment which is given for the display of the objects we have described is without an equal. Neatly arranged upon the tables in symmetrical order lie these specimens of English taste, "several hundreds in number," slips of paper being attached to them recording the names of the givers. Here the lady and the windmill meet once more, regretfully perhaps, for some kind friend announces that she only gave two pounds for the candlesticks opposite; another has picked up something for thirty shillings which produces a sublime effect, and the name of the shop where similar objects can be procured is whispered in secret. There is a pleasing equality evinced in the display; Her Grace and the housemaid think the same thing "beautiful," and probably spend the same amount of money upon the object of their admiration.



The custom of giving wedding presents as it now exists is a social tax which, though paid by every one, is only paid grudgingly and on compulsion. It represents neither affection nor interest, and is not productive of the smallest profit to any save the tradesmen whose wares are sold for the purpose. Its counterpart can only be found in the custom which existed a short time ago of giving leaving-books at Eton. The fashion was exactly analogous; little boys gave them to big boys, to whom they always had been, and to whom they continued in after life, complete strangers, subscribing themselves their "sincere friends on their leaving Eton." The head-master submitted to the custom at a smaller cost; wise in his generation, and being an elegant classic, he had published or privately printed a quarto edition of some Latin author which, it is needless to say, nobody ever wanted, and no one ever bought. This peculiarly useless volume was exchanged for the sum of ten pounds deposited in some corner of the room by the boy who was bidding good-bye, whence it was generally supposed that the head-master ultimately took it. This pleasant mode of escaping the tax was unfortunately not open to those who paid for the leaving-books presented by their sons to their sincere friends, and who not unnaturally considered that the annual expenditure of fifteen or twenty pounds was hardly compensated by the possession of some scores of soiled copies bound in yellow calf. What these books are to the library, wedding presents are to the ordinary furniture of a house. What is to be done with the windmill? Should the first opportunity be seized for getting rid of it, there is the risk that its donor will tenderly inquire after it. It cannot be given away after the lapse of six months, for its colour is gone, and it looks as if it might have been present at Hilpah's wedding to Shalum. The poor thing eventually finds a shelter and a home in some spare bedroom of a country house, where damp and dust hasten its decay. Sometimes it is destined to a hawker's fate. One swallow does not make a summer, and the gift of a wedding present does not ensure the celebration of a marriage; the engagement may very possibly be broken off, and one of the consequences is the return of the windmill to its unhappy and original possessor, whose feelings on its reappearance we forbear from commenting on. If the State would include wedding presents among the assessed taxes, and fix a definite sum to be paid at the beginning of each year, great relief would be experienced; the Government would of course realize a profit, and a large sum would still remain to be distributed as marriage portions. The present inequality would be remedied; for, as it is, those who never marry at all (and their number is daily increasing) receive no return for their original outlay; but on the institution of the tax this need no longer be the case. Single women, on attaining the age of forty-five, might, on condition of subscribing a declaration setting forth the extreme improbability of their marrying, and their aversion to that condition, receive the sum to which they would have been entitled on marriage. Widows, on the other hand, would get nothing under any circumstances, being exhorted to remain contented with the ornolu of the first marriage. During the interval before the adoption of this plan we have but one remedy to propose. Surely the old shoes which are now so lavishly thrown away at the departure of the bride and bridegroom are capable of conversion into some valuable substance; which cannot be predicated of wedding presents. Let, therefore, the next "groomsman" set a bright example, and deserve well of society and the oppressed; as the carriage starts let a shower of anoroids, barometers, bellows, candlesticks, vases, mosaics, and antiques gracefully fall and flutter around it. Thus we feel sure that a "peculiar interest would be excited," while the struggles of the crowd to possess objects which to their inexperienced eyes might seem capable of being exchanged for a shilling would give additional animation to the scene. The prevalence of this custom might be expected to modify to some extent the present fashion, the chief compensation for which must be found in the advantages which result from a study of the pages of the *Court Journal*.

#### SCHEMES OF CAPITULAR REFORM.

IT was in the heretical reign of the second Constantine that there was no getting about the Roman Empire in any comfort, because the roads were so blocked up with Bishops going to and from the endless Synods of the time. With our improved system of travelling, this particular result is not likely to happen in our days; but it is not at all unlikely that intelligent railway functionaries may have noticed the unusual number of shovel-hats and gaiters which must have been passing to and fro for some weeks past. It is certain that there has lately been an unusual amount of motion about our ecclesiastical, and especially our capitular, dignitaries. Besides the regular Session of Convocation, a Session clothed this time with unusual powers, there have been private gatherings of Bishops, Deans, and others to discuss the reform of our capitular bodies. The Acts—we use the proper ecclesiastical formula—of these gatherings for a time obtained only a private circulation, and so long they did not seem matter for public comment. But, as they have latterly crept out into the full light of the *Times*, we may as well have our say about them.

That some capitular reform is needful no one who knows anything about the subject can doubt. Reform is the only way to

hinder destruction. But reform must be done warily, and with a full understanding of the institutions to be reformed. It must be the work of men who have thought over the subject, who know what reforms are needed, and who have no personal interest in hindering reforms. Deans and Canons cannot, any more than other men, be trusted to reform themselves; but neither can they be reformed by outsiders who have neither sympathy with the institutions nor knowledge of their object or history. And men who are personally interested in the maintenance of abuses sometimes fail to understand that those who are most indignant at the abuses of an institution are likely to be those who most thoroughly understand and love the institution itself.

When we look at the two papers which as yet have been the result of these gatherings, we cannot say that we see in them much signs of that understanding of the institutions to be legislated for without which there can be no real reform. A somewhat vague paper of questions signed by several Deans and Canons is sent round to the Dean and Chapter of each Cathedral. The questions are for the most part harmless enough, only we observe that one most important point of reform is wholly left out. There is not a word touching that crying abuse by which the principal offices of the Old Foundations, the offices of Precentor, Chancellor, Treasurer, &c., have in most cases been made purely nominal, and that not uncommonly by sheer usurpation, against the will of dignitaries who are ready to discharge their duty, if they were only allowed. Next to the restoration of the Bishop to his proper authority in his own church and the rooting out of the little cliques of absentee Residentiaries—or rather perhaps identical with the latter—is the restoration of the great officers of the Cathedral to their proper work in the Cathedral and in the diocese. On this subject there is nothing in the paper of queries. The other queries are well enough as far as they go; but to whom are they to be addressed? To the "Deans and Chapters" of course. But who are the Deans and Chapters? York is perhaps the only Old Foundation church where there is any certainty of the real Chapter ever being consulted. In most cases it is pretty certain that it will not come before the real Chapter, but before the smaller body which usurps the name of the Chapter, and which is most interested in stifling all reforms. One smiles as one reads the question as to the "Greater Chapter," whether it "ought to have a share in, or control over, the present duties or offices of the Minor Chapter—e.g. to have a voice in reference to the Cathedral statutes or services, the expenditure, or the patronage." To send such a question as this to the "Minor Chapter" is like asking the wolf to define the rights of the lamb. At York, where the whole body of the Chapter has now fully won back the rights which it had never entirely lost, patronage is purely dispensed; but does any one expect that men who have long been jollying Chapter livings to themselves and their curates will come forward of their own free will to say that their power of so doing ought to be taken away? A map of the livings in the gift of the Chapter of Bristol, for instance, and of the wanderings among them of members of the capitular body, would be an edifying piece of ecclesiastical geography. So again, we smile over the question headed "Canons." Is it advisable that a longer residence should be exacted? Is it advisable that the power to hold any Office or Benefice with the Canons should be abridged? What answer to questions like these is likely to be got from pluralist absentees, who have hitherto drawn their capitular incomes as the reward of the easy duty of staying away nine months in the year? If the questions were to be really discussed in the real Chapters of the several churches—if they were sent to every member of a Cathedral body, residentiary or non-residentiary—still more if they were sent to men who are not members of Cathedral bodies, but who are known to have the subject at their fingers' ends—some good might come of the inquiry; but no good can come of sending them only to men who have a direct personal interest in barking every scheme of improvement.

The other document, which is understood to be the heads of a Bill to be submitted to Parliament, is even more wonderful. One fault runs through it all, the notion that all capitular bodies are to be reformed according to one type; whereas nothing is more certain than that each body must be legislated for separately according to the peculiarities of its history, constitution, and position. What is good for London will most likely not be good for St. David's; what is good for Ely will most likely not be good for Manchester. And when we come to the details, they are even more astounding. Let us take the very first proposal:—

1. Any Dean or Canon may suggest to the Visitor any alteration in the arrangements of the Cathedral, and the Visitor may consider any such proposed arrangement. If he approves it, it becomes a statute, subject to appeal to the Archbishop, or to the two Archbishops and Bishop of London.

Hitherto it has been at least the theory that a Bishop and his Chapter stand in something like the relation of a king to his Parliament, and that statutory legislation should be done by the full and fair agreement of both branches of the Legislature. Hitherto it has been held that an Archbishop has no jurisdiction out of his province, that a Bishop has no jurisdiction out of his diocese, and it may not be wholly forgotten that our forefathers for some ages thought it a matter of some importance to hinder the Bishop of Rome from breaking through to enact a law. But now, for the first time in the annals of human constitution-making, legislation is to take place without any kind of public discussion on the part of the legislature, without any power of petition on the part of those who may be interested, if only a single member of the legislature can contrive to get the ear

of the sovereign. We shall be amazed indeed if such a fashion of law-making approves itself to a single Englishman, or to a single subject or citizen of any constitutional country, besides its own deviser. And the appeal too. We had always thought that appeals lay from the Bishop to the Archbishop, from the Archbishop to the Crown. Here we have a new tribunal altogether; namely, the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London. We really must explain that there is such a thing as ecclesiastical order; that here in the province of Canterbury, following the teaching of Lanfranc, his predecessors and successors, we can admit no jurisdiction in the Archbishop of York; and moreover that the Bishop of London, though he may have his throne in "the metropolitan cathedral," has no more jurisdiction out of his own diocese than the Bishop of Rome. Why these three particular sees? Is it a compliment to their present holders? We really think that we could find among our present episcopate three Bishops whom we could better trust for delicate points of ecclesiastical history and ecclesiastical law than the three who are thus picked out. Or is it because Canterbury, York, and London are among the churches whose Bishops have most thoroughly forsaken them, and may therefore be better trusted to judge with impartiality in capitular matters? It is certainly many years since any Archbishop of Canterbury made his dwelling place at Canterbury, and we know that times have changed since Macaulay could write that the Bishops of London lived under the shadow of the dome of their Cathedral. We have a mediæval book where it is mentioned how a Bishop of London was once found "apud sanctum Paulum"; but some wicked owner has written in the margin, "hodie apud sanctum Jacobum." At York near neighbourhood perhaps makes absence the more conspicuous; the last shiftings of ecclesiastical property seem to have irrevocably fixed the Northern Primate in a spot perhaps less suited for the labours of St. Wilfrith or St. William, but admirably suited as the cynosure of neighbouring rank and fashion. Who may have devised such a provision as this scheme of appeal, it is not for us to guess. We at least personally know of no human creature of whom we think so poorly as to hold him capable of devising it. But here it is, devised by some one or other, to speak for itself.

The thing goes on as it has begun. The next clause—a clause, be it remembered, to hold a place in an Act of Parliament—prescribes one general law for the appointment of preachers, a matter which in all reason should be left to each Bishop and Chapter to settle by statute, as the constitution and circumstances of their church may from time to time demand. The third clause seems designed for the special exaltation of Deans, a class of men who, during the last two or three hundred years, have grown not a little, partly perhaps through the abolition of Abbots. In the thirteenth century the Deanery of York could be spoken of as "tam nobilis prebenda," the highest prebend no doubt in the Church, but still only one prebend out of many; but now, in seeming forgetfulness of the Proctor's office, it is ordained:—

3. The services to be arranged by the Dean, subject to an appeal to the visitor, and from him to the Archbishop, or two Archbishops and Bishop of London.

Here again is the same monstrous doctrine of appeals which we had before; and it is hard to see what under such a system would be the rights and powers left to any other member of the Chapter besides the Dean. We get them, we suppose, in the next clause:—

4. The Great Chapter to meet twice a year, the Dean presiding. A majority to have power to suggest any alteration of services to the visitor.

How the Great Chapter is to be got together in the New Foundation Churches which have no Great Chapter our legislators do not explain. It would certainly be a great improvement to give the "Honorary" Canons of the New Foundations the same position as the non-Residentary Canons of the Old; but at present it does not belong to them, and such a clause as this would hardly give it to them. Then, if the Great Chapter came together only to suggest, one would have thought that for that purpose a majority was hardly needed. The humble right of suggestion might surely be entrusted to any clergyman of mark enough for his Bishop to have thought him worthy to be the occupant of a stall; but when we come to majorities, we naturally think of bodies which have something more than a mere right of suggestion. And this last sentence, short as it is, reads as if it had been begun on one principle and gone on with on another. The beginning sounds well—"The majority shall have power." Surely it was another hand which added the words "to suggest," which in truth is no power at all, but simply the right of petition, a right which in a free country is common to every human being.

Of the other three clauses we will mention one only:—

6. The Minor Canons to rank with the Prebendaries, and to be, in fact, Prebendaries.

This is really more wonderful than all. Whence can it come? One would have thought that it would have defied the powers even of two Archbishops and a Bishop of London to devise a provision showing such utter ignorance of the institutions with which the proposals profess to deal. The words "Minor Canons" are probably meant to take in the Priest Vicars of the Old Foundations, but how is the clause to apply to the New Foundations? How can the Minor Canons take rank with the Prebendaries, and in fact be Prebendaries, in churches where the title and office of Prebendary no longer exists? Then what is meant by the words "to take rank with the Prebendaries, and in fact to be Prebendaries"? We should not envy the Judge who should be

called upon to get a meaning out of an Act of Parliament drawn up in this fashion. A Minor Canon is one thing; a Prebendary is another thing. It is possible to abolish either order; it is possible to merge one order in the other; it is possible to decree that, the two offices being distinct, their holders shall have equal precedence; but to legislate that "the Minor Canons shall rank with Prebendaries, and in fact be Prebendaries," is simply to put together words without meaning. It would seem that the authors of this clause, to whom the word Canon probably suggested no meaning but that of Residentary, had still, as the clause about the Great Chapter shows, some hazy notion that there were other clergymen about a Cathedral besides the Residentaries, and they jumbled two distinct classes together in this astounding fashion.

We wish our Cathedral institutions to be preserved. If they are to be preserved, they must be reformed; but this is not the way to reform them.

#### SNEAKING REGARD.

"TO sneak" is defined by Johnson "to creep slyly, to come and go as if afraid to be seen"; and "sneaking"—he ignores the substantive "sneak" altogether—as "servile, mean, low." Webster defines a sneak as "a mean fellow," and both he and Richardson connect the word with snake. We all know the sort of meaning the term bears among schoolboys, with whom, perhaps, it is most in vogue. The schoolboy idea of a sneak, as contrasted with the character deserving to be loved and honoured, is not ill expressed in Pope's couplet:—

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;  
Will sneaks a scrivener, an execrating knave.

How far either soldiers or scriveners always answer to the poet's description may be questioned, but there can be no doubt that a sneak is usually looked upon as very little better than a knave. The word, like the correlative term "gentleman," is one of peculiarly English growth, and we should hardly expect to find any equivalent in the current phraseology of a French *lycée*, whether secular or ecclesiastical, where sneaking, or something which would be so designated at Harrow or Eton, is almost elevated into a virtue. To English apprehension the term denotes that combination of selfishness, cowardice, and falsehood which is summed up in the lexicon definition of a "mean fellow," and is directly opposed to manliness and candour. It has sometimes even been made a charge against Christianity that it encourages or inculcates "sneaking" virtues, and there have certainly been religious systems, both Catholic and Protestant, to which the indictment might be plausibly applied. The designation of "saint," when used in derision or contempt, is often hardly distinguishable from sneak. And such being the direct force of the term, we may easily gather the meaning conveyed in its derivative and secondary application. When we speak of a "sneaking regard" for a person or a principle, we imply that the regard is, or is felt by those who entertain it to be, more or less discreditable, and that they do not venture openly to profess a feeling of which they are ashamed, while they nevertheless secretly indulge it. It has sometimes been said, for instance—very unjustly, we believe—that Mr. Gladstone has a "sneaking regard" for the Pope; but no one would dream of casting such a reproach on Archbishop Manning, because a Roman Catholic prelate may naturally and openly avow a sentiment which is justly thought out of place in the Prime Minister of a Protestant country. In the same way a democrat who hankers after titles and decorations may fairly be accused of having a sneaking regard for Royalty, but Sir Walter Scott's enthusiastic account of the coronation of William IV., which he came up from Scotland expressly to witness, is allowed even by those who have least sympathy with his political opinions to be creditable to his heart, if not to his head. Men can only be said to have a sneaking regard for what they either know or believe to be disreputable, and when depraved taste or self-interest leads them to act covertly against their better judgment. We must confess then that we read with some surprise, not to say bewilderment, the following paragraph in Mr. Goldwin Smith's article in the current *Fortnightly* on the "Aim of Reform":—

Mr. Gladstone was made in one account of his Greenwich speech to say, that in the heart of every Englishman there was a "sneaking" regard for hereditary rank. The phrase, whether he used it or not, is happy, and the remark need not be confined to Englishmen, for the most abject worshippers of the spurious nobility of England are the shoddy of New York. In the case of Englishmen, even of the lowest dunkey, faith is in some degree tempered by sight. Maintain institutions, the direct tendency—it might almost be said the aim—of which is to pervert and degrade the sentiments of the people, and the sentiments of the people will be perverted and degraded. The people themselves are all the time conscious that it is so; there is nothing "sneaking" in the homage which they pay to nature's nobility. But we must object to having a constitution based on the "sneaking" instincts either of English dunkeyism or of the shoddy of New York.

The notion of the British Constitution being "based" on any of the modern incidents of English dunkeyism, whether sneaking or not, is only less amazing than the notion of its being based on the "shoddy," or the anything else, of New York. If the writer had not once been a Professor of History, we should almost have ventured to say it was an anachronism. However, we are not concerned here with the origin of the British Constitution, or of our "nobility," but with the feeling asserted to be entertained towards them in "the heart of every Englishman." We are not sure that as Mr. Goldwin Smith is determined whether Mr. Gladstone's Greenwich speech was correctly reported, but we have little doubt

that, if he did use the phrase attributed to him, it was not used, as it is by his critic, as *grand diction*; and we have no doubt at all that, if it was seriously intended, it was just the reverse of "happy." No doubt the fervent Republicans who demonstrate their admiration for Sir Charles Dilke by turning off the gas and breaking their neighbours' heads at public meetings, while scornfully able to conceal their pride at having a live baronet to lead them, are open to the soft impeachment of a sneaking regard for rank; and we ourselves prefer, though possibly he does not, the more consistent devotion of the International, which refuses him any other title than that of "Citizen Dilke." But Mr. Goldwin Smith is not speaking of the Dilkite democrats, but of the people of England, who certainly have "a regard for hereditary rank," so openly professed that it is difficult to understand the epithet by which he has qualified it. We should be rather curious to know whether he considers the popular demonstration of February 27 as indicating a "sneaking regard" for Royalty. To be sure, on that occasion, "faith" was "in some degree tempered by sight"; but the result of the tempering was not to diminish the intensity or the outspokenness of the sentiment. Mr. Goldwin Smith tells us that, if we maintain institutions the direct tendency of which is to pervert and degrade popular sentiment, it will be perverted and degraded. Taken in itself, the proposition sounds very like a truism; but in his particular application of the statement it seems—and that too on his own showing—very like an inversion of the truth. The obnoxious institution is still maintained in England, and has from the first been banished from New York; yet there, we are assured—and we quite accept the assurance—its "most abject worshippers" are to be found. If, then, we test the author's theory by his own appreciation of the facts, to abolish the institution would seem to be the surest way of perverting and degrading the sentiments of the people. He may reply, of course, that if it were abolished everywhere, its memory would perish from among men; but then it will probably take some time before the process of levelling down can be universally carried out, and meanwhile the result in any particular country appears, judging from the most complete precedent yet offered, to generate precisely that "sneaking regard" for the broken idol which is so degrading and perverse. We say to generate, rather than to increase, because, when Mr. Goldwin Smith admits that his remark "need not be confined to Englishmen" but includes "the shoddy of New York," he is very much understating, if not misstating, the actual facts. His criticism, broadly speaking, does not apply to Englishmen at all, whose regard for royal and aristocratic institutions, whether wise or unwise, is too openly, we might say too ostentatiously, avowed to be with any propriety termed a "sneaking" one. In America, on the other hand, the institution and the sentiment it evokes are ostentatiously denounced, while yet Englishmen who are settled there find that a handle to their names has a positive money value, so "abject" is the worship paid to the forbidden thing. One explanation of the difference Mr. Goldwin Smith has suggested. It may be quite true that distance lends enchantment to the view; but if the faith which is tempered by sight is a maulier and more reasonable faith, the visible institution has so far an elevating, and not a degrading, tendency. A further explanation, which has not apparently occurred to him, we will add. Is it not just possible that the sneaking regard for hereditary rank of which the "shoddy of New York" affords so "abject" an example is a perverted form of that instinctive craving for something to look up to out of ourselves for which Republican institutions provide no adequate satisfaction? We will not commit ourselves to Dr. Johnson's famous dictum that the devil was the first Whig; but it is easy to see what he means, and that his remark had a basis of truth. No one has insisted more pointedly than Mr. Carlyle, a very different type of thinker from Johnson, on the high importance of "reverence," as one of the divinest qualities in man. No doubt "nature's nobility" are the most legitimate earthly objects of such a sentiment, when we can discover them; but in the absence of hereditary rank, it is quite as likely to be devoted to a successful adventurer, or even a powerful millionaire, as to be concentrated on that "sole and unique nobility of virtue" which the Roman patriot commends, but which experience does not show that a system of social and political equality has any special tendency to produce.

We have said already that "sneaking idolatry" of rank is hardly a fault that can be charged on the great body of Englishmen. The feeling which finds its highest expression in loyalty to the Sovereign is honestly entertained and openly avowed among us, and is, in the main, both creditable and beneficial to those who entertain it and to those who are its objects. Like many other sentiments, it may be difficult to analyse minutely, but there is at bottom a belief, generally well founded, that merit of some kind was the foundation of hereditary distinction, and that the one is likely to become an heirloom in the family as well as the other. Noblesse oblige. Rank, like property, has its duties as well as its rights, and an hereditary aristocracy which had ceased to be respectable would not long continue to be respected. The point may be illustrated by contrast. There is both in England and elsewhere only too much "sneaking idolatry" of wealth. There are numbers of persons who are proud of the notice or acquaintance of a rich man, who pay a kind of instinctive homage to him, and that quite apart from any consideration of how his riches were acquired; yet no one would gravely maintain that wealth in itself constitutes any title to respect. There is no moral element and no poetry in such a feeling; and it may fairly be described, to quote Mr. Goldwin Smith's language, as perverse and degrading. Much the same may be said of the "sneaking" homage so largely paid in

the present day to notoriety, as such, as though some newspaper fiasco, whether good or bad—of a great statesman, or a great speaker, or a great speculator, or a great criminal—was in itself a ground of veneration. We have no doubt there are thousands of men and women in England at this moment who would treasure up as a most precious relic a scrap of the Tichborne Claimant's handwriting, or even perhaps a fragment of one of the many tumblers he had drunk his brandy out of, just as thousands made a pilgrimage last year to the scene of the Eltham murder, and tried to carry off some permanent record of their visit. Even Mr. Chaffers, it may safely be affirmed, is an object of interest to a very large number of not disreputable persons, who would be ashamed to admit even to themselves any other opinion of his conduct than that expressed by Mr. Benson, while yet they have at least the amount of "sneaking regard" which makes them eager to see, or rather to be able to say they have seen, him. How far such a feeling falls under the category of flunkeyism we will not discuss, but it has little or nothing in it in common with the satisfaction felt by the multitudes who caught a passing glimpse of the Queen on her way to or from St. Paul's on Thanksgiving Day. And we are further disposed to believe that it is likely to be more prevalent and more absorbing in a country where there is no hereditary monarchy or aristocracy. We should be quite prepared to meet with it in full development among "the shoddy of New York." This is the kind of sentiment which may be most correctly designated a "sneaking idolatry," though, we trust, it will never become the basis of even a Republican constitution.

#### THE FOOLS OF COMEDY.

IN an age when wit condoned every offence, the epithet Fool became necessarily the one ill name to be averted at all costs:—

Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?  
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Still everybody could not be a wit, and as folly can never submit to obscurity, the emptier vivacity of social life was put upon its mettle, and had to cast off its slough and shine out in a new character, or else find itself nowhere. The top of the age was a natural correlative of the wit of the age, and those who had the will to be wits, but not the brains, contrived, by banding together in an offensive and defensive alliance, to make themselves a very formidable body, fully able to hold their own and avenge their wrongs. Warned by the poet that the policy of butts lies in combination, that

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,  
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war,

they stood by one another, acted in concert, and by unanimity in attack made themselves terrible; harassing and disconcerting the adversary at the very crisis of his fate, and baffling hopes at the critical moment of triumph! As, according to the *Spectator*, "the seat of wit was the playhouse," the theatre was the obvious battle-field; and a fairer field than might at first be supposed. The wit had the stage, but the sop had the stage-box. The fool squabbled for in the select morning coterie, and peevishly grudged to the more glib and voluble railler as unlawful spoil—for "taking the fool out of one's mouth is worse than taking the broad out of one's mouth"—had his turn at night, figuring as one of a crowd of beaux, all as fine as the tailor and perriquier could make them, and all bent on the one object of diverting attention from the stage to themselves; at one time talking noisily, laughing loud, attracting all eyes; then again, when the wit was brightest, and the fun most exuberant, dropping all at once into attention the most profound, in order to render more effective an absolute immovable gravity which no humour of author or trick of actor could shake or discompose. We see what effect these various manœuvres had on sensitive nerves by the allusions in prologue and epilogue. There the habits of the stage-box furnish an illustration of ideal impertinence. Thus an "eternal babbler" makes no more use of his ears than a man who sits at a play in Kope's Corner; and the sops are flattered with ironical promises:—

So may you slowly to old age advance,  
And have th' excuse of youth for ignorance.  
So may Poppe's Corner full of noise remain,  
And drive far off the dull attentive train.

But these hits and allusions are not confined to the outskirts of the drama, where the poet and his audience are brought into direct collision. We find the strategy of the sops a topic with the *dramatis personæ*. Congreve, who piqued himself, not without justice, on his foils, opens his *Double Dealer* with a complacent exposition of their fine of policy set forth by Lord Froth, a solemn coxcomb, and the livelier Brisk. It was the age for good spirits, and for the boast of them; therefore, Sir Paul commits no solecism in addressing the two as follows:—

We wanted your company; but Mr. Brisk—where is he? I swear and vow he's a most facetious person; and the best company. And, my Lord Froth—your lordship is so merry a man—he, he, he!

LORD FROTH. O joy, Sir Paul, what do you mean? Merry! O bar-baron! I'd as leave you had called me fool.

SIR PAUL. Nay, I protest and vow now 'tis true, when Mr. Brisk jokes, your lordship's laugh does so become you—he, he, he!

LORD FROTH. Ridiculous! Sir Paul, you're strangely mistaken; I assure you, Sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jest but my own, or a lady's, I assure you, Sir Paul.

Brisk. How! how, my lord! What, affront my wit! Let me perish, do I never say anything worthy to be laughed at?

LORD FROTH. O foy, don't misapprehend me; I don't say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion! everybody can laugh. Then especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when anybody else of the same quality does not laugh with one. Ridiculous to be pleased with what pleases the crowd! Now, when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

Brisk. I suppose that's because you laugh at your own jests—ha, ha, ha!

LORD FROTH. Ha, ha. I swear, though, your raillery provokes me to a smile.

Brisk. Ay, my lord, it's a sign I hit you in the teeth if you show 'em.

LORD FROTH. Ha, he, he! I swear that's so very pretty, I can't forbear.

CARELESS. I find a quibble bears more sway in your lordship's face than a jest.

This Careless, as the representative of common sense and independence, fights the battle of the wits. He asks his lordship if he never sees comedies:—

LORD FROTH. O yes, sometimes; but I never laugh.

CARELESS. No!

LORD FROTH. Oh no! never laugh indeed, sir.

CARELESS. No! Why, what d'ye go there for?

LORD FROTH. To distinguish myself from the commonalty, and mortify the poets; the fellows grow so conceited when any of their foolish wit prevails upon the side boxes. I swear—ha, he, he!—I have often constrained any inclinations to laugh—he, he, he!—to avoid giving them encouragement.

Here Brisk interposes:—

Let me perish, my lord, but there's something very particular in the humour; 'tis true it makes against wit, and I'm sorry for some friends of mine that write; but, egad, I love to be malicious. Nay, there's wit in't too, and wit must be folled by wit; cut a diamond with a diamond—no other way, egad!

CARELESS. Wit! in what? Where's the wit in not laughing when a man has a mind to't?

Brisk. O lord, why, can't you find it out? Why, there it is in the not laughing. Don't you apprehend me? My lord, Careless is a very honest fellow, but hark ye—you understand me? Somewhat heavy, a little shallow or so. Why, I'll tell you now. Suppose now you come up to me—nay, prythee, Careless, be instructed. Suppose, as I was saying, you come up to me holding your sides, and laughing as if you would—well, I look grave, and ask the cause of this immoderate mirth—you laugh on still, and are not able to tell me—still I look grave; not so much as a smile—

CARELESS. Smile? No. What should you smile at when you suppose I can't tell you?

Brisk. Pahaw, pahaw! prythee don't interrupt me. But, I tell you, you shall tell me at last—but it shall be a great while first.

CARELESS. Well, but prythee don't let it be a great while, because I long to have it over.

Brisk. Well then, you tell me some good jest, a very witty thing, laughing all the while as if you were ready to die—and I hear it and look thus—would not you be disappointed?

CARELESS. No; for if it were a very witty thing, I should not expect you to understand it.

LORD FROTH. O foy, Mr. Careless, all the world allows Mr. Brisk to have wit; my wife says he has a great deal. I hope you think her a judge.

Brisk. Pooh! my lord, his voice goes for nothing—I can't tell how to make him apprehend—take it tother way. Suppose I say a witty thing to you?

CARELESS. Then I should be disappointed indeed!

Having thus established a *casus belli* against the coxcombs, the dramatist adds a lady to their number. There is a Lady Froth, giving fair occasion to the remark that, though marriage makes man and wife one, it leaves them still two fools. Society, to judge from the universal consent of the literature of the time, was the very paradise of female fools. Affectation reached a sort of acme. It could go no further; and silliness in a pretty woman was so essential an attraction that, if she was not foolish by nature, she was advised to feign folly if she would please the men. Lady Froth is all affectation; nothing else about her is genuine. Her line is a prodigious admiration for her lord, giving occasion to a scene which recalls that ineffable bow and courtesy—relics of a lost civilization—which lately delighted English eyes in M. Delaunay's exquisite performance of Le Menteur, where he bows over the hand of Madame Favart. Lady Froth, apostrophizing to his face that "dear, deceitful tongue, that charming softness in your mien and your expression," particularizes the bow, and for the benefit of the company solicits him to repeat it:—

Good, my lord, bow as you did when I gave you my picture; here, suppose this my picture (gives him a pocket-glass). Pray mind, my lord. Ah, he bows charmingly. Nay, my lord, you shan't kiss it so much; I shall grow jealous, I vow now. (He bows profoundly, then kisses the glass.)

LORD FROTH. I saw myself there, and kissed it for your sake.

LADY FROTH. Ah! gallantry to the last degree. Mr. Brisk, you are a judge, was ever anything so well bred as my lord?

Brisk. Never anything but your ladyship, let me perish!

Lady Froth, being a woman of parts, affects the *précieuse*, and admits that she believes her brain would have turned under the excitement of courtship if her pen had not brought her relief:—

LADY FROTH. O, my dear Cynthia! you must not rally your friend; but really, as you say, I wonder too; but then I had a way. For, between you and I, I had whimsies and vapours, but I gave them vent.

CYNTHIA. How, pray madam?

LADY FROTH. O, I writ, writ abundantly. Do you never write?

CYNTHIA. Write what?

LADY FROTH. Songs, elegies, satires, encomiums, panegyrics, lampoons, plays, or heroic poems.

CYNTHIA. O, not I, madam! I am content to be a courteous reader.

LADY FROTH. O, inconsistent! in love and not write! If my lord and I had been both of your temper, we had never come together.—O, bless me! what a sad thing would that have been, if my lord and I should never have met!

CYNTHIA. Then neither my lord nor you would ever have met your match.

LADY FROTH. No more we should; thou say'st right. For sure my Lord Froth is a fine gentleman, and as much a man of quality—ah! nothing of the

common air. I think I may say he wants nothing but a blue ribbon and a star to make him the very phosphorus of our hemisphere. Do you understand those two hard words? If you don't, I'll explain them to you.

She piques herself on her invention in titles and names, her genius being all for surprises. Confessing to an heroic poem "On my lord's love for me," she asks, "And what do you think I call it? I dare swear you won't guess—the *Sillabub*—ha! ha! ha!" This is pronounced both appropriate and inspiring; "Is it not?" she rejoins; "and then I call my lord *Spremosa*, and myself—what do you think I call myself?" *Lactilla* is suggested; but no, it is "Biddy, that's all! just my own name"—which is pronounced the most natural in the world, but more surprising still.

The fop is indispensable in genteel comedy, as imparting a flavour of high breeding. Every dramatist tries his hand on him, all ringing the changes of the argument on behalf of conceit and affectation set forth by Colman's Lord Trinket—that the aim of *bon ton* is to render persons of family different from the vulgar, for whom nature serves very well. For this reason it has at various times been ungenteel to see or hear, to walk, to be in good health, to have twenty other horrible perfections of nature. While gallantly allowing to Miss Russel that nature indeed may do very well sometimes—"It made you, for instance, and then it made something very lovely"—yet he owns to a higher ideal. But now me, madam, me; nature never made such a thing as me!" However, this is a deviation from the course of the sublimer fop, who never argues or defends his position. He feels supreme. The fop's palmist days were over when Colman wrote. The country booby, the lout, the younger brother, outshines him on the later stage. Different from both comes Marplot, the meddlesome fool, who has given his name to a class invaluable on the stage, where they keep everything in movement and a bustle. The passion for knowing everybody's secret and meddling with everybody's affairs is essentially the quality of a fool, though it is not always a fool that is possessed by it. In the case of Marplot his blundering good-nature, his incapacity to take a hint, his deadness to the aspect of things around him, his self-opinion, incurable conceit, and insatiable curiosity are true enough to some people's nature. The hero and heroine of the *Bury Body* are plotting to outwit a surly, jealous guardian, Sir Francis, throughout the piece, every scheme at the moment of success being foiled by Marplot's friendly officiousness. On one occasion the lady is visited by her lover, and, hearing the guardian coming, she hides him behind the chimney-board. Marplot, possessed by some scheme of his own, sees nothing of the warning nods and frowns of Miranda, and frustrates all her efforts to get the old gentleman out of the way; who, unluckily for her, not to disorder her parlour, insists on throwing a piece of orange-peel behind the chimney-board. Driven to her wits' end, she cries, "Hold, hold, dear Gardy, I have a—a—a monkey shut up there; a monkey waiting for the man coming to tame it lest he break all my china." At the mention of a monkey Marplot's whole being is possessed by the idea. Sir Francis is taken in—"I won't open it; she shall have her monkey, poor rogue"; but Marplot's curiosity is all on fire; there is something for him to do; he can manage a monkey as well as anybody:—

MARPLOTT. A monkey, dear madam; let me see it. I can tame a monkey with the best of them all. Oh! how I love the little miniatures of man.

MIRANDA. Be quiet, mischief! and stand further from the chimney. You shall not see my monkey—why sure—

MARPLOTT. For heaven's sake, dear madam, let me but peep, to see if it's as pretty as Lady Fiddle Fiddle's. Has he got a chain?

MIRANDA. Not yet, but I design it one shall last its lifetime. Nay, you shall not see it. Look, Gardy, how he teases me!

Sir Francis actually interferes in her favour, and forbids him to touch the chimney-board; but at this moment he is called out of the room, Miranda accompanies him, and, to make all safe, bids Marplot "Come along, impertinence!" But he sees his opportunity, steps back, lifts up the board, and surprised to see a man there, shouts out "Thieves!" and "Murder!" Out jumps Sir George:—

Hang ye, you unlucky dog! 'tis I, which way shall I get out? Show me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

MARPLOTT. Undone, undone! At that door there. But hold, hold; break that china, and I'll bring you off.

[Re-enter Sir Francis, &c.]

SIR FRANCIS. Mercy on me! What's the matter?

MIRANDA. O, you toad, what have you done?

MARPLOTT. No great harm; longing to see the monkey, I did but just raise up the board, and it flew over my shoulder, scratched all my face, broke your china, and whisk'd out of the window.

The character of Paul Pry, we are told, was taken from a certain Mr. Thomas Hill described in one of Theodore Hook's novels. This gentleman was so delighted with his own portrait, that he would cry, "All true, every word correct!" Possibly Marplot may have had some recognized original equally pleased to be assigned to fame. We must continue our list of typical fools on some future occasion.

#### FRENCH DRUNKENNESS.

SINCE the termination of the war the French press has been significantly prolific in reports, articles, and pamphlets on the subject of drunkenness. The increase of this vice in France would indeed be an alarming phenomenon if it bore any proportion to the energy with which it is discussed by the literary and professional classes, or to their inventiveness in devising schemes to suppress it. It is not only by the press that this hostile activity is manifested. A



Commission of the National Assembly has recently reported on the subject; it was dragged last year into the discussion on the Budget, and it has been repeatedly before the Academy of Medicine. To all appearance, therefore, this vice has found a congenial soil in France, and has developed with remarkable rapidity. It would almost appear as if that unhappy country was about to succumb before an alcoholic invasion more dire in its results than that of the Germans. It may be doubted, however, whether to an enlightened censor of the national morals this evil would appear of such magnitude as some others of which much less is heard. That which in a nation corresponds to conscience in the individual is influenced less by ethical than æsthetic considerations. It is in regard not to its biggest, but to its ugliest sins, that a nation is generally most demonstrative in its remorse and resolutions of amendment. The standard by which it judges them is one determined very much by their different relations to the national history and characteristics. In the present instance not only the vice itself, but certain accidental aggravations of it, render it peculiarly heinous in French eyes. Drunkenness is in France a non-historical vice. In the lower districts of Paris and in the manufacturing cities of the North it has indeed been always more or less endemic, but it is only within the present century that it has attained proportions which may be called national. It has no claim, therefore, upon the indulgence which a nation accords to its own traditional vices. Again, it has the disadvantage of being not only a young national vice in France, but an old one among some of her neighbours. Every one knows with how much less tolerance we regard other people's shortcomings than our own. Even after our neighbour's faults have become our own, it is some time before we can regard them in ourselves with less severity than in him. Further, drunkenness is a vice of nations whose type of culture is not greatly appreciated in France. The epithet which her writers not unfrequently use to denote that type is one implying the negation of all culture. Now every one accustomed to analyse his own mental states is aware that the bad qualities of a person whose general character he does not admire look much worse than the corresponding qualities of the friend whom he esteems. To this result of the unconscious association of ideas may be due some little part of the demonstrative antipathy of the cultivated classes of France to the vice of drunkenness. But apart altogether from these aggravating accidents, the vice itself is from its very nature liable to be regarded by a Frenchman of those classes with impatience and intolerance. A toper may be said to be the personification of everything which a Frenchman is not. Drunkenness, at least in its penultimate stage, is savageness, grossness, stolidity, *loudness*. It cannot co-exist with refinement, vivacity, brilliancy, *esprit*—in fact with any of the typical qualities of an educated Frenchman. To him, therefore, French drunkenness is hateful, not only as being a new national vice, but as being one incompatible with the ideal national character. In other countries drunkenness unmanly; in France it denationalizes. Allowance on these accounts must be made for unintentional exaggerations in French statements in regard to the spread of the evil in France. But even after such deductions have been made, the phenomenon of its prevalence in modern French society remains of a sufficiently startling character. No adequate explanation of it, so far as we have noticed, has yet been given. Indeed the French themselves, in their hot haste to prescribe all sorts of quack nostrums for the unsightly disease, have neglected sufficiently to study its etiology.

The remedies suggested are certainly numerous, enough. If the sanguine prescribers only saw them fairly tried, they would probably contemplate the result with the saddened feeling of the well-known physician who began practice knowing twenty remedies for every disease, and ended knowing twenty diseases for which he had no remedy. Of course several of the proposals are notable only for their sheer absurdity. Why is it, by the way, that under almost every ethnological and climatic condition the discussion of this subject is provocative of extravagance and fanaticism? It is noteworthy, however, that in some respects French spirituous fanaticism is less irrational than our corresponding home commodity. Among the multitude of projects for eradicating drunkenness we have not met with one solitary proposal to introduce into France the "platform" of the United Kingdom Alliance, or even that of what is known as Teetotalism. If the principle of the latter has not taken root in France, it is not because no attempt has been made to plant it. In 1836 an American apostle of the "cause," named Baird, was sent by the American Societies to convert to total abstinence the wine-bibbing Parisians. "Presented at the Tuilleries," says a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "he explained the ideas and plans of the Society before an august audience, but without success. 'Since Providence has given us such good wines,' was the reply made to him, 'it must be good for us to make use of them.'" To ask a Frenchman to abjure wine was about as reasonable as to request an Englishman to forswear roast beef. But the question has recently been asked, whether it would not be possible to adopt in France the machinery of our so-called Temperance Societies, with a bond of organization more adapted to French needs than the formula of total abstinence. In a paper published in the current number of *Annales d'Hygiène publique*, M. Foville, a physician of some note, answers the question in the affirmative. The evil in France, he says, "does not consist in drinking at meals in ordinary quantities either wine, beer, or cider, but in the custom, more or less general for men of all conditions, and too often also for certain classes of females, to instil themselves in the intervals between meals in cabarets, dram-shops, and cafés, and there to drink

without necessity. In a word, the real enemy is not wine—it is the cabaret and the café." To meet the evil thus circumscribed, he proposes the formation of a National League against alcohol, the members of which would simply be under pledge never to set foot within one of the obnoxious establishments. M. Foville sees clearly that our Temperance Societies confound the use of liquors with their abuse. But his own Association would obviously be open to the same radical objection. That some people make a bad use of public establishments for the sale of liquors is not a valid reason why other people should interdict themselves from making a proper use of them. This plan is also open to the serious objection that it would lead to over-drinking at home. But, whatever its demerits, the Association would seek to attain its object only by voluntary agencies. This feature of the proposal is really in these days something worth noting. M. Foville would endeavour to coax the patient to swallow his bolus, but he would not attempt to get it down by compulsory deglutition. This latter process he leaves to our British quacks.

It is, however, in framing schemes involving legislative action that French zealots find full scope for their inventive ingenuity. Turning to these we find ourselves amidst chimæras, crotchets, and crudities of all kinds. M. de la Sicotière, a member of the Legislative Assembly, proposes to put tavern debts on the same footing with gambling debts. This is a sane proposal by the side of one by a Dr. Prosper Despine, of Marseilles. This gentleman deplors that such a large portion of the soil of France should be polluted by wines, and suggests that the culture of the noxious plant should be interdicted by law. Seeing little chance, apparently, of the Assembly giving immediate effect to his sapient proposal, he points out a sure means of attaining the same end without troubling the Legislature. It is simply to encourage the propagation of the worms which at present destroy the roots of the vines. The ingenious author of this radical scheme might fairly claim for it the double merit that it would rid the French, not only of their vines, but also of their vanity. It is impossible to conceive that vanity could remain in a nation whose salvation had been effected by so humble and earthy an instrument. Of course it is in exactly the opposite direction to that indicated by this odd proposal that the efforts of sane reformers are pointed. They see clearly enough that the true policy is not to begin a crusade against wine, but to restore it to its ancient position as the national drink. Their motto is not "abstinence," but "rehabilitation." It is not the prevalence of the use of wine that is the thing to be dreaded, but the taste which is becoming general for more potent liquors, especially absinthe and brandy. We fear that this class are too sanguine in expecting much improvement from a readjustment of the fiscal duties on liquors. When a taste for strong stimulants has become common, fiscal measures can do little to eradicate it. Besides, human nature is so complex—or, as some would put it, so perverse—that it is not always easy to predict in what direction an ethico-fiscal measure will operate. "Remove the duties entirely from wine," urge the French reformers, "and place the heaviest possible imposts on distilled spirits." But are they quite certain that this arrangement would tend to promote the general use of the one and discourage that of the other? Is there no danger, in regard to the cheaper liquor, of evoking that familiarity which proverbially breeds contempt? or, in regard to the dearer, of causing a factitious demand by creating for it a kind of adventitious value? To place heavy burdens on a certain class of drinks with the avowed object of discouraging their use is to add another to the ordinary motives for consuming them. With many people there is no surer method of intensifying a pleasure than by proscribing it. Eve's desire to taste of the fruit of the tree of knowledge was born of the fact that the pleasure was a forbidden one. Fiscal adjustments might no doubt have a real moral significance were it possible to tax a commodity such as absinthe, for which there is a general demand, so highly as to put it out of common use. But the power to tax effectively is tempered by fraud. It is safe to say also that, even in the interests of temperance, France will not be in a position for some time to come to forego the duties on wine.

To another proposed legislative reform the temperance agitators attach considerable importance, though it is not easy to see on what grounds. They urge that there should be an alteration in the laws, so as to prevent the plea of drunkenness being accepted in excuse or extenuation of crime. Under the present penal code (Art. 64) the accused is held to be irresponsible if, at the time of committing the offence, he was in a state of dementia, "or constrained by a power he was unable to resist." If the fact is ignored that in the case of drunkards the state is self-induced, they may be often fairly described as fulfilling the conditions of legal irresponsibility. On the general question of the accountability of drunkards we cannot enter. It has been discussed with the most opposite conclusions by jurists from Quintilian downwards. Perhaps the most original theory was that held by a toddy-drinking Scotch judge of the last century. To a prisoner charged with an assault with violence, who urged the plea of drunkenness, he put the crushing question, "If you could do such an act when drunk, what would you not do when sober?" Unfortunately neither the facts nor the psychology of the subject will bear out the old gentleman's implied opinion that sobriety is more favourable to law-keeping than sobriety. We are not aware whether French judges and juries are so prone to give effect to the plea of drunkenness. But any alteration of the French laws in the direction of limiting or excluding it would not operate in

diminishing drunkenness, though it might operate to some extent in diminishing crime. A knowledge of the inadmissibility of the plea might have some effect even on a drunkard in restraining him from crime; but it could hardly have any effect in preventing him from getting drunk. People do not often put themselves into a state of ebriety with a deliberate intention to commit crime when in it. But this and some other suggested changes in the law are intended by some of the Temperance enthusiasts as merely ancillary to a great measure of a directly repressive character. The Commission of the National Assembly have reported in favour of the principle of repression. They propose, in fact, to constitute drunkenness, or at least public drunkenness, a crime. Private drunkenness, they admit with reluctance, it would be impossible to reach; but it is quite possible, they think, to grapple with the vice as it exhibits itself in the street, the *café*, or other places of public resort. M. Roussel, a member of the Commission of the National Assembly, has published the draft of an elaborate measure which may be taken as a fairly typical specimen of the "repression" scheme. He proposes that any person found in a public road, in a place for the sale of liquors, or in any public place, in a state of drunkenness should be taken to the nearest *poste de sûreté*, and kept till he is sober; that for the first offence he should be summoned before the tribunal of simple police, and for subsequent offences before the Correctional tribunal, and be liable to punishment ranging from a fine of five francs to one of twenty-five francs, with twelve days' imprisonment. If found more than three times drunk in a year, more than five times in two years, or more than six times in a lifetime, he is to be included in a new criminal category—that of "habitual drunkards," and rendered subject, as in the case of ordinary criminals, to deprivation, partial or complete, of all "civil, civil, and family rights." It is clear that the French reformers mean to stamp out this new national evil—if they can.

There is an air of downrightness and simplicity about these schemes which one cannot help liking in a kind of way. It is, however, the simplicity produced by ignoring all views of a question but one. In dealing with a social evil it is the part of a zealot merely to look it straight in the face; it is the business of a statesman to look on all sides of it. We find in these proposals few indications that their authors have thought out the subject to even the more prominent of its theoretical relations, or traced out to their logical limit the full applications of their own principles. What is the proximate legal principle on which public drunkenness could be erected into a crime? Is it that the vice causes a public scandal? If the French intend to put down everything—in Paris, say—which may be classed in this category, they will have their hands full for some time to come. Most people will think that the crusade against scandals might have been more fitly begun in other directions. Or is it that the person found publicly drunk is in a state predisposing him to commit crime? No doubt he is in this condition, but so is the private drunkard, and in consistency, he too should be equally treated as an inchoate criminal. Again, if a person seen drunk in public is to be treated as a criminal, the tradesman who sold the drink, the companions who connived at his consuming it, even the host at whose too generous board he may have sat, should all be treated as accessory to the crime. Further, if public drunkenness, *per se*, were to come under the cognizance of the law, it would be necessary to formulate some workable definition of drunkenness. This definition would require to demarcate with some precision the boundary between sobriety and ebriety. An attempt to frame such a definition on ascertained physiological and psychological data would give an ardent reformer some idea of the difficulties of these schemes on the theoretical side. It needs no prophetic eye to foresee that they would be as inefficient in practice as they are untenable in theory. Repression, whether direct or indirect, can have very little influence in diminishing drunkenness. The reason is obvious. Any influence which could effectively act upon the vice must take into account the force of the *vis à tergo* which impels to it. It has long been known that its antecedents are ignorance, disease, poverty, home discomforts, and the like. To attempt to remove or diminish the evil by penal enactments is to begin at the wrong end. These simply add to the miseries which follow upon being drunk, whereas the proper course is to diminish the miseries of remaining sober. The experiment in indirect repression which Mr. Robertson Gladstone is at present making at Liverpool, by enforcing the full penalty exigible under the law, has not yet, we learn, sensibly diminished his weekly list of drunkards. Nor is it likely to do so. It may be questioned whether it would be a whit more successful if, in addition to the present statutory penalties, the magistrate had in his quiver the more appalling terrors of "deprivation of civil, civil, and family rights." We do not say that some impression might not be made on the extent of the evil if the penalties were made severe enough. Should the French, after vainly trying the comparatively milder class of correctives, including even the threefold deprivation just referred to, revert to the law of Francis I., which, among other disagreeable consequences to the drunkard, involved the deprivation of his ears, they might possibly have more success. But the question might fairly arise whether a person reclaimed from the vice at the expense of his ears, or by the fear of losing them, was, after all, worth reclaiming.

#### INCLOSURE.

THE Inclosure Commissioners report that their operations are suspended until Parliament shall determine on some distinct policy in reference to inclosures. The object, they say, of the General Inclosure Act was to bring into use that large portion of the waste land of the country which was capable of profitable cultivation or other improvement, but which, from the expense of procuring and carrying into effect private or local Acts of Parliament, was suffered to remain comparatively unproductive. The extent of waste land held in common was estimated at the time of the passing of the General Inclosure Act at 8,000,000 acres. In addition to common land there is also a considerable extent of "commonable" land—that is, land held in severalty for a portion of the year, upon which, after the summer crops are removed, certain rights of pasturage are exercised in common during the remainder of the year. These commonable lands have been supposed to amount to 2,000,000 acres, but there is no certain basis for this estimate. It is perhaps surprising that the Inclosure Commissioners should not possess more accurate information. They do not, however, venture further than to estimate the common and commonable lands of the whole country as having been somewhat over 9,000,000 acres at the time they commenced their operations; and as they know that 670,000 acres either have been, or are in course of being, inclosed, there remain still to be dealt with 8,000,000 acres and upwards, or more than one-fifth of the entire acreage of England and Wales.

It is not wonderful that these Commissioners continue to believe in the soundness of the policy which called them into existence. A large proportion of the commonable lands, which are situated chiefly in the lowland counties, would undoubtedly be susceptible of more profitable use after inclosure. It may be assumed as a moderate estimate that one million acres of common land might still be added to the productive area of agricultural land in England. The Commissioners regard the work which thus offers itself to their hands as one of unimixed utility. They observe that this is a country of limited extent, where mining and manufacturing industry, railway extension, and urban population are constantly pressing upon the narrow limits of the cultivated land. The addition of one million acres would be sensibly felt. It is more than has been won from the sea in three centuries and a half by the laborious industry of the Dutch, and would be nearly equivalent to one-tenth of all the land at present under crops in England, exclusive of grass. This would be an outlet for labour and an enlargement of cultivable country exactly the same as the addition of an equal extent of territory. It is impossible to dispute this reasoning of the Commissioners, but undeniably the economic view which they take of inclosures is opposed to another view of the subject which we will call, for want of a better word, sentimental. That which is done where the former view prevails is almost certain to be repented under the influence of the latter. A large tract of land which once was Hainault Forest has been cleared of picturesque timber and planted with corn and turnips. When this work was done, the doers of it considered themselves benefactors of their species; but a proposal to treat in the same way the adjoining Forest of Epping would now be almost universally condemned. There is something like a general agreement in the expediency of preserving commons and open spaces in the neighbourhood of large towns, but this extent of concession to the sentimental view will hardly be satisfactory to those who hold it. Take, for instance, the New Forest, of which the aspect has remained in many parts unchanged since the days of Rufus. The economists are very strong upon the inclosure of the New Forest, and they would obliterate in a few years that which has existed for many centuries. It would, however, be open to Parliament to say that the New Forest is a national property which shall be preserved in its present state as a picturesque memorial of old England. But suppose the New Forest to be rescued from the economists on account of its special character, they may urge that there are many commons which are not near any great town, and are not picturesque, while they must be unwholesome and unprofitable so long as they remain undrained and uninclosed.

Among the cases in which the Commissioners have reported that inclosure is expedient is that of Wolstanton Marsh, in Staffordshire, containing thirty-one acres. It is distant one mile from Newcastle-under-Lyne, one mile and a-half from Burslem, two miles and a-half from Hanley, and three miles from Stoke. The aggregate population of these four towns is upwards of 213,000, and this marsh in its present condition is a nuisance instead of a benefit to the locality. The Commissioners propose to appropriate six acres of this marsh for commonage, and four acres for gardens for the labouring poor, leaving the remaining twenty-one acres for division between the land of the manor and the commons. They say that at present the land is wet, the turf is pealed, and the soil is completely taken away; the pits and open drains, being neglected for refuse, are breeding places of fever, ague, and rheumatism complaints. The inclosure is expedient, because as it would put an end to these evils. The Commissioners are certainly correct in holding that six acres of drained and well-cultivated land would be a benefit to the neighbourhood, whereas the present state of the marsh is a nuisance. But it is a serious consideration whether the whole marsh should not be appropriated for the advantage of the large towns which surround it, making of course adequate compensation to those whose rights

which the Commissioners would recognise if they proceeded to inclose according to the rule which has hitherto guided them. This is the sort of case which seems to call for the application of a different principle from that on which extensive commons in agricultural districts have been inclosed. We may compare it with the case of certain waste lands of the manor of Gladestry and Colva, in the county of Radnor, containing about 3,000 acres. The population of Gladestry is 350, and that of Colva is 185, and their employment is agricultural. The town of Kington, with a population of 3,000, is five or six miles distant. An allotment of four acres is proposed to be made for the purpose of exercise and recreation. The site fixed upon is on a steep hill commanding a beautiful view. An allotment of six acres for garden ground for cottages is thought by the Commissioners to be sufficient, and probably they are right. It is useless to offer to a labourer more garden ground than he has time to cultivate, or to expect him to cultivate a plot of ground at a great distance from his dwelling. As regards the recreation ground on a steep hill, it may be doubted whether a labourer after his day's work would care to ascend it for the sake of the most beautiful view in England or Wales; but at any rate it can do no harm. It is anticipated that the productiveness of the land will be increased by this inclosure of nearly three thousand acres, and the question is whether Parliament will allow the Commissioners to proceed with it. There are several other cases of the same kind, and they all appear suitable for the application of the principle on which the Commission was established, unless indeed that principle is to be wholly set aside. "In this, as in other civilized countries," say the Commissioners, "it has hitherto been held meritorious to increase the fertile area of the soil." We hear so much of improved methods of cultivation that the object of enlarging the breadth of land to which they may be applied can scarcely be unimportant.

By the Metropolitan Commons Act no "common" or "commonable" land within the area of the Metropolitan Police district can now be inclosed—that is, divided and allotted in severalty—under the General Inclosure Act of 1845. It has been proposed to adopt the same policy with reference to uninclosed lands within certain distances of towns with large populations. It is advisable in the public interest to guard against such populations being hemmed in by injudicious inclosures; but it should also be remembered that in some cases it will occur that the population is now hampered, and that the interests of the town are injuriously affected, by the proximity of common lands, which, not being private property, cannot be sold or dealt with for building and other purposes. Indeed, this observation is applicable to the neighbourhood of the metropolis, where large tracts of land which once were common have been appropriated for building, to the great benefit, as we take leave to say, of the inhabitants. Possibly this process has for the present been carried far enough, and it may be desirable to preserve existing open spaces from being further occupied by suburban villas. Yet if a demand for houses arises it must be supplied, and the sale by lords of manors of portions of their wastes for building would compensate them for the prohibition to exclude the public from the remainder. It must always be remembered that the lord of a manor is, in the eye of the law, owner of the soil of the waste lands belonging to it, and it can hardly be that a legal right is to be taken away without compensation because it happens to exist in the neighbourhood of a large town. The discussion of this subject in Parliament will probably result in the establishment of some equitable principle for the adjustment of conflicting rights or claims. But beyond the line which may be thought necessary for preserving in perpetuity sufficient open spaces for fresh air, exercise, and recreation, it must be advantageous to the country socially, economically, and financially, that every acre of its cultivable soil should be rendered as productive as possible. We do not think, therefore, that the principle on which the General Inclosure Act was founded ought to be hastily abandoned. But at the same time it is satisfactory to know that there will long exist in the more mountainous districts of this country extensive wastes too poor in quality for any purposes of agricultural improvement. When the Inclosure Commissioners have done their best or worst, there will still remain at least one-sixth of the entire area of England and Wales as free to public enjoyment as it has ever been.

#### THE TRADESMEN AND THE CLERGY.

IT is natural that the shopkeepers should feel aggrieved at the success of the co-operative movement, and that they should make a stout fight to recover the customers who have deserted them. It is no complaint to be made of them to be assured that if they have anything to complain of they have brought it on themselves, and that the Civil Service and other Co-operative Associations have only been started in self-defence, in order to protect the citizens who deal with them from the remorseless exactions and persistent ill-usage of retail tradesmen. The ordinary householder belongs to a long-suffering race, but his patience has at last been exhausted, and in sheer desperation he has been driven to set up shop for himself. Nobody would go to a co-operative store, which is usually at a considerable distance from his residence, if he could get what he wanted on reasonable terms at a shop close at hand. There are many respects in which a tradesman might compete vigorously and legitimately with the co-operative enterprise, and yet without being in any way prejudicial to its estimate of the relative merits of stock

purveyors that he would be certain to regain more than he has lost if he would only study the convenience of customers and supply them with good articles on fair terms. We are afraid, however, that the tactics which the tradesmen are now pursuing are calculated to injure rather than to serve their cause. It will be found that menaces and entreaties are alike unavailing to induce the public to go to a dear shop instead of a cheap shop, and to put up with inferior goods at a high price, when they can procure goods of a superior quality at a lower price. If it is a delusion that it is more profitable to deal at a Civil Service warehouse than at an ordinary retail shop, by all means let the delusion be exploded; but if this is not a delusion but a fact, all the whining and bullying in the world will not save the shopkeepers from their inevitable fate. When the beggar wound up an appeal to Talleyrand for alms by the declaration that "a man must live," the diplomatist replied that he did not see the necessity. In this country we are in the habit of holding that absolute destitution carries with it a claim for relief, and the Poor-law stands between a pauper and starvation. But we have not yet got the length of admitting that, because a man chooses to open a shop, all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood are therefore bound to lay themselves under contribution in order to enable him to make a comfortable livelihood. If this principle is to be established for the benefit of tradesmen, it must be carried a little further. If it is the duty of professional men to support the tradesmen on their own terms, then the tradesmen must return the compliment. There are not a few persons who have taken chambers in the Temple, or who have gone to the expense of red lamps and brass plates in the suburbs, who will probably have no objection to a fair reciprocal arrangement of this nature. We are under the impression that it is some time since the shopkeepers discovered the advantage of applying the co-operative principle to legal expenses. If a man sets up as a doctor or a lawyer, he has to take his chance of getting patients or clients; and if they will not come to him, but prefer to go to a cheaper practitioner, he has no alternative but to give up medicine or law, as the case may be, and try to get a living in some other way. We can imagine how the shopkeepers would look, and what they would say, if he sent them a threatening letter because they did not provide him with employment and pay such fees as he chose to demand.

We are afraid that the retail tradesmen, who are not very wise themselves, are just now acting under the guidance of others who have still less pretensions to that quality. They must surely have discovered by this time that they only made a laughing-stock of themselves by going to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to complain that Civil Service clerks endeavour to turn their moderate incomes to the best account by clubbing together to purchase goods in large quantities at ready-money prices, and by thus saving the cost of a number of middle-men and the heavy percentage which is added to the actual value of all wares by the compound operation of the credit system. If the civil servants had not discovered this means of making their money go a little further than it used to do, one result might have been a demand for an increase of salaries at the expense of the public. It is a mistake to suppose that civil servants are paid by the State in order that they may spend their wages at retail shops; they are paid in order to do certain kinds of work, and if it can be shown either that any of the work is superfluous, or that more clerks are employed to do it than are really required, or that the clerks are paid too highly in proportion to the market value of their services, Mr. Lowe, we are sure, will be very glad to hear of it, and he may be trusted to do what is necessary if he finds that there is any ground for these representations. It appears that an attempt has also been made to persuade the Directors of the Bank of England to coerce their clerks into devoting their earnings to the support of retail tradesmen. There is a tradition that the Directors of that institution once passed a law against monastiches during business hours, and we have some recollection of another set of Bank Directors issuing a foolish and futile decree against improvident marriages on the part of their clerks. But on the present occasion the freedom of the clerks to buy their provisions where they please was fully recognized; and the silly person who introduced the question took nothing by his motion. It is evident that a certain section of the shopkeeping community is pretty much in that state of mind which is associated with "ratting" and warning letters signed by "Mary Anne." A missive of this character has in fact already been circulated among the clergy of the Church of England. It purports to be written by "A Tradesman," but it bears the counter-signature of "Arthur A. Beckett," and is stated to be issued by order of the Committee of an Association which calls itself the "National Chamber of Trade," and of which Mr. A. Beckett would seem to be Secretary. The "Tradesman" professes to have a profound respect for the clergy and great confidence in the soundness both of their heads and hearts, and he is anxious that it should be understood that he disclaims "entirely any and every notion of a threat"; only he feels bound to warn the clergy, as a friend, that if they persist in buying goods at Civil Service Stores they will "produce bitter and un-Christian feelings," and must expect to suffer for it. It is not explained how these bitter and un-Christian feelings will take effect, but the drift of the communication appears to be, that if the clergy go astray after strange Co-operative Stores, they must not be surprised if the shopkeepers join the Liberation Society. It may be admitted that they could hardly find a more appropriate means of giving vent to "bitter and un-Christian animosity."

The "Tradesman" argues that the Co-operative Associations are unfair, because they are "organized for the deliberate purpose of taking away the business, the very means of livelihood, from a large and respectable class of responsible and hard-working men." But, in point of fact, these associations are established, not with a view to injure any one, but in order to increase the resources of "a large and respectable class of responsible and hard-working men," who are thus enabled to make a better provision for their families, and also to furnish well-paid employment to a largest staff of clerks and warehousemen. It must not be forgotten that there are grocers, haberdashers, &c., in the Co-operative Stores as well as in the retail shops; and if the stores were to be shut up, not only would the classes who now deal there be injured, but a large body of assistants would be deprived of a livelihood. Moreover, there are many retail tradesmen who are affiliated to the stores; so that even all the shopkeepers are not on one side. The "Tradesman" goes on to show what constitutes the special unfairness of the Co-operative Stores; but his feelings are somewhat too much for him, and after a few gasps he becomes ungrammatical and incoherent. As far as we can make out, however, the following crimes are alleged against the co-operative people. They give no credit, they deliver no goods, they do not provide attractive premises; they are patronized by large numbers of the clergy and gentry, and even by members of the aristocracy. The obvious conclusion to be drawn from this indictment is, that shopkeepers who do not waste their resources in credit and flashy premises, and who separate the charge for goods from the charge for the carriage of goods, give great satisfaction to all classes. The wonder is that the "Tradesman" should not see this, and advise his fellows to go and do likewise. The truth is, the main difference between the co-operative shops and other shops is simply that the former place all their customers on an honest equality by insisting upon ready-money payments, and further by having a fixed price for every article, which can be at once ascertained by reference to the list of prices which is issued periodically. And these advantages are esteemed so highly that people are willing for the sake of them to go a long way to the stores, and to wait in a crowd, and to lose a great many little attentions which would probably be paid to them in an ordinary shop. If the shopkeepers would only do business on the same principles, they would find that customers would be delighted to come to them. The "Tradesman" seems to think he has made a good shot at the clergy when he says that "the temptation to buy cheaply assails very successfully a large and important section of society"; but we imagine that the "Tradesman" and his friends are also in the habit of buying in the cheapest market, as well as of selling their goods at as high a price as they think they can get for them. Why should a clergyman hand over to a shopkeeper the savings which he would otherwise be able to apply to the education of his children, or perhaps to the relief of the poor and sick? Why, for example, should a clergyman who can buy arrowroot at one shilling a pound, pay two or three times as much for it to a shopkeeper, and thus reduce the quantity at his disposal for distribution among the poor? Nobody desires to do any harm to the shopkeepers, but there are some other people in the world who also deserve consideration, and if the shopkeepers persist in doing business in a perverse and foolish manner, they must take the consequences.

#### FORGIVEN.

THOSE who object to Mr. Albery's play as too long ought to remember that it occupies the evening as well as any substitute that is easily available. But as a work of art it is undeniably faulty in construction, and some of the characters are made to utter speeches which cannot without protest be allowed to pass for comedy. The peer and the gardener who have served together as officer and private soldier at Waterloo need not, we think, have searched so far back in history for a pretext for introducing those interesting relics, the sabre and the snuff-box. One cannot but feel compassion for the actor—a veteran of the stage, if not of the army—on whom the author has imposed the absurd duty of performing the sword-exercise in front of his cottage with the sabre which he had carried at Waterloo. We would suggest that, as the opening of this play is not particularly lively, the gardener's daughter might avail herself of the introduction of this formidable weapon to sing "Le sabre de mon père" while executing the movements of attack and defence for which the limbs of her valiant and venerable parent must be almost too stiff. Considering that both the peer and the gardener must be older than the century, it would seem that the other relic of Waterloo, which is a snuff-box indented by a bullet, is likely to be more useful to them than the sword. But in the interest of spectators it is to be observed that the sword is brought out once and taken away, whereas the peer demands a pinch of the gardener's snuff with such exasperating iteration as to enable us when the curtain falls to assure our French friends that Waterloo is fully avenged at last.

The gardener's daughter marries Claude Redruth the painter, who neglects his young and pretty wife, and thereby disturbs the equality of her father. But when his emotion is noticed, he explains that it is "new bread" which troubles him. We should like the critics who approve this play to explain to us whether this is comedy, or farce, or mere stupidity. It is true that an author is not responsible for every silly speech that actors choose

to utter in the course of performing a play which is nominally his. Mr. Toole, for example, performs parts in plays by various authors, and it is improbable that they have all agreed in making this actor state in different characters and under different circumstances that he is not happy. Mr. Toole, however, is a chartered libertine. People go to the theatre where he acts to see, not "a new and original comedy," but simply to see Mr. Toole. But when a manager announces that he aims at something higher than other managers, we are entitled to complain if he falls lower. The manager of the Globe Theatre appears to have engaged in a laudable attempt to produce something like the comedies of the late Mr. Robertson, and probably he could not find a more competent assistant in such an undertaking than Mr. Albery. But although Mr. Robertson often wrote very poor stuff, he was never vulgar; and we do not think that he could either have himself introduced or endured the interpolation of such an outrage on good taste as this mention of "new bread." Considering that this play begins with one wedding and ends with another, there would have been perhaps more pertinence in mentioning "plum-cake" as the pretended cause of the horticultural hero's discomposure. We are favoured in the last act with a view of a breakfast-table upon which is a wedding-cake, and one of the characters makes it the occasion of a remark which we should fear might be discouraging to persons about to marry. The effect of the remark is that as a wedding-cake is white outside and dark within, so married life often presents a bright exterior where there is a miserable home. We must say that that venerable institution, wedding-cake, is rather harshly treated by the author in his desire for epigrammatic smartness. The inside of a cake is at any rate less unwholesome than the outside, and although the joy which attends a wedding may be factitious and conventional, it may nevertheless be the beginning of a life of real, although sober, happiness. There is, however, a certain propriety in the use of this comparison by Rose Cudlipp, because her husband, the artist, with his good looks and slightly foppish manner, resembles the ornamental exterior of a cake, while his conduct has produced on her father an effect similar to that of the interior when eaten in too large quantity. This artist, as played by Mr. Montague, seems to care much more for himself than for his wife or any other woman, and his frequent changes of dress, although justified or perhaps required by changes of time and place, leave an impression that man-millinery is a principal element in the character. Taking the three parts of Claude Redruth, Rose Cudlipp who becomes his wife, and Lady Maude who disturbs their domestic happiness, and looking at them from the point of view of the clothes-philosophy of Mr. Carlyle, we have to remark that the first dresses above, the second on a level with, and the third decidedly below, their respective circumstances. Perhaps, like the young ladies in *Middlemarch*, Lady Maude, being well born, might claim the privilege to be plainly dressed, and we suppose that in the last scene the idea of penitence is meant to be conveyed by a gown of Quaker-like simplicity. Still the impression which the tailoring arrangements of the whole play make is that the display of the personal graces of the unstable painter was their leading object. The title of the play is *Forgiven*, and the moral, we suppose, is that such a good-looking man, so nicely dressed, ought by a woman to be forgiven everything. But the final tableau, where Rose and Claude strike an attitude and embrace, does not excite any great enthusiasm among the audience, who perhaps have not quite made up their minds upon the question whether an erring husband ought to be more readily forgiven because he comes home in knickerbockers.

It is really touching to observe the eagerness of the public to recognize and reward any moderately successful effort to amuse it. A play by Mr. Hyron which immediately preceded *Forgiven*, and which we hope is by this time forgotten, was performed to full houses for 130 nights, although it was one of the most flimsy of this author's fabrics. To judge from present appearances, Mr. Albery is likely to be equally successful in bringing prosperity to the Globe Theatre, which certainly we should view with ungrudging eyes. In one respect he has improved upon the later plays of Mr. Robertson, in which eating and drinking were brought into undue prominence. A pretence is made at cutting up the bride-cake already mentioned, but nobody even pretends to eat it, and there is no other feeding-time in the play. But, on the other hand, smoking is introduced in this, as in almost every other modern play; and without going the length of inquiring, as some writers have done, what is the use of Mr. Richard Fallow, we may be permitted to ask what is the use of Mr. Richard Fallow's pipe, which can scarcely be considered ornamental? We wonder whether the people who object to smoking in railway carriages go to theatres, and, if so, whether they like what they find there? Perhaps in dearth of other novelties to attract a manager's purpose to advertise that at his theatre smoking would be permitted upon the stage. We should be disposed to view this practice with some leniency, as a substitute for the use of the snuff-box which was so valuable to comedians of both sexes in the last century; but Mr. Albery has availed himself in this play both of snuff and tobacco, and this is perhaps a dangerous prodigality of dramatic resources which are by no means inexhaustible. It is the fashion to call such plays as this "satirical," and we have perhaps discovered the true reason of the success of the same moment that we observed that pipes are introduced into them. There is, indeed, this difference between the modern and the ancient idyl, that in the latter the pipe is not a mere prop for the gratification of a hobby, and in the former it is a symbol of the same idea which a snuff-box represents by the same means.



pressed adversely by the term "cup-and-saucer comedies," which has been applied to the works of Mr. Robertson and Mr. Albery. The truth, whether politely or harshly spoken, is that the genuine dramatic product of the age is a puny, although not unwholesome, plant. The crop is small and poor, in spite of the encouragement which is offered by two worlds for diligent cultivation. It is curious to observe that Mr. Robertson's plays are almost as popular in America as in England, although we should think that *Ours*, with its picnicking business in the Crimea, could only be endurable by an intensely patriotic audience. An inspection of the theatrical advertisements of New York may suggest a doubt whether America has any dramatic literature at all. We seem to discover in the lowest deep a lower deep of literary destitution if we imagine an American dramatist setting to work without any Court or aristocracy to build upon. Mr. Albery's play is founded on a poem of Mr. Tennyson's, which supposes nobility, which depends on monarchy. Such a play, therefore, would have been impossible in America. We really hope that Sir Charles Dilke will consider this, and will pause before he resolves to sweep away all dramatic possibilities. Readers of Mr. Forster's *Life of Dickens* will have been struck by the evidence which it affords of the dulness, in an English point of view, of American society. The same inference may be drawn from the eagerness of American newspapers to import European news. It appears to us to be clear that monarchy and aristocracy are worth preserving for dramatic purposes, if for nothing else. The character of Claude Redruth the painter could not be adequately developed unless he could be placed between the haughty Lady Maude and the gentle Rose.

## REVIEWS.

### FRIEDRICH'S DIARY OF THE COUNCIL.

THIS Diary of Dr. Friedrich has an historical as well as a personal interest. It goes over much of the same ground as the *Letters of Quirinus*, to which the author is reputed to have been a contributor, but with the more minute filling in of details which belongs to a private journal written from day to day, and evidently published as it was written. In some cases, as is natural, names and particular circumstances, only revealed in confidence, have to be suppressed; but if this necessity detracts somewhat from the completeness of the narrative, it does little to mar its general interest. The Diary is written throughout *currente calamo*, with the freedom and vivid distinctness of a keen observer engaged in jotting down the experiences and impressions of the hour, though its publication is no doubt intended also to serve an ulterior purpose, which may be gathered from the closing words of the preface:—"We too are contending for the authority of the true and genuine Councils and their decrees, for the tradition of the holy Fathers against Papal mandates, issued at what our bishops themselves in Rome described as a pseudo-Council." A narrative must inevitably be more or less coloured by the feelings and convictions of the author, especially where, as in this case, the situation is a critical one, and the sentiments it evokes are of a very emphatic kind. But there is a transparent freshness and simplicity about Dr. Friedrich's manner of writing which excludes all suspicion of disingenuous special pleading; and, indeed, in a work appearing with the author's name within a year of the events related, and when nearly all the actors are still in a position to challenge its accuracy, such an attempt would be hardly conceivable. Nor was Dr. Friedrich's an unknown name in Germany before. He is a man of about thirty-five, and had for several years been a distinguished member of the Theological Faculty at Munich. When Dr. Döllinger's letter requesting him to undertake the important office of theologian to Cardinal Hohenlohe, brother of the then Bavarian Premier, reached him, he was busily employed in studying from manuscripts on the spot the history of the Council of Trent. To suppose that all the so-called "theologians" (or official counsellors), of whom every bishop brings one to a Council, were equally qualified for their post would be a great mistake. The Archbishop of Munich, for instance, took his own secretary, who admitted that he had studied nothing beyond ephemeral literature, and had no acquaintance with original authorities. And when Friedrich spoke to him of the importance of such studies for the bishops and their advisers, he replied, "You know little of the bishops if you suppose they study anything as you would wish it studied." Even a very learned man, like Dr. Hipler, theologian to Bishop Klementz of Ermland, had made no special study of the infallibility question, as no sort of intimation had been given to the bishops of what subjects were to be discussed in the Council; indeed the reports current as to this particular matter had been to the last officially contradicted. And such jealousy of the presence of men of mark was felt among the dominant party that, at the station at Munich, an attendant of the Archbishop of Bamberg's asked Dr. Friedrich if he was going to Rome as a spy? His subsequent experiences on the road were curious enough, but we cannot dwell upon them here. He found that the farther south he travelled the less the clergy were respected, and a Prussian nobleman told him that the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant, were not so much looked up to anywhere else as in Germany. Hatred of the Jesuits he found very general,

and he was actually cautioned against the danger of being poisoned by them at Rome, by a scholar, who observed that "it was well Döllinger was not going there, as he might never return." The landlord of his hotel at Trent replied to an inquirer that he was certainly a clergyman of some sort, but whether Catholic or Protestant he could not tell; "he had only seen him say mass in the German church."

Dr. Friedrich reached Rome on December 2, a week before the opening of the Council. His knowledge of books was far wider than his knowledge of men or public affairs, and he was only gradually undeceived as to the real state of things in the Church. But his mental development, as he tells us, made gigantic strides at Rome, and from a very early period he ceased to have any confidence in the stability or straightforwardness of the Opposition, and felt sure that the programme of the Curia would be carried out to the bitter end. The wording of the first official draft of the Conciliar regulations, combined with a little acquaintance with "the Roman atmosphere, and the origin, development, and grounds of the infallibilist theory," supplied matter for grave suspicion; and the notorious design of carrying the dogma by "acclamation," openly proclaimed in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, confirmed it. The persistent resolve, in defiance of precedent, to exclude Catholic Governments from all participation in the Council was significant, and the minority, who were always looking out elsewhere for the help they could not find in themselves, felt sensibly their disappointment of any such external support. As soon as the Council was opened, the evidences of everything being prearranged for a foregone conclusion rapidly multiplied. The well-known acoustic defects of the Council Hall; the almost entire exclusion of the minority from the various Commissions; the prohibition of extra conciliar meetings of bishops; the stringent control of the press; and the peremptory order to Theiner to allow no one even to see the Regulations of the Council of Trent, which presented a glaring contrast to the first, and still more to the second, Order of Business imposed on the Vatican Synod—to say nothing of the scandalous outrage on the Chaldean Patriarch, and the strange utterances of the Pope on all sorts of occasions, as when he called the Munich Faculty of Theology "heretical"—were but a few of the signs that could hardly be misinterpreted. What respect was felt for the "holy Vatican Council" by the higher powers themselves, who thought it a serviceable instrument for inflicting a new creed on the masses, may be inferred from their presenting "a wretched patchwork" compiled by two Jesuits, Franzolin and Schrader as the original draft of the *Schema de fide*, and entrusting the revision after the rough handling it received in the course of debate to another Jesuit, Kleutgen, who had actually been imprisoned for criminal offences by the Holy Office. So again, to take a different illustration of the same supercilious treatment, Antonelli commanded all the bishops lodged in the Quirinal, twelve in number, to attend the baptism of a child of the ex-Duke of Parma on a morning fixed for a Session of the Council. Already, before the end of December, Dr. Friedrich had observed on a remark of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that, instead of a "Synod of Robbers," like that of Ephesus, this would be a Synod of Sycophants, "It will be both in one." "Count L." said he felt ashamed of being a Catholic priest when he saw a Council treated like a comedy, and the Opposition complained bitterly of being "treated like slunkies;" but they took their snubbing too meekly to excite any very profound sympathy or respect. Many of them in fact "had never broken with their Ultramontane antecedents, and only wanted to present an appearance of opposition which might tell in their favour at home." Forster (of Breslau) "was a Jesuit in act, if in words one of the Opposition." Ketteler, who professed to lead them, never seemed to know his own mind from one day to another, and was always, so to speak, trying to hedge, and he was living in the (Jesuit) German College. Haynald, who complained that at this Council there were "matriarchs instead of patriarchs," had a Jesuit "theologian." Hauser from the first betrayed signs of weakness, and while bitterly denouncing the new dogma in private, could only reply, when asked what he would do if it was after all carried, "Ah, that I really don't know." Most of them knew little of the subject in debate, and there were no available resources for studying it; for books and manuscripts cannot be taken away from the libraries at Rome, and there are hardly any modern theological works, except by Italians, to be found there. Hefele, who has since succumbed, said that he had studied Church history for thirty years, and could discover no trace of Papal infallibility in the early ages. Döllinger was felt all along to be standing behind the Opposition, and Cardinal Bizzarri, who judged of him from what he saw of his professed followers, expressed regret that he had not been summoned to Rome, "for then he could have been won over to become an advocate of the Curia." With this estimate of the Opposition as a parcel of naughty children, it is perhaps not wonderful to hear of Cardinal Barnabo soundly rating the Oriental missionary and bishops for "eating the Pope's bread and resisting his will," and threatening to enforce obedience on them.

The theological standard of the majority may be inferred from a remark made to Friedrich by the Canon De Angelis on Graty's pamphlets, that they "required an answer"; but when asked if he knew how to answer them, he said "No, but it is clear to me some answer must be given." (Of course none was attempted. Still more characteristic was the proposal, seriously entertained, of trying to devise some formula which might cover the infallibility of all future Popes without clashing with history by asserting the infallibility of their predecessors. When Schwarzenberg ventured to

\* *Friedrich, während des Vaticanischen Concils geführt. Von Dr. J. Friedrich. Kempten. 1871.*

remonstrate against the expediency of the definition to the Pope, he called him (in reference to a Christmas observance at Rome) "the sub-deacon in the stable"—namely, a donkey, and replied that the Cardinal had made similar remonstrances against the definition of the Immaculate Conception, but they were signally refuted by the fact of its being pronounced on a morning when the sun shone with peculiar brilliancy. No wonder that "some high dignitaries thought Pius was not quite in his right mind." For independence and moral courage there was not much, in truth, to choose between the two rival parties. Hefele compared the majority to a bull rushing at a red handkerchief, and the minority was described by one of themselves as "just like a boy on a rocking-horse, brandishing a wooden sword, and thinking himself a great hero, while never moving from the same spot." They were always for waiting, and they waited, as Dr. Friedrich prophesied they would, "till the yoke was fixed firmly on their necks." Yet the more they yielded, the less excuse of ignorance could they plead for their weakness. One archbishop, who had only been converted from infallibilism since coming to Rome, offered a thousand pounds reward to any one who would produce a single testimony to Papal infallibility from the ancient Church. One passage was presented to him, but it turned out to be spurious. The decisive step which alone would have given practical effect to their protests the minority always shrank from taking when it came to the point, and that was to break off all connexion with the Council till their demands were complied with; they forgot that even Bellarmine teaches the duty of resisting the Pope when the interests of the Church are in jeopardy. Some few of them probably, like Darboy, agreed with the liberal Benedictines of Monte Cassino, who "thought it would be a misfortune for the Church if the majority did not carry their point, for it would only defer a crisis which had now become inevitable for the welfare of the Church." One bishop alone never faltered, and that was Strossmayer; but he was not supported by the rest. Dr. Friedrich gives a graphic description of the famous scene in Council, which Ultramontane journalists and prelates have so vehemently denied, and which led the Prussian military bishop to observe that in Germany an assembly of shoemakers would have known better how to behave. Thrice Strossmayer protested with uplifted hands against this violent interruption, but he was rung down by the Legate's bell, while the majority shook their fists in his face, and screamed at the top of their voices, "Nos omnes te damnamus." One voice only was heard to reply "Ego te non damno." It was Bishop Placo of Marseilles who spoke.

It is true certainly that the opponents of the Curia had not a pleasant life of it at Rome. Dr. Dressel, a friend of the author's, was summoned before the police, and ordered to leave the city, on the mere suspicion of being associated with him in writing the articles in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and he himself was threatened with a similar fate; Strossmayer's theologian was brought before the Inquisition and reprimanded; Roman clerics openly boasted that the Opposition was to be suppressed by measures of police, and were not slow to supplement force by calumny, saying that "it was high time for the German bishops to return home to their mistresses." "Calumniare audacter" became a recognized rule of action. Two Oriental bishops of the minority were imprisoned by the Inquisition, and the system of espionage recalled the Rome of Juvenal's days—"cum plena et litura multo delatore forent." A Papal officer stated that "out of fifty persons fifteen were spies," and he enumerated among them a marquis, a shoemaker, and some porters. Whole bundles of letters and books were detained at the Post Office, "that the minds of the Fathers might not be distracted" by receiving them. But from the first Dr. Friedrich had a clear view, and made no secret of it. He declared that he never could or would recognize the Council as Ecumenical, that all the so-called General Councils of the middle ages were in fact only Western Synods, and that decrees drawn up in the form of a Papal Constitution could not be Ecumenical. He was quite aware that persevering opposition might end in schism, and said that, "if Rome and the majority forced the necessity on them, they must accept it"; he did not feel equal to "converting all Church history into a vast system of lies," and he could not regard the Greeks as heretics for repudiating Curialism. Nor did the visible results of the Papal regime appear more lovely in his eyes on closer acquaintance during several months' residence in Rome. Neither the piety nor the morale of the place impressed him favourably. The habitual chattering and promenading in St. Peter's, the gaping irreverence at the Holy Week Communion, and the polka tunes played on the organs during mass, were very unedifying novelties to a German ecclesiastic; and there was worse behind. "Heathenism never surpassed modern Rome." The tribes of monks had a loathsome appearance, and the Archbishop of Munich complained that, with one solitary exception, he had not found a single edifying convent in Rome. It seemed open to question, under existing circumstances, whether the rule of celibacy ought to be maintained. Bishop Dinkel of Augsburg actually thought a certain kind of concubinage admissible, and Bishop Martin of Paderborn—a strong infallibilist—had received favourably several applications from Protestant pastors who were willing to conform to the Church if marriage of the clergy and the chalice for the laity were conceded. It was the prevailing view, Dr. Friedrich tells us, in Rome, and even in the Roman Inquisition, that Protestants lead a more moral life than Catholics, and it is certainly startling to be told that, under the rule of Pius IX., "a *Homage of Morale* in Rome kept a brothel for priests." Then, again, it was strange to find Rome, which claims to be the teacher

of pure doctrine and morality to mankind, alone of all States encouraging and making capital out of a public lottery, where the tickets were drawn in presence of a purple-robed monsignor, by a boy in a soutane holding a crucifix in his hand. And, mixed up with this odd compound of religion and morality, there was a "Pius-cult, which becomes actual blasphemy, or rather idolatry," and which the author describes with a startling minuteness of detail, into which we will not shock our readers' feelings by following him. There are many other interesting matters touched on in the Diary, which want of space compels us to pass over; nor can extracts or abridgments give any adequate idea of a work necessarily written in a desultory style, where the impression mainly depends on a succession of varied and minute touches. Those who read German will find it abundantly worth their while to examine it for themselves, as well for the light it throws on the secret history of the Council as for the incidental revelations of the character of various personages prominent on both sides in the present conflict within the Catholic pale. The last two sections are, however, too characteristic to be passed over, and with a brief notice of them we must conclude our review of this unique and very suggestive volume.

On the 13th of May Dr. Friedrich went to take leave of the Archbishop of Munich before quitting Rome. "How happy I should be if I could go with you" was the Archbishop's first remark, and he then sent an imploring message to Dr. Döllinger to beg him to keep quiet, as he would only augment their difficulties, adding that "he (the Archbishop) had always, even in his last audience, stood up for Döllinger, and had not yielded at all"; and then he entreated Friedrich to use all his influence with Cardinal Hohenlohe to vote *non placet* in the Solemn Session; "for if a Roman Cardinal has the courage to say *non placet*, it will be easier for the bishops to do so." The next and last entry in the diary is two months later, under date of "Munich, 21 July, 1870." The Archbishop had reached Munich at midnight on the 19th, and on that morning the Theological Faculty were summoned to his palace, with Dr. Döllinger at their head. After greetings on each side, there was a short pause, and then the Archbishop said, "*Roma locuta est*—gentlemen, you know what follows. We can but submit." Döllinger's face spoke volumes, but the Archbishop proceeded to recount in his own fashion, and much as the story is told in *Quirinus*, the last moves of the Opposition, the counter-move of the infallibilist leaders, the manœuvring of the Pope, and the final result. At last he turned to Döllinger, and said, "Are we then to begin again to labour for the holy Church?" Döllinger replied in his peculiarly sharp manner, "Yes, for the *old* Church." The Archbishop with difficulty controlled his rising anger, and said, "There is but *one* Church, no new and no old one," when Döllinger promptly interposed, "A new one *has been made*." Then the Archbishop, who was in tears, floundered about in a hopeless sort of way, first observing "there had constantly been changes in the doctrines of the Church," and then, perceiving what a sensation the statement had made on his auditors, correcting himself by adding, "I mean the dogmas have often required explanations." What dogma was to be explained by the Vatican decree he did not add, and no further remark was made, as both parties were anxious to bring so embarrassing an interview to an end. By the following April the rest of the Faculty had submitted—"with a smile or a sigh"—and Döllinger and Friedrich were excommunicated.

#### HOLLAND'S RECOLLECTIONS OF A PAST LIFE.\*

THE "Recollections" embodied in this narrative were originally composed at the solicitation of the author's family and friends, who were naturally desirous that one who had seen so much of the world, as well as lived so long in it, should himself be the chronicler of his own experiences, and we may fairly say his adventures, at home and abroad. Seldom indeed has it been the lot of any one, except a statesman, a soldier, or a diplomatist by profession, to have been brought in contact with so many distinguished persons, and as seldom has one bound by professional ties travelled so widely, as Sir Henry Holland. His book may take its place—in consideration of his opportunities for observation of men and cities—among that valuable class of annals, "*Mémoires pour servir*," so welcome to the historian. Circulating for some time privately in a circle of immediate friends, these "Recollections" are now most properly communicated to the public; nor does the writer of them stand in need of any apology for occupying his pages with personal details. On the contrary, the hero of the story is by far the most interesting character in it; the other personages, distinguished as many of them were in their day, or still are, stand second in our esteem. Sometimes, indeed, as was the case in the late Mr. Crabb Robinson's journals, they excite more than they satisfy the reader's curiosity. Like good children, they are seen rather than heard, or, if heard, what they say is not very important. They come like shadows, so depart. On the other hand, the recollector himself presents to us the very rare spectacle of almost unbroken prosperity. The priceless gift of a *vera senex* is nowhere else to be seen; and at the age of eighty-four Sir Henry Holland records a happy boyhood, an active manhood, and a useful and honoured old age. No man of the latter, it would seem, can have been absent from his recollections. His labours and his

\* *Recollections of a Past Life*, by Sir Henry Holland, Bart., F.R.S., D.C.L., &c. &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

cautious often have been prosperous and pleasant. He was not less fortunate in choosing than in choosing a profession. His very early discovery that a clerk in a merchant's office was not suited to him; and that the career of a physician was. Not less fortunate was he in escaping from the trammels of an ordinary public school or University training. That he would have distinguished himself at Eton or King's College, at Winchester or New College, there can be little doubt, since his mind was singularly active, and his perseverance in any chosen path unflagging. Yet school prizes and a College fellowship might very probably have caged and cribbed his energies, and rendered his "Recollections" far less diversified and interesting than they are. For many, if not for most, men, movement in a fixed groove is a wholesome necessity; their nature, like that of some plants, requires an external prop. For others it is good to be exempt from such shackles; and of these Sir Henry Holland is one. It is perhaps more to be wondered at that foreign travel did not occupy more of his time than it did. No very thick partition divided him from explorers of the globe. He had in him some of the temperament of a Mungo Park or a Livingstone. He has been a hard and fearless tamer of horses, a pre-Alpine tourist, an almost ubiquitous wanderer by land and sea. After a sort of rehearsal in boyhood of the excursions in riper years, he began his annual journeys—not by any means in his case things of the past only—with a voyage to Iceland in 1810. Such an expedition more than sixty years ago was adventurous as well as novel. It entailed a long, and not always a safe, voyage; for at the time he took it, to reach that "extraordinary island" required as many weeks as now, in a well-equipped yacht like Lord Dufferin's, it requires days. Two years after climbing Mount Hecla, we find him on the summit of Atna; then crossing the Balkan; next taking his coffee with Ali Pasha at Janina, as he afterwards did with Mehemet Ali; now in Algeria; not long afterwards in the United States; and had he added to his journeys one to Australia, he might have literally applied to himself the Latin poet's line:—

*Sistimus hic tandem, nobis ubi default orbis.*

How congenial, and indeed necessary, to one of his temperament periodical migration was, he has told us in his "Recollections":—

When first settling in London, I was menaced by the opinion, coming to me from friends, and not without justification from prior experience, that this scheme of annual travel would be injurious to me professionally. But my early resolution as to the matter of travel, steadily persevered in, has proved a gain to me through all succeeding life. I have come back each year refreshed in health of body and mind, and ready for the ten months of busy practice which lay before me.

Among the feats achieved by this systematic wanderer, one is recorded with evident complacency—that of returning home on the very day, and often at the very hour, fixed upon when he started from London. So punctual indeed was Sir Henry in this ceremony, that often he has kept a professional appointment at the time fixed by him for it eight weeks before. We have known a similar instance of exact calculation in the case of a great, and latterly an aged, traveller; the dinner he had ordered, the friends he had invited to it two or three months before, he was sure to be ready for when door or dinner bell rang the hour; and he accounted this precision among the happy incidents of his ramblings.

During the more than half century which has elapsed since my first settling in London (Sir Henry tells us), only two years occur (and these devoted to Scotch and Irish excursions) in which I have not passed two autumnal months in journey or voyage abroad. In the series of these annual journeys I have visited (and most of them repeatedly) every single capital of Europe, have made eight voyages to the United States and Canada, travelling over more than 26,000 miles of the American Continent—one voyage to Jamaica and other West Indian islands—have been four times in the East, visiting Constantinople, various parts of Asia Minor, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Cairo; have made three tours in Algeria, two journeys in Russia, several in Sweden and Norway, repeated visits to Spain, Portugal, and Italy, a second visit to Iceland, voyages to the Canary Isles, Madeira, Dalmatia, &c., and other excursions which it would be tedious to enumerate.

Seeing so many cities led to seeing many men also, such as for various reasons have left behind them good or evil names. Some of them were tyrants of Greek or Italian stamp—nineteenth-century Dionysiiuses or Sforzas, political curiosities verifying or recalling to mind many historic scenes and characters. Sir Henry more than once encountered royalty in its lowest form, and Presidents of Republics vigorous, able, and remarkable alike for their lives or their deaths. He saw the almost idiotic King of Spain, the Bourbon Charles IV., accompanied by that hideous Megara his wife, and the handsome adventurer, Godoy; he saw and knew also Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Few living men indeed could write such annotations on the *Almanach de Gotha* as Sir Henry Holland. For such conferences as those of Verona, Vienna, or Radstadt, he would be like the interpreter in the House Beautiful, or like a nomenclator to a candidate canvassing the plebeian voters in the Roman forum for prætorian or consular chairs. He had indeed a twofold opportunity for becoming acquainted with such celebrities as councillors and princes of the world—one as a traveller, the other as a physician. There are a few fortunate persons who can dispense through life with the aid of a lawyer, some few also who need not visitations of the clergy, but sooner or later every son of Adam, unless death clutches him too quickly, must open his door to a medical adviser. Even in such primitive days as were those of the Trojan war, Podalirius and Machaon were indispensable to the host and guest Achæans. The secrets of the sick-room are indeed sacred as those of the confessional; yet it is no violation of

duty, where disease is of an ordinary type, to describe the temperament of different patients. Sir Henry attended professionally six English Prime Ministers. In 1825, Mr. Canning was dangerously ill, and at that time Sir Henry's acquaintance with him seems to have begun—commencing professionally, ending in friendship. "There was a charm," he says, "in Mr. Canning's fine countenance enhancing that of his conversation, and felt by all who knew him. His voice well harmonised with these endowments." Two years later Canning was suffering at Brighton from severe illness, and Sir Henry was summoned to attend him:—

On my return to London [he says] I hastened to Lord Liverpool, to report to him on what he himself strongly expressed to me as a matter vital to his Government. Having satisfied his inquiries as to Mr. Canning, he begged me to feel his own pulse—the first time I had ever done so. Without giving details, I may say that I found it such as to lead me to suggest an immediate appeal to his medical advisers for careful watch over him. The very next morning Lord Liverpool underwent the paralytic stroke which closed his political life.

Six months afterwards Canning himself was no more:—

Successing to Lord Liverpool's place as Premier, when exhausted by recent illness; and harassed by unceasing toil and turmoil, personal as well as political, from the moment of his taking the office, an attack of internal inflammation came on, under which he rapidly sank. I scarcely quitted him during the last two days of his life.

The malice and rancour of faction were never more signally displayed in this or any country than in the case of this accomplished statesman. Whig magnates stood aloof from him; Tory lords looked down on him as a *parvenu*, an adventurer; and perhaps the malignity of the male sex was less virulent than that of titled and coroneted women. The owls of the period booted at him, the wolves and unclean jackals of both Houses raised a bark of triumph when his death was announced. In a note Sir Henry records that Mr. Canning said to him, while sitting by his bedside in this his dying illness, "I have struggled against this long, but it has conquered me at last."

The following comparison will be read with interest by all who delight in tracing the relations of physical temperament to mental power:—

Without infringing on my rule of abstinence from professional anecdotes, I may briefly notice the singular contrast of natural temperament between Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen. The inborn vivacity and optimism of the former pervaded his life, both public and private, rescuing him in great degree from many of those anxieties which press, more or less, upon every step of a Minister's career. He had a singular power of clear and prompt decision, as I had often occasion to know, and was spared that painful recurrence to foregone doubt which torments feeble minds. Lord Aberdeen looked at objects and events through a more gloomy atmosphere. He was wanting in that elasticity of body and spirit so influential in a public career. I recollect on one occasion to have seen them as patients in immediate succession for several days together, when this contrast was presented under strongly marked colours, which illness more especially discloses.

Travelling at the time when Napoleon I. dictated to nearly all Europe the laws of peace or war, of alliances or commercial intercourse, and when he was straining every nerve, to the great detriment of his own Empire, to isolate the "divided Britons" from the society of nations, was accompanied by perils both by land and sea. There were "land rats"—French soldiers from the heel of Italy to the Baltic—and "water rats"—privateers in all waters. No ancient tyrant, Greek or barbarian, had longer hands or drearier prisons, as poor Forsyth the traveller found to his cost, than the French Emperor. When Sir Henry was in Spain, Marshal Suchet had not quitted "the beautiful province of Valencia," and the English tourist had a narrow escape from capture by Harispe's cavalry, near Castalla, whither he had gone to see the Pantano, "the magnificent artificial reservoir for irrigation in the vicinity of that town." At another time he was in danger of visiting Algiers on board a galley belonging to that then famous piratical city. Perhaps his medical skill would have lightened his bondage, and he might have been as welcome to the Dey as the Greek doctor Democedes was of yore to King Darius. Yet Democedes had to use all his wits to escape from Susa, and Sir Henry might have been too highly prized by the ladies of the harem for him to be suffered on any pretext to leave the African den of thieves. At Madrid he found the Spaniards intoxicated with joy at their deliverance from the French, who had so generously come to deliver them from their home-born tyrants. At Vittoria he found abundance of professional employment in the military hospitals, then filled with the wounded in the great battle there. "No spectacle," he says, "is more painful than that of the carnage of the wounded, sick and dying, in the midst of a campaign." It is agreeable to know that, hideous as the scenes of war still are, and will always be, some of this misery is now alleviated:—

I have since [says the ubiquitous traveller] seen the effects of war in Algeria, and on a much larger scale in Virginia, during the late American struggle; but there mitigated, as far as was possible, by the excellent hospital provisions of the Federal army, which I have never seen equalled elsewhere.

We now turn to "Recollections" at home, and they are not surpassed by any recorded of foreign travel. The London of the present hour has almost grown up under the eyes of the recollector. Sixty-six years ago he visited London for the first time, and having known it through all its intermediate changes, he has some difficulty in recalling its exact picture at that time, and the impression it made upon him:—

The memory of the old has been gradually obliterated by living for more than half a century under the growth of the new. I have often sought to

recall the aspect of Charing Cross, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, &c., as first I saw these great thoroughfares. I can better recollect the occasional shooting of the Fall at the Old London Bridge in a Thames wherry. The picture too is still before me of the bare and dismal fields lying outside Tyburn turnpike and Hyde Park Corner—now covered by two new cities, each rivaling many European capitals in extent and grandeur.

*Hæc data fata diu viventibus*; nor is so long a retrospect as that of fifty years without its pleasures as well as its pains. The London that sixty-five years since met the eyes of the youth was little in advance of the city that Samuel Johnson loved so well. It was ill lighted, undrained, nearly as dirty as Rome has always been under its priestly rulers, and almost as dangerous to life or pocket as Paris was under the Most Christian kings. Pleasant also it is to remember that the improvement of its capital is not due to any particular zeal or activity on the part of any Government, but to the increasing intelligence of the English people. Our process may be more tedious than that of a Cæsar or a Haussmann, but though tardy is more sure now, and more like to be progressive as well as permanent hereafter. The present embankment of the Thames, in nearly every material point, was planned and prepared nearly forty years ago. But the scheme was then viewed with suspicion, if not as the dream of a lunatic. The people were not ripe for it, but regarded it as a vain luxury, rather than a social necessity. One change, indeed, Sir Henry has not sanctioned, and his mention of it is among the most pleasant passages in his "Recollections":—

In January 1816 I entered on my professional life in London, at the age of twenty-seven. My first residence was in Mount Street; but four years of prosperous practice enabled me to remove to the house in Brook Street, where I have ever since lived; running deeply into a long lease by the length of my own life, while there is scarcely a house within sight of mine which has not changed its tenancy four or five times over. Time has endeared my own habitation to me, and I shall never seek to change it.

Remarks on London society, as it was and as it is, by one so eminently social as the recollector of sixty years' standing can hardly fail of being welcomed by readers:—

I have often put to myself a question, which indeed every existing generation has motive and right to ask, as to its relations of *better and worse*—morally, intellectually, and socially—to the generation going before it. The changes which have occurred, whatever their nature, have come on gradually. That there is a certain balance of gain and loss is a safe conclusion, but a very useless one, unless expressed by details which few can render impartially even to themselves.

The changes which have occurred in my time, and especially those of *deterioration*, are chiefly such as arise from the *over-crowding* of London. The influence of this increase (in population) pervades the whole economy of social life from the highest to the lowest. It is testified generally by a more miscellaneous intermingling of the different elements of society. The crowded dinner tables of the present day, and still more those evening assemblages, under whatever fanciful name evoked—stifling breath as well as conversation—have largely swelled society, but not improved it. The practical definition of a crowd, of whatever rank it be composed, approaches closely to that of a mob; the intellect and happier refinements of society alike suffer from it. The men of genius, literature, and wit are doubtless as numerous in London as heretofore, but they are less marked individually in the multitude, and many of them partially concealed by their connexion with the anonymous periodical writings of the day.

We conclude our notice of these "Recollections" with a useful hint to all who have to deal with charlatans. Sir Henry, indeed, recommends his scheme of refutation to medical men only, but it may be quite as properly applied to political, legal, or clerical quackery:—

I have witnessed, in my professional career, many *charlataneries* coming rapidly in succession to one another, and each drawing largely on public credulity. The name of physical science wrongly usurped, and the claim of curing every disease—a claim which carries its own refutation with it—are brought in to sanction what is purely imposture. Here, unfortunately, the lists of truth are of a kind easily over-ridden by extravagant pretensions, commonplace fallacies, or the strong seduction of novelty; and the particular folly or fraud is often corrected only by the intervention of some other deserving a like fate. Argument is seldom of much avail with those thus imposed upon; and the time and temper of the physician are both grievously wasted, if submitted to controversies utterly useless, where ignorant asseveration takes the place of that evidence which alone can establish a medical truth. In such cases I have myself generally found the refusal of discussion a more effectual answer than any train of reasoning. One of the sharpest weapons in argument is silence.

#### JONES'S EPISCOPATE OF WILTS AND DORSET.\*

MR. JONES is already known as something more than a mere local antiquary by his edition of the Wiltshire Domesday. In his present book or pamphlet, whichever we are to call it, he has gone to the right sources, and has put one or two points more clearly than they had been put before. He has brought together, we will not say all, for that might be dangerous, but certainly a great mass of the ancient authorities for the early ecclesiastical history of a part of England whose ecclesiastical geography has been more than usually fluctuating down to our own day. The one county of Dorset, for instance, has at different times looked as its episcopal head to Dorchester—not its own Dorchester—Winchester, Sherborne, Old and New Salisbury, Bristol, and now Salisbury again. Mr. Jones himself, in his historic parish of Bradford-on-Avon, has, if we may identify him personally with all his predecessors, looked up at different times to Dorchester, Winchester, Ramsbury, Sherborne, and Old and New Salisbury, and, to judge from the fate of some of his neighbours,

he has narrowly escaped a recent translation to the jurisdiction of Bristol. Mr. Jones traces all these changes out with great care, and so to trace them out comes nearly to tracing out the history of the great West-Saxon Bishopric out of which these smaller dioceses were at different times cut and carved. It strikes us, however, that in working at the ancient authorities he has hardly paid enough attention to the light which may sometimes be got from their modern commentators. On one or two points in the intricate geography which he has to deal with he seems still to be only feeling his way towards conclusions which researches of other scholars have already put beyond doubt. We know not whether Mr. Jones is, as his name might lead us to think, of British descent; if so, we can forgive him a certain tendency to make the most of the Celts in the West, though it is a little hard that this tendency show itself at the expense of his brother Celts in the North. It is only when Mr. Jones comes across the darling ancient British Church that he shows the slightest sign of controversial feeling, and even then it does not come out very strongly, and in no way affects the accuracy of his statement of facts. Still there is always something amusing in the way in which people will cling to dreams of this kind, sometimes out of national feeling, sometimes in the pious hope of finding new weapons against the Pope. But if Mr. Jones really is a true Briton, we shall not be angry at his speaking in a somewhat slighting tone of "the monk Augustine," and at his special rejoicing when he finds that two British Bishops did once join in an English consecration.

The ecclesiastical history of South-Western England is the history of the divisions of the great diocese the seat of which was very early, though not quite from the beginning, placed in the West-Saxon capital of Winchester. As the kingdom of Wessex was founded by an independent Teutonic settlement quite distinct from the earlier Teutonic settlement in Kent, so the Church of Wessex was founded by an independent mission from the common centre at Rome distinct from the mission which had already brought Kent within the Christian fold. Birinus certainly came into Britain at the special bidding of Pope Honorius, but there seems some reason to believe that he was sent at the suggestion of the sainted Northumbrian King Oswald. At any rate it is hard to see how this independent origin of the West Saxon Church proves anything on behalf of the British Church, though it might have been used with some force to show that Winchester ought to be a metropolitan see independent of Canterbury. Mr. Jones argues that the connexion of St. Oswald with the conversion of the West Saxons "shows the indirect influence of the Celtic Church in bringing about so important a result." Of a Celtic Church undoubtedly—namely, of the Scottish Church which had so much to do with the conversion of Oswald and Northumberland—but surely not of any British Church, which it would have been hard to find at Winchester or Dorchester in those days. Then too the next Bishop, who, though described as a native of Gaul, bears the strangely English-sounding name of "Agilbertus," or "Ægelbryht," is recorded to have studied in Ireland. But it is hard to see how this was "another instance of the indirect way in which the British Church was instrumental in Christianizing Wessex." His Teutonic name shows him to have been of Frankish birth; but it should be noted that, while the earlier chronicles describe him as "of Galwalum," the late Canterbury version speaks of him as "æ Frencisca." This is the language of the eleventh or twelfth century, not of the seventh; and it makes needless confusion to talk, as Mr. Jones does, of both Ægelbryht and his English successor, Wine, as coming from "France" or being consecrated in "France," when Ægelbryht returned to his own land and exchanged his English bishopric for that of Paris. The geographical description of the chronicles is that he "oufeng Perna [Parisiana] biscopdomes on Galwalum be Sigene."

The seat of this earliest West-Saxon Bishopric was at Dorchester on the Thames, the place which afterwards appears as the seat of the great Mercian Bishopric which was at last removed to Lincoln. At first sight we are apt to be puzzled at finding the West-Saxon see placed on a spot which was actually beyond the borders of the later Wessex, of which the Thames was the northern frontier. But to the West-Saxon dominion of those days, which has as yet barely spread itself into Somerset while it took in a large territory spreading northwards towards Bedford, Dorchester was really a central spot. The changes in the geography of Wessex, its losses towards the North, its gains towards the West, must be borne in mind through the whole of this period of our history. Mr. Jones is feeling his way towards an appreciation of this fact, but he has not yet grasped it with much vigour. He is more at home when he gets to matters somewhat later and more strictly local, in which he shows himself a clear-sighted and trustworthy guide. We find in Beda that Oenwulf grew tired of his foreign Bishop because of his "barbarous" speech—"rex, qui Saxonum tantum linguam noverat, perferens barbaræ loquelæ." This is a most remarkable way of speaking; as "barbaræ loquelæ" cannot possibly mean Latin, it shows that the High-Dutch of a Frank was already, if not absolutely unintelligible, at least disagreeable to Saxon ears. Oenwulf therefore founded a new bishopric at his own door in the royal city of Winchester, to which he appointed the Englishman Wine, while he left Ægelbryht in his midland see at Dorchester. But this first division, as Mr. Jones says, was only a *modus vivendi*, for as the offended Ægelbryht at once went off to Rome, so Frank and Gal-Welsh by the same—the old and the new bishoprics were again joined together in the hands of Wine. The see was not

\* *Early Annals of the Episcopate in Wilt and Dorset.* By the Rev. William Henry Jones, M.A., F.S.A. London and Oxford: Parker & Co. 1871.



finally removed to Winchester till the episcopate of Hereford, in 689. By that time Wessex had begun to be cut short to the North. After Hereford's death, in 703, the West-Saxon diocese was first permanently divided by the foundation of the new see of Sherborne by Ine. The boundary of the two sees has been more clearly traced out by Mr. Jones than we have ever seen it done before. According to the entry in the *Chronicles* in 709 the two dioceses answered to the country east and west of Selwood. Mr. Jones marks out the exact frontier with much accuracy of local knowledge. For general purposes it is enough to say that the latter diocese of Ramsbury, taking in the greater part of Wiltshire, still remained to the diocese of Winchester. The Bishop of the capital had thus under his jurisdiction Hampshire, Wiltshire, Surrey, Berkshire, and whatever territory Wessex may have kept north of the Thames. It is not till Ælfred's time, in 897, that we hear of a Mercian Bishop of Dorchester. The older site of the see which is now at Lincoln was at Leicester, and its removal to Dorchester was most likely connected with the revolution which made Leicester a Danish borough. The other diocese west of Selwood was that of Sherborne, taking in the shires of the *Sumorsetas* and *Dorsetas*. For such a diocese Sherborne was a very central place. The notion of a separate Bishop of Somerset so early as this, at Wells, Congresbury, or anywhere else, may be set aside as legendary. But there seems no need to cast away the tradition which makes Ine found at Wells, not indeed a bishopric, but a church of secular priests.

Mr. Jones holds that, by thus keeping Wiltshire after this division in the diocese of Winchester, he gets rid of the difficulty which has been felt, and about which Professor Stubbs said something in his *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum*, at the description of Æthelred, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 870, as having before been "Wiltunscire biscop." The words are found only in one or two manuscripts, but it strikes us that in any case he must have been a coadjutor, as Mr. Jones suggests, as there is no other sign of an independent bishopric in Wiltshire so early. Mr. Jones brings together a good many cases of the employment of coadjutor or suffragan Bishops at these times.

Under Eadward the Elder in 909 comes another division of dioceses which is connected with the story of the consecration of seven Bishops at once by Archbishop Plegmund. This story in its essence Professor Stubbs accepts, though with some suggestions as to the names given to the particular Bishops in the common story. But as to the division of the dioceses there is no doubt. Winchester and Sherborne were both divided. The former lost Wiltshire and Berkshire, which now formed the diocese of Ramsbury, whose prelates are in the list given by Florence of Worcester called Bishops of Sunning. Sherborne diocese was divided into three. Somerset was taken off to form the new diocese of Wells, while Dorset remained to the original mother church, which, central as it had been for a diocese taking in both Somerset and Dorset, became eminently the opposite for a diocese taking in Dorset only. We may suppose that, with the successive advances of the West-Saxons westwards, the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishops of Sherborne advanced also. It was now time to create a separate English Bishopric for Devonshire, the seat of which was fixed at Orediton, the Cornish Bishopric as yet remaining untouched. Thus far we have to do with the division of dioceses, a process which can hardly have had any object but that of real ecclesiastical reform, by giving the Bishop a smaller sphere of work over which his influence would be more effectual. In the next century we find the exactly opposite process, the union of dioceses, which can hardly have had any object except the temporal aggrandizement of their prelates. In the reign of Edward the Confessor the Bishoprics of Devonshire and Cornwall were finally united, and the seat of the two fixed at Exeter, thus forming that unwieldy diocese which modern reformers are anxious to divide back again. Sherborne and Ramsbury were in the like sort united in the same reign, and their united seat was again removed under the Conqueror to the Old Salisbury, and under Henry the Third to the New. Of the four dioceses thus made out of the original West-Saxon Bishopric and its British dependencies, those of Winchester, Wells, and Exeter have undergone no important change. But the diocese which lies between the three, that which forms Mr. Jones's immediate subject, has been followed to our own day by a destiny of endless choppings and changings. Certainly no district, ecclesiastical or civil, could be geographically more awkward than one which took in Berkshire, Wilts, and Dorset, including Windsor at one end, and touching Devonshire at the other. But the remedy hit upon by King Henry the Eighth was passing strange. He again made Dorset a distinct bishopric, but placed its seat not at Sherborne, or Wimbome, or Milton, but in the distant city of Bristol, cut off by the whole diocese of Wells. The last changes have been to form a new diocese of Salisbury out of Dorset and the greater part of Wiltshire, a small district in the northern part of the shire being added to Bristol. This is a distinct inroad of Mercia upon Wessex, but the other change which has transferred Berkshire from Salisbury may be looked on in two lights. A diocese taking in Berkshire may be looked on as representing, not the later Mercian Dorchester, but the earlier West-Saxon Dorchester, when Wessex stretched north of the Thames.

The subject thus taken up by Mr. Jones is a curious place of ecclesiastical history. Few parts of England have so constantly shifted to and fro in their ecclesiastical relations as the two counties with which Mr. Jones has had to deal. The diocese of Salisbury and Wilts have gone through a good many changes, but there has not been that radical shifting, from the very beginning of the

to our own day, which we see in the case of Winchester and Dorset. But we may mark one difference between ancient and modern changes in this way. The early changes are almost always cases of simple union or simple division, which do not disturb our geographical ideas. But the modern changes are often very perplexing, and upset all our notions of history. For Gloucester and Malmesbury to be in the diocese of Bristol is not quite so wonderful as for St. Albans and Colchester to be in the diocese of Rochester, but it is perplexing nevertheless. Something of the same sort has happened with the Judges' circuits as with the Bishops' dioceses. It was curious to see how nearly the former circuits, doubtless through sheer accident, answered to ancient kingdoms and earldoms. But when York, for so many ages the capital and metropolis of the North, is now no longer Northern but Midland, the historical geographer begins to rub his eyes, and to wonder whither the world is going.

#### THE MISTRESS OF LANGDALE HALL.

GENERALLY speaking, in criticising a novel we confine our observations to the merits of the author. In this case we must make an exception, and say something as to the publisher. The *Mistress of Langdale Hall* does not come before us in the stereotyped three-volume shape, with rambling type, ample margins, and nominally a guinea and a half to pay. On the contrary, this new aspirant to public admiration appears in the modest guise of a single graceful volume, and we confess that we are disposed to give a kindly welcome to the author, because we may flatter ourselves that she is in some measure a *protégée* of our own. A few weeks ago an article appeared in our columns censuring the prevailing fashion of publishing novels at nominal and fancy prices. Necessarily we dealt a good deal in commonplaces, the absurdity of the fashion being so obvious. We explained, what is well known to every one interested in the matter, that the regulation price is purely illusory. The publisher in reality has to drive his own bargain with the libraries, who naturally beat him down. The author suffers, the trade suffers, and the libraries do not gain. Arguing that a palpable absurdity must be exploded some day unless all the world is qualified for Bedlam, we felt ourselves on tolerably safe ground when we ventured to predict an approaching revolution. Judging from the preface to this book, we may conjecture that it was partly on our hint that Mr. Tinsley has published. As all prophets must welcome events that tend to the speedy accomplishment of their predictions, we confess ourselves gratified by the promptitude with which Mr. Tinsley has acted, and we heartily wish his venture success. He recognizes that a reformation so radical must be a work of time, and at first may possibly seem to defeat its object. For it is plain that the public must first be converted to a proper regard for its own interests; and, by changing the borrowing for the buying system, must come in to bear the publisher out. He must look moreover to the support and imitation of his brethren of the trade. We doubt not he has made the venture after all due deliberation, and that we may rely on his determination seconding his enterprise. All prospectuses of new undertakings tend naturally to exaggeration, but success will be well worth the waiting for, should it be only the shadow of that on which Mr. Tinsley reckons. He gives some surprising figures; he states some startling facts; and, as a practical man, he draws some practical conclusions. He quotes a statement of Mr. Charles Reade's, to the effect that three publishers in the United States had disposed of no less than 370,000 copies of Mr. Reade's latest novel. He estimates that the profits on that sale—the book being published at a dollar—must amount to 25,000*l.* Mr. Reade of course has a name, and we can conceive that his faults and blemishes may positively recommend themselves to American taste. But Mr. Tinsley remarks that if a publisher could sell 70,000 copies in any case, there would still be 5,000*l.* of clear gain; and, even if the new system had a much more moderate success than that, all parties would still profit amazingly. For Mr. Tinsley calculates the profits of a sale of 2,000 copies of a three-volume edition at 1,000*l.*, and we should fancy the experience of most authors would lead them to believe he overstates it. It will be seen that at all events the new speculation promises brilliantly, and reason and common sense conspire to tell us that the reward must come to him who has patience to wait. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, and may he have his share of the profits too. Meanwhile, here we have the first volume of Mr. Tinsley's new series in most legible type, in portable form, and with a sufficiently attractive exterior. The price is four shillings, and, the customary trade deduction being made to circulating libraries, it leaves them without excuse should they deny it to the order of their customers.

We should apologize to Miss Kettle for keeping her waiting while we discuss business matters with her publisher. But she knows no doubt that there are times when business must take precedence of pleasure, and conscientious readers are bound to dispose of the preface before proceeding to the book. For we may say at once that we have found pleasure in reading her story. In the first place, it has a strong and natural local colouring, and we always like anything that gives a book individuality. In the next, there is a feminine grace about her pictures of nature and delineations of female character, and that always makes a story attractive. Finally, there is a certain

\* *The Mistress of Langdale Hall.* By Rosa M. Kettle. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1872.

interest that carries us along, although the story is loosely put together, and the demands on our credulity are somewhat incessant and importunate. The scene is laid in the West Riding of Yorkshire; nor did it need the dedication of the book to tell us that the author was an old resident in the county. With considerable artistic subtlety she lays her scenes in the very confines of busy life. Cockneys and professional foreign tourists are much in the way of believing that the manufacturing districts are severed from the genuinely rural ones by a hard and fast line; that the demons of cotton, coal, and wool blight everything within the scope of their baleful influence. There can be no greater blunder; native intelligence might tell us that mills naturally follow water power, that a broad stream and a good fall generally imply wooded banks and sequestered ravines, swirling pools, and rushing rapids. Miss Kettle as a dweller in the populous and flourishing West Riding has learned all that of course. She is aware besides of the power of contrast; that peace and solitude are never so much appreciated as when you have just quitted the bustle of life, and hear its hum mellowed by the distance. Romance is never so romantic as when it rubs shoulders with the practical, and sensation "piles itself up" when it is evolved in the centre of commonplace life. So the heroine's father, although a man of high spirit and ancient family, is set to earn his living by honest industry. Frank Langdale is manager to a great house of business, and domesticates himself in a picturesque old mansion in the country within easy reach of his work. Langdale is his veritable name, but with a queer pride of his own he drops the second syllable, that he may assume a semi-incognito. He is on the worst possible terms with his near neighbour, Miss Langdale, heir female in possession of his rich family estates. There are old griefs between them; the chief of them the marriage which Mr. Langdale has formed somewhat beneath his station. His wife is accordingly the subject on which he is exceptionally susceptible, and Miss Langdale will persist in ignoring her. *Hinc illa lacryma*, and the somewhat melancholy story Miss Kettle has to tell; melancholy at least in its course, although generally happy in its ending. Miss Langdale is cold and lovely, strong-minded and self-contained. We see at once that she has taken the world in hatred, and before the story has proceeded far we are suffered to surmise something of the cause. In the world, and especially in the world of romance, "love will still be lord of all." However, in one of her solitary rides, chance sends the hard Miss Langdale an adventure. She lights upon a beautiful child, and something in its looks awakens old associations, and at first sight she falls fondly in love with it. When she identifies it with little Florence Langdale, the child of her cousin Frank, she chills, although only for a time. Her small acquaintance has touched a tender place in her heart. Actuated partly by affection, partly by the less laudable motive of hurting her cousin, she sets herself to make the attachment mutual. An old family servant who acts as Florence's nurse plays into her hands, and she succeeds. Florence is a spoiled child and a sharp one, and very fond of petting and pomps and vanities. She knows her parents would not approve of her stolen interviews with her new acquaintance, and she keeps them secret. But we do not mean to tell the story in detail, although so much as we have told seemed necessary to make our comments intelligible. Miss Langdale, as time goes on, succeeds in the designs on Florence. But although she takes her to her house, declares her her heiress, and opens a wide breach between her and her family, the better part of the girl's heart remains in her old home and with her own family. There are love and gratitude on the one side, remorse, regrets, and deep mutual affections on the other. Circumstances arise to call all these successively into violent play, and Florence's heart is sorely torn in the conflict.

We do not know that she is a very natural character, and yet she cannot be very unnatural, for Miss Kettle has made her both interesting and engaging. Thoughtless she might well be as a spoiled child; nothing sounds more likely than that she should be caught by kisses, flattery, and costly presents. But surely a child designed to turn out so well under systematic disadvantages would never have practised in her infancy a deceit so sustained. And, considering that she dearly loved her mother and sisters, and the love was warmly returned, that her home was a happy one, and the family singularly united, it seems improbable that she should have submitted to renunciation by one and the other, without struggling for their mediation and striving to make her father reconsider his harsh sentence; that she should have severed herself from them, and clung to her patroness until her mother's last illness and death led up to a dramatic reconciliation. Indeed, the vice of the story is general improbability. We do not altogether subscribe to the *dictum* that fact is stranger than fiction; at least, if it be so, it says little for the imagination of our romance writers. We own to a prejudice against the hum-drum stories that pick out half-a-dozen commonplace fellow-creatures, and elaborate the dull details of their monotonous lives, as if each writer were a Rembrandt and could make a masterpiece of a leg of mutton. We are content to admit a wide latitude in the central sensations of a piece of agonising interest, but it is a mistake in an artistic point of view to be for ever trying our faith. The inconsistencies of the heroine's conduct and character have led to these observations; but, if we need further illustration of them, we have only to open Miss Kettle's pages at random. Miss Langdale, for example, almost burlesque eccentricity. Her inheritance, her claims, the disposition of her property, would all have been matters of her family, had the validity of a testament of hers been questioned by a disappointed heir. Mr. Langdale, a

sensible man of business, drops, and is suffered to drop, the half of his patrimonial, although settled on his family acres and among his own people. On the other hand, Martha Noel, the representative of a great, though decayed, family in the neighbourhood, remains there, living in a sort of tower house, preserves her aristocratic name, and accepts a place as overlooker in a cotton-mill. But unlikelyhood culminates in the life of Bertie's father, the spendthrift proprietor of Noel Hall. He comes home reformed years after his supposed death, settles in disguise under his own ruined roof-tree, which has passed to the Langdales, attracts attention and invites talk by collecting Noel pictures and articles of *virtù* in his couple of rooms, and is permitted to do it although the new mistress of Noel Hall takes a strong antipathy to him. Worn out by a hard life and broken down by disease, he performs extraordinary feats of skill and courage in flood and field and on scaffolding. And he keeps his incognito until it pleases him to throw it off; although he wears no disguise, although at one time he must have been familiar to many of his neighbours, and although his manner and way of life must have made him universally conspicuous. We are aware that Walter Scott gives some sort of precedent for this sort of thing. But Sir Walter's Black Dwarf burrowed out of sight in a lonely moor, and invoked the superstitions of a darker age to help him to keep his secret. Although, however, the story unquestionably often loses in interest by the very efforts made to excite it, still it is interesting, and very pleasantly written, and for the sake of both author and publisher we cordially wish it the reception it deserves.

#### TORRENS'S BOOK OF CONFESSIONS.\*

THE sort of tone in which Mr. Torrens has set about his task may be inferred, to take one illustration out of the many scattered through his book, from the comparison made at p. 61 between the cession by the Emperor of India of the Dewanny of Bengal to Olive, and the relations between Louis XIV. and Charles II. Because the secret service money paid to the English King cannot be construed as constituting a mortgage of the soil of England, neither can the firman by which the Great Mogul conferred the perpetual Dewanny of Bengal on the English be held to have conferred that Dewanny. According to Mr. Torrens, there is no difference between the two cases, and this shrewd inference may be accepted as a test of his discernment as an historical critic. We fail indeed to perceive the exact object which Mr. Torrens has had before him in writing this book. He appears to assume a considerable acquaintance with the subject on the part of his readers, for his treatment of it is too sketchy and allusive to be otherwise intelligible; but he can hardly expect that those who have any previous knowledge of Indian history will accept his view of the case. And as regards the earlier days of the English in India, it was not necessary to write the story afresh to inform us that we did not come out of those transactions with clean hands. This story, we may observe, has already been told, and not without effect, by Macaulay; it is the one part of Indian history which everybody knows who knows anything at all about it, and the moral to be drawn from it appears tolerably plain. When the state of political morals was thoroughly corrupt in Europe, it was not surprising that men placed almost uncontrolled in positions of peculiar temptation in the East should have succumbed to temptation. Mr. Torrens's account, however, differs from those which have gone before, not so much in blackening the character of the English as in whitewashing the native parties to these transactions. Anybody reading Mr. Torrens's book might suppose that at the time when we first appeared on the scene, Indian politics were uniformly peaceful, and Indian princes living quietly on terms of mutual goodwill and amity with each other, under the reign of a settled and recognized system of public law; further, that all the Indian princes we had to deal with were models of honour and disinterestedness; while, to complete this distorted picture, and obtain the reader's sympathy for the objects of British oppression, he goes out of his way to describe the Rohillas as "brave mountain clans." He might just as well talk about the highlanders of Plumstead marshes.

Perhaps the most prominent distortion of Indian history for the development of his pet theory to be found in Mr. Torrens's book is his account of Lord Wellesley's administration. Any one reading this without being first fortified by some acquaintance with facts might be led to suppose that Lord Wellesley was an exaggerated Indian Napoleon, who trampled upon the unoffending and order-loving princes of the country without a shadow of justification. According to Mr. Torrens, a quarrel was deliberately picked with Tippee Sahib, and that unhappy monarch was the first sacrifice to Lord Wellesley's insatiable ambition. Mr. Torrens is indeed forced to admit that Tippee did not come rightfully by his kingdom, but when he says (p. 143) that "a long series of domestic troubles had unnerved the vigour of the Mysorean Government, and opened the way for the elevation of a Mohammedan soldier of fortune to more than a pre-eminence in the power and dignity of the ancient Hindu throne," this is, to say the least, rather a euphemistic way of putting the fact that Hyder Ali was simply a usurper, whose only possible claim to consideration at our hands would have consisted in his being a

\* *Empire in Asia: How we Came by It. A Book of Confessions.* By W. M. Torrens, M.P. London: George Routledge & Co. 1872.

the peace and proving himself a quiet and respectable ally. To point out how completely Mr. Torrens has perverted the whole course of events which led up to the final war with Tipoo and the restoration of the kingdom by the British to the right of his would be too long a task to undertake here; it must suffice to say that Hyder and his son Tipoo are represented throughout as models of chivalry, moderation, and good faith, and the English as crafty, deceitful, and overbearing. But the picture given of the Marhatta war is still more distorted. Here, indeed, Mr. Torrens is forced again to admit, in order that his narrative should be intelligible, that the heads of the three great Marhatta States—Scindia, Holkar, and the Raja of Berar—were always quarrelling among themselves, and severally menacing the independence of their nominal sovereign the Peshwa, who, by the way, was in his turn a usurper. But he omits to add, what is equally essential to the right understanding of the story, that the Marhattas were in fact a nation of freebooters, whose ascendancy was gained by cruelty and fraud; that they had desolated and depopulated some of the fairest tracts of India, which have indeed not yet recovered from their ravages, and had made their progress to complete little less disastrous to that country than were the inroads of the Huns to Europe.

The truth is, Lord Wellesley was the first statesman who grasped the idea that a balance of power in India was a simple impossibility; that anything like a condition of permanent peace among a number of independent and powerful native States was a thing which had never had any existence before, and which there was no reason to suppose would ever arise in the future; and that the only chance the English had of maintaining undisturbed possession of their own territory was to be found in the establishment of their complete and undisputed supremacy as the paramount power of the country. They must be strong enough, not only to prevent attack from the native princes, but to prevent the latter from indulging in their favourite practice of chronic warfare among themselves—strong enough, in short, to act as guardians and conservators of the public peace throughout the whole country. This idea conceived, Lord Wellesley carried it out to its legitimate conclusion; and if any one will take the trouble to think the matter out, he will readily satisfy himself that a policy of neutrality, as a thing to be persisted in, was simply impossible. So long indeed as the Marhatta empire remained in the fragmentary state in which it existed in 1803, it might no doubt have been practicable by stress of diplomacy and constant preparation to maintain an armed neutrality. But that the political *status quo* of the Marhatta kingdoms could have remained thus nicely balanced for any considerable length of time is an inference wholly unwarranted by the course of previous events. Sooner or later the head of one State would have overrun and trampled down the rights of the rest, or the whole would have succumbed to some fresh adventurer, ready in his turn to attempt to realize the dream of universal empire, and bringing as a matter of course the whole force thus united under one head against the remaining independent Power. And meantime, while the Marhattas were fighting out their quarrels, subduing the remaining independent Rajpoot and Mahomedan States, including our ally the Nizam, and laying waste the country generally after their favourite manner, while the English exercising a benevolent neutrality looked on unconcerned, satisfied to take care of their own possessions so long as they themselves were not attacked, how about the happy people whose lands were to be the scene of this perpetual strife? In his sympathy for the loss suffered by the half-dozen persons, the descendants of the freebooters who had established these mushroom dynasties, Mr. Torrens can find no room for sympathy for the fifty or sixty millions of people whom Lord Wellesley redeemed from the slavery endured by any people whose lands are the scene of perpetual and barbarous war. Wherever the British standard has been planted there henceforward the land has known peace, and this is surely something to be set against the wrongs of three or four usurpers who probably deserve compassion on the score of legal rights and personal merit as little as any rulers that ever lived.

Even the British treatment of the Mogul appears not to satisfy Mr. Torrens. If the vague tirade at p. 290 means anything, it means that we ought to have given him back his kingdom—a kingdom which, with his eyesight, the Marhattas had taken from him, and which the poor old man and his effete descendants would have been unable to keep for a week if it had been restored. The English gave back the unfortunate monarch his liberty, allotted him an enormous pension, and treated him uniformly with every show of deepest respect; but they refused to make over lands to him when no organization any longer existed for governing them. It would be interesting to know what other course, short of withholding the pension and the honours, Mr. Torrens or any one else would have been prepared to recommend.

We have said that Mr. Torrens's mode of handling the events of Lord Wellesley's administration appears to be the wildest thing in the book; but even that must, we think, give place to his distorted account of the Sikh war of 1845-6. According to Mr. Torrens, the Sikh chieftains were anxious to rally round the throne of the infant prince and carry on a united and cordial government in his support during his minority, and to remain on peaceful terms with their neighbours, but were galled on the invasion of the British territory in consequence of a remark made by Mr. Dalhousie in the House of Commons. It would be almost as reasonable to say that Hsiao Pootsien was murdered in consequence of an article in the *Record*. The fact is that as soon as the strong hand

of Runjeet Singh was withdrawn, the Punjab became a scene of anarchy. One prince or Minister after another was murdered, while the whole Khalsa army became quite ungovernable, and to avert its attention from themselves the Sikh Ministry incited it to march across the Sutlej. If there was any one historical fact which it might be thought had been established beyond cavil, it was that the invasion of British territory by the Sikh army was an act of wanton, unprovoked aggression, instigated by their leaders as a political diversion, just as was the late war got up by the French Government; while, as to the threatening preparations made by Lord Hardinge for the collision, it ought to be well known to everybody who professes to have made a study of the subject that the British authorities were quite taken by surprise; that the first battles were fought by a mere fraction of the Indian army, hurried up to the spot; and that after they were with difficulty won, the contest was long doubtful because the British were unprepared and short of men, and the further attack on the invading army was delayed for several weeks from want of ammunition, which had to be brought up from the magazines far off in our distant provinces. If ever there was a war unprovoked and fought purely in self-defence it was the Sikh war of 1845-6, and it requires a quite ludicrous distortion of the facts to try to make out that we were the aggressors.

Equally distorted is the account given of the annexation of the Punjab, in which we certainly came out with clean hands, whatever might have been the case on other occasions. We had tried honestly to establish a native government on a stable basis, by which the country might be kept in order till the young Maharaja should be old enough to assume the management of affairs; but the experiment failed because all the elements of a stable native government were wanting. Runjeet Singh by an iron rule had kept the Khalsa army in order, but since his death there had been a demoralizing period of anarchy, nor could any Council of Regency or British officials repress revolt and crime by the same stern methods that he employed. The outbreak of 1848 began with the revolt against the Sikh Council of a district governor, Moolraj, who set up the standard of rebellion at Moodian, and the troops who should have suppressed the revolt followed suit, whereupon the task of putting down the army which had mutinied against the only existing authority devolved upon the British. The sort of treatment which this episode receives from Mr. Torrens may be gathered from the remark he makes (p. 337), that one cause of the outbreak was the resentment occasioned by the insult of the Mahomedan servants of the British Government, supported by ten thousand bayonets, to Hindu caste and creed. What really happened was, that the British Government, acting on the principle it has always maintained in India of exercising the most complete religious toleration, insisted, when the first occupation of the Punjab took place, on the discontinuance of that persecution of the Mahomedan part of the population which the dominant Sikh faction had practised. Mr. Torrens has therefore here completely misrepresented the facts, while his talk about the ten thousand bayonets is sufficiently absurd when we remember that ninety per cent. of the British Sepoys were themselves bigoted high-caste Hindus, and therefore scarcely appropriate instruments for carrying out systematic insults to the Hindu creed.

After this it need scarcely be said that Mr. Torrens denounces the annexation of the Punjab, although neither in this nor any other case does he point out what the better course would have been. It was just because there was no alternative practicable that the annexation was determined on; and without wishing to defend all Lord Dalhousie's course of policy, we may at least assert that, if ever annexation was justifiable, it was in this case; while the result has been to convert a land of anarchy and bloodshed into one of the most prosperous, well affected, and peaceable regions of Asia.

We have said that Mr. Torrens's book is not likely to make many converts to the opinions expressed in it; we venture to add our belief that the author himself is not among the number. He writes throughout more in the style of a man playing with an ingenious paradox or speaking up to a brief, than of one holding decided convictions. We venture also to hazard the prophecy that a few years hence the author will not continue to regard this production of his with much complacency, but will be disposed rather to feel just a little ashamed of it. It is to be hoped that if he again employs his unquestionable talents on this important subject, he will take it up in a more impartial spirit, with a view of pursuing the truth, instead of writing throughout as a prejudiced advocate of one class of extreme and irrational views.

#### FARRAR'S GREEK SYNTAX.

WE have too long left unnoticed the third edition of Mr. Farrar's Greek Syntax, which bears date 1870. The preface to the first edition, which is dated three years earlier, offers some apology for the author's venturing on so much an act as the publi-

\* *A brief Greek Syntax, and Hints on Greek Accidence; with some references to Comparative Philology, and with Illustrations from various Modern Languages.* By the Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, M.A., F.R.S., Honorary Chaplain to the Queen; late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Honorary Fellow of King's College, London; one of the Masters at Harrow School; Author of "The Origin of Language," "Chapters on Language," "Familiar of Speech," &c. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1870

cation of a Greek Grammar in addition to the number already in the field; but the success of the book shows that no apology was called for, and that the reproduction of the original preface in a new edition was superfluous. It originated in a somewhat narrow view of supplying boys with the means of answering grammar and scholarship questions in examination papers, the author having observed, as he says, a remarkable recurrence of the same questions, or at least of questions involving the same points of scholarship, in different examination papers. In drawing up his Greek Grammar rules to meet this want, the author found that there was no school-book which entered as fully as seemed desirable into the subject of the structure of the Greek language and the general subject of Philology. And the present work must be considered as an enlargement and amplification of the useful publication which preceded it.

Mr. Farrar has achieved a great success, and that principally because he knows what boys can understand and what they will be interested in. His Grammar takes for granted that boys are already up to the mark commonly reached by boys in the sixth, possibly even in the fifth, form of a public school; and, accordingly, though, as his title-page implies, it contains a few hints on Greek Accidence, the main subject of the book is Syntax, the first fifty pages being introductory, and treating of the subjects which are on the border-land between what is commonly called Accidence and the Syntactical arrangement of sentences. The book has a tolerably copious table of contents, but is unfortunately wanting in an index. This is the one fault in the structure of the book, which contains more information on Greek grammar than we have ever before seen put into so small a compass. And many advanced scholars may learn much, both directly from the information conveyed in it, and indirectly from the extremely suggestive nature of many of the remarks made in it. There is just enough of explanation on subjects which boys would not find out for themselves, and we think we may congratulate the author on having succeeded in both the objects which he set before himself in commencing his work. He has made it both intelligible and interesting, and perhaps few writers could have brought to bear upon the subject so large an acquaintance with modern languages, and so extensive a familiarity with the best writers in English literature. The chief defect which strikes us is a want of what we may call logical strength. His mind, we should think, has not been formed either by the study of logic or by acquaintance with Greek philosophy, other than that narrow part of it which goes by the name of philology, in which his principal strength lies. We need not multiply instances to show this; one will suffice. There is one page, and only one, in the introduction (p. 40), which treats of the dual number, and it is the most unsatisfactory page of the whole volume. Mr. Farrar very truly remarks that many grammars throw no light whatever on the ordinary omission of a first person dual in the active. We do not ourselves know of any grammar which elucidates the subject; but after meeting with this observation on the part of the author, we were disappointed to find, first, that he has thrown no light whatever upon it, and then that he throws dust in our eyes by appearing to assign a reason for the absence of the first person dual in the active tenses as contrasted with its presence in the passive. Every schoolboy knows, and perhaps many schoolboys have commented upon, the fact which they so soon learn, that the dual in the present active is

τύπτετον, τύπτετον,

whilst that of the passive in the same tense has these forms—

τύπτεσθαι, τύπτεσθαι, τύπτεσθαι.

Why, it will reasonably be asked, is there a form for *we two are being struck*, whilst there is absolutely none for *we two are striking*? Now we submit that Mr. Farrar's reason is nothing in the world but a mere re-stating of the same proposition in other words. If he had told us that in the active the first person plural is always used for the first person dual, whereas in the passive it is not, we should certainly have understood the statement. We should simply have observed that it was unnecessary, for it had been more forcibly stated before in the mere enunciation of the two tenses in the two voices respectively. But when we are told that the reason why the first person dual does not exist is that the first person plural is always used for it, we simply answer that there is nothing else that could be used for it. It seems to us that possibly there might be a greater necessity for distinguishing the case of two persons, one of whom was the speaker, being acted upon, than there would be of two persons who were professing to do something. This hypothesis, however, would entirely fail when applied to the case of the passive aorist being inflected like the active, and like it having no first person dual. We are more inclined ourselves to fall back upon the theory which denies that there was any first person dual at all. Elmsley, in the very scarce edition of the *Actarismos* published at Oxford in 1809, says (p. 127) that he considers it wholly originated with the Alexandrine grammarians, and observes that he has only met with three passages in authors of good note in which it appears, every one of which admits of easy emendation. The author makes a similar mistake in the very same page in speaking of the controverted point of the second and third person dual in the historical tenses having the same or a different termination. The fashion on this point—which was first, we believe, altered by Elmsley—seems gradually veering round to the old belief that there were two forms—

τύπτετον, τύπτετον;

but again the author has been most unfortunate in his mode of expression. He tells us that this latter is the more correct, for the Attics always prefer the form in *or* for the second person of the dual, if we may trust the best manuscripts. Now the matter is not in the least degree one of more or less correctness, but one of right or wrong; though it is very difficult to decide which is right, owing to the extreme paucity of passages where the second person dual occurs at all, and to the variation in the manuscripts in those places where it does appear; but we quite agree with Mr. Farrar in the conclusion which he has so awkwardly expressed, that there are probably two distinct forms for the second and third persons of the dual in the historical tenses.

Students will find in this Syntax some very useful remarks upon the cases. Nevertheless, there are points both here and elsewhere in the volume where we entirely differ from the writer's opinion. For instance, in treating of the accusative case he says:—

The accusative is probably, next to the vocative, the oldest of the cases, as is seen from the fact that its characteristic suffix *-α* appears even in the nominative of pronouns; as *αἰαμ, ἰγόν; τῶν βοῶν, τοῦ, ἰδὲ, &c.* This suffix probably acted the part of an article—i.e., it called attention to the word to which it was attached.—P. 81.

And, again, carrying out the same idea:—

The fundamental conception of the accusative is *motion towards*, and therefore also extension over space. It is the case to which, and is therefore put after transitive verbs to express the end of the motion or action; as *τύπτετον αὐτόν*, I strike him—i.e., the direction of my blow is towards him. It also expresses the action itself; as *τύπτετον πλῆγην*, I strike a blow.—P. 82.

The author proceeds to trace this idea through various significations of the accusative. To us it appears much more probable that the accusative, as being the case of the object, is the oldest form of the noun. Certainly we can see no reason for supposing the vocative to be the oldest case; it seems to us the height of absurdity to suppose the nominative of the second Latin declension, or the lengthened form of the nominative in Greek, to be derived from the vocative, and possibly Mr. Farrar may mean, in thus speaking of the vocative, to exclude the nominative as not being counted as a case at all. But the fact that the accusative is the older form admits of being argued from many considerations, and especially from the continued existence of the personal pronoun in that case ungrammatically supplanting the nominative in so many languages in common conversation, and from its existence in the first person singular of verbs in *μ* in Greek.

In another place he observes that

Neuters plural take a verb singular, because mere multitude or mass implies no plurality or separation of agencies; in fact, the neuter plural is an accusative or objective case, things not animate being regarded as only capable of being acted on. Hence, *τὰ ζῶα ῥίπτεται* properly means "as to the animals there is running."—P. 65.

Now, in a note to this passage which the author has quoted from Coleridge's *Table Talk*, it is implied, though Mr. Farrar scarcely appears to see it, that the accusative was the more ancient form. It is as follows:—

The neuter plural governing, as they call it, a singular verb, is one of the many instances in Greek of the inward and metaphysical grammar resisting successfully the tyranny of formal grammar. In truth, there may be *multitude* in things, but there can only be *plurality* in persons. Observe also that, in fact, a neuter noun in Greek has no real nominative case, though it has a formal one—that is to say, the same word in the accusative. The reason is—a thing has no subjectivity or nominative case; it exists only as an object in the accusative or oblique case.—Coleridge's *Table Talk*, quoted at p. 65.

Perhaps one of the best parts of Mr. Farrar's book is that which treats of prepositions, in which there is a continuation of some very good and instructive introductory remarks on the tendency of language to change from synthetic to analytic forms; as, for instance, from case-inflections to the use of prepositions, and from tense-inflections to the use of auxiliaries. Modern as compared with ancient Greek affords an easy method of comparing the two classes of language, though, as the author observes,

The simplest way of studying the tendency is to compare Latin with any of those six Romance languages (Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Wallachian, and Engadish, which have been immediately derived from it—e.g., *amabo* becomes in French *j'aimerai*, which is a corruption of the analytic expression *ego amare habeo*, I have to love.

As regards prepositions, Mr. Farrar observes that it is the case which indicates the meaning of the preposition, and not the preposition which gives the meaning to the case. Every preposition has its distinct meaning, which meaning varies according to the cases with which it is connected. It is no doubt very difficult, perhaps impossible, in our present state of knowledge of the subject, to determine exactly how the central or original meaning of a preposition ramifies into its derived senses. It would, therefore, be difficult to establish the truth of the assertion which Mr. Farrar makes, and to which we give our hearty assent, that it is inaccurate to talk of prepositions governing cases; since they rather denote the exact sense in which the case is used. He says:—

It is the case which borrows the aid of the preposition, not the preposition which requires the case. It should be observed also that when prepositions appear to change their meanings with the cases which they follow, it is really a difference in the meaning, not of the preposition, but of the case.—P. 95.

There are some explanations given here and there by Mr. Farrar from which we dissent, and sometimes he expresses his meaning in a way which puzzles us. We do not know whether to agree or differ. This is perhaps in some cases unavoidable, especially when distinctions of meaning are so refined as in Greek as to scarcely be



admit of equivalents in English. For instance, in his notice of *ἔς, ἔως*, with a past tense of the indicative—e.g.

*ἔς τὴν ῥηλικὴν καὶ αὐτὴν ἡλικίαν,*

in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Now in this case we object equally to the rendering with which Mr. Farrar finds fault and to the one which he himself has given. He says:—"These passages are sometimes rendered 'in which case I should have been, &c.'; the negative *μή* shows that such a rendering is incorrect." But the English he has given is still less admissible—"that I might have been." The proper rendering is *so had I been*, implying just enough of purpose to account for the negative form *μή* being used, and excluding the possibility of the more direct negative *οὐ* being used.

Under this head we notice his explanation of the use of the same particles with the optative and the subjunctive in the same sentence, which he explains somewhat roughly by a reference to a note in Arnold's *Thucydides*, which is true as far as it goes, ascribing the change of mood to the fact that a succession of consequences is indicated. We must be allowed to express our surprise at so good a scholar as Mr. Farrar referring to Dr. Arnold as an authority. Whatever were the merits of the late celebrated Head-Master of Rugby, Greek scholarship assuredly was not among his strong points. In translating such passages into English, no such distinction of meaning can be represented; yet in the Greek the writer, by the change of mood, shows that in one case the writer throws himself more into the subjective view of the matter than he does in the other. The subjunctive is more graphic than the optative.

We suppose that the page which we have been discussing has been unlucky in the printing. It contains no fewer than three wrong references. Let us not, however, part from Mr. Farrar without adding that his book, in spite of faults of judgment or of printing, is the most useful work on the subject that we have seen.

#### MACLEOD'S CHARACTER SKETCHES.

DR. MACLEOD is an able and a practised writer. This little book of *Character Sketches* shows a certain literary facility, and, as we need hardly add, preserves throughout an excellent moral tone. Moreover, as it is obviously intended to meet the tastes of a class not likely to be very exacting in points of delicate criticism, it would be out of place to judge it by a very exalted standard. The stories are the common compromise between a fiction and a sermon. They are good reading on week-days for people who regard it as somehow savouring of a wicked complacency with the world to read purely secular novels; or perhaps they may be considered as Sunday reading for the less perfect race of beings which requires lighter sustenance than sermons on a Scotch Sabbath. At any rate they are harmless, and at times rather better than harmless. Dr. Macleod is not without a sense of humour, though, to do him justice, it is kept within the bounds of the very strictest decorum. Thus, for example, the first story, called "Billy Buttons," may be considered as a dilution of Bret Harte's powerful sketch, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. The motive is the same, though the scenery is different. The arrival of an infant, whose mother dies at its birth, takes place amongst a set of rough sailors instead of a body of Californian rowdies. The captain is supposed to swear, but his oaths are judiciously kept in the background; and Dr. Macleod does not permit himself to paint to the life the manners of a class of men who, to say the truth, are frequently as coarse in their language as any set of gamblers and gold-hunters that ever congregated in the Californian diggings. The contrast between innocence and brutality is therefore considerably softened; but there are touches of humour which show that if the Doctor were not to some extent hampered by his clerical character, he could probably produce some startling effects. We have, for example, the funeral of the unfortunate mother; and after the Captain has said the Lord's Prayer, he turns to the crew and says, "My lads, I will now serve you out an extra glass of grog" by way of an appropriate conclusion to the ceremony. That is a good touch; and on the whole our chief fault with this little story is that Dr. Macleod, like most landmen, rather overdoes the peculiarities of nautical conversation. Sailors, so far as we have the honour of their acquaintance, are not much in the habit of referring to their early lives in such highly metaphorical terms as these:—"I can't remember how I looked when launched, and before I was rigged and left port." However, it is necessary to obtain the proper local colouring by some means or other, and perhaps we should not look into the details too closely.

The book at large will of course suffer in the eyes of cynical readers by the obtrusiveness of the moral embodied in each story; and we fancy that it will suffer also in the eyes of some who would not describe themselves as cynical. We do not speak of the general question of the propriety of making fiction subservient to moralising; for the objections to such a course apply chiefly to books of a more ambitious order. But we confess to being a little annoyed by the vein of sentiment itself. It is always rather difficult to indicate with any precision the disagreeable element which mixes itself with very excellent exhortations to sobriety, prudence, faith in God, and other undeniable virtues. Each sentiment by itself is perhaps unimpeachable, and yet the whole

does not strike us as very elevating, though it is certainly moral. Perhaps we may say that in general the preaching is a little too much of that placid and contented kind which is perfectly satisfied with all the current platitudes, and amounts to saying, with more or less circumlocution, that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, because people can make themselves very comfortable who save their money instead of drinking it. The preaching savours more of Franklin than of Pascal, and is decidedly more calculated for a warm tradesman with a balance at his banker's than for persons in a position more favourable to exciting the deeper spiritual emotions. When the Calvinism of the genuine old Scotch Covenanter has been softened down by modern influences, the poetry is apt to disappear along with the intensity of his terrible faith. Let us take a specimen or two of Dr. Macleod's moralising, which may illustrate the degree in which these remarks are applicable. We fancy that in most of his pattern characters a little too much prominence is given to the virtues thus summed up in reference to a certain model advocate of Savings Banks; "You have always good clothes," says the prodigal to whom he is talking, "pay for your seat in church, educate your children, are never behindhand with your rent, run no long accounts in the shops, and buy in the cheapest market." Somehow we cannot help fancying that in a story written south of the Tweed we should probably have seen in the place of that last cardinal virtue some such statement as that the model of prudence could always help a friend in distress. But the general tone of the remarks leads us to believe that good people in Scotland never are in distress; or perhaps that people in distress are never good, which is not quite an identical proposition. The same admirable person of whom we are speaking has been smashing his friend's Radical principles. "Tell me, Peter, seriously," asks Walter, "do you not think we are terribly oppressed?" To which the admirable Peter replies that there are no doubt evils from which all classes suffer, and which are being gradually remedied; "but depend upon it, my lad, that by far the worst evils, the most difficult to remedy, are those which men bring upon themselves." That is the Conservative working-man in a nutshell, and no doubt it is a perfectly satisfactory solution of the whole difficulty to Peter, who is never behindhand with his rent. Still we would suggest to Dr. Macleod that optimism of this kind is apt to be rather provoking to those to whom it is so fluently administered. It sounds rather like saying, If you are thoroughly and systematically selfish, if you always buy in the cheapest market, and are, in short, a good pawky Scotchman, you may escape the misery from which a vast mass of your fellow-countrymen are suffering. It is replying to people who complain of pauperism that it serves the paupers right. And why? Walter might ask. The answer would of course be, Because the paupers have been improvident. But is not the very point of my complaint, he might perhaps retort, precisely that the conditions of society are such as to foster improvidence? There are many replies which might be made to him, which would, as we certainly do not dispute, show the impolicy, and even the wickedness, of his subversive schemes; but to make them satisfactorily, Peter would have to go into the matter rather more deeply than is implied in his argument that people who attend sufficiently to making money can get out of the scrape.

A little further on, again, we have the normal infidel, who is to be converted from his irreligious ways by his model son, wee Davie, who takes almost as long about dying as Paul Dombey, and is the occasion of a good deal of eloquence from the admirable minister. Of the infidelity we have nothing to say; but the infidel adds another vice to his theoretical errors. He had formed the habit of going to a public-house on pay-nights. He was never, it seems, the worse for liquor; but he liked a chat with half-a-dozen old companions over a glass of whisky; he enjoyed singing a few songs and telling stories about "the tyrannical influence which some would presume to exercise on innocent social enjoyment"; and the consequence was—not that the sinner became a drunkard, or beat his wife, or ill treated his boy—but that his wages were lessened by the amount of the publican's gains. However it is truly remarked that he might have become worse in time; and accordingly the good influence of his boy causes the father to give up a practice of which it might possibly have been the result that his boy would have been sent to the workhouse. Of course it is very proper that between public-houses and tracts there should be an internecine war; and yet we don't feel clear that Mr. Thorburn the smith was necessarily and unequivocally improved when he gave up his only form of social indulgence in order to save every penny for his family. If he was flying from temptation, he was so far doing right; but he may have been changing into a Pharisee after being a prodigal; and from our knowledge of Dr. Macleod's countrymen, we think a word or two of warning in this direction might possibly have been useful. It is better to read the Bible at home than to sing songs at a public-house; but is there no connexion between the facts that Scotland is at once amongst the most drunken and the most rigidly puritanical of countries? Dr. Macleod is a little too fond of his commonplaces, and too apt to forget that all commonplaces have a reverse to them. To take an instance of a different kind, he writes a story to show that we ought not to believe in ghosts. It is not, perhaps, a very logical argument against supernatural apparitions to say that on one occasion a supposed ghost turned out to be a cat which had been caught by a fishhook; but that is the form of syllogism employed by all moralists. Let us, however, look at Dr. Macleod's moral. "All

forms of superstition," he says, "are forms of unbelief," because they imply a distrust in a watchful Providence. This is one of the favourite retorts upon sceptics in which divines take a pardonable delight. The infidel likes to call all religious beliefs forms of superstition; and it is pleasant to invert the argument; we would suggest, however, that the argument is really altogether beside the purpose. The Highlander, says Dr. Macleod, believes in a "waterhorse," or kelpie, because he does not believe in Providence. A Highlander would utterly deny the imputation, and, we think, with perfect justice. He believes in Providence just as much as Dr. Macleod; but why should he think that a belief in Providence is more inconsistent with a belief in kelpies than with a belief in sharks? Dr. Macleod, we fancy, would be very much afraid of swimming in a creek infested with sharks, however firm may be his reliance on Providence; and the Highlander has just as good a right to be afraid of swimming in a lake infested by a kelpie. The real difference is simply that the Highlander has one belief more than Dr. Macleod, and, as the belief is an absurd one, he is a fool for his pains. It is a mere juggle of words to twist an attack upon a man for believing too much into an attack upon him for believing too little. It would be better and more honest to admit, what is surely a very harmless proposition, that a man may be too credulous, without trying to confound credulity with its logical antithesis, scepticism. They may sometimes have similar results, but that is a very bad reason for confounding them under the same name.

However, we are going into too elaborate a discussion of a very trifling point. We were merely endeavouring to illustrate the fact that Dr. Macleod has a little too much of the habit caught in the pulpit of treating us to very shallow commonplaces which are supposed to be excusable on account of their good moral tendency. In other words, his stories are too much of the ordinary type of religious tracts, and provoke opposition by an excess of complacent optimism. Otherwise we have no great fault to find with them.

#### EASTLAKE'S GOTHIC REVIVAL.\*

(Second Notice.)

THE career of Augustus Pugin marks the turning-point at which the merely literary and antiquarian study of English Gothic architecture passed into the further stage of the practical resuscitation of the style. Mr. Eastlake does ample justice to the versatile genius of this most remarkable artist. And yet, had he known Pugin personally, he would have been, we think, still warmer in his appreciation of the uprightness, the geniality, the earnestness of the man. There is no doubt that a prodigious effect on the public mind was produced by the famous *Contrasts*; in which, with unmatchable skill of drawing, the actual degradation of modern church architecture and arrangement was contrasted with an idealized reproduction of the past. A long series of publications showed that Pugin was as much a master of the pen as of the pencil. It is to be regretted that this great artist never had an opportunity (as he used often to complain) of building a really fine church; but we see no reason to question Mr. Eastlake's opinion that Pugin's invention and imagination were superior to his constructive skill, and that his architectonic science bore no proportion to his mastery of subsidiary detail. His connexion with Sir Charles Barry in the completion of the Houses of Parliament is discreetly handled in these pages. By far the happiest work of Pugin, in our opinion, is his own unpretending little church at Ramsgate, of which a charming interior view is given as one of the few illustrations of these pages.

The history of the choice of Barry's design for the Houses of Parliament is told by Mr. Eastlake in a very interesting narrative. He might have spoken more strongly perhaps on the subject of the destruction of St. Stephen's Chapel. An unsuccessful effort to preserve this beautiful ruin was, we believe, the occasion of the first communication between Mr. Gilbert Scott and the Cambridge Camden Society in its very earliest days. It may be reasonably doubted whether even the adoption of a variety of the national Gothic style for the Palace of Westminster would have turned the scale in the most critical moment of the Revival, had not a new and much more powerful influence manifested itself at this very time. This was the great religious movement of this century in the bosom of the Church of England. The apathy and neglect of two centuries had suffered the old parochial churches to fall into a state of decay and squalor which the present generation would not believe to have been possible save for the evidence of the pictures in Pugin's *Contrasts*, already referred to. Comparatively few new churches had been built. And no wonder, so long as monasteries like New St. Pancras, costing tens of thousands of pounds, were all that the modern school of architects could produce. But now church expansion and church restoration became crying wants of the day. The "restoration" of churches has indeed been carried since those days to such a lamentable excess that many persons are inclined to wish it had never been thought of. But those who can remember how absolutely necessary it was, even for the common decency of divine worship, thirty years ago, will regret, not the fact, but the

too sweeping mode in which church restoration was at first conducted. Societies for the study of Gothic architecture were founded, almost simultaneously, in the two ancient Universities about the year 1839. Of these the Oxford Architectural Society took the safer line of archaeological investigation into the past. The Cambridge Camden Society, on the other hand, threw itself with remarkable energy into the practical task of showing how old churches were to be repaired and new ones built. From that date, for the next quarter of a century, the history of the Gothic revival, notably in its ecclesiastical aspect, but indirectly also in its secular side, is to be read in the *Eccelesiologist*, the periodical organ of the Cambridge Society. Mr. Eastlake seems to us to have written the history of this academical movement with commendable fairness and accuracy. He has skillfully discerned the special peculiarity of the relation between the Ecclesiological Society (as it was called after its removal to London) and the leading Gothic architects of the day, which enabled the Committee to obtain the aid of all the more ardent members of the profession, while its own criticisms, being unprofessional, were listened to without jealousy by all alike.—

It is to be noted [he says] that although the Cambridge Camden Society reckoned among its members many architects of high repute, whose advice and assistance were always available, and fully rendered, it selected its working committee entirely from amateurs. By this rule, which from first to last was strictly maintained, the infringement of professional etiquette was avoided.

It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Eastlake, who has evidently gone to the best sources of information for the compilation of this part of his history, has made no mention of the first non-literary work of the Cambridge Camden Society, the famous restoration of the Round Church of St. Sepulchre. Had he known Cambridge personally, this omission would have been impossible. We cannot help noticing also that, in the enumeration of the names of those who, though not Cambridge men by education, joined the Committee when the Society had moved to London, there is a most unfortunate omission. The late William Scott, a man not less gifted in this than in almost every other branch of mental culture—*quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis*—was for many years one of the most active members of the governing body, and a constant contributor to the pages of the *Eccelesiologist*. One subject was more particularly his own. Mr. Scott, after a visit to Madeira for his health, devoted much thought to the conditions of the Gothic style as modified by tropical, or semi-tropical, climate.

Proceeding in his history of the chief architects of the Gothic revival and their works, Mr. Eastlake does adequate justice to the great merits of Carpenter, in whose early death the movement lost one of its most promising artists. Mr. Gilbert Scott, Mr. Ferrey, and Mr. Butterfield come next into prominence. It is quite true, as our historian says, that the countless works of the first of these would require a whole volume for their description. But that is no reason why this very distinguished artist should occupy less space in the present volume than many less eminent men. It is remarkable how many of our leading architects have achieved literary as well as artistic success. Mr. Gilbert Scott, Mr. E. Sharp, and Mr. Street are alike examples of this, and Mr. Eastlake himself may be added to the number. It would have been a better plan, perhaps, if Mr. Eastlake had chronicled in successive chapters the contemporaneous stages of the Gothic revival in its two great aspects—the literary and the material. As it is, the writers and the builders are too often mixed up together. Mr. Petit, Mr. Edward Freeman, Mr. F. A. Paley, and Mr. J. H. Parker come in for adequate notice; and the great value of the *Builder*—which has done for the secular side of the revival what the *Eccelesiologist* did for the ecclesiastical—is not overlooked in its proper place. On the other hand, Professor Willis might fairly complain of being undervalued, nor has Mr. Gambier Parry received sufficient acknowledgment. The translation of Durandus on Symbolism by Mr. Neale and Mr. Webb, in 1843, is credited with great influence on the progress of the revival, not without a kindly smile at the extravagance of the mediæval symbolist. But the effect which that publication produced was due not so much to the quaint fancies of Durandus as to the introductory essay on what the joint authors called "sacramentality," but which was, in fact, on truthfulness, reality, and significance in design. It was on account of the novelty of this argument (which preceded Mr. Ruskin's architectural writings) that this essay received the honour of translation into French. We may observe here, in passing, that Mr. Eastlake has missed the opportunity of comparing the English revival of Gothic with the contemporaneous movements in the like direction in France and Germany. M. Viollet le Duc is, we believe, the only foreign writer or artist that is mentioned. Lamm and Dittion, in France; Reichensperger, Schmidt, and Stutz, in Germany; and Cuypers, in Holland, might have received a passing notice. Their influence may not have been very direct, but the subject is one which should not be treated in a merely insular aspect. At least the great triumph of Messrs. Clutton and Burgess, and Mr. Street, in the international competition for Lille Cathedral in 1867, would have legitimately found a place in Mr. Eastlake's pages. Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Bursford Hope, as important contributors to the literary side of the revival among ourselves, are consistently noticed. The latter of these is no more the case. He has had no small share in the practical development of the revival. *St. Edmund's Church*, in Kent, *St. Augustine's College*, Canterbury, and *All Saints' Church*, Margaret Street, are inseparably connected with his name. All Saints' indeed is, in a great measure, the structural monument of

\* *A History of the Gothic Revival: an Attempt to Show how the Taste for Ecclesiastical Architecture which flourished in England during the Two Last Centuries has since been Encouraged and Developed.* By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.S., Architect. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

the Ecclesiastical school in the movement. It exhibited the first attempt at original development of the Gothic style from the copyism which had hitherto prevailed. Mr. Butterfield has vigorously carried out this type in other noble works, such as Rebol College Chapel and St. Alban's Church, in Holborn. His latest work, Keble College, Oxford, seems to us, we confess—as it does to Mr. Eastlake—a specimen of the degeneration of the style. Other architects, following especially Mr. Ruskin's lead, advanced in another direction—that of foreign, and especially Italian, Gothic. Among these is the most eminent of the younger school, Mr. Street, whose Law Courts when they are finished will, we believe, convince even obstinate gainsayers of the fitness of English Gothic for secular purposes. For the Battle of the Styles, as it is called, is not yet fought out, nor yet the subsidiary battle of the phases of Gothic itself, on which Mr. Eastlake is amusingly precise in chronicling the variations of style among the Gothic leaders, in which, however, he might have included some notice of the progressive growth of Mr. Scott's manner under the successive influences of German and Italian Gothic. Other names, such as Mr. J. L. Pearson, Mr. W. White, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Slater, Mr. Bodley, Mr. Seddon, Mr. St. Aubyn, and Mr. Brooks, find their proper place in Mr. Eastlake's review; and there are many more, of course, who either are mentioned or might have been mentioned in this history. But the line must be drawn somewhere. It must have been a difficult task to avoid hurting many susceptibilities in the compilation of the later chapters of this history; and we may fairly congratulate Mr. Eastlake, on the whole, on his general impartiality and tact. The revival of Ecclesiastical Gothic in England has been mainly the work of the Church of England. The Roman Catholic body has never given its full adhesion to the movement. Cardinal Wiseman, indeed, is understood to have warmly preferred the Italian style to the last. Nevertheless, there have been, besides Pugin, several very able designers belonging to that communion, such as Mr. Hadfield, Mr. Nicholl, and Mr. Goldie. Mr. Eastlake has nothing to say, we believe, on the attempts to revive Gothic among the Nonconformists, and he has wholly forgotten the competition for the Law Courts. On the other hand, the notices of the most conspicuous new Gothic churches in London are very fairly complete. But the subject on which Mr. Eastlake most warmly expatiates is that development of freely handled Gothic in private residences in which Mr. Nesfield and Mr. Norman Shaw have made themselves conspicuous. Mr. Norman Shaw's peculiar facility in accommodating the principles of our indigenous Tudor to the wants of the reign of Victoria is shown in more than one illustration. It is curious that the one specimen of Mr. Burgess which is chosen for illustration should be a country house. Perhaps his *magnum opus*, Cork Cathedral, is excluded for geographical reasons; but we cannot accept the selected mansion as an adequate presentment of his powers. A fragment of his tendered design for the Law Courts would have been more to the purpose. It is to be hoped that any new edition of this book that may be called for will be "posted up" to meet the further growth of the Gothic revival. We have little doubt, for our own part, that many additional chapters will require to be written before the neo-Gothic shall cease to be a living style.

#### A BRIDGE OF GLASS.\*

THERE is no saying what people may or may not do when in a state of chronic idiocy or intermittent madness. The possibilities of human action are great, and no man has yet exhausted them; but we do not often come across such extraordinary methods of procedure as those common among the actors in *A Bridge of Glass*. In the everyday world, lawyers when one's affairs go cross, doctors when one is ill, and even the police when one's neighbours annoy one, play not unimportant parts; and business in business, and is conducted more or less according to rules and prescriptions. But *A Bridge of Glass* deals with a world where business habits are apparently unknown; where everybody manages his own little affairs with an originality and independence which would be profoundly embarrassing to the ordinary citizen; and where events go in a series of surprises, sudden, startling, unexpected, and unprepared for, and as little according to the gradual growth, the bit by bit evolution of action as we find it in real life, as a kangaroo's leaps are like a man's walk.

One of the peculiarities of the people of this book is that they are mainly nocturnal animals, and roam about at night as if they were beasts of prey. At the least excitement they are delivered from the vulgar need of sleep, and set themselves to scour the country, wet or fair; turning up in all manner of unexpected places at any time between midnight and morning. And as almost all the dramatic persons have this propensity, it can easily be imagined what marvellous things they see and hear, and how every one is playing at hide and seek with everybody else, with the dead certainty of being found out surreptitiously. Another odd feature in this book is the confusion of classes, and the more than republican equality of intercourse that pervades it. Countesses and farmers; viscounts and farmers' daughters; clerks at shabby offices on eighty pounds a year, and well-to-do Q.C.'s living in grand West-end squares; ragged beggar-girls sleeping by the roadside, and sparkling doubtful English when they wake, and possessors of the realm; a high-

shouldered poet, not above blacking his own boots, with five lords and ladies under his thumb—here they all are, mixed up together in a kind of social *old padside*, like to nothing on this side the globe, and, we should say, like to nothing on the other. Plots and counterplots exercise the ingenuity of the author and the intellectual perspicacity of the reader; spies who are in the pay of the one side and the service of the other, and who apparently are of no use to either, give occasion for a mild amount of curiosity as to what they really are, and to which party they are *de facto* loyal; secrets kept, now from the reader and now from certain of the actors, set a flood of guesses loose around the questions—who was the murderer? what was the mystery of widow Bennett's communications? when will Clem be told the truth? will Matthew triumph in the end, or that diabolical old Countess with her white face and her limp? will her habit of nocturnal prowling give her the last advantage, or will Matthew, with his variation of occasional sleep-walking, checkmate her abominable plots? will the good-for-nothing Viscount be kind enough to die and relieve poor Hesbie from her thralldom, or will fate and Nemesis prove too strong for her, and will she have to "dree her weird" to the bitter end? Guesses of this kind beguile the pages of the *Bridge of Glass*, as betting on the white horse used to beguile the coach-top journey; but the writer is merciful, and one sees every now and then a glimpse of the various solutions sought for, as we used to see the whisk of a white tail behind the distant hedge before the stage was done.

The motto of this book sufficiently indicates its intention:—

What a bridge  
Of glass I walk upon, over a river  
Of certain ruin.

Which is true enough for most of us; few of the sons of Adam or the daughters of Eve being fortunate enough to escape any such perilous roadway during their lives. But it is rare to find in one small village such a collection of glass bridges spanning such terrible rivers of ruin as Mr. Robinson has built up for us. For not only does the wicked old Countess limp over her glass bridge with no chance of getting on solid ground until she steps into the dark security of the grave, but every one else has his or her glass bridge also, where one unlucky fracture would tumble the miserable pedestrian headlong into destruction. Even Matthew the poet, a man blameless in his own life, and doing as he thinks best for the one dearest to him, deals with deception and suppression of the truth, unjust preference, and the unpardonable offence of acting for the brother without that brother's concurrence. He manipulates Clement's circumstances and irrevocably fixes them for life, keeping him ignorant of all that he ought to know, because he wishes to spare him the pain of a difficult decision for the first part—though Clem is no fool, and is well able to decide—and because he is in love with cousin Hesbie, and therefore desires to serve her for the second; hence he is always in terror lest Clem should come to a knowledge of the truth, and nullify the contract he has made with the usurper. Hesbie naturally has her bridge too, and that not a very safe one, when she consents to run away with Viscount Pounie, to whose mother she has been a kind of companion; and Viscount Pounie, who shares with the Earl his father and the Countess his mother the secret of their illegal possession and the fact that they are not the Earl and Countess Coldtown at all, nor is the Viscount Pounie, has his full share of slippery steps on an uncertain road. In fact, the only person among them all who walks as an honest man should, and who has no river of ruin running beneath his feet from which he is separated only by a frail partition, is Clement Quail, the poet's brother, who seems to us to be the shuttlecock and victim of everybody.

First, he is in love with Hesbie, and is allowed to be engaged to her after the proper amount of opposition from her father. He comes home, after an absence of four years in China, full of hope and happiness and energy, and with a beautiful brown tan on his face. But Hesbie has by this time fallen in love with Viscount Pounie; and instead of reciprocating her lover's raptures at their reunion, meets him with more than maidenly reserve, and something less than cousinly kindness; and in the second interview "declares off," and breaks the engagement. This is poor Clem's first ugly fall; and his sorrows are not assuaged when, on the night following this rude and sudden contact with earth after his lover-like flight to heaven, as he and his brother are shaking hands over his trouble—and Matthew's secret—Lady Coldtown comes knocking at the farmhouse door, bringing, as she says, "bad news"; to wit, that her companion, Hesbie Grace, Farmer Grace's daughter and cousin of the two Quails, has eloped with her son Viscount Pounie. The scene between this eccentric lady and what Mr. Robinson calls the "grim triumvirate" is immensely funny as a serious relation of possibilities; as a melodrama, scornful of all commonsense rules, it may perhaps pass. But after Farmer Grace has quietly asserted that he will kill Viscount Pounie "like a rabbit," and Clem has put in a generous word for the girl, and Matthew has insinuated something to the Countess which only he and she understand, and they have all been spasmodic and stagg, he, Matthew, insists on accompanying her home; and then the secret partially uncloses. Matthew is Earl of Coldtown, and somebody has murdered the beggar girl. Of course, if Matthew pressed his claims, it would be all the better for Clem; but the rights of this honest-hearted, brown-faced young man, do not seem to trouble his loving brother; and Matthew enters into an agreement to waive his own, consequently his brother's, claim, on consideration that the Viscount shall marry Hesbie, and so make an honest woman of her in the eyes of the world, though

\* *A Bridge of Glass*. By F. W. Robinson, Author of "Cousin Quail," "Merry," &c., &c. 3 vols. London: Hunt & Blackett.

she is still one in fact. Thus poor Clem loses both his wife and his prospective title at one blow, and soon after he loses his situation, and is glad to keep himself from starving on eighty pounds a year. Fortune, represented by Mr. Robinson, certainly makes no favourite of this young man. He gets into an electioneering row, and is dragged out of it more dead than alive, with a broken arm and a head considerably the worse from untimely contact with a horse's hoofs; but as the Q. C.'s niece, Fanny Redbridge, a young maiden of about twenty or so, nurses him assiduously, and as he falls in love with her in consequence, perhaps his disaster this time may be taken to mean a mercy in disguise. Still it is not all plain sailing even now, and there are perplexing complications with Hesbie and Fanny, and claims on the one side, and renunciations on the other, which keep up the shuttlecock character for some time yet. For, by reason of the Viscount having broken his neck through tumbling into, or rather down, the trap which the limping old Countess has set open at night for the somnambulant Matthew, Hesbie is free to fall in love over again with Clem; which she does by no means uncertainly or with undue reticence. And as Fanny is generous and fond of Lady Pounie, besides having the loving woman's modest idea that she is not worthy of her hero, she bravely suppresses herself and tells stories; and Clem is led the traditional dance between the one who will when he will not, and the other who will not when he would.

There is a creditable attempt at character in this queer book, but character for the most part of a distorted and exaggerated kind. The dreamy, high-shouldered poet, who lives alone in his small cottage, and transacts his business by methods unknown to ordinary men; his active, brisk, and hopeful brother, strong, brave, and also doing what he has to do by unlikely means; the Earl, a sketchy old dotard, whom a schoolboy would have termed a "duffer"; Farmer Grace, coarse but honest, and his wife peevish but a slave; Hesbie, with her vacillation of feeling, her vanity, and her truth—these are creatures something like the flesh-and-blood brothers and sisters with whom we sit down to dinner and share our hymn-books at church. Fanny Redbridge also is a nice little colourless maiden of everyday life, dressed in good taste, and not likely to strike out an independent path anyhow. But the wicked old Countess, with her limp and her midnight prowlings, her murderous fingers and her burglarious capacities; the Viscount her son, who has wooed for passion and is married by force, and who openly tells his wife that he has flung her into the way of her cousin, the eighty pounds a year clerk, in the hope of occasion for a divorce; and Hannah Bennett, who reads like a fragment of Mr. Henry Kingsley, are all melodramatic and unlikely, and the book would have been much improved by their removal. This combination of realism and melodrama rarely answers; the one makes the other tame on this side, monstrous on the other. It is a jangle of discords, where the only fault lies in an inharmonious combination, not in the notes themselves. Melodrama is at all times a doubtful kind of thing to deal with, and realism, tenderly, truthfully, and delicately rendered, is a far wholesomer intellectual diet. *A Bridge of Glass* may amuse some of its readers, but they will not be of the more critical kind, or those who have cultivated a keen sense of the fitness of things.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

**A** MEMOIR of President Tyler\* by a leading Virginian statesman cannot be devoid of personal and historical interest, however useless it may seem to revive in such a work the memory of political controversies belonging to a bygone state of things, and to renew on paper the discussion of issues long since decided by the sword. Mr. Wise, however, has views of his own upon the questions in which he bore an active part, and upon the various points of that great sectional dispute which was finally settled against his countrymen on the 9th of April, 1865; and he takes this opportunity of discussing the exact nature of the Constitution, and the precise duties and functions of States and Citizens under the Union as it stood in 1860. We should have thought it safer to rest the case of the South on two unquestionable facts; first, that several of the States in accepting the Union expressly reserved the right of secession; secondly, that the Convention of 1787, after full discussion, distinctly refused to the Federal Government the right of coercing a State by force of arms. But Mr. Wise prefers a point of view from which he thinks it possible to establish the illegality of all that Congress has done since the close of the war to extinguish the independent powers of the States and the liberties of the South. A very considerable part of his volume is devoted to these discussions. Its historical passages are chiefly remarkable for the light they throw on certain critical periods of American history, and particularly on the Presidency of General Jackson, from which dates the modern demoralization of American statesmen and American politics. The elevation of a man honest in his way, but ignorant, violent, and reckless in an extraordinary degree, to a position of enormous and practically irresponsible power, led to the overthrow of all the moral restraints recognized by the cultivated and well-trained statesmen who had preceded him—restraints without which no

mere legal checks can render a free Constitution workable—and opened the way for a flood of political corruption which since that time has never subsided. The recklessness of law, of truth, and of all conventional rules of equity and honour which characterized the conduct of General Jackson; his determination to sweep away all opposition, internal or external, to his own policy; the violence of his action, and the unscrupulousness of his intrigues, are here exposed by one who was behind the scenes at the time, and has since had access to the public and private documents bearing upon the events of that day. Of the subsequent petty struggles in which he acted with Mr. Tyler, down to the death of the latter in 1862, while Southern hopes were still high, Mr. Wise gives a clear, though often a very brief account; and on the whole his book has this advantage over most American biographies, that the narrative is short, and, but for the interspersed political disquisitions, close and consecutive, and not overloaded by needless masses of uninteresting letters and unnecessary documents.

We have recently had occasion (*Saturday Review*, February 10, 1872) to speak in some detail of the career of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford. Very few lives afford more curious and interesting material to the biographer, or demand from him a deeper insight into the eccentricities of exceptional natures, and a more painstaking search for the motives and circumstances that governed a career altogether outside the average experience even of men of genius.\* Endowments so various and so remarkable, fortunes so diversified, a life spent in great employments, and yet appearing altogether to have missed its fitting goal, marked by many great successes in utterly different fields of enterprise, yet on the whole scarcely to be regarded as other than a failure, require a very unusual discernment of character if the biography is not to be as fragmentary and incoherent as the life itself appears. A yeoman's son in Massachusetts; an apprentice; a student of science, with scarcely any means of regular study; an officer in the Colonial Militia; a suspected Royalist; a proscribed and banished Tory; an exile promoted to high office in England; a Royalist soldier in America; a wanderer once more out of employment, and finding favour in foreign Courts; a Minister in Bavaria, again advanced to high military promotion, and proving himself one of the ablest commissaries of his day; a Count of the Holy Roman Empire; an Ambassador to the Court of his native Sovereign, though not received as such; in his later life, again a devotee of science and philanthropy; the founder of the Royal Institution, the reformer of the German poor-law system, the inventor of stoves and kitchen-ranges, the deviser of the "English Garden" in Munich—Count Rumford displayed in every one of his various pursuits talents and resources which might have raised him to lasting fame, and yet he left behind him the reputation of eccentricity rather than of genius, of an adventurer rather than a statesman, a speculator rather than a discoverer. The peculiarities of character and fortune which brought about this result, which made the Count so successful in individual undertakings, yet so little successful upon the whole, which made him so popular in society, yet so unhappy in his domestic relations, Mr. Ellis has not succeeded in tracing, nay, hardly attempts to trace. As an American, he occupies more space than the true proportions of the subject demand with the discussion of his hero's relations with his native country; but even here, though in possession of special information, he fails distinctly to explain the real position of Mr. Thompson at the outbreak of the Colonial war, and, in trying to avoid imputations on either side, he leaves on the reader's mind a certain suspicion, which arises more than once in the course of the narrative, of the good faith and trustworthiness of the brilliant subject of the memoir. The story of such a career cannot be otherwise than interesting; but we hardly think that Mr. Ellis has done full justice to materials which should have made his volume one of the most popular and attractive of the season.

A really good life of the great Confederate General, as well as a Confederate history of the war, worthy of the name, is still a desideratum. One very creditable, though imperfect, account of General Lee's campaigns we have already noticed; another is now before us, somewhat less agreeable and genial in tone, but still painstaking and candid.† It is obvious that, unless the General himself should have left behind him materials for a history of the Virginian struggle—a task which he attempted, but in which he was greatly hindered by the destruction of his papers (by whom?)—any satisfactory narrative must be looked for from the few survivors of those who served with him in high positions. No one else can possess that intimate knowledge of facts which is necessary to an intelligible account of military operations; still less can any stranger to the head-quarters staff be expected to possess that personal acquaintance with the views and conduct of its chief which would be naturally desired in a biographer. With the domestic life of the General the present writer does not pretend to any acquaintance; in fact, he obviously knows nothing more of General Lee than might be known by any Virginian gentleman

\* *Memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, with Notices of his Daughter*. By George E. Ellis. Published in connection with an edition of Rumford's complete works, by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston. Philadelphia: Published for the Academy by Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Life and Campaigns of General Robert E. Lee*. By James D. McCabe, jun. With Steel Plate and Maps. (Issued by Subscription only.) Atlanta, Ga.: Philadelphia, Pa.: Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis: Mo. National Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co.

\* *Seven Decades of the Union, the Humanities, and Materialism; illustrated by a Life of John Tyler; with Reminiscences of some of his great Contemporaries. The Transition State of this Nation; its Dangers, and their Remedies*. By E. A. Wise. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1872.



who had access to the ordinary sources of information respecting the previous records of the United States army, and who had been in communication with the Confederate leaders, civil and military, during and since the Civil War. His book, therefore, can do little more than recall what was known already. Concerning the youth and manhood of his hero Mr. McCabe can tell us nothing beyond his pedigree and the public mention of his services in the Mexican war; concerning his last years, all he has to say is summed up in a few paragraphs; and his history of the Virginian campaigns is neither valuable for new information nor particularly remarkable for clearness and vigour of style. It can at most only remind us how admirably General Lee conducted the struggle against tremendous odds and under terrible disadvantages; how his wise forbearance and Christian chivalry contrasted with the braggart arrogance and wanton violence of such antagonists as Hooker and Pope. In one respect, however, Mr. McCabe's narrative is original; but unhappily on that point it exhibits so marked a bias that we are inclined to distrust it. According to him, much of the difficulty and failure which attended the efforts of General Lee was caused by the mismanagement of the Government, and especially by the incompetence of the Commissary-General, and the obstinacy of President Davis. It is only fair to say that we have heard from other, and perhaps more impartial, sources a somewhat similar statement; that men who have no grudge against Mr. Davis insist that he was too confident in his own private knowledge and estimate of the men he chose to employ, some of whom he had known but imperfectly and very long before; and that when he had once appointed a man, he stood by him in spite of all representations, and against the most violent storms of public displeasure. But it is also just to say that we believe—and the biographer substantially admits—that General Lee, who must have been the chief and most conscious sufferer by such faults, never was said to have given any countenance to the charges against Mr. Davis, but, on the contrary, seems to have trusted him entirely, and to have been entirely trusted by him. Another of Mr. McCabe's criticisms is more novel, and perhaps more worthy of confidence, inasmuch as American writers are not, like Englishmen, prone to bestow lavish censure on the general body of their countrymen. The author points out that the Southern people were very long in learning the real character of the struggle on which they had entered, or appreciating the resolution and the power of their enemy; that after Manassas they believed the war to be at an end, and that the army nearly dissolved itself in consequence; that many of the disasters in the West were in great measure owing to this folly; and that at the commencement of the Virginian campaign of 1862, and on other critical occasions, the rolls of the Virginian army contained thousands of names whose bearers were not present with the colours. On the whole, perhaps the most original, and therefore the most interesting, part of this volume relates to the military policy of the Confederacy, the practical difficulties found in working a Federal Constitution in time of war, and the military shortcomings of the Southern people. Its worst defect is perhaps the absence of any detailed account of the career of General Lee from his surrender to his death—a period passed in formal silence and retirement, but during which his influence on the temper and conduct of the South was incalculable, and was exercised with a wisdom, a self-denial, an abnegation of personal pride and passion, and a pure devotion to the apparent interests of his unhappy country, which displayed a truer greatness, and perhaps did more to endear him to the Southern people, than even his splendid and spotless career during the four years of the war. Never, perhaps, was a great man more severely and searchingly tried; never was a man found more thoroughly equal to the trial. The one fact that the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate armies, who had always maintained that his allegiance was due to Virginia, and who had taken up arms simply in her defence, should have set his comrades the example of applying for that pardon which the legislation of the conquerors rendered necessary to their private peace and public usefulness, though it could be of no avail to him, affords a signal and sufficient proof of superiority to some of the deepest and most excusable of human weaknesses. A biography of General Lee which practically ends in 1865, is but a fragmentary and mutilated representation of a noble life—a story from which the finest and most striking chapter is omitted.

Mr. W. D. Kelley is not a man of great note, and most of his speeches\* may be passed over without other loss than the reader sustains in missing the lesson how ingeniously even so absurd a thing as American Protection may be defended by special arguments drawn from an exceptional state of things. The theory that Free-trade exhausts soils and impoverishes farmers may seem very absurd to English economists, but it sounds like practical common sense to a politician little acquainted with general principles, who has derived his concrete ideas of policy from merely American examples, and looks to the Cotton States as the current instance of Free-trade influences. But the speeches that are really interesting are those delivered by Mr. Kelley to Southern audiences. Taking for granted that the South was wrong from first to last—wrong in demanding equal rights within the Union, as well as in seceding when they were refused—Mr. Kelley nevertheless addresses his unfortunate fellow-countrymen in a tone

of sympathy, courtesy, and earnest desire to help them out of their calamities, which, in spite of the offensive assumption of superiority often implied, presents an honourable and pleasing contrast to the general tone of Republican feeling, and to that impolitic spirit of proscription which, ever since the war, has governed the conduct of Mr. Sumner and the section of which he is the leader. And the reception given to these speeches by Southern audiences in the very centres of strong Southern opinion is in itself a sufficient proof that Mr. Kelley is as wise as he is generous, and Mr. Sumner as foolish as he is spiteful. When we find that a reform of the Civil Service is gravely objected to on the ground that it would admit ex-rebels, or the sons of such, or suspected sympathizers with rebellion—that is, that Southerners and Peace Democrats might, after seven years of peace, be gradually admitted to civil office—we may well welcome such evidences of charity and good sense as Mr. Kelley's speeches afford.

One of the bitterest controversies of the war will be revived for a time by the publication of a Memoir of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren\*, written by his father, Admiral Dahlgren, and published after his death by the widowed mother. Colonel Dahlgren, a promising young cavalry officer, was in March 1864 placed at the head of a chosen body of men, with orders to penetrate into Richmond, and to release the Union prisoners there. What further orders were given, what further purpose was in view, we do not venture to say. The Confederate Government believed that it was intended to attack and murder Mr. Davis and his Ministers; the Federal authorities denied the charge, as Admiral Dahlgren does, in a manner which suggested suspicions that there was something at least which would not bear avowal. The attempt failed; and in attempting to escape Dahlgren was killed and most of his party cut off. The Memoir is written in a style such as might have been permitted or forgiven at the moment to a woman maddened by grief, and knowing nothing of the laws of war, but which is highly discreditable if we are really to suppose the language to be that of an experienced officer writing years after the event. Not only are all the charges of maltreatment of Unionist prisoners revived, in the teeth of the fact that the mortality was greater in the Federal prisons, where neglect or want must have been totally without excuse, than in those of the South, under pressure at once of invasion and famine; not only are the Confederate leaders reviled as men who had no cause of war, as mere pirates and murderers; but the fact, or allegation, that an ambush was laid, into which Dahlgren and his party fell, is made an excuse for calling the Confederate guerrillas "felons," and talking about "the assassin's bullet." That men have no right to resist invasion, and that it is murder to surprise a party of the enemy who have just failed in a surprise of their own, are doctrines which we should hardly have expected from a man of Admiral Dahlgren's rank and profession; and we venture to hope that these and other extravagances which are scattered through the volume may be due to another and a less responsible hand.

Mr. Talmage's *Abominations of Modern Society*† is a vehement invective against what he considers the worst and most prevalent vices of American city life; grinding oppression of needlewomen by hard masters, gambling, drinking, and so forth. Much of the declamation is really vigorous and effective, and some of the descriptive passages are graphic and terribly truthful. The impression left by the denunciation of drunkenness—that alcoholic indulgence is fearfully prevalent and fearfully destructive in the better classes of American society, and all the more so because wine and beer are banished from respectable tables, and men drink not at dinner and in public, but privately and all day long—corresponds but too well with what we gather from other sources. But the wild extravagance of other passages, the denunciation of clubs as an unmixed nuisance, the attempt to suppress the use of alcohol in all forms and in any quantities, the general disregard of proportion and moderation, can only tend to disgust and alienate sensible readers.

The idea of giving life and interest to a series of travel-sketches‡, otherwise too familiar, by throwing them into the form of fiction and shaping them into the story of a wedding-tour, is not altogether novel. But it is a plan which admits of various adaptations, and is plastic enough to furnish more than one writer with a model to his mind; and Mr. Howells has contrived to work the notion into a tolerably readable letterpress, illustrated after a serio-comic fashion by Mr. Augustus Hoppin. *Their Wedding Journey*, from Boston to Quebec, is not very striking, but it is lively, pleasant, and sensible, and may well furnish entertainment for an idle hour.

Day's *Logical Praxis*§ is a brief manual of logic, with somewhat less regard for the established formularies and technical terms of the science than might be convenient to students likely to require a treatise so elementary.

\* *Memoir of Ulric Dahlgren*. By his Father, Rear-Admiral Dahlgren. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.; Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *The Abominations of Modern Society*. By Rev. J. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, New York. New York: R. D. Dickinson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *Their Wedding Journey*. By W. D. Howells, Author of "Venetian Life," "Italian Journeys," &c. With Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.; Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

§ *Logical Praxis; comprising a Summary of the Principles of Logical Science and Copious Exercises for Practical Application*. By Henry N. Day, Author of "Elements of Logic, Rhetoric, Rhetorical Praxis, Esthetics," &c. New Haven, Conn.: Cushman & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\* *Speeches, Addresses, and Letters on Industrial and Financial Questions*. To which is added an Introduction, together with Copious Notes and an Index. By William D. Kelley, M.C. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

**ETIOLATED PUPA** - A. **ETIOLATED PUPA**  
I have a Younger, from 1870, to  
housekeeper, St. Louis, Mo.



THE

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## THE BUDGET.

THE Budget of 1872 effects a partial rectification of the error of 1871. The burden of the Income-tax is prospectively reduced within the limits which experience has shown to be desirable; but the holders of precarious incomes during the past year can receive no compensation for the unequal pressure which they have borne. Mr. Lowe stated that within three years more than 12,000,000*l.* of debt has been paid off; and he might have added that one-fourth of the amount has been unnecessarily extorted from Income-tax payers by the addition of twopence in the pound under the third Budget of last year. It cannot be too constantly remembered by Finance Ministers that income serves as an index of taxable wealth only when it extends over a long series of years. The modern practice of meeting exceptional liabilities by a temporary increase of the rate is not the less vicious because it has been adopted in turn by both the great political parties. Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues compelled Income tax payers to provide for the cost of the Abyssinian war, as Mr. LOWE mulcted them on account of the failure of his unhappy match-tax and of his Succession Duty. Even if no other resource could be found, the result has proved that an addition of one penny would have been amply sufficient; and half an injustice is better than the whole. The increase in the rate, together with the new rule of collection which was established two or three years ago, fully accounts for the renewed agitation against the principle of the tax. It would be far better to make the collection half-yearly at some additional cost than to place an excessive and unreasonable pressure on the needier taxpayers exactly at the time of Christmas bills. The complaints which have been urged against the alleged harshness of the assessors are probably in the majority of cases unfounded. It is necessary to check the inaccurate returns of tradesmen, but the best mode of instilling into their minds a comparative regard for honesty is to impose a low rate of duty. As Mr. Lowe observes, the productiveness of each penny in the pound varies inversely with the rate of taxation. When the tax was, in the last year of the Crimean war, raised to sixteenpence in the pound, only the most scrupulous traders could afford to keep a conscience. With only fourpence at stake many taxpayers will be inclined to make true returns.

The deduction of 8*o* *l.* a year from the taxable value of incomes up to 300*l.* a year approximates but remotely to the Communism which is nervously apprehended by Mr. BENTINCK. It may be roughly calculated that the owners of incomes ranging from 100*l.* to 300*l.* a year are more heavily taxed than either the richer or the poorer part of the community. In proportion to their means, the poorer middle and upper classes pay more than their share of duties on consumption; and it is reasonable that they should be allowed a certain compensation in their assessment to the Income-tax. In some cases the exemption will perhaps be unduly favourable, as when a tenant farmer of 600*l.* a year is only taxed on an income of 220*l.*; but in matters of taxation nice distinctions are impracticable, and the limit of 300*l.* is as fair as any arbitrary line which could have been drawn. It is not easy to understand Mr. Lowe's definite estimate of the number of taxpayers to whom he proposes to extend the 8*o* *l.* deduction. It is possible that the contributors to the tax between 200*l.* and 300*l.* a year included in several of the schedules may number 167,000; but fundholders, shareholders, mortgagees, and several other classes of taxpayers, who will be entitled to the rebate, make no separate returns. It is much to be wished that Mr. Lowe and his successors may be able and willing to avoid any further changes in the rate of Income-tax for many years. Mr. VERNON HARRINGTON is too hasty in the expression of his hope that the pressure of the tax may render it

unendurable. There is no juster or less oppressive tax in the entire fiscal system of England, as long as the rate is permanent and not excessive. Nothing can be more improbable than that the present generation should consent to abandon a mode of taxation which falls but remotely and indirectly on the poorer classes, and which is collected with a minimum of expense. Those who pay the tax would be short-sighted as well as selfish in endeavouring to relieve themselves of a contribution which mitigates the invidious character of wealth. Even Schedule D. ought to satisfy itself that the community would grudge the exemption of the vast aggregate income of the bulk of the middle class. Bankers, brewers, and cotton-spinners have little reason to complain of their relation to the rest of society. Revolutionary theorists never fail to include capitalists as well as landowners among their prospective victims of spoliation.

Experience will show whether the reduction of the duty on coffee by one half will encourage consumption, or even reach the consumer. It is not understood that a corresponding operation has reduced the retail price of sugar; but in both cases the advantage which must accrue to traders will perhaps ultimately benefit the general community. There is much force in Mr. MUNZ's remark that no reduction in the coffee duty will produce much effect until coffee is made more palatable. The inability to make the most of things which distinguishes the British maid and matron is nowhere more conspicuously displayed than in the muddy decoction which passes by the name of coffee. Fortunately no amount of stupidity can altogether spoil good tea, if only the water boils. As far as the revenue is concerned, there would be little advantage in increasing the consumption of coffee to the detriment of the receipts from tea. The whole amount is so trifling that, notwithstanding Mr. Lowe's just prejudices against a free breakfast table, it may probably in a future year be worth while to relinquish the remainder of the duty. The trifling alteration in the details of the House Duty will give satisfaction to the City and to other places of business; and the mention of the tax may suggest a feeling of satisfaction at the abandonment of Mr. GOSCHEN's preposterous scheme of handing over the proceeds of the duty to the local ratepayers. If the plan had been adopted, Mr. Lowe would have been compelled to retain one-half of his last year's addition to the Income-tax. Another negative merit of the Budget consists in the absence of any misappropriation of revenue to the creation of Terminable Annuities. The achievements of former years in this direction afford little ground for complacency. It is true that if nothing happens in the meantime to the contrary, the taxpayers of 1885 will be relieved from a capital amount of debt which will represent somewhat less than 2,000,000*l.* a year. They will also have the satisfaction of knowing that they and their predecessors have purchased the reduction at the cost of unnecessary expense and inconvenience. If it is thought desirable to pay off a part of the debt out of income, the easiest and cheapest plan would be to provide a surplus to be openly devoted to the purpose. It is a question whether it is desirable to anticipate the process by which the burden of the debt becomes annually lighter with the diminishing value of money.

In the discussion which followed Mr. Lowe's statement all the speakers naturally abstained from referring to the dark cloud in the West which renders the present prosperity of the country insecure. If peace is not disturbed, the great expansion of trade which has taken place in the last two years may probably continue. The termination of the French Commercial Treaty will be a check too insignificant to affect the general result; and it is not known that the markets of the world are yet glutted with English products. Nearly all branches of industry seem thus far capable of bearing the

increase in the cost of production which is caused by the almost universal advance of the rate of wages and by the reduction of the daily time of labour. As long as the national prosperity is not impaired, it is in the highest degree satisfactory that the bulk of the population should have their full share of augmented profits; and the expenditure of the working classes, increasing in proportion to their receipts, contributes directly to the revenue. Mr. Lowe's reminiscences of the period during which he has administered the national finances were highly cheerful. For a long time, except for special and occasional interruptions, the public income has been irrepressibly elastic; and no economist seems to have made even an approximate estimate of the proportion of the increase which is due to the depreciation of gold. The rise of prices, or the fall in the value of money, also explains a part of the apparently unavoidable growth of expenditure. Mr. BRIGHT still believes, except when he is in office, that an expenditure of seventy millions a year is culpably excessive; and Mr. GLADSTONE has occasionally expressed a similar opinion; but year after year the Estimates exceed the prescribed limits, and there appears to be little hope of a large reduction. The golden age of the Duke of WELLINGTON, who was nevertheless driven from office by a vote for the appointment of a Committee on Finance, is not destined to return. The expenditure on the army and navy then amounted to 11,000,000*l.*, and the difference between the Estimates of 1830 and those of 1872 would admit of the abolition of the income-tax, of the Malt Duty, and perhaps of one or two other taxes. Some consolation may be found in the fact that the wealth of the country has grown more largely than the nominal taxation, which again largely exceeds the real increase of public burdens. A penny in the pound of income-tax now produces more than twice as much as in 1842.

#### THE RESTORATION OF SEBASTOPOL.

AFTER the rupture of the Treaty of Paris it was easy to foresee that the fortifications of Sebastopol would at the convenience of the Russian Government be reconstructed. It is fortunately not now necessary to repeat the submission of the English Government, or the repudiation of the Russian engagements. The Conference of 1871 formally and finally abolished the agreement which was the principal result of the Crimean war. The soundness of a policy of unlimited concession was examined at the time; and it would be useless to renew the discussion, though some popular delusions have since been disturbed by the failure of the simultaneous surrender of Washington. Notwithstanding verbal protests, Russia has established the principle that any Power which is strong enough to defy resistance may lawfully release itself from covenants which have at any former time been made under pressure of superior force. International obligations have in a great measure ceased to be practically binding since the dissolution of the European system which was once roughly administered by the Five Great Powers, or by the majority of their number; and the present generation has almost forgotten the profound security which prevailed in Europe during the thirty years which followed the end of the great French war. It would have been imprudent, or perhaps impossible, for England after the fall of France to offer immediate and active resistance to the new Russian aggression; but the contingent right of maintaining the Treaty might have been reserved, to be exercised at any future time in favourable circumstances. One effect of the abolition of the Treaty has been an ostensible change in the relations of Russia with Turkey. The SULTAN now professes the utmost confidence in the ancient enemy of his race, and the hostility of the semi-official Russian press is for the time almost wholly directed against Austria. The conduct of Turkey after the denunciation of the Treaty by Russia was straightforward, and in the highest degree honourable. The Porte was willing to offer its utmost resistance to the encroachment, if only it were assured of the support of England; but at the same time it declined to furnish a pretext for resentment by making any empty remonstrance. The truce which has ensued deceives neither Turkey nor Russia, although it is convenient to both. Some time must elapse before the fortifications and armaments in the Black Sea are complete, and in the meanwhile it suits the purpose of Russia to exercise a diplomatic influence at Constantinople. When the time for further aggression has arrived, there will be no difficulty in deriving a ground of quarrel as plausible as the famous grievance which related to the keys of certain buildings at Jeru-

Russian soldiers and statesmen now recognize the impossibility of advancing against Constantinople through the European provinces of Turkey as long as the power of Austria is unbroken; and it is not impossible that future operations may in preference be directed against the Turkish possessions in Asia Minor. The fleet which will be hereafter stationed at Nicolaieff or Sebastopol could at the most only act as an auxiliary force; for even if Constantinople could be occupied as the result of a maritime expedition, a garrison could not safely depend exclusively on communication by sea. For some years to come the Turkish fleet will be fully equal in strength to any naval force which is likely to exist in the Black Sea; and the Straits and narrow seas supply a refuge not less secure than the harbour of Sebastopol. If the Asiatic approaches to the capital can be successfully defended, the fall of Turkey may perhaps be indefinitely postponed. The unpleasant feeling which is caused by the intended restoration of Sebastopol is caused rather by the slight which seems to be inflicted on England than by the immediate risk of a new attack on Turkey. It is impossible to deny the fact that the fruits of the Crimean war have been lost, or rather that a security which had been intended to be perpetual has been, against the will of the holders, commuted into an annuity for eighteen or twenty years. The war itself, though it was not fruitful of military glory, was successful in the attainment of its main object. The ambitious projects of Russia were checked for the greater part of a generation, and the wanton invasion of the Danubian provinces was both repelled and punished. Although no warlike enterprise was ever more carelessly and thoughtlessly undertaken, the landing in the Crimea proved ultimately more injurious to Russia than any alternative mode of attack which could have been suggested. The long distances which had proved fatal to former invaders were turned against the defenders, and the Allies, with their own ports for a base of operations, were more easily supplied with stores and reinforcements than the garrison of Sebastopol. The provisional occupation of the Principalities by an Austrian army which professed to be neutral was in itself a decisive proof of the grave error which had been committed by the Emperor Nicholas; for offensive operations were rendered impossible by the action of a nominally neutral Power, while the enemy, after the destruction of the Russian fleet, invested the formidable stronghold of Sebastopol. Since the peace there has been no renewal of cordiality between Russia and England; but the animosity of Russia against Austria has been far deeper and more ostentatious.

The respite which was secured to Turkey by the war has not been altogether wasted. The domestic reforms which were enacted at the instigation of England have from the first not been wholly inoperative, and the present Ministers seem to be making serious efforts to render them practically effective. It was perhaps necessary that the equality of races and religions before the law should be proclaimed long before it was actually established. Innovations which have been but nominally introduced lose their paradoxical character by familiarity with an improved theory. It is doubtful whether it will be at any time possible for the Turkish Government to acquire the confidence of its Christian subjects; but it is certain that Russia has always been opposed to the trial of the experiment. During the slow progress of civil reform and of religious equality the Turkish army and navy have been more rapidly reorganized; and although the military establishments of Russia have been augmented in proportion, there would be a better chance of repelling an invasion in 1872 than in 1853. The triumph of a firm policy during the Cretan insurrection has for the time repressed the vexatious activity of Greece; and the Viceroys of Egypt, though he has often displayed tendencies to insubordination, has never yet ventured directly to disobey the orders of his Sovereign. Roumania is less troublesome since its acquisition of partial independence than in the period immediately before the war; and the Chancellor of the German Empire, for his own purposes, lately reminded the Government of Bucharest that Roumania was still feudally dependent on the Porte. If the numerous politicians who prophesy the extinction of the Turkish power are justified in their predictions, the interval which has been allowed may perhaps have partially prepared the subject races for the future enjoyment of independence. It is even now doubtful whether the Slavonic inhabitants of Turkey are anxious to accept the dominion of Russia; and the cherished dream of a Greek Empire has been temporarily or finally dissipated.

The abolition of the Treaty, and its practical result in the proposed restoration of Sebastopol, afford a striking, though



superfluous, proof of the fragility of contracts as compared with territorial conquests and other material guarantees. The strip of land which was by the Treaty detached from Bessarabia for the purpose of excluding Russia from the left bank of the estuary of the Danube, is still held by Turkey, though perhaps on an insecure tenure. An attempt to repossess it by force would have been an act of war, while the repudiation of the undertaking to abstain from building an armed fleet in the Black Sea was easily effected by a couple of Circulars, and by a Conference charged to give effect to the policy of Russia. It is not certain that the additional alur which has been thrown on the credit of international engagements tends to promote civilization or to mitigate the evils of war. The restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Paris were only onerous to Russia as far as they threw impediments in the way of future aggression on Turkey. It might be contended with some show of reason that even to Russia it would be advantageous to prefer the peaceable development of her own resources to the forcible extension of an enormous Empire. A standing army nominally consisting of more than a million men involves, even in time of peace, heavy sacrifices of treasure and of life; and a change of fiscal policy would at once secure all the commercial benefits which could result from the acquisition of the most fertile neighbouring territories. In Central Asia it may perhaps be advisable for the Russian Government to establish order and to open intercourse by the process of conquest; but the annexation of Austrian and Turkish provinces could only gratify national vanity or ambition. No design can be more laudable than the establishment of commercial ports in the Black Sea wherever they may be required; but Sebastopol with nothing behind it in the nature of demand or of produce is not naturally calculated to compete with Odessa. The fortification of the town and harbour will suggest the expediency of providing ironclads and artillery, and when all preparations are finished, there will be strong temptation to make use of the resources which will have been accumulated. Happily the danger is not immediately pressing.

#### FRENCH FINANCE.

IN estimating the prospects of French finance we must take account of what is favourable as well as of what is unfavourable; and there are not wanting symptoms of the great wealth and resources of France, even at a time of much suffering and disorder. It is not a slight matter that the Bank of France should have found scarcely any of the debts contracted with it during the war bad or doubtful. The value of the notes of the Bank, again, is well maintained, and the circulation recedes from, rather than approaches, its authorised limits. The new taxes, too, are bringing in more than was calculated, and in no part of France and in no class of taxpayers have they provoked serious discontent. France is a rich country, easy to tax, with its commerce conducted on sound and cautious principles, and with a National Bank in a healthy and prosperous condition. But it is evident that, however great may be the resources of France, there is going to be a very heavy drain on them, and that French finance is under the control of men who have no scientific knowledge, and no conception of the exact nature of the burdens they are laying on the country. The Assembly quarrelled with M. THIERS because it thought his expenditure excessive, and his views of taxation dangerous. But after many weeks of consideration it has not succeeded in reducing his estimates, and it has nothing to propose in order to fill up the deficit, while he is always recurring to his cherished plan of the taxation of raw materials. It would have seemed as if a great fight might have been successfully made to reduce the enormous expenditure on the army. But M. THIERS wishes to have a very large and a very expensive army, and he is getting his way completely. He boasts that he has got an admirable army of 130,000 men near Paris, besides the large forces at Lyons and in the South, and that he will soon double the number of the soldiers ready for immediate war. He aims at having, and thinks he shall soon have, a French army which, with its reserves, will reach the enormous figure of 1,500,000 men. He has armed some portion of this army, and will soon arm the whole, with the best weapons that science can invent and money can procure, and he is highly pleased with the devotion and intelligence of the officers at his disposal. He is going to extend the fortifications of Paris so as to embrace the heights which the Germans fired in the late siege, and to cover the Eastern frontier of France with a line of fortresses. Such reductions as he once proposed to make in the navy are apparently to

be abandoned. The general result is that France, which was taxed so heavily under the Empire for military purposes, is now to be taxed still more heavily. Englishmen complain bitterly of the sums they have to find for the army and navy, but England is thriving and at peace, while France, reeling under the calamities of a disastrous war, will have to find at least three millions, and probably five millions, more for its army and navy than England does. France has to choose between occupying for a time a secondary position in European politics and exhausting itself in order to become as quickly as possible once more a cause of alarm to its neighbours. M. THIERS has willed that the latter shall be the choice of France; and there is no one in France to stop him in anything on which he is bent.

The reasons why the Assembly has found itself unable to make any serious reductions of expenditure are very simple. In all great matters, such as that of the military policy of France, it has either to quarrel with M. THIERS or to obey him; and it has preferred to obey him. In smaller matters it finds itself almost entirely precluded from economy by the position in which it is placed. It is voting the Budget for the financial year which is almost come to an end, and the money has been spent. If it has not been actually spent, the Government has entered into engagements, or given promises, or held out hopes which make it necessary that it should be spent. A Government that wants to spend money is always extremely powerful, for each item of expenditure always receives the support of some class or clique who are much more anxious that the money should be spent than any other set of people are that it should not be spent. When a Government which cannot be overthrown confers with a body like a Budget Commission, it quickly converts it to Ministerial views; for the Commission has the reasons on which the Government is acting brought vividly before it, and cannot give much weight to arguments which would really involve the necessity of some other set of persons than the actual Ministry having the control of affairs. Individual members are powerless, for if the Government and the Budget Commission are agreed that money must be spent, a private member who advocates economy is immediately silenced as needlessly interrupting the course of public business. There are always, again, very excellent grounds why each little fraction of the public expenditure should have its place. One of the few recent discussions on the Budget of any interest arose out of a proposal to reduce the subventions to the French theatres. But M. JULES SIMON, in whose department as Minister of Public Instruction the care of the theatres is supposed to lie, resolutely refused to have 20,000*l.* cut off his estimates. His arguments were to the effect that it was art that made France great; that if the French did not write plays, and show how to act them, there would be no dramatic art left in Europe; and that unless the State provided a few theatres with money enough to act pieces of a high character, there would be nothing acted in Paris but burlesques and indecent farces, and then France would be indeed demoralized. Besides its large subvention, the Opera receives 60,000*l.* to be spent this year on the completion of the new building, and the two amounts certainly seem to make together rather a startling figure in the Budget of a distressed nation. But then, as M. BEULÉ reminded the Assembly, the French Opera is "the highest expression of lyricism," and that was an appeal which few Frenchmen would care to decline. There can be no doubt that France does not pay subventions to theatres without getting something very valuable in return, that the nation may be reasonably proud of the Français, and that it was the French Opera which enabled some of the greatest Italian and German composers to show what was in them. But at a time like the present to give 67,000*l.* in subventions, and to pay 60,000*l.* towards the construction of an Opera-house, would perhaps seem an exaggerated tribute to art, were it not that the expenditure is lavish on all hands.

Almost at the same time that the question of the theatrical subventions was discussed, another item of expenditure, that of prizes to be given at races, became the subject of debate. A private member with a sporting turn of mind proposed that on this head the expenditure should be not reduced, but increased, and, with the support of the Government, he actually succeeded in getting a hundred thousand francs devoted to racing beyond what the Government had itself agreed with the Committee should be asked for. If racing was to be thus encouraged, why, members might reasonably ask themselves, should the Français be discouraged? The old truth was once more apparent, that a popular Assembly can spend money, but cannot save it. On this occasion the friends of economy were even at a greater

disadvantage than they usually are, for, if they seemed to be making a point, there was immediately a cry that they ought to reserve what they were saying until the Budget of 1873 came on for discussion. Even the very important question whether eight millions a year should be raised in order to pay off the Bank of France was considered as beyond the range of practical discussion, because an arrangement to pay off the advances of the Bank by annual instalments was made last June. No one doubts that the financial position of France can never be really what it should be until specie payments are resumed; and specie payments cannot be resumed until a very large portion of the advances of the Bank are repaid. At present the Bank charges one per cent. for its advances, and although the Commission hoped to get the Bank to take sixty centimes instead of a franc in the hundred as interest, the Bank resisted, and was successful, because the Government cannot do without the Bank. The credit of the Bank is necessary to support that of the Government, in order to maintain the value of a forced circulation; and the Bank is thus in a position to demand terms which are enabling it to pay a very handsome dividend to its shareholders. If France could raise eight millions a year for eight years without feeling it seriously, it would be quite worth while to do so in order that a specie currency might be resumed. But it is highly probable that France will do nothing of the sort, and that it will borrow at six per cent. to pay off money for which it is only paying one per cent.; and there is therefore much force in the reasoning of those who say that the true policy would be to go on paying one per cent. to the Bank until the country is in a position to raise on favourable terms the whole sum necessary for the resumption of specie payments.

It is obvious that one reason why the notes of the Bank of France maintain their present value is that the time can be calculated when, under existing arrangements, the advances to the Government will be paid off and specie payment resumed. But the real question is, whether the Government will not be always borrowing as much as it pays off. It is exceedingly difficult to say what would be the total amount required to free France from every claim, for every day some new demand is made on the Government, or the Government conceives that something new is necessary for its purposes. But the best French judges are of opinion that France, to clear itself from actual liabilities, must borrow four milliards of money, three for the Germans and one for internal purposes. This is the prominent fact in French finance. France must before long be a borrower of a hundred and eighty millions sterling. Perhaps it will not openly try to borrow so much. It may seek to confine its operations as much as possible to borrowing enough for the German indemnity. But it will then be obliged to have recourse to all those expedients by which a country in difficulties tries to encounter the pressure of a vast floating debt. It will in fact be paying off the advances of the Bank, which bear interest at one per cent., and borrowing from the Bank, or from other sources, at a rate which can scarcely be less than six per cent. And French financiers of the present school will be exceedingly lucky if they have merely to provide interest on funded and floating debts, and are not obliged to borrow new money to pay interest on their debts. It is by no means an exaggerated estimate to say that sooner or later they will have to get five millions more from taxation than the taxes now provide, even with all the augmentations agreed to by the Assembly. Whence is the money to come? M. THIERS resolutely says that it is to come from the taxation of raw materials, and that it can and shall come from no other source. But to say nothing of the standing arguments against the taxation of raw materials, there are the Treaties of Commerce, which, even after the Treaty with England is at an end, will throw serious obstacles in the way. It has been proposed, for example, to put a heavy duty on vegetable oil; but the larger part of the vegetable oil consumed in France comes from Russia, Germany, and Italy, and the result of an internal tax on oil would simply be that French oil would be driven out of the French market, as the whole of the oil necessary for the consumption would be imported on the favourable terms ensured by the treaties subsisting with foreign oil-growing countries. When objections of this sort are made M. THIERS turns round and asks what the objectors have to propose in lieu of the taxes he favours. Every possible tax is open to innumerable objections, and nothing can be easier than for the Government to show that each proposal made to it is equally ridiculous. Popular Assemblies and Committees representing them cannot invent taxes; they can rarely interfere with success in the details of expenditure. All that they can

do is to determine the policy of a Government; and if the French Assembly once admits, as it appears to be willing to do, that France is to have, in the shortest possible time, an army of nearly a million and a quarter of men, raised and equipped and trained in the most expensive manner, it is at the mercy of a Minister like M. THIERS, who laughs at petty amendments on the details of the Budget, and has his pet theories of taxation which he is bent on seeing adopted at any cost.

#### THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

IT has been said that an eminent artist is anxious to paint a great historical picture of the London School Board. There is nothing to be said against the interest or importance of the subject he has chosen; but if he wishes to do full justice to it, he must consent to sink the dignity of art, and make his picture a dissolving view. Nothing which is not in the nature of the slides in a magic-lantern could give the effect produced on the mind by the composition of this body. The School Board of to-day is not the same as the School Board of yesterday, and while the spectator is trying to estimate the gain or loss of the change, he sees a fresh change coming on, and the School Board of to-day begins to give place to the School Board of to-morrow. The frequent resignations which have lately been announced can hardly fail to injure the efficiency of such a body. The members who have retired have for the most part been among the most zealous advocates of educational progress; and if it has to be admitted that the work is heavier than a man who has other things to do can be expected to undertake, there must follow the further admission that it will be difficult to fill their places, except by an inferior class of men, or by men who will soon prove their likeness to their predecessors by resigning as soon as they find out what the work really is. It is not only the probability that new elections will not always call forth candidates of the old type that gives a serious aspect to those changes. The fact that the supplementary elections are carried on upon a different principle must also be taken into account. The cumulative vote is necessarily inapplicable to these supplementary elections. Where there is only one seat to be filled, the candidate returned must in all cases be the representative of the numerical majority in the constituency. It is quite possible, therefore, that before the next general election of a School Board the complexion of the existing Board may have been entirely changed, and that the latter part of its term will be spent in undoing the work of the earlier part, and in preparing work to be undone in turn by the Board which succeeds. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that the original members should not have been able to see out the three years for which they were elected.

Perhaps no one cause can be assigned for this dropping away. But there seems to be a certain uniformity in the reasons given in the several cases. The work has been too much for men occupied in other ways. The general control of primary education in London ought not, with the help of a sufficient staff, to demand more than a small proportion of an active man's time, and if the members of the Board really feel the strain to be too great, it must be because this sufficient staff is still wanting. If so, it is a kind of economy which defeats its own object. A good member is worth keeping, even at the cost of paying a subordinate to relieve him of some of his duties. It is difficult not to suspect that this is not quite the whole truth. Everybody knows how differently work weighs on a man according as he is or is not satisfied with the manner in which it is being done. There might have been fewer resignations in the School Board if there had been more children sent to school. So far as appears from a paper on the work of the Board, read by the Secretary a fortnight ago, this is a function which the Board has thought it advisable not to exercise at present. Before Easter 1871 a return had been made to the Education Department showing that accommodation for about 413,233 children was provided, or in course of being provided, in 3,130 schools of all sorts, efficient or inefficient. The Board has taken a whole year to draw any practical inference from this fact. "In each case," says the Memorandum, "an elaborate process of analysis had first to be undertaken. On the one hand, it was necessary to determine amongst the elementary schools which were and which were not efficient. On the other hand, it was necessary to eliminate from the total number of children between three and thirteen those for whom elementary schools need not be provided." The former part of the inquiry was undertaken by the Education Department, the latter part was undertaken by the Board, "through an ad hoc Committee."

"and with the assistance of a staff of enumerators, and a superintendent of enumerators for each division." Until these returns were made, the Board "have not thought it desirable to establish schools on a large scale, but rather to prepare the way for their establishment by dealing with other subjects." Accordingly they set to work in February to consider the question of compulsory attendance. The Stockport School Board had contrived to get by-laws on this subject passed as early as the 20th of April, and the Liverpool School Board had done the same thing by the 14th of June. But in the case of the London School Board the by-laws "did not come up for consideration before October, and were only finally passed at the beginning of November."

Having been safely delivered of the by-laws, the Board next set to work to provide the machinery for carrying them out. In the course of this process they have become officially cognizant of the fact that "there are considerable vacancies in existing schools." All this time another Committee was engaged in devising a scheme of education in School Board schools, and the Memorandum refers to the debates on Bible reading and instruction, on the payment and remission of fees, and on free schools, in proof that the time of the Board has not been wasted. By May the Board had become convinced that "it would be desirable in some cases, where the school deficiency was undoubted, to take immediate steps for the erection of schools." The (comparatively) headlong haste with which this resolution was taken was tempered by judicious delays in the execution of it. Twenty-four deficient districts have been selected, and ten sites (four have since been added) "will shortly be secured," five of which, the Memorandum says proudly, "may be considered practically available at once." In November the Board made another step in advance. It may have occurred to them that they had been in existence a year, and in that time had not made provision for the education of a single child who would not have been receiving instruction if the Education Act had never been passed. At all events, they resolved "that promises should be temporarily hired in those blocks where the Board had decided to erect new schools. As a result of this decision, it has been agreed to hire buildings in twenty cases with accommodation for 5,657 children" (the number is now, it seems, twenty-five buildings with accommodation for 6,530 children), "and"—our readers must prepare themselves for a surprise—"in seven cases the Board have already commenced school-work." Already commenced school-work!—it shows great self-restraint in the author of the Memorandum that he did not have these four words printed in capitals. After fifteen months of great and continuous exertion the London School Board has actually opened seven schools with accommodation perhaps for 2,000 children. There is something beautiful in the condescension of men who, though charged with the education of London, have not been above taking fifteen months to open seven temporary schools for just one-fiftieth part of the children who are without education.

It is not wonderful that busy men should ask themselves whether this is an adequate return for the time they have taken from other duties to give to the London School Board, or that they should determine within themselves that it is not adequate. A different procedure might have led to a very different result. If, instead of rushing at the outset into calculations which would delight the Statistical Society, the Board had been content with getting a rough estimate of the number of vacancies in existing schools, and of the number of children who ought to be at school but are not, they might in the first instance have filled up every such vacancy by the operation of their by-laws; and then, if voluntary agency had not come forward to help them, they might have established as many temporary schools as were required to provide for the children who found the doors of every school shut in their face. Probably this last class would have been but a small one, as the managers of voluntary schools would in many cases have been ready to provide increased accommodation if they had been assured that it would not be wasted. The prompt application of compulsion would have sent every child to school for whom a school could be found, and the cases in which attendance had to be excused on the plea that no school could be found would have furnished a rough, but sufficient, index to the amount of temporary accommodation which had to be provided by the Board itself. Why is it that a policy which had such obvious recommendations was not adopted at starting? Mainly, we imagine, from the culpable reluctance of the Board to confront the religious difficulty. The existing schools were for the most part Denominational, and they were afraid that the Secularist minority in their own body would resent a proceeding which sent children into Denominational schools, and thereby exposed them to De-

nominal teaching: if their parents raised no objection. Rather than sanction so shocking a possibility, the Secularists, and the Dissenters who act with the Secularists, have avowed that they would rather see these children left in the street. Those who took this view were a minority on the London School Board, but they knew what they wanted, and their superior energy and decision cowed the majority into inaction. The ponderous statistics which have been evoked to veil that inaction would have been more in place if they had been compiled after, instead of before, the supply of crying educational destitution.

#### THE WARWICKSHIRE STRIKE.

A STRIKE of agricultural labourers is a novel, and by no means an unimportant, event. A new heaven must be working in the popular mind of England when those quiet, patient, dumbfounded creatures set up for having a will of their own. To see them attempting to manage a strike is as wonderful as to see any other of the beginnings of life in inert masses, as to see babies begin to walk, or tadpoles become frogs. If we may trust the accounts in the newspapers, the Warwickshire labourers seem to have begun it all by themselves, and to have met under a chestnut-tree, where they discussed their grievances; and then they took counsel, first of an experienced man who had once been into the Black Country and might there have learnt the elements of strike-making from the superior mining intelligence, and secondly of a Dissenting minister. These were their clever friends; the men something of their own stamp, but who know more than they did, and could give something like shape to their dim purposes. It is not education in any direct form that has stirred up to action this portion of the population, which it might have been supposed most difficult to stir; for most of those who joined the strike and testified their adherence to the movement could only place their mark to the document by which they signified their assent. But those whom education has not reached directly may be affected by it indirectly, and the agricultural labourers have learnt to strike because those who have got new notions and taught themselves to urge new claims in more advanced districts have silently penetrated with their influence the classes beneath them. The rural poor have been closely watched and tightly held down by their masters, the farmers, and the basis of rural life has been a humble obedience and unquestioning acquiescence on the part of the labourer. When change reaches so low a level, society must indeed be changing. Distress has in old days led to rick-burning, and brutal ignorance has led to destruction of farm machinery; but those were only the outbreaks of hungry or panic-stricken barbarism. But a strike, as a strike is said to have been conducted in Warwickshire, is a totally different thing. It shows a power of union, a perception of the respect due to law, a confidence that success can be achieved without violation of the law. The labourers may possibly be mistaken in thinking that they will succeed, or they may succeed at first, and then push their triumph too far and suffer for their temerity. But it is very improbable that a strike of any considerable magnitude should leave the condition of the agricultural poor in the state in which it found it. It will at least have taught them to think and to act. If labourers in villages could think and act, rural life in England would be a new thing. Some of its placid pleasures and animal content might pass away, there would be many victims of change, many would be crushed by a competition to which they were unequal; but the rural poor could never be as they once were, the bondsmen of those who, what with wages and what with poor-rates, secured them at least the certainty of a bare subsistence.

There are two questions to be asked as to this strike, which may be asked as to every strike. Has it a chance of success? and if it succeeds, what will be the consequences? Agricultural labourers must be judged as any other labourers are judged, and the great justification of a strike is success. How much employers can really afford to pay to those whom they employ is a point that is practically settled by strikes, as it is settled in no other way. The Warwickshire labourers, it appears, were, before the strike began, getting twelve shillings a week in many districts. They asked for sixteen, and now the farmers are quite willing to give fourteen, and are talking of fifteen as a compromise. Canon GIBBLESTONE, who, with a courage that does him the highest credit, has been the friend of the labourer in spite of the bitter opposition of all the farmers about him, has written to advise Warwickshire labourers who get fifteen shillings a week not to trouble themselves about strikes, and the advice of so true a friend

ought to have weight with the labourers if it ever really reached them. But Canon Girdlestone seems to have supposed that, apart from the strike, the Warwickshire labourers generally were getting fifteen shillings; whereas this appears to have been only the case on a few estates, where intelligent, rich, and kind landlords set a good example. The men who struck were getting twelve shillings only; and now, by striking, they have a chance of getting the fifteen shillings which their judicious friend regards as the goal of rural happiness. The difference between twelve shillings a week and fifteen is practically enormous. It means the difference between having just enough to keep body and soul together, and having some of the rudiments of comfort and plenty; though it is of course possible that a rise of money wages may be accompanied by the withdrawal of allowances in kind which represent money. Canon Girdlestone seems to think it almost ungenerous in men who are getting fifteen shillings a week to strike while there are men in the South of England who do not strike, and probably cannot strike, and are only getting nine shillings. But the argument may be easily turned the other way. Warwickshire labourers could not possibly benefit Dorsetshire labourers by continuing to receive twelve shillings; but they might give new hopes, and offer new springs of action, to even the most suffering members of their class, if they showed that by a strike they could get their twelve shillings a week turned into fifteen. There is no reason why farmers should be viewed with any exceptional amount of sentimental tenderness. They have not been particularly liberal or mild or wise in their character of employers. They have, as a general rule, tried to keep the labourer rooted to his native village, as uneducated and as poorly fed as possible. The employers of factory hands and of mechanics have probably been just as hard and as narrow in their day, but the growing intelligence and independence of their workmen have gradually altered the relative position of the two classes. It is now the turn of the farmers to see their labourers meeting under a chestnut-tree and demanding those extra three shillings a week which, if conceded, will make their cottages something like happy homes.

The Warwickshire strike may be successful, and, if so, what will be the consequences of its success? It is said already to have spread into eight counties; but it is obvious that even if it succeeds in one place it may fail in another, and that its fire may be much sooner burnt out than its friends expect. There are many liberal employers, and in a crisis a good man deserves to have the reward of his liberality, and those whom he has treated well should treat him well in return. Those who are already as well off as can be reasonably expected may profitably take the wise advice of Canon Girdlestone and leave well alone. But supposing a considerable and unquestionable success to be obtained, what will be the results? In the first place, the men who have gained an increase of wages will be better fed and better clothed. They will work more and do their work better. They will be more alive to the advantages of education; they or their children will gradually acquire minds open to newspaper guidance; they will first feed on the homely platitudes of the county journals, and in time may become the disciples of the *Daily Telegraph* itself. They will perhaps criticize sermons with a sleepy superiority, and leave off touching their hats to the squire. They will on great holidays scent a whiff of butcher's meat, and will put into the pot a larger quantity of adulterated tea than one teaspoonful among seven. They will clearly have mounted some of the lower steps of the ladder of progress. They will also contribute, slowly, partially, and exceptionally, to a general rise of the condition of the agricultural labourer. Canon Girdlestone has lately been exerting himself with excellent effect to release the rural poor from the serfdom in which the more bigoted and shortsighted class of farmers try to hold them, and has been sending men who are not wanted in their own district to districts where they are wanted. Anything which, like a successful strike, gives new spirit and energy to agricultural labourers, will powerfully aid such a movement as that which Canon Girdlestone has started to promote, and will make them apter to learn and to profit by the variations of price in the labour market. How far the farmer will suffer is among those receding questions of political economy on which wise men shrink from passing judgment. Possibly he may recover a part of what he pays in additional wages from the consumer; possibly he may be able to get a part of it by throwing it on the landowner; possibly he may be able to get a part of it by getting his workmen to do better labour than he got from them before; and possibly a part may really come

out of his profits and make him a poorer man. The real danger may be that the wages of those labourers who strike with success may be raised, and that the farmer may not very much suffer. But it is not to be supposed that a crisis such as that which would alter the condition of the rural poor could come without a large amount of suffering coming with it. If a strike succeeded, the men who were wanted on a farm would be better off, but those who were not wanted on a farm would be worse off. There would be more killed off, or sent into the workhouse, or forced into the slow decay of an alien life in big towns. Even those who were winning in the strife would have much to undergo. They would have to mourn the departed charities of life. They would no longer be looked after by the farmer, or tenderly overshadowed by the parson, or addressed with timid, high-principled condescension by the ladies of the squire's family. These are not perhaps great losses to set against the substantial gain of three shillings a week extra to a man who sees his children half-starved and his wife rheumatic from want of clothing. But the strife which strikes engender, even when successful, and especially when they are a novelty, is apt to take the bloom off success; and this should be well remembered by political philanthropists who profess to have the welfare of the labourer at heart. A grave responsibility will rest on any adventurous outsider who may imagine himself called upon to encourage such a movement without taking into full account the evil as well as the good which may be expected from it. Although, if the Warwickshire labourers really get three shillings a week more by their strike, they must, according to the standard by which other men who have struck are judged, be held to be justified, yet those who look on Warwickshire from a distance may feel some regret even on their behalf, and much compassion for the unknown innumerable crowd who will suffer, even if their class as a whole should gain by the movement thus set on foot.

#### THE FRENCH ARMY BILL.

UPON few points has the French Assembly shown such sturdy resistance to M. THIERS as upon the constitution of the French army. The difference between their views is fundamental. M. THIERS wants an army formed on the same basis as the army which capitulated at Sedan. He argues that the disasters which overtook the Imperial troops reflect no discredit on the principle on which they were recruited and trained. Their defeat was, he contends, due to the systematic neglect of those principles. If the army had been in fact what it was on paper, all might have gone well. What other motives M. THIERS may have for wishing the same principle maintained, why he has pronounced so decidedly against universal service, and in favour of a limited conscription, it is impossible to say. It may be that he is eager to hurry forward the day when France will be once more in a position to play an independent part in the affairs of Europe, and sees that it takes a shorter time to put an existing system into thorough repair than to organize a thoroughly new one. It may be that he is old-fashioned in his military ideas, and still thinks that the new levies of Germany would have had no chance against the veterans that France could once bring into the field, and, by going the right way to work, might soon bring into the field again. But neither his expressed nor his unexpressed reasons have had any weight with the Assembly. The Government Army Bill has been completely rejected in Committee, and the shape in which it is now presented shows how deep is the impression left by the war on the minds of Frenchmen. Both the Right and the Left in the Assembly would naturally be opposed to a large military establishment. It has been especially associated with the BONAPARTES, and Monarchists and Republicans are alike hostile to a restoration of the Empire. But the desire to give France the power to measure herself again with Germany is stronger than any dread of despotic tyranny. This latter fear, however, has exercised great influence on the construction of the Bill. Whatever may be the disadvantages of the Prussian military system, it does not like the old French system convert a national army into a *Gendarmes* Guard; and the Assembly is determined that the new French army shall contain representatives of every class of the community, and that the soldiers shall occasionally be exposed to the levelling contact of civil and military life.

As the Bill leaves the hands of the Government, it is for universal personal service, with the exception of those Frenchmen who are in the service of the State, or of the French Army for foreign wars, and of the *Gendarmes* Guard.



The first class, the *active army*, will be composed of young men in the effective army, and six years in the territorial reserve. There will be no exemption on the ground of conscientious objection, and no exemption on the ground of conscientious objection on physical grounds will be accorded only to those whose infirmities are such as to unfit them for service of any kind. Those exempted by the existing law on the ground of family circumstances, such as the eldest son of a widow, will in future be only dispensed from serving in the ground of exemption continues to exist, and in the event of war, the dispensation may be withdrawn. Scholars of certain Government schools, young men in training as schoolmasters or for the ecclesiastical state, are also dispensed on condition, as regards the first two, of their engaging to spend ten years, in those branches of the public service to which the schools are an introduction, or as teachers. Ecclesiastics who claim exemption must have taken holy orders before they are twenty-six. Forty per cent. of the young men pronounced fit for service may be dispensed on the score of being required for the maintenance of their families; and an *armistice* of one year, renewable for two more, will be granted in the same proportion of ten per cent. to those who can show that the conditions of their apprenticeship, or of the employment by which they purpose to make their living, require that they should not be immediately summoned away. The men adjudged fit for service, and claiming neither exemption nor dispensation, will be at once incorporated into the active army. This yearly contingent will be divided into two classes—those who are to remain with the colours during the whole five years, and those who will only be required to remain with the colours for one year. The number of the former class will be annually fixed by the Minister of War; the men who are to compose it will be determined by lot. The second class, after their year with the colours has come to an end, will remain at the disposition of the Minister, and will have to take part in certain military exercises. They will be allowed to marry. Young men who have taken their Bachelor's degree, or have been prizemen in the University, as well as the scholars at certain schools, will be allowed to contract an engagement for a year, upon passing an examination prescribed by the Minister of War. Young men not comprised in any of these categories, who pass the examination, will be allowed to contract a similar engagement in numbers to be determined every year by the Minister. Those who make these engagements must bear the expense of their own equipment and maintenance. If at the end of the year they fail to pass the appointed examination, they may be retained with the colours for a second year. Students who wish to finish their studies in any faculty or school will be allowed to postpone their year of service until they are twenty-three. By other clauses of the Bill provision is made for voluntary enlistments for five years, which will count as part of the legal service, and for re-enlistments for one or two years. The men who are sent home after a year's service, and kept at the disposal of the Minister of War, will be admitted, if they wish it, to complete their five years in the active army. Soldiers who have served more than five years with the effective army will receive higher pay, and those who have served twelve years will receive a certificate giving them a right to employment in the civil service of the State.

It seems to be supposed that M. THIERS will withdraw the opposition which he originally offered to the principle of universal service, and accept the greater strength of the army in the future as compensation for the greater delay in attaining that strength. There has been a conference between the President and the Committee, and the only point upon which any serious difference of opinion exists is the question of substitutes. The Government plead that it will be impossible, without allowing substitutes, to satisfy the requirements of a civil career. The Committee reply that these requirements are provided for by the clauses introduced into the Bill to meet the case of students and young men preparing for professions. It is clear that the prohibition of substitutes is essential to the success of a system of compulsory service. So long as they are allowed, the army will not be a really national force. It will be composed of men who serve because they cannot help it, and of men who have been obliged to serve by those who wish to avoid the obligation which has devolved on them. As to the particular difficulty stated by M. TAYLOR, it is disposed of as soon as service becomes really universal. It cannot be maintained that a year of army life interrupted between the study and the practice of a profession would be very injurious to a young man, when it was considered that

himself, not from his trials. All that is beyond upon all  
sides, it simply lengthens the suffering which it would be, by suc-  
ceeding. All that would come would be to the plea of  
doing away with an imaginary pain. It would make  
suffering more, more unpleasant, as being the punishment  
of a greater sin, than a law which would be a reward of  
a good medicine who could afford to say anything to set  
up a better, a physician a year earlier, than a student  
of equal capacity and education to whom a substance was an  
unattainable luxury.

Whatever may be the ultimate character of the French army, it is plain that the Government has no present mind to employ it in defence of the Pope. M. THIERS declares that the interests of the Holy Father are dear to him, and that he will defend them as he has defended them before—that is, by an occasional speech. But the interests of France are no less dear to him, and they would be compromised by his making another speech of the same sort just now. The Bishop of Orléans proclaims his respect for the misfortunes of France, and his determination not to aggravate them by making her feel her own impotence. Upon this question, so says, he has no difficulty in reconciling his views as a bishop, and his views as a Frenchman. The policy which had been fatal to the Holy See had been fatal to France. Thus there is no substantial difference between M. THIERS and M<sup>r</sup>. DUNSTON as regards present policy. Both would like to give Italy a slup in the same, both would like to give the Pope a helping hand, and neither allows his desire to get the better of his discretion. By the time that France is strong enough to turn weaker into acts, Italians may fairly hope that she will have found employment for her troops nearer home.

**THE LAW OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.**

**T**HE present SOLICITOR-GENERAL and the future law officers of the Crown will scarcely attract general comparison as victims of Mr. Lowe's relentless parsimony. For advising the various departments of Government, for controlling the issue of patents, and for other non-contentious business, the Attorney-General is to receive 7,000*l.* a year, and the Solicitor-General 6,000*l.* a year. For the conduct of Government cases in civil or criminal Courts they will be paid on the ordinary professional scale, and they will retain their private practice, which in some cases will produce an income equal to their official emoluments. With the exception of the Viceroy of India, of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and perhaps of one or two other representatives of the English Crown, the Attorney and Solicitor-General will still be more highly paid than any other functionaries in the world; and, although their offices are precarious, they have the resource of falling back on their professional practice. An Equity lawyer loses nothing and risks nothing by becoming a law officer, while he increases his chances of advancement to the Bench. A Common Law Solicitor-General is required by custom to abandon his circuit, but, with few exceptions, provincial practice is a secondary consideration with the leaders of the Bar. Many of them at a certain point in their career voluntarily leave the circuit; and a Solicitor-General would seldom regret the necessity of relinquishing an arduous and laborious part of his practice. BROUGHAM indeed many years ago declared that he could not afford to surrender his position on the Northern Circuit for the precarious rank of Attorney-General; but at the time his ambition was directed to other objects, and many changes have occurred in the profession, as elsewhere, during forty or fifty years. Some law officers have owed their promotion to political interest, or to the possession of a safe seat in Parliament, but the DUBLETTS, the FOLLITTs, the BARNESs, and the PALMERs must have contemplated with much equanimity the possibility of being relegated by political vicissitudes to the ordinary practice of their profession. There is no reason to fear that future Governments will find a difficulty in securing the services of competent Attorney and Solicitor-Generals.

It is not surprising that Mr. FAWCETT and others should have considered that the law officers ought to devote undivided attention to public business. When an Attorney-General makes a speech a month long on behalf of a private client, it may be plausibly suggested that he has comparatively little time or energy to attend to his official duties, and if there had been no TICHBORNE case to occupy his time, Sir JOHN COLERIDGE would perhaps have made thirty speeches instead of one. The only objection to an exclusive retainer is that it would not be accepted by an advocate in great practice. To a layman without a trade or profession official salary for a longer or shorter

time produces a clear profit; but it is not worth while to exchange a safe or increasing income for a post which depends for its continuance on the stability of the Government. In former times it was thought improper that a Minister should be engaged in trade; but as soon as manufacturers became candidates for political office it was found necessary to relax the rule. The profits of a very moderate commercial undertaking are larger than ordinary salaries, and they are much more secure. No leader of the Bar could afford to give up his private practice to rivals whom it might be impossible afterwards to displace for a law office which might perhaps be held for two or three years. It would be perfectly easy to secure for moderate remuneration the services of sound lawyers as permanent advisers of the Government; but it would be inconvenient for a Minister to have no legal colleagues in the House of Commons either to represent or to advise him. Even when the Attorney and Solicitor-General for the time being take little part in debate they are almost incessantly consulted; and some of their number have been powerful auxiliaries of their party. Sir RICHARD BETHELL, Sir HUGH CAIRNS, and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER were among the most formidable debaters on the Treasury Bench; nor could the authority which they possessed have been exercised by any permanent functionaries. As long as Parliament concentrates all power in itself, the heads of all departments must have a political and responsible character. A permanent Under-Secretary often understands the business of his office better than his chief; but he has no independent power or claim to obedience. For the same reason the Attorney and Solicitor-General must be practising lawyers with seats in the House of Commons.

Under existing arrangements, neither the Government as a whole nor the several public offices are unduly stinted of legal advice. The Lord Chancellor, whose judicial duties allow him considerable leisure, is an important member of the Cabinet; and there seems to be no reason why, in accordance with a recent suggestion, he should be reinforced by the presence of the Attorney-General in the Cabinet. The questions of international law arising in the course of diplomatic transactions are necessarily brought under the cognizance of the Chancellor before or after the opinions of the law officers have been required and received; and it might, but for recent experience, have been supposed that the Government would derive advantage from the counsels of a colleague who ought to be at the same time a lawyer and a statesman. The Queen's Advocate, who formerly took precedence of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, still acts as their colleague, and there is no reason why, if the office is to be continued, the ablest lawyer who may be willing to hold it should not be selected on the present vacancy. The Solicitor of the Treasury, a Queen's Counsel of great ability and experience, advises the Treasury and the Home Office from day to day on the numerous legal points which it is necessary to decide in the ordinary course of business, and he also superintends Government prosecutions. The Colonial Office and the Admiralty have each their own counsel; and the India Office will probably have reason to regret the late abolition, in a sudden fit of economy, of a corresponding post. The Judge-Advocate General, whose office is at present suspended, and the Deputy Judge-Advocate, can at pleasure be consulted by the Secretary for War, and two Parliamentary draughtsmen are employed in the preparation and supervision of Government Bills. The permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Department is always a lawyer, and the important office of legal assistant to the Attorney-General, popularly called the Attorney-General's devil, is always held by an incumbent who, after a certain length of tenure, is supposed to be qualified for promotion to the Bench. It may be doubted whether there is any necessity for the appointment of additional permanent functionaries; and if the Government of the day were deprived of the aid of law officers sitting in the House of Commons, it would often find itself helpless in the presence of formidable adversaries. It will probably appear hereafter that such miscarriages as the composition of the Washington Treaty are attributable, not to the incompetence of the law officers who may have been consulted on the wording, but to the timidity of the Government, and to its eagerness for any attainable settlement of the dispute.

Among the consolations reserved for Attorneys and Solicitors-General in their reduced condition, the prospect of judicial appointments must be included. According to the best opinions, the only place on the Bench which can be claimed as of right by the Attorney-General is that of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; but it has been customary to give the Attorney-General the choice of appointments in his

own branch of the profession, and the Lord Chancellor, who has the exclusive patronage of puisne judges, would seldom refuse an application from the Solicitor-General. At present it happens that the only place on the Equity Bench which has been filled by direct promotion of a law officer is that of the MASTER of the Rolls, who has held his post since 1851, though the LORD CHANCELLOR was many years ago Solicitor-General under Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The two CHIEF JUSTICES were Attorneys-General at the time of their respective promotions, and the LORD CHIEF BARON had formerly held the same rank. Two of the Puisne Judges have been appointed from the post of Solicitor-General. All the other Judges in both branches of the law have risen from the non-official Bar. There is no reason to fear that Mr. LOWE's economical reforms will deprive future Governments of the services of the best lawyers of their respective parties; and it is even possible that members of other professions, as well as laymen, may regard with envy the not inconsiderable emoluments which are still attached to the law offices. Among the felicities of the profession which were long since recorded as proofs of the special favour with which it was regarded by Providence, may be reckoned its exceptional security from disendowment, or even from excessive curtailment of its profits. It has every reason to be satisfied with the existing state of society, and experience shows that when the taller poppy-heads are cut off in democratic revolutions, lawyers have a tendency to survive, and even to occupy the places which are left vacant by fallen competitors. In the English colonies, and still more in the United States, lawyers fill the local and central Legislatures, and occupy more than their proportionate share of the principal offices of State. Professional fees are as high in New York as in London, and though official salaries in America are unreasonably small, lawyers have exceptional opportunities of gratifying political ambition. Those who have occasion in England to retain the services of so fortunate a class for public or private purposes must be prepared to adopt the scale of remuneration which has been established by custom or competition. An underpaid Judge or Attorney-General would in the great majority of cases prove to be a disadvantageous bargain.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE DELEGATES.

MR. GLADSTONE is certainly very much to be pitied. He has had the influenza, a nasty touch of his old complaint, Irish Education, and a first, or rather a last, warning from "the delegates forming the Committee for conducting the opposition to the Government Parks Bill"; and all this in a single week, and while he was still sore and tender from his COLLIER and Ewelme bruises. It is impossible not to sympathize with him profoundly; however we may differ from him as a statesman, we must always feel for him as a man, and we sincerely hope he may be the better for his too brief Easter holiday. It is a break in the Session, and perhaps it may be a break in the series of personal difficulties of which he has for some time been the hapless victim. This last attack, the warning from the Friends of the People, is certainly the unkindest cut of all. It can hardly be doubted that Mr. GLADSTONE will feel it most acutely, not so much because it strikes at himself, as because it strikes at his faith in what he imagines to be human nature. If there was one quarter to which in the hour of trouble he might have supposed that he could confidently turn for loving sympathy and brotherly help, it was surely to the howling demagogues of the streets. He can honestly say that he has given up a good deal for them—a good deal which, in his moments of disenchantment, he can hardly look back upon without some twinges of remorse. Wholesome traditions of public order and decorum, the sanctity of law, the rights and interests of loyal and peaceful citizens, the confidence of his friends, and not a little of his own self-respect, have all been tossed aside for the sake of ingratiating himself with a set of blustering agitators who now turn round and threaten to depose him because he will not get out of bed when he is ill and do the honour of Downing Street to his masters. There is an old proverb, but it is somewhat musty, which might have prepared him for this fate; he was liberal of his pearls to certain folk, and their gratitude in the gratitude of their kind. It is really difficult to see what more Mr. GLADSTONE could have been expected to do. He took sedition and democracy to his heart and hinged it; he received the brawlers of the hotel in his own parlour, "like a father receiving his children," as one of them said; he pensioned BATES more liberally than he did any other; he puffed BAXTER's blackguardism; and he

presented himself before the Jacobins of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" when he happened to leave one of their meetings minutes unattended for a day or two, under a pressure of important public business to which he had inadvertently given precedence. Only the other day he persuaded the Lord Chamberlain to give the same set of people official recognition at a great State ceremonial by the side of the other—we suppose we must say other—Estates of the Realm. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE might go a step further and sit down and write to Mr. ODORÉ's dictation, or let Mr. BRADLAUGH make his speeches for him; but, short of this, it would seem as if he had done pretty well all that a Minister could do—and certainly more than any other Minister would dream of doing—to please and pacify these men.

And now he has his reward. It appears that on Saturday Mr. GLADSTONE wrote, by the hand of his private secretary, to Mr. JOSEPH GUEDALLA, one of the leading members of some self-elected Committee of so-called working-men, for opposing the Parks Bill, to say that he "was confined to his bed by indisposition," and could not therefore receive a deputation from the Committee. In point of fact, Mr. GLADSTONE had been too unwell to be present in the House of Commons on the previous night; but an excuse which was good enough for that body was not enough for Mr. GUEDALLA and his friends. Mr. GUEDALLA seems to have at once come to the conclusion that Mr. GLADSTONE's indisposition was nothing more than an indisposition to get up and receive the deputation; so he called on Mr. GLADSTONE's private secretary and told him plainly that this sort of thing would not do, and that, "if Mr. GLADSTONE declined to see a deputation" "as asked, it would be the last time the working-men of London would trouble him with a similar request." This awful threat staggered the private secretary, who did his best to make peace; but Mr. GUEDALLA was not to be smoothed over by pretty talk, and he intimated before he left that, "if the working-men were to be treated to a Conservative policy, they would prefer having it from a Conservative Government." It is not stated whether Mr. GUEDALLA then called at Grosvenor Gate to arrange terms with Mr. DISRAELI; but we suppose it must be assumed that he and his followers are now off with Mr. GLADSTONE, or at least that Mr. GLADSTONE is off with them. It is incredible that after this even Mr. GLADSTONE should knock under and apologize for having been grossly insulted. Mr. GUEDALLA reported what had happened to his companions, and "a vote of thanks was accorded to him for his services." It is worth while to observe the kind of services which excite the admiration and gratitude of the working-men whom Mr. GLADSTONE has so long fawned upon and flattered. What can be more noble and heroic than blustering before an unfortunate private secretary who is afraid to open his mouth lest he should commit his master, or than sending insolent messages to a sick statesman, intimating that his sickness is all a sham? There have been of late some symptoms that Mr. GLADSTONE's eyes were at last being opened as to the sort of people with whom he has been dallying to the mingled amusement and disgust of the rest of the world. He must surely have got over his illusions now. It is perhaps not difficult to understand how a man of Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiar temperament should have fallen into this curious phase of mind. It is sometimes said by Mr. GLADSTONE's friends that the criticisms on his conduct must be false, because they are so contradictory; at one moment he is accused of arrogance, and at another of cringing and servile humility. But in fact both charges may be true—a man may be at once arrogant and humble to a fault, keeping his arrogance for one set of people and his meekness for another. The haughtiest Popes have usually been most eager and demonstrative in their observance of the ceremony of washing the feet of the *lazzaroni* selected for the purpose at the prescribed festivals. Mr. GLADSTONE atones for his despotism in the House of Commons by his almost menial attentions to a knot of obscure and contemptible agitators whom, by a fiction of the imagination, he dignifies by the name of representatives of the people. The most singular circumstance about these so-called working-men is, as we have often said, that most of them are not working-men at all, and that the working classes, whenever the question is put to them at an election, invariably repudiate them in the most emphatic and decisive manner.

It is impossible to see how the Ministry, after having introduced the Parks Bill, and carried it so far through the House of Commons, can now abandon their ground at the dictation of the *Chouans* and BRADLAUGH, without dishonour to themselves and danger to the authority of Government. Mr. ODORÉ is said to have declared that, if the Bill is passed, it will be

passed at water-pipe level. Mr. BRADLAUGH has intimated that he will give an early opportunity of testing the Government in such a case. The latter holds a meeting last year in Trafalgar Square, merely to show, as he said, that the House of Commons dared not interfere with him; and on the House of Commons instantly withdrew the interdict which he had placed upon the assembly, and ordered the police to protect instead of preventing the meeting, Mr. BRADLAUGH has no doubt received strong encouragement to repeat the experiment. It is obvious that if Mr. RYLANDS's amendment is accepted, the Parks Bill might as well not be passed. The object of the Bill is merely to place the Royal Parks under the same kind of regulations as municipal pleasure-grounds; but the effect of this amendment would be to perpetuate the anarchy which has hitherto prevailed; it would, in fact, be as much as to say that, whatever the Bill may provide, things shall remain exactly as before. For the Government to yield now would be simply to encourage fresh menaces and intimidation; and the mischief of weak concessions in the face of threats has already been more than sufficiently demonstrated. It has been discovered that Mr. AYRTON once claimed St. James's Palace for the people, and served the Crown with a rhetorical notice to quit at six months; and the agitators who are afraid that their privilege of annoying and disturbing the rest of the community is now in danger have had a meeting at the East-End to denounce Mr. AYRTON for his treacherous apostasy, and to stir up his constituents against him. Mr. AYRTON may reply that he is not only older but wiser now than he was when he made that silly speech, and that his official experience has enabled him to understand that the public rights over what is called Crown property are adequately secured by Parliamentary control. Mr. GUEDALLA intimated, on his recent visit to Downing Street, that he and his associates would have nothing to say to Mr. AYRTON, and they have for some time declined to recognize Mr. LOWE as a member of the Government. We have some recollection of a letter which Mr. GUEDALLA was rash enough to address to Mr. LOWE a year or two since, and which provoked a reply that perhaps accounts for the disinclination of Mr. GUEDALLA and his friends to tackle Mr. LOWE again. It is usually understood that an Administration stands or falls together, and it is difficult to understand how the First Minister reconciles it with his own self-respect or with a due regard for his associates to enter into communication with people who repudiate the authority of particular Ministers or other officials who have been appointed by himself. It is necessary that the interests and wishes of all classes of the population should be fairly consulted; but it is not desirable that the head of the Government should discredit the representative authority of Parliament by treating with self-elected and irresponsible spokesmen outside of it, or that special favour should be shown to noisy traffickers in riot and sedition.

#### THE VALUE OF AN IDEAL.

IN her new novel of *Middlemarch* George Eliot has spent a good deal of pains, and clearly with a good deal of satisfaction, over the character of Mr. Lydgate. Mr. Lydgate is a man with an ideal of life, and an ideal of what his profession ought to be or to be made. To the mind that designed him, indeed, he is obviously a much more interesting personage than he would otherwise have been, owing to the fact that his ideal is not that of a scholar but of a naturalist; his thoughts and his researches run to tissue and febrile influences rather than to various readings and editions; and with him the two contemporaries, Porson and Bichat, would have held exactly opposite poles in the region of his esteem. Besides this, there is a latent vein of sarcasm—"sneer" is not the word to apply to sarcasm like George Eliot's—running all through the description of Mr. Lydgate's ideal. It is an ideal not yet exactly beginning to disappear; but it clearly will vanish, like the aroma of the best scents; it is destined to disappear, overborne by the elements of "commonness" in the man's character and surroundings, and its evanescence will be calmly, unflinchingly, and a trifle severely watched and described. Yet, notwithstanding this drawback, Lydgate is intended to be distinguished from his professional brethren and from most other people in the book by the very fact of his having an ideal, and he is *pro tanto* a superior man. Nor is this to overestimate the value of a conception of life rising above the common level, to which conception alone the word "ideal" is really appropriate; to apply it to notions, like the commonplace working-man's, of eight hours a day and unstinted beer, or like the commonplace girl's, of a handsome settlement and a box at the Opera, as is sometimes done, is only to play fast and loose with words. Such notions imply the negation of any attempt at having an ideal at all. Lydgate is represented as proving in his own person the advantage which, more or less, an ideal view of life or work brings with it in any case. It has given him unity of aim, persistency

of purpose, intelligence in choice, and a comparative superiority to the influence of minor obstacles and vexations. And what is more, the suggestion is tolerably apparent that he is to be held a gainer, even though his original conception may fall through altogether. It will be better to have had an ideal and lost it than never to have had an ideal at all.

It will hardly be disputed that, as time moves on, the difficulty of gaining, or of maintaining, a worthy personal ideal of life grows greater. Men move and act increasingly in the mass; and every year a stronger will and keener eye seem to be required in any one who would take up and hold a position that shall answer to a high foregone conception, without drifting into useless, or worse than useless, isolation. And in exact proportion to this personal difficulty, it becomes increasingly desirable that some ideal forms of life and action, reaching beyond the individual, should be within the eye of society on its various levels and grades. In the great daily metropolitan inflow and outflow of nearly a million people, it is easy to see that a conception of life flat, tame, and vulgar rules the minds and manners of an overwhelming majority. The early-train people, in the lower sections of them, do not very often vary at all the routine of earning and sleeping, but when they do, it is in the received suburban manner. Astley's will furnish them with an occasional *grand spectacle*; to gaze on the "ladies and gentlemen" in the ring is felt to be an emotion, a real lift to the spirits; the pantomime is like a "little heaven below." Their only idea of art is gained from the lower illustrated journals; and in *Lloyd's Weekly* or the *Family Herald* they find their literature. The classes that begin from just above these, and that run up into really wealthy strata, containing the men who drive down to the later trains with high-stepping horses and in their own broughams, spend more and attempt to enjoy more in proportion to their rise, each above the class below. But they do not get many steps, even when they get any, beyond the flat and vulgar conceptions which are to be found quite on the lowest platform. To do as one's neighbours do, but to do it a little better and a little more in the style of the real world of rank and family—and also, if possible, with a secret consciousness of better bargaining and cleverer management—this is what meets the views of most of these classes, who, though suburban, are very largely representative of the middle classes throughout the country. Speaking generally, it is extremely hard for people like these to have anything at all to say to a theory of life which lies above the common level. Such a theory would be branded with the fatal note of being "unpractical"; it would weight them beyond all endurance in the race of respectability and fashion, and might even damage some of the untraceable springs of their credit. There is all the more reason, as ideal thoughts and views are pretty sure not to come from within, why this great main body of our countrymen should not be left without something external to themselves which may continue to suggest, however unconsciously to the receiver, thoughts and conceptions removed from the race and struggle of to-day, removed also from the influence of the precise political or social or religious creed which may happen to be most in vogue among the people who shape our conventional groove. Yet a good deal has been done within the last year or two to take away from us two institutions which almost alone now serve to connect the unreading, surface-thinking, conventional Englishman of the middle classes with the possibilities of a higher atmosphere. The attacks upon the Monarchy have been mostly made from the point which never fails to command something like attention from Englishmen—namely, the suggestion of its expensiveness. By a curious coincidence, the late illness of the Prince of Wales occurred just at a time when it was useful to point out that Monarchy among ourselves was securing a result for which no price but that of freedom could be held too dear; that it was connecting the everyday lives of common people with a higher world of thought and feeling, and keeping intact the links that associate our most advanced appliances of modern political science with the primitive and ineradicable instincts of humanity. It showed, in a word, that Monarchy is essentially maintaining among us an ideal of social order, preventing the nation from sinking to the level of a mercantile association, and preventing the individual (though he may become aware of the fact but once or twice in a life-time) from dropping to the level which citizenship in such a nation would imply.

But the hostile demonstrations against the monarchical principle took no bigger than mere criticisms on the surface, when compared with the violent and organized revolt now made by a considerable section of the middle class against a society which is probably doing as much as the Crown itself, to any no more, in keeping an ideal conception of the highest value within the eye of the community. The National Church has many other claims upon national regard, but none higher than this, that it alone, among religious associations of whatever sort in this country, is able in any degree to present the connexion between religion and life, the fellowship which ought to exist, and which in a country like this can with so much advantage be maintained, between the Church and the world. Some among the able leaders of the Nonconformists know quite well that perfection in the medium of suggestion is not necessary, that it is indeed scarcely ever to be looked for, in reference to an ideal order of things. They therefore title to their purpose, nor do they indeed much press the side of the question, to thrust into prominence the imperfections of a body which, however, like the Church of England, has been continually and rapidly throwing imperfections off during the last thirty years. The present revolt, in many respects more remarkable than any

which has gone before, is the joint product of a belief in the existence of a great opportunity, and of exasperation at evidence of energy and resolution in the National Church far exceeding the expectations which had been formed in the earlier stages of the Education debates. It is the operation of these two causes, stimulated by the energetic lead of men like Mr. Mill and one or two others, that has induced the Dissenters, representing, as we before said, a considerable section of the middle class, to change their position with unexampled rapidity and completeness, and to make no secret of their intention to sink the interests of primary education, and any other interests that may require sinking, before the engrossing object of an attack upon the National Church along the whole line.

There are already indications that the circumstances of the mal and first point of hostilities lying in the question of education may do much more to frustrate than to advance the assault in general. But, supposing that in a few more Sessions this body of assailants may have attained their object, and that the Church of England may have been disestablished according to the programme, it is by no means an irrelevant or uninteresting process to reflect on this especial loss that would follow—namely, that the religious institution capable of fostering among us a lofty ideal of social and national life would have been cut away. For the Church of England not only lives to suggest the great conception of an associated communion between the Church and the world; it does something else, which, again, no other religious society in England can do, and which is yet more necessary to be done in England than perhaps in any other country in the world, excepting only the United States—it upholds the dignity of the idea of religion. To understand how low a view on that subject men even of great activity and ability may take when they find themselves in a position of complete independence, it is only necessary to glance at Mr. Spurgeon. In the famous description of the dance on the Homeric shield of Achilles it is recorded that a divine minstrel made melody on his lyre, but that, as if by contrast, a tumbler came in and played his antics in the midst. To those who recognize a heaven-inspired harmonious organ in the "dissonance of Dissent," their brother Spurgeon must often painfully remind them of the tumbler and his antics. Only lately he has been edifying and attempting to elevate a Young Men's Christian Association by forbidding them ever again to call him "Reverend," and by disclaiming absolutely a title in which "he does not know himself" and an idea with which he is clearly not familiar. To judge by the rest of his address, the description "no duffer" would seem to his mind a better guarantee for a Baptist minister than any implying a reverend gravity of character. His recent journey to Rome was entirely in harmony with this speech. It was described at his Tabernacle with his usual force, but with the hard-headed obtuseness, coarseness, and ignorance of a man who constantly seems to be slightly irritated at the Almighty for having neglected to make it possible to carry out conversion and regeneration on the strictest business principles.

Within the pale of the Church of England this outrageous tendency to burlesque religion finds its genius rebuked. She at any rate never fails to present an ideal, rising above the heats, the vulgarities, or the diversities of the present, pointing as no other society can point to the past, and tempering prognostications of the future by the historical lessons which alone can give them value. She stands, as Dean Stanley once excellently put it, conspicuous among religious bodies as Westminster Abbey is conspicuous among churches. And at an epoch when ideals for the personal character are harder than ever to gain, and when social and political and religious thoughts want many influences, and have but few, to clear and elevate them, the iconoclast's hammer could ill be tolerated in such a quarter.

#### THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE year 1870 will long be memorable in the annals of Europe. Then at least a great power, proud of a long series of thrice glorious victories, was suddenly taught to know defeat, and taught by the very rival whom it had too confidently despised. The causes of this sudden reverse of fortune will long be discussed by philosophic historians, and it would perhaps be premature to dogmatize on the result. Thus much however may be said with confidence, that, as in many other cases, the school of adversity had been useful, and the despised rival had been quietly practising those arts of discipline and careful organization which must ultimately be crowned with success. We are of course speaking of the University boat-clubs, and the sudden revelation to the world of unexpected powers on the part of the Cambridge belligerents. Yet the defeat of the Oxford men, unlike some other contemporary defeats which perhaps attracted as much notice in France and Germany, did not destroy the prestige of the defeated. Cambridge was not immediately assumed to have chained victory to its standards. The British public maintained an unabated interest in the struggles by which succeeding years have been marked. Still, as of old, the day of the race is to large classes the culminating day of the year. It will be described by some persons, not by its ordinary historical title, but as the second Sunday after the Easter term. Youthful ambitions have been brought into the open, and the chance of an encounter in row at oars



countless thousands of their countrymen; and though just now the annual paroxysm of excitement is succeeded by a temporary lull, there will soon be a sufficient supply of regattas to sustain the fire of enthusiasm until the serious work of the academical year begins once more in October next.

Last Saturday was worthy of so grand an occasion. Nature, to adopt the fashionable dialect of the moment, came up to the mark. It, if not precisely smiling, how, indeed, could that metaphysical power have rendered homage to our great national institution more suitably than by shrouding herself in a bitter snowstorm? As the spectators gazed through the laden air, through which the keenest vision could scarcely penetrate for a hundred yards, or shook off the soft chilling poultice which clung insinuatingly to the back of their necks, they must have tacitly admitted the propriety of the scenery. Perhaps they felt a little as if they were being taken at their word rather too sharply. Had we not all these years been hearing of the British pluck indistinguishable by the enemy on the elements, and welcoming the wild North-Easter as if we really liked it? It had come at last; and with a vengeance. If there had been an insurrection in London, and the mob had been proposing to hang the Prime Minister in Trafalgar Square, such a storm would have been a more effective ally than a regiment of Guards. Nay, if we may venture on such a hypothesis, if the snow had paid more attention to the proper order of the seasons and appeared on the 27th of February instead of the 23rd of March, we fear that a perceptible damp would have been cast upon British loyalty. Fortunately it came at the right moment to test the zeal of the true zealots of athleticism. If, as Lord Macaulay puts it, Pomona loves the orchard, and Liber loves the vine, the God of gymnasts, whoever he may be, must take a stern delight in the keen March weather, redolent of rheumatism, and almost suggestive of frost-bites, which ushered in the great hour of the contest. Nor was the enthusiasm so rudely tested deficient. If the crowd was thinned of certain lukewarm and dilatory admirers of manly prowess, it was numerous and imposing enough to testify the genuine zeal of the population. Hammersmith Bridge presented its usual festoon of screaming humanity; the last reach was thronged with dense crowds of spectators; and boatfuls of ladies might be observed gallantly ascending with the tide, where a hamper in the stern caked with half-thawed snow was a fitting symbol of the pursuit of conviviality under difficulties.

And now, what are we to say of the race itself? What Muse shall we invoke to give fitting eloquence to our pen? especially as most of those ladies have obviously been already engaged by our brethren of the daily press. Shall we "call up him who left half-told" a certain well-known story, or appeal to the more modern poet who described in fitting language the games held in honour, not indeed of athletics, but of their first cousin, Dulness, on the banks of a stream whose description is now, alas! as well fitted to the Thames himself as to his tributary:—

The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the soil or flood.

Personification is unluckily out of fashion, or we might manufacture an appropriate deity from the power which inspires the eloquence of the *Daily Telegraph*. Left as we are to our own unassisted powers, we must be content with rendering such justice as we can to an event which, as we are happy to observe, is already familiar in its minutest details to millions of readers. When the impatience was such that a subliminal telegraph was improvised to report progress during the race, we, who necessarily come a week behind, may be excused for languor in dealing with so stale a history.

Suffice it then to say that the race was worthy of the occasion, and more than worthy of our powers of celebration. It is true that it had the remarkable, but not quite unprecedented, feature that all its details had been minutely foreseen by innumerable prophets, who after the event referred with justifiable pride to the accuracy of their foresight. The fact is the more curious as before the event the predictions seemed to the unphilosophic eye to be irreconcilable. We cannot affect to compete with persons of such superhuman acuteness of perception; our vision being as limited as that of the lamented Weller, we could not see through a snow-storm and through the brassy bodies of half-a-dozen stalwart young men, and detect the fact that bow or two in one of the contending boats palpably interfered with the equilibrium of his crew by allowing his tongue to wander into one side of his mouth. We have no claims to equality with the gentleman who, after the Thanksgiving Procession, wrote a letter to the *Times* with the startling signature, "The eye above that sees all"; nor could we rival his penetration in detecting, not merely Her Majesty's gaiters, but the thoughts which were passing through her mind. We are, and we have no hesitation in avowing, the fact, human; and, as such our nature suffers from certain unavoidable imperfections. Yet, weak as we are, we would venture to add our feeble tribute to the chorus of praise which should encircle the name of Goldie. We remember many distinguished oarsmen whom to name is to excite a thrill of emotion in the bosom of every old frequenter of the Cam. Who is there of twenty years' standing, to go no farther back, whose name does not quiver with something of the old fervour at the mere mention of the name of Jones, whose energy won the British victory ever known on the Thames; of Hall, whose robust, unromantic, was as glorious; or of Griffiths, whose exertions, though late denied to them, an equal success? We

confine ourselves to men who held the stroke-oar in their time, but there are many other old oarsmen whose fame is equally green, and amongst those who were present on the ever-rememberable 23rd of March, 1872, there is not one, we are sure, who would not willingly admit that Mr. Goldie's feat surpasses all previous performances. He who has brought back victory after an unparalleled period of depression, who has alone amongst all Cambridge heroes rowed stroke to three victorious crews in succession, and who has won his last struggle in spite of an accident which would have proved fatal to any crew less perfectly trained and depending upon a less cool-headed commander, deserves to be the hero of this and all coming generations of undergraduates at his own University. We cannot praise him, as we have seen him praised, for not immediately communicating his misfortune to his crew, inasmuch as we do not understand how he could possibly have done it; but certainly at the moment when the signal-gun fired and the victory was achieved, he had every right to feel proud of the discipline, due chiefly to his own exertions, and of the personal skill which had defied even so unexpected a turn of fortune. The fact alone is enough to show, in spite of certain special pleadings to the contrary, that there was a very marked difference in the merits of the two crews. Yet Oxford may fairly console themselves by referring to the misfortunes which had dogged their footsteps during training, and by the assertions of all competent observers that they made the most heroic exertions throughout the whole of the race. It is true that we never yet read of a beaten crew whose performance was not one series of magnificent, heroic, determined, and all but invincible spurts, and calculated to reflect upon them more credit than even a victory. That only proves that the race of heroes in this island is too numerous to be in danger of speedy extinction; and we are happy to reflect that we have only one serious criticism to offer, and that it tells only against the intellectual instead of the physical attainments of the crews. It is plain that although Cambridge, as a University, admits the fact that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, that useful bit of knowledge has not extended itself to the coxswain. If, however, he will remember on a future occasion that zigzagging, though useful in ascending a mountain, is an undesirable motion for a boat, we trust that we may be able to express unqualified admiration of the crew whose course he directs. May Oxford be next year all that Cambridge was this, and Cambridge not decline! Then indeed our eyes will be gratified by a spectacle never yet rivalled, and we shall be able to declare in the fulness and pride of our hearts, We too have been at an English University.

It is possible that some cynics may disapprove of that gushing enthusiasm which we have vainly striven to suppress. They may urge—nay, we have seen it urged in print—that, after all, too much may be made of these athletic performances. Let them remember, however, that the welfare of England depends in no small degree upon the University which set the tone to our young men; and the welfare of the Universities notoriously depends upon the excellence of their rowing. No effort can be too great to maintain the standard of the art. The University race in particular interests a whole nation, from princes down to street boys, in Oxford and Cambridge. If the development of intellect suffers more or less from the importance attached to rowing, it is a generally recognized fact that we are in the habit of trusting to Providence for our supplies of that article. Our legislators, we know, are such as it pleases Heaven to send us; nobody thinks of demanding any intellectual qualification from the men who manage the affairs of the nation; and if we are not squeamish about them, why should we be over-particular in demanding it from our rising generation? Let us take care of our muscles, and our minds will take care of themselves. A good digestion and a cold heart is said to be the secret of happiness; and why should not a powerful biceps, and lungs trained to bear the severest strains on the turf or the river, be the best qualifications for a good citizen? Perhaps the thesis might be maintained; but we confess that we have just a remnant of antiquated scrupulosity which sometimes leads us to doubt whether the Universities are precisely the places which should take the lead in this modern movement for the improvement of the race. In the poem from which we have already quoted a grand prophecy is delivered after the conclusion of the sacred games. We venture to quote the concluding lines, which not unhappily express the forebodings of some people, and we will express our own hope that they may not meet with a too literal fulfilment. The uncaptured ghost of Sattle thus delivers himself:—

Proceed, great days, till learning fly the shore,  
Till high shall dash with noble blood no more;  
Till Thames and Eam's sons for ever play,  
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;  
Till idle elders reel, their pupils' sport,  
And Alma Mater lies dissolved in Port!

The last rhyme seems to be imperfect; and though we cannot suggest a perfect emendation, the words might perhaps be adapted, with some loss of poetry, but with a gain in accuracy, as thus:—

THE Cam and Isis cut their lectures short,  
And Alma Mater lies absorbed in sport!

#### THE ENGLISH OF THE PRAYER-BOOK.

It is a little on our commonly received notions of human progress, as we ever and anon do hear, of this or that being lost from among men. Some process of human

skill by which men could once produce some class of useful or ornamental objects, nay, perhaps some more dignified process of saving or destroying men's lives, has utterly perished and been forgotten. Now among these lost arts it is painful to have to reckon the art of making prayers. That art has been going down ever since the sixteenth century. In fact, as far as we Englishmen are concerned, it may be said to have existed only during a few years in the middle of the sixteenth century. There was one short moment in our ecclesiastical history when we were left wholly to ourselves, to the dictates of our own insular wisdom, when we had got rid of Rome and had not yet let in Geneva. It is a thing to be noticed that our first Prayer-Book, our most truly English Prayer-Book, did not contain the Daily Exhortation which is sometimes irreverently spoken of as "Dearly Beloved." At the other end, too, it did not contain that marvellous prayer for the Queen's Majesty which sounds as if its author, having raised Queen Elizabeth almost to the level of Deity, was puzzled to find words yet more exalted for the invocation of Deity itself. Nor did it contain that other prayer which seems to class among "great marvels" the possibility of clergy and people each doing their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. Some people have ventured to think that, now that there is a talk of shortening the Services, the best way of shortening Morning and Evening Prayer would be to get rid of the later excrescences which have grown on to them at both ends. But these are matters which are too high for us, and we will not risk ourselves a step further in the way of discussing them. We wish to look at the Prayer-Book, not as a matter either of theology or of ecclesiastical law, but as a matter of the English tongue.

On the whole, there is for us no English like the English of the Prayer-Book, and, next to that, no English like that of our translation of the Bible. Both were made at a happy moment. They belong to that exact stage of our language which is archaic enough to be venerable, but not so archaic as to be generally hard to understand. Being the only writings of their own age which are thoroughly familiar to every one, they seem to have a character of their own, a sort of personal existence apart from other writings which does not belong to them in their own nature. We feel towards them in a way in which the men of the sixteenth century could not have felt towards them. But our feeling, if in some sort the result of accident, is none the less real and healthy. It is a great thing to have a monument of that fresh and vigorous stage of our language familiar to every ear and every tongue. But that is not all; the English of the Prayer-Book has something more than the incidental merit of representing a very happy stage of the language. The men who used it knew thoroughly well what they were about; they knew how to adapt their language to the particular purpose for which it was meant. The sixteenth century was an age of long-winded sentences; but we find no long-winded sentences in the original portions of the Prayer-Book; and the authors of the Prayer-Book understood in its perfection one art which we will not say is wholly lost, but which it is certain that a vast number of people do not understand or care for. We mean the art of prose rhythm. Many people seem to put together their sentences anyhow; they either do not think about the matter at all, or only think how they may drag in the longest words. But here and there you find a writer who weighs every syllable that he writes, to whom a syllable too much or too little is as painful in a prose sentence as in a stanza of verse, and to whom a thoughtless change of a rhythmically built sentence is as grating to the ear as a false quantity in a hexameter or iambic verse. There is some mysterious law in these matters which we are not philosophers enough to throw into the shape of any definite precepts, but about which a careful writer feels by instinct when it is obeyed and when it is broken. Now among men who thoroughly knew what rhythm was we must give a high place to the makers of our Prayer-Book, and, above all, to the authors of the older translation of the Book of Psalms. They knew what people nowadays seem to forget, that what they wrote was meant to be said or sung. They therefore by an unerring instinct threw it into a form in which it really could be said or sung. A modern Archbishop's occasional prayer may be a very devout and orthodox composition, it may be a first-rate example of the art of new writing, but it is about as fit to be said or sung as an article in the *Daily Telegraph* or the speech of a Duke at an agricultural meeting. In fact, when we read of some political magnate expressing "the enormous satisfaction" with which he sets forth the "magnificent demonstration of such a concourse of people," we get a dim feeling of a vastness and stateliness which is something more than ducal, almost archiepiscopal. We have no notion by what process either lordly speeches or archiepiscopal prayers are put together, but we have read somewhere of some part of Great Tartary where they have a praying-machine which pulls out prayers by the yard, or whatever may be the proper measure for reckoning the length of a prayer in an agglutinative language. We have seen in our own country a mill which turned out Latin verses, and we cannot help thinking that some machinery of the same kind is busily at work in turning out various specimens of language, spiritual and temporal. For our part we have no hope, unless we could see our way to conjuring up a man of the sixteenth century to make our prayers for us. Failing that, we would suggest that we should give up a task which has proved utterly hopeless, and should content ourselves with the undoubted truth that nothing ever yet happened for which it was not easy to find an appropriate psalm. This brings us back to our former point. How much rhythm

tells in the matter is shown by the fact that we still keep in use the translation of the Psalms which was made in the time of Henry the Eighth. No one doubts that the translation of James the First's time is, as a matter of Hebrew scholarship, an incomparably better translation. No one doubts that in the older version many passages are quite wrongly rendered, and that some are quite unintelligible. Yet the reviewers of Charles the Second's time, when they ordered the Epistles and Gospels to be changed to the new translation, did not think of applying the same rule to the Psalms. And, as far as we know, no one wishes for any such change now. Indeed the later version is hardly ever used at all; no one ever quotes it except as a text for a sermon. And why? Because every one feels that, whatever may be its faults in other ways, the older version is a noble piece of English, and that it is specially suited for its special purpose, that of being said or sung. Every verse of the older version is rhythmical; the music is ready made. The more correct version of King James's translators it would be hopeless to try to sing; the thing could not be done; the clauses are not built for the purpose. As for any further attempts at improvement in our own day, we shudder to think of them. A closer approach to the exact meaning of the Hebrew would be dearly purchased if "the round world and all that therein is" should be changed into "the terraqueous globe and the entirety of its contents."

We have been led into this train of thought by a document purporting to be a scheme for the reform of the Athanasian Creed. We have by some chance stumbled on it in a report of the proceedings of the Convocation of York, but which we have no doubt has been laid before the Convocation of Canterbury also. The document is a report signed by five Bishops—those of London, Winchester, Gloucester and Bristol, Ely, and Chester. Now let us ask our readers to look for a moment at the Creed, or whatever it is to be called, which has just now once more become the subject of so much controversy, from an unusual point of view. We ask to be allowed to be for awhile neither theological, nor historical, nor critical. We will say not a word as to the dogmas which the Creed sets forth, or as to the wisdom of fencing them in with anathemas. We will be for the nonce wholly indifferent whether it is a work of the time of Constantius or a work of the time of Charles the Great. We will not hearken to any discussions as to the authority of this or that manuscript, or as to the critical value of this or that reading. We will look at the English version of the Creed, as it stands in our Prayer-Books, simply as a piece of English. As such it is beyond all praise; nothing was ever yet put together more thoroughly suited to be said or sung. It is hardly possible to read it without being irresistibly tempted to the act of saying or singing. The rhythm of every clause is perfect; there is not a syllable too much or too little; crowded necessarily as it is with technical terms of theology, it is wonderful to see how they have been caught and broken in and made to play their part in a piece of English which for its own purpose is altogether unsurpassed. When the Creed is properly sung by a well-trained choir, a heretic himself could almost submit to be cursed in a formula of such majestic harmony. And now let us see what our five Bishops propose to do. They may have, for aught we know, good reasons enough as concerns the Latin text, but they are going to destroy an altogether perfect piece of English. They begin in the very first verse; "whosoever will be saved," is to be "whosoever *willeth* to be saved." Now the five Bishops who laid their heads together had not any one of them ear enough to feel that their proposal gives two syllables too much, and utterly ruins the rhythm of the first clause. The next change is, if possible, worse. "Everlastingly" is to be changed into "eternally." The reason of this change is wholly beyond us; if any theological difference lurks between the two words, if "eternally" is supposed to be a milder formula than "everlastingly," we are too dense to follow so subtle a distinction. But we do see that a Latin word is needlessly put in the place of an English one, and that a wonderful piece of rhythm is utterly swept away. It shows how every rule has its exceptions—it shows the instinctive delicacy of ear of the English translators of the Creed—that, while in this verse it would be ruin to put the Latin word instead of the English, yet in that place of the Creed where the Latin word is found, to replace it by the English would be, to say the least, no improvement. Then we come to the clause which contains the word "incomprehensible," a long foreign word, and used in an unusual sense, but which yet, by some lucky chance, gives exactly the rhythm that is wanted. The five Bishops propose to substitute "infinite"; if a rubric be added to say that the accent is to be laid on the second syllable the change may be just borne, but even then the majestic roll of the longer word will be lost. And, if the word be sounded as it commonly is, the whole music of the clause will vanish utterly. And so the thing goes on; a number of small changes are proposed which may likely enough, as in the case of the Psalms, more correctly represent some more correct Latin text, but which are so many death-blows to the hymn *Quicumque vult* as a piece of English to be said or sung. Lastly, the last clause of all is to stand thus:—"This is the holy and Catholic Faith, which every man who desireth to attain to eternal life ought to know wholly and to guard faithfully." No doubt, as far as regards the matter, the new formula is a considerable softening down of the old one, but the one can be sung, and the other cannot; and, as all Psalms and Hymns should be sung as they are to be said or sung in churches, we should ask the five Bishops where we are to put the point in a sentence almost as long

as a German sentence in the old-fashioned *Kanzleystyl*. We see that in the debates of the Northern Convocation the announcement of these proposed changes was immediately followed by a proposal by the Dean of Chester and the Bishop of Ripon to get rid of the Creed altogether in public worship. Perhaps, if it is to be mauled in this ruthless way, its friends as well as its enemies may be less keen to make a fight on its behalf.

But the question is only part of a more general one. There may be good reasons, theological or other, for changes either in the Prayer-Book or in the translation of the Bible; but those who are set on such a delicate task should at least remember that what they are handling is, whatever else it is, one of the most precious possessions of Englishmen, a monument of their native speech which forms no small part of their national heritage. No doubt our received translation of the Bible might in many places be improved. We do not say a word against any such improvement; but, with such examples as we have before us, we do feel very great dread lest an indiscreet and unsympathizing meddling with compositions of the very highest order may take away something which, by association at least, is certainly not less valuable than a more minutely correct reproduction of the original.

#### THE RIVAL PROGRAMMES.

THE Duke of Edinburgh, having come forward as spokesman of the projectors of Albert Hall, must submit to have his speech criticized as if it had been uttered by Mr. Cole C.B. and the other troublesome persons who instructed him. The net result of this manifesto is that the shareholders in the Albert Hall collectively represent the nation, but that individually they are entitled to make the best profit they can upon their shares. Slowly and reluctantly, but inevitably, the high-soaring benefactors of the human race are driven to admit that, like other commercial Companies, they seek a dividend. They are now advertising a series of eighteen concerts "of the highest class." Her Majesty the Queen "has intimated her hope" to be present at the first of the great Choral Concerts. The subscription is as follows, &c. If Sir Charles Dilke had "intimated his hope" that a fair proportion of the profits of this particular concert would be paid by the managers of the Albert Hall into the Treasury, the notion would not have been as absurd as some others which he has propounded. The great majority of the nation thinks that Royalty is worth its cost, and that the yearly bill ought to be paid without narrowly scrutinizing the items. But still it must be felt that Royalty belongs to the nation, and ought not to be lent like a theatrical property to private speculators. At rare intervals the Queen has made what are called State visits to the theatre or opera. These visits are necessarily announced some time beforehand, and probably the manager is able to dispose of tickets at an enhanced price. But still the immediate object of this arrangement is a State ceremony, whereas the advertisement which we have quoted is obviously intended merely to sell the tickets for the series of concerts "of the highest class." The tickets are to be transferable, and people who apply for them in good time will doubtless make a good thing by transferring tickets for the particular concert at which Her Majesty may be able to realize the hope which she now intimates. The managers of theatres and concert-halls may reasonably ask why this privilege should be granted to a new and formidable rival. The names of "Prince," "Princess," and "Victoria," have been for many years applied to places of public entertainment without attracting any great amount of Royal patronage; and it is difficult to understand how the name of "Albert" comes to be so much more efficacious. The mock procession comprising Britannia and the British Lion which appeared in Oxford Street on Thanksgiving Day was perhaps regarded as an impertinence. But the party of circus-riders and clowns who on that occasion competed with Royalty for popular favour would now be justified in alleging that Royalty competes with them.

The Duke of Edinburgh was of course instructed to handle discreetly this delicate subject of the Royal patronage of Albert Hall. He said that a proposal had been set on foot for establishing a hall for the encouragement of science and art facing the Albert Memorial, "forming an integral part of it, and intended to give, as it were, life to the whole." The Duke of Edinburgh is probably no more responsible for the language of his speech than the Queen is for that which Ministers put into her mouth when she opens Parliament. Indeed we think that the style of his address supports the idea which the managers of the Hall are anxious to encourage, that they have an intimate connexion with the Court. Surely no speaker who was not officially inspired would commit the absurdity of stating that the Albert Hall was intended to form "an integral part" of the Albert Memorial on the other side of the road. You might as well say that the National Gallery was intended to form "an integral part" of the Nelson monument, or the Houses of Parliament an integral part of the statue of King Richard I. Besides, we happen to remember that very soon after the death of the Prince Consort an attempt was made to turn the national sorrow for his loss into a profitable commodity, and much trouble was taken by ourselves and others to expose and defeat the scheme by which the speculators of South Kensington endeavoured to convert themselves into representatives of the British Empire. The result is that there is a monument which is national in the Park, and there

is the Hall, which is private property, beyond. The intention was not that the one should be an integral part of the other, but that the two should be distinct, and this intention has been carried out; although Mr. Cole C.B. and his associates have been incessantly scheming to depart from it. The notion of the Hall "giving life" to the Memorial is even more surprising. We should have conjectured that the object of the clients of the Duke of Edinburgh was to make the Memorial, or rather the memory, of the Prince Consort, "give life" to the Hall. The Duke proceeds to say:—"This Hall can, therefore, to a certain extent, be considered as a national undertaking, and as far as it is concerned, the corporation may be considered to represent the nation." The word "therefore" indicates that the Duke supposes himself to have demonstrated the national character of the Hall. But, as we understand, his proof amounts to no more than this, that the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 realized a surplus which they invested in land, on part of which stands the Albert Hall. It is notorious that these Commissioners attempted to take the nation into partnership, and the nation declined a connexion which, however advantageous, would have been very costly. Like Sir Peter Teazle and his wife, the country was to find the money, and Cole & Co. would spend it elegantly.

We must demur to the Duke's conclusion that the corporation of seatholders of the Albert Hall "may be considered to represent the nation," and it is to be lamented that he should have been made the unwitting mouthpiece of the impudent mendacity which dictated this statement. Parliament, which does represent the nation, has distinctly refused to allow it to be involved in the proceedings of the Commissioners, and a connexion with the corporation of the Albert Hall would be still more intolerable. The Duke, indeed, admits in the next sentence that this corporation is nothing but a commercial company. "Of course," he says, "the individual seatholder is entitled to consider his interest as a pecuniary one; but the corporation as a body should take a large and expansive view of the institution." Here, again, we find a resemblance to the style of a Queen's Speech, which is perhaps assumed in order to countenance the idea that the corporation and the nation are one concern. It must be confessed that the founders of the Hall take a sufficiently expansive view of that institution when they represent it as national. It is now to be placed, the Duke says, "on a sound basis." It is to be self-supporting, with a prospect of just sufficient gain to ensure maintenance and gradual improvement. There is to be an efficient manager well paid, and there are to be—incredible as it may appear—penny concerts. The inhabitants of Chelsea have closed Cremorne, and the inhabitants of Lambeth are trying to prevent the opening of the Surrey Gardens. It remains to be seen whether the inhabitants of Kensington will patiently endure the establishment in their neighbourhood of a gigantic penny gaff. The working-man is admirable in his proper place, but if he gets between the wind and nobility it is possible that nobility may object. The result of the Duke's statement is that the corporation desire to sell more sittings, or, in other words, to raise further capital; and it may not perhaps be irrelevant to remark, that a man in fustian or rags who pays one penny may contrive to occupy a seat or box for which the nominal proprietor has paid many guineas.

There's a difference between  
A beggar and a queen;

or at least there used to be. But it appears that at the Albert Hall dukes and roughs are likely to come into nearer juxtaposition than they have done since the days of prizefighting.

The managers of the Crystal Palace are not so fortunate as to be assisted by a Royal Duke in taking "an expansive view" of that institution, and maintaining it "in a manner worthy of the magnitude of the undertaking and the importance of its objects." They might, indeed, make a merit of expecting only just sufficient gain to ensure maintenance and improvement, because they are very unlikely to get more. But at any rate they have not yet reached the point of contemplating penny concerts. Their programme for Good Friday is curiously constructed to propitiate, if possible, at once the religious and the secular elements of society. You could keep either holy day or holiday within their precincts. There was a grand sacred concert, and a hymn sung by as many visitors as choose to join in it; while other visitors were attracted by an artistic and scientific programme, in which we observe that compounds of "ology" occur with alarming frequency. It appears that for this day only the doxology was added to the usual series. It is rather hard upon the old establishment at Norwood that the new one at Kensington should quietly treat it as non-existent, and proceed upon the supposition that fine-art courts, and picture galleries, and technological collections have been invented by its founders for the intellectual improvement of the British public. The managers of the Crystal Palace bear up as well as they can against the formidable competition of the Albert Hall. We have compared their printed programme for the season with the speech of the Duke of Edinburgh, and we are unable to decide which is the more wonderful example of literary composition. There is to be at Norwood "a poetical allegory or masque," which we might unwisely have called a ballet, on Easter Monday. In this entertainment "the deliciousness of flowers will be combined with that of fountains and cascades of real water, as well as with other particular features." Surely the force of descriptive language can no further go. But there is commercially an enormous difference between a mere advertisement in the first page of the *Times* and an ad-

nouncement in the form of a report of a speech by the Duke of Edinburgh. The Directors of the Crystal Palace have engaged "Wombwell's Royal Menagerie" for the season, but the Committee of the Albert Hall have engaged Royalty itself.

#### THE OLD CATHOLICS IN AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.

THE German bishops seem ready enough to take up the gauntlet thrown down by Prince Bismarck. Another episcopal meeting in Fulda is announced to be held in April; the fourth, we believe, in that ill-omened place during the last two years and a half. Meanwhile the Bishop of Ermland, who had been requested by the Government to withdraw his excommunications, as being contrary to the law of the land, has not only not complied with the request, but has already named a successor to the excommunicated parish priest (Grunet); while the military provost, Rasmankowski, who may be presumed to be acting under his direction, has forbidden Grunet to officiate any longer as chaplain of the forces, thereby contravening the instructions of the military authorities. At Bonn the four recalcitrant Professors of the Catholic Faculty have been solemnly excommunicated by the Archbishop of Cologne, and have replied to his sentence in a manifesto, to which we shall have occasion to refer presently. One of them has since preached in the *Alt Katholik* church at Bonn, and a Conference of some hundred Old Catholic deputies from various cities in Germany has been held there. A general Congress is summoned for next September at Cologne. The Austrian bishops, who were prominent in the Opposition at Rome, appear to be no less resolute in enforcing the Vatican dogmas, but they have hitherto been supported rather than restrained by their Government. As far as words go, we doubt indeed whether any of them has approached the new Archbishop of Paris, whose recent Lenten pastoral is truly a marvel of composition. We can only pause here in passing to call a few specimens of the flowers of sacred eloquence which adorn its pages. It traces throughout an elaborate parallel, which to a colder or more reverent faith might seem almost blasphemous, between "Pius IX. and Him whose Vicar he is." The former, we are told, like his Master, has nowhere to lay his head, his house has become a prison, and is continually threatened; his royal diadem is replaced by a crown of thorns, "and he appears in his desolation such as was the Divine Saviour in His Passion; he is really in the eyes of the universe the *Jere Homo*, the Man of Sorrows"; he is expiating in union with his Divine Master the crimes of the age, "and renews in the sight of men and angels the sublime spectacle of the death of the God-Man." There are certainly, by the way, no traces of this melancholy state of things in the telegram which records the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Vatican. It is of course only natural after this that such wondrous resemblances should be declared worthy of all admiration and respect, and that the faithful should be exhorted "to bear his cross for him like Simon of Cyrene, and wipe his face like the pious Veronica." We can understand now something of the "Pius-cult," or as others have styled it, Lamaism, said to be practised at Rome, which must in fairness be allowed to be a perfectly legitimate corollary of the infallibilist dogma. How far any other cult is likely to be benefited or encouraged by it is another question. Dr. Michaud will probably feel that his Archbishop has supplied a fresh justification for the step he has taken in renouncing allegiance to him. Our present concern, however, is rather with the course of proceedings in Germany than in France. And we will first turn to Austria, where the last move of the Government in refusing any civil recognition to the status or acts of the Old Catholic clergy is provoking strong remonstrance. Two important documents are before us which deserve some notice here—the one, a pamphlet by Massen, the learned Professor of Canon Law at Vienna, who has followed the example of his brother canonist, Sobhito of Prague, in stating his views on the decree of Stremayer, the Minister of Worship, the other, a Memorial addressed to the Chamber of Deputies by the Superior of the Old Catholic congregation at Vienna.

Professor Massen expounded his estimate of the situation in what reads very like the preamble of an Act of Parliament. We may thus summarize his leading points. The notion that the State in its dealings with a religious community has simply to consider who are its regular officers, and not what doctrine they teach, is false in principle, and leads to absurd consequences; while on the other hand even bishops assembled in Council may err in definitions of faith, as was indeed acknowledged by the Vatican Council when it declared the Pope to be the divinely constituted organ of infallibility. But the doctrine that a mere man possesses the infallibility of the Almighty Creator is in glaring contradiction with the Catholic faith, which has therefore been essentially altered by the Vatican decree; and this, moreover, was expressly affirmed in the memorandum of the Austrian Minister of Worship of July 25, 1870, where it is said to involve a "fundamental revolution," and one which must affect all the relations hitherto existing between Church and State. And even if the strict consequences deducible from this declaration are not to be pressed against the innovators, the State is at least bound to observe its obligations towards those who adhere to the unaltered faith of the Church. From these premises Dr. Massen draws five practical conclusions. In the first place, the State is bound to refuse civil recognition to ecclesiastical censures pronounced

against those who reject the Vatican dogmas; secondly, in parishes where the regular pastor is an infallibilist, it is bound to secure to the Old Catholic members of the congregation the joint use of the parish church; and, thirdly, to guarantee, under such conditions as it may choose to fix, the rights of Old Catholic pastors in dioceses presided over by an infallibilist bishop. And further, the State is bound to take care, in applying the laws on education, that no violence is done to the conscience either of Old Catholics or infallibilists. Finally, there is urgent need for such legislation as may definitively secure the equal rights of both classes of believers. The tone and substance of this manifesto seem moderate enough, and the same may be said of the whole of the address of the Old Catholics to the Chamber of Deputies. The grievance chiefly dwelt on, which is no doubt one of constant recurrence, is the present legal invalidity of Old Catholic marriages. The petitioners state quite truly that, according to the invariably received Catholic doctrine, marriage is a sacrament by virtue of the consent of the parties themselves, and independently of any religious ceremony, and they deny that the State has any right to meddle with this purely doctrinal question. It follows that to refuse civil validity to the marriages of Old Catholics and treat them as concubinage is an oppression of conscience as well as an injustice, a mere stretch of "might over right." If civil marriage were compulsory in Austria, the difficulty would of course be solved; but at present the faithful generally shrink from it on conscientious grounds, and obviously it cannot with any show of justice be imposed on one part of the community and not on the other. The petitioners also insist on their equitable claim to the retention of Church property, as maintaining the ancient and unaltered faith of the Church. There was reported to be some disposition on the part of the Government to reconsider its attitude on this question, and the influential protests which it has elicited can hardly fail of producing some effect; but the latest news is that Stremayer's decree is confirmed. In Baden, on the other hand, as we gather from the recent reply of the Minister of State to a question in the Chamber, the Government is following the Bavarian precedent. At Munich the parish priest of St. Peter's, a furious intellilist, is being proceeded against for a violent political sermon.

The spirited letter addressed to the Archbishop of Cologne by the four excommunicated Professors at Bonn is, in a religious sense, a still more weighty document. It bears the date of March 16, four days after the sentence was pronounced, and is subscribed by Dr. Hilgers, Dr. Reusch, and Dr. Langen, Professors in the Catholic Faculty of Theology, and Dr. Knodt, Catholic Professor of Philosophy. They begin by citing the words of the episcopal misave which declare them "to have *ex ipso facto* incurred the greater excommunication for notorious heresy in refusing their *ex animo* assent to the decrees of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican." To this they reply that, as the sin of heresy consists in the deliberate rejection of the doctrine of the Church, they have not incurred it by refusing to accept dogmas which they are convinced form no part of the deposit of faith handed down from the Apostles, while they still adhere to the doctrine of the Catholic Church as they were themselves taught it, and as they have for years past publicly taught it to others, with the full sanction of ecclesiastical authority, "in which faith, by God's grace, they desire to live and die." And then they proceed to recall to the Archbishop's memory one or two notorious facts. They remind his Grace of his own declaration, in March 1870, in the *Synopsis Observationum*, that for many reasons he could not assent to the proposed definition of infallibility, and that many learned and orthodox theologians considered such a definition impossible on account of the grave historical difficulties and the manifold adverse testimonies of the holy Fathers, while many, even of those who desired it, had no such firm conviction as is requisite for imposing an article of faith under anathema. Nor had it ever been the custom of the Church to suppose such definitions without at least the moral unanimity of the bishops assembled in Council, which could not in this case be looked for. He had added that in many countries the opinion was unknown to the faithful, and would be regarded as a fundamental change of their religion. And again, in the Protest of May 8 against introducing the Schema on the Primacy, which was also signed by Archbishop Malthus, in common with the other Opposition bishops, the promoters of the dogma are described as *men qui non minus Ecclesiam et fides universales scholarumque optimis patrum videtur sustinere Ecclesiam aversum undam infrent*. An opinion that cannot possibly, the Professors observe, be an article of faith. They add that till quite recently the contrary has been taught in Catholic schools and catechisms under ecclesiastical authority, and that the most illustrious champions of Catholicism, like Count Stolberg, described Papal infallibility as "one of those gross falsehoods invented and propagated by the enemies of the Catholic religion." Count Stolberg, we may remark, was a special hero with Dr. Robertson, the *Disseminator*; and Dr. Aspinwall, and Professor of History in "the Catholic University of Dublin," who declares that he "gave the first impulse to Catholic literature, and commenced that series of brilliant writers who have since adorned Catholic Germany." But the impediment to accepting the Vatican decree, the Professors proceed to state, lies in opinions and not in persons, "as a blind party loyalty is not the basis of a true religion, and those who teach it are not to be considered as the enemies of the Church."



where of the usual reply, which Archbishop Manning has emphatically propounded in this country, that historical facts must succumb to dogmatic decrees of a General Council? But not to limit on the circumstance that the Vatican Synod has simply "assented to" a Papal decree (*exco[m]municatio*), neither Pope nor Council is competent to add anything to the traditional deposit of faith, nor would any Council which observed the rules hitherto followed at such assemblies attempt it. And here again the Professors refer to the protest of the Bishops of May 8; on the method of procedure adopted at the Vatican Synod, which they solemnly condemned *in apud homines, in in tremenda Dei iudicio, quantum ad nos attinet*; and desired that their protest should remain as a *perpetuo documentum* of their mind on the subject. It is further notorious that no searching examination of the question, such as Cardinal Rönacher and many other bishops declared to be absolutely indispensable, ever took place at the Council, and that many of its members opposed not only the opportuneness, but the doctrinal truth, of the definition. A decision thus arrived at cannot become an article of faith through the subsequent "submission" of the bishops who opposed it, and those who are excommunicated for continuing to reject it must repudiate the sentence as invalid, according to the words of Pope Gelasius I. in his letter to the Eastern bishops, that "an unjust sentence can injure no one before God and His Church." And as for the scandal caused by the excommunication of priests who have long exercised their office of public teachers in a University without blame, the responsibility must rest on those who have pronounced it, not on them. They appeal with confidence to the judgment of those whose respect they value, and to the invisible Lord of the Church, against the iniquitous sentence designed to exclude them from its communion. The letter concludes, "It rests with God whether we shall live to see the end of the present confusion. But we had rather depart this life laden with unjust censures than become accomplices of those who have introduced this confusion, or who, in their mistaken zeal for upholding the external unity of the Church, have professed doctrines which they could not fail to perceive, as we did, on candid examination, to be nothing short of a fundamental perversion of the traditional faith of the Catholic Church." This is plain speaking of a kind which the Archbishop, who is reported to be something of a despot over his clergy, will hardly appreciate. And it follows close on the death of the excommunicated nun, Sister Augustine, in the same diocese, of whom we lately spoke, and who preferred, like these Professors, to die under ecclesiastical censure rather than purchase absolution by abjuring her hereditary faith.

#### THE TIEBORNE CLAIMANT'S APPEAL.

IT appears that the Tieborne Claimant has broken down as a commercial speculation, and that those who supplied him with funds to carry on his suit, on the chance of pocketing a large share of his winnings, are not prepared to provide for his defence now that the question has become only one of justice. The Claimant has, therefore, been obliged to appeal to the public for subscriptions; and of course he is very sanguine as to the result. He is evidently a man, if not, as Wordsworth says, of cheerful yesterdays, at least of confident to-morrows. Only a few thousands more and up he goes, and no mistake this time; first he must get rid of this charge of perjury, which with money he can easily do; then he will begin an action for the Doughty estates; and with the proceeds of these, of course he will get them—he will pay off the trifle of 80,000*l.* due as costs on the late suit, and have another sling at the Tieborne property. These are his projects, as confided to a friendly Reporter; but in his letter he confines himself to the question of the moment. We should not wonder if this appeal met with a liberal response. Confidence begets confidence; and Englishmen have not only a strong love of fair play, but a natural disposition to side with a man who is down, and who seems to be deserted by his friends, or by those who stuck to him as long as they thought they could make anything out of him. There is a general desire that the mystery of the case—as far as there is any mystery—should be probed to the bottom; and the Tieborne trial has been such good reading for a long time, and the new novels are all so stupid, that many people meet it very much, and would probably not object to pay handsomely for a continuation of it; with new effects and a change of scene. In a country like this there are always a considerable number of persons who do not know what to do with their money; and who are glad of any excuse for parting with it, especially if it supplies excitement and attacks of benevolence. "Some men," according to the profound aphorism in the Claimant's note-book, "has plenty money and no brains; and some men has plenty brains and no money; surely men with plenty money and no brains were made for men with plenty brains and no money." It would be absurd to find fault with the Claimant's method of appeal; and of course those who think that it is a bad one, and that without assistance he will not be able to secure a fair trial, will naturally give him the benefit of their contribution. A very nice question might indeed be raised as to the propriety of such money being procured to carry on the former suit, and the Tieborne householders will find some observations on this subject in a well-known chapter on "Offences against Public Decency," which may perhaps have a personal interest for

them. Maintenance is defined by Blackstone to be "an offence in meddling in a suit that no way belongs to one, by maintaining or assisting either party, with money or otherwise, to prosecute or defend it." A man may, however, with impunity maintain the suit of a near kinsman, servant, or poor neighbour out of charity and compassion. Maintenance may also consist, as Bacon remarks, "in assisting another to his pretensions to lands, or holding them for him by force or subtlety, or stirring up quarrels in the country in relation to matters wherein one is no way concerned." Champerty (*comp[ar]te*) is a bargain with a plaintiff or defendant to divide the land or other matter sued for, as, for example, the revenues of lands, if they prevail at law; whereupon the champartor is to carry on the party's suit at his own expense. "These pests of civil society," Blackstone observes with some vehemence, "that are perpetually endeavouring to disturb the repose of their neighbours, and officiously interfering in other men's quarrels, even at the hazard of their own fortunes, were severely and unadverted upon by the Roman law; they were punished by the forfeiture of a third part of their goods, and by perpetual infamy." But these remarks need not deter people from subscribing to the Castro Defence Fund. To assist a man in endeavouring to obtain possession of estates by a suit at law, on condition of sharing the proceeds of the action if successful, is obviously a different thing from providing a prisoner with the means of defending himself from a criminal charge. Fraudulent or vexatious claims to property would certainly be encouraged if it became usual to carry on civil suits on joint-stock principles, with limited liability for the safety of the speculators.

Of course the Claimant is right to appeal to the public for subscriptions, if he thinks he can get any; but the public, on the other hand, will naturally consider whether there are any reasons why the Claimant is entitled to special sympathy and assistance as compared with his companions in Newgate and the inmates of other Houses of Detention throughout the country; and whether, considering how much money he has already had, and the use he has made of it, to give him more would not be sending good money after bad. In his letter the Claimant represents himself as a "cruelly persecuted" man, "a victim of might against right," and he suggests that all the power of the Government is now being employed to crush him in consequence of the Attorney-General having been leading counsel for the Tieborne family. In a conversation with an interviewing Reporter he is said to have further complained that he was very ill used by the Judge and jury in the Common Pleas, as well as by the defendants and their lawyers. Mr. Gorton, the Claimant's solicitor, has also written to the papers to insinuate that the Tieborne family do not believe in the truth of their own story that Roger was tattooed, and that it was only concocted as an afterthought to strengthen a weak case. It may be doubted whether the interests of the Claimant are likely to be advanced by newspaper controversy, and, above all, by narrowing the issue to be decided to a question whether there has been deliberate fraud and perjury on the part of the members of the Tieborne family or of the Claimant. We have no intention of going into the details of the evidence as to the tattoo marks; but we imagine that nobody except the Claimant and his solicitor has any difficulty in understanding why the Tieborne family may have thought it expedient not to make a premature disclosure of their information on this subject. Assuming the Claimant to be an impostor, it was natural to suppose that, if he had heard anything about the tattoo marks, he would at once make inquiries as to what sort of marks they were, and endeavour to imitate them on his own person. The evidence which was produced in the late trial, and especially the Dowager's own letters, showed that, whether or not the Claimant was Roger, the poor crazy old lady was determined to recognize him, even before she saw him or knew anything about him; and that in her childish folly she was not only willing, but eager, to provide the means of imposing on herself and others. It was evident that nothing would shake her foregone conclusion as to the Claimant's identity with Roger, and that everything she knew or that came to her ears was at once communicated to her supposed son. It was therefore the merest prudence for the Tieborne family to keep their secret to themselves until they saw that it would be safe to divulge it. There can be no doubt that the evidence as to these marks produced a strong impression on the jury, and if the Claimant can shake it he will make a good point for himself. At the same time it must also be remembered that when the jury were asked whether their intimation that the case had gone far enough was based exclusively on this part of it, they replied that it was not; and that they had taken the whole case into careful consideration. Nor would it altogether save the Claimant even if he could produce Arthur Orton in Court as distinct from himself; that would only show that he is not Orton, but he might still be Tom Castro, and an impostor. Of course if Roger Tieborne's relatives are leagued in a conspiracy to disown him, that is no doubt persecution; and the Claimant will have an opportunity of proving it, if he can. If he means, however, as we understand him to mean, that he is also being persecuted by the Government, it is necessary to point out that, after the collapse of the Claimant's suit, Chief Justice Bovill had no alternative but to order him into custody on a charge of perjury, and that it was demanded by the law officers of the Crown to undertake the prosecution. In every respect the Claimant has been treated in precisely the same way as any other person would be treated who was committed to prison on a similar charge. The question of

hall is in the hands, not of the Government, but of the Judges; his papers have been seized by the police in the ordinary way; and if he is without funds to pay the costs of his defence, he is only in the same position in which many other accused persons unhappily find themselves. It must not be forgotten that the Claimant was, in one sense, on his trial in the Common Pleas; that all the evidence he could produce was listened to with the utmost patience for months together, and that he had provisionally had five or six years to get up his case. He must have been aware of the double-edge of the weapon he was fighting with, and of the penalty which awaited him if he failed to win.

The result of the Claimant's appeal to the public will help to complete the wonderful exhibition of human nature which has been presented by this case. The evidence of some of the witnesses reads like a page of Thackeray or Balzac; and the whole story illustrates in a striking and vivid manner the peculiarities of human nature, its strange workings, springs of action, subtleties, humours, and stupidities. Perhaps nothing has been more remarkable in this way than the sources of sympathy for the Claimant. His evident pluck and the romantic character of his story appealed strongly to the popular taste; but his chief attraction to the mob which used to cheer him seems to have been a kind of confused notion that somehow or other he was fighting their battle, and vindicating the right of a butcher, or, at any rate, of a man with a butcher's manners, to a place among the aristocracy. They would probably not have insisted so strongly on his being Roger if they had not half believed him to be Orton. Then of course there were the people who, having formed a theory in his favour, made it a personal matter that it should be sustained at all hazards, and who resented as an insult any doubts as to his identity. From this class of people the Claimant may surely expect a good haul of half-crowns, if not of five-pound notes. We hope that all the subscribers will state their reasons for subscribing, and we are glad to see that "Edward Jenkins," in a letter to the *Daily News*, has set the example. Mr. Jenkins explains that he places five pounds at the feet of the Claimant in order to express his contempt for the present composition of the House of Commons. To some people the connexion between the two things may seem rather remote. Members of Parliament are, it appears in Mr. Jenkins's opinion, "toadies," and "developments of modern sycophancy," and "as soon as a man has been kicked out of Court by a histionic Judge and weary jury," they applaud the Government for prosecuting him. "As a taxpayer," Mr. Jenkins objects to a prosecution for perjury, because he has some recollection of some other case of quite a different kind which he thinks the Government should have taken up, but which they left in the hands of a private person who had voluntarily undertaken it. If Mr. Jenkins feels bound to subscribe for the Claimant because he does not like the House of Commons, the Liberation Society ought to come down handsomely because it hates the Church. We should think that a great many equally good reasons might easily be discovered why everybody should send something to the Castro Fund; but it may perhaps strike an impartial mind as odd that so much sympathy should be shown for the Claimant and so little for the heir.

#### BRITISH MILITARY LAW.

AS our military system is now being recast, this would seem to be a fitting time for reforming that part of it which relates to what in the Estimates is termed martial law, but might more properly be styled military law. Indeed, a material alteration, not only in the military code itself, but in the manner of applying it, seems to be imperatively demanded. The student who wishes to make himself acquainted with this important part of his duty is compelled to wade through, not only the Mutiny Act, the Articles of War, the Regimental Doctrines Act, the Army Service Acts of 1847 and 1867, the Army Reserve Act, and the Army Reserve and Militia Reserve Acts, all of which are contained under one cover, but also the Enlistment Act of 1870, the Queen's Regulations, and a host of circulars and warrants. He is also referred to some standard work on military law, but though there are several books on the subject, they are all out of date and some of them out of print. Setting aside the variety of sources from which instruction and information are to be sought, and assuming that the student determined to master the subject sits down in his room surrounded by all the books and documents enumerated, we must further observe that his difficulties are not to be measured by the number of regulations to be learnt by heart. In addition to being absurdly verbose and unnecessarily encumbered with legal jargon, the regulations in question are frequently most obscure, and not seldom contradictory. As an instance of verbosity, we may mention that fully two pages of the Mutiny Act are taken up with a mere enumeration of the persons subject to military law; whereas the intention of the Legislature might easily be expressed in a twentieth part of that space. Again, in the Articles of War, fifty-eight words are used to state that the president of certain courts-martial must always, if possible, be not under the rank of captain. What is particularly discouraging to the student is that, owing to the constant changes in the Mutiny Act, the Articles of War, and the various warrants and regulations, the knowledge he may have acquired to-day may be almost useless to him three or four years later. Yet, in the face of all these difficulties, a young officer is expected within a few years after joining to have completely mastered

this abstruse subject. His case is as bad as that of the Israelites who were compelled to make bricks without straw. We have no hesitation in saying that our military law is in a state which may justly be termed disgraceful to the Judge Advocate-General's department. No collection of precedents is published, and new interpretations are continually being given; yet precedents and interpretations only fall in the way of young officers rarely, and by the merest chance. Scarcely a warrant comes out that does not require subsequent revision or explanation, and the consequence is that the army is thoroughly bewildered. Two years ago it was announced that a handbook of military law would be published by authority, but it has not yet made its appearance; and yet, if he is to escape official rebukes, an officer must now be almost as much a lawyer as a soldier. It is neither the army nor its military chiefs who are responsible for this state of things, for there is a costly Judge Advocate-General's department, with a lawyer at its head, who annually draws up the Mutiny Act and the Articles of War, and whose services are available for framing each new warrant and regulation. Why some attempt should not be made to codify military law, to avoid the vain repetitions of the Mutiny Act which are to be found in the Articles of War, and to compress into one handy volume all the few and simple enactments required, we cannot guess. Military men are not generally fitted for the task of solving legal enigmas; they have little room in their baggage for a large library, and the less time spent on military law the more leisure will they have for the study of military science. Every officer ought to be perfectly acquainted with the laws to which he and his comrades of every rank are subject, and he ought also to be able to administer those laws in due conformity with the practice of the service; but to load his memory with a mass of precepts almost impossible to digest, and to divert his attention from his primary to his secondary duties, is clearly a mistake which cannot be too soon rectified.

We have hitherto dwelt entirely upon the necessity of codifying, condensing, and simplifying our military law; but there is also much to be urged in favour of a reform in its application. Under the new system, all ranks of officers will be carefully selected and trained. The existing limitations therefore to their powers of summary jurisdiction, formerly perhaps justifiable, are no longer expedient. In civil matters the practice of entrusting magistrates with powers of summary jurisdiction is being daily developed. Why should not all except grave and complicated military cases be similarly dealt with? On a former occasion we pointed out that the time of officers is so much taken up by desk-work that they are physically unable to perform their more active duties efficiently. A great deal of that desk-work is connected with courts-martial. Were summary punishments more frequent a great relief would therefore be experienced. Again, almost all cases summarily dealt with are now decided by the already overworked commanding officer. A remedy might easily be applied by adopting the principle of the Prussian system. In Prussia the regimental commander can award fourteen days' severe, twenty-one days' medium, or twenty-eight days' mild arrest. A battalion commander is empowered to inflict seven days' severe, ten days' medium, and fourteen days' mild arrest; while even a captain can give three days' severe, five days' medium, and eight days' mild arrest. The word arrest, as here used, does not possess the signification attached to it in our service, for in Prussia it means imprisonment of various degrees of severity; mild arrest being, however, simple deprivation of liberty, in solitary confinement, with permission to smoke. In the British army the extent of imprisonment which the commander of a battalion can award is seven days, while officers commanding companies can at the most, and only at the discretion of the commanding officer, sentence a man to three days' drill. In fact, as regards the enforcement of discipline by direct punishment, all officers save the colonel are mere ciphers. Looking to the Prussian practice and to the powers entrusted in our own country to magistrates, and considering the simple nature of military offences, it would seem advisable greatly to increase the disciplinary powers of British officers. Were the commanding officer allowed to give fourteen days' imprisonment, and a captain fourteen days' drill, the necessity for the frequent calling of courts-martial, and the office work of the commanding officer, would be much diminished. The desirableness of holding courts-martial for the trial of serious offences does not arise so much from any consideration connected with punishment as from the presumed greater likelihood that a correct verdict will be arrived at. But, as we have just remarked, military offences are generally very simple in their nature, and, we may add, there is generally very little room for doubt as to the prisoner's guilt. If, therefore, a simple military code were compiled, there could be no reasonable objection to materially increasing the powers of the carefully selected and trained officers who will henceforth hold commissions in the British army. An improvement might also be effected by restricting the classes of courts-martial to two. The commanding officer might be substituted for a regimental court-martial, and only district and general courts-martial retained. It is the worth considering whether the verdicts and sentences of courts-martial would not carry more equal weight with the army, if we adopted the practice which prevails in Prussia, and that of associating non-commissioned officers and warrant officers, now non-commissioned officers, with the trial of prisoners who do not hold commissions. In Prussia a sub-officer can

on the court-martial of any one under the rank of field officer. In Prussia, for the trial of any one under the rank of sergeant, two corporals, two acting corporals, and two privates are appointed members of the court. If the prisoner is a sergeant, the acting corporals and privates do not sit. If he is a sergeant-major, the corporals also are excluded. In Austria the members of a minor court are composed of one representative of every rank from that of the prisoner up to that of the captain, who presides. Such a system cannot fail to increase the self-respect of non-commissioned officers and men, to render the investigation in difficult cases more searching, and to strengthen the effect of the award, by inducing a conviction in the ranks that the prisoner has been fairly tried and suitably punished. The change which we have suggested would certainly be an innovation on military customs, but it would be in accordance with the great principle of English law that a man should be tried by his peers.

We have yet another reform to mention, and here again we borrow a hint from the practice of Continental armies. At present there is theoretically no punishment for a non-commissioned officer short of reduction by sentence of a court-martial, or for an officer short of dismissal, loss of seniority, or reprimand. It is true that a non-commissioned officer can be summarily reduced by the Commander-in-Chief or the titular colonel of his regiment, but the power is scarcely ever exercised. A non-commissioned officer is also occasionally awarded extra orderly duty. This, however, is done in direct disobedience to the Queen's Regulations, which state that "Non-commissioned officers are not to be subjected to minor punishments." Officers also are often placed under arrest as a punishment, but theoretically such arrest is merely a preliminary to investigation with a view to trial, and is not a disciplinary punishment. In Prussia non-commissioned officers can be sentenced to three weeks' medium arrest, i.e. prison, or to four weeks of barrack quarter or mild arrest, by order of the commander of the regiment, and for a less time, as specified in the case of privates, by order of the battalion or company commanders. The plan is a wise one, for many a non-commissioned officer is guilty of military irregularities which require to be sternly checked, but do not deserve professional ruin. With us hundreds of men who have the making of good non-commissioned officers in them, but are led away by the exuberant spirits of youth or some sudden temptation, go on from bad to worse, because the commanding officer has no effectual disciplinary punishment to resort to, and is unwilling to have recourse to a court-martial. Often also has a good non-commissioned officer been tried and reduced by court-martial, and immediately reinstated. We may be sure that such an expedient is not conducive to discipline. Again, with regard to officers. In Prussia the commander of a battalion may punish an officer by placing him under arrest, but is unable himself to fix its duration; a regimental commander can award six days' room arrest; a general can increase the duration, and a court-martial can give as much as six weeks. An officer's disciplinary arrest is of two descriptions—simple or "sharpened." Under the former he remains in his own quarters on parole, it being understood that a violation of it will involve the loss of his commission. Under "sharpened" arrest an officer undergoes his punishment in a separate place of confinement. He is allowed books, but is not permitted to provide himself with comfortable furniture. In both cases he is forbidden to receive visitors. In France also the disciplinary punishment of officers is practised. It may be worth considering whether it might not be usefully introduced into our own service, for at present arrest is impliedly forbidden to be ordered as a punishment, and in consequence it is really scarcely any punishment at all. We have in fact no disciplinary punishment for officers which can be inflicted without having recourse to a court-martial. Now a court-martial means ruin, or at least serious professional injury, and lasting discredit. Commanding officers naturally shrink from the scandal created by the assembling of such a tribunal, and therefore an officer who is guilty of constant irregularities is quietly pushed out of the regiment, whereas a little timely real punishment might perhaps have brought him to his senses, without inflicting a permanent injury on him. In short, our practice is to get rid of troublesome officers, instead of trying to cure them, and either mischievous lenity or unnecessary severity is the result.

#### CLERICAL SQUATTERS.

**A**LTHOUGH man is not exactly a creature of circumstances in the sense in which the phrase is apt to be employed, it is certain that circumstances have often a good deal to do with making him what he is; and there is usually a close correspondence between his character and habits and the general conditions of his life. This is especially true in the case of a community or corporation. When a body of men are found to be remarkable for the possession of certain qualities, it is not unreasonable to infer that the conditions under which they have been brought together, and under which they discharge their duties, have had some effect in producing this result; and it naturally becomes a question how far you can touch these conditions without affecting, for good or evil, the qualities which have hitherto been identified with them. It would be well if the Church reformers, who see as unacceptably busy just now, would try to master this somewhat elementary proposition. By Church reformers we mean of course those who in intention are honestly desirous of improving and strengthening

not of destroying, the Church of England. Perhaps their course would be simplified if they would begin by defining for their own enlightenment, as well as ours, what is implied when they speak of the Church. Do they mean the Church as we have hitherto known it, the Church as it is; or is it an ideal institution, something they have dreamt about, and which has yet to be built up brick by brick out of their moral consciences? Of course, if what they mean is an entirely new Church, they must be content to be classed for the moment with Mr. Miall and the Liberalists; each of the two parties is anxious for the destruction of the existing Church, only one party hopes to be able—with what degree of reason in its hope we need not say—to build up another Church out of the ruins. On the other hand, if what is meant is the Church of England which has hitherto gone by that name, the reformers had better consider, before it is too late, how much of it would be left standing if they could succeed in carrying out their plans. It is a very good thing to have a house nicely ventilated, and with a sufficient number of entrances; but there is a limit to the number of doors and windows which can be pierced in a house without making it all apertures and no walls. The tornado which we are assured on high official authority is always whirling through the Admiralty would be nothing to the terrific hurricanes which would probably blow preachers and people alike out of the Church, if the clever ventilation projects of some of our zealous reformers were applied to that unhappy institution. There is a legend that John o' Groat, being much troubled by feuds and questions of precedence among his friends, built a house in such a fashion that each of them had his own door leading straight to his own chair at a round table. This is apparently the design which some of the so-called friends of the Church have brought back from their visits to the North, and according to which they would reconstruct the Church of which they profess to be faithful and loyal supporters. If a Church means merely a kind of common hall where any sect that will pay for the gas can hold forth at its pleasure, something might perhaps be said for this ingenious project. We sometimes hear people talk of the British Constitution as if it were something kept in a box which could be turned out and referred to when necessary, like the standards of measurement which are built up in the walls of the Houses of Parliament. And in the same way the Church of England is spoken of as if it were a mere heap of lath and plaster, or at the most a bundle of papers; the people who compose the Church in its only real and vital sense being entirely left out of sight. The question is whether either clergy or laity will remain in the Church when it has been transmuted into something altogether different from what it has been until now, and converted from a temple into a discussion forum.

Mr. Salt's Bill for providing "facilities for the performance of Divine Worship, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England," is a very good example of the well-meaning, but thoughtless and short-sighted, plans for reforming the Church which have lately been turned out in such wanton abundance. At first sight nothing could be more plausible and prepossessing than this innocent-looking measure, and we can hardly be surprised at the favour with which it has been received on a mere cursory inspection. "Whereas it is expedient to create further facilities for the performance of Divine Worship, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England." Surely all friends of the Church will agree to that. The Church Building Acts, it is true, offer considerable facilities for this pious work, on the reasonable condition that new churches shall not be built without an adequate endowment for the incumbents. Still, if it can be shown that this is not enough, by all means let us have more facilities. Then the Bill goes on to provide that the bishop of the diocese should have power to license a clergyman of the Church of England to perform Divine Service "in any schoolroom or other suitable building or chapel, whether consecrated or unconsecrated," within any parish or district containing more than two thousand inhabitants, within any hamlet containing more than twenty inhabitants, and lying more than two miles from a parish church, or in a free chapel attached to a private residence where there are more than twenty inmates. Of course it is desirable that the Gospel should be preached in a decent church, but if for any reason a church cannot be obtained, no one who had the spread of the Gospel at heart would object to its being preached in a schoolroom, back parlour, or even a railway arch, rather than not at all. It may be doubted whether, in point of fact, any practical difficulties have been encountered by benevolent persons who wished to build new churches or to hold missionary services for the benefit of the poor in a neglected part of the country. But if it can be proved that there are any difficulties, there will be, we imagine, a disposition to remove them. We are afraid, however, that the House of Commons has been rash or careless enough to read this Bill a second time on the strength of these plausible propositions, without having seriously considered how far the difficulties which are alleged to exist really do exist, or what, if they do exist, would be the consequence of removing them in the manner proposed.

When we go on to examine the Bill in detail its mischievous character is at once apparent. We then discover that the effect, if not the object, of the Bill would be to overturn the parochial system on which the Church is established, and to throw open the services and representative authority of the Church to any squatters who could coax or bully the bishop into granting them a licence. At present the rector or vicar is held to be responsible for his parish, as the bishop is for the diocese at large, and he has a voice



In declaring who shall be allowed to conduct the services of the Church within the parochial limits. It may be admitted that there are incumbents who are not very wise; that it is possible an incumbent may be selfish or perverse; that he may prefer what he considers his own dignity or interest to the welfare of the parish. We are not surprised to hear that in the course of years a case has been known where an incumbent set himself against the introduction of another clergyman into the parish when it would have been well that he should have been introduced. We are quite prepared to hear that clergymen are liable to make mistakes in this as in other things. But it cannot be said that a refusal of this kind is a common occurrence. Episcopal authority, the influence of neighbouring clergymen, the force of public opinion, are usually irresistible. If there is really a case of spiritual destitution, it is very difficult, so difficult as to be almost impossible, for an incumbent to withhold his assent from any reasonable plan for additional services. Yet this rare and exceptional occurrence is the only excuse for a Bill which proposes to revolutionize the fundamental organization of the Church. It should never be forgotten that the value of a law depends not merely on the particular regulations which it is intended to enforce, but on the attitude of mind on the part of the public which it encourages or confirms with regard to the subject in question. The marriage law, for example, is framed on the principle that when two people are married it is desirable that they should regard themselves as bound irrevocably to each other, so that nothing but certain specified acts of criminality on the part of one of them shall entitle the other to a release. Everybody knows what marriage has come to mean in Indiana, where a divorce can be obtained for any trifling incompatibility of taste or temper, real or pretended. When people know that a thing must be, they are usually disposed to make the best of it. At present the parish and the parson are pretty much as man and wife—we are speaking, of course, of country parishes, for in towns the question can hardly be said to arise—they have taken each other for better or worse, and have a common interest in making it better instead of worse. The bent of mind on both sides is naturally towards a compromise; there may be a little tugging now and then, especially at first, just to see which is stronger or more pliable; but as a rule their differences are seldom carried very far. If the parson carries one point, he gives up another to the people, while on a third question they agree to meet each other half-way. If Mr. Salt's Bill were passed, we are afraid it would have a very unfortunate effect on this state of things. It would be a public incitement to dissension and schism. The people would have it constantly in their minds that, if they did not like the clergyman; if he was not as chatty and agreeable as they thought he should be when they met him; if his sermons were too long or too short, too high or too low; if his hair were not of the right colour, or if he married the wrong young lady, they could get another of their own choice, and set him up next door, or over the way, in legal opposition to him. The parish would be broken up into little knots and sects, each anxious to start a church of its own. The squire, if he did not split off with the parson, could establish a church in his own house. The local Bulstrodes, anxious to be bankers and bishops at once, would have a fine field for their malicious activity; and squatters would be constantly on the outlook for a chance of effecting a settlement. On the other hand, the incumbent, irritated by the threat of a secession constantly held over him, would be apt to become obstinate and jealously sensitive on the point of honour. It is provided by the Bill that a clergyman officiating under a bishop's licence is not to be liable to ecclesiastical penalties; and if the bishop and an incumbent were not of the same school of theology, there would be a strong temptation to the former to license a preacher of his own views. In any case, if it became a custom to grant licences the bishop would feel a difficulty in refusing an application, and even an incumbent might have some delicacy in pressing him to do so. The result of the Bill would be to destroy the position of authority and social dignity which an incumbent at present occupies, to provoke disorders and dissensions, to split congregations into isolated and hostile groups, and to weaken and disorganize the Church by scattering its forces, turning them against each other, and wasting their strength in scandalous civil war. If the Church is to be broken up in this manner, it does not seem to be of much consequence that the different sections should continue to call themselves the Church of England, instead of openly becoming Dissenters.

#### THE LATE FREAK OF THE SEASONS.

**P**RACTICAL jokes are always in questionable taste, and often very serious in their consequences, but they are never so objectionable or so dangerous as when the elements take to playing them. The recent change in the weather reminds us of the action of one of those appalling cyclones which sweep the Southern ocean. The Southern cyclone is as much of an institution as a Northern winter, and is not much more eccentric in the times of its visitation than our English winter has become of late years. You have unmistakable warnings of its approach; signs in the sky, sensations in the atmosphere, and a most portentous drop in the barometer. When it bursts in its violence, you are as well prepared for its fury as you are for its approach, and accept it more or less resignedly as an inevitable phenomenon of destiny. By and by the cyclone appears to have blown itself out; the sky clears, the wind falls, the ocean seems to be settling down again. You draw a breath of profound grati-

tude, and if you are a novice in the navigation of these seas you shake out your canvas to dry, counting on the proverbial calm that comes after the storm. But the fall is almost invariably treacherous. Before you know where you are, the hurricane is back upon you, swiftly retracing the line of its travels, and the chances are that it leaves you crippled and shattered; if you are fortunate enough to escape utter perdition. That is the story of our present winter. Many of its recent predecessors have been capricious enough, but this particular season has really gone very much too far. It started before Christmas as if it meant to be one of the hearty, bracing, old-fashioned seasons which so many people regret, or pretend to regret. It did not come with an early rush, preening to the weather-wise a premature expenditure of power. It gradually roughened its manners, and sharpened its bite, till at length it fairly laid fast hold of the earth and the water. We had some bright frost and some pleasant days' skating. Frost gradually melted into thaw, lingering on as if loth to go, and leaving us with every possible assurance of a speedy return. How we have all been beguiled, things animate and inanimate alike; we know too well. Weeks went on, and winter did not give us the faintest hint of being anywhere much nearer than the Pole. People at first could hardly believe their senses, but gradually yielded to conviction in spite of themselves. If those who could afford time still clung to them for the sake of association and from force of habit, they were obliged to regulate the temperature by open windows, while householders with straitened incomes for once could really reform their coal merchant's bill. You iced your champagne for dinner-parties, you left your wraps at home when you travelled abroad, you retrenched on your subscriptions to soup kitchens and relief societies. Gradually the most sceptical had yielded to the logic of facts; and, living in a muggy atmosphere ventilated by balmy breezes, we all became fairly persuaded that spring had come to England for the season. Horses turned loose in paddocks, where the grass was already turning green, began to cast their winter coats. Lapdogs and Angora cats followed suit, and laps and sofas were covered with showers of white hair, as much out of season as hail in August. Spring vegetation took its start, and committed itself to regular growing. First the walls, then the orchards, were wrapped in bloom; there was a luscious promise of early asparagus and peas, and a moral certainty of precocious chickens and ducklings.

Having thus, with elaborate treachery, prepared everything for the grand effect, the confederate seasons played off their malignant joke. A single night effected the exchange; and we woke one morning to find that spring had fled, and winter was back with us. If we needed collateral evidence of premeditation, we should discern it in the particular week selected. We were just on the eve of the first spring meetings, to say nothing of the University race. Now to outsiders who have not provided themselves with excitement in the shape of heavy speculative investments, one of these early meetings is generally preluded by considerable searchings of spirit. The most enthusiastic amateurs of sport for sport's sake shiver at the idea of the delays and of the torpid races that precede the great events. The *course*, as a rule, is somewhat bitterly bleak down, while the stand that dominates the course is a perfect palace of Aolus. Even an ordinary March gale inflicts an immensity of by no means silent suffering, while a grim grey sky is sure to reflect itself pretty faithfully in the looks and spirits of the assembly. All the world cannot possibly win, and the losers part freely with their tempers as well as their money, and get sullen or savage according to their nature. Conceivably the amount of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness which the late outbreak of winter must have generated at Lincoln and Liverpool! The bearing of the jockeys on such occasions has always seemed to us to show the acme of nerve, the climax of impassible heroism. The cold has pierced to your own blood and marrow through your heavy over-coat and an infinity of under-garments. Your feet will chill, although you seek by perpetual stampings to keep your circulation on the move; and as for your fingers, you can scarcely feel them at all, although you have to use them continually in pulling out your pocket-handkerchief. And then you see those small alps of men, with no flesh to speak of between their bones and the blizzards, stripping off their warm wraps and seating themselves in silk and gossamer in a cold weighing-machine. Some of them at least must be scrupulously parsimonious in the article of flannel, for it was hard work at best training down to the weight, and every ounce is of consequence. The eyes of England are on them; they are the objects of the devouring interest which selfishness and avarice inspire in the most covetous class of living man. Each detail of their riding will be criticised; and should their equities or nerve yield or falter, they will be abused everywhere as having sold the race, if they are not lynched beyond the winning post. The men who can face that sort of thing even with an ordinary March wind after a lowering day, who cannot only face it, but mount pleasantly and ride creditably, deserve immortal credit. But last week at the Grand National their conduct raised positive heroism, for that joke of Winter's came very hard on them. It is true that he did slightly relent at the last moment, and held his hand when it threatened to strike them in snow-drift. But he sent everything aloft of a sudden, and searched with an extraordinary accuracy of what might be relaxed by training through weeks of cramped inactivity. He set them getting up in their saddles, the horses were and the men were, into saddles that had not been used for weeks. The horses, galloping and running, are showing themselves the best that have ever been through their silver canyons and now and again a horse will



them in an unusually tender place. And there are the riders with blue hands and numb fingers, dogging their beat at the shill-bellies, fretting mouths, and fiery tempers that scarcely stand the smother, till the bounding, bounding horses nearly drag the riders from their saddles. We decline to follow them round the course in these dismal circumstances, when the bravest man's heart mounts towards his mouth as he finds himself hurried along, a half-passive victim, where safety and honour demand alike the calmest resolution, the promptest decision, and the most delicate steering. We have not a doubt that the bulk of the shocking list of Liverpool casualties may be attributed to winter's ill-timed jocularity. Fortunately it was he did not push his fooling a little further, and make equally wild work with the men.

The snow which they escaped at Liverpool came down on the sad Saturday of the boat-race. It was at Mortlake, indeed, that the melancholy joke culminated. Of course we do not mean to touch on the details which have been so thoroughly narrated and exhausted. The passing disappointments, the temporary sufferings, were all doubtless severe enough. But we desire to call attention to subsequent and more serious results—to married marriages, and to deaths. A grand day like the boat-race, with its excitement, its distractions, and its thousand opportunities, may be trusted to hurry many a hesitating lover on to his happiness. It is one of those golden occasions when a man comes involuntarily forward to the very brink over which a glance may woe him, or an accident precipitate him. (On Saturday last winter blotted that great pairing day from the hymeneal calendar. If eligibles turned out at all, they were in the least yielding of moods; if they sought the river in the society of the ladies, seldom can they have felt less inclined to charge themselves through life with one of these clinging encumbrances. In the voluptuously warm atmosphere of a drawing-room, amid the illusions of mirrors and the flushes of rose-coloured curtains, you may think that life offers no brighter prospect than to accept the care and discharge the bills of the being who smiles on you in a mirage of lace, and flowers, and flounces. It is a different thing indeed when you see nature maliciously stripping away the hypocritical disguises or appliances of art; when you vividly realize the material aspects of a future that must have its rainy days; when the evanescence of beauty is borne in on you, as you see your intended wife as she probably would be when the mother of marriageable daughters; above all, when the latent temper comes out in the soft eye, as the blue does in the damask of the cheek, and the ruby in the tip of the Grecian nose. Many blighted hearts may be sadly sighing, we suspect, over the catastrophe that changed the young spring of their budding loves to a lasting winter of discontent. Many an astutely affectionate mother may have learned how much chance has to say to the most skillful strategy, and how easily accident may unmask an ambush. Many a marrying-man, tripped by appearances and victimized by his own effervescent passions, may have missed his happiness in his over-prudence. The married marriages must be matter of speculation, but a serious swelling of the bills of mortality will infallibly be demonstrated by coming statistics. Not that we so greatly pity those who may die of the boat-race. They went to Putney with fair warning, and with eyes opened as widely as the blinding drift would permit. They should have known that, with the heavy cold which returning winter had brought them as a present, it was the grossest imprudence to go tramping through the slush of the towing-path. They must have felt that, with that decided tendency to consumption in the family, it was tempting Providence to stand in muslin upon Barnes Bridge. Those whom we do pity are people who never dreamed of risking health on the river; venerable persons reasonably congratulating themselves on having passed in safety the rigour of another winter; invalids who had intended to take shelter on the Cornice from February frosts and March winds. Naturally these last lingered on, seduced by the persistent geniality of the extraordinary season; glad to escape the risks of foreign travel, and the discomforts of foreign rooms. Unquestionably reasonable prudence justified them in deciding as they did. Yet here of a sudden was winter back upon them, ordering them away on a longer journey; for what may be a joke to him is literally death to them. From a subject so solemn we can scarcely pass to poultry, or venture to lament the decease of those promising spring chickens we spoke of. We can only pay the tribute of a silent tear to lambs frozen and smothered in the snow drifts in sufficient numbers to justify the butchers in charging what they please. But we may speak of what we fear will prove a deplorable blight of the fruit blossoms, for it may make the difference of a good year or a bad one to many a family in the gardens of England. This freak of the weather is already matter of history, but we fear that its consequences will be general and lasting.

#### SHAM DEGREES.

WHEN Shakespeare wrote the line,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
he could not have referred to the degrees granted by the University of Philadelphia; because the city of such seats and brotherly love did not in his time exist. It may be, however, that when he wrote,  
Take but degrees away, nations that adore;  
And hark! what discord follows,  
he prophetically intimated that, unless a schoolmaster is able to

write at least "Ph.D." after his name, his scholars and their parents will disbelieve in his qualifications, and his school will prove incapable of vigorous life. It is, in fact, lamentable to think how much the education of both sexes in England is still predominated by humbug. The bankrupt trader, who at least has gained some familiarity with arithmetic in preparing his own accounts for the Court, usually sets up what is called a Commercial school. In the last century, when flagellation entered so largely into the discipline of all schools, it was perhaps reasonable that any man possessing a strong arm should consider himself qualified for a schoolmaster. A memoir of Mr. Adolphus, a well-known barrister, has lately been published from which it appears that he was sent by his uncle to a school where almost the only furniture was a cane, and almost the only knowledge of the master was how to use it. The uncle was wealthy, and meant to provide properly for the education of his nephew, but, like many other parents and guardians before the University of Philadelphia came to their assistance, he was unable to distinguish between a bad schoolmaster and a good one. It is melancholy to reflect how much the education of English boys has been allowed to fall into the hands of quacks whose shallowness would in any other calling be ignominiously exposed. A headmaster, or principal, as he prefers to call himself, who possesses impudence and plausibility, obtains an assistant whose merit is hampered by his modesty, and a mutually advantageous, but not altogether creditable, partnership is formed. We have heard of an instance in which the head-master of a school published a book of exercises in classical composition with examples, of which he could not have written a single line to save his life. The inference was probable that the work was done by an accomplished classic who occupied the place of second master in the school. He in fact furnished the gold, and his chief put his stamp upon it and gave it currency. Perhaps if he had applied for the head-mastership himself, he would not have obtained it; or, if he had, he would not by real scholarship have attracted half as many pupils as his chief did by the pretence of it. There are, it is true, many parents who chiefly desire for their children good air, good living, and kind, or perhaps indulgent, treatment; and who are prepared to give their confidence to any man who will provide these things at sufficiently high terms. It is desirable that this sort of schoolmaster should be a clergyman, and a suave and slightly solemn manner is essential. The moderate amount of scholarship which is required in such an establishment may be supplied by an assistant, who is probably a young graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, high in the honour list, and rather deep in tradesmen's books. As regards girls' schools, it is nearly impossible to discriminate between real and sham education, and perhaps it is on this account that many parents do not send their daughters to school at all. A girl undeniably learns something at a fashionable "finishing" school which she would not learn at home; but perhaps ignorance, while it lasts, is preferable to knowledge. There used to be, and perhaps there still are, schools which enjoyed a reputation for the social successes of their pupils. Just as a schoolmaster delights to reckon the first-classes and wranglerships to which he has shown the way, so a schoolmistress would mention with pride that a young lady whom she had "finished" had become the wife of a peer or a wealthy commoner. But, unless these schools were judged by results, it was difficult to find any means of judging them at all. The so-called accomplishments were taught by persons who delighted to describe themselves by that much-abused term professor. Prodigious exercises in water-colour drawing were produced, and a superficial knowledge of music was acquired under these professors. If there was a French governess in the house, the pupils could not help learning something useful from her. Probably the only thing which was thoroughly learned at such schools was dancing; but if a girl's friends were "serious," they would not send her to a school where that accomplishment was taught; and as "musical callisthenics" had not then been invented, she grew up awkward or graceful as nature willed. The principal of the establishment had credit, and perhaps rightly, for imperceptibly instructing her pupils in general instruction. To borrow a line of Dryden, they had "learned the besutious arts of modern pride" under her tuition, and if we averted our eyes from the drawings, and closed our ears against the music, we might possibly think that the result was worth the money. Whether it was worth the time occupied in producing it depends upon what we might wish a girl's future life to be, and how far such a system of education helped to realize it.

We have been introduced in the pages of a recent novel to a young lady whose charms of manner and appearance would highly recommend the school of which she is stated to have been the favourite pupil. But, however many such young ladies this school turned out, the schoolmistress would continue to bear an undistinguished name, unless the University of Philadelphia could be persuaded to extend to women the advantages which it offers on such convenient terms to men. We learn from a recent pamphlet on Degrees that fancy already rules to a great extent in hoods, and when ladies assume this article of academic dress, it will doubtless be found susceptible of great variety of brilliant colouring. Even while it is confined to men, the taste of their admirers of the other sex will have much influence upon the colour and shape of the garment. Some readers may remember a popular minister of a West-end chapel who was admired almost equally for his fine voice and his beautiful hood of violet silk. Ill-natured critics of academic arrangements have observed that the most lovely hoods were formerly appropriated to the degrees which were

easiest to obtain, as if the University recognized the fact that a particular man's success in clerical work would depend on his outside, and desired to help him to attract ladies' eyes and win their hearts. The violet hood is not only beautiful but rare. The above-mentioned pamphlet informs us that "the pretty scarlet and black of an Oxford M.A. has set the fashion, and all the hoods supposed to belong to Göttingen, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, approximate in every respect to the Oxford hood." An agent who disposes of degrees also gets the hood made, and has but one pattern for it, without regard to the University conferring the degree. A remarkable unanimity of taste seems to prevail in America and Germany in regard to hoods. The white hood which some M.A.'s of Cambridge wear is lost in the surplice, and the black hood of others forms a gloomy contrast to it, and therefore Cambridge men may rejoice that it is not worth while to imitate their sober vestments. But we are told that a well-known London house has supplied fifty "very rich red and black hoods" to customers within a short time. It has been truly said that in our time there is no good thing without a bad imitation, and the currency of the counterfeit proves the estimation in which the genuine coin of Oxford is still held by an age which has been advised by high authority to prefer the *Times* newspaper to Thucydides. It appears from the pamphleteer's researches that there is a sort of sham University at Philadelphia which ignorant Europeans have confounded with the real University of Pennsylvania. The University of Brooklyn is returned as absolutely *non est*; and we regret to find that the University of Göttingen, consecrated in song, has fallen so low as to grant degrees *in absentia*, accompanied by hoods, according to the wearer's fancy. He pays his money and he takes his choice, and usually it falls upon a neat thing in red and black, which looks well upon a surplice, and helps him to that social consideration which usually attends a graduate of Oxford. In fact, he is a sham gentleman, and is infinitely more objectionable than an unvarnished snob. Henceforward, instead of using "humbug" as synonymous with "counterfeit," we shall acknowledge the superiority of America in the art of humbug by substituting the term "Philadelphian." It is certainly remarkable that the metropolis of Transatlantic Quakerdom should have become a manufactory of clerical trappings for Europe. If it be true that cleanliness is next to godliness, we should conceive that honesty is, or ought to be, somewhere near it; and therefore it seems reasonable that churches should not be made the scene of an imposture which would not be tolerated anywhere else. Remembering recent proceedings in the Oxford Theatre, we should be curious to see what sort of reception would be given to a Philadelphian graduate who appeared there in his red and black hood. The medical profession had become so infested with sham degrees that a remedy was imperatively called for, and the Medical Registration Act applied it. Perhaps it would not be going too far to prohibit clergymen from designating themselves officially as "Ph.D." or "M.A." when they have simply bought the title without either residence or examination at or by the University which confers it. The only thing in civil life which resembles these clerical impostures is the scarlet uniform like that of a lieutenant-colonel, which can be worn, we believe, by any deputy-lieutenant of a county, who may happen also to be a wealthy London tradesman. King Louis Philippe is reported to have inquired what was the corps to which all these deputy-lieutenants belonged, and to have been answered, "the horse marines." We are not great admirers of Lord Shaftesbury or his projects of ecclesiastical legislation, but if he would introduce into his Bill for Church Discipline a clause providing that any layman or laywoman might prosecute a clergyman for using an unlawful hood, we should be disposed to give him our support. There might be a decent hood devised by a joint committee of bishops and ladies for literates and graduates of foreign Universities, and this, in addition to the hoods of Universities of the United Kingdom, might suffice in the way of variety of ornamentation of the surplice.

#### FRESCO PAINTING IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

IT seems possible that Mr. Ayrton's feud with Mr. Layard may result in the revival of fresco painting. No man, not even the First Commissioner of Public Works, can afford to quarrel all round with everybody; accordingly, the favour of the House and of the public was propitiated by the appointment of a Committee, consisting of the artists employed in the decoration of the Palace of Westminster, to report once more on the problems and perplexities attendant on the practice of fresco painting. The device was ingenious and well timed. Mr. Ayrton had determined, and we think wisely, to revoke the wholesale commission given by his predecessor for mosaics. Certainly the specimen picture still allowed to remain on the walls of the Central Hall is sufficiently confused and disagreeable to serve as a warning. The First Commissioner, having resolved to throw overboard Mr. Edward Barry, together with Messrs. Salviati, shrewdly called to his aid the fresco painters who had received discouragement and discomfiture under the rule of Mr. Layard. From these men, at all events, he was in little danger of a hostile verdict. The jury impaneled were in fact parties to the suit. Messrs. Cope, Watts, Ward, Armitage, and Herbert, who have executed, at the cost to the nation of many thousand pounds, pictures which are now more or less in ruin, are in plain words asked to say whether or not they consider themselves incompetent. The Report now issued is

altogether so mild and impartial as to leave this question of competency in doubt. "The Committee of Artists" were, however, strong enough even at their first meeting to resolve "that the use of fresco painting, notwithstanding the want of success which has generally accompanied it of late years, ought not to be abandoned." This return to calm and rational counsels is cause for congratulation. The abuse which for eight or ten years has been levelled against fresco naturally provokes reaction.

The Report now before us, though just in its main conclusion, is meagre, hesitating, and confused. A certain Mr. Wright, who occupies six out of a total of nine pages, does not seem quite a man to add materially to the chemical data already furnished by Professor Faraday, Dr. Reid, Mr. Dyce, R.A., Dr. Hofmann, and Professor Pettenkofer. Neither is Mr. Ayrton, who presided at the opening meeting, precisely the successor we might choose to represent the late Prince Consort. We miss, too, in the framing of the Report, the accomplished hand of Sir Charles Eastlake. The document, we fancy, will be most admired for what it leaves out; silence is adroitly preserved on points upon which possibly not even two members could agree. No mention is made of mosaics, nor of water-glass, nor of "spirit fresco," nor of Mr. MacIise, nor of Director Kaulbach, nor of the destructive products of gas, nor of the practice of painting on portable slate slabs, nor of the expedient of placing plate glass before the disorganized frescoes of Mr. Ward, nor of the "melancholy fact" which we have only on the authority of Lord Elcho, "that Mr. Dyce's and Mr. Herbert's plasterers had each died mad—one raving, and the other melancholy, mad"; nor of that "most interesting conversation with Mr. Herbert," when "that gentleman told Lord Elcho that he too had nearly been driven mad by the trouble and annoyance which the old system of fresco caused him." These strange statements, which ought to be either substantiated or disavowed, will be found in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* of February 12, 1864. The Report now given to the world wisely ignores what it might be inconvenient to remember. Yet we are glad to find that seven Academicians and Associates express their regret that "fresco painting was abandoned just at the time when considerable experience had been gained, and the greatest difficulties surmounted." The Committee further state, in extenuation of admitted failures,

That considering the absolute want of experience among English artists of the methods of using fresco, when the works in the Westminster Palace were first executed, it is not to be wondered at that there should have been many partial and some complete failures.

Some six or eight works out of a total of about forty prove that our English artists are fairly competent to engage in the arduous task of mural decoration. Dyce's frescoes generally, MacIise's "Spirit of Chivalry" and "Waterloo," Armitage's "Rivers of England personified," Teniel's "St. Cecilia," Herbert's "Lear" and "Moses," compare not unfavourably with the noble mural paintings executed within the last fifty years on the Continent of Europe. Our artists, however, want the knowledge and training of Cornelius, Hess, Kaulbach, Piloty, Delaroche, and Flandrin. Or, in other words, English painters have not quite risen to the greatness of the occasion or the import of the argument; instead of the noble style befitting historic themes, the manner tends to commonplace naturalism, to costume painting, and mere picturesque incident. In short, these mural decorations lack the symmetry, simplicity, and geometric proportion imposed on pictorial art when she makes herself a helpmate of her elder and sterner sister, architecture. Our English artists are more accustomed to paint up to a bright gilt frame than to a sombre architectural moulding. Still, among the pictures already mentioned, "Chivalry," by Mr. MacIise; "Rivers of England," by Mr. Armitage; "Lear," by Mr. Herbert, and "Religion," by Mr. Dyce, conform sufficiently closely to the conditions of monumental decoration. Moreover our English school has of late years been tending to classicism, mediævalism, and other historic phases which comport well with mural decoration. Mr. Watts has always under hand compositions which embody noble thought in noble form. Mr. Leighton strives after the pure type and symmetric line of Greek art. Mr. Poynter, Mr. Albert Moore, and others are imbued with the spirit of the great old masters. Thus fresco and other cognate arts need not perish or fall into disuse for lack of men trained to the ambitious calling. Never was there a time when commissions given by the State could be more worthily carried out.

The cause of fresco painting has in this country suffered chiefly from its want of permanence, from its excessive cost, also from the supposed difficulty of manipulation; in other words, the process has fallen under condemnation in consequence of the inability and attendant failure of its practitioners. We need not speak at length on the want of permanence, especially as little that is new comes to light under the recent inquiry. We may just mention, however, that the Report fails to lay sufficient stress on the destructive agency of the products of combustion of coal and gas, and on the deteriorating influence of a city atmosphere generally. As a rule, whatever destroys a rose or other flower will destroy a mural painting; plants perish when gas is burnt in a greenhouse; in like manner frescoes decay in the Houses of Parliament. But we have found in a state almost intact the frescoes painted by Mr. Watts in Carlton House Terrace, and no better reason for their immunity could be assigned than that gas was never used in the room. Indeed, experience teaches us that bad climate is less detrimental to mural paintings than impure air. Thus we have seen frescoes braving the severity of winters on the northern shores of the Channel.

and again at Ammergan and other stations in the Tyrol we have examined and found in a fresh sound state pictures painted about a century ago on the external walls of the houses. Keen mountain air, though laden with snow and sharp with frost, does not necessarily kill frescoes, though in the decoration of St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg frescoes were deemed too frail for the inclemency of the climate. But throughout the Tyrol, in sight of snow-capped mountains, houses are lavishly adorned with external pictures; the fact being that Italian painters crossed the Alps and brought with them the art which has been practised without cessation from the time of Giotto, in the thirteenth century, down to the humble artists who in the present day decorate wayside chapels. And this wayside art, this art of the common people—this art which, clambering up Alpine valleys, braves wind and weather, and subsists on pay and pittance which barely serves to keep body and soul together—may serve as a lesson to proud and rich painters. The artists of Italy and the Tyrol, little above the class of peasants or mechanics, have faith in their art as in a second nature; for wall surfaces they gather sand ground by torrents from granite mountains; the water in which they dip their brush is the crystal stream wherein the trout leaps. And thus somehow this rude fresco painting, which is to the people native as their speech and traditional as their religion, lives and lasts, while the forced and pampered art made to order of Act of Parliament and sustained by State subsidy perishes. In the Palace of Westminster there are frescoes as rotten as the most tattered tapestries which ever crumbled from old walls, and yet some of the works at Westminster have cost the country 10*l.* the square foot; nevertheless the painters grumbled that the pay was inadequate. The essential cause of this excessive cost seems to be the expense of London living. Nothing tends so much to deteriorate our modern art as the self-imposed necessity of earning a large income to meet the extravagant expenditure which seems to be imposed by society. Only in England has fresco painting been a costly art; the Caracci and others are known to have been miserably paid, and yet when we last saw the ceiling of the Farnese palace, three hundred years had failed to fade the pigments. But our English artists have found fresco not only costly, but difficult. Mr. Dyce, who succeeded better than his fellow-labourers, complained of "those preliminary failures and hindrances to progress which oppress every one who attempts the practice of this most disheartening and patience-exhausting art." Mr. Macclise equally rebelled against a process which the Italians found easy. Again, then, we have to repeat that the fault is not in the art, but in its practitioners. To meet the reiterated objection that fresco presents insuperable difficulties, we inquired among the painters of Munich, and were by no means surprised to find that the process is there looked upon as the very A B C of painting; even tinos are without fear when they stand up before a wall ten feet high. Within the last year or two we have watched in Munich and Innsbruck German and Tyrolese fresco painters fearlessly working in churches and cemeteries without any incipient symptoms of the madness which, according to Lord Elcho, threatened Mr. Herbert and his plasterer. We may further state that in Munich, within the Bavarian National Museum, are a series of 143 historic compositions, covering a total wall area which we estimate at 19,840 square feet. These works, mostly in fresco, have been executed at an inconsiderable cost, by men many of whom have but just emerged from academic studies. We do not extol these pictures as triumphant efforts of genius, but at all events they show, not only enthusiasm in the dramatic rendering of a people's history, but a well-defined system of constructive composition, with mastery over the technique of mural painting. In thus speaking somewhat severely of the shortcomings of English painters entrusted by the State with momentous commissions, it is but right to mention that Mr. Watts and others see their way to making fresco easy, rapid, and economical, through a treatment broad, generalized, and simple. There can be no doubt that our artists accustomed to easel painting have fallen into the error of treating fresco with a detail and elaboration better suited to oil.

Mural painting may be considered as a large genus which includes many species, whereof fresco buono or secco happens to be only the most familiar form. And it seems likely in this scientific and inventive age that the number of processes may be from time to time so multiplied and perfected that fresco will be used only when suited to the capacity and taste of the individual artist, or to the exigencies of some specific place or composition. We find, in fact, that our painters have in the course of years practised two or more methods. Each new process has in turn become identified with some important and successful work. Thus water glass, which has lost a little of its former popularity, was chosen by Professor Kaulbach for his grand wall pictures in Berlin, and by Mr. Herbert for his "Moses" in the Palace of Westminster. Again, the so-called "spirit fresco" has been employed with signal success by Mr. Leighton in Lyndhurst Church, and by Mr. Gambier Parry in his church at Highnam; likewise a certain wax vehicle, known as "Parr's Marble Medium," has, in the hands of Mr. Armitage, given good results in a memorial picture to the late Crabb Robinson painted for London University Hall. We may further add that we have received from Professor Piloty an account of experiments conducted over a period of many years in Munich, the results of which promise a more perfect silica medium than the water-glass. This intimation may be of interest to Mr. Herbert, who withholds his full assent from the Report because of his conviction "that a proper system of siliceous painting is far superior to fresco, and admits of as luminous effects." Mr.

Herbert has a right to speak, because his "Moses" executed in water-glass, is unexampled for luminosity. On the whole, the prospects of mural decoration grow more hopeful; at any rate, each artist seems to have some pet plan of his own by which he expects to evade previous perplexities.

## REVIEWS.

### LYELL'S PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY.\*

THE great work of Sir Charles Lyell has too long and too authoritatively held its place as a classic in the literature of science to call for, or even to admit, the expression of any estimate of its value. The number of editions it has gone through may be taken as sufficiently attesting the concurrence of public taste and conviction with the appreciative opinion of the more critical class of readers at home and abroad. It may be hoped that the wide and increasing circulation of so valuable a work has had, and is long destined to have, the effect of leavening the mass of educated thought with its sound, careful, and conscientious views of physical truth. While congratulating both the writer and reader upon the issue of the eleventh edition of the *Principles of Geology*, we feel that our notice of its contents is almost of necessity restricted to those portions of the work in which the author has seen reason to amplify, to remodel, or to correct what he had advanced in former impressions. Within the last five years special attention has been drawn to the geological proofs of strongly marked changes in the terrestrial climate during long periods of time. In face of the additional facts and corresponding theories which have thus divided the minds of geological inquirers, Sir Charles Lyell has seen fit to recast those chapters of his work which treated of the meteorology and climatic history of the earth's surface, with a view especially to insist upon the paramount influence exerted in this direction by the relative distribution and height of the land at successive periods. The balance of argument and research has been such in the meanwhile as to confirm him more and more in his conviction of the agreement and continuity of the forces at work through all the vicissitudes of the earth's surface, from the earliest to the most recent geological ages. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to go further back for the pedigree of the organic forms which for the most part chronicle and attest the laws of succession than to that miocene period in whose organic deposits the flora and fauna of all subsequent ages seem to have their ground and root. A superficial view of the local changes of climate which are proved to have taken place might have, and indeed has, induced the belief that causes no longer operative had been at work in remoter times. The existence of a sub-tropical miocene flora near, and probably up to, the North Pole, with remains of the mastodon, elephant, rhinoceros, and cognate mammals as far north as the icy circle, might be taken to point to a revolution of a terrestrial, if not of a cosmical, kind from higher conditions of temperature. On the other hand, the dispersion in a southern direction of erratic blocks, evidently carried by ice action, and striated or polished by glacial friction, was a proof of a cold climate extending much further south than that of the present time, invading even the sub-tropical latitudes. Now there can be absolutely no room for the hypothesis of any appreciable change, within miocene times at least, in the total temperature of the earth, either from the sudden outburst of subterranean fires on the one hand, or from general cooling of the earth's mass on the other. At the same time, a large body of both organic and inorganic evidence supports the view that the climate of earlier geological periods, from whatever cause, had over wide regions been in excess of what it now is. Not only in the greater part of the miocene and eocene epochs did a vegetation like that of Central Europe in our day extend into the Arctic Regions as far as they have been explored, and probably to the Pole itself, but in the Secondary or Mesozoic ages the prevalent types of vertebrate life indicate a warm climate and an absence of frost between 40° N. and the Pole, a large ichthyosaurus having been found in lat. 77° 10' N. Carrying our retrospect back to the Primary or Palaeozoic ages, we find an assemblage of plants which implies that a warm, humid, and equable climate extended from the 30th parallel of North latitude to within a few degrees of the Pole, while a still older flora, the Devonian, leads to a similar inference. Such, moreover, is the general resemblance between the whole invertebrate fauna of the Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian rocks and that of the Carboniferous, Permian, and Triassic series, as to make it clear that a similarity of conditions as regards temperature prevailed throughout the whole of these six periods.

The idea of possible variations in the temperature of space traversed by our globe, started by Poulson, is promptly set aside by considerations long ago advanced by Mr. Hopkins. Nor is there much greater force, as Sir Charles Lyell amply shows, in the effect attributed by others to variation in the obliquity of the ecliptic. The latest calculations of Sir John Herschel, conveyed in a letter to our author in October 1866, admit the possibility of a deviation of the earth's axis to the extent of three, or even four, degrees on either side of the mean. The sun's rays would thus be disseminated at intervals over a far broader zone than at present,

\* *Principles of Geology*, &c. By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., M.A., F.R.S. Eleventh and entirely Revised Edition. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: John Murray, 1872.

around the Arctic and Antarctic Poles, with a correspondent shortening of the Polar night, and a diffusion of more genial warmth. Yet, on the other hand, a large deduction must be made, as Mr. Meacham has shown, for the increased length of path; and the greater amount of atmosphere through which the calorific rays must pass in very high latitudes, not to speak of the greater prevalence of cloud in regions round the Pole. A truer cause of climatic change is to be sought in the effect of precession of the equinoxes, the revolution of the apsidæ, and, above all, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. The great cycle of change due to precession would cause the different seasons of the Northern and Southern hemispheres to coincide in turn, within 25,868 years, with all the points through which the earth passes in its orbit round the sun. Combining with this movement, that of the revolution of the apsidæ or "motion of the aphelion," as Herschel named it, reduces this term of years to about twenty-one thousand. Sir C. Lyell's explanation, aided by a new diagram, renders sufficiently clear the effects which would be produced upon climate by the successive phases of precession, especially when combined with increased eccentricity or distance from the sun. The difference between winter in aphelion and perihelion—the range of eccentricity extending, as he has shown, to 14,000,000 miles at some periods, instead of 3,000,000, as now—is set down by Mr. Croll as not less than one-fifth of the entire heat received from the sun. Some slight change in this direction since the year 1248 A.D. has been thought capable of actual proof by M. d'Arlesmar, and of being verified by the observations of M. Venetz upon the decrease of Swiss glaciers prior to the tenth century, and their subsequent increase. An admirable table compiled by Mr. Steno shows the variations in eccentricity for a million years before 1800 A.D., with the number of days which would be added to winter by its occurrence in aphelion, which has been followed up for a million years more by Mr. Croll and Mr. Garriek Moore. From these figures there might appear to be a possibility of approximating to a date for the Glacial epoch; and Sir C. Lyell holds it "far from startling" that 200,000 years back might be fixed upon as about the period of greatest cold, when the excess of winter days amounted to 27·7. He had in his tenth edition speculated upon 800,000 or 1,000,000 years as nearer the Glacial epoch, but he feels compelled to narrow the time within the limit at which the principal geographical features of the continents and oceanic basins were approximately assuming their present form. Were the astronomical theory, however, to be relied upon as the basis for the solution of the problem, we ought to meet in the course of palæontological research with a series of Glacial periods perpetually recurring in the Northern Temperate Zone; supposing a large eccentricity by itself sufficient, apart from the co-operation of terrestrial causes, to intensify the cold of high latitudes. But no such evidence of violent revolutions is to be found in the flora and fauna of earlier periods. The continuity of forms, particularly in the class of reptiles, from the Carboniferous to the Cretaceous period, is an obvious fact opposed to the intercalation of intense glacial epochs. Another fact is that many great cycles of eccentricity must have been gone through in the long centuries of the Carboniferous period, in which no break in the order of life is manifested.

The exhaustion of all other means of solution, joined to the mass of positive evidence accumulated by recent science, throws us more and more conclusively upon the idea to which Sir Charles Lyell has firmly held from the first, and which may be taken as the culminating point of his latest achievements in geology, that the predominant cause of the great changes in climate is to be found in the distribution and elevation of the land. The Glacial period may be traced to an excessive and abnormal accumulation of land around the Pole. There is absolutely no limit to the alternations which the surface of our globe may have, or indeed has, gone through. There is hardly a spot of what is now land which has not been covered by the sea, probably not a space now covered by the ocean which has not been at some time, if not many times, dry land. In one epoch the land may have been chiefly equatorial, at another polar or circumpolar. At present we may readily divide the globe into two equal parts, the land hemisphere and the water hemisphere; the former of which exhibits almost as much land as water, or as 1 to 1·106; while in the latter the proportion of land to water, as made out by Mr. Trelawny Saunders, is only as 1 to 7·988. The general proportion of land to sea may be taken throughout the globe as 1 to 2½. Were the land, by the action of subterranean forces, its total amount being unchanged, now gathered together in masses along the equator and around the Poles alternately, such geographical changes would amply suffice, as Sir C. Lyell makes it his task to show, to explain the utmost vicissitudes which the climate of the earth has undergone. This course of reasoning by no means precludes such aid as may be brought in by independent *versæ causæ*, by the concurrence of the cold period induced by excessive piling of land around the Pole with wintering in aphelion, or at a period when the earth's axis was abnormally inclined. These causes, especially in combination, would greatly intensify what after all must remain the ruling and inherent principle of climatic revolutions. We have only to look at the present aspect of Greenland to satisfy ourselves what might become the state of the British Isles by a mere substitution of other local conditions under the same parallel of latitude. Were the Gulf Stream done away with, the equatorial continents which now form vast reservoirs of heat transferred to the Northern regions, and their snow-clad frozen surface swept by Polar currents, how far south would the ice-sheet cover the submerged tracts of land, and the glaciers

come down to the level of the sea? The chain of facts and reasonings by which Sir Charles Lyell binds together the phenomena which science and discovery contribute to this intricate problem forms one of the most characteristic features of his book. Every new link and every additional degree of tenacity given to his argument enhances the value of this standard work as a steadfast, clear-sighted, and consistent witness to the great law of uniformity and continuity in nature.

The latest information acquired by deep-sea dredging has been incorporated by Sir C. Lyell into his remarks upon the temperature and shape of the bed of the ocean and its living inhabitants. In his chapter on ocean currents he has also considered the latest known results of experiments and observations made by Dr. Carpenter, Professor Wyville Thompson, and Captain Spratt and Nares upon the currents of the Straits of Gibraltar. The space allotted to this survey is not adequate to a full or critical discussion of the arguments for and against the existence of a permanent incurrent. The balance of proof, however, is felt by Sir Charles to support his previously expressed conviction, that the inflowing movement is no permanent undercurrent caused by evaporation, but the result of the Mediterranean tide, which, slight as it is, runs alternately to east and west for several hours, its action being found more regular in the depths of the Straits, where it is less affected either by winds or by the surface inflow. The difference of no less than twenty degrees between the temperature of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, as well as the difference of four degrees between the deep-sea soundings of the western and central basins of the Mediterranean and of the Greek Archipelago, is explained by the existence of high submarine crests or barriers of rock bounding the sea to the west, and again dividing it into sections, as shown by the diagram in the present edition. According to the wider problem of ocean circulation arising out of the extreme cold found at great depths both in temperate and tropical regions, Sir Charles disputes the notion of these low temperatures being due to mere depth, the Mediterranean soundings of 13,800 feet having failed to reach a degree of cold below 55° F. Yet the soundings taken at Aden, whither the cold water can only come from the Southern hemisphere, lead to the belief that the whole of the equatorial abysses of the ocean are traversed, in some parts at least, by a continuous mass of water not much above 32° F. That solar heat is in some way or other the primary cause of this great displacement, through the change in specific gravity from the cooling of water towards the polar zones, counterbalanced by a return, however slowly, of water from the equator to the Poles, may well take the place of more remote theories, such as that expounded by Herschel, that the expansion of water by heat in the equatorial zone raises the level of the sea, and causes a flow down a gently inclined plane towards the Poles. In the absence, however, of more extensive and accurate knowledge of the state of the ocean at great depths, or of its local direction and quantity of motion, in relation to the utter stillness found generally by the sounding line to prevail in its great abysses, Sir Charles Lyell is too cautious and patient a reasoner to think the time ripe for a positive solution.

#### LETTERS OF MISS MITFORD.

IT is no disparagement whatever to Miss Mitford to say that the two new volumes of her letters do not add very much to our knowledge of herself, her opinions, or her experience of life. A woman whose time was spent in reading and writing and receiving visits; who rarely left home; whose correspondents were all literary; who was concerned in no public matters of interest; who had no private history of the affections (as far as we have yet been told); who was almost ostentatiously frank and unreserved about herself; who had only one secret, which she hid from all her friends, and tried to hide from herself—the very vulgar clay of that probate old idol, her father, and the miseries he caused her—who finally wrote often ten letters a day, and sometimes thirty, must necessarily repeat herself. Her correspondents change, but her topics must remain the same; and not only the topics, but, with such a character, and under such circumstances, the mode of treating them; and yet it seems to be the design of the many holders of her letters to print them all. Mr. Chorley betrays a sense of ill-usage because there are stores of Miss Mitford's letters, "letters of indisputable interest," which their possessors declined to place in his hands, with an intimation of their being reserved for separate publication. These letters in reserve have no doubt an intrinsic interest—that is, the same interest as to matter and style as those already before the world; but we take leave to doubt the propriety, either in the interests of their writer or of literature, of publishing another series of them. The present collection consists mainly of four series: Miss Mitford's letters to Mrs. Holland, lasting from 1817 to 1837; to Miss Anderson, afterwards Mrs. Barbridge, from 1837 to 1854; to Miss Martineau, afterwards Mrs. Aston Lindall, from 1836 to 1854; and to Miss Guppy, from 1847 to 1855—that is, within a few days of her death. Such constancy of friendship as is implied by more frequency and length of correspondence is no doubt a rare and valuable character, though it must be admitted that Miss Mitford could not afford to lose her friends, and very likely used their names.

It was not, however, within her nature of domesticity to be content with a narrow circle of friends. Her letters to Mr. Chorley, London, 1854, are a fine example of her style.



tone or matter with each correspondent. The difference between one correspondence and another lies in the allusions to, and comments on, each friend's sayings and doings; matters of extreme interest to recipients and readers, but in most cases of little curiosity or value to the reader. The letters to Mrs. Holland, for example, with much amusing literary gossip, contain an amount of history, a profusion of allusions to Mr. Holland's landscapes and Miss Holland's novels, which it is not fair to publish at full length. The writer's style certainly tumbled down with years—a fact so much to the credit of her real sincerity that when we read such sentences as “You, my dear Miss Holland, are the mistress of our tears, as Miss Anson is of our smiles, and I think you have the advantage; people are prouder of crying than of laughing; you hear more praise of *Less* than of the *School for Scandal*,” we feel how hard it is to flout such criticisms in the face of a well-earned reputation after fifty years.

Still the ruling feeling of Miss Mitford's life was against a severe sincerity. It was her will to ignore her father's evil practices towards the world and herself. Every letter has some pretences about him which she knew was not true, and which she must also have known that her correspondent would take for what it was worth; but she chose it to be so, and would willingly establish, while secretly conscious of the bargain, a tacit understanding with her friends that, if they would fall in with her tone about him, and accept her version of his character, they should not be the losers. But deception, even self-deception, of this sort, however filial and Spartan, cannot be kept up with impunity. Wherever it is particularly flagrant it seems to diffuse itself through the letter, imparting, to our thinking, a sort of illusory unreality to the furthest corners and crossings. She wrote with a swing, because too often, if she paused in her charming spirits and rose-coloured views of life, the paternal cravings, scrapes, and selfish exactions might force themselves on her harassed brain; and so the style in this one respect suffers, though likely enough the excessive rapidity of her pen deceived her into a sense of almost random candour and unreserve. Nobody who knew Miss Mitford can hold his hand from this evil genius of her life and happiness. Though Mr. Chorley says, “the man lies fallen into the kennel of oblivion,” yet he assists in keeping him in the world's memory, where indeed he must hold a place so long as his daughter's wonderful love and extravagant devotion live in it.

In one point, however, Miss Mitford was exceptionally true. She took a just view of her own powers, which is a virtue of a high order; intellectual as well as moral, in a flattered authoress. She might compliment others, but she could speak modestly about herself. She was no fisher for fine speeches, and was alive to her own shortcomings, when publishers were urging her to write, and pecuniary success rewarded all her efforts, along with a degree of fame which her readers now can scarcely account for, and which must make some moderns envious. She was a real celebrity, but correspondents wherever English was spoken, and found her acquaintance sought, not only by rising genius, but by men of the highest literary reputation. There was in her a warmth of sympathy, an appreciation of intellectual intercourse, a pleasure in reciprocal admiration, which would seem to have rendered her society extremely attractive. We gather that people all felt themselves their cleverest and brightest in her company, and if they knew that they would be sketched off to her friends in glowing colours, it would add an historical interest to an hour's conversation. She had the faculty of being charmed; probably people really showed their best to her, and, enjoying themselves, contributed in an especial degree to the common enjoyment. Her social instinct was so strong that she could only exercise her critical powers on subjects quite removed from and out of reach of personal intercourse. This she does not get on with American literary ladies or their books; *Uncle Tom's Cabin* seems to her utterly disagreeable; indeed she presently sticks fast, and is very unlikely to take up the volume again. In fact, she suspects Mrs. Stowe to be one of the strong-minded women of whom Margaret Fuller is another; and “the very nicest American lady she has known, like a well-borne young Englishwoman,” has told her that Margaret is the most odious creature that ever lived, the most conceited and presuming. She cannot even believe in the cleverness or much-vaunted superiority of a woman whose writings do so little to prove it. But Margaret comes to Europe, is seen in society, has a tragical end; and Miss Mitford's enthusiasm is aroused. She hears of her from Mrs. Browning, with whom “the *Ossie*” spent their last evening at Florence, and there the Marquis recalled the faint prophesy against himself—“*Because of the Sea!*” She subsequently reads *Marion's Life*, and is enraptured at the interest of the book, and the power of the woman. But if she is somewhat cold towards the genuine character of successful authoresses who were known neither to herself nor her friends—Miss Fanny, Mrs. Norton, and others—all her heart goes out to her intimates, if fellow-workers. The friendship between her and Mrs. Browning was beautiful to both, and was carried on, Miss Mitford went to the extreme point of allowing her friend some insight into her own inmost estimate of her literary character; and she could repay affection and devotion with an effusion which it was worth while to have exchanged. It was something for a young poetess to be permitted to confide in a reader, and to be permitted if they read Miss Mitford's letters to be

Miss Mitford's letters to Mrs. Anson (Truelove), that she was so much loved, and that she was so much loved, and that she was so much loved.

proceeded from courtesy—a slight, girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet; a round face, with a most noble forehead; a mouth, beautifully formed, and full of expression; lips like parted pearls; teeth large, regular, and glittering with healthy whiteness; large dark eyes, with such expression, smiling on the cheek when cast down, when turned upward, touching the flexible and expressive eyebrows; a dark complexion, with cheeks literally as bright as the dark China rose; a profusion of silky dark curls; and a look of youth and modesty hardly to be expressed. This added to the very simple, but graceful and costly, dress, by which all the family are distinguished, is an exact portrait of her some years ago.

Then follows the change that ill-health, which secluded Miss Barrett for years from general society, had made—paling the rosy cheek and altering expression:—

The expression too is completely changed; the sweetness remains, but it is accompanied by more shrewdness, more gaiety; the look, not merely of the woman of genius—that she always had—but of the superlatively clever woman. An old effect of absence from general society, that the talent for conversation should have ripened, and the shyness have disappeared—but so it is. When I first saw her, her talk, delightful as it was, had something too much of the lamp—she spoke too well—and her letters were rather too like the very best books. Now all this is gone; the free thoughts come gushing and sparkling like water from a spring, but flow as naturally as water down a hill-side—clear, bright, and sparkling in the sunshine. All this, besides its delightfulness, looks like life, does it not?

This is good writing, and raises an image in the reader's mind. The personification of the muse is generally a divided work. One woman fulfils our ideal of form, another acts out the inspiration; here we see form and spirit in accord. Miss Mitford is indeed an enthusiast for her lovely young friend's genius and powers. Yet we observe one feeling even towards her illusions—a decided preference for the short over the long. With such an appetite for books, such a prodigious literary digestion as Miss Mitford was gifted with from infancy—so that she could say, “Reading is that for which I live”—we should have thought that a long poem would offer no difficulties; but it is not so. Great readers are great skippers; one never quite knows what reading twelve octavo volumes of solid matter means, enumerated perhaps among a dozen other works of reputation need through in a fortnight; but it rarely means reading them through. Prose admits of such illusions. But poetry does not; reading poetry is real work. Nobody can persuade himself that he has read *Paradise Lost* by dipping. Therefore Miss Mitford votes decidedly for short poems. They are the poems, she argues, that live—that go home to other hearts; “Only look at the difference between those sort of poems in Elizabeth Barrett's and Victor Hugo's volumes, compared with their dramas, and you will understand what I mean.” Even short poems test her patience, as in her clever tribute to Rogers's poetry, “which must be admired by everybody but by me with that sort of calm, sober, chastened admiration which one is in the habit of bestowing on those sort of poems which are very short and seem very long.” As for Mr. Browning, the effort of reading him is clearly too much for her. “I confess, quite between ourselves, that I can't make out his poetry”; though she is so anxious to think the best of him of whom his wife writes so magnificently, that she subsequently allows “more in it” than she thought at first. Of both she reports in one of her latest letters (1854), that Mr. and Mrs. Browning's books “are advancing towards completion. They have been in hand these three years. His are lyrics of which she has only seen some; hers a fictitious biography in blank verse, of which he has not seen one word, though four thousand lines have been written—a strange reserve.”

Mr. Ruskin becomes known to her as soon as he is the famous Oxford Graduate. In every point he was calculated to excite her enthusiasm, and as years went on the sentiment gathered force. Of his youthful excellence, set off by youthful grace, she writes to her friend Mrs. Patridge:—

Mr. Ruskin was here last week, and is certainly the most charming person I have ever known. The books are very beautiful, although I do not agree in all the opinions; but the young man himself is just what, if one had a son, one should have dreamt of his turning out, in mind, manner, conversation, everything. I quite longed for you to hear and admire him.

There was nothing in Miss Mitford which quarrelled with the world's favourable estimate and verdict; none of that provoking resistance to a general opinion, because it is general, which belongs to some quick wits. Hence rising genius met with no snubs in her presence. She had a taste for success in others; as well as that more common form of the liking, a taste for success in herself. This has no doubt much to do with the extraordinary enthusiasm with which she followed the career of the Emperor of the French, as the successor of her hero Napoleon I. Her letters are interspersed with every variety of commendation, some of it in the most unexpected form; as, for example, that the Prince Louis Napoleon “in the very impersonation of calm, simple honesty”; and that the circumstances of his marriage show him “almost as great a poet as his uncle.” She congratulates her friend on conversion to his cause. “Ah, my well-beloved President, I knew you would come round to him! he is much too good for his nation, and, as you say, has little in common with it; too honest, too calm, too modest, too truthful!” The *Coventry* is no shock to her, wrote Mrs. Browning, who, she writes, outvies her in enthusiasm. In 1855 she pronounced him the only man who has made any reputation in the four years just passed; and exclaims, “Give us a mild despotism—one clear head—where, instead of talking over affairs for twenty years and writing about them in a hundred newspapers, what is wanted is accomplished.” Mr. Disraeli, her somewhat, does not like Napoleon; but she pins her faith on those spontaneous acts of benevolence for which her hero is so remarkable. “You do not like my beloved Emperor; but was not that

visit to the hospitals the very thing to do? And is he not full of those graceful and gracious movements? too full to be mere calculation." Miss Mitford was a Whig by birth and training, and habit of sharing in the universal sentiment around her; but there is something in the idea of power boldly exercised which takes the imagination of woman.

Some of the latest letters in this series have a peculiar interest, as expressing with more strength and amplification than we meet in the first, the clearer faith and hope which cheered the painful period of peculiar helplessness preceding her death—a prostration so complete that she was justified in writing that nothing was left sound but head and heart. Her health had been broken by an unremitting attendance upon her father through a long illness. Always selfish, old age and suffering were not likely to rouse him to considerations which through life had had no weight. He was exacting to an incredible extent. All her days had to be devoted to his service, though the only sign he gave of liking her company was in being more miserable without it; and at night she had to devote hours to the literary labour which was to earn money for his wants. She survived him six or seven years, but never recovered from the strain. It is scarcely fair to Miss Mitford to repeat so many times, sometimes in all but identical words, the details of her last illness which she wrote to different friends; but they represent a state of helpless suffering borne with real patience and exemplary cheerfulness. To her friend Mrs. Bennock she writes:—

I wish you had seen Hugh Pearson. He is exactly a younger Dr. Arnold, and has been to me spiritually a comfort such as none can conceive—such as none can be who is not full of tenderness and charity. I went to him for advice and consolation, and I found it. I have always felt that this visitation was the great mercy of a most gracious God to draw me to Himself. May He give me grace not to neglect the opportunity! Pray for me, my dear friends! We are of different forms, but surely of one religion—that which is found between the two covers of the Gospel. I have read the whole twice through during the last few weeks, and it seems to me, speaking merely intellectually, more easy to believe than to disbelieve. But I am still subject to wandering thoughts—fluttering thoughts. I cannot realize even that which I believe. Pray for me that my faith may be quickened and made more steadfast. You will understand how entire is my friendship for you, and my reliance upon yours, when you read these last lines. Mr. Pearson stayed over Monday that he might administer the Sacrament to me.

The number of names which are not merely names, but with some additional light thrown upon them, are a distinguishing feature of Miss Mitford's letters; such, for example, as Crabb Robinson, Charles Bonar, Kingsley, Landor, Hawthorne, Tom Moore, Tennyson—but the list does not admit of enumeration. This being the case, we cannot appreciate the delicacy of precaution on which Mr. Chorley values himself in a note. Where the initial letters which he substitutes for the name in full occur in large numbers we could have wished for a bolder excision. If we must read of a fit of the gout tormenting somebody fifty years ago, let us at least not be put off with a blank; let us know who was tormented, that we may have the chance of fitting it upon some uncle or grandfather of an existing bearer of the name. Such an abstraction as a fit of the gout unattached is not worth perpetuating in print. Then there is a tantalizing Miss J—constantly recurring in the earlier correspondence, to whom the epithet "charming" is uniformly appended. If the impersonation of so many graces is to go down to posterity at all, has she not a right to so much body as the syllables of her name carry with them? What ideas can we form of any woman out of an initial letter and a blank? We say this as a hint to all editors of letters and in the interests of their readers, rather than in any spirit of discontent with Mr. Chorley, who has put together two very attractive volumes, in which, wherever we open, we find matter to lead us on page after page well amused.

#### VINOY'S SIEGE OF PARIS.

THOSE who watched last summer with critical eye the first peace parade of the army of Republican France, when the Chief of the Executive Power sat in state in the place of the fallen Emperor, and celebrated the recovery of Paris to the country by reviewing the troops that had won it, have said that among all the military names which were whispered from ear to ear, two only won the plaudits of the crowd. Soldier and civilian on that day did spontaneous honour to the brave old Marshal whose reputation had survived the wreck of Woerth and the surrender of Sedan, and who, scarce healed of the wounds suffered on the day when Frenchmen sustained a defeat more terrible than they had ever inflicted, had come back to lead the mixed forces which it was well known would obey no other leader. And joined with MacMahon's name amid the plaudits was that of the stout old soldier who had led his reserve; for Vinoy's name had endured the shocks of disaster and the more fiery trials of political turmoil, without ever being subjected to a charge of meanness, dishonesty, or personal self-seeking. The spontaneous homage accorded to these two leaders on that day when Frenchmen for the first time for many a dreary month could contemplate their soldiery with pride, proved that at heart the same sound qualities find approval with their nation as with our colder selves; and that, amid the wrecks left by the storms that have swept over their unhappy country, an undimmed personal character still finds its reward.

Marshal MacMahon loves his pen too little to let us hope that he will do himself justice in a narrative of his own. He leaves to minor actors in the great drama of the Second Empire the task of showing how his honesty of character and singlemindedness kept him apart from, and out of the favour of, the despotic ruler whom he served. Others also will probably have to explain (indeed some of them unconsciously, like the unhappy De Failly, are doing it already) how far his share may be excused in the great defeats connected with his name. General Vinoy is not so reticent nor so absorbed in the more active duties of his profession, or we could not have received the narrative which he now gives to the world of his share in the strange events of the last eighteen months. Not that the present volume completes the tale. It carries it on only so far as the 22nd of January of last year, when Vinoy received the chief command of all the garrison of Paris from Trochu's failing hands in the last days of the German siege. We are promised a later work from his pen, which will tell the story of the Commune. The book before us is itself made up of two essentially distinct parts; for the operations of the original XIII<sup>th</sup> Corps in the field before the siege began, and during the first days of the investment, are naturally a separate subject from those of the larger force which Vinoy commanded during the later stages of the leaguer of the once brilliant capital of modern Cæsarism. We purpose, therefore, treating these two portions of the volume separately.

Though somewhat fatiguing to the general reader in the precision of its details, Vinoy's work will for that very reason be of untold value to the future historian of the war. Moreover, the General writes with facility, if not with real brilliancy, and understands the full value of the professional phraseology which, added to the natural resources of their language, has created a school of French military historians second only to the renowned writers of Greece. So that his work will serve those chance readers who know how to skip judiciously, as well as the more industrious band who dig closely into the materials before them. And the drier portion of the narrative is here and there relieved with such touches of sentiment or description as remind the reader usefully that it treats not of mere inanimate pawns upon a chess-board, but of the living sentient beings whom a fine night, a clear moon, and, above all, a well-filled stomach may change from disordered fugitives into obedient and disciplined troops.

What the original reason may have been that the French Government never formed the corps which should have numbered from VIII. to XI. we are not informed. They could hardly have hoped to impose upon so well-informed an enemy as that with whom they had to do by the stale device of pretending the existence of the corps which the missing numbers should represent. It is certain that these commands were, for some unexplained reason, never created. The first reinforcements of MacMahon became a XII<sup>th</sup> Corps under Ducrot, when it was known that the defeated Marshal was retreating on Châlons, and the XIII<sup>th</sup> Corps, with which we are now concerned, was formed soon afterwards at Paris on the 16th August. The Staff were all appointed in the usual way from among the officers—many, like Vinoy himself, *en retraite* before the war—gathered at the capital; but the bulk of the troops were of the new formation, *régiments de marche*, composed each of three of the fourth or dépôt battalions of the infantry of the line. One single brigade alone, Guilhem's, consisted of two line regiments which had just arrived from Rome, and were in excellent order. Vinoy's ten new *régiments de marche* were very far from being in so satisfactory a condition. The battalions that formed these arrived just as they were hurried up from all parts of France, insufficiently officered by inferior men—for the dépôt service had naturally been unpopular—and varying in numbers from twelve hundred down to three hundred rank and file. The breakdown of the War Ministry had affected the French dépôt system, like the rest of the military machine; and the commanders, accustomed to refer all things to the Bureau at Paris, must have been left without defined instructions till the last, for General Vinoy tells us that some brought with them all the men there had been time to clothe, whereas others left all recruits behind who had not passed the first drills. Hardly any of the soldiers were thoroughly taught, and very few had ever fired a shot with the chassépôts they bore, whilst none had ever seen any real service or any training that might prepare for it. Of his artillery, which numbered ninety guns—a fair proportion to his thirty thousand men—Vinoy gives a better account. The division of cavalry which he was promised was sent on to Châlons in advance, and was lost to the corps. The Intendance, it will surprise no one to learn, was quite unequal to its work; and, owing to the confusion in the War Office, no medical staff at all was appointed for some time after the corps was formed, although the necessary officers were in Paris awaiting orders.

On the very day that Vinoy received his command, Bazaine was intercepted at Mars-la-Tour, and all communication with him soon afterwards ceased. The next scene of the drama turned on the possibility of his release, and Vinoy's work shows beyond dispute that the new War Minister, Palikao, must bear the full responsibility of the loss of a second great army in the rash design of extricating that already cut off, which we long since in these pages fixed upon him. An elaborate plan accompanying Vinoy's work is copied exactly from a sketch received from the War Ministry on the 28th of August, as a guide to the first operations of the armies and the movements by which MacMahon's flank march was to be carried out. This sketch—a summary of military

literature in its way—is marvellously correct in its view of the positions. The Prussians are shown investing Metz and Verdun, and even descending the Meuse towards Sedan. But the Crown Prince is supposed to have been drawn on to Châlons before discovering the flank march, and to be only turning northward too late to reach even the tail of the columns of MacMahon, whose junction-point with Bazaine is indicated about forty miles west of Metz, near Étain. If it is true that to effect this he would evidently have to force the passage of the Meuse in face of resistance from the Prussians (the Prince of Saxony's Fourth Army really), heard of near Verdun; and Bazaine, aided perhaps by his brother Marshal's approach, had to break through the cordon that kept him on the Moselle. But for these obstacles Palikao was evidently prepared when indicating on his pretty sketch (what a piece of irony the words read to day!) the "plateau où la jonction doit se faire," the meeting point which MacMahon's troops did indeed reach not many days later—but reached as prisoners of war.

Whilst MacMahon with four corps began his unhappy march from Châlons, the XIII<sup>th</sup> was directed by Palikao to his support. Its first orders were to advance cautiously towards the Aisne, about Craonne, not joining MacMahon, but subject to his orders, and prepared to threaten the flank of the Crown Prince on his expected movement northwards. The days were, however, days of indecision no less than of rashness, and that evening the intended movement on Craonne was suspended, and changed early on the 29th for a direct movement by railroad on Mézières under similar general instructions as regarded the armies in the field. But ere the rear of Vinoy's Corps had begun the march, De Failly's Corps had been surprised at Beaumont by the Bavarians under circumstances of discredit which time only darkens, and the series of combats in the Argonne was fairly begun, which "hardly ceased until the Third and Fourth German Armies had shaken hands" along the Belgian frontier round their ill-fated prey.

The movement on Mézières was conducted entirely by the railroad which runs through Soissons and Laon. The details were arranged by Palikao himself, whose taste for meddling with the duties of his subordinates appears to be surpassed by no official that any central War Office in France or elsewhere has ever known; so that it was only Vinoy's remonstrance which enabled the corps to keep its two old regiments at its head. The resources of the Soissons line, knowing nothing of any military requirements in time of peace, were found to be quite unequal to the duties suddenly imposed on them by war, and an additional delay was caused by the railroad being crossed at its Hirson junction by the line to Avesnes, which was kept constantly open until the Prince Imperial had been conveyed to a place of safety.

It was nearly 1 A.M. of the 31st when Vinoy's headquarters reached Charleville, the large commercial suburb of Mézières, on the south side of the Meuse. We know that the Germans were then commencing their preparations for following up the success of Beaumont, and hemming in MacMahon. But though the action of the day before had been fought in the same department, and within an easy ride of Mézières, Vinoy could learn nothing of its particulars or result. To send an aide-de-camp on by the railroad still open to Sedan, to dispose the troops in hand to cover that by which the rest of the corps was arriving, and to reconnoitre along the other line to Rheims, which was reported to be cut, were obvious precautions, and Vinoy adopted them at dawn. The train that carried the aide-de-camp was fired on by the Prussian advanced guard, moving on the Donchéry passage of the Meuse; but Captain Semailson escaped unhurt, and arriving in Sedan, delivered his report to the Emperor. Napoleon, apologizing for his own action in the absence of MacMahon, whose approval as Commander-in-Chief he declared "to be necessary, handed him the brief order for Vinoy, "The Prussians are advancing in force; concentrate all your troops at Mézières," a direction which MacMahon, coming up soon afterwards, confirmed. The Marshal spoke freely of the misconduct of De Failly's troops the day before, and of his own intention of soon retreating on Mézières. Though the morning was passing on, he regarded the movement by the north bank of the Meuse on that place as easy and very unlikely to be interfered with. It was 1 P.M., and the Bavarians had been feeling the position on its Bazailles side, when Captain Semailson got clear of the streets of Sedan on his way back, and had a sorrowful proof of the reality of the disaster of the day before. More than five hundred men of the 3rd regiment of the line were drawn up under the command of a subaltern, the senior officer left with the wreck; he could get no orders from any one, and his men were clamouring from the ranks to be led away to Mézières for safety. Stranger sight still upon the road beyond, the aide-de-camp saw inhabitants of that place flying to Sedan for refuge, and meeting others going from Sedan to their town on a similar errand. At half-past two Vinoy received the Emperor's order, but his corps was still delayed on the railroad behind, whilst his reconnoissances told him that the Prussians were in serious force close at hand.

The fatal 1st of September found Vinoy without fresh news, and with but one complete division of his infantry arrived. MacMahon, not being heard of, could evidently not be retreating on Mézières; and Vinoy hoped he might have found his way past the enemy, and be marching eastward from Sedan. His own instructions in such case from the first had been to endeavour to interfere with any pursuit, and he moved forward therefore a few miles with the troops he had, until his leading brigade found developing before it the Württemberg Division, the left of the German army, and at the same time the General learnt that at dawn 40,000 of the enemy had crossed the Meuse that morning, and

lay between himself and MacMahon on the northern bank. Escaped guns of the V<sup>th</sup> Corps now came in, and soon afterwards a staff-officer, sent from Sedan at 9:30 A.M. with the news of MacMahon's wound, and of the certainty of the coming defeat. Palikao's reply from Paris when the telegraph carried him this ill news was to leave Vinoy free to act for himself.

To remain at Mézières without provisions and ammunition was to risk certain destruction; so before dark Vinoy had given his orders for a retreat on Laon. To turn back the trains on the way was simple enough; but to remove the division and the reserve artillery now collected at Mézières by the exhausted resources of the railroad was hopeless, and Vinoy formed his two brigades and mass of guns into a column to march at daybreak of the 2nd. But the VI<sup>th</sup> Prussian Corps, the only one of his vast masses which Von Moltke had failed to bring up into line at Sedan, was already on the way to intercept escape from Mézières, and prepared to contest the direct passage of the Aisne at Château Porcien. Delay would have been fatal to Vinoy; so leaving his camp fires burning, he broke up soon after darkness fell, and by a night march, made under great difficulties with his raw troops, turned the position of the Prussians, and got beyond them. The 4th September found him once more upon the railroad line to Paris without fear of being intercepted. An order from Palikao received that morning enjoined him to make a stand if possible. But events had marched far quicker than the XIII<sup>th</sup> Corps, and the same evening a despatch from the new Government, just formed under Trochu, desired him to direct the whole of his troops on Paris. So Laon and Soissons, which Vinoy had just occupied, were left to chance garrisons, and the XIII<sup>th</sup> Corps, sole survivor of the ten that had marched to meet the Germans, was drawn in to the capital. The first seven weeks of the war had ruined the reputation of the Third Napoleon, dashed the Imperial crown from his head, and left his capital a prey to revolutionary passions within, and stripped of all defenders without who could avert the coming storm of war.

(To be continued.)

#### A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE.\*

MISS NICHOLS, the author of this little story, informs us that she lived from childhood in New York, and having come to England, she has apparently resolved to give us a picture of life and manners in America. She thinks it necessary, under these circumstances, to explain that certain peculiarities of language of which English readers may complain are faithful reproductions of American phraseology. The conventional Yankee of the English stage talks a language which is partly compounded of pure English slang and partly of a mixture of the idioms of different States. For, in spite of the general uniformity of language, an experienced observer can easily distinguish the natives of New England, of the middle States, of the West, and of the South from each other, both by idiom and accent. We confess that we are not sufficiently at home in the subject to be able to say with any confidence how far the language in *Jerry* accurately represents the dialect of New York. Like other American dialects, it appears to be derived from two different sources. The genuine old Americanisms, as the best of all authorities, Mr. Lowell, has shown in his preface to the last series of *Biglow Papers*, are simply old English phrases which have either dropped out of use or which were always confined to special provinces. It is rash indeed to affirm of any given expression that it is of American growth, and that no precedent can be produced for it in some of the old English seventeenth-century authors. Few people, for example, remember that the common expression, a party "platform," was constantly used by the Puritans before the *Mayflower* left our shores. It is perhaps rather more singular to observe that the Republicanism of nearly a century has been unable entirely to suppress such expressions as the "King's English"; and Miss Nichols tells us that she remembers an old lady who always substituted "George a' mercy" for "Lord a' mercy"—a relic, as it appears, of the days when the Georges were treated with more respect than they habitually receive amongst the descendants of their subjects. Still more oddly, we find that the convenience of a decimal coinage has not quite destroyed all recollections of the old monetary system. The characters in *Jerry* talk occasionally about shillings and pence, and a shopkeeper in New York will occasionally give the price of an article as seven-and-sixpence, instead of stating the corresponding number of cents. But besides these survivals of old words, the Americans most certainly have the credit, such as it is, of inventing additions to our common language which we cannot admit to be invariably improvements. We cannot yet reconcile ourselves to talking about a "scientist" or a "walkist" in place of a man of science and a pedestrian; and we have still stronger objections to such a queer corruption as "conjugal," which appears once or twice in these pages. It is true that it may be intended as simply comic, inasmuch as the gentleman who exclaims, "My spirit bride! my beautiful one! my eternal conjugal partner!" is represented as a contemptible quack, and proceeds to swear "eternal conjugal love" to another young lady at a distance of only two pages. America, however, is a free country, and we cannot object to its setting up a language of its own when the humour takes it. Leaving, however, these philological speculations, we will pro-

\* *Jerry: a Novel of American Life.* By Mary B. Gore Nichols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.



ced to the merits of the story itself. We are bound to say that Miss Nichols is not in our opinion the coming novelist. In fact, she has very little notion of telling a story, and has shaken a number of characters together without much regard to coherence or unity of purpose. Yet, in spite of obvious inexperience, she gives proofs of decided talent, and there is some real freshness in many of her descriptions of character. We only regret that the rather confused series of scenes was not put together with a more artistic sense of fitness. It is often said that it is next to impossible to make a really effective novel out of American materials. The people are too homogeneous; there is an unpleasant monotony about the aspect of society; there is little opportunity for those contrasts of manners and those descriptions of the picturesque growths of an old-established order of things which are generally turned to account by our best novelists. To say the truth, we do not consider the excuse to be sufficient. We have a suspicion that America has not as yet produced first-rate novels, unless Hawthorne's works are an exception, for the same reason that it has not produced first-rate poets, or scholars, or men of science. What that reason may be we leave to the reflections of the De Tocqueville of the future. But certainly we do not admit that poverty of materials can be a sufficient excuse. New York, it is very true, is not so picturesque a town as London or as Paris; and yet we fancy that a Thackeray or a Balzac could manage to discover in its passions as intense and incidents as exciting as any in the Old World. Indeed, New York would in some respects have the advantage. The incessant movement of society, the ardent pursuit of wealth, the rapidity with which the scene is perpetually shifting out that strange theatre of life, and the variety of the elements which are constantly brought together in the most miscellaneous of populations, should surely be able to tax the powers even of the most imaginative writer. The cleverest sketch, for example, in the present volume is a certain Mrs. Mayo, who is a fine lady of the American type. She is more versatile, extravagant, and clever than her European sisters; she is always endeavouring to dazzle her husband and her friends by taking up magnetism, or ritualism, or high art, or music, or poetry; she is the centre of all manner of intrigues invented by the social ambition of her fellow-citizens; she is as healthless as Becky Sharp, and as clever at disguising her heartlessness from the surrounding world. Her ambition must surely have a wide career in a country where the rights of women are so extensive, and where the career of the late Mr. Fisk shows how much may be accomplished by shrewdness, impudence, and an utter want of principle. The execution is not equal to the conception, or Mrs. Mayo would outlive her inventor to a high degree of praise. As it is, she rather suggests to us what might be done with such materials by a competent writer than satisfies our expectations. During the first part of her history she is the victim of the clever quack, Mr. Fitznoodle, whose eloquence upon "eternal conjugal love" we have already quoted. Dr. Fitznoodle himself is described with some cleverness, and is to our sharp ladies' doctors what Mr. Fisk was to our keenest speculators in the money market. We could fancy that he is an incarnation of Thackeray's Dr. Brandon, who, as we remember, took refuge from his English creditors in New York. The second of the two ladies to whom he vows "conjugal" affection is a Miss Greene, who inhabits an "aristocratic home in the Fifth Avenue." The manners of this lady are scarcely as aristocratic as her home, as may be inferred from the following scrap of her conversation:—"I want to go to Mrs. Mayo's party," she says to the doctor; "can't you get me invited? You are always as thick as hops with them Mayos. I don't like to live in Fifth Avenue, and never get invited nowhere. I hate that stuck-up Miss Deane [the other object of conjugal attachment], and I want to go with you and make her jealous. I love to make a nuisance with some folks." The doctor obtains the coveted invitation; and whilst Miss Greene is carrying out her amiable scheme, Nemesis descends upon him in the shape of his real wife, who ruins his promising flirtations, and carries him off to pick up a precarious living by lecturing on popular science in remote regions. The remarkable good-nature, not to give it a harsher name, of American society, which always shrinks from crushing a rogue, is favourable to this breed of adventurers, who must certainly diversify the face of society in a manner highly agreeable to novelists. We must notice, too, the freedom of manners which allows Dr. Fitznoodle and the other male characters to be always walking about with young ladies, taking them to call upon Bohemian artists at all kinds of hours, and in all sorts of remote corners of the town; and to hold long private conversations without interruption from troublesome chaperons; and we think it must be admitted that Mrs. Mayo's drawing-room, when filled with persons of such varying degrees of culture, though we must not say of rank, mixing so freely and changing so rapidly from the heights of fortune to the depths of ruin, ought to afford an excellent hunting-ground for the creator of fiction.

We are far indeed from being at an end of the characters. There is the distinguished poet who becomes a lion of New York society, the Bohemian poet and author who takes a place in the *Golden Age*, and is at the same time editor of a newspaper, in which society he writes paragraphs headed "personal" about a "poet" and a "poetess" and a "woolly bore" and the lady of his choice, and at the same time composes the most exquisite poems that have ever graced the enthusiastic young millionaire's library, and then suddenly bursts out as an exquisite

the fast and herry young man who marries one of the heroines, and then proceeds to drink himself to death, assuming himself in the meantime by chewing tobacco in a peculiarly ostentatious manner in order to amuse the delicate sensibilities of his wife; and the rather conventional idiot, Jerry, who gives his name to the story, and, like other fictitious idiots, has a habit of talking the most admirably pious sentiments, which convert his wiser but more worldly-minded superiors. And, besides all these, there are a number of minor characters, all of them more or less original, and gifted with that true American versatility which is the most surprising part of the national character to Englishmen. We cannot honestly say that Miss Nichols has made an amusing story out of these materials; but the reason is not that there is a want of the natural elements of interest, but that she has obviously more characters on her hands than she knows how to manage. The story, too, is mismanaged and absurdly protracted by some unnecessary misunderstandings, which are as provoking as is generally the case with misunderstandings in novels. If she would limit herself on another occasion to a smaller selection from her portrait-gallery, and set her characters to work on some intelligible plot, instead of jostling them together at random like the figures in a kaleidoscope, she might write a really interesting story. But, however this may be, Miss Nichols has done enough to convince us that, if American society has not yet supplied us with much really good fiction, it presents new materials enough which may be turned to account when a sufficiently qualified observer presents himself. Cooper gave popularity to the old types of Indians and backwoodsmen, and Hawthorne applied the most admirable powers to investing with a poetical atmosphere the characteristic figures of New England. We can see no reason why some genius of the future should not hold up the mirror to the strangely shifting scenes of New York society, which, if not precisely picturesque, is at least animated and exciting in no common degree.

#### WALCOTT'S TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF CATHEDRALS.

WE have had something to do with Mr. Walcott once before, when he put forth a book on nearly the same subject as the present, but with somewhat higher pretensions. We have an indistinct remembrance of certain heretics who were charged with putting forth their errors, whatever they were, in "books, little books, and tracts." These are three well-marked stages of composition. It is not without satisfaction that we see that Mr. Walcott has come down from the "book" to the "little book," as the change holds out some hope that he may some day evaporate in a tract. He is a writer whom it is hard to describe. Within a certain range he has read a great deal; but we could not call him a well-read man even within that range, because to call a man well read implies, not only that he has read a great deal, but that he has read it well. Still less can we call him a learned man, because that would imply that he has not only read, but has learned something from his reading. Still the number of books which Mr. Walcott must have read must be very great, and the number of isolated facts which he has carried off from his reading is very great also. The unlucky thing is that he does not know in the least what to do with a fact when he has got hold of it. He shovels out his odd scraps of knowledge broadcast, with the loosest connexion, or no connexion at all, between each particular fact and the facts which happen to be set on each side of it. In Mr. Walcott's former and larger work, *Cathedrals*, utterly confused as was the way in which his materials were thrown together, still there was a good deal of real information scattered about here and there. Though a person who knew nothing of the subject could have learned nothing from Mr. Walcott's book, yet a person who already knew a good deal could easily pick up a good deal more. The present book, the little book, is altogether of a lower type; it seems like the sweepings after the larger book, the gleanings after the vintage; but when the vintage itself hardly reaches to the measure of Abiezer, we cannot speak of the gleanings as exactly the gleanings of Ephraim. A mass of stories, old and new, relevant and irrelevant, having more or less to do with cathedral churches, are thrown together without any principle of arrangement which we can make out. Thus we light by chance on p. 72. We there find a number of headings which seem to have nothing to do with one another, except that in most of them the church doors in one way or another comes in. We find the statement that "in 1395, the Lollards fixed their heretical conclusions on the doors of St. Paul's and Westminster, with various insolent verses." Presently we are told how Bishop Ralph of Chichester "discovered the doors of the Cathedral to be barred with thorns," and how this was done "when Henry the Second levied a tax upon clergies." If we turn to Mr. Walcott's reference, "W. Malin, 206," that is to say, p. 206 of the new *Great Dictionary*, we find not only an entry to be expected in the case of a paragon of St. Andrew, that the King concerned was not Henry the Second, but Henry the First, but that it was not the Cathedral only, but all the churches in the diocese whose doors were thus oddly barred. Mr. Walcott, though himself preceptor in a secular school, seems to have on many a business wholly alienating to himself, for the matter of his original, "monarchical cathedrals, new cathedrals, and cathedrals laid out as arcades," because in his version "cathedrals" means



of Divine Service, with exception of shutting the choir." But the funny thing is, that between these two periods of the fourteenth and fifteenth century severally, we are told that "the first lottery drawn in England was held at St. Paul's door in 1369; and others were drawn there in 1386 and 1612." And so we go on with a number of things having a more or less close connexion with church doors; how some people were reconciled at the doors, and others whipped there, and how "in 1250 the Dean of St. Paul's closed the doors against Archbishop Boniface, under whose robes a breastplate eminently glittered." Very possibly the door was shut, very possibly it was the Dean who shut it; very possibly the Archbishop wore a breastplate; but not one of these things is recorded; all that Matthew Paris says is, "restituerunt canonici," which may imply shutting the door, but does not assert it. The Winchester Annals speak of a "gravis dissensio inter Bonifacium Cantuariensem archiepiscopum et inter Fulconem Londoniensem et canonicos sancti Pauli." This is still less distinct. In the Annals of Thomas Wykes we do find the doors; but it is not said whether the doors were shut or open, and the effect would be more picturesque if we conceive them open than shut. The Canon of Coney tells us, what we should not have learned from any other source, that things came to a stand-up fight before the church doors ("habito conflictu inter partes ante foras ecclesie"), in which several of the Archbishop's people were killed. A prudent Dean might indeed have shut the door at such a moment; but the fact is not recorded, and the scene would certainly be much grander if we conceive the door open. And then about the breastplate. Mr. Walcott tells us that the Archbishop wore a breastplate when he went to St. Paul's. Matthew Paris arms him with a breastplate, or rather a coat of mail ("loricatus"), the next day when he went to St. Bartholomew's; the natural inference is that, after the treatment which his people met at St. Paul's, he took to his fleshly armour to defend himself at St. Bartholomew's. Also, in the special prominence which Mr. Walcott gives to the Dean, he misses the point of the story and the way of speaking at the time. There is no mention of the Dean especially resisting the Archbishop; the resistance is attributed to the Canons generally, the Dean being, in the notions of the thirteenth century, only one, though the chief, among their number. Mr. Walcott no doubt got his Dean from the words of Matthew Paris, when he says that Boniface excommunicated the Dean and some others ("decanum et alios excommunicavit"); but it is somewhat hazardous to leap back from this to the conclusion that the Dean shut the doors, or that the doors were shut at all.

Mr. Walcott has by no means worked out the fertile subject of doors. For instance, he tells us that "the great doors of a Cathedral are only opened for the reception of a Sovereign or a Bishop." Our own experience hardly bears out the Precentor of Chichester on this head, as we have often gone in by the great—at least the greatest—doors of a Cathedral when there has been no Sovereign anywhere near, and when the Bishop has come in another way. Then Mr. Walcott gives us the sad story of the "gross exercises" which took place at York on Shrove Tuesday, when "all the apprentices, servants, and journeymen streamed in to ring the Pancake bell," and how Mr. Lale nearly lost his life in an attempt to stop the scandal. The connexion of this story with doors is not very clear, and it is only the general subject of the book which leads us to the guess that it was the manner into which the apprentices and others streamed to ring the pancake bell. The story is introduced with the somewhat obscure description, "At York, on Shrove Tuesday, the doors of York were thrown open all day." It is not very clear where the "doors of York" were likely to be opened except at York. Nor is it clear whether by the doors of York we are to understand the doors of the minster or the gates of the city. We can only say that, even without the help of a pancake bell, we have ourselves always found both open whenever we have wished to go through them. Recently we read how "Bishop Hackett, on the doors of Lambeth, wrote up a Latin veto forbidding candidates for Holy Orders wearing long hair." From this Mr. Walcott might, if he had been so minded, have easily taken a leap to more modern announcements about hair powder and such like matters of taxation which have so odd an effect on the doors of places of worship, both Established and Nonconformist. But we cannot think that the study of church doors is at all thoroughly worked out, when Mr. Walcott tells us nothing either about marriage "ad ostium ecclesie," nor yet about the more exciting practice of covering the doors themselves with the skins of Danish or other robbers.

It was quite by chance in opening Mr. Walcott's book at random that we lighted on these speculations about doors. Turning over a page or two, we light on the statement "that old names still cling about the Climes of Monastic Cathedrals," among which we find with the names of colleges, which strikes us as being the opposite to monastic, and as marking the change to secular under the light. The passage which follows is a good specimen of Mr. Walcott's manner.

Walled at Wells, Cathedral Green; at Bath, the Green; at Exeter, Cathedral Green; and at Lincoln and York, Cathedral Green, preserve the old names, as Deanery and Chapter, the Deanery of Lincoln and the Chapter and Deanery of Chichester denote the old position of the Dean. The Deanery House remains at Lincoln. In the case of St. Paul's, an old festival of the patron saint, Henry II. did himself the people. Exhibitions also took place at Durham a rope-dancer performed on a cord stretched between the towers, but fell and broke his neck.

When this last and accident happened we are not told; but we do not see exactly what it has to do with the present volume of old names of places. Nor does it strike us as so remarkably as it seems to do Mr. Walcott that a house where a Dean once dwelt should still live as should be known as a Deanery or a Precentory. And we once knew a very distinguished Dean, now deceased, who lived, not in any official dwelling, there being none, but in an apostolically in a hired house, but who nevertheless always dated his letters from the Deanery, on the avowed ground that where pigs lived was a piggery, and where a Dean lived was a Deanery.

We turn a page or two the other way and we find that Mr. Walcott's ill luck has there led him to tell a story which had been already told by a stronger hand. Every one who has read Professor Stubbs's preface to Roger of Howden will remember the vivid description of the reception or non-reception of Archbishop Geoffrey by his divided Chapter of York; how the choir stopped singing at the bidding of the Treasurer, and how the candles were put out at the bidding of the Treasurer. That the tale which Mr. Stubbs tells clearly and vigorously, and with a dramatic conception of the parts of the several actors, is told by Mr. Walcott in a dull and lifeless way, is no more than we should expect. But we were puzzled when we read that all this took place when the Archbishop—more strictly Archbishop-elect—"had come to inquire about the persecution of the Jews." No such motive was mentioned in Roger's story, and it seemed odd that, as the scene in the minster took place on the vigil of the Epiphany, Geoffrey should have come to inquire into the massacre of the Jews, which did not happen till March 1066. A little light came when Mr. Walcott went on to say that "the Archbishop retorted by having the bells removed and laid into the earth, and putting the church under an interdict." For this there was a reference to Benedict, which we verified, and thus found that Mr. Walcott had actually confounded the coming of the Archbishop-elect to York in January with the coming of William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Chancellor and Legate, in April. He did come "to inquire about the persecution of the Jews," and, as the Chapter refused to receive him as Legate with a procession and the ringing of bells, he ordered the bells to be put, "not into the earth," but on the ground ("in terram deponere fecit"), and put the Canons and Vicars of the minster under an interdict.

After this we need not trouble ourselves any further with Mr. Walcott. A man who cannot distinguish between two such famous men as Archbishop Geoffrey and Bishop William Longchamp has mistaken his calling when he meddles with mediæval or ecclesiastical matters. We cannot think that Mr. Walcott's greatest effort would be likely to bring out anything of any great value. Here we have his sweepings, sweepings designed, as he tells us, to be "popular, reliable [sic], and instructive," but for which the common fate of sweepings seems to us to be thoroughly deserved.

#### THE BOOK OF THE FARM.\*

FROM its first appearance a quarter of a century ago until now the *Book of the Farm* has held the very highest rank as a book of reference on matters connected with the theory and practice of agriculture. Its author and editor, Mr. Henry Stephens, has indeed, by its helpful character and acknowledged trustworthiness, achieved for his name a connexion with the literature of the farm as inseparable as that of his French namesake with the annals of mediæval printing and publishing. And the secret of this fame consists in the remarkable tact he has displayed in tempering the curiosity and research of the enthusiast with the caution of the Scotch farmer and the cool judgment of the practical man. The *Book of the Farm* does not detail merely the results of a limited experience, but examines also, at a length which gives the well-known tomes their portly and substantial appearance, the likeliest suggestions and discoveries of men of authority upon agricultural topics; bringing personal opinion and knowledge to bear in cases where it would not do for the trumpet to have an uncertain sound, and where inquirers might expect trustworthy assistance in making up their minds upon debatable questions. Obviously a scope like this presupposes a more than passable acquaintance with the sciences auxiliary to agriculture. Chemistry, geology, meteorology, diverse branches of natural history and of physical science, must have been mastered, and were mastered, by Mr. Stephens before he could invoke the confidence and support of the more enlightened farmer for his original *Book of the Farm*. As the range of his work was encyclopædic, so likewise must have been the information and the learning digested as preliminary to the undertaking. Most agriculturists who have got beyond the boorish stage of ignorance which sets no store whatever by "book learning" are aware how fully the first and second editions satisfied expectation, and how authoritative were accounted the lessons of practical husbandry, and the discoveries of modes of improving and expediting agricultural operations, set forth in them. But two decades have passed since Mr. Stephens wrote the preface to his second edition; and a score of years is no small addition to the told tale of any man's days, least of all in the case of one who, even when he first appeared as an author, claimed a hearing for the results of an already considerable experience. In the new edition

\* *The Book of the Farm*. By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. Third Edition. 1871. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

before us he has not been contented to rest upon his oars, or trust the results of half-forgotten labours; but, from the mass of notes and criticisms with which he has in the interval kept his knowledge *en rapport* with the age, he has rewritten page upon page and chapter after chapter, so that really the *Book of the Farm* now before us is almost a new work. In the new, as in the older, editions, the same handy and excellent plan is adhered to, of printing in large text the details of the author's own experience in mixed husbandry upon crops and stock, under the head of "Practice in the Four Seasons of the Year"; the small print indicating that the matter it conveys has to do with other modes of farming than mixed husbandry, with external opinion on special points, or with explanations of particular operations on scientific principles. In short, the original plan and arrangement is wisely uninterfered with, whilst, to keep pace with the advances of agricultural science, the matter digested into pages and sections is oftentimes essentially as well as apparently new. To judge by the portrait of Mr. Stephens which in the edition of 1871 occupies the same place—opposite the title-page—that one of his own short-horn bulls occupied in that of 1851, he has lost little of the natural force which carried him through his original task, and we recommend the contemplation of such veteran vigour of head and body to those who have doubts as to the combination of the bucolic with the literary life. It has enabled him to carry through a third issue of a work which, even apart from its practical authority and experience, would still bear witness to a very uncommon grasp of mind, and no inconsiderable gifts of style and composition.

The only omission we regret in the new edition is that of the short and simple autobiography which in the edition of 1851 Mr. Stephens gave of himself, for the encouragement of "pupil farmers." From it young men proposing to adopt farming as a profession would learn that, after receiving a liberal education at Dundee and the University of Edinburgh, he acquired a thorough knowledge of farming by placing himself for three years under one of the best farmers in Berwickshire, and working with his own hands at the same labours as the hired servants of the farm. Having enlarged his range of observation by a year of foreign travel (it was just after peace was restored at the end of the Peninsular War) he took a farm of three hundred acres in Forfarshire; and in the improvement and reclamation of this—its soil was indifferent, and its buildings dilapidated—he acquired all the agricultural wisdom and experience which have stood him in such stead as a writer on kindred matters. It was there that he introduced several improvements—*e.g.*, feeding cattle in small numbers in hammels, instead of in large numbers in large courts, and confining sheep upon turnips in winter with nets instead of hurdles—which have been generally accepted, and which still hold their ground. But, as years have come and gone, the march of improvement and invention has broken new ground, and the changes, if few, have been important. To quote from the new preface:—

The Tweeddale plough, by its easy mode of reaching a deep furrow, has put it in the power of farmers to extend the range of the food of plants, by greatly increasing the friable soil of this insular kingdom. The reaping-machine sweeps down the corn, in regard to time, in the ratio of ten to one, with the ground prepared for it, the steam-plough superadds a large amount of animal power. The locomotive of the portable thrashing-machine, in conjunction with its collaborator, the steam-plough, sensibly economizes steam-power by being alternately employed in important operations. Guano, with its chemical competer, dissolved bones, enhances materially all the green crops. Linseed-cake, with its congeners, accumulates flesh and fat on the live stock in a given time in an increased ratio. These new things have displaced many more in number that were in use.

But time and change have not led Mr. Stephens to alter his original programme—the threefold division into Initiation, Practice, and Realization. Indeed, for the student who lays himself out to master the first part it is but fair that the third should remain as a *bona bouche* of encouragement, after the copious detail of the second part. The secret of initiation is, in brief, to add to the best liberal education lessons of experience got by putting oneself in the place of the hind, the cowman, the plough-boy, the labourer in every phase, and by observing closely and diligently the *modus operandi* of the shrewdest and most practical farmers. Not a little, too, depends on a study of nature's face and ways. Weather prognostics, botanical physiology, and similar departments of science are shown in the first part of the *Book of the Farm* to conduce to the making of a successful farmer.

Our author's ideal farm consists of some five hundred imperial acres, cultivated upon the system of mixed husbandry as the safest, most instructive, and on the whole most certainly remunerative method of farming. On the principle that you should not carry all your eggs in one basket, there is an advantage in having stock to fall back upon if grain is low; and it must be hard times indeed if there is a concurrent failure in grain, live stock, and wool. Set down on such a farm, we are launched on the great field of practice, and are introduced to the plough at work, the carts hauling manure, the thrashing-machine filling the air with its whirling noise, the cattle in the steadings, the sheep on the turnips. As to this last process, we would give little for the prospects of any farming novice who, with the plain directions for hurdling or netting "breaks" or compartments of increasing length at each shifting, for regulating the amount of dry fodder to sheep so confined, for ploughing up each stretch of break as soon as mowed (with an eye to preserving the manure, and so forth) given in sections §§ 13-154, &c., could fail to go through the operation so as to

ensure success. As regards ploughs, there is none in our author's estimation to approach the Tweeddale plough in its aptness to make a wide furrow, for pulverizing the soil quickly with its deep and loosened furrow-slices, and for its easy draught in proportion to the weight of soil turned over. What our English ploughs gain in lightness to the ploughman's hand, they lose in depth; and their wheels also compress the furrows overmuch. From the coincidence of authorities we should be afraid it is a true bill that our ploughmanship is on the whole very mediocre (§ 549), but that is no reason why we should not make sure of the best implement. Now the Tweeddale plough would seem to combine effective work with small expenditure of power, and to be invaluable in stubble-ploughing and going deep into the subsoil. Its use is calculated to revolutionize winter ploughing, and to expedite the work of spring, by its depth of furrow cradicking, or else for ever burying the root-weeds, and by superseding almost all cross ploughing, harrowing, and rolling processes. What Mr. Mechi will say to Mr. Stephens we cannot pretend to divine, but the following quotation will show that, whilst possessed of the Tweeddale, the latter does not envy the most modern and scientific of farmers the utmost successes of steam cultivation:—

Until the introduction of the steam-plough not a word was heard in Scotland of the advantages of deep ploughing, though Lord Tweeddale had been practising it successfully for several years. The steam-plough was to ensure deep culture. As yet it has given no instance of deep ploughing beyond what could be executed by horses. As it seems to me, even the best steam-plough, which Fowler's is acknowledged to be, is not capable of reaching deeper than what is attained by a pair of good horses. Lord Tweeddale tried steam-ploughing many years ago, and his experience brought conviction to many minds, that whenever a really substantially deep furrow was attempted to be reached, the cost and trouble of steam greatly exceeds the cost of horse-labour, and he gave up the steam and betook himself entirely to horses. No steam-plough apparatus has yet been constructed to go to the depth of the combined action of the Tweeddale and trench ploughs with seven horses—twenty or twenty-two inches. Ploughing twenty inches deep with both ploughs and seven horses, along with six men—two to turn out the boulders encountered by the plough—incurs the cost of 2*l.* 13*s.* per imperial acre. The previous thorough-draught cost 5*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* the acre; both processes costing 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre.—1. 103.

On such a vast question we can only say, "*non nostrum inter vos*," &c.; though it is just conceivable that the march of improvement may be making its way past the earnest and practical veteran who has seen and noted so much. Just so it may be doubted whether, with all the store he sets on liquid manure, and his experience of what the sewage of Edinburgh has done to increase the value of land in its environs, he has quite risen to the "high argument" of the Warwick and Leamington scheme now in progress, but this is only to say that knowledge is progressive, and that there is no such thing as finality in science.

We cannot attempt to give the faintest sketch or abstract of the farming operations through which the author conducts us, even under the head of winter. An idea of his research and resource may be gained by two or three jottings. Thus, to meet the question which is the most profitable breed of sheep, he brings the conflicting testimony of two very eminent breeders; one in favour of crossing Lincoln ewes with gigantic Hampshire rams, the other, to which the name of Bakewell of Dishley adds weight, of pure and small breeds, as realizing the greatest quantity of meat from the smallest quantity of food. As to "concentrated cattle-food," Mr. Stephens's witness, Dr. Anderson, adduces testimony of a damaging character. It seems that food cannot be concentrated but by expelling water, nor altered from its usual state without the addition of some stimulant, which the farmer may far more cheaply purchase and add for himself than get in a manufacturer's mixture, in which the aromatic or bitter ingredient is the excuse for running up a bill to thrice the cost in which the ingredients would stand the farmer. As to the cooking of food for cattle-fattening, Mr. Stephens's reading and experience lead him to conclude that on ordinary farms it is not worth the trouble and expense. Upon the most economical use of straw—another moot point in these later years—Mr. Stephens holds a *media via*. Some advise not to use it for litter, but to let the beasts lie on deal boards, and chop the straw for food. Others advocate littered straw as the means of ensuring to ensuing crops the completest advantage of the dung. Our author's opinion is that a part of the straw should be cut for ease of consumption; part given uncut for promoting secretion of saliva through chewing, and part also—we have no patience with the hard-bed advocates—as comfortable bedding for the animals.

On rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia, and foot and mouth disease, on animal pests, and on the commoner diseases of live stock of various kinds, these volumes will be found a sufficient book of reference. Wheresoever we have tested it, the oracle has been commendably explicit and unambiguous. And it is no little recommendation to a book of such dimensions that it is well written, without fine writing, and sensibly written, without running into the didactic vein. A thorough master of the science he elucidates, its author is as much at home on the track of Dr. Daubeny on "*Ancient Husbandry*" as in the freshest footprints of modern investigation. We can unreservedly commend his new edition, and we should sugar-well for the agricultural future of this country if it could find a place on every farmer's bookshelf. It is in its favour that it contains within four covers all the book learning a farmer *ought* to know.

## STEPHENS'S LIFE OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.\*

MR. STEPHENS writes smoothly, temperately, intelligently, and like an Anglican of Anglicans. He cannot himself forget, and he does not allow his readers to remain in ignorance, that he is a nephew of Lord Hatherley and a son-in-law of Dr. Hook. He is therefore inclined by association, as he probably is by education and natural temperament, to that practical type of religious thought and sentiment which is one element in the lasting friendship between the present Lord Chancellor and the present Dean of Chichester. Mr. Stephens further informs us that he undertook his Life of Chrysostom in consequence of a suggestion of his father-in-law; and we can easily see that not only a subject of this class, but a biography of this special saint of the Eastern Church, would occur to Dr. Hook as a congenial and desirable work. Chrysostom would be acceptable to the Dean as he is to Mr. Stephens, as being in many respects an anti-Romanist divine, as eminently a practical man and not a dreamer, as not a mere monk, but, in the words of the English Homily, "a great clerk and godly preacher."

Though Chrysostom recommends himself to our English instincts, there is no close parallel to him among Anglican divines. Jeremy Taylor will occur to us at once, as he did to Dr. Newman in his Anglican days, when he told us that we could claim Chrysostom in that clear eloquent flame which shone bright round a martyr's throne. Yet the features of honourable resemblance which, from Dr. Newman's old standpoint, are visible between the two bishops, are not numerous; and, on comparison, the advantage rests almost always with the Greek prelate. As Mr. Stephens justly observes, Taylor's style is artificial, and is overlaid with multifarious learning; while the florid rhetoric of Chrysostom seldom, if ever, interferred with his directness of purpose, so that he was not only an eloquent writer, but an effective preacher, who made himself felt as a force in a great capital. Chrysostom and Taylor had both some experience of imprisonment; but Taylor survived a comparatively slight persecution to die an Irish bishop in honour and affluence, while Chrysostom, when once dragged from his patriarchal throne, had to endure the miseries of exile among the mountains of Cappadocia, the heat of summer, the cold of winter, and the visits of Saracen robbers, as certain though not as regular as the seasons, till he was dragged from Cucusus to perish on his way to a still more inhospitable and inaccessible place of banishment. As appearance goes for something, it may be said on behalf of Taylor that he was a remarkably handsome man, while Chrysostom was short in stature, with a bald head, a wrinkled forehead, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, and a complexion that showed marks at once of abstinence and indigestion. Yet in some of these respects Chrysostom was like St. Paul, and if Taylor was handsome, there is also reason to suspect that he was vain. Bishop Heber has remarked that few authors have so frequently introduced their own portraits, in different characters and attitudes, as ornaments to their printed works; and the well-known All Souls' portrait makes it probable that he rather liked attention to be drawn to his beautifully formed hand. In both the men there was a vein of tolerance—a rarer phenomenon in the fourth century than in the seventeenth, though far from common at the later date. Taylor seems to have learned in the school of adversity "the unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith and the iniquity of persecuting differing opinions." His *Liberty of Prophecy* was published in 1647, when, to use his own words, a great storm had dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces, and he had himself been one of the sufferers in the shipwreck. But it is not easy to discover any further reason than an instinctive love of justice and fairness for the systematic resistance offered by Chrysostom to the attempt of Epiphanius to condemn the opinions and stigmatize the memory of Origen. The mind of Chrysostom had not been moulded by Origen. He had little natural turn for speculation, and neither his indirect obligations to the father of textual criticism, nor his close relations with Theodore of Mopsuestia, had made him a critical scholar. His verbal explanations are those of common sense, not of learning; he spoke a somewhat altered form of the language in which the New Testament was written, and had generally a definite view of the meaning of the writers, though not always a right one. In this respect he has the advantage of Jeremy Taylor, who is far more at home at expansion than at exposition, and, instead of bringing out the force of a text, is apt to bury it under flowers. Chrysostom and Taylor alike express in only too emphatic a form their dissent from one distinctive opinion of Origen. They not only accept the doctrine of eternal punishment in the obvious and literal sense, but think it one that is adapted for copious rhetorical amplification. Chrysostom is sometimes positively awful when he gets on this subject in his letters. Ordinary people, when they read the impassioned sentences in which, as if he himself were the Great Judge, he distributes final rewards and punishments with all the confidence of omniscience, will be inclined to think either that he did not really believe what he said, or that his words were the overflowing of unrestrained and unjustifiable anger, or that his heart was hard as the nether millstone. Mr. Stephens, while granting that to modern ears the language Chrysostom employs is "extraordinarily shocking," warns us against judging the Greek Fathers by the standard of our own times. Chrysostom, he

reminds us, had exercised, as well as taught, meekness, forbearance, and charity towards all men, enemies as well as friends; but he lived at a time when the minds of Christians had been for ages inured to persecution, and were hardened in feeling by the operation of a barbarous criminal law, by the contest of party with party, and by violence and bloodshed which, if overcome at all, were exposed writhing in the agony of death under the stern hand of the force that put them down. Mr. Stephens does not make Chrysostom's rhetorical transgressions a reason for considering him at bottom a good-natured man; yet Coleridge, as we know, in the *Apologetic Preface to Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, pleads most strongly that similar offences on the part of Jeremy Taylor establish no presumption against his humanity and goodness of heart. The "Tartarean drench" of horrors which Taylor inflicts upon his readers displays, according to Coleridge, the imagination rather than the discretion of its compounder; but the violent words are more bubbles, flashes, and electrical apparitions from the magic caldron of a fervent and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language. It is not for a moment to be thought that a spirit like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindness, who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from Euripides or Simonides—it is not to be thought that a man so natured and disciplined did, at the time of composing a horrible picture of everlasting torment, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases he employed. It is thus that Coleridge argues directly on behalf of Taylor, and indirectly in defence of Milton and himself. We should be glad to think that the same line of argument might be fairly urged, *mutatis mutandis*, in favour of Chrysostom, though indeed his nature does not seem to have been peculiarly charged with delicate kindness, and a stern unsparring asceticism interfered in his case with the spontaneous development of the softer kinds of emotion.

Oddly enough, it happens that, if we wish to put Chrysostom and Jeremy Taylor together, and defend them both from the charge of at least speculative inhumanity, we can do so most easily by calling attention to the fact that their orthodoxy is liable to impeachment. It is an old saying that Chrysostom pelagianises. Mr. Stephens is probably right in saying that, on the whole, Chrysostom seems to assign the initiatory movement in the work of human salvation to the will of man; in which case Chrysostom is technically a Pelagian. With regard to Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Heber is obliged to admit that he fluctuates between Augustine and Pelagius. Taylor paid in his own day some of the necessary penalties of this fluctuation: it brought his orthodoxy into suspicion, even with his friends, and involved him in a rather annoying controversy. We have thus two theologians of real and fervent piety, and of great, though not very profound, power of thought, agreeing with each other both in drawing, apparently with all sincerity, most terrific pictures of hell torments, and in shrinking from strong statements about that corruption of human nature in which, according to ordinary theological teaching, all our sins and sufferings have their rise. Perhaps they may teach us, though this is not a lesson on which they had any direct purpose of conveying, that it is of no use to paint this world, either in itself or in its spiritual relations, too black. There is much that is beautiful in life, and much that is hopeful in the heart, to prevent us from acquiescing in a thoroughly depressing view of the nature and destiny of man. The narrow Puritan, who maintains that our nature is totally corrupt now, and circumscribes the area of possible bliss hereafter, can only gain a hearing among people of imperfect intellectual development who are attracted by horrors and are incapable of genuine self-analysis. When even a Pascal takes the beauty away from this life without pouring a flood of imaginative glory on another, we admire and perhaps pity him, but we refuse, except on the compulsion of the strictest demonstration, to feel as he has felt. In proportion as we enclose a space of hopeless darkness beyond the grave, we find ourselves forced to believe that those whom we have known and loved, those whom we have taught and fed and cared for, those from whom we have diffused without bitterness, and with whom we have fought without hatred, will never be its tenants. By a reaction like that which is a matter of familiar experience with the eye, the mind, after contemplating a spot of distant and unutterable blackness, more of the light of heaven on things and persons close at hand. Ideal horrors incline us to contact with cheerful realities and a depressing view of the destiny of our fellow-creatures leads by force of contrast to a favourable view of their nature. In this respect it is much in our own days as it was in the fourth and seventeenth centuries. A really educated man who denounces Universalism as a heresy will seldom or never be sound on the article of Original Sin, as Augustine and the Reformers could soundness.

There is little room, and scarcely any occasion, for finding fault with the manner in which Mr. Stephens has written the life of Chrysostom. His book is not a great historical work, but, as he himself calls it, a *Sketch of the Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century*, which he has partially filled in by means of the material afforded by the life and writings of a single distinguished man. The extracts given from St. Chrysostom are, as a rule, well chosen and well translated. When Mr. Stephens fails, it is less for want of research than from a deficiency of independent judgment. He does not always know how to use advantageously the facts he has collected, or to adhere with confidence and steadiness to an hypo-

\* *St. Chrysostom, his Life and Times: a Sketch of the Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century.* By the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, M.A., Balliol Coll. Oxon., Vicar of Mid Lavant, Sussex. London: John Murray.

thesis which he has good reason for adopting. Thus he draws a really vivid picture of the visit of Epiphanius to Constantinople. The learned, ill-tempered, muddle-headed, and utterly unreasonable old man makes an ungraceful appearance in the capital of the Empire, having torn a number of intellectual grievances out of the grave of Origen. He is bent on making Chrysostom join him in his denunciations, or, failing this, on treating him as a favourer of heresy and a personal enemy. Chrysostom, though not exactly a polite man, is careful in his behaviour. He offers Epiphanius the hospitality due to a brother bishop; when requested to sign the decree against Origen, he declines to anticipate the decision of a Council; he only interferes to check the proceedings of Epiphanius when it is likely that they will lead to a tumult in church and a disturbance in the city. Epiphanius at last begins to see that he has been induced to seek doubtful ends by undesirable means, and retires from Constantinople, leaving Chrysostom master of the situation. Here Mr. Stephens should have left off; but he proceeds to tell once more the old story that, on parting, Chrysostom and Epiphanius each predicted, in an ill-natured way, the misfortune that was soon to befall the other. Chrysostom says to Epiphanius, "I hope you will not return to your diocese," and Epiphanius says to Chrysostom, "I hope you will not die a bishop." This story is supported by the authority of Sozomen; but it is improbable in itself, its rise can be accounted for by subsequent events, and it is quite at variance with the consistent and charitable version of the conduct of Chrysostom which is adopted by Mr. Stephens. We are indebted to Mr. Stephens for a good book, which would have been still better if the author had exercised with a little more freedom his undoubted right of rejection.

#### THE OLD MAID'S SECRET.\*

GERMAN novels and novelettes translated into English are beginning to occupy no unimportant place in the general literature of this country. Auerbach is pretty nearly as well known as Mr. Trollope, and he by no means stands alone. Hitherto, however, so far as we know, Madame Marlitt's novels have not succeeded in finding many English readers. Her *Gold Elbe* and her *Gold Elbe* have both been translated in America, and from that country have found their way to this; but they have not been read so widely as they deserve. *The Old Maid's Secret*, which was published in Germany so long ago as 1868, under the title of *Das Geheimnis der alten Mamsell*, was produced in America the following year. That translation did not take, and the book failed to have anything like the circulation in America or England that the original had in Germany. "H. J. C." has now given a new translation of it, and though we cannot entirely congratulate him, or more probably her, upon the reproduction, still it may be said that the book has been brought out at a convenient season; and, printed and got up as it is, there is more probability that it will have a run than there was in the case of the American translation. This novel is the earliest of Madame Marlitt's books. *Gold Elbe* and the *Thuringian Tales* were published in 1869, and *Gold Elbe* in 1870, and both of these books are written with more confidence and skill than the earlier one. But the plot of the present book is by no means inferior. The interest of the story is well sustained from the beginning, and is kept alive to within a few pages of the end, when the secret is revealed, and the true character of Old Mamsell, which to experienced readers of romances required no explanation, is brought out as clear as noonday.

The scene is laid in a remote country town in Thuringia; and it is interesting to see how in all her books the authoress clings to that, to ordinary people, unromantic district and gets so much romance out of it. The story opens with a lively description of a carriage accident, in which no bones are broken, but the *dramatis personæ* have to walk home along muddy lanes on a wet and stormy night, their horse having broken loose and joined a cavalcade which was conveying a wandering Polish conjuror, D'Orlowsky by name, and his wife and theatrical properties into the town. The next scene represents the performance of the conjuror in the town hall. The programme was attractive and the hall crowded. "Madame D'Orlowsky will appear as a maiden in armour. Six soldiers will discharge loaded guns at her, and she will cut the six bullets across in the air with a stroke of her sword." This exhibition came off in accordance with the programme. Madame D'Orlowsky, a beautiful, golden-haired, sad-looking woman, the wife of the Polish conjuror, with whom she, the daughter of a proud Thuringian family, had eloped, came on the stage dressed fantastically, and took her place before the guns of the six soldiers. They fired at the word of command, and she fell into her husband's arms mortally wounded. It was arranged that the soldiers were to bite the bullets off their cartridges, and retain them in their mouths; but one of them, a raw country lad, dismayed by the crowd of people, had lost his presence of mind, and failed to carry out his orders. He had loaded with the bullet, and in the discharge had killed the actress. Just before her death, which is touchingly described, she entrusts her little daughter to her husband, and with her last breath makes him promise to place her with some respectable family, and separate her from the stage. Herr Hellwig, a wealthy citizen, undertakes the charge, and takes the child to his home. Hellwig is a warm-hearted, weak man; but unfortunately for the

heroine of the piece, he has a wife—a stony, cruel, Calvinistic woman. She will have nothing to do with "a play-actor's brat." She will not suffer her house, which she has kept as a temple of the Lord, to be polluted by "the child of a lost woman, who has been so visibly punished by the wrath of the Lord." Her two sons, grim little paragons of puritanical virtue, and a sour female servant called Fredrica, support her. But Hellwig is firm, and Felicitas D'Orlowsky—"little Fae," as she is called—a bright, guileless, sunny little soul, is duly installed in this, to her, hideously incongruous household. Her life is very miserable, but it is bearable till Hellwig dies. Then she is in despair; but the Old Maid here comes upon the scene, and throws from time to time a gleam of sunshine—of an afternoon or evening sunshine—upon her dismal little life. She is Hellwig's aunt, and for some time after his marriage she had lived in the family. But she had one failing; she was an enthusiastic lover of music, and as Fredrica expressed it, "she never could be prevented from playing on Sunday afternoons profane melodies and unholy music." The mistress had put heaven and hell before her eyes, but all was no use. . . . Mr. Hellwig had yielded to the will of his wife, and the old maid was banished up to the top rooms of the back house." She and little Fae became great friends. But all intercourse between them is prohibited, and has to be carried on in secret. Fae is kept as a menial in the house; but, in spite of much hardship and misery, she grows up a beautiful, high-spirited, noble-hearted girl, and through the secret interviews with Old Mamsell she becomes educated and highly cultivated. Such a life as this is of necessity monotonous. There is little or no incident to relate, but the interest is kept up by the occasional glimpses given into the life of the Old Maid, and the gradual working out of the central idea of the book. She is supposed to have formed something like a *mésalliance* with a shoemaker's son, and to have been the cause of the death of her father. Her secret, which has very little to do with the story, is the refutation of these calumnies. What that secret is we leave untold. The reader will be satisfied with the *dénouement*, and with the ultimate destiny of little Fae.

It is hardly fair to apply the same standard of criticism to a German that one may apply to a French or an English novel. The authors of the three countries seem to look on the object of fiction from widely different points of view. A German novelist, speaking generally, devotes himself to the development of ideas, and makes his characters subservient to his scheme. A French writer occupies himself in analysing passion, and an English writer in delineating character. To each therefore a different standard of criticism is applicable. You cannot compare Balzac with Thackeray, and say, for instance, that Beatrix Esmond is a more truthful creation than Julie d'Aiglemont. The one is a study of character from the objective side, the other a sort of hermetically sealed bottle in which the various shades of the passion of love are enclosed, and from which they are brought out one by one to be subjected to chemical tests and made the subject of a psycho-physiological lecture. So with the book before us. It does not do it justice to compare it with, for instance, a novel by Miss Yonge or Mrs. Craik. The object of the book is the exposure of the true character of a sour puritanical sanctimoniousness. The different actors are grouped round this idea, and made each in their own way to contribute to its development. Madame Hellwig is the embodiment of the idea, and Fredrica the cook, and Adèle the worldly widow, are each, as weaker vessels, the reflection of the idea in a subdued form. John commences life under the same influence, but being a stronger man than his father, who for the sake of peace yielded to his wife, he emancipates himself, and under Fae's bright guidance rises to a totally different level from that of his family. The opposing elements are the Old Maid and Felicitas. The lives of both are made wretched by the predominating cant; but while the one escapes from the influence of it by practical banishment for life, the other fights on with youth and strength on her side and comes out of the struggle victoriously. For, with a true sense of poetical justice, the author in the end turns the tables on the hard, stony-hearted Madame Hellwig, and shows how enlightenment and truthfulness of character gain the day over the sour hypocrisy of an austere Calvinism.

At the same time, looked at even as a channel for exhibiting studies of character, the book is by no means despicable. Felicitas D'Orlowsky is drawn from a higher platform than the ordinary young lady of English fiction. The author has put out her whole strength upon this character, and has succeeded. At first she recalls the charming heroine of a recently published English novel, *My Little Lady*. But the latter was well drawn only in her childish days, when she was wandering about the gambling-tables at Spa. As a young lady she became vapid and ultra-commonplace. "Little Fae" improves as she grows older, and the delineation of her character as child, girl, and woman is above the average. The other characters are less successful as characters, though good enough as media for the development of ideas. Hellwig, so far as he goes, and Henry, the man-servant, are both fairly done. But Madame Hellwig is over-drawn and unnatural; John, though a good specimen of a woman's conception of a hard, stern character, could not exist in real life, and Old Mamsell is too sketchy to leave any clear impression on the mind.

One word as to the merits of the translation. It might be better, and it might be worse. The translator has reproduced the spirit of the original, but the style of translation is more German than English. Expressions occur throughout the book which would not be used by a practised writer, particularly by a practised

\* *The Old Maid's Secret*. By F. Marlitt. Translated from the German by H. J. C. London: Strahan & Co. 1871.



male writer. No one familiar with the modern theory of translation, in accordance with which foreign or classical ideas and scenes are transformed into English ideas and scenes, would have permitted the young ladies of the drama to make long abstract speeches at each other and at their lovers. This may be German idiomatic writing, but it is not English. Nor would they allow them to take in vain the name of the Deity in the free and easy way they do. A German lady may use the words "Mein Gott!" much as an English housemaid says "Lor!" or a Frenchwoman "Mon Dieu!" But an English lady would not make use of the equivalent given by the translator unless under very exceptional emotion. She certainly would not say "My God! how careless she is," when she complains, as Adèle does, of a stupid housemaid. The title again is misleading. It is "the secret of Old Mansell," not "the secret of an old maid." The word "old maid" suggests ideas inconsistent with the purpose of the author. They suggest the German counterpart of the French "vieille fille," which is not at all what is intended. The fact of Mansell being or not being an old maid has nothing to do with her secret. But, taking these slight blemishes into consideration, the public have reason to be grateful to "H. J. O." for giving them in an English dress, and in a convenient form, this interesting story, which possibly may call for almost as many editions in this country as it has already done in Germany.

# MINOR POETS.

ON reading some of Mr. James Ballantyne's shorter poems, which are almost all in the Scottish dialect, it has occurred to us that some of our Southern bards would do well if they could each enter into a kind of poetical partnership with a Scotchman. Just as ivy disguises a plain building, and moss a rotten stump, so does the Scottish dialect, to the eyes and ears of all at least who are born on this side the Tweed, disguise prose. When "so" is written "sae," and "from" "frae," when "down" is "doun," and "must" is "maun"; when the "mavis" sings and the "cushat" is cooing, it requires all the sagacity of a practised critic to detect the imposture, and to find out how commonplace are the thoughts that are hidden under one of the finest of all dialects. Would even Mr. Ballantyne, for instance, have ventured to publish such a verse as the following, unless he had first carefully concealed the absence of thought by the Scotch words?—

Oh, you aye mak' the night  
Sparkle, jew'led in glory,  
Shining aye sae bright,  
Wha but maun adore ye?

It may be objected that the Scotch, for whom no doubt he chiefly writes, will not be deceived by their own dialect. But we must remember that the Scotch are above all others a patriotic people, and are ready to swallow, and at the same time swear they like, not only Scotch oatmeal, but also Scotch poetry. Then, too, though they talk Scotch, they read for the most part only English, and so even their eyes may derive some pleasure from their dialect when printed, and may beal so somewhat deceived by it. Such being the case, why should not some of our own minor poets hire a Scotchman to put their poems into a Scottish dress, just as cockney sportsmen when going to shoot in the Highlands employ a Scotch tailor to convert them into Highlanders? The disguise would be found to be as complete and as advantageous in the one case as the other.

Mr. Ballantyne, besides his shorter poems, has written an historical play in three acts. It may be looked upon as a kind of continuation of *Macbeth*, representing as it does an incident in the life of Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan King of Scotland. The reader is kept in the best of companies; for, with the exception of a Saxon clown and a Scottish peasant, the only characters who are not of royal birth are the Steward of Scotland, a Saxon Commander, a Norman Commander, a Highland Chieftain, and a Caledonian Druid. We have Edgar Atheling, who is described as "the Saxon heir to the English throne," but who, for all we can see, might just as well be described as "the English heir to the Saxon throne." His sister Margaret, if she were not a Saxon heiress, we should have mistaken for an English Quakeress, so closely do her sentiments correspond with those of the Peace Society. When her mother urges Edgar to fight against Harold, Margaret makes such a peaceful speech that Edgar in admiration thus breaks in upon her:—

Such sentiments become a sex, dear sister,  
Whose gentle patience triumphs o'er misfortune,  
And teaches men the virtue of endurance.  
Yet would I fain enforce my mother's claims,  
And thus, dear sister, for the love you bear me,  
But may not raise a lance against King Harold.

Meanwhile there enters "a messenger from a journey," together

\* *Lilies, Lee, and other Poems.* By James Ballantyne, Author of the "Caledonian's Waller," the "Miller of Deanshaugh," "Poems, Songs," &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1871.

*Village Life and Sketches with other Poems.* By W. Watman Smith. London: Tribner & Co. 1871.

*Cæsar in Britain: a Poem in Five Cantos.* By Thomas Kenilsh. London: Pickering.

*St. Cross, &c.* By Walton Lowe, Author of "Starlight," &c. London: Provoost & Co. 1871.

*Master Blair.* By William Tennant. With Memoir and Notes. Edinburgh: Ross & Co. 1871.

with "numbers of poetry in the background shouting, 'Hail, King Edgar!' The messenger comes from William, who, as he says, 'desires to hail thee, Edgar, King of England.' Happily at the same moment there enters a Saxon clown, who, though the messenger at once calls him a 'muzzling knave,' and Edgar's mother bids him 'hold thy impious tongue in presence of a prince's messenger,' yet, by singing obscenely about wolf's shaps, lambkins, and the carrion crow, raises a certain amount of suspicion in the mind of 'the Saxon heir.' While matters are still in suspense, and it is yet doubtful whether Duke William's plan may not succeed, there happily 'enter as from a journey Gospatrick and followers; they make obeisance to Edgar,' and then Gospatrick, catching sight of the messenger, thus falls foul of him:—

Vile knave, thy subtle slippery tongue hath lepped  
The crimson blood of twice ten thousand Saxons,  
Whose spirits cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance.

The messenger apparently, unlike the reader, seems to understand what "this Saxon Commander" means, and wisely enough "begins to turn away." He is too late however, for Gospatrick cries out to an attendant:—

Secure this smooth-faced villain  
Within the castle's deepest dungeon keep.

After a brief historical conversation Edgar, announcing his intention of going to Scotland, thus urges haste upon his mother and sister:—

Then haste, dear mother  
And sister; get thy travelling-gear prepared  
With all despatch.

Of course, if Edgar had not been anxious to show that he knew his was talking poetry, he would, as he was addressing his mother and sister, have said "your travelling-gear." But, just as in conversation we never use "thy," even when addressing one person, so in dramatic poetry the characters never use "you," even when addressing many. Want of space keeps us from describing the grand plot in the Grampian Mountains of the Highland chieftains. It is interesting, as showing that at this early period "the chieftains of free Caledonia" were so far civilized as to talk very much like the characters in a melodrama at an English, or we ought perhaps to say, a Saxon, country fair. One of them, addressing a Lowland peasant, thus cries out:—

Avant, hae lowland aeri! The mountain Gael  
Holds no communion with thy servile race;  
Nor dar'st thou look upon the sunward flights  
Of the proud eagles of the stormy North,  
Where Freedom's star shines with resplendent light.

Even if the Highland gentleman had talked sense, and had left the sun, and the storm, and the star alone, the baso Lowland aeri would scarcely have understood him, as there does not seem to have been any interpreter present. Ancient Pistol, of whom Mr. Ballantyne's chieftains would seem to have formed their style, on a somewhat similar occasion took a boy with him to "expound." But even the boy was not a good enough French scholar "to discuss in French" all that was said, and we doubt if the first of Gaelic scholars would have been able to "discuss" all this "mountain Gael's" speech.

Mr. Smith, the author of *Village Life and Sketches*, finding, we suppose, like many another writer, that his versification meets with no attention, complains of "this prosaic age of politics and business," though happily he himself can boast of friends "who are known to possess some poetical taste." If he is not appreciated here on this our planet, which, as he tells us, "is dimly visible in the firmament of Heaven," we trust that in his "Helicon" he may be welcomed among "the immortal souls of the poets." We would remark by the way that the immortal souls seem to choose their associates rather to suit the convenience of Mr. Smith's lines than from any similarity of tastes. We should have scarcely expected to find Dr. Watts next to Prior, nor "Scotland's Mary" separated only by Mrs. Opie from the spot where

Thou, Taylor, Howe, and Hannah More,  
With myriads who had gone before.

Surely Mr. Smith, when it is time for him to enter "the sacred seat of the Muses," will only have to quote the following verses from his poem entitled "The Emigrant's Farewell," when he will at once gain admittance as a true poet, and a seat somewhere near to Hannah More:—

From the prairie wild and rude,  
Where the hostile tribes are lying;  
From some dark and dreary wood,  
Where the fierce hyena's cry ring:  
Shall we oft look back to thee,  
Father-land of many nations,  
As we sit beneath the tree,  
Thinking of our dear relations.

Those among us who are possessed with the idea that we are descendants of the Ancient Britons, and take almost a personal interest in Cæsar's invasions of our island, will perhaps venture to read Mr. Kenilsh's poem. It is as long as Cæsar's invasions were short, and as dull as his narrative is interesting. At the same time we must admit that it is original, and is very far from being, as we at first suspected, a mythical relation of the history of the expeditions to Britain. We have the story told from the British point of view, and if the various speakers, "Druid and Bard and Warrior Chief," are beyond measure long-winded, it is satisfactory to know that they could fight as well they could talk, and gave

Cæsar such a beating that the poem can thus be brought to a triumphant end:—

He therefore, with what haste he might,  
Kept on his journey through the night;  
And, forced against his will to flee,  
Led back his army to the sea.  
The march was long; but, without stay,  
He reached his ships the following day.  
Then, at the second watch, with all  
His force embarking, sped to Gaul.

This defeat had of course been mainly brought about by the war-chariots, which went—

Sweeping the plain, in circle vast  
And formidable, hooking the flanks.

We can fully sympathize with the poet in his wish that, while such a novel military operation was going on as this "hooking the flanks," science could,

at that awful hour,  
Have given to aeronaut the power,  
Secure, as now, to range the skies,  
Where dart, nor fiercer shaft may rise.

We only wonder that he does not add the wish that with the aeronaut there might have been some Special Correspondent well disposed to the British side. Mr. Kentish, in describing a sunrise, talks of

The still-accumulating tides  
Of fluid glory.

As we look upon his book and the other minor poets who are gathering thickly round us, we feel inclined to change two words in his line, and in despair to lament over

The still-accumulating tides  
Of fluent nonsense.

Mr. Lewes, the author of *St. Cross*, is so far familiar with Horace that he can quote from the *Ars Poetica*:—

Pictoribus atque Poetis  
Quidlibet audenti semper fuit æqua potestas.

Convinced of the truth of this, he ventures to make "dawn" rhyme with "warri," and to call such lines as the following a sonnet:—

With Wapping Sailors did the painter find  
Companions coarse, congenial to his mind;  
And Northern Farmers see the poet please,  
Of transcendentalism antipodes.

We hope that if the Board of Trade ever takes courage to try to reach traders who palm off all kinds of rubbish as sound wares, the poets may not escape who, at the head of their doggerel, write sonnet or ode, and, without having gone to the expense of purchasing a rhyming dictionary, yet venture to deal in rhymes.

*Anster Fair*, though it is only a republication, has a merit and an interest of its own. Its author, the crippled son of a small merchant and farmer in Scotland, by his own industry and ability, and by the help of an excellent parish school, first gained a "small but seasonable preferment" for himself as a village schoolmaster, with a salary of no less than forty pounds a year, and next "the chair of Oriental languages" in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. We are not informed as to the emoluments of the latter post, but as his salary as schoolmaster had for a great number of years been more than equal to his wants, we can picture him to ourselves in the decline of his life—when we consider, in addition to his high emoluments, his knowledge, his power of expressing himself, his reputation, and his sound health—as frequently applying to himself Horace's lines, and saying:—

Quid voveat dulci nutrimenta majus alumno,  
Qui sapere et fari possit quæ sentiat, et cui  
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,  
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena?

While he was still village schoolmaster he published *Anster Fair*. It attracted Jeffrey's attention, and was favourably reviewed in the forty-seventh number of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the memoir of Tennant prefixed to this little volume is given the following extract from Jeffrey's review:—

Perhaps we have detained our English readers too long with our two tuncful countrymen—referring also to Hogg's *Queen's Wake*, which was reviewed at the same time. They have neither of them, we confess, the pathos and simplicity of Burns, or the energy and splendour of Scott, but they appear to be persons of promise; and, at all events, to be singly worth a whole cagel of ordinary songsters from the Colleges and cities of the South. We leave them now to their fate, and if they do not turn out well, we engage to be more cautious in giving out words of good augury for the future.

It is curious if, as we are informed in a foot-note, there is a bit at Byron in the passage about "the Colleges and cities of the South." For it was 1814 when this notice appeared in the *Edinburgh*, and by that time Byron had written not only his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, but also the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, and three or four more of his finest poems. Whatever merits *Anster Fair* may have had, however sore Jeffrey may have still felt, and however good a Scotchman he may have been, we should have scarcely thought that he would have ventured thus to challenge comparison between Tennant and Byron. *Anster Fair*, as far as the plot of it is concerned, is not unlike the old ballad of the *Tournament of Tottentham*. The hand of the beauty of a country district "is held out as the reward of the victor in an ass race, and a match of running in packs; a competition of beggining and of glory, falling."

There is a good deal of quiet humour in the way in which the story is told, of which the following stanzas are a fair specimen:—

So started, as the herald gave the blast,  
At once the sailors in their socks away,  
With gallant upspring, notable and vast,  
A neck-endang'ring violent assay;  
The solid earth, as up to sky they past,  
Push'd back, seem'd to retire a little way,  
And, as they up-flew furious from the ground,  
The gash'd and wounded air whizzed audibly a sound.  
As when on summer eve a soaking rain  
Hath after drought bedrench'd the tender grass,  
If chance, in pleasant walk along the plain,  
Brush'ing with foot the pearl-hung blades you pass,  
A troop of frogs off leaps from field of grain,  
Marshall'd in line, a foul unseemly race,  
They halt a space, then vaulting up they fly,  
As if they long'd to sit on Jhr's bow on high.

We should think that publishers would find a much more profitable trade in reproducing poems like this one before us, which, though not of the highest excellence, have yet merits of their own, than in bringing forth poems which, if new, are nevertheless utterly worthless.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## MR. DISRAELI AT MANCHESTER.

THE visit of Mr. DISRAELI to Manchester has been a very great success. Even their bitterest opponents own that the Conservatives can organize well, and the fruits of a long-extended and carefully-studied organization were apparent in the repetition of the chief of the party. Popular enthusiasm, the splendour of rank, the fashion of the hour, the solid support of the upper classes, the generous liking of the multitude for a man who has fought his way to the top of the tree in the face of many of the greatest obstacles that ever barred the path of an English politician, all combined to do honour to the guest of Lancashire. Had the Conservatives not been well organized, the demonstration could not have been attempted, but if there had been nothing more than Conservative organization to command success, such success as was achieved could never have been obtained. It is not difficult to understand how those classes which live somewhat in the political world should have been attracted by Mr. DISRAELI's coming. They have been so disgusted by the innumerable blunders of the present Ministry, by the arrogance of its leader, and by the gross incompetence of some of his minor colleagues, that they might not unreasonably feel delighted at the thought of encountering a statesman whose blunders, if many, are not recent. They may also have naturally wished to show their sympathy with a public man who has never been tame or commonplace, whose audacity is unrivalled, and who can always speak so as to give his hearers a little to think over and much to remember. But it is impossible to attribute the success of Mr. DISRAELI's visit to the mere irritation or admiration of politicians. His triumph was as much a popular triumph as any ever accorded to Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. BRIGHT. Real working-men applauded, beset, and shouted for the hero of the hour. How this happened in Manchester, which was once thought the centre of Liberalism, may be accounted for in many different ways, although there is always something more in popular events than can be traced to precise causes. In part, no doubt, Mr. DISRAELI was reaping the reward due to him for having, in the teeth of the party now bent on honouring him, carried the Reform Bill of 1867. He gave the people their votes, and the first consequence was that he was ousted from power. Now that his opponents have had their spoil, and have done very little for the English poor, and are halting in the way, using big phrases but seeming afraid of their own shadows, the people ask whether Mr. DISRAELI ought not to have his turn. The unknown is always magnificent to the infant politician, and it may seem to poor men as if the leader who dished the Wings and educated the Tories might, if he were allowed a chance, do wonderful things for them. Calm judges may acknowledge that Mr. GLADSTONE had much to say on his side when he argued, as a few months ago he was so fond of arguing, that with such measures on his hand as the Irish Church and Land Bills, and the scheme for abolishing Purchase, he could not be expected to give much attention to ordinary English matters; but people who go to Manchester with orange and blue banners, and draw carriages through the streets, are not apt to be calm judges, and it is not very wonderful that they should see in Mr. DISRAELI the author of the last Reform Bill and the possible benefactor of the poor. Possibly, too, the secret of Mr. DISRAELI's success may have been of a more general character. He unites two very powerful characteristics which are very rarely conjoined. He is, on the one hand, a man speaking alone, isolated; keeping himself free of all parties, and even of a party that long ago he left, with no political affiliations or connexion to his name, and no personal interest of any kind in the cause that he has chosen to support, which is the worst of all causes. He is not a member of any

nities; he keeps the House of Commons up to its higher level; he can be reserved and reticent when prudence commands; he thoroughly understands the conduct of an Opposition. In whatever light the matter is looked at, it may be fairly said that Mr. DISRAELI has earned the honours now vouchsafed to him; and those who see nothing in his political philosophy to enlighten them, or in his present opinions to serve them as a guide to the future, may cheerfully acknowledge that, if the Lancashire populace chose to be enthusiastic about him, it had at least as good grounds for its enthusiasm as ordinarily justify the excitement of the hour.

But when we pass from Mr. DISRAELI's reception to his speech, we feel that we have got back to the public speaker on whom much adverse criticism has been so often and so justly bestowed. We find ourselves in a region of disguised platitudes, of half-reasoning, of sentiment that will not bear discussion. He stated that he had not come to make a party speech, and the greater part of what he said was a panegyric on the English Constitution. It is easy to praise the QUEEN, the Lords, and the Church, for at this moment no one of any importance seriously thinks of attacking any of the three. But what was wanted was praise founded on just grounds, and a defence that would endure investigation. Mr. DISRAELI so praised the Crown and the Lords as to inspire more doubts than he allayed. The two grounds he selected for admiration of the Crown were, that the Sovereign by long experience controls and aids the counsels of Ministers, and that English monarchy is a cheap form of government. It is quite true that the QUEEN has had long experience, is an excellent woman of business, and can very often help those whom she is consulting, although one of her very first merits is that she has loyally followed the advice of the leaders of different parties in succession. But the worst of praising an institution for a temporary and occasional excellence is that, if this particular excellence is withdrawn, the institution itself may be unjustly despised. Mr. DISRAELI, with a reliance on an ignorance of history in his hearers which no doubt a long experience of masses of Englishmen amply justified, appealed for an illustration of his theory to the memory of GEORGE III. No appeal could have been more unfortunate than that to the memory of a prince who certainly reigned long enough, but who, after thwarting the policy of the ablest of his Ministers, was nearly or wholly imbecile for almost twenty years. What aid to his Ministers was derived from the apathy of a selfish recluse like GEORGE IV., or from the boisterous frolics of his successor? No English King has really aided his Ministers since WILLIAM III., with the exception of GEORGE III. at the beginning of Pitt's Ministry, and the conduct of both reigns would at the present day be considered monstrous. As for the cheapness of monarchy, personal monarchy is not a cheap one, and that is all that Mr. DISRAELI means. The expense of our monarch is often performed gratis, and it is an important duty to undertake. This is an unhappy time at which to do so. It is of course undeniable that the Duke of GREECE for drawing up the Washington Treaty, and that the country so far got on. A Republican critics might reply that, if money had been bestowed on the Duke of GREECE, he might have paid many thousand pounds to a man content to look after the interests of England. With regard to the House of Lords, Mr. DISRAELI made an observation which has much truth in it, that hereditary peers are less likely to

be hopelessly obstructive and to set themselves against the body of the people than peers might be whose peerage was only for life and who had only themselves to think of. But it is difficult to find any solid ground in his general dissertation on the position of the House of Lords. He said that under every form of government a Second Chamber is necessary, but that there can be no Second Chamber worth having except one like the House of Lords, and that to have a House of Lords is a special English privilege. This is a most melancholy view of human affairs, and as the wits of the rest of mankind must now be set to work, by the instinct of self-preservation, to see how life can be carried on without an institution that cannot be created or imitated, something may be discovered which will lead England to suspect that its privilege, though fortunate, is not absolutely essential. Mr. DISRAELI also referred, with the satisfaction he has often betrayed, to the days when the House of Lords was under the guidance of Lord LYNDRUST. There could not be a greater mistake than for any well-wisher of the House of Lords to seek to renew the days of Lord LYNDRUST. The House of Lords under the guidance of Lord LYNDRUST was simply a slaughter-house of all measures of a Liberal Administration, not because they were bad, but because to allow them to pass would tend to the glory of the Whigs. It is precisely so far as the House of Lords has emancipated itself from the pernicious counsels and unwholesome influences which then prevailed that it has regained the confidence and respect of the country.

Mr. DISRAELI devoted the greater part of his speech to a disquisition on the Constitution; he attacked the Government with considerable energy and success for some of its recent blunders; he ventured on some extraordinary statements as to the foreign policy of the country; he strove to show that the condition of the agricultural labourer had greatly improved, accounting for low wages in Dorsetshire by the ancient participation of farmers and labourers in smuggling, and standing up, in a manner which in the leader of the agricultural interest was highly creditable, for the right of labourers to strike for wages so long as they keep themselves clear of professional agitators. But he had scarcely a word to say which could guide Conservatives on any of the questions of the day. The only Ministerial measure of the Session which is supposed to be part of the real Liberal programme is the Ballot Bill. At the beginning of the Session Mr. DISRAELI announced that he would give the Ballot Bill his most unflinching opposition; but he was absent on the occasion of the second reading, and he had not a word to say about the Ballot at Manchester. Here was a measure now pending before Parliament which he had pronounced to be most disastrous, retrograde, and uncalled for, and yet, speaking in the name of his party and delivering its programme, he had not a word to say about it one way or the other. He attacked the treatment of the army by the Liberals on the ground that they had concentrated the army in England, were going largely to increase it, and wished to place it under scientific officers unconnected with territorial influences, and that thus England was menaced by all the dangers which she used to dread from a standing army. If grounds of opposition so serious are to be considered to be those on which the Conservative party seeks to stand, they certainly ought to have been stated last year when the abolition of Purchase was under discussion. At this moment Mr. CARDWELL is seeking largely to increase the number of the standing army, and to disperse it over England. If the localization of the army dissipates the dangers which Mr. DISRAELI apprehends, he ought to have owned that so far his fears are removed. If the localization of the army places each locality at the mercy of a portion of the standing army and its scientific officers, what is a leader of Conservatives and Constitutionists for unless he exposes and attempts to defeat the whole scheme? As to finance, again, Mr. DISRAELI was wholly silent. He may not as yet perhaps be prepared to decide whether his party should court popularity by advocating reduced expenditure or increased armaments. But in all his political novels he insisted over and over again on the great injury inflicted on England by indirect taxation, and he upheld direct taxation as the great key to national prosperity. The Ministry propose to devote almost the whole surplus of the present year to lessening direct taxation, and yet the author of romances in which the exaction of ship-money is defended as a splendid triumph of the great principles of direct taxation has not a word to say against the Budget. Conservatives may take a pride, which in a measure is perfectly legitimate, in Mr. DISRAELI; they may wave their ensigns and blue banners over his head.

they may delight to learn from his speeches the true defenders of a cheap Sovereign and an House of Lords; they may be fascinated by his courtesy and his epigrammatic paradoxes; but they should keep as quiet as he may bid them while of office, and be educated by him as much as they can while he is in power.

#### THE DUTCH TERCENTENARY.

IF centenaries or tercentenaries are in any case celebrated, the people of Holland have an excellent reason for holding a festival in the present year. In proportion to numbers and their natural resources the Dutch have the glorious history of any European State; nor is any reign so famous, with the exception of that of Hohenzollern, so entirely identified as the House of ORANGE with the national history. The consolidation of the great military Powers of the Continent has unfortunately overshadowed and reduced to comparative inaction all the smaller States, nor would it be possible for a WILLIAM the SILENT or a WILLIAM III. to withstand in modern warfare the enormous armies of France or of Germany. There is also a grave disadvantage in the use of a language which is only spoken by a population of three millions, and which is seldom acquired by foreigners; yet the reduced Kingdom of the Netherlands continues to maintain its independence, to increase its accumulation of wealth, and to administer a large Colonial Empire. The troubles which it shares with more powerful communities still bear a close analogy to the causes of the original rising against the persecuting despotism of PHILIP II. The Roman Catholics, forming a third of the population, are subjected to the baneful influence of clerical agitators, who in Holland, as elsewhere, prefer spiritual allegiance to secular loyalty. The remoter apprehension of the ambitious projects which are sometimes attributed to Germany is probably unfounded. The Low German of the Netherlands is perhaps as nearly related to the language of Brandenburg and of Saxony as the Czechish dialect to the Russian; but philology and ethnology are studied in German Universities as branches of learning, and not as instruments of political intrigue. For the sake of commerce and of friendly intercourse it is wholly unnecessary that Amsterdam should be subject to the same government with Berlin. It is a lasting subject of regret that at two different historical epochs the whole of the Low Countries failed to effect or to retain the union which would have afforded the best security for their greatness and independence. Religious differences detached Flanders and Brabant from the league against Spain, and political errors combined with ecclesiastical squabbles to dissolve in 1830 the united kingdom which had been founded by the wisdom of statesmen after the fall of NAPOLEON. There is reason to hope that, although Belgium will never again be amalgamated with Holland, both nations are inclined to cultivate the alliance which is dictated by their common interests.

If the modern fashion of historical anniversaries had prevailed two hundred years ago, the first centenary of Dutch independence could not have been conveniently celebrated in 1672. The year was the most disastrous in the annals of the United Commonwealth, including the most successful of Louis XIV.'s invasions, the bought alliance of CHARLES II. with France against Holland, and the murder of the DE WITTS. It could not at the time have been foreseen that the young heir of the House of ORANGE would succeed to the task of his ancestors and of his rivals, and that he would devote his life to the defence of European liberty and independence against the French monarch and his English vassals. It was after the fall of the DE WITTS that WILLIAM III. became Stadtholder, and that he undertook the conduct of the war. When a second century had elapsed, the Dutch had almost entirely withdrawn from an active share in the conduct of European affairs; and their internal harmony was disturbed by French intrigues with the democratic party against the power of the House of ORANGE and the influence of England. The insults offered by the French faction to the Princess of ORANGE, and the consequent intervention of Prussia, were among the latest transactions which preceded the outbreak of the French Revolution. Immediately afterwards the divided nation was conquered and annexed, under different names, to the French Republic and to the Empire. On the liberation of Europe the Stadtholder became a constitutional King; and notwithstanding the separation of Belgium from the monarchy, Holland has since been contented and



that to commemorate the rising against Spain by the erection of a monument in which a sea nymph appropriately symbolised the United Commonwealth, or independence, or perhaps civil and religious liberty; and it was highly fitting that the King should be invited to take a part in the ceremony of opening the monument, and that the most popular speaker of the day should recall the memory of the national exploits in suitable oration. In a country which has produced an admired school of painting there were not wanting artists to devise historical decorations in accordance with the instructions of native scholars. Amongst the attendants was the American historian who, more than any other writer, has contributed to the fame of the early heroes of the Commonwealth. Mr. Motley's History of the Dutch Republic, in spite of many defects of style, will form a more lasting record of the glories of Holland than even the water nymph of Rotterdam.

It may be hoped that the temporary excitement which was caused by the late treaty with England has already subsided. The transfer of the settlements on the Gold Coast will probably be found as convenient to both parties as the similar arrangement which is frequently effected between private owners who happen to possess either undivided moieties of one parcel of land, or adjacent strips of property which are inconveniently intermixed. The negro tribes in the neighbourhood will no longer be divided into Dutch and English parties, nor will they hope for allies and patrons in the conduct of their intestine feuds. The police of the land and sea will be more cheaply and more effectively managed, and Dutch traders will retain full right of access to the local markets. As the purchasing Government had neither the will nor the power to put any pressure on the vendors, the large majority in the Parliament of the Hague which approved of the transfer probably represented the general opinion. In all respects it would seem that the condition of the country ought to be regarded with complacency and satisfaction. If money is the index of national prosperity, the Dutch are probably the greatest people in the world, surpassing, in proportion to their numbers, either the English or the Americans. Their colonial administration, though it is not unreservedly approved by foreign observers, is, after its own manner, eminently successful, as it is deliberately systematic. If any English dependency were governed like Java, Parliament would probably be unable to resist the remonstrances of economists and Liberal politicians. A paternal Government, producing a large revenue to the parental Exchequer, approves itself to the practical judgment of the Dutch. Their colonial receipts relieve the heavy burden of the national debt, and, if the natives of the island are subjected to restrictions for the benefit of the mother-country, their condition is tolerably comfortable. General trade flourishes, and the Dutch manners are as bold and as skilful as their predecessors who assumed the title of Water Beggars. The area of the limited territory of the kingdom is still from time to time artificially enlarged, as in the early days when, according to the involuntary compliment of the satirist, they—

with mad labour sold the land to shore.

In Holland, as in other parts of the world, the adherents of the Ultramontane clergy delight to announce that they are Catholics before they are patriots and before they are men. The preparations for the festival were interrupted by disturbances at the Hague, and in some other parts of the country. English fanatics of the same wrongheaded sect have been known to lament the failure of the righteous enterprise of the Spanish Armada; and it seems that the priests of the Hague persuaded the carpenters that it would be a sin to celebrate the resistance of their forefathers to the murderous persecutions of A.S.V.A. The supporters of the Papacy sometimes affect to sympathise with political freedom, even when they most earnestly advocate the establishment of religious uniformity; but the more violent section of the party confidently maintains the doctrines which are deduced in Pius IX.'s Syllabus from the precedents of former ages. In obedience to the Pope, they hold that resistance to orthodox kings can in no circumstances be justifiable, and that the suppression of heresy by fire and sword is both a right and a duty. The promoters of the sesquicentenary festival are not necessarily more hostile than Bismarck himself to Roman Catholic tenets when they renew the protest of their ancestors against the Spanish exactions and massacres of three hundred years ago. Their opponents must be understood to approve, not only of the practices of the Inquisition, but of the execution by PHILIP II. of assassins for the destruction of WILLIAM OF ORANGE. The bigots are content to remember their share in all the historical associations of the Common-

wealth; and, if they are consistent, they regret that the Netherlands were not throughout the seventeenth century a remote dependency of the decrepit monarchy of Spain. In Holland, as in Belgium, the introduction of a sectarian element into political controversy has largely affected the significance of party designations. The Conservatives of the Low Countries, relying on the ignorance of the poorer parts of the community, favour a wide extension of the suffrage, while the Liberals defend the supremacy of intelligence, education, and property. The communists and anarchists who are to be found in Holland, as in the neighbouring countries, perhaps hate the clergy more than the owners of property; but this loyalty in all its varied forms has a common quality. Whether the Pope is prudent in declaring war on all established Governments because they have refused to defend his temporal power, is a question to which the events of the next few years will return no uncertain answer.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION.

THE misfortunes and the mistakes of the Government have been so innumerable that it was natural to anticipate that Mr. DISRAELI would have a splendid field for the exercise of his powers when, towards the close of his speech at Manchester, he applied himself to a hostile criticism of the conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. But he made very little use of his opportunity. He was captious, unfair, and paradoxical. A great part of his remarks was devoted to an attempt to prove that the Crimean war, the failure of the attempt to settle the *Alabama* difficulty, and the concessions recently made to Russia, were solely caused by the Conservatives not having been in office. His main argument was, that foreign Powers know that the Conservative party is always firm, and always ready to go to war, and that therefore they do not venture to hope for concession from England when the party of courage is in power. What may be the hallucinations of foreign Powers it is difficult to say; but if the foreign Powers concerned had condescended to consult Englishmen, they would have learnt that the Conservatives have been for the last twenty years in a minority, so that they could not express or give effect to the real feelings of the country, and that as home they have been engaged in making a perpetual series of surrenders of their policy. Mr. DISRAELI now says that the Crimean war was a total mistake, and Mr. BRIGHT himself could not have lectured at Manchester with greater effect on the folly of a great and distant military operation. Either this is an afterthought, or, if these were really the opinions of the Conservatives in 1855, it is not easy to see how the Emperor NICHOLAS could have been frightened by them. Almost in the same breath Mr. DISRAELI declared that the results of the Crimean war were most valuable, and that England in the Black Sea Conference unanimously abandoned what she had earned by her military successes. The simple fact is, that England, although she would have been perfectly justified in going to war after Prince GORTCHAKOFF's despatch, did not feel willing to fight Russia without the assistance of France in order to prop up Turkey. To avoid war on this ground was perhaps the most prudent, but it can hardly be said to have been the most dignified and spirited course possible, and if Mr. DISRAELI thought we ought to have gone to war, why did he never say so? The Americans, according to Mr. DISRAELI, would have ratified the STANLEY-JOHNSTON Convention had they not seen that before the time came for its ratification the firm, courageous Derbyites were out of power, and the squeezable Gladstonites were in; and they therefore determined to get something much beyond what they had previously asked for. If Mr. DISRAELI could have foreseen that the Washington Treaty would declare England liable to be judged by rules of international law previously non-existent, he would have denounced it. When he actually found that to be the case, he never made any serious protest against it. The confidence of the country cannot be won by a statesman who in moments of difficulty keeps silent, lets things drift on, and then, when all is over, declares that if he had had the management of affairs everything would have gone well. Mr. DISRAELI has not even a general programme of the foreign policy of the country which can guide his party and influence the nation. He takes care to say that he is all for peace, and that England, with India on her hands, and the United States constantly threatening her, cannot take a prominent part in European politics. He wishes England to stand aloof, but to stand aloof from Europe in an attitude of proud reserve. Foreign Governments will, it may be imagined, be sharp enough to find out the meaning of

the "proud reserve" as clearly as they have found out the meaning of the "moral influence" of England. Mr. DISRAELI's view of the true line of English statesmen seems to be, that when England is threatened she should show her pride by declaring herself ready to go to war, and her reserve by backing out when her words are taken in earnest. Such a policy must either end in wars we do not wish for, or in disgrace we do not deserve.

It was of course very easy for Mr. DISRAELI to find food for sarcasm or reproach in the conduct and language of particular Ministers. Mr. GLADSTONE's unguarded utterances and sentimental dalliings with all kinds of foolish people make him a target for attack that no shooter can miss. And although Mr. DISRAELI could not make much capital out of the *Alabama* negotiations, as they are still pending, he had a delightful opportunity of attacking the PREMIER for his delay in taking up the consideration of the American Case. No Minister has ever cut a worse figure than Mr. GLADSTONE did when he had to own that for weeks he chose to pay no attention whatever to a matter of primary importance to England, although every organ of public opinion was continually discussing it, and the Cabinet had had for a long time every necessary means of considering it. Mr. DISRAELI was quite right in exposing and condemning so flagrant an abandonment of an obvious duty on the part of the First Minister. But his little jokes about Mr. LOWE, his sneers at the proposal to tax the agricultural machinery of the farmer, at the treatment of the publican as if he were necessarily a sinner, and at the threat that the lonely heritage of the widow and orphan might be taxed, although in no case really undeserved, were trivial substitutions for some expression of the principles of Conservative finance, and for an intimation how the difficult but inevitable subject of a Licensing Bill is to be properly dealt with. Ireland gave rise to the taunts which Mr. DISRAELI is always ready to utter when Ireland is mentioned. Certainly Ireland is not a very bright subject for the Ministry to dwell on just now, but Mr. DISRAELI is never content to refer to recent history without perverting it. Justly taking credit for the discernment he had shown in appointing Lord MAYO, he asserted that Lord MAYO, by his exceptional vigour and skill, baffled the schemes of the Fenians, and that it was the opinion of Lord DERBY's Cabinet that Ireland needed rest and complete absence of all political excitement. Lord MAYO did nothing more than the Liberal Government had done towards suppressing insurrection in 1865, and it was Lord MAYO who set the ball of intense political excitement rolling by his famous declaration that the Government intended to adopt the policy of what is called levelling up. The consequence of this declaration was that Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues had to quit office, and, as he says, they quitted it without a murmur. What could have been the good of murmuring with a majority of a hundred and twenty against them? The policy of their successors was "to despoil Churches and to plunder "landlords," and the result has been sedition, treason, and a cry for Home Rule. Lord DERBY spoke after Mr. DISRAELI had finished, and it was curious to contrast the manner in which the two leaders of the Conservative party handled this point of the relations of the Ministry to Ireland. Lord DERBY was studiously fair and moderate, and avowed his belief in the honesty of the Ministry when they said they were determined to resist the dismemberment of the Empire. Mr. DISRAELI would as soon have thought of owning this as Mr. WHALLEY would think of admitting that the POPE may be a good Christian. But Lord DERBY went on to say that he thought the Ministry would have some difficulty in reconciling the repression of the Home Rule movement with their axiom that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas. This was a piece of just and telling criticism. The Irish Church and Land Bills were valuable, not because they were in accordance with Irish ideas, but because, under the peculiar circumstances of the country, they were just in themselves. Had they not passed, it would have been painful, though necessary, to repress Irish ideas when they take the form of a proposed dismemberment of the Empire; but now that Ireland has nothing to complain of, there is no reason why it, more than Wales, or Scotland, or Lancashire itself, should be allowed to threaten England with secession.

Lord DERBY had much to say which Conservatives might listen to with satisfaction and profit. He has generally as much to teach Conservatives as Mr. DISRAELI has little, and in a few brief and pregnant sentences he defined the policy of his party. The triumph of that party is, he says, sure to come, and whether the triumph when it comes will be worth having

will all depend on whether the Conservatives know how to wait. There are many discontented Liberals in the Ministerial ranks, and they might be very willing to coalesce with the Conservatives to defeat the Ministry. A Conservative Government would then be in office, but not in power, and the more extreme Liberals would endeavour first to wring out of a Conservative Government what the present Government would never concede, and then would endeavour to consolidate their party, and get their leaders to resume office on the basis of a general acceptance of principles from which moderate Liberals would now shrink. "This," said Lord DERBY, "is their game, and precisely for that reason it must not be ours." He will not consent to the Conservative party occupying again the position which it occupied during the years when Mr. DISRAELI rose to the summit of his fame, and passed that Reform Bill which has made Mr. DISRAELI the welcome guest of Lancashire working-men. There can be no doubt that Lord DERBY is right in saying that patience is the true policy of the Conservative party. But it will be curious to see what will be the effect of his very candid utterances on the Ministry and the Liberal party. There can be no doubt that it will add considerably to the strength of the Government that its most hostile critics should be aware that for the moment they are completely powerless. Discontented Liberals cannot do much harm to the Government unless the Conservatives will join them. If they are content to accept a comparatively humble position, the Ministry may easily go on safely for a time. They only need to adopt a policy of modest reserve, to avoid blunders, to be very watchful, to bring in half measures, to try to please everybody, to accept amendments thankfully, to promise to consider everything that any one has to say. They have already succeeded in obtaining somewhat of the position to which such a policy would lead them. Having extricated themselves from the most dangerous of their scrapes—from the COLLIER scandal, the *Megara* disaster, and the *Alabama* bungle—simply because there was no one to take their places, they have set themselves to work to see how they can avoid doing anything that will not be thought generally conciliatory. Mr. LOWE brought forward the most commonplace of Budgets in the tamest of speeches. There were no dark hints this time of impositions on farmers' horses, or on the lonely heritages of widows and orphans. The landed interest is not this year terrified by new schemes of local taxation, and the long-promised Bills for recasting a portion of the law of real property have died away. If the Scotch would only be kind enough to have some faint notion of what they want, they might have anything they fancied put into their Education Bill. The opposition to the Parks Bill has been disarmed by concessions which take away its sting in the opinion of every discontented Liberal except Mr. AUBERON HERBERT. Churchmen are conciliated by being told that the Government is going to be very firm about the Education Act this year, and Nonconformists are conciliated by being told that the Government is not sure but what it will not be quite so firm next year. Morally it is almost beautiful to see such men as the leaders of the Cabinet so changed. The sword of Mr. GLADSTONE is turned into a ploughshare, and the spear of Mr. LOWE into a pruning-hook. But politically it is beyond calculation how long this millennial state of things is likely to endure. All that can be said is that Conservatives like Lord DERBY are wise in thinking it for their interest that it should go on for some time longer if possible.

#### THE CHANCERY FUNDS BILL.

IN his financial statement Mr. LOWE called attention to the Court of Chancery Funds Bill, which has since been read a second time and will be passed without difficulty. The public object of the Bill is to extend the banking business of the Treasury, and, although there is no special provision for the purpose, to furnish means for the ultimate reduction of the National Debt. Incidentally the provisions which relate to investments and deposits will in many instances be advantageous to private holders of Chancery funds. Past and present suitors in Chancery have their satisfaction of contributing to a fund which, practically belonging to no special proprietor, is to a certain extent available for public objects. The Suitors Fund provides the subject matter of the prolonged controversy on the situation and architecture of the Law Courts; and it is now destined to facilitate the further creation of Terminable Annuities. The money which passes into and out of the custody of the Court of Chancery in its judicial and administrative capacity maintains an average or growing amount,

like the stationary mist which is deposited by the air currents on the ridge of a hill. It was by the aid of this large balance that Mr. GLADSTONE formerly hoped to commence the process of reducing the interest of the National Debt to two and a half per cent. Mr. LOWE's less ambitious scheme will also be less profitable to the State; and there is no doubt that it can be effected. The whole of the fund, at present amounting to perhaps sixty millions, is to be transferred from the Attorney-General to the Paymaster-General, or, in other words, from the Court of Chancery to the Treasury. When investments have hitherto been made at the risk of the persons entitled to any funds, separate accounts have been kept of the securities. It is provided by the Bill that, with certain exceptions, all securities of any one description, and all money standing to the account of the Paymaster-General on behalf of the Court of Chancery, shall be taken to be one common and general sum of securities and money, and shall be promiscuously dealt with according to the orders of the Court. The Consolidated Fund will be liable to cover any deficiency, and, in consideration of the absolute security afforded by the public credit, the Treasury will deal at its discretion with any Chancery securities by converting them into other Government securities of equivalent value, which is a phrase signifying Terminable Annuities. It will also from time to time determine the amount of money, or of any special kind of security, which is to be retained for the purpose of meeting current demands. The money is to be held on deposit at a fixed interest of two per cent. payable to the owner.

That the nation, or the Government on its behalf, should dispose of its credit, as of any other possession, to the best advantage, is a perfectly legitimate operation. Two or three hundred years ago it could not have been foreseen that there was a direct profit to be derived from the manipulation of the public revenue, and still less from the contraction of debt; and any proposal for advancing trust funds to the Crown would have been regarded with just suspicion. In the eighteenth century, when England was the paradise of placemen, the office of Paymaster-General became the most lucrative of public employments. It was in this post that the first Lord HOLLAND acquired the great fortune to which he owed the unpopularity of his later years. Even at that time it was thought by purists that the interest on public balances properly belonged to the nation; and in later times the Paymaster, before the office was abolished or absorbed, was only entitled to a fixed salary. In the present day it is not the custom to make a profit on the Exchequer balances; but the Government has discovered more than one opportunity of turning its credit to account. The funds of the Savings Banks have already been converted into Terminable Annuities without any risk beyond the possibility that the demands for repayment of deposits may exceed the receipts. A similar operation will be effected with the Chancery balances, nor is it improbable that hereafter the same process may be applicable to other moneys which may be entrusted to the Government. At some distant period the business of life insurance may possibly be undertaken on a large scale by the State, which would have the advantage over private associations of not requiring a large accumulated reserve. Some future Chancellor of the Exchequer will perhaps find that when the Treasury has become a large banking establishment, the facilities for receipts and payments which are now afforded by the Bank of England may be more cheaply provided at home. One or two speakers in the late conversation on the Budget pointed out the anomaly of borrowing money at interest at one time of year, while large balances were allowed to be idle in the early spring. Banks are, like Insurance Offices, instituted for the purpose of rectifying the irregularities of private transactions. The owner of a large number of houses, or of a fleet of ships, saves the payment of premiums by becoming his own insurer, and great money-dealers are to some extent their own bankers.

The machinery of the Bill seems to be well adapted to the purpose of converting the property hitherto held by the Court of Chancery into a book account of the Treasury. All moneys which are not, in the judgment of the Paymaster-General, required for meeting current demands are to be lent by him to the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, who are in return to pay to him any money which may be required beyond his reserved balance. If at any time the Commissioners have not money enough in their hands to meet payments under the Act, the Treasury may either direct them to convert securities into money, or may issue the necessary sum out of money applicable to the Sinking Fund, or out of the growing produce of the Consolidated Fund. As the Paymaster, the Commissioners, and the Treasury are really

but so many names corresponding to various functions and attributes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it may be hoped that their complicated internal transactions will be effected without embarrassment or difficulty. The principle of the scheme is that no fund or separate property shall be set-marked, and that the owners of Chancery securities or deposits shall be national creditors of funds or of money. As the funds under the control of the Court of Chancery are already invested in national securities, the State will be to a great extent both creditor and debtor. The only contingency in which there would be a large demand for repayment on the capital account would be the introduction of great changes in the law of inheritance. With a restriction of the power of creating limited estates in personality, the administrative jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery would be contracted in a corresponding degree, and the occasions of litigation would be also diminished. It is for the present unnecessary to anticipate a change which would render some new arrangement necessary. The State has fortunately the means of meeting any sudden demand by obtaining power from Parliament to create any stock which may be required for the purpose. A banker who cannot break follows one of the most satisfactory of pursuits.

It appears that a sum, of which the amount is not stated, now under the administration of the Court of Chancery, will be immediately available for the reduction of the National Debt. The fund consists of certain sums awarded for compensation for slaves on the abolition of slavery, which were liable to claims in the Colonial or Imperial Courts. The claimants must be supposed to have abandoned their demands, and the owners to have deemed the recovery of their property hopeless. The dividends have for many years been paid over to the National Debt Commissioners, and the principal is now to be similarly applied. The Consolidated Fund will of course be liable to meet any claims on the fund, not exceeding its amount, which may be hereafter legally established. The clerks and officers under the Accountant-General will be transferred to the Paymaster's Office; and the Accountant-General himself will retire on full pay. The arrangement is consistent with former precedents; but it might have been thought that it would have been more economical to require the services of the Accountant-General to perform the duties of the new office. During the period of transition the office will in some degree be regulated by the authority of the Lord Chancellor, by whom the Accountant-General has been appointed. The Chancellor will have the power and the duty of framing rules for the transfer of the office, for the mode of giving effect to orders of the Court affecting any money or funds under its control, and generally for the settlement of the relations between the Paymaster's Office and the Court of Chancery. The Treasury will confine its attention to the fiscal part of the business; and it is known that its principal object will be to convert the securities of which it will become the holder into Terminable Annuities. The objections which have often been urged to schemes for selling Terminable Annuities in the market are less applicable to permanent funds in the hands of the Government. With the exception of Insurance Companies, it is practically impossible to find customers for securities which annually diminish in value until they finally cease. The Treasury will effect the commutation at the estimated value of both kinds of securities, by merely recording in its books the result of an arithmetical calculation. The only consideration which will probably be forgotten is the inevitable continuance of the decline in the value of gold.

#### FRANCE.

M. THIERS has dismissed the Assembly for the Easter holidays with a few words of encouragement and counsel. He is very anxious that the deputies should disabuse themselves of any foolish notions about retrenchment. He does not positively say that the expenditure of the country never shall be less, but he frankly tells the Assembly that it will be wasting its time if it allows itself to think of lessening charges instead of devoting itself to the creation of fresh sources of revenue. "Real courage," he says, "consists in bringing up your receipts to the level of your expenditure." To any one who remembers some of M. THIERS's speeches when former Budgets were under discussion, it is a little startling to be told that the Budget for 1873, so far as expenditure is concerned, will not materially differ from its predecessors. It used to be thought that one of

the great weapons of the Parliamentary Opposition was abuse of Imperial extravagance. M. THIERS keeps up the form of denouncing Mexican expeditions, insane wars, and unnecessary expenses; but if France under the Republic is to spend the same sum on necessities alone that she spent under the Empire on necessities and luxuries together, the gain is rather in words than in money. No doubt M. THIERS would say that under the Empire luxuries were bought in place of necessities, and that France has never before enjoyed the substantial advantages of a real balance, a real sinking-fund, and a thoroughly efficient army and navy. Unfortunately there are three weak places in this assurance. The real balance rests on the assumption that taxes which have not yet been voted will bring in sums which have yet to be collected. The real sinking-fund will certainly be diverted from its professed purpose as soon as the Government has a war or an insurrection on its hands. The army and navy have never been really tested since they both broke down in 1870. There is no need, however, to wonder at M. THIERS's satisfaction with the financial and military condition of France, since he finds matter for congratulation in what to ordinary minds seems a still less comfortable prospect. The present state of Europe, he thinks, is everything that could be desired after such an unexampled commotion. The Europe and the France of to-day are not the Europe or the France of 1815. Nothing could well be truer than this last statement, and in the mouth of the Emperor WILLIAM it would have seemed perfectly in place. The Germanic Confederation has vanished, and Alsace and Lorraine have been annexed to a new German Empire. But when M. THIERS professes to find cause for satisfaction in the contrast between 1872 and 1815, he must either belong to the order of politicians who are thankful for small mercies, or he must be using words in a highly recondite and non-natural sense. Europe, it seems, respects France too much to trouble itself about the form of the French Government. All it asks of Frenchmen is to preserve order at home. If this were really the attitude of Europe as regards France, it would bear a suspicious likeness to the permission sometimes given to children to amuse themselves how they like provided they make no noise. It has been suspected from time to time that this is rather the tone of the German Government in its communications with M. THIERS, and that Prince BISMARCK has not been unprepared to enforce order in France in the event of Frenchmen proving themselves unequal to the work. But it is hard to say on what authority M. THIERS attributes a similar contempt or a similar readiness to Europe generally, and still harder to conceive why it should give him pleasure to think that he has discovered the existence of either.

In speaking of the relations between the Government and the Assembly M. THIERS seems to have halted between the desire to cajole and the desire to defy the deputies. Order, M. THIERS holds, is in no danger, for the army belongs to no party but the law, and the law is another word for the Assembly and the Government which its votes will establish. This is exactly the doctrine that the Right loves to hear preached. The majority in the Assembly hold the destiny of France in their hands. They are the legitimate rulers of the country, and Marshal MACMAHON is both willing and able to execute their decrees whenever it shall please them to give him the signal. That they have not yet proclaimed a monarchy is merely an instance of their forbearance. They have the right to do so without any further appeal to the country, for the supremacy of law means the supremacy of whatever Government the present Chamber chooses to set up. After prophesying smooth things for the benefit of the Right, M. THIERS went on to do the same service for the Left. Taking another leaf out of the ex-EMPEROR's note-book, he declared that parties were alike incorrigible and powerless. Why the Left should have been specially delighted with this phrase is not very evident, for the extreme Republican faction is not less impracticable than the extreme Monarchical faction. It seems to have been understood, however, that M. THIERS had aimed this shot at Legitimists and Imperialists exclusively, and accordingly the Left cheered vociferously, while the Right maintained a freezing silence. The Monarchical party are exceedingly indignant at being taunted with impotence by an official who, as they consider, is the mere creature of their will. Whether it was wise or foolish in M. THIERS to show his contempt for the majority in the Assembly in this open manner is a question which it is impossible to answer without fuller knowledge of the object which he had in view. If his wish is to keep on good terms with

them, he is taking an unusual course to compass that end, though at the same time it is one which has hitherto been successful. If, as the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* believes, he is aiming at the constitution of a new and more homogeneous majority, composed of the Moderate Left and a part of the Right Centre, whose programme shall be the definitive establishment of a Conservative Republic, he is probably not far wrong in his choice of means. The Monarchists form the most active and decided element in the Conservative ranks, and they have consequently had more than their fair share in shaping the policy of the party. But the anxiety of the framers of the Legitimist Manifesto and the Orleanist Letter of Adhesion to make it clear that they only wished to arrive at an understanding as to what should be done when the Provisional Government had come to an end, showed clearly that, with an influential section of the majority, adhesion to M. THIERS is still an article of faith. It is probable that the motives which led these petitioners to repudiate all idea of cutting themselves adrift from the PRESIDENT will lead them in the end to accept whatever terms he imposes as the price of permitting them to remain in alliance with him. What they would like best of all perhaps is an immediate restoration, to be brought about by M. THIERS. What they would like next best is a provisional Republic, to last for the life of M. THIERS, and to be followed by a restoration. They would like the immediate and definitive establishment of a Republic under M. THIERS's guardianship very much less than either of these; but they would like it immeasurably better than the definitive establishment of any form of government whatever without M. THIERS. If the PRESIDENT has satisfied himself that the combination of this section of the Conservatives with the Left would give him a working majority, it is far from unlikely that he is no longer anxious to prevent an open breach between himself and the Monarchists.

The particular epithets which have given offence to the Right are not applied without just cause. The Frenchmen who are scheming for an immediate restoration, whether that restoration be Imperialist or Legitimist, show themselves powerless because they dare not openly avow their ends, and incorrigible because they do not see that what France needs above all things is something like a general agreement as to the form of government, and that at present nothing but the Republic has any chance of conciliating even acquiescence. If the Right dared to go its own way, civil strife of some kind would inevitably follow. No nation would endure to have its constitutional fate decided for it by an Assembly elected for a different purpose, and obviously afraid to submit to the verdict of a fresh election. If the Monarchical party does not see this, it is incorrigible intellectually. If it sees it, and remains uninfluenced, it is incorrigible morally. If only consistent Legitimists were concerned in such schemes, their position would be at least respectable, because the triumph of abstract right in the person of HENRY V. would in their eyes be a national blessing for which no price would be too high. But the mass of the nominal Legitimists have no feelings of this kind. They desire a restoration, not because they think submission to the heir of the BOURBONS a duty, but because they calculate that a BOURBON restoration will give them sufficient strength to put down their adversaries by force of arms. The hopes of the Imperialists are much the same in kind, though they necessarily differ in detail. The Legitimists have to contend against an antipathy which is rather a matter of sentiment and tradition than of practical experience. The Imperialists have to contend against the disgrace and disaster associated with Sedan. In the majority in the Assembly, who hate the Republic worse than any form of despotism, there is an obvious tendency to condone the faults which led to the Revolution of September, in order to exaggerate the shortcomings of the succeeding Government; but the country at large shows no disposition to confound the two. The libel on General TACCHU were a daring attempt to make out that the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty was due to treachery, not to inherent weakness—that it would not have fallen to pieces if it had not first been betrayed. General TACCHU's unpopularity in Paris, and his failure in the conduct of the defence, pointed him out as a promising target for slander, and have evidently had their effect on the jury. But if the trial has left General TACCHU's military reputation where it found it, it has brought out the cowardice and selfishness of the monarchist Imperialists into stronger relief than ever.



## MR. HARCOURT'S RESOLUTION.

AS the discussion on Mr. HARCOURT'S Resolution was not a serious debate on a practical motion, but only a conversation—a "good talk," as the gossips say—Mr. LOWE did not think it necessary to criticize the terms of the vague and unmeaning declaration which was presented for the endorsement of the House of Commons. It is worth while, however, to observe what is the magic formula by which economists of the school of Mr. HARCOURT imagine that the expenditure of the country can at once be reduced. The House of Commons was asked to express the opinion that "the national expenditure is capable of further reduction without danger to the safety and good government of the country, and that it is desirable that such expenditure should be reduced accordingly, in order that the taxation of the people and the public debt may be diminished in a larger measure than is proposed in the said Resolutions"; that is, the Resolutions of Ways and Means proposed by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. The House of Commons was assured that, if it would only take the trouble to mutter this spell over the Budget, the national expenditure would instantly subside, and several millions of taxation might be remitted. An abstract resolution is in politics pretty much what the quack's bread pill is in medicine; it is a cheap, simple, and universal remedy, and, if it does little good to the patient, it sometimes makes the fortune of the vendor. Mr. HARCOURT seemed to think that the merit of his Resolution lay in its similarity to Mr. STANSFELD'S Resolution in 1862. We suspect, however, that Mr. STANSFELD'S success ten years ago is one of the reasons of Mr. HARCOURT'S failure now. The value of abstract resolutions on financial questions has been tested in the interval; and by his own confession Mr. HARCOURT would not now be proposing another application of the old nostrum if the former application had afforded any real relief. Four years ago, when Mr. GLADSTONE was out of office, he promised that his advent to power should be followed by a reduction of taxation, and it is instructive to observe how he kept his promise. He lost no time in reducing the Estimates, and in giving indirect taxation the benefit of the reduction; and he had no sooner done this than he discovered that the Estimates must be raised to something like their old figure, and direct taxation was required to make good the difference. The army has been reorganized, and Mr. LOWE argues that the present expenditure is transitional and will be followed by considerable economies. It remains to be seen whether a body of professional officers who have to depend on their pay for their livelihood can be maintained at the same cost as a body of officers who were willing and able to purchase their commissions. Even if Mr. CARDWELL'S reforms lead to increased expenditure, it will not follow that they are extravagant. Genuine economy consists in obtaining full value for your money, and a costly article is sometimes more economical than a cheap one.

There were several obvious objections to Mr. HARCOURT'S Resolution. In the first place it was proposed at the wrong moment. It related not to the Ways and Means, but to the Estimates of the year. The question before the House on Thursday night was not what should be the amount of the national expenditure, but how an expenditure of which the amount had otherwise been fixed should be provided for. Mr. HARCOURT confounded two things which are quite distinct, but this confusion of mind runs through the whole of his argument in favour of diminished expenditure. He seems to be under the impression that the natural and proper course is first to determine what shall be the total amount of expenditure, and then to distribute the sum among the different branches of the public service. It is true that in private life a man has to begin by considering how much he can afford to spend, for the simple reason that he ought not to spend more than he has got; but for the present at least it is certain that our expenditure is below the point at which the Government would have to consider whether the nation could meet the demands upon it. Mr. HARCOURT is distressed at the idea of any taxation falling on farm-labourers; but, this is a question, not of the amount, but of the distribution, of taxation; and when Mr. HARCOURT has had time to pursue his studies in political economy a little further, he will perhaps discover that the reason why it is deemed inexpedient to supplement the wages of labourers by payment out of the rates is equally a reason why they should not be relieved at the expense of the Treasury. The question which a practical statesman has to determine is not what arbitrary figure shall be fixed for our total expenditure,

but what are the wants and interests of the country, and what should be done to supply the one and to promote the other. Mr. HARCOURT is of opinion that the kingdom cannot be invaded, that the Crimean war should never have been undertaken, that we have no interest in anything which happens beyond our own shores, and that, if we only have a good fleet cruising round the island to keep off invaders, we might disband a considerable part of our army. This is a distinct and consistent policy, and of course those who agree with it can have no difficulty in arriving at Mr. HARCOURT'S conclusion that our military expenses are excessive. Mr. RICHARD, who is a prominent member of the Peace Society, and who thinks that we should get rid of our navy as well as of our army, also holds quite logically that our expenditure should be reduced. These, however, are not the opinions of the country at large; and as free constitutional government means, as Mr. HARCOURT may some day come to understand, that the country shall be governed, not as the HARCOURTS and RICHARDS happen to think it should be governed, but in accordance with the convictions and desires of the majority of the people, the Ministry are of course bound to provide such defences as the nation demands. If Mr. HARCOURT is anxious for popular support in his economical crusade, he should first of all endeavour to convince his countrymen that his views of what is best for them are sound. When they are satisfied that it is a mistake to keep up an army, there will be no difficulty in making a considerable reduction of expenditure.

While the Ways and Means depend upon the Estimates, the Estimates in turn depend upon the policy of the country. Nothing can be more mischievous and absurd than to attempt to thwart a policy upon which the country has set its heart by providing insufficient means for carrying it out. Mr. HARCOURT remarked that the Crimean war was not only a political blunder, but a military disaster, and he might have added that one of the causes of disaster was Mr. GLADSTONE'S celebrated vote in Supply for the despatch of the Guards to Malta and for bringing them back again. Those who have the conduct of affairs are bound to respect the opinion of the country, provided, as Mr. LOWE observed, that this opinion is not so far divergent from their own that they cannot, as honest men, give effect to it, and then, of course, it is their duty to resign. It is easy to declaim against foolish panics and professional alarmists, but if the panics and alarms exist, it is necessary to take measures to restore public confidence. Even if the panics were, as Mr. HARCOURT thinks, groundless, it would be in every way sound economy to prevent their recurrence by a large expenditure; but there are men who are neither foolish nor interested who do not share Mr. HARCOURT'S opinions on this subject. It is true that the expenditure of the country is greater than it was in former years, and Mr. HARCOURT ridicules the idea that our expenditure should keep pace with our resources; but perhaps he will admit that an increase of population, which he left out of account, is a valid reason for increased expenses. A large family costs more to manage than a small one. Moreover, there are many things which it is now held to be desirable that the State should do which in other days were either never thought of or were left to private enterprise. Prices have been going up, wages have had to be raised, and money in its relation to commodities is of less value than formerly, as every housekeeper knows. It is possible that our expenditure may be more than it ought to be, and that some of the objects to which it is devoted are unnecessary, or that others are too dearly purchased. If Mr. HARCOURT and his friends can throw any light on these questions, everybody will be much obliged to them. It is easier to cant about extravagant Estimates and blunted armaments than to go through the drudgery of examining the public accounts in detail, and seeing that the country gets value for its money; but there is no royal road to national economy, and it is only by tackling the issues that the Estimates can be cut down.

## PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

UNDER the title of the Proportional Representation Bill, a scheme has been drawn up which seems well adapted to form a Parliamentary Constitution for the Island of Loopta. The chemists who extracted sunbeams from cucumbers, and the tailors who measured their customers with trigonometrical instruments, would have been delighted with clauses which look at first sight like the examples in an old-fashioned arithmetic book. To each constituency are to be assigned "so many members as the constituency contains entire multiples of the quotient"; and, "if a place (being at the time of pressing

"this Act a Parliamentary borough, and being by this Act, "or by a scheme made as hereafter in this Act mentioned, "included in a county constituency) is found to contain a population exceeding or equalling three multiples of the quotient, "it shall be constituted a separate borough constituency." The construction of the clause supplies a severe puzzle in the art of reading; and by a subsequent provision the returning officer is empowered to reject a vote on account of illegible writing. The Bill is evidently designed, not only for its avowed purpose, but as an effective stimulus to elementary education. As may be inferred from its title, the measure is founded on the principles of Mr. HARE's well-known system; but, in condescension to antiquated prejudices, the original theory is for the present partially modified. Mr. MORRISON, Mr. AUBERON HERBERT, who will find in the Bill an additional use for his slate-pencils, Mr. FAWCETT, and Mr. THOMAS HUGHES seem not yet prepared to fuse all the constituencies of England and Wales into one; and they even condescend to retain a nominal distinction between boroughs and counties, while they take care at the same time to make the concession illusory. The franchise for boroughs is not altered by the Bill; and "in the case of a county constituency all persons "are to be electors who would, if the Act had not been passed, "have been entitled to vote for any county or borough by this "Act included in any such constituency." The provision as to counties is entirely nugatory, for, as care is taken to add one or more existing boroughs to every county constituency, the borough franchise is in all cases, as if by an unforeseen accident, extended to the counties. The universal suffrage which is contemplated by Mr. HARE seems for the present to be postponed, but inasmuch as the constituencies are adjusted according to the last census, it may be assumed that, by some amended Proportional Representation Act, a perfect numerical symmetry will be attained. The preamble recites that "it is "expedient that the number of members returned by each constituency should be, as far as practicable, in proportion to "the population of such constituency from time to time"; but as the phrase "population of a constituency" happens to be simple nonsense, the meaning of the legislators can only be approximately or conjecturally ascertained. The population of a constituency is the population of a fraction of the population; and the framers of the Bill may, with equal inaccuracy, have referred to the part or to the whole. If there are 10,000 voters in one district with 120,000 inhabitants, and 9,000 voters in another district with 125,000 inhabitants, it is impossible to determine which would be the larger "population" of a constituency. It is a pity that philosophic legislators deeply versed in arithmetic, and careful of caligraphy, should not have mastered the rudiments of grammar.

The least unintelligible part of the Bill is a schedule containing a list of the proposed constituencies, with their respective quotas of members. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London are to retain, as at present, five members, but they are to be capriciously fused into a single constituency. The City of London also is to retain its four members as a tribute paid by science to tradition. The rest of the country is to be divided into seventy or eighty constituencies, returning on an average one member for a population of 50,000. Each elector may send in a list of candidates previously nominated, but his vote will only be counted once; and in the first instance he will be deemed to have voted for the candidate at the head of his list. If there are 100,000 electors and 10 members to be chosen, every candidate who obtains 10,000 votes will be at once returned. The voting-papers in which his name stands alone will be counted first in order, "and then those "in succession in which the fewest other candidates are "designated," and, as the draughtsman superfluously adds, those will be placed last "in which the greatest number of other "candidates are designated." A popular candidate may consequently have numerous votes to spare, and in that case the vote will hold good for the second name on the list; and if it becomes again disposable in the same manner, the process of transfer will be repeated. When all the cards have been finally shuffled, if any of the candidates have still not obtained the prescribed number of votes, the lowest in numbers will be excluded, and his unused voting-papers will be distributed among others who may be named in the list. Eventually the election will be determined by a majority, and where the numbers are equal the returning officer is to have a casting vote. Although it has not been thought prudent immediately to abolish all local boundaries, the framers of the Bill have made a considerable advance in the direction of a single and centralized representation. Thus North Wales and South Wales, with all their counties and boroughs, are grouped into two constituencies respectively returning ten and

sixteen members. The voters scattered over hundreds of square miles, and having no common interest or means of communication, would at the first election vote at random, or not at all; and when the scheme was better understood by election managers, the trouble of choice would be taken out of the hands of the constituencies. In the United States and in Republican France the system of tickets has effectually removed the control of elections from the nominal constituencies to the skilful manipulators who arrange the selection of candidates. Without similar interference the voters in such a constituency as that of South Wales would be utterly unable to judge whether any candidates whom they might prefer could be inscribed on their lists with any prospect of success. In the most favourable case two or three of the best known candidates would receive a large number of superfluous votes, and the distribution of their unused voting-papers would be effected by chance. The skilled agents who made a profession of the science of quotients and multiples would be more absolutely masters of the constituencies than the same class under a less artificial system; and one of the first results of Proportional Representation would be the universal prevalence of pecuniary corruption. It is much easier and safer to bribe a few professional arithmeticians or politicians than to buy up hundreds of householders.

The statement in the preamble that members ought to "represent the opinions of all the electors in proportion to "the prevalence of such opinions from time to time," is more than questionable. A recital that it was expedient that just opinions only should be represented, or that, according to the demand of ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, all knaves and fools should be suppressed, would be incomparably sounder, although it might be difficult to give effect to the principle. Mr. MORRISON and his colleagues have probably little respect for the second French Empire, which rested on the opinions of the majority of electors for the time being. The French peasantry happened to be of opinion that a despotism administered by prefects was preferable to any mode of government in which the enlightened classes exercised considerable influence. It is true that the Proportional Representation Bill would correct the mischief of universal suffrage, as far as it secured a share of the representation to minorities; but if any measure of the kind is at any time adopted, the provision by which each elector is restricted to one vote will disappear in the process of legislation like the analogous securities which Mr. DISRAELI appended to the first draught of his Reform Bill. The inequality and variety of constituencies furnish for the present an imperfect check to the uncontrolled predominance of numbers; but it is idle to expect that the majority will consent to establish new impediments to its own uncontrolled supremacy. It is not enough for a political projector to devise a system which would be plausible or expedient if it were established; it is necessary that every institution should be strong enough to maintain itself. In America one limitation of the suffrage after another has been swept away without resistance until votes have been given to hordes of emancipated slaves who have already reduced large parts of the Southern States to hopeless anarchy. Mr. COMDEY's plan of subdividing constituencies and restricting each to the choice of one member is in every way preferable to the arbitrary scheme of giving each elector a single vote for a voluminous list of candidates. If legislation were now conducted as in the mythical ages of Greece, it might be practicable for Mr. MORRISON and Mr. FAWCETT, like SOLON or LYCURGUS, to bind the English nation by an oath to observe the provisions of the Proportional Representation Bill until they returned from voluntary exile, or until a release was obtained by the response of an oracle. In present circumstances, even if they could obtain a hearing for their elaborate scheme, the popular party would pick and choose among the enactments which might respectively extend or restrict its power. The result would be in the first instance pure democracy resting on universal suffrage; and when the craft of election managers was sufficiently developed, wealth would perhaps indirectly recover by means of corruption a portion of the influence which had ostensibly been monopolized by numbers.

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH BILL.

THERE are already some faint indications of a recurrence of the legislative block about which so much was said last Session. The Easter Recess has come and gone, and the Public Health Bill has not yet been read a second time. If London were included in the operation of the Bill, there

might be some compensation for this delay. The heats of July occasionally give sudden prominence to the sanitary defects of the metropolis, and the immediate neighbourhood of the Thames might suggest matter for some additional clauses. But as London is to remain outside the Bill, at all events until such time as it pleases Mr. Bruce to give it a municipal government, there is no chance of the metropolitan members being stirred up to insist on making the Bill more stringent; and the general course of similar measures points to the importance of the discussions in Committee being taken as early as possible. The opposition to the Public Health Bill will probably resolve itself into a series of surprises. Vested rights and vested indolence will profess perfect acquiescence in the principle of the Bill, and then devote themselves from time to time to drawing the teeth of its most important clauses. This manœuvre is most easily executed at the fag end of a Session. Public spirit rarely keeps members in town as long as private interest, and when the independent friends of the Bill have left London, the Government may at any moment see itself deserted by its usual supporters, and be forced to modify a provision which earlier in the year it would have been able to retain in its original shape. Nor will Mr. STANSFELD find it so easy by and by to adopt the suggestions which he has repeatedly invited. The opponents of the Bill will urge that some of those who think with them have gone away in the belief that the Government would adhere to its original proposals. It is difficult for a Minister to insist very strongly on the rejection of his own words in favour of somebody else's, and the shortest way out of the dilemma is to pass the clause as it stood in the first instance. These difficulties will be avoided—at all events they will not be aggravated—if the Bill goes early into Committee; but with a long Whitsuntide recess in prospect this will scarcely be found compatible with any further postponement of the second reading.

The criticisms to which the Bill has hitherto been subjected relate principally to three points. It is charged with sanctioning a mischievous multiplication of authorities, with perpetuating a needless and sometimes pernicious distinction between urban and rural authorities, and with playing into the hands of local obstructiveness by allowing the local sanitary authority to appoint its own officers of health. Those who have raised the first of these objections maintain that the Boards of Guardians are altogether unfit to have the care of the public health, and that the proper course would be to create a county sanitary authority to which the Guardians in each Union should be strictly subordinate. A County Board, it is said, would be composed of better materials than a Union Board, and its action would relieve the central authority of much of the control which, as the Bill stands, it will have to exert. In answer to this it may be said, first, that the insertion of an intermediate authority between the local authority and the central government really involves a further multiplication of authorities. A County Board would either have to subdivide itself into distinct Committees or to delegate the work to existing local authorities, who would presumably be the Guardians in the several Unions. In the former case the members of the County Board would virtually be elected with a view to the requirements or the prejudices of each particular district. Obstructive parishes would return obstructive representatives, and if these obstructive parishes happened to constitute a district by themselves, the disposition to reduce the Act into a dead letter would have the same power of making itself felt in the County Board as it will now have in the Union Board. In the other case the Guardians would hold much the same position as they do under the Bill, with the difference that the authority to which they are immediately responsible would be the County Board, instead of the Local Government Board. In other words, the aim of the proposal is not to aggregate local authorities so much as to subdivide the central authority. It may be argued perhaps that a number of controlling bodies not responsible to Parliament will be more efficacious than one controlling body sitting in London and presided over by a responsible Minister. But the supporters of the County Board as the nominal unit of sanitary administration must make up their minds to go the whole length of this substitution. It is idle to suppose that the Local Government Board would be able to exercise any effectual control over Boards representing whole counties. In the vast majority of cases, at any rate, the action of the County Board would be subject to no revision short of a new Act of Parliament. It is a further drawback to this plan that it increases the number of elective bodies in the country, and experience shows that

the result of this is greatly to increase the difficulty of finding good men to serve on them, and greatly to lessen the amount of public interest felt in their proceedings. The County Board would drain away all the best elements of the Boards of Guardians, and whatever might be the effect of this on sanitary administration, it could not be other than injurious to Poor-law administration. By the scheme embodied in the Bill, the duties and the powers of Boards of Guardians will be largely extended, and the inducement to men of position and intelligence to serve on them will be proportionately increased.

The objection to the perpetuation of the distinction between urban and rural authorities seems to be sufficiently disposed of by the fact that it merely answers to the distinction between town and country. The conditions of the two are so different that it would argue extraordinary carelessness or extraordinary pedantry not to recognize a corresponding difference in their requirements. There are many restrictions which are absolutely necessary in town that would in the country be simply a source of purposeless annoyance. It is expedient no doubt to meet cases in which rural districts, either by gradual or sudden growth, become towns in everything but the name; but the clauses empowering the Local Government Board to invest any rural sanitary authority with the responsibilities of an urban authority seem to provide for this contingency. If any further enactment on the subject should seem to be required, it might perhaps take the form of a definition of the population and area which, when found in conjunction, should at once make the district a town for sanitary purposes. It is also worthy of consideration whether particular clauses of the Acts which now apply only to towns ought not to be extended to rural districts. Thus new buildings in villages might be subjected to more control than is at present exercised over them. The overcrowding of particular spots in districts otherwise thinly inhabited might thus be checked, and much consequent ill-health be prevented. It would be well also if certain duties now assigned by implication to the local sanitary authorities were assigned to them in plain words. The duty of providing a sufficient supply of wholesome water, for example, is cast on rural as well as urban authorities by the law empowering the Secretary of State to remedy any default on their part; but the existence of this obligation would be made plainer by a new clause directing all sanitary authorities, whether rural or urban, to examine into the character of the existing water supply and to remedy any serious defects either in quantity or quality. The third objection to the Bill as it stands—the unfitness of the local authorities in many cases to have the appointment of their own officers of health—either ignores the distinction between administration and supervision, or anticipates a question which properly belongs to the organization of the Central Department. If there are to be local authorities at all, it seems to follow that they must have the appointment of the officers through whom they are to act. No body of men can be expected to work entirely by means of instruments imposed on them by some one else. If the appointment of the local officer of health were vested in the Government, the result would certainly be that the local sanitary authority would regard him as a stationary inspector, and would delegate the execution of their own plans to other officers chosen by themselves. It is hard to see what advantage a system of stationary inspection would possess over the travelling inspection at present in force. It would be far more difficult for an official constantly living in the district to preserve entire independence than for a man whose connexion with each locality is only intermittent. But supposing him to be successful in this respect, the system would tend to generate chronic feuds between the local sanitary authority and the local Government inspector, which would be most inimical to the smooth working of sanitary administration. Nor would an inspector only acquainted with the arrangements of a single district be able to give the sanitary authorities whom he has to advise the benefit of that extensive observation which falls to the lot of a man who is constantly seeing and comparing the management of many districts. One great function of the central sanitary authority will be to collect the best information on sanitary questions, and to diffuse it by means of its representatives among the local authorities. There is an obvious economy in using the inspectors for the collection as well as for the diffusion of information; and to discharge the former function to advantage, they must be free from local ties.

## THE EASTER MONDAY SHAM FIGHT.

THE practice battle which took place last Monday on Brighton Downs was undoubtedly an important turning-point in the history of the Volunteer force. It was the first business-like examination of the value of our citizen army, concerning the real worth of which some doubts have lately been expressed. The spirit of criticism was awakened, and it was understood that the usual indiscriminate complimentary notices of the Volunteers would this year be supplanted by impartial praise or blame. It was indeed tacitly admitted that on the verdict of the umpires, official and non-official, both the continued existence of the Volunteer force in its present shape and a repetition of the Easter manoeuvres depended. The official umpires have not yet spoken, but it appears to be the general impression that the Volunteers are valuable auxiliaries to the regular army, and that the Easter Monday manoeuvres are well worth the money, trouble, and interest bestowed upon them.

The chief objects sought to be attained on these occasions are two—namely, practice for the Volunteers, and the gathering of lessons likely to be useful in future. We believe that both objects have been attained. Mistakes and shortcomings there certainly were, but so there were during the autumn manoeuvres, when an army almost entirely composed of regular troops was employed. Considering, however, that we are only just beginning to study systematically the art of modern war, a fair measure of success was reached. Perhaps those most open to criticism were some of the commanders of battalions who quietly persisted in allowing their men to be annihilated, and who from a deficiency of military imagination were unable to realize the fact that in real war their battalions would have ceased to exist as organized bodies. Others, again, apparently entertained very confused notions of their proper front. But it must be borne in mind that when tactical arguments are not enforced by actual missiles a very great demand is made upon the imaginative faculties. A contest with single-sticks is a good preparation for sword-play, but is by no means a perfect substitute for it. A blow with the single-stick frequently fails to be appreciated, while a cut from a sword enforces recognition. It is the same with peace manoeuvres. Again, English troops are taught to feel great confidence in their superior *morale*, whereas in a sham fight *morale* has no place, and the contest is nothing but a cold-blooded scientific affair. It is only just to offer these excuses for troops and officers who insisted on continuing the fight when they had been slain or dispersed three over, or stolidly refused to leave off interchanging fire with an enemy in their front when another body was pouring volleys into their backs. Still it is certain that both brigadiers and colonels occasionally displayed an utter absence of reflection and of power to take the initiative. There was also a great waste of powder in firing at ranges which should at the most have been reserved for a few picked marksmen. As was pointed out by one of our contemporaries, skirmishers and even whole battalions fired rapidly on skirmishers who were five hundred yards distant, and at closer ranges whole battalions interchanged shots with a thin line of skirmishers, thus giving "ten lives to one that they took." Skirmishers should be opposed by skirmishers only; but this simple axiom seems to have been repeatedly ignored last Monday. Again, the total indifference to cover displayed was in many cases painfully apparent. Major TELLENBACH lays it down that no more men should be sent under fire than are necessary. This rule, founded as it is on the plainest principles of common sense, was conspicuously violated; for as soon as the skirmishers of General LYONS's force opened fire on the Mamelon which marked the right centre of Sir ALFRED HORSFORD's position, whole battalions were brought over the brow of the hill to oppose them, though the battalions in question were exposed, not only to musketry, but also to artillery fire.

With regard to the order of battle, the dispositions appeared to us as questionable as were those commonly made during the autumn manoeuvres. There was no adequate reserve on Sir ALFRED HORSFORD's side, and his second line was, almost from the commencement of the fight, brought up to the front. Indeed it struck us that the order of battle on both sides was too thin, and that battalions hung about, under a close fire, too close to the skirmishers in their front. The want of solidity to which we refer was not so apparent in the case of the Lower army; still both commanders seemed too hasty in committing all the troops at once to close action. The consequence was that when LYONS pierced HORSFORD's centre, the defenders had no troops available for the only feasible remedy—a brisk counter attack. On both sides everything depended

on a single blow. An excuse for the weakness of HORSFORD's line may be found in the immense extent of his position—nearly three miles, occupied by about 10,000 men, instead of by at least thrice that number; but a good general makes his dispositions conform to the ground, and does not occupy a longer line than he can hold in force. Another error which struck us was that, as soon as LYONS sought to provoke his adversary to display his force, the latter did so, showing his whole line on Barrow Hill at the mere provocation of a distant fire of skirmishers. While on this subject, however, it is only fair to acknowledge that General LYONS derived great advantage from certain indications which it was not in the power of the enemy to conceal from him. We read the other day that in Central India the monkeys, by their agitation and chattering, frequently betray the presence of a tiger. On Monday a similar function was performed by the spectators who, assembling in crowds on the summit of Barrow Hill, showed that there the bulk of HORSFORD's army was drawn up. It has been vehemently asserted by a Correspondent of the *Morning Post* that the piercing of HORSFORD's centre was only accomplished by an unjustifiable manoeuvre, stated, though quite incorrectly, to have been disallowed by the umpires. Lord BURY, whilst the action raged in front between Warren Farm and the Barrow above mentioned, sent part of his brigade through the lane which intersects the inclosure, and the rest of it round the south-east angle, and formed line across the flank of the First Division. It is alleged that General HORSFORD, considering the whole of the farm to be tabooed as an impassable morass, thought himself free from all danger on that side. On the maps, however, it is clearly shown that, though the fields composing the farm were surrounded by a prohibitory line, the lane which traversed them was open, and was to be regarded as a causeway. The position of the red flags, moreover, could leave no room for doubt on the subject. There was therefore no hitch in the operations at all; and if General HORSFORD really acted on the theory attributed to him, the error was no doubt due to the conventional nature of the arrangements. In actual war a causeway leading through his centre into his rear would never have escaped the sharp eye of General HORSFORD, who certainly would not have failed to guard the débouché from so important a defile. It is an axiom that an obstacle, such as Warren Farm was supposed to be, is advantageous to the defender when it terminates at his first line, but the reverse when it pierces it; and consequently it would have been more prudent had General HORSFORD's position been a little more retired than it was. No doubt, however, conventional difficulties here again intervened. That the Brighton force was utterly defeated there can, we think, be no question; for the fact that HORSFORD's right brigade forced back the left of the attacking force was a circumstance of no real moment. LYONS would naturally hold back his left so far as was consistent with his plan of attracting the attention of the enemy towards the latter's right. As HORSFORD's troops were drawn up, the decisive point was between Warren Farm and the Barrow; and if LYONS was successful there, he could afford to regard with indifference the movements of HORSFORD's wings. Had the fight continued, HORSFORD's entire right wing must have been completely rolled up, whilst his left could with difficulty have saved itself from annihilation by a forced march and a hasty embarkation. Having endeavoured to point out, judging after the event, what seemed to us the defects in the dispositions of one of the ablest generals we have, we must add that most of them would probably have been avoided had General HORSFORD been opposed to a real instead of a mimic foe. After all, one side or the other generally obtains a decided success, a drawn battle being rare in war. On this occasion General LYONS was victorious, but it must be remembered that he possessed great advantages. The Prussians contend that the assailant has more chances in his favour than the defender, chiefly because he can make the dispositions of the enemy subject to his own. In this instance the nature of the ground rendered it difficult for HORSFORD to discover the intentions of the enemy, and circumstances almost forbade the Brighton force to take the initiative and demand the offensive.

We must add a few words as to the evident incompetence of some of the newspaper critics. The young lions of the *Telegraph* made themselves particularly conspicuous by roaring most thoroughly out of tune. Their ignorance of the ground is shown by an assertion that HORSFORD's position was to the east of Warren Farm, whereas four of his brigades were posted to the south and the other two to the north-west of that inclosure. They tell us also that the Second Division was in reserve. As a matter of fact, only one brigade of that



division was properly in reserve, while the other two fought a separate battle about Bevenham. The climax, however, is reached when out of the depths of their internal consciousness they evolve field-batteries marching past, and outposts from Housford's army in position. Housford never threw out any piquets at all; while as to the field-batteries, whose excellent appearance is graphically described, not a single gun passed the saluting point. Was this part of the letter written on hearsay, or the day before the battle? The *Times* committed itself no less than its penny contemporary; for, among other blunders, its correspondents speak of "strategy," and blame the "want of strategic knowledge" of certain officers. They appear to be unaware that when two armies come in contact strategy ends and tactics begin. The errors of the *Post* we have already pointed out, and the shrill scolding in another contemporary of "One of GAMBETTA'S Lieutenants," who saw only "failure, lethargy, apathy, and incompetence," serves as a fitting echo to the censures of the military critic of the organ of the fashionable world. It would be easy to multiply these evidences of topographical ignorance, misuse of technical terms, inaccuracy of fact, and utter incapacity for either describing or criticizing military operations. In spite, however, of what has been said by careless or incompetent observers, we think the public may be safely assured that the Easter Monday gathering was on the whole a most satisfactory affair; that the Volunteers showed themselves, as a rule, observant of discipline, and perfectly competent to perform the very simple evolutions required to be executed in presence of an enemy. They proved also that they are not averse to undergoing the inconvenience, trouble, and restraint without which it would be impossible to make them useful auxiliaries to the regular army.

#### FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

THIS Easter week we have lost a man about whom opinions and feelings were much divided, who was by many of the best and most thoughtful among us looked on as the noblest and greatest of recent English teachers, and who certainly had that rare gift of inspiring enthusiasm and trust among honest and powerful minds in search of guidance, which belongs to none but to men of a very high order. Professor Maurice has ended a life of the severest and most unceasing toil, still working to the utmost that failing bodily strength allowed—still to the last in harness. The general public, though his name is familiar to them, probably little measure the deep and passionate affection with which he was regarded by the circle of his friends and by those whose thoughts and purposes he had moulded; or the feeling which his loss causes in them of a blank, great and not to be filled up, not only personally for themselves, but in the agencies which are working most hopefully in English society. But even those who knew him least, and only from the outside, and whose points of view least coincided with his, must feel that there has been, now that we look back on his course, something singularly touching and even pathetic in the combination shown in all that he did, of high courage and spirit, and of unwearied faith and vigour, with the deepest humility and with the sincerest disinterestedness and abnegation, which never allowed him to seek anything great for himself, and in fact, distinguished and honoured as he was, never found it. For the sake of his generation we may regret that he did not receive the public recognition and honour which were assuredly his due; but in truth his was one of those careers which, for their own completeness and consistency, gain rather than lose by escaping the distractions and false lights of what is called preferment.

The two features which strike us at the moment as characteristic of Mr. Maurice as a writer and teacher, besides the vast range both of his reading and thought, and the singularly personal tone and language of all that he wrote, are, first, the combination in him of the most profound and intense religiousness with the most boundless claim and exercise of intellectual liberty; and next, the value which he set, exemplifying his estimate in his own long and laborious course, on processes and efforts, as compared with conclusions and definite results, in that pursuit of truth which was to him the most sacred of duties. There is no want of earnest and fervent religion among us, intelligent, well-informed, deliberate, as well as of religion, to which these terms can hardly be applied. And there is also no want of the boldest and most daring freedom of investigation and judgment. But what Mr. Maurice seemed to see himself, and what he endeavoured to impress on others, was that religion and liberty are no natural enemies, but that the deepest and most absorbing forms of historical and traditional religion draw strength and solemnity of meaning and binding obligation from an alliance, frank and unconditional, with what seems to many the risk, the perilous risks and chances, of freedom. It was a position open to obvious and formidable criticism; but against this criticism is to be set the fact, that in a long and energetic life, in which amidst great trials and changes there was a singular uniformity and consistency of character maintained, he did unite the two—the most devout Christianity with the most fearless and unshrinking boldness in

facing the latest announcements and possibilities of modern thought. That he always satisfactorily explained his point of view to others is more than can be said; but he certainly satisfied numbers of keen and anxious thinkers, who were discontented and disheartened both by religion as it is presented by our great schools and parties, and by science as its principles and consequences are expounded by the leading philosophical authorities of the day. The other point to which we have adverted partly explains the influence which he had with such minds. He had no system to formulate or to teach. He was singularly ready to accept, as adequate expressions of those truths in whose existence he so persistently believed, the old consecrated forms in which simpler times had attempted to express them. He believed that these truths are wider and vaster than the human mind which is to be made wiser and better by them. And his aim was to reach up to an ever more exact, and real, and harmonious hold of those truths, which in their essential greatness he felt to be above him; to reach to it in life as much as in thought. And so to the end he was ever striving, not so much to find new truths as to find the heart and core of old ones, the truth of the truth, the inner life and significance of the letter, of which he was always loth to refuse the traditional form. In these efforts at unfolding and harmonizing there was considerable uniformity; no one could mistake Mr. Maurice's manner of presenting the meaning and bearing of an article of the Creed for the manner of any one else; but the result of this way of working, in the effect of the things which he said, and in his relations to different bodies of opinion and thought both in the Church and in society, was to give the appearance of great and important changes in his teaching and his general point of view, as life went on. This governing thought of his, of the immeasurably transcendent compass and height of all truths compared with the human mind and spirit which was to bow to them and to gain life and elevation by accepting them, explains the curious, and at present almost unique combination in him, of deep reverence for the old language of dogmatic theology, and an energetic maintenance of its fitness and value, with dissatisfaction, equally deep and impartially universal, at the interpretations put on this dogmatic language by modern theological schools, and at the modes in which its meaning is applied by them both in directing thought and influencing practice. This habit of distinguishing sharply and peremptorily between dogmatic language and the popular reading of it at any given time is conspicuous in his earliest as in his latest handling of these subjects; in the pamphlet of 1835, *Subscription no Bondage*, explaining and defending the old practice at Oxford, and in the papers and letters, which have appeared from him in periodicals, on the Athanasian Creed, and which are, we suppose, almost his last writings.

The world at large thought Mr. Maurice obscure and misty, and was, as was natural, impatient of such faults. The charge was, no doubt, more than partially true; and nothing but such genuine strength and comprehensive power as his could have prevented it from being a fatal one to his weight and authority. But it is not unattractive to remember what was very much at the root of it. It had its origin, not altogether, but certainly in a great degree, in two of his moral characteristics. One was his stubborn, conscientious determination, at any cost of awkwardness, or apparent inconsistency, or imperfection of statement, to say out what he had to say, neither more nor less, just as he thought it, and just as he felt it, with the most fastidious care for truthful accuracy of meaning. He never would suffer what he considered either the connexion or the balance and adjustment of varied and complementary truths to be sacrificed to force or point of expression; and he had to choose sometimes, as all people have, between a blurred, clumsy, and ineffective picture and a consciously incomplete and untrue one. His choice never wavered; and as the artist's aim was high, and his skill not always equally at his command, he preferred the imperfection which left him the consciousness of honesty. The other cause which threw a degree of haze round his writings was the personal shape into which he was so fond of throwing his views. He shrunk from their enunciation as arguments and conclusions which claimed on their own account and by their own title the deference of all who read them; and he submitted them as what he himself had found and had been granted to see—the lessons and convictions of his own experience. Sympathy is, no doubt, a great bond among all men; but, after all, men's experience and their points of view are not all alike, and when we are asked to see with another's eyes, it is not always easy. Mr. Maurice's desire to give the simplest and most real form to his thoughts as they arose in his own mind contributed more often than he supposed to prevent others from entering into his meaning. He asked them to put themselves in his place. He did not sufficiently put himself in theirs.

But he has taught us great lessons, of the sacredness, the largeness, and, it may be added, the difficulty of truth; lessons of sympathy with one another, of true humility and self-conquest in the busy and unceasing activity of the intellectual faculties. He has left no school and no system, but he has left a spirit and an example. We speak of him here only as those who knew him as all the world knew him; but those who were his friends are never tired of speaking of his grand simplicity of character, of his tenderness and delicacy, of the irresistible spell of loveliness which won all within its reach. They remember how he spoke, and how he read; the tones of a voice of singularly piercing clearness, which was itself a power of interpretation, which revealed his own soul and went straight to the hearts of hearers. He has taken his full

share in the controversies of our days, and there must be many opinions both about the line which he took, and even sometimes about the temper in which he carried on debate. But it is nothing but the plainest justice to say that he was a philosopher, a theologian, and, we may add, a prophet, of whom, for his great gifts, and, still more, for his noble and pure use of them, the modern English Church may well be proud.

#### MAHOMMEDAN RULE IN INDIA.

RECENT sad events in India have naturally drawn attention to a portion of our fellow-subjects who, numerically small in proportion to Hindoos, are yet important by the freshness and vigour of their historical traditions, and by their power to combine for social or religious ends. Various suggestions have been made by exponents of the political tenets and claims of Mahommedans in order to remove their distrust and suspicion, and excite their loyalty. Perhaps we may best understand the feelings with which Amir Khan, Saiyud Abdul Aziz, and Nawab Musharraf-Ood-Dowlah may be supposed to contemplate British supremacy in India, by considering what changes were wrought in that country in the space of a few centuries by emperors and preachers, their forerunners, before whom effete dynasties crumbled into dust.

The popular notion of history connects the conquest of India by Mahommedans with Mahmud of Ghazni, who is known to English readers by the picturesque pages of Gibbon, as well as by an unlucky pean of triumph which a late Governor-General raised over the Gates of Somnath. The truth, however, is that the early expeditions of Mahmud and his successors were little more than grand hunting raids on an extensive scale, the perpetrators of which pushed their explorations further and further, and brought back tempting accounts of populous cities, fruitful plains, and wealthy shrines which seemed created to invite the purer faith and the irresistible arms of true believers. The practical subjugation of India by the Mahommedans dates from the commencement of the thirteenth century, and the celebrated pillar which is the delight of tourists and antiquaries at Delhi was raised just about the time when the Barons of England were extorting Magna Charta from King John. In reality, however, the dominion of the Mahommedans may be said to have been twice established over India. From the time of the Slave Kings, who are inseparably associated with the pillar aforesaid, down to the death of Mohammed Toghlaq, is about a century and a half, during which time the conquering race was employed in extending its dominion beyond Hindostan Proper, into the plains of the Carnatic and over the alluvial soil of Lower Bengal; and just at the epoch when our Edwards were still filled with visions of the permanent annexation of French territory, the Mahommedan Empire had in India attained its widest range, but not its highest splendour. At the death of this Mohammed Toghlaq, in the middle of the fourteenth century, the Mussulman ascendancy was parcelled out amongst a number of independent Mahommedan dynasties. Vigorous and ambitious chiefs started up, as might have been expected, and established themselves at Bejapore, in Guzerat, in Khandeish amongst the Bheels, in Malwa, in Sind, in Golconda, and in Bengal and Berar. These adventurers coined money, erected splendid works of architecture, even sent navies to sea, and overthrew Hindoo armies by land, the leaders of which had conceived vain ideas of recovering their independence. Baber, known to the literary world by his graphic Memoirs, and Humayun, at whose magnificent mausoleum the young princes took refuge in September 1857, till they were captured by Hodson and his Guides, in vain tried to reconstruct the Empire. The inherent difficulty in the permanent conquest of India was that some sovereigns persisted in attempting to govern the country from Cabul. It was exactly as if William III. had attempted to rule England from the Hague, or as if the Georges had tried the same policy from Hanover. When Cabul was erected into an independent kingdom, about 1556, the task of subduing India, harder in appearance, became in reality one of comparative ease. And under the genius of Akbar the foundations of permanent peace and of unquestioned prosperity were established on a basis which endured for exactly 150 years. This was the second manifestation of Mahommedan strength. Akbar was as nearly as possible cotemporary with our Elizabeth. Jehangir's reign is parallel to the first of the Stuarts. Shah Jehan carries us on over the reign of Charles I., the Civil Wars, and the Protectorate. Aurangzib saw the fall of the Stuarts, the Revolution and the reign of William III., and the first few years of Queen Anne. Fifty years then elapsed, during which the inheritance of this crafty, bigoted, but highly capable sovereign was dissipated by a race of weak or dissolute princes, and the series of English victories was begun by Clive at Plassey.

A line of Mahommedan sovereigns may therefore be said to have ruled over India with more or less of concentration and ability for five centuries and a half, or from the reign of King John to the end of that of George II. A large portion of this period is taken up with the usual programme of disputed successions, revolted provinces, usurping lieutenants, and zenana intrigues. But great things were accomplished, and national legacies were bequeathed, in a century and a half, during which the throne was occupied by Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jehan, and Aurangzib. And we shall endeavour, in as brief a compass as possible, to sum up the results of this eventful time.

In the first place, the Mahommedans introduced a faith which

was a standing protest against degrading idolatry and obscene myths. The Hindu religion, with the revolting practices which it sanctions, is a sort of compound between Mexican cruelty and Grecian mythology deprived of all its elements of beauty. We do not forget that highly coloured sensuous delights are held out as rewards in the Koran, and that the creed transmitted by a long line of Caliphs is intolerant, sanguinary, and fierce. But the Mahommedans worshipped one God, and their cruelties were reserved for such as appeared to them blind and wilful unbelievers, and not for child-widows and helpless children of their own faith. As Miss Eden rather happily puts it in one of her letters, the creed was "incomplete." As far as it went, it was a measureless advance over a series of filthy or childish traditions characterized by that "proneness to evolve ideas from which others recoil with disgust," which Johnson indignantly ascribed to Swift.

With a better conception of the Supreme Being, the Mahommedans brought with them a higher literature, improved theories of civil government, and a language which, as Charles V. said of French, was emphatically the language of business and mankind. It had been used as a vehicle of expression by a long line of poets, who wrote amatory effusions in praise of ladies with the stature of the cypress and the cheek of the rose. It had also given birth to one epic which, even through the medium of a translation, seemed to Walter Scott to have caught a portion of the old Homeric spirit. One of its most popular authors has certainly shown something of the Horatian delicacy and happiness of expression; and it could boast of a series of authentic narratives and elaborate histories, which, if disfigured by occasional servility, or intolerance, or bigotry, yet stand out in happy contrast to the puerile Hindoo fictions which, as Lord Macaulay said, would move laughter in the girls of a boarding-school, and which abounded in kings thirty feet high, and reigns three thousand years long. Rich in every conceivable department of literature, it was admirably fitted for Imperial edicts and regal proclamations, for the Vakil sent on a diplomatic mission, or for the Kazi dispensing justice in the Court. It was written from right to left, and, where prompt despatch was required, it showed a decided superiority over the various dialects of the Devanagari type, which, like our own, are written from left to right, and are awkward tools for the best penman. Though simple in syntax and structure, it had a copious vocabulary of its own, enriched by additions from another Semitic language of almost inexhaustible profundity and wealth. It was, and is, as much the distinguishing mark of an educated Mahommedan to show some conversancy with the couplets of Sadi as it is for an M.P. to catch the point of a quotation from Horace; it was speedily mastered by the intelligent Hindoos, who possess the happy knack of adapting themselves to the requirements of the ruling power; and it became rapidly so diffused in great cities, and even over some portions of populous districts, as to merit the title of the French language of the East.

But the Mahommedans were not content with the introduction of Persian as the language of official correspondence and public record. They created, by fusion, another dialect, which commenced in the Camp and yet penetrated to the Palace. They took the rough and somewhat unpolished Hindi, left its grammar and its verbs mainly unchanged, enriched it with a vast store of nouns and adjectives descriptive of objects of civilization, luxury, and art, and made up a polished vernacular, which Sir James Macintosh compared to the fusion of Norman and Saxon elements into the tongue which we speak and write. The Hindustani language is now spoken with more or less of elegance and with some differences of pronunciation by Hindoos and Mahommedans all over Upper India. It is also the language of educated Mussulmans in many other places; in the Deccan as well as in Lower Bengal. Of course the ascendancy of a vigorous and conquering race was not sufficient to overthrow the ancient dialects everywhere, or to eradicate Hindoo conservatism. Village customs, rural peculiarities, agricultural tenures, held their ground with unconquerable pertinacity; but the civil servants of the Crown still use the official jargon which has descended from the Mogul Emperors, and in revenue Settlements they record the dues of the community and the rights of the State, by a nomenclature which would be almost intelligible at Teheran or Cabul.

Not only are the majority of the terms in use in criminal or revenue proceedings taken from the Arabic or Persian languages, but the traces of the conqueror are to be found in the geographical divisions of the country, in great cities, and in scores of rustic villages. Names of places are wholly Hindoo, wholly Mahommedan, or half one and half the other. The *mukher* form of Persian *desmit* is *pisem*, and has a Sanskrit termination tacked to it. Sometimes a celebrated place is known indiscriminately by its old and its new name. Agra becomes the city founded by Akbar. Delhi, where the fortunes of the Empire have so often been decided, is metamorphosed into the abode of Shah Jehan. Even Prayag, where meet the Jumna and the Ganges to charge Hindoos, becomes Allahabad. Patna—i.e. "the city"—the name of Hindoos—is called by Mussulmans Azim-abad, or the Mighty City. And Chittagong, far away on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, is Islam-abad or the Abode of the True Faith. Benares, or Kashi, the stronghold of Brahminical observance, has never, so far as we know, been given an alternative Mahommedan title.

To describe the architectural remains of Mahommedan reigns, viceroys or nawabs, soldiers of fortune, and petty states, would require a volume. It is sufficient to say that they erected mosques, palaces, and mausoleums, which in some

plottings of design, elegance of structure, and richness of ornament, may fairly challenge comparison with any buildings in the world. We do not, of course, mean to say that they could build like the Romans, or sculpture like the Greeks, or to deny that their palaces are occasionally tawdry and their gardens ill arranged. But it is not difficult to select specimens of various kinds of buildings which would be pronounced unique and incapable of imitation. No pillar in the world is more striking than the Kutub. No sovereign was ever entombed in a mausoleum more capacious and magnificent than that of the great Akbar at Secundra; and, not to speak of the Pearl Mosque and the White Shrine at Futehpore Sikri, the builder of the Taj, if it were the creation of some Italian artist, as it is commonly held to be, has given us nothing *simile aut secundum* in palaces along the Arno, or in the chapels of the Medici.

The civil administration of the Mahomedans is best studied in the *Travels of Tavernier* and the sprightly letters of Bernier, who was a contemporary of Molière and a correspondent of Colbert. These authors had no theories to satisfy, and no object in drawing invidious comparisons between the European and the Oriental standards of government. The legitimate inference to be drawn from the accounts of these observant writers is, that the Mogul Empire was marked by occasional vigour and by general laxity and corruption, by insecurity of life and property, and by accumulations of wealth and magnificence at the capitals in terrible contrast to wretchedness and poverty in the provinces. Yet the Mahomedan criminal code, though crude, sanguinary, and not impartial, was far preferable to the inhuman code of pains and penalties, and to the legal and social inequalities, stereotyped by Hindoo lawgivers. No Kazi or Moulavi ever sanctioned perjury in his own edicts, as Manu did, though false evidence, in practice, is the failing of men of both creeds; and the wisest and best of Mahomedan sovereigns had all but put down by force the odious rite of Suttee, which escaped the notice of Wellesley, and was only temporized with by his successors, till it was summarily extinguished by the courageous and humane Bentinck.

The upshot of this review, then, is that a thoughtful and educated Mahomedan of the present day may well be pardoned if he looks back on the legacies bequeathed by his sovereigns to the Indian Empire with feelings of pride, and possibly with others which we have no great desire to analyse. The worship of one God, a graceful, polished, and useful literature, splendid architectural monuments, an improved system of collecting revenue and even of dispensing justice—these are certainly to be ranked in the category of benefits and reforms. And we may add that, in spite of some wholesale conversions and a good deal of fanatical intolerance, the conquered Hindoo had no permanent barrier raised against his advancement, and was often enabled to attain to eminence in the councils of the Emperor or the service of the State. On the other hand, we are compelled to declare our conviction that, if the Mahomedans are at present placed at a disadvantage in competing for prizes in the public service, the result is in a large degree due to themselves. Since the introduction of British rule, or certainly during the last forty years, no class of our fellow-subjects has been placed under any disability or disqualification. The difficulties long experienced by Roman Catholics and Dissenters in England have had no parallel whatever in Indian government. Nor was there any antecedent reason why Mahomedans as well as Hindoos should not turn out excellent Judges of Small Cause Courts, plead ably at the Bar, use the English language in debates and addresses, and sit with barrister and civilian Judges on the benches of the High Court. British statesmen have as clear a right to introduce English as the language of business and the avenue of preferment, as the Mogul Emperors had to introduce Persian. And it is wholly unreasonable for the Mahomedans and their partisans to insist that greater prominence should be given in our Indian Universities and Colleges to Arabic and Persian classics, and, as a natural consequence, that some ill-defined rewards or some unexplained public careers should be reserved for students who can quote Sadi and recite the "Seven Poems." The Mussulmans, like the race which they overthrew, must cheerfully accept the new order which has sprung out of their chaos, must remember that they are after all but one-eighth of the population, and must reflect that taxes are better raised for a scheme of railways and telegraphs than for the completion of the Taj Mahal on its original design. Where Mussulmans have set themselves in earnest to compete with Hindoos there has been no lack of success. They have shown themselves active policemen, attached servants, brave soldiers, wise statesmen, and excellent English scholars. No more signal instance of loyalty and devotion is to be found in the annals of the Mutiny than that of the Nawab on whom tardy honours were lately bestowed at Lucknow. No native Minister stands higher than Salar Jung. No principality has been better governed than the State of Bhopal. But these examples will not solve the Mahomedan difficulty any more than the chivalrous loyalty of the late Viscount will negative the existence of discontent among Fenians in Ireland, or disprove the necessity for over-awing dissection and treason by a judicious reserve of force.

#### PARLIAMENTARY PRIGS.

PRIGS must always have been prigs in Parliament, we suppose, but of late years they appear to have become more numerous, or at least more conspicuous. The increasing anarchy

of Parliamentary habits, the loosening of party discipline, has given them a chance of pushing themselves unpleasantly into notice. A fluctuation may be observed in the prevalence of types of disease or physical weakness at different periods, and just now priggishness seems to be the predominant Parliamentary malady. Formerly the chief business of a member was to vote; he could listen to the debates or not, as he pleased, but he did not presume to take part in them. All the talking was done for him by the leaders; the principal men on each side tired off at each other, and the rest of the assembly was composed rather of jurymen than counsel. In the days when Lord Palmerston first entered the House of Commons, any great affair was debated, as his biographer regretfully reminds us, in a great manner by the leading men, and the art of debating was not lost in "a wilderness of commonplace remarks by commonplace men on commonplace subjects." What is still the fashion of the Lords was then the fashion of the Commons, and the discussion was kept up by a succession of important and authoritative speakers. But everybody speaks now, and everybody is as good as everybody else and better. There is no bashfulness, no modest reticence or reverent listening. A new member brings his subject with him, and perhaps a speech in his pocket, and waits at the table, after he has taken the oath, to claim a night for himself in the notice book. The returning officer's certificate of the state of the poll is regarded as a diploma of eloquence, wisdom, and political experience. The usefulness and dignity of the House of Commons are equally compromised by the recklessness with which questions are started for loose off-hand talk. The prig is in his element here. He need not follow suit to any one unless he chooses. He can pick out a subject to please himself, and can get it up at his leisure, and make a great show of his second-hand facts and borrowed arguments. He leads on his own question. The Government may be expected to look after the general business of the country, but on this particular subject he assumes to guide the House, lectures the Ministers, and gives himself all the airs of a Premier producing a great policy.

Reading over the list of notices given in the House of Commons, one might almost fancy that it was a programme of lectures for the season at some Mechanics' Institute in the country, or the questions to be propounded at a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. There is perhaps a good deal of room for mutual improvement, and discussion is in itself a wholesome exercise. But it would be well if members who feel the better for this sort of thing would be content with the tea-room on off nights, and would air their innocent gabble without retarding the business of the country. It may be necessary to teach our ministers their letters, and to supply them with elementary instruction on all sorts of questions, but it seems, to say the least, rather a waste of force to turn the House of Commons into a kind of political infant-school. It is not merely that there is a monstrous waste of time, but the attention of Parliament is distracted from the practical character of the work it has to do. The viewiness of the prig is becoming a Parliamentary vice. A petty item in the Estimates cannot be settled without a reference to first principles. There is nothing more enervating than large discussions on small questions. The large discussions may be needful, but there is a time and place for everything. It is not worth while to go to the roots of the Constitution when the question to be settled is only whether a twopenny rosette shall be provided for a beefeater's bonnet, or to mix up international arbitration and the wickedness of war with the Navy vote for rum. But the prig is nothing without first principles. He has his little stock of pragmatical conceits and abstract principles, and wants to make everything square with them; he does not see that he might as well expect mathematical lines to bear weights, or try to build a house with paper diagrams from Euclid. A University education, especially following upon the training at a public school, helps to save a man from this kind of priggishness. If he has gone through a course of debates at the Union he has usually got a good deal of yeast stuff worked out of him, and he is not likely if he happens to get into Parliament to start discussions as to the absolutely best form of government, the social contract, or the rights of man. He has, it may be hoped, got past that stage. He has learned that everything worth saying on these subjects was said before he was born, and that most people are quite aware that there is a sun in the sky, that water wets, and fire burns. He is ashamed to repeat the stale commonplaces, the trite similes, the cheap philosophy and venerable jokes which were once delivered with all the simple faith and gushing enthusiasm of youth. It is touching to observe a fresh young mind all aflow with the remarkable discovery that, if the government of the world were only left to the best and the wisest, everything would go well. But the measles and some other things are better got over in early life. Moreover the republic of gentlemen is hostile by instinct to the bumpiousness of the prig, and he is sure to suffer for it if he does not lower his pretensions, and condescend to mix with other men as equals.

On the whole, the chances are, that a man who has taken the University on his way to St. Stephen's has had the priggishness pretty well knocked out of him, but there is no contradiction in saying that perhaps the worst prigs are University men. It is natural that it should be so. If two priggishness survives in any marked degree the curative discipline to which it has been subjected, it must be deeply ingrained, and the case may be given over as hopeless. It is melancholy to find that all these

advantages have been thrown away on a man who is still stumbling about among the axioms of politics, and who gets on the housetops to proclaim to the world that authority and honour are not invariably given to the wisest and most virtuous; or who fancies when he is spouting his copybook lines about the liberty of the subject, familiar passages from the *Select Reciter* and poor old Joe Millers, that he is tickling the House with his eloquence and wit, and making a great show of *legid lore*. The *avocat* who has taken to politics is a favourite subject of French satire, but Rabagas is at least genial and a *bon enfant*. The English type is sometimes less agreeable. The prig is not an ordinary prosier. We may suffer from a bore, and yet have a not unkindly feeling towards him, but the prig can hardly be regarded with the same equanimity. His calm assumption of superiority, his bumptious platitudes and patronizing wit constitute an irritant of the strongest kind, even without the cantankerous insolence which is occasionally added. Some people perhaps wonder how it is that such a clever fellow does not get on, how, with all his cleverness, he is outstripped by inferior men in the House or at the Bar. A little knowledge of human nature, a little of that common sense which enables a man to see the true proportions of things, and to take the measure both of himself and his associates, would probably save him from a good deal of mortification. The world is ready enough usually to take a man at his own estimate, if only it is sufficiently insistent on, but there must be some proportion between pretension and performance. When pebbles are bestowed as if they were diamonds, with an air of lofty and contemptuous patronage, the feelings of the recipients are apt to be neither grateful nor respectful.

An offensive and familiar form of priggishness is that of the commercial member, who has made his fortune in trade, and who thinks that the salvation of the country depends on its strict adherence to the sublime principles of the ledger and the petty-cash book. Soap-boiling has brought him wealth, local influence, and a profound conviction of his own wisdom and capacity as a man of business. He is satisfied that the difference between the management of a great manufacturing concern and the government of a nation is only a question of statistics. In a nation there are more people to be looked after, the transactions are on rather a larger scale, but that is all, in substance the two things are the same. The processes of government are therefore to be measured by the precedents of soap-boiling, and where they disagree it is the former that are faulty. For example, take the diplomatic service. There is nothing like that in connexion with soap-boiling. There are travellers, it is true, and agents, but they only get a commission on orders. What can be more monstrous than that a set of fine gentlemen should be eating their heads off and bringing in no returns? In an ordinary way letters and telegrams are enough, and if any special piece of business has to be negotiated, it would be cheaper to send an envoy paid by the job than to keep up a permanent staff. From this point of view argument would be wasted in showing that diplomacy is all humbug, fostered by self interest, and corrupted by corruption. The first principle of this school of administrative reformers is government by lowest tender. The plan might perhaps be a good one if everything could be got by contract at a moment's notice—capacity, experience, integrity, tried men and seasoned timber, an army efficient and equipped, a fleet ready for sea. No account is taken of the difference between sharp personal supervision and the only kind of supervision which can permanently be applied to the public service, of the tremendous interests at stake, or of the necessity of being always prepared for transactions which, if left to an emergency, would convulse and overthrow the markets. The work of politics, it has been said, is not a mere game of chess, neither is it exactly soap-boiling. There are human elements which come into play in rather a tumultuous and disturbing manner, and which cannot well be brought within the compass of a rule-of-three sum. But the prig conceives nothing except from his own personal standpoint, and insists that everything shall be shaped to suit his didactic views and limit his experience. This narrowness is the essence of political priggishness. Even if a principle is good, it cannot be absolutely applied in every case. Symmetry and uniformity are very well in their way, but the policy of a nation cannot be laid out at right angles like a garden by *Le Notre*. A Government must put to the test it can—the best being often only the least bad—and, at the risk of offending the *doctrinaires*, must sometimes decline to sacrifice substantial results by a pedantic adherence to consistency. There is plenty to be done before the world is set quite straight, but the prigs and whipper-snappers only waste time and muddle business. It is fortunate perhaps that, as the number of them is increasing, their ambitious egotism should keep them asunder, if, as was said of some other creatures, they were of one mind, and tugged one way, they might perhaps do serious mischief. As it is, every man must have his own subject, and nothing pleases him that does not conduce to his personal exaltation. Hence the swarm of questions on the notice-paper. Some day we shall perhaps read:—"Mr. Blank to call attention to the origin of evil and move a resolution," or "This House desires to express its conviction that the government of the country should be directed to the promotion of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good." At one moment during the last Session the House seemed to have attained this sublime height, when a member, full of the infinite importance of some special crotchet, slowly and solemnly announced that he would "early in the ensuing Session call

attention to the utter inadequacy of all existing legislation," at which stage the House interposed between the broad statement and the limiting particulars by a burst of some three minutes' continuous cheering. Somehow the prig is not set upon as he ought to be. His pragmatic conceit and shallow pedantry have too much scope. Lord Palmerston used to laugh him out of countenance, and the prig fears laughter as the witch does holy water. But perhaps it is natural that priggishness should be luxuriant in such a serious family as the present House of Commons.

#### THE BLACK WATCH.

A MONUMENT has been dedicated at Dunkeld to the distinguished regiment originally raised in Perthshire which is called the Forty-second of the Line, and is better known in the Highlands as the Black Watch. The history of this famous corps cannot be better given than in the words of the elder Pitt, who anticipated the policy of enlisting the fervid loyalty of the Highlanders in support of the Hanoverian line of Kings. He sought for merit wherever it could be found. He looked for it in the mountains of the North, and he drew into the service of the State a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by jealousy exposed to hostile machinations, had gone high to overthrow it. "These men," he said, "were brought to combat on our side. They served with fidelity as they fought with valour, and they conquered for us in every quarter of the world." A monument to the valour of the Black Watch commemorates also the sagacity of the Minister who could both plan campaigns and select instruments to execute them. The six companies to which this title originally belonged were raised as long ago as 1729. The soldiers were all, in their own estimation, gentlemen; and when King George gave a guinea to one of them who had performed his sword exercise before him, the insulted warrior flung the coin to the porter at St James's. They carried for many years the broadsword and target of their countrymen, as well as the musket which the Southern soldiery had vainly opposed to these weapons at Preston Pans. The six companies were augmented to ten in 1743, and after a mutiny, which was severely repressed, the regiment embarked for Flanders. They shared with the English Guards the disastrous honour of the battle of Fontenoy, which was fought two years later, and their tartan is conspicuous along with the red coat of the Guards in Horace Verelst's picture of Marshal Saxe on his sick bed receiving congratulations on his splendid victory. Their colonel, Sir Robert Monro, being a man of immense bulk, was obliged when his men threw themselves on the ground to avoid the French artillery, to remain standing, because he feared that if he lay down he might be unable to get up again. The regiment shared also in the Dutch campaigns of the two following years, but its gallantry and good conduct could not enable the Duke of Cumberland to cope on equal terms with Marshal Saxe.

In 1751 the regiment was regularly enrolled by its present number, and seven years afterwards it received the distinction of being called the "Royal" Regiment of Highlanders. Being employed about the same time in America, it displayed in an assault on the French fort of Ticonderoga the same resolute, but unavailing, valour which was shown long afterwards by a younger regiment of Highlanders before New Orleans. On both these dismal days the Scottish regiment engaged lost more than half its numbers before the ramparts which it failed to take. A few years later the French flag ceased to defy Britain in North America, and the regiment, having helped to conquer Canada, returned home. It was again sent to America when the colonies renounced their allegiance to the Crown, and it bore honourable part in all those battles of the War of Independence which both countries should now endeavour to forget. Returning again to Europe, it served with credit in the Netherlands under the Duke of York in 1794, and with eminent distinction under Abercrombie in Egypt in 1801, in that campaign which may be said to have been the cradle of the army which attained its full growth under Wellington in Spain. It had landed at Aboukir Bay under the eye of Moore, and in 1808 it marched with that general into Spain. At the crisis of the battle of Corunna he bade the regiment "remember Egypt!" Returning, after a first abortive campaign in Spain to England, its first battalion was sent in 1809 to the melancholy flats of Walcheren, while the second battalion returned in the same year to Spain. The regiment thus became identified with many of the most brilliant incidents of Wellington's campaigns. The experiment which had succeeded so well in raising the Black Watch was frequently repeated until the British army contained more Highland regiments than the Highlands could supply with men. From 1793 to 1809 those districts had furnished 70,000 men for national defence. But the long war had nearly depleted the Highlands of adults suited to military service. In the year of the time there were 800 Scotchmen and only twelve English and Irish. Indeed this has always been almost a pure Scottish corps, and therefore the cathedral of Dunkeld is fully entitled to the material of its exploits which has been lately placed there. The 7th Highlanders, called Ross-shire Buffs, the 7th Cameron, the 92nd Gordon, and the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, had all been raised in 1793-6, and they all in 1809 were almost pure Scottish corps. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that they were pure Highlanders, and that the Black Watch, by this time the present had succeeded in its mission, and was the



of forgetting the distinctions of Gael and Saxon, Jacobite and Hanoverian, and treating the military traditions alike of Highlander and Lowlander as the common heritage of Scotchmen. This process is now almost complete, and we sometimes see the 26th Cameronians, who represent the most unmixed Whiggery of Scotland, confounded with the 79th Cameron Highlanders, to whom properly belong the Cavalier glories of Lochiel. There were in 1809, besides the five regiments already mentioned, at least eight others which had been raised in Scotland, and at that time wore the kilt. But it was impossible to recruit all these regiments with Highlanders, or even with Scotchmen, and Englishmen objected to the kilt, which was therefore abolished in six regiments. The great popularity of everything that is distinctively Scotch, which dates from the publication of the Waverley novels, has caused the kilt to be restored to some of these regiments. We read lately that an opinion had been formed in France against the use of grey horses in war, and we feared that the time might come when the Royal North British Dragoons would no longer bear the name which they have made so famous of Scots Greys. The bonnet of the 42nd Regiment appears to the irreverent Southern mind fit for nothing but to frighten children. But it seems likely that the kilt will endure as long as the British army. *Per mare per terram*, and—what is worse—through furze-bushes, it has been worn right gallantly by the Black Watch for upwards of 130 years.

Of the kilted regiments of 1809, the 78th and 93rd did not go to Spain, but the 79th and 92nd shared equally with the 42nd the glories of Wellington's campaigns. A Cameron was killed at the head of the 79th at Fuentes d'Onor. Another Highland regiment, the 71st, was also greatly distinguished at this battle, as well as elsewhere in the Peninsula. The 42nd and 79th fought in the same brigade at the battle of Toulouse, and the former regiment suffered a particularly heavy loss in this, which was the last battle of the Franco-Spanish war. The 93rd Regiment had been sent about this time to America, where it dashed itself to pieces against the defences of New Orleans by a display of useless daring similar to that already mentioned of the 42nd Regiment at Ticonderoga. But all the Highland regiments which had served in Spain returned home after the battle of Toulouse, and they were all available for the army which was formed in Belgium to resist Napoleon after his return from Elba. The 42nd and 92nd were brigaded together under Picton, and in the next brigade to them, commanded by Kempt, was the 79th. These two brigades formed a division under Picton. It was the first division of British infantry that arrived at Quatre Bras when Ney, by order of Napoleon, attacked that position on the 16th June. The 42nd were charged by French cavalry before they could throw themselves into squares, and the two flank companies suffered heavily. The colonel, Sir Robert Macara, was killed here, and the command of the regiment was held successively by four officers within about as many minutes. The arrival of Wellington with other infantry relieved Picton's division from the extreme pressure which they had for some time endured, and Ney found himself unable with the force at his disposal to drive the allies from Quatre Bras. Next day Wellington withdrew his army into that position of Waterloo which is as familiar to many of us as Brighton Downs. All visitors to Waterloo remember that Picton's division was on the left flank—that is, the flank opposite to Hougomont. Picton was killed early in the day while advancing his two brigades to check D'Erlon's advance. The charge of Ponsonby's "Union" brigade of cavalry, of which the Scots Greys formed part, was made to relieve Picton's division from part of the pressure of D'Erlon's corps. The tale of *Waterloo*, by Erckmann-Chatrian, contains a vivid description of this charge by a French infantry soldier who must have had the Highland regiments of Picton's division in his front. The relief of the hardly pressed Black Watch by the Scots Greys was an incident of the battle on which Sir Walter Scott loved to dwell. He of course remembered that the 42nd was raised originally among the Whig clans of Campbell, Munro, and Grant, while the 2nd Dragoons are the identical corps which Claverhouse led against the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge, and of which General Thomas Dalzell was the first colonel. It is said that when *ces terribles chevaux gris* made their reckless charge, some swift-footed mountaineers of the 42nd ran with them to seize the French artillery. It ought not to be forgotten, although we do not wish to wound the susceptibility of others, that the retreat—to put it mildly—of a Dutch-Belgian brigade placed Picton's division in peril which would have shaken less firm troops. The 71st Highlanders were further to the right of the line in the same brigade with the 52nd Light Infantry, which it assisted in that well-timed movement to which the repulse of the last effort of Napoleon was largely due.

The more recent exploits of the Black Watch are familiar to us all. The 42nd formed with the 79th and 93rd Regiments the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, which was commanded at the Alma by one of the best of Scottish soldiers, Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. In the Indian mutiny the same regiments, and also the 78th, bore part, and all these regiments bear "Lionel" upon their colours. There are of course other regiments in the service which can show a longer roll of service. Thus the 18th Royal Irish Regiment bears on its colours the inscription *Victoria's Honourable Premium*, in honour of a service which was performed before the eighteenth century began. The 2nd Regiment of the Life, or "Royal," boast themselves to be descended from the Scottish Archers of the Body Guard of the Kings of France. But we may say that the Black Watch have been every-

where and done everything, from their first raising to the present time. Some regiments and some officers are more fortunate than others, and while the 42nd was fighting at Toulouse under Wellington, the 93rd was fighting at New Orleans pretty much by the light of nature. It is expedient to preserve the glorious traditions of the various regiments of our army, and to give to these traditions a local habitation, which should be, if possible, in the district where a corps was originally raised. To invite a Highlander to enter the Black Watch or the Cameron or Gordon regiment is obviously a different thing from proposing to him to become a soldier of an army. We ought not to forget that, although the Black Watch has always been pre-eminently a Scotch regiment, there is an English hero, Ben Battle, who, at least in poetry, belonged to it. He lost at the same time his second leg and the Forty-second Foot. But we doubt whether his name will find a place upon the monument at Dunkeld.

#### DRAWING-ROOM EPIPHYTES.

IN every coterie we find certain stray damsels unattached; young ladies of personable appearance and showy accomplishments who go about the world alone, and whose parents, never seen, are living in some obscure lodgings where they pinch and scrow to furnish their daughter's bravery. Some one or two great ladies of the set patronize these girls, take them about a good deal, and ask them to all their dinners and "at homes." They are useful in their degree; very good-natured; always ready to fetch and carry in a confidential kind of way; to sing and play when they are asked—and they both sing and play with almost professional skill; full of the small talk of the day, and not likely to bore their companions with untimely discussions on dangerous subjects, or to startle them with enthusiasm about anything. They serve to fill a vacant place when wanted; and they look nice and keep up the ball as far as their own sphere extends. They are safe, too; and, though lively and amusing, are never known to retail gossip or talk scandal in public.

Who are they? No one exactly knows. They are Miss A. and Miss B., and they have collaterals of respectable name and standing; cousins in Government offices, dead uncles of good military rank, perhaps a father, dead or alive, with a quite unexceptionable profession; but you never see them with their natural belongings, and no one thinks of visiting them at their own homes. They are sure to have a mother in bad health, who never goes out and never sees any one; and if you should by chance come across her, you find a shabby, painful, peevish woman who seems at odds with life altogether, and who is as unlike her showy daughter as a raven is unlike a humming-bird. The drawing-room epiphyte introduces mamma, when necessary, with a creditable effort at indifference, not to say content, with her conditions; but if you can read signs, you know what she is feeling about that suit of rusty black, and how little she enjoys the rencontre. Sometimes she has a brother, of whom she never speaks unless obliged, and of whose occupation and whereabouts, when asked, she gives only the vaguest account. He has an office in the City, or he has gone abroad, or he is in the navy and she forgets the name of his ship; but, whatever he is, you can get no clue more distinct than this. If you should chance to see him, you get a greater surprise than you had when you met the mother; and you wonder, with a deeper wonder, how such a sister should have sprung from the same stock as that which produced such a brother. Sometimes, however, the brother is as presentable as the sister; in which case he probably follows much the same course as herself, and hangs on to the skirts of the Upper Ten who recognize him, preferring to idle away his life and energy as a well-dressed epiphyte of greatness rather than live the life of a man in a lower social sphere. But, as a rule, stray damsels have neither brothers nor sisters visible to the world, and only a widowed mother in the background, whose health is bad and who does not go out.

The ulterior object of the ladies who patronize these pretty epiphytes is to get them married; partly from personal kindness, partly from the pleasure all women have in bringing about a marriage that does not interfere with themselves. But they seldom accomplish this object. Who is to marry the epiphyte? The men of the society into which she has been brought from the outside have their own ambitions to realize. They want money or land, or a good family connexion, to make the sacrifice an equal bargain, and to gild the yoke of matrimony with becoming splendour. And the drawing-room epiphyte has nothing to offer as her contribution but a fine pair of eyes, a good-natured manner, and a pretty taste for music. To marry, therefore, well among the society in which she finds herself is almost impossible. And her tastes have been so far formed as to render a marriage into lower circumstances as impossible on the other side. Besides, what could she do as the wife of a clergyman, say on three hundred a year, with a poor parish to look after, and an increasing tribe of babies to feed and clothe? Her clear high notes, her splendid register, or her brilliant tenor, will not help her then; and the taste with which she makes up half-worn silk gowns, and transforms what was a rag into an ornament, will not do much towards finding the necessary boots and loaves which keep her sisters awake at night wondering how they are to be got. She has been taught nothing of the art of house-keeping, if she has learnt as much as she can of that of the drawing-room. She cannot cook, nor make a little go a long way by the cunning of good management and a well-marked

economy; she cannot do serviceable needlework, though she may be great in fancy work, and quite a genius in millinery; and the habit of having plenty of servants about her has destroyed the habit of turning her hand to anything like energetic self-help. Epiphyte as she is, penniless stray damsel, more than half maintained by the kindness of her grand friends, she has to keep up the sham of appearances before those friends' domestics. And as ladyhood in England is chiefly measured by a woman's usefulness, and to do anything in the way of rational work would be a spot on her ermine, the poor epiphyte of the drawing-room, with mamma in rusty black at those shabby lodgings of theirs, learns to practise in self-defence all the foolish helplessness of her superiors; and, to retain the respect of the servants, loses her own.

What is she then but one of those misplaced beings who are neither of one sphere nor another? She is not of the *grandes dames* on her own account, yet she lives in their houses as one among them; she is not a woman who can make the best of things, notable and industrious, and by her clever contrivances of saving and substitution able to order a home comfortably on next to nothing, and yet she has no solid claim to anything but the "undercut" of the middle classes, and no right to expect more than the most ordinary marriage. She is nothing. Ashamed and unable to work, she has to accept gratuities which are not wages. Waiting on providence, and floated by her friends, she wanders through society ever on the look-out for chances. Each new acquaintance is a fresh hope, and every house that opens to her contains the potentiality of final success. To be met everywhere is the ultimate point of her ambition with respect to means; the end kept steadily, if fruitlessly, in view is that satisfying settlement which shall take her out of the category of a hunger-on, and give her a *locus standi* of her own. But it does not come. Year by year we meet the drawing-room epiphyte in the old haunts—at Brighton, at Ryde, at half-a-dozen good houses in London, on a visit to the friends who make much of her one day and snub her the next—and she does not go off. She is pretty, she is agreeable, she is well dressed, and she is accomplished; but she does not find the husband to whom all this is too precious to be foregone. Year by year she grows fatter or thinner as her constitution expands into obesity or shrivels into leanness, the lines about her fine eyes deepen, the powder is a little thicker on her cheeks, and there are more than shrewd suspicions of a touch of rouge or of antimony, with a judicious application of patent hair-restorer to lift up the faded tints. Fighting desperately with that old enemy Time, she disputes line by line the tribute he claims; and succeeds so far as to continue a good make-up for a year or two after other women of her own age have given in and consented to look their years. But the drawing-room epiphyte is nothing if she is not young, which is synonymous with power to interest and amuse. Her friends, the great ladies who hold drawing-rooms and gather society in shoals, want points of colour in their rooms as well as serviceable foils. The apple-pie that was all made of quinces was a failure, wanting the homely *couche* from which the savour of the more fragrant fruit might be thrown up. On the other hand there are social meetings which are like apple-pies without any quince at all; and then the epiphyte is invaluable, and her music worth as much in its degree as if she were a prima donna, each of whose notes ranked as gold. So that when she ceases to be young, when she loses her high notes, and has gout in her fingers, she fails in her only *raison d'être*, and her occupation is gone. Hence her hard struggles with the old enemy, and her half heroic, half tragic determination not to give in while a shred of power remains. On the day when she collapses into an old woman she is lost. She has nothing for it then but to withdraw from the brilliant drawing-rooms she has so long haunted into dingy lodgings in a back street, and live as her mother lived before her. Forgotten by the world which she has spent her life in waiting on, she has leisure to reflect on the relative values of things, and to lament, as she probably will, that she gave living grain for gilded husks; that she exchanged the realities of love and home, which might have been hers had she been contented to accept them on a lower social scale, for the barren pleasures of the day, and the delusive hope of marrying well in a sphere where she had no solid foothold. She had her choice, like others; but she chose to throw for high stakes at heavy odds, and in so doing to let slip what she originally held. The bird in the hand might have been of a homely kind enough, still it was always the bird; while the two golden pheasants in the bush flew away unsalted, and left her only their shadows to run after. On the whole, then, we incline to the belief that the drawing-room epiphyte is a mistake; that those stray damsels who wander about society unattended by any natural protector, and always more or less in the character of adventuresses, would do better to keep to the sphere determined by parental circumstances than let themselves be taken into one that does not belong to them, and which they cannot hold; and furthermore it seems to us that, beyond its present instability and future fruitlessness, the position of a drawing-room epiphyte is one which no woman of sense would accept, and to which no woman of spirit would submit.

#### MIDDLE CLASS EDUCATION AS IT IS.

THE reports of the local examinations which are held periodically under the direction of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge supply an interesting and instructive picture of the

state of education throughout the country—at least among the middle classes. The candidates are no doubt to a great extent picked scholars. The schoolmasters naturally send their best pupils, as specimens of their powers of teaching; and if they have none who are likely to do them credit, they do not care to have the fact publicly advertised by the ignominious collapse of their representatives when taken in hand by competent examiners. It may be presumed that the candidates are, as a body, the crack scholars of the better order of schools, and that in point of education they are rather above the average of their age and class. After making the necessary allowance on this score, we are able to form a tolerably correct idea of the general standard of middle class education. It is impossible to doubt that the national movement which has now been started will produce important results, and that its influence will not be confined merely to those sections of the community which in the first instance will be brought immediately within its scope. The education of the labouring population will put the middle classes on their mettle. There is sure to be much discussion as to what should be done for the latter, and of course innumerable plans will be devised for their benefit. In the meantime it is well to know exactly how the matter stands, and what is the actual state of education. The fourteenth annual Report of the Syndicate appointed to conduct the Cambridge Local Examinations, which has just been issued, shows that last December examinations were held at forty-two centres, and that nearly 3,000 children were examined. There has been a steady and continued increase in the number of candidates entered for examination, and as the area is thus extended, it is natural that the percentage of those who distinguish themselves should somewhat decline, while the percentage of failures rises. With the girls this is especially the case. The number of senior girls who pass in honours has fallen in four years from twenty-three to eight per cent. of the number examined; the explanation being, we suppose, that whereas at first only exceptionally clever and well-trained girls were sent up, candidates of ordinary abilities are now emboldened to try their fortune. The number of girls who pass, but without obtaining honours, remains at much the same point as before, and it would appear that more attention is now paid to female education. In the remarks of some of the examiners we fancy we can detect something like a disposition to compare or contrast the relative abilities of boys and girls. Some of the examiners are attracted by the superior brightness and sharpness of the girls in answering questions on certain subjects, while other examiners are irritated by their rash confidence, their vagueness of language and ideas, and their self-complacent inaccuracy. It is complained that girls are apt to be too diffuse in composition, and one examiner thinks it "necessary to advise them to refrain from needless remarks and reflections." Perhaps he had the happiness of their future husbands in view.

In a commercial country arithmetic must necessarily occupy an important place in the education of the people. As far as shop-keeping goes, the arithmetical prospect is cheerful. The junior boys did well, and the senior boys showed a fair acquaintance with the ordinary rules; but the proportion of those who successfully worked out the higher examples, involving some independent thought, was small. This means, we suppose, that for ordinary trade purposes—for invoices and book-keeping—the rising generation possesses a sufficient stock of arithmetic; but beyond this much, or perhaps everything, remains to be done. The house-keepers of the next generation are also, we fear, likely to be at a disadvantage, unless they improve in what their grandmothers called ciphering. The percentage of failures among the junior girls was five times as great as among the boys; and although there was a slight improvement in the work of the senior girls as compared with last year, the percentage of failures was still very great, more than half the candidates being plucked. It is suggested that the chief causes of the girls' failure were "inaccuracy in the earliest rules, confusion of arrangement—contrasting most unfavourably with much of the boys' work, and undoubtedly the result of careless teaching—and, lastly, the use of obsolete and inaccurate methods, to be attributed to the employment of bad text-books." In grammar a general improvement is reported on the part both of boys and girls, though the latter would persist, much to the examiners' annoyance, in giving "derivations of grammatical terms from Greek and Latin, which were not required, and were usually incorrect." Dictation was, it seems, "by far the most fatal of the preliminary subjects," but the causes of this fatality are not explained; perhaps bad spelling was among them. We suppose handwriting is beneath the notice of academical examiners, as indeed it appears to be beneath the notice of schoolmasters generally, who are perhaps of Dogberry's opinion, that writing, if not reading, is a gift of God, and that it is not for man to meddle with it. What with steel pens, perpetual hurry, and want of proper teaching, the handwriting of the present race is distracting enough; and we shudder to think of the maddening hieroglyphics of the next. It is stated that "the practice of wasting time in the useless decoration of the papers has been almost entirely abandoned," and flourished eagles and other noble fests of ornamental penmanship will soon, we suppose, become a lost art, like the writing of samplers, and the neat, elegant, and unimpeachable handwriting of our grandfathers and grandmothers.

It is not unreasonable to refer the improvement which is remarked in the teaching of English history to the improved text-books which are now available. "A lack of interest and method was more noticeable among the junior boys than among the girls."

who, however, have yet to learn "how to condense information into a few terse sentences." The seniors of both sexes acquitted themselves satisfactorily, and had evidently got up their subject. The general breakdown of junior candidates in geography is probably to be attributed to a similar cause to that which accounts for their success in English history. While the text-books of history have been improved, those which profess to teach geography still belong to the dark ages of school-book literature. The knowledge of geography "was at once superficial and inaccurate, and bore the impression of careless and insufficient teaching; scarcely a candidate answered with any degree of accuracy a simple question of exports and imports." The seniors, however, appear to have done very well. The examiners are sadly disappointed at the incapacity of candidates to produce good essays. There are apparently no budding Addison or Macaulays now sharpening their quills, or rather we should say perhaps cross-nibbing their steel pens. It may be doubted whether the world will suffer acutely from this dearth of essayists. A large proportion of the juniors do not "even know what an essay is," and perhaps it is as well they should not. They will not be less happy themselves, and other people will not be pestered with bad and pretentious writing. Their seniors who have the advantage, or disadvantage, of them in this respect, produce essays which are "dull and spiritless," and we agree with the examiners that "the quantity of matter might well be curtailed." It is to be hoped that these children will find something better to do when they grow up than to write essays, which are pretty certain to be stupid, and which usually have a bad tendency to encourage priggishness of thought and expression, and the cultivation of that intolerable style which has been called newspaper English. It would be more to the purpose if boys and girls were taught to write a good, honest, straightforward letter, telling exactly what they see or think, in a plain, common-sense way. In the papers of the juniors on religious subjects "the diction of the boys descended sometimes to colloquial familiarity, sometimes far lower"—a depth which the horrified examiner leaves it to the imagination to conceive. Considering how much is now attempted to be taught in schools, the number of different subjects competing for attention, and the limited amount of time at the disposal of teacher and pupil, it is not surprising that there should be indications of superficial instruction. In this Report we find a complaint that juniors are not taught Latin with a view to sound scholarship; "their papers are only too suggestive of English versions and mechanical memories." The seniors came out of the ordeal more creditably, and in Greek both juniors and seniors did very well. The explanation of this is probably that Latin is taught merely as a matter of form, in order that it may be said that it is taught, while boys are put to Greek only when they show some aptitude for it. The examiners in French are not enthusiastic in their commendations; there is an improvement on former years, but "fairly creditable" is about the strongest praise they can bring themselves to award. There is a general agreement that in translation the girls are more spirited than the boys, but "translations from English to French were bad throughout." The result of the examinations in German was still less satisfactory. Many of the candidates could not translate even the passages which were set beforehand, and which might have been got up from "cribs." The impression which we derive from the reports on mathematics is that the juniors get up Euclid by rote, and are apt to give the right proposition with a wrong figure; that the seniors are not so easily caught out at Euclid, but are weak in "book-work," trigonometry, and applied mathematics. Zoology and botany are thrown in as a make-weight to compensate for deficiencies in the systematic discipline of classics and mathematics. We can hardly say we are surprised to hear that "a very common fault of students in zoology is the guessing of the answers to questions about which they know nothing"; that very few of the answers in botany "show an accurate or practical knowledge of the subject"; or that in chemistry "the papers of a majority of boys abound in references to theories of chemistry, while they show ignorance of the commonest chemicals and the simplest experimental laws," and "draw no distinction between matters of theory and of fact." As to geology, most of the candidates "appeared to have only an imperfect recollection of an elementary course of lectures, or of some very brief text-book." We are afraid that the teaching of natural history and natural philosophy is still very much in the hands of "Ph.D.'s" and graduates of Philadelphia, who make believe to teach these things because nobody would believe them if they professed to teach anything else.

#### DR. DÖLLINGER ON THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

AS the course of lectures which Dr. Döllinger has recently been delivering at Munich on the "Reunion of the Churches" is already advertised to appear in an English translation, we may have a future opportunity of noticing them as a whole. But there is one, the penultimate lecture of the series, which has a special interest for Englishmen, as giving the learned Professor's view of the Reformation in this country and of the National Church. It is often useful to be able "to see ourselves as others see us"; and, although in this case the observer is a friendly and appreciative rather than a hostile critic, and has formed an estimate remarkably accurate in many respects which prevails among high Anglican authorities, still it comes to

us with a weight and character of its own, as the criticism of an outsider who is also a man of acknowledged learning and breadth both of mind and sympathy. We have only as yet, it is true, the report of the lectures in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* to go by, but it seems to be a pretty full report, and we shall probably not run any risk of misinterpreting the author's meaning in our use of it. We may premise that Dr. Döllinger had spoken in earlier lectures of the Reformation generally as a European movement, and especially of its two chief leaders, Luther and Calvin. In the present discourse he is dealing with the English Reformation exclusively, and as its history illustrates the subsequent position of the Church of England and the state of parties within her pale. And he very properly begins by pointing out that England was, in one sense, peculiarly prepared to receive the seed transplanted from Germany to her shores, and that not so much from the teaching of those "precursors of the Reformation," Wicliffe and the Lollards, who seem never to have achieved any wide or permanent influence in the country, as from the half-ecclasiastical, half-political antagonism to Roman tyranny and extortion which had constantly found expression from the lips of our Kings and Parliaments since the end of the thirteenth century.

The origin of the English Reformation was very much what these antecedents might have led us to expect. Taking its immediate occasion from the quarrel of Henry VIII. with the Pope about the divorce question, it "received its impulse, rule, and form, not from the bosom of the people, as in Germany, but from above, from the sovereign." There was no reformer of commanding moral or intellectual power at its head, no Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon; and its theologians, such as they were, did but borrow, and usually dilute in the process, the ideas struck out at Wittenberg or Zurich. Hence, too, the movement had so little distinctive religious individuality of its own, and owed so much more to national than to theological sentiment. Macaulay has hardly exaggerated its insular character when he says in a well-known passage, that "the Reformed Church of England existed for England alone, and was an institution as purely local as the Court of Common Pleas, utterly without any machinery for foreign operations." It sprang, in short, "from a compromise," as the same writer elsewhere observes. Dr. Döllinger does not quote Macaulay, but he describes how the compromise first originated, when Henry VIII. undertook to organize a Church, Catholic in all respects except in being out of communion with the Pope, and professing to remain, as in all outward appearance it did remain, still a part of the world-wide Catholic body, of which the Roman Church was only another branch, but with himself for its Pope. There was no change of doctrine, but much change of practical discipline. And to this compromise the whole English clergy, with the exception of Bishop Fisher, submitted. It was hardly possible in any case that matters should have continued *in statu quo* after Henry's death. But in fact Rome had already exhibited what the lecturer calls "a judicial blindness" which made return impossible. Clement VII. had been content to excommunicate Henry VIII., but in 1538 his successor, Paul III., took a step which seemed as if expressly designed to alienate the nation for ever from allegiance to the See of Rome. He not only excommunicated and deposed the king, but laid the kingdom under interdict, depriving its inhabitants of all rights, civil and spiritual, and handed it over to the first orthodox invader who might be able to seize and hold it. The Bull had no direct results, but it no doubt contributed to the further development of the Reformation after Henry's death. The lecturer passes lightly over Edward's reign, during which Somerset and Cranmer were at the head of affairs, merely observing that, while their Protestant policy provoked several revolts among the people, the clergy was the class which most readily succumbed to every fresh change. From Mary's ill-omened reign Dr. Döllinger dates, correctly enough we believe, the true origin of English Protestantism. Till then the nation had remained at heart Catholic. It needed a stronger hand than Edward's and a more persuasive voice than Cranmer's to convert it to the new faith. And the impulse came from without, and from the fiercest assailant of that faith, "the terrible Paul IV.," as the lecturer calls him, "who saw the only salvation for Italy and the world in the prisons and piles of the Inquisition." It was under the auspices of his legate, Cardinal Pole, who was the real ruler of England both in religious and temporal matters, that the terrible persecution broke out in which three hundred lives were sacrificed in the space of three years. Dr. Döllinger considers that Pole, who was himself accused of heresy, and who had certainly at an earlier period of his life been one of the most zealous of the reforming party at Rome, with Sadolet, Contarini, and Caraffa (afterwards Paul IV.)—men who desired to mediate between the adherents of the old and the new theology—took this way of clearing his reputation for orthodoxy. He is so accurate a writer that we should scruple to say he is mistaken, and we are of course aware that both Mr. Froude and Dr. Hook may be quoted on the same side. But we confess that we should like to see some stronger proof of Pole's active complicity with the burning policy than has yet been produced, and we hope Dr. Döllinger will enter more fully into the question when his lectures come to be published in *extenso*. That he is perfectly right in his comment on the results there can be no doubt at all. It is undoubtedly true that hundreds of thousands of Protestant books spread over the length and breadth of England would not have done so much to further the cause as the fire of Smithfield, and that the flame then lighted has burnt on, according to

Latimer's dying prophecy, to this day. "If the hatred of everything which England calls Popery shows itself stronger and deeper after three centuries than in any other land, Queen Mary and her advisors are its authors, though it was no doubt confirmed afterwards by the Gunpowder Plot."

The great mass of the population was, however, still Catholic on the accession of Elizabeth, and, had Julius III. lived three years longer, or Pius IV. succeeded to the Papal throne a year sooner, the new Queen, who was at first undecided in her religious attitude, would probably have come to an understanding with Rome. But Paul IV., once a member of the reforming party, had adopted the spirit as well as the name of the Pope who deposed Henry VIII. He met her overtures with a peremptory claim to the absolute disposal of the English throne, and a denial of her legitimacy; and in the famous Bull *Cum ex Apostolatus officio*, recapitulated and even exaggerated the extremest pretensions of the haughtiest of his predecessors. Elizabeth replied by the Oath of Supremacy, which Dr. Dollinger observes that only 189 out of the 9,400 clergy refused; and he justly contrasts their tame submission with the courage of the thousands who sacrificed their benefices rather than acquiesce in the Puritan changes under the Commonwealth, and of the two thousand Puritan ministers who refused to submit to the restored Episcopal Church in 1662. This must, however, refer to a somewhat later period in Elizabeth's reign, when the feud between Papists and Protestants had grown irreconcilable; for the Government at first was anxious not to push matters to extremities, and in 1559 only 866 of the clergy took the Oath of Supremacy, some declining, but the great majority simply absenting themselves, and their absence being quietly connived at. Many of them, indeed, continued for some years to say the Latin mass in private, if not in public, while some combined the Latin and English forms. The bishops, however, who could not be thus passed over, were less compliant than under Henry VIII., and with a few exceptions stood their ground; and accordingly "new bishops were appointed, and validly ordained according to ecclesiastical rules, so that the episcopal succession was not then interrupted." The Liturgy of Edward VI., altered in a Catholic sense—the lecturer of course means the Second Liturgy—was again imposed by law, and the Thirty-nine Articles, "containing substantially the Protestant doctrines, but in a modified and conciliatory form"; and thus the edifice of the English Episcopal Church was completed. It differed from all the Reformed Churches of the Continent, but Elizabeth was more and more driven by political exigencies, as the head of the Protestant interest in Europe, to seek union with them. Meanwhile seminaries for training English priests "in the strictest Catholic system" were established on the Continent, and these seminarians, together with Jesuit missionaries, began to be introduced into the country in 1570, up to which time the great mass of English Catholics had regularly attended the established worship. But in that year Pius V., who had been among the fiercest of inquisitors, and, according to the Roman Breviary, was expressly raised by God to the Papal throne to crush heretics, put out the Bull *In Canis Domini*, which left his English adherents no choice between rebellion and apostasy. It anathematized not only the Queen herself, but all who acknowledged her sovereignty, "so that all Catholics who did not rebel were excommunicated, and it must have appeared to be the one object of this Pope, who had already tried to get the Queen assassinated, to stir up a general insurrection and bloody civil war in England." A series of plots, conspiracies, and rebellions followed, and the Queen's life "was daily threatened, and more so than any other in Europe," the design of the Romanizers being to place Philip of Spain on the throne. In 1585, when the Armada was fitted out, Sixtus V. issued a fresh Bull of excommunication and deposition against Elizabeth. "In view of those acts and Bulls of his predecessors, a later Pope, Urban VIII. (1623) declared that it was those Popes, Paul III., Pius V., and Sixtus V., who were responsible for the loss of England to the faith."

The English Government naturally enough met these measures by severe laws against the missionary priests, and several of them were executed, but always, it was alleged, on political, not religious, grounds. And Dr. Dollinger admits the justice of the plea. They were asked at first whether they would obey the Pope or their own Sovereign in civil matters, and those who replied in the latter sense were spared. But the Jesuits had systematized their doctrine of tyrannicide, and were teaching it far and wide by writing and word of mouth, and every monarch deposed by the Pope became at once an usurper and tyrant. Nor was the doctrine a mere abstract theory, as was shown by the murder of Henry III. of France, the frequent attempts on the life of Henry IV. and the Prince of Orange, and the "Satanic" Gunpowder Plot, in which English Jesuits were deeply implicated. And hence English Catholics were required, under James I., to abjure the deposing power, and the right of murdering princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, as a condition of toleration. But Paul V. forbade them to take the oath on pain of being refused the sacraments, and Bellarmine composed a work expressly devoted to proving its unlawfulness. To James himself, who wished to cultivate friendly relations with the Court of Rome, Paul V. replied that to deny the deposing power was heresy. It is not wonderful that the Catholics, who at the accession of Elizabeth had formed the immense majority of the population, should have dwindled by 1630, according to their own reckoning, to 150,000, notwithstanding all the labours and sufferings of the Seminary priests who had striven for above half a century to fan the dying

flame. Their unhappy condition, with treason and tyrannicide sedulously taught by their Jesuit instructors and imposed on them as articles of faith, was again and again urged on the attention of the Curia, but in vain. Rome was inexorable. Innocent X., in the middle of the seventeenth century, repeated the sentence of his predecessors against all English Catholics who took the oath of allegiance; "the right of the Popes to depose kings, abetive subjects from their oaths, and enjoin rebellion was preserved inviolate."

The English Reformation was thus, according to Dr. Dollinger, from first to last, the act, not of England, but of Rome. It was forced on the Government, and through the Government on the nation—and that in the main against its religious convictions—by the Popes themselves. The original breach occasioned under Henry VIII. by the affair of the divorce was rendered irreparable by the suicidal violence of Paul III.; the temporary restoration of Catholicism under Mary only paved the way for the conversion of the nation to Protestantism through the burning policy of Paul IV., who also forced Elizabeth against her will into an attitude of definite antagonism; Pius V. and Sixtus V. made Catholicism in England synonymous with treason, and their successors continued, in spite of all entreaty and remonstrance, to enforce the connexion under pain of excommunication. And thus, without any commanding moral impulse such as was given in Germany by Luther, without a single theologian of mark among the reformed divines, or a single man of conspicuous learning or piety among the reforming bishops, the national religion was transformed during less than half of a single reign from Catholicism to Puritanism. The subsequent development of the English Church, and of the reactionary movement instituted by "the Laudian school, the precursor of the Oxford or Ritualistic school of to-day," opens up a fresh chapter in the history of the religious life of England, which we cannot enter upon here, but which the lecturer has discussed with his wonted candour and penetration, and with a minute acquaintance, as rare as it is remarkable, with circumstances and modes of thought of which he can have had no personal experience.

#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

CHIEF among the shifting signposts that mark the advance of civilization is the tone of a people with regard to the treatment of animals. Savages, as a rule, have little feeling in the matter; and yet, perhaps, on the whole their beasts have no great cause for complaint. For good or for evil, they share the lot of their masters. An Indian's mustang may be overriden, an Esquimaux dog may be overtaken; but there is much of the *dolce far niente* in their existence. For a great part of the year they revel in the grazing of unlimited prairie land, or gorge themselves on the refuse of superabundant fish. As for African poultry and Polynesian pigs, their existence may be regarded as infinitely more enviable than that of their masters. They are suffered to fatten in peace, while their owners are slaughtering, capturing, and torturing each other in internecine strife. If they do occasionally fall as an offering to the fetish, the pangs of a lingering death are not regarded as part of the acceptable sacrifice to the deity, and in blissful unconsciousness they meet the sharp stroke of the priestly knife. It is rather in the intermediate stage that animals are worse off, when men get overcrowded, receive arts and laws, and begin to take order with themselves. A want of elbow-room leads to a struggle for existence, and is followed by a craving for artificial excitement. Dumb animals go to the wall; they are over-worked and under-fed. There is no educated opinion to take them under its protection; there are no special laws to protect them from ill-usage. Hence, as men are forbidden to compel their fellows to play at murder, as the populace is denied the satisfaction of gloating over human forms writhing in a blood-stained arena, they fall back on the next best thing, and entertain themselves with bull-fights, cock-fights, and Roman horse-races. We English have certainly earned the right to speak on this subject, and in the course of a generation or two have made some progress in humanity. Public feeling has set strongly against all that savours overtly of inhumanity; we have passed some stringent laws in the same sense, and can boast an energetic and well-organized Society whose object is to enforce them. And yet we may perhaps speak with the more persuasiveness since we have little right to give ourselves airs of superiority. It is not so very long ago that badger-baiting, dog-fighting, and cock-fighting held recognized rank among our "manly" sports. The cock-fight, indeed, was far more of an institution among our magnates than the training-stable is nowadays, inasmuch as the birds could be bred, fed, trained, and fought more cheaply and easily than horses. We say nothing of the prize-ring; for those who entered it ranked by courtesy as something better than the brutes, and, to do them justice, they sometimes were so. The English upper classes were guilty of practising fashionable, systematic, and gratuitous cruelty, and yet one thing we may fairly urge in extenuation. A certain rough spirit of fairplay presided at these "amusements." The animals were paired before they were pitted, the man who matched and fought them generally delighted in sports that required them to harden and danger. A typical patron of the Ring and everything sporting was probably "a proper man of his time," himself, had often proved his manhood in his own and his country's sports, and had strained highly-trained muscles over some well-earned



This, we conceive, is where we may really have cause for self-conviction in contrasting ourselves with our neighbours. The Southern races, notably Italians and Spaniards, please themselves with spectacles where cruelty is the object, not a mere incident. We do them no injustice in saying so; it has been an immemorial tradition of their training, and ancient and contemporary history can be quoted in proof of it. As the effeminate Roman gallant of the Lower Empire, floating in purple and fragrant with essences, lolled critically over the arena where hardy barbarians were matched in the death-struggle, where helpless martyrs were being rent limb from limb by Libyan lions and Hyrcanian tigers, so the Romans of our day gather from palaces as from hovels to the horse-races at a holiday blessed by his Holiness, and often graced by his sacred presence. We know what those horse-races are; we have often heard of them, if we have not seen them—a dozen or so of miserable screws, scared to death as they gallop over greasy pavements between yelling crowds, till they scarcely feel the balls with the spikes that, tearing from their trappings and gore their flanks. In the same way the modern Iberian exchanges the excitement of cards and rattling *roulette* at the club for the comfortable seat where he can calmly abandon himself to his sensations as the slow drama of the bull-fight works on to its inevitable termination. Unlike the game-cock and the British bull-dog, both Roman horses and Spanish bulls are made passively to minister to pleasures which they never share. The horses are in abject terror when they are not in mortal pain. The bull enters, morose, shy, and sullen, to be goaded slowly into the ungovernable rage that betrays him to the organized attack of his enemies. The game can have but a single ending. Let the bull charge as gallantly as he will, he must at last be trailed out ignominiously at the tail of the mulas. No grace is given him, even if he gladden the hearts of the crowded ring with the sight of a dozen of disembowelled horses, spurred staggering about the arena to the plaudits of bright-eyed beauties. It seems to us to be pushing charity to absurdity to say that a people is not deliberately cruel when, from the highest to the lowest, it encourages sports like these. It is quite another thing, however, to assert that the public may not be brought to think and act differently, although, when immemorial practices of this sort are general, education must necessarily be a work of time.

When these are the national sports, it follows almost necessarily that the brutes will have small consideration shown them in matters that concern the everyday business of life. We can vouch from personal experience that the *Times* Correspondent who has been writing lately on this subject from Rome rather tones matters down than exaggerates them. For instance, he mentions with a discreet reserve the assurance given him by an acquaintance that it is the Italian practice to skin kids alive for the sake of enhancing the quality of the skin. We recollect an Italian cook of prepossessing exterior, and with excellent testimonials to character, and to all appearance a most respectable person, who owned to habitually skinning rabbits alive. She chanced to be detected in the act, owing to the heartrending cries of the wretched animals, and certainly she could neither plead thoughtlessness nor doubt that they were suffering acutely. As for horses, Italy is their Inferno. An average vetturino animal would fancy himself transported to paradise if he woke in the shafts of a London four-wheeler. You may see in regular employment gaunt skeletons whose anatomy seems to work by such posthumous vitality as continues motion in a guillotined trunk or a decapitated eel. They have just sufficient flesh on their bones to tempt the poisonous horse-flies that swarm in the rich Lombard lowlands or invigorate their venom in the lower ranges of the Alps. Frequently you see them obviously lame when starting on a journey of a week's duration. Often you may detect the twitch and shudder each time the miserable animal raises and bends its broken knee. How they sustain even such animation as they show on the wretched sustenance they are supplied with, is a standing mystery to the traveller who observes them from the *coupé* of his lumbering vehicle. He may suffer in their sufferings, yet, humane as he may be, what can he do but go home to England? If he appeals to the vetturino's feelings, or even to his interests, the man would only laugh in his face, unless influenced by the idea of the *buona-mano*. So long as he is temporary master of the unhappy cattle, the stranger may procure them some alleviation of their sufferings. If he elect to repudiate his contract and forfeit his money, he knows that they will have to work on all the same in less considerate service. If he try his luck with another carriage-master, it is more than likely that he will not change for the better. Yet beneath the horse of the vetturino are lower depths still. Take, for instance, such promiscuous carriages as the Neapolitan *corricolo*. The vetturino permits his horse to have his *scudo*; the *corricolo* driver, never. The former must perforce set some limits to his load; the latter none whatever. With priests and peasant women sitting three or four deep in the lofty body, with men and lads clustered along the shafts like flies, with children heaped in the net below like oranges, the *corricolo* horse is condemned to a perpetual shambling gallop, fore and hind legs alternately doing the work by spasmodic jerks. To be sure they move on roads that would be tolerable but for the clouds of dust that stifle their panting lungs. There they have the advantage of their brethren whose lot is cast in cities. The stranger in Rome, where the taste for riding is so prevalent, would almost as soon think of taking his morning canter on the ice of the *Capriccio* as of trusting himself on horseback within the city

gates. He performs the city part of his picnic journey to Ostia or Veil in a four-wheel carriage. Thus he ensures the safety of his own legs and ribs, separating his fate from that of the horses that draw him. Slipping about on smooth pavements, in perpetual peril of a strain, no wonder that Roman horses get nervous. Even the most fortunate of them, those sleek animals which amble in the coaches with the symbolical umbrella overhead, seem to get an anxious look about the eyes. It can only be the repeas of the annual *villaggiatura* that keeps them in tolerable condition, for elsewhere they can know no peace of mind from the time they are taken up from the breeding-grounds of the Campagna. As for the less lucky beasts, born in or descended into the hard service of the Roman plebs, sprains and strains go for nothing with them. They must stumble along in life till nature shakes itself to pieces.

In short, there is so much to be done by an Italian Society for the suppression of cruelty to animals, that we can well understand philanthropists shrinking back in discouragement. Their field is co-extensive with the Peninsula. It would be invidious, if not impossible, to institute prosecutions for acts that are of hourly, if not inevitable, occurrence. You must have horse labour in Rome, and until Rome is entirely repaved the Roman horses must suffer horribly. It would be impossible to license Neapolitan *corricoli* to carry only a limited number of passengers without exciting the *lazzaroni* and *contadini* to rise under some modern Masaniello. Unless you are prepared to restore the terraced gardens of the Apennines to their natural barrenness you cannot compel a peasant who has nothing but furze and cabbage-stalks to feed his starving donkey properly. Yet the fact of the evil being so grave and so general should only be an argument the more for dealing with it. Everything must have a beginning, and the natural beginning is to preach down from higher places to popular opinion by precept and example. In England we boast with some reason of our humanity, yet there are blots enough lingering in our social system in contempt of sentiment or defiance of law. Were our horses *houyhnhnms*, they would have plenty of scope for agitation in vindication of their rights. The grand staple-chaos of the season shows a list of casualties which might have shocked any unsophisticated Southerner who assisted at it. We too often parch and starve our cattle as they travel to market. A good deal of needless maiming and crippling goes on at our battues, and the middle of the nineteenth century has witnessed the introduction of pigeon-shooting as a fashionable entertainment for the fair sex. Still, in spite of all, we have laws on the statute-book which we are willing to enforce, and there is no question as to the tone of English public feeling. If the Italians mean to assert the position in civilization to which they are entitled to aspire, they may as well decide on promptly starting in the path which they must surely tread sooner or later.

## KIRKSTALL.

THE great Cistercian movement of the twelfth century has left its mark in a singular way on the taste and speech of the nineteenth. The companions of St. Bernard are the men who, if they have not, like Sultan Mahmoud, supplied us with ruined villages, have at least supplied us with ruined abbeys. We believe that there is a class by no means small among articulate-speaking men to whom the word "abbey" simply means "ruin," except perhaps when the name is transferred to houses built "in the abbey style," which commonly means that they have pointed windows without any tracery. What is thought of "abbeys" in such an exceptional state as those of Westminster and Bath it is not for us to guess. It is so distinctly understood that an abbey, to be an abbey, must be unroofed and have its walls broken down, that it is not unnaturally inferred that every building in such a state must be an abbey. A castle is perhaps an exception. We do not remember to have heard of Caernarvon or Chesham Abbey. Otherwise abbeys are ruins, and ruins are abbeys. What people think the abbeys were before they were ruined, or whether they think that they were, like some freaks of modern caprice, built as ruins from the beginning, is a mystery too deep to be pried into.

All this mainly comes of the Cistercians. A ruined abbey is commonly a Cistercian abbey. The rule is not universal, but it is near enough to make it a presumption that a monastic ruin of the regulation kind is Cistercian. The older houses, the Benedictine houses, for the most part either arose in towns, or else towns rose around them. Now in a town a genuine picturesque ruined abbey can hardly be. The practical necessities of town life cannot afford to devote any large space of ground to the pious contemplation of ruins. And the picturesque associations of the genuine "abbey" are hardly possible in the midst of a busy centre of men. The great mass of the Benedictine buildings have therefore either utterly perished or else exist, wholly or partially, as cathedral or parochial churches. The large class of churches which were divided between the monks and the parishioners supplied that class of mutilated buildings where the nave is standing and the choir has perished. But a Benedictine church, neither destroyed nor preserved nor cut in half, but surviving in the form of a picturesque ruined abbey, though perhaps not absolutely unknown, is certainly far from common. It was the Cistercian movement of the twelfth century which covered the vales and river-sides of England with those religious houses which still exist in the form of the "ruined

abbeys" of popular speech. That movement in England was the counterpart of the Benedictine movement in Normandy a hundred years earlier. Then we read that no Norman nobleman thought his estate perfect unless he had planted a colony of monks in some corner or other of it. So it was in England, especially in Northern England, in the days of the Cistercian reform. The causes which gave the movement a special vogue in Northern England are obvious. Northumberland was left almost without monks through the whole time between the coming of the Danes and the coming of the Normans. A few Benedictine foundations arose in the period of the Conquest itself. The hut of a wanderer from Auxerre grew by William's own help into the great minster of Selby. Ealdwine and his companions from Winchcombe revived the monastic life at Jarrow and Monk-Wearmouth, and from them the Benedictine rule spread to the great church of Durham itself. The metropolitan church at York always remained secular, but, just beyond the walls of old Eboracum, Earl Siward's church of St. Olaf of Gaimanbo grew into the Abbey of St. Mary. This was about all between Tient and Tyne—a contrast indeed to the crowd of great monastic houses in that diocese of Worcester from which Ealdwine set forth and with which the see of York long kept up so close a connexion. The land indeed lay open as the chosen field for the new monastic movement. Yorkshire, with its hills, and dales, and rivers, its natural wastes and the artificial wastes created by the stern policy of the Conqueror, was ready made to be occupied by Cistercian settlements. The monks of the new rule deliberately shunned the haunts of men. Whether they deliberately sought for scenes of natural beauty may be doubted; but at all events they stumbled upon them. When men set out to seek uninhabited places where the two great necessities of wood and water are to be found in plenty, the chances are that, whether they design it or not, the sites which they light upon will turn out to be highly picturesque. The Cistercians occupied wildernesses, and they carried with them agriculture and the arts. But it rarely happened that a Cistercian abbey became the nucleus of a town, like the more ancient houses of Peterborough and Crowland. The growth of modern towns has sometimes invaded the Cistercian retreats, but while the monasteries lasted, the Cistercians probably discouraged the growth of younger towns, just as they avoided choosing the older towns as a dwelling-place. Hence it follows that the Cistercian monasteries have seldom been, like the Benedictine, either entirely swept away or preserved, wholly or partially, as existing churches. Sometimes they have become private dwelling-places, as at Woburn and Newstead. But more commonly their skeletons or ghosts survive in the form of ruined abbeys. They have been unroofed and dismantled, but it has seldom been the interest of any one wholly to pull them down. For the same reasons, the ruined Cistercian abbey commonly preserves its monastic buildings in a more perfect state than any other. When a Benedictine monastery survives as a parish church, its domestic buildings have commonly utterly vanished; now and then some fragment is turned to lay uses. When it survives as a cathedral church, the monastic buildings have been cut up into canons' houses. The Cistercian houses commonly still keep their refectories, dormitories, and the rest, neglected, ruined, mutilated, it may be, but at least not turned into probendal drawing-rooms and nurseries.

The result of this peculiar destiny of the Cistercian houses has been that they have won a higher place in popular estimation than they in strictness deserve. Few Cistercian churches were absolutely of the first rank. Fountains stands almost alone in having any claim to rank alongside of Benedictine churches like Gloucester, Peterborough, and Glastonbury. But, while they attract the common observer by their picturesque sites and by the vague charm which seems to attach to their ruined state, they supply the scientific inquirer with better opportunities than can be had anywhere else of studying the domestic arrangements of a monastery. And the churches themselves, though not rivaling the vast scale of the episcopal and greater abbatial churches, constantly present forms of the highest architectural beauty. A large proportion of them are built in the purest form of the graceful style of the thirteenth century. Others belong, to a somewhat earlier time, in cases where churches have been preserved which date from the first foundation of the monasteries in the twelfth century. As belonging to the later days of Romanesque, they supply excellent studies of the stages by which that style gradually gave way to the fully developed forms of Gothic art.

Among this earlier class a high place must be given to the well-known abbey of Kirkstall. Its picturesque site on a hill-side gently sloping to the Aire is now hardly clear of the smoke of Leeds and its suburbs, at the time of its foundation the place must have been a wilderness. It was chosen, like so many other monastic sites, as being rich in the two great monastic necessities of wood and water. It is described in the local history as "*locus nemorosus et frugibus intecundus, locus bonis fere destitutus, præter ligna et lapides et vallem amœnam cum aqua fluminis quæ vallis medium præterfluebat*." But, as at Bec and in so many other cases, the site on which the monastery was finally fixed was not that which had been first chosen. The history, which will be found in the fifth volume of the *Monasticon*, is well worth reading, as an example of the difficulties and vicissitudes which seem always to have beset the early years of a newly founded monastery. For our purpose it is enough to say that the existing buildings of Kirkstall Abbey, of the foundation of Henry of Leicestershire, a grandson of the famous Ilbert of Domesday, were begun in 1153 by the first Abbot, Alexander, who had been Prior of

Fountains, and who led his spiritual solway from that monastery, itself then a foundation of only about twenty years' standing, to their new home at Kirkstall. Abbot Alexander sat for thirty years, and we read that within that time he carried on architectural works with remarkable zeal and success. He was able during his lifetime to build all the chief buildings of the monastery in a permanent form. He built the church, cloister, chapter-house, two dormitories, two refectories, and the other buildings that were needed. In the words of the history:—

*In diebus illis erecta sunt ædificia de Kirkstall ex lapide et lignis delatis. Ecclesia videlicet et utrumque dormitorium, monachorum adlocet et conversorum, utrumque etiam refectorium, claustrum, et capitulum ab aliis officinæ infra abbatiam necessariis, et hæc omnia tegulis optime cooperta.*

The Abbot was unusually lucky in being able to carry out such great works during a first incumbency. Few first abbots of any order lived, like Alexander and the more famous Herwin of Bec, to see their societies so thoroughly organized and possessed of such a perfect and elaborate set of buildings. And we may count him lucky also in that so large a portion of his work still exists for our own study. The church of Kirkstall, as it arose between 1152 and 1182, has never been rebuilt, nor has it been very largely either altered or mutilated. The ground-plan remains as its founder designed it. The chief later changes were the insertion of some Perpendicular windows, especially a great one at the east end, some of the usual tampering with the gables, and the raising of the single central tower. This last addition was most likely the cause of the only important mutilation. About 1792 a large part of the tower fell, leaving the tower itself in a strangely shattered state, and of course crushing a great deal of the central part of the church. Otherwise it would seem that the church had hardly suffered at all beyond the process of unroofing, which, we suppose, is of itself enough to raise any building to the rank of a ruin. The church is therefore nearly perfect, and it bears in all its fulness the impress of the date and circumstances under which it arose. It is just such a church as we should expect to be built by a brotherhood of a young order whose zeal was still warm. It is plain and stern, but in no way rude or unfinished. The simplicity of the ground-plan is thoroughly Cistercian. The eastern limb is short, the choir having occupied the space under the tower and the two eastern bays of the western limb. There are no choir-aisles, no surrounding chapels, no projecting Lady Chapel or procession path in any form, nothing but three chapels projecting from the east side of each transept, divided from one another and from the eastern limb by solid walls, and giving a dark, stern, and cavernous look to the whole eastern part of the church. Allowing for a few later insertions, the style of architecture throughout the church, and through a large part of the domestic buildings, is altogether uniform, and is plainly the unaltered work of Abbot Alexander. It shows that stage of the transition when the pointed arch had come into general use for constructive purposes, but when it had not yet been applied to the arches of smaller and decorative openings. Throughout the church of Kirkstall all the constructive arches, the pier arches and the arches of the vaulting, are pointed without a single exception. The arches of the doors and windows and the other smaller arches, equally without exception, remain round. This rule, so strictly followed in the church itself, is not quite so strictly followed in the contemporary conventual buildings, but it may fairly be looked upon as the rule of the architect throughout. The same plainness and severity which we see in the ground-plan we also see in the side elevations. Each bay consists simply of the pier arch and of a single clerestory window pierced in the wall above. There is no triforium-stage between the arcade and the clerestory, nor are the clerestory windows provided with any subordinate arches, nor is any passage made among them. But, on the other hand, though the triforium is wanting, we do not find that bare space between the arcade and the clerestory which we find in many churches of the German Romanesque, and at home in the later Cistercian church of Tintern. Such an arrangement, unless it is filled up with the mosaics of Ravenna, always looks bare, unfinished, and inharmonious. It always shows a lack of design, while at Kirkstall there is no lack of design, though there is throughout a seemingly intentional lack of ornament. The aisles, the small chapels, and the eastern limb were vaulted; the nave was not; the fact that the eastern limb is vaulted shows that the lack of vaulting in the nave is intentional, and not owing to want of skill or daring enough to vault so wide a space. While the first fervour of Cistercian zeal was still warm, it was probably deemed a duty to do well whatever needed to be done at all, but a vault and a triforium were most likely looked on as needless luxuries.

The domestic remains at Kirkstall are very large, and in some points puzzling. As far as we can make out, they have never been thoroughly examined and mapped out as they deserve to be. If they have ever so been done, we shall be glad to learn the fact and to see the book in which it is done. The two dormitories of Abbot Alexander are plainly enough to be seen, that of the monks attached to the south transept, and that of the convent parallel to it on the west side of the cloister. The double refectory may also be seen on the south of the cloister, parallel to the nave. But there seem to have been a good many changes in this part of the buildings, changes not only due to alterations of later date, but to changes of design while the work was going on. This is a place to examine puzzles of this sort in detail, and which should be thoroughly wrought out by some one, rather than we would not recommend it to be so.

examination would be quite worthy even of the hand which has called up again the domestic buildings of Christ Church, Canterbury.

# THE THEATRES.

THE production of *Cymbeline* at the Queen's Theatre is, we think, the most successful Shakspearian revival that has been accomplished at that house. We had expected much from Miss Hodson in the part of Imogen, and we are bound to say that she surpassed our expectations. An audience of Shakspeare in Easter week is likely to be drawn more from the lower than the middle and upper class of playgoers; and it surely is a sign of healthy taste among the mass of Londoners that all the cheaper parts of this theatre should be filled to overflowing with orderly and attentive listeners. There is, generally speaking, no lack of intelligence in pit or galleries; but something was wanting either in speakers or hearers in the scene where King Cymbeline refuses to pay tribute to Augustus Caesar. The words—

Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses—

express in homely language a popular sentiment which might be thought specially appropriate to present circumstances. With this exception the audience showed itself fully appreciative of the performance, and in particular it was obvious that they suppressed their tendency to applaud Imogen in order not to lose a word she uttered. Their silence was thus a greater compliment than noisy demonstrations of approval.

We should not have selected this play as specially suitable for revival. It labours under the disadvantage of speaking plainly of that which in so many modern plays is more or less obscurely indicated. The subject is unpleasant, and only the grace and tenderness of Imogen renders the story of Iachimo's false accusation interesting. This age is sufficiently familiar with adultery, actual or imputed, but it is still able to feel disgust at a wager by a husband on the result of an assault on his wife's chastity. Shakspeare has, however, contrived to commend both Imogen and Posthumus powerfully to our sympathy before he approaches that part of their adventures which might shock us. Almost the first words they speak are these:—

IMO. My dearest husband,  
You must be gone, and I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.  
POST. My queen! my mistress!  
Oh lady, weep no more. I will remain  
The loyal husband that did e'er plight troth.

It is very high praise to say of any actor in the part of Posthumus that the love of Imogen can be lavished on him in this scene without absurdity. The more perfectly she does her part the more intolerable would be any shortcoming in his. There are scenes later in the play in which a skilful actor may more strongly move his audience, but the impression made by this first scene is likely to be indelible, and even when Imogen is absent from the stage, she is present to the memory to supply a standard by which we measure every word, look, and gesture of the man who should be worthy of such a woman's love. It is proper that Posthumus, as a devoted husband, should say to his charming wife:—

I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss.

But these words ought not to be too manifestly true. The management is fortunate in possessing in Mr. George Rignold an actor who has done well whatever he has attempted at this theatre. His appearance as Posthumus in this scene is all that can be desired, and if there are one or two passages in other scenes to which he is hardly equal, it must be owned that they are very difficult. Only actors of the highest genius arrive at a mastery of their art while yet retaining that physical perfection of manly strength and beauty which is inseparable from our ideal of the British hero Posthumus. Veteran playgoers tell us that the elder Kean was, and always will be, unsurpassed in the character of Othello, and yet we think that he must have had some difficulty in the first act in persuading the audience that Desdemona could fall in love with him. Doubtless when it comes to concentrated passion, as where he says, "I'll tear her all to pieces," Kean could produce an effect upon his audience which is utterly unapproachable by his many imitators, and which, indeed, they should be earnestly advised not to attempt. If they are so fortunate as to possess what Homer calls the very glorious gifts of the Gods, they had better trust to them, and leave nature to do that part of the work to which such art as they have attained is manifestly unequal. If once the sympathy of an audience is fully enlisted by Othello or Posthumus, it may with moderate skill be preserved until the curtain falls. The love of Imogen for her banished husband can hardly fail to make him interesting, especially if he shows something of the quality of the oak to which so fair a plant might cling. The poetry of these early scenes belongs to the common life of ordinary people. The play is indeed eminently British. The story, the sentiments, the scenery, and above all the birds and flowers which adorn it, are all native, and in the best sense homely. Imogen had "most pretty things to say" when her leave-taking was interrupted. She would have bade Posthumus swear fidelity, and say his prayers at the same time

as she says here, and would have given him a parting kiss between two charming words; but then comes in her father,

And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,  
Shakes all our heads from growing.

If the play had been produced one week earlier, the force of this illustration would have been felt by every shivering witness of the boat-race. The difficult character of Iachimo falls naturally to Mr. Ryder, whose experience as a stage villain is probably unrivalled; and the scene in which he persuades Posthumus to make a wager with him on his wife's chastity is very effective. "If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a drachm, you cannot preserve it from tainting." This opinion might well displease the husband of a modern Imogen; but he would hardly imitate Posthumus in his manner of confuting it. However, we must grant something to dramatic exigency. The scene in Imogen's chamber would be impossible without the wager, and therefore we must tolerate a sort of collusion between husband and would-be co-respondent which is probably unparalleled in the Divorce Court. It is a remarkable proof of the superiority which Shakspeare generally preserved over his age that, while he makes Iachimo in this chamber scene depict in glowing language the beauty of the sleeping Imogen, he avoids using any word which would offend a modern ear. This speech is excellently spoken by Mr. Ryder, and as he returns with his prize, the bracelet, to the chest, and shuts down the lid, the beautiful song, "Hark, hark, the lark" is heard beneath the chamber window. The silence of night or earliest dawn, in which Iachimo perpetrates his villainy, is broken by that delicious chorus, "My lady sweet, arise!" We do not think this scene was ever better managed on any stage, and it deserved and obtained the profound attention of the audience.

The disagreeable portion of this play is confined within the first half of it. Iachimo produces the stolen bracelet in proof that he has won the wager, and Posthumus delivers himself of curses against all womankind, of which the heaviest is that they may have their will—

The very devils cannot plague them better.

Then he directs Pisanio to lure Imogen from her father's house and murder her. The scene where he shows her husband's letter to her, and she bids him fulfil the order for her death, enabled Miss Hodson to deepen the impression which she had already made:—

I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit  
The innocent manhood of my love, my heart.

And then she throws away the love-letters which she had carried next her heart, and kneels to receive the stroke which Pisanio will not give. Again, when she puts on boy's clothes and arrives faint and hungry at the cave of Belarius and his young companions, she powerfully interests her audience.—

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.

Miss Hodson has not the stature which Shakspeare has ascribed to his other girl-boy Rosalind, but if any admirer said that she was just as high as his heart he would express the general feeling of the theatre. The part of Belarius belongs almost by right to Mr. Marston, who not only speaks his own speeches effectively, but seems to have transmitted some of his elocutionary skill along with his hunting lore to his supposed sons. The beautiful lines which they speak over the senseless body of Imogen, like those which were sung for a *révelles* beneath her window, are redolent of that rural England which Shakspeare knew and loved so well:—

Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The azur'd hare-bell like thy veins.

The remembrance of this poetry may give pleasure even in the gloomy spring-time which we are now enduring. The last act of the play is rather heavy reading, but a judicious manager can put plenty of life and stir with small intellectual effort into the battle; and then comes the confession of Iachimo, the repentance of Posthumus, and the restoration of Imogen to her husband, and of herself and her long-lost brothers to her father. The success of this revival is complete. It is due first to Miss Hodson's excellent acting, and secondly to the admirable manner in which Mr. Ryder as stage-manager has superintended the details of the performance. It is, we think, the most complete work of the kind that has of late years been done. Even the physician who has to speak five lines speaks well. We should expect even greater results in the future from perseverance in the plan of striving after every kind of excellence.

The fashion of literary association, voluntary or involuntary, seems to be gaining ground on the modern stage. Sir Walter Scott wrote *Ivanhoe*, Mr. Andrew Halliday adapted it, and somebody else has burlesqued the adaptation. The young lady who performs *Ivanhoe* at the Court Theatre brings upon the stage a cross higher than herself, and we are doubtful whether this incident, which did not occur at Drury Lane, has been introduced under an impression that it is comic. It is at any rate satisfactory to observe that before the young lady in question takes part in a breakdown she deposits the symbol of Christianity in a corner. This burlesque has obtained a renewed lease of life probably because the manager felt that some relief was necessary to the overwhelming solemnity of the "romantic drama" which precedes it. The tragic darkness of *Broken Spells* is not indeed wholly unrelieved by comic scenes. But forgetting, if we can forget, the hide-and-seek business of the second act, the impres-

sion left by the remainder of the piece is that of intense, unmitigated gloom. As the characters are not historical, there was no necessity for fixing upon the First French Empire as the period of the play, and certainly the hideous fashions of that period did not need revival. We feel much sympathy both with the authors of this play and with the actors in it, who have all done their best, although not, we think, very successfully, to realize a lofty conception of dramatic art. The piece is undeniably well written, but we could have wished that there had been rather more to write about. A more barren and dreary subject was perhaps never selected by a dramatist, and the moody perversity of Bertrand, who insists that he and Estelle shall depart together out of a world which uses them unkindly, inspires not so much awe or compassion as a disposition to make fun. We admit that Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Ada Cavendish do their utmost for the piece, and we should like to see them better engaged. The author ought to be much obliged to any lady who will consent to wear the unsightly dress which is supposed to be appropriate to the period of the play. This fashion belongs to that large class of which the prototype was set when the fox who had lost his tail persuaded the other foxes to cut off their tails. By a self-deny-ing arrangement symmetry confounds itself with shapelessness. There is mention in the play of the Emperor Napoleon I., but any potentate of any age and country would do as well, and we do not think that the absurdity of this "happy despatch" ought in fairness to be ascribed to one people or period rather than another. Bertrand, having twice vainly solicited Estelle's company into the unknown world, departs thither alone. His speeches are well written and well delivered, but we cannot conceive that such a character can become popular. It is, indeed, abhorrent to ordinary English ideas, while that of Posthumus, notwithstanding his unseemly wager on his wife's honour, contains much that is in accordance with them. Although Bertrand is rejected by Estelle's parents, he still retains her love, and that, if he were not a poor sniveller, ought to be enough. And even if he had lost her heart, there are other hearts that may be won. But for poisoning oneself it is, as *lago* says, clean out of the way; and to ask the lady to poison herself for company is a manifestation of diseased vanity. Wishing well to this play, we cannot but fear that it contains only the elements of transient success.

## REVIEWS.

### FERGUSSON'S RUDE STONE MONUMENTS.\*

MOST scholars who have paid much attention to the study of the antiquities of Britain will be familiar with the attempt made by Mr. Algernon Herbert, in his *Cyclops Christianus*, to "disprove the antiquity of Stonehenge and other Megalithic Erections in England and Brittany." The conclusion to which Mr. Herbert came, that Stonehenge was a work of the dark period of "renewed British independence," the time between the departure of the Romans and the coming of the English, has not met with any general acceptance. But it was assuredly not from any want either of learning or ingenuity on the part of its author that Mr. Herbert's theory failed to make its way. We are certainly far from accepting his views; but we can not the less recognize in him a real scholar, a man who did not play with his subject, but in whose views, whether we hold them to be sound or not, we see the result of real study and real thought. Mr. Herbert at least won for himself a right to be heard and a right to be answered, and his theories, though seldom accepted, have always been treated with respect by scholars whose researches have led them on the same ground. Mr. Herbert, to us at least, lives so completely in his books, that we really know not whether he be alive or dead in the flesh. We conceive his very name to be unknown beyond the small circle which finds an interest in the somewhat obscure studies to which he gave himself. The impression which his writings give us is that of one who loved his work for his work's sake, who wrote for special students only, and who was probably not disappointed at making no impression whatever on the general public. But to those who know that a certain view of a subject has been taken up by one whom no scholar need despise as an antagonist, there is something a little provoking in seeing a view which is nearly the same at once taking its place on men's lips when it is set forth with all due pretentiousness by one of the clever popular writers of the day. Mr. Herbert's views, right or wrong, were undoubtedly the result of real study, probably the result of the labours of a life. Mr. Fergusson's views have, according to his own account, been formed after a fashion which is by no means uncommon, but which few people acknowledge in quite so ostentatious a way. He tells us in his preface, "I have spared . . . no haste in forming my conclusions." We can quite understand that, as some people have thought that mischief was too precious a thing to be wasted, so writers of Mr. Fergusson's school may look on "haste" from the same point of view. To Mr. Fergusson—we are sure, quite unlike Mr. Herbert—haste seems so valuable that he has taken care not to spare any of it. We see the result. There are many conclusions in his book in forming which it is plain that "no haste" has been "spared."

Mr. Fergusson is not a new or unknown writer. He has already made himself a name as the author of the memorable sentence—"Paris, in the time of Charlemagne, had been the centre of a great and powerful empire." He has also made himself a name by the odd belief that Constantine built the Mosque of Omar, and by the still queerer process of insulting Mr. Finlay because he happened to have a brother whose name was not Finlay, but Macgregor. This last vagary was oddly enough avenged the other day, when we saw in the *Times* a mention of a gentleman bearing the same Christian and surname as Mr. Fergusson, but who had a brother whose name was Dalrymple. And Mr. Fergusson's strictly historical speculations have always caused us special interest. Mr. Fergusson, a clever man by nature, saw that architecture could not be studied to any profit except in connexion with the political history of the countries in which the several styles arose. His attempt to connect the two was in itself praiseworthy; but, undertaken as it was without any grounding in historical geography, the result was the most ingenious confusion. The confusion is strictly ingenious; if Mr. Fergusson had not been naturally a very clever man, his blunders might have been of a less taking kind. Orkney was in the fifteenth century pledged to Scotland; therefore St. Magnus in the twelfth century is set down as an example of "the architecture of Scotland," but with the unconscious remark that the early Scottish buildings "resemble much more what is found at Trondhjem in Norway than anything at Caen or in the South of Europe." Somewhat later in the fifteenth century Bern conquered Vaud from Savoy; therefore the wonderful church of Romainmoutier, perhaps unique as an example of the eighth century, is set down as an example of "Swiss architecture," and we are treated to grave ethnological speculations accordingly. Then there are the endless wild theories about Turanians, Pelasgians, Phœnicians, Dorians, Teutons, and what not, the usual chaos to be found in the brain of a clever writer who has gone through no scholarly training either at the hands of others or of himself. When a writer of this kind turns his mind towards the subject of megalithic monuments, and "spares no haste" in "forming his conclusions," the results may be expected to be very remarkable, and very remarkable they are.

One thing to be noticed at starting is the utter untrustworthiness of a large proportion of Mr. Fergusson's facts. Inferences with regard to primeval antiquities have to be made from an examination and comparison of a vast number of examples in all parts of the world. It is quite impossible that Mr. Fergusson or any other man should examine them all for himself. Every inquirer must take a good deal on the evidence of other inquirers; but then a man who is himself to be trusted will soon find out who is to be trusted and who is not. A scientific antiquary will easily discern the brother scientific antiquary whose drawings and measurements are as much to be trusted as his own, from the wild theorist or the more picturesque draughtsman whose reports are simply good for nothing. Now it is astounding to see the kind of evidence on which Mr. Fergusson relies throughout, how vast a proportion of his illustrations are second-hand, copied from this book and the other book, without any personal examination on his own part, and without any report from any trustworthy witness. Sometimes indeed Mr. Fergusson is himself startled at the worthlessness of his own authorities. For instance, he has a chapter on Algeria, and we have a number of woodcuts copied from a local publication, whose author is described as "a M. Féraud, interpreter to the army of Algeria." What may be M. Féraud's position as a primeval antiquary we have no means of knowing, but Mr. Fergusson himself, in copying one of his woodcuts, makes the following startling admission:—"I have been obliged to take some liberties with Mr. Féraud's cuts; the plan and elevation are so entirely discrepant that one or both must be wrong. I have brought them a little more into harmony." In another place, in Biscay, Mr. Fergusson tells us that "the woodcut is copied from one in" (the New York) "Frank Leslie's 'Illustrated News';" which is itself taken from a French illustrated journal. "I do not doubt," continues Mr. Fergusson, "that the American copy is a correct reproduction of the French original; but there may be exaggerations in the first. . . . I wish, however, we had some more reliable [sic] information on the subject." These warnings on the part of Mr. Fergusson are no doubt very praiseworthy, but when a compiler has to alter his authorities, "one or both of which must be wrong," "in order to bring them a little more into harmony," we venture to think that, whichever of the originals may be wrong, his conjectural improvement is almost sure to be wrong, and we learn to look with great doubt on any of his illustrations whatsoever. In this frame of mind we reserve our belief in the astonishing monument which is engraved at p. 337, and which Mr. Fergusson has not unnaturally chosen as the ornament for the outside of his book. If Mr. Fergusson has seen with his own eyes a huge stone, like the capstone of a cromlech, resting on four or five "columns of Gothic"—he means Romanesque—"design," which "belong undoubtedly to the twelfth century or thereabouts"—still more if he can bring half-a-dozen scientific antiquaries to act as his comparators—we may believe that there is something in it. Till then, after the admissions which Mr. Fergusson has made—and the two which we have quoted are not all—we decline to accept anything whatever simply on the strength of an illustration in his book.

Mr. Fergusson seems to have set about his task in a very odd frame of mind. If it were not important, we should be inclined to ask about him the same question which Mr. William Arnold once asked about Mr. Francis Newman: "What was he

\* *Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries; their Age and Uses.* By James Fergusson, D.D., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1872.



can Mr. Fergusson have lived? He goes forth to do battle against Druids and dragons, as if he were still in the days of Stukeley. His head is as full as Colonel Forbes Leslie's of "naked forefathers" covered with blue paint. Who may have been the forefathers of Mr. Fergusson, whether we are to trust his Celtic beginning or his Teutonic ending, is too subtle a question for us. But, at all events, let Mr. Fergusson speak of his own private forefathers, and not father Druids, or paint, or any such vagaries of any "pannosum et exbraccatum genus" on us who come of the bold *wiggeniths*, who, among other improvements, first brought breeches into the Isle of Britain. Mr. Fergusson's friends may have been "brought up in the Druidical faith as most Englishmen have been"; we are happy to say that we have passed our lives in better company. But when Mr. Fergusson gets into good company, he does not know how to behave in it. We have already reminded our readers of his old demeanour towards Mr. Finlay. He gets to Troy, and pats "that remarkable siege" on the back. "Troy," we all know, "owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle"; but henceforth it will owe much more to Mr. Fergusson for so condescending a notice. Yet he need not have gone out of his way to put in a note such as this:—"I am, of course, aware that the now fashionable craze is to consider Troy a myth. So far, however, as I am capable of understanding it, it appears to me that the ancient solar myth of Messrs. Max Muller and Cox is very like mere modern moonshine." This is a beautiful specimen of that calm, unconscious impertinence which marks the possessors of the dangerous gift of "hasty" learning. Mr. Fergusson most likely mistakes the saying about "moonshine" for wit. But the words which we have put in italics luckily cover a good deal. "So far as Mr. Fergusson is capable of understanding" Professor Muller is a measure of space which would carry us a very short distance indeed. We need not here discuss the solar theory, but we do know, while Mr. Fergusson plainly does not, that the solar theory in no way excludes the belief in a substratum of historical truth in the Trojan or any other legend.

One characteristic which runs through the whole of Mr. Fergusson's attempts at argument is that which he has so happily confessed in the sentence which we last quoted—his incapacity to understand the statements and arguments of real scholars. To be sure the difficulty is returned in kind. We happen to know the mind of a good many of our best archaeological scholars about Mr. Fergusson's book, and there is a consensus such as we do not remember in the case of any other book. Every man is ready to show this or that blunder of Mr. Fergusson's in detail, but no man seems to have any clear notion what Mr. Fergusson's main object may be. In fact, his notions of nations and countries are so confused, one stage of the world's history is to him so exactly the same as another, that it is quite impossible to tell what his general system is. All that we can say is that he seems to have made no attempt to realise the actual state of knowledge. His again slaying the slain in the case of the Druids, who have long passed away out of the reckonings of scientific inquirers, is a case in point. Then he amuses himself with endless sneers against the Danish antiquaries, seemingly because he does not understand their system. Mr. Fergusson is seized with irrepressible delight whenever he comes across any case of "overlapping"—any case, that is, of transition, any case of a stone implement, for instance, being shown to be later than one of bronze. Now the very completeness of the Danish system awakens a little suspicion of it; it is almost too perfect; each stage fits almost too neatly into the others. But we never understood the Danish antiquaries as denying that some bronze objects might be older than some stone objects, just as some buildings with pointed arches are older than some buildings with round. In the like sort Mr. Fergusson is delighted beyond measure whenever he finds a Roman coin, or any other comparatively recent object, in or near one of the primeval monuments. Thus he does not forget to mention that a coin of Constantine was found in the chambered tump at Uleybury. To be sure, if our memory does not greatly fail us, a coin of Edward the Fourth was found there also; but this fact, as proving too much, is not enlarged on. Mr. Fergusson, in short, does not take in the way in which these monuments have suffered from all kinds of causes in the course of so many ages; the rifling at the hands of treasure-seekers, and the constant habit, strange as it may seem, but perfectly familiar to Mr. Greenwell and other scientific inquirers, by which a later age and nation has used burying-places of an earlier time over again. We do not mean that Mr. Fergusson takes no notice of these things; he speaks of them more than once, but it is plain that he has no notion of their importance, and how thoroughly they are, as more practised inquirers feel them to be, the hatchet to his own argument. In these matters, as in the matter of moonshine and solar myths, he has plainly spared no haste in forming his conclusions. And, except that we seem to remember the theory before in one of Mr. Fergusson's earlier works, we should have said that he had been equally unsparring in forming his amazing, but not very intelligible, theory as to the inhabitants of the South of Gaul and their works. With a sketch of this as a specimen of Mr. Fergusson's method, we will end the present notice, keeping our more minute examination of his views, especially as they concern our own island, for another occasion.

Mr. Fergusson points out the local disposition of the primeval monuments in Gaul. He has not been the first to do so, but this is just the sort of thing which he might be expected to do. He has the natural sentences which would enable him to do so, and to define a fact of this kind, but he has neither the sobriety nor the power of sustained reasoning which are needful in order to do so.

real use of such a fact when it is asked. He points out that the district of Gaul in which stone monuments are common runs along a line lying north-west and south-east from the Mediterranean to the furthest point of Brittany. The "dolmen region," as he calls it, as shown in his map, not only leaves out all Belgic and the greater part of Celtic Gaul, but it leaves out the Aquitains of Cæsar, the land south-west of the Garonne, in which few such monuments are found. Having noticed this fact, Mr. Fergusson begins to theorise about it. His way of speaking is as odd an example of helpless bondage to the modern map as we ever came across. He tells us that "there are no stone monuments in Belgium proper, and so few in French Flanders, or indeed in any part of Gallia Belgica, that we may safely assert that the Belgæ were not dolmen builders." When Mr. Fergusson talks on such a subject about "Belgium proper" and "French Flanders," it is plain that he cannot, however unconsciously, get rid of the idea that the point at which the permanent conquests of Louis the Fourteenth happened to stop had something to do with the disposition of the races of Gaul in the days of Cæsar. He then goes on to tell us about Bellesveus—in our Livy it is Bellovesus—and how his capital was at *Bruges*. As Livy mentions the Bituriges in connexion with Bellovesus, we might have thought of suggesting *Bourges*; but Mr. Fergusson does not see those things with our eyes, and to quarter Bellovesus at Bruges is at least not more wonderful than to quarter Charles the Great at Paris. Then comes a speculation about the *Averni*—again it is *Averni* in our book—and another speculation about the Iberians, where Mr. Fergusson gets, as well he may be, puzzled at the shifting uses of the word Aquitania. The result is that he inclines to the belief—"the impression on his mind is every day growing stronger"—"that the dolmen builders in France are the lineal descendants of the cave men whose remains have recently been detected in such quantities on the banks of the Dordogne and other rivers in the South of France." Then we read that "we know next to nothing of the languages spoken in the South-west of France, before the introduction of the Romance forms of speech." Mr. Fergusson uses words so oddly that it is quite possible that, by "the introduction of the Romance forms of speech," he may mean the introduction of Latin. If he means the process by which Latin gradually changed into Provençal and French, it is certainly a wonderful way of expressing his meaning. Then comes the fact that the ending *ac* is found in a large district where dolmens are common, and in another large district where they are but seldom found. This, according to Mr. Fergusson's peculiar style of logic, shows that "the *ac*-people were driven from that country [between the Garonne and the Pyrenees] by Ibero-Aquitaniens, before they had adopted the fashion of stone monuments." This is getting into times far too remote for us; but Mr. Fergusson soon makes his way into times much nearer our own. He lights on the domical churches of Anjou, Périgord, and some other parts of Gaul, and pronounces them to be the work of the same people who made the rude stone monuments. The connexion of ideas here is altogether beyond us; we can simply copy without presuming to understand. We had always thought that St. Front was copied from St. Mark's, and St. Mark's copied from St. Sophia; and Mr. Fergusson does not tell us whether he plants his "*ac*-people" at Venice or at Constantinople. But we do gather that these primeval monuments were made by a people who were in Gaul before the Celts; that these people were the lineal descendants of the cave men—that is, if we rightly understand the matter, of the *Equimaux* who were contemporary with the mammoths; that their nationality and their language were superseded by those of the Celts before the time of Cæsar; that the dolmens in Gaul, or at least in Brittany, were made in the Arthurian age, between the years 380 and 550 A.D.; and, lastly, that the domical churches of Périgord have something to do with the matter. These are the conclusions to which we are led by Mr. Fergusson's eighth chapter, headed "France." These several propositions may be capable of proof; they may be capable of being worked together into a consistent system; but if Mr. Fergusson has accomplished either of these processes, we have, perhaps through our sparing no haste in our eager efforts to get at his meaning, failed to mark the passages where the work is done.

#### RALSTON ON RUSSIAN FOLKLORE.\*

IT is not often that our literature is enriched by a work on so virgin a soil as Mr. Ralston has begun to till in the book before us. He modestly forbears to draw attention to the fact that his is really the first book in the English language which deals with the subject of Russian popular poetry and its origin in obsolete mythology, and that but little help is to be found in books written in any language but Russian; but this is the fact. Indeed his list of authorities comprises twenty-eight works, some of them voluminous, and all written in Russian. A first attempt on a field so new and presenting such difficulties ought in any case to be welcomed with thankfulness, and exempted from very severe criticism; if not wholly satisfactory in itself, it would make the way easier for a successor. But this work needs no apology; it is thoroughly well executed throughout, and bears no trace of the painful toil which its author must have undergone before he could himself fully understand, and then convey so pleasantly

\* *The Songs of the Russian People, an Illustration of Slavonic Mythology and Russian Social Life.* By W. E. S. Ralston, M.A., of the British Museum. London: Ellis & Green. 1872.

to his readers, the idiomatic sense of the many songs and spells in obscure dialects of a difficult language, which are to be read in easy English in his pages. There are indeed few first works on so new and difficult a subject which leave so little to be unsaid afterwards as we believe will be the case with this. And this brings us to notice the discretion which, in combination with the boldness in striking out a new line, is the most meritorious feature of the book. It would have been easy to Mr. Ralston, when once engaged on his subject, to plunge deeper into it. He might have given a far larger collection of the songs themselves, instead of the few of each species which he has translated as specimens; and his book would have been larger, more complete, and—less read. Or he might have exhibited his learning or his philosophic acumen by indulging at greater length in mythological speculations as to the origin of the many curious superstitions which he has to recount; and his book would probably have remained unread, except by the very few who seize with avidity on all essays in comparative mythology. But these songs have a domestic and sentimental charm quite distinct from the connexion which they happen to possess with mythology, and it would be a great mistake so to treat them as to throw them into the hands of antiquaries alone. Mr. Ralston has acted very wisely in making this his first book on the subject, neither too large nor too learned. He is, however, by no means chary of information on the probable mythological origin of elves, fairies, and fairy rites, wherever anything better than unsupported conjecture is attainable; and his remarks will stimulate the ingenuity of those interested in these subjects. He will assuredly have to return to the subject of mythology, which he here shows himself competent to treat far more fully than was consistent with the plan of this book; and it is to be hoped that his present essay will both give him confidence in his own powers for the more learned work, and gain him the ear of those best able to appreciate a work which pre-eminently requires the encouragement of like-minded scholars. It would certainly not be among the merits of Mr. Morfill's forthcoming work on the "Slaves," which Mr. Ralston announces as by a scholar far better qualified for the task than himself, to stand in the way of further exploration of this field by him. We are glad that he speaks of his present volume, which treats mainly of the lyric poetry of the peasantry, as a first instalment only, and promises to devote another to their Popular Tales and Metrical Romances.

The invention of printing, and the consequent immense diffusion of literature, has so far changed the habits of civilized countries in regard to poetry and fiction generally as to render it difficult for us to realize a condition of society which required the presence of the minstrel and the rhapsodist to elevate men's thoughts above the sordid needs of the hour, to perpetuate the memory of the heroes of a bygone time, and create images of beauty and grace beyond the daily experiences of mean cravings and savage lusts. Written literature has become a personal discipline, a communion of the individual reader with the poet; rhapsodized literature was social, being poured forth to an assembly of the people. The former is more intellectual, more highly spiritual, but wants the warmth of affection which binds together poet and hearers under the latter condition. Hence minstrelsy, when it has once taken deep root in a people, is not at once or easily supplanted by the written word, and least of all where family ties and natural affection are strong, but intellectual and political enlightenment somewhat low. Thus it is not surprising that the Russian peasantry, like their Slavonic brethren the Servians and Bohemians, and the Finns, Lithuanians, Celts, and Greek Klepts, have retained in various degrees the habit of singing songs suited to all the events of domestic life, and of reciting heroic narratives or epics, sometimes of considerable length, which have only in recent times attracted the attention of the learned and been committed to writing. In 1814 Vuk Karajic Stefanovic surprised Europe by the publication of the Servian epics, which he had partly retained in his own memory from boyhood, and partly picked up from the Servian peasantry around him. Some of these poems, which had never previously been printed, extend to several hundred, and one to above a thousand lines. And in 1835 the eminent Finnish philologist Lönnrot revealed a yet more extraordinary fact—the existence of a Finnish national epic (the Kalevala) of more than twelve thousand verses. The long winter nights, and the intense cold of the far North, which restrain the outdoor labours of the peasantry and favour indoor amusements and social gatherings, unquestionably encourage the pursuit of rhapsody; and so we find that one collector has brought together no less than 50,000 verses of the Russian metrical romances called *Bulinas*, comprised in 236 poems, which gives to each an average of 210 verses. As a proof of the strength of the human memory when left to itself without the aid of writing, and as an indication of the probable origin and mode of transmission of the great epics of antiquity, *Mahabharata*, *Ramayana*, and the Homeric poems, these metrical romances are of the highest importance, and their contents will certainly yield a rich harvest to him who knows how to interpret them aright; though whether their wild stories are to be regarded as a poetic transformation of actual history, or as modernized mythology, or as little better than pure fiction, seems to be as yet undecided. But for intrinsic human interest, and as affording an insight into the habits and affections of the people of to-day, the short lyrical pieces which form the chief subject of the present volume are far superior.

After an introduction in which the various occasions and species of songs are discriminated, Mr. Ralston commences with the

mythology of the old heathen Slavonians, speaking in turn of the original gods or first causes, of the secondary superhuman beings, demigods or fairies and sprites, and of such "story-land beings" as the ogress, the witch, the water-king, and the swan-maidens. As the Christianization of Russia only took place under St. Vladimir at the end of the tenth century, and then affected mainly the middle and south of the country, it is not surprising that so many relics of ancient heathenism should be still recognizable, but rather that so little trustworthy knowledge about the gods and their worship should be attainable. Mr. Ralston says:—

The religion of the Eastern Slavonians—among whom may fairly be included the ancestors of at least a great part of the present Russians—appears to have been founded, like that of all the other Aryan races, upon the reverence paid, on the one hand to the forces of nature, on the other to the spirits of the dead. They seem to have worshipped the sun, the moon, the stars, the elements, and the spirits whom they connected with the phenomena of the storm, personifying the powers of nature under various forms, and thus creating a certain number of deities, among whom the supremacy was, sooner or later, attributed to the Thunder-God, Perun.

These Eastern Slavonians seem to have built no regular temples, and—in striking contrast with the Lithuanians, not to speak of some of the Western Slavonians—they appear not to have acknowledged any regular class of priests. Their sacrifices were offered up under a tree—generally an oak—or beside running water, and the sacred rites were performed by the Elders, or heads of family communities.

On the fate of the ancient gods, their transformation rather than extinction, of which this volume affords ever-recurring evidence, the following passage is instructive:—

After Perun's statue at Kief had been flung into the Dnieper by St. Vladimir, and that at Novgorod had been cast into the Volkhof, and the people who used to worship him had accepted just so much of Christianity as left them what the chronicle called "two-faiths," then his attributes were transferred to a number of the personages whom the new religion brought into honour. In the minds of most of the people he became changed into the Prophet Ilya or Elijah, from whose fiery chariot the lightnings flashed and the thunders pealed as they had done in days of yore from that of Perun. The fame of his battles with the demons survived in the legends about the Archangel Michael, the conqueror of the powers of darkness, and other traditions relating to him may be traced in stories told about the Apostle Peter, or about Yury the Brave, our own St. George.

The Slavonic ideas on the condition of the soul after death are curious, and betray but little sign of being affected by the teaching of the Church. But the most striking point about them is their close approximation to the old Greek superstitions, which are familiar to us through literature, but can be held by the illiterate Russian peasantry only as an heirloom of primitive Aryan tradition. Thus the soul after death has to cross a sea to the spirit-world, and the modern Charon still requires his passage-money as of old. The abode of the dead, when once reached, reminds us strongly of the Elysian Fields and the garden of the Hesperides; but while the latter are beyond the setting sun in the West, the Russian *Rai* is the abode of the Eastern sun; the trees with golden fruit adorn both alike. The old Slavonian dead prolonged after death the characteristics of their life on earth, just as Ulysses found to be the case with Achilles, who however volunteered an observation far from complimentary to the spirit-world. Again, the Slavonians very generally regard the butterfly as an emblem of the soul. Who does not think at once of Psyche with her butterfly-wings? And this coincidence is the more striking because the emblem is by no means an obvious, but rather an arbitrary, one. Other conceptions also bear a more remote analogy to those held by the Greeks. As the abode of the blessed immortals was Mount Olympus, whither glorified mortals such as Hercules ascended after death, so the Slavonic human souls mounted a steep of iron or glass to the heavenly Paradise, for which task they are furnished with aids in the form of little ladders. The close connexion in mythology as well as in ethnology between the Slavonians and the Greeks will, we believe, be more and more acknowledged. Slavonic civilization issued from the Southern parts of the region occupied by the race—from Bulgaria, Kief, and Cracow; Ragusa and Illyria were relatively more important many hundred years ago than now; and Christianity was propagated from Thessalonica. It was therefore in constant and close communication with the Greeks; and if the ancient Thracians were a Slavonic people, this communication had subsisted for thousands of years. What wonder, therefore, if the Slavonians and Greeks held similar notions from time immemorial, and if they still retain the tradition of their union in politics and religion, as well as in the obscurer matters of popular superstitions?

While we are upon the subject of mythical ideas, we may notice the *sagadki*, or enigmas, in which many are preserved. In one a golden ship (the moon), sailing across the (heavenly) sea, crumbles into fragments (the stars), which neither princes nor priests can put together again. In another, the dawn, *Sorys* (which reminds one irresistibly of the Sanskrit *Surya*, the sun; an indeed striking etymological approximations are by no means rare),

is represented as a fair maiden who has lost her keys. The moon takes no notice of them, but the sun picks them up. The keys are of course the dew, which the moonlight does not affect, but the sunbeams dry up.

Here is one of the many forms of this *sagadki*:

The fair maiden, the Dawn, went wandering through the forest, and dropped her keys. The moon saw them, but said nothing. The sun saw them, and lifted them up.

After the chapter on Mythology, the remaining chapters treat of "Mythic and Ritual Songs," "Marriage Songs," "Folk Songs," and "Sorcery and Witchcraft." It is to be regretted that the last two remain to us to give any adequate idea of the

hibited in these various songs. We must content ourselves with observing that the Slavonic mind is essentially domestic, and that the thoughts of the peasantry are chiefly exercised on what makes home happy. The affections of children for their parents, and still more those of brother and sister, are strongly marked; and the separation from the old home experienced by the young man called out to military service, and by the girl on her marriage, appears as a very severe wrench. The household spirit, the *Domovoy*, watches over the homestead and delights in the housekeeping virtues of frugality and order, and suffers deep grief at the death of the head of the family. There are curious marriage rites still performed which perpetuate the old mode of purchasing the bride from her parents, and the professional match-makers are still employed to conduct the negotiation; only what was in the olden time a *bond fide* transaction is now a mere piece of acting. For this sort of acting the Slavonians exhibit a remarkable liking, as when the bride has to lament bitterly in verse that her cruel parent has sold her against her will; whereas considerable freedom of intercourse, and of choice, and faithfulness to promises of marriage, seem to be the rule among the peasantry. More genuine may be the poetical laments of a bride for the loss of her maiden freedom when she assumes the more laborious and servile position of a peasant's wife. In the songs adapted to these various occasions much boldness of description, with frequent fancy and allegory, is discovered. Of their rhythmic character it is difficult to judge from a prose translation, but the frequent repetitions of the nature of a refrain in the choruses must be effective and inspiring. One characteristic should be noticed—the use of standing epithets:—"Just as in the songs an axe is always called sharp, a pitcher blue, a hand white, a girl beautiful, and a youth or a horse good, so is the stepmother always styled *khaya*, malicious." We conclude with a specimen of the "wailing of a fair maiden at the death-bed of her lover":—

If God would grant my love his health,  
Were it but for one idle day,  
Though it were only for one little hour,  
Then would I wander with my love,  
Would tread the mossy turf,  
Would pluck the flow'rets blue,  
Would weave a garland for my love,  
And place it on my darling's head  
Then homewards (leading him in glad content,  
Would say, "My hope, my love!  
We two will keep together, love,  
Nor part, my darling, till at death  
We say farewell for ever to the light;  
Leaving behind us some such fame as this—  
That we two loved each other tenderly,  
And loyally, my love, together died."

#### TUCKERMAN'S AMERICAN ARTIST LIFE.\*

THE arts in the New World have not presented as much novelty as might have been looked for. When an entire hemisphere was opened to civilization, offering aspects of nature singular for grandeur of form, glory of colour, and exuberance of tropical growth, it was not unreasonable to expect that the field, and indeed the function, of art might be considerably extended. The conditions were new. A people which had been pent up within the comparatively narrow confines of Europe went across the sea, and was let loose upon illimitable tracts of forest and of prairie. A race Anglo-Saxon and hybrid, an amalgam, as it were, of many nations, an outgrowth from time-worn European stocks, displayed in new homes the enterprise of the pioneer and the virtue of the citizen. The history of art in the Old World might have led to the belief that when ground is newly broken rare produce will follow. It is not a little singular how the replanting of populations has been attended with an outburst in art. Along the shores of Magna Græcia and Sicily, of Asia Minor and of Africa, are the temples and sepulchres of colonists who made art inseparable from commerce. And leaving classic times, we find that when the Norsemen sailed over to France, they built cathedrals; when hordes from Germany crossed the Alps, they strewed the plain of Lombardy with churches rudely, yet richly, sculptured; and when the Moors entered Andalusia, they reared and decorated the Alhambra in Granada, the Alcazar in Seville, and the Mosque in Cordova. That the coasts of America give small sign of works comparable to the grand art creations which have accompanied the migrations of the leading races of the world may admit of diverse explanations. A foremost reason doubtless is that America had to begin at the beginning; the Romans who in olden times made roads for Europe had never crossed the Atlantic; even the first necessity of shelter from the elements the colonists did not find ready to hand. Then, again, we think that the vast extent of territory to be run over, and the rapid development of a prosperity now vulgarly symbolised by "the almighty dollar," have been little favourable to art. In this and other ways there may have been engendered among the American people a go-ahead spirit, a rude restlessness, a propensity to locomotion, a proneness to action rather than to æsthetic contemplation. The fashion after which Yankee travellers "do" Europe is notorious; the mode in which they fly from Gallery to Gallery, rush at the Coliseum, race

through the Vatican, is known to the cost of all quiet students. And even American artists who take up a residence in Italy find it far from easy to throw off characteristics which are inborn. Yet we gladly admit exceptions; indeed, it is impossible to believe that to the United States will be denied in the long run that art epoch which, as experience tells, follows after commercial wealth and intellectual culture. In the interesting volume before us we trace the rise of an infant school of Transatlantic art, and are enabled in some measure to judge of the future which awaits it.

The Americans show a vocation for landscape art; their minds dilate to the scale of their mountains, plains, and rivers; their imaginations kindle under the fire of colour in autumnal forests. Transatlantic poets have shown that the elements of a distinct nationality exist among them in the unaccustomed phenomena of nature. A new world moves the mind very differently from an old world; in our own country associations gather about the ivy-mantled tower, but in a continent where the forests have never been trodden by the foot of man, nothing comes between the mind and nature. The American poets as well as painters have reasonably obtained attention in Europe just in proportion as they have carried the imagination back to primeval ages, ere man had intruded on the solitudes of nature. Mr. Bryant, for instance, is prized chiefly for touches which portray in brief the traits of a land untilled, unpeopled. Thus the "Forest Hymn" opens with the line "The groves were God's first temples"; and again:—

These are the gardens of the desert; these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name—  
The prairies. I beheld them for the first,  
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight  
Takes in the encircling vastness.

The landscapes of Mr. Church and of Mr. Bierstadt have deservedly made themselves known in Europe by the faithful rendering of aspects of earth, phenomena of sky, and forms of vegetative growth which give a distinctive character to the continents of North and South America. "Niagara," "Icebergs," "Heart of the Andes," "Cotopaxi," and "Chimborazo," which we owe to Mr. Church, and "The Rocky Mountains," the best remembered work of Mr. Bierstadt, are pictures which extend the sphere of art beyond the comparatively narrow confines of the old Italian painters. Mr. Leslie (whom by the way we are not willing to give over to America) justly remarks that "it is but a small portion of the earth's surface that has been cultivated, so to speak, by the landscape-painter; because indeed all art has been confined within a narrow geographical limit." Humboldt, however, in a renowned passage in *Cosmos*, points to a time "when man's visible horizon will be extended, when knowledge of the grandest forms of nature, of the luxuriant fulness of life in the tropics, shall give to landscape art new development." We confess sometimes to have doubted whether here the philosopher of Germany, with certain painters of America, has not fallen into the common error of confounding science with art. It is easy, and of late it has become indeed the fashion, to abuse Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa; yet it may be questioned whether the inaccuracies of the old painters militated seriously against their art, while on the contrary the laborious striving after unattainable truths is often the ruin of a modern picture. Mr. Church, who, while studying among the Andes, dwelt in the house occupied by Humboldt half a century before, has, possibly misled by the dictates of philosophy, overstepped the limits of art; at all events he challenges difficulties beyond the reach of his technical powers, and thus his pictures occasionally break down or fly into scattered fragments, the forms being too subtle for firm cohesion, the colours too iridescent for subordination and unity. It is said that the artist keeps an equatorial butterfly impaled in his studio as the high key of prismatic colour to which he would pitch his tropical scale. And certainly, for dazzling sunshine, for scintillation of colour, such as is thrown off from the wing of a bird on the banks of the Amazon, for opalescent and emerald hues as reflected from gems, no painter has made pigments more responsive. Thus the "Niagara" whatever may be its defects, is exquisite in the effect of light thrown on and transmitted through dancing wavelets ere they make the final plunge; and so illusive is the iris which plays above the "hell of waters," that the author of *Modern Painters* examined the window glass in the exhibition room, suspecting that, by some optical trick, sunlight might have been thrown directly on the picture. And yet Mr. Church, the true artist ever striving to surpass himself, feels deeply the inadequacy of his art when brought into competition with nature. "I am appalled," he writes from his house on the Hudson, "when I look at the magnificent scenery which encircles my clumsy studio, and then glance at the painted oil-cloth on my easel." It has long been the daily custom of the artist to ascend a hill near to his country house, and thence to watch the sunset among glowing mountains and shadowy trees. The habits of students of nature in all parts of the world are similar. We have observed artists in Florence and Rome bend their steps at sunset to San Miniato and the Pincio, and we recall the words of American painters and sculptors whose names are written in the pages before us, as they gazed on the blue Apennines, or on the shadowy dome of St. Peter's, against the amber sky of Italy. American artists, belonging to a race highly strung in nerve, are signally sensitive to the poetry of nature, and thus they slide into verse insensibly, and seek expression in plastic and pictorial form for ideas which move them deeply.

\* *Book of the Artists: American Artist Life, comprising Biographical and Critical Sketches of American Artists, presented by the Historical Museum of the Arts and Progress of Art in America. By Henry T. Tuckerman. With an Appendix containing an Account of Exhibitions, Prizes, and Private Collections. Fifth Impression. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson, Low & Co.*

Mr. Church, as we have seen, belongs to a class of artists found in all countries, who throw themselves into atmosphere, and hold communion with the elements. It has been rightly said that in his landscapes "the earth is always painted with reference to the sky"; it has also been observed that his eye is ever watchful of the electric laws of the atmosphere, that his pictures reflect phenomena even from the Aurora Borealis. Artists have rarely thus enriched or illumined their art; for the most part they have stood aloof from scientific discoveries in prismatic colour and polarized light. Even Mr. Church owes his achievements to the fact, not that he is a man of science, but a child of nature.

Mr. Bierstadt and Mr. Church, the foremost landscape-painters of America, are wide as the poles asunder. Mr. Church is self-taught, while Mr. Bierstadt, as his pictures testify, was severely drilled in Düsseldorf. Mr. Church takes possession of air and the elements, while Mr. Bierstadt lays firm grasp on solid earth. The latter, when he rears a mountain or sets out a plain, is as constructive as an engineer, as prosaic as a surveyor. Mr. Church, it may be supposed, has evoked his colour from spectrum analysis, while Mr. Bierstadt, caring little for colour, has been intent upon poising gigantic forms according to the laws of statics which govern vast masses in rest. Hence in the landscapes of this artist fixity, symmetry, and formality rule to a fault; nature is not in transition, nor creation in progress. Mr. Bierstadt, by parentage as by education a German, naturally knows the trick whereby sublimity may be worked out through a process slow, solemn, and sure. The art thus steadily evolved took America by surprise: the technique and training were about the most thorough ever seen across the Atlantic; accordingly "Rocky Mountains," thus dealt with, yielded the artist mines of gold. That the credit thus gained has been heavily drawn upon by work which no longer represents the original amount of study, we have of late had reason to fear. Still honour is due to Mr. Bierstadt. As a bold pioneer he carries art into the Far West; his pictures are more than pictures; they are studies in physical geography; the mountains he paints transport the mind to high altitudes and distant longitudes. "American Artist Life" abounds indeed in adventure. How strangely, for instance, does the following extract contrast with the diary, say of David Cox, or of other English painters accustomed to rusticate quietly at the "Oak Inn," Baitwys, North Wales. In the passage we quote the scene is laid on the prairie; the *dramatis personæ* are buffaloes in advance, with huntsmen, including Mr. Bierstadt, manœuvring according to the tactics of the chase. An eyewitness writes:—

Coming up, we found the largest old bull we had yet seen, standing at bay with a dozen revolver balls in different portions of his hide. Nothing but an elephant did harder than a buffalo. Purposely this buffalo was stopped instead of killed, in order that Bierstadt might have the rarest of artist-chances, the sight of an old bull charging before his death-shot. The buggy came up while we were holding him at bay. Our artist dismounted, brought out his colour-box, fixed his camp-stool, and took the charcoal in hand. We rode towards the dying warrior, and shouted at him. A new glare reddened his sullen eyes; he bowed his colossal head till his beard swept the tangled grass; he erected his tail, letting its tuft wave back flag-like in the wind, and made one mad plunge forward. For a moment all his wild nature was royally alive in him. We veered, and he turned on us. We pretended to fly, and again he charged. With every shifting posture the artist changed his place, and the charcoal quietly moved on. Three marksmen on horseback, and another from the buggy, drew up in line and fired at the old giant's heart. With one great gasp he fell upon his knees, glared defiantly as ever, half rose twice, and pawed the earth with one foot, shook his great mat of hair, fell again, and with one universal shiver rolled over, a dead bison. Bierstadt spent the whole remainder of the morning in transferring our bulls to his sketch-box.

Mr. Tuckerman writes pleasantly rather than critically or accurately; he belongs to that class of American authors who pen small poems and publish journals when they return from the tour of Europe. As a matter of course such writers dabble in art; nothing comes amiss to them; they talk equally well of the Apollo Belvedere and the "Zenobia" by Miss Hosmer; of the Laocœon in the Vatican, and "the Greek Slave" in the studio of Mr. Powers; of the "Flora" by Titian, and the "Venus" by Mr. Page. A smooth surface of sentiment is laid over every subject alike; each paragraph is coloured to a high pitch by superlative epithets. In this fashion Mr. Tuckerman manages to tell much that we are glad to learn of artists whose works we have watched for many years. We could however have borne with a greater amount of biographical facts, especially if we might have been spared what pass for philosophic reflections. The estimate given of American artists, we need not say, is partial in the extreme. A Pludius and a Titian appears to be like the "village Hampden," the common product of the soil. We will not speak of the living; but English travellers who may have had the privilege of visiting the studios in Rome of the late Mr. Bartholomew, Mr. Mozier, and even of the more famous Mr. Crawford, will know what discount to allow on the universal eulogy of Mr. Tuckerman. American artists, as a habit, attack every conceivable subject with an enterprise approaching audacity; they cover canvases which for size seem to be in proportion to their own vast Continent; they deal as largely in marble as stone-masons. And yet a certain offhand untutored genius may be granted them. American art, which doubtless will enjoy an honourable future, has hitherto suffered from ignorance in its professors and patrons alike. An expenditure of money ill-judged and lavish beyond all precedent in the history of painting has done much to bring the Fine Arts of America down to the standard of wholesale manufactures.

#### QUETELET'S ANTHROPOMETRY.\*

IN his *Social Physics*, published more than an average generation ago, M. Quetelet broke ground in the application of the method of statistics to the laws which govern man in his physical, moral, and intellectual capacity—a sublime trilogy, as he himself describes it, the depth and complexity of which our utmost energies are insufficient to fathom. The immaterial elements which may be taken to constitute two out of the three organic components of which the entire being of man is made up have been more fully treated in later publications of the writer, who has made himself well nigh the head of a whole section of contemporary thought and work by his application of the mathematical theory of probabilities to the problems of ethics and politics. How far it may be possible ultimately to reduce the phenomena of ethical and social action to anything like the precision or rigour of positive science must long remain a question. Whether treated according to the speculative method of earlier philosophy, or the inductive and positive systems distinctive of modern schools of thought, M. Quetelet begins with doubt as to the prospect of problems of this class being brought to anything like demonstration even in the most distant future. He indicates indeed the design of approximating closer to their solution in further treatises corresponding to each separate head of the inquiry. In his most recent work, for which he has chosen the descriptive title of *Anthropometry*, and which, though written long enough ago to be dedicated to Sir J. Herschel, may still be new to many, if not most, of our readers, the veteran statistician has gone, in a systematic way which has never been attempted before, into the physical development of man, the third of the several provinces of inquiry originally mapped out by him. His scheme embraces not only all that concerns the variations of stature or aspect which distinguish man in general, but also all that relates to his weight, strength, and muscular development. At the outset of his study of the bodily proportions of mankind the writer was dismayed by the immensity of the field opened to his researches. How many numerical elements would be needed as a basis for the measurement of each individual, and to how many individuals must the process of mensuration be extended in order to reach a standard at all approximating to the normal or the absolute? To what extent will the method be modified by the conditions of sex, of age, of health or disease, running as these do into the still more subtle yet undoubted and appreciable influences which are exerted upon the body by mental agencies, by passion, education, restlessness or sloth of temperament, and the like? In these complex inquiries the works of naturalists afforded little or no help. Buffon and others had indeed sounded the question, but only to complain that, with all his egotism or self-interest, man had only interested himself thus far in knowing what lay outside, rather than what inwardly concerned himself. In the words of a great thinker and writer of our own times, the patriot statesman Vincenzo Gioberti, echoed by our author, the discovery of a new insect or the invention of a piece of mechanism is an event to stir the world of letters more than the freshest or profoundest solution of any problem most vitally concerning the philosophy of mind and life. In despair of philosophers M. Quetelet betook himself to artists. From them he obtained some light, but not all the light he desired. For laws of nature they presented to him but tinctures of their own fancy. Instead of the proportions of man as they exist in reality, they offered notions of their own, arbitrarily or conventionally formed. Having himself in early life, when the crisis of his country's fortunes seemed to bar the way to political distinction, found an outlet for his energies in the study of the fine arts, before definitively devoting himself to mathematics and the cognate sciences, he found scope among the most precise or technical of his scientific conclusions for that artistic element which blends itself inseparably with the processes of all true science. He is thus enabled to extend his survey of humanity beyond the range, for instance, of the military and anthropological statistics of American soldiers collected by Mr. B. A. Gould, the works of Wagner, Oettingen, Wappæus, Grunert, and other German statists, or those of Professor Bodio of Venice, besides those of Mr. Buckle, Mr. Samuel Brown, and others to whom M. Quetelet tenders his acknowledgments. As a basis, giving at once solidity and a reasonable limit to his speculations, he began with laying down the principle of unity of type as underlying all differences in man. Mathematical proofs are capable of being brought in to establish the reality of this radical type. A curve or an equation may be made to express in geometrical or analytical terms the human mean—"l'homme moyen"—the result of the anthropometry of, let us say, ten thousand individuals. Not that it will be necessary in practice to extend so widely the scope of observation. As in a mathematical series a limited number of terms will in most cases suffice to express the sum or value of the whole, so is the law of relative proportion to be sufficiently made clear from taking the mean of a fixed number of individuals of the race or other natural group under consideration. Ten appears to M. Quetelet a sufficient number to form the basis of such a generalization. To obtain, for example, the anthropometry of woman, he tabulates the proportions of ten female models chosen from the studios of artists, the mean of which gives the typical values in point of dimension of parts, weight, and muscular force. From the like number of experimental cases he would deduce the comparative

\* *Anthropométrie, ou Études des Différences Physiques de l'Homme*. Par Ad. Quetelet, Directeur de l'Observatoire royal de Bruxelles, etc. Bruxelles: G. Muquardt. 1870.



measure of English, French, German, and Belgian, as well as of man and woman, or of each sex at different periods of life. With the number of examples for his ordinate, and the figures yielded by these tabular measurements for his abscissa, the anthropometrician can construct a curve expressing the external aspects of humanity in relation to any or all of the purposes of science or art. For in the system thus laid down by him, science and art, M. Quetelet makes it his boast, find their meeting point and their common measure.

Passing from the general definition of his method, M. Quetelet proceeds to exemplify it in its application to the canon of the human figure as employed in the arts, especially in sculpture. For his historical summary of the various standards of proportion in use from the earliest times he has chiefly drawn upon the treatise of Audran and the more recent *Polykletos* of Schadow. It includes a clear and critical discussion of the results obtained from classical and Oriental literature, tested and verified by measurement of the standard examples of ancient sculpture. The earliest written record of this class, the *Silpi Sastri*, or "book of the Fine Arts," an old Sanscrit MS., gives the canon in use in archaic Indian art. For Egypt and Assyria we have the standards actually incised or painted upon various monumental remains. For the classical period there are but scattered notices like those of Phiny and Diodorus, while on the other hand we have among us the finest actual models for the purpose of measurement and comparison. The more modern schemes of proportion which date from the Renaissance, the ruling types of which we owe to Leonardo da Vinci, Alberti, and Albert Durer, rested as much upon an ideal or *a priori* harmony in the artist's own mind as upon exact and actual observation of natural forms. The idea of a mean, so fundamental an element in the more positive scheme of science in our day, and which M. Quetelet apparently claims to have brought for the first time into this province of the arts, found no place in the calculations of these great artists. We ought doubtless to feel grateful to our author in the interests of statistical science for the immense pains he has been at in accumulating the tables at the end of his volume, containing as they do measurements by the thousand rather than the hundred, extending to every possible subdivision of the frame of man, and corresponding to every sub-period of life and growth. Of the value of these minute and endless points of detail to the interests of art, as distinct from those of science, we expressed our opinion some years ago (*Saturday Review*, December 8, 1866), while reviewing Mr. Story's elaborate and ingenious *Canon of the Human Figure*, a work which, with all M. Quetelet's reading, including as it does books quite as recent in date, finds, to our surprise, no place in the copious range of literature here set before the reader. Otherwise the enumeration which he gives of savants and artists who have treated the subject of the canon leaves little to be desired.

As a matter of scientific interest, investigations of this kind can hardly be carried into too great detail, and M. Quetelet is strictly on his own ground when seeking in his third book to determine the ratio or the limits of bodily change from birth to extreme old age. His elaborate tables exhibit the mean heights in a number of individuals, male and female, of Belgian race, for every year up to twenty-five; from thence by decades up to ninety, marking the maximum of stature in each sex, and the subsequent ratio of decline. These measurements even extend to seventy subdivisions or therabouts of the human frame, including the minutest changes in the proportions of the head and facial lines. Some of his results—such as, for instance, that the ear remains at every age exactly equal in length to the sum of both the eyes; that the eye is constantly equal at once to the space between the eyes and to the width of the nose, or that the breadth of the eye is contained five times in the diameter of the head, taken through the temples, and seven times in that from the forehead to the base of the skull—even if in mathematical accord, the numerical co-efficients being patiently wrought out, callipers in hand, savour rather of the curious or chance coincidences which spring from any array or combination of figures than from any true morphological law grounded on the physical relation of parts in the organism. Before the still more complex and subtle problem of physiognomy, or of changes in facial expression, mien, or gait, M. Quetelet's method is to all appearance mute. Whatever may be the physical changes wrought upon the frame by mental action, by life in the world as compared with life in the cloister or the bush, by passions indulged or repressed, by the storms or the sunshine of life, these finer grades or modifications of form, intensely significant as they are to the eye and mind of the artist, find no place in the arithmetical columns or the algebraic formulas of the statistician. Nor can we pretend to feel so sanguine as our author in respect to the applicability of his system to intellectual and moral qualities in man, which must needs be subject to the same laws of geometrical or analytical expression if the science of anthropometry is to be complete. Much may be done to tabulate the results of human will and passion. The number and nature of crimes, the averages and dates of marriage, the proportions of legitimate and illegitimate births, the ratio of madness or suicide to the normal condition of sanity, full as they are of meaning and value to the jurist, the legislator, the social hygienist, or the philosophical observer of man's nature, are yet even in their furthest development and closest combination infinitely short of giving us that profound science of humanity which is to be, we are told, if not as exact as pure mathematics, at least equal in rigour with chemistry or astronomy, competent to analyse and to

anticipate moral or political action with the same certainty which extends to eclipses, or to the combination of an alkali with an acid. In our author's view there are no limits to the predictions which he is prepared to assign to his new or more expanded calculus. He ends with the securing promise of a further advance, which is to co-ordinate in one the several spheres of vital or organic force, whether manifested in man, the animal, or the plant:—

Dans la cinquième et dernière section de cet ouvrage, j'ai essayé de faire voir que les mêmes formules, qui m'ont servi à déterminer la partie physique chez l'homme, peuvent servir également à déterminer ses qualités intellectuelles et morales, malgré la difficulté qu'on rencontre, ici, à faire l'application des nombres.

Il y a plus, les hommes ne sont pas seuls liés entre eux par des lois communes: il en est de même des animaux, il en est de même des végétaux. Tout être qui vit est soumis à des lois appropriées à son espèce; et ces lois ont plus de principes communs qu'on ne le suppose. Si l'attention se fixe sur elles, et dans l'état de progrès où se trouve l'intelligence humaine, le moment n'est pas éloigné où l'on concevra mieux les rapports qui existent entre les différents corps vivants de la nature. On les étudiera plus intimement; on ne se bornera plus à reconnaître les principales phases qui les représentent et qui jusqu'ici avaient échappé à l'attention des observateurs. On voudra en connaître le mode d'action, les forces qui les développent, et spécialement les grandes lois qui, à son usage, concernent l'homme et régissent son développement physique, en même temps que son développement moral et intellectuel.

The vision of an ascending scale in which the individual of a race is lost in the mean or average man of that race, the race itself absorbed in man or total humanity, and the being of man himself sublimated by a common process to a condition in which all differences among living things ultimately disappear—a unity harmonious and grandly simple, in which all minor components or individual factors are swept into geometrical curves or algebraical series—must remain, we fear, little more than an utopian ideal. While sketching, as he seeks to do, the main outlines of such a scheme, and laying down in the science of number and figure the principles on which alone it must ultimately rest, M. Quetelet seems thoroughly alive to the difficulties and complexities which must leave it to the most subtle or daring of existing philosophers a golden dream. He has nevertheless, in the abstract statement of those principles, and in their application to such portions of the problem as lie within tangible limits and are capable of an approximate solution, made a contribution of real and abiding value to the literature of philosophy.

#### THE LIFE OF THOMAS COOPER.\*

MR. THOMAS COOPER has in turn been a shoemaker, a schoolmaster, a newspaper writer, editor, and proprietor, the manager of a choral society, a Chartist lecturer, a Chartist prisoner, copying clerk in a Government office, a poet, a novelist, a two days actor, a Methodist preacher, a Unitarian lecturer, a Baptist lecturer, and the writer of his own biography. There is scarcely any subject which he has not studied, and there is no subject on which he has not lectured, from "Pythagoras and Beau Brummell"—this association of names is none of ours—to aristocracy and the vegetable kingdom. In eight years and a half he had delivered, as he tells us, 3,373 discourses, but overcome with fatigue he has been forced to practise moderation, and of late has "never dared to preach more than twice on Sunday, and has limited himself to three or four lectures in each week." It is some satisfaction, by the way, to find that when a sermon is delivered, it is not only the congregation that suffers fatigue, but that the preacher, while wearying others, gets also occasionally wearied himself. Mr. Cooper, being thus cut off from his usual occupations, and finding, no doubt, time hanging heavily on his hands with only six discourses to deliver a week, has varied the monotony of his old age by composing his own biography. He says, with a charming frankness, "I have written the book chiefly to please myself," and he goes on to add, "Most likely I shall become tedious to some readers when I am gratifying myself most fully. But any reader who is displeased with my narrative can pass over the pages in which he feels no interest." Who, as he passes over Mr. Cooper's pages, and finds how tedious he can at times be, but must think of the 3,373 sermons and lectures, where the listeners could not pass over the tedious passages? If we allow him on the average an audience of only three hundred at each discourse, and assume that, as in his book so also in his discourses, Mr. Cooper was apt to gratify himself most fully at the expense of his audience, we must picture to ourselves more than a million of our fellow-creatures who have in less than nine years had all his tediousness inflicted on them, with scarce a chance of escape. After all, the suffering of a battle-field is certainly great enough, but even the worst of conquerors has scarcely more to answer for than a man who preaches six sermons a week, and, when decency would allow him to stop in half-an-hour, drags on for half-an-hour more. We do not mean to say that Mr. Cooper, in the work before us, is tedious throughout. On the contrary, he is at times interesting enough, but whether he is dull or whether he is lively is merely a matter of accident, and so far as we can see is altogether out of his own control. Many parts of his autobiography seem to us to be formed on the model of those chapters in the *Books of Chronicles* where we find given long lists of names of people and places of

\* *The Life of Thomas Cooper*. Written by Himself. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1872.

which we know nothing. Just as these passages are chosen by the proud dame of some village school wherein to display before the squire's or the parson's wife the precocity of some favourite scholar, who from words of one syllable has advanced to the longest Hebrew names, so might Mr. Cooper's pages supply to schools where the Bible is not allowed to be read lists of names, if not as difficult, still nearly as long. So fond indeed is he of stringing together names of people and of places, that his work combines much of the interest of the Post Office Directory and of the advertising board where we read the list of those happy spots where alone can be purchased Horniman's unadulterated tea. In one place we read how he—

Enlisted Bob Mason, and Tom Aram, and George Laister, and Joe Cawthrey, and Joe Carver, and Bill Tyson, and Jack Barton, and George Wimble.

In another place we are told how—

In addition to the lectures I delivered in 1858 at Sheffield, Norwich, York, Bradford, Leeds, Sunderland, North and South Shields, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hexham, Stockton-on-Tees, the Hartlepoons, Nottingham, the Staffordshire Potteries, Barnsley, Halifax, Keighley, Darlington, Leicester, Bilston, Cardiff, Devonport, and Exeter, I entered Cornwall for the first time, and preached and lectured at Falmouth, Penryn, Penzance, Redruth, and Truro.

These long lists of names, however, are easily shunned, for the capital letters of which they are full, like so many tall beacons, give full warning of the dreary wastes into which the reader is drifting. If all its dull parts were equally well marked, we could honestly recommend this book, for it contains a good deal that is worth reading for those who can afford time to get at it. The life of a self-taught and self-raised man, who has gone through such varied experiences as have fallen to the lot of Mr. Cooper, must indeed be badly written if it fail to be here and there interesting. Then, too, Mr. Cooper has all that perfect confidence in himself, that complete feeling of self-satisfaction, that full conceit of his own powers and knowledge, which are so naturally found in a man who has raised himself far above his fellows, and which, when found, as much claim our indulgence as afford us amusement. He is proud of his memory of early days, as so many men are, and can boast that he remembers "how Mother Hundrell, the milk-woman, used to give me white bread thickly covered with cream," when he was not three years old. We, too, have our early memories, connected though with brown bread and treacle, which we shall be quite ready to impart to the world should we ever turn poet or get sent to prison. Mr. Cooper can boast how "at three years old I used to be set on a stool, in Dame Brown's school, to teach one Master Bodley, who was seven years old, his letters." Years later, when he had passed from Dame Brown's school to the Assize Court at Stafford, and had to defend himself against a charge of sedition and conspiracy, he tells us:—

I do not think that I ever spoke so powerfully in my life as during the last hour of that defence. The peroration, the Stafford papers said, would never be forgotten; and I remember, as I sat down, panting for breath and utterly exhausted, how Talfourd and Erskine and the Jury sat transfixed, gazing at me in silence; and the whole crowded place was breathless, as it should be, for a minute.

As Mr. Cooper's defence had lasted ten hours—a space of time, by the way, that is equal to ten Dissenting and twenty Church of England sermons—we do not wonder that counsel, judge, and jury sat transfixed. Our only wonder is to learn that apparently the speaker alone was "utterly exhausted," and that the jury were wide enough awake to gaze even in silence.

Proud as Mr. Cooper is of his memory, his precocity, and his oratory, still prouder is he of his poetry. We have not read his *magnum opus*, the *Purgatory of Suicides*, and do not know that we intend to read it, even though Serjeant Talfourd in the House of Commons said that "he did not yield to his friend, or to the honourable gentlemen opposite, in their intelligent admiration of that magnificent poem"; and even though Mr. Carlyle says, "I find indisputable traces of genius in it—a dark Titanic energy struggling there, for which we hope there will be clearer daylight by-and-by." Mr. Carlyle goes on, by the way, to give his usual advice to the poet whom he praises, and urges him "to try your next work in prose." But then we must remember that Mr. Carlyle had not yet read one of Mr. Cooper's prose works, or else he might have urged him to try his next in verse. The struggles of "a dark Titanic energy" are after all best confined within limits; and though the restraints of verse are not quite equal to those of a strait-waistcoat, yet they are better than the unbounded freedom afforded by prose. Not only can he quote Mr. Carlyle's approval, but also Mr. Wordsworth's, though with modesty he adds:—

What the great author of "The Excursion" said respecting my Prison Rhyme I shall not relate here; but, remembering what he said, I can also bear the remembrance that the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *Times* have hitherto, and alike, judged it fit to be silent as to there being such a poem in existence.

We would venture, in the Earl of Derby's words, to remind these exalted publications that "there is the responsibility of silence as well as of speech," and to warn them lest, as Dante placed those who injured him in Hell, so Mr. Cooper may place them in his own peculiar Purgatory. We, at all events, should not be sorry to free ourselves from the reproach, and if Mr. Cooper will send us the next edition of his works, perhaps we may find him a place among our Minor Poets.

If the Reviews neglected him, he had no cause to complain of some of the great politicians and writers. The "inco-

ruptible and unsubduable Mr. P. A. Taylor" was his fellow-member in "The People's International League," and he can also frequently boast of "my Right Hon. friend, the Vice-President of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council," and testify at once to "his most pellucid conscientiousness and sterling political integrity," as well as to the liberality with which he subscribed 50*l.* towards a fund that was raised to purchase him an annuity. Mr. Disraeli also treated him with great distinction—with much more indeed than "the tall Hebrew who came to the door with a silver waiter in his hand" to answer Mr. Cooper's knock. Whether "the tall Hebrew" had brought the silver waiter in readiness for the manuscript of the *Purgatory of Suicides*, or merely in an excess of foresight with a view to Mr. Cooper's card, we are not told. At first, "in ceremonious style," he assured Mr. Cooper that Mr. Disraeli was not at home; but when, finding that his master would see the poet, he was going on to apologize, under the plea that "it was his business to say 'not at home,'" he was cut short by "a light silvery voice from above," that cried, "Why don't you bring the gentleman up?" We need scarcely say that "the light silvery voice" came from Mrs. Disraeli, who after this memorable speech "at the top of the staircase very gracefully bowed and withdrew." Kindly as he was received by Mr. Disraeli, still more kindly was he welcomed by Douglas Jerrold. "The man of genius," he tells us, "grasped my hand, and gazed on my face as I gazed on his, with unmistakable pleasure," and exclaiming, "Your poetry is noble—it's manly," offered him some bread and cheese, and rising to still greater heights of hospitality, added, "I think there is some ham—we shall see." After all, these little conceits are as pardonable as they are laughable. Much in the way of innocent vanity may be forgiven to a man who has pushed up his way from a shoemaker's stall to a Minister's library, and who, after a life of restless study, and still more restless work, finds men of no mean standing in the country gather round him to support his declining years. For many years in his youth Mr. Cooper lived on ten shillings a week, for which he had to labour hard and long at shoemaking, while all his leisure time he devoted to severe study. There are few men who have at one period of their life lived by the labour of their hands who can ever quite get over their pleased surprise at finding themselves the associates even of those who live by the labour of their brains, much more of those who can live without any labour at all. If they live to an advanced old age, they can still, when they reflect on what they once were and what they now are, whom they once knew and whom they now know, indulge in the "wonder how the devil they got there." It is impossible for us to tell what degree of accuracy Mr. Cooper attained in his studies of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian, not to mention mathematics, divinity, and sceptical literature. His method of studying English was at all events thoroughly sound, for he set to work to commit to memory passages from the great masters. In talking of his powers as a preacher he says, "I had become master of a vocabulary of no mean order by committing Milton and Shakespeare to memory and repeating them so often." We wish that not only preachers, but also novelists, could be made to go through a like training. It is refreshing to turn from that strangest of all tongues, the language of the so-called sensational novel, to Mr. Cooper's idiomatic English, even when his garrulity is at its flood. We know scores of popular writers whose style would be greatly improved if every morning before they began to write they were forced to learn off by heart a page even of the *Life of Thomas Cooper*.

#### VINOY'S SIEGE OF PARIS.\*

(Second Notice.)

THE XIII<sup>th</sup> Corps, the history of which in the field has been already noticed, found itself collected at Paris on the 6th September, the only regular force on which the city could rely. True, there were being hurried up from all quarters marines, sailors, and dépôts of the line which were to form a XIV<sup>th</sup> Corps; but these reinforcements existed as yet only in detachments unorganized for any combined operation, so that at the beginning of the investment the guardianship of Paris devolved chiefly on Vinoy's command. This had been diminished by only three hundred and fifty men during its late campaign. Many of the battalions, however, were still incomplete in their cadres of officers, and but few were properly equipped, so that the staff had a heavy task to face; and their chief gives his officers credit for the exertions they underwent, and his men for the readiness with which they fell into an unwonted discipline.

No one at this time knew how vast an amount of provisions had been accumulated for the coming siege. For their activity in this work the Government of the 4th September has never, as it seems to us, received the credit due to it. The duration of the blockade was not guessed at by any one, nor was the notion generally entertained that the Prussian staff from the first would rely chiefly on its effects, and on the final starvation of the place into surrender. More immediate perils, Vinoy tells us, occupied the minds of men of all classes. To arm effectively the ninety-four bastions of the enceinte, besides the seventeen forts that formed the outer circle of defence, seemed to be a more hopeless task even than to lay in stores that should maintain two millions of souls for months. The Prussians, it was thought, would on

\* *Operations du 13<sup>me</sup> Corps et de la Trisième Armée. Par le Général Vinoy. Paris: Plon, 1872.*

arriving attack some of the outer forts without delay: and Vinoy, like other regular officers who knew of the pusillanimity shown by the French troops at Sedan, formed the worst conclusions as to what would happen if an attack were made on the enceinte. For this must be largely garrisoned by battalions of the newly-armed populace, "who were much more ready for making political demonstrations, or chanting refrains more or less patriotic, than for serious fighting"—words which contain the moral of the events that followed, although the enemy proved less venturesome than was feared. Even the progress of the very works necessary for the completion of the defences felt the evil influence of the time. Doubts were traced out hastily at Montretout, Chatillon, and many other less important points, which, if completed, would have doubled the defensive power of the circle of forts; but the necessary work was hastily given out to contractors employing civilian labourers, and the latter were so absorbed in political visions that they could not be got to stick to their engagements. Hence the scandal of the incompleteness of these undertakings, which fell at once into Prussian hands, or, left unfinished by either side, remained monuments of shame against the administration of Trochu and his colleagues. The XIII<sup>th</sup> Corps, however, was posted to the west of Paris, and gave some help to the labours on that side, though this was far from supplying the gap left by the remissness of the *couriers*, whom no wages could keep to their work.

In addition to provisioning and bringing into the capital such fragments of regular troops as were left to France, the Government of Defence resolved on ordering up all available battalions of the Garde Mobile from the districts still accessible. Including the levies of the Seine Department, ninety of these were introduced before the siege began; the object being, as Vinoy states, to raise the confidence of the inhabitants by letting them see what a mass of defenders their city had within it. Possibly, too, some provision of the soberer members of the Government already gave them uneasiness as to their own situation amid the myriads of armed citizens who were pleased to call themselves National Guards, and the Mobiles of the country districts were looked to as the counterbalance, which they actually became, to ultra-revolutionary attempts against the leaders of the revolution. Twenty-eight of these battalions came from the Western departments, and afforded every promise of soon becoming solid and useful troops. On the other hand, the Gardes Mobiles of the Seine Department, eighteen battalions strong, kept up from the first the evil reputation they had gained by their early mutiny at Châlons, and to the last day of the siege were a source of danger and weakness. Vinoy withholds the condemnation which Trochu so richly deserves for his share of their misconduct, condoned by his weakness at whose instance they had been brought back to the capital they disgraced; but history will not spare the ex-Governor of Paris. Nor can he in any way escape the responsibility which lies upon him as chief of the new Government for the ill-omened decree of the 17th of September, which deprived all the Mobile officers of their commissions, and ordered that each battalion should proceed to elect its own staff. Vinoy in vain remonstrated against this foolish edict. Happily the better-ordered provincial battalions rebuked the madness of their rulers by electing their former officers. But with those of the capital and suburbs this measure gave a fatal blow to all attempts at discipline. Their newly-chosen officers never seriously attempted to enforce powers which might disappear as suddenly as they were gained, and thenceforward this section of the Mobiles, like the mass of the newly-raised National Guards, became a greater terror to their chiefs than to the enemy outside.

Before this day the enemy was close upon the city, and the last fugitives who had the means of travelling had departed. Their places were more than filled up by the crowds of timid and helpless persons who left their lonely farms in the country to take refuge from the dreaded Prussians at the risk of being starved in the capital. Late on the 15th the enemy were reputed to be approaching Joinville, and Vinoy was moved with his corps at nightfall in the direction of Vincennes, towards Joinville-le-Pont upon the Marne; nor was it until the 16th that Trochu found that his messengers had misinformed him, and that Joinville on the Seine, many miles further to the South, was the point on which the Germans were marching. The two divisions of cavalry outside were now forced abruptly to retire before Prussian advanced guards, one entering Paris, and the other retreating on Versailles, whence it escaped, under General Reyau, to become part of the Army of the Loire. It was evident that matters were to become serious, and regular rationing of the mass of armed men commenced from this day. Trochu's Government had already taken the precaution of sending its delegates to Tours to organize the defence, and had taken all the proper measures for distributing the vast length of the enceinte and the forts into fit commands under general officers or admirals. On paper General Trochu's arrangements were excellent, only he was completely lacked the power or the will to breathe into the mixed forces under him the necessary spirit of subordination and discipline which would have given the more energetic officers the chances they never had.

On the 17th Vinoy left Paris with a division for Oretail to feel for the enemy, in fact to make a reconnaissance in force. He was not long in discovering that the country before him was full of German troops, and after a slight skirmish fell back before a considerable force which had been preparing to seize the Choisy passage over the Seine. But his cavalry had before this affair been engaged in dispersing a band of armed marauders—Frenchmen—who were plundering the deserted farms of their fellow-countrymen round Oretail; and his corps had a more disagreeable taste of

the quality of their supporters after nightfall, when the stray shots of excited National Guards, firing wildly from the enceinte into the darkness, killed one and wounded several other soldiers of the corps in their bivouac.

Next day Trochu placed Vinoy's corps with the lately formed XIV<sup>th</sup>, led by General Renault, in one command under his friend Ducrot, just escaped by a device which is sufficiently well known from the Prussian lines on the Moselle. A verbose apology informed Vinoy of his practical supersession, and he was directed on the Villejuif plateau, outside the south-eastern angle of the enceinte, to support Ducrot's own movement of offence with the XIV<sup>th</sup> Corps—an endeavour to surprise the Bavarians near Chatillon as they followed the Crown Prince towards Versailles. The XIII<sup>th</sup> were not engaged, and escaped all share in the disgraceful rout in which Ducrot's advance issued. Entering the city on the news of this disaster, Vinoy witnessed the shameful conduct of the fugitives, giving themselves up to the intoxication which soon became a recognized element in the defence of Paris, whilst he waited impatiently the arrival of his leading troops. It was 4 p.m. before these came up to line the threatened portion of the enceinte. Vinoy declines to enter fully into the question whether the Germans made proper use of their advantages on this day, giving it, however, as his own opinion that, had they followed up the fugitives from Chatillon boldly, they had fair chance of slipping between the forts and entering the enceinte unopposed in the general discouragement of the defenders. With the failure of Ducrot's first sortie all real thought of active resistance died away. The Prussians on their part took up a more attitude of observation, and the petty affairs which Vinoy daily chronicles up to the end of October made no change of importance in the general state of the investment. Such good service as was really done in these fell mostly to the share of the XIII<sup>th</sup> Corps, and Vinoy could part from his old command with a sentiment of mutual respect when the decree of the 6th of November gave a new and more complete organization, too long delayed from personal or political motives, to the whole of the defending forces of Paris.

Vinoy now received command of the so-called Third Army, the history of which constitutes the second section of his work. This was a mass of 70,000 men in six scattered divisions, destined apparently to act as reserves to the fighting or Second Army of Ducrot, which numbered 105,000 men strong, and absorbed all the really trained soldiers of the infantry, including of course Vinoy's former command. The First Army, under poor Clément Thomas, was a mere mass of National Guards in separate battalions, estimated at 133,000 men, whilst detached forces of 80,000 men were distributed in special garrisons about the forts and ramparts, making a total of 388,000 men bearing arms in the defence. The real hopes of deliverance, so far as any can be said to have existed, lay in the efforts of Ducrot's command, which alone had any pretensions to act as a field force, and this fact reduces Vinoy's share in the after events to one of less significance than before, though his post was nominally higher.

The precious days of November passed by in that variety of inaction which was called the completion of the new organization. At its close Trochu, abandoning his favourite notion of a march on Normandy, made the celebrated attempt to burst the lines of investment at their south-eastern angle with the Second Army, which resulted in the hard-fought but useless actions before Brie and Champigny, and in the final retreat of Ducrot across the Marne, which his troops had crossed too late for any purpose of surprise. Vinoy's share in the enterprise was to co-operate by attacking the Germans just to the westward of the main sortie, on the other side of the Seine. Slightly successful at the outset, he was naturally recalled by Trochu on the first failure of the main operation; and his advice after the battle of the 30th, which was to march Ducrot's army secretly across Paris from the Marne, and utilize its possession of interior lines by pushing it suddenly on Versailles, was disregarded. Trochu preferred holding the villages gained across the Marne, from which his troops found it necessary to retreat three days later.

The most important episode in the history of the Third Army was its occupation of Mount Avron, which dates from this period, when the fire of some batteries from that commanding hill across the Marne was found to influence seriously the fortunes of the action at Brie. Vinoy was moved to this point with a part of his command, and held it until driven out by the concentrated German fire, which forced his troops fairly from the hill during the snows of that bitter Christmas. Here, then, for the first time is written the full story of the first occupation of the plateau; of the advance beyond it for part of a day into Ville Evrard, which so alarmed—if the word be not too strong—the Germans for the safety of their great Lagny dépôt beyond; of the surprise of the new French advanced posts by an inferior force of Saxons; and of the final bombardment of the hill, which forced Vinoy to retire within the lines of the forts behind. "Too late" is the moral of the tale throughout. Too late were begun the works upon the hill—here, again, fatally entrusted to the desultory labour of demoralized workmen from the city; and much too late the apparently bold advance beyond, which a few weeks earlier might have seriously influenced the investment. The troops also seem now to have lost their heart from constant inaction, varied only by ill success; and Vinoy is too honest a writer to disguise the fact that General Blaise's men behaved badly after their leader fell at Ville Evrard, and allowed themselves to be forced from their strong position by a mere handful of Saxons.

Removed from this side, at the beginning of the year, to the west of Paris, Vinoy's command became absorbed in the mass

that issued thence in the last hopeless sortie on Montretout which preceded Trochu's resolve to surrender. Into the fall of the once popular Governor of Paris and his supersession by Vinoy the present work does not carry us, and we close our notice of it here. Our duty as critics compels us to notice that the book needs some revision. Such mistakes as those which omit all mention of the XII<sup>th</sup> Corps in the army destroyed at Sedan, and enumerate but five of the six divisions which formed Vinoy's own Third Army in November, might have been avoided by a proper correction for the press. But the work is on the whole essentially an honest and painstaking one. The gallant writer does well in his appendix to give the most valuable proof of care—the insertion of such original documents as best illustrate and complete his text; and of the whole we may repeat what we said in our opening remarks, that it reflects credit on the author as a soldier and compiler of history, who thus offers to the world what serves at once as his own justification and as invaluable material to those who would study the military side of the greatest siege the world has ever seen.

#### SIDGWICK'S SCENES FROM EURIPIDES AND ARISTOPHANES.\*

SOME time ago we welcomed a series of Latin and English texts, briefly annotated, and published by Messrs. Seeley, as an earnest of a cheaper supply of well edited school-books. The aim proposed was to furnish a half-year's reading at such a cost as would not be grudged even if the books were fairly worn out by the end of it. It is satisfactory to find that so excellent a notion does not limit itself to a single publishing firm, or to a couple of languages only. A schoolboy's first introduction to Greek plays begins, if he is tolerably forward, at an age when he has yet to learn that fondness for a bookshelf or a library which alone can save books from being thrown aside or got rid of as soon as they are done with. Moreover it is undesirable to encumber unadvanced pupils with whole plays at a point of progress at which the choruses are likely to be as dark to them as Hebrew or Coptic; and with the half-initiated a deterrent sense of difficulty is apt to attach to the very form and appearance of a Greek drama. At Rugby and other public schools it was an old custom to read a Greek play in certain forms with the omission of the choruses, which it was an article of boyish faith to suppose never were, and never were meant to be intelligible. Now, as far as we know, Mr. A. Sidgwick is the first to begin a great improvement in this state of things. Not professing to give whole dramas, with their customary admixture of iambs, trochees, and choral odes, as pabulum for learners who can barely digest the level speeches and dialogues commonly confined to the first-named metre, he has arranged extracted scenes with much tact and skill, and set them before the pupil with all needful information in the shape of notes at the end of the book; besides which he has added a somewhat novel, but highly commendable and valuable feature—namely, appropriate headings to the commencement of each scene, and appropriate stage directions during its progress. The bare and uninviting form of a Teubner or a Tauchnitz text is thus exchanged for an outward appearance which is at once suggestive and attractive; and in the interest of the *studium juvenius*, which it was the old fashion to leave to find out its meanings and bearings by the unassisted light of nature, we hail the kindly rays with which a sensible and successful teacher has seen fit to illuminate a path always more or less obscure. In truth, Mr. Sidgwick seems to have studied attractiveness in his whole scheme far more than the elder Orbilius would have considered it proper or wholesome to do. Whilst presenting his readers with specimens of the three distinct forms of Greek drama in vogue at Athens in her zenith of literary glory—the Tragedy, the Satyric drama, and the Comedy—he has chosen the very samples of each which are fittest to interest and to amuse, and, avoiding the hackneyed "Person's four," and "Monk's two," and the formerly inevitable *Achærians*, has given a taste of plays not a whit less characteristic, and certainly more uncommon. This applies in a special degree to the Euripidean works. The *Iphigenia in Tauris* is a play attractive in its plot and situations, and eminent amongst the dramas of its author for the moral worth of its characters, and the noble, though natural, tone of the sentiments they utter. Iphigenia, the humane priestess of a barbarous ritual; Orestes, interesting on the score of his sufferings and of his fabled friendship with Pylades; Pylades himself, impressive in his devotion to his "other self," though some might say that in yielding the point as to which should be Iphigenia's messenger, he recognized too easily the superior claims of "number one"—all these characters appeal to the sympathy of young readers as well by their energy and resource in action, which boys honour, as by their sentiments, which, if too gnomic and subtle, would be voted twaddle by such critics. But such is not the case with these *dramatis personæ*, nor do we know any more natural touches in Euripides than two with which he enhances his conception of Iphigenia. One is where, when Orestes and Pylades are brought first before her in manacles, she pities the handsome strangers, and wonders

τίς ἄρα μήτηρ ἢ τευκὺς ὅμῃς ποτὶ  
παῖρ τ' ἀδελφὴ τ', εἰ γέγονα τυγχάνει;

οἷον στερῆσαι διππύχων νεανῶν  
ἀνδράλφους ἱστῶν.—V. 215-18.

And as to you—what mother gave you birth?  
Who was your father? and your sister, who—  
If sister you possess? I pity her;  
Bereaved of two such youths, she is bereaved.

(Cartwright's Translation.)

The other will be found in the messenger's narrative of the escape of the priestess and her new-found allies to Argos. He describes her on board the Greek galley, which a tempestuous sea forbade to get clear off from the inhospitable shores, as praying to Artemis, with the touching adjuration:—

φιλεῖς δὲ καὶ σὺ σὺν κασίγνητος, θεά·  
φιλεῖν δὲ καὶ τὸς ὁμαίμονας δόκει.—V. 357-8.

Thou lovest thine own brother; oh! believe  
That I love mine.—Ibid. v. 222.

Except in one line, where Mr. Sidgwick fails to note the ambiguity of Iphigenia's reply (v. 442) to the King's reluctant assent to the captives being purged of their blood-guiltiness by solemn ablutions (ἰσώτητον γούν τῷ θεῷ πείσσειν ἄν), and leaves the learner to divine that

καὶ τὰμὰ γ' οὕτω μᾶλλον ἂν καλῶς ἔχοι

is susceptible of one interpretation by Thoms and of another by the speaker, we have come upon no place where all needful help is not rendered to the reader; and it is a surprise to us how wonderfully the coherence and consecutiveness of the plot has been preserved by means of "stage directions" and italicized hints, notwithstanding the very considerable omissions of Euripides' matter which the editor's plan necessitates. When we add that the titles of the seven scenes in this play are "the Dream," "the Arrival," "the Capture," "the Message," "the Recognition," "the Plot," and "the Finale," it will be seen by those who are familiar with the play how cleverly the chief situations have been preserved, and it will be understood by the uninitiated how lively a plot awaits their unravelling.

In the *Cyclops*, the sole extant specimen of the jocular satyric play which made a fourth part of each Greek tetralogy, and bore witness to the pre-existence of the rude old Dionysiac dramas, Mr. Sidgwick has provided a treat for even his involuntary readers. The action and the characters are sure to enlist the interest of boys. The gorged old Cyclops, the bibulous Silenus, those half-unconscious poltroons the chorus of Satyrs, and the resourceful Ulysses, with a touch of comedy thrown into his portraiture to accommodate him to his company and amuse the audience, make a *dramatis personæ* such as could not be met in Attic tragedy or comedy proper. There is plenty of "sensation" in the *Cyclops*, though its range is limited, and though, as Donaldson pointed out, the chorus does not leave the orchestra. But the open fun and the sly hits of the dialogue are most taking; as witness the allusion to a democracy, and the surely satirical definition of it contained in Odysseus's question and Silenus's answer as to the land upon which the former had been stranded:—

Οἷ. τίνας κλύοντες; ἢ δειδμενται κράτος;

Στ. νομίμεις· ἀκούει δ' οὐδὲν οὐδεὶς οὐδένος.—78-9.

The youthful readers of this latter line will hardly, after it, care to accept the programme of Citizen Dilke or Mr. Odger. The gnomic wisdom too of the chief interlocutors is very homely and practical. When Odysseus offers Silenus a taste of his wine-flask, the connoisseur satirically affirms the wisdom of whetting the appetite for a sale or barter with a drop of something, in his reply

δικαίον. ἢ γὰρ γέυμα τὴν ἀνὴν καλεῖ.—109.

Right. 'Tis a taste that leads to purchasing.

And in a former line, in the matter of milk and cheese, Odysseus provokes a laugh by saying, "It's as well to see what you're going to buy." The funning of the devil-may-care Satyrs with their awkward customer Polyphemus is also exquisite when they have to answer his question, whether they have filled his milk bowls, and with what sort of milk? "Which you please," is their answer; "only don't gulp down us!" But the Cyclops has a retort for them, after this fashion:—

Certainly not, lest leaping in my stomach

Ye should upset it with your cursed capers.—164-5.

Not amiss, also, is the fawning suggestion of old Silenus to the Cyclops to do a little cannibalism for a change, because *τὰ καὶ γ' ἐκ τῶν ἡλάδων—ἡδίων ἱστῶν* (194-195)—"novelties in *gourmanderie*," that is, "are pleasanter than routine dishes." A survey of the editor's brief notes to this play will prove that he is quite as alive to the illustration of such points of humour—indeed of all quaint allusions, such as, e.g., the well known Greek proverb for putting another and one you hold cheap to bear the brunt, *ἐν τῷ καπὶ ἐκδυσκόρου* (511)—as he is to the needful explication of such elliptical forms as *ὅτι μὴ* with a subjunctive, or *ὅπως* with a future indicative. *Appendix* of this class of notes, Mr. Sidgwick has done well to append a very short *grammatical index* of them to each play, thus enabling a pupil to take stock of his acquisitions in this kind within a given time, and impressing upon him, as he is able to take it in, that insight into peculiarities of construction which goes furthest towards the making of a scholar.

Of the Aristophanic plays which Mr. Sidgwick has edited after the same fashion as those of Euripides on which we have been dwelling, and which we presume he intends for a not much more advanced form, as he considerably enlarges the characters, the same

\* Scenes from Euripides: the *Iphigenia in Tauris*; the *Cyclops*. Scenes from Aristophanes: the *Knights*, *Frogs*, *Clouds*, and *Plutus*. By A. Sidgwick, late Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Rugby Edition. London: Seeley, 1872.



base, and indeed all, for the most part, save the iambic passages, we single out the *Clouds* for a hasty glance at his execution of it. It appears to have been the latest published of these cheap and handy *drachmas*, and, if there be a pin to choose, perhaps it has the most interest of the four. Socrates is a hero with boys very much for the comic side of his character; and here he is in a comedy, just a little caricatured no doubt, but not the less welcome, and not more discredited, because Aristophanes has designed to hold him up to ridicule. We should not wish for a livelier or more sensible guide to a young scholar over the new ground of Attic comedy than Mr. Sidgwick shows himself in a commentary which, though of the briefest, shirks no difficulty, and combines thorough knowledge of his subject with a rare insight into boys' modes of thought and capacity for receiving derived knowledge. He is very good, and this because he keeps within due bounds, at realizing in English the puns and surprises (*παρά προδοκίαν*) so common in Aristophanes. We have no occasion to interject "oh!" or "oh!" at forced hits which are only vivid to the translator's eye. Some recent editors and translators have marred more than they made of Aristophanes. But Mr. Sidgwick just indicates the style and point of a joke, and does not wear it threadbare. Thus when Strepsiades from under the bedclothes cries

οἶρον, τίς ἄν δῆρ' ἐπιβῆλοι

ἢ ἀρνακίων γνῶμην ἀποστρηφίδα; (v. 319 = 729;

he is content with rendering it "who can give me from fleeces a device to fleece?" and refrains from the over-elaborateness of Walsh's version—"Alas! who'll cover me with the coarse rugged rugs of rogues?" Earlier in the play, where Strepsiades says of his son's love for horseflesh,

ἀλλ' ἵππερον μου κατίχεν τῶν χρημάτων (v. 64),

just enough light is thrown upon the point by noting the comic coinage, ἵππερον, "horse-plague," formed like ἵκτερον, "jaundice," and by suggesting that similarly "yellow-fever" might become "bay-fever." In like manner, a few lines further on, when Strepsiades, pointing across the street to Socrates's house, tells his son that yonder's the place where teachers will make you believe the sky's an oven—

κἄστιν περὶ ἡμῶς οὗτος, ἡμεῖς ὁ ἀνθρώπος (v. 87)—

our editor notices the unexpected use of ἀνθρώπος by a stroke of humour for ἀνθρώποι; "we're the young sparks inside." He might have illustrated this turn by the use of ἀλφίτων for χρημάτων, in v. 96 (ἀλλ' εἰ τι κήναι τῶν πατρίων ἀλφίτων), where the humour consists in substituting, as it were, "loaf" for "life."

Sometimes Mr. Sidgwick indulges in a little irony of his own, as where, upon Socrates's exhortation to his dull scholar to suspend his thought in the air—

λινδότερον ὡσπερ μελομένην τοῦ ποδός (v. 351 = 764)—

A.c. "like a cockchafer tied by a thread from its foot," he quietly notes that "this humane and exciting sport would seem to be ancient." To these plays, as well as to those of Euripides on which we have dwelt, are added, where there seems occasion, appropriate "stage directions," such as very materially conduce to the understanding of the dialogue, and throw a light on the mock mysteries of the basket, the phrontisterium, and the dark inner sanctum of the Socratic burlesque. There need be no fear of a schoolboy's study of Aristophanes suffering *ὑπερβολῶς* if he has Mr. Sidgwick, or his editions, to assist him in bringing his knowledge to the birth.

In just one or two places we have a doubt whether he has not elected the worst of two competing interpretations. Thus, in v. 29 it seems better to interpret *ἐλαίας* with Mr. Paley and Mr. Green, of "taking the horse out of his harness" (cf. Xenoph. *Ecce.* xi. 18) than, as the Scholiast does, of "rolling a horse in the sand after exercise." Going back to the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, we doubt whether he is right, in v. 510-11 (= 1351-2), in regarding *πρυμνία* as in apposition with *ἐλπίδας*. "Others," translates Paley, "were getting ready ladders and hauling in the cable by passing it through their hands"; and this seems to be the sense. In v. 550, too, he would have done well to adopt Hermann's emendation, *πνίον*, for *νίος*. At v. 125 it appears to us beside the question to translate *ἄλινον πόντον* the "homeless path"—i.e., "the sea"—when the words point distinctly to the "Euxine mendax cognomine pontus" of Ovid. In v. 145 *ἀγάλας* is for *ἀγάλας* rather than *ἀγάλας*.

But, independently of the praise due to Mr. Sidgwick for a bold thrust at the rotten old barrier to learning presented by dear school books, his general execution of his editorial task is just what we should have expected from his approved and finished scholarship.

#### MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Hamilton Marshall announces himself as the author of a previous story, *For Very Life*, we imagine that he must still be a novice in his art. We further learn from a dedication that he is an admirer and apparently a personal friend of Mr. Carlyle. We may frankly congratulate him on both circumstances. Youth is a blessing, and so is the friendship of a great writer. Such influences, however, are sometimes apt to

produce literary results of questionable value. Carlyle considered as a persuasion is, for anything we have to say to the contrary, very excellent in its way, but its devotees are given to a disagreeable form of affectation. The style which in the hands of the master is perfectly spontaneous, or, if in any sense acquired, has been acquired so completely that it is now as good as spontaneous, degenerates in the hands of some of his disciples into the most offensive mannerism extant. We are glad to say that Mr. Marshall does not fall into this error. He does not talk about the eternal silences, or denounce shame and wind-lags—at least under those names—or even remark that speech is silvern and silence golden. The influence acts powerfully upon him, but in a different way; and he must certainly have the credit of possessing a style of his own. It is not in all respects a bad style; but certainly it is in a high degree jerky and spasmodic. One peculiarity which is easily defined is a profuse indulgence in full stops. If Mr. Marshall's writings were at all voluminous, he would speedily outrun the resources of any ordinary printing establishment. His pages bristle with full stops, which sometimes appear to have intruded themselves between the subject and predicate of a sentence. A relative pronoun is as scarce as it is in some of Mr. Browning's pages. Almost every sentence is constructed on the simplest possible model, so that reading him aloud would be something like cracking a whip or firing off a succession of pistol-shots. Take, for example, the opening sentences of the story:—"It was night in the valley. And yet not that huge grimy monster which makes heaven look like a coal-mine. But a soft summer night. A summer night seems the feminine, a winter night the masculine, of night." In this specimen it may be remarked that the peculiarity depends chiefly upon eccentricities of punctuation. The first two full stops are quite superfluous; but, as a rule, it enters more deeply into the structure of the sentences. Here is another example of a conglomeration of sentences, stuck together rather than combined:—

What could be more incongruous than this love? The love of George Bancroft for Euridice Gray. They were the very antipodes of one another. To name the boy and to name the woman was an antithesis. It was like naming night and day. The lad seemed to be the dawn, the woman a dreary sunset.

And so on; or, to take a final instance, here is a specimen of the author's style, and of his vein of reflection:—

It is often thus. Our reality lies like a stormy ocean about a peaceful, happy little island of dreams. Misery always seems more real than happiness. There is beneficence in the fact that even our waking hours have dreams. But we may waken from these. What a cold cheerless dawn that is in most cases. Horrible reentry of grim truth.

Perhaps it is scarcely worth while to attempt an analysis of the style of an inexperienced writer, whose book is not in the least likely to create an overpowering sensation in the world. We have said thus much because Mr. Marshall appears to us to have real talent, and it is a pity that he should fall into so provoking a mannerism. We should recommend him to try the experiment of re-writing some part of his book with only an average allowance of full stops. He would find the change as great as that between the old-fashioned paving-stones and the new asphalt. Instead of moving with a bump and a jerk, his readers would glide peacefully along, and would be much more ready to do him justice. The secret of this erroneous method is simply the effect of constant straining after emphasis. Mr. Marshall cannot be content unless he says something striking in every line, and therefore he kneads down each sentence, as it were, into a pellet, and fills it into our faces. Now it is a fault, instead of a merit, to write in a series of epigrams; and, amongst other reasons, because a good many of them are pretty sure to be bad ones. Mr. Marshall wants to tell us that a woman is looking old. He says that "time had made the tawse of the face past, for the face is like a verb." The likeness of the face to a verb consists in its expressing anticipations of the future in youth, and thoughts of the past in old age. Directly afterwards he tells us, of the same lady, that "her mouth had even yet those hinges of smiles—dimples—about it." The old poets of the "metaphysical school" could scarcely have indulged in more abstruse conceits than comparing the face to a verb, and calling a dimple the hinge of a smile. The last metaphor is, to our minds, decidedly unpleasant and very inaccurate, besides that the quaintness gives us a kind of jar in reading what ought to be a saddening description of worn-out beauty. Sometimes he is happier in his oddities. The following comparison strikes us as good, and the grotesqueness is not out of place:—"He took a few quiet steps from the path, and stood behind the stem of a huge oak tree that seemed to have been frozen in a fit, so straggling and so gnarled were its old branches."

It is in the general tendency of his opinions that Mr. Marshall seems to take most decidedly after his master. Like Mr. Carlyle, he has a strong sense of the generally unsatisfactory condition of the times in which we live; and occasionally he slides into an aphorism whose origin is easily traceable. "Men," he says, "wish they possessed the past; then, they imagine, they could do anything. Men are, for the most part, fools." There is a good deal of truth in the observation, but we all know whences it comes. Sometimes he preaches to us a bit of familiar doctrine. He tells us that any grand effort of nature is a miracle:—

We pass our days amidst miracles, and never raise our eyebrows. We live; that is a miracle to begin with. But we take all the miracles as if they were very simple things; we arrange them under heads and call this science. Science takes for data the existence of a million miracles, and then proves the non-existence of miracles. This is a clever trick; it deceives many.

The man of science would of course reply that he uses the word miracle in an entirely different sense from Mr. Marshall. We merely give the passage as a specimen of Mr. Marshall in the didactic moods which are so common with him as very materially to interrupt the progress of his story. He goes in with youthful ardour for expressing his intense contempt for the world in general, and especially for people who fancy that they are the wise men of the world, from the heights of his superior philosophy. He points out in a dozen epigrams, inserted between the incidents of a love story, the utter futility of British notions of law, of education, or of social reform. Mr. Charles Reade himself could hardly be more dogmatic; and the satire, if not unusually stinging, is occasionally a very fair sample of the article. He is virtuously indignant that men should become barristers in virtue of having eaten seventy-two dinners, or, if members of the University, fifty-six. "There is probably," he remarks ironically, "a reason for this"; and he goes on to show how a barrister thrives on the abundance of crime, or, as he puts it, "finds himself in a sort of partnership with the devil, who touts for him"; how the young barristers do not find enough employment in spite of this effective ally, and talk about their recent rubbers whilst criminals are being sentenced to penal servitude. This, we believe, is what is called "scathing satire"; we have no great love for it as a rule, but we think that, on the whole, that which Mr. Marshall supplies is rather better than the average quality, and liable only to one objection. It is irrelevant to the story, and when Mr. Marshall ought to be thinking of interesting us in his characters, he is trying to show us what a sharp insight he has into the absurdities of modern society, and how clearly he sees that eating dinners is not a rational mode of preparing oneself for a learned profession.

The remark reminds us that it is time to say a few words about the story in question. It is rather a singular production, and we have a suspicion that it has suffered from being regarded by its author as a thread from which epigrams may be hung, rather than as a source of interest in itself. The main plot is as follows. Mr. John Venner, heir to a large property, seduces a poor girl called Dicy Gray, and afterwards marries a rich girl, Linette Leyn. Both the women, in spite of the fault of the first, are approximately angels. Seth Marne, a virtuous young man, is intensely indignant at the seduction, and swears that he will be revenged. Here are all the elements of an exciting set of adventures. There is a cunning and spiteful shepherd, one Felix Grote, who goes creeping about behind hedges and gets hold of various secrets, by which he expects to extort money from Mr. Venner, or to deprive him of his rich wife and his property. In one way or another we expect the avenger of injured innocence to trip up Mr. Venner's heels and to set everything to rights. But, to our amazement, after every preparation has been made for awakening our interest in Seth Marne's virtuous indignation and Felix Grote's carefully planned treachery, everything breaks down. Seth Marne goes mad and wanders promiscuously about the country, sometimes knocking down unoffending people under the impression that they are conspiring against him, and sometimes living on charity and asking after his lost love. Poor Dicy Gray does not go mad; but she also wanders about the country in an aimless fashion, trying to pick up a living without a previous good character, and naturally getting into trouble. The wicked plotter, Felix Grote, is bought off at a handsome price by the rich villain, John Venner, and sent off to America. John Venner gets his rich wife and his estate, though the latter appears to be in danger of disappearing at the end of the novel; and in the last page or two the mad avenger of virtue meets injured innocence on the banks of a river in flood, and they both tumble into it and are drowned, after the precedent of Tom and Maggie Tulliver. There is no particular moral conveyed by the story, unless it be meant to signify that villainy generally succeeds in this world; and we should be the last to quarrel with this want of a moral. But the premature madness of the chief actor gives a kind of hopelessly vague and unintelligible character to the whole proceeding which rather destroys our interest in the book. If Mr. Marshall would be a little less anxious to express his contempt for the world, if he would condescend to construct his plot more carefully, and to write in a simple and steady-going style, he has enough talent to write a very interesting book; but he should make an effort to shake off some of his mannerism whilst there is yet time, and should remember that there is a great difference, as Mr. Carlyle would tell him, between spasmodic and vigorous writing.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**T**HE *Bibliothèque universelle de Genève* has long occupied a distinguished place among periodicals written in the French language. Founded seventy-six years ago\*, it soon gathered around it the *élite* of Swiss men of letters, and obtained, by the wholesome style of its criticisms and the originality of its articles, a reputation which was equalled afterwards only by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The list of the contributors to the *Bibliothèque universelle* comprises the names of MM. de la Rive, Töpffer, Marc Dabrit, Neville, Charles Secrétan, and others, and it is at present the senior of all monthly periodicals. Whilst the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue Indépendante*, the *Revue Moderne*, the *Revue Française*,

have flourished for a short time and then disappeared, our Swiss journal has perseveringly held its ground, and takes a new lease of life with the present year. Transferred from Geneva to Lausanne, and having annexed the *Revue Suisse*, it combines the serious character of a review, strictly so-called, with the lighter style of a popular magazine. Thus the first three numbers for 1872, which we have just received, contain a very pretty tale by Madlle. Berthier, entitled "Mon Étoile," an interesting article by M. Paul Stapfer on Béranger's literary correspondence, and a valuable sketch in which M. Lambert compares the progress of democracy in France with the development of centralization on the other side of the Rhine. A review of new books, and a budget of *causes* from Paris, Italy, and Germany complete each number.

In 1828 three illustrious Professors thoroughly revolutionized the Sorbonne by their lectures, and gave to the higher branches of instruction an impetus the effects of which are still observable. The brilliancy of M. Villemain, M. Cousin's impassioned eloquence, and the dignified style so characteristic of M. Guizot's teaching, have never been surpassed since; but each of these accomplished masters formed disciples who are now carrying on the work with much deserved success. M. Nourrisson is one of these; he belongs to M. Cousin's group, and we have often already in these pages had an opportunity of noticing his contributions to the history of philosophy. Alexander Aphrodisiensis is the subject of his present sketch†, and M. Nourrisson may claim the twofold merit of drawing the attention of the public to a metaphysician who, though one of the most distinguished of Aristotle's commentators, is not well known, and also of discussing *a propos* of him a question which is just now more than ever interesting. The problem of man's free will comes before us with unusual force in times when political society seems to be thrown off its hinges, and it is rather curious that the two writers who in times past have devoted their thoughts to the works of Alexander Aphrodisiensis were Grotius and Daunou. The quarrels between the Arminians and the Gomarists had induced the former to seek in antiquity arguments against the fatalist doctrines which a certain school of theology openly professed; and two centuries later the apparent triumph of the baneful theory of accomplished facts, illustrated by the course of the Revolution and the startling progress of Napoleon I., led Daunou to meditate on the same subject. It is no matter of wonder that M. Nourrisson should from similar motives have been led to follow in a like direction. His able essay is not only a complete examination of the problem in question, but also an interesting history of the disputes which, during the middle ages and the Renaissance period, divided the followers of Aristotle according as they adopted the views of Averroes or of Alexander Aphrodisiensis. M. Nourrisson has added to his work a French translation of Alexander's treatise on Fate.

M. Berger's lectures on the history of Latin eloquence‡ form an agreeable instalment of a series which comprises M. Patin's studies on the Greek tragic poets, his history of Latin poetry, and M. Charpentier's sketches of the Latin writers of the Imperial period. The word "eloquence" is a very elastic one; in the present instance, it is made to embrace a variety of topics only remotely connected with oratory. Thus M. Berger gives his readers an account of Roman law, and of the origin of Roman history; he devotes several chapters to the influence of Greek culture upon the civilization of Rome, and he examines the state of society as it appears in the Satires of Lucilius. The special merit of M. Berger seems to have been, besides his deep knowledge of Latin literature, a considerable talent in bringing history, biography, philosophy, and even natural science to bear upon the subject of his more immediate studies. He was essentially thorough and painstaking; nor can we wonder at the popularity which he managed to preserve during the fifteen years of his teaching at the Sorbonne. The present lectures on the history of Latin eloquence, published by M. Victor Cucheval from the *réductions* of the Professor's pupils, are accompanied by an introduction; the notes placed at the end of each volume give a number of illustrative texts taken from books of comparatively difficult access.

In addition to his great work, "Colbert's Despatches and State Papers," the late M. P. Clément composed several interesting monographs on illustrious personages connected with the Court of Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV.; thus the two volumes which he devoted to Madame de Montespan, and to her gifted and accomplished sister, the Abbess of Fontevault, will hold a distinguished position next to M. Cousin's famous sketches of Mesdames de Chevreuse, de Hautefort, and de Longueville. In the pages of the present duodecimo¶ we are brought into contact with a totally different set of characters—the financiers of the eighteenth century. The state of the French Exchequer at the time of the Regency and under the government of Louis XV. was so deplorable that all sorts of means were devised in order to replenish it. M. de Silhouette's system of taxation applied with the utmost rigour, and his attempt to reduce the King's personal expenses, were not likely to make him popular either amongst the *bourgeoisie* or at Versailles, and after a tenure of office of eight months he was obliged to resign the post of *contrôleur des finances*. This is almost all that the majority of readers know about a man whose name has been in a manner im-

\* *De la Liberté et du Hazard; essai sur Alexandre d'Aphrodisias*. Par M. Nourrisson. Paris: Didier.

† *Histoire de l'Eloquence latine depuis l'origine de Rome jusqu'à nos jours*, d'après les notes de M. Berger. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *M. de Silhouette, Doucet, les derniers Fermiers généraux*. Par M. P. Clément. Paris: Didier.

§ *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse*. 77th year. Parts for January, February, and March, 1872. London: Barthes and Lowell.

mortalized in the figures cut out of black paper which still bear the name of *silhouette*. M. Clément's interesting essay throws considerable light upon the state of French finances during the eighteenth century; it is followed by an equally good sketch of the life of Étienne Michel Boret, a *fermier général* whose talents were matched only by his extravagance. M. Alfred Lemoine, the faithful coadjutor of M. P. Clément in his work on Colbert, has contributed to the volume before us a chapter on the last representatives of the financiers immediately before the meeting of the States General in 1789. Notes, appendices of State documents and anecdotes borrowed from contemporary sources add much value to these portraits.

M. Beq de Fouquières has undertaken\* to plead the cause of the celebrated Aspasia at the bar of the nineteenth century, and to appeal against the judgment which has hitherto classed her amongst the well-known representatives of the classical *démimonde*. The chief evidence on which critics and historians have founded their opinions about Aspasia is that which is furnished by Aristophanes and the other comic poets—evidence which is very often far from trustworthy, being the result of party spirit and of political animosity. But, says M. de Fouquières, in endeavouring to form an estimate of the character and influence of women in the days of the Athenian democracy, we should place ourselves at the point of view of that society itself, and not merely consider the moral usages of our own times. If Aspasia was looked upon as a courtesan, it is simply, he contends, because, according to the Athenian law, no foreigner could marry a citizen of Athens, and therefore the union of Aspasia with Pericles, however legitimate it might be intrinsically, was legally only a case of concubinage. Such, in a few words, is the argument of M. Fouquières, which he maintains with much ability. The secret of Aspasia's undoubted power was, he urges, that she had a mind of superior elevation capable of grasping the highest problems of political and ethical science, and perfectly aware of the defects which even in the golden age of Pericles threatened to undermine Hellenic civilization. Whilst discussing the leading events of the life of Aspasia, M. Beq de Fouquières has necessarily touched upon questions of a purely literary character, such as the authenticity of the Menexenus, Xenophon's Memorabilia, &c. Whatever we may think of the soundness of M. de Fouquières's conclusions, it is impossible to deny the scholarship which he has displayed in his interesting monograph.

The duty of compulsory education is energetically maintained by M. Charles Robert in a pamphlet† in which a mass of facts chronologically arranged serves to show the progress which has been continually going on in that direction during the last fifty years, and to prove that the very existence of society is closely connected with educational reform. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*: M. Robert points to Germany as the best proof of the argument he endeavours to establish. It was almost the day after the battles of Jena and Auerstadt that Fichte urged the necessity of regenerating Germany through the application of Pestalozzi's pedagogic doctrines, combined with the principle of compulsory education. The recent disasters which France has experienced are, says our author, a further confirmation of the same truth, and it behoves all true patriots to bring public opinion to bear upon the French Government in order that the matter may be settled at once and for ever. After having given us in a series of interesting chapters the history of the whole subject from the year 1853 to the present time, M. Robert prints a *projet de loi* on elementary education, drawn up by him in 1865 from the conclusions of the Report which M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, had submitted to the Emperor.

M. Michel Bréal‡, like M. Robert, asks his fellow-countrymen to break through their favourite habit of considering themselves the first nation in Europe; let them look at Germany, and read the causes of Prussia's success in the superiority of the system of education which prevails on the other bank of the Rhine. M. Bréal examines in detail the working of the French elementary schools, the *lycées* and the *facultés*; he discusses the teaching, the books, the administration, the discipline; and he has no difficulty in proving that the whole edifice of the University requires immediate reconstruction from top to bottom. The starting point of his work deserves attention, because it has usually been neglected by careless observers; it is that, in spite of appearances, France is the country in Europe the most afraid of true reforms, the most enervated by obsolete traditions. The Revolution may have extended the advantages of education over a wider surface, but the system has remained very much the same as it was in the days of Bossuet and Rollin. It is further to be observed that in France, unfortunately, all questions are uniformly treated in a too absolute and sweeping manner. For example, if the subject of classical studies happens to be mooted, it seldom occurs to the disputants that reforms judiciously introduced might make the teaching of Latin and Greek as useful as it is now useless. Absolute destruction is the only alternative which is thought to meet the exigencies of the case, and the cry *Detenda Carthago* is immediately raised. This serious mistake applies, M. Bréal observes, to every branch of education in France without exception. The true policy of the Government is, he contends, to employ the materials which it has

at hand, to begin at once with the reform of the higher instruction, and not persist in retaining an antiquated system which was already considered defective a century ago.

M. Reynald begins his preface\* by showing that, although the history of the French Revolution has often been studied, it must nevertheless for a long time yet be a subject of eager curiosity and attentive investigation. At the present moment, when questions connected with the very existence of society are once more under discussion, we naturally turn back to the short period during which the Constituent Assembly was at work attempting to establish a really free government, and to construct the edifice of modern France upon a solid basis. With the labours of that Assembly Mirabeau is closely identified, and therefore it is that M. Reynald has taken him as the subject of his new work. A short introduction on political eloquence, in which the names of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Royer-Collard serve as terms of comparison, opens the volume; next comes an account of the Mirabeaus during the epoch which preceded the Revolution, and a sketch of those petty squabbles and family differences which contributed so much to injure the reputation of the great statesman. Mirabeau's political career occupies Books II.-IV. of the volume; it is related, of course, from a favourable point of view, but M. Reynald is generally an impartial historian.

The subject which M. Havet has discussed in his learned work† is one of the highest interest; unfortunately, however, he has thought fit to mix up with it a question of a totally different kind, and he has consequently produced two volumes which we have no hesitation in pronouncing fundamentally erroneous and illogical. M. Havet, like most writers of his school (the school of scientific doism), is very loud on the necessity of cultivating amongst the French people a strong sense of duty, respect for the law, habits of industry and of temperance; but the body of his work is an elaborate attempt to upset the very foundations upon which any society, even a Republican one, can alone exist. We have already more than once said that, in studying the origin of Christianity, the historian must take into account all the circumstances amidst which Christianity manifested itself, must consider how far it was modified by Greek and Latin civilization, by Judaism, &c.; but such questions do not affect in the least the divine origin of the religion, and the error into which M. Havet falls is that of confounding two orders of ideas which are totally distinct from each other. His remarks on Plato, Cicero, Lucian, and Aristotle, in fact on the whole of classical antiquity, show deep study, and an intimate acquaintance with the authors he passes in review, but the conclusions he draws from these remarks are, in our opinion, entirely unsound.

Two treatises of philosophy have lately reached us; one is a short book on logic, the other is a large volume in which M. Delaperche endeavours to discuss from a fresh point of view all the great questions of ontology. M. Delaperche's work‡ is, strictly speaking, an original production; he quotes from no writer, he appeals to no anterior system, and remains constantly and exclusively in communion with his own thoughts. The algebraical notation which he uses gives his volume a severe character, and must necessarily limit the circle of his readers; but the *Essai de Philosophie analytique* nevertheless deserves attention, and we can recommend its perusal to persons who wish to discuss once more the often discussed subjects—What is matter? What is time? What is space? What is the world in its principle and its manifestations?

The treatise on logic§ for which we are indebted to Dr. Hartzen is, as the author states in his preface, rather a sketch than a complete work; it is, however, a valuable contribution to that particular study, because Dr. Hartzen strikes out a new path, and presents to us observations which we are not accustomed to find in the usual manuals. Thus he does not discuss as two separate subjects inductive logic and what he calls *logique rationnelle*; and, considering science not as an end, but as the means towards a certain end, he defines it as "an ensemble of ideas which enables man to modify the world, and to realize a determined ideal given to us by the ensemble of our inclinations or our desires." Besides insisting upon the relations existing between logic on the one side, and metaphysics, psychology, *noëtics*, and dialectics on the other, Dr. Hartzen has appended to his volume an interesting treatise on the principles of aesthetics.

The twenty-sixth *livraison* of M. Littré's Dictionary|| gives us an opportunity of remarking that no work of the same importance has ever been conducted through the press with a greater amount of care, each sheet undergoing no less than seventy-two different revisions before it is printed off; this we know to be a fact. It would nevertheless be little short of a miracle if a typographical blunder did not sometimes occur amongst so formidable an array of quotations; and we have actually discovered one. In the paragraph headed *semblablement* M. Littré introduces three well-known lines from Villon's *Ballade des Dames du temps jadis*:—

Seulement on est la royne  
Qui commanda que Buridan  
Fut jeté en ung sac en Seine?—

\* *Mirabeau et la Constituante*. Par M. Reynald. Paris: Didier.

† *Le Christianisme et ses origines; l'Hellénisme*. Par E. Havet. Paris: Lavy.

‡ *Essai de Philosophie analytique*. Par H. Delaperche. Paris: Didier.

§ *Principes de Logique exposés d'après une méthode nouvelle*. Par F. A. Hartzen. Paris: Lavy.

|| *Dictionnaire de la Langue française*. Par M. Littré. 26<sup>e</sup> livraison. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

\* *Aspasia de Milet; étude historique et morale*. Par L. Beq de Fouquières. Paris: Didier.

† *L'Instruction obligatoire*. Par Charles Robert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Quelques mots sur l'Instruction publique en France*. Par Michel Bréal. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.







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GERMANY.

THE German EMPEROR either had, or was determined to have, a very pleasant state of things to describe to his Parliament on opening the Session last Monday. The measures he had to recommend were of the most unexciting and harmless kind. Something is to be done towards putting that great subject of German interest, the consumption of beer, on a sounder footing, and a reform is to be made in the code of military criminal law. The revenue is so flourishing that, although the expenditure is to be increased, no new taxes need be imposed. Portugal has bound herself to Germany by a new commercial treaty, and France has been obliging enough to ratify a Postal Convention as rapidly as was wished. Proper measures will be taken to determine how the great windfall of the French indemnity is to be distributed, and an elaborate system of statistical records will show under every requisite head the wants, the progress, and the possessions of the Fatherland. In the ceded provinces everything was represented by the EMPEROR as going on perfectly well. The University of Strasburg is to kindle the lamp of learning in districts hitherto lying in French darkness, and a perfect system of German administration has been bestowed as the greatest of boons on a delighted population. Moreover, the unity and strength of Germany is not only most satisfactory to Germans, but is equally so to the rest of the world, who see in it the surest guarantee of peace. Of disagreeable topics not a word was said. The fight against the Ultramontanes, the signs of religious strife, the prosecutions of Socialists, the menacing attitude of France, were all discreetly ignored. An EMPEROR and a Government are not bound to be always dwelling on the dark side of the national picture, and on certain occasions to create the conviction of prosperity is to make a nation prosperous. The Germans have taken a great leap forwards since the war in every respect. They are getting more energetic, richer, more ambitious. They have begun to feel an unbounded faith in their country which has done so much and won so much in so short a time. New enterprises are started every day. Money long hoarded, or only employed timidly and sparingly for local objects, is being freely produced and devoted to the commencement of undertakings destined to promote the general prosperity of the country. Berlin cannot contain the thousands who long to come and settle in that chief centre of German power and life. It is true that Germans are far too shrewd to bury themselves in a fool's paradise. They know that there are thorns on most rose-trees, and although they admire and gather freely the pretty flowers spread before them, they are not likely to be lulled into a false security. They are not blind to the fact that France would dearly enjoy to be revenged, or to the fact that the guiding spirits of Catholicism are eager to bow down their heads in the dust. But they trust in themselves and in their Government. They beat France a short time ago, and think they could, if necessary, do it again. They confide in the foresight and resolution of the CHANCELLOR, and believe that he knows exactly what France can do and would like to do, and that the moment he plants danger he will take without delay and without scruple every possible precaution. They cannot persuade themselves that the strength of the German laity is inferior to the strength of priests and of priestly coteries, and they have just enjoyed the spectacle of Prince BISMARCK's triumph over his clerical enemies. They therefore are setting themselves, without much anxiety for the future, to the supreme task of getting rich in a wider and quicker and bolder manner than they ever dreamt of before the war. The EMPEROR's speech was evidently designed to foster the spirit of national confidence, and to use the present stage of national hope and excitement to

make the whole country go forward in every path of material improvement. If Germany is not really in any danger which wise men do not see their way to surmounting, there is certainly much good sense in this profiting by good fortune, and in using advantageously a golden opportunity which, if neglected, might never return.

But the real question must be whether Germany is free from the necessity of apprehending serious danger; for the prosperity which is created by sudden confidence may easily be turned into adversity if this confidence is mistaken. As to the religious difficulty, there does not as yet seem to be any serious reason for apprehension. Prince BISMARCK has judged, and probably has judged wisely, that the plottings and intrigues which bewilder and disturb a nation are best confronted with a bold face. If the religious movement were one springing from a deep change in the mental habits of men and in popular ideas, it is impossible to say to what new revolutions of social and individual life, and even of political existence, it might give rise. But the religious movement with which Germany is concerned is mainly a political movement, and it is mainly a political movement connected with the revenge of France. Its present effects are not unfavourable to Germany; for the tendency of France to link herself with the Ultramontanes, even if it exists as strongly as is represented, which is rather doubtful, keeps Italy firmly on the side of Germany; and the union of Germany has been rather cemented than shaken by the popular belief, which has gained ground under the auspices of the CHANCELLOR, that the priests and their friends are trying to pull Germany to pieces. Anything may of course happen in the future; but so far as can now be seen, Germany has not any pressing need to fear that France will start with the advantage of a strong alliance if she renews the war. Nor is there any great reason to fear lest France should, with the aid of her clerical friends, sap German unity, sow discord between one German State and another, and so paralyse the strength of the nation. A short time ago it seemed as if France might try to wait patiently for events, and win support here and there until she got some one to help her if she went to war. It also seemed as if this patience might be exercised till some steps towards the disintegration of Germany by ecclesiastical influence had been successfully accomplished. These dangers do not seem so pressing as they did. The danger that now threatens Germany is that France, unaided, and trusting only to the secular arm, may renew the war. A year ago the French Government was buying up, arming, and clothing with great difficulty small bodies of troops on whom little reliance could be placed, in order to take Paris out of the hands of rebels. Now France is spending nearly thirty millions sterling for this year's military outlay; she has got almost as many men moderately fit to fight as the EMPEROR NAPOLEON had when he declared war; she is fast accumulating artillery and rifles, and is straining every nerve to create and discipline a vast reserve force. M. THIERS openly announces that this enormous military preparation is absolutely necessary. Without it the French nation could not be comfortable, nor could it respect itself, or hope that any one would respect it. This is a frankness worthy of Prince BISMARCK himself. He said plainly enough that he meant to cripple France so that she should not think of war for a generation. M. THIERS replies with equal plainness that he may have wished to do this, but that he has not done it. France will very soon be a great military Power, and the announcement is said to have caused much anxiety and irritation at Berlin. It is not to be supposed that the French Government will give Germany any ground for open quarrel. M. THIERS is stated to be almost ready with his plan for paying off the whole indemnity at once, and freeing French soil from the invader. The Germans will get their money, and will then be bound to

go away. When they are gone France will set to work to drill and arm itself, and to protect its Eastern frontiers. Belfort will be French again, and strong positions will be chosen to arrest the progress of an invading German army. This is the programme of M. THIERS. He never speaks of immediate war, or of war at all. He merely says that he will pay the Germans to go away, and when they are gone away he will try whether he cannot devise fortifications which would make it difficult for them to come back again; and he will get together an army of a million and a quarter of soldiers, and he will arm them and train them and officer them well, and then—why then he or his successor will have the pleasure of being able to talk as becomes the representative of a first-rate military Power.

But it is by no means easy to estimate how far the danger of a war of revenge on the part of France is a serious one for Germany. What would be the probable issue of such a war is a matter beyond all present range of speculation, but the point of interest is to consider whether the French are likely, in the immediate future, to embark on a war of revenge. In the first place it may be observed that, however much France may wish to embark on such a war, the time for it cannot be very near. No doubt M. THIERS may in twelve months have a very respectable army, and it is just possible, although it is not very likely, that he will in twelve months have got the Germans out of France. To pay off the Germans, and to put the finances of France straight, he will want at least one hundred and fifty millions sterling. France is rich and full of resources, and anxious to be honest, and has good credit, but a hundred and fifty millions sterling is a very large sum. It cannot be borrowed without a great deal of preparation and trouble, and it must necessarily be paid in instalments extending over a considerable period. It would be a wonderful, though perhaps not an impossible financial feat for the French Government to pay a hundred and twenty millions in a year hence to Germany, and also to have got, or to have made sure of getting, enough to fill up the enormous deficit in the French Treasury. At the end of a year the Government would have to begin its serious preparations for war with Germany by fortifying itself on its Eastern frontier. M. THIERS has always dwelt strongly on the necessity of this, and has sedulously discouraged the notion that France could venture to attack Germany while it lay perfectly open to a counter attack. He has repeatedly spoken of the absolute necessity of making new fortifications at Paris, and of fortifying the frontier. He will also have to organize an army of reserve, and this costs much time and patience. Lastly, he will have to get a little money to go to war with. It has certainly been said that no nation is ever stopped from making a war on which it is bent by want of money, and this is true if a nation does not think of how it is to pay its way if it fails, or feels confident that it will pay its way in any case. But France will be obliged to think of paying its way; for it is a nation too advanced, too rich, too highly complex, not to regard national bankruptcy with dismay, and it cannot feel confident of paying its way very easily in case of a second disastrous war. France, in short, cannot help having much time and occasion to reflect before she really commits herself to the war of revenge which it is so easy to talk of. No sensible Frenchman can fail to see that it will be difficult to make much out of a war of revenge, even if it is undertaken. Germany is taking every possible precaution; Prince BISMARCK has kindly undertaken to work the Luxemburg Railway, so as to save every one else the trouble of doing so; the German reserves are being increased; even the impregnable fortifications of Metz are being improved, so as to come up to the German standard of perfection. Germany will be made richer by all the money France pays her, by the stimulus given to industry and adventure, and by the influence of a liberal commercial policy; while France, during the interval of preparation, will be feeling the pressure of new and very heavy taxation, and will be cramped by a policy of Protection. The more it is looked into, the more it will be seen by the French that a war of revenge is not a thing to be quickly or lightly taken up; and though this does not at all show that the French will not run the risk, it shows that they cannot act at once; and if time is gained, the wish for a war with Germany may possibly die away.

#### AMERICA.

THE answer of the Government to Mr. DISRAELI's question of last night will have probably supplied the latest information on the state of the *Alabama* controversy. One

member of the House of Representatives has had the courage to propose a Resolution recommending the abandonment of the indirect claims, and disapproving the doctrines of international law which are propounded in the Case. Mr. PETERS might have quoted in support of his motion the unanimous vote by which, in the Thirty-ninth Congress, the House of Representatives affirmed the expediency of largely extending the liberties of neutrals at the expense of belligerents. The Resolution was, as might have been expected, formally referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and there can be no doubt that both Houses of Congress will concur with the Government in waiting for the presentation at Geneva of the English counter Case. No censure could be too strong for any blunder or ambiguity which should give the Geneva Tribunal an opportunity of deciding directly or indirectly on the admissibility of the disputed claims. In ordinary cases Englishmen are accustomed to trust their Government to protect the national honour and safety, and in this instance they have no choice. Experience has shown the readiness of an astute adversary to profit by excess of confidence; and up to the present time the American Government adheres to its extreme pretensions, with the support of a popular opinion which is directly opposed to the expressed conviction of the most intelligent politicians. The audacious assertion of a violent Republican partisan residing in England, that his countrymen generally believed that the Treaty covered the indirect claims, has been repeatedly and indignantly contradicted in America; though it was scarcely necessary to expose the inaccuracy of a writer who had at the same time attributed to the English Commissioners a complicity with the supposed interpretation of the Treaty which would on their part have been utterly fraudulent. Evidence has been unexpectedly furnished that the understanding of the American Government itself agreed on the most important point with the explanations given to the House of Lords by Lord GRANVILLE and Lord RUSSELL. The *Nation* has published the "Confidential Memorandum of Instructions" addressed by the Government of the United States to the counsel who were employed to draw the Case. In addition to the claims of individuals, estimated at 2,600,000*l.*, the framers of the Case are directed to claim reimbursement of the outlay on the pursuit and capture of the Confederate cruisers, and also reimbursement of "the outlay caused by the increased premium and enhanced freights resulting from the special risk growing out of the operations of rebel cruisers fitted out in English ports." The monstrous demand of damages for the pretended prolongation of the war either had not then occurred to the mind of the SECRETARY OF STATE, or it had been deliberately rejected. It seems that the preparation of the Case was entrusted exclusively to Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS, who may possibly have consulted the wishes of his employers in the rude and offensive tone of his indictment or invective against England. When he inserted the claims for the expenses of a year and a half of war, he appears to have exceeded his instructions, though his expectation that any demand, however outrageous, would be ratified and adopted by the Government has been justified by the result. It has indeed often been pointed out that the claim has the appearance both of an afterthought and of an empty rhetorical flourish; but, if the *Nation* has been correctly informed, the Treaty has been rendered nugatory by the voluntary proceeding of an unauthorised agent. It is not altogether a cause for regret that the draughtsman over-reached himself, and baffled the design of his employers. The claim for the expenses of pursuing the cruisers is countenanced by the language of the Protocol of the 8th of May, though it is not included in the provisions of the Treaty. The demand for indirect damages on account of freight and premiums is wholly unwarranted either by the terms of the Treaty or by the less formal transactions of the Commission. According to one American estimate, the claim for increased freight and insurance would have amounted to 20,000,000*l.*; and yet it may be feared that, in its deferential anxiety for conciliation, the English Government might perhaps have committed the grievous error of submitting the claim to arbitration if it had not been accompanied by Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's wild demand of 300,000,000*l.* for the prolongation of the war. The writer in the *Nation* asks the reasonable question, "Whether the people of the United States, if they had been consulted beforehand, would have consented to back up, even at the sword's point, everything which Mr. Bancroft Davis might say in a controversy with a foreign Power, and to abide absolutely by any statement which he was pleased to make?" Not having been consulted beforehand, the people of the United States through their Government answer the

position in the affirmative. *Omnis ratihabitio retrotrahitur, et mandata aqueparatur.* Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS may or may not have understood the meaning of the Treaty. It is evident that he fully understood the temper of the American Government.

For the present the question of the maintenance or abandonment of the Treaty occupies a smaller share of attention in the United States than the prospects of the Presidential election. Englishmen have no reason to prefer one party or one candidate to another; but a contest which absorbs the interest of a powerful nation is always worth attentive notice. The State elections of the last two months have proved that the Republican ascendancy in the Northern States is maintained or confirmed; but it is suggested that the triumphs of the party are not a cause of unmixed satisfaction to the supporters of General GRANT, who will almost certainly be nominated by the regular Republican Convention at Philadelphia. If the Democrats had carried Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, the Republicans would have had a strong motive for suppressing or adjourning their internal dissensions. The considerable section of the party which distrusts General GRANT and disapproves of his policy may probably not be prepared to promote or to permit the defeat of his pretensions by a Democratic candidate. As it becomes more and more evident that a professed Democrat has no chance of success, the Republican malcontents may reasonably expect to carry a candidate of their own by the aid of Democratic votes which would otherwise be thrown away. Some of their leaders have determined to hold a separate Convention at Cincinnati, which will be attended by a powerful Republican minority. Those who, like Mr. SUMNER, are personally hostile to the PRESIDENT, will co-operate with the advocates of political purity and of Civil Service Reform. General GRANT has been unlucky in the connexion of several of his family and friends with corrupt transactions, and he has himself deliberately used his patronage for election purposes, without regard to the fitness or character of his nominees. One of the most disreputable election managers in the United States was for a long time maintained in the office of Collector of the Customs at New York, and in that capacity he perpetrated a scandalous job for the benefit of one of the PRESIDENT's military dependents. A brother of General BUTLER, also of doubtful reputation, has recently been appointed to a corresponding post at New Orleans, where a brother of General GRANT's has already made himself conspicuous by abuse of his official powers for political purposes. If the Cincinnati Convention can select a candidate agreeable to a numerous section of the Republican party, and not obnoxious to the Democrats, the hopes of General GRANT and his friends may possibly be disappointed.

There is no reason to suppose that the foreign policy of the Union will be affected either by the re-election of General GRANT or by the success of any fortunate rival; but it is barely possible that the Government may be less indisposed to retract a preposterous demand when its fate is beyond the immediate reach of hostile criticism or misrepresentation. Some scrupulous voters may perhaps be alienated from the cause of General GRANT by the perverse conduct of his Government in rendering useless the Treaty on which a part of its reputation rested; but a far more numerous section of the community would resent any acknowledgment of error which might be supposed to involve national humiliation. For the present the Alabama question exercises no influence on the progress of the contest. The division in the Republican ranks is mainly caused by the general reaction against the corrupt practices which had till lately been regarded as something between a permissible anomaly and a joke. The fall of TWEED and SWEENEY was the first result of the just and tardy indignation of the respectable citizens of New York; and it has not been forgotten that MURRAY, the late Collector, was a partner with TWEED in some of his speculations. The transfer of the direction of the Erie Railway from GOULD and his associates to a more creditable body is regarded as another discouragement of fraud, though it was effected by questionable and irregular means. It is interesting to learn that GOULD had discounted his own fall, by buying largely for the rise which was certain to ensue on the ejection of himself and his accomplices. The best proof of the strength of the agitation against corrupt practices has been the acceptance, by the PRESIDENT himself, of the Civil Service Reform Bill. It is not to be supposed that he would approve of a law which would interfere with the MURREYS and BUTLERs whom he favours, unless it were evident that the cause of purity was becoming temporarily, and perhaps permanently, popular.

The scandalous misgovernment of some of the Southern States is intimately connected with the political dishonesty of New York and Pennsylvania. The Northern adventurers who were known by the nicknames of "carpet-baggers" have in several States profited by the incapacity of the coloured voters to occupy the principal offices, and, as a natural consequence, to plunder the public property. Some of the Republican seceders, and especially Mr. SUMNER, are more violently hostile than the PRESIDENT to the white population of the Southern States; but many members of the Convention at Cincinnati will disapprove of embezzlement in South Carolina as strongly as if it were perpetrated in New York. The English spectator has no difficulty in observing the strictest neutrality in the contest. The PRESIDENT and his SECRETARY OF STATE are responsible for the insulting and iniquitous Alabama Case; and two of the bitterest opponents of General GRANT, Mr. SUMNER and Mr. GREELEY, are among the most implacable enemies of England. At present the chances incline to the candidate who will command the services of the regular Republican organization, including the professional politicians and managers of the party. The nomination at Philadelphia will probably be unanimous; and the seceders have not yet fixed on their candidate. It will be useless for the minority of the party to provoke a contest, unless they are assured of the united support of the Democratic voters. At the last election the Democrats formed two-fifths of the entire constituency, and perhaps they may still be equally numerous; while, in default of a policy or a candidate of their own, they may join in the attack of the Liberal Republicans on General GRANT; but the section of dissidents which follows Mr. GREELEY will perhaps be repelled by the free-trade doctrines which are likely to find acceptance at Cincinnati.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BALLOT BILL.

THE Government is getting into a mess with the Ballot Bill, and the fault is entirely its own. Its supporters are as steady as ever. They are ready to vote, and do vote punctually and strongly whenever they are asked. The Opposition make scarcely any but fair criticisms. But the Ministers do not know and cannot conduct their own Bill. They have not thought over the details of a measure the very nature of which is such that its merits must lie in its details. They receive suggestions and discuss them as men would do who had never thought over the working of the Ballot Bill at all. They cannot see their way to rejecting the views of others or to defending their own, because they have really no opinion one way or the other. Two examples from the debates of this week will show the way in which they conduct their business, and how they waste the time of the House and the country, and nullify the strength of the Liberal party, by their extraordinary want of painstaking and decision. On Monday night Sir CHARLES DILKE proposed that the hours of voting should be from eight to eight. This was a point to which public attention has been repeatedly directed, and as to which it might have been expected that the Government would have come to a distinct conclusion by which they were prepared to abide; but it soon appeared that they were in a very vague and hazy state of mind on the whole subject. Mr. FORSTER opposed Sir CHARLES DILKE's proposal on the ground that to vote after four o'clock would be to vote when it was dark, and that to vote in the dark would encourage personation and popular tumult. The Ballot was, he said, an experiment, and no one could say exactly how it would work, and it would be very unwise to complicate the first trial of its provisions by extending the hours so as to admit new causes of doubt and disturbance. There was much to be said for and against this view, but at any rate it was a view which the Government might reasonably take, and which, if adhered to, would have closed its discussion. The House only wished to support the Government in any reasonable view, and to get on with business. A proposal to extend the hour of polling in boroughs to five o'clock was rejected, although, as five is the hour in counties, this seemed a not unreasonable proposal, except that it would not have been of the slightest benefit to the workman. Another proposal to make six the hour of closing was as speedily rejected, and the Government would not have had any difficulty whatever in keeping the hours as they are now, only that most unfortunately Mr. WHITBREAD suggested that it was not always dark at four, and that the polling might be allowed to go on to sunset. This took the fancy of Mr. FORSTER, and he suddenly said that he was all for sunset fixing the limit. But it was pointed out that the sun sets at very different hours

on the same day in different parts of the United Kingdom, and that if the object of keeping the poll open as long as possible was to let the working people vote after their hours of work are over, the time of the year when an election was held would decide whether workmen should be able to vote or not. A man who could vote in summer could not vote in winter. This objection seems to us fatal to the proposal. The prerogative of dissolution, which is one of the most valuable the Crown retains, would be seriously crippled if a popular cry were raised and listened to, as it would almost certainly be listened to, that elections when the days are short are unfair to the poor. Mr. FORSTER was puzzled, and he finally ended by saying that he could not make up his mind at all. He did not know whether sunset ought to be the limit, and if it was to be the limit, he did not know how to frame the clause making it the limit. All he could do was to ask the House to go on with something else, and then he promised to think the matter over, and make up his mind if he could.

On Thursday night Mr. LEATHAM moved an amendment to the third clause, making it penal on the part of the voter to display his voting-paper in such a manner as to show to any person the name of any candidate for whom he has or has not voted; and he supported his proposal on the ground that it was necessary to prevent papers being shown, or else the electioneering agent might know how the voter had voted, and thus bribery would be as rampant as ever. Mr. FORSTER said that the provision had been "inadvertently omitted" in the Bill, and immediately accepted the amendment. But he was not to be let off so easily as he may have hoped. The punishment which was to be attached to wilfully showing the paper was two years' imprisonment. The objection was at once raised that this was a very severe punishment, and that, as a new criminal offence was being created, the words creating it should be perfectly clear. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL on the spot offered words which he said would remove all doubt; but an ingenious critic at once showed that they made an offence of what might be a perfectly harmless act. This led to a further consideration of the amount of penalty to be inflicted, and Mr. M'CULLAGH TORRENS suggested that the only penalty should be that the vote should be rejected. On this Mr. FORSTER, who a few moments previously had accepted without the slightest demur the proposal to make the penalty two years' imprisonment, now turned round and suggested that the penalty should be a pecuniary one. It had, he said, been a pecuniary one in the Bill of last year, and the clause of last year's Bill would have been, he added, repeated in this year's Bill had it not been for the inadvertent omission of which he had spoken. Mr. LEATHAM declined to accede to this, on the ground that a fine of ten shillings, the amount proposed, would not deter the voter at all, as it would be paid for him by those who were bribing him. The Government was evidently utterly at sea, and on Mr. LIDDELL moving that progress should be reported, "in order to enable the Government to consider what course they would really advise," Mr. GLADSTONE rose, and said that he was disposed to accept the motion to report progress. He thought that the objection to the penalty proposed by Mr. LEATHAM, and adopted in the first instance by Mr. FORSTER, was sound, but the Government could not at once make up its mind whether to recommend that a pecuniary fine should be inflicted, as Mr. FORSTER had on behalf of the Government proposed during the discussion, or that the punishment should be imprisonment, but limited to three months. This was the end of the discussion, and what had happened deserves careful notice. A provision essential, as the Government owned, to the working of the Bill had been inadvertently omitted. Then the Government blindly accepted an amendment, creating an offence and punishing it most severely. Then they had to acknowledge that the offence was not properly defined, and that the punishment was too severe. Then they proposed a punishment. They were immediately brought to confess that the punishment would be totally inadequate; and at last they had to throw themselves on the mercy of the House, to avow that they had not the slightest idea what they meant or what they could recommend, and begged to be allowed to think over the matter, and see what course they could, after reflection, advise to be pursued.

This is all very serious. The position of the Ministry is lowered, their command over the House is lost, personal respect for them dies away, when it is found that they cannot lead and guide because they themselves are wilfully blind. They have not set themselves to see. They do not know what the chief Bill of the Session has or has not got in it, and they have never considered the most obvious points of discussion. The subject of the penalties

to be inflicted for transgressions against the Act was discussed at length last Session, and yet an essential clause which appeared in last year's Bill is now discovered to have been inadvertently omitted. They have not dwelt enough upon the consequences of their measure to be able to decide whether a transgressor shall pay ten shillings or be imprisoned for two years. They want time to consider points now, in the middle of the discussion of the Bill, which ought to have been carefully considered and finally settled before the Bill was brought on. There is something ridiculous and humiliating in the discovery that a Ministry, which for two years has had the subject of the Ballot before it has not even considered what should be the limit of the hours of polling, and how attempts to make bribery possible by getting the elector to show to the candidate's agent how he votes shall be frustrated. Why is this? It is simply because the Minister who has charge of the Bill has not given his mind to the subject, and because the PRIME MINISTER has not taken care to see that proper attention should be given to the construction of the details of the Bill. Mr. FORSTER is an able man, and perfectly competent to understand and work out the details of a Ballot Bill, if only he would take the trouble and give himself enough time. But he has his own department to attend to, and it is a department which requires of him incessant labour and attention. Consequently he takes up the Ballot Bill exactly as a fashionable leader at the Bar takes up his brief in one of the many cases in which he deigns to make his appearance for an hour or so. He skims through his instructions, and trusts to his junior, and to his own sharpness and audacity to pull him through. But the House of Commons cannot be led as a skilful barrister hopes to lead a Court or a jury. It insists on having every detail explained and defended. It wants to be under the guidance of a Minister who has evidently thought over every point, who has made up his mind, and who can explain and insist on the conclusions at which he has arrived. The Ministry had fair warning. They suffered last Session severely enough from exactly the same negligence they are displaying this Session, and then they turn round and complain of the House of Commons for wantonly obstructing the despatch of public business. Nothing can be more unfair, and the Opposition, which is not tongue-tied, quickly and pointedly shows that it is unfair. Unless Mr. GLADSTONE wishes to see his Ministry fall to pieces entirely through its own fault, it is time for him to set to work earnestly to repair the mischief that has already been done. He knows well enough how a Bill should be prepared and advocated. There was none of the uncertainty, the vacillation, and the negligence in the conduct of his two great Irish measures which are now killing the Ballot Bill. Of course a Prime Minister cannot be always doing the work of other people. He must leave much to his subordinates, and cannot be always prompting, advising, and controlling them. But there are occasions when he must come to the rescue and strive earnestly to restore the credit of his Government; and such a crisis has now come. A few more incidents such as those of Monday and Thursday, and the discredit of the Ministry would be irretrievable.

#### THE LAST OF THE COMMERCIAL TREATY.

THE Correspondence between the English and French Governments which has resulted in the denunciation of the Commercial Treaty represented throughout its course a wide difference of opinion which is on both sides suitably veiled in phrases of diplomatic courtesy. When the negotiations commenced in the course of last summer, it was uncertain whether the proposed modifications of the tariff would be sufficiently important to be resisted; and some irritation would probably have been caused by an absolute refusal on the part of the English Government to enter on the discussion. It was impossible to dispute the assertion that a great increase of revenue had been rendered indispensable to France by the German war and its consequences; and, although Customs duties imposed for fiscal purposes have often a protective effect, it was possible that taxes might be suggested which would cause comparatively little interference with commercial intercourse. Accordingly, Lord GRANVILLE, after proper reservations, expressed his willingness to consider any plan for the alteration of the Treaty which might be proposed; and on several occasions he requested that the project might be reduced into the form of a draught Treaty. When at a later period he raised objections of principle to the proposed increase of rates, the French Govern-



ment not unnaturally professed surprise at a kind of objection which might have been raised in the first instance. It would perhaps have been more consistent to insist from the beginning on the alternative of maintaining or abandoning the Treaty of 1860; but it would have been difficult to avoid a collision at some point with the susceptibility of the French Government, and it was necessary to ascertain and consult the wishes of the trading community in England. It might have been expected that some of the manufacturers who have hitherto supplied the French market would prefer a limited advance in the rates to a possible abolition of their trade; but Lord GRANVILLE appears not to have been subjected to any domestic pressure; and the great preponderance of English opinion was opposed to any attempt to tamper with Free-trade. In one of his later despatches Lord LYONS hints to Lord GRANVILLE an opinion that the Treaty should, if possible, be renewed for political reasons. It is right that Ambassadors should favour the conclusion or maintenance of diplomatic contracts; and they are better qualified than statesmen at home to estimate the feeling of the countries in which they reside. On the other hand, the English Government was well advised in regulating its decision by economic considerations. An approval of new protective duties would probably have postponed the conversion of the French nation to doctrines which seem to Englishmen demonstrably true; and probably it might have disappointed the intelligent minority which even in France understands the expediency of leaving trade and industry to take their natural course. The bargain of 1860 was on Protectionist principles absurdly one-sided; and although the imposition of retaliatory duties is not likely to be contemplated, there is an advantage in recovering fiscal independence.

While the PRESIDENT of the Republic constantly avowed himself a Protectionist, his Foreign Minister repeatedly professed to be a Free-trader. M. DE RÉMUSAT plausibly contended that it was better that England should make partial concessions, which might perhaps be only temporary, than that the continuance of the commercial relations which have grown up in the last twelve years should be endangered or rendered impossible. M. THIERS interposed an additional difficulty in the way of modification by declaring his own preference for the abolition of the Treaty, both as injurious in itself and as inconsistent with legislative independence. He announced his readiness to waive his own objections for the political object of conciliating English feeling; but he regarded foreign competition in trade as intrinsically objectionable. On one occasion he betrayed the opinion that it would be prudent to adopt an exceptionally illiberal policy in dealing with England. Concessions could, in his opinion, be more safely made to countries which were more distant, or less advanced in industry and commerce. Lord GRANVILLE prudently declined to accept as a boon a compromise which was erroneously supposed to be onerous to France. Future misunderstandings would almost certainly have arisen from the establishment by treaty of a tariff which, in the judgment of the French Government itself, was both fiscally unprofitable and commercially oppressive. A moderate system of Protection is essentially untenable; for if the use of foreign commodities is pernicious, it ought to be wholly prohibited. It was not desirable to aggravate the anomaly which was for special reasons created by Mr. CORDEN's Treaty. In his speeches in the Assembly, and in some of his communications with Lord LYONS, the PRESIDENT entirely abandoned the ground on which he had originally founded his appeal to the liberal consideration of the English Government. The alleged destruction of the French mercantile marine and the supposed ruin of the industry of Roubaix would, even if both statements had not been entirely imaginary, have had no connexion with the deficiency of the revenue. It was not the business of the English Government to express an opinion on the fiscal policy of France; but it might be reasonably inferred from the PRESIDENT's Protectionist speeches that the augmentation of the revenue by increased Customs duties was neither his sole nor his primary object. There was, in truth, no occasion to meddle with the Treaty, if the Government and the Assembly found it necessary to increase the taxes on consumption. By the Ninth Article of the Treaty, either of the Contracting parties might at his own discretion levy or increase excise duties on the articles mentioned in the Treaty, and at the same time make a corresponding addition to the duties on imports. The increased rates to which M. THIERS proposed to subject threads and mixed fabrics would evidently have been more productive if they had been extended to domestic manufactures than when they were levied exclusively on imports; and it was also obvious that, if the

modified Treaty gave additional protection to French industry, it would at the same time discourage the importations which were to provide an increased revenue. When the details of the proposed changes were, after long delay, communicated to the English Government, Lord GRANVILLE satisfied himself that their operation would be chiefly protective. He had never undertaken to abet a mistaken economic policy, though he had expressed the readiness of his Government to give, if possible, assistance to France in the removal of financial difficulties.

The tax on raw materials which has been so obstinately forced through the Assembly would in itself almost have rendered necessary the termination of the Treaty. Lord LYONS was again and again instructed to call the attention of the French Minister to a necessary consequence of the measure which appears not to have been fully understood by the PRESIDENT. The duty will operate as a protection to all raw materials which are produced in France, and to the fabrics in which they are used. M. DE RÉMUSAT affected to regard the objection as trifling and vexatious, probably because he perceived its force. M. THIERS has since discovered that all the States which have commercial treaties with France protest against the direct violation of existing compacts. The interest of England in the matter is limited to the time which will intervene before the termination of the Treaty. If the French proposals had been accepted, the scheme of taxing raw materials would still have been tried or attempted. The discriminating duties which are to be imposed on English shipping as soon as it ceases to be protected by the Treaty constitute a serious grievance. As France will for several years be prevented from imposing similar duties on the vessels of the chief maritime States, an unequal burden will be imposed on England without the possibility that, during the continuance of the treaties, even the shadow of a benefit can accrue to France. In a conversation with Lord LYONS M. THIERS stated that the most formidable competition with French shipping was that of Norway and some of the other minor States. To all complaints of the unaccommodating policy of the English Government it is a sufficient answer that France may at her pleasure adopt precisely the same tariff as that which would have been embodied in a modified treaty. Both countries will have recovered their freedom of action, and there is no reason why either should misuse the opportunity. If M. THIERS remains in power, there can be little doubt that he will to the utmost of his power discourage foreign trade. His obstinate love of all the abuses which prevailed in his prime will not be shaken by the most conclusive argument. He has up to this time gratified his feelings by labelling and ticketing and fining every passenger who crosses the French frontier, and though he seems to intend to mitigate the nuisance which he has created, it is not certain from the statements of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE that passports are to be definitively abolished. M. THIERS is also determined to indulge himself in the pleasure of preventing his countrymen from purchasing in the best and cheapest market the commodities which they require for consumption. His younger and more enlightened colleagues or successors may hereafter reverse or amend his policy without any assistance from England, nor indeed is it easy to understand the annoyance which seems to have been caused by the acquiescence of the English Government in the denunciation of the Treaty. A strong argument has been furnished in favour of strict conformity to sound economic doctrines. Mr. CORDEN's deviation was plausible and temporarily advantageous, but it is probable that his Commercial Treaty will be the last of its kind. If a shopkeeper and a customer find it convenient to make a bargain, it is quite unnecessary that they should bind themselves to buy and sell by executing a preliminary deed, instead of proceeding at once to business.

#### ENTAIL AND SETTLEMENT.

THE desultory character of the debate on Mr. W. FOWLER's motion, as well as the thinness of the attendance, showed that in the opinion of the House of Commons no practical object was to be attained by the discussion. The question is nevertheless important in itself, and the short debate gave an opportunity for the expression of a great variety of opinion. It is possible that the existence of limited estates in land may in some instances account for the badness of cottages, and more rarely for inferior cultivation; but the best cottages are to be found on great settled estates; and there is little doubt that land is more profitably, if not more productively, employed in England and Scotland than in any other part of the world. It

matters little or nothing to a great farmer in Norfolk or the Lothians whether his landlord holds his property in fee or under settlement or entail. In less flourishing districts and on small estates a life tenant may frequently be unable to lay out capital in improvements; but it would be a great mistake to assume that owners in fee have, as a general rule, spare money to dispose of. Mr. DISRAELI enjoyed an opportunity of answering a newspaper reporter who had from amiable motives published an account of the discreditable condition of certain cottages at Hingenden. It appeared that the houses had been erected by a speculative tradesman, who owned no other property in the neighbourhood, and who was wholly untrammelled by entails. Much stress was laid in the debate on a recent statement of Lord DERBY's, to the effect that with skilful cultivation the produce of the land might be doubled. But, as Mr. READ remarked, the question is not whether larger crops could be raised, but whether the necessary outlay would yield an adequate return. As the friction of a carriage and the resistance of water to a vessel increases in a progressive ratio with the speed, it may possibly be found that still higher farming would return a reduced percentage on capital. The small Flemish farms which produce larger crops than any other cultivated land employ a far greater proportionate amount of labour than the large English holdings. Mr. FOWLER complained that in England only two millions of persons are engaged in agriculture; but he could scarcely have contended that it would be desirable to double the number of labourers for the purpose of increasing the produce of the land by a third or a fourth. In any other branch of industry the highest proportion of results to expenditure, either of money or labour, would be regarded as the most satisfactory economic condition. The rapid progress of manufacturing industry has not increased the number of workmen in the same proportion with profits, or even with the total amount of wages. The tenure of land by owners has little or no connexion with the claims for tenant-right which were preferred by some of the speakers. Under the Irish Land Act the landlord has become little more than an encumbrancer or annuitant; and if the same system were adopted in England, property in land would become assimilated to personalty, in the distribution of which, according to Mr. FOWLER, no public interest is concerned. It is indeed scarcely probable that settlements of personalty will be permitted by law when life estates in land are abolished; but there is fortunately no lessee to claim a share in the ownership of stocks or shares.

Some of the opponents of Mr. FOWLER's motion dwelt on the well-known fact that settlements and wills almost always include a power of sale; but where the trustees are required to invest the proceeds in land, the effect of the instrument in tying up a part of the total land in the country is the same as if alienation were absolutely prohibited. It is undoubtedly true that a large acreage is constantly on sale; but, on the other hand, there are extensive districts, including many parts of the metropolis, in which it is almost impossible to purchase a freehold. The operations of Land and Building Societies are confined to comparatively small plots of land; and they offer no facilities to those who may wish to become freehold farmers, or to possess villas with fifty or a hundred acres of adjacent land. In all cases except that of an occupier of a house who is also the owner, land is an expensive luxury; and the main reason of the accumulation of great estates is the frequent inability of small proprietors to retain the least productive kind of investment; yet it must be remembered that more or less wealthy persons form a numerous class in England, and that a farm which would afford a scanty maintenance to an ordinary freeholder would often be a desirable possession for a thriving trader. It seems highly probable that a larger portion of land would be habitually bought and sold if the expenses of transfer were smaller, and if many large estates were not artificially protected from division. The strongest objection to the present law is derived from the uncertainty of title, which is not only an evil in itself, but an inevitable cause of expense to vendors and purchasers. Mr. GREGORY, who is well acquainted with the subject, stated with perfect truth that the costliness of transfer affects estates in fee as well as settled properties; but it is only because limited and complicated estates are allowed by law to exist that it becomes necessary to enter into a minute investigation of a title which cannot be known, until it is examined, to convey absolute ownership. In France, and in many other Continental countries, the transfer of land is effected as cheaply as the sale of a railway share, because the purchaser has no need to look beyond the ostensible and immediate owner. In England, on

the contrary, it is ordinarily necessary to deduce the title through two or three generations, and to prove that the ownership in fee is not burdened with any limited estate. It may be confidently asserted that sales would be much more easily and cheaply effected if trusts and reversions and life estates were abolished, or consolidated into simple ownership; but there are different opinions as to the effect of increased facility of transfer on the distribution of land. The great proprietors, who are at present the most eager purchasers, might perhaps extend their monopoly if their less wealthy neighbours were always at liberty to accept tempting offers. It is seldom advantageous to struggle against economic tendencies, but those who object to entails use a doubtful argument when they demand additional facilities for the subdivision of land.

Mr. WREN HOSKINS and some other opponents of the existing system would draw the line of estates in remainder at lives in being, to the exclusion of unborn children. Although there may be something to be said for this proposal, the prohibition of marriage settlements except as far as they provide for jointure would be a shock to the habits and feelings of the upper and middle classes. The great majority of settlements relate to personalty, with which it is not at present intended to meddle; and it would be difficult to prevent a landowner from making a provision for his daughter's children while the capitalist was at liberty to found a family. It may possibly hereafter be thought expedient to recognize no claim to any kind of property except that of the owner in possession; but if so harsh and violent a change in the present law and practice is ever to be effected, it can only be after long preparation. It might be more practicable to assimilate land to personalty by a method which would largely promote simplicity of title and cheapness of transfer. When a testator or settlor wishes to secure the transmission of personal property to his unborn descendants, he is compelled to rely on the integrity of trustees or perhaps on the authority of the Court of Chancery. The purchaser of stocks or shares which may form a part of the settled property is content with the execution of the transfer by the registered owner. Nearly all Companies decline to notice a trust or to register any holder except as absolute owner. If the trustee has committed a fraud, or exceeded his powers, the beneficial owner has no remedy except against the defaulter. The presumption that the possessor of personal property is also the lawful owner is not applied to realty. The beneficial owner is entitled, not to an equivalent for land which may have been wrongfully alienated by his trustee, but to the land itself, in whatever hands it may be found; and consequently a purchaser must satisfy himself in every instance that the vendor has power to sell. If the legal owner, as he is called, were in all cases authorised to make a complete title, it may be hoped that fraudulent transfers by trustees would rarely occur. Except where fraud or error was committed, settled and entailed estates would, as at present, be withheld from the market; but in the meantime the large number of owners who can already make a good title would be able to sell the whole or part at their pleasure without incurring the cost of an elaborate investigation.

Mr. DISRAELI, according to his custom, and with better reason than on some other occasions, opposed Mr. FOWLER's motion on incidental grounds. Mr. GLADSTONE, with due official propriety, showed that the motion was unreasonable, inasmuch as it related to a part of a larger question. It was necessary, he said, to dispose of the law of intestate property, with which the Government has promised to deal, before meddling with the powers of making settlements and entails; and on the whole it would be desirable that Mr. FOWLER should withdraw his motion, on the assurance that the importance of the subject was duly appreciated. It is satisfactory to observe that Mr. GLADSTONE is gradually learning the inconvenience of hasty and unnecessary pledges. Extinct or semi-extinct volcanoes are much less mischievous than in their former state of periodical eruption. By declaring itself against settlements the Government would have made few friends, and would have alarmed a large and powerful class of the community. It is much better that landed property and property in general should not be meddled with, except when the Government of the day thinks it necessary and feasible to propose definite legislation. If only one kind of ownership were recognised by the law as affecting the rights of a purchaser, there would be little difficulty in at last establishing a system of registration, and landowners would find, in the increase of the saleable value of their estates, some compensation for the dis-

influence of their prejudices or habits of thought. The present system is certainly not perfect, and it is entirely exceptional.

#### M. THIERS AT THE ÉLYSÉE.

**M.** THIERS has turned the Easter vacation to account by paying a visit to Paris. English criticism is often and naturally severe on the author of the prose version of the Napoleonic legend and the latest exponent of the Protectionist fallacy. But, mistaken as the ideas and policy of M. THIERS in some respects are, it is only just to admit that he had good ground for pride when he entered the Élysée as President of the French Republic. If he has defended some bad causes in his lifetime, he has in some degree atoned for his error by the pertinacity with which he assailed the particular bad cause with which his name will in future be chiefly associated. NAPOLEON III. showed a true instinct as to character when he singled out M. THIERS as the man whom it was of most moment to keep out of the Corps Législatif. Politicians whose Republicanism was not even disguised might find their way thither without the authorities thinking it worth while to offer any very active opposition. But at successive elections the whole power of the Government was strained to prevent M. THIERS's return for Paris. Events have justified the estimate which was then taken of him. His was not the hand that dragged the Empire down—NAPOLEON III. had at least the privilege of being his own executioner—but his was the head that saw its real weakness, and the voice that most consistently proclaimed that weakness to the French people. The Parliamentary resurrection which distinguished the last years of Cæsarism was mainly his work, and the EMPEROR's dislike, or his own superior foresight, kept him clear of all complicity with the useless efforts of M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER. M. THIERS bided his time, and when his time came it brought his long delayed reward with it. After the capitulation of Paris it was to M. THIERS that the nation turned by common consent, as to the sole deposit of Parliamentary traditions. Upon questions of war or finance M. THIERS is narrow and old-fashioned, but where constitutional policy is concerned he has shown himself singularly apt at learning a new lesson. He determined by a sort of intuition that the best chance for Parliamentary government was to clothe it with Republican forms, and for more than a year the old Orleanist statesman has ruled a French Republic by means, and in spite, of a strongly monarchical Assembly. He has had a hard fight of it, and he has made not a few mistakes in the course of the conflict. But as yet he has come off conqueror, and his first entry into the Élysée was of the nature of a conqueror's triumph. In the palace where the order was signed which sent him to a prison and condemned France to a political slumber of twenty years he appeared as the PRESIDENT of a Republic which has at least, as it seems, been taught not to put its trust in BONAPARTES. In the midst of men who are scheming to bring back monarchy in whatever shape they can get it soonest, he represented a power stronger than that of the sovereign Assembly—the power of a public opinion which he alone estimated rightly in the first instance, and which has continually been justifying his clearness of vision from that day to this. Even among the Republicans who most dislike the mode in which he exercises his authority there is no longer any distrust of his faithfulness to the Republic. Those who believed—and there were many of them in all sections of French opinion—that he was only using Republican institutions as a machine with which to level the road for a restoration, have by this time seen their mistake. The growing hostility of the majority of the Assembly, curiously shown in the discussion in the Committee of Permanence, upon this very visit to Paris, is a tribute the meaning of which can hardly be mistaken. The Right know their friends, and are willing to leave the choice of means by which to prove their friendliness very much to their own discretion. But M. THIERS does not conform even to this conveniently elastic standard. That he occupies the position of a ruler controlling, in the interest of the nation, a Legislature which no longer represents the nation, has for some time been growing constantly clearer, and his appearance at Paris will make it still more evident. At Versailles the PRESIDENT is partly associated with, and partly overshadowed by, the Assembly. At Paris the PRESIDENT is seen alone, and the fact that he takes his place in a capital which the Assembly dare not enter, gives special prominence to the difference between the Republican Executive and the Monarchical Legislature.

It is not wonderful that some members of the Committee

of Permanence should have objected to M. THIERS's visit. It does not compromise the Assembly in any technical sense, for the Assembly is master of its own movements, and can hold its sittings in a valley of the Pyrenees or on board a man-of-war, if either of these situations should suit the fancy of the majority better than Versailles. But though it does not commit the Deputies to any change of policy as regards the place of their meeting, it forebadows the inevitable change of policy which must sooner or later be forced upon it. It seemed possible at one time that the quarrel between the capital and the Legislature might prove to represent an equally hopeless breach between the capital and the country. If this had been so, the issue of the contest might long have remained doubtful. If the provinces had combined to punish Paris for its Republican excesses by solemnly degrading it to the level of one of their own towns, it would have been a conflict between numbers on the one side and physical advantages and long possession on the other. Probably nature and history would still have won; for France, with Paris sulking in the cold, would be very unlike the France to which Frenchmen have been accustomed, and they would in time have come to feel that, though a Court may be set up at Ghent or Antwerp, a capital is less easily moved. But they must have had time to cool before this simple truth would have become apparent to them, and in the interval now interests would have grown up, and a local preference might have been created in favour of the city on which the choice of the provinces had fallen. As it is, however, there is no sign that upon this question the Assembly represented anything but itself. The country accepts the decision of the majority to remain at Versailles, just as it accepts any other of their decisions—as knowing, that is, that they are of no permanent value. It is a striking testimony to the indifference with which the Assembly is regarded, that no one is troubled because the PRESIDENT has not the power of dissolving it. If the Assembly really expressed the opinion of France, the Republican minority would naturally be uneasy at the inability of the Republican PRESIDENT to challenge or obstruct the action of the majority by means of an appeal to the electors. This inability on the part of M. THIERS creates no anxiety, because the Assembly has no means of giving effect to its monarchical aspirations. In so far as it represents order and Parliamentary government it has weight and authority, for in this respect it is at one with its constituents. In so far as it represents anything beyond this, it is at issue with the great body of its constituents, as with the Executive Government, and against the two combined it is powerless, except for delay. And, being powerless except for delay, it is powerless except for good. Nothing would be gained by an over-hasty conversion of the Provisional Republic into a Republic with the provisional element left out. The stability of the country would not be increased, for experience has shown that in France permanent and temporary Governments are equally easy to overturn. On the other hand, much would be lost by setting up any Government as an object of definite attack until there has been time for the nation to recover a little from the moral and physical exhaustion into which it was reduced by the war, and to give shape and precision to its ideas and wishes. The existence of the present Assembly ensures this advantage to France. Nothing short of a *coup d'état* could enable it to play any other part than that of a stop-gap, and a *coup d'état* is not a weapon which a Legislature can well bring to bear against the Executive, unless it has ascertained beforehand that it has the nation at its back. The Right may be sure, therefore, that the formal appearance in Paris of the PRESIDENT of the Republic is only a prelude to the appearance of the Assembly on the same stage. Those of them who are fearful for their own safety may perhaps draw comfort from the reflection that, when that day comes, it is not likely that they will any longer make part of the Chamber whose return to the capital they so much deprecate.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S SURRENDER.

**I**T is difficult to understand why the Government should have so long delayed the announcement with regard to the Royal Parks Bill which Mr. AXFORD was authorised to make last week. The opposition to the measure would probably have been disarmed at the outset if this explanation had been offered when the Bill was introduced; and the Government would have had the advantage of pursuing a distinct, deliberate, and consistent policy, instead of appearing to truckle to the insolent menaces of demagogues and rioters. On a former occasion the *Monsieur* Secretary, having prohibited a meeting in Trafalgar Square, precipitately withdrew his in-

terdict when he heard it rumoured that one of the zealots of anarchy had proclaimed his intention of trying conclusions with the police; and it will be remembered that somewhat similar tactics were followed with regard to a Fenian meeting in the Phoenix Park at Dublin. In the case of the Royal Parks Bill Mr. GLADSTONE took care that an important statement should be reserved until he had received a threatening message from a body of notorious agitators; and as the subsequent proposals of the Government proved to be in the nature of concessions, it is not surprising that they should be regarded as a terrified surrender under the pressure of intimidation. It is not to be supposed that the Ministry were desirous of contriving a cheap triumph for Mr. ODGER and Mr. BRADLAUGH; but if this had been their object, they could hardly have devised a more ingenious or effectual method of promoting it. Mr. GLADSTONE protests that the Government has never changed its policy on this question, and that Mr. AYRTON's statement conveyed merely the ideas which had been entertained from the beginning. The Bill of last Session in its original form did not propose to deal with meetings in the Parks, and Mr. AYRTON withdrew it when he discovered that it was intended to press the amendment on this point which had been introduced by the Select Committee. The present measure, containing the amendment, was read a first time on February the 7th, and was the subject of repeated discussions; but it was not until April the 4th, after Mr. GLADSTONE had been informed that he had lost the confidence of the Friends of the People, and had ceased to be regarded as one of them, that the intention was disclosed of placing the principal Parks in the metropolis at the disposal of the blustering democrats who had publicly burned the Bill, and threatened the Government with defiance if they dared to attempt to carry it into effect. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that the Ministry did not think it necessary to take the House of Commons and the public into their confidence at an earlier period. It is not desirable that encouragement should be given to the idea that concessions can be extorted by noisy violence; and whatever may have been the designs of the Government in the first instance, it is certain that the proposal which they have now submitted will be regarded by the indiscriminating multitude as a tribute to successful intimidation, and that unscrupulous agitators will not fail to make the most of an apparent victory. Mr. GUEDALLA has lost no time in summoning a meeting to celebrate the result of his spirited conduct in sending an insulting message to the head of the Government; he considers himself entitled to boast that he told Mr. GLADSTONE that he would stand no nonsense, and Mr. GLADSTONE took the hint. Mr. ODGER, in addressing another meeting, has also pointed the moral of the transaction. "The only way," he says, "for working-men to get power is to embarrass those who have it." Mr. GLADSTONE can be firm, not to say obstinate, enough when he chooses, as, for example, in such cases as the Thames Embankment and the COLLIER appointment; but it is not surprising that his conduct towards the politicians of the taproom and the pavement should lead them to imagine that they have only to ask in order to get what they want.

Mr. AYRTON epigrammatically defined the right of meeting to be the right of expressing your opinions freely in a place where you have a right to meet; but he added that this did not entitle a mob to take possession of any place for which it might have a fancy. It is obvious that if the right were of this elastic nature, it might be discovered that Westminster Abbey, or the British Museum, or perhaps the South Kensington halls, afforded a more convenient and comfortable place of meeting than the open Parks. Mr. GLADSTONE said he was not aware that, "strictly speaking, there was any right of meeting in the Parks in the legal sense of the word," and he can hardly have been ignorant that it was the opinion of the legal advisers of a Government of which he was formerly a member that the Parks had never been surrendered to the public for this purpose. The usage which he thinks should now be formally recognized dates only from the miserable riots of 1866, but it has perhaps been countenanced by the weakness and vacillation of successive Ministries. If Mr. GLADSTONE could have brought himself to give a loyal support to Mr. HARDY's Bill, the disgraceful and dangerous incidents of the last six years might have been avoided; but it was not until the meetings began to pass resolutions against himself that he was impressed with the necessity of "regulating" them. It is now proposed that public meetings shall be allowed in Regent's Park, Victoria Park, Battersea Park, and Hyde Park, the four great Parks which represent the north, east, south, and west of the Metropolis; but two hostile meetings will not be permitted in a Park at the same time, and some notice will

therefore, we suppose, be required of the intention to hold a meeting, so that precautions may be taken to avoid a collision. In the other Parks meetings will be strictly forbidden, and we hope it is not too much to presume that the prohibition will also be enforced in the case of attempted gatherings in Trafalgar Square and other streets or open spaces. Now that four Parks are open for public meetings, there can be no pretext for obstructing important thoroughfares for this purpose. Mr. HARCOURT complained that magistrates have refused to license houses in which democratic gatherings have been held; but it is necessary to observe that this was simply on the ground that the neighbours had protested against the uproar which attended these assemblies. Whether Sunday meetings shall be allowed, is a question which is still under the consideration of the Government.

It may be presumed that the Bill will now pass the House of Commons. Mr. HARCOURT, who had at first denounced the measure as an attack without precedent on the liberties of the subject, and who had stormed, in language borrowed from O'CONNELL, about this example of Algerine legislation, is now disposed to accept it as "tolerably satisfactory"—an admission which, coming from so critical a gentleman, may be regarded as almost approaching to enthusiasm. Mr. AUBERON HERBERT was left alone in a vain attempt to divide against the Bill, and there is evidently a general disposition to promote the settlement of a troublesome and unpleasant question. It was not to be expected, however, that the agitators to whom Mr. GLADSTONE has been so obsequious and conciliatory would resist the temptation to exhibit themselves as the masters of the Government, and to issue fresh orders to their subordinates in office. Mr. GLADSTONE, who has no time to make himself acquainted with the particulars of such a trifling question as the American Case, is never without leisure to carry on a correspondence with anybody who writes from a public-house, in the name of the People, to insult and threaten the authorities. Mr. LANGLEY insists, in a letter to the PREMIER, that "Mr. AYRTON's explanations, expressed in his usual bad taste and bad temper, ought to be expressed in the Bill itself"; but the result of introducing expressions of bad taste and bad temper into the Statute Book would probably be the reverse of soothing and agreeable. The imputation on the good faith of the Government is only what might be expected from their friends; and Mr. LANGLEY, who must be supposed to know the character and projects of his associates, adds significantly that it would be well to keep on good terms with them, as they are apt when roused to be "destructive to property." As Mr. LANGLEY asserts that the people have always conducted themselves with the greatest propriety at the meetings in the Parks, he is either not aware that the trees have been injured, and that the speeches of the orators are invariably accompanied by the blasphemous recitations of the mock litany men, or perhaps he is of opinion that these are only the playful ebullitions of recreative religion. The "delegates" who are represented by Mr. GUEDALLA have intimated to the Government that they will not tolerate any interference with Sunday meetings, and that they hope the Government will see "in time" the danger of attempting to preserve good order and decent behaviour in the Parks on that day. The history of this question is unfortunately a record of imbecile vacillation, factious malice, and pusillanimous concessions, but it is to be hoped that we have at last come to the end of this miserable and humiliating exhibition.

#### THE SUNDAY TRADING BILL.

SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS'S ill-considered attempt to amend the law in relation to Sunday trading has met its just fate at the hands of the House of Commons. The uncertainty felt by its promoters as to the character and effect of their own measure was shown by the preamble being inconsistent with fact, and the mover's speech being inconsistent with the preamble. "Whereas," the Bill begins, "the practice of unnecessary Sunday trading prevails extensively, and the law is insufficient to prevent the same." That is an intelligible reason at all events for amending the law, and it suggests the idea that the members whose names are at the back of the Bill wish to see the Act of CHARLES II. made more stringent than it is at present. But Mr. TALBOT gave a wholly different version of his intentions in introducing such a statute. The object of the Bill, he said, so far from restricting the liberty of the subject in the matter of Sunday trading was to give him additional liberties. In that case the law, instead of being insufficient to prevent Sunday trading, might be more correctly



described as insufficient to give it proper encouragement. The truth of the matter is that the existing law, instead of being too easy, is too severe, and has consequently defeated its own object. The first thing, therefore, that any one who wishes to amend it effectually ought to do, is to repeal the Act of CHARLES II. The provisions of that statute have become obsolete by reason of their excessive stringency, and so long as it remains in the way the law about Sunday trading cannot possibly be placed on a satisfactory footing. But instead of abolishing the Act of CHARLES II. and then proceeding to impose certain modified restrictions in its stead, the framers of the Sunday Trading Bill inserted a saving clause to the effect that nothing contained in it should repeal or alter the earlier statute. Whatever may be thought of the merits of their Bill, this was clearly a mistake. To keep an obsolete statute in being by this indirect sort of re-enactment was to flaunt it in the face of all who have suffered from it. It was to condone all the irritating eccentricities of Mr. BEE WRIGHT and the fanatics by whom he was supported, and to proclaim that the only motive for passing a less severe Act when a more severe one was already on the statute-book was to catch offenders who have hitherto evaded the rusty machinery of the Lord's Day Observance Act, leaving that machinery still in being in the event of its hereafter proving possible to use it.

The provisions of the Bill were of a kind to make any lover of peace and order congratulate himself that he can hear no more of it for a year to come. Setting out with a clause imposing a fine of twenty shillings on any person who should hawk, cry, sell, expose for sale, or deliver any goods, or carry on his ordinary business on Sunday, within the metropolis, it went on to enumerate certain classes of exception. Meat, fish, poultry, and vegetables might be sold "without public cry" before ten o'clock in the morning. Fruit, pastry, and drinks, for the sale of which no licence is required, might be sold "on the premises and without public cry" before ten o'clock in the morning and after one o'clock in the afternoon. Milk or cream might be sold under the same limitations as fruit, as regards hours, but with no prohibition of public cry, and no restriction to particular premises. The result of these exceptions would have been, that all kinds of food might have been sold in the shops before ten o'clock, and fruit, pastry, and non-intoxicating drinks after one o'clock, but that these latter articles could not have been sold by costermongers at all, while meat, fish, poultry, and vegetables could not have been sold by them with public cry. It is not surprising therefore that the shopkeepers of the New Cut could be described by Mr. M'ARTHUR as "almost unanimous in favour of the measure." The only wonder is that they were not altogether unanimous. The Bill was nothing more nor less than a measure for the protection of shopkeepers in certain neighbourhoods against the competition of the costermonger. Throughout the Sunday afternoon cherries and ginger-beer, in the summer chestnuts, and coffee in the winter, were to be sold with impunity "on the premises," but the owner of any wandering barrow or intrusive stall might be handed over to the police and fined 20s. Even as regards meat, fish, and vegetables, the Bill would have placed the costermonger at a considerable disadvantage. He might have sold, indeed, down to the same hour in the morning, but he must have sold "without public cry," and a costermonger forbidden to use his lungs is a costermonger deprived of his favourite implement of trade. Whenever he had forgotten himself in the enthusiasm of praising his wares to a customer, and had gone on to praise them in tones which might be heard by the whole neighbourhood, he would have come under the penalties denounced against the sale of goods generally, and would have forfeited his claim to share in the exemption decreed in favour of sale without public cry; and the shopkeeper, mindful alike of his own profits and of the Fourth Commandment, would have invoked the aid of "CHAMBERS'S Act," and given him a practical lesson against making unlawful profits at his expense. We confess that in this matter our sympathies are with the costermongers. Their customers are usually taken from a still poorer class than that which frequents shops even on a Sunday afternoon, and they themselves have often no other means of getting a living but street-selling. It is natural enough that the Lambeth tradesmen should be irritated at seeing a barrow containing the very counterpart of their own stock drawn up opposite their shop-windows, and carrying off half the people who would otherwise have become customers. But there is no reason why Parliament should constitute itself their champion, and pass a law framed exclusively in their interest. This was what the House of Commons was asked to do on Wednesday. If the Bill had been passed, it would probably

have soon become as obsolete as the Act of CHARLES II. A few prosecutions would have led to some street-rioting, and then the common sense of the community would have devised a way out of the difficulty, and either repealed the Act or extended to the costermonger equal privileges with the shopkeeper.

The main argument alleged in favour of this Bill and of several other similar essays at legislation is that, the value of the Sunday rest being acknowledged on all hands, it can only be secured to the smaller class of shopkeepers by making it penal to disregard it. Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS seems to have a theory of his own on this point, inasmuch as he proposed to secure the Sunday rest to the shopkeeper by making it penal for the costermongers to disregard it. But setting aside this peculiar mode of viewing the subject, it must be admitted that the question is not free from difficulty. If abstinence from work on the Sunday were simply a matter of religious observance, it might perhaps be contended that those who hold it to be a duty have no right to ask the Legislature to make the performance of their duty easier. But, besides being a religious observance, it is also a practice which greatly promotes the moral and physical welfare of the whole population. The lives of many Englishmen are too dull and sordid as it is, and if there were no change of thought or occupation even on the Sunday, the national health and the national character would grievously suffer. There is sufficient ground, therefore, for the intervention of Parliament, if it can be shown that Sunday work is not sufficiently discountenanced by public opinion. Even then, however, it would not be enough to pass a simple prohibition of all kinds of Sunday work. If the Sunday rest is to be anything more than mere sitting still at home, if any element of recreation and enjoyment is to enter into it, some people must work in order that others may play. The Lambeth shopkeeper who is anxious to have the costermonger warned off the pavement in order that he may shut his shop without fear of his customers finding other means of supplying their Sunday wants, would feel aggrieved if there were no trains to take him a few miles out of London, and no taverns open to give him dinner. Yet the railway servant or the tavern waiter is in every respect as worthy of protection as the shopkeeper. If simple prohibition is the right policy in the one case, it is equally the right policy in the other. And what the tavern is to the shopkeeper out for a holiday the fruit-stall or the ginger-beer barrow is to a humbler order of Sunday pleasure-takers. Take these away, and they will have nothing left to do but saunter along the thirsty streets and recall the happy days when oranges were to be had at every corner. The only solution of this difficulty is to be looked for in an application of the common sense principle, that those who work to give others pleasure on Sunday should have their lost holiday made up to them on some other day in the week. For the present, at all events, this principle is not capable of legislative recognition, and if it should ever become so, it may be hoped that such arrangements as might be needed to give effect to it would have been supplied by the advancing good sense of the classes immediately concerned. Meanwhile, the cause of reasonable Sunday rest can only be injured by such impracticable auxiliaries as the gentlemen whose names appeared on the back of the Sunday Trading Bill.

#### THE CASE OF O'CONNOR.

THE case of O'CONNOR is a burlesque at once of treason and of the current medical theories of insanity, and it may be useful as demonstrating the unsubstantiality of Republicanism in England, as well as of the doctrine which has of late been widely propagated of irresponsibility for crime. If O'CONNOR had been on trial for high treason, and liable on conviction to be hanged, it is by no means certain that Dr. TUCKER might not have induced the jury to find the prisoner insane. He described O'CONNOR as a delicate, weak boy, both in mind and body, subject to scrofulous disease, and suffering from a blow on the head; and he considered that these conjoint causes produced exacerbation of insanity about the time of the offence. He thought it a very dangerous form of reasoning insanity. On visiting the prisoner he had found an irregular formation of the head, an enlargement of the palate, and a remarkable dilation of the pupil of the eye. The head measured only 19 inches, instead of 22 or 23. The right lung was diseased, and the prisoner stated that he spat blood. He had suffered from a diseased bone of the great toe, which had been amputated. The prisoner told Dr. TUCKER freely the history of his outrage on the QUEEN. He was walking

by the Serpentine on Sunday week before the event, when suddenly the idea came into his head to shoot the QUEEN. He thought of it all day, but finally abandoned the idea, because the Prince of WALES would succeed, and he should not thus liberate the prisoners in whom he was interested. He was very restless and unwell during the next ten days, and being quite determined to carry out his design and liberate the Fenians, he resolved to draw up a paper, to seize HER MAJESTY as she walked up the aisle of the Cathedral on Thanksgiving Day, to hold the pistol to her forehead, and compel her to sign the paper. Dr. TUKE objected that there would be difficulty about pen and ink, and the people around HER MAJESTY would seize O'CONNOR; to which he answered that they would be paralysed with horror, and that some one would bring pen and ink. Dr. TUKE asked him if he knew how great a crime this was; and he replied that his motive was good, and his act perfectly justifiable, and that even if killing the QUEEN would liberate the prisoners, he should think such a crime capable of justification.

Before Dr. TUKE made his visit he stated to the prisoner's father that he was afraid the prisoner's brain had become affected, as had been the case with his great-uncle and other relations. We have thus all the features that usually present themselves in cases where an attempt is made to obtain from a jury a verdict of insanity. But there is this important difference, that the consequence of acquittal on this ground would have been more serious in this case than that of conviction. It would be unfair to hold the doctors responsible for the variety of effect which the same doctrine produces under different circumstances on juries. But it seems correct to say that this doctrine has not yet assumed a shape in which it can be generally applied in the inquiries of courts of justice. We speak perhaps loosely of a medical theory of insanity, when the individual practitioner is responsible for no more of it than he has himself advanced. But still it is allowable to test the strength of a chain of argument at its weakest point, and we are therefore justified in dwelling on the manifest inapplicability of this theory to minor crimes. It may be safely said that if this theory were applied alike to all crimes it would render society impossible. We do not hold the medical profession responsible for all that its members may say under cross-examination, but surely nothing can be more absurd than Dr. TUKE's statement that the prisoner attempted to force his way into St. Paul's Cathedral under "a paroxysm of motive." It does not need to be pointed out that, if this expression means anything, it supplies an apology for every crime that can be committed. Even Dr. TUKE, however, was forced to admit that the prisoner might have recovered some degree of sanity since his visit. The prisoner, in fact, had been able in the meantime to see that it was better to be punished as a sane criminal than to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. His resolution to plead guilty was, therefore, an indisputable proof of sanity; and if he was sane at the time of his trial, it becomes highly improbable that he was insane when he committed the offence, unless indeed we are to adopt the extreme theory that crime always proves insanity; and even Dr. TUKE would hardly propose to go that length. It is perhaps fortunate that this case has happened so soon after other cases in which the plea of insanity was strongly urged, because it justifies all that was written in reference to these cases against the attempts made in the name of medical science to undermine the foundations of morality. However guarded may be the language in which really scientific physicians announce principles in connexion with this subject, that language is certain to be burlesqued by other physicians who pretend to science, and who desire what they perhaps would call eminence, and we should call notoriety. We should think that Dr. TUKE will attain a certain kind of fame by the introduction into a criminal trial of the expression "paroxysm of motive," and he may also congratulate himself on having done his client more harm than good by his interposition. "There is," said Mr. Baron CLEASBY, who tried the case, "the occasion when this took place; there are the manner, the contrivance, the cunning with which it was done; and there is still more the intention which entered the mind, though it was not harboured by the mind, of which we have heard the first to-day from those who were supposed to be your friends." By a curious infelicity Dr. TUKE has damaged at once his client and his own profession. It will for some time to come avail little that other physicians bring learning and observation to the discussion of this subject, because the public will remember the cases of WATSON and O'CONNOR, and will believe that all medical theories of insanity lead practically to irresponsibility for crime. We do not underrate the value of medical experience, and physicians who come

into court to state the results of their examination of criminals are entitled to respectful hearing. But as regards principles they had better keep silence, unless they can enunciate something against which the common instinct of self-preservation in mankind does not rebel.

As regards the prisoner there is hardly anything to be said except that we regret that he could not be whipped and imprisoned without so great an effusion of solemn talk. We hope that when the whipping is inflicted, the Special Commissioners of the daily newspapers will not be present, or, if they are, that they will only moderately exert their descriptive powers on the occasion. But, for the prevention of similar acts of folly, it was desirable that such a sentence should be passed, and there will probably be a general concurrence of opinion that the prisoner has deserved what he will get. The mere enactment of the law under which he will be punished has for many years preserved HER MAJESTY from annoyance, and it may be expected that the enforcement of this law in the present instance will be equally efficacious for at least as long a period. It is intolerable that this kingdom and its colonies should be momentarily frightened from propriety by a burlesque of treason; but when the real character of the prisoner's act was understood, it was felt to be inexpedient to make too much fuss about the case, or to run the risk of qualifying the prevailing sentiment of contempt by any sympathy which might be excited by undue severity of punishment. Let him undergo the just and moderate sentence that has been passed, and then—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

We had hastily taken him, not for his better, but his worse. When the news of his attempt was first flashed through the country it looked like treason, but we now find that it was no more treasonable than Dr. TUKE's evidence was scientific. The prisoner has himself said that the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he saw the evil of what he had done. It were to be wished that the scales might fall from Dr. TUKE's eyes, and that he could see the evil which he tried to do. He and some other members of his profession are to blame if the public hastily confound science with quackery. To shut up O'CONNOR for life in an asylum might probably not have the same deterring effect on possible imitators as whipping him; and besides, no Government could undertake the custody for life of all the criminals whom it might please the doctors to declare insane. Sooner or later some shorter method would have to be taken with law-breakers; and if medical science, or what calls itself so, should be generally opposed to their punishment, medical science would have to give way. Society will never consent to give men or boys with small heads and diseased toes *carte blanche* to commit whatever outrages may occur to their foolish minds.

#### HOMINESS.

ENGLISH people are perhaps rather too apt to pride themselves on their unsentimental character. They look contemptuously on the French bachelor of fifty whose mind is kept in a flutter of excitement by some pending *affaire de cœur*; and turn away disgusted from the juvenile Fraulein fresh from the *Institut*, who gets into a fine frenzy about German Geist and Vaterland. So far from disowning the name of shopkeepers, they are particularly proud of the mental hardihood which they imagine it implies. The English girl learns to repeat the same strain, and feels grateful to that British common sense which saves her from the ridiculous affectation of her French or German governess. Meanwhile, some cosmopolitan onlooker might see in these rational islanders quite enough of another kind of sentimentality to be amused at their protestations. And were he disposed to philosophise, he would probably make a note of this new instance of self-unconsciousness. One can willingly admit that Englishmen are less outwardly emotional than many other races. Yet there are other kinds of sentiment that do not display themselves in violent gesticulation, or even in exuberant language. Any feeling may pass into sentimentality if it be excessively caressed and periodically professed. It would seem indeed that some form of this indulgence is inseparably connected with refined social life. People sustain a large quantity of pleasure from the mere contact of each other's sensibilities, that the habit of professing a common type of sentiment is naturally engendered. At first more or less a conscious process, it tends to become automatic; and then we have the true affection of sensibility. Should this be so, we may expect to find some specimen of the species lurking even in English society.

On comparing recent with older pictures of English life, with eagerness to discard all participation in sentiment appears to be a comparatively new characteristic. The young ladies condemned in the sketches of Goldsmith or of Sir Walter Scott were little concerned about a total disguise of emotion. Wealth and gentility, romance and adventure, were the objects of the most unrefined feelings. And even in the present generation of small and

may have seen the devotee of Byron, the passionate peruser of *Romeo and Juliet*. We are led, then, to suppose that if sentiment has absolutely passed away, its departure is a very recent event. But has it really disappeared? There is much certainly to lend colour to the supposition. When one's ears are heavy with trumpetings which are to "inaugurate" a new era of women's rights, there is reason to fear that the decline of sentiment is far advanced. For are not women the main conservators of sentiment, and can they be supposed to be fulfilling this function when they clamour for the business of their rivals? There is another way of reaching the same conclusion. The strongest form of sentiment among women has generally been supposed to be love. But a study of present literature will continually disclose indications of a growing indifference and even contempt for the ancient forms of this passion. It is indeed a conspicuous feature of present society that all ardent enthusiasms are repressed. One has only to go from a perusal of one of Miss Austen's novels to listen to the kind of talk patronised by a genteel circle of our own decade, to be impressed with the apparent decline in range and force of the various sympathies and antipathies of society. By far the majority of the young women one meets are too active to be afflicted with much sentiment. Their great concern being to cut a figure in the world, they find themselves fully employed by the added competition of the men whom they are anxious to drive from the field. Love is to these only the liquid papulum of babes; nor do the ideas of duty, self-culture, or general beneficence attract a larger share of passionate regard. All this, and much more, gives support to the theory that English sentimentality has become obsolete.

If, however, we turn into the byways of English society, this assertion will appear frequently to be contradicted. Even at an evening party in London one may chance to light on a solitary instance of an emotional woman. She will perhaps succeed in engaging you, in a low-pitched tone, in conversation. Some desultory remarks with rather a moralizing tendency soon introduce disclosures of her special tastes and aspirations. She is disgusted with the hollowness of drawing-room society. She loves the retirement and liberty of the family. She always returns from her visit to town with a fresh zest for the comforts and amusements of her own home. As to those fast girls who care only to be free from the tedious restraints of home and mamma, they are unworthy of the name of Englishwomen. By such a stream of conversation your companion leads you to the reflection that one form of sentiment at least survives. You seem to catch a warm waft of air from some more temperate zone of society, lying beyond the arctic circle in which it is your fate to move. Away from the noisy capital, in a thousand snug little towns, you imagine you hear the sentimental fires still replenished which are destined to warm and cheer those favoured groups. Such occasional experiences remind one that, in spite of the unemotional character of superficial society, there may be deeper strata which manifest the phenomenon in a high degree. The old order of romantic sentiment may have grown unfashionable, but a new species, less brilliant perhaps, but equally warm, has taken its place. And if it is incapable of those imaginative flights in which the earlier feelings indulged, it has at least a theme ever ready to hand about which its more humble movements may play. Among the classes with which this quiet type of sentiment delights to dwell, it pervades every part of domestic life. If, for example, the papa brings home at dinner-time some story of an elopement and its disasters, the occasion is improved by mutual felicitation on the possession of pure home affections. Should a brother betray too strong a liking for a military life, he is watched with sorrowful anxiety, and repeatedly reminded of the blessings of domestic attachment. Even the youngest girls are supposed to need indoctrination; and any strong leanings to Shakespeare or the other undomestic poets are duly counteracted, a healthy partiality for Mr. Tupper being encouraged instead. The selection of novels for the common evening perusal illustrates the same principle at work; George Eliot is rejected as not striking the proper home chord, and the author of *John Halifax* welcomed as a priestess under whose direction they may renew their devotional rite at the altar of Home and Comfort. Such a systematic infusion of sentiment can scarcely be ineffective; and accordingly one finds, as a common rule, the children of these families at a very early period duly absorbing the element. One is amused perhaps at hearing the juvenile trio in Latin Grammar precociously fixing the details of his future domestic management; or his sister, still fresh in her teens, hinting at laudable plans of winning, and reconciling to the amenities of home, some refractory bachelor. The girlish ardour which usually takes a wilder direction at this imaginative age glows prudently, in her case, between the safe confines of the domestic bricks. She does not wish to triumph in the realm of fashion. To bring a dozen admirers to a humble posture at her feet would afford her no satisfaction. Not even the glitter of wealth and social status, or the select pleasures of intellect and taste, can divert her from the more solid enjoyment of home attachments. Nor do these lessons cease to be operative in later life. One can observe the stream of sentimental influence passing like a traditional belief from one generation to another. The children who have sung some home ditty at their elder sister's priming, come themselves to extract the seducing honey which the domestic idyll secretes, and in time begin in their turn to recommend the same machine gratification to others. The great advantage which this form of sensibility possesses is its pervading

character. Unlike the feverish ambition to slay a dragon, or the fluttering expectation of some princely lover, it does not disappear with the lapse of youth. On the contrary, it fares all the better for the rude shocks of experience. For if the world proves hostile or cruel, the domestic felicities grow only the more cherished. The husband who returns weary and fretful from his profession or business is at once regaled by a sight of armchair and slippers, and the troubling recollections of the day speedily give place to peaceful oscillations of consciousness between the sight of his industrious Lucretia and the shadowy phantoms of sleep.

With all the mild excellences which this type of emotion possesses, it is unfortunately apt to become at times a little too bearish in antagonism. It makes large requisitions on the moral admiration of others, and when it fauces itself suffering an indignity, it very easily grows explosive. Should any bachelor friend from town speak in one of its circles a little too warmly in praise of his club, he is immediately assaulted as a misogynist and a hater of home and family. A dozen voices are ready to proclaim the Nemesis of the insulted Penates. To these innocent people a predilection for club and bachelor dinners is synonymous with gaiety, cynicism, and all the other ills which the male half of juvenile flesh in London is supposed to be heir to. Curious enough, these enthusiasts for domestic tranquillity may be found by chance straying, as if by mistake, in some remote part of the Continent. At a crowded *table d'hôte* at Interlaken or Lucerne one is burdened with a plaint from a party of this character. They are satiated, they will tell you, with this promiscuous and fugitive society; not even on Sunday can they have a sense of their cherished home-quiet; and they are eager to get back to their neglected domicile. You perhaps are bold enough to suggest, in reply, that an Alpine climb and a French *cuisine* are a pleasant diversion from stay-at-home life, and you are forthwith denounced as a traitor to the British love of *ara et foci*. Or you may be sauntering some fine evening at a Sommertheater in Berlin, or Kaffee-garten at Dresden, and be suddenly arrested by the genuine British grumble. You listen, and hear a worthy paterfamilias righteously denouncing this out-of-door life to his immature offspring as destructive of home associations.

One is strongly tempted, in view of all these professions of sentiment, to press the inquiry, how much of them is really honest? For is it not to be noticed that they are often heard in the houses where least attractiveness is to be found? The girl who, when at a distance from home, pours out most profusely in her letters her longings to return, is probably in possession of about as dismal an abode as one might find. It would certainly be on the whole most gratifying to believe that the larger number of these declarations are at least over-astounded. For one cannot help reflecting that, if such an amount of sentimental force is directed to so very ordinary an idea, it augurs ill, to say the least of it, for the quality of our emotions or of our intellects; and if the alternative to-day is either to assume this form of sentiment or to be the stout-hearted, even if reckless, girl of fast life, there is a good deal to be said for the latter choice. Cant is always offensive, as cant; but when the sentiment or belief feigned is of inferior value, it is doubly displeasing. If we must have affectations of feeling, cannot a common objective point of a little higher level than the parlour chimney-piece be hit upon? But possibly there is much to be said in explanation, if not in justification, of our sentimental proclivities for home. Our commercial activity is prone to make us unromantic; and the old ideas of courage, honour, and patriotism are in danger of growing archaic when Chambers of Commerce and Trade-unions decide for peace at any price or for the cheapening of royalty. It must be remembered, too, that the home type of sentiment is something which every mediocre mind can share in. Aesthetic preferences and political enthusiasms, when ventilated at an evening party, have the drawback of excluding many well-meaning but incapable people from the conversation; but a chat about home comforts has the advantage of civility, it tends to hide all inequalities among the guests, and gives ample scope for the least cultivated to air their ideas and contribute to the conversational din. With such palpable recommendations there seems every reason why this domesticity of feeling should long continue to be characteristic of our insular population; though it would very much reconcile us to this order of things to know that it was becoming less harsh in its prejudices, and more modest in its pretensions.

#### THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

IT is related that in 1795 Mr. Curwen, member for Carlisle, being anxious to impress upon the House of Commons the inability of the labouring population to bear any further taxation, made his appearance in that assembly dressed as a Cumberland peasant, in a grey home-spun coat, with the wooden clogs or shoes of the country, bound with iron, carrying under one arm a brown "grouse," or loaf made of mixed barley and rye, and under the other arm a "whellmor," or skim-milk cheese. In his hand he held a "gully," or large knife, and placing the black loaf and the cheese on the table of the House, he cut into them with his knife, producing a sound which resembled, it is said, in the one case the clanking of cinders, and in the other the plaining of a deal board. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who appears to be fond of getting up old parts, or Mr. Auberon Herbert, might perhaps make a hit by following Mr. Curwen's example, and pleading the cause of the

agricultural labourer of our day in the garb of one of the Hughenden farm-servants as described by the Correspondent of a morning paper, in "a lengthy sloop, scarecrow billycock, and thick-soled highlows," slouching heavily, and scratching his head in a puzzled manner. In Buckinghamshire the labourer is, on the whole, better off than in many other parts of the country, and it is known that at Hughenden the lord of the manor takes a genuine and kindly interest in his welfare. Two or three years ago Mr. Disraeli delivered an eloquent address on the moral philosophy of tanks, porches, and ovens. Every cottage, he declared, ought to have a tank, a porch, and an oven; and, as far as his own estate is concerned, he has been as good as his word. In the neighbourhood, however, the Special Correspondent asserts that there are a number of villainous hovels, that the "truck" system is in force, that wages are only 11s. and 12s. a week, with deductions for wet weather, and that the prize labourer, to whom Mr. Disraeli once presented a guinea and a pair of breeches for exemplary conduct in bringing up a large family on little more than a shilling a day, is now in "Saunderton," as the Workhouse is locally designated. We have no doubt the Correspondent tells us honestly what he saw and heard; but his statements as to the condition of the labourer in other districts have been strongly impeached. The truth is that the eye of a Special Correspondent sees pretty much what it wants to see; and it is tolerably certain that a morbid passion for giving a rosy account of their circumstances is not the besetting weakness of agricultural labourers in Bucks or elsewhere. It appears, for example, that at Wellesbourne, where the Warwickshire strike originated, the weekly earnings were nearer 15s. than 12s., as had been alleged; and it is not improbable that the stories which the Correspondent brought back from Hughenden require to be corrected in a similar manner. Mr. Disraeli has confirmed his account of the disgraceful condition of certain cottages, but he explained that they are the speculation of a Radical shopkeeper on a piece of waste ground. After making every allowance for the loose statements of labourers, the exaggerations of agitators, and the misconceptions of Correspondents, it cannot be denied that the wages of agricultural labourers, which vary in different districts and even on different estates in the same district, are on an average miserably low in the Southern and Midland parts of England. It also appears that, for the moment at least, the strike has had the effect of raising wages by 2s. or 3s. a week; but it remains to be seen whether this rise will not be counterbalanced by a withdrawal of any extra payments or allowances in kind which have hitherto been customary.

The question of wages will ultimately be determined by the quality of the work which the men are capable of doing, the quantity of similar labour in the market, and the demand for it in this and other trades. Railway contractors and other large employers of labour are making tempting offers, but it is doubtful whether the employment offered will be permanent, and whether agricultural labourers are fit for it. It may perhaps be found that, as far as the general body of adult labourers are concerned, they are not promoting their own personal interests; that they cannot compete with the regular navvies; that they are unfit for industrial employment, and that they have not the habits of independence and self-restraint which are required for a town life. The better class of men may succeed, but the ruck will be swept aside. For the boys and younger men the change will possibly be the beginning of a higher and better existence than they could otherwise have hoped for. Hitherto farm labour has been organized like a caste. The labourer was born into a district within which he was practically confined, and to an occupation which was his because it had been his father's, and from which there was no escape. He was expected to marry early, and to have a numerous family; and although his own wages were reduced by the competition of his children, still the latter made him sure of a situation, and increased the total earnings of the household. And so it went on from generation to generation. The introduction of railways broke in upon the isolation of the agricultural communities; the spread of manufactures not only created a demand for all kinds of labour, but raised the value of agricultural produce, and the scale of agricultural profits and wages in and near the manufacturing districts. The reform of the law of pauper settlements also helped to set the labourer free. These are the influences which have been for some time silently and gradually at work, and the strike is rather an effect than a cause. On the whole we are disposed to believe that the labourers who receive such poor pay are, from a commercial point of view, paid rather more than they are worth. Professor Beesly, in his hatred of the solid classes who stand in the way of revolutionary projects, is in great glee because he thinks that the strike will bring down rents. As the farmers cannot afford to pay higher wages, the difference, he argues, must come out of the landlord's pocket. We are very sorry for Professor Beesly, but we believe the result is more likely to be the other way. In order to be able to pay better wages, the farmers must farm more skilfully and energetically, and in return for higher wages they will demand a superior kind of labour. The agriculture of at least the southern half of England is still comparatively backward. The condition of the labourer and the quality of his work are a proof of the incompetence of a large number of farmers; but when agriculture is carried on with the same enterprise and ability as other trades, rents and wages will equally improve.

With respect to food the labourers are not so badly off as is supposed. Except as regards milk, of which there is a diminished

allowance, they have a more liberal supply of food than their fathers and grandfathers; and if butchers' meat is a rarity at their tables, they have at least a larger share of it than the peasantry of any other country, and even than the artisans and mechanics of most countries. At the same time, it would no doubt be for the advantage of the labourer that he should be paid in coin rather than in kind. Perquisites and allowances have a kindly sound, but they are apt to be only a species of "truck," by means of which the labourer is compelled to pay very dearly for indifferent or worthless articles. The Agricultural Commissioners of 1869 reported that in Dorset, for example, the system is much abused. The wheat given is poor or bad, and pays toll to the miller for grinding; the fuel is perhaps only gorse, or, if it is firewood, there is so much labour in searching, cutting, and grubbing that it does not pay to go after it. In Devon and Dorset the cider which is served out is often vile stuff; and the labourer is deprived of wages which should go to the support of his family by being compelled to receive a considerable part of them in rancid liquor. In Tiverton Union the ordinary allowance is, or used to be, half a gallon of cider a day, with perhaps as much again at haymaking and harvest. The beer allowed in other districts is valued at from one shilling to two shillings a week, but it cannot be seriously pretended that, as a rule, it is worth that price. The way in which the labourer is lodged is perhaps the most miserable circumstance in his condition. Of late years large sums have been devoted to the improvement of cottages without the slightest prospect of commercial advantage; but there can be no doubt that much remains to be done, and the epithets which were used by the Commissioners who inquired into agricultural employments a year or two since—such as "deplorable," "detestable," "a disgrace to a civilized community"—are not too strong to apply to the foul and leaky hovels, reeking with damp and fetid with over-crowding and with all kinds of nuisances, which are still to be found in melancholy abundance in almost every part of the country. It is easy to see that this is not as it should be; but it is not so easy to devise a quick and effectual remedy. The fact is, there are two sides to this as to most other questions. It is true that the labourer is degraded and brutalized by being lodged in this manner; but, on the other hand, it is his own character and habits which form one of the chief obstacles to the improvement of his dwelling. Human nature being what it is, it is not surprising that farmers and landlords should be indisposed to spend money in providing better cottages when the labourer is not only satisfied with the present ones, but prefers them to any others. He will not move if he can help it, and when he does move his first object is to make the new cottage just what the old one was. He detests being clean and tidy, he loves warmth and hates ventilation, he packs himself and his family into the smallest possible space, and even the most stringent regulations and the sharpest supervision will hardly prevent him from taking lodgers or smuggling in a pig. The old law of settlement had much to do with the insufficiency of cottages, because it made it an object to keep labourers out of a parish, so that they should not acquire a settlement and become a burden on the rates. This has been amended, but an Act which was passed for the express purpose of promoting the building of cottages still tends to encourage the old evil of keeping the labourer at a distance from his work, inasmuch as it authorises the Public Works Loan Commissioners to advance money for the erection of cottages only in "populous places." Assistance is thus denied to a landlord who desires to build cottages on his own farms. Many landowners have built cottages from a sense of duty; others would like to do so, but have not the means; others are discouraged by the difficulty of reconciling the labourers to sanitary requirements and the decencies of life. We do not say that the labourers are to blame for this, or that their case is hopeless; but we are quite sure that no good will be done unless all the difficulties of the case are fairly recognized. It is desirable that the labourer should have higher wages and a better house; but the mere raising of wages or building of cottages as a benevolent enterprise will go only a small way towards solving the serious and complicated problem of raising his condition. A landlord has written to the *Times* to say that, if the labourer "were really anxious to raise himself in the social scale, he would long ago have set about his task by saving, or trying to save, in his youth and middle life a sufficient sum to secure him from what he considers the degradation of the work-house in his old age"; that he would have increased his "intellectual attainments" and given his children a good education. If the labourer had been a being capable of appreciating these advantages so as to make them an object in life, he would be very different from what he is, and there would be no need to consider what should be done for him. It has been the melancholy fact of his condition that hitherto he has not considered the work-house a degradation; and that he has been satisfied with the appeasement of animal wants. In such a case discontent is a healthy and hopeful symptom.

#### A BERNONDESEY BOUQUET.

MR. DAVID URQUHART, in one of his books, has predicted the ruin of his country if it persisted in eating three meat meals a day, and wasted its phosphorus in the rivers. Mr. Urquhart will perhaps take a more hopeful view of the destinies of England when he learns that the consumption of meat has been by no means so universal as he supposed, and



that the high price to which it is now rising bids fair to make it a luxury of the upper classes; and also that a more profitable method has been discovered of turning our phosphates to account than draining them into the sea. It appears from a case which has just been tried that a gentleman, who was described by his counsel as a public benefactor, has for some years been carrying on a manufactory at Bermondsey in which he converts different kinds of filth and garbage into manure; with one hand he relieves the city of its refuse, with the other he supplies the country with a fertilizing substance of acknowledged value. Public benefactors, like prophets, are not always appreciated in their own neighbourhoods; and although the philanthropist of whom we are speaking finds a ready sale for his superphosphates in agricultural circles, he has not yet had a statue erected in his honour by the people among whom he lives. On the contrary, he has been the victim of a series of actions at law. The explanation of this is that the commodities in which he deals are said to be composed of old bones, rotten fish, the blood and offal of animals in a putrid state, and a variety of other articles of a similar kind, which are burnt up by vitriol, and which make "a very excellent manure, but it has a very horrible smell." It must have occurred to any one who has visited Bermondsey, or who has passed over its housetops in the train, that the inhabitants of this region are not likely to be morbidly sensitive or delicate in regard to smells. The whiffs that sometimes come through the windows of the railway carriage are not perhaps the best preparation for the whitebait dinner to which the traveller may possibly be journeying. Bermondsey is a highly perfumed region, but its perfumes are not "Sabean odours from the spicy shore of Araby the blest." The local flavour is, on the whole, more akin to that of Cologne, except that the different smells are not so numerous and well defined, but are rather of a blended character, the not unwholesome fragrance of tan being perhaps uppermost. It is certain, at any rate, that the people of that part of London are not very particular in regard to bad odours, and that they can stand a good deal in this way without grumbling, and possibly even—for use in such a case is second nature—without perceiving or being distressed by it. We should be prepared therefore to believe that when they rise up in protest against a bad smell it must be very bad indeed. It appears that the inhabitants of Bermondsey draw the line at Mr. Salmon's superphosphates and other artificial manures. The smell of these things is more than they can endure, and when we read the evidence on the subject we can hardly wonder at the resistance of the neighbourhood to the continuance of this manufacture.

The nuisance is alleged to be of a twofold, or rather threefold, character. First, there is the accumulation of the materials of the manufacture, which are mostly rotten and foul-smelling; next, there is the process of mixing and boiling them down with sulphuric acid; and then, after the manure has been manufactured, it is kept in great heaps, and an abominable smell is caused when it is dug up, and put into sacks for customers. It is asserted that the materials consist of the blood and refuse of slaughter-houses, stinking fish, putrid animal matter, and garbage of all sorts; and there is always a large stock of these things lying about the premises, while new supplies are frequently arriving. On "mixing days"—that is, days on which the materials are boiled down—there is said to be an escape of pestiferous gases, and a kind of heavy steam, which leaves mould where it falls, and is accompanied by an acrid sensation in the mouth and throat. "The fumes of the process," said the Inspector of Nuisances, "are particularly disgusting, and pervade the streets and gardens; but the smell is worse in digging out the putrid mass, and putting it in bags, and taking it away." The premises of Messrs. Peek and Frean, the biscuit-bakers, adjoin the manufactory, and their workpeople, several hundreds in number, as well as other residents in the neighbourhood, suffer from the stench, which produces nausea, a burning in the throat, and other discomforts. Different kinds of manure are made, and some are less pestiferous than others. The worst smell is alleged by discriminating judges to be that given off by the superphosphate, which is made by pouring vitriol on the materials, the effect being "to raise a kind of white steam with a strong and pungent odour, smelling like lighted sulphur or brimstone, and catching the breath so as to cause the men at work to cough, and force them to cover their mouths with handkerchiefs." It was pleaded by the defence that there were "only three or four mixings" of this kind in a month; but for people with moderate tastes in the way of asphyxiation it is more than can be agreeable to be subjected to this steaming once a week. Then there is "a pig and horse hair sort," the smell of which is also said to be very bad. In fact the whole description of the place, as given by the witnesses for the plaintiff, reminds one strongly of the "Sink of Filth" which Dante visited in the infernal regions, and in which all kinds of excrement and putrescent nastiness were gathered together to torment the noses of the wicked. Here, as one of the translators puts it—

Here we perceived a race who murmured low  
In the foul gulf, and snorted with the nose.

It is probable that Dante, who lived in a pre-sanitary age, and in a country which even now is far from particular as to smells, would be startled to hear it said that the abominations which he imagined to be appropriate in a fanciful and highly coloured sketch of hell are now reproduced on earth in the densely populated capital of a country which is under the impression that it is civilized, and which is supposed to have taken for its motto *Sanctus sanctus, omnia omnia*.

It is perhaps not difficult to understand the reluctance of

the jury to visit Mr. Salmon's place of business, as they were advised to do by the Lord Chief Justice; but at last they were persuaded to go. When a medical witness called the smell ammoniacal, the Chief Justice suggested that perhaps demure would be nearer the mark. His lordship also observed that on his visit he was shocked at the horrible smells which proceeded from Rotherhithe, the parish which adjoins Bermondsey. Such atrocious stenches were, he said, a scandal to the sanitary condition of the country; and he asked, not unnaturally, what was the use of Boards of Health and Inspectors of Nuisances if such abominable nuisances were allowed? Dr. Letheby, who is a Sanitary Inspector, appeared as a witness for the defence in this case. Dr. Letheby does not consider carbonic acid gas at all offensive; he had, indeed, "recognized" the effluvia from the manufactory, but he could not say that it amounted to a nuisance. In his opinion it was only "a slight annoyance." Dr. Letheby is a practical chemist, and spends a great deal of time among bad smells, but perhaps it might be considered desirable that a Sanitary Inspector should be more sensitive to the evils which afflict ordinary mortals. When the case commenced, the counsel for the plaintiff offered evidence as to the effects of the nuisance on the health of people in the neighbourhood; but the Chief Justice decided that it was not necessary that the nuisance should be injurious to health; it was enough to show that it destroyed the comfort of the inhabitants. Soon afterwards the jury interfered to say that they had no doubt there was a shocking bad smell, and the only question was whence it came. And, at a subsequent stage, the jury intimated that they had heard sufficient evidence from the plaintiffs on this point, and the defendant was called upon to produce his case. His argument was in effect that he had, since 1868, when a judgment was given against him, made various improvements in his processes, by which the bad smells were prevented; that the materials of the manufacture were by no means so bad as had been represented; and that moreover he had established himself at Bermondsey ten years ago, when it was comparatively open country, and that if people did not like his smells, they should not have come there. The people, he contended, had come to the nuisance, if it was a nuisance, not the nuisance to them. Upon this the Lord Chief Justice remarked that he could not allow that any neighbourhood was to be considered as given up to nuisances. "It was not to be endured that because people had the misfortune to live in a neighbourhood not over nice, and were in a humble position of life, therefore their existence was to be made wretched by the effluvia of foul materials brought to the place by some person for his own profit and advantage." One of the jury asked Mr. Salmon, junior, whether he thought the smell at a certain place offensive; and the witness answered that he did not, upon which the juror lifted up his hands, and the Lord Chief Justice observed, that he did not wonder at the juror's surprise, for the smell actually took one's breath away. *De gustibus non disputandum*, when there is a question as to the fragrance of manure between the person who manufactures it and the neighbours who have to inhale the odour. The jury, while holding that there was a nuisance, seem to have differed as to which of the materials produced it, and they exonerated the superphosphate of lime, on the offensiveness of which the plaintiffs had insisted most strongly. The Chief Justice accepted their verdict as one of guilty, and sentenced the defendant to a fine of 100*l.* unless he put his place in order before next Term. It will occur to every one that, if there is really a nuisance of this magnitude at Bermondsey, there should be some simpler and more summary process of dealing with it than an expensive prosecution. We can only echo the Lord Chief Justice's question, and ask what are the Inspectors of Nuisances about, and what has been done or is to be done with regard to the "atrocious stenches" at Rotherhithe? It is to be hoped that the Public Health Bill will stimulate the energies of the authorities in this respect.

#### ENGLISH CIVIL WARS.

IT is an old complaint that history is made up of crimes, and the complaint is so true that it draws near to the nature of falsehood. The proper answer to it doubtless is that, in this imperfect world, good is chiefly shown in its antagonism to evil, and that, where we have the richest crop of crimes, we have also the chance of finding the richest crop of virtues. Where there are no oppressors there can be no deliverers; where there are no enemies to withstand there can be no heroes or martyrs. If everybody else had been as good as St. Louis, St. Louis could not have been so good as he was. In such an angelic community his virtues must have been mainly passive; he would have had few or no temptations to strive against; the occasions for doing most of his best deeds would never have happened. And again, it by no means follows that those portions of history which stand out before us as fullest of crimes were really the times of the greatest wickedness or the greatest unhappiness. A desolating war or revolution stands out before us in all its native ugliness; yet we may doubt whether any war or revolution inflicts so much suffering, or does so much to corrupt and degrade a people, as some of those long periods of dull, grinding oppression which go on year after year, generation after generation, without leaving any particular mark behind them. A war or a revolution, if it gives special opportunity for great crimes, also gives special opportunity for great virtues; while there are times when men seem so utterly smothered by a long and wearing misgovernment as to be unable to

do anything great in the way either of good or of evil. The wars of religion in France were bad enough, but it would have been better to live in times which at any rate were alive than to have dragged on our being through the long and dreary deadness of Spanish misgovernment in Italy. It is only when we come to the Thirty Years' War that we begin to doubt whether quiet, however gained, is not better than an endless state of war and tumults. In our own country we have had three great times of civil war, and two of the three are undoubtedly times to which we look back, and rightly, with feelings of national pride. The civil wars of the thirteenth and of the seventeenth centuries stand out among the most brilliant periods in English history, and we may fairly say that they combine an unusually large share of the good side of national commotions with an unusually small share of the evil. It is possible to sympathize with both sides, at all events with particular men on both sides. One reason is that, though the appeal to arms on the popular side was in both cases thoroughly justified, yet it was not called forth by any particularly monstrous oppression. It is quite certain that there were parts of the world both in the thirteenth and in the seventeenth century where the misgovernment of Henry the Third or of Charles the First would have seemed exceptionally good government. It shows how much higher the English standard in these matters was at any given time, as compared with that of most other nations, that our forefathers thought it worth while to draw the sword in either case. The earlier part of the thirteenth century is indeed somewhat different. King John and his Brabançons were positive evils in the land of a different kind from anything that went on under either Henry or Charles. Neither Henry nor Charles was a vulgar oppressor. Henry the Third, in truth, we cannot call in his own person an oppressor at all. In his personal character he was a most respectable gentleman, only he let his kingdom go to utter ruin, because he could not bear to say No to his wife or his mother. Charles we may with more reason call an oppressor, but he was not a wanton oppressor. He was a despot on principle. Such a despot is politically far more dangerous than a mere vulgar tyrant, but his position is not inconsistent with much that entitles him to personal respect. Both these great struggles—that of the thirteenth and that of the seventeenth century—drew a certain elevation of character from the circumstances out of which they rose. The men who fought on the popular side were not like men who are goaded into revolt by mere brutal oppression, and are therefore tempted to repay in kind what they have themselves undergone. They were men fighting for a principle, for the old Constitution and laws of England, and on the whole they bore themselves in both cases in a manner worthy of the cause in which they rose. And, on the other hand, something of the same elevation of character was shared also by their adversaries. The Royalists of the days both of Charles and of Henry were fighting on what we hold to be the wrong side, but they were not in either case fighting for a mere tyranny which it was plain at the first blush that they ought to have been ashamed to support. From one point of view we may be sorry to see good men on both sides coming together to take away one another's lives. But it is really honourable to the national character that, when great national struggles could not be avoided, they should have been of such a kind that good men could be found on both sides. In an ideal state of things, Hampden and Falkland ought never to have been arrayed against each other; but it is something, as things actually were, to have a Hampden and a Falkland to array against each other. And in the earlier struggle, if we weep for the overthrow of Simon the Righteous, it is something that it was by the hand of the great Edward that he was overthrown.

Our third great period of civil war, the struggle which comes in point of time between the days of Evesham and the days of Naseby, is a less satisfactory spectacle than either the earlier or the later time with which it has to be compared. The thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries are eminently attractive portions of our history; the fifteenth, in its internal aspect, is certainly somewhat repulsive. It is not so easy to get up an interest in the Wars of the Roses as in either of the other two great struggles. The ugly features of civil strife come out into special prominence. A war in which fellow-countrymen butcher one another is not in any case an agreeable sight; and it becomes still less agreeable when fellow-countrymen butcher one another, as it would seem at first sight, absolutely without any cause. The civil wars of the thirteenth century and the civil wars of the seventeenth are both perfectly intelligible. There is no doubt as to what the combatants were fighting for on either side. But the civil wars of the fifteenth century are by no means equally clear. Our first impression is that men were fighting out of mere blind attachment to personal leaders, or perhaps that they were fighting without any intelligible reason whatever, out of sheer love of giving and taking blows. The name by which the struggle is commonly known is significant. The other two have political names; they are the Barons' War, and the Parliamentary War—names with the former of which we may perhaps feel inclined to quarrel. The name of the Barons' War sounds as if it had been a struggle for aristocratic dominion, instead of a struggle in which the Barons simply acted as the first rank of the people. Still names like the Barons' War, the Parliamentary War, set forth well enough the political nature of the struggle, a struggle between a Government and the nation. But the war of the fifteenth century has no political name; it is called not after parties or classes in the State, but after the accidental badges of the particular families. It is the War of the Roses; and it might

seem at first sight that it really was little more than a strife about a white and a red rose, a dispute in fact about the colour of a shield, a dispute such as the dispute between blue and yellow still is to a good many who shout on either side. But we may be quite sure that in a country which had made such advances in civilized and political life as England had made in the fifteenth century, men did not go out to kill one another without some better reasons than these. The issue was by no means so simple in the fifteenth century as it was in the thirteenth or in the seventeenth. In the seventeenth century, though the political right and wrong of the case is plain, yet we have sympathies which pull us both ways; at all events, we can understand why good and wise men were to be found on both sides. The difficulty then was that there was so much to be said on both sides. In the fifteenth century the difficulty rather is that there was so little to be said on either side. Or it might be put that there was a good deal to be said on both sides, but that the case on both sides alike was confused and inconsistent. The formal claim of the House of York rested on the dullest and most slavish doctrine of hereditary right. That doctrine, as it was put forth by them, took a form yet duller and more slavish than it took in the mouths of the Jacobites. The Stuart pretenders were at least the male heirs of former Kings; the elder of the two was what our fathers would have deemed a true Atheling, the born son of a crowned King. The strictly family sentiment could therefore gather round them in a way in which it could not gather round pretenders whose claim rested on an intricate pedigree of female succession. The houses of Lancaster and York both came of the direct male stock of Edward the Third, and, according to male descent, York came of a younger branch than Lancaster. But, by a diligent reckoning of great-grandmothers, York could make itself out to be in the female line the representative of an elder branch than Lancaster. On the strength of such an hereditary claim as this, men were called on to brand as a dynasty of usurpers a dynasty which had reigned for three generations by a thoroughly good Parliamentary title. Yet, notwithstanding the monstrous nature of the Yorkist claim, it is not hard to see that there was practically a good deal to be said on the Yorkist side. It is plain that the dead conservatism of the country was on the side of Lancaster, and that the advancing elements were for the moment on the side of York. It is not equally plain that the permanent interests of the country were on the Yorkist side. When we get to Edward the Fourth we feel as if we were somehow getting into the region of Louis the Eleventh and Ferdinand of Aragon. When Lord Lytton called his novel *Last of the Barons*, he did not hit on the most appropriate description of the personal Richard Earl of Warwick. But the title well enough expresses the change which came in with the accession of the house of York. Henry the Eighth was through his mother the grandson of Edward the Fourth; with the blood of Henry the Fifth he had nothing to do in any way. But, when Richard Duke of York first put forth his claim to the crown, all this could not be foreseen. The country at large most likely did not trouble itself very much about the different stages of his pedigree; the plain fact stood out that the country had been shamefully mismanaged by Margaret of Anjou and her favourites, and that Duke Richard, a man of winning and popular character, and the best statesman and soldier that England then had, seemed likely to manage things much better. It was, in short, a strife which, like the other two, arose out of the actual misgovernment of the time, but it assumed a lower character than either of the others, from its taking the form of a dispute between two competitors for the Crown. The particular crimes of Margaret and her favourites were greater than anything that could be laid to the charge of either Henry the Third or Charles the First. The cry for redress of grievances was as just in the fifteenth century as it was in the thirteenth or seventeenth; but when that cry was mixed up with the claims of a particular family to the Crown, it lost its real national character and soon sank into a mere personal and family dispute. And, as is sure to happen, men showed themselves far more bloody, far more merciless, in the war of a disputed succession, than they showed themselves in either of the wars which were waged for right and freedom. It was well for the men who were the leaders of England at the earlier and at the later time that they lay under no temptations to put themselves in the place of their country. The strife of the seventeenth century did not put on anything of a personal character till the main dispute was settled. The war of the fifteenth century had a personal character from the beginning, and when Duke Richard was dead, it became on both sides a mere merciless butchery, a mere sacrifice to personal ambition.

If we turn from the purely domestic character of the English Civil Wars to their aspect when looked at as parts of general European history, the lower position of the struggle of the fifteenth century, as compared with that of either the earlier or the later time, stands out still more clearly. The shaping of the English Constitution into its existing form was the great contribution of England to that work of universal creation and destruction which the thirteenth century carried on through all Europe and civilized Asia. That century was the time when old powers fell and when new powers arose—the time when the Eastern and the Western Empires, the Eastern and the Western Church, the Eastern and the Western Caliphates, all put on forms which made them, for greater strength or for greater weakness, something utterly unlike what they had been before. It was the time when the chief nationalities of Europe became more distinctly marked, when languages assumed something like their present

form, when States assumed something like their present boundaries. The changes which were the result of the English civil wars of that age, the changes which distinguish the England of Edward the First from the England of John, were the same which England bore in the great work which was going on throughout the world. In the seventeenth century the connexion between English affairs and those of other nations is less obvious, but is none the less real. The direct connexion between our civil war and the great struggle on the Continent is manifest; but there is something more than this. The war of the seventeenth century was a war waged in order to keep what the war of the thirteenth century had given us. It was a war waged to save the last of these free Constitutions which had once been common to all the kingdoms of Western Europe. In France and in Spain the old institutions had vanished; in England they still went on. It rested with England whether the fire of freedom should still go on burning on one spot, ready, when the time came, to be handed on once more to other lands. Had Charles established his despotism in England, as his brethren in France and Spain had established theirs, the one coal that was left would have been quenched; the hearth of the Pyreanion of Europe would have become cold. In this way the English civil war of the seventeenth century was a struggle not only for English, but for European interests. The common welfare of mankind was at stake.

No such wider interests as these belong to the Wars of the Roses. Great events were going on in other lands, but the civil war of England had no reference to them. The generation which fought for York and Lancaster was the generation which beheld the final overthrow of the Empire of the East, which beheld the stamping out of the last hopes of Lombard freedom, and which, on the other hand, in the growth of the Burgundy of the Valois Dukes, beheld the best chance of carrying out the hopes of a thousand years by fixing a lasting barrier between Germany and France. With the progress of these events, Englishmen, busy in tearing one another in pieces within their own four seas, had little or nothing to do. No doubt the ill success of the English arms in France had much to do with awakening that spirit of discontent without which Duke Richard would have had but little chance of pressing his claims. And at a later time Charles of Burgundy had a certain amount of influence on the affairs of the island of whose Royal house he deemed himself a member. But to the general European character of either the earlier or the later struggle the civil war of the fifteenth century can make no claim. It is a time which, when looked at carefully, has its interest, but on the whole there is no portion of our English history on which we can look back with less satisfaction.

#### SOCIAL LIFE IN SPIRIT LAND.

THE Spiritualists are advancing. And why not? In an age of progress it might fairly be expected that folks who profess to hold intercourse with beings of another world would not long rest contented with such puerilities as the knocking about of chairs, tables, and crockery, the abstraction of pocket-handkerchiefs, the pressing of hands in the dark, and other mild imitations of some not very clever wizard. Accordingly there are now many favoured mediums whose pens and pencils, guided by spirit hands, portray and describe what is going on in the land of shadows, and give us detailed information concerning life and manners in spirit land. Shakespeare, poor man! talked of "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," but this oft-quoted phrase has now lost all the mysterious grandeur which formerly invested it. Travellers are returning every day, and travellers of no mean order too. Not to mention King Solomon, the Emperor Napoleon I., Socrates (who, by the way, has learned Hebrew since he left this nether world), St. Augustine, Joan of Arc, and many others, whose visits have been detailed from time to time in the *Spiritual Magazine*, there has lately been a great incursion of distinguished artists and literary men; and from information received from them (see *Human Nature* for March 1, 1872) and from other spirits of less notoriety but of equal veracity, we are enabled to lay before our readers a slight account of how they manage things in the "brighter land." Naturally their arrangements are a great improvement upon our own. In the first place, the climate is charming—perpetual summer, no rain, no cold, no untimely frost. Consequently the houses—for they have houses up there—are made without doors and windows. In a general way we are told that things are much the same as with us, except that everything is better, and certainly a vast deal *surer*. The dress and jewellery are something remarkable. Wordsworth was not so much out when he spoke of "a spirit yet a woman too," for these spirits betray a truly feminine delight in pretty clothes and "sweet" furniture. That science should advance may not be matter for astonishment, nor is it so wonderful that the fine arts should flourish; but it will no doubt surprise some readers to hear of gardening and rural avocations going on, and babies and distaffs driving thriving trades. For ourselves nothing amuses us like the advance in upholstery. To give an example of this we will quote from *Glimpses of a Brighter Land*, an elaborately got-up little volume lately published by Messrs. Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, a description of one of the "mansions" to which a spirit is conducted soon after leaving its earthly home:—

This hall was in stripes of white and blue, the white the dominating

the blue like lapis-lazuli. The carpet was formed of large circles of blue and white, and curtains of brilliant blue, looped back with pearls, hung in festoons at each opening. We then entered one of the apartments. It was in pale blue like the turquoise, and lovely graceful curtains of white lace softly shrouded the openings or windows, all around were soft and comfortable couches, formed of mother of pearl, and covered with blue silk. The flooring was of inlaid woods—I fancied of sandal-wood—with curious devices in panel to match the furniture; in the centre was a carpet—It appeared to me like moss—with flowers sprinkled over it, blue forget-me-nots, or angel's eyes, interspersed with hare-bells. We then passed on over the soft and velvety carpet to another room. How shall I describe all the varied beauties? It was a dark rich crimson, shaded from black up to shell-pink; the festoons of the hangings were caught up in rings of pearls, and thence depended a large ruy; nothing more graceful or splendid can be imagined. We again passed into another room. Here all was soft, lovely, shining white; the walls were covered with silk caught up in festoons, and in the centre of each was a diamond star with a ruby heart depending from it. The carpet was of white also; from each corner came points of deep shaded crimson, uniting in the centre with a silver dove. The furniture was all in fretted or filigree silver, and of the most graceful devices.

In another place a spirit, after describing a charming apartment, says, "This was my bedroom." We had not realized the necessity for luxurious couches and bedchambers in the other world, nor had we expected to hear of "delicious fruits, bread, and cakes, with wine and odorous drinks in goblets of varied hues and shapes!" One does not connect the notion of a *gourmet* with the spiritual existence; but then that only shows one's ignorance; it is evident that it is quite possible to have what our American cousins call "a good time" in spirit land. As for dress, the robes increase in beauty and splendour as the spirit rises in the scale; the better it is, the finer its jewellery. From the volume before quoted we take the following description of a really fascinating female spirit, and commend it as an improvement upon the toilets of *Le Follet*:—

Her long hair curled around her and fell in a profusion of fair shining masses to her waist; her dress was of a soft gauze-like texture, bordered with blue, confined at the waist with a golden band, and one large single pearl; a circlet of gold also bound her hair, and in the centre shone a large ruby. Behind her ears I perceived a spray of rubies like a leaf; her dress flowed to her feet in graceful folds, and open sleeves disclosed her lovely white rounded arms.

The educational establishments adopt the fashion of a livery; infant schools affect cheerful pink, while older children are clad in white; young maidens wear white too, but with the addition of pearl bracelets and girdles with circlets to confine the hair. There is a most touching account of the introduction to one of these seminaries (apparently in the capacity of pupil-teacher) of a young spirit, who is invited by the matron to "partake of some refreshment," during which time the children, who on the entrance of a visitor had been enjoined to keep silence, are sent to play in the garden. Older spirits, "who have known affection upon earth," are robed in cerulean blue, while very advanced ones indeed come out in crimson. Green is quite at a discount; it is an earthly colour, and may therefore fairly be left to its Fenian admirers. Horses, cows, and other cattle animate the landscape, and the rippling streams teem with fish. Spirits pay visits to their friends in their various mansions, and hold little reunions, which they seem greatly to enjoy; and they even make little excursions to other "spheres," and sometimes to less favoured regions, where they assist poor spirits who are in trouble to try to become better and to gain a higher place in the spiritual system. As to their means of locomotion, this is sometimes accomplished by mere volition, but at other times they avail themselves of "chariots drawn by milk-white horses," or of very pretty boats with silver seats, crimson cushions, and silver oars and masts. But the reader must not suppose that spirits spend their lives in amusing themselves. They carry on with increased facility and under new conditions the very same occupations, professions, and trades which they learned in this lower world; and they are often sent down here to assist favoured mortals in the prosecution of their tasks. Hence those who have not spirit friends are at an immense disadvantage, and those who have may confidently reckon on a delightful reduction in their carpenter's, doctor's, and even lawyer's bills. Undertakers, too, are known to come back and visit their friends; but we have not yet heard whether they have set any new fashion in funerals. The number of *Human Nature*, an "Educational and Family Magazine," before quoted, contains an account of a youthful medium, Master Charles Swan, the nephew of Mr. Thomas Wilson, ironmonger, of Markot Square, Aylesbury, who is visited night after night by quite a bevy of invaluable spirits—literary, artistic, medical, and mechanical—who paint pictures, frame, and hang them, write scientific manuscripts, cure the gout, the toothache, and other ills that flesh is heir to, and enliven their operations by simultaneous performances on the concertina and the tin-whistle. The spirits have been good enough to sign their names on request, and a fac-simile of the signatures is published. Besides John Wilson the carpenter, Mary Wilson the writing spirit, William Wilson the doctor, and William Angus the undertaker, who have appended to their names emblems such as a long quill pen, a bottle labelled "poison," a hammer and plane, and a coffin, we find such well-known names as Wm. E. Channing, J. Wedgwood, Robt. Hare, F. Jos. Gull, Isaac Newton, and Cuvier; as well as Vandyck, Reynolds, Hogarth, Turner, and Eastlake. Lorenzo di Credi is another artist who, in conjunction with Eastlake, has produced several paintings of the inhabitants of Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and Saturn; which portraits are, we are told, described at great length.

"A visit to the medium" shall be given in the exact words of the magazine:—

We visited Mr. Wilson during the early part of last month, and saw his collection. The sitting-room is literally smothered with drawings and paintings in various styles, handsomely framed in massive frames, and hung upon the walls in a very peculiar manner. This work has all been done by the boy while in the trance, and while the door has been locked upon him. Some of the paintings are large; Turner's "Childe Harold" being four feet by two feet four; and no single person would like to undertake the task of hanging them unassisted. A painting of the human foot hangs horizontally close to the ceiling, ten feet high, and without any steps to reach it, except the furniture of the room. It is supposed to have been painted in that position, as it occupied several nights, and was seen in various stages, from day to day, in the same place on the ceiling. Some of the paintings are very striking, indicating great power of conception, though the treatment cannot be expected to be of the highest order.

The italics here are our own; why should the treatment not be of the highest order when such distinguished painters are engaged upon the subjects? The writer goes on to say:—

At nine o'clock in the evening the medium puts on his painting costume, and prepares himself for the trance. We saw him entranced on our visit. He simply sits down in a chair before the easel, and leans his head back on a cushion which is supported from behind. Mr. Wilson then places both his hands upon the medium's head, and with a few convulsive twitches he becomes at once unconscious. He cannot paint while strangers are present, and even not well in Mr. Wilson's presence, although he has seen the work going on. He can even write with difficulty while there is any stranger in the room. He wrote a few short sentences, one of which was to request us to leave the room.

In a letter of Mr. Wilson's, which is given in the same magazine, a little further on, he says that in all probability the spirits could take Charley out of the trance without his aid, but they have never yet done so.

Since there is no limit to the gullibility of a certain class of persons, these spirit drawings may probably prove a very paying transaction, especially as Mr. Wilson states that he was offered 5*l.* for a sketch of a lady's hand by Vandyck, executed in twelve and a half minutes; and if it amuses people to believe in this kind of thing, and to pay for their whistle, there can be no objection to their amusing themselves so long as they do not annoy any one else. King Solomon, St. Augustine, Joan of Arc, Socrates, and the First Napoleon are historical characters, and therefore public property. Sir Isaac Newton, Vandyck, and Lorenzo di Credi have passed away long enough to preclude the fear that the mention of their names in connexion with a farce of this kind should give pain to any one. But when it comes to those who so lately walked among us as Turner and Sir Charles Eastlake, really something should be done to prevent such unjustifiable liberties being taken with their names. If mediums have no sense of decency, they should at least be restrained from mixing up private families in their performances without express permission. In the list of spirits who nightly favour Charles Swan with their presence an *undertaker* is made to appear, and as it is distinctly stated in some works on Spiritualism that spirits work at their former trades, a very curious question here arises, What scope can there be for an undertaker? Or do spirits, before leaving one sphere for ever, get up a ceremonial analogous to those lugubrious ones in which earthly natures seem to rejoice? Or perhaps they make coffins as a penance for sins previously committed, like the poor Spaniard Nuñez, who is represented (in *Glimpses of a Brighter Land*) as being obliged to do odds and ends of work to help other people—a thing he excessively dislikes—because during his abode on earth he spent his time in dancing, singing, and playing the guitar. We must not fail to remind our readers that mortals are warned to be very careful what spirits they associate with; and the warning would seem to be necessary, as some of them, especially lawyers and millionaires, smell so strongly of brimstone that they render the apartments they visit quite unbearable. We are consoled, however, by learning that there has been a council of spirits appointed to watch over *séances*, and prevent any evil results ensuing from the presence of these deputations from lower regions; and also that they are to meet and consult as to the course to be pursued in order "to help mortality to become purer." We should like hereafter to know what success they meet with, but we may be permitted to question whether such an end is to be attained by describing a sensual paradise beyond the grave. As there are no fewer than eight periodicals specially devoted to Spiritualism, it is quite clear that there must be readers to keep them up; and besides these there are a constantly increasing number of books on the same subject. We almost feel as if we owed our readers an apology for reproducing such a mass of dull nonsense; but it is well sometimes to see to what depths human stupidity is capable of descending.

#### THE ADMIRALTY AND LIFEBOATS.

THE Royal National Lifeboat Institution held its annual meeting on Monday last, and its Report may on the whole be regarded as highly satisfactory. It appears that the past year had been marked by no exceptional disasters; that the apparatus of the Society had saved 31 vessels and 658 lives; that in one brief period of sixteen days, during the violent gales of last December, 146 persons had been rescued; that on our coasts and in the Channel Isles the Society has now no fewer than 233 boats; that eighteen new ones have been provided during the year; and, finally, that the receipts for the same period have amounted to 28,140*l.* To superficial thinkers all this, so far as it

goes, must seem matter for unmix'd congratulation. They will say that we have here an admirable institution, nobly advertising itself by the excellent work it does, and vindicating its claims to the support it receives; that the only thing to be desired is the steady growth of its resources, until it shall have established an absolute luxury of security against the dangers of our seas. We are far from saying that the superficial thinkers are not right. We are sure they represent those feelings of philanthropy which are inculcated alike by our religion and by the better feelings of our nature, and we are persuaded that they represent the general sense of the community. Yet apparently there are men among us who think very differently, while their official station entitles their opinion to attention, if not to respect. They are advanced thinkers of course, and hold views in political economy which are original and audacious, if not enlightened. Moreover what constrains us to give their ideas consideration, whatever our own views may be, is what we must regard as the unfortunate circumstance that they have it in their power to test theory by practice. For, little as we should look for advanced thought, originality, or audacity of conception in the Admiralty Board-room, it is, in fact, the Board of Admiralty that represents the select school we speak of. True, something of the traditional timorousness still clings to them, and they compensate for what the French would call the frank cynicism of their thoroughgoing experiments by the official reticence they observe. But occasionally circumstances over which they have no control become blunderingly indiscreet and betray them, and an accident like that on board the *Ariadne* discloses that the Admiralty has a repugnance to lifeboats. As we have observed, they do not say as much. They leave us to construe the line of argument that influences them by reference to their action. But we venture to submit that the only plausible explanation of their attitude is this. In an overstocked country like our own, human life becomes a drug, if not a nuisance, and death by violence thins the redundant population more economically than deportation; therefore, says the Admiralty, let us discourage the precautions which diminish violent deaths. We are willing to admit that there is something in the idea, but we fear it will be found that it must invariably break down in the application. For it is precisely those whom we can least afford to spare who fall the victims of Government negligence. If the Admiralty could load a few *Megæras* with rickety paupers and ship them for the South Seas in the hurricane season, if they could set convicts to work saving human life in a heavy gale with tackle sure to jam and boats likely to upset, then they might deserve well of the ratepayers. But they should recollect that an able seaman is a costly product of civilization, and one somewhat difficult to come by. We could better spare the sturdy miners who are choked or burnt alive in the mines which the Government inspector runs round once in a twelvemonth. Any hale man can wield a pickaxe, and as the wages are good and provided by private enterprise, the sufferers will be replaced at the cost of an inappreciable increase in the price of coal. But, with all his proverbial recklessness, the seaman is likely to object to being disposed of by a happy despatch, and may look shyly on a service which ostentatiously offers him a short life, if not a merry one. We greatly question whether we should keep up our Naval Reserves if "walking the plank" were made one of the exercises in the service; and yet that is the system we adopt in a modified form.

If any readers fancy that we exaggerate in saying this, we have only to refer them to the debate raised the other evening by Mr. Douverie. Generally speaking, we have occasion to admire the singular adroitness of officials when driven to stand on their defence. It must be owing, we presume, to excellent prompting by permanent officials versed in the practice of special pleading, and trained in an office that is perpetually being incriminated. Assuredly no department can have enjoyed opportunities of this sort in the same measure as the Admiralty, for it is habitually indicted on evidence which is apparently damning. Yet in this instance its representatives in the House were driven to confess to an almost absolute disregard for the lives of their men, for their promises of reformation for the future were tantamount to admission of culpability in the past. The comic, of course, rubs shoulders with the tragic. Nothing could be graver than the charge brought against them; it amounted to one of wholesale manslaughter, aggravated by breach of trust; to a reckless disregard of the lives taken under their special charge, and disposed of by their orders. They did not even attempt to deny that the *Ariadne*, and many other ships, were unprovided with lifeboats. But if nothing could be more serious than the charge, nothing could possibly be more grotesquely ludicrous than the position on which they fell back while beating a retreat. No lifeboats! Why, so thoroughly were we impressed with the necessity for lifeboats that we built a quantity of them so far back as 1865, and when we had them, we stored them most carefully out of the way. We even went so far as to let it be understood that any captain might have them on application. Under the circumstances, we could hardly do more; for although undoubtedly the matter concerned the lives of the men, it was also a question of the professional fancies of the captain. We feared that captains might feel aggrieved were it made compulsory to carry lifeboats. We knew that they objected to them as ugly, cumbrous things that spoiled the "smartness" of a crack ship. And so rightly did we judge, that, as a matter of fact, only forty lifeboats have been supplied to our cruisers, while the rest are rotting in store—inconspicuous evidence of the superiority of our precautions. Conceal a watchman's absence that he may



Board of Trade for losing a crew by scurvy, and urging in his defence that he had bought a cask of lime-juice, but left it behind because the master of his vessel objected to the smell. Morally his position would be identical with that of the Admiralty, although the one culprit happens to be subject to the law, while the other is above it. Nor is it only in the matter of carrying lifeboats that captains are left to use their own discretion. It appears that they may adopt, according to taste, either Clifford's lowering apparatus, or the ordinary apparatus fitted with Kynaston's hooks, or may dispense with one and the other. It will be gratifying to know that the all-important question has been under the consideration of successive Boards of Admiralty, while ship-boys have been growing to seamen, being pensioned, or being drowned. Their very mature deliberation decided at length on the Kynaston hooks, and accordingly we find that the *Ariadne* was—not provided with them. Rather an ugly feature this would be in a trial for manslaughter arising out of culpable carelessness. Mr. Goehen disposes of it in a fashion which may be technically conclusive, but which must be anything but satisfactory to those who have a public or private interest in our first-class vessels afloat. As we understand the First Lord of the Admiralty, ships in the First Reserve are handicapped in point of insecurity by not being supplied with any modern improvement during the entire period of their commission. Should the captain fancy that they want any requisite, he may apply for it. If he does not interest himself in scientific naval invention, if he objects to an improvement as spoiling the smart appearance of his ship, he need do nothing, and his men must take their chance. In the *Ariadne* there was neither a Clifford's lowering apparatus, nor Kynaston's hooks, nor, above all, was there a lifeboat; and doubtless the arrangements on board many of our finest ships are of the same antiquated fashion. A captain may well be pardoned for doubting the value of an invention which all the wisdom of the Admiralty has been puzzling about for years. It may be less excusable in him to indulge his prejudices with regard to lifeboats; still he may possibly have honest convictions on that point, although we can scarcely understand or sympathize with them. But it does seem intolerable that the Admiralty should permit captains to play fast and loose with danger in the navy—should in fact connive at naval free trade in death—while the Board of Trade is rigidly insisting on protection to life in our merchant service. The Admiralty should remember, as we remarked before, that our prime seamen, and the gallant boys who leap overboard after drowning men, are not the sort of people we can afford to lose, overcrowded as our islands may be. And even could we draft our refuse into *Megaras* made as dangerous as our old fire-ships by the absence of all that was wanting in the *Ariadne*, they may depend upon it that the sentiment of the country would shrink aquemishly even from so good a riddance on such questionable terms.

For ourselves, we are glad to know that the philanthropy or pseudo-philanthropy of Englishmen tends the other way, and we can quote the success of the Lifeboat Institution in proof of it. Let us make new laws or appoint additional inspectors as we will, death is likely enough to busy itself in our crowded centres and among the weakest and most miserable of our population. Most of our endangered mariners are men worth taking care of in every point of view, and they are just the men to venture their own lives for others, were circumstances reversed. We doubt whether there are any such schools for fostering hardihood and generosity as the different Lifeboat stations, and so long as men are found willing to risk themselves for others, the least which those who live at home in ease can do is to find them the means. Twenty-eight thousand pounds is a considerable sum in itself, yet it is small indeed when compared with the purpose for which it is contributed and with the wealth of commercial England. There are 233 boats, we are told, but many stations are left unprovided, and many more are provided but inadequately. It should be remembered that maritime disasters come in shoals, and a single night may put many ships simultaneously in jeopardy when bearing up in a fleet to make some harbour of refuge. The one lifeboat, or the pair of lifeboats, may be adequate enough to meet ordinary emergencies, but cases will occur when ships may be foundering while their crews see the assistance that should have saved them otherwise engaged hard by. The solitary boat may be damaged in some such struggle as that to which the Duke of Edinburgh referred last Monday, when the Padstow lifeboat, making fast to the sinking *Viking*, twice snapped the rope that held her, and was beaten back through the breakers on the coast. The solitary boat gone, the bit of coast becomes as dangerous to life as any first-class cruiser commissioned by Her Majesty's Admiralty. Therefore there is still abundance of room for public liberality, nor need we be deterred by the idea that contributing to the Lifeboat Institute is flying in the face of the Ministry. The measure of regard paid to human life is left by our benevolent Constitution to the discretion of the different departments. It is only the Admiralty who look on placidly while men drown; the Board of Trade insists upon lifeboats in the commercial marine, and ultimately perhaps may go the length of subjecting ships to efficient inspection before leaving port, and setting limits to the owner's privilege of loading down to the water-line.

#### AN AWAKENING DISCOURSE.

WE have been favoured with an opportunity of perusing a thoroughly awakening treatise on the "abominations" of modern society in New York, which contrasts somewhat strangely

with the feeble teaching of those manuals of etiquette which are so frequently produced in London. "This," says the prophet of New York, "is the season for parties"; and if they are of the right kind, it is well. But many of them are not of the right kind. Young people are kept in a whirl of unhealthy excitement night after night until their strength fails, their spirits are broken down, and their taste for ordinary life is corrupted. By the time spring comes they are in the doctor's hands or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death is made out, and the physician, out of regard for the family, calls the disease by some Latin name, "when the truth is that they died of too many parties." This alarming but indistinct language is partially explained in the next paragraph, which begins, "Away with these wine-drinking convivialities." We understand the reverend author to complain that dancing or other "excitement" causes hunger, and eating is apt to be accompanied by drinking wine or stronger liquors. "The excuse which Christian men often give is that it is necessary, after late eating, by some sort of stimulant to help digestion." It appears, however, that "Christian men" are so far scrupulous that if a "minister" be present the decanters are kept in a side room, which they visit under the pretence of "going to see the white dog." This book, which was published on New Year's Day, can be compared to nothing but a tract which was once distributed on a festive occasion in England, bearing the inspiring title, "Are you aware that you are going to hell?" The entire literature of New York is vitiated with the passion for strong effects, just as, according to this author, its society is vitiated with the passion for strong drink; and therefore we are not surprised, although slightly mystified, at the exhortation, "Mar not the clatter of cutlery at the holiday feast with the clank of a madman's chain"! It would be hypercriticism to remark that in civilized countries madmen do not usually wear chains, nor, indeed, do ladies or gentlemen often proceed from a glass of wine at supper to intoxication and insanity. The habit of drinking once formed demands constant indulgence, and the means of it are obtained by visits to the pawnbrokers. This is doubtless generally true of all great cities, but in New York it appears to be applicable to a class which we had supposed to be superior to the more vulgar forms of vice. "If," says the author, "I could, I would take the three brazen balls hanging at the doorway and clang them together until they tolled the awful knell of the drunkard's soul." We think that the author does injustice to his own talent for literary clamour when he propounds this figure of himself manipulating after the manner of a juggler the pawnbrokers' balls. Even if they were made of brass, which perhaps they are not, we believe that the author would find himself able to make more noise by the ordinary application of flat to pulpit. But he seems to be possessed with a determination to write finely about common things. He has seen on the front of a public-house the inscription "XXX," and he demands in a poetic frenzy what it means. We all remember the story of the old woman who thought to help her minister out of a difficulty by suggesting the name of the fish that swallowed Jonah, and was rewarded by being called a fool. It may be conjectured that this author would have been equally disabused by any officious friend who had informed him what the mark "XXX" means, and thereby relieved him from the necessity of guessing that "the whole thing was an allegory." The respectable customers of Barclay and Pass will be shocked to hear that their favourite symbol has been prophetically interpreted to mean "Thirty hearts broken. Thirty agonies. Thirty desolated homes. Thirty ways to perdition." Returning from this digression to his purpose of warning against the peculiar temptations of Christmas and the New Year, he exclaims, "Be watchful. . . . Let not your flight to hell be in the winter." We do not of course suggest that he is here labouring under the very influence which he denounces; but certainly his style is, to use a classical expression, not far removed from dithyrambs when he thus curiously jumbles metaphors and half-remembered texts of Scripture.

There is another chapter "On the Indiscriminate Dance," which is, if possible, still more unintelligible. The author does not venture to condemn dancing altogether, and yet he denounces in the strongest language the practice of dancing in New York. "If a few friends gathered in happy circle conclude to cross and recross the room to the sound of the piano well played, I see no harm." This passage suggests that perhaps the author permits quadrilles, and only censures what are called round dances; but his denunciation seems to apply equally to both. He sets out as if with a purpose of distinguishing between the enjoyments and the sinful indulgences of life, but this part of his work is left unfinished. "The whirlpool of the ball-room drags down the life, the beauty, and the moral worth of the city." Here again we for the moment think that the important distinction lies between round and square dances. A quadrille can hardly by any exaggeration of metaphor be likened to a whirlpool. But another clue to the author's meaning offers itself in his next sentence—"In this whirlwind of imported silks goes out the life of many of our best families." It would be doubtless agreeable to the Protectionist party to believe that there is a necessary connexion between homespun and salvation. They might receive with cheerfulness the startling statement that bodies and souls innumerable are annually consumed in what the author calls "a conflagration of ribbons," meaning of course those of foreign make. We have not the least notion what a conflagration of ribbons is, but we do remember to have heard of a flame-coloured stuff, and we conjecture that the same idea is intended to be conveyed. "This style of dissipation"—that is, in imported silks and flagrant ribbons—is hereupon declared to be

the cause of all physical and moral ill. "The tread of this wild intoxicating, heated midnight dance jars all the moral hearthstones of the city." Again, attempting to discern by the author's help between good and evil, we conjecture that dancing is only wicked after midnight. As regards the wild or intoxicating quality of this amusement as practised in New York we can say nothing, but we can say that in London these epithets would be singularly misplaced. "The physical ruin is evident. What will become of those who work all day and dance all night?" In London, perhaps, the number of those who are equally energetic in business and pleasure is limited, and at any rate we do not think that among them are many victims of that graveyard which, according to the author, is only one step distant from the ball-room. We are, indeed, inclined to agree with him when he says that "the froth of death" bubbles up in the champagne. Most of the wine drunk at English ball-suppers is detestable, and we credit this author when he states that the article consumed in America is worse. But still it is hardly in our view a sin, although undoubtedly it is a folly, to drink bad champagne. We are told that there are families in New York "that have actually quit keeping house, and gone to boarding," that they may give themselves more exclusively to balls. This may be true, but it does not follow that the author is right in assuming that all the members of a family who go to a ball find "their highest enjoyment" in it. In England a mother usually goes to balls on her daughters' account, and she has to do a great deal of hard work which would be ill requited by calling her, as the author does, "an old flirt." The father perhaps gets a rubber of whist, or, if the ball is held, as what are called "county balls" often are, at an hotel, it is possible that he will after a while "go down into lower dissipation," which we suppose means that he will smoke a cigar in a club-room on the ground-floor. The son of this family will become, says the author, a "nonentity," and the daughter will elope with a French dancing-master, whom he would doubtless regard as the incarnation of wickedness. He perhaps considers that wickedness consists not in dancing, but in dancing well. People may without sin "conclude" to cross a room, but then they must not move gracefully.

Our preacher's most severe condemnation is incurred by attention to dress and appearance, which however he might have observed in the frequenters of churches as well as in the devotees of balls. How, he asks, can any one be interested in the alleviation of the world's misery while there is a question about the size of a glove? We should answer that we believe much useful work is done by hands that usually wear neat gloves. A woman may dress well both at church and ball without becoming absorbed "in the constant study of little things." It is, indeed, almost as easy to buy a pair of gloves of the right as of the wrong size, and sufficient attention may be paid to dress without making it a subject of "harassing anxiety." But upon this subject of dress the author writes in a style of which we may perhaps convey a distinct idea by supposing that the lions of the *Daily Telegraph* had become serious, and taken to religious and moral roaring. We do, however, some injustice to that band of gifted writers, for we are not aware that any one of them in his finest frenzy ever began a sentence without finishing it. But this author accumulates for half a page such vituperative phrases as, "This inquisition of a small shoe; this agony of tight lacing; this wrapping up of mind and heart in a ruffle," and then breaks off, as if he despaired of finding anything bad enough to say of women who take care to dress neatly and becomingly. "I prophesy," he says, "the spiritual ruin of all participants in this rivalry"—that is, of the ball-room. Have the polished boards ever been the road to heaven? Has "a torch for eternity" ever been kindled at those chandeliers? "From the table spread at the close of that excited and beswathed scene, who went home to say his prayers?" The word "beswathed" is doubtless one of those which the publisher expected would sound unfamiliar to English ears. It is perhaps as disagreeable a word as America has invented. But we are at present concerned not with words but things. We think it probable that the author of this wonderful book occupies a pulpit in New York, and his essay on the "Abominations of Modern Society" is probably a sample of his sermons. It is wonderful that any student of the Bible should be capable of writing in such a prodigiously inflated style. The sentiments are those of old-fashioned English Puritanism, but they are expressed in a language which is perhaps the strangest product of modern America. In this country religion has not yet been entirely divorced from common sense and moderation, but in New York even preachers and teachers deem it necessary to compete with one another in extravagance of thought and diction.

#### FOREIGN ARTISTS IN THE FRENCH AND OTHER GALLERIES.

SUCH are the resources, developed and undeveloped, of Continental schools, that each one of the many foreign Galleries open from time to time in London brings to light fresh talent. Yet a shrewd manager, planning his exhibition with a view to commercial success, takes care not to alarm his customers by a preponderance of startling novelties. He bears in mind that, just as the good old English gentleman still sticks to port and sherry, so do steadygoing collectors continue to call for Frère and Daubigny. And it is comparatively of little consequence

name remains unchanged. Any curious listener to the chat in picture-galleries, generally carried on between a lady who relies on her charms and a gentleman proud to impart his knowledge, will have observed that the criticism is little else than strong swearing by great names—a method which, though apparently safe, often ends in adoration before the worst picture in the room. Yet these are the people whom it is needful to please. And, in justice to the caterers for an uneducated public, it must be granted that foreign collections are made singularly enticing. The masters selected are so disposed that the known lead on to the unknown, and shining talent serves to alleviate dull mediocrity. Thus in the collections now open in Pall Mall, the Haymarket, and Bond Street, M. Gérôme leads the way to a man never heard of before; M. Breton or M. Israëls plays propriety to a work of doubtful reputation; Madame Peyrol tries, and not in vain, to reconcile us to the absence of her sister, Rosa Donheur; Señor Fortuny and Señor Madrazo persuade us that the great days for Spanish art are not departed, while M. Corot, in shadowy depths and in doleful tones, hangs, as it were, his harp upon the willows, and makes his sad plaint heard in a strange land.

The French Gallery in Pall Mall, which maintains a first rank among its competitors, is remarkable for the large space given to the German school. The Germans, in art as in arms, appear assailant; they design a picture as they would plan a campaign; they take pencil in hand in pursuit of some grand idea, and the size of the canvases they choose implies ambition for extended territory. Such, at all events, seems to be the significance of works which come from Munich, sent by Herren Flüggen (67), Liezenmeyer (140), Munkacsy (152), Malecki (100), Max (54), and Meisel (154). These artists, with others in the Gallery, have been formed more or less in the school of Piloty, a school which at the present moment may be accounted the most powerful in Germany. Pupils, however, as is invariably the case, find it more easy to fall into the faults than to rise to the excellences of their master. Thus "Familienglück" (67), by Herr Flüggen, an artist already gratefully remembered, is a composition laid out on a definite plan; the forms are well conceived, the idea of "Glick" is significantly expressed in a family group reposing beneath a tree, enjoying what the Turks call *key-f*: and yet the picture breaks down because the artist has not cared to carry, or is not able to carry, his conception to completion. From the same cause Herr Liezenmeyer's "First Sight of Marguerite" (140), though all right in notion and situation, ends in failure. The foremost disciple of this school, Herr Makart, when last we saw his colossal and decorative compositions in Vienna, was in like danger of being led astray by vaulting ambition impatient of submissive labour. We incline to think that the once famous school of Munich will not prolong its days beyond the present generation. Cornelius and Hess are gone, and their art dies with them; Kaulbach and Piloty survive, and possibly their system, as a formula, may endure. Indeed their leading pictorial maxim, that art needs first a noble theme and then a worthy treatment, sounds of the nature of one of those truisms which it may be hoped will last through all time. Among the works which come from Munich the most faultless is that which takes the hacknied theme, "He loves me, he loves me not" (54), by Herr Max, son of a sculptor whose statues we have known in Prague. The forms, indeed, of this painter, tenderly modelled and delicately chiselled, prove his parentage; he is studious too of type, line, and proportion; the cast of his drapery is also statuesque; his accessories likewise, little else than a dog on a bench and a bird on a branch, are equally chosen for simplicity; while his colour is pale and silvery as a marble quarry at Carrara in the grey of evening, or as seen when the moon is up on a summer's night. Herr Max we have observed with peculiar interest for some years; he is one of those artists, exceptional everywhere save in Germany, who may be defined as painter-thinkers. His thoughts do not always sport in the open daylight, but wander in shadowy night, and tread the paths of death. Herr Max, like Carstens, Schwind, and Rethel, is singularly creative; his designs are as ideas which may be read in a book, or looked at as we would listen to music. In fact, he has translated music into form; as, for example, in one of a series of designs we met with in Vienna, wherein Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique is made to symbolize or shadow forth life and death, the grave and the resurrection, a land of woe, a realm of joy; from beneath a demon clutches his victim, and into the upper sky spring beings released from death and agony. It would appear to be one of the ordained functions of art thus to deal with the supernatural. Fra Angelico and Luca Signorelli in Italy, Blake in England, Wiertz in Belgium, Martin Schöen in Germany, together with the painters above named, have been accustomed to show how pictorial art may hover on the confines of the spirit world.

The untravelling Englishman may begin in this French Gallery some slight acquaintance with three renowned artists of North Germany—Knaus, Vautier, and Sohn. At the outset it may be observed that the Southern school of which we have spoken as centred in Munich is widely different from what may be designated the Northern school of Düsseldorf. And the distinction has become all the more decided since the latter forsook the high spiritual walk which held communion with the skies, and has contentedly trodden the more lowly paths which lead to the realisms of daily life and the actual forms of nature. Among these naturalistic painters none is more famous than Herr Knaus, Professor of Painting in the Düsseldorf Academy, officer of the Legion of Honour, &c., and the only Prussian artist named in the

grand prize awarded at Paris in 1867 to the eight leading painters in Europe. It is now nearly twenty years ago that we were first attracted, in a Gallery in Düsseldorf, to this eccentric genius, by a defiant composition, "The Thief in the Market," and since that time the painter has been peopling his canvases with every possible variety of character, save perhaps the serious and severe; he has, too, given bent to a humour and a satire, and occasionally to a sentiment, which have mingled laughter with tears. As a dramatist he depicted the mountebank among a gaping company in a country barn; and as a poet sensitive to the beauty of nature and the winning innocence of childhood, he expressed himself with charming naïveté in the pretty "Little Peasant Girl Gathering Flowers in a Meadow." Such are the antecedents which impart interest to the small specimens now before us; "He Lives by his Wits" (8), and "On Mischief Bent" (68), two studies from the same model. This wicked little unkin stands before the public ragged as a beggar, happy as a king; his clothes would absolutely fall from his back were it not for one precarious button; he is a *gamin* ready for anything; and it would seem that his next feat might be to jump out of the canvas with the purpose of picking the spectators' pockets. In most pictures faces are silent; indeed painting has sometimes been termed the silent art; but with Herr Knaus every character speaks. In this head, for instance, mouth, eyes, and even nostrils, are all alive with mental and physical impulse hard to be restrained. And technical qualities are not wanting; indeed this naturalistic school differs from its predecessor, the spiritualistic, in firmness and solidity, in texture and transparency. Herr Vautier, though a man of less mark than Professor Knaus, has been always distinguished for compactness of composition, for lucid narrative, for pleasing incident, for careful and sound workmanship. That as a genre painter he is scarcely surpassed in Europe will be at once apparent from the characteristic work before us, "The Grandmother's Counsel" (5). The grave bearing of age towards childhood, and a spinning-wheel in the midst standing as the sign of honest industry, make a domestic scene which Wilkie or Faed may have equalled, but never excelled. Indeed, in the pictorial relation of all the parts to the whole, a matter most essential to domestic genre, the German, the French, and the Belgians generally surpass the English and the Scotch. "A Mother's Care" (35), by Herr Wilhelm Sohn, also shows with what forethought and calculation these Germans go to work. This artist, who passes from time to time from high art to genre, belongs to a family familiar to students on the borders of the Rhine. "The Two Leonoras" in the Gallery of Düsseldorf, the best known work of Professor Karl Sohn, remains among our earliest associations. The change which has come over Düsseldorf receives illustration in the contrast between that formal and stuck-up composition and the free and easy domestic scenes we have passed under review. But, in short, genre painting is the order of the day throughout the length and breadth of Europe.

"The New British Institution," "the Society of French Artists," and Mr. McLean's well-selected Gallery in the Haymarket once more devote considerable space to foreign painters. Here and elsewhere the last phase of the Spanish school shows its bold, not to say its brazen, front in the brilliant but impertinent compositions of Señor Fortuny and Señor Madrazo. A third artist, who may be said to complete the trio, José Yimenez-y-Aranda, has a hand less dashing and slashing. Altogether the temper of these young Spanish blades suggests the bull-ring and the casino. And yet Señor Fortuny's "Hall of Justice in the Alhambra" is supremely clever; the whole scene is as a fairy fantasy put on a stage; the inflooding light from a cloudless Andalusian sky dazzles the eye; the colours thrown around the water-tank might have fallen from the rainbow; and when we turn from the Alhambra itself to its strange tenants, we discover prisoners prostrate in the stocks more like fiends than men, while the turbaned judges seated in state are blind as justice personified, for after true Eastern fashion they appear to have fallen asleep over their duties.

We have already implied that it seems to us that French artists are assuming at this moment unwonted solemnity, as if they were passing through shadow and sorrow. We have never seen M. Gérôme in more serious mood than in that sedate-minded composition, "Prayer in the Market-place." Also in Pall Mall we encounter M. Hébert's "Malaria," a replica of the sorrow-stricken group in the Gallery of the Luxembourg. Again, in Bond Street we come upon M. Millet's "Winter," a dreary negation; also a canvas in deep shadow, wherein M. Breton depicts, as perhaps no other artist can, the care and the toll of peasant life. We may mention, too, M. Courbet's portrait of himself, so black that it might have come from outer darkness; a strangely Communistic head, turbulent, yet imperturbable. M. Corot also is in keeping with the prevailing sadness; his trees quiver as an aspen leaf when the wind sighs through the branches, his grey monotonies are as prolonged plaints, his symphies throw their arms into the sky as if driven by passionate despair. Surely French art has lost its proverbial joy and gaiety.

The continued growth of the foreign picture trade is something more than a commercial phenomenon. Art importations from abroad differ from some other free-trade cargoes in being directly educational. Our painters, when about to plan a picture or settle the treatment of a subject, cannot do better than take counsel of foreign masters, who undoubtedly are experts in all that pertains to the grammar of art. The general public too have much to learn as well as to enjoy. It is a pretty and a pleasing study, that of

the contemporary schools of modern Europe. And persons who travel once and again among Continental capitals have here in London the ready means of reviving agreeable recollections, and of perfecting and fixing a knowledge which, hastily acquired, is often as speedily lost.

## REVIEWS.

### FERGUSON'S RUDE STONE MONUMENTS.\*

(Second Notice.)

IN a former article we gave some notion of Mr. Fergusson's general treatment of the subject of primeval antiquities. We now come to look somewhat more minutely to his treatment of particular monuments, especially in our own island. The crude assumptions and inaccurate expressions which are habitual with Mr. Fergusson must of course be taken for granted. It is vain to argue against the frame of mind which sees a "forefather," naked or otherwise, in every one who has at any time trodden the soil of our island; it is equally vain to argue with the confusion of thought which brings Cæsar and Agricola into "England"; it is of a piece with the kindred confusion which makes Bellovesus "occupy the departments immediately around Bruges," and which thinks it necessary to argue against "the erroneous assumption that no other people except the Celts existed in France." We will not stop over the passages in which Mr. Fergusson wastes his time in making merry about Druids and Phœnicians, and such like dreams, to which scholars have long since bidden farewell. We will not enter upon theories, but we will try, whenever Mr. Fergusson gives us a chance, to bring him face to face with facts. We ask, then, how we are to reconcile the words in page 2, where he says that "the builders of the megalithic remains were utterly illiterate," with the words in page 27, where he says "that they were generally erected by partially civilized races after they had come in contact with the Romans, and most of them may be considered as belonging to the first ten centuries of the Christian era." Stonehenge and Avebury, if we rightly understand Mr. Fergusson, were reared by the Britons during the progress of the English Conquest. The Britons of that age were therefore utterly illiterate; yet in page 87 Mr. Fergusson shows that he has heard of Gildas, the contemporary chronicler of this "utterly illiterate" people, and he even takes upon himself to quote him after a fashion. Perhaps indeed the words "utterly illiterate" are to be taken with some qualification. We could fancy that some very harsh critic might say that none but an "utterly illiterate" commentator could get the words "Welsh gate" (page 87) out of the interpolation in Gildas about "Sabrinum ostium." But such a criticism would be unjust; the fault of Mr. Fergusson and of writers of his class is not that they are "utterly illiterate"—it would be better if they were—but that they are too clever by half, and spare no haste in forming their conclusions. But, as applied to a people, the words "utterly illiterate" can be taken in none but their literal and grammatical sense, and we desire to know how they can be applied to the age and people among whom Gildas wrote his *Liber Querulus*. Directly after Mr. Fergusson had spoken of the builders of the megalithic monuments as "utterly illiterate," he goes on to say, what is only what we should expect in an utterly illiterate people, that "they have left no written records of their erection." Yet these monuments are, according to Mr. Fergusson, spread over "the first ten centuries of the Christian era," and he himself does not scruple to go to Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth for "testimony" and "written history" as to the date of Stonehenge. How these two positions are to be reconciled we know not. But we cannot help copying the following passage as one of the best examples of the grand and solemn contempt of ignorance. Mr. Fergusson has just spoken of some who consider themselves justified in putting aside the testimony of Geoffrey of Monmouth altogether. He thus goes on:—

If, however, we are to reject every medieval author who records miracles, or adorns his tale with fables, we may as well shut up our books at once, and admit that between the departure of the Romans and the arrival of the Normans the history of England is a mere confused jumble, in which may be found the names of some persons and of the battles they fought with one another, but nothing more. It is an easy process, and may be satisfactory to some minds. The attempt to separate the wheat from the chaff is a more tedious and more laborious task, surrounded by difficulties, and open to criticism, but it is one that must be undertaken if truth is to be arrived at.

With equal solemnity Mr. Fergusson goes on to tell us a few pages later that, "from the building of the Parthenon to the completion of Henry VIII.'s [VII.] chapel, the notices of buildings in general histories are as few and meagre as may be, and are comprised in a few paragraphs scattered through many hundred volumes." Such a sentence as this reaches the very sublime of ignorance. Writings like those of Prokopios and Gervase would probably be excluded by Mr. Fergusson from the class of general histories, but if he shuts out all the monastic annals he would shut out the greater part of our materials for medieval history. Yet from these monastic annals it would be easy to put together, not indeed so minute an account as Gervase gives us of Canterbury, but a fair general sketch of the architectural history of

\* *Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries; their Age and Uses.* By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1872.

most of the chief ministers of England. Mr. Fergusson's limit, "from the building of the Parthenon," cuts us rather short at the other end; otherwise we might remind him that something might be learned about more than one earlier building from the nine books of Herodotus. Mr. Fergusson deals with history after the same fashion whenever he comes across it. Camden, for instance, attributes the Rollright stones to Rollo, who, he says, defeated Edward the Elder at Hook Norton. There is no evidence for any such battle, and the derivation of *Rollright* from *Rollo* would approve itself to no one but a Frenchman. But we cannot make out the point of Mr. Fergusson's stately correction of Camden. "This last, however, is apparently a mistake, for it was Eadward (901-923) who was really the contemporary of Rollo." The distinction between "Edward the Elder" and "Eadward" is too subtle for us; but even Mr. Fergusson's stateliness is less amusing than his pathos when he raises his wail over the flight of Aylesford. "Poor Horca died defeated, and all his friends could expect would be to be allowed to bury him under a flag of truce, with such rites as would ensure his proper reception in the next world." Over the tomb of the first slain English Heretoga we might be inclined to ask—

βασιλεῦ, βασιλεῦ, πῶς σε θαρσύνω;  
ἔρπονός ἐκ φιλίας τί ποτ' εἶπω;

But the particular form of lamentation chosen by Mr. Fergusson would hardly have occurred to us. It may, however, be becoming in one who is so intimate a friend of the princely Jutish house as to have found out a Vetta, grandson of Hengest, who "probably was slain in battle at the Catstone, near Edinburgh" (p. 57). This is, we suppose, another Vetta or Witta, different from the grandfather of Hengest and grandson of Woden, who so oddly came, in the belief of fervent Scottish antiquaries, to be commemorated by an inscription which, though it writes "oc" for the pronoun "hoc," is pronounced by no less a scholar than Mr. Fergusson to be "good Latin." At a later stage Mr. Fergusson helps us to a "Cissa Saxon King of Winchester, who was contemporary with Arthur." And at one time it seems that Mr. Fergusson was, "on the authority of a Saxon charter, inclined to believe" that a certain barrow at Avebury was his tomb. The charter appears to be that of Eadward the Elder in Cod. Dipl. V. 179, where, among the boundaries, we find the words "on cissan beorg." But as the charter refers to places in Hampshire, this tomb of Cissa, wherever it may be, cannot be at Avebury in Wiltshire, and Cissa, Saxon King of Winchester, is a creation of Mr. Fergusson's own brain. The same, or another, Cissa was in an article in the *Quarterly Review* (referred to in an article by a sound antiquary in the *Edinburgh*, October 1870) carried to Mons Badonicus and killed there; but, as the *Edinburgh* writer truly observes, no reason was given "for this very remarkable conclusion." Where Mr. Fergusson and the *Quarterly* Reviewer got their respective Cissas we cannot undertake to guess. The merest beginner in Old-English history knows how Ælle and Cissa landed at Cymenore, founded the South-Saxon kingdom, and stormed Anderida. The transformation of either of them into a "King of Winchester," his exploits at Mons Badonicus, and his burial at Avebury, as we cannot suppose them to be due to any contemporary records in an age so "utterly illiterate," would seem to have sprung out of Mr. Fergusson's internal consciousness. While dealing with Arthur and Geoffrey of Monmouth, the ancient connexion of the latter place with Macedon seems to have led Mr. Fergusson into an unlucky comparison between the stories of Arthur and the stories of Alexander:—

Aristotle and his master have been rendered quite as fabulous persons as Merlin and Arthur; and the miracles of one and the feats of the other are equally marvellous. In Alexander's case we fortunately have Arrian, and Curtius, and others, who give us the truth with regard to him; but Arthur had no contemporary history, and instead of living in a highly civilized state that continued for ages after him, he was the last brilliant light of his age and race, and after him all was gloom for centuries.

If words have any meaning, Mr. Fergusson not only looks on Quintus Curtius as an equal authority with Arrian, but looks on both as contemporary historians of Alexander. Some way on (p. 370) he tells us in the grand style, "It must also be borne in mind that the Romans never really settled in Brittany. The country was poor then as now, and it led nowhere." Of course the Romans only settled in "Brittany" in the same confused way of speaking in which Mr. Fergusson would say that they settled in England. But in forming this conclusion he must have been even more unsparing of haste than usual. When inquiring into the primeval remains of Locmariaker, he must have passed by the amphitheatre; he must have failed to notice the Roman remains at Vannes, Brest, Callac, Quimper, and elsewhere—stubborn facts which upset Mr. Fergusson's theory. Elsewhere (p. 380) we have a wonderful passage about migrations out of Spain—migrations, as far as we can make out, out of Spain into Ireland. These are attributed "to the intolerance of the early Christian missionaries." We do hope that at least the Apostle Paul, if he ever did take his journey into Spain, had no hand in these evil doings; but anyhow Mr. Fergusson assures us that there was some time when, "to avoid Carthaginian rapacity, Roman tyranny, and Christian intolerance, the unfortunate aborigines were forced first into the fastnesses of the hills, and thence driven literally into the sea." The time when "Carthaginian rapacity, Roman tyranny, and Christian intolerance" so oddly conspired together against the unlucky Spaniards was, as we gather from a note, somewhere between B.C. 218 and A.C. 143. Mr. Fergusson's notions as to the spread of Christianity in the world seem to be passing strange. Here we have, what we

should never have looked for, Christians in Spain in a position to persecute their heathen neighbours in the time of Hannibal and the Scipios. On the other hand, in days about a thousand years later, when we had always fancied that not only heathens but heretics had pretty well vanished from Western Europe, we are surprised to hear how little way the new system had really made in the world. Mr. Fergusson rises to the full grandeur of rebuke when he thus denounces the imperfect historical views of all who have gone before him:—

The fact is that neither historians nor antiquaries seem quite to realize the state of utter barbarism into which the greater part of Europe was plunged between the collapse of the Roman Empire and the revival of order under Charlemagne. Christianity no doubt had taken root in some favoured spots, and some bright lights shone out of the general darkness, but over the greater part of Europe Pagan rites were still practised to such an extent as easily to account for any heathen practice, or any ancient form of sepulture which may be found anywhere existing.

The proof of all this is an extract from one of the Capitularies witnessing to the practice of human sacrifice among the Pagan Saxons; but the odd thing is that Mr. Fergusson here takes a view of the position of Charles the Great exactly opposite to that which he took in the memorable passage of his former work in which he quartered him at Paris. Now the great Emperor is the reviver of order after a state of utter barbarism which followed on the collapse of the Roman Empire, whenever that may be supposed to have happened. In his earlier description his reign was painted as "the last expiring effort of a previous civilization, rather than the foundation of a new and progressive state of affairs. After his death," we were then told, "a period of anarchy ensued." These two descriptions seem to us as hard to reconcile as Mr. Fergusson's present account of the "utterly illiterate" people who had nevertheless been partially civilized by contact with Rome, and who had a Gildas to record their ill luck. The fact that this sort of thing can be put out by a man who has gained a popular reputation, and who has a long string of letters after his name, is really serious. Scholars laugh as they read; but when things of this sort are given to the world with all this solemn pretentiousness, with these stately rebukes of all who have gone before, there can be no doubt that there are many who think that where there is so much pretence there must be some substance, and a real damage to the cause of historic truth is likely to be the result.

If we were to undertake to correct all the minute errors of detail with regard to particular monuments into which Mr. Fergusson has fallen, we should have to fill a volume not much smaller than his own. Whether he knows it or not we cannot say, but we know it well, that never did any book call forth such a storm, not perhaps so much among writers and critics as among really working students of the matters which Mr. Fergusson has taken in hand. We have lying beside us long lists of examples furnished by really learned antiquaries of instances which show, not only what every reader of his book can judge of, that no trust can be put in his inferences, but that very little trust can be put in his actual descriptions. When the reader is once warned of the hazy nature of Mr. Fergusson's argument from finds of various dates—the argument that a barrow or cromlech must be of post-Roman date because a later coin has been found in it or a later interment made in it—he will be on his guard through all the many places where Mr. Fergusson repeats the same fallacy. But it is as well that the reader should also bear in mind how little his actual descriptions can be trusted. This line of argument will be best left in the hands of professed antiquaries, of men who have given their lives to primeval studies, and whose list of charges against Mr. Fergusson we know to be long and heavy. We have rather taken it as our own line to point out the weakness of his main arguments, and the singular state of confusion as to the times and places with which he had to deal in which Mr. Fergusson sat down to his inquiry. But it is well to mention such facts as that he tells us that, in the Isle of Man, dolmens—what most people call cromlechs—are numerous, but that a really careful antiquary, who knows the Isle of Man well, writes to us that there is not a single "cromlech proper" in the island. There may be some question as to what are cromlechs or dolmens, and what are not cromlechs or dolmens; but this is only one example out of many in which men who really understand these matters give us, each from the districts which they themselves have studied, reports in matters of fact altogether unlike those given by Mr. Fergusson. Thus, (1068) he gives an account of the cromlech at Pentre Evan in Pembrokeshire, where he argues that the stones could not possibly have been covered with a mound, and moreover that "the supports do not and could not form a chamber." One who knows the place writes to us, "He is not aware of the other members of the chamber being in the next inclosure, placed in the hedge to be out of the way." Now this is not merely an error in description; it is an error in description where Mr. Fergusson makes use of his own mistake to patch up his theory. So presently after he comes across the great cromlech called Arthur's Stone, or Arthur's Quoit, in Gower. Here Mr. Fergusson remarks, "Only one dolmen in Wales, as far as I know, bears a name; but it is the illustrious one of King Arthur." Men who know Wales thoroughly tell us that there are a good many cromlechs in Wales which bear names, and that among them, as might be expected, the name of Arthur is not uncommon. Here again the point is of importance, as Mr. Fergusson presses the fact of this cromlech bearing the name of Arthur into the service of his theory about Arthur's



battles. The eighth battle, according to Nennius, was fought "in Castell Guinnion." On this Mr. Fergusson remarks that this place, "from the sound of the name, can hardly escape being in Wales, or the Welsh border," adding, with charming simplicity, "unless indeed we assume that these Welsh appellations were common to the whole country before the Saxons re-named many of the places." What kind of appellations except Welsh would he expect places in Britain to bear before the Saxons re-named them? Accordingly, it is not very wonderful to find the Guinnion of Nennius, the Venonia of Ptolemy, quite in the North of England. But because there is a cromlech in Wales bearing the name of Arthur, this eighth battle must have been somewhere in Wales; whether in Gwent or Gwynedd seems to be all one to Mr. Fergusson. He then comes to the ninth battle, which was fought "in Urbe Legionia." Mr. Fergusson's comments, "this may be either Chester or Caerleon, in South Wales. It was most probably the latter, as in another manuscript it is added 'quæ Britanniæ Karilum dicitur.'" In our Nennius it is not *Karilum*, but *Karhum*; but it does not the least matter; the point is that Mr. Fergusson, not knowing that both *Civitates Legionum* are equally called Caerleon (in half-a-dozen spellings) in Welsh, thinks that the name Caerleon being added as the Welsh translation of *Civitas Legionum* is an argument in favour of Caerleon on the Usk in opposition to Caerleon on the Dea.

This we think is enough; we have one extract more:—

I do not know a single instance of an undoubted secondary interment, unless it is in the age of Canon Greenwell's really prehistoric tumuli. When he publishes his researches we shall be in a condition to ascertain how far they bear on the theory.

The sooner Mr. Greenwell publishes his researches the better, as we believe that they bear not a little on the theory, and that their publication will amount to the utter discomfiture of Mr. Fergusson. We have heard of the ducks who were so well trained that they would come and be killed. Mr. Fergusson, in invoking Mr. Greenwell, goes a step further, and prays the destroyer to come and kill him. In the meanwhile we may do some service to the cause of sound scholarship and sound reasoning by pointing out and proving, as we think we have done, by evidence, the true quality of this pretentious book.

#### SOMERS'S SOUTHERN STATES SINCE THE WAR \*

THE name of the publishing house under whose auspices this volume appears will be regarded, not without reason, as a sufficient guarantee for the absence of anything like a bias against the Northern States or the Republican party, as an assurance that Mr. Somers's evidence is that of a witness who, if not impartial, is at least in nowise hostile to the Federal cause or to the authors of the existing system of government in the South. To candid and unprejudiced minds, indeed, the internal evidence of fairness will suffice; for very few writers, in describing such a state of things as has prevailed in the Southern States since their conquest, would be able to preserve that judicial calmness of temper, that absolute avoidance of strong language, that strict abstinence from needless comment and that careful adherence to observed facts, which distinguish every chapter and page of Mr. Somers's work. Yet, though this description of the Southern States since the war is studiously confined to an account of the writer's own observations, and is marked by an indifference of tone which is sometimes almost startling, its effect is to confirm nearly all that has been written by rational advocates of the South in defence of the conquered, and in condemnation of the conduct of the conquerors; and the impression left upon the reader's mind is the stronger because the author has evidently no such intention, and many of the most important parts of his evidence come out incidentally, and almost parenthetically, by way of explaining the facts immediately under this notice.

It is in this way that he bears unintentional witness to the ferocity with which the war was conducted on the part of the Federalists. He makes no direct reference to this point; but, in accounting for the utter desolation of the country after its submission, he mentions as a notorious truth the wholesale devastation effected by the invaders. Such devastation had been for centuries almost unknown in the warfare of Christian nations. The Prussians, in their last invasion of France, were not considered to have erred on the side of lenity, but, except in the immediate neighbourhood of battle-fields, they do not seem to have been guilty of wanton havoc. Private dwellings may now and then have been plundered; requisitions were levied; but no Prussian general wilfully destroyed the residence of a French marshal, as General Lee's house was destroyed, burnt a town that had surrendered, as Sherman burnt Columbia, or made a bonfire of libraries and public records, as was regularly done by the Federal troops. French manufactures and agriculture suffered at the time; but buildings and machinery were spared, and a very few years will replace the material losses of the occupied provinces. In the South the traces of the war are everywhere visible to this day. Wherever the Federal troops came they destroyed all that they could not remove; not only railways and stores, but cotton-factories, iron-factories, plantation buildings, cotton-gins and presses, sugar-boilers and refineries—in short, the whole industrial apparatus of the staple productions of the South.

When the war was over, it was impossible to resume work until the entire fixed capital of the country—the accumulated wealth of generations—had been replaced. And no facilities were given for such replacement. The conquerors were intent on vengeance rather than on restoration. The surrender of the South had been unconditional; but it had been based on the solemn and repeated declarations of Congress and of the President that all that was required was submission to the law, and return to the Union, and that no attempt should be made to deprive the States of their ancient liberties. Perhaps, had Mr. Lincoln lived, he might have desired and been able to fulfil these pledges; his successor tried in vain. Mr. Johnson prevented the Radicals from signalling their triumph by the execution of individual enemies; he could not hinder them from inflicting cruel punishment on the whole nation. Military despotism, rendered doubly odious by the selection of negro subordinates for places in which they would have the largest concern with the personal applications and individual fortunes of their late masters, was merely the preparation for a worse tyranny. The enfranchisement of the negroes gave them at once the mastery in many places; in all their practical ascendancy was secured by supplementary measures. Even if the white men were anywhere a majority of the voters, they were prevented from exercising their franchise by the proscription of every man for whom they could desire to vote. The Test Act—still in force—disqualifies every man who bore arms for the Confederate Government, and every man who held office under it, or gave it support of any kind. Now, whatever may be thought of the merits of the quarrel, it is certain that, except in East Tennessee and West Virginia, the entire Southern people regarded it as national; considered themselves as an independent people, the Government at Richmond as their lawful Government, and the war as a war of self-defence against a foreign invader. Therefore every man of military age and manly courage took arms; every man of character and influence lent his utmost efforts to uphold the cause, and all these are proscribed. No man who was of age in 1865 can now hold any office in the South unless he can swear that he was either a coward or a traitor according to the estimation of his countrymen. And thus it is generally impossible to find a man for whom Southerners can honestly vote; and they are excluded from the polls at which the negroes dominate. In Alabama a Scotch immigrant of respectability has been elected governor. But in general the only available candidates are "scallowags" and carpet-baggers; renegade Confederates who have made their peace with the conquerors, or Northern adventurers who have come South in order to pick up a living as office-holders, and who obtain their election by flattering the ignorance and vanity of the negroes. Under their rule the country cannot but suffer. The negroes pay no taxes, for the poll-tax is the only State tax not levied on property; and this is not collected. There is therefore no motive to restrain the extravagance of the official adventurers; the taxpaying whites are powerless, the untaxed negroes are flattered or bribed into acquiescence; and while the struggling people, still desperately striving to repair the havoc of the war, are oppressed by an intolerable load of taxes, their rulers often enrich themselves by speculations, not approaching those of the Tammany clique in magnitude, but not falling short of them in impudence, and more serious in proportion to the resources of the victimized communities.

Another scarcely less galling form of oppression emanates directly from Washington. The South always complained that she was mercilessly fleeced for the benefit of Northern merchants and manufacturers. But she is now far worse off than before the war. She has had to replace all her implements, from ploughs to cotton-gins and sugar refineries; she has had to buy new instruments to save the labour which emancipation has made intolerably dear; and all she requires she must purchase from the Pennsylvania iron-foundries and machine shops at a fancy price, the enormous duties almost entirely excluding English wares. Every necessary of life is similarly taxed for the benefit of the conquerors, except the "hog and hominy" grown on their own plantations—the pork and Indian corn, that is, which form the staple food of the Southern population. Even the negroes suffer severely from this cause, though too ignorant to understand why the enormous money wages they earn have so little purchasing power. But to the planter the tariff, imposed solely with a view to Northern interests, and forming a constant drain on the impoverished South for the profit of the wealthy North-East, is not only a cruel insult but a crushing burden. While he labours energetically to keep his head above water—for, as Mr. Somers testifies, by none of the many slanders against them have the planters been more misrepresented than by that which described them as an indolent race—he finds that he is paying something like half his total expenditure in the form of a tribute to those Northerners whom he hates not only as conquerors, but as oppressors; and he knows that he could retrieve his fortunes with half the toil if only he were governed by his fellow-citizens, who would regard his interest and refrain from stealing his money, and if the Federal power were in the hands of statesmen who would regard all sections impartially, and refrain from taxing one to enrich another. In a word, he knows that political misfortunes alone are the cause of his suffering; that he is poor, not because he is careless or clumsy, not because his slaves have been emancipated, but because his country has been conquered, and is governed in the interest of the conquerors. And this is not all. Capital is his great want; but foreign capital is frightened away by misgovernment and by the tariff, and the Northerners

\* *The Southern States since the War, 1870-1871.* By Robert Somers. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.

use their monopoly unscrupulously. The mercantile houses of New York have established agencies in the South, chiefly in Jewish hands, which sell goods at cent. per cent. profit (and this on Protection prices), and lend money at from thirty to forty per cent. It is not wonderful to learn that a large part of the soil of the South is offered for sale, often under fiscal or commercial exactions; that few of the planters are rich, or in the way to be rich; and that the valuation of Southern property (slaves excluded) is scarcely more than half what it was ten years ago.

The planters, by Mr. Somers's account, do not regret the abolition of slavery. Why, he does not tell us. The immediate prospect, as he describes it, is not a cheerful one for either race. In the South, as in Jamaica, the negroes brought up in slavery are not wholly impracticable. They have acquired tastes and habits which need money, and they are willing to work for high wages. They are attached and respectful to their old masters; treat them with the reverence learnt in the days of servitude, and infinitely prefer their service to that of new and sometimes richer employers. In nearly all the States those who wandered from the plantations during or after the war—those at least who have not died of want or dissipation—have found their way back to their homes, and to their old employment. Immorality meanwhile is frightfully prevalent, drunkenness and idleness are common, and the bills of mortality show that for the present emancipation is really "a thing that don't agree with niggers." The mortality is nearly double that of the whites, and very much higher than in the days of slavery. Coupling these facts with the fidelity of the slaves during the war, except when seduced by the actual presence of the invaders, we may find in them a conclusive answer to all stories which imply systematic harshness or abuse of power on the part of the great body of Southern slaveholders. It is clear that the master, as a rule, took far better care of the slave, and especially of his children, than the emancipated negro has taken of himself and his family since he became a free and responsible being.

Mr. Somers's evidence on the subject of the "outrages," so constantly alleged by one party and denied by the other, is well worthy of attention. The Ku-Klux-Klan—which a Southern lawyer described as consisting of "Confederate soldiers who cannot rest in their graves"—was, in fact, the Vigilance Committee of the South, at a time when the bonds of society had been loosened by war and despair; when Northern agitators were inciting the negroes to lawlessness and outrage; and when the law was impotent to protect life, or property, or female honour. With the restoration of order, however unsatisfactory, it has practically disappeared. There is much interest in Mr. Somers's brief and impartial notice of its history and character:—

The secret society was, in point of fact, a kind of ghost of the Confederate armies. Its uniform, made of black calico, was called a "shroud." The stuff was sent round to private houses with a request that it should be made into a garment, and fair fingers sewed it up, and had it ready for the secret messenger when he returned and gave his tap at the door. The women and young girls had faith in the honour of the "Klan," and on its will and ability to protect them. The "Ku-Klux," when out on their missions, also wore a long tapering hat, and a black veil over the face completed their disguise. The secret of the membership was kept with remarkable fidelity. In no instance, I believe, has a member of the "Ku-Klux" been successfully arraigned or punished, though their acts often flew in the face of the "re-constructed authorities," and were not in any sense legal.

When they had a long ride at night they made requisitions for horses at the farmhouses, and the horses were often supplied under a prevailing feeling of assurance that they would be returned on a night following without injury. If a company of Federal soldiers stationed in a small town vapoured as to what they would do with the "Ku-Klux," the men in shrouds paraded in the evening before the guard-house in numbers so overwhelming as at once reduced the little garrison to silence. The overt acts of the "Ku-Klux" consisted for the most part of the disarming of dangerous negroes, the infliction of a "lynch law" on notorious offenders, and, above all, in the creation of one feeling of terror as a counterpoise to another. The white people in the South at the close of the war were alarmed, not so much by the threatened confiscation of their property by the Federal Government, as by the smaller, but more present, dangers of life and property, virtue and honour, arising from the social anarchy around them. Many of them would not settle down to labour on any terms, but roamed about with arms in their hands, and hunger in their bellies; and the governing power, with the usual blind determination of a victorious party, was thinking only all the while of every device of suffrage and reconstruction by which "the freedmen" might be strengthened, and made under Northern dictation the ruling power in the country.

Nearly every respectable man in the Southern States was not only disarmed, but under fear of arrest or confiscation; the old foundations of authority were utterly razed before any new ones had yet been laid; and in the dark and benighted interval the remains of the Confederate armies—swept, after a long and heroic day of fair fight, from the field—littered before the eyes of the people in this weird and midnight shape of a "Ku-Klux-Klan." The negroes were "scared" by the apparition; and many of the "carpet-bag" agitators were run out of the country. Warnings were given, visitations were made in force, criminals taken in "flagrant delicto" were torn out of the hands of the sheriffs, and shot or maimed, and more moderate punishments were inflicted, which, whether deserved or not, could only be considered outrages. One reign of terror began to rise out of another. But six years of peace have greatly changed all that state of things. The negroes are quiet and orderly, and comparatively industrious; and the white people, more sure of their position under the Federal laws of reconstruction, are beginning to resume their right of voting, and of controlling the administration of affairs through the ordinary legal channels.

Scarcely a trace of the original "Ku-Klux" organization remains, as, if it still exists, it is very seldom brought into action.

That such a body should subsist at such a time was almost a necessity, and certainly not an unmitigated evil. That a continuance of the present system can only tend to maintain the sentiment of inveterate popular hostility out of which such organizations spring, must be plain to every statesman not wholly blinded by passion; and the

present prospect of a new triumph of the party which is bent on upholding negro supremacy in the South, and a protective tariff for the benefit of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, cannot but be considered as a misfortune to North and South alike. The permanent union of two nations embittered against each other by a continuance of injuries inflicted and endured as impossible as the permanent subjection of a superior race to an inferior; and only by the speedy abandonment of the latter policy can reconciliation and effective reunion be rendered practicable.

We have dwelt chiefly on the evidence which Mr. Somers's book affords of the political oppression and misgovernment under which the South is suffering, because this appears to be the chief cause of her prostration, and the great obstacle to her recovery. But it occupies no similar place in the volume itself. The author traversed nearly the whole of the cotton and sugar region, as a diligent and accurate observer, with a view to note its commercial prospects and material resources rather than its political condition; and it is only in its effect on the former that he is brought to take account of the latter. His description of the different States, and of the several districts into which each State is divided by natural peculiarities, of their physical and social characteristics, of their agriculture and manufacture, of their minerals—chiefly coal and iron—and the facility of their extraction, is most careful, interesting, and valuable; and it has seldom occurred to us to peruse a book of travel, or an account of a foreign country, in which the author had so successfully contrived to tell all that is worth knowing without becoming tedious or trivial, and to leave out all that is trifling or insignificant, while making a judicious selection of such minor incidents as help to give the readers a better idea of the institutions, scenes, or people whereof he writes.

#### YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS.\*

THERE are many drawbacks to the pleasures of literary eminence in England. If Johnson's catalogue of evils, "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol," has in part become obsolete, new grievances should be added to the list, and for the patron we should perhaps be inclined to substitute the inquisitive Yankee. The species is regarded with terror by all eminent poets and novelists; and yet, that we may not start a sentimental grievance, we will admit that we do not intend any severe imputation upon the national character. For, in the first place, if it is discreditable to a country to send forth a good many pushing and inquisitive admirers of genius, it may be plausibly argued that it is creditable that genius should be admired even by a class to which good manners have not penetrated. And, in the second place, if English authors are pestered by obtrusive worshippers from America, we have some reason to know that certain American authors have a powerful retort, and would complain—if Americans ever complained of such a fault—of the excessive demands made upon their hospitality by British travellers. At any rate the grievance may be borne with tolerable resignation, considering the compliment which it implies, but always provided that the self-created guest does not rush into print on his return home. Then the grievance becomes one which, if it would not justify a claim for indirect damages, gives at least ample cause for such vengeance as critics can offer.

The book before us, by Mr. Fields, member of the well-known publishing firm at Boston, has a *prima facie* appearance of deserving to come within this condemnation. Mr. Fields, having paid many visits to England, and being possessed by an ardent desire to make acquaintance with our literary luminaries, gradually accumulated a number of anecdotes about authors and his dealings with them, which first appeared in the *Atlantic*, and are now reproduced in a volume. The circumstances are suspicious, and we began our reading with a decided expectation of discovering some breach of the strict code of decorum. It is difficult indeed for any man, to say nothing of an enterprising American publisher, to discourse upon such persons as Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Miss Mitford—all of whom were personally known to Mr. Fields—without saying some things which had better have been left unsaid. On the whole, however, we are bound to confess that we cannot put our fingers on any statement and say that its publication infringes the legitimate claims of private friendship. There are one or two passages which are, in the old sense of the word, impertinent. We do not, for example, see much point in the following anecdote, unless it is introduced to prove that Mr. Fields knows Mr. Tennyson. It seems that, on being told that Hawthorne had not ventured to address him, "the Laureate said in his thick and hearty manner, 'Why didn't he come up and let me shake hands with him? I am sure I should have been glad to meet a man like Hawthorne anywhere.'" A most becoming sentiment, certainly, but not precisely one which deserves to be printed in letters of gold, or even to be published to the world at large as a specimen of a British poet at his best. This, however, is a trifling matter, and we willingly do Mr. Fields the justice of acknowledging that none of the families of the deceased authors have serious grounds for remonstrance in this sense. When, however, we go a step further, and ask whether Mr. Fields possesses the necessary qualifications for writing a really interesting set of reminiscences, our answer cannot be so satisfactory. Amongst those qualifications we should certainly reckon a delicate appreciation of character.

\* *Yesterday with Authors*. By James R. Fields. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.



a strong moral pressure which in the last agonies of a painful and mortal disease he had no strength to resist. Father Hyacinthe continues, so to speak, to be the heart of the French Opposition; but the literary mantle of Gratry has fallen on Dr. Michaud, whose pen is hardly less prolific than that of the great Oratorian. He has already, since breaking with the infallibilist authorities, issued three publications, the last and most considerable of which is now before us; and a fourth, under the title of *Programme de Réforme de l'Eglise d'Occident*, is announced as in the press. He has also established a *Comité d'Action*, which appears to be vigorously at work organising the Old Catholic movement in France.

The work just published bears the startling title of *Comment l'Eglise Romaine n'est plus l'Eglise Catholique*, but there is much less of a merely sensational or rhetorical kind in its contents than in the two which preceded it. The four "notes" of the Church given in the Nicene Creed are discussed in order, and the contrast between the "Romanist" and the primitive and patristic standard is exhibited in detail by reference to historical testimonies. The first chapter, however, explaining "How the Roman Church is no longer One," contains some very odd revelations as to the existing state of opinion among the bishops and clergy who are supposed to have accepted the new dogmas. The author starts with a remark which has often occurred to us in reading modern Ultramontane literature, whether didactic or devotional, though we never recollect coming across it in print before. He observes that, whereas the Creed lays down four notes of the true Church—that it is One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic—the Ultramontanes do not find these marks sufficiently distinctive; and therefore quietly interpolate a fifth to clench matters: "the true Church is One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman." And hence the question arises whether the first four marks, which alone are mentioned in the Creed, are actually found in company with the fifth. Dr. Michaud naturally enough insists that unity of doctrine must bear reference to the teaching of the Church throughout all ages, and not simply to the Church of the present day; and that "July 18, 1870, is a complete negation of the Catholicism of former ages." But he proceeds to ask whether the boasted unity of belief in the Roman Catholic Church at this moment is really anything more than "the unity of hypocrisy and fear," as illustrated by the "official" conversion of Liberal Catholics to the new dogmas. And he answers the question by relating several facts which he declares to be within his own knowledge. We will give some of them. A German Cardinal—presumably Rauscher or Schwarzenberg—after having promulgated the Vatican decrees in his diocese, said to an Old Catholic friend, "If you retract after what you have written on the invalidity of the Council, I shall feel nothing but contempt for you." Another German bishop, who published the decrees, and even signed the second Fulda Pastoral, "does not hesitate in private to call the members of the Curia agents of the devil, and to laugh aloud at Papal infallibility." One of the Hungarian bishops wrote to Rome, "I submit as a Catholic and a bishop, but as a man and a theologian I reserve my liberty and my convictions"; which is rather like "forgiving as a Christian," as Sancho Panza explained it. Two other bishops only succumbed under a peremptory threat of having their faculties withdrawn, one of whom has constantly avowed since that he has so completely lost the respect of his old friends that he had far rather die than endure such a life. A French bishop wrote to Father Hyacinthe congratulating him warmly on his letter to Gratry. The Bishop of Marseilles has not promulgated the decrees at all, on the pretext that the Council is not yet over. Two illustrious heads of religious communities, who have submitted in order to save their convents from censure, save their consciences, the one by saying that "he obeys, but does not believe," the other by the more ingenious distinction that "he believes the decrees in the sense which God alone knows to be the true one, for He only can know what that sense is." As for the priests, as a rule, their acquiescence is equally hollow. They do not scruple to give absolution to penitents whom they know to be, on their own professed principles, downright heretics, taking care not to ask inconvenient questions. And for the general mass of the faithful, their attitude is summed up in the current saying:—"Comme catholique, je me soumets, mais le diable m'emporte si j'en crois un mot." Neither in Germany nor England nor Italy nor France is there anything like real unity of belief among them; Ultramontanism everywhere "is rather politic than dogmatic," and there is the same latent scepticism on every side:—

Some believe the new dogmas, while explaining them in absolutely contradictory senses. Others submit, without believing at all; and, if they submit, it is to retain their see, or their cure, or their vicariate, or their convent, or their college, or to avoid a rupture with Rome. They prefer to break internally with truth and faith, to breaking externally with Pius IX. and the Jesuits. We are therefore justified in concluding that the existing Roman Church is wholly destitute of dogmatic unity.

Dr. Michaud goes on to examine the remaining notes of Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity. Under the first head he dwells chiefly on corruptions of moral theology and the consequent abuse of the Confessional. Passing from Catholicity or orthodoxy of doctrine, which he of course denies to Rome, to numerical extent, he maintains that the Easterns, whom he reckons at 100,000,000, and the Protestants of all communities, whom he counts as 120,000,000, together outnumber professing Roman Catholics; a very large proportion of whom moreover may be divided into "those who do not know what they believe and those who know that they do not believe." And, lastly, the existing Papal system

has no claim to be considered Apostolic, for it is in fact based on the spurious Decretals of the ninth century, and not on the tradition of the Apostles handed down in the ancient Church, which recognises, not a supremacy, but a primacy only in the Pope, and that, according to one great theological school of the Western Church, a primacy of ecclesiastical, not of divine, right. Nor is Dr. Michaud content with denying to the present Roman Church the essential attributes of Catholicism; he argues that it has become "positively heretical" by adding to the revealed deposit of faith, as Protestantism has subtracted from it. Successive chapters are devoted to showing how the true idea of the Church, of unity and catholicity, of faith, of Ecumenical Councils, of the priesthood and episcopate, and of authority, has been gradually corrupted. Into the discussion of these various points, which involve a good deal of purely theological matter, we shall not attempt to follow him; but it is conducted with calmness and vigour, and with a constant reference to the witness of ecclesiastical history, and will well repay perusal to all who are interested in the controversy. The fundamental point at issue between the rival parties, if we rightly understand him, is whether the Church which inherits the promises of Christ and the gift of infallibility means practically the Pope, or the whole body of the faithful, in which the priesthood and the episcopate exercise by divine institution certain functions, doctrinal, sacramental, and directive, but have no power to lord it over their brethren. The authority of the hierarchy, according to his view, is neither absolute in character nor unlimited in range, and the modern distinction of order and jurisdiction, which last is supposed to be derived, directly or indirectly, from the Pope alone, finds no support in the constitution and teaching of the ancient Church. In his final chapter, after again recounting the four essential marks of the true Church, the author claims to have proved the present Roman Church to possess none of them, but to be positively schismatical and heretical, and therefore "no longer the true Church of Christ." And he concludes with the practical inference—"Donc, quiconque veut rester sérieusement et publiquement fidèle à l'Eglise catholique, doit rompre sérieusement et publiquement avec l'Eglise romaine." Whether this means more than that every one is bound openly to profess his dissent from the Vatican dogmas is not quite clear, but it certainly cannot mean less. How many of the clergy or of the laity in France are prepared to follow such counsel remains to be seen, but the Abbé Junqua was lately reported to be lecturing to large audiences, including many priests.

It is beyond our province to appraise the theological merits of the controversy. But, in pointing out the broad contrast between the present teaching and discipline of the Roman Church and the Catholicism of the early Christian centuries, Dr. Michaud is dealing with facts which may be verified by every student of history. Indeed the novelty and interest of the volume does not lie so much in his exposition of facts as in his being the person to make it. The integral change in the constitution of the Church effected by the False Decretals, the incompatibility of Papal infallibility and supremacy with the teaching of the Fathers, and the modern and purely arbitrary origin of the received Roman theory of "jurisdiction," have often been set forth before; but then it has usually been by Protestant controversialists, who had a position to defend, and who might naturally be suspected, if not of unfairness, at least of a bias in favour of their inherited opinions. Here the demonstration comes from a priest trained in the narrow and exclusive system of a French seminary, and only forced gradually, by sheer progress of conviction, in view of the monstrous pretensions of Rome, into an attitude of hostility. Nor are signs wanting even among English Roman Catholics, who for the most part are *Romanis Romaniores*, that the last straw is beginning to press too hard on the much-enduring camel's back. Our readers may recollect our noticing some months ago a little fly-leaf catechism translated from a German Jesuit, Weninger by name, under the title of *Infallibility in a Nutshell*, which we characterized at the time as the art of "mendacity made easy." A reply has now been published at Rivington's, by a member of the Roman Catholic Church, who indeed is currently reported to hold a higher position in his Church than the author of the original, entitled the *Nutshell Cracked*. The concluding passage will sufficiently indicate the tone of the little tract:—

Do you know of any General Council which has even implied that the doctrine of the personal infallibility of the Pope is true?

I know of none. Let those who assert that they have shown their authority by pointing to any decree of any General Council where this doctrine is stated or even implied. The Florentine decree, which is the only one yet alleged, when given entire, implies the contrary, not to say that many Catholic theologians question the ecumenicity of the Council.

Is that true which is asserted in *Messenger Tracts*, No. 1, that "until recently this prerogative has never been called into question by Catholics"?

It is not true. To give one example only out of many. At the time of passing the Act of Catholic Emancipation, the Catholics of England and Ireland, instead of avowing their belief in the Pope's infallibility, declared again and again in official documents, deposited in the Government archives, and referred to by English-speaking bishops in the Vatican Synod, that they did not believe it. Again, a "Declaration and Protestation" to that effect was signed by a large number of Catholics, including over two hundred clergymen; and a similar "Oath and Declaration," taken by all Irish Catholics, was declared by the Irish bishops in synod on February 26, 1860, to be "a part of the Roman Catholic religion."

Besides which, for the first several centuries of the Christian era the doctrine was unheard of, and it was called into question as soon as it began to be asserted.



QUESTION 4.—What then should you say of the decree on this subject in the Vatican Council, promulgated on July 18, 1870?

ANSWER.—I say, in the first place, that many bishops purposely absented themselves from the Council on that day, after having voted against the decree in the previous session, and having between that session and the 18th July presented to the Pope a solemn protest against the decree. And although it is true that most of those bishops have since then submitted to it, still that does not interfere with their having rejected it in a body during the Council. For, in submitting to it, they have acted simply as individual bishops. On the other hand, their protest in the Council was of itself sufficient to prevent the decree from commanding the assent of Catholics.

Besides which, it must be remembered that no doctrine can be made an "article of faith," even by a General Council, which is not founded on Scripture and the continual tradition of the Church. This doctrine is not to be found in Scripture, and the tradition of the Church throughout the early centuries is absolutely hostile to it. For these reasons I deny that the infallibility of the Pope is an article of faith.

#### SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.\*

A WRITER who has been successful with a first book is always in a difficulty when he attempts a second. If he goes back to his old ground, he will probably be accused of repetition; if he ventures on new ground, there is the risk that he may not find himself at home there, and also that his readers, with the recollection of his former effort in their minds, may be disappointed in their expectation of getting something similar, yet different. And for this reason the second book of a successful author is seldom judged quite fairly, at least at the moment when it appears. On the other hand, there is some danger, as we have said, that the writer may not do justice to himself. If *Shooting the Rapids* had not been preceded by *Against Time*, it would have been pronounced to be a work of marked ability and promise. About its ability, indeed, there can be no question. Mr. Shand has a quick eye and a graphic pen; if he does not get much below the surface, at least he dashes off his surface-pictures in a strong, vivid, unmistakable style. There is life, and colour, and genuine dramatic force in his narrative. Perhaps for a fastidious taste there may be too much of the rough vigour of distemper in the painting; bold masses of colour are expected to do duty for nice drawing and careful shading; and the effect is occasionally apt to be rather glaring. But of late most novels have been watered down to such a namby-pamby insipidity that vigour, even in excess, is a quality we hardly like to quarrel with. Mr. Shand has a dexterous way of portraying the strong lights and shades of character; he poses his figures picturesquely, and he has a special aptitude for conveying local colour. Moreover he has struck a rich vein, new and strange to most readers, in his pictures of City life. From time to time other writers have ventured into the same field; but Mr. Shand stands almost alone in his power of depicting the romance of premiums and the tragedy of discounts, and the volcanic rifts in the hard grey crust of financial speculation. His financiers are not mere lay figures or abstractions; they are creatures of flesh and blood, who bring with them into the world of bank-books and ledgers those passions which novelists of a former day used to confine to the recesses of gloomy forests, disolute baronial halls, or the mysterious haunts of gamblers and bravos. Apart, however, from its evident ability, there was in his first book a promise of better things which might come with finished workmanship and matured art, and we fear we cannot say that this promise is altogether fulfilled in the work before us. *Shooting the Rapids* is more ambitious than *Against Time*, but in proportion to its ambition and the stretch of canvas provided for its display it is less effective. The scene is too crowded; the characters, though vigorous in colour, are blurred in outline; and the unity of design which is essential to a thorough work of art is imperfectly sustained amid the jostle of persons and the hurly-burly of incident.

In *Shooting the Rapids* Mr. Shand's aim has been to sketch the career of a clever, daring, and ambitious young fellow, whose generous impulses help to impose on himself and on others, and to give a prepossessing air to a character of which the real basis is a resolute and calculating selfishness. When we first meet him he appears to be an honest, good-hearted lad, and there is a turning point in his career at which it is a question whether his better or his worse nature shall get the upper hand of him. But one false step leads to another, and the train of circumstances in which he allows himself to get entangled hurries him to his ruin. On the death of his father, who had been English Minister at Naples, Ralph Dacre finds that his heritage in England is so heavily mortgaged that it will yield only a few hundreds a year. He consoles himself with the reflection that he is also heir to his maternal grandfather, the Baron von Heppenstall, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. He has got into the old man's black books on account of his democratic sympathies, which had in fact carried him off to Rome—it is 1848 when the story opens—to take part with the Triumvirs in the defence of the city; but he has soon enough to be disgusted with the Reds, and he does not doubt that he will be able to pacify his grandfather. When he reaches Heppenstall, he finds the old Schloss riddled and dismantled—a ruined solitude. A party of German revolutionists had first seized it; then the Prussians blew them out of it with their cannon, and established themselves there instead, until they had drained the cellars. Moreover the old Baron had placed his fortune at the disposal of the Grand Duke in order to crush the

rebels, and no receipts for the money can be found. It was, the Grand Duke's Minister argues, a free gift to his sovereign. At the most the Heppenstall property and Allonby in the North of England yield a bare 1,500*l.* a year between them; but those who know the encumbrances on Allonby credit Ralph with large revenues in Baden, while his German friends who are aware of his disappointment at Heppenstall imagine that it does not matter much to a rich Milor who has English property to draw upon. In an evil moment Ralph resolves to play off one against the other, and to pass for the wealthy man he is supposed to be. He will trade on appearances in order to turn them into substantial reality. Through an old friend of his father he obtains a private secretaryship at the Foreign Office, and is in a fair way to distinguish himself in official life, when some awkward suspicions are aroused by his association with certain Stock Exchange speculators, and he resigns, on a hint from his chief that his winnings have got wind. There is nothing now to check his financial exploits. He plunges recklessly into all kinds of speculation in concert with Aggill, an Englishman of questionable reputation, and Gaboche, one of the mushroom capitalists of the Second Empire. "With all his thought and his scheming prudence," we are told of Ralph that "there was a strong dash in his veins of the blood of the hare-brained adventurer. He was something of the type of the men who swept the gold-freighted galleons from the Spanish Main, and burst their way to the treasure-vaults of El Dorado—daring, covetous, and calculating by nature." If he had any scruples at first, they soon vanished; he goes shares with Aggill and Gaboche, and is in return obliged to procure for them heavy advances on imaginary securities from the bank of which he has been made chairman. Of course a crash comes. The pace was too headlong to last, and even if Ralph could have saved himself, his allies were enough to ruin anybody. His stepmother dies, leaving him sole and irresponsible guardian of his half-sister Alice, who inherits a large fortune which had been settled on her mother. In a fit of despair Ralph stakes the money on a "dark" horse which he has been induced to back for the St. Leger; the horse breaks down, and Ralph, transferring his English and German estates to his sister, flees the country. When the story opened he was with the Garibaldini defending Rome. He now learns that Garibaldi has once more hoisted his standard, and, in mere weariness of life rather than from any sympathy with the cause, he again flings in his lot with the red shirts, and is mortally wounded in a skirmish at Monte Rotondo. Before he dies he learns that lead has been found at Allonby, and he had previously discovered the Grand Duke's receipt for his grandfather's money, so that his debt to his sister is more than repaid.

It will be observed that in this story Mr. Shand partly goes back to his old ground, and it is undoubtedly there that he is most successful. Indeed it is a pity that he did not work out this part of his plot more thoroughly, and set aside the extraneous incidents and superfluous characters which somewhat confuse and obscure the story of the hero. Moreover, there is an obvious anti-climax in making one of the great gamblers of the Stock Exchange stoop to trifle with a race-horse. In his former book Mr. Shand seemed to argue that, while all professional City men are more or less rogues, a gentleman can go shares in their plunder without losing his virtue or his honour. In *Shooting the Rapids* we have the other side of the picture, and the moral is unexceptionable; whoever you are, if you touch pitch you will be defiled. There is room, however, for yet another story of financial speculation, in which all the speculators shall not be brigands in frock-coats who drive to Lombard Street in broughams. There are, peradventure, one or two men of business in the City who have the manners of gentlemen and who are not dishonest.

A prominent defect, as it strikes us, of Mr. Shand's writing is the exaggerated violence of his style. He is always at the top of the gamut. All his colours are intense; everything is at its biggest and grandest; and if anybody takes a chair or sips an ice, as much muscular energy is put into the act as if it were a feat of Hercules. If Mr. Shand has to give us a glimpse of the lawn before a country house he must first sprinkle it with "beds of Americans, araucarias, and wellingtonias scattered through the weeping ashes and copper beeches." He mounts the Squire on a cob "with the blood and muscle of a desert-born Arab and the solid frame of a dray-horse." When the Squire takes a quiet round with his gun among the turnips, the dogs go crashing through the drills "with the noise of a tropical tornado, shaking the palm-tops." A couple of young ladies cannot arrange for an afternoon ride without "forcing the Squire's position with a rush." If it is desired that one nobleman should visit another at his country seat, he is not invited in the ordinary way, but the host lays "violent hands" on his guest and "carries him off." When the hero has the offer of a place which he wants, he does not accept it, but "precipitates himself" upon it; when he goes to an evening party he "lets his pulses gallop," and, "exhilarated by the swiftness of the giddy motion," he "dazzles himself with beaming smiles, catches fire at the contact of glowing touches, and, childlike, hunts the dancing straws that change to jewels in the glare of the stage lamps." If he sits down to his desk, "the mass of rapidly dashed-off correspondence taxes the brain even more than the flying hand," and we are afraid Mr. Shand's readers may be tempted to hint that sometimes this is their case too, only the taxed brain is theirs and his the flying hand. Some of the chapters suggest the idea that incidents have been added to the story for the sake of bulging it out to the regulation three-volume size. Those headed "The Lady, the Catfish, and the

\* *Shooting the Rapids*. By Alexander Innes Shand, Author of "Against Time," &c. 3 vols. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

Champion," and "The Combat," are apparently of this description. Some forty pages are devoted to a minute narrative, telling how a lady was insulted by a costermonger, and how her lover coming up fought the costermonger and thrashed him. After this the young couple of course got married, but as they were in love before, it was hardly necessary for the author to put himself to the trouble of getting up the fight. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Shand's book would have been better in two volumes than three; and he would thus have escaped the necessity of contriving incidents which are not attractive in themselves, and which have really nothing to do with the story. We must add a word on a minor point. Mr. Shand apparently abstains on principle from the use of that harmless and serviceable part of speech, the relative pronoun. Within very moderate limits this ellipsis is no doubt permissible, and may even add something to the glibness and dais of narrative; but Mr. Shand carries it to an extent which makes his sentences often uncouth and at times hardly intelligible. Here, for example, is a sentence which we are not sure that every reader will see his way through even on a second or third attempt:—

In Ralph's state of mind it would have been impossible to speak at a moment's notice; to repress his swelling indignation at the other doing the honours in the house a cousin, his own faults had lost him, was on the eve of inheriting,—with 10,000*l.* a year.

Notwithstanding these defects, however, the story is bright and lively; the author has the rare merit of writing about things which he really understands, and his book may be counted among the not too numerous novels which it is not an absolute waste of time for a grown man to read.

#### THE ARĀSH-I-MAHĀL.\*

WE recently noticed a work called *Nasr-i Be-nasir*, which is a Test-book in Bengali for those who seek a "Certificate of High Proficiency in Hindustani." We passed an unfavourable judgment upon that work, as being trivial and unfitted for use as a Test-book. We have here another of these Test-books, of which we can speak in very different terms. Its subject-matter is interesting, and it is written in the most polished style; that style, however, being purely Oriental, and consequently often uncongenial to English taste.

The *Arāsh-i-Mahāl* is one of those works which were translated into Hindustani at the beginning of the present century, under the auspices of the English Government, with the object of supplying its officers with suitable books for the study of Hindustani. It is founded upon a Persian work called the *Essence of Histories*, written about a century before. And, so far as the matter is concerned, it contains little that is new; for the additions made by the translator are inconsiderable in extent and of no great value. But the style and treatment of the work are the translator's own, and fully justify him in stating that he has not made a mere translation, but that "he has written the substance (of the original work) in the Urdu tongue." The result is a most excellent, perhaps even the very best, specimen of Hindustani composition. Sher Ali, the author of the Hindustani work, was a native of Delhi, and his *nom de plume* of Afros is generally added to his name. He very early in life showed poetical talent, and he has left a book of poems which is highly esteemed. His abilities being brought to the notice of the English Government, he was appointed to the College of Fort William. Here he produced a translation in Hindustani of the celebrated *Gulistan* of Sādi, and the work now under notice. Besides these he superintended and revised the translation of several other works. He died in 1809, having printed the first portion of *Arāsh-i-Mahāl* in the preceding year. The remainder has never been published, but the MS. of it is said to be preserved in the College at Calcutta.

This book, then, is one of the works which have to be studied by aspirants to "High Proficiency in Hindustani," and it is by far the most important of them. To assist students in acquiring a knowledge of the work, Mr. Court has put forth the present translation in English, and, as he "considered a literal rendering to be the most useful," he has "sacrificed elegance of style to this object." His description of the work is short and accurate. "It commences with a description of India, its seasons, fruits, animals, sciences, religious and military orders, and women; then follows a geographical account of the great divisions of the country, and it concludes with a history of the Hindu kings to the time of its conquest by the Muhammadans." Of Mr. Court's translation we would speak as tenderly as possible. His motive in undertaking it was praiseworthy, and his task was difficult. But many portions of his translation would certainly not deserve a Certificate of High Proficiency. There are errors in almost every page; some of them quite misrepresent the real meaning, and some show themselves to be palpable blunders; as, for instance, in the description of the province of Benar, where "the laws" are named as one of the revenue officials. Students who use the translation will find much to assist them, but they will have to keep constantly on the watch for errors, and must refuse to admit its authority when its rendering is unconvincing. Mr. Court speaks highly of his *munshi*, or native teacher, and in all probability he relied too implicitly upon him. These *munshis* generally understand their books

very well, but their knowledge of English is often superficial and insufficient for precise verbal explanations; still more often their natural indolence and a disposition to flatter their pupils induce them to pass over difficulties by assuming to "what the *munshi* says."

The third chapter of the book describes the spring and rainy seasons. The word used by the author for "description" also means "praise," and so Mr. Court renders it. This word gives a key to the general character of the book; for, although the author probably intended his work to be taken as a description, it is in reality a panegyric. The chapter opens with describing the blooming of the numerous flowers, and the effect of the season in exciting the passion of love. Yellow is the nearest approach to paleness of which the dusky faces of India are capable. As we sing—

Prithee why so pale, fond lover?  
Tell me why so wan and pale!

so Indians speak of the jaundiced looks of their love-lorn swains; and our author says, "the hues of the flowers make the yellowness of lovers' cheeks more conspicuous." If Mr. Court understood this, he has certainly contrived to conceal its point; for he translates the passage, "the colour (of the flowers) adds splendour to the golden hue of lovers," and adds a note that "the natives consider that the faces of people in love assume a golden tint." The author then goes on to describe the great spring festival called the Holi, which is celebrated with dance and song, and especially with swinging in the open air. This festival lasts several days, and, as this work states, its opening day is called the *Panchamin Basant*. Mr. Court, however, misinterprets his author, and says, "the *Panchamin Basant*, which comes before the Holi." This festival, like most others in the Hindu Calendar, is regulated by lunar reckoning; but, just about the same period as the Holi, there occurs the *Nau-roz*, or New Year's day of the solar year, "by which is meant the passing of the sun into the sign Aries, (and it falls) sometimes before and sometimes after the Holi; but, owing to the number of days (in one Calendar) being less than in the other, it so happens that after several years the Holi and the *Nau-roz* fall on the same day." For the words which we have put in italics there is not the slightest warrant in the original. The literal rendering is "The *Nau-roz* . . . occurs sometimes before and sometimes after the Holi, but only by a few days' interval; and after several years it so happens that the Holi and the *Nau-roz* fall together on the same day." Just indeed as we might speak of Easter and the 1st of April. In this chapter there is a much-admired passage, but those only who can read off the original with ease and fluency can appreciate its charms. It is a fair specimen of the *Musajja*, or prose with rhyme and cadence, of which we spoke in a previous article, and of which Afros was an accomplished master. A considerable portion of the work is written in this rhymed prose, and to give the European reader an idea of what it is like we offer the following imitation, which is strictly literal, more so indeed than Mr. Court's version, but it is not so full of repeated rhymes as the original:—

But the rainy season in this country displays the most exquisite charms. In the skies are clouds of every kind; from every quarter sweetly blows the wind. At once the earth becomes a verdant field; mountains like gardens seem, and gardens with beauty gleam. In the parterres blossom flowers of every kind; the thick and vivid trees together wind. Peculiar is the state of the brink-laving streams; unequalled now the beauty of the fresh young herbage seems. Every stream and brook and river is full; brimful of water is every lake and pond and pool. The verdure's vivid show, the red fly's burning glow; the lightning's flash, the thunder-cloud's crash, display a beautiful sight. The lines of cranes, the patter of the rains; the peacock's shriek, the sparrowhawk's (shrill) scream, all creatures' hearts incite. Every here and there posts are raised; to these the ropes are strung, on which the swings are hung. In them hundreds of fairy-faced damsels, clad in garments of various colours, are swinging. Some strive to give high motion to the swing, others the song of the festival sing; some lock their feet and swing together, some steal a heart and forget it (altogether).

The Holi, or spring festival, thus noticed typifies and celebrates the genial influence of spring upon reviving nature, and gives expression to those passionate feelings which are then evoked in the animal creation. It has many points of resemblance with the festivals and customs observed in the Western world at this season of the year, such as the Lupercalia of the Romans, the Carnival, and Valentine and All Fools days. It is a season of universal merriment and license. Music and dancing, swinging and feasting, are indulged in; amorous songs, more or less licentious, are openly sung; practical jokes are played off, and the revellers pelt each other with balls of red powder, or endeavour to drench each other with water; in fact, anything likely to promote a laugh and afford amusement is allowable. In some parts the "making of fools" takes a prominent part in the festival. The study of Comparative Mythology has of late made considerable progress; a searching comparison of the Fæti of different nations would in all probability be fruitful in results not less valuable and interesting. The spring festival is referable in its origin to natural causes, and it may have arisen independently in different parts of the world; but it is difficult to account for such practices as the throwing about of flour-balls and water, and the making of fools, except by supposing an identity of origin. Whether these are real or merely fanciful points of resemblance is certainly a question worthy of investigation. The late Professor H. H. Wilson more than twenty years ago opened an inquiry upon this subject by asking the Hindu Calendar for his basis, and instituting a comparison of the festivals and those of ancient Rome and modern France. His notices were very interesting and useful. The *Chronological*

\* The *Arāsh-i-Mahāl*, or, the Ornament of the Assembly. Literally translated from the Qordoo by Major Henry Court, Lieut. Bengal Cavalry. Allahabad, 1864.

glated his task, and the inquiry ought to take a much wider range than he proposed to himself. Since that time the subject has attracted but little consideration, but it certainly deserves the attention of our scholars.

Returning to the work under notice, we find the following amusing account of the wild buffalo. We have slightly altered Mr. Court's translation to bring it into more exact agreement with the original:—

The wild buffalo is a very powerful, iron-framed animal. Its horns are a little more than a yard long, and are very sharp. Its colour is of a glossy black, as if smeared with oil. It is so brave that it does not fear the lion, and has no dread either of the elephant. If a lion comes between two buffaloes, one takes him up upon his horns and pitches him to the other; the other tosses him back in the same way, and so they do not let him take breath until his breath is gone.

The banking arrangements of the Hindus excited the admiration of their Muslim conquerors centuries ago, and their transactions are carried on just in the same way up to the present time with great precision. The following is the account given of them in this work:—

The bankers are so upright, that if any person place a thousand rupees securely with one of them by way of deposit, without any witnesses, then whenever he asks for it (the banker) will immediately make it over to him without any demand or delay. And if any one, by reason of fear of the road or any other cause, should deliver money into his charge on condition of receiving it at a specified city, or that it may be conveyed to his family there, then he (the banker) for a trifling profit takes the money, and on a small piece of paper writes a few words in the Hindu character, in the name of his agent whose shop is in that country, and neither puts it in an envelope nor seals it. When the person goes to him, that fair-dealing man without any demand pays over to him the money in accordance with the writing, that he may see the honesty and strictness of the business transactions of fair-dealing men; this kind of writing is called a *darsani hundi*, or bill at sight, and the commission is called *hundawan*. If a person wishes to send (money) in any one day's name, then the banker sends the paper with a letter to his agent, and gets the receipt from him, however far the road may be; this kind of writing they call simply a *hundi* (cheque). More wonderful still is this; if the holder of a bill at sight should (wish to) sell the paper to a banker at any other place than the specified city, he will take it immediately and pay over the money. Still more curious; if any merchant, from fear of the road, hands over his wares and goods to a banker, then these straightforward men receive their commission and convey the goods intact, in perfect safety and security, to where the owner directs, taking the (risk of) loss upon themselves—this kind of transaction is called Insurance.

In his geographical description of India the author goes through the whole country subject to the throne of Delhi, province by province, describing its chief towns, rivers, natural productions, revenues, and other points of interest. In describing Delhi, he begins by saying, that "from Hindoo and Persian histories it appears that the city of Hastinapur, on the banks of the Ganges, was in former times the capital of the Kings of India." He then runs through all the many changes of locality which the seat of Government underwent, and mentions the great fortifications and other buildings which were raised to the time of Shah Jahan, from whom Delhi received the name of Shah-Jahan-abad. "Its fort," he tells us, "of red stone, is built with such strength and elegance, that the tongue of the builder of fate becomes red in its praise, and to make one like it is an impossible task." Mr. Court puts a note to "red," and says, "that is, ashamed," but he misses the point; the word does not mean "ashamed," but it does mean "dumb" as well as red:—

Round the fort of Mutarak there is a very wide, broad, and deep ditch; its water is so pure and clear, that if a grain of poppy-seed should be lying at its bottom it would be clearly seen in a dark night, and if a blind man could dive into it, he would certainly bring it out. A mustard-seed can be seen at its bottom—Where is there this clearness in the lustre of pearls? And if a hair should fall into it, then it appears to the sight like the vein of the pearl.

The word vein is noted as meaning literally "hair," and so it does; for what the author says and means is, that if a hair is dipped in the water it looks like a hair of pearls—that is, the globules of water adhering to it make it like a string of pearls.

In the account of the district of Narnaul, in the province of Delhi, we miss an interesting passage in which the author lauds the pious zeal of a brother Muhammadan who razed the walls of a temple which a devout Hindu had begun to build. Taking the two great rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna, he traces them, not from their sources, because "the fountain springs are unknown," but from the mountains between India and China down to their junction at Allahabad, and thence till the united waters fall into the sea "by a thousand streams." About the country of Bakhbar, on the upper course of the Jumna, he tells us a wonderful story, of which we amend the translation, for Mr. Court has managed to make it unintelligible:—

In that country gold is abundant, and the reason of it is, that many pebbles of these parts possess the properties of the philosopher's stone, and iron and copper on touching them are converted into gold; but they (the pebbles) are not distinguishable; the inhabitants therefore show their bodies, women, and bullocks, and even their out to grass, and it often happens that their bones are converted into gold.

He makes story about the sanctity of the Ganges, and says that

The river is so holy that it is inhabited by spirits, thieves, and robbers, which may be accounted for by the circumstance that, as men's bodies are washed clean from their offences by bathing in it, their sins pass by way of transmigration into other human bodies, and then commit murder.

There is a legend about Calcutta and the buildings of the English, and this is his own work; for Calcutta came into existence long after the author of the original Persian work was dead:—

At a little distance from the city, on the south side, is the fortress of Fort

William. The foundation of it was laid after the victory of Plassey, in the time of Colonel Clive, but it looks as if it had been built to-day, and only now completed. Whatever provisions and requisites the host or the garrison can need are always in a state of readiness, or rather there is an immense and augmentation of these things from day to day. What can be said about its construction? Its construction is indeed unique, and the style of its building is quite new. No fort in this country equals it. From the outside the walls are like embankments, but in the inside they are very high. Who can get at its treasures? Who has the power of describing its security? Assuredly it exercises a magic spell over the world. The sight of it increases one's astonishment, and a walk about it deprives one of recollection.

He describes the various buildings, churches, mosques, and bazars, and the gardens. He even has a good word to say for the climate, which he declares to be "not so bad, and really excellent when compared with the olden time." In a poetical passage he ventures further, and says "its air is a subject of jealousy to the morning breezes; emeralds would take poison at (the sight of) its greenness, and at its redness the liver of coral would turn to blood"—in which metaphors he is not original, although extravagant. In the Hindustani there is a curious and somewhat difficult passage about the tide in the river Hooghly, which Mr. Court has not translated.

We have already had occasion to complain of Mr. Court's want of system in spelling, so we will say no more now about it. In the present work, he tells us, "names of places are spelt as in the original," and his intention was excellent, for local names have been strangely dealt with. It would have been more satisfactory, however, to the uninitiated if, in writing down such names as Kanhayat, Pitan Nadawat, Bhanouch, and Sarth, he had told his readers that they represent Kambay, Pattan Nahlwan, Brooch, and Surat.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—DOMESTIC SERIES.\*

IT might at first sight be expected that a volume of Addenda consisting of mere gleanings of State Papers would not be likely to contain much to interest a reader or to employ a reviewer; but a glance over the pages of Mrs. Green's new volume will suffice to convince any reader of the great value of the documents now for the first time brought to light by her. But before we go on to say anything of the contents of this valuable volume, we must not lose the opportunity of again drawing attention to the ludicrous difference between the first two volumes of this goodly Series of Domestic Papers edited by the late Mr. Robert Lemon and their continuation by Mrs. Green. The present volume exhibits that contrast in the most striking relief. There is an evident absurdity in speaking of this volume of Addenda so full of information on various obscure points of history as forming in any way a supplement to the Calendar of the same period published about fifteen years ago. The Addenda, occupying a period of thirteen years, fill a whole volume; the same sized volume under Mr. Lemon's care ran over a period of thirty-three years, and the portion of it corresponding in point of time to the present volume occupies about one hundred pages. The account of it is simply this—that the work, which was begun as a mere dry calendar of reference, giving the mere dates of the documents and two or three lines of information, just enough to identify the paper, has expanded into what it ought to have been from the first, a repository which will save the historical inquirer from the necessity of referring to the original documents. But it is on other grounds no reflection on Mrs. Green's predecessor that the gleanings amount to so large a harvest. The sources of most of these papers are entirely new, and such as Mr. Lemon had no access to. Only a few of them, consisting of accidentally misplaced documents which were dated, and of others which, from their being without date, had been assigned to a later period, could have been noticed in a Calendar whose contents were wholly derived from the old State Paper Office. A few have been hitherto classed as foreign papers, owing to the fact of their having been written abroad; but Mrs. Green is certainly entitled to rank them among Domestic Papers, being as they are for the most part written by English Catholic fugitives in France and the Low Countries.

The rest of the volume consists of certain documents which have been discovered in the Exchequer sacks, and have only been sorted during the last fourteen years, and of the Conway papers presented by the Marquis of Hertford, which among other valuable documents contain a collection of holograph letters from the Earl of Leicester to the Queen. There are several documents which relate to the Channel Islands, of which we will say nothing more than that they appear to be of mere local interest. The most interesting portion of the whole volume is that which relates to the Border Correspondence. The reason of its omission in its proper place in the first volume of the Series of Domestic Papers is that there was formerly a separate subdivision, the papers comprised in it being now divided into two classes—those which relate to Scotland being classed under the head of Foreign Papers, and those relating to the Northern counties being classed as they evidently ought to be, with the other papers of the Domestic Series. The consequence of this rearrangement of documents is that the present volume is enriched with a full and

\* Calendar of State Papers; Domestic Series of the reign of Elizabeth. Addenda, 1566-1579. Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green, Author of the "Lives of the Princesses of England," &c. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co., and Trübner & Co.; Oxford: Blackwell & Co.; Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.; Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; Dublin: A. Thom. 1871.

detailed account of the Northern rebellion under the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland in 1569-70. From October to June scarcely any other subject appears in the letters, which occupy more than one hundred pages of this Calendar, whilst from the scanty notices in Mr. Lemon's volume the reader could scarcely find out that there had been a rebellion at all, or at any rate such a rebellion as to justify the immense number of certificates of musters with which his Calendar of the summer months of 1569 abounds. The history of the rebellion has been dismissed by most historians in a very few pages, and we have here for the first time a fuller account of it than can be read even in Sir Cuthbert Sharp's *History of the Rebellion in the North*. The divided councils of the conspirators—some being in favour of the marriage of the Queen of Scots with the Protestant Duke of Norfolk, some being only for reformation of religion or naming a successor—may be read at length in the examination of the Earl of Northumberland, who, with the zeal of a new convert, having been reconciled to the Church of Rome only about two years before, objected to such a marriage, and had scruples as to the legality of a rebellion against an anointed prince as yet not excommunicated by the Pope. It must be remembered, that the celebrated Bull, *Regnans in excelsis*, was not fulminated till the spring of the following year, though Pius V. had issued a declaratory sentence amounting to the same effect as the Bull about a year earlier. So that it is somewhat to be wondered at that Northumberland should have felt any scruple on that score. The unembarrassed style of his answers to the questions put to him is very remarkable, as also is his frank avowal of the motives of his conversion:—"The great dissensions that ever have been among Protestants, I think sufficient to allure all godly and humble minds from the dangerous sects scattered among Protestants." He was committed to the care of Lord Hunsdon, who did not like his charge at all, being afraid of his making his escape and the fault being imputed to himself. He writes to Burghley, August 9, 1572, alleging that

The principal cause that I sought to prolong his execution was to have her understand his brother's doings towards her, for surely if his brother's affection towards the Scottish Queen and his other dealings towards Her Majesty be such as is commonly spoken, Her Majesty shall do herself a worse turn by setting the one up than by keeping the other alive; besides she will lose the benefit of his living, and as many as have any gift of hers of anything of his may pick a salad.

What reason Lord Hunsdon had for suspecting Sir Henry Percy does not appear. His zeal was perhaps greater than his sagacity. Certainly the Queen highly appreciated his services, for in a letter from Elizabeth, the draft of which was penned by Sir William Cecil, the Queen herself adds the following postscript:—

I doubt much, my Harry, whether that the victory were given me more joyed me, or that you were by God appointed the instrument of my glory; and I assure you for my country's good the first might suffice, but for my heart's contentation the second more pleased me. It likes me not a little that with a good testimony of your faith there is seen a stout courage of your mind, that more trusted to the goodness of your quarrel than to the weakness of your number. Well, I can say no more than *beatus est ille servus quem, cum Dominus venerit, invenerit faciendo sua mandata*; and that you may not think that you have done nothing for your profit, though you have done much for honour, I intend to make this journey somewhat to increase your livelihood, that you may not say to yourself *perditur quod factum est ingrato*.

Your loving kinswoman,  
ELIZABETH R.

The reader must remember that the style in which the Queen addresses Hunsdon is partly accounted for by the fact that Henry Carey was literally her cousin, being the son of her mother's elder sister, Mary Boleyn, whose name has been so often of late quoted in connexion with Henry VIII.

Of the Queen herself the notices are but few, but there are as many as fourteen letters of Leicester, mostly addressed to the Queen. Perhaps the most curious is one written to Throckmorton, May 4, 1567, expressing, in very enigmatical terms, his sorrow at his having unwittingly offended. The letter evidently implies that the Queen had written to him and forbidden him to reply. Nevertheless, the Queen vouchsafed to reply to this indirect communication in the same indirect way. It is very remarkable that this letter from Throckmorton to Cecil, dated May 9, 1567 (not, as stated at p. 29, by mistake, July 9), is a copy in the handwriting of Mr. Lemon. Mrs. Green not having been able to discover the original. She has placed it in her preface, as it was not considered admissible into the body of the volume. The part of it which specially relates to Leicester's delinquency and the Queen's bearing towards him is as follows:—

Her Majesty read your letter over thrice together, and said you did mistake the camelion's property who doth change into all colours according to the object, save white, which is innocency. At your cypher, the black heart, she showed sundry affections, some merry, some sorrowful, some betwixt both. She did much commend the manner of your writing. Then she wished me to show her what your Lordship had written to me. She read my letter twice, and put it in her pocket. Then I demanded of her whether she would write to your Lordship. She plucked forth my letter and said, "I am glad at the length he hath confessed a fault in himself, for he asketh pardon." I said, "Madam, do you mean in your letter or in mine?" "In yours," she answered. I said, "That which you mean is but a conditional supposed proposition." Then she read again my letter, and said, "Here is enough to suffice me." "Yes," said I, "and to accuse your Majesty also." "Whereof?" said she. "Of extreme rigour," said I. Then she smiled, and put up my letter. I asked again whether Her Majesty would write to your Lordship. She said, "I will bethink myself all this day." I do judge by Sir M. Lee she meant to send your Lordship a token and some message. To Mr. Carey, she hath said you have confessed a fault in yourself.

the Queen was possessed, but there is nothing either in this or in any other of the letters which passed to indicate more specially the nature of the connexion that existed between them. In another letter addressed to Elizabeth he speaks of himself and his brother, the Earl of Warwick, as her *urus major* and *urus minor*, and the symbol by which in this and most of his other letters he designates himself is *your old eyes*, the word *eyes* not being written, but a pair of eyes drawn in the place of it.

The volume contains some interesting notices connected with the projected marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou, and especially "a discourse" on the subject by the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, Sir Nicholas Bacon. It is only a copy, and, as we conjecture from its being found amongst the Domestic Papers of James I., made during the succeeding reign. Mrs. Green naturally assigns 1570 as the probable date of its composition, but makes no suggestion as to the period to which the handwriting of the copy belongs.

The Lord Keeper was of opinion, like most of her other loyal subjects, that the Queen should marry without delay, and indeed, considering that she was now thirty-seven years old, it was high time for her to marry if she were going to marry at all. The abstract consideration of the expediency of marriage, however, did not help to determine who should be the person to be fixed on for the dangerous and difficult office of husband to the Queen, who, if an Englishman were selected, would have been at once her subject and her lord. Sir Nicholas had considered the subject under both these bearings, and in regard to the domestic aspect of the affair seems to have inclined to the opinion that by marrying at home "she would be most assured beforehand of the qualities of the person"; neither on political grounds does he appear to think such a marriage would have been objectionable. In the remainder of the paper the writer discusses at length the advantages and disadvantages that might ensue from a marriage with Henry Duke of Anjou, the brother of Charles IX., King of France. The disadvantages were fairly stated—namely, the difference of age and religious connexions of the parties, the dislike the English might feel to a French prince, heir presumptive to the Crown of France, his brother Charles having only just before married Elizabeth of Austria, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. There was again the danger of his not having any issue by the Queen, in which case he might "encroach the crown to himself" by the help of his brother and the Pope; or, on the other hand, "if the Scottish Queen should remain unmarried, it might be dangerous to the shortening of Her Majesty's life, lest some insinuation might light on the heart of the Duke to attain to the marriage of the Queen of Scots, thereby to continue possession of the Crown of England, and conjoin the Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland in her own person." There was, lastly, the fear of a rupture between England and Spain. Thus far one might have thought it a fair statement of the difficulties involved in a match with the Duke, as compared with the case of the Queen's selecting an Englishman for her husband. The Queen herself probably never really intended to accept the Duke, though negotiations apparently were only finally broken off on the score of the Duke's refusing to conform to the Reformed faith; but if the Lord Keeper was instructed to draw up this paper of pros and cons, it is scarcely conceivable but that he drew up his answers to the objections with a special eye to their being seen by the Queen. It must be remembered in reading the following answers that the husband proposed to Elizabeth, who had now reached the mature age of thirty-seven, was a boy of eighteen. They run as follows:—

*Answers*.—It were to be wished that he were older, and yet his stature and person is manly and comely; but as it is he shall have cause to esteem Her Majesty as shall become him, both because she is in person, beauty, and all gifts of nature the best and goodliest Princess in Christendom, and also in sight to behold not inferior to any other Princess of the Duke's own age; neither is her age to be judged by her visage, but thereby she may be esteemed of equal age with him. She is also a Queen of a nation, and such a one as all Christendom, nor the rest of the known world, has the like to be married, considering her person, her gifts, and her kingdoms; she is also so wise as it is probable she shall always provoke and direct him to love and honour her, besides that he has no kingdoms or countries to resort to, nor war to maintain, as King Philip had, who by pretence thereof absented himself, and by absence abated his love.

It is not worth while to speculate on the singular state of things which would have existed four years later if this match had been brought about. The death of Charles IX. placed the Duke on the throne of France. But, in truth, there never was a chance. That it should be the talk of the day, and appear to be on the cards, suited the purposes both of Elizabeth and Catherine de' Medici. But Elizabeth was too deeply implicated with her English lovers to have ever seriously entertained the idea of a foreign marriage, and the Queen-Mother of France was sagacious enough to know that the very suspicion of such a marriage being in contemplation would win the affections of the Protestant party.

We have dwelt on two of the principal subjects which occupy this interesting volume, and are obliged to leave unnoticed a number of letters which illustrate the religious and political condition of England, and which show how much remains to be gleaned by publishers of the writings of the Reformers before it can be said that the editions of their works are complete. But why has Mrs. Green given us no analysis of the last document she has chronicled, consisting of 150 pages of "A discourse in favour of the Queen's proposed marriage with the Duke of Anjou, the younger brother



have been interesting to know what could be said in favour of the Queen at forty-six marrying a prince of twenty-five which could fill a book of such dimensions as that.

# SCENES IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.\*

COLONEL VEREKER'S volume is a very good example of a class of books which appears to be alarmingly on the increase, and as to which it seems to be desirable that some remonstrance should be offered. In delivering a verdict upon a book of travels the critic has a very much simpler issue before him than in the case of most other classes of literature. A biography, for instance, though it may be unsatisfactory as a life of its subject, may be meritorious as a picture of his time; or, failing in both of these respects, it may yet have a claim in virtue of the store of anecdotes it contains. A novel may be worthless as a story, but yet deserve commendation for the truth and vigour with which its characters are drawn, or for its descriptions of scenery, or for its sketches of rural life. But a book of travels must take its stand upon one or other of two pleas; either that it opens up new ground, or that, going over old ground, it renovates the subject by freshness of treatment or originality of observation. Thus poor Captain Speke's journal of the so-called discovery of the source of the Nile was not in itself a brilliant production, but a very much clumsier and duller book would still have been welcome coming from the *terra incognita* of equatorial Africa. As an example of the other sort we may take *Eothen*. There is no portion of the earth's service that has been so often travelled over and written about, from the time of Sir John Mandeville down to our own days, as Syria and the Holy Land; yet what reader is there who has gone over the ground with "*Eothen*" and has even for a moment felt that he was travelling along a well-beaten track?

Put upon its trial in this way, Colonel Vereker's book of travels, we must say, fails to justify its existence, and consequently its author must be held to have incurred the penalties—would that they were severer than they are!—of having wantonly written an uncalled-for book, helped to encumber the shelves of the British Museum, and, as far as two volumes octavo can do it, raised the price of rags. He has been over no ground that has not been travelled and described again and again, yet he has treated every place he has visited just as if he was its original discoverer. There is no earthly reason why a man going over a beaten track should not write about it if he is so minded. Even a Rhine tourist is not to be debarred from writing about the Rhine if he likes to try his hand in that way; but we have a right to protest if he invites us to sit down to a dish of *crambe repetita* about "Coblentz, the Confluents of the Romans," "Bacharach, in which we trace the words Bacchi ara," "Mainz, the birthplace of Gutenberg, and cradle of the art of printing," and so forth. If he does not perceive that all this sort of thing has long since passed out of his hands, and become the exclusive property of the guide and handbook compiler, pen, ink, and paper should be taken away from him; or, if he must absolutely write, he should be obliged to put his needless information on a separate sheet, not intended for publication, as Mr. Dick, in *David Copperfield*, did with the head of Charles I. The line of country over which Colonel Vereker has travelled is not, to be sure, quite so regular a beat of the vacation tourist as the banks of the Rhine, but it is rather too familiar to the reading and travelling public to be dealt with in this way. Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, and Granada are not Timbuctoo or Cashgare, that the adventurous traveller should feel it incumbent on him to enter into a full and elaborate account of their history, antiquities, and curiosities, as if he were some Barth or Marco Polo, "the first who ever burst into that silent sea." Colonel Vereker would have done better if he had borne in mind, and applied to his own case, what he himself says in a digression on sporting dogs. Speaking of the Spanish fashion of making pointers retrieve, he says, "I think our division of labour between retrievers and pointers or setters is the wisest arrangement." Equally wise is that division of labour which assigns to the guide-book all matters connected with the history, chronology, archaeology, or statistics of any place, leaving the occasional traveller to record his own experiences and impressions, the ideas that have occurred to him, the accidents that have happened to him, the incidents that have been observed by him, and so forth. After all, when one comes to think of it, why should a gentleman, because he happens to have enjoyed bed and breakfast in a town, be accepted as an authority upon its origin and history? It would be just as reasonable to expect that a man who goes up in a balloon should come down an astronomer. Of the cutlets, coffee, and fess he may be qualified to speak, and on these and similar subjects we are bound to receive his communications with all the respect due to experience; but as regards the other matters, we cannot see how he can claim any advantage over people who have never set eyes on the place. This is what scribbling tourists on beaten tracks are continually forgetting. Some indeed go even further than this; at the mere sight of a place out of the railway-carriage window they become so highly charged with historical information that they have to fill at least a couple of pages before they are themselves again. In this category of forgetful tourists we are compelled to place Colonel Vereker. He seems to be entirely oblivious of the existence of Murray's, O'Shea's, and Bradshaw's Manuals on Spain, and of Plesse and about half-a-dozen other guides for Algeria, not

to speak of a whole lending-libraryful of "*Tours*," "*Travels*," and "*Impressions*" relating to both countries; oblivious, that is to say, in writing these volumes, for in their smother there is a very strong flavour of *redundant* guide-book. Sometimes, it is true, he betrays a kind of consciousness of the fact that some one else has been on the spot before him, and that there are extant certain scraps of information relating to it. Thus a half-suspicion crosses his mind as he is entering upon the subject of the Alhambra that it is one with which probably a good number of his readers are already tolerably familiar:—

Of Seville and Cordova [he says] I have spoken freely, because comparatively little is known of them by the public at large beyond their salient point of possessing lovely cathedrals; but who is not familiar with the enchanted precincts of the Alhambra? Bearing these reflections in mind, I shall merely take a touch-and-go canter through the fairy scene, lightly sketching the impressions I received.

His idea of a touch-and-go canter is somewhat peculiar, for his pace in reality is that of a most deliberate, not to say slow, cicero, and he does the fairy scene as methodically as the old housekeeper who conducted Mr. Snob over Castle Carabas. Nobody, we imagine, wants this sort of thing. The stay-at-home reader would very much prefer something more picturesque and lively, and the traveller can always get it at first hand in the pages of the guide-book, and unadulterated by mistakes. It is perhaps like looking a gift horse in the mouth to object to inaccuracy in gratuitous information; but Colonel Vereker abuses his privileges. He shows a curious ingenuity in mistakes. Such slips as *los* for *las*, *Banderas* for *Banderaz*, *Ribatta* for *Ribalta*, any one could make; but he must be especially gifted who can get three mistakes into the spelling of one name, as in "*Argate de Mollinas*" for "*Argote de Molina*." But this, as an instance of condensed blunder, is nothing to the scrap of history to which the reader is treated *à propos* of Cordova. "It was known," he says, "to the Phœnicians, and it is mentioned by Silius Italicus; but we must pass over the history of Cordova until the middle of the thirteenth century" (doubtless his readers will respond as the late Duke of Sussex used to do whenever the words "*Let us pray*" occurred in the Liturgy—"Oh! by all means, by all means"!), "when Ferdinand entered the city in triumph, and as at Seville, Granada, and all through Spain, drove out the polished, wealthy, and industrious Moor. Even the matchless mosque—the finest type in Europe of the true temple of Islam—he ruined in appearance by tasteless interior additions, carried on until the reign of his grandson Charles V., who angrily exclaimed, when he beheld what had been done," &c., &c., as per Ford's Handbook. How the historical studies of ingenious youth would be lightened if historians would only adopt now and then the simple plan of Colonel Vereker—knock two troublesome characters into one, and at a single stroke get rid of a couple of centuries with all their tiresome dates and events, as is here done in this felicitous confusion of St. Ferdinand, the conqueror of Cordova in 1235, with Ferdinand of Aragon, the conqueror of Granada in 1492! Some trifling perplexities in comparative chronology would probably be the result; for example, the defeat of the Armada, which must be allowed to have taken place in the time of the great-grandson of this compound Ferdinand, would have to be put back to somewhere about the date of the battle of Crécy. But no doubt a historiographer who found no difficulty in the first case would prove himself equal to the second. As Johnson said of Boswell, we do not say Colonel Vereker should be hanged or drowned for this, but we do maintain that we have a grievance against a man who has forced upon us an article we do not want, when that article turns out to be worthless.

He does very much better when he gets to Algeria, and this we are inclined to attribute to the fact that there is no Ford or O'Shea for that country. French guides there are in abundance, but they do not deal extensively in the kind of matter which Colonel Vereker evidently loves, having seldom more to say about any place than that Absinthville contains three hundred and six inhabitants, a *bureau arabe*, and a café-billard, and that when the road is made there can be no doubt it will not delay to become a town of the highest importance. Still he cannot prevail upon himself to set foot upon the soil of Africa until he has taken the reader upon a cheerful ramble all through the early history of that continent, or at least of its north-western provinces. "It would be tedious," he says, "to relate the long contests between Carthage and Rome"; and then he relates them. And when he has disposed of Hannibal, Hædrubal, Scipio, Syphax, the slaves who were liberated, and the women who cut off their hair, he attacks Gelimor, Genæric, Helisarius, and the Vandals with a vigour and zeal that almost lead one to suspect he must be writing under an impression that in some recent orthodox outburst all the copies of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* have been destroyed except that one which happily remains in his possession, and that it has fallen to him as a sacred duty to render imperishable the annals of all these persons. After about twenty pages of this kind of thing, he remarks, with the most charming naïveté, that he fears the chapter has been found dry by some of his readers, and that looking up the necessary authorities has been a laborious task to himself. For all parties it is a pity he has given way so much to what Sam Weller would have called "that there uncompromising spirit of his," for we very much fear that those who want the history of the Barbary States will not go to Colonel Vereker's book for it, and those who want his book will not look at his history of the Barbary States.

\* *Scenes in the Sunny South*. By Lieut. Colonel the Hon. G. S. Vereker. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

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THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

UP to the time when Parliament reassembled after the short Easter vacation the course of affairs was on the whole favourable to the Government. They surmounted, although with extreme difficulty, the embarrassment caused by Sir ROBERT COLLIER'S appointment. The Opposition succeeded in frightening and discrediting them without forcing them to consider the consequences of a decidedly hostile vote. The defeat in the Lords was arrested by the barest possible majority; but the personal respect felt for the CHANCELLOR, and the frankness and sincerity he displayed in making his defence, whatever his arguments may have been worth, prevented his incurring the vote of censure which he avowedly anticipated. In the Commons the issue was at one time exceedingly uncertain, and it was only at the last hour and by extreme exertion that the Government managed to get together enough support to give it a small majority. Still the danger was over, and the scandal began to be forgotten. Mr. CARDWELL'S army measure was a decided success; and, although Mr. LOWE'S Budget was very unambitious, the payers of Income-tax naturally regarded it as perfectly unobjectionable. Mr. GOSCHEN disarmed opposition by announcing that he intended to undo much of what Mr. CHILDERS had done. As the negotiations with America were still going on, no opportunity for attacking the Government with regard to the Treaty of Washington had offered itself. Mr. DISRAELI went to Manchester, and opened out the vials of his epigrammatic wrath on his adversaries. But he had obviously not much to say against them that had reference to current politics, and they could bear with indifference any amount of abuse for their great Irish measures, in carrying which the House of Commons and the country had given them such cordial and unwavering support. He had no political course to recommend to his supporters, and his silence on the Ballot showed that he could not get his party to follow him in the determined resistance which he had previously announced that he should offer to the measure. Lord DUNSTON urgently advised the Conservatives to be patient, to give the Government time enough to get into as many scrapes as possible, and, above all things, not to snatch at office by a momentary coalition with discontented Liberals. The Government therefore might reasonably hope that after Easter they would have a tolerably quiet time. They had got out of their worst scrapes; they had produced one good measure, they had offered no new handle for attack, and their adversaries had announced that it was the true policy of the Opposition to keep them in office for the present. This was by no means a glorious position. It betokened a very different state of things from that which existed when Mr. GLADSTONE was the People's WILLIAM. But it was at least moderately safe, and if Mr. GLADSTONE continued to believe that an immutable law of nature limits the popularity of a Liberal Government within a term of three years, he might console himself by the thought that the form in which, so far as he was concerned, the law was manifesting itself, was not a very painful or humiliating one to him and his colleagues.

But lately things have been going badly with the Government. On Monday an amendment which they pronounced almost fatal to their Ballot Bill was carried against them by a majority of one, and on this occasion the Conservatives could not resist the pleasure of coalescing with the discontented Liberals. On Tuesday a resolution which they stigmatised as disordering their whole system of Finance was carried against them by the overwhelming majority of a hundred, and Mr. GLADSTONE must have recalled with bitterness the days when he used to have majorities of a hundred always at his command, and everything was bright

and beautiful in his eyes. On Wednesday a Licensing Bill intended to rival that of the Government was brought forward, and Mr. BRUCE was in a terrible strait. A majority prepared to vote for the second reading confronted him, and as a means of escape he proposed the adjournment of the debate. But he was not sure of a majority even in this humble proposal, and he therefore had to take refuge in getting the Bill talked out. It was the clock that saved the Government from a third defeat in three days. Lastly, on Thursday the Government found itself again in a minority on that point in the Ballot Bill on which it had been defeated on Monday; and this time the defeat occurred after the most strenuous efforts had been made to avert it. How has all this happened? Why is the Liberal majority so slack and backward? The question of the proper incidence of local taxation is one perhaps on which opinions may be fairly divided, without reference to party, and the offer made by the Government last year to devote the proceeds of the House-tax to local purposes may have reasonably been held by Liberals to have absolved them from the duty of upholding the Government in its present refusal to let the Imperial taxpayer help the local ratepayer. But the first use of a good working majority is to snuff out amendments of detail prejudicial to the success of a main Ministerial measure, and to clear out of the way attempts of the Opposition to take out of the hands of the Government the framing and conduct of measures on which it is itself engaged. The Conservatives attend the House enthusiastically, and the Liberals do not; and it is a question well worth considering why the attendance of Liberals on whom the Ministry can rely is so precarious. The main cause, we believe, is to be found in the peculiar reasons which make a dissolution at present difficult or almost impossible. The Government could not venture to dissolve. The discomfiture of its adherents is a matter of certainty. It would have a majority perhaps, but it would be a majority painfully small as compared with that which supported Mr. GLADSTONE when he took office, and there is no possible ground on which the Government could base a confident appeal to the people. The Conservatives, on the other hand, let it be understood that they do not wish for a dissolution at present. They want to defer a new election until it would give them a majority, and not merely reduce the majority against them. Wavering Liberals think, therefore, that they are perfectly safe for the present, and that, whatever they do or refuse to do, they cannot for some time be called to account by their constituents. Meanwhile it may seem to them prudent to lie by and not to commit themselves too much. They may think that it will not be well to mix up too intimately their personal fortunes with those of a blundering and ill-starred Government. It is natural that they should attentively meditate over the example of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who, when reproached on seeking to be re-elected for Dover with the badness of the Licensing Bill of last year, took credit for having opposed it, and for having exposed the folly of the Ministry he had subsequently joined. Possibly when the next election comes it may be a comfort to an anxious candidate to be able to assure his Liberal friends that he boldly withstood the Government on the Ballot, that he had tried to relieve them from paying for the support of local lunatics, and that he was present at and deeply deplored the sad spectacle of a Licensing Bill, on which many publicans have bestowed their blessing, being talked out of existence by the allies of a wavering and faint-hearted Ministry.

If Liberals were sure that it would answer for them at the next election to come forward as the unhesitating and uncompromising supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE, they would have a better guide to action. Two years ago, for a Liberal to have

taken any other line would have been equivalent to throwing away in many constituencies all hope of success. Now the best chance of Liberal candidates would be to stand by the simple and majestic truth that they are Liberals, and that, if they are accepted at all, they have a fair claim to have the organization of their party put in motion on their behalf. They would pass gently and tenderly over the history of the Ministry, and of their connexion with it. If they mentioned Mr. GLADSTONE at all, they would take care to confine themselves to the mythical period of his Ministry when he was a hero and slew the Irish Church and freed Irish land. The recent annals of his Ministry are not an inviting subject for his friends. The Government cannot catch the humours or win the confidence or affection of the people just now; and of this there are two obvious causes. The one thing which the English people above all requires in a Ministry is that it should manage the foreign affairs of the nation with discretion and vigilance. No one can say that lately the foreign affairs of England, as regards the United States, have been managed with either discretion or vigilance. The Ministers were in far too great a hurry to conclude a Treaty, however obscure might be its provisions; and after it was concluded they regarded with culpable negligence and apathy the difficulties that sprang out of it, until they were stirred into activity by the appeals of the public. Then, again, they daily show inaptitude for the despatch of public business. After three years' delay they produce in the House of Lords their great measure of Law Reform, and it is half killed before it can be properly said to be born by the damaging criticisms of the CHIEF JUSTICE. In the House of Commons night after night is wasted in the discussion of a measure, the details, the scope, and the consequences of which are not in the least understood by the Minister who has charge of it. Mr. GLADSTONE, too, uses none of the arts of a leader, and studiously lives in a little world of his own, inaccessible to the wishes, the advice, or the remonstrances of his party. The retirement of Mr. BRIGHT damped the enthusiasm with which the more ardent Liberals once regarded the Ministry, and there is no subordinate of Mr. GLADSTONE who can rally, guide, or charm his supporters. If Mr. GLADSTONE does not keep his party together, there is no one else to do it. At one time it seemed as if Mr. FORSTER might have filled the useful office of the PREMIER's right-hand man. But he has provoked, however undeservedly, the enmity of the Nonconformists, and his collapse on the Ballot Bill has shown that he does not appreciate how much is demanded of a statesman who aspires to pass beyond the list of clever, useful officials. No doubt the misfortunes of the Government are not wholly their own fault. Much is looked at in dark colours now which would have been passed over as immaterial if they had been in the full tide of success. In many directions they are trying to do their work well, and they have carefully refrained this Session from giving vague hints of vast projects and encouraging random hopes. But as much may almost always be said of a Ministry. A Government that is losing ground, that is talked of generally with little respect and much distrust, is not necessarily composed of inefficient public servants neglecting their duty. All that can be said in most instances is what may be said now of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government; that it does not get on well, that through its demerit or ill-luck it does not practically succeed, that its supporters do not support it, and that its opponents alternately ridicule and patronize it.

#### THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

THE Note or Protest which has been presented to the Arbitrators at Geneva may or may not be sufficient for its purpose. The English Government consistently adheres to the almost deferential tone in which it has from the beginning of the negotiations attempted, with little success, to consult American susceptibility. It was probably for the purpose of avoiding any dispute which might have arisen from the presentation of the Counter Case that Lord GRANVILLE anxiously convinced himself that the American Government would not take advantage of a proceeding which seemed to tend to the hindrance of the arbitration. General SCHENCK assured him that the Counter Case might be delivered without prejudice to the position which the English Government had assumed in the correspondence. After expressing his own opinion, the American Minister obtained the authority of his Government to repeat a declaration which is unfortunately ambiguous. It was not to be expected after previous experience that the

implied proposition should be understood by the American Government in the sense which it conveys to an English understanding. When Lord TENTERDEN presented the Counter Case and the Protest to the American agents, Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS professed surprise, and entire ignorance of the intentions of his Government. There can be no doubt that he will be prepared to reconcile his statements with the language of the American Minister in London, but it would seem that General SCHENCK's communication must have been less significant than it appeared to Lord GRANVILLE. The American Government will perhaps contend that the Arbitrators were already fully seized of the litigation, and that consequently the presentation of the Counter Case, with or without an accompanying Protest, could neither increase nor diminish the liability of England to be bound by the result of an unauthorised inquiry. It would have been more dignified and more prudent to decide on the course which was to be adopted without reference to the wishes or suggestions of an astute opponent. It must have occurred to the English Ministers that General SCHENCK had some object to promote by his considerate declaration. The American Government has hitherto, without a shadow of pretext, insisted on referring to the Arbitrators the preliminary issue of the scope and extent of the original reference; and it was perhaps thought that, if England could be induced to proceed to another stage in the pleadings, the Tribunal might be induced to enlarge its own powers with the apparent sanction of both litigants. It is true that, if no Counter Case had been presented, the pleadings would still under the provisions of the Treaty have been complete. It was possible that one or both parties might consider a replication unnecessary, and elect to rely on the arguments and statements of the original Case; but when the first documents were delivered to the Tribunal, Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's offensive tirade had not raised the question of the extent and meaning of the reference. The English Case could by no possibility be supposed to recognize the admissibility of the insolent demand for 300,000,000*l.* on account of the pretended prolongation of the war. The Counter Case, on the other hand, has been framed with full notice of the extravagant pretensions of the American agents; and it might, by a possible error of judgment, be regarded as a condonation of the miscarriage. The American Government probably by this time suspects that the advocate whom it thought fit to employ has overreached himself and his clients; but Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS still represents the United States, and he disregards or explains away the formal assurances of the American Minister in London.

The indirect language of the Protest might have been advantageously exchanged for plainer English. The Arbitrators are not bound to have read the Correspondence to which they are referred for an explanation of the determination of the English Government. If they are so inclined, they may declare that, although the Counter Case may have been presented without prejudice, no notice has been given of the determination to reject the competence of the Arbitrators to deal with the indirect claims. It would have been easy to announce that, unless the American demand is withdrawn before the 15th of June, the Arbitration will, as far as England is concerned, become finally impossible. The position taken in the Correspondence may be represented as an assertion of a right to repudiate the jurisdiction, without any express announcement of the resolution to exercise the right to the fullest extent. The Americans are probably not yet disabused of their natural belief in the unbounded pliability of the English Government. It is certain that every phrase which can be twisted into ambiguity will be interpreted in the sense most favourable to the American contention, and that no overture will be spared which seems likely to procure fresh concessions. It will be too late to withdraw when the arbitration has once commenced. The Americans have repeatedly, and with probable sincerity, declared that they attach little importance to the amount of money which may be awarded; and a triumph over England would cause universal gratification. If the Arbitrators could be persuaded, after taking cognizance of the indirect claims, to award a gross sum, however small, a part of the amount would be assumed to represent the claims to which the English nation has unanimously assented. As in the case of AJAX and ULYSSES, the prize would remain with the disputant who had forced his adversary against his will to engage in the contest. The sole argument of those American journals which urge the prosecution of the indirect claims is that it is impossible for their Government to admit that it has been guilty of error or of an attempt at extortion. The inference that the injured party must give way to the



wrongdoer is highly characteristic. It is not known that, with the exception of Mr. SUMNER and a few of the more violent enemies of England, any American politician of character and status still affects to regard as reasonable the claim of damages for the prolongation of the war. Even a French Professor of Law, who has been induced to publish a pamphlet in favour of the American proposal of submitting the question to the Arbitrators, carefully guards himself against the discreditable suspicion that he has any disposition to maintain the validity of the actual claims. It must be confessed that the difficulty of retreating from a false position was increased by the unaccountable delay of the English Government in remonstrating against Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's extravagant demands.

The Protest itself incidentally illustrates the readiness of the English Government to make any concession for which a reasonable pretext can be found. The American Commissioners adroitly included the expenses of their own cruisers among the direct claims, when they offered to waive the equally indirect claims for insurance and prolongation of the war in consideration of an amicable settlement. The terms of the Treaty referred only to the claims which had in the official Correspondence been preferred exclusively on behalf of private citizens. If the previous negotiation has no bearing on the Treaty, the claims for the supposed expenses of the American navy are excluded from the reference; but although there are indications that the amount of the demand for watching the Confederate cruisers will be exorbitant, the English Government considers itself bound by the understanding recorded in the Protocol of the 10th of May. The risk incurred may perhaps not be considerable, inasmuch as it is difficult to imagine that any Arbitrator will recognize so remote a kind of consequential damage. In this case, as on other occasions, the English Commissioners thought it no part of their duty to check American exactions. As the audacious assumption of their acuter colleagues was allowed to pass without protest at the time, the English Government rightly holds itself bound by the tacit omission of its obliging representatives.

The rumour of a disposition on the part of the American Government to withdraw or modify its pretensions has within a few days acquired a certain amount of consistency. There can be little doubt that the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE have by this time satisfied themselves that they have made a muddle; and they may reasonably apprehend the unpopularity which they are likely to incur if they cause the failure of their boasted Treaty. Their unsuccessful experiment on the patience of a long-suffering nation has already crippled many useful enterprises by the blow which has been inflicted on credit; but great merchants and money-dealers form a small minority of the population, and there is every reason to suppose that general opinion is opposed to any kind of retraction. If the long-delayed answer to Lord GRANVILLE's Note should contain any kind of overture, it is to be hoped that Parliament will, by seasonable pressure, restrain the Government from a hasty abandonment of its position. It is, after late experience, absolutely necessary to take care that there shall be no verbal ambiguity on which subsequent pretensions may be founded. The Government which directed General SCHENCK to encourage the presentation of a Counter Case accompanied by a Protest simultaneously instructed Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS to profess surprise at the delivery of the document. In the almost certain contingency of an ultimate failure of the Treaty, the English Government will be reproached for the timid and hesitating language which has been used in the fear of offending the adverse party; yet Americans must be strangely misinformed if they are capable of doubting that the national resolution is both definite and irrevocable.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOT BILL.

THE Government sustained on Thursday night a very decisive defeat on a point which it had magnified into one of great importance. The question was, whether a voter who wilfully showed his voting-paper at the time of voting should be liable to be imprisoned for doing so. The Government, after having had ample time to consider, announced that they deemed it indispensable that a voter so acting should be liable to imprisonment. Mr. HARCOURT on Monday night opposed the notion of punishing a voter for making known how he voted, and Mr. FAWCETT declared that it was a detestable piece of tyranny to prevent an Englishman from letting all the world know in what manner he had exercised a public trust. Seventeen Liberals joined the ranks of the Conservatives,

and an amendment moved by Mr. HARCOURT was carried by a majority of one. On Thursday the Government made very great efforts to secure a reversal of this decision. There was a very full House, and great excitement. Mr. HARCOURT again led the attack on the Government, and was loudly cheered and applauded by his newly-found Conservative friends; but it was evident that there was a much more serious danger for the Government than any indicated by the union of free-lance Liberals and excited Conservatives. Sir GEORGE GAST and Mr. CHILDERS both announced that they must vote against the Government, and although this somewhat relieved the impending division from being, if adverse to the Government, a party triumph to the Opposition, yet it showed how great was the risk which the Government was running. At last the division was taken, and a majority of twenty-eight pronounced against Mr. GLADSTONE. He was at once invited to explain whether he intended to abandon the Bill, an element which he had represented as essential to its proper constitution having been taken away from it. He replied that, much as he regretted the decision of the House, he thought that the Bill still contained enough that was valuable in it to warrant him in persevering. In this he was undoubtedly right. Mr. CHILDERS is a warm advocate of the Ballot, but he voted against the proposal of the Government on the ground that in Australia a similar security for secret voting had been actually adopted, and had been abandoned after experience of its working had been obtained, while all the advantages that he saw in the Ballot had been found to have been secured without it. The Government could not have withdrawn the Bill altogether because it did not contain a proviso which an advocate of the Ballot, one of their own surest friends, and till lately a member of the Cabinet, opposed on the ground that practically it had not been found of any great use or importance. Mr. GLADSTONE answered Mr. CHILDERS by saying that what might be true of Australia need not be true of England, and this is one of those vague statements which no one can deny. But when it came to a question of giving up the Bill, it was impossible that the results of Australian experience adduced by Mr. CHILDERS should not have their effect, and should not render it absurd to abandon the great Bill of the Session on a point where arguments were doubtful, and the only experience attainable was against the Government.

But this was not all. The line taken by the Liberal party and by the Government last Session—and, still more, the blunders of the Government on this very point this Session—had made it impossible that the Ministry should now contend that the proposal to impose a severe penalty on the voter should be taken as an essential part of a Ballot Bill. The House of Commons last year adopted a provision inflicting on a voter showing his voting-paper a pecuniary penalty, and none of the Liberals who now say that a mere pecuniary penalty will be wholly inoperative, and that the Bill will be a mere sham without a penalty of imprisonment being attached to the offence, had then a word to say against that which they this Session so vehemently condemn. But before the Bill left the Commons Mr. FORSTER, in order to secure, if possible, its passing in the Upper House, decided to cut out of it all that was not material to its operation, and he actually, with the assent of his party, cut out as immaterial the infliction of even a pecuniary penalty on the voter. The Bill which the Lords were invited to sanction, and for refusing to consider which they were so severely blamed by some extreme Liberals, was a Bill in which there was no provision for punishing the voter. This year, after ample time for reflection, the Government brought in their Bill, and again there was no clause in it punishing the voter. When Mr. LEATHAM proposed to inflict the penalty of imprisonment, Mr. FORSTER agreed on behalf of the Government to be content with a pecuniary penalty, and he was only argued into adopting the penalty of imprisonment by some of his supporters. It was ridiculous, after all this, to speak of a Ballot Bill as worth nothing unless it contained some such provision as Mr. LEATHAM desired to insert. Mr. HARCOURT made the most of the opportunity thus afforded him. The Government was in such a mess that, wherever he chose to hit them, his blows could hardly fail to strike home. He could say with perfect truth that he was doing nothing more than asking the House to adopt the Government Bill as it was sent to the Lords last year, and as it passed the second reading in the Commons this year. The argument as a personal one against the Ministry was unanswerable. If the proposal to imprison the voter for showing his voting-paper was a vital and essential part of the Bill, how did it happen that Mr. FORSTER

struck out of last year's Bill, as immaterial, the provision for inflicting a much lighter penalty, that he brought in a Bill this year inflicting no penalty at all, and that after a proposal to punish by imprisonment had been made, he avowed that he would be content with a pecuniary penalty? The division was not altogether a party triumph for the Conservatives, for no one could believe that Mr. CHILDERS and Sir GEORGE GREY were like the ordinary discontented Liberals who enjoy a defeat of the Government as much as the Conservatives do. But in one way it was a party triumph, which was felt in a perfectly legitimate manner, for it recorded the dismay of the House at finding how very imperfectly the Ministry understood their own measure, and how very little thought had been bestowed on the preparation of a Bill of the first order of importance.

If we forget the past history of the Bill, and attend only to the arguments used on either side, the new-born eagerness of the Government to subject the voter to a severe penalty if he discloses how he votes at the time of voting seems in a great measure justifiable. The discussion on Mr. LEATHAM'S amendment brought into conspicuous light a new theory of the Ballot Bill. This is the view that a voter has a right to vote openly if he pleases. The proper Ballot Bill, it is said, is a Bill for enabling those to vote secretly who choose, leaving those who like to vote openly at perfect liberty to do so. The Ballot is thus a device for protecting a weak minority, and ought not to be perverted into an instrument for muzzling brave and honest men, and preventing them from recording their votes in a manly British way, and as those should vote who know that they are executing a public trust. In the first place, this argument goes much too far and is fatal to the Bill altogether; and in the next place, the Bill as it now stands, even after Mr. LEATHAM'S amendment has been rejected, is totally inconsistent with the theory that the majority have a right to record their votes openly. If it were really the intention of the Legislature that this theory should be adopted, the proper way would be to allow open voting to go on just as at present, with the proviso that any one who would publicly own himself to be a coward—one of a weak minority, and afraid to execute a public trust in the proper way—might have the privilege of retiring into a little booth or closet, and of there giving his vote in a miserable and secret way. If such were the state of things, the weak minority would not be protected at all. The essence of the Ballot is that all shall be made to vote secretly. Let us suppose that there are a few men in a Trade Union who wish to rebel against the tyranny of the association. All but these few would vote openly as they were bid to do. The few who asked to be allowed to vote secretly would just as much have proclaimed their disaffection as if they had openly recorded it. If the majority against the Government indicated that the majority of the House of Commons is in favour of what is called a Permissive Ballot, the Government had much better withdraw the Bill at once. But the Bill as it now stands does not countenance this theory in the least. Every voter must vote alone; he must make no mark on his voting-paper connecting his name with his vote; he is to fold up his paper so as to conceal his vote, and then deposit it in the ballot-box. The Bill expressly provides that the elector shall mark his voting-paper "secretly"; a proposal to omit the word "secretly" was last week rejected by a majority of 202 to 126; and it is impossible to contend that an elector who must mark his paper secretly is regarded by the Bill as a person entitled to proclaim, when voting, how he votes. No one will be present while this process is going on but the presiding officer, his clerk, and the agents of the candidates. All these persons are solemnly pledged not to give any information as to how any voter has voted, and are to be severely punished if they do; while any one, whether of those present in the voting place or not, who induces, directly or indirectly, a voter to show, while voting, how he votes, is to be punishable with six months' imprisonment. This is totally unlike a Permissive Ballot Bill, and the only question was whether the voter himself should be punishable with imprisonment who, after having secretly marked his paper, should, before folding it up so as to conceal his vote, wilfully let the Returning Officer, or his clerks, or the agents of the candidates, see how he had marked his paper. There is very much to be said both ways. If the voter is allowed to show to the agents of the candidates how he voted, the objects of the Ballot Bill are unquestionably defeated. The briber will know whether the man bribed has returned his money; the intimidator will know whether his

victim has done his bidding. That precautions must be taken against this is obvious, and the only doubt is whether it is necessary to frighten the voter by heavy penalties from showing his paper, or whether it is sufficient to frighten those who are likely to try to make him show his paper and those who will disclose afterwards how he has voted. The Government urged with much force that the way to stop the paper from being shown is to strike at the man who shows it, and that a voter pressed to disclose his paper would be best protected by having it in his power to reply that he should be imprisoned if he did so. The argument on the other side was that the desired end might be attained by striking at the men who would try to see the papers disclosed, and that a voter should not come to the poll with any fear that, if he makes a mistake in his manner of voting, he may be sent to prison. On the whole, the last consideration has, rightly perhaps, prevailed with the House of Commons. The danger of deterring voters from voting is the greatest danger that any new scheme of recording votes can carry with it. A general feeling that it was not safe to vote under the Ballot Bill would make the working of the system impossible; and the penalties imposed on those who try to make the voter disclose his vote, or who disclose how he has voted, are so severe that the best course would seem to be to try whether they will not be efficacious.

#### SPAIN.

THE estimates formed of the results of the Spanish elections vary largely, but it is admitted that the Government has obtained a majority ranging from fifty to a hundred. On the other hand, the capital, following the example of Paris in the latter days of the Empire, returns only Opposition candidates; and the defeated party throughout the country refuses to acknowledge the validity of the apparent national decision. Two or three years ago Mr. BEALES and other demagogues were in the habit of contrasting the liberty enjoyed by Spain with the narrow and obsolete institutions of their own country; yet it seems that universal suffrage and the ballot afford no sufficient guarantee of popular rights. According to the statements of the Opposition, which represent either an actual or a credible state of affairs, the agents of the Government have by fraud and violence converted the election into an idle mockery. Señor RIVERO, a late Minister and a politician of respectable character, informs ZORRILLA that he has retired from a contest at Ecija because he was unwilling to repel force by force, "a thing very easy for me to have done." The Opposition Committee of "the immortal Gerona" state that they are compelled to withdraw from the poll because the returning officers have been attacked by the Government followers, who have also committed many other irregularities. It is highly probable that Gerona is at least as exempt from violence as Galway; but in Ireland it is not the Government which renders it a dangerous enterprise to give a vote. One of the alleged grievances is that no voting papers are to be obtained from the proper authorities; or rather perhaps that evil-disposed electors only are favoured by the issue of the necessary documents. It is probable that in many instances the charges against the Government are invented as excuses for abstaining from an unpromising trial of strength; but in Spain, as in France, it is the instinct of official persons to distrust and coerce to the utmost of their power a theoretically sovereign people. It will probably be contended on the part of the Ministry that it was necessary to counteract the intrigues and the violence of the clergy in the rural districts, and of the Republicans and Internationalists in the towns. The mass of the population is perhaps puzzled with the choice between the bitterly hostile leaders who nominally belong to the Progressionist party, though SAGASTA depends mainly on Conservative support, while ZORRILLA has, for the purposes of the contest, allied himself with all the outlying factions, including at one extreme the Carlists and at the other the Republicans. In parts of Catalonia, Aragon, and Navarre, Carlist bands have since the close of the election attempted one of their hopeless insurrectionary movements; and disturbances are expected to occur in the Basque provinces. It is not known whether the promoters of the agitation alleged any special provocation; and it is not likely that the professed supporters of absolute monarchy can seriously pretend to be scandalized by the interference of the present Government with the elections.

An Opposition journal has published a circular letter of instructions to Civil Governors which is said to have been composed for the purpose of the elections of last year by SAGASTA, who was then, as now, Minister of the Interior or Home Office.

The paper may probably be spurious, as it has the appearance of a caricature; but it would not have been published if it had not expressed, with or without exaggeration, the administrative principles which are supposed to be held by Spanish Ministers. The general tenor of the document may be inferred from a few of the instructions which are furnished by its author to the functionaries who manage the elections. One of their duties is, through their agents, to excite seditious demonstrations in favour of CHARLES VII. or of the Republic, as a basis for prosecutions which may instil into the minds of the constituencies a salutary respect for the Government. The polling booths are to be packed with trustworthy voters belonging to the army, the police, and the civil service; and when the Opposition voters finally penetrate to the place of voting, the greatest possible delay is to be created by a deliberate examination of the voting tickets. The presidents and secretaries who act as returning officers are enjoined to set their watches half an hour forward, in order that at the commencement of the polling as many Ministerial votes as possible may be deposited in the urns. It is also recommended that a few parish priests should immediately before the election be sent to prison on charges preferred by false witnesses who are to be engaged for the purpose. It would not be surprising if it should appear that one of the imaginary victims of perjury is the real author of the circular; but it must be difficult to obtain a free expression of public opinion in a country where it can be worth while to concoct such forgeries. The subordinate officers of the Government may not improbably believe without authority that interference with elections will be favourably regarded by their superiors. The description of the embarrassments which they are to interpose in the way of Opposition voters is evidently copied from that which is either known or believed to be ordinary official practice.

While the regular Progressist Opposition has discredited itself by alliance with the anti-dynastic factions, it is thought that the more legitimate coalition between SAGASTA and the Liberal Union is in danger of a rupture. Of the Ministerial majority more than three-fifths are Unionists, who recognize SERRANO and TOPETE as their leaders. It is evident that without the aid of SAGASTA and his adherents they would not be able to form a Ministry, unless they could succeed in uniting themselves with some other section of the Cortes; but if they could secure the aid of the few Conservatives who have acted with ZORRILLA during the elections, they would form the strongest of the four or five parties into which the Cortes are divided. In Spain the chances are always in favour of a change of Ministry; and in the fifteen months of his reign the KING has already had to deal with five or six Cabinets. A judicious and patriotic Spaniard would probably wish that SAGASTA should remain in office, not because he is better than his rivals, but that some kind of government may be consolidated. In Australia, where the people are accustomed after the English fashion to manage their own affairs, incessant changes of Ministry may be tolerated as a comparatively harmless kind of political gambling. In Southern Europe a want of respect for authority weakens the chief motive power of public and private action. Since the death of PRIM Spain has had no statesman to trust or to fear, although it may be hoped that the KING will more and more command general respect and confidence. The prospective permanency of the throne affords an element of strength, though an elected King necessarily dispenses with the more important advantage of traditionary custom. The anarchy of opinion which prevails is curiously illustrated in a letter published by General LERONA, who has since been justly punished for his insolence by dismissal from his post as a member of the Supreme Council of War. The General announces that he had supported the Revolution of 1868 in the hope that the Duke and Duchess of MONTPENSIER would succeed to the vacant throne; but he condescends to admit that he is still bound by the oath of allegiance which he has subsequently taken to King AMADEO. If, after due trial, and before or after a bloody struggle, the KING should think proper to abandon his ungrateful task, General LERONA trusts that the "constitutional Alfonsoino-Montpensierist" cause may triumph. It is not easy to understand how the conflicting pretensions of Prince ALFONSO and his uncle could be reconciled; nor is it necessary to enter upon the question. It is surprising that a general officer in active employment should conceive that he was at liberty to anticipate the overthrow or retirement of his Sovereign, and to speculate openly on the choice which might afterwards be made among competing pretenders.

Fortunately for the KING, none of his possible rivals possess any considerable strength. A deposed ruler or his children with more or less colour of hereditary right may often be for-

midable to the actual possessor of the Crown; but the Duke of MONTPENSIER has not reigned, nor could he have acquired any title except by national election. Queen ISABELLA's right by descent was more than doubtful; and her son is still a boy, while her own personal disqualifications are universally acknowledged. CHARLES VII. is plausibly regarded by his followers as King by divine right; but the principles which he professes are obsolete and unpopular, and his pretensions are recognized only in some parts of the Northern provinces. The Republic, though it may be more dangerous in the future than any pretender to the throne, is at present odious to the middle classes, and to all possessors of property. In the new Cortes the party has only been able to return forty or fifty members, although its cause has been advocated since the last Revolution by the most eloquent of Spanish orators. In France the Republic has inherited the organization of the Empire, and it is maintained either as a permanent or as a provisional arrangement by the statesman who alone forms the Executive Government, while he controls or overrules the Assembly. The Spanish Republicans are identified in the popular judgment with the partisans of spoliation and anarchy; nor can they have enhanced the estimation in which they are held by their recent alliance with the Carlists against the actual Government. Since the fall of Queen ISABELLA the army has been laudably neutral or passive in the midst of the strife of factions. PRIM, though he had risen to power as a military adventurer, proclaimed as Minister and Commander-in-Chief the sound doctrine that soldiers had, as such, nothing to do with politics. SERRANO has never been suspected of inordinate ambition; and there is no other chief whose rank or reputation would enable him to imitate the career of NARVAEZ or O'DONNELL. It is not improbable that the KING, who is, like all the princes of the House of SAVOY, a soldier, and who has seen active service in the field, may acquire ascendancy in the army as well as in the State. He has on many occasions shown respect for the constitutional doctrines which Continental countries have borrowed from England; but, if his reign continues, he will find it necessary to take an active and independent part in public affairs. The Ministerial majority in the new Cortes at first sight seems to justify the KING's consent to a dissolution.

#### THE APPELLATE JURISDICTION BILL.

WE fear that the LORD CHANCELLOR's effort to reform the great Appellate Courts of the Empire will not be more successful than his earlier essays in law reform. The shadows of coming opposition which have already crossed the path of the preliminary Resolution are ominous of failure. It is true that the objections dimly indicated by Lord CANNING and others are founded on theories that will scarcely bear a close investigation; but it is conceivable that a resistance which purports to be based on a large, though untenable, principle may be sustained hereafter by objections to the details of the projected measure better founded than any sweeping arguments against all reform whatever.

On the broad question whether it is desirable to replace such anomalous tribunals as the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee by a really commanding Court of Appeal, we cannot bring ourselves to doubt the wisdom or the necessity of some such reform as Lord HATHERLEY seems to contemplate. The arguments against any change are not perhaps quite so contemptible as is sometimes assumed, but they are far outweighed by the solid benefits which a really effectual measure would bestow upon suitors. It is said with some truth that it is scarcely less important that our ultimate Courts of Appeal should command the reverence of those who are bound by their decisions than that they should be the soundest and wisest tribunals that the country can command. It is conceivable that the respect paid to the decisions of the QUEEN in Council may be enhanced in the minds of distant colonists and dusky Hindoos by the sort of halo cast about the Privy Council by its nominal association with the Sovereign. It is said to be an actual fact that even hard-headed Scotchmen feel less annoyance at being defeated before the House of Lords than they would do if the adverse judgment were pronounced by a less august, though possibly more efficient, body of paid English lawyers. Sentiment and superstition of this kind, though it may provoke a smile, is not wholly to be disregarded; but we believe that the weight of such considerations has been absurdly exaggerated, and that they do not deserve for a moment to be set off against the real defects of our present appellate arrangements. The House of Lords is,

and the Judicial Committee till lately was, made up for appellate purposes of dilettante Judges, who have often been insufficient in number and not always quite first-rate in capacity. There have been times, which may recur, when the irreversible decisions of the House have been pronounced by a single law lord, assisted by two lay figures, as the unfortunate peers who are entrapped to make a quorum have not inaptly been termed. The sittings are of necessity too infrequent and intermittent to get the business disposed of without serious arrears, and this evil would be greatly aggravated if the number of appeals were not kept far below the natural amount by the enormous and inexcusable expenses which the procedure involves. The varying constitution of the judicial body, determined by the convenience or caprice which it is the privilege of unpaid Judges to consult, is another grave defect. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is no longer open to these objections to the same extent as formerly, but it has not yet under the new system acquired, and we do not know why it should acquire, any higher estimation than Courts which exercise only a very inferior jurisdiction.

Any Lord Chancellor who should succeed in replacing these imperfect Courts by a tribunal composed of lawyers, the strongest and most learned to be found in the country, and bound, as men who take rank and emoluments for service are bound, to work diligently and continuously in their high functions, would give us much more than an equivalent for the loss of the superstitious regard which such ancient and dignified bodies as the House of Lords and the Privy Council may be supposed to command. But the project of the LORD CHANCELLOR must be greatly developed and modified to ensure such a result. The scheme as announced amounts to little more than the perpetuation of the two existing tribunals of appeal under new names, with the addition of a few paid members. On the House of Lords division of the proposed Court it is intended that all peers who have been Chancellors, Judges, or even barristers of a certain standing, shall be qualified to sit; an arrangement which will clearly not suffice to exclude persons wholly unfit to form part of a body which should include none but lawyers of the highest and best tried capacity. The Privy Council division is to be constituted very much as it is now, except that the salaries of paid members are to be raised from 5,000*l.* to 6,000*l.* a year; a provision which, if introduced into a former measure, would have saved the Ministry from one of the least agreeable incidents of the Session.

These changes, so far as they go, are undoubtedly good, but we fear that they do not go far enough to secure the sort of tribunal the creation of which could alone justify any disturbance of the time-honoured system under which suitors suffer at present. In the first place, we have no faith in a composite Court made up partly of paid and partly of unpaid members. You may, as experience has shown, get men to undergo considerable judicial labour with no other reward than the high honour of sitting on a tribunal which consults its dignity by administering justice gratuitously in the last resort. We know both the good and the evil of such a system. But once deprive the Court of the glory which it wins by accruing emolument, as you do by the introduction of paid members and by the substitution of compulsory for voluntary attendance, and you will scarcely find that it exercises its old attraction, such as it was, upon the veterans of the law. Paid and unpaid Judges will not long sit side by side, and the upshot of the scheme will be a couple of Courts, each composed of from three to five Judges, with rank and emolument inferior to some others of the judicial body. The plan of tempting ex-Chancellors by the addition of 1,000*l.* a year to their pensions will not, we venture to think, gain many recruits, and the Courts will neither in numbers nor in the qualifications of the members occupy the commanding position which the ultimate appellant tribunal ought to enjoy.

It seems, moreover, to be part of the project to abolish the existing intermediate appeals both at Common Law and in Equity. In itself we doubt much whether this would be in any way beneficial. There are serious defects, both theoretical and practical, in the constitution of the Exchequer Chamber, but (with the exception that two is an inadequate number of Judges for a Court of Appeal) the Lords Justices' Court affords a more economical, and not less satisfactory, resort than the proposed division of the ultimate Appeal Court is likely to supply. The vexed question of an intermediate appeal need not perhaps be discussed at length until it is certain that its abolition will be part of the Government Bill; but it is clear that the two proposed divisions of the Court will be quite incapable of getting through their work if every appeal from a Superior Court of first instance

is to come to them. Such appeals in Chancery alone at present occupy the whole time of one Court; for the days otherwise employed by the Lords Justices are more than balanced by the sittings in Chancery of the Lord Chancellor himself. Common Law appeals, with Scotch and Irish appeals, will be fully enough for a second division, and the Indian and Colonial business is not likely to be diminished by the improvement of the Court in efficiency and economy. And there will remain the Divorce, Ecclesiastical, and Admiralty businesses to be disposed of somehow. Possibly the LORD CHANCELLOR will prefer to drop his proposal to abolish the intermediate jurisdictions rather than be driven, to the necessity of establishing a third, and perhaps a fourth, division of the ultimate Court, and we see no escape from these alternatives. It is in itself an objection to throw an excessive amount of work upon so august a body, for the number of Judges of the highest possible qualifications, though very likely sufficient in ordinary times to dispose of all business of grave importance, will seldom be adequate to the correction of every mistake which may be made by any one of the numerous Courts of first instance to be found within the limits of the British Empire or even of the United Kingdom. On the mere score of economy of judicial power, it seems dangerous to ask so much from the final Court of Appeal as the LORD CHANCELLOR proposes. Nature is not too lavish of the highest class of minds, and when they are met with, they are apt to be as costly as they are scarce. It would seem wise, therefore, independently of other considerations, to sift out by a preliminary appeal as many as possible of the comparatively insignificant cases on which the labours of the new Court would otherwise be in a measure wasted, and by which its pre-eminence would inevitably be diminished in proportion as its work and its numbers were increased.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

LORD GRANVILLE'S answer to the Spanish despatch on the International Society was a courteous refusal to adopt any exceptional measures. As the members of the French Commune are allowed to enjoy an undisturbed refuge in England, it would be impossible to concur with any foreign Power in prosecuting persons who have merely combined in the expression of certain theoretical opinions. It is probably true that the International Society, and more especially the Continental sections of the body, would willingly embrace an opportunity of overthrowing almost any existing Government; but the punishment to which insurgents or conspirators might become liable would be inflicted in consequence of their acts or definite intentions, and not because they were members of any club, however mischievous. The POPE and Cardinal CULLEN lose no occasion of execrating the Freemasons, whose organization in England, and probably in many other countries, is, as far as secular law and morality are concerned, perfectly innocent. The English Parliament would be guilty of a similar absurdity if it were to affix penalties to the corporate enunciation of any doctrines whatever. It is conceivable that a Legislature in many countries might think it necessary to silence malcontents; but the English principle of toleration has been in the present generation firmly established. The Spanish nation cannot take it amiss that attacks on their institutions should not be regarded as more dangerous than proposals of political and social revolution in England. Our own ODGERS and BRADLAUGHS, though they belong to the International, propound its anarchical doctrines in a dozen other clubs, such as the Land and Labour League, and the Society which lately met at the "Hole-in-the-Wall." The subversion of the throne, of the House of Lords, of the Church, and generally of property and social order, is in this country a common subject of discussion, though the advocacy of revolution is at present confined to a small and noisy faction. Lord GRANVILLE courteously declares that the English Government would highly disapprove of any plots which might be formed in England against a friendly State. He might have added that there is little probability that the demagogues of the International Society who reside in London will be willing or able to cause any disturbance in Spain. The unbounded liberty which attracts all the enthusiasts of Europe to England at least removes them from their own respective countries, where they would have more facilities than in exile for giving trouble to authority. Another incidental advantage arises from the freedom of the English press, which enables them to stir and agitate all civilized society. A French writer lately published in the *Fortnightly Review* an enthusiastic eulogy of the movement



who is best known as the inseparable friend and political ally of HENRI, more notorious as the Père DUCREUX. Both suffragans were principal promoters of the worship of the court-tesan who represented in the simplest of costumes the Goddess of Reason, and their candid admirer does not fail to defend their indecency as well as their more serious propensity to murder. It was in England also that the Council of the International Society formally justified the massacre of the hostages and the attempted conflagration of the city. It would be difficult to frame any charges against the enemies of society which would be so damaging as their own boastful confessions. The principles of CHAUMETTE, practically revived in the murder of the Archbishop of PARIS and his companions, can only attract the sympathy of those who are already and incurably demoralized.

It is true that the reforms proposed by the International Society are not a little startling. The members have pledged themselves at some of their general meetings to irreconcilable hostility against the middle classes, and to the abolition of property. The English members, though they fully concurred in the general denunciation of all classes except their own, seem practically to have concentrated their attention on the original object of regulating and raising wages. It is too late to inquire whether Trade Unions may be lawfully organized, inasmuch as they exist and exercise great power, and as it would be impossible to prove that men have not a right to determine, in concert or otherwise, the terms on which they will work. Their attempt to form alliances with foreign Unions established for the same purpose was reasonable and legitimate; nor was it necessary to complicate the creed of the Society with abstract questions of the rights of property. The French and German agitators with whom they became acquainted in the course of their negotiations about wages and strikes had long before regarded capitalists with an envious cupidity. By one of those logical processes which are so called because they are independent of experience and practical probability, the Internationalists arrived at the conclusion that marriage must be abolished. It is evident that if men and women live in families they will continue to share the vulgar prejudice of preferring their own children to the theory of Communism and to the rights of man. Every owner of property will contrive, in spite of prohibitory laws, to share his wealth with his children; and thus it would be impossible to correct the odious inequality of fortune. Unchecked variety of intercourse, and consequent uncertainty of paternal relations, would perhaps restore the golden age before wills were invented.

Or one to one was earnestly confined.

The suppression of all forms of religion was probably suggested by independent reasons or motives, and the project seems to have excited little or no interest among the English members of the Society; and it will be long before the English working classes are induced by reasoning, however cogent, to abandon the institution of marriage. The abolition of patriotism and of national distinctions may perhaps have made some progress. Two or three Germans were at different times included in the shifting Governments of the Commune; but it would seem that French workmen in general have not yet attained to cosmopolitan philanthropy. At the commencement of the war in 1870 the first thought of the populace was to expel the thrifty and intelligent Germans who competed successfully with Frenchmen in certain branches of industry. The severity of the conquerors was afterwards partially justified by the hardships which had been inflicted on harmless residents in France; and in this case at least the people were far more to blame than the Imperial Government. The manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania had, in precisely the same spirit, profited by the outbreak of the civil war and the secession of the Southern members of Congress to enact the MORGAN tariff for their own private benefit; but American men of business are not given to professions of disinterested benevolence, nor were they members of an International Society.

The most valuable result of Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE'S motion on the International Society was Mr. FAWCETT'S argumentative speech. There was little use in advertising the anarchical professions and principles of the revolutionaries, whether they are or are not to be regarded as formidable. Mr. BRUCE quoted one of their published statements, to the effect that they numbered only 8,000 members, and that they were in urgent want of money. It is possible that if a revolution occurred in London they might, as in Paris, prove themselves powerful for mischief; but when the banners of Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park find themselves strong enough to overthrow the Government and the Constitution,

it will matter little whether they call themselves Internationalists, or Republicans, or members of the Land and Labour League. Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE has been too long in Parliament and in public life to think that any law against abstract opinions could be either passed or executed; but it is at the same time possible that he may have judged more accurately than Mr. FAWCETT in holding that the political character of the Society preponderates over its economic theories. The agitators who control the Society would, even if they admitted the force of Mr. FAWCETT'S arguments, gladly confiscate existing property, in the hope that thus something might be gained in the confusion, and in the certainty that they would be revenged on those whom they have taught themselves to look upon as enemies. Mere speculations on the origin of rent and profits are less exciting, if more instructive, than projects of wholesale spoliation. The Baile declaration of war against traders, capitalists, and the middle classes in general expressed a feeling of hatred, as well as an economic or social aspiration. It was not worth the while of the House of Commons to enter a protest against doctrines which it could never be suspected of countenancing. The English ecclesiastics who thought it necessary to repudiate all complicity with the decrees of the Vatican Council were not more unnecessarily scrupulous than Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE and his friends. A vast majority both in Parliament and in the constituencies disapproves of the International Society; but there are no means except the use of force, which in this case is impracticable, to prevent the utterance of pernicious nonsense. There is reason to fear that the members of the International Society and of similar clubs will not be converted by Mr. FAWCETT'S lucid demonstration; but it is well that those who adhere to sound doctrines should be taught the best methods of defending their position. Mr. FAWCETT clearly exposed the absurdity of the Socialist scheme of confiscating the land that it may be again let out to occupying holders. If the land were let below its value, the rest of the community would contribute to the support of the agricultural population; and, on the other hand, a full rack-rent paid to the State would be as heavy a burden as at present. The weak point in Mr. FAWCETT'S reasoning was the assumption that the expropriated landowners would receive compensation. The Land and Labour League disavow their claim by anticipation, and its organs even doubt whether payment of back rents shall not be exacted. The transfer of a vast mass of property would certainly be profitable either to public or private agents of confiscation; but Mr. FAWCETT clearly showed that after a short interval either rents would be paid or a section of the community would enjoy a monopoly of the land.

#### FRANCE.

THE Committee of Permanence have not had sufficient self control to allow M. THIERS'S visit to Paris to pass without formal notice. They have resolved to bring the subject before the Assembly, and to propose some kind of censure on the PRESIDENT for the double crime of treating Paris as though it were still the capital, and of using the property of the nation in a manner not sanctioned by its representatives. It is evident that the majority of the Assembly are not pleased at M. THIERS'S assumption of something like executive independence. They fear that, if the country gets accustomed to see him acting apart from the Legislature, it will forget that the office he fills is the creation of the Assembly, and that his position differs only in name from that of a Minister who can be made or unmade by a Parliamentary vote. Their alarm is perfectly reasonable. The relationship between M. THIERS and the Assembly is too anomalous to be long kept in mind by Frenchmen unfamiliar with politics. He bears a title which implies in other countries, and which has implied at a former period of French history, the possession of very considerable power. The election of a President of the United States is the one event in America which ordinarily excites interest in other countries. When NAPOLEON III. governed France as President, his authority was scarcely less extensive than it was after the *Coup d'Etat*. These parallels naturally dispose Frenchmen to see in M. THIERS the possessor of attributes such as usually belong to the head of the Executive. After the pains the Assembly have taken to invent a place for him, and to make him feel how subordinate that place is, it would be extremely provoking if careless people should forget to draw the proper distinction between him and other Presidents, or should suppose that he holds his power by any other tenure than the will of the Assembly. The practice of keeping something like a Court at

Paris is not unlikely to produce this effect on unthinking minds. The PRESIDENT is seen living in a palace and maintaining a state which resembles in some degree the usual surroundings of such a position. The Assembly cannot well hold rival receptions, or do any other act which shall convey to the gaping crowd its real superiority over the PRESIDENT. When this sense of weakness comes on the heels of the growing conviction that M. THIERS is consolidating an influence which will ultimately overshadow their own, it naturally makes the Deputies anxious to do something to reassert their authority. They cannot be congratulated on the particular means they have chosen to attain their end. The unwillingness of the Deputies to return to Paris is not an heroic sentiment, but there has not hitherto been any ground for pronouncing it a spiteful one. If the Assembly ratifies the vote of the Committee of Permanence, it will be no longer possible to acquit the majority of a desire to inflict degradation on Paris as well as to secure safety for themselves. There may conceivably be reasons why the Assembly should not expose itself to be coerced by mob violence; there can be none why it should resent the choice of Paris as the scene of a State ceremony. The determination to decapitalize the city has never been so clearly put forward, and if the Assembly supports its Committee, the breach between it and the Parisians can hardly fail to become more serious, because more avowedly permanent, than ever. Under these circumstances M. THIERS will have to deal with a new complication. The majority are more sensitive upon this subject than upon any other, and their often threatened and often deferred quarrel with the PRESIDENT might become inevitable if M. THIERS were to resent their criticism of his visit to Paris by insisting on reopening the question of the Assembly's place of session. On the other hand, if he accepts their admonition and undertakes not to offend in like manner again, he runs the risk of making the Government as unpopular in Paris as the Assembly itself. The Parisians are naturally ill-disposed towards him, inasmuch as such of them as are not Republicans are for the most part Imperialists, and such of them as are Republicans are for the most part Communists. The action of the Assembly makes it the interest of Paris that the present Government should be overthrown, and when the majority of a population agree in wishing to overturn the existing state of things, the fact that they are not agreed as to the state of things which is to replace it is less important.

In the meantime the cause of the Republic, as the Republic is understood by M. THIERS, seems to make steady progress in the country. Addresses of sympathy have been sent to the PRESIDENT by many of the Councils-General, and the general attitude of these bodies—the most accurate representatives of French opinion at present to be had—is, with scarcely an exception, favourable to the existing Government. It has been said that this proves nothing as regards the desire of the country for Republican institutions, that it only proves how universal is the desire for the continuance of peace and order. The truth of this statement is unquestionable. The number of ardent Republicans in the French country districts is probably very small. What the people really desire is a time of tranquillity in which to make good their losses, and some security that the fruits of their labours shall not again be put in peril by domestic strife. They support the Republic as administered by M. THIERS, not because it is a Republic, but because it is a Government. But in recognizing this truth it is important not to lose sight of two facts which invest it with special significance. The first is that this is the first time the Party of Order has frankly accepted a Republic. It has been Legitimist, Orleanist, Imperialist, but never Republican. This may be taken either as a justification of M. THIERS's sagacity or as a tribute to it—as showing either that he was right in thinking that a Republic would divide Frenchmen least, or that the majority of the Councils-General believe that he was right. It does not much matter which of these is really the case. The essential point is that, whether the country has led M. THIERS to a conclusion, or M. THIERS has led the country to a conclusion, the conclusion has been arrived at. The party which has hitherto been the constant, if unavowed, enemy of Republican government has accepted it as the best calculated to give France what it wants. The other fact to be noticed is that, while the substance of the Government attracts one large class of Frenchmen, the name attracts another class. A Monarchy might have given the same assurance of order and stability, and most of the Councils-General which now proclaim their adherence to the PRESIDENT would probably have been equally, if not more, forward in proclaiming it to a king. But the difference would have been that in the latter case there would have been a large and sullen minority holding itself entirely

aloof from all recognition of the new sovereign. Instead of M. GAMSETTA proclaiming his confidence in M. THIERS, he would have been trying how near he could go to treason without incurring the punishment of a traitor. The peculiarity of French politics at present is that there is one section of the nation which will accept any Government provided that it gives them certain material advantages, and another section which will accept no Government but one, no matter what material advantages any other may offer. A Republic which secures the support of Republicans for the sake of its form, and the support of the Party of Order for the sake of its substance, must be a better thing for France than a Monarchy which can only secure the support of one party instead of both. Whether the majority of the Assembly will ever bring themselves to admit this is doubtful. They have desires and plans of a very different kind to get rid of, and the sacrifice involved in putting them aside may prove too much for them. But their power of giving effect to their views is growing smaller every day, and their undisguised unwillingness to stand the test of a general election shows that they have no confidence—it may almost be said no hope—that they will again have the opportunity of governing France. Whenever M. THIERS insists upon having a Legislature which represents the country, instead of one which has never represented it on more than a single point, the existing Assembly will probably break up with at most a murmur of remonstrance.

#### SIR MASSEY LOPES'S RESOLUTION.

IN the debate on Sir MASSEY LOPES'S Resolution Mr. GOSCHEN stated that, if there is one subject more than another with which the Government is anxious to deal, it is the subject of local taxation. It is true that last year Mr. GOSCHEN advanced to the attack with a degree of confidence which was only equalled by the sudden precipitancy of his retreat; for he had no sooner introduced his Bill than, warned by the rising murmurs which filled the country, he hastened to withdraw it. Since then, however, there have been no symptoms which indicated to the outer world a keen anxiety on the part of the Ministry to return to the question, and it might have been supposed that, with the proverbial caution of burnt children, they had resolved to keep as far as possible from the dangerous bars at which they had already scorched their fingers. It may be doubted whether Mr. GOSCHEN'S assurance that his rash and mischievous measure is still held in reserve was calculated to conciliate the body to whom it was addressed. It is probable that the overwhelming defeat of the Government on Tuesday night may be attributed partly to the increasing pressure of local taxation, but more perhaps to the vague distrust excited by the Bill of last year, and the consequent desire to force on a measure of relief lest the menaces of disturbance and confiscation should at any time be renewed. Last year Sir M. LOPES'S Resolution was turned aside by Mr. GOSCHEN'S vague promise to introduce a new era of local taxation, the nature of which he could not then explain; and it is not surprising that the manner in which this pledge was subsequently redeemed should have had the effect of helping Sir MASSEY to a majority on the present occasion. It is calculated that the local taxation of the kingdom is about forty millions annually, or only a million less than the sum raised for Imperial purposes, after deducting the interest on the national debt; and this amount, large as it is, is still increasing. It appears that in four years three-quarters of a million has been added to the cost of the Poor Law system; Local Boards have multiplied, fever hospitals have been erected, and the education rate has come into operation. According to the latest official figures, the local rates in England and Wales, leaving the rest of the kingdom out of account, came to 30,000,000*l.* in 1870; and this amount was raised from a total rateable value of 105,000,000*l.* The rates are, therefore, charged on property producing an income equal to less than a third of the income assessed to Income Tax, and to just about a seventh of the total estimated income of the country. It would not be easy to answer the argument of Sir M. LOPES and his supporters, that it is theoretically unjust that the area of local taxation should thus be narrowed, although it may be observed that practically the lapse of time has tended to correct the injustice, inasmuch as the rates have always been taken into account in the purchase of landed property. If it were for the first time a question how local taxation should be adjusted, it would be natural to propose that personal and real property should equally be taxed; but when a fixed arrangement has been in operation for a long period, the surrounding circumstances naturally get adapted to it, and in various indirect ways the incidence of the tax is rendered less

oppressive. While land and houses, being subject to rates, have been purchased at a lower price than would otherwise have been demanded, personal property, such as stocks, has had to be paid for at a higher price, in consequence of its exemption from local burdens. It is impossible to avoid fiscal changes from time to time, but it is necessary to remember that they cannot be effected without altering the relative value of different kinds of property, and that every change in the incidence of taxation is in itself an evil.

There are two modes in which the grievance complained of by Sir M. LOPES may be met. Of course the first and most obvious method is to extend the area of local taxation so as to include personal as well as real property; but this is open to the grave, if not insuperable, objection that it would afford relief to the present body of ratepayers, who acquired their property subject to rates, at the expense of other classes who have invested in property which they had no reason to suppose would be brought within the range of local imposts. The other method is to reduce the total amount raised by rates, while leaving the area of taxation as at present; and it was to this object that Sir M. LOPES's latest Resolution was directed. He has examined the different purposes to which local rates are applied, and he has come to the conclusion that some of these purposes are national, and not local, and that they ought therefore to be defrayed out of the national revenue. He accordingly submitted a Resolution insisting upon the injustice of imposing taxation for national objects only on one description of property, and declaring that occupiers and owners ought to be relieved, in whole or in part, from the charges imposed on ratepayers for the administration of justice, police, and lunatics, the expenditure for such purposes being almost entirely independent of local control. He proposed that these charges, amounting to 2,037,000*l.* for the whole kingdom, should be transferred to the Consolidated Fund. The management of prisons and of the police was practically, Sir M. LOPES argued, in the hands of the Government, which could always compel the local authorities to give way to the Inspectors by threatening to withhold its contributions. Moreover, houses and land, he remarked, would not run away, and could not be carried off; and as the owners of this kind of property stood less in need of the protection of the police than the owners of personalty, it was the latter who ought principally to bear the cost of keeping up the constabulary. As to lunacy, it was, he said, a national calamity which ought to be a national charge. In Sir MASSER's opinion, the possession of land and houses has rather a healthy and calming effect, and lunacy is mainly promoted by speculations in personalty.

The logical force both of Sir M. LOPES's Resolution and of the amendment which Sir T. ACLAND moved in opposition to it was impaired by a curious obliquity of argument in each case. The question immediately before the House of Commons was whether local rates could fairly be applied to national objects, but Sir M. LOPES mixed it up with the injustice of levying rates exclusively on one description of property, which is another branch of the subject, while Sir T. ACLAND introduced a third question as to the distribution of the rates between owners and occupiers. As to the first of these questions, there can be no doubt that while, on the one hand, it would be a dangerous temptation to extravagance to entrust the expenditure of Imperial funds to local bodies, on the other hand local taxes should be raised only for purposes which are directly under the control of local authorities. It is less easy, however, to determine what ought and what ought not to be considered national as distinguished from local purposes. There might perhaps be an advantage in making the care and maintenance of lunatics a national duty, and it is possible that the management of the prisons might be usefully concentrated in the hands of the Government. The centralization of the constabulary as a national force, like the army or the navy, under the direct and exclusive control of the Government, is a far more serious and difficult question. The objections which might be urged to this proposal, both on political and economical grounds, are of the gravest character, and are not easily disposed of. With regard to the exclusive incidence of local rates on a particular kind of property, it may be plausibly urged that personal property ought not to be exempted; but a district Income-tax would be a hazardous experiment, and if a change is to be made, some other expedient will probably have to be devised. The argument against disturbing existing arrangements applies in the strongest degree to Mr. GOSCHEN's wanton and iniquitous proposal, which was embodied in Sir T. ACLAND's amendment, to divide the rates between owners and occupiers. The result would be either to leave the matter practically as it is, or to inflict unmerited

confiscation on small landowners who are apt to be at the mercy of their tenants. Although Sir M. LOPES has achieved a victory over the Government, it may be doubted whether it is one from which the class which he represents will derive any substantial advantage. There was undoubted force in Mr. STANSFELD's warning that a proposal of this kind cannot be disposed of by itself without raising the whole question of the incidence of taxation, and also the "consideration of the rights and duties of property, and the conditions under which property should be enjoyed." It must not be forgotten that, whatever may be the justice of Sir M. LOPES's appeal, it is addressed to an assembly the majority of which represents interests that are opposed to the interests of landowners; and that the consideration of the rights and duties of property, when the time comes for it, may possibly be found to refer less to rights than to imaginary duties. The proposal which Mr. LOWE made last year to surrender the Inhabited House Duty as a contribution from Imperial resources to local wants may in one sense be regarded as an acknowledgment of the claims which are embodied in Sir M. LOPES's Resolution; but it may be remarked that this tax practically falls upon the landlords, and ought, if relief is intended to be given to this class, to be simply repealed. The whole subject requires more careful consideration than it appears to have yet received, but it may at least be hoped that we have heard the last of Mr. GOSCHEN's project of futile change and wanton confiscation.

#### THE LIQUOR TRADE.

THE Licensing Bill which Lord KIMBERLEY has brought into the House of Lords is a concession by the Government at once to political emergency and to the dictates of common sense. But if any single person was influenced by the apology for himself and his colleagues which Mr. BRUCE offered during the Long Vacation, that person must now be convinced that the Government deserved for their conduct in this matter all, and more than all, that has been said against them. The Bill of last year has lost them several seats in the House of Commons, and has irretrievably ruined their character as prudent statesmen. The proverb *noscitur a sociis* is eminently true of politicians who condescend to flirt with the Alliance. Mr. BRUCE disgusted all moderate men last year, and now he will infuriate the enthusiasts. The speech of Lord KIMBERLEY will affect the Permissive agitators as a red rag does a bull. "The Bill," he says, "may be considered moderate in its character." It proposes to leave the granting of licences to magistrates under the supervision of the Secretary of State; and "the valuable principle of popular control" which has been advocated in so many speeches and pamphlets is excluded from this Bill, although Mr. BRUCE made a pretence of introducing it into last year's Bill. It might indeed be argued that Mr. BRUCE, as Secretary of State, will control the magistrates, and that the people, or rather the clamorous faction which usurps that name, will control Mr. BRUCE. But if the new system is to work well, it must be entrusted to a permanent officer of the Home Department, who may be capable of establishing uniformity of practice upon sound principles.

So long as magistrates retain the power of granting and renewing licences, a lucrative branch of business will be preserved for barristers. Indeed it appears that this Bill, like the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill of Lord SHAFTESBURY, will help to compensate the Bar for losses which the County Courts and the Court of Bankruptcy have inflicted on it. The Bill makes to the Alliance almost the only concession which we could approve by granting to it unlimited facility for briefing barristers to oppose licences before magistrates. The movement for raising a fund of 100,000*l.*, which we had looked upon with some disfavour, becomes from this point of view commendable. Mr. POPE, Q.C., who is a leader of the Alliance, will deserve the gratitude of his professional brethren for helping to put money in their pockets. It is true that appeals to Quarter Sessions against the granting or renewal of licences will not be allowed unless security be given for costs, and frivolous appeals will be visited with a pecuniary penalty. But the Alliance will not mind that. There is plenty more money where the 100,000*l.* comes from, and there is a perennial growth of fanatics ready to subscribe it. On the other hand, an oppressed publican may easily obtain through the sympathetic columns of the *Morning Advertiser* assistance in fighting the common battle of his class. There will be a never-failing supply of the prettiest quarrels that can be conceived, but instead of the hasty agitation and mob violence which the Permissive Bill would introduce, there will be long-winded oratory and decorous wrangling of

"learned friends." Considered as a work of art, a speech of counsel before licensing magistrates is perhaps liable to criticism, but as a means of enabling the Alliance to expend superfluous money and energy it must receive unqualified approbation. It is a consoling thought that, among the many tracts which have been issued by that industrious body, there is not one that may not be put into a brief which counsel may be induced by a competent fee to read. We venture to make to Government the surprising and gratifying announcement that the Home Office has achieved a Parliamentary success. This part of their Bill must please everybody, and more particularly the lawyers. The provisions for police inspection and for checking adulteration can only be judged in detail when we have the Bill before us, but every reasonable person must regret that this humble and useful work should have been already delayed a year because the Government weakly yielded to a set of noisy agitators who desired to force what they are pleased to call great principles upon an unwilling nation. We believe, however, that the provision for closing all public-houses until 7 A.M. would demand so many exceptions as practically to repeal the rule. The heavy work of the great markets of the metropolis is either in full activity or nearly finished by 7 A.M. And in other branches of industry a man may do three hours' work in summer, and may sadly want a glass of beer before that time. The economical habit of beginning work at sunrise, which is so invariably practised among the thrifty Germans, ought not to be discouraged among ourselves by legislation, nor ought Parliament to pass a Bill which would in effect enact that a working-man shall take tea or coffee and not beer for his breakfast. A celebrated tavern in Covent Garden did formerly "finish" actors, lawyers, and members of Parliament at the same time as it enabled market-gardeners and greengrocers to begin the day. Even now an exhausted devotee of dancing may obtain a glass of beer as well as a view of London by sunrise on his return from a protracted ball. But under the proposed regulation he would have to complain, like the fast undergraduate who was required to attend morning chapel, that the hour was inconveniently late. So long as the liquors which this Bill calls intoxicating are recognized as an ordinary refreshment of human labour, they must be supplied during the hours in which that labour is carried on. The proposal to fix the hour of opening public-houses at 7 A.M., like many other proposals which are made in Parliament, proceeds from men who habitually rise at 8 A.M., or later, and find their tea, toast, and a newspaper ready for them when they come downstairs. It is manifest that a rule closing the public-houses at 11 or 12 P.M. must also be modified by considerable exceptions. But we admit that the later they remain open at night the greater is the temptation to waste time and money in them, whereas in the morning they are not likely to be visited, except very rarely, by any person who is not going about his daily business. We should doubt whether the most careful research of the Alliance could discover a case of a man who left his bed in order to get drunk. But although we think that a working-man ought to be allowed to have a glass of beer if he desires it before 7 A.M., we should desire to offer him the opportunity, which now he seldom finds, of taking a cup of tea or coffee if he prefers it.

This Bill has been introduced by the Government in the House of Lords because time cannot be found to proceed with it in the House of Commons. But the time which belongs to private members of the Lower House may of course be devoted to this as well as any other subject, and it is at any rate an agreeable novelty to find the publican taking the place of the clergyman who is usually put up to make sport for legislators on Wednesdays. It is obvious, however, that there has been enough talk upon this question, and any practical work that is done now must be done over again when the Bill of the Government comes down from the House of Lords. We do not therefore feel any great interest in examining the clauses of the Bill which Sir H. SELWYN-IBBETSON has brought in, but we observe with pleasure that he, like Mr. BRUCE, has remembered that one chief object of modern legislation is to provide work for lawyers. The celebrated problem of defining a "bona fide traveller," under an existing Act of Parliament, would probably present no difficulty to the daughterman who has defined a "wayfarer" in this Bill. But supposing the Bill to pass we should advise Londoners who take a hasty walk on Sunday to remember that a "wayfarer," according to the Bill, "a person who being in a neighbourhood other than that in which he resides stands in need of rest or refreshment," and the penalty for falsely pretending to be a "wayfarer" is 5*l.* Public-houses would be closed under this Bill from 9 P.M. to 5 P.M. on Sunday; but an inn or eating-

house might supply drink during these hours to a "wayfarer." If, therefore, a man starts from Fleet Street at 2 P.M., walks to Kensington in an hour, and desires beer, he can only obtain it as a "wayfarer" at an inn or eating-house; but is he a "wayfarer" at Kensington at 3 P.M.? This question divides itself into several. Is he in a neighbourhood other than that in which he resides? Does he stand in need of rest or refreshment? He can scarcely be said to stand in need of rest when he sits down, as he would probably do, on entering an inn or eating-house; but if he has ceased to be a "wayfarer," liquor cannot lawfully be sold to him. As regards residence, a man who lives in Kensington might be said to reside in the neighbourhood of London. And again, a man who started to walk from Fleet Street might desire refreshment before he reached Kensington, but whether he would "stand in need" of it had better be left to the Judges to decide when the question comes before them. They at any rate would be paid for considering it, which we are not. In order to enhance the absurdity of the introduction of the "wayfarer" into this Bill, it was suggested in the debate that the keeper of an inn or eating-house ought to be required to provide beds for wayfarers. The speaker was doubtless unaware of the interpretation popularly, but perhaps erroneously, affixed to the inscription "beds" which is often seen in the windows of coffee-houses in London. It is lamentable, in connexion with such a serious subject, to find oneself descending into the region of farce. But we greatly wonder that the author of this Bill did not propose to enact that every wayfarer should consume a captain's biscuit and a piece of cheese with his pint of beer, under penalty of 5*l.* The proceedings under this clause of the Bill would be summary, and therefore it is unnecessary to consider how an indictment could be framed for falsely and fraudulently pretending to be in a neighbourhood other than that in which the defendant resided, and to be in want of rest and refreshment, or by what evidence such an indictment might be supported. We think that the Crown would need the help of at least six lawyers to obtain a conviction in such a case.

A new and improved edition of the "intelligent foreigner" has been produced by Mr. TREVELYAN, who mentioned in his speech that a writer in the *Debats* regarded Mr. Bruce's Bill of last year "with admiration which stopped only short of 'envy.'" If such praise be accorded to a timid and vacillating follower of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, what honour can civilized mankind find adequate to bestow on the consistent and courageous champion of the principle which Mr. Bruce's feeble hand has treated like a hot potato? An American admirer declares that no marble can be white enough for the inscription of Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S name, and if the speaker contemplated the erection of a monument amid the smoke of London we entirely agree with him. We should think that the name and the work of the leader of the Alliance would be obliterated about the same time. It appears that the Alliance is particularly angry because liquor-dealers are allowed to display decanters of alluring pattern in their windows. But we never heard of any person being induced by a druggist's brilliantly-coloured bottles to swallow an unnecessary dose of physic. Among many valuable qualities possessed by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, we chiefly admire his incapacity to see more than one side of any question. The principle of entirely closing public-houses has been applied in Scotland on Sundays, and yet, he says, drunkenness is very great there still. We should have thought that this statement was almost conclusive against prohibition.

#### CANDOUR.

THERE are, in spite of all proper platitudes to the contrary, a good many virtues which are more offensive than vices. We can forgive a man for being an habitual drunkard, or even for habitual lying, but it is terribly difficult to forgive him for systematic punctuality and early rising. The whole group of virtues of which these practices are generally symptomatic is of an offensive caste. Probably their possessors are so well aware that their habits are generally considered insulting to their neighbours, that they wrap themselves in more than the ordinary pomp of self-righteousness. They are obliged to wear a good thick armour to protect themselves from the odium due to their unsocial excellences. The taste for such observances grows by indulgence. As the first glass of brandy is frequently the ruin of the unfortunate man in whom a turn for dipsomania is latent, so the delight of rising one morning and glorying in imagination over millions of one's remnant fellow-creatures is so keen that the downward step is rapidly followed by others. The man who would be agreeable to himself should guard against the first lapse into virtue. As a rule, the



time is acquired at an early period of life, before the full consequences of unswerving morality are appreciated. It is prevalent amongst those excellent and oppressive young men who at a later period reject in the possession of a high moral sense. A little knot of sympathetic youths gathers at a university; they divide the various talents and virtues among themselves with the confidence of youthful Alexanders partitioning the world among their followers; and if the priggish element happens to be powerful, they affect what used to be called earnestness—a term which, as we believe, is now becoming utterly obsolete. It means a profound conviction that the earnest person regulates all his actions according to a lofty moral code; or, which is supposed to come to much the same thing, that a lofty moral code is sure to justify whatever he does. The duller members of the body have to content themselves with aggravated forms of punctuality, pecuniosity, and other small virtues; the cleverer probably succeed in imposing upon the world at large, which is always willing to join in a chorus of vigorous laudation, and develop into conscientious Ministers, Bishops, and Chancellors. They are so elaborately scrupulous that whatever they do has a peculiar grace, and those actions which would be considered as jobs or time-serving in the worldly have a fine moral flavour in their mouths, which gives to any cavil a distinct air of profanity. The world is said to be censorious, and to be too ready to suspect good men of having a touch of the Pecksniff in their compositions. We are more often surprised, we must confess, at the readiness with which a man's own valuation of his merits is generally accepted; but it is true that a certain smouldering disposition to revolt is frequently generated by these irrepressibly virtuous persons.

There is one virtue which is frequently affected by men of this kind. They are given to insisting, with ostentatious humility, upon their admirable candour. The objections to this quality in private life are pretty generally understood. It means a disposition to tell a friend of his faults, not because you want to annoy him, which is pardonable, but because you are anxious to do him good, which, as need hardly be said, is intolerable. The character is a tempting one for purposes of fiction, and has been pretty well worked out by novelists and playwrights. They indeed generally fall into the error of representing the practice as a piece of conscious hypocrisy. Sneer tells Sir Pretful Plagiary of the criticisms which have been directed against him with the comparatively innocent motive of deriving amusement from the irritability of his acquaintance. The more frequent character in real life is the man who really thinks that his unpleasant information will improve his victim. He has been so much accustomed to think of himself as a kind of voluntary missionary to the misguided mass of his fellow-creatures, that he falls into the natural error of believing good advice to be sometimes useful. He has convinced himself, or rather he has unawares adopted the pleasing delusion, that to tell a man to walk due south is not the most probable means of starting him towards the North Pole. It requires unusual force of sympathetic imagination to understand the strange transmutations to which any sentiment will be subjected when it is transferred from your own mind to that of another person; and sympathetic imagination is precisely the quality in which a gentleman exuberantly absorbed in the contemplation of his own virtues is apt to be deficient. There is another form of the virtue, however, which is defended upon more refined principles, and which is perhaps not without its merits when it is genuine—that, namely, which is called intellectual candour. The genuine quality is as useful as it is rare. Nobody can read much of the controversial literature of the day without perceiving that, as a general rule, each side confines itself to the study of its own literature. We should not see a confident opinion about matters in which the ablest men are at variance commended as a virtue in those who are totally unable to appreciate the first conditions of the problems at issue, were it not that each party generally forms a little world of its own, and is as incapable of appreciating the state of mind of its opponents as of entering into the prejudices of the inhabitants of the moon. Mr. Mill somewhere strongly recommends the practice of steadily reading the works of our antagonists; and he has himself given some excellent examples of the advantage of the practice. It has perhaps one recommendation which its advocate did not directly contemplate. A Radical, for example, who only reads Radical literature is apt to become doubtful of his own convictions when he observes how many of the stupidest and most ignorant of mankind entertain them as firmly as himself. It is necessary, in order to restore his self-complacency, that he should plunge for a time into the hostile literature; he will be repaid for the first shock of natural antipathy by the discovery that folly and stupidity are not confined to any side of any question. The frame of mind which is generated by many-sided studies is certainly a desirable one, and it is frequently described by the name of candour. But there is a kind of bastard imitation of the same virtue which is far more common and by no means so estimable. A whole stock of commonplace has been accumulated by the dealers in this commodity about theological and political questions. They are fond of talking about the falsehood of extremes, and have a summary mode of settling all controversies by striking a balance between the most remote opinions. There is something to be said for the ultra-democrat, and something for the bigoted reactionist. Go half way between the two, and you cannot fail of being in the right. In aesthetic and philosophical questions the same kind of opinion calls itself eclecticism; and it is infinitely comfortable to people who dislike the responsibility of striking out an original line for themselves. This

doctrine commends itself very strongly to the earnest-minded person generally; he is anxious to recognise everything which is put forward with due solemnity; and by placing himself at a central point between the various extremes, he can gain at a cheap rate a reputation for large-mindedness and width of sympathy. Moreover he can thus reconcile deep convictions with facility for gradually shifting into any system of opinion that may be convenient. A generous recognition of the good that may be found on all sides is a fine decorous virtue, almost indispensable to the preservation of a high moral tone. When you consider a theory to be altogether wrong you are apt to laugh at it, and the truly earnest man should never laugh.

Now it is as plain that this theory has something in it as it is plain that it is far from being an accurate statement of the truth. If we endeavour to apply the principle of striking an average between extremes to any case in which there is a general agreement of opinion, we at once come upon the most palpable absurdities. One set of philosophers held that the sun went round the earth, and another that the earth went round the sun; and the only mode of reconciling the two opinions is to be found in the answer of that distinguished candidate at a competitive examination who said that it was sometimes one and sometimes the other body which revolved. Or, to leave questions in which the method is obviously inapplicable, we might take some of the political compromises that have been held at different times. For example, there were the theories about toleration. The extremists were absurd enough to say that every creed ought to be tolerated. Locke, though a very enlightened man for his age, felt that this was going a little too far, and, in order to maintain a character for common sense, decided that a line must be drawn somewhere, and drew it at Atholists and Papists. Others adopted a theory conceived in the spirit of that ingenious Cornish jurymen who, when a man was accused on doubtful evidence of poisoning an old woman, remarked that he would "give a month in the debtors' ward." They thought that burning a Dissenter was wrong, but did not object to a reasonable amount of imprisonment. The case indeed was one in which the extremists on one side or the other were obviously right. We must either grant absolute freedom, which is the conclusion generally adopted, or persecute so vigorously as to suppress the heresy. Any number of other cases might easily be suggested in which the choice really lies between one of two diametrically opposed principles; and any kind of compromise, even if advisable in practice for a time, is obviously untenable in theory. Indeed it may be doubted whether this does not more frequently hold true than the opposite. The truth of which the doctrine of the advantage of middle courses seems to be an imperfect expression is in its genuine form of a different nature. It is quite true, and it is highly important to remember, that when any large number of people hold a given opinion, there must be some general cause for it; but it does not at all follow that the cause is that the opinion contains any large element, or even any element whatever, of soundness. Mankind is foolish, and has frequently maintained a passionate belief in degrading superstitions of various kinds for many centuries together. Any such superstition must have had some reason for permanence; that is to say, it must have gratified some moral or intellectual instincts. A satisfactory explanation of the facts to which it refers must explain what was the nature of its influence; but it does not follow that the influence depended even in the very smallest degree upon the truth of the opinions held. It is an easy misapplication of this obvious truth to assume that any two hostile opinions are always complementary, and that a complete theory may be reached by combining them. The method is attractive in proportion to its easiness; but unluckily it will not work. Genuine candour would force us to admit that no theory is sound which does not explain how it came to be generally misunderstood. When we know the real arrangement of the solar system we can easily account for the delusions which retarded its recognition, and it is perfectly easy to understand why toleration has made such slow progress in the world; but it would be the height of absurdity to attempt a discovery of the truth by combining the opposite doctrines. And thus it is well to remember that candour may sometimes compel us to say, not that everybody is more or less right, but that a large part of mankind is hopelessly stupid and ignorant, and has accepted many doctrines because a gross blunder is often much easier than a true solution of a difficulty.

#### M. RÉGNIER AND THE FRENCH STAGE.

THE retirement of that excellent actor, M. Régnier, leaves a void in the dramatic art of his country and of the century. His farewell benefit last week at the Comédie Française was one of those interesting solemnities in which our neighbours excel. Surrounded by his comrades, old and young, by his brethren of the company of the House of Molière, of whom some had been associated with the labours and the triumphs of his earlier years, and some owed their own triumphs to his instructions, he received at the hands of one of the most accomplished and delightful actresses of that illustrious Society the laurel crown of many bloodless victories and of a brilliant career, as the customary and classical expression of public and private esteem for the admirable comedian and the perfect gentleman, whose stainless life had dignified the profession which his talent had adorned. At the comparatively early age of sixty-two, and still in all the fulness of physical

and mental vigour and activity, M. Régnier had for some time past contemplated retreat, not perhaps without a secret reluctance to quit that ideal world in which so many of the best moments of his best years had passed away, but with an increasing impatience of its incessant labours and absorbing preoccupations, and an anxious yearning for the well-earned leisure and freedom and the calm that should accompany declining years. The longevity of actors, and especially of good actors, is proverbial, in spite of late hours, of an unwholesome atmosphere, of constant nervous excitement and fatigue, of the wear and tear of a continual strain upon the memory and imagination and all the faculties of expression and emotion. Probably the professional capability of endurance is due in most instances to a certain indispensable regularity of habit and carefulness in living; and we know that, in itself, hard work, and even the most stimulating and exacting brain work, is by no means incompatible with length of years. Besides, much of the actor's work becomes routine, and if he knows the secret of his craft, he does not suffer the emotion he creates. However this may be, M. Régnier certainly had not the look or the build of a powerful physique; yet few men, in the practice of the most laborious of professions, have gone through so severe a course of unremitting study and exertion as this consummate artist during his forty years of service on the stage. Doubtless his rare intelligence, and a serious passion for his art, have made his labours comparatively light to him; and the critical sympathy of the most discerning audience in the world has perpetually animated and inspired the conscientiousness and sincerity of his efforts. Add to these gifts and graces of an artist ever zealous for perfection the dignity and peace of a happy personal and domestic life, of a perfect fidelity to family affections and to the duties of home, and we have no difficulty in understanding how or why M. Régnier retires at sixty-two, in the fulness of his fame and powers, on the modest and honourable pension of a veteran Sociétaire, attended by the affectionate respect and regret of the whole dramatic profession, whether actors or authors, and by the sympathies of a grateful public. National troubles and disasters delayed the fulfilment of a purpose already formed before the war. But although he has taken leave of the Parisian public and of the Comédie Française, we are not without hope that M. Régnier may play at least a farewell engagement on this side of the Channel. Many old and valued friendships, and a long familiarity with our language and literature, have made England almost his second country, and whether among his professional brethren or in general society he is scarcely less at home in London than in Paris. We have not heard whether he has resigned his Professorship at the Conservatoire, but we trust that neither his love of home and of his library, nor his long-cherished desire to spend a long holiday in Italy—the holiday of one singularly well qualified by taste, study, and feeling to appreciate all the beauties of natural scenery, and to enjoy the feast of antiquity and art—will deprive us of the opportunity of echoing at least his fellow-countrymen's farewell.

When we speak of the unquestioned dramatic pre-eminence of France, we are apt to forget that it only dates from the Restoration, if it did not culminate under the Monarchy of July. From the days of Elizabeth to the days of Victoria the English theatre might always have disputed the palm. Louis Quatorze, as the painters so often remind us, entertained Molière at his private table, and handed him a dish; yet until the Revolution it was difficult for a comedian to obtain Christian burial; and while Garrick was the friend and companion of the great, the learned, and the good, and Voltaire was denouncing the barbarity of Shakspeare, the successors of Molière were social pariahs in France. It was the liberal intellectual movement of the Restoration that gave to the French theatre a superiority which it has ever since maintained. The decadence of dramatic art in England has made that superiority of late more manifest and emphatic, but there can be little doubt that, potentially at least, the French have always possessed in an eminent degree the temperament and genius of dramatic impersonation. Under the old Monarchy one classical theatre had been raised to the dignity of an institution with collegiate privileges; under the Revolution and the Empire the art itself was recognized as a part of the national system of public instruction. A dazzling array of dramatic authors furnished the stage with an entirely new order of tragic and romantic drama, and with a new sentimental comedy of manners and society. The higher liberal education of the *bourgeoisie* provided the authors; the Conservatoire supplied a school of actors; and under these combined influences some fitful flashes of genius that defied instruction from time to time illuminated the scene. Régnier had a glimpse of the life behind the curtain in his childhood, but it was in the earliest years of the Monarchy of July that he entered definitively and decidedly on the serious study of the art and the regular discipline of a professional engagement. Madlle. Mars was still the reigning, though the setting, star at the Comédie Française, and Régnier had the advantage of studying under her subtle and sensitive, and not undiluted, observation, and accepting the inestimable counsels of her exquisite experience. From the first day of his apprenticeship to the day of his last appearance he brought to the cultivation of his art and to the performance of his duties at the theatre all those qualifications which are the true secret of distinction and success in every other profession and pursuit; such as indefatigable diligence, constant attention, perfect trustworthiness, businesslike punctuality, the closest application, the highest sense of honour, and a perfect courtesy and sincerity in all his dealings with his brethren and colleagues. In a word, he respected his art, and his art repaid him

with interest. He had not those advantages of face and figure which some modern actors in the country of Shakspeare appear to consider more than sufficient qualifications for success in the most difficult of arts. But he had education, reading, instruction, conscientiousness, and self-respect, a keen observation of life and character, a sensitive instinct, a vivid versatility, and a masterly sense of the relative value of broad outline and nicety of detail in dramatic characterization. To this combination of gifts and acquirements may be attributed the force and finish of his performances and the confidence of the dramatists in his devotedness and discretion. Some English actors, who are apt to believe that it is as easy to be a comedian as a counterjumper, or a music-hall "droll," and that neither study nor instruction is required if nature has given them the charms of person and the easy assurance which we all admire in a cheap tailor's sheet of fashionable costumes, would do well to learn from the example of Régnier the lesson of respect, not only for what they call their "art," but for their audience. With Régnier his art was not a charade in which the actors and the audience were befooling each other; it was as serious a presentation of ideal or actual life as any work of the painter or the sculptor, as serious in its aims and purposes as any other intellectual communication which addresses itself to the reason or the feelings of mankind.

Is the degeneration of dramatic art in England to be charged to the default of authors or of actors? We will not undertake to answer the question; but this at least is certain—no dramatic author with a spark of self-respect would deliberately write down to the ignorance and the vulgarity of actors who degrade the profession by their impudence, and insult the public by their familiarity. No doubt the decline of the English stage is attributable in some degree to general causes which belong to the age in which we live and to the condition of society; such as the want of a recognized school and standard of the art, the want of a critical public, the nightly irruption of a multitude of itinerant playgoers who demand the coarsest stimulants for jaded nerves and brains, and the patronage of a stupid and sensual plutocracy. But that there are audiences willing and able to appreciate good acting, some exceptions even in London seem to prove. Nor will there be wanting a dramatic literature wherever dramatic art is to be found. Actors and actresses who never think it worth their while to learn to listen as well as to speak intelligently and effectively, to be always *en scène*, to attend as carefully to byplay as to dialogue, and to grasp a character as a whole with some faint attempt at thoroughness of intention and subtlety of insight, will never have a dramatic literature at their service. Now it was precisely in this thoroughness of conception and execution that the surpassing merit of Régnier consisted. Scribe, Jules Sandeau, Émile Augier, Legouvé, Madame de Girardin, and Octave Feuillet, regarded him not only as their interpreter but as their fellow-worker, and never failed to seek his advice and co-operation in preparing their pieces for the stage. The modesty of the actor shrank from assuming the rights and responsibilities of the author; but his contribution to the author's success had always begun before the rehearsals. The range of his repertory was astonishingly wide and various. It was never bounded by the ridiculous categories and classifications which Mr. Dickens ridiculed so exactly in the episode of Mr. Crummles's company. From the Sganarelle and Scapin and Panurge of Molière to the Figaro of Beaumarchais, from Petit Jean in M. Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton* to the parvenu attorney and proprietor, or the old Marquis in M. Sandeau's *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*; from Michonnet, the veteran *régisseur* of the Comédie Française, in M. Scribe and Legouvé's *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, to Noël, the faithful old servant, in Madame de Girardin's *La Joie fait Peur*; from the dignified father in M. Émile Augier's *Gabrielle* to the disreputable brother in his *Aventurière*; he touched at will, and with equal power, the whole gamut of human passion, sentiment, and humour. He did not make a speciality of "character parts," but every part he acted became as distinct a character in the recollection of his audiences as any living person in real life. The evanescence of an actor's reputation, the sudden silence of oblivion that falls upon his name from the moment when he makes his last bow to the public, has often excited the commiseration of moralists. But Régnier will certainly not be forgotten so long as France possesses a national theatre. In that sanctuary of the dramatic art he has made himself a lasting monument and a perennial tradition. And if the actor and creator of so many parts which have become classics could be forgotten, the master and professor would survive in the pupils who will perpetuate his example, and be the strength and ornament of the French stage for many years to come, when his earlier contemporaries have one after the other made their final exit.

#### THE VOLUNTARY CHOIR.

IN the course of the famous visit of Mr. Spectator to Sir Roger de Coverley in his country-house he was informed by the worthy knight that, with the view of introducing decorum into the worship of his fellow-parishioners he had given every one of them a hassock and a prayer book, "and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which," adds the essayist, "they very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the country choruses that I have ever heard." Whatever he might think of the hassock and the prayer-book, the most conservative of country parsons would smile nowadays at the musical efforts of Sir Roger and

the Coverley psalm-singers. Yet it is odd to remember that hardly thirty years ago Tate and Brady still ruled supreme over every congregation, that charity children screamed in every gallery, and that every village had its "flute, violin, bassoon." The great revolutions of history, said a wise man, are the revolutions which nobody notices; but there is something startling in the unconsciousness with which the ecclesiastical world has looked on at the revolution which has been, and is still being, wrought by the Voluntary Choir. It has altered the very look of almost every church, it has demolished galleries and created choir-stalls, it has carried reform into the Liturgy and brevity into the sermon, it has added the "choral curate" to the staff of the clergy, and modified the whole parochial system by the rise of a new lay order with an organization, tradition, tendency, and literature of its own. Nor are the changes it has effected purely ecclesiastical. In its victory over the parish clerk, and its expulsion of the local musicians from the gallery, it has abolished one of the most picturesque elements of village society. In a moral and religious point of view, no doubt much was to be said for the change. Harmonious as was the link which the "flute, violin, bassoon" formed between the church and the alehouse, it was slightly perhaps unecclesiastical; and to the new and more zealous order of the clergy there was something vexatious in their steady habit of adjourning from the front gallery to the tap of the "Red Lion." Their musical temper, too, was of a narrow and conservative order, while their repertory of tunes was somewhat florid and secular in character. Now, however, that they have utterly vanished we can afford a few useless regrets. If, as is so confidently asserted, "we English are not a musical people," we could ill afford to lose the one musical element of our common village life. However rough and imperfect its form may have been, the group round the clerk certainly succeeded in drawing out in some sort the vocal or instrumental capacities of the village tinkor, and preserved after its fashion a tradition of part-singing. Even if the alehouse tap was no very desirable concert-room, their rendering of a few simple carols or madrigals was a better thing for the taste of farmer or ploughboy than no rendering of them at all. Nor is this all the price we have paid for our modern advance in church music. A new "woman's question" has been introduced into religious politics. The almost universal flight of the new choirs from the gallery to the chancel has done much to effect the expulsion of women from all share in church song, and the growing tendency towards "surpliced choirs" will do more. We have heard from eccentric quarters some bold proposals for the creation of an order of singing women draped in dove-coloured cloaks, but, so far as actual experience goes, the victory of the boy chorister is complete. It is amusing enough that at the moment when woman is knocking at the door of every profession and preparing to storm her way into Parliament, she should be driven ignominiously from the choir-stalls.

Our business, however, is not with such great matters as social changes or woman's questions, but with the choir itself. Of all the many elements of a parish, it is at once the most indispensable and the most embarrassing. Few parsons can do without it, and still fewer can get on with it. Many a vicar dates the troubles of his reign from the hapless day when it strikes the fancy of some attached devotee that "the service is dull and wants a little brightening." A crowd of commonplaces are soon at hand to enforce the casual suggestion; music is the predominant taste of the day, a crowd of musical laymen are eager to aid in the worship of the church, the "voluntary" character of the choir removes all fear of expense, while increased offertories and congregations would certainly accompany "more attractive" services. The parson listens, and is lost. He finds the mere getting a choir together no such easy matter, while the keeping them together requires the patience of an angel combined with the diplomacy of a Talleyrand. The girls of his National School become suddenly useless to him, and his boy choristers are no sooner put in training than they require pay. A supplementary boy choir has to be provided as a security against the epidemics of cough and cold which periodically rage on the eve of high festivals, and this again requires fresh "practices" and fresh pay. The musical ardour of the lay world vanishes on closer acquaintance. Bases are pretty easy to get, and for the most part comfortable and regular when you have got them. Tenors are scarcer in the market, and proportionally coy. They make conditions about attendance, refer to the delicacy of their throat, and refuse to turn out in an east wind. Altos are only to be found after a rigorous investigation of the neighbouring drapers' shops, and the vicar soon learns that they know their value. It is a little bothering to have to waste coaxing and blandishments on a beardless young draper; but there is no help for it, for altos are as scarce as they are indispensable. But preliminary troubles such as these are little in comparison with the troubles which begin as soon as the choir is really formed. "The musical temper," we are told, "is one of extreme sensitiveness," and the choir vestry becomes at once a hotbed of petty jealousies and misunderstandings. The church-goer in the pews, as he sees the white surplices stream quietly into the stalls, has no notion of the *mauvais quart d'heure* which the vicar has been spending before service began. The alto is sulking because there is no solo for him in the anthem. The leading choir-boy has chosen to play pitch-and-toss in the rain, and has appeared voiceless with a sore throat. The bases make their joint protest against the pace at which the precentor takes the responses. The tenor is late as usual, and appears, hot and angry, only just in time to join the procession. At the last moment it is discovered that there is a

mistake about the hymns, or the organist suddenly announces that something is the matter with the diapason. But the parson has long ago found out that the dimensions of the choir are far more tolerable than its harmony. Quarrel as they may among themselves, they are one as against the world without. They pique themselves on their *esprit de corps*. They are fond of acting in concert, of joint representations, suggestions, remonstrances, secessions. Every hint of opposition to their projects is met by a polite offer to retire—"in a body." The thought of a possible array of empty stalls and a humiliating fall back on "congregational music" generally suffices to reduce the parson to obedience. Every Sunday sees some new proof of his subjection. The old hymn-books are exchanged for new. The performers declare it to be impossible to remain in the gallery, and descend into the choir. The vicar has hardly succeeded in calming the Protestant susceptibilities of his district-visitors when a pressure is put upon him for surplices. Little by little he is driven from response to response, and forced to surrender the whole service to his musical coadjutors. A short fight ends in his utter rout on the subject of anthems. The service which he had fondly hoped to "brighten" has become a blaze of musical glory, but the glory is a little oppressive and overwhelming. The choral revolution has lengthened the services till the unhappy minister, with a consciousness of being "irregular," is forced to shelve the Litany, to play tricks with the closing Collects, and to cut down his sermon to a quarter of an hour.

It is clear that a revolution of this sort can hardly go on without producing some effect on a congregation, and the effect it usually produces is like that of Medea's cauldron. An air of rejuvenescence spreads over the pews. The "old attendant" insensibly vanishes. The doctor, who has no ear, slams his pew door in a rage, and takes a sitting at Little Bethel. The quiet parish simmers with a Protestant agitation which is constantly refreshed by secessions at every new anthem. On the other hand, young faces appear in aisle and gallery. If the grocer goes, the grocer's boy takes his place. The deaf old lady who shakes her head violently in mute protest at the chorister lads is elbowed and giggled out of her seat by a row of young milliners. The parson consoles himself for the flight of "the old familiar faces" by the thought that he is laying hold of the new generation. He winks at the increase of flirtations, and congratulates the choir on the "popularity" of the services. The choir accept the congratulation of the parson as they accept the smiles of the young milliners, but they enter a strong protest against the grocer's boy. It is impossible that the anthem can "go well" if that musical young person persists in singing the treble part in a fine rolling bass. They comment with the same severity on a growing tendency among the congregation to "join in" with a variety of "fancy tenors" and "second trebles." The parson blushes guiltily as he remembers the exhortations he has so often addressed to his flock from the pulpit on the subject of "a hearty service," and discovers that "a hearty service" means the silence of everybody save the choir. But before he can hint prudence to the grocer's boy, he finds himself in a sea of clerical troubles. The old-fashioned curate who, after long reluctance, has been wheedled into attempting a monotone, shrinks abashed before the complications of versicles and response. A distant threat of the adoption of "Tallis" on some high festival drives him to resignation. It is necessary to look out for a choral curate, and in process of time the choral curate appears. He is generally a nice fellow, good-humoured in the vestry, useless in the parish, and helpless in the pulpit. He wears his hair parted down the middle, and carries a little pitch-pipe in his pocket. His voice is delightful and his musical enthusiasm all that can be desired. The young milliners declare him "a love," and the choir listen with deference to his criticisms, till the criticisms fall upon themselves. The young curate piques himself on his taste; he pronounces the chants "florid," and the general execution of the responses "rough." He sneers at the famous "Gloria" from the Twelfth Mass on which the choir so especially pride themselves, and wonders how any reasonable being could attribute "such a thing" to Mozart. He insists on a return to "old church music," and strews the choir-stalls with Purcell and Boyce. The practice grows stricter, and the tenor is pulled sharply up in the middle of a solo, and convinced by the little pitch-pipe that he is flat. The choir-master finds his vocation suddenly taken from him, and the organist resigns in a huff. It is necessary that the vicar should again appear on the stage with a policy of conciliation. A choir supper brings peace to the troubled world of music. The organist pledges the choral curate in the vicar's champagne. The tenor forgets his woes, and is coaxed into repeating his favourite verse in "Forget thee! never!" The choir-master makes a speech to prove that harmony is "as necessary among gentlemen as among gentlemen's voices," and everybody shakes hands all round. But the oddest thing in the vicar's discovery that in the choir's opinion harmony has been disturbed by nobody but himself, and that it is only in a spirit of forgiveness and self-sacrifice that they are quaffing his champagne.

He turns for comfort to the offertories, but the increase in his offertories is met by a crowd of expenses. The parson finds that an unpaid choir is almost as expensive a luxury as a paid one. The cost of his boys has tripled. Surplices are not made or kept clean for nothing. The appearance of the choir in the chancel brings a carpenter's bill for choir-stalls. Then comes a little account from Novello's for "pointed psalters" and service-books. The organist drops in with a little bill for "new

anthems," and politely suggests that the increase of work must be met by a rise in salary. The organ itself, however sufficient for plain singing, becomes wheezy and recalcitrant when called on for voluntaries and accompaniments. But the vicar has no sooner drained his pocket for new bellows and a new swell, than he is called on to transfer it bodily from the gallery to the choir. The choral curate, agreeable as he is, is useless in "Dirt Alley," and it is requisite to double the clerical staff in order to provide for the spiritual necessities of the parish at large. The parson looks a little grim when a load of debt is added to the growls of his parishioners and the worries of the choir-vestry. Sometimes he throws up the cards in despair, and falls back on a simple "Dearly Beloved." Sometimes he takes refuge in a "Gregorian choir." The Gregorian choir is the lowest form of musical life which has yet been discovered; but, like the lower forms of life in the animal world, it requires little nutriment, and has a wonderful vitality. Any voice will do for it, if the voice is loud enough; and knowledge of music is useless in the face of a notation where four lines and square-headed crotchets are equally picturesque and unintelligible. All notion of time is openly abandoned, and tune resolves itself into a wild and formless howl at the close of each versicle. There is a large opportunity for "free singing," of which the grocer's boy and the milliner's apprentices gladly avail themselves. The effect perhaps is more curious than pleasant; but then the cost is very little. There is always a volunteer organist, who, as he cannot quite read his notes, is anxious to play "variations," and "variations" are supposed to be the proper accompaniment to Gregorian tones. As there is no sort of melody in the introits and versicles, the shyest curate has no great fear of going either right or wrong. As a rule, the young fellows in the choir are thoroughly satisfied with themselves and their stentorian exertions. But if any little storm rises the remedy is easy. "Walk 'em, sir," replied a sagacious churchwarden, when consulted by his parson how to appease a Gregorian choir, "and if they're still stubborn, walk 'em more." The one infallible specific in fact against permanent discontent is a procession. To pace slowly up and down an aisle with hands clasped before them to the vague and fitful sounds of an "ancient hymn," is a temptation which Gregorian choirs find it impossible to resist. If a short procession fails, it is easy to try a long one. Mutineers who have held out against a single turn up the aisle have been known to give way easily before they had been fairly walked round the body of the church. It is true that the remedy is a shade ridiculous, but a wise vicar will walk gravely in the rear, and as he sees peace spreading over the ranks before him, will pocket the ridicule. A far harder thing is to pocket the meritorious exertions of the choir itself. But at the moment of keenest musical suffering it is still possible for the parson to sacrifice his own instincts to the taste of the public, and to congratulate himself that the Church has discovered a new bulwark in the Voluntary Choir.

#### THE SAVINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

FOREIGNERS who write books about English ways of life almost invariably express their astonishment at the wastefulness and extravagance which they observe among all classes of our countrymen, and especially among the labouring population. An ordinary middle-class man or artisan in France or Germany would be miserable unless he arranged his expenditure so that there should be a safe margin between what he spent and what he earned. He feels bound to make provision, not only for his own old age, but for his children, so that they may get a good start in the world, that his girls may have a dowry, however small, and his sons a little sum to help them in business. Indeed he probably expects, if things have gone at all well with him, that he will himself be able to give up work before he is incapacitated by the infirmities of age. It must be acknowledged that in England such providence is rare. An Englishman of the same rank, as a rule, sticks to his work as long as he is able, makes as much money as he can, and spends it as fast as he makes it. At the most, he has perhaps subscribed to some Society which will support him when he is actually disabled by sickness, accident, or advancing years, or he has made some little assurance for his family at his death. But for the rest he is dependent on his earnings week by week, and his children must shift for themselves as he did before them. An English shopkeeper, clerk, or mechanic would be equally amazed and amused at the notion of saving up, so that at fifty or thereabouts he might be able to retire from work on a modest independence. To a Frenchman or German the habits of our working classes seem to involve a double waste. There is, first, the waste of labour which might be spared, and of time which might be devoted to repose or recreation. And, next, there is the waste of money which is squandered on evanescent or doubtful enjoyments, instead of being frugally laid by in order to secure exemption from labour and anxiety in after life, and to smooth the way of the young people. The extravagant spendings of English working-men are at their height in the households of the iron-puddlers, or of first-class miners during a brisk season, when four or five pounds a week are literally swallowed in feasting and dissipation; but even among the poorest there are possibilities of economy which are apt to be ignored. It is impossible to deny the extreme wretchedness of large classes of our population, both in the towns and in the country, and anything which can be done to improve their condition must

be welcomed as a step towards redressing what is at once a national scandal and a social danger. It may be doubted, however, whether a rise in wages, however good in itself, would be more than a temporary palliative, unless accompanied by a change in the improvident and reckless habits of the people. Whatever stimulates their independence and self-respect will be a gain in this respect; but to exchange dependence on an employer for the slavery of the Union is at the best a small and questionable advantage. Genuine independence is to be found only in those habits of thrift and frugality which provide for the future as well as for the present, and secure a safe margin between expenditure and earnings.

It would of course be absurd to blame the working classes as if improvidence were exclusively their fault. Their wastefulness and extravagance are mainly the product of similar habits among other classes, from whose superior education and enlightenment a better example might reasonably be expected. A simpler mode of life, a better understanding of what political economists mean when they talk of reproductive expenditure, among the upper and middle classes, would have its effect upon those below them. Perhaps the best way to encourage people to live within their means is to provide facilities for the safe and profitable investment of their savings. How far it is expedient that the State should make this its business directly is a question on which opinions differ; but it will at least be admitted that the State, if it interferes at all, is bound to take care that its interference shall not, on the one hand, obstruct voluntary enterprise, or, on the other hand, convey a false impression as to the responsibility of the State for the security of the speculations which it takes under its supervision. Hence the importance of the questions which are now being investigated by the Royal Commission on Friendly and Benefit Building Societies. The Commissioners have not yet published the evidence which they have collected in regard to the working of the Friendly Societies; but there can be little doubt that a large number of these associations are in a very precarious, and some of them in an absolutely insolvent, condition, and that the working classes have been induced to part with their savings—in the aggregate an enormous sum—to ignorant or unscrupulous speculators, who have been trading on the Government certificate that was supposed to guarantee the financial soundness of the Societies to which it was granted. In point of fact, the Registrar certified merely that there was nothing illegal in the rules which he approved; but he had no authority to speak as an actuary, or to investigate the financial constitution of the Societies which came before him. In many instances Friendly Societies are based on false actuarial calculations that must necessarily bring them to ruin, the rate of subscriptions which they require at different ages being insufficient to meet the liabilities which will subsequently arise; in other cases the cost of management eats up the revenues, or perhaps the managers cook the accounts and pocket the plunder. It is obvious that the longer these rotten or fraudulent associations are allowed to exist the more numerous will be the list of victims, and the greater will be the injury inflicted on a class of the community who on every ground are entitled to sympathy and protection. At the same time, it is natural that there should be strong interests opposed to a thorough investigation which must end in an exposure of insolvency, and possibly of malpractices into the bargain. There are the people who are now making a good thing for themselves out of speculations which would instantly collapse if the light were let in upon them, and who perhaps may also have more to dread than a mere loss of income; then there are the members who trust that their Society will at least last their time, and who would prefer to have the deluge postponed for the benefit of the next generation; and there is also a good deal of false pride and perverse jealousy on the part of the working classes, who are not indisposed to resent any interference with their concerns as intrusions, if not oppressive. Now that the Commissioners ask for further powers to push their inquiries to the bottom, we may expect to find an outcry raised against the proposed inquiry. "We have had," they tell us, "occasionally to receive evidence of which, we fear, none of those who heard it could doubt the deliberate falseness; we have failed in many cases to elicit that which we believe would have been important; and we have been compelled to leave almost untouched a whole line of inquiry"—as to burial clubs and their influence on infanticide for the sake of fees, we suppose—"of which the evidence of Mr. Aspinall, the Coroner for Liverpool, may show the significance, but which, as involving criminal charges, could not be adequately carried out without powers of compulsion and powers of indemnity." It is due to the working classes, as well as to justice, that these inquiries should not be broken off in this manner.

For the present the Commissioners have confined their reports to the subject of Building Societies, which are supported by the middle, as well as by the working, classes. There is reason to fear that there may be unsoundness in some of the speculations of this kind, where the borrowed capital is excessive in proportion to genuine assets; and there can be no doubt that there is a serious inconsistency between the operations of most of these Societies and the law as it now stands. The Societies have, in fact, quite outgrown the law. Instead of being small local associations to assist working-men in the construction of cottages, they have become corporations of great magnitude dealing with vast sums of money. It is estimated—for exact returns cannot be procured—that there are 2000 Building Societies now in existence in England and Wales, the total number of members being upwards of a million, with a subscribed capital of over 9,000,000, a loan and 60-



paid capital of over 6,000,000, total assets to the amount of 17,000,000, mortgage advances over 15,000,000, and a yearly income of more than 11,000,000. One Society has nearly 17,000 members, another 10,000, and so on. The income of a single Society is over a million and a half. So great is the confidence of the public in these enterprises that many of them have reduced the rate of interest to four, and even three, per cent. in order to check the influx of deposits which still come flowing in. In various districts the banks find it difficult to compete with them. We hear of single advances, not only of thousands, but of twenty and thirty thousand pounds, being made by Building Societies, sometimes on the security of mills and factories; and there seems to be no doubt that they have become to a large extent middle-class organizations. On the other hand, the Commissioners report that the Societies still do business mainly with the working classes, or with a class only slightly superior to them in station. In Birmingham, in Ashton-under-Lyne, and elsewhere, they have greatly encouraged the construction of houses for the working and lower middle classes. The statistics of these Societies show that, notwithstanding our national reputation for improvidence, there is yearly an enormous sum in the shape of savings seeking a safe investment; and also that the people cannot be said to be altogether divorced from the soil when we find that they are, through the Building Societies, in possession of land equal to the area of several counties, as owners, lessees, or mortgagees. It is evident from the operations of these associations that there is no difficulty in purchasing large or small estates, if a sufficient price is offered. The question being whether the Building Societies should be cut down to fit the law, or the law expanded so as to adapt it to their developed condition, the Commissioners recommend that the latter alternative should be followed. They think that the exemption of stamp duty on mortgages should be limited to securities for sums not exceeding 200*l.*; that the privilege of priority against the estates of deceased debtors should be abolished; that the borrowing powers should be limited to two-thirds of the total value of the amounts for the time being secured on mortgage; that the system of registration should be improved so as to secure uniformity, and to allow of a discretion as to certifying; and that some other modifications should be made in the existing law. Building Societies will, on the whole, gain rather than lose by these changes, and all doubts as to their position will be removed.

#### MODERN PROPHECIES.

WE called attention about a twelvemonth ago to a little work of Dr. Döllinger's on Prophecies of the Christian Era, ranging from the first ages of the Church to the Reformation. But it must not be supposed that the passion for peering curiously into the future, which seems to be an ineradicable instinct of humanity, has died out since then, or that the demand has ceased to create a supply. The second-eight of which Sir Walter Scott has told us so much, and many of the best authenticated dreams and ghost stories—only that unfortunately they always reach us at second hand—bear witness to the persistent desire of mankind to pierce the veil, and to their robust faith, in spite of all former disappointments, in the possibility of gratifying it. Indeed the very use of the word "prophet," which has come in ordinary apprehension to be simply identified with seer, or foreteller of the future, is a significant indication of this. In Latin the same word is employed for prophet and poet, and the Greek term *prophētēs*, so largely employed in the Septuagint and the New Testament, does not, strictly speaking, mean a foreteller of coming events at all. Liddell and Scott rightly translate it, "one who speaks for another," and especially "one who speaks for God"—an "interpreter"—and give as its New Testament sense "an interpreter of Scripture, a preacher." This is also, of course, its Old Testament sense. The Jewish Prophets were the interpreters of God's will, or preachers to the people; their predictive or "prophetic" function, as we have come to limit the sense of the word, was entirely subordinate to this. When Dr. Newman styled one of his early Anglican works *Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church*, he was as accurate as he always is in his choice of language. But we make not the least doubt that nine-tenths of ordinary Christians, and probably a good many Christian ministers, if they were asked who the Prophets were, would reply at once, without any hesitation, that they were persons who foretold future events; so completely has that one incident of the function which they discharged in the Jewish Church ousted all the rest from the popular mind. And the enormous multiplication of the prophets of Israel who "with one mouth declared"—that is, predicted—"good things unto the king," but who do not seem to have greatly concerned themselves about any moral or spiritual instruction, shows that this one-sided estimate of the prophetic office is by no means of merely modern growth.

We have observed that the stream of Christian prophecy by no means dried up at the Reformation, while there are, moreover, many predictions of an earlier date still eagerly awaited, as being unfulfilled, or only partially fulfilled. Many of these, which are just now popular amongst Legitimist and Ultramontane circles in France, had reference to a *Messiahic* figure, who has sometimes been identified with the First or Second Napoleon, and is of course now supposed to be the Count of Chambord, though the circumstance of his being sometimes described as a

young prince" rather complicates that application. With the great King was usually associated a great Pope, who is called in the prophetic catalogue ascribed to St. Malachy, which is really about three centuries old, *Pontifex Angelicus*. The monk of Orval, who died in the middle of the sixteenth century, and whose written prophecies were buried with him, but were dug up in 1793, and afterwards published—whether with or without being tampered with it is now impossible to say—adds some further particulars. According to him, three great Kings—whom the *Times* Correspondent the other day specified as the Czar, the King of England, and a German Prince—are to be converted to Catholicism, and two island nations also are to embrace the true faith. This is indeed a favourite topic of these later seers, and a famous vision, said to have been related by Edward the Confessor on his deathbed, is interpreted in the same sense. He saw, we are told, a green tree, representing England, cut down and moved to a distance of three furlongs from its own root, after which it was replaced. This is explained to refer to the separation of England from Catholic unity for the space of three centuries, and therefore to point to its speedy conversion. Still more elaborate was the prophecy of St. Hildegard, who lived in the twelfth century, and foretold that "in distant ages the Christian nations would very generally depart from the fear of God, wars would increase and become more destructive, vast multitudes would perish by the sword, and many cities be destroyed; but, at last, mankind, purified through heavy tribulations, would return to the practice of the laws of Holy Church." The language, as so often happens in such cases, is sufficiently vague, but it no doubt lends itself readily to the antecedents and outbreak of the Reformation and the religious wars which followed in its wake. The prophetess goes on to describe the reign of righteousness and peace which shall follow the repentance of the nations and usher in the Second Advent, partly in language derived from Isaiah, and the conversion of the Jews. A century and a half later St. Gertrude expatiated in more general terms on the glory reserved for the latter days of the Church. Far more explicit are the predictions of the hermit Bartholomew Holtzhäuser, nearer our own day, who foretold in detail the reunion of Greeks and Latins, the return of England and Germany to Catholic unity, the fall of the Turkish Empire, and that "all idolatry and unbelief shall be rooted out, and the nations enjoy a general peace, while all arts and sciences shall be brought to perfection, and the promises of the inspired Prophets of the Old Testament receive their full accomplishment." There are strange stories of predictions of the kind current even in our own days. Our readers may like to have one specimen. We extract it from a work published some years ago by a Roman Catholic gentleman who is still living. He was travelling in Wales at the time, and, in the course of conversation with the priest at whose chapel he had been hearing mass, asked him whether he thought England would ever again become Catholic:—

The good priest said with much earnestness that he believed it would. And he added a most remarkable history that tended to confirm his opinion. About a hundred and fifty years before that time there was a saintly Catholic gardener in that very town, who was a man of extraordinary virtue and prayer; indeed his life was one continued prayer, and next to his own sanctification no object occupied so prominent a place in his multiplied petitions to the throne of grace as the return of his own dear country England to the unity of the Catholic Church. One morning, three years before his happy death, he had received the holy communion, and all at once he was rapt in spirit, and Jesus, whom in the sacrament of His love he had just received, manifested Himself to His humble servant, and with a sweet and gracious aspect said to him, "My son, I have heard your prayer so often poured out before me; I will have mercy upon England." At these words, the poor gardener, overwhelmed with gratitude, exclaimed: "When, Lord, oh! when?" "Not now," replied our Saviour; "but when England shall build as many churches as she destroyed at the change of religion, and when she shall restore and beautify the remainder."

The narrator of the tale proceeds to quote a contemporary authority—he was writing in 1857—to the effect that about three thousand churches have been restored and nearly two thousand new churches built in Great Britain during the present century, and he considers that there is "a mysterious relation between the facts and the prediction."

The prophecies we have mentioned chiefly concern the fortunes of the Church, and indeed there are few of the mediæval predictions, many of which emanated from monks and nuns, which have not a religious bearing, though they often include political references also, and especially where Rome, the home both of an ecclesiastical and a civil secular sovereignty, is concerned. There are also many vaticinations about Paris, which was looked on as the second centre of Latin Christendom, and these seem still to be exerting a perceptible influence, if we may credit recent statements as to personages of high family in France who hold aloof from the capital at this moment from dread of being involved in its imminent destruction. Still more frequent, as is natural, are the predictions about Antichrist, who, according to some authorities, is to be born of the union between a Jew and a Mahometan. It would be interesting to examine how far many modern and Christian prophecies may be traced to a Pagan source. The Christian apologists of the early centuries, as is well known, invariably recognized a genuine prophetic element in Paganism, as well as in Judaism, and boldly appealed to it. And Alexander insists that, as "Christianity is the end to which all development of the religious consciousness necessarily tended," they were fully justified in doing so. But then he also admits that, with their lack of critical taste or skill, they made many mistakes, especially in using all sorts of spurious or interpolated writings which passed under high-sounding mythical names, as of the Grecian

Trismegistus or the Egyptian Thoth; and it seems that Christian as well as Jewish writers freely interpolated the Sibylline oracles themselves. Celsus at least publicly reproached them with doing so, and Origen could only answer that the earlier Sibylline writings were also full of interpolations. The tendency to fabricate predictions and the tendency to credit them, which necessarily react on one another, spring in fact from a common source. It is easy to classify the prophets and their disciples as knaves and fools, and a generation or two ago such a rough and ready classification would have passed current in educated society as exhaustive. There are no doubt still persons who regard Swedenborg and Joanna Southcott as mere vulgar impostors, and their followers, past or present, as idiots or stark mad. But psychology and history alike rebel against this process of coarse rationalizing. It is very doubtful if any impostor ever gained a following who was not at least half an enthusiast, and it is certain that nine-tenths of the followers in such cases are much more of enthusiasts than of fools. The feverish hankering after a knowledge of futurity may be as irrational as the ready credence accorded to any one who offers to satisfy it is often purely superstitious, but denunciation will do little to dispel a curiosity which repeated disappointment seems wholly powerless to diminish. It was just as unreasonable to feel an exceptional dread about the result of the Prince of Wales's illness on the anniversary of his father's death, and an exceptional sense of hopefulness when the day was over; yet we suspect that not one in ten even of the educated classes was altogether exempt from such a feeling, and we should be quite prepared to learn that it was shared by the Royal Family themselves. How many persons are there of sound digestion and well-stored mind, and not exclusively ladies, who will never, if they can help it, start on a journey on a Friday or sit down thirteen to dinner! Yet this is much more irrational than to attach some weight to a prediction, not in itself absurd, coming from a man of apparently saintly character who believes himself to be inspired from above. And belief is of course more natural, though not therefore more reasonable, when the prophecy happens to jump with a surmise or a wish of our own. Archbishop Laud was not perhaps a wise politician; but he was certainly very far indeed from being a visionary or a fool; yet he attached what now seems to us a ridiculous importance to his dreams, and was not ashamed to avow it. It is the privilege of a well-regulated mind to regard all such matters with a lofty indifference, but we are not sure that the privilege may not be too dearly purchased. Man is not only "a rational animal," as the logic manuals tell us, and according to the deduction drawn by the same authorities, "a cooking animal," but he also possesses what Bishop Butler rather unceremoniously designates "the froward and delusive faculty" of imagination, which plays to the full as important a part in the mental development of most men as the reason. And as long as that "delusive faculty" holds its place, there will always be plenty of men and women, who are neither knaves nor fools, so organized as to have a capacity for seeing visions and dreaming dreams, and a vastly greater number eager to listen to their tale, and more than half inclined to believe it.

#### THE MARTYRED HORRY.

INCIDENTS occasionally occur which make one wonder how much longer the criminal law will bear the strain of that sickly sentiment and morbid sympathy with criminals which seems to be continually on the increase. What with the mad doctors on the one hand, and the madder philanthropists on the other, it appears to be becoming continually more difficult to get the law enforced. A French writer, discussing a proposal to abolish capital punishments, remarked that he thought it was an excellent idea, but it was for the murderers to set the example—"Abolissions la peine de mort, mais que messieurs les assassins commencent." It is a curious trait of modern philanthropy that its fullest sympathy and most affectionate attentions should be devoted to those who prey upon and destroy their species. There seems to be a considerable body of people who, when a man kills another, yearn over the murderer as the hapless victim of an accidental misfortune. They compete with each other in their efforts to persuade him not to distress himself too much about it, and strain every nerve to render the formalities of justice as mild and innocuous as possible. A few weeks ago a young man named Lennard was sentenced to death for the murder of another man. He was recommended to mercy on account of his youth, but the Home Secretary, having carefully inquired into the matter, and consulted with the judge, decided that the law ought to take its course. One of the members for Leeds took up the case, and the Home Secretary reconsidered the question, but adhered to his former view. Upon this Mr. Wheelhouse "went to the Rev. E. Jackson of St. James's, and urged him to send by telegraph a remonstrance against the impending execution." Mr. Jackson did so, and the result was that the Home Secretary immediately telegraphed back that he had determined to reprieve Lennard. Thus a decision which had been deliberately formed after mature consideration and consultation with the proper authorities was withdrawn by the Home Secretary, on the eve of the execution, merely because he happened to receive a telegram from a clergyman saying that he thought it a pity the man should be hanged. An eminent dignitary of the Church once signed a memorial praying that the life of a girl who had murdered

her mother under circumstances of peculiar atrocity should be spared, and the reason he gave was that he thought the murderer would make an excellent Sunday School teacher. We do not know what Lennard's gifts may be in that way; but if it is to be understood that capital sentences are to be cancelled whenever a murderer can get a tender-hearted clergyman to send a shilling telegram on his behalf to the Home Secretary, we are afraid very few sentences of that nature will be carried into execution. Even Madlle. Dixblanc need not despair; if she only shows herself to be sufficiently edified by the new views of life presented to her mind since she locked up her mistress's body in the coal cellar, and especially by the exhortations of the gaol chaplain, she will find herself an object of more affectionate interest and gushing admiration than she could ever have expected had she refrained from strangling her employer. A straw will break the camel's back, and poor Mr. Bruce no doubt felt in Lennard's case that the point had been reached at which he could no longer endure the pressure that was brought to bear upon him. It is obvious, however, that this is not the way to maintain the dignity of the law and the confidence of the public in its administration.

It is difficult to say whether it is more demoralizing that murderers should be reprieved in order to gratify weak-minded busy-bodies whose hearts are as soft as their heads, or that the law should take its course in order that the victims may be afterwards glorified as "martyrs." A "demonstration" has lately taken place at Burslem in Staffordshire which illustrates in a remarkable manner the state of mind into which it is possible for people to work themselves when they once give way to false sentiment and maudlin tenderness. It is stated in the local papers that about one hundred and fifty or two hundred of the inhabitants walked in procession to the parish church "to show their appreciation of the late W. F. Horry," and a funeral sermon was "kindly preached" by the rector. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with thousands of people. The church was also crowded with a respectable congregation, many shed tears, and the preacher himself was "almost choked with emotion." A funeral card was issued, "Sacred to the Memory of William Frederick Horry," &c., winding up with a statement that Horry was held in the highest respect at Burslem for his "sterling qualities," that he died "as a man, a Christian, and a martyr," and "was more sinned against than sinning—peace be to his manes!" Any one who happened to read the account of these proceedings without being acquainted with the late Mr. W. F. Horry's career would naturally be led to the conclusion that he had perished in some noble act of heroism and self-sacrifice for the good of mankind; he might perhaps have been a missionary bishop murdered by savages, a village Hampden who had succumbed to local persecution, a dauntless physician who had fallen a prey to the pestilence against which he was contending. There are many respectable persons who are not honoured with the "highest respect" of their fellow-townsmen, and it is reasonable to suppose that this is reserved for a very high type of character. A candid inquirer whose curiosity had been aroused by these eulogiums, and who had observed that reference was made to a recent trial, would naturally turn to the reports of the trial which appeared in the newspapers to see whether they threw any light on the subject. He would then learn that Horry once kept a tavern in Burslem and married the barmaid. Last year, however, his wife, of whom he was violently jealous, left him and sought his father's protection. She was living at his father's house at Boston in January last when Horry sought an interview with her. He went armed with a five-chambered revolver, and when her back was turned, as she led the way from one room to another, he shot her dead. He had purchased the pistol two days previously, all the chambers were loaded, and there was no doubt that the crime was deliberate and premeditated. It was stated that Horry had been in the habit of drinking to excess. Two or three years ago he had more than one attack of *delirium tremens*, and since then he had been frequently observed to be excited and wild in manner. It was also remarked that he drank deeply, and that "he was shaky" and had twitchings of the mouth and other marks of a confirmed drunkard. After the murder he was offered a little brandy, but he refused it, saying, "No, I have had enough of that; I have been drunk on it for the last six weeks." He had told his brother that his wife had been unfaithful, and had mentioned different names in connexion with the matter. He had also consulted a lawyer with a view to taking proceedings in the Divorce Court. The only defence set up for him by his counsel was that by drinking and jealousy he was so overpowered as to be unable to control his actions. Dr. Tuke's theory of a "paroxysm of motive" had not yet been invented, or we should no doubt have heard of it in this instance. Mr. Justice Quain, who tried the case, remarked that it was a very painful one, but the jury were bound to see that the law was vindicated, and society protected. It was probable, he added, that Horry was convinced of his wife's infidelity, and it appeared that he was in the habit of drinking; but jealousy and drunkenness were no excuse. When the jury returned a verdict of guilty, the judge said that it was impossible they could arrive at any other conclusion. Horry was sentenced to death, and in this instance the sentence was carried out.

It appears, therefore, that the "Christian martyr" for whom Burslem cherishes "the highest respect" which it is capable of feeling, was a drunken publican, who drank himself into delirium, and killed his wife in a fit of jealousy. Whether there was any ground for his jealousy we cannot say, but it appears that his

father at least disbelieved his story, and gave the poor woman the shelter of his roof. Even assuming that his suspicions were well founded, it need hardly be pointed out that Horry should have had recourse to the Divorce Court, and not to fire-arms, and that there is some danger in encouraging the idea that a man who suspects his wife has a right to shoot her. From the report of the trial we turn to the rector's sermon for an explanation of Horry's claims to the profound respect and admiration of his townsmen as a model Christian. The sermon was on the text, "Evil pursueth sinners, but to the righteous good shall be repaid"; but the report leaves us in some doubt whether, in the rector's opinion, the murderer was to be classed among the sinners or among the righteous. In one passage Horry is spoken of as an "instrument made use of by Heaven to stay the progress of one of the sinners." If these words mean anything, they would seem to imply that Horry was an agent of Providence, and that he was hanged for fulfilling a divine mandate to kill his wife. It will perhaps be thought that it is just as well there should be what the rector calls "human law" to discourage murder, when language of this kind is used from the pulpit in regard to a cowardly and atrocious crime. What seems to have impressed the rector most favourably with regard to Horry was the good end he made. Those, he observed, who had been the comrades and boon companions of the murderer would never have expected from him a homily on sin and its penalties. We are led to suppose that the production of this homily was the end which Providence had in view in using Horry as an instrument of murder. But if the wife had not been unfaithful, Horry would not have killed her, and if the "human law" had not taken him in hand with a view to hanging him, he would not have had the opportunity of composing his homily in the condemned cell; so that we have, according to this theory, two sins and the sacrifice of a couple of lives in order that this wretched creature might indite the poor canting egotistical fustian of his last speech and confession. The impression which seems to have been left on the minds of the congregation is shown by a letter which a person who was present has addressed to one of the local papers, asserting that Horry, "by his repentance and the manner in which he expiated his sins, has afforded an example by which many will be benefited." It is to be hoped that Horry's example will not be followed too closely, and that it will not be assumed to be necessary for a man to drink himself into a state of delirium and then to kill his wife in order that he may become a model Christian, and edify the world. For our own part we cannot say that Horry's end appears to us to be altogether of an edifying character. On the contrary, there is something shocking in the arrogant confidence and jaunty self-conceit of the poor wretch in quitting this world. From the beginning to the end of the long letter in which he expresses what he calls his "modest Christian faith," there is nothing more than a casual allusion to the poor woman whom he murdered, and to repentance for his crime. He speaks as a saint might be supposed to do from an eminence of piety and goodness, looking down in sorrow on the grovelling world below. He is sure of Heaven for himself, but he recurs over and over again, in anything but a hopeful tone, to the probable destiny of his father, who sided with his wife against him. "I have been deeply sinned against and wronged," he says. "I pardon all who have sinned against me, particularly my father." The bitterness of spirit thus betrayed contrasts painfully with the pious texts and stereotyped exclamations of religious faith which fill the letter. The whole affair is a melancholy example of the morbid state of mind into which people are sometimes apt to fall with regard to notorious criminals. The lady who has been writing to the *Times* to complain that women are treated like domestic *feræ*, and that when a man kills his wife by thrusting her under the wheels of a waggon he gets off with three months' hard labour, will perhaps be disposed to regard the demonstration in honour of Horry as another sign of the prevailing contempt for female life. It would certainly be difficult to imagine a more horribly grotesque instance of popular canonization than this glorification of a drunken innkeeper for murdering his wife.

#### HISTORY MADE TO ORDER.

VERY odd indeed are the things which ever and anon come before us in the way of statements about the history of distant times. And especially odd do they become when men undertake the task of writing history so as to suit the requirements of theological partisanship. In our line of life examples drop in upon us from various, and sometimes unexpected, quarters. We hardly know how we came by a lecture on the Destiny of Christian Rome, delivered in the Church of St. Laurence O'Toole—seemingly in Dublin—by the Very Rev. Monsignor Moran, D.D., but here it is before us. Now, if Monsignor Moran had not thought good to run his head against the twelfth century, we might not have greatly concerned ourselves as to anything which he might choose to say about the Destiny of Christian Rome. We were of course prepared to find that a Monsignor preaching in the church of St. Laurence O'Toole provides Christian Rome with quite a different destiny from any provided for it by Dr. Cumming. And, if Monsignor Moran chooses to talk about the twelfth century or any other century, we have not a word to say against his talking about it in the conventional way which a long tradition has prescribed to his class. He may use any epithets that he chooses without in the least disturbing us. We know that there are those in

whose eyes our own Edward the Sixth is a young tiger-cub, and those in whose eyes he is a blessed and innocent prince. Let him be either blessed or tiger-cub at pleasure, or, if any one likes it, let the two characters be rolled together in the form of "B. Tiger-cub," provided only that no imaginary actions are attributed to him and that none of his real actions are wilfully kept out of sight. We do not quarrel with the worthy diarist Burchard, who writes the history of Alexander the Sixth, beginning each entry with "Sanctissimus Dominus noster," and under that head faithfully setting forth the murders, adulteries, and perjuries that were done that day. So we know how a Monsignor is bound to write in any question about Popes and Emperors, Guelfs and Ghibelines. To be sure, in the English tongue the thing can be done only very feebly. No man can scold so vigorously in our cold Northern tongue as can be done in ecclesiastical Latin. To call people blessed and innocent, or to call them knaves, fools, tiger-cubs, and such like, is a small matter compared with the power of crowning either side with all the several good and bad names which have their ending in *issimus*. So we are not greatly amazed at the way in which our Monsignor talks of Popes and Emperors severally. Nor are we much more amazed when writers who strive to do justice to both sides, in whose eyes neither Popes nor Emperors are *ex officio* either angels or devils, are spoken of as writers in whom "envenomed hatred of the Holy See takes the place of history," and by whom "facts are represented, not as they really were, but as these writers would wish them to have been."

This kind of talk reminds one of a very ancient saying—"Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi." A Monsignor may perhaps have some difficulty in understanding that the Holy See is not in everybody's eyes the same all-important object which it is in his own. An impartial historian, who has learned that no sect or class ever had a monopoly either of good or of evil, will certainly not look on the Holy See with "envenomed hatred." He will look on the Papacy as an institution which has played a most important part in the world's history, and whose working has been so different in different ages that it cannot be pronounced to be either wholly good or wholly evil. From the point of view of English history he will pronounce the See of Rome to have been a great benefactor in the sixth century, and on the whole an enemy in the thirteenth. Yet even in the thirteenth century he will not feel a purely "envenomed hatred" against the power which gave us Stephen Langton. But we can quite understand that to the mind of a Monsignor, to whom every act of every Pope, John the Twelfth, Alexander the Sixth, and the rest, is no doubt clothed with infallibility, such a calm way of balancing the good and evil of the Papacy, just like the good and evil of anything else, may bear the look of envenomed hatred. It is more important when the attempt to narrate facts impartially, to do justice to Pope and Caesar alike, is described as "representing facts, not as they really were, but as these writers would wish them to have been."

The matter on which Monsignor Moran feels so troubled is the history of Frederick Barbarossa, and especially his conduct with regard to the double election to the Papacy which followed the death of Pope Adrian the Fourth. It is a matter too far removed from our own time, and from any question bearing on our own time, to excite any vehement degree of partisanship, or to supply any strong temptation to represent facts otherwise than as they really were. But we will meet our Monsignor on his own ground. He has, after his own fashion, appealed unto Caesar; so unto Caesar he shall go. Let us see whether his own statements about the Emperor Frederick represent facts as they really were, and whether they do not look very like representing facts as a Monsignor might naturally wish them to have been.

Let us see how the Monsignor tells the famous tale of the double election:—

On the day when the Cardinals elected Alexander the Third to the chair of St. Peter, the agents of Barbarossa rushed into the conclave, tore off the sacred vestments from the newly-elected Pope, and hurried him and the Cardinals to prison. "Great," says an eye-witness of these scenes, "was the grief of the clergy; the judges and senators of Rome were weighed down with sorrow, and a helpless stupor seized the people, until at length, when the august victims of persecution had been three days in the dungeons of Trastevere, the spirit of Frangipani and the other nobles could brook the outrage no longer; they marched at the head of the Roman people, seized the fortress, and restored the prisoners to liberty." Three anti-Popes in succession were intruded by Barbarossa into the See of Peter, seeking by unrelenting tyranny to oppress the whole Church of God.

Now "Barbarossa," by Monsignor Moran's way of talking of him, might have been the pirate instead of the Emperor; but this does not greatly matter. The point is that, from this account, in which facts are to be represented as they were, and not as anybody might wish them to be, nobody would guess that there was any double election, any division among the Cardinals, at all. The Monsignor's hearers would not be to blame if they fancied that the Cardinals with one voice chose Roland, otherwise Alexander the Third, and that some unknown persons in the Imperial interest elapped them in prison for their pains. Now this double election is one of the things about which we know everything, or rather, unluckily for those who have to write the story, we know something more than everything, a state of things which comes to nearly the same as knowing nothing. That is to say, we have minute accounts from eye-witnesses and actors of both parties; but their accounts are so utterly contradictory that it is hardly possible, even by stretching our charity to the utmost, to believe that both sides were writing in good faith. But on one point there can be no doubt—namely, that a party of the Cardinals chose Roland, who took

the name of Alexander, and that another party chose Octavian, who took the name of Victor. The question was, whether of the two elections was canonically valid. Letters from the two rival Popes, and from their several followings of cardinals, are preserved in the second book of Radevic of Freisingen, and the English reader will find a summary of them in the third volume of Milman's *Latin Christianity*. The first letter is from Victor, and its tenor is a little suspicious. He salutes all the Saints, but chiefly them which are of Caesar's household. He speaks of his own election as having been regularly made by the Cardinals, with the consent of the clergy and people, the senators and captains of Rome. He gives no hint as to any division among the electors, but at the end of his letter he speaks almost casually of a certain Roland, a conspirator with William of Sicily against the Church and the Empire, who had been thrust in twelve days after his own election. It may perhaps win us some favour in the eyes of Monsignor Moran if we say that this does not read like the letter of a man who is speaking the whole truth. Then comes a much longer letter from Alexander, addressed neither to the world in general nor to the courtiers of the Emperor, but to the Bishop, Canons, Doctors of Law and Masters, of Bologna. He does not at all claim a unanimous election, though he asserts that the Cardinals who supported his rival were only three. He then says that, as soon as he was invested with the Papal mantle, Octavian tore it from his shoulder with his own hands, which is probably the incident which the Monsignor refers to when he talks of the agents of Barbarossa rushing into the Conclave and tearing the sacred vestments from the newly elected Pope. Octavian was then invested with a mantle which he had himself brought for the purpose, but in the hurry it was put on the wrong way, and Octavian does not seem to have had, like William the Conqueror, ready wit enough to make capital out of the accident. At this stage bands of armed men appear, and Alexander, with the Cardinals of his party, takes refuge in the fortress attached to the church. There they stayed for nine days, for certain of the senators, bribed, so Alexander says, by his rival, kept guard over them and would not let them come forth. But the people rose up against the senators, on which a further bribe induced the senators to remove the Cardinals to a straiter and stronger place of ward on the other side of the Tiber. Thence, after three days, the senators and people released them, and Alexander was solemnly consecrated and crowned at Ninfa in the presence of a great company. The Cardinals of Victor's obedience next address their letter to all persons of rank and authority in Church and State, in which they plainly profess themselves to be partisans of the Emperor against the Sicilian King; they claim to have had nine votes at the election against fourteen on the side of Alexander. They allow that an attempt was made to clothe Alexander with the Papal mantle, but they affirm that before it was done Victor was regularly chosen, invested, and enthroned with the assent of the senate, clergy, and people at Rome. The sojourn of the Cardinals of the other side in the fortress of St. Peter, and their departure out of the city, are also mentioned, but we of course hear nothing of the violence and the bribery spoken of in the letter of Alexander. At last, twelve days after the election of Victor, they invested Alexander at a place called the Cistern—the Cistern of Nero—and afterwards consecrated him. Then follows a letter to the Emperor from the Cardinals of Alexander's party, asserting that the cause of Victor was supported only by three false brethren among the Cardinals, but containing no new facts, except a complaint of certain wrongdoings of the Count Palatine Otto after the election. On this the Emperor, following, as he says, the examples of his predecessors, Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, Charles, and Otto, summons a Council of the Church to decide the matter. Fifty Bishops, and a number of Abbots and other prelates, came together, and, as the Emperor affirms, they sat strictly as an ecclesiastical court, without any lay interference. Before this Council Victor appeared, but Alexander took no notice of the Imperial summons. A letter was read from the Canons of St. Peter's, supporting the cause of Victor, and adding the further statement that the party of Alexander had contrived to occupy the castle as a place of shelter before the election began. The Council heard the cause, and decided in favour of Victor, chiefly on the grounds of the earlier investiture of Victor, and of the non-appearance of Alexander; though the fact comes out that letters of Alexander to the insurgent cities of Lombardy were intercepted and read, a fact which may not have been without its influence on the minds of the Imperialist prelates.

This is the account, as we have it in Radevic—an account which is especially valuable as it consists wholly of official documents, and gives us the arguments of both parties as set forth by themselves. Of other contemporary writers, the Imperialist Otto Morano gives us no fresh facts, but the Milanese Sire Raul, telling the story in the same way as it is told in the letters of Alexander's party, adds that the three Cardinals who voted for Octavian devised his election in common with the Imperial Ambassadors, Otto the Count Palatine, and Guy Count of Blandrate. The life of Alexander by the Cardinal of Arragon, a respectable though not contemporary authority, adds certain invectives which he says that the Milan populace, especially the women and children, addressed to Victor, and mentions Otto Frangipani as leading the party by whom the Cardinals of Alexander's obedience were set free. His account, as may be supposed, is conceived in a strongly anti-Imperialist spirit, but it does not help us to any facts with regard to the actual election beyond what we find in the strictly contemporary

documents. Such is the genuine story. The reader may judge for himself which Pope was the more canonically elected, and he may believe whichever he chooses of the statements, that Victor was supported by nine or only by three Cardinals; he will probably suspect that the motive which led the Emperor and a Council consisting mainly of German and Burgundian Bishops to accept the claims of Victor is as likely to be sought for in his professions of Imperialist loyalty as in the fact that he was, by whatever means, and in whatever form, the first to be invested with the Papal mantle. Nor is there anything improbable in the statement that the Cardinals of Victor's party acted with the advice and consent of the Imperial ambassadors. But all this is something very different from the picture to which the congregation of St. Laurence O'Toole were treated of Imperial agents rushing in among unanimous Cardinals and carrying them off to a dungeon.

If it were worth while, we might call some other curious instances of history written to order from the lecture of Monsignor Moran, but we have space only to mention a curious and amusing anachronism. We were startled by a statement that Arnold of Brescia was sheltered by the Visconti. After a good deal of searching we found in the Cardinal of Aragon's *Life of Hadrian the Fourth* that he was sheltered by certain persons described as "Vice Comites de Campaniâ"; we cannot boast of any intimate acquaintance with these Viscounts, but at all events they must have been quite different people from Bernabos and Gian Galeazzo.

We trust that we have written this little piece of disputed ecclesiastical history without discharging any kind of venom against Popes, Emperors, or anybody else; but it does seem to us that our Monsignor, in rebuking those whom he charges with representing facts not as they were, but as they would wish them to have been, has himself become something very like the great Sublime he draws. We owe Monsignor Moran no grudge on account of his particular theological views. We would just as little trust Lord Shaftesbury to write the facts of the reign of Edward the Sixth as we would trust Monsignor Moran to write the facts of the reign of Alexander the Third. Theological partisans, whatever be their theology, have ever had the same tendency to bite and devour one another after the manner of ravening wolves. For our own part we feel among them, as the Council says of Octavian, alias Victor, "*tantum agnus mansuetus et innocens*"; but as in Mr. Froude's natural history a lamb is made capable of spitting venom, it may be that we have been all the time spitting venom at somebody or other unknown to ourselves.

#### SOME ECONOMICAL ASPECTS OF THE LABOURERS' STRIKE.

WHATEVER may be the fate of the particular movement which has given such sudden fame to the South Warwickshire peasantry, it is probable that Labourers' Unions may have to be accepted as a condition of the agriculture of the future. There is an increasing disposition among the landowners, even in the districts immediately affected by the recent strikes, to recognise the right of combination; and if the opposition of the farmers to any such admission should be successful for the moment, the revival of such organizations cannot be long deferred. The labourers will have found out the strength that combination gives them, and this discovery, once made, is not likely to remain barren long. It is also probable that this change will lead to the concession of a part at least of the labourers' demands. The over-population of the agricultural districts, and the consequent ability of the farmer to command all the labour he needs, has perhaps been exaggerated. Or, should it prove to be true, agricultural Unions are more likely than town Unions to turn their minds to emigration. A rough life in Canada or Australia may prove to have fewer terrors for the man accustomed to country work of all kinds than for the artisan, or even for the unskilled labourers in towns. It becomes a question of interest therefore what will be the effect of a general rise of wages on the condition of the class by whose efforts it has been brought about. Ought we to wish success to agricultural combinations in the interest of the labourers themselves? Some real well-wishers of the rural poor will say No to this inquiry. They argue that the abolition of payments in kind, which is sure to accompany a rise in wages, will be directly injurious to the labourer; that the universal substitution of contract for that modified form of tenure which now prevails will destroy good feeling between classes, and that the farmer will be compelled to employ fewer men at good wages instead of many men at low wages. The first of these objections is easily disposed of. Payments in kind are payments made in a currency which has no common or recognized value. Like the truck system in a modified form, and thus an overwhelming mass of evidence to show that the truck system, taken as a whole, is an injury to the workman. If employers valued their men as men, there would be some who, from anxiety to be steadily content, or from a wish to deal generously by their men, would make their shillings worth thirty pence. But there would be a far larger number probably who would make them worth eleven pence half penny, and some who would think even this standard excessive. The same rule applies to the quality of the land, or of the soil, or of the grist corn, or whatever other "payments" are made in kind for money. The labourer never knows what wages he has, and though he and his neighbours may have nominally the same, their real value will differ with different seasons. This state of things has already very much interfered with the sympathy between classes which the absence of contract is supposed to bring with it. A continual suspicion of the quality of goods and services is



the naturally engendered ill-feeling on the part of the labourer; and, as he is given to be suspicious, this ill-feeling may easily exist where there is not cause for it as well as where there is. At all events, whether the anticipated change in the relation between agricultural labourers and their employers will or will not destroy the good feeling which is at present assumed to exist between them, the effect, whatever it is, must be produced as soon as the labourer wishes to bring such a change about. The enforced maintenance of the present relation would intensify, not avert, it. It used often to be said in the United States that the slave was on better terms with his owner than the free labourer with his master; but, whether this theory were true or false, it ceased to apply directly the slave wished to be set free. That an increased rate of wages may lead to an increased use of machinery is highly probable, and that the increased use of machinery may lead to the employment of fewer labourers at higher wages is possible. Even on the latter hypothesis, however, the condition of the labouring class must be ultimately benefited. It is better that a smaller number of Englishmen should find work at good wages at home, and that the remainder should make new homes for themselves in the colonies, than that the whole number should live in poverty at home. But the hypothesis of machinery reducing the number of labourers is not a probable one. The application of greater skill and more capital to farming may work fresh revolutions in agriculture; and high farming, when it comes to be greatly extended by the cessation of the conditions which made poor farming possible, may turn out to provide new openings for hand labour, in combination with machinery. There may of course be much distress in the interval; that is the inseparable accompaniment of great economical changes. But though we should do our best to remedy this distress in individual cases, it would be the extreme of sentimental short-sightedness to deprecate the process through which alone the passage to a better state of things can be effected.

However anxious we may be to see the condition of the agricultural labourer improved, it is impossible to dismiss all consideration of the effect which a rise in his wages, supposing it to be effected, would have upon other classes of the community. Neither the ruin of the tenant farmers, nor a large increase in the price of food—both which have been predicted as inevitable results of the strike—are pleasant contingencies to contemplate. It is clear that if every labourer is to be paid 10s. a week instead of 12s., the increase must come out of one of three pockets—the landlord's, the farmer's, or the consumer's. According to some reasoners, the landlord will not lower his rent, the farmer cannot be content with smaller profits, and consequently the consumer will have no choice but to pay more for his loaf. According to others, the landlord will not lower his rent, the consumer will not pay more for his loaf, and consequently, as the farmer cannot afford to make smaller profits, there will be nothing for him but ruin. Both these conclusions are based on wrong premises. It is true that the farmer cannot in the long run be content with smaller profits. Farming more and more requires capital, and when a man has capital he will naturally not continue in a business in which he cannot get an adequate return for it. So long as the farmer was only a somewhat higher class of labourer, he was forced to stick to the only trade of which he knew anything. It is different when, besides his skill, he has capital which he may employ in other ways. It is true again that the consumer will not pay more for his loaf, because the price of bread is determined by causes beyond the English producer's control. Russia and America can supply us with all the bread we require, and since the Corn Laws were repealed, the English farmer has never been able to sell his wheat for more than the price at which the foreign producer could supply wheat of the same quality. The latest rise of price above this level would bring more foreign wheat into the English market, and the farmer would find his crop left on his hands, or would be obliged to let it go at the original price in order to undersell his foreign rival. In some cases he might take to market gardening, but the demand for this kind of produce is necessarily limited. In others again he might abandon the cultivation of cereals and take to stock farming. But the conversion of arable land into pasture is a process of which peculiarly favourable conditions of soil and situation are required. In the majority of cases, therefore, one of two things must happen. Either the farmer will find means to increase his profits without raising the price to the consumer, or the landlord must consent to lower his rent. The former process can be effected either by diminishing the cost of production and leaving the amount produced as it is, or by leaving the cost where it is and increasing the amount produced. If the farmer is set to it, he will probably be able to do something in both of these directions. He will resort to the use of machinery to a much greater extent than he has hitherto done. The impetus thus given to the trade in agricultural implements is certain to lead both to the invention of machines to do work which is at present done by hand, and to the cheapening of the processes by which the machines already invented are manufactured. The farmer will benefit by both these changes. He will be rendered more and more independent of his man by the first, while the second will make the independence of those which he has already achieved less costly. The habit of mind produced by the use of machinery, and the increased necessity for capital in the first instance, will make the farmer more and more a capitalist in agriculture, and a considerable increase of produce may be expected from the additional skill and knowledge which will be brought to bear on the soil. No doubt a certain number of small and inefficient farmers, with little capital and little power

of turning what they have to account, will suffer. But this is only what they must have done in any case. The small tenant farmer as he has been known in this country, with neither the capital of the large farmer nor the energy and thrift of the peasant proprietor, is every day finding the conditions of modern industry less suited to him.

Let us suppose, however, that the farmer does not find means to increase his profits. The position in which he will then find himself will be, that after paying the cost of production, including a fair interest on his capital and fair remuneration of his own labour, there will be a smaller surplus available for the payment of his rent. This being so, rents must inevitably fall. The farmer will not engage in a business which will not return him interest on the money he has laid out, as well as a reward for the labour he has given in addition. Therefore, unless the landlord is content with what is left after these two conditions have been satisfied, he will find no one to take his land. It is conceivable, of course, that the landlords as a body might be just able to live on their present rents, and that, if these had to be reduced, they would be unable to let their lands, and would have to turn farmers themselves. But as English society is at present constituted there is no probability of any such result. English landowners are for the most part rich enough to stand a considerable fall of rents without serious inconvenience; and the demand for land is so great that those who are less well off will never find any difficulty in finding purchasers for their land, even under the less favourable conditions imposed by the new order of things. The peers, of whom Mr. Disraeli boasted the other day that they had an average income of 20,000*l.* each, would not be impoverished by a reduction of even 25 per cent. on their rentals. They would have 15,000*l.* a year left after their tenants had made all necessary deductions to meet the increased wages they had to pay. The great merchants and manufacturers who are buying land in all directions and creating a class of territorial magnates not less wealthy or influential than the older nobility, would find it equally easy to conform themselves to the requirements of their tenants. And beneath both classes are a large number of landowners to whom the necessity of taking lower rents might be annoying, but would not in any way be disastrous. Smaller men still might suffer, but they would suffer as men must who find society changing more rapidly than they are able to change with it, and as they would probably suffer in the long run even if rents were maintained at their present level.

#### LEGAL INFANTS.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY has brought in a Bill for the protection of infants, which does not, however, compete with Mr. Charles's attempted legislation with regard to baby-farming. The infants whom Mr. Henry has in view are not the wretched bantlings who are left on doorsteps wrapped up in copies of the *Daily Telegraph*, or sent in hampers by railways any side uppermost and not to be called for, or handed over to the tender mercies of nursing mothers who are willing to relieve parents of all responsibility for unwelcome offspring for a moderate consideration, and "no questions asked." The objects of Mr. Henry's solicitude are the interesting class of persons under twenty-one years of age who are regarded by the law as infants, and who, being, as Mr. Bright once said of the House of Lords, not very wise, are apt to suffer severely at the hands of bill-discounters, money-lenders, and other predatory professions. The Bill sets forth that, "Whereas money-lenders and others are accustomed to solicit and request infants to borrow money, whereby such infants are often defrauded and injured in their property," it is expedient to protect infants from these dangers. There are certainly precedents in English law for protecting exceptionally weak and helpless persons from injuries against which other people are left to protect themselves as best they can; and it must be admitted that the excruciating imbecility of a large and apparently increasing number of boys about town entitles them to the most compassionate consideration. There are Truck Acts, Factory Acts, and other protective measures of the same kind; but Mr. Henry appears to have taken the idea of his Bill more especially from the enactment in the criminal law which defends the virtue of little girls. It is proposed that it shall be made a misdemeanour to solicit an infant to borrow money, either personally or by an agent, or by means of a letter, circular, or other notice; and that the offender shall be liable, on conviction before a couple of justices of the peace, to a fine of not more than 20*l.*, or imprisonment for not more than a month, with a further liability to forfeit 10*l.* to any informer who sues for the same, with the costs of the suit. It is also to be a misdemeanour to aid in soliciting an infant to accept a loan. The bond or other security given for such a loan will be deemed absolutely void for all purposes; and the money which may have been paid by an infant in order to obtain a loan may be recovered by him from the lender, with the full costs of the suit, in any Court of competent jurisdiction. Moreover, any infant who, after this law is passed, accepts a loan which has been offered to him, and who is foolish enough to pay back any part of it, may recover whatever he has repaid; and any promise to repay such a loan after the infant has come of full age will be considered invalid. This is all well. The infant is to have power to swindle the money-lender to any extent with perfect impunity. No person, it is pro-

vided, shall be held civilly or criminally liable for any fraudulent representation or false statement made, or for any fraud committed by him during infancy, in order to induce a person to enter into a contract with him, and no contract shall be binding on him by reason of any fraudulent representation on his part.

The hare pursuing the sportsman is a familiar subject of caricature, and might be taken as the emblem of Mr. Henry's ingenious and highly original proposal. The pigeon is now to be equipped for a triumphant encounter with the rook, who will be placed absolutely at the mercy of his former victim, and may be plundered with impunity. It is obvious that if this Bill were to pass into law, and if the money-lending business did not instantly collapse, the infants would have a fine time of it. An infant might persuade a money-lender that he was over age, and when he had borrowed a sufficient sum he could turn round and snap his fingers at his credulous creditor, and then proceed to lay an information against him, and compel him to pay another 10*l.* for being handed over to justice. In order to encourage the money-lender the infant would of course take care to pay back instalments of the various loans, and these repayments could be afterwards recovered when the trick was disclosed. We have not heard whether this measure has as yet produced much excitement in money-lending circles. It is possible that the members of that profession may flatter themselves that they are more than a match for the infants, even when the latter are armed with such a formidable weapon as Mr. Henry's Bill. The practice of sending out circulars urging young men to borrow money is not only becoming an intolerable nuisance, but is productive of very mischievous results. It is annoying to people who have no desire to contract loans to be pestered with impertinent offers of advances; and human nature, in the hopeful mood in which it is usually to be observed in very young men, finds it difficult to resist pressing applications to make a free use of a generous money-lender's purse, especially when these solicitations coincide with a fresh appetite for enjoyments, a noble contempt for frugal expenditure, and general ignorance of the world. There is the temptation of the pleasures of life on the one hand, and the temptation of the free-handed usurer, with his extended collar, on the other; and it is not perhaps surprising that this double pressure should be more than thoughtless youth is capable of resisting. The nuisance of money-lenders' circulars is one which might perhaps be checked by a simple enactment, although there would be some difficulty in proving who sent them out. An innocent person might be made to suffer for circulars maliciously issued in his name if the address on the letters was in itself to be taken as evidence that they came from him. We certainly cannot affect to feel any compassion for the money-lenders as a body, and we should be very glad if the infants upon whom they have so mercilessly preyed could now have their revenge. But Mr. Henry himself can hardly be serious in some of his proposals. Even if it were to be enacted that money-lenders who solicited young men under age to take loans should be punished, and should have no power to recover money thus advanced, it is obvious that the clause which we have quoted above, authorising infants to make false representations with impunity in order to induce any one to enter into a contract with them—a clause which, it must be observed, is in no way limited, and applies apparently to contracts of every kind—is a provision of a somewhat sweeping and dangerous character, and that the temptation which it might offer to thoughtless or unscrupulous young men would be more seriously demoralizing than the seductions of the bill-discounter's circular. It is also possible that legislation of this kind might have the effect of making infants more rash and reckless than ever; they might imagine that they were now protected on every side; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that when there is so keen a desire to borrow on the one side, and so much eagerness to do business on the other, some means will always be found of bringing supply and demand together, in accordance with the recognized rules of political economy.

It will perhaps occur to some that, while the Bill goes further than is likely to be of much practical use in one direction, it does not go far enough in another. As far as we can judge by the reports of cases which occasionally come before the law Courts and by what we hear in private, the depredations of the money-lenders are by no means the only dangers which infants, or rather infants' fathers, have to dread. We are under the impression that fashionable jewellers and tailors and horse-dealers are quite as fatal to young gentlemen with expectations as the regular bill-discounters. It is true no doubt that bills, under one disguise or another, are usually at the bottom of the infant's ruin; but the questions which the Courts have to decide are usually whether diamond earrings or emerald-mounted betting-books, or a pair of mt ponies, with Victoria to match, "fit for a lady," are "necessaries" for a young gentleman of eighteen or nineteen; and as the juries are apt to be composed of tradesmen, or people who sympathize with tradesmen, the verdict is almost invariably for the plaintiff. If infants are to be protected against money-lenders, it might be plausibly argued that they have at least as much need to be protected against the solicitations and frauds of unscrupulous shopkeepers. Assuming that the characteristic imbecility of infants is a sufficient ground for special legislation on their behalf as against bill-discounters, there are other dangers to which young gentlemen, as well as gentlemen who are not young, but who on coming of age have not ceased to be fools, appear to be exposed which also require attention. There are billiard-sharpers, card-sharpers, and, in a lower grade, skittle-

sharpers; there are betting-men, blacklegs, and welchers; there are the rogues who waylay simple-looking people with dropped rings or smuggled cigars; there is the benevolent horse-dealer who has a rare horse in a dark stable, and the amiable countryman who proposes a visit to a tavern in order that he may prove his confidence in you, whom he has never before seen, by entrusting you with his watch or purse, and who would be hurt if you did not display equal confidence in his honour by allowing him in turn to take your watch or purse outside the door. In fact when we come to think of it, it is hard to say where we can stop if we are going to legislate for the protection of all the infants and idiots in the world. Indeed, we are not quite sure whether there is not room for a Bill for the protection of youths under twenty-one years of age from the solicitations of mothers with daughters to marry. Society might perhaps be disposed to do more for the infant, if the infant would only keep himself more out of society. Every year the number of children who go out to dinners and dancing-parties, and who pervade the Clubs, seems to be increasing; but if a bargain could be struck that the infant should have legislative protection against his own idiocy, on condition that he should cease to infest congregations of grown-up people, a good deal might be said in favour of it.

#### THE THEATRES.

AN attempt has been made to utilize for theatrical purposes the stores of observation of contemporary English life which are accumulated in the novels of Mr. Trollope. This successful writer for the closet seems to have modestly distrusted his power of pleasing on the stage, and accordingly he has obtained the assistance of Mr. Charles Reade in dramatizing the popular story of *Ralph the Heir*. The result of the joint labour of these two experienced authors, compared with the material on which they went to work, is like—if we may borrow a metaphor from Mr. Nesfit's business—the alteration of a lady's riding-habit into a gentleman's dress-coat. A great quantity of cloth has been cut away, and the remainder has been entirely rearranged. The characters of Mr. Nesfit and his daughter are retained, but little more than the names of any other personages in the story is produced in the drama, which is constructed with curious simplicity. It is desirable, or perhaps necessary, to bring all the characters upon the stage at nearly the same time, and this has been accomplished by extending Mr. Nesfit's business so as to comprise the making of riding-habits for ladies as well as of hunting-breeches for gentlemen. Having got as far as this, it is easy to suppose that Miss Clariissa Underwood comes unattended by any chaperon to the shop to be measured in a private room by Mr. Moggs, who has been converted into Mr. Nesfit's foreman; and there is an obvious opportunity for the foreman and book-keeper to "chaff" that young lady as to the department of the business to which she desires to give her order. It is remarkable that Mr. Trollope, who as a novelist is so invariably proper, and so perfectly adapted for family reading, should have assisted in imparting to the Gaiety Theatre of to-day a slight flavour of the Adelphi of thirty years ago. It is perhaps rather hard upon English managers that their French rivals should have a monopoly of *double-entendre*; and as Mr. Boucicault has enlarged the domain of incident, Mr. Trollope appears desirous to render a similar service to dramatists as regards allusion. It is, however, possible that the character of Mr. Nesfit ought to be regarded as the joint production of Mr. Trollope and Mr. Charles Reade, and of Mr. Toole, who acts it; and if this be so, we need not be surprised at anything being said that can raise a laugh, however incongruous it may be with Mr. Trollope's usual style. Speaking for ourselves, we should prefer rather more of Mr. Nesfit and rather less of Mr. Toole, but it is manifest that the majority of the audience are well content with what they get. It is a pity that the authors could not have bestowed a little more pains upon the structure of their play. Nothing can be more rude than the contrivance of bringing Mr. Nesfit and party into one box and Sir Thomas Underwood and party into another box adjoining to it, in the garden of an hotel at Twickenham. We should not object to this clumsy expedient if anything amusing came of it, but this scene is the dullest part of the entertainment. There is, however, a pretty view of Twickenham, and dinner is eaten and champagne is drunk in the most lifelike manner by the parties in adjoining boxes. During the banquet news is brought of the death of the elder Newton, and a solicitor appears and formally requires Ralph the Heir to perform his agreement to sell his reversion to his illegitimate cousin Robert, whereupon Sir Thomas Underwood (formerly, as the playbill informs us, Attorney-General) favours the company in the two boxes with an exposition of the law of specific performance in equity of agreements. Nothing turns upon the ex-attorney-generalship of Sir Thomas Underwood, who is merely an elderly and rather feeble papa. Robert Newton expresses his anguish at learning that Clariissa Underwood is to become "another's" in the familiar manner. This pair of lovers are mere nonentities, and as regards Ontario Moggs, he acts best, if we may so say, when he is out of sight, since he enables Nesfit to warn Ralph that his rival has been "sneaking round," and is in earnest pursuit of Polly, if he (Ralph) is not. The greater part, and perhaps the best part, of Mr. Trollope's descriptions of the sayings and doings of young gentlemen and ladies is too fine and beautiful for dramatic use. Attempts to get what he has written must inevitably become ineffectual.

or grotesque, but in this story the two characters of Neddy and Polly easily adapt themselves to the stage. Nothing can be better in its way than the scene where Neddy proposes to Ralph to make love to Polly, unless it be Polly's own reception of Ralph's advances:—"Oh, as for talking," says she, "you can talk. You've been brought up that way. You've had nothing else much to do."

The manager of the Princess's Theatre has turned to account the prevailing interest in Australia which has been excited by the Tichborne case. We believe that at this moment a view of Wagga Wagga would make the fortune of any piece into which it might be introduced. But Mr. Byron in the drama which he calls *Haunted Houses* has only sought variety of sensational incidents by sending some of his characters across the ocean and through the bush. It is, we suppose, a tribute to the eminence of Mr. J. Clarke in his particular department that he twice narrowly escapes death in the course of the play, and saves the heroine from imminent peril at the close of it. The success of Mr. Byron's change of what lawyers call the "venue" to Australia may perhaps suggest to other authors the propriety of conducting to fresh fields and pastures new a public which has become jaded with such sensational incidents as may be got out of home life. Now that Mr. Charles Reade has had some experience as an adapter of novels to the stage, he should try his hand on that wonderful story which he based upon a trial held a few years ago at the Old Bailey. We are quite sure that his door will be beset by competing managers when our present suggestion becomes known to them. Crowded houses for twelve months would be the least result of an adequate improvement of this magnificent opportunity. Mr. Byron merely causes a ship to sink on a fine summer's evening in order that his drama may keep afloat, but Mr. Reade would bring before his audience the Plot! the Execution!! and the Discovery!!! Imagination becomes inflamed at the contemplation of this tremendous and unparalleled effect. *Semper ego auditor tantum!* The critic may ask himself why should not he abandon the cold and cheerless place of observation and taste the exciting joys of authorship. Combine the stores of romance which have been accumulating for ages with the mechanical resources possessed by the present generation, and you produce with ease and certainty of success a series of dramas of intense and absorbing interest. A company of ordinary actors, and a liberal expenditure upon scenery and properties, will ensure a career of uninterrupted prosperity. There would of course be some preliminary love-making in Australia, and then the young lady would take ship for England, while her lover, a convict who has been found guilty on a false charge, manages to disguise himself and obtain a passage in the same vessel. We should next see the mate of the ship, like an aquatic Guy Fawkes, at work by the light of a single candle among the cargo in the hold, boring the ship's bottom with an auger, and inserting plugs so as to be able to admit a regulated supply of water slightly in excess of the pumping power of the crew. This process would be secretly watched by the convict, who would peep from behind a bale of goods, and indicate by emphatic gestures his purpose of defeating villany and rescuing youth and beauty from a watery grave. There is enough in Mr. Reade's novel to supply almost all the literary work that would be needed. The discovery of the ship's peril, the panic of the crew, and their rush to the boats would all be transacted amid hurried music, which would render anything that anybody might say unintelligible—an arrangement which both author and critics might find convenient. A new and, as we venture to think, beautiful and admirable effect might be produced by making the ship rise and fall with the motion of the waves, so as to exhibit the holes by which the water had been admitted which is sinking her. A little fragment of wood protruding from a hole, so as to suggest that the mate had been lately busy with his auger, might be worth hundreds of pounds to the treasury of the theatre. These are the slight but effective touches by which the artist of genius is distinguished from the merely tradesmanlike manufacturer of sensation. The young lady would probably be in her cabin when the alarm was given, and might be engaged, let us say, in the contemplation of her father's miniature. Her convict lover would urgently but respectfully entreat admission, and after short parley would take her round the waist, and, supporting his lovely burden with one arm, would use the other to help his ascent on deck, where the extent of her danger and his devotion would be revealed. The boats perhaps would have pushed off, and he would make frantic gestures of entreaty to the crew to return and rescue the lady. Between the motion of the ship and the complication of the lady's skirts the task of saving her life without sacrificing propriety would be difficult; but she would be dragged into the boat, which would push off instantly to escape the eddy of the sinking ship, while her lover would have to trust to his strong limbs and his stout heart to save his life by swimming. As he reached the boat exhausted and was lifted into it the curtain would descend amid prolonged and renewed applause, and the manager would feel that he had his playbill in type for a year to come. The adventures of the lovers on the island to which Mr. Reade conducts them would supply opportunities which the scene-painter would not neglect, and we may venture to hope that the ballet-master of the theatre would remember that the bodily activity of the young lady, on which the author much insists, would be most effectually and agreeably developed by his assistance.

Taking this expansive and radiant view of the possibilities of the sensational drama, we regard with impatience its actualities as

exhibited in the *Miss's Daughter* at the Adelphi. We have no emotion to expend upon such time-worn incidents as the escape of a Jacobite conspirator over house-tops, pursued by soldiers of a Hanoverian King. There is an old saying that, if you want to ruin a thing, you should put a sentry over it; and we might with equal truth remark that, if you want to ensure a criminal's escape, you should send a company of foot-guards in full uniform and fixed bayonets to arrest him. Have we not seen in those Irish dramas which so strangely fascinate the English mind a whole regiment swept away by an old woman with a besom? We care little for the "Folly" on the Thames, and less for the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, even though a remarkably clumsy scoundrel commits a murder there. Let us burst all links of habit, let us wander far away, and carry our scene-painter and costumer to the summer isles of the Pacific. The latter artist, we may remark, will need to take only a limited stock-in-trade with him. The slave trade, under another name, exists in Polynesia, and vessels of the British navy are in the habit of giving what are called "lessons" to islanders who confound missionaries with kidnappers. The shelling of a village by a man of war is a subject which might deserve to be taken in hand by the same liberal manager who ordered two halfpenny squibs for his eruption of Vesuvius. A Jew who had dealt in old clothes at Wapping might easily be led by his commercial instinct as far as Fiji, where he might become Chancellor of the Exchequer to his Majesty the King of the Cannibal Islands, or might head the constitutional Opposition which objects to pork, and desires to maintain the ancient and laudable custom of banqueting on human flesh. When every land and sea is open to our sensational dramatists, we are entitled to complain if they confine themselves within the four miles radius of Charing Cross.

## REVIEWS.

### GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.\*

A FRESH instalment of M. Guizot's History of France, which we in England are tempted to speak of by the familiar and honoured name of *Tales of a Grandfather*, has now appeared, and the first volume of the work is thus complete, bringing us down to the accession of Philip of Valois, and leaving us on the brink of the French and English wars. The new portion quite comes up to the expectations excited by the few sheets which have already been noticed in these columns. The style is as clear and easy as before, and the subject-matter is of increased interest. Perhaps it is because they awaken reminiscences of *Cæsar De Bello Gallico* that, except for the pathetic tale of Vercingetorix, we always find the Gauls rather dull, while the Franks, barbarians who had lost, if they ever possessed, barbaric virtues without replacing them by those of civilization, are little better than unreadable until light breaks in with the Great Charles. And even then, "this German warrior," as M. Guizot very honestly calls him, does not in reality belong to France, which was as yet without form and void, seething in the general chaos of Roman, Celt, and Teuton. It is with the house of Robert the Strong and the gallant resistance of Paris to the Normans that we first begin to see France waking to life.

As has been already remarked, M. Guizot's History is, according to our ideas, hardly one for children, unless French children are much cleverer than English ones. The reader requires some previous knowledge of the course of events to fit him for appreciating it, the more so as the arrangement is not strictly chronological, but rather according to subjects, the Crusades being pursued from their "origin" through their "success" and their "decline" to their end, as one complete history, after which we are sent back again to Louis VI., from thence to trace the progress of "la Royauté française." The long political disquisitions, which to a grown-up reader form the most interesting part, are, if not beyond the comprehension, yet certainly beyond the patience of children. It is true that M. Guizot assures us that he found his grandchildren understood him even when he was led to general considerations and deep studies of characters:—

J'en ai fait l'épreuve dans le tableau du règne et le portrait du caractère de Charlemagne: les deux grands desseins de ce grand homme, qui a réussi dans l'un et échoué dans l'autre, ont été de la part de mes jeunes auditeurs, l'objet d'une attention très-soutenue et d'une compréhension très-nette. Les jeunes esprits ont plus de portée qu'on n'est enclin à le présumer, et peut-être les hommes feraient-ils bien quelquefois d'être aussi sérieux dans leur vie que les enfants le sont dans leurs études.

Teaching by word of mouth is, however, a very different matter from teaching out of a book. Given a competent narrator, and it is wonderful what children will listen to, and even, as the author remarks, follow with keen interest. We have no doubt that M. Guizot's audience did, as he describes, hang on his lips, and thoroughly take in his meaning; but the results may not be the same when ordinary children are set down to read the book without the advantage of having the historian in person to give it life. More dash and vigour, more description, more story, as children say, are required to make a book popular with young people; and M. Guizot is rather a philosophical than a descriptive historian.

\* *L'Histoire de France, depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'en 1789. Racontée à nos Petits-Enfants.* Par M. Guizot. Tome premier. Illustré de 75 gravures dessinées sur bois par Alph. de Neuville. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1872.

Considering the work without reference to any special class of readers for which it may have been intended, its interest will be found to lie, not so much in the actual facts narrated, which are sufficiently familiar, as in the passages which deal with cause and effect, and in the general sketches of political development. The book is in truth rather a succession of essays connected by a slight chain of history, and it is for these that it will be read. The French language has the advantage of being admirably adapted for composition of this description. We are vain enough to believe that our own tongue surpasses it in a kind of Biblical majesty and in dramatic vigour, but in the power of putting things neatly and crisply, and of making them clear to the mind, there can be no question as to the special fitness of French. The subject of chivalry is one which is particularly well treated, the pitfalls on either hand being skilfully avoided. On the one side there is, or perhaps rather was, the school whose "heroes were stripplings in armour," and "heroines damsels in white," which took chivalry at its own valuation and believed in all knightly virtues. On the other there is the school which, seeing only the crimes of the middle ages, regards chivalry either as utter humbug or, with Arnold, as the spirit of Anti-Christ himself. M. Guizot takes what we think a very fair course between these two extremes. The *moyen âge*, he truly says, was a brutal and coarse period, lawless, licentious, and violent, but at the same time some shadowy idea of better things was afloat. Look back to the Homeric heroes, they are apparently satisfied with themselves, and the not very elevated standard of virtue to which they have attained; "rien dans leur âme ne surpasse les faits de leur vie"; while in mediæval France, full as it was of disorder and crime, men yet cherished lofty ideas of virtue and justice; "un certain idéal moral plane au-dessus de cette société grossière, orangeuse, et attire les regards, obtient les respects des hommes dont la vie n'en reproduit guère l'image." Theory and practice, in short, were, as they usually are, very far apart; but it was a great thing that there should be such a theory. The type of the perfect Christian knight was, in the opinion of contemporaries, realized in the person of Tancred, the gallant Crusader whom Tasso made famous as the lover of Clorinda and the beloved of Erminia. Fantastic and sentimental as is the hero in the Italian poem, he nevertheless preserves the lofty and unworldly character of his original. Surpassing the young in his skill in arms, the old in the gravity and sobriety of his manners, coming to speak ill of any one even in retaliation, and knowing no passion but that of glory, the accomplished warrior was nevertheless much exercised in mind by a religious difficulty such as we are apt to think characteristic only of modern times. The Gospel, so he reflected, "nous invite à donner notre tunique et notre manteau à celui qui vient nous en dépoûiller; l'obligation du chevalier est d'enlever tout ce qui reste à celui à qui il a déjà pris sa tunique et son manteau." These contradictory principles chilled Tancred's warlike ardour, until he at last found a way of satisfying both the religious and military sides of his nature by going on the Crusade—a resource no longer open to the perplexed, although the difficulty of reconciling the evangelical precept with the exigencies of actual life has not much diminished.

Another passage deserving of attention is the account of the feudal system, and the reasons for the bitter hatred with which it is regarded in France. In England we have no such vivid remembrance of it, simply because feudalism was always kept down in this country. William the Conqueror and Henry of Anjou held it well in hand, and it is because we saw so little of it that the word has no evil sound in our ears. In France, where they knew better what it was, it has ever been odious to the public mind, and this antipathy does not date merely from the great Revolution. Go back as far as you will, the feudal system has ever been considered by the mass of the population as a deadly enemy, and every one who has struck at it has been popular. The cause of this hatred is not wholly to be sought in the sufferings of the people under the feudal *régime*—"le malheur n'est pas ce qui détestent et redoutent le plus les peuples." So, at least, says M. Guizot, though we are inclined to think that miseries such as those portrayed with such terrible power in Erckmann-Chatrian's *Histoire d'un Paysan* are sufficient to explain and to justify the general detestation. The peculiarly odious nature of feudalism as it affected the mass of the people is, however, forcibly brought out. It was not the despotism of a single man, which, though inevitably demoralizing in the long run, may be endurable, nay, even welcome, at the moment, if it gives order and peace; it was not the despotism of an aristocratic body, which can hardly be as capricious and arbitrary as a single ruler; but it united the most obnoxious elements of both. It was a collection of individual despotisms wielded by isolated microcrats, who had, indeed, duties and rights towards each other, but who possessed each man an arbitrary and absolute power over his subjects. The despot was not the Lord's Anointed, with a religious claim to respect; neither was he one of Mr. Carlyle's "Kings of Men," ruling by right of being the only person competent to rule. He was merely one of a class, able to protect himself, but not to ensure his dependents against the attacks of his neighbour tyrants. A ruler who lets nobody but himself oppress his people may be endured, but the feudal baron had not even that recommendation:—

Le despotisme était là comme dans les monarchies pures, le privilège donné dans les aristocraties les plus concentrées; et l'un et l'autre s'y produisaient sous la forme la plus offensante et la plus crue, si je puis ainsi parler: le despotisme ne s'éloignait point par l'éloignement et l'élévation

d'un trône; le privilège ne se voyait point dans la majesté d'un grand corps: l'un et l'autre appartenait à un homme toujours présent et toujours seul, toujours voisin de ses sujets, et jamais appelé, en traitant de leur sort, à s'en-tourer de ses égaux.

We must notice, by the way, the spirit with which this idea has been caught by the artist in a vignette representing the *Seigneur* issuing from his castle with his retainers behind him. The hard, indifferent bearing of the armed and mounted noble, the looks of fear without respect cast on him by the wretched peasants who turn out of his road, are admirably expressed.

On the other hand, M. Guizot, with laudable impartiality, points out that when we turn from the subjects to the masters, we see that feudalism had its merits, that in many respects it was a good training, and at any rate paved the way for something better. It will perhaps occasion some surprise to find that he devotes the greater part of a chapter to the Norman Conquest of England; a great and glorious achievement, the work, so he says, like the Crusades, of feudal chivalry and Christianity combined. The effect it had upon the future history of France is, however, sufficient justification for the space which it occupies, and the tale is told with spirit, William's character being hit off in a few words—"dur sans haine et clément sans bonté." The consequences which the Norman Conquest had for France and for England are also exceedingly well brought out, though the passage was evidently written before recent events. M. Guizot speaks, as one who has had experience, of that rivalry of France and England which sprung from the long wars between them, and of the ever-increasing necessity of establishing "a policy of mutual equity and peace in place of a policy of hostile regulations and continuous opposition":—

J'ai assisté, dans le cours de ma vie, mes enfants [he adds], à ces deux politiques: j'ai vu la politique d'hostilité systématique entre la France et l'Angleterre pratiquée par l'empereur Napoléon 1<sup>er</sup>, avec autant d'habileté et d'éclat qu'elle en pouvait avoir, et je l'ai vue aboutir au plus grand désastre qu'ait jamais essayé la France.

The rivalry with England seems now to be an old story, forgotten in the newer rivalry with another and a harsher foe; and the disaster in which the first Napoleon's policy culminated has been overshadowed by that which his nephew has brought upon the land he ruled.

As might be expected from the historian of the English Civil Wars, M. Guizot traces with interest the effect which the Norman Conquest had upon the constitution of our own country, and shows how in the end, by the triumph of their language and of their ancient freedom, "the English conquered their conquerors." The great advantage of England over France lay, as he admits, in the fact that it always preserved the tradition of freedom. Patriots in England never thought that they were winning their liberties; they were only preserving and securing them. On the other hand, the Romanized Gauls had nothing to lose—"point de pouvoir fort, point de liberté vivace; les classes inférieures en servitude, les classes moyennes ruinées, les classes supérieures avilies"; and their conquerors, Goth, Frank, and Burgundian, were disorganized barbarians, who could bring them nothing but anarchy. France, says M. Guizot, or a party in France, as we should rather say, has ever been seeking for free government under the form of constitutional monarchy, and has failed to attain it, because it had no ancient foundations to build upon. To obtain even that "modest amount of internal order without which society could not subsist," France has been constantly forced to have recourse to Royal authority and an almost absolute monarchy. M. Guizot however concludes, after the manner of his countrymen, hopefully. Before the Revolution the difference between the political fates of France and of England might have been a melancholy subject of contemplation for a Frenchman; but now it is another matter:—"Les progrès de l'égalité sociale et les lumières de la civilisation ont précédé en France la liberté politique; elle en sera plus générale et plus pure." These words were written in 1823; but M. Guizot in 1870 declares himself to feel the same confidence in the future of his country, and, as a patriot is in duty bound to hope all things and believe all things, we have no doubt that he feels it still. Foreign observers, however, are well nigh weary of waiting for this brilliant future, which seems as much as ever an object for the exercise of faith.

We shall look forward with interest to the veteran statesman and historian's account of the French and English wars. That spirit-stirring drama in which the Black Prince and Bertrand du Guesclin, Henry V., and the Maid of Orleans play their parts is a tale of which neither nation need be ashamed. If we are proud of the dazzling though short-lived successes which our knights and yeomen, fighting side by side without fear or jealousy, obtained over arrogant and indisciplined feudal nobles, the French have equal cause to be proud of that spirit of nationality which Joan of Arc, "inspired of God," as M. Guizot boldly describes her, called forth with the sacrifice of her own life, and which enabled them to shake off the foreign yoke.

We have already, in passing, mentioned one of the designs by M. A. de Neuville with which the book is profusely illustrated. They rouse a certain feeling of envy in us. Why can French artists draw men who stand on their legs and know what to do with their arms, or rather why is it that our artists are so apt to fail in these requisites? Why are French woodcuts clear and vigorous when English vary between being smooth and weak, or scratchy and confused? We do not mean to say that none of these illustrations are open to criticism. Some of them are exaggerated, and too suggestive of



scenes in an opera; and a few err, as French pictures often do, on the side of horror. We protest especially against that of the execution of Esquarrand de Marigny upon the gibbet of Mont-faucon. A mediæval Fairchild family might have derived edification from contemplating five hanged men in various stages of decomposition with carrion crows hovering about; but the mere picture is enough to afflict a child of these more sensitive modern days with bad dreams. So, again, it is unpleasant enough to know that Richard Cœur de Lion had on one day some thousands of Mussulman prisoners beheaded, without being presented with a lively portrayal of the event. As a rule, the vignettes surpass the more ambitious full-page engravings, but of these latter two may be noticed as particularly good; the one representing the moment of the famous question, "Who made you a count?" and the *tu quoque* retort, "Who made you a king?" the other illustrating the story of St. Louis looking at the bread distributed by his orders in alms, and observing, as if with a feeling of self-reproach, "C'est d'assez dur pain."

#### BAIN'S FIRST ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

DR. BAIN is Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen, and his name is well known as the author of works on the more abstruse branches of mental science. But we did not know him as one who had come down from those heights to the humbler processes of grammar. It seems however that, though this book is designed as a "First English Grammar," it is not the first English Grammar that Dr. Bain has written. We do not know to what heights his "Higher English Grammar" might lead us, but we should judge from this "First Grammar," this "Elementary Grammar," which is to prepare the way for the larger and complete works, that they must soar very high indeed into the cloud-land of metaphysics. Dr. Bain seems to have forgotten that those who begin the study of grammar have but seldom the years or the tastes of a Professor of Logic, and that much will be dark, dull, and dry to them which is clear and captivating to the author of treatises on the Emotions and the Will. Dr. Bain omits entirely one division of grammar, and he chooses for his omission exactly that "division" which is most useful and most attractive to those for whom he is writing. The division which he omits entirely is no other than that of "Derivation." Now whence language comes and whither it goes is a subject which it is easy to clothe with all the interest of a tale or a sport. If "Derivation" is taught with any kind of truth and life, beginners in grammar delight in it. But Dr. Bain tells us presently with professorial dignity that "Grammar is a science or nothing. It has the outward form of a science, and its difficulties spring out of its scientific character." Now we have not the least notion whether grammar, as we are used to look on it, would or would not be looked on as "a science" in the eyes of Dr. Bain; so we are quite ready to take the other chance of its being looked on as "nothing." But we must let Dr. Bain explain himself:—

The chief peculiarity in the plan of the present work lies in anticipating the unavoidable difficulties of the subject by a previous handling of certain elementary notions (belonging to all science), without which no one can hope to understand the scope or method of Grammar. This preparatory portion explains, by the help of familiar instances, first, the meanings of Individual, General, Abstract, Class, Genus, Species, Co-ordinate, Subordinate, and Definition; secondly, the constituents of a Proposition, and the kinds of Propositions; and lastly, the Sentence, from which are evolved the Parts of Speech.

Here is one crumb of comfort for us. If Dr. Bain succeeds in beating the scientific meaning of the word "individual" into his pupils' heads, there will be less fear of their using it as a vulgar synonym for "man." But one error runs through this sentence, as through the whole of Dr. Bain's book. Grammar is undoubtedly a science, and it cannot be successfully dealt with except according to a scientific method. That is to say, the teacher or writer must follow a scientific method in his own classifications and arrangements. But it does not follow that he must needs expound every detail of his method to beginners at the very threshold; still less that he need burden them with a mass of uncouth abstract terms, which may no doubt convey an idea to a practised metaphysician, but which a beginner in grammar, if he keeps them in his head at all, will keep only by an arbitrary act of the memory. Fancy the unhappy beginner in grammar who, when he comes to the harmless preposition *of*, is set to study its "partitive," its "attributive," and its "reference" meaning. Surely one who is so skilful as Dr. Bain in devising hard words might have hit on something with an adjective ending to express this last, whatever it is, instead of using the substantive "reference" in this awkward way. But Dr. Bain is not satisfied with making his victims learn the names "partitive," "attributive," and "reference"; they are further to try to understand them, and we feel sure that in the attempt so to do anybody short of a Professor of Logic at Aberdeen would get a sad headache for his pains. It seems that when we speak of "the Mayor of London"—and we presume of the Provost of Aberdeen also—we are using "of" in its "partitive meaning." "In such phrases as—The Mayor of London, London is viewed as a whole—houses, streets, people, institutions—and the Mayor is part of that whole." Who was it who tried, but tried in vain, to reach to a perfectly abstract and philosophical

conception of a Lord Mayor? Dr. Bain also has evidently tried, but we cannot say that he has not succeeded. For as the "partitive meaning" of a Lord Mayor is too deep, but surely the civic potentate is set below his proper place when he is put on a level with "the trunk of the elephant" and "the leg of the table," both of which, it seems, are cases of the partitive meaning of being "used to relate [sic] the part of anything to the whole." In the "Attributive meaning," *of* is used to connect an abstract property or quality with the concrete—the breadth of the road; the clearness of the sky; the meekness of the dove." Here Dr. Bain tells his beginners that "breadth," "clearness," "meekness," are not actual parts of the road, the sky, the dove; but abstract qualities, named by abstract nouns." Meekness is not an actual part of the dove, but the Lord Mayor is an actual part of the City. All that comes home to us is that we suppose that we have been using the preposition *of* in a "partitive" and an "attributive," and, for aught we know, in a "reference" meaning also, for a great many years without knowing it. But we are more concerned with what goes a little before:—

The prepositions—*of*, *to*, *for*, *from*, *by*, *with*—express meanings that were given in the classical languages by case-endings.

Now this is really provoking. A golden opportunity is thrown away of setting forth the whole history of the matter. Why the "classical languages" only? If Dr. Bain's beginners are advanced enough to be told about the classical languages—we should say, if they are advanced enough to puzzle their brains with "partitive" and "attributive"—they are surely advanced enough to learn something about the history of their own language. It is with beginners that impressions are most lasting, and therefore the greater pains should be taken to convey to them no impressions but such as are perfectly accurate. Now Dr. Bain's readers or hearers would be very likely to go away with the belief that case-endings are a thing which the classical languages keep wholly to themselves, and with which English and its fellows have nothing to do. It is plain that Dr. Bain has, after all, some notion of the history of the preposition of which he is talking, for he says very truly, "The original import of this root was 'proceeding from,' which easily led to the meaning now most generally signified—namely, 'belonging to.'" Of course, whenever we suggest the historical study of language from the very beginning, we are met for the ten thousandth time with the objection that what we propose would be too hard for a beginner—that is, we suppose, for a child. This objection always comes from those who do not know that what seems hard to a teacher who has himself been badly taught is quite easy to a child who has not been taught at all. And as for hardness, no one need talk about that under the cold shade of Dr. Bain's metaphysics. If we took a child of reasonable sharpness, and showed him the case-endings in *Ullilas*—the datives plural, for instance, with their long tails—and then showed him the endings in the same cases in Old-English, in modern High German, and the small vestiges of them in modern English, we believe that he would find it a great deal easier, and a great deal more interesting, than to be talked to by Dr. Bain about "partitive," "attributive," and "reference" meanings.

The odd thing is that, though Dr. Bain throws aside such opportunities as this for putting his subject in the most attractive and instructive point of view, it is plain that he is not ignorant that there is such a point of view, and that he does not look on it as wholly foreign to his subject. He has a head of "Inflexion," where, if nowhere else, one would expect to find some slight notice of the history of the language and its relation to other languages. Nothing of the sort is given in any systematic form, but scattered up and down the chapter are little references to "nouns of Anglo-Saxon origin." We are told that "*best*" is contracted from Anglo-Saxon *bet-est*, and, less accurately, that among ways of forming the plural, "adding *en* to the singular" "was the prevailing mode in Anglo-Saxon." Now if the beginner is fit to be talked to, not only about "classical languages," but also about "Anglo-Saxon," by fits and starts, it is plain that he is fit to have the real history of his native tongue clearly set before him. Or rather, incidental references of this kind would seem to imply that those who are to use the book have already taken some steps in philology. But the book is for beginners, it is "a First Grammar," an "Elementary Grammar," "preparing the way for the larger and complete works." And moreover it is a Grammar which omits entirely one division of grammar—"Derivation." Yet here we have just enough derivation to make any one ask for more. And as Dr. Bain's readers—readers of a First and Elementary Grammar—are expected to understand references to the "classical languages" and derivations from the "Anglo-Saxon," it would seem that he looks on comparative philology as something which is to be mastered at a stage of the study of grammar earlier than the beginning.

If indeed Dr. Bain's fashion of teaching grammar is to be the beginning, we cannot say that we object to the arrangement which places philology before the beginning. At all events the understanding ought to have reached its most highly matured state before it is set to work on "Co-ordinating" and "Subordinating Conjunctions," of which the "Co-ordinating" are either "Cumulative," "Adversative," or "Illative," while the "Adversative" again are either "Arrestive," "Exclusive," or "Alternative." We can make something out of all this by the help of Dr. Bain's examples. When we are told that "the strong form of opposition given in the word 'But' makes an 'Arrestive Adversative

"Coordinating Conjunction," we get some faint idea of an "Arrestive Adversative Coordinating Conjunction," but our ideas of the word "But," and "the strong form of opposition given in" it, are in no way enlarged or made clearer. But conceive a beginner set to make his way through all these break-tooth words. Conceive his being burdened and tormented with "the Coordinating Relative of Persons," the "Coordinating Relative of Things," and "the Relative of Restriction, for both Persons and Things." Elsewhere Dr. Bain tells us that *Snowdon* and *Paradise* are "singular and meaningless nouns." We must confess that "Arrestive, Adversative, Coordinating Conjunction" sounds to us a very singular and a very meaningless group of adjectives; but what can Dr. Bain mean by applying those names to *Snowdon*, *Paradise* and a crowd of other proper names? We can hardly fancy that a Professor of Logic can himself really believe that proper names are in their origin meaningless; but his way of talking might easily lead a beginner to fancy so. And one or two sentences really look as if he thought so himself:—

"*Snowdon*" is the peculiar and exclusive name of a certain mountain. The name "*Snowdon*" is not significant—it is meaningless; it might have been given to a river, to a country, or to a horse.

Now surely it is a great thing that beginners should be taught that no proper name is really meaningless. It may be meaningless to us, but, if so, it is simply because the meaning is to be found in a foreign language or in an obsolete stage of our own. But *Snowdon* is eminently a name of another class; it is a name which is still descriptive in our own language; the name of *Snow-down* could be given only to a hill; it could not "have been given to a river, or a country, or a horse." Are we to suppose that Dr. Bain would say that the name *Blackwater* could have been given to a mountain, or does he fail to see that *Snowdon* is as much a descriptive name as *Blackwater*? It may be that one who "omits entirely one division of grammar—Derivation" may really fail to see that *dun*, *down*, *don*, *down*, are all the same ending. But if derivation is omitted, poetry might have helped him. *Snowdon* is not "the peculiar and exclusive name of a certain mountain." There are at least two other heights in the Isle of Britain—probably several more—which bear the name, besides the more famous one in Caernarvonshire. And one of these at least ought to be known in Dr. Bain's part of the world. Can it be that a Professor of Aberdeen has never heard that

Snowdon's Knight was Scotland's King?

Other proper names are treated in the same manner; but it is perhaps enough to add that Dr. Bain seems to look on the following sentence as English, or at least whatever language is spoken at Aberdeen:—"They say that the Prince *leaves this* to-morrow; would you have believed it?"

#### MEMOIR OF JOSHUA PARRY.\*

THE life of a Nonconformist pastor in a small country town, how great soever his local repute or private worth, can scarcely be thought to promise much material for awakening the interest of the public after a century of repose. Nor is there much either in the private incidents of his career or in its points of contact with men and things at large to satisfy the curiosity of those who may be moved by the sight of a good-sized volume, going so far back into the past, to ask who or what was the Rev. Joshua Parry resuscitated in this Memoir. It may be that a keener ambition or a lot in life more imperatively urging him to exertion might have led to his achieving a place amongst the divines and thinkers of his time more in accordance with his undoubted abilities. As it is, however, there is quite enough of value in the literary remains now brought to light to make us regret the comparative oblivion under which one well fitted to make his mark upon the theological belief and philosophical thought of his age has so long been suffered to lie.

The subject of this Memoir came of an old and respectable stock long connected with the Welsh Border. Memorial brasses of members of the Parry family, far back in the sixteenth century, are found in more than one church in the counties of Hereford and Brecon, and the handsome tomb of Henry Parry, Bishop of Worcester, who died December 12, 1626, is to be seen in excellent preservation in his own cathedral. At what time or under what influences the family connexion with the Church of England was severed we fail to learn. At Llangham, in the county of Pembroke, where Joshua Parry was born June 17, 1719 (O. S.), his great-grandfather held so much property, added to estates in the neighbouring county of Carmarthen, as to be popularly called thereabouts "owner of the whole world." The family domain, however, had sadly dwindled from this fabulous vastness by the third generation, having had to undergo the process of subdivision amongst twenty-one children, of whom Joshua was one of the younger sons. Losing both father and mother in infancy, he was brought up under an excellent classical tutor, Mr. Davis, at Haverfordwest. At what period he left his native county was not known to his grandson and biographer, but from a note in Sir J. Hawkins's

\* A Memoir of the Rev. Joshua Parry, Nonconformist Minister of Cirencester. With some Original Essays and Correspondence, by the late Charles Henry Parry, F.R.S. Edited by Sir John E. Eardley-Wilmot, Bart., Recorder of Warwick. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1872.

*Life of Johnson*, we learn that Joshua Parry was one of a knot of promising young men at the academy of Mr. John Eames, in Moorfields, maintained by Dissenters for the supply of candidates for the ministry. Eames, besides being well known as the friend, correspondent, and assistant of Newton, had been the continuator of the abridgment of the *Philosophical Transactions* by Jones and Lowthorp, and turned out many pupils who became distinguished in science and letters. The knowledge acquired by these teeming young brains was poured out, we are told, as fast in letters to the *Gentleman's Magazine* upon mathematics and other branches of science, or polite literature in general. Among those whose friendship young Parry formed thus early were Canton, afterwards known for his discoveries in magnetism and electricity, and as the friend of Franklin; Collings, a good Greek scholar, besides being the inventor of artificial magnets; Densham, an excellent mathematician, and Hawsworth, the compiler of *Cook's Voyages*, and coadjutor of Johnson. With Mr. Ryland, a merchant in Moorfields, a relative of Hawsworth, and one of the nine members of the Beefsteak Club formed by Johnson, Parry resided in 1738. As early as this he is seen to have been engaged in literary pursuits, and contributing under assumed names to the periodicals of the day. In a letter dated soon after this time, he speaks in a somewhat light vein of the Methodists, who were just then springing up, as a "sort of religious knight-errantry." The missionary efforts of their founder are described as "the achievements of a renowned champion of theirs, the very mirror of knighthood, who has traversed a great part of the globe in search of adventures." But "whether this dreaming of giants, monsters, distressed damsels, and enchanted castles, this marvellous and sublime in temper and conduct, is not likely to bring contempt on common sense and plain honesty," he leaves to be determined by all able divines and moralists. That Parry was Arminian rather than Calvinistic in his doctrinal tendencies, and of social rather than ascetic temperament, would appear from the report of Mr. Williams, a London minister, who, writing in February 1742, after Parry had acted for a year as minister at Midhurst in Sussex, describes him "as a most agreeable preacher, who from the courteousness and affability of his behaviour is suited to any station." He was thought to show undue levity when, being wished by Doddridge much of the presence of God in his chapel, he laughed and said, "Why, doctor, that's everywhere!"

In March 1742 Parry took up his ministry at Cirencester, whence no solicitations, however flattering, could induce him to move for the rest of his life. By many friends of influence and judgment, Hawsworth among the number, he was urged to betake himself to London, to enter the ministry of the Church, or to devote his talents to literary undertakings on a large scale. Disclaiming in his replies the love of applause or the desire of publicity, he was content with the sphere of usefulness afforded by his pulpit, or by the journals of the day in which he found an utterance for his opinions upon political and social, no less than literary, themes. Those were the palmy days of the controversy on the nature and origin of virtue and vice. Cudworth's eternal and immutable morality, having superseded the utilitarian doctrines of Hobbes, and having been supplemented in the scheme of Clarke and Price by the assertion of the existence in the understanding of the simple and necessary ideas of right and wrong, fit and unfit, had of late given way to Hutcheson's theory of the moral sense, the intuitive or instinctive acknowledgment of ideas or actions as in themselves essentially good or evil. Of the moral sense Mr. Parry avowed himself from the first an ardent champion. Extracts from his correspondence or from manuscript fragments dating from this period indicate the share he took in the controversy. Right, fitness, congruity he scouts, as not only "hard to explain, but absolutely inexplicable." Whether simple or complex, the idea of fitness, he argues, must proceed mediately or immediately from a sense. The metaphysics of Hume, reducing all ideas to images or impressions of sense, appear to him far more accurate and elegant than those of Hutcheson; albeit Hume, it is well known, rejected the notion of the moral sense in favour of the combined theory of intellect and instinct; such qualities as reason discovers to be useful or beneficial to society being immediately approved by an instinctive principle of benevolence or sympathy. In Parry's survey of man's nature, and his analysis of the principles of morals, the influence of Butler's writings, then recent, is clearly to be traced. Both in this and in the other short treatises inserted in the appendix, such as that on "Natural Theology" and the "Short Defence of Christianity," the writer shows himself well abreast of the ethical and intellectual movement of the time, while his style is marked by a balanced gravity and pomp of phrase, which seems somewhat old-fashioned nowadays.

In 1752 a marriage with Miss Hillier, the daughter of a wealthy dealer in wool and extensive proprietor of land at Cirencester, a man of good repute in the county, opened to Mr. Parry a position of more than independence, which was enhanced in the following year by the falling in of his father's estates at Upcott and Wiltington to the extent of many hundred acres. He then became a man of position, with ample leisure for the pursuit of his literary and philanthropic tastes. The period of his courtship is marked by effusions in the grandiose style befitting the grave and intemperate divine of the age, beginning with "Loveliest of Womenkind," and ending with "My dearest Lady, Dearest than my life, thou

the most ardent of all Lovers, &c. Whatever he reads "in the way of lively description or lofty sentiment" he applies instinctively to her. He imagines her the universal subject of philosophers and historians, authors and poets, whether ancient or modern. "Plato and Xenophon, Cicero and Ovid, Bacon, Shaftesbury, and Pope have all written in your praise." He begs on his knees a long epistle, being in despair because his "perverse, lovely, dear cavalier" found fault with his last but one, and she is implored to "away with your 'real friend,' and such pretty Quaker-like formalities." We can hardly feel surprised to hear of his passion breaking out in poetry, of the quality of which we may perhaps judge from the sample selected for us out of an elegy on the death of General Wolfe, with whom, when quartered at Cirencester, the writer had contracted a close friendship. The upheaval from beneath the sea of one of the group of the Azores is described, *apropos* of Wolfe's voyage to America, in a style of versification which at the worst is such as becomes the stage of our national poetry at which Tate and Rowe were followed as Laureates by the Rev. Lawrence Eusden:—

See where remote the Azorian rock appears,  
And lifts his conic head among the stars;  
There a strange isle, begirt with rocks around,  
Emerged by earthquakes from the vast profound.  
Eight times the space that mortals wake and sleep,  
Earth tottered underneath th' incumbent deep;  
Such at the enormous birth were nature's throes.

Not less characteristic is another effort of Mr. Parry's muse, *Erastes: an Ethic Poem in Defence of Love: a Fragment*; whether published or not, we fail to gather from his biographer's notice. Upon the heads of "some late scribblers" of the '45 he poured the vials of polemical wrath in the *Character of a Jacobite*, rising to the somewhat equivocal climax:—

'Twere vain to answer every quack that rhymes,  
And with his doggel thinks to purge the times.

Its chief light was shed upon a life otherwise devoid of incident by Parry's admission to intimacy with Lord Bathurst, and with the political and literary circle of which that courtly patron of the wits and poets of the day was the centre. With that nobleman, when busy in London with affairs of Parliament or Court, as well as with his son, afterwards Lord Chancellor, Parry maintained a correspondence which serves to illustrate many special passages in the political and social history of the period, besides contributing much to our general impressions of contemporary life and manners. At Lord Bathurst's table he mentions his meeting Hume, with whom he sat an hour and a half, and his being shown a long note intended for the new edition of the *History of England*, in refutation of Walpole's estimate of Richard III. Pope was a frequent visitor at Oakley Park. Among others whose friendship Parry made there were Lord Bathurst's son-in-law, General Urmoston, a man of literary talent with whom he corresponded through life; Dean Tucker; Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*; Thomas Scott, Sir James Porter, Doddridge, Chandler, and Amory. With George Lewis Scott, a fellow-visitor with Hume at Lord Bathurst's, a friendly debate sprang up through the medium of letters forwarded by his lordship, touching points of what was then known as the "first philosophy," such as the eternity of matter, the creation of the universe, and the reality of space, with a critical discussion of the views of Descartes, Hobbes, Newton, and Berkeley. Scott will be remembered as an eminent mathematician and a pupil of De Moivre, the friend and correspondent of Gibbon, and of Simeon, the editor of Euclid, as well as the writer of the Supplement to Chambers's Dictionary. He was christened after George I., at whose Court, when Elector of Hanover, his father had served many years in some official capacity. He was himself for some time sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. After many passages of arms between the two combatants, involving various points of mathematical as well as metaphysical fence, the general result seems to have been, besides a conviction that much was to be said on both sides, an enhanced feeling of friendliness and esteem for each other's intellectual and moral worth. Lord Bathurst's own letters, by the marks of confidence in which they abound, bear ample witness to the value he set upon his correspondent's judgment and discretion. They deserve to be read with even greater attention for the details which they furnish of party tactics and of minor goings-on behind the scenes of public life.

In the enjoyment of lettered ease and the sense of personal usefulness which, if not wide or conspicuous, was appreciated in his immediate sphere and generation, Mr. Parry's days passed tranquilly away. The death of his friend and patron, in his ninety-first year, preceded by nearly a twelvemonth his own quiet end, from an apoplectic seizure, in the autumn of 1776. The materials for the life of Lord Bathurst in the *Biographia Britannica* were mainly put together for Dr. Kippis by Mr. Parry. His letters show him maintaining to the last an interest in the affairs of the world in the widest sense, whilst turning his inmost thoughts more and more towards the life which was still future. There is something worthy of note in his expressing himself, within a year of his death, as "wonderfully entertained" by Daines Barrington's scheme for exploring the North Pole, the nearest approach to which was made by his own grandson, Sir Edward Parry, half-a-century later. Of Mr. Parry's large family, many, both sons and daughters, have shown themselves inheritors of his manifold gifts and bright

example. Of the varied learning which he combined with habits of philosophical thought and a power of humorous expression, relics survive, we are told, in many fragments of a classical kind, as well as in a Hebrew grammar in manuscript, of the critical value of which we have misgivings when we hear of the Phœnician origin of the Welsh language forming one of his favourite crotchets. Lord Bathurst's estimate of his logical or forensic powers was shown in a remark that Mr. Parry, had he gone to the Bar, would have risen to be Lord Chancellor. Of his merits as a moralist and divine those will be inclined to judge most highly who have most carefully read what the loving care of his grandson has brought together of his fragmentary writings and his unobtrusive, but by no means wasted, life.

#### EREWHON.\*

IN some indefinite colony not long ago an anonymous person was keeping sheep. The pastoral part of the territory was limited by a large mountain range, beyond which no discoverer had hitherto ventured to advance. The rivers which descended from it passed through steep and narrow gorges, and rose from wild glaciers which it was by no means easy even to approach. The shepherd, however, was animated with a lively desire for exploration, and he endeavoured to obtain some light upon the condition of the interior by cross-examining a native called Chowbok. Chowbok's knowledge was limited, but the very mention of the distant land evidently threw him into paroxysms of terror. The traveller's curiosity was of course stimulated by these manifestations, and he at length succeeded in persuading Chowbok to guide him to the foot of the range. Here, however, the native deserted him in a panic, and, forced to trust to his own resources, it was not without great danger that he reached the summit of the ridge, and thence descended into the strange region of Erewhon. A little ingenuity in the solution of anagrams will perhaps qualify our readers to discover for themselves the geography of this anomalous district. We may say, however, that it will probably be found in any map which defines the position of the valley from which Prince Rasselas started, of the country to which Candide was carried by the subterranean river, and of the islands first made known to us by the daring researches of Captain Gulliver. The peculiarities by which its inhabitants are distinguished from those of regions subdued by Cook's tourists and described in Mr. Murray's Guides are such as we never remember to have encountered before. Some of them show a considerable originality on the part of the people themselves or their discoverer, whilst of others it is not very easy to detect the precise object. On the whole, however, the Erewhonians may be described as an amusing race of people, and it may occasionally do us good when laughing at their grotesque habits to remember that our habits may seem equally grotesque to them. When travellers laugh at the Chinese for cramping their ladies' feet, the Chinese retort that we are still more silly for cramping our ladies' waists; and the reporter of Erewhonian habits intends to convey to us a series of similar rebuffs. We will mention one or two of the most striking peculiarities of this original people.

The traveller was struck by the extraordinary beauty and the generally healthful appearance of the people. On becoming familiar with them, he discovered that this was owing to a singular confusion in their ideas. Unlike Europeans, he says, they regard disease as sinful, and bad character as simply due to disease. He was imprisoned on his first arrival, chiefly, as it would seem, because he appeared to be in bad health from the effects of his perilous journey, and he was let out when he showed that he had completely recovered. At a later period he witnessed the trial of a man accused of being in a consumption, and he gives a full report of the charge delivered by the judge. Though the penalty of death had been abolished, the prisoner was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, and to receive two table-spoonfuls of castor oil daily. On the other hand, a rich merchant with whom he stayed for a time was universally respected for his perfect physical health; but he was undergoing a course of banishment for some unfortunate moral delinquencies into which he had been betrayed. In fact, he had embezzled the whole fortune of a poor widow under circumstances of peculiar atrocity; the kleptomaniac—as we presume his complaint would be called in this hemisphere—had gradually risen to this height in consequence of his foolish neglect of some slight earlier symptoms. The friends of the family expressed the warmest sympathy with the unfortunate sufferer, and indeed manifested so much kindness that he declared playfully that he almost felt disposed to have a return of his complaint, in order that he might again be the object of so much warm sympathy. The treatment adopted in this case appears to have consisted chiefly in repeated floggings, which were however considered in the light of surgical operations, and not as involving any degradation or general loss of esteem. Various other whimsical consequences of this peculiar inversion of ideas may easily be imagined. A lady, for example, who is manifestly out of order, endeavours to persuade her friends that she has been taking to drinking; whereas unkind persons are severe enough to say that the taste for drink is entirely fictitious, and that she is really suffering from some constitutional disorder. Bodily ailments, we are told, are regarded as more venial in proportion as they have

\* Erewhon; or, Over the Range. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

been produced by causes independent of the constitution. Thus, if a man runs his health by drinking, the bodily disease is considered to be part of the mental disease to which it was owing, and therefore counts for little; whilst such illnesses as fevers or consumptions, which to us appear to be beyond individual control, are treated with the utmost severity, and subject the sufferer to fine and imprisonment.

The modes of punishing convicted invalids have recently become less barbarous than formerly, when no physical remedies had been provided, and a man once punished for some trivial complaint was very frequently an inmate of the gaols for the rest of his life. A great prison reformer, however, had arisen, who persuaded the public that a legitimate policy would admit the cure of complaints. He succeeded in obtaining a partial instalment of reform, in virtue of which all diseases were divided into three classes, according as they affected the head, the trunk, or the lower limbs. Diseases of the head, whether external or internal, were to be treated with laudanum, those of the trunk with castor-oil, and those of the legs with an embrocation of strong sulphuric acid and water. Some of the more energetic reformers are anxious to carry these principles further, and regard the classification and the remedies adopted as inconclusive.

The satire conveyed upon some of our institutions is easy enough to be interpreted in this last instance; but it may be doubted whether any very intelligible moral is to be derived from the general notion of substituting physical for moral diseases. Considered as a mere play of fancy and a whimsical upsetting of old associations, such as may take place in Looking-Glass Land or other similar regions, it is quaint and amusing enough; and some of the consequences are worked out with considerable ingenuity. We have a suspicion, however, that the author intends to be profoundly satirical; he very properly keeps any direct expression of his moral to himself, and will laugh at the obtuseness of critics who fail to draw the inferences which he intends, or who draw others of which he was not thinking. We venture, however, to assume that his moral would be something to the effect that we ought to treat crime as a disease, and that a disposition to commit murder being just as much a necessary consequence of certain antecedent causes as a tendency to catch fever, we ought in both cases to effect a cure, instead of inflicting a vindictive punishment. The Erewhonians are illogical in regarding a fever as criminal; we are just as illogical in not regarding a crime as morbid. Now, even assuming that the philosophy of this is unimpeachable, and that human actions are subject to invariable laws of causation, the conclusion does not quite follow. We hate a man, it is suggested, for being murderously disposed; why not hate him for being consumptive? or rather, why not regard him with pity in both cases, as being the victim of external circumstances? The reason in the case suggested is obvious enough. A murderer is apt to hurt us, whereas the victim of consumption is injurious only to himself. Regard one man as simply the plaything of a bump on the back of his head, and the other as having some defective arrangement of the lungs, and the murderer will still be the more hateful, because the more mischievous. But place the two complaints on a level in this respect—suppose, for example, that consumption should be a highly contagious complaint—it is true that we should still feel sorrow rather than anger for its victim. If indeed he had voluntarily incurred it owing to some morbid propensity, we should begin to dislike him; and yet the morbid propensity would be just as much a matter of causation as the complaint. Without entangling ourselves in the labyrinth whose borders we have thus reached, we may say that there is a simple practical answer to the difficulty. It is essential that certain qualities should be the objects of extreme disapproval, because that disapproval is the best means of keeping them down. Disapproval, unhappily, has very little tendency to suppress consumption, though it may and ought to suppress some practices which lead to consumption; and therefore it would be a waste of good hatred to detest an invalid; but it does and can have a most potent effect upon checking the development of murderous and other immoral propensities, and should therefore be stimulated in regard to them as much as possible. All this is independent of the perplexities about free will and necessity which seem to have been puzzling the author of *Erewhon*, if indeed he is not simply playing with a good old difficulty that has perplexed the minds of many generations.

The Erewhonians have sundry other peculiarities, equally queer, of which we have not space to give a detailed account. They have given up the invention of machinery, which will probably please Mr. Ruskin, though their reason seems to have been fanciful. The law against machines created much ill-feeling; but it was finally settled that none should be employed which had not been in use for 271 years, that period having been determined by a series of compromises, and chiefly in order to excuse a certain mangle-machine much used by Erewhonian washerwomen. Then there are the Colleges of Unreason, which are specially devoted to the study of hypotheses; that is to say, to the theory of what might have been, which is a much wider and more elevating study than the theory of what actually has been. In these colleges the youths are forced to spend many years in learning a language which has not been spoken for many centuries, and they cannot stop at that, as soon as it has been learnt. This is not a very brilliant bit of satire; but the author reserves his most powerful satire for the established religion of Erewhon, which it

appears is a compromise between the worship of a certain goddess whose name, by a slight change of letters, may be converted into Grundy, and a variety of other gods, in whom nobody believes very much, but whom everybody treats with profound respect. The goddess Ydgruz always gets the best of it, but her claims upon the worshippers conflict with those of the rival deities. In this part of the work we feel bound to give due notice that the author appears to be anything but orthodox; and indeed we are inclined to guess from some of his expressions that he is a bit of a positivist. We cannot follow him into those regions, especially as there is always a difficulty in arguing against a parable, and especially against a parable without a key to it. There are, however, a good many ingenious remarks and some caustic hits in the book; elsewhere it degenerates into somewhat commonplace and easy satire; and, on the whole, the allegory seems to be rather too far-fetched and complicated to have the desirable brilliancy of effect.

#### FATHER GERARD.\*

NEITHER the title-page nor the lettering on the back gives any adequate idea of the contents of this volume, and there is no preface or introduction to inform us what we are to expect. It consists of two parts, the first extending to 262 pages, comprising a Life of Father John Gerard, and the second being the Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, written by himself. Now as the date of the plot is 1604, and Father Gerard left England in 1606, it is somewhat of a misnomer to describe such a volume under the title of "The Condition of Catholics under James I." If it had been called "Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot," to which is prefixed the Author's Autobiography," we should have known what to expect. But it is only at the very end of the first portion of the volume which contains the Life that we learn anything of the literary history of the work.

The autobiography is a translation by Father Kingdon of a MS. entitled *Narratio P. Joannis Gerardi de tota vita sua*. The original no longer exists. The copy from which the translation is made is at Stonyhurst, and purports to be a copy from an original at the Novitiate of St. Andrew, in the hands of Father Francis Sacchini, the historian. Portions of it have from time to time appeared in *The Month*. It was composed in 1609. The narrative of the Gunpowder Plot was originally written in English during the latter part of the year 1606, just after the author's escape from England. It is a folio volume of about 300 pages, and in 1789 was in the hands of the Rev. John Thorpe, by whom the editor conjectures that it was given to Father Stone at Liège, and by him brought to Stonyhurst, where it is at present preserved. Dr. Lingard had access to this MS. and made considerable use of it, but does not, as far as we know, refer to the autobiography. The editor's reason for prefixing it to the narrative is that he wishes to claim for the writer the credibility which is due to his life and character. And though a biography composed by another person would be more valuable for this purpose than an autobiography, still, as he justly observes, it is a circumstance most favourable to the formation of an accurate judgment respecting Gerard, that he should have spoken of himself at considerable length, and entered into many and minute details of his own life.

The Life, as it is here presented to us, is made up of a translation of large portions of the Latin autobiography, with a few passages interspersed to fill up the gaps in the narrative. We should have been glad if the learned editor could have made it consistent with his plan to give the whole work, either in the original or in the translation. The omissions, we do not doubt, have been judicious, and in one instance almost necessary; for the Jesuit Father had given a summary of his narrative of the plot, which of course would have been entirely superfluous in a volume containing the whole narrative at length. He protests in his Life, as it is well known from history that he did publicly before the world, his entire ignorance of the whole affair till it was discovered. He was one of the three Jesuits against whom a proclamation was issued by name; but though the other two were aware of the existence of the plot, Gerard was not in any way in the secret. Garnett knew it in general terms, from the confession of the other Jesuit, who probably knew in confession most of the details of the plan for blowing up the Houses of Parliament. Nevertheless Gerard narrowly escaped with his life, having lain hid for nine days, during which the house in which he was concealed was watched by guards day and night, sentinels being posted for three miles all round the house to prevent the chance of escape. When the immediate danger of being taken was past, he left England, May 3, 1606, and soon afterwards composed the narrative of the plot and his own autobiography. The editor has given in addition a brief account of the remaining thirty-one years of Gerard's life, after which he proceeds to institute a deliberate defence of his veracity, and enters into the general question of equivocation and direct lying under certain difficult circumstances. The dissertation seems to us wholly superfluous. The whole question has been discussed with unequalled delicacy and refinement in Dr. Newman's *Apologia*, and the treatment it received from that master-hand is familiar to all who care anything at all about the subject.

\* *The Condition of Catholics under James I.*; Father Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, Edited with his Life, by John Lingard, Esq., of the Society of Jesus. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1872.



over, Gerard's narrative stands in no need of any such defence. It speaks for itself, and is its own guarantee for its truthfulness. There is no reason whatever for suspecting the writer of the narrative of falsehood, because he details in it minutely the artifices by which, when travelling through England in disguise, he attempted to elude the observation of officials who, if they had caught him, would have brought him to a trial which would have ended in his execution. There may be persons perhaps who may think that a man is not justified in having recourse to deceit in order to preserve his life from his enemies, but, without entering into that question here, it is at least evident that a man may avow that he thinks otherwise without prejudicing his general veracity on ordinary topics in a case where telling the truth exposes him to no danger. And, as we have said, Father Gerard's narrative not only carries on its face all the appearance of artlessness, but its details are so minutely confirmed from contemporary documents now in the Public Record Office, that a defence of his veracity is wholly unnecessary. We have, therefore, neither the occasion nor the inclination to enter into disputable questions of casuistry, and shall confine our observations to the two narratives of Father Gerard's own composition—the History of the Gunpowder Plot and his autobiography.

The Life itself is full of interesting particulars, both as regards the writer himself and many other Jesuits who were employed on the English mission during the reign of Elizabeth. Though he had been imprisoned in 1584-5 for more than a year in the Marshalsea, for declaring himself a Catholic, he returned in 1588, having been in the interval ordained priest and admitted into the Society of the Jesuits. His account of his arrival in England, and of the shifts to which he was obliged to have recourse to escape detection, has all the interest of a romance. All the three priests who landed with him suffered execution. Two of them were condemned under the statute of Eliz. an. 27, for exercising priestly functions in England, after having been ordained beyond seas. Here it must be remembered that the prohibition of the statute did not extend to the English priests who had been ordained during the previous reign. The third escaped for eighteen years, and was at last executed for supposed participation in the Gunpowder Plot.

Gerard landed somewhere, he does not say exactly where, on the East coast, and made his way to London, always avoiding the high roads and the villages, so close a system of espionage being kept up that no stranger could pass through any town or village without being subjected to inquiry as to what he was and where he came from. He at last reached London after many narrow escapes, having kept up the deception all the way that he was a gentleman's servant in search of a lost falcon. He had learned the terms of falconry in order, first, more successfully to practise this deception, and secondly to enable himself more easily to ingratiate himself with the country gentlemen with whom he might hereafter have to deal; for he observes that they had no other ideas than such as were connected with field-sports, and that all their conversation, excepting what was blasphemous and obscene, or slander of the Pope and Roman Catholics, was confined to these subjects. One of the most remarkable features of the narrative is the large number of conversions to the Roman Catholic faith made by him in various parts of the country where he was from time to time domiciled. But, besides this, there is an immense amount of information about different persons, which is not to be met with in any other printed work. Amongst others who were converted during the first few months of his residence in this country, was a lady who was sister to Sir Christopher Yelverton, whose name he does not mention, but who is easily identified as "a judge who even now is the most firm support of the Calvinist party," and by the insertion of the name in the margin. And here he gives an anecdote of the highest interest as throwing light on the already considerably damaged character of Dr. Perne, Master of Peter House and Dean of Ely, who, the author observes, had changed his religion three or four times under different sovereigns. We may remind our readers that his name was subscribed as one of the six King's chaplains to the Forty-five Articles of Edward's reign, of which we gave some account in our issue of October 28, 1871. It is well known that this weathercock managed to adhere to the religion professed by Henry VIII., veered round into the extreme of Zuinglianism which was fashionable in the time of Edward VI., became a Catholic again in the reign of Philip and Mary, and adopted Calvinism to keep his preferments at the accession of Elizabeth. Under these circumstances the following entirely new story about him will not be thought quite incredible. It occurs at p. xxvi. of the Life of Father John Gerard. Speaking of Yelverton's sister he says:—

Being very anxious as to the state of her soul, she went to a certain Doctor of the University of Cambridge, of the name of Perne, who she knew had changed his religion some three or four times under different sovereigns, but yet was in high repute for learning. Going to this Dr. Perne then, who was an intimate friend of her family, she conjured him to tell her honestly and unadulterately what was sound orthodox faith by which she might attain Heaven. The Doctor finding himself thus earnestly appealed to by a woman of discretion and good sense, replied, "I counsel you never to discuss to another what I am going to say. Else then you have promised to answer as if I had to give an account of your soul. I will tell you that you can, if you please, live in the religion now professed by the Queen and her whole kingdom, for so you will live more at ease and be exempt from all the vexations the Catholics have to undergo. But by no means let out of the faith and communion of the Catholic Church, if you would save your soul." Such was the answer of the poor man, but such was not his practice; for, putting off his conversion from day to day,

it fell out that, when he last expected, on his return home from dining with the pseudo-Archbishop of Canterbury, he dropped down dead as he was entering his apartments, without the least sign of repentance or of Christian hope of that eternal bliss which he had too easily promised to himself and to others after a life of a contrary tendency.

Amongst other very curious pieces of information with which this book abounds, we may mention the account of the death of Essex's sister, Lady Penelope Devereux. She is known as having been married by William Laud to the Earl of Devonshire, for adultery with whom she had been divorced from her first husband, Lord Rich. The allusions in Gerard's narrative are very vague and indistinct. He is evidently unwilling to speak of the lady's misconduct; but he describes her as having gone so far as to fix a day for her confession to him, preparatory to being received into the Church of Rome, and being dissuaded from taking the step by one "who had loved her long and deeply"—i.e., Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, who was created Earl of Devonshire in 1603, and died in 1606, little more than three months after he had persuaded his chaplain Laud to marry them. Gerard says of him that he died of grief, "invoking, alas! not God, but the goddess his angel, as he called her, and leaving her heiress of all his property." His widow afterwards began to think of her former resolution, and just about the time when Gerard was informed of this, and was on the point of writing to her, she was carried off by a fever; "not, however," he observes, "before she had been reconciled to the Church by one of ours."

We can scarcely within our limits give even a faint idea of the interest of the narrative, which details so many hair-breadth escapes of the writer. On one occasion he was hidden in a dark closet for four days, with nothing to eat but a few biscuits and some quince jelly. But though there was a traitor in the house in the person of one of the servants of the family, he could not be found, and the search was given up, under the idea that he must have made his escape. Soon after this he was caught through the agency of the same traitor, and imprisoned for some years, during which he was several times had up for examination, and frequently put to the torture, being left hanging up to the roof of a cell by ropes tied round his wrists, without any support to his feet. His own account of his proceedings whilst under confinement, and his successful escape from the Tower by means of a rope which crossed to the opposite side of the moat, is the most interesting part of the whole narrative. So considerate was he, that, as he was effecting his escape, he left a note for his gaoler, explaining that, if he wished to escape also, and so avoid the danger of having been thought an accomplice in furthering his prisoner's plans, he had provided a horse for him, and gave him directions which road he should take to avoid detection. The gaoler embraced the offer, and managed to live unmolested in the country for some five years. Gerard himself managed also to preserve his *incognito* till the time of the Gunpowder Plot. Though proclamations against him by name were issued, the Government could not catch him, and he soon afterwards left England, and never returned, though he survived more than thirty years.

We reserve for another occasion our notice of the latter and somewhat larger half of the volume, which gives the history of the Gunpowder Plot.

#### A MAN'S THOUGHTS.\*

IF Fielding is rightly described as the prose Homer of human nature, no less rightly may Mr. Hain Friewell be described as the prose Tupper of human philosophy. There are many persons who no more think that it falls within their capacity to understand poetry than a child thinks that it falls within its capacity to understand a sermon. Such people, if on opening a book they see that it is printed like poetry—the lines of unequal lengths and a capital letter at the beginning of each line—quietly close it again, and, if their love of literature is not somewhat chilled by this unexpected incident, continue their search after prose. No doubt, in many cases, if they had had courage to read a few lines of the poet they lighted on, and had once got used to the capital letters occurring in the middle of a sentence, they would have found that poetry is wonderfully like prose, and could often be turned into it by the aid of the printer alone. Nevertheless, while readers are so cautious and so distrustful of their own powers, it is well that between the poet and the people there should come a kind of factor, whose duty it should be to bring the wares of the one within the easy reach of the other. Such is the pleasing task which Mr. Friewell seems to perform for the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. We do not in any way mean to say that the book before us is a conscious adaptation of Mr. Tupper's great work. Nevertheless it is clear that the younger writer has drunk deep of the Tupperian spring, and, thoroughly saturated with the latest form of that philosophy, is rather removing its difficulties for the sake of the uninitiated than originating any new form of thought himself. He is not indeed the only disciple Mr. Tupper has had, who devotes himself to the pleasing task of expounding his philosophy. Just as Socrates had Plato and Xenophon, so our English Socrates, Mr. Tupper, has, on the one hand, the author of *The Gentle Life*, and, on the other hand, the no less pleasing author of the *Recreations of a Country Parson*. Let none despair.

\* *A Man's Thoughts*. By J. Hain Friewell, author of "The Gentle Life." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

Those who cannot understand Mr. Tupper can surely understand A. K. H. B., and those who cannot understand A. K. H. B. can at all events understand Mr. Friwell. Our author, with plentiful quotations from the Book of Judges and from Milton, explains to us first who the Philistines were, and next who are the Philistines of Mr. Matthew Arnold's writings. We may mention, by the way, that any one unfamiliar with the story of Samson will find it given at full length, as his jawbone and all, in Mr. Friwell's pages and in Mr. Friwell's language. Now if any modern Philistine should suddenly get inspired with a zeal for Mr. Arnold's "culture," and giving up his *Daily Telegraph* should cry, What shall I read to be cultivated? we would advise him to begin cautiously and to try *A Man's Thoughts*. He might advance onwards to A. K. H. B., and so reaching Mr. Tupper prepare for still higher efforts. There is, however, some cause for alarm when we come to recommend the work before us as a Primer of Culture, if we may so term it. Just as any boy who has once seen frogs pelted can pelt frogs himself, so any one who has once read such an author as Mr. Friwell can himself turn author. Some arts are so easy of attainment that little more is required for their successful practice than the wish to excel in them. Now to write in the style of the *Daily Telegraph*, like going to Corinth, does not fall to the lot of any man you please. Cultivation, no doubt, may do a great deal, but a Special Correspondent of the paper that has the largest circulation in the world cannot be raised from any stock, any more than the prize ox of the Cattle Show. To read therefore the *Daily Telegraph* is comparatively safe. We are told in old legends of only one man who tried to imitate the thunderings of Jupiter, and in old fables of only one frog who tried to swell himself out like an ox. Mr. George Augustus Sala has perhaps rather more imitators than his forerunners, whether in legend or in fable; but of the 190,000 subscribers to the *Daily Telegraph*—we forget the old numbers—there are, we feel sure, but very few who would be presumptuous enough to try to imitate him. The case is very different when they turn to Mr. Friwell, and find that the chief part of an author's art can be imparted by the writing-master. The scribbling itch will then seize all alike, and as each man has his thoughts as well as Mr. Friwell, we shall have no restraint left on the multiplication of authors except the indolence of those who have acquired the art of penmanship. Mr. Friwell will of course always remain the prose Tupper, but he will be the head of a very extensive tribe. How many hundreds of thousands must there already be, even before compulsory education has been brought to bear on the masses, who could, if they chose so to waste their time, write passages equal in originality and in expression to the following:—

Half the nostrums of the world, which wise men, or those who deem themselves wise, put forward to cure the evils of society, will be put out of course by self-restraint. No one except the most ardent teetotallers would argue that it is a sin to taste wine. The sin consists in the excess, and although vegetarians have a much better cause, for on the face of the question it seems cruel to kill animals to feed on them, perhaps they might listen to reason where moderation is exercised. Self-restraint will make every kind of enjoyment lawful in its proper time and place, will induce good health and satisfaction in life; will make our work a pleasure, our exercise delightful, our rest and sleep refreshing. In these, also, we should be careful and moderate. In fact there is nothing in life that can be indulged in to excess without hurt to soul and body. In like manner there is hardly anything in life that need be shunned as a sin or a folly if taken properly—used and not abused.

Mr. Friwell would seem to have readers, for he goes on bringing out what he would call, we suppose, new works. One of his books too, as we learn from the advertisements, has gone through ten editions, and "deserves," in the language of an admiring journal, "to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house." Increase of appetite may grow in certain cases on what it feeds on. We should have thought, however, that every one throughout the country must have at least two opportunities every Sunday of satiating his desire for that kind of hash of moral sentiments and that kind of travestying of Bible stories which we find in these pages, without going to the expense of buying them from Mr. Friwell on week days. As far as our experience goes, preachers have not yet left off telling us that "there is nothing in life that can be indulged in to excess without hurt to soul and body," nor have they grown weary or ashamed of telling in their own feeble language what stands already told in the noblest language ever written. It is true that Mr. Friwell, by the help of that "independent scholarship" which the *Nonconformist* finds in him, and which we, so far at all events as the independency is concerned, willingly concede to him, at times throws additional interest on moral teaching and Bible stories. He tells us that it was just when "Philistia was at the culmination of her complacent power" that Samson arose, who, we learn parenthetically, was as "mighty as the fabled Hercules, if indeed he was not he." We regret to learn, however, that Samson, whether Hercules or not, was "stained somewhat, as our new morality makes us think, with the sins of the flesh." About the Philistines and their country we get some information which is, we fear, scarcely more exact in its geography than in its grammar:—

The Philistines, as we should properly call these people, then inhabited the plain of Philistia; and bounded on the north by Phœnicia and Syria, and on the south by Egypt and Arabia, the fertility and the position of their country gave them enormous wealth. So far they were like England.

However, as Mr. Friwell's readers perhaps never heard of Phœnicia and have not the least conception where are to be

found Phœnicia and Syria, or Egypt and Arabia, no great harm is done. Mr. Friwell may also, we can well believe, "cite the Latin *summa jura*," and yet not lose that reputation for "independent scholarship" with which his readers, on the authority of the *Nonconformist*, will credit him. He is not, however, always independent; for at times he is condescending enough to appeal to authority. On the derivation of the word conscience he has a good deal to say, and while telling us that some "derive it from *scientia communis*, the common or general in-dwelling knowledge of man," he adds that "Gessner says it may be derived from *con*, together with, and *scire*, to know; so that you at once know what you have done." We hardly know which to admire the more, the happy audacity or the excessive caution of Gessner, who, while lighting on the track of the derivation of so obscurely compounded a word, yet is not carried away by the zeal of the etymologist, but only ventures to hint at the possibility of the correctness of his view. Passing from words to facts, those who have never heard the story of Alexander and Diogenes will find it twice told in Mr. Friwell's pages, with such improvements in the second narrative as are naturally suggested in a twice-told tale. In p. 76 we are merely introduced to Alexander as "that great conqueror surrounded by a glittering corps of courtiers, generals with short flat clanking swords that struck against their mailed buskins with a pleasant rattle." But in p. 193, while the courtiers have disappeared, we have Alexander himself described "as the swaggering captain in his clinking arms, his nodding plumes, gold helmet, and glittering sword." We are glad, however, to say that the well-known sunshine remains the same in both narratives. We have already shown how, out of the wealth of his stores of knowledge, Mr. Friwell contrives to throw in information parenthetically. The second account of Diogenes is properly introduced by a dissertation on the Cynics and a defence of Antisthenes, as the first account was no less properly introduced by a dissertation on tubs. We quite agree with Mr. Friwell when he tells us

It would be wrong to suppose for one moment that Antisthenes, who at Cynosarges (whence some say the name of the sect) founded this school of philosophy, intended it to degenerate to what it did.

We never yet heard of any founder of any school who "intended it to degenerate to what it did." We should be glad, however, of an opportunity of putting Mr. Friwell a question or two as to the place that he spells *Cynosarges*; and we would suggest that before he next presumes to write about the founders of schools of philosophy, he would do well in the first place to consult his biographical and geographical dictionary, and in the second place to acquire the art of copying correctly. Mr. Friwell, we should imagine, knows only two stories out of Greek history; for if he knows more, why does he tell these two twice over? We have Leonidas and his three hundred, as well as Diogenes and his tub, brought in to do duty in two separate chapters. We have felt it our duty to be rather severe upon him; but, to show that we are not ill-disposed towards him, we will in a moment supply him with materials for two or three new chapters, if not indeed for a whole book. Let him get down his Biographical Dictionary, or his Goldsmith's History of Greece, and look up the stories of Croesus, of the Seven Sages of Greece, of Lycurgus and Spartan broth, and at the same time let him read up some of the obscurer parts of Bible history—the story of Joseph, for instance—and he will have, we feel sure, nothing left but a title to select, a preface to write, and a publisher to find.

Mr. Friwell does not expound only the Bible, the classics, philosophy, and Mr. Tupper to his readers. He knows political economy after the school of Mr. Ruskin, much as Chaucer's Prioresse knew French "after the scole of Stratford atte Bowe." Till now we had always thought that in ignorance of political economy Mr. Ruskin was unrivalled. But the disciple has surpassed the master, and as long as Mr. Friwell lives Mr. Ruskin can boast that there is in his favourite subject one man who is more ignorant than he. Mr. Friwell, while accepting all Mr. Ruskin's doctrines, has his own grand remedies for the corruptions and miseries of society:—

We shall have a noble outcome in the far-distant future from all this turmoil; but it is yet too early to ask women to vote. We must do away with open voting, and substitute voting papers (as they have done for the graduates of Oxford or Cambridge) before that day comes; and meanwhile we must go on educating the people, and endeavouring not only to raise every man and woman, but every child. We can at least educate them in silence and in patience; as we are now, almost every one, without a thought wasted or spent about a matter, pronounced on it.

This "noble outcome" bursts upon the reader with a most pleasing abruptness. Nothing had been previously said about votes for women, nothing about voting-papers, nothing about education. However we will not object to that, and we are quite content meanwhile to go on educating the people, till the far distant future comes when, after all this turmoil, women will have votes and voting-papers; and education, which has only been a means to that glorious end, can be given up as being of no further use. We would suggest, however, that as the best step towards this education "in silence and patience," Mr. Friwell had better leave off writing. The Spartans, as Mr. Friwell will learn when, following our advice, he reads his Goldsmith, certainly were said to try to deter their children from drunkenness by making their slaves drunk. In like manner it is just possible that the silliness of Mr. Friwell's tedious garbality may tend to disgust his readers with garbality in general, and so we silence them in silence. As regards patience, however, there had been

doubt that, unless that virtue requires to have exercise artificially found for her, the education of critics will be the more complete the less they have to do with Mr. Friswell.

## CRANSTOUN'S TIBULLUS.\*

MR. CRANSTOUN has done a good service to letters in seeking to atone for the slight hitherto put by English translators on the neatest and most elegant of Latin elegiac poets. Translation may not be the grandest of fields, but it is something to occupy it with taste, judgment, and discernment, and to select such portions of it for cultivation as are least exhausted, and therefore most likely, if well dealt with, to bring credit to the cultivator. This seems at any rate to have been Mr. Cranstoun's opinion when, regarding the versions of Horace and Virgil which have within the last fifteen years issued so profusely from the English press, and the versions of Catullus with which his own very meritorious translation has to compete—regarding too the indications of popular toleration even for translations of the unequal and tedious Propertius—he determined to put in a plea for the refined and tuneful Tibullus, and by the publication of his *Studia Tibulliana* in the form of an elegant metrical version, with an introductory life and survey of the poet's works, and an appendix of illustrative notes (which are almost a florilegium of classical translation in themselves), to bespeak a reconsideration of the rank to which the lover of Nemesis and Nereia is entitled. Surely to an English ear strains cannot fail to be welcome which represent a poet who may seem to have combined Goldsmith's love of nature and simplicity with the grace, finish, and elegiac tone of the statelier Gray; and inasmuch as the sole competitor in the field is an almost forgotten Mr. Dart, whose version of a century and a half ago is at best respectable and passable, we may congratulate Mr. Cranstoun on having occupied a place for which his poetical skill, no less than his manifest classical training and acquirements, abundantly fits him. It is not always, especially in the reproduction of the classic poets, that we can honestly commend endeavours of which the best to be said is that they are well meant; but in this version of Tibullus the copy, no less than the model, is thoroughly acceptable. Mr. Cranstoun has retrimmed Tibullus by aid of the best ancient and modern commentaries, thought out the meaning of doubtful passages, and weighed the pros and cons about disputed arrangement and authorship. Hence, so far as it goes, his volume is a valuable chapter in the history of Roman literature (which, by the way, has yet to be written as a whole), all the more valuable because of the fulness, taste, and pertinency of its parallels and illustrations; and the reader is made to feel that while his guide is obviously an enthusiast, he is never so much so as to let his zeal bias his judgment. If Tibullus does not henceforth hold high favour amongst English readers of the classics, the fault will be in their own taste, and not in the presentment of him by his new translator.

The data for a life of Tibullus are conveniently succinct. An Elegy of Ovid, an Epistle of Horace, and a life by an old grammarian, supply materials which illustrate, and are illustrated by, the internal evidence of the Elegies themselves. We get the idea of a genial, handsome, refined, but not foppish, Roman knight, very early in life his own master, and yet tenderly attached to his mother and sister, and, for a Roman in his position, a singularly domestic character. Through all his poetry, even when it is most erotic and at the laxest, there breathes a true elegiac plaintiveness; and the impression grows with the perusal of it that this slave of one mistress after another might, under other conditions and another creed, have found the ideal he sought. As it was, it is not proved that Nemesis, Delia, Nereia, and Glycera (with this last we credit him on the showing of Horace, and not on his own confession) were chargeable with being a drain upon his patrimony, which had been reduced by confiscations on the death of Cæsar. Just before his early death he threatened to sell his possessions to gratify capricious Nemesis, but this may have been no more than a figure of speech, and Horace's Epistle (l. 4) compliments Tibullus on his secret of uniting a calm mode of life with the true art of enjoyment. An intimate connexion with a great patron, Messala, obliged him to accompany that general, perhaps more as the bard of his exploits than as the aide-de-camp of his campaign, against rebellious Aquitania in B.C. 31; but when it came to an expedition to Asia, a convenient illness cut short the poet's war-service at Corcyra, and henceforth he gave to Venus the homage which we cannot suppose he ever heartily rendered to Mars. His loves, in fact, constitute his history. Nereia jilted him; Delia's intercourse was a case of "quarrel again and make it up again," till on his return from Corcyra he found that she had forsaken him for a richer and less jealous lover. Of Glycera we know little save from Horace's epithet, but she probably preceded Nemesis, the rapacious beauty who saw the last of him, and met another of his enslavers, Delia (or Plania) at his funeral pyre. As each of these held sway over him in succession he thrilled to their praise songs of far deeper feeling than the light, skin-deep effusions of Horace or Catullus, who, as Mr. Cranstoun neatly puts it, engrave the names of their mistresses "on shells of rare beauty, it is true, but still on shells only." We

are not aware that it is a serious drawback to the poetic reputation of Tibullus that Dr. Arnold coupled him as a bad poet with Propertius, and that Niebuhr thought scorn of his sentimentality. *Ne auctor ultra credidim.* Mr. Cranstoun has a better right to be heard in the field of poetic art, and we cannot imagine a truer estimate of Tibullus than that which he has given in the following passage:—

Tibullus cannot, it is true, soar into the blue heaven and gaze upon the sun in his meridian splendour, like that eagle of the Alps "the young Catullus"; he has not the vast learning, nervous vigour, and sparkling brilliancy of Propertius; nor the exquisite pathos, richness of imagery, and intensely sensuous feeling of the many-minded Ovid; neither can he play with the affections like Horace in his own, or Martial in a later day—poets who could tease and fondle Love by turns, as a lady would a lap-dog; but he evinces throughout a simplicity, a naturalness, a tenderness, and a tenderness particularly his own; and herein lies his charm.

His love of home and friends, his enjoyment of the country, of hills and dales, of shepherds and sheepfolds, of smiling meadows and murmuring rivulets, of purple vineyards and yellow corn-fields, and of the innocence and simplicity of earlier days, combined with that tender melancholy that over, cloud-like, threw a shadow o'er his brow, gives him an almost romantic interest in the eyes of the modern reader; and will always secure for him, with lovers of rural scenes, one of the most enviable positions among the sons of ancient song.

We have scarcely space to glance at the matter of the excursus on the authorship of the Third and Fourth Books, or at Mr. Cranstoun's argument against the views of Lachmann, Dissen, and Milman, who refuse to ascribe these to Tibullus. The most difficult argument to answer is that which is based on El. III. v. 17 and 18, which seems to fix Tibullus's birth in the year of the Battle of Mutina (B.C. 43), "cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari." The first line of this couplet runs "Natalem nostri primum videre parentes," or, as some MSS. read, "Natalem primo nostrum," &c. Our translator holds that Tibullus reckoned his years in reference to so singular a chronological landmark as the fact of two consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, meeting their deaths on the same day of the same month, just as a man the fifth anniversary of whose birth fell on the day of Waterloo might say he was five years old at that date. So far so good. But he would further for "primum" read "decimum"—not so simple a transcriber's error, we fear, as he accounts it. It would, no doubt, simplify matters could we venture to adopt a suggestion which would remove one hindrance to the establishment of the Third Book as genuine, and yield a sense on this wise:—

My parents saw their boy's tenth natal day  
What morn one fate both consuls swept away.

Leaving, however, to the curiosity of readers the arguments for and against the ascription of the later books to Tibullus, we pass to the examination of Mr. Cranstoun's work as a translator, more especially as regards the earlier and undoubted elegies. And first let us cull from that sweet elegy to Delia, written in sickness at Corcyra, passing by, though of exceeding beauty, the English counterpart of the familiar lines about the old Saturnian rule, vv. 35-44. We quote the poet's vision of what is in store for him should his illness prove fatal. (See vv. 57-66.)

But me, the facile child of tender Love,  
Will Venus waft to bliss Elysium's plains,  
Where dance and song resound, and every grove  
Rings with clear-throated warblers' dulcet strains.  
Here lands untill'd their richest treasures yield—  
Here sweetest cassia all untended grows—  
With lavish lap the earth, in every field,  
Outpours the blossom of the fragrant rose.  
Here bands of youths and tender maidens chime  
In Love's sweet lures, and pay the untiring vow—  
Here reigns the lover, slain in youthful prime,  
With myrtle garland round his honoured brow.

In this metre, which we recognize as the fittest to represent the Latin elegiac, the first five elegies and many of those that follow are rendered; and rendered, it should be added, with singular felicity. The sixth elegy of the First Book, addressed to Delia and, as Mr. Cranstoun surmises, to Tibullus's successor in her affections, is broken up by the translator into two. The theory is plausible enough, but it seems to us unlikely that the poet would have troubled himself with inditing "cautions" in verse to a fortunate rival; we think it more probable that the whole was addressed to Delia, though the latter half was designed to work on her fears and vanity, and the former to suggest to her, banteringly, what he could tell, if he chose, to her temporary possessor. It is not necessary to suppose that for other than Delia's eye were meant the ingenuous confessions—

Ah, me! I taught her first her guards to fall,  
And now on me, alas! my arts recoil.

'Twas I, I'll tell the honest truth outright,  
At whom your mastiff used to bark all night.

Another variety of metre is seasonably called to Mr. Cranstoun's aid when he translates the graceful and spirited elegy (l. vii.) on Messala's birthday. The fourteen-syllable ballad metre might seem at first too roomy for the gist of the elegiac couplet, but a comparison of Latin and English in the two lines of each which we quote as a test-point will probably satisfy those who take interest in the problems of translation that the experiment is in this case successful:—

An te, Cydne, canam, tacitis qui leniter undis  
Ceruleus placidis per rada serpis aquis?

O! Cydne, shall I sing of thee, through thy shallows creeping slow,  
Thy placid streams, thine azure gleam, and thy wavelet's noiseless flow.

\* *The Elegies of Tibullus.* Translated into English Verse. By James Cranstoun, B.A., Author of a Translation of "Catullus." Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

Each feature of the original is caught, each trait represented with a skill holding the happy mean between freedom and servility. Later in the same elegy occur some good lines descriptive of the praise due to Messala for his talents as a road-maker, displayed upon the Via Latina (I. vii. 57-62):—

While of yon splendid road the sons of Tusculum shall tell,  
And they who in the ancient homes of white-wall'd Alba dwell;  
For by thy wealth the gritty rock was hither brought and strown,  
Compacted here and joined there, with skilful art, each stone.  
Thy praise shall rustles sing as homeward from the town they stray,  
For now they never lose their path, nor stumble by the way.

Yet another metre is used with excellent effect to render the "Praise of Sulpicia" in the second elegy of the Fourth Book, and we had marked a stave or two for quotation; but it is due to the more appropriate representative of the Latin elegiac to give preference to a quatrain or two from the tenth elegy of the First Book ("The Blessings of Peace"), out of which we extract Tibullus's pathetic contrast between the tangible present and the to-the-heavens drear future (I. x. 33-44):—

Ah me! why court dark death in war? all round  
It creeps unseen and silent, ever near:  
Below, no crops—no vines—but the fierce hound,  
And the grim boatman of the Stygian mere.

And there, with *sunken* chaps and half-burnt hair,  
By the dark lake the wan-faced tenants roan;  
Far happier he, who with his own may share  
In age and competence the joys of home.

He tends the sheep, his son the lambs, and aye  
His loving wife her weary husband cheers.  
So may I live, and see my hair grow gray,  
And tell, when old, the deeds of early years.

Perhaps the italicized epithet in the fifth verse scarcely represents "percuressia," which rather means *smitten* by the wailing shades, acting as their own "præficio"; but otherwise we do not see how such stanzas as these could be mended. In the third elegy of the Second Book on "Nemesis in the Country," one couplet sent his mistress, whom he likens to Venus ruralizing with her son (vv. 3 and 4), is a picture in itself:—

*Ipsa Venus lætas jam nunc migravit in agros,  
Verbaque aratoris rustice discit Amor.*

For Venus' self has sought the happy plains,  
And Love is taking lessons at the plough.

What a subject for a vignette! A little further on (vv. 17-20) there is a vision of Diana meeting her brother Apollo when he was herdsman to Admetus, which is thus prettily rendered:—

How oft pale Dian blush'd and felt a pang  
To see him bear a calf across the plain!  
How oft, as in the deepening dell he sang,  
The lowing oxen broke the hallow'd strain.

In single lines too Mr. Cranstoun very frequently exhibits great ingenuity of translation, as where it is said of Juno's tempter, Ixion, that in Tartarus

*Versantur celeri noxia membra rotâ  
Ixion . . . bound  
Spins round his wheel in endless unreprieve.*

Against the merits which we have noticed there are, of course, a few slips to be set off. *E.g.*, in I. vii. 4 we find a hypermetrical line repugnant to our ears; unless indeed "sacred" can be taken for a monosyllable in the verse—

Whose might should make *sacred* Atax quake in terror to the main;  
and in II. i. 28 we should prefer some other rendering of "*solvite viacula cado*" instead of "the Ohian cask unbind." Nor can we acquiesce in the rendering of "*agricolis coelitus*" by "vernal powers." In I. ii. 81

*Nun feror incestus sedes adlisse dororum*  
is rendered:—  
With sacrilege can mortal blast my fame?

where it is too much to expect the readers to understand that "sacrilege" means "a charge of sacrilege." There are several other slips of a similar nature which a little careful revision would amend. But, on the whole, when we take into account the mass of verse-translation from Tibullus and his compeers, as well as from their Greek models, here and there, with which this volume is enriched, it is matter for wonder that the errors are so few. As for the beauties, they are creditably abundant, and every one who cares for Latin elegy or its English representations may be safely recommended to study Mr. Cranstoun's Tibullus.

#### A RETROSPECT OF THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.\*

WE have no right to conjecture who "A Recluse" may be, but we may safely say that the *Retrospect of the Autumn Manœuvres* would do no discredit to the name of any of our best military authors. Calmly and logically written, suggestive without being dogmatical, and displaying considerable acquaintance with history and a powerful grasp of his subject, the book before

us is a valuable contribution to British military literature. We cannot say that we always agree with the author, but we do say that everything he has written is worthy of careful consideration. It is naturally difficult for those who have been brought up in a particular school to accept the fact that their previous training has not only done them no good, but has even done them absolute harm. English gentlemen, and above all English officers, are, as a rule, conservative; the latter are also, and with reason, proud of those special characteristics of the British soldier which enabled Wellington so often to overthrow with a thin two-deep line the dense columns of the French. As a nation, too, we love to close with our enemies, and the bayonet has always been the favourite weapon of our army. These traditions, this attachment to the *arme blanche*, are declared by our author to be, in the altered conditions of war, most pernicious, and it must be admitted that his words supply matter for serious reflection. The problem is one the solution of which is both painful and difficult. Painful because, if we adopt the solution of the author, we must confess that the years spent in bringing our army to the perfection of a machine have been in great part wasted; and difficult because of the undeniable fact that a military system, to be thoroughly effective, must be adapted to the peculiarities of the nation. It is, however, of the utmost moment that we should take advantage of the period of peace which we are at present enjoying, and decide now after what fashion we shall carry on war when war comes; for to defer the question until hostilities break out would be an act of suicidal folly. War no longer affords its own school, but is simply a test of the training received in peace. We must therefore, if we wish to preserve our laurels, determine what system shall in future be adopted.

The author tells us that "our tactical system must be radically changed," and "that the British bayonet and French *élan* lie buried in the same grave." That our tactical system must undergo some change we do not doubt, but we are by no means convinced that the change need be radical. The history of the late war supplies, it is true, arguments in support of this radicalism, but on a close inspection their value becomes seriously diminished. At St. Privat the Prussian Guard, advancing for some fifteen hundred yards across a valley and up a slope completely exposed to the fire of the French, who were sheltered by garden-walls and rifle-pits, were repulsed with great loss, but so probably they would have been under the old conditions of war. We do not, therefore, consider that the result of this often-quoted episode proves conclusively that formed bodies of troops should never advance within two thousand paces of the enemy's fire. Yet this is the rule now followed in the Prussian army, and the author wishes to see it adopted in our own. He seems to be of opinion that skirmishers, supports, and reserves should all attack a position in extended order. Though he does not expressly say so, he allows it to be inferred that lines should be altogether proscribed. He forgets, however, that the French who repulsed the attack on St. Privat were in line formation, and our deduction from this fact would be that the line was particularly adapted for defensive positions. Let us now take the case of an advance to attack a stationary foe. Generally speaking, an intelligent leader will be able to procure, as he advances, much cover from the nature of the ground, nor will he attack till his artillery has somewhat shaken the enemy. Still it is certain that long lines advancing without firing would be destroyed before they could come to close quarters with the foe. A fire to cover their advance and distract the attention of the enemy, while supplementing the effect of the artillery, would be supplied by clouds of skirmishers, and in future skirmishers will no doubt be much more freely employed than formerly. Nevertheless the fact remains that the deployed battalions would offer marks which it would be easy to hit during the advance. It follows therefore that all the troops heading the attack should, if not especially favoured by the ground, be either extended as skirmishers, or broken up into fractions less than even half-battalions. The second line might, however, be formed of battalions advancing in line. The enemy could not very well fire at four ranges at once—it would have to fire at three ranges against skirmishers, supports, and reserves—and consequently the deployed battalions would in reality be exposed to a comparatively trifling danger. At the commencement of the advance the second line might follow at a considerable distance, diminishing it gradually as the first line drew nearer to the position, and the advantage of supporting the necessarily disordered rush of the skirmishing bodies by regularly formed lines, of improving by this means a first success, of repelling a counter attack, or of covering a retreat, would be incalculable. We have always thought that the Prussian line, if possessing as little solidity as is alleged, offered an excellent opportunity for a counter attack; and we believe that by a flank our lines during the autumn manœuvres could easily have been pierced.

The fact is, the new Prussian mode of fighting has not yet been fairly tested. The French made their few counter attacks in a lumbering awkward manner, and had discarded their old dash tactics without having acquired the conditions which distinguishes the British soldier. Besides, they had as little as possible. British troops would never, we may say, have allowed their main line of battle to be approached by a flank, but weak clusters of skirmishers they would have brushed them away by a short charge, or have manoeuvred

\* *A Retrospect of the Autumn Manœuvres. With Five Plans.* By A. Recluse. London: Colburn & Co. 1872.



sent out skirmishers to keep those of the enemy at a distance. The Prussian mode of fighting is, after all, but formulated and scientific bushwhacking, and would be innocuous against firm, well-led soldiers. If the fighting on both sides is to be restricted to skirmishes, a battle would resolve itself into a continual dribbling on to the scene of contact, and the struggle would be indefinitely prolonged; and rendered much more sanguinary than is the case at present. With regard to the size of the tactical units recommended to be employed in future, it must not be forgotten that if one of our battalions, with an establishment of 800 rank and file, organized in eight companies, sent out two companies as skirmishers and two as supports, the remaining four companies would be little stronger than two Prussian companies without the third rank, and that a half battalion would scarcely exceed the strength of a single Prussian company. We are glad to find that the Duke of Cambridge still maintains that the line formation is the best suited to the British soldier. We may imagine him arguing as follows:—"There is a considerable difference between the British and the Prussian soldier. The former undergoes twice as long a training as the latter. The British soldier is also individually less intelligent than the Prussian. The Prussian system is suited for highly intelligent trained men of short service, who would be incapable of manœuvring with precision in large bodies. Our method is better for old well-drilled, but less intelligent, men. We will not wantonly throw away our special advantages." For some time after the American war mounted riflemen were cried up as the expense of regular cavalry; the fact being that the theatre of war was often unsuited for the latter, even if there had been time to train them, which there was not. The Americans had to choose between contenting themselves with mounted infantry and having no horsemen at all; and it is possible that the Prussians are in a similar situation. Again, as to the bayonet; if two opposing bodies are equally determined to close with each other, the moment of actual contact must arrive at last, and then the side which possesses confidence in the bayonet will assuredly prove successful. Besides, the moral effect of a line advancing with bayonets fixed and rifles at the charge is very great. In a pamphlet by General von Moltke, recently translated into English by Lieutenant Crawford, continual mention is made of the bayonet as a useful adjunct to fire, and as the weapon with which to decide an action. In the latest Prussian drill-book, also, there is as frequent reference to the bayonet as in our own Field Exercise. On the whole, therefore, though more tact than hitherto will be required in the use of the bayonet, we do not believe that the weapon is obsolete any more than we believe that cavalry will be replaced by mounted riflemen.

The importance of the subjects of line formation and the use of the bayonet is so great at the present moment, when such extensive modifications of the art of war are taking place, that we make no excuse for the length of our remarks on that portion of the book before us which relates to it. The other chapters, however, which consist of a record of the autumn campaign and a series of able criticisms on it, are scarcely less interesting. "The general idea" promulgated at the commencement of the campaign was not, in our author's opinion, sound. It was assumed that Carey at Hartford Bridge Flats, though equally strong with Hope Grant, was alarmed because the latter threatened his communications with Staveley at Woolmer, and consequently fell back on the latter. But the author correctly points out that Carey had no reason for fear, and that Hope Grant ought to have avoided placing himself within a day's march of two armies each as strong as himself. He is not less severe on "the general idea" issued for the guidance of the opposing generals on the 16th September, the date of the first battle of the mimic campaign. He points out that, as we remarked at the time, it was an error for Hope Grant to detach, as in compliance with the programme he did, a skeleton force representing two thousand men in the direction of Hangry Hill. That body, completely isolated, would, in rank war, have been certainly disregarded and captured. The order that Carey should take 10,000 men against this weak detachment appears to have been equally in violation of the principles of military science. Indeed it was a mistake to turn Hope Grant's right, instead of his strategic flank, his left. The author concludes from the events of the day that Grant, recognizing the defects of the Hangry Back, a bald narrow ridge with the front (from the broken nature of the ground) most favourable to the attack, determined only to occupy it with a rear guard. It is certain that he did only occupy it with four battalions, a regiment of cavalry, and half-a-dozen guns, and determined that his main position should be Gravel Pit Hill. The author justifies Grant's feeble defence of the Hangry Back, but we find ourselves unable to adopt his opinions in full. That the ridge was narrow, and exposed to distant artillery fire, is true; but the reverse slope of the hill furnished ample cover for his supports, and the banks and hedges on its front slope and on the summit afforded good opportunities for a stout rearguard fight. The retreat moreover of Grant's battalions would have been covered by the fire of the artillery on Gravel Pit Hill, which was distant not more than three thousand yards from the summit of the Hangry Back. The attack on Gravel Pit Hill was, we agree with the author in thinking, decisively repulsed, "but his retreat had been pre-determined in order to comply with General arrangements." Indeed throughout the campaign the enemy General seems to have acted as a drag on the military operations. We must also refer to the manner in which the hands of the Irish generals were tied by directions issued from Headquarters, to an extent

quite inconsistent with the declaration that "the most unhesitating control in the strategical and tactical handling of the troops committed to their charge was delegated to the commanders of divisions."

The comments of "A Recluse" on the battle of Bixley Common are exhaustive and instructive, but we can only notice one or two points. Grant failed to derive full benefit from his superiority in artillery, which was ought to have been disposed as we to bring a converging fire on the débouches from the tunnels under the railway embankment. Lysons, commanding one of his brigades, owing to a misapprehension due to a loose definition of the boundaries, extended his troops too far to the right, and had some of his battalions put out of bounds. He also neglected one of the bridges over the canal. Grant took up too long a line, and made preparations rather for a stout defensive battle than for an action to cover a retreat, which was inevitable. On the other hand, Staveley did not properly concert his movements with Carey, and commenced his front attack before Carey had come up on Grant's flank. This error was chiefly due to the fact that the two attacking divisions were not placed under one commander. The end of the affair was, as we know, that Grant fell back in disorder to Chobham Common. The chapter devoted to the battle of Chobham Common is full of clear criticisms and instructive disquisition on questions of tactics. The action is thus tersely summed up:—"As a sight it was grand and enjoyable; as a preparation for the field it was worse than useless. It was calculated to convey impressions which are not real, and to confirm prejudices which are based upon ignorance of present warfare."

The final chapter treats of the last combat of the campaign, the battle of Fox Hill. The umpires pronounced Carey, who commanded the assailants, to have been victorious. Our author challenges their verdict. We confess that we share the opinion of the umpires. The author says that Carey's leading brigade under Lysons would, when it reached the summit of the plateau, have been swept away by Staveley's artillery. We believe, however, that a short movement to the rear would have provided Lysons with cover, furnished by the edge of the plateau, and that he could have remained there in comparative safety until the concentric movement had been completed. Moreover, he had surprised the wood bordering the Farnborough Road, and the skirmishers he threw into it could have checked any counter-stroke on Staveley's part. According to the author, Carey's conception was admirable, and was properly carried out until the plateau was crowned. Then occurred the error which might, and in his opinion would, have led to failure. That error consisted in not closely supporting the leading brigade with artillery and cavalry. Speaking of cavalry, we are glad to take this opportunity of clearing a gallant old soldier, Sir Thomas McMahon, from the blame which almost every critic has imputed to him. It is said that, if the cavalry had been properly handled, Carey's surprise would have been impossible. Now we happen to know that Sir Thomas repeatedly asked permission to send his cavalry out to scout, and failed to obtain it.

We could willingly, if space permitted, extend our notice of this book, for it is clearly and powerfully written, and every assertion is supported by arguments which, if not always convincing, are invariably entitled to consideration. Among the many valuable results of the autumn manœuvres not the least valuable is this able and instructive "Retrospect."

#### TWO MINOR NOVELS.\*

Y<sup>OUNG</sup> acquaintance with German literature has enabled the author of *Linked at Last* to produce a very fair imitation of the real thing. It has of course the necessary defect which belongs to all imitative work, in the evidence it gives of a certain sense of effort after accurate local colouring, which is quite different from those half-unconscious touches which mark the scene and express the author's inbred familiarity with what he describes more vividly than any amount of conscious labour can do. But, apart from this inevitable drawback, it is a creditable performance enough, and depicts the quiet life of a German village with both grace and pleasantness. The happy, dreaming, romance-weaving life of childhood of course comes in as part of the picture; the pure love of youth and maiden, of the kind which the "little sister who dwelt beyond sea" typified in her three gifts, has its fitting idyl. In contrast to this comes the commonplace betrothal of two heavy, lumpy souls, where her dowry and his golden count for everything, and human affections for nothing. The village inn-keeper, a person as important as the village miller or the very pastor himself, and the small intrigues and ambitions of the village aristocrats, with their sons to marry where rich portions have been saved up, and their daughters to settle for life where fertile fields and substantial farm buildings are the hereditary possessions of the family and likely to pass to the eldest son, are also brought before us as the circumstances which belong to the typical German picture of which *Linked at Last* assumes to be one view.

\* *Linked at Last*. By F. E. Banhatt, Translator of H. Auerbach's "On the Heights," Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," &c. 1 vol. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

\* *Linked at Last*. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Claymore Jacques," &c. 1 vol. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

If the loves of weak-willed Heinrich and Rosa, fond, devoted, but dowerless, are less nationally characteristic than might have been, they are fairly interesting, albeit sad, at least for one of them. To be sure they are not German, but they are human; and catholicity of drawing is perhaps as good as correct local colouring. Of the two pairs of lovers represented, Heinrich and Rosa, and Newton and Nesta, the men alone are substantially constant. Heinrich has the look of some lapses of virtue in that direction, and as if he were about to play false with poor oppressed little Rosa for the sake of Marie Dreuser's money. Perhaps he might have been led on to the final act of perfidy if he had had the chance, since he was not a youth of much moral firmness; but as Marie jilted him and transferred herself and her wealth to a rival, Heinrich was free to be constant long after Rosa had replaced him by another. When the former slighted Cinderella has found her fate and happiness as the wife of an honest English farmer, and as the mother of seven children, Heinrich Müssinger pines away in his native Auerbach, and dies quite as much of grief as of consumption. And in the loves of Newton and Nesta, Nesta, though confessedly a type of constancy, does forget Hugh Arden when he is dead, and does solace herself by the love of the living. But Newton is constant all through, and so we may suppose Hugh Arden has been. The loveliest person in the story is this calm and saintly Nesta. She always composes well, and sheds a peculiar tenderness on all with which she is related. She is like one of Retzsch's outline figures—a sweet and tender maiden, whose love has no passion, and her sorrow no bitterness. From the introductory scene, which in point of chronological arrangement should have been the last, and all the way through, she is delightful. As the young bridesmaid in her wraith of roses, as Hugh Arden's girlish lover, as the sweet and patient "Tante Nesta," ever ready to help the little ones, and dearer to them than their own mother, as the womanly sympathizer with poor Rosa, as the lay sister tending the sick and dying, she is always a sweet and pure object, whom doubtless the young, for whom the book is best adapted, will appreciate. And as the sentiment with which she is invested is not mawkish—at least not unbearably so—no harm will be done to counteract the elevating tendency of the character. Else a high-flown story full of impossible morality is not always the best kind of reading for the impressionable young. There are many pretty little bits in this book. The slight touches indicative of Heinrich's love for pretty Rosa, while she is the mere slave and drudge of Frau Müssinger, his mother, whose shrewdness, keenness, eternal scolding, and unsympathetic but eminently just nature are evidently drawn from the life, are tenderly put in and not over-elaborated. Then the scene at the Kirchweih, where Heinrich dances with Marie Dreuser, while Rosa looks in at the door as disconsolate as a short-waisted Peri before the closed gates of Paradise, and then vanishes like a ghost, overpowered by the Frau's cruel, if accurate, method of adjusting persons and places—this is also very lifelike, and portrayed with sufficient spirit; in fact, the book altogether is pretty and pleasant, and, if slight in workmanship, is thoroughly sound in feeling.

Three stories bound together by the thinnest possible thread make up the staple of *Sisters and Wives*. The first tale is the history of Justina Chester, the second that of her sister Janetia, and the third that of Sophy, their half-niece, when they are both elderly women, and "poor Jack's" orphan child has to be provided for. These three women form a chord of character very distinct and well done. Justina, whose little history of love that looks like hate, and sharp criticism that means more real appreciation than any amount of flattery or contemptuous indulgence could do, is a woman of both depth of feeling and steadiness of purpose. She is the right hand, and more, of her thriftless, vain, sloppy mother, and of her back-boneless sister; and she it is who brings order into the affairs of the one, and supplies the moral support so much needed by the other. Her love affair with Dr. Holz, an army surgeon on his way to the Crimea, is very nicely told. The doctor thinks well of her, in fact loves her, but desires to prove her; and his proving takes so much the tone of censure that Justina accepts it as censure, and holds herself as lowest in his esteem. Not that she much cares, she says to herself after the manner of young girls—in novels—who love undetected by their own consciousness; still it annoys her. And so the little game goes on, with the reader standing by as a kind of benevolent old uncle, perfectly aware how things are, and how they will end.

The scene in the beginning of the book, where a number of fair maidens and youthful matrons, all more or less silly, are making up bandages and lint for the wounded, with Dr. Holz as general superintendent, and a "Sister" as the indulgent, if half scornful, lady president of the endeavour, is very pretty and life-like. And though, on account of the shortness of the story, all the subordinate characters are merely sketched in, yet they are wonderfully distinct, and so far help in the animation of the picture. Janie Seabrooke is especially good, if she herself is less charming morally than she might have been; and the airs of the youthful matron, Mrs. Vallance, "who had not yet recovered from the effect of her marriage," and whose one panacea for all ills was "If a married woman had been there," are charmingly indicated. The story is a mere sketch throughout, but it is as delightful as an artist's outline, and more pleasant than more elaborate work. In this first "book," as Miss Tytler calls her *novels*, the ground is laid for the personages and events of the other two. Thus the scapegrace Jack, Justina's half-brother, whose orphan child Sophy forms the motif of the third story, meets

with an accident, and dies at St. Anne's, close to Three Elms, where Justina is paying a visit and making bandages and lint; and Justina sees him, and is reconciled to him. Here, too, Rowley Musgrave, who is also turned to account in the third book when a mature man, is brought before us a hobbledahoy fond of quarrelling with girls a few years his seniors; while foolish Mrs. Chester, and pretty, childish, weak-minded Janetia, are merely spoken of, to be more fully represented in the second story. But save for the reintroduction of names, the stories are substantially distinct, and have no real connexion with each other.

In the second book, called also "Won in an Hour," the heroine is Janetia Chester, and the hero one Mr. Duke, a prosperous tradesman of St. Anne's. It had been one of Justina's greatest efforts, before she married Dr. Holz and went off to try conclusions with life on her own account, to keep Janetia from sinking into a lower social grade than that into which she had been born. And in consequence of her success Janetia, at thirty or thereabouts, with her beauty on the wane, and her character becoming daily weaker under the urgent tyranny of her mother and old Sarah, is Janetia Chester still, and likely to remain so. But the Perseus whom time brings to this Andromeda of gentility is in every way different from the ideal she has pictured for herself, or that Justina would have chosen for her; and Miss Tytler has shown considerable skill in rendering the marriage of the faded, well-born beauty with the good-hearted, underbred, and prosperous shopkeeper possible even under the exceptional circumstances described. One sees, too, the difference she has intended between the unintellectual gentility of the lady and the well-read, well-educated, large-minded, and (conventionally) vulgar tradesman. The whole story is nicely told; and if, like Richard III., Mr. Duke's wooing was of the quickest, like his also it did its work and prospered. The little hitch that follows in their affairs comes in well as an exponent of character and a bettering of relations; and the way in which Janetia, even when most heroic, retains all her old ladylike weaknesses, and is as feeble as ever notwithstanding her sudden accession of resolve, is a very life-like, and telling point.

Sophy, the niece, is the third and last of the portraits, and the least amiable. She is an ill-tempered, perverse, and ungrateful young person, who is brought into a wholesome state of mind through tribulation of a sharp kind. At one time we had no hope that she would ever reform. There seemed to be no elements of good in her; but Miss Tytler's kindly philosophy overcame the apparent difficulty, and Sophy develops in the end into a being worthy of her aunt Justina. But how that desirable result is produced we must leave in the dark. The book is thoroughly wholesome reading for the young, for whom, like *Linked at Last*, it seems to have been especially written; and to say that a work has fulfilled its intention is to give it sufficient praise.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE practical interests of Europe may be but remotely affected by the issue of the recent war in Paraguay\*, yet the struggle itself deserves the attentive study of persons interested in the problems of political and military organization. History, in fact, scarcely presents a more memorable example of what may be accomplished by discipline, patriotism, and valour against a vast superiority of force, or a more striking instance of the development which a nation's resources may receive from a long-continued course of sagacious administration directed by an iron will to a single end. In the eyes of a thorough disciple of Mr. Carlyle, this Japan of South America, where everybody was fed and nobody was idle; where the wisest head took thought for all the rest, and the very maximum of service to the State was as cheerfully rendered as inexorably required; where the wheels of Government were never clogged by the hesitation of the rulers or the resistance of the ruled, but performed their functions with the regularity of a machine—such a polity must appear an unapproachable model, the envy of Prussia herself. In reality, however, the history of Paraguay teaches a very different lesson, evincing the radical vice of any system of government which entrusts the destiny of a country to a single man. The accession of a ruler with a taste for war proved the ruin of Paraguay, and the marvellous coherence of her organization only served to prolong and aggravate her calamities. Few histories have been more systematically disfigured by party spirit, the opinions of European journalists during the contest having been usually determined by their republican or monarchical sympathies, and the few unbiased eyewitnesses being justly characterized by Herr Schneider as military tourists rather than historians. His own endeavour at an impartial and methodical narrative is laudable, and in the main satisfactory, although it is impossible to ignore a decided Brazilian bias, to be accounted for perhaps by his information being mainly derived from Brazilian sources. At the same time we believe that his leaning is in the right direction. The defensive attitude of Paraguay throughout the greater portion of the contest must not blind us to the fact that this was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, and that the war began by a flagrant aggression upon her part. The pretext was afforded by Brazilian interference in

\* *Der Krieg der Triple-Allianz gegen die Republik der Paraguay.* Von L. Schneider. 2te Aufl. Berlin: Schönermann & Co.

the distracted Republic of Monte Video, but it can scarcely be doubted that the real motive was President Lopez's desire to find employment for the splendid military instrument which, on his inauspicious accession to power, he found fashioned to his hand. With moderate political dexterity he might probably have enlisted the other Spanish American States of the Plata on his side; but his violence and arrogance united them against him, and his country, attached to him less by his personal ascendancy than by the iron bonds of a military discipline unexampled since the days of Sparta, perished along with him in the unequal strife. Herr Schneider's circumstantial narrative commences with the intricate but necessary detail of the civil commotions of the Republic of Uruguay, the very apple of discord to all the conterminous States. It is not perhaps generally known or recollected that Brazil at one time endeavoured to incorporate this relatively small, but geographically and commercially most important, tract into her own dominions; and there can be little doubt that the resumption of the attempt upon some favourable opportunity will sooner or later occasion a most sanguinary conflict between this Empire and the Argentine Republic. This might have been precipitated on the present occasion if the Paraguayan President had played his cards with more adroitness. His rashness in assailing the Empire and the Republic simultaneously brought about the triple alliance of these States with Uruguay and the grand campaign, unique in the military annals of South America, but offering no little analogy to the sieges of Richmond and Sebastopol. The first stage of this, up to the passage of the Parana by the allies, is described in the volume before us; the most interesting and characteristic portion is to come. Herr Schneider possesses many of the attributes of a good historian; his chief defect is an over-copiousness of detail in minor matters. The occasion of his undertaking the work was his engagement as *rédauteur* of Paraguayan news for a Berlin newspaper; and, besides access to all published works and documents, he has had the advantage of information from German officers employed in the Brazilian army.

Georg Hiltl's history of the late war\*, being designed for popular reading, is too one-sided for the exigencies of historical criticism, and the original sources of information to which the compiler has had access do not seem to be of much importance. It is, however, a creditable specimen of its class, fairly written and handsomely printed.

Theodor Fontane's tour in the North of France and the recently annexed provinces† was performed at the Easter of last year. It has afforded material for an entertaining pair of volumes, not remarkably profound or instructive, but written in an excellent spirit, and attesting a lively faculty for observation. Herr Fontane candidly admits the extreme disinclination of the people of Alsace and Lorraine to accommodate themselves to the new order of things, and apparently considers that it is more likely to be aggravated than mitigated by the administration of the German officers set to rule over them.

It is beginning to be understood how deeply Germany is indebted for her present greatness to the philosophers and serious thinkers whose imputed want of common sense has so frequently been the butt of superficial criticism. Professor von Sybel‡ has laid his countrymen under a real obligation by his earnest and by no means unnecessary warning against the temptation of undervaluing their vanquished enemies. In a brief but pregnant pamphlet he rapidly characterizes the fundamental distinctions between Germans and Frenchmen, both in their nature and in their external manifestations, and points out with admirable good sense what Germany may learn from French example, alike to imitate and to avoid.

A brief history of last year's agitation for shortening the hours of labour in England§, translated from an English manuscript, and accompanied by versions of the most important leading articles and letters to newspapers on the subject, is an able, concise, and candid summary of this episode of our industrial annals.

The interest of the subjects already announced for discussion, and the names of the writers, afford sufficient promise of the importance likely to attach to a series of pamphlets on the principal controverted questions of the day, produced at Berlin under the experienced editorship of MM. von Holtzendorff and Oncken.¶ The series is opened by Dr. H. Lang's "Life of Jesus and Church of the Future," a summary of the researches of the Tübingen school in New Testament criticism; it is clear and comprehensive, but makes no attempt to discriminate between the actual demonstrations, the adventurous generalizations, and the ingenious paradoxes of that brilliant but unsafe body of critics.

The present instalment of Dr. Otto Meier's history of the ecclesiastical relations of Rome and Germany in the nineteenth century‡ is devoted to the Bavarian Concordat of 1821. The

book is terribly dry, but the subject is no doubt important from its bearing on the legal status of the "Old Catholics."

The genealogy in the tenth chapter of Genesis enumerates the Canaanites and Phœnicians among the children of Ham, whereas their language was demonstrably identical with that of the Semitic Hebrews. The most obvious way out of the difficulty is the supposition that the Hamitic and Semitic languages are branches from a common stem, and that the distinction of family is rather political or religious than ethnological. To establish this, the affinity of Egyptian with Hebrew must be proved, and we believe that philological inquiry tends rather towards this result. Assuming this relationship to be ascertained, Professor J. G. Müller\* endeavours to account for the distinctions still subsisting between Semites and Hamites by a theory which regards the former as a branch of the Aryan family domiciled in Syria, which had adopted the language of its Hamite neighbours. This singular hypothesis is evidently the result of elaborate investigation, and is maintained with great sobriety of style, and a perfect command over the resources of erudition. The difficulty is to perceive the connexion between the facts adduced and the conclusions which they are considered to support.

Few men unendowed with creative genius have laid the literature of their native country under such obligations as Johann Heinrich Voss, and his life is sufficiently rich in incident and in characteristic traits to repay the labours of a biographer. The narrative has been admirably commenced by W. Herbst, whose sole apparent defect is to be even too exempt from the besetting failing of indiscriminate admiration, and scarcely to make so much of his hero as he fairly might. It must be admitted that the excellent Voss was singularly prosaic for a poet, but the massive worth and rugged independence of his character impose where they fail to attract. The sterling, but homely, tissue of his intellect presents a strong affinity to that of his English contemporary, Crabbe; like Crabbe also he owes his celebrity less to any distinctive eminence of genius than to the fortunate recognition of a peculiar department of art unoccupied before him, and entirely adapted to his powers. Crabbe found that the everyday life of the English peasant remained to be painted, and he painted it. Voss discovered the facility with which, alone among modern languages, the flexible and sonorous tongue of Germany could adapt itself to the reproduction of classical metres; and he endowed his native literature with the faculty of assimilating the literature of Greece and Rome. His negligent versification may have been surpassed by his successors, but his place in the annals of German letters, as well expressed by Niebuhr, is that not of a copyist, but of a re-creator of classical literature. His idyl *Luise*, though soon surpassed by a greater poet, and not much read at present, constitutes nevertheless an era in German poetry marking the triumph of nature over pedantry no less decisively than the kindred works of Cowper among ourselves. When to these services are added his successful conduct of the *Musenalmannach*, his philological labours, and his manifold relations with the eminent men of his time, involving sundry most vivacious and determined controversies, it will be apparent that the materials for an excellent literary biography are at hand, and Herr Herbst has turned them to good account by an admirable arrangement and a pregnant style. The first volume comprises the record of the young scholar's early struggles, his marriage and establishment as schoolmaster at Otterndorf, and his first attempts at original idyllic poetry and Homeric translation. The most generally interesting section perhaps is the description of the sturdy, healthy, but thoroughly prosaic, character of persons and things at Otterndorf, the place of all others most congenial to the idiosyncrasy of Voss himself.

Like most of the publications issued by the house of Teubner, Dr. Henkel's little treatise on political science among the Greeks† is characterized by lucidity and unpretentious thoroughness. It offers, in the first instance, a manual of the literary history of the subject, treating both of the extant and the lost productions of ancient writers. Their various theories, classified as pre-Platonic, Platonic, Aristotelian, and post-Aristotelian, are then analysed at length; and the last section treats of the dawn of political science, when the principles supposed to be established by that investigation of physical nature which was originally regarded as the sole mission of philosophy began to be applied to the ethical relations of men, first as individuals and subsequently as members of the community.

The educational system of Switzerland appears to be generally acknowledged as a model. The interesting volume of M. Aladár Molnár‡, the Commissioner specially appointed by the Hungarian Government to examine and report upon it, contains exceedingly full details of its organization in the cantons of Zurich, Bern, and Basel, with additional particulars respecting the normal, agricultural, and charitable schools of Switzerland and Bavaria. The volume is full of interest and instruction.

Professor Jensen§ is a physician whose attention has been principally devoted to mental disorders. The purpose of his "Physiology of Thought" is to enforce a discovery which he con-

\* *Der Französisch-Krieg von 1870 und 1871.* Von Georg Hiltl. Abth. 1. Bielefeld: Bethagen & Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Aus den Tagen der Occupation. Eine Osterreise durch Nordfrankreich und Elsass-Lothringen, 1871.* Von Theodor Fontane. 2 Bde. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Was wir von Frankreich lernen können.* Von H. von Sybel. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Zur Geschichte der Englischen Arbeiter-Bewegung im Jahr 1871.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen. Flugschriften zur Kenntnis der Gegenwart.* Herausgegeben von F. von Holtzendorff und W. Oncken. Hft. 1. Berlin: Luderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Zur Geschichte der römisch-deutschen Frage.* Von G. Meier. Th. 1. Brestock: Stiller. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Die Semiten in ihrem Verhältnisse zu Chamiten und Japhetiten.* Von J. G. Müller. Gotha: Besser. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Studien zur Geschichte der Griechischen Lehre vom Staat.* Von Dr. H. Henkel. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Philologische Studien in der Schweiz und in Bayern.* Von Aladár Molnár. Pest: Aigner. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Physiologie des menschlichen Denkens.* Von P. Jensen. Hannover: Oelsch & Rich. London: Asher & Co.

siders himself to have made, but which we can hardly suppose to be original with him, that the processes of thinking and of expressing thought in language are entirely independent of each other, and are probably performed in and by different departments of the brain. He has been guided to this conclusion by his experience of the rare malady *aphasia*, or a loss of the power of expression, while the reasoning faculties continue unimpaired. Several remarkable instances are cited, and the work is in general entitled to respect from its candour and perspicuity. In psychology Professor Jessen is a disciple of Locke.

Dr. E. Askenasy's criticism of the Darwinian theory illustrates the reaction against it in many quarters, not in favour of the doctrine of special creations, but from the growing perception of the inadequacy of the hypothesis of natural selection to explain all the phenomena. Dr. Askenasy's views seem not to differ very materially from those of Mr. St. George Mivart, although the resemblance is to a considerable degree obscured by the writers' fundamental discrepancies in thought and style. He argues forcibly against the derivation of organic existence from a single original germ, admits the theory of spontaneous generation as at least plausible, and considers that the process may still be in operation. Professor Weismann†, regarding the variability of species as established, argues against Moritz Wagner's theory, that it is principally due to the isolation of individual members. He is an entomologist, and his illustrations are principally derived from his own department of scientific research.

"Clear and True"‡, a series of popular geological lectures by Professor Quenstedt, relate especially to the geology of Swabia. They contain nothing original, but set forth the accepted geological doctrines in a very lively style, and are copiously illustrated by wood engravings.

The preface to the collected musical essays of A. W. Ambros§, a well-known musical critic, bespeaks a naive apprehension lest the writer should peradventure be found too entertaining. These essays are in fact pervaded by a Heine-like striving for effect not always quite distinguishable from frivolity; but it is easy to excuse exuberances which are so evidently the mere overflow of an ample reservoir of technical knowledge. There are about twenty essays in the book, all very readable and interesting, and not the less so for numerous sallies of polemical vivacity. The most important, perhaps, are those treating of the romantic career of the Italian master Stradella; of Robert Franz, a lyrical composer little known here, but highly appreciated in Germany; of Wagner, who is assailed with considerable vigour; of Liszt, as a resident in Rome; and of the visits of German musicians to Italy, especially with a view of unearthing the grand old ecclesiastical and operatic music so generally condemned to oblivion by the Italians themselves.

"Curious Stories"||, by T. Piderit, is a little volume of little tales, well conceived for the most part, and promising some substantial literary achievement, but which all fall flat at the last from the author's apparent inability to give them a point. "Souls of Fire"¶, a collection of tales designed to illustrate abnormal psychological conditions and exceptional situations in life, is in general powerfully written, and attains the impressive without falling into the melodramatic. "The Squires of Wendenburg"\*\*, a novel of incident, is on the other hand ostentatiously melodramatic; but, if making no sort of pretension to the refinements of art, is at all events passably entertaining.

Alfred Meissner's *Werkherus*†† is a narrative poem founded on the legend of a German troubadour who was also, strange to say, a monk, and returned to his convent after a brief and unhappy experience of the world. The tale is told with simplicity and pathos, in powerful language and verse remarkable for harmony. Fluency and harmony also distinguish Adolf von Schack's metrical romance of *Lothar*‡‡, but the subject seems hardly adapted for poetry. It would have made a good novel with more concentration of interest, and more attention to the delineation of character. The Oriental scenes, sketches from the writer's own experience of travel, are the most attractive portion. The same author's tragedy of "The Pisans"§§, founded on the story of Ugolino, is a meritorious work in respect of polish and elegance of diction, and fidelity in the representation of national manners, but fails in the tragic power requisite for the treatment of so tremendous and

revolting a subject. Everybody is far too sensible. The lyrics of P. J. Willatsen\* are pretty, musical, and by no means over-weighted with thought.

\* Gedichte. Von P. J. Willatsen. Bremen: Tamm. London: Nott.

#### NOTICE.

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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\* Beiträge zur Kritik der Darwinischen Lehre. Von Dr. E. Askenasy. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

† Über den Einfluss der Induktion auf die Arithmetik. Von Dr. August Weismann. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ Klar und Wahr. Neue Reihe populärer Vorträge über Geologie. Von Dr. E. A. Quenstedt. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ Musikblätter. Skizzen und Studien für Freunde der Musik und der bildenden Kunst. Von A. W. Ambros. Leipzig: Leuckart. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ Kuriose Geschichten. Von T. Piderit. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* Feuerreden. Absonderliche Menschen und Schicksale. Von Max von Schöngal. Berlin: Brühl. London: Nott.

\*\*\* Wendenburgische Junker. Ein Familienroman. Von C. Spielmann. Leipzig: Kollmann. London: Nott.

†† Wertherus. Gedicht. Von Alfred Meissner. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ Lothar. Gedicht. Von A. F. von Schack. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ Pisaner. Tragedie. Von A. F. von Schack. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.





THE

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## THE ALABAMA CONTROVERSY.

AS it is ascertained that the latest American despatch will arrive in London early next week, the Ministers probably exercised a sound discretion in declining to answer questions as to their intentions if the answer should prove to be unsatisfactory. It is well known that, in accordance with general expectation, the American Cabinet has adhered to the determination of presenting the indirect claims to the Geneva Tribunal. It is well that Parliament should plainly indicate to the Government the policy in which it represents the universal opinion of the country. There is no reason to distrust the assurances given by Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE that the Government has never wavered in the decision which was announced on the first night of the Session; and if it is true that the United States positively refuse to withdraw from their false position, it would be almost impossible that the English Ministers should retract. The general anxiety as to their firmness relates to the contingency of some overture on the other side of a compromise which must be necessarily unsatisfactory. An offer to fix a maximum amount, which the Arbitrators should not be entitled to exceed, might possibly have furnished a temptation to statesmen who are naturally solicitous to prevent their Treaty from becoming utterly abortive; but any admission of the principle of the preposterous demands which were invented by Mr. SUMNER would be entirely inconsistent with national self-respect. The original departure from the meaning of the Treaty could in no way justify a proposal that the powers conferred on the Arbitrators should be even partially extended. It would seem that the opinion of the more enlightened classes in the United States differs little from the universal conviction which prevails in England. Even the most determined opponents of concession admit that no serious argument could be urged in favour of the claim on account of the pretended prolongation of the war. The obvious inference that the demand ought to be abandoned is only drawn by politicians of calm judgment, and some cultivation of taste is required to appreciate the ill-bred acrimony of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's mischievous invention. It seems to be the popular wish that the whole question should be referred to the Tribunal, in full confidence that the indirect claims would be summarily rejected. It is not surprising that the immediate issue should be misapprehended by careless or imperfectly informed minds. That a litigant who is certain that he is in the right should refuse to abide by an impartial judgment would be unreasonable if human tribunals were infallible; but an appeal to an arbitrator involves the implied possibility that he may decide for either party. If the English Government were to proceed with the reference, protesting at the same time against the jurisdiction of the Tribunal, the Americans would resent more bitterly a refusal to abide by any judgment which might be delivered than a preliminary withdrawal. It must also be remembered that the Arbitrators have the power of awarding a sum in gross for damages; and that they would not be bound to apportion their award between the legitimate and the inadmissible portion of the claims.

The Government judged rightly in preparing and presenting at Geneva the Counter Case which will remain on record as the English answer to a large portion of the American claims. The advantage which the adverse litigant may attempt to take of a further recognition of the authority of the Tribunal would probably have been taught by other means, if the pleadings had terminated at an earlier stage. Neither party was bound to answer the original arguments on the other side, and the American agents might have contended that the English Government had elected to rely on the statement of facts and arguments, and on the

doubted weakness of the act of accusation. The second part of the pleadings displays the same contrast which was so remarkable on the former occasion, but the American draughtsman is perhaps a little less vituperative than in the original Case, and the English agent is sometimes forced to express a polite surprise at the preposterous doctrines which are propounded by his opponent. All reference to the indirect claims is properly and carefully excluded from the English answer, but the whole of the first American Case, with the exception of half-a-dozen pages at the end, teems with pretensions only less intolerable than the demand for damages for the prolongation of the war, because they are perhaps not outside the terms of the reference; yet it is difficult to understand how the claims for losses caused by the *Sumter* and other Confederate vessels fitted out in their own ports can be said to arise from the acts of the *Alabama* and her consorts. The American agent is apparently unable to understand that the belligerents whom he thinks fit to designate as rebels were, after the issue of the QUEEN'S Proclamation, as fully entitled as the Government of the United States to claim the performance of all neutral duties. In the late European war the German Government attempted, with little success, to introduce into public law the novel element of benevolent neutrality; but it is scarcely necessary to argue that impartiality is not compatible with a practical preference of either belligerent. The English Government, if it had been capriciously or litigiously disposed, might have suggested that many matters besides the indirect claims are submitted to the Arbitrators although they had never been included in the reference. Proofs of the pretended unfairness and ill-will of the English Government are utterly irrelevant to the question of damage arising out of the acts of certain vessels. It would be idle to engage in a controversy whether the English Government wished well or ill to the United States, because the Tribunal has no power to award damages for any kind of feelings. On the assumption that the inquiry may by some possibility still proceed, it would be improper to discuss by anticipation the arguments which really bear on the issue. If American politicians could be induced to study the English Counter Case, they would perhaps be surprised to find how much is to be said against doctrines which they have been accustomed to regard as obvious and unquestionable. It may be fairly asserted that the English agents have done justice to their case; and they have, unlike their opponents, carefully avoided any unnecessary imputations on the conduct and motives of the hostile litigant.

When the English Government has finally retired from the inquiry, the American agents will probably urge on the Tribunal that it is bound to proceed *ex parte* with the reference. It is a question of secondary interest whether a body of persons whose judicial authority has, according to the English contention, wholly lapsed, will think proper to engage in a laborious and useless investigation. It is possible that the Arbitrators may deem themselves competent to give judgment on the scope of the reference; and it may be presumed that the result of an inquiry into the meaning of the Treaty would be a recognition of the right of England to decline their jurisdiction. If the Tribunal enters into the merits of the question, its award will necessarily be disregarded by the English Government if even the smallest amount of damages is given on account of the direct or indirect claims. A decision absolutely in favour of England would be witnessed with satisfaction; but it would not operate as a settlement of the American dispute. The people and Government of the United States would in such a contingency angrily and stubbornly declare that England was entitled to no benefit from a decision which would not have been acknowledged as

valid if it had been of an opposite character. Unless some change takes place in the policy of the United States within a fortnight or three weeks, the Treaty, as far as it provides for the *Alabama* arbitration, will have utterly and finally failed. The Americans may, if they think fit, agree nevertheless to maintain the other provisions of the Treaty, including the San Juan reference to arbitration and the complicated question of the Canadian fisheries. The English Government having, by no recent fault of its own, failed to settle the main controversy, would gladly set at rest any minor disputes which might otherwise serve as causes of a quarrel; but the Americans would have a right to retire from all the engagements of a Treaty which had in one of its principal provisions unfortunately proved imperative. There can be little doubt that they would prefer to keep all disputed questions open. It was only in consideration of the appointment of the High Commission to treat for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims that the PRESIDENT consented to negotiate on the Canadian fisheries or on the San Juan boundary. The same motives will induce his Government to withdraw its reference to the German EMPEROR, notwithstanding Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's courtly professions of admiration for the august Arbitrator. Congress will probably refuse to pass the laws which were necessary to give effect to the Canadian provisions of the Treaty; and thus both parties will be relegated to the position of unfriendly doubt from which they believed themselves to have emerged. It may be hoped that, notwithstanding the menacing peroration of the American Counter Case, there is no immediate danger of a war which would be one of the most grievous of crimes on one part and of misfortunes on both; yet it is impossible not to feel anxiety in the knowledge that a conspirator or a hot-headed fanatic may perpetrate by land or sea some outrage on English subjects or the English flag which it would be impossible to tolerate. A malignant faction in the United States is bent on the forcible annexation of Canada, and the first step to the gratification of its cupidity would be a rupture on any pretext.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND MR. FAWCETT.

THE course pursued this week by the Government has occasioned much irritation and excitement. The *Daily News* was instructed or authorised to publish on Monday morning an alarming manifesto, informing the world that before another Sunday came, a Conservative Government might be in office, with the prospect of a long lease of power. The Cabinet, it was stated, had decided last Saturday to make the carrying of Lord HARTINGTON's Instruction to divide Mr. FAWCETT's Bill into two parts a test of the confidence of the House in the Government, and had resolved that, if beaten, they would resign. Apart from the mode in which they chose to make this announcement, and from their previous treatment of the question of the Dublin University, the Government came to the right conclusion, we think, as to the line they were to take on the matter. They are quite entitled to say that Irish education is a subject which, to be dealt with satisfactorily, must be dealt with by the Government of the day. They are right in opposing Mr. FAWCETT's Bill as a partial and ineffectual method of solving a very difficult problem. They are right in saying that it was impossible for them to take up the large and thorny subject of Irish education this Session. They are also right, if they think proper, in declining to state in detail how they will treat the subject when they do take it up. Further, if they are to defeat Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, they must treat its possible success as a very serious matter, for it secures the assent of a large number of Liberals, and of the majority of the Conservative party; and, if the Government did not make a great point of winning, they would be sure to be defeated. The Government knew that, if left to itself, the House would have rejected Lord HARTINGTON's Instruction. The Bill is at once a Liberal Bill and a Conservative Bill, and is therefore very strongly supported. To oppose it is to incur the reproach with English and Scotch constituencies of being an ally of the Ultramontane clergy; to support it is to clear away religious distinctions, to make a University self-governing to the governing body of which men of all creeds are eligible, and at the same time to give Protestantism a pleasing advantage by letting it start with the actual governing body under its control. No wonder, then, that the Bill is a popular Bill, and that the Government runs great risk in endeavouring to defeat it. It has indeed only one mode of defeating it, and that is by letting it be known that the continuance of the Ministry in office depends on the whole subject of Irish education being left in

its hands. The screw must be put on, and the screw has been put on, and effectually. Directly it became known that the Government would go out and that there would be in all probability a dissolution if Lord HARTINGTON's Instruction were not carried, two very powerful agencies began to work in favour of the Ministry. Liberals began to think with terror of losing their seats, of upsetting a Government of their friends, and of letting their enemies triumph. The Opposition also must necessarily have taken it into their consideration whether this was a question on which it would at all suit them to come into office, and we may be quite sure that they would have hesitated greatly before they would have staked their chances of success on the issue of an Irish question. They must mean, if they turn the Ministry out, to come into office, and if they come into office they will have to govern Ireland. Mr. DISRAELI knows how very difficult a business it is to govern Ireland, and he could not be placed in a worse position at the outset of a new Ministerial career than by having to take up the subject of Irish education after it had been made the battle-ground of party, and after circumstances had made its settlement by easy and pacific means almost impossible.

But although the Government was right in getting Mr. FAWCETT's Bill rejected by the only means at its command, the mode in which it has chosen to proceed is open to very serious objections. The whole system of manifestoes through special favoured newspapers is a bad one. A Prime Minister should either say what he has to say in Parliament, or should call his supporters together and explain his views openly and fully to them. Mr. GLADSTONE says that if he had waited till Mr. FAWCETT's Bill came on to state in how very serious a light the Government regarded its possible success, he would have been accused of using a menace. He certainly has not escaped this accusation by uttering his threats through the medium of the *Daily News*; and if he had candidly explained his mode of regarding the situation when Mr. FAWCETT's Bill came on, he would have so obviously been taking a line which he had a right to take that his party must have listened to his appeal. But he did something more than use a newspaper to make an important communication which he ought to have made himself; he refused to give Mr. FAWCETT an opportunity of trying the very question of the confidence of the House in the Government which he himself had chosen to raise in a most extraordinary way. This was both unfair and impolitic. Mr. GLADSTONE affected to treat the Dublin University Bill like any other Bill brought in by a private member, and told its author that he must get a day for pushing it forward when he could. But he himself had not treated this Bill in anything like the manner in which Bills brought in by private members are ordinarily treated. He had chosen, and properly chosen, to regard it as a very serious matter, so serious that it was necessary that the Government should point out very clearly the consequences which must ensue on their being defeated with regard to it. He threw down a challenge to the Opposition, and to the Liberals who in this matter go with the Opposition, and then seemed afraid to have this challenge accepted. It would have been far simpler and more straightforward to offer every facility for the discussion of what seemed in the eyes of his Cabinet a matter of extreme importance. A night or two would have been lost for the purposes of ordinary business, but he would have placed his Government in a much better position than that which it now occupies. As it is, the menace of resignation on a point which is carefully kept out of discussion has the air of being a general menace on all points of divergence between the Government and its supporters. Last week the Government sustained three severe defeats, and Mr. GLADSTONE is a Minister who does not like being defeated. If he wishes to remind his flock that he has got a rod in his hands, and will use it as he likes and when he likes, he could not have taken a more effectual means than to make a great parade of his intention to resign in the event of his being defeated in a contest which he was secretly determined should never begin. The Liberal members who dread a dissolution—and there are scores of them who do—have had a good fright, which Mr. GLADSTONE may hope will do them good and correct and determine their general behaviour. But this is a great strain to put on the attachment of a party, and even although it may answer for a time, it is sure to engender much bitterness, and to destroy the feelings of pride and confidence with which a leader should endeavour to inspire his supporters. Mr. GLADSTONE, say, if he had let Mr. FAWCETT's Bill come on in the usual manner, and had then explained the views of his Government, would have had

an opportunity of indicating in general terms the policy of the Cabinet with regard to Irish education. No one has a right to ask that he should say what is the particular scheme for dealing with this subject which he may think the best. A Government should never pledge itself to details unless it puts them into the shape of a Bill. But the general principles on which a Government is prepared to treat a great question may be, and ought to be, indicated. If Mr. GLADSTONE had convinced Parliament and the country that he meant to deal with Irish education on just and liberal principles, accepting all that is good in what now exists, and having due regard to the religious feelings of the people without truckling to the Ultramontane clergy, and had then shown the shortcomings of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, he would have easily satisfied his party and the country that the whole subject had better be left in his hands and stand over until the time had arrived to treat it effectually, should he then be in office.

The main question at issue between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FAWCETT led to the discussion of two subsidiary points of some importance. It was said that the manner in which the Government had treated a Bill brought in by a private member made all efforts at such legislation impossible. If every Bill which the Government disapproves is to be snuffed out by the Government threatening to resign unless it is withdrawn, it cannot be worth while for any one except a member of the Government to try to bring in a Bill. There does not seem to be much foundation for this criticism. Bills brought in by private members are, speaking generally, only useful to a very limited extent. They are useful sometimes in order to air a new subject; sometimes to prepare the way for Government action by testing how the House regards a matter of minor importance; sometimes to get a subject on which the two Houses are not in accord debated in both, without the Government being defeated if the Bill is rejected by the Lords. As a general rule they may be regarded as hints for legislation submitted to the Government and the country to see what is thought of them. So long as they do not interfere too much with the course of public business they are convenient instruments for keeping up the freshness of political interest, and of bringing contributions from various quarters to the materials for political thought. It is the business for the Ministry to make the most of the conveniences, and to prevent as much as possible the inconveniences, that attend them. On the whole this is done by most Ministries with a tolerable degree of success, although, as more work is every year thrown on the Government, there is a growing determination on the part of Ministers to let Bills brought in by private members take up as little time as possible. Every now and then, however, there is a private member's Bill which affects to take out of the hands of the Ministry a subject of great importance with which it proposes itself to deal, and then the Ministry has to consider whether it can allow this to be done. If, as in the case of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, it decides that it must keep the subject under its own control, it has to regard this Bill in an exceptional manner, and get it defeated by the exercise of extraordinary power. The mass of Bills proposed by private members are in no danger of being treated as Mr. FAWCETT's Bill has been treated, because they do not present at all the same difficulties to the Government. On the other hand, there is equally little force in an objection made to Mr. FAWCETT that he was playing into the hands of the Opposition. If members of the Liberal party are to have any independence of thought and action, they must be allowed to give hints for legislation without too curiously inquiring whether the Government will disapprove, or the Opposition tender their support. If Mr. FAWCETT thinks that he has hit on the right mode of treating Dublin University, he is not to be blamed for submitting it to Parliament on the ground that Dr. BALL happens to be his way of thinking. Exactly the same reproach was brought against the Government during the passing of the Education Act. If neither a Liberal Ministry nor independent Liberal members were ever to support anything which Conservatives supported, the consequence would be that the Liberal party would be entirely under the control of the Government, and the Government would be entirely under the control of the extreme members of the Liberal party. Nothing could be more disastrous to a party which proposes to itself to be at once popular, practical, and progressive, and few members of the Liberal party have done more than Mr. FAWCETT has done to prevent it from assuming a character as unworthy of it.

## GERMANY AND FRANCE.

REPORTS were circulated a few days ago that Prince BISMARCK was most seriously displeased with the utterances of M. THIERS, that the Germans were afraid a French war of revenge was going to begin at once, and that an order had been sent from Berlin to Versailles commanding the French to lay aside such wild notions and behave with proper modesty and submission. Shortly afterwards it was discovered that Count ARNIM, the supposed bearer of this message, had not left Berlin, and the official journals of France and Germany loudly contradicted the whole story. It is impossible to discover whether a newspaper Correspondent, anxious to achieve notoriety for himself and his employers, bases sensational telegrams on a minute fraction of fact or on no facts whatever. The general and public relations of the countries about the policy of which reports are spread is much the best guide in testing the probability or improbability of what is alleged. No doubt M. THIERS a short time ago seemed inclined to stimulate the military ardour of his countrymen, and to encourage them with the hope that they would soon have a large and well organized army at their disposal. In a moment of great financial embarrassment he has also thought it wise to increase, rather than to diminish, the military expenditure of France. But the French, not the Germans, are the persons entitled to object to a policy which threatens to draw them from the consideration of what it is primarily necessary for them to do in the present very painful position of their country, and which seriously increases the enormous burden of their taxation. So long as they fulfil their engagements to Germany, that is all that Germany has a right to look for at their hands. Prince BISMARCK has over and over again declared that Germany has no claim to meddle in the internal affairs of France, or to keep her permanently humiliated. If France does but pay a hundred and twenty millions sterling more, she is perfectly free to arrange her taxation and organize her army as she pleases. The raising of this huge sum is a matter of deep interest and difficulty to the French Government, but it is entirely for the French Government to decide how it shall be done. It may be wise to put the country in good spirits, and to fascinate it with the hope of being at an early date as strong in a military point of view as it ever was, in order that it may cheerfully make the efforts and bear the sacrifices which the raising of the rest of the German indemnity will require. If there was the slightest reason to suppose that the French Government had no real intention of paying the promised sum, and was seeking in a new war the means of escaping from it, Germany would of course have a right to remonstrate, and, in case of need, to act, in order to secure what is due to her. But the French Government is notoriously doing everything it possibly can to pay the remainder of the indemnity long before it is due. There is, indeed, only one ground on which Prince BISMARCK may have thought himself justified in whispering a word of caution to M. THIERS. It is exceedingly desirable for both countries that the relations between the conquerors and the conquered in the occupied districts should not be rendered more painful and perilous than they are now, and if the French Government were supposed to be encouraging the French people to speak and think of a war of revenge, the population of the occupied districts might be stimulated to words and deeds against the German soldiery which would necessitate very severe and hostile measures in return. Possibly a representation to this effect may have been made by the German Government, but Prince BISMARCK knows perfectly well what he is and what he is not entitled to ask, and he is not at all likely to have issued an edict forbidding France to do anything which by the Treaty she is at perfect liberty to do.

When the indemnity has been paid in full, the French army will be raised, organized, equipped, paid, and stationed exactly as France may think best, and Germany will not have a word to say. When the armies of two neighbouring countries have acquired what may be termed their normal position, a change in that position is generally thought a ground for inquiry as to the motives of the Government which thus shows that it has some new designs to work out. If Russia were to place her army suddenly on a war footing, and hurry large bodies of troops into Poland, and draw them up on the German frontier, the Court of Berlin would naturally and properly ask what was meant by this strange and alarming conduct. But the French army has not as yet got a normal position, although, when the proper time comes, it will of course proceed to have this. France will settle for herself how many troops she likes to keep on a war footing, how they shall be armed, and where

they shall be placed. It will be absolutely necessary for France to employ a great portion of her military strength to protect herself against Germany, and the Germans have no right to object to this. The most furious German will allow that France has a clear right to make any preparation she pleases to protect herself against a German attack. But now that Metz is in German hands, the military preparations needed to make France tolerably safe against such an attack will be of a very extensive kind. New fortresses will have to be built, and large garrisons formed at no great distance from the frontier. There is no help for this. Germany may at first be disquieted by seeing the military strength of France turned in a direction that seems to point to a renewal of hostilities, and nervous persons and alarmists and sensational telegraphists will find abundant opportunities of discovering that things look very serious, and that the war of revenge is going to begin in twenty-four hours. But the Germans have in the main quite sense enough to see that they must put up with the consequences of having taken Metz and driven France behind the Vosges. They have taken away the French frontier because they considered it a useful, serviceable frontier, and thought they should like it themselves. They have forced France to make a new frontier, and the very object of all their efforts has been to deprive France of the possibility of having a frontier nearly so good for military purposes as that which Germany now possesses. But France will, they must be aware, try to make the best of the bad frontier she has got; and, in order not to be wholly at the mercy of Germany, France will have to make very elaborate and expensive preparations, to employ the services of a great many men, to spend a vast amount of money, to think much and to work hard. Metz, it must be remembered, is the key of Eastern France, and this key is in the hands of the enemy. In order to get this commanding situation, Germany thought it worth while to face the certainty of the bitter hostility of France for years to come, the anxiety of holding in permanent subjugation an unquestionably French population, and the reproaches of a large portion of Europe. France, having lost the key of her Eastern provinces, and seeing her enemy in a position of such extreme advantage, cannot fail to wish that, if she cannot have the excellent defence on the East that she once had, she shall have the best that ingenuity and perseverance and courage and money can give her. Not only, therefore, has Germany no title whatever to complain of the military arrangements now being made in France, so long as the position of Germany in the occupied districts is not made worse, and so long as the indemnity is paid at the stipulated time; but, after she has got her money and her troops are gone home, she is bound to bear with equanimity the spectacle of France making great military preparations of a defensive kind on her immediate border.

If Germany can keep calm while France is doing all that she has a right to do, the rest of Europe will learn to read alarmist reports with serene indifference. That Germany will for a number of years, to which no limit can be assigned, have to make counter preparations, and to think constantly of a new war, and provide against it, is obvious. This was the state of things to which Germany looked forward, and which she deliberately chose as better for herself than foregoing Metz and the frontier of the Vosges. With that frontier, and with such a fortress as Metz, Germany calculated on being able to defy France for the future. If this was a wise choice and a prudent calculation, the vague projects of a war of revenge, which fill so naturally the French mind, have nothing in them disquieting to Germany. The French will get together a large army; so will the Germans; the French will buy the best guns, select the best generals, train their men in the best way; so will the Germans. Unless some unforeseen cause, the very nature of which cannot be imagined, interferes to give France an unlooked-for superiority, the end of all the efforts that France can possibly make will be that she will have a very large and very good army in a bad position, and Germany would have a very large and very good army in a good position. No position that France can secure will in the least equal that held by Germany; but it will be necessary for France, unless she is again to court a crushing defeat, to have a position tolerably good. In order to attain such a position she must labour perseveringly for years. The Germans have now, it is said, an army the nominal strength of which is a million and a half of men. They are devoting unceasing efforts and boundless stores of French money to equipping, training, and arming this army in the most perfect manner that experience can suggest or science devise. They have the advantage of being commanded by the greatest general of modern times, and, when they lose him,

they will at least have the advantage of being commanded by men brought up in his school, and accustomed to act under his guidance. Lastly, with a vast array of fortresses as a second line of defence, they hold Metz and the Vosges frontier. Add these things together, and they make a total which shows how enormous is the task that France has to encounter if she wishes to be on anything like an equality with Germany. The Belgians might as well try to take Metz as the French until the whole military force of France is totally altered from what it is now. That some such change may not some day occur is what no one can venture to say. But it is very easy to underrate the difficulties that lie in the way of such a change. France is at present in sore perplexity how to take the first step towards it. Far from having an army at all likely to take Metz, the French cannot as yet determine what a French army ought to be. M. THIERS does not at all like the discussion of the subject in the Chamber. He has asked that it may be put off for three weeks, and has declared that there are several points on which he thinks quiet discussion with a Committee far preferable to open discussion before the Assembly. A large party in the Assembly wishes that every Frenchman should be made to fight, and that there should be a new army in France after the Prussian pattern. M. THIERS, and probably the majority of the Assembly, think that the old system is the best, and that there should be special people whose business it is to fight. Both parties, when they talk of the army of the future, think of it quite as much with reference to the exigencies of internal politics as with reference to a war of revenge. It is impossible for sensible Germans to be much alarmed at present, when such is the state of things in France; and they may be sure that Prince BISMARCK knows his business and theirs too well to be making useless demonstrations merely to show his importance and to fill his country with anxiety.

#### PROTESTANT ALARMS AND CATHOLIC GRIEVANCES.

NEITHER Mr. NEWDEGATE'S Bill for the vexation of monks and nuns, nor Sir COLMAN O'LOUGHLIN'S Religious Disabilities Bill, is a measure of vital importance; but toleration is, as it deserves to be, at present more in fashion than persecution. The Roman Catholics have of late years, through the prevalence of a policy hateful to their Church, got rid of all but one or two of the traces of the suspicion with which they were formerly regarded by the nation and the Legislature. Notwithstanding the imprudent resistance of the late Lord DERBY, the distinctive oaths which were imposed at the date of Catholic Emancipation were abolished several years ago. In the last Session the silly Act which was passed during the Papal Aggression panic was, after several abortive attempts, repealed. It is now as lawful for a man to assume a clerical title to which he has no legal right as to call himself a Count or a Baron, or to designate himself as "The 'MULLIGAN,'" or "The O'TOOLE"; yet, carefully looking round for a religious grievance, Sir COLMAN O'LOUGHLIN has discovered that a Roman Catholic can neither be Lord Chancellor of Great Britain nor Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In the Bill by which he proposes to remove the disability he takes the opportunity of including a clause for the exemption of religious orders from the penalties to which they are nominally subject. Only the most furious Protestants would approve of a prosecution under the existing law of a Jesuit or a Dominican, but to some minds a legislative protest against a practice or institution of which they disapprove furnishes a strange consolation. It is pleasant to think that a monk is at the mercy of a common informer, although no one dreams of enforcing the law. It was by a singular coincidence that the House of Commons found itself in two successive sittings engaged in the discussion of monastic and conventual establishments. Ordinary Englishmen regard ascetic communities of men bound by irrevocable vows with a contemptuous repugnance which is a better security than any law against the spread of religious Orders. The sentimental classes draw a distinction, which is not altogether unfounded, between monks and nuns. The involuntary recognition of the inequality of the sexes which defies all the efforts of advocates of the rights of women encourages the opinion that an unwise and narrowing mode of life is less discreditable to the weaker sex. On the other hand, Mr. NEWDEGATE himself would perhaps allow that a full-grown monk stands less in need of legal protection than a helpless girl who has been coerced or frightened into the adoption of the so-called religious life. The Jesuits are especially regarded



by the zealous Protestant rather with terror than with compassion. The superhuman craft which they are supposed to possess, their strict discipline, and their steady prosecution of the objects of their association, command a certain kind of respect. There is perhaps a certain resemblance between the celebrated Order and the more modern organizations which, like the International Society, are engaged in a permanent conspiracy against law and secular government. The Jesuits have for the present at their disposal a more effective instrument than the force of any revolutionary club. The Pope is, unless he is greatly belied, habitually guided in his spiritual and temporal policy by the Order which has from the first devoted itself to the aggrandizement of the Holy See; but it is at Rome, and not in England, that the Jesuits exercise the power which renders them troublesome or formidable.

Mr. NEWDEGATE is once more engaged in the task of trying to deprive English convents of the trust funds which may have been given or bequeathed for their support. The whole amount is probably trifling, but the secrecy which is maintained by the trustees and beneficiaries especially moves Mr. NEWDEGATE's curiosity and indignation. The trust funds are in the hands of persons in whose honour their co-religionists feel a confidence which is probably seldom misplaced; but an enemy of the system ought to find gratification in the possible risks to which monastic property is exposed. The patience of the Committee which investigated a part of the question in 1871 was exhausted by the fruitless pertinacity of Mr. NEWDEGATE's questions and cross-examinations; but it would be unreasonable to expect that he should be convinced of his error in persisting against the unanimous remonstrance of his colleagues. His present Bill, as he must be well aware, will never be passed into a law; but it for the moment frees a righteous soul of its burden, and it possesses the additional merit of having annoyed a few Irish members. There would have been much excuse for a rejection of the Bill in the first instance, especially when the proposer delivered an elaborate speech on the motion for leave to bring in the Bill; but ultimately Mr. NEWDEGATE had his way, and, if he is fortunate, he will have one more opportunity of repeating his charges against religious Orders. Even the imaginary wealth of English convents is less obnoxious to their assailant than the moral coercion to which their inmates are perhaps exposed. It is not easy to understand the bearing of a story of a German, falsely reported to be dead, who had some difficulty in tracing his daughter to a convent. An Englishman in similar circumstances might have adopted precisely the same course with equal facilities for reclaiming the fugitive, if she were willing to return home, or if she was a minor. The well-known case of a nun who refused to leave a religious life which she disliked, through fear of the disapproval of her friends and family, offers no proof of intimidation. The same kind of moral pressure is constantly applied to the relations of secular life, as when a young woman is deterred from a marriage of disparagement by the knowledge that the gratification of her own impulse will be followed by a separation from her family; but there is no use in arguing against impressions which have been proof against argument through a long and respectable life.

Sir COLMAN O'LOUGHLIN's Bill has naturally excited the alarm of a body called the Protestant Alliance. As the Secretary remarks, in a little pamphlet published on behalf of the Society:—"The question is no longer whether a fugitive 'Popemay, as a private person, find refuge in free England, but whether the Papacy itself is to be imported into the British Empire, and whether the people and Government of this country, hitherto Protestant, shall for the future 'be Popish—with all that history teaches—that means, 'priestly tyranny, superstition and national death.' The English nation is about to be converted to Popery, partly by the removal of the chains which fetter the activity of the Jesuits and other religious Orders, but chiefly in consequence of the frightful proposal that Roman Catholics should become eligible for the offices of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Priestly tyranny, superstition, and national death would already have overspread the land if Lord HATHORLEY, Lord WATSON, or Lord STANLEY had unhappily professed the Roman Catholic faith. It happens, indeed, that an eminent member of the Roman Church is at this moment Lord Chancellor of Ireland, not perhaps to the satisfaction of the Protestant Alliance; but even before the passing of the Disestablishment Bill, the Irish Church possessed no ecclesiastical patronage, whereas some hundreds of livings, and half-a-dozen canonries, are in the gift of the English Chancellor. The Bill indeed contains a clause by which a Roman Catholic Chancellor is directed of the

ecclesiastical patronage of his office, which is to be administered by a Judge of the Superior Courts; but it is hardly necessary to say that the craft of the Jesuits and their disciples would be equal to the evasion of any restrictive enactment. The Lord-Lieutenant has no longer a vicarage to bestow; but there is a more plausible case against the appointment of a Roman Catholic to the government of Ireland than to the promotion of a Roman Catholic lawyer to the wool-sack. Many years ago a liberal-minded Minister sent a zealous Roman Catholic to govern a colonial community which was deeply attached to the same religious persuasion. The consequence was an undue deference to clerical instigation, and a temporary aggravation of sectarian animosity. A wise Minister would take care that a Roman Catholic Lord-Lieutenant was, like a layman in France or Italy, entirely indifferent to the approval or censure of Cardinal CULLEN or any other spiritual authority. At the worst the Lord-Lieutenant is less powerful than the Irish Secretary, and he is under the orders of the Home Secretary; nor is there any law against the tenure of either or both offices by a Roman Catholic. The Lord Chancellor appoints a certain number of incumbents, but the Prime Minister, who makes bishops and deans, may hold any religious opinions which he prefers. Mr. WHALLEY, indeed, periodically accuses Mr. GLADSTONE of being a Roman Catholic, if not a Jesuit in disguise. It is hardly worth while to affront susceptible Roman Catholics by the maintenance of an arbitrary and isolated disability. The expediency of raising the question at the present moment is more questionable than the justice of the measure; but perhaps the Roman Catholics are the best judges of the importance which may be attached to the slightest badge of inferiority. A more solid and far more irremediable hardship consists in the obstinate prejudice of English and Scotch constituencies against Roman Catholic candidates. Several Jews occupy seats in Parliament without discredit to themselves or disadvantage to their constituencies, and one of them is a law officer of the Crown. Since the Papal aggression of 1851 only one Roman Catholic has represented an independent constituency in Great Britain. The exclusion of Roman Catholic lawyers from Parliament greatly diminishes their chance of rising to the wool-sack.

#### THE RE-OPENING OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE settlement of the order of business is not a matter about which the French Assembly usually gives itself much trouble. It is quite content that M. THIERS should play the part of the householder in the Gospel, and bring out of his treasury things new or old at his pleasure. On Tuesday the PRESIDENT had an additional claim on the forbearance and confidence of the Chamber. He was suffering from a cold caught in the service of his country during the recess. But the rumoured ill-feeling between the French and German Governments roused the Assembly to something like interest as to the place which M. THIERS meant to give to the Army Bill. The MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR urged the superior importance of the new taxes and of the reorganization of the Council of State. M. GAMBETTA insisted that nothing so much concerned France as her military reorganization. The PRESIDENT thought it necessary to mount the tribune in person in order to answer M. GAMBETTA. He alleged three reasons why it was essential that the Army Bill should be postponed. In the first place, the Government and the Committee were not yet agreed on the details of the measure, and a little delay might lead to their becoming agreed. In the next place, if the disagreement between them should remain, there were political reasons why the issue should be fought out three weeks hence rather than now. In the third place, he would have to make a speech, perhaps many speeches, and nobody could expect him to speak with a cold in the head. There was ample matter for speculation in this mysterious little statement; but where very simple reasons exist for the postponement which M. THIERS desires, it is needless to go far afield in search of others. The cold in his head, of course, is not a simple reason, for it has long been a maxim of politics that statesmen are never ill without a purpose. But at this moment it would have been difficult to carry on the discussion of the Army Bill without some reference to the recent rumours. Whether this reference had taken the form of direct questions addressed to the Government, or of declamation against the attitude supposed to be assumed by Germany, would not have made much difference to M. THIERS. An excited Assembly is the worst possible partner in the conduct of negotiations which, however much their importance may have been

exaggerated, must still require delicate handling. Three weeks hence M. THIERS may be able to report favourably of the intentions of the German Government as regards the evacuation of the occupied departments, and to provide food for patriotic enthusiasm in the shape of a new loan. The reference to the difference still existing between the Government and the Committee was probably made in perfect good faith. M. THIERS holds very firmly by an idea which he has once taken up, and his interest in military affairs is second only—if it be second—to his interest in politics. He may be trusted to fight to the last against the proposal of the Committee to abolish substitutes and to make personal service universal and compulsory. It is not likely that he will succeed, because upon this question the Right will be reinforced by the Left, and the President will not be able to play off one part of the Chamber against the other. The Assembly and M. THIERS are equally anxious to have a strong army, and probably are not much at variance as to the use they hope to make of it. But the Assembly can wait with more patience than M. THIERS, inasmuch as many of the deputies are young, and those that are not young are not impulsive. It is quite possible to have a sincere wish for the rehabilitation of your country, and at the same time to prefer that your sons rather than yourself should be the instruments appointed for the work. When the Israelites were in the Desert, some of the old men may have accepted with pious equanimity the forty years' respite which denied them a share in the conquest of Canaan. Nor can M. GAMBETTA be blamed if, believing that an army organized on the Prussian system will in the long run make France more powerful than any other, he is not sorry that by the time the new army is ready the power of directing its operations may have passed from M. THIERS to himself. Upon the need of an army there is a remarkable agreement between all sections of the Assembly. There have been some symptoms during the week of a wish—to be traced perhaps to Bonapartist inspiration—to breed discord between M. THIERS and the Republicans by representing him as designing the army for no other purpose than to keep the French people in order. Fortunately no such intention seems to be attributed to the President by the Left.

The hatred of M. GAMBETTA displayed on all occasions by the French Conservatives is neither creditable nor intelligible. Even so grave and moderate an organ as the *Journal des Débats* cannot speak of him with its usual composure. The one part of the war which did any honour to France was the part which was mainly organized by M. GAMBETTA's energy. He found the nation prostrated by the capitulation of Sedan, and he undertook to raise it up again. It was impossible that any man should not make great mistakes in compassing a task of this magnitude, and M. GAMBETTA's temperament naturally tended to exaggerate such mistakes. But the work he had in hand was one which needed something more than coolness and judgment, and though it would have been better if these virtues could have been combined with those which he actually possessed, it is hardly fair to blame a politician because he does not exhibit in his own person a union of qualities which is not seen once in a century. After every deduction has been made from M. GAMBETTA's reputation, it must still be set down to his honour that he did not despair of France when there was every apparent reason to do so, and that by an extraordinary effort he succeeded in giving her a chance of retrieving her position, which, small as it may have been, seemed absolutely unattainable when he descended from his balloon at Tours. It is a strange complaint in the mouth of a Frenchman that M. GAMBETTA was not content to let Sedan be the last act of the war. It is possible, no doubt, that better terms might have been obtained then than were to be had six months later. But the increasing severity of the German conditions as the war went on is in a great measure accounted for by the fact that, under M. GAMBETTA's guidance, France showed herself a more formidable enemy than the Germans had at first supposed. If the nation had sat down contentedly after Sedan, and acquiesced in a moderate loss of territory and a moderate penalty in money, there would have been good ground for supposing that its spirit had really been broken by twenty years of Imperialism. The campaigns on the Loire and in the North were conclusive evidence of the falsehood of this theory. Though military training and military resources were both wanting, there was no lack of military spirit. The new recruits who followed CHANZY and FAIDHERBE wanted only a little breathing space and one chance gleam of victory to make them good soldiers. The French Conservatives must have forgotten these facts, or they would never speak of M. GAMBETTA

as the author of a great part of the misfortunes of France, and confound in a common condemnation the man who began the war and the men who continued it.

As regards M. GAMBETTA's Parliamentary conduct, the worst that can be said of it is that he rarely speaks. Considering how fluent an orator he is, it argues considerable self-restraint that he has been able to play this part. It is the fashion with the Right to attribute this self-restraint to a conscious incapacity for practical politics, but it is more charitable and probably truer to set it down to a desire not to embarrass the Government. M. GAMBETTA's Republicanism is of a different type from that of M. THIERS, but if he believes M. THIERS to be genuinely determined to establish the Republic, he may fairly be anxious not to impede this process by giving needless publicity to the distinction. His latest offence in the eyes of the Right is his telling the people of Angers and Havre that the Assembly no longer represents the country. To English ears this seems a very mild sentiment indeed. The same thing is said of the present House of Commons in every Conservative newspaper. Even in France there is no way of punishing M. GAMBETTA for giving utterance to this terrible doctrine; but the mayors of the two towns are public functionaries, and as such they can be censured for having anything to do with party demonstrations except such as are got up by the Government for the time being. This minimum of condemnation M. RAOUL DUVAL has succeeded in extracting from M. LEFRANC. Henceforth mayors may say that the present Assembly represents the country better than any other that could be elected either now or at any future time, without being considered to have transgressed the limits of political impartiality. But if they hint that the composition of an Assembly elected for a special purpose and under special circumstances can be improved upon when the purpose has been accomplished and the circumstances have changed, they will be set down as wanting in respect for law and order. When M. THIERS finds the Assembly impracticable, M. LEFRANC's reading of a mayor's duties will perhaps be somewhat modified.

#### MR. CANDLISH'S MOTION.

THE Secularist party in the House of Commons made a strangely poor appearance on Tuesday night. In point of mere numbers, indeed, they have gained slightly during the past six weeks. The minority in favour of Mr. DIXON's motion on the 5th of March was 94; the minority in favour of Mr. CANDLISH's motion was 115. But the precise figures of a minority are not of much importance until there is something like an approach to an equal balance of parties. What is of importance is the grasp the speakers have of their subject, and the evidence they give of having forecast the consequences of their arguments. It is when these qualities are looked for that the debate of Tuesday comes out so badly. Mr. DIXON was not so much bound to possess them when he brought forward his Resolution on the character and working of the Education Act. He did not propose to repeal or alter any of the clauses; he aimed only at giving the Government an instruction as to the spirit in which they should address themselves to the work. But Mr. CANDLISH had a more ambitious end in view. He asked the House of Commons to strike out an important section from the Act, and the least that was to be expected of him was that he should state how he proposed to meet the difficulties created by such a step, or the reasons he had for thinking that the anticipated difficulties would not arise. So far as his speech went, the 25th clause of the Education Act might be so much mere surplusage. For example, it never seems to have occurred to Mr. CANDLISH that the 25th clause and the 14th clause must stand or fall together. It is not in human nature that A. should go on making payments to a school in which B.'s religion is taught, after B. has refused to make any payments to a school in which A.'s religion is taught. Yet this is precisely what would happen if a rate continued to be exacted from the Denominationalists by the managers of School Board schools, after it had been made illegal to pay any part of the rate to the managers of Denominational schools. In this respect Mr. CANDLISH is less consistent than Mr. DIXON. The motion of the 5th of March did propose to amend the Education Act, not only because it allows School Boards to pay the fee in Denominational schools, but also because it "permits School Boards to use the money of the ratepayers for the purpose of supporting denominational schools." "gives instruction in schools established by local boards." Mr. CANDLISH dropped all reference to this latter grievance,

and mainly suggested that the Roman Catholic ratepayer should continue to be taxed for the maintenance of Protestant schools after the Protestant ratepayer had refused to be taxed, not for the maintenance of Roman Catholic schools, but for the secular instruction of poor children attending Roman Catholic schools. The logical consequence, therefore, of his motion must have been the withdrawal of the liberty at present conceded to local Boards to give religious instruction in the schools they establish. We said in 1870 that this coexistence of voluntary schools teaching whatever religion they pleased, and of rate-supported schools giving only secular instruction, would have furnished the best attainable solution of the religious difficulty. But no one who is not blind to the clearest evidence of the course of popular sentiment can fail to see that even this partial recognition of secularism would have had no chance with Parliament or with the country. Mr. CANDLISH can hardly suppose that it would be more acceptable now than it was two years ago.

Those who spoke in defence of the motion were equally silent upon another important aspect of the question. Before long there will be some thousands of School Boards in existence, a large proportion of which will have undertaken to enforce the attendance at school of the children within their jurisdiction. In many cases the school accommodation already provided will be so nearly sufficient that the addition of one School Board school to the voluntary schools already in being will meet the wants of the case. This new school will of course be built either where the population is densest or where voluntary zeal has been least energetic. But in every considerable district there may be children whose parents are too poor to pay for their schooling, living in parts of the district where, owing to the abundant provision of voluntary schools, there is no call whatever for a School Board school. As these children are to be made to go to school, the cost of their schooling must be paid by the School Board. So long as the 25th clause remains in force no difficulty arises. The parents are ordered to send their children to the nearest voluntary school, and the Board pays the school fees to the managers. If the 25th clause were rescinded, the School Board would no longer be able to do this. The only way in which it could take upon itself the cost of a child's education would be to remit in its favour the fees charged at the School Board school. But in the part of the district where these children live there may be no School Board school, and, what is more, there may be none wanted. Either, therefore, the School Board must build an unnecessary school for the sole use of half-a-dozen children, or it must insist upon their being sent to its own school three miles off, though there may be a voluntary school within a few doors of them. As this difficulty has been repeatedly commended to the notice of the opponents of the 25th clause, and as they continue to take no notice of it, it must be supposed that Mr. CANDLISH and his friends see no objection to its being dealt with in one or other of these ways. In that case they cannot be complimented on their political foresight. What chance the Education Act would have in country districts when it was discovered that, in order to work it, the ratepayers would have to build schools and provide teachers where there was already a sufficient supply of both, may easily be guessed by those who have marked the increasing strength of the opposition to local taxation of all kinds. In such a case as has been suggested a School Board which built a school of its own in a part of the district where, except for the religious difficulty, there would be no need of a school, would have no chance whatever of re-election; and if there were many such instances, the clamour which would be raised against the Act would be such as to command the attention of the House of Commons, unless the Government found means to silence it by some measure of administrative relaxation. But even the feeling thus excited would be manageable in comparison with the wrath of mothers compelled to send their shoeless children three miles in snow or rain—passing perhaps three voluntary schools on their journey—because the School Board was forbidden to pay for their being taught reading and writing by a Denominational schoolmaster. A grievance like this well worked, and supported by a few opportune cases of actual hardship, would defeat any Act of Parliament. No majority would submit to have a great practical inconvenience imposed on them to gratify the groundless scruples of a minority. For it must always be remembered that we have to do with scruples which, however honest they may be, are still essentially illogical. There can be no more objection to a School Board buying secular instruction from the managers of a

Denominational school because they also sell religious instruction, than there is to their buying paper and pens from a Denominational bookseller because he also sells prayer-books. A School Board has the best possible means of finding out what is the lowest sum at which the elements of secular knowledge can be taught to a child, because it knows what it costs to teach him in its own school. So long, therefore, as the fees paid to the voluntary school are no higher than would be charged in the School Board school, there is an absolute certainty that there will be no balance left over. The cost of such religious instruction as may be given in the voluntary school must be defrayed out of some other source than the pence contributed by the School Board. As yet the feeling of the ratepayers in many places is rather against the payment of fees, as being the only way of expending the school-rate with which they have become acquainted. When they learn that the choice lies, not between spending it in this way and not spending it at all, but between spending it in this way and spending a much larger rate in another way, they will subject these costly scruples to a very narrow scrutiny. If the agitators against the 25th clause are well advised, they will look out for some better evidence than the fees paid for secular instruction at a Denominational school are really paid for religious instruction than they have yet thought fit to adduce. When they can construct a plausible proof of this position, they may come forward with some chance of success. In the meantime it is not too much to ask them to allow religious animosities to go unfanned for a year or two, in order that such educational machinery as the Act provides may at least have a trial. It is not too much to ask of them, yet it seems to be more than there is any chance of their conceding. They seem to have forgotten that the object of educational legislation is to teach reading and writing, not to set barriers in the way of teaching religion. To insist on making the Act of 1870 do the latter work would be to incapacitate it from doing the former in the very cases where it is most needed. Is it quite incompatible with freedom of conscience to separate the two objects, and to allow the nation to pursue the one while the Secularists pursue the other?

#### CUBAN NEGROES AND ROUMANIAN JEWS.

A WEEK ago the House of Commons devoted the greater part of an evening to debates on the misgovernment of two remote foreign countries. A perfectly wise Parliament would carefully abstain from discussing matters beyond the range of its legislative power and political authority; but there is some excuse for occasional deviations from the strict rule of reticence, especially as motions such as those of Mr. HUGHES and Sir F. GOLDSMID have of late years gradually become rarer. The profound modification of the policy of England within less than twenty years has in some instances failed to modify the habits of thought which were familiar to a former generation. The Crimean war was the last practical expression of principles which had never been questioned during the long peace which followed the settlement of 1815. It was understood at home and abroad to be the right and duty of England not only to aid in maintaining the balance of power, but as far as possible to correct tyranny and oppression in all parts of the world. Interference with the prosecution of the slave trade was more especially justified by the treaties which had been concluded with various Powers at a time when English influence was paramount in Europe. The enthusiasm which had been roused by WILBERFORCE and CLARKSON survived their personal activity; and it was largely shared by the statesmen who had in their earlier years taken part in abolition and in emancipation. Lord ABERDEEN, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Lord PALMERSTON uniformly and earnestly exerted themselves to suppress the slave trade both by diplomatic influence and by material force; nor was their sympathy, whether theoretical or active, restricted to the wrongs suffered by negroes. In Italy, in Poland, and in Turkey Lord PALMERSTON on all occasions protested against injustice and tyranny. One of the speakers in the recent debates quoted a sentiment of Lord PALMERSTON's to the effect that opinion would ultimately prevail over armed force; but it referred to the opinion of a country which in his time had not publicly avowed the doctrine of non-intervention. There is no reason to suppose that English opinion will now be greatly regarded either by Spain or by the semi-barbarous provinces which acknowledge the precarious sovereignty of the Porte; and it would be unjust to blame philanthropic politicians who,

actuated by generous impulses, repeat in altered circumstances the warnings which once had a practical meaning.

The propriety of the motion on Cuba, or rather of Mr. HUGHES's speech, was more questionable than the justice of Sir F. GOLDSMID's remonstrance against the scandalous outrages perpetrated in Roumania. Although the treaty for the repression of the slave trade was in former times constantly and openly violated with the connivance of the Colonial Government of Cuba, Lord ENFIELD was able to state that during the last five years no cargoes of slaves have been landed on the island. With the extinction of the slave trade disappears the English right of intervention. Nor is it even for the interest of the negro population that Spanish pride should be enlisted on the side of slavery. The system which was maintained in the English colonies till 1834, and in the United States till 1864, must be assumed to involve no violation of international law. The English Government never affected to have a right of protesting against American slavery, either during the long-continued supremacy of the party which defended the system, or when Mr. LINCOLN offered to the seceding States the strongest guarantees for the perpetual maintenance of their favourite institution. It is not because Spain is less formidable than the United States that the dignity of a friendly and independent Government should be infringed even by a censorious speech in the House of Commons. It is true that the American Minister in Spain has been repeatedly instructed to urge the more rapid emancipation of the slaves in Cuba; but if the Government of Washington has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of Cuba, it possesses a power of countenancing the rebellion and of promoting separation which renders its philanthropic sympathies at the same time suspicious and effective. It is not desirable that England, which has neither the ability nor the desire to dismember the Spanish dominions, should incur useless odium by verbal criticisms on the domestic policy of a foreign State. Mr. HUGHES and Serjeant SIMON, who seems to have been acquainted with Cuba for forty years, were not content with the traditional task of advocating the cause of negro slaves. They also took under their patronage the emigrants from China, and, with far less excuse, the white and coloured insurgents of Cuba. The military execution of a dozen students at Havannah seems, according to the newspaper reports, to have been an act of wanton cruelty; but it is difficult to imagine an outrage which less concerns the English Government or Parliament. A diplomatic remonstrance from Spain on the occasion of the Jamaica massacres would not have been gratefully received. Mr. HUGHES is simple-minded enough to attribute to purely philanthropic motives the sympathy of the Americans with the Cuban insurrection, although it is remarkable that the Government of the United States formerly took an equal interest in the affairs of Cuba on directly opposite pretexts. During the administration of Mr. PIERCE, Mr. BUCHANAN and Mr. SOULÉ, their Ministers at London and Madrid, were directed to hold a semi-public conference in Belgium to discuss the expediency of annexing Cuba in the interests of slavery; and Mr. BUCHANAN on succeeding to the Presidency openly recommended to Congress the acquisition of the island. A large party in the United States now aspire to the same object, because they are shocked at the proximity of a slave population, or for "any other reason why." Nevertheless, the American Government has not yet found that the insurgents have established any civil or military authority with which it is possible even to establish relations as with a regular belligerent. The convictions at which Mr. HUGHES has arrived by study, and Serjeant SIMON by acquaintance with the inhabitants of Cuba, may henceforth be advantageously withheld from Parliamentary discussion.

When gross inhumanity can be prevented or checked even by an irregular proceeding, it would be puritanical and absurd to insist on the observance of rigid political rules; and indeed it may be justly contended that where practical influence can be exercised it may be legitimately used for a benevolent purpose. The natural feeling which induces Sir F. GOLDSMID and Serjeant SIMON to resent the iniquitous treatment of the Jews in Roumania is the more worthy of respect because it is not incompatible with English patriotism. The outrages which they described bear the ordinary character of brutal fanaticism not unconnected with cupidity. The Jews in the Danubian Principalities, as elsewhere, are thrifty and prosperous; and they shock the Christian or Pagan associations of their idle and orthodox neighbours. The zeal of a pious mob of spendthrifts is quickened by an opportunity of attacking a pawnbroker's shop in which their pledges were deposited; and in some instances the Jewish victims are probably mortgagees of the property of the Christian

cutthroats. The atrocities which were lately perpetrated in the Bessarabian town of Ismailia have perhaps a political significance, as the district was transferred from Russia to Wallachia at the close of the Crimean war. It is not impossible that the riots may hereafter be used at some Conference summoned for the purpose as a reason for abolishing the remaining stipulations of the Treaty of Paris. For the present the Roumanian authorities are responsible for the crimes which they commit or encourage, although it may be fairly assumed that Prince CHARLES is powerless to prevent persecutions of which it is impossible that he should approve. The weakness and the remoteness of the united Principalities afford in ordinary cases a sufficient security against the intervention of civilized Governments; but the treaties by which Moldavia and Wallachia enjoy a qualified independence may perhaps render it possible to exert a certain pressure on the provincial Government. Prince BISMARCK, when he lately undertook to urge the claims of certain German capitalists on the Roumanian Government, took advantage, with characteristic acuteness and vigour, of their jealousy of Turkish authority. Passing by the local Government, the German CHANCELLOR made a direct application to the Porte, which is naturally unwilling to receive a formal recognition of its rights. As it was evident that the SULTAN would be supported by Germany in any measures which he might adopt for the satisfaction of the claimants, the Roumanian Ministry and Legislature immediately proposed a compromise, which has since been effected. It is possible that by a similar method the delinquent functionaries in Roumania might be induced or compelled to protect life and property. The Servian Government is involved in the same culpability, and, notwithstanding its intimate relations with Russia, it might perhaps scarcely wish to incur a rupture with Turkey in a quarrel which would alienate the sympathies of the civilized world. The Turks, with all their faults, are not prone to religious persecution; nor is there any reason why they should approve of the murder and spoliation of Jews by so-called Christians. Fugitives from the violence of the Roumanian populace are assured of safety when they cross the Danube, and the Turkish authorities have a right to complain of the burden which is inflicted on their territory by the compulsory influx of a helpless and impoverished multitude. Sir F. GOLDSMID's object was rather to elicit an expression of opinion and to stimulate the activity of the Government than to recommend any definite form of interference. It could not be expected that the Jewish members of the House of Commons should refrain from a public protest against the cruelties which are inflicted on members of their race. Mr. HUGHES's discussion of the policy of Spain and of the relations of Cuba was far less relevant to the proper functions of the English Parliament.

#### BALLOT AND HANDCUFFS.

LORD PALMERSTON used to tell a story of an old gentleman who was a neighbour of his in the country, and who placed so many spring-guns and man-traps in his grounds that he was afraid to set foot in his own plantations, lest he should leave it behind him. His precautions against poachers were equally effectual against himself, and he was thus excluded from his own preserves, except at the risk of being maimed or shot. It would seem that the Government, if they had their own way, would treat freedom of election in a similar manner, and with a similar result. They appear to be anxious to surround the polling-booth with such a multitude of penalties and legal terrors of all kinds, that voters would be frightened to go near it. The trapdoors of the bridge which MIRZA saw in a vision were as nothing compared with the innumerable pitfalls which the Government would like to dig, if they were allowed, in the pathway of ignorant and bewildered voters. Although it is probable that we have now heard the last of Mr. LEATHAM's rash and inconsiderate proposal, it is not impossible that it may be revived at a subsequent stage of the Bill. In any case it is worth while to observe the nature and consequences of this new kind of political freedom.

The notion seems to have been to meet intimidation by intimidation, and to cure it homoeopathically. The voter was, in fact, to be intimidated into resisting intimidation, according to a nicely graduated scale of dynamical pressure. Personal influence was to be counterbalanced by the fear of imprisonment, while a still more severe punishment would doubtless have been found to be necessary as a main weight against the temptation not to vote at all. It is difficult to imagine the feelings of the typical British voter at an election



with no bands, no beer, no nomination day, no hustings speeches; all the old fun and racket gone, and nothing to keep up his spirits except the prospect of three months at the treadmill if he didn't fold up his voting-paper nicely so that nobody could read it, or if in his perplexity he consulted anybody as to whether he had filled it up properly. While the returning officer was arranging about the secret nomination and the labyrinthine polling-booths, the justices would be in serious consultation as to the strength of the police force, and the amount of prison accommodation at their disposal. Handcuffs would have to be borrowed from adjoining boroughs and counties; and some means would probably have to be devised of procuring a general gaol delivery in order to make room for the throng of free and independent electors to whom the prison would have to be wholly given up for the next few months. Indeed it may be doubted whether the ordinary cells would be enough, and a temporary encampment would perhaps have to be formed on some convenient open space, where voters convicted of not being ashamed to tell how they voted would be tethered, under strong guards, on the "long rope" or any other system which the Horse Guards might recommend. As the dreaded day approached tearful wives would beseech their husbands not to expose themselves to the perils of the poll. A voter who had made up his mind to brave the worst would naturally put his affairs in order and arrange for his business being carried on in case he did not return; and when he started on his melancholy and dangerous errand he would be attended by his weeping family and anxious friends, who would await his return in an agony of suspense. It might be months before the reckless or heroic voter who plunged into the dark recesses of the polling-booth would be restored to the world. After the election there would be a pathetic list of missing men. One poor fellow, not quite sober, had flourished his paper in the face of the clerks. Two others, in nervous trepidation, consulting together as they filled up their forms, in order to make quite sure of being right, had been detected in the act. Others, having determined to vote as they had always voted, openly and manfully, had deliberately made martyrs of themselves. During a general election the police would of course have no time to spare for their ordinary functions, and it would probably be necessary to swear in the criminal classes as special constables to help in locking up the free and independent electors who refused to skulk under the secrecy of the ballot. It is impossible to imagine that the Ministry could have given two minutes' thought to what they were about, when they committed themselves to this wild and impracticable idea. It may or may not be right that there should be uniform secrecy in voting; but it is at least quite certain that compulsion could never be applied in this manner. Of two things, one—either voters are, as a rule, willing to vote secretly, and in that case no compulsion is necessary; or they are not willing to vote secretly, and, if so, no compulsion will avail.

In dealing with legislation of this kind it is necessary to remember the character of the people who will be affected by it, and the impression which they will probably form of its scope and consequences. If Mr. LEATHAM's amendment had been carried, many voters would have stayed away in fear, while others, from bravado or on principle, would have defied the law in order to bring it into contempt and to render it impossible to enforce it. Even as it is, the mysteries of the new system of voting will be sufficiently appalling to the ordinary voter, who may be a shrewd enough person in his own way, but is usually shy of papers and easily confounded by a multiplicity of forms. It is not every elector who will be able to nerve himself for the trying ordeal of the secret compartment and the bewildering bit of paper, the precise use of which he will have to determine for himself when shut up alone and "screened from observation." The solitude and silence of the operation, the sense of individual responsibility, and the variety of forms to be gone through, will be apt to weigh on the mind of a labourer or workman who feels the want of companionship, advice, and the stimulus of united action. It may seem at first sight that nothing is more easy than to tick off the names of one or two candidates on a printed form, make a mark in the corner, and then fold up the paper so that the writing shall be concealed. But last year, when the Ballot Bill was going through the House of Commons, Mr. FORSTER put a number of members to the test, and only one of them did the thing correctly. There is nothing more likely to happen than that a voter who has concentrated all his energies on filling up the paper should make a mistake about the folding, and should present it either open, or so folded that the marks can be seen.

If a voter in a moment of nervous confusion committed a blunder of this kind, or if in his anxiety to avoid it he happened to ask a friend who was voting at the same time, or one of the inspectors in whom he had confidence, to look at his paper and tell him whether it was all right, he might, under Mr. LEATHAM's clause, be sent to prison. It is obvious that if it got abroad that any slip or accident in going through the new-fangled ceremony of voting would subject a voter to be treated as if he had robbed a house or picked a pocket, the result would probably be a conspicuous falling off in the attendance at the poll. It may be plausibly argued that if secrecy is to be optional, and not compulsory, a voter will not be protected on every side against intimidation; but it has been justly remarked that absolute protection in this sense is hardly attainable. It might, for example, be intimated to a man that, if he voted at all, no matter on which side, he should suffer for it; and to meet a case of this kind, it would be necessary to extend Mr. LEATHAM's amendment so as to include a severe penalty for not voting. Indeed, the amendment would in itself have such a tendency to discourage voting that it may be doubted whether it would not be necessary, on that ground alone, to compel voters to go to the poll by making it felony to stay away.

It will be observed that the principle underlying Mr. LEATHAM's amendment is essentially the same as that upon which Sir W. LAWSON's Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill is based. There is a minority in the country who want to vote secretly, and who insist that the rest of the community shall be compelled to do the same whether they like it or not. In the same way, because a number of people think it necessary that they should be protected against their own weakness for intoxicating drink, it is supposed to be indispensable that other people who can take care of themselves shall be subjected to humiliating and oppressive legislation. It cannot be denied that the rights of minorities are highly important, and that in the present state of society it is especially desirable that they should have adequate protection; but majorities also have rights which should not be ignored. The Education question supplies another instance of the tyrannical disposition of intolerant minorities; and it is surprising that Mr. FORSTER, who has hitherto been firm in this instance, should have been so weak and inconsistent in regard to the Ballot. The Nonconformists, not content with liberty to do as they like, insist that this liberty is incomplete unless the rest of the country is prevented from doing as it would like, and is compelled to do as they choose to dictate. As a rule, these demands are all supported by the same set of politicians; and it is, oddly enough, only in the case of contagious disease, and under the influence of a morbid and fantastic sympathy with those who are professionally engaged in propagating it, that they are on the side of unrestricted freedom. Mr. LEATHAM and his friends, who are anxious that voting should be kept absolutely secret, are equally anxious that women should have votes, but they have not yet explained how, when they have gained their second point, they can possibly hope to make good their first.

#### ENGLISH LOYALTY.

THERE can be no doubt that the outburst of English loyalty which accompanied the illness of the Prince of Wales fell upon most of us with a certain shock of surprise. It is characteristic of the singular disinclination for political speculation which Englishmen oddly enough combine with a rare aptitude for practical politics, that, with the single exception of Mr. Bagehot, no philosophic observer has attempted to examine the character of the English monarchy as it actually exists, or to estimate its real hold upon the nation. On no subject was the ordinary politician so utterly at sea. Half an hour before the first bulletin was issued a very shrewd person would have been puzzled by a plain question as to the amount and warmth of the existing stock of English loyalty. Such a question is not likely to be asked now, but there are other questions which inevitably follow on the solution of this primary one; and the chief advantage which we have gained from recent occurrences is that they have set people fairly thinking over some of them. Even amidst the enthusiastic verbiage of the great mass of Thanksgiving sermons it was possible here and there to come upon such a thoughtful and temperate discussion as that in which Mr. Stopford Brooke traced the origin and characteristics of English loyalty. The whole subject, however, of our kingship requires a far closer and more thorough investigation than it has yet received. The popular notions of the Crown are derived in a vague way from Blackstone and the lawyers, and it is hard to say whether they are more untrue to history or to actual fact. The history, indeed, of English royalty has recently been cleared of a vast mass of traditional rubbish by inquirers like Mr. Freeman, but much still remains to be done

in tracing the connexion between the present and the past, and in explaining the subtle process by which, at the lowest point of its political weakness, the Throne has acquired a hold on the affections of Englishmen such as it never won before.

The outlines of such an inquiry are perfectly clear, and it is only the outlines that we can give here. The "divinity that doth hedge a king" begins at the very outset of royalty. As the blood descendant of Woden, or some other divine progenitor of the race whom he ruled, the older Teutonic king was possessed, not merely of authority, but of a vague personal sacredness, the reverence derived from which only paled before the enthusiastic fidelity and affection sworn to him by the band of young comrades who followed him as their war-leader. Under the later feudalism this vow of enthusiasm died down into a mere bargain of fee and service between the vassal and his royal lord; and, oddly enough, the word that now embodies all the warmest feelings of devotion to the Crown really expresses this bargaining temper of mediæval obedience. "Loyalty" is simply the rendering of the service actually due by feudal law to the Crown. But even at times when the English king seemed to be sinking into a mere "first baron" of his realm, he retained a peculiar sacredness. If the conquest of the Norman had broken down the traditional reverence for the race of Woden, Christianity more than compensated for the loss by the solemn union and consecration which raised the monarch into "the anointed of the Lord." The ruin of feudalism, the fall of the baronage who disputed its authority, and of the priesthood who rivalled its sacred character, raised royalty in England, as elsewhere, to an unexampled height; the first of the Tudors remained the one political power in his realm, while the peculiar character of the English Reformation invested the second with a strange religious reverence as the head and legislator of the new Protestant communion. But there is nothing really akin to our modern loyalty in the king-worship which sprang from this union of secular and ecclesiastical supremacy. The loyalty of to-day dates, in fact, from the utter overthrow of this king-worship in the Great Rebellion. The sacred character of the Crown only survived the excesses of Charles II. to perish before the vulgarity of the first two Georges, and the idle foppery of the Fourth. Its political influence died as slowly away, to become almost extinct at the close of the reign of George III. But out of the wreck of the royal power sprang a loyalty far more ideal, as it is far more deep-rooted and universal, than the loyalty which surrounded the throne of the Tudors or the Stuarts. The new affection to the sovereign took its shape in the very reign which we have already assigned as the close of the older monarchy. In his later days of darkness and sorrow George III. was undoubtedly beloved as none of our kings had ever been beloved before. The quiet inaction of his two predecessors had won for the throne a national trust and confidence in which the older national jealousy of the prerogative, and even his own earlier attempts to extend it, were absolutely forgotten. The decay of Jacobitism transferred to him the chivalrous devotion to the person of the sovereign which had sprung out of the troubles of the Great Rebellion, and been consecrated by the scaffold at Whitehall. But it was in his own temper that we must look for the origin of a wholly new sentiment, which in a yet more special way than its fellow-feelings has produced in the English people their present warm affection for the Crown. The love of domestic life which George III. at all times displayed, his family affection, the quietness and piety of his home, won a strange regard amongst the most home-loving people in the world. From his time the most common incidents in the daily history of the Royal household became subjects of national interest. The birthdays of its members became as familiar to the ordinary Englishman as the birthdays of his own children. Their habits and mode of life are discussed with as real a concern as those of his sons and daughters. A domestic poetry, in fact, an idealization of the family life of the sovereign, endeared the one Royal home to every home in the land.

It is in the union of these three national sentiments, of personal affection, of political trust, and of domestic interest, that we find the peculiar character of English loyalty; a loyalty as unlike the loyalty of our own earlier history as it is unlike the loyalty of other peoples in our own day. The personal devotion, indeed, which is only enhanced by the misfortunes of the sovereign is common enough. But German loyalty would never find its ground in an absolutely powerless sovereign, and we know that the domestic temper of Louis Philippe won ridicule instead of admiration from his subjects. As in so many other instances, we have hit out something very odd, but not without a certain originality or fitness to our own national tendencies. Beneath all his outer roughness, an Englishman is the most sentimental of men, and it does not follow that his loyalty is the less strong because it takes a sentimental form. But it is plain that such a conception of kingship, and such a regard for the sovereign, has at once advantages and perils peculiar to itself. Take, for instance, the strength which the Crown derives from the quiet trust of the people in its fidelity to constitutional law. It is unique in its way. Were the Count of Chambord to mount the throne of France to-morrow, the most zealous of Legitimists would at once take up a position of silent suspicion. He would assume, as the most probable thing in the world, that the new King would wish to get more power than the Constitution gave him, and that even in the most loyal of subjects a certain jealousy on behalf of liberty was indispensable. In England the mere whisper that the

Sovereign was deliberately planning to lessen the power of Parliament or to embarrass the Ministry would be regarded as a sign of insanity. It is impossible to estimate too highly the mere administrative convenience of such a confidence as this—the play and freedom, for instance, which it allows to our constitutional machinery at such awkward moments as that of a change of Ministry. Its value in lifting the idea of Government itself out of the range of party suspicions and controversies is of course still higher. But it is difficult to reflect for a moment on this confidence without seeing that its untroubled continuance is by no means such a thing of course as we commonly assume. It is only a hundred years ago that George III. was battling desperately, and for a time with good success, against sinking into the position which an English sovereign now occupies. It is still a position absolutely unintelligible to Continental politicians. No Frenchman can understand a king who reigns but does not govern, and a Hohenzollern would fight to the death before yielding to what he would believe to be sheer vassalage to his subjects. We trust, in fact, simply to the strength of our constitutional tradition, and to the good sense which has so long characterized, whatever may have been their other merits or demerits, the occupants of our throne. But it is a trust which would be readily shaken either by the accession of a man of great genius or by the accession of a fool. The first might very fairly be impatient of his exclusion from all direct influence on public affairs, while the second would be very likely to mistake the pomp and popular regard which are the accompaniment of his station as being the actual measure of his power. It is quite possible, again, as Mr. Disraeli showed us in his political novels some thirty years ago, that a party might yet arise in the country to revive Bolingbroke's old cry for a "Patriot King." In the case of a sovereign of known ability, such a cry would certainly be backed by the large and increasing number of persons who, in their ignorant impatience of the obstacles which must hamper the administration of public affairs in any free country, are anxious for the speedier methods of personal rule; while it would seem fair enough to the great mass of people who are really under the belief that the sovereign does take the chief and most effective part in the government of the country. In other words, it would be sure of the support of nine-tenths of our women, the whole of the army, and the bulk of the poor.

In the same way, it is easy to see that the domestic tone of modern loyalty, though it has added enormously to the strength of the throne, is not without its perils. It has added to the strength of the throne in the simplest and most direct way, by enlisting on its side the commonest and yet the deepest of English sympathies. There are few of her subjects who are from actual knowledge able to appreciate the startling worth which the Queen has shown in the discharge of the higher functions of her office. But the poorest peasant understands that she has been a good wife and a good mother. Every incident too of royal life, a marriage or a lover, excites a fresh emotion of loyalty, and gives a new warmth and vigour to the popular affection. But, simple as are the conditions on which this homely affection rests, it is only fair to remember in how few families they are continuously met. We never dream of the possibility of a direct feud between the sovereign and the heir to the throne, and yet the present instance is the first for centuries in which such a feud has not taken place. But a feud which in the case of "poor Fred" or the Regent simply gave a new impulse to political partisanship would now cause the keenest national distress, and might possibly issue in the creation of bitter social discussions. Our ordinary family experience in the world around us hardly warrants us in looking for perpetual peace in a royal home, any more than it warrants us in expecting that the occupant of the throne will in all cases be wise or good. No doubt the very anxiety with which the nation now regards every act of the Royal Family is in itself an immense check on excesses such as those of George IV.; but a George IV. is always possible. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the accession of a really worthless sovereign would now be a serious danger to the throne, and that the very strength of the domestic loyalty which is now its support would then become a political peril. It is not likely that any future Sir Walter Scott will treasure as a sacred relic the glass out of which the Regent had just imbibed his morning draught of brandy; or that any English loyalist would tolerate for an hour the infamies of Isabella of Spain. But after resting our loyalty on the personal character of the occupant of the throne, it will be less easy for us than it was for Sir Walter to fall back on the abstract sentiment of devotion to the throne itself. In perils such as these, no doubt, the practical good sense of English statesmanship will find timely resources; but it is as well to remember that such perils do exist in the very nature of our modern loyalty.

#### SWEET ANXIETY.

A SIGNIFICANT little scene was reported the other day in the corner of a newspaper, illustrative of the pertinacity with which the British public clings to some of its cherished superstitions. An infant had been accidentally smothered, and the cause of the inquest was to ascertain the parents from all blame. There was no reason, that is, to suppose that the death of their child was due to any fault of theirs, except the original fault of having brought it into the world. The doctor, who was consulted, was smart enough to observe that the parents had married too young.

it not a happy marriage? inquired the Coroner. The doctor admitted that there was nothing to be said against it on this score; but that the wife was only eighteen, whilst the husband was nineteen, and he considered, in his medical blindness, that at such ages they should not have been the parents of two children. The Coroner was fortunately of the sentimental school. He was fresh, we should imagine, from the study of *Giles's Baby*, or of some of the eloquent works in which the theories of the wretched Malthus are held up to execration. At any rate, he was equal to the occasion. He expressed his dissent from the doctor's view, and gave his reasons for the opinion. "It is better," he remarked, "for people to marry young than to wander about the world with no object in view. For my own part, I like to see young persons having children to take care of. It gives them a sense of responsibility, a 'sweet anxiety,' and makes them do what they can to advance. I have seen many doing worse things than marrying young." Now it is impossible to read these touching remarks without feeling regard for the Coroner considered as a man. He evidently summoned up before his eye an idyllic vision of two young persons bound together by tender affection, and with the natural exuberance of their years tempered by a sense of the helpless infants dependent upon them. Melted by the graceful picture presented to his imagination, the stern dictates of calculating prudence gave way to a natural outburst of emotion, and, in words fitter perhaps for a gushing curate than a grave official, he rebuked the officious harshness of the doctor. We too are men, and we have in our time hung over the pages of sentimental novels and been touched in heart by descriptions of sweet young mothers and affectionate fathers; though we have generally been sustained by a confidence, which we fear might in the present instance be misplaced, that they and their progeny would be satisfactorily portioned off at the end of the third volume. We can therefore sympathize with the Coroner's melting mood; and yet we feel constrained for a moment to test his charming theories by a brief appeal to fact. After all, a Coroner is one of the special glories of the British Constitution; he is surrounded by we know not what official halo in the popular imagination. "Crown's quest law" has, since the days of Shakespeare, been regarded by a large class as the ideal perfection of English jurisprudence; and perhaps the morality emanating from the same tribunal may be regarded with equal veneration. No profound utterance on social questions recommended by such authority should be suffered to pass unnoticed. The Coroner represents the voice of educated society pronouncing its final judgment on the causes of grievous calamities; and if educated opinion commits itself to rash opinions, whence are the uneducated to draw safe and prudent rules for their conduct?

With this apology we will venture to say a word or two on the Coroner's remarks. One or two of his sentences obviously admit of no answer. People, he says, may do worse things than marry young. That is undeniable. They may dispense with the marriage ceremony altogether; they may pick pockets; drink themselves to death; shoot at the Queen; knock their young friends into deep water and leave them there to drown; and, in short, indulge in various courses which are condemned not only by prudence but by plain morality. Still it is an imperfect justification of any action that you may possibly do worse. The Coroner seems to contemplate only one alternative to youthful marriage—namely, wandering about the world without any object in view. With all deference to his authority, we do not think that the field of human activity is quite so limited as this observation would imply. We know a good many young men and women under twenty, in various walks in life, and most of them have a very definite object, though few of them have a family to maintain. To mention no other motive for action, it is not quite out of the question that a lad of nineteen may be more usefully employed in preparing himself for marriage than in actually adopting its responsibilities. We have indeed been accustomed to think that that period of life is one which a boy may turn to the best account by qualifying himself for a position of future independence; and we are rather startled by the notion of the youthful generation of that age as divisible into two classes, one of married persons and the other of objectless wanderers about the world. However, we would by no means deny that marriage at seventeen or eighteen is likely to steady a youth considerably, and to give him abundance of what the Coroner, with an admirable turn for euphemism, describes as "sweet anxiety." Sweet anxiety, however, is one of those pleasant things of which it is very possible to have too much. For anything we know, a couple of babies may provide a man with sweet anxiety at nineteen; but if his family increases at this rate, we should like to know whether he would regard a dozen babies as a sweet anxiety at thirty. A babe in a house—we quote the admirable language of the inspired Tupper—is a well-spring of pleasure; but a spring may possibly continue flowing till there is danger of a deluge. Looking at the matter from the point of view of the children themselves, the advantages of such sweet anxiety are still more questionable. The young gentlemen in question was a telegraph clerk; we are not informed what are his earnings, but putting them at the highest figure, and remembering that saving is clearly out of the question for him, we fear that his means, divided into twelve equal parts, will go a very little way in providing for the whole family a few years hence with meat and drink and clothing to any nothing of schooling and other necessities of civil life. It is now perhaps a very forced hypothesis that one of the arguments which the Coroner may have to hold will be upon the

body of some victim of starvation. The Coroner will probably look wise and make some touching remarks upon the horrors which lurk amidst our boasted civilization. If he will take the trouble, however, to inquire into the causes, he will be pretty sure to discover one of those stories which are so commonplace that we almost cease to study them. A youthful couple have a whole family of sweet anxieties before they have fairly become men and women. The mother's health and energies have been consumed by her domestic labours. The father has been thrown out of work for a few months by ill health. He has not laid by a penny; he struggles desperately to keep out of the workhouse; the sweet anxieties hang like so many millstones round his neck; if his principles are weak, he breaks a tilt or becomes a writer of begging-letters; if they are strong, he sinks gradually into deeper degrees of debt and shabbiness; keeps himself and his dependents in rage on scanty rations in some densely crowded den, and ends by furnishing a paragraph for the papers and bequeathing his sweet anxieties to the workhouse or to charity. Possibly he has a friend or two who appeal to the benevolent and tout for votes till they get some of the sufferers into those asylums which provide such admirable substitutes for economy and foresight. Meanwhile the Coroner who sits upon him reviles the want of charity which fails to offer sufficient inducements for other people to go and do likewise, and becomes sentimental over the next person who undertakes to bring into the world as many sweet anxieties as he can at the earliest age possible.

The first edition of Malthus "On Population" appeared more than seventy years ago. Since then it has been denounced in every possible variety of phrase, and its doctrines have been preached by enthusiastic economists, till one would have thought that its errors would have been exploded, and its truths drilled into the ears of the least attentive part of mankind. Of late years pauperism has been attracting the attention of innumerable amateur philanthropists, politicians, officials, and compilers of Blue-books. The most vigorous efforts have been made to impress upon the public mind that no remedy can be effectual which does not include the encouragement of a moderate amount of prudence. And yet the preaching of all these labourers in the cause might to all appearance have been as well delivered in ordinary pulpits. They have apparently produced about as much effect as so many denunciations of luxury, the love of money, and the other established evils which seem likely to provide ample material for the eloquence of all future generations. It is still, to all appearance, a rooted article of faith in the mind of the general public that it is essentially wicked to take any thought for the morrow in regard to bringing children into the world. The most modest statement that a couple in the lower classes incur any sort of responsibility by reckless marrying is scouted with the indignation which would be rightly bestowed upon the open advocacy of any gross immorality. The one argument which is ever adduced is that of the Coroner, that there are worse evils than improvidence. We fully admit the fact, and are indeed disposed to think that one great obstacle to improvement is the obstinacy with which the philosophers pook-pook any suggestion that their principles, if fully adopted, might lead to the most serious evils. But the danger which undoubtedly exists is a reason for the cautious application of plain truths, and not for completely disregarding them. At present the world seems to be divided between the doctrinaires and the sentimentalists. The latter have naturally the most influence with the class directly affected, as it is much more pleasant to be exhorted to yield to your instincts than to be exhorted to suppress them summarily. The conflict suggests abundance of reflections upon which we cannot now dwell. We must content ourselves with congratulating the Coroner on the felicity of his style; and we shall in future never read an account of reckless marriages, or of their natural consequences, hopeless poverty, without thinking of the delicate periphrasis of "sweet anxiety." We can only wish that it was a little more appropriate, and that the sweetness was generally as palpable as the anxiety.

#### THE POPE AND THE FRENCH CATHOLICS.

THERE is no fresh news lately of any special interest from Germany about the Old Catholic movement, except that it is generally spreading, and new congregations seem to be forming every week. The episcopal Conference at Fulda has apparently had the discretion to confine itself to the practical question of school inspection, and has not meddled any further with the infallibilist controversy; while the bishops who have been taken to task by the Prussian Government for their excommunication of Old Catholics are trying to shelter themselves under the transparent subterfuge that the sentence was not publicly proclaimed, which is in all cases irrelevant, and in some cases also untrue. At Munich Dr. Döllinger has received the Order of Louis and an autograph letter of hearty congratulation from the King of Bavaria, on the occasion of his "jubilee" or fiftieth anniversary of his first mass, which is always observed as a great festival by Catholic priests. In the meantime the Pope, while praising "the strength of the German bishops" in maintaining "the rights of God, of the Church, and of society" (by his vigorous use of excommunication), publicly rebukes his adherents "to pray for the conversion of the souls who call themselves 'old,' because they are seeking to substitute differences into the Church." And we learn from the *Algemeine Zeitung* that the German Jesuits the

editors of the notorious *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, are urging that the next article of faith to be imposed on the Church by the infallible Pontiff must be the necessity, announced in the Bull *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., of every human creature being subject, in all matters, secular as well as religious, to the Pope on pain of damnation. But as this dogma, which was defined *ex cathedra* in 1302, is an article of faith already, we hardly see why it should require being defined again, unless to supply additional "strength" to the German bishops for excommunicating the not inconsiderable number of their co-religionists who may scruple to accept it. While, however, the Pope included Germany, Austria, and Bavaria in his recent public benediction, but with a special exemption of the "old fools" for whose "conversion" he so emphatically prayed, the most interesting portion of his address to the assemblage of various nations who came to kiss his feet was that devoted to France. But we may first be permitted to notice, in passing, the almost absolute manner in which His Holiness, like so many of his zealous admirers, has learnt to identify himself with Him whose vicar he claims to be. We quoted the other day some rather startling language on this subject from a recent pastoral of the new Archbishop of Paris, which is quite borne out by the following remarkable utterance of the Holy Father himself:—"We see that when Magdalene was about to wet the feet of Christ with her tears, He almost repulsed her. . . . You, chosen souls, have approached me in like manner to kiss my feet." Dr. Manning speaks somewhere, if we remember rightly, of the "divine presence" of Pius IX., and he certainly has high warrant for so doing.

But the Pope was most effusive and fervent in his blessing on France, "that country inhabited by so many generous hearts, which has ever known how to supply the wants of human society by so many pious works, which has known how to interpret the feelings of St. Vincent of Paul," &c., and which, if we may venture to interpret the Papal mind from the context, it may be hoped will know how to rescue Italy from her "blood tribute" and her "chains," and restore the Temporal Sovereignty. But there is some fear that this excellent object may be frustrated or impeded by the indiscretions of over-zealous allies. And, accordingly, the Pope went on to remark on certain "extreme parties" among French Catholics, one of which, indeed, "fears the influence of the Pope too much," following, we presume, at a humble distance the "old fools" of Germany. But there is another extreme party, "which is too intolerant, and completely forgets the duty of charity"; and the two are exhorted to correct their errors and combine in one powerful phalanx to combat impiety and unbelief. M. Vuilliot, the editor of the *Univers*, has not un-naturally perceived that the cap fits his head. Indeed no one who has any acquaintance with that pious and sweet-tempered journal, or with the works of its editor, can doubt that toleration and charity are not his most prominent characteristics. We have a keen recollection of a fragrant little work published by M. Vuilliot some twelve years ago under the title of *Parfum de Rome*, which displayed a capacity for various and voluminous malediction before which the *Curse of Keshama* sinks into utter insignificance. And not two years ago, when the bishops were entreating the Pope for a prorogation of the Vatican Council on account of the pestilential heat of Rome, to which their health, if not their lives, was being sacrificed, the *Univers* cheerfully replied, "Well, if the dogma can only ripen in the sun, they must be roasted." Yet in the summer of 1870, at the very time when these pleasant little amenities were periodically decorating its columns, the *Univers* received a solemn benediction from His Holiness in a Brief very like that bestowed on its English echo, the *Tablet*—which usually shows much more regard for the deceptions of literary discussion—and printed every week on its title-page, "Dum vobis gratulamur, animos etiam addimus ut in incensis vestris constanter maneatis." We cannot but think, therefore, that M. Vuilliot has been rather hardly treated, and we can quite understand his observing that "the words of the Holy Father inflict an unexpected censure on the opinions" he represents. Still, he is probably very safe in making his touching profession of absolute surrender. He "will do what he can," he says, to conform to the Holy Father's exhortations to harmony and charity, and we may venture to console him with the assurance that very little will in all probability be enough. He need not entertain any fear of being called upon to bring his work to an end and "disappear," even assuming—what we feel rather tempted to doubt—his capacity for redeeming his pledge by exchanging a speech which has not always been "silver" for a silence which the Pope and his Jesuit advisers would hardly regard as "golden." It might be wiser for the present to be a little more reticent about the aims and shortcomings of the French Government, which surely deserves some credit for allowing an anti-infallibilist priest to be condemned to six months' imprisonment for wearing his cassock, and to remember that M. Thiers's devotion to the interests of the Holy See may not be encouraged by comparing him too often to Boniface VIII. But if M. Vuilliot should ever find it necessary to limit his explosives by the precedent of Papal addresses and allocutions—and more than this cannot obviously be expected of him—a tolerable margin will still be left for the exercise of his peculiar genius. And it may console him to reflect that in the very same discourse where he was admonished to be moderate in his language towards opponents, the Holy Father illustrated the danger of being too summing them as "old fools"; and that in the following passage in the Church of the

as "a filthy inundation of most abandoned men, poured out from hell."

In France, meanwhile, the Church authorities seem resolved to push matters to extremities. We have already referred to the sentence of imprisonment on the Abbé Junqua for venturing to wear his soutane after being suspended by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. Mgr. Guibert, the new Archbishop of Paris—possibly being moved thereto by the open defection of Dr. Michaud and his followers—has taken a still more decisive step, and one which places him at open issue with the letter of the law, so remorselessly invoked by his brother prelate against M. Junqua. He has addressed a *Mandement* to his clergy, which was read from all the pulpits of the diocese last Sunday, solemnly promulgating the decrees of the Vatican Council, in direct violation of the organic articles which prohibit the receiving or publishing of any "Bulls, Briefs, Rescripts, or other documents of the Court of Rome, decrees of foreign Synods, or even General Councils, without the authorisation of the Government." And this law was enforced not many years ago against Monseigneur Pie, the Ultramontane Bishop of Poitiers who proved Papal infallibility in the Council from the fact of St. Peter being crucified head downwards, for publishing an Encyclical in his diocese without the requisite sanction. The *Univers*, indeed, has just modestly informed us that the rights of the Government in such cases "never have been and never will be recognized." As regards the *Mandement* itself, which is a lengthy document, we fail to discover in it any traces either of the "cleverness" or the desire to minimize the significance of the new dogma attributed to it by one of our contemporaries. The Archbishop declares that the Catholic faith does not change, but "develops," as "the Holy Spirit reveals it more fully to the Church," and he feels convinced that all the faithful will receive with submission these present "oracles of the Holy Ghost." With regard to the Council, he makes the amazing assertion that full liberty of discussion was allowed, and there can therefore be no doubt as to the validity of its decisions, which are further stated to have received the "unanimous" adhesion of the faithful, with the exception of a few evil-minded persons and two or three insignificant priests, "who call themselves 'old' from a presentiment of their own decrepitude." As regards the dogma, he assures his flock, with a magnificent contempt for history, that, while Councils were always intermittent, cases were constantly arising for decision, and were always settled by the Pope, "by a sentence against which there was no appeal." This, we are assured, was "an invariable rule." Such language is natural enough in a Papal Bull, but it is rather surprising that even a prelate of Mgr. Guibert's calibre should think it prudent to serve up this *crabbed decies repêta* of refuted absurdities, and have it publicly disseminated from every pulpit in the French metropolis. Dr. Michaud's latest—and certainly not least interesting—publication, *Programme de Réformes de l'Eglise d'Occident*, is said to be creating a considerable sensation in Paris. The Archbishop has himself to thank if it is studied just now with even keener zest than might be naturally expected from its incisive clearness and vigour of style, and fearless accuracy of historical statement.

#### THE TIMES ON SWITZERLAND.

WE know not whether any one nowadays remembers the *History of Henry Milner*, by Mrs. Sherwood. Our own knowledge, we must confess, reaches only to three volumes out of four, as the fourth volume was pronounced by a careful guardian to be heterodox and was sent away lest it should corrupt the youthful mind. But we remember a discourse in one of the lawful volumes on the time of year best suited for a visit to Malvern. "When is Malvern in season?" asks the polite Edgar. The unsophisticated Henry does not know that it was more in season at one time than another. Edgar goes on to ask whether Malvern "was not only for warm weather." Henry, by this time rising to a joke, answers that "he had heard of hills melting away in warm weather, but that he had never heard of their existing only in summer." The *Times* seems to be just now towards the greater heights of Switzerland in much the same frame of mind in which Edgar Bonville was towards the lesser heights of Malvern. No one is ever tempted to think that the Swiss mountains melt away in warm weather; but the doctrine that they exist only in summer would to many minds sound like a proposition which was by no means unlikely. They may be there in the winter; but who ever saw them to bear witness of the fact? The *Times*, in its general anxiety for the public good, has lately set the question at rest by sending a Special Correspondent to examine into the matter, who is able to report that not only mountains but men exist in the Alpine parts of the world, if not in the winter, yet at any rate as early as the month of April. And we might even go on to argue that, if either men or mountains are hardly enough to live through each an April, that of the present year, it might not be unlikely that they could continue to live through the scarcely harder trial of an ordinary Christmas. And the Special Correspondent goes further—he actually found out that Switzerland has politics and parties, and that a great political change is at this moment going on. He has even drawn out a sketch of the existing constitution and of the proposed amendments, and has made an attempt at one line of history.



was any Swiss Constitution at all. That is just the beauty of the whole letter. The whole thing is so perfectly new to the Special Correspondent. It is so plain that, till he was sent on this special mission, it had never come into his head that there was anything to think about in Switzerland except peaks, games, and glaciers, or that there were any inhabitants of Switzerland besides guides and hotel-keepers. He has now learnt better, and he very properly writes an account of his new discoveries for the benefit of those who stay at home. The joke is that he puts on throughout the air of a discoverer. Having spoken of the proposed changes in the Constitution, he adds that "little or nothing has been heard in England of this scheme." It is plain that little or nothing had been heard of it by the Times Special Correspondent, even up to the time of his writing his letter; it is equally clear that little or nothing had been heard of it by those who read the Times, and nothing but the Times, as they have had no means of instruction in this matter, beyond a few blundering and unintelligible telegrams. But we feel abashed at our own insignificance; it would seem that, at least within the range of the Special Correspondents of the Times, the Saturday Review is as little heard of as the Swiss Constitution itself. We certainly have done our best to set the whole matter clearly before such of the English public as might care to know anything about it, of whom, from his present letter, we are bound to believe the Special Correspondent is one. Nor have we altogether stood alone. We believe that we may take the credit of having introduced the subject into England, but in the course of the long discussions in the two Councils the *Pall Mall Gazette* has given more than one notice of what was going on. We venture then to trust that the statement that little or nothing has been heard of this scheme in England is true only of those parts of England, or of those classes of Englishmen, which come within the range of the Special Correspondent. We venture to hope that there are at least some here and there to whom the Special Correspondent's discoveries will not be quite so new as they plainly are to himself, and who might perhaps, even without accomplishing such an exploit as a journey to Geneva in April, be able to put him right about a thing or two which in the new-born zeal of such unaccustomed studies he seems not to have thoroughly mastered.

But, before we damp his zeal with any criticisms of this kind, let us first look at the Special Correspondent in all the delight of a first discoverer, settling down with charming freshness his first impressions of the unknown land, or of what might seem to be more wonderful, the well-known land seen at a hitherto unknown time. After a discourse on the abolition of passports, on the frontiers of the Canton of Geneva, and on what we may call its imprisonment since the French stealing of Savoy, the escape of the Communists, and the "splendid summer weather" which we are happy to hear that our friends at Geneva, though still "out of season," are already enjoying, the Special Correspondent at last comes to business. We are delighted to hear that, even "out of season," the Special Correspondent has found a crowd of waiters who press upon him, open the doors for him, tender a light for his cigar, and bow to him with as much eagerness and obsequiousness as if he were an English Duke or a Russian Princess. To fix the balance of precedence between a Russian Princess and a Times Special Correspondent is a point so delicate that we will not risk even a guess about it, nor will we even raise the question whether the polite waiters of Geneva are in the habit of offering to light the cigars of Russian Princesses. But there is no doubt that any waiter possessed of any share of wisdom or patriotism would hold that a Special Correspondent, with whom it might rest whether he and his country should or should not make a fair show in the columns of the Times, was worthy of a far higher measure of attention than a mere English Duke. About the waiters and their politeness the Special Correspondent seems to have no kind of doubt; but about other things he seems to be in an *a priori* frame of mind which somewhat reminds us of the sweet palmists Tate and Brady. Any diligent student, any diligent singer—if modern innovations have left any such—must have been struck with the *ad extra* way in which those poets look on several obvious points of Christian duty:—

How good and pleasant must it be  
To bless the Lord most high.

The poet Laureate and the Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty King William had an *a priori* view on the subject of thanksgiving, but it is plain that they had not reached to any practical knowledge of the subject. They had never, it would seem, gone so far as to try the experiment of singing one of their own psalms. It is after the same *a priori* fashion that the Special Correspondent looks at Geneva and Switzerland in general:—

A delightful land Geneva would be if there were anything to do, and a very interesting people the Genevans might seem if we could only get at an intimate knowledge of them.

We should have thought that just now, when there are such striking questions about it, it would be easy to find plenty to do in Geneva or any other Swiss capital, in simply studying what is going on. But we quite enter into the difficulty implied in the second stanza. It is difficult, as we have often remarked, to be an Englishman to make his way among Swiss scholars, and it is equally difficult to give some proof of being able to understand them when they have got to tell him. And we half suspect that the Special Correspondent of the Times, that they are the only ones who are not the victims of the mischief. The Correspondent of the Times is the only one who is not the victim of the mischief.

fully appreciates his difficulties. His view of the Swiss Constitution are still in the *a priori* stage, but he gives us the indicative mood when he comes to what we do not think of as calling the contempt which an educated Swiss usually feels for those who go through his country with their eyes wilfully shut:—

As a nation governing itself under difficulties, Switzerland would be worthy of the attention of the intelligent traveller; but the study of her Constitution can best be made, or, indeed, most necessarily be made, out of the masses, for the Swiss seem to have a shrinking consciousness of the little importance the gay flock of their birds of passage attach to their internal affairs.

There is something specially charming in these two alternatives, either of which our Special Correspondent seems to look upon as a "little frightful." He wishes to know something about Swiss politics, but then they are only to be learned at the awful price of going into Switzerland "out of season." However, virtue has its own reward. He chooses the nobler alternative. Rather than remain in ignorance, he makes his way to Geneva at an unfashionable time, and, as the due recompense of his daring, he and his cigar are treated with all the respect that could be shown to an English Duke or a Russian Princess.

We should greatly like to know the exact time when this notion of a "season" out of which it would seem to be hardly respectable to visit the territories of the Confederation was first devised. It clearly did not exist in the days of Bishop Burnet, or in the more modern days of Archdeacon Coxe. They seem to have known nothing of a "season," but to have carried on their studies when it best suited them; but then in their days political students went into Switzerland as into a schoolroom; the land had not yet been raised to the dignity of a playground. We cannot help thinking that the Special Correspondent somewhat exaggerates the antiquity of that distinction between different months of the year of which he himself has so keenly felt the importance:—

Their revolutions, such as they are, are carefully put off till the end of the autumn; even their civil wars—for such things, unhappily, have been—were always fought on *famille*, and the happy lawyer from the Temple, or broker from Cornhill, who lounges amid the groves of Beaurivage or on the Terrace at Vevey during his short spell of a holiday, hardly dreams how high political passions will run in Lausanne or Geneva as soon as the last traveller has disappeared with him under the Jura tunnel.

We cannot answer for the dreams or the loungings of the lawyer from the Temple or the broker from Cornhill, but we believe that the Special Correspondent is perfectly right in thinking that the season had something to do with the time of year at which the war of the *Sonderbund* was waged. The Special Correspondent seems to be deeply touched with the bare thought that there should ever have been civil wars in Switzerland, and he uses the plural number in speaking of them. Yet it is not wholly impossible that the *Sonderbund* War may be the only Swiss civil war which the Special Correspondent ever heard of. Certainly we do not find that, in those earlier times when masters of the military art deemed it irregular to do anything in their line in the winter, the months which the Special Correspondent looks on as the "season" were ever set apart, like the holy times of Mecca and Olympia, to be kept always free from war and revolution. Perhaps, however, we should not be too strict on the first attempts of a Correspondent of an evidently inquiring mind, turned loose in so mysterious a part of the world as the land of the Everlasting League. Perhaps we should rather give him credit as things go for finding out that there is something of a Federal system in Switzerland, and yet that that Federal system has not always hindered civil wars. Even the following remark may be looked on as on the whole creditable:—

She is meditating a transition from a mere Federation of States into a Federal State, as eager for centralization as some other countries are—or profess to be—for decentralization. For such is the tendency of all people—to deal with their Constitution as with a Penelopean web, to be woven in the day and picked to pieces in the night.

The bit about the web is too hard for us, but we fancy that a Special Correspondent would not be worth his salt if he did not now and then give the world something in the grand and classical line. We might also perhaps hint that the change from the *Staatenbund* to the *Bundesstaat* is not going to be made now, but that it was made in 1848, and that many people think that the change which is now proposed is one from a *Bundesstaat* to something which has nothing to do with a *Bund* at all. But it is plain that the Special Correspondent knows that there is a difference between a *Staatenbund* and a *Bundesstaat*, and such a degree of knowledge may be looked on as pretty well for a Special Correspondent.

In describing the existing state of the Constitution our guide is perhaps less lucky. After a pretty fair account of the general results of the changes of 1848, he ventures into constitutional details:—

The aspirations of the Swiss at that time aimed no higher than a close imitation of the Constitution of the great American Union. They had an Upper Council, corresponding to the Senate of the United States; a Lower Council, in imitation of the American House of Representatives; and a President with a Council of Ministers, invested with the exercise of limited Executive powers.

We in England are used to the phrases of Upper and Lower House, because there was a time when the House of Commons was the Upper House, and because it still is so. The House of Commons is the Lower House. And the names might not be altogether inimitable in the United States, where the Senate is the Upper House, and the House of Representatives is the Lower House. The names might not be altogether inimitable in the United States, where the Senate is the Upper House, and the House of Representatives is the Lower House.

with the House of Representatives, it has also some very important powers of its own in which the House of Representatives has no share. But neither of these reasons applies to the relations between the Swiss *Ständerath* and *Nationalrath*, and we think that a member of the *Nationalrath* would be a little amazed if he were told that the body to which he belongs is in any sense lower than its fellow the *Ständerath*. But where the Special Correspondent has gone most wrong is in his description of the Federal Executive. Most Englishmen draw their notions of a Republic either from France or America. When therefore they think of a Republic, they cry out "President" as a matter of course. The Swiss Constitution is perhaps to blame for having given the name of *Bundespräsident* to an officer whose functions are utterly unlike those of the Presidents of other commonwealths. The Special Correspondent is evidently dreaming, like his own lounging lawyers and brokers, of a President with a Cabinet of his own, like President Grant or President Thiers. We hope that our readers by this time know that this picture is not in the least like the Swiss *Bundesrath* with the *Bundespräsident* for its simple chairman. And we should like to know something more of the Special Correspondent's notions of constitutional Executives in general. He seems to think it something remarkable that the *Bundesrath* only exercises "limited executive powers." We should like to know his notion of a Republic, or of a constitutional State of any kind, in which the powers of the Executive were unlimited.

Our teacher goes on to tell us that the proposed scheme "has already gone through several stages of discussion, and must either come to maturity or founder at no distant period." It would have been hardly more trouble to say that it has gone through all stages of discussion, and that it now simply waits the *Yea* or *Nay* vote of the Cantons and of the People. And it would have been a little more exact to say that the "no distant period" is fixed for May 12th. But such niceties can hardly be looked for from one who goes on to moralize in the following sublime style:—

It is only the sight of bloodshed and the thunder of the cannon which can awaken the interest of the majority of readers. We have no patience with the mere thought and talk of the nations "whose annals are a blank." We never consider that wars and revolutions are only the results of thought and talk, and that the effects will be unintelligible unless the causes have been studied. Man has an invincible reluctance to look much before or behind him.

Let the Special Correspondent speak for himself; we at least find ourselves capable of the effort of looking before us for three weeks. One extract more and we have done. The Special Correspondent tells us

there are in Switzerland two nations—one consisting of innkeepers, guides, and other highwaymen who are everything in the season; the other a nation of brave, industrious, free, and independent men who rule their families and their country in a creditable manner, and whose management, among other things, of posts and telegraphs, railways and other means of communication, contributes in no small degree to the wellbeing and comfort of those tourists in whose presence they have themselves no direct interest.

We will not quarrel with the ambiguous word "highwaymen," as we have before now heard it applied to English waywardens. But did it not occur to the Special Correspondent that the innkeepers and guides might possibly not form a nation apart, but that they might themselves be members of that "nation of brave, industrious, free, and independent men" of whom he speaks so highly? It does not seem to us quite impossible that an innkeeper or a guide may rule his family in a creditable manner, and may even help to rule his country in the same way.

#### REVOLT IN THE KITCHEN.

THE farm-labourers' strike in the Midland Counties has been followed by another strike of a still more unexpected character among a very different class. It appears that a Union is now being organized for the benefit of the domestic servants of Dundee, and the movement is expected to extend to other towns in Scotland, and to work its way gradually southwards. London housekeepers have now fair notice that the domestic cyclone is travelling towards them, and they have time before it arrives to consider how they should meet it, and to lay their plans accordingly. Why Dundee should have been visited before other towns is a question on which we are unable to throw any light. The complaints which have been put forward do not show that servants have any special grievances in that quarter; but of course as Dundee is an industrial town, it has plenty of work of all kinds for women, and it is not unnatural that the greater freedom which is enjoyed by those who are employed in manufactories and warehouses should excite the envy of their sisters in domestic service, and should perhaps blind the latter to the advantages of their own position. Last week a meeting of domestic servants was held in one of the hotels of Dundee. There is said to have been a large gathering, and the room was quite full. Many letters were read expressing regret that the writers could not be present, the reason which most of them gave being that their mistresses had assured them that they would ruin their characters if they attended such a meeting. It is not stated whether the movement has been got up exclusively by women, or whether they are indebted to the other sex for any assistance; but the meeting was addressed by a couple of girls, who set forth the grievances of their class at some length. They argued that domestic servants were entitled to a half-holiday weekly, and to a whole Sunday once a fortnight. They were disposed to take an intensely Levitical view

of the duty of abstaining from labour on the Sabbath. It has been supposed that the Scotch were remarkable for their strict observance of that day, but from the speeches at this meeting we gather that, in Dundee at least, there is a considerable amount of feasting on the Sabbath. One of the principal complaints was that on Sunday there was usually more cooking than on any other day, and consequently the servants had more work to do and less time to themselves than during the rest of the week. This they protest against. Another proposition is that the hours of labour should be from 6 o'clock in the morning to 10 at night; but there is of course an obvious difficulty in fixing a hard and fast line for dismissing the servants to bed in a private house. Their work is not continuous, and during a considerable part of their time they have only to be within call in case they are wanted. After these speeches there was an animated discussion, which seems to have turned chiefly on the restrictions which are placed on the manner in which servants adorn themselves. It was contended that "if they were compelled to wear what was generally known as a 'flag,' it should be at the expense of the mistress." We suppose that this alludes to the servants' cap, which is held to be an indispensable part of the uniform of the class. The "flag" is resented as a badge of slavery, and it was strongly urged that it should be cast aside; as a compromise it was proposed that it should at least be provided and paid for by the mistress, and that it was quite enough for the servant to condescend to wear it when presented to her as a free gift. Protests were also raised against any interference with the style of dress, jewellery, or the way of dressing the hair; on all these points the servants claimed absolute freedom to please their own tastes, and to wear any ornaments which they had honestly come by. As mistresses were so particular in regard to the character of servants, it was suggested that servants should retaliate by being equally curious as to the character of their mistresses. It was ultimately agreed that the domestic servants should form themselves into an association for obtaining information as to the character, temper, and general behaviour of those who offered them situations.

In New York and some other American cities where the demand for "helps" considerably exceeds the supply, it is usual, we have heard, for the mistresses to go to the servants when they desire to engage them, instead of expecting the servants to come to them, and it is the mistress's character which is the chief subject of inquiry and criticism. We do not know whether a mistress is obliged to produce a character from her last "help," but at least she feels it necessary to describe herself and family in the most attractive terms in order to persuade the very independent young person with whom she is negotiating to accept a home under her roof. The use of the piano and the privilege of giving an occasional "at home" for the entertainment of her friends are also sometimes among the conditions for which a servant stipulates. Those sumptuary laws which appear to be the especial grievance of domestic servants in this country are unknown in the United States, where the "helps" are at liberty to patronize their mistress's milliner if they choose, and to flaunt in all the grandeur of unstinted flounces and unrestricted trimmings. What American servants are now British servants will be, we suppose, before long; for the same circumstances which have led to the development of the former are now at work among ourselves. There is abundant employment of all kinds for women outside the domestic circle, and the greater freedom which is enjoyed by shop-girls, machinists, and the like, is valued more highly than the material comforts and good wages of domestic service. It will be observed that at the Dundee meeting nothing was said about wages being too low. The demands of the speakers were limited to greater freedom of action and more leisure; what appears to exasperate them most is that they can afford to buy fine clothes and showy ornaments, but are not allowed to wear them. It can hardly be said that in London servants are satisfied with their wages, which are continually rising; but it is possible that they might be willing to purchase the freedom of flounces and the abolition of the detested cap at the cost of a reduction of income. We do not know what may be the rule in Dundee, but in London a compromise seems to have been temporarily agreed upon, that the servants shall wear what they please out of doors on condition that they conform to the prescribed uniform within the house. A microscopic "flag" pinned on the back of an enormous chignon may perhaps be accepted by helpless housekeepers as a vindication of the great principle of domestic discipline; but it may be doubted whether the mistresses will be able to hold their ground much longer. If they object to their maids copying their bonnets and mantles, they will have to entrench themselves in a severe simplicity of costume, and Quaker soberness of hue. We can imagine the feelings of envy with which an English housekeeper observes the friendly and confidential intimacy which is maintained between a French lady and her *bonne*, without any derogation on the one hand or presumption on the other. The *bonne* walks with her basket at Madame's side, not behind her, freely discusses domestic matters with her mistress, and regards herself as entirely one of the family. It is said that the *bonne* is fast going the way of the *grisette*, and it is obvious that she is the product of certain social conditions which are undergoing a revolution in France as elsewhere. The English servant of fifty years since was pretty much what the *bonne* is now, and in country towns the type is not yet extinct. But "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," and it is hopeless to think of rescuing it.

The fact that at Dundee the servants have found it necessary

to have recourse to a strike, or at least to a threat of one, would seem to show that there they are more under the control of their employers than their sisterhood in the South. If there is to be a strike on this question in London, it will perhaps be on the side of the mistresses rather than of the maids. At present the latter are in command of the situation, and there is little use in resisting their demands. It is foolish to kick against the pricks, and no amount of lamentation over the demoralization of cooks and housemaids, or of indignation at the growing insolence of their pretensions, will alter the conditions of society to which these results may be traced. It would perhaps be infinitely better for the "young persons" who are bent upon being barmasides at refreshment counters, or governesses, or assistants in a "light business," that they should take to domestic service, but as they do not choose to think so, there is no help for it. The best thing to be done is to look the difficulty in the face, and consider how it can be met. It is about as certain as anything can be that matters will get worse rather than better, at any rate for a time; and the question must be becoming a very serious one for a vast number of middle-class families, who, out of incomes ranging from 300*l.* to 1,000*l.* a-year, have to keep two or three servants, besides paying heavy washing-bills, and other extras into the bargain, and who occasionally find themselves left without any servants at all. The obvious and only remedy is to diminish household work as much as possible. The absurd fashion of piling narrow houses, room upon room, high up into the air, will have to give place to a style of construction in which the rooms shall be more on a level, and the stairs reduced to a minimum, as in the "flats" of Edinburgh and Paris. If speaking-tubes, such as are now used in all places of business, were substituted for bells, servants would be spared many a needless journey to receive orders, which could thus without trouble be communicated to them in the kitchen, and executed at once. Lifts are complicated things, and are apt to get out of order, but they might occasionally be introduced with advantage. One of the superstitions of the British builder, if not also of the British householder, is the amount of stone work which is provided for the express purpose of being hearth-stoned; it can hardly be said that the result is delightful to the eye, and it involves constant and troublesome labour. If tiles or coloured bricks were used, we might have a highly picturesque and agreeable combination of colours, and the whole could be cleansed in a few seconds with a mop and a bucket of water. It is perhaps too much to expect that builders should trouble themselves to reflect for a moment on the wants and convenience of the inhabitants of the dwellings which they construct; but if the inhabitants would only show themselves alive to their own interests, the builders would find it necessary to pay more attention to these matters. Nothing can be more barbarous and disgraceful, for example, than the way in which windows are usually cleaned by men, and still more commonly by women, at the peril of their lives. Scarcely a month passes in which there are not one or two accidents, and usually fatal accidents, on this account. If domestic servants would unite in a strike against this practice, they would deserve support. It would require only the slightest mechanical ingenuity to devise a form of window-frame which should move on a swivel, so that it could be cleaned from the inside. That such an abuse as this should have been tolerated so long, and that it should still be quite a rare exception to find a dwelling-house provided with any means of escape, even from one house to the next, in case of fire, would seem to suggest that we are not quite such a practical, commonsense, or even humane people as we should like to be thought. If middle class people want to secure greater economy and comfort in domestic service, their only chance, we fear, is to do with as little of it as possible.

#### THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

THERE can hardly be a subject more interesting, economically or socially, than the condition of the British West Indies. The proprietors of what once were valuable estates have in many cases abandoned their cultivation as unprofitable, and the question is yet unsolved whether civilization will not be compelled to yield extensive regions to solitude or barbarism. We are told in the Report upon the West Indies which has been lately laid before Parliament, that the practice of "squattening" is carried to a mischievous extent in Jamaica. The greatest number of squatters are upon lands as to which it is unknown whether any title except that of the Crown exists, and it is certain that if such a title does exist, the unknown party entitled has abandoned all care or concern with the land. A population of squatters upon extensive tracts of land is not only a public nuisance but a serious danger. The law being against these people, who live under daily risk of eviction, they are naturally against the law. By a recent statute the Crown is empowered to enter upon land which has been abandoned by the owner, and to grant seven years' leases, so that squatters are now able to obtain a secure holding at a fair rent. The temptation of getting land without paying any rent for it induced men to separate themselves from civilization, whilst the uncertainty of possession was inconsistent with steady industry and with improvement in agriculture. We know from other sources that the emancipated negro has become in a generous soil and climate the laziest animal under the sun; and although politi-

tical economists are horror-stricken at his laziness, he wholly declines to be civilized or elevated in the social scale, or otherwise induced to acquire artificial wants which could only be supplied by continuous industry. He scratches the ground and sows his seed, which bears abundant fruit without further trouble or anxiety. A rude hut and a scanty supply of clothing are all that he requires beyond the food which grows abundantly around his dwelling. In our cold and cheerless clime we strive to mitigate the austerity of nature by the resources of art, which only wealth can purchase. But the flowers which with us are costly exotics grow in rich profusion in any West Indian squatter's garden. His drawing-room is the arch of heaven, and his conservatory is any bit of land which does not happen to be occupied with a useful crop. But notwithstanding all temptations to idleness, the valuable productions of the West Indies which require industrious cultivation are increasing. The sugar crop of Jamaica is not indeed much more than half of what it used to be, but its rum maintains the character which ensures an unflinching demand for all that it can supply. The Governor of Jamaica complacently observes in his Report that the rum of that island is worth from two to three times the price of the rum of other places. As first-class rum pays better than sugar, it is an object with the Jamaica planters to make a large proportion of rum, and the reduction in quantity produced has been very much less in rum than in sugar. At a recent meeting of the Alliance a speaker declared that the corn used in making whisky was as much wasted as if it were thrown into the sea. We should like to hear this speaker's remarks upon the production of rum as indicative of the prosperity of Jamaica. In sugar vast and various regions of the world compete with her, but in rum she stands unrivalled; moreover she is beginning to produce lime juice in large quantities, and thus, with sugar, which she always has produced, the materials for punch are offered by her for the world's consumption. Her future prosperity does not, however, depend wholly on rum, for the Governor thinks that she is capable of supporting an export fruit trade of immense value. There is no doubt that the area of cultivation is annually increasing in Jamaica, although the attention of sugar-planters has been given rather to improvement of cultivation than to increase of acreage under cane.

Notwithstanding the competition of all the world, the planters of British Guiana would grow more sugar if they could obtain more labour. Owing to a misunderstanding with the Chinese Government, no immigrants are now to be obtained from China, and it cannot be expected that, with every possible exertion made in India, so large a number as that for which the planters have applied could be obtained in any one year. This large demand for labour is, however, accepted by the author of the Report as a satisfactory indication of the progress which is being made in the production of the one great staple export "upon the prosperity of which the general welfare of the colony may be said almost entirely to depend." It is surely remarkable, after all that has been said about the ruin of the West Indies by the reduction of our sugar duty, to find that in at least one colony the only hindrance to sugar planting is lack of hands to work. It is estimated that only about twenty per cent. of the Indian and Chinese immigrants who are entitled to return passages to their homes avail themselves of this right. The number of immigrants residing on the sugar estates was close upon fifty thousand, and it is satisfactory to find that upwards of one-fourth of them were women. An interesting comparison may be made between the neighbouring islands of Barbadoes and St. Lucia. It is well known that Barbadoes is over populated, and able to send labourers to other islands. But the planters of St. Lucia do not greatly favour the Barbadian immigrant, who bears somewhat the same relation to the negro of other West Indian colonies that the workmen of large towns do or did to the agricultural labourers in England. The struggle for livelihood in a dense population has sharpened the Barbadian's wits, and given an edge to his tongue. He has a fuller knowledge of his rights, and is not only not slow, and sometimes inconsiderate, in asserting them, but he is apt to return with interest any real or fancied attempt to encroach upon them. It is therefore not surprising that he should form a disagreeable substitute for the submissive and docile coolie. The planters do not like him, and he does not like the planters nor the island, where both climate and language are different from the neighbouring island of his birth. Yet it seems unnecessary to send to the other side of the world for labourers when an island under the same Government has a surplus population which it is found yearly more difficult to support. The Barbadian immigrant easily becomes acclimatized, and he is not insensible of the extraordinary fertility of the plot of garden-ground which is annexed to his new home. Food and other necessities are cheap at St. Lucia. Work at fair wages is easily obtainable. Taxation is very light. Justice in respect of ordinary grievances may be obtained at trifling cost. The public health is good. This is not an unattractive picture of the life which is offered to the bulk of the population in St. Lucia. The Report suggests that the only thing wanting to complete happiness is a little more taxation, which might necessitate greater industry. It is a comfort to reflect that this source of happiness which is found in the necessity for labour is not likely to fail in England. The negro of St. Lucia is not, however, without incentives to exertion. He loves to lie in the sun, but he loves also "tobacco, condiments, and fine clothes," and it is thought that if these luxuries cost more money than they do, he would have to work harder to obtain them, and would thus be happier. Here,

again, we remark that the way to happiness is open to every father of a family in England. Supposing the theory of happiness propounded by the Governor of St. Lucia to be adopted, there might perhaps be difficulty in devising means of expending the revenue which would arise from increased taxation. It has been the custom for Government to pay rewards for the destruction of poisonous snakes, and perhaps if these rewards were to be increased, the snakes would be almost extirpated, and we should have the Governor complaining that his people were not so vigilant and happy as when precaution was required to preserve themselves from snake-bites. They can get as much rum as is good for them, and more, and they can get tobacco, and therefore, according to one definition of happiness, they must be happy. The complaint that the coloured population is too well off comes also from the island of Nevis, where salubrity of climate and inexpensiveness of living are mentioned among the causes of the ill-success of sugar planting.

"The want of labour cripples the energy, and limits the operations of the agriculturist. The apathy of the labourer is the planter's bane." It appears that men who will not work are sometimes disposed to steal. Petty thefts are more common than they ought to be, and one of the difficulties of Government is that offenders find themselves too comfortable in gaol.

The picture of general prosperity which this Report draws will supply small consolation to persons who once derived large revenues from estates which are now, at least as regards owners who reside in England, valueless. The West Indian colonies are beginning to enjoy a prosperity wholly different from that which was destroyed by the abolition of the slave trade and the reduction of the sugar duty. The wealth of those islands is likely to increase, because the next generation of negroes will be better educated than the present, and will have more real or imaginary wants which only increased industry can supply. Putting aside particular cases of "ruined" owners of West Indian estates which are familiar to us all, it is hardly matter, speaking generally, for regret that wealth cannot be acquired or retained except by residents in the country which produces it. The white man cannot compete with the coloured man in the West Indies; and we ought perhaps to thank nature, which has ordained that the Englishman should not flourish in this paradise of idleness. We may be content to be the guardians and supreme rulers of a people whose only complaint against our system of government is that they are not taxed quite enough, and that the day's work is over rather too soon.

#### RAILWAY REFORM.

THERE can be no doubt that our philanthropists would find an ample field were they to take to agitating the question of railway reform. It is a question that involves life and death, not to speak of comfort and property. Moreover it has the advantage of being one that may be disposed of by instalments, and each new success would stimulate fresh exertions. It is not a case of exciting public interest and sympathy by slow degrees, and by the tedious repetition of familiar arguments. Public sentiment is already practically unanimous on the matter, and only needs to be organized. We are all alive to the existence of crying grievances, and the interests of the community at large must be identical in the long run with those of the shareholders. The Conference of philanthropists and railway magnates that assembled the other day marks a decided step in the right direction. The public grievances were recognized, and schemes were broached for dealing with them, although some of the suggestions might be crotchety or chimerical. Putting together the various admissions that were made, directly or indirectly, the case against our existing system of travel came out strongly enough. Speaking broadly, indeed, we may say that railway travelling in England is attended with more danger and discomfort than in any foreign country that pretends to an equal civilisation. It has its points of superiority, no doubt, and they may be summed up in two words—speed and space. As it happens, both the one and the other are far from being unmixed blessings. The pace at which expresses travel on lines so crowded as our own is not always compatible with safety. The half-empty carriages which our travellers insist upon must represent a material increase in fares, which they would be the first to grudge did they only realize the fact. Our whole railway system is arranged for the rich, although it has long been admitted that the masses bring the most profitable custom. The rich are content to travel at their peril, with that unthinking faith in responsible management which no number of accidents will explode. The Companies tacitly contract to deliver the traveller in safety, within so many hours, at a distance of so many miles, under penalty of actions for damages in case of mishap. Very good. The public will have pace; and with the Companies it is a mere money calculation, based on the doctrine of averages, of what fares will insure them against the inevitable annual expenditure for lost lives, broken bones, and shaken constitutions. Sometimes they have a run of luck, and, being their own insurers, they make a good thing of it, and pay a handsome dividend. Occasionally fortune frowns, and we have an Abergele conflagration or a New Cross collision. The catastrophe bears hardly on directors and shareholders, for it may make the difference of one or two per cent on the half-year's profits. But it is even more serious for the passenger, who, settling himself snugly in his railway seat, drops off into sleep, and wakes to a second's consciousness before being pounded to death. He is only the scapegoat of

a system supported by him or people like him. Time is money to him, or he fancies it is; or he has been content to face a terrible contingent risk for the sake of shortening some present discomfort. For years past he has been insisting on the Companies shooting him along at the rate of something like a mile a minute, and has persistently ignored the dangers which he has been perpetually braving. Habit is everything. We see nervous men, who would shudder at a London crossing, reading quietly or dropping into placid slumbers while they fly through junctions where the nodding pointman has wakened with a start to turn the switches, and past sidings where an ill-coupled train of coal-waggons has lumbered off the line but a second before. All they gain by this reckless work is a very small aggregate of hours which they may or may not turn to any useful purpose, and that at the cost of a wear and tear of brain which renders the saving a most short-sighted economy. There is a mean in all things. The work of our busy life must be carried on with a certain risk from which it would be folly or cowardice to shrink. But in railway travelling a very few miles an hour may make all the difference between excessive risk and reasonable safety. And with population, wealth, and trade all steadily on the increase, the traffic that cumbrous our lines must increase in proportion, and so will the danger. The Companies may adopt all the latest inventions in the way of signalling; they may multiply servants and increase their pay out of growing profits; but no precaution, short perhaps of allotting distinct lines of rails to slow and fast trains, can ever render the quick succession of trains anything else than what is called a tempting of Providence.

These are hazards beyond the traveller's control when he has once taken his ticket, and trusted himself to the tender mercies of his carriers. But there are other hazards which he must needs create for himself, thanks to his own short-sighted folly and vanity. The Railway Conference denounced strongly the fashion of treating guards, as well it might. The Company undertakes a delicate and difficult service, which it is its pecuniary interest to perform satisfactorily. It selects presumably the most steady and sensible of its servants, and entrusts them with the charge of the passengers. It would seem that from a false economy these servants are often scandalously overworked. If the truth has been told at recent meetings as to the number of hours during which guards are kept on duty at a stretch, it is plain that the flesh must fail frequently, however well-meaning the spirit may be. It is a sufficiently disagreeable consideration for reflecting passengers that the man who is to look out for danger signals and apply the breaks should be napping or nodding at the critical moment; but it is simply intolerable to know that one or two of their weak-brained companions are pressing on the guardian of their lives what may be an intoxicating stimulant or a sleeping draught, according to his constitution. The nature of the guard's work makes him peculiarly susceptible to temptations of this sort, and the inclination to drink becomes a craving or a necessity. It is not only on rare occasions that he becomes excited or stupefied. He comes to live in a constant oscillation between excitement and reaction. His nerves can hardly fail to go in the process of perpetually fillying an overtaxed constitution, and yet his is a calling which more than any other demands nerve, coolness, courage, and ready presence of mind.

But the dangers of railway travel, being remote and contingent, come less home to us than its daily disagreeables. We are glad to believe that the Railway Conference has grasped the fact that there is room for reform in the refreshment department. The mere act of travelling is a thing which people past middle age seldom regard as pure enjoyment; yet it may have its sunny associations, which change to pleasant anticipations when we have decided on our next journey—associations and anticipations that recommend themselves to the practical element which is so large a leaven in the English nature. In France the Companies have always understood how to cater for the tastes of their customers. It is a long journey from Paris to Marseilles; a great part of it is tame, and much is barren. One wearies of looking out on the flat fertility of the corn zone that stretches to the south of the capital; nor is it much more picturesque among the renowned vineyards, while nothing can be more melancholy than the mistral blowing over the grey olive trees on the rocky slopes of Provence. But you know that the long journey is broken by oases where you will find tempting tables spread in the wilderness. We confess, for our own part, that from the time we lose sight of the heights by Romainville, the vision of all that awaits us at Dijon divides our thoughts at intervals with our book and the landscape. Avignon associates itself not with the old castle of the Popes and the terrible tragedies of the Gladiators, but with filets, and little plates of haricot-beans, and tomatoes stuffed with bread-crumbs. If an over-lively imagination has not done the work already, the vision of the tables coquettishly covered with flowers and fruit and crystal and fan-shaped napkins is sufficient to give you an appetite. There is a cheering warmth of colouring in the bright ruby of the Beaune and Pomard and so-called Chambartin, each priced artistically in figures of gold, so that no anxious speculations as to the total of the reckoning shall disturb your digestion. And for those who prefer to enjoy their creature comforts more leisurely, there are those neat little travelling dinner baskets with their contents of cold chickens and pâté and wine and fruits. The refreshment rooms of France are not all that they used to be. Harder times have set in there to the old liberality of the restaurateur. But if you get somewhat less to eat, it is doubtless all the better for your health, and, as we rub your hands, is as certainly a saving to your pocket. You are delicately provoked as you stand, thinking of the good times you had



our impressions of the English counterparts of those French meals—impressions which unfortunately we are doomed continually to revive? Meals as hurriedly matched as the uncompromising nature of the viands permitted rise again to haunt us like ghastly phantoms, bringing in their depressing train the dismal ghosts of dyspepsia and nightmare. Would that all the mortifying of the flesh on which we look back with loathing might be counted as atoning for the angry passions it evoked! It would seem as if each English refreshment purveyor had a settled grudge against all his fellows, from the ponderous nature of the preparations which he vends. Pemmican may be an excellent provision for an Arctic journey, and there are obvious advantages in concentrated meat when you must compress your larder in a saddlebag, and know not when you may replenish it. But the ham and veal pie, and the coarse-cut sandwiches, that settle down into the system like lead, seem quite out of place in a country where refreshment-bars, such as they are, are thickly set along the lines. One eloquent speaker at the late Conference dwelt on the moral duty of suppressing all intoxicating drinks, and of imposing on the passengers a Hobson's choice between tea or coffee and nothing. We should certainly never give a sigh to the memory of railway sherry, were it once departed, whatever might be the feelings of Hamburg exporters and adulterators; nor should we greatly miss the logwood-coloured brandy, sorely as one often needs a stomachic. But we must say that, if we desired to discourage the temperance movement in England, we could conceive no measure more likely to answer the end than that counselled by the temperance advocates at the Conference. It was urged that at certain stations things had been altogether revolutionized. It was answered that those stations are for the most part metropolitan, or, in other words, they are scarcely arranged to supply the wants of *bond fide* travellers. The girls are selected for other qualifications than those exclusively bearing on their ostensible vocation. Easy morals are of course not allowed, but easy manners are indispensable. Birmingham beauty and lively manners help young barmaids to their promotion, and the ladies look to the first business of woman in attending to that of their employers. It is certainly objectionable to scramble for your refreshment over the shoulders of flush-faced, ungloved, camelia-buttonholed gentlemen from the City, who loll with their elbows on the counters, and play the vulgar Adonis to chignonned and ringleted damsels. But we do not see that the objection need be insurmountable. Let the Companies come to an understanding with the contractors. Let them insist on giving a fair chance to customers who are indifferent to beauty, and let them appoint a committee of matrons who shall decide among candidates who plead plainness or mature years as qualifications. Marriage, no doubt, is an honourable institution; but travellers may take reasonable exception to seeing contemptuous damsels, who are supposed to serve them, trampling towards the ring and the altar over them and their tescups and their bread and butter.

Finally the Conference considered the subject of illegal "tipping" of railway servants. Here, it seems to us, the fault is entirely with the Companies, and we may say the same of the practice of guard-treating already referred to. As things are, it is idle talking against it. If a traveller desires common attention, he must give fees in self-defence. Were he known as systematically giving nothing, he would soon be a marked man at any station he was in the habit of frequenting. If he is a man of sensibility, he must feel that he perpetrates a meanness when he declines to cross with silver the palm of the civil porter who has just been bustling about with his luggage. The servants have been brought by long tacit prescription to regard these tips as understood perquisites. The Companies recognize the practice, as we suspect, because it supplies them with better servants at a cheaper rate than they would otherwise get. Nothing could be easier, if they pleased, than to change the inscription on their walls, "No servant is suffered to accept money on pain of dismissal," from a dead letter to a living reality. The practice goes on ostentatiously under the eyes of their inspectors, and a few sharp examples would supersede all necessity for further severity. So with treating the guards. The treating takes place at the Companies' own counters, before a cloud of witnesses, and the liquor is served by barmaids who ought to be subject to the Companies' authority. Is it conceivable that men trusted with the valuable property of any private person would be permitted systematically to incapacitate themselves for their most responsible duties? Certainly the Companies may plead in extenuation of their negligence that they are sufferers in common with the public; that the lives and limbs they sacrifice represent a heavy item in their own working expenses. This is, in truth, only another instance of the familiar fact that the mismanagement of corporations whose members are individually shrewd often verges on the marvellous.

#### THE WATER COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

THAT twelve hundred drawings should be found worthy of a place in three high-class Galleries may be taken in proof, if proof were wanting, that the English school of water colour painting has lost little of its ancient repute. It may be impossible to replace such men as De Wint, Turner, Copley Fielding, Hunt, and Cox, and yet, when a vacancy occurs in the Old Society in Pall Mall, the number of candidates well qualified by talent and training for membership has of late years been greatly increased

of all former experience. Thus it would seem that at any rate the average attainments of our artists are now higher than before, and it further may be accepted as a general conclusion that old members lie as a heavy incubus on all long-established associations, while the young blood is usually the life-giving element. It were fortunate if in art, as in the military profession, retirement from active service could be imposed at the period in life when mental and physical powers are in decay. We fear, however, that any such regulation, however much to be desired, is impracticable; if a soldier breaks down in a march the fact is patent and beyond dispute, but if a painter breaks down in his picture there will always be people ready to declare that the artist at the very moment was in his greatest strength. But at least there is one statement which can scarcely be controverted; it seems clear that artists after the lapse of years cease to create anything new; they retrace the old steps, they repeat former thoughts, they fall into routine and drudgery; even the faculty of imagination is made to do the work of a treadmill. Thus, in walking through these Water Colour Exhibitions, a very large number of works are substantially old acquaintances. In London there are dozens, if not hundreds, of artists whose pictures over a period of a quarter of a century have altered less than their faces. Such products cease to be subjects for criticism. As we pass, therefore, from Gallery to Gallery, nothing more than friendly recognition can be given to such time-honoured names as those of Mr. Richardson, Mr. Gastineau, Mr. Branwhite, Mr. Newton, Mr. Riviere, Mr. Topham in the Old Society, or Mr. Rowbotham, Mr. Henry Warren, Mr. Absolon, Mr. Mole, and Mr. Chase, several members of the Institute. More than five hundred artists present themselves in the Galleries of the Old Society, the Institute, and the Dudley, and, as we have said, more than twelve hundred works are exhibited. It is to be feared that the greater part of these contributions must remain in comparative oblivion; at any rate, in a single criticism only the leading works can obtain notice.

The Old Society honours with a foremost position a composition of showy commonplace. "Filial Love" (68), by Mr. Haag, is of a style which in literature is termed fustian. Turning to the catalogue, we find that the two figures, the old father and the young son, are supposed to have something to do with the Book of Ecclesiasticus. And they certainly look somewhat apocryphal; the old man's beard is not of the Syrian desert, but of the Seven Dials; it has been curled in a barber's shop, and the costume generally has the guise of stage properties. The colour, too, seems forced up by surreptitious means. It is really a pity that an artist who has produced sketches round about Jerusalem, Damascus, and Palmyra, which for vigour, fidelity, and downright honesty are comparable to the masterly Eastern studies of Müller, should in his studio have recourse to those meretricious blandishments which in the art of oratory are known as claptrap. It is seldom safe for an artist to amplify small studies on a large scale, or after the lapse of years to trust to imagination for facts, and to memory for emotions. Mr. Dobson also, we fear, may lay himself open to the charge of conventionality. The child in "Baby's Tea" (136) misses all that is charming and simple in childhood. On the contrary, Mr. Shields, of whom critics have had to speak in reproof, is getting back to the ways of nature. We cannot much admire the incident in "Sisterly Help" (159); a little girl only just escaping nakedness drags on the boot of her brother, also scantily clad. Refined instincts may possibly be offended, and we think artists are wise to avoid occurrences which parents in nicely ordered households discourage. Mr. Shields has modelled his figures with the utmost care; the picture is well and evenly painted. We hope he will never more aspire to high art; his vocation is in the line of pretty and pathetic themes taken from peasant life, a class of subjects abounding in all lands, and especially pleasing and salutary in an age of great cities, when life even in its humblest phases assumes artificial and abnormal forms.

Sir John Gilbert remains true to water colours, though elected into the Academy; indeed we scarcely remember a more completely satisfactory composition from this somewhat slashing and offhand painter than that of "Louis XIV. transacting Business with his Ministers in the Apartments of Madame de Maintenon" (111). The King turns to the lady to ask her opinion, which she gives with modest diffidence; and yet, looking at the picture, we understand how Madame de Maintenon "had concentrated the kingdom in her chamber; there it was that the councils were held, generals appointed, and plans of campaigns laid down." The artist is as usual equal to the occasion; the heads preserve a gravity befitting statesmen; even the wigs are historic; the whole picture is carried out with painstaking assiduity; the composition does not once fall into exaggeration, caricature, or coarseness. Sir John Gilbert has often in carelessness and caprice played with his extraordinary powers. We think the time is come when he may make for himself a great name among historic painters. In the picture before us almost all that can be needed is attained. The artist has never been wanting in dramatic situation or in the reading of character; what he may still lack is subtlety, delicacy, sobriety of hand, care to pronounce the figure beneath ponderous robes, and to define draperies which often are heaped in portentous masses as on the shoulders of lay figures. It naturally happens that men who have for years been working against time fail to mature a style commensurate with their talents. The pressure upon life in our day is all but fatal to art products of the highest order. Mr. Alfred Fripp, Mr. Ebert Foster, and Mr. Marks, in styles diverse, though familiar, reach accustomed standards. Mr. Johnson has surpassed himself; "The Rival Florists" (192) is his

greatest effort; the difficulties which he courts are only to be surmounted by the utmost skill. Accessories of red poppies and white and red roses against a red brick wall are enough to put out of countenance the connoisseurs who debate upon flowers. The subject may be deemed slight to a fault, but it has become the habit of our artists to play with trifles, to please with a transient attitude, to allure by a glance or a smile. All is mobile and ephemeral, while in the olden times everything was immobile, as if the characters stood in relation, not to a fleeting moment, but to an enduring time that changed not. And yet our painters escape frivolity; perhaps it may be said that small proprieties and humdrum generally characterize much of our modern art.

The school of the future is already in course of formation under Mr. Frederick Walker, who, however, naturally reserves his strength for the Academy. Indeed, the extreme use of body colour seems in logical sequence to lead on to oils. The romantic story of "Gilbert à-Becket's Troth, or the Saracen Maiden entering London at Sundown" (127), has furnished Mr. Pinwell, a devotee of this school of the future, with one of the most charming compositions ever seen on these walls. Gilbert à-Becket in the Holy Land gained the affections of a Saracen maiden of high degree, who, not being able to live without him, set out for London town, knowing but two words—"London" and "Gilbert." The picture represents the lady, weary and perplexed, near to the city of her pilgrimage as the sun goes down. The road is pleasantly peopled with other wayfarers, who for the most part are aimless and purposeless save for the ends of picture-making. The artist as usual is content to pose his figures in pensive, statuesque, motionless attitudes; to all appearance not a person will reach the city ere the gates are shut. The whole scene strikes the eye as a pleasing impossibility, as a romance beyond the reach of reality; hence perhaps the charm. The artist has been at pains to link together the isolated fragments of his composition, and, as usual, unity of colour consists in the liberal use of an indescribable brickdust pigment; indeed, the whole picture seems to have been made and burnt in a brick-kiln. But the spectator is bound to bear in mind that brickdust is the life-giving ingredient in this school of the future.

Mr. Houghton is yet another of those painters who apparently deem it the degradation of genius to be as other men, and yet, in a disordered composition, "Useless Mouths" (104), he commits mistakes which no artist of ordinary common sense would fall into. From a besieged city issue a useless throng—a motley crew. This unpaintable subject has probably been chosen for the display of character, and therein the artist is strong; but composition there is none; the execution is ragged, and the colour hot. Mr. Macbeth, a young Scotch artist who deservedly won favour and encouragement on his entrance into London exhibitions, seems in a bad way. "The Emigrant Receiving his Mother and Sister in the Colonies" (76) is a subject beyond his power. With the exception of two or three heads, the picture has the appearance of being scraped, especially in the draperies, and the general texture is rotten. Mr. North, less ambitious, is far more safe. Indeed, were we asked to name the gems of the year, we believe we should start with "Wild Clematis in Early Spring" (249). The impenetrable tangle in the background growth, and a certain grand wonderment in the girl who finds herself in the wood alone, have a largeness of thought which is all the more impressive because concentrated within the scale of miniature. If these painters can but preserve themselves from extreme mannerism, they may effect some good in the art of their country.

The landscapes display the usual diversity; some have the merit of being literal and proxy; the greater part, however, tend to such poetic effects as may be deduced from atmospheric changes, or gained by an ideal or transcendental treatment of colour. The happy mean between the two extremes is once more struck by Mr. George Fripp. "Mountains in Glen Slighehan, Skye" (59), is admirable in form as it is lovely in colour; no artist more truthfully realizes the gradual rise, through successive steps and stages, of hills out of valleys, the summits mingling with the clouds, every detail, from hard rock to liquid stream, telling the hour of the day and the state of the weather. For a Welsh moor, carpeted by heather, browsed by sheep, watered by a trout-stream, and bounded by blue hills or the grey sky, Mr. Whittaker is the man. He has a way of tumbling together his foregrounds, and of mingling his middle distances with broken light and shade, which precisely suits districts never tilled by spade or plough. "The Moors, Valley of the Ogwen" (224), has the merit of being small and sketchy; the artist does not succeed so well in more elaborate efforts on a large scale. The Gallery is also enriched by drawings in the varied styles of Mr. Thomas Danby, Mr. Davidson, and Mr. Alfred Hunt. Once more Mr. Boyce is grand in expanse of roofs and array of chimneys. "The Yard of the Bull Inn," in the picturesque town of Ludlow, may be a subject which most artists would deem unpaintable, but Mr. Boyce has before taught us how red bricks, moss-grown tiles, and grey stone walls may be brought into exquisite harmonies, quiet as they are intense. We are inclined to think that Mr. Albert Goodwin shows most of new development. "The Fugitive's Rest" (66)—a wayfarer reposing on hill top in shadowed foreground, a flock of timid yet resolute deer moping from the valley to question and challenge the intruder—is a rare composition of the subtlest colour; dawning sunshine paints into tenderest shade; green, gold, and grey intermingle. Mr. Whelan, on his first appearance, also gives proof of an intention to illumine the walls by dawning contrasts and startling harmonies. It is reserved, however, for Mr. Powell to produce

the drawing of the year, "A Channel Tug making up to a Dismasted Ship" (177). Once more the artist shows unvarnished knowledge of wave forms, when swelling and sweeping under storm-wind. But the colour is poor. Mr. Powell should remember that colour enters even the darkest shade of tempest; and that Turner saw varied harmony in prevailing monotony. What the Society can have been thinking of we cannot tell when they subjected themselves, by the election of Mr. Deacy, to the infliction of "Drake taking the Spanish Galleon Capitana, one of the Armada" (201). But the Council is generally so shrewd in its choice of members that we shall look for better things from the new comer.

The Institute in the thirty-eighth year of its existence opens a fairly good exhibition, but a certain pinkness and prettiness, together with a sickly sentiment and a false ideal, are still found to prevail on the walls. Even the landscapes tend this way, and among the figure pictures it is hard to conceive of a more repulsive atrocity than "A Child's Dream" (43), by Mr. Guido Bach. Yet the collection is redeemed by a considerable percentage of true and honest work. Mr. Collier (80), Mr. Skill (64), Mr. Skinner Prout (40), Mr. Roberts (49), Mr. Kilburne (54), Mr. C. Green (170), Mr. Herkomer (184), and Mr. Gregory (126), severally contribute drawings which arrest attention either by notable talent or by conspicuous eccentricity. Several contributors affect the style of Mr. Walker. For example, "The Well" (184), by Mr. Herkomer, is strong in study of character, specially strong in power of repulsion; the artist evidently has been at much pains to render his execution ragged, his forms uncouth, his lines discordant. It is rather hard upon Mr. Walker that his disciples not only magnify his faults but identify the school with errors of which the founder has never been guilty. It is especially to be regretted that certain of our young artists cultivate by turns every mental faculty with the exception of good taste, that guiding, chastening power, which they seem to shun as a sign of weakness. But Mr. Linton has managed to restrain comedy within permissible limits in a well-told story of "Jonas Hanway and his Umbrella—the first umbrella in England" (60). This artist never goes further than his studies will safely carry him; he is true to individual life, and his compositions as a whole, though often out of balance and in danger of falling to pieces, generally come right in the end. Some of the most admired landscapes in the Institute we owe to Mr. Rina. Indeed, "South Downs" (155) might have been taken for Copley Fielding, had the shadows been a little more neutral, and the lights more quiet and less garish.

The Dudley Gallery before it closes deserves a word of tribute. The two Societies just passed under review are more exclusive than the Academy, but the "General Exhibition" in Piccadilly, as its name implies, is open to all comers. Thus this year, while the Old Water Colour Society has sixty contributors, and the Institute sixty-nine, the Dudley Gallery opens its doors to nearly four hundred. We need not say that this tolerant spirit secures exceptional variety for the collection. Thus Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Madox Brown, and others seldom seen in public exhibitions, are, or have been, numbered among the contributors. The Gallery is about to add to the service it has already conferred on artists and the arts by an exhibition of works in "black and white," comprising "charcoal drawings," "crayon drawings," "sepia drawings," "etchings," &c.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

**B**OTH Italian Operas are now in full activity. Mr. Gye began at Covent Garden on the 26th ult., and Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane on the 6th inst. At neither house, although it might be imagined there was time enough, has anything remarkable in the way of novelty hitherto been produced. Mr. Gye has given nine or ten of the most familiar operas in his extensive repertory, operas to which his subscribers and the public have been regularly accustomed for years past. In naming *Faust e Margherita*, the *Somnambula*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Pro Divo*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, the *Fenice*, the *Traviata*, and the *Nozze di Figaro*, we may almost claim to have done enough, but that some general opinion will be expected from us of the manner in which they were respectively performed.

Mr. Mapleson, it must be admitted, has, within a briefer space of time, emulated his great rival in the practice of adhering to the best known works; although we readily grant that genuine lovers of music are indebted to the Drury Lane manager for two performances of Beethoven's magnificent *Fidelio*, and that the lovers of the highest school of purely Italian art are equally indebted to him for the reproduction of *Semiramide*, Rossini's last Italian opera (Venice, 1823). The now rare appearances of *Semiramide* may be traced to more than one cause—first, perhaps, to the uninteresting and not over intelligible character of the drama, and next to the difficulty of finding singers—soprano, contralto, and baritone (*Semiramide*, *Armen*, and *Assur*)—able to execute the florid music of Rossini with effect. But, if we have no longer Grisi, Albani, and Tamburini, the places of these renowned artists are, after all, as time goes, not ill supplied by Meda, Tietjens, Malton, Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Agazzi—in spite of the soprano being German and the contralto and baritone French. Besides *Fidelio* and *Semiramide*, Mr. Mapleson has given us the *Somnambula*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, and the *Armen*, with occasionally the scene of the "Resurrection of the Kuhn," from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, which is constrained to appear much in the same

light at Drury Lane as the fragment from Auber's *Masaniello* at Covent Garden—in the light, that is to say, of a "voluntary," to play the audience out. Thus, so far as the production of unfamiliar operas is concerned, Mr. Mapleson has little more to boast of than Mr. Gye.

Why our Italian lyric theatres should be exclusively entitled to the privilege of presenting as a matter of course the same works uninterruptedly, season after season, whether old favourites or new aspirants happen to sing in them, it is difficult to explain; but that such is the case all amateurs are aware of. We have been hearing *Norma*, the *Sonnambula*, *Lacrina Borgia*, *Lucia*, and other operas of the kind, striking an average, for some thirty or forty years past. It is not far from thirty years ago that the public was first made acquainted with the *Nabucco* of Signor Verdi, who has since been permitted to rank with Bellini and Donizetti; and certain of the productions of this composer—the *Traviata*, the *Traviata*, and *Rigoletto*, for example—are now stock pieces at both houses. Add the inevitable *Martha* of M. Flotow, the no less inevitable *Faust* of M. Gounod, the *Barbier de Sévigné*, and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, together with two of the operas of Meyerbeer, the *Huguenots* and *Dinorah*, which (the *Africaine* not forgotten) can alone now be depended on, and we have our annual supply of operatic pabulum complete. True the *Figaro* and *Plauto Magico* of Mozart, as well as Beethoven's *Fidelio*, have of late been making head; true also, a stray opera or two by Rossini—say *Otello* or the *Gazza Lustra* (it would be mockery to name *Guillaume Tell*, as habitually given)—thanks to the temporary whim of some cherished prima donna, occasionally find a hearing; and true that, now and then, an attempt has been made to acquaint the English public with the fact that Auber—whose *Masaniello*, masterpiece alike of its composer and his school, reduced to two acts, or rather two scenes, is continually used as a kind of ballet, to fill up an evening—has composed other operas just as well suited to the Italian stage as *Era Diavolo*. But in the majority of instances these adventurous essays have been abortive. The spirited attempts of Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, some time ago, to place firmly upon the Italian boards some of the classic productions of Mozart, Gluck, Cherubini, and Weber, were attended with far less success than might reasonably have been anticipated. *Iphigénie* and *Il Seraglio* are forgotten; while *Medea*, *Oberon*, &c., only attract during the winter season. In short, without endorsing the dictum of Colley Cibber that "this kind of entertainment is purely sensual," to regard the Italian Opera proper, notwithstanding the progress of musical taste among us in other departments of the art, as anything more than a luxury for the upper classes, would be, in our opinion, to ignore all that underlies the surface. In the actual dearth of dramatic composers gifted with original genius, of whom Signor Verdi—"le dernier des Romains," as Rossini used familiarly and somewhat patronizingly to call him—is unfortunately the only remaining example, the institution itself is beginning to totter, and for some time hence must rely exclusively on the popular singers of the hour, who, in their turn, are compelled to fall back upon the old resources, inasmuch as under the circumstances there is nothing better for them to do. Such a lengthy and cumbersome work as the *Hamlet* of M. Thomas, whose *Mignon* is preferable to *Hamlet* simply because it shows less pretension, could only have lived by the breath of a singer like Madlle. Christine Nilsson; while but for Madame Adeline Patti, the *Esmeralda* of Signor Campana would not have survived a single performance. We ought, therefore, such considerations borne in mind, to sympathize with the managers of our Italian Operas. Having nothing else to build upon, they are more or less slaves to the caprices of their leading singers, whom, not merely in the selection of old-established works but in the choice of anything new, they are absolutely forced to consult. To this dependence of managers upon singers we have been indebted for *Hamlet*, *Esmeralda*, &c.; and by this we are menaced with further indebtedness, at Covent Garden, on account of a new opera called *Gedina*, composed expressly for Madame Patti, by the Prince Giuseppe Poniatowski, which we can only hope is not of the same calibre as *Esmeralda*. We have vivid recollections of a princely opera, entitled *Canida*, produced at Her Majesty's Theatre about twenty years ago, with Madame Charton Bemeur in the chief character, and have ever since felt a wholesome dread of such things. Moreover, another opera from the same pen, which has already tried public forbearance, is still fresh in our memory. *Notless oblige*, we are aware; but where art is concerned the obligation is difficult to discharge. It is not every Prince, who, like Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, as ardent a lover of everything musical as he was a hater of everything French, had a Dumek for his intimate friend and musical adviser. But, seriously, it reflects no credit upon the conduct of our Italian Operas that the prospectus of neither director makes any reference to *Aida*, the last opera of Signor Verdi, to whom both houses for very many years have owed so much. We cannot share with a contemporary the regret expressed about *L'Onore*, the most recent production of M. Flotow, because we consider as usurped the position occupied by that composer—a sort of inferior *Adolphe Adam*; but Verdi is undoubtedly a man of genius, and entitled, if only for that reason, to consideration. Composed expressly for the Egyptian theatre at Cairo, where it was brought out with great splendour and achieved an unquestionable success (a success, by the way, heartily ratified at Milan), whatever *Aida* may be, the subscribers to our Italian Operas, who pay so dearly for their

privileges, possess a claim to hear and judge it for themselves. This, however, has been denied them, and they have fair cause for discontent. In default of *Aida*, Mr. Gye promises the *Guerrero*, already named; a new opera entitled *Il Guarany*, by the young Brazilian composer, Carl Gomes; an Italian version of Auber's fresh and piquant *Diamant de la Couronne* (for Madame Patti), and last, not least, the *Lohengrin* of Wagner. About *Il Guarany*, knowing nothing from personal experience, we can say nothing, except that it has been performed with some success in Italy, and that Italian critics entertain very divergent opinions as to its merits. The *Diamant de la Couronne* we only hope may have a better fate than that which befell its charming predecessor, the *Domino Noir*, at the same theatre, some years ago. Mr. Gye is rather amusing about *Lohengrin*, which, according to his announcement, is to be brought out "as soon as it is possible to complete the rehearsals"—sooner than which it would hardly be advisable to risk it. It appears that the Director of the Royal Italian Opera has frequently meditated upon the production of one of Wagner's pieces; but, weighing the declarations of Wagner's "admirers," who predicted "unprecedented success," and those of Wagner's "detractors," who predicted that the "Music of the Future," as (according to Mr. Gye) "Wagner's compositions have been ironically styled," would drive all Opera subscribers from the theatre, he naturally hesitated. The success of *Lohengrin*, however, at Bologna and Florence, convinced the Director that "the presentation of one of Herr Wagner's productions should no longer be delayed." And so the subscribers are promised *Lohengrin* ("probably Wagner's grandest work") with three of its "most celebrated German interpreters"—Madame Marianne Brandt, Herr Köhler, and Madlle. Emmy Zimmermann—who, "by a curious coincidence," as Thackeray says when Clive Newcome unexpectedly meets Ethel at the house of Madame de Florac, happen to be engaged at the Royal Italian Opera this very season. All we can wish is that *Lohengrin* may really be given, and in such a manner as to afford it a chance of appreciation at its worth. At the same time we cannot but think that, instead of London following the example of certain Italian towns, London should long ago, in spite of Herr Wagner's "detractors," who ever those mythic personages may chance to be, have set the example for Bologna and Florence to imitate. By the way, it is hardly fair on the part of Mr. Gye to ignore the fact that, not later than 1870, Wagner's opera, the *Fliegende Holländer*, under the Italian title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, was produced at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. George Wood, with Madlle. Ilma di Murska and Mr. Santley in the leading characters. "The sombre predictions of the anti-Wagnerites," to which Mr. Gye playfully refers, were thus "fulfilled" two years before the Director of the Royal Italian Opera had adopted the resolution of becoming Herr Wagner's English champion.

Mr. Mapleson only announces two novelties, and one of these is also an Italian version of Auber's *Diamant de la Couronne*, under the title of *La Caterina*, three of the chief characters in which are allotted to Madlle. Marimon, Madlle. Marie Roze, and M. Capoul, who are naturally acquainted with the work, and familiar with the traditional style of rendering it. Mr. Mapleson's other novelty, however, is of far greater interest, being nothing less than one of the universally recognized masterpieces of Cherubini, who in the *Deux Journées*, produced at the Théâtre Foydeau (1800), showed that he could shine just as easily in lyric comedy as in lyric tragedy. The *Deux Journées* is quite equal to *Médée*—in both of which the celebrated Madlle. Scio, said to have lost her voice through singing *Médée*, but who nevertheless three years later undertook the chief part in *Les Deux Journées*, was the heroine. The opera of Cherubini is to be entitled, literally enough, *I due Giorni*. Among other promises of Mr. Mapleson is the reproduction of *Mignon*, for Madlle. Nilsson, which will afford unequivocal satisfaction.

With regard to the balance of attraction in the two companies, we do not think that one could greatly outweigh the other. Looking to the highest features of interest, Mr. Gye has got, as leading sopranos, Madame Pauline Lucca, Madame Adeline Patti, Madlle. Sesi, and Madlle. Carvalho; Mr. Mapleson has got Madlle. Tietjens, Madlle. Christine Nilsson, Madlle. Marimon, and Madlle. Marie Roze. Mr. Gye has, for chief contralto, Madlle. Scalchi; Mr. Mapleson has Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Mr. Gye's principal tenors are Signors Nicolini, Naudin, and Bettini; Mr. Mapleson's are M. Capoul, Signor Vizzani, and Fancelli. Mr. Gye's leading baritones are Signors Graziani and Cotogni, his leading basses, Signors Bagaglio, Ciampi, and M. Faure; Mr. Mapleson's chief baritones are Signors Mendioroz and Rota, his basses, Signors Foli, Borella, and Agnoli. Of the subordinates we need only say that in both companies they are efficient. Mr. Gye gives largest promise of new comers; but of these it will be time to speak when they have afforded us some opportunities of judging them.

Mr. Gye's orchestra is much on a par with that of last season, being not only numerically strong, in accordance with the exigencies of so large a theatre, but containing very many able performers in its ranks, and not one more able than our English violinist, Mr. Carrodus, who retains his position as what the late M. Habeneck was wont to designate as "chef d'attaque." We are glad to learn from the managerial prospectus that this orchestra is "acknowledged to be unrivalled, and will continue to maintain its high position"; although we doubt whether the most advantageous method of enabling it to do so is that of engaging two conductors, instead of one absolute chief. Signor Vianesi

and Beviagnani are both clever gentlemen, but their modes of conducting have little in common. Mr. Mapleson's chorus is not so good as Mr. Gye's, though his orchestra, judging by the results, is better. This may be in a measure due to the unrivalled capacity of Sir Michael Costa, its sole responsible director. In any case the orchestra at Drury Lane (with M. Sainton as "*chef d'attaque*") surpasses in efficiency, by general consent, that of the other establishment.

It will be seen that the foregoing remarks are merely preliminary to such criticism as may from time to time be called for by the various performances of the season at either house. One of Mr. Gye's new singers, Madlle. Emma Albani, has already appeared, and both in the *Sonnambula* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* created a marked sensation. Opinions seem to differ as to the merits of this very young and promising lady—a French Canadian by birth. Our own impression is favourable; and we shall endeavour to give reasons for it on a future occasion. About Madlle. Albani's success with the subscribers and the public generally there can be little question.

#### NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

THE complaints loudly expressed at Northampton of the decadence of that long-established meeting must have been repeated with increased emphasis last week at Newmarket. There cannot be two opinions about the fact; the mistake lies in assigning as the cause the enforced absence of two-year-old races during the month of April. All the two-year-old racing in the world would not restore the faded glories of Northampton, any more than it serves to arrest the steady decay of Goodwood. The real truth is, that racing has changed hands. Young England has, for the present at any rate, abandoned it in favour of the cheap and nasty amusement of pigeon-shooting; and the new owners of race horses are for the most part men who feel much more at home at Croydon or Kingsbury than at Newmarket or Goodwood. Hence, as the old meetings have gone down, new ones, especially in the neighbourhood of London, have sprung up in most unpleasant abundance; and, under such circumstances, it really appears to be idle to affect surprise at the failure of gatherings established by a totally different class of sportsmen on totally different principles. Newmarket, so especially representative of the old style of racing, was sure to be the first to feel the effect of the new order of things. Matches and rich sweepstakes used to be the leading features of Newmarket races; and now matchmaking is all but extinct, and rich sweepstakes are almost a legend of the past. And when the few veteran sportsmen who still maintain the traditions of the old school shall have disappeared from the scene, as far as we can see, M. Lefevre, with about three hundred horses in training, will be left in undisputed possession of Newmarket Heath. Certainly without that gentleman's support last week's racing would have been unsuccessful beyond all precedent.

On the first day we were treated to a sight of that magnificent horse Sterling, whose defeat in the Two Thousand last year must rank among the many strange surprises of the Turf. It is credibly asserted that, after his canter over the Rowley mile, ten thousand pounds were offered for him and refused. We congratulate his owner on his resolution not to part with so grand a specimen of the thoroughbred; but we shall have less opinion of his judgment if he allows him to run over the wretched apology for a racecourse at Chester, where he will most probably be knocked down, or else beaten, like Mortemer last year, by some worthless plater with a feather-weight on his back. After Winslow had won his engagement, and Fordham his first race for this season, Chopette essayed the Ditch mile against Malahide, a colt who, on one occasion at least, last year showed fair form. Baron Rothschild's flying filly has not grown much, but looked in excellent condition, and has retained her perfect and easy action, so that over short courses she bids fair to be as invincible as she was last season. Though she beat Malahide easily enough, she seemed to be going rather against the grain for the last quarter of a mile, and two days later, when she was asked to compass the more severe Rowley mile, this disinclination was much more evident. On this second occasion she had to meet the powerful but not fully prepared Drummond, and, receiving from him 5 lbs., she only just managed to win by half-a-length. Two hundred yards more, and Drummond would have won cleverly; and we think his trainer was quite right in saying that by Ascot his horse would be sure to beat Chopette over a mile course. Last autumn, over the T.Y.C., Chopette gave Drummond 4 lbs. and a 10 lbs. beating; and we think we shall not be showing any undue prejudice in expressing a belief that she will not succeed in establishing her reputation as a stayer. Then came the Biennial, which fully maintained its character for exciting finishes, while at the same time it materially discounted the chances of some prominent Derby candidates. The seven runners were Almoner, Xanthus, Laburnum, Alava, Traveller's Joy, Derwent, and Ruffie. On paper the race appeared a foregone conclusion for Laburnum or Almoner, and the 3 lbs. better terms on which the latter was meeting Baron Rothschild's colt seemed quite insufficient to reverse the four lengths' beating she sustained in the Middle Park Plate. Ruffie made the running for his stable companion, Almoner, at an excellent pace, but at the Bushes the Duke of Beaufort's colt was in difficulties, and only Laburnum and the good-looking, but despoiled, Xanthus seemed to have a

chance. Laburnum came on pulling double, and in the Abingdon bottom had a clear lead; but the instant he touched the hill his pace palpably decreased, and not only did Xanthus head him, but Almoner also, whom Cannon had been riding vigorously from the Bushes, managed to get on even terms with the leaders, and running the longest up the hill won by a head from Xanthus, Laburnum finishing a neck behind the second. The remainder were beaten off, Traveller's Joy, indeed, bolting out of the course not far from the Bushes. The honours of the race rest unquestionably with the winner, whose unflinching gameness brought him once more to the front, after the superior stride of his two opponents had left him in a position where defeat seemed inevitable. Almoner was brought out in the most perfect condition, and though a mere pony to look at, is, like most of the Beadsmans, distinguished for quality. Though perhaps too ready generally, to listen to excuses for beaten horses, especially at Epsom, where disappointments are almost inevitable, we cannot pay attention to any that have been pleaded on behalf of Laburnum. He was fit and well; he had the lead, kept the lead, held everything safe at the Bushes, and only did not win because he was not good enough to win. The real puzzle was the forward position of Xanthus, and either he must be a stone better than the Xanthus of 1871, or else Queen's Messenger must be a long way superior to anything that ran in the Biennial. The general running of the week, especially the easy victory of Eole II. over Albert Victor, points to this latter conclusion, but we are not quite sanguine enough to endorse it without more direct confirmation. We must add that the Biennial was run at a great pace, and that while there can be no doubt of Laburnum's speed, there is a just suspicion as to his stamina, which next week's running will either disprove or decisively confirm. There is nothing certain in horse-racing, however, and the succeeding race in which the German horse, Bauernfänger, was easily beaten by Azalea over the last three-quarters of the Rowley mile, was enough to satisfy some that the former could not stay. On the Thursday, nevertheless, Bauernfänger ran a mile and a quarter and beat that really good mare Lady Masham in the commonest of canters. By the way, what weight would bring Sterling and Azalea together?

Wednesday's racing we might pass over, save for the Newmarket Handicap. There was something ironical in two such notorious rogues as Enfield and Marmora running home first and second, only a neck apart, while two world-famous mares, Hannah and Shannon, were a good hundred yards behind. And yet we are told that this was an admirable instance of judicious handicapping. Lighthouse would probably have won if the boy had been strong enough to hold him. As it was, he finished only a neck behind the leading pair. On the Thursday there was some good racing, or rather some good horses came out. First of all Albert Victor tried the severe ditch-in course against Eole II., but the well-trained, compact, short-legged son of West Australian made short work of his aristocratic opponent, who in the best of condition would not have won, but who, being short of work, was hopelessly beaten half a mile from home. In his second essay over the same course M. Lefevre was not so fortunate, for he had to meet Favonius; and Ravenshoe, though in receipt of 17 lbs., was never able to extend the Derby winner. Indeed, it was very much like a racehorse against a carthorse; and the contrast between the heavy lumbering action of Ravenshoe and the smooth and regular stride of Favonius was most striking. Baron Rothschild's horse, who will be a worthy antagonist to Sterling whenever the pair meet, made nothing of his heavy weight, and had his great awkward opponent in hopeless trouble as far off as the turn of the lands.

Friday's racing was little better than a farce. There were three races on the flat, and two horses ran in the first, two in the second, and three in the third. It was an excellent joke on the part of the Jockey Club to charge five shillings for the privilege of witnessing this fine sport. Two races at the other side of the Ditch wound up the meeting. Eole II. won the Queen's Plate, over the Round Course in a trot, and twenty-five horses were so handicapped for the Plate on the New T.Y.C. that Sylla could not by any possibility lose. The race was over directly the flag fell, and Sylla cantered past the winning-post six lengths in advance of his ten opponents. We must just add that the defeat of Xanthus this week in the City and Suburban, in which he carried the nice racing weight of 6 st. 8 lbs., is not calculated to enhance the reputation either of Almoner or Laburnum. Speculum won at the same age with 4 lbs. more on his back, and yet he could only get third place in the Derby.

#### REVIEWS.

##### SIR GEORGE JACKSON'S DIARIES.\*

THERE are few keener or more pleasant observers than the diplomatist who knows how to be something more than a diplomatist, and it was the fortune of Sir George Jackson, whose diaries form the bulk of the work now edited by his widow, to have rather notable people and events to observe. His death some ten or twelve years ago removed one of the busiest and shrewdest

\* *The Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson, K.C.H., from the Peace of Amiens to the Battle of Telenora.* Edited by Lady Jackson. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.



among the public servants who were employed in the great struggle of England with Napoleonic France. A resident in Paris during the short-lived Peace of Amiens, in Berlin during the years of Prussian friendship with France, he witnessed the overthrow of Jena, and personally assisted in the bombardment of Copenhagen, formed a part of Mr. Frère's embassy in Spain at the outbreak of the War of Liberation, and finally accompanied the head-quarters of the Allies during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. It is a little disappointing to find no portion of his diary or correspondence during this last part of his career included in the present work, and we can only hope that they may still be lurking in the "Bath Archives" of the family, where these pleasant letters seem to have been stored. A good deal of their interest and vivacity no doubt springs from the fact that the writer was at the outset nothing more than a young *attaché*, too young and inexperienced to be trusted by his brother, to whose suite he was attached, with any of the diplomatic mysteries where knowledge might have brought gravity and reserve. His diary in Paris is therefore altogether without political value, and throws little light on the complex negotiations which brought about the conclusion and speedy rupture of the Peace of Amiens; but the chat of the young Englishman is fairly worth a volume of despatches. From the first entry in his diary we see the same shrewd, genial observer, with his eyes kept well about him, and an amusing dash of self-confidence, which shows itself in the rapid judgments he passes on the statesmen around him, as it showed itself afterwards in some of the more noteworthy incidents of his diplomatic career. His sense of humour found ample scope in the Paris of the Consulate, and in the strangely incongruous elements which made up its social life. Among the traces of the old Royalist world which had so suddenly vanished, it is odd enough to find "Mademoiselle d'Eon, the famous Chevalier," the question of whose sex roused such hot controversies under Louis Quinze, dining at M. Otto's in 1801. Of the Royalists, however, Mr. Jackson seems to have seen little and thought less. A visit to Versailles brought home to him how terrible and complete had been the ruin of the Monarchy. The interior of the palace was a mere wreck, its gardens "indescribably desolate and dirty," "the fountains are choked with mud, and the bronze gods and goddesses seem to be looking on the changed scene around them in comical helplessness and despair. The figure of the great and magnificent Louis himself, as Apollo, issuing from a cave with a suite of *belles dames* representing the Muses, has been treated by the filthy *conaille* with the most disgusting indignity." In the aspect of Parisian society, however, there were already signs that the victorious Republic was on its way to the same grave with the conquered Monarchy. Some of "the roughnesses of the Revolution" still lingered in the habits of the men. "I saw the other evening, at a reception at Madame Fouché's, more than one pair of spattered boots, and a good deal of linen far from clean, the wearers being not the least important personages present." But the grace and elegance—if not the modesty—of feminine costume pointed in the same reactionary direction as the increase of ceremony and state in the Court of the First Consul. The sudden and somewhat startling attack which M. Michelet has lately made on the accepted impression of Napoleon's personal beauty gives value to his portrait as it is here sketched, at the moment of a review, by Mr. Jackson:—

I was much struck by the personal appearance of Bonaparte; for the caricatures, and the descriptions which the English newspapers delight to give of him, prepare one to see a miserable pigmy; hollow-eyed, yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed, with a quantity of lank hair, and a nose of enormous proportions. But, though of low stature—perhaps five feet five or six—his figure is well proportioned, his features are handsome, complexion rather sallow, hair very dark, cut short, and without powder. He has fine eyes, full of spirit and intelligence, a firm, severe mouth, indicating a stern and inflexible will—in a word, you see in his countenance the master-mind; in his bearing, the man born to rule.

It is worth notice, now that the question has been raised as to the accuracy of the Napoleonic portraits, that in 1800 Mr. Jackson, after a diligent search which he had made through Paris to gratify the curiosity of friends in England, could find not a single print that gave even "a tolerably correct notion" of the First Consul's appearance. "I fancy," he adds, "that there is something in the countenance of Bonaparte that must be very difficult to transfer to either canvas or paper." But the express mention of his handsome features and of the "fine eyes, full of spirit and intelligence," seems absolutely incompatible with the caricature which has been presented to the public by M. Michelet.

The figure who after Bonaparte made most impression on Mr. Jackson was undoubtedly Fouché. Whatever may have been his motives, Fouché alone among the old Republicans remained faithful to the idea of a Republic. "If Bonaparte himself with all his glory," he exclaimed in the hearing of the young diplomatist, "wished to crown himself or any other person, he would be stabbed that very day." In a certain power of dramatic effect he rivalled the First Consul himself. He draped himself, so to say, in a mystery of terror, till every one, and especially the English visitors, seem to have believed that half Paris was filled with his myrmidons. Mr. Jackson was solemnly cautioned that all French teachers and valets acted as his spies, and that "he has now under his direction in Paris forty organized Jacobin clubs, by whose means he could put in motion an armed mob of eight thousand men." But if Fouché revelled in duping the world as to his omnipresent police and his reserve of Jacobins, he was far too cool-headed to dupe himself; and Mr. Jackson must have smiled at his own credulity when, only a few years later, he

saw this mysterious Man of the Mountain sink at the new Emperor's bidding into a commonplace Duke of Otranto. With the renewal of the war Mr. Jackson was transferred in his brother's company to the Prussian Court, and in the dull atmosphere of Berlin little opportunity was to be found for lively gossip. It is amusing to notice how, on the disappearance of peace, the hero with whose personal grandeur the young *attaché* had been so vividly impressed shrinks into "that great Lilliputian," and how in the later pages of the diary he becomes an "infamous Corsican." The chief subject of discussion on the arrival of the Embassy at Berlin seems to have been his assumption of the Imperial title and his approaching coronation. A rumour of the day, which we have not seen reported before, shows with what wonderful force the older conception of the Imperial dignity still retained its hold on the popular imagination. "Among the various projects we hear of for the re-establishment of the Western Empire, the most recent one is that Bonaparte intends to restore to Germany the provinces lately ceded to France on the left bank of the Rhine, and to hold them as a distinct sovereignty, to which the Electoral dignity is to be annexed. He will then cause himself to be elected King of the Romans, and in time succeed to the Imperial crown of Germany." While Berlin entertained itself with antiquarian dreams of this sort, its Court amused the English diplomatist by its steady adherence to all the ceremonies of the past. The death of the Queen-mother was celebrated by a Court of Condolence, which Mr. Jackson notes as the most farcical spectacle he ever witnessed:—

All those who assisted at the condolence assembled, about half-past five, in a room of the palace—the ladies in black stuff dresses, and entirely enveloped in veils of black gauze, of from twelve to fifteen yards in length, which fell in a deep double fold over the face. As we had some time to wait, the chatting and laughing went on gleeefully; and the ladies, who had all thrown their veils back, were amusing themselves with sprightly comments on the droll effect of their dress. The military part of the company—whose red coats, worn over black waistcoats and inexpressibles, had certainly a very odd appearance—came in for their share of titling railery. But presently all this hilarity was silenced; every face assumed a gloomy expression, and the veils were drawn hastily down. The large centre doors of the apartment had been suddenly thrown open. Beyond them was a hall, hung with black, and daylight was excluded; the darkness being made still more visible by the feeble light of two candles, burning at the further end of the hall, and by whose pale glimmer you made out that a figure, enveloped after the same mimicry-like fashion as the other ladies, was sitting there in an arm-chair, with several others standing around her. It was Her Majesty and the princesses. The princes of the family were ranged, standing, down the sides of the hall. The ladies entered first, single file, walked slowly up the hall, made a profound curtsy to the queen, and passed on to another room; the gentlemen followed. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard, but the dull "echoes of our feet," until we reached the outer room, which was well lighted up, and where the giggling and chattering had recommenced with greater activity than before. The preparation for, and conclusion of, this scene formed so striking a contrast to the procession of *monarchs* slowly passing through the dark hall of the shadow of death, as it were, that it produced a singular effect on those who witnessed it for the first time.

From scenes such as this Prussia was soon to be roused by the terrible blow of Jena. Mr. Jackson's abilities were now recognized by the Foreign Office, and he was despatched in 1806 on a confidential mission to the Court of Berlin. His position was one of peculiar delicacy, for, while plunging into the strife with Napoleon, Prussia still held aloof from the alliance of England, and refused to surrender Hanover, though its retention made friendship between the two nations impossible. It was in an unofficial capacity, therefore, that Mr. Jackson was despatched to the scene of action by Fox, whom he saw for the last time on receiving his instructions. A ludicrous incident disturbed the interview. Fox received the envoy in his bedroom, while Mrs. Fox slipped *en déshabille* into a closet. Imprisonment, however, proved too much for her impatience, "for I had not been long in the room when she began, and kept up, a continuous *alto voce* coughing and hemming." As this failed, however, to obtain her liberation, she became at last so impatient that at the very close of the interview "she rapped on the door, and in a piping, complaining tone, called out, 'Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, my dear, the young man's gone, I think? Can't I come out, my dear? I'm so very, very cold.'" The envoy hurried to Brunswick only in time to witness the rout of Jena, and to follow the frightened Court in its flight to Magdeburg. No more striking picture of the utter imbecility of the King and his Ministers has ever been drawn than in these wayside jottings of Mr. Jackson. Only the Queen retained her courage and presence of mind in the general wreck, though suffering as much as any one from the humiliation of the Royal flight, and glad to occupy a single room in a farmhouse, "which one can hardly step out of without getting up to the ankles in mud." Meanwhile fortresses after fortresses were surrendering to a few dragons, and the Prussian army was being driven eastward like a flock of sheep. Blücher alone remained doggedly unscared by the change of fortune. Mr. Jackson tells a charming story of Napoleon's utter failure in an attempt to convert him into an advocate of surrender and peace during a stay at the French head-quarters. "Blücher does not understand a word of French, and his orders to his son, who acted as his interpreter, were never to translate to him anything that Bonaparte might say which had the slightest allusion to a Prussian peace." This almost equals Nelson's resolute application of the telescope to his blind eye.

Mr. Jackson was forced to look helplessly on at the Peace of Tilsit, which closed the great tragedy of Prussia's overthrow; but, though indignant with Alexander for his alliance with France,

he fairly points out the compulsion under which the young Emperor was acting. "Letters from the interior of Russia describe the misery and want that reign there as beyond all conception"; then, as in the Crimean war, the inner resources of the great Northern State were far from being equal to her outer fighting power; and "the general cry is for peace." In addition to the general distress, Russian Poland was on the verge of revolt, and a conspiracy was brewing in the heart of the Imperial Court, "a cabal in fact such as it would be difficult to conceive the existence of in any country but Russia or Turkey. The Grand Duke was at the head of it, and even went so far as to threaten his brother by reminding him of his father's fate." There can be little doubt that Napoleon was fully aware of the stress under which Alexander acted, and that we must explain in his way his utter disregard of the Emperor's intercessions for his Prussian ally. It is curious to note the exact similarity of the policy of France towards conquered Prussia as sketched out in these pages by Napoleon to that of Prussia towards conquered France as explained with equal candour by Prince Bismarck. "The Prussians breathe nothing but vengeance against France," said Bonaparte to a Russian officer at Tilsit, "and desire peace only as a means in time of executing it; but they deceive themselves greatly if they expect to rise again to the height of a great Power, for their wings shall now be so closely cut as to preclude all possibility of their ever again disturbing us." In his words to the King we have only to substitute Metz for Magdeburg, and Paris for Berlin, to make them identical with the famous phrase of the Prime Minister:—"Sachez que je veux abaisser la Prusse, et garder Magdebourg pour entrer quand je veux dans Berlin. Je ne connais que deux sentiments, la vengeance et la haine; il y doit en avoir à l'avenir une haine contre les Français en Prusse; mais je la mettrai hors d'état de nuire." The gloom of the catastrophe is lightened by the liveliness of the young negotiator, who manages to conduct flirtations under the most trying circumstances. In the dark days after Jena he finds amusement in the privilege of admission to her toilette which has been accorded to him by the "grande maîtresse," Madame de Voss, with whose ample charms Sir Robert Wilson seems to have been deeply smitten. "It is dull enough to see her under the hands of her friseur while she is laughing and flirting." The beauty of her Royal mistress made a yet stronger impression, and one of the greatest sacrifices the young envoy ever made to his feelings of loyalty was in dutifully recognizing a likeness to his "Queen of Hearts" in the homely features of her aunt, Queen Charlotte. Some of his pleasantest hours are spent in helping Her Prussian Majesty with her ladies to make lint for the wounded. "I fear, however, that the smiles of the Royal beauty stimulate the efforts of most of her employes much more than do the sufferings of the poor fellows whose wounds she would bind up and whose wants she is so anxious to do all in her power to supply." From these pleasant employments he was soon recalled to take part in the expedition against Copenhagen, in which his brother figured as British Envoy, and of the success of which he was the first to bring news to England. His sketch of the bombardment and conflagration of the town can hardly now be read without a shuddering pity:—

The city was on fire in three places. I never saw, nor can well conceive, a more awful, yet magnificent spectacle. It was the beginning of the bombardment in *formid*. We saw and heard it going on until daylight, as we lay in our cots; and as the work of destruction proceeded, I cannot describe to you the appalling effect it had on me. Our cabin was illuminated with an intensely red glow, then suddenly wrapped in deep gloom, as the flames rose and fell, while the vessel quivered and every plank in her was shaken by the loud reverberation of the cannon.

In the afternoon the firing began again with greater fury than ever, and for two or three hours there was a tremendous blaze. The wind was high; the flames spread rapidly, and towards night vividly illumined the horizon, so that at the distance of five miles from the city we could see each other on the quarter-deck as if it had been broad daylight, and into the city in the same manner; the intervening ships forming very picturesque objects.

Admiral Gambier had ordered the *Sully* to be in readiness for me, and I proceeded on my voyage the same night. Ere I left, the fire had increased to a prodigious height, the principal church was in flames, looking like a pyramid of fire, and the last I saw and heard of the ill-fated city was the falling-in of the steeple with a tremendous crash, and the distant loud hurrahs it occasioned along our line.

It is not often, however, that Mr. Jackson rises to a tragical tone. He is happier in the shrewd observations on men and manners which fill the pages of his Spanish Diary, and in his piquant sketches of Mr. Frere and Lady Holland. A vein of caution, which deepens as he grows older, tempers his criticisms on the pompous and frivolous noblemen who were constantly employed by the Foreign Office to undo all that had been effected by shrewder but less aristocratic envoys of the stamp of the Jacksons. The same caution perhaps necessitated his reticence about English politics. The two brothers seem to have aimed at being simply public servants, and to have kept aloof as far as possible from the party ties of their day. Of Pitt we only learn that the last book he read was a novel, and that *The Novice of St. Dominic* was in wonderful request after his death. The mother of the two diplomats must be responsible for a wonderful story of Erskine's grief at his wife's death, and of the Bishop of London's refusal to consecrate his garden, where the new Lord Chancellor wished to bury her. But caution and reticence on this side of the Channel are more than atoned for by the lively peeps of men and things on the other side which we gain from these diaries. We note one or two slips in the editing, which

seems for the most part to have been carefully done. Bonaparte is not likely to have addressed a "Sénatus Consultum" to the French Senate, nor the Abbé Siéyès to have received "the appointment of Member of the Sénat Conservateur." Nor, remembering the date of the Treaty of Campo Formio, six years before, do we understand the following passage from the diary under the date of June 12, 1804:—"The Doge of Venice has proposed to unite that country to France. Bonaparte, we hear, was expected there about this time to complete the arrangement."

#### MR. AND MRS. FAWCETT'S ESSAYS.\*

THE volume before us is due to the combined efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett. The general nature of its contents will probably be anticipated by most of our readers, to whom the names of the writers are familiar. Mr. Fawcett discusses various questions connected with pauperism, and explains what is in his view the right thing to be done with the House of Lords. Mrs. Fawcett dilates on the various wrongs of women, and moreover sets forth, with the zeal of a thoroughgoing disciple, the merits of Mr. Hare's scheme of representation. We may say briefly that she has certainly added strength to one favourite argument of the supporters of female franchise. She can write clearly and argue logically; and although we shall presently have to point out certain defects, as they appear to us, in her mode of reasoning, we have nothing to say against the style and temper of her performance. Perhaps both Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett are a little too certain of their own infallibility, and too much convinced that the very last word upon political and philosophical questions has been said by Mr. Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer. A certain confident dogmatism is characteristic of the Radical school, to which both writers belong, and their opponents will be apt to think that it is due rather to intellectual narrowness than to their having completely exhausted all possible objections to their theories. It is wonderful how simple all questions become when you have unhesitatingly accepted the platform of an extreme party.

Mr. Fawcett is a Pharisee of the Pharisees, a Radical of the purest water, incapable of flinching from the widest possible application of the true creed. There are indeed some topics upon which his authority is open to a certain amount of suspicion. We do not now speak of his political action, which is not to our present purpose; but of his divergence in theory from some of the advanced members of his school. He occupies towards them a position analogous to that which the Old Catholics maintain in regard to the Ultramontane party. His, so he maintains, is the genuine old Radical creed; and some who boast of being more thoroughgoing than himself are really straying from the true path. Though we cannot decide which is the genuine article, we may admit that it is highly to Mr. Fawcett's credit that he preserves an independence which is by no means too common amongst any section of politicians; and the opening essays of the volume are interesting as incidentally giving his explanation of the main cause of the contrast. The sentiment to which Mr. Fawcett adheres, and which, as he thinks, has become far too unpopular with modern Radicals, is an extreme jealousy of Government interference. He declines to lay down any general principle on the subject, and appears to think that it is possible to apply what is called the *laissez-faire* doctrine too unreservedly. Indeed, if we understand him rightly, he holds it to be impossible to lay down any general criterion whatever of the propriety of State intervention. But, whilst theoretically maintaining a neutral attitude, he is practically opposed to almost all the recent movements in favour of extending the sphere of Government action. He objects, with honourable independence of spirit, to the various schemes for enforcing temperance by law; he protests against the attempt to regulate the hours of labour, and to the other methods by which, with more or less disguise, it is sought to fix wages by direct legislation. On these and many other matters he speaks strongly and reasonably; and Mrs. Fawcett, whose opinions on this point appear to be coincident with those of her husband, writes an essay in the same spirit to denounce the plan of providing gratuitous education. The strain of argument strikes us as at times a little exaggerated, and more frequently as rather narrow. Undoubtedly it is a serious objection to any system such as that of free education that it tends to weaken the sense of responsibility of parents for their children; but the consideration is only one amongst many; and one becomes after a time a little wearied of the application to every social question of the one test—Will it or will it not tend to "discourage providence with regard to marriages"? Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett seem to regard the tendency to indiscriminate multiplication of the population with a kind of nervous irritability; it is in their opinion an evil so enormous that all others sink by its side into insignificance; and the main remedy for it is that Government should do nothing, and leave people to take the natural consequence of their own recklessness. Although it seems to us that the constant insisting upon this doctrine implies a rather inadequate standard of judgment, we agree that it is an important one to keep before the public mind; and the more unwelcome it is to the average British constituent, the more credit is due to the member who seeks to impress it upon him. This,

\* *Essays and Lectures on Social and Political Subjects.* By H. Fawcett and Millicent Garrett Fawcett. London: Macmillan & Co.

however, is only one application of that jealousy of the action of the State which Mr. Fawcett shares with the older school of political economists. He sees with regret their manifold backslidings in various directions; and he attributes this growing mischief, so far as we can understand him, to the inoculation of English workmen with foreign ideas. Our artisans, he thinks, are being infected with alarming Socialist theories to which sanction has been unthinkingly given even by Conservative statesmen. We confess that we are not quite satisfied with this account of a movement of thought which appears to us to have wider causes. There has long been an increasing reaction against that conception of the State which would reduce it to be merely a machinery for the suppression of thieves and murderers. And, to dwell upon no other cause, the growing centralization of society is naturally favourable to a growth in the activity of Government. The social organism, as Mr. Herbert Spencer calls it, is far more compact than it has ever been before; and the remotest parts of the system are brought into far more intimate connexion with the centre. Such a process cannot take place without giving greater energy to the central Government and presenting stronger inducements to turn its influence to account in a variety of ways. What used, for example, to be a local quarrel between a few masters and men in a particular district, now tends to become a war between two social strata; the nation is interested, and national modes of interference are invoked on both sides. The same tendencies might be traced out in innumerable other directions; everywhere a number of distinct centres of force have coalesced and, as it were, become nationalized; and under such circumstances, it is likely enough that the demand for State interference will rather grow than diminish. What is really to be desired is that the State should interfere on well-considered principles, and should pay due regard to individual liberty. At present there is too often a mixture of tyranny and undue relaxation, and a blundering attempt to remove an evil by a direct law without taking the trouble to examine into its probable operation. Mr. Fawcett's protests may do good service in restraining the precipitate application of hasty remedies, and he very ably exposes some of their natural consequences. That he will arrest the tendency to centralization we do not in the least believe, but he may help to disperse many unfounded anticipations and to discourage a good deal of exceedingly mischievous political quackery.

One measure which he ardently advocates, but which is principally treated by Mrs. Fawcett in the volume before us, might possibly do more to encourage the evil he denounces than all his eloquence would do to impede it. Mrs. Fawcett thinks it grossly wrong and inconsistent in any Liberal to object to the female franchise because it might possibly lead to Conservative legislation. This depends, as it seems to us, upon whether you consider voting power as a means or an end. But, however that may be, we certainly imagine that nothing could tend to increase the sphere of Government action so decisively as the concession of the suffrage to women. They would cure very little, we suspect, for the theoretical scruples which move Mrs. Fawcett, and would be ready to support State education, State emigration, State suppression of drunkenness, and every other device for making everybody comfortable and happy by Act of Parliament. Feminine impulsiveness and enthusiasm would, if we may trust our present experience, be awkward ingredients to be encountered by cool-headed political economists. Of course Mrs. Fawcett will reply that we are wrong in our appreciation of the feminine character; that, even if we are right, political education will speedily cure these defects; and that, right or wrong, justice must have precedence of everything. It is indeed possible, and Mrs. Fawcett accepts the conclusion complacently, that the result of yielding the franchise to women might be the repudiation of all the other political principles which Mrs. Fawcett most values. The woman of the present is certainly Conservative in most matters, and it is rather odd to contemplate the possible state of mind of our enthusiastic Radicals if they should find that they had, politically speaking, cut their own throats by adherence to abstract principles. A more liberal administration of the Poor-law would, for example, in Mr. Fawcett's opinion, utterly ruin the self-respect and independence of the nation; but a more liberal administration of the Poor-law is certainly not an improbable result of the admission of women to the franchise, which is supposed to be a kind of panacea for all political evils. On his own showing, then, it would seem that we are making a jump in the dark, and that the very remedy which he most strongly advocates may lead to the very evils which he most strongly deprecates. It is not our business to solve this puzzle; but we might perhaps suggest both to Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett that they, like most of their school, attach exaggerated importance to mere questions of political machinery. Mrs. Fawcett, for example, tells a pathetic story of "three well-known Liberal members of Parliament" who lately sat up till four in the morning discussing the future of their party. The discussion resulted in a confession that when the Land Bill (it does not appear what Land Bill) and the Education Bill were passed, their occupation would be gone. Mrs. Fawcett very properly ridicules the singular limitation of their ideas; and yet there is some meaning in it; for whenever a destructive is to be replaced by a constructive policy, it must be admitted that the old-fashioned Liberal policy will be in difficulties. Mrs. Fawcett, however, proceeds to give her own programme; and it seems that she believes that every good thing will be secured by adopting Mr. Hare's scheme of voting. That scheme

might possibly be an improvement in some respects on the present; it might remove some obvious inequalities, and possibly make it easier for a few distinguished persons to retain seats in Parliament. But we confess that we have always thought it one of the most singular illustrations of the incapacity for political imagination sometimes exhibited by philosophers, that any rational person, and much more any really able thinker, should ever have persuaded himself that by such a mere shuffling of the cards the whole world of politics should be regenerated. Mrs. Fawcett fancies that corruption would disappear. We do not say that it would be increased, though certainly it would be more convenient in some respects to bribe people wherever you have a good chance than to be forced to bribe them in a particular place under the eyes of familiar adversaries. But, given people wanting to buy power and people wanting to sell it, the notion that any shifting of the mere mechanism should at once make them pure, or, not making them pure, should render them incapable of coming to terms, is to us the wildest of dreams. This is the characteristic weakness of our present race of doctrinaires, but it would be unfair not to observe that in the present volume it is counterbalanced by much shrewd sense and appropriate argument.

#### GOVER'S INDIAN FOLK-SONGS.\*

ANY one who will take the trouble to collect the genuine folk-songs of that part of India about which Mr. Gover writes, to edit them carefully, and to translate them faithfully, will confer a great obligation on many classes of scholars. Mr. Gover does not profess to have undertaken so serious a task as this. He has not attempted by any means fully to reap the rich harvest of popular poetry of which Southern India can boast; he has only plucked here and there a few of its fruits, and now offers them to view as "samples" of the crop. He claims, however, the merit of having taken pains to secure good specimens of the popular poetry "of each family of the great Dravidian nation"—of having given "the pleasant labour of years" to their selection in the plains where dwell the Tamil and Telugu peoples; on the Mysore plateau, the home of Canarese; among the hills and valleys of the Neilgherries and Western Ghats, sheltering the stalwart tribes of Coorg and the humble Madagas of Ootacamund; along the narrow strip of low-lying coast that parts the sea from the Western Ghats and gives a home to the Malayalam tongue. That the poems which Mr. Gover cites are of considerable interest no reader is likely to deny; but how far many of them merit the special designation which he has given to them is a question on which he and his critics will probably be at variance. Few of these are likely to consider that didactic poems composed by ascetic philosophers have more claim to be styled "folk-songs" than have the plays of which Mr. Gover almost needlessly remarks that they are "so dreadfully long, requiring several days for their representation, that they cannot possibly be brought within the class of songs." There will doubtless be specialists among his critics also who will find fault with Mr. Gover's treatment of his subject. Before taking leave of his book we shall mention a few of the objections which they may raise. But we will first take a glance at its contents from the point of view of the general reader, to whom it may be recommended as a work likely to mitigate the supercilious contempt with which Englishmen are too apt to regard their dusky fellow-subjects in what they are pleased to consider the barbaric East.

The description which is given of the singers who wander with their poetic wares from village to village is very interesting, recalling as it does the accounts of the rhapsodists and other minstrels who used to lead a roving life in more Western climes, and whose descendants still make their voices heard, though with fast failing strength, in the less civilized of European lands. It is pleasant to one pent within a populous city from which national melodies have long been driven by the din of the hurdy-gurdy, the banjo, and the German band, to read of the quiet Indian village into which the travelling singer enters in the cool of the evening, bent upon earning his board and lodging by his voice. There, in Mr. Gover's sketch, we see the minstrel sitting within the porch of the pagoda, his simple musical instrument in his hand, his huge begging shell at his feet. On their return from the fields the villagers, "weary with their labours, anxious for some sober excitement," throng to hear him, and soon the ground in front of the temple is occupied by groups of eagerly listening men, women, and children. He begins by some religious invocation, and then passes to short songs, each of which has a chorus attached to it. When a song is familiar to the audience, "before the bard has finished the long-drawn-out note with which he ends his verse, the villagers have taken up their part, and the loud chorus swells on the evening breeze." The singing goes on, interrupted from time to time by the circuit of the begging-shell, into which a shower of pice is poured, until darkness closes in. Then the listeners disperse, and the minstrel goes home to supper with the headman of the village.

Most of these singers belong, we are told, "to the anomalous class called *attavan*, the sons of dancing-girls"; and, as men who know nothing of their fathers, they can claim no caste. Many of the members of this class enroll themselves in the ranks

\* *The Folk-Songs of Southern India.* By Charles E. Gover. Madras: Higginbotham & Co. 1871.

of the "devotees named *dasas*, or slaves to the Deity," who bind themselves by a vow of poverty, and wander about the country begging and singing. Of a livelihood they are always sure, for none dare to despise the "slave of God," and he must be invited, listened to, and rewarded "at weddings and feasts, at fasts and funerals, at sowing and harvest, at full moon and *sankranti* (the passing of the equator as the sun changes its tropic)." The songs they sing naturally differ in various parts of the country. In some places, what Mr. Gover considers the original popular poetry has disappeared; in others it still flourishes. The Hill tribes, for instance, "have songs for every event in life. They cut the first sheaves of harvest to a song. They come into life, are married, and die to the music of some chant, song, or requiem." Among the Badagas of the Neilgherry Hills, according to Mr. Gover, dance and song while away the moonlight nights, during which the belated traveller will often hear "the distant chant, the loud and sudden chorus, and then again the floating strain of the single singer," bearing witness that round some mossy stone a group of villagers is listening to and joining in the song of some wandering bard. Among the most remarkable of the songs given by Mr. Gover is a dirge which is sung by the Badagas before a corpse is burnt. After a wild dance has been executed, in which the performers "are supposed to be accompanying the parted soul in its rapid flight to the feet of God," and the dead men's relations have walked in solemn procession around his remains, a buffalo-calf, which has been carefully selected for the purpose, is brought within the circle of mourners, one of whom lays his hand upon its head, and begins chanting the dirge, which contains a general confession of sin. The singer begins by assuming that the deceased has committed all possible sins, which are supposed to amount to thirteen hundred in number. Then he enters into details, crying, for instance, "He killed the crawling snake; it is a sin." After him the bystanders repeat in chorus, "It is a sin," and as they shout the chief performer lays his hand upon the calf, to which the sin is supposed to be transferred. After the whole catalogue of sins has been gone through, "then, still in solemn silence, the calf is let loose. Like the Jewish scapegoat, it may never be used for secular work. It is sacred, bearing till death the sins of a human being."

We are glad to learn from Mr. Gover's book that the Rev. F. Metz has filled two large folio volumes with his collection of Badaga poetry, one of which, it is to be hoped, will not long be allowed to remain unpublished. The Madras Government also "has authorised the Commissioner of the Neilgherries, J. W. Brecks, Esq., to make an exhaustive examination of the history, religion, customs, and antiquities of the Neilgherry tribes," so that much fuller information than has hitherto been available about a most interesting people may before long be expected.

With the exception of the "scape-calf" dirge of the Badagas, by far the most interesting of the songs quoted by Mr. Gover are the work of Canarese poets. Some of them have already been made known to the scientific world by Dr. Mögling, in two excellent articles headed "Lieder kanaresischer Sanger," which appeared in the fourteenth and eighteenth volumes of the *Zeitschrift der deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, and which give the original text of twenty-four songs, together with a German version. They are for the most part not so much songs, in our sense of the word, as philosophic speculations; the moralizings of a teacher who takes a very gloomy view of life, and is always calling attention to the fact that it is encompassed by sorrows and jealously watched by death. It is difficult to imagine anything less like the song that lightens toil than the jeremiad commencing

Oh! what is food to me! Death stands so near!  
Morn, noon, and night his angels close appear.  
In one short day they snatched, as past they ran,  
My friend, my foe, the young, the grey-haired man.  
Their wealth doth stay behind, although so dear.  
There is no joy for me, my life is drear.

Chorus.—How near is death! Mercy he cannot bring.  
Then, oh, my heart, cease from the world and cling  
With all thy power to tender Lakshmi's king.

And it might well puzzle the reader to understand how such a lamentation could have attained to popularity, were he not told, by Dr. Mögling, that it was composed in all probability by an ascetic of great fame—the renowned hymn-writer Purandara, who, from being a miser, with his whole heart set upon the acquisition of wealth, was converted into a poverty-loving "servant of God" by a miracle in which his wife's nose-ring played a prominent part. There is nothing wonderful in the fact that such moralists as he, after long meditations on the ineffable greatness of the Creator and the contemptible littleness of the creature, on the brevity of human life and the bewildering immensurability of divine existence, should come to the conclusion that

Our life is but a sea of sorrow,  
This comes, that goes, the old, old way;  
No joy will last beyond to-morrow,  
Even grief and pain—they will not stay;

or should exclaim:—

Great Lord, my boyish years were one long pain,  
Although they seemed to pass in play. For play  
Is nought but pain, in that it brings disdain  
Of God and holy things.

But it is strange that rustics, wearied by a long day's work in the fields, should turn for relaxation, not to say amusement, to what are really hymns of an unusually lugubrious nature. Perhaps,

however, they may be like the Russian peasants, who often dance with perfect cheerfulness to the accompaniment of a song which breathes the accents of inconsolable woe.

Of the specimens of Tamil poetry given by Mr. Gover, the greater part deserve to be called folk-songs still less than the Canarese hymns already mentioned. But as illustrations of the teaching of the great religious leaders of old times, too high a value cannot well be set upon such poems as that beginning

God is the one great all. Can such as He,  
Eternal Being, see our praise or prayer  
In outward acts? If thou wouldst worship Him,  
Lift up thy heart—in spirit serve thy God;

or the stanzas on the "Unity of God," the first of which is—

Into the bosom of the one great sea  
Flow streams that come from hills on every side.  
Their names are various as their springs.  
And thus in every land do men bow down  
To one great God, though known by many names.  
This mighty Being we would worship now.

The "Labour Songs" which follow these grave utterances are more entitled to the designation which Mr. Gover has given them. We can scarcely say as much for the Malayalam poems about various Brahmanic deities, or the Telugu hymns commencing

What animals ye are who worship stones,  
And care not for the God that dwells within!  
How can a stone excel the living thing  
That praise intones?

Or,

To pray and serve yet not be pure,  
In dirty pot to place good food,  
To worship God while sins endure,  
Can never turn to good.

As for the specimens from the Cural, there can be no pretence for calling them "Folk-Songs," but they are well deserving of a place in a sketch of Indian religious teaching and sentiment. It is in the light of such a sketch that we prefer to look upon Mr. Gover's book, and as such we recommend it as being likely to dispel some of the most prevalent of English delusions about India. Of the remarks purporting to be scientific made by Mr. Gover, the less said the better. But we must express our unqualified disapprobation of his jaunty and self-confident method of dealing with philological problems. All the great scholars who have discussed the question of the Dravidian languages, and have come to the conclusion that they do not belong to the Aryan family, are contemptuously dismissed by Mr. Gover with the assertion that they are utterly in the wrong. He informs us that "the Dravidian nations have preserved with singular purity the vocabulary they brought with them" from, we suppose, the original home of our own remote ancestors in Central Asia. But the only piece of evidence which he vouchsafes in proof of this sweeping assertion is the fact that the greater portion of the Dravidian words which were grouped as "Seythian" by Dr. Caldwell "are included in Fick's *Indogermanische Grundsprache* as Aryan roots." We do not attach much importance to Dr. Caldwell's "Seythian" theory, but we wish we could recognize in Mr. Gover's unhesitating utterances a little of the caution employed and the diffidence expressed by the learned author of the *Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages*. Had Mr. Gover possessed any share of it, he would scarcely have given so much prominence to the extraordinary philological operation which he performs in his introduction upon the unfortunate word *Pey*, a devil.

#### BLUNT'S KEY TO CHURCH HISTORY.\*

THIS small volume seems to be one of a series, of which we do not remember to have seen any of the other members. But the list contains a *Key to the Knowledge of Church History [Ancient]*, which is also "edited" by Mr. Blunt, and a *Key to the Knowledge and Use of the Holy Bible*, which seems to be not only edited by Mr. Blunt, but to be his own composition. Of these the "Key to the Bible"—to give it what in Parliamentary language is called a "short title"—will, according to the *Clerical Journal*, be "extensively circulated in Church families," while, as the "Key to Ancient Church History" is pronounced by the *Rock* to be a "very terse and reliable collection," it may perhaps find its way into Gospel families also. We have been trying to guess what would be the feelings of any man able to read and write on finding that what he had written or edited was pronounced "reliable" by the *Rock*. We can only guess that a slight approach to the shock might be found in our own feelings some time back, when we were asked to give something to a library at Chicago "on grounds of racial sympathy." To us indeed the painful thing would be to be called "reliable" at all, whether by the *Rock* or by the *Church Times*; but for Mr. Blunt to be called anything which is meant for praise at the hands of the *Rock* must be still more painful on other grounds. We do not indeed know what may be meant when it is said that the "Key" before us was "edited" by Mr. Blunt. That word may in itself mean anything, from the editor writing the book himself, to his writing a preface to a book which he has not read. As the "Key" has no preface, it is at least clear that it

\* A Key to the Knowledge of Church History [Modern]. Edited by John Henry Blunt, M.A. Livingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1872.]



cannot be used in this last sense. We may however suppose that it implies some kind of general approval on the part of Mr. Blunt. Now to Mr. Blunt, if he is at all responsible for his "Key," one would think that the praises of the *Rock* must be specially disagreeable. For it is plain that after the most straitest sect of our religion he lives an Anglican. He walks steadily along the edge of the razor which divides the two dark abysses of "Romanism on the one hand and Dissent on the other." Now this frame of mind, like any other theological frame of mind, has its right to full and candid toleration. Historically viewed, it has something to be said for it and something against it. On the one hand, the rigid Anglican is sometimes tempted to give up being an Anglican and to turn Bignon instead. On the other hand, he may be trusted to take in the historical and legal continuity of the English Church through all the changes of the sixteenth century. The Papist, the Puritan, and the Latitudinarian might all admit that manifest truth without in any way giving up their several theological positions. But, as a matter of fact, they are not commonly very ready to do so. But to the strict Anglican the corporate or personal identity of the existing Church of England with the Church of Anselm and of Augustine is the very life and soul of his whole theory. There is no fear of his thinking that the Church of England was founded by Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth; he is in no way bound to the angelic perfection of Edward the Sixth, nor is it important to his position to fix very accurately the exact year of the B. Reformation. All these are decided merits to be balanced against weaknesses the other way; and if our rigid Anglican, like the rigid anything else, lays on his colours and dispenses his epithets according to his own way of thinking, it is no more than is done by most people of all other ways of thinking. If, therefore, Mr. Blunt, or the nameless writer whom he edits, tells his story systematically from his own point of view—if from that point of view he lays on praise and blame according to rule—we have no more to say against him than against partizan writers of any other side. But it somehow strikes us that partizan writing is in a manner softened when it has a good deal of room to display itself in. When the partizan has a field wide enough to argue his case, to give something like a full statement of his own position and the position of his enemies, the bitterness of controversial writing is in some degree tempered. But when the history of a controversial time is crowded up into a very short space, its bitterness is a good deal increased. The actual language need not be any fiercer than in a work on a larger scale. But the whole thing is somehow sharpened; we get, as it were, the concentrated essence of *odium theologicum*. There is an air of assumption and priggishness which might not show itself so strongly if exactly the same way of looking at things were spread over more pages. Still we can put up with all this and everything else, as long as people will keep to truth of statement in matters of fact. And without binding either great books or small to a strictly annalistic method, we hold that a summary, above all things—and we suppose that a *Key* does in some sort partake of the character of a summary—should have a fair regard to chronological order, and should not too ambitiously affect that system of arrangement by subjects, rather than by dates, which is often successful in works on a greater scale.

Looking with these feelings at the "Key" now before us, we are driven by a strong sense of duty to appear in a character which is new to us, that of champions of King Henry the Eighth. But Sir Thomas More himself laid down the rule that sin it were to belie the Devil, and we presume that he would not have wished his own murderer to be shut out from the benefit of that charitable doctrine. Now we must charge Mr. Blunt, or whoever it is that Mr. Blunt has taken under his protection, with belying Henry the Eighth to no small amount. We do not think that we ever read a passage more flagrantly unfair than the following:—

The King's favourites and courtiers were allowed to seize on monasteries and nunneries almost at their will, and only a very small portion, something like a fiftieth part of the whole, was devoted to founding new bishoprics and kindred objects. Some of the monks received small pensions, many more were put to death or died of grief and want, and others lived on in great distress and poverty. Many of the lay monks turned to secular employments for a livelihood, while a few of those in Holy Orders were presented to benefices.

Now who would think from this that the rule—a rule to which there may have been exceptions, but which certainly was fairly carried out in the great mass of cases—was that each monk received either a pension or some ecclesiastical preferment? There were monks receiving their pensions as late as the time of James the First, and, though the pensions of the ordinary monks were not large, they were certainly enough to keep them from dying of want. As for "dying of grief," or "living on in great distress," such things—at all events the latter—always happen in all great revolutions; but in this case at least they were certainly not caused by actual want of bodily sustenance. Such a statement as this leaves wholly out of sight the many cases in which monks were at once appointed to offices elsewhere, or even went on in their old homes under new titles. From Mr. Blunt's account no one would dream of such a state of things as that of Peterborough, where the last Abbot became the first Bishop, and the Prior of St. Andrew's at Northampton the first Dean, or that of Christ Church, Canterbury, where the Prior went on as Dean, and a large body of the monks became Prebendaries, Minor Canons, and other officers of the new foundation. As for many of the monks being "put to death," it is certain that the whole number of monks put to death on one

ground or another, from the beginning to the end of Henry's reign, would, if added up, look unpleasantly large. But to talk in this way, while describing the suppression of the monasteries, of many monks—"many more" than those who received pensions—being "put to death," would suggest the idea that the suppression of a monastery was much such a process as taking a town by storm, and that it is apt to be accompanied by a massacre. And this comes after a statement that "many monks and abbots who refused to surrender their abbey, or reveal where the treasures of their houses were hidden, suffered cruel deaths as traitors"; it comes after an account of the execution—we have no objection to calling it the murder or the martyrdom—of Abbot Whiting of Glastonbury; it comes after the oddly worded statement that, besides Whiting, "to intimidate the rest, several of these old dignitaries"—that is, we presume, the Abbots of Reading and Colchester—"were executed." The writer seems to be in much the same state as a person of an inquiring mind who was once found—we think it was on an archaeological excursion—in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury Tor. On hearing that there it was that the last Abbot was hanged, the question came, in a tone of deep sympathy, "Was it usual to hang the Abbots?" Mr. Blunt, or whoever it is that he edits, evidently thinks that it was usual.

It is hardly necessary to go all through the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as the reader can pretty well guess the treatment which most controversial subjects are likely to meet with at such hands. But in turning over the pages we light on an odd statement that in the latter years of William the Third the name "Low Church" "was given to those who sided with Government in oppressing the Church and favouring Dissenters." Now we really do not know what is meant by oppressing the Church, because the writer, though he expresses himself very guardedly, does not directly commit himself to the Non-juring schism. And, except the deprivation of the Non-juring clergy, we really do not see what act in England—and the writer is not here speaking of Scotland—at this time can be called oppression of the Church. We will not believe that it is held to be oppression of the Church when an end is put to the oppression of Dissenters. In the next page we are amused by reading, as if it were something very frightful, of a sermon of Hoadley, "in which the doctrine of the divine right of kings was openly attacked, and the will of the people stated to be that by which rulers govern." And directly after we read how Hoadley was made Bishop of Bangor, and how "a few months after his appointment the new bishop wrote a treatise which denied, not only the divine right of kings, but also the value of episcopacy and Church ordinances." There is something not a little pleasing in the calm way in which the figment of the first half of the seventeenth century is assumed as an eternal truth, which only the most abandoned of men could think of doubting. Coming nearer to our own times we get such an odd union of things as the following:—

In A.D. 1858 Jews were admitted into Parliament, and in the same year an agitation was set on foot for obtaining a revision of the Book of Common Prayer in such a direction as would eliminate from it all distinctive Church doctrine.

We suppose that there is meant to be some connexion between the two events which are thus divided by nothing greater than a comma; but we certainly had never remarked that the Jewish members of the House had devoted themselves in any marked way to movements tending to "eliminate"—whatever that may be—distinctive doctrine of any kind. It is doubtless with a little bit of spite that we read in the next page—

The hope of tranquillizing Ireland was an argument much insisted on for obtaining the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act in A.D. 1828 (sic), though the measure cannot be said in this way to have answered the expectations of its promoters.

Then comes the abolition of the ten Irish Bishoprics, and lastly:—

In A.D. 1869, a similarly arbitrary measure completed the work of spoliation by disestablishing and disendowing the Church of Ireland, its revenues being confiscated to a large extent for the support of Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums.

We have not the least objection to the use of the word "confiscated." The revenues of the Irish Church were confiscated, rightly and lawfully confiscated, by that power which alone has authority to confiscate anything. But we have no doubt that the writer thought that a very clever point was made by using the word "confiscate" in its vulgar Disraelite sense of "rob." There is of course a great deal about modern controversies, and the Tractarian movement is described as beginning from "the dangers which threatened the Church from the new constitution of the House of Commons through the admission of Dissenters by the Reform Bill of A.D. 1832." This is a feature of the Reform Bill of which we certainly never heard before. But we will not go through the whole story of modern disputes, as it may be more edifying to show how perfectly impartial our *via media* writer is, and how little inclined to show more pity to the error of excess than to the error of defect. Here is the history of what was once famous under the name of the Papal Aggression:—

In A.D. 1850, Pope Pius IX. formally established the schismatical position of the Romanists in England, by appointing an Archbishop of Westminster and twelve other Roman bishops. The excitement caused by this un-

authorized intrusion of foreign bishops into dioceses already provided with bishops of the Church of England was very great, but unfortunately too much mixed up with unreasonable fanaticism to produce any serviceable or permanent results.

Now this way of speaking of Roman Catholics in England, as schismatics, dissenters, and the like, does always seem to us to be the very extreme of orthodox priggishness. No doubt such language is the logical inference from the strict Anglican theory, but it is just one of those points on which the common sense of mankind revolts against logic. So again we have the same sort of priggishness when we read of "a Council held at Rome, and falsely called (Ecumenical, in A.D. 1870." Falsely no doubt, as, without any theory, we may learn from any map which takes in Constantinople, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch. But that point of view will not supply the special delight with which we feel sure that Mr. Blunt or his author wrote down the words "falsely called (Ecumenical."

While dealing with the map, we must copy an amazing piece of ecclesiastical geography:—

Those portions of Switzerland which remained Catholic were, until the time of the French Revolution, under the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Constance, Mentz, Besançon, and Milan. After the Treaty of A.D. 1815 the Pope appointed a vicar apostolic to govern the Swiss Church, but this arrangement was unsatisfactory to the country, and by a Concordat effected in A.D. 1845 five bishoprics were erected, the apostolic nuncio at Lucerne acting as metropolitan.

Now the description of the former state of things is so hopeless a jumble that it would take a page to set forth all the mistakes; so we will only ask our readers to compare it with Spruner's ecclesiastical maps. As for the state of things now, we do not profess to be masters of the mysteries of Legates and Vicars Apostolic; but in what conceivable sense can the Bishoprics of Chur, Sitten, Geneva, and Basel be said to have been "created in 1845"?

Lastly, we judge that in our author's eyes the persecution of Moors and Moriscos is, to say the least, not more than a venial sin:—

Notwithstanding the measures taken to rid Spain of the Moors, many of them lingered on in the country, baptized indeed, but still secretly clinging to their old faith and customs. This conduct drew forth much mistaken severity from the Spanish Inquisition, and multitudes of these Moriscos, as they were called, as well as of Jews, fell victims to their own errors and to the stern character which circumstances and national temperament had impressed on Spanish Christianity.

#### A CAST OF THE DICE.\*

IN a single volume of moderate size the *Cast of the Dice* includes a melodramatic romance and a lively novel of everyday life. Throughout the greater part of the story the various personages spend their time in picnics and dances, and in forming with one another more or less sentimental relations, which gradually settle down into two or three definite love affairs, involving a corresponding number of rivalries. Deaths and personal feuds interrupt with ingenious pertinacity the smooth course of love, until ultimately only one of the earlier blossoms is allowed to set into fruit. The throw of the dice which gives a title to the book is a method not unknown in some parts of Europe, by which two accomplished and agreeable young men on some unexplained cause of quarrel fight a mortal duel. The loser honourably performs his engagement by shooting himself through the head; and his friend determines to discover and punish the survivor. It might be objected that in such a case revenge is a violation of the conventional code of honour; but the morality of Corsica and Afghanistan is as consistent with human nature as the more refined theories of the Continental duellist. It is hardly necessary to add that the avenger falls in love with the sister of his intended victim, and that he prefers the sacrifice of his own happiness to the performance of his vow. It is either because such transactions could scarcely occur in England, or perhaps from deliberate preference of a somewhat less familiar region than a London drawing-room, that the scene of the tale is placed at Dresden, in a mixed society of English and German visitors and residents. As they are all excellent linguists, with the exception of a stupid and vulgar old gentleman who serves as the butt of the party, difference of language offers no impediment to free and pleasant intercourse. They all understand music, they all appreciate the great works of the Dresden Gallery, and some or all of them dance to perfection. For the ornamental and purely idle mode of existence which is the proper element of novels of society, no imaginary characters could be better suited. An artistic instinct suggested the introduction of deep shadows of death and revenge by way of background or shadow to a cheerful and sunny picture. It is not desirable to investigate too curiously the probability of events which are not altogether impossible.

The merit of the book consists mainly in the liveliness and unflagging spirit both of the narrative and of the dialogues. The writer is full of matter, which sometimes finds channels for itself in little digressions from the main line of the plot. The young gentlemen and ladies behave on ordinary occasions much like persons in real life; and even when they are periodically occupied with their mysteries and tragic complications, it is probable that their behaviour would in similar circumstances be found natural and suitable. The brevity of the book perhaps accounts for the

abrupt termination of some of the episodes which seem to have been originally designed for subsidiary purposes. In the preface to the *Excursion* Wordsworth compares his lyrical poems to the side aisles and chapels of a great cathedral, of which the longer work represents the nave. In that case the appendages were far more beautiful than the central mass; and indeed the relation existed only in the fancy of the architect. Mr. Julian Walters's composition rather resembles a symmetrical labyrinth of clipped yew-hedges in an old-fashioned garden. The reader eventually lights on the path which connects every entrance with the centre; but in the meantime he has been repeatedly baffled while he has tried promising openings which end in nothing. It must be admitted that his morning's walk has been by far more interesting than if it had followed a straight line in which no perplexity could have arisen. It is a doubtful question of literary morality whether a writer is bound to satisfy the expectations of experienced and sagacious students of fiction. As on the stage the chief actor almost always appears in the first or second scene of the drama, and in the most conspicuous place, it may be plausibly contended that the hero, the heroine, and the villain of a novel should be distinguished from the first by signs which may be understood by the initiated. In the *Cast of the Dice* the apparent hero of the first chapter is in the second ruthlessly put to death, and the perpetrator of the deed, instead of expanding into a villain, finally succeeds to the vacant post of hero, or rather to an equal share of the dignity, which is, as it were, put in commission. In his turn, after winning the affection of an English young lady who had been all but engaged to one of her own countrymen, he is killed in the war of 1866. It cannot be denied that a bad ending to the whole of a story, or to any branch of it, is within the competence of a novelist; but, as a general rule, preliminary disasters and slaughters ought to be perpetrated at the expense of comparative strangers to the plot. It would have been a serious misfortune if Hamlet, instead of his unknown father, had been murdered in the garden before the commencement of the play. An ethical question of a different kind is raised by the conduct, not of the author, but of the persons of his story. The German characters are supposed to be acquainted with the custom of duelling with dice, and they naturally attach no blame to the unfortunate lover who has complied with the terms of the bargain; but, with curious inconsistency, they attribute as a crime to the successful combatant his acquiescence in the result. Moralists in England may perhaps hold that a perfect philanthropist ought to release his defeated adversary from the honourable obligation of putting himself to death; but, if similar laxity were to prevail, the duel by tossing up would become ridiculous, while it would cease to be barbarous. Parolles himself would not hesitate to vindicate his honour by a mortal combat in which he would incur no danger. On the whole, if there is such a thing as duty in a moral world turned upside down, it is clear that the victorious combatant with the dice-box is bound to exact punctual payment of the stake. The combination of a strict regard for human life with proceedings which verge upon murder and suicide is almost or wholly impracticable. In the story the winning combatant, as if by an awkward attempt at compromise, adopts the worst of all possible courses. If he had adhered to the doctrines of orthodox benevolence, he ought to have released his adversary from the pledge, or rather he ought never to have fought the duel. During the three or four weeks which elapsed before the forfeiture was due he forgets his triumph, or regards it with complacency; and at last, suddenly changing his mind, he sends a letter to release his opponent, unfortunately with a wrong direction. The sympathy which attends Shylock when he is cheated by his adversaries and judges would have been largely impaired if he had at the last moment wavered in the assertion of his right; but it may be fairly contended that Shylock would have been out of place at the *person* at Dresden, as brother of the beautiful Hilda and lover of the attractive Margaret.

The function of novelists is not unlike that of painters who look around them for landscapes and groups which are suited for representation. In the background of the present picture is a Bohemian castle with a widowed mother and an old priest, both brooding over revenge for the death of the favourite nursing of the house. In the centre are the party whose destinies are determined by their short season at Dresden, while their characters are dramatically displayed by their gestures and demeanour. Nothing can be more simple than that two young people should fall desperately in love while they are gazing or pretending to gaze on the Madonna of St. Sixtus. In actual life, and by stronger reason in fiction, a much smaller cause will serve to produce a natural result. It is also in accordance with common experience that a young lady should desert her half-accepted English lover for a picturesque foreigner who dances and sings and looks melancholy, and who can even make English verses. Such transactions proceed every day, and similar proceedings are described with more or less fidelity in many novels. It is the merit of Mr. Julian Walters that he makes a composition of his materials, and that his details are bright and lifelike. But for the name in the title-page, it might have been an amusing puzzle to conjecture whether the author was not rather an authoress. There is something of the minuteness of observation which has in this art, and in no other, enabled women to attain the foremost rank; yet an accurate critic would on the whole have decided in favour of a masculine origin. The melodrama which forms an essential part of the story might be consistent with either supposition. It is by the construction of

\* *A Cast of the Dice*. By Julian Walters. London: Chapman & Hall.

character and by the expression of sentiment that male and female authors are most easily distinguished. Women seldom or never create a manly man; and it is highly probable that their rivals are equally unskilful in their delineation of women. In stories of domestic English life a rough indication is generally afforded by the choice between the drawing-room and the dining-room after dinner. Few novelists venture on a description of the mysteries with which they are respectively unacquainted. At Dresden, as might be expected, there is no temporary separation, and, as if to thwart curious inquiries, several confidential conversations among persons of the same sex are reported with apparent accuracy, or, in other words, with dramatic propriety. It is not impossible that in some respects the novel might have been better if it had been longer, inasmuch as there would have been room to work out more fully the minor characters and the collateral events. The story of the quarrel which led to the duel, and consequently to everything that happens afterwards, is left untold; and the fate of the English members of the Dresden group is somewhat hastily sketched at the end of the book. On the other hand, it is much better to be too short than to be too long; and the author has successfully avoided the fatal error of becoming tedious. With the exception of the comic old uncle, there is no one in the book whose company is troublesome; and there are many precedents of disagreeable characters who serve perhaps as foils or as indirect stimulants to readers of novels. It often happens that a first novel contains the accumulated experience and sentiment of years, and that in a second attempt a once successful writer only draws on an exhausted reservoir. Mr. Julian Walters has a fertility of invention and a freshness of thought which renders it probable that in another work he would be equally full of matter, and that he would have additional facility in disposing of his subject. Many an orator feels when he sits down that he could make a better speech of topics and illustrations which he has forgotten or omitted than his actual performance; and probably there are writers of fiction who would be the better for the training of a first trial, though it might have exhausted their weaker competitors.

#### COOKE'S HANDBOOK OF BRITISH FUNGI.\*

THOUGH more than one British Flora has in time past included, or attempted, a mycological section, yet it is more than a third of a century since the appearance of Berkeley's *Mycologic Flora*, and in thirty-five years modern science has added much to its discoveries in this as well as in other fields. In truth, however, there has been little inducement to make such additions known, seeing that the whole race has been treated with undeserved contempt; and, lying under the stigma of a vulgar nickname, falsely but frequently applied to it *en masse*, it has been so overlooked, even by botanists, that while manuals more or less scientific of flowering plants exist in plenty to choose from, anything like a thorough conspectus of fungology has been always a desideratum. Nevertheless, for the economic uses of its genera and species, as well as for its singularity and oftentimes beauty, as a natural feature of wood and plain and of daily observation at home and abroad, the fungus is worthy of a closer and more familiar acquaintance; and in his present work Mr. Cooke has gone further towards promoting this than any other Englishman that can be named. Badham, Berkeley, and Bull are names of investigators to whom we owe all the light we have upon esculent fungi; and Mr. Cooke himself is the author of elementary introductions to this branch of botany, second to none of the writings of those authors. But till now there has been no English work on the subject fit to rank as a standard book of research and reference, so that these volumes step at once into a place too long vacant. Their only drawback is that, though vast pains have been lavished on the task of collection and classification, and though the initiated will find the work well nigh exhaustive within its limits, it presents the somewhat dry and uninviting aspect of a Flora without an introduction. The discovery of new matter has been so considerable as to interfere with and postpone the appearance of a concomitant introduction, a *sine qua non* to the learner and beginner; and, though Mr. Cooke has used a sound discretion as to the adoption of a fanciful and transitional nomenclature of new genera from the Continent, the necessary dimensions of his new matter account for an omission which is not the less to be regretted.

It is indeed to the somewhat austere and rigidly scientific aspect of this Handbook that the fact of our not having noticed it earlier must be imputed. Fortunately, we have lately fallen in with the new and revised issue of the same author's *Plain and Easy Account of the British Fungi* (Hardwicke), and this, for want of a better, has served to us the purpose of an introduction, furnishing in a popular form a host of suggestive hints to work out and realize by aid of the more scientific book. In fact, it is hard to see how else than by such an introduction are to be discovered those landmarks of classification which make the afterwork of reference to the genera, sub-genera, and species of the larger Handbook easy and interesting. There are the so-called Cohorts, for example, which comprehend the whole race in the twofold division

of *sporiferi*, which have the spores or reproductive bodies naked or exposed, and the *sporidiferi*, which have these contained in bags. There are, again, the four families which constitute the first cohort or division, according as they have the hymenium (or fructifying surface, distributed over gills, tubes, pores, or fibres) the most prominent object, or wrapt in a peridium or womb, from which it is expelled when mature; or have the spores most conspicuous and minute, and of a dustlike nature; or, again, have their spores borne upon distinctive threads—of which families our ideal mushroom, puffball, mildew, and blue-mould may be taken as respective types. The other division consists of a very interesting group, technically termed "ascomycetes," from the cells in which the spores are developed—a group which contains the morels, and their substitutes the Helvellas, the truffles, and other genera which, though not like the last-named dainties and esculents, have such a curious connexion as the Helorium and the Claviceps. This second division is linked to the first by a group of "mycorrhizous fungi," the so-called Physomyces, which have their spores enclosed in bladder-like cells. Of the members of all these families, the properties, habitats, forms, and physique of each, it would be impossible in moderate limits to give even the most cursory account. In the most prominent order of the first family, the Agaricini, or gill-bearers, a test or criterion is whether the gills which traverse the under surface of the cap or pileus are *remote*, *free*, *adnate*, or *decurrent*; and though these distinctive epithets are duly and exactly given in the Handbook, it is the lesser volume which tells us that they refer to the relation of the interior extremities of the gills to the stem of each particular fungus. In discriminating agarics which have some seeming resemblance this test may be applied amongst others—as, for instance, though the parasol agaric (*procerus*) differs more from *Agaricus rachodes* and *A. exorhizatus* in the thicker cuticle of its pileus than in the relation of the gills to the stem, yet, as the Handbook notes, these in "*procerus*" are *very remote*, in *rachodes remote*, and in *exorhizatus rather remote* (pp. 12-13). As *A. procerus* is the only one of the three which Mr. Cooke ventures to recommend for cooking, the tests of "which is which" are of some importance.

Under the sub-genus *Tricholoma*—a group of agarics with their gills notched at the end next the stem, and one which has the recommendation of having many fairly esculent and no unwholesome species—comes the *Agaricus Gamboasus*, or St. George's mushroom, which is all the more precious as its advent is *remote*, and not, as is the case with most esculent fungi, *autumnal*. Probably this is the origin of its popular name, and one of the causes by which we reject the pretensions to it of another eduliant, *Trametes*. The latter, besides appearing in autumn, is found in the woods, and not as the former, in the pastures, and belongs to the series with salmon-coloured spores, whereas *A. Gamboasus* is a member of the white-spored series. The new-mint odour of the pretender, which, however, is not only inconstant, but wholesome, is another point of distinction from the rightful "St. George," which is rather strong-scented. The *Agaricus ostreatus*, another white-spored agaric of esculent qualities, has a like pretender to its honour; but whilst the similarity might lead to dangerous consequences, seeing that both are not equally edible, the true is an autumnal, the false a spring visitant.

Respecting the distinctions between the *Agaricus campestris* and the *A. arvensis*—the former the common, the latter the horse-mushroom—mycologists do not appear to be so particular as gourmards; and for the matter of that, out of England neither of them is held in such esteem as many other fungi which we do not venture to adopt as food. Both belong to the brown-spored species of agaric, and the gills of the *arvensis* are at first paler and then darker than the *campestris*. In this case, as in others, it is a sound caution to reject all that betrays age and that are not fresh gathered, and there is plausibility in Mr. Cooke's suggestion that the horse-mushroom might be improved by cultivation, so as to rival in every respect the ordinary mushroom of the made beds.

Among the other genera of the order Agaricini are several which are both esculent and possessed of other curious properties. From the black spores of the *Coprinus comatus*, or "maned agaric," the Robinson Crusoe's Cap of fungology, edible when young, and doubtless used for hetchups, as well as from an allied species, is produced a black fluid, which, boiled and strained, and prevented from getting mouldy by the addition of a little corrosive sublimate, produces a very good ink. Then there are the *Hygrophori*, with three culinary species; the *Lactarii*, with two, which the "Handbook" and the "Plain and Easy Account" distinguish lucidly from other and less pleasant or wholesome species; the brilliant "*russulus*," of which *U. Vesca* is edible, but most rare; and *Russula emetica*, brilliant, noxious, and rare, happily, also. Mr. Cooke notes that this last class is best avoided for fear of a mistake; and there is good ground for the caution, now that curiosity seems to be gradually taking the place of the indifference which is evidenced by the absence of any popular names for so many genera of fungi. Of the Agaricini it must be said in praise, that "out of 1,000 species one-tenth are esculent, and one-sixth part not unwholesome."

In the second order, the Polyporci, or "pore-bearing fungi," so called from having the under surface of the pileus picked and perforated with pores, which represent the extremities of connected tubes on the inner lining of which is borne the fructifying

\* *Handbook of British Fungi. With full Descriptions of all the Species, and Illustrations of the Genera.* By M. C. Cooke, M.A. London: Macmillan. 1871.

surface, one well-known genus is the *Boletus*. Of this there are good, bad, and indifferent species; the best, "*Edulis*," distinguishable from its congeners by the reticulation of its stem, and the effect of cutting upon the colour of the juice or milk of the stem. In the unwholesome species this speedily turns blue. *Boleti* with reddish stems, or with red or crimson under surface of pileus, should, we are taught, be summarily rejected, under which ban would come the "*Boletus Satanas*" (so called, doubtless, because "it plays the devil" with the stomach and life of the eater), and "*Boletus luridus*," with stems blood-red and vermilion-red respectively (see Handbook, pp. 257-8). A not less interesting genus is the *Polyporus*, which differs from the last-named in having its pores less easily separable. Of these there is a great variety, some being succulent, others as dense and hard as wood. We quote the *Polyporus squamosus*, distinguishable by its lateral stem, and its scaly, pale-ochre, fan-shaped pileus, not for its edible qualities—for, as Mrs. Hussey says, "you might as well eat saddle-flaps"—but because of its enormous and rapid growth. "Dr. Greville mentions an instance of its attaining a circumference of seven feet five inches, and weighing thirty-four pounds, after having been cut four days." Its most ingenious use is to make razor-strops, for which "*Polyporus betulinus*," growing on birch trees, as "*squamosus*" does on decayed ash, will do as well. "*Polyporus intybacus*," said to be edible when its dark-coloured pileus, which is so broken up as to resemble a cluster of distinct individuals, is cut off, and only the branching stem stewed, is rather uncommon in England; but "*P. sulphureus*," very commonly seen on the trunks of trees, and consisting of a branched mass of "*pileoli*," though not edible, is notable for its phosphorescence when under the process of decomposition. The luminosity of fungi is a property said to be more observable in the tropics than in our temperate regions; but Mr. Cooke reminds the readers of his smaller book (p. 8) that what schoolboys called *touchwood* was the decaying wood of an old stump, permeated with the mycelium of a fungus. We might dwell upon other genera of the pore-bearing fungi—for instance, the *Merulius*, a species of which, *M. lacrymans*, is known under the name of *dry rot*. Not that it is dry, but drying. As if weeping for the havoc it is destined to do, it turns the structure to which it clings to dust, and the only antidote to its mischief is *croscote*. Or we might notice the tooth-bearing fungi of Order III., among which the typical genus is the *Hydnum*, several species of which are edible; the club-bearing fungi, of which some kinds, with white spores, are eaten, cooked like asparagus; and one, *Sparassis crispa*, is said to resemble a cauliflower, and to be excellent eating. But we must pass by these and a vast number of other orders and families, and content ourselves with noting one or two curiosities of the "Mould" family of fungi, and of particular genera of the cup-like, and often almost microscopic *Elvellacei*. The "yeast plant" is a fungus belonging to the *blue moulds* or "*Mucedines*" (cf. 102 "Easy Account," and pp. 601-2 of the "Handbook"), and to the genus *Penicillium*. To the same order of Moulds belongs the fungus, discoverable only by the microscope, which Mr. Berkeley and Professor Goodsir, with the concurrence of eminent German men of science, have declared to be the cause of the potato disease. This is by Berkeley and in Stephens's *Book of the Farm* (i. 2,010-20) called "*Botrytis infestans*"; by Mr. Cooke it is referred to the genus *Peronospora*, the same ill-omened epithet being attached (see p. 593). Its slender threads of mycelium penetrate the tender stems and leaves and tubers of the potato, just as other roots are penetrated by kindred *peronospora*. Here, then, is a case in which an acquaintance with mycology might subserve other uses than to minister to the tastes of the epicure, or please the curious eye of the student of nature. This potato-infesting "mould" is not noticed in Mr. Cooke's lesser book, but it is described and illustrated with great exactness in his Handbook. So, when we come to the order to which belongs our English substitute for the Morell, the *Helvella crispa*, he describes a curious genus allied to the beautiful *Pezizas*, from which it differs in having its disc open instead of closed, and in being somewhat more uncommon. Not useful for food, it has indirectly contributed to the curiosities of English manufacture. For the handsome Tunbridge ware is used a variety of English oak timber of a mineral green colour. This colouring is due to the presence of a fungus:—

A handsome little species resembling a *Peziza* (*Helotium æruginosum*) traverses with its mycelium the whole fabric of such wood, and these minute threads give their green tint to the timber. When examined under the microscope the beautiful network of the mycelium is distinctly seen. This fungus attacks the fallen oak branches, and the timber affected by it is generally small in diameter; but, from the minute size required in the manufacture for which it is employed, it answers equally with the largest. Green wood is so exceedingly uncommon that, although in a state of decay, the green oak becomes of a marketable value. The little green open cups of this *Helotium* are not so commonly met with as the timber showing traces of its mycelium.—P. 112, "Easy Account."

For equally lively descriptions of the virtues and uses of particular classes of fungi Mr. Cooke's lesser book may be referred to with a certainty of satisfaction. The larger Handbook will supply the precise and scientific data respecting each. For his promised Introduction to it we shall look with interest.

#### THE RAJAH OF KOLHAPPOOR.\*

LONDON society has for some years past admitted in an increasing degree within its pale an element altogether new, and by no means without significance. A stream of visitors from our great Eastern dependency perpetually setting through the Western metropolis has something in it to call up suggestions of a time when the Orontes newly flowed into the Tiber. In the more distinguished of these cases we have the agreeable blending of all that is highest and best in the most opposite types of civilization. The suavity and suppleness of the most ancient aristocracy in the world are shown in harmony with the more solid culture and stiffer demeanour of European training. The swart features and the lithe grace of Eastern physique gain relief from, or impart a picturesqueness to, the groups among which our new guests find themselves brought into free and friendly contact. Gorgeous in kinkhob or in flaming turbans, our Indian magnificos light up the funeral gloom of male attire, to the delight and pride of many a hostess, in London drawing-rooms. Ready and fluent even to glibness in small talk, they overwhelm the average insular intelligence with their command of the English tongue, which they speak, be it noted, with a grammatical correctness and an absence of slang altogether above the ordinary colloquial standard. Many of their number win for themselves high places in the competition for legal, literary, or medical honours, and not a few seem likely to cluster together into a new and hopeful brotherhood in the community of trade. Subtle and keen of intellect, initiated from early years into the lore both of native and Western philosophy, their professed belief is for the most part that of utter and intense materialism, whilst their emancipation from the trammels of the past gives them a thorough indifference to being judged in meat or in drink or in respect of a holy day. Neither Koran nor Shaster stands in the way of indulgence in the European's choicest tastes in food or liquor. Carrying back to the land of their birth ideas and habits acquired or strengthened during their Western sojourn, it is of the highest import to know what is likely to come of the heaven thus gradually spreading itself through the wide mass of Indian society. What degree of change is to be expected in the Oriental mind itself? What will be the novel relations between the native class and their English fellow-subjects, between whom and themselves the social and intellectual gulf of former days has to so great an extent been bridged? As a further point of interest and moment, we shall be glad to know somewhat of the impressions formed upon observant and reflecting minds like theirs by what our guests have seen and stored up of our own ways of action, thought, and social organization. English life and manners can hardly fail of eventual, if indirect, gain from having a fresh and penetrating eye turned upon their points of weakness or anomaly. Home society will at all events have the gain of a novel sensation from seeing its features held up to view in the mirror of a bright and polished alien criticism.

Of what we may look forward to seeing as a new class of Anglo-Indian literature a kind of first-fruit has come before us in the *Diary of the late Rajah of Kolhapoor* (we follow the editor in his mode of spelling the name of this State, although not more satisfied than he professes himself to be as to its being the best). Of the critical worth of the Rajah's record of what he saw and heard during his stay amongst us we have not much to say. It amounts to little more than the daily round of sight-seeing and visit-paying which a stranger of rank and of social instincts would naturally go through. His editor is nevertheless right in believing that its appearance in print will have an interest, not for those alone with whom the young prince was brought into personal contact during his brief stay, but for that larger section of the public to whom Indian topics of whatever kind are of growing concern. The Kolhapoor Rajah was the first actually reigning Hindoo who had paid England a visit. During the six months spent by him in this island, the young prince, only twenty-two years of age, won golden opinions wherever he went. Speaking our language fluently and correctly, he could enter with ease and enjoyment into all that the best society had to offer in the way of instruction or amusement. His mildness and refinement of manner, joined with his quickness in receiving impressions, raised an amount of promise which was sadly blighted by the news of his death from violent internal congestion within a few days of quitting our shores. The burning of the corpse of an Indian prince in accordance with the rites of the Hindoo religion, for which permission was after some difficulty obtained from the Italian Government through the good offices of the British Minister, Sir A. Paget, was a strange spectacle upon the banks of the Arno. In his native State the public grief at his premature loss was mingled with sinister misgivings and searchings of heart among the stricter circles of native orthodoxy, connecting itself as it did with the decease of the Rajah of Kuppurthulla on his way to England across the black water. By none was the prince more sincerely mourned than by the officer who knew him best, under whose charge as governor and political agent he had been for four years in India, and by whom the young Rajah was accompanied during his European tour. Having watched with intense interest the effects of this visit upon a mind which he had himself care-

\* *Diary of the late Rajah of Kolhapoor during his Visit to Europe in 1870.* Edited by Captain Edward W. West, of the Bombay Staff Corps, and Assistant to the Political Agent, Kolhapoor and Southern Maratha Country. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.



fully trained and studied, Captain West speaks with an authority which no one else could possess of the many good qualities that endeared his young charge to all around him. Without boasting any unusual amount of intellect, his faculties of observation were keen and correct. Too little given to habits of reflection and analysis, he has not indeed enabled us to see much of the effect wrought upon his own mind by what he saw and heard. One highly sensible remark of his, however, we learn from a letter written to a friend in India not long after his arrival in England—namely, that he had learned how very insignificant a person the Rajah of Kolhapoor was out of his own territory. A certain shock was produced upon his mind by the sight of how little state was kept up by high officials, the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for India walking quietly to a railway station, carrying their own umbrellas. The tenor of his diary in general is that of a simple record of the people he had met with and the sights he had seen from day to day, expressed in almost boyish language, and showing a disposition to be pleased with everything and everybody. He attends lectures and concerts, dances quadrilles and lancers, and has no objection to champagne. He has always an ear especially open to all mention of Indian subjects, and was forcibly struck at the British Association meeting at Liverpool by the paper on Indian ports and harbours, though even more attractive was the Mayor's ball, where two thousand persons were present, where he was introduced to Mr. Jefferson Davis, and "enjoyed this evening immensely." Vigorously as he threw himself into all that was characteristic of European life, he was careful enough while in London, on the 4th of October, to celebrate the Hindoo feast of Pussara; and on the 24th of the same month, after his return from Ireland, to keep the Dewallee holiday. Altogether he "felt leaving England." Among the impressions which were either created or strengthened in the young prince's mind by his sojourn here were those of the need for the emancipation of women from the bondage under which they labour in India. One of his last acts before leaving this country was to make arrangements for sending out an English governess for the education of his family.

In his introduction Captain West gives a short sketch of the history and present constitution of the Kolhapoor State, with such particulars of the late Rajah's ancestry as are needed for the edification of those who are imperfectly conversant with Indian matters. By the genius and energy of Sivajee, however, shadowed in part by the conquering might of Aurungzebe, the Mahrattas, who had for three centuries almost disappeared under the Mussulman yoke, were raised towards the end of the seventeenth century into the ruling Power of India. Readers of Captain Meadows Taylor's interesting *Tara, a Mahratta Tale*, will retain in mind the recital of the romantic series of plots and stratagems culminating in the treacherous murder of Afzool Khan, the Mahomedan leader, whereby Sivajee, believed to be under the special patronage of the goddess Rowance, carved for himself a kingdom out of the neighbouring State of Beejapoor. But for the check received from the Afghan invaders on the North-west, and afterwards from the English, the Mahrattas would ere long have been more truly lords paramount in India than ever were the Moguls. At his death, in 1680, Sivajee left two sons, Sumbajee and Rajaram, the former of whom was put to death, and the latter imprisoned by Aurungzebe, by whose machinations the descendants of Rajaram were reduced to the limits of Kolhapoor and Sattara, under two separate, though kindred, dynasties. Sattara, from the failure of direct heirs to the last Rajah, lapsed to the British Crown in 1849, Kolhapoor remaining still an independent territory, though not playing a prominent part in the history of India. The direct line of Sivajee lapsing in 1760, an heir was adopted from a collateral branch of the family with whom the first treaty was made by the British Government in 1765, followed by others whereby, in 1812, the Rajah ceded his chief port and acquired for his remaining possessions the British guarantee. His successor, showing himself our staunch ally during our war with the Peishwar, was rewarded with a grant of two districts previously wrested from him, as well as with a further guarantee. By the murder of this prince in 1821 the State passed to his brother Bowa Sahib, whose turbulence drew upon him more than one expedition of British troops, followed by forfeiture of territory. His death in 1837 led to the appointment of a regency, his son being but a child, and in 1844, serious disturbances having broken out, a political superintendent was permanently appointed by the British Government, since which the State of Kolhapoor has enjoyed marked peace and prosperity. During the mutiny, in spite of a local outbreak or two, the district remained quiet as a whole, and the Rajah was for his fidelity rewarded with the Star of India. On his death-bed, in 1866, he adopted as his heir his sister's son Nagojee Rao, then but sixteen years of age, who, by the change of name customary upon adoption, was thenceforward called Rajaram. Brought up under the care of Captain West, aided by a Parsee graduate of the Bombay University, the young Rajah showed from an early age an aptitude for public business, and in 1870 was formally placed in charge of what is known as the Khasee, or private department of State, as a preparation for the more ample discharge of State affairs. In that year his strong desire to visit England, overcoming all the obstacles so formidable to a Hindoo, led to the journey which ended so disastrously for the young prince himself, and for the hopes of a long and useful career which had been built upon his many promising qualities. His diary, slightly corrected or pruned, as we are assured by the editor, here

and there, deserves to be regarded as a hopeful sign of what has been done and is doing under British auspices for the training of the native rulers of India.

#### WITHOUT KITH OR KIN.\*

THE sufferings of two little waifs and strays, runaways from a travelling booth where the one has to tumble and the other to dance and sing, and where both are ill treated, begin the story of *Without Kith or Kin*. In a book of this kind we are not required to accept everything literally, else we might take exception to the children's experiences, which remind us a little too much of those old romances where lovely ladies are carried off by bold robbers and kept in caves and woods, with a happy immunity from meteorological conditions or millinery exigencies. Liz and Joe, aged respectively nine and seven, vanish one night from the caravan where they and their tyrants sleep, and set out into the darkness and the "great, lonely, unknown world," with a silver sixpence in his pocket and a penny in hers as their sole wealth. For more than a fortnight they wander about with but little food and no kind of shelter, sleeping on doorsteps in the towns, on felled trees or wet bracken in the woods, living on raw corn, varied by blackberries, with occasional spells of bread and coffee when folks were charitable and the piping voice of the girl had earned a few pence to keep them from actual starvation. But we fancy that two such tender young creatures would have succumbed sooner than they did; and that if they had gone through half the privations assigned to them, they would have died long before they came to the house of strict, straightforward, unimaginative, but kindly Mrs. Breton. Again, we might object to the preponderance of womanliness in Liz at nine years of age, as contrasted with the weakness of Joe at seven. Our own masculine pride may be piqued at the preference; no one knows his own feelings; but as students of humanity we really think Miss Craik has been unjust in the apportionment of strength and unselfishness, and that if she has not made Joe too "thin-natured" and disagreeable altogether, she has drawn Liz as virtuous out of all proportion to her age and education. There is a certain acidity too in the author's mode of speaking of Joe that is not pleasant, because so entirely unphilosophical. A child cannot be judged by the rules of a high morality, nor can its childish faults be held as real and essential things. It is scarcely more reprehensible, in any grave sense, than a horse or a dog, though for purposes of education it has to be taught the difference between right and wrong, and punished for its mistakes; and to blame it too rigorously for want of courage or constancy, or of the power of bearing up against pain and privation, is to blame the blossom for not bearing fruit, and to call the sapling weak because it is not as sturdy as the oak.

In her anxiety to avoid all dubious imputations, Miss Craik has surely made her runaways too young for the one part and too innocent for the other. Children of the ages of Joe and Liz, who have been knocked about the world with a travelling booth, get wonderfully sharp in certain directions; and we very much doubt the truth of that trembling, shrinking delicacy ascribed to Liz, or the maintenance, after a little experience, of her modest dislike to her not immodest displays on "the boards." In point of fact, acrobats and showmen of all ages and kinds love their profession. The children are delighted at the glitter and the applause, and the elders think nothing equal to their own performances, and are the proudest and most contented people in the world. And in point of fact, too, no showman would have kept either Joe or Liz if he had not been able to make more of them than "Old Shakes" seems to have done. Their continuance at the booth argues an exceptional amount of amiability on his part, for he evidently does not think he gets his shilling's worth for his shilling, if he feels, as he says, that, had "Liz done her dooty she'd have been an Infant Prodigy before this," and that thin-natured little Joe purposely slips and slides down to mother earth when he ought to be tumbling bravely in mid-air, and forming the apex of the Living Pyramid. These little discrepancies between fact and fable, and a certain tendency to diffuseness and padding, are the main faults observable in *Without Kith or Kin*; unless we count the slavish adoration of Elizabeth for David Wentworth a fault, as we fancy many of Miss Craik's younger and more high-spirited lady readers will. Nevertheless Elizabeth August, if somewhat too sickly and sentimental, and decidedly too much of a Griselda in her want of dignity and self-respect, deserves consideration as the portrait of a pure, unselfish, and devoted woman, with a large power of love and as large a power of self-suppression, a natural martyr, and misunderstood from the beginning, always giving more of sympathy, if not of direct help, than she receives, and bearing on her hands the spiritual burdens of her friends, who however never so much as touch her sorrows with their little fingers.

Elizabeth's history ranges over a wide space of time; from the age of nine to that of past forty; but the keynote is struck in the beginning when, a half-starved little runaway, she goes without her rightful share of the loaf that Joe may have more than his, and gives him up the best of everything, though he repays her only with ingratitude. We cannot say, however, that

\* *Without Kith or Kin*. By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of "Mildred," "Hero Trevelyan," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

we have much sense of growth or development in this character. Liz at nine and Elizabeth August at past forty are essentially the same. There is no attempt at that subtle character-painting which portrays growth while it includes identity, and which shows how, by the gradual changes wrought by age and experience, the mind takes this or that more determined direction, and things which were in the beginning only mere indications become leading and dominant characteristics. A few skilful touches can suggest all this, without going into tedious details; but these touches are just the difficulties of the art, and it is given but to few to accomplish them. At the worst, however, if Miss Craik's simple method suggests a curious monotony and stagnation in Elizabeth August, it preserves a certain homogeneity which might have been lost if she had attempted a more ambitious and analytical delineation.

The best character in the book, because the most marked and individual, is that of Mrs. Breton. Kind yet arbitrary, shrewd yet generous, she does good in her generation, yet makes people excessively unhappy in the process. She takes care of Joe in his mortal illness, and charges herself with the future well-being of Liz. But she shows neither to the dying child nor the desolate one any of that warm maternal instinct with which it might be imagined she must be overflowing; and though she interests herself in the little girl, and has her educated well and carefully for a governess, instead of, as would have seemed more natural, either sending her to the workhouse or bringing her up as a servant, she never seems to remember that Liz is a human being with affections that need gratifying, and probably with independent wishes of her own, but manipulates her as she might have manipulated a lump of wax or a block of wood bound to take such shape as it pleased her to impose on it. Also, in her action with her daughter Mabel of the golden tresses, whose misplaced attachment she interrupts with so much decision, though perfectly right in what she does, she yet manages to give that sentimental young lady a great deal more pain than need be, chiefly because of that want of womanly tenderness which yet can exist with essential kindness and good meaning; as indeed Miss Craik has indicated with considerable cleverness. Mrs. Breton is a specimen of a hard-headed woman with a strong will; and we own that the portrait, though meriting our respect, by no means wins our love. The older of her two daughters, Pauline, who marries a man odd enough to leave his own place and peril his wife's health and his children's lives in India, on the plea of having something to do, is a happy medium between her mother's surplussage of decision and her sister's excess of sentiment; indeed, she is the most charming of all the women, and undoubtedly the most healthy.

Of David Wentworth, Elizabeth's ideal, we cannot say much beyond the confession that he is an ideal—that is, a lovely creature without bones, muscles, or articulations; a semi-divine personage devoid of all human weaknesses, but devoid also of most human qualities; a portrait much too idealistic to be true. He is one of those loftily familiar beings, too, who call a woman "child" on an early acquaintance, and who gracefully allow themselves to be loved, magnanimously dropping little crumbs of comfort and encouragement by the way just to keep the fire up to its proper temperature; but who at the same time take care not to compromise themselves by any premature avowal, and are content to live for years, offering themselves to silent adoration before they reward their patient worshippers with the longed-for word of love. We are not quite of the same mind as Elizabeth respecting Mr. Wentworth's perfections; but we are somewhat reconciled to him when, at the end, he does lift up his prostrate devotee when they are both of a ripe old age, and so makes bright the sunset of a life of which the morning had been tempestuous and the noon grey and overcast. Still we protest against this slavish and unsought love in a woman; though, at the same time, we admire the purity and delicacy with which Miss Craik has described the heroine's feelings and situations. This indeed is the greatest charm of the author. She is always pure, always lady-like; and if not so strong at all times, nor so philosophically just as might be, she is tender and aspiring, and with a keen sense of right and wrong.

We have spoken plainly of the faults of *Without Kith or Kin* because it has so many excellences that it can afford to be judged by a higher standard than usual. Miss Craik no longer requires the helping hand held out by kindly indulgence to well-meaning incompetency. She is an established writer with a clearly defined career, and of unmistakable capacity; but she must beware of sentimentalism and padding, and remember that idealism is better as a servant in literature than as a master.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IT is no part of our task to enter into a detailed examination of such a work as Dr. Hodge's *Systematic Theology*.<sup>\*</sup> It may suffice to say that the second volume now before us is limited to those portions of a general scheme of divinity which deal with

the nature, condition, history, and destiny of man; that it discusses at great length the doctrines of various sects and schools, theological and scientific, orthodox and heterodox, respecting the origin and antiquity of the human species, original sin, the scheme of redemption, election, predestination, and the other intricate questions affecting the character and fate of mankind which have been for centuries the theme of theological controversy; and that the author writes as an orthodox Protestant, a firm believer in the inspiration of Scripture, and a resolute disbeliever in most of the received conclusions of modern science. The volume contains more than 700 large octavo pages of pretty close type, and bears testimony to the diligence and learning of the writer, whatever judgment may be formed of his wisdom and discrimination.

Equally ponderous and extensive is Dr. Martyn Paine's work in defence of the immortality of the soul<sup>\*</sup> and of the Scriptural history of creation against the materialistic tendencies which he ascribes to modern science. With the theological portion of his work we have no concern; its geological theories come more properly under our notice, and are curious from the vigour and vivacity with which the author reasserts views which among men of any pretensions to scientific culture have long since been obsolete. He insists that all the existing rocks, fossiliferous and other, were created at the date assigned to the creation of man, or subsequently, and that the coal measures are relics of the Noachian Deluge, the forests which covered the earth at that period having been swept *en masse* into the regions in which coal is now found, and there arranged in layers and buried beneath successive beds of shale and sand by the action of oceanic currents. The effects usually ascribed to a glacial epoch, supposed to have occurred some thousands of centuries before, Dr. Paine also regards as evidences of the Deluge; the raging floods having swept over the face of hills, carrying heavy masses of broken stone with them, abrading surfaces, marking the denuded rocks with vast scratches, and piling up in various places what are recognized by scientific geologists as "terminal moraines," besides depositing boulders in the places where they are now found. In other passages he challenges the chemists; disputing the reality of their supposed power to produce true organic substances—albumen, urea, &c.—in the laboratory, as well as strenuously denying the theory of spontaneous generation. Elsewhere he falls foul of the Darwinian theory, and of the geologists who have given in their adhesion to it. Considering the character, learning, and authority of some of the men whom he assails, and that he comes forward alone to impugn every result of modern scientific discovery, a little more modesty in laying down the law, and a little more deference towards the great names whose authority he disputes, would not have been unbecoming; but we are bound to allow that Dr. Paine does his best to be civil according to his lights, and that it is only his overweening confidence in views which the common consent of scientific men has pronounced absurd and untenable that brings him into such violent conflict with them, and gives to his writing the air of conceit and petulance that it wears. We need hardly say that the volume is not to be recommended to beginners; those who have really mastered the subjects of which it treats may find in it here and there grounds for reflection and reconsideration, and everywhere matter of amusement.

Dr. Wharton's "Conflict of Laws"<sup>†</sup> is a work of obvious painstaking and apparent merit on a very important and interesting subject. There are few more curious or less settled portions of jurisprudence than that which relates to what the author calls "Private International Law," or, in other words, the collision of the laws of different nations as it affects those persons who may from time to time be brought under their operation. For example, until very lately, a large number of the citizens of America, if taken in arms for their country against Great Britain, would have been technically liable to the penalties of treason; and German emigrants returning to their native country on a visit found themselves entangled in grave difficulties by the German system of military service, it having been the practice of nations in past times to assert an indefeasible claim over the allegiance of their born subjects, and England carrying that claim so far as to regard as Englishmen the children and grandchildren of an Englishman who might have settled and married abroad a century ago. The "conflict of laws" on this point—for the nations who maintained this theory never hesitated to naturalize each other's subjects—has now been settled by treaty so far as the United States are concerned. But there are still a multitude of cases in which private interests are seriously affected by the different laws of different countries. Among these are marriage and divorce. A Frenchman may come over to England, marry here, return to France, and repudiate his marriage

<sup>\*</sup> *Physiology of the Soul and Instinct as distinguished from Materialism, with Supplementary Demonstrations of the Divine Communication of the Narratives of the Creation and the Flood.* By Martyn Paine, A.M., M.D., LL.D., Professor in the Medical Department of the University of New York, Author of the "Institutes of Medicine," "Medical and Physiological Commentaries," &c. &c., Corresponding Member of the Royal Verein für Heilkunde in Preussen, &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

<sup>†</sup> *A Treatise on the Conflict of Laws, or Private International Law; including a Comparative View of Anglo-American, Roman, German, and French Jurisprudence.* By Francis Wharton, LL.D., Author of "A Treatise on American Criminal Law," "Precedents of Indictments," &c. Philadelphia: Kay & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

<sup>\*</sup> *Systematic Theology.* By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. Vol. II. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

because some requirement of French law—perhaps the consent of parents—was omitted. Or an Englishwoman may go over to America, profess to settle in Illinois, and obtain a divorce on the flimsiest grounds. In the States she can marry again, but her husband in England cannot do so; and the divorce would not be recognized in England for any purpose whatever, civil or criminal. Nay, similar difficulties have occurred when a Scotch Court has dissolved an English marriage: Scotland being for many purposes a foreign country. There are difficulties, again, where a man holding property in one country dies and leaves a will made according to the laws of another. The difference of commercial laws introduces perpetual subjects of difference. Extradition is another topic of great interest and considerable intricacy. All these points, together with that "law of domicile" which more or less governs them all, are elaborately discussed in Dr. Wharton's treatise, with a very full citation of cases and precedents, and in language simple enough to be intelligible to most cultivated men, even though they should not have received a legal training. The difficulty of finding a remedy for the "conflict of laws" increases as the nature and consequences of the conflict itself are more clearly understood; and if any one thinks that an extension of the principle of *lex loci contractus* could easily be made to settle all disputable points, we can only recommend him to study this volume carefully, and consider how the application of such a rule would have worked on some of the cases set forth.

Mr. David Dudley Field was a member of a Committee of Jurists of all nations appointed at the meeting of the British Social Science Association in 1866 to prepare and report the outlines of an International Code, with the view of having a complete code afterwards framed which might be submitted for the consideration and sanction of different Governments, and which, fortified by that sanction, might become in fact the public law of the civilized world. The work was distributed among the members of the Committee, and to Mr. Field, the author of the proposal, was assigned a special part of the task. Finding, however, that his colleagues were less zealous or less hopeful than himself, he thought it best to prepare in effect an outline of the entire code; and he here presents us with an instalment\* which treats of the international law of times of peace. Proceeding upon the basis of existing law, but altering and enlarging all rules where necessary, giving in each instance reasons and explanations, Mr. Field has elaborated a code of rules to regulate the intercourse and mutual rights of nations during peace. He next deals with the rights of individuals in those cases in which the subjects of one country are most commonly affected by the difference between its laws and those of another, and which form the subject of Dr. Wharton's more complete and perhaps more effective treatise; and he proposes general regulations and definitions in regard to marriage, guardianship, property, copyright, money, weights and measures, contracts, and so forth, to govern all such cases, as well as a much-needed code of law for the government of ships while at sea, and the ascertainment of such points of commercial law as salvage and general average between subjects of different States. It is not likely, perhaps, that the work should attain its professed object, and serve even as the basis of a code; but it may nevertheless do excellent service in calling attention to the subject as a whole, in formulating the various floating rules and principles which hitherto have been scattered through us as a set of professional works, and in suggesting practical means of dealing with difficult or disputed points.

The most interesting of the works that form our list for this month is a brief and succinct State Paper transmitted by Governor Hoffman of New York to the State Legislature, containing a Report on the system of local taxation†, and the scheme of a new fiscal code, drawn up by three Commissioners, of whom Mr. David A. Wells, perhaps the highest and soundest authority on these subjects in America, is the first. The paper is all that might be expected from such an author: clear and accurate in its statements, logical in its inferences, practical and reasonable in its suggestions. It is curious that at a time when English reformers are complaining of the exemption of personality from local taxation, and of the unjust burdens thereby thrown on real property, American opinion is being gradually drawn by force of experience in the very opposite direction, and tends to relieve personal property from all direct imposts, in the belief that both realty and personality will profit in the long run by the change. It is not long since we noted a report by a Massachusetts official pointing out the mischievous influence of the local taxation of movable property in driving it with its owners from the highly taxed cities to the lightly rated villages. It is more difficult to evade State taxes in this way; but the present Report shows reason to believe that the greater portion of the taxable personality of the State does contrive to evade the burden, which consequently falls most unequally on such property as cannot escape. It will be remembered that American direct taxation is levied on capital values, not on income, and often ranges as high as one and a half or two per cent. upon the former. Thus the large incomes often earned by professional labour are exempt, while realized property and savings, unless

invested in United States bonds, pay from one-seventh to one-fourth of their whole income in taxes. The gravest anomalies are found to be inevitable. Thus the States have generally attempted to tax all personality belonging to their citizens, and at the same time all property situated within their jurisdiction; and the result is that the same stock or goods may be taxed twice over, once in the State where it is situated, and once in that where the owner is domiciled—a proceeding which, as the Commissioners show, is probably unconstitutional, and would be disallowed by the Federal Courts. Again, as in some States a taxpayer is not allowed to deduct his debts from his valuation, a merchant worth 20,000 dollars may be taxed on the contents of his warehouses, worth perhaps 100,000 dollars, and again, a manufacturer residing within the State is taxed on the whole value of his plant and stock, while his competitor who resides just outside the boundary, but sells all his wares in New York, is, so far as that State is concerned, exempt. The attempt to tax the capital value of mortgages, where the interest is limited by law, was found to result in the absolute impossibility of borrowing on mortgage; and the State of New Jersey, refusing to abolish the tax, was actually compelled to exempt from it the richest and busiest counties lying within the suburbs and vicinity of the great commercial metropolis. At the same time, all attempts to relieve the sufferers by this injustice open such opportunities to fraud as almost to defeat the tax. It seems that the idea of a direct tax on incomes is deemed too impracticable to deserve consideration, either as too inquisitorial, or involving too much reliance on the word of the taxpayers, or both. Consequently the Commissioners recommend the exemption of all personality, except stock and shares, from taxation; substituting an "occupancy tax," to be assessed on an assumed valuation of three times the rental or rental value of all dwellings and buildings, and to be paid by the occupier of such, whether owner or tenant. This is in fact a house-tax in aid of a local rate on real property; precisely Mr. Goschen's proposal of last year. The Report casts light on many interesting fiscal questions, and mentions incidentally many curious particulars of the State finances which will well repay attentive perusal.

The *Great Industries of the United States*\* is a work of a very ambitious character. It aims not only at giving a general account of the industrial and commercial resources of the States, severally and collectively, but also at affording a detailed description of the nature of each, its processes, its machinery, and its products, as well as its history, fortunes, and statistics. The work is illustrated by an immense number of drawings and figures, explanatory and other; but those which really assist the reader in understanding the text are fewer by far than those which are, or are meant to be, merely ornamental. The descriptions include the largest and the smallest matters; the general principles of steam navigation and the details of the manufacture of hinges, railroads and nails, printing and varnish-making, cotton and brushes; and the dimensions of the chapters are by no means proportionate to the importance of the subjects. Altogether the book is, and must be, to a great extent a failure. It is too diffuse, and enters too much into minutiae for the general reader; it cannot serve to instruct the student of any special art or craft in the practical knowledge either of its principles or its operations. But by judicious skipping and selection it may no doubt be made useful and serviceable as a book of reference, in default of any more convenient and better arranged work of equally extensive character.

A treatise on Fashion†, "dedicated to the Government and the gallant people of the United States," covers a considerable variety of subjects, practical and theoretical, historic and contemporary. It deals with the philosophy of fashion, the history of dress, appropriate costumes for consular and diplomatic officers, European and American wedding-dresses; the etiquette of dinners, dances, and promenades, with their respective costumes; the etiquette of courtship and of commerce; and, in short, the fashions and manners of the world at large. To the unfashionable reader it may possibly be instructive—we are too ignorant to judge; to those who do not desire to be instructed it is certainly not amusing.

The *Kedge Anchor*‡ is a manual of seamanship—not navigation and explanation of sea terms, strongly recommended by some officers of experience to the attention of young sailors.

Mr. Clarence King's account of his adventures in the Sierra Nevada§, while engaged in the conduct of an official survey of that region, are lively and interesting, and afford a vivid picture of not the least striking part of the central wilds of that vast territory which is now included in the empire of the United States. The author is evidently one of those who enjoy a rude

\* *The Great Industries of the United States; being an Historical Summary of the Origin, Growth, and Perfection of the Chief Industrial Arts of this Country.* By Horace Greeley, Leon Case, Edward Howard, John B. Gough, Philip Ripley, F. B. Perkins, and other Eminent Writers upon Political and Social Economy, Mechanics, Manufacturers, &c., &c. Hartford: Burr & Hyde. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *Fashion; the Power that Influences the World. The Philosophy of Ancient and Modern Dress and Fashion.* By George P. Fox. Revised and Enlarged. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *The Kedge Anchor; or, Young Sailors' Assistant. Appertaining to the Practical Evolutions of Modern Seamanship, Rigging, Knotting, Splicing, &c., applicable to Ships of War and others; also, Tables of Rigging, Spars, Sails, &c., &c., relative to every Class of Vessels.* By William S. Brady, Sailing-Master, U.S.N. Eighteenth Edition, Improved and Enlarged. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.* By Clarence King. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

\* *Draft Outlines of an International Code.* By David Dudley Field. New York: Diney & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Second Report of the Commissioners to Review the Laws for the Assessment and Collection of Taxes in the State of New York; with a Code of Laws relative to Assessment and Taxation.* David A. Wells, Edwin Dodge, George W. Caylor, Commissioners. Albany: The Argus Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

outdoor life, with a sufficiency of peril and hardship to give it interest, with true manly heartiness, and his style, if now and then a little lax and flippant, is unaffected and intelligible in comparison with that of the generality of American narratives of Western exploration and adventure.

*Bits of Travel*\*, by H. H., were picked up chiefly in Germany, the Alps, and Northern Italy. The style is rattling and lively, and the letters really resemble those that a clever vivacious woman might write if she had no one to talk to, and were consequently compelled to vent herself on paper.

*Brigham's Destroying Angel*† is the title given by Mr. Beadle, and perhaps by others, to one Bill Hickman, a Mormon who by his own account was concerned in the death of a considerable number of persons obnoxious to the Government of the Saints; and the volume before us professes to be his autobiography. It is clearly not written by Hickman, but may have been, as it professes, mainly taken down from his lips. It is rambling and incoherent, and certainly does not give the impression of perfect sincerity; but it is probable that in many cases the services of Hickman were employed in carrying out the rude justice common in the West in a manner modified by the despotic constitution of the Saints. Lynch law under republican forms would not shock Mr. Beadle; Lynch law administered by a despot, though that despot's power rests entirely on the suffrages of his people, takes so different an aspect that he can see no resemblance between the two. If the story be true, the Mormon Government must have sanctioned several wanton murders. But it must be remembered that Mr. Beadle writes as a bitter enemy of the Mormons, and that Hickman has never been confronted with any of those whom he accuses.

We have on our list two school-books of some merit—a Kindergarten‡ manual in English and German, from which many teachers of young children might gather very useful hints, and a First Book of Botany§, which describes the principal parts of a plant and their most familiar forms, and illustrates each of its definitions by outline sketches in a manner which cannot fail to render them for the most part clearly intelligible to an attentive and reasonably clever child. It is intended to be used with actual object lessons, real plants being substituted ultimately for the sketches used in the first instance.

*Dead Men's Shoes*|| is a "romance" of domestic life, of which the scene is laid in the South, and matrimonial squabbles, provoked by a violent assertion of woman's right—but for fear of the authoress we should call it insolent—form a conspicuous feature.

*Awful*¶ is a little satire on the misuse of a very grave and significant word by young America, male and female; the remaining pieces in the book are decidedly inferior, and sometimes sink to the level of nursery doggerel.

\* *Bits of Travel*. By H. H. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Brigham's Destroying Angel; being the Life, Confession, and Startling Disclosures of the Notorious Bill Hickman, the Danite Chief of Utah*. Written by Himself. With Explanatory Notes by J. H. Beadle, Esq., of Salt Lake City. Illustrated. New York: Croft. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *The Kindergarten*. A Manual for the introduction of Froebel's System of Primary Education into Public Schools, and for the use of Mothers and Private Teachers. By Dr. Adolf Dorn. Second Edition. New York: E. Steiger. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

§ *The First Book of Botany*. Designed to cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. By Eliza A. Youmans. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co., and Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

|| *Dead Men's Shoes*. A Romance. By Jeanette R. Edermann, Author of "Forgiven at Last." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

¶ *"Awful," and other Jingles*. By P. R. S. New York: Putnam & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1872.—SEASON TICKETS now on Sale at the Albert Hall Ticket Office, and at the usual Agents. For a Gentleman, 12s. For a Lady, 7s. For a Youth under fifteen years, 5s.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of ART and INDUSTRY, 1872, at Kensington will be OPENED to the Public on Wednesday, May 1, 1872. The Prices of Season Tickets will be: For a Gentleman, 12s.; for a Lady, 7s.; for a Youth under fifteen years of age, 5s.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—On Saturday, April 27, an EVENING RECEPTION will be held by H.R.H. the DUKE of EDINBURGH, K.G., in the Royal Albert Hall and Picture Galleries.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—The Owners of SEASON TICKETS will be entitled to ADMISSION to the Exhibition on ALL OCCASIONS when open to the public.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—Only SEASON TICKET HOLDERS will be admitted to the PRIVATE VIEW on Monday, April 29.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—Only SEASON TICKET HOLDERS will be admitted to the PRIVATE VIEW on Tuesday, April 30.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872 will be OPENED to the public on Wednesday, May 1. Admission, 10s.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—On Wednesday, 1st, and Thursday, 2nd May, the ADMISSION will be free each day.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—On Friday, May 3, the ADMISSION will be 5s.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—On Saturday, May 4, the ADMISSION will be 5s.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.—From May 6 to September 30 the PRICES of ADMISSION to the LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872 will be: On Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 1s.; on Wednesdays, 2s. 6d.; except on certain reserved days, which will be duly advertised.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Under the Patronage of HER MAJESTY the QUEEN, and with the sanction of their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS of Wales, the Directors have the honour to announce that a GRAND FESTIVAL in CELEBRATION of the RECOVERY of G.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES will take place on Wednesday, May 1. With a view to give fitting expression to the feelings which have prompted this National Celebration, the Directors have commissioned Mr. AUGUST STUBBS to compose a GRAND TE DEUM for soprano, solo, chorus, and orchestra, to be performed by a force of vocalists numbering 2500 performers. The solos will be given by Madlle. Titiens, Signor Lancelli, and Signor Foli. The second part of the Concert will be of Miscellaneous Music. There will be a great Display of Fountains, with Military Band on the Terrace, and afterwards a Grand Display of Fireworks with devices appropriate to the occasion. The Palace will be open on this occasion at 12 noon. The Te Deum will commence at 4. The price of Admission to the Festival will be 5s. on the day, or 7s. 6d. by Tickets purchased up to Tuesday next. Single Stalls, 5s. and 1s. 6d., at the Ticket Office, Crystal Palace, and of all Agents.

MUSICAL UNION.—SECOND MATINEE, Tuesday, April 30. Rendano, from Naples, Pianist (first time) with Meurici, Wiener, Walsingham, Lascier, and Lazarus. Quartet, D minor, Schubert; Quintet, E flat, Wagner. Schumann; Allegro and Adagio, Clarinet Quintet of Mozart, 12 Songs; Violin Solo, Ballad; Piano Solo, Handel, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d.; and Family Tickets (for three) one guinea, at Lamborn Corks, and at St. James's Hall. Members can pay 2s. Visitors at Regent Street entrance; also their Subscription to Mr. Austin, Cashier.

J. ELLA, Director, 9 Victoria Square.

MR. ADOLPHE SCHLOSSER'S EVENING CONCERT, on Wednesday, May 8, at the Hansover Square Rooms, at half-past Eight. Vocalists: Madlle. Carola and Monsieur Valdes. Instrumentalists: MM. Strauss, Wagner, Berlioz, Danbert, W. Macchren, Danreuther, Berenger, and Schlosser, Conductor, Mr. Berlioz. Italian Half-past Eight, at St. James's Hall. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d.; and Family Tickets (for three) one guinea, at Lamborn Corks, and at St. James's Hall. Members can pay 2s. Visitors at Regent Street entrance; also their Subscription to Mr. Austin, Cashier.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, at 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

ELIJAH WALTON'S ENTIRE COLLECTION of OIL and WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS, now ON VIEW, at his GALLERY, 4 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster. Admission, 1s. Open Daily from Ten till Five.

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THE

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## THE AMERICAN COMPROMISE.

IT has been known for some days that negotiations are proceeding for the purpose of rendering the arbitration at Geneva practicable; and Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE have stated that, although the last American despatch is unsatisfactory, there is still a prospect of an amicable solution. It was in the power of the American Government at any time to escape from the consequences of its own error, by withdrawing the objectionable part of the original Case. The consent of the Senate was not required to a proceeding which would have been undeniably consistent with the terms of the ratified Treaty. The PRESIDENT might at his pleasure, without further reference to the Senate, have originally confined the claims to the losses caused by the depredations of any one of the Confederate cruisers; and even those who strain the words of the Treaty to include the so-called indirect claims, contend, not that the American Government was bound to prefer them, but that it was entitled to submit them to the Arbitrators. The simple correction of a mistake which is now universally admitted would have been far more dignified than any circuitous evasion of the difficulty which has arisen. It would not have been necessary even to confess that the indirect claims were improperly included in the Case. The American counsel might have been instructed to state that for sufficient reasons they intended to confine themselves to the direct claims, and that they asked for no award on the other demands advanced in the original Case. The same object might have been still more satisfactorily attained by a diplomatic communication to the English Government pledging the United States to abstain from pressing the disputed claims. If, nevertheless, the American Government prefers some more complicated method of settlement, it is desirable to facilitate, as far as propriety and security allow, a virtual retreat from a false position; but the utmost caution will be required in settling the terms of any diplomatic arrangement, and it is absolutely necessary to take care that no fresh concession is extorted as the price of a simple act of justice. It would be satisfactory to learn that a newspaper Correspondent who attributed the initiative to Sir EDWARD THORNTON was utterly mistaken. The English cause has already been sufficiently damaged by excessive eagerness for a termination of the controversy. The harsh terms of the Treaty, and the refusal to recognize the Fenian claims, which has been justly resented by the Canadians, may be largely attributed to the profuse liberality of the English Commissioners. The general satisfaction which was expressed in England at the supposed termination of the long-standing quarrel evidently tempted Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and his employers to try the national patience somewhat further by the offensive vituperation of the Case, and by the monstrous demand for some hundreds of millions sterling. It was not until the general indignation expressed itself in a firm resolution to withdraw from the arbitration, that the Americans began to suspect that their astute agents had at last overreached themselves. It is not the business of an English Minister to check a tardy resipiscence by once more betraying anxiety for the maintenance of a Treaty which has only been endangered by the grasping proceedings of the adverse litigant. It will probably be found that the overture for fresh negotiations proceeded from the American Government.

The tenor of the rumoured proposal for a compromise is not a little surprising. According to several telegraphic statements, the American Government proposes to abstain from insisting on the indirect claims on condition of a formal agreement on the part of England to advance no analogous pretensions in the contingency of a war in which the United States would be neutral. It would be as reasonable to give

a formal undertaking that in any future war prisoners should not be mutilated or sold as slaves. It is quite as likely that an English Government would slit the noses of American captives as that it would ask a neutral who had allowed a cruiser to escape from his ports to pay the cost of two or three years of a war with which he had no concern. Before Mr. SUMNER made his famous speech there was no reason to suppose that any human being could have held England responsible for the alleged prolongation of the civil war; and even Mr. SUMNER founded his claim for damages rather on the recognition of Confederate belligerency than on the escape of the *Alabama*. A formal disavowal of a ridiculous doctrine would almost amount to a confession that it had at some time been directly or indirectly countenanced. There is a still graver objection to the suggested undertaking in its tendency to confuse the character and meaning of the recent English protest. The nation has resolved that there shall be no arbitration on the consequential damages, not because they are absurdly unjust, but on the definite and single ground that they are not covered by the letter or the spirit of the Treaty. A condemnation of the principle of indirect claims would involve the acceptance of a new and irrelevant issue. It is also important to remember that the distinction between direct and indirect claims is wholly vague and popular. The American negotiators have already, with characteristic adroitness, entangled the English Government in an admission that the claim for the cost of American ships of war is included in the terms of the Treaty. The assumption was allowed to pass in the discussion which is recorded in the Protocol of the 10th of May; and the English Government has honourably determined to submit to the results of its own timidity or negligence; yet the claims for the expenses of the American navy are as indirect as the demand for the costs of the war, though they may be less remote and less preposterous. It is impossible to foresee the violations of neutrality which may hereafter furnish belligerents with causes of complaint, or to anticipate the more or less direct nature of the damages which may be claimed by an injured party. There can be no doubt that a litigious neutral would take advantage of the supposed declaration to contend that none of the consequences of her acts were sufficiently direct to involve her responsibility. There is no more fruitful source of error than the use in legal documents of phrases which have no definite or legal meaning. Recent experience shows the strong probability of misunderstandings when any contract with the United States involves a possible ambiguity. It is evident that the two communities attach different meanings, not only to words, but to silence which may have been supposed to imply a tacit understanding.

It will also be the duty of the English Minister to watch with scrupulous vigilance the possible bearing of any diplomatic agreement on the arbitration which it is intended to facilitate. The ingenious lawyer who quoted, as English admissions of guilt, the impassioned advocacy of the Federal cause by Mr. COBBEN and Mr. BRIGHT, would not be restrained by superfluous delicacy from twisting an agreed abandonment of the consequential damages into an admission that the remaining claims were well founded. In the telegraphic version the reported compromise consists of a declaration that indirect damages are not to be incurred in respect of vessels escaping from neutral ports under circumstances similar to those which related to the *Alabama*. It would seem to follow that direct damages were incurred, although the English Case disputes the liability for any compensation. It is scarcely probable that either English or American Correspondents have ascertained the exact words of the proviso which they communicate, although there is no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of their information. It is possible that they may have

been entirely misinformed; but on the whole it may be conjectured that the American Government is disposed to give way, if it can obtain an ostensible price for the concession. It is not altogether reasonable that England should be forced to buy exemption from injury; but if the sacrifice is merely nominal and verbal, it will be prudent as well as generous to yield. Any surrender of the points for which the nation has during several months been contending would be universally and justly condemned. It is still difficult to understand why, if a compromise was to be effected, Mr. Fish refused, in his despatch to General SCHUCK, all modification of the American Case. If arbitration is still in any way practicable, it is better that the Treaty should at the last moment be rescued from extinction. There were those who feared that it partook of the nature of an abject submission; but the apology and the approval of the new rules of international law cannot now be recalled. If English pride has been humiliated, it is better to secure the consideration for which excessive concessions were made. It was a matter of course that Lord Russell should postpone his motion in the House of Lords; nor will either House of Parliament embarrass negotiation by premature interference. The Ministers ought not to complain that they will hereafter be required to render a strict account of their negotiations. They can scarcely be so weak as to conclude, in conformity with the recommendation of one of their advisers, any Treaty which will be binding on England while on the American side it will require the ratification of the Senate. There is in truth no need of any new Convention, inasmuch as the American Executive has absolute and ultimate control of its own proceedings in the litigation. Another reported proposal needs only to be mentioned that it may be summarily condemned. A mere undertaking on the American side not to claim money compensation for the pretended prolongation of the war would be a recognition of the American version of the Treaty. The possible award by the Arbitrators of a gross sum might be attributed in part to the indirect claims if they are in any way included in the reference. The solution of the problem is not impracticable, but it will require the exercise both of wisdom and firmness.

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

THE ladies have had their outing this week, but not with any great success. Their claims do not meet with increasing sympathy in the House of Commons. Two years ago the Bill for removing their electoral disabilities actually got through a second reading; last year more than a hundred and fifty members espoused their cause; but this year the number of their supporters has fallen off, and the number of their enemies has increased. The saddest stroke perhaps for enthusiasts in the cause was that member after member got up and said that, whereas on previous occasions he had supported the Bill, he must now oppose it; and the reason for this change of opinion was the disheartening one that the speakers conceived themselves to have meanwhile ascertained that women generally did not wish to have the franchise. Mr. OSBOURNE MORGAN declared that in four years he had only met two women who wished to have a vote, or who would vote if they were allowed. The Attorney-General for IRELAND seems to have been converted into an opponent of the Bill by a lady to whom he devoted in a former year that he had been spending the afternoon in helping to enfranchise her sex, and who replied that he might have been better employed. Mr. EASTWICK, who seconded the motion for the second reading, and who in doing so made an almost exhaustive speech against the principle of the measure, owned that women in some portions of the United States who might have the franchise if they liked were either profoundly indifferent to it or positively refused to have it. This was the most fatal argument against the Bill. If the ladies do not really wish to vote, why on earth should men, who would be most seriously inconvenienced by their voting, make them have votes? No one can prove that women do or do not wish to have votes, but the balance of probability against their really wishing it seems very great. The only women who ever dream of even asking themselves whether they would like to have votes are, we may safely answer, among the classes who, speaking according to a humble standard, may be called educated. The bulk of such women have at any rate very strong inducements not to wish for the suffrage, and very slight inducements to make them wish for it. They of course feel the objections more or less strongly which are grounded on religion, custom and habit, and on the current theories of what women can

do and ought to do. But we may put these aside for the moment, and attend only to minor considerations, which are sure to weigh with women powerfully, and which account for a great part of that dislike of, or indifference to, the proposed change which so long as it lasts makes the Bill an absurdity. In the first place, most men dislike the Bill, and most women want to please men. This may not seem a very high motive, but it is a very operative one. In the next place, if women had to take an active part in politics, the case of conversation and the pleasure of social intercourse would be greatly diminished. Politics are real business, and if they are to be discussed, they must be discussed on the basis of being real business; but the whole charm of the social intercourse of the sexes would be at an end if politics were talked of between them in a business-like way. Far stronger, however, than all other arguments of this minor kind with most sensible and respectable women must be the connexion, whether accidental or otherwise, between the women who say they want votes and the women who have heralded their political enfranchisement by making themselves publicly prominent in the discussion of the loathsome subject of the Contagious Diseases Acts. If a lady can, by disclaiming any wish to have a vote, tacitly mark herself off from these immodest disputants, she may very naturally wish to do so. These are not very grand or high-sounding reasons for a desire to keep aloof from the franchise; and most women have better ones; but they are reasons which have practically a great amount of effect; and the important point is that women do not want to have votes, and that therefore it is ridiculous to think of giving them votes, whatever may be the reasons by which, consciously or unconsciously, they are led to this conclusion.

The friends of the ladies, however, do not rest their cause on matters with which women who are in comfortable easy circles have much to do; and it is to the philanthropical and benevolent instincts of the sex that they make appeal. They say that women are wronged, and that the only way of getting their wrongs redressed is to give them votes. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, who is their spokesman, has an exceedingly poor opinion of the House of Commons, and he declares that the only way to get the House to pay any attention to any subject of public interest is to force it to do so. Women have no votes, and are trampled on; if they had votes, members would have to take notice of the wishes and grievances of a large number of energetic constituents, and must bring in, support, and carry Bills in the interest of women. Once more the invaluable Mr. EASTWICK comes to our aid. He has had to form some sort of plausible theory to account for the acknowledged indifference of American women to the franchise, and one solution that much commends itself to him is that in America women have got all they want without having the franchise. This is very consoling. For if the Americans, without giving women votes, have accorded to the sex all that it can fairly ask, we may hope to do the same. The three great wrongs of women, we understand, are that they do not when married retain a separate control over their property, that men who beat women are not punished with sufficient severity, and that, in that terrible matter on which emancipated women love to dwell, the sexes are not treated with equal delicacy. On this last point we do not care to dwell. It is one of those subjects which it is impossible to argue out honestly and fairly so long as there is a probability of modest, innocent women reading what is written or hearing what is said. But a House of Commons must be a very poor and misguided assembly if it cannot deal with such simple subjects as the property of married women and the proper punishment of men who strike women. It so happens that in this Session two Bills have been brought in designed to remedy the grievances under which on those heads women are supposed to be suffering; but Mr. JACOB BRIGHT discountsenances these insidious and base attempts to show that men can do, and are now willing to do, all that women would, as it is alleged, force men to do if women might vote at Parliamentary elections. He does not like his pet case being taken out of his hands. But the House of Commons naturally and justly does not approve of this way of treating it. Parliament would, it is honestly felt, pass any conceivable Bill for the protection of the persons and property of women if those who advocated the Bill would but say what it is precisely that they desire, and could prove by fair argument that the balance of advantage would be found in their having their way. What the friends of the ladies really dislike is that, when proposals on behalf of women are made in the House of Commons, they are tested by the standard of experience and good sense, and that the difficulties of real life are allowed to stand in the way of enthusiasm and

sentiment. Mr. BRIGHT, if he has anything on these heads to suggest, means that the property of married women not settled on them should not be liable to the debts of their husbands, and that men who beat or ill-use women should be severely punished. There is much to be said in favour of these propositions, and a little more than Mr. BRIGHT would allow against them. Still it might perhaps be easy to show that the property of married women might be made more secure, and that men who beat women should be more severely punished than they are now. We will suppose that this could be shown after free and fair discussion to the satisfaction of reasonable men and women. But it is a most extraordinary assumption to declare that what could thus be demonstrated would never be accepted by the House of Commons, and that in order to get such simple and tiny changes in the law carried out, it is necessary to alter the whole constitutional system of England. This is like vowing that the only way to taste roast pig is to imitate LAMB'S CHAMPAIGN, and burn the house about the porker's ears.

The Bill introduced by Mr. JACOB BRIGHT was to all appearance a harmless little Bill. It only proposed to enable women who can vote at municipal elections to vote also at Parliamentary elections. The number of women, according to the supporters of the Bill, who would vote under it, was totally insignificant—so small, indeed, that it was difficult to see how they could do much to alter the law as regards the property of married women, or the punishment of brutal men who strike the women dependent on them. But it was allowed on all hands that this was only the thin edge of the wedge, and that, if this tiny fraction of the female population was to be allowed to vote, the whole body would gain their rights sooner or later. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for example, spoke with the greatest admiration of Queens ELIZABETH and ANNE, and asked how it was possible to contend that women who had made such excellent Sovereigns should be regarded as unworthy to vote for members of Parliament. If Queen ELIZABETH was a warrior, Queen ANNE was a wife and the mother of a large family, and as they were both such excellent Sovereigns, one had as much claim to vote as the other. Then, again, if the true theory is that those who have special wants and grievances should have a direct influence on the House of Commons by contributing to return members, it is the married women, and not the old maids, who stand most in need of that instrument of political correction. It is the property of married women that is stated to be in danger, and it is not old maids who are liable to black eyes and bruised cheeks at the hands of cruel men. Married women might, by a bold action, be supposed to be likely to be too much under the influence of their husbands; but then it was replied that we are going to have the Ballot, and under the Ballot women cannot be under the influence of their husbands; for, although they might promise to vote as their husbands wished, their husbands would never be sure that their wives would not secretly vote contrary to their promises, and this is the way in which all intimidation is to be prevented. If women are to rule at all, married women must certainly be allowed to vote as well as the less fortunate of their sex. But then this leads us into a difficulty, for exposing the full force of which we have again to thank Mr. EASTWICK. The American women do not care to vote, he said, and one main reason of this is, that there are so many voters in an American election that it is no pleasure or pride to be one among many thousands unnecessarily added to the electoral body. There is much force in this. Our electoral body is not very large in proportion to the whole population, and yet it contains many voters who do not care whether they vote or not, and who feel no very strong impulse or obligation to vote one way rather than another. If the number of voters were doubled, as it must be if women, married or unmarried, were allowed to vote, the indisposition to vote, which may not improbably be increased largely by the introduction of the Ballot, would assume very serious proportions. If women voted freely, not only would the enlargement of constituencies diminish greatly the indifference among men to the franchise, but the very fact that women exercised a preponderance in elections would make men despise the whole system of electoral representation. There would not, as has been very well pointed out in the *Poll-Moll Gazette*, be any real strength or physical preponderance in the majority that decided elections. Strong, turbulent, passionate men would revolt against the notion of the whole issue of the country being concentrated in the hands of those who had no strength to support their decisions. It would be as if the English in India were outvoted by the Bengalees; and such a state of things is one in

which orderly government is impossible. The first condition of true representative government is that the electors should feel confident that the strength of the country is with them, and that the representative body elected is as good a one as the country can furnish. Men outvoted by women could never believe either the one thing or the other, and it is therefore scarcely too much to say that to give the franchise to women would be not only to upset the basis of our present social system, but also to plunge the country in anarchy and confusion.

#### THE CARLIST INSURRECTION.

THE Carlist insurrection in Spain can only be alarming on the ground that an apparently hopeless enterprise may perhaps imply the existence of some unknown prospect of success. Whatever may have been the case during the civil war of thirty years ago, it is certain that the Carlists have little popularity or influence beyond the limits of the Northern provinces. Even the clergy are divided between the claims of the male heir of the crown of the BOURBONS and the son of the QUEEN, who was at all times equally ready to postpone her duty to the interests of the Church and to her own questionable pleasures. For many years before the Revolution of September the Carlists were unable to profit by the numerous mutinies and insurrections which from time to time disturbed public tranquillity. It was not until the chiefs of the army and navy, as well as the principal political leaders, had been alienated from the dynasty that it became possible to dethrone ISABELLA II.; and among the managers of the movement not one professed the obsolete Legitimist faith. The father of the present claimant had paragonically abdicated for himself and his descendants the pretensions which are now advanced by the titular Duke of MADRID. It is true that, according to the strict principles of legitimate royalty, an abdication is invalid against the rightful heir; but the timidity of Don JUAN is not likely to have increased the popular devotion to his family. If it is true that DON CARLOS has remained up to this time in safety at Geneva, it would seem that he inherits the temperament as well as the rights of his family. CHARLES IV. and FERDINAND VII. had no more distinguished qualities than a ready appreciation of personal danger. The affected deference of Carlist officers to the commands of their "august master" will scarcely produce a strong effect on the modern imagination. The grandson of an unsuccessful Pretender must render himself formidable to the reigning dynasty before he will be heartily accepted as a king even by his most zealous partisans. CHARLES VII. of Spain and HENRY V. of France are perhaps the only remaining believers in absolute monarchy. Both of them claim rights anterior to the national will, and superior to representative institutions. The Duke of MADRID, indeed, "graciously deigned" to permit the electors and candidates of his party to take their chance of success at the poll; but since they have been defeated, he not only appeals to force, but protests against the entire system of election. Soon after the French Revolution the prince who assumed the title of Louis XVIII. was equally obstinate in his refusal to recognize the changes which had taken place in France; but longer experience taught him that it was hopeless, even after the fall of NAPOLEON, to restore the despotic government of his ancestors. The BOURBON exiles of both countries are less advanced than their ancestors, for even FERDINAND VII. invoked the aid of the Cortes to transfer the succession of the throne to his daughter. The Spaniards have perhaps but an imperfect appreciation of the true spirit of constitutional government; but after many years of nominal liberty they are not likely to submit to an absolute monarch. AMABLE, ALCOSO, and the Duke of MONTPESSIER all agree in professing devotion to a Parliamentary system; and the Republicans can scarcely be prepared to substitute for the present King an august master who has an indefeasible right to the loyalty of his subjects.

The details of the Carlist rebellion which have hitherto been published confirm the belief in its insignificance, though it is not necessary to place implicit reliance on the official account. When it is reported that a few scores of villagers have followed their parish priest into the mountains, it might almost be supposed that they were about to wage war with bows and arrows. The Spanish troops may perhaps be inferior in discipline and efficiency to some of the Continental armies; but a regular trained and armed in the modern fashion could have no difficulty in scattering an indefinite number of peasants acting under clerical command. Guerrillas are utterly incapable of offering serious resistance to regular troops; but the Government is probably well advised in despatching a considerable force to the North under a commander of high rank. SERRANO

is advanced in life, and it is not known that he at any time displayed conspicuous ability as a soldier; but he may be trusted not to desert the flag for which he is fighting; and he has probably officers under his command who are capable of occupying the insurgent provinces with flying columns, and of compelling the dissolution of armed bands of rebels. It is not the custom in Spain to manage civil war with excessive regard to the lives or property of insurgents; and the King in his speech to the Cortes announced that his Government would not be wanting in the exercise of necessary severity. It is asserted that orders have been given to shoot the Pretender by the sentence of a court-martial if he should chance to become a prisoner; but his friends have good reason to hope that he will be as unwilling as his predecessors to expose himself to unnecessary danger. The Carlist party has never yet been able to detach any part of the army from its fidelity, and the Government will have taken care not to send to the North any troops which might be suspected of disloyalty. It is remarkable that the only officers who are known to have joined in the insurrection were supposed to be adherents of Queen ISABELLA, but there is no reason to suspect a fusion which would be fatal to the prospects of Don ALFONSO. The strange statement that the Republicans have promised to favour the Carlist movement may probably be explained by the unprincipled coalition, during the late election, of all the factions which are hostile to the dynasty; but there is a wide difference between a perverse electoral combination and an armed alliance of two irreconcilable enemies. It is of course possible that the revolutionists in some of the great towns may seek to profit by the absence of the army, but it is incredible that the democrats should concert their measures with the supporters of absolute monarchy. The strength of the Duke of MADRID consists, if it has any existence, in the support given him by a section of the clergy; and the Republicans are the deadly enemies of the priests. The International Society, which has lately succeeded in frightening the Spanish Government, will certainly not employ its organization in promoting the accession of an august master.

It is not impossible that the rash attempt of the legitimate Pretender may tend to confirm the unsteady throne of the obnoxious foreigner. The troops which are employed in chastising the rebels will have learned the habit of fighting for the reigning Sovereign; and the respectable portion of the community will resent the wanton disturbance of internal peace. It is said that some of the principal leaders of the Opposition have assured the King of their support against the insurgents; nor is a coalition impossible, especially as the rival factions and their leaders are divided from one another by no intelligible point of political difference. The French Government may be expected to discharge with readiness and zeal the obligations of neutrality. M. THIERS can have no sympathy with a Pretender whose success would encourage the numerous French partisans of the Count of CHAMORD. A Republican rising or a civil war in the interest of the Duke of MONTPEISIER or of the son of Queen ISABELLA might be thought to have a better claim to French connivance. From every point of view the rebellion appears to be hopeless, yet the possibility of such a movement affords a striking illustration of the pernicious effects of revolution. The Carlists, though they are perhaps the weakest party in Spain, returned to the Cortes thirty-five members, who are now forbidden by their august master to take their seats. Although some of the successful candidates may have owed their seats to Republican support, it is evident that in some parts of the country a considerable minority is still opposed to all the changes and new Constitutions of two generations. Several other factions are equally unwilling to acknowledge the title of the King; though there is no reason to suppose that any of his competitors would have been allowed to occupy the throne with less opposition. The most indispensable condition of freedom and of good government is the willing obedience which is never universally paid to newly established dignities and institutions. The good fortune of Spain, or the sagacity of PRINCE ALFONSO, appears to have raised to the head of the State a Prince of unusual integrity, and of much spirit and ability; yet he can appeal to no general sentiment of loyalty when he is threatened by domestic enemies. It would perhaps be a popular act, in spite of constitutional doctrines borrowed from England, if the young King were to show himself at the head of his army, which would be flattered by his presence. He might justify an active participation in the petty campaign which is about to commence by the experience which he has already acquired in the field against more formidable adversaries. On the

other hand, it is possible that his presence may be required at Madrid to regulate the incessant conflict for power of SAGASTA or ZORRILLA, and of their respective followers. The Cortes are chiefly engaged with personal and party struggles which require the control of an impartial moderator. It might also not be prudent to offend SERRANO, who has at present a prospect of acquiring glory on easy terms.

#### THE BALLOT BILL.

THE Ballot Bill has passed through Committee, and the work of the Commons in regard to it has nearly come to an end. What its fate may be in the Lords no one can pretend to say. The objects of the Bill are to make elections quiet and orderly, to prevent intimidation, and to prevent bribery. The first is undeniably a good object. English elections are too often carried on in a manner disgraceful to the community. They are accompanied by scenes of mob violence, brutal drunkenness, and general anarchy, which are revolting and humiliating to every one who would wish to see members of the first free assembly in the world elected in a fitting manner. A few good old lovers of antiquity may regret the turmoil, the wild nonsense, and the costly sham of nomination days; but by far the majority of quiet sensible men of all parties would like to see elections carried on with decorum and despatch. There is nothing, however, to show that a Ballot Bill is necessary to make elections orderly. The present Bill will, it may be expected, have this effect, and so far it is worth having; but if the same result, or if a result nearly the same, could have been approached in another way, the arguments against secret voting are not met by the allegation that quiet and order at elections will be secured, or at least very largely promoted, by the measure of the Government. If the Bill would really put a stop to bribery and intimidation, it would be worth having at the cost of almost any inconvenience and annoyance. But no Ballot Bill can possibly put down bribery. In large constituencies there is at present scarcely any bribery, and in small constituencies bribery will be just as easy as ever, and far safer. It will be impossible to detect it after it has taken place, and although the candidate will not pay beforehand for a vote which he is not sure of receiving, yet he may be even much more willing to pay afterwards than he is now, because he will only have to pay if he is elected. The agent will not have to find money, for he also will only pay for results, and will not spend a farthing until his principal has been returned, and has cashed up. Any attorney in a corrupt little borough will be able to start any rich man he pleases. Every attorney in the place will have his pocket merchant prince; then the different attorneys will begin to sound each other, and if one reveals that his merchant prince is good for 3,000*l.*, and another reveals that his patron is good for 1,000*l.* more, nothing will be more natural than that they should agree to throw the first CÆSUS over and divide the plunder of the second. The inevitable conclusion is, that under a Ballot Bill small corrupt boroughs must be disfranchised; but as bribery cannot be proved, disappointed candidates will in small boroughs always believe or declare that they were defeated by bribery, and the larger constituencies will resent boroughs presumably corrupt being on an equality with them in representation. Small constituencies will therefore disappear; but as it is chiefly in these constituencies that bribery goes on to any great extent, the prevention of bribery could be accomplished without a Ballot Bill by disfranchising such constituencies. It is a very disputable point whether small constituencies ought to be done away with, and it is one objection to the Ballot Bill that it will do away with them indirectly, and not after a fair and open discussion of the consequences of the change; while, if it is advisable to do away with them, the change could be effected without a Ballot Bill. There remains the prevention of intimidation; and it is, we think, incontestable that a Bill under which voting was perfectly secret would largely diminish intimidation. But the Government Bill, as it now stands, is, on the confession of the Government itself, not a Bill under which the voting will be perfectly secret. Alterations in the Bill have been forced on the Government which have in a great degree changed its character; and it will be open to the Lords to say that, as two of the objects of the Bill could be secured without it, and as it will only very imperfectly fulfil its third object, the matter may be prudently left to stand over, and the opinion of the constituencies may be asked at the next election whether they think it worth while to change so much in order to effect so little.



This week a very important modification of their Bill has been accepted by the Government. The returning officer is to be allowed not only to know how a very large portion of the electors vote, but practically to vote for them. This was a change in their measure against which the Government steadily set their faces for a long time, and the alteration in their views was brought about in a very singular way. When a dissolution takes place there will be, it is known, a very keen competition for the representation of London. At present the Liberals, by the operation of a lucky accident, hold all four seats; but the Conservatives hope to wrest three of these seats from them at the next election. Among the electors are many Jews, and the Jews are, almost to a man, staunch Liberals. But the Jews are forbidden by their religion to work on Saturdays. They might, with the blessing of Heaven, go up to a booth on Saturday and say for whom they wished to vote, but to record their vote in writing would, they believe, be very sinful. What would happen if a cunning Conservative returning officer were to fix Saturday for the next City election? The Liberals would lose the Jew votes. This was so serious a prospect both to the sitting members and the Government, that the senior member for the City proposed, and the Government agreed, that a Jew shall be at liberty to tell the presiding officer at a booth for whom he wishes to vote, and this officer shall be used as a sort of scapegoat, and commit the sin of writing on Saturday for him, so that at once the souls of the Jews and the seats of the Liberals may be made reasonably safe. But directly, at the bidding of the Government, this convenient arrangement had been accepted by the House, it was perceived that a door had been opened to a very wide question. If Jews troubled with religious scruples might use the presiding officer in this pleasant way, why might not ignorant and uneducated Christians use him too? There are scores or hundreds of electors in every constituency who cannot read or write very well, and would like above all things to have the presiding officer or one of his clerks show them what to do, or, still better, fill up the paper for them. If the officer or his clerks, however, may fill up the voting-paper of an elector who is too ignorant to understand how the paper is filled up, the voting is practically handed over to the official who records the vote. The Government did not at all like this, and secured a large majority against it on Monday. But on Thursday Mr. FORSTER, to the great dismay of the ardent supporters of the Ballot below the gangway, capitulated. He has now accepted an amendment that if an elector produces a certificate of his inability to read, the presiding officer shall cause the vote of the elector to be secretly marked on the paper. Mr. FORSTER had said on Monday night that he had no notion how many persons would be able from defective education to fill up a ballot-paper for themselves, and different members undertook on Thursday to enlighten him. Mr. ELLICE stated that in the country districts of the part of Scotland with which he was connected a fourth, or even a third, of the electors would require assistance. Mr. SYNAN informed the House that the county of Cork was a model county in respect of education, but that even in this model county nearly half the male population could not read. Practically, therefore, in a great number of constituencies the result of the election will depend on the honesty of the presiding officer and his clerks. Let us hope they will be always honest men; but will they be believed to be honest? Mr. RYLANDS has so low an opinion of the probable honesty of such persons, that he informed the member for Limerick that he was ready to contest that constituency against him with perfect confidence as to the result if he could "see the deputy returning officers handsomely." As Mr. FORSTER pointed out again and again before his sudden tenderness for the Jews got him into trouble, it is not enough that the elections should be honestly conducted; it must be believed that they have been honestly conducted. The irritation caused by a suspicion widely disseminated that the result of the poll is due to the manoeuvres of officials would be so great and so mischievous that it would scarcely be worth while to undergo the risk of this even to have some sort of security against intimidation. It will be easy for any opponent of the Bill in the House of Lords to show that, in every election where the number of ignorant persons in the constituency is considerable, the result will be in the hands of the deputies of the returning officer; and that if official manoeuvres are not exercised, they will be suspected, and the suspicion will be almost as mischievous as the reality.

The Government had previously been beaten on the question of punishing a voter who showed his voting-paper; but

the Bill still provided that he should vote secretly and give in his paper folded up, so that the vote should be concealed to the presiding officer. The Bill does not contemplate his being at liberty to show his vote; it merely does not punish him if he does show it. It is obvious that the right way of making his vote secret is to perfect the machinery of voting, so that the voter shall not be able to show how he is voting or has voted. Mr. EDMUND POTTER accordingly set himself to devise a scheme that should insure this. He framed an amendment with a ground plan attached, showing how a voting compartment was to be constructed. There was something very comical in the whole arrangement, with the constable who was to show the voter into a passage at the beginning of the process, and the constable who was to show him out and lock the door behind him when the process was over. But the mover of the amendment had tried to do carefully and honestly what Mr. FORSTER never seems to have done. He endeavoured to picture to himself how a vote must be given if it is meant to be given secretly. He added detail to detail as he found the difficulties he had to encounter increase, and the consequence was that he was led into a painful elaborateness of petty precautions which made the House laugh at him. But there is quite as much matter for serious criticism in the very imperfect manner in which the Government has dealt with the machinery of voting. A little more cleverness of contrivance would be very much in place on the part of the Government. The Bill as it now stands provides that the voter shall go to a desk and secretly mark his paper, and then fold it up so that no one can see how he has voted, and put the paper in the presence of the presiding officer into the ballot-box. But if, after voting, he shows the front of the paper to some one, there is no direction as to what is to happen. Members of the House of Commons persist in saying, night after night, that since Mr. HARCOURT's amendment was carried the voter has a right to show how he has voted. This is an assertion quite unfounded, for, as Mr. FORSTER time after time replies, the Bill still contemplates, as much as ever it did, that the front of the paper will not be shown. But if the voter chooses, before folding the paper up, to show it to an agent of one of the candidates, and then folds it up, the presiding officer has no power to prevent the voter putting his paper in the ballot-box and the vote counting. A comparatively simple change in the mechanism of voting would, we have little doubt, obviate the possibility of the paper being improperly shown. But the Government has not introduced any such change, and if the voter is allowed to show his paper and then put it in the box, whatever value the Ballot Bill may have is gone.

#### THE ORLEANIST PARTY.

PARIS has once more asserted its old claim to be called the City of Pamphlets. The preface which M. EDUARD HERVÉ has contributed to M. YRIARTE's *Les Princes d'Orléans* is a more distinct enunciation of Orleanist views than any that has been put forward elsewhere. The contents of this preface have been expounded and defended from time to time in the *Journal de Paris*, but there is a necessary incompleteness about newspaper writing which makes its influence only momentary. M. HERVÉ has condensed the essence of many articles into five-and-twenty small pages, and in them the least instructed Orleanist may learn what it is for his soul's health to believe. France, says M. HERVÉ, has found an instant of repose under a Government personified in a single man, and destined to all appearance to die with him. The higher the estimate formed of M. THIERS is, the clearer it becomes that his peculiar faculties are not likely to reproduce themselves in a successor. This is the justification of Orleanism. The present system is essentially provisional, for it is bound up with the life of an old man. The day cannot be far off when France will have to resume her search after constitutional government. In the eyes of most Frenchmen, the Princes of ORLEANS represent the system which gave France thirty-three years of peace, of prosperity, of industrial and commercial progress, of literary and artistic glory, of legal order and wise liberty. A family which represents this happy interlude in eighty years of anarchy or personal government cannot withdraw itself from observation even if it would. M. HERVÉ acknowledges that in assigning this part to the Princes of ORLEANS the public is not entirely just, for the Restoration may claim the first half of that happy and brilliant period. But the Restoration, by one moment of madness, called down upon France and upon itself the misfortunes which are still running their course; and even before this terrible blunder the Restoration was never popular.

France has so great a dread of seeing the work of the Revolution undone that it suspects everything which is connected with the old order of things. Men who date from a period earlier than 1789 must give unmistakable guarantees of their fidelity to modern ideas before they can hope to conquer French suspicions. Up to this point M. HERVÉ has had a clear field before him. He can urge with perfect truth that the Princes of ORLEANS have given the guarantees which France requires, that they have shown themselves to be modern princes. M. HERVÉ sees, however, that to re-establish the constitutional monarchy on the basis of 1830 would be to condemn the monarchical party to a simultaneous struggle with external foes and internal divisions. French Conservatism needs all the strength that union can give it if it is to save France from destruction. In 1830 the consequences of a schism between the elder and younger branches of the Royal House were not clearly foreseen. To-day it is plain to all men that it was the root of the schism which has made the Conservative party so long powerless in the country. It is impossible, therefore, in essaying the re-establishment of constitutional monarchy to dispense with the Count of CHAMBORD. The public, M. HERVÉ confesses, is inclined to dispense with him. It belongs to the statesmen of the Orleanist party, and, above all, to the Princes of the ORLEANS family, to show themselves in this respect wiser and less short-sighted than the public.

Here, then, to all appearance, M. HERVÉ has landed himself in a dilemma. He has shown that the princes who are to set up monarchy again in France must, above all things, be modern princes. He has shown that among the princes who are to set up monarchy again in France the Count of CHAMBORD must of necessity have the first place. How are these contradictions to be reconciled? M. HERVÉ cannot be charged with any want of courage in the presence of difficulties. He gets out of his dilemma by boldly denying that it is a dilemma. "For myself," he says, "I believe that the Count of CHAMBORD is a modern prince. The conscientious and profound meditations by which he has prepared himself for his vocation must long ago have convinced him that, to guide the destinies of his country and his age, he must be a modern prince. Nothing in the ideas, in the wants, in the aspirations of the France of to-day can be unfamiliar or uninteresting to him." M. HERVÉ's description of the Count of CHAMBORD recalls the language which some Liberal Catholics used to employ concerning the Pope. Long and profound meditation, they said, must by this time have convinced him that, if the Church is to direct modern civilization, it must admit much which it has hitherto denied; Pius IX. is not indifferent to the aspirations and the needs of the age; he appreciates and can satisfy them all. We know how far this theory was true of the Pope. Long and profound meditation had convinced him that, if the Church wished to guide modern civilization, it must greatly change its tone; and the fruit of this conviction was that, instead of directing modern civilization, he set to work to anathematize it. He proved that he was not indifferent to the aspirations and the needs of the age by making it clear that he abhorred and hated them. The Count of CHAMBORD's dispositions as regards the part of a modern prince seem to be identical with those of the Pope as regards the part of a Church Reformer. He has studied the requirements of the position which M. HERVÉ insists on assigning to him, and he has given notice that he is not prepared to conform to them. M. HERVÉ confesses that some misinterpreted acts and some misunderstood words have created in the minds of the French public an opinion of the Count of CHAMBORD which is far less favourable than that which he has himself formed. But he does not venture to state the grounds which have led him to a different conclusion from that of the world at large; and when so competent an analyst of political manifestoes as M. HERVÉ can devise no gloss which shall harmonize the letter about "My Flag" with modern ideas, we may be allowed to suspect that his belief that the two can be harmonized is not quite unconnected with his wish that they may be. For the real attitude of the Count of CHAMBORD is a matter of the last importance to the new Orleanist party. So long as he lives there can be no union on monarchical principles except on a basis to which he has consented; and without this union there is no hope of any present resurrection for the monarchy. This is the point on which M. HERVÉ's whole argument depends, and unfortunately it is the conspicuously weak link in the chain. It is of no avail that he insists in the latter part of his preface on the value of hereditary monarchy as the natural guardian of political traditions. Be-  
 long he can hope to restore hereditary monarchy in France he

must get his hereditary monarch, and it is of the essence of hereditary monarchs that they are found for, not by, their subjects.

If the Count of PARIS were now the head of the BOURBONS, instead of being next in succession to the head, M. HERVÉ's reasoning might have great weight with his countrymen. For eighty years, he says, France has been in the condition which finally brought ruin upon Poland. NAPOLEON I., LOUIS PHILIPPE, NAPOLEON III., M. THIERS, have all been elective kings. France has rejected the element which alone can give stability to a monarchy, just as, in her dislike to a strong Second Chamber, she has rejected the element which can alone give stability to a Republic. She will endure neither a dynasty nor a Senate. With a King of such promise as the Count of PARIS, it might be plausibly argued that to found a dynasty is a less difficult business than to construct a Senate. But what hope can there be in the Count of CHAMBORD? Nations will sometimes wait patiently until an unpopular king shall make way for a popular successor, but is there any instance of their electing an unpopular king in order to ensure that a popular king shall succeed him? The existence of the Count of CHAMBORD is as clear an indication as is often given to a party that its time has not yet come. That which letteth must let until it be taken out of the way. The Count of CHAMBORD could not change to any good purpose even if he would. An interested conversion would lose him his old friends and gain him no new ones. Even from a purely selfish point of view, the true policy of the Orleanist party is to wait for his death, rather than to make fruitless efforts to use him in life. He is not the stuff out of which constitutional kings are made; and M. HERVÉ and his friends will only waste their strength if they try to persuade the French nation to regard him in any other light. It is trying, no doubt, to see opportunities slipping away without being able to seize them, but even this is better than to let the greater opportunity slip in an over-hasty attempt to snatch at the lesser. France will soon have to try her hand, for the twelfth time or so, at the making of a Constitution. If the Orleanists can contribute to the establishment of a stable Republic, they will at least have the consolation of knowing that they have given France the second best blessing that she can enjoy; while, if their preference for monarchy is justified by another Republican failure, they will have united by an exhaustive process the whole strength of the Conservative sentiment in favour of the cause they have at heart.

#### THE DEBATE ON LORD HATHERLEY'S BILL.

IF anything could reconcile the mind of a genuine law reformer to the not very satisfactory Bill of the LORD CHANCELLOR for the reform of the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords and the Privy Council, it would be the still less satisfactory comments of Lord CAIRNS. We may fairly expect from the legal dignitaries who have been promoted to seats in the House of Lords something higher than party taunts and deeper than Nisi Prius criticism. And yet this is all that is to be found in the elaborate speech in which Lord CAIRNS signified the pleasure of the majority of the House of Lords to stifle the project of a Liberal LORD CHANCELLOR. If the Tory champion had pledged himself to the perpetual maintenance of the anomalous jurisdiction exercised by a fluctuating Committee in the name of the House of Lords, we could at least have admired the tenacity of party prejudice. If he had discussed on broad grounds the practicability of establishing a worthier Court of Appeal, we might have listened with respect to the opinions of an ex-Chancellor of some experience and unquestioned ability. But Lord CAIRNS did neither one nor the other of these things. Although every fact on which a judgment can be founded is as well known to him as to thousands of less eminent persons who have matured their views upon the subject, he could hit upon no better device for frustrating a resolution which was as sound in principle as the Bill founded upon it was defective in detail than an idle reference to a Select Committee. Whether the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords and of the Privy Council ought to be maintained with or without reform, whether it is desirable to construct an Appellate Court of higher quality than either of those bodies supplies, are questions on which Lord CAIRNS either has formed no opinion, or else is unwilling to commit himself to a view which might possibly have deprived him of the satisfaction of seeing to piece the project of a central law lord. On the main question, the maintenance or the abolition of the existing system of

ultimate appeal, Lord CAIRNS contributed no enlightenment to the House or the country beyond a repetition of the well-worn arguments on the value of which any lawyer of much less than his experience and acuteness ought by this time to have formed a decisive opinion. The House of Lords, he says, is not just now much in arrear with its judicial business. And why? One reason which he did refer to is the satisfactory character of the Intermediate Courts of Appeal, especially in England. Another more potent reason on which he was silent is the monstrous expense of an appeal to the House of Lords. But for this the numbers of appeals would be multiplied tenfold, and it would no longer be possible to boast that the intermittent sittings of the House of Lords sufficed for the work to be done. Nor could this defect be easily remedied, for, as Lord CAIRNS himself observed, it does not follow that ex-Chancellors who give up gratuitously a fraction of their leisure during the Session would be ready to undergo continuous labour during the recess. Another argument of about equal weight was that at the present moment there is a Scotch law lord and also an Irish law lord in the House. If the sufficiency of the tribunal depends on such circumstances as these, it must have been an eminently unsatisfactory Court during more than nine tenths of the period of its existence. Then for the Judicial Committee all that Lord CAIRNS could find to say was that Lord HATHRELLY had expressed himself satisfied with its present work, although Lord CAIRNS pointedly abstained from intimating any concurrence in the opinion. An *argumentum ad hominem* cast in the teeth of a Lord Chancellor is a poor substitute for grave reasoning on a great constitutional question. Much parade too, was made of the opinions of Mr. ANDERSON and others, that "the lieges of Scotland" are stupid enough to like the House of Lords because it is the House of Lords, better than a tribunal of less dignity and more assured competence and diligence; and the old theory that colonists would not endure an Appellate Court which did not call itself the QUEEN in Council did good service as usual in the debate. In justice, however, to Lord CAIRNS, it must be owned that he did not profess to believe in the arguments which he did not hesitate to employ. As we had anticipated, the Opposition law lord found abundant opportunity for telling criticism in the not very happily drawn measure which the CHANCELLOR had introduced; but there is criticism and criticism, and there is a whole ocean between suggestions intended to improve, and comments the object of which is simply to disparage.

We are compelled to agree with Lord CAIRNS that the grand purpose which Lord HATHRELLY had before him was very ineffectively embodied in the Government Bill. The truth seems to be that, on this as on former occasions, the LORD CHANCELLOR failed from want of political tact. No one has shown a clearer appreciation of the necessity of thoroughness in any large measure of law reform, and yet all his Bills have been marred by a timid compromise in dealing with subjects which must be handled boldly or not at all. His great scheme for the fusion of Law and Equity, or, more correctly speaking, for the absorption of Law in Equity, broke down because he at first proposed to entrust a Committee of Judges, a large majority of whom were hostile to the measure, with the duty of framing the procedure on the shape of which the success or failure of the scheme must depend. So again this year, his purpose of establishing a worthy Appellate Court was frittered away by a vain attempt to retain so much of the existing system as to disarm the opposition of fanatical adversaries. On both of these great subjects which Lord HATHRELLY has taken in hand we cannot doubt that, if he had felt sure of carrying his Bills, he would have introduced measures as sweeping and comprehensive as the most ardent innovators could desire. But he seems to have thought that he could secure success by diluting the ideas which he would gladly have stamped with the authority of law, and the only result has been that he has damped the enthusiasm of his supporters without conciliating his inevitable opponents. The unlucky High Court of Justice Bill was ruined by the large share of quasi-legislative power proposed to be given to the Judges, and the result was that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE tore it to pieces without mercy. So the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill was deformed by concessions to the worshippers of Peers and Privy Counsellors, and a Tory ex-Chancellor has poured out all his sarcasm on claims the only object of which seems to have been to avoid ruffling the prejudices of the Tory party. Whether in either case a less timid policy would have been more successful it is hard to say, but Lord HATHRELLY would have retired from the contest with more dignity and reputation if he had failed

in a vigorous effort to carry in their integrity the comprehensive reforms of which only a distorted image could be traced in the Bills which he introduced.

On most of the details to which Lord CAIRNS objected in the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill we have already expressed an opinion not very widely removed from his, and we are bound to admit that his criticisms, though on some points petty enough, were on many others as just as they were forcible. But a very defective Bill may be easily amended if its principle is sound, and the animus of the opposition was made only too plain by the determination that the Select Committee should be a substitute for the Bill, and not, as it might have been, a means of putting it into working shape. Even the sections which met Lord CAIRNS'S approval supplied food for hostile comment. Last Session the Government made an unfortunate blunder in fixing the salaries of Judges on the Judicial Committee too low to command the services of those whose acceptance of the office was most desired. This year they have seen and corrected the error by making a more liberal offer, and Lord CAIRNS points out that the result will be to pay the higher salary without having secured the services of the men who were considered most eligible for the office. "Parsimony tempered by prodigality" is a good enough taunt, and generosity is not a necessary element in a party speech; otherwise it might have occurred to an ex-Chancellor that it was scarcely worth while to revive a discussion which had been long since thrashed out with an adequate yield of triumph to the Opposition. The suggestion that the Appellate Bill might be meant as a prelude to the more sweeping measure over which Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it necessary to think once, twice, or thrice, would have been appropriate, and perhaps legitimate, on the hustings; but one cannot but regret that, in discussing so grave a subject as the constitution of the ultimate Court of Appeal, the luminaries of the law should think more of coining a few telling sarcasms than of guiding the opinion of the country, which is fast settling down without their assistance to a conviction which will in due time become irresistible.

#### A NEW REFORM BILL THREATENED.

WHEN Mr. DISRAELI sold the pass for two years' tenure of office, only sanguine and inexperienced politicians ventured to assume that the era of Parliamentary Reform Bills was closed. The previous agitation had been too profitable to its promoters not to encourage future imitators. Lord JOHN RUSSELL began to discover the necessity of a second Reform Bill as soon as the popularity acquired by the first had been finally exhausted, and afterwards Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI began to bid against one another for power and office by lowering the franchise as at a Dutch auction. It might perhaps have been hoped that, like the Hebrew territory in occasional intervals between border wars, the land would be allowed to rest for at least seven years; but when Mr. GLADSTONE thought fit suddenly to adopt the Ballot, he justified his conversion by an announcement that universal suffrage was imminent, and on the whole expedient; nor can it be collected from his answer to Mr. TREVELYAN that he has since altered his opinion. The pretence of logical necessity is the worst possible excuse for great political changes; and when the process of demonstration is regulated by the convolutions of ingenious and sophistical intellects, the substitution of verbal deductions for the exercise of practical sagacity is untrustworthy and generally mischievous. Mr. WALTER has applied Mr. GLADSTONE'S mode of reasoning to the same effect, though in an opposite direction. Instead of extemporizing the doctrine of promiscuous suffrage to account for advocacy of the Ballot, Mr. WALTER thinks that the evils of the Ballot render the concession of votes to farm-labourers necessary rather as an accompaniment than as a corrective. Under the proposed system of secret voting the small boroughs are to become hopelessly corrupt; and the consequent redistribution of seats will, by some unexplained tendency, result in the concession of household suffrage to the counties. Equally inconclusive is the argument that in East Kent and Shoreham the extension of boroughs has already established household suffrage in rural districts which are indistinguishable from little counties. It is doubtful whether the franchise is not already too uniform; and the electoral anomalies which have survived successive Reform Bills are a better protection to minorities than any newfangled device of proportional representation. If monotony is indispensable it would be easier to abolish the exceptions than to modify the normal system.

Mr. TREVELYAN displays an ingenious simplicity in his

belief that a new Reform Bill can be discussed without reference to the opinions of parties. It is not to strengthen the democratic interest that he proposes to swamp in their own constituencies the landlords and farmers who at present return county members. Mr. TREVELYAN's objects are practical and social rather than strictly political, for he only wishes that the labourers should inform Parliament through their representatives of their own grievances and aspirations. Himself a zealous supporter of Mr. MIALI, as well as of other assailants of established institutions, Mr. TREVELYAN professes not to be quite certain whether the question of Church Establishments will be fully understood until the agricultural labourer is consulted on the comparative advantages of endowment and of the voluntary system. Like a fowler spreading his nets in the full sight of birds whom he must regard as the stupidest denizens of the air, the advocate of an extended suffrage almost undertakes to be converted to the cause of Establishments if the ploughman should prove to be the ally of the parson. It is uniformly found that an agitation which affects to be independent of sects and parties is conducted by the most exclusive of factions. With the exception of theorists who, like Mr. WALTER, are bent on reducing the Ballot to an absurdity, the friends of household suffrage in counties are zealous supporters of democracy. The farm-labourer, indeed, is not at present one of themselves; but their emissaries are already busy in promoting agricultural strikes in different counties; and they may reasonably expect that the class of the community which possesses the smallest amount of intellectual cultivation will be the most ready to listen to political demagogues. It is perfectly true that, as Mr. FAWCETT observed, the farm-labourer is greatly calumniated by his friends, and that he exercises in his own craft faculties of observation and contrivance which in themselves indicate a certain education; but he has not been taught to reason and theorize; and it would be easy to persuade him that he is the victim of unsuspected oppression. When the Jacobins of the London Clubs propose to an urban rabble the expropriation of landowners, they address an audience which knows nothing of rural economy. The labourer would attend with a better instructed cupiditv to the lessons of agrarian reformers. With longer experience Mr. TREVELYAN will learn that political power is not invariably applied to the redress of legitimate grievances. It may indeed be doubted whether his zeal for the extension of the suffrage would not be cooled if it were discovered that the farm labourers formed, after all, the Conservative stratum to which Mr. DISRAELI failed to penetrate. Unluckily, Mr. TREVELYAN and his friends are perfectly justified in their belief that the extension of household suffrage to counties would largely increase the ranks of their supporters.

Mr. FAWCETT, preferring as usual sound principle to the exigencies of party, took occasion to protest against the faggot votes by which the inhabitants of towns are partially enabled to control or influence the representation of certain counties. Mr. CORDEN, whom the editor of his pamphlets declares to have been infallible, was the most zealous advocate of the system of faggot votes; and immediately after the abolition of the Corn Laws he recommended his followers to concentrate their entire energies on the purchase of shares in freehold houses, for the purpose of outvoting the landlords and farmers in their own counties. The scheme, in common with the great majority of Mr. CORDEN's projects, proved abortive; and perhaps Mr. FAWCETT wasted his disapproval on a system which has thus far been almost innocuous. The present county electors have much more to fear from household suffrage than from faggot votes. Parliamentary Reformers almost always forget or suppress the obvious proposition that in the readjustment of a representative system what is given to one section of the community must be taken from another. In every county those who are at present excluded from the suffrage would, if they were enfranchised, form a majority; and if the new electors, under the guidance of demagogues, thought fit to combine against their employers, the present electors would be absolutely excluded from all political influence. The sycophants of the enlightened working men of the towns would not hesitate to cultivate a similar enthusiasm for any voters who had political power to offer them in exchange. In spite of Mr. TREVELYAN's sincere disclaimer, the agitation to which he has now devoted himself tends exclusively to the benefit of the extreme party with which he has cast in his fortunes.

Mr. GLADSTONE had no choice but to oppose for the moment a proposal for a new electoral revolution; but, as usual, he was careful to explain that on a fit occasion he would not be unwilling once more to revise the Constitution. The rapid

collapse of their popularity has not yet convinced the Ministers that it is impolitic to disquiet all classes by vague menaces and threats of change. Mr. MIALI was last year courteously reminded by Mr. BRUCE that he is not yet backed by a sufficiently formidable agitation; and Mr. GOSCHEN, with the approval of his leader, periodically threatens the landowners with a revision to their detriment of local taxation. The publicans have had sufficient influence to make their resentment felt; but other classes are equally desirous of being allowed to pursue their ordinary avocations in peace. It is not the business of a chief Minister to confirm on every occasion the suspicion that he takes nothing for granted, and allows nothing to be permanently settled. Mr. GLADSTONE undertook last autumn to think twice or thrice before he destroyed the House of Lords; and if Mr. TREVELYAN brings forward two or three annual motions for household suffrage in counties, the actual electors may perhaps find themselves practically disfranchised with even less hesitation on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is not improbable that, while they are still capable of exercising electoral power, they will intimate their opinion of Mr. TREVELYAN's proposal, and of Mr. GLADSTONE's wavering professions, by returning Conservative members. It is only the most thoughtful and dispassionate politicians who appreciate the advantage of keeping in office a statesman who, if he found himself in opposition, would perhaps become a revolutionary leader. The Ballot will in some counties diminish the influence of landlords; but the effect of secret voting may perhaps be counteracted by the alarm of farmers who are threatened with the future supremacy of their own workmen.

#### THE LICENSING BILL.

IT appears probable that by an exercise of reason and moderation a Licensing Bill may be passed during the present Session. If it be possible to satisfy the public and the publicans, the fanatics may safely be neglected. The hours of opening and closing liquor-shops must be fixed with reference to the convenience of buyers; and if that is properly considered, the sellers will have no ground, and we believe no desire, to complain. A tradesman cannot afford to shut his shop when other shops are open, but he might be willing, or even anxious, that the hours of business should be generally abridged. As Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill stands at present, "on Sunday" licensed premises shall be closed from ten or eleven o'clock P.M. to seven o'clock on Monday morning. This, however, is merely an example of the slovenly way in which important Bills are drawn. It is beyond the power of Parliament to extend Sunday into Monday morning. We can of course discover the meaning which the draftsman has not taken the trouble to express. Within four miles of Charing Cross the hour of closing is to be on Sundays eleven P.M., and on weekdays twelve P.M. Beyond that circle the hour of closing is to be on Sundays ten P.M., and on weekdays eleven P.M. The hour of opening is to be throughout the metropolitan district, to which for the present we confine our attention, seven A.M. It is obvious to inquire how the arrangement as to closing will affect visitors to theatres and other places of amusement. The upper class of theatres finish their performances, as a rule, earlier than they used to do. This has arisen partly from the necessity which many persons are under of quitting the theatre in time to catch a homeward train on one of the suburban lines of railway, and partly perhaps from a feeling, which formerly did not seem to exist, that it is possible to have too much for your money. If it is undesirable, as we think it is, to stimulate drinking in theatres, there must be opportunities to drink outside, and therefore the liquor-shops must in general remain open for at least half an hour after the performances have finished. As all the theatres which we can call to mind are within four miles of Charing Cross, the frequenters of all of them would have equal opportunity of obtaining drink; and if there are any theatres beyond this limit, they would take no harm by opening and closing at hours earlier than have become habitual in the Strand. Almost all other amusements finish earlier than the theatres, and a public meeting, which usually begins at eight o'clock, cannot by any oratorical power be kept alive after half-past ten. As regards business which has to be done at night, we doubt whether the cutting off an hour from the time within which drink may be procured would make much difference. Those who are at work at twelve P.M. are likely to be at work also at one or two A.M. It is obvious that, as regards certain trades, the power which the Bill gives to the local authority of granting to the houses which supply them with refreshment



exemptions from the rules of closing would have to be freely exercised. With this reservation, it might not be inconvenient to close one hour earlier at night, but we doubt whether it is desirable to make the hour of opening in the morning later than it is at present. It is hardly worth while to establish a rule which would require almost innumerable exceptions. We observe that the Committee of Licensed Victuallers have suggested to Lord KIMBERLEY that the hour of opening should be five o'clock, and not seven, as proposed by the Bill, upon the ground that "the vast number of workmen who commence their labour earlier than seven o'clock in the morning will otherwise be deprived of all breakfast accommodation in a public-house." As regards the hours of closing, the Committee suggest that the same provisions should be adopted for the provincial towns as are made in the Bill for the metropolis; and we infer that, as regards the metropolis, the Committee accept the Bill, although they would prefer that the hour of closing should be uniform without regard to distance from Charing Cross. They also appear to accept the further restriction which is proposed for Sunday; and if the publicans desire to close their houses, we should be reluctant to propose on the part of the public that they should be kept open. The "bond fide traveller," who is well known in Westminster Hall, will continue to enjoy his privileges under this Bill; which moreover allows considerable latitude in the sale of drink at railway stations. Besides the Committee of Licensed Victuallers, two different Associations of Brewers have met to consider the Bill, and one of them had an interview with Lord KIMBERLEY which appears not to have been altogether unsatisfactory. Some of the objections taken to the Bill have been met by concessions, and others can hardly be considered vitally important. Neither brewers nor licensed victuallers are likely to commit the folly of rejecting this Bill because it is not exactly what they would themselves have drawn. They will accept any tolerable settlement rather than allow the question to remain open another year.

There is a clause in the Bill providing that in the case of a licence to sell intoxicating liquor not to be drunk on the premises, if a person buys liquor and drinks it on the premises, or on a highway adjoining or near such premises, the seller shall be liable to a penalty, "unless he proves that such drinking was without his privity or consent." We think this clause bears out the complaint of the deputations against the severity of the penal enactments of the Bill. A person comes to buy beer for the dinner or supper of himself or his family, and on his way home with it he is tempted to take a pull at the tankard before its first freshness has passed away. If he does this near the place of sale, the seller may be brought before a magistrate and fined 10*l.*, unless he "proves" that he was not privy or consenting to the buyer's act of tasting his beer before he reached his home. It appears to our understanding impossible to prove the negative of privity or consent, except by the evidence of the defendant, which, as this would be a criminal proceeding, he would be incompetent to give. Thus the buyer's hasty and harmless act of taking a sip of beer out of a pot on the way home may subject the seller of the beer to a prosecution, against which there could be no defence. Besides the fine, which a sensible magistrate might mitigate, the conviction must be endorsed on the licence, and three such endorsements cause the licence to be forfeited. It will be found that the Act under which these licences for sale of liquor not to be drunk on the premises are granted contains a carefully framed provision against evasion, which has been by another Act carefully amended. But the old-fashioned notion that, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well, seems to have been exploded by the draftsmen of recent Bills in Parliament. It is remarkable that, although the Bill does not profess to consolidate existing law, this provision against evasion has been copied into it from previous Acts. But if the draftsman takes thus much, he ought to take a great deal more. It becomes obvious, as soon as attention is directed to the above-mentioned clause of the Bill, that it cannot stand. Even the debates on the Ballot Bill have disclosed no absurdity so great as imposing a fine upon a man because he cannot prove by evidence other than his own oath that another person's act was done without his consent. Of course, if the unfortunate beer-seller cannot pay the fine, he must go to prison—that is, if there happens to be a vacant place in any prison to which he may be sent, which the disposition of some legislators might render doubtful. We observe that in another clause the draftsman, with a sudden assumption of accuracy which is consistent with essential carelessness, has provided that if

a licensed person is convicted of permitting his premises "to become or to be" a brothel, he shall be fined. It is difficult to see how a house can be a brothel without becoming one, or vice versa. In another clause a constable is empowered to demand the name and address of any person found on licensed premises during certain hours, and if he supposes the name and address to be false, "he may require evidence of its correctness." This clause would convert every constable into a statutory Doornerry. It is impossible to conjecture what is here meant by "evidence." The statement of the suspected person would be useless, because the constable has made up his mind to disbelieve it, and if he were a "bond fide traveller," who would have a right to be where he was found, he would almost inevitably be without "evidence," and liable to be taken as a prisoner before a magistrate.

We think that the Government has done wisely in bringing in a Bill merely embodying such alterations of the law as they deem necessary, and not attempting at the same moment to consolidate the whole law of licensing. Next year the Acts as to beer-houses passed in 1869 and 1870 will expire, and that may be a convenient time for the necessary work of consolidation. By doing one thing at a time there may be some chance of doing it well, whereas amid the excited discussion of principles it is inevitable that details should be thrown into inextricable confusion. But if the Bill is merely designed to alter the law, it is unnecessary to introduce into it any provision of an Act which the Bill does not repeal. We have already referred to one such superfluous clause. The Bill of Mr. BRUCE of last year and that of Sir H. SELWYN-IBBETSON of this year would supersede the existing law of licensing by one comprehensive enactment. It has been remarked by a master of political satire that comprehensive measures are not always comprehensible. Supposing that Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill, with necessary amendments, should pass this year, the task of consolidation may be undertaken next year with the advantage of a year's experience of its working. If magistrates do their duty under it, the rival interests of freedom and sobriety will perhaps not be found wholly incompatible, and even the eloquence of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH may fail to demonstrate that they need any help from ratapayers.

#### THE OPPOSITION AND MR. FAWCETT'S BILL.

THE charge of inconsistency which has been brought against Mr. FAWCETT because he did not abandon his Bill as soon as he found that the Opposition, or a part of it, was likely to vote for it, shows a curious ignorance of the rudiments of party morality. On Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's theory, St. PAUL ought to have reconsidered his position as a preacher of Christianity on finding that he had almost persuaded AGRIPPA to be a Christian. Political controversy should be conducted on the principle of a perpetual see-saw. The conversion of your adversary to your views ought to be the signal for ratting from your own. The politicians who criticize Mr. FAWCETT in this spirit are for the most part the same men that condemned the Government for not reversing their educational policy when they discovered that it was agreeable to the Conservatives. These gentlemen treat measures as a bill-discounter treats bills. All they care to look at is what names are on the back of them. So long as the cheers and groans come from the right throats, they do not trouble themselves about what it is that calls them forth. It is not pretended that Mr. FAWCETT has shaped his Bill so as to catch Conservative votes; all that is alleged against him is that he did not reject Conservative votes as soon as it seemed probable that they would be offered him. If the Opposition had supported Mr. GLADSTONE on the Irish education question as they supported Mr. FORSTER on the English education question, Mr. FAWCETT would have been praised below the gangway for his bold enunciation of Liberal principles against the temporizing policy of the Government. In this case the censure has fallen on the wrong head. Mr. FAWCETT is a thoroughgoing Secularist, and as it is quite certain that the Irish people will not in their present state of mind put up with Secularism of their own free will, he is anxious to apply as much pressure as may be needed to overcome their resistance. In the prosecution of this enterprise he is naturally and properly willing to take whatever help he can get. The man who advocates Secularism is for the time being a Secularist, and Mr. FAWCETT rightly thinks that this all-important fact is not affected by the fact that on other points his new allies call themselves Conservatives. But though Mr. FAWCETT may consistently and honourably accept the aid of the Opposition in getting his Bill passed,

what shall be said of the Opposition which is willing to aid him in passing it? Of late years the course of events has given the Conservative policy a more than usually ecclesiastical character. Accidents often determine what an Opposition shall oppose, and in this case the deciding influence has been found in the hostility of extreme Liberals to the support of religion by the State, in however indirect a manner, together with their consequent desire to dissociate from religion any system of education that is even in part maintained by public money. Upon no subject has Conservative eloquence taken a more edifying tone than upon the indissoluble connexion that should subsist between religion and education. Whether the higher education has been under discussion, as in the debates on the University Tests Act, or elementary education, as in the debates before and since the passing of the Education Act, it has been assumed as a truth which would be disputed only by impious radicals that religious and secular teaching should go hand in hand. The Opposition did its best to retain Oxford and Cambridge as Church of England Universities, and when it was beaten on this point it made a vigorous effort to retain them as exclusively Christian Universities. As regards the Elementary Education Act, the Opposition has made common cause with Roman Catholics and some sections of Protestant Dissenters in insisting on the Denominational system being placed in all respects on a level with the secular system. If over party policy was marked out by party antecedents, the policy of the Conservatives as regards Mr. FAWCETT's Bill was so marked out. The whole tendency of Conservative speeches in and out of Parliament has been in favour of Denominationalism as opposed to Secularism. In this respect the Irish people are altogether at one with them. Both have professed to accept Denominationalism as the best substitute for that exclusive recognition of their own special religion which they admit to be now unattainable.

Mr. FAWCETT proposes to do for the University of Dublin what the University Tests Act did for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. So much the Opposition might perhaps have assented to from love of symmetry or from a conviction that resistance would be useless. But Mr. FAWCETT's Bill does a great deal more than this. It takes up the whole question of University education in Ireland, and settles it in a Secularist sense. To conceive anything like a parallel in England to the scheme which Mr. FAWCETT wishes to see established in Ireland, we must suppose that the great majority of the people of England had been keenly anxious to have some provision made for the maintenance of Denominational teaching at Oxford and Cambridge, and that Mr. TREVELYAN, reinforced by a large contingent of Irishmen and Scotchmen, had insisted on taking the question out of the hands of the Government, and forcing the Secularist solution upon the nation. This is precisely what is now happening, or at least is talked of as likely to happen, in the case of Ireland, with the startling difference that the contingent which is to reinforce Mr. FAWCETT consists of English Conservatives who have hitherto proclaimed themselves that friends of religious education. It would be hard to find in political history an abnegation of principle at once so complete and so wanton. If the sudden conversion of the Conservative party to a democratic Reform Bill was more striking in its incidents, and more important in its results, it must be remembered that to a great number of men political questions are not really matters of right and wrong. They are content to leave the decision of them to others, and to desert their leaders would seem to them a more immoral act than to follow their leaders in the desertion of their principles. But in matters of religion and morality men claim to think for themselves, and the Conservatives are never tired of proclaiming that the conflict between Secularism and Denominationalism is a matter of religion and morality. It is to be hoped that such of them as intend to vote with Mr. FAWCETT will take the trouble to explain how a connexion which is indissoluble on one side of St. George's Channel can be dissoluble on the other; how the same men can be Denominationalists in England and Secularists in Ireland. Perhaps, indeed, the support of Mr. FAWCETT is meant to be the prelude to a similar conversion to the cause of Messrs. DIXON and CANDLISH. There would be the same reward in both cases—the consciousness of having embarrassed the Government. Upon this point, however, the alliance with the Anglican clergy will probably keep the party straight. As regards Ireland, the Conservatives are under no such sobering influence. The Irish clergy, so far at all events as they are represented by the authorities of Trinity College, seem to be perfectly ready to

turn Secularists, provided that they can thereby exclude their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen from a share in University endowments. Dishing the Papists is to an Irish Protestant what dishing the Whigs was to the late Lord DERBY.

The position of Mr. FAWCETT and his friends upon this question is, in its way and for different reasons, as illogical as the position of the Conservatives will be if they make up their minds to vote for his Bill. The promoters of the measure have hitherto been content to shirk the argument brought forward by Mr. JOHN MORLEY, in a recent letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. As a Liberal, Mr. MORLEY is advanced enough for anybody, and it is in the character of an advanced Liberal that he challenges Mr. FAWCETT's proposal to legislate for Ireland in a manner diametrically opposed to the wishes of the Irish people. "In politics," Mr. MORLEY says, "you have to strike a balance between their respective advantages when two of your principles clash. The aiding of Denominational teaching by the State seems to me a thoroughly bad thing, but making laws for one nation only to please another seems infinitely worse." Mr. FAWCETT wishes to do for Irishmen in the matter of University education what NAPOLEON III. did for Frenchmen in the matter of commercial freedom—to give them what he thinks good for them, not what they think good for themselves. If this policy is recognized as sound Liberalism, we ought at least to send an apology to Chislehurst for the censures which we have been accustomed to pass on the Empire because its maxim was government for the people, not by the people. If all English Liberals took Mr. FAWCETT's view, the argument for Home Rule would become morally irresistible.

#### MAY MEETINGS.

IT is curious, after all the epigrams and philosophical reflections that have been made upon the subject, to observe how impassable are the invisible barriers by which one part of mankind is cut off from another. It is still more curious, in spite of an equal number of commonplaces, to see how each fragment mistakes itself for the universe or for the pattern on which the universe should, properly speaking, have been modelled. For poor King Alfonso only said a little more frankly what we all of us think, and there can be no doubt that if any of us had been consulted at the creation of the world, its arrangements would have been materially different. Taking up, for example, the newspaper which professes to reflect most accurately the various tastes of the British middle classes, we find two articles side by side; one of them is a bit of rhetoric about Newmarket, and the other about the May Meetings. One section of humanity has been nervously considering for months whether Prince Charlie could run a mile faster than Cremorne; the other has been watching with almost equal keenness to know how many Jews or negroes have abandoned their errors to be gathered into the Protestant fold. Each of these little fragments of the race looks down with supreme contempt upon all the others. The true sporting man considers that a person who hardly knows a horse from a donkey, and is profoundly ignorant of the state of the odds, is little better than a fool. He does not indeed condemn such wretches to any punishment in the next world; probably he holds that they are sufficiently punished in this by their incapacity to taste the only pleasure worthy of a rational being. Man is to him distinguished from the brutes as a betting animal, and the ideal sometimes set forth by enthusiasts of this class is one in which every member of society, from the prince to the peasant, is prepared to back his opinion according to his means. The world should be one vast York-shire; and, as in the conventional accounts of Arabia, a horse of the purest race should be an inmate of every household. The class which frequents May Meetings is to him personified by Stiggins, and is simply a mass of unctuous and tyrannical hypocrisy. Such feelings, it need hardly be said, are repaid in kind, and indeed with interest. Exeter Hall has more vigorous denunciations at its command than Newmarket. We need not dwell upon the fate which, in its opinion, is reserved for the unfortunate votaries of the Tarf. If the complacency with which a man regards his own character is fairly measured by the depth to which all other persons have sunk in his estimation, there can be no doubt that the fanatic has by far the pleasantest view of life; for surely nothing can be more flattering to one's self-esteem than to hold as an undoubted truth that all who do not agree with you are on the road to perdition. And, indeed, if we were compelled to decide upon one of these two ideals being adopted as the pattern on which the whole world should be modelled, we should feel ourselves in candour bound to adopt the scheme of Exeter Hall. The betting-man of the present day, whatever chance he may succeed in throwing over his pursuits, is not a pleasant phenomenon when you come to look into him closely. A world of gamblers would be a more detestable place of habitation than a world of fanatics. And yet, if we may venture for a short time to contemplate the latter alternative, it must be admitted that the prospect is not altogether bright. We sometimes wonder, though after all the world is uncertain, whether you, Lord St. Austyn,

and his fellow-believers could really look forward with pleasure to the day whose advent they profess to anticipate with ecstasy, in which the whole world shall be even as they are. The wonder, we say, is unnecessary; for we have no reason to doubt the perfect sincerity of the leaders of the persuasion, nor, when we consider the state of cultivation which they appear to have attained, is it necessary to suppose that they are men capable of understanding the objections to having all human beings drilled after their system. When Mr. Spurgeon travels on the Continent, he appears to accept, with the most unassuming faith, that chain of reasoning which is popular with so many people. You, he says, addressing the Pope of Rome or a German Professor, mentally differ from me. Therefore you are wrong. Being wrong, it is quite certain that you are a fool, and highly probable that you will be damned. In one form or other, as it is scarcely necessary to remark, a very similar set of opinions is entertained by persons of much greater pretensions to culture than Mr. Spurgeon. Intense dogmatism is by no means confined to any stage of opinion. The man of science who contemptuously repudiates every tinge of theological belief is very often just as great a dogmatist as the bitterest Ultramontane. But the peculiarity of the Exeter Hall form of dogmatism is its combination with an unusual depth of ignorance and intellectual indifference. It has not even affected to consider other forms of opinion, but has been content to treat them as simply non-existent; which explains, amongst other things, the curious rapidity of conversion sometimes to be observed among men of this type, when by some means or other the existence of a new world of thought and sentiment has been suddenly forced upon them. They are like men born blind who have received what is to them an entirely new faculty.

No man is altogether emancipated from an old form of belief until he has fairly looked at it and done justice to the excellences to which its power over men's minds has been due, as well as observed its defects. Now, as a rule, the disciple of Exeter Hall is simply unaware that there is any element in human nature which does not find full satisfaction in his creed. Certain instincts seem never to have come to life in him at all. If we take up, for example, at random the reports of recent meetings, we come upon such bits of eloquence as this. A gentleman at the "Lord's Day Observance Society" regretted to say that "in some of the London churches the Fourth Commandment was displaced by pretty ornaments, and he hoped the Legislature would aid the parishioners in putting an end to a state of things in which God's decrees were sacrificed to taste." The next speaker complained that the Town Council of Birmingham had "determined to open the Arts Museum on the Lord's Day," and he was afraid that the example would be followed elsewhere. We do not quite understand in what sense the Fourth Commandment was "replaced by pretty ornaments," but the mental attitude of the speakers is sufficiently obvious. It had never even entered into their minds to imagine that art can possibly be brought into alliance with religious sentiment. They consider, with a very large part of the British public, that a picture gallery is on a level with a peep-show, and is an intrinsically frivolous entertainment got up chiefly in the interests of the publicans. A stroll through a gallery is an excellent means of acquiring an appetite for a glass of beer, and on the whole partakes of the wickedness of all purely secular entertainments. A person with an immortal soul ought to be above looking at "pretty ornaments"; and, moreover, which is unfortunately an equally characteristic inference, he should not be content with keeping them out of his own particular chapel, but should invoke the aid of Parliament to put them down elsewhere. The speaker obviously did not think, as persons of more cultivation may do, that the particular form of art which finds favour with the High Church party is specially childish; but he regards art in general as fit only for light-minded and worldly people. He would be just as ready to condemn the most spiritual art of mediæval times as the last new bit of dilettante antiquarianism. The bare notion that any form of art, except that which is involved in roaring out a revival hymn, can be admissible into religious services is altogether abhorrent to him. He would as soon expect his pastor to interrupt the service by a song fresh from the music-halls as to make any profane concessions to the senses of the beautiful. A man in such a temper of mind is of course utterly unable to comprehend the repugnance with which cultivated people would regard the extension of the puritanical Sabbath to the whole world. He has not the power of conceiving that there is anything in it which jars upon religious feeling, or to perceive why, to any of the Continental races, it would seem like a proposal to put out the sun once a week. He never shrinks from the conclusion that, if he is right, the great majority of the world must be hopelessly given over to the powers of evil, as, indeed, that is an essential part of his creed. And he therefore complacently sets down all such expressions of opinion as, for example, this article, to the inextinguishable antipathy which exists between the children of light and the children of darkness. His own religion is absolutely true and universally comprehensive. A gentleman to whom a half-converted Jew once applied for a little pecuniary assistance during the period of reflection, implied by asking for what possible reason he could think of giving up so ancient and highly respectable a creed? A man who had the good fortune to be a member of so ancient a persuasion ought to adhere to it, in preference to any newfangled creed which might have the advantage of being a little truer. No doubt this was pushing toleration to extremes. But, at any rate, it implied some

recognition of the fact that there are elements of truth and beauty in many different opinions, and that if we could crush them all out summarily in favour of one we might lose more than we should gain. That is the theory which our fanatical friends are wholly unable to conceive; and they fancy that the world would lose nothing if all its inhabitants, from the Roman Catholic to the Hindoo, could to-morrow put on suits of dingy black and begin to sing Dissenting hymns through their noses.

And yet we should be falling into the narrowness which we condemn if we failed to recognize what there is of elevating, and we might almost say of sublime, in this narrow fanaticism. The servant-maids and shopkeepers who have been saving up pence in order to have a ten-thousandth part of the glory of making a Jew rather more like one of themselves, have been directed to an ideal which may not be very glorious, but which at any rate raises them a little out of the purely material selfishness in which they are condemned to live. The missionary reports are not very exhilarating documents, as a rule, to intelligent readers; but they are the means of keeping alive a certain amount of imaginative interest in the affairs of the world at large, which is better than pure indifference. Even the narrow fanaticism and prejudice represent a great force in society which, like other great forces, deserves something better than simple contempt. The best qualities of Englishmen are very closely connected with a certain pig-headed unreasonableness which is disagreeable enough, but not exactly despicable. A man with a profound conviction that he is going to heaven, and that nobody else will get there by any other road than his, is apt to shock our prejudices; but we cannot refuse to him a certain kind of esteem. We may ardently wish that he would be a little more refined, and lifted out of the very narrow groove in which he is confined; but we should be sorry to lose the element of sturdy independence and adherence to principle which he represents in the national character.

#### POST-CARDS

NO doubt there are very good reasons why the post-card has turned out a great success. In the first place, there are a number of indolent people in the world who are very glad to be saved the trouble of folding a letter and putting a stamp on an envelope. There are an equal number of awkward people who never could find the right-sized envelope, or remember where they had laid the stamps. A few economists, no doubt, feel a savage sort of satisfaction in the saving of a halfpenny. Then too there is the host of fussy people, the people who must be talking, and who never can keep their fingers off pen and paper. It is an immense relief for people who have nothing to say, to seize a post-card and say it. A letter, however short, implied some sort of moral responsibility, and afforded some sort of guarantee against pure meaningless chatter. A mere note had to observe some sort of grammar, and to aim at an appearance of sense. There were a few lingering traditions, too, which prevented correspondence from sinking into an incessant epistolary peep-showing. But the post-card has to make its own traditions, and for the time the idlers and the fussy folk have it all their own way. One may scribble a post-card while lounging for a few minutes after breakfast, or waiting to see whether the morning turns out a sunny one; one may pencil a post-card on a shop-counter, or drop one into the letter-box at a railway station. The fussy man has hardly bidden you good-bye, before a post-card arrives to tell you something which he had forgotten to observe. You flatter yourself you have shaken the busybody off, but he buttons you again through the post-office. A thousand purposeless inquiries are littered over one's table, and each is followed up by fresh postage-cards with the mystic "R.S.V.P." But even the inquiries are better than the mere gabble of "What a pleasant morning!" or the feeble joke which is thought good enough for a halfpenny card. It is not, however, the idle folk or the awkward folk or the fussy folk only who exult in post-cards. This is an age of hurry, and the post-card is the perfect expression of the age. The old courtesies of society—its ceremonious bow, its well-turned compliments, its refinement of address and demeanour—have all vanished with the leisure which produced them. Nobody has time to play Sir Charles Grandison in the crush of a modern drawing-room, where intercourse is reduced to a passing bow, and conversation to a friendly epigram. The artist sends post-billows to the Academy, and "wishes he had time" for nobler work. The very scholar rushes for sheer life through pamphlets and octaves, and dismisses his duty follow to the gullet. We have discarded hour-glasses from our pulpits, and cut down the sermon to twenty minutes. Our very holidays are a race against time, and the tourist returns triumphant at having done Syria and the Pyramids in a month. The post-card is the fitting correspondence of an age like this—of a world which believes itself too busy to put a sheet of paper into an envelope. We are proud of it, as we are proud of our express trains and our telegraph. It helps us to hug ourselves on the whirl in which we live, and the wonderful way in which we manage to live in it.

We are not so Quixotic as to plead against "progress," or the pride which our age feels in the consciousness that, like John Brown's soul, it is always "marching on"; but it must be owned that in the case of the post-card we have a few losses to set off against our gains. We can hardly open an old drawer, or look over a bundle of our grandmother's correspondence, without a shy

suspicion that the post-card can hardly be regarded as the climax of the art of letter-writing. No doubt it is the completion of a process which has been going on for a long time before. Our grandmothers' letters were very serious matters. The heavy postage seemed to necessitate a corresponding amount of thought and correctness in the composition of them. They were written at long intervals, and for the most part on distinct occasions and with a special purpose. Their length and the very shape of the paper on which they were written gave them a sort of literary impress. To write, in fact, such letters as our fathers used to receive in their early days required not a little literary skill. To acquire this skill, to be a good letter-writer, was one of the chief aims of the higher education of the time, and there can be no doubt that a high standard of excellence was pretty generally obtained. It is unfair, perhaps, to cite as specimens of average correspondence such letters as those which are familiar to every reader in the novels of the last century—in *Clarissa*, for instance, or *Evelina*; although the very form which these novels assume, and the fact that no novelist of to-day is able to manage it, prove clearly enough that the notion of good letter-writing was familiar enough then, and has become pretty strange to us nowadays. But any bundle of old letters which we turn out of a drawer is enough to convince us that a high standard of composition had been reached by the bulk of intelligent and educated people. Even in the commonest instances we find a certain dignified grace and propriety of tone, a fair notion of narrative, some care for phraseology and style, little touches of humour and well-bred wit. Correspondence, in fact, a hundred years ago was an almost universal means of self-education, and the loss of culture which has resulted from the practical abandonment of it is probably more serious than we at first sight suppose. Letter-writing, it must be remembered, is the only form of literary production which can ever be accessible to the mass of men and women. Few persons in any age are likely to write books or State papers. But every one writes letters, and people's literary taste, their appreciation and enjoyment of the various qualities which make up literary style, will pretty much depend on the letters they write. The cultivation of Latin verse and Latin prose at schools has been justly defended on the ground, not that it made Ovids and Ciceros out of average schoolboys, but that it enabled the average schoolboy to enter in some degree into the excellences of Ovid and Cicero. And even if the long letters of the last century failed in enabling every correspondent to rival the vivacity of Miss Burney or the ease of Richardson, they probably did a good deal in enabling their writers to feel the excellences of either. There is high authority, indeed, for believing that amongst the letter-writers themselves practice, as the old saw runs, had done a good deal towards "making perfect." If we remember rightly, it is in his essay on "Style" that De Quincy asks himself the question where he remembered to have observed the purest and truest English, and, coming from so great a master, his reply is a startling one. It was, he says, in the ordinary letters of unmarried women of from forty to fifty. But even if we set this aside, and grant that the bulk of our grandmothers' epistles are dull and a little stilted, they still exercised a wholesome influence in some marked points on the literature around them. However stilted or dull, they are never vulgar or flippant; flippancy and vulgarity, in fact, are just the faults which anything like a serious attempt at literary composition is pretty sure to correct. We should hardly have to tolerate the "fast dialogue" of Miss Braddon or the sensational spinsterhood who have followed in her train, if people still retained the art of telling a story or relating a conversation which we find common enough in the letters of a hundred years ago. The young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* would hardly roar so loudly if people had learnt the habit of moderation and good sense from their own correspondence.

There is another social loss which the post-card is likely to bring home to us, though, as in the last case, it is rather the process of which the post-card is the culminating point than the post-card itself which is responsible for it. We remember a very distinguished biographer telling us that at a certain stage in the life which he was describing he found the series of letters on which he had mainly relied suddenly fail him. The break marked, in fact, the advent of the penny stamp. Up to that point he had in his hands a mass of real letters, sometimes giving detailed accounts of the writer's daily life, sometimes treating in a serious way of serious subjects, but always distinguished by a certain literary excellence. But from the moment of the reduction of the postage the biographer found himself lost in a chaos of petty notes. Here and there he found an admirable saying or a jotting of really important intelligence, but it required his utmost skill to bring them into any literary form at all, and he found himself thrown mainly upon oral traditions and the memory of existing friends for the close of his biography. Both historically and socially such a change involves a very real loss. There is probably no way in which we can form so true an estimate of society or character in the past as through its common correspondence. We can all of us remember the amazing life and reality which Mr. Carlyle gave to Oliver Cromwell by the simple publication of his letters. In the case of speculative or literary men the loss is yet greater than in that of men of action. Strike Arnold's letters out of Arnold's life, and there remain simply the pamphlets of a rather hot-tempered polemic, and the dim traditions of a great schoolmaster. But even if the temper of really great men could be read as fully and distinctly in books and actions

as it is in their correspondence, the little incidents of social life, the passing phases of social feeling, the common joys and sorrows of the time, can never be preserved in any form but that of letters. A distinguished French author who landed in England with the aim of investigating the real life of the English people was recommended by a cynical friend to spend his time at Bow Street. And it really seems possible that the future historian of our own day, if he wishes to know something of the social life around us, may be driven for lack of better materials to a study of the police reports. The penny stamp has killed all future Horace Walpoles. Nobody nowadays would dream of turning, as the great letter-writer of Twickenham did, his correspondence into a moving picture of the humours and phases of the day. Still less, if he attempted such a task, should we find it done with the wit and abandon which has passed out of vogue with the letters of the Georgian era. The two orders of correspondence which have as yet resisted postal reform will hardly help the future Macaulay. The "Indian letter" can hardly be called a letter at all. It is, in fact, a diary kept from month to month. Morning after morning the wife who has left her "Judge" in his Indian jungle chronicles Mary's menials and Johnny's outbreaks in the nursery. Evening after evening the Judge sits down in the cool of sunset to tell his spouse how many taxpayers he has had thrashed into duly rendering their Income-tax, and what prospects there are of sport and "pig killing." It is a pleasant homelike way of living together on paper across a thousand miles of sea, but it is not letter-writing. The very entries day after day are jealously divided by their special dates. There is no sort of connexion or composition, but rather a marked jealousy in every line of anything "so formal" as the appearance of it. Such a correspondence is no more letter-writing than a dictionary is a book. On the other hand, love-letters, for the most part, are really correspondence. What literary feeling cannot do, the glow of emotion and a certain poetic tone of composition really does. We don't know what truth there is in a statement we have sometimes heard, that a Billingsgate fishwoman, once fairly roused into passion, always expresses herself in pure and racy English. But it is certain that anything like ardent feeling has a very healthy influence on style, and that the "vows of lovers" are generally expressed with a singular terseness and precision of phrase. The feeling of ease, too, the enjoyment of a common leisure which is almost incidental to such a correspondence, the longing to interest and the certainty that your correspondent is quite disposed to be interested, the consciousness of sympathy on a thousand points, and the wish to be sympathetic on a thousand others, give love-letters a vivacity and interest, a variety of tone, a grace and propriety of phrase, a completeness of form, which few others can rival. But of all kinds of correspondence, love-letters are the most useless for acquiring a knowledge of anything but the writers themselves. The world without lies like a dreamland somewhere over the edge of the letter-paper, and so far as any social revelations are concerned, we look on with perfect equanimity when the brown little bundle over which so many tears and kisses have been shed half-a-century ago finds its way reverently to the fire.

But if the thought of what we have lost in the old-fashioned letter tempts us to look with a little severity on the note, it is at once restored to something like favour when we look on the post-card. The note, if it had passed almost out of the sphere of literature, had still some literary qualities of its own. It lent itself admirably to a certain pungency and wit. Its scope was necessarily short, but many of Voltaire's most charming epistles are not an atom longer. To say a thing briefly, and yet with elegance, was of itself a training in style as it was a training in courtesy. There was still room enough for a story, provided it was a very little one, and the limitation of space sometimes gave an edge to what would otherwise have been a commonplace jest. Even if the graceful but elaborate courtesy of the older letter was inevitably abridged, it was not wholly discarded, and one often admired the art which could turn "Yours sincerely" into a pretty compliment, or throw a dash of sentiment into a "Yours ever." But grace and wit and affection vanish utterly from the post-card. Hurry has to be expressed by what we may call the telegraphic style—a style like Melchisedek, without end or beginning, and which jerks along over the wreck of grammar without the aid of prepositions. The last rag of courtesy is discarded with the last rag of English. There is no room for a story, even if there were time for telling it. A jest on a post-card would simply look out of place. As for any trace of affection, one would as soon expect it on a signpost. The insular reserve which has so long struggled against the traditional necessity of saying that it cared for anybody at the close of a note is able to fall dexterously back on the "publicity" of the new vehicle of communication. It would be "indelicate" and "un-English" to air one's deepest sentiments on a card which lies open to the jibes of a postman or the criticisms of a maid-servant. By the help of this theory we are able to ask our friends to dinner with less ceremony than we use to the footman when we ring for the coals, and to scribble "home early" to a young wife with a greater absence of formality than precedes the friendly nudge which broker bestows on broker at the Stock Exchange. So far as politeness, or even the decencies of social intercourse, are concerned, we stand naked but not ashamed. We have no reason to feel uneasy any longer at the awkwardness of our style, or the difficulty we find in saying a simple thing in simple language. We can bark out our message like a dog, and go contentedly about the City. We can



smear contemptuously at an age when people "had time" to write sense and grammar, and jot down the inarticulate utterance of our age of hurry on the British post-card.

#### PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

TO those who remember my first years in Parliament, the difference cannot but appear extreme in point of talent and eloquence. To say nothing of the older names, Lord North,unning, Wedderburne, Barré, there are no more Fox, Pitt, Burke, Windham; and poor Whitbread, with all his coarseness, had an Anglicanism about him that rendered him a valuable ingredient in a British House of Commons." Thus wrote Wilberforce in 1821. English eloquence, he feared, was dying out, and even Whitbread, who has been described as "a rough speaker, who spoke as if he had a pot of porter at his lips, and all his words came through it," was beginning in his eyes to look like a giant among the pigmies of the new generation. Two years later, Mr. Charles Butler, applying the remark of a Roman critic on Cicero and his times, observed that no member of either House of Parliament whom Lord North did not see, or who did not see Lord North, would be ranked among the orators of this country. Mr. Massey suggests that a contemporary of Lord North might perhaps have said the same of Sir Robert Walpole; and a writer in the recent number of the *Quarterly Review* seems disposed to think that the observation would equally hold good if Lord Palmerston were substituted for North or Walpole. The fact is that, down to the present time, there has been an unflinching succession of speakers who, among their contemporaries at least, have had the reputation of being great orators. They came in clusters, and though there may have been an interval between each, in which the old lights were dying out without apparently new ones appearing to supply their place, yet there has never been an utter blank. Each group of orators has been within sight and hearing of that which preceded it, and some of the older men have always survived long enough to form a connecting link between the old school and the new. It is possible that, from one cause or another, Parliamentary eloquence may now be declining; a process of deterioration may have commenced, of which the result will hereafter be painfully apparent; but for the present, at any rate, we have still amongst us some speakers who will compare not unfavourably with those of any previous generation. The writer in the *Quarterly* does his best to be hopeful, but perhaps his hopefulness is rather forced. He says he will not despair of the Commonwealth, but he rather hints that he could if he liked, and that it is more politeness than faith that prevents him from doing so. He believes that England is still replete with intellectual life, and there never was a more appreciating public, "so appreciating, indeed, that, in default of real genius, it is often content to put up with the counterfeit article." It may be doubted whether this is the sort of appreciation which is likely to encourage true eloquence; and the writer admits that there are certainly no rising orators in view. Still he is hopeful on principle, and the logic of his article, which is historical, almost forces him to be so. Down to the present time, at least, the succession of orators has never failed, and if it fails now, it will be for the first time. As Wilberforce feared that English oratory was about to fall below the level even of Whitbread, so there may be some middle-aged gentleman of our own day who is miserable in the thought that the next generation of his countrymen will have nothing equal to the "Anglicanism" of Mr. Ayrton. Wilberforce, who does not mention Canning or Brougham, might have taken comfort if he had known that the line of orators would be carried on by Lyndhurst, Peel, Derby, Russell, Ellenborough, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Bright. It is not incredible that any Crabb Robinson who is now at school or college may live to hear speeches quite up to the mark, not only of Mr. Ayrton, but even of Mr. Gladstone.

There is perhaps nothing more difficult than to form a correct idea of the actual force of a speech as it was delivered from reading a report of it. Even if it is a good report, so much must necessarily depend on the voice, gestures, and animation of the speaker, that the bare record of his words conveys at the best a very imperfect conception of the effect of the oration. The speech which reads best in type is not always that which is most effective with an audience, and vigorous intonation and intensity of manner often atone for literary deficiencies. And of course the difficulty of appreciating a speech properly is increased when the report is a bad one. If we were to judge merely by such reports as have come down to us, we should be obliged to place Burke far above Pitt as an orator. We have only loose fragments or bald transcripts of Pitt's speeches, but Burke himself revised his own speeches, and they were published in full. The result, however, of being badly reported is not altogether to the disadvantage of a speaker, since, like the mist on the mountains, it leaves a good deal to the imagination. When we do not know what an orator who was thought to be a great man in his own day really said, we are bound to think that it must have been something very wonderful to produce such an effect, and thus mythical force and power are attributed to him. There is perhaps even greater risk of being misled if we trust too implicitly to the recorded impressions of contemporaries. A speech with which we agree is apt to be thought a much finer speech than one which runs counter to our opinions or sympathies. When Lord Monboddo said that Pitt spoke, Fox

barked, and Lord North screamed and groaned, it is not perhaps unreasonable to infer that he preferred Pitt's argument to that of Fox or North. Wilberforce was probably influenced by a similar reason when he declared that Pitt's speech on the Hastings Impeachment question was "astonishing, and the finest he ever delivered." It pleased Burke, too. "Sir," he said, "the right honourable gentleman and I have often been opposed to one another, but his speech to-night has neutralized my opposition; nay, sir, he has dulcified me." If Pitt had not discovered reasons for assenting to the impeachment which he had formerly opposed, perhaps the speech might have been less warmly appreciated. Before attempting to decide whether there has been any falling off in Parliamentary eloquence, it would be well to have some definition of what is meant by eloquence. Is it persuasiveness? Is it to be tested by the applause with which it is received, or by its influence on a division? Fox affected to have a simple theory on the subject. If a speech read well, it was certain, he said, to be a bad speech. What he meant, no doubt, was that the elaborate polishing of a speech so as to make it read smoothly implies premeditation, and is fatal to the glow and spontaneity which are essential to genuine oratory. Pitt used to argue that eloquence was in the audience rather than in the speaker; and Mr. Gladstone has paraphrased the remark in a meteorological metaphor about the orator absorbing in vapour what he pours forth in a flood. We should be disposed to say that eloquence consists in making a highly interesting and impressive statement; but this result may be due sometimes to one cause, sometimes to another, sometimes to a combination of causes, such as the intrinsic interest of the subject, the voice and manner of the speaker, and an opportune sympathy or excitement on the part of the audience. It is obvious that a speech is something very different from a spoken essay, and that sympathy between the speaker and his audience is one of the first conditions of success. It would be premature to say that Parliamentary eloquence is dying out, but there can be no doubt, we think, that, for better or for worse, it is changing its character; and this change is simply due to the fact that the Parliamentary audience is very different now from what it was at the beginning of the present century.

We have only to observe the revolution which has taken place in the character of the House of Commons to understand the different conditions under which debating is now carried on as compared with debating in the pre-Reform period. In the first place, Parliamentary oratory is losing its directness, and with its directness not a little of its personal character. A speaker addresses himself not so much to the benches around him as to the world outside; he has constantly to reflect how his speech will read in the papers, and what will be thought of it by the newspaper critics, and especially by his constituents. On the other hand, members cannot afford to surrender themselves to the spell of eloquence. They have to think of their seats, of the questions that will be asked at the next election, and the reasons they will be able to give for their votes. While a great speech is being delivered they have to keep cool and try to conjecture how it will go down with the country. They are like brokers at market—they have to consult, not their own tastes and feelings, but those of the public. In the old House of Commons the Minister or the leader of the Opposition had to deal with a small knot of influential men who held a certain number of seats, and who voted or gave orders how their nominees should vote as they pleased; and the *argumentum ad hominem* was proportionately powerful. It was worth while for an orator to exert himself to the utmost to put them into good humour, to tickle them, to rouse them by burning appeals; for their votes would be given according to the mood they were in when the division was called. There was no afterthought on the part either of the speaker or his audience, and they could both give themselves up to the spirit of the hour. The speaker was stimulated by the obvious effect he was producing; the only people he had to concern himself with were those before him, and it was enough if he produced an immediate impression which should settle the impending division. We do not mean to say that speeches have no longer a direct personal effect in the House of Commons, but only that this effect is necessarily much diminished. A speech which is delivered in an earnest, expressive manner will usually be thought to be a more attractive and convincing speech than if it were delivered in a rough, clumsy way, with stammering and stammering. But at the same time, the effect of the personal qualities of oratory, of a good voice, appearance, and manner, must necessarily be greater in the case of an audience which yields to the impulse of the moment than of an audience which has to ask itself what will be thought of the speech by those who read it coldly in the newspapers. It is impossible not to see that the orators of a former day relied to a great extent on the arts, and even tricks, of style and manner which are calculated to produce an immediate effect, especially at a time of excitement, although they will not bear critical reflection. The Reporters' Gallery has been fatal to a certain kind of high-flown, artificial rhetoric. Sheil was called the Keon of oratory, and there is a good deal of Rolla and of both the Surfaces in Sheridan's harangues. Anybody who now attempted to speak as Sheil or Sheridan, or even as Burke sometimes spoke, would be set down as a buffoon. It is not a discouraging symptom that Irish eloquence has apparently had its day. Fifty years ago Sir P. O'Brien and Mr. Butt might have had a better chance of being appreciated. The growing loquacity of the House of Commons is necessarily prejudicial to a high style of

speaking; for it establishes a low average of loose, rapid, sloppy talk, to which men who are capable of better things are too often tempted to descend. Formerly a great debate was confined to the chief men who kept each other up to a certain standard of dignity and elevation. It is possible, however, that the excessive talkativeness of the present House of Commons, in becoming intolerable, may help to cure itself. This is perhaps a transition period between the old school of Parliamentary eloquence and a new school which has yet to be created. In becoming more popular, political oratory will certainly be stripped of many of its graces, but it may possibly in the course of time acquire new qualities of a higher order. Henceforth the orator must address himself not to a select circle, but more directly to the people, and it is to be hoped that the demagogues will not have the platform altogether to themselves.

#### THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS COMMISSIONERS.

IF the inevitable candid stranger were asked to forecast the results of "a statute" defined by its administrators to be "somewhat novel, and undoubtedly very stringent and drastic in its character," and worked by a peer, even the popular Lord Lyttelton, a clergyman, and a lawyer, in a room in Victoria Street, Westminster, according to their own definition, over "a country which was hardly prepared for its reception," and which certainly does not regard it with the same tender partiality as its foster-parents, he would undoubtedly prophesy a row. It is, we think, very much to the credit of the common sense and moderation of the people of England that the row which was inevitable from the operations of the Endowed Schools Commissioners in working, as they themselves boast "strenuously," a statute which they go out of the way to describe by such unpleasant adjectives as "stringent and drastic," in a "hardly prepared" land, should have been of so temperate and constitutional a description. Of the Endowed Schools Act we have always been advocates. There was and is a mass of unemployed educational resource in the country which nothing could have set in motion for the benefit of our under-trained middle classes, except a powerful enabling Act of Parliament, followed by a vigorous executive Commission. But, having said so much, we reserve the full liberty of judging how far that Commission has acted with statesmanlike tact in the discharge of very delicate functions.

It is certainly an *a priori* suspicious circumstance that before it had run out a third year of existence it should have put itself upon its own trial by issuing a Report so apologetic, if not pathetic, as to amount to nothing less than a "counter case" to a charge of which the world would not have realized the strength had it not been revealed in the laboured apologies of the self-accusing Commission. There is, of course, something rather fine and chivalrous in the manner in which Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Hobhouse throw themselves upon general sympathy with a defence in which a considerable portion of the public will for the first time have learned that they had anything to defend themselves against; but *le beau subreux* is not the best tactician, and in the very strength of the convictions which their plan reveals, we find reasons to doubt how far their policy was best calculated to grapple with the tangled problems of human feeling and local sentiment with which every day must have brought them in contact.

They were not created to construct, but to adapt and to modify: the field of their exertions was a very old and highly organized country; and the objects on which they were working were an exceedingly varied bundle of benevolent institutions founded by private munificence, deeply stamped with personal, local, and national idiosyncrasies, and doing such good as they effected on their own resources, unsubsidized by rate or tax. The Commissioners were clearly justified in working up to an ideal, but they were nowhere instructed to sacrifice existing facts to the exigencies of ideal symmetry. Every endowment stood on its own merits or demerits. Some were obviously past mending, and could only be merged or transmuted; others were in sore need of extensive repairs; while others only wanted a little paint here and there, and a few broken windows set right. To add to the difficulties of the task, a large proportion of these endowments were not absolutely educational, but were either such in part and in part charitable, or wholly charitable in the essence, while accidentally educational—educational only so far as education was given as one branch of charity. For their guidance the Commissioners had the statute law of the Endowed Schools Act, 1869, and the common law of tact, acquaintance with human nature, and the recognition of that characteristic of English self-dependence which substitutes individual munificence for paternal government, and saves free life at the cost of symmetry and an extreme husbanding of resources.

We shall be perfectly fair to the Commission in testing their success upon three points to which they have themselves challenged public attention in their Report. The first affects the constitution of the Governing Bodies of Endowed Schools; the second the quality of the teaching given; and the third the law of apportionment between the educational and charitable objects of mixed endowments. Upon the first of these heads, the question, by their own showing, which confronted the Commission at every turn of their preliminary movements was—

Are we at liberty to remodel the constitution of these Governing Bodies throughout the country on general principles? . . . Or are we bound to

look at each one, estimate the actual balance of good and evil which in each such case can, whether in consequence, or in spite, of the actual form of government, be shown to have resulted, and deal with the question of the Governing Body accordingly? Or, to put it more definitely, and in the form which the contention has actually been found to assume, are we to leave a given Governing Body materially unaltered in its composition unless we can establish against it a case of abuse or breach of trust? We have acted on the former view.

That is to say, by inverting the expressions, the Commissioners, finding a large and varied series of highly placed and highly respected, hard working and zealous Trustees—possessing ancient prestige and well-established credit—at work through the country, decided not to look "at each case," not to "estimate the actual balance of good and evil" which the histories of these respective Trusts revealed, and not to deal with the "question" of each Governing Body accordingly; but, on the contrary, to remodel them—good, bad, and indifferent as they might be—out of respect for something called "general principles," of which the Commissioners themselves hold the key. No wonder that these gentlemen, at the conclusion of their Report, are compelled to appeal *ad misericordiam* to "the difficulties and failures" which they console themselves by declaring to be "the invariable concomitants of either a new law or a new machinery," but which we should rather say were the invariable concomitants of a new law worked ruthlessly by a new machinery acting on the avowed principle of making no distinction in its process of universal upsetting, between the bodies which had fulfilled and those which had neglected their duties. We do not think that they make out half as good a case for themselves as they might have done. They have a precedent directly to the point. In the heyday of the French Revolution there was a Commission actively engaged in redistributing property "throughout the country on general principles." One gentleman protested against their philosophical arrangements with the impertinent remark that it was very hard to take from him a possession which he and his predecessors had enjoyed without question for more than three hundred years; on which the Chief Commissioner very properly silenced him with the remark that he had himself shown that he had had it full long, and the time had come for somebody else to step into its benefits. We must, however, confess that the argument which the Commission puts forward is framed with considerable ingenuity. It appeals with pathos to the "number of irritating and invidious controversies" which would have resulted if the victims of its Jeddah law had been permitted to plead in mitigation of sentence, and it complacently adds, "If such a thing had been intended, the Act would have created a litigious machinery, and not such a constitution as ours;" that is, because they felt themselves too weak to try and to condemn or else acquit, therefore they concluded never to try, to adjure acquittal, and condemn all round. They then proceed to bolster up their pretensions by an argument which we must pronounce to be (unconsciously, of course) neither fair nor generous. They appeal to what they call the "most sweeping powers of the Act," and they assume that those who made those powers—*imprimis* the Select Committee of the House of Commons—intended that they should be used most sweepingly. "There is not a hint of the powers depending upon any conduct of the parties, and in fact we know that a proposal to introduce such a condition was decisively rejected when the Act was under discussion"; and then they refer, as Lord Ripon did in the House of Lords during the Emanuel Hospital debate, to a certain division in which only two votes were given for a proposition which would certainly have restrained such excess of power, but which that Committee did not think necessary to accept—not because they desired to establish the tyranny, but because, with the assurance of Mr. Forster ringing in their ears that only the bad foundations would have to fear, not the good ones, they believed that such a despotism would be impossible, and they refused to adopt words which sounded like the expression of want of confidence in those upon whose statements they wished to place a generous reliance.

Our next instance shall, as we have said, be drawn from the manner in which the Commissioners have dealt with the curriculum of studies. There is, as is well known, in England a very worthy class of philanthropic talkers—not wholly uncomposed of the tender-hearted parents of sons whose affection for their school books has never been inordinate—who live in the serene conviction that the ingenious minds which never could be warmed up to master the difficulties antecedent to an enjoyment of Homer, Æschylus, or Aristophanes, might have been converted into ascetic devotees of the midnight lamp by a judicious course of training in the genesis of gases. Out of regard to these excellent persons, the "sweeping powers" of the Commission were brought down upon Greek, the teaching whereof was hereafter to be, in what are termed "second grade" schools, an offence which, could the principles of the Ballot Bill be applied to Endowed Schools, would doubtless have been visited by two years' hard labour. Pity the sorrows of the good Commissioners; they expected that when Commission met Greek then would come the tug of victory. Instead of this—

The fact is that we have often found among the communities to whom our schemes have been made known a considerable amount of active feeling on this point, while those persons to whom it was supposed that classical studies made the school useless, and whom the change was intended to benefit, have not hesitated themselves to support a change.

They buckled themselves up to make one, and one only, public inquiry into the matter, and the place which they chose was Bedford, the borough of which the representation is divided between

the very parent and guardian of the Act, Mr. Forster himself, and that damaged of disestablishment, the once Rev. Mr. Miall:—

The inquiry was held; a great number of persons were examined by the Assistant Commissioner, and they nearly all expressed a strong desire that Greek should be prominently taught in the school; and moreover professed to believe [why not believe?] that there would be a considerable demand for such teaching in Bradford. They did not seem to be conscious [why should they?] that the position they demand for the study of Greek was in any way inconsistent with ample provision for modern and scientific studies. The persons belonged to all sections of the middle class.

Of course the Commission "cannot help suspecting" all manner of stupidity and prejudice on the part of these sturdy citizens of Bradford. But the fact remains. After noting this thorough discomfiture on their own chosen battlefield, it is almost an anti-climax to allow that their anti-Greek ukase, after attaining a certain success at Cambridge, was on second thoughts laid aside, that it was civilly bowed out at Oxford, and peremptorily extinguished by the University of London.

The Commission has naturally found its path most thorny when engaged in remodelling charitable institutions which were founded partly to give education and partly to give material aid. We have neither time nor inclination now to argue the question which the world will, we believe, be found arguing when the day of judgment arrives, as to the limits at which such eleemosynary gifts are helpful and beyond which they are baleful. It is sufficient now to say that the Endowed Schools Act took a very rough and ready way of contributing to the controversy by extending the power of a Commission which upon its own showing is too weak to judge whether a body of trustees has performed or neglected its trust, to the transference of such eleemosynary foundations, when tied up with schools, to scholastic purposes. This very Napoleonic procedure was effected by the first paragraph of the twenty-ninth section:—

For the purposes of this Act endowments attached to any school for the payment of apprenticeship fees, or for the advancement in life, or for the maintenance or clothing, or otherwise for the benefit of children educated at such school, shall be deemed to be an educational endowment.

These words establish an abstract and extreme right; but an abstract and very extreme right, thus suddenly and incidentally created and placed in the hands of a Commission whose own character of itself we have already recited, was plainly an anomaly, unless it were to be guarded by some constitutional provision in the interest of the imperilled charities. This provision occurs in the second paragraph of the section:—

Provided that nothing shall be construed to prevent a scheme relating to such endowment from providing, if the Governing Body so desire, for the continued application of such endowment to the same purposes.

We pause for one moment to ask what, not in the eyes of an acute lawyer, or of an inflexible theorist, but of a man of sense and human knowledge, would be the interpretation of this limiting provision appended to an enactment of unknown stringency, left to be applied by an untried and restricted body to the subversion of many widespread organizations of charity over the land? We pass on to the gloss of the Commissioners, never forgetting the appraisement which they have offered of their own judicial capacity. "But the proviso adds that the previous application may be continued by the scheme, with the consent of the Governing Body. It has been contended by some bodies of Trustees that this means that such application *shall* be continued by the scheme, if the Governing Body insist upon it. We have no doubt that this is an error." . . . "But the proviso assumes that there may be cases in which, in the judgment both of the Commissioners and of the Trustees, the existing application of endowments to maintenance had better not be discontinued, though not best for education" (education not having been the original purpose to which that foundation had been dedicated). "In such cases it permits the continuance, but neither Commissioners nor Trustees can insist upon it without each other's concurrence"—i.e. if the Commissioners please to overrule it, the Trustees will be powerless; if the Trustees desire to keep it, the Commissioners may overrule them.

The Commissioners' rough justice in all these cases may have been right or wrong, but they must be far more versed in the ways of Laputa than of England if they are in any way astonished at the "difficulties and failures" engendered by their arbitrary policy.

We have not touched upon the more familiar pitfalls spread before the Commissioners, such as the religious difficulty, the girls' difficulty, the women's difficulty, the competition difficulty, and the free-schooling difficulty—points on which the *Illustrated* is eloquent—for our object is not to discuss the scheme of that body as a whole. We have only dealt with points which are of the nature of those brick walls which Whigs are said to build to knock their own heads against. They have owned to failure and disappointment, and we have endeavoured to point out for their future guidance the reasons of their discomfiture.

We could go on to multiply quotations culled out of the Report, but we trust that we have said enough to show that into all the good intentions of the Commissioners is infused the dangerous element of too much zeal, and that the resistance which their operations has provoked through the country may not be wholly attributable to a blind and selfish attachment to the material benefits of vested interests. In the meantime we must remind the Commissioners how Cyrus in his ingenuous nonage came to considerable grief for insisting upon an exchange between the little boy who liked his big coat and the big boy who liked

his little coat. When all our towns are built in parallelograms, when all our fields are lotted in rectangles, and all our houses constructed by official surveyors on a Parliamentary plan, we shall believe that the time has come for all benefactors to model their foundations on one symmetrical scheme. The Commissioners, we quite admit, do not think of proposing anything so preposterous, but there is enough in their way of dealing with questions to drive the persons who dread so disastrous a consummation into the opposite blunder of defending anomaly and uselessness as the bulwarks of variety and local independence.

#### FOOLS OF COMEDY AND FARCE.

THE stage will never want Marplots to illustrate the  
Fate of fools officious in contriving,  
In executing puzzled, lame, and lost;

but they can scarcely afford unmixed entertainment. Our apprehensions are never so entirely laid to sleep even in comedy that we can serenely relish a fool's meddling in the interests we side with. Hence the fool who plays his own game and hurts nobody but himself is the favourite; the fool who is vain, busy, and silly on his own account, and assumes himself to be the principal figure in every turn of affairs; who will break in upon the astrologer's latest intelligence from the Zodiac as though it must needs relate exclusively to his affairs; and, hearing that Mars is in the ascendant, puts in the inquiry, "Pray is not Mars very like a young fellow called Tom Tinsel?"

The Fop was a speciality of genteel comedy, and needed something besides native wit for his proper elaboration either by writer or actor. To do him justice, some familiarity with the manners of high life was indispensable. Congreve, we know, valued himself much more on being a fine gentleman than on being a wit, and he certainly knew what he was about when he caricatured the polite affectations of his day. But the same degree of experience was not needed for fools out of the magic circle, for the shams and would-be's, awkward imitators of their foolish betters; still less for the infinite varieties of folly which people the modern stage. Pope, the friend of Congreve, called Farquhar a writer of farces, mainly we surmise, from the quality of his fools, who needed some extravagances of plot for their fitting development. Farquhar could have seen little of high life, and he knew fine gentlemen as negligent patrons, not as equals. He has to trust imagination rather than close observation for his manners; his fools are fools simple with out the varnish of elegant foppery. Possibly his fancy played all the more freely for wanting this knowledge. All the points of nature's fool are conspicuous in the brothers Clinker. The situations may be farcical, but they are excellently adapted for the exhibition of the great leading characteristics of the order—credulity, conceit, forwardness, imprudence to any deep impression, incapacity to take in the bearing of any case, or to see the relation of cause and effect, and that particular exaltation and inflation which constitutes the faculty of fools. The pair, however, represent these qualities in different proportions. Bean Clinker is self-reliant and inventive, his brother is more absolutely guided by circumstances and example. No trait could show more insight and appreciation than the elder brother's preparations for his voyage to the Jubilee; for the fool, great in nostrums, is never more confident in himself than in providing against untried dangers. Take that swimming girdle, for example, on which the Bean relies with such confidence:—

Suppose the ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish people are busy at their projects, I whip on my swimming-girdle, clap a month's provision in my pocket, and sail me away, like an egg in a duck's belly.

Then for credulity. He admires the tie of Sir Harry's cravat, and detects in it an air of travel. "There is indeed, sir—I suppose, sir, you bought this lace in Flanders?" "No, sir, this lace was made in Norway." "Norway, sir?" "Yes, sir, of the shavings of deal boards." Clinker thinks this very surprising, but resolves to have a cravat of the very same lace before he comes home. He gets involved in the action of the piece, and is extremely delighted with the sense of intrigue involved in exchanging clothes with Tom Errand, the porter:—"Intrigue is the prettiest, cleverest thing for a man of my parts." But presently the porter's wife, mis-ling her husband, and seeing the bean in her husband's clothes, jumps to the conclusion that he has murdered him. His resource fails him utterly in the emergency:—

WIFE. Oh, Mr. Constable, here's a rogue has murdered my husband and robbed him of his clothes!

CONSTABLE. Murder! robbery! Then he must be a gentleman. Han's of there! he must not be abused. Give an account of yourself. Are you a gentleman?

CLINKER, SEN. No, sir, I'm a beau.

CONSTABLE. A beau! Then you have killed nobody, I'm persuaded. How came you by these clothes, sir?

CLINKER, SEN. You must know, sir, that walking along, sir—I don't know how, sir—I can't tell where, sir—and so the porter and I changed clothes, sir.

The constable thinks he speaks reason; but the wife prevails, and the bean is lodged in Newgate, where the gallows, an institution immediately behind the scenes of the English classical drama, stands greedily expectant. The younger Clinker, who came on the scene simultaneously with his elder brother, appears first as something of a prig, impressing the ladies with his serious air. He is stocked at the beau's finery, saying very properly:—

"I thought, brother, you owed so much to the memory of your father as to wear mourning for his death":—

CLINKER, SEN. Why so I do, fool; I wear this because I have the estate; you wear that because you have not the estate; you have cause to mourn indeed, brother. Well, brother, I am glad to see you; fare you well!

But in course of time Tom Errand appears before the junior Clinker and his man Dick, dressed in the beau's fine clothes. The natural surmise again is that he can have become possessed of them only in one way. He endeavours to explain, but Dick will not hear of it. "No, no; the rogue has murdered your brother and stripped him of his clothes." At the mere suggestion all his good dispositions are laid aside:—

CLINKER, JUN. Murdered my brother! oh, crimini! oh, my poor Jubilee brother! Stay, by Jupiter Ammon, I'm here though. Speak, sir; have you killed him? confess that you have killed him, and I'll give you half-a-crown.

ERRAND. Who? I, sir? alack-a-day, sir, I never killed any man but a carrier's horse once.

The junior, however, insists on confession as the condition of escape and safety, and Errand, reflecting on the immediate convenience and profit of a lie, and that at worst he can but deny it again, owns to the deed. The lie once spoken, the faculty of invention, never wholly wanting in him, asserts itself, and his awakened fancy adorns the lie with circumstance:—

CLINKER, JUN. Here's your money, sir; but are you sure you killed him dead?

ERRAND. Sir, I'll swear it before any judge in England.

DICK. But are you sure that he's dead in law?

ERRAND. Dead in law? I can't tell whether he be dead in law, but he's as dead as a door-nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the head with a hammer.

Clinker instantly insists on donning his brother's suit, crying, "Now I'm in mourning for my brother," declares that he will go to the Jubilee, and carries off Errand to make the necessary depositions. This simile of the door-nail carries with it a conviction that may be paralleled by each reader's private experience of fools. For when the beau, deprived of both his suits, comes upon the stage in a blanket at the moment when his junior is announcing to a party of ladies, with all the details of nail and hammer, how he has become heir and is bound for the Jubilee, he has no notion of giving in:—

CLINKER, SEN. Must you go, rogue? must ye? you will go to the Jubilee, will you?

CLINKER, JUN. A ghost, a ghost! Send for the Dean and Chapter presently!

CLINKER, SEN. A ghost! no, no, sirrah; I'm an elder brother, rogue.

CLINKER, JUN. I don't care a farthing for that; I'm sure you're dead in law.

CLINKER, SEN. Why so, sirrah, why so?

CLINKER, JUN. Because, sir, I can get a fellow to swear he knocked out your brains.

It is, in truth, a distinguishing mark of a fool to be unable to take in the most obvious fact to his disadvantage, though the same peculiarity may be met with elsewhere. The brothers Clinker at the end of the play are bid, "Get you to your native plough and cart, converse with animals like yourselves; men are creatures you don't understand"; but, in fact, they would be very much out of place among the "sheep and oxen" they are dismissed to, and by no means represent the rustic lout so dear to comedy; their sprightliness preserves them from this, in the eyes of wit, supreme degradation.

There is no point of national manners on which the drama throws more light than in its delineation of country-bred fools. The dolt of good pedigree and ample fortune, who makes so conspicuous a figure on the eighteenth-century stage when he intrudes upon the town his ungainly bulk and strength, clumsy antics, and obsolete fashions, would be resented in our day as a coarse impossibility; but at his broadest he was never then taken to exceed the just limits of caricature. Steele has given us a specimen of the true country bumpkin of his own date in Humphrey Gubbins, a fellow six feet high, and shoulders of the broadest, boasting that his brains are strong, not in acquiring, but in resisting knowledge—still kept in order by his father's crab-stick, and now brought up to London to marry his cousin against his will. In the Park he is first enlightened on his own rights, being met, as if by accident, by a designing attorney, who can tell him he is master of an entailed estate of fifteen hundred a year:—

HUMPHREY. I am glad to hear it with all my heart; and can you satisfy me in another question—pray how old am I at present?

POUNCE. Three-and-twenty last March.

HUMPHREY. Why, as sure as you are there, they have kept me back. I have been told by some of the neighbourhood that I was born the very year the pigeon-house was built, and everybody knows the pigeon-house is three-and-twenty. Why I find there has been tricks played me. I have obeyed him all along as if I had been obliged to it.

POUNCE. Not at all, sir. Your father can't cut you out of one acre; and a man of your beauty and fortune may find out ladies enough that are not of kin to you.

HUMPHREY. Look ye, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um. As to my beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to that. But, sir, mayn't I crave your name?

POUNCE. My name is Pounce, at your service.

HUMPHREY. Pounce with a P?

POUNCE. Yes, sir, and Samuel with an S.

The family of the Wrongheads, in the *Provoked Husband*, are fools of the same feather; quite as bad as their town-bred betters, and doubly fools by nature and inexperience, though not without a certain cunning, half akin to cleverness. They come up in a

body from Yorkshire in the family coach—the lady sticking for six horses, which are not at all too many to drag them through the rate—to make their fortunes in London. Sir Francis, the baronet, triumphant after a successful election contest, has designs for a place at Court; the oaf of a son comes to amuse himself; the mother expects to shine a star in high life, and the daughter to marry a nobleman. Sir Francis expects to make a figure in the House, and reveals his expectations to his friend Manly:—

SIR FRANCIS. Why, ay! there's it now! you'll say that I have lived all my days in the country—what then?—I'm 'f' the quorum. I have been at Sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too; and mayhap they may find here that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me now?

Manly endeavours to moderate these expectations, and reminds him that a petition is lodged against him by Sir John Worthland, but Sir Francis treats this with aly contempt:—"Why, you forget, cousin, that Sir John's o' the wrong side." He settles the question by arguing that it is his duty to repair his fortune by some great stroke. Nothing can really exaggerate the expectations of a fool in an untried position, or caricature his sense of capacity and fitness for any service. Sir Francis argues quite justly that the "Wrongheads have been a considerable family since England was Eng-land," and speaks in the tone of them all. In this spirit he reports progress. He has introduced himself at the levée of the man in power, and is much elated by the civility with which he was received. "'Sir Francis,' says he, 'have you any service to command me?' Now, cousin, those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement." In fact, he is encouraged so far as to hint that, his estate being a little out at elbows, he is anxious to serve his King and country, and should be very willing to accept a place at Court. The great man's courtesy suffers no abatement; he desires to know what sort of a place the Baronet has turned his mind upon, who replies that beggars must not be choosers, and that "any place about a thousand a year 'ould be well enough to be going on with." "Well," says Manly, "what did my lord say to this?"

"Sir Francis," says he, "I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power;" so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble—I'll do your business; with that he turned him about to somebody with a coloured ribbon across here, that looked to my thoughts as if he came for a place too.

The interview ends by the confession of a blunder. There had been a debate in the House, and the speakers on both sides were so long-winded "that when they came to put the question as they call it, I don't know how 'twas, but I doubt I cried Ay! when I should ha' cried No!"—this contretemps being due to the blandishments of a certain Mr. Totherside, "who would be proud to make acquaintance with him," and takes him by the sleeve along with the crowd into the lobby:—

So I knew nought—but old-flesh! I was got o' the wrong side the post; for I were told afterwards I should have staid where I was.

The pert and awkward Miss Jenny represents folly in its youthful confidence and exaltation. Of course she is to marry a lord. As she imagines herself led in triumph to her chair, her vision turns as we read into a record of past airs and vanities. The picture is a vivid one:—

To have a gentleman with a star and what d'ye-call-um ribbon lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way! "Hold up," says the chairman; and so, says I, "My lord, your humble servant." "I suppose, madam," says he, "we shall see you at my Lady Quadrille's?" "Ay, ay, to be sure, my lord," says I. So in swops me, with my hoop stuffed up to my forehead; and away they trot, swing swang, with my tassels dangling, and my flambeaux blazing, and—oh! it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

In one respect ideas have changed upon our subject. In the comedies and farces of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago everybody was thought a fool who did not mind his own business—his business meaning his strictly private business—unless he was a great man, one of the privileged circle. Out of this circle politician and fool were convertible terms, amateur soldier and even virtuous admitting of no other classification. The man was ridiculous who cared about butterflies and beetles, or who would have been "glad to see a live crocodile." Major Sturgeon reposing on his laurels furnishes the best sport in the world as he relates his own labours and successes:—"Why, after my first campaign I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite"; or expatiates on the fatigues of actual service—"such marchings and countermarchings! from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating"; or describes the melancholy fate of the brave commander, Major Molasses, who would not take advice and pull off his spurs before going into action, and who adds his own share to the disasters of the day:—

MAJOR. Indeed, it was an unfortunate day for us all.

SIR JACOB. As how?

MAJOR. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Pattypan, Esq. Tripe, and myself were returning to town in the Turnham Green stage, we were stopped near the Hammermith turnpike, and robbed and stripped by a footpad.

Foots would hardly have ventured on this broad ridicule in our day, nor probably could Murphy have reckoned enough on the general sympathy to have drawn his Upholsterer—the fool who left his business to take care of itself while he occupied himself with the nation's politics, and, in a soliloquy that recalls the *maledictio imaginaria* adding up the items of the doctor's bill, calculates how to raise the supplies for the year, while the balliffs are at his own door. This unspeakable absorption really angusts Quid-



nunc by a broad gulf from the fool proper. He and his friend Roger, who has not made a wig for a year—"for I can't gi' my mind to anything for thinking of my country"—and who "can't sleep in his bed for thinking what will become of the Protestants if the Papists should get the better in the war"—are true patriots. Quidnunc refuses a match for his daughter on high grounds:—"I will never give my daughter to a man who has not better notions of the balance of power"; and he can lose the sense of private failure in the knowledge that "India bonds are risen three-sixteenths, which will make some amends for the price of corn." His daughter comes in upon him when he is planning repairs for the careening wharfs at Gibraltar:—

QUIDNUNC. It is one comfort, however, they can always have fresh provisions in the Mediterranean.

HARRIET. Dear papa, what's the Mediterranean to people in our situation?

QUIDNUNC. The Mediterranean, child? Why, if we lose the Mediterranean we're all undone.

HARRIET. Dear sir, that's our misfortune—we're undone already.

QUIDNUNC. No, no—here, here, child—I have raised the supplies within the year.

This daughter asks if he wants to make her a politician. As a crowning imbecility he is made to reply:—"It would be the pride of my heart to find I had got a politician in petticoats." The force of folly could no further go in those days; but we have changed all that now. We have no space for the excellent scene where poor old Feeble, Harriet's rich uncle, is roused out of his bed at midnight to hear the latest news of the *Gazette*—how that the Superintendent of Indian affairs has settled matters with the Cherokees—the Emperor of Morocco is dead—the new Nabob, Jaffier Ally Cawn, has acceded to the treaty; finally insisting on his opinion as to the balance of power. The helpless disgust of the poor invalid as he puts away from him every fresh article of intelligence, and the brisk unconsciousness of the newsmonger that he can impart anything but pleasure, are in the best vein of broad comedy.

#### VESUVIUS.

IF the inhabitants of Naples and its neighbourhood are more superstitious than other people, we can scarcely wonder at it. They dwell among the living evidences of those volcanic forces which burst out from time to time into calamitous activity. It is not only those whose homes stand on the very slopes of the burning mountain who must be oppressed by the sense of insecurity, although it is they who receive the most terrible reminders of the perils that perpetually menace them. The capital itself is built upon a tract of fire that girdles it with visible signs of danger. Even when everything is comparatively tranquil, the Neapolitans can always see from the Chiaja and the Moles the light puffs of smoke floating over the cone of Vesuvius against the pure blue of the sky. They have only to go on the other side as far as the Solfatara to breathe the gases that escape through the cracks in the thin crust which arches over the great subterranean fires. Fortunately the crust is somewhat thicker where Naples stands; yet every now and then even Naples throbs to earthquake shocks that suggest terrible possibilities. The traces of nature's violence attract tourists to Naples almost as much as the charms of the scenery. Here Herculaneum lies under its masses of tufa, and the moderns have built another city on the ancient one. There Pompeii is laboriously emerging from its bed of ashes. Everywhere broad lava streams seam the rich landscape: the older ones thinly covered with the precarious vegetation which struggles to root itself in slowly accumulating soil, the later showing in all their natural deformity. They tell how in the lapse of the last two hundred years the mountain has been more disastrously active than before, although there has been no such calamity as that of A.D. 79. But who can say how soon what has happened once may not happen again, and with circumstances yet more aggravated? The Neapolitans are not very searching students of scientific phenomena, and perhaps they never fully realize the advantages of the perpetual safety-valve which they have in their open mountain. As for the inhabitants of the long and crowded suburb stretching from Portici to Torre del Annunziata, by Resina and Torre del Greco, the existence of this safety-valve threatens a perpetual danger. They are a light-hearted race enough, as they need to be; they are content to live in the passing day, and take little thought for the morrow. But the greater their habitual heedlessness, the heavier are the shocks which from time to time awaken them from it. When Vesuvius bursts out in smoke and flame and burning lava floods, there is everything in the spectacle to speak home to their alarmed senses. Their priests scarcely need to raise their voices to point the moral. The people turn emulously to the neglected Saints, crowd to the shrines which they generally leave to their women, and pray and vow till their much crying seems at last to move the saintly intercession. The calamity is stayed when it has run its appointed course. The victims humbly acknowledge the penalty of their sins; those who are spared are full of fervent gratitude for a miraculous deliverance. The reputation of St. Januarius stands higher than ever, and the liquefaction of his precious blood is watched for with new ardour on the next anniversary of the miracle.

The most significant feature of the present eruption is one which may well cause the Neapolitans more anxiety than ever. All previous eruptions have been from the cone at the summit, and

the summit of the mountain is at a tolerably safe distance from Naples. But this time Vesuvius has imitated the caprices of its great Sicilian rival, and opened a new crater somewhere on the depression by the Observatory. This would seem to imply that a serious obstruction has choked the old safety-valve, and if once convulsion changes the subterranean physical geography of the mountain, it opens alarming possibilities. To be sure, this new outlet is not very far removed from the former one; but the experiences of Etna are far from reassuring as to the future, and for aught we can see the next outbreak may be anywhere in the volcanic district. The mountain must have shown itself extraordinarily active on this occasion, if it be true that the ashes lay an inch deep in the streets of Naples and had actually reached Palermo. The explosion appears to have been preceded by no premonitory warnings, although, indeed, whether forewarned or not, such catastrophes must always partake of the nature of surprises. A sacrifice of life is as inevitable as a grievous destruction of property. Every foot of soil on the mountain slopes is precious, and cultivation fights its way upwards almost beyond the limits of the profitable. The painstaking peasant scrapes together the earth and the crumbling lava, drags up his heavy baskets of manure, forms his vineyards or his garden among the shelves and ledges of the rock, and perches in the midst of them his little white-plastered dwelling. Lower down, but still on the steep slopes, these dwellings become thicker; then you have the small villages with their white church towers; after them the larger ones, and finally, through labyrinths of paths among the walled enclosures, you arrive at the crowded street that skirts the bay. The eruption breaks out of a sudden, and those who live highest on the mountain waken to find themselves among showers of falling scoriam. Before the first shock of panic-stricken stupefaction is over, the great rush of the lava torrent is upon them. Its first velocity as it rolls down the steep from the precipices above imports certain destruction to any living thing that finds itself in its way; but as the slope becomes more gentle, the advance of the lava becomes slower, and then, in the suspense of horrible anticipation, we have perhaps the worst horrors of the fearful drama. As the lava rolls down, it fills depressions, turns itself against every trilling inequality of the ground, and seems to hesitate over the course it shall take. The people cling pertinaciously to their dwellings, hoping against hope that this or that familiar promontory may act as a breakwater. For, after all, though life is most to them, property is much; and if they do decide to go, it is not only to the mercy of the lava that they leave everything they have in the world. All the criminal scum of the neighbourhood is at hand, ready at the risk of life to profit by the harvest of misfortune, and pillage generally is going busily forward. Even were the Neapolitan police more efficient and trustworthy than it is, what would its force avail to protect from marauders all these scattered villages? The flights which families have delayed to the last moment, with their sinister surroundings, would make so many studies for a Doré. The whole moving side of the mountain looks like an ant-heap suddenly disturbed. The impressionable and demonstrative people lose their heads, as men of more phlegmatic temperaments might easily do in circumstances much less appalling. When every one is in alarm for himself or his own property, no one can do much to help his neighbour. Besides, no one can ever tell that he or his are secure. You can see the course that this particular flood of lava is taking, but a fresh explosion may come at any moment, to send another in some different direction.

We have seen something and heard more of the circumstances attending previous eruptions, and this one appears to be at least as serious as any that has occurred in our time. The new Government has had a great opportunity of winning golden opinions from its Neapolitan subjects, and it would seem to have been equal to the occasion. We read of the King having stationed himself at the point of danger when the disaster was at its worst, and it is precisely under such circumstances that Victor Emmanuel shows to the best advantage. Public pageants are utterly repugnant to him, Court ceremonies weary him to death, and even in most of his foibles his character has little in sympathy with that of his soft Campanian subjects. But the excitement of danger is a real enjoyment to him. The Neapolitans perhaps admire courage and coolness all the more because their own reputation for these qualities does not stand extraordinarily high; and assuredly the unfortunate dwellers by Vesuvius, who always combine mendicancy with exertion, are the very people to appreciate generosity. We hope we may hear that the King's example has been imitated by Neapolitans of the upper classes, and by those wealthy visitors who either chanced to be at Naples, or who hurried thither to witness the spectacle. We can picture the scenes that will take place nightly on the mountain when the first panic has passed. The stream of fire by night, the pillar of smoky cloud as seen from the Chiaja by day, will advertise the entertainment and make it the fashion. The gay world of Naples will exchange the day promenade for a night one, the Villa Reale for "a ladies' mile" by the side of the red lava flow. There will be swarms of attendant guides, ready to hire out their tattered arms and dirty hands to the daintily shod dames and dandies who will go hopping about on the skirts of the hot surface. There will be crowds of professional beggars gathered from Naples and all the villages that have not suffered. The beggars' chances may be the better because among them may be some of those unhappy sufferers who have just been ruined, and who will blend their notes of genuine pathos with the general chorus of whining appeals. We

have nothing to say against strangers making parties for a close inspection of a terrible phenomenon, or for the admiration of nature in one of her grandest moods. We make no doubt that the most volatile of them may carry away impressions which it would be a pity to have missed. We only trust that they may not be so absorbed by the picturesque side of the spectacle as to forget altogether the sad reality. To say nothing of calcined bones and charred roof-trees, the lava flows over vineyards and gardens which only the other day were flourishing in the full promise of the spring. Doubtless, should their late proprietors have survived, they are looking on with the pleasure seekers from Naples, and with feelings of at least equal interest, although they may regard the sight from a totally different point of view. The inhabitants of that perilous strip of country lying between the fire and the water should know by now what they must expect periodically. But races once planted firmly are slow to leave their ancestral homes, despite all the drawbacks to their comfort for which strangers pity them. We can hardly blame these Campanians for not deserting their paradise because it is not altogether exempted from the primeval curse. So long as Vesuvius grows the most delicate wines of Naples, so long we may expect that vinedressers will defy the volcano. And as these recurring disasters are inevitable, the only thing to be done is to help the people to tide them over when they do come.

#### COLE C.B. "AT HOME."

COLE C.B. may not know much about art, but it cannot be denied that he is a proficient in the study of human nature. He is well acquainted with all its little weaknesses, susceptibilities, and soft places, and nobody knows better how to make the most of them. Novelists sometimes talk of the characters in their books as their puppets, but the inventor of South Kensington has been fortunate enough to find his puppets in real life, and in the highest circles. Apparently he has only to pull the string, and they dance to any tune he likes. It has been said that great people, living in a comparatively narrow, and to some extent artificial, world of their own, are of a simple nature, and are easily got at by persons who choose to approach them in a certain way; and Mr. Cole's experience would perhaps confirm this view. When Mr. Crumple's found his audiences declining, and thought it necessary to give a filip to public curiosity, he fell back upon the Phenomenon; but we think it is hinted that he did it rather too often, and that after a time the Phenomenon, notwithstanding the big letters in the bills, ceased to draw. Mr. Cole, when he wants to make a sensation, is in the habit of bringing Royalty to the front. The thousand additional lamps which were supposed to mark the special festivals at Vauxhall are represented at South Kensington by a familiar constellation of princes of the blood. It may be doubted whether this kind of exhibition is altogether calculated to uphold the dignity of the Crown; but there can be no doubt that it has hitherto answered the purpose of the lucky farringer who has been enabled to number it among his stock attractions. The presence of Royalty necessarily implies a certain amount of official attendance; the fashionable world is also bound to be represented on such an occasion; and the general public is proud to have the opportunity of mixing with such fine company at a moderate cost. One of Mr. Cole's most subtle and successful strokes has been the issue of official invitations. The Chairman of the Local Board of Little Peddington fully appreciates the delicate attention of being included in the official circle along with the Commander-in-Chief, the Lord Chancellor, and the Cabinet. Local self-government is always largely represented at Mr. Cole's gatherings. Nothing pays better than a little cheap civility to the provinces. Those who have observed how great men are apt to be lost in the crowd of the metropolis might perhaps imagine that happier was the lot of local "personages" who are so well known, and who strut about so boldly and unmistakably in their own neighbourhoods. The constable, the letter-carrier, and the bellman are always on the look out for them, and ready to uncover. The townsfolk take a pride in them, and point them out to strangers. In London you may see the Prime Minister walking down Regent Street in the thick of the afternoon, and apparently not a soul knows him or takes any notice of him. If he were a Mayor, or a Town-clerk, or Local Board person on his own ground, he would be greeted at every step. A little acquaintance, however, with provincial life discloses the fact that local dignitaries are more or less silently pining for wider recognition. Blest as they may seem, like Rascals in his Happy Valley, they have heard, like Rascals, of a world beyond, and are consumed with an agony of desire to make a figure in it. It is easy to conceive the thrill of satisfaction with which people of this sort receive the broad card with the South Kensington seal. They feel that the eyes of England are upon them, that they are really part and parcel of the Constitution, and that the glory and prosperity of the Empire depends upon the intimate fraternity of Crown, Lords, Commons, Local Boards, and Police Committees. You may be sure they lose no time in packing up their cocked hats and furred gowns; and thus there is always plenty of local colour at Mr. Cole's parties, and what is more, the South Kensington vote, though it swells every year, excites no jealousy in the country.

In the absence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh favoured Mr. Cole with what in another sphere is called a "friendly lead," at the opening of the annual International Exhi-

bition on Saturday last. The entertainment was described in the programme as an "Official Reception, Private View, and Performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music." There was, we believe, some kind of concert in the Albert Hall after most of the people had quitted it. The "Private View" was a public crush in which it was impossible to see anything, and as for the Reception, it would be difficult to say whether the Duke received the company, or the company the Duke, or in what the ceremony consisted. The invitations were issued in the name of the Duke of Edinburgh, and from remarks that reached our ears we rather fancy that some of the provincial guests had come expecting a personal introduction to his Royal Highness, and perhaps a good gossip with him about the *Galatea* and his travels, and that historic pipe which he smoked on the carcass of his first elephant. In point of fact, what happened was simply this—that about 9 o'clock the Duke, with Princess Louise and a distinguished following, entered the Albert Hall, and were critically inspected by the invited guests in the arena for about ten minutes; and that afterwards the Royal party, in charge of Mr. Cole, were marched off for exhibition to the crowds who thronged the picture galleries. They had a good deal of ground to go over, and the ordeal was far from a pleasant one, and it is not surprising that their Royal Highnesses hurried over it as fast as possible. They made no attempt to look at anything, and were no doubt quite aware that they were themselves the show. As a bait, invitations to the Reception had been promised to purchasers of season tickets; and it is probable that this exhibition of the Duke and Princess sold a good many tickets. The rule which forbids the criticism of a gift is not supposed to apply to things that are paid for; and accordingly some of the people who had bought tickets for the sake of having a good look at Royalty thought themselves entitled to complain that the Duke produced for their inspection was in plain dress and not in uniform, and that he was not so tall as they had expected from seeing his photograph; nor did the toilet of the Princess escape equally candid comments which were made almost in her hearing. It may be doubted whether it is fitting that the personal appearance of the Royal Family should be exposed to discontented criticism by being made a matter of commercial speculation. A writer in one of the papers, looking round upon the crowded tiers of the Albert Hall, and up towards "the great spread" of the *Velarium*, was reminded of "the aspect of the Coliseum when all was ready for the show and the lions were about to be let loose into the arena." Mr. Cole's "lions" were such as might safely be trusted among ladies; but gross and wanton mismanagement converted a part of the galleries at one period of the evening into a disgraceful and even dangerous bear-garden. The crowd, left absolutely without guidance, broke up into opposing currents; some wanted to go forwards, others to go back; while one set of people were trying to get downstairs, another set were pushing up. After a time it was impossible to move in any direction, and the pressure of the crowd, continually increasing, became intolerable. The people behind, irritated by the supposition that those in front were blocking the way in order to look at tempting works of art, or, as one rumour had it, to drink tea, grew impatient and aggressive. Some of the season-tickets seem to have got into strange hands, and rough words and rowdy elbowing were added to the amenities of the scene. If a constable, in a moment of inspiration, had not unlocked a side-door and relieved the congestion of the crowd at its worst point, serious consequences would certainly have ensued. As it was, many ladies suffered severely; bracelets were torn from their arms in the crush, their dresses were rent, and probably some of them have hardly yet recovered from the cruel usage to which they were physically as well as morally subjected, through the wanton and inexcusable neglect of the simplest precautions against overcrowding.

Mr. Cole, when examined the other day in regard to the embezzlement of some nine thousand pounds from the South Kensington funds, observed oracularly that perfection is one thing, and what is practicable in this world is another thing. Even Mr. Cole, we imagine, will hardly venture to say that the arrangements on Saturday night were either perfection, or the best practicable in this world. The guests who were invited to what was supposed to be a private view found themselves swamped by the promiscuous public who had been tempted by the promise of a show of "personages" to buy season-tickets, or who had in one way or another (for very odd-looking people had got admission, and country mayors were not unnaturally nervous about their chains when they looked at some of their neighbours), contrived to beg or borrow invitation cards. We do not know whether the Committee of the House of Commons which is investigating the defalcations at South Kensington has authority to push its inquiries beyond the case of Mr. Simkins. But some further explanations are clearly required. Mr. Cole ridicules the idea of his being responsible for the accounts of the department. He argues that he is only nominally accountant, and that, though he signs the accounts as a guarantee of their accuracy, it is absurd to expect him to know anything about them. We are assured that it is physically impossible for him to attend to such trifles when he has so many other things to do; and he added that "it would puzzle a conjuror" to say exactly what his duties were under the Act of Parliament. Mr. Cole is not more puzzled in this respect than other people. He is supposed to be the not inadequately remunerated head of a Government department; but it appears that,

although he cannot possibly find time to attend to his official duties, he has abundant leisure to organise and superintend various enterprises which trade upon a supposed connexion with the Government, but which are in reality simply speculations of the same class as the Opera or the Crystal Palace. The Albert Hall is nothing more than a joint-stock music hall, and the profits go to the proprietors. The International Exhibitions are practically carried on for the benefit of the staff which manages them. It has been suggested by the *Times* in favour of little annual Exhibitions that they are at least not such a nuisance as a Great Exhibition upsetting society at uncertain intervals. It is true that country cousins cannot make a point of attending annual shows, and residents in the metropolis are thus relieved from one of the inflictions which Great Exhibitions are apt to bring upon them. This year, as last year, the International Exhibition is simply a shopkeepers' bazaar, the gross mercantile aspects of which are veiled under a thin pretence of art. There is no great harm in this, perhaps; the Exhibition is a pleasant lounge; and if it pays, that is a proof that people like to go there. But it is surely time that a line should be drawn between the establishments at South Kensington with which the State is really identified, and the private commercial undertakings by which they are surrounded; and that Government officials should be kept to their proper work. For the present there seems to be a difficulty in devising an entertainment that will fill the Albert Hall. An experiment is now being made with twopenny concerts, and one of these days we shall perhaps find Clodoche on the bills. But when everything else has been tried, Cole C.B. has always one great card in reserve. When he has played out Royalty, he can play himself. Barnum was very successful in his lectures on Humbug; and several mediums who have exhausted the Spirit business have found it more profitable to expound the secret processes of the art. Cole C.B. on Human Nature in its South Kensington aspects could hardly fail to be an irresistible attraction.

#### THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD.

WE spoke lately of the English civil wars of the fifteenth century as contrasted with the earlier and later struggles of the thirteenth and of the seventeenth. We wish now to give some account of one of the particular battles which took place between the supporters of the rival Roses, a battle both remarkable in itself, and specially worthy of examination as having been made the subject of several popular misconceptions. It will be borne in mind that in the Parliament of October 1460 a compromise was agreed on between the claims of Henry the Sixth as the actual possessor of the Crown, and the claims of Richard, Duke of York, by virtue of an alleged hereditary right. Henry was to keep the crown for life, and Richard was to succeed at his death, and in the meanwhile to be Regent or Protector of the kingdom. The effect of this award was to cut off the succession of Edward, the son of the reigning King, and to put the Duke in his place as heir-apparent. Such an award was not likely to be acceptable to Queen Margaret, the mother of the Prince who was thus shut out, and it is especially noticed that several of the chief nobles of her party, the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, the Earls of Northumberland and Devon, and many of the lords of the North, were not present at the Parliament. The Queen and her party therefore treated the award as a nullity, and thus the settlement which was meant to bring matters to a peaceful agreement led only to a continuance of the war. The one battle fought in this stage of it was that of Wakefield, in which Duke Richard lost his life, and in this his last fight he was at least formally in the right. He went forth as the recognized Protector and heir-apparent of the realm to put down a rising which had for its object the disturbance of a Parliamentary award. In this cause, on the 30th of December, 1460, Duke Richard died in the fight waged in the fields between the town of Wakefield and the Castle of Sandal.

In the narrative of this battle as commonly given, two tragical incidents especially stand out; Queen Margaret is made to be present in person; the Duke is taken prisoner and beheaded, with every circumstance of cruel mockery, and his head is presented to the Queen. One of the Duke's sons, Edmund, Earl of Rutland, described in the common story as a boy of tender years, is said to have been killed by Lord Clifford with his own hand, under circumstances of especial barbarity. In both of these stories there is reason to believe that there is a great deal of exaggeration, and it will be well to test the evidence on which they severally rest. But before this is done, it will be better, for the clearer understanding of the story, to give some description of the site where the battle took place.

The scene of the battle, the scene in any version of the death of the Duke, lies in the low ground between the town of Wakefield and the Castle of Sandal, which formed the Duke's headquarters. The town itself stands on a slight eminence above the left bank of the winding stream of the Calder, the river which receives the more famous stream of the Aire, the stream by whose banks the Conqueror carried so long on his great march to win back Northumberland. The river flows through low and marshy ground on either side, rising on each side into irregular heights of great elevation. One of the most picturesque of ancient bridges connects the town with the country to the south of it on the right bank of the river. And the bridge on its eastern side is crowned by a gem of mediæval art—perhaps we should more strictly say, by a facsimile of the gem, which has the same effect as

the original in calling up the general aspect of the place. This is the graceful chapel projecting over the river from the eastern side of the bridge, a chapel which has been restored almost to rebuilding in modern times, but which still reproduces the beautiful workmanship of the fourteenth century. Compare the chapel over the Calder at Wakefield with the boasted chapel by the Arno at Pisa, and we shall see how little need Englishmen—least of all Yorkshiremen—have to crowd their streets with buildings which forsake the forms of England for the forms of Italy. This "right goodly chapel of our Lady," as Leland calls it, on "the fair bridge of stone of nine arches under the which runneth the river of Calder," was a foundation of the townsmen of Wakefield, but the Dukes of York having obtained the mortmain for them, were formally held to be the founders. Out of this connexion with the House of York has probably grown the mythical belief that this chapel, whose architecture shows it to be a hundred years older than the battle, was founded for the good of the souls of those who died in it. Standing on the bridge and looking eastward, westward, and southward, as far as the smoke of Wakefield chimneys will let us look in any direction, several special points may be made out among the low and wooded hills which rise on either side. To the east, close above the right bank of the river, rises the hill crowned by the picturesque Elizabethan mansion of the Heath, which, as far as we know, does not connect itself with any of the events of the battle. But to the west, on the left bank of the river, lies the high ground of Thornes and Lupsett, and there is one special point, which is said to have played a part in the battle, and which at all events is remarkable on its own account. This is the small peaked hill, just outside the park of Thornes, immediately overlooking the town to the west, which bears the name, varied by endless local spellings, of Lawe or Lowe Hill. The former part of the name is of course the same as that which is found in the names of many heights in Northern Britain, the Old-English *hlæw*, the Gothic *hlaw*, the word used by Ælfric for the holy tomb, and which lives in a most corrupted shape in the Cuckshley, the *Cuckshlaw*, of Berkshire topography. A central mound, seemingly, like so many others, a natural mound raised and improved by art, and surrounded by a deep ditch, crowns a series of slighter fortifications on the slope of the hill. The name, purely descriptive and not connected with any Teutonic *epitaphos*, may suggest that it was a work of the conquered Welsh, which the English conquerors of the Brigantian land found in much the same state as it is now—a hill-fort which might have grown into a castle or into a city, but which the caprice of human affairs has left untouched among the surrounding dwellings of man. The very meaning of its name has been forgotten; the word *hlæw* ceased to carry any meaning with it to modern ears, and, as so often happens, another word of the same meaning was added as an explanatory description of the word which had passed into an unintelligible proper name. This Lowe or Lawe Hill, already so distinguished in the sixteenth century, has been thought, we know not exactly on what authority, to have been the headquarters of the Lancastrian side; it is more certain that the object itself connects itself most temptingly with the spot on the other side of the river which undoubtedly was the headquarters of the Yorkists. This is the Castle of Sandal, lying nearly due south of the town. A local legend preserved by Leland, one of a class which turns up everywhere, distinctly connects the history of the two hills. The castle, which was built at Sandal, was to have been built on Lawe Hill:—

A quarter of a mile without Wakefield appereth an Hille of Erthe come up, wher sum say that one of Lokes Warrmes began to build, and as fast as he builded violence of Wynde dected the Work. This is taken a fable. Sum say that it was nothing but a Wind Mille Hille. The place is now called Lohlle.

And there would seem to be thus much of truth in the legend, that a process actually did take place at Sandal which did not, though it might almost have been looked for, take place at Lawe Hill. A primeval fortress seems to have been taken advantage of in the building of the mediæval castle. In the present state of the place primeval and mediæval works are hopelessly confounded, or rather, as so often happens, the earlier works have survived the later. The works of the castle crown the highest point of a long sloping hill, lying between the river and the village of Sandal, whose cross church can hardly fail to draw attention by its central tower and choir of unusual length. The castle itself, a work of the Earl Warren of the days of Edward the Second, has sunk, save in one place, where some small portions of wall are left, into a confused heap of mounds and holes, which it would need the eye of Mr. G. T. Clark to cover once more with the buildings which they once upheld and defended. A notion of the general effect may be got from a rude drawing of the Elizabethan age, which was published by the Society of Antiquaries. The castle itself was slighted in 1648, and the greater part of the stones seems to have been carefully carried away. But the ruin of the mediæval works brings out only more strongly the great mound with its ditch, of the same type as its fellow the Lawe Hill, but of considerably greater height and depth. Its value as a military post must have been great in days when the country could really be won, whereas now the abiding smoke which turns the white fleeces of the sheep into black makes it hard to do more than guess at its features. On this height it was that Duke Richard took up his quarters on the 21st of December, 1460. The lords of the Queen's party who had rejected the award had gathered together their forces at York, and

the Duke had marched northwards to hinder their designs. He had come accompanied, among others, by his son, Edmund Earl of Rutland, and by Richard Earl of Salisbury, and Warwick, the father of the renowned King-maker. On their march they lost some men in an encounter with Somerset's forces at Worksop, but reached Sandal, as has already been said, at the head of 6,000 men. The Lancastrian forces were at Pontefract, and on the 29th of December the battle took place.

The received account of the battle comes from the chronicler Hall, of the time of Henry the Eighth. His version may be compared with several earlier authorities. There is one which, according to some theories of history, ought to be the most trustworthy of all—namely, the preamble to the Act of Parliament which declares the three Lancastrian Kings to have been usurpers, and Duke Richard to have been the King *de jure*. We have also the *Chronicles* of William of Worcester, of John Whethamstede, Abbot of St. Albans, and that of an anonymous monk of Crowland, commonly known as the "Continuato Crowlandensis." Their different accounts do not exactly agree with each other, but any one of them would be enough to convict Hall's version of a good deal of misrepresentation. First of all, was the Queen there? According to the version given by Hall and Fabian, she would seem to have been in actual command, and the rash determination of Duke Richard to give battle is thrown by Hall into the form of a magnanimous speech, in which he refuses to keep himself shut up "for dread of a scolding woman, whose weapon is only her tongue and her nails." But the more trustworthy Crowland writers say of the Queen, "in partibus borealibus morabatur." But just at this point there seems to be something lost in his narrative, and he gives us no actual account of the battle. But if we follow William of Worcester, who seems to be by far the best authority, Margaret was certainly not now in Yorkshire, although she was in a part of the world which might still more truly come under the head of "partes boreales." According to this chronicler Margaret had fled into Scotland in July, as soon as the Parliament had been summoned for October ("Et dicta Regina Margareta, cum principe Edwardo filio suo, de Wallia per mare fugit in Scotiam"), and she did not come from Scotland to York till after the battle was over ("dicto bello finito, Regina Margareta venit de Scotia Eboraco"). The Act of Parliament makes no mention of Margaret at all, and Abbot Whethamstede, though he attributes the action of the Northern lords to her agency ("ad instantiam Domine Margarete Regine"), has not a word to imply that she was there in person. We can therefore have no doubt whatever in rejecting this part of Hall's story, and in setting down the alleged immediate share of the Queen in the death of Duke Richard as one of the exaggerations which were sure to gather round such a story.

On the 29th or 30th of December the battle took place. Setting aside the later version of Hall, we have two distinct accounts; that of William of Worcester, which is very sober and circumstantial, and that of Abbot Whethamstede, which is far more loose and high-flown, and seems to be quite romantic in some of its details. The Abbot also shows a less accurate knowledge of the ground than William of Worcester, for he gives no names to the places occupied by the two parties, and he says that the Duke's forces chose a place and encamped near the town ("elegantur ibi juxta villam sibi campum stationis erigentes tentoria"), while the Lancastrians were encamped not far off ("castrum metati non multum distanter a castris suis"). This is certainly not an accurate description of Sandal and Pontefract. We have also the Act of Parliament, but any one who wrote history wholly from the Statute-book would never find out that there was any battle at all. In the words of the Act the Duke was "falsely, traitorously, horribly, cruelly, and tyrannously murdered," all which, when translated into everyday language, simply means that he was killed in what, whatever we think of the justice of the war on either side, was at any rate a fair fight. According to Whethamstede a day was agreed upon for a battle ("dies inter partes appunctuatus super tempore prælationis"); but the Lancastrians treacherously set upon the Yorkists with superior numbers before the appointed day, when they were out foraging. This is a sort of story which turns up in a great many times and places, and the foraging party seems to be the only element of truth in it. It is of course out of this story that the tale grew about the challenge sent by the Queen and her party to the Duke, and the Duke's answer about her tongue and nails. But from William of Worcester it is plain that the battle was brought on by accident, owing to an attack made by the Lancastrians on the Duke's foraging parties ("gentibus ducis Eborum vagantibus per patriam pro victualibus querendis, factum est execrabilis bellum"). At all events the Duke was tempted down from the height of Sandal, and it is just at the foot of the sloping hill that tradition places the place of his death. One huge and aged willow-tree and the stump of another, the remains of three which once stood there, is said to mark the exact spot. It is plain that the battle must have raged over all the low ground between the castle and the town. One peninsula formed by a bold bend of the river bears the name of *Pugnells*, a name which we do not profess to explain; but we need not say that local imagination has seized on it, and sees in it a Latin memory of the fight. Now comes the question as to the manner of the Duke's death. We may set aside all versions of the story which represent Margaret as an actor or a spectator, but Whethamstede distinctly says that he was taken alive, crowned and saluted in mockery, and then beheaded. But the Abbot almost pronounces the condemnation of his own story when he brings in the danger-

ous comparison:—"Non aliter quam Judæi (?) coram Domine incurvaverunt genua sua coram ipso"; and the story seems set aside by the distinct words of the Act of Parliament that the Duke and his companions, "after they were dede," were "heded with abhominable crueltie and horrible despite, against all humanite and nature of nobles." It is plain from William of Worcester that the Duke was killed in actual fighting, as was Thomas Neville, son of the Earl of Salisbury, and a number of men of all ranks amounting to 2,000. The Earl of Salisbury was taken prisoner the next night, not, as Hall says, wounded and taken prisoner in the conflict. In the flight the Earl of Rutland was stopped and killed on the bridge by Lord Clifford. This is really all that we know for certain. Earl Edmund, born, as William of Worcester carefully tells at the proper point of his annals, at Rouen on Monday, May 17th, 1443, at seven o'clock in the evening, was certainly not, as Hall makes him, a boy of twelve in December 1460; so that we may suspect that the pathetic tale in Hall, which has grown into a pathetic scene in Shakespeare, has a large mythical element in it. The plain story in William of Worcester runs thus:—

In crastino apud Pontifret bastardus Exoniæ occidit dictum comitem Sarum, ubi per concilium dominorum decollaverunt corpora mortua ducis Eborum et comitis Sarum et Rutland. . . . posueruntque capita eorum super diversas partes Eboraci. Capud quoque ducis Eboraci in despectu coronaverunt carta.

Leland seems to confound the death of the father and the son:—

Yn the flite of the Duke of Yorke's Parte, other the Duke hymself, or his sun therle of Rutland, was slayne a little above the Barres beyond the Bridge going up into the Tounne of Wakefeld that standith ful fairly upon a clyving ground. At this place is set up a Crosse in rei memoriam. The commune saying is there that the Erie wold have taken ther a poore Woman's house for socour, and she for fere shet the Dore and strait the Erie was killid.

The story of this battle is worth examining, as showing at how late a time in our history a legendary element is still to be found, and as showing also, in the case of Abbot Whethamstede's version, how soon after the event that legendary element arose. And it is perhaps something to clear the character of Queen Margaret from any direct share in the brutalities done to the Duke dead or alive, though, as we do not read that she ordered his head to be taken down from the gate, she may still be looked on as in some sort an accomplice after the fact.

#### LORD CLARENCE PAGET AND THE ADMIRALTY.

SOME years ago, if we remember rightly, when Lord Clarence Paget made his second appearance in the House of Commons—his party was then in Opposition, and he himself sat in sturdy independence below the gangway—he discovered that several millions were missing in the Admiralty accounts. The money had been voted, but he was unable to make out where it had gone to. When Lord Clarence soon afterwards became Secretary to the Admiralty, it was understood that it would be his special mission to trace the missing millions. We are not aware, however, that during the whole time he was at the Admiralty he ever threw any light on the subject, nor was his administrative career remarkable for restless reforms or too eager economies. Lord Clarence has now returned from the command of the Mediterranean squadron, and it has been stated that he proposes to seek a seat in Parliament. In the meanwhile he has lost no time in reporting himself in a highly characteristic manner to the present Board. He has written to the *Times* to say that the recent accidents to ironclads are due to the false economy of the Admiralty, which has issued orders to the officers of the navy to keep down the consumption of coal, and the consequence is that officers prefer to lose their ships rather than incur the censure of "my Lords." If the *Captain* had had her engines in use she would have been luffed to the wind and saved. The reason why the *Agincourt* drifted crab-like on to the Pearl Rock was because she had not "headway to stem the current. The *Defence* also drove from her anchors from want of steam-power. The *Lord Clyde* came to grief from a similar reason. Lord O. Paget's argument is in substance this—that ironclads have been lost from want of steam-power; that steam-power has not been used because the Admiralty discouraged it; and that the loss of the ships must therefore be laid at the door of the Admiralty. The officers of the navy, we are assured, "are a highly sensitive body of men, and, once impressed with the feeling that the consumption of coal is displeasing to the Admiralty, they will run all sorts of risks" rather than expose themselves to official rebuke. It is obvious that a number of questions of a very serious character are thus opened up. Were the ironclads which have lately been lost or damaged sacrificed because sufficient steam-power was not employed? If so, was this false economy of steam-power owing to the orders issued by the Admiralty? And, further, if the regulations produced this effect, are the officers of the navy entitled knowingly and deliberately to sacrifice their ships rather than run the risk of official censure? "Many officers of the highest merit and reputation," Lord Clarence says, "are wrecked in prospects and reputations." If they chose to wreck their prospects and reputations, of course that is their own business, and they must take the consequences. But were they entitled to wreck Her Majesty's ships on the plea of keeping on good terms with the Admiralty? Lord O. seems to imply that they were; but the letters which he



appeared in the *Times* in answer to his own will perhaps tend to reassure the public on this point. We will take these different questions in their order.

As to the cause of the disasters which have recently overtaken our ironclads, we should say that the loss of the *Captain* may fairly be attributed to the fact that steam was not used when it ought to have been. And in this opinion we are confirmed by "Rear-Admiral," who has written a letter asserting that "every sailor knows that the *Captain* was lost by carrying too much sail in endeavouring to prove that she could keep her station in the line under sail alone." No other ship in the squadron attempted to do the same, and no other ship was lost. It is true that the Admiral in command signalled, not exactly as Mr. Goschen puts it, that the ships should get up steam, but that they might do so if it was thought necessary. It is understood, however, that Captain Burgoyne had unfortunately conceived the idea that his credit depended on dispensing as far as possible with steam, and economizing coal to the utmost. It appears that the accident to the *Defence* was owing to a misunderstanding between the captain and the engineer as to the time that would be necessary to get up steam in all the boilers; the order to let slip the cable was given before the boilers had been connected. As to the cases of the *Agincourt* and *Lord Clyde* there may be room for controversy. Mr. Goschen has stated quite correctly that steam was up at the time when the ships came to grief; but it is doubtful whether, as Lord C. Paget argues, they might not have been saved if steam had been sooner resorted to. The next question is whether, assuming that an undue economy in the use of steam had anything to do with these disasters, this error can be fairly attributed to the rules laid down by the Admiralty. The rules which were in force down to the 25th of April last were to the effect that officers were to reduce the expenditure of coal on board their ships "to the lowest point consistent with the safety of their vessels, and the due performance of the service on which they may be employed." It was pointed out to officers that steam-power had been used when there was really no necessity for it, as, for example, "in leaving and entering harbours offering no difficulty to vessels under sail." All this appears to be reasonable enough, and the Secretary of the Admiralty at the time when these rules were drawn up may perhaps have been justified in thinking that they were not so strong as they should be. The date of these instructions is August 3, 1865; and Mr. Goschen obtained a personal triumph over Lord C. Paget when he announced that they were signed by his lordship, who was, in fact, the Secretary who did not think the instructions sufficiently stringent. The rules as to the use of steam-power were revised last week, and of course we can say nothing about the new rules until we see them. It is certainly not desirable that naval officers should discard sails and rely entirely upon steam-power in navigating their ships; and it cannot be denied that there has been a tendency to do so which required to be checked. One of the old objections to steamships, which is still reproduced in Admiral Rous's letters, was that steam would be fatal to the art of seamanship. As ships became kettles, in Admiral Rous's language, sailors would sink into engineers. It is obvious that if seamanship means, as we suppose it does, the art of managing ships at sea, the kind of management must depend very much upon the character of the ships; and that the seamanship which is suitable to full-rigged vessels is necessarily unsuitable to our modern ironclads. The truth would seem to be that the art of seamanship is being revolutionized by the changes which are taking place in the construction of ships, and that for the present there is some danger of officers falling between two stools—sails and steam. It is impossible to lay down any absolute rule as to the use of steam, but it is quite right that the Admiralty should remind officers in command of ships that sails are not yet obsolete, and that on certain occasions it is possible to navigate a ship without steam. The instructions of 1865 are sufficiently guarded on this point; and it cannot be seriously argued that, even if they were more stringent than they are, officers would be justified in deliberately wrecking their ships rather than lay themselves open to official censure.

Lord C. Paget's answer to Mr. Goschen is that the orders cautioning officers against the unnecessary use of fuel were issued at a time when we had but few ironclads, and when sanguine expectations were entertained as to their capacity as cruisers. We have now a strong fleet of ironclads, and experience has proved that their sailing qualities were overrated. There is something in this, no doubt; but Lord Clarence has missed, we think, the weakest point in his adversary's case. Rules may be gilded and moderate in themselves, but it is certain that they will always be construed by the light of the official declarations and professed policy of the Government of the day. The Board who issued the order against using steam when sails were available were not identified in the minds of the service or of the public with a policy of rigid economy. It was understood that they desired that coals should not be wasted, and that seamanship should be cultivated; but nobody supposed that the question of the amount of coals consumed in working a ship was regarded as of paramount importance. Economy, however, has been the great cry of the present Government. Mr. Gladstone stamped the country with it when in Opposition. He and his colleagues have been continually bragging in the House of Commons about their "heroic efforts" to cut down the Estimates. Administrative economy has been held out as the great object and duty of Govern-

ment. It is not surprising that, when so much emphasis is laid on this one point, and when everything else is regarded as of minor consequence, if of any consequence at all, the minds of officers in the public service should be very much directed towards economy, that they should have it constantly before them that their business is above everything to keep down expenses, and that for the sake of standing well with "my Lords," and making the most of their chances of promotion, they should set themselves to consider, not so much what is best to be done, but how to combine the certainty of cheapness with a probability of safety. If there is any risk to be run, it must not be, they feel, on the side of a heavy expenditure. It is monstrous to suppose, as Lord C. Paget would seem to suggest, that officers would consciously and deliberately sacrifice their ships rather than be rebuked by the Admiralty. Of course they imagine that they can keep their ships safe; only they are tempted to cut things rather too fine for the sake of making a good figure in regard to expenses in the eyes of the Board. Sir J. Pakington and other members of the House of Commons were personally insulted by Mr. Baxter because they ventured to suggest that possibly it might be worth while not to spare a few pounds in order to make sure that the *Megara* was quite safe for a voyage to the other end of the world. It may be imagined what sort of reception a master shipwright or a carpenter would have met with who dared to hint at anything of the kind. A man in that position would no doubt have it very much impressed upon his mind that, if he thought it worth while to stop in the service, and especially if he cherished any hope of advancement, he had better set himself to think of all sorts of ways to cut down expenses, and try to convince himself, if possible, that no repairs were needed. Economy, of course, is a very important thing in its way, and it is highly necessary that in the public service it should receive due consideration; but there is an obvious danger in setting up economy before and above everything else, and making it the leading principle of Ministerial policy. Some of the fruits of this blunder we have now to deplore.

#### THE TWO THOUSAND.

WHEN Xanthus ran Almoner to a head and beat Laburnum by a neck in the Newmarket Biennial, one of two conclusions was inevitable. Either Xanthus must have improved a stone—and his good looks gave a certain amount of justification for this idea—or the whole Biennial form was decidedly inferior. But when, a few days later, Xanthus, carrying no more than a fair racing weight, was beaten out of sight in the City and Suburban, it became difficult to see how any of the Biennial horses could have a chance with Cremorne and Queen's Messenger, both of whom so easily disposed of Xanthus last season. Besides this pair there was Prince Charlie, who, both in looks and merits, held unquestioned preeminence over all the two-year-olds of 1871; and only his admitted infirmity prevented impartial judges from regarding the Two Thousand as a foregone conclusion for the magnificent son of Blair Athol. It was, indeed, impossible to forget the experience of the last few years, when horses like Paris, Liddington, and Belladrum, all of whom suffered from a similar affection of the throat, were compelled to succumb at the final hill, just when victory seemed within their grasp. It has come, in fact, to be considered an axiom that no roarer can win the Two Thousand, still less the Derby; and though a roarer has this week won, and won easily, the former race, the axiom will probably be verified in nineteen years out of twenty. The warmest friends of Prince Charlie, who made no attempt to deny the fact of his infirmity, were yet so impressed with his extraordinary merits as to aver that he could quite afford to give his opponents all the advantage they might obtain from his roaring, and still be able to win; and certainly the event justified their confidence. It was heavy handicapping, though; like Dundee's gallant struggle for the Derby with three legs; and, if there had been nothing the matter with his respiration, there is no telling how far or how easily he would have won. The prophets were all wrong in another thing also; for they said with one accord that, though Prince Charlie might come along as far as the dip, with the race apparently in hand, the final ascent would stop him. On the contrary, when coming down the hill into the Abingdon bottom, he did seem to falter a little; but directly he touched the ascent he recovered himself at once, and went further and further away from Cremorne at every stride. And we venture to express an opinion that in the Derby the most critical point for him will be the descent of the hill to Tattenham Corner. It is worth remembering, however, that the Derby is run this year on the new course, which is far easier than the old one, inasmuch as the first part of the race will be over level ground. In the old course there was a severe hill to climb from the very start, and this was sure to be fatal to a roarer; Belladonna, for instance, who ran a good second for the Two Thousand, being hopelessly beaten in the Derby in the first three hundred yards. The alteration of the course is clearly an additional point in Prince Charlie's favour.

To come to the actual proceedings of the Two Thousand day, we may remark that all the expected starters ran, the following fourteen coming to the post:—Almoner, Xanthus, and Laburnum—the leading three in the Biennial—Prince Charlie and Cremorne

—the chief two-year-old winners of last year—the unbeaten Queen's Messenger, and Bethnal Green, Wellingtonia, Landmark, Lighthouse, Helmet, Statesman, Wenlock, and King Lud. Of these only eight were saddled in the birdcage, but among these eight were Prince Charlie, Xanthus, Laburnum, Almoner, and Bethnal Green. When the Biennial runners were saddled, Xanthus was universally singled out as a remarkably fine-looking horse, but here he looked merely a pigmy by the side of his gigantic stable companion Prince Charlie. This latter is not only of great size, standing nearly seventeen hands high, but also of great quality, without any of that coarseness that so often distinguishes large horses, and that was particularly noticeable in Prince Charlie's half-brother Camel. He was brought out in the most perfect condition, and the only exception that could be taken to his general appearance was the somewhat disproportionate slowness of his forelegs to the great weight of his body. Almoner was but a little pony after Prince Charlie, and looked as well as on the Biennial day. Indeed it would have been impossible to have made him fitter than he was when he won the first great three-year-old race of the season. Bethnal Green was wiry and well trained, but Laburnum did not take the eye after such handsome and shapely horses as Prince Charlie and Almoner. A better tempered field probably never faced the starter, who had no difficulty in getting them away at the very first attempt. At a rather slow pace Queen's Messenger—at a great disadvantage to himself—led the way across the flat, and it reads rather like a satire on the theory that racehorses can be judged by a time test, when we discover that the three leaders in the Biennial, run at a much faster pace over the same course only a fortnight ago, were among the first beaten in the Two Thousand. In fact, as we ventured to suggest, Queen's Messenger held all the Biennial horses safe; and in Prince Charlie and Cremorne he met two antagonists possessed of a greater turn of speed than himself. Whether they are better stayers time will prove. At the Buries it was evident that there were only Prince Charlie and Cremorne left in the race; and descending the hill Prince Charlie seemed rather to falter, and Mr. Savile's horse was going so well within himself, and pulling double, that shouts were raised in his behalf. Osborne, however, one of the most steady and judicious of horsemen, never attempted to bustle his horse, but rather allowed Cremorne to take a momentary lead, which in the dip might perhaps have amounted to about a quarter of a length. And, by the way, there can be no doubt that a very big horse requires the most judicious handling down a hill. Up a hill, if he can go up a hill at all, the faster he is sent along the better. It was so on this occasion with Prince Charlie and his rider. Kept well in hand till the Abingdon bottom was fairly reached, he was let out the moment the ascent commenced. And directly he was let out, he was level with, and then, in another instant, a neck in advance of, Cremorne. Once in advance of him, instead of losing ground, he gained it at every stride; and, as his strides are very much longer than Cremorne's, the lead lost by Mr. Savile's horse could never be regained, and the big "roarer" won easily by a neck, with perhaps a great deal in hand. Though beaten, Cremorne was in no way disgraced—on the contrary, we are disposed to think that he never ran a better race in his life, and we are glad to see that the recollection of many severe races run, and of much severe punishment received last year, has not indisposed him to make an effort when called upon this year. Four lengths off, Queen's Messenger finished third; but, with a scope of ground, and under more advantageous circumstances of running, Lord Falmouth's horse will most likely fulfil the highest expectations that have been formed of him. To be beaten, however, by four lengths is a very considerable defeat; and, at first sight, it seems that, on public running, there was no Derby form behind the leading pair. We cannot consent to this verdict in the case of Queen's Messenger, because we are sure that he ran under every disadvantage in the Two Thousand, having to make his own running, when staying and not speed is his forte, and not being able to make it fast enough to shake off two horses who could rely on their tremendous turn of speed when it was necessary to commence racing in earnest. But we would not be understood as speaking one word in disparagement of Prince Charlie and Cremorne; indeed, if the former gets safely round Tattenham Corner, there is nothing that can cope with his enormous stride; and though he is a roarer, it must be remembered that his canter is like another horse's gallop. But we repeat that, in our opinion, if his chance is jeopardized at all in the Derby, it will be in the descent of the hill to the Corner. It can hardly be thought worth while to discuss the Derby chances of the horses that ran in the Two Thousand behind the leading three, as long as the leading three keep sound and well; and the days of dark outsiders, kept in reserve and not brought out before the Derby, are, we may venture to say, well nigh over. On public running, however, there is one horse—Ouslow—who, if he is brought fit and well to the post, will be eagerly scrutinised on the Derby day; and it may not be out of place to mention that he is a stable companion of Prince Charlie. Under the most favourable circumstances, however, it appears that the Derby of 1872 can be said to be hardly an open race.

## REVIEWS.

## CLARK'S EARLY ROMAN LAW.\*

MR. CLARK tells us in his Introduction that "a crossfire from jurists and historians may not unreasonably assail an encroacher on the debatable ground between the two provinces." We are inclined to doubt whether the provinces of the jurist—as distinguished from the mere professional lawyer—and the historian are two provinces. The historian need not be qualified to act as judge or as counsel in a court of the time and place of which he is writing. But, unless he understands the main outlines of the laws of that time and place, the broad principles on which they rest, and the historical origin of its chief enactments, he will make but strange work of his history. On the other hand, experience has proved that no stranger work can be made of anything than has been made both of law and history by lawyers who assume that the arbitrary rules of a certain age must have existed from all eternity, and who, when they stoop to look at the documents of earlier times at all, only try to force them into agreement with their own preconceived theories. But of course there are two, or rather many, provinces, so far as this, that one inquirer may be led by his tastes to give special attention to the legal antiquities of a people, while another may feel himself more strongly drawn to the religious, the military, or any other aspect of them. But, though one inquirer may give himself especially to one branch, he cannot afford wholly to neglect other branches. The historian must, at least in a general way, understand the laws of the nation about which he is writing, and the jurist must, at least in a general way, understand the facts of its history.

We will carry out our own doctrine as to special inquirers taking special branches, by saying that the parts of Mr. Clark's book to which we are most drawn are the few chapters just at the end. Mr. Clark there gets upon Constitutional Law. The early Roman Constitution is, as every one knows, an old subject of controversy. No two scholars ever come to exactly the same conclusions. The two latest writers on the subject, at least the two latest we know of, are Mr. Clark himself and Professor Seeley. And Mr. Clark and Professor Seeley do not wholly agree about the *Comitia Centuriata*. Indeed we should be a little surprised if any two scholars did agree on some of these points, on which the thought is always suggesting itself to us that the wisest plan is not to come to any conclusion at all. Mr. Clark himself, for instance, has gone most carefully through the subject which he has taken in hand. He has set to work as an independent inquirer; he has got together, we feel certain, pretty well all that is to be got together in the shape of authorities bearing on the first stage of Roman Law, and in forming his own inferences he does not at all bind himself to follow in the wake of any earlier inquirer. His book is a small one, but it contains a great mass of matter, and it shows how many and various are the quarters to which a man must go to find out all that is to be found out about the earliest stage of Roman Law. Yet the chief impression which Mr. Clark gives us is a feeling which strikes us rather painfully, a feeling how very little there is to be found out after all. Perhaps we are not quite fair judges. Those who learned Roman History as Roman History was taught thirty years back are apt to be puzzled at the present state of things. In those days Niebuhr was the guide, and it must be allowed that he was at least a very fascinating guide, especially as expounded by his English interpreter Arnold. Niebuhr himself needed such an interpreter, but, when he was so interpreted, the state of things was very pleasant. The system at least hung well together. Each part of the theory fitted into every other part; we had the satisfaction of thinking that we knew all about the real state of things in the early days of Rome, and that we could have corrected Livy or Cicero on a great many points in the laws and history of their own commonwealth. This happy state of belief was perhaps not likely to last long; the thing was too perfect. It was too well jointed and squared, and later reflection brought about the feeling that, after all, we were perhaps no safer in binding ourselves to the divination of Niebuhr than if we had bound ourselves to the tradition of Livy. The fabric fell with a crash, and in many minds nothing has come to take its place. It soon became plain that for a great deal that we had come to believe on the authority of Niebuhr there was absolutely no authority at all except that of Niebuhr. We therefore ceased to believe in Niebuhr as an infallible guide, and this shock to our faith has not predisposed us either to choose any new guide in his place, or to set up ourselves as guides either to ourselves or to others. The breakdown of our early belief rather inclines us to the suspicion that there is really nothing to be made out about the matter at all. This is no doubt a hasty conclusion; but it is also a hasty conclusion that Niebuhr is to be thrown aside altogether. Though Niebuhr's fabric, as a whole fabric, will not stand, though his power of divination may be left in the same limbo as that of his brother augur, yet a great deal may still be learned from his method. In his time the Comparative method of study had not been brought to perfection; but Niebuhr perfectly understood that, in times where there is no contemporary or other trustworthy authority, a comparison with the analogous institutions of other countries will often prove

\* *Early Roman Law. The Regal Period.* By E. C. Clark, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

attained as much as the direct notices of men who wrote when early institutions were no longer understood. Niebuhr also thoroughly understood the sort of indirect evidence which may be got out of such later notices, something in the style of the undesignated coincidences by which writers on Christian evidences seek to confirm the truth of the Scriptural narrative. Both these lines of argument may, like all others, be easily pressed too far; but it seems to us that Niebuhr made a really good use of both, and that some of the later lights have rather neglected them. Take, for instance, the two or three passages in which Livy unmistakably distinguishes *populus* and *plebs*, when he speaks, for instance, of a thing being done "a plebe consensu populi." Now the value of such a passage as this arises from the fact of its inconsistency with other passages. Livy, as a rule, makes no such distinction. That is to say, when he was speaking his own words, he did not take any pains to recognize a distinction which in his time was forgotten; but in such passages as we have just quoted he can only be copying, without fully understanding, the words of some document of a time when the distinction was remembered. To our mind such an indirect witness as this proves more than any direct statement of any writer, so far removed from the time spoken of as all those are to whom we have to trust in those matters. So again, some traditions of the earliest times, though absolutely void of external evidence, carry with them a certain internal confirmation. The story that Romulus reigned in partnership with the Sabine Tatius rests on no more direct evidence than the story that he was suckled by a wolf. Yet we may be quite certain that the story of the joint royalty has a real groundwork of fact. The personal adventures of the two Kings, indeed the personality of the Kings themselves, are purely mythical, yet we can have very little doubt in accepting the story as witnessing to a union of Latin and Sabine elements in the Roman State. It is a sort of tale which there could have been very little temptation to invent, and the state of things to which it points is quite in harmony with the policy of Rome from the first days of her Commonwealth to the last days of her Empire.

Mr. Clark has brought together a great mass of valuable matter in an accessible form, but we could have wished that he had enlivened his arguments by a freer use of the Comparative method. He plainly feels its use. Speaking of Solon, he says, "How much of what is commonly attributed to him can be connected on historical grounds with our own Alfred?" Very little of course; but the example of Alfred might be used to show that when real legislators, like Solon, Servius, and Alfred, pass into the mythical stage, institutions both older and later than their time get fathered upon them. They are said to have invented in their present form institutions of which the present form is much newer, while the original germ is much older, than their own day. In the case of Alfred, just as in the case of Charles the Great, we can check the legend by the history, and we can thus see the kind and degree of truth which is likely to be preserved in such a legend as that of Servius. Of course such a process can never touch us details; but then our position is that we can never hope to learn any details at all. Here and there by some accident a fragment may survive, but as a rule it is hopeless to look for details of times of which we have no sort of contemporary record. So again, Mr. Clark has brought together all the authorities on the subject of the early Quæstors. Here again the two lines of argument which we have suggested come in. We get mention of quæstors in early times whose functions were altogether different from the Quæstors of the historical period. Here we plainly have a genuine piece of early antiquity. The process of misconception would lead men to attribute to the Quæstors of early times the functions of the quæstors of their own day; it would never lead them to imagine quæstors whose functions were altogether different from anything which they were used to. We may therefore feel quite certain that there were in early times Quæstors who had to deal with questions of blood, and whose functions therefore were widely different from those of the fiscal Quæstors in the days of Cicero and Cæsar. But here again the Comparative method supplies us with help, and the vast number of examples in which we find among ourselves the same name applied to offices the functions of which are utterly different. Take, for instance, three familiar titles among ourselves—those of Chancellor, Dean, and Constable. It is certain that some of the officers called by those names differ as much from one another as the later Quæstors differed from the early *quæstores paricidii*. Yet in the known cases it is possible to trace up the widely different offices now called by the same name to some common origin or some common idea, and the chances are therefore very strong in favour of the two uses of the word Quæstor having originally had some connexion. Then again, the Comparative method may be used, not only between one language or people and another, but even within the limits of the same language. Mr. Clark, for instance, follows the doctrine of Varro, that the consuls were so called a *comulendo*, from consulting the Senate. We answer that we cannot admit any explanation of the last syllable of the word *consul* which does not also explain the last syllable of the analogous forms *praesul* and *caesul*. But when we find Mommsen and Professor Seeley and Mr. Clark failing to agree as to the use of the word *pater* in such a phrase as *auctoritas patrum*, and on the kindred subject of the original composition of the *Comitia Curiata*, we are inclined to say that they are disputing about what never can be found out, because we have nothing to go upon, except the language of writers in later times when it is quite certain that the original nature of

the institution would no longer be understood. But, if we rise from details to the general question of the origin of the wide distinction of orders which is so conspicuous throughout all Roman history, the Comparative method will again help us. The ruling order, where there is a ruling order, in a State has arisen in various ways. Sometimes it is immemorial. We find it already established in the earliest times of which history or tradition gives us any glimpses. This is the case with the distinction of *evras* and *cevas* in the early days of our own and other Teutonic nations. But we see that the nobility of the *evras* gradually gave way to the later nobility of *pegnas*; a close parallel to the way in which we find in Rome itself an earlier nobility of *patricii* and a later nobility of *nobiles*. So again, in the history of Florence, after the old nobility had been disfranchised, something nearly equivalent to a new nobility grew up among the great families of the commons. Some ruling orders have arisen out of differences of race through conquest, or through the refusal to admit new comers to the full franchise. Others again have arisen in the bosom of an already existing community, as was notably the case with the patrician order of Venice. If we admit that theory of the origin of the Roman patricians which sees in them the descendants of the first appointed set of senators, we shall have an exact parallel to the origin of the aristocracy of Venice; while the theory which looks upon them as a body of old citizens will find equally good parallels in the history of many municipal commonwealths. All these possibilities should be borne in mind by the inquirer, and he should examine which of them best falls in with such indications as we have in this particular case. But of course different minds will see all these things in different lights, and there is no hope of finding certainty or general agreement. The mistake, both on the part of Niebuhr and of others since Niebuhr, seems to us to lie in looking for certainty in matters where no certainty is to be had.

We owe some apology to Mr. Clark for writing an essay of our own under cover of reviewing his book. But his book does not supply much matter for reviewing, strictly so called; while it suggests much matter for thought as to many questions, questions, some of them, which those who were brought up under quite another state of things may perhaps be forgiven if they do not always look at exactly in the way which is most fashionable at the moment.

#### LEVI'S HISTORY OF BRITISH COMMERCE.\*

IN a volume of imposing appearance Professor Leone Levi has endeavoured to execute a task of no small difficulty. His purpose is to give a history of the development of British commerce during the last century which shall have a wider scope than the elaborate records of MacPherson and Anderson, or than Tooke and Newmarch's *History of Prices*. One difficulty is obvious at the outset. A History of Commerce has undoubtedly an imposing sound, but it is rather difficult to form a precise definition of its proper province. What should such a History include, and what should it decline as irrelevant? If the historian takes a humble view of his duties, his book may sink into a mere collection of statistical tables, with just so much comment as is necessary to render them intelligible. But Professor Levi's ambition soars above this modest design. He wishes to be an historian rather than an annalist; and, if not to discover any general laws of commercial development, at least to give us a survey which will render it easier for future students to lay down some general principles. And yet directly we put off from the safe shores of statistical information, we are in danger of launching into a boundless ocean of inquiry. Everything, in fact, which affects the social or political development of a nation has a more or less powerful influence upon its commerce. Wars, even when not directly prompted, as they have frequently been, by the jealousies of traders, help materially to determine the channels in which commerce is to flow. Political changes have an immense influence upon commerce, by extending or restricting the liberty of the productive classes, by affecting theories of taxation, and in a thousand other ways. The intellectual progress of a nation is of primary importance as facilitating the various scientific discoveries by the practical application of which commerce has in late years been revolutionized. Every social change, such as the abolition of slavery or serfdom, is directly relevant. In short, we come at once upon the difficulty which results whenever we attempt to isolate one particular class of phenomena from the general current of human progress. A complete history of the development of commerce would almost involve a complete history of every other kind of development which has taken place in the nation during a given period. The attempt to record the commercial order of things by itself is like the attempt to give a history of a man's digestive apparatus without saying anything about the other organs towards which it is always in a state of action and reaction.

We do not of course say this by way of implying that such a monogram may not be of great utility, but merely to illustrate the difficulty which Professor Levi has obviously felt of knowing where to draw the line. At one moment he is tempted to diverge into an account of the great inventions, which would give a personal interest to his narrative; and at another into a discussion of the changes of internal or of foreign policy, which

\* *History of British Commerce, and of the Economic Progress of the British Nation, 1763-1870.* By Leone Levi. London: Murray. 1872.

would lead him into a wider field of inquiry. Whether he has, in fact, been altogether felicitous in his selection of topics is a matter which we feel scarcely competent to decide. The only way of settling such points is by experiment. We can only say that until somebody has succeeded in devising a better arrangement, Professor Levi's book is likely to be of considerable service. It brings together a large mass of information clearly arranged, and, though we may here and there complain of an omission, and occasionally perhaps desire an omission, we may take it as a very fair attempt to execute a rather difficult design. The book, beginning with the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, is divided into five parts, of which the first four end respectively with the outbreak of the French Revolution, the resumption of cash payments, the beginning of Peel's administration in 1842, and the commercial crisis of 1857, whilst the last comes down to 1870. The great heroes of these epochs—for something of personal interest obtrudes itself even into the severe region of facts and figures—are Pitt, Huskisson, Peel, Cobden, and Mr. Gladstone. If it had not been for the annoying episode of the French Revolution, which caused us to retrograde for a time into a policy of restrictions and international jealousies, the history might be regarded as a series of victories over the monster Protection. Each of Professor Levi's heroes distinguished himself more or less by assaults upon that blatant beast of the commercial epic. Pitt's French treaty of 1786 did something to show the two nations their true interests; and Huskisson, Peel, and Mr. Gladstone each did much towards striking off the shackles by which the energies of the country had been fettered. What marvellous consequences have ensued from these achievements, how the commerce of the country has risen in a century from ten to three hundred millions, how the predictions of all manner of prophets of evil have been falsified, and how the removal of Protection has infused new life even into the industries which were supposed to stand in need of artificial encouragement, is the main theme of Professor Levi's narrative. Occasionally he rises to loftier flights, and a good many pages are dedicated to the delightful intricacies of Bank Charter Acts and currency controversies. On the whole, however, the history is almost a continued panegyric upon the blessings of Free-trade; it is a prolonged comment on the text of the extreme folly of men in knocking out each other's brains, instead of bartering their products, and in injuring themselves in the vain attempt to monopolize the advantages of commerce.

Political economists have of late dwelt rather more than of old upon the darker shades of the picture. They have discussed the growing inequalities of wealth, which have been aggravated by the development of our national riches; they have pointed to the masses of pauperism which have shown no signs of disappearing under the genial influence of general prosperity; and they have doubted whether a people is necessarily much the happier because it imports millions of pounds of cotton where two or three generations ago it only imported one. Such considerations as these, however, lie outside of Professor Levi's path. His book should be a reassuring one for the prophets of evil who flourish now as they have flourished in all periods; and it is scarcely possible to rise from a perusal of its pages without an impression that we are rushing straight into a millennium—rather different, it is true, from that which gladdens the heart of Dr. Cumming. Our author shows a genuine enthusiasm, if not precisely the most exalted which can enter into the mind of man. When we break from the charmed circle, and become alive to the various evils of a different character which still surround us in other departments of life, we are perhaps tempted to think that Professor Levi has been introducing us to something of a fool's paradise. We cannot, however, enter upon a discussion of which, to say the truth, we are in no danger of losing sight at the present time. The natural limitations of Professor Levi's task are perhaps a sufficient justification for that glow of commercial enthusiasm which pervades his book, and which entraps us for a moment into the belief that the genuine rights of man are all being secured by the simple process of abolishing objectionable tariffs. We must admit, however, that Professor Levi is rather more addicted than we could desire to a kind of platitude which has become rather wearisome to us. He rises to an enthusiasm which we find it hard to share about that "great event in the history of modern civilization—the International Exhibition of 1851." He dwells fondly upon the "tasteful decorations" of the Egyptian Hall at a dinner, or, as he prefers to call it, a "banquet," held to celebrate the occasion. "On each side of the lofty Corinthian columns" were arranged trophies of the chief articles of productive industry of different countries. In one such trophy, for example, were combined "a sickle, sheaves of corn, a fitch of bacon, and a cheese." Inexpressibly cheering, no doubt, to the commercial mind, and far better than trophies of destructive implements; and yet, as we are half inclined to fancy, the mention of them is slightly below the dignity of history. Professor Levi, indeed, tells us that "better than any gaudy ornaments were the noble words" spoken by the late lamented Prince Consort; and without paying them any very high compliment, we may admit that it was probably more exhilarating to listen to them than to contemplate a fitch of bacon and a cheese.

As may be inferred from this specimen, Professor Levi has rather a taste for that kind of platitude which finds favour with the reporters of the eloquence of banquets. He calls the Judges "those pillars of political acumen which adorn our temples of justice"; and he every now and then bursts into such a bit of eloquence as the following, apropos of some remarks upon the laws of copyright:—

"Thankful should we be that the reputation of British literature for

variety and solidity, as well as for freedom from license and high tone of morals, is unexcelled by the literature of any other country!" Here again is another remark, rather more appropriate, but which strikes us as verging upon the commonplace:—"How illiberal, how repulsive to natural law does it seem that England and France should have so long considered each other as natural enemies, and that they should have sacrificed their best interests to petty jealousies and diplomatic quarrels!" What a pity it is, in fact, that people had not appreciated the teaching of Cobden in the time of Joan of Arc! Unluckily mankind has to get on by degrees. These little ebullitions, if not very profound moralizing, are probably introduced to relieve the occasional dryness of the subject. We have no particular objection to make to them; but one or two other topics appear to us to be rather more seriously out of place. Thus, for example, we have a brief account of the civil war in America. It is introduced by way of accounting for the cotton famine and the other economical effects of that war upon English commerce. But it is not only meagre and unsatisfactory, but obviously superfluous. If Professor Levi is to go into the history of all the wars which have affected our commerce, his book would be boundless; if he cannot give a full account of them, he had better confine himself to mentioning the fact that they did occur, and describing the influence which they exerted on trade. As it is, in this and several other instances, he goes far enough to confuse the thread of his main narrative without going far enough to be really interesting. The fault, though not a very grave one, shows that he has scarcely realized with sufficient distinctness the precise end of his book; and consequently we have sundry rather dry digressions which might better have been omitted entirely. Making allowance, however, for the difficulties of a rather novel task, we may say that the book is on the whole creditable to his powers of putting together a narrative which is not in itself easy to tell, as it is certainly creditable to his patience and industry.

#### THE LONDON PARKS.\*

THE Mr. Jacob Larwood whose name figures on the title-page of these volumes was previously known to fame as joint author with Mr. John Camden Hotten of a *History of Sign-Boards*; and, if we mistake not, the same Sternhold-and-Hopkins arrangement was at one time announced as intended to be followed in the present work, as also in a *History of Advertising*, which has not yet seen the light of day. Charles Lamb calls this practice of two eminent writers combining their powers a "noble habit," and although the *Story of the London Parks* has only to boast the name of Mr. Hotten in his more strictly professional character of publisher, we can hardly doubt that either his or some kindred spirit, if such there be, has in this instance also helped to lighten the burden of Mr. Jacob Larwood. The discoveries now communicated to the world are too startling and too varied to be by any possibility the achievements of a single investigator. Two daring explorers had to combine their efforts before the first of the Nyanzas was brought to light, and the toils of a third traveller were necessary before the inevitable *Victoria* was made asymmetrical by the addition of the still more inevitable *Albert*. And the same principle holds good with the less dangerous, though perhaps still more laborious, researches of literary adventurers. When, therefore, at the fourth page, on the very threshold of our reading, we came upon the following announcement of the explosion of one vulgar error that had darkened the page of history for full five centuries, we felt certain that others must follow this brilliant opening, and that the Parks as well as the Pot-houses had their Hopkins as well as their Sternhold. Speaking of the abbots of Westminster, our authors say:—

So comfortable had the good monks by this time [made the manor of Noyte, that no less a person than John of Gaunt, titular King of Castille, and brother of King Edward III., did not think it beneath his dignity to take up his abode in it.

This discovery, which amongst other things sets the origin of the Wars of the Roses in altogether a new point of view, may be called the *Victoria* Find, and was in due course followed by the *Albert*. If we were startled to learn that John of Gaunt was the uncle, not the brother, of the Black Prince, what were our emotions on hearing that our old friend the *School for Scandal* was a novel, not a play, and that its author was Henry Fielding, not Richard Brinsley Sheridan!—

No admirer of the squeamish Richardson was he, this Henry Fielding, "our immortal Fielding," as Gibbon calls him; he had no sentimental appointment in the Mall, but he studied there the originals which he depicted in his novels. There he observed Lady Booby, Bliff, Lady Bellaston, Charles and Joseph Surface, and the rest of them.—II. 192.

Although these perhaps must be regarded as the most signal and crowning triumphs of our authors, there are numerous others which bear the marks of no common hands, and which could never have been the work of one pot of paste or a single pair of scissors. Let us give some specimens. We all remember the anecdote communicated to Mr. Croker by Sir Walter Scott, in which the old Lord Auchinleck describes his "son Jamie" as "off with the laud-loupin' scoundrel of a Corsican," and "on wi' an auld dominie who kepted a schule and caud it an academy." We now find that both the hot old judge and Sir Walter were altogether mistaken

\* *The Story of the London Parks*. By Jacob Larwood. 2 vols. London: John Camden Hotten.



in the order of events; that for some inscrutable reason every one of Johnson's biographers has post-dated the famous journey to the Hebrides by at least seven years; and that Boswell, instead of waiting till 1785, when the great man was dead, to publish his journal, had rushed into print fully seventeen years before:—

In the beginning of October 1769, James Boswell, Dr. Johnson's save-all, had the gratification to lead a foreign "lion" about Hyde Park. "On Sunday last," says the *Public Advertiser* (October 4, 1769), "General Paoli, the Corsican hero, accompanied by James Boswell, Esq., took an airing in Hyde Park in his coach." No doubt this paragraph found its way into the papers through Boswell's own instrumentality. Boswell was at that time a great man—certainly in his own, if not in the public opinion. He had already published his *Tour to the Hebrides*, that amusing journal of a learned monster, written by his showman, who constantly discovers a pleasant apprehension that the beast will play the savage too furiously, and toss and gore the company instead of entertaining them.—l. p. 165.

With regard to our great novelists our authors have been peculiarly fortunate in obtaining access to exclusive sources of information. We have already mentioned the fact of their having restored to Fielding the *School for Scandal*, a novel which had only hitherto been known to us in the state in which one Sheridan had "adapted" it for the boards; and their "finds" in the case of Fielding's great predecessor and rival, Richardson, are still more remarkable; for, as far as we are aware, the "other novels" whose existence is pointed out in the following paragraph are still utterly unknown to the public. We are eager to peruse them, and hope that our author's reticence as to their names is owing to the circumstance that Mr. Hotten is about to reprint them, and fears to be anticipated by some bookseller of less scrupulousness and delicacy of mind:—

The *habitudes* of the Mall about this time might have observed once or twice a week a remarkably thoughtful elderly gentleman passing through, and, had they followed him, they would have seen that he went his way, and up the "King's private road" (now King's Road) to North End, Fulham. That man was Samuel Richardson, the author of "Pamela," "Grandison," "Clarissa Harlowe," and other novels.

What a remarkable circumstance it would be if it turned out that one of these "other novels" had been hitherto ascribed to Fielding, and that the histories of Pamela Andrews and of her brother Joseph should be proved to have proceeded from one and the same hand! We are partial to Fielding, and should regret if this were the case, for his reputation would lose more by the taking away of Parson Adams than our authors have gained for it by the restitution of Charles and Joseph Surface. There are other points mentioned about Fielding which must be derived from sources hitherto unexplored. They could not have learned from the Hogarth and Garrick portrait that he had a "jolly face" (ii. 193), and the work must still be in MS. in which Charles Lamb has recorded that his laugh "cleared the air" (ii. 193). It had always pleased us to imagine that Fielding's look and bearing were full of manly dignity, and we still seem to remember that the person to whose laugh Elia imputed that peculiar sanitary effect was a Somersetshire foundling named Thomas Jones. Other descriptions will at first sight appear strange to readers who have not had the peculiar advantages enjoyed by our authors. Ignorant people who have only studied the common histories and looked at the ordinary portraits would hardly imagine that the "placid, debile, little Dutchman" of vol. i. p. 85, and "his dull, stocking-knitting spouse" of two pages further on, were photographs of the haughty, iron-nerved King William and his Queen of the handsome face, the majestic port, the sweet and lively temper, the graceful and affable manners bestowed upon her by the sciolist Macaulay. The great Lord Chatham, too, instead of dwelling in our memories as with eagle face and outstretched arm bidding England be of good cheer and hurling defiance at her foes, as painted by the same ill-informed artist, is henceforth to be depicted on our mental retina as "that homely-looking old gentleman." But if some loss in this process there are others who gain. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, is generally represented as having a hooked nose and an eternal whistle on his lips; but this can hardly be reconciled with the fact that the Committee of the Ladies of England, in raising their Hyde Park memorial, "triumphantly remedied all drawbacks by placing the Duke's head on the shoulders of the Grecian statue, and introducing him to the public as Achilles." This circumstance, which we now learn for the first time, ought always to be recorded along with Jacob Tonson's notable alteration of the nose of Æneas in the old copper-plates of Ogilby's *Virgil*. While on the subject of the Duke, we may mention that it is here shown that after that memorable twenty-third of September on which he had

Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clashed with his fiery few and won,

he must have been strangely blundering when he wrote to his friend Malcolm to aid him in his need, as "the bay horse was shot under me, and Diomed was piked." Colonel Gurwood would certainly have struck his pen through this passage had he been aware that, among the riders in the Park in 1809, "Sir Arthur Wellesley was conspicuous on a handsome grey Arabian which had carried him through all his campaigns in India." There is yet another passage regarding the Duke which must be quoted, as the public has always been labouring under the misconception that the piece of land in question was not "added to the gardens of Apsley House," but made over for the common use of the families residing in Hamilton Place:—

[In 1825] the public bristled up threateningly when a strip of ground at Hyde Park Corner was cut off from the Park, and added to the gardens of Apsley House. The Duke of Wellington was by no means popular at the

time, and the encroachment caused still more ill feeling against him. Parallels were drawn between the Duke and Marlborough, not as regards generalship, but the erection of their palaces and other points of that kind. There were even those who warmed up an old saying of Lord Townshend concerning the celebrated and unsatisfied Holy Hutchinson; that if his Sovereign gave him all Ireland for his estate, he would beg the Isle of Man for a cabbage garden.—l. 330.

Our authors, strong on every point, are particularly so on the American Revolutionary War. It is commonly held to have commenced about 1775, but it appears that for once the English had taken time by the forelock, and armed several years before. Had Mr. Vernon Harcourt been alive 101 years ago, what would he have said to this cavalier mode of treating the right of assembling in the Parks?—

One day in January 1771 five press-gangs entered the Park, and picked up not less than a hundred and fifty idle fellows; they were sent on board a tender, and made into sailors to fight King George's battles against the rebellious "provincials" in America.—ll. 211.

Previous authors have always held that our ships were manned in January 1771 to frighten the Spaniards about the Falkland Islands; and in the same spirit of ignorance they have also held that George Grenville had something to do with the commencement and George Guelph with the prolongation of the American War. Know from henceforth that from Bunkers Hill to the Alabama Claims all has been owing to Lord North alone. What a bill for consequential damages might be brought against his coachman for not killing him on this occasion!—

At one of these parades in 1773 it happened, as Lord North was passing in his chariot, that his horses took fright when the drums began to beat. They ran away, and a poor washerwoman was run over and killed. Had my lord come to his end instead of the poor laundress, what thousands, nay millions, of lives might have been saved! America might still be an English colony; there would have been no internecine war between North and South; the history of the world would have been very different. But it was otherwise ordained.—l. 223.

This passage, so full of statesmanlike *coup d'œil* and pious reflection, may possibly be the work of Mr. Larwood alone, but that which precedes it evidently comes from an "employer" smarting from the neglect of his errand-boy to put a letter into the pillar-box. He is speaking of the seventeen-seventies, but the eighteen-seventies are clearly uppermost in his mind:—

There the Guards constantly paraded in all the glittering pomp of gaudy uniforms, whilst the heart-stirring strains of the band awakened no end of martial ardour in the breast of truant City-apprentices. Owing to that music the bands of friendship had been broken between many a journeyman and his master. Many a letter, which required the utmost dispatch, kept pace with the stately tramp of the battalion, &c. &c.—ll. 223.

It is only justice to our authors to exhibit them in another point of view, and show their happy treatment of light and airy subjects. They are, as might have been predicted, immense admirers of the fair sex, and more particularly of their feet and ankles, to which in various places they have devoted many paragraphs. We have only space for the culminating one. Richardson, the author of the "other novels," had said that his eye was never first fixed on a woman's face, but on her feet:—

But Richardson's bashfulness fared well by looking at the feet. Dresses were then worn short, and many a well-turned ankle the bashful novelist must have seen in the upward progress of his survey of the ladies. The high-heeled shoe worn at that period was arch-coquet; it comported with small feet, and led the instep smoothing up to the nervous ankle and the thin heel, above which the hoop's bewitching round just permitted to be seen the finely-tendon'd, firm development of the gastrocnemius. Such ankles were abroad in those days as well as in ours, and must occasionally have struck Mr. Richardson in his passage through the Mall.—ll. 191.

We had marked a few score of passages in which our authors display that just contempt for facts, and dates, and taste, and grammar, which writers of their class can so well afford to exhibit; but we have already exceeded our allotted space, and must bid them a reluctant farewell until such time as we have occasion to welcome their promised *History of Advertisements*.

#### FREEMAN'S GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.\*

THIS new book of Mr. Freeman's is, in a phrase familiar to our ears in earlier days, at once little and good. In some hundred and fifty pages of text we are taken in a pleasant and chatty fashion over the whole course of our Constitution, from the moment when it landed on the shores of Britain with our English forefathers to the present day. There is something in the word "Constitution" so suggestive of folios that we own to being a shade over-charmed perhaps by the size of this little volume. To be able to preach a good sermon of ten minutes' duration is, as every person knows, a far harder test of pulpit ability than the being equal to a sermon of sixty minutes; and we are often inclined to think that the same law holds good in literature. But, whether little books are better in the abstract than big books or not, it is certain that they are far rarer. Something of the old "dignity of literature" hangs, above all, about the historical writer; an historian seldom cares to descend into the arena of authorship without a train of some dozen bulky octavos. Our gratitude for his appearance expresses itself for the most part in compliments on his "fulness" and "research," on the profundity of his discussions, and the exhaustive character of his appendices. It is only when we have carefully arranged the massive volumes among

\* *The Growth of the English Constitution, from the Earliest Times.* By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

the "books without which no gentleman's library is complete," that we venture on a rebellious sigh for a small English History or a diminutive survey of Greek. But Mr. Freeman's book is not only little, it is eminently readable. He thinks proper to apologize for the form of his book, and for the fact that its three portions were originally delivered as Lectures; but the form seems to have had a very happy influence both on his reasoning and on his style. There is hardly a page that smacks of the study. The argument is everywhere clear and direct, the English simple and manly. We have noticed scarcely a single trace of the tendency to diffuseness, to repetition, to digression, to rhetorical exaggeration of tone which is the besetting sin of Mr. Freeman's larger efforts. Throughout the little book, in fact, we see a master of his subject standing face to face with an audience of fairly intelligent English people, and conscious that the first thing he has got to do is to interest them and make them understand him.

The combativeness which to a reader is one of Mr. Freeman's most amusing characteristics, as to a critic it is one of his most embarrassing, comes in here happily enough. There is a humorous impartiality in the way in which the author deals his blows, first at the Conservative and then at the Radical, now at the traditional pedantry of the lawyer, and then at the theorist's contempt for tradition. Even amongst the horrors of the Reign of Terror we smile at the death-cart which carries off Hébertist and Royalist, the Vendéan noble and the disciple of Péro Duchesne, to the same guillotine. We can fancy something of the same grim smile hovering over Mr. Freeman's lips as he gibbets in successive pages Judge Blackstone and the Revolution of 1789. The most ardent of Radicals would be satisfied by his exposure of the recent origin and historical ignorance of modern Toryism, while the crassest of Tories would bestow a round of Kentish fire on his raid against "abstract theory." France is of course the terrible example of what "abstract theory" comes to:—

Our national Assembly has changed its name and its constitution, but its corporate identity has lived on unbroken. We can therefore at any moment reform without destroying. In France, on the other hand, institutions have been the work of abstract theory; they have been the creations, for good or for evil, of the minds of individual men. The English Parliament is immemorial; it grew step by step out of the older order of things. In France the older order of things utterly vanished; the ground lay open for the creation of a wholly new institution, and the States-General were called into being at the bidding of Philip the Fair. Englishmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had no theories of the rights of man or of universal humanity. But when they saw a practical grievance, they called for its redress. Frenchmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had theories as magnificent as any that have been put forth in the eighteenth or the nineteenth. And they had even then already learned to do deeds of blood in the name of freedom and philanthropy. Therefore French institutions have not lasted. The States-General lived but a fitful life from century to century, and they perished for ever in the Great Revolution. Since that time no French institution, no form either of the legislative or of the executive power, has been able to keep up a continuous being of twenty years.

We are always a little on our guard when Englishmen pique themselves on their practical qualities, and we are tempted to be a little over-critical perhaps in the face of patriotic outbursts. But even if we grant the correctness of Mr. Freeman's "abstract theory" of our constitutional superiority, what are we to say to his facts? Unless Wat Tyler and the Lollards go for nothing, "Englishmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries" were very far from having "no theories of the rights of man or of universal humanity." On the contrary, we should have said that the purely social and political, as distinct from the purely religious, form of the assertion of "the rights of man" really originated with Englishmen of the fourteenth century. "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" was a rhyme of English invention, but it contains in it all the "abstract theory" of the French Revolution. Would it not, in fact, be truer to say that even as revolutionists the French of '89 were mere pillagers of other people's ideas, and that all they did was to throw certain abstract theories which they had derived from England into practical shape? The theories of social equality which originated with the Lollards were transmitted by them to the after Reformers, to La Boetie, to Montaigne, and to Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The notion of a "social contract" certainly came from Locke. The actual type of Republican government was derived from our Great Rebellion. We are not saying that the French knew how to wear the clothes they ran off with, or that they did not cut them into very odd forms, but the clothes were originally our own. We had hoped, indeed, that the German war, and the sudden discovery that a people can be at once speculative and practical in the highest degree, had knocked on the head the current English notion that there was any necessary opposition between the keenest love of abstract theories and the firmest hold of practical facts. Our own notion of the secret of English liberty and its constitutional progress is that it lies in the steady union of the two. A mere worship of the forms of the past would surely have landed us where such a worship landed Germany, in a feeble pedantry of "customs," which had neither life nor strength to resist the social changes of time. A mere contempt for them would possibly, if Mr. Freeman will have it so, have left us as anarchical as France. But in the three great formative epochs of our Constitution a reverence for the traditions of the past was made broad and living, not merely by a practical sense of present necessities, but by a deep conviction of abstract human right. Behind Earl Simon of Montfort stood the speculative philosophy of the schoolmen and the uncommonly "abstract theories" of the Friars. The great political manifesto of the time which Mr. Wright has printed in his *Political Songs*, and from which Mr. Freeman

has given one striking extract in his notes, bases the claims of popular freedom on an ideal quite as much as on an historical foundation. In the same way the "abstract theory" of the inherent liberty and royalty of men as children of God gave its fire and energy to the "love of precedents" which marked the Great Rebellion. Pym's speeches are just as speculative as they are practical. And no one has yet doubted the influence of Locke on the Revolution of 1688.

But while we reserve our adhesion to Mr. Freeman's "abstract theory" of the Constitution, we are quite ready to let him work his will, even if it be a somewhat wicked will, on the lawyers. A silent memory of extorted six-and-eightpences seems to edge the historian's comments on the constitutional blunders originated and perpetuated by "a profession which, in our present artificial state of society, we certainly cannot do without." If Mr. Freeman had not assured us of his aversion to abstract theories, we might fancy him sighing here after a natural society like that of Jean-Jacques, where lawyers and six-and-eightpences should be no more. As it is, however, we live in a world of lawyers, and lawyers have for a long time had the framing of our constitutional notions, as well as of our marriage settlements. As to their work in the first respect, Mr. Freeman is very emphatic indeed:—

The lawyer's tendency is to carry to an unreasonable extent that English love of precedent which, within reasonable bounds, is one of our most precious safeguards. His virtue is that of acute and logical inference from given premises; the premises themselves he is commonly satisfied to take without examination from those who have gone before him. It is often wonderful to see the amazing ingenuity with which lawyers have piled together inference upon inference, starting from some purely arbitrary assumption of their own. Each stage of the argument, taken by itself, is absolutely unanswerable; the objection must be taken earlier, before the argument begins. The argument is perfect, if we only admit the premises; the only unlucky thing is that the premises will constantly be found to be historically worthless. Add to this that the natural tendency of the legal mind is to conservatism and deference to authority. This will always be the case, even with thoroughly honest men in an age when honesty is no longer dangerous. But this tendency will have tenfold force in times when an honest setting forth of the Law might expose its author to the disfavour of an arbitrary government. We shall therefore find that the premises from which lawyers' arguments have started, but which historical study shows to be unsound, are commonly premises devised in favour of the prerogative of the Crown, not in favour of the rights of the people. Indeed the whole ideal conception of the Sovereign, as one, personally at least, above the Law, as one personally irresponsible and incapable of doing wrong, the whole conception of the Sovereign as the sole fountain of all honour, as the original grantor of all property, as the source from which all authority of every kind issues in the first instance, is purely a lawyer's conception, and rests upon no ground whatever in the records of our early history.

It is the aim of the last chapter of Mr. Freeman's book to show in how many instances modern progress has consisted in simply upsetting the practical deductions which lawyers had drawn from their constitutional premises. "The lawgiver has directly stepped in to wipe out the inventions of the lawyer, and modern Acts of Parliament have brought things back to the simpler principles of our earliest forefathers." Thus it is that recent legislation has done away with the supposed necessity for a cessation of Parliamentary life at the death of the sovereign whose writs had called together the three Estates of the Realm. As Mr. Freeman points out, such a cessation would have seemed as inconvenient and ridiculous to Godwine or Harold as it seems to us. So in the yet more important matter of the succession to the Crown, the Revolution of 1688 simply restored to the nation the old constitutional right of setting aside an unworthy monarch, and freely choosing another within the limits of the existing royal family which it had possessed before the Conquest. An instance of more direct interest just now is found by Mr. Freeman in our recent legislation in the matter of the "Crown Lands," and we can only hope that Mr. Disraeli will take the trouble to read the few pages devoted to this subject before favouring us with any more of the prodigious nonsense which he has been uttering of late respecting the Royal revenue. The "domain of the Crown" was in the beginning of our annals simply the property of the people at large, and it was only through the growth of the Royal power that the folk-land of earlier charters changed into the Terra Regis of Domesday. From the First William to the Third it undoubtedly remained the personal property of the King, to be dealt with according to his own personal pleasure, though even during this period Mr. Freeman might have fairly pointed out that it bore a large part of what are now called "public charges," and that in fact subsidies and aids were only in theory supposed to be called for to cover its deficiencies. That it was ever the property of a sovereign as Woburn Abbey is the property of the Duke of Bedford is an absurdity which we must leave to Cabinet Ministers. Anyhow the wrong, such as it was, has been redressed. "A custom as strong as law now requires that at the beginning of each fresh reign the Sovereign shall, not by an act of bounty, but by an act of justice, restore to the nation the land which the nation lost so long ago." In a word the Legislature has redressed the deductions of the feudal lawyer, and the Terra Regis has once more become "folk-land."

The book is so short and is such pleasant reading that we need give only a brief indication of the general line of inquiry which Mr. Freeman has followed. His conception of the Constitution is mainly that of Burke, though it rests on a far firmer and more historic basis. In other words, he looks for the true explanation of our present forms of government to the tradition and progress of the past, and for the mould of our political life to the shape assumed by the earliest English society. He points out that the peculiarity of our own political life is simply this—that while

in the original land of the Teutons the old Teutonic institutions have all but vanished, in England they have remained practically unchanged. The old constitution of the English conquerors of Britain, indeed, was necessarily modified by the circumstances of the conquest, by the increase of slavery, the growth of a military aristocracy, the heightening of Royal power which the invasion and the after warfare of the English amongst themselves brought with them. Still greater modifications followed on the conquest of the Norman, but still throughout both the main features of English freedom were wonderfully preserved. The Great Council was the Witenagemot under a feudal name, and the Parliament of Edward was simply an expansion of the Great Council. By a happy fortune the foreign temper and the personal worthlessness of our Angevin rulers enabled conquered and conquerors to rally as one people round the free traditions of the past, and to embody them in the Charter, while the very necessities of the Crown brought about the convocation and development of Parliaments. Much, again, hung on the form which Parliament assumed, and this was in the main determined by social circumstances; by the power of the clergy, which led them to decline acting as an Estate of the realm, and by the absence of any "caste" feeling of nobility, which led to the union of the lesser landowners with the merchant class in the House of Commons. Oddly enough, as Mr. Freeman ingeniously points out, the "bicameral" arrangement, so much praised and imitated by the constitutional doctrinaires of the Continent, is a purely accidental arrangement. With the reign of Edward, though he has briefly continued his sketch as far as the Reformation, Mr. Freeman's lectures practically end. "Our later constitutional history," he says, "rather belongs to an inquiry of another kind. It is mainly a record of silent changes in the practical working of institutions whose outward or legal form remained untouched," and of these changes he has only touched on a few which illustrate the relations of Parliament to the Crown. We may perhaps hope for a fuller treatment of this later topic at some future time; meanwhile we can only thank Mr. Freeman for what he has actually given us. It would be easy, of course, in traversing a subject so pregnant with difficulties, to find points in which we might dissent from his statements or inferences. In dwelling on the identity of earlier and later institutions Mr. Freeman has sometimes, we think, missed their differences. He has hardly pressed the new aspect given by feudalism to the older Witenagemot in its reappearance in the King's Council. He has certainly exaggerated, we think, the earlier ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. The supremacy of Theodore over all England was earlier than that of any English king, his national Councils than any national "Gemot"; and though at a later time the two Legislatures merged, so far as persons were concerned, into one, their action remained distinct to the end. The meeting of the Wise Men simply changed itself into an ecclesiastical Council when ecclesiastical matters came on; but this is not quite the same thing as the ordering of ecclesiastical matters by a secular assembly. So, too, noble as is Mr. Freeman's sketch of Earl Simon, and grudging as is the eulogy of Professor Stubbs, we are not sure that in a purely legal light the Professor is not in the right, and we suspect that the Earl's real merit consisted rather in "standing as a pillar" when other men fell away in the long and weary struggle for freedom, than in any constitutional originality. The "legal" character of Henry VIII. is admirably drawn out as one of the causes of the revival of Parliamentary life under the Tudors; but we miss the obvious cause of the Tudor fidelity to Parliamentary institutions in the fact that their title rested, in a way in which no other Royal title rested, on a Parliamentary basis. But we merely point out a few differences of opinion such as these to enable us to express all the more strongly our opinion of Mr. Freeman's lectures. No book could possibly be more useful to students of our constitutional history, or a more pleasant means of conveying information about it to the public at large.

#### ESSAYS BY THE AUTHOR OF "VÉRA."

THE two novels by the author or authoress of these essays—for though we shall adhere to the masculine pronoun we feel some doubt on the point—have already been favourably noticed in our columns. But the gifts of a novelist and of an essayist are different, though not incompatible, and it is in the former capacity that the writer chiefly excels. His new volume consists of half-a-dozen articles reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, two from the *North British*, and a few, of slighter texture, from other periodicals. And we may as well say at once, as the practice of republishing ephemeral pieces of this kind is on the increase, and bids fair to become something of a nuisance, that we do not think the present collection has a sufficient *raison d'être*. The articles which compose it are for the most part respectable, and some of them more than respectable, as such; but they do not display any such originality of thought or special information as to give them permanent literary interest. It is very difficult to understand why the two *North British* articles on "English *Vers de Société*," and "Modern Provençal Poems," which hardly rise above the level of commonplace, and are not free from strange mistakes, should have been held worthy of a second lease of life, while even the readers of *Good Words* must have been disappointed with the flimsy and superficial notice of "Christmas Carols," if they happened to know anything of a

branch of hymnology in which our old English literature is peculiarly rich and felicitous. There are other papers, no doubt, of a higher type than these, as we shall proceed to show; and one of the most appreciative, a review of *Le Mauché*, may be said to have derived fresh interest from recent occurrences in the French Church. Still we can hardly think it deserved the honour of republication. The two lines of study to which the author appears to have addicted himself are the artistic and the quasi-theological, or perhaps we should rather say, if so barbarous a compound may be admitted, the historico-ecclesiastical; and it is in this last that he is most at home. His comments on Albert Dürer and Rubens indicate more appreciation of artists than of art. Both painters are mainly "considered in the historical point of view," and when the writer says of the latter that he was not only a great painter but a great man, he is evidently explaining what to him is the real attraction about them. The paper on Albert Dürer is, in fact, little more than a biographical sketch, and as such it will repay perusal. It is pleasant to find Albert Dürer and Raffaele carrying on a friendly intercourse and cherishing a mutual admiration for each other, and curious, if true, that the famous "Spasimo di Sicilia" should have been suggested by a drawing of Albert Dürer's. That he was a man of deeply religious feeling no one at all familiar with his works can doubt, but it may not be as generally known that he had a strong sympathy with Luther in his original protest against "the un-Obstinate Papacy," and an earnest desire for the union of "the Indians and Muscovites, the Russian and Greek Churches, which by the greed and devices of the Popes, and by a hypocritical zeal, have been sundered." In dealing with Rubens the author makes some attempt at artistic criticism, but it is still the character of the man, rather than of his painting, that is mainly dwelt upon. The "ferocity and occasional grossness" of his workmanship is fully admitted, but too favourable an estimate on the whole is given. Of Rubens' power there can be no doubt, but his very best pictures—even the "Descent from the Cross"—are marred by a certain coarseness of conception, if not of touch, which disturbs the devotional impression. The revolting grossness and vulgarity of many of his principal paintings, which no visitor of the old "Pinakothek" of Munich is likely to forget, is the more surprising, as his life, unlike that of Raffaele and some other great masters of the art, was irreproachable. The following passage is one of the happiest in the essay upon him:—

In his taste for planting and building, his love of animals and his sympathy with them, some critics have found that he resembled Sir Walter Scott, while a curious contrast has been also pointed out between him and Fuseli. The one heated his brain by debauchery, and then produced pictures which might have been the work of a monk of the desert, half crazed by solitude and abstinence; the other, who was careful even in meats and drinks, was apt to paint like a voluptuary and a libertine. Rubens was an honourable, but not what we should call an earnest man; he is never pathetic, never tender, often fierce, occasionally vulgar, sometimes sublime. His was not the imaginative, the salutary, or the meditative genius; action was his forte, life was strong in him, and owing perhaps to his happy and perfect physique, he was never morbid and never discouraged; his work, when it came complete from his hands, never seemed to him to be but the poor caricature of his conceptions—on the contrary, it fulfilled them. His were "the distinct, the precise, the strong propensities, and the genial power of nature," which, Milton tells us, led him to the writing of his great epic; but his was not the "hallowed fire" which the poet sought. If some of his religious pieces are treated with reverence as well as power, at other times it would almost seem as if "things human had prejudiced things Divine."

In the articles on Anjou, and on the Memoirs of Madame du Plessis-Mornay, the writer breaks ground in what is evidently a very favourite subject with him, the religious history of France, both Catholic and Protestant. He tells us, justly enough, that the French Reformation failed from having no root in the political and national life of the country, and therefore nothing to oppose to the splendid traditions and lofty character and position of the Gallican Church. But to say that "Protestantism was as much a moral revolution in France as it was in England, or Germany, or Holland," betrays an odd confusion of ideas. It was far less of a moral force than in Germany, where it at once expressed and remoulded the whole national character; and it was more of a moral force than the contemporary movement in England, which had a purely political origin, and was at first crammed down the throats of the people whose moral and religious life it afterwards so profoundly influenced. In France, on the other hand, with no aid from the Government, and in the teeth of the national traditions, the Reformation spread with almost unexampled rapidity among all classes. "It had among its disciples the greatest captains, artists, and craftsmen of the age," and for a time "one half the Royal family and one half of the nobility were pitted against the other half." Yet it never really gained possession of the national mind; and thus, while the fires of Smithfield turned the scale against the creed of the persecutors in England, the massacre of St. Bartholomew only forced the persecuted into a false and unpatriotic attitude; and the dragonnades of Louis XIV., which drove thousands of Protestants from the country, also resulted in the conversion of some fifty thousand of those who remained to the dominant Church. The author gives a graphic sketch of three prominent apostles of the later period of French Calvinism—Claude Brousson, "the martyr"; Jean Cavalier, the inspired shepherd boy of Anduze, who, however, retired from his early apostleship to take service in the English army, and became Governor of Jersey; and Antoine Court, who began his ministry at eighteen, and continued it till his death, at the age of sixty-five. More interesting, in a literary sense, is the notice of the famous preacher Bourin; and here we can entirely

\* Essays. By the Author of "Véra" and "The Hôtel du Petit St-Jean." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

endorses the writer's eulogistic, but not too flattering, estimate. Saurin's sermons well deserve to take rank with the great masterpieces of French pulpit oratory, though they are not as widely known as they ought to be. It is no exaggeration to say that they were "written for all time, and never go out of date," and we are not at all surprised to learn that the Abbé Pichon prepared a volume of extracts from them for the use of the faithful, and that many were preached just as they stood by Jesuit fathers in Parisian churches. They contain, in fact, very little that might not be proclaimed without offence, and to the general edification of the hearer, from any pulpit, Catholic or Protestant; the style is singularly pure and vigorous, and the tone throughout is one of unmistakable earnestness, without ever becoming mawkish.

The paper which throws most light on the present condition of the French Church, and which acquires an additional significance when read in the light of the movement recently started by Dr. Michaud, is that on "French Anti-clerical Novels," originally published in the *Edinburgh* six years ago, as a review of two anonymous stories of somewhat earlier date, which had a considerable run at the time, not only in France, but beyond it. We are not aware whether the incognito of "the Abbé —" has ever been pierced by the general public, but it was well known from the first to the initiated few that the author of *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse* really was what he professed to be, a priest, and not a suspended priest. Internal evidence alone would indeed be quite conclusive as to the clerical authorship of the volumes. To pronounce in detail on the correctness of the picture drawn is not equally easy, but there can be no doubt of its being based on at least a large substratum of truth. The fact of many hundred suspended priests being employed at Paris as cabmen and compositors has since then been publicly affirmed on unimpeachable testimony. Many of them may of course have been unfrocked for moral offences, which are sure to occur from time to time among a poor and illiterate clergy, recruited mainly from the peasant classes, and bound under a stringent law of celibacy; but even the milder experience of episcopal rule over curates in England—and every French curé, "since the Revolution destroyed the revenues and the Concordat sold the liberties of the Gallican Church," is as completely at the mercy of his bishop as an Anglican curate—would lead us to suspect that instances of arbitrary tyranny and caprice must also be of very frequent occurrence. Cardinal Bonnehose revealed as much when he informed the Senate that "the Bishop gives the word of command and the clergy march." The reviewer's summary of *Le Maudit* suggests, we may be pretty sure, no mere fancy picture:—

He [the anonymous author] has traced with an unflinching hand the workings of the whole system. He has not only stigmatized the Jesuits, but he has shown us an inferior clergy illiterate and prejudiced, an unhappy order of men without liberty and without independence of thought, abjectly subject to the civil power whose stipendiaries they are, and unprotected from the tyranny or obsessions of their spiritual chiefs. The higher orders in the Church do not come out of the picture in more favourable colours. Vicars-general are seen intriguing with the Jesuits against their diocessans, bishops swayed between fear and hatred of the Company of Jesus, along with prelates whose eyes turn to Rome, and who buy the good offices of the Reverend Fathers, as a means of procuring the hat, and the additional 1,600*l.* a year, which is due to a cardinal and an *ex-officio* senator of France. Add to this a sketch of the preaching friars, as personified by the Père Basile, and the glimpses at the interior of the *Gesù* in *Le Maudit*, with the more disgusting episode of the "Carmelite Confessor" in *La Religieuse*, and it is not difficult to realize the effect of these books on the clerical party. The unknown Abbé holds the mirror up to all abuses, and by unmasking hypocrisy has made as many enemies as there are hypocrites in the Church.

The disagreeable details of the "Abbé —"s tale will probably be in the recollection of many of our readers, and we need not anyhow repeat them here. But it is impossible not to feel that later events have done much to vindicate his veracity. And it is curious, in view of the programme now put forward by the Old Catholic leaders in France and Germany, to turn to the "conditions of their apostleship" prescribed by the mysterious reformer eight or nine years ago to those willing to join him in building up "the Church of the future." Apart from the injunction "never to break with Rome," which seems practically incompatible with carrying out any of the rest, it differs little from the Munich and Paris manifestoes of to-day, except in being more oratorical and less precise. The essayist, after citing it, inquires whether such a programme is practicable, and what would be its results, but cautiously refrains from any attempt to answer his own question. We shall be content to imitate his reticence, and reproduce the proposed scheme of reform without note or comment. It runs thus:—

To remain in the visible Church; to belong to her soul, to the best part of her, to her real life. To accept of her worship as it is at present (since worship is transformable in its nature, and may be modified by time, till it returns to the simplicity of primitive ages).

Never to break with Rome or with episcopacy. This is the capital point. Popes and bishops sit in the chair of Peter, as the princes among priests sit in the days of the synagogue in the chair of Moses. They must be loved and respected, for an immense number of these men of the old Church are men of virtue, and it is among them that the new Church must find her apostles.

To separate ourselves plainly and openly from the fanatical Ultramontane sect; to unmask its dangerous anti-evangelical spirit; to break formally with these Pharisees of the latter days, who are the curse of Christian society, because they discredit Christianity, and render it odious to simple people who are not hostile, but indifferent, to the grand doctrines of the Gospel.

To stigmatize these hypocrites of the new Law, to show them like their fathers of the old Law, paying their piteous mint and camlin, and pursuing with implacable hatred the true worshippers of God; whitened sepulchres waiting their rosaries to be seen of men, and to pass for saints.

This is the new work. It is great and bold, but it is lawful.

We will have no schism; for schism is isolation, and a loss of strength. No heresies . . . the one which has to be combated is the substitution of man for God; when we exaggerate the rights granted by Christ to the head of His Church.

To remain invincible in the orthodox Catholic faith; there lies our strength, and we will dogmatize in nothing. . . . We must be impassible and patient.

#### A COLONIST ON COLONIAL POLICY.\*

A late lamented Judge, who found classical English adequate for the expression of his ideas, used to protest emphatically against the modern, and as he called it frightful, word "ignore." Our regret for his decease may be mitigated by observing that he was taken from us before the horrific compound "ignorement" was introduced into our midst by a Canadian for the more effectual castigation of Mr. Goldwin Smith. The book before us advocates a federation of England and her colonies; but if each colonial deputy is intended to bring his vocabulary along with him to London, we should tremble at the oratorical possibilities of a central Congress. "The parliament of man, the federation of the world," may be poetically beautiful, but it is in a philological point of view alarming. The author urges with some reason that increased facilities of communication have rendered his proposal more feasible than when it was first discussed, but if we are to be "railed" and "wired," and to have "cablegrams" transmitted to us, it becomes seriously doubtful whether the proposed federation would not be a nuisance. There is, however, one point of view in which the author places this question which will be generally interesting. He argues that the choice must ultimately lie between some sort of federation and emancipation, and he shows that there is a large and increasing amount of British capital invested in colonial securities, the safety of which might be seriously affected by emancipation. He estimates the total of Colonial Government securities at 60,000,000*l.*, nearly the whole of which is held by residents in the United Kingdom; and besides, there are colonial railways and other miscellaneous enterprises in which he calculates that British capital has been invested to the amount of 40,000,000*l.* Thus we have a total of 100,000,000*l.* due by the colonies to British investors, and this sum is likely to increase, as may be inferred from the facility with which a loan of 1,000,000*l.* to New Zealand has lately been subscribed in London. Without hinting that any emancipated colony would be likely to adopt a policy of repudiation, it may be said that the safety of these investments would be impaired by colonial independence. The value of any public security is dependent on the maintenance of internal order and external safety by the country which has issued it, and it is by no means certain that these conditions would be fulfilled by the new nations. As regards Australia and New Zealand, reliance might indeed be placed on the Scotch proverb "'tis a far cry to Lochawe." An external enemy would have to travel a long way to attack them, but they might quarrel among themselves. Speaking generally, we may say that war abroad and civil strife at home are possible consequences of emancipation. Nations involved in either of these pursuits do not pay much regard to the claims of foreign creditors, for the simple reason that they cannot. But even an amount of disturbance short of foreign or internal war would suffice to endanger the safety of colonial securities. The author seasonably reminds us of the Erie scandal. It is, he says, the fruit of a social and political organization similar to that which, under the most favourable circumstances, would be induced by emancipation. If England does not desire to see such results, let her retain her hold on the colonies. Whilst she does so there is not much danger of invasion from abroad, and there is none of disorder within. "Her influence," says the author, "supplies precisely the conservative force which is needed to prevent young communities rushing headlong into a career of democratic innovation which cannot fail to result disastrously; and if any injustice should be done to the investors, they have always open an appeal to the House of Lords, which tribunal they can safely rely on to rectify it." We may remark here that we could wish that the conservative influence of England might extend to the language as well as the institutions of her colonies, and we hope that the faith which this Colonist expresses in the House of Lords as a Court of Appeal may not be made an excuse for leaving it unreformed. Speaking accurately, an appeal from a colonial Court would not go to the House of Lords, but to the Privy Council; but the argument which we would found upon the Colonist's language remains the same. It is surely worth any cost or any trouble to ourselves to provide for the colonies a Court of ultimate appeal which may thoroughly deserve that confidence which they are desirous to bestow. In this point of view the folly of our Government in higgling about the salary of a Judge's clerk appears amazing. There never was a stronger instance of that misplaced economy which is ruinous. The best judicial ability is so rare an article that a country with the wealth and responsibility of England ought to be willing to buy it at almost any price. It is the fruit of diligent cultivation of high natural capacity. A deceased Judge was fond of saying to a colleague, "We know the law. We learned it when we were young. We are not like some others who have to pick it up as they go along." This article, as we have said, is rare in England, and there is much

\* A Colonist on the Colonial Question. By John Matheson, of Toronto, Canada. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.



reason to fear that it is dying out in the United States. To use familiar language, law is being swallowed up in jaw. No reader of American newspapers can fail to observe that American Judges are falling more and more into the habit, which is not quite unknown in England, of talking for effect. Indeed a Judge who may be at the bar to-morrow can hardly resist the temptation to make a speech occasionally for himself. The decline of law as a science in America may also be inferred from the production of the Indirect Claims. Among ourselves it would be difficult, even if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were willing to pay handsomely for judicial ability, to find as much of it as is required for the highest class of appeals, particularly now that a demand has arisen for arbitrators of insolvent Companies. But let us do the best we can, regardless of expense, to justify the confidence which this Colonist expresses in our English Court of ultimate appeal. And let us remember, when we are reckoning the cost of the connexion of the colonies with England, that their emancipation might place 100,000,000 of English capital in jeopardy.

It is impossible to estimate the consequences of increased facility of rapid communication between distant places. The author urges that, as some English colonies are almost as near to London as some parts of the United States are to Washington, it is not unreasonable to consider some plan of federation such as he proposes. But it will be soon enough to consider other practical objections to this plan when the existing difficulty of distance has been removed. We prefer to dwell with unqualified approbation on those parts of his book which insist on the necessity of maintaining, and, if possible, of strengthening, the connexion between the mother-country and her colonies. Those who are agreed that this is to be our end are not likely to quarrel as to the means. All that we see and hear of colonists and colonial life goes to show that only gross mismanagement can make the colonies disloyal. It is a proof of the power of distance to lend enchantment to the view, that this Colonist is able to believe in the efficiency, not only of the House of Lords as a Court of Appeal, but of the War Office as a source of discipline and consistent policy. We can only hope that the guidance for which he looks would be as certainly forthcoming as the resources which he promises. These resources, he says, would be very insignificant if isolated, but would become most formidable if united with those of the mother-country. Large armies of colonial militia could be kept on foot ready to move at a moment's warning to repel local attack; and in case a reserve force was established throughout the Empire, liable to be drafted into the line in case of war, the colonies would already be entitled to furnish one-fifth of it. As regards the quality of colonial militia, we may remark that it would be difficult to improve on the posterity of those soldiers of the Black Watch who settled in Nova Scotia after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. "The gain in naval resources would be still greater than that in military force. The Canadian mercantile marine is now the fourth in the world. The British American fisheries must always nurture a race of hardy seamen." Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are marked by nature as seats of shipping industry. The immediate accession of strength in both departments would be very great, but the prospective gain would be far greater. The population of the more important colonies has been doubling itself every twenty years, and the growth of wealth has been still more rapid than that of numbers. The author has an easy task in arguing that the mother-country ought, as a matter of policy, to associate to herself the naval and military resources of her colonies. "Gold," he says, "cannot be relied on to stop the advance of iron, but still less can rhetoric." The events of the last two years have forcibly inculcated the lesson that only the most complete naval and military organization can give national security, and the author contends that this organization might be most perfectly attained by England in federation with her colonies. We, however, adopt many of his statements without committing ourselves to his conclusion. Indeed we cannot think of this proposal of federation without perceiving the difficulties to which it must give rise. The House of Commons cannot get through the business which it now undertakes, and therefore it is impossible to suppose that one Assembly could legislate for this country and its colonies. The author is so kind as to propose that the Imperial Parliament might discharge its federal and national duties in separate Sessions; but there is a limit to the number of hours' work that can be got out of a day, and to the number of months that an Englishman who can afford to go anywhere else can be induced to remain in London. The colonists are in no respect more truly English than in their love of sport, and therefore they would cheerfully admit the claim of grouse and pheasants to be considered in legislative arrangements. Then, again, the author's idea of constituting an Upper Chamber is crude and uneatisfactory. He would have some members elected and others nominated, and "a few hereditary seats might perhaps be sprinkled in with advantage, to keep alive the principle." Certainly the principle should be kept alive, for we believe that an able man would govern a colony more successfully if he happened to be a peer. At present the colonies are too widely separated for federation, and until the rapidity of travelling has been greatly increased they will remain so. We cannot therefore be accused of shirking an immediate duty if we decline to discuss the details of any scheme of federation. But we can assure the author that he has our entire sympathy in protesting, as he emphatically does, against the mere utilitarian view of the relation between this country and her colonies. The notion that the value of this relation is to

be measured by the result of a balance-sheet is not likely to become popular. Feeling and imagination, as well as figures, have to be considered in determining national policy. England and her colonies have hitherto constituted a great nation, and it is the hope and intention of the vast majority of Englishmen to maintain the glorious inheritance which their fathers have transmitted to them.

#### CAREY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK OF EPIGRAMS.\*

IT is quite time that editors understood in what the task of compiling an epigram-book consists, for the last ten years have seen two very creditable collections—one by the Rev. John Booth, the other by the Rev. H. P. Dodd. In each of these an endeavour has been made, with more or less success, to trace home to its author each epigram that is given; and in Mr. Dodd's book there is also a biographic notice of every epigrammatist who is cited. Of course these editors do not pretend to have presented to the public anything like an exhaustive collection; neither can they be said to have appropriated even a tithe of the bright, pithy, pointed things that are born every day in society and in club-life. But they satisfy between them a desideratum which had been previously felt; and, more than this, they establish a standard for those who shall come after them, and raise a bar which ought to exclude henceforth all *faint* and perfunctory bookmakers. Among such we do not hesitate to reckon Mr. Charles Stokes Carey. To say that there is no amusement, no novelty, nothing neat in it, would be a bold assertion, and one which would condemn a fair number of epigrammatists whom he has consigned to an ignoble prison-house within the covers of his book; but most certainly it would be hard to find a professed *Commonplace Book of Epigrams* so evidently put together without the knowledge requisite to the task, and so deficient of taste, grace, salt, and refinement. There are not a few lovers of literature who hold epigram at its best unduly cheap; what will they think if such a volume as that before us demonstrates that the task of compilations imply consists in stringing together nameless snatches of verse, longer and shorter, upon a dozen or more different threads? and this so carelessly that such trumpery and vulgar jokes as "Tulips and Roses" do double duty under the heads of "Amatory Epigrams" and "Epigrams on Marriage" (see p. 22 and p. 39), and "the pale lady" whose "rose is gone to paint her husband's nose" appears in p. 35 as an "Epigram of Marriage," and in p. 133 amongst "Ungallant Epigrams"? We have counted up in the volume more than half-a-dozen of the old stock trivialities which every schoolboy would discard were he seeking matter for a valentine—*e.g.*, the suggestion to a lady to leave out the *g* in "gloves," and the comparison (*a ne plus ultra* of bathos) of love to a cobbler's awl. But these are sins of carelessness, it may be said, or they merely show a too catholic liberality of choice. The editor may have laid himself out to provide wares to suit every taste amongst his customers. Let us, then, look a little further, and ask whether Mr. Carey really understands the article he undertakes to purvey, and how far he fulfils the promise of his own preface. It is true that this promise is limited to the admission of "only such epigrams as have point, pith, and power," but by implication it commits him to the ideal of his poetical Introduction, where the first definition of an epigram is

A dwarfish whole,  
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

Does the compilation before us evince a recognition of the first of these essentials? In p. 141, amongst "Ungallant Epigrams," figures at full length Goldsmith's "Madame Blaise, the glory of her sex"; in p. 161, amongst "Historical Epigrams," we have a stanza from *Childe Harold* about the Maid of Saragossa. Long extracts from the *Biglow Papers* are made to do duty for "Political Epigrams," and if we go back to "Amatory Epigrams," we shall find *vers de société* by Herrick, Moore, Sir C. H. Williams, and Mr. Theodore Martin, it being apparently no disqualification that they run into several stanzas, and here and there fill the best part of a page. It is a ridiculous manner to call these pieces epigrams, even if, as is not always the case, they had an epigrammatic element in their composition; and it betrays utter dulness of perception as to the true scope of an epigram collector. Yet this might be forgiven were the body of the work composed of real and transparent wit, so set before the reader that he could see that the collector appreciated it. Is this, however, to be said of one who can admit into his collection such a type of epigram as the following, in which we scarcely know which to execrate most, the rhythm, the grammar, or the false point?—

A thief stole a tea-pot in a window placed:  
Both pot and thief excessively were chased,  
And after being taken, as they tell,  
Were both of them directly sent to cell.  
Still they were both alike, both still were suited,  
For each of them was highly executed.

For the sake of an obscure play on words six lines are strung together, showing the writer's willingness to sacrifice sense, neatness, and good English to a catchpenny *double entendre*. It is much the same with an epigram on "Auricular Confession," and "growing Brighton Auriculars," which we hope and trust, for the

\* *A Commonplace Book of Epigrams, Analytically Arranged. Compiled by Charles Stokes Carey, Editor of "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son."* London: William Tegg, 1872.

credit of our comic contemporary, never really appeared in *Punch*. A much better epigram, and one more worthy to be preserved, is the Cambridge one "On Three Sons," to be found among the epigrams on Law and Lawyers; but even here we suspect that carelessness has done its worst in the dishing-up. The editor prefaces it with the explanation, "Mr. Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Patterson held *naizes* at Cambridge, when Mr. *Gunson* was appointed to preach the *naize* sermon." Now, though the epigram requires that we should call the Judge *Pateron*, and thus far take a liberty with his surname, there was surely no occasion for Mr. Carey to mis-call him *Patterson*. Now for the epigram itself:—

A Baron, a Justice, a Preacher—sons three;  
The preacher, the son of a Gun is he;  
The Baron, he is the son of a tree;  
Whose son the Justice is I can't well see,  
But read him *Pateron*, and all will agree  
That the son of his father the Justice must be.

Obviously either the editor or the writer has suffered from an imperfect ear for rhythm, or the fourth line would have run

Whose son is the Justice I cannot well see;

and the fifth line, with its point, should have precluded the possibility of mistaking how Justice Patterson's name should be spelt. We suspect that the faults of the epigram as here presented to us are attributable to the editor; and the more so as there are many signs of carelessness in the volume. Take the epigram on a Topping Club in p. 129, and can it be supposed that its anonymous authors ever turned it out as it stands in Mr. Carey's book:—

The jolly members of a topping club,  
Like pipe-staves are but *hoop'd*;  
And in a close confederacy link  
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

According to all appearances the first two lines were meant, like the pair that follow, to be a couplet; and it can hardly be that the second has not been cruelly maimed in its presentment. Be this, however, as it may, there is certainly a *prima facie* case against a collector who (p. 178) can suffer the first line of Porson's epigram to stand

Venit ad Euphratim rapidis perterritus undis;

who (p. 98) can talk of a man's *taking up* a D.D. degree; and who to Lord Nouves's epigram—

We grease the axle that it may not creak;  
We grease the lawyer's palm to make him speak—

can prefix no apter heading than "Money commands eloquence," ignoring thus the contrast of the effects of "greasing" in the two cases.

It were easy to multiply the list of Mr. Carey's sins against metro and grammar, and against accuracy of reading and rhyme; but we forbear in consideration of the sprinkling of good epigrams which, his luck being not uniformly bad, have found a place along with bad and indifferent ones. Among the better sort are—

#### WINGED TIME.

"Tell me," said Laura, "what may be  
The difference 'twixt a clock and me?"  
"Laura," I cried, "Love prompts my powers  
To do the task you've set them;  
A clock reminds us of the hours;  
You cause us to forget them."

And this upon "Equality of Taxation":—

"Taxes are equal, is a dogma which  
I'll prove at once," exclaimed a Tory boor;  
"Taxation *hardly* presses on the rich,  
And likewise *presses hardly* on the poor."

But neither of these is traced home to its author, as is another very graceful epigram which no one will be surprised to find is Waller's; "The Better Life":—

Circles are praised not that abound  
In largeness, but the exactly round—  
So life we praise that does excell,  
Not in much time, but acting well.

One fourth of the number of epigrams which Mr. Carey has strung biggledly-piggledly together (for his analytical method is too loose to be much better than no method at all), if traced to their authors, and arranged in order of time, would make a volume of infinitely more interest and value. Often where he might easily have given the authorship—as with the epigram "As in smooth oil" (p. 5), which is Dr. Edward Young's, and "As lamps burn silent" (*ibid.*), which is Aaron Hill's; or again with the translation from Owen, "That thou mayest injure no man" (p. 6), which is Cowper's—he has been content to produce them unfathered and unauthenticated, and so to rank them with the common herd of epigrams by nobodies. Would any one believe that "Go, you may call it madness, folly"—which surely is no more an epigram than any one of Moore's Melodies might be—is given in this volume amongst "Amatory Epigrams," and given without the name of Goldsmith appended? This is no unimportant matter. In p. 63 we find an anonymous epigram, as follows:—

Andrews, 'tis said, a comedy hath writ  
Replete throughout with novelty and wit.  
If it has wit, to both will I agree,  
For wit from Andrews must be novelty.

And it at once occurs to us that the merit of it would be greater could we be sure that it was written before Pope's day. Pope, as everybody knows, divides with his contemporary Young the

credit of the off-hand epigram written on glass with Lord Stanhope's diamond pencil:—

Accept a miracle instead of wit;  
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

The thought here is the exact converse of that in the former epigram; and it is possible that it was prior to, and suggestive of, the poetical sneer at a forgotten comedy writer. In like manner other assessments of merit might be decided satisfactorily if epigram collectors would take the pains to find out, where possible, the authorship of the specimens they publish.

The poverty of this volume may be a warning to collectors not to think that credit can accrue to such hasty, aimless undertakings. Far better were it for those who have an eye and taste for epigram collecting to exercise them in the search of unused material, and to examine for this purpose the pages of particular authors or periods. The Elizabethan age would supply enough to repay the search. So would that of George III. Before us lies the little volume *Chrestoleros*, seven books of epigrams published by Thomas Bastard in 1598, out of which Dodd has taken three specimens. A dozen or two more would be worth reprinting, especially for the sake of the sort of readers for whom Bastard wrote, "An English reader with a Latin witt." We quote a couple:—

Sextus, upon a spleen, did rashly swear,  
That no new fashions he would ever wear.  
He was forsworn, for see what did ensue,  
He wore the olde, till the olde was the newe.

The other is of the complimentary kind, one of two conceits addressed to the same fair lady, who had a mole on her face:—

As with fresh meats mixture of salt is meete,  
And vinegar doth redde well the sweete;  
So in faire faces moles sometimes arise,  
Which serve to stay the surfeite of our eyes.

Out of the same epigrammatist might be culled numerous specimens of the historical type, referring to Sir Philip Sydney, the Devereux of the period, and other men of the time; and if this single writer yields a fair harvest, what might not be hoped for from a careful search among his contemporaries? And, to leap over a couple of centuries, and drop haphazard on a clever but half-forgotten writer, George Hardinge, some time Senior Justice of the Counties of Brecon, Glamorgan, and Radnor, we could cite half-a-score epigrams at the least for which any collection would be the better. One is on "Admiral Gell, an angel of goodness but a great swearer." It is, however, too long to quote here, and we must close with two shorter ones, to give a taste of his quality:—

#### TO TWO BEAUTIFUL SISTERS.

Were young Paris again to determine his prize,  
And were you to solicit by tempting his eyes,  
In a fit of despair, at the puzzling view,  
He'd have taken the apple, and cut it in two.

#### ON A MAN ALWAYS IN DEBT.

An arch accountant here is laid,  
Who borrowed and who never paid.  
If he's in Heaven, I could swear  
That he is upon credit there.

#### PERPLEXITY.\*

THE modern novel is commonly said to have had its origin in the romances of mediæval times, and by a slow growth to have attained its present form. We ourselves should be inclined to assign a somewhat different origin to the sensational novel at all events, and to assert that, like Pallas, it sprang into being full-grown. From the witch's caldron in *Macbeth*, when the time was ripe, it came forth; and, however portentous were the three apparitions that appeared in times past, this, the last apparition of all, is far more portentous. When once this idea is presented to the mind, it will be admitted, we believe, without dispute that it is well founded. Who can compare for a moment the collection of incongruous horrors that is to be found both in the contents of the caldron and of the sensational novel, without at once recognizing the fact that the latter is to the sceptical nineteenth century what the former was to the credulous seventeenth century? The superstitious element alone is wanting, but to make up for its absence the hodge-podge is if possible more extravagant, more abounding in horrors, and far more minutely described. The mystical number is still preserved, and in the three volumes, and the three hundred pages which generally go to make up each volume, we still find a trace of those who sang—

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again to make up nine.

At the same time that the ingredients have been strengthened, the language has been rendered still more mystical, so that, however "imperfect speakers" were the witches, they are far surpassed in their imperfection by their modern rivals; and however "thick and slab" was the gruel of the caldron, far more "thick and slab" is the gruel, if we may so call it, of the sensational novel. Our only wonder is that nearly three centuries should have gone by before there arose any one to see that the witches' charm was capable of being expanded into an endless number of novels. When the thing was once done, when an author had once thought of taking all the crimes and horrors and fine language he could think of, and mixing them up into a confused mass, it was

\* *Perplexity.* By Sydney Montagu. London: King & Co. 1871.

easy enough for any one to follow in his steps, and, by the addition of a little seasoning, to produce something which, though really the same, had yet a certain relish of its own. Though we have seen many novels where horrors and crimes were more abundantly supplied than in the novel before us, yet even in this respect it does not come far short, while in confusion of language it can hold its place with the best of them. The wicked hero is a drunkard, a robber, and a murderer, and only escapes hanging by getting burnt to death. He commits bigamy, and knows he does. The heroine intends to commit bigamy, but though she thinks she succeeds, it turns out in the end that she was mistaken. The good hero neither intends to commit bigamy nor really does, but yet he thinks he has, and for a while suffers as only a good hero can.

Mr. Sydney Mostyn is aware that, however excellent these materials may be, they are not quite enough. He accordingly kills off the heroine's father in a snow-storm, and, quite as a piece of by-play, makes "the second partner" in a bank "abscond with fifty thousand pounds in gold and silver." He gives his readers a great deal, moreover, of a sanctimonious manufacturer of great respectability but of a vile nature, whose ill-used wife after all turns out to be no wife. He is waited on by an equally sanctimonious and equally vile footman, who, to relieve the story where it drags a little in the absence of the wicked hero, absconds with "a large quantity of plate and his master's cash-box," after first trying, like his master and every one else, to get the heroine to marry him. Even the murdering bigamist, the absconding banker, the sanctimonious master, and the plundering footman cannot be in every scene, and occasions would arise where all the characters would be as dull as they were virtuous. Happily the good hero is given an unscrupulous and most malignant mother, who fills up the gaps most conveniently. For, since the heroine is first married to a murderer, next lives as governess in the family of the hypocrite, then is married to the son of the malignant mother, and once more is claimed by the murderer, a pleasing succession is kept up of most unpleasing characters. By the end of the book, indeed, we must admit that the wicked characters have been all cleared away. The murderer leaves behind him "only some charred remains." The footman is transported. His master is exposed. The banker never returns. And, as for the malignant mother, she is dismissed by her son in the following words:—

I told her I would never again speak to her; that I repudiated every claim that she had upon me. I denounced her as cold and pitiless—the murderer of your life, and the slayer of the trust love that had ever entered the human heart.

There may be some who will think that after all Mr. Mostyn has been unusually moderate in the manner in which he has furnished his chamber of horrors, and that he has contented himself with an unusually small number of villains. But, just as on the stage a small number of characters can make a large army on the march, if only they run behind the back scene and come on again on the other side, so in a story a small number of villains can give the appearance of a great deal of villainy, by constantly turning up again as soon as they have gone off the scene. Even allowing, however, a certain deficiency in crimes, as compared with the ample allowance of the present day, Mr. Mostyn fully balances it by a more than usual absence of sense in the words he uses. He is aware that a substantive standing by itself looks cold and awkward, and as much requires adjectives to precede it as Her Majesty on her way to St. Paul's on the Thanksgiving Day required seven carriages of courtiers to precede her. But just as it mattered to nobody who were the occupants of these carriages, so it can matter to nobody what are these adjectives. They play the part, as it were, of gold sticks or silver sticks in waiting on their majesties the substantives, and as no one is impertinent enough to ask what is the meaning of a gold stick in waiting, so we hope that no one will be impertinent enough to ask what is the meaning of Mr. Mostyn's adjectives. We would suggest to him, however, that in all future writings he might save himself some trouble if, instead of selecting any particular words, he were to put in, whenever he sees that propriety might discover a gap, the word "adjective." The story is told of a celebrated artist of the present day, who in his hurry to get ready for the engraver a sketch he was taking of a crowd of people in evening dress, after drawing one or two of them, dashed down "shirt fronts as before." His engraver, either maliciously or stupidly, would not understand him, and when the plate was published, there appeared a long row of faces with "shirt fronts as before" written under them. Inadmissible as this is in pictures, we do not at all see why it should not be introduced into novels. For instance, would not "the adjective stars," "the adjective clanging of factory bells," "the adjective whistle sang a prolonged wail," read quite as well as Mr. Mostyn's "mellow stars," "mellow clanging of factory bells," "mellow whistle sang a prolonged wail"? As for the stars being "mellow" we do not object to that. Nor again do we object when he tells us that "the sombre deep sky was flaked over with pulsating stars," or that "the moon was rapidly focussing its light," or that "the darkness stirred, quickened into shapes, writhed with shadowy laughter, and hissed out of the perfect stillness," or that there was "a gathering darkness in the East, on whose pulseless breast beamed a single but gorgeous beam," or that "the morning was crisp, radiant, aromatic," or that there "was a crisp clear moon which was now broadening to its meridian height," or that a "great crimson pile of clouds had risen to receive the pulsating orb," or of "a lightning beam scathing my soul." He may play

any tricks he likes with the heavens, but he shall not be allowed to call the whistle of a railway-engine mellow.

*Est molles in rebas, sunt certi designis. Anon.*

However, it would be well if Mr. Mostyn, before he writes about even the stars, were to get the most elementary knowledge of their motions. We remember a story in which the shipwrecked hero is saved by taking the greatest care to keep as he swam in the path of the moon on the water with a view to being seen and so picked up. But the absurdity of that is fully equalled by the following passage, more especially when we know that the heroine's "papa," whose astronomical knowledge is quoted, was an old sea captain. The heroine was some twenty miles or so from home, and was fleeing by night from her husband the murderer. She is thus saved from retracing her footsteps home in her ignorance of the country:—

One constellation I knew—the Great Bear. I had often viewed it at this hour from the cottage, and papa, I remembered, once told me that the Pointers directly indicated the position of Lichendale from our home. I gazed at them now, and remarked that they pointed in an opposite direction to what I was taking.

Happily she soon espies "a narrow galaxy" of light "marking a village or a hamlet," and gets into a train which bears her straight to the good hero and a second marriage. Mr. Mostyn's love for fine words is most remarkable. No one in his books has wrinkles, but "corrugations." We have "the swarthy corrugation of his brow," and "the corrugation of his white brow." We shall not stop to inquire whether a man, even if a murderous bigamist, can have a swarthy corrugation of a white brow. The heroine also in describing her own behaviour says, "I corrugated my brow, until sweat-drops reeked from the torture of the contraction." Happily she can add, "mentally I was still; I was despair typified by a shape of marble." Even the kitten in Mr. Mostyn's story indulges in "a metallic snore," and the horse's hoofs give "a metallic thud." Especially does he rise to grandeur of language when he has to do with the murderer. In addition to his "corrugations," we are told how, on one occasion, "a fitful wintry ray upon his tempestuous face writhed his mouth"; and how, on another occasion, coming to bed in the dark, "finding the candle, he ignited the wick." In one of the last views we have of him before he disappears in a tremendous fire, we are told how

the eyes I recognized; that sinister ray, those crimson webbed whites, those lids scintillant with suspicion, hate, despair, were familiar to me as my hand.

Unfortunately Mr. Mostyn is not always content with being merely silly. For mere silliness we can feel some degree of indulgence. But no mercy should be shown to a writer whose rant, in one place at least, goes far beyond the limits of common vulgarity. He, and writers like him, may hide as much as they please the poverty of their thoughts under a cloud of words, but they shall not with impunity in their pretentious novels contend with the *Illustrated Police Gazette* in pandering to a depraved love of all that is horrible and repulsive. Even the *Daily Telegraph*, though it does occasionally give, under the inspiration of Mr. Sheriff Bonnett, a moral and minute account of the flogging of garotters, would scarcely contain such a passage as the following:—

"Do you think they should ever hang me? Oh, don't fancy you could escape by denouncing me! don't hope it. You'd like to see me strung to the gallows—what a revenge! My God! think of it! The fellow who used to bully you twisting at the end of a rope, with his hard eyes making bumps on the white cap, roared at by a mob—oh, you'd like that?"

The outrages on decency committed by some of the great novelists of last century are recognized by every one. We hope that the time will come when it will be no less clearly recognized that the mind is almost as surely corrupted by the description of bodily sufferings as of bodily pleasures.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE really do not know whether the reputation of Synesius has gained or lost by being introduced to French readers under the patronage of M. Lapatz.\* On the one hand, we think that if the *style précieux* is ever specially objectionable, it is when it is brought to bear upon topics of mere erudition; on the other, there is no doubt that the artificial mannerisms of Synesius are appropriately set off by a commentary where almost every word is a riddle and every phrase a jumble of incongruous metaphors. We used to think that in this peculiar style of composition M. Jules Janin had reached the extreme limits of absurdity; but M. Lapatz manages to out-herod Herod, and his preface in particular may be regarded as a pattern of nonsense. French criticism has always been considered as a model of perspicuity and of precision; in former days La Harpe, in our time M. Boissonnade and M. Egger, have carried on the tradition of the great scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but if M. Lapatz should succeed in founding a new school, we shall require comments on the commentators of the Greek and Latin classics. This is the more to be regretted because the new translator of Synesius is undoubtedly quite equal to the task he has undertaken; the matter of his notes is often full of interest, and the curious details he gives us as to the state of Hellenism under the reign of Julian the Apostate are the result of considerable study.

M. L. Quicherat still keeps up amongst his countrymen the standard of sound learning, and is apparently determined to prove that true scholarship has not yet perished on the other side of the Channel, notwithstanding the ever-increasing pretensions of positive science, as it is sometimes called. The edition of Nonius Marcellus\* which is now before us, although coming after the excellent ones of Gerlach and Rothe, is so far superior to them that it contains for the first time a complete collection of a MS. dating as early as the ninth century, which is preserved amongst the Italian treasures of the British Museum. The German *savants* we have just named had indeed consulted this MS., but only in a very imperfect manner, and the readings they gave from it were limited to a small number of passages. M. Quicherat, on the contrary, was enabled to obtain a transcript of all the *varie lectiones*, and although we do not find any new quotations given, yet the Harleian *codex* often supplies various readings of separate phrases, and enables us to trace the origin of errors which had crept into the work. The student who wishes to know all about Nonius Marcellus cannot do better than examine M. Quicherat's exhaustive preface; nothing is omitted of any importance as illustrating either the life of the grammarian or the plan he adopted in the composition of his work, and the difficulties which had to be overcome in the settling of the text seem to have been considerable. M. Quicherat gives at the foot of the pages all the readings to be found in the best MSS., and the work is followed by two copious indices; one of the words explained by Nonius Marcellus, and the other of the authors from which the old grammarian quoted his extracts.

The new volume of M. Bossert's lectures on German literature treats of Goethe, his predecessors, and his contemporaries.† The introductory discourse examines the characteristic features of classical literature in Germany, and compares them with those of the French *chefs-d'œuvre*. The word "classical" expresses entirely different ideas in the two countries. Amongst the fellow-countrymen of Racine and Boileau we find the utmost respect for tradition, a remarkable uniformity in all literary productions, and a striking absence of that individuality which stamps an author's writings as peculiarly his own. In Germany, on the contrary, what is called classical writing has essentially a personal character, and the harmonious blending of the critic and the poet in every great national author prevents literature from assuming one well-defined and unchangeable type. The lectures collected in the volume before us treat only of Goethe's early days, and take us down to the epoch of his departure for Weimar. The history of his relations with Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, Wieland, and Lavater is extremely interesting, and is illustrated by numerous extracts from their correspondence.

The *Bibliothèque orientale* which Messrs. Maisonneuve ‡ have undertaken is certainly a gigantic enterprise, and we heartily wish success to the committee of *savants* who purpose publishing in a cheap form the literary masterpieces of India, Persia, Egypt, and China. Many years ago the editors of the *Pantheon littéraire* had, if we remember rightly, included in their collection a volume of Eastern lore; but it was of course impossible to give an adequate idea of so vast a subject within the limits of a few hundred pages, and the exhaustless treasures of Sanskrit literature, for instance, were represented only by a translation of the laws of Menu. The plan laid down in the preface to Messrs. Maisonneuve's *Bibliothèque orientale* is much wider, for it comprises an annotated version of all the early works, both of a religious and of a literary character, on which the faith of primitive nations lived for so long a space of time. The first volume contains the Rig-Veda in the translation of the late M. Langlois, together with an introduction describing the different elements which constitute the Vedic books, and discussing their qualities both as poetical compositions and as witnesses to an old form of worship. The present collection being designed for general readers, the annotators have abstained from details of a purely philosophical nature, and their notes are limited to the explanation of mythological and historical difficulties. By way of supplement, we have, first, an imitation in Latin hexameters, by M. Eichhoff, of a few hymns taken from the Rig-Veda; and, secondly, an excellent analytical index, which will prove of great service to students. The second volume takes us through the golden age of Sanskrit literature, and brings us down to the period of its decay. As a supplement to the translation of the Rig-Veda, the editors have given us fragments from the hymns of the Sama-Veda, the Yajur-Veda, and the Attarra-Veda; these are rendered into French by MM. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire and G. Pauthier. Persia, Egypt, and Assyria likewise help to enrich this interesting volume; and, finally, China contributes several important items in the shape of old popular songs, hymns ascribed to Lao-tsen and to Confucius, and a version of the Chi-King. This book has never yet appeared in a French dress, and M. Pauthier, the author of the present translation, has completed his work by the addition of a few other short poems taken from Father Lacharme's Latin paraphrase.

Several able treatises on metaphysical science have lately been published either in France or in French Switzerland. The volume of M. Alaux § originally appeared a few years ago as the second

part of a work entitled *La Raison; essai sur l'avenir de la Philosophie*; in which the author attempted to show, first, what is the part played by metaphysics in the history of humanity, and next, what metaphysics are, considered independently of all external circumstances. M. Alaux devotes the greater portion of his preface to a kind of apology for the task he has undertaken. He finds himself obliged to confront two groups of adversaries; the positivists on the one hand, who assert that metaphysical science has been for ever dismissed from the scheme of knowledge, and on the other those philosophers who even in the spiritualist camp exaggerate the merits of the experimental method. M. Alaux is a writer whose theories require close study, and will well repay the time spent in examining them.

M. Secrétan's lectures\*, like the volume we have just noticed, are not strictly speaking a new book; and here also the author has given as two publications what are really two divisions of the same work. After having taken his position within the domain of pure metaphysics, and endeavoured to place before us an adequate idea of the Perfect Being to whom our reason is incessantly aspiring, M. Secrétan now aims at showing what position Christianity holds in the history of the world, and how the principles of revealed religion can explain the apparent paradoxes which we see around us. In the preface the author discusses the respective claims of Romanism, Protestantism, and free thought to the government of the moral world. Whilst exposing the fallacies of Popery, he is no less strong in showing the inconsistencies of Protestants, and he contends that although to a certain extent the *libres-penseurs* are right, since the distinction between good and evil can be appreciated independently of the notion of God, yet the distinction is comparatively useless so long as we leave moral order deprived of its explanation and its sanction. *La Philosophie de la Liberté* recommends itself equally to philosophers by the vigour of its reasoning and to Christian readers by the religious tone which pervades its pages.

M. Francisque Bouillier has contributed to M. Germer-Baillière's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie* an excellent little volume on Conscience.† What is conscience? and what place ought we to assign to it in the order of our faculties? These questions are connected with a number of interesting discussions which M. Bouillier notices as he goes on. Thus, if we wander on that debatable land where positive science and metaphysicians meet, we find ourselves face to face with the problem whether physiology can throw any light upon the nature and origin of conscience. Quoting the opinions of Professor Tyndall, M. Claude Bernard, and M. Taine in confirmation of his own views, M. Bouillier decides for the negative. Conscience, however, can be examined not only from an abstract, but also from a practical, point of view, and our author does this in the last five chapters of his work. After controverting the theory on which Mr. Buckle based his history of civilization—namely, the negation of the influence of the moral idea in the development of social progress—M. Bouillier takes up the famous quarrel as to the relative merits of ancient and modern writers, started by French critics two hundred years ago, and shows how the argument used by the champions of æsthetic progress is applicable to the questions discussed in his own volume.

M. F. Lenormant's commentary on the fragments of Berossus ‡ is a volume of which it is extremely difficult to give an adequate idea within our present limits; we can only say briefly that the work is admirably done, and that the old historian has now for the first time found a competent annotator. Previously to the philological discoveries of the last twenty years, and to the labours of modern *savants* on ethnology and mythology, it was impossible to elucidate in a satisfactory manner a large proportion of the historical monuments of antiquity. Herodotus himself can scarcely be duly appreciated by readers who know nothing of the results of the investigations of Champollion, Lepsius, Sir H. Rawlinson, MM. Oppert and De Rougé; how much less chroniclers like Berossus, with whom we are acquainted only through a few quotations handed down, we cannot say how correctly or incorrectly, in the writings of other men! The fragments illustrated by M. Lenormant are twenty in number, and they have afforded him an opportunity for discussing problems of great importance connected with Biblical and secular archaeology. Thus we find a curious essay on the contents of the libraries at Nineveh—libraries where each book is a collection of the bricks, and where baked earth serves the purpose of papyrus and parchment. The Chaldeo-Assyrian Calendar and the Chaldean origin of the Zodiac are minutely examined in another note; and, finally, the various traditions respecting the Flood, the Ark, the Tower of Babel, and the Confusion of Tongues are reviewed and analysed.

After having brought to a satisfactory termination his three volumes on the ethnology of Gaul, Baron Roger de Belloguet publishes a new edition of the Celtic glossary § which formed the first part of that publication. The rapidity with which the original impression was sold proves that the branch of philology taken up by M. de Belloguet is creating considerable interest; it is one which hitherto has been little studied, and for many

\* *Nonii Marcelli de compendiosa doctrina ad filium, etc.* Edid. L. Quicherat. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Goethe, ses précurseurs et ses contemporains.* Par A. Bossert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Bibliothèque orientale.* Publié par un comité scientifique international. Vols. 1. and 2. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *L'Amalgame métaphysique; méthode pour constituer la Philosophie première.* Par J. E. Alaux. Paris: Sandoz.

\* *La Philosophie de la Liberté.—L'Histoire.* Par Charles Secrétan. Paris: Sandoz.

† *De la Conscience en Psychologie et en Morale.* Par Francisque Bouillier. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Essai de commentaire des Fragments de Bérosee, etc.* Par F. Lenormant. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *Ethnographie gauloise. 1re partie: Glossaire gaulois.* Par M. le Baron Roger de Belloguet. Paris: Maisonneuve.



readers it will have the attraction of novelty. The glossary properly so called is introduced by an able disquisition in which the author lays down certain principles which guide him in his explanation of old Celtic words. Although the language spoken by the Celts is of Indo-European origin, its Sanskrit elements belong neither to the German nor to the Latin vocabularies. Professor Holtzmann endeavoured, indeed, some time ago to revive in his *Kelten und Germanen* the theory formerly started by Tschudi and Glareanus, to the effect that the language spoken by the old inhabitants of Gaul was merely a variety of the Teutonic idiom; but M. de Belloguet refutes this opinion, and shows it to be untenable even in the modified form recently put forth by M. Kunsberg. The glossary itself is not strictly speaking an etymological one, and it would have been impossible to apply to the words which it contains that law of the permutation of letters which prevails in other branches of the Indo-Germanic family. Our author, under the heading of each word, simply gives its meaning, the historical circumstances connected with it, and the terms of similar origin which his researches have enabled him to discover. The volume closes with a discussion of the system of M. Amédée Thierry as to the duality of the Celtic language, a system which is, he argues, radically erroneous. The second issue of his *Glossaire gaulois* has received numerous and important additions, chiefly from inscriptions either lately discovered or lately acknowledged to be of Gallic origin.

The historical and geographical publications of the past month comprise a few volumes of permanent importance, and others which have originated with the Franco-Prussian war and the events of the Commune. Amongst the former we may name the first instalments of a *Bibliothèque de l'Armée française*, issued by Messrs. Hachette, at the suggestion of M. Thiers. Josephus has supplied to this collection two of his most remarkable pieces—the descriptions of the sieges of Jotapat and of Jerusalem. M. O. Rosset, who has the management of the whole series, and whose history of Louvois is well known, has revised the translation of Arnauld d'Andilly, and introduced it by an excellent preface. The military memoirs of Turenne are written in a dry, uninteresting manner, but they are most valuable for those who wish to study the art of war; the testimony of competent judges such as Marshal de Puységur and Napoleon is decisive on that score. They seem naturally destined to hold a prominent place in a soldier's library; and they have been included in M. Rosset's *Bibliothèque*, together with Napoleon's *Précis des Campagnes*.† Finally, three more volumes are taken up with the Emperor's own account of his campaigns in Italy, Egypt, and Syria.‡

M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's *Année géographique* § still presents the same mass of facts, ably classified and discussed, which renders his year-books the best publications of their kind. Amongst the principal topics reviewed by him we notice a chapter on the Mormons, and one on the ethnology of Gaul. Asia, however, has the lion's share in this new volume; and the details which we find respecting China, Japan, and Asiatic Russia cannot fail to interest the reader.

Colonel Accaldi's *Lettres militaires* ||, written for the newspaper *Le Temps* during the siege of Paris, and General Martin des Paillières's *Orléans* ¶, are important contributions to the history of the late war. Political animosity and private interest have so distorted the facts which marked the campaign of 1870-71 that the unfortunate generals who had to carry out the absurd plans of M. Gambetta and his lieutenant, M. de Freycinet, could no longer allow their reputation as soldiers to suffer from the blunders of the extemporized dictator of France. After the narrative of General d'Aurelle de Paladines, we have that of General des Paillières, equally interesting, and equally conclusive as to the necessity of a thorough reformation in the French army. Being himself a member of the Committee called together for that very purpose, the late chief of the 15th Corps is specially entitled to be heard when he seeks to apply the fruits of his experience in such a manner that his country may retrieve its old military reputation.

Baron Ernoul tells us in his preface\*\* that the rare pamphlets from which he has compiled his new volume would certainly have been *réquisitionnés* by the Prussians if he had not, by a timely precaution, withheld his work from the press till after the conclusion of the war. It gives details respecting the campaigns of 1807-1808 which, if fully to be relied upon, would tend both to diminish the glory of the Germans in their resistance to Napoleon I. and also to prove that the depredations and insolence of the French army were grossly exaggerated. We must of course oppose to Baron Ernoul's statements those of Madame de Staël and of Madame Lenormant; the probability is that here, as in most other cases, things have been very much magnified on both sides.

All the books we have hitherto had to notice on the siege of

\* *Siege de Jérusalem*. Par Flavius Joseph. (Bibliothèque de l'Armée française.) Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Mémoires de Turenne, suivis du Précis des Campagnes de Turenne*. Par Napoléon. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Campagnes d'Italie, d'Égypte, et de Syrie*. Par Napoléon. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *L'Année géographique*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin (9<sup>e</sup>—10<sup>e</sup> année). Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

|| *Lettres militaires du Siège*. Par F. C. Accaldi. Paris: Plon.

¶ *Orléans*. Par le général Martin des Paillières. Paris: Plon.

\*\* *Les Français en Prusse (1807-1808)*. Par le baron Ernoul. Paris: Didier.

Paris were composed by persons residing in France during the war or engaged in defending the capital against the invading armies. The brochure now before us\* contains the narrative of a girl of fourteen driven from her native country and obliged to seek refuge in England. Being the production of so young an authoress, it claims much indulgence; but we must acknowledge that its intrinsic merit would have secured for it considerable success even independently of the circumstances under which it was written. The present edition is the first that could be published on the other side of the Channel, and we doubt not that it will meet with the popularity which the former one obtained in England.

M. Taine, like M. Renan, is not in very good odour just now with his old friends the Republicans, and they accuse him of having endeavoured to calumniate the *sans-culotte régime* by exhuming from the dust of some library and translating into French the lies of an "emissary of Pitt and Coburg."† The draught is a bitter one, as M. Taine himself acknowledges; but that is precisely the reason why those for whom it is intended should swallow it; and besides, if the anonymous English lady judges so severely Robespierre, Danton, and the Terrorists, it is only because she feels the benefit of living under a Government where freedom and security are compatible with respect for the law.

The new poem of M. Victor Hugo § will not add much to the author's reputation from the artistic point of view; it contains many beauties, no doubt, but they are drowned in an extraordinary mass of verbiage and nonsense. The keynote, too, is essentially wrong. Men of as great experience as M. Hugo, and who enjoy the advantage of not allowing themselves to be led astray by their imagination, have long since declared that the source of all the misfortunes of France is the excessive vanity fostered by those writers who talk of Paris as *la capitale des peuples*, or *la ville sainte*. There is one point, however, on which the poet deserves much credit; he distinctly repudiates the pretensions of the mob whilst he advocates the rights of the people, and he separates the true Republicans from the Septembriseurs with an eloquence more sincere than consistent. Poetry is not bound to take much notice of logic, otherwise it would be easy to prove that 1793 was the natural offspring of a revolution cast in the mould of Rousseau's *Contrat social*. M. Victor Hugo's *Actes et Paroles* § show the part he has taken in political events since the proclamation of the Republic on the 4th of September.

\* *Récit d'une Petite Fille*. Angers: Barassat.

† *Un Séjour en France de 1792 à 1795; lettres d'un témoin de la Révolution française*. Traduites par M. Taine. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *L'Année terrible*. Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Actes et Paroles*. Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Lévy.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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A portion of the proceeds of the undertaking will be allotted to the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal Society of Musicians.  
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All Communications to be addressed to Mr. WILLIAM BAZZ, of the Crystal Palace.  
By Order, G. GROVE, Secretary.

Stewards and Members of the Corporation who have not yet given written notice of the Tickets they require are requested to do so immediately, in order that arrangements may be made for them.

10 John Street, Adelaide, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.



THE

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## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE confident rumours of last week had been dissipated before the appointed day for Lord RUSSELL's motion arrived; but the Ministers were entitled to claim still further forbearance from Parliament if they had reason to believe that there was still a chance of the withdrawal of the indirect claims. It might indeed be plausibly contended that the Government would only be strengthened in its avowed purpose by a Resolution of the House of Lords affirming the proposition to which Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE are already pledged; but, on the other hand, the Resolution itself implied a want of confidence; and the Ministers would have been placed in the embarrassing position of opposing a motion in which they must be supposed substantially to concur. It was also possible that the American Cabinet, if it had been wavering, would have taken offence at a peremptory declaration of the irrevocable policy of England. The hesitation which has been already displayed shows that sounder counsels have sometimes almost prevailed over the policy which has been officially announced by Mr. FISH. The favourable reports which had revived general confidence were certainly not without foundation, although they were too confidently accepted as true. When Lord GRANVILLE urged Lord RUSSELL to postpone his motion, there had been no time to ascertain whether the PRESIDENT would be more or less disposed to concession in consequence of the Cincinnati nomination. It was evident that either pertinacity or a tendency to conciliation might affect General GRANT's popularity and the chances of his re-nomination; but only indigenous politicians are capable of balancing the advantages which might respectively result from the settlement or the reopening of the dispute. The contrivance which had been imagined to relieve the American Government from the necessity of simple retraction may perhaps have failed through its own intrinsic absurdity. It might have been worth the while of the English Ministry to concur in the frivolous declaration that consequential damages, as invented by Mr. SUMNER, should never be claimed by statesmen who must be assumed not to have forfeited all self-respect. It probably appeared on further consideration to the authors of the device that it would only entail ridicule on themselves; and they could not make up their minds to the more dignified course of simply correcting an error. It is not certain whether either House of Congress has had any influence on the latest decision of the PRESIDENT. The Chairmen of the respective Committees on Foreign Affairs in either House, Mr. CAMERON and Mr. BANKS, are not ordinarily disposed to promote friendly relations with England; yet it seems that Mr. BANKS called the PRESIDENT's attention to the motion which had been introduced into the House for the withdrawal of the claims, and that it was from Mr. FISH that the objection to any resolution of the kind seems to have proceeded. The members of the Committees who are friendly to the PRESIDENT were invited to discuss the question with the Cabinet, but they expressed their opinion that the whole body of their colleagues ought to have been consulted; and the Opposition members naturally resented their exclusion.

If it is true that the American Government and nation now regret the mistake of having preferred inadmissible claims, they may perhaps not think it necessary to abandon all parts of the Treaty when the project of arbitration has finally collapsed. It would be highly desirable that the San Juan controversy should be settled by the award of the German Emperor, and that the long-standing controversy on the Canadian fisheries should be removed from the sphere of contention. It is unfortunately too probable that the Americans will be irritated by their own miscarriage, and that they

will reject any arrangement which can even partially amount to an amicable settlement. A disputant who is demonstrably and consciously in the wrong is often inclined to support an untenable argument by a display of temper. There may even be American politicians who suppose themselves to have made a valuable concession in the almost official acknowledgment that no consequential damages could have been justly claimed or rightfully awarded. To Englishmen it seems that the impropriety of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's indictment is aggravated by the improbability that it could have served the purpose of his clients. Demands too extravagant to have been entertained can only have been inserted either in the hope of misleading the arbitrators or for the purpose of affronting the adverse litigant. The objection raised on the part of England has from the first been exclusively founded on the language and spirit of the Treaty and of the preliminary negotiations, and not on the discreditable character of the claims. It is unnecessary to discuss the idle pretext that the claims were included in the Case for the purpose of settling them finally at rest. The amicable settlement which was contemplated by the framers of the Treaty would, if it had been allowed by the American Government to come into operation, have disposed of all causes of difference down to the date of submission to the award. Even if outstanding liabilities had been reserved, there were no indirect claims in discussion when the Commissioners met at Washington. Mr. FISH, when he borrowed a monstrous doctrine from Mr. SUMNER, expressly declared, at the time of his note to Lord CLARENCE, that the PRESIDENT made no claim whatever. A rhetorical menace is not converted into even an inchoate or disputable right by the fact that it is uttered. After the Treaty, and an arbitration on the matters covered by the Treaty, a fresh demand on account of the pretended prolongation of the war could only have been intended either as an idle insult or as preliminary to a declaration of war. If the American Government has offered not to insist on the demand for consequential damages, it has virtually admitted the impropriety of submitting the claim to the arbitrators. It is impossible to doubt the readiness of the English Ministers to facilitate any arrangement which would be compatible with their own declarations and with the national determination; but in allowing the arbitration to proceed until the claims were withdrawn they would have conceded the whole matter in dispute. It was possible that the American counsel might have held that, in simply presenting the claims to the tribunal, they were fulfilling the pledge that they should not be pressed. The arbitrators might then have awarded a gross sum for damages, the whole or part of which might have been attributed by the Americans to the objectionable claims.

Although it is possible that the nomination of a Republican competitor may affect the policy of the PRESIDENT, the remarkable selection made by the Cincinnati Convention is in England only a subject of curious speculation. No candidate could be suggested who, as President, would be less likely to cultivate friendly relations with England. The dislike which Mr. GREELEY expressed a quarter of a century ago by his subscription in aid of the Irish rebels has not been mitigated by the steady adherence of the English nation to the Free-trade doctrines which he has never succeeded in understanding. A narrow fanatic in all political and commercial questions, Mr. GREELEY has habitually attributed to opponents the worst possible motives. When Mr. WELLS published the statistical documents which proved the mischievous working of the American tariff, Mr. GREELEY repeatedly asserted that Mr. WELLS had been bribed with English gold. If the PRESIDENT had withdrawn the claim for consequential

damages, Mr. GREELEY would in all probability have attributed the concession to similar motives. An English Mr. GREELEY would not be regarded as a serious politician, though he might perhaps be an estimable bigot; but in a country where political power is wielded by small farmers and mechanics, Mr. GREELEY has acquired extraordinary influence by his sympathetic reproduction of their own prejudices. The extent of his popularity is sufficiently proved by his success in the contest with Mr. ADAMS, who has, through circumstances, and perhaps by inclination, stood aloof from party, and who has proved himself to possess the acquirements and knowledge proper for a statesman. The managers of the Convention were perhaps the best judges of the comparative chances of the various candidates; but it is probable that Mr. GREELEY was elected by the votes of the Protestant members of the body. If he perseveres in the contest, a Democratic President will probably be in power after an interval of twelve years; and as the Senate and House of Representatives will continue to be Republican, the executive power will for the time be reduced to its lowest point. A President in difficulties is often tempted to bid for popularity by professions of hostility to England. On the whole, it is perhaps to be wished that General GRANT may succeed, notwithstanding the mismanagement by himself and his SECRETARY of STATE of the litigation consequent on the Treaty. It is possible that he may wish to repair his blunder; while a successor might perhaps be still more exacting. Whether the English Ministers incur any risk through the failure of the Treaty is a question which must remain open until the history of the negotiation is known. As there is no reason to fear that they will concede the vital point in the dispute, few persons will be disposed to blame any efforts which they may have made to prevent, even by moderate sacrifices, the abandonment of the reference to arbitration. They would have better commanded the confidence of Parliament if, during the progress of negotiation, they had more plainly announced their final resolution.

#### THE BALLOT BILL.

THE reconsideration of the Ballot Bill on Thursday night gave rise to discussions on points of some importance. One leading subject of dispute was as to nominations, and a last fight was made for retaining the old system. The evils and absurdities of this system were pointed out by Mr. DISRAELI with his usual vivacity a quarter of a century ago; and the member who read the passage in one of Mr. DISRAELI'S novels where nomination day is described managed to sum up the whole case against this most foolish of English customs in the tersest and most effective language, and to back his own opinion with the authority of the Conservative leader. In England, however, everything that is old has its sincere friends, simply because it is old, and Sir GEORGE GREY aptly represented the friends of that fine old piece of antiquity, the nomination day. Few customs have not had some sort of warrant in the times when they sprang up; and in old times when the nomination day was really the day of election, when the proceedings were serious, when the candidates really addressed the electors, and the show of hands really indicated the feelings of the constituency, everything that took place on that day may have seemed natural and proper to Englishmen. In modern times the custom has become very silly and very mischievous. There is not one vestige of reality about it. Those who are present are for the most part not electors; the candidates are not allowed to say a word that can enlighten or benefit any one; they are exposed to every kind of personal insult and annoyance; the show of hands does not indicate the opinions of the electors. No public order is served by it, while grave public evils attend it. The unruly mob which swears, reels, and throws dead cats on to the hustings, has to be kept in order, not only by the police, but often by hired prizefighters; and Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE amused his hearers by informing them that he used in former days to take care of his supporters and himself by stationing in the crowd a famous ex-champion of the Ring in the dress of a clergyman of the Church of England. A very large portion of the demoralization unhappily attending English elections can be distinctly traced to the custom of having a sham day of election prior to the real one; for the mob was thus encouraged to take the direction of affairs from the outset, and the constituency, being drowned in beer before it began to vote, never wholly recovered its senses. Of all the clauses of the Ballot Bill that which abolishes nomination days of the

old type is the only one which we can regard with unmixed satisfaction. It is quite true that, strictly speaking, this clause has nothing to do with the rest of the Bill. Even if nominations continued in all their familiar atrocity, the poll, when taken, might equally well be taken by secret voting. But as the clause is in the Bill, there is every reason to seize the opportunity of doing away with public nominations. Nor can it be said that the first clause of the Bill, by which nominations are henceforward to be made in the quietest and most orderly manner, is not connected with the clauses that follow, although the connexion is of an indirect kind. There are many advantages and many disadvantages in adopting the Ballot; but one of its least disputable advantages is that it will make the process of voting orderly and decorous. No one, if the Ballot Bill becomes law, will know how an elector has voted, and, what is still more important, no one will know how the poll is going. It is impossible that much excitement should accompany proceedings of which the course and the result are alike unknown until all is over. To buy this advantage which the Bill promises at the cost of the disadvantages which the Bill will also bring with it, and then to diminish almost to nothing the value of this advantage by keeping alive the enormous nuisance of riotous, rowdy crowds establishing a reign of terror and debauch on nomination day, would be absurd; and thus it may be fairly said that justice could not be done to a Ballot Bill unless the foolish custom of public nominations was at the same time brought to an end.

Mr. FORSTER undertook on bringing up the Report to announce the manner in which the Government would show itself willing to consult the wishes of those who desire that the hours of polling shall be lengthened. He accordingly proposed that in the four winter months the poll should close at five, that in the four summer months it should close at eight, and that in the four intermediate months it should close at seven. The feeling of the House was so dead against this proposal that the Government abandoned it on the spot, and declared itself willing that the hours of polling should remain exactly as they are under the present law. As, however, there were devotees of long polling hours who deplored this sudden change of front, and insisted that a vote should be taken, the Government was actually obliged to vote against its own amendment, and succeeded in getting it rejected by an overwhelming majority. There really was not an argument to be used in its favour, and it is by no means creditable to Mr. FORSTER that he should have made a proposal acceptable to no one, and indefensible in itself, merely because he had not originally devoted sufficient consideration to the subject to have a clear opinion by which he might guide the House. Mr. FORSTER could not but show how strongly he felt the force of the argument that, if his proposal was accepted, elections held in the winter time would never be considered fair to the working classes. If the poll was to be kept open till eight in summer because working men could not vote until their hours of work were over, an election held at a time of year when the poll would close at five would be most unsatisfactory; for the Parliament thus elected would be always open to the reproach that it did not represent the real feelings of the constituencies, and the Government of the day would be perpetually challenged to test the question by a real, proper, fair election held in summer time. Mr. FORSTER had only one way of escaping from this difficulty, and this was by declaring that elections in point of fact never or scarcely ever take place in the winter. As he happened to be addressing a House of Commons elected in a November, it was scarcely worth while to consider how far his assertion was historically true. When the time of an election is in the discretion of a Minister, as, for example, when Parliament is dissolved because the seven years for which it has been elected are nearly expired, the autumn months, which are most convenient to every one, are usually selected. But it may be of the utmost importance to the Crown and to the Government to have an election in the depth of winter. WILLIAM IV., for example, suddenly took it into his head in the late autumn to make Sir ROBERT PEEL Prime Minister, and Sir ROBERT'S only chance of success lay in a dissolution. A general election was therefore held at Christmas time. The new Premier did not succeed in getting a majority; but if he had, and if Mr. FORSTER'S proposal had then been in operation with an electoral body largely composed of working-men, his Government would have been hampered at every turn by the suspicion resting on the validity of its title to govern the country, in consequence of electors alleging that they could have turned the scale of the election against it had the contest taken place in summer. It was the clas-



tivity of constitutional government, one of the features most to be prized in it, that was really imperilled by this ill-considered proposal, and the House showed itself a much better guardian of the Constitution than the Government when it speedily consigned the proposal to a silent and ignominious grave.

There was, however, one change of considerable practical importance to which Mr. FORSTER induced the House to give its assent. Last week it was decided that electors unable to read might get the presiding officer to mark their papers for them, and it is clear that while this concession might possibly save a large number of voters from being practically disfranchised, it placed an enormous amount of power in the hands of the presiding officer. Mr. FORSTER strongly objected on this ground to the whole plan of getting illiterate people treated exceptionally, but he was obliged to yield. He has, however, now found a way of making the provision almost, if not wholly, nugatory. As the Bill now stands, if an elector is unable to read, he must go before a magistrate, who is to examine him and satisfy himself that he is really unable to read, and give him a certificate to that effect, and it will only be on the production of this certificate that the presiding officer will be enabled to offer him the help he needs. The number of poor men who will go through so laborious and distasteful a process as that of waiting on a magistrate, being examined by him, and then getting a public document stating that it has been satisfactorily proved that the bearer is totally uneducated, will be very small. Nor is it easy to see how a conscientious magistrate will be able to satisfy himself that a total stranger to him cannot read. It is easy enough to find out when a man can read, but it is impossible to find out when he cannot read. The duty of the magistrate will be to guard against a man who can read saying that he cannot read. But when a magistrate has put a book before a man who can read, and heard his statement that he cannot read a letter, it will be interesting to know what is the next step to be taken. Practically, the magistrate will have to certify that every one cannot read who says he cannot read. The use of the interposition of the magistrate is not really to guard against fraudulent statements, but to put the elector to so much inconvenience that either he will not vote at all or he will prefer to take his chance and vote as well as he can. Mr. FORSTER acknowledged this, and said that he firmly believed that every man could learn how to vote if he took the trouble, whether he knew how to read or not. In nine cases out of ten a man who cannot read, and who is not acted on either by intimidation or corruption, will not trouble himself to vote at all; and it certainly seems possible that the exceptional tenth man will prefer having a shot at making his mark when he wishes to make it rather than take a walk to a magistrate's, waste his time in waiting, and then get his certificate of incompetency. Mr. FORSTER will probably get his way, and men who cannot read will either not vote or will vote as they best can. But there is a considerable objection to any provision which, although inoperative, makes the Bill unpopular, and sets a barrier in the way of voting; and the knowledge that if they want to get helped to vote they must go through this painful process with the magistrate will seem a grievance in the eyes of men who cannot read and who do not really care about voting.

#### SPAIN AND THE CARLISTS.

IN one respect personal injustice has been done to the Spanish Pretender. It now appears that, after waiting some days in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, he crossed the frontier, and that soon afterwards he was present at an unsuccessful engagement with a portion of SERRANO's army. According to the Government papers, a glorious and decisive victory was obtained by the regular troops; and it seems to be admitted that they took many prisoners. As the dead and wounded of the defeated party were insignificant in numbers, it may be conjectured that the Carlists were surprised, and that those who were not taken lost no time in effecting their escape. It is difficult to judge whether the combat is to be regarded as decisive of the fate of the insurrection; but according to the latest accounts the insurgents are greatly discouraged. It was never supposed that the Carlists were capable of meeting the Government forces in the open field, except with an accidental and overwhelming superiority of numbers. If they can hamper the movements of SERRANO and intercept his convoys, they may hope to be able to maintain a desultory struggle during the summer, and that in the meantime the

Republicans, or some other malcontent faction, may perhaps effect a diversion in their favour. The kingdom has been largely drained of men to supply the urgent demands of Cuba; and it is said that there are at present only 30,000 soldiers on Spanish soil. A third of the number present in the field will probably be required to pacify the disturbed provinces, and some difficulty will be experienced when it becomes necessary to draw on the reserves. There is at present no symptom of a tendency to desertion or defection, and an army in the field may be more implicitly trusted to follow its colours than in the idleness of barrack life. The insurrection seems at a distance to be extremely rash; but it must have been thought by its leaders to present some prospect of success. A few officers of rank and experience have accepted commands under Don CARLOS, probably without any intention of devoting themselves to an entirely hopeless cause. The memory of the civil war of thirty years ago can afford but faint encouragement to the Carlist leaders. At that time modern heresies and innovations had made little progress, and the influence of the Church was far greater than at present. ZUMALACARRREQUI was superior in ability to any of the Christino generals, and CABRERA and some of the other Carlist chiefs displayed considerable energy. Nevertheless the Royalists were never able to occupy either a considerable town or any of the Central or Southern provinces. If MAROTO had not sold his sovereignty to the enemy at Bergara, the war might have been prolonged for two or three years; but it had long before become evident that the cause of the QUEEN must finally prevail. The Duke of MADRID appeals to passions and prejudices which are rapidly becoming obsolete against a constitutional system which, notwithstanding many revolutions and one change of dynasty, has been established for an entire generation. In the interval neither the disreputable character of the Court nor the intrigues of factions have greatly impeded the advance of prosperity. Since the death of FERNAND VII., Spain has probably increased in wealth in a larger proportion than France, Germany, or England.

If SERRANO succeeds in suppressing the rebellion, the petty conflict will probably have contributed to the security of the throne. The army will have had an opportunity of displaying its fidelity; and the heads of the dynastic parties at Madrid have already been compelled to suspend their intrigues for a moment. The Republicans, on the other hand, are using their utmost efforts to excite agitation, and their principal club or representative body has, as if in anticipation of a crisis, ostentatiously delegated its powers to its President. Nevertheless SAGASTA ought to profit by the defeat of the least formidable enemy of the Government. The alleged irregularities of the general election will have been forgotten in the excitement of a war, although the conflict may have been on a petty scale. All the popular commonplaces are on the side of liberty, of democracy, and of every theory which is repudiated by Don CARLOS and his partisans. The cry of "Death to the foreigner!" is perhaps effective in Biscay and Navarre; but, although Spaniards may not generally entertain liberal feelings to aliens, the elected King is hardly more of a stranger than the Duke of MADRID, and he is less of an intruder. Although the Republicans in Spain, as in France, have always proclaimed the divine right of their favourite institution, they have never attempted, except in a few isolated outbreaks, to impose their doctrine on their countrymen by force. All reasonable persons will regard as criminal the promotion of a civil war for objects which, if they were desired by the majority of the people, might be attained by peaceful means. When PRAM spent nearly two years in hunting for a King, the friends of the Duke of MADRID had an opportunity of urging claims which must have been recognized if they had been acknowledged by the country at large. In the first freely elected Cortes after the expulsion of Queen ISABELLA the Carlists formed but an inconsiderable section. As long as the insurgents remain in their own mountains, they may perhaps maintain the struggle; but even if they had defeated SERRANO's army, they would be invading a hostile country when they ventured to march on Madrid. Although the Spaniards are said to be hostile to centralization, they are not so indifferent to national unity as to tolerate the virtual separation of the Northern provinces from the monarchy. Sooner or later the insurrection will be inevitably suppressed, and it is for the interest of all parties that the struggle should be as brief as possible. It may be worth the while of the Government to understand the causes which have induced a portion of the population to revolt. It is scarcely to be supposed that men risk their lives or that women send their sons into the field merely through religious enthusiasm,

or in disinterested devotion to an unknown prince whose last reigning ancestor was CHARLES IV. Their grievances must be of a more solid kind, and probably they are in some degree well founded. It may be practicable for the Cortes to remove chronic dissatisfaction when armed resistance is finally suppressed. It will not be possible to satisfy the section of the priesthood which resents all modern infringements of clerical privileges; but, except in the districts which have returned Carlist members to Congress, the clergy would seem to have little political power. In Spain, as in other countries, owners of property and men of business prefer any tolerable Government which happens to exist to almost any alternative. King AMADEO may not be regarded with deep attachment, but he has been regularly and legally chosen as King; and his adversaries are as much opposed to the sovereignty of the Cortes as to the candidate whom they selected on the recommendation of PRIM.

If the Duke of MADRID is not likely to confer valuable services on Spain, either as an august master or as a rebel pretender, he may boast that he has already effected an important object in rendering the finances even less prosperous than usual. The cost of suppressing the insurrection will perhaps be smaller than the losses which must have been incurred through the disturbance of tranquillity, and the diminution of the credit of the Government. Spanish finances are not in ordinary times flourishing, and they will have received a fresh shock through the Carlist war, which unsettles business, while it both diminishes the revenue and largely increases the national expenditure. The mountaineers who follow the Carlist flag know nothing about the funds, but one of the objects of their rebellion is probably to avoid the payment of taxes, which it will for the present not be easy to collect. It is also not unlikely that the insurgents of Cuba may have occasion to regard Don CARLOS as their ultimate liberator. As long as a considerable force is required to suppress the Carlist rebellion, it will be difficult to detach reinforcements to Cuba. The conscription is always unpopular in Spain, and it must at least be necessarily interrupted in the disturbed districts. If the name and pretensions of the Duke of MADRID are known in the colony, they will suggest the suspicion that the restoration of absolute monarchy in Spain would not be favourable to the cause of emancipation in Cuba. The malcontents in the island are perhaps more likely to be encouraged to further perseverance by the knowledge that the Government of the Mother-country is harassed by domestic conflicts. The rebellion was first caused by the tidings of the September Revolution, although the Provisional Government can scarcely have been more obnoxious than the dynasty which was overthrown to the discontented part of the community. The energy which has since been displayed in the despatch of troops by PRIM and his successor has probably surprised and disappointed the insurgent colonists. Any interruption in the flow of reinforcements, and even any expectation that the resources of the Government were exhausted, would lead to fresh efforts on the part of the rebels, and furnish an additional pretext for interference to their foreign sympathizers. Whether the loss of Cuba would really be an injury to Spain is a question which has no concern with the patriotic character of the efforts of Don CARLOS.

There is some satisfaction in noting the changes which have taken place in international policy since the grandfather of the actual Pretender was engaged in a similar attempt. At that time it seemed to France, and especially to England, an object of paramount importance that the constitutional government which had been unwillingly conceded by FERDINAND VII. should be maintained and administered in the name of his daughter. Several years of incessant diplomacy were devoted to the establishment of the throne of ISABELLA, and the questionable enterprise of the Foreign Legion proved that the English Government had for once determined to pursue a benevolent neutrality, to the disadvantage of Don CARLOS. In the present day no foreign Power dreams of the possibility of interfering in a struggle which, however lamentable, regards the interests and wishes of the Spaniards alone. If, in defiance of all probability, Don CARLOS could make himself in fact, as by professed right, King of SPAIN, his title and Government would be acknowledged without the smallest hesitation. It is not for the interest of the Spaniards themselves that strangers should meddle with their domestic quarrels; yet it may be permissible to feel regret for the perversity which renders it impossible for a KING of promising abilities and of high character to commence the task of restoring order and harmony in Spain. The present insurrection appears to have nothing of the probability of success which can alone justify the promotion of civil war.

#### ARMY CONTRACTS IN FRANCE.

AT the end of last week the Duke of AUDRETTET PASQUIER made, as Reporter of the Commission appointed to examine into army contracts, a speech which produced a very startling effect in the Assembly. At the end of his address he was embraced by men of all parties, votes accepting his conclusions were unanimously adopted, and he was the hero of the hour. His revelations chiefly concerned the Empire, and an exposure of the scandals of Imperial misgovernment is equally welcome to the Right and to the Left. First of all he had to speak of a system which has long prevailed in French official life. When a contract is to be made, the Government, instead of buying directly what it wants with its own money, finds some one to make the bargain for it; and this person, according to the amount of interest he possesses, puts more or less into his own pocket by the transaction. Some very curious and edifying examples, mainly belonging to the epoch when the conduct of the German war was still in Imperial hands, were furnished to the Chamber. The Duke began by entertaining his hearers with a history of what he called the *affaire CHOLLET*. M. CHOLLET was a bankrupt dealer in vegetables, who seemed only to have to present himself at the War Office to get a contract for a supply of guns and cartridges by which he cleared nearly 100,000*l*. He was troubled with no surveillance, and he was allowed to supply exactly what articles he pleased; and as he had no ready money, the Office kindly advanced him a million of francs to start with. Then there was a M. HEDLEY, who "felt a wish for a contract for cartridges." He took a contract at a hundred francs for so many cartridges; but it immediately occurred to him that he was by no means getting the splendid bargain to which he was entitled. So he got a certain friendly Count to intercede for him, and this gentleman's influence was so powerful that, without any further inquiry or discussion, the figures 180 were substituted for 100. The price at which independent firms were then tendering similar cartridges to the Government was 87 francs; so that M. HEDLEY made an excellent thing by having so good a friend at Court. Then there was a M. LARIVIÈRE, who got another contract for cartridges, but whose cartridges never arrived. A Government agent, however, certified that they were on board a certain ship, and M. LARIVIÈRE got a large sum paid him. When the ship arrived there was nothing but sugar on board her. Ultimately M. LARIVIÈRE did furnish some cartridges, but he did not send them till the war was over, and then they were immediately stored in a damp cellar, so that when the Commission attempted to ascertain what they were like, it was found that they were so spoilt that there was no making out what they had been worth. Even, however, under the Empire the highest authorities set themselves in a feeble way against such jobs. But the officials ignored the views of their superiors, and gave contracts and shared plunder as they pleased. The EMPEROR and Marshal RANON on one occasion expressly forbade a contract by which a firm was to receive a commission of fifteen per cent. on muskets made with State funds under State inspection. But the firm got the contract all the same. The officials claim, in fact, a sort of right to do as they please, and have even tried to baffle the Commission of the Assembly. They tried to stop a prosecution which the MINISTER of WAR ordered to be instituted, and they very nearly succeeded. A captain was found to have been a party to a job, and he was reported to his commanding officer, who thereon immediately made him his aide-de-camp. Another officer volunteered to give information, and he was immediately made to feel the displeasure of his regimental authorities. As the Duke said with pitiful truth, Governments change, Empires fall, Ministers pass away; but the Bureaux remain, and intolerable abuses always co-exist with them. The first step to combat the abuses of Bureaux is to expose them; this the Commission has done with unsparring severity, and the Duke successfully appealed to the Assembly to pronounce that this was the true course, and that it might be hoped that a nation which has the courage to go down to the depths of the mischiefs preying on it is in a fair way to rid itself of them.

Evidently, however, histories of jobs perpetrated here and there, and entertaining tales of scandals with regard to particular contracts, only lead to the further question, what is the general state of affairs of which they are the symptoms? The Commission was led step by step to occupy itself with the wide issue of the real condition of the French army in regard to the supply of materials and equipments; when the Bureaux chose, in a moment of profound peace, to challenge Germany

to fight. The Commission had to investigate what contracts had been made, what articles had been supplied, and what had become of those articles. In order to ascertain this, it was necessary to know what was the stock in hand when war was declared. The figures on paper seemed to show that the supply of materials in the summer of 1870 was by no means inadequate; but then what could have become of all these materials? An official statement put the cannon disposable for a campaign at 10,000, which was a most creditable and perhaps even excessive quantity. But then, on further inquiry, 7,000 of these cannon melted into thin air; and it appeared on equally good official authority that there were really less than 3,000. So, again, the official estimate of rifles in stock was nearly three millions and a half, but in fact there were only a million. Nor was this all. The fortresses most exposed to the enemy appear to have been absolutely destitute of most things that ought to have been in them. At Strasburg, supposed to be the great arsenal of Eastern France, there were scarcely any means of repairing a gun. The Commission only touched on this great subject, however, and recommended that a special Commission should be appointed by the Assembly to probe the matter to the bottom. Not only was this recommendation warmly welcomed, but the Assembly, without a moment's hesitation, conferred on the Commission of which the Duke was the Reporter the honourable office of itself making the inquiry. M. ROCHER, who was absent, but who spoke on a subsequent day, said that if he had been present he should have voted in harmony with the rest of the Assembly. If an inquiry is to be made into the military administration of the Empire, it was much better that the friends of the Empire should seem delighted that such an inquiry should be made. It is, indeed, the Imperial theory that the EMPEROR failed in 1870 because he had been betrayed. He believed in the 10,000 cannon and the three million and a-half of rifles. He thought Strasburg was full of every kind of material of war. He felt sure that his soldiers would get everything they could need in a campaign from his admirable organization of supply. When the critical moment came, he found out that he had been cheated, deceived, befuddled in every possible way. A good Sovereign outwitted by evil-minded subordinates is the character which since Sedan the EMPEROR has always tried to assume in the eyes of scornful France. No doubt he was cheated, deceived, and betrayed; but there are one or two things to be remembered as to this Imperial plea which France cannot forget. It is the one business of an Emperor not to be cheated and betrayed. If he offers himself as the one man capable of guiding such a country as France aright provided that everything is left to him, he abandons the very ground on which he has rested his claim to power when he owns that he has been a helpless tool of scheming, jobbing, lying officials.

The Commission had some suggestions to offer for the improvement of army administration, so that the evils of the future shall at least be less than those of the past. Everything they suggested was so rapturously received and approved by the Assembly that it is difficult to say what is the real value of suggestions that were exempt from criticism. It is not for want of a machinery for good administration that the military administration of France is so deplorably bad. There are most admirable regulations on every conceivable point; only no one thinks of attending to them. There is a Department of Control, but then the departments which it is intended to control politely ignore its existence. The Commission recommend two main changes. They wish that the regulations under which the army is to be controlled should be put into the form of a law, so that, if anything goes wrong, the Minister at the head of the department may be made directly responsible. We confess that this does not seem much of a remedy, for the Minister may be made responsible in whatever shape the regulations are framed, and the proposal seems not unlikely to lead the Assembly first into going out of its proper province and meddling with details belonging to the Executive, and then getting tired of so hopeless a task and letting the Executive do exactly what it pleases. Further, it is proposed that there should be a system of control by civilians entirely independent of the army, who shall ascertain that the State gets value for every halfpenny it lays out for stores. We can only say that if this does not plunge the French army into a chaos of red-tape it will be exceedingly lucky. But the remedies on which the Commission lays most stress are of a much more heroic character. The real safeguard against fraudulent army contracts, in the opinion of the Duke and his colleagues, lies in the adoption of the universal obligation of Frenchmen to form part of the

army. The Assembly was most enthusiastic in its approbation of the suggestion, and the difficulties of M. TRASSAS, if he still wishes to oppose the general desire for compulsory service without exemptions, have been no doubt seriously increased by the success accorded to the appeal of the Duke. It might have seemed as if the French, who used to pique themselves on their gift for organization, could have managed to get their army supplied honestly and adequately with stores, whatever might be the principle on which it was raised. But the French have taken it into their heads that the military service of the whole adult male population will make France moral, and that nothing else will. The mainspring of fraudulent army contracts, the Duke and his hearers seemed to argue, is the dishonesty of fraudulent contractors; but if there are no exemptions from conscription, every one will be honest, and so there can be no more fraudulent contracts. Whether universal military service would be a good thing or a bad thing for France is a matter of grave consideration; but it is unsatisfactory to find that its admirers worship it as a kind of fetish before it has begun to exist, and that in their almost infantine belief that they have hit on a perfect plan for making honest men of thieves, they omit to balance the disadvantages against the advantages of making every man a soldier in a country where the elements of civil war seem dangerously strong and numerous already.

#### THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH CANADA.

A CORRESPONDENCE between the COLONIAL SECRETARY and the Canadian Ministry has led to a modified acceptance by the English Government of a proposal that it should guarantee a loan of moderate amount for the construction of an inter-oceanic railroad. As in the majority of money bargains, there was some higgling as to the amount of the guarantee, but the Canadian Ministers have prudently accepted Lord KIMBERLEY's offer of 2,500,000*l.* in answer to their request for 4,000,000*l.* The Canadians have at the same time been assured that any recommendation on the part of the Government to terminate certain articles of the Treaty would be acted upon, and that the greatest deference will be paid to the wishes of the Dominion. It would perhaps have been better to have been more liberal, especially as the high credit of the Dominion affords ample security against ultimate loss. It would even have been worth while to incur a moderate pecuniary risk as a just penalty for one of the gravest among many miscarriages involved in the unfortunate capitulation of Washington. The Canadians were reasonably discontented both with the provisions and with the omissions of the Treaty, as far as their own interests were concerned; and, as the Canadian Minister significantly remarked, "they have failed to discover that in the settlement of the so-called *Alabama* claims England "gained such advantages as to be required to make further "concessions at the expense of Canada." Although Lord KIMBERLEY makes the best of his case, he is evidently conscious that throughout the correspondence the Canadians are indisputably in the right. Their Ministers deserve credit for good temper which is not inconsistent with firmness, as well as for their prudence in obtaining an economical advantage which may afford some compensation for the unequal operation of the Treaty. During the negotiation the Commissioners made concessions at the expense of Canada, as if in consideration for the still larger sacrifices to which they pledged the Imperial Government. Having altered the rules of international law, having given the newfangled doctrines a retrospective operation, and having offered an apology for acts which had previously been avowed and justified as lawful, the English representatives at once acquiesced in the flat refusal of their American colleagues to include in the Treaty compensation for the piratical invasions of Canada. They also surrendered the right of the Dominion to exclusive possession of its own inshore fisheries, on condition of a colourable equivalent in American waters, and of a money payment. The concession of the fisheries was necessarily made contingent on the approval of the Canadian Parliament; but it would be dangerous for Canada to insist on the maintenance of a right which had been conceded in principle by the Imperial Government.

The remonstrance of the Canadian Ministry against the tame abandonment of the claims for damage through the Fenian invasion is not only unanswerable, but unanswered. Lord KIMBERLEY had referred to the rules relating to neutral duties during war, but "the (Canadian) Committee of Privy Council, "judging from past experience, are much more apprehensive

"of misunderstanding owing to the apparent difference of opinion between Canada and the United States as to the 'relative duties of friendly States in time of peace.' On two or three occasions the United States authorities have allowed troops to be publicly organized and armed for the purpose of invading Canada; and 'there seems no reason to hope that the United States Government will perform its duty as a friendly neighbour any better in the future than in the past.' The Imperial Government has never taken any vigorous measures for the protection of Canada. 'On the contrary, while, in the opinion of the Government and the entire people of Canada, the Government of the United States neglected, until much too late, to take the necessary measures to prevent the Fenian invasion of 1870, Her MAJESTY'S Government hastened to acknowledge by cable telegram the prompt action of the President and to thank him for it.' Exaggerated deference and undue eagerness to conciliate the goodwill of the American people largely account for the systematic encroachments which have lately culminated in the demand for consequential damages. The reclamations of the Canadian Government against the claims relating to the fisheries are less forcible, inasmuch as the case was more complicated, and also because the concession is nominally subject to the approval of the Parliament of the Dominion. The exclusive right of the Canadian fishermen, having been formally acknowledged by the Treaty of 1818, was suspended in exchange for commercial privileges in 1854, to revive on the denunciation by the Americans themselves in 1865 of the Reciprocity Treaty. The American fishermen have since been provisionally admitted on payment of license fees; but the restrictions have of late been systematically neglected or invaded; and there was frequent risk both of casual collisions and of wilful outrages promoted by American agitators. The American Commissioners declared that Congress would not sanction any relaxation of protective duties; and, as Lord KIMBERLEY argues, commercial reforms are more likely to be permanent and effective when they result from a conviction of the expediency of Free-trade than when they are made the subject of negotiation and barter. It only remained either to insist on the maintenance of existing rights, or to waive them for a pecuniary consideration. The decision of the Commissioners would have been defensible if it had been previously approved by the Canadian Parliament.

With a self-control which indicates practical statesmanship, the Canadian Ministers content themselves with their argumentative triumph, and proceed to make the best use of a legitimate grievance. Among the various liabilities which are likely to result from the Washington Treaty, it would be unreasonable to object to a guarantee which will ensure to the benefit of friends and fellow-subjects and not of litigious adversaries. As a reason or excuse for the concession, the Canadian Committee of Privy Council remind Lord KIMBERLEY that when the Western territories are opened by the Pacific Railroad they will sustain an enormous number of settlers. The population of the United States is tenfold that of Canada, and the inhabitants of the Dominion consume in proportion to their numbers three times as great a value of British products as the citizens of the United States. It is not perhaps a convincing argument in favour of a guarantee that the proposed railroad might perhaps convey the English mails to certain parts of the East. A better reason for the concession than the hope of postal or commercial advantages is supplied by the expediency of atoning for a diplomatic failure by a measure which will gratify Canadian feeling. Whether the connexion between the Mother-country and the Dominion is to last for one generation or for an indefinite period, no effort ought to be spared to cultivate the loyal goodwill of the Canadians to the English nation and the Crown. The animosity which has survived for nearly a century the independence of the other North American provinces is not the less a misfortune because it has been fostered by the ignorance and prejudice of an imperfectly educated community. The Americans perversely resent the natural reluctance of GEORGE III. and his countrymen to permit the disruption of the Empire. Colonists in the present day are frequently irritated by the opposite error of pedantic politicians who contend that the retention of distant dependencies is unprofitable and occasionally burdensome. It is fortunate that the new GOVERNOR-GENERAL of Canada is not likely to be insensible to imaginative influences and to Imperial sympathies. Lord DUFFERIN will never go out of his way to remind the Canadians that they may detach themselves from their allegiance without fear of coercion.

The Correspondence on the Treaty and the proposed guarantee illustrates the new constitutional relation which has

arisen both in Canada and in the Australian colonies from the modern experiment of so-called responsible government. The Cabinet which, while it has absorbed the whole executive power of the Crown, has still no recognized place in the English Constitution, assumes in Canada, under its proper title of the Committee of Privy Council, an independent character in which it corresponds and negotiates with the Imperial Government. In theory the Governor-General selects his Ministers, though they are necessarily, as in England, the leaders of the Parliamentary majority; but, while it is his business to obey the instructions of the Crown, the Committee of Privy Council is already recognized as the authorised representative of the Parliament and people. A minute of the English Cabinet is intended only for the guidance of its members, except on the rare occasions on which a collective resolution of the Ministers is submitted to the Sovereign. A minute of the Canadian Committee of Privy Council, formally approved by the Governor-General, is a State paper embodying the decision of the Government on the most important affairs. It is convenient that a Ministerial body should be interposed between the Colonial Parliament and the Home Government; and there is a strong presumption in favour of institutions which owe their origin to practical expediency rather than to deliberate and theoretical legislation. The successive statesmen who, sometimes through indolence, and sometimes in accordance with their convictions, conceded responsible government to the colonies, probably persuaded themselves that the intercourse between the Secretary of State and the colonies would afterwards, as in former times, be conducted by the Governor. As the Ministers now exercise the chief political power, it is desirable that their position should be acknowledged, and also that colonial statesmen should be known to those who hold office at home. The Canadian Committee of Privy Council apparently consists of sagacious men of business who regard substantial advantages as the best results of a dialectic victory.

#### MR. GORDON'S VICTORY.

IN the position in which the Government now stands the Conservatives were wise for the moment when they determined to support Mr. Gordon's impracticable and almost meaningless Resolution. Nothing can make the fall of the Ministry more certain than the growth of an impression that there is not a single question upon which they can count with any confidence upon getting a majority. Until last Monday Mr. FORSTER's educational policy seemed to be the solitary fortress which they could regard as impregnable. Now this has proved as weak as the rest, and if the Government can still claim to be the stronger party in the House of Commons, it must be with the serious qualification that their strength usually fails them when it is most needed. Though the unlucky result of Monday's division is no doubt mainly due to the irritation caused by the fanatical hostility of Secularist and Dissenting zealots to religious education, it must also be attributed in part to the serious tactical blunder of which the Government were guilty in maintaining an almost unbroken silence throughout the debate. It is not an easy matter to keep a party together till past midnight without allowing them to hear their own voices. Nor can we believe that if Mr. FORSTER had from the first given the discussion the importance which, as the result proved, really belonged to it, the Conservatives would have given Mr. GORDON such an undivided vote. For reasons to be presently stated, the adoption of the Resolution would, if it could possibly be regarded as serious, be a heavy blow to the cause of national education even in England; and if the fact had been clearly brought out, there must have been some members of the Opposition who would have felt that this was too great a price to pay even for the pleasure of putting the Government in a minority. As it was, there were no timely reminders to check the excited zeal of assailants who saw victory within their grasp. The debate began and ended with scarcely a reference to the graver issues which underlay the terms of the motion. The only reason assigned by Mr. FORSTER for declining the challenge offered to him was his desire not to waste time by discussing, before going into Committee, a subject which he maintained could be more conveniently discussed in Committee. If there could be no such thing as a one-sided debate, this argument might have had some weight. Inasmuch, however, as the Opposition had it in its power to waste time in talking without any aid from the other side, the argument had been overturned by the time that Mr. FORSTER rose. Even if the



division had been in favour of the Government, the evening would have been lost just as much as though their supporters had not been tongue-tied. If the consequences of Mr. GORDON's Resolution had been thoroughly sifted, the passage of the Bill into Committee would not have been more delayed than it has been by the course actually taken, and the Committee would not have had to begin its labours with a millstone tied about its neck.

The defeats sustained by Mr. DIXON and Mr. CANDLISH, and the dislike evidently felt by the majority of Englishmen to the arrogant pretensions put forward by the Manchester Conference, have unfortunately had their natural effect in turning the heads of the Conservatives. Hitherto they have taken their stand on the English Education Act, as embodying the best practicable settlement of the religious difficulty. They have assented to the impossibility of any direct teaching of religion by the State, and have found in the liberty accorded to each locality to teach what religion it thinks fit a substantial, if imperfect, recognition of the value of religious training. It was to be expected, therefore, that when a Scotch Education Bill, identical in all its essential features with the English measure, was brought forward by the Government, the Opposition would give it an equally cordial support. That the Secularists should oppose it was only consistent, for it reproduced in a stronger form the absolute freedom of every School Board to teach religious dogma. But that the men who have identified themselves with the Elementary Education Act as completely as though it had been their own production; who have defended it, in and out of Parliament, as the very mainstay of religious teaching against Secularism; who have cheered Mr. FORSTER's repeated declarations that from the principle of the Act of 1870 the Government would not stir a single step—that these men should join in denouncing an Education Bill because it leaves every parish free to deal with the religious difficulty as it pleases, is a revolution for which we were not prepared, and which even now it is difficult to regard as a literal fact. The true significance of the Conservative attitude upon Mr. GORDON's motion hardly came out in the debate. No attempt was made by any of the speakers to show why a settlement of the religious difficulty which has been generally accepted in England ought to be rejected as unholy in Scotland. The Conservative journals have been less reticent, and, if we are to accept their version of Monday night's division, the Opposition now think themselves strong enough to repudiate the compromise into which they entered in 1870. That compromise, so sacred in their eyes not three months ago, is now denounced as a futile attempt to meet the enemies of Denominational religion half way, and an ignoble compact with the foes of truth and religion; while the educational policy to which, when the Government were strong, the Conservative organs paid so many flattering compliments, is now described as a systematic attack on religion, none the less bitter and relentless because Mr. FORSTER pretends that it is an effort for its defence. The morality of this change of front is not worth criticism; but the consequences of the change will certainly be embarrassing, and may possibly be serious. It is impossible for a political party to take the line taken by the Opposition on Monday, and yet to find fault with the Education League for disturbing the compromise of 1870. If the Dissenters and the Secularists have tried to disturb the compromise, the Conservatives and the Denominationalists—so far as they are represented by the Conservatives—have, in words at least, utterly torn it up. For the time the current of public feeling may be in their favour. They may construct a Scotch Education Bill after their own hearts, and then go on to alter and amend the English Education Act. But, if this is to be their policy, the punishment that falls on men who repudiate compromises when they think themselves too strong to need them will certainly overtake them in the end. By and by popular sympathy will once more have gone round, and a Liberal Government will again find itself confronted by educational difficulties. It will be vain for it to propose to meet them by another compromise, for the Secularists will say, and say truly, that the Conservatives cannot be trusted to abide by a compromise a moment longer than it happens to suit their purpose. The educational strength of the country will be hopelessly arrayed in hostile camps, and the progress of popular education will be suspended, that the rival factions may fight their battle out.

It is some satisfaction to think that this betrayal of the cause of education is sure to bring with it its own punishment. We said that the Conservatives were wise for the moment in supporting Mr. GORDON's Resolution; but, considering the obvious tendency, if not the inevitable conse-

quences, of the act, that moment will be a very brief one. Mr. HARDY put forward the one plea on which the adoption of such a Resolution could be justified when he challenged Mr. FORSTER to prove that, because certain principles were enacted in the English Bill, they should be necessarily enacted also in the Scotch Bill. It may be maintained no doubt, with much show of reason, that so long as Scotland wishes to have Presbyterianism taught at the public expense in every national school, the fact that in England the school authorities in every district are allowed to teach the religion professed by the local majority, or, if they prefer it, none at all, is nothing to the purpose. But if this absolute educational independence is to be accorded to one of the three kingdoms, it cannot in any fairness be refused to another. The Scotch are not more deeply attached to Presbyterianism than the Irish are to Roman Catholicism, and if to please the former the Imperial Parliament is to pass a Bill providing for the teaching of Presbyterianism in every school in Scotland, common consistency will demand that to please the latter it shall pass a Bill providing for the teaching of Roman Catholicism in every Irish school. In all probability it will fall to the lot of a Conservative Government to deal with the Education question in Ireland. It is difficult to believe that if the Conservatives had realized this prospect more clearly, they would have spoken as they spoke on Monday. They have refused to plant in Scotland a system as secular as the English, because the Scotch wish their religion to be taught universally. Are they prepared to maintain in Ireland a system far more secular than the English when the Irish wish precisely the same thing as the Scotch? It is not wise to quarrel with compromises until you are quite sure that they will not be wanted again. On the whole, we can quite understand that the Conservatives vastly liked the twofold sport of beating the Government and snubbing the Secularists; but we hardly think that the evening's enjoyment was of a kind to bear the morning's reflection.

#### M. THIERS AND THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

M. THIERS seems bent upon showing that historians, unlike history, constantly repeat themselves. He cannot throw off his habit of threatening to retire from office whenever he has failed in getting the Assembly to do what he wishes. The vote by which the nomination of the members of the Council of State is vested in the Assembly instead of in the Executive has furnished him with another occasion for waving his favourite weapon in the eyes of the Deputies. The PRESIDENT has allowed it to become known that his retention of office depends on the action of the Assembly upon the third reading of the Bill. If the hint is taken in a proper spirit, and the recent decision is reversed, all will be forgotten. If the Assembly stands by its vote, M. GUYOT will again receive the PRESIDENT's resignation. It will be no wonder if the Assembly should prove to have lost faith in these repeated threats. They have been so often uttered, and so invariably withdrawn, that they cannot but have lost something of their original power. Whether M. THIERS does or does not mean what he says at the moment of saying it, this method of managing the Assembly is equally to be regretted. M. THIERS is something more than a Minister, and he has no right to divest himself of the more than Ministerial obligations which belong to his position. He embodies in his own person the whole Government. Cabinets may resign, for the vote which ejects them from office virtually designates the politicians who are to take their place. Kings may abdicate, for their crowns will devolve by force of law upon their ascertained heirs. The Presidents of ordinary Republics may lay down their office, for the process of electing a successor is defined and understood. But M. THIERS has no lender of Opposition ready to take his place; the Provisional King has no ascertained heir waiting to mount the throne; and it has not yet been decided who is to elect the President's successor, or whether he is to have a successor at all. In such a state of things as this a sudden resignation on the part of M. THIERS might be equivalent to a proclamation of anarchy. It is hard to believe that any patriotic statesman can deliberately contemplate an act so fraught with disastrous possibilities. Resignation seems to be the one step which circumstances absolutely forbid M. THIERS to take. It is conceivable that he might be driven to dissolve the Assembly by a *coup d'état*; for the inability of the Executive to get at the real opinion of the country by means of a general election is so monstrous a defect in constitutional machinery that a ruler may be pardoned for consulting the spirit of representative government

in preference to the latter. It is conceivable again that, rather than have recourse to this extreme measure, he might bring an amount of pressure to bear upon the Deputies which in ordinary cases would be wholly illegitimate. A President who is denied the commonplace expedient of a dissolution may be excused if he resorts to strange methods of controlling an Assembly which he has no regular means of sending to its constituents. But to retire from office does not even cut the knot of a difficulty. It may gratify the irritated feelings of M. THIERS, but, with this single exception, it can only exaggerate existing evils. Yet if we suppose M. THIERS to appreciate these objections to the course which he talks of taking, and consequently to have no real intention of taking it, he cannot be acquitted of a grave fault of another kind. He is treating the Assembly as a nurse treats a naughty child—he threatens to go away and leave it to itself unless it promises to be good directly. There is no need to inquire whether the French Assembly deserves this treatment. It is enough to say that it is not a child, and that its faults cannot be corrected like the faults of children. The great want of France at the present moment is that the nation should get accustomed to respect and submit to the decisions of a representative body. It cannot be expected that political parties should learn this lesson when the example of despising such a body is set them by the PRESIDENT himself.

The particular vote which M. THIERS is anxious to have rescinded is one which need never have been given if he had been wise enough to let the constitution of the Council of State alone. A great deal has been written in this country about the inconsistency of the French Liberals in wishing to retain the Council of State as an agent of administration. What, it has been asked, can be more laughable than to see Republicans trying to strengthen the hands of the Executive by setting up afresh a power which has heretofore been able to reverse the acts of the Legislature itself? It would need a very careful and exhaustive examination of the incidents of government in France to determine the validity of this objection. Much is done there by the central authority which in England is done by the local authorities, or left altogether undone; and it may be necessary that the central authority should have a stronger instrument at its disposal than would be wanted in a system under which less was expected from it. Whatever may be the motives of individual Republicans in giving increased powers to the Executive, it cannot be denied that a strong Government is at least as necessary under a Republic as under any other form of polity. In France especially one main reason why Republics have hitherto failed is that this essential requisite has been wanting. No doubt there has often been great need of some better protection of individual liberty against executive encroachment, but there are other and more effectual ways of securing this end than by simply weakening the authority against the abuse of which it is desired to guard. Nor can there be much question that, if there is a Council of State at all, its members ought to be named by the President and not by the Assembly. The object for which the Council of State exists is to assist the Executive in governing the country. The object for which a Council nominated by the Assembly would exist would be to act as a check upon the Executive in governing the country. It may be expedient that both, or neither, or one or other of these bodies should be created in France, but it is certain that the functions of the two are distinct. If the members of the Council of State are appointed by the Assembly, the Council will not answer the same purpose or play the same part as if they were appointed by the PRESIDENT. In other words, the Council will not be what has hitherto been understood by the Council of State; it will be much more like the Permanent Committee which the Assembly has instituted to keep watch on M. THIERS during the Parliamentary vacations. But while it is natural that M. THIERS should resent a process by which what he meant to be a weapon in the hands of the Executive has been converted into a check in the hands of the Assembly, it is his own doing that the controversy has been raised. Under the Government of the 4th of September the Council of State fell into abeyance, and since then such of its duties as had to be performed have been performed by a Provisional Committee. If M. THIERS had been content to leave well alone he would not have provoked a collision between himself and the Assembly. He has managed to rule France for more than a year without any regular Council of State, and there is nothing to show that he could not have gone on doing so with equal ease until the time when it will become necessary to decide under what institutions France is to live. M. THIERS insisted on dragging this solitary question from the obscurity which

veils the constitutional future of the country, and he has only himself to thank for the complications in which his restlessness has involved him.

#### THE SHUNTING OF THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

THE latest reinforcement to the Alliance comes from the National Assembly of France, which we are told has held "an interesting debate on inebriety." It is announced as a new and important discovery that there is drunkenness in Paris, "although France is a light-wine country." The fact does not surprise us, but we are curious to see what argument can be founded on it. The introduction of a Permissive Bill in France is hardly probable, although, if the principle of the Bill be sound, it ought to be capable of universal application. Let us imagine two-thirds of the inhabitants of a district resolving to discontinue wine-growing themselves, and to compel the other third to do the same. Or, to take an example nearer home, we may inquire what is to happen in Devonshire, where almost every farmer grows cider. Suppose that the Alliance send their most eloquent apostle into that county, and that he persuades a large majority that the apple pip is the seed of evil. We have heard of an attempt, which might be thought equally hopeful, to persuade the townsmen of Doncaster that horse-racing is wicked. But in order to test the principle of the Bill, we are entitled to assume that a majority of farmers determine to prevent a minority from growing cider. Of course we shall be told that the Bill only prohibits sale, and does not interfere with growth or manufacture. But we answer that, if so, the Bill is no better than a sham. A farmer who makes cider must either sell it or give it away, and from the point of view of the Alliance he is a heavier offender than the publican whom they so vehemently denounce. The effect of the application of a Permissive Act in a parish would be that "no licence whatever should be granted for the sale of alcoholic liquor" in that parish, neither to the wine-merchant proper, nor to the grocer, nor to the publican, nor to the beer-house keeper. The Alliance is so far consistent that it does not, like some other assailants of the publican, allow his competitor the grocer to escape. The only exemption which it contemplates is that of sellers of methylated spirit for use in art or manufacture, who may perhaps find themselves doing a considerable business after the adoption of the Act. Experience shows that deprivation of ordinary stimulants will drive those who are accustomed to them to adopt disagreeable and even dangerous substitutes. Whatever the heads of the medical profession may say upon this subject, we should fear that the body and tail of it would discover a disposition to prescribe for patients suffering under a Permissive Act "strengthening medicines," which druggists would be ready to supply. The evasion of the Act would be enormous, and a trade would spring up something like that which existed formerly in the West of England, where even the parson of the parish obtained—for we do not say he bought—spirits of a gang of smugglers. By a stroke of humour, the Bill proposes to subject liquor-dealers to Excise penalties, although it will deprive them of all benefit from Excise law. "Any person selling or disposing of any alcoholic liquor" shall be dealt with as selling without licence. The vagueness of the word "dispose" is perhaps more frightful than anything else. The operation sometimes described as "putting oneself outside liquor" appears capable of being included in it. Whatever the word comprises will be an "offence" subject to all the penalties provided by any existing statute for purposes either of revenue or police, which might easily amount to 100*l.* a day. Let us picture to ourselves the suspense of all dealers in a district during the canvass and voting on the adoption of the Act. If they escape this year they will be in equal peril next year, and they will be always liable to stoppage of their business at the expiration of the licence which they then hold—that is, within a year. Not only the sale of liquor to be consumed in the parish, but every sale of liquor within the parish will be prohibited. A dealer in a market town cannot supply a farmer who lives ten miles distant with a jar of whisky. The sale is complete when the jar is delivered to the farmer himself, or to his servant, or to a carrier by road or rail. The authors of the Bill did not perhaps mean all this, but they say it. They propose to turn the exciseman into a sort of attorney-general of the Alliance.

The only novelty in this week's debate on the Permissive Bill was that it did not finish. It does not matter much what may be the result of the division, if it ever takes place.

because the Bill is certain never to pass; and its supporters have told us that, whether they gain or lose votes as compared with last year, they will be stimulated to greater energy in years to come. They have, indeed, a happy faculty of making the best of everything for their own purpose. One provincial speaker approves the Bill because, if factory-hands were sober, they would not turn out; another approves it because they would. Sometimes we hear that drunkenness is increased by distress, and at other times that it is increased by plenty of work at high wages. The latest announcement is that the Commune came to grief through drink, and whether that effect was to be desired from that or any other cause is matter of opinion. We learn on the same authority that during the siege of Paris the National Guards, "not being well supplied with food, took to drinking," and they have, as soldiers say, continued the movement since the surrender. It is odd that an intelligent person should be able to make this statement without perceiving its application. There is a principle in human nature which demands alcoholic stimulants under circumstances of peculiar hardship. It is said that a distinguished general who was a teetotaler, being about to start on a difficult and hazardous expedition, directed his commissariat officer to be particular about the supply of rum. When preparations were made for the siege of Paris, the authorities doubtless collected all the wine and brandy they could lay hands on. Turning from the horrors of war to the festivities of peace, we find a supporter of the Permissive Bill remarking on the liberal presents of liquor sent to the refreshment department of a bazaar at Liverpool. It was, as we understand, the intention of the givers of this wine and beer that it should be sold retail for the benefit of some charity for which the bazaar was held. We regret to observe that this transaction, however laudable, would be a "selling or disposing" of alcoholic liquor liable to the penalties of the Bill. This is a clear illustration of the impossibility of passing a measure which nevertheless certain members of Parliament support as "a step in the right direction." Some members doubtless mean, although they do not say, that the votes which they intend to give will make things pleasant for themselves, and will do no harm to anybody else. This at any rate was the notion which used to prevail in the House of Commons; but it has lately appeared that the choice between the Alliance and the publicans is like that between Scylla and Charybdis. The contrivance of discussing the Permissive Bill until it was too late to divide upon it is advantageous; but we greatly doubt whether any new feature can be introduced into the annual performance unless Sir WILFRID LAWSON will go to America and personally test the operation of the Prohibitory Law. We had thought a member of Parliament who desired this Bill to pass a strange animal; but a member who desired to hear more than one morning's talk about it must be stranger still. Another and even more remarkable variety of the Parliamentary mind is the member who contemplates the possibility of considering in Committee on the Bill the question of compensation to interests affected by it. We have heard of a claim to compensation by the landlord of the "Pickled Egg," whose business was affected by a railway. In such cases, if compensation is given at all, it is assessed liberally, and sometimes amounts to large sums. But it would be extravagant to propose that the ratepayers of a parish adopting a Permissive Act should pay compensation on a scale similar to that imposed on Railway Companies, or indeed on any scale at all.

It is in vain to disguise the character of this Bill. It seeks, as Mr. HENLEY said, to destroy a large existing trade which has been permitted to grow up in this country with the sanction of the Legislature, and which is founded on the ordinary and true principles of supply and demand. The spectacle of workmen devoting their leisure moments to the collection of signatures to petitions in favour of the Permissive Bill has, in the eyes of the author of that Bill, "something touching in it," and ought not to be laughed at. Certainly this spectacle would be no laughing matter to the publicans if the Bill as well as the agitation had "something touching" in it. But Parliament will never consent to place a vast property under liability to be destroyed by a chance vote of ratepayers. The owners of that property know that it can only be preserved by regulating the trade in which it is invested, and brewers and publicans appear alike desirous that a well-considered Licensing Bill should pass. The HOME SECRETARY is able to expect that, by a stringent application of the Act for plucking beer-houses from under magisterial control, and of the Act for the prevention of crime, a large number of the worst class of

liquor-shops has been closed. "The reduction in crime in certain districts has been out of all proportion to the reduction in the number of those houses, because the houses suppressed were the worst of all." If this be the first result of an obvious and easy reform, it is surely worth while to try for a few more years the effect of perseverance in the same unambitious course, instead of throwing the entire liquor trade of the Kingdom into an annual panic by a Permissive Act.

#### OUR FOREIGN VISITORS.

THERE are various indications that the tendency of recent events has been to shift the social as well as the financial meridian of Europe, and to make London more than ever the centre of affairs. Our capital has always been a tolerably cosmopolitan city, but the number of our foreign guests appears to be increasing in a remarkable degree. In all public places and large assemblies a Babel of strange tongues may now be heard. Of the French emigrants who were cast thither by the war and the Commune, many from choice or necessity still remain. Indeed, not a few Frenchmen at the present moment feel almost more at home in London than in Paris; and it is not perhaps surprising that the Germans should reckon upon a more agreeable reception here than in the city which was lately surrounded by their armies. There used to be a saying that good Americans expected, when they died, to go to Paris; but even the Americans are wavering in their allegiance. The democrats of the New World appear to be of opinion that it is hardly worth while to cross the Atlantic except to be presented at Court; they can shake hands with a President any day at home. However Paris may settle its relations with the rest of France—and the exile of M. THIERS and the Assembly at Versailles must soon draw to a close—it will be many years before it regains, if ever it does regain, its supremacy in Europe. Its importance for politicians has declined with its influence; and the financial world obeys a natural instinct in establishing its head-quarters on less volcanic soil. For pleasure-seekers of course Paris has still attractions, but even for this class it has lost much of its old charm; its gaiety is rebuked by painful associations, and the rapacity of its shopkeepers has been sharpened by a series of misfortunes and the pressure of augmented taxation into something like ferocity. Berlin has made a sudden start of late, but it can hardly hope to supplant Paris as the chief place of Europe; Vienna is under a cloud, and St. Petersburg is too remote. So, for the moment, it has come to pass that London is in fashion. The Germans who are kept away from Paris, and the French who will not go to Berlin, are willing to meet in London, and other nations find that the rendezvous is not an inconvenient one. If our city cannot boast of the amenities of Paris, it is not without attractions of its own, for those who understand it, and who do not expect it to be something which it is not, and cannot be. Its society is varied and interesting; and in recent years its appearance has certainly been improved. The Embankment has added to its dignity, and supplies a magnificent open terrace from which the city may be viewed; its Parks are more artistically managed than they used to be; and its environs in natural beauty have always been unsurpassed by those of any other capital. It has been so long the custom to disparage and abuse London as a bewildering labyrinth of dingy streets and a vast overgrown mass of houses, that people who now visit it for the first time are probably surprised to find how much better it is than they expected.

Our two most important guests at the present moment are the King of the BELGIANS and the German EMPRESS, who may perhaps be regarded as relations with whom no great ceremony need be used; and it is probably well that other Royal or Imperial personages should defer their visits until some arrangements can be made to give them a reception suitable to their rank. With Buckingham Palace hardly occupied, and Marlborough House not occupied at all, it rather jars on public feeling that the King of the BELGIANS, to whom everybody is anxious that attention should be shown, should have to put up at an hotel. The King is no doubt as comfortable as he could desire to be, and the popular feeling on the subject is only a sentiment, but it is a sentiment which is not unreasonable. It is true, however, that the King has been invited to Windsor, and the German EMPRESS has really been treated as a guest of the QUEEN. It is a small matter perhaps, but it may be observed that the Court Circular, in making HER MAJESTY EMPRESS of, instead of in, Germany, confers on her a title which, we believe, is not recognised by her husband's subjects. It is well known that HER MAJESTY takes a deep interest in all benevolent and

philanthropic efforts; and during her brief stay in town her attention has been mainly directed to the management of our hospitals. The EMPRESS acquired great experience on this subject by her personal supervision, so anxious and incessant that it affected her health, of the military hospitals and the arrangements for the sick and the wounded during the war; and her testimony to the sound administration of the institutions which she has just visited is therefore valuable. There is no reason to regret that it has not been deemed necessary to entertain either the King or the EMPRESS with an exhibition of military force. The melancholy absurdity of these displays when offered as a hospitable attention culminated when the late Emperor of the FRENCH drew out his troops as a pretty show for the King of PRUSSIA, upon whom he was then meditating an attack, while the KING returned the compliment by sending his great KRUPP gun to be one of the chief ornaments of the Paris Exhibition. The visit of the King of the BELGIANS had its origin in an eminently peaceful object, for he came to preside at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. Mr. DISRAELI remarked on the agreeable inconsistency of a Sovereign presiding over the Republic of Letters; but there is no jealous Moxon doctrine to forbid the connexion; and it must be acknowledged that for geniality, good taste, and personal sympathy with the object in view, a better chairman than the King of the BELGIANS could not have been found. An English audience is naturally flattered by being addressed in its own tongue by a distinguished foreigner, and the KING, as his speeches showed, not only speaks English, but speaks it well. It was inevitable perhaps that an occasion of this kind should be largely used for mutual admiration. Mr. DISRAELI was good enough to give the "Sovereign Chairman," as he called him, a first-class certificate for constitutional qualities; and the KING returned the compliment by stating that he had heard his father say that the author of *Vivian Grey* was a man of talent. His MAJESTY also testified that he had himself found Lord STANHOPE's historical writings very entertaining, and the observation was the more gracious as it presented his lordship's History in a new light. Lord STANHOPE in his turn expatiated on the political wisdom of the Belgians, but the evidence which he offered was of a somewhat negative character. It appears that some years back one of the Swiss Cantons fell under the control of a small despotic party, which, finding itself in a minority at a general election, decided that all who had abstained from voting should be numbered on the side of the Government, and thus made its minority a majority. It is true that nothing of this kind ever happened in Belgium, but this is surely rather a roundabout way of proving that the Belgians have always been distinguished for their love of freedom and their resolute adherence to constitutional principles.

Mr. DISRAELI did no more than justice to the wise statesmanship of LEOPOLD I., which, with his grateful attachment to England, his son has in no small degree inherited. It was the peculiar merit of the former that he knew exactly what it was proper and necessary to do within the limits prescribed, not merely by the letter, but by the spirit of the Constitution, and what it was well to leave undone. He never hesitated to exert his personal influence and to assume responsibility when it seemed to be probable that his intentions would be attended with good results; but he was also aware that the greatest service he could render his adopted country might be to go away for a time and leave the strife of parties to work itself out. His subjects used to be amused by the errant habits of *le roi voyageur*; but his travels were sometimes strokes of policy. A statesman of the calibre of LEOPOLD I. is not reproduced in every generation, but his successor has already shown that he possesses much of his father's resolute tact and diplomatic judgment. The policy which secured the political neutrality of Belgium, and, as Mr. DISRAELI observed, consorted to perpetual peace the battle-field of Europe, has certainly been successful; but this has been owing to the energy of Belgium as well as to the contingent protection of her allies. It has been said that a country that has no history may be supposed to have been happy; but the King of the BELGIANS, reversing the rule, suggests that the peacefulness and prosperity of England during the present reign render this period a particularly "magnificent theme" for the poet and the historian. It is true that peace has her triumphs as well as war, but it has usually been observed that poets and historians prefer to seek their inspiration in incidents of a more exciting character than those of quiet respectable domestic life. Whatever use may be made of the present reign by the poets and historians of the future, it is undeniably true that it has itself been abundantly fruitful in literary results. Literature as an industry never was more active or

prosperous. It has been suggested that, as literature pays so well nowadays, it should not go begging for alms; but there is no reason, as far as we see, why all classes should not contribute to the relief of destitute and meritorious men of letters if they choose to do so; and it is known that the profits of literary labour are not invariably measured by its intrinsic value. In associating himself with this charitable work the King of the BELGIANS performed a genial act in a very graceful manner, and some unfortunate writers or their families will perhaps be the better for it; but it is perhaps rash to assume that it will make much difference as regards the general course of European politics.

#### THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

THE "Peculiar People" who every now and then crop up in an obscure corner of our newspapers are not by themselves a very wonderful phenomenon. They are simply one more illustration of a truth which we ought to be in no danger of forgetting—the extraordinary vitality, namely, of forms of superstition long exploded amongst thinking people. The explanation is of course that a very small part of the population is really capable of thinking at any time, and that new ideas percolate down to the lower social strata with extreme difficulty. The people who are capable of rejecting the absurdities of witchcraft, or fortune-telling, or astrology, by their own unassisted powers, are a trifling minority; and of the great mass who are obliged to trust to the authority of their wisers and betters, few are capable even of appreciating the value of the authority. There is still as much soil as ever suitable to the growth of fine crops of superstition; the only difference is that not quite so many seeds are planted. We are more inclined to wonder at the rarity than at the occasional occurrence of queer forms of belief once supposed to be extinct. The fundamental tenet of the Peculiar People seems to be that not only is every word of the English Bible absolutely true, but that every fragment of a sentence taken by itself conveys a complete and unerring rule of practice. They are not so far removed from many persons who even make some pretensions to learning that we need wonder much at their peculiarities. Incidentally, however, their relations to the rest of mankind have suggested a problem of some interest. The Peculiar People think it wrong to call in medical assistance in cases of disease, and allow their children to die for the want of it. How far are we justified in interfering with this practice? and how far does the fact that it originates in a genuine religious belief render a course of conduct improper which would otherwise be permissible? The problem is not an important one in itself; but it involves some nice questions of casuistry, and its full discussion might tend to throw light upon the general principles of toleration. A few observations on the subject may therefore not be out of place.

The question is, whether we may rightly punish a man for not obtaining medical help for his children. If the patient himself declined assistance, we might be disposed to give a very short answer. It would certainly be a piece of tyranny, or so we should say at first sight, to force a man to take medicine if he did not believe in its efficacy. Indeed it is almost an open question whether he would not be generally right. It is a delicate problem whether the health of the world would be improved or deteriorated by the extermination of all doctors. It is certain that in the last century Government would have enforced remedies, such as excessive bleeding, which we should now hold to be directly injurious; and it is not impossible that our descendants may think that the popularity of some remedies now popular is also an illustration of our ignorance. Indeed the question would at once occur, whether we should administer homoeopathic globules or the orthodox medicines, and such a discussion would very soon become as bitter as any that rages over State interference in religious matters. In order to enforce any practice by forcible measures, it is clearly necessary that something like certainty should have been obtained in regard to the principles upon which it is founded. It is more generally admitted that we have no infallible authority in medicine than that we have no such authority in religion. Why then not tolerate a medical secularism, if we may use the expression, as freely as we tolerate Mr. Bradlaugh? Why force people to take pills any more than we force them to go to church? And if this be admitted, as will probably be the case, does it not also follow that we should allow people to treat their children according to that unmedical system which they prefer? Is there any matter in which the sense of parental responsibility should be more anxiously maintained than the care of their children's bodily health, unless, indeed, it be the care of their spiritual health? If we should allow a man—and it is generally agreed that we have, in point of fact, no other choice—to bring up his children without a belief in God or a future life, to say nothing of any more special form of creed, why should we not allow him to bring them up without the pills or potions of any recognized sect of physicians?

To this it will be answered that there are some matters which must evidently come under the control of the State, and cannot be removed from it by a simple allegation that they are instinctively associated with religious principles. There is, for example, the generally quoted case of the Thug; the State must put down murder, whether it is or is not regarded as acceptable to the deities



of the animal. The same principle would of course justify us in enforcing necessary regulations for the restraint of infectious diseases. A man has no more right to give his neighbour the smallpox than to put a rope round his throat; and we must in each case adopt such measures of prevention as experience proves to be effective. If we are compelled, in so doing, to assume the truth of certain medical theories, it is not that we wish to enforce any theory by law, but that we are taking the only means open to us of securing a strictly legitimate end. Nothing can be more distinctly within the proper sphere of legislation than to say that a man shall not wantonly spread disease; and the medical rule is enforced merely by way of inseparable corollary, and not as our principal motive. Putting aside, however, this consideration, the case is rather different when we confine ourselves entirely to the children. It is plain, indeed, that there are some rules which we must enforce unless we intend to make the paternal authority equivalent to the severest form of slavery. A father must be bound to feed and clothe his children, because otherwise we give him leave to starve them to death whenever he likes. If he should lock up a child without food for a fortnight, he would be properly treated as a deliberate murderer, even though he had brought Scripture to justify an absolute confidence on his part that ravens would bring them bread and meat. There are, however, actions in regard to which it is not easy to draw the line, or even to discover the guiding principle. A gentleman started the theory not long ago that children ought to wear no clothes for the first years of their lives. He put it in practice in regard to his own sons; and, if we remember rightly, he describes his boy as running about in the snow stark naked at the age of ten, and rather enjoying it than otherwise. According to the theory of the father—and probably it rested on as sound a foundation as a good many other medical theories—the constitution of civilized mankind has been seriously weakened by an effeminate indulgence in clothes; and if his boy had died from diseases brought on, in the opinion of jealous physicians, by exposure, his parent would of course have considered it to be a vexatious but accidental coincidence. Would it then have been proper to convict the father of manslaughter, and punish him for trying on his own flesh and blood an experiment which, if successful, would certainly possess a high medical interest? If we say that the father should be excused in consideration of his good intentions, whilst everybody would admit that a father who did precisely the same thing out of avarice or malice should be severely punished, we introduce a fatal element of uncertainty. Anybody would be enabled to indulge in any atrocity towards his children by inventing a theory for the occasion. The tutor who beat his pupil to death out of pure desire for his spiritual welfare would escape scot free; and it would soon be discovered that every ruffian who kicked his wife into a jelly was merely adopting some new method of sanitary treatment.

The simple truth is that in such cases as these it is impossible to lay down any infallible rule. We are compelled, however reluctantly, to choose between making a few martyrs and allowing a great many innocent people to be made victims. It is unpleasant to punish a man for conduct towards his own children which, as we see no reason to doubt, is dictated by a genuine religious conviction and by real affection, though undoubtedly perverted by some stupidity. But then it is impossible to leave such a man unpunished and to punish others who act in the same way out of sheer brutality. Having no mode of testing the state of mind which leads to an overt action, we must sometimes confound the fanatic with the ruffian; and it is perhaps possible that we may sometimes confound them both with men who are really in advance of their age. Some comfort indeed may be derived from two or three reflections. In the first place, these delicate questions very rarely occur in practice; secondly, there can be no reasonable doubt that the immense majority of the sufferers are simply a set of stupid bigots—which, it is true, is no excuse for treating them unjustly, but is still some comfort so far as the practical effect of the interference is concerned; and, thirdly, persecution is in our days of that moderate type which is more likely to give fresh energy to any genuine spark of belief than to extinguish it. We cannot suppose that the Peculiar People are destined to be the regenerators of the universe; indeed we have a strong suspicion that they are a very poor and humble little sect, and likely to disappear altogether at a moment's notice. So far, however, as they have any faith in their tenets, it is not likely to be quenched by the persecutions of the Central Criminal Court. And if only for this reason we may perhaps venture to express a hope that they will not have very severe sufferings to undergo. After all, what is the worst that is likely to happen if the theory upon which the Peculiar People act turns out to be as groundless as we venture to suppose? There would be a practical experiment as to the value of medical attendance which would be not altogether without its interest; and if that value turned out to be great, the Peculiar People would tend to die out. The human mind, moreover, is so strongly tempted to apply for assistance, even to the lowest variety of quack, that the medical profession need be in little fear of ultimately becoming obsolete. When the Peculiar People have been punished by a few epidemics, we suspect that their faith will grow weak, and that heresies will spring up. Probably some innovator will discover that, though paying over sick people is essential, religion no more forbids medicine than food. We shall be disposed to rely more for conversion on the profound longing of the British rustic in distress for some kind of doctor's staff than on any punishment from without. When the

question is raised it is impossible to refuse interference on behalf of the luckless infants who are born in this enthusiastic sect. But the difficulty of forcing people to take medicine when they don't want it is proverbially great; and therefore we should venture to hope that the law will be administered with due consideration. It is as well that they should know that there is some limit to the tricks which may be played with helpless children; but, after all, the crotchet which they have got into their heads is singularly harmless compared with many which claim to be regarded as sacred.

#### TRIALS.

THERE are perhaps few words in common use that have such a variety of different, though not divergent, senses as the word "trial." Schoolboys often speak of "the trials," meaning the half-yearly or scholarship examinations, while the cognate verb is probably most familiar to their sisters as applied to trying on a new dress. Any contest of rival forces, from a game of cricket or croquet to the more serious struggles of later life, may be called, according to its demand on the intellectual or physical resources of the combatants, a trial of skill or of strength. The mediæval ordeal was an appeal to the judgment of God in the trial by fire, as the legal procedure which has superseded it is called a trial now. An institution which has been newly started, or is threatened with attack or decay, is said to be on its trial—a remark applied some years ago by the late Prince Consort to constitutional government. Then, again, a tried man is a man who has had something of the experience of life, whether generally or in some particular line, and has profited by it; while in such phrases as the trials of life, or a great trial, we usually understand the word in a sense almost synonymous with afflictions. The latter sense seems to predominate, though without excluding the idea of probation also, in the use made of the word by the English translators of the New Testament; or at least it is the sense which would most naturally suggest itself to an English reader unacquainted with the original, where the different Greek words rendered by "trial" point to the etymological rather than the derivative sense. And it is in this strict sense of testing or proving, "as silver is tried in the furnace," that the verb, both active and passive, is ordinarily used in both the Old and New Testament. In modern parlance the active voice conveys the notion of enterprise, and the passive of suffering. A man tries to do his best, and he is tried by a severe illness or the death of a friend; while, again, a very trying occasion suggests the double idea of suffering and undergoing a test. It is obvious at once that all these various uses of the word, however widely some of them may appear to differ, have a common origin and scope. They are all reducible to two, not at first sight necessarily connected, but which the immemorial use of language proves to have a very close interdependence on each other in the common experience of mankind, and thus in fact are ultimately resolved into the one strict and original sense of the word. A trial simply means, as its equivalents in other languages mean, a testing or proving; and it is because tests are so various in their kinds and their consequences that it has come to embrace such a variety of distinct applications. But it may be interesting to examine the connexion of thought a little more closely.

The original sense, then, of the word trial is that of probation, or applying a test. It is in this way that a competitive examination comes to be called a trial; or any contest, from a game of cricket to a war between two great nations, a trial of strength. And thus individuals or governments or institutions are put on their trial when we are taking stock of them, so to speak, to see what is in them and what they are worth. A trial in a law court is a testing or sifting at once of the prisoner who is being tried and of the evidence alleged against him, as the old method of decision by single combat or burning ploughshares was supposed to test his innocence by the infallible criterion of a divine judgment expressed in his endurance or failure under the ordeal. All this is clear enough as soon as it is stated. But it may not seem equally obvious to everybody that when we say, for instance, that the loss of a passenger ship at sea is a most heavy trial to the near relatives of those on board, we are using the word in the same, or at least in a strictly cognate, sense. We referred just now to the language of the English version of the New Testament; and this may help to illustrate the perplexity and its solution. It is said in a well-known passage that God will not suffer men to be tempted above what they are able to bear, and this is usually explained to mean that they will always be enabled by divine assistance to conquer any temptations to sin, however powerful, although the temptation will be a real probation of their fidelity. But suppose, instead of "tempted," our translators had rendered "tried"; scholars and theologians might have given the same explanation, but the general public would certainly have understood that they were not to have more suffering inflicted on them than they could reasonably be expected to endure. Yet the very same Greek words which are here translated by "tempted" and "temptation" are elsewhere translated "trial" and "tried," the difference of rendering being evidently suggested by the context. A temptation, in the religious sense of the word, may in fact just as accurately be called a trial as the loss of a husband or a son, and for the same reason—it applies a touchstone to the character, and serves to discriminate and exhibit its moral strength. It is perfectly true that in many, perhaps most, cases the original

sense of the word is almost or altogether lost sight of, and that in talking of a severe domestic trial we are thinking simply of a great affliction. But how came the word to acquire this connotation? Surely because all trying, or proving, or "tempting"—to revert to the Scriptural term—involves something painful, and, on the other hand, all suffering has also the nature of a trial. It is so common an observation as almost to have passed into a proverb, that the trials of life leave men very different from what they were before, which is another way of saying that their characters are influenced, whether for better or worse, by the sufferings they have undergone. Here, however, one or two questions naturally present themselves. It may be objected that every event or action of life, pleasurable or painful, leaves its mark on the character, as well as what are called its "trials"; and, again, it may be asked whether by speaking of suffering as trying men's character, we mean that it moulds, or only that it reveals their true nature, and whether we mean to imply that its influence, if it has any, is beneficial.

As to the first point, it is of course a truism to say that character is tested and acted upon by every action and circumstance of daily life, great or small. We are "the creatures of habit," because habits are formed by acts, and when formed react on our conduct and ways of thinking. In this sense a man is always on his trial, and is never in precisely the same moral condition when he goes to bed that he was in when he got up in the morning. Every day has its trials, whether they are trials in the popular sense of the word or not. But it is not therefore unreasonable to connect the term especially with those great crises of life which bring out what is in a man more rapidly and more completely than months or years of an ordinary routine existence. Marie-Antoinette's hair turned white in one night through excess of suffering, and the bodily change is but an outward sign of the inward action on the mind. A sudden access of prosperity may act as quickly and as strongly on the mind as a great sorrow. But the hero of *Ten Thousand a Year* is not often to be met with in real life, and as great afflictions are far more common than great successes or wonderful luck, we have naturally come to associate the former rather than the latter with the idea of searching tests of character. It is a fact, broadly speaking, that the great sorrows of life are also the great trials of life, and hence both ideas have come to be expressed by a common term. The second question has already been in some degree answered by implication. Strictly speaking, of course, to try is to test, and not to mould, character. It is a process analogous to "proving" cannon. But then there is just this difference between things and persons—that moral agents cannot be tested without their character being at the same time influenced, and very decisively influenced, by the process. Even a school examination, to go back to our old example, does not simply ascertain a boy's mental calibre, but very materially affects it, if he takes any pains about the matter at all. And much more is this true of the trials of his after life. It is often said that some men "come out" under great trials, and show a depth and power we had never before credited them with; and no doubt in such cases there must have been good stuff in them, as the phrase goes, or they would not have borne the test when it came; but still the result is something more than a revelation. The trial was needed to bring out, as well as to exhibit, their latent energy, at least as much as the action of fire is needed to bring to the surface the letters written in sympathetic ink. There is a natural inertness about the great majority of men, which requires the application of some powerful external stimulant not only to exhibit but to develop and bring into play the capabilities that are in them, and trials are the touchstone and stimulants of character, as necessity is the mother of invention.

The third question does not admit of so simple a solution. All trial involves discrimination, and to discriminate is to separate the base coin from the good. If there are men whose merits shine out under adversity with a lustre we had never suspected, there are others whose demerits are for the first time brought to light when they are tried without being purified. A sudden and severe demand develops as well as exhibits latent forces, but it cannot create what had no previous existence. It is a principle of Christianity that suffering is a means of sanctification, but then everything depends on the nature and attitude of the mind to which the test is applied. A soldier's life is a hard one, but the army is not usually considered a school of saints. Perhaps we cannot be far wrong in saying that, as a rule, trials make good men better, and bad men worse. Persons who have no depth of character, who, as Dr. Johnson used to express it, have no bottom, succumb; the tinsel is rubbed off, and their innate shallowness and worthlessness becomes manifest both to themselves and others, and gets more hopelessly ingrained into them by the very fact of its manifestation. But then, on the other hand, experience goes to prove that lofty moral altitudes are seldom, if ever, reached without trial. It is a common remark that children are never considerate, and are therefore deficient in the kindness which, unlike mere good nature, implies consideration for the feelings of others; and certainly the exceptions are comparatively rare. But the same may be said of grown-up people who have led an easy, unshattered sort of existence, and have had little experience of the ups and downs and sufferings of life. It is only those who are not unacquainted with trial themselves who can truly say, *misericordiam accipere debetis*. And that is precisely because endurance of trials, if they are patiently and bravely endured, not only braces the moral nerves, so to speak, but adds a depth and tenderness to the whole character. Coarse natures, unless they are hardened by

suffering, are sure to be softened by it, and refined natures gain in strength and power of active sympathy without losing anything of their refinement. There are some trials which directly tend to embitter a man's feelings against his fellows, and so to produce a hard and cynical temper; but even these will be turned to account for an opposite purpose by the nobler natures, though the effort is at first a hard one. The *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius supply an illustration of this, as it would be called under different circumstances, Christian use of suffering, though there is in his case a dash of Stoic hardness about it. But this is a point in which it may fairly be said that Christian society has made a distinct advance both on the moral standard and the actual practice of former ages. There is a "tender grace" about the private virtues as well as the art, the literature, and the poetry of the modern world, which is all but wholly wanting in classical antiquity. And the added dignity and appreciation of suffering, which is indicated by the very use of the word "trial" most familiar to our ears, is one chief reason of the difference. Under the old Pagan civilizations, pain, in all its forms of bodily or mental suffering, was an object either of contempt or dread. It offended the fastidious delicacy of Hellenic taste, and could only appear despicable to those who expressed strength and virtue by a common term. But in proportion as the providential office of trials is recognised as no more penalty to be endured as best it may be, but as at once a test to discriminate the genuine ore from the dross, and a discipline to evoke and perfect nobleness of character, will be their beneficial effect. If to be a tried man is to be a man who may be trusted and looked up to, then to have borne trials, and borne them well, is not only to have established a fresh claim on general sympathy and respect, but to have acquired an additional power of goodness and a larger heart.

#### THE MEANNESSES OF RESPECTABILITY.

FOREIGNERS are usually much impressed by the announcements which appear in large type at the end of the leading articles in the *Times*, stating that A. B. or C. D. has sent a remittance to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in payment of arrears of Income-tax. As far as we are aware, there is no other country in which anything of the kind has ever been known to happen. It is the practice in the United States to publish the list of assessments, and occasionally rivals in trade or deacons in the same chapel denounce each other for defrauding the public by an under-estimate of income; but it does not appear that Americans are in the habit of denouncing themselves, even under initials or a *nom de plume*, and remitting the balance due to the Treasury. In most countries the Government is regarded as a body which is quite capable of taking care of itself, and if in a trial of wits and smartness the Government should get the worst of it, the clever person who has cheated it is thought to have fairly earned the advantage. We are afraid that the delicacy of conscience which is shown by some of our fellow-citizens does not always win unqualified respect from foreigners. It is regarded as absurdly Quixotic, and indeed rather invidious to the Government, which is thus made to look like a stupid sportsman who is always missing his aim, so that at last the hares and pheasants take pity on him, and offer themselves as a voluntary tribute to his bag. Assuming that the relations between the Government and the taxpayers are similar to those between a sportsman and his game, there is perhaps something to be said for this view of the matter. On the other hand, it may be observed that there is a curious perplexity among ourselves as to how the question should be regarded. Sometimes the anonymous people who send Income-tax to the Chancellor of the Exchequer are laughed at as fools, while at other times they are extolled as a proof of the fine morality and sensitive conscience of the nation. As a rule perhaps laughter predominates. It has probably not escaped observation that the sums thus remitted are comparatively small, although there is reason to suppose that considerable amounts are withheld from the Treasury by means of fraudulent returns or other means of evasion. Not long ago a comparison of the returns of Income-tax in a particular district with the amount of compensation demanded for certain demolitions in the same quarter, and supposed to be also based upon calculations of income, disclosed some startling discrepancies. It is apparently not an unfair inference that when the people who have begun by cheating the Chancellor of the Exchequer take it into their heads to make their peace with conscience, they try to do so on the easiest terms; if it is a very costly operation they let it alone, but a modest outlay on this account is regarded as not a bad investment. On the whole, we are disposed to think that these remittances are, as far as they go, a healthy sign. Even a sluggish conscience is better than none at all, and although the restitutions may not amount to a large sum at the end of each year, they are continually being made, and would seem to indicate a sound appreciation of the relations between the Government and the people. There can be no doubt that a great many persons contrive to evade the full payment of their taxes; but it is at least satisfactory to observe from these sporadic symptoms that there is a certain degree of sensitiveness as to the obligations of citizenship.

Some of these days we shall perhaps find people sending remittances to the secretaries of the Railway Companies, just as they now do to the Treasury. Scarcely a week passes without somebody—usually a respectable middle-class man, solicitor, clerk, or

trader, or something of that kind—being pulled up at the police-court for swindling a Railway Company by riding in a first-class carriage with a second or third-class ticket, by pretending to have a season ticket when he has none, and so on. Every now and then the Companies begin to look after the matter very sharply, and it is then discovered that a large body of people, not poor rogues and sharpers, but highly respectable well-to-do folk, are in the habit of systematically and constantly evading the payment of the proper fares. Anybody who travels much by any of the metropolitan lines must have had many opportunities of witnessing examples of this loose morality. These people would be shocked and horrified at the idea of stealing anything from a shop, and are no doubt most edifying in the severe morality with which they condemn the offence of a cook who has helped her sweetheart out of the pantry, or of a shopboy who has made free with the till. Yet there is of course just as much dishonesty in riding first-class with a third-class ticket as in appropriating anything else which does not belong to one. The attempt to ride on a railway without paying any fare at all is a more naked and unequivocal kind of theft; yet it appears from some recent cases that there are people, who certainly cannot plead poverty or necessity in extenuation of their offence, who not only stoop to this roguery for the sake of the most paltry sums, but who even resort to elaborate shifts and stratagems to accomplish their purpose. Stolen fruit is proverbially the sweetest, and we are bound to suppose that there is something peculiarly exquisite and luxurious in cheating a Railway Company out of a ride. The unpopularity of the Companies has perhaps something to do with it. It may be argued that, as they take so much out of the public, the public is entitled to take its revenge when it has a chance, without much regard to the morality of the transaction. This was the sort of excuse which used to be made for smuggling in former days. Apart altogether from its cheapness, whisky which had been distilled over a peat fire in a cleft of the rocks was supposed to have a better flavour than any which had been lawfully manufactured under the eyes of the Excise. Even now, when smuggling and illicit distillation have been practically put down by the reduction of duties, there are people who like to fancy that they are tipping contraband spirits, and who would be sadly disappointed to find that their liquor had had a perfectly innocent and lawful origin. No doubt railway managers behave very badly in many ways; but respectable people who do not like hard words should remember that robbery is robbery, whether practised on Railway Companies or on anybody else. There is evidently a strong affinity to kleptomania in this habit of cheating the Companies out of their fares. If we could analyse the state of mind of the offenders, we should probably discover that they were prompted by an odd combination of motives, such as a vague notion that the Railways represent a kind of Ishmael who deserves no pity, a morbid passion for small economies, an idea that the smallness of the sum takes the fraud out of the category of serious offences, and a chuckling sense of superior cleverness in evading payment. There can be no doubt that this is a species of dishonesty which the Companies are bound, not only in their own interest, but in the interest of the public, to expose and bring to punishment. One or two severe examples will perhaps have a good effect, and the appearance of respectable offenders of this class before a police magistrate in the place usually occupied by pickpockets and housebreakers will help to attach a social stigma to an act which is at present apt to be regarded too much as a mere freak or foolish eccentricity.

Everybody, it has been remarked, has a pet virtue or a pet vice, and it may almost more truly be said that everybody has a pet meanness. The meannesses of respectability are of all kinds and degrees. They vary of course with different people. Some can never settle with a cabman without a desperate struggle over the odd sixpence, and a rankling sense of injury and ruin if the obdurate Jehu happens to get the better of them; others are dismayed if they are unexpectedly caught at church when the offertory bags are sent round. With others, again, the weak point is perhaps stationery, or some other cheap article for household use; they can never bring themselves to make a bold investment of a few shillings' worth at a time, but go on from hand to mouth with petty purchases which may have an economical appearance in detail, although they are pretty sure to prove more extravagant in the long run than a larger order. There are even rumours that a raid upon club paper is not absolutely unknown. We wonder how many people ever think of buying a few new pens. There seems to be a superstitious notion among a large class that pens never wear out; they must be handed down in families almost as if they were articles of great cost and rarity. Blotting-paper, too, is apt to be cherished as an object of extravagant luxury, over which persons of moderate means are bound to be very careful. People who think nothing of going to considerable expense for a dinner or a trip to the country will go on for months painfully economising with a few wretched blackened leaves rather than spend sixpence on a fresh supply. The old system of franking letters produced a characteristic development of meanness. The shifts and contrivances to which people used to resort to procure a frank; the labour, and sometimes even, as it would appear, the expense, to which they put themselves to get at some one who had it in his power to confer the coveted favour; the intrigues, entreaties, supplications to which they stooped, are almost incredible. It is only fair, of course, to remember that

the rates of postage were enormously high as compared with the rates of the present day, and also that eighteen-pence or a couple of shillings was then a relatively larger sum than now. Yet, after making every allowance on this account, it is amazing that persons who were not in pinched circumstances should have thought it worth while to hunt after a frank, valued at perhaps two shillings or thereabouts, with such keeness and unblushing mendacity. It was a fashionable meanness, and everybody practised it. It is amusing to note in the letters and diaries of the last generation how the getting of a frank, or a fruitless pursuit of one, was deemed quite important enough to be recorded, and how frequently the incident turns up. The parallel to this morbid passion in our own day is perhaps the mania for orders for the play. M. Taine has remarked with some astonishment in his recent letters that amusements of this kind form a small item in the expenses of an English middle-class family, and that it is thought a necessary economy to go to the theatre only when free passes can be procured. Managers, actors, dramatic critics, newspaper editors, whose pockets are supposed to be stuffed with orders, are importuned recklessly and shamelessly, in order that well-to-do people may be provided gratuitously with what they could themselves purchase for a few shillings whenever they chose. During a discussion of the subject a year or two since, it was stated that managers and actors frequently receive letters from persons who are entire strangers to them, expressing a desire to witness their performances, and begging for orders. Perhaps the lowest depth of meanness to which respectability descends is in seeking medical attendance at the hospitals, thus abusing the charity of these institutions and defrauding the poor, whose places they occupy. At a recent Poor Law Conference it was asserted that cases were known in which respectable householders had disguised themselves as servants in order to procure gratuitous advice and medicine; and, even without disguise, people in comfortable circumstances not unfrequently avail themselves of the hospitals rather than call in a doctor to attend them. This, however, is not merely a meanness, but an act of dishonesty, and it is a pity there is no means of punishing it as it deserves. Reasonable economy is always respectable in small things as in great; but the meannesses of which we have been speaking are at the best but bastard economies, and serve not unfrequently as an excuse for extravagance in other ways. Wasteful people often have fits of petty parsimony, and will squander a pound with great equanimity on the strength of the supposed virtue and self-denial which has been exercised in some shabby trick for saving sixpence.

#### PEEPS AT SPIRITS.

THERE can be no doubt that Spiritualism, or Spiritism, for we decline entering on a question about which "eminent lexicographers," as the *Medium News* tells us, are at variance, is really marching on. It is rapidly freeing itself from the baser elements of table-turning, rapping, "tipping," and planchette writing, and attaining a far more direct faculty of converse with the ghostly world. It is true that some of the lowlier incidents of its early origin still cling to it; that, with a few exceptions, its *séances*, so far as London is concerned, seem to be held in queer quarters—in London Fields, Clerkenwell, or Bethnal Green—and that its mediums still rejoice in the oddest of all possible names. Since the heroes of Mr. Dickens's later fictions, we have met with no odder group of designations than those enjoyed by Messrs. Guppy, Mummier, Shorter, Cogman, and Simkins. But it must be owned that greater names are dropping in. "The People's Post" and "the Discoverer of Thallium," titles which certainly throw a halo of grandeur round the rather commonplace personages of Mr. Crookes and Mr. Gerald Massey, are at the head of the movement. It has been formally announced by the spirits themselves that all criticism on their doings and sayings is simply the result of "weak blood and a strumous temperament." The movement is widening its borders beyond Clerkenwell and Bethnal Green; there is "a respectable church" of Spiritualists at Melbourne, in which we are glad to remark the new peculiarity of "a marked predominance of intellectual physiognomy," and there is a circle at Cairo where "Madame Blawatsky" is willing for a consideration to reproduce the plague of frogs or any similar incident of Pharaonic life at a moment's notice. Spiritualism has at last a worship, which is described as consisting of "invocations, the singing of suitable hymns, and the delivery of addresses without any ceremony or ritual." To conduct worship without ceremony or ritual of any sort is an achievement which even Quakers despair of, and of which Spiritualism may be justly proud; though we are bound to say that the accounts of such services as we have seen have the familiar twang of the conventicle, and little besides to recommend them. The address of the "Medium in a Trance," which closes the proceedings, reads wonderfully like the ordinary discourse of our friend Mr. Stiggins out of it. But this is of little consequence when, as the Spiritualist organ triumphantly observes, "Science is on our side, and the spirit of the age is with us." It is of still less importance when the spirits themselves, after a good deal of ghostly coquetry, have been at last wheedled into coming fairly to the front, when these ghostly visitants are no more like Wordsworth's cuckoo, "a wandering voice," but are good enough to take material form, and to allow themselves to be seen of mortal eyes and photographed in common cartes-de-visite.

The first photographic manifestation took place, of course, in America, but the Yankee seer experienced the usual prophetic fate, and the discovery had to be made over again in less sceptical climes. It is only fair to Mr. Samuel Guppy that he should tell his own story. He had accompanied his wife with conjugal solicitude to a photographic studio, and "after the sitting was finished I asked her to try an experiment to see if I could get a spirit photograph. I arranged the drapery, sitting myself in front of a screen of black cloth, my wife being behind it. While so sitting, waiting for Mr. Hudson to bring the prepared plate, a wreath of artificial flowers was placed on my head. Mr. Hudson brought the plate, took and developed the picture, which showed a draped figure in white standing behind me." We see the result in a copy of the *carte-de-visite* which is now before us. The world knows nothing of its greatest men, and we were a little startled at first sight of the venerable person with whom spirits take such affectionate liberties. If we may trust the photograph, Mr. Guppy is a rather short and podgy person, with an extremely ill-fitting coat, and leaning back in a chair with that air of attempted serenity which is common in photographic studios. His head appears to be bald, and is certainly covered by a wreath of flowers, which, as big cabbage roses of this sort hardly bloom in the month of March, we may presume to be artificial. Behind Mr. Guppy is a white erection, which might be a spirit, and which might be a pump, but which to mortal eyes would rather suggest a couple of broomsticks draped in a white sheet. Altogether, let us frankly own, this first spiritual photograph is a little destructive of reverence. The mind instinctively quits the veiled broomsticks to fasten itself on Mr. Guppy, and that comfortable face, the face of a cozy tallow-chandler, when crowned with paper roses becomes absolutely irresistible. We should tremble for the domestic happiness of Mrs. Guppy if Mrs. Guppy had not claimed her share in these spiritual interviews. "I will go with Tommy," said Mrs. Guppy in words which throw a certain subdued light on the inner life of the Guppy circle, "I will go with Tommy to get a spirit photograph, but I must have my own way entirely. I am always interfered with, and told to do this or that, but this time I will have my own way!" The result of this spirited conduct shall be told in her husband's words:—"We went at three o'clock to Mr. Hudson's. A snow-storm came on. However, she placed herself kneeling with the child in front. She desired me to look at her through the cloth screen all the while. . . . Though I say it as shouldn't say it, I think it is the most beautiful photograph I have ever seen, and worthy of copying by a first-rate painter." We may fairly pardon this little outburst of Mr. Guppy's artistic enthusiasm, as we have pardoned his little irrelevance about the snow and the exquisite "however" which follows it, but to ordinary eyes the photograph is a very inferior photograph indeed. Our natural curiosity about the spirited wife who "will have her own way" is disappointed by so terribly blurred a face that not a feature can be made out. Such as she is, however, Mrs. Guppy kneels in the foreground, holding "Tommy," whose hair does not appear to have seen a brush for some months, in her arms, while a very unmistakable spirit towers high behind them. Unluckily the countenance of "the spirit Katey"—for Mr. Guppy is good enough to supply us with her name—is less distinct than Mrs. Guppy's own. She is got up in the usual stage ghost fashion—indeed, we think it reflects credit on our dramatic managers that they should for so many years have known how a ghost would be clothed when it was actually good enough to appear on earth. A fillet is tied over the brow, and a loose white drapery is thrown loosely and vaguely over the rest of the figure, leaving a little hole for the face and two smaller apertures for a couple of ghostly hands. It is a little trying to faith to remark how easily the whole thing could be imitated with a common white pocket-handkerchief and an ordinary sheet. We have not had the privilege of seeing any spiritual representations in which the ghostly sitter appeared in a more distinctive garb, though we are led to hope that such may soon be vouchsafed. Mr. John Jones has indeed succeeded in inducing spirits to appear in a more earthly guise. In the photograph of his daughters "one of the spirits has on a dark shawl, is stooping, and reading a book; the other standing and thinking." Of course, when one can photograph a spirit, it is easy to photograph thought into the bargain. But the greatest success was achieved in a second attempt, where "a spirit seems to have come in with bonnet and lace fall on, as if a visitor, to see the group of three taken by the camera." It may have been a little jealousy of the "lace fall" which induced "the spirit Katey" to dispense, after Mr. Guppy's interviews, with photographs altogether. Mr. Smith gives us an account before which that of Mr. Jones fades into insignificance. At the *séance* which he describes, "Katey came over to the side where Mr. Harrison and myself were sitting, and showed two brilliant lights, one in each hand, the fingers of which could be seen as though grasping the light. She said to Mr. H., 'Now, Willie, can you see me?' and as she spoke she turned the light upon her countenance, which could be seen distinctly, the taper moving as she spoke. He then illuminated part of her dress, which she said was such as she wore in India, referring to me at the time for confirmation. 'Now can you understand?' 'This is the way we show ourselves in the photographs.' Mr. H. requested and was permitted to touch the figure which we saw. Katey only disappeared to make way for a dear friend, every feature of whose face was distinctly to be recognized. 'Yes, Willie,' said the spirit—Mr. Smith's name, we may remark, is

"Clifford," but spirits have their little familiarities—"you recognize me; you recognize me!"

After manifestations of this kind, we must own that the more ordinary spiritual demonstrations pall a little on our taste. We don't think we can be rallied into vivid interest, even when the spirits ram our strong-minded friend Mrs. Guppy headlong through the stout brick wall of her bed-room, and leave her in a light and airy *dé-habillé* to be picked up by the policeman or other kind friends on the pavement. A flower-pot, it is pathetically added, accompanied her in her flight and stood uninjured beside her. We doubt whether our curiosity will be greatly raised even should Miss Lottie Fowler be transported a second time out of an omnibus without notice (or, we fear, payment) to the conductor, and brought into a *séance* through the keyhole, although it may be interesting to know that "the conductor has been sought for, but not as yet discovered." Mr. "Punch" will, no doubt, learn with interest that "the liqueur-bottle with silver top and stopper," which mysteriously disappeared at a *séance* which he was good enough to comment upon, has returned in answer to his remonstrances. It fell suddenly from the ceiling in the presence of the two mediums who assisted at its disappearance, and to whose honesty the "silver top and stopper" bear convincing witness, though by an accident nothing is said about the liqueur. After all liqueur-bottles are only liqueur-bottles and spirits are spirits. The appearance of "Katey" in her Indian shawl, and of Mr. Jones's anonymous friend in her "lace fall," puts all other wonders out of court. We cannot help, however, feeling a certain anxiety as to the ultimate issue of these spiritual appearances. When the spirit of "John King" flings sofa-cushions about the room and puts his medium, Mr. Williams, through the roof as a punishment of disobedience, we see that we have some spiritual rough customers to deal with. And our comfort is by no means increased when we are introduced to Mr. "Jack Todd," a Liverpool spirit who amuses himself with tearing a table to pieces and flinging the legs of it at the heads of his visitors. As he turns out to be the spirit of a highwayman, we are hardly consoled by the assurance that "he will no doubt improve in time." But if Mr. King is to appear in person for the purpose of hurling us through the roof, and Mr. Todd in visible shape is to reappear with his highwayman's pistols, it is clear we shall be driven to ask for the institution of a Spiritual police. There is no need, however, to anticipate dangers, and meanwhile these visible apparitions afford a timely check to the merely "sensational" critics who, out of sheer "weak blood and strumous temperament," are for ever insisting on the test of utility. As to utility, we have Mr. Sharp's confession that "the Sharp rifle was wholly invented for him by the spirits, and that he merely obeyed their injunctions." Detectives, too, would become at once unnecessary if our present criminal code were only reformed. "Tracing murders and other criminal occurrences is quite practicable, and will be common to mediums whenever society is enlightened enough to make a proper use of the information thus obtained. All clairvoyants and mediums, with hardly an exception, decline to give information in such cases because of the very unpleasant moral relations that it subjects them to." The spirit world will have nothing to do with our present system of criminal punishment, or it would not be honoured with the patronage of Mr. Jack Todd. But, setting aside all merely practical results, we may clearly expect some remarkable changes in the spirit-conduct should spirits be good enough to come face to face with us. The sentimental tone which unhappily pervades all the communications we have ever seen from the spirit world will no doubt pass into a tone more common among persons of average intelligence. "Ellen," for instance, when consulted about the health of a living friend, will hardly reply in a rhapsody of this sort:—"Ellen sees her friend's wasting form is nearly extinct. She may reach the first cheerful warbling of the birds, which invite her to the bright shores of that ever-blissful land of happy angels, who are standing to aid her to ascend those beautiful regions of ever-reigning harmony, where the angels of bliss are singing their welcome chants of melody ringing through the groves of the most luxuriant plants and trees, whose fragrance perfumes the air. As you glide through, scarcely touching the soil, you feel to soar the air like the things of winged creation; but pride does not exist among the dear angel spirits." If "Ellen" would only allow "Cliff" to recognize her, or "H." to touch her, she might allow some less intimate friend to suggest that a "form" can be hardly "extinct," and that "ascending a region" is almost as difficult as "soaring the air." It is, perhaps, hardly safe to entertain the more ambitious hope that an Ecumenical Council of visible spirits might settle some of the difficulties which seem to exist in the Spiritualist Church itself. There is a schism on the subject of vaccination; there is another schism on the subject of Christianity. Mr. Jones still seems to cling to the Christian tradition, while the freer Spiritualists call up the spirit of Tom Paine, and declare "there are vast asylums in the spirit world where the victims of dogma are placed until they are able to perceive truth independently." There is a schism as to "psychic force," where the followers of Mr. Hume find no words too emphatic for Mr. Serjeant Cox. Unhappily the spirits seem as divided as their followers. Those who look for theologic peace in the after world have still to learn that Unitarian and Trinitarian spirits carry on their dogmatic controversies as busily as if they were on earth, though, as it seems to the "strumous" critic, with even less intelligence of the subject discussed. But if we cannot get a council, we can at least get a photograph, and spirits that can do so



union in theology can find a common ground of enjoyment in crowning Mr. Guppy with artificial roses, and in gladdening the heart of Mr. Jones with a "lace fall."

#### METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS.

THE "Report of the School Board for London to the Education Department," which has recently been issued, enables us to supplement the information we gave in a former article on metropolitan schools (November 4, 1871), in which we speculated upon the probable consequences which would result from the inquiries conducted during the course of last year, and suggested some of the difficulties likely to occur. The Report before us consists of fourteen pages, and is followed by three appendices, containing the census of children, the tabulation of the reports sent by the inspectors of schools and of returns, and the deficiency of school accommodation. It begins by describing the labours of the Board since its first meeting in December 1870. On the 20th of April, 1871, the Board received instructions to report upon the following points:—

1. The number of children within its limits for whom means of elementary education should be provided between the ages of three and five, and between the ages of five and thirteen.
2. The provision to meet the requirements of these children already made by efficient schools, or likely to be made by schools either contemplated or in course of erection.
3. The deficiency (if any) in the supply of efficient elementary education, as shown by comparing 1 and 2.
4. What schools are required to meet this deficiency.
5. The localities in which such schools should be provided.

Of these five points the first alone can be said to be accurately ascertained. The Board, with the help of the Census Office and their own staff of enumerators, after eliminating children who attended or should attend a school not elementary and children in institutions, arrived at the conclusion that the gross number of children between the ages of three and thirteen who were attending elementary schools was 398,679. The number of those who required elementary schools, but did not attend, was 176,014. After deducting the reasonable and necessary causes of absence, it was computed that 80,039 had no excuse for non-attendance, and consequently that the whole number of children for whom elementary schools should be provided was 478,718. With regard to the second point, our readers are aware that the Education Department conducted this branch of the investigation ("the Board having no staff immediately available for the purpose"), made inquiries into the efficiency of the public, private, and adventure schools existing or projected in the metropolis, and concluded its labours at the close of last year; 3,275 existing or projected elementary schools had to be taken into account, affording accommodation for 413,233 scholars. Had, therefore, all these schools proved efficient, additional provision would only have been required for some 40,000 scholars. This, however, was far from being the case, and out of these 3,275 schools, 1,876 were condemned, consisting of 74 public, 122 private, and 1,680 adventure schools. With regard to these latter schools, the Report says:—

Under the circumstances of the case, the Board submitted to the Department that it would not be advisable to interpret too literally the requirements of the Department as laid down in the new Code. Some latitude must be allowed, so that if a school could pass in a certain standard in the first instance, time might be given for the attainment of a higher standard. As the Inspectors completed their examination of different districts, their conclusions were communicated to the Board. Some schools were passed both for buildings and instruction, and these are consequently classed with the efficient schools. Others were condemned in both respects, and have, therefore, not been taken into account as providing suitable accommodation. But an intermediate class of schools has been reported to be efficient either in buildings or instruction, but not in both; and with reference to these, the Board have obtained the consent of the Department that a period of grace should be accorded to them. To the managers of all schools in this category a circular has been addressed inviting them within three months to bring their schools up to the necessary standard of efficiency, and undertaking that meantime the accommodation they provide shall provisionally be taken into account.

The consequence of this period of grace, which appears to us a needless complication, is that at the present moment there are two classes of schools recognized; first, the schools reported to be efficient in both building and instruction, amounting in number to 1,149; and, secondly, those efficient in either building or instruction, of which the number is 250. These latter provide accommodation for 37,995 children, and are composed of sixty public, ninety-six private, eighty-one adventure, and thirteen projected schools. Of the adventure schools, thirty-two are reported as efficient in building and forty-nine in instruction only. We have pointed out before the extreme improbability of any change being effected in the constitution of these schools, and therefore these eighty-one may be regarded as condemned. The inquiries made last year were conducted on the assumption that where the buildings were unfit for educational purposes it was useless to enter into the question of instruction; had it been otherwise, a considerable fraction of the 1,680 condemned adventure schools might have been reported as efficient in instruction only. The character of the instruction was virtually a second test, to be applied in those cases where the condition of the premises was satisfactory. It is quite evident, however, in looking over the tabulated returns in the second Appendix of the Report, that different standards have been applied in different districts in the

examination of these schools. In Lambeth alone 89 adventure schools out of 413 have been recognized—that is to say, more than one-half of the whole number of adventure schools pronounced efficient (162) are in one single district out of the ten of which the metropolis is composed. On the other hand, if we turn to Southwark, we find that only seven out of 276 have been recognized, in the Tower Hamlets two out of 297, while in Marylebone only one out of 81 has been passed as efficient, and no dame's school reported as efficient in instruction only. There is no reason to suppose that a lower standard of education is required for Lambeth, nor is the deficiency of school accommodation as great as in the division of the Tower Hamlets, where nearly one-third of the children requiring accommodation are unprovided for. It is clear from this that, had the instructions issued by the Education Department been understood and acted upon in the same manner by all the inspectors, not more than a score of these schools would have been left in existence, and the provisional recognition of 243 out of 1,923 must be ascribed to a relaxation of these instructions, and an amiability of disposition on the part of the official employed. The inspection of adventure schools appears to have been a kind of compromise between the School Board and the Education Department, offices which naturally looked upon the condemnation of schools in different lights, as upon the former devolved the duty of making good the deficiencies created by the reports of the latter. The object of the Education Department must have been simply to put an end to education as a means of subsistence for the teachers, and the conditions of efficiency they required were precise enough to leave but little scope for the exercise of individual opinion. At the time the Department issued these instructions they must have been aware that they would disqualify all save a fraction, and we may doubt whether it would not have been better to have ignored these schools altogether, and spared 1,923 teachers the shock which their nerves sustained from a visit on the part of the Government. Had this been done, the grievance would have been universal, and no provisionally recognized teacher could have excited envy. It is of course possible that the 1,876 condemned schools may all be remodelled, and that all those which have received invitations to better themselves may respond to them. But we believe that further investigation will only tend to diminish the amount of accommodation provisionally recognized; some of the proposed enlargements will never be carried into effect, many of the projected schools will remain projected, others will be reconstituted as non-elementary schools, and others fail to attain the standard which they may be required to reach during the course of this year. The results of this inquiry will not, however, make themselves felt for a long time. Did we see any likelihood of the dames being immediately affected by their condemnation, we should recommend them to migrate in a body to Lambeth; but they are still unconscious of their doom. We made an expedition to a street rife with "seminaries" to see whether the Report before us was a common text-book. But no one had seen it. Strange to say, no dame had endeavoured to seduce her neighbours' children by an advertisement stating that, though deficient in officers, her instruction was excellent; or that she herself would spell correctly in the course of three months, and bring herself up to the level of her educational furniture. The dame is probably well aware that her life is not worth the number of years which will elapse before the erection of the new metropolitan schools—an interval long enough in all probability to enable an architect to appear to whom their construction might be entrusted with safety. The chief difference between the condemned and the partially recognized school is that the owner of the former will be left in peace, while that of the latter will, we suppose, again receive visits from enumerators or inspectors. The remarks of the School Board do not tend to increase the value of the statistics upon which they purpose to act; the data which have been arrived at are based upon an allowance of eight superficial feet to each child, concerning which the Report says, "It may be doubted whether this amount is sufficient in any case"—a statement the reverse of assuring.

These two classes of provisionally recognized schools are calculated to afford accommodation for 350,920 children, while the accommodation required is for 478,718. The Board, therefore, after deducting a percentage for temporary causes of absence, has arrived at the conclusion that places must be provided for 103,863, and they ask the Department to authorize the immediate provision of schools for 100,000 children. In five out of the ten divisions accommodation in excess of the deficiency to the extent of 9,790 school places is recommended, owing to the unequal distribution of the schools in existence. Marylebone has a deficiency of 3,140 places, and it is proposed to provide accommodation for 7,900 children. The City of London has an excess of 1,418 places, none of which are available to balance a deficiency of 673 places in one of its subdivisions. Of the remaining five divisions of Finsbury, Hackney, Lambeth, Southwark, and the Tower Hamlets, Hackney, which includes the districts of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, and Homerton, is relatively to its population the most ill-provided with school accommodation, having only 34,851 existing and projected places for 56,906 children, or a deficiency of more than one-third. In these five divisions where the estimated deficiency is 94,121, the Board recommends the immediate provision of school accommodation for 79,650 children:—

The reasons for this modified proposal may be briefly stated as follow—To provide schools even for 100,000 children, will be a task which will not

easily be accomplished in eighteen months or two years. During that time the Board will have the opportunity of watching the operation of many causes, the effect of which is at present wholly undetermined. How will the By-laws work? the second, which enforces the attendance of children at school; and the fourth, which exempts them from attendance under certain conditions? Will the Half-time Act, which at present is almost a dead letter, come into more general operation? To what extent will schools which have been condemned by Her Majesty's Inspectors transfer themselves to the Board, and be made efficient? These and other causes may contribute to reduce the deficiency of school accommodation which now appears to exist. Lastly, there is the growing difficulty of obtaining qualified teachers for elementary schools, the number of which is increasing day by day.

The chief point in the above quotation is that the effect of many causes is wholly undetermined, and we may add will probably remain so, until a certain number of mistakes has been made. The Report asks various questions without much expectation of receiving answers, and we shall venture to imitate their example. Will it be easier to find teachers for schools of from 750 to 1,500 children (the number preferred by the Board) than for communities of a smaller extent? How will the payment of school fees be enforced? What is to be the future system of investigation and examination of private schools? The Report before us seems to imply that the inspection of last year was undertaken by the Education Department because the Board had no staff immediately available for the purpose. It is a matter perfectly immaterial to the public who the officials are who inspect metropolitan schools, but it is important that it should be done as simply as possible, and that the expenses of a dual government should be avoided. It may be that all these matters remain to be decided, like the sites and the sizes and the number of schools which it is proposed to erect; the next Report of the School Board will, we trust, enlighten us upon many points "at present undetermined."

#### A POSITIVIST ORACLE.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has been good enough to favour us with a copy of a Report on the "New Social Movement" of last autumn, to which his name is attached, and which appears to have been written by him and presented to a body called the "Positivist Society." No information is given as to the constitution of this Society, nor is it stated whether it invited or adopted the Report, or whether it is prepared in any way to act upon it. Probably we should not be far wrong in assuming that the "Positivist Society" is the congregation of Comtists which meets in Bedford Row to listen to sermons from Mr. Congreve and other "directors" of the order; but it will be safer to take the Report as simply an expression of Mr. Harrison's individual opinions, without making the Society responsible for any of his proposals. As the world, we are assured, is about to be made regenerate through Positivism, it is worth while to observe some of the practical aspects of this regeneration, as expounded by an authoritative interpreter. When we are fortunate enough to meet with any of these philosophical gentlemen on their rare visits to the prosaic level of this work-a-day world, it is as well to ascertain from them precisely what it is they want to do; indeed it is only in this way that common people can test their magnificent speculations. Mr. Harrison begins by remarking that the importance of the New Social Movement consists in the fact that it is a social and not a political movement, "one, that is, which appeals to social feelings, and not to political parties." It seems to us that, so far as this antithesis is not meaningless, it is inaccurate. It is notorious that the Movement was hawked about from one political party to another; and its promoters have since issued a standing advertisement that they are ready to range themselves under the banner of any body of politicians who will help them to carry out their programme. In point of fact, however, the distinction which Mr. Harrison would draw between social feelings and political parties, as if they were separate and even antagonistic forces, does not exist. A political party is simply the organized expression of social feeling, and it is only by political action that social wants and aspirations can take effect. A number of men agree to work together, and to sink minor differences, for the sake of attaining certain objects which they regard as of paramount importance—this is a party; and this was precisely the way in which Mr. Scott Russell and his workmen offered to join first the Liberals, and then the Conservatives, and to allow either party to govern the country as it liked, if it would only help them to country houses, sunny gardens, and unadulterated provisions at a nominal cost, these things being, it appeared, all they cared about. "The true nature of public problems," says Mr. Harrison, with the air of a deep philosopher announcing some great discovery, the result of years of patient and painful meditation, "is essentially social"; but this is obviously only another way of saying that the problems which relate to society are of a social character, and reminds one of a famous answer about archidiaconal functions. He might have added with equal truth that, though social questions may not be political, as when they deal with matters which are left to private and voluntary arrangement, yet all political questions are essentially social, inasmuch as their ultimate object is the good of society. The difference between the sort of measures with which Parliament is constantly engaged and the wild schemes of the so-called Socialist reformers is not that the welfare of society is disregarded in the former, but that they aim at doing indirectly, and in such a manner as to allow of as much personal freedom as possible, what the latter are in-

tended to accomplish directly and by means of the compulsory intervention of the State. Nothing can be more shallow than the notion that only direct and local treatment is required for social difficulties. When Mr. Harrison goes on to say that the evils complained of should be met, not by political remedies, as the artisans propose, but by moral remedies, the distinction is more substantial; but we soon come upon political ground again, for the moral remedies are, it seems, to be enforced by an "organized moral power," and voluntary effort is to be stimulated by compulsion.

Mr. Harrison has of course no difficulty in picking out the weak points of Mr. Scott Russell's foolish and fantastic scheme. He ridicules the chimerical idea of planting out great cities "in the clear"; and he remarks sarcastically that self-government in smaller circles is scarcely a gain in the eyes of those to whom mere self-government itself offers no hope. In a proper state of society the functions of Government would, we presume, be exercising by a select body of Positivist Professors. "The Positivist system," Mr. Harrison explains, "presupposes, as a condition of all healthy social life, the formation of an organized social power entirely independent of the State, and therefore in no sense a State Church, charged with the moral control and elevation of persons, families, and institutions, with the task of all higher education, and with the expression of systematic public opinion." When put into plain language, this would seem to mean an *imperium in imperio* of a peculiar kind, for the organized moral force would practically become an independent and irresponsible hierarchy, invested with supreme authority. It will be observed that the pretensions of the Positivists very closely resemble those of the Ultramontanists; and, in fact, Positivism might be not unfairly described as Ultramontanism *minus* Christianity. Positivism, as Comte understood it, was a grand scheme for elevating society in all directions all at once, and it was supposed to be essential that nothing should be done until everything was ready for a simultaneous and universal movement. His disciples are, however, beginning to discover that this is rather too long to wait. As a concession to the weaknesses of humanity, Mr. Harrison is good enough to suggest that, pending the formation of the "organized moral power," and in some degree as a step towards it, Positivism might favour a practical attempt to realize the parts of a Social Programme, "provided it be sufficiently comprehensive, so as never to degenerate into Specialism, and sufficiently inspired with moral aims, so as never to end in a mere political cry." And then he proceeds to offer some suggestions for a practical Social Movement from the Positivist point of view. To begin with, the houses of the working classes both in town and country must be entirely reorganized, so as to satisfy health, the conditions of morality, decency, self-respect, and the convenience of cultivated life. The Positivists, we believe, are not alone in desiring that this result may be brought about; and we have never heard of their being conspicuously active in any practical measures for accomplishing it. Indeed, the sort of people who have done most in this way, who have given their time, money, and close personal attention to it, are the very classes whom Mr. Harrison and his friends are usually engaged in denouncing. The problem is not exactly of the easy kind which can be settled offhand by the *fiat* of a glib essayist. It is not enough to provide houses that will satisfy the conditions enumerated by Mr. Harrison; the people for whom the houses are intended must also be qualified to appreciate them, and this is a slow and tedious process. Mr. Harrison thinks it will be necessary to rebuild London, so as to economize space by loftier buildings. This little job is to be accomplished partly by private enterprise or munificence, largely and mainly by local municipal effort, partly as a stimulus and example by the State, in all cases assisted by State inspection, loans of public money, local Acts, &c. &c. It is amusing to observe how at the very first step Mr. Harrison, who affects to despise what he calls political remedies, is obliged to resort to them as the chief agency in carrying out his plans. He looks round and sees that things are not exactly as they should be, and then in his grand way he exclaims, "Let London be rebuilt, let the country towns and villages also be rebuilt"; and when the question arises how this is to be done, his only answer is, "If private persons will not do it, then let the State and the Local Boards see to it." We must say that this sort of advice does not strike us as particularly brilliant or helpful. How the State and Local Boards are to be got to work without appeals to political parties and the usual course of political controversy and agitation, Mr. Harrison naturally does not condescend to explain.

One of the essential conditions of the reorganization on which Mr. Harrison insists is not only that houses shall everywhere be rebuilt, but that they shall be made the absolute property of the people who live in them. It is true that he limits this demand to the "workman in town or country." "The workman," we are informed, "can never be a free man or a full citizen until his home is his own—a castle really sacred from private or public oppression." But if this is true of the working class, it would seem to apply equally to a considerable part at least of the middle classes; and we are driven to the conclusion that England has hitherto known very few free men or full citizens. We are afraid the citizen will never have a castle really sacred from private and public oppression unless the possession of his house in absolute freehold is supplemented by some similar kind of protection against the Water Company, which might cut off his water; against the baker, butcher, and grocer, who might withhold supplies unless their tyrannical demands for regular payment were complied with; and against employers, who might take it into their heads to dismiss a workman if he did not give satisfaction,

or if they happened not to have work for him to do. This part of Mr. Harrison's scheme evidently requires a little more elaboration. It might perhaps be suggested that the convenience of the workman himself is promoted by the system of leases and rents, inasmuch as he may have to move from one part of the country, or one part of a town, to another, and cannot carry a freehold house on his back. But when Positivism gets into full swing, these migrations will be unnecessary. It was, we believe, one of Comte's first principles that the amplitude and uniformity of Positive education would confer on workmen an equal capacity for all trades; and the fluctuations of the labour market would thus be met, not by a movement of men, but merely by drafting so many artisans or labourers from one craft to another. The Harrisonian oracle next proclaims that "Health ought to be at once a State department, including therein, first, the negative requirements of removal of nuisances, of stopping infection and contagion, the rigorous suppression of all adulteration in articles of food, &c.; secondly, the positive task of securing adequate fresh air, numerous and accessible grounds for recreation, and a supply of faultless water." Here, again, we find Positivism, if this is Positivism, parading the stale commonplaces of every-day talk as if they were the most tremendous philosophical discoveries, things hitherto unimagined by man, and now for the first time disclosed by a Saviour of Humanity. Everybody, except Mr. Harrison, knows that health is already a State department; and there is no dispute as to the expediency or necessity in a general way of attempting by the application of public power to improve the sanitary conditions of society. The only question is a practical one as to the extent to which the State can usefully interfere, so that it shall not attempt more than it can actually perform, and lull the public into a false sense of security.

We have no time to go through Mr. Harrison's proposals in detail, and it may probably be thought that it would hardly be worth while to do so. We will take only another example—Mr. Harrison's conception of the State as a model employer. He would have an entire reorganization of the public service, docks, factories, post-office, and administrative departments, on the principle of excluding all competition in wages. "Instead of making public employés public slaves, the service of the State should be a type of good employment." "All roads, railways, harbours, piers, docks, bridges, lighthouses, &c., &c., and all other works open to common use of all travelling by sea or land," which would include, we suppose, steamboats, omnibuses, and cabs, are to be transferred to the State, to be worked on the system just described, "especially excluding all competition in wages, and all purely economic objects at the expense of public convenience and the welfare of the public servant." Moreover, the hours in all kinds of Government employment are to be reduced as far as possible. This, it must be confessed, is a noble programme; and if Positivism would really do all this for us, we might wish that the "organized moral force" (kept ready to order in Bedford Row) would take charge of us at once. Apply it to cabs, for example. In this showery, sloppy weather it would obviously be a matter of great public convenience to have comfortable, rapid, and cheap cabs always at hand. The Positivist cab would be provided with the best springs, nice cushions, a fleet steed or steeds, and would be got up generally regardless of expense. The fare would be perhaps a farthing a mile, or less. The driver would be of course a highly superior man of universal culture, who could converse through the roof of a Hansom on the Hierarchy of Human Conceptions or the Calculus of Society. He would be engaged at a handsome salary, and would be provided with a neat freehold residence. We do not know whether there would be any taxes in a Positivist world, but considering how much is to be done by the State, and the noble disregard of all economical considerations which the State is to display, the expenditure would be considerable and would have to be met somehow. It is possible that the cabman and his fare, after they had paid their contributions to the common fund, might be tempted to reflect that the advantages of a freehold house or a cheap ride at the expense of the State were rather nominal than real, and that it would be better to let things find their level in the old way. It is clear that if the State were to undertake all the functions which Mr. Harrison assigns to it, it would become the great employer of all kinds of labour, and would practically fix the rates of the market. Small private employers would have to follow suit, and as they did so the State, in order to maintain its superiority, would have to go on continually raising wages and reducing hours till it could do so no longer. Mr. Harrison's Report might perhaps be considered creditable as a Utopian sketch by a smart schoolboy, who was not yet old enough to know what was being done in the world, and the practical limits of public action; but it certainly does not raise our conception of the rational capacity of the "Positivist Society" to find such crude, childish, and, for the most part, nonsensical suggestions set before them as the sort of thing to which they are likely to attach some value. If this poor stuff is the best outcome of the Religion of Humanity, we are afraid the world will have to look elsewhere for its promised regeneration.

#### JUSTICES' CLERKS' FEES.

EVERY measure of local reform in this country seems to go through two stages. It is first permissive, and then compulsory. It is plain that a certain administrative change would be an improvement; but improvement is not to be at once forced

upon those who do not seek for it. Before everybody is compelled to accept the change, those who of their own free will are disposed towards it are allowed to accept it if they think good. Thus, when it was found out that order and property in the rural districts needed some better protection than that of the ancient parish constable, each county that thought fit was allowed, but for a while no county was compelled, to set up a reasonable and effective system of police. In this case the permissive stage is passed, and the safety of life and goods is no longer exclusively entrusted to a venerable shadow of patriarchal times. Reform of the highways was introduced in the same fashion, and reform in this case still lingers in the permissive stage. There are still counties where no Highway Boards have been organized, and where the roads are left to the care of the brother of the ancient parish constable, the ancient parish surveyor. Now there is on the whole something to be said, in certain special cases, not involving any general question of national policy, for this gradual way of doing business. It suits the English mind, which does not like to do things in a hurry, which likes to do things for itself, and objects to being dragged into even the most desirable reforms. It gives opportunity for discussion, and gives those who consent to the change the pleasure of thinking that it was by their own wisdom that it was brought about. And it also affords the opportunity of trying and judging how the measure really works in particular districts before it is made obligatory on all. By the time the measure rises to the compulsory stage it is no longer a matter of speculation how it is likely to work, but a matter of experience how it has worked. And its working is to be judged of all the better from the first experiment having been made in quarters where it has been accepted willingly. No county or other district would like to be picked out by the central authority to have an experiment made upon it. The experiment would be sure to fail, because it would be sure not to be carried out with any hearty good will. But when a district volunteers to make the experiment on itself, then there is every chance that the change will be carried out with hearty good will; it will be a point of honour to do a thing thoroughly which has been undertaken willingly, and each district which accepts the reform will feel itself in the proud position of a light and a pillar among its benighted fellows which are still blind to their own interest. When measures are adopted in this way, there is every chance of their being fairly tried under favourable circumstances before the whole country is called on to receive them. If under such circumstances they should fail and turn out not to be real improvements after all, the country is able to draw back before the mischief has become universal.

We have spoken of the rural police and of the Highway Boards. A third measure which is now in the permissive stage is one which is less likely than the other two to force itself on the public eye, but which is really of no small importance for the good local administration of justice. This is the question of the payment of Justices' Clerks by salaries or by fees. At present the prevailing mode of payment is by fees, but it is open to the authorities of each county or borough to substitute payment by salary at its discretion. The system of salaries has as yet been adopted by about twenty-four boroughs, including such important examples as Liverpool and Birmingham, and by seven counties in England and Wales—a small proportion certainly, but including counties differing widely in area, population, character, and geographical position. For the seven burning and shining lights in this matter are the counties of Surrey, Warwick, Northumberland, Northampton, Leicester, Glamorgan, and Flint. Of these Northampton, Warwick, and Leicester certainly lie all close together in the middle of England; but Surrey, Northumberland, Glamorgan, and Flint are about as widely cut off from each other as any four counties can be. For it may be needful to explain that, though Glamorgan and Flint are both in Wales, yet they are a good way apart from one another, and we cannot see that the presence of coal in three out of four of the isolated counties can have had any tendency to make them band together to substitute salaries for fees. Altogether the counties which as yet have adopted the change seem to supply a very fair presumption in its favour.

As for the system itself of payment by fees, it is a mere relic of an antiquated way of doing things which has been given up in nearly every other case. In almost every other department it has been found that a public officer ought not to be paid by the piece, but that he should have a fair and liberal payment according to the general worth of his time and labour. But least of all should a public officer be paid by the piece when it lies a good deal in his own power to increase the number of pieces. A Justices' Clerk, who is brought into constant and close connexion with the magistrates, and who must be their adviser on many important points, ought to be a man of character and standing in his profession. Such a man ought not to be put under the necessity of eking out his income by the exaction of shillings and sixpences; he ought to be paid fairly and straightforwardly according to the value of his services. As it is, every stage of any proceeding before magistrates is marked by the payment of some fee to the clerk. Each summons issued, each oath administered, each statement recorded, carries with it some petty payment. It is wonderful how costs mount up in the most trivial case. There is a shilling for this and a shilling for that, till the magistrate's hands are really tied, and he is obliged to sit and bear the sword in vain. That is to say, in a crowd of petty cases the mere fees run up to a sum which of itself is penalty enough, or more than enough, for the offence. What is the magistrate to do? He

cannot remit the fees, to which the clerk has as good a right as to anything that belongs to him. He can hardly ask the clerk to remit them of his own free will, and the culprit is already mulcted, perhaps more than he deserves, before the law has pronounced any penalty on him at all. The magistrate is driven to "dismiss with costs," or to impose a fine which is purely nominal; that is to say, the actual sentence of the law is made lighter than it ought to be, because the expenses of the law of themselves impose a penalty which is higher than the two together ought to be. The penalty, in short, becomes indirect instead of direct: a man is punished, not for the offence which he has committed, but for his ill-luck in being brought into court for it. The magistrate is not to blame because the fine which he puts on is too low; for, if he made it higher, he would be doing a practical injustice. The clerk is not to blame because his costs are too high, for he must live and his fees are a part of his livelihood. But it is not a satisfactory state of things when the administrators of the law cannot venture to pronounce the proper sentence of the law because a further penalty, great enough, or greater than enough, is indirectly inflicted by a process beyond their control.

This line of argument may possibly to some appear over subtle; and no doubt there are many defendants who simply feel that they have to pay, and who do not greatly care whether what they pay is taken from them in the form of costs or of a fine. Still the state of things is unsatisfactory. It has an ugly look that the penalty directly inflicted by the law should be next to nothing, while the fees that go into the clerk's pocket run up to a considerable sum. But there are other practical evils about the system of paying by fees. The fee system gives the clerk a direct interest in increasing the amount of business brought before the court. The greater the number of cases brought before the magistrate, the greater the number of witnesses examined in each case that is brought, the greater is the gain of the clerk, who has his fee on every summons and every oath. It is thus the direct interest of the clerk to encourage litigation, to encourage the bringing into court of trumped-up cases which come there only to be dismissed. No doubt there are many Justices' Clerks who are quite capable of rising above any temptations to increase the number of their shillings and pence in this fashion. What we say is that the law should not expose public officers to temptations of this kind, which many doubtless withstand, but to which some may possibly yield. When this argument is used, it is commonly met by saying that, if the clerks are paid by salary, they will be equally exposed to a temptation of another kind. As it is, we are told, it is the clerk's interest to let nothing slip by, to do everything thoroughly. If he is paid by a salary, he will be tempted to be less vigilant, and to do his duty in a mere perfunctory manner. No doubt there is truth in this. It is hard to find any circumstances in life in which there are not some special difficulties and temptations; but those who use this argument seem commonly to take for granted that the balance of vice and virtue is so oddly arranged in the mind of a Justices' Clerk that, so long as he is paid by fees, he will be quite safe against the temptation of unduly increasing those fees; while, if he is paid by salary, he will at once yield to the temptation of pocketing his salary and neglecting his duty. As a matter of moral philosophy, the danger would seem to be equally great in either case, and as Justices' Clerks are men, and differ among themselves like other men, it may be that the one temptation might have most influence on some minds, and the other temptation on others. But the argument about the clerks, if paid by salaries, being tempted to neglect their duties is an argument which proves too much. If it is worth anything at all, it would show that all public functionaries should, whenever possible, be paid by fees rather than by salaries, because all public functionaries, and not Justices' Clerks only, must be liable to this temptation of neglecting their duties. But experience has shown in most other cases that this danger is not so great as the danger the other way, and the tendency of modern legislation has steadily been to substitute salaries for fees whenever it can be done. We think that the *onus probandi* lies with the defenders of fees. It is for them to show that there is some reason why Justices' Clerks should be an exception to a rule which is now generally accepted. For our own part, we should think that the temptation to neglect of duty would be less strong in the case of a Justices' Clerk than in that of most public officers. For the Justices' Clerk discharges the greater part of his duties immediately under the eye of those by whom he is appointed, to whom he is responsible, and by whom he may be dismissed.

The Bill now before the House of Commons, brought in by Sir David Salomon, proposes to carry out everywhere the change which has already been made in certain counties and boroughs. An equivalent salary is to be paid to the clerk instead of fees, the fees going to the county or borough, and the magistrate having the power of remitting them at his discretion. The clerk would thus no longer have any pecuniary interest in the business of the court. And the magistrate would be able to meet the class of cases of which we have spoken, where the fees run up to an amount utterly disproportioned to the fine which is the actual legal penalty. He would be able in every case to impose a fine, without regard to anything but the justice of the case; remitting, whenever there was any reason, the whole or any part of the fees.

As some county economists may possibly fear that the payment of a salary to the clerks, and the power of remitting the fees, may between them amount to a fresh burden on the county rate, it may be well to mention that, according to a Parliamentary return,

the change is on the whole economical. Among the counties which have made the experiment some have gained and some have lost. If mineral Glamorgan has lost 218*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, suburban Surrey has gained 289*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.* But on the aggregate of the seven counties the loss is 363*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*, while the gain is 468*l.* 4*s.* These figures are decidedly cheering for rural Chancellors of the Exchequer.

A question was raised some years back whether the preamble of an Act of Parliament was necessarily infallible truth. When we think of the Acts of the sixteenth century out of which the question arose, the question is, to say the least, a knotty one. But if the present Bill becomes law, those who give to the preamble what they refuse to the Pope will have a new argument in their favour. We hold it for incontestable truth that, in the words of the present preamble, "it is expedient to improve the administration of justice at petty sessions by providing for the payment of Clerks to Justices by salaries in lieu of fees."

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ONCE again it becomes difficult to answer the question universally asked, "Is the Academy Exhibition good or bad?" Of course the Prime Minister and other distinguished guests at the annual dinner proclaim each year with flourish of trumpets that the Exhibition at which they are called on to assist does infinite credit to all concerned. But the Academy dinner-table cannot be accounted, at least since the days of Sir Charles Eastlake, a board of criticism, though we have seldom met with a better defence of independent and truth-seeking criticism than in the speech of Mr. Gladstone. Yet one characteristic of the present Exhibition, in common with its immediate predecessors, is that the majority of the works have no claim to criticism at all; any one accustomed to these annual gatherings will find that the rooms present so much their accustomed aspect that even a catalogue is almost superfluous. The collection may serve, however, to suggest some not unimportant conclusions. The year 1872, if ever it shall be remembered in the history of art, will be conspicuous by the paucity of great works; not a single Academician can be named who has surpassed himself. The pictures selected for the large *salon d'honneur* prove by their small dimensions that artists, governed probably by commercial considerations, do not care to commit themselves to creations for which there is no immediate market. The three works honoured with chief places in the Banquet Gallery compare to disadvantage with pictures thus distinguished in former years. Sir Edwin Landseer's "Baptismal Font" (190) is but the ghost of a picture. Mr. Sant's Royal portraits (259), though painted by command, can scarcely compare with the historic and imaginative compositions produced in former years by Mr. Maelise and Mr. Leighton. The third picture signalized by the hangers is for art merit the foremost in the Gallery; it occupies the place of Moses in the last Academy, and the painter is the same. But in lieu of Moses, Aaron, and Hur, Mr. Millaud favours us with the portraits of three young ladies at a game of cards—"Hearts are Trumps" (223). A like descent might be pointed out in the other rooms; and even when high art has been aimed at, the good intention fails of realization. Thus we must regard as partial failures Mr. Poynter's "Perseus and Andromeda" (505), and Mr. Watts's diploma picture, the punishment of Cain (658). Yet in the same imaginative sphere we may name, as successes, "Summer Moon" (202), by Mr. Leighton, and "The Lament of Ariadne" (498), by Mr. W. B. Richmond, the son of the Academician. This last ranks as one of the grandest conceptions of the year. But these more ambitious creations are few and far between; indeed full nine-tenths of the wall space are occupied by superlative mercantile products which appeal to a public that deems imagination a snare and intellect an intrusion. An educated foreigner who should visit the Exhibition for the first time would feel himself a little perplexed. The Academy, so the President informs the world, is an ancient, venerable, and wealthy institution which uses its money and power for the welfare of art, and especially for the education of the artist. And yet the intelligent stranger, applying to the exhibition the standards upheld in the Academies of the Continent, would be led to the conclusion that English painters belong to the class of self-educated men who do not gather learning in the lecture-rooms or ateliers of Academies, but casually pick up such knowledge as they need by the wayside, and thus end pretty much where they began, incompetent to encounter technical difficulties, or to compass complex and weighty arguments. And yet we think it must be conceded that in no Exhibition throughout Europe is the general average so uniformly good. Whatever may be wanting to the 58 members of the Academy here represented is supplied by the 861 outsiders who rush to the rescue. So large a constituency renders the collection truly representative; thus this one hundred and fourth Exhibition, though it falls short of what we have a right to hope for, may be considered as a true index to the contemporary art of the country.

So evenly is the Exhibition balanced that it is a little difficult to know where to begin. On entering the first room a picture of unusual power meets the eye, "King Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall after Sentence of Death had been Passed" (42), a work which fully justifies the election of Sir John Gilbert. The King, though not quite up to the Vandyck type of dejected dignity and high-born grace, bears himself nobly and quietly. The scene



is clearly and compactly told; the situation well seized; the action, specially in the hands, has dramatic intensity. The heads too are firmly modelled and forcibly painted. Yet, taken altogether, this oil picture is inferior to the artist's drawings in the Old Water Colour Society; the pigments are less transparent and lustrous, the draperies are wanting in definition, the execution is ragged. The study to which the artist has submitted is scarcely sufficient for canvas of this large scale. Yet in the essential elements of conception and noble treatment there is no more worthy historic work within the Academy.

An identical subject, "Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall after his Trial" (107), we owe to Mr. Potts, who a year ago entered the ranks of historic art. The picture is a relief for dramatic effect, which however he achieves too fully and coarsely intensifies, on the strong contrast between Charles, calm in bearing, and the riotous rabble with clay pipes and leather aprons. It is easy for an artist to go too far in the realization of revolting scenes of violence. Delaroche, when depicting the indignities thrust on the martyr-king, transgressed the bounds of moderation; and if we may be permitted a further illustration, we would say that painters in the decadence of Christian art carried the scenes of scourging, buffeting, and spitting to a point not permissible. The moment the right limit is transgressed high art becomes low art. In the picture before us it may be pleaded in extenuation that touches of pathos and of pity are thrown in. On the whole the composition has been well thought out, and the execution is vigorous, yet painstaking. Mr. Ward is another artist who makes good capital out of the calamities of kings. But the incident he chooses has the misfortune of being crowded together within the narrow confines of a coach, and want of light follows want of space. The subject is impressive, and the treatment is in more senses than one, weighty. This "Return from Flight" (182), is the return of the French Royal Family to Paris after their unsuccessful attempt at escape. Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, Dauphiness, and Princess Elizabeth are all huddled together in "a cumbrous, top-heavy vehicle, which required six horses to draw it. . . . Henceforth the life of the monarch, of the queen, of his family, the throne, and the safety of France were at the mercy of the caprice of the most capricious people." At the window of the coach are seen a clamorous rabble thrusting on the inmates bayonet, dagger, and the red cap of liberty; but the Royal Family, though fear-stricken, are calm and resigned. The story is told with clenching power; the handling, though occasionally heavy and dense, manages to unite delicacy with force. We incline to think that the colour would gain refinement by the use of quiet greys in place of hot browns and piercing reds; the red cap of liberty unfortunately serves as a keynote to the violent conceits. Yet the picture, though not faultless, must be accepted as one of the most earnest of recent efforts to reach to the dignity and solemnity of historic art.

For lack of these qualities several minor works fall short of the goal which cleverness and agility might win. Mr. Marcus Stone has chosen for play of wit "Edward II. and his Favourite, Piers Gaveston" (111). We are told that Gaveston, the Adonis of the Court, was accustomed to deride and mimic the English nobles for the amusement of his thoughtless Sovereign. The artist, accustomed to tread with light fantastic step the byways of history, excuses frivolity by cleverness; a jeer and a jest, fleeting as if writ in water, are fixed in perpetuity on canvas; the picture, when complete, becomes pointed, smart, and sparkling as a scene at the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. Stone seemingly shirks labour; with the confidence of an expert he strikes with direct thrust at his results. "Hollywood, 26th May, 1563" (479), by Mr. Kilburne, is yet another composition wholly wanting in historic import. It is of little avail that the catalogue identifies the canvas with Mary Queen of Scots and the palace of Hollywood; the smallness and triviality of the style, the dressy prettiness of the whole get-up, belong to the boudoir and the drawing-room. Painters should not attempt history save when they know how to impart to their characters dignity of manner and nobility of motive. Mr. Kilburne, favourably known in water-colours, is a very neat workman; indeed the picture in question has a finish and refinement altogether faultless. Mrs. F. M. Ward favours us with a pleasing and sparkling scene—"Mrs. Delaney at Court," "The Queen's Lodge, Windsor, in 1786" (510). The canvas is spangled with colours like a garland of flowers; the eye finds delight, but no repose: the picture wants unity and tone; the gay pigments are not sufficiently modified by shade. And yet in this home gathering, where are seen pleasantly occupied the King, the Queen, and the Royal children, there are passages supremely well painted; and as a study of character the Academy does not afford a head more striking and expressive than that of dear old Mrs. Delaney, here seated as much at her ease as if in her own parlour. "The Arrest of Anne Boleyn" (497), by Mr. Wynfield, may be mentioned as a painstaking work. The Queen's proverbially fine profile is brought out with good effect. We add, only for the sake of an example of what may be termed a parody or burlesque on history, Mr. Cope's feeble yet pretentious composition, "Oliver Cromwell receiving a Deputation of Ministers and Elders accompanied by the Dutch Ambassador" (368). The catalogue kindly informs us of the presence of John Milton; the head does indeed need an explanatory or apologetic label of some sort. Historic art is in fact here carried back to those pre-portrait days when the name of each figure, with an appropriate sentiment, was clearly written out, so that the painter's shortcomings might be supplied by the penman.

"A Dream of Fair Women" (365) pleasantly takes us back to the period when architecture called in the aid of her younger sister, painting. Mr. Armitage in this "design for a frieze" groups in one long panorama "the women of the Old Testament," beginning with Eve nude, and ending with Semiramis robed and crowned. Jephtha's daughter, the Queen of Sheba, Judith, and other Biblical characters identified with beauty, dignity, or heroism, are ranged in processional sequence on an elevated plateau looking down upon palm trees and distant hills. Symbols and accessories, such as a leopard, a leveret, a lamb, or some flower or leaf, which bespeak a character or define a country, are so placed as to add circumstance to the story and completeness to the composition; the purpose being balance, symmetry, and just apportionment of space, which are conditions essential to mural decoration. Carl Muller in the painted chapel at Romagen on the Rhine has executed in fresco a lovely group of "Women from the Old Testament," but his style is somewhat romantic. In comparison Mr. Armitage throws into his treatment less beauty and more dignity, less softness and more severity, and thus conforms to the requirements of monumental decoration. This composition, the first of a series, is well fitted for the painting in fresco of a spacious and stately interior. The general conception owes much to the processional frieze of M. Flandrin in Paris, and to the not less famous friezes in the churches of Ravenna. Another study by the same artist commemorates "The Great Fire at Chicago" (1323). America and England, personified by beneficent maidens, bend over a figure stricken down and desolate. "I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me." The study of the figure naked and prostrate on the ground might have been made in the school of Raffaele; but before the design is carried out on a large scale it will be well for the artist to revise certain lines which repeat themselves weakly and monotonously. Mr. Armitage in a third work, "The Dawn of the First Easter Sunday" (41), does not lack power; the action of Mary Magdalene is highly dramatic; we might, however, desire more dignity for Simon Peter; objection, too, may be taken to the topography of Jerusalem; the position given, for instance, to the three crosses would seem an impossibility. We have walked over the ground, but cannot identify the sites here depicted; yet the painter apparently aims at matter-of-fact realization. Close by we encounter a picture by an artist who has never been known to sacrifice his ideal to sober facts or simple nature; and yet in the whole Exhibition there is not a more commonplace composition than Mr. Thorburn's "Song of the Heavenly Host at the time of the Nativity" (37). It says little for the high estate of our English school that the weakest works are those which concern religion. "The Children rise up and call her Blessed" (235), by Mr. Dobson, is refined, but conventional; the forms are of a pre-conceived ideal which dispenses with nature; the hands and the articulations of the joints are without definition, the draperies are little more than sacks. Such art, though not without a charm, has finality written against it. Mr. Houghton errs in quite an opposite direction; "John the Baptist rebuking Herod" (1132) is in a style more prone than sacred. Herod and the Baptist are so disfigured as to raise a smile; the whole composition—one figure of Sibyl-like grandeur only excepted—seems to pertain to the region of comedy. The clever but eccentric painter has committed a grave mistake; evidently his walk in art does not lie in the Holy Land, but in America; an Indian with a tomahawk is more in his way than a prophet or a king.

The rapid survey we have now attempted of the comparatively few historic and semi-historic works on view leads to the conclusion that Academicians and others had never heard of the golden transe enunciated over the dinner-table by Mr. Gladstone, that "the intelligent worship of beauty constitutes the basis of all excellence in art." Next week we propose to turn to works of the imagination.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE production at the Queen's Theatre of a new comedy called *Ordered by Touch* deserves special notice, because the author appears to have acted under the belief, which is not shared by all his brethren, that the composition of a drama is a literary work. He has written his play as carefully as another author might write a poem or an essay, and as this is said to be his first work, there is hope that he may produce other and better works which may help to preserve to the English theatre the character which it has nearly lost, of an intellectual amusement. The descriptions which have appeared of the first night's performance may possibly have produced an impression that this play has greater merit than it really has; but probably the audience only expressed, although with some extravagance, their delight at discovering one more Englishman who could write what might almost deserve to be called a comedy. The success of the play was, however, remarkable, and all the more so because the earlier part, which is in itself merely tedious, was rendered positively disagreeable by the superabundant energy of Mrs. Scott Siddons. There is a scene in a garden in which two other characters discourse, while this lady crouches behind an exceedingly small flower-vase and performs an accompaniment of vigorous gesticulation. This perhaps is the way they do it in the provinces, where, as we understand, Mrs. Scott Siddons has been practising her art. If we were to seek for what is called in critical jargon the "accentuation" of this lady's acting, we should find it in every word she utters,

every look she assumes, and every movement she makes. In a play of this kind scenery and accessories are of small importance; but still we would venture to suggest, as an improvement, that the flower-vase behind which Mrs. Scott Siddons crouches should be made rather larger. As a beautiful mechanical contrivance, nearly approaching to perpetual motion, this lady might be surveyed by a succession of admiring crowds at the International Exhibition, but at the Queen's Theatre she needs, we think, occasional mitigation. It so happens that the scene in the garden is well acted by the parties to it, but the amusement of the audience is probably not enhanced by the energetic pantomime which is proceeding behind the flower-vase. They cannot need to be reminded that this is the celebrated Mrs. Scott Siddons who has been engaged expressly for the part; and although Widow Coralie is a sort of Providence in petticoats, she might usefully consider that omniscience is usually associated with invisibility. We do not in the least undervalue the talent of Mrs. Scott Siddons or the success which she achieved, and it is an unpleasant duty to advert to the possibility of an able performance approximating to the confines of boredom. But still it is undeniably possible to have too much of a good thing, and if we might venture to give a word of familiar advice to this clever actress, it would be, in her earlier scenes, "to draw it mild." Conceive a male orator doing what is vulgarly called the pump-handle business incessantly throughout a long speech, and you will gain some idea of the effect upon spectators of the indefatigable activity of the muscles of Mrs. Scott Siddons. She exhibits at the same time a self-confidence and complacency which are rather irritating to observers who think that, even if she knows how to do everything, she still has to learn how to leave some things undone. She has probably heard of flashes of silence, and she may be recommended to aim at producing bursts of inactivity.

The literary aspect of this play deserves almost unqualified commendation. There is one rather unfortunate passage which suggests that it has acquired some of that maturity which high authorities recommend both for wine and manuscript. A French officer exchanges compliments with an English officer in reference to the Crimean war, and adds that his nation were never defeated except by that to which his new friend belongs. But when an author is advised to keep his work so many years in a desk, it is implied that he should revise the work when he takes it out, and in that process he might be expected to have regard to such an important event as the Franco-German war. It is undesirable that foreigners should derive from this play the impression that in England it is generally believed that Waterloo is the last great battle that has been fought, and that we are as well satisfied with our military position as Mrs. Scott Siddons is with her own acting. The tone of public feeling is much more nearly expressed in an amusing adaptation of *La Vie Parisienne* at the Holborn Theatre, where a Swedish baron, newly arrived in London, is introduced to General Post Office as one of the military celebrities of England. The Baron, who is purposing to write a book on the country which he is visiting, naturally addresses to the General a question as to the strength of the army of which he is a distinguished officer, but the only answer is a mournful shake of the head. "Oh!" says the Baron, "I perceive that I have touched a delicate point"; whereupon there is considerable applause. The British public is well aware of the absurdity of demeaning itself on the political stage as a combination of Providence and Mrs. Scott Siddons, the influence of which everywhere operates irresistibly for good. To do ourselves justice, the nation is not content to repose on the memory of a time when it showed to Germany the way to contend successfully against France. However, we have dwelt sufficiently upon a single blemish of a play of which the ultimate success was rendered more conspicuous by the difficulties and disapprobation under which it struggled in its early scenes. The critics recommend, as usually they may safely do, compression; but a manager must always remember that he cannot greatly reduce the length of a play without putting something in place of the omitted matter. And further, there is such a thing as tediousness with an object. It may be said in favour of the padding of this, as compared with other plays, that at any rate the characters talk, and do not merely perform the sword exercises or pour out tea. Moreover the young gentlemen and ladies who make love in the studio of Madame Coralie, although their business is at the best insipid, might do it better than they do. It must be remembered that the passion of the banker's son for the sister of his cashier is the foundation on which the whole structure of the play depends, and although many of Madame Coralie's displays of sagacity might be made elsewhere than in her studio, or even omitted, yet her profession of sculptor is essential to that close observation of the banker which gives her the clue to his past life. We think, besides, that critics are ill advised in encouraging the public to believe that impatience is a proof of intellectual superiority. The French dramatist has this enormous advantage over his English brother, that he writes for a public who will listen with critical attention to long speeches. The Elizabethan dramatists, like all other writers of the same age, seem to have gone upon the principle that, if you have anything to say, you should be as long in saying it as possible. It is remarkable that an age which exhibits an enormous, and even expanding, appetite for long-winded oratory in Parliament and at the Bar, should demand that upon the stage speeches should be cut as short as possible. Like people who travel always by express trains although they have nothing whatever to do at their journey's end,

an audience at a theatre can endure only exciting scenes, although even a moderately good play well acted ought to be more entertaining than an evening at home. We admire a French audience listening with almost religious devotion to every line of a comedy of Molière, and we envy authors who can write plays like that most agreeable trifle, *Les Pattes de Mouche*, feeling certain that they cater for a public which will be content to dine on nothing if it is elegantly dressed.

The Prince of Wales's Theatre has acquired a high reputation for care and finish, and the experiment of producing Lord Lytton's *Money* has been so conducted as to ensure considerable success. Yet we cannot help remarking that author, or manager, or both, must have a strange conception of the interior of a West-end Club-house, and we cannot admire the farcical expedient adopted of introducing a testy gentleman who calls loudly and frequently to the waiter for a snuff-box which exists for the general use of members of the Club. The combination of reading, smoking, and card-rooms in one may perhaps be conceded to dramatic exigency, but unless we had been informed by the playbill that the scene was a Club, we might have supposed ourselves to be contemplating the interior of a pothouse. On the morning after the gaubling scene at the Club the hero receives visitors at home. He is arrayed suitably to the time of day in a dressing-gown of overwhelming splendour, and perhaps we are to infer the intensity of the previous night's orgies from the circumstance that he appears to have forgotten to take off his black trowsers and boots before going to bed. The weight of the piece rests mainly upon this one character, and it is no mean test of an actor's skill that he can deliver a succession of sentimental speeches, all beginning "Clara," without becoming ridiculous. Some other parts which are in themselves of no great importance derive interest from the appearance of favourite actors in them. It is satisfactory to observe that an English comedy well performed will attract a full house of the upper classes, and managers of other theatres will do well to imitate as far as possible that careful preparation which has made *Money* acceptable to a fastidious audience. The difficulty of inducing actors of marked merit to accept any except leading parts accounts for most of the imperfections which we painfully observe in the production of almost every considerable play. The newspapers inform us that Mr. Pennington has been reading Shakspeare before a fashionable audience at Mr. Gladstone's house, and we are reminded that some months ago Mr. Gladstone witnessed this gentleman's performance in *King John* at a decidedly unfashionable theatre. We did not ourselves imitate the Premier's example, and we do not mind confessing that, however well Mr. Pennington was likely to act, we expected that some of his associates would act atrociously. It is a pity that every promising actor demands for himself leading parts; and there is no theatre rich and popular enough to make even small places in its bills worth acceptance by rising men. The play of *Virginia* was lately produced at the Queen's Theatre. The father and daughter were excellently performed by Mr. Ryder and Miss Hodson, but there was ample room for one or two more good actors in the cast. The same remark applies to the new comedy at the same house. Admit that it depends for its success almost entirely on Mrs. Scott Siddons, and that she is fully equal to the burden, still the quality of a good actor or actress might be shown in making the early scenes of the play endurable. Perhaps in his next play this author will contrive to give his subordinate characters greater weight. It must be owned, after all, that *Ordeal by Touch* is a work of great and varied power, and the prospects of the English stage are brightened by the production of such a comedy.

## REVIEWS.

### THE FOUNDERS OF THE BELGIAN MONARCHY.\*

UNDER the title of "The Founders of the Belgian Monarchy," M. Théodore Juste has written an interesting series of biographies of the principal statesmen and diplomatists who co-operated in an enterprise which was more difficult and more perilous than, after forty years of success and prosperity, the present generation would readily suppose. If there are any who, in spite of that success, are still inclined to doubt whether the separation of the Belgian provinces from the kingdom of the Low Countries was conducive to the interests of European peace, or to that equilibrium of forces which was formerly considered the surest guarantee for weaker States against the ambition of the strong, there can be none who do not recognize in the admirable example of ordered freedom, of political sagacity, and of industrial and commercial progress which the Belgian kingdom has afforded to its neighbours, the extraordinary merits of the men who laid the foundations of its independence. Of these men, the one who forms the subject of the ninth of M. Juste's biographies has especial claims upon the regard of Englishmen; indeed by long residence among us, by family alliance, and by a peculiar and quite exceptional position as the representative of the Court most nearly allied to our own and the most intimate and confidential adviser of his sovereign, M. Van de Weyer has for the best portion of a public life concerned with the highest cares and responsi-

\* *Les Fondateurs de la Monarchie Belge: Sébastien Van de Weyer, Ministre d'Etat.* Par Théodore Juste. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

believe, made England something more than his second country. It may be said without exaggeration that of the two countries, the country of his birth and the country of his adoption, he has loved both with little difference of affection, and served both with little difference of fidelity. And if in these pages it is the Belgian patriot and the Belgian statesman that shines out conspicuous for his public virtue, his undeviating loyalty, his strength of purpose, his fertility and flexibility of intellect, his rare discernment and various capacity, we in England are particularly attracted to this story of an illustrious career by the testimony of his biographer that his name and fame belong to us only less than to his own fellow-citizens of Brabant. The study of the negotiations, in which M. Van de Weyer played the most important part, for the establishment of the Belgian kingdom, inspires M. Juste with the generous reflection that "the Belgians hardly know enough what they owe to England." However this may be, it is probable that not even all the Belgian readers of this biography know how much their country owes to the revolutionary leader who never departed from moderation and good sense; to the diplomatist who overcame all difficulties by fortitude and firmness of spirit, by force of character, by a judgment never at fault, by an equal temper and an exquisite courtesy; to the statesman who to wide knowledge and various learning united the wisdom of the philosopher and the genius of good sense; to the jurist, to the professor, to the advocate, and to the man of letters who, armed at all points and never at a loss for an argument, an illustration, an epigram, or a word of good counsel in season, was strong enough to abash a Talleyrand, to convince a Wellington, to persuade a Palmerston, and to take his place, as one native and to the manner born, in the loftiest and the most cultivated regions of the proudest and most fastidious society in the world. Nor is this biography rich in personal interest and instruction only. It is charged with interest for every new comer into public life, for it shows that true simplicity of character and goodness of heart may strengthen rather than impair the qualities which command success in public transactions and in the pursuits of personal ambition. M. Van de Weyer was a devoted student and an indefatigable worker for years before the grand opportunity of his life arrived—an opportunity which he could not have foreseen, but for which he was found fully prepared. A glance at these chapters will, unless we are greatly mistaken, supply a moral lesson to be learnt with profit by political beginners.

M. Sylvain Van de Weyer was born at Louvain in 1802. His father, a patriotic citizen of substance, had served as a captain of Volunteers during the Brabant Revolution; and his mother, according to Sydney Smith's testimony, was a woman of remarkable character and intellect. After the annexation of Holland to the French Empire his father became a special commissary at Amsterdam, and the son was destined for the navy, and as a pupil at the Naval School took part in a review held by the Emperor Napoleon in 1811. A little later the boy was by no means an unconcerned witness of the national rising against the foreign conqueror. After the fall of the Empire and the creation of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, he returned to his native town, and became a pupil of M. Van Meenen, a celebrated jurist and an ardent Liberal, under whom he studied law and philosophy with earnest diligence, and took part in the management of the *Observateur*, a journal of which his master was chief editor. He worked so diligently and to such excellent purpose that in his eighteenth year he was admitted, after a summary examination, to the Faculty of Law at the Louvain University; and in the autumn of 1820, being on a first visit to Paris, he was charged to hand to M. Laromiguière, whose course of moral philosophy was then in great renown, a communication from M. Van Meenen, with some remarks in the form of an essay on a recent work of Condillac's eminent disciple. In his letters describing this interview the future Minister of State displays the lively and penetrating observation which was afterwards to be so brilliantly employed on more difficult and delicate missions. It was on this occasion that he made acquaintance with Béranger, who was surprised to hear that the Belgians were not at all desirous of being reannexed to France. One of the Professors at Louvain had conceived a scheme of universal instruction. The young Van de Weyer attended his lectures, and laughed at them in a very witty pamphlet, and a vigorous satire in verse, in which he defended the use of the French language, which the eccentric Professor had condemned, against the Dutch, which the Government required to be taught. At this time the students of the Belgian Universities were much given to political discussion, and M. Van de Weyer presided over one of their debating clubs. Being summoned to Brussels by the Minister of Public Instruction to answer for a lampoon which had alarmed the academical authorities at Louvain, he impressed the Minister so favourably that he was offered a scientific mission to Germany, and a Professor's chair on his return. He declined both, and, in August 1823, received his degree as Doctor of Law, after a severe examination, and was called to the Bar. Contrary to usage, instead of taking the text of his diploma thesis from the Code, he wrote a Latin dissertation on "Duty," in refutation of the utilitarian theories of Jeremy Bentham, who at a later period became so attached to the Plenipotentiary as to remember him in his will. He published a strong article against the preliminary censorship of the Faculty, and so decided was the effect of this article that it overcame the objections of the Faculty, who admitted him to his degree *cum laude*.

Before and after his call to the Bar he continued to distinguish

himself in polemical and philosophical literature, and while others were flowing in upon the eloquent advocate, he was appointed by the Regency of Brussels Librarian to the city, and charged by the Government with the care of the precious collection of MSS. of the Dukes of Burgundy. In these functions he won the esteem and regard of all the various visitors with whom he came in contact; with some of whom he certainly could have felt no other sympathy than that of a kindly nature with fallen fortunes—such as the regicide Barrère, and Thibaudau, the exiled revolutionist of the Convention. His intellectual activity was incessant; he was editing the treatises of the famous Dutch philosopher of the last century, Hemsterhuis, and founding an association for the dissemination of popular instruction and the cultivation of a sound morality among the poorer classes; pleading in the courts for prosecuted newspapers; addressing to young men, in the form of Horatian satires and epistles, charming admonitions against idleness and prodigality, and admirably humorous counsels of charitable economy; composing delightfully ingenious moral essays, always animated with a practical purpose, and never mistaking dulness for profundity; and manifesting a singularly early maturity of thought and experience in those *Thoughts on Different Subjects* which were republished in London in 1863. In 1827 M. Van de Weyer was lecturing on the history of Philosophy in the Museum of Arts and Sciences at Brussels, and resisted an injunction to lecture in the Dutch language. His inaugural address was widely and warmly praised, notably by Victor Cousin in his *Journal des Savants*. In 1828 he paid a second visit to Paris, and was heartily welcomed by the choicest political and intellectual society in the French capital. After having contributed for three years to the literary portion of the official journal of the Government of the Netherlands, he attached himself to the principal organ of the Belgian Opposition, in which he defended with his pen the cause of Liberal institutions, which, in the person of M. de Potter (afterwards his somewhat intractable colleague in the first days of the Revolution) he defended with moving eloquence in an Assize Court. In that speech, in reply to the Public Prosecutor's contemptuous observations on the political press, he avowed with honest pride that he had been a journalist for many years, and claimed respect for the public services of independent and conscientious writers. Grossly insulted by a political antagonist in the *Journal de Gand*, he demanded and obtained an instant retraction, and excused himself in a published letter for having peremptorily insisted on satisfaction for outraged personal honour. All this time the agitation of the Belgian Liberals against the Dutch Government continued and increased, and M. Van de Weyer was called upon again and again to appear against the law officers of the Government for his clients of the Liberal press and the Constitutional Associations, without relaxing for a day his favourite studies and pursuits as a scholar, an antiquary, and a bibliophile. We may note here, as a characteristic of the good feeling and good taste that never deserted him in the most ardent controversies and conflicts, his withdrawal from a journal in which a virulent article upon the private life of the Prince of Orange had appeared. When at length the Revolution arrived, it discovered in him a safe and steadfast guide, and not one of those vulgar adventurers whom public troubles sweep into ephemeral popularity and power.

In the evening of the 25th of August, 1830, the insurrectionary movement began at Brussels, and the first act of M. Van de Weyer, on his arrival from Louvain, was to place a guard of fifty men over the Library and its treasures entrusted to his care. Chosen secretary of a Committee of Notables of the Civic Guard, and one of five delegates charged to draw up a national remonstrance for presentation to the King, M. Van de Weyer resolutely opposed the violent party, saying, "'89, by all means; '93, certainly not." Attached to the staff of the Civic Guard in the capacity of counsel, he attended a deputation to the Prince of Orange at Laeken, and when at length the Prince had consented to enter the capital, convulsed with tumult and barricaded, with no other military escort than his personal staff, he made his way at the risk of his life to the palace, and after stating with manly frankness the grievances of his fellow-citizens, consented to form part of a Commission for restoring tranquillity. He begged the heir to the throne to put himself at the head of the Belgians, and undertook to maintain the public peace for a fortnight until the return of the Prince from the Hague. On the 7th of September, the answer from the King to the demand for the separation of the two kingdoms was so unsatisfactory that M. Van de Weyer proposed the selection of a Provisional Government from the members of the States-General. This proposal was subsequently modified, and a Commission of Safety was composed of eight out of sixteen candidates chosen by the Regency, of whom M. Van de Weyer was one, to conduct the national movement and maintain order. The King's Speech at the opening of a special Session of the States-General at the Hague on the 13th September was so far from reassuring to the Belgian patriots, that all M. Van de Weyer's courage and constancy were needed to restrain the popular commotion. The Commission of Safety was soon discredited by its moderation; but M. Van de Weyer's ready wit and presence of mind were sufficient to reduce to silence and contempt a silly agitator who called for blood instead of speeches. When at length the Royal troops had surrounded the city, and the fate of the Revolution was to be decided by force, and the people had taken the Hôtel de Ville by storm, M. Van de Weyer confronted without flinching all the perils of the crisis, though

not without some secret momentary misgivings. Escaping to Valenciennes, where other leading patriots were assembled, he decided them to appeal to the people for an organized resistance in the provinces, and to march with all the civil forces upon the capital. To sound the tocsin of revolt, to inspire and animate the insurgents, was comparatively easy; to preserve the Revolution from anarchy and from a dictatorship, and to organize an administration without an army or a treasury, demanded a combination of energy and prudence not often associated in revolutionary leaders. Throughout those anxious days M. Van de Weyer was the very life and soul of the Central Committee. In five days, under his calm and vigorous direction, it had reconstructed the entire political, military, and judicial fabric of the State, convoked a Congress, and astonished Europe by the restoration of order and the preservation of liberty, by the collection of taxes and the regular administration of public justice, as if the Government had only changed its name. The truth was, that the members of the new Government had set the example of self-sacrifice; M. Van de Weyer's father publicly declared that he would accept no promotion in the magistracy so long as his son remained in power. Many capital anecdotes are related of M. Van de Weyer's happy tact and never-failing wit in these extremities of the national fortune; as when, for instance, the Prince of Orange invited him to Antwerp, and he asked the aide-de-camp whether the Prince commanded the citadel and the troops. The aide-de-camp replying with some hesitation in the negative, "Pray tell the Prince," rejoined the member of the Provisional Government, "that I was on the point of accepting his invitation, but that I have an instinctive horror of all citadels and troops which are not commanded by his Royal Highness."

Such, in brief, was the first and foremost episode of M. Van de Weyer's political career. We must now accompany him on his first mission to the country in which he was destined to find the lasting happiness of his life, and to fix his home in calmer times to come. But the great enterprise on which he was engaged was to be fulfilled only after many weary and anxious days and sleepless nights, many months and years of arduous labour, incessant vigilance, painful uncertainties and delays. It was a task that needed consummate dexterity and inexhaustible patience. It was nothing less than to persuade the cautious and conservative statesmanship of England to consent to the infraction of a treaty which had been signed but fifteen years before by all the great Powers at the close of the mighty struggle with Napoleon, as a security for the balance of power and the peace of Europe, and of those very articles in the treaty which had been designed as barriers against the restless ambition of France; to induce the Government of England to undo its own work, and allow an ally who had fought under Wellington at Waterloo to be despoiled of half his kingdom; to take advantage of the French revolutionary impulse, and yet to restrain and defeat intrigues and schemes of annexation or partition very thinly disguised by French diplomacy; to appease the displeasure of Russia, Austria, and Prussia; to profit by the Reform movement in England and the accession of the Liberal party to power, without alienating or alarming Conservative interests and prejudices; and all this in the face of popular excitement and revolutionary impatience in Belgium, of reactionary conspiracies, of a national Congress agitated by conflicting hopes and fears, and of the obstinate determination of the Royal House of Nassau to yield only at the last moment to overwhelming necessity. It is easy for the present generation, who are accustomed to see Belgium happy, free, prosperous, and secure, to forget the dangers and the difficulties from which the little State at length emerged. The story of its birth-throes and its early struggles is told in the two volumes of this biography of the statesman to whom of all others belongs the credit of having rescued his country from internal anarchy, from the penalties of a violent dynastic reconquest, and from foreign annexation. M. Van de Weyer would have been content perhaps, at the outset of the Revolution, with a full measure of local self-government and complete administrative independence under the House of Nassau. But the Dutch dynasty, like the King of Egypt, hardened its heart, and would not let the people go; and it became a question for the Belgian patriots of being proscribed as rebels or of abjuring their allegiance. They resolved, at the risk of life and fortune, on complete separation, and there was a moment of despair when they would even have proclaimed a Republic to save their honour and their liberties. The known determination of the national leaders made it the interest of the great monarchies to accept a compromise of their pretensions, and it was in the conduct of the negotiations by which this compromise was concluded that M. Van de Weyer's vigour and discretion overcame all obstacles, and achieved a final and complete success. The Reform Bill, which brought a Liberal Ministry into power in England, was a very happy stroke of fate for the Belgians. Lord Palmerston took up their cause, and made a naval demonstration in the Downs at the critical moment when a French army had crossed the frontier to compel the Dutch to retire. And then it appeared that Belgian independence had only escaped one peril to fall into another. It required all Lord Palmerston's courage and decision to put the veto of England on the acceptance of the Belgian Crown by the Duke of Nemours, and to insist on the withdrawal of the French army. Talleyrand had furtively hinted to Prussia a partition of Belgium, anticipating, it would seem by some forty years the famous secret treaty of M. Benedetti. Antwerp was to be made a free port by way of a sop to the jealousy of England. Thereupon Lord Palmerston demanded the instant evacuation of Belgian ter-

ritory by the French troops. The liberating army was withdrawn, and Louis Philippe declined the Crown for his son. Its subsequent acceptance by Prince Leopold was only the beginning of difficulties of another kind. The frontier question, the fortresses, the Scheidt dues, and the distribution of the public debt were stoutly contested by the representatives of Holland and Belgium at the protracted Conference of London, and cost M. Van Weyer immense labour and fatigue. All night long he was drawing up his case for the Conference; all day long he was defending it in person; he was hurrying to and fro from London to Brussels and back again, ever in the breach and ever in the front, one day in Downing Street, another in the Congress, ubiquitous and indefatigable with voice and pen, employing all the resources of the advocate, the orator, the publicist, and occasionally even the pamphleteer. The result belongs to history; and if it was not entirely satisfactory to Belgium, or perhaps (in the matter of Luxemburg) to the future interests of Europe, it was satisfactory beyond hope or expectation at the time, and it enabled Leopold to accept the crown without loss of dignity, and to transmit it to his son in peace and security. The account in these volumes of the final ratification of the treaty is one of the most interesting and instructive pages in diplomatic history; we have not space to dwell upon it here. The peace of Europe was saved; the new kingdom was established on that basis of neutrality and independence which its own prudence and prosperity, and the good will it has fairly won all round, have ever since preserved.

The firmness and high spirit with which M. Van de Weyer asserted the rights of his country against all assaults and intrigues were heartily acknowledged by friends and adversaries alike. The Prince of Orange, Talleyrand, William IV., Lord Aberdeen, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Lord Palmerston, Louis Philippe, all bore willing testimony to the tact and skill of the diplomatist; and in English society it was not only the successful diplomatist that found admirers, but the wit, the philosopher, the scholar, and the high-bred, kindly gentleman that found himself at home among a host of friends. To King Leopold he was not only a trusted servant and valued Minister, but an intimate counsellor and familiar friend. In 1836 he was requested to represent the King at the marriage of his nephew, Prince Ferdinand, to Queen Donna Maria at Lisbon; and four years later he was chosen by the Portuguese Government as arbitrator, with the consent of King Leopold, in a matter of disputed claims between the Governments of Portugal and England, and received the cordial thanks of the British Government for the able and impartial manner in which he had fulfilled a delicate task. Again in 1840 he was requested to act as mediator between the Governments of France and England after the famous treaty of July and the subsequent war in Syria, and in 1847 he acted in a similar capacity and with the same success between the Governments of Spain and Great Britain after the dismissal of Sir Henry Bulwer from Madrid. In fact, whenever any difficulty occurred in European affairs M. Van de Weyer was sure to be called in; such was the reputation he had acquired for that perfect quality in a negotiator, the mingled suavity of manner and strength of purpose which disarms rather than defeats resistance, and conciliates rather than conquers. In the summer of 1845 he was summoned to Brussels to form a Cabinet; in the following spring he resigned office in consequence of a disagreement among his Catholic colleagues on a Middle Class Education Bill. Excepting the interval of these few months, M. Van de Weyer may be said to have resided in England as Minister Plenipotentiary from 1839 to 1867, when, by the urgent advice of his physicians, he asked and obtained his Sovereign's permission to retire from public life. Although a Belgian patriot to the core (as was shown by his stinging pamphlet on the defence of Antwerp, in reply to Mr. Cobden), and proud of the ancient municipal liberties and the civic virtues of his countrymen, we may presume to count him as something more than an adopted Englishman. In public and private life he was always distinguished by those qualities of mind and heart, and by those sympathies and predilections, which we are accustomed to associate with the English character. At the anniversary dinner of the Royal Geological Society in 1849, under the presidency of Sir Charles Lyell, M. Van de Weyer replied to the toast of "the Belgian geologists," and on that occasion the late Sir Robert Peel publicly congratulated the Belgian nation on being so admirably represented in England. In 1850, at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, Judge Talfourd proposed the health of the President designate for the following year, M. Van de Weyer, as one whose "better half is English, and who has for years been an ornament of our society." And when his own turn came to fill the chair, M. Van de Weyer seized the opportunity of paying homage in graceful and feeling terms to that profession of the pen to which he said he owed his own position in the world, and expressed his gratitude to English statesmen and writers for the support they had always given to Belgian nationality and independence. No Englishman could have delivered a more patriotic, or, let us say, a more truly English, speech than that which M. Van de Weyer delivered in 1857, in the character of a Berkshire landlord and Chairman of the annual dinner of the East Berks Agricultural Association. It was in the crisis of the Indian mutiny, and he depicted in glowing language the heroism of Havelock and his comrades, and appealed to his hearers to unite heart and hand in defending the cause of British civilization in India.

"Calm is life's crown," sings the poet; and the calm which has crowned the brilliant career of this founder of the Belgian kingdom, after the stormy conflicts of his early manhood and the



incessant labours of his later years, is that of ample leisure for those intellectual recreations which were once a refuge from the tumult of affairs and a solace amidst public agitations, and are now the charm and the delight of a philosophic moralist, whom his biographer compares for a moment with St. Evremont, but only to point the happy contrast of two epochs and two destinies.

#### MORRIS'S HISTORICAL OUTLINES OF ENGLISH ACCIDENTS.\*

WE have several philological books before us, some of which, if we strictly followed the order in which they have made their way to us, would be entitled to an earlier notice than this of Dr. Morris. But we cannot resist the temptation of bringing before our readers as soon as may be a book whose value we think we do not exaggerate when we say that it makes an era in the study of the English tongue. We have at last an historical grammar of the English language which really recognises what the English language is. It is the first book of the kind which fully grasps the fact that the English language from its earliest to its latest stages is one language, with an unbroken history, and an unbroken personal being. This is the sort of thing for which we have long been looking, and we have found it at last. Dr. Morris does us the honour to acknowledge us as fellow-labourers in his work, and to give us credit for having done something to guide the public mind on this matter, perhaps even to guide the mind of Dr. Morris himself:—

By not regarding the earlier stages of our language as *English*, all the necessary helps to a rational treatment of its grammatical forms and idioms have been cast aside. The *Saturday Review* has very rightly raised its voice rather loudly against the absurdity of such a view, and has properly insisted upon the right of all periods to be designated as *English*—the very oldest term for our language, and one that is identified with its earliest history and with the very best writers of all its periods, from Alfred the Great down to the present time. This outcry against an absurd nomenclature has been productive of good results, as it is seen in the growing tendency that manifests itself nowadays to study the older stages of English, for the sake of the light they throw upon its later and more modern periods.

We never saw a more striking proof than Dr. Morris's book that the fight which we have been fighting, as some may think for a mere name, has really been a fight, not for a name but for a thing. We here for the first time, in any work of a moderate compass, get the true history of the English language, its real relations to other languages, set forth in a clear and scientific manner. Here are none of the usual confusions and misconceptions; there is nothing of the lingering notion that the tongue of a people who have settled in Britain must have something to do with the Britons and their tongue—nothing of the difficulty of grasping the idea that a tongue may be Teutonic without having any special connexion with High German—nothing of the strange unwillingness to acknowledge that the English tongue could be English until its English purity had been modified, or even corrupted, by foreign elements. We are almost ashamed to say that no trace of any of these confusions is to be found in Dr. Morris's book, because we are sure that, if they ever affected his mind, all trace of them has long ago passed away from it. Still, as we cannot lay our hand on any other book of its class which is not more or less affected by these confusions, it is not needless to say that in Dr. Morris's grammar they find no place whatever. When we read his accurate and scientific account of the origin of the English tongue and of its relations to other tongues, the main thing that strikes us is, how clear, how simple, the whole thing is, how incomparably clearer and simpler than the mass of confusion and contradictions which commonly takes its place in books of the kind. The only fault that we have to find is one that Dr. Morris himself hopes to remedy. His present book is not quite a book for beginners. He says:—"I have endeavoured to write a work that can be profitably used by students or by the upper forms in our public schools; a very elementary book formed no part of my plan." Dr. Morris's book is admirably suited for its own object, and it fills a void which we have long wanted to see filled. But a purely elementary book, a book for those who know absolutely nothing of the matter till they begin it, is at least as much wanted. Dr. Morris's next sentence is therefore a great comfort to us, when he says, "I hope to have leisure to write a more elementary work than the present one." Dr. Morris, in his first chapter, gives us in proper form the relations of English to other Teutonic languages, of the Teutonic languages to other Aryan languages, and of the Aryan languages, as inflected tongues, to those which are monosyllabic and agglutinative. The only fault we should find with his arrangement is that he goes backward from Teutonic to Aryan, instead of going forward from Aryan to Teutonic. In these matters clearness is the first point, and the strictly genealogical method, to use Dr. Morris's own words, is surely the clearest of all. And perhaps we may be inclined to throw some doubt on one question of Dr. Morris's where he says:—

\* The *Teutones* were a German tribe conquered by Marius; hence the terms *Teutonici* and *Theotones* were subsequently applied to all German-speaking people.

It would perhaps be safer not to rule, paradoxical as it sounds, that the *Teutones* were Teutonic. At all events, it seems likely

\* *Historical Outline of English Accidents, comprising Chapters on the History and Development of the Language, and on Word-formation.* By the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

that the word *Teutonici* came into use as a piece of classical ornament. The old Latin name for the German language is *Lingua Theotisca*, a name which was gradually supplanted by *Teutonice*, which was doubtless adopted under the belief that it was a more classical form of the same name. The odd thing is that, in at least one English document of the eighth century, the decrees of the Synod of Colchyth (Haddan and Stubbs, iii. 460), *Teutonice* is used in the sense of *English*, at a time when the word was certainly not in prevalent use in Germany. The fact is perhaps accounted for by its being the Roman Legates who are writing. They might think that *Teutonice* sounded better than either *Anglice* or *Saxonicæ*, and we do not remember any instance of *Theotiscus* being used in England at any time.

But it is comforting to find the Teutonic dialects arranged under the three groups of Low German, Scandinavian, and High German, and in the Low German division to find Gothic at one end and English at the other. Then, after pointing out the chief phonetic differences between English and modern German, Dr. Morris adds, "Not only English, but all the remaining members of the Low German family, as well as the Scandinavian dialects, are thus distinguished from High German." If all makers of English grammars had known how to put forth plain truths in this plain way, we should not, whenever the Teutonic character of the English people and their language is insisted on, have been met by the usual confused babble about the wide differences between Englishmen and (High) Germans.

Dr. Morris then goes on to distinguish the changes of sounds arising from what Professor Müller calls "phonetic decay" from the permutation of sounds under Grimm's Law. In these last we can commonly see the reason of the change, which it is less easy to see in the case of the permutations under Grimm's Law. We can see why, both in our own and in other languages, men have loved to drop harsh sounds, and to make long words shorter. But we at least cannot see why, where a Greek says *d*, a Low German says *t*, and a High German *z*. We may think that we see indications that the two processes were in their origin the same, but we cannot get beyond guesses. We are quite satisfied in admitting with Dr. Morris that the one class of changes are, as far as we are concerned, fixed and arbitrary, while of the other class we can trace the history and see the reason. But the difference between the two kinds of change should always be borne in mind, as it is not borne in mind by those who use the words "derive" and "derivation" in a reckless way, sometimes deriving a man from his brother or cousin, and sometimes from himself at an earlier stage of life. Dr. Morris then goes on with a most clear and accurate sketch of the history of the English language, putting forth the plain truths which only need to be put forth more simply, tersely, and fully than we ever saw them put forth before. He here points out the difference between these two modes of changes which affect the substance of the language itself, and the various inclusions which have made their way into its vocabulary, from the few Latin and British words which were picked up by the first conquerors to the last importation from French, Chinese, Turkish, or American Indian. For the benefit of people who either derive English from German or think that other people so derive it, it may be as well to add that modern High-German is one of the sources from which we have in this way borrowed most sparingly. Dr. Morris might however have increased his German list somewhat. "Halt," in the military use, is really "derived from the German," *halten*, of which *hold* is the English cognate. And he might have added one word which we have borrowed from modern Germany, and have shown in the process of borrowing that we had not learned our Grimm's Law. We have adopted *Wasserschade* in the form of *watershed*, while, according to all analogy, it should have been *watersheath*. Such words again as *fatherland* and *one-sided* are distinctly of modern German origin; but they are perhaps rather to be called adaptations or translations than cases of actual borrowing. Nor do we quite accept Dr. Morris's statement that "what is usually designated the Latin of the First period consists of words that have had no influence on the language itself, but are only to be found in names of places, as *castra*." By "Latin of the First period" Dr. Morris means the few Latin words which were picked up by the English conquerors in the very process of conquest, as distinguished from the Second period—those, namely, which they learned from the Roman missionaries at their conversion to Christianity. But, though the word *castra*, *ceaster*, no longer exists in our language except as a proper name, there was a time when it was used as an appellative, when the City of the Legions was not yet *Chester*, but was only "a waste *chester*." But *street* still lives in daily use, and some of the names of objects, plants and the like, which our forefathers called by their native names, just as we do in the like case, but which some people are fond of piling together to show that English is not a Teutonic language, may have come in during the First period as well as during the Second. And if the Englishmen who were presented to Justinian in company with a Frankish embassy ever got back to their own island, it is not unlikely that they may have brought the word *Casere* with them.

Dr. Morris then goes on to refute the fallacies of those writers who go heaping together collections of words out of dictionaries—many of which are in no proper sense words at all, but mere technical forms—to show that our vocabulary is more Romanous than Teutonic. On this Dr. Morris remarks:—

Taking the actual number of words from a good English dictionary, the sum total will be over 100,000. Words of classical origin are calculated to be about twice as numerous as pure English words; hence some writers

who have only considered the constituent parts of our vocabulary, have come to the conclusion that English is not only a mixed or composite, but also a Romance language. They have, however, overlooked the fact that the grammar is not mixed or borrowed, but is altogether English.

We must recollect that in ordinary conversation our vocabulary is limited, and that we do not employ more than from three to five thousand words, while our best writers make use of about twice that number.

Now it is possible to carry on conversation, and write numerous sentences, without employing any borrowed terms; but if we endeavour to speak or write without making use of the native element (grammar or vocabulary) we shall find that such a thing is impossible. In our talk, in the works of our greatest writers, the English element greatly preponderates.

Dr. Morris of course does not stop to confute that small sect—for we fancy it is a small one—which will not let even our grammar be our own, but mistakes the immemorial Teutonic plural in *as* for something borrowed from the cognate Latin and French ending. But, though it is perfectly true that our grammar is not borrowed, there can be no doubt that some of the forms which it took in later times were influenced by the Romance languages which was spoken alongside of it. This however has perhaps more to do with syntax than with accidence, and we may perhaps hear something about it in the work on the former subject which Dr. Morris seems to promise us. He then goes on to remark:—

The names of the elements and their changes, of the seasons, the heavenly bodies, the divisions of time, the features of natural scenery, the organs of the body, the modes of bodily action and posture, the commonest animals, the words used in earliest childhood, the ordinary terms of traffic, the constituent words in proverbs, the designation of kindred, the simpler emotions of the mind, terms of pleantry, satire, contempt, indignation, invective, and anger, are for the most part unborrowed.

He then goes on to show how completely the words which cannot be done without are wholly Teutonic, while those which can be done without are mainly Romance. We mark that Dr. Morris reckons *church* among the words of Teutonic origin. The following paragraph well points out the real effect of the Norman Conquest upon the English language:—

Before the Norman Conquest the English language showed a tendency to substitute an analytical for a synthetical structure, and probably, had there been no Norman invasion, English would have arrived at the same simplification of its grammar as nearly every other nation of the Low German stock has done. The Danish invasion had already in some parts of the country produced this result; but the Norman invasion caused these changes, more or less inherent in all languages, to take place more rapidly and more generally.

Dr. Morris then goes on with the periods of the English language, marking carefully the changes in grammar, the influence of the three chief local dialects, *Northern*, *Midland*, and *Southern*—the last of these being the *Saxon* strictly so called—the gradual infusion of Romance words, and the final development of the *Midland* dialect as the classical English, the *Northern* and *Southern* being for the future condemned to be looked on as specimens of the “naughty English” of Andrew Bore. In fact, Dr. Morris goes through the whole subject of English accidence just as to our mind it ought to be gone through. Every branch of the subject, the history of our verbs and nouns, and the specially curious history of our pronouns, is fully worked out. So is the whole doctrine of particles and suffixes, Teutonic and Romance. And, by way of Appendix, we get, among other things, vocabularies showing the real extent of the Celtic, Latin, and Scandinavian infusions into our language, and, more curious than all, that not very small class of words, originally Teutonic, but which have come into English in a Romance form. Such are *herald*, *marshal*, and a good many others; the most curious of all being where, as in *wise* and *guise*, *ward* and *guard*, we have the same word both in its original form and in its foreign dress. In Dr. Morris's grammar we not only may learn something from every page, but the whole is put together in regular and scientific order. When we read the full and clear accounts in his text and in his Appendix of the nature of strong and weak verbs, we do indeed seem to be removed by many generations from the days, which we daresay have in some places not yet passed away, when all that English children were taught was that certain English verbs were “irregular.”

#### RUSSIAN LIFE.\*

THERE is very little pretension to book-making in Mr. Barry's *Even at Home*. It is made up in fact of a series of disorderly jottings, often without any special interest, and generally without any literary form. The author seems to have emptied some diary or notebook of its contents with no great perception of the difference of value between one fact and another. He has little sense of humour, and his funny stories are, as a rule, his worst. He has still less of the historic or social sympathy which would enable him to enter into the strange mediæval life into which he found himself plunged. Throughout he is simply a shrewd man of business, proud of his English good sense, and amusingly unconscious of his English prejudices, but judging everything steadily from an English point of view. On the old Russia which is passing away he looks with an utter absence of comprehension or sympathy, while language almost fails him to express his admiration of the new Russia which is springing up under the reforming hand of Czar Alexander. Of the Emperor's reforms, indeed, in themselves, it is difficult even for one who views

them at a greater distance than Mr. Barry to speak without enthusiasm. No change so mighty has been wrought in Russia since the days of Peter the Great. It is not merely that greater liberty has been given to the press, that political discussion is allowed a far wider range than of old, that travelling within the Empire has been freed from the hindrance of passports, and internal communication facilitated by the improvement of roads; that the protective system, though still adhered to, has been lightened; that the finances have been brought to a sound balance, and the civil service partially reformed, or that the six hundred miles of railway which existed ten years ago have now grown to nearly ten thousand. It is that, with the emancipation of the serfs, and the growth of commerce consequent on these improvements, the whole conditions of social life have been revolutionized. “Until the year 1861,” says Mr. Barry very truly, “there were only two classes of people in the Czar's dominions, nobles and serfs. Now there are four—noblemen, merchants, shopkeepers, and peasants.” Of the two orders which specially represent old Russia, the noble has been quickened into a new energy by the new position in which he has been placed by self-emancipation, while the Church will soon feel the impulse given to it by the abolition of the hereditary character of the priesthood. But it is the rise of a middle class which has necessitated the great reforms undertaken by the Emperor in public administration and justice. A “new law with its simple code, oral instead of written practice, trial by jury, irremovable judges elected by the supreme power instead of by the local nobility,” is perhaps the greatest of Alexander's gifts to his people. But reforms are often so pretty on paper and so miserable in practice, that we are glad to have from Mr. Barry the evidence of a really shrewd looker-on to the substantial good wrought by the recent changes. He has, in fact, lived in the country, and this gives his book, tedious and uninteresting as it often is, a very different value from the fly-away sketches to which we have been treated in works like Mr. Dixon's. The “old judge,” Roman Romanovitch, with “his left hand feeling in his pocket for that which the right hoped to put into it,” seems to have been a personal acquaintance. His pay was some forty pounds a-year, “but then he had the power of deporting people to Siberia, and that was a valuable privilege in a money-making country.” It was a privilege which had at any rate its value for Roman Romanovitch:—

The fact was that Roman Romanovitch liked good living and playing at cards, so his *income*, which was not so very small, went in this way rather than in adorning his person; and besides, out of his forty pounds a year he was expected to keep a horse and droschky; for as chief judge of the town, his wife could not be supposed to go on foot when she went out for an airing.

His wife dressed well, and in the afternoon always appeared in silks and satins, and moreover, had some rather handsome jewels.

The judge's house was fairly furnished, as upon all his own and his wife's name-days any little articles that they might have dropped a hint they wanted to make their castle comfortable would be surely presented by one or other of the town tradesmen, particularly by any of them who were of a litigious disposition.

Roman Romanovitch was a jolly fellow in his house, and could eat, and drink, and have his joke with every one; and no wonder, for his wine-cellar was much better stocked than the neighbouring “Barrin's,” although the latter had a good estate of some twenty thousand acres, and the judge could always boast that he never owed anybody a copeck. Which was true in one way, because all his creditors lived in his own town, and in the case of a disputed account the judge could not be expected to commit such an absurdity as deciding against himself.

The thirty thousand statutes which lay before Roman Romanovitch in ponderous volumes formed, of course, an effectual barrier against any attempt at getting fair play or justice; yet the introduction of a simpler code would have been of little avail but for the two changes which supplemented it—the substitution of oral for written evidence, and, above all, an immense increase in the pay of the judge himself. Instead of forty pounds, Roman's successor received five hundred, and the whole system of speculation fell at once to the ground. At first the moujiks hardly understood how cases could be heard without a bribe, or decided in a few days instead of as many years, or why the applicants for justice were not sworn at and bullied as they used to be. But these are changes that people are only too glad to get accustomed to, and we will take Mr. Barry's word for it that in his judicial changes the Emperor has conferred an incalculable boon upon his people.

The main interest of Mr. Barry's book, however, lies in the insight which it gives into the industrial life of Russia. The mineral riches and undeveloped coal-fields of this vast country are in fact the greatest of her future resources. A drive through the low hills of the Ural range, from the gigantic mountain of magnetic iron to the very edge of the steppe, takes the traveller over a region unsurpassed in the amount and variety of its mineral wealth. “Here are gold, copper, lead, iron in masses; forests in abundance to supply the necessary fuel for the successful working of these minerals; labour sufficient for all purposes; all means and appliances ready at hand; the whole only waiting until a little more activity is instilled into the Russian character”; and, we may add, until the foolish administrative restrictions are removed which now hamper industrial enterprise. Mr. Barry hardly exaggerates in his statement that were the fetters of the bureaucracy once shaken off, the gold mines of Russia would equabin value those of Australia. As yet, however, mining is conducted in a somewhat primitive way. The iron ore is extracted from shallow pits of the same sort as those which are familiar to us in Sussex and the Forest of Dean. On the other hand, the works are of immense extent. Those with which Mr. Barry was connected seem to have been part of “a vast estate

\* *Even at Home; or, Pictures of Russian Life*. By Herbert Barry. Author of “Russia in 1870.” &c. &c. London: The Publishing Company, Limited, 1872.

exceeding a million and a-half of acres, together with forty-five villages, and about sixty thousand inhabitants. On this estate were erected twenty-five large works for the production and manufacture of different metals. The revenue derived from this source yielded a princely income." Of the freaks of the great mine-owners, or Barrins, we get, of course, very amusing accounts. It is characteristic of Russia that a "Barrin" usually combined Eastern profligacy and feudal pride with modern extravagance, and that while he sent his shirts to be washed at Paris, he ordered a harem ready-made from Constantinople, and quietly put mutinous peasants into his blast-furnaces. To express his dissatisfaction at the *dénouement* of a play which had been acted in his private theatre, where the heroine in his opinion had been married to the wrong person, one of those mine-owners stopped the performance, sent for the village priest, and forced the hero and heroine to be actually joined together in matrimony. Extravagances of this sort have been recently checked by the emancipation of the serfs and the stricter justice of the present Emperor; but there is still something distinctively Russian in the character and position of the miners themselves. As a class they stand wholly apart from the agricultural peasantry, untouched by the common village system, and of course unaffected by the recent measure of emancipation:—

On the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, it was only the ordinary mujiks who received land from their late proprietors. The "mistaroviya," or workmen attached to all the great works, were not regarded in the same light, and the majority of those attached to the works in the centre of Russia are without land. I can mention one circumstance to prove the oddness of the ideas held by some of the serfs upon this question. A proprietor of one of the largest of these works at the time of the emancipation offered to let any of his workmen have land on the same terms as the other mujiks, but only the men from one of his twelve zavods accepted this liberal offer.

The workmen received their garden-ground to the extent of one declatine, but did not participate in the agricultural land.

They have no voice in the communal questions of division of the land, and do not take much interest in the affairs of the village generally. In consequence of having no "obrok" to pay for the land, they, too, are free to go "abroad" to search for work.

As a workman the Russian artisan is excellent. Inferior to the English workman in actual physical strength, and unable to equal him in the quantity of work done, he has much of the Oriental aptitude for mechanical imitation, and can reproduce exactly any model given him, "from a padlock to a watch." There, as here, drink is the workman's most terrible foe; while the strife between employer and employed seems even more constant and virulent in Russia than at home. The Russian Trade Unions have one distinct advantage over their English rivals; by an old statute every proprietor is obliged to maintain his workpeople, whether they are employed or not; and this law, were it strictly enforced, would leave the master absolutely at his men's mercy. But, as a rule, the contest is fought out in the common way, though the causes of a Russian strike are usually no difficult calculations as to rise and fall in price, nor any desire to reduce the hours of labour, but simply a longing for an occasional holiday and a greater proportion of drink.

It is curious to see how these problems of European society stand face to face in Russia with the picturesque social phenomena of the East. We pass from a miners' strike to an interview with the ambassador from Bokhara, hugging the golden ewer which he is carrying as a present to the Czar. The English engineer on board the steambot yells his "enée" and "stop her" over the heads of devout Tartars who have spread their prayer carpet on its deck, and are kneeling with their faces towards the setting sun. At the landing place at Kazan all the apple-dealers are followers of the Prophet, and swindle their Christian customers with true Moslem relish. The very cargoes of the barges on the Volga are as great a medley as the Empire itself:—

As every one knows, the Oka discharges itself into the Volga, so, bidding our friends good-bye, not forgetting the great man, we took the ship's boat, and were rowed into the latter river, noticing on the way the wonderful diversity of the various merchandise with which the countless number of barges we passed were loaded.

We saw iron from Siberia, tea from China, cotton from Bokhara, carpets from Persia, petroleum from the Caucasus, salt from the Eastern steppes, corn from Podolia, herrings from Astrakhan, samovars from Toula, grindstones from the Ural mountains; in fact, a collection of articles, Eastern and Western, much too numerous to mention, for Nijny Novgorod is the point where, for transport purposes, Europe meets Asia.

If ethnographical variety, indeed, could produce richness of national life, Russia would be the wealthiest nation in this way in the world. In the museum at Moscow examples of all the peoples who own the sway of the Czar have been industriously collected together; they begin with an Esquimaux, and end with a copper-coloured fire-worshipper. Hardly less striking than the contrast between the East and the West is the contrast between the present and the past, or again between the busy life of the great mining factories which Mr. Barry describes and the silence of the vast forests which surround them. The readers of the great Russian novelist will remember the weird power with which he has transferred to his pages the stillness and mystery of those endless woods of dreary pines, stretching for hundreds of miles without a break, save the little clearing in which rises the hut of the bee-keeper, and swept by fires which traverse provinces in their course. "The last one of great importance," says Mr. Barry, "was in 1869, which commencing in the government of Tver, spread until it reached nearly to Wilna, in the centre of Poland." With the same sharp sense of contrast we pass from the modern railway to the Russian Fair. In these great centres of

retail trade all is still mediæval; the medley of goods and peoples is just such as one might have met with in the streets of Troyes six hundred years ago. English beer and French gloves jostle with the shawls and jewels of Khiva and Bokhara, the broken Tchinnovnik elbows the blackleg Jew from Poland, the Siberian gold-dealer, the Tartar merchant in his slippers and embroidered skull-cap. Of the many strangers only one seems to be regarded with jealousy and even aversion. "The Russian people," says Mr. Barry emphatically, "do not love the Germans," and yet the Germans are everywhere in Russia:—

In the capital the majority of the large shopkeepers are Germans, whilst in the few other large towns in the Empire many Germans are engaged in trade.

At St. Petersburg, by far the wealthiest bankers, merchants, and brokers are Germans, and many more are of German origin. Commencing from the time of Catherine, the English for many years kept the majority of the trade in their hands; they have been, however, quite distanced by the Germans, and the English are now comparatively nowhere.

But it is in the country that these industrious and frugal people have set an example to the Russian mujik, of which I am sorry to say he has not taken advantage.

Scattered here and there over the Empire are German colonies; some of them, established many years ago upon land given to them by the Crown, have gradually grown into great importance. In several of them manufactures have sprung up, and generally they are industrious and prosperous.

It is quite curious in passing through such a colony to notice the nice houses, clean streets, well-kept fields, everything after the German type, and quite different from the Russian-owned property which it may join. In fact, there is Germany in the middle of Russia.

The hatred is most intense among the peasant class. The memories of serfdom are still fresh and rankling, and to the serf the German means simply the foreign steward who ground his life's blood out of him to provide for the demands of the prodigal noblesse. In the country fair the discovery that a trader is a German is at once fatal to his prospects of finding a customer among the mujiks, but the intensity of the general feeling will only be fully revealed when political circumstances have arrayed, as it seems probable some day must happen, the Teuton against the Russ. Glimpses like these of the actual life and feeling of the common peasant and artisan give Mr. Barry's book, under its somewhat trivial guise, a real value. As yet Russia has been seen through a purely political atmosphere, and the tone of its aristocracy, which is either by birth or fashion German, has passed for the tone of the nation at large. But it is plain that military and bureaucratic Russia is yielding fast to the new people which the changes of the last twenty years have really created. We are grateful to a book like this which introduces us not to the salons of St. Petersburg, but to the hut of the mujik and the forge of the miner. Henceforth the life and feelings of the peasant and the artisan will have to be taken account of in giving any estimate of the probable future of Russia.

#### ESSAYS ON CATHEDRALS.\*

PEOPLE who shake their heads about Cathedrals, and wonder how much longer the age will suffer them to go on, must be a little taken aback by a volume like this of vigorous and practical papers on the future which lies open before them. The names of the writers, not all of them members of Chapters, the interest which they show in the subject, the spirit, conviction, and hope which mark the Essays, and the breadth and sound sense with which they are for the most part written, are not the signs of a failing cause. So far from being in danger, the Cathedrals have the game in their own hands if they choose, and it only depends on their members whether, from being the most suspected, they should not become the strongest, in their hold of popular sympathy, of all the portions of the Church system. No doubt they must work for this; but the means are within their reach.

Dean Howson's share in the work is almost too modest. He confines himself strictly to the task of editor, merely contributing a short introduction, of which the only special feature is the suggestion (a very questionable one) of the expediency of an Executive Commission to co-operate with Chapters in the work of reform. Church Commissions have hitherto proved very disappointing machines, and the wish for one seems to us to betray an unwise, though not unnatural, impatience on the part of energetic and hopeful reformers to stir up the more backward of the Chapters by some external agency. Our own belief is that the most trustworthy of such agencies is the increasing pressure of public opinion and conscience, and that an "Executive Commission," which in the long run practically means some one active member, or it may be a clever and well-informed, but not always friendly, secretary, is likely to denude the sense of responsibility in bodies which, if they exist at all, ought, with such assistance as they may very reasonably count upon from their Visitors, and if necessary from Parliament, to be their own reformers. If we cannot trust the Chapters to improve without a Commission, a Commission in which they are sure, rightly or wrongly, to see a natural enemy will, we are afraid, be made the excuse for a suspicious and barren conservatism. We cannot help wishing that the Dean of Chester, instead of countenancing the demand for a Commission, had told us more at length how he has introduced new life and usefulness in one of the least favourably circumstanced of caputular organizations.

The Essays cover a good deal of ground. The history of

\* *Essays on Cathedrals*. By various Writers. Edited by the Dean of Chester. London: John Murray. 1872.

the Cathedral idea is the subject of a paper by a writer who has more than any one else seen the deep and pregnant connexion of English national history with English national religion, and who has studied it with the insight and with the industry of genius, Mr. E. A. Freeman. That this idea is not to be regarded as a thing of the past, a device of former ages to meet their own wants, but antiquated now, and incapable of adequately fulfilling any useful purpose in our own, is brought out from various points of view in the other papers which form the bulk of the volume. In two very interesting essays the Bishop of Carlisle and Canon Norris relate their experience and the lessons which it has respectively taught them about actual cathedral work—the one in the post which he so ably filled as Dean of Ely, and the other as Canon of Bristol. Mr. Beresford Hope writes on the great call and peculiar opportunities of Cathedrals in their missionary aspect; in their exceptional relations to the masses, the crowds both in city and country who are so imperfectly within ordinary Church influences, and of whom so little is known, except that they are sure to flock to Cathedrals where Cathedrals do their duty, that they show deep interest in what goes on, that they are more attentive and behave better than the average of regular congregations, and that they can hear things said to them there which they are not likely to hear elsewhere. Professor Westcott takes another great side of this work, complementary to that which has to do with popular instruction and the awakening of conscience and religious ideas in the multitude—namely, the place of Cathedrals in the system of the Church, as homes and centres of religious study and thought. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, than whom no better authority could be found, discusses their functions as schools of religious music, and their duties in the education of choristers; Mr. Denham, the Master of the Carlisle High School, writes about what are at present the subordinate, but far from unimportant, questions connected with Cathedral grammar schools. Two canons of Lincoln, Chancellor Massingbeard and Mr. Venables, contribute to the collection; the first a paper on Cathedral Reform generally, its history and prospects; the second, an interesting sketch of the architectural peculiarities and changes of our English Cathedrals. The Dean of Cashel writes about Irish Cathedrals, and Mr. Stewart Perowne of Llandaff about Welsh ones. Lastly, Dr. Benson of Wellington College takes the exceedingly important, and practically very difficult subject of the relation of the Chapter to the Bishop; a point on which nothing can be more clear and attractive than the theory, and nothing more likely, under our present circumstances, to prove full of embarrassment than the working.

Dr. Benson's learned Essay, illustrated by Mr. Freeman's general historical review, supplies the true account of the original ideal of a Cathedral Chapter, its intended purpose, and its natural and primary functions. It was essentially connected with the Bishop, and in its relation to him as his council lay its original meaning. Neither the maintenance of divine service in the chief church of the diocese, nor the guardianship of its fabric, nor the possession of property as a great Church corporation, nor the conduct of theological education, were the first and essential functions of Chapters. The Chapters were primarily and in their specific character the Bishop's council, "*diocesis Senatus*"; and as Dr. Benson observes, "the most splendid relic of the institution—it is nothing more"—is still to be seen in the Roman College of Cardinals. They have preserved, as he says, like their "Papa," "an ancient name and ancient activity," which were once to be found in every diocese. And with this view of the institution a whole body of ecclesiastical law arose, by which it was governed. The statutes of each Chapter, varying, as they did, indefinitely in details, were yet not, as is often supposed, the one rule by which each Cathedral was governed. They were, Dr. Benson reminds us, in no respect *privilegia*; "they were but a fragment of a powerful and well understood system of law—*jus commune*—which existed throughout Europe; which statutes framed for particular Cathedrals could not contravene, and could modify only in some particulars." Out of this *conciliar* idea of the Chapters, the same in substance throughout Western Europe, grew the various constitutional axioms, rules, understandings, by which their action was determined and their relations defined; and Dr. Benson illustrates in detail, from the history and records of Lincoln, how this *conciliar* idea was in fact realized; how it was assumed, appealed to, and turned to account by bishops who understood its true bearings and value in the government of their diocese; how long the idea lingered; from what causes it dropped into the background and was forgotten; and how it has been attempted to be revived. And it is in the direction of a further and more general return to this original understanding of the meaning of episcopal institutions and of their relation to the Bishop that his Essay points. There is no doubt much to be said for this view, that as the Chapters were first created to be the Bishop's council, and to serve in close connexion with the Bishop, and in subordination to him, so the first thing to be sought by reformers is to bring them back to this original function, and to make it the leading and primary feature of the restored action. But it must be remembered that history has its consequences, which are not always to be altered as men wish. It is said that Chapters have departed from their first ideal and purpose; that from being bodies associated to assist the Bishop, and to be his council and assistant, they have grown into self-asserting corporations, independent of him, jealous of his interference, and dissociating themselves from his work. And it is urged that they ought to be brought back by vigorous and stringent legislation to their original use, from which, under bad influences and to their discredit, they have slipped

away. But it is to be remembered that if Chapters have ceased to be the Bishop's council, it is because the Bishop also has changed his position. He ceased to live with them, and in many cases even to reside in the same place; he did not care to have them as his counsellors, and left them to themselves, while he chose his own advisers. The divorce between Bishop and Chapter has been quite as much the Bishop's doing as the Chapter's. And the result has been that the Chapter naturally became more and more an independent body, learning to prize its independence, finding new objects and functions, and claiming to do in its own way what it had come to consider its proper work. Dr. Benson's Essay, and his historical sketch of the fortunes of the Lincoln Chapter, show that if the original *conciliar* idea of the Chapter has been widely departed from, this result has been owing to general causes, in which the instinct and policy of the Chapter to detach itself from connexion with the Bishop, and to release itself from his control, were but very partial factors. These general causes, many and various in character, have in the course of ages remoulded the institution, and it is with the institution as it now exists, with its functions, its capacities, and its interests, that we must deal at present. To attempt to subordinate Chapters to episcopal necessities and uses, and to destroy the independent position which the course of events has given them, in order to make them closer imitations of their original form, and to render them more serviceable instruments in the hands of the Bishops, would be as unreasonable and mischievous as we are sure it would be vain. That they may be of great assistance to the Bishops, and that really it rests very much with the Bishops to seek and to gain their co-operation, we have no doubt. But if their reason for existing now is only that which no doubt originally called them into existence, that they should be the Bishop's council, the reason seems an insufficient one.

The truth is, that they have grown into a place of their own, with special work, opportunities, and objects; and it is by this standard, whether they fill this place adequately and discharge its obligations, and not by reference to the functions which the earliest Chapters had to perform, that the case of Cathedral institutions must be judged. Their real, at least their paramount, use seems to lie in the two directions indicated in the papers of Mr. Beresford Hope and Dr. Westcott; in their "missionary aspect," as great centres and schools of preaching, and in their office, as places absolutely unique in our day in their advantages for theological study, religious education, and devotional life. This last view of the subject is perhaps the one which appeals least to popular sympathies. The temper of the day, calling for immediate and visible activity, appreciates services and preaching, but sets less store on the more concentrated and more retired work of thought, reading, and research, and the methodical and deliberate ordering of life. Yet if anything is certain, it is that our society, even our religious society, stands in need in the highest degree of more theological and historical knowledge, of calmer reflection, of less hurried and feverish decisions, of simpler and more frugal ways of living. Dr. Westcott has expressed this with earnestness and force. With one portion of this view we are familiar. The true functions of Cathedrals as places of study and intellectual work have often been insisted on. Dr. Westcott adds to this the important services which they might render both to society and to the Church, by presenting examples of "plain living" united with ready and free hospitality. "It may appear visionary," he says, "to set forward Cathedral bodies as the natural pioneers in an effort towards gaining a simpler and more frugal mode of living than commonly prevails." But he has the boldness, and we think also the wisdom, to remind the members of the Cathedrals that they have the opportunity of bearing a witness which no class needs so much as that which is becoming so powerful, against the worship of riches and the debasing materialism which go along with the "extravagant luxury which is wasting society." "No class," as he reminds us, "is so self-indulgent and luxurious as that of the skilled artisan":—

No class is so likely to grow in importance, and it is idle to hope for any general response from them to exhortations to self-denial till they grow familiar with a higher type of life within their reach, visibly realized by those who deliberately set aside the kind of "pleasures" which as yet they find so attractive.

Such a way of viewing Cathedral institutions seems more sound than one which simply goes back to their ancient and original functions in relation to the Bishop, or than one which looks only to making them of use in the organization and government of a diocese. The common mistake is that of monopolizing for some pressing and popular object powers which were intended for purposes of their own. Cathedral institutions, rightly used, can secure certain ends which nothing else can. It is sheer waste to claim them for other work which could be done, though not perhaps so readily, by other means. And even if their work now does not correspond exactly to the original intention of their creation, it is no objection to a policy which adapts the institutions of one age, modified but not revolutionized, to the real needs of another. In all discussions about Cathedral reform, Dr. Westcott's weighty words should be in the minds of those who, in their impatience at the failures which undoubtedly may be pointed out in the working of Cathedral institutions, are disposed to be jealous of that freedom and leisure without which we cannot hope that from them we may receive those real and valuable contributions to our higher theology which, as much as anything, this age, so busy, so quick, but so hasty and vehement in its conclusions, urgently needs:—

There is a natural tendency in all crises to regard these objects as pre-



ment which are of obvious utility; to turn into popular channels alien forces which are capable of diversion; to accumulate upon the points to which common attention is directed all the resources which can be made to minister to ends which are undeniably legitimate. It is easier for the moment to defend an institution by showing that it can serve some good purpose, than by considering what special purpose it may be best made to serve. It is more encouraging to work for a result which is immediate and certain than to prepare the way for one which is remote and unfamiliar. It is more grateful to supply an acknowledged want than to point out the existence of a new one. But endowments are essentially designed to provide for objects which do not appeal equally and at all times to general sympathy. They contemplate services which are wide in their scope, and yet perhaps only partially recognized. They enable patient labourers to command the means of dealing independently with great problems.

It is necessary to reject any theory of their function as inadequate, however much it may fall in with the satisfaction of urgent needs, which is not essentially *apocryphal*. And conversely we shall be justified in setting up an ideal standard of their office which may not be capable of speedy realization, if it at once corresponds with the evident design of their foundation, and also answers to actual, if not obtrusive, requirements of the Christian society.

The services of the cathedral are an element—a most important element—of cathedral work, but they do not constitute cathedral work. The cathedral is a part, but it is not the dominating part of the cathedral foundation. Preaching is in no sense more a duty of the members of the Chapter than it is now of parish priests. In the cathedrals of the new foundation the Dean and Chapter, with whom rests the entire and joint responsibility for the due fulfilment of the objects of the foundation, are required to provide for the "worshipping of God in their church with hymns and psalms, and continual prayers"; but no part in this service is assigned to them except that of ordinary attendance. A body modelled after the pattern sketched by the late Dean of Canterbury would provide for the performance of such work as well as it can be performed, and yet such a body would be bereft of almost every distinctive feature which marks the constitution of our present foundations.

We must, then, look elsewhere for the "idea" of cathedral foundations, for that vital power by which they have lived through times of apathy and indolence, and by which they may yet minister to the awakened energies of the Church. This is defined very clearly by the statutes of the New Foundation in the outlines there drawn of cathedral work and cathedral life. The work is concentrated in theological study and religious education; the life is shaped by systematic devotion and corporate action. No one will deny that this combination gives a specific character to a cathedral body; no one will deny that there is scope for the beneficent action of a society regulated by these principles in the English Church.

If it be said that this interpretation of one of the chief functions of cathedral bodies is at variance with their history, the answer is plain. It may be at variance with their history hitherto; but is it at variance with their idea, or with the principles on which they are founded? Is the work which has been roughly sketched superfluous or obsolete or impracticable? Is not the interpretation simply a rendering of old forms into the new forms which correspond to them? Is not the work one which is urgently pressing, and capable of being compassed, at least at its outset, by the resources of cathedrals? The peculiar characteristics of the age of transition in which we live bring out the need; and at the same time they are suited to guard public patronage from the action of caprice or favoritism. We can see in some respects more clearly than our predecessors what cathedrals ought to do, and we are better protected than they were against some of the evils which hindered the efficiency of what were supposed to be offices of dignity and repose.

There are, as is only too obvious, many defects and imperfections in the present constitution of Cathedral Chapters. Some of their powers are dormant; others have been enfeebled; there is a vague sense that they have no distinct function, and a consequent haste on the part of their more zealous members to occupy themselves with work which is already assigned to other officers in the Church. But if there be any truth in what has been already said, it can scarcely be questioned that they are able to fulfil a part in connexion with religious thought which no other body can fulfil, and which is essential to the complete well-being of the Christian society.

#### THE STORY OF SIR EDWARD'S WIFE.

IT fell to our lot not long ago to review a novel by Mr. Hamilton Marshall, called *Men Were Deceivers Ever*. Mr. Marshall himself expresses an opinion through the mouth of one of his characters that the hero of his present story is "much too clever to write novels. It is women and children," he adds, "that read novels." If this is Mr. Marshall's own opinion, and not a mere dramatic utterance, we can only wonder that he returns so soon to a form of literary art which he so emphatically condemns. Whether that condemnation be just or not is a question on which we do not feel bound to express our opinion; but this at least may be said, that if it is not beneath the dignity of a clever man to write novels, it should certainly not be beneath his dignity to write them well. We therefore fancy that Mr. Marshall might have done well to bestow a little more pains upon his present production. We may indeed say that in some respects he has made a decided improvement. His last story was written in a singularly spasmodic style; it was full of short jerky sentences, and bristled with full stops which occasionally interfered with the grammatical construction of the sentences. The fault has, to a certain extent, disappeared. He is not so sententious in his utterances, and his sentences do not quite so much resemble the cracking of a whip. There are, indeed, plenty of epigrammatic remarks for which Mr. Marshall appears to feel a rather weak paternal affection. To take an example or two, his model hero is reported by his wife to have uttered the following pithy observations, which are intended to illustrate the brilliancy of his wit. "Graham," he says to the stupid young man, "I call spring the profile of the year, summer the full face." In the same page he remarks of an old college friend, "Roe is of a flash-in-the-pan disposition—a hair-trigger and damp powder." We must leave to our readers to judge of the merit of this style of conversation;

whatever may be thought of it, it is obviously Mr. Marshall's own ideal of good writing. He is always trying to dazzle us in his own characters by such little sparks of wit. Speaking of a letter, he says, with no special provocation, and not because the remark leads up to anything, "I forget now whether it sailed under a sixpenny or under a shilling stamp. For a stamp and address is the rigging of a letter." At first sight one supposes that such a metaphor as this must be very clever; and yet we confess that the more we think of it, the less we see in it. The resemblance between a stamp and rigging vanishes as soon as it is examined; and we come to resent this irrelevant conceit, which only distracts our attention from the letter itself. Occasionally these flowers of speech are even more conspicuously out of place. The virtuous giant has at the catastrophe of the story got the villain by the throat, and his victim naturally gasps out, "You choke me." Whereupon the giant replies, "Do I? Those plants would die that live on foul air." To say nothing of the improbability of a stupid, though good and muscular, young man indulging in this witticism—as we suppose it to be—at the moment, we must confess that it is so sharp as to us to be quite unintelligible. We have turned it over and over, backwards and forwards, and can make no sense of it whatever. Apparently it is intended to intimate that plants which live on foul air would die in pure air; but then we do not see how the allegory applies to the case of a villain who is in danger of dying from absence of air of any kind. Or possibly it is meant that since some plants can live on foul air, a villain can live when he is being choked. The logic is perhaps good enough for the occasion; but we must say that the expression is in this case very inadequate to convey the meaning. On the whole we are inclined to give up the problem, which is not worth very much labour.

We will quote no more of these little artifices of language, which are, we think, not quite so plentiful as in Mr. Marshall's former novel, and which, to our thinking, should be dealt with according to the well-known rule of the critic who advised a young writer to read over his manuscript and rub out whatever he thought to be particularly fine. If Mr. Marshall would excise all his epigrams, his story would be distinctly improved. We have, however, noticed the fault at greater length because it illustrates Mr. Marshall's besetting sin. He has talent, and can be amusing when he is not over-anxious to show how clever he is. But he suffers from a weakness of many youthful novelists; that is, an exaggerated fear of being dull. Now, we admit, or we should rather say, we assert with all possible emphasis, that dullness is the one unpardonable sin that a writer of novels can commit. No care can be too great to avoid it. But unluckily in this, as in so many other instances, inexperienced people are apt to blunder into the very error which they are most anxious to avoid. To mention nothing else, it is a primary condition of making any story amusing that the situations should be set before us as plainly and intelligibly as possible. If two of the characters are talking, we should know precisely, and, what is more, we should know without trouble, what is the object of each of the interlocutors, what view each takes of the position of the other, and, generally, we should be thoroughly posted up in all that is necessary to a complete understanding of all the bearings of the dialogue. If it is necessary to bear a complicated set of circumstances in our head, and to turn over the pages to refresh our memory as to the precise stage of development of the plot, the writer may be certain that not one in a hundred of his readers will take the necessary trouble to appreciate his points. We should recommend Mr. Marshall to study the writings of Mr. Trollope from this point of view. Mr. Trollope occasionally appears to be, and indeed occasionally is, unduly tiresome in setting before us all the facts on which we are to form a judgment; but the charm of his stories is due in great measure to the thoroughly systematic and business-like way in which he discharges his duty. We are never for a moment puzzled as to the relative position of his characters, and we feel the most absolute confidence that he will never commit an anachronism or leave a thread in his narrative not taken up. It is owing to this pleasant mutual confidence between the author and his readers that Mr. Trollope is able to interest us in a long series of apparently trifling details and a quantity of "says he's" and "says I's," which would be intolerable under any other circumstances. Now Mr. Marshall is a curious example of an utter want of confidence in this respect. He seems to be perpetually afraid that if he attempts to hold our button for a single instant we shall make our escape. He fears to detain us in order to give the most necessary explanations. He supposes us to be so impatient that we will not look on whilst the necessary operations are being carried out to get the machinery into proper working order, and therefore he very mistakenly slurs over all the dry, though necessary, bits of narrative, and tries, according to the customary phrase, to make his pudding entirely of plums. The consequences are most uncomfortable. The story becomes tedious, though short. We never clearly know what his performers are to be at. They are not allowed a breathing space in which to develop their plans or their characters; and the narrative, in the hope of making it more lively, is put into the mouths of several different people, who are themselves perplexed by the intricacies of a plot in which it is no wonder if they succeed in perplexing the reader.

The story involves a mystery, or, indeed, two or three mysteries, which are not fully unravelled till the end. The chief narrator is a virtuous butler, who puzzles himself as to the relations existing between his master and his mistress. From a pure desire to

restore the harmony which ought to prevail, he takes to listening behind doors, acting as a spy upon his fellow-servants, picking up letters that have been dropped, and consulting the pages of blotting-books. This excellent person complains of the deterioration of the modern breed of servants, and thinks that affection is no longer to be bought for money. We must confess that we should regard affection of his type as being dear at any price. Indeed he comes to the conclusion, entirely without foundation as it turns out, that his mistress has committed bigamy, and is undergoing a persecution from her first husband—the supposed first husband turning out, first to be her brother, and ultimately, as we believe, though we are not quite clear, to be only the son of the woman whom she erroneously supposed to be her mother. The virtuous butler is taken into the confidence of another even more virtuous literary person who is staying with the family, and who, from motives of the purest benevolence, encourages him to act as a spy, and occasionally gives him sovereigns to reward his activity. The two, together with a virtuous medical attendant who confides to them various family stories which have come to his knowledge on deathbeds, succeed in making a very pretty mess of a story already sufficiently complicated. A whole series of misunderstandings are crammed together into a short volume. Sir Edward Fask, the hero, is discovered to have been changed at nurse and therefore, not to be the rightful heir to his property; after which it is again discovered that, though he has been changed at nurse, he is the rightful heir all the same. Lady Fask is first supposed to be the daughter of a Mr. Tredway; then it seems that Mr. Tredway only made her pass for his daughter; and finally it seems that she was his daughter after all. A quantity of plate is stolen, and a vast deal of detective ingenuity is displayed about a glove which the thief appears to have left behind; though the glove is carefully concealed from everybody except the virtuous butler and his more virtuous friend aforesaid. First we are led to suppose that the lady's brother, who, however, is not her brother, has stolen it; then that a wicked clergyman has stolen it; then that a maid-servant, who goes mad—and no wonder under such bewildering circumstances—knows all about it; and finally it turns up, we cannot understand why or how, in a portmanteau with which the lady is preparing to elope in company with the wicked clergyman. For some reason, as mysterious as everything else in the story, this discovery leads to a reconciliation of the lady with her husband, and everything leaves off in the customary blaze of glory. In all probability we have made some gross blunders in this account of the most bewildering plot that we ever tried to understand. Our apology must be that there is not the slightest appearance that the story would be worth the pains of unravelling. The most intelligible episode—which is utterly irrelevant to everything else—concerns a selfish elderly gentleman who wishes to marry a lovely and rich young lady. To effect his purpose, he gets up a picnic, and gets his servant to saw through a bridge over a flooded river where he and the lady are on one side, and the rest of the party on the other. We really cannot see why she should marry him even then, though it is eighteen miles round by the nearest bridge. However, the rest of the party assume that this result would be inevitable, and three of them risk their lives in attempting to cross the stream. We presume that they were the best judges; but, to say the truth, this, like most other points of the plot, is to our intelligence hopelessly bewildering. We are content to give it up as a bad joke.

If it be asked why we should have spent so much pains in criticizing what must appear to be a mass of undeniable nonsense, we can only say that, in spite of its palpable absurdities, there is a certain freshness and indication of talent in the novel, which makes us fancy that the writer could do better things if he would condescend to be commonplace for a time.

#### LITTRE'S MEDICAL ESSAYS.\*

**M** LITTRE has bestowed a boon upon literature by gathering together for republication the fruits of his early studies and researches. Even in the occasional and fugitive writings of a scholar so painstaking and exact, and a critic so thoroughly conscientious, there is sufficient value to forbid their passing away with the ephemera of a generation ago. His later labours upon the growth and structure of the French language, and, above all, his colossal Dictionary, now happily approaching completion, have given him so distinctive and advanced a place in the ranks of his native literature as to make the public, it may be, unconscious or forgetful of the toil that he had spent and the results which he had achieved in an earlier and widely separate field of learning. It was in the department of medicine that M. Littré entered upon his career of study, and counted on finding his professional pursuit through life. To this day he has maintained, he tells us, his ardour for medical studies. He has written much upon the subject—periodical papers, articles in dictionaries, monographs on themes like that of the cholera and other epidemics, critical and biographical notices of physicians, with an edition of Hippocrates. For ten years he walked the hospitals of Paris as *externe* and *interne*, in sedulous attendance upon the lectures of M. Rayer, to whose memory he dedicates this second harvest of what he reaped from his early course. Yet to this day he has passed not a single examination, he has no medical title or degree what-

ever, and he is not a physician. For so strange a state of things he gives the reason in the short preface to this volume of essays, which he seeks to excuse as the chat of an old man, aware that he has not many hours left him, and turning a lingering eye upon the past. His father's death, just at the time when he had kept his terms and was preparing himself for examination, threw him upon his own resources, burdened with the charge of his mother, which a brother shared with him. Unable to meet the expense of taking the doctor's degree, and too independent to avail himself of the proffered assistance of friends—his old teacher, Dr. Rayer, and his schoolmate, Hachette the publisher, among the number—he could not, even while making a living by his pen, wholly tear himself away from studies he loved so well. He still followed as a volunteer Dr. Rayer's clinical course at La Charité, working in the laboratory, and, though not practising medicine as a profession, cultivating it as a science. In later years he has, he tells us, found a useful field for his medical knowledge among the villagers in his neighbourhood. It was during these studies that the project of the great Dictionary was formed between him and Hachette, who was not destined to see it finished. Widely distinct as at first sight this, the great work of his life, might be thought, there was, he himself urges while dwelling upon the course of his intellectual growth, no mean value in the exercise which the exact study of medicine gave to his mental powers. Not for worlds would he have foregone that potent and salutary discipline. Morally and intellectually it formed an indispensable element in his general education. Rude and severe as it was, he felt it to be a good and bracing school. In a moral sense its gain lay in the largeness of sympathy which the sight and the treatment of suffering must engender in the soul of the true physician. Intellectually it is well to have witnessed in the anatomical theatre or in the hospital the highest organic laws or forces, both in their direct and reflex operation; to trace the conditions and results of healthy or morbid action, and to define the limits of man's power and skill in his mediation between life and death. In his brief autobiographical notice M. Littré lays down what might be expanded into a whole system of medical philosophy, whilst giving practical proof in his own person of its power to enlarge, to purify, and to strengthen both the intellect and the heart.

The study of medicine at the critical period of M. Littré's career was undergoing a kind of revolution. It had been the fashion to regard the pathology of disease as a series of phenomena having a real existence or *raison d'être*. Fever, cancer, inflammation, or what not, was an entity or substantial something in itself. Between the pathological and the physiological stage of being there was absolutely no connexion, nor was it held possible to bridge over the gulf. Such was the inevitable state of things until physiology began to enter upon its positive phase. With the present century the true method of physiological study made itself felt, and gave a new life to the philosophy of medicine. It became clear that no new or special law was involved in the phenomena of this or that disease. Morbid pathology was seen to be nothing else but physiology under a phase of derangement.

Like most followers of Comte, M. Littré has erred in setting down as an idiosyncrasy of his master an influence which was in reality due to the general tendency of philosophical thought at that period. It was not only in the triple formula which embodied his law of historical development, but in the more general sequence of his speculative ideas, that the founder of Positivism drew from the fountain of Hume. That the metaphysical or *a priori* method of contemplating nature has given way to a philosophy resting upon facts, and that no science is any longer studied as an isolated branch of knowledge apart from its relations to science in general, is far from forming the distinctive or novel glory with which those who call themselves Positivists claim to invest their master and themselves. Long before Comte had proclaimed his new classification of the sciences, the metamorphosis from which was evolved the medical philosophy of our day had been silently passing over the spirit of the earlier or scholastic system of inquiry. To free himself from the spectres of medieval or even more archaic nosology, there was no need for M. Littré to snatch at Comtism as the sole lamp of truth. To go no further, he might have bethought him of somewhat having been due to Haller and Bichat. That which from the first enlisted him under the banner of Positivism, and still keeps him in its ranks, was, he assures us, the light thrown upon his special range of study by its simply falling into its true place in the cycle of general movement and illumination. In the hierarchy of the Comtist heavens, physiology, with medicine as its attendant satellite, precedes sociology, and follows after chemistry. From simply seeing its place in the zodiac of the sciences, the student of medicine has henceforth at command all the light he needs. The lower and less complicated sciences, such as chemistry and physiology, will, in accordance with the Comtist formula, supply the needful illumination, which medicine will in turn reflect upon social philosophy. Unmindful of what has been done by Mr. Herbert Spencer and other critics to shake the basis of Comte's classification, as well as to dispute the logical evolution so much insisted on in the so-called Positivist genesis of the sciences, M. Littré seems to regard the authority of his master as the spell which has wrought all the wonders of modern thought. In his treatment of the special subjects comprised in this volume of essays he has nevertheless practically shown how little the most advanced criticism need be coloured by the peculiar tone or diction of what claims to be alone pos-

\* *Mémoires et Œuvres*. Par E. Littré, de l'Institut et de l'Académie de Médecine. Paris: Didier et Co. 1872.

live truth. So far from being distinctively Comtist, his method is simply that of every genuinely inductive reasoner, from Bacon downwards. In the permanence and consistency of natural laws as underlying all sequences and co-existences, there is but the difference of expression to convey the idea of any advance since the days of Aristotle. There are indeed schools of thought or systems of teaching still in existence, of which the central ideas remain at the stage which Positivists stigmatize as the metaphysical, over which the universality of natural law has not yet extended its sway. And here M. Littré does good service by his vigorous and effective vindication of nature. We are, as it happens, enabled just now to see these two schools in marked contrast with each other. The theme of one of our author's most telling essays, the "Demon of Socrates," has been lately made the subject of discussion in a high quarter amongst ourselves. Where Archbishop Manning is disposed to see from the first an opening for an order of forces transcending in kind no less than in degree the agencies now at work in the moral or social world, M. Littré takes his stand throughout upon the absolute identity and permanence of all the conditions of the problem. There can have been nothing, he argues, in the personal constitution or in the surroundings of Socrates which had not its counterpart in the case of men in general and in every age. Whether better or worse, wiser or less wise, than his contemporaries or successors, Socrates was neither more nor less than any other man of his or our day the subject of extra-human or extra-mundane agencies or forces. What was peculiar or abnormal, either in the subjective belief or impressions or in the conduct and life of the Athenian sage, was in no sort due, as the Archbishop thinks likely, to any special Providence surrounding so good and holy a man, or to any voice reaching his ears or conscience from a sphere outside of and above that of common life. It needs to be judged or estimated by no standard higher than that of mental action in general. Under the light of pathology the phenomena, according to M. Littré, admit of but one solution, the same which would be given by every medical expert in our day. The case was simply one of mental derangement. The voice heard by Socrates had no other reality than the objectiveness given by morbid imagination to the subjective workings of the organs of the mind. Antiquity was not sufficiently conversant with the phenomena of morbid psychology to refer these to their rightful cause. Nor is it till within quite recent years that the diagnosis of hallucinations of this kind has been approached with anything like scientific accuracy. Experience has for ages shown the compatibility of these special characteristics with faculties or moral gifts of the highest order, a circumstance which has naturally led to their being confused with the idea of supernatural possession or inspiration. M. Littré cites the case of Tasso, talking in magniloquent language with the genius whom his hallucinations had called up, and of Van Helmont, to whom his own soul appeared one day under the form of a faint flame, and revealed to him the system of medicine which long made a noise in the schools of Europe.

The same subject is continued in a review of M. Lélut's essay upon the *Amulet of Pascal*. Sowed up in his dress, where it was found after his death, Pascal, it is well known, wore a slip of paper containing, besides a general engagement to a change of life and a more complete devotion to God, the words, "Depuis environ dix heures et demie du soir jusques environ minuit et demi, feu," with the date November 23, 1654. This flame it was that he took for a supernatural apparition, urging him to more strenuous progress in the path of Jansenist rigour. A further form of hallucination was the precipice which, from the hour of his narrow escape from drowning in the Seine, he always saw before him, knowing it, however, all the while to be an illusion. The particular form which mental derangement assumes in this or that case is due in the main to the ideas generally prevalent at the time, especially as regards supernatural agencies or powers. These ideas have changed from age to age. They have passed from fetishism through polytheism to monotheism, and in their latest form vary between pantheism and secularism, or nihilism. In the nature of things alone there has been no change, vastly as men have changed in their opinions on the nature of things:—

Ils ne virent ni n'entendirent alors rien autre que ce qui se voit et s'entend aujourd'hui; mais ils l'expliquèrent autrement. Cette lente explication des choses est l'histoire même: entre l'idée d'un dard de feu qu'un dieu lance du haut des cieux et la connaissance des phénomènes électriques, entre les visions qui montraient les êtres surnaturels et la détermination médicale qui les rapporte à l'état pathologique du cerveau, il y a toutes les phases sociales dont les annales humaines nous offrent le déroulement. C'est une chaîne non interrompue où l'esprit humain arrive de plus en plus près de la connaissance réelle des choses, et le dernier terme a sa raison d'être dans le premier; c'est une élimination où des conceptions de plus en plus nettes remplacent les conceptions anciennes jusqu'à ce que le monothéisme lui-même, qui arrive aujourd'hui à la fin de sa phase sociale, et auquel on fait voir, ou, philosophiquement, que la notion de cause première et absolue est inaccessible à l'esprit humain, ou, historiquement, qu'il est la fille des formes religieuses antérieures.

Upon the cognate phenomena of demonology and sorcery, the religious possessions or epidemics of the middle ages, and the table-turnings and spirit-rappings of our own day, M. Littré turns the light of the same scientific pathology, aided by the erudition which his wide and scholarly reading has supplied. To trace the common ancestry and expose the kindred fallacies of this long series of popular deceptions is with him a task as easy as it is edifying. The morbid analysis which scientific medicine has especially developed of late years blends here with the philosophic

study of life and history. What is at first puzzling, if not alarming, in the reports widely spread abroad of talking and writing spirits, of floating forms, gyrating tables, or luminous apparitions, is stripped of its wonder or its terror when it is shown with how slight variation impostures or delusions of the same kind crop out in the history of mental progress, and with what logical consistency they are to be connected with the same or similar conditions of mental disease. Nor is M. Littré less clear or forcible when he writes upon some more special branch of physiological, or even anatomical, inquiry; as in his review of M. Leuret's admirable *Comparative Anatomy of the Nervous System in its Relation to the Intellect*, continued by M. Gratiolet, or that of Professor Rostan's medical theory known as Organicism, with reflections upon scepticism in matters of medicine. In reducing all vital action to properties inherent in organisation, what, he asks, has M. Rostan gained beyond a new turn of expression? He has himself indicated its transitory character by pointing to a day of hope when all vital acts will be explained by physico-chemical agency. When indeed is that day of triumph for the pure materialist to come? The hypothesis is itself, as our author shows, illusory, not alone by reason of its violation of the Comtist canon in subjecting a more complex science like biology or physiology to one less complex, such as chemistry or physics, or of its substituting the pursuit of the "why" for the "how," but on what we hold to be the broader and more philosophical ground that it confounds two spheres of phenomena which the mind is wholly unable to grasp in common. It commits philosophy to a sort of squaring the circle by realizing a common measure or conjunct expression in the case of incommensurables. The practical turn which M. Littré is no less successful in giving to his talents is shown in some valuable remarks upon hygiene, as well in its private aspects as in relation to epidemics such as the cholera; upon gunshot and other wounds in war; upon the medical use of electricity, and the medico-legal theory of poisoning, illustrated by historical disquisitions upon the deaths of Alexander the Great, Henry I. of France, and Henrietta of England, sister-in-law of Louis XIV. In a charming criticism upon a well-known episode of *Gil Blas*, the reader may enjoy seeing for once the application of medico-philosophical tests to the creations of fiction. There is something novel and piquant in beholding one of the liveliest and keenest of French wits under the hands of the first and most austere living master of Positivism.

## FATHER GERARD.\*

(Second Notice.)

IN our previous notice of this volume we confined our attention to the autobiography of Father John Gerard; but the Narrative of the Plot is in some respects even more full of interest than the Life. The Life is only a translation; and partly on that account, though even more because it was originally written in Latin, it is less vividly depicted than the History of the Plot, which is given in the author's exact words. There is of course in both narratives the colouring of one who was deeply interested in all that he tells; but, after deducting as much as can be allowed on the score of the difficulties in which the English Government was placed by the conduct of the Jesuits, and after admitting that the prime cause of all the sufferings of Roman Catholics, at least in Elizabeth's reign, was the foolish and impotent Bull *Regnans in Excelsis*, published in 1570 by Pius V., it is impossible not to award the Jesuits their due meed of praise for heroic submission to suffering for what they considered a good cause, nor again to refuse our tribute of sympathy to men who were condemned frequently without any sufficient evidence to prove the charges upon which they were arraigned. There can be little doubt that Father Gerard would have been executed, if he had been caught, for participation in the plot, or else on some other charge; neither do we see any reason to doubt his often repeated asseverations that he was in entire ignorance of the whole conspiracy.

The main object of the work is to endeavour to exculpate the general body of Roman Catholics from having any share in the plot, and especially to represent the priests as being, with two exceptions, entirely ignorant of the design; these two being bound by the seal of confession not to reveal what they had heard—the one knowing the matter directly, the other in consultation, and both of them having, according to Father Gerard, done what lay in their power to frustrate the whole affair. Father Gerard's own expressions of horror at the wickedness of the means taken to compass what nevertheless he considers a good end are probably genuine representations of his own individual feeling; but they fail to do away with the impression which will remain on the minds of most readers after weighing the whole history, that there were many both amongst the Jesuits and of the laity who would not have stirred a finger to prevent the catastrophe, and who would also have hailed the success of the plot with extravagant delight. Father Gerard does not attempt to conceal the bitterness of the disappointment felt when James, the son of a Catholic mother, succeeded quietly to the throne, and the toleration they had hoped for turned out to be an idle expectation. Indeed, he hopes that the Roman faction entertained of the King's conversion contributed not a little to his quiet succession to the Crown, though perhaps the writer some-

\* The Condition of Catholics under James I.; Father Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot. Edited, with his Life, by John Morris, Friar of the Society of Jesus. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1871.

what overstates the case when he alleges that James had promised the toleration of their religion to "divers Catholics of note and fame, and priests also who rode forth into Scotland as well to carry the assurance of dutiful affection from all Catholics unto his Majesty, as also to obtain his gracious favour for them and his royal word for confirmation of the same" (p. 24). The bitterness of the persecution which they endured the author ascribes principally to the Puritans, whom he always carefully distinguishes from the Church of England party, whom he calls by the name of Protestants. He speaks also of the severity of the punishments inflicted on Catholics as being intended to be a set-off to gratify the Puritans for the snubbing they received at the King's hands at the Hampton Court Conference. But, though we may perhaps be allowed to demur to the writer's assertion that the plot was "a thing that hath brought more grief to the hearts of Catholics generally in England than ever anything did in all the time of their sufferings" (p. 47), we see no reason to distrust any of the facts of the narrative. And, for ourselves, considering the mode in which they were exasperated by persecutions on the part of the Government, we think it wonderful that a larger number of them were not implicated in the Gunpowder Plot.

The originator of the scheme was Catesby, a recent convert who had been in Essex's rebellion, having obtained a promise of toleration if it should succeed. Percy and Wright had become converts about the same time; and the other two—Winter and Fawke—had been bred in the Roman faith. Soon afterwards their number was increased to seven by the addition, first, of a younger brother of Wright's, and then by an elder brother of Winter's. The original conspirators had justified themselves by suggesting some doubts in general terms to Father Garnett as to how far, in the case of attacking an enemy, it was right to sacrifice the innocent with the guilty. Garnett satisfied them on this point without understanding the case to which it was intended to apply, but he afterwards became uneasy, and appears to have done his best to suppress any rising amongst his co-religionists. Subsequently five more country gentlemen were admitted into the secret—Rookwood, Grant, Keyes, Tresham, and Sir Everard Digby. Tresham was the brother-in-law of Lord Mountague, and appears to us to have been the most likely person to have written the well-known letter which led to the discovery of the plot. The truth on this subject will never now be known for certain; but the author's arguments to prove that Tresham was not the writer appear to us quite inconclusive. The mode in which four of the conspirators were killed and seven sent to the Tower, two more being afterwards added to their number, is matter of history; and Father Gerard's object is to show that these were really the only persons implicated in the plot. A proclamation was, however, issued against three Jesuits—Garnett, Tesimond, and Gerard himself. Garnett was first caught and sent to the Tower, where, by a stratagem of the Lieutenant of the Tower, he was overheard conversing with another Jesuit, and in the course of conversation was heard to say that there was only one man living who could touch him as regards the plot. This person was Tesimond, who, as Garnett alleged on his examination, had given him leave to divulge the case upon which he had consulted him, if he were in danger of torture, but in no other case. With Garnett, his servant, Nicholas Owen was taken. This man was tortured till he was ruptured so severely that he died; when it was given out that he had made an end of his own life—pictures being hawked about London representing him in the act of ripping himself open with a knife as he lay in bed, whilst his keeper was in the room "busy about some other thing." No additional light is thrown upon the motives or the acts of the eight lay conspirators who were brought to trial on the 17th, and executed on the 30th and 31st, of January, 1606. Winter at his death exonerated Tesimond from any participation in the plot. This was the person who in confession had mentioned the plot to Tesimond, who had consulted Garnett about it, Tesimond having leave (so Gerard asserts) from Winter to do so. Soon afterwards (March 28) Garnett was arraigned and condemned for concealing the treason, there being no proof that he was further concerned in it than that he knew of it in confession, which he admitted; the circumstances of the trial are well known, and are certainly not creditable to an English court of justice. Such proceedings would never be tolerated in the present day; but Garnett in his defence of equivocation goes to lengths which probably few Jesuits would have wholly approved. He was executed on the 3rd of May, protesting that he utterly disapproved and earnestly dissuaded the plot, which he had only known of in confession.

Upon the whole, the impression left upon the mind by the perusal of the whole narrative is that Father Gerard is far too anxious to proclaim his disapproval of all such attempts as the Gunpowder Plot. It is not possible to resist the belief that, if it had been successful, there would have been a general rally of the Roman Catholic party anxious to make the most of the occasion, and to place upon the throne one of the King's children, whom they would have taken care to educate in the Roman faith. Nor would their conduct in so doing have been at all unnatural. They had been subjected, and still were subject, to persecutions of the bitterest kind. The vivid picture of the dangers undergone both by patients who performed the offices of their Church and laymen who harboured them for that purpose enlists our sympathies in their favour; and it seems to us matter for surprise that the plot was not more widely known and more heartily entered into. There can be little doubt that the Jesuits, probably as a matter of policy, disapproved such proceedings in general; and certainly

no evidence was produced upon any of the trials which implicated them in any direct sanction of the proceedings of the conspirators. But one cannot help calling to mind, as one reads Father Gerard's often-repeated disclaimer, the French proverb "*Qui s'accuse s'accuse*." And it does not appear to us that Garnett exerted himself either as much as he might have done, still preserving the seal of confession, or as much as he implies he had done, in attempting to prevent the conspiracy.

There is a gap at the end of the fifteenth chapter of the Narrative which is much to be regretted, because in the remainder of the chapter the author promises some particulars of Garnett's earlier life, of which but little is known. In all probability Gerard waited for authentic intelligence on the subject, which either never reached him, or which came too late for him to make proper use of it. The last two chapters are taken up with a description of "the state of Catholics" after Garnett's execution, and an enumeration of penal laws enacted by Elizabeth and James against them. These laws may be seen in the Statute-book. It may be worth while to call attention to a very obvious division of them into two classes—namely, those passed at the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, and those made subsequently to the foolish and wicked Bull of Pius V. of 1570. The work is in several places incomplete, and there is a note at the end, after the writer has given an account of the confirmation of the statutes of the previous reign, which was enacted in the first year of the reign of James I., to the effect that he intended to add the chief laws made in the third year of the King's reign. These, indeed, have nothing to do with the plot, which was discovered some months before; but the idea was to show how much Catholics must needs suffer under so heavy a yoke more than they do under the Turk or any other Government, and how hard it is for Catholics to live in such trials, being so barred the Sacraments and helps according to that of St. Bernard, "*Vae illis qui asumuntur in fortium et non aluntur fortium*." And, in conclusion, we must admit that the author, when he does not pretend to justify the plot, but only to palliate the wickedness of those engaged in it, will carry with him to a certain extent the feelings of all who are advocates of religious liberty and toleration. The last passage of his work is in this point of view worthy of being transcribed, giving as it does the explanation of one principal motive which must have actuated him in its composition:—

But especially when he called the Second Parliament, and in that suffered to be packed together all the principal Puritans of the realm, whose insatiable hatred against Catholics we knew very well would never take up until they had made laws answerable to their mind and malice against us. Then they all before the Parliament consulted and concluded of the bills and laws they would urge to be passed against Catholics, as afterwards indeed it was performed. And many of those intended laws were known to divers Catholics long before the Parliament time, which, as it is thought, was a great motive unto the gentlemen to undertake their rash and dangerous conspiracy, as deeming no desperate a course to be a needful remedy in so desperate a case.

#### THE ROSE-GARDEN.\*

THE author of the *Rose-Garden* has attempted a difficult task. To make her heroine cowardly, untruthful, without anything like a working conscience, profoundly selfish, inconsequent, and uncertain, yet to render her at the same time lovely and lovable—to infuse into these evil characteristics a certain charm rather than any one great antiseptic quality, and to throw a stronger interest round her than round the upright and loyal Gabrielle; her "sacrifice"—was not easy; but it has been accomplished without affectation and successfully. We have seldom met in fiction with a more fascinating little witch than Renée Dalbarade. No one can respect her, and no one can help loving her. She is one of those women who seem sent into the world to upset the theories of philosophers and the whole moral law, and to show how well they can get on with only a pleasure-loving temperament, a fine pair of eyes, and no goodness to speak of. But we have a word or two to say on this very character of Renée, which, fascinating as it is, seems scarcely quite right, artistically considered. It is prettily conceived and prettily painted, but it seems to drift somehow, and the last part to be scarcely in harmony with the first. Either the subject-matter was too difficult to render with logical fidelity, or the author let the original idea slip out of its place, and after having begun from one model unconsciously finished off from another. The Renée of the earlier pages, if with many of the faults that become more prominent as the story advances, has certain qualities which seem to get lost or at least indistinct. Pleasure-loving and pain-dreading as she is, she yet has more courage and directness in the beginning than the author allows her towards the end. She could brave her mother, and that terrible uncle of hers, for the sake of letting the truth be known; and she could stand loyally by the man who loved her, and whom she did not love, and could act towards him nobly and without selfishness; but she suffers herself to be drawn into a shameful plot against truth, uprightness, and the man she does love, Jean de Savigny; though whether her weakness is due to her love for him, or her mere ambitious desire to be the wife of a rich man—desire of losing him being predominant in either case—remains a little obscure. Apparently she loves him before marriage; afterwards she becomes cold and indifferent; and we do not think the explanation

\* *The Rose-Garden*. By the Author of "*Uranian*." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.



given by the author, that his devotion to her rendered her careless—careless even of common courtesies—exactly true to nature; more especially as, breaking in on the selfish nonchalance of her ordinary life, come passionate scenes like that in the rose-garden, where, as more than once before, she is half inclined to confess the fraud to which she has been a party; but does not. The following extract may serve as a summary of affairs between the husband and wife before the dreadful secret is published:—

René cared little for her husband's displeasure, so long as he did not know her secret. She could read her power over him and was shrewd enough to understand that there was a point at which that might fail, but that as long as he trusted and believed in her his deepest anger would be abortive. She had but to put out a little fascination and he yielded with scarcely a struggle. Indeed, her real grief, still at times violent enough to alarm him, was sufficient alone to make him repent the very shadow of harshness, and to lavish a depth of tenderness upon her, to which Gabrielle could hardly believe she was indifferent. And yet it forced itself more and more upon her as the winter went by—the kindly southern winter to which there was scarcely a sharp edge—that he was vainly striving to win his wife's love, and that he would have had a better chance of doing so if he had cared less about her. He loved her so deeply that she had a hundred ways of wounding him in her power, and some malicious spirit induced her to delight in exercising them. She would affect to misunderstand his words; if he tried to draw her to his side to look at a letter or a plan, she would yawn, play with Coquin, or slip away like an idle child. He was very patient; it was sometimes touching to see how small a concession on her part would cheer him, but the lines in his face deepened, the harassed expression became more fixed.

At one time she forgets to order the carriage to meet him at the station; at another she leaves the house to pay a morning call without having seen him on his return from a journey; yet all the while we are to suppose she really loves him, as indeed is proved at the end. We are to remember that she is hiding a horrible secret, which she believes would ruin her for ever if made known, and that she is in her heart afraid of her husband, and more than a little overborne by her sense of his goodness and superiority. All this makes her conduct too much like that of a child playing with fire, too absurdly rash and inconsiderate, for the action of a shrewd, sharp, clever little woman as Renée is in other matters. But, as the author confessedly designed to draw a character full of subtle contradictions, we must accept the portrait as it is presented, and make the best of it.

The author of the *Rose-Garden* has two excellent qualities for her business. She can paint pictures, and she can draw character. She has fine artistic perceptions of form and colour, and she does not overload her descriptions. The picture of Bayonne, in the opening pages, is full of charm; and the slight sketch of the garden at Maison Chalosse, where Renée the arch witch, Madame Dalbarade her mother, and pretty, salaty, tender Gabrielle, her cousin, live under the tyranny of *la vieille gynoëuse* Jacqueline, is both vivid and suggestive. One sees the places described, and a few incisive touches laid on with breadth and decision do more than all that elaborate stippling, that minute "word-painting," which fatigues far more than it informs. Of her power of character-drawing, the interest and life-likeness of the personages in the *Rose-Garden* is a sufficient proof. Perhaps the best is that of Grégoire de Méhun, the good, heavy, old young man, who has no more notion of making love than if he were carved out of wood like the figure-head of a ship, but whose love, given, not made, is as loyal and as pure as any Bayard or Sir Galahad could have felt. The scene where Renée, to protect Grégoire from his insolence, divulges her uncle's shameful secret, then refuses to marry her clumsy, good, devoted lover, because she had no longer a virgin heart to offer, is really pathetic in its heroism and self-renunciation. It is beyond the range of the ordinary novel, and all the more so as it is told simply and without straining after fine language. Perhaps a little less running commentary would have been better art; but we can scarcely object to what was evidently written out of the author's own heart, and not thrown in as mere make-up and to gain time. There is all the difference between sincerity and affectation in this close identification of the author with his characters. The art is bad in both cases, but in the former it is a venial error, in the latter an unpardonable fault.

Though only a sketch, the character of Madame de Méhun, Grégoire's mother, is also very beautiful and natural. The "kind old eyes" that filled so easily with tears, the simplicity of nature that could not keep even the secret of the chocolate creams as the surprise of the picnic, the tender heart that suffered and then forgave, and the unbounded love for her son, whose very *gaucheries* she looked on as graces, are all very prettily portrayed. But we are sorry to say that Madame de Méhun is, of all the characters in the book, the least characteristically French. Even the mode of negotiating the marriage of her son is not French; and we are surprised that an author evidently so much at home in the life of France could have depicted such a courtship as that of Grégoire de Méhun and Renée Dalbarade. Doubtless license must be taken by the writers of fiction if they would give novelty and interest to their tales; and just as all our pretty women are not murderers or bigamists—which, if we were to believe certain writers, they are—so the rule in French life is not for the young man and woman to be allowed to fall in love first, through a freedom of intercourse quite as great as any extent here in England, and then, when the affections of one or the other are engaged, for the mothers to come to an understanding together. On the contrary, whether in Paris or Bayonne, the terms of the marriage are arranged first; the income of the son and the dowry of the daughter being the foundation of the whole affair; and, even when engaged, only such well-

watched intercourse is allowed as would be thought by an English girl restricted towards a ball-room partner. Here Grégoire pays his addresses in quite an English manner, and only when he is hopelessly in love, and Renée apparently quite content, does his mother open fire on Madame Dalbarade, who meanwhile has formed other views, and flung her daughter into the way of another and a better party. This would be quite intelligible conduct in a Belgravian mother; in a French one it is simply impossible. But if the author of the *Rose-Garden* had shifted her scene, and located her *dramatis personæ* at Falmouth or Dover, she would have lost all that rich Southern colouring and quaint translated French talk which now give her book its special character. Still it is a pity to get interest out of any violation of local truth; and this is a very great violation of local truth. It is part of the author's deficiency in weaving a plot on which we commented in our review of a former work of hers; for if she could handle her material with thorough mastery, she would find means to make her story true both to human nature and national life, wherever the scene might be laid.

Gabrielle is the saint and the sacrifice of the book. She is perhaps a more conventional figure than Renée—one of the timid, blushing, blue-eyed, tender virgins who want "salt," as the Arabs say. She is lonely and misunderstood at Maison Chalosse. Her aunt, who has nerves and is irritable, is impatient with her quietness, and disdains her because she is not amusing; Jacqueline frankly dislikes her, partly for the same reason, partly because she has money and Renée her beloved has none; Renée loves her in her own spoilt selfish way, but though she will not let any one else behave ill to her, she has no scruple about teasing her for her own part; only M. de Savigny is kind to her, without special intention, and Gabrielle falls in love with him in consequence. But it is the story of the ewe lamb over again. Renée, who has everything and values nothing—love and adoration from all—takes this as well as the rest; and poor Gabrielle has to wake from her dreams and relinquish her shadows; which also is not French. One more objection and we have done. If M. de Savigny was so good and true a man as he is painted, how was it that he did not see through M. Jérôme Lefevre? He was no fool, but he acted uncommonly like one. We should have thought that none but the veriest novice would have taken up with a stranger as he took up with M. Lefevre; and that, however much a man may be in love, he would have sufficient common sense to require more than the mere prayer of his betrothed before making even her uncle his bailiff or *intendant*. We hope that the author of the *Rose-Garden* is not always going to miss, by only so little, real excellence. She wants merely a little more to make her work absolutely good; for she has some rare and charming qualities which ought to place her among our favourite writers. We hope to see her do still better than she has hitherto done; for there is no reason why, with careful self-culture and diligence, she should not be one of the popular novelists of her time.

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India Office, April 23, 1872.

**INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.—The following are declared to** be the SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES at the recent Open Competition for the Civil Service of India:—

In order of Merit.	NAME.	Total No. of Marks.	In order of Merit.	NAME.	Total No. of Marks.
1.	Drummond, J. R.	2,041	18.	Fawcett, G. W.	1,573
2.	Harrison, J. H.	1,981	19.	Curatone, H.	1,514
3.	Woolley, E. E.	1,948	20.	Sibcock, H. F.	1,507
4.	Edwin, F. L.	1,753	21.	Cumbe, A.	1,500
5.	Chapman, F. L.	1,714	22.	Taylor, F. B.	1,500
6.	Fraser, R.	1,667	23.	Latham, R. S. de C.	1,515
7.	Thompson, R. O.	1,618	24.	Fate, W. J.	1,511
8.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	25.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598
9.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	26.	Cuthbertson, J. L.	1,575
10.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	27.	Lee, H.	1,550
11.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	28.	Glynn, W. D.	1,513
12.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	29.	Hendling, F. H.	1,508
13.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	30.	Phillips, J. A. D.	1,510
14.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	31.	Phillips, W. R.	1,507
15.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	32.	Savage, H.	1,504
16.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	33.	Norton, D.	1,500
17.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	34.	Kennedy, J.	1,519
18.	Langdon, F. M.	1,598	35.	Smith, G. M. W.	1,508

of Mr. W. B. J. Bond, Square, Westminster, who, through Resident and Secretary, will be in the India Office, till May 31, when, House, King's

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Beaumaris, May 1, 1872.

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London, May 8, 1872.

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Major Brabazon.

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## GERMANY AND ROME.

IN order to carry out his policy of perfect fairness towards Catholicism while retaining his mastery over the dangerous elements which it contains, Prince BISMARCK thought proper a short time ago to nominate a German Minister at the Papal Court. His choice fell on Cardinal HOHENLOHE, whose chief claim to eminence is that, although a Cardinal, he is not an Ultramontane, and that he opposed, so long as opposition was possible, the new dogma of Papal infallibility. Prince BISMARCK could not but be aware that the appointment would be exceedingly distasteful to the POPE, and to the clique by which the POPE is beset. A Cardinal opposed to the spiritual and temporal policy of the Papal Court, and representing the conquerors of Metz and Sedan, was in the eyes of the POPE's circle the most objectionable sort of person that could have been named. It is usual, in selecting a Minister, to consider the wishes of the Court to which he is to be accredited, and under ordinary circumstances it would be a matter of some reproach to Prince BISMARCK that he had gone out of his way to nominate a man whom the Court with which friendly relations were to be maintained would be sure to regard with jealousy and dislike. It seemed as if, under colour of paying a compliment to the Papal Court, Prince BISMARCK was really getting up a new grievance against it. But he had an object in running this risk, which made him think it worth while to run it. He wanted to show the German Catholics that the Papal Court is not the centre of Catholicism at large, but only of one section of Catholicism. It is one thing to say that the POPE is in the hands of an extreme clique and another thing to prove it. Those Catholics who do not wish to be under the tyranny of the most violent and unscrupulous party in their communion have it now proclaimed to them that the POPE has not ears and a heart open to all Catholics, but that to gain access to him, and to find favour in his eyes, even a Cardinal must be among the blackest of the blacks. Prince BISMARCK, with characteristic sagacity, has refrained from pushing his advantage too far. A motion was made in the Chamber to reduce the salary of the Minister at Rome to that of a Consul-General, as, after the refusal of the POPE to receive Cardinal HOHENLOHE, it would be useless to think of having a German Minister at Rome, and a Consul-General would be all that could be required. But Prince BISMARCK took advantage of this opening to show his good sense and moderation. The refusal to receive a Minister was, he said, a most unusual act; it would be very difficult to find any Minister so suitable as Cardinal HOHENLOHE, and the recent course of events at Rome had gone far to show that it was next to impossible to have any firm and friendly relations with the Roman Curia as at present constituted. But then it was not for a great Power like Germany to show irritation at the unreasonable behaviour of a little Power like Rome. He wished to be forbearing and moderate, to think of what honest, sensible German Catholics wished and needed, and to obtain for them any benefits that may be supposed to flow from Germany having a Minister at the Papal Court. The salary of the Envoy must therefore be kept on foot, and the Government would see if it could not find a person as Minister who, if not so suitable as Cardinal HOHENLOHE, would be more acceptable to the POPE. Prince BISMARCK has thus managed to put himself in the right, to show an amount of patience and good temper which his ecclesiastical enemies may justly envy, and to exhibit the adversaries of Germany at Rome in the light of a set of narrow, incorrigible, perverse fanatics.

But although Prince BISMARCK announced that he was ready to send another Minister to Rome, he made some observations on the position of Catholicism, or rather Ultramontanism,

in Germany, which showed how deeply he is possessed by a sense of the danger of a coming conflict between the temporal and spiritual powers. He is preparing his countrymen for the adoption of strong measures if necessary. Nothing, he said, would induce him to accept any arrangement with Rome by which an exceptional position in the eye of the law would be created in favour of the flocks of Roman Catholic priests. He even went further, and threw out a dark suggestion that, to restore peace among the religious denominations, it appeared necessary to seek a solution of existing difficulties by enacting a law for the Empire securing complete liberty of conscience. It is not easy to interpret this enigmatic utterance. If there is any possible law which, if passed, would secure peace among religious denominations, the sooner Germany enacts it and the rest of the world borrows the enactment from Germany the better it will be for mankind. Prince BISMARCK may have explained his meaning more fully than as yet appears, but all that it is safe at present to conclude is that, if he thinks further Imperial legislation will be useful in thwarting the machinations of his clerical enemies, he will not hesitate to have recourse to it. Apparently it will not cause him much trouble to carry in the German Parliament any legislation that he may think necessary. His difficulty will perhaps be the other way, and he may have to exercise his influence to restrain the impetuosity of the German Parliament in its hostility towards Rome. Numerous petitions having been lately presented against the Jesuits, the German Parliament has been this week engaged in considering the dangerous and exciting subject which has recently thrown Switzerland into commotion. It has, after a long debate, decided on urging the Imperial Government to bring in a Bill for the control of religious orders and societies, under the provisions of which, apparently, the Government would be entitled to decide what religious societies shall be tolerated and on what terms, while special power would be given to punish any action, especially on the part of the Jesuits, which might be dangerous to the State. So long as Prince BISMARCK remains at the head of affairs in Germany, and retains the commanding influence he now enjoys, this fervour of German animosity to Rome will probably be kept within the bounds which prudence would suggest. But it is impossible not to see that a day may come when men less sagacious, in a time of greater peril and greater excitement, may use the power of the State against its clerical enemies in a manner which may ultimately give those enemies a not inconsiderable advantage. Germany lies under the painful necessity which has long been pressing on us in England of having to fight illiberal fanatics with the weapons of liberalism. The adversaries of toleration gain strength by the principles of toleration being acted on, and thus the temptation is felt to meet intolerance by intolerance. There is scarcely any measure of repression, or even of mild persecution, from which Germans in their present mood would recoil if they really believed that Rome was seriously endangering the power and unity of Germany. It is very fortunate, therefore, that they are now guided by a statesman who has elevated himself and them above manifesting a petty irritation on account of the rejection of Cardinal HOHENLOHE, and who, if he complies with the request of the Parliament to bring in a Bill for the control of religious societies, will be perfectly alive to the necessity of avoiding even the semblance of persecution.

The friends of the POPE in Italy have lately been making spiritual capital out of the eruption of Vesuvius. The miseries of the sufferers are, they assert, an evident judgment on the sins of a people which endures a Government audacious enough to act as the gilders of the head of the Church. This line of argument is happily foreign to the ideas of Englishmen,

who do not believe that Galileans are exceptionally wicked because a tower falls on them. But if reasoning of this kind were to be adopted at all, it would press just now with exceptional severity on the very persons who employ it. The history of Rome since the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility has been one long chronicle of disasters. The edict of the Council was immediately followed by the temporary annihilation of the power of France, and the collapse of the supporters of the Temporal Power was immediately followed by the extinction of the Temporal Power itself. It might have been thought that, as soon as peace came, the tide would turn. But exactly the contrary has happened, and the defeat of Rome is much more conspicuous to-day than at the moment of the capitulation of Paris. France, after long delays, has been forced to send a Minister to the Court of VICTOR EMMANUEL, and even the Conservative and clerical Government of Belgium has felt itself constrained to move in the same path. The absorption by Italy of the Pope's possessions has been condoned even by the Catholic Powers which are the most decidedly Catholic, while such States as Austria and Spain regard it with complete indifference. The Papal Court has managed to set the whole current of German political thought in bitter hostility to it; and it has tried in vain to use the arm of the flesh in Spain, and to awaken the enthusiasm of its supporters by a Carlist insurrection. The priests in Biscay and Aragon who hold the insurgent peasants, who proclaim that Heaven is on their side, and denounce the son of the sacrilegious VICTOR EMMANUEL, are perfectly logical and consistent. They are only doing what all Ultramontanes would be bound to do if they saw an opening. The only thing is that they do not succeed, and their adherents suffer as much as the dwellers round the foot of Vesuvius. Whether the religious movement headed by those who call themselves the Old Catholics will have any serious consequences is at present doubtful. A religious schism or reformation can only succeed where religion has real vitality, or where temporal rulers use the force of the movement for their own profit. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether any large section of the population of Europe cares enough about the matters in dispute to feel any anxiety because it holds a dogma too much or too little; and temporal rulers are not at present in the humour to think that profit can be made out of religious controversies. Still it must be noted as one of the obvious effects of the decision of the Council, that there is now a new set of people on whom the anathemas are to be showered which formerly were exclusively reserved for the enemies of the Temporal Power. But although the Ultramontane party is snarling under the sense of continuous defeats, and cannot dare to give battle to its adversaries on a great scale, it is still strong enough to do much mischief and to give much trouble. If it cannot crush its foes, it can annoy them and bewilder them, and try to provoke them into acts which they will some day regret. This is the treatment which it is now endeavouring to apply to Germany, and it is a policy which, as it forces Prince BISMARCK to apply himself to business at a time when his health imperiously demands repose, may commend itself to the Vatican as not wholly unsuccessful.

#### THE SUPPLEMENTARY TREATY.

THERE is little use in forming conjectures as to the decision of the Senate of the United States. With their customary candour American journalists, instead of discussing the merits of the question, engage in the more practical inquiry whether the Administration commands the votes of two-thirds of the Senate. Out of seventy-four members the Democrats and the Liberal Republicans number twenty-four; and consequently on a strict party vote two or three Ministerial absentees or dissentients might ensure the rejection of the proposed Supplementary Article. It is impossible for foreigners to judge whether justice, prudence, or love of peace will influence the deliberations of the Senate; nor is it even asserted that the PRESIDENT himself has recommended the adoption of the English proposal. Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE properly confined themselves to the assumption that, in submitting the Article to the Senate, General GRANT pledged himself to offer no obstacle to the arrangement if it were approved by the Senate; and a telegram from Philadelphia represents the PRESIDENT as simply "desiring the counsel of the Senate." The British Ministry seem in the first instance to have naturally believed that the PRESIDENT had the power of settling the dispute by an exchange of diplomatic notes; and it would appear from Lord GRANVILLE's language that General Grant only declined to act on his own responsibility because he wished to secure the concurrence

of the Senate. In ordinary cases the President communicates to the Senate only those international conventions or treaties which he has himself already approved; but the interpretation of the American Constitution rests exclusively with the Government of the United States; and the English SECRETARY OF STATE, when he was informed of the difficulty, must either have abandoned the negotiation or complied with General SCHENCK's latest suggestion. It appears that the Article which had been originally framed as a Note, and which has perhaps not been transmitted by telegraph with literal accuracy, restricts the liability of neutrals to the damages which may be directly caused by their negligence. The formal negation on the part of England of a chimerical doctrine invented by a spiteful American lawyer can scarcely fail to present a ludicrous and humiliating aspect; but as the price of a covert retraction, long refused by the Government of the United States, a slightly absurd supplement to the unfortunate Treaty of Washington may probably be excusable or justifiable. It may be assumed that the suggested truism is intended, like the now-fangled rules of law embodied in the Treaty, to have a retrospective operation; but, unfortunately, the clearest language has not been used, and the sharp practitioners who drew the American Case may possibly contend that the undertaking of the PRESIDENT that "he will make no claim in respect of indirect losses" does not absolutely withdraw these claims from the notice of the Tribunal. One of the most indirect of all possible claims has been admitted by the English Government to fall within the scope of the reference, because it had been adroitly foisted into the Protocol which is believed to explain the purpose of the Treaty. If the Article is added to the Treaty, it will become a curious question whether future neutrals are to be held liable for the expenses of the navy of a belligerent.

Lord GRANVILLE's detailed history of the negotiations acquits the Government of the charge of vacillation on the main point of recognizing the indirect claims. In the course of the narrative Sir ROUNDELL PALMER was introduced in his accustomed character of advisor and sponsor of the Ministry. It was on the recommendation of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER that the law officers were formally consulted, though it appears that the decision of the Government had been formed before their opinions were received. Some days after the necessity of refusing to submit the indirect claims had been pointed out in the press, Sir ROUNDELL PALMER and his colleagues who had prepared the English Case arrived at the same conclusion. On the 8th or 10th of January, Lord GRANVILLE, having read the Case, ascertained that Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's opinion confirmed his own; and before the end of the month the Cabinet had determined on the substance of the Note which was ultimately forwarded at the beginning of February. Lord GRANVILLE, whose share in the delay was fully explained by serious illness, reiterates the declaration that he would have deliberately postponed any remonstrance against the American Case; yet it can scarcely be doubted that the reaction of opinion in the United States would have commenced at an earlier period if the English Government had, immediately on the receipt of the Case, made a preliminary protest against the objectionable claim. For more than a month after the transmission of the Case the American journals were apparently almost unconscious of the monstrous demands which had been in fact inserted in it at the last moment, either by Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS or by his superiors. The rudeness and discourtesy of the entire Case was too thoroughly conformable to American precedents to have occasioned at home the surprise and disapproval which were universally felt in England. As Lord GRANVILLE with vernacular simplicity of phrase observes, the Case was not a specific for the gout of an English Secretary of State; but it probably caused an agreeable excitement to American readers. It is fair to admit that in arduous negotiations occasional error or disputable exercise of judgment is unavoidable. It is open to discussion whether an immediate answer ought to have been returned to the rude and extortionate pretensions of the American Government. It is far more material to receive a positive assurance that the Ministers have from the first never wavered in their determination not to submit the indirect claims to the Arbitrators. It might perhaps have been more judicious to give Parliament the same satisfaction at an earlier period; but even an excessive regard to American susceptibilities was both justifiable and laudable, and Lord GRANVILLE told this House of Lords that General SCHENCK's inadmissible suggestions were generally founded on some intimation which had been given out in the course of debate. Mr. GOSWOLD once orally declared that the whole dispute might have been settled by a payment of five or six millions. Mr. GOSWOLD's statement



with just indignation that such a payment would have been disgraceful to a country which had never yet admitted its liability to the smallest amount of compensation; but the next day General SCHENCK came to Lord GRANVILLE with an inquiry whether a smaller amount would not be forthcoming in consideration of a receipt in full. It was undoubtedly prudent not to provide Mr. OSBORNE with additional opportunities of supplying hints to the American Minister.

Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI at once acceded to the legitimate claim of the Government for still further forbearance; and Lord DERBY truly added that Lord GRANVILLE's statement was both explicit and satisfactory. Lord RUSSELL may be pardoned for an irritation which might nevertheless have been more prudently suppressed. It was natural, though perhaps not fully consistent with his dignity, that he should resent the imputations which were long ago thrown upon himself and his colleagues by the American Government of the day. English statesmen have to choose between the avoidance of all diplomatic communication with the United States, and patient endurance of a style and manner which are intended not to conciliate or persuade the Government which is addressed, but to please the American people. Lord RUSSELL is once more made the object of vulgar sneers and coarse vituperation in the discreditable American Case; but he would have done well to console himself with the recollection of his despatches, which contain an unanswered and unanswerable vindication of his conduct. It has seemed good to later Governments to concede many of the points which had been triumphantly maintained in argument by Lord RUSSELL; but, notwithstanding the *ex post facto* innovations on public law, the Arbitrators at Geneva will, if the reference proceeds, not improbably adopt the conclusions which Lord RUSSELL formerly defended against Mr. ADAMS. It is reported that Mr. CUSHING sneers at the framers of the English Counter Case for supposed admissions of facts of which he might have been unable to adduce formal proof. It is natural that he should fail to understand the desire of Englishmen for an impartial decision on the merits. His contempt for English stolidity will probably be increased by the willingness of the English counsel to waive technical objections; but, after all, it is possible that his clients may be disappointed by the result of a dispassionate application of legal principles. One of the arguments which have been used in America for the adoption of the proposed Article is founded on the hardship of delaying the payments alleged to be due to the *Alabama* claimants. It is universally believed throughout the United States that the rejection of consequential damages involves an admission of the validity of the direct claims; and great disappointment will ensue if the Arbitrators decide that no liability of any kind has been incurred by the English Government. The amount is of comparatively little importance; but it is not desirable to extend the responsibility of neutrals. The chances are not in favour of an amicable settlement; but the Government has greatly improved its position by the explanations which were given before the recess. It will be unjust to blame the Ministers either for steady adherence to the unanimous determination of the country, or for laborious efforts to prevent the lapse of the Treaty. The miscarriage of last year's negotiations at Washington no longer excites lively interest. If the Senate refuses to repair the mischief which has been caused by negligence or by encroachment, there will be reason to believe that a friendly termination of the dispute was from the first impossible.

#### THE SESSION UP TO WHITSUNTIDE.

**PARTLY** by its own fault, in some measure through the tactics of the Opposition, and principally in consequence of the natural tendency of ill-fortune to reproduce itself, the Government has relapsed into the position of weakness which it occupied at the beginning of the Session. Between February and April there had been an apparent recovery of strength, inasmuch as some troublesome questions were disposed of, and as the threatened secession of the Nonconformists had been averted or deferred. The interval between Easter and Whitsuntide has been chiefly occupied with the progress of the Ballot Bill, and, both in divisions on its most important measure and on some other occasions, the Government has for the first time, since its accession to office been compelled to accustom itself to defeat. In no instance has the hostile majority affirmed any important principle, and the professed adversaries of the Government have been compelled to ally

themselves with malcontent Liberals; but the Ministers have received ample warning that the hopes of the Opposition are surviving, and that the allegiance of their own followers is shaken. In the House of Lords they have not been more fortunate. Lord KIMBERLEY has succeeded in carrying the main provisions of a Licensing Bill prepared in the Home Office; but the LORD CHANCELLOR's Bill for the constitution of a Supreme Court of Appeal has been rejected under the decorous form of reference to a Select Committee. Lord CAIRNS and Lord WESTBURY made an indiscriminate attack on the theory and details of the Bill, and the CHANCELLOR himself scarcely attempted to answer criticisms which, whether well or ill founded, were, as he must have been aware, certain to prevail. Lord HATHERLEY has not been happy in legislation, and he will probably bequeath to some more energetic successor both the reconstruction of the judicial system and the organization of the Courts of Appeal. No intimation has been given of the intentions of the House of Lords with respect to the Ballot. It is possible that an injudicious pertinacity in rejecting a measure which directly concerns the House of Commons might once more unite the Ministerial party in an agitation against an obstructive Assembly; yet the advocates of a pugnacious policy may not improbably urge on the majority the expediency of resisting a change which seems not to be heartily desired either by the country or by the House of Commons.

Mr. FORSTER has scarcely sustained in the conduct of the Ballot Bill the reputation for successful tact and adroitness which he had acquired in the Education controversy two years ago; but it must be admitted that his task has been complicated, and that he has been exposed to exceptional embarrassment through the unconcealed indifference of his own friends to the measure which they once affected to regard as urgent. In one instance the Government committed an unquestionable error, for it ought either to have anticipated or to have resisted Mr. LEATHAM's motion for enforcing secrecy by a penalty. The provision had been originally included in the Bill of last year; but when the measure was curtailed to avoid further delay in transmission to the House of Lords, the penal clause was abandoned as comparatively unimportant; and in the present year it was either deliberately omitted or forgotten. There is a presumption against penal sanctions to legislation, and it was naturally thought anomalous that a private member should be allowed to create a misdemeanour which had not been contemplated by the Government. Mr. HARCOURT, Mr. BOUVIER, and Sir GEORGE GREY protested against Mr. FORSTER's adoption of Mr. LEATHAM's clause; and the Ministers were beaten in a full House by nearly thirty votes. The opponents of the Ballot naturally swelled the majority; and it was triumphantly announced, with some show of plausibility, that secret voting was after all rendered optional. The genuine supporters of the Ballot, on the other hand, were justified in regarding the vote as inconsistent with the whole principle and policy of the Bill. A secret vote which may be made public at the pleasure of the voter is liable to all the objections which have been urged against the existing system. All the earlier part of the Bill had been framed on the assumption that secrecy was to be enforced; and, if it was really impossible to effect the object by some mechanical contrivance, it was indispensable to consistent legislation that a penalty should be attached to voluntary disclosure at the poll. It is not too much to say that the Government would not have been defeated if the Liberal party had really cared for the Ballot. Since the commencement of the agitation the majority of the House of Commons has deferred to a supposed desire which is either faint or imaginary. A Bill which had met a popular want would have been pressed through its successive stages with far greater ease and rapidity. Of late many days have been devoted to trifling details which suddenly become important in the eyes of antagonists and lukewarm friends. That valuable section of the constituency which is unable to express its preference for a candidate by writing his name has been regarded with exceptional interest and solicitude. If Mr. FORSTER has not earned the gratitude of his friends by his tedious and thankless task, there can be little doubt that none of his colleagues would have been more fortunate.

The most remarkable division of the Session was taken on Sir MASSEY LOPES's motion for the transference of certain charges from the rates to the Consolidated Fund. As a representative of the landowners, Sir MASSEY LOPES will hereafter find that he has achieved a victory more ruinous than defeat. Mr. STANSFELD and Mr. GOSCHEN took occasion to repeat the menaces which Mr. GLADSTONE and some of his colleagues have on former occasions directed against the

owners of land; and a powerful section of Sir MASSEY LOPES's clients will be ready to join in an agitation for the relief of occupiers at the expense of landlords. In opposing the immediate proposal the Ministers were hampered by Mr. GOSCHEN's injudicious offer in his Bill of last year to make the ratepayers a present of the House Tax. Sir MASSEY LOPES and his friends ought to have remembered that the same measure included the imposition of a heavy and novel burden on owners; but the temptation of defeating the Government was great; and Conservative members have often shown their inability to look to the future. The pressure of constituents on members produced a formidable secession from the Ministerial ranks; and the motion was carried against the Government by the unprecedented majority of a hundred. A more skilful Parliamentary manager than Mr. GLADSTONE would have found means to evade a damaging division; but probably in another Session he will make the hostile vote a pretext for bringing forward some measure which will be in the highest degree unpalatable to country gentlemen. The immediate effect of the division was more damaging because it occurred only two or three days before the defeat on Mr. LEATHAM's clause. On both occasions the Government may perhaps have been in the right; but a Government with a large majority ought not to be beaten. The general desire of relief from the pressure of local taxation has been caused by the comparative laxity of the House of Commons in sanctioning additional charges on rateable property. It is not the special duty of any State Department to exercise over local taxation the salutary vigilance with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being watches over the public receipts and outgoings. Even after the vote on Sir MASSEY LOPES's motion, the Government has proposed to provide out of local rates the cost of inspecting public-houses. If the Lords had allowed this clause to remain in the Bill, the House of Commons would almost certainly have rejected a proposal which so decidedly infringed the principle of its recent decision.

It had not been expected that Mr. GORDON's vague motion for an instruction to the Committee on the Scotch Education Bill would expose the Ministers to the risk of an additional defeat; but the Opposition had derived courage from the success of previous experiments, and the discipline of the majority is for the time utterly relaxed. Recurring to the injudicious practice of last year, the Government induced their supporters to maintain an obstinate silence, and the Conservatives, on the other hand, naturally exerted themselves to continue a one-sided discussion until the favourable moment for a division arrived. As soon as Mr. FORSTER had at last spoken against the motion, the Opposition found itself strong enough to defeat the Government by a small majority. It is scarcely probable that the House of Commons will allow the Bill to be virtually rejected, and the compromise of 1870 to be set aside; but the House of Lords, which has on a former occasion crippled the Ministerial scheme of education in Scotland, will find an excuse for further interference in the adverse vote of the House of Commons. The chances preponderate against a change of Government during the present year, especially as the more prudent Conservative leaders are anxious to postpone their own accession to office; but the dangers of the Session are not yet over; and Mr. GLADSTONE himself has announced his intention of treating as a test of the confidence of the House of Commons in the Government the vote on Mr. FAWCETT's Irish University Bill. If Mr. FAWCETT succeeds in securing a day for the discussion of his measure, the fate of the Government will depend on the prudent forbearance of the Opposition. A large section of Liberal members will almost certainly support the Bill; and it is promoted by Mr. PLUNKETT and Dr. BALL, in alliance with Mr. FAWCETT. It would be impossible to choose a more dangerous issue for a trial of party strength; but victory and the prospect of office furnish strong temptations to rashness. If Mr. GLADSTONE contemplated resignation he would welcome the occasion of a defeat which would expose his adversaries to an immediate collision with the most powerful party in Ireland, and compel many of them to a compromise of their most cherished opinions. A change of Government, involving a general election in the autumn, would probably cause the rejection or fatal mutilation of the Ballot Bill by the House of Lords, in the hope that publicity of voting would improve the chances of Conservative candidates.

#### GENERAL CHANZY AND M. GAMBETTA.

THERE is at last a prospect of the rise of a strong Parliamentary party avowedly favourable to M. THIERS's Government. The speech of General CHANZY on taking command of the Left Centre in the Assembly is the best expression of sensible Conservatism that France has seen. It is all the more suited to the existing condition of the country because the views it embodies are not those of a man of strong political convictions. Hitherto the difficulty has been to induce Frenchmen to take any interest in public affairs unless they have been either fanatics or adventurers; either men who cared for nothing but the triumph of a name or a dynasty, or men who thought only of making a large purse for themselves. The Monarchical and the Republican parties are examples of the first kind; the Imperialists are examples of the second. General CHANZY has served no political apprenticeship. He frankly confesses that when he took his seat in the Assembly he thought himself bound to remain aloof from all parties until he had arrived at a conviction. He avows that any body of politicians who had undertaken the work of reorganizing France might have counted on his support. But, except the Republicans, every party wished some one else to play first. Monarchists and Imperialists were alike anxious to let the Republic have the responsibility of making the attempt, and, as they hoped, the discredit of failing in it. As General CHANZY truly says, not one of those who dream of a restoration of the past had the courage to attempt it at the only propitious moment—the moment when the Deputies assembled at Bordeaux were summoned to face the tremendous difficulties which war and revolution had brought upon France. The mere fact that the Republicans were willing to undertake responsibilities from which the partisans of other opinions shrank back gave them a claim on General CHANZY's good will. Even this claim, however, presented itself in a non-political shape. It was not fair, he thought, to put so great a task upon the Republic without letting the Republic reap the reward when the task had been performed. The next step in the progress towards a conviction was easily made. General CHANZY's sense of justice had led him to accept the Republic as the actual Government of France; his sense of public duty taught him the importance of giving the actual Government a decided support. To fail in this would have been to commit the very crime which had disgusted him in the Monarchists and the Imperialists. If the test of patriotism in a party had been readiness to undertake the government under unparalleled difficulties, the test of patriotism in individuals was readiness to co-operate heartily with whatever party came up to this standard. Patriotism is shown by sacrifices, and the sacrifice to which non-Republicans must submit in France is that of their personal preference for another form of government. It is a mark of General CHANZY's practical wisdom that he does not stop to consider whether the Republicans themselves would have made such a sacrifice. Events have not demanded it of them, and events have demanded it of others. Those who can honestly accept an existing Government as the best in the abstract necessarily enjoy this advantage over those who only accept it as the best that can be had. The duty which General CHANZY preaches to the Left Centre is the duty of thinking only of France, of admitting no consideration but the interests of France, of dismissing as unpatriotic those ideas about forms of government which are only a cause of division and weakness.

This is precisely the doctrine which M. THIERS has maintained from the moment when he took office. It is the essence of the Bordeaux Compact. The first want of France after the conclusion of peace was a Government; her second want is a strong Government. Chance gave her the former in the shape of the Republic, but only the disinterested devotion of Frenchmen of all parties can give her the latter. It is true that those who have hitherto opposed the Republic are not committed by their present acceptance of it to any opinion as to its ultimate fitness for France. But they are pledged to make it capable of fulfilling all the objects for which Government exists, and in so far as they are pledged to do this they are pledged to strengthen it by all the means in their power. A weak Government is as bad as no Government. When the non-Republicans acquiesced in a Republic as under present circumstances the only possible Government for France, they acquiesced in its gaining whatever advantages are to be derived from this character. Until now, however, this policy has had no distinct representation in the Assembly. The Left Centre has acted with more or less of consistency in this spirit, but it has not put out any definite programme, or claimed to support

M. THIERS in any sense beyond that in which the whole Chamber, with the exception of the extreme Left, may be said to support him. General CHANZY's speech will be an intimation to the country that Conservative Republicanism has now a Parliamentary, as well as an administrative, organisation. Hitherto no portion of the Conservative strength of the Assembly has been formally arrayed on the side of the Government. M. THIERS has been fighting the battle of the Conservative majority with no real help from the Deputies who compose it. The country has learnt in consequence to look to the Executive rather than to the Legislature for the help and guidance of which it stands so much in want. The Assembly is distrusted because it is believed to be more occupied with the future interests of this or that party than with the present interests of France. It is exceedingly unfortunate that this should be the case, because it seems to bear out the description of free representative bodies which has so often been given by the Bonapartists. The impotence and selfishness of Assemblies has again and again been compared with the disinterested strength of the Executive. If France is ever to escape from the slough of alternate anarchy and despotism, the first lesson she must learn is to look to Parliamentary government as the rope by means of which she is to draw herself up to firm ground. Anything that indisposes Frenchmen to regard Parliamentary government in this aspect delays indefinitely the political consolidation of the country. The line which the Left Centre is likely to take under General CHANZY's influence promises to present to Frenchmen the novel spectacle of an independent Parliamentary party giving an honest support to the Government, not merely because it happens to fall in with some political theory of their own, but because it furnishes the best attainable security for the maintenance of order and liberty. As yet Conservative Republicanism has been a growing creed in the country, but not in the Assembly. General CHANZY's speech gives it a standpoint in the Assembly itself.

M. GAMBETTA has been making a speech as well as General CHANZY, and it is worthy of notice that the two public men who were identified with the most energetic and sustained effort that France made in the late war should both be counselling moderation and resignation to the course of events. The moral of General CHANZY's sermon is acquiescence in the Republic. The moral of M. GAMBETTA's speech is acquiescence in the dismemberment of France. The difference between the two is that General CHANZY's acquiescence is unqualified, while M. GAMBETTA's is qualified. If the Republic can give France what she really wants, why should she look forward to any further changes in the future? When she has secured the substance, there will be no need to trouble herself about the form. This is how General CHANZY looks at the future. M. GAMBETTA is equally decided in his counsel of present resignation, but it is resignation "with a view to action." Excitement and enthusiasm are out of place, he says, in a country where so much hard work has to be done. The reconstruction of France is too great an undertaking to be set about except with calmness and deliberation. The people of Alsace and Lorraine must not expect France to make any immediate effort on their behalf. They must be content with knowing that every fresh step that France takes towards the recovery of her former greatness is a step towards the attainment of a "material and moral position in which there is no need even to draw the sword, in which the claims of right are duly satisfied because it is known that behind that right there is strength." This is precisely the lecture that a Piedmontese statesman might have read to the people of Venetia in former years. We can only help you, he might have said, by helping ourselves. The stronger Piedmont becomes, the harder it will be for Austria to resist the attraction which draws you to us. M. GAMBETTA's language has no more promise for the ultimate peace of Europe than the language of wilder preachers; for where a Power like Germany is concerned it is not easy to get a claim satisfied without drawing the sword. But it has at least the advantage that it reminds Frenchmen that the road to regaining the lost provinces lies through something else than military training. National greatness, if it is to impress beholders in the way of which M. GAMBETTA speaks, is a composite idea. It includes moral, scientific, and financial eminence, and the pursuit of it may fairly be expected to have some further and better result than the construction of an enormous army.

## MR. GATHORNE HARDY AT CANTERBURY.

THERE has been what the *Standard* terms "a splendid political demonstration" at Canterbury this week, and Mr. GATHORNE HARDY has made a great speech. He and his audience were in high spirits, and the dinner no doubt deserved to be pronounced a great success. It is an excellent time for Conservatives just now to meet together and cheer each other in this way. They can abuse the Ministry to their hearts' content, can swear that Mr. GLADSTONE is a bewildered Republican, and point to the triumph of the Conservative reaction. Recent elections have gone largely in their favour, and they have good reason for believing that they would win a considerable number of seats if there were a dissolution this year. They have all the pleasure of present success and of confidence in the future, without any of the trouble of government, or of having to encounter serious annoyances or defeats. They have the delightful task of resolutely maintaining on the highest principles, and in the noblest way, what no politician of the slightest importance seriously thinks of attacking. They uphold the Established Church, the Monarchy, and the House of Lords, and may congratulate themselves on discovering that not one of the three has any conspicuous or dangerous assailant. They gain immensely by being out of office, and they justly claim all the privileges of irresponsibility. The Ministry have blundered, and they have not blundered. This is their great stronghold of influence on the country. Those who think with pain of the COLLIER scandal, of the aggravated Income-tax, and of the miscarriages of the Admiralty, can console themselves with the fond hope that, if another set of men were in office, things might possibly be better managed, and the Conservatives are the only other set of men who could come in. Public opinion is therefore for the moment on their side, and they are quite right to make hay while the sun shines. They have not the odious task of bringing in Bills, and those who dislike the Bills of the Government are therefore inclined to range themselves on their side. Beer, almighty beer, has pronounced in their favour, because it was not their miserable lot to have to introduce a Licensing Bill. The Conservative peers have done enough, without exactly throwing over Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill, to show the publicans that their surest allies sit on the Opposition benches. Special agencies, therefore, operate in favour of the Conservatives, and the sphere of English politics is now in such a state of serenity that the country at large would view with indifference, and possibly with approval, the advent of a Conservative Ministry to office. All that England asks just now is a little repose, and a fair amount of good government. But there is no particular reason to suppose that the Conservatives would govern well, except that the Liberals have lately governed badly. If we did not know what has happened, we might have imagined the present Ministry to be capable of supplying an abler set of administrators than the Conservative party could do. There is a most serious deficiency of conspicuous unquestionable ability on the Conservative front benches of the House of Commons. The Opposition is strong enough in the Lords, but it is very weak in the Commons. After full account has been taken of the eccentric genius and perverse ingenuity of Mr. DISRAELI, and after it has been said that Mr. GATHORNE HARDY would make a better Home Secretary than Mr. BRUCE, and that Sir JOHN KANSLAKE makes an efficient Attorney-General, there is little more to be said about the Conservative candidates for office in the House of Commons. Evidently it is the true policy of the Conservatives to magnify the blunders of the Government, and to assume generally an air of conscious superiority to such blunders, without any dangerous descent into particulars. The true basis of the appeal of the Conservatives to the country is to maintain that the present administration of affairs is execrable, and that if the Opposition came into office, there is no saying what great and good results might not be attained.

Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, however, thought it incumbent on him to move out of this safe region of cheerful obscurity, and to draw one more sketch of the Conservative programme. As might be expected, he imitated his leader at Manchester, and took care in saying much to say nothing. He did indeed seem occasionally to be meaning to say great things, but it is difficult to believe that he can have meant what he said. He deplored the policy of the Government with regard to the Irish Church and the Irish land, and he boldly announced that the time was coming when this policy would be reversed. On even Canterbury Conservatives, assisting at a splendid

political demonstration, believe that this was the serious statement of a responsible practical politician? In quiet moments every one of every party is aware that it would be as easy to restore Protection in England as to re-establish the Irish Church, or to alter for the worse the position of Irish tenants. Even with regard to Irish Education, the Opposition would not be in the least in a better position than the present Government, and when Mr. HARDY denounces all concession to the Ultramontanes it is difficult, even in an age when political events are so quickly forgotten, not to remember that four years ago he belonged to a Cabinet which proclaimed itself the advocate of the great policy of levelling up. As to English education, Mr. HARDY cheerfully acknowledged the great services rendered to the cause of Conservatism by Mr. FORSTER, but hinted that the Church ought to get better terms than she had got under the present Act. It is easy to hold this as a speculative opinion, but it is equally easy to imagine the storm that would be raised if Mr. HARDY were in office, and really endeavoured to upset the compromise which Mr. FORSTER accepted. The Conservatives can only be definite when they can refer to particular measures not yet carried to which they can offer a successful opposition. Mr. DISRAELI gave the watchword at Manchester, and Mr. HARDY, obeying it, implored his supporters to come out in all their strength as the firm, unhesitating adversaries of the Burials Bill. As Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, with great difficulty, and with the very lukewarm support of the Government, just manages to carry a single clause of his Bill through Committee in a Session, it certainly seems an uncommonly small point for a great party to rally round when they are asked to appear in all their glory as the opponents of a Bill which has not got into the stage of practical legislation. But there is a Bill, it may be remembered, which has engaged the attention of the House of Commons during almost the entire Session, and which the Conservative leaders pronounce to be a dangerous and detestable Bill. When something really was to be said, Mr. HARDY was totally silent, and not a word escaped him to animate his hearers in their opposition to the Ballot Bill. There is no secret about the reason of this silence. Many Conservatives think that the Ballot will help them at the next election. But this is a very poor reason to sway the counsels of those who, like Mr. HARDY, profess to live and die in defence of the Constitution. It would have been open to the Conservative leaders to treat the Ballot as a matter of indifference; but no one could use stronger language than Mr. DISRAELI in denouncing it as involving a constitutional change of the most lamentable description. It is only because it may possibly give a temporary party triumph that its pernicious consequences are buried in oblivion. The Conservatives vow that open voting is their birthright, and then they are ready to hold their tongues and sell it for the chance of a mess of pottage. It would appear that it is no use asking their leaders for a programme. They have none, or if they have one, they keep it to themselves. They seem to think that it is their true mission to use vague phrases, to keep on the watch, to make the most of little things, and to use beer and the Ballot and the hopes of a sanguine public as the means of attaining some day a working majority.

If such a majority could be attained, the Conservatives would now take office without any prejudice against them. The country would be anxious to give them a fair chance. No one out of small cliques of extreme men thinks that the present is a time for great organic changes, and as all enthusiasm for the present Government has died away, the mere fact that another Government came in would make that Government for a time popular. But of all people that would gain by a change of Government the present Ministry would gain most. Mr. GLADSTONE is now discomfited, and has got into many foolish scrapes, and he has little control over his own party or over the House of Commons; but it would be entirely his own fault if, as leader of the Opposition, he did not regain spirits and prestige and the confidence of his party. His errors as a Minister are exactly the errors that would be forgotten if he were out of office, while his successes are of the sort that are easily remembered. It is not in the ordinary course of business that he has made his worst mistakes. It is when he has gone out of his way to blunder that he has blundered worst. As a leader of Opposition he would be most formidable; for if he chooses he can grapple with the details of a measure, he can criticize and can expose the shortcomings of opponents, in a manner that is unequalled in the House of Commons. The Conservatives are naturally and justly fond of recalling the triumph of Sir Robert Peel in 1841, and of arguing that a strong Conservative Ministry must, by the operation of a subtle historical law, be formed within a certain time after the passing of a Reform

Bill. It is quite true that after a time of political excitement comes a time of political repose; and at such a crisis the turn of a Conservative Ministry comes almost as a matter of course. But how can there be a Peel Ministry without a Sir Robert Peel? In 1841 Sir Robert Peel was generally recognized as the ablest, soundest, strongest man in the country; and he had Lord John Russell as his principal opponent. There is no kind of real resemblance between such a state of things and that which would be occupied by any Conservative Government that could be formed now with Mr. Gladstone as the leader of the Opposition. Mr. HARDY seems in a measure conscious of this, and he hinted that he should be very glad to see a Coalition Ministry formed out of the Conservative leaders and the more moderate Liberals. That such a coalition may at some unknown and distant day be possible, can neither be asserted with confidence nor denied. Anything may happen some day, but such a coalition is quite out of the range of present politics. There is not a colleague of Mr. Gladstone who would not follow him faithfully in Opposition, and no sensible Conservative can fail to be alive to the extreme difficulty which a Conservative Government would have in carrying on business in the House of Commons with most of the present Ministry on the Opposition benches there, while almost the whole strength of the Conservatives was in the Lords. Splendid political demonstrations cannot mend matters in this respect. Divided as the Liberal party may be, and bad as the mistakes of the Government may have been, there does not seem at present much prospect of a stable Conservative Government being formed. It is sometimes useful to consider in detail what is meant when it is said at Conservative banquets that the hour of triumph is at hand. In order to get a working majority in the House of Commons, the Conservatives must win seventy seats, and they must win them for the most part in England, for there is no great chance of any considerable change in Scotland or Ireland. It is very doubtful whether beer and the Ballot, and the undeniable wish for political quiet, and the unpopularity of the present Government, will do anything like enough to win sixty or seventy English seats for the Conservatives. Even if they did, there would still be in the House of Commons a weak Ministry and a strong Opposition. The moral is that the present is a happy time for Conservatives. They can now be really at their ease, and can enjoy themselves with credit and confidence. They have the Government very much in their power, and are able to exercise an important influence on the course of legislation. If they go on nearer to the goal which they profess to be aiming at, they may only realize how vain are human wishes, and may look back with fond regret to the time when they met at Canterbury and everything seemed so bright before them.

#### RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

THE great schemes of railway amalgamation are shelved for the present year by the length of the inquiry before the Joint Committee. Time and trouble would have been saved by referring all the projects to the ordinary tribunals, which would have heard the facts and arguments as they were presented by interested parties on both sides. In almost all practical controversies litigation is the most effective mode of ascertaining the truth. The members of the Joint Committee have probably collected and tested evidence with ability and vigour; but their cross-examination must, in default of special information, have been in a great degree conducted at random. Advocates who know their business never ask a question unless they are able approximately to anticipate the answer; while curious and disinterested inquirers are liable to be baffled by unexpected statements and theories. If the expediency of amalgamation were capable of being definitely affirmed or decided, the Joint Committee might perhaps be able to guide the judgment of Parliament; but some amalgamations are beneficial, while some are pernicious, and the conditions which may be advantageously and equitably imposed on Companies seeking amalgamation vary with every separate case. Some of the Companies which are now seeking for amalgamation, and consequently depending before the Joint Committee the utility of amalgamation, are simultaneously promoting aggressive projects for the purchase of their neighbours for the purpose of obtaining a monopoly of existing traffic, and on the pretext that rivalry is burdensome to passengers and freighters. It is possible that on such cases their contention may be justified by circumstances, but it would be difficult to deduce all their conclusions from a con-



mon principle. The various combinations of alliance and hostility in which the principal Companies are from time to time engaged are not a little perplexing to all but the most experienced students. If France were to form alliances at the same time with Germany for the liberation of Poland, and with Russia for the recovery of Alsace, while Italy invoked the protection of Germany against a French invasion of Rome, and joined with France in a campaign for the protection of Turkey, European diplomacy would on a great scale reproduce the complications of railway policy. The Great Northern, the Sheffield, and the Midland have advanced together into the heart of the North-Western territory at Liverpool, while the North-Western is allied with the Great Northern in a bold incursion into the Midland province of Derbyshire. The North British will probably ally itself with the hostile Caledonian against the amalgamation of the Midland with the Glasgow and South-Western, while both North British and Glasgow and South-Western are engaged in a separate contest with the allied forces of the North-Western and the Caledonian. For all these relations of friendship and enmity there are sufficient reasons; but it would be difficult to refer them to general maxims or comprehensive propositions. In almost all cases it will be found that one or both parties represent important public interests.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce lately renewed the discussion on railway amalgamation, and on the question whether railways ought to be appropriated by the State. The President of the Chamber, Mr. HUGH MASON, who warmly supported the amalgamation of the North Western with the Lancashire and Yorkshire, was assured by Sir EDWARD WATKIN that the facts and statistics on which he had relied were entirely erroneous. A motion in favour of amalgamation tempered by competition was considered to be unduly definite; and at last the Chamber pledged itself almost unanimously to a resolution which may be commended as a precedent to the attention of the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons:—"This Chamber, while expressing no opinion on the subject of amalgamation of railways, is of opinion that it is essentially necessary to preserve the principle of competition, which has done so much for the general interests of the country." If general propositions are, like first causes, for the most part barren, Chambers of Commerce and other bodies prove their good sense by using indefinite language to express unsettled opinions. Of all the speakers at Manchester Sir E. WATKIN was most intimately acquainted with the subject; but it must have been difficult to ascertain the exact limits of the competition which he ably recommended. When ladies propound comprehensive aphorisms on the ethics of social and domestic life, their friends generally find it easy to translate their abstract doctrines into comments on the character of members of the same circle or household. In the same manner the sentiments of a railway Chairman may for the most part be interpreted with reference to the condition and connexions of his own system. The amalgamation of the three Companies in the South-east of England was a few years since almost completed under the auspices of Sir EDWARD WATKIN. The amalgamation of the North-Western with the Lancashire and Yorkshire could scarcely recommend itself to the approval of the Chairman of the Sheffield Company, who may nevertheless be perfectly sincere in holding that his conclusions coincide with a sound judgment of the public interest. When the women in the tent of ACHILLES were lamenting in concert with BRISEIS, they all bewailed the fate of PATROCLUS; but the poet records the fact that each was weeping for her own private sorrows. Sir E. WATKIN with judicious caution confines his objection to special projects of amalgamation. The relations of the Sheffield line, which owes to his exertions its present comparative prosperity, with some of the neighbouring systems, is analogous to the position of the Lancashire and Yorkshire with reference to the North-Western. Sheffield amalgamations have often been projected and reported; and it is not improbable that, sooner or later, some alliance of the kind may be formed or proposed. Whether a reduced number of great Companies would carry on the most effective competition is a question difficult to solve.

The economists of Manchester, in common with the most authoritative witnesses who have appeared before the Joint Committee, unanimously disapprove of the proposal for the acquisition of railways by the State. Mr. GLANVILLE caused some surprise by the expression of a similar opinion at the late dinner of the Institute of Civil Engineers. It is highly probable that at some future time the railways will become the property of the Government; but it is desirable to postpone this transfer, at least during the present generation. It

is certain that the State would have been unwilling and unable to create the railways which have, under the impulse of private enterprise, covered the surface of the country, and that it would never even have attempted to provide the liberal accommodation which offers so marked a contrast with the scanty provisions of Continental railways. If it were certain that the limits of improvement had been reached, it is possible that a State Department might succeed in maintaining the actual character of efficiency; but from the date of the transfer there would be no increase in the number or speed of trains, and mechanical innovations would be thenceforth practically discouraged. The Railway Companies have their faults, and they display occasional perversity in refusing to connect their reciprocal arrangements where they border on neighbouring systems; but on the whole their management is incomparably better than the administration of the army or the navy, and almost any Board-room would contrast advantageously with the Board of Trade. Railway managers earn and deserve the salaries of Cabinet Ministers, and there is no reason why they should become more efficient if they were entitled to go to Court in official uniforms. The proposal that the Government, after annexing the railways, should let them out to Companies undertaking to work them, involves a confession that State management would be either mischievous or impracticable. To the vast mass of moderate and small capitalists the loss of a convenient opportunity of investment would be a serious evil. To purchasers of preference and debenture stock a State guarantee would be unacceptable if it involved a diminution of actual income; and yet it could scarcely be for the benefit of the State to increase by the use of its credit the saleable value of stock, unless it secured a reduction of the rate of interest. The large class of capitalists which prefers an elastic investment would object to commutation into a stock with a fixed dividend; and one result of the transfer would be to drive a large amount of capital into foreign loans and miscellaneous enterprises. It may be admitted that the interests of shareholders ought, on payment of just compensation, to yield to a great public advantage; but for the present official administration would probably have a retrograde tendency. The whole aspect of the question will be changed when the great Companies have attained the maximum dividend which was fixed by Act of Parliament a quarter of a century ago. When they are once assured of a permanent income of ten per cent. on the nominal value of their stock, railway shareholders, like gas proprietors, will sink into the position of mortgagees or annuitants, with no further motive for improving their property. It is probable that in anticipation of such a result many Companies will, in spite of the hackneyed counsels of theoretical advisers, take measures for increasing their capital accounts; but in some cases, sooner or later, the limit will be attained. From Companies which have become incumbrancers on their undertakings the State will have a strong motive for reclaiming the railways with their future increase of profits. It is to be hoped that before that time a standard of speed and comfort will have been established which will impose itself on Government functionaries as indispensable.

#### THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

THE First Report of the Local Government Board contains some useful information with regard to the measures taken by the Home Office under the 49th section of the Sanitary Act of 1866. By this section the Secretary of State is empowered, whenever complaint has been made that the local authorities have made default in providing their districts with sufficient sewers or with a proper supply of water, to inquire into the alleged default, and, if satisfied that it has been made, to make an order limiting a time within which the work must be done by the local authorities, and in the event of this order being disobeyed to appoint some person to do the work in the place, and at the expense, of the defaulting authorities. The 74th section of the Public Health Bill gives a similar power to the Local Government Board, and the experience of the Home Office, as recorded in this Report, will give some indication as to the degree in which it is safe to rely on such a provision as a means of making the local sanitary authorities do their duty. The first case in which the 49th section of the Sanitary Act was called into play was that of Wetheringsett, in Suffolk. In the autumn of 1866 fever was very prevalent in the parish, but at two successive meetings the Vestry—that is, the ratepayers assembled in Vestry, who are the sewer subscribers under the present law—refused to appoint a Committee to remedy the nuisance to

which the fever was traceable. A memorial praying for an inquiry was then presented to the Home Office, the signatures to which represented nearly two-thirds of the rateable value of the parish. The Inspector reported that the fever was mainly due to impure water and defective drainage, and on his recommendation the Vestry was ordered to execute the works required to abate these nuisances. This Report is dated the 14th of January, 1867. On the 21st of February, 1868, the Inspector again visited Wetheringsett. He found that the Vestry had done nothing to remedy the evils complained of, and that if left to themselves they were not likely to do anything. In April 1868 a peremptory order was issued, ordering the works to be executed according to the recommendation of a local engineer within four months from that time. In September 1868 it appeared that the Vestry was still obstinate, and the SECRETARY OF STATE appointed the engineer in question to be the Sewer authority, for the purpose of carrying out the works. Money was borrowed for the purpose under the sanction of the Home Office, and as the Vestry in November 1869 resolved unanimously that a rate should be levied to repay the loan, it may be supposed that they were by that time convinced that health is better than disease. In the case of Brentwood complaint was first made in January 1867, but, owing to legal difficulties as to raising money, the peremptory order was not issued till October 1870. The Vestry took no notice of it, and in December 1870 an engineer was appointed to carry out the necessary improvements. The difficulty in this case is that the works have to be maintained now that they are made, and if the Vestry refuses to undertake this duty, the Local Government Board, which has succeeded to the functions of the Home Office in sanitary matters, will have not only to assess and levy the rate for the maintenance of the works, but to appoint and pay the persons required to look after them. These are instances of sanitary ignorance in rural parishes. The case of Sudbury shows that a borough can be just as stolidly obstructive as any country village. At the end of 1867 a number of ratepayers prayed for an inquiry into the alleged scantiness and impurity of the water supply. The Town Council "strenuously resisted" inquiry as "unnecessary," but when the drinking water of the town came to be analysed it was found to be polluted by "contact with large quantities of decaying animal matter." For more than a year the Home Office went on urging the Town Council to act upon this information, and at length, on the last day of 1869, Mr. BRUCE made a peremptory order that the work should be begun within six weeks. The Town Council met this by a resolution refusing to act, and an engineer was accordingly appointed to do the work in their stead. While the works were in progress an offer was made to the Town Council to take them over and complete them, a proceeding which would have enabled the necessary money to be borrowed at the market rate, and for thirty years, instead of at five per cent. and for twenty years, which are the only terms on which the Local Government Board can ordinarily borrow. The Town Council refused this offer, and thus saddled the ratepayers with an additional burden. The case of Barnard Castle shows a Local Board of Health playing a similar part. The water supply of the town is deficient, and the Board of Health wanted to improve it by substituting the old system of house cisterns and intermittent supply for the system of constant supply, which they maintained only encouraged waste. The Home Office insisted on the construction of a storage reservoir, and, "after much correspondence, and against the vehement and repeated protests of the Local Board," an engineer was appointed to carry out the latter scheme. In the case of Epping the action of the Home Office was additionally impeded "by every hindrance that legal ingenuity could raise," ending in a trial in the Queen's Bench.

These cases seem to show that the existing law is competent to deal with local obstinacy, but that it necessarily does so in a way which intensifies that obstinacy even while overcoming it. It becomes a point of honour with the local authority not to be beaten until it can resist no longer. The correspondence with the Local Government Board assumes incessantly the character of a lawsuit, and at length the local authority would rather spend money in resisting the orders of the Board than save money by obeying them. It is essential that the power of doing the work where the local authority makes default should be possessed by the central office; but it is also desirable that the latter should have the power of using milder means in all cases where it seems likely that they would be more efficacious. The Public Health Bill proposes three alternative methods of dealing with defaulting

local authorities. The Local Government Board may proceed in the way in which the Home Secretary has been accustomed to proceed. Or, after having issued their peremptory order, they may have it removed into the Court of Queen's Bench, with a view to its being enforced in the same manner as if it were a rule of Court. Before the introduction of the Public Health Bill, Mr. TOM TAYLOR had pointed out that this expedient would have the advantage of compelling the local authority "to discharge its duty instead of transferring that duty to others who cannot discharge it as economically or effectually, and who ought not, in the interest of good government, to be charged with it at all if it can possibly be enforced on the authority properly and primarily chargeable with it." The Local Government Board are further empowered, instead of themselves undertaking the necessary works, to delegate to any body of persons locally interested in remedying the default all or any of the powers of the defaulting authority. Probably this will be found the most efficacious way of bringing the defaulting authority to its senses, as well as the most efficacious way of doing its work if it remain obstinately impenitent. The local authority will know that the only result of its refusal to obey the order of the Board will be its own deposition in favour of some of that obnoxious minority of ratepayers against which, even more than against the central authority, it has all along been contending. The alternatives between which it has to choose will no longer be doing the work itself, and taking the chance of the Secretary of State thinking it important enough to do it; there will be a third, the sitting by without power to act, while its neighbours—the very neighbours to whose unreasonable complaints all the excitement is owing—levy and expend the rates. This last possibility will have a new and sharper sting in it. When the central authority takes the duties of the local authority upon itself, the latter can at all events play the part of a martyr in the cause of local self-government. But when the duties of the local authority are simply transferred to a new local authority, the fact that the new officials are the nominees of the Local Government Board will soon be forgotten. The effect on the minds of the ratepayers will be very much the same as if there had been a fresh election and the sanitary reform party had been victorious. There is another expedient simpler than either of these, yet perhaps not less efficacious, which is not included in the Public Health Bill. It is probable that it was only omitted by an oversight, and if so it is an oversight that ought certainly to be amended in Committee. All the expedients which have been enumerated go upon the assumption that the ratepayers will be sure to support the action of their defaulting representatives. In some cases, no doubt, this theory will be borne out by facts. But in others, where, for example, the actual authorities have been chosen by a small majority, or where the more cautious members of the dominant party are afraid of seeing the district saddled with additional burdens by undue persistence, the sanitary authorities might not be able to secure their re-election, supposing they had at once to present themselves before their constituents. To reap the benefit of this change of temper on the part of the ratepayers, it is necessary that the latter should have the opportunity of giving their votes with a clear consciousness of the issue that depends on them. A clause empowering the Local Government Board, at its discretion, to dissolve any Board of Guardians that may be in default, and to order a new election, would give the central authority the power of taking advantage of such a lucid interval on the part of the ratepayers, while it would leave them the power of resorting to stronger remedies whenever this mild one had been tried and found wanting.

#### THE CLAIMANT ON THE STUMP.

THERE is perhaps no reason to be surprised that the TITCHBORNE Claimant has resolved to appeal from the Courts to the country, though it may be doubted whether the country, under the circumstances, can do much to help him. If the tribunals had been dissolved, as Parliament sometimes is, an appeal of this kind might have been natural and necessary; but the principle of universal suffrage has not yet been introduced into the administration of justice, nor has the jurisdiction of the courts of law been temporarily suspended. It is probable that persons in the Claimant's position would prefer, if they could, to throw themselves on the great heart of the People, and to get rid of the tedious formalities of a legal judicial inquiry. If cross-examination had been unknown to English law, the evidence which was produced in support of

the Claimant would no doubt have been highly effective; but its value was destroyed when it was shown in what manner it had been got up. The TICHBORNE case appears to have become a minor political question, and there can be no doubt as to the nature of the feelings or passions to which an appeal is now being made. The Claimant, led, or attended, by his friend and backer, Mr. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, has already begun to stump the country as an innocent victim of aristocratic oppression; and even if he should not escape a conviction for perjury, he may possibly win the affections of some popular constituency. On Tuesday he made a public entry into Alresford after the fashion of a candidate at election time, in a carriage and four, with a band of music, a shouting mob, and a great display of silken favours. It had been arranged that a number of men with ropes should meet him outside the town, where they unharnessed the horses and dragged the coach in triumph to the "Swan Inn"; and there he and Mr. ONSLOW delivered speeches. It is stated that at the "villas" and houses of well-to-do people in the neighbourhood "ladies appeared in the windows or at the gates and waved handkerchiefs" in honour of the man who had traduced in the most cruel and infamous manner the lady whom he claimed as his cousin. He was also loudly cheered by the crowd at the "Swan," and there was an eager competition to have the honour of shaking hands with him. Whether the Claimant is or is not Sir ROGER, he is, on his own showing, not exactly the sort of person to inspire personal admiration and regard. It is suggested by the Correspondent of one of the papers that a liberal distribution of beer and tips was used in order to stimulate the demonstration; but it is certain that there are not a few people—and no doubt there are some in Alresford as well as elsewhere—who cherish a sneaking sympathy for the Claimant, for reasons which they would probably have some difficulty, and might not take much pleasure, in closely analysing. The question of his identity is one, of course, which has nothing whatever to do with his moral character; but it might be supposed that what is known of him would lead people who respect themselves to desire that they should be associated with him as little as possible. It is not convenient that a question which is before the Courts should be made a matter of public controversy; but as the Claimant has challenged public opinion in this instance, he will have no reason to complain if the response should prove to be less favourable than he anticipated. He will probably have no difficulty in attracting audiences at Bristol, Birmingham, and the other places which he intends to visit—Wapping, by the way, does not appear in the list—and he may also succeed in collecting a considerable amount of subscriptions. There is no reason to suppose that the Infant will start on an opposition tour; but the gross misrepresentations and reckless calumnies of the Claimant and his backers can hardly fail to provoke an angry controversy; and it may be remarked that the first contradiction has come from his own solicitors in the recent suit.

When Mr. GUILDFORD ONSLOW, in his address to the crowd in the inn-yard at Alresford, endeavoured to excite compassion for the Claimant by stating that he had been shut up in Newgate without having been convicted, he must have been aware that this is what happens to every accused person. Moreover, the Claimant is practically very much in the position of a man who has been tried and convicted, but who is to have a chance of proving his innocence at a second trial. It is ridiculous to suppose that such an inquiry as that which occupied the Court of Common Pleas for the best part of a year can be quietly ignored as if it had never taken place. The jury in this suit were not required to deliver a verdict, but they took care to intimate in the most unmistakable manner what would have been their verdict if it had been called for; and had the trial been a criminal instead of a civil one, the Claimant's fate would no doubt have been settled at once. Mr. ONSLOW thinks it very hard that the jury should have been led away by the long speech of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and asserts that he has every reason to believe that they would have been led the other way if they had only had the opportunity of hearing the reply which Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE would have made. It is clear that Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE did not think so, for there was nothing to prevent his making a speech in reply except his own conviction that it would be a mere waste of time. There is no getting over the fact that at the time when the trial was brought to a close the Claimant's counsel found themselves unable to produce any new evidence or arguments to shake the opinion which the jury had formed on the case already submitted to them. It is possible that when the

Claimant next appears in Court his counsel may be in a better position to defend him; but for the present the public have nothing to go by except the past trial, and they are entitled to regard him as an impostor until he proves that he is not one. He had five years to get up his case, with plenty of money at command, and with the aid of acuts, swallows, and some of them not very scrupulous, agents. He had the advantage of whatever information he was able to extract from the Dowager, from BOGLE, CARTER, and others, and from such letters and papers of ROGER's as came into his possession. He had a patient hearing when at last the matter came on for trial; and the jury expressed the opinion that, apart altogether from the tattooing, his case had utterly broken down. Mr. ONSLOW observed, and the Claimant repeated the observation as if he thought it was a good one, that an impostor would hardly have ventured on his arrival in this country to go down to Alresford, where so many people were well acquainted with the real ROGER. But, in point of fact, the Claimant's first visit to Alresford was just such as an impostor would be most likely to make—in disguise, under an assumed name, prowling furtively round Tichborne Park, picking up information about it and its owners, and studying a catalogue of the pictures in the family mansion. It must also be remembered that Tichborne Park was then inhabited by a gentleman who had never seen ROGER; that the Claimant locked himself in his room when BOWKER tried to see him; and that it was not until he had felt his way, and had satisfied himself of the willingness of some of the people to identify him as the real man, that he showed himself boldly. He knew from the Dowager's letters that she was willing to receive him, and they were indeed such as to encourage him in the idea that, for purposes of her own, she would swear to him, whoever he was; but it is significant that he assumed from the first, without inquiry or experiment, that the rest of the family must be leagued against him, and would be sure to denounce him as an impostor. The first idea in the mind of the real ROGER would naturally have been to go to his oldest and dearest friends, and he would have thought it incredible that they would repudiate him in a body. One of the strongest points against the Claimant has been the uniform bent of his mind on this point; he seemed to be always sure that the chances were that all who knew ROGER well would be against him. If it comes to be a question of what an impostor would be likely to do, it must be said that at least the Claimant acted the part to perfection.

It appears that the Claimant is a sufficiently fluent speaker, and that his imprisonment has diminished neither his corpulence nor his audacity. There was a notion that he might perhaps train down under prison diet, and baffle his enemies by coming out of gaol as slim as ROGER when he was last seen. Having secured one set of witnesses by being so extremely unlike ROGER that they felt sure he must be the real man, or he would never have thought of personating him, he might, when divested of the mass of flesh which disguised him, have secured additional testimony on the strength of some resemblance to the missing heir. In point of fact, however, he has come out of Newgate just as he went in; and he appeals now, not to the recollection of those who knew ROGER, but to the moral consciousness of the mob. There is no mistake as to the note he means to strike. Mr. ONSLOW, on his behalf, thanked "the working classes" for releasing him from prison; and the Claimant himself asked whether he was to be branded as a scoundrel just "because a Lord came forward to swear" something against him. When the Claimant goes to Birmingham he will perhaps have Mr. DIXON in the chair, and the meeting will pass resolutions declaring that after this last outrage the House of Lords must immediately be abolished. It is obvious that, if the Claimant were really Sir ROGER, he would be little better than a Lord himself; but a Lord, or at least a baronet, would perhaps be more tolerable to some people if he had not the manners of a gentleman. The crowd which used to cheer the Claimant at Westminster no doubt had a lurking idea that it might be a triumph for their order if somebody not very unlike themselves were established in the ranks of the aristocracy. They resented as personally offensive the idea that a man who at least looked like one of themselves should not be thought good enough to be a baronet. It must be admitted that the Claimant has a very simple and comprehensive explanation of the misfortunes which have overtaken him. He is the victim of a vast conspiracy. Everybody but Mr. ONSLOW and the working classes are against him. He charges the TICHBORNE family with having concocted the tattooing business at a moment's notice when they found they could not beat him in any other way. He complains "most bitterly" of the





do it ourselves whenever we are not restrained by the never-ending exigencies of formal good manners. It shows, in fact, that on the domestic hearth where we may take liberties we are still children. The post probably brings newspapers enough each morning to supply, by subdivision, every one of the party present. Each one seizes his portion, and throws his attention into the comprehensive glance which is the cream of newspaper reading. It is a rule which admits of no exception, that a man with the day's paper just put into his hand does not want to be interrupted; yet somebody present will read bits out of his own, to the disturbance of the rest. They need not be important bits. The reader knows that everybody will come upon them in time, and through a means which he himself infinitely prefers to this method of dribbling them out upon unwilling ears; but he cannot help indulging himself with something to tell—of all habits, the most characteristic of the child. Every child desires, above all things, to be the first to tell. To possess a piece of news, and to be before others in the telling of it, is the especial craving of infancy; and in this matter how many are infants still! We do not mean that the inclination to impart news is childish. Nobody who is worth anything as a companion is without it; but this remorseless interruption, this readiness to our rights over time and place, is essentially childishness—innocent in the child who does not know that he infringes on our privileges by anything he does in this sort, but culpable in the man who knows perfectly well, if he would reflect, how sensitive he is under a similar annoyance, and who ought to be alive to the unwilling, grudging attention with which his self-indulgence is repaid.

The habit of collecting is generally begun in childhood. It may be applied to most useful and important purposes in after life, but generally some of the old turn fingers in it and about the collector himself. It is unnecessary, however, to follow the subject into further detail. Where it at all takes possession of the thoughts, every reader will easily find examples of his own—high and low, public and private—illustrating the childish things which the grown man in so many instances has not put away.

#### MUMMIES.

A HORRIBLY grotesque proposal appears to have been made about the remains of Mazzini. Some of his admirers, it seems, consider that it would be a fitting tribute to his memory to convert his body into a mummy, preserved by some new scientific process. The corpse of the great patriot would be handed down to posterity in ghastly resemblance to his former self as a monument of the devotion with which he was regarded, or rather, it may be, of the physiological skill of some of his disciples. There is something, it need hardly be said, which grates upon one's feelings in this unique suggestion; and yet we can imagine without much trouble that something might be said in favour of it by ingenuous advocates. We cherish the lock of hair of a departed friend; we value every insignificant object which has been sanctified to our minds by association with him; why not preserve the body which, to say the least, has been much more closely connected with him than any external piece of property? Would there not be something incomparably interesting, when once we had surmounted our present prejudices, in a national Valhalla, where, instead of mere statues, the actual bodies of our heroes should receive our tribute of gratitude? Suppose that in Westminster Abbey, Chatham himself, instead of his graven image, still gazed down upon us in the attitude in which he thundered his great orations; or suppose that the approach to the House of Parliament was guarded by the actual bodily cases of Fox and Burke and Falkland and Hampden; would not the impression upon an unsophisticated intellect be far keener than at present? What is the philosophy of the disgust which relics excite in us, at least in this wholesale form, whilst the fragmentary relics of ancient saints have long excited the affectionate reverence of vast multitudes of believers?

We have no objection to admit that to us personally the proposal appears to be disgusting. Whenever Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli may pass from amongst us, there is nothing which we should less desire than to have their bodies petrified or embalmed, or subjected to any other scientific process and put up in glass cases like the stuffed animals in the British Museum. Beautiful as they may be in life, we suspect, without meaning any personal imputation, that even Mr. Disraeli would be rather a cynic than a tragic spectacle as a mummy. But then it must be admitted that in all such matters custom goes for much, if not for everything, and that we may be really under the influence of some degrading prejudice. Perhaps the true theory of the matter is given in the immortal gravedigger's song which in some respects is the most powerful in Shakespeare, who, by the way, is always great amongst the tombs. It exhibits the contrast between the imaginative and the thoroughly vulgar nature under the most impressive situation. Hamlet was, unfortunately for himself, a person of ill-regulated mind, and given to gaudy and foolish feelings when his feelings were deeply moved. Heotis was an Englishman, and fortified in telling him that he considered two countries, and that he had no business to cut off into wild speculations about Alexander because he was looking at so commonplace an object as a human skull. The gravedigger looked at this subject in a much more sensible and cool-headed manner than the unlearned to form scientific theories as to the

time during which a body would last in the earth; he had become thoroughly steeled by custom to the disagreeable experiments connected with his trade. There are few, if any, representatives of Hamlet at present; whereas the gravedigger has to all appearances left a numerous body of descendants inheriting the ancestral peculiarities. That Hamlet possessed the finer intellect is undeniable; but which of the two looked at the matter from the more reasonable point of view? Ought we to regard the relics of humanity with a rising of the gorge, and oscillate between horrified disgust and a certain morbid attraction for the objects which revolt us? Or should we contemplate them with the indifference of a scientific observer walking through an anatomical museum and prepared, when a great man dies, to measure his skull, weigh his brain, and put a neatly dissected preparation of him in a case for the benefit of future investigators? Benham apparently took this last view of the question. He thought that the tenderness which people felt for their bones and tissues after they had ceased to perform the vital functions was a piece of unreasoning sentimentalism to be discouraged as much as possible. He accordingly left his body to be dissected and afterwards made into a mummy; and, if we are not mistaken, he was for a long time kept in the hall of a surviving friend, and is now on view for anybody who has a taste for such exhibitions in the museum of University College. There is in this proceeding a certain heroic defiance of popular prejudice and an adherence to logical conclusions which challenges our respect, though we may not feel inclined to imitate the example. It had, moreover, a certain meaning as a protest against the theories which then obstructed the supply of subjects for the medical schools. But, considered by itself, the practice is certainly not likely to become popular. Botanising on one's mother's grave is bad enough; but the most rigid of philosophers will shrink from allowing the scientific inquirer to penetrate to the interior.

And yet there is something not quite pleasant in the opposite theory which attaches a special interest to the body. In a quiet village in the Italian valleys of the Alps one may often come upon a scene which appears to have been arranged for the special edification of rude inglorious Shakespeares. The remains of the rude forerunners of the hamlet, instead of reposing beneath the turf, are piled in hideous stacks, open to all spectators. Sometimes the gratuitous exhibition goes further, and a couple of complete bodies may be seen watching like ghastly sentinels on each side of the church door. It is a rough but powerful mode of appealing to coarse natures. The old English epitaph which tells us, with an unpleasant air of insulting triumph, "As I am now, so you must be," receives additional emphasis when the present condition of the departed is open to actual inspection. Perhaps the ordinary effect upon the population is simply to induce the grave-digger state of mind; but the intention is of course to encourage meditations appropriate to a certain phase of religious feeling. The hideous monitors are told off to preach the transitory nature of the world, and it may be that they do it more effectually than a good many pulpit commonplaces. Whether or not the lessons thus impressed are edifying to the people immediately concerned, is a large question; but the effect upon the British tourist is undeniably disagreeable. We are quite conscious enough that we are not going to live for ever without having these offensive symbols of our mortality thrust in our faces. We have become too delicate for these vigorous appeals to the senses; and the sort of curiosity which impels visits to the Morgue at Paris, or to the collection of decaying relics on the St. Bernard, does not precisely harmonise with modern religious sentiment.

In fact Hamlet and the gravediggers were both in an objectionable frame of mind. The poet may extract some elevating thoughts even from a decaying skull; but he cannot be too intimate with such images without polluting his imagination. When saturated with the associations of decay, it becomes either hardened or morbidly stimulated, and either condition is unhealthy. Our bodies are becoming terribly in our way. They are very awkward appendages at the best, and have a tendency to produce gout, toothache, indigestion, and other abominations which materially interfere with the serenity of our souls. When we have once done with them, we are inclined to think that the sooner we put them fairly out of sight the better. Probably nobody ever attends an English funeral without forming a resolution, which, like other resolutions, is made only to be broken, that he will not do it again for the sake of his best friend. In spite of the surpassing beauty of the English service, the undertakers have got the better of us. They have taken advantage of our best feelings and of the unfortunate difficulty that exists in satisfactorily disposing of our bodies. We cannot resist with decency, and we are obliged to submit to the disgusting formality of mutes and hearse, penetrated to the core with vulgarity and sham solemnity. It must give an instant's pleasure to a man who is in the act of being lost at sea or engulfed in a crevasse that at least his friends will not have to accompany his remains to Kensal Green. Under any conceivable circumstances the ceremony could not be precisely exhilarating, but the studied and artificial gloom with which it is surrounded jars upon our feelings more harshly than even an absence of the natural solemnities. The worst of it is that the ceremonies appear to have been laid out by the undertakers themselves. To visit the resting-place of a friend is to expose oneself to a revival of all the dismal associations connected with the funeral. The average funeral of the middle class is the same which has determined the whole apparatus of hearse and funeral coaches, and they would appear to have been designed by a Dissecting trades-

man in order to keep his mind properly in tune during the spare hours of a puritanical Sabbath. In this respect the Americans have the advantage of us. In their towns the cemetery is generally laid out as a cheerful garden, and is probably the most picturesque piece of ground in the neighbourhood. The sentiment which would associate flowers and sunshine with the graves of one's friends is surely healthier than that which places them beneath a ghastly collection of New Road statuary and stumpy trees caked with London soot. The idea in one case is that the body should return as soon as possible to the earth whence it came, and that the inevitable melancholy should at any rate be associated with nothing like a feeling of disgust. In the other, the idea seems to be that the proper tribute to a friend's memory is to assume an appearance of gloomy respectability, and that thinking of him should produce upon us the same effect as a slight attack of indigestion. It is the difference between making the association as ethereal or as material as possible. The logical result of the British method would no doubt be attained by preserving the body in the state of mummy. In many cases the difference between life and death would then be exceedingly small. The solid Briton, arrayed in his Sunday suit of rusty black, could not look much more dismal when he was stuffed than he generally did when his internal organs were discharging their vital functions. Set up in a clockcase, after the fashion of Bentham, he would harmonize with a set of old-fashioned furniture; though he should not be too much exposed, as there would be a danger of visitors mistaking him for a waiter. The general adoption of this plan would evade the difficulty of the burial of Dissenters. Every man would keep his own ancestors ranged around his room, and when they became too numerous they might be disposed of to anthropological museums. But, well adapted as the plan seems to be to the tastes of a particular class, we do not yet consider it to be suited for general adoption. If anything, we fancy that, as it is, we make too much of the material associations of death. We could find reason to doubt whether the habit of bringing back the remains of distinguished men from great distances, or even of depositing the actual bodies in Westminster Abbey, is altogether desirable. The monuments serve as well when they do not cover a coffin; and after a very short time nobody asks whether the tombs are occupied or empty. Without, however, discussing that question, we are quite clear that we are content with a national portrait-gallery without having the originals preserved by the side of their likenesses. Shakespeare, to return to our great authority, showed his sense as well as an almost prophetic insight when he had himself quietly buried at Stratford, and put up the curse which will preserve his bones from gravediggers and antiquaries. But for it, there are no doubt some people who would be glad to dig him up and exhibit him for the admiration of an intelligent public. Prince Henry, as we remember, proposed to embowel Falstaff, probably regarding him with characteristic coolness in the light of a natural curiosity; but he did not throw out any hint about treating Hotspur in the same fashion. The precedent may be decisive of the question; and though we have no objection to making occasional preparations of a giant or a dwarf, we cannot desire to see the admirers of great men eclipse Madame Tussaud's Exhibition by one of a still more startling character.

#### A DINNER WITH KING ALFRED.

THE Englishman's fashion of dining on every conceivable occasion and for every conceivable object has been laughed at often enough. Does the Englishman wish to do honour to a distinguished man? He dines. Does he wish to give relief to a distressed man? He dines all the same. Does he wish to promote a political object? He dines for that also. Is the Drama to be supported? He dines under the presidency of an English Prince. Is general Literature to be supported? He dines under the presidency of a foreign King. The oddest of all forms of benevolence certainly is that by which, if any set of people are hungry, we set about feeding them, not by putting food into their mouths, but by putting it into our own. Then we have a great gift of keeping remote anniversaries, centenaries, tercentenaries, and, when we have the chance, millenaries. Sometimes we keep the birthday of an institution which is still living; sometimes we keep the birthday of a man who has been long dead. But at any rate it is generally understood that the men, the events, and the institutions which we commemorate have, or once had, a real being among men. Great as is the temptation of dining on every possible opportunity, it has not hitherto been usual to dine in commemoration of mere shadows. Such a course might indeed be thought disrespectful to a thing which has so true and substantial a being as an English dinner ought to have. But, by an announcement which has just appeared in the papers, it would seem that there is a body of Englishmen, and that a learned society in the University of Oxford, who take another view of things, who think it no indignity to the solemn act of dining to couple it with events which most certainly never happened; in short, to keep the anniversary of an exploded falsehood, and to dine in honour of an acknowledged myth.

It may be said that when a college entertains in its own hall the past and present members of its own body, the thing is as strictly private, and as little open to any public comment, as when a

private gentleman entertains his friends in his own dining-room. And so it is, so long as it is kept equally private. If any patriotic Briton should invite his friends to dine with him to celebrate the three thousandth anniversary of the landing of Brutus—a ter-millenary which we think must just now not be very far off—as long as he keeps his intentions private, it is no affair of ours. But if he announces in the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph* that he is going to hold a feast to Brutus within his own tents, the charm is taken away, and it is no breach of the sacredness of private life to laugh in public at what he has himself chosen to make public. So, if the Master and Fellows of University College choose to believe that they were founded by King Alfred or by Jack the Giant-killer, and if they choose in their private meals in their own hall to drink to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of either of those worthies, it is purely their own affair, and we have no more to do with it than with any other piece of private eccentricity done within the walls of an Englishman's castle. But if they choose to announce in the *Times* that they are going to dine on a certain day to commemorate the thousandth anniversary of an event which it is quite certain never happened, they bring themselves within the range of public criticism just as much as a man who makes a speech or publishes a book. It is announced that "This being the thousandth year from the traditional date of the foundation of University College, Oxford, by King Alfred, it has been resolved to use the opportunity for a gathering of former and present members of the College within its walls." There is certainly something droll in the notion of "using" for such a purpose the "opportunity" of an acknowledged falsehood. For this is what the alleged foundation of the University and the more daring tale of the foundation of University College by Alfred really is. The thing is not so respectable as a feast in honour of the landing of Brutus would be. The landing of Brutus is a traditional event; whether it has a traditional date we are not skilled enough in mythical chronology to know; to fix the date of Brutus we should be driven to the old fashion of counting generations, and should have to reckon how long after the taking of Troy—an event of which we believe some people know the date, and the week, and the hour of the night—a son of Æneas (we think he was a son of Æneas) is likely to have landed in the Isle of Britain. The legend of Brutus is a real legend. It may have been in its beginning an inference, perhaps even an invention of national vanity. But it became in the strictest sense traditional; the inference or the invention was made in times when the historic sense did not exist; we can hardly take upon ourselves to blame even its first authors, still less to blame those who handed it on and embellished it by the genuine process of mythopoeic growth. But the tale of Alfred founding either University College or the University of Oxford is not genuine tradition or legend at all; it is simply a lie; it is a deliberate invention made for an interested purpose in an age when the historic sense did exist, and when those who interpolated Asser, or spread the fable about in any other way, must have known that they were spreading abroad a mere falsehood of their own devising. The cheat is now fully exposed. No scholar who is in the least competent to judge now puts the slightest faith in it. It is fully acknowledged that neither the University nor University College was called into being by any one founder, but that the origin of both is the surely more honourable one of having come of themselves. We have ourselves before now dealt with the subject. So far from Alfred having founded the University, the legend of St. Frideswide is the only thing which gives any hint that even the city existed in his days. And we suppose that no member of University College will be so hardy as to maintain that Alfred founded University College, that the University grew up round about University College, and that the city grew up round about the University. The history of Oxford begins in the tenth century; in the eleventh it was a place of the first importance as a military post, and as the scene of great national gatherings. But it is not till the twelfth that we get the first hints of the coming University, the first glimpses of schools, scholars, and lecturers; and it is not till the thirteenth that we get our first glimpses of anything like colleges in the modern sense. In that age too comes, not indeed University College, but the benefaction out of which University College grew. The notion of a University, and still more the notion of a college, being founded in the ninth century is one of the most grotesque inventions that ever came into man's head. Nothing to be found in the wildest genealogical fables about Grosveneres, Bruces, or Comyns can outdo it. And when we look at the particular date of 872 the thing becomes more grotesque still. It would have been wiser if the forger had chosen some of the years towards the end of Alfred's reign, when there was comparative peace in the land, and when nothing is recorded in the Chronicles. Indeed we do not see where the particular date of 872 comes from. In the interpolation in Asser the date of Alfred's Oxford doings is put in 886. This year is far better chosen; the general absurdity of Alfred founding any University or college is of course as great in one year as another; but in 886 Alfred at least had something to do with the lands north of the Thames. Oxford, or its site, was at least part of his kingdom, under the rule of his Ealdorman Ethelred. It was the year when he restored London, and when he received a large submission of Englishmen beyond his immediate dominions. But in 872 he was only in the second year of his reign; he was himself getting a breathing space after the great year of battles in the midst of which his reign began, and the Danes were marching to

and fro through the country in which he is said to have chosen this singularly odd time for the foundation of a college. Add to this that the place where the College is said to have been founded was no part of Alfred's own dominions. Those who invented the fable evidently looked on Alfred as King of all England. That there was such a person as Burhred King of the Mercians clearly never came into their heads; they clearly had no idea that the King of the West-Saxons had at most the barest external superiority over the realm of his brother-in-law. To conceive a King of the West-Saxons founding a University or a College at Oxford in the year 872 is, other objections apart, almost as grotesque as it would be to attribute the foundation of the University of Göttingen, not to the reigning Elector of Hanover and King of Great Britain, but to the reigning Emperor-Elect.

It would seem that the College itself feels in some degree the grotesqueness of the business, as it is only a "traditional date" the anniversary of which it asks its members to celebrate. If men were not glad to catch at any opportunity of dining about anything, one would have thought that a traditional date was a somewhat shadowy object to dine about. The zealous "Anglo-Saxons" who twenty-three years ago dined and did other things at Wantage in honour of Alfred's birth at least dined in honour of the undoubted date of a real event. University College is content to dine in honour of the traditional date of a thing that never happened. Is there no one to be found in the College to explain that the traditional date is not even a traditional date? We cannot answer for the present members of the Foundation, but the invitation is extended to the former members, and we can bear witness that among them there is no lack of men who are quite able to set their successors right on these matters. Or is the whole thing a joke? Is a dinner held in honour of a shadow to be itself as shadowy as the event in honour of which it is held? Are the present and late members of University College invited to a Barmecide feast? Is dining with King Alfred to be, under these circumstances, a ceremony as profitless as dining with Duke Humphrey? Or are the cakes which, six years after the foundation of University College, the great King forgot to turn, to be served up as the only fitting food for the refreshment of his faithful bedesmen? These are important questions for former members of the College who may be tempted from long distances. But, however they may fare as to the bodily banquet, the feast of reason and flow of soul are at least well provided for. The announcement in the *Times* which tells us that the dinner is to happen tells us also that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Dean of Westminster are to dine at it. And if they dine at it, they will surely make speeches after they have dined. The Dean is in this case the lesser light. He may be taken for granted. No preaching, no dining, no debating, can be perfect without its being enlightened with Dr. Stanley's views on something or other. Dr. Stanley's views about Alfred to be put forth at Oxford will most likely be as remarkable as the views about Alfred's daughter which he did put forth at Chester. The subject is one which exactly suits Dr. Stanley's genius. He can talk prettily about anything, and he can perhaps talk more prettily about those things which did not happen than about those things which did. But "the speech of the evening" will of course be that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. For Mr. Lowe to speak in Oxford about King Alfred is indeed somewhat. Two years ago the University of Oxford did honour to the man whom she had nourished and brought up, and who had so cruelly rebelled against her. But then Mr. Lowe had to receive his honours in silence, though very little silence was kept round about him by either his friends or his enemies. But at King Alfred's dinner he will be unmuzzled. He will have an opportunity of making it known whether he still thinks, with Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, that the University teaches "nothing but some old languages which are no use, because they a'n't spoke anywhere now." He will have an opportunity of finding out that there is such a thing as a School of Modern History, and that there are Professors whose business it is to expound the subjects which are taken up in it. Perhaps we may see Mr. Lowe going to learn the Dooms of Alfred from the Regius Professor, and studying the exact build of those ships which were built neither after the Danish make nor after the Frisian at the feet of the Professor's gallant colleague. Mr. Lowe, as we all know, looks on the battle of Marathon as having been fought too long ago, and as having had too few people killed in it, for any reasonable person to trouble himself about it. A "good railway accident," with a more decent amount of slaughter, is much more to Mr. Lowe's liking. We are anxious to know whether A.D. 871 is near enough to our own time to deserve any of the attention which is forbidden to B.C. 490? We are sorry that we have not such exact statistics of the combined slaughter in the fields of Englefield, Reading, Ashdown, Basing, and Merton, as we have of the slain on the Athenian side at Marathon—Mr. Lowe, if we rightly remember, left out of sight the fact that there were barbarians killed there also. But somehow when we remember what hard fighting there was, how Alfred went forth like a wild boar against the hounds and all the rest of it, we cannot help thinking that Danes and English between them must have managed to kill people enough to reach the standard of a very respectable railway accident. We shall be glad to learn Mr. Lowe's views on these matters, and also, if respect for his hosts does not make him hold his peace, on the general question of the probability of academical colleges having been founded in the year 872.

We have always pitied conscientious members of University

College when they have been called on to preach University sermons, and have had to usher in their discourses with a thanksgiving for a founder, real enough in some other relations of life, but purely mythical as far as they are concerned. But to eat a dinner is a far more serious business than to preach a sermon, and we can only hope that those who may come together to dine in honour of the imaginary foundation of University College a thousand years back may have a bodily digestion as strong as their intellectual digestion certainly must be.

#### UMBRELLAS.

THE greatest revolution of the eighteenth century took place on the day when Jonas Hanway walked down Fleet Street with an umbrella. The dress, the social tone, the very architecture of the West were modified in a moment. There was no longer any necessity for the heavy porticoes which sheltered a visitor from the rain. Men flung off the cumbersome coats and watchmen's capes which had been their only protection against a shower. Even the shaggy beaver gradually disappeared, and the silk hat weathered storms which at an earlier age in the world's history would have reduced it to a shapeless wreck in twenty minutes. The mere sense that rain was at last beaten, that it was no longer necessary to watch the clouds and tap the barometer before starting for a walk across the fields, gave a new sense of freedom and exhilaration to mankind. Child as it is of the East, the umbrella only found its true realization when it ventured in Jonas Hanway's fist into Fleet Street. The "Lord of a Hundred Umbrellas" is really only the master of as many parasols. The umbrella of the Assyrian King or of the Byzantine Cæsar was a mere appendage of royal pomp. The Papal umbrella of the present day is the last relic of a time when state had absorbed what was meant for mankind. So long, in fact, as the umbrella lived only in lands of the sun, it missed its vocation; and even now, when the peasant of the Riviera appears with an umbrella, it is with something utterly undeserving of the name. Rain is a phenomenon, and he constructs a phenomenon to shelter him against it, red, vast, and formless. It is hard to believe that the gigantic erection has any kindred with the exquisite little implement which daugles from every loungers' finger in Pall Mall. In the civilized umbrella, however, the practical plays only a subordinate part. It is far more than a mere protection against a passing shower; it is the symbol of a life, the companion of leisure hours, the index to character. It is impossible to dissociate her umbrella from Mrs. Gamp. There is something in the very bulginess of its vast circuit which marks the monthly nurse. A recent Archbishop of Canterbury used to be famous for walking across Westminster Bridge to the opening of Parliament with a cotton umbrella, and we at once recognize the temper and theology of the man. It is from a sense of this that an ingenious tradesman has just patented a "Clerical Umbrella," whose stout ebony handle and serviceable alpaca marks at a glance the decorous, hard-working parson. But a more glance at an umbrella-stand is enough to show the wonderful diversities of character which can be expressed in this way. We see the dapper little darling with its curious monogram on the top, and know we shall hear all the scandal of town as soon as we enter the drawing-room. The rough horn of another tells us that our solicitor is fussing for us in the study. Its neighbour, unkempt but lovely in its negligence, is the sign of an artist friend whose pictures find no favour with the Academy. The square, whose umbrella leaning against the wall means "a little bill." When Mr. Sampson Brass is recalling the memories of the departed Quilp, he does not miss the one great symbol of his character—"His wit and humour, his pathos, and his umbrella, all come before me like visions of my youth." But if it is this to the world without, it is more than this to its owner. There are few things so companionable as an umbrella. A stick is a shade too light. A dog is a shade too troublesome. A friend walks either too fast or too slow. But an umbrella is just heavy enough to give one the feeling of having something with one, it never bothers, and it always goes one's own pace. It is a prop in the moment of languor when one is forced to make talk in front of Lady Dawdle's garden-chair. It is a toy with which one plays as one flirts with her daughter. It has its peculiarities, its history, its stories of flights and returns, its memories of pleasant little *lits-à-têles* with charming beings who found a shelter in it from showers. There is something human about it which endears it to us. We talk of it to our friends, we discuss its stick and its colour, we make a grievance of it, and write to the *Times* about the harpies who rob us of it at the Academy. There are few hours of loneliness and desertion when a man cannot console himself with his umbrella.

It is owing perhaps to their late introduction into Europe that men have as yet hardly recognized any distinct or separate property in umbrellas. Like game, they belong to the class of *fera natura*. A faint trace of Communism lingers over the stand in the hall. Nobody feels very guilty at taking a "stray" umbrella if it happens to be raining as he leaves his club, or at finding himself walking home with a new umbrella when he was conscious of having left it with an old one. It is amusing to notice the unconcerned curiosity with which the new owner, as he puts his spell by with his hat and coat, guesses who on earth such a pretty little thing could have belonged to. There is not the least sense of guilt in the question. In common thought the umbrella is gifted with a certain vague personality which is supposed to explain its constant tendency to get astray. A kind of gipsy-like

and vagrant nature is assumed to belong to it. It is credited with a volition of its own, and supposed to be in some way itself responsible for its presence in any man's hand but the man who bought it. Its own will brought it to us, and if it happens to be a new one, we generally leave it to its own will to take it back again. There are, we believe, persons eccentric enough to return umbrellas, but the instances are rare. And in the same way there are eccentric people who make a fuss about getting back their umbrellas. Dr. Buckland, for instance, after the loss of a good many, boldly carved on the handle of a new one "Stolen from Dr. Buckland," and found that his friends were only too eager to return it to him whenever it took its walks abroad. But the common sense of mankind has always frowned down invidious attempts of this kind to contradict a large and almost universal human instinct. If we recognize our watch in a friend's watch-pocket, it needs a very warm friendship indeed to reclaim it without a serious explanation. But if we fix an eye of welcome recognition on a long-lost umbrella, which happens to be dangling between a friend's thumb and forefinger, neither party feels the least embarrassment. The owner cries, with a start of pleasant surprise, "By Jove! isn't that my umbrella?" and the felon surrenders it with a discreet "Is it really?" but without an attempt to cover or explain his felony. Our feeling on the subject reflects itself indeed in common language. An umbrella is never supposed to have been "stolen," but always to have been lost, and to lose an umbrella is simply to be a man. The accurate person who "never lost anything in his life" is careful to except his umbrella. There are limits to the credulity even of the most credulous, and he knows that if he had omitted the saving clause nobody would have believed him. But it is just this vagrant tendency which renders it so dear to us. We feel as the mother feels towards the darling who is sure to go wrong. It is so seldom that we can count on a month's uninterrupted converse with our own umbrella that we cherish the intercourse of every day. Life, too, is never weary of providing pitfalls for our umbrellas. They are constantly being left from us at doors and corridors. There is a general theory among official people that we use them to demolish vases and to poke out the eyes of pretty pictures. Innocent and playful as the umbrella appears to us, it is to the official person a "dangerous weapon," which has to be seized and ticketed and detained in queer pigeon-holes. We sigh and part to meet no more. We leave the Gallery by a different door. We are chatting with an absorbing coquette as we hurry by the prison-house. It is sunny weather, and we simply forget it, or we remember the wanderer but have lost the ticket. Or, worst of all, we find ourselves amongst a mob of howling maniacs dancing before the fatal desk and shouting "Umbrella!" in vain. Let us do justice to Mr. Cole as he has done justice to umbrellas. We have had our little tiff with South Kensington, but South Kensington has freed itself from the superstition that it is necessary to consign the harmless partner of our joys and sorrows to an official black-hole. "Many men," mourns a helpless artist in the *Times* of last week, "who have an hour to spare, and would gladly look into the Academy late in the afternoon, are prevented doing so by the trouble and annoyance of surrendering and reclaiming the umbrella, the use of which our genial climate renders imperative." It is at any rate a consolation to these blighted beings that they can reconcile their love of art and their love of umbrella in the galleries of the International Exhibition. If over we are tempted by gratitude to place the bust of Cole, C.B. in our hall, its place shall be exactly over the umbrella-stand. A more terrible pitfall lies in the tendency of mankind to regard umbrellas as a sort of circulating medium. It is odd that, while it requires at least a year's acquaintance to borrow half-a-crown, a casual chat of five minutes is supposed to warrant one in borrowing an umbrella. The most terrible result of this is that there are a race of people who never have umbrellas, and steadily borrow their way through every shower. There is something agonizing in the sight of one of these predatory persons watching calmly the pattering of the rain out of one's window, while one is conscious that that little gem in the hall is destined to be carried off in a few minutes. But there is no redress. An adroit use of "Christmas bills," or the plea of an already over-drawn account, may evade the demand for a pecuniary loan; but there is no conceivable pretext on which one can escape the loan of an umbrella.

But these communistic aspects are not the only social aspects of umbrellas. It is curious to note the part they play in acquaintance-ship or in love. It is very difficult to remain an absolute stranger to the man who has walked a few miles with one under the same umbrella; a confidential relation seems to spring up with singular rapidity under the kindly circle of its roof. A good many very pleasant friendships have been born in this way out of a kindly shower. But prettier things have sprung out of showers than pleasant friendships. In the earlier stages of affection the umbrella is simply a vent for feelings which it is difficult to express in any other way. On the eve of a declaration, for instance, it is an immense relief to be able to fix one's eyes steadily on the ground, and to poke viciously at the gravel with one's umbrella. The awkwardness, the hesitation, the want of the right word is exquisitely annoying, and it is comforting to vent one's annoyance in a good poke, while the fair expectant is drawing curious and elaborately mathematical diagrams with the point of her parasol. But it is in hours of hesitation that the umbrella finds its noblest sphere of employment. Sunshine is by no means the best atmosphere for making lovers happy. The two

companions loiter and dawdle; the gentleman hovers lightly over the new tender at the opera, the lady picks a flower or two, and murmurs monosyllables in reply. The subject they are both longing to touch seems to recede into a further distance as the end of their stroll draws near. After all, Strophon thinks, with a little thrill of vexation, there will be other strolls and other sunny afternoons. But the whole difficulty vanishes with a drop of rain. Strophon opens his umbrella, and Belinda is soon hanging to his arm, and pressing closely to his side. It is easier to utter the "three little words" when they can be whispered under an umbrella than when they have to be shouted across a gravel-path. The educational umbrella carries us into a widely different region of emotion and thought. The ingenious contriver of this new invention has evidently been struck with the enormous field which a walk in the rain offers to self-improvement. In one of his umbrellas he offers us an opportunity of studying astronomy. The concave of silk is turned into the concave of the sky, where a host of planets and constellations gleam down upon us from between the bars of whalebone. In another we are wooed to the study of geography, and our eyes may wander through Raffles's Straits to where the umbrella stick represents the Pole. The idea is ingenious enough, and in the case of poets or persons addicted to walking with their eyes directed heavenwards, might no doubt be turned to very pretty purpose. Imagine the consolation to Mr. Tupper of walking beneath an expanded copy of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, and of being able at any moment to turn to one of its golden sentences on the roof above him. In the present dearth of polite conversation, we can fancy very adroit use being made of models of talk, such as Swift drew up for the fine people of his time, and which could in this way be hung peacefully overhead. Each rib of the umbrella might contain a dialogue adapted to different people, and a dexterous twist, as Lord Heavy-side left us, would provide us with a sprightly and vivacious repartee for Lady Flighty. The uses of the umbrella, in fact, can hardly be said to have been as yet explored. But, after all, its great charm will always lie in its utility. To the Emperor Nicholas war was a nuisance, because it spoilt his admirable soldiers; and rain is, for the same reason, a nuisance to the amateur of umbrellas. A rose "just washed in a shower," as Cowper says of it, may be a pretty thing in its way, but the lightness and grace of an umbrella vanish with a wetting. It never folds again. Its slim proportions gather a shade of portliness. In side lights we see in it something of the trace of Mrs. Gamp. It is in vain that we watch its decadence with a curious regret, and veil the sadness of its last moment by a shilling cover from Redmayne's. Its hour has come, but there is a romance even in its last moments. It simply vanishes. Old sticks linger about the house, but an old umbrella is as invisible as a dead donkey. Jew voices rise from the area in the early dawn, and suggest to us, as we turn dreamily on our pillow, theories about its end. But we know nothing. The umbrella vanishes into the Infinite, and we make no impious attempt to lift the curtain of the dark.

#### PACIFIC PROCEEDINGS.

THE Report of the Proceedings of H.M.S. *Rosario* among the South Sea Islands is perhaps less satisfactory to readers than to the gallant officer who composed it. We do not wish to disguise the difficulty of dealing with the circumstances of those islands, or to throw blame upon a zealous officer who acted to the best of his judgment for the protection of the various interests committed to his care; but we think the time has come for seriously endeavouring to settle the principle upon which the intercourse of civilized nations with the South Sea Islanders should be regulated. They have suffered, as is generally admitted, outrages from white men who have been engaged in what we will for shortness call a slave trade, and they have committed in retaliation outrages upon other white men which have drawn upon them such "les-sons" as the shelling of their villages by men-of-war. It is of course evident that the brutal, or even murderous, violence of a kidnapping skipper and his crew does not justify the slaughter of a bishop and his attendant clergy. But these Islanders, like all other savages, assume that an injury may be requited upon any member of the tribe to which the offender belonged, and they prefer a chief if they can find one. The outrages committed by the kidnappers are clearly described in this Report. Their practice "actually amounts to downright slavery, and in many cases, where blood is shed in a most wanton manner, to murder." This is the conclusion of Commander Markham, after having given to the subject constant attention, and made inquiries at several islands. There is, indeed, a practice worse than kidnapping, which is called "head hunting." The chief of one of the tribes or islands enters into an agreement with the master of a ship that if he will supply him with so many heads of his enemies, which they keep as trophies, he will give him an equivalent in men to be sent away for labour. Thus some natives are murdered in order that other natives may be enslaved.

The evidence in support of these allegations is entirely satisfactory to Commander Markham. He even states that the kidnappers sometimes disguise themselves as missionaries, and he might have argued that it is not wonderful if missionaries are sometimes treated as kidnappers. In such cases, as if he were engaged in making out a case for a bill against the wards of a native, and we learn with some surprise that he can



busy at the same time in punishing them. He had communicated with the Rev. Peter Milne, the resident missionary at Ngara, "concerning the recent atrocities committed by the natives of that island on white men," more especially with regard to the massacre of the crew of the schooner *Fanny*; and Mr. Milne being of the same opinion as himself that punishment ought to be inflicted for that offence, he took measures accordingly. He landed with a party of armed men, and Mr. Milne "put him in the right path," in a sense different from that in which clergymen are sometimes said to perform that office. Approaching a village where the murderers of white men dwelt, his party was fired upon, and he thereupon destroyed the village. He says that he had no other course left than to destroy the village, because he had previously sent a message to the chiefs to the effect that he wanted not to fight but only to talk. Like some other persons in authority, Commander Markham's actions are better than the reasons which he gives for them. It seems a reasonable course to land and hold a parley with the chiefs as to murders committed on white men, and if on landing he was attacked, he was entitled to retaliate. But unfortunately he has already told us that he had made up his mind to inflict punishment, which is surely a different thing from holding a conference and assuring natives that the British naval power is sent to protect them as well as the strangers who have come among them. However, his party was fired upon, and he destroyed two villages, which he feels confident—and Mr. Milne, who lives upon the island, is also of his opinion—will have a very beneficial effect upon the natives in future as regards their behaviour to white men; and he is glad to say, and we are glad to hear, that the whole was done without effusion of blood.

We might be content with this result, although we should not applaud it, but in the very next sentence we are taught that the important matter rather is how white men behave to natives. He says that if a notorious slave-trader had not visited the island half an hour before him, he would have been able to communicate with the natives, and everything might have been settled "without resorting to such strenuous measures." To put the matter plainly, the natives would not have been punished at all if they had behaved respectfully to the captain of a man-of-war. We are not told what the notorious slave-trader had done to them; but if he behaved like others of his kind, it is not surprising that the natives were not prepared to be especially civil to the next party of white men who approached their villages. The oddest part of the story is that Mr. Milne, the resident missionary, never seems to reflect that, although it is a fine thing to have a man-of-war to back you, yet when she departs and leaves you alone with the natives their turn must inevitably come. This, however, is Mr. Milne's business and not ours. He was promised a second visit of the ship, which seemed to give him much pleasure, and he was of opinion that, "if a few shot and shell from this ship, while passing the island, were thrown in, it would have a salutary effect upon the natives, as they seemed to have a very poor idea of the power of a man-of-war." Incredible as it may appear, Commander Markham acted upon the absurd advice which the Rev. Mr. Milne gave to him. The notion of "throwing in a few shot and shell" in passing a village, just as one might send a charge of shot among a flight of birds, would be grotesque if it were not barbarous. The uncertainty of the operation seems to deprive this proceeding of the character of punishment, unless indeed it be right to flog all the boys in a school on the calculation that some of them are sure to deserve it. This officer was intrusted to inquire into certain charges against Mr. Milne, which he reported to be without foundation. Among various reasons which he gave for his conclusion was this, that Mr. Milne was "a most humane and inoffensive man." We do not question the humanity or the Christianity of this missionary, but we never heard before of a shepherd who advised that a few shot and shell should be thrown in among his flock. The treatment is peculiar, but possibly, having regard to the peculiar nature of the patient, it may be soothing. At any rate it was applied next day. Commander Markham, seeing a party of natives assembled near one of the villages which had been destroyed, threw a few shot and shell amongst them for the purpose of dispersing them, as he had been led to believe that the natives were inclined to ridicule the power of a man-of-war. He does not say that anybody was hurt, and perhaps he did not intend to hurt anybody; but we cannot help thinking that the power of a man-of-war under such direction, if not alarming, is likely to appear ridiculous. He discerned with his telescope Mr. Milne, which gave him no little satisfaction, as he had feared the natives would have retaliated upon him for the punishment inflicted the day before. Mr. Milne ought to know the native character, and can calculate how far he may trust to it. We should have thought that this plan of throwing in shot and shell on the chance of killing some native of a tribe which has at a former time murdered white men resembled much too closely the barbarous practice of indiscriminate revenge. The strangest part of the story is that Commander Markham afterwards earned the gratitude of these islanders by recovering the wife of one of them who had been kidnapped. He was repeatedly charged on leaving the island, and "he believed that now the confidence of the natives would be thoroughly established in a man-of-war." It seems a pity that he could not begin where he finished.

At another island this officer's proceedings were less successful. He had been intrusted to inquire into the circumstances of the murder of a boat's crew belonging to an English ship. He went to the village of the delinquent tribe

with an interpreter, interrogated the chief, and obtained from him an admission of the murder. He was unable to point out the graves of the murdered men, for the sufficient reason that he and his tribe had eaten them. It appeared, however, that the murdered men had intended to carry off a man of the tribe, and, having regard to the circumstances, it was judged sufficient to inflict a fine on the village of twenty-five pigs. But as the men had taken themselves off, and the pigs did not come in, Commander Markham destroyed the village. He seems to have taken pains to explain to the chief that in future any complaints of violence would be inquired into and redressed, but that he would not be allowed to take the law into his own hands. This indeed is the only course by which the miserable condition of those islands can be improved. We must put down kidnapping; and then we may insist that murder shall be severely punished. Bishop Patteson, as is well known, expressed the wish that, if he should perish, as he did, by native violence, vengeance might not be inflicted for his death. We do not find that Commander Markham went to the island where the Bishop was murdered with a design of punishing his murderers; but he was naturally suspected of such a design, and, being resisted, he asserted the honour of the British flag. Having arrived off Nukapu, he sent in a boat to attempt a friendly communication, which was received with a flight of arrows, "the natives at the same shouting, yelling, and dancing in a defiant manner." The boat returned according to orders, and, being sent again, was similarly received. Being determined after this reception of his boat to effect a landing, and to teach the natives that the British flag was not to be assailed with impunity, he fired a couple of broadsides into the village at 2,400 yards, and then pulled in with the boats and landed. There was a smart exchange of rifle bullets and poisoned arrows, and a village was taken and destroyed. The work was thus accomplished, and Commander Markham trusts that "a severe lesson had been taught to these islanders, which he hopes will make them in future respect the lives of white men." Two of his crew were wounded by arrows, of whom one afterwards died. He thinks that the native loss must have been severe. He is under the impression that the natives must have imagined that the ship had arrived expressly for the purpose of punishing them for the murder of Bishop Patteson. This is indeed highly probable. This officer proposed to himself a work of a didactic and exhortatory character. But on sending in a boat by way of preliminary to palaver, she is met with a discharge of arrows, and thereupon the British flag is found to be insulted, and must be avenged. Whether the men who were killed in the ensuing action were sacrificed to the manes of Bishop Patteson or to the honour of Britain cannot matter much. The Commander had no intention of administering a "severe lesson," but still he hopes that it may be useful. Of course the ordinary understanding of the proceedings will be that the white men misused the natives, whereupon the natives murdered the Bishop, whereupon the Bishop's countrymen killed several natives. Let us hope that the series of reprisals will not be carried further.

The inquiries instituted by Commander Markham show the existence in those islands of shameful practices which the civilized Powers whose ships frequent them are in honour and duty bound to prohibit and punish. The experience of China and India shows that a labour traffic may be so regulated as to avoid the character of kidnapping. This country can do again what has been done before, and other countries will probably be willing to follow her example. It may be clearly explained to the natives that they will be protected as far as possible in life and liberty against white aggression, but will not be allowed to take their own way to indiscriminate vengeance. It is better to say no more as to the past. We have heard of a sailor who finds on the sea-shore a bottle, and exclaims as he opens it, "Kum, I hope; sherry, I think; tracts, by jingo!" We compare ourselves to this sailor for the purpose of expressing our surprise at finding a captain of a man-of-war "throwing in" shot and shell instead of tracts at the suggestion of a missionary. The Rev. Peter Milne is in one sense a worthy follower of Him who came, not to bring peace on earth, but a sword.

#### THE MUTINY AT ST. PAUL'S.

TO lay it on thick is good policy if the thickness is well calculated. But there is such a thing as laying it on too thick, and then the pigment is apt to peel off. We should imagine that the over-active dignitary who now rules in the Mansion House, and who appeared in Monday's *Times* as the leader of a small troop comprising Sir William Tite, Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Onvendsch Bentinck, and Mr. Murray, must by this time have learned to appreciate that fact. There has, it appears, been movement in the Executive Committee charged with the completion of St. Paul's, consequent upon the meeting organized by Mr. Longman and held at the Mansion House, upon which we spoke a few weeks since; and as a first step it was resolved to strengthen the available artistic force by the appointment of some architect to supplement Mr. Penson. In the full exercise of their rights, and after two large discussions with an interval of some days, resulting on the second occasion in an increased majority, the Executive Committee, out of a list of well-known architects, selected Mr. Burgess for the work. Whereupon the Lord Mayor and his companions, all of them members of that Executive Committee, flew to the *Times*, and, for reasons and upon a statement of facts which we shall have

to investigate, presented an appeal to the whole body, whoever they may be, of subscribers to the work of completion. On the face of it this letter was an odd document. A select body of gentlemen in responsible stations and with known antecedents, who have been gratuitously working together for months or for years in confidential counsel over public objects which do not involve electioneering or financing, are generally actuated by enough of mutual sympathy and good-fellowship to prevent any appreciable minority of them from openly nestling into the expansive bosom of a leading journal whenever they may find themselves outvoted within their own Committee-room. It was a still more risky measure to threaten an appeal from the regular authorities—selves and colleagues in their Committees, the Dean and Chapter, and so on—who have hitherto carried on the work of completion, and who may be supposed to know something of their own business, to a totally shadowy and unrecognized caucus of such subscribers as may please to answer their whip—theirself, it may be, over a cosy breakfast-table. Perhaps they may succeed in enlisting the valuable support of the "Large Subscriber" who bubbles over in Thursday's *Times* at the idea that Mr. Burges was averse to the Byzantine treatment of the work as too akin to Gothic, but proposed to carry out the decorations in "cinque cento," in profound ignorance that "cinque cento" expresses the style of St. Peter's, and of the other buildings which served as Wren's examples. Their menace could have but one meaning—namely, an attempt to starve the majority into compliance by cutting off the supplies, at the risk, whichever side prevailed, of sapping a great undertaking. We do not say that there are not cases in which it may be a moral duty to go down into the street; but in every such case the insurgents are bound to show that they are something better than brawlers. In the matter of St. Paul's they attempted to justify their proceedings by the allegations that to the Lord Mayor was due the credit of that augmented vitality which the world has hitherto assigned to Mr. Longman, and that his lordship had therefore, we suppose, Saturn's right to devour his own offspring; that a vote had been taken in Committee on the specific issue of "medievalist" and "classical," or "anti-medievalist," and that upon the medievalists scoring a majority of one (names being given on both sides), Mr. Burges in that character was subsequently elected, as a direct antagonist of Wren. No doubt these charges so manipulated seemed to involve much unwisdom on the part of the majority, although they wholly failed to justify the threatened appeal to the subscribers. But the *Times* of Wednesday contained letters placing the matter in a very different light—from the Dean of St. Paul's, covering one by Mr. Burges, from Mr. Longman and Mr. Oldfield, members of the Committee who had originally voted against Mr. Burges, and from Mr. Gilbert Scott, speaking with the authority of his great experience in favour of Mr. Burges's peculiar capacities. From these communications we gather that the quintet had simply been drawing upon a wealth of imagination which we had fancied had long been strange to the Mansion House, when they asserted that a division—of which they provide the list—had been taken upon the question of medievalist or anti-medievalist, or that the selection of Mr. Burges was a subsequent proceeding; the fact having been that, without any debate, motion, or a division on any question of style—all being equally resolved to complete St. Paul's as a building of modern and not mediæval character—Mr. Burges came out first as, in the Dean's words, a man "of genius, vigour, and varied accomplishments," in an exhaustive election out of five architects of established position, by a vote of nine to seven, which was incorrectly, and to Mr. Burges's disadvantage, scheduled in that letter, where, as we understand, two votes were reported as having been given which did not appear, while one which was given is forgotten. At a subsequent date, and, as rumour will have it, on the motion of the Lord Mayor, the former decision was revised, with the result that Mr. Burges was continued in his place by nine to six. On the first occasion proxies were received, but not on the second, otherwise the numbers would have stood eleven and six. Mr. Burges's letter to the Dean satisfactorily disposes of charges which have been trumped up against him on the score of some vigorous expressions which he had used in regard to the style of Wren, and which, stripped of the amplification which artists are fond of indulging in, simply prove that in any new building he would eschew classical architecture, while, as in the case of his own restoration of the eighteenth-century Chapel of Worcester College, he is prepared and able to complete an Italian building in the Italian manner. More important, however, is the letter of Mr. Longman and Mr. Oldfield, in which, after explaining that one of them had once and the other twice voted against Mr. Burges, they join in "loyally" accepting his appointment, in co-operating in the preliminary arrangements with him, and in anticipating success for his labours.

We shall be curious to see whether, in face of these exposures of the untrustworthy and inaccurate nature of their statement, the dissidents will dare to appeal even to their own fancy constituency of subscribers. We own, however, that we are far more interested in the broader question of the wisdom in itself of the choice which the Committee has made. No doubt Mr. Burges has chiefly, though not exclusively, worked in Gothic. But, behind the specialities of style which mark his predilections, the characteristics of the man are prominent—namely, a wide love for and acquaintance with all art; a hearty zeal for grouping and good drawing in pictorial work; a gift of composition, dignified and balanced in the

constructive mass, and full of subtle fancy in the accessories; an especial familiarity with the details of church arrangement; a careful study of materials and processes; an inexhaustible copiousness of archaeological lore, combined with an ever-ready vigour of mind and a keen appreciation of possibilities. If we could be shown another architect possessed of these qualifications—who had made Italian architecture his speciality, we should gladly own that he had made good his claim to be charged with the completion of St. Paul's. But such a one we have never come across, and while waiting for him, we are well content to leave the work in the hands of one from whose genius and versatility we may confidently expect the most successful results. The *Times* indeed argues that the choice of an architect ought to have been made by way of competition, inviting the pressure of public opinion, enlightened or the reverse. We are totally unable to accept this conclusion. The work for which the choice was to be made was one of completion and not of construction. A competition in the latter case would be one between various independent, and probably diverse, leading ideas, and is consequently capable of a short, sharp, and direct issue; and therefore, in spite of many failures, we willingly admit the principle of competition for new public buildings. When, however, the man has to be chosen to work upon another man's construction, the reasons regulating the choice must be far more delicate, complicated, and unintelligible to the masses. In that case accordingly we believe that the best decision will be arrived at by a calm and judicial comparison, by competent persons *in camera*, of the competitors' antecedents, and the worst by a competition of showy designs open to the untrained impressions of an idle sight-seeing public. They might, for instance, fall under the ken of the "Large Subscriber" to whom we have already referred, who splutters out defiance at Mr. Burges because, having on a former occasion received a commission from the Committee to prepare a scheme for the "iconographic" treatment of the interior, and a treatment involving the introduction of figures and not of mere pattern and decoration, he carried out his orders in a report in which he recapitulated those typical forms of Christian art, Apostles and the Heavenly Host, Patriarchs, Saints, and Sibyls as emblematic of the yearnings of a heathen world after better things—with which any person of tolerable education, except the "Large Subscriber," has become familiar since Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake introduced them to the general public—which inspired the pencils of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and the other great masters of painting in the heyday of revived Italian, and which now attract tourists by shoals to the gorgeous churches of modern Munich. The *Times* hopes that some specimen of Mr. Burges's designs may be seen before the work is placed in his hands. The latter words are vague, but we may be certain that the Dean and Chapter will sign no contract until they and the world have had the opportunity of minutely studying their architect's mature thoughts in report, design, and model.

#### THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BAZAAR.

UNFINISHED work is proverbially exposed to unfavourable criticism; and if the managers of the International Exhibition find that the public is dissatisfied with what they have set before it they have only themselves to blame. An eloquent writer in a morning paper has compared the Exhibition to a gigantic flower opening its petals one by one. It appears, in fact, that the bud has only just burst, and that it will not be full blown for some time to come. It is now three weeks since the Exhibition was formally opened, and anybody who is willing to remain long enough in town will perhaps be rewarded by witnessing the completion of most of the preparations before it closes. One of the attractions held out to the purchasers of season-tickets was that they were to have a quiet private view all to themselves for the first few days; and those who went were gratified by the sight of empty or disordered rooms and barricaded corridors. The ticket-holders were also invited to inspect the Duke of Edinburgh on the opening night; and as those who were foolish enough to accept the invitation were probably confined to their rooms during the ensuing week, it may have been immaterial to them that the other privilege for which they had paid was a mockery and illusion. Perhaps it is in the nature of International Exhibitions to unfold themselves gradually; but it may be hinted that it would be more in accordance with ordinary conceptions of commercial honesty if the unfolding took place before the Exhibition was opened. People who have paid for a dinner are naturally not disposed to accept a sight of the waiters laying the cloth and setting out the spoons as a substitute for a first course of peculiar delicacy. One of the practical jokes of the management is to put up a series of finger-posts or placards pointing in a particular direction, and seeming partly to command and partly to entreat visitors to explore the court or annexe to which they are thus conducted. You are led to suppose that the Commissioners make quite a point of your going there, and that they would be hurt if you didn't, and as the Commissioners are all such very distinguished people you hardly like to refuse. After going very much out of your way to follow the placards, up one passage and down another, you come at last to looked-down-upon place to retrace your steps. It turns out that the annexe, or whatever it is, will not be opened for another week or so. It appears that the monotony of ordinary sight-seeing is also revealed

by an interlude which has been described by an indignant correspondent of a contemporary, who does not seem to have entered cordially into the spirit of the thing. He complains that, having gone to the Exhibition with a small hand-bag, to which no objection was made on his entrance, and which he would gladly have deposited in a parcel-office if he could have found one, he was seized by the police as he was leaving, and subjected to an insulting inquisition with a view to ascertain whether he could prove that the bag did not contain stolen property. If this sort of thing goes on, a visit to South Kensington will be as dangerous as a visit to the polling-booth under the new system of ballot and handcuffs. On the other hand, a visitor to the Exhibition who escapes apprehension by the police can confer with the mysterious officials who are known as steward-attendants, if he is lucky enough to find one. The steward-attendants, as we learn from a printed notice, are distinguished by a white wand and a badge suspended by a blue ribbon, and are, we presume, selected from Knights of the Garter who are willing to make themselves generally useful. Their chief function is "to furnish any visitor on application with a form for making complaints, and to supply a pencil for the purpose." A wag on a wet day might find worse sport than stalking steward-attendants, and filling up their forms of complaints, which might afterwards be moved for as a Parliamentary return.

It is evident that the managers of the Exhibition have this year found great difficulty in collecting enough "exhibits" to hide their bare walls and empty shelves. As it is, with the exception of the pictures and the machinery, there is scarcely anything to be seen that may not be found every day in half-a-dozen shop-windows in a leading thoroughfare. It must be remembered, however, that what are mere shopkeepers' wares in Bond Street or Piccadilly become, by some curious process of transformation, articles of high art in the "purer æther and divinair" of South Kensington. It is, we believe, an elementary principle in the show business that whatever is exhibited must be supposed to have a peculiarly elevating influence. Artemus Ward had his "moral bares" and his "miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts and murderers"; and the trays of Brummagem jewellery, the sheaves of cheap coloured stationery, and "Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales in red sealing-wax" are invested with a peculiar moral and artistic beauty when taken in hand by Cole C.B. Anybody with a taste for shop-windows will find a much finer show of goods in Bond Street than at the Exhibition; but people who do not mind paying fancy prices for the honour and glory of buying things at South Kensington are of course entitled to please themselves. To such straits have the managers been reduced to make up their show, that they have been obliged to lay the adjoining Museum under heavy contributions. The Jackass Net and the Trawl for Flat Fish—familiar South Kensington institutions—are prominent features in this year's Exhibition. In one sense the art collections may be said to be of a highly comprehensive character, for they illustrate the depths to which what may be called art, at least technically, has sometimes descended. The valentines and fire-places ornaments in pink tissue paper may be considered real high art by the side of the deplorable French chromos representing women in bed. Two works of art—the largest and the smallest in the Exhibition—deserve attention. Nobody can overlook the vast "dry-goods" allegory, stretching many a rood, which Mr. Yvon has painted for Mr. Stewart, the great linendraper of New York, and in which all the States of the Union in the guise of fine young women, Liberty in a red cap, Minerva with her helmet, the ghost of George Washington, malefactors swinging on gibbets, dead bodies wriggling out of graves, and ever so much more—are all mixed up together in an unparalleled way. The gem of the show, however, is to be found in a modest alcove on the ground-floor. It is an etching by the great Cole himself; a mere nothing in size—three inches by two, perhaps—but overpowering in artistic depth and insight. It represents a gentleman seated on a bench outside a public-house, meditating perhaps on the bill he will immediately have to pay, or it may be on a remarkable phenomenon rising beside him, which might be either of a vegetable or meteorological character—a upas-tree or a water-spout; and it would no doubt be characteristic of the great showman to allow the public, when it has paid its money, to take its choice.

Among the wonders of the world which are supposed to be illustrated at South Kensington is the newspaper press. The walls of a dingy passage near the retiring-rooms are placarded with copies of newspapers and periodicals in English and other languages. There may be some people who find it peculiarly elevating and refreshing to contemplate this vast and varied array of printed matter, while others may not be able to resist a certain feeling of depression as they reflect on the brief and futile existence of a great proportion of these evanescent publications—the midges of literature, born one minute to die the next. The display of American papers is highly impressive, and as one gazes upon the *Griggsville Reflector*, or *March Hawk Democrat*, or the *Daily Derrick* of Oil City, one is enabled to appreciate the enormous moral and intellectual forces which permeate even the most secluded recesses of that great country, and which fully account for the philosophical temper and high political wisdom which it invariably displays, especially in its relations with the less civilized nations of the Old World. Our own press is also profusely represented, and the intelligent foreigner who explores this corridor

will not fail to observe the *Police News*, with portraits of Lady Twist and the last new murderer, and *Reynold's Newspaper*, a nice emblem of sweetness and light, prominently enshrined in the midst of a group of religious publications, including the *Record* and *John Bull*. Under the patronage of Her Majesty's Commissioners, liquoring up has also, it appears, been elevated to a distinguished position among the fine arts. At every few paces you come upon a drinking-bar, and every effort has been made to cultivate the chronic alcoholism which the doctors tell us is consuming society. There are buffets on every side. There is a *café* in the French style, and an imitation of a German *Bier-garten*, and reckless drinkers can partake of Australian wines in the Queensland Annexe. Smoking is allowed in different parts of the Exhibition; and as the competition with Cremorne and the Surrey Gardens becomes more desperate, we shall perhaps have dancing added to the amenities of South Kensington. It is impossible not to be struck, on the one hand, by the poverty of the Exhibition and the grotesque—we might almost say revolting—degradation of art, which is its most conspicuous feature; and, on the other hand, by the imposing social organization which is supposed to discharge the duties of management. The Official Directory occupies ten pages of the Catalogue. First we have Her Majesty's Commissioners, thirty-eight in number, headed by the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, and including dukes and earls and other distinguished personages; next come twenty-seven Committees on all sorts of subjects; and then there are Deputy-Commissioners, Foreign Commissioners, Colonial Commissioners, and so on. The object of all these Committees and Commissioners is, of course, to secure social patronage and support for the Exhibition, the real management of which is necessarily left in the hands of one or two officials. The notion seems to have been borrowed from the usual arrangement at a public funeral, where a number of distinguished persons hold silken ropes, and appear to assist in carrying the coffin, which is in reality borne by two or three undertaker's men under the pall. Stripped of its artistic disguises, the Exhibition is little more than a shopkeeping bazaar and tavern under a high-sounding name and distinguished patronage.

#### A FREE-LOVE WIDOW.

LAST week a great Woman's Suffrage Convention was held in New York, at which Mrs. Woodhull presided, and she and other leaders of the women's rights party in the United States delivered thrilling harangues. It appears however that, although the demand for votes is still kept up by a certain class of American women, it is rather as a matter of form and in vindication of a principle than with a genuine and anxious desire that it should be successful. They seem to have come to the conclusion that, while they are logically bound to assert their equality in all respects with men, votes are of comparatively little consequence to them, and that they would perhaps be better without them. What they are most intent upon attaining is not so much political as social freedom. As one of them eloquently expresses it, "The old tyrannies are trembling for their power, not at the ballot-box, but at the fireside." If they could only erase all traces of the Seventh Commandment from modern legislation, or at least from the social compact, they would be pretty well satisfied. Mrs. Woodhull, for example, claims "an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may, to love for as long or as short a period as I can, and to change that love every day if I please." Under these conditions Mrs. Woodhull has no objection to marriage, and until a few weeks since she and her two husbands—we are not quite sure whether we should not say, two of her husbands—made a happy trio in the same house. It appears that her first husband died on the 6th of April, and a graceful "In Memoriam" from the bereaved widow, who has, however, still one husband at least left to console her, appears in the weekly paper which she edits and publishes. She is constrained to admit that "our former husband and later friend and brother" was by no means a perfect character. "Certain unhappy habits of life, with peculiarities of constitution, placed a not indefinite tenure upon the extension of his physical life." Dr. Woodhull, we gather, was too partial to the bottle; but then, as Mrs. Woodhull remarks, people are born to be what they are. Some people are constitutionally drunkards; others are constitutionally sober. "In either case there is neither merit nor demerit (*sic*), since both are alike the result of circumstances and causes beyond individual control." There is no use in struggling against fate. Mrs. Woodhull's own case is a remarkable illustration of this, for her biographer states that her second marriage was decreed by "those spirits whom she is ever ready to follow, whether they lead her for discipline into the valley of the shadow of death, or for comfort into those ways of pleasantness which are paths of peace." The dictates of the spirits, it may be observed, are always interpreted by Mrs. Woodhull herself. Colonel Blood, "the legal partner of a morally sundered marriage"—that is, he had a wife already but was tired of her—called on Mrs. Woodhull one day, and the instant she saw him she fell into a trance, during which she announced that his future destiny was to be linked with hers; and as he had no objection, so it was. After her divorce from Woodhull and marriage with Blood, she retained her first husband's name, and she and her two spouses, and her children by the first marriage, all lived together, a happy and

united family. Dr. Woodhull, she says, felt the change severely, but "he was just enough to rejoice in knowing that the changed conditions offered a wider field of usefulness and happiness to us." The Doctor, it is evident, took a broad view of things, and was of an unconventional type.

Mrs. Woodhull confesses that at first, not being quite emancipated from old social prejudices, she rather shrank from having it known that she was keeping house with a couple of husbands. "It became a rod in the hands of unscrupulous persons, held in terror over our heads, to compel us to do their bidding, and most cruelly and unrelentingly did they make use of it." This, however, was only one of the trials reserved for all good and heroic people in this narrow-minded and uncharitable world; and she had the consciousness of her own moral elevation to sustain her, as well as the counsels of the spirits. But when, after the Doctor's death, it was suggested that perhaps an inquest would be necessary, "this," Mrs. Woodhull acknowledges, "was almost more than we could philosophically accept." It may be admitted that it is not agreeable to live in an atmosphere of suspicion of this kind, and we are afraid that Mrs. Woodhull can hardly say that her ways of pleasantness have been paths of peace. She appears, however, to have been exceptionally happy in finding a couple of husbands who took to each other with such frank and cordial affection as Dr. Woodhull and Colonel Blood, and who were so superior to worldly prejudicials. "These two people," she assures us, "were not rivals; they were brothers; and, in spite of all the attempts to make them enemies, they remained friends to the last; he who is still with us watching over the death-bed of him who has gone, with all the sleepless anxiety that danger imparts to those we love." Mrs. Woodhull will not say that she does not care for the approval of the world, but she prefers that of her own conscience and of the spirits; and perhaps on the whole it is just as well for her own peace of mind that she should do so. She is described by one of her admirers as the best representative of aggressive ideas in America; but very aggressive people find it difficult to commend the good opinion of society, especially when their aggressions are of the peculiar kind in which Mrs. Woodhull delights. Even King Arthur found his "white blamelessness" accounted blame, and a free-love heroine must not be surprised if the world does not all at once accept a mode of life which it has been accustomed to associate with harsh epithets as an embodiment of a highly superior kind of modesty and morality. It is difficult for a lady to pose as Sappho in these days without exciting unpleasant remarks. Indeed it appears to be one of the grievances of Mrs. Woodhull and her sisterhood that certain opprobrious names which we need not particularize are applied to women, while there are no corresponding names to apply to loose men; and one of the clauses of a Bill which has been drafted by the women's rights people, and which is published in *Woodhull's Weekly*, makes it an offence to designate any woman by these disreputable names. In the meanwhile it is open to the women to invent any names they like, and to apply them to men.

It is well known that nothing pays better than notoriety in America, and Mrs. Woodhull appears to have found it not unprofitable in her own case. She and one of her sisters carry on business as brokers; they have a weekly newspaper, which professes to be edited in one world and published in another; and they also do a good business as lecturers and spirit-mediums. It is evident that Mrs. Woodhull has a good many irons in the fire, and when the first sorrow is over she may find it perhaps rather a relief, in the midst of such varied avocations, to have one husband the less to look after. Mrs. Woodhull's journal is described as "a medley of politics, finance, free love, and the pantarchy"; and we find in the number before us some practical hints as to the free-love system. It is suggested that, as a matter of social convenience, it might be as well for free-love couples to give intimation to their friends and the public in some formal manner when a union is formed or dissolved. This regulation, it is urged, would be one of convenience only, and in no degree an oppressive abridgment of personal freedom. It would leave every person free to form a "marital alliance," and equally free to dissolve it. In the same number there is a stirring appeal to women to take up the work of estate and useless Man. The poor creature, it seems, has done his part, and now he can only "move in a circle and repeat in his revolutions society arrangements that have existed in the past." It appears that "he has arranged society in the structural form after the pattern of the stellar compacts and their rocky fragments," and it has now become the business of women to "arrange it in organic form after the patterns of the plant world." We gather that marriage as a limiting and enthralling institution is especially obnoxious to the plant world, and that one of the first things to be done is to get rid of it. Man, however, is not expected to submit to the proposed changes without a struggle. "It is not in man's aggressive nature," the writer fears, "to stop in a maddened revolutionary descent till he is at the bottom of the circle, drunk with blood and desolation; but on recovering from the stupor of desolation, he is ever ready again to ascend in the circle of progress to the summit of his capability." If "snitage," whatever that may be, were substituted for marriage, the power of the bloodthirsty monster would be effectually controlled. We hardly know whether it is male ribaldry or mere machinery, but in another part of the journal a pamphlet is mentioned, under the title of *The Road to Power: Physical and Mental Regeneration*, which the author asserts to be "priceless to wives and mothers, and such as are trying to be men." Seeing

what creatures men are, it might be imagined that it would be a more beneficial process to make men feminine than to make women masculine.

It would be absurd of course to attribute any deep or serious influence to persons like Mrs. Woodhull, or to publications such as her weekly journal; but worthless straws will show how the wind blows, and the connexion between the free-love movement in America and the agitation for what are called women's rights is too close and conspicuous not to be remarked. Whatever gloss may be put upon it, there is no getting rid of the fact that the cardinal principle underlying the demands which are raised for a female franchise, for the legal independence of married women, and so on, is simply that marriage shall cease to be an absolute and permanent union in the sense in which it has hitherto been understood, and that it shall be reduced to a mere commercial partnership with limited liability. From this to free love is only a step, and not a very wide one. Under the new system a woman would be taught to regard herself as a person with separate rights and interests from her husband; the legal facilities which would be provided in order to enable her to assert her independence would supply a constant incentive to do so; and whenever any serious difference of opinion or quarrel arose, the minds of husband and wife would be turned, not as at present in the direction of compromise and conciliation, but rather to immediate separation. When married people know that they must make the best of each other, they naturally try to do so; but if it were once to be understood that they have separate interests and possessions, and a distinct legal existence, and that the only tie between them is a mere matter of commercial convenience, the natural consequence would be to destroy that unity of thought and sentiment upon which the permanent happiness of such a union so vitally depends. Of course, if personal convenience is to be the ruling principle of marriage, it would seem to follow that a marriage should be dissolved when the convenience has ceased; and thus we get to Mrs. Woodhull's theory that the duration of marriage should be measured solely by inclination, and that a woman has a right to take a new husband every day if she likes.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE statistics of the Exhibition yield some interesting data. The works admitted are 245 in excess of the total number of last year; in other words, this one hundred and fourth anniversary shows a maximum never before approached. The tendency since the occupation of the new premises in Piccadilly has not unnaturally been to augment numbers in proportion to the increase in space; so cruel, indeed, is the disappointment when pictures are crowded out that liberal admission may be deemed an act of mercy. The only danger is lest the standard of excellence should be lowered. We are glad to say that this apprehension has proved groundless; in fact, the present collection presents the anomaly that while, on the one hand, the highest talent is exceptional, on the other, good average merit, save with a few Academicians and Associates, is all but universal. The unusually high average we ascribe to several causes. The first and chief is that members of the Academy are more moderately represented than heretofore. Fortunately they have not insisted on sending the full number of works permitted to them; out of forty Academicians and twenty-four Associates, only three reach the number of eight contributions, while twelve are satisfied with two, and eleven with one. Thus the much needed space is gained for the exceptional talent of new comers. Again the Exhibition profits by the general advance of art in the country at large; paucity of distinguished genius there may be, but of respectable talent, fairly well trained, there is an absolute plethora. And thus we may account for the anomalous fact this year presented for the first time, that with the increase in numbers the average standard has been raised. The statistics of the Exhibition, as we have said, afford data which point to interesting conclusions. The Academy is represented by only 58 contributors, while outsiders are present to the surprising number of 861; the collection owes to the Academy 194 works, but to outsiders it is indebted to the number of 1,369 works. The Exhibition then is mainly an assemblage of outsiders. These facts, rightly considered, are the reverse of a reproach to the management. If the Academy be an oligarchy, it is at least not without that show of wisdom which can alone make the government of the few endurable to the many. The Academy is proportion to its power is subject to attack, and bold criticism tends to the benefit of a public and responsible body. We will not dwell now on faults which have been and are but too patent; our immediate purpose is to point to the general spirit of fairness, and even of generosity, which has marked the conduct of the Academy within the last few years. The success of the present Exhibition is in part the consequence; a large and influential clientele bespeaks confidence; even the number of rejected pictures and of disappointed aspirants gives the measure of that power to which "all the talents" pay willing tribute. Assuredly nothing augments the success.

The present Exhibition proves the growing power of a school which for some years past has been struggling into life. Mr. Waite, R.A., Mr. Leighton, R.A., Mr. Pearson, R.A., Mr. Prinsep, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. W. D. Howland, and Mr. Drey, by



choice of subject as well as by treatment, tend to an elevation of thought, an idealism and abstraction, wholly foreign to the realism and naturalism to which the vast majority of our painters were committed a few years back. Mr. Watts, who has justly been considered the father of the movement, exhibits his diploma work (558), taken from the story of Cain and Abel—"My punishment is greater than I can bear." Abel lies dead on the ground; Cain is driven out a fugitive on the face of the earth; a devouring fire descends upon his head; furies in the heavens pour out vengeance. The composition comes, as it were, in farvid heat from the artist's imagination, and only by imagination can it be accepted and understood. It is the victory of this all-potent faculty to make the past present, to make distant scenes near at hand, to annihilate time and space, and to take the mind into the immediate presence of the supernatural. Hence this bold composition essays to reconcile discrepant facts; two acts in the drama are brought into one—the time of Abel's death and the sequel when "the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?" The tragedy of the situation is further enhanced by the immediate and visible presence of divine vengeance personified by furies amid flames. The wild spirit of Blake takes possession of the upper sky; the avenging powers, indeed, might almost have been transferred literally from Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job. We also fancy we can trace inspiration from the Greek drama and from classic marbles. The principles, indeed, expounded by Lessing in his *Laocon* are here maintained. The Laocon writhes in agony, but utters no shriek. Medea was not painted in the very act of murdering her children, but a few moments before or after; Ajax was not depicted raging among the herds, but meditative, and in such rest as is possible to unrest; and in like manner Mr. Watts has chosen the moment, not when the hand is raised or when the struggle of death is strong, but the after-time when dark remorse and black despair cloud the mind's horizon, and the murderer goes forth bearing a burden which no one shall lighten. The picture is something more than time present; it has a past and a future; the imagination is carried forward to the wilderness into which the figure rushes headlong. As to the execution, the painter does not rise above his habitual infirmity; the conception is imperfectly carried out; here and there a figure seems little more than a torso; and altogether the work can only be accepted as a magnificent fragment.

"The Lament of Ariadne" (498), by Mr. W. B. Richmond, is, of its kind, one of the most perfect and satisfactory works we have seen for many a year within the Academy. The grand figure, with head upturned in anguish, with arms impetuously thrown into the sky, and robe tossed by the storm, wanders on the wild shore desolate and in despair. The impersonation is as a statue endowed with life; it stands as nature idealized, as an individual made generic, and thus representative of humanity brought to extreme endurance. The work is inspired by the Greeks; thus the drapery, as in antique statues, is made to express onward movement; it becomes as it were a vital and organic part of the figure, while the generic type, and even the execution, respond to the manner of ancient bas-reliefs and gems. But the praise given to this and other cognate creations must fall short of the superlative degree, inasmuch as the classic, like the mediæval, revivals in the English school are little else than eclectic; persons familiar with the history of art have no difficulty in telling the sources whence ideas are taken. This eclecticism specially marks the scholastic and academic manner of Mr. Leighton. The clue to his success, and perhaps also the secret of his shortcomings, is that he paints up to an idea, and that, the conception once settled, the sequence is carried out with relentless logic. Sometimes the motive, as in the grand picture of Alcestis, is passion; but now, in the "Summer Moon" (202), the ruling sentiment is repose. The governing line is a circle, itself the emblem of eternity; the figures are disposed in sleep, as in eternal rest, within the architectural segment; the arms and limbs repeat each other in composition, like the refrain of some plaintive chant; the nightingale, "most musical, most melancholy" bird, wakes not the sleepers; stars are in the cool sky, and poppies lie upon the ground. The picture is almost too perfect; the melody is without a single discord; the execution is smooth and precise as a finely cut cameo; and, as in a cameo or Greek bas-relief, the figures lie on one plane. Another work which recommends itself by refinement, symmetry, and repose is Mr. Dacey's "Song of Solomon" (974). Two figures gracefully grouped and romantic in sentiment have gone forth into the vineyard. The drawing is careful, the tone tender, the colour subdued by a silvery haze common in the French school of Hamon. The picture as it now hangs wants force; indeed, a treatment thus delicately attuned is sure to suffer under the rude ordeal of our English exhibitions, which run into violence and seek effects by sudden contrasts.

The most conspicuous failure in the Exhibition is Mr. Poynter's "Perseus and Andromeda" (505); conspicuous for size, situation, and subject, but a failure from lack of unity and governing purpose. In fact this large gold frame does not contain one picture but three; Perseus, the dragon, and Andromeda are severally isolated. The artist has in vain striven for links and lines of connexion in the hero's spear and the monster's tail; the widely dissimilar materials hopelessly fall to pieces notwithstanding the effort to form the composition on the dragon's den. The subject has been so often treated that distinction is impossible; the chief novelty is that the dragon makes no such splash and fuss in the water as a sea-serpent, and yet the creature has no more power or terror than a stuffed stage property in a

Christmas extravaganza. A dragon when well put together is a noble beast; witness Tamar's awe-moving dragon in the Garden of Hesperides. The picture was near being saved by Andromeda, a lovely creation conceived in the fine spirit of Greek art, which recalls the artist's admirable rendering of the character two years ago. It is needless for us to pay tribute to the signal abilities of Mr. Poynter, inasmuch as the present breakdown is merely a case of talent misapplied. Mr. Prinsep's "Penelope" (205) is not without grandeur and colour. The figure is statuesque, and yet is imbued with the life, the passion, and the suffering patience of a woman. The disquietude of anguish, the burden of distress, are finely rendered; and in the tone and execution are to be admired the delicately-wrought folds and the opalescent greys in the white robe thrown into relief by a richly coloured background. The style of Mr. Prinsep admits of no surrender; it is independent as it is powerful. The hangers have once more denied a favourable position to the student work of Mr. Stanhope, and we cannot altogether blame them. The theme here chosen, "Cephalus and Procris" (270), was comparatively early in entering Italian art; Piero di Cosimo in the fifteenth century was much given to mythology, of which we have pleasing illustration in an eccentric but fascinating composition, "The Death of Procris," in our National Gallery. We take it to be the misfortune of Mr. Stanhope that his style is neither ancient nor modern; he aims at incompatibilities; his landscape is large, and yet his figures are too large for his landscape; then his figures are at once graceful and awkward; again, as we have indicated, in certain passages the old masters are present, and then suddenly intrudes some anomalous trait of the nineteenth century. Our classic revivalists tread hazardous paths, and unless they take heed to their steps, instead of gaining the hill-top, they may find themselves in the ditch beneath; so true is it that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

The false and downward steps which land artists in contempt or oblivion it were well to hide from observation. It seems, however, to be the supreme privilege of painters to cling to the very last to the hope of immortality. And such hope forlorn it is the special function of the Academy to sustain; though youth may be blighted, age shall be blessed. "The Streamlet" (213) is a name used by Mr. H. W. Pickering, R.A., for a carefully painted female nude; yet such a study would not in the year 1872 obtain for a scholar entrance to Burlington House or South Kensington. Another curiosity and anachronism in its way is the diploma work "deposited in the Academy on the election as Academician" of Mr. Frost, R.A. This "Nymph and Cupid" (126) might reach the ideal of "beautiful for ever"; or, to speak more critically, we might say that if Canova's weakest models were turned into wax, and then well rouged like a barber's block, the perfect work we now gaze on would be nearly realized. Mr. O'Neill's "Minna and Brenda" (228) we will not venture to criticize, partly because the work speaks for itself, and also because the painter has publicly expressed himself averse to criticism. As the Associate longest on the list, with the exception of Mr. Thornburn, he still awaits his reward at the hands of the Academy. We must apologize for naming pictures which by common consent are passed over in silence. But this painful duty we owe to the men of promise who year after year are kept outside the door of the Academy; an unworthy inmate cherished means a worthy aspirant excluded, a despicable picture hung means a deserving work ousted.

## REVIEWS.

### JONES'S CONQUEST AND SETTLEMENT OF BRITAIN.\*

UNDER a somewhat long and cumbersome title Major Jones has succeeded in producing a very sound and useful little book. In spite of the modest disclaimers of his preface, he has really given us a brief history of the period from the first English invasion of Britain to the close of the Norman Conquest, founded, if not on the original authorities themselves, at any rate on the best modern works which have illustrated the subject. We don't think Major Jones need have been frightened at Beda and the Chronicle, but it is at any rate a distinct proof of the advance of sound historical ideas when a popular account of our earlier annals is drawn from the researches of Sir Francis Palgrave, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Freeman. Its author has not only read books like *The Saxons in England* or *The English Commonwealth*, but he has understood what he read, and he has the additional merit of expressing his conclusions in a simple and manly way. The fault of the book as a history of our early kings is precisely what Major Jones's frank disclaimer of any acquaintance with original sources might lead us to expect. The tone is throughout modern. We never feel the air—so to say—of the time itself. The wild bursts of barbaric cruelty or barbaric self-devotion, the instances of profound reverence, deepening on the one side into a tender religion, on the other into a degrading superstition, which break so oddly the generic entries of the Chronicle or crowd the picturesque pages of

\* *Considerations on the Military and Political Events accompanying the Conquest and Settlement of the Island of Britain by the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. With an Introductory Chapter on the Occupation of the Island by the Romans.* By Major William Prime Jones, 7th Surrey Rifle Volunteers, late 5th Fusiliers. London: Beaumont & Son. 1872.

Boda, are all absent. The actual life of those early ages, all its higher enthusiasms or baser corruptions, nowhere meets us. We never see the "angel faces" in the Roman market, or the thanes dying in a ring round their lord, or the missionary preaching in the waste, or the slaves dragged for export to the port of Bristol. Based as it is on modern works, whose principal aim was that of explaining the political side of English history, Major Jones's little work is simply political. But it is far from being a servile copy of the authorities on which it is founded. Scattered throughout the book we find evidences of original thought, which are often singularly to the purpose. Its author seizes at once the cardinal distinction between the barbaric invasions of Britain and of the Roman provinces of the Continent, and the inference he draws from it is one of some interest:—

In taking a retrospective view of this great struggle, two facts principally strike us. The protracted and gallant resistance made by the Britons, so different from the behaviour of the other provinces of the Empire; and the stern determination of the invaders, backed by their ever increasing numbers. For had the attacks been made, as some have supposed, by mere bands of adventurers, however large, such victories as those gained by the Britons must have driven them into the sea.

Had the event been different, had the Britons submitted with but slight resistance, or had the Saxons been repulsed, the whole course of modern history would have been changed. In the former case we should have seen another image of France and Spain, a country of Teutonic Lords and Celtic Serfs, with perhaps another Norman Duchy in the Northern corner of the Island; in the latter we should have had a second Ireland, as she existed before the English Conquest. But in both cases the course of the world would have been very different. Constitutional liberty would not have existed, or would have appeared only in this nineteenth century; the dominion of the sea would have belonged to Spain, and the Western world would have been the inheritance of priests and Jesuits, ruling over the degenerate descendants of Spanish and Portuguese adventurers.

It is in its military remarks, however, that the especial value of this little book really consists. We are very far from thinking that the apology of the preface is needed, or that a soldier's comments on the wars of this early time are out of place. On the contrary, we have often wished that some one thoroughly acquainted with tactics and strategy would devote himself to the numberless military problems of our history. When Major Jones points out that the Danish army, "by their sudden seizure of Chippenharn, cut off the eastern parts of Alfred's kingdom, Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, from all communication with the western part," or adds that "Wiltshire is a particularly open country fitted for the rapid movement of" the Danish horse, "so that all attempts of detached bodies of the Saxons to pass and join their king would be certain to be frustrated," he explains the great historic difficulty of Alfred's sudden prostration, and of his refuge in the Isle of Athelney. It throws a new light on Alfred's genius when we find a soldier pronouncing his later campaign against Hastings "the earliest example of a really scientific warfare in Northern Europe since the overthrow of the Roman Empire." The great principles of war, indeed, are as simple as they are great, and we quite agree with Major Jones in his conviction that they were as present to the mind of a man of genius in the ninth century as in the nineteenth; but it is only by such a careful analysis as he has given us of Alfred's operations that we can dissipate the ordinary notion of all early struggles being mere "battles of kites and crows."

The first warlike operation, however, in the course of our national history which can be said to have been preserved with anything like detail is the invasion and victory of William the Conqueror. It is odd enough that in the novel which he wrote on the subject Sir Charles Napier never seems to have discerned the startling difficulties which surround the account of William's landing, of Harold's march, or the battle between the two rivals for the throne, and it is only here and there that we are aided by Major Jones. But wherever he does aid us, the help is real enough. As in all early accounts of military operations, the first difficulty is that of numbers. The "fifty" or "sixty thousand men" given by William's chaplain have been accepted by our historian, and apparently even by Mr. Freeman though not without protest; and yet, as Major Jones remarks, "if the number of ships which carried them is correctly given at seven hundred and ninety-four, each ship must have had on board nearly a hundred soldiers, exclusive of the crew, horses, stores, arms, &c., a fact hardly credible." But surely even this is more credible than the facts which precede and follow the passage of the Channel. Nothing can be more exact than the account which William's biographer gives us of the embarkation and landing of the army; but with Mr. Kinglake's account of the Crimean expedition fresh in our memories, is it possible to believe that 60,000 men, or a third of that number, were fairly embarked in less than twelve hours, or that an army which had only appeared off the beach of Pevensey on the morning of Thursday, the 28th of September, was not only landed, but thoroughly equipped, and able to march on Hastings by the 29th? The smaller size of the mediæval transports would no doubt greatly facilitate both operations, but we should have been glad had Major Jones examined the question from a soldier's point of view. He is naturally startled with the statement as to Harold's march. "A Saxon thane saw the landing of the Normans on the 28th September, and instantly started to convey the news to the King. He may have found him at York on the 1st or 2nd of October. The battle of Hastings was fought on the 14th; therefore Harold must have accomplished the whole distance, allowing for his five or six days' halt in London, in a week, being at the rate of seven-and-thirty miles a day, as a march "one of the most wonderful on record." If,

however, we accept Mr. Freeman's conjecture that Harold hastened from York simply with his "bus-carle," who may have been mounted, his own march presents no special difficulties; but the presence of soldiers from York and Somerset at Senlac implies a rate of marching wholly without parallel in modern experience. It is true that the great Roman roads were no doubt in far better condition than any English road up to the close of the eighteenth century; but they can hardly have been better than the French highways of our own day, across which the Crown Prince, pushing by forced marches to the great conflict of Sedan, hardly exceeded fifteen miles a day in actual progress. In his criticism of Harold's strategy before Senlac Major Jones appears to us perfectly just. He condemns his march to the coast as a grave military error:—

The defender of a country invaded from the sea has no business whatever to seek his enemy on the coast. The hostile fleet is a moveable base, and he may, while proceeding to one point, find the invaders landed at another, and placed between him and the country he has to defend. It is true that William was already landed, but still nothing was to be gained by intercepting him near the sea. The two reasons given by historians for Harold's proceedings will neither of them hold water. The first is, that he hoped to surprise the Normans; but an army chiefly composed of cavalry, under such a general as William, is not to be caught in that manner. The second reason is equally untenable—namely, that Harold could not sit still and see the country entrusted to him ravaged and ruined by an enemy; while in reality the whole country between Pevensey and Reigate was one dense forest, in which the Normans could have done little or no mischief, had they so attempted. Had Harold halted on the hills at Pluckley, behind Ashford, he would not only have gained time to augment and discipline his new levies, but he would have cut off William from the coast road, which he afterwards took; it being impossible, previous to a battle, either to have attacked Dover, in the near neighbourhood of the English army, or to have passed between them and the force stationed in the town. William would consequently have been constrained to seek Harold by marching his great body of horse through the woods of the Andred's Wald, at least a two days' march, with little or no provisions to be obtained. When the enemy was found, he must be then attacked, posted on a line of heights almost impregnable, and where cavalry would have been nearly unserviceable.

In the same judicious way Major Jones points out that it was only the absence of light troops and missile weapons on the English side which enabled William "to attack a palisaded position with an army chiefly cavalry." The Norman horse were able to ride close up to the entrenchments, and in the end to push their way through the breaks in them. We wonder, however, that while commenting on the first English battle in which the bow played a principal part, a soldier should have omitted to notice the use of that weapon. Considering its deadly effect in the later stage of the battle, it is one of the most puzzling of the problems connected with Senlac why we hear nothing of the Norman bowmen during the earlier attacks on the stockade. On the question of the sudden disappearance of both the English and the Norman fleets Major Jones is as much at sea as other people. The English ships, which had been masters of the sea through the summer, had undoubtedly returned to London when the army which had been guarding the coast broke up before Stamford Bridge; but their reappearance in the Channel after William's landing would have made his position a highly perilous one. William's own fleet, however, becomes equally invisible as soon as its work of transport is over, and we hear nothing of it in his operations against London.

In his general account of the designs and conduct of William Major Jones has trodden faithfully enough in the footsteps of Mr. Freeman, but his view of one event in the course of it is so different from that which Mr. Freeman has adopted as to be worth notice. The oath which William extorted from Harold while in his power is one of the standing problems of the story of the Conquest; but the solution which is here suggested is a novel, and rather a startling, one. Mr. Freeman takes it for granted that at the time of Harold's presence in Normandy his designs on the English throne must have been notorious to William and the world. It is quite possible, however, to take the contrary for granted, and to believe with Major Jones that "the affair was considered between them in a friendly spirit":—

It would naturally take this aspect. No male descendant of the House of Cerdic now remained except a child, and the English had often set aside the claims of children. Since the deaths of Harold and Hardicanute, none of the kindred of the Great Canute had advanced any claim, save an abortive one by Magnus of Norway, to which no one paid attention. The parties would, therefore, behold the Kingdom of England in danger of being without a ruler, for Harold, though certain movements of ambition may have stirred within him, must have been aware that no King had ever been chosen save one of the House of Cerdic or of the blood Royal of Denmark. Now William, although his countrymen had become, what we term, Frenchified, must still have felt that he was a Northman and the son of a Northman, of the kindred of Ingwar and Hastings, of Sweyn and Canute. He was, moreover, a cousin to the reigning King of the country.

He had seen the rule of the Danish monarchs accepted by the whole people, and conducted peaceably and prosperously. And what more probable than that the nation, both Danes and English, would accept him, of the same stock as the one, and related by marriage and friendship with the other.

On this theory Harold may have been perfectly sincere in the promise which he made to aid in William's election. All that the Conqueror claimed, it must be remembered, was the right of presenting himself, in virtue of Edward's recommendation, as a candidate for the throne, and in such a case Harold's support would have been invaluable. Reflections of this sort at any rate prove that, while steadily following in the main the march set out for him by the best modern historians, Major Jones is no mere servile follower. He thinks while he reads, and his thoughts are, as a rule, very sensible and suggestive.

The book is, on the whole, so genuine and accurate that

we may pass lightly over its occasional blunders. The law of Canute, or the canons of Councils, which at a later time forbade the worship of sun, moon, river, or tree, afford no basis for the "very curious fact that in remote and out-of-the-way corners of the island Druidism long partially survived." Nature-worship is the most universal, as it is the most primary, of all forms of faith, and as popular with the Teuton as with the Celt. We do not know why "Myrena-rice" is construed "the wooded state" (we suppose from some supposed etymological connexion of the word with "mirk" or "mirky") instead of the "mark" or border-state. A look at Bosda would have corrected Major Jones's impression that "of Redwald or the time of his death hardly anything is known." We know him at any rate as the contriver of an ingenious compromise between Christianity and heathendom, as well as the protector of Eadwine and the conqueror of Ælthelforth in the battle of the Idle. We regret that after Mr. Freeman's examination of the question Major Jones should still adopt the Northern Saga as an historic authority for the battle of Stamford Bridge. These, however, are mistakes of an ordinary sort; but there is one topic on which the author of this little book flings history and common sense to the winds. The Picts have been stumbling-blocks to many writers before Major Jones, but amidst all the queer hypotheses that they have suggested to queer brains we cannot remember one quite so queer as that which he has presented to us. We will not dispute with him as to their expulsion from the Cimbrian Chersonese "by the advancing Teutons," for the very simple reason that neither Pict nor Teuton have been good enough to tell us anything about it, but we rub our eyes with amazement at their conduct when they arrived in Britain:—

They next spread themselves into the South-Western parts of the present kingdom of Scotland, where, after the departure of the Romans, they founded the Regnum Cambrense, or kingdom of Strath Clwyd.

There is little doubt that the language of the Picts, was Welsh; and it forms one of the most curious puzzles of the times of which we treat, that, after the withdrawal of the Romans, the most prominent characters in the island have Welsh names, and that the Welsh language is so largely intermixed with Latin words, although we have no reliable evidence of the existence of Cymraeg tribes in South Britain, during the period of the Roman dominion.

Of the meaning of this wonderful paragraph we have not the faintest idea. That Strath Clwyd was on one side the Forth of Clyde and Pictland on the other we take to be pretty certain; and as there are only two Pictish words preserved to us, and those have not the least similarity to the tongue of the Cymry, we don't know how the Pictish tongue can be undoubtedly Welsh, save in the broad sense in which everything is Welsh which is not English. Not only did "Cymraeg tribes" exist in Britain under the Romans, but no other tribes did; and why Welsh people having Welsh names should be a "curious puzzle" to Major Jones is simply a curious puzzle to us. But, after all, a very sane man may be allowed a temporary outbreak of lunacy over the Picts, and we should be sorry if our readers took their notion of the book from this wonderful extract. It is really a very sensible and useful little work, and if its author will only spell English names in an English and not Latin way, and discard the silly term of "Saxon" when he is talking of Englishmen, we shall be glad to welcome him again as a writer of English history.

#### POSEIDON.

THIS little mythological study marks a stage in human development the exact likeness of which we do not remember to have lighted on before. We are perfectly familiar with the sect who, living outwardly in scientific times, do yet live inwardly in pre-scientific; who study their Bryant and believe in their Cuthites as if scientific mythology had never appeared at all. We are familiar too with the sect represented by that wonderful Mr. Kavanagh whose philological work we reviewed some time back, the sect who know that there are scientific writers, and who know what the scientific writers have said, but who maintain that the scientific writers are all wrong, and that they themselves alone are right. Then there is a third sect, of whom we do not venture to say that they know what scientific writers have said, but who quote them with great respect and professed agreement, and yet go and maintain some doctrine which is utterly inconsistent with all scientific teaching. Mr. Gladstone, when he wrote his *Homeris studies*, was not wholly untouched by this state of mind. He had read, and he several times quotes, Professor Max Müller's famous Oxford Essay, but he went and set forth his own amazing theogonies all the same. Professor Rawlinson too professed a firm belief in Comparative Philology, and then went and thought that the French *dans* might have something to do with some Lycian or Phrygian *dam* or *dev*. We do not enlarge on the kindred derivation of *lady*, because an Ancient History Professor is surely bound to understand Latin, while we fancy that he is in no way bound to understand English. But Mr. Robert Brown, Junior, does not belong exactly to any of these schools. He has plainly read several of the scientific writers, and we think that he has understood them. He has quite got beyond the stage when people think that the object of

Comparative Philology is to prove that Greek is derived from Sanscrit. He seems to us fully to grasp what the Solar theory is, and he makes criticisms on some parts of its most thoroughgoing form which we venture to think are not wholly wide of the mark. He fights vigorously against Mr. Cox on several points, but he has clearly read his *Aryan Mythology*, and he pronounces it to be a "truly great work." In short, he draws a distinction which is perhaps not an unreasonable one. He is ready to go as far as Professor Müller, but not so far as Mr. Cox. Yet, with all this, he goes off into a vast deal of Oriental talk, both of the wild and of the heavy variety, which is quite inconsistent with any scientific method. He not only quotes Professor Rawlinson, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Isaac Taylor, but he goes to Mr. Canaland, who writes about "Sermons in Stones" and "Builders of Babel," and he even quotes as "ingenious" a frantic book called the *Two Babylons* which we reviewed many years back, and the object of which is to prove that the worship of the Roman Church is the "worship of Nimrod and his wife." We are not quite sure whether he ever quotes Bryant, but he is deep in Gale's *Court of the Gentiles*. We do not think that he ever talks about the Outhites, but to the unsophisticated Aryan mind, "Aithiopes or Cushites," backed by Hyksos, Phoenicians, and Philistines, are nearly as frightful. He has so much to say about Hamites and things Hamitic that for a moment we looked forward to being benumbed or electrified by a "polarization of religious consciousness," or to being left hopelessly floundering in "the deposit of Sinism." These fears, we are happy to say, proved vain. But we are sorry to add that on one crucial point we have weighed Mr. Brown in the balance and have found him wanting. He is not at all positive, still less is he savage, but he would clearly be well pleased to make out Irish round towers to be something, else than Irish round towers. We also think that we have once or twice seen signs of that odd failure in scholarship by which some people, in trying to make out derivations for Greek words, bring the ending into the etymological process as well as the root. On the other hand, Mr. Brown fully grasps the fact that Greek and English are kindred tongues, and that an Englishman has a full right to get at Greek without going through Latin. Indeed he goes further than any one whom we have yet seen in spelling Greek names Greek-fashion—a process in which, while admiring his daring, we have not always daring enough of our own to follow him.

What Mr. Brown's view of the God Poseidón really is we should perhaps know more clearly if his small book were still smaller, and if Poseidón were not so long put out of sight by illustrations of the Hyksos, Phoenicians, Aithiopes or Cushites, and Philistines. The Kyklópes are more in their place in a discussion on the father of Polyphémus. But we gather that Poseidón started from Chaldaea and got into Greece by way of Phœnicia, Philistia, and Libya; that he is the same as Dagon and Oannes; and we get a hint that, though we must not "hastily conclude" that Mr. Brown regards Poseidón as "absolutely representing the patriarch Noah," yet he wishes to point out the strong connexion between the two. For Mr. Brown, who thinks that "the Natural Phenomena Theory" is "admirably useful," thinks that "the Eúmeristic Theory" is "admirably useful" also, and that "to ignore the merits of either, and consequently to depend wholly on the other, must necessarily be productive of serious error in many instances." And we get into a great deal more about "Aun" and "Dag-aun" and "Sid-aun" and "Hœ-Ana," and we are told, on the authority of Professor Rawlinson, that "there are no means of strictly determining the precise meaning of the word *Hœ* in Babylonian." This strikes us as exceedingly likely; but we shake our heads a bit when the Professor and Mr. Brown ask leave to connect—only "provisionally," to be sure—the Babylonish word of which they do not know the meaning "with the Arabic *Hiya*, which is at once 'life' and 'serpent,'" and when they go on, "on very strong grounds" attested by Sir Henry Rawlinson, but of whose nature we hear nothing, to "connect *Hia* or *Hœ* with the serpent of Scripture," with "paradisiacal tradition," and what not. We are old fogies enough to have scruples about the process of "provisionally connecting" a word in one language which we do not understand with a word in some other language which we do. It is at least not a received practice among Aryan scholars, though doubtless Hamites and Scythas are privileged above us. It is perhaps worth mentioning that it is just at this stage, when Mr. Brown's head is full of Aun and Hœ, and Professor Rawlinson and the Eúmeristic theory, that he quotes the *Two Babylons* with evident respect.

All this points to a very odd state of mind. It is a sort of thing which we are perfectly used to when it stands by itself, but we are not used to it when it comes in company with the amount of real scholarship and criticism which Mr. Brown shows in other places. His malady would seem to be local; he is like those Scottish antiquaries who scatter to the winds the follies of their Irish or Cornish brethren, and then go home and hug themselves in the possession of the real Latin epitaph of a grandson of Woden. But out of all this Mr. Brown has somehow to prove that Poseidón was not by birth a Greek, or even an Aryan, God, and that his original calling was not that of a God of the Sea. His connexion with the horse, with the bull, with the Kyklópes, with the walls of Illos, is brought to show that he was not in his first origin watery. His name Poseidón or Potidas proves nothing; it is in vain to show his connexion with the root *wer* or *wec*, for that root means "to drink," and what is wanted is to prove his connexion with sea-water, which nobody drinks. Yet somehow in the course of his travels he has got mixed up with personages sacred and

\* *Poseidón: a Link between Semite, Hamite, and Aryan. Being an Attempt to Trace the Cultus of the God to its Sources, with Illustrations of the History of the Kyklópes, Hyksos, Phœnicians, Aithiopes or Cushites, and Philistines.* By Robert Brown, Jun., F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

profane, who are most of them of a somewhat watery nature. We can hardly bring ourselves to think of the patriarch Noah except in connexion with the Flood, and the idol Dagon is surely a fishy, and therefore by implication a watery, being. But we confess that to find out the nature of Poseidon by going even to Noah and Dagon—much more than to the Babylonian personage the precise meaning of whose name Professor Rawlinson has no means of strictly determining—is one of those inquiries which are far too subtle for our faculties. We must be content to stick to arguments which we can understand; and to us it seems that, if we are not allowed to look on Poseidon as a genuine Greek God of the Sea, we must strike out Apollo and Demeter from the roll of the Olympian Privy Council, and—we half shrink from writing it—depose Zeus himself without having so much as Dinos to play the part of a divine Henry of Lancaster. The position of all four in the Hellenic mythology is exactly the same. Mr. Brown brings in the elder sea-god Nereus as an argument against the claims of Poseidon. And we do not deny that, to the conservative minds of the Eumenides or of the Ocean-symphs in the Promætheus, Poseidon might well seem to be a usurper of the rights of Nereus. But then he is simply one of the many young gods who had lately arisen, and who had so irreverently trampled down the old ones. If we wished to be particular, we might even say that the word *νεκρωταλεις*, which the venerable representatives of past time apply to the doings of the new generation, would have a special propriety if applied to the creator of the horse. But anyhow the whole of these intrusive deities must stand or fall together. Nereus and Poseidon are like other people, only instances of a law. Almost throughout the Greek mythology we see a tendency to provide each element with a twofold ruler; there is an elder God, of a more purely physical and elementary kind, who hardly reaches to the dignity of a person, and who, though doubtless entitled to appear in the General Assembly on Olympus, has no place as a member of its inner Council. Such earlier deities are Ouranos, Gaia, Helios, and Nereus; they are hardly persons, they are hardly to be distinguished from the physical objects over which they preside. Alongside, or rather over and above, each of these is a younger deity, whose personality is much more distinct, and who throws the elder power into the shade, without wholly depriving him either of his being or of his divinity. Zeus stands in this relation to Ouranos, Demeter to Gaia, Phoebus Apollo to Helios, and it is not unlikely that Aidēs, the lord of the lower world of men, properly stands in the same relation to Tartarus, the lord of the under world, or the under world itself, not of men, but of Gods. Now, unless we have Poseidon to fill the same place with regard to Nereus, our series is left sadly incomplete. It is not for us to say how Zeus, Apollo, and Demeter came in this way to supplant Ouranos, Helios, and Gaia. We only say that, however it was, Poseidon supplanted Nereus in the same way, and that, if Poseidon is to be deprived of his rights as being a Libyan or Philistine stranger, the same measure of disfranchisement must be dealt out to Zeus, Demeter, and Apollo. And the thought that Apollo, the very lord of light and sweetness and culture, could anyhow come to be branded as a Philistine, really overpowers us. And the difficulty about Poseidon having to do with matters which do not seem quite in his line as lord of the sea is met by exactly the same difficulty in the case of Apollo. No sound mythologist can doubt that Apollo was at first the sun, as he again became at last. Yet Apollo is engaged in many matters which seem to have as little to do with his duties as lord of the sun as any of the doings of Poseidon have to do with his duties as lord of the sea. As for his relation to the horse, when we remember the *ἵππο-λυστος* of our own Chronicles and the white horses of O'Donoghue in the sister island, when we remember how many poets have likened waves to horses and horses to waves, ships to horses and horses to ships, the connexion between the horse and the God of the sea seems to us the most natural thing in the world, even without asking whether *ἵππος*, *equus*, *agua*, our own *cock* and our own *ea*, have etymologically anything to do with one another.

#### LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD ELGIN.

It is not often that a reader wishes to hear more of a biographer; but the self-restraint which Mr. Walrond has shown in editing the *Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin* leaves something of this effect on the mind. The few sentences of connecting narrative, and the still fewer sentences of comment, might have been made more numerous with real benefit to the object of the book. A writer who knows how to bring out the lesson of many pages of correspondence in a word or two might well have used his power with less reserve. As it is, Mr. Walrond's part in the work is a model to be held up for imitation. Lord Elgin's life lends itself to this mode of treatment. It is marked off into three distinct divisions—Canada, China, and India—and in each the materials are of a kind which tell their own tale. As regards the first, the years from 1817 to 1824 are already remote enough to deprive despatches and official letters of that resemblance to a blue-book which attaches to them while the circumstances of their origin are fresh in recollection. During his two expeditions to China Lord Elgin kept an almost daily journal for Lady Elgin. It is not

quite clear why more use was not made of this latter source of information for the first half of his short life in India. It would have been interesting to learn how Indian facts impressed Lord Elgin when they first presented themselves before his eyes, and what were the observations on which the views expressed in more formal correspondence were originally founded. Mr. Walrond mentions, however, that, as his first hot season in Calcutta went on, "his journal contains more and more frequent notices of the oppressive heat of the weather and its effects upon his own health." "I do not think," Lord Elgin says in one place, that the doctor "is particularly proud of the way in which I am bearing up against this oppressive and depressive season"; and it is possible that this foreshadowing of the end which was to come scarcely a year later may have made his observations less quick, or his records of what he saw less full. But there is abundant material in what Mr. Walrond has actually printed to secure for Lord Elgin that familiar recognition among those who come after him which he "was prevented by the peculiar circumstances of his public course from enjoying among his contemporaries." An intimate friend said of him after his death, that his distinguishing characteristic was disinterestedness; "he seemed utterly incapable of regarding any subject except with a view to the interests of his country." The form in which this disinterestedness showed itself was one which is especially rare in modern political life. He never sought to escape responsibility. His argument always was, If I make a mistake, the blame and all the other consequences will fall upon me; if I leave it to be made by some one else, the blame and the other consequences may fall on the Government which I represent. The most conspicuous instance of this quality is his conduct in Canada in 1849. A Bill had been introduced in the Assembly to give compensation to persons whose property had been wantonly destroyed by persons acting in support of the authorities during the rebellion of 1837 and 1838. This Bill gave great offence to the Canadian Tories, although something of the kind had been rendered inevitable by their own policy when in power. When the Bill had passed through the Canadian Parliament, a number of petitions were addressed to Lord Elgin, praying him to reserve it for the consideration of the Home Government. The question was an important one, for it concerned the payment of compensation to rebels on what might be treated as merely technical grounds, and many men would have seen in this fact a sufficient reason for handing over the decision of it to a superior authority. By so doing Lord Elgin might have avoided an amount of unpopularity which exposed him to danger of life and limb. He would not have been greeted with showers of stones when he drove through the streets of Montreal, or have had afterwards to choose between keeping away from the city and entering it at the cost of civil bloodshed. But by so doing Lord Elgin would have preferred his own comfort to the interests of England, and where the issue was thus clear he made no attempt to disguise it from himself. "I considered," he wrote, "that by reserving the Bill I should only cast on Her Majesty and Her Majesty's advisers a responsibility which ought to rest on my own shoulders." It was certain that the act of giving his assent to this Bill would be misrepresented at home; it was not impossible that the English Government might disapprove what he had done. But Lord Elgin felt assured that the Bill must in the end become law, and that whoever was the instrument of its becoming law would be exposed to great obloquy. An unpopular step had to be taken, and it was better that it should be taken by the Governor than by a Minister who would be supposed by the Canadian populace to be merely the mouthpiece of the Queen's personal will.

In this case Lord Elgin accepted responsibility when it brought with it physical discomfort and annoyance. At a later period he accepted responsibility when it involved still greater self-denial. When Lord Elgin determined to lend to Lord Canning, for the suppression of the mutiny in India, the troops which had been given him for the purposes of his mission in China, he condemned himself to six months of tedious inaction, and risked the success of the work which he had just taken in hand. As it happened, the sacrifice was appreciated, because the result showed how necessary it had been. But if things in India had turned out differently, and Lord Canning's request had proved to have been prompted by exaggerated fears, Lord Elgin might have been told that it was no business of his to do Lord Canning's work, and that the Government expected its emissaries to obey orders even when their own judgment led them to think that those orders ought to be modified. But Lord Elgin knew that patriotism demands sacrifices of reputation as well as of comfort, and he had the reward of hearing from Sir William Peel that "it was the Chinese Expedition that relieved Lucknow, relieved Cawnpore, and fought the battle of the 6th of December." Lord Elgin's Chinese journals are still interesting, notwithstanding that the story has been told by other hands, and that China is no longer an unfamiliar land to English travellers. The most striking feature in them is the way in which his hatred of anything like oppression of a population whom he could not regard as in any way responsible for the acts which he was commissioned to avenge, was tempered by his sense of the utility of half measures. "I have seen," he writes, "more to disgust me with my fellow-countrymen, than I saw during the whole course of my previous life, since I have found them in the East among populations too timid to resist and too ignorant to complain. I have an instinct in me which loves righteousness and hates iniquity, and all this keeps me in a perpetual boil." The whole contemplating the bombardment of Canton on unprovoked

\* *Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin*. Edited by Theodore Walrond, Esq. London: John Murray. 1872.



with a million inhabitants, he writes, "It was impossible for me to do otherwise than as I have done. I could not have abandoned the demand to enter the city without compromising our position in China altogether, and opening the way to calamities even greater than those now before us." The deliberate burning of the Summer Palace at Peking was another instance of how inexorable Lord Elgin could be when he had once determined that strong measures were necessary. Yet all this time his sympathy with the better side of the Chinese character, and his desire to get to understand it as thoroughly as was possible in so short a stay, continued undiminished. He seems to have been proof against the temptation to dislike that which he despised, which is so fatal in dealing with inferior races. There is no more suggestive criticism of the Chinese mind than his remark, made at the dinner of the Royal Academy in 1861, that "at all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, it seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision." The invention of gunpowder has led the Chinese, not to military supremacy, but to the construction of crackers. Their knowledge of the mariner's compass has never carried them beyond the coasting junk. Their printing presses have given them nothing but editions of Confucius, and their occasional glimpses of the beautiful in colour and design have had for their principal products "the most cynical representations of the grotesque." Lord Elgin's appreciation of these occasional gleams of something higher than they have ever attained did not lead him to look too favourably on the dead level of their ordinary civilization; his perception of how low this level was did not blind him to the evidences presenting themselves here and there of a capacity for something better.

This quality eminently fitted its possessor for the post of Governor-General of India. Lord Canning had been endowed with it in a very large measure, and there seemed to be a special propriety in the continuation of his work being entrusted to Lord Elgin. He had been with Lord Canning at Calcutta "when there was hardly a countenance save that of the Governor-General's which was not blanched with fear"—when, except from the Governor-General, scarcely a sentence was to be heard from man or woman "which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world." When he came back to India to fill Lord Canning's place he found the same disposition prevailing without the same partial excuse. One of the first decisions he had to arrive at was whether an English soldier who had killed a native, without deliberation indeed, but "in wanton recklessness, almost without provocation, under an impulse which would have been resisted if the life of the victim had been estimated at the value of that of a dog," should have his sentence of death commuted. The murder had been committed in the Punjab, and there was quite enough doubt on the question of jurisdiction to have justified Lord Elgin in referring the case to the Lieutenant-Governor. But he felt that the delay, "and, above all, the appearance of a desire to shrink from the responsibility of passing a decision on the case, which this step would involve, would be so mischievous," that he determined to take the matter into his own hands. The same characteristic displays itself here as in Canada and China. It might be pleasant to shift the responsibility to some one else, but it would be shirking his own proper work, and no man must ever be able to say that of him. Certainly no man ever did or could say that of him. A high sense of public duty was throughout his life his most eminent quality; it was this, joined to a "passionate love of justice," that, as Mr. Walcott truly says, made him what he was. There are no characteristics so precious in the Governor of a great dependency, and it must always be matter for sorrow that to the historian Lord Elgin is but "an unfinished torso in the gallery of our Indian rulers."

#### NEW HOMES FOR THE OLD COUNTRY.\*

**M**RS. BADEN-POWELL informs us in his preface that he has had "very exceptional advantages" for observing the state of things in our colonies. He infers, and we quite agree with him, that under these circumstances no excuse is needed for giving to the world the results of his observations. At any rate the world is now in possession of one more volume, and we may add a very portly, handsomely printed, and externally attractive volume. We must indeed make a brief exception in regard to the illustrations, which do not, it is true, affect to possess any artistic merit, but which strike us as on the whole scarcely worthy of serving even as humble accompaniments to the text. The internal merits of the book require a rather fuller notice. We have read it with pleasure, and in a sense with profit; but the pleasure is not due to any very admirable literary qualities, nor the profit to any vast amount of recondite information. Mr. Baden-Powell appears to be a young Englishman of the better type; that is to say, a vigorous, healthy, sport-loving animal, with a good fund of almost common sense, but without any pretensions to philosophy or wide cultivation. He occasionally indulges in rather queer slang, some of which may be of Australian growth. The description which he gives of Australian houses, and his brief historical notices, are such as might be compiled by anybody with no more exceptional advantages than are implied in a three months' trip to the colonies and the perusal of a gazetteer. He tells us that he once spoke to an inhabitant of Mad-

agascar who was under the firm impression that New Zealand was still exclusively occupied by savages; from which he infers, if such is the ignorance which prevails in the colonies in regard to each other, the ignorance which prevails in regard to all of them in the mother-country must be profound indeed, and very much in need of any sparks of enlightenment, however trifling. If he has not thrown any dazzling light upon the subject, we can very well afford to do without columns of statistics and abstracts of early colonial annals. When we are in want of such knowledge, we can turn to our blue-books; and, on the whole, we prefer to keep our blue-books and our books of travel separate. We therefore take leave of Mr. Baden-Powell's remarks upon this rather ungrateful part of the subject, to turn to that where he is considerably more at home, and speaks with greater freedom and freshness.

The two divisions of his book headed "Life in the Bush" and "Natural History" strike us as decidedly superior to the rest. Natural history, as we need hardly say, is pretty nearly synonymous with sport. Mr. Baden-Powell is not one of the murderous variety of sportsmen, and can take an interest in an animal without instantaneously conceiving ingenious plans for killing it. Indeed we fear that he can scarcely be up to the mark, when he says that it will "sound to English sportsmen something like murder to walk quietly round about some twelve little pigeons crouching down to the ground, and then deliberately to fire, getting five or six of them at one shot." English sportsmen are in the habit of practising an amusement which, to the outside world, is undistinguishable from this; for whether you show your skill by killing a number of birds on the ground, or hitting them in the air, is obviously a matter of detail. Mr. Baden-Powell, however, dilates upon nobler sports. The Australian sportsman has no concern with the brute aristocracy which is capable of occasionally exchanging parts with its pursuer. At worst an "old man" kangaroo may rip up one of his dogs, or in New Zealand he may get a nasty bite from one of the pigs which have run wild in the island. There is, however, no lack of excitement. According to all accounts, riding after a lively kangaroo must offer rather more chances of breaking your neck than are generally encountered by the foxhunter in a stiff country. An Australian horse, it appears, is as active as a chamois in galloping over loose rocks and fallen stumps, and can find his way through a dense forest, or, to use the poetical expression which our Australian friends have invented, a dense scrub, without ever bringing his rider's knees into collision with the trees. It is necessary to keep close to the dogs over every possible variety of obstacle under penalty of being hopelessly thrown out; and altogether, as kangaroos appear to be rapidly increasing, we should say that energetic sportsmen in search of a new variety of amusement might do worse than emigrate to Australia, greatly as their loss would be regretted in the mother-country. We may observe parenthetically that it is a queer illustration of the tenacity with which the expatriated Briton clings to his native prepossessions, that a strong prejudice exists against Kangaroo meat, which Mr. Baden-Powell pronounces to be excellent. We have a curious facility in taking a strong dislike to any course of conduct by which increased supplies of nutritious food may be obtained without unreasonable expense. The sportsman who has exhausted the interest of kangaroo hunting may fall back upon various resources. There are ducks, quails, and the afiread pigeons; and if a less commonplace bird is required, omias are still to be found pretty frequently in the wilder parts, though we are glad to hear that there is a general opinion that they ought not to be killed; and the sportsman of a naturalist turn may still flatter himself with the hopes that in the more retired interior of New Zealand he may come across the last surviving specimen of the gigantic moa, and so enjoy the rare pleasure of finally extirpating a very interesting species. Then, if hard up for amusement, the trees may be climbed in search of an opossum or the animal which is very absurdly called "a native bear." And, finally, if reduced to the last extremity, some amusement may be derived from slaying a little platypus. Mr. Baden-Powell, from a stern sense of duty, gives proper directions for insuring the death of one of these interesting animals, though he seems disposed himself to take a more enlightened interest in the habits of the creature, and suggests measures for procuring a live platypus for the Regent's Park. We should be very glad to welcome one to our shores, and he would probably prove a greater attraction than the hairy rhinoceros, who scarcely seems to have received the attention due to his value and rarity. Mr. Baden-Powell, however, confines himself to giving enough information to whet the appetite of the naturalist without attempting fully to satisfy it. His summary account, for example, of the manners and customs of the native cat—an animal so called with the usual discretion of the wandering Englishman because it has nothing of the cat about it—is pithy and characteristic. "It is a nasty vicious little beast," he says, "and so greedy that it often drowns itself in the mashtub." Sir W. Lawson might construct a useful fable for the benefit of our thirty population from this instructive remark, though a scientific inquirer would probably wish for a few more details.

We ought not to forget to remark that a good deal of excitement is supplied by snakes. The death-adder and other agreeable members of the same genus are extremely abundant, and have a special taste for taking up their abode in inhabited houses. Mr. Baden-Powell gives some sensible, but rather disagreeable advice, as to the proper remedies to be adopted in case of a bite in the woods. Most people, as he remarks, wear some sort of

\* *New Homes for the Old Country*, By George S. Baden-Powell. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

clothing, and therefore it is easy to extemporize some sort of tourniquet. Most people in Australia are also more or less provided with the means of getting drunk; and the more vigorously you drink any quantity of spirits—the stronger the better—the greater are your chances of recovery. But it is necessary to adopt some sharper and less agreeable mode of attacking the evil at its source. If by any accident you have not a knife at hand for cutting out the bitten part, “broken glass, china, or shells, are usually to be obtained; at all events, there are few who do not possess teeth or nails.” Whether there are many who would have the courage to bite or scratch themselves sufficiently is another question; but when the only alternative is sudden death, it is probable that we should develop an unusual energy in self-mutilation. Snakes are unluckily amongst the few animals which do not show a becoming readiness to evacuate the country in presence of the white man. The English fly, as is well known, succeeds in clearing off his big New Zealand rival as quickly as his countryman extirpates the savage. The European rats and rabbits have become nuisances, and the rabbits occupy large tracts of country to the exclusion of more useful animals. The English bee, having the great advantage of a sting, gets rid of his native rival, which has not that offensive weapon, from which we might draw a moral too obvious to require explicit statement. We might hope that some variety of poisonous snake might be induced to exterminate the indigenous varieties; but if it would be necessary, as in the case of the bees, to introduce a still more formidable animal, the exchange would not be an improvement.

We have perhaps lingered rather too long over Mr. Baden-Powell's account of the *fera natura*. On the whole, it is perhaps the most animated part of his book; but we should do him injustice if we omitted to add that he has also much to say upon many other matters, and especially upon the pastoral life which fills so large a space in the industrial activity of the country. He discourses learnedly upon the rival advantages of “shepherding” and “paddocking” sheep, points out to what class of country each of these systems is best adapted, and we have no doubt gives excellent advice to intending settlers, though it appears to be a still better piece of advice when he urges such persons not to take anybody's advice until they have acquired the necessary experience for themselves. He becomes still more enthusiastic when he treats of cattle, the care of which apparently combines much of the pleasure of sporting with the tamer joys of the domestic agriculturist. Even the excitement of hunting the kangaroo seems to pale before the keener delight of “mustering” cattle in a rough district. Our author becomes enthusiastic over the marvellous feats performed by men and horses. The best of all sights is to watch a clever horse descending a steep hill with the dexterity of a biped mountaineer, springing and dodging to avoid rocks, and constantly “propping,” in order to prevent himself from gaining too much impetus. In addition to the other difficulties, there are stumps of trees, tall patches of grass concealing water-holes, and thick patches of sapling through which it takes a heavy horse to crush his way. The correct thing, it seems, is to do all this at a gallop, and under certain circumstances by night. Then, too, a beast will occasionally object to the attentions of the drovers, and a cow with calf has an unpleasant trick of charging in a systematic and cold-blooded manner, turning and dodging the object of its wrath. We do not wonder that such a pursuit is fascinating to the Australian youth, and that a fine crop of broken limbs and ribs is the natural result. All this has been often enough described; but Mr. Baden-Powell speaks of the performances with a keen interest which more or less communicates itself to the reader.

We shall not mention any of the other subjects upon which he touches in a more or less cursory manner. It is enough to say that we can recommend his book to any one who is tired of the old country and would like more breathing-space, and some exciting occupation amongst men of his own race. We shall only add that Mr. Baden-Powell concludes his book by the ordinary argument in favour of a closer union between the mother-country and the colonies. He sees in vision a vast confederation of the British Empire encircling the globe, and including within its folds a fifth part of the entire population of the globe. He even ventures to express a faint hope that the great Republic which has separated from us might in some form or other cast in its lot with those who are united to it by at least the tie of language. It is a grand vision, no doubt, and the advantages of its realization are as evident as the difficulties which he perhaps overlooks in his enthusiasm. But it is a delicate question upon which we cannot now enter, whether the people whom he addresses have the necessary disposition, and still more whether they can produce statesmen sufficiently wise and far-seeing, to encounter the innumerable perplexities of such a problem. Even excluding the United States, our rulers have not shown, as clearly as could be wished, that they possess the art, of making a great empire out of a number of fragments.

#### ROSSEL'S APOLOGIA.\*

THE fate of Rossel will for ever form one of the most tragic episodes of the great Commune drama of 1871. To review the last words of a man who paid the penalty of his errors with his

life is not a light task for any one, and least of all for those who, in their pity for the sad end of a young soldier of great promise, cannot forget the errors which led him to an early and dishonoured grave. We have endeavoured to approach the subject without any political or personal bias, in the hope to find in these prison utterances, written face to face with impending death, the true thoughts of one who, but for yielding to the errors of the time in which he lived, might have been an honour to his service, his country, and the literature of his profession. Those in whom newspaper tales of his inherited Scotch Protestantism, or late conversion from Roman error, had awakened special religious sympathies for Rossel, will find no confirmation of their fancies here. He died, it would seem, a good, though not an ardent, Catholic. Nor will that other party be justified in condemning him, who, following malignant rumours, too hastily spoke of the ex-Commune leader as a mere deserter seeking at Paris the recognition of the temporary rank which was refused by the Minister of War who succeeded Gambetta. On the contrary, it is clearly shown that Rossel took no time to judge of his professional prospects under peace, but prematurely declared himself on the side of war à outrance, which from the first seems to have been a notion that he cherished until it became almost a mania.

Put shortly, his history, as gathered from these detached papers, reads to us thus. A captain of engineers at twenty-seven without service—promotion far beyond what the youth of our less fortunate scientific arm hopes for or has any prospect of—Rossel found himself one of the myriads shut up at Metz by the combined errors of the Emperor and of Bazaine. He was kept on sedentary duty within the works whilst full of the ardent longing for real service natural to a young, active, and patriotic soldier, who had read enough to understand something of his profession, if not to master wholly its higher mysteries. But we must take the opportunity here of correcting the impression which prevails that his prison work on War contains deep or striking thoughts accumulated beforehand. Judging from the papers now before us, and from the course of Rossel's history, it would rather seem that the work referred to was simply the result of prison study in enforced solitude of subjects little understood before; whilst the book itself shows acute criticism rather than that constructive power which marks the higher order of genius. It is, in fact, rather a series of very good notes on what great military authors have written than a fresh contribution to the library by a new member of their body. But to return to our story. It is easy to understand, circumstanced as the young captain of engineers was at Metz, where he says he was “under fire occasionally, solely for his own satisfaction, and ran but little danger,” how his spirit must have chafed at the inaction of the vast army in which he was a unit. Nothing can be looser than his observations on the first actions of the investment, which read as mere repetitions of the rumours which ran through the fortress in which his own duty lay. His attention soon turned from these to the reports which gathered head of the treason of Bazaine; and the domain of politics, though Rossel “had never had the intention of doing anything of a political nature,” was instantly entered on, the occasion being of course Bazaine's reluctance to recognize the new Government of Defence. Early in September Captain Rossel was intriguing with those who desired to “hoist the flag of the French Government and overthrow the whole Imperialist set.” Their chief hopes lay in getting to their side Clinchant, then a popular Mexican brigadier, now one of the chief generals of Thiers's new corps staff, and old Changarnier, who had come down to the frontier as a volunteer. The bait, however, did not take with either. Changarnier indeed positively refused, using the strong expression which Rossel quotes, “I do not wish to dishonour my grey hairs.” Bazaine soon heard of what was going on, and, sending for the captain, questioned him in a long conversation. Of this we shall only say that the Marshal's part in it was—judging from Rossel's own narrative—remarkably frank as well as patient; and that, being met with what the mildest critic must call evasive replies, he let Rossel depart and remain free. So matters went on; and when the capitulation became inevitable, Rossel was again one of those who urged Clinchant to take the command and resist; but “nothing could be agreed on, and this attempt ended in smoke.” Rossel's efforts then turned in the direction of escape; and, covered simply with a peasant's blouse over his ordinary clothes, he found no difficulty in passing through the Prussian lines, and walking on to neutral territory near Luxemburg.

Of course he hastened to Tours, the centre of defensive effort. On his way he saw enough of the confusion then existing to discourage him; whilst at Tours itself there was a perfect military chaos. “The streets were full of queer uniforms. Every one had lace on his hat, his forage cap, his greatcoat. Undisciplined franc-tireurs strolled through the streets.” Rossel soon found his way to Gambetta, who “treated him as a man of importance,” but handed him over to the proper War Minister, De Freycinet, who treated him “simply as a place-hunter.” Asked what post he would choose, he sufficiently dispelled the notion that he was a suppliant of the ordinary type by his reply, “I should choose the sole direction of operations.” This boldness procured him a mission to the Army of the North; but as he went without power or credit (which, by the by, he tells us he discovered before accepting De Freycinet's offer), the service proved to be of no use to himself or others. Indeed he implies that it was offered solely to get rid of his importunity; and the first thing he learnt from the chief clerk on his return was that his daily reports still lay unopened. He came back just at the time of the Orleans disaster. One party

\* *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Translated from the French. London:

were proposing to give Gambetta a more absolute share in the direction of the strategy than he had hitherto had. Others ("the reactionary party" Rosel terms them) would have made the Dictator responsible for the defeats of the armies he had conjured up only to see them destroyed one after another. There is nothing more noteworthy in the whole of Rosel's reminiscences than his acute judgment of the enterprising lawyer whose edicts at that period ruled all of France not yet conquered by the Germans:—

How am I to speak ill of the energetic tribune who was the first to proclaim the downfall of the Empire, and who during six months of a desperate crisis was the life and soul of our imbecile Government? On the other hand, how am I to speak well of the undecided and ignorant Minister who was unacquainted with the condition and position of his armies, and whose barren and ill-directed activity could neither avoid disaster nor find remedies for its effects?

Just preceding this notice—and it is in such criticism that Rosel's best powers are shown—is an admirable sketch of the free and easy gentleman, Cavalier, better known as *Pipe-en-Bois*, then secretary to the Dictator. A long and interesting interview with the Dictator himself followed the conversation with the secretary. Rosel revealed such plans as he had, and left Gambetta on the understanding that they were to go into details next day. "Perhaps with a little quackery on my part," he adds, "I might have obtained a firm hold on the Minister's mind. But I had too much respect for the man, and the interests involved." So the next day came, and the appointed hour; but when the would-be Director of Supreme Councils came, it was to be put off with a "Not at home." He had failed, in fact, to convince Gambetta that he was the man of genius wanted, and, thus denied a second audience, he accepted in pique the appointment of Chief Engineer at the remote camp of Nevers, where he was still quartered when the armistice was proclaimed. His miscarriage with Gambetta he attributed naturally to the latter's ignorance of his powers. To us it seems that if he really had the genius for war which his friends have supposed, he would have had more influence after this interview than before it, and would have succeeded in impressing his powers on one who much needed an original adviser, but evidently did not distinguish between Rosel and the many amateur strategists who had thrust their counsels on him.

When the truce became known and was prolonged, Rosel's mind was not made up as to his future. On first hearing of peace he writes to his father:—"I am no longer a soldier. I shall join you in Paris, and either go in for politics in France, or industry in the United States." But there soon came the crisis in his fate. His papers written at this time all go to prove that he sincerely believed the war ought to go on. "Resistance," he writes, "has often lucky chances." "We are wanting in patience. We conclude peace as rashly as we went to war." In another place he refers to the successful resistance of the Convention and its armies to the Allies of 1793 as an example to be followed, forgetting the difference between the divided and half-hearted enemies of France in the days of Pitt, and the compact and resolute foe she had to deal with last year. All these expressions show one thing plainly. Rosel's intense desire, patriotic or personal, or both, to maintain the struggle, blinded him to the real facts of the case. He gazed so steadfastly at his object that he was blinded to the force of the opposing power. The dream which he indulged in, of a successful struggle to be continued in the South of France, was in truth a grosser illusion than ever possessed any civilian of influence in the country, and it is of itself enough to condemn for ever his military judgment. Thus feeding on his own angry heart in his remote station, he heard the news of the insurrection of the 18th of March, laid down his commission at once, and fled to join the Commune, the only officer in the armies who seriously believed that that ill-omened Government could or would maintain the war which had just terminated.

To Paris we have hardly space to follow Rosel, and we can do no more than commend to careful notice his observations on the men and things of the hour, and on the parody of government set up for the brief delectation of wretches who aped the vices but had none of the power of Danton and his *Septembriseurs*. "Paris," he says, in his final judgment of the leaders, "in the hands of those savages, was like a strong-box with a secret lock. The house was broken into, the people waited under the windows; and the Commune, scratching its head before the bulky strong-box which contained the social wealth, was obliged to put up with the copper coin; but, for the satisfaction of its conscience, it set fire to the house before leaving it." This being so, those who defend Rosel's action are plainly on the horns of a dilemma. If he really believed, when he deserted from Nevers, that the Commune was serious in its talk of continuing the war, he must be condemned as a hare-brained enthusiast whom the most palpable lie sufficed to seduce. If he did not fully believe this, all justification of his motives falls to the ground. It must be added that his own writings speak of his being disgusted on his very arrival at the names of those whom he found in power; yet he deliberately stayed among them, got elected chief of a legion of National Guards, and cast in his lot beyond recall with the Communist leaders whom from the first he despised.

No work has been published that criticizes them so freely from every point of view—political, military, and personal. The wholesale drunkenness of the Federalists, their leaders' incompetency, the utter disregard by the intriguing factions of all law but that of violence, have never before been so fully revealed. As a critic of the Revolution in which he lived, Rosel is, in our judgment,

unrivalled, and his work beyond all praise. But in thus condemning the party to which he gave himself up, he condemns himself, and hands down his own unhappy memory as that of one who, though no deliberate or long-premeditating traitor, was at the best a dissatisfied dreamer, following one after another victims which it was impossible to realise, yet which were powerful enough to seduce him on to the saddest of ends. The long delay which French love of form interposed between his arrest and his execution has had the effect of throwing a halo of pity round the unhappy ex-captain. And to the same interval is due a work which shows that the man who knew so little how to take practical action in his own or his country's cause was yet keenly sensible of the mistakes of others. It has undesignedly well served the cause of truth and order by giving him the opportunity of leaving on record a more complete exposure of the hateful conspirators of 1871 than could have been penned by the bitterest foe that Versailles sent forth against them.

#### SWEDENBORGIAN SAVINGS.\*

OF all projects or crotchets for bringing the world once more into joint, we have seldom seen one to compare for oddity or love of paradox with that put forth by "A Member of the Victoria Discussion Society." As regards the origin, the constitution, or even the locality of this Society, we confess ourselves with shame to be profoundly ignorant. Nor does the work now before us contribute in any appreciable degree to enlighten our ignorance. From an incidental allusion we infer, indeed, the sex of the particular Member who here speaks to us, if not that of every other member of the Society, it being the writer's ardent wish to see "a woman's Theological and Political Discussion Society formed in London," where woman with woman could bring forward her views, "the essence of which, after being analysed among ourselves, might be brought forward to undergo the criticism of men of sense and experience." We might perchance have inferred thus much from the free and utterly arbitrary use of italics and other typographical marks of emphasis which abound in the dedicatory chapter, as well as in the closing address from the Member's pen. The inference would have derived further, if not conclusive, weight from the nature of the suggestion propounded for the instantaneous return of humanity at the present day to primeval bliss—namely, if "after all its tossing and tumbling on the dark waves of error and ignorance, all women were only properly instructed, so as to be capable of becoming the *ground-work of good instead of evil*." We feel it to be due to the writer to give her words all the emphasis for which she has herself invoked the aid of the printer. This new Medea, hopeful as she is of recalling "humanity's young life," is yet not prepared with any cauldron of her own in which to cast the decrepit and withered shape. Her spell is but borrowed in all its entirety from a higher necromantic wisdom. "Man," in the Swedenborgian formula, "is the form of wisdom from love, and woman the form of love from wisdom. By evils they fell into an opposite form; yet by approaching the Lord, and shunning evils as sins, they may be brought back into the form in which they were created." Against the happy consummation herein urged upon man and woman alike we have nothing whatever to say. It is the hypothetical nature of the process which is to secure at once the magnificent result of universal rejuvenescence that stirs our doubts, and, we must add, transcends our understanding. So far as our limited or uninitiated intellect is equal to taking in our author's meaning, we ultimately go with her. Her views of woman's immediate mission, and of the duties to which she is primarily called in the world, are such as we have ourselves strenuously upheld against those of her sex who shriek for rivalry with man at the polling-place, in the dissecting-room, in the pulpit, or at the bar. Our misgivings arise when we find our sober senses set aside, and our practical experience outdone, by the summons to a sphere as much above or beyond our own as that of the spirit world or the rapping mediums. In her deprecation of the disuse of the Bible we heartily concur. Among all the signs of coming good which gladden her eyes, it appears to her that "good cannot come in its power and glory so long as a forcible argument can be met and crushed with the remark, 'I must remind you that the Bible is not allowed here.'" Her conviction is strengthened by a forcible story from the *Eclipse of Faith*:—"A scholar entered his library, which contained the best collection of books the world could produce. Some unknown agency had obliterated every sentence which had been derived from the Bible. The consequence was that he searched among them in vain for wanted instruction, for they had become a heap of confusion; the connecting links were broken, and all ideas scattered into fragments; in short, he could make neither head nor tail of them." Even the clergy appear to the writer's eyes guilty of some back-sliding, or at least of some voluntary ignorance in the matter. There are two points upon which she particularly fixes this charge of clerical blindness, and we can but rejoice that she has not extended wider the reproof in question; for we confess that we could but plead guilty in our own case. In the first place, "the clergy, while proclaiming Christ's second advent and the manifestation of the

\* *Signs of the Times: Explanations Applicable and Necessary for the Present Time, extracted from the Works of the Honourable Emanuel Swedenborg.* To which is added a Pamphlet by a Member of the Victoria Discussion Society. London: Clayton & Co. 1872.

glory which shall be revealed when He comes in the clouds of heaven, are blind to the simple fact that the clouds of heaven are the literal sense of the Word." They also in the second place "seem blind to the fact that hell and damnation came to mankind through clever deceitful women and through ignorant women." We have certainly hitherto been blind to this version of familiar passages, and we must submit to share with the clergy the further disgrace of "having yet to learn that the Bible is given for the purpose of bridging us over back again to the 'Ancient of days.' " Our solace meanwhile must be the assurance of a good time coming, of which the Victoria Discussion Society, represented by one of its members, may be itself a hopeful sign. The language of the oracle is indeed to our feeble understanding a little obscure, but not perhaps more obscure than that of oracles in general:—

Among these happy people whose church was denominated "Man," when the time arrives for the admission of the church denominated "Woman," and these two join hands across the abyss of time which has so long separated them, and again become one flesh, they will bear in their train a happy family of humankind.

Our wonderment at this Delphic language becomes less when we find that the fount of inspiration is throughout the peculiar wisdom of Swedenborg. It would almost seem as if something of what our Spiritualists call a *rapport* higher or closer than that of a merely literary kind subsisted between the heaven-sent sage and this Member of the Victoria Discussion Society. It is under the solemn title of "communications" that our Pythia delivers to us the utterances of the oracle. For those who are babes in this peculiar wisdom, to whom the mysteries of the Swedenborgian kingdom must be given as milk, or for whom the twelve volumes of the *Arcana Cœlestia* are a mass too vast and solid for digestion, a process of patient skimming has been gone through, with the result of presenting the cream of celestial wisdom, every paragraph so condensed retaining the number of the original, so that any reader hungering for more ample food may easily refer to the authentic text of the master himself. If we may venture to reduce the sum or substance of these communications to their lowest terms, and clothe them in anything like plain and mundane language, the great remedy for the evils of the time is to be sought in bringing things into correspondence with the Grand Man or Heaven. "The Grand Man or milux thence is that prior thing by which man, as to all and singular things appertaining to him, is connected with the first—that is, with the Lord." There is a mysterious law whereby all things in earth and man are constituted in similarity with the arrangement of parts in the human body. Thus all societies on earth and all situations in heaven are determined in respect to man's bodily frame, "according to points of direction (*plagas*) from it—that is, to the right, to the left, forwards and backwards, in whatever position—and also according to planes, as to the plane of the head and of its parts, as of the forehead, of the temples, of the eyes, and of the ears; also to the plane of the body, as to the plane of the shoulders, of the breast," &c. The helix, which are very numerous, have also a constant situation, "all things beneath man being in planes in every direction under the soles of the feet." Those who are in hell are seen by the angels in the queer position of "having the head downwards and the feet upwards, and also at times oblique." A series of circles, reminding us of the magic rings which link and unlink in the hands of professors of legerdemain, is employed by the interpreter of this mystic lore to set before our eyes the spiritual positions, from "heaven or divine love and wisdom" down to the lowest hell, "whence arise falsifications, delusions, and all magical arts," the central ring forming the iron age or "the plane of human existence." Below this central ring come circles typifying non-believers, represented by Assyria; "apparent goodness which is more policy," represented by Egypt; and "professing Christians who are inwardly bad," represented by Babylon. We look in vain for any hint of the place to be allotted to any existing nation in this descending scale. Still less do we gather what typical stage of degeneration or decay may be that of our own state and nation. We fear, however, if we have to revert to the scale of comparison laid down by the seer himself, "the correspondence of things with man himself, his organs, members, and viscera," that overmuch rule must be assigned nowadays to that lower kingdom which lies towards the lower extremities. "Beneath the sole of the feet," we read in the chapter upon the influx of natural into spiritual substance, "are they who in the life of the body have lived to the world and to their own particular taste and temper, delighted with such things as are of the world, and who have loved to live in splendour, but only from external cupidity, on that of the body, not from internal or that of the mind." They who have lived in pleasure, or in "a delicate life, conjoined with interior cunning, are under the sole of the right foot, but at a considerable depth there; thus beneath the earth of lower things, where the hell of such is." And we are sorry to hear that "several who in the world have been of distinguished celebrity have their abode there." "Beneath the left foot, a little to the left, are such as have attributed all things to nature, yet still have confessed an *Être* of the universe from which came all the things of nature." Further still to the left must come, we apprehend, not a few of our most advanced philosophers, who have got beyond any *Être* of the universe whatever. Worse still, were our eyes opened like those of the seer, we might behold even now, as he did, "a large quadrangular aperture obliquely tending downwards to a considerable depth, in the deep whereof was seen a round aperture, out of which, when opened, exhaled a troublesome heat, which was collected from various helix, arising from lusts of

various kinds, as from haughtiness, lasciviousness, adulteries, hatreds, revenges, quarrels, and fightings." When this heat acted upon the seer's body, "it instantly induced disease like that of a burning fever." There are certain spirits, we also find out, "who not only have reference to the most viscid things of the brain, which are its excrementitious parts, but also have the art of infecting them, as it were, with poisons." Swedenborg himself came very near being killed by them. "They were deformed, and of a beastly countenance." Being defended by the Lord, he drove them to confess and show themselves. "They were spirits who in the life of the body had never been habituated to any employment, not even domestic; but had lived only in filthy ease and sluggishness, and had not taken any concern about others. They also despised faith; in a word, they were animals, not men." Can it be possible that such spirits are even now going in and out amongst us? We hardly need an inspired interpreter of the signs of the times to cause us serious misgivings upon the matter. It is not everybody who can see the secret cause of all our evils, social and political, in the great red Dragon, "whose tail is moved, bent, and vibrated according to the appetites, concupiscences, and pleasures of the body." But that depends upon being possessed of the peculiar inward light. Sceptical people will make fun of the visions from which the seer derived his illumination. They might be no more than a kind of waking nightmare, accompanied, as they undoubtedly were, with frightful internal obstructions. "Mr. Swedenborg," said his landlady at his lodgings in Fetter Lane, where the angelic shape first appeared to him in a corner of the room, and told him not to eat so much, "a good dose of calomel will do you a great deal of good." A drastic course of medicine might, it is possible, have been the means of keeping from us all that is distinctive in the dogmas or in the jargon of Swedenborg.

Still under all this verbiage and all these morbid workings of genius there lay a certain stratum of common sense no less than of science. We may say the same thing in a less degree of the present singular adaptation of Swedenborgian lore to the problems of the age. We have, to be sure, little hope of the regeneration of society from either the first or the latest version of the *Arcana*. But, as a woman's plea for the retention of true womanhood, for faithfulness to the domestic, as opposed to the political, mission of her sex—in short, for the "conjugal" state, if we must needs so put it, as higher and purer by far than anything that the so-called "woman's rights" champions are shrieking for—we are far from spurning such advocacy as that of this latest version of the *Signs of the Times*.

#### SHILLETO'S THUCYDIDES.\*

QUITE as much as thirty years ago rumours used to emanate from Mr. Shilleto's contemporaries and pupils of his wonderful insight into the structure and interpretation of the Greek of Thucydides, and we were led to believe that an edition by him of the great Attic historian would be a permanent boon to scholarship. And now in 1872 appears an instalment of the *opus magnum*, which, then only a dream, has so far at least assumed form and substance, and become, even if it were to go no farther, a definite reality. With a little touch of humour the editor in his preface refers to the length of his hatching process or incubation, and remarks that, "if the public announcement of the promise has not reached the tether of the precept *nonumque prematur in annum*, yet the time elapsed since the edition was promised now well-nigh extends to the *epic iovia* *etn* of the Peloponnesian war." But we believe that those who honestly master the contents of the half-quarter of the whole history now put forth will see with thankfulness the advantages of the Fabian policy adopted in this instance; and will be satisfied that, if much less time might have sufficed for a clear and helpful edition, critical and explanatory, of the First Book of Thucydides, the result in that case could have been no way comparable to the present publication. For the work before us is not simply a mature and well-pondered pre-entment of his author, elucidated and annotated by Mr. Shilleto, but also a mine of scholarship, rich in illustrative and explanatory matter connected with the whole range of classical authors, and striking out new veins, as well as retracing old ones, in a way that recalls the Porsons and Dobrees of the glorious past history of Cambridge scholarship. The value of the volume before us can hardly be over-estimated, even as regards those who for historical purposes seek to ascertain the exact drift and true interpretation of Thucydides. We are sure that a translator, essaying his task after the study of Mr. Shilleto's text and notes, would find his pathway vastly smoothed by his eminent pioneering skill, and would be indebted to them for hints that would suggest an access of lucidity to his work; but it ought not to be lost sight of that this professed edition of one book only of Thucydides' History is in reality—so far as its notes are concerned—a repertory of ripe and sagacious criticism not limited to Thucydides, nor even to the historians, but covering the range of the orators, philosophers, and dramatists of Greece, and a treasure-house of the curiosities of Greek idiom, syntax, and construction.

\* *Thucydides I. With Collation of the two Cambridge MSS. and the Aldine and Junine Editions.* By Richard Shilleto, M.A., Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton & Bell. London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.



Our main consideration, however, is what this edition achieves for the text and interpretation of Thucydides. As regards the former, Mr. Shilleto has carefully collated the two MSS. known as N & T in the Cambridge University Library, and compared with these the Venetian MS. collated by Arnold. He has also availed himself of the collations, by Gottsche and Bauer, and by Duker, of two other first-class MSS., and has given with minuteness the first Aldine and the Juntine readings. The results of this part of his editorial work appear in an elaborate and minute *apparatus criticus*, whilst his English foot-notes deal chiefly with points of syntax or construction and of idiom; though here and there these also bear upon various readings with all the research and acumen of a master of the Greek language. As might be expected from such experience, and the more so when three nine years have taught their round of lessons as to caution and conservatism, Mr. Shilleto is much more disposed to stand fast by a fairly-established reading than to venture upon an emendation; and his small esteem for gloss-hunters is seen in his justifications of words which they would be only too eager to exchange. For example, in i. 82, § 2, καὶ ὅν μιν ἰσχυροῦσι τὴν πρὸς τὸν ἡμῶν ταῦτα ἀριστερὰ ὅν δὲ μὴ κ. τ. λ., he shows that the apodosis ταῦτα ἀριστερὰ, which might be colourably suppressed, and which is matched in Shakespeare by *so*, and in our English version of St. Luke xiii. 9, by *well* ("And if it bear fruit *well*"), is supplied in Thucydides vii. 60, 2, as well as in two passages of Plato. There can be no doubt that the more experience an editor has of texts and manuscripts, the more check will he be disposed to put upon the itch for emendation and conjecture, and the less disposed will he be to resort to modes of evading an existing difficulty by divinations, however happy, until every possible means of reconciling the received text with sense and plausibility has been exhausted. Even in matters of punctuation it is often safest to take one's stand upon the old ways, as is signally shown in a very valuable note of Mr. Shilleto's upon a passage in the 51st chapter of the First Book, which runs as follows:—Τοῖς δὲ Κερκυραίοις ἐπιπλεον γὰρ ἄλλον ἐκ τοῦ ἀφανοῦς, οὐκ ἰσχυροῦ, καὶ ἡσυχάζον τοὺς Κορινθίους πρῶτον ἀνομινοῦς κ. τ. λ. Here a device of modern improvers has been to bracket from ἐπιπλεον to ἀφανοῦς in a parenthesis, to the infinite confusion of the minds of inexperienced readers as to the governance of Κερκυραίοις and the cohesion of the sentence in general. But our present editor's valuable note affirms the old punctuation, and shows how sense is confused and syntax mystified by such ill-advised alterations of pointing. Left as it was, there was a chance of its being seen that τοῖς Κερκυραίοις depends upon ἐκ τοῦ ἀφανοῦς ("they sailed up more unpereceived by the Corecyreans"); but confusion is heaped up when, as Mr. Shilleto puts it, editors commit the same blunder as if they were to point the well-known idiom "quibus cum liceret nollent" thus—"quibus (cum liceret) nollent." Cognate instances of this sort of mispunctuation occur in the 72nd and 115th chapters of the First Book, where however our editor sweeps away the brackets, and gives the chance of a noun's dependence and government being discovered without resort to theories of a convenient "anacoluthon."

Of the few conjectures which Mr. Shilleto has not hesitated to accept and introduce into his text, the happiest is that of Cobet's colleague, Pluygers, in c. 61, § 2, where, in place of the MS. reading καὶ ἀποκρίνεται ἐς Βίρραν κἀκεῖθεν ἐπιστρέφοντες κ. τ. λ., the Professor has corrected ἐπιστρέφοντες into ἐπὶ Στρέφον, and so introduced the name of a town which Eschines (*De Falsa Legatione*, p. 31 st.) places next in order to Anthemus and Thurma, and which chimes in with the order of operations which Thucydides seems to be describing. As Mr. Shilleto puts it:—

After the convention and alliance which circumstances forced on the Athenians with Pericles, they prepare to evacuate Macedonia, first going to Beroia, then moving round the head of the Mænas Thermaicus they attempt Strepæ, and failing in this, they descend and reach Gigonæ, a town between Therma and Potidea, on the third day.

It is suggested that in the *rec* which remains unaccounted for, when this emendation is accepted, may lurk a missing participle, στρατεύοντες, which would make the sense all the clearer. Ἀφικόμενοι ἐς Βίρραν, says Mr. Shilleto, "rather suggests a visit than a hostile movement"; and he fancies that the name of Strepæ, which is mentioned by Stephanus of Byzantium and Harpocration, may lurk in the modern Peak of Stræsi. Not the least interesting and satisfactory point about this emendation is a fact which Mr. Shilleto has brought to light—no wit, that this happy conjecture appears to have occurred independently to Dr. Donaldson. To give the editor's own words, "In Donaldson's index, vol. ii., 294 b, I find Στρέφον (qu. num. in ἐπιστρέφοντες latest?). Thuc. i. 61, § 3. To point out this, which else might be unnoticed, I think due to the memory of my friend" (see p. 73, note). It is as satisfactory to find English scholars neck and neck with the Germans in all that is best of conjectural criticism; and it is interesting, here and elsewhere, to find Mr. Shilleto generous in his praise of an eminent departed fellow-scholar.

From the tenor of the note to which we have just referred, it will be gathered that, indirectly at least, Mr. Shilleto's edition does not ignore the historian's province; and indeed in a number of instances he handles the views of Grote and Thirlwall with an independence based upon a thorough acquaintance with his author. Not professing, as Mr. Seeley does in his *Life*, to discuss the subject-matter of Thucydides, as well as to give a true text and explain difficulties in the language, he has achieved not a little in the first-named department by such helpful notes as that upon ἡγεμονίας μὲν ἔχοντες ἀναστρέφοντες, in the 57th chapter, § 2,

where he surmises that this incredible number of commanders for thirty ships and one thousand hoplites is an error for *the* or *of*. The number "three" would be in keeping with the appointment in c. 66, § 1 of five commanders to forty ships and two thousand hoplites. Still, the character of the work is for the most part critical, and, whilst in its own field it accomplishes for the scholar's work of enlightenment which Dr. Arnold's far weaker scholarship could only imperfectly attempt, it does not aim at superseding that learned historian's work as a commentary on the subject-matter of Thucydides. Its strength, in which it abounds to a degree rarely found in any English edition of a Greek classic, consists in its intimate penetration of the peculiarities of the Greek idioms, particles, and connecting links, in the author's wonderful insight, from collateral reading, into the meanings of words and phrases, and in the occasional more or less literal translations with which he illustrates his view of the drift of this or that passage. We shall endeavour to give one or two samples of his success in each of these lines, though we cannot hope to do justice to a work every page of which contains something to be noted.

Mr. Shilleto's notes on the meaning of certain words in Thucydides are calculated to exercise no little influence upon future translations, if, as we think is the case, they are borne out by the parallels adduced. Thus, in c. 29, Arnold, Güller, and others have taught us to take ζεύσαντες τὰς παλαιὰς ναὺς for "undergirding the old ships," as ὑποζώνωντες is used in Acts 17, 17. Mr. Shilleto stands by Poppo in mistrusting this interpretation, and taking the participle to refer to supplying benches, or banks, of oars to the vessels, according to the suggestion of the scholiast. In c. 38 he disabuses his readers of the established notion that in the sentence, οὐδ' ἐπιστρατεύοντες ἱερεῖς μὴ καὶ διαφείροντες τὴν ἀδυσμένην, ἱερεῖς is i. q. ἀπρεῖς and antithetic to διαφείροντες. By comparison of 3, 53, § 3 he shows that ἱερεῖς simply means "conspicuously," and deprecates over-straitness in the use of prepositions in composition; translating as follows, "Nor do we make war upon you in a remarkable degree, if we are not also in a singular degree wronged by you." The nice definition of the sense of ἀποστρέφειν, "to keep back what is due from," γυροῖς of c. 60, § 1, is most convincingly established to the material increase of lucidity of the Corinthian argument; and in c. 25, § 4 a learned note on the original of the participle γὰρ will assist them who accept its main proposition—affirmed by copious illustration—that it means "truly," "verily," to a right interpretation of a somewhat involved passage. The passage is one which sets forth the reasons why the Corinthians were disposed to accept the championship of Epidamnus against the Corecyreans—"partly on the score of right . . . but also from hatred, because, though their colonists, they slighted them." οὐρα γὰρ ἐν πανηγύρεσι ταῖς αἰσῶσι δίδοντες γὰρ τὴν νομιζόμενα οὐρα Κερκὶν ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ προκαταρχήμονι τῶν ἱερῶν, κ. τ. λ. As Mr. Shilleto notes, if γὰρ is to be translated "for," according to our old prescription, this and similar passages must be considered elliptical, and involve an awkward repetition of παραμύλιον. But such is not the case if γὰρ may be rendered "soothly" or verily. The sentence will then proceed on all-fours with what has gone before; "neither in sooth giving them in their general religious assemblies their customary privileges, nor granting a Corinthian by assigning him the duty of commencing the initiatory part of the sacrifice of victims." In this note and elsewhere our editor shows himself as observant a student of the early history of the English language as he is of the Greek, which he interprets so ably, and illustrates from so vast a store of reading and memory. If he wants to illustrate the use of ἀσθενία ("the poor" or "weak in purse") in c. 5, he quotes, among other passages, Psalm cv. 37, "There was not one feeble person among their tribes"; or, the sense of ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρω in *ultramissis partem* in c. 83, a. 3, he refers to the proverbial ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρω καθύδω of the Greeks, "represented with sufficient precision in Latin by *in ultramissis avaris dormire*, Tor. Haut. ii. 3, 101-342, slightly altered by 'Rare Ben' into 'For they sleep in either ear.' For another note on the twofold sense of ἐπὶ in one and the same sentence (c. 116, a. 3), and for an amusing illustration or two from Aristophanes, Juvenal, and modern humorists, showing how this variety of application may be made to subserve comic effect, we must refer readers to the pages of the book before us. We can do so with the assurance that many such annotations enliven, and lend an interest to, the progress of the commentary, to say nothing of their aptness to suggest new ideas as regards the comparison of style and language.

We have left ourselves scant room to speak of the clearness with which Mr. Shilleto evolves the tangled threads of Thucydidean construction, though instance after instance might be cited of it. Thus in c. 68, ἀλλὰ τῶν λεγόντων μάλαν ἵππασιν ὡς ἔκταν τῶν αὐτοῖς ἰδία διαφάρων λέγουσι, it is in the interest of a clear conception of the construction to find it explained that the subordinate clause ὡς—λέγουσι serves as a sort of accusative to which the genitive stands in the same relation as to τούτοις in the idiom θαυμάζω σου τούτοις; and in c. 33 the constructional obscurity of the clause ἔπειτα περὶ τῶν μεγίστων κινδύνωντας δέξιμενοι, ὅς δὲ μάλιστα μὲν ἀμνηστὸν μαρτυροῦν τὴν χάριν ἀναθήσει is elucidated by the suggestion that δέξιμενοι follows as if the first clause had been worded ἔπειτα ἡμῶν—ἐντυγχάν—so that the sense would be:—"In the second place you will have an advantage by having received us in our greatest peril, to the end that you (if you receive us) may bestow the obligation with the most certain and never forgotten evidence." For the most part Mr. Shilleto's bits of translation incidental to his explanation of the text strike us as exemplifying the just medium between freedom and literality,

and in all cases where he might seem to superficial readers to lean too much to the latter extreme, it will be found to be because, as in c. 22-4, he resorts to a very literal rendering to disencumber the sense of its difficulties arising from style, figures, and blending of constructions. If, as some of his classical compeers have done, he could be induced to translate his author, and give us over against his Greek text his ideal of an English version, we are persuaded that it would be a *scriba* *is* *dei* worthy of the giver and invaluable to the receivers.

#### SAVED BY A WOMAN.\*

THERE are many people, no doubt, who think that to review a novel must be one of the lightest and pleasantest of all labours. The first part of the critic's duty, they say, is mere play, and when they see him withdraw with his three volumes to some quiet spot, they are ready to mock him for giving out that it is time for him to set to work. There are very few novels, they go on to add, that have not an interest of their own, and none are so dull but that at times the reader is eager to read further on. Even if a novel is dull throughout, it is not in all probability dull as compared with last Sunday's sermon; and as no one when he listens to sermons is allowed to say that he is working, so they will not allow the critic when he is reading a novel to say that he is working. When they have thus proved that the first part of our duty is no work at all, they then show how easy and interesting a matter it must be to write the review. For what can be pleasanter than to give a light sketch of the plot of the story, and to bring within the compass of two columns the incidents that have with the greatest efforts been made to fill three whole volumes? The author's labour, they admit, was great. He is like the fire applied to a boiler which turns a drop of water into a cloud of steam some seventeen hundred times its bulk, while the critic is like the condenser which by mere chill can in a moment turn back the cloud of steam into a drop of water. And here, some go on to add, may be the explanation of the old story that the *Iliad* was once written in such small characters that the whole of it was got into a nutshell. Some critic perhaps, omitting the speeches, the battles, and the similes, had given a sketch of the poem in a very small compass; but rumour took hold of his labours, and, easy though they were, turned them into a matter of great difficulty and dexterity. We cannot, however, allow that it is an easy task either to read or to analyse a novel. The mere sight of one fills us with indescribable weariness, though at times we are almost exhilarated by finding that it is written not in three, but only in two, volumes. In like manner some criminal who expected to be hanged, drawn, and quartered may have been exhilarated on the scaffold by finding that either the drawing or the quartering was to be omitted, and his sufferings were to be thus shortened by at least one-third. Our misery, however, is increased by the recollection of a time when matters were far otherwise. Before novel-reading became a business with us, we could enjoy a novel as much as any one. Every one knows the story of Liston, how the physician whom he consulted when overwrought advised him to take rest and go to the theatre to see Liston act. His case is in a certain way ours. When we are overdone a little, our doctor recommends us not to work so long, and to find amusement in a novel. A grocer's apprentice might just as well be told to seek a wholesome variety in his diet by eating figs. We are satiated with plots, and utterly indifferent to heroes and heroines. When we want to read about criminals, we prefer to turn to the reports of the Police Courts; and as for accidents, we are more than satisfied with the supply afforded by the Railway Companies. And yet how pleasant it once was in early days to hide away somewhere with all three volumes, and to read on and on through a long summer's day! How base it seemed to stop even to eat and drink while hero and heroine were in all the despair with which the second volume always used to close! How great was the calamity if on any occasion the third volume was for a time missing, and how vast our impatience till we could find it! If we have altogether lost the relish for such reading now, we comfort ourselves to some extent by the reflection that novels are not what they were in our young days. The *Daily Telegraph* was as yet unknown, and the art of writing loud-sounding nonsense had not been brought within the reach of all classes by the newspaper that has the largest circulation in the world. The incidents, for all we know, may have been much the same; but while the world was as yet unknown to us, they seemed more probable. The love-making may have been scarcely less dull, but we were young enough to think it very natural. The novels of our schoolboy days, moreover, we often read perched high up in the branches of some great tree, where the sense of our own insecurity delightfully harmonized with the perils that beset our hero. When the last page of the last chapter was reached, when hero and heroine were lost to us, and the whole creation in which we had been so wrapped up was vanishing away, the change seemed less sudden as, closing our book, we slid down the tree and returned at the same time in mind and body to a lower world.

Into such a train of reflections have we been led by the novel before us. As we gladly reached its last chapter—*longa* *finis* *atque* *stans*—and were trying to estimate the merits of our author, we could not but feel in how different a light we regarded

the end of our journey from that in which we should have regarded it of old. We had an ample allowance of heroines, and we had an equal supply of heroes. We had the good hero, who at first promised to be very disagreeable, and we had the bad hero, who at first promised to be no less agreeable. The bad hero soon shows himself in his proper colours, and goes on from bad to worse, given up by all the world except by one of the heroines, till just in the nick of time, when the close proximity of the last page of the last volume affords but the scantiest room for repentance, he suddenly reforms, leaves off drinking, gets decently clad, goes to the barber's shop, comes "under tonsorial sway," is forgiven by every one, and is blessed with a heroine's hand. A prodigal son comes off, by the way, better nowadays than he did in old times. Instead of a fatted calf, he is treated to a wedding-breakfast, and though there is a ring put on, it is put on, not on him, but by him. The elder brother, too, behaves in a decent manner, and instead of sulking in the fields while the feast goes on, proposes the health of the bridesmaids. We can remember how once we delighted in no story more than one in which the hero was led down the path of destruction in two volumes and a half, to be led in the remaining half volume up the path of reformation and matrimony. This class of heroes now, however, seems to us only to differ from the King of France with his 40,000 men in that while he first marched up and then marched down, they first march down and then march up. Both king and hero remain in the end on the same level as when they first started, at which, if only they had been content from the first to stay, they might have spared themselves and the company that went with them a vast deal of trouble. Though we have lost all enjoyment of such manœuvres as these, and cannot with any pleasure watch while an author leads his favourite character into a hobble solely with the view of leading him out, yet in our capacity of critics we have to consider, not so much what pleases ourselves, but what will please a reader who reads for pleasure and not for business.

*Saved by a Woman*, then, contrasts favourably with the majority of the novels that come before us; and though we would not have read it ourselves except in the way of business, yet, on the other hand, we should not hesitate about recommending it to all the ladies of our acquaintance. The style is easy, and is conspicuous by the entire absence of rant. We did not, so far as we can remember, come upon a single paragraph that we could not understand. This is no slight praise, as our readers will allow, at a time when the novelist and the poet seem to be contending as to whether prose or verse shall throw the fewest obstacles in the way of writing nonsense. There is a good deal of love-making, conducted, so far as our memory allows us to judge, in a highly natural manner. Yet at the same time we must admit that in ordinary life it is just possible to get a wife without following one of the heroes in dragging a young lady out of the reach of the advancing tide up a steep cliff, or the other of the heroes in putting a few shots through the arm of a woman who till then had been somewhat coy. Besides the love-making there is that most popular of all characters, an old sea-captain, who fills up a considerable part of the story in a pleasant enough way. Whatever faults may be found with the Admiralty, we are glad in these modern stories to notice the vast improvement that has taken place in the language of the service. The future historian of the Progress of Civilization will delight in tracing the oaths that have dropped out between Smollet and Marryat, and between Marryat and the authors of our day. Meanwhile the Civil Service Commissioners, in the next examination they hold in English literature, might in a most pleasing manner test the candidate's knowledge of naval literature by requiring him to write the following passage in the style of Commodore Trunnion:—

"I doubt it—I doubt the whole story; and as for your proofs, I believe that you haven't a grain of proof to back it up. Tell it to 'the Marines,' boy, not to an old sailor like me. And where was the beggarly falsehood coined, did you hatch it yourself? If so, by the 'living jingo,' I wish you joy of your day's work. If any fellow but you, Tom Russell, had brought me such a rascally budget, I would have kicked the son of a sea-cook over the ship's side, and left him and his rotten yarn to go to the bottom together."

With the help of the lovers, the sea-captain, some gossips of the neighbourhood, and pleasant and natural descriptions of the scenery of Cornwall, where the incidents of the story occur, the first two volumes pass off very fairly. The third volume, however, we must regard as a great failure. The fight with the smugglers may be allowed to pass, and if a hero cannot conveniently get married till he has been first charged with murder, we must not object to the murder of a Custom House officer. But while we do not object to any number of the inferior characters being butchered to make a hero's wedding-day, yet we must protest against the manner in which novelists make their own law and their own administration of justice. Those of us who are not lawyers have surely opportunity enough, in the full reports of murders that are furnished to us when Parliament is not sitting, to gain a tolerably accurate acquaintance with the laws of evidence and the method in which a trial is conducted. It would be a fortunate thing, whenever the jury lists get properly revised, if novelists could be compelled to serve at least twice as often as their readers. Better still would it be if advantage were taken of the approaching trial of the Claimant to give twelve of the leading novelists a practical lesson which would keep their books free from scenes as absurd as they are sensational. The author of *Saved by a Woman* seems to go out of the way to make mistakes. Though the trial is supposed to take place some time in the last few years—at all events since the Volunteer movement was

\* *Saved by a Woman. A Novel. By the Author of "No Appeal," &c. &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.*

set on foot—the cause is described as *Rex v. Russell*. The attorney engaged by the prisoner, unlike all other country attorneys that we ever heard of, was “a clever, though rather unscrupulous, lawyer in small criminal cases,” and at the same time “the agent for several county families.” The Western Circuit, moreover, is, we find, so ill provided with barristers that when the “leading counsel had been suddenly taken ill, and the other side had secured the services of both the other best men,” there was not a man left capable of conducting the defence. A retired barrister has to get out his wig and gown and once more appear in Court, in order by an almost desperate effort to save his enemy and rival. The evidence against Mr. Russell was indeed overwhelming. The chief witness for the prosecution testified that she had “a suspicion—only a suspicion—that the dress of the person was in some way familiar to me.” Though she was a witness for the prosecution she began with “a cross-examination,” and though she was the chief witness, she was taken in hand by the junior counsel. Before the coroner it had come out that the murderer had worn a naval officer’s cap and jacket, and that Mr. Russell wore one also. In fact, it was entirely owing to this resemblance in dress that he had been arrested. The “junior counsel,” however, altogether forgets to refer to this, but to make up for this omission he asks the witness if the prisoner “seemed a likely man enough to commit the crime charged against him?” As the witness concludes by saying she cannot swear that the prisoner is the person whom she saw striking the fatal blow, but that, on the contrary, she saw many points of difference, he was of course placed in a position of the greatest peril, from which nothing but a miracle could save him. The judge sums up against him, and leaves it to the jury “to determine what deduction must be drawn from the prisoner’s obstinate refusal to say where he was, if not engaged in the act of lawless violence charged against him.” The judge thereupon retires to get some luncheon. The jury, having had their luncheon before the trial began, retire to consider their verdict. Every one seemed to think that the prisoner must be hanged, when happily an old gipsy woman is found ready to give the most important evidence. The judge calls back the jury, and the old gipsy-woman swears that the prisoner had nothing to do with the murder, that she knows who committed it, though she will not tell his name. The prisoner is of course at once acquitted; but he is “severely cautioned by the judge.”

The author of *Saved by a Woman* requires, in our opinion, to be quite as much “severely cautioned” as the prisoner. He, at all events, was innocent of the murder, while our author, for the sake of an exciting scene and a third volume, has gone far to spoil a story that had considerable merits of its own.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE third and concluding volume of Professor Friedländer’s excellent work on Roman manners and morals during the earlier ages of the Empire\* is in some respects the most interesting of any. The author apologizes for having made it to a considerable extent an analysis of antique culture rather than of ethics; but in reality the two subjects are so intimately connected that this scarcely amounts to a departure from his original plan. The inquiry, for instance, which occupies the first section of the volume, into the degree in which the refinements and conveniences of life were diffused at the period, necessarily involves the whole disputed question of the prevalence of luxury in Imperial Rome, and its supposed influence in producing national degeneracy and decay. The author contends that the profligacy of the age has been much exaggerated, from a too implicit reliance on the highly coloured representations of satirists and rhetoricians, from an casiness in admitting exceptional incidents as typical of general circumstances, but, above all, from placing ourselves at the point of view of writers unacquainted with the principles of commercial and industrial science. The accumulation of wealth, he argues, naturally demanded a vent, and the outlay which appeared so extravagant to the theorists who would have regulated it by precepts derived from ages of comparative hardship and poverty was but the legitimate consequence of a new order of things. A very considerable degree of corruption in the Roman society of the first century of our era must be admitted, but that it was neither universal nor fatal is proved by the remarkable recovery which took place in the second. The second century was indeed pre-eminently the age of moralists, as is shown not merely by the most distinguished and influential authors of the period belonging to that class, but by the severe ethical dignity of contemporary historians and men of science, and the utilitarian tendency of the *belles-lettres* themselves. Coincident with this moral renovation appears the phenomenon of a literary reaction in the direction of antique simplicity, which forms the subject of one of Professor Friedländer’s most interesting chapters. The condition of art is likewise investigated, and ample evidence of its flourishing condition is produced. Another important department of inquiry respects the condition of religion; and here the author alleges an overwhelming mass of testimony to invalidate the generally accepted conclusions respecting the decay of religious

sentiment among the people at large. If the evidence of public and private inscriptions is worth anything, the allegiance of the mass of the people to the ancient divinities was unbroken; while, with the single exception of Lucian’s writings, the general tenor of literature attests a decided reaction among the cultivated classes towards those forms of philosophical thought most compatible with the traditional mythology. Society, in fact, has rarely presented a more imposing appearance of stability, and even the dark blot of slavery seemed likely to be effaced by the humane and philanthropic spirit of the time. The frustration of this fair promise must be imputed to the decline of fecundity among the cultivated classes, and their consequent incapacity to control and transform the overwhelming barbarian element unavoidably introduced into the body politic, but, above all, to the vicious political system which, by entrusting unlimited power to the most unworthy of mankind, eventually destroyed all respect for the principle of authority itself.

The purpose of Dr. E. Buchholz’s\* elaborate contribution to the study of Homer is to describe the material and moral world of the poet agreeably to the conceptions of the writer himself. The first volume is devoted to Homeric cosmology and geography; subsequent divisions of the work will discuss the natural history, the public and domestic morality, the general religious ideas and special mythological beliefs of the age, in so far as they are exhibited in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The present volume commences with an investigation of the Homeric conceptions of cosmical and specially terrestrial phenomena, from the all-enveloping æther to the winds and tides. One interesting feature of the inquiry is the care with which the precise force of the various Homeric epithets is sought to be defined. To this succeeds a description of all the nations and countries mentioned by Homer. The commentator has evidently bestowed laudable diligence in endeavouring to ascertain his author’s meaning, and it speaks well for his modesty and good sense that he should see reason for adhering to the established view in almost every instance. On one point—the topography of the plain of Troy—he appears not unnaturally bewildered among the multitude of commentators. Their conflicting opinions are faithfully enumerated, but Dr. Buchholz seems unacquainted with the positive verdict of Count von Moltke, that, when tested by the rules of the military art, the text of Homer affords no opening for misconstruction whatever.

Dr. H. Düntzer’s essays on Homer†, chiefly reprinted from classical journals, come before the world in their collected form with the recommendation of the deceased Professors Büchh and Welcker. This testimony to their value is the more welcome as the author’s views respecting the integrity of the Homeric text are very conservative for a German critic. The most important of his dissertations are occupied with the examination, and for the most part the disproof, of the theories of Lachmann and Köchly, who, accepting the Wolfian hypothesis of the origin of the *Iliad* as established, have essayed to go a step further and resolve the epic into the ballads by the aggregation of which it was, according to their view, originally constituted. At the same time Dr. Düntzer feels unable to maintain the primitive unity of the poem, and considers it to have been mainly composed out of two metrical narratives, one treating of the wrath of Achilles, the other of his vengeance. It certainly appears to us that one subject implies the other, and that the inconsistencies and incoherencies which have thrown so much suspicion on the integrity of the poem are more easily explained on a fair consideration of the writer’s period and circumstances than its fundamental unity of action and style can be upon the hypothesis of a plurality of authors. Specific interpolations may be readily admitted, and Dr. Düntzer certainly shows strong reasons for rejecting the episode of Dolon and the whole of the last book after v. 677. The remainder of this book he vindicates stoutly, and expresses a fitting contempt for the barbarous criticism which has recently pronounced it unworthy of Homer. He justly contends that taste as well as scholarship is essential for the decision of questions affecting the artistic unity of works of genius, and his own criticisms prove that he is himself something more than a mere philologist.

*Horse and Horseman*, by Captain Max Jähns‡, affords a striking proof alike of the industry of the author and of the real importance of the noble quadruped as regards the history of civilization. The writer appears to be officially connected with the management of the Government studs, and his book bespeaks practical experience as well as fine literary culture and profound research. The first section of the first volume treats of the horse in actual everyday life, the names applied to him, with their definitions and derivations, his management and breeding, his relations as a subject of property and traffic, his trappings and equipments, and the social distinctions to which his domestication has given rise. The second section is devoted to the appearance of the horse in mythology, both as the personification of natural phenomena, such as the clouds and waves, and in immediate connexion with the deities of the Gothic Pantheon. His relations to Christianity and mediæval legislation occupy the third section, and the part he plays in German history will afford material for the second volume, and complete a work rich in curious information and entertainment.

\* *Die Homerischen Realien*. Von Dr. E. Buchholz. Bd. 1; Auth. 1. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Homeriche Abhandlungen*. Von Dr. H. Düntzer. Leipzig: Hahn. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Horse and Rider in Life and Speech, Gleanings and Geschichte der Deutschen. Eine kulturhistorische Monographie*. Von Max Jähns. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine*. Von Ludwig Friedländer. Th. 3. Leipzig: Hirsch. London: Williams & Norgate.

The volume added by Dr. G. Gerland to the great but unfinished work of the late Professor Waitz on the Anthropology of Primitive Races\* contains a full account of the Polynesians, Melanesians, Australians, and Tasmanians. It is an extensive compilation, showing wide reading, extreme diligence, and adequate powers of arrangement, but abstaining from any comprehensive generalization, and chiefly valuable as a storehouse of facts. Especial attention has been paid to the religious beliefs and social organization of the people, and the comparison of the shapes which these have respectively assumed among races so dissimilar in intellectual endowments as the Polynesian, the Melanesian, and the Australian is full of interest and suggestiveness.

The fourth volume of J. J. Honegger's "History of Modern Culture"† treats of the period of Louis Philippe. This strict chronological arrangement has its advantages, but is destructive of the unity of the subject. The accession of Louis Philippe happened to coincide with the beginning of a new era of literature, but this was not terminated by his overthrow, and the restriction of criticism to such works as chanced to be published within this arbitrarily defined period is equally unjust to the writers and to the literatures which they represent. No fair idea, for instance, of the general characteristics of the modern English school of fiction can be formed without a full consideration of Thackeray and George Eliot, who are excluded by the author's chronological limits. The writer's own criticisms, though not original or striking, are in general sensible and to the purpose; but his work as a whole is too fragmentary and disproportioned to fulfil its design as a thorough survey of the intellectual cultivation of the age.

Professor Ewald's‡ views on Biblical literature are entitled to the highest respect, not merely on account of his profound erudition which may be rivalled though it can hardly be surpassed, but from a unique endowment of nature, the essentially Semitic character of his mind. With little regard for science or art, indifferent to natural beauties and unobservant of natural laws, he is entirely occupied by the one imposing monotheistic conception which sufficed for the spiritual and intellectual nutriment of the Hebrew prophets. In their days he would no doubt have been one of their number; in ours he enjoys unrivalled facilities as their interpreter. The first volume of a work designed to embody the results of the study of a lifetime comprises a definition of the idea of revelation in the abstract; an exhibition of its manifestations in Moses and Christianity; a comparison of those with the heathen religions, and an inquiry into the destiny reserved for Biblical literature in the future. The second volume is to contain a scientific confirmation of the author's Theistic standpoint, which is assumed in the present. Although the method of the book may be pronounced rationalistic, its purpose is essentially constructive, and its spirit is even fiercely conservative of the ideas most subject to modification from the spread of natural science and the general spirit of the age. The style is as Hebrew as the matter; massive, direct, decisive, devoid of all adornment, and free from all effeminacy. The book may be regarded as a monument of prodigious learning and marvellous intensity of conviction, and as destined to a durable, though probably a very limited, influence; a rare instance of dogmatism, often haughty, not seldom intolerant and narrow, but so elevated and purified by a lofty enthusiasm as to be deprived of all offensiveness.

An essay on the controverted question of the genuineness of the last two chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, by Dr. H. Lucht§, expounds the view of Baur, that those chapters, which certainly present some slight difficulties on the score of style, external testimony, and peculiarities in the MSS., are an addition by a disciple of St. Paul, made for the purpose of softening the energy of some passages in the genuine epistle. It is by no means apparent why St. Paul should not have made the addition himself, and neither Baur nor Dr. Lucht seems to have remarked that, on their theory, the interpolator must have possessed the dexterity to abstract what was genuine, as well as to palm off what was spurious, as the epistle, in its original form, cannot have terminated abruptly with Chapter xiv. The most valuable portion of Dr. Lucht's work is probably his full analysis of the dissertations extant on both sides of the question.

In a very interesting volume Dr. M. Heinze|| traces the conception of the Logos throughout the history of Greek philosophy, from its origin in the physical speculations of Heraclitus down to the last Neoplatonists. Especial attention is paid to Philo, the connecting link, so far as this idea is concerned, between Greek philosophy and Christian theology. The writer considers that Philo had formed no definite conception with regard to the personality of the Logos.

Dr. Bona Meyer's lecture on Schopenhauer¶ is not uncandid,

\* *Anthropologie der Naturvölker*. Von Dr. Theodor Waitz. Fortgesetzt von Dr. G. Gerland. Th. 6. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Grundriss der allgemeinen Culturgeschichte der neueren Zeit*. Von J. J. Honegger. Bd. 4. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Das Leben der Bibel von Gott, oder Theologie des Alten und Neuen Testaments*. Von H. Ewald. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Ueber die beiden letzten Kapitel des Römerbriefes. Eine kritische Untersuchung*. Von H. Lucht. Berlin: Uebersch. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Entdeckung der Logos in der Griechischen Philosophie*. Von Dr. Max Heinze. Leipzig: Schmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Ueber Schopenhauer als Mensch und Denker*. Von Jürgen Bona Meyer. Berlin: Uebersch. London: Williams & Norgate.

and may even be esteemed generous in its forbearance towards a philosophical opponent whose personality presents so many sides open to attack. Nevertheless he seems to have formed an inadequate conception of the force of Schopenhauer's character, and of his peculiar significance as the European representative of the intellectual tendencies which have produced the most widely diffused of Oriental religions—Buddhism.

Dr. Reuschle's\* contribution to the tercentenary commemoration of Kepler consists of an essay on Kepler's place in the history of astronomy, in which his discoveries are compared with those of Copernicus and Galileo, out of which they sprang, and of Newton and Laplace, by which they were completed; an investigation of Kepler's own grand, but in some respects fanciful, speculations concerning the architecture of the Cosmos; and a condensed biography. The work is rendered interesting by the picturesqueness of the subject and the author's lively sympathy with his hero; the style, however, is not attractive, and the arrangement appears somewhat confused.

R. O. Meibauer's† manual of the physical constitution of the solar system contains a fair digest of existing scientific knowledge on the subject, but is chiefly remarkable for the author's strenuous assertion of the presence of an atmosphere throughout the whole of space, the identification of this with the luminiferous ether, and the employment of these hypotheses in support of Sir W. Thomson's conjecture that the original germs of life may have been imported into our planet by the agency of meteorites. This remarkable conception appears in a fair way to be promoted from the department of ingenious guesses to that of "provisional hypotheses," the number of which is already sufficiently alarming, and their tendency to harden into accepted dogmas even more so.

The late Otto Ludwig‡, who was considered one of the most promising dramatists of modern Germany, left behind him a satisfactory proof of the zeal with which he had cultivated his art in a mass of observations and reflections, principally referring to Shakespeare, which have been deemed worthy of publication after his death. As the notes of a professional dramatist made for his own use, their practical bearing on stage economy may recommend them to the notice of playwrights; and they afford a not uninteresting psychological study of the manner in which the German mind addresses itself to æsthetic research. Ordinary readers will hardly find them attractive. Their general aim is to reconcile poetic idealism with the principles of the realistic school of dramatic poetry; and such, as would appear from the editor's elaborate introduction, was the object proposed by the author in his own dramatic attempts.

It is refreshing to descend from the speculative altitudes of philosophical criticism to unpretending investigations into matters of fact. In a learned, lucid, and sensible essay Johannes Meissner§ has brought together nearly everything capable of illustrating Shakespeare's *Tempest*. The greater part of these materials are necessarily derived from English antiquaries, especially Malone and Hunter; but the writer displays a much deeper insight into Shakespeare's genius than is usual with critics of this class. He establishes beyond cavil the connexion of the Bermuda shipwreck with the piece, and fixes the probable period of its first representation as the winter of 1612-13. His essay includes a full literary history of the drama, comprising a reprint of that singularly impudent fabrication, the ballad of "The Enchanted Island," first published in 1839.

*Die Stiftsherren von Strassburg*||, *Der Dräumling*¶, and *Geschichten aus dem Emserlande*\*\* are respectively fair specimens of characteristically German styles of fiction—namely, the historical romance, copious in description, prolix in narrative, and sparing of dialogue; the novel of manners, with just enough of imaginative colouring to impair the impression of reality without attaining poetical truth; and the literal reproduction of the details of peasant life. None are excellent, but all are sufficiently readable.

\* *Kepler und die Astronomie*. Von Dr. C. G. Reuschle. Frankfurt: Heyder & Zimmer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die physikalische Beschaffenheit des Sonnensystems*. Von R. O. Meibauer. Berlin: Uebersch. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Otto Ludwig. Shakespeares Studien*. Aus dem Nachlasse des Dichters herausgegeben von M. Heydreich. Leipzig: Cnobloch. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Untersuchungen über Shakespeares "Sturm"*. Von Johannes Meissner. Dessau: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Die Stiftsherren von Strassburg. Historischer Roman aus dem 13. Jahrhundert*. Von Louise Otto. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Schölk. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Der Dräumling*. Von Wilhelm Raabe. Berlin: Janka. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Geschichten aus dem Emserlande*. Von E. von Dincklage. Leipzig: Schölk. London: Williams & Norgate.

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## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

IT is useless and tiresome to speculate on the decision of the American Senate. The Committee of Foreign Affairs has recommended the adoption of the Supplementary Article; but the assent of two thirds of the Senate is still doubtful. It is not improbable that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's unexpected announcement may furnish a pretext for abandoning all efforts to save the Treaty. No Englishman will doubt the accuracy of the statement, but the American Commissioners may perhaps have conveyed the impression that they gave a promise in words which admit of a less definite interpretation. If alterations are introduced by the Senate into the proposed Article, it is scarcely probable that the English Government can proceed further with the compromise. The Article as it was drawn by Lord GRANVILLE is more ambiguous than could be wished; and any modification would probably be framed for the purpose of making the withdrawal of the indirect claims still more uncertain and indefinite. Little encouragement is furnished by the recent Correspondence, which contains few traces of that friendly disposition which Lord GRANVILLE courteously and conventionally acknowledged. Mr. Fish exhibits in his communications the forensic astuteness in which American diplomacy is never wanting. One argument on which he dwells with especial favour sufficiently characterizes the tone and temper in which the American Government has thought fit to conduct a great international controversy. To Lord GRANVILLE's declaration that the English Ministers had believed the indirect claims both to have been excluded by the Treaty and to have been waived by the American Commissioners, Mr. Fish replies with visible complacency that the English Government must have had notice of claims which had, according to its contention, been waived. The answer is, that the claims were on the 10th of March simultaneously preferred and waived, so that it became unnecessary to protest against demands which, according to the understanding of the English Commissioners, were only held in reserve. Discussions of this kind can scarcely fail to become personally offensive when they go beyond the purpose of explaining an actual misunderstanding. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE states that the English Commissioners represented to their Government that they understood a promise to have been given that the indirect claims should not be put forward by the United States. Mr. Fish may, if he thinks it worth while, endeavour to prove that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and his colleagues were unduly credulous; but an elaborate demonstration that they must have told a falsehood is neither conciliatory nor likely to be convincing. If they were mistaken, there is strong reason to believe that the American Commissioners and Government shared their error. Although the SECRETARY OF STATE professes to attach great importance to a settlement of the indirect as well as of the direct claims, it is almost certain that the demand for consequential damages was inserted in the Case by an afterthought. The indirect claims and the pretexts on which they are founded occupy five or six pages at the end of a thick volume, and in the earlier part of the Case an Italian lawyer is quoted as approving not only of the direct claims, but of the indirect claims, on which, as the draughtsman adds, the American Government does not now insist. Not the faintest hint was ever given that the amicable settlement by payment of a sum was the only possible settlement which could be described as amicable. When the American Commissioners accepted with full acknowledgment, and perhaps not without surprise, the English apology and the admission of retrospective rules of law, they can scarcely have supposed the English Government to have abandoned the hope of an amicable settlement.

Englishmen and Americans will learn with equal astonish-

ment from Mr. Fish's despatch that the Treaty was not a settlement of the pending disputes, but an agreement as to the means of obtaining a settlement. It now appears that the Treaty which was regarded in both countries, and described by the PRESIDENT himself in his Message to Congress, as a triumph of modern civilization and of pacific doctrines, was in itself rather the commencement of a new quarrel. It "makes necessary a prolonged, disagreeable, and expensive litigation with a powerful nation, carried on at a great distance from the seat of the American Government, and under great disadvantages; and, more than all, it compels the re-appearance of events and facts for the keeping of which in lifeless obscurity the United States were willing to sacrifice much, as they indicated in their proffer to accept a gross sum in satisfaction of all claims." If indeed the Treaty had rendered necessary the insulting language of the American Case, England might reasonably have doubted whether the arbitration could promote an amicable settlement; but charges of bad faith, and imputations of base motives, were rendered necessary, not by the terms of the Treaty, but by the peculiar taste and disposition of the American agents. It was assuredly not necessary to quote and adopt rhetorical phrases of English orators who had been led into exaggerated denunciations of their own Government by their enthusiasm for the cause of the United States. It must be gratifying to Mr. BRIGHT and to the admirers of Mr. CORBEN to find that even in the recent correspondence Mr. Fish is unable to refrain from using against their country their own inflated language. If the Treaty and the arbitration which it provided were, as now appears, unpalatable to the American Government, it is difficult to understand the professions of friendliness and good feeling which were profusely exchanged after the conclusion of the Treaty. After-dinner speeches are not diplomatic proceedings, but the mutual congratulations of the Commissioners on either side, and the subsequent Message of the PRESIDENT, naturally tended to promote the widespread and indeed universal delusion which was disturbed by the violent injustice of the American Case, and which is now finally dispelled by Mr. Fish's declaration.

Mr. Fish cannot but admit that the jurisdiction of the Arbitrators is limited to claims which are "generically known as the *Alabama* claims"; but he contends that every demand which was at any time preferred by Mr. ADAMS, Mr. SEWARD, or himself, is included in the definition; and he begs the question in dispute by contending that any claims which are not "*Alabama* claims" will be rejected by the Tribunal. The argument would be unanswerable if it had been agreed that the Arbitrators should determine the measure of their own jurisdiction; but, as neither they nor any superior Court have power to interpret the submission, the litigants have the right and the duty of guarding themselves against an undue extension of the reference. Any doubt which may be raised as to the intention of the English Government and Commissioners is removed by the nature of the claims which they are alleged to have entertained. When the American Government disclaims any desire to obtain unreasonable pecuniary compensation, it is a sufficient answer that, through its agents, it has formally demanded an amount of some hundreds of millions sterling. As an American writer remarks, it would require some command of face to argue before the Tribunal that General LEE would have disbanded his army after the battle of Gettysburg if he had not supposed that the *Alabama* was cruising somewhere in the ocean with a crew of a hundred and twenty men; but this very suggestion is deliberately advanced in the American Case; and the Arbitrators are invited to award in consequence the costs of a year and a half of the Civil War. The professed moderation of the PRESIDENT can only imply that he and his advisers are

fully aware of the unfounded nature of their demand; but flagrant illegality and injustice cannot bring within the terms of a reference matters which were not included in the submission. A Government which retains any particle either of prudence or of self-respect could not hypothetically sanction a monstrous and unprecedented claim by treating it as a proper subject of reference. The principle of consequential damages would be admitted if it were referred to the Arbitrators, and their decision against the claim would only apply to the particular case. The claim for the prolongation of the war was based by its author rather on the Queen's Proclamation than on the acts of the *Alabama*; and it had not been invented by Mr. SUMNER when Mr. SEWARD drew up the list of what are generically called the *Alabama* claims. Lord GRANVILLE's elaborate analysis of the Correspondence affords a conclusive answer to Mr. FISH's suggestion that Mr. ADAMS at different times complained of national injuries. Injuries inflicted on the subjects or citizens of a country may in ordinary parlance be described as national wrongs; but the allegation that the war was prolonged through the exertions of blockade runners has nothing whatever to do with *Alabama* claims.

The device which has been jointly elaborated by Lord GRANVILLE and General SCHENCK for the evasion of the difficulty furnishes an unintended and curious comment on the American demand. The draft of the Article recites that the President of the UNITED STATES adopts for the future the principle that the indirect claims "should not be admitted in principle as growing out of the acts committed by particular vessels alleged to have been enabled to commit depredations upon the shipping of the belligerent by reason of such want of due diligence in the performance of neutral obligations as that which is imputed by the United States to Great Britain." If the Government of the United States holds that for the future indirect claims are unjust, or that they are not warranted by the rules of international law, it seems to follow that from the time of Mr. SUMNER's speech to the present day the claims were, as indeed they undoubtedly are, extortionate and wanton. That the English Government should be required to disavow an absurd doctrine against which it has uniformly protested is an anomaly which it may be worth while to perpetrate for the sake of peace; but the unparalleled patience of the English nation has been tried to the utmost, and with conditional acquiescence in a ridiculous position its long-suffering will have been finally exhausted. If the *Alabama* claimants are deprived of the opportunity of preferring their plausible but questionable demands, they will have their own Government alone to thank for their disappointment. Plausible and conciliatory to the utmost, successive English Governments have negotiated the RIVERDY JOHNSON Convention and the Washington Treaty, nor have they shrunk from consenting to the marvellous involutions of the Supplemental Article. The consideration for the apology, and for the acceptance of the new rules of international law, may have failed; and it is too late to retract concessions which were offered in a spirit of mistaken confidence. That the claim for consequential damages will never be recognized except as the result of a disastrous war is absolutely certain; nor is it possible to imagine that any English Minister will consent to the payment of a gross sum on account of claims which have never been recognized. The whole civilized world, although England is the object of many jealousies and resentments from which the United States are exempt, is agreed in condemnation of extravagant pretensions which could not be a baited without dishonour as subjects of arbitration.

#### THE GERMAN EMPIRE AND THE JESUITS.

IT is evident that the rejection of Cardinal Hohenlohe as German Minister to the Papal Court was only one small incident in the great struggle for power between the German Empire and the Pope. The issue is now fairly raised, and the battle has begun. The German Government has taken up the position that the present attitude of the Court of Rome being avowedly hostile to Germany, it is incumbent on Germany to defend itself. The present EMPEROR, as Prince BISMARCK observed, has not the slightest intention of repeating the memorable scene of Canossa. How the quarrel has come about is notorious, and it need scarcely be said that each party on its own principles is in the right. If there is a living source of infallible authority, knowing absolutely what is right and wrong, seeing how far the modern world is going away from its true aims, and possessed of the power of deciding on the future fate of millions of human beings, it most naturally and properly claims

the right to mould every action of human life in order to save as many souls as possible. The whole tendency of Catholicism in the last quarter of a century is to assert this claim more loudly every day and to act on it more boldly. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and the conversion of the power of the Pope into a power wholly of a spiritual kind, have been the leading causes or manifestations of this tendency. The Jesuits are the staunchest, most resolute, and most untiring champions of the new order of things at Rome, and their action has been sufficiently successful to convulse every Catholic country in Europe. Until lately the Catholicism of Germany was in the main of a quiet, sleepy, old-fashioned sort, resting happily under the shadow of the State, and giving little trouble to rulers or people. In Prussia Catholicism was especially honoured and cared for. A Prussian was free to be a Catholic or a Protestant; but if he was a Catholic, the State required him to be baptized and married by a priest of his own persuasion, and Catholic bishops were treated as high and most respectable Government officials. There was no religious question in Germany, for the rival creeds were cherished and disciplined in the fold of the State. But now all is changed. The Jesuits teach that every principle on which the State acts in Germany is wrong. Ultramontaniam comes into conflict with the allegiance of the subject to the King. Prelates assume to decide the exact shade of doctrine which Catholic officials must hold. The Old Catholics have raised the flag of rebellion against the prelates, and the prelates have excommunicated the Old Catholics. But it appears that excommunication, if it can have any effect on civil life, is illegal in Prussia without the permission of the Government. The Bishop of ERMELAND, when this was pointed out to him, replied that if he found the canon and the municipal law in conflict, he should be guided by the canon law, and excommunicate as much as he pleased. This has drawn down on him the wrath of Prince BISMARCK, who has informed him that, if he does not repent and see the error of his ways at once, the worst shall be inflicted on him that it is in the power of the State to inflict. As it is very improbable that the Bishop thus challenged will give in, a very short time will suffice to show what it is that Prince BISMARCK proposes to do in order to coerce refractory Ultramontanes. In whatever he chooses to do he will undoubtedly have the support of the German Parliament, which has come forward to urge him to strike a strong blow if he strikes at all, and to expel the Jesuits and the members of other obnoxious orders from Germany. If the defiant bishops are put down, and the Jesuits got rid of, then it is hoped Germany will be at peace, and good sound German doctrine will be taught in every German school, and the dangerous and disruptive doctrines of the Syllabus will no more infect the minds of German youth.

To Englishmen it would seem at first sight as if the difficulty with which Germany has to contend were one of its own making. The State in Germany chooses to associate itself with an alien institution, to protect it, uphold it, and patronize it. If this alien institution gives trouble to its protector and patron, the simplest plan would appear to be to cease to have anything to do with it. Why should the Prussian Government trouble itself to see that Catholic children are properly baptized, and Catholic bridegrooms and brides properly married? So long as men and women are legally married, that is all that the State has to see to, and baptism is a religious ceremony with which parents may dispense, or which they may have recourse to, according to their tastes. If Ultramontane bishops choose to excommunicate a Catholic because he does not assent to the last new dogma, that is purely a matter between him and them; and if he does not believe that the excommunication will do him harm, no one is hurt. The Jesuits may be bad teachers, but so long as they do no one an injury appreciable by legislators, they may teach bad doctrine while better men teach better doctrine. This was the line adopted by some of the leading friends of the Ultramontanes in the recent debates. They professed to be perfectly indifferent to State support and protection, and only asked to be let alone. If all creeds were treated equally and the State stood aloof from all, it was not Catholicism, as they urged, that would suffer. Protestantism is the creature of the State, and would soon fall to pieces if it lost the support which supported it. An attempt was made to defend the Jesuits on their own merits, to contend that they were excellent, useful, modest men, and very patriotic. But this argument was utterly irrelevant, and rested on an equivocation. The Jesuits are excellent men, or some of them are, if once the principles on which they act are accepted.

whole lives are spent in attempting to establish a system which is at complete variance with the ordinary habits of thought and action prevalent among German laymen. The right line for their friends to take was obviously that a fair field should be given to all, and then, if truth was on the side of the enemies of the Jesuits, it might be expected that truth would prevail. Religious toleration is one of the watchwords of modern Liberalism, and the Ultramontanes called on German Liberals to be liberal. But the appeal met with no response in the German Parliament. One of the principal speakers declared that a Free Church in a Free State was one of the most foolish of fancies. The view of the majority was most unmistakably that the Jesuits should be put down, and not that they should be simply let alone. In order to judge of the true character of the struggle now imminent, it deserves to be attentively noticed that what may be termed the English theory on the subject, but which Count CAVOUR desired to have carried out in Italy with far more logical boldness than it has ever been carried out in England, was distinctly submitted to the German Parliament and rejected. Men of known sense, liberality, and courage talked of the Jesuits in language which in England is scarcely ever heard except from the lips of Mr. NEWGATE or Mr. WHALLEY. The perfect fairness of Constitutional government was treated as being entirely a mistake, and the example of Belgium was adduced to show that, under cover of what is called fair play and religious toleration, scheming priests and bold clericals may obtain the whole guidance of affairs and have the nation at their feet.

Several reasons may be suggested why this should have been the course of opinion in the German Parliament. Perhaps something should be attributed to the inexperience of a young legislative Assembly which thinks that whatever it wishes can be easily effected, and, in its sublime faith in its own decrees, ignores the difficulties of practical life. But there can be no doubt that influences prevailed of far greater moment. In the first place, to sever Church and State would be to most Germans to embark on an experiment totally foreign to all their familiar traditions and ideas. The Prussian State is always nagging at a man from the day he is born, if not before, till the day when even bureaucracy admits that, the fact of his death and burial being properly certified, there is no more to be done with him. To leave him alone at the most important crises of his life would seem to German officials something terrible. In Prussia the good man is the man who at every epoch of his tiny history has received exactly the right certificate. The Catholics receive their certificates and the Protestants receive theirs, and the order of the world seems intelligible so long as the latter are regarded as soldiers belonging to a regiment that wears blue facings, and the former are regarded as soldiers belonging to a regiment that wears white facings. But a state of things in which religion was not used as a means of marking off men as if into different regiments would be, in the eyes of the most thoroughly German of Germans, revolutionary and monstrous. Then, again, it is easy to guess from some of the speeches made in the Parliament, that some part of the pressure put on the Government to use sharp measures arises from the fears of that portion of the German Catholic world which is not Ultramontane. Many German Catholics dislike the Jesuits, and, without distinctly rejecting the dogma of infallibility, bitterly resent its consequences. But they scarcely dare call their souls their own, and dread what they may have to go through at home or in provincial circles if they boldly oppose those whom the Pope regards as his best friends. But if the State would act and clear all the Jesuits away, what a comfort it would be! and if in a German home it was distinctly apprehended that the State had to be obeyed or disobeyed, even feminine zeal would recoil from the advocacy of disobedience. But by far the most potent cause of the desire for State action was, we may be sure, the political one. The friends of the Jesuits are politically the enemies of Germany, and find in France a field from which to carry on their attacks. The Jesuits are of necessity, and on their own principles legitimately, the allies and instruments of a foreign foe. Regarding the German Empire as the greatest barrier in the way of their success, which it no doubt is, they wish to help France to break it up. Great allowance must be made, however, by the friends of religious toleration, for the Germans under these circumstances. Ultramontanism and Communism are in many respects very similar, as they both aim at destroying national life and moderate liberty. In a country like England, where neither of them have any real power, we can afford to let them both have their sting within certain bounds; but it would try our temper and our liberal principles very severely if either displayed an irritating activity as the

partisans of a foreign and hostile Power. The struggle between Germany and the Papacy is as far a political one that Germany may be justified in having recourse to political means of defending itself. But it is easier to state this in general terms than to see what measures could be adopted that would be efficacious, and yet would not have a tinge of petty and undignified persecution.

#### M. ROUHER'S REAPPEARANCE.

SOME indignation and some contempt have been expressed in this country at the concerted silence of which M. ROUHER was the victim on Tuesday. It is not very clear upon whom the blame of this conspiracy ought to rest. The Right, which might perhaps have been expected to cheer M. ROUHER, is not accused of having remained mute of set purpose; the Left, which is accused of remaining mute of set purpose, could hardly have been expected to cheer him. In the English House of Commons a member defending an unpopular cause with as much tact and eloquence as M. ROUHER might secure a considerable amount of purely intellectual approval. But a French Assembly does not usually discriminate in this way. It means its cheers to convey good will to the cause as well as admiration for the advocate. At all events this is the interpretation affixed to its applause out of doors. M. ROUHER's speech was evidently designed to produce this effect. It was from no idle wish to achieve a momentary popularity that he angled so persistently for the support of the Right. The Vice-Emperor can dispense with a *claque*. If his plan had succeeded, the Conservative majority would have been arrayed against the Revolutionary minority, and the Imperial ex-Minister would have been exhibited to France as the natural leader of the party of order. Even as it was, considering the ingenuity with which he identified himself with the Assembly, and defended its claim to constituent powers against the depreciatory criticism of M. GAMBETTA, it is matter for wonder that he did not carry the majority with him. To be told that their mission is not finished, and that a dissolution would be an injustice to everybody for the profit of a few individuals, must have been pleasant though the speaker was M. ROUHER. If the Right had been roused by an inarticulate contest with the Left, the temptation would probably have proved too great to be resisted. Any demonstration of disapproval on the part of the minority would have enabled M. ROUHER to sit down amid the excited cheers of the majority. Their applause would have meant nothing, but it would not the less have had its use. It would have enabled every Bonapartist journal in France to adduce the reception given to M. ROUHER in proof that Imperialism is gaining ground in the Assembly. The concerted silence of the Left was consequently a perfectly allowable stroke of policy. It put M. ROUHER to no unfair disadvantage; it simply prevented him from gaining an unfair advantage. Not a single Deputy who wished to cheer the speech on its merits was debarred from doing so. The only applause that was stifled was applause that would have been taken as a homage to the Empire, while in fact it would only have expressed hostility to the Republic. The self-imposed moderation of the Left has allowed the real feeling of the majority towards the Empire to become apparent. It may secretly suspect M. THIERS or openly defy M. GAMBETTA, but it has no love for NAPOLEON III.

It is probable that even in the Assembly Frenchmen are able to draw a distinction between the military contracts concluded under the Empire and those concluded under the Government of National Defence. Very possibly the waste of money was hardly less in the latter case than in the former. The circumstances under which M. GAMBETTA had to work were wholly incompatible with a careful comparison of tenders, or a careful supervision of the goods supplied. A Government which is honestly bent on accumulating the materials of war with the utmost possible speed must buy all it can get without much regard to price or quality. A bad rifle is better than none at all; a good rifle can only be too dear when an equally good one might be had at a smaller cost. That the Government of National Defence was grossly cheated is likely enough, but it was the cheating of contractors for whose control there was neither time nor machinery available. That the Imperial Government was grossly cheated is certain, but in this case the sinners were its own officials, whose dishonesty must have been suspected, if not known, by the men who ought to have punished them. M. GAMBETTA may also have suspected that he was giving his money for goods of doubtful value. But there is all the difference between suspecting this in the very crisis of a

war, when the choice lies between supplying the needs of the army in this way and not supplying them at all, and suspecting it in time of peace, when the only evil that can follow from verification is the necessity of dismissing unfaithful agents. The secret of the immunity extended to fraudulent contractors under the Government of National Defence was the pressure of military necessity. The secret of the immunity extended to fraudulent contractors under the Empire was the pressure of political necessity. The latter necessity was in part real, and in part imaginary. It was real in so far as the EMPEROR could not have released himself from it without quarrelling with some of his most trusted agents. It was imaginary in so far as he believed that this quarrel would have weakened his hold on the country. But from whatever cause—whether from the indolence which could not dispense with useful instruments, or from the fear that he had allowed them to become too strong to be dispensed with—the army was sacrificed, and its defeat involved the fall of the Sovereign on whose head the guilt ultimately lay. Other faults have contributed to make the Empire odious to Frenchmen, but it might have borne up against all of them had it not been for this crowning sin. The diplomacy of the Duke of GRAMONT is unpopular enough, but the provocation which he received from Prussia is likely to be better appreciated as the incidents which immediately preceded the war are more candidly studied. The interference of the Empire with personal liberty may be paralleled under the Republic. The cruelty of the *Coup d'état* was reproduced in every detail during the entry of the Versailles troops into Paris. But the neglect of the Government to provide for a war which it cannot even claim not to have foreseen is something different in kind from all these errors. There is nothing that can be alleged in palliation of it; there is nothing in the Republican administration to which it can be compared. It is a story that admits of being reproduced in shapes which come home to every peasant and to every soldier. When Frenchmen hear General VINOT's declaration that his great object was to avoid meeting the enemy, because he was not provided with cartridges, and remember that the money to buy these cartridges was yearly voted by the Corps Législatif, and yearly wrung from the taxpayer, they are not likely to miss the obvious moral. They have always been willing enough to believe that a French army could only have been beaten by extraordinary ill fortune, and here is the ill fortune they are in search of ready to hand. Englishmen may be disposed to think that even if the French troops had been perfectly equipped the superiority of German discipline and German strategy would still have ensured success. But Frenchmen will naturally hold that the whole secret of their defeat lay in the want of arms, of horses, of ammunition—of all, in short, that ordinarily makes one brave man the superior of another. They will admit of no partition of responsibility; they will place it whole and undivided on the head of NAPOLEON III.

The result of M. ROUHER's appearance in the tribune makes it extremely doubtful whether he would not have been better advised if he had remained outside the Assembly. Being in it he could not help defending the Government of which he was so important a part against the attack of M. D'AUDRIFFET PASQUIER. But there are some cases so bad that it is wiser for the defendant to let judgment go by default. There is more chance that the facts will not be so unrelentingly brought to light; there is at all events more chance that if they are brought to light they will be sooner forgotten. M. D'AUDRIFFET PASQUIER's speech might have been less bitterly hostile if the chief representative of the Imperial Government had not been there to be stung into a reply. And if the original attack had been none the less violent for being directed against an absent instead of a present offender, it could not have been followed by M. D'AUDRIFFET PASQUIER's rejoinder. There may not be much meaning in the warning addressed to M. ROUHER that a time is coming when the country will insist on the Empire restoring the legions which have been destroyed, but it will help to fix in the minds of those who read it the fact that it is the Empire that has destroyed them. The effect of this debate will be to strengthen the conviction of the French peasant that all he suffers from increased taxation and diminished prosperity is the work of the Imperial Government, and, more than this, that it is due not to incapacity merely, but to selfish treachery. It is probable that the Bonapartist faction have not realized the extent of the hatred which is felt against them on this score. If they had, they would hardly have attempted to defend themselves against accusations so universally believed and so strangely borne out by

all the accounts which have been published of the early days of the war. M. ROUHER's failure may have more serious and lasting consequences than commonly follow upon Parliamentary reverses in France.

#### MR. LEEMAN'S BILL.

A SELECT Committee of the House of Commons has approved, with few amendments, Mr. LEEMAN's Bill to authorise the application of funds of Municipal Corporations and other Governing Bodies in certain cases. The same Bill failed in the last Session, in consequence of the usual difficulties which impede legislation by private members. It will now certainly be passed by the House of Commons; but it is uncertain whether it will meet with equal favour in the House of Lords. The object of the measure is to relieve Corporations and governing bodies of a serious disability which has in some late cases produced serious inconvenience and injustice. It had long been known or suspected that under the provisions of the Municipal Corporations Act corporate funds were not applicable, except in the rare cases where a surplus existed, to the promotion or opposition of Bills in Parliament. The subject had escaped the attention of the framers of the Act, and the general words which limit the discretion of governing bodies happen to be stringent. The iniquitous consequences which might follow from a strict enforcement of the law were so obvious that all parties concerned have for many years, consciously or in ignorance, connived at disregard of the legal rule. If Corporations are good for anything, they ought to act as guardians and agents of the communities which they represent, both in the promotion of improvements and in vigilant resistance to any measure which may injuriously affect the interests of their constituents. Almost every important Bill relating to gas, to water, or to railways, has been watched by the Corporations which it may have concerned, either in direct opposition or for the purpose of securing protective clauses. In many instances Gas and Water Companies, on asking for additional powers, have been met by Corporation Bills for the compulsory purchase of their undertakings. In the majority of cases the application has been successful; and it is probable that in a few years the ownership of gasworks and water works will have been almost universally transferred to public bodies. The Royal Commission under the presidency of the Duke of RICHMOND recommended that the supply of water should in all cases be entrusted to the local authorities; and there is a strong reason for adopting the same course with gasworks as soon as they return the maximum dividend. From that date additional profits legally belong to the consumers, who are nearly identical with the ratepayers; and it is reasonable and convenient that the beneficial owners should, after paying off the incumbrances, enjoy the administration of their property. The Corporation of every considerable town has found it necessary to codify and extend its local legislation by an Improvement Bill, which often from time to time requires amendments and supplementary provisions. Improvement Bills often involve collision with private interests; and both parties are fully heard before Committees of Parliament. There is a strong presumption that in all cases the Corporation represents the public interests of the borough, and it has seldom been doubted that the necessary expenses ought to be paid out of the corporate funds. It is absurd to impose on those who happen to hold municipal offices the expense and risk of a Parliamentary contest in which they are interested only in common with the local community. There are other kinds of litigation to which the same principle applies, as when special tribunals are legally authorised to adjudicate on questions which involve the interests of a town or district.

Every Private Bill contains a clause providing for the payment of the costs of promotion out of the funds raised under its provisions; but when a Bill is rejected by Parliament, it becomes a serious question how the expenses are to be paid. Costs of opposition in all cases must be met by the petitioners out of private or public funds; and only a few instances have occurred during five-and-thirty years since the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act in which legal objections have been raised to the discharge out of municipal resources of liabilities incurred by governing bodies. The Gas and Water Companies of Sheffield, and the Water Company of Edinburgh, may claim credit for having exposed for their own purposes the latent defects of the law. Having been engaged in legal and Parliamentary contests with their respective Corporations, the Companies have succeeded in making the members of the Corporations liable for expenses which ought in common justice to fall upon the rates. The Water Trustees



of Edinburgh were some years since defeated in a scheme for providing a new water supply for the city; and the Water Company followed up their victory by objecting to the payment of the costs out of the municipal funds. The Corporation of Sheffield has been engaged in a still more complicated struggle, both with the Gas and Water Companies. After the calamitous bursting of the Holmfirth Reservoir, the Corporation opposed the Bill of the Company for the ascertainment of damages and for the increase of rates, and under both heads they succeeded in obtaining considerable advantages for their constituents. The contest was renewed as often as the Water Company applied to Parliament for further powers, and until the year 1869 no objection was raised to the payment of the costs of litigation out of the rates. In that year the Company submitted, under one of their Acts, to the borough justices certain proposed regulations preparatory to a constant supply; and the Corporation, in the interest of the consumers, opposed the regulations, and obtained considerable modifications. At the same time the Company promoted a Bill which would both have superseded the jurisdiction of the justices and have postponed the time of constant supply. The Corporation petitioned against the Bill, and deposited a counter Bill for the acquisition of the waterworks, and a similar Bill for the purchase of the gasworks. The Companies now combined for the purpose of crippling the action of their pertinacious opponents, and, on the relation of some of their shareholders in their capacity of ratepayers, the Court of Chancery granted an injunction restraining the application of the municipal funds to the promotion of Bills. The accounts which included the costs of the contest before the justices and of the opposition to the Companies' Bills were removed by *certiorari* to the Court of Queen's Bench, and after argument they were quashed, although the Judges expressed a strong opinion that the Corporation had acted in good faith and for the benefit of the borough. The hardship of the case was aggravated by the fact that the Companies paid their own costs out of their corporate funds, in which the ratepayers of Sheffield had a contingent interest. If those who conducted their affairs had not been excited by long-continued litigation, they would probably have hesitated to enforce a strict legal right at the risk of establishing the necessity of a change in the law. If Mr. LEEMAN'S Bill is passed, it will have been principally founded on the experience of Edinburgh and Sheffield; and it will arm Corporations with new powers of dealing with Joint Stock Companies.

The Bill which has been approved by the Select Committee contains a clause authorising the payment, under certain conditions, of costs incurred within three preceding years. The Committee, having probably satisfied themselves of the justice of the general enactments, determined to hear evidence only on retrospective claims; and they heard at length the statements of all the parties concerned in the Sheffield and Edinburgh transactions. As the clause was ultimately approved, it may be assumed that the justice of the case was on the side of the Corporations. It was, in fact, only by a fiction or an accident that the Companies obtained a *locus standi* in a court of law. Their nominees complained as ratepayers of proceedings to which, as Companies or as shareholders, they would not have been allowed to object; and yet it was possible that all the shares might have been held by strangers, and that no ratepayer could have been induced to join in a conspiracy against the corporate body. It is true that the Companies pay large rates, but, by another anomaly of the general law, they are not entitled to the privileges of ratepayers. About a hundred Corporations have petitioned in favour of the Bill, and as many Gas and Water Companies against it. There can be no doubt, between the two classes of petitioners, which is more likely to secure the favour of the House of Commons; and the House of Lords will probably prefer public to private interests, although it may possibly introduce some security against vexatious interference with the property of Companies. Several Corporations and one or two Companies must be supposed to approve the principle of the Bill, as they have petitioned for alterations. The tendency of recent legislation is to extend the power of local governing bodies; and Mr. LEEMAN'S Bill will operate in the same direction. The ratepayers, with whom ultimate power rests, are not altogether a satisfactory constituency, and serious scandals have impaired the credit of municipal elections; but on the whole increased responsibility tends to raise the character of elected administrators; and fortunately Corporations are largely under the influence of professional advisers who are for the most part upright, sagacious, and dispassionate.

## SPAIN.

THE wretched little civil war lingers on in the Northern provinces of Spain like an intermittent malady which cannot be extirpated from the constitution, although it may not be immediately dangerous to life. It is not worth while to examine in detail the puzzling reports of Carlist gatherings and defeats. It seems that after the last serious check Don CARLOS recrossed the French frontier, and it is possible that he may have since re-entered Spain. Some villages which were supposed to have been favourable to his pretensions have refused to receive his emissaries, and bands of insurgents who have been surrounded, or who have become weary of the contest, have surrendered to the Government authorities. On the other hand, the friends of Don CARLOS assert that the insurrection is spreading in Navarre and Catalonia, and SERRANO has not yet thought it prudent to return to Madrid. The report that he had been defeated in person turns out, as might be expected, to be an impudent fiction; and the accounts of the campaign which are published by the partisans of the Pretender at Geneva are evidently works of imagination. It is difficult to understand the motives of a hopeless rebellion; and no light is thrown on the problem by the occasional proclamations of Don CARLOS and his lieutenants. The cry of "Death to the foreigner" is partially intelligible as the expression of a prejudice common to all nations; but it is doubtful whether popular dislike of an unknown Italian prince is combined with any warm feeling of loyalty to a Pretender descended from an imbecile King who ceased to reign more than sixty years ago. The other alleged reasons for insurrection are even more unsubstantial than professed dislike of King AMADEO. The Biscayans or Navarrese are from time to time exhorted to take arms because the time has come to choose between death and disgrace; and they are assured of the questionable proposition that it is better to die for liberty than to live dishonoured. If it were especially dishonourable to pursue peaceful avocations under the existing Government, it might perhaps be unnecessary to inquire how far Don CARLOS deserves to be regarded as the champion of liberty. It is surprising that any Spaniard should be so magnanimous as to risk his life in deference to empty rhetorical commonplaces. The zeal for religion which is stimulated by a portion of the clergy may perhaps be more operative than enthusiasm for hereditary right; and, however paradoxical the arguments of the Carlist leaders may appear, the fact remains that some thousands of partisans have at different times assembled in obedience to their summons, in places which were thought to be beyond the reach of the Government troops. In the petty skirmishes which have been reported, the small number of killed and wounded on the Carlist side indicates both their inability to stand against regular troops in the field, and the facility of escape which they derive from their lax discipline as well as from their knowledge of the country. It is even asserted that many of SERRANO'S prisoners were merely inhabitants of the neighbouring districts who were suspected of entertaining friendly relations with the insurgents. It is not easy to distinguish between the members of armed bands who have after a repulse resumed their ordinary occupations, and shepherds or cultivators who may have taken no share in the insurrection. Such enemies can scarcely be formidable, but they are extremely troublesome.

The conduct of other political factions must be more disheartening to the King and his adherents than the sporadic efforts of the Carlists. The members of the regular Opposition enjoy the embarrassments by which SAGASTA is beset, although they may themselves at any moment be called upon to encounter the same difficulties as his successors in office. The Republicans have ostentatiously announced that they have no relations with the Carlists, but that in conformity with their principles they remain neutral in the contest between two monarchical dynasties. There had been some reason to suspect that the coalition of extreme factions for the purposes of the late election had extended into a conspiracy of armed resistance against the Government. The Carlists hoped that their Republican allies would create a diversion in the South of Spain by taking possession of some of the great towns in which they are most numerous. For the present the expectations of the insurgent leaders have been disappointed; but the affectation of abstinence and impartiality almost amounts to rebellion against the Government. The chief obstacle to freedom in Spain, as in France, is the universal unwillingness to acquiesce in the decision of the majority. When the question as to the best form of government was thrown open by the dethronement of the QUEEN, it was natural that the Republicans should advocate their own

doctrines in opposition to the various schemes for reorganizing the Monarchy. Two general elections since that time have produced overwhelming majorities against a Republic; and it is not disputed that the Cortes who framed the existing Constitution were elected with perfect freedom. It is possible that the administrative authorities may have interfered unduly in the elections of the present year; but many Republicans have been returned, and there is no reason to doubt that the Cortes on the whole represent the opinion of the country. The King is neither an intruder nor a usurper, for he was invited to Spain after election by the Cortes, which had been authorised by its constituents to choose a King. It was known that he was a foreigner, and the objection was deliberately overruled. No rival candidate would have been unanimously accepted; and the establishment of a Republic would have been in the highest degree distasteful to the respectable classes, and probably to the bulk of the population. If, in a divided community, no party will submit to a Government which it has not itself selected, the only alternatives are anarchy or coercion.

The most encouraging result of the petty struggle in the North is the fidelity of the army. It is perhaps fortunate that SERRANO, who is the nominal head of the Government, and who has just been invited to form a Ministry, is also the only military chief of considerable reputation. Ten or twenty years ago O'DONNELL, NARVAEZ, or PRIM could always rely on a certain number of regiments to mutiny against the Government. It was after the latest and most successful experiment of the kind that PRIM, who had risen by means of insurrection to supreme power, sternly warned the officers and soldiers that they had no concern with political disputes, and that their only duty consisted in loyalty to the established Government. It might almost seem that his counsels have been followed, for the troops have hitherto repressed, both under the Provisional Government and since the accession of the King, all attempts to disturb the peace. SERRANO's summer campaign will furnish a pretext for confirming the attachment of the officers to the Government by a due liberality in promotions and decorations. The best security for the obedience of the soldiers is the habit of following their flag. There is little probability of any serious disaster; but the insurgents may perhaps harness the troops by their pertinacity, and there may be some difficulty in providing reinforcements. The greater part of the Spanish army cannot be spared from Cuba, and the conscription is always unpopular. It is necessary to guard against Republican disturbances by the maintenance of garrisons in the principal towns; and the civil war will aggravate the chronic embarrassment of the finances. If the King succeeds in overcoming present difficulties, the lapse of time will tell in his favour. The objection to him on the ground that he is a foreigner will gradually become weaker, and all reasonable Spaniards must long since have discovered that any tolerable system of government is better than a revolution. The scandals of Queen ISABELLA's reign were tolerated for thirty years, although her title was regarded by many of her subjects as doubtful. The indignation which ultimately proved fatal to her cause was in itself highly creditable, but since her fall there has been incessant uncertainty as to the future. The expulsion of the new dynasty would only prolong or perpetuate the moral confusion which enables the Republicans to proclaim a kind of political secession. No other candidate for the throne is supported by the bulk of the nation, and the Republic is generally thought to imply disorder and spoliation.

The life of a Royal cadet is probably dull; and the possession of a throne seems to present peculiar attractions to those who have been born and bred in its immediate neighbourhood. If the Archduke MAXIMILIAN sacrificed ease and security for the precarious Crown of Mexico, it is perhaps not surprising that an Italian Prince should be willing to become King of Spain; yet it is possible that Prince LEOPOLD of HOHENZOLLERN, who had been previously selected by PRIM, may sometimes congratulate himself on the real or pretended jealousy of which the smallest result was the rejection of his claims. The absurd pretext which was selected by NAPOLEON III. for the commencement of a ruinous war appears still more frivolous when the advantages and powers of Spanish Royalty are illustrated by the position of the actual King. France would not have been endangered nor would Germany have been strengthened by the elevation of a Prussian Prince who would have been denounced by Carlist rebels as a foreigner, while Republicans would have refused to acknowledge his title or to assist in maintaining his authority. If King AMADO overcomes his numerous adversaries, he will have added lustre to the ancient House of SAVOY; but his family connexion with the Italian dynasty will have little

political value. To himself it is for the moment injurious, because a son of the King of ITALY is especially obnoxious to the Ultramontane clergy. A Biscayan peasant may possibly believe that there is a peculiar merit in rebelling against a member of a family which is popularly thought to have been excommunicated, and which has undoubtedly been the object of innumerable comminations. In Spain, as in other parts of Europe, the power of Rome is declining, but it has not become wholly extinct. Although the Pope himself is not known to have formally approved the Carlist insurrection, the Pretender might safely count on his blessing if he had any reasonable prospect of success. Only a few years ago the Spanish Court was governed by two or three prelates and miraculous nuns, and probably DON CARLOS, if he were established at Madrid, would be found equally manageable. Parliaments in modern times are habitually exempt from the influence of confessors.

#### THE BANISHED COMMUNISTS.

THE French Government has very injudiciously renewed the practice which it was understood to have agreed to abandon, of forcing bodies of its political prisoners on board the Calais packets, and having them landed at Dover without a furthering. The consequence is that these unfortunate wretches are seen walking along English roads, living on vegetables stolen from the fields, footsore and bewildered, and obliged to depend on casual charity in order to reach London, where they hope to find at least shelter and food. This is not a spectacle which a foreign Government ought to force on the eyes of Englishmen, and it is not strange that those who live in the districts immediately concerned should be alarmed and indignant. English ratepayers do not relish the prospect of having to pay increased poor-rates because foreign paupers are thrown on their hands, and there is a natural feeling that it is contemptible in the French Government thus to parade the misery of Frenchmen, and that it is an unjustifiable abuse of English hospitality to throw batches of Communists on our shores simply because we are proud of offering a safe asylum to political refugees. It is because these men are banished to England by the French Government that we complain. If they were escaped prisoners we should not have a word to say. They would have risked their lives to get away, and we should be quite willing that they should take their chance; and if they got over, and could earn their living when they arrived, they would be welcome to drag on here such kind of existence as might be possible for them. But the intervention of the French Government entirely alters the character of the proceeding. Escaped prisoners cannot be very numerous, and their coming would entail no serious burden on English charity. But a Government can deport as many of its political enemies as it chooses to get rid of. If forty Communists may be sent here, so may forty thousand. Nor, if it is the Government that sends them here, can we have the satisfaction of thinking we are offering an asylum. We are simply helping the French Government to get rid of a vast body of citizens of whom it is afraid. Why should we be asked to do this? We do not wish to act as the policemen of France, or to have to decide which of the various revolutionary parties in France is right. But the French Government did more than land these poor creatures at Dover without a sou in their pockets. It actually prevented their having any money or clothes to leave France with. The Communists recently landed at Dover were suddenly told that they must petition to be sent to England, and on this request being granted, they were hurried from the hulks at Cherbourg to Calais without being suffered to communicate with their friends at Paris, who would gladly have contributed a few necessaries for the journey, and a little sum in hand to start with. If they had been private persons escaping from a hostile Government, they would have provided themselves with something of an outfit before they tried the hazard of escape, and if they got away they would not have come here utterly destitute, and England would not have had to provide them with immediate support. But these men were made destitute by the French Government, and then sent here in their utter destitution. This was neither fair to us nor to them, and we trust that Lord GRANVILLE will be perfectly frank and firm in his communications with the French Government, and will let it know that, in filling the Dover packet with batches of destitute Communists, it is committing what we distinctly pronounce to be an unfriendly act.

In justice to the French Government and to the exiles themselves the Communists should be looked on as ordinary political prisoners. We do not for a moment believe that the French Government would think of landing destitute thieves

and bargains at Dover. It would recognize the duty of taking care of its own criminals of the ordinary kind, and it is mis-stating and weakening the case against the French Government to assume that, because these Communists are landed in this way, we are in danger of being overrun by the refuse of the French gaols and hulks. Nor can it be pretended that those who are sent here are men to whom any serious suspicion attaches of having been guilty of any of the great crimes which have affixed so black a stain on the memory of the Commune. Had they been caught burning buildings, or throwing petroleum, or shooting priests, they would have been brought to justice in France. They are merely men who for one reason or another took part against the existing Government in the civil war of last year. Many of them say, and probably they only speak the truth when they say, that being in Paris when the Commune was proclaimed, they had no choice given them, and were obliged to fight against the armies of Versailles, unless they preferred being shot by Communist soldiers. Others drifted into the civil war because they had been accustomed to live a half-military life during the siege, and believed they were only continuing an easy and exciting existence to enjoy which they had established a right by their remarkable services against the Prussians. Others, again, avow that they took up arms against the Government because they considered that the Assembly was reactionary, and that they had a right to defend their beloved Republic when it was attacked. We do not see how it is possible for any one who has read the documents recently published by the French Government to think that the mass of those who took part in the revolution of the 18th of March were in any way worse than those who have taken part in other Continental revolutions. They were foolish and unpatriotic, and tried to do much mischief, and were under the command of men of dangerous principles. But exactly the same may be said of those who are taking part in the present Carlist insurrection. At a moment when Spain is in great difficulties they are trying to upset the only decent Government that Spain has a chance of getting in order to favour the interests of Ultramontanes. The evidence given before the Commission appointed to report on the history of the siege of Paris and the subsequent insurrection shows clearly that everything had for months been in such a state of anarchy, the ruling force so weak, and the ruled so excited, that men altogether lost their power of judging and controlling themselves, and did not know which way to turn for guidance. The Government against which Paris rebelled had fulfilled in Paris scarcely any of the functions of Government, and when the crisis came, it suffered itself to be ignominiously surprised, and then ignominiously slunk away. The National Guard fought against a Government that seemed to have abdicated, and when fighting had once begun, could not draw back. The result to which their investigations brought the Commission was that the Communists properly so called were a fraction numerically insignificant, and that the fraction gained and kept supreme power because the demoralization of the siege had removed all the barriers by which society generally restrains bad and violent men. There is a convenience in using a short and popular phrase; but it is really inaccurate to speak of such men as those recently banished to England as Communists. They had nothing to do with the special crimes of the Commune, and this, we may repeat, is the precise reason why the French Government sends them here. After the second siege of Paris was over, prisoners fell into the hands of the Government in most inconvenient quantities. Thousands upon thousands of men and women were taken, and had to be done something with. The massacres in which the guilty and the innocent were shot down in order to create an impression, or to gratify the bad passions of officers and soldiers, had been so terrible that it was impossible to go further in that way of ridding the conquerors of the conquered. All these thousands of prisoners had therefore to be kept as prisoners, and no doubt they suffered great hardships, which the Government, having no means of providing for their detention in a proper manner, could not entirely prevent, and, we fear, did not much regret. Out of the mass of prisoners three classes of persons were weeded—the leaders of the insurrection, those guilty of the great Communist crimes, and those who had deserted the ranks of the army. These select persons were tried, with more or less attention to the rules of justice, by court-martial. The rest remained, too dangerous after all they had endured to be immediately released, too numerous and too little guilty to be severely punished. What was to be done with them? It was a difficult question to answer,

and the French Government, feeling much pressed by the difficulty, sought a practical solution by banishing them to England.

Continental Governments have a very simple mode of behaving under such circumstances. They positively refuse to receive banished political prisoners. Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland will not let these Communist exiles cross their frontiers. They consider that to do so would be to encounter a serious political risk to themselves. They are troubled with a revolutionary element which they do not wish to see augmented. Even if the German Government is too strong to be afraid of democratic infection, the notion of sending French beggars into Germany would be preposterous in the present state of things; and it is easy to understand how weak Powers like Belgium, Switzerland, and, we may add, Spain, should shrink from receiving a set of men who might be dangerous to the Government receiving them, and whose future proceedings might seriously embroil that Government with France. England is in a very different position. We are not in the habit of driving away any one who chooses to come here. Every one is free to land here who likes. No questions are asked, and no precautions are taken. We cannot pretend to be in the least afraid of the Communists, and believe that our institutions are far too firmly established in the habits and affections of the people for a few foolish foreigners to upset them. Nor can we assert that it is contrary to good faith and international usage that a Government should send its political prisoners to another country, for we lately sent a batch of our Fenian prisoners to the United States. But then we not only paid their passage across the Atlantic, but gave them a sum in hand to start with, and we encouraged the friends of the prisoners to give them every aid in their power. The true cause of complaint is not that the French Government sent a few political prisoners here, but that it sent them in a state of destitution. Even if they had come sufficiently provided we should have reason to complain if they were sent here in very large numbers. If there were a Fenian revolution in Ireland on a large scale, no one would expect that if, after it had been suppressed, we sent thousands of Fenian prisoners to New York, the United States Government would offer no remonstrance. It is all a question of the mode and extent of doing the thing. If the French Government chose to send as many political prisoners here as we sent to America, and provided them with necessaries, and allowed their friends to assist them, we should not have a word to say. But we have a right to complain if those who are banished here come unprovided, or if they come in excessive numbers. The French Government cannot fail to see the justice of this complaint if it is clearly brought to their notice. They will see that they must find out some other mode of dealing with their inconveniently numerous prisoners. They now assert that they do what they are doing out of kindness to those they banish. If such men are not banished to England they can go nowhere else, and must pass their lives in a French prison. The true way of putting it is that only a fraction of the prisoners can be sent to England, and that at a considerable cost, which the French Government would dislike meeting, and therefore, as the mass of the prisoners must remain in France, it is the business of the French Government to devise some means of letting them out of prison without endangering the safety of the State. No doubt the French Government is awkwardly situated in the matter. It is afraid to let these men out of prison, for there is a large portion of the population, especially in Paris, which is still in a disturbed and excited condition; and it is afraid to keep them in prison, for they have at least a right to be tried, and the task of trying all the civilians who simply took part in the insurrection would be a long and arduous one, and would raise political questions of a most embarrassing kind. There would appear to be no better course open for the Government than to let things go on as they are for a little while longer, and to seize the earliest possible opportunity of proclaiming a general amnesty for all those whose conduct does not come under the special heads of criminality to which we have already referred.

#### THE TIMES AND IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

THE *Times* has performed a difficult operation with great skill and boldness. It has turned completely round on the Irish University question. There has been no parade of conversion, and no attempt at reconciling its present with its former position. The subject is taken up with the tone and manner of a journal approaching it for the first time. "The facts of the University system of Ireland, the anomalies and

"harsh inequalities in it, and the manner in which it hurts the feelings of a portion of the community at least," are assumed, with great truth, to be "very imperfectly known" to Englishmen. "Theories which, however plausible and even sound they may be in the abstract, fail to meet the real circumstances of the case, or to afford a fair solution of the problem," are declared with equal truth to have "exercised an unfortunate influence on the popular judgment." Yet "time," "thought, and a candid endeavour to discover the truth" will eventually lead Parliament to sound conclusions; and to promote this object the *Times* proposes to "indicate the principles of a true reform." It has a further reason for undertaking this task, that the only plan at present before Parliament for improving the University system of Ireland is "essentially partial and inadequate," besides falling so far short of meeting the fair requirements of large classes of Irishmen that "it almost appears to them a cunning device to maintain existing anomalies by the expedient of an illusory compromise." Considering the articles on Mr. FAWCETT's Bill which appeared in the *Times* a month or so back, it will be admitted that this is as complete a recantation as could be desired. It is an additional merit in the conduct of the *Times* that it displays the modesty so characteristic of true sorrow. It enters into its closet and shuts the door; in the less allegorical language of journalism, it prints its confession in the outer sheet.

We are too glad to have the *Times* for an ally to dwell further on the fact that it was once an adversary. The articles devoted to Irish University Education and Reform on Wednesday and Thursday last state the case against the Secularist Liberals with great force and succinctness. The shortcomings of Trinity College are first set out. "It is not, and has never been, anything like a national University," and without "thorough and organic change"—the precise kind of change which Mr. FAWCETT has abstained from proposing—it never can be a national University. It is not the system of tests alone that gives it a sectarian character. "It is that all the associations of the spot, that many of the studies connected with it, that the moral atmosphere which surrounds it, that the social life which prevails in it, are in an extreme sense Protestant; and these combined influences powerfully affect and give its tone to the whole community." If the atmosphere of the place were more congenial to them, the Roman Catholic members of Trinity College would contribute a fourth or a third of the Society. As it is, they do not average more than a twentieth. The Queen's University, with its three affiliated colleges at Cork, Belfast, and Galway, shares with Trinity College the defect of being "in no sense of a national character." By attempting to create a University system on the principle of compulsory and combined secular instruction and voluntary and separate religious instruction, the State has practically excluded a great number of Roman Catholics from the benefit which it intended to give them. "If it is true that institutions are made for men, and men not merely made for institutions," this fact "cannot be disregarded by statesmen." Taking into account the class of young men usually educated in the Queen's Colleges, the Roman Catholic students ought to be a majority of the whole body. As it is, they are not nearly a fourth. Mr. GLADSTONE "is correct in saying that the Roman Catholics have a real grievance as regards the higher education of Ireland"; it remains to be seen in what way this undoubted wrong is to be remedied.

The *Times* begins this inquiry by an examination of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill. The main vice of this measure is that, even if it removed the administrative anomalies and abuses which disfigure Trinity College far more completely than it promises to do, it would not in any appreciable degree "satisfy the legitimate demands" of the class which is at present alienated from Trinity College. The College would either remain essentially Protestant for many years, or it would become unsectarian. In neither case would it attract any more Roman Catholic students than it does at present. As a Protestant place of education it would be shunned by the Roman Catholics who dislike Protestantism. As an unsectarian place of education it would be shunned by the Roman Catholics who dislike Secularism. The choice would be between continuing to fail as it has failed hitherto, and failing over again as the Queen's University has failed hitherto. Whatever other merits Mr. FAWCETT's Bill may possess, it does not "meet the fair demands of the Roman Catholics," and consequently it does not "even approach a settlement of the University question of Ireland." The *Times* next examines with great fairness the proposals of the Irish Roman Catholic bishops. The "levelling up" scheme of chartering and endowing a separate Roman Catholic University is dismissed as having no chance of obtaining the approbation of Parliament,

and as being at issue with recent Irish legislation. The alternative scheme of a single national University in which Trinity College, the Queen's Colleges, and the present "Catholic University," should be so many distinct colleges, is next considered. As we understand the *Times*, it sees no objection in principle to this arrangement. On the contrary, it admits that "a system of exclusively Roman Catholic colleges, affiliated to a national University," may possibly be the "best expedient for procuring the benefits of high education for those Roman Catholics who dislike Trinity College and the Queen's University." It objects to the scheme only so far as it involves the endowment of Roman Catholic colleges out of the funds of Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges; and it rests this objection on two grounds—the impossibility of carrying such a Bill through Parliament, and the inexpediency of interfering with the endowments of the existing institutions. That Parliament would reject any proposal for endowing exclusively Roman Catholic Colleges, whether out of the Consolidated Fund or out of the endowments at present devoted to the higher education in Ireland, may be taken as practically assured. As regards the alleged inexpediency of diverting educational endowments from their present holders, it may be granted as a matter of course that it would be "iniquitous in a high degree to appropriate their private endowments." The Irish Church Act has set an example of discriminating between public property appropriated to specific objects and private donations bestowed on the same objects, which ought certainly to be followed in dealing with Trinity College. But the further concession, that "it would be very unwise to resume any of their public endowments except such as were absolutely required for the maintenance of the National University," goes very much too far. If any of the public endowments are left in the hands either of distinctively Protestant or distinctively secular colleges while no public endowment is given to distinctively Roman Catholic colleges, there will be an obvious inequality in the treatment meted out to the several religions of Ireland. Either no form of University education must be specially endowed, or all forms must be endowed impartially; and if it be granted that the latter solution is virtually impossible, it follows that all the public property now in the hands of Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges must be made over to the National University. It would be a further advantage of this latter scheme that it would not necessitate that abolition of religious tests in Trinity College which the *Times* regards as a natural and inevitable supplement of the plan it proposes. Undoubtedly if Trinity College is allowed to retain its public endowments, it would be impossible to leave it a distinctively Protestant institution. But the connexion between the present grievance and the proposed remedy is not apparent. The fault of the existing condition of things is that the State provides Protestant education at Trinity College, unsectarian education at the Queen's Colleges, and Roman Catholic education nowhere. The *Times* would meet this by a system under which the State would provide Roman Catholic education at the "Catholic University," unsectarian education at Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges, and Protestant education nowhere. Surely it would be a fairer course to give Trinity College the option of retaining its connexion with the disestablished Irish Church. Of course Parliament cannot do more for the Irish Protestants than they are willing to do for themselves. If Trinity College insists on divesting itself of its theological character, it is no one's business to say it nay. But before the authorities are taken at their word, it should be made clear to them that they will not save their public endowments by so doing. There is some reason to suspect that their new-born zeal for the abolition of tests may not survive their enlightenment on this point. With the single exception of the passage relating to the disposition of existing public endowments, the scheme put forward by the *Times* is identical with the scheme that has been more than once expounded in the *Saturday Review*. There may be difficulties in carrying it out in practice, but we are more and more convinced that it contains in principle all the essentials of a satisfactory settlement.

#### MR. TREVELYAN AT LIVERPOOL.

IT appears that a great event has just happened in Lancashire, which quite eclipses Mr. DISRAELI's recent visit. Mr. G. O. TREVELYAN has made a speech, or delivered a lecture, at the opening of a new Liberal Club at Liverpool; and has patted Mr. GLADSTONE on the back, and kindly presented him with a new patent recipe for healing all divisions in the Liberal party and making it again as one man; and



forthwith the newspaper which gives itself out as Mr. GLADSTONE'S favourite organ salutes this "fresh and shining standard" of Liberalism, and sings a song of triumph over the exorcism of the Conservative Reaction. Even that other Liberal journal which is supposed not to enjoy Mr. GLADSTONE'S confidence from the eagerness with which it watches for every opportunity to have a dig at him, announces the immediate restoration of the Liberal party to perfect unity. When two such organs agree in asserting that the party feels very much the better for Mr. TREVELYAN'S prescription, we are perhaps bound to believe that there is really something in it. It would seem, however, that the cure has been rather a sudden one, inasmuch as the patient, who is admitted to have been in a bad way, must have rallied the instant Mr. TREVELYAN'S speech or lecture was delivered, so that the news of the recovery might be published next morning along with the address. Nor can we forget that a few weeks ago one of these journals announced with equal confidence that the German armies were marching back to Paris, while the other intimated that our own Government had resolved to stake its existence on a vote of confidence which it is known to have used all its influence and ingenuity to avoid. It is true that all sorts of odd things have from time immemorial been deemed good against witchcraft, and as the Conservative Reaction appears to be regarded as something to be exorcised, there is perhaps no reason to be surprised that what might otherwise seem to be a trivial and petty remedy has been devised to put an end to it. A ready faith goes a long way in such cases, and if the Liberals choose to believe that this sort of thing is likely to do them good, they have a right to try whether believing will help them. We can only say that the lecture does not strike an impartial observer as a medicine of much potency. Not long since there was a Zouave in Paris who professed to be able to cure persons afflicted with lameness or paralysis, and whose treatment consisted simply in a peremptory order to get up and walk; but the result was not generally deemed satisfactory. It would seem that Mr. TREVELYAN adopts pretty much the same expedient. His object and that of the new Club is stated to be to draw closer the ties which unite, or rather should unite, the different sections of the Liberal party; and he appears to be of opinion that when he has said "Be united" in an authoritative manner, a union will immediately be effected. We are afraid that the schisms from which the Liberals are suffering will continue as long as the causes from which they arise are in operation; and we fail to discover in Mr. TREVELYAN'S address any reason for supposing that these causes have ceased to exist.

It is obvious that the reason why the Liberal party is at present out of sorts is simply that one section of it wants to go faster and further than another, and the party is afraid to move lest it should pull itself asunder. Mr. TREVELYAN belongs to the section which is in favour of fast and violent movement, and he thinks he has settled everything when he has assured those who desire to go slowly and surely that they must make up their minds to go at just the pace which he and his associates choose to dictate. Nobody doubts that the Liberal party would soon be all right if the various branches of which it is composed would only come to an agreement as to the road they should take and the rate at which they should travel; but this agreement is not likely to be attained by the most extreme and violent members of the party insisting that they alone shall regulate its movements. It is not very long since Lord GRANVILLE, at the opening of another Liberal Club at Manchester, exhorted his hearers to study compromise and conciliation, and to bear in mind that it was better to move in the right direction slowly than to come to a standstill through disputes as to the course to be followed. Mr. TREVELYAN'S notion of compromise and conciliation would seem to be that everybody is bound to do exactly as he bids them. He expresses his satisfaction at finding that Mr. GLADSTONE was not afraid to exercise in the name of the majority of the people "that strength of hand and that direct and fearless action which have hitherto been employed only by Ministers who were carrying out the dictates of a despot." It is a convenient assumption that the majority of the people is always on the side of your favourite policy, and the despots whose modes of action Mr. TREVELYAN would like to see substituted for the cautious processes of constitutional government have never hesitated to plead a justification which they did not think it necessary to prove. It is supposed to be one of the advantages of a constitutional system that it provides the means of ascertaining the wishes of the people, as well as a security that their wishes shall be consulted; and as Mr. GLADSTONE was satisfied that the majority of the country was on his side, he would have lost nothing by seeking the

sanction and assistance of its legal representatives. It is characteristic of one of the schools of modern Liberalism to prefer the success of its own peculiar tenets to the larger conditions of genuine freedom. Mr. TREVELYAN holds that it is impossible to keep a strong Liberal party together except by means of great and searching reforms. The political machine, he says, is now far more powerful than it was, and therefore it wants a larger fire under the boiler. He has come to the conclusion that working-men cannot be induced to come to the poll by holding out hopes of trivial changes which they hardly care to understand. It is necessary to rouse them by proposing large measures, and by encouraging them to expect vast changes. It is quite possible that this may be the most effectual method of working on the passions and desires of the labouring classes; but it may be doubted whether it is the kind of programme which is calculated to unite the Liberal party and to conciliate moderate men. A man must be very blind to the political signs of the times who does not see that the country has had enough of great measures for a while, and that it wants rest and peace, and quiet practical legislation in familiar grooves. The journal which professes the most profound admiration for Mr. GLADSTONE has observed, in commenting on this address, that this is a great age, and that legislation must be large when the nation votes. Household suffrage, it appears, is too grand a machine to be employed for common everyday work; it must be provided "with material worthy of its vast action." Most people will perhaps be disposed to think that the convenience of a kitchen-fire is more to be desired than the splendour of a conflagration. Household suffrage will prove a costly engine if it has to be fed, like a new Moloch, with an institution or two every year.

The want of a definite policy on the part of the Conservative leaders supplied Mr. TREVELYAN with an obvious opportunity for some telling remarks. Mr. GLADSTONE has recently been credited with the observation that a Minister is not bound to disclose his views on any question till the moment for action arrives, and that no Minister could hold office who did not frequently take refuge in silence. This may be true to a certain extent, but it is obvious that a Ministry cannot be accepted altogether on trust; and some indication of the general principles on which those who aspire to govern the country would deal with pressing questions of the day may reasonably be expected. It is impossible to suppose that Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HARDY can hope to win a sufficient number of seats to give them a majority by the kind of vague declamation in which they have lately been indulging. Practical people—and, on the whole, Englishmen are practical—say to themselves, Here are a number of subjects which, if you went into office, would immediately demand your attention; what would you do in regard to them? Would you let them alone, or would you treat them in this way or in that way? It would be out of the question, of course, that an answer to these inquiries should be given in detail by statesmen not in office; but Lord DERBY lately found no difficulty in supplying a general answer which proved to be highly acceptable to many Liberals as well as to Conservatives. At the same time negative or destructive criticism is a legitimate function of the Opposition; and Mr. TREVELYAN'S sympathy with the present Government perhaps blinds him to the usefulness of faultfinding. His defence of Mr. CHILDERS'S reforms deserves attention; but he overlooks the main objection to these changes, which is, not that they were necessarily bad in themselves, but that they were carried out with reckless and inconsiderate haste. It is not unnatural that Mr. TREVELYAN should prefer Lord RUSSELL as Foreign Secretary to Lord MALMESBURY; but his admiration for Lord RUSSELL as a model Minister is a curious apology for the foreign policy of the present Government, which Lord RUSSELL has strongly condemned. There is one point on which all reasonable and honest politicians will agree with Mr. TREVELYAN, and that is, as to the folly and immorality of substituting a Conservative for a Liberal Government in the hope that the former might prove more squeezable, and that concessions to democracy might be extorted from its weakness. Such a policy would certainly do more to lower political morality than to advance political progress. On the whole, Mr. TREVELYAN'S speech is a characteristic illustration of the difficulties which beset the Liberal party. He professes to be extremely anxious for united action, and insists that the Government must be supported; but it immediately appears that the union is to be on his own terms, and that he is prepared to support the Government only if they adopt his views and go in for a roaring fire under the Parliamentary boiler.

## HOLIDAYS.

THE body of gentlemen who are kind enough to talk for our amusement at Westminster, and of whom we are ungrateful enough to complain that they sometimes confine their exertions too exclusively to talking, appear for once to have done a really popular thing. At the instance of Sir John Lubbock they have for a day thrown open the doors of the vast prison-house which we call London. A dreary prison it is; where most of the inmates are condemned to hard labour for life, with very insufficient food and lodging, and a singularly short supply of air. They seemed on Monday last thoroughly to enjoy the brief period of relaxation allowed to them. They came forth with all the indelible marks which a long period of confinement imprints upon the human body. They were sallow, grimy, and generally dismal in appearance, in spite of almost pathetic efforts to do honour to their day of liberty. They had a certain awkwardness in discovering methods of enjoyment, like that of a man who is dazzled by unaccustomed light. Possibly persons of refinement might be not altogether gratified by their company. Here and there the inseparable association which exists in the British mind between holidays and public-houses might be too strongly marked, and the pleasures most heartily enjoyed might have a certain dash of coarseness. And yet a man must be worse than a brute not to take pleasure in the knowledge that so many of his fellow-creatures were having a good time." Let us hope that they returned to their bondage a little less discontented with things in general, and with some gleam of sunshine resting on the dingy monotony of their everyday life.

And yet we can imagine a philosopher asking whether, on the whole, this need of holiday-making is altogether a good thing. Evidently the desire to shorten the hours of work tends to spread rapidly amongst us, and whilst there is so much that is unhealthy in the labours to which we are doomed, it is, within due limits, a very desirable tendency. But when we have reached the millennium will the necessity for relaxation be permanent? Some people assure us that the enjoyment which is now taken, for example, in mountains and natural scenery generally is due to the presence within us of some remnants of the ancestral savage. The wild man found his pleasurable activities in hunting and fishing. The instincts thus generated are still strong in his descendants. Every now and then, in accordance with a well-known law, there turns up a child of civilized parents who reverts to the primeval type. His outward circumstances determine that he shall be an hereditary legislator; but strip him of his modern vestments, and you find a mere repetition of the North American Indian. If he were permitted to yield to his natural propensities, he would retire to a prairie and pass his time in pursuing buffaloes and adorning himself with scalps. Fenced in by modern proprieties, his growth is stunted like that of a forest tree in a flower-pot, and he finds vent for his propensities in shooting pigeons and betting on the Derby. Though in a less pronounced form, we all of us have some share of these savage proclivities. The clergyman or lawyer caught, as is said to be the case with the half-civilized Australian, throw off his clothes, smear himself with paint, and stroll into the woods to support himself on grubs. Still he comes as near to such a proceeding as custom will allow. He makes as much revolt as he dares against the decencies which have been cramping his faculties and vexing his soul. He astonishes the intelligent foreigner in remote villages by the roughness of his attire and the voracity of his appetite. The old wild blood stirs and tingles within him. He scrambles over mountains, or follows grouse, or simply idles away his time in an attempt to reduce his brain as nearly as possible to the lowest pitch of activity consistent with the working of his lower organs. Would it not, then, be a convenience if we could get rid of those irregular propensities, which have become a mere anachronism? When an animal succeeds in rising to a new rank in creation, the organs which are no longer necessary tend to become rudimentary. The teeth which could once tear raw meat and crush bones become modest grinding machinery for the mastication of cooked food; the claws with which his extremities were furnished sink into mere shields for the protection of delicate nerves; and the brain asserts its superiority over the stomach, which no longer makes such imperious demands as of old. Should not a similar process be observed in the human being? Would it not be better if, as Shakspeare puts it, our natures could be subdued like the dyer's hand, to what it works in? More than one writer has lately tried to describe the ideal state of things to which the race is tending. We should like to see a portrait drawn by a duly qualified observer of the future being—we can hardly say man—who is to be to us what we are to the monkey. Such a creature, however much he might be in advance of us, would undoubtedly strike us at present as a disgusting monstrosity; and yet we ought to aim at his speedy realization. Should we not, on the same principle, endeavour to bring about a harmony between the faculties of the organism and the medium in which it is placed? London is rapidly spreading over the country, and fields, it must be supposed, will soon become merely raw material for the manufacture of food. It would only be a proper preparation for the coming day if we endeavoured to acclimatize ourselves to the atmosphere in which we shall all have to live. If we are to be cockneys, let us try to suppress the longing tastes for which our position is no longer appropriate. Men should convert themselves. All those Arcadian longings for fresh fields may be very picturesque according to our present view, but they are becoming

very inconvenient as the opportunities for gratifying them narrow. We should endeavour to raise a new generation adapted for a new position. The smoke of London should be as congenial as sea-breezes to its lungs; the streets should be its natural playground, instead of the mountains; and it should feel as much out of place when wandering beyond the gaslights as a chamois transplanted to the wilds of the Regent's Park. The love of the country, in short, of which we are inclined to boast, is really a proof that we are only a slight improvement on the savage; and our backslidings, though they might be pardoned, should not be encouraged. We have indeed made very fair progress in securing this object. A very considerable proportion of the English race knows of the existence of the country only by tradition; every successive census shows that the proportion is increasing; and it certainly will not be denied that the generation which thus exists has at any rate the negative qualification of being thoroughly unfitted to the old-fashioned style of existence.

There are, we must confess, some difficulties in the way of carrying out this theory. Especially we do not feel quite clear as to its philosophical basis. We should doubt, for example, whether the modern love of nature is due to the survival of savage instincts. So far as we are able to analyse it, we are inclined to suspect that a taste for scenery grows with the development of certain intellectual propensities, and is not due simply to the fact that a few centuries ago our fathers had to pick up their living in the wilderness. So far as we can judge, that would be almost as good a reason for hating scenery as for loving it. It would be as plausible to say, that a love of society was generated in the days when the sight of a fellow-creature was a rare luxury, just as a love of solitude is being generated now that we are all treading on each other's toes. But, however this may be, we are at any rate of the opinion, erroneous as it appears to the followers of M. Comte, that philosophers do not yet so thoroughly understand all the ins and outs of human nature that they should be allowed to clip it to their favourite pattern. Indeed, instincts which fight against the prevailing state rather deserve encouragement, as, but for them, we might still have been sea-anemones. Discontent with our present position affords the necessary leverage for every social improvement; and some of those vague instincts which are undoubtedly inconvenient at the time may not be relics of expiring tendencies, but the first rudimentary symptoms of a new order of society. Let us by all means get rid of the savage; but we must not forget that we have succeeded in manufacturing a new type of the savage within our borders. The weapons which he is inclined to use have changed, and petroleum has taken the place of bows and arrows. He does not, like his predecessors, condemn his victims to be tortured at the stake; but he has certain visions of the guillotine which would be quite as effective an instrument. Moreover, he shows no symptoms of a tendency to be improved off the face of the earth, but on the contrary is remarkable for his singular power of rapid multiplication. It is of the utmost importance that he should be humanized by the development of the highest tastes which he possesses. Even if the best amusements in which he indulges are marked by a certain coarseness inseparable from his training, they afford the means of directing some of his energies into a new channel. And, to say the truth, though the holiday-making on Monday last was not all of the most unexceptionable kind, it showed symptoms of a capacity for improvement which ought to be encouraging to the benevolent. The cockney, indeed, never shows himself more awkward than when he is endeavouring to amuse himself. Whether the climate or the social conditions are to be blamed, he does not take to pleasure with the facility of the Continental races. A crowd of French or German artisans behave themselves with the comparative ease of people amongst whom the tradition of social enjoyment has not died out. They have a recognized code of manners, and understand the terms upon which they meet, and the best mode of extracting the greatest possible amount of enjoyment out of a spare afternoon. The Englishman always strikes us as more or less at a loss what to do with himself. He has a great notion that he must be happy if he is in a large crowd, and is treading with sufficient emphasis upon his neighbour's toes. He has a tendency to become boisterous, and to indulge in horseplay whenever he slips his collar for a moment. He thinks that he has not been thoroughly enjoying himself unless he has made himself very hot, and tired, and thirsty, and his aim is apparently to work himself into such a state of excitement as will enable him to keep just on the outside of a police-court. And yet, in spite of his roughness, he is a thoroughly good-tempered animal at the bottom. He deludes himself with touching tenderness into the belief that he has had a charming holiday when he has been jammed for several hours with a noisy crowd, or packed like a herring in a barrel into an excursion train or on board a penny steamboat. He asks for nothing better than to have more rational amusements provided for him, and accepts with the utmost good nature the feeblest attempts to supply his wants in that direction. The sight of such crowds as turned out upon Monday may suggest to the benevolent the value of a kind of charitable activity which is not open to the ordinary objection of demoralizing the recipients. In almost every attempt to alleviate the hardships of poverty, the political economist feels it necessary to quench the zeal of philanthropists by uncomfortable suggestions as to the probable working of their well-meant endeavours. But no such objection lies against teaching the masses to amuse themselves. Something has been done of late years; the Volunteer movement, for example, has made the

of a good deal of energy that was running to waste, and has provided a great many men with a fresh occupation for their spare hours; and it is possible that in various ways we have become a more amiable people than we were a few years ago. Still very much remains to be done; and now that the policy of giving additional time for recreation is generally admitted, there is more room for the invention of new pleasures, and especially of pleasures which are not of the ostentatiously imposing kind. The theory of employing idle hours requires a good deal of study, and much might be said upon it; but in one way or other there is plainly ample room for activity in reducing it to practice.

#### ITALY AT WORK.

THERE is probably no European country about which English opinion is so strangely ignorant or unjust as about Italy. Partly, no doubt, this arises from the natural reaction after the burst of sympathy with which we recognized the rise of Italian freedom. To people who had been watching the daring policy of Cavour or the romantic exploits of Garibaldi, there was something of an anti-climax in finding as the upshot of the great tragedy a few cautious statesmen quietly biding their hour, and a Parliament which wasted half its time in silly declamation. But in a far greater degree the injustice is owing to a radical misconception of the Italian character itself. In the ordinary English mind there is a very simple conception of Italy as the land of bandits and painters. The Englishman who goes a shade further in general knowledge adds to this a few sentimental impressions about Italian poetry and Italian song. It is a little provoking to persons duly furnished with their Murray and this compendious stock of common notions to find this traditional Italy nowhere. The brigand has been hunted down like a wolf. The monk has vanished from the cloister. Police are beginning to make the very lazzaroni move on. The stiletto of drama and fiction only lingers in much the same sorts of haunts as those which befriended the knife of our own Ratcliff Highway. But what is far worse is the discovery that in the land of poetry and song there is hardly a tolerable painter or a living composer of distinguished merit. Even in literature the vehement outburst of thirty years ago has been followed by as violent a reaction. Manzoni still lives, but the school which once promised to spring up around him has died down into a scanty crop of novelists only worthy of the *Family Herald*. There are still poets indeed by the score, but there is absolutely no poetry. It is easy, after jotting down a few discoveries of this sort, for the English sympathiser to add to them a few little vignettes of loungers at their caffè, or "jeunesse dorée" idling in the sunshine, and to pronounce with a peremptory decision that Italy is dead. Not only is this untrue, but it is the very reverse of truth. Italy is not only not dead, but it is just beginning to show signs of a more intense life than it has known since the age of Dante. But then it is by no means a life of poetry or the picturesque.

So far indeed is Italy from being the "land of singing and of dancing slaves," or freemen, which Pope and our usual impressions paint it, that the most striking characteristic of the Italian temper in all ages has been its faculty of combining, as no other race has ever combined, the practical element with the poetic, the most vivid imagination with the coolest and firmest grasp of fact. The Florence which produced Dante produced the shrewdest money-dealers of the middle ages. Savonarola walked down the same streets as Macchiavelli. Leonardo vibrated all his life between the restless search after spiritual beauty and the hard and abstract study of physical science. Michael Angelo was almost as great an engineer as he was an artist. Even in the eighteenth century the speculations of Vico were balanced by the researches of Volta, and Napoleon Buonaparte, who was simply a great Italian spoilt, combined the fevered extravagances of a political dreamer with the cool exactness of a mathematician. If at the present moment the idealistic or imaginative element in the Italian nature seems to have retired into the background, it is simply because the circumstances of the time call the practical and positive elements to the front. In politics, for instance, it would be absurd to say that the work of Mazzini or Garibaldi is over, or that their influence on the finer and nobler minds of Italy has ceased; the truth is simply that the difficulties and problems which Italy has to meet, now that it is "made," are of a wholly different order from those which it had to meet when great patriots and enthusiasts were making it. The new nation finds that its first business is to set its house in order. It has got to make amends for the industrial and administrative inaction of centuries. There are railroads to be cut, canals to be opened, harbours to be made. In the South even the simplest elements of social civilization have still to be supplied; there was till the other day hardly a school through the whole kingdom of Naples, and hardly a road in all Sicily that was better than a mule track. A fleet and army had to be created, not merely for purposes of national defence, but as schools of national unity. The whole fabric of national education had to be built up from the very foundation. The mere civil administration of the country had to be organized under the pressure of haste and necessity, and with the encumbrance of providing for a host of functionaries bequeathed by the wretched despotisms of the past. And all this work of internal reform, it must be remembered, had to be carried on amidst constant peril from without, amidst the menace and interference of France, the thunders of the Vatican, the intrigues

of the Bourbons, and the embarrassments arising from the brigandage of the South and the disordered state of Italian finance. That the work as a whole is done, or even half done, we are not for one moment pretending. But there is not one of the great fields of labour which we have mentioned where work has not been resolutely begun; and it is worth while noticing the temper in which Italy has made its political beginning. It is something that a country which had no political traditions to fall back upon is creating political traditions of as sober and practical a sort as our own. Whatever instability may have attended its earlier Cabinets, the last six years have seen the same Italian Ministry in power; and, in spite of the sneers of English lookers-on at the "vague rhetoric" of Italian Parliaments, the influence of Signora Lanza and Sella is founded, not on their power of rhetoric at all, but upon the general conviction that they are practical and energetic men of business.

It is not, however, upon the temper of its Parliaments or statesmen that we are insisting so much as on the temper of the nation itself, as we may see it in its literature or in its journals. For there is an Italian literature, and a very busy one, although not of an emotional or imaginative order. The philosophical, historical, and scientific energy of the eighteenth century has revived in the metaphysical school of Naples, in the illustrious group of historians headed by Villari at Florence, and in the solar researches of Secchi at Rome. Philology numbers some of its keenest students in Italy, and the drift of national interest is seen in the abundance of publications on political economy and on administrative and municipal subjects. It is still clearer in the general tone and topics of the newspapers. Italian journalism has a vast deal yet to learn, especially in elementary matters such as the collection and publication of actual news; but in the direct and practical way in which it treats the social and political questions of the day it is far ahead of the journalism of France. The *Avvenire* or the *Perseveranza* often contains articles which might have appeared in the best London newspaper. There is evident in most of the current political discussion of Italy a wish to learn, without any of the old tendency to merely copy which distinguished their constitutional beginnings. The mimicry of French institutions which sowed Italy with "prefects" and "sub-prefects" is rapidly going out of fashion; but it is noteworthy that, while every Italian is convinced that local self-government must be restored, the tendency of public opinion is to prepare for the change by a careful study of local and municipal institutions elsewhere. So, too, in a careful review of the present defects of Parliamentary life in Italy, the *Perseveranza* lately directed attention to a peculiarity of English politics whose value is as yet hardly recognized by Englishmen themselves. After pointing out, as the two chief faults of Italian legislators, their excessive love of talking and the want of a more direct communication between them and their constituents, it suggested as a simple remedy the adoption of the English habit of "vacation speeches." By this means, it very wisely contended, the work of actual legislation would be facilitated, members could still express their sentiments, and the masses of the population would receive a constant and practical education in current politics. In much the same way a rival newspaper, at the time when the relations of the Church to the State were exciting public interest, actually took the trouble to translate and publish for its readers the whole of the Report of our Lower House of Convocation on the question of the election and nomination of bishops. The attention with which Italy regards English opinion is seen in the fact that few articles on Italian subjects appear in the leading London journals without being translated and republished in those of Florence or Rome. Even the diatribes which the *Times* periodically produces on the debt and financial embarrassments of Italy are brought before Italian readers, in spite of their ignorance and injustice. A large part of the debt of Italy has been incurred in the construction and purchase of railroads by the State, and the experience of Prussia has shown that no investment of money is likely to be more remunerative. Of the rest, not a little is owing to the sudden pressure of questions like education; the necessity, for instance, of providing in a few years schools for the whole of Southern Italy, where not a school existed before. That the army is a costly burden Italian statesmen know as well as the *Times*; what they perhaps know better is that the danger of foreign intervention has by no means passed away, and that, while compelled to maintain an enormous force in the presence of this menace to their very national existence, they have done their best to apply it to a yet more useful purpose by converting it into a great school and making it one of the most efficient means of public instruction.

It is possible that a fairer attempt to understand and do justice to the work of Italy might give more weight to English opinion, not merely on important political questions such as these, but on minor topics, such as those which are suggested by the rumours which reach us from Venice. We are fully aware of the difficulties which the Government in this particular instance has to meet. There is a natural desire to provide employment on public works for a population a quarter of whom are dependent on public charity. There is, besides, the wish to gratify the long-cherished hopes of the Venetian people, and to restore not only liberty, but wealth and commerce, to the "Queen of the Seas." We have quite as strong a sympathy with the bronzed children of the lagoons as with the frescoes of Tintoret, nor have we much patience with the æsthetic selfishness which would treat a great city simply as an art museum, without thought of the hundred thousand men and women who pour over the bridge of the Rialto. Even if the

revival of commerce vexes our eyes with a few red brick stores along the Grand Canal, we should still look with satisfaction on the prospect of Venice again becoming, through the Peninsular and Oriental boats, the starting-place of travellers for the East. But it would surely be possible to find a means of employing the surplus labour of Venice without inflicting irremediable injury on some of the most precious monuments in the world. It is difficult to regard with patience the ruin which is being wrought, under the name of restoration, on what is most valuable in Venice. Mr. Ruskin somewhere or other tells us how he saw the great pictures in the roof of the Sala del Consiglio stretched on a floor and a man hard at work on them with a mop and a bucket of white paint. We had ourselves the chance of seeing the famous painting of Paulo Veronese from the church of St. Sebastian subjected to quite as merciless a flaying at the hands of the Accademia. There is only a single Titian in Venice which has been allowed to remain as Titian left it, and that it so remains is owing, not to Italian mercies, but to the exertions of an English gentleman. But "restoration" is playing far more terrible tricks with San Marc's than even with Titians and Tintoretta. Any guide will scramble up and tear down for a gaping tourist a handful of twelfth-century mosaic, while money is being squandered on the crude substitutes of Salvati. The front of San Marc's, as that gentleman and the Venetian architects have left it, is as utterly spoilt as it is possible for a front to be; and the Baptistery is now undergoing the same process of mutilation with probably much the same result. It is now announced that the famous pavement within is to be "restored" and "levelled." That it needs protection any one who has witnessed the wreck of some of its finest portions may very fairly admit; but that one of the most perfect combinations of colour which the old mosaic succeeded in producing should be ruthlessly destroyed to make way for the tawdry art of Salvati is simply unbearable. To "level" the floor of San Marc's is to destroy at a single blow one of the most poetic of Venetian impressions. There are few people even of the Cook's Tourist class who have not felt the strange harmony of that rolling floor with the fortunes of the "Mistress of the Soas." Even this, however, is a small matter compared with the project attributed to the Syndic of "restoring" the front of the Ducal Palace. To restore here means simply to destroy. Constructionally, as a glance over it would prove, the exterior of the Ducal Palace is as sound as any building in Venice. But even were some repair necessary, to hand over to an army of stone-cutters the precious carvings of its capitals and spandrels would be as ruthless an act as handing over the Raffaels of the Uffizi to an army of sign-painters. There are many cases where the only artistic mode of dealing with an old building when it sinks into decay is just to prop it up and keep it standing as long as we can—where, we mean, the result of any larger reconstruction is simply the destruction of all that makes the building worth having. And this is eminently so with the monuments of Venice. We can no more "restore" the carvings of the Renaissance than we can restore the frescoes of Giorgione which the winds of the Adriatic have swept off the front of the Fondaco di Tedeschi. The glory of a twelfth-century mosaic may be destroyed, but it can never be replaced. We shall need a new Tintoret to repaint the blurred canvas of the old one. What we can do is to protect what remains from ruthless injury, and of protection Venice gives us little enough. But we have said more perhaps than we intended on a subject which, after all, requires only a little of the Italian common sense for its fair consideration, and we can only trust that such consideration will be secured to it by our temperate expression of the unanimous opinion of Englishmen.

#### SERVANTS.

A PRUSSIAN field officer who has been recounting his experiences during the late war in France appears to have been especially struck by the remarkable fidelity and devotion of a number of old family servants who happened to come under his observation. He could not help admiring the thoroughness with which they identified themselves with the families they served, and their readiness to make any sacrifices in order to protect the interests of their masters. Sir Walter Scott has drawn the same type of character in several of his novels; and it is not improbable that some living examples of it may yet exist in the more secluded parts of Scotland, or even of England. Indeed, notwithstanding the Prussian officer's surprise on meeting with the phenomenon in France, it may be presumed that it is not unknown in his own country. It is to be feared, however, that the type is everywhere gradually disappearing. It was the product of peculiar social conditions which are passing away, and which cannot be restored. Disinterestedness and fidelity will still no doubt continue to be displayed in domestic as in other service, but not in the old form. That kind of blind, unquestioning, unreasoning devotion of the servant to his master, the humble attachment of a lower animal to a superior being, necessarily clashes with the spirit of personal independence which is characteristic of the present state of society. And, on the other hand, the kindly familiarity and frank intimacy which used to subsist between the master and his retainers is checked by the rising pretensions of the latter. On the old footing master and servant were brought closely together in one way, just because in another way they were so far apart. Their relative social rank was fixed and immutable; the inferior never for a moment thought of measuring himself in any respect

with his master, while the master had no fear of being too condescending, or of encouraging encroachments on the part of his attendants. It may be admitted that this was not the highest kind of human relationship, but at least one wholesome effect of it was that it enabled master and servant to go about their respective duties without being perpetually haunted by doubts as to whether they were each asserting their rights sufficiently and getting all that was due to them. The master had no reason to be on his guard lest the servant should take liberties, while the servant did not feel himself under the necessity of continually seeking an opportunity to vindicate his dignity as a man and a brother. In the course of time the conditions of domestic service will probably be established on some logical and natural footing, but it is evident that they are at present in a transition state which is eminently uncomfortable for all concerned. Service has ceased to be a family tie in the old sense, but it has not yet shaken down into an ordinary commercial engagement; and indeed there are obvious reasons why, without something like a revolution in our social habits, it can hardly be assimilated altogether to the hiring of a clerk or workman, with fixed hours and definite duties. At the root of the difficulty is the servant's want of self-respect. English servants of all grades seem to have got it into their heads that there is something degrading in domestic service, and are tempted to despise themselves for being what they are. No good work can be expected from people who begin by being ashamed of their occupation. "Liberty and equality" has at least done something for France in this respect. One has only to compare a French and an English waiter, for example, to be struck by the difference. It is not so much that the Frenchman has a natural aptitude for whisking a napkin and carrying plates and dishes, but that, inspired by the principles of '89, he respects himself and his work. He feels entitled to hold up his head as a citizen, and whether he is a waiter or a *rentier* is only a matter of detail. He is a man first of all; and after that he is a waiter, and wears a long apron and jacket, just as another man is a Marshal or Minister, and wears a cocked hat and gold lace. The consequence is, that instead of feeling in any way degraded by his work, he takes a pride and interest in it, and is anxious to do it as well as he can. An English waiter, on the contrary, always looks as if he were heartily ashamed of himself, as no doubt he is, for being reduced to perform such functions, and the only way in which he can keep up his spirits is (besides tipping) by doing his work as badly as possible, and letting everybody see how much he is above it. And a similar unhappy feeling seems to infect the whole range of domestic service. This is probably the secret of the exasperation of women servants with the detested cap which they regard as a humiliating badge of servitude.

It would appear that there is an increasing difficulty in getting good men-servants, and that a large proportion of the young women who would ten or twenty years ago have gone into domestic service now prefer to be seamstresses, or machinists, or to seek situations in warehouses or manufactories. It can hardly be said that domestic service is thus deserted on account of its hardships. On the contrary, it is the lightest and most highly paid description of manual labour. A cook in a middle-class family with her 15*l.* or 20*l.* a year and "all found," has, as a rule, much lighter work and better pay than a shop-girl who may perhaps have a pound or two more in actual wages, but who has to provide food and lodgings at her own expense, and who finds when she has done this that there is an extremely small margin for savings or luxuries, and that indeed it is only with difficulty that a margin can be got at all. And the same may be said of men-servants, in receipt of wages and other advantages representing an income of between 80*l.* and 100*l.* a year, who, if they had not gone into service, would probably have been, as their brothers and cousins are, labourers or mechanics, and who would then have thought themselves fortunate if they could safely count on an income of half as much. As far as we can judge, there are two reasons why domestic service is unpopular. One is the false shame with which servants are apt to regard their occupation, and the other is the sense of restraint which accompanies residence with a family. Servants would be more contented, and there would be less difficulty in procuring them, if, on the one hand, they could be made to feel that there was nothing whatever of a humiliating character in their work, and, on the other hand, if means could be found of allowing greater freedom of action within those limits which are indispensable to domestic discipline. It may be doubted whether the agitation which has been set on foot by the women-servants at Dundee will have any immediate practical effect; indeed the only result as yet has been to form an Association which is suspiciously like a speculation in a new registry office; but the discussions which have taken place will at least serve to show what are the secret grievances of this class. The substance of the demands embodied in the rules of the Association is that servants are to be allowed to dress as they please, and that they are to have three hours daily at their absolute disposal, a weekly half-holiday commencing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and a whole Sunday once a fortnight. While laying down these conditions, the Association is good enough to say that "it is not to be understood that necessary operations in the house which cannot reasonably be left undone shall not be performed." No indication, however, is given of what is to be considered a necessary operation, or of the circumstances under which it may be held that it cannot reasonably be left undone. It appears that in Scotland, as in the North of



England, domestic servants are engaged by the year; and it is proposed that engagements at a month's notice on either side shall in future be the rule. This is already the practice in London, and there can be no doubt that there are strong considerations of convenience in its favour. It is equally unpleasant for a mistress to find herself burdened for a year with a bad servant, and for a servant to be tied for that period to a place which she dislikes. On the other hand, however, the year's service tends to dispose mistress and servant to make the best of each other, and custom strengthens the connexion while it smooths down points of difference. When they have lived together for a year, and have got used to each other's ways, the chances are that they will not be inclined to part except for some strong reason. The month's notice has probably a good deal to do with the nomadic temperament of London servants, who, after successive changes, often find themselves unable to settle anywhere. They are either perpetually seeking some ideal situation which they have pictured to themselves, and which they are never destined to discover; or they have acquired a craving for novelty, for new scenes and new faces, and the excitement of a fresh neighbourhood, which almost amounts to a disease.

The rules of the Dundee Association were formally adopted at a meeting which was held a few days ago, but not without long and ardent debate. The Chairwoman, who seems to have been rather a sensible "canny" person, while claiming greater freedom of dress for her order, ventured to speak a good word for the obnoxious cap or "flag." She had always worn one, she said, and liked it; and she saw no more reason why they should pluck off their caps than why they should discard their aprons. Her remarks excited a storm of dissent. The Secretary retorted that mistresses wore aprons and not caps, and the Treasurer declared that this was a free country, where badges of servitude were out of place. The show of hands was altogether against the Chairwoman. The other point which was most insisted on was that servants should have more freedom of movement, and more time to themselves. Sunday festivities were strongly denounced. The servants explained that they did not insist upon a strict Mosaic observance of the day; they had no objection that hot dinners should be cooked; but they protested against Sunday being chosen for large dinner-parties. They were very bitter against the ministers who sat drinking toddy late at night, and kept the servants up to wait on them. Whether the clergy of Dundee are unusually prone to this indulgence, or whether their conduct in this respect is thought to be worse than that of the laity only on account of their professional character and the contrast between their precepts and their practice, we cannot pretend to say; but the servants certainly give them a very bad name. "Worse than working-men," said one woman, amid sympathetic applause. The Secretary urged that servants should have a right to "go to the post-office" when they chose, without asking leave; and it was made abundantly clear that "going to the post-office" was not to be construed in its narrow literal significance, but must be held to include personal interviews and visits if they should be found to be more pleasant or convenient than postal communication. The Treasurer, with bitter satire, observed that it might perhaps please some if they said "Please, mem, could we get out for ten minutes, mem?" and the Chairwoman again shocked the feelings of the meeting by remarking that she did not see anything very dreadful in having to do that. She had been in service since she was twelve years old, and had never had a bad mistress yet. She even went so far as to give utterance to such shocking sentiments as these:—"I can tell you that if we are to be servants, we must be servants; if one goes to serve, she must serve." The discussion then diverged to the subject of "sneaks," on which some strong remarks were made, and of mistresses who refuse to give characters. One servant said she had the misfortune once to be with "a titled lady" near Edinburgh, who "did not know what a moral character was." It was probably in consequence of this unhappy ignorance that the titled lady failed to appreciate the high moral qualities of her domestic and refused to give her a character.

It appears that the proceedings of the servants at Dundee have excited general interest in kitchen circles throughout the country, and the Secretary has received letters from a great many sympathetic correspondents in England as well as Scotland. A correspondent at Twickenham, who confesses to being "rather over middle-aged," vents her indignation at the preference now shown to "bits of girls," and gives "Three cheers for Dundee." A London servant writes on behalf of "the slave sisters" of the metropolis, intimating that "we Southerners have been long waiting for this chance," and that they are resolved to demand more "freedom of time and money." An amiable, but apparently rather weak-minded, householder of Finsbury deprecates strikes, and suggests that the Legislature should interfere to settle all questions in dispute between servants and their masters or mistresses. This would certainly be a noble field of activity for a Government department, which would of course go from house to house, and hold solemn inquiries as to the quality of the kitchen beer, the style of dress adopted by the inmates, the privileges of followers, the amount of time usually required to post letters to an aged grandmother, and the frequency with which leave of absence should be allowed for that purpose. If Lord Townshend or Mr. Charley has nothing on hand just now, he might try to draft a Bill on this subject. Pending the intervention of an organized moral force, as the Positivists call it, mistresses and servants may perhaps discover that their relations with each other

are pretty much in their own hands, and that their comfort depends on mutual consideration and forbearance.

#### THE NONCONFORMISTS' MEMORIAL.

AFTER ten years of preparation the Independents have at last succeeded in laying the foundation of their long expected Memorial Hall. It may be remembered that in the year 1862 the Independents and Baptists throughout the country worked themselves up to a white heat of indignation while celebrating what Mr. Remington Mills calls "the grand event connected with the Act of Uniformity." This event was the liberation of the English laity from the tyranny of the Puritan pastors. The Restoration found Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, and others holding the position and the pay of parish priests in the national Church, while each of them was abusing his position to carry out, in spite of the wish of the nation, the dogmatical views and discipline of his own particular sect. Nearly all the ejected preachers, however they differed from each other in their disciplinary idea of the true Scriptural "platform of the Church," were Calvinists in doctrine. They were bound therefore to regard the majority of their parishioners as standing outside the covenant of grace. Whatever quarrel we may have with the Act of Uniformity in the nineteenth century, we must not forget that it was a kind of re-proclamation of the Gospel to the mass of Englishmen in the seventeenth century. It provided that no man should henceforth be the pastor of an English parish unless he was prepared to administer baptism to every person born in his parish, or, in theological language, to assert the right of every Englishman to be treated as the child of Almighty God; the Act of Uniformity was the assertion politically that the Church and the nation must be regarded as co-extensive. Under the Puritan usurpation of the parochial cures, as we might prove from Evelyn's Diary and other journals of the time, the very best, wisest, and holiest persons in a parish were often treated as the most distant from the fold of Christ. If an Anabaptist held the cure, English parents had to endure the tyrannical refusal of their pastor to baptize their little children. If an Independent held it, like the fanatical Henry Burton of St. Matthew's, Friday Street, he divided his flock into the Church and the No-Church, and formed a Pharusian *Ecclesiola in Ecclesia*. The Act of Uniformity restored to the English laity their rights as christened men; it protected them against the possibility of such abuses in the future.

But how is it that the Independents are building this Memorial Hall? The majority of the men who were ejected by the Act were neither Independents nor Anabaptists. They were Presbyterians. They had no objection on principle to the establishment of a Church; they would have delighted in the establishment of a Presbyterian Kirk like the Scottish; to secure this had indeed been the end of their Solemn League and Covenant. There was scarcely one of them who would not have been driven wild by hearing the speeches made by their quasi-representatives at the laying of the foundation-stone of their own Memorial Hall. These Presbyterians founded meeting-houses in which a regular succession of ministers gradually changed the doctrine from Calvinism to Unitarianism. The true historical descendants of the majority of the ejected preachers, the fit and right builders of a Memorial Hall to the Nonconformists of 1662, are the modern Unitarians. The gentlemen who on the 10th of May sat in solemn stillness for five minutes between Mr. Binney's prayer and Dr. Halley's address, in order to be photographed and leave posterity a picture of the great event, are in no sense the successors of the ejected preachers. They are but the partial successors of a very inconsiderable section of the ejected preachers. The modern Congregationalists have neither the historical succession nor the disciplinary succession, nor even (as Mr. Spurgeon could tell them) have their leading teachers a real doctrinal succession to the men they pretend to represent. Even the modern self-called "English Presbyterian Church," which is now planting chapels in the watering-places, and in all towns where there are wealthy people, and in all the more prosperous quarters of London, is a new sect, and has as little historical connexion with the ejected of 1662 as the Congregationalists. The real "English Presbyterians," that is, the modern Unitarians, claim the succession; no fewer than three sermons of the most eloquent and thoughtful of their preachers, Mr. James Martineau, now lying before us, open with the assertion of their claim. But these successors are generally careful to tell us that they do not hold themselves pledged to a war against the Establishment as such; whereas the waging of this war was plainly the chief reason for holding the Biconformity in 1862, and is as plainly the chief reason for building the Congregational Memorial Hall in 1872.

Dr. Halley was probably put forward to deliver the address at the ceremony of the 10th of May because he has written a kind of history of the Puritans. His book, which has Lancashire for its centre, and so gains a great deal of pleasing local colour, is certainly preferable to the ill-tempered and fractious works of earlier Dissenting historians, not excluding Dr. Robert Vaughan. But it is as impossible for him as it was for Calamy, or Neal, or any of their numerous popularizers, to understand the true character of the Act of Uniformity, because he is compelled to regard it from his own sectional, and not from its truly national, point of view. The English nation wanted and demanded protection from the possible recurrence of Puritan tyranny. This was the real cause of the Act. It was a layman's Act for laymen, and not a clergy-

man's Act against rival preachers. Still less was it the Act, as the orators of the platform conveniently assume, of the unclean and Popishly-affected King Charles II. The Scottish correspondents in England had to confess to their fellows at home that there were very few in England who were real Presbyterians—what allies the ministers had were confined to the House of Lords, the wealthy citizens, and the Court. The King and Court did all in their power to delay the ejection of the Nonconformists; the Roman party, from their desire to share in toleration, throw the weight of their influence into the Presbyterian scale. It was the House of Commons which was determined, almost ferociously, upon the passing of an Act which should shut the parish churches for ever against the re-intrusion of the sort of ministers from whom they had suffered so much. Every member in his passionate eagerness, according to Lord Clarendon, wanted to add some vindictive clause to the measure "which should make it more grievous to somebody whom he did not love." The Bishops of the time, who now receive the greatest amount of abuse for the Act, had the least to do with its savagely protective character. This was entirely the work of that representative English laity whom modern Nonconformists paint as a mass of grieving, helpless, shepherd-bereaved flocks.

The Act of Uniformity, instead of narrowing the terms of communion, as Hume asserts, really restored them to their original breadth and largeness. It substituted facts for notions, and made it possible for the national Church to embrace, at least implicitly, the entire nation. The modern Congregationalists follow Hume in calling the cures from which the preachers of the three Puritan sects were ejected by its operation "their livings" and "their churches." But the Act was the determined assertion of the nation that the livings did not belong to the clergymen, but to the Church and the nation, and that no man should be allowed to retain them who used them for the carrying out of his own theoretical notions of discipline and doctrine. Many of the two thousand—we will not now quarrel with the number, although the Nonconformist reckoning has never yet been satisfactorily justified (the ecclesiastical arithmetic of the Dissenters is always a little lawless)—were simply ejected to make room for the original rectors and vicars, who were still living. Many more continued firm in their nonconformity from the persuasion that their influence with the Court and the rich would prove stronger than the temper of the nation, and that the world would not readily lose their ministrations. We do not wish to cast the least slur upon the piety of the ejected; but if any one will bear the pains to read some of the endless sermons "in dumpy quarto" which these men had been preaching before the Parliament and the City for the fifteen preceding years, he will see that it was impossible for such men to conform without losing every title to the respect of their fellow-countrymen, and every vestige of self-respect. It had been the business of their lives to conform the nation and the Church to them, and they had failed in it; it was impossible for men who had lived and preached like inflexible Popes to cry *pecceati* in a day, and modestly conform themselves to the Church and nation. Many of the wiser and more modest of them did in time, it must be remembered, leave the ranks of the two thousand, and accept orders and functions in the national Church. Tillotson, who became Primate, and Kidder, who became Bishop of Bath and Wells, were of this number. It was held to be a pious duty to blacken their reputation.

As we do not wish to underrate their virtue, neither do we wish to underrate their sufferings. But since history is bound to be just, and not to be gushing, we must protest against the reiterated assertions of the modern Independents about the unexampled poverty and unexampled persecution of the ejected Presbyterians whom they suppose to be their historical predecessors. A reputation for being persecuted often brings a man a great company of admirers and a crowd of comforts. We might prove from the extant diaries of some of the ejected that they did not live in that Elijah-like solitude and deprivation which the orators of the Dis-enting platform attribute to them. Some of them undoubtedly did suffer greatly. But, as Hallam has aptly said, it has never been the characteristic of English Dissenters to suffer in silence; every suffering is almost certain to be diligently recorded. Indeed Baxter has even left us whole pages, in his most instructive and amusing autobiography, about his bodily pains. It is not likely, however, that many of the Dissenting orators have read Baxter; it is easier to talk about him in a large and vague way. Baxter is one of their leading figures as a confessor. Matthew Henry visited Baxter in his imprisonment. He says that he found him "in pretty comfortable circumstances, though a prisoner, in a private house near the prison, attended by his own man and maid." Baxter tells us himself that he "had a fair garden"; that his "wife was never so cheerful a companion"; that he "kept house as comfortably as at home." He adds, "I had the sight of more friends in a day than I had at home in half a year." The least loss of liberty is suffering, especially where the prisoner feels that he has a message from God to deliver amongst men; and the sufferer has a right to our sympathy and our indignation. But we must not forget that the notion of Baxter's sufferings which presents itself to the inflamed imagination of the Dissenting hearer who has never read a word of pure history, is something quite unlike the photograph which Baxter himself has left us. The ejected ministers are sometimes compared in modern Nonconformist rhetoric to the *quakers*, and spoken of as having been treated as the scum of the nation, and the abominable of all things; we hear that they

preferred the world's frowns to its smiles, and poverty and contempt to high place and honour. It is questionable whether the abilities of many of them were so great that they would have risen to high place or left much mark on the nation if they had conformed. The chief of them by their nonconformity became the idols of courtiers, nobles, merchant princes, and gentry who adhered to the party, and by whom they were supported with a generous liberality. It was the accusation of the other Puritan sects against the Independents that they always adhered to the rich, and that their churches were made up of moneyed members. Many of them became the household chaplains of great families. Dr. Manton's meeting-house was attended by the Countess of Exeter, Lord Wharton, Lady Baker, Sir William Waller, and others of like standing. Many of them, had they conformed, would, as quiet parish priests, have been less important persons, and would have had a smaller share of the honours and the pleasures of this life. Marriage to a rich widow is by no means an unfrequent episode in the lives of Puritan confessors.

The greatest sufferers for religion in the seventeenth century were those whom the ejected Presbyterians and Independents and Baptists had themselves in their day of power so bitterly persecuted—the sect of the Quakers. The founder of Quakerism, George Fox, indignantly protested in their own age against the claims to confessorship set up by some of the ejected Nonconformists. "The flying Baptists," he wrote in 1662, "could not bear persecution themselves, and yet they persecuted us when they had the power." In his epistle to Charles II. he said, "Friend, who art the chief ruler in these dominions, three thousand one hundred and seventy-three persons, of the people of God in scorn called Quakers, have suffered under the changeable powers before thee." In another epistle to the King, twelve years later, 1674, he tells him that God brought him into England, and set him up "King of England, over the heads of our old persecutors." He gives incidental pictures of some of the ejected Presbyterians (as, for instance, that of John Fox, ejected from Mansfield), which place them in a very ugly and unheroic light. In 1667 the plain-speaking patriarch of the Quakers came into a conflict with Pocock, who had been one of the "Triers" under the Commonwealth. "He, and his Presbyterian priests" (Fox called every one a priest who received any stipend) "and people met, and they had candles and tobacco-pipes, and bread and cheese and cold meat on the table, and they agreed beforehand that if the officers should come in upon them, then they would leave their preaching and praying, and would fall to their cold meat. 'Oh,' said I to him, 'is not this a shame to you, who persecuted and imprisoned us, and spoiled our goods because we would not follow you and be of your religion, and now ye do not stand to your own religion yourselves? Did you ever find our meetings stuff with bread and cheese and tobacco-pipes?' 'Why,' said the old man, 'we must be wise as serpents.' 'Then,' said I, 'this is the serpent's wisdom indeed.' 'And who,' said I, 'would ever have thought that you Presbyterians and Independents, who persecuted and imprisoned others, and spoiled their goods, and whipped such as would not follow your religion, should now lynch yourselves and not stand to and own your own religion, but cover it with tobacco-pipes, flagons of drink, cold meat, and bread and cheese!' But this, and such like deceitful practices, I understood afterwards, were too common amongst them in times of persecution." Grand things were spoken the other day of the statues of preachers which ought to adorn the Nonconformists' Memorial. If the promoters intend it to be a complete memorial, they should offer prizes to sculptors for the best bas-reliefs of Baxter in comfortable imprisonment, and of the apparition of George Fox in the midst of the Presbyterian Assembly in Herefordshire.

#### THE QUARTERLY PLAYING AT COMMUNISM.

THE current number of the *Quarterly Review* throws off with an article upon the present state of English architecture, composed on the easy plan of picking out all the shortcomings of a confessedly complex system and of a transitional period, of condemning by rule every work of recent design on which there have been two opinions, and then of marshalling the whole in one arraignment and in contrast to an equally one-sided presentation of a past period of ideal excellence. With the writer's multitudinous conclusions we do not care to meddle, for an analysis of the strange confusion of accredited criticisms freshly dished up as novelties, and of original sophisms which sum up the bulk of the essay, would far exceed our available limits. There is, however, one suggestion in the article of so extravagant and whimsical a nature that we feel bound to attempt to present it in the light of practical sense. The writer, taking a survey of London, discovers that it is for the most part built on the leasehold system, and spreads over the comparatively large estates of persons who are of course unable themselves to live in more than one out of the many houses of which they are possessed. We had ourselves, some years since, called attention to the same fact as one of the ultimate causes of the great superficial extent of the capital; and we pointed out that, as has taken place on Lord Westminster's estate, the owners would, as the leases fell in, have to build upwards. The Reviewer also observes, and on this head we are in perfect agreement with him, that these "groups of streets" are "most regularly planned and lined with houses very similar to one another in their feeble architectural outlines." The language of this and of several cognate passages is obviously intended to apply to the houses of gentlemen, such as those in Belgrave and in Tyburn, in Win-

pole Street and in Great Russell Street. The writer has also his complaint, though not so clearly and sharply moulded, against the builder-raised dwellings of the urban working classes. What we are concerned with is the remedy which he ventures in all simplicity to propose, and which is sufficiently indicated in the following quotations:—

It is a remarkable instance of the "Chinese" endurance of Englishmen that the people of London have not unanimously struck against this system. They [we conclude the freeholders] have so small an interest in the houses that they [the tenants obviously] might with proper independence and moderation undo the system, by legislative means if necessary, of a custom which is in every way so injurious to all, and particularly to those classes that are now the objects of chief national and social care. Leaseholders, then, like copyholders, should in urban districts be enfranchised, and the freeholders compelled to receive the value of the existing leases. The political effect, as well as the social and material, would be most beneficial.

So says the Land and Labour League when it recommends the parks and woodlands of our rural districts, the stately expanse of the New Forest, and the breezy sweeps of the South Downs, to be compulsorily cut up in quadrangular allotments suitable for spade cultivation; but it has not quite yet succeeded in gaining over the *Quarterly* as the mouthpiece of its policy of confiscation. There is, however, not the slightest difference in principle between the two cases; or rather that of the country is economically the weaker one, for the advocates of an agrarian law have the colourable pretence that as much help towards national life in the way of food is not got out of the soil as would be obtained if they had their way.

But, shelter being as needful for social life as eating, and land being the means of providing for both wants, the reason alleged in the Conservative organ why the Duke of Portland, or Mr. Berners, or the Duke of Bedford is to be by Act of Parliament forced to part with his inheritance is that he has actually estopped his own personal use of the land by converting it wholly to the second—or specially urban—necessity of life. It is only the quarter in which we find this outburst of crude radicalism which induces us to notice it. We do not say that the large landowners of London might not often make a good thing of selling their houses, or that the occupiers might not find their benefit in buying them. By all means let legislation cheapen and simplify the transaction so long as it is left purely voluntary on both sides, and the tenant is given no more right of expropriating his landlord than the landlord of swallowing up the tenant. The peculiar absurdity of the proposition, apart from its political and social heresies, appears in the reasons which are given in its behalf. The writer contends that a main cause of the shortcomings which he finds in our housebuilding, both on its artistic and on its comfortable side, is to be found in the want of personal interest which people in general must feel in houses which are not their out-and-out property, and which those of them who belong to the working classes must in particular feel in houses which they have not built with their own hands. These arguments, so far as they are worth anything, might be applicable to the extension of the very system which the Reviewer deprecates—that of the yet more diffuse expansion of London over what may still be green fields—supposing that a hallot Parliament could be found unjust and insane enough to enact that any man who ventured to turn his land into town should only be allowed to do so by way of selling off the freehold site of every future house to its intending occupier. But the silliness of the plan, so far as it is recommended for the improvement of existing London, is so transparent that we feel almost humiliated in having to expose it. The houses have been built on the leasehold system, and they are bad in the critic's eyes. "Enfranchise" them—by which euphemistic phrase he means force a sale—and they will all become good. By a miracle, or how? Perhaps the amiable theoriser may have only revealed the half of his plan, and will further suggest a second Act of Parliament "compelling" every purchaser to pull down his house and to reconstruct it on the idyllic system cheerily set forth by the writer in the following terms:—

Workmen would build for themselves, and, interchangeably, for one another; and those who are not workmen, seeing the superiority of the work done by the bricklayer or mason, smith or wright, for himself, or for his fellow-workman, over the ordinary task or day work of the drudging mechanic, would dispense with architects, surveyors, builders, and all the class of middlemen, and would see their houses built by the working men, who being constantly on the spot, are always interested and well informed, and with whom they can freely and directly confer. Art and its employer would go hand in hand, equal, mutually respectful, and confiding, and give no place or opportunity for unions or strikes, or international societies.

Of course these "interested" and "well informed" workmen, free from the evil eye of a mercenary clerk of the works, would never look at a bad brick, or daub untempered mortar on, or use green wood for the roof, or risk an untested iron rod, or run a joint so near the fireplace as to ensure a conflagration; while their "dispensing" employers would have no difficulty in knowing where they could procure all needful materials of the first quality and at the lowest prices, and would feel a pride in knocking off a week now and then from their doctoring, or their engrossing, or their retail trade, to make the measurements and take out the quantities which those enemies of mankind—architects and surveyors—were, in the dark ages of pre-*Quarterly*ism, supposed to look after in the interests of their outraged clients. It is pleasant enough to have to listen to diatribes against the regeneration of human society, between plover's eggs and cream, from the gushing young lady whom fate has assigned to one for dinner companion, but the joke becomes excessive when the projects appear in the

solid type of a leading organ of opinion. Any enactment compelling the sale of London houses to the householder who desired to purchase would simply result in making improvement on a large scale impossible. Supposing every third or fourth house in Grosvenor Place or Horseford Street had, according to the Reviewer's nightmare, been wrested from Lord Westminster, where would have been the possibility of that vast rebuilding of the whole quarter which hinged on the fact of the entire district belonging to one freeholder? How would the chances of obtaining sites for churches and other public objects, already difficult enough, be increased by having to deal with as many freeholders as there were houses on the ground? As things are, nearly every new church in London is a monument of the liberality, often signal, of the estate owner. Besides, where is the power of forcing a sale to begin or end? It is part of the Reviewer's grievance that what may in a loose way be called the property in the house is divided between different men—the freeholder, the long leaseholder, the under leaseholder, and the tenant—"water rates and insurance charges" being specified as the crowning hardship. Is the long leaseholder to be empowered to cut his block of houses off from the Portman or the Bedford estate, only to find himself dissected by the two or three dozen householders of the second order who hold under him? and when one of these gentry is just planning some extensive improvements in the house which he dreams he may at last call his own, is he to be liable to hear from the gentleman to whom he has let it for the season that he had determined on a permanent possession? Supposing again that the long leases are about to fall in, and the landowner is expecting the day when he may rearrange his land on a better principle, are the representatives of the moribund interests of the original builder to be allowed to step in and carry off the *spolia opima*? The most discontented Irish Tory could not imagine a more cruel revenge upon Mr. Gladstone for all which he has done or undone than to desire that on him might devolve the framing of the London Land Bill.

The idea that workmen—whom, by the way, the Reviewer seems to think, are all employed in some branch of the building trade—if left to build houses for themselves, on their own lands and by their own hands, with neither supervision nor help, would make them either more beautiful (which is the Reviewer's first object) or more comfortable, solid, healthy, and decent than our existing artisans' dwellings, is of course too romantic to call for serious refutation. It is notorious all over England that the cottages are so bad as those which are cheaply run up, either to live in or to let, by persons of the labouring grade. It is in them that the most virulent typhus rages and the foulest immorality follows the closest huddling of sexes. Not only would inclination and experience fail, but, above all, capital—properly speaking—would be lacking; and what money those workmen had would be eked out by the cheapest and thinnest workmanship, spread over the fewest rooms; while we may be sure that all the accessories most needful to health, but not the most elegant in description, would be scamped or neglected to the gain of the doctor and the undertaker, unless indeed our workmen should be compelled to physic and bury each other "interchangeably" without the noxious help of any "middlemen." The materials, such as they were, must be paid for at once, for our rose-water revolutionist would have abolished those contractors on whom the poor unless than the rich man can now depend. It is a pity that he is not consistent, and does not equally prescribe saw-mills, brick-fields, and slate quarries. Why should not an "interested and well-informed" workman cut his own trees, make his own bricks, and dig his own slates? This would be much more amusing, particularly if his normal craft happened to be tailoring or shoemaking; and should his wife and children have in the meantime to sleep under the hedge, it would only be one to three that the weather might be tolerably fine. The best that could happen—if happen is a word which it is lawful to use in such a conjuncture—would be that our workmen should be well-informed enough to go to somebody who would lend him the needful money on the security of the coming house, at not too exorbitant a rate, and that mankind would wheel back to their old state of things. After all, what will become of the small shopkeepers, the poorer order of clerks, and the other members of the lower middle class, with no better income than our workmen? Are they also to build their own houses, or to camp out in tents? Builders being by this hypothesis extinguished, it would be quite impossible for them out of their scanty earnings to secure the "well-informed" services of an "interchangeable" workman. The Reviewer jumbles up his crotchets with speculations on the "stake in the country" argument for enabling workmen to obtain freehold residences. On this policy we have nothing to say at present. It is only introduced into the article as a peg on which to hang an impossible theory of rehabilitating the universal artist workman upon the ruins of important and intricate existing interests.

We should not have wasted our time in analysing such crude and feeble fumbblings after Communism had it not been for the place in which they appear. The *Quarterly* has long and deservedly been the accredited mouthpiece of Conservatism, and as one main *raison d'être* of Conservatism is the defence of property, not only those persons who are Conservatives in the technical and partisan sense, but every Liberal who does not derive his inspirations from the "Hole in the Wall," must desire that the authentic utterances of Conservatism should be words of common sense and reasonable economics. It is accordingly in these days

of extravagant babble a misfortune to something more than the Conservative party, that its most dignified organ should condescend to put its mint mark on proposals which are either nonsense or confiscation.

#### THE REJECTION OF THE SWISS BUNDESREVISION.

OUR readers know by this time that the proposed changes in the Swiss Federal Constitution have been rejected, not only by the vote of the Cantons, but by a majority, though a small one, of the popular vote. And at last the matter seems to have awakened some attention in England. The *Times* appears to have silenced the wonderful Special Correspondent who gave us such choice amusement a little time back. Instead of his simple outpourings we have had two leading articles on the subject, one before and one after the result of the voting was known, which were, to say the least, an advance on the Special Correspondent. The *Pall Mall Gazette* too took the opportunity for an article on written Constitutions in general, which however laboured under the drawback that the leading article went on the assumption that the proposal had been carried, while a telegram in another part of the paper announced that it had been thrown out. In fact, before the final and accurate version came, a telegram had appeared in the English papers which made out that the popular vote was in favour of the changes. But, as the same telegram announced that the Cantonal vote was against them, the measure was equally lost either way. The exact figures were not known at Bern till several days after the voting. The voting took place on Sunday, and the exact result did not appear in the Bernese papers till Thursday, too late for us to take any notice of the matter last week. These results give the popular vote as 257,748 Noes to 252,536 Ayes, a wonderfully narrow division in so large a body of voters. The Cantonal vote gives 13 Noes to 9 Ayes. The Cantonal and the popular vote have been taken together. That is to say, for the measure to be carried, it must have had both a majority of the whole aggregate of votes and also a majority of votes in more than half of the several Cantons. In other words, for a constitutional change to be adopted, it must approve itself at once to a majority of the Swiss nation as a nation, and also to a majority of the several independent and sovereign States of which the Swiss nation is made up. It is plain that a proposal might, as at one time we thought had happened to this present proposal, obtain a popular majority but be rejected by the vote of the Cantons. This might happen if a measure acceptable to the large Cantons were disliked by the small. On the other hand, a majority acceptable to the small Cantons might gain a majority of the Cantons, but be rejected by the popular vote, if the great Cantons were unanimous against it. In the present case the votes given on both sides in the eight Cantons of Zurich, Bern, Luzern, Freiburg, St. Gallen, Aargau, Thurgau, and Vaud (the eight Cantons in which more than 20,000 votes have been given) amount to 336,478 out of 810,284. It is clear that these eight could always command a majority if the popular vote were not checked by the separate sovereignty of the States as represented by the Cantonal vote. But in this case we need not betake ourselves to such reckonings. The greater Cantons have been anything but unanimous, and the proposed changes have failed to secure a majority either of the Cantonal or of the popular vote.

The result of the figures before us comes generally to this. The Protestant German-speaking Cantons have been outvoted by a union between the Catholic German-speaking Cantons and the Romance-speaking Cantons, irrespective of religion. The Romance-speaking Cantons are unanimous against the changes; one Catholic German Canton votes Aye—namely, Solothurn; one Protestant German half-Canton, Appenzell-auser-rhoden, votes No. The Ayes are Zurich, Bern, Glarus, Solothurn, Basel, Schaffhausen, St. Gallen, Aargau, Thurgau. The Noes are Luzern, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zug, Freiburg, Appenzell, Graubunden, Ticino, Vaud, Wallis, Neuchâtel, and Geneva. The division of three Cantons—namely, Unterwalden, Basel, and Appenzell—into half-Cantons has this time given no trouble, as in all three cases the two halves voted together. The majorities are very various. In Uri, for instance, there are 153 Ayes to 4,100 Noes; and in Schaffhausen 6,211 Ayes to 435 Noes; while in St. Gallen, a Canton much divided in religion, the numbers come so near as 22,503 Ayes to 22,482 Noes. Among the larger Cantons, the most decisive majority on either side is in Vaud, where we have 51,691 Noes to 3,319 Ayes. The minorities against the changes in Zurich and Bern, and the minority for them in Luzern, are all much larger than this. Luzern has 17,890 Noes to 9,385 Ayes; Zurich has 47,532 Ayes to 11,420 Noes; and Bern 50,427 Ayes to 22,442 Noes, this large minority being doubtless mainly owing to the Romance-speaking Catholic district beyond the Jura, the old Bishopric of Basel. Except Schaffhausen, no Canton has so overwhelming a majority for the changes as the three Forest Cantons and Vaud—an odd alliance.

We have already explained more than once the principle on which the division goes; the small Cantons feared the destruction of their Cantonal liberties by the transfer of large powers from the Cantons to the central authority. This comes out in the vote of Appenzell-auser-rhoden—German, Protestant, manufacturing, but small—which votes along with its Catholic and pastoral fellows. The Catholic Cantons also, besides that inherent conservatism nowhere so strong as in small democratic bodies, feared the results of the change would be dangerous to their religion.

The Romance-speaking Cantons, both Catholic and Protestant, feared to be swamped by an overwhelming German majority, and to have their local customs swept away before an uniform German system of law. Before all these combined influences the scheme has broken down. We cannot say that we regret its failure. The mistake, as it seems to us, lay in putting the whole measure before the people in a single vote. The last time a change in the Constitution was proposed it was submitted to the vote clause by clause, and though most of the clauses were thrown out, one was carried. This seems to us the fair way of acting. The scheme which has just been rejected contained some admirable provisions; but it contained others which, to our mind, and, as it has now been shown, to the mind of a majority of the Swiss people, were of more than doubtful advantage. It was surely unreasonable to tie these together, so that many men must have had to choose between voting against a thing which they thought right and voting for a thing which they thought wrong. It was surely hard that a man could not vote for an improvement of Federal judicature and for removing the restrictions on the *Niedergelassenen*, without at the same time voting for *Initiative*, *Veto*, and *Referendum*, or for the general transfer of power from the Cantons to the Confederation. The motive for employing the way of voting *in globo* was doubtless the hope that those who approved of any part of the scheme would thus be led to vote for the whole. But surely, when the choice comes to this, the safest and the most reasonable vote is the negative. By that vote things stay as they are; the objectionable proposals are got rid of, at least for a time, while no hindrance is put in the way of bringing forward the good ones again either alone or in better company. How many of the actual voters who gave the vote of May 12 were led to do so by this train of thought we have no means of knowing. But at all events it seems to us the reasonable course; for a scheme of this sort is not like a measure on a single subject, which, if we think its general effect will be good, we may fairly support even though we disapprove of some particular details. In this case a vast mass of changes on all kinds of subjects, military, ecclesiastical, judicial, financial, educational, and municipal—changes which had no kind of reference to one another, and among which one would think that almost every man must have approved of some and disapproved of others—were all lumped together in a single vote, and there was no choice but to accept all or to reject all. The rejection of the whole scheme, its good features as well as its bad, seems to us to be the natural consequence, and indeed the fitting penalty, of laying the question before the final authority in this unfair shape.

At all events there is no need to take up the line of the *Times*, and to make a lamentation about "a coalition of the most furious Democrats with the most bigoted Ultramontanes." This sentence next follows:—

Nowhere in Europe are notions of absurd Conservatism and exclusiveness more tenderly cherished than in the smallest and most backward Swiss Cantons, and especially in those in which popular Sovereignty is exercised in the most direct and primitive manner.

This is undoubtedly true; still, though the *Times* may find some difficulty in understanding the fact, the democrats of these extreme and immemorial democracies are exactly those to whom the epithet "furious" is most utterly inappropriate. There is something amusing indeed in the inconsistency of the *Times's* whole argument. "Extreme Republicanism" may be a good or a bad thing, but the advocates of the rejected scheme of *Bundesrevision* are at all events the last people who ought to sneer at it. The *Times* does not scruple to argue in this fashion:—

These two Councils have been at work upon the Revised Constitution since last September. It was only after mature separate deliberation and joint consultation, after a great deal of mutual concession and compromise, that they had been brought to a satisfactory understanding, and mustered a legal majority of both Houses in favour of the long-discussed project; but when all had been done, when the "sense" of the country had pronounced on the subject, it became necessary to refer the matter to a *Plébiscite*. The whole unthinking mass of the people was called on to express an opinion on the most complicated political and social subjects, and, after thus setting up a certain number of chosen men to deliberate upon them, it did not hesitate to destroy at one stroke the result of their long deliberations.

Our readers know, though those of the *Times* perhaps do not, that the two Councils have not been at work since last September, seeing that their labours only began in November and ended in March, to say nothing of a respectable Christmas holiday in the meanwhile. But this is no great matter. The thing to be noticed is the grotesque fact that this talk about the "unthinking mass of the people" comes from an admirer of the lately rejected scheme. It comes from one who regrets that a change was not made by which "the whole unthinking mass of the people" would have been "called upon to express an opinion on the most complicated political and social subjects," not only on the rare occasions of a *Bundesrevision*, but as a matter of course by way of appeal from the ordinary resolutions of the Assembly. As the *Times* regrets the rejection of the scheme, we are bound to suppose that the *Times* approves of *Initiative*, *Veto*, and *Referendum*, in some shape or other. Yet the objection to any of those devices surely is that, by them, "after setting up a certain number of chosen men to deliberate upon" "the most complicated political and social subjects," "the whole unthinking mass of the people will be called to express an opinion" on their acts, and may perhaps "not hesitate to destroy at one stroke the result of their long deliberations."

The inconsistency may of course be explained if we may venture to think that the *Times* looks on *Veto* and *Referendum* as good things when they work as the *Times* wishes, and as bad things if they work as the *Times* does not wish them. Or it may be explained by supposing that the *Times* took upon itself to talk big



about the matter without knowing that such things as *Initiative, Veto, and Referendum* had ever been spoken about at all. But at any rate it is queer to go on talking about "small and ignorant Cantons," "the illiberal prejudices of the ignorant multitude," "deep-rooted ignorance and blind animosity," "the almost irresistible ascendancy of the priest," in the face of the great fact that all the Romance-speaking Cantons, Protestant as well as Catholic, have rejected the proposed scheme. From the Olympian height of the *Times*, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, and Protestant Appenzell-ausser-rhoden to boot, may doubtless seem small and ignorant Cantons, though the almost irresistible influence of the priests at Trogen and Herisau is a somewhat grotesque idea. And, to go to the other end of the Confederation, we should not have thought that M. Fazy, who has been throughout the stoutest opponent of the revision, was a man specially open to priestly influences. But the *Times* has its fling at Geneva as well as at Ticino; it does not say a word about Vaud. Now the enormous majority against the revision in that Canton is the most striking fact in the whole business. The standard of the *Times* may perhaps be higher than ours; but we have certainly not been used to look on Vaud as a specially ignorant or a specially priest-ridden Canton, nor yet, from a Swiss point of view, as particularly small.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which made the rejection, or, as it fancied it to have been, the acceptance, of the revised Constitution, the text for a discourse on written Constitutions in general, undoubtedly made as good a discourse as could be made when the leading fact was directly opposite to what the writer fancied it to be. But there was one omission; the *Pall Mall Gazette* forgot that in a Federal state the Constitution must be written, while in a state of any other kind, whether kingdom or commonwealth, it need not be. A Federal Constitution is a treaty between a number of independent States, which agree to give up a certain portion of their inherent sovereign powers to a common authority acting on behalf of all. The terms of such a treaty must, like those of any other treaty, be recorded in some permanent form. We see the distinction among ourselves. The relation between the three parts of the United Kingdom, though not a Federal relation, comes nearer to being so than anything else about us. Now, while we are satisfied to leave many points in the relations between the Crown, its Ministers, and the two Houses of Parliament to be settled by unwritten tradition, the terms of union between England and Scotland, and between Great Britain and Ireland, were, like the terms of union among the Swiss Cantons, necessarily recorded in formal documents. And it is funny to read about the Constitution of the United States, that "on one great point—the relations between the Federal Government and the State Governments—the Constitution was silent, or at most intentionally ambiguous." Now the whole of a Federal Constitution is, in its own nature, a statement of "the relations between the Federal Government and the State Governments." Its one object is to fix what powers shall remain in the States and what powers shall be granted to the Confederation. What the *Pall Mall Gazette* means is that the Constitution did not say in so many words whether a State might secede from the Confederation or not. But on the relations between the Federal Government and the State Governments, so long as they remained Federal Government and State Governments, the Constitution was neither silent nor intentionally ambiguous. Every one of its provisions was, in the nature of the case, devoted to the object of fixing those relations and to no other.

#### GERMAN CATHOLICISM AND THE VATICAN.

WE have spoken already of the political hearings of the quarrel between the Prussian and Roman Courts about the appointment of Cardinal Hohenlohe. But the speeches of Prince Bismarck and Herr Windhorst reported in last Saturday's *Times*, to say nothing of a very suggestive and apparently semi-official paragraph which has been going the round of the North-German newspapers, would alone suffice to prove that the recent act of the Vatican is no isolated expression of a novel policy or sentiment, and has a more than temporary significance. It may or may not be the case that the German Chancellor had deliberately calculated on the reception his offer was likely to meet with, and intended that the Court of Rome should be hoist with its own petard. But it is perfectly true, as his organs in the press have insisted, that if it is unusual to nominate an ecclesiastic to such an office, none but ecclesiastical business can henceforth be transacted with a Court which has ceased to exercise any civil sovereignty, and for such negotiations it might be supposed that a Cardinal would be exceptionally fitted, at least in the eyes of the Pope; while the particular Cardinal selected, whatever might have been his previous attitude towards the dogma of infallibility, voted for it in Council when the time for the final decision had arrived. Nor is there anything forced or unnatural on the face of it in the explanation given by Prince Bismarck himself in the German Parliament, in reply to the angry and not very logical complaints of the Ultramontane member for Meppen. Certainly there is no evidence of a design on his part "to put down all Churches under the iron heel of a secular and military Government." Be this as it may, however, the event was and is felt on both sides to have an importance independent of its direct antecedents or results, as revealing what may be called the normal moral relations of Catholic Germany to the Papacy. We say of Catholic Germany, for there can be little doubt that had the proposed ambassador been, like Count Arnim, a Protestant, no objection would have

been raised by the Court of Rome. Whatever may have been the intentions or object of the Prussian Government in selecting Cardinal Hohenlohe, it is unquestionably because he is supposed to represent Liberal Catholicism in Germany that the Pope has refused to receive him. That this is the real root of bitterness in the whole affair is implied in Prince Bismarck's pointed allusion to "a certain ceremony enacted centuries ago at Canossa"; and still more clearly in his statement that, "after the prerogative lately assumed by the Pope, no Government which is not prepared to see the secular power annulled and placed under spiritual jurisdiction will consent to conclude a Concordat." And that some further step is intended to be taken in the matter may be inferred from his emphatic announcement that "the Prussian Cabinet are determined to adopt measures which shall henceforth render it impossible for Prussians who are priests of the Roman Catholic Church to assert with impunity that they will be guided by Canon law rather than by Prussian law"; a menace evidently directed against prelates like the Archbishops of Cologne and Munich who have publicly excommunicated various personages, both lay and clerical, for rejecting the Vatican decrees. Considering how large a proportion of Germany is still Roman Catholic, and how conspicuously German Catholics form the moral and intellectual aristocracy of their Church in Europe, the attitude of fixed "estrangement," to adopt the language of one of Prince Bismarck's organs, ostentatiously assumed by the Roman Curia towards them might seem at first sight inexplicable, if not suicidal. The explanation, however, is to be sought in the fact that it is a fixed attitude, and one that has been deliberately persisted in for many centuries. It is indeed only the natural and historical sequel, allowing for change of time and circumstances, of the too famous "ceremony at Canossa."

That the traditional policy of Rome towards her "much enduring" spiritual children north of the Alps should have provoked a corresponding sentiment of hostility on their part was of course only to be expected. There is abundant evidence of this in the tone, as well as in many of the detailed statements, of "Janus." And we have no doubt that the enthusiasm and the tough vitality of the Old Catholic movement in Germany, under circumstances of grave difficulty and discouragement, are due quite as much to the long arrears of inherited disaffection, which has not hitherto found so convenient an outlet, as to the antagonism evoked by the new dogma itself. Or rather perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the energetic protest against the dogma arises chiefly from its being regarded as the coping-stone to a vast edifice of spiritual despotism which has long been in course of erection, and which presses with continually increasing weight on the necks of the *misera contribuens plebs* who are crushed beneath it. A work recently published by Dr. Sepp, one of the most distinguished lay professors of Munich, and a member of the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies, throws much light on the present state of feeling in Germany. His very title, *Deutschland und der Vatikan*, is indicative of the general line of thought. But the sections on "Contempt of the Germans in the Church," "the Empiro and the new Ecclesiastical Constitution," and "the Characteristics of the Jesuits," are among the most outspoken and explicit. Professor Sepp, as we have previously had occasion to mention, has expressed himself no less strongly in the same sense in the Bavarian Parliament, and his protest derives additional force from the fact that, till lately, he was regarded as a decided Ultramontanist. To him, as to many others, the Vatican Council has been as a touchstone, by which the true nature of opinions accepted without being distinctly grasped has been definitely revealed. It must be startling to his former allies to hear him speak of the Encyclical and Syllabus paving the way for a "Western Caliphate," and of Rome as presenting the main hindrance to Christian peace and unity. But he is too well read in history to date these influences from any event of yesterday, however important. We are told that the German nation, like the fabled Tannhäuser, has long since been repudiated by the Holy Father, notwithstanding its purity of conscience and good will; "he repels us with curses, and, not content with our kissing his slippers, sets his foot on our necks, condemns all our achievements, and enjoins blind obedience of intellect." The Italians, like Jacob, have long since stolen the birthright of the German people, who are treated like a stepson in their father's house, fit for nothing but to serve the ends of Roman policy or pride. The Church has become Italianized, and the Papacy an Italian institution; but whereas the Romance nations are content with blind submission, "the Germans inquire after grounds of belief, and insist on knowledge," and as they refuse to become "Italian Christians," are looked on as pariahs, without any rights in the Church. The Romans have no notion of taking equal rank with other nations in the Church, but demand supremacy, and frequently seek it by fraud; and hence, under the mask of a dogma, Rome is seeking to establish her favourite system of terrorism, and Germany, at the very moment it is aspiring to political unity, is menaced with a new schism. It is only by "extorting respect" and resolutely carrying out peaceful reforms that she can preserve her unity. The Pope remarked last year, on occasion of his Jubilee, that he did not understand German; and "that must be true enough, for of the good Germans Rome understands nothing." It is necessary to revive national Councils to restrain the excesses of Papal despotism, for the people are sick of religious strife; and meanwhile it would be well if the German bishops would make peace with the State, which is also a divine institution, before it is too late.

This revival of national synods, according to Professor Sepp, is a matter of pressing importance for German Catholics, who are resolved to abandon neither their nationality nor their faith. When the Pope is spoken of by an English Ultramontane divine as "the third Incarnation of Christ," and when a French prelate bids us reverence him as "Christ upon earth," while the Roman *Civiltà* naively sums up the result of the Vatican definition by saying, "Quando il Papa medita, è Dio che pensa in lui," the doctrinal question may fairly be said to form part of the order of the day. And there can be no doubt that the final verdict of both nation and Government will be against the new dogma. The "German beasts" against whom Rome is fulminating her heaviest anathemas do not indeed desire to separate from the Pope or set up an anti-pope, but they wish, when a vacancy occurs, to see the right man in the chair of Peter, and he must be, not an absolutist, but a constitutional ruler, whose rights would then be as little disputed as the rights of the constitutional sovereign of England. "Without Hildebrand there would be no Luther. And, moreover, the constitution of the Church is of divine origin, but has been superseded by the dominant influence of Rome, so that all Church rights are completely confiscated." At the Council of Constance, side by side with the bishops, sat deputies from fifteen Universities, and three hundred doctors, both of canon and civil law; and at the older Council of Frankfort, under the eye of Charlemagne, sat representatives of the Empire as well as of the Church. It is necessary to revert to the precedents of the earlier ages, before the whole Church system had been revolutionized by the *Falso Decretals*. A national synod must be summoned to give the first impulse to the independent organization of the Catholic Church in Germany; and it must be no mere phantom synod. Not only must the clergy, both secular and religious, as well as the bishops, be represented, but the Government also, "for the laity, too, belong to the Church." If the Vatican Council has done its utmost to sharpen the divisions of Christians, and circumscribe more jealously than ever the limits of Catholicism, "we yet anticipate with confidence that its lamentable decisions will have a directly opposite result." On one point Professor Sepp is very emphatic, and his views have been endorsed, with a fulness and precision too remarkable to be quite accidental, by some leading speakers in the recent debate on the Jesuits in the German Parliament. Herr Fischer, the Liberal Catholic member for Augsburg, has at least borrowed his telling quotation from King Louis I. of Bavaria, who described the Order as "protectors, with all the virtues and faults of a royal body-guard." Their merits as missionaries and educators, and their zealous devotion to the care of the sick during the last war, are freely admitted; but "all that," it is added, "will not save them." The author briefly recalls their career from the first—their perpetual conflicts with the civil power, and the systematic use of their influence as royal tutors and confessors to promote the cause of absolutism; their inculcation of blind obedience and "sacrifice of the intellect," in place of inward development of mind and character; their substitution of artificial for natural virtues; and, above all, their dominant influence over women, and through women over the government of the Church, which exactly carries out Mephistopheles' advice to Faust—"Vor allem aber lern' die Frauen führen." Dr. Micheliis pathetically observes, "They have now been among us (in Germany) for twenty years, and already we experience under their tyrannical control a bankruptcy of honour and character, so that the moral authority of our Bishops seems hopelessly lost." Next year, we are significantly reminded, will be the centenary of the abolition of the Order by Pius VI.—or, to adopt Dr. Moufang's charming but rather unhistorical euphemism, of "the famous Bull which Clement XIV. was weak enough to allow himself to be talked over into issuing;" and Professor Sepp intimates, not obscurely, that the occasion would be a suitable one for "casting this Jonah out of the European State ship." There is evidently a large and growing number of German Catholics, as well as Protestants, who share his feelings on the subject.

Such are some of the salient points of a book expressly submitted, as the title-page bears witness, to "the earnest consideration of statesmen and the people, as well as of the Church authorities," and written by a man whose name will give weight to his words both in the political and intellectual world of Germany. He is a friend and colleague of Döllinger's, though they have not always fought on the same side, and he has been long known for his zealous attachment to his Church, while at the same time his position naturally leads him to look at religious questions from the point of view of a layman and a politician. No fresh evidence of course was needed to prove the existence of a great and widening gulf between Rome and Catholic Germany. But the pointed rejection of the good offices of a German Cardinal who is known to be a patriot as well as a churchman, and the angry debate on the Jesuits follow very closely on Professor Sepp's elaborate exposure of the impossibility of reconciling either patriotism or historical science with the modern pretensions of the Papacy and the policy of its haughty "protectors." Sir George Bowyer can see nothing on the German side but a deep-laid conspiracy against Christianity and the Church; but to an unprejudiced looker-on there will seem at least as much force in Professor Sepp's report, that "Rome, however little she may think it, is helping Catholicism, is simply playing into the hands of Protestantism."

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

THE Academy in the present state of English art defies classification. In Italian Galleries it is comparatively easy for the visitor to know where he is; in the Florentine Pitti and Uffizi Galleries, for instance, every situation depicted is sure to fall somewhere between the Expulsion from Paradise and the Calumny of Apelles, or between the Annunciation and the Bath of Diana. But the present Royal Academy Exhibition opens with miscellaneous as follows:—(1) "Beatrice, Daughter of H. M. Dunphy, Esq.;" (2) "Trying the Costume"; (3) "The Viscountess Powerscourt"; (4) "Oh, there's naebody comin' tae marry me"; (5) "Pay for Peeping," &c., &c. And yet this multiplicity of subject-matter does not ensure equal diversity of manner. In fact, the barriers are now thrown down which formerly separated sacred and profane art, historic and domestic art, high and low art. Thus Mr. Frith in two pictures—"Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn deer-shooting in Windsor Forest" (470), and "An Incident in the Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague" (197)—treats history as a branch of genre painting. Other semi-historic works, by Academicians and outsiders, recall Wilkie rather than Delacroix. Again, when we come to Mr. Riviere's "Daniel," we are less reminded of religious themes than of sensational scenes in Zoological Gardens. Furthermore, in the present day few artists have such strong convictions as to stick persistently to any one line of thought or tone of sentiment; painters fly incontinently from grave to gay; they hold the mirror up to society as it is, not as it ought to be, and fancy that nature receives sufficient justice when they portray pleasing trivialities or perplexing contradictions. Nature in the highest sense of the word, as synonymous with perfect truth and absolute beauty, seldom enters the studios of our modern artists. Thus the Academy does not so much conform to law as accommodate itself to accident. The exhibition in fact may be compared to a miscellaneous concert given for a charity, especially for such charity as is said to begin at home. The old favourites, with voices a little the worse for wear, sing stock songs, the programme is a hodge-podge, all tastes are gratified, all appetites appeased. The performance may possibly prove a little tedious, but the receipts at the door yield a handsome surplus. After this sort are the miscellaneous exhibitions in Burlington House. Art long ago lost its unity, and these annual gatherings are now surrendered to distracting diversity. The time is long since past when the Church, the State, the ruling house, or even any one merchant family as that of the Medici, could exert a paramount or appreciable power over the season's show. Looking round the Academy, no such power is present; the influence chiefly felt is that of trade as centred in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, or Glasgow. The danger seems to be that under the sway of the counting-house and the shop the old landmarks will be swept away, and that art may henceforth drift downward in the course of a wealth-winning democracy. If criticism has a use, it is to cry back to principles which past experience has made sure.

"Columbus at Porto Santo" (255), by Mr. Elmore, R.A., is a striking instance of how imagination may impinge on history, how fancy may play around facts, so that the picture produced is not so much a chronicle as a creation; in fact, an artist may often with advantage paint, just as Scott, Irving, and Bulwer penned, what may be termed the romance of history. Columbus, with finely-arched brow made for speculation and forecast of the future, stands with his wife upon the shore. They gaze intently on a barbarous image which the waves have cast on the beach from some undiscovered continent. The two figures, studiously balanced, tell with brilliant force against the clear sky, and throw off the blue sea into illimitable distance. The picture is as carefully painted as it has been cautiously thought out. Mr. Lucy, known in historic walls, also retraces the story of the discoverer of the New World. "Columbus at the Monastery of La Rabida" (1020) is a work serious in thought and solid in execution. Mr. Lucy is one of the very few painters who still abide by the old traditions. Sir George Harvey too, the venerable President of the Scottish Academy, is true to the practice which prevails across the Tweed; like Wilkie, he is pleased to pass from genre into history; like other members of the Edinburgh Academy, his canvases gain the deep liquorice tone of age by use of asphaltum or paints equally rotten and brown. Yet a very respectable specimen of historic genre is "Shakespeare before Sir Thomas Lucy on a Charge of Deer-stealing" (177). Some may object that the poet of Avon looks neither dramatist nor deer-poacher; the head lacks genius, the figure force. On the other hand, Sir Thomas Lucy, before whom Shakespeare is arraigned, has some solemnity; the cabinet, too, against the wainscoted wall, is fairly well painted. But as we have already indicated, the manner is scarcely large enough for history, nor finished enough for first-rate genre. However, it will easily be understood why Sir George Harvey is a favourite with engravers; he tells a story well, he composes with a sure purpose.

We need scarcely say that intermediate styles between history and genre exist and are admissible; just as the biography of individuals has less of state and solemnity than the history of empires, so may domestic scenes, though they date back centuries or more, depart from academic formality. Yet no distinction is needed to hit the precise line of demarcation. And it is hardly conceivable of anything more infelicitous than Mr. Frith's approach to a pretty enough incident—"Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn deer-shooting in Windsor Forest" (470). The treatment

is black, wooden, common. But the same artist finds himself quite at home when he enters the domestic circle of Lady Mary Wortley Montague (197). The incident is eminently pictorial. Lady Bute, here a child with playthings, saw her grandfather, the Duke of Kingston, once only. Her mother was dressing, "when there entered an elderly stranger, of dignified appearance and still handsome." "Lady Mary, instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing." The situation is striking; the grandfather, the Duke of Kingston, standing; the daughter, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, kneeling; the granddaughter, Lady Bute, with a doll, furnish materials which even in less dexterous hands would tell by contrast of age, attitude, and action. The picture is well painted; the artist, as heretofore, finds space for grey and quiet passages, which mitigate what otherwise might be garish and assailing. But Mr. Frith's triumph this year, strange to say, is not in a cleverness which some have mistaken for impertinence, but in a tenderness and refinement for which few gave him credit. "The Miniature" (157), and "The Love-Letter" (469), apparently portraits of the same lady, do much to atone for bygone. A painter who in quietude can arrest attention, who by a single figure, a fancy portrait, can move more deeply the better sort of people than he has been accustomed to do by crowds on the race-course, in the railway station, or at the gambling-table, must have in him latent powers which may yet take the world by surprise. The prodigious success of the works to which we have referred did much in past years to lower the taste of the public. Mr. Frith, let us hope, now gives foretaste of better things; talent, even genius, he possesses—the only question is as to its right direction. Mr. Topham, belonging to a younger generation, made his entrance into Burlington House with conspicuous abilities which only needed chastening; but instead of a curb, he has given himself rein, and now plunges headlong into ungovernable extravagance. "The Fall of Rienzi" (674) is indeed a fall; and whether after so dire an overthrow an artist may be able to recover truth and sobriety is more than doubtful.

The Old Testament furnishes the Exhibition with fewer subjects than might have been anticipated, considering that no other volume has yielded to the painter stores more rich and varied. The work in this department which has been most talked of is "Daniel" (539), by Mr. Rivière, an artist who last year favoured us, not with a prophet amid lions, but with Circe amid swine. Each work we have heard extolled to such a superlative degree that we can only suppose the painter equally master of a lion and a pig. We incline, however, to think he is most at home with the less noble beast. The creatures before us are more and less than lions; they are endowed with emotions bordering on the human, and yet they have the sinuosity of the snake, the treachery of the reptile. This confusion of species, this mingling of humanity with the brute creation, has in modern art been already carried too far by Kaulbach in "Reinecke Fuchs," and by Landseer in "Comus" and "The Midsummer Night's Dream." The dignity of each creature resides in its distinctive individuality. And if we turn from modern to ancient art, we find that when nature has been departed from, it is only for the sake of some abstraction or generalization which brings out all the more strongly the leading idea of lion, sphinx, griffin, or dragon, as the case may be. When in the art of the catacombs "Daniel in the Lion's Den" entered the series of divine types and antitypes, a simplicity bordering on severity was maintained; on either side is a lion, and in the midst stands Daniel, with hands stretched out in the form of a cross, in attitude of prayer. A Father of the Church expressly says that Daniel overcame the wild beasts by the stretching out of his hands; that is, by the power of prayer. We do not lay much stress on the fact that Mr. Rivière, on the contrary, represents the Prophet with hands bound behind his back, for the new reading is not without significance; Daniel, deprived of physical power of self-defence, relies solely on divine aid. The figure, it must be admitted, is finely conceived. Taken as a whole, however, the picture, as we have before intimated, is no more a religious work than Landseer's "Van Amburgh, the Lion Tamer." Mr. Rivière is wide as the poles asunder from the old master, and the modern style to which he commits himself is incompatible with sacred art. More in accordance with traditional usage is a little picture by Mr. Simeon Solomon, "Judith and her Attendant going to the Assyrian Camp" (665). Also in the same category may be mentioned "Abraham and Isaac on the Way to Sacrifice" (916). The artist, Mr. Gale, who gives himself to what may be termed sacred topography, Syrian scenery, and Eastern colour, has, with an ingenious conceit which some may commend, thrown the arms of Isaac, bearing the wood of sacrifice, into the figure of the cross. It is not by such trivialities that the sacred fire of religious art can be kept alive.

Modern art is not without compensation for what she may have lost. The keen, cold, but shrewd eye which she turns upon life, whether of past or present days, gives a character which seldom pertained to the schools of intuition or spiritualism. Mr. Crowe, an artist gifted with cynical insight, which detects the skeleton hid away in every cupboard, has not for years manifested his peculiar faculty so sharply and strongly. He seems indeed to have profited by the forced exile in London of M. Gérôme and other French painters. His chief contribution, "Howard Succouring the Galley Slaves at Venice" (909), has the power of *mimesis in parvo*. Here is the galley silent, there are the slaves on board, and in the midst of the misery-stricken crowd moves Howard

the philanthropist. The difficulties over which the painter has triumphed are all but insuperable. If we could imagine Titian brought to labour within the limits of Mimesis, some notion might be formed of the drudgery to which talent is put in this supremely clever, yet ineffective, composition. The picture fails of a result proportioned to the time expended, partly because of the microscopic minuteness of its multitudinous parts; the composition is frittered away because the artist does not know what to surrender. Mr. Hodgson, who bids fair before long to win his way into the Academy, is another painter who appears in unusual force; for dry humour and caustic satire "Army Reorganization in Morocco" (127) is eminently noteworthy. This dull scene was actually enacted under the eye of the painter; "reorganization," as here depicted to the life, on the African coast confesses to disorder and disorganization. A turbaned Pasha, with his awarthy servant bearing at reverent distance an umbrella as large as a folded tent, reviews with morose rigidity an awkward squad drawn up against a wall. This hastily improvised company is just that dirty offscouring which is apt to be got together in outlying tributaries of the Turkish Empire; not two are dressed alike; each man comes to drill in whatever he happens to have on, and one fellow wearing a bandage round his tooth-aching jaws looks less the warrior than the old woman. In delineation of character and artistic treatment the picture shows consummate power; a brilliant passage of sunlight, wherein a mosque glitters, a palm-tree waves, and doves float, is skilfully thrown in to relieve and enliven a subject otherwise sombre and dolorous. Mr. Hodgson's manner is frequently dry to a fault. Under a like disadvantage Mr. Marks often shows himself; his characters, though funny, are colourless; yet no one tells a story with keener point or more racy humour—witness "Waiting for the Procession" (279). The difficulty here encountered is exceptional; "the procession," itself invisible—that is, lying beyond the limits of the picture—has to be made present to the mind's eye through the eager gaze of crowded spectators in the street. Expectation is reflected in every countenance; the King comes, but is not seen, and the interval of waiting is filled up by the garrulous gossip of the townsfolk. The manner of Mr. Marks is Chaucerlike; indeed we might almost fancy these good country people had come together to look at the Canterbury pilgrims, and to join perchance as stragglers in the procession. The painter states his case clearly, circumstantially, yet curtly; his hand is as steady as his intellect is shrewd. The three painters we have just named—Mr. Crowe, Mr. Hodgson, and Mr. Marks—are committed to a manner which has the rare merit of spurning popularity. They are never guilty of sentimentality, of vain show, of flattering falsehood; they are plainly outspoken, and what the world does not like it may leave. Dean Swift may be taken as their terse exemplar; with the elegant thought and diffuse diction of Addison they have little in common.

#### DALILA.

AMONG many qualities which we admire in certain modern French dramatists, the most worthy of applause and imitation is their piety. If it had been in other respects possible for an English writer to have conceived such a play as *Dalila*, we must own with regret that he would have omitted to consider the character of its heroine from the religious side. It is to be observed that *Dalila* is—to put it plainly—a super-extraordinary kind of courtesan. She is noble, beautiful, and accomplished, and wears splendid clothes, and inhabits a gorgeous palace; but still she is no more than a particularly distinguished member of the demi-monde. She is illustrious by her charms and graces, and still more by her wickedness; for it is acutely observed by the friend of her victim, who strives to free him from her toils, that she never goes to church, and one ought always to distrust a woman who does not go to church. Man, says in effect this writer, can do pretty well with honour, but woman cannot get on without religion. She may be all that you desire at the park, the race-course, the ball, the opera, but before you commit your happiness to her keeping, observe how she behaves at church. André has been informed that the next in the series of *Dalila*'s victims is about to be promoted to the place from which he is to be dismissed, and he is not unnaturally reluctant to believe this humiliating piece of news. He does not, indeed, appear to regard the appointment of a successor to himself as in the abstract incredible, but he is certain that his magnificent tyrant could never stoop so low as to pick up a tenor singer from the Opera; and besides, she would surely have given him warning before dismissing him. His friend, he says, does not know *Dalila*—"âme orangeuse, troublée, mais loyale." She may be capable of a crime, but not of a degradation, or of a base deceit. The friend answers that he does know *Dalila*—a statement which, as we learn afterwards, is made on the best possible foundation. She is capable, he says, of everything, like every other woman who acknowledges no principle but passion. Has she ever been seen to set her foot in a church? Having enjoyed full opportunity of studying the habits of this "espèce venimeuse" of the genus woman, he is able to answer his own question in the negative; and as the result of his own experience, he warns his friend to distrust women who never go to church. When a first-class Anonima is tempted to let herself down to the level of an actress, she needs religious principle to sustain her, and herein Leonora is deficient—"Ta maîtresse est un esprit fort; c'est une palanque." Perhaps if we translated this play, not into English but into American, we should say that Leonora

was a disciple of the modern gospel of Free Love, although it may be that even the most extreme devotees of that new system of morality draw the line at play-actors. We of course remember how Leonora, Princess Falconieri, was introduced to us in the first act. André had irreverently spoken of her to his friend Carnioli as "your Princess," and he is rebuked as follows:—"Ce n'est pas ma princesse; c'est la veuve la plus noble et la plus vertueuse comme la mieux tournée de ce globe." Yet Carnioli mentions afterwards that she had been temporarily his princess, and even before he reveals this fact her virtue is to our eyes less conspicuous than her elegance. Between the first act and the third she has lived with André, or rather he has lived with her, and perhaps they have been so much occupied with each other's society that she has omitted to attend regularly at church, and thus, her religious principles being undermined, she has become capable, when she wants another lover, of seeking him among the singers at the Opera. As Carnioli emphatically says:—"Toute femme qui n'est pas à Dieu est à Vénus." It is to be hoped that our strong-minded ladies will call M. Octave Feuillet to proper account for his new and offensive method of distinguishing between the sexes. Religion, according to him, was designed, not to diminish, but to regulate, the pleasures of women. It forbids them to have more than one lover at one time, or at least it limits the area of selection, if not the number of a woman's lovers; and an illustrious princess connected with several royal houses cannot be considered to have her passions under due control if she allows herself to be attracted by a young and handsome singer of the Opera. Women at any rate cannot guide their own lives without religion; but for men the rule of honour is sufficient. It is not explained whether this rule permits a prince to entertain a temporary passion for a singer or dancer, or is potent enough to prevent him from doing so.

It is a pity that the eccentricities of this play could only be enjoyed on the single occasion when it was played for the benefit of Madame Fargueil. It has perhaps fitly made way for *Rabagas*, as the Empire which produced it has given place to a Republic. It is the creature of a period when a little religion of the best quality was an essential ingredient in the composition of a lady of the highest fashion. Stern Protestantism might find an incongruity between these two ideas, just as we feel a difficulty in understanding how the great work of the musician Sertorius, *Le Chant du Cubeaire*, could be suitably performed at his daughter's wedding. But then perhaps the author would say of our criticism, as he does of the singing of the prima donna of André's opera, that it is "comme un Anglais." It is doubtless our own want of sensibility that prevents our perceiving that the religion of this play, like onion in a well-dressed salad, imparts flavour to the whole without being anywhere disagreeably predominant. The musician Sertorius and his daughter Marthe are seated at their open window on a summer's evening when the old man's pupil, André, enters, bringing them tickets for the first performance of his opera, which is to take place that night. Sertorius allows himself to be persuaded that, in preparation for such a solemnity, he ought to shave, and having retired for that purpose, the young people occupy themselves as usual upon such occasions. The business begins with her sewing a button on his glove, and he rapidly becomes sentimental, pious, and, if we may venture so to say, maudlin. He has heard the chimes of a village clock as he came upstairs, and they remind him of his innocent childhood and of his excellent first preceptor, who spoke to him of all that he himself loved—"du bien et du beau, de l'art et de Dieu." He would regain the peace and purity of those early years, and he can only find them—we all know where. The young lady seems about to signify that his hope may possibly obtain fruition, when her father enters, and further explanation is prevented. But that which was not spoken was understood. Marthe and her father depart for the theatre, while André remains behind in a delicious dream, which is dissipated by the entrance of his friend Carnioli. This munificent patron of musical genius is clearly of opinion that marriage is inconsistent with its adequate development, so he determines, in the interest at once of his friend and of art, to introduce André that very night at the Opera to the fascinating Princess Falconieri, of whose charms he is, as we learn afterwards, well able to estimate the power. The Princess is so good as to express her willingness to ensnare and devour this new prey. As André's opera proceeds, she joins in the general applause, and throws to him her bouquet, to which her handkerchief is—of course accidentally—attached. The young composer, who is certainly not afflicted with either modesty or constancy, calls after midnight at the splendid mansion of the Princess, and is shown upstairs. Here, again, perhaps we understand, as the prima donna sang, "comme un Anglais." We see a splendid and stately princess consorting in a saloon at the Opera with Prince Kalisch and Marquise Narni, and, above all, with "Lady Wilson;" and yet we ought to be able to discover, as this young musician discovers, that this near connexion of royalty may be visited after midnight. The reception of André by Leonora is a very great scene indeed. The lady's behaviour is, we will not say so proper, for that is a thing of course, but so elevated and ethereal, that we are under the belief that she must have lately had a particularly violent fit of church-going. He falls upon his knee, and with respectful passion kisses her hand. Then he performs upon the organ, while she slowly paces a balcony and listens. We learn afterwards that Marthe and her father are, unfortunately for them, so placed as to watch their proceedings from over the way, and of course in their eyes it is

necessarily wrong. But to the world the Princess may boldly say, as a King once said, "Evil be to him that evil thinks." She is a rich widow, able to please herself, and she chooses to hear music in her drawing-room after midnight. Setting conventionality aside, Marthe herself could not have behaved more properly, and as the curtain falls, an ignorant Englishman might suppose that the Princess meant to marry the young musician, who would thenceforth cultivate his art as well as he might under the difficulties of matrimony. At this stage of the play virtue and vice are very much alike, particularly vice; and it is only in the next act that we get principles defined, and understand that André was going downhill while apparently walking upon level ground. There is of course nothing inconsistent with honour in living with a princess, nor apparently is it incompatible with religion that a princess should live with a composer of operas. But when it comes to jilting the composer for a singer, we clearly see that this is vice. It is, in fact, the sort of conduct that is to be expected from a woman who does not go to church.

The experiment which Carnioli makes in the interest of art has the worst possible result. André does not take to composing, but he takes very much to smoking, and what is familiarly called mooning, and the Princess has already found his successor in her affections. He refuses to believe that she will leave him until she has actually left, and then he starts in pursuit with pistols, intending to shoot his rival, or the Princess, or both. Carnioli follows to prevent, if possible, this folly, and is thus able to assist at the final tableau of the play. A shabby and rickety one-horse fly comes on the stage, and is met by André in the "stand and deliver" manner with his pistols. The fly stops, and from it emerges the old man Sertorius, who informs all present that his daughter is dead, and he is carrying her body home for burial in Germany. If he has got the body inside the fly, it must make a pretty tight fit, which is perhaps the reason why he does not produce it to enhance the pathos of the situation. The old man re-enters the fly and drives away, and at the same moment Leonora and her new lover are seen on the water in a boat, while he adds insult to injury by singing an air from André's own successful opera. André, overwhelmed by the emotions suitable to these afflicting circumstances, dies, and Carnioli falls upon his knees beside him, exclaiming "Pray for me!" which nobody among the spectators seems to find in the least degree ridiculous. It is a pity that the author has left his religious views imperfectly explained. Looking at the position "comme un Anglais" we might object that, if the prayers of André could be supposed to have any effect, he would want them all for himself. As the Scotch proverb goes, he would need to keep his breath to cool his own porridge. Thus the curtain falls upon a play in which, as we remember, there occurs only a single joke. The Princess's waiting-maid says that she should like a place as governess in a great English family, where she could marry the heir. This joke is omitted in deference to the susceptibilities of the aristocratic audience at the St. James's Theatre, but we really think that they would not feel it deeply. It is better to laugh at oneself than not to laugh at all.

#### NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

SOME resolutions of considerable importance, as affecting the position of trainers and limiting the number of horses in training at Newmarket, were carried at the last meeting of the Jockey Club. The first announces that "every trainer who wishes to train horses on the lands belonging to, or in the occupation of, the Jockey Club, must apply annually to the Stewards for a licence, and, on making such application, must specify the horses then under his charge, and the names of their owners." The second reserves the right of the Jockey Club to revoke such licences at pleasure, on sufficient reasons being shown for the necessity of such a step. The third explains that the payment of the Heath tax does not confer on the payer any legal right "inconsistent with the absolute control the Club now has over all persons using or going on to their grounds." The fifth raises the Heath tax from two to four guineas per horse per annum, and defines what use of the Club grounds involves liability to such tax. And a supplementary resolution forbids any trainer to engage any lad or stable servant "without previously referring to his last employer, and receiving a satisfactory reply. Any trainer infringing this rule shall not be allowed to train horses at Newmarket, or at other meetings where the Newmarket rules are enforced." There is a proviso, however, to this last, introduced at the suggestion of Admiral Rous, that "any boy prevented from obtaining employment by this rule shall have the right of appeal to the Stewards for an inquiry." These resolutions—setting aside the last—deal with two points, and are intended as preventives against two evils; first, the unrestricted liberty at present enjoyed by any one who chooses to call himself an owner or a trainer of racehorses, and which permits him to have the same privileges as the heads of the largest racing establishments; and, secondly, the superabundance of horses with which Newmarket is already afflicted. To take the latter evil first, it must really be remembered, though many people seem to have forgotten it, that Newmarket Heath, though of considerable extent, is not illimitable, and that there has been of late years a growing disposition to overtax its resources. There are about eight hundred horses in training there at present, and without affecting to draw too hard and fast a line, we may perhaps say that it would be much better for the Heath if their numbers



were reduced to five hundred. We think also that such reduction would operate favourably on racing itself. So long as racing lays claim to be considered a national sport, it is desirable that various parts of the country should have a share in it, and that a healthy rivalry should exist among the trainers of different districts. The case of cricket is somewhat analogous. If, instead of the North of England fighting against the South, and the strength of one county being pitted against the strength of another, all the crack cricketers were to domicile themselves in London, half the spirit would be taken out of the game, and the old time-honoured matches would lose half their significance. And we cannot but think that the recent rush to Newmarket of one large string of horses after another, as if there was no other ground in the country fit to train racehorses upon, has had a depressing effect upon the sport, compromises being frequently inevitable, one stable often not caring to oppose another, and owners more generally taking the prudent but unenterprising course of withdrawing their horses when success seemed doubtful, rather than boldly throwing down the gauntlet even in the face of acknowledged superiority. We are glad therefore that the authorities have resolved to take such steps as will probably effect a considerable reduction in the number of horses trained at Newmarket. Equally salutary are the resolutions dealing with trainers' licences. It will no longer be possible for mere hangers-on of the Turf to pay the Heath tax for two or three wretched platers, simply in order to secure for themselves the privileges attaching to trainers, and to pursue systematically and uninterruptedly the practice of touting, to their own profit and that of their employers. The new powers given to the Stewards will enable them to withdraw from any trainer, or to refuse to any applicant, the desired licence, not only if they are dissatisfied with the trainer himself, but also if they are not satisfied with the character of the owner or owners whose horses are proposed to be trained. Thus a blow will be struck at a class of owners who do little credit to the Turf, as well as at trainers of doubtful antecedents. And the increase of the Heath tax from two to four guineas per annum may probably induce even the large trainers to draft off some of their less promising charges. On the whole, we regard these resolutions as the most important step towards Turf reform that the Jockey Club has made for many years.

The two-year-old racing was the mainstay of the Second Spring Meeting, for the Rous Stakes, established only last year in honour of Admiral Rous, and which then attracted such celebrities as Cymbal, Vulcan, Chopette, Countryman, and Tibthorpe, fell through, though kept open to the last possible moment—a rather poor compliment to the gallant Admiral. The Derby Trial Plate, also, of which we shall have more to say presently, was more interesting as being likely to decide the question whether Chopette could stay over a mile and a-half than for any other reason. Taking the two-year-old races in the order in which they were run, we find that eighteen out of the twenty entered contested the Plate over the last half of the Abingdon Mile, the shortest and easiest of the two-year-old courses at Newmarket, being little over three furlongs. The result was a complete upset of the running at the First Spring Meeting, when Juliana ran away from a large field over the last half of the Rowley Mile. On that occasion, however, the start was so ridiculously bad that many of the jockeys never attempted to take any part in the race, which would probably have been decided null and void had the Stewards the power of overruling the starter's decision. But, as the law stands, there is no more appeal from the starter than from the judge; the decision of the former is as absolute about the commencement as is the decision of the latter about the finish of a race. This is curious, because, while the judge is fettered with no restrictions, the starter is prohibited, by the 45th rule of racing, from making a running start; yet the decision whether this rule is observed or neglected is left to the starter himself, and to him only. He is judge, jury, and witnesses, all in one, and in his own case too. To return to the race of which we were speaking, Juliana was quite unable to repeat her success, and Oxford Mixture won in a canter from Blue Light—probably the best, as she was the best-looking, of the whole eighteen. The winner is a wiry daughter of Oxford, and, as subsequent running shows, is clearly possessed of a fair share of that speed for which the stock of Oxford are so well known. From being entered for sale for 100 sovereigns in the last race of the First Spring Meeting, it is natural to suppose that her owner did not entertain a very high opinion of her merits; and her easy victory in the race under notice would not say much for the quality of the field. We are disposed to think, however, that it was a lucky thing for her owner that no one claimed her at her selling price three weeks ago; nor is she likely to figure in a selling plate again for some time to come. The succeeding two-year-old event was carried off by Fex, one of M. Lefevre's immense string, but Ironsides stuck tolerably close to him, and the latter's form at Chester was so bad as to prevent much credit from attaching to the winner. Soon after came the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate, the race of the week, in which the most important stakes were fairly represented. Baron Rothschild ran Faraday, a chestnut colt by Lecturer out of Queen of the Vale, whose appearance augurs well for the stock of that celebrated little horse. Mr. Savile ran two—Victoria, who showed a good turn of speed, but failed to stay home, and Donna Julia; Mr. Walker was represented by Glowworm, by Young Melbourne out of the speedy Twilight; and among the others we particularly noticed the Dean of West-

minster, by Knowsley out of Iulia, one of the highest priced yearlings of 1871. In all there were eighteen runners, and when Victoria retired from the lead half way down the Abingdon Hill, Faraday appeared to be winning easily. But he was unable to stall off the challenge of Glowworm, who got the best of him at the ascent, and, drawing away, won easily by two lengths. A length from the second came Mr. Naylor's Preceptress filly, and Victoria was fourth. The following day Blue Light beat the Preceptress filly just as far and just as easily, and, comparing this running with the signal defeat of Blue Light by Oxford Mixture, the form of the Two-Year-Old Plate would not appear to be more than moderate. This is more clearly shown by the running in the Exning Two-Year-Old Plate on the last day, when Cœur de Lion beat Oxford Mixture cleverly, a large field being behind the pair. Now at Chester the Leopard (by Sundeeleh out of Madame Clicquot) beat Cœur de Lion in a canter in the Mostyn Stakes, and again in the Radminton Stakes. The Leopard himself also was beaten in the Beaufort Biennial Stakes by Lord Wilton's Mineral filly, and on the whole the two-year-old form at Chester reads a good deal better than any shown last week at Newmarket. Nothing, however, need be said in disparagement of Glowworm, who won both his engagements in excellent style; nor must mention be omitted of His Grace, another of Baron Rothschild's two-year-olds, who disposed of Visor very easily over the Rous course.

We come now to the Derby Trial Plate for which Lord Gough and President ran as well as Chopette and Ravenshoe; but the interest of the race, as well as the race itself, was entirely confined to the latter pair. Chopette was receiving 15 lbs. from Ravenshoe, and there could not have been a more favourable opportunity for her to show whether she could stay or not, nor would her victory over so moderate an antagonist have been matter for much exultation. In the Craven meeting Favonius gave Ravenshoe 17 lbs. and beat him with any conceivable amount of weight in hand; and it was really only a question whether Chopette could gullup at a fair pace for a mile and a half, in which case she could not possibly have lost. Ravenshoe, indeed, could not go fast enough to force the running—the right policy to adopt against a suspected non-stayer; and Chopette, hard-held and pulling her rider almost out of the saddle, came along without any very unnecessary exercise of her well-known speed. Up to within two hundred yards from the finish it seemed that Chopette, had she been let out, could have increased her pace in a moment in such a way as to leave her gigantic antagonist as far behind as she pleased; but almost immediately afterwards she left off pulling, and then all was over. She had not an effort left, and a donkey could have passed her then. All doubts about her ability to stay must, we should think, be settled for once and for all after this defeat, and it will be a matter of regret if so brilliant a performer is exposed to further annoying reverses by being allowed to run out of her proper distance. The immediate and most remarkable result of this race was to exalt Drummond to the front rank of Derby favourites. We should certainly not have expected this. What are the facts? Drummond runs Chopette to half a length over the Rowley Mile; and then Chopette herself is beaten over a mile and a-half course, by a similar distance, by a horse who was never within a stone of Derby form. That does not enhance Drummond's merits; nor, even if he had beaten Chopette at the Craven Meeting, would a successful trial with a notorious non-stayer be a sufficient test for a Derby candidate. It is very likely that Drummond may be known to be much superior to his stable companion Ravenshoe; but his superiority must be something prodigious to give him a fair chance of winning the Derby. Anyhow, the logical inference from the running in the Derby Trial Plate would be, it appears to us, that Drummond's reputation, so suddenly increased by his running with Chopette in the Craven Meeting, is diminished by the same mare's utter failure last week. There may be, of course, other and sufficient reasons for promoting him to a place among the favourites; but we have only to do with those which result naturally from public running.

## REVIEWS.

### LIFE OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.\*

FEW biographers have been better qualified for their task than the late Herbert Edwardes. Himself a good scholar, a practised linguist, and an accomplished draughtsman, he achieved success both in civil and military administration. He was for some years in close and confidential relationship to Henry Lawrence when this statesman was first Resident at Lahore and then Chief of the Board of Administration. By familiar intercourse he could say how the deceased read and remembered, thought, wrote, planned, and acted. Documents, public and private, have been ungrudgingly entrusted to his care. It was known to Indian officers that for some years Edwardes had been employed in digesting and arranging the copious materials accumulated, in a long and diversified career, by his master and guide. Unfortunately the life and labours of the biographer were terminated by a serious illness, the result of toil, exposure, and climate,

\* *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.* By the late Major-General Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and Herman Merivale, Esq., C.B. & Co. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

in December 1868. But the incomplete volume fell into the hands of one who in many respects was highly competent to finish the work. We shall presently speak of the manner in which this several liability has been discharged. Here it is only necessary to state that the first volume is entirely the workmanship of Sir Herbert Edwardes; and that Mr. Morivale's real labours commence shortly before the date when Lawrence was summoned from the comparative seclusion of his post at Khatmandoo to confer with Lord Hardinge on the duties devolving on the British Government after the British army had defeated and overthrown the Sikh power in four pitched battles.

Nearly a century ago a millowner in Coleraine, in the county of Derry, died and left six children, as we are told, though seven are distinctly enumerated. Three emigrated to America, where all trace of them was lost. Two were daughters; another son entered the navy as a surgeon; Alexander, the father of Henry and John Lawrence, went to India as a volunteer in the Queen's service, spent a quarter of a century in that country, served in both the sieges of Seringapatam, narrowly missed being at Waterloo, and finally ended his days on a very moderate pension, bestowed partly by the Company and partly by the Crown, and as titular Governor of Upnor Castle, on the Medway, in Kent. He appears to have been a man of considerable force of character; fond of his profession; liberal, if not lavish; and one who, with patronage or opportunity, might have achieved something of that position which it was left for his sons to make. In the year 1798 Alexander Lawrence married the daughter of the Rev. G. Knox, collaterally descended from the great Scotch Reformer, and imbued apparently with some of his strong religious feelings. From this union sprang seven sons and five daughters, and Henry Lawrence, the fifth child and the fourth son, was born at Mathura, the southernmost station in Ceylon, on the 28th of June, 1806. The father, who had clearly given more to the army than he ever received from it, when looking out for professions for his sons, turned to the Court of Directors; members of which, in spite of occasional nepotism, have nobly distributed patronage in their time, and have been the means of introducing statesmen and captains to fortune and fame. No fewer than five sons of Alexander Lawrence received appointments in divers branches of the Indian services; and Henry, after passing some time under his uncle at Foyle College, Derry, followed his brother George to Addiscombe, in the year 1820. From the anecdotes given by Sir Herbert Edwardes of those early days, Henry Lawrence seems to have been of a thoughtful disposition; truthful, fearless, quick of temper, slightly rough, resolute in action, and a merciless enemy of anything cowardly or mean. In due time he passed through the College, and was gazetted as a cadet of artillery in May 1822. Some of his early friends seem to be of opinion that there was nothing in Lawrence's school or college days which gave augury of eminence; and, amongst others, one contemporary is quoted as saying that in these days of competition Lawrence would have been ignominiously "rejected by the examiners for cadetships in the Indian army." From this dogma we must entirely dissent, and indeed the very pages of the biography sufficiently refute it. Competition was an essential part of the examination at Addiscombe. The cadets entered unclassified, and issued in three grades—engineers, artillery, and line. It is certain that Henry Lawrence, like Sir John Kaye, fought his way up to the second division; that he was "best in mathematics"; had a decided taste for surveying, and ran a "neck and neck" race with one of his contemporaries, who admits his own defeat. That the training may have been imperfect, and that the powers of young Lawrence were not sufficiently tested or carefully improved, is very likely; and modern competition is open to the obvious criticism that it exalts or forces some qualities and ignores others. But there are some critics who are never weary of repeating that competition would have plucked Nelson and excluded Clive. Lord Lawrence is much more likely to be right when he records his opinion, some time in 1845 or 1846, that his brother was a "fellow of power and mark." Whether it is the nominee or the young prodigy counting his marks by hundreds in five or six subjects, who shall turn out a man fit to rule an Empire or save a State, is of course a matter of uncertainty; but we see no reason to doubt that Lawrence could have easily adapted himself to the exigencies of a sharper competition had he been born later, and that he only required a more effective training to make him a ripe scholar, as well as the fluent writer which he afterwards became.

In February 1823 Henry Lawrence landed at Calcutta, and, like other young soldiers of his branch of the service, was sent to Dum Dum, eight miles from the metropolis, then connected with it by one of the very few metalled roads in the Lower Provinces. There, amidst what Lord Macaulay called the "strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree," and in sight of extensive rice fields and tanks, he spent a year or two in playing chess, studying history, acquiring the languages, and firing six-pounders on the magnificent wide plain to the north-east of the cantonment, which was reserved for the essays of artilleryists. Unlike many soldiers and civilians in days when natives and the heads of large Calcutta houses were easy and accommodating, he never got deeply into debt; and he was one of a knot of cadets, many of whom were afterwards distinguished, who derived good advice and countenance from the chaplain of the station, now Sir George Crawford, of *St. Hill, Lincolnshire*. Writing from recollection, probably, *St. Hill* states that the chaplain took a "very active interest in the young officers," which almost deserves its title,

so prettily was it shaded with wood and enlivened with water." Modern explorers were sceptical as to these advantages, and do not hesitate to aver their conviction that this enchanting structure, though two-storied and not a mere bungalow, was damp and unwholesome; that the only enlivenment contributed by the water was that of croaking frogs and vicious mosquitoes; and that the place was in 1843 tried by Lord Ellenborough as a residence for the deposed Amirs of Scinde, and eventually discredited as prejudicial to Europeans and natives alike. However, the life in cantonment, with chess and discussions, and possible snipe-shooting, was soon to end. In 1824 the Burmese war broke out, and the young artillery officer was ordered down to Calcutta, and with howitzers and 6-pounders, ammunition and tumbrils, was shipped to Chittagong. Active life began from this time, and except for intervals of furlough, or leave on medical certificate, Lawrence spent the next five-and-thirty years in useful and honoured service, ranging from the swamps of Burmah to the Khyber Pass. The main attack on the Burmese Empire of that day was naturally made by sea. But the arrogant Burmese had actually invaded the southern part of Chittagong, routed a detachment, and captured a frontier post. It became necessary to dislodge them, and for this purpose a division under General Morrison was sent down in the commencement of 1825, to march from Chittagong into Arracan, along the coast. How they got down, through thick jungles, over tidal creeks, along the sea beach, and by roads improvised for the march, would puzzle those who doubt the possibility of an autumn manoeuvre in an English county after the middle of September. But it is well told in the journals and the letters, and is further elucidated by the remarks of the biographer. We must hasten on, merely remarking that Lawrence was struck down with the Arracan fever, which decimated troops and cleared mess-tables, at the commencement of the rains. Still he managed to return to his post after a leave of absence of three months, and saw the conclusion of the campaign; but the malaria had done its work, and the effects of the jungles were felt by Lawrence, and were even seen in his form and features, for many a subsequent day. Indeed it is stated that he never entirely repaired the waste and detriment of those unhealthy swamps. For the benefit of his health he was ordered home to England, and *via* Singapore and Macao reached England about May 1827. In August of that year he met the lady who was well worthy to be his wife, and those who do not wish that the course of genuine love should run too smoothly will be gratified to learn that, without avowing his passion, he returned to India with his brother John, who was going out as a young civilian on the Bengal establishment. The ship reached India in February 1830, and in the next two years Henry Lawrence passed in the languages, gained one object of his ambition in being transferred to the Horse Artillery, and through the influence of his brother George was appointed to the Revenue Survey. We have not space to quote the description (p. 120, Vol. I.) of the surveyor's work. But it is in Sir Herbert Edwardes's best manner, and will explain to English readers how the young subaltern gained that intimate knowledge of tenures and customs which, either self-acquired or derived from others, is indispensable to a statesman when called to legislate and act for the people.

In May 1835 his father died. On the 21st of August, 1837, Henry Lawrence married Honoria Marshall, a distant cousin and a niece of Admiral Heath. The marriage, it is tolerably clear, was promoted by Lawrence's eldest sister, Letitia; and Miss Marshall went out to Calcutta to marry her future husband. The ceremony was performed by Archdeacon Dealtry, subsequently Bishop of Madras, and the union was productive of that happiness which may be reasonably expected from mutual dependence and well-tested affection. It used to be said at mess-tables in India that some good soldiers and civilians were ruined by marriage, and we have even heard a Governor-General speak of a dashing swordsman as one whom matrimony had spoiled. No such comments are called forth by the career of Lawrence as a married man. Mrs. Lawrence entered thoroughly into the pursuits of her husband; improved or polished the articles which in the intervals of business he threw off for the *Delhi Gazette* or the *Calcutta Review*; corrected his proofs, shared his discomforts, alleviated his sorrows, checks, and disappointments; and brought one more example to confute the theories of men who imagine that Indian marriages merely unite May and January, a blooming beauty and a rich and yellow Nabob. Mrs. Lawrence's letters are marked by a delicacy, by an eye for natural beauty, picturesque scenery, and native customs, and by powers of description which almost rival Miss Eden; while in earnestness and elevation of thought they are far superior. But a wife and a mother stand on a higher platform than a sister, and the "George" of Miss Eden had not much in common with the Henry of the volumes before us.

The next few years of Lawrence's life were passed in surveying the district of Gorukpore, then only partially cleared and cultivated, and the adjoining district of Allahabad; and it was about this period that he found himself engaged in a curious controversy with an adventurous staff officer who had the temerity to compare a certain Sir John Adams to the Duke of Wellington. Lawrence was rather like the Highland laird who fancied that David Dunn had drawn a comparison between the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Argyll. An angry correspondence followed, and, in spite of his strong religious feelings and his wife's remonstrances, he was led to challenge his opponent. Fortunately the brother officers of

both parties anticipated the condemnation which duelling has since received, and decided that neither disputant had any occasion to put his honour and courage to such a test.

In 1838 all India was alive with the expedition to Cabul, and Lawrence, with his battery, joined the army of the Indus. By the discernment of Mr. (now Sir) F. Currie he was appointed assistant to George Clerk, the eminent Political Agent on the frontier. The events of the ill-chosen, ill-commanded expedition to Cabul; of the massacre of our forces; of the captivity of our officers and their wives and children; of the skilful strategy and adequate retribution of Nott and Pollock, are so well known that we omit any criticism of the valuable contribution made to the history of the time in this biography. There is, however, a very remarkable letter from Akbar Khan to his brother Afzul, the father of Abdul Rahman who is now an exile from his country, in which the writer gloats over the death of Macnaghten and the expected annihilation of the English. If genuine, which there seems no reason to doubt, it is much more worthy of publication than a half-serious squib which about this period Lawrence sent to the *Delhi Gazette*, in which he pictured himself and Sir C. Metcalfe, under assumed names, as reconquering the territory of Afghanistan and introducing our own system into the annexed tract. Leaving his wife at what was then the frontier station of Ferozpora, Lawrence in December 1841 went to aid Mackeson. This distinguished officer, assassinated in 1853 on the frontier by a fanatic of the stamp of Shere Ali who struck down Lord Mayo, was then in charge of our relations with the Sikh Government. The whole of the Punjab, with an army trained and disciplined by French soldiers of the First Empire, then intervened between the prisoners at Cabul and the beleaguered garrison of Jellalabad on the one side, and English cantonments and arsenals on the other. The Sikh soldiery were mutinous. The Sikh authorities were lukewarm. It was owing to the extraordinary influence, the winning manners, and the diplomatic capacity of (George Clerk, aided by such lieutenants as Lawrence and Mackeson, that our generals procured the loan of Sikh guns and the support of Sikh levies, and were ultimately enabled to force the defile of the Khyber Pass, and to effect a junction with the garrison of Sir Robert Sale. How Lawrence, as political officer with the force, organized a commissariat, collected supplies, reasoned with Aritabile, a Neapolitan born and a man of extreme vigour, and even ferocity, in ruling a discontented soldiery and wild tribes; how he exerted himself to drag guns over difficult places; how his energy triumphed over acute physical suffering; how he acted as artilleryman, pioneer, captain of cavalry, and diplomatist by turns, is all graphically told in this volume. At one time there seems to have been a question whether he should not take the place of his brother George, who had been allowed by Akbar Khan to meet General Pollock, and to propose an evacuation of the country and the surrender of the prisoners. We have no doubt that, though this exchange might have involved a hopeless captivity in Bokhara, the two brothers, if they remembered their classics at Addiscombe, would each have been ready to act on Horace's "Non aliter tamen dimovit," &c. However, no such sacrifice was demanded, and in the end of 1842 the two brothers were reunited, and the husband rejoined his wife at Ferozpora.

With the close of the Cabul campaign Lawrence was eventually appointed to the district of Kythul, after two false moves. His biographer seems to think that he had a substantial claim to succeed Sir George Clerk as Agent to the Governor-General on the frontier. Undoubtedly his services with the force, his familiarity with Sikh politics and intrigues, and his high character might well have recommended him for the situation. But just at that epoch "Politicals" were in singular disfavour. They were popularly believed to pass their time in ravishing the inmates of harems, insulting Nawabs, and plucking venerable Moulavis by the beard; and even at head-quarters they were considered mainly responsible for the disasters at Cabul. So it is no matter for wonder that the post of Agent was bestowed on the colonel of a regiment who had commanded the rear at the battle of Tezeen, and who, though a man of military ability, had little or no diplomatic experience. Colonel Richmond succeeded George Clerk, and Lawrence was sent to reduce the lapsed State of Kythul from chaos into order. The pages in which this settlement is described furnish an instructive comment on the somewhat wild theories that natives prefer the rule of their own potentates and officials to that of the white-faced stranger, or that a native chief can manage a small principality far better than we can, whether as regards the collection of the revenue or the contentment of the people. It was at this time, too, that he drew up a paper which, nominally intended as a defence of Macnaghten, is in reality a prophecy of the mutiny, and of the measures adequate to repress it. Lord Lawrence might well term this "the best thing his brother Henry ever wrote." Had it turned up, like a fragment of the lost books of Livy or Tacitus, of uncertain date, critics would have sworn that it must have been written after 1857. The first volume here ends with Lawrence's arrival at Khattmandoo. In the last chapter there is a capital sketch of the rise of the Goorkha power, and a very excellent letter from the late Mr. Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, on the duties of a Resident at native Courts. And here we take leave of Sir Herbert Edwards and his unfinished task.

(To be continued.)

#### ORDNANCE SURVEY OF THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

THE volume of text with illustrations and the *Atlas* of maps which have just appeared complete this sumptuous work; the other part of which, three handsome volumes of photographs, preceded these by more than two years. It would be impossible in the limits at our disposal to enter upon a minute analysis of the bearing of this important work upon the many difficult questions connected with the topography of the Exodus of the Chosen People; we shall therefore content ourselves with briefly sketching the principal features of the text and *Atlas*, and indicating their relation to the topography, geology, history, and archaeology of the Sinaitic peninsula.

Before doing this, it will be well to recall the circumstances under which the survey was undertaken and carried out. It owes its origin to the energy of the late Rev. Pierce Butler, who, after receiving promises of support from numerous friends, obtained permission from Sir John Pakington, then Secretary of State for War, to have the work done under the auspices of Sir Henry James, and with the aid of his staff of assistants, on condition that the expenses should be wholly defrayed by the subscribers. In 1858, when on the point of embarking for Egypt to make the necessary arrangements, Mr. Butler died after a very short illness. His friends, however, and chief among them the Rev. G. Williams, the well-known author of the *Holy City*, pressed on the undertaking, were it possible, with even more zeal, as a tribute to his memory; and the surveying party, under the joint command of Captain H. S. Palmer and Captain Wilson, the latter of whom had executed the survey of Jerusalem, left England in the autumn of 1858. They were accompanied by the Rev. F. W. Holland, who was well acquainted with the country; by Mr. Wynt, a volunteer who undertook the department of natural history; and by Mr. (now Professor) E. H. Palmer, whose duty it was to investigate the nomenclature and traditions of the country, to examine the various inscriptions, and especially those mysterious "graffiti" which have been the subject of so much dispute. For this most important task, his knowledge, not only of the colloquial dialects, but also of the mental idiosyncrasies of the Arabs, rendered him peculiarly fit. The party returned home in the early summer of 1859, and the volume in which their labours have resulted consists of reports from the various members, together with an article on the Egyptian remains by Dr. Birch; notes of the natural history by Dr. Hooker, Mr. Crotch, and Mr. Wilson; and a preface by the Rev. G. Williams. The Sinaitic inscriptions are not included in the present volume, as Professor Palmer has not yet been able to complete the translation of the very large number which he transcribed. He has, however, fully satisfied himself that these inscriptions, as had already been maintained by Lepsius and Haer, are nothing more than the graffiti of idle wayfarers in the earlier centuries of this era, so that antiquarian enthusiasm misled the author of *Sinai Photographed*, as it did Mr. Pickwick, and these pretended memorials of the Exodus sink down to the level of a somewhat ancient instance of "Bill Stumps his mark."

With regard to the topographical work of the surveying party, it is almost needless to say that it was done in that thorough style which distinguishes the department presided over by Sir Henry James. The district between Suez and Jebel Musá, including all the main routes to that mountain and Serbal, was most carefully surveyed, models being constructed of the two mountains, and maps on the scale of six inches to a mile; while the principal topographical features of a district about twice the size of Kent, forming a broad strip roughly parallel to the western coast of the peninsula, were secured, and are mapped on the scale of half an inch to a mile; besides which a line of route stretching from the north-eastern extremity of this was carried as far as 'Ain Haderah, and has since been extended to Jebel el 'Ejneh (on the south-eastern escarpment of the Tih). This last is one of the rival claimants for the distinction of being the Mountain of the Law, and all the others were included in the above-named district.

We have before us two earlier maps of the peninsula—Husseyger's and one published by Mr. Holland in 1858; but although the latter is a considerable improvement on the other, a very short comparison of it with that produced by the Survey shows how great the alteration has been. Hardly a contour can be traced or a valley followed without finding a variation between the maps; thus showing how useful this expedition was in view of a right understanding of so intricate a mountain region. Many blanks, indeed, still remain in the Survey maps, but they are only in the less important districts, and are in all cases enclosed in a network of carefully surveyed valleys; so that, if it ever be deemed worth while, the work can readily be completed.

The following are the principal results of the survey as it immediately affects Biblical topography. Of the various sites proposed for the Mountain of the Law one only, Jebel Serbal, on the southern side of Wady Feiran, may be considered as having been a formidable rival to the traditional site by the convent of St. Catharine. The advocates of the former peak supposed that they found the camping-place of the hosts of Israel "before the Mount" either in the Wady 'Aleyat or in a supposed level space between that valley and Wady 'Ajeleh, "two rough and stony valleys that run down into Wady Feiran from the extremities of the northern front of Serbal;" and they obtained a corroboration of

"*Ordnance Survey of the Peninsula of Sinai.* Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton. 1869.

their theory from the former name, which they supposed to contain the Arabic word for a calf, and thus to preserve the memory of the idolatrous worship. The survey has shown that Wady 'Aleyat is so broken and strewn with boulders that there are but few places in the valley where even a small number of tents could be pitched; while the supposed level space is "a tumbled and chaotic mass of mountains, rising at their highest point to an elevation of 2,500 feet above Feiran"; also that the name 'Aleyat could not possibly contain the supposed root, but means quickness, because "it is the quickest way to Tor." Another point of great interest is brought out by the survey. It has often been felt as a difficulty that the Israelites could have supported their large flocks and herds in so barren a district as the Sinaitic peninsula was supposed to be. It is clearly shown that even now there are not a few oases in this apparent waste, and that the whole region must in former days have been far more fertile than it at present is. The destruction of forests by the Egyptian miners, possibly also the consumption of fuel by the Israelites themselves, would suffice to change the whole character of the region, by altering the rainfall, and accelerating denudation, as is now the case in some parts of the Italian Alps.

The Rev. F. W. Holland contributes an article on the geology of the district, accompanied by a map. From this and his description, it will be seen that the nucleus of the peninsula consists of a mass of crystalline rock rudely resembling a goat's or an ass's head. This is called syenite by Mr. Holland; by which term we conclude that he means hornblende granite. Placed like a frontlet between the ears or horns is an irregular strip of metamorphic rock, which crosses over and curves round the tip of the one on the left, the trough in which lies Wady Feiran. Between these crystalline rocks and the curving outline of the great plateau of the Tih—deposits of the cretaceous age—is a red sandstone, very like that of Cheshire, called by geologists the Nubian Sandstone. This, from included fossils, has now been determined to be of Carboniferous age. The cretaceous rocks of the Tih form a great inland escarpment bounding the Arabat valley on the west and the Gulf of Suez on the north-east, descending to its shore at one place only. This and the older rocks of the south are doubtless girdled by Tertiary strata, but these are only exposed in two places on the shore of the Suez gulf, and they form the peninsula of Râs Muhâmmad. Finally, almost the whole peninsula is fringed by a zone of drift sand and raised beach, which often reaches an elevation of thirty or forty feet above the present sea level.

We see, then, that in Palæozoic times these crystalline peaks of the "Mountains in Arabia" formed an island in the sea, around whose shores the Nubian sandstones were accumulated from the decomposition of its hornblende rocks. A deeper subsidence produced the Tih limestones, and then during a long period of upheaval and occasional depression the channel that separates the Tih escarpment from the Sinai massif was cut out, the nummulitic limestones and other Tertiary deposits were deposited on the shores of the peninsula, and, finally, by a comparatively late upheaval, the fringe of beach was itself exposed to the action of the waves.

Not one of the least important parts of the volume is Captain Wilson's chapter on the primeval archaeology of the district. Groups of stone houses, occasionally twenty or thirty in number, are not uncommon on the crests or slopes of hills; these curiously resemble the bothan or beehive houses so well known to Celtic antiquaries. They are nearly circular in form, the walls rising almost perpendicularly for a couple of feet, after which the dome-like roof commences; each course of stone slightly overlapping on the inside the one below it, and the top being closed in by a large flat stone. A small door about twenty inches square gives admission. A very large proportion of these huts have subsequently been used as tombs, by closing the doors and removing the roof stones. The date of these interments is uncertain, for the Bedawin frequently bury in them (as in the tombs of the monks) at the present day. Stone circles are also found in some parts of the peninsula. Captain Wilson examined several of these, and believes that they were for sepulchral purposes, and erected by the builders of the beehive huts. In the centre of each circle he found a cist similar in size and form to those common in Britain. The bodies were buried doubled up, lying on the left side; but the bones were so friable that they fell to pieces on being touched. In one Captain Wilson found marine shells of Red Sea species, and Messrs. Bauerman and Lord discovered in one which they opened in 1868 similar shells pierced for stringing, a bracelet of copper, and well worked lance or arrow heads of flint. Cup and other sculpturings have been noticed in the peninsula. Captain Wilson thinks it possible that these relics may be Amulekite. We have not space to do more than mention the descriptions of the old turquoise and copper mines, with Dr. Birch's notice of the various Egyptian tablets, which range at intervals from the third to the twentieth dynasty, and are therefore in many cases much anterior to the Exodus, or the elaborate account by Captain Wilson of the monastic and post-monastic remains; and we must content ourselves in conclusion with a brief sketch of the bearing of the topographical surveys, aided by Professor Palmer's philological researches, upon the Biblical history. Much of this has already been well and pleasantly told by the latter in the first volume of the *Desert of the Exodus*, but the materials upon which the conclusions there announced are grounded are here set forth at length.

Among these is the settlement of the dispute about the

true site of the Mountain of the Law. Serbâi, as we have mentioned above, is shown to be incompatible with the requirements of the Bible history; and as to the support which its name was supposed to lend the theory, Professor Palmer observes that the derivation from the Hebrew Sar Ba'al—Prince Ba'al—is philologically impossible and absurd; that the word "signifies a 'shirt' or 'coat of mail,' and the allusion is to the gushing of the waters, during a storm, over the smooth round rocks upon the summit, which clothe it, as it were, with a shirt or coat of mail of glittering fluid." After quoting passages from Arab poets to prove this, he mentions that Mr. Holland had once seen it after heavy winter rain covered with a sheet of ice that glittered like a breastplate. In the plain of Er Rahah, facing the Râs Susâfêh, a wall of cliffs some two thousand feet in height which forms the northern boundary of the Sinai massif, is an extent of open ground of at least twelve thousand acres, on which even three millions of persons could easily stand, and ample space in the valleys within a radius of six miles of the Râs Susâfêh "for the whole multitude to have encamped; for it does not seem necessary to suppose that each tent was pitched directly in front of the Mount during the long sojourn of the Israelites at Sinai." This peak also fulfils all the other requirements of the narrative. Rephidim is by all the members of the expedition, except Mr. Holland, placed, as held by Lepsius and Stanley, at the traditional site in Feiran. Strategic considerations, in addition to topographical arguments, in the opinion of Captain Wilson, renders this a more probable site than the narrow pass of El Watiyeh. In the following conclusions the members of the expedition are unanimous; that the passage of the Red Sea was at or near Suez; the camp after crossing at Ayun Musa; Marsh at Wady 'Amârah or 'Ain Hawwârah; Elim at Wady Gharandel or Wady Useit; the encampment of the sea at the mouth of Wady Taiyibeh; the wilderness of Sin at the plain of El Markhâ; and Dophkah and Alush in the Wady Feiran.

The Arab traditions collected by Professor Palmer, though in some cases showing signs of independent sources, are on the whole only distorted versions of the Bible story, with a large admixture of the marvellous, which to an Occidental mind often causes them to do more than border on the ludicrous. As in the case of the Sinaitic inscriptions, it is well worth while having them investigated, though the result is one much more negative than positive. The lists of names are very valuable.

With this we must close our brief notice of a remarkable work which reflects the highest credit upon all the persons engaged in it. Though not pretending to be exhaustive—for that the funds and time at the disposal of the expedition forbade—it is thorough as far as it goes; it has accomplished the survey of the most important districts of the peninsula, a task which not only required great zeal, energy, and endurance, but also unusual skill and attainments on the part of all engaged upon it.

#### VERY FAR WEST INDEED.\*

THERE are few colonies which have less fulfilled the promise of their spring than British Columbia. Its population is decreasing; no new mines have been discovered of sufficient importance to supply the place of those which are already exhausted; and the country itself is sterile, and absolutely unfitted for the agricultural settler. The rich land at its river mouths is covered with heavy timber and brushwood which would hardly repay clearing; and the few valleys of the upper country are lost in a rocky wilderness, diversified by nothing but torrents and pine forests. The real wealth of the colony lies in its minerals, its timber, and its fisheries. Its woods have the great advantage of being close to the seaboard; its fisheries seem inexhaustible; while the mountains of the Fraser River are riddled with veins of copper, lead, and iron. On the other hand, these treasures are to a great extent rendered useless by the physical obstacles which the formation of the country offers to the construction of roads or any means of communication. Only mules can traverse the cañons or gorges of the Cascade Mountains, and even mules will sometimes lose their footing in the almost perpendicular descents, and be hurled some thousands of feet down the precipice. Such a country, however, whatever difficulties it may throw in the way of the regular colonist, offers just such a field of adventure as a young Englishman of Mr. Johnson's sort would desire. In its perils by land and by sea, its fights with bears, its skirmishes with Indians, its hunger and thirst in the deep forest, the strange ups and downs of its race for gold, the author of this little book, if we are to judge him from the book itself, is thoroughly at home. And in a very modest and unpretending way he makes his readers as much at home with these elements of "Far Western" life as himself. Some of his stories have a rather "tall" and back-woodman sort of air, and we think we recognize an old friend in the anecdote of a steam-boat race on the Fraser River, where Mr. Johnson figures as captain of one of the rival boats, and at the moment of "agony" plumps an Indian squarely down on the safety-valve. But for the most part the tales bear an air of truthfulness which inclines us to accept the book as a pretty true representation of life in British Columbia in the early days of the colony, before its bright gold had grown dim and it had died down into a sober and well-conducted possession of the British Crown. In those days it actually belonged to a smaller and less known

\* *Very Far West Indeed! a Few Rough Experiences on the North-West Pacific Coast.* By R. E. Johnson. London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1872.



Power, and we could pardon the Yankee who, on seeing a flag with the mystic initials "H. B. O." waving over the scantily populated settlement, "calculated," after much expectation, that they "meant 'Here Before Christ,' for this 'tarnal location don't 'pear to've bin much overrun with strangers since that period." But the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company were already growing into townships, and the peltry had given way to gold-mining. With the strange society which gold drew to the Cariboo country we have of course to make frequent acquaintance, but the physical characteristics of the country produce classes which are unknown in the easier and more accessible gold-fields of Australia or California:—

There are three grades of men employed; choppers, who are the pioneers, cut down the trees in the line of road, and fill up ravines with crib-work built of logs, or build log bridges over the streams; graders, who follow the choppers, with pick and shovel, grub out the stumps of the trees, and dig away or fill up the soil; and the blasters, who are a special class, generally Cornish or Welshmen, who assault the rocks, where they are in the way, with drill and sledge hammer, and quickly demolish them afterwards with gunpowder. But the first two classes are made up of all sorts of men, from the escaped convict, or ticket-of-leave man, to the son of the wealthy English commoner, or New York merchant.

Among the "Far West" miners, however, as among their rivals in other climes, there is the same strange contrast of utter carelessness with a rough sense of justice, and of dishonesty with a prodigal generosity. Mr. Johnson tells a striking story of a miner who had employed a man to let him down the shaft, and in "striking" at last the long-wished-for gold vein, saw the face of his assistant glaring down on him "with a darned ugly look." "Jes' haul me up, will yer?" shouted the miner, but the only reply was a quiet "We'll see about that presently." It was plainly the fellow's purpose to leave his partner quietly to die and then make the most of the plunder; and it was in vain that the miner entreated him to finish him with a revolver, if murder was his end. At last the prisoner bethought himself of the pump as a means of escape, and, driving his pick through the belt into the timbers, he managed to climb up by the elevators and reach the top. A group of "boys" were soon gathered to execute the justice of Judge Lynch, and the scoundrel was pursued and captured:—

Then we took him straight back to the cabin on Jack o' Clubs. I told my story and showed the boys the belt fastened to the foot o' the shaft, and the man couldn't deny it. So we tuck him off inter the woods, and foun' a limb on a spruce-tree that looked convenient, read a chapter out o' the little Bible in the cabin to him (he hadn't taken that, you bet), an' sent him off to his long reckoning. I guess there was a heavy balance agin him.

In such a state of society the ups and downs of life were of course innumerable. Existence was, in fact, impossible to a man who could not enjoy the one as much as the other. If Mr. Johnson's story be a true one, his opportunities of seeing life on its most various sides have been more extensive than those of most men. Now he is crossing the great ranges of the Fraser River, and "speculating" among the snowy valleys of the Cariboo country; now he is an outcast in the streets of Victoria; then he is glad of a job at portage among the rapids or of a spell of desk work as a clerk in a store; once his old English skill in boating saves him from starvation. Then again he is attacked by savages on the coast, and in peril from "grizzlies" in the mountains. But throughout all he is a "rustler." "Rustling," he tells us, is an Americanism which denotes the process of fighting against odds for a living:—

Of course there are many stages of rustling; to begin with the lowest, there is the poor devil who labours for a bare subsistence, as I had done in the preceeding winter, and who thinks himself lucky enough if he keeps clear of the pangs of hunger, and gets hold of a softer plank than usual to stretch his weary bones upon; then there is the middle-class rustler, who starts a store or whisky saloon upon credit (thinking it mighty hard if it don't pay), and whom one finds ever and anon displaying his energies in some fresh field of labour, transformed perhaps from an eating-house keeper to a scientific lecturer, or from a Methodist preacher to a gambling-house proprietor. Micawber would have been a great rustler of this type in America. Above all rises the aristocratic rustler, the merchant of many bankruptcies, the politician of undefined principles, save in "lobby" business, the man who always lives at the great hotel, is dressed in the height of transatlantic fashion, patronises newspaper editors (by whom he is alluded to as "our enterprising and highly-gifted resident Mr. So and So"), or heads an exploration at the expense of the Government, and the essence of whose being consists in his keeping what our cousins call "a stiff upper lip."

Society is reduced to a simple scramble for life in such a state of things as this, and all the moral and social distinctions of ordinary times fade utterly away. What Bishop Hills is doing we do not know, but we can hardly anticipate a great crop of promising Christians from the diggers of Columbia. Still society has a picturesque and variety which does something to atone for the lack of more decorous sources of enjoyment. The emigrant finds himself lost in a human *Babel* of Yankees, Irishmen, Mexicans, Chinamen, and Indians. The Indian on this Northern coast is far from being the miserable savage who elsewhere is fading away before the fire-water of the European. In stature, as in colour, he approaches nearer to the European type than any others of his race, and he is often, unfortunately for stray settlers, a brave and bloodthirsty cannibal. The Chinaman, here as elsewhere, is the economist of the colony, using up over again deserted diggings, and stooping to any kind of employment till he rises from the position of camp "washerwoman" to that of banker and capitalist. But the Yankee, of course, gives the tone to this motley group. He is there liquoring at the bar, "speculating" up-country, abusing rival editors in his newspaper, driving cranky boats recklessly up the Fraser, and cramming, on an emergency, the passengers' bacon into the furnace; but always the same—shrewd,

daring, ready witted, and unscrupulous. Mr. Johnson notes, as prevalent under American influences in Columbia, the "same curious union of temperance at home with tipping abroad which is so common in the United States:—"You hardly ever see an American or Canadian drink beer or wine with his dinner. All their libations of that sort are taken at the 'bar,' probably out of respect to the ladies; for it is considered a heinous offence against public morals that a lady should be anything but a teetotaler." It is odd that in all English efforts after temperance the tendency should be in the exactly opposite direction, and that Sir Wilfrid Lawson should be hard upon the "bar," but indulgent to the dinner-table.

We have often wondered why our tourists and mountain-climbers do not take a wider range in their wanderings; for in spite of their contempt for geography, it is impossible that even an Alpine Club man can believe that there is no other country but Switzerland, or no other mountains but the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn. The scenery of the Gulf of Georgia looks certainly attractive enough:—

Perfectly land-locked for a length of some two hundred miles, with an average breadth of fifty or sixty, its blue surface is dotted with innumerable islands rising majestically out of the water, and covered with primeval forests, in which here and there appear lovely spaces of natural pasturage.

All along the shores of the mainland the horizon is shut in by snow-capped mountains, above which, to the southward, towers the lordly cone of Mount Baker, an extinct volcano some thirteen thousand feet high. On the Vancouver Island side are mountains again, though not so high, forming the requisite contrast to their brethren opposite by the variety of their tints.

Here, too, are richer signs of savage life than there are inland; the waters are specked with the white sails of canoes, and the banks are dotted with Indian villages; their occupants swarming round them in blankets of many hues; giving the picture the little dash of bright colour which the artist loves.

In striking contrast to scenes like these is the stern sublimity of the mountains through which the Fraser River hews its way, many of them rising to a height of from eight to ten thousand feet, utterly rugged and inaccessible, and crowned with perpetual snow. It is amongst the gloomy pine forests and snow fields of this stern region, and at the foot of its mighty waterfalls, that the miner has to find the track which leads him to the gold-fields of Cariboo, along broken paths and down hill-sides which are little better than precipices. There are moments when even the gold-seeker forgets his thirst for gold as he stands face to face with this grandeur of nature. Mr. Johnson seems to have experienced such a moment as he made his way from the little valley where he made his one successful strike:—

For several days we plodded on in this wise, making but slow progress on account of the terrible roughness of the country and the loads we had to carry. We were far away from the haunts of white men, and were alone with Nature in its grand primeval beauty. The river began to spread itself into a large stream, marked in its course by piles of bleached drift-wood, in a valley whose width was correspondingly increased. Natural meadows extended for a few miles on either bank till they met the sides of the mountain ridges, clothed with huge fir and spruce-trees sloping mistily upwards in the purple distance, till the vegetation gradually decreased in size and density, and ultimately became lost in the regions of eternal snow, where naught disturbed the sameness of the great horizon of blinding whiteness save a few jagged black peaks too steep for the feeblest substance to light upon; and far away to the eastward, in the clear mountain air, could be seen the stupendous and fantastic summits of the Rocky Mountains; these were in the shape of castles, needle-points, men's faces, and every other curious conceivable thing, and in a brilliant sunrise, or a glowing sunset, the scene was utterly beyond words to describe, or the artist's pencil to paint, in its immeasurable grandeur.

As the valley widened the air grew warmer, the vegetation changed its character, and sterility gave way to plenty. The climate was two months in advance of that in the inhospitable region of Cariboo that we had quitted. The snow had long since melted from the flats; trees, shrubs, and wild flowers bloomed in the warm sun, while numberless berries of all kinds grew on every bush. Game was abundant, and fish plentiful in the rivers. At night we heard the cry of the moose, the growl of the bear, and the scream of the coyote; and in the daytime grouse and partridges whirled across us at almost every step. It would have been a summer paradise for the hunter, or the lover of wild nature, had access to it been a less arduous task.

The Fraser itself is a noble river, but one which requires some nerve to navigate it. There is one place where its current, after a course of twelve hundred miles, during which it has received many streams of a magnitude almost equal to its own, has to flow through a channel in the rocks of only one hundred and sixty feet in width. "The sides of this place, graphically called Hell's Gate, are nearly perpendicular, and the high-water mark in summer, when the snows have melted, is no less than one hundred feet above low-water mark in the winter." Shooting rapids on such a river as this is of course a matter of no ordinary difficulty; there are side currents, eddies, under tows, and whirlpools, which try the nerve of the most practised tracker. In many parts, to take the eye off the water for a single instant is to ensure a spill, and once in the water, skill and swimming power go for very little. There is a terrible story in this little book, where Mr. Johnson sees a crew of six men caught with their canoe in a whirlpool up the Fraser, and sucked in without the possibility of a rescue. Such a river, however, affords a capital playground for the Yankee skipper, and the race of two steamboats up its current is told in Mr. Johnson's most audacious style. At the crisis of the struggle

half a dozen aspirants crowded down into the narrow space before the furnaces, passing the heavy sticks of cordwood from one to the other as quick as light. The heat soon caused them to strip to the buff, while the black and red got smeared over them, and the streams of perspiration poured down and streaked them like so many painted savages. That furnace scene might well have suggested a picture for Dante's *Inferno*.

Still our opponent crept closer, and our captain's determination grew stronger.

"Say, Gineon!" addressing the mate, "what's all that bakin and them hams stowed away? I see a lot come aboard, the brand was a Diamond O."

"What, Ophelmer's?"

"Yes. 'Guess Jews ain't got no right to hav pork. Pass it along to the firemen, sharp!"

"All right, cap."

Several sacks of bacon were thrown into the flames, making them roar like a strong east wind. Up went the steam gauge till it showed 160 lbs. to the square inch, just forty more than was allowed by the Government certificate, framed and glazed in the cabin.

We are sorry to say that the Captain's pluck was rewarded neither by victory nor the "kingdom come" which his trembling passengers expected. A snag ran through the bottom of his boat and he was compelled to yield to fortune. Of adventures like these Mr. Johnson's book is full enough. But it would be unfair to regard it as a mere detail of adventures. There is a good deal of practical information as to the mines and the country itself scattered up and down its pages. And the emigrant who has a natural taste for "bars and injins," or whose sense of daring is tickled by the rapids of the Fraser, will find in *Very Far West* indeed a great many useful hints as to where and how to settle in British Columbia.

#### MOLESWORTH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

THE first volume of Mr. Molesworth's History, which began with the year 1830, was chiefly taken up with an account of the passing of the Reform Act. The second volume, which has just been published, starts with the accession of Queen Victoria, and brings us down to 1853, on the eve of the Crimean war. The period is an interesting one, and, though close upon the present day, is, we suspect, known to most people only in a vague, confused way. Even grown-up persons who have lived through it, and who took an intelligent interest in events as they were being transacted, would probably be surprised, if they were subjected to a close examination, to find how loose and inaccurate are their recollections of the past. There is nothing which seems to be so easily forgotten, or which is so apt, if remembered at all, to be remembered in an imperfect and distorted manner, as contemporary history. It is written in the newspapers, but the newspapers are read hastily from day to day, and when once read are done with. Few readers have either time, inclination, or capacity to systematize the heterogeneous mass of information which is every morning poured out upon them from the unfailing tap. What is asserted one day is contradicted, corrected, or qualified the next; the contradiction, or correction, has in its turn to pass through a variety of versions; and in the end it is pretty much a matter of accident which version is generally accepted. The probability is that, after a week or two, the whole affair will be forgotten, and that some fresher topic will have taken its place. It is enough for most people to know the news of the day; the news of yesterday has already passed into the region of archaeological research. As for the young folk, they have hardly any means of knowing what happened before they began to take a personal interest in affairs. They may know all about the Conquest, or the Wars of the Roses, or the Commonwealth, or the Revolution of 1688; but after the reign of George III. the history of their country is pretty much a blank to them. Under these circumstances, we had every disposition to welcome Mr. Molesworth's History. A work of this kind is very much wanted, and if composed with ordinary care and intelligence, it could hardly fail to be interesting to read, and valuable for reference. As a chronological record, Mr. Irving's *Annals of Our Time* leaves nothing to be desired; but there is still room for a systematic history. Miss Martineau's volumes are out of date; Alison is prejudiced and careless. We are sorry we cannot say that Mr. Molesworth has supplied the void. He acknowledges that the further he proceeds with his History the more difficulty he finds in avoiding being drawn into details which are neither interesting nor instructive; but the fault of his book seems to us to be rather a deficiency than a superabundance of detail. Mr. Irving gives us detail, the brief news of each day. Mr. Molesworth boils everything down into a weak wash of general observations, mixed with leathery scraps of "Hansard." Everything in his pages is dead and dull. There is neither proportion nor perspective, only a flat monotony of faint and feeble outlines. He has no idea what to leave out, or what to put in. He is apparently incapable of distinguishing between events which are characteristic of the age and mere details of legislation. His History is extremely imperfect if it is to be regarded as a chronological summary, while on the other hand it has none of the breadth and unity of true historical writing.

Mr. Molesworth has discovered that from the passing of the Reform Act of 1832 the history of England is the history of the gradual prevalence of truth and justice by means of free discussion, and also that the life of the country is fully reflected in the Parliamentary debates. That dreary chronicle has evidently

been too much for our historian. He has burrowed in it, and occasionally struggles to the surface with a little spadeful of extracts. But of the rich, varied, busy life of the nation outside the dismal round of Parliamentary controversy he has hardly any conception. Nobody would now seriously dispute the assertion that the Reform Act of 1832 was a valuable and necessary measure, and that it has been followed by beneficial results; but it was after all only a formal recognition of the development of social and political forces which had been for some time at work; and a moderate acquaintance with English history would suggest that "the gradual prevalence of truth and justice" may be dated somewhat further back than the passing of the Reform Act. A very interesting chapter might have been written on the working of the new Poor Law, but Mr. Molesworth treats it only in the most cursory manner. He observes that there were constant complaints of the hardships of the new Poor Law, and proposals for its modification; but "whenever these complaints came to be closely investigated, it was found that there had been great exaggeration; and, on the other hand, when the proposed remedies were properly examined, that so far from tending to improve the condition of the industrious labourers, they were calculated to make them worse." Mr. Molesworth might have made his History both more interesting and more instructive if, instead of general remarks of this kind, he had given some details to illustrate the nature of the complaints and the proposed remedies, as well as of the measures actually adopted. The roots of the movement struck deep into the social condition of the country. While the squires resented a change which they feared would be destructive of their influence over the lower classes, the latter were by no means prepared to surrender the material benefits which had been the reward of submissive dependence. They wanted to be independent, and to be taken care of too. The Courtenay riots, which occurred about this time, are a remarkable illustration of popular credulity and fanaticism, and Mr. Molesworth has lifted his eyes from the debates to take note of this extraordinary delusion. Just before the general election of 1835 the people of Canterbury were startled by the appearance of an eccentric stranger in their midst. He put up first at the "Fountain," the principal inn, but soon removed to the "Rose," in the centre of the town. When he came out into the balcony of the "Rose" to harangue the public he had no difficulty in collecting an audience. His lofty stature and imposing demeanour were rendered more conspicuous by a flowing beard—those were the days, it must be remembered, of shaven cheeks—and a gorgeous uniform of crimson velvet, with gold facings. He carried a sabre at his side, and he was very fond of drawing and flourishing it in order to give point to his speeches, which were violent and mystical, and related chiefly to the new Poor Law. He placarded the walls of Canterbury with addresses, and he also started a paper entitled the *Lion*, to advocate his views. He gave himself out as "Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, Knight of Malta, King of Jerusalem, King of the Gipsies," &c. Nobody knew whence he came, or what was his real name and position; but he found people who were quite willing to support him as a candidate for the borough. His furious invectives against the authorities delighted the mob; and some of the opponents of the sitting members—who were both Whigs—were not indisposed to make mischief by encouraging the hero of the populace. If household suffrage had been then established he would probably have been elected; and, even as it was, though he failed at the poll, he had a considerable number of votes. His defeat rather increased than diminished his popularity. His portrait was printed on pocket-handkerchiefs and painted on tea-trays; and shopkeepers who wanted to push their wares thought it worth while to call them after him. He rode about Kent in his brilliant uniform, sword in hand, attended by two gentlemen of education and respectability who had attached themselves to him as equerries or aides-de-camp. A grand ball was given in his honour at Canterbury, and he made a point of being present at all important public assemblies in the district, and of addressing the people whenever he had an opportunity. When a report was circulated that "Sir William Courtenay" was an impostor, and that he was in reality a bankrupt brewer of the name of Thom, the mob at once set it down as a malicious invention of the gentry in order to discredit him, and to supply an excuse for getting him put out of the way. He was locked up in a lunatic asylum for some months; but was released on his father's intercession, and under the impression that he was a harmless madman. He hastened back to the neighbourhood of Canterbury, and found that his adherents were still true to him. His long beard had been shaved off, his uniform taken from him, and he now presented himself dressed as a dusty miller. But his pretensions were more startling than ever. He went among the peasantry boasting of his distinguished birth, and of the great possessions which were unjustly withheld from him. He even persuaded them that he was a second Messiah, and promised them the plunder of Canterbury, against which he offered to lead them. He collected a band of about a hundred ignorant, fanatical, and reckless men, and when a constable attempted to oppose their march, Thom shot him dead. A panic seized the district, and two companies of soldiers from Canterbury were called out to quell the insurrection. The officer in command of the troops stepped forward to parley with the ringleader, and Thom fired at and killed him. The mob then charged the soldiers, who, not anticipating resistance, had not loaded their muskets, and who would

\* *The History of England from the Year 1830.* By Wm. Nassau Molesworth, M.A., Viscount of Spotsland, Mouchale. Vol. II. London: Chapman & Hall.

*Notes and Correspondence relating to Political Occurrences in June and July 1835.* By the Hon. Edward John Littleton, First Lord Hatherton. First published from the Original Manuscripts. By Henry Reeve, Esq. London: Longmans & Co.

have been put to rout, such was the desperate fury of the onslaught, if the rear rank had not had time to load and to discharge a volley among the peasants. Thom and several of his followers were killed on the spot; some of the others were tried for murder and sentenced to death, but, in consideration of the delusion under which they had acted, the sentences were not carried out.

The great political event of the period embraced in Mr. Molesworth's present volume is undoubtedly the repeal of the Corn-laws. Looking back upon it now, when the principles of Free-trade have been so firmly established and so universally accepted in this country, it may perhaps seem strange that the measure should have been so fiercely and so long contested, and that those who advocated it should have been regarded as dangerous revolutionists. It is easy to be wise after the event, but it is only fair to remember that there were Liberals as well as Conservatives among the opponents of Free-trade; that Lord John Russell and Sir R. Peel were converted nearly about the same time; and that the novelty of the experiment, the overthrow of old traditions which it involved, and the violence of some of the arguments by which it was supported, rendered the alarm which was felt by no means so unreasonable as it may now appear. Mr. Molesworth has exercised his ingenuity to discover how it happened that the Manchester cotton-spinners assumed the lead in the agitation for Free-trade; but there can be no doubt that the reasons why they took one side of the question and the agriculturists the other were pretty much the same. The agriculturists were afraid that the abolition of Protection would be ruinous to their interests; and the manufacturers had no difficulty in appreciating the justice and wisdom of a policy one of the first effects of which would be to bestow a pecuniary benefit on themselves. The repeal of the Corn-laws meant of course cheap bread for operatives in the cotton-mills. Mr. Molesworth is disposed to attribute the successful issue of the movement to the League; but it may be doubted whether the bitterness and violence of some of the agents of that body did not tend to increase the alarm with which their proposals were regarded, and to strengthen the opposition by enlisting moderate men on its side. It is certain at least that bad harvests and the Irish famine precipitated a measure which otherwise might not have been carried for some years to come. At the same time, there can be no question as to the remarkable energy and ability with which the League conducted its operations; and Mr. Molesworth's account of its campaign is one of the most interesting parts of his History. The formal adoption by the extreme Radicals of the Six Points known as the People's Charter dates from 1838; and the history of the agitation is instructive as illustrating the ascendancy which the physical-force Chartists rapidly obtained over those who were anxious to rely only on moral force, and especially the readiness of not a few of the latter to join with their more violent associates rather than forfeit their position as leaders. It was in the summer of 1839 that the Chartists decreed a "sacred month" during which the working classes throughout the kingdom were to abstain from every kind of labour, with a view to compel the governing classes to concede the Six Points; and the 12th of August was fixed as the day when it should commence. The Convention subsequently resolved to abandon the idea, but it had taken hold of a considerable body of the party; and on the 12th there were disturbances in various parts of the manufacturing districts, in consequence of attempts to compel a cessation of labour. Two years later the project was revived, and in the course of a few days after it began to be carried out the Chartists could boast that for fifty miles round Manchester every loom was still, and every industry arrested, with the exception of such occupations as were connected with the actual supply of food. But the turn-outs soon began to give way; and the "sacred month" collapsed. Mr. Molesworth devotes a good deal of space to ecclesiastical questions, but he would have done well to collect them in a single chapter instead of taking them separately in chronological order.

One of the disadvantages of attempting to write a regular history of our own times is that the materials for it are only gradually coming to light. Since the publication of Mr. Molesworth's first volume, for example, Mr. Henry Reeve has given to the world Lord Hatherton's confidential explanation of the circumstances which led to the collapse of the Grey Ministry in 1834. This brief memoir is valuable chiefly because it shows that there was no intrigue or sinister purpose at the bottom of the *webbuglio*, and supplies a conclusive contradiction to Lord Brougham's statement that the King exerted himself to get rid of the Administration for the sake of having a Tory one in its stead. All that happened was that Lord Hatherton, then Mr. Littleton, compromised himself by a private communication to O'Connell, encouraging him to believe that the Government would give way on some points connected with the Irish Coercion Bill. Lord Grey opposed these concessions, and carried the Cabinet with him, and O'Connell, affecting to believe that he had been tricked, charged Littleton in the House of Commons with a breach of faith. Littleton thought that Lord Grey did not do him justice in his explanations on the subject, and insisted on resigning; and as Lord Althorp, who had authorised the communication to O'Connell, felt bound to resign too, the Administration broke up. It would seem that, if Lord Grey had been a little more conciliatory, the Government might have been kept together.

## LORD KILGOBBIN.\*

IT is impossible to read these volumes without being painfully impressed by the melancholy of the dedication. We would fain believe that it was penned in an hour of natural depression; that time may bring consolation for the loss to which it sadly alludes; and that the hope with which it concludes may prove fallacious:—

To the memory of one whose companionship made the happiness of a long life, and whose loss has left me helpless, I dedicate these volumes, written in breaking health and broken spirits. The task that was once my joy and pride I have lived to find associated with my sorrow; it is not then without a cause I say, I hope this effort may be my last.

So the dedication runs, and it touches us the more that we remember so well what the writer once was. Who had such unflagging animal spirits as Lever? who could draw so freely on a perennial flood of mirth and humour, yet never find the fountain fail? We must rank ourselves now with the last generation of novel-readers, and we look back on a manner of enjoyment of which those of the present day can form no conception. How should they indeed? Charles O'Malley, Harry Lorrequer, Tom Burke, only became personal intimates and living likenesses thanks to that special genius of their author which could clothe audacious extravagance of conception with an air of every-day life. Criticise them coldly, and, with their marvellous adventures and miraculous constitutions, they were about as improbable as Hercules, or Amadis de Gaul, or Jack of the Bean Stalk. But you had neither time, breath, nor heart to criticise them; your blood was on fire and your pulses on the gallop from the first page to the last. When the heroes and their feats were not seen dimly through a haze of smoke and blood, the scenes of the story were laid in Ireland. Ireland, as our readers know, and as Mr. Lever was never wearied of impressing on them, is a country where only the probable is unlikely. In the days he wrote of, a state of society of which the Saxon knew nothing was eccentric beyond the stranger's conceptions. We accepted unquestioningly the estimable country gentleman who held his bog-girt castle against the law, the police, and the army, by help of a tenantry whose payment of rent took the form of rough and ready feudal service. Thanks to accumulating precedents in successive novels, we came to admit that the younger members of such embarrassed families could always by help of ingenuity and audacity find a fifty-pound note to squander on occasion. We accepted a peculiar code of morals on the strength of the humour that inspired it, and laughed heartily at practical jokes which were generally personal and sometimes pretty nearly felonious. We came to reckon confidently on the Providence that took inexperienced duellists under its especial charge, so that we were only agreeably excited when our young English esquire found himself at daybreak on some dismal autumn morning shivering opposite the deadly pistol of the sporting attorney. We knew he had nothing worse to fear than a "winging" that would lay him up for a week or so, to be nursed by the high-bred, simple beauty, the daughter of that hospitable entertainer of his who every night of the three hundred and sixty-five took his three bottles of Sneyd, to say nothing of twice as many tumblers of punch. How pretty and lively all the girls were; how witty and warm-hearted the foreign-bred priest; what a piquant country it was altogether! The very excitement of the life was enough to carry the English visitor through its wear and tear, and the illusion cast over the whole was complete because the details were put with such marvellous vividness and vigour.

We have dwelt unduly perhaps on these earliest novels of Mr. Lever's because they recommended themselves to our taste and impressed themselves on our fancy, as on the taste and fancy of thousands of others, at a time when the taste is most fresh and the fancy most impressionable. Then the author slipped half insensibly into his second stage. He had slightly sobered down in the *Knight of Gwynn*, *Roland Cushee*, and *Con Cregan*, although there was still the old fire and dash. In the last two he changed Peninsular battle-fields for the wide world of promiscuous adventure; in the first and third, he began to introduce the political and diplomatic elements which he has since made his speciality. In all of them he spoke through his characters with that assumption of universal information which is nearly as useful as the reality for purposes of fiction, and which is infinitely creditable to the tact, memory, and invention of the author. From these Mr. Lever turned to the particular form of novel which he has clung to ever since—sparkling pictures of society, with the scenes laid chiefly abroad; pictures filled with statesmen, diplomatists, political and social adventurers, Queen's messengers, and minnows of the Foreign Office fancying themselves Tritons. Still, although in a different way, we were often sensible of the old strain on our credulity. Heroes cleared moral difficulties with the same startling ease with which Charles O'Malley jumped the market-cart. Lucky fellows, starting from the humblest beginnings to scramble up the social ladder, found themselves mounting as if by enchantment, while statesmen and Ministers anxiously tendered their shoulders. Beauty married to wit achieved marvellous successes, bringing a world of admirers to its feet; and conversation flowed and flashed in perpetual coruscations of anecdote, epigram, and allusion. In short, Cornelius O'Dowd, with his venetian mind, and shrewd, light touch upon subjects political, became the coadjutor of Charles O'Malley.

Lord Kilgobbin is one of the series—we sincerely hope not

\* Lord Kilgobbin. By Charles Lever, LL.D. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

the last. But Mr. Lever's intimation must be our excuse for dwelling on his former works before proceeding to his present one. In *Lord Kilgobbin* we meet the familiar types, although they are grouped and disposed in a novel fashion. His lordship we know well. He is the freehanded, thoughtless Irish squire, settling steadily downwards toward the condition of the squireen. He is of the "real old blood or stock"—a fact nearly as perpetually present to his neighbours and dependents as to himself. His property has shrunk woefully in the course of generations, and what is left of it will compare unfavourably with the worst of the Irish encumbered estates. Yet he still manages to rub along, in a certain rude comfort, with a pretentious household, and some '45 claret, which he produces on occasion. His lordship's position is an exceptionally false one. His title is one of sheer courtesy, a *damnosa hereditas* bequeathed to an ancestor by James II. on his flight from Ireland, and it is given or withheld as taste or feeling dictates. The worthy peer has a son and a daughter. The former plays a very subordinate part throughout, and indeed almost drops out of sight and memory before the end of the story. The daughter is pretty and clever, shows herself a heroine on occasion, and breaks hearts in a quiet way. But she is entirely eclipsed and cast into the background by the superior brilliancy of one of Mr. Lever's favourite creations. Nina Kostalergi descends on the Irish bogs like some brilliant bird of paradise from warm Southern climes. The tie to the Kilgobbin family is through her mother; Miss Kearney, who was his lordship's only sister, having made a runaway match with a Greek adventurer. Spiridon Kostalergi, who has appropriated the high-sounding title of Prince of Delos, and assumed a manner as grand as the title, is of course a supple and most unscrupulous scoundrel. He had arranged to sell his lovely and accomplished child to the *impresario* of an Italian theatre. The young lady objected to this disposal of her person as a down-come in life, for circumstances had thrown her in the way of mixing a good deal in the highest Continental society. She takes flight accordingly, and wings her way to the shelter of Kilgobbin, whither her father does not care to follow her. Like father, like daughter. Nina seems to us frivolous, heartless, coquettish, and capricious. She plays fast and loose with the hearts of all the men, married or single, who are unlucky enough to cross her path. These are of sets and ranks differing widely. She herself, in some instances, is the landstone, which diminishes the improbability of such a galaxy being gathered in such a heaven-forsaken place. The Fenian movement and the unsettled state of the country supply the action and sensation, and the matter generally for startling and enlightening the English guests. Among the motley group assembled on this remote stage we find a Private Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant; one of the Viceregal aides-de-camp; an Irish lieutenant of Austrian hussars; a captain of Constabulary; a student of Trinity College with political ambitions; a Fenian head-centre, and finally Joe Atlee, who may be said to be more than any of them the hero in a book where all the men make the running together, and no one, so far as space goes, is very prominently singled out from the ruck.

Given these mixed materials, one may predict the tone, if not the course, of the story. Nina Kostalergi dominates all of them; establishing herself as lady paramount in the household, while her cousin Kate subsides quietly into the second place, and her uncle Kearney accepts her wishes as laws. She makes the old gentleman dress for a dinner that is arranged *à la Russe*, and compels him actually to forswear his punch. Yet she brings him to dote on her to distraction, and extracts compliments having the hearty Irish flavour of the old school. Her haughty style of beauty, the "insolence" of manner which Mr. Lever is fond of insisting on, her quick wit and ready tongue make her socially invincible. Ambitious men think they could do no better than secure this penniless girl as partner and patroness of their careers. She is brilliant and ornamental; clever enough for anything; one who would make every one talk, and whom anybody might well be proud of. Poor men of modest notions, fascinated by her softest moods, fancy she might be counted on for love in a cottage. She chimes in so dramatically with the lofty self-sacrificing inspirations of the Fenian head-centre, that she might almost have won him from the settled purpose of his life if that settled resolution of his were not what she admired in him. For by him she is really captivated, and she ends by giving the most convincing proof of it. The proof is given under the influence of a special impulse, and her nature is supposed to remain as much a mystery to us as it had been to her admirers throughout the book. The male counterpart of Nina is Joe Atlee—Bohemians they both are, as he told her at an early interview. This Admirable Crichton is the Charles O'Malley of Mr. Lever's later line. Indeed it is easier to realize a Light Dragoon with as many lives as a cat and as tough a constitution than to conceive Atlee's precocious talent and ubiquitous connexions, and reconcile his tremendous literary achievements with his modest life and his ambitious nature. He chums in Trinity College with his friend Kearney, whose purse and wardrobe he freely draws upon. He cannot muster a shilling of his own on occasion, and absolute impecuniosity is his normal state. Yet he is an honoured contributor to all the leading journals and magazines in Europe. He writes a resounding article on the Eastern question in the *Debates*, only to demolish it forthwith in the columns of the *Times*. He enjoys *carte blanche* with the *Ministerial diplomat*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Kraus*, the *Review*, &c. &c. He has done ourselves the honour of sending us editorial articles, and we know that he contributes habitually to the

greenest Fenian organs. What, we must ask, became of the cheques that must have come showering in upon him from the various European capitals? Why did the ambitious youth who made statesmen wince and tremble not avail himself of these literary stepping-stones instead of toadying a shallow Private Secretary? We ask the questions, but we can suggest no better answer than that Atlee is characteristic of his author. Only accept the primary conditions of his being, and you have a most amusing character. He elbows his way towards his ends with a bland and yet flexible audacity that goes far to account for his amazing success, while his animated talk runs lightly over all the infinity of subjects that engage his versatile mind. He develops cleverly, and, as we think, not unnaturally. He starts from his vulgar surroundings as an offensive snob who, conscious of his social shortcomings, makes brass do duty for breeding. But, thanks to his marvellous adaptability, to his happy faculty of imitation and gift of close observation, he rapidly gets licked into shape, and you can watch the process as it goes forward. At last even those who have known him well from the beginning forget their early memories and prejudices; while his talents have fair play given them in general society, and we presume that he sees his career assured. But the book ends too abruptly, and the characters are disposed of somewhat summarily. We suspect that the sad allusion in the dedication may account for a certain want of consistency and proportion which characterizes the story. But in its several parts the author shows himself as vigorous as ever; there is all the old tact, all the old versatility, and, in spite of circumstances, much of the old lightness and brightness. Nina and Atlee are as good in their several ways as anything Mr. Lever has given us lately, and we are really sorry to take leave of them just when their respective careers threaten to become most exciting. They are the last persons to settle down into humdrum lives, and we venture to cherish a hope that Mr. Lever may tell us more of them.

#### FARLEY'S MODERN TURKEY.\*

MR. FARLEY'S book, though fairly described by its title so far as the most interesting parts of its contents are concerned, is opened by a few chapters whose connexion with the remainder is not at first sight very obvious. He has a good deal of interesting information to communicate in regard to the resources of modern Turkey, and we may add that he puts it briefly, clearly, and in an agreeable style. But Mr. Farley apparently thought that something was necessary to catch the attention of the public. Everything connected even in a remote degree with the Eastern question is apt to call up associations of anything but a lively character. The general reader has no wish whatever for one more diagnosis of the symptoms of the sick man. He is rather inclined to indulge in a languid wish that Turkey could be swallowed up by an earthquake, so that we might be liable to no more demands for the support of our old ally. As that is impossible, he contents himself with turning a deaf ear to the subject, and forgetting that so troublesome a country exists. Perhaps, however, he may be imperceptibly lured to approach it by a few preparatory remarks upon the Holy Land and a description of the Empress Eugénie. This, we should add, is our interpretation of Mr. Farley's motives for treating us to a description of Lebanon and Nazareth, and for reproducing some letters to the *Daily News* which he contributed during the visit of the Empress to Constantinople. His own account of the matter is, that he is of opinion that consumptive patients would derive much benefit from a stay in Syria, and that the Empress is held in such estimation in this country that it is desirable to preserve "the record of an historical event, the like of which never occurred before, and may probably never occur again." The effect, at any rate, of the insertion of these chapters is to throw a kind of rose-coloured glow over the book, which, we may venture to add, strikes us as a little too pronounced in tone. Perhaps, too, it is rather commonplace. We seem to have met the Maronite Princess, who is introduced to us in one of the early pages, in a good many newspapers and popular books of travel, or perhaps she recalls some dim recollections of *Lalla Rookh*. She has a rich shawl round her waist, loose trousers of yellow silk, and yellow leather papooshes. Her face is concealed by a white veil, and as she withdraws its fringes for a momentary glance at the Franks, she discloses "a face of perfect beauty, a complexion exceedingly fair, and those wonderful almond-shaped eyes that are so rarely seen away from the East." In the East, however, they must be exceedingly common, judging from the extraordinary regularity with which they reveal themselves to the gaze of the literary tourist. Then of course Mr. Farley meets a courteous chief, who tears a morsel from a joint of lamb and graciously presents it to him with his own fingers; and, in short, he goes through all the regular round of travellers' sights and emotions with which we have been tolerably familiar since the days of *Esther*.

Luckily we soon make our escape from this region to be presented to the Empress at Constantinople. Mr. Farley discharged the duties of a Correspondent with admirable zeal, and we must presume that the readers of a Liberal journal were glad to know how Her Imperial Majesty was dressed, what was the furniture

\* *Modern Turkey*. By J. Lewis Farley. London: H. Kegan & Blacklock. 1872.



of her dressing-room and bedroom, and to be assured that nothing was absent which "the most fastidious feminine taste could exact." We are assured that an exhibition of fireworks and a parade of the troops gave to the scene the appearance of "a dream of Fairy-land rather than a reality of everyday life." Fairy-land is only known from pantomimes, and perhaps the resemblance may have been accurate enough. The French inhabitants of Constantinople declared, in a fine burst of enthusiasm, that from the visits of great sovereigns there would arise "a new era of progress and solid liberty which the lights of civilization and the destruction of ignorance cannot fail to extend to every country." The meeting of a Sultan and a French Empress will not suggest to every one the probable extension of liberty, however that word may be qualified by the epithet "solid," and Mr. Farley confesses, a page or two later, that the sanguine expectations of French journalists were not destined to be fulfilled. Those sagacious persons, it seems, declared that the visit of the Empress had already put an end to the Eastern style of feminine costume in favour of the latest French fashions; and they anticipated the abolition of all restrictions upon feminine liberty. This statement is very properly described by Mr. Farley as "exaggerated French nonsense"; and it is plain that in his opinion a change from the Turkish to the French customs in regard to women would be of very doubtful utility. Indeed he thinks that in many respects the women of Mahomedan countries have a great advantage over their European sisters. They have not at present, and for obvious reasons they are not likely to have, the inestimable privilege of voting for members of Parliament; but they have already secured many of the advantages towards which that privilege is supposed to be an indispensable preliminary. Women, for example, retain their property after marriage; though they cannot take the initiative in proceedings for divorce, they can render it inevitable in various ways; and a woman can always make the father of her child responsible for its maintenance. Indeed Mr. Farley goes so far as apparently to attribute the elevation of woman in modern society to Mahomedan influences instead of to those which are more generally assigned as its cause. In the early days of Christianity, he urges, women were little better than slaves. Their condition did not improve "until the contact of Christians with Mussulmans had given birth to chivalry." "Chivalry," he adds, "had its root in Spain, whence Charlemagne transported it to the centre of Europe." And he goes on to argue that almost all the good qualities to which we generally apply the name of chivalric were in fact imported by this route from the East. Polygamy is generally credited with many evils, but polygamy is only the luxury of a few, and, in spite of polygamy, Eastern women enjoy as much liberty than their sisters of the West, if not more. Indeed Mr. Farley's enthusiasm rises so high that he challenges "some learned theologian" to explain "why it is that men are so much better in all the social relations of life under Mahomedan laws than under those of Christianity." In fact, we are slightly puzzled to know, after reading this glowing chapter, how it is that Mr. Farley himself has resisted the temptation of conversion to Islam. We have not room to discuss his theories nor to examine into the truth of his historical statement about Charlemagne. The influence of Eastern manners upon the West is undoubtedly a very interesting question; but we are not quite convinced that truthfulness, honour, chastity, and gentleness to women and children reached Europe exclusively through the channel assigned.

However that may be, the spirit indicated by these sentiments is perhaps just a little too prevalent through the remainder of Mr. Farley's volume. He is a staunch believer in the power of Turkey to take its place amongst civilized nations. Amongst other Western prejudices there has been a general belief that education has been discouraged by Mahomedanism. Mr. Farley declares that, on the contrary, there is no country in which instruction is more esteemed or in which its professors are more respected than in Turkey. The schools have of course fallen behind those of other European nations in obedience to the causes, whatever they may be, which have prevented those admirable Mahomedans from keeping on a level with us in the general advance of civilization. Still great efforts are being made. The hall of the recently opened University was filled every evening with an attentive audience eager to hear from Mahomedan teachers the results of the last advances of European thought. Azziz Effendi gave an excellent lecture on chemistry, illustrated by experiments; Tahsin Effendi discussed the scientific properties of water; "Selim Effendi discoursed in a very lucid manner about the planets," and Tahsin Effendi again upon "the immense and the microscopic." If Tindall Effendi should ever find public interest flag at the Royal Institution, we should recommend him to consider the propriety of emigrating to Constantinople. It would be curious to speculate on the effects of this gradual infiltration of the East with Western scientific ideas—a process which Mr. Farley would regard as merely paying off some part of the immense debt which we inherit from our ancestors. The greater part of his book, however, is occupied with an account of the natural resources of Turkey, which are undoubtedly in many respects enormous. He considers Asia Minor to be an admirable field for emigration. Indeed there is already a flourishing colony of Germans established at Amadia, and their success has been so marked that a large body of their fellow-countrymen are about to establish themselves near Angora with a view to agriculture in general, and the improvement of Angora sheep in particular. An isolated emigrant would hardly be

able to make his way; but if a co-operative association of English capitalists and workmen should settle in many parts of the country their success would be certain. Another opportunity of growing rich which is only waiting for somebody to seize it is in the Black Sea fisheries. There is no doubt, Mr. Farley assures us, that a company provided with proper boats and tackle and experienced managers "would clear cent. per cent. as a minimum of profit." Then, again, there is abundance of mineral wealth still unworked, and Mr. Farley believes that "the time may not be far distant when the flames of the blast-furnaces will illuminate the spires of the Anti-Taurus," and Turkey, in less poetical language, again become a great manufacturing country. The want which requires most imperatively to be supplied is that of communications. Hitherto very little has been done in the way of providing the provinces of the interior with railways, or even with direct roads, or in making practically useful the noble harbours which are to be found on the sea-coast. Mr. Farley, however, gives various instances of the success which has been attained in such partial experiments as have hitherto been made. In spite of everything trade is rapidly increasing, and the task of finding outlets for it would naturally be remunerative. Finally, if it be asked why Turkey does not construct her own public works, when the prospects of profit are so great and undeniable, Mr. Farley replies that in Turkey fortunes are made so rapidly in financial enterprises that local capitalists do not care to support industrial undertakings. They can afford to leave these mere collateral sources of gain to the foreign capitalists, whom Mr. Farley exhorts to avail themselves of the opportunity. We close the book with a sense that our mouths are watering. Why should we stop in this benighted old country content with a paltry five per cent. and trammelled by all the restrictions of monogamy, when, in young and rising Turkey, chances of investing one's fortune so as to bring cent. per cent. with perfect security are literally going about begging, and the population is the most honest and chivalrous on the face of the earth? Some little drawbacks might perhaps be hinted by experienced people, and indeed Mr. Farley confesses that there are dark spots to be found in his glowing picture. Meanwhile the facts which he adduces certainly deserve attention, and if the rose-colour is used a little too profusely, that may be a justifiable mode of overcoming a prejudice which is as unreasonably strong in the opposite direction. We are content to conclude by quoting his peroration:—"The Pagoda-tree still flourishes in the East. It has, ere now, been shaken by some of our adventurous countrymen, but it still bears golden fruit. I have pointed out where it is to be found." If the golden fruit is surrounded by thorns and is not always sound to the core, that is not a peculiarity of the Turkish variety of the commodity.

#### DIAMOND DIGGING.\*

THE first diamond of South Africa is said to have been found in 1867. A very fine gem was found two years later. In the earlier part of 1870 the number of diamonds discovered was so considerable that a rush set in from all quarters to the banks of the Vaal river, which has continued ever since. There has been lately a check to the enthusiasm of this pursuit through the depreciation of "off-coloured" or yellow stones in the European markets. It is only fashion that makes diamonds valuable, and fashion must be allowed to prescribe its own conditions. But probably the value even of off-coloured stones of large size will be high enough to reward handsomely the lucky diggers who find them, although not to make their fortunes as rapidly as was at first expected. The original diggings were on the banks of the Vaal river, but the most frequented and productive are now the "dry" diggings at twenty-five miles distance. The epithet "dry" signifies a barren, treeless waste with perpetual all-penetrating dust and almost no water. By the river side there is bathing, fishing, shade, and firewood—all of which comforts are wanting at the "dry" diggings; but then they yield many more diamonds. The town of Klip Drift on the river is at present the metropolis of the district. The dried-up diggers from Du Toit's Pan come there to refresh themselves when utterly beaten from their work by dust and drought, and it is the depot of all the merchants. The "Pan," which is the centre of the busiest industry, and yields the largest returns, is a shallow depression in the ground, filled with brackish water in the rainy season, and forming at other seasons an expanse of hard mud, fissured in all directions by the heat. The soil is much easier to work at the Pan than by the river-side, but the circumstances of existence are almost intolerable. In the eloquent language of a local newspaper, "the dust of the dry diggings is to be classed with plague, pestilence, and famine, and if there is anything worse, with that also." But all hardships are easy while health lasts to him who hopes to see at any moment a gem about the size of a pigeon's egg gleaming in the floor or wall of his "claim" as he excavates it. Du Toit's Pan already boasts many large hotels, immense stores, two churches, several billiard-rooms, a hospital, and a theatre. Immediately around the Pan is a broad expanse of "veldt," or prairie with stunted growth of scrub, and here and there a mimosa or thorn-bush, and at distances of five to twelve miles are ranges of picturesque hills. The monotony of digging

\* *The Diamond Diggings of South Africa: a Personal and Practical Account.* By Charles A. Payton. "Saxo" of "The Field." With a Brief Notice of the new Gold Fields. London: Horace Cox. 1872.

may be varied by a day's shooting for the pot in the "veldt," or by a two days' excursion for bathing and fishing to the river. The larger game, which cannot be reached in a day's excursion, are brought abundantly to market by the Dutch settlers in the interior. Butchers' meat and game are cheap, but there has been till lately a great scarcity of vegetables, which the Dutch farmers never took the trouble to grow for their own use, although they have now been tempted by the prospect of a good trade. Nothing is gained by taking an outfit from England, and little by buying on the coast, as almost everything necessary can be purchased at the diggings. If the journey thither is made by Transport Company's Wagon from Cape Town, only 40 lbs. of luggage is allowed. If the slower journey by bullock-wagon is preferred for the sake of sport, the intending digger may carry his stores and equipment with him. The routes from Algon Bay or Port Natal may be chosen instead of that from Cape Town, if the bullock-wagon be adopted. It is for a good sportsman a delightful method of spending a month or so; but if a man expects to make his fortune at the diggings, he is of course anxious to begin work, so perhaps the quicker journey by Transport Wagon is preferable.

The author of this book did not gain much by his visit, except the knowledge and experience which he now lays before the public, but he seems to wish to try his luck again. The adventure would be best made by two friends in company, and the necessary cost of journey from England, outfit, and implements, and six months' working expenses, is calculated at 270*l.* for the two. It is reckoned that in six months they ought to have found something to keep work going for some time longer. A man who is young, healthy, active, industrious, and able to turn his hand to different things, is almost sure to find means of living, until by patient observation he discovers an opening to prosperity. It may be expected, however, that there has already been a great rush to the diggings of persons willing to make themselves generally useful. To judge from this author's descriptions of public amusements at Du Toit's Pan, we might think that the amateur actors and singers with whom London is overdone would be welcomed and rewarded at the diggings. But probably there is by this time a glut of comic singers, and possibly also of potatoes and cabbages in that market. We may, however, venture to say that the former article cannot be grown by the Boers on their farms in the Transvaal district. The author thinks that there is a good opening for energetic and clever doctors and lawyers at the diggings, particularly as they can always work at the sieve or sorting-table while waiting for disease or litigation to break out among their neighbours. The harder work of pick and shovel is chiefly done by labourers of the Kafir and other native tribes, of whom large numbers are attracted by high wages. They are industrious, and tolerably honest, and any aberration from the right path is usually followed by an application of "cat" at the police office. A young community cannot provide "chokey," or prison for offenders, so they must be punished summarily and dismissed. Even white men have been punished for dishonesty or brutal violence with the cat, and also by being dragged through the river and expelled from the diggings. Criminal law takes nearly the same aspect everywhere under similar circumstances, and whatever may be said or done in quiet times at home, the gallows and the cat are sure to assert their importance in a new and unsettled society like this on the Vaal river. On the whole, however, this congeries of all nations is peaceable, and now that it has been brought under British rule the administration of justice is firm and tolerably uniform. The cat at Klip Drift is, or was, either stronger or more conscientious in its work than at Du Toit's Pan, but such inequality is probably unavoidable in the system. The "niggers," at any rate, are not deterred from the diggings by the treatment which they meet there, and they even submitted to the magistrate when he interfered to stop a great fight between the Kafirs and Basutos. The author encourages engineers and land-surveyors, especially the latter, as likely to obtain lucrative employment. But all that he says as to the prospects of any profession or trade must be qualified by his general advice that no man should give up a fixed income, however moderate, at home, for the vicissitudes and hardships of a digger's life.

The rapid progress of civilization at Du Toit's Pan may be inferred from the fact that the bachelors of that town gave a ball, at which "there was certainly no want of ladies; indeed some persons thought that the proportion was too large." Among the diggers are some married couples, and a healthy, handy woman finds many necessary things which she can do better than the generality of men. We should certainly trust feminine eyes to pick out diamonds at the sorting-table, and there is room for any extent of economy of health and money in buying and cooking food. The greatest hardship to English people of either sex would probably be that water is so scarce at Du Toit's Pan that you can only allow yourself half a bucket once a week to wash in. The river, as we have said, is twenty-five miles distant from the Pan. It ought not to be forgotten, in estimating the prospects of these settlements, that diamonds cannot be collected in such large numbers without heavily affecting the price. The analogy furnished by the absorption of the vast quantities of Australian and Californian gold which have been produced in the last twenty years may be delusive, for diamonds are not a medium of commerce, but merely an ornament of luxury. The author says that the comparatively small prices now given for African stones are not due so much to their "off-colour" as to the fact that the immense supply has revolutionised the market. Much inconvenience has

been felt at the diggings from the absence of small change. A Dutch farmer who brought in a load of oranges, sold them all at a shilling a-piece, and carried away a bag of silver to his home—stead on the "veldt," incurred a double portion of the dislike which English settlers usually feel towards the Boers. The tavern-keepers issue bits of paper as tokens for shillings; coppers are unknown, and a cigar or two boxes of matches represent three-pence. The temptations to drink are as frequent and powerful as anywhere, and the spirit called "Cape smoke" is one of the most pernicious in the world. It is difficult to preach abstinence where water is both dear and bad; but perhaps tea and coffee are the most convenient and wholesome drinks that the digger can adopt. The author speaks highly of Mr. Truter, who was head of the Free State police; but his men were drunken, dissipated, seedy-looking reprobates, recruited from the lowest class of society on the diggings. When wanted they were either not to be found, or too tipsy to be useful. Once, indeed, when a fight had been announced to come off between an Englishman and a Dutchman, the police mustered in considerable force—not however to prevent hostilities, but to keep the ring, see fair play, and enjoy the spectacle. Mr. Truter and his dirty blackguards have now given place to a British Commissioner and policemen much after the home model. The prison or "chokey" is a dreadful place of punishment for an Englishman, because he will probably have to share its narrow and filthy floor with one or more "niggers," whose personal condition and habits need not be more particularly described.

In autumn of last year the pursuit of diamonds had been partially suspended, for the reason that gold in paying quantities had been discovered about four hundred miles further inland. Many diggers were on the move to this new scene of speculative industry, and if the prospect held out should be realized, towns like those which this author has described will be created as rapidly, and on the same plan. The condition of the Cape Colony has strangely changed since Sir Harry Smith waged costly and not very glorious war against the tribes who are now working busily for white masters at handsome wages. Time was when the very names of the Orange and Vaal rivers were odious, as suggesting endless unprofitable expense. It was little suspected that our troops, in their weary marches, were almost treading upon gold and diamonds.

#### FARM STORIES.\*

IT is seldom that the repetition of a success is up to the mark of the original; and, as a rule, it is wiser to break fresh ground than to go again over the old where the maiden tillage has been favourable. Perhaps it is that we expect too much in repetition; more probably that the freshness which charmed us in the first issue is dulled in the second, and that we get only the sweepings of the mill, the skimmed milk after the cream has been gathered. Thus the first series of *Peasant Life* was eminently delightful. Vigorous and natural, it made its way by the very force of its truth and simplicity; but this second series is not quite so good, though it seems almost hypercritical to say so. There is more straining after effect about it, more conventionality of style and subject, less of the rude actualities of rural life, and more conscious sentimentalism. The broad bold pen that sketched Muckle Jock and the bondager has got itself tapered off to a finer point in the "Dressmakers" and "Hetty"; and we miss the rough-hewn humanity of the early stories, not considering the exchange to a certain picturesque, clean-skinned rusticity a good one. Still, the stories are pleasant, and rich in those quaint sayings and full-flavoured epithets which give so much charm of local colouring. When Jamphlin Jamie speaks pious words to the widow he is courting, and angry ones to the brazen wench who is courting him, we know that his language is exactly such as a man of his class and kind would use. And though his religion is expressed in an odd fashion enough, yet it reads like truth, and is probably a literal transcription. "Och sir!" he says, describing the way in which he escaped from the snare set him by the deil, "I took me tae ma twa knees. No lik' that bletherin' auld man o' Uz, who yarned lang screeds till his Maker, tho' they're gran' readin'. I didna dae lik' that; but, kenning better, I made lang prayers, and, praise be till Him, He pulled me through." His various mishaps are exceedingly well told, and we cannot but pity him when that "Bull o' Bashan, monster o' a' iniquity," Baff Fraser, sets herself to "devour" him; in which laudable design she succeeds to her own satisfaction and Jamphlin Jamie's ultimate content.

William Bain, the clasher or dyke builder, is not unlike our old friend Muckle Jock in his dumb love and slow courtship, though the story wants the humorous frankness and rough realism which made the history of Jock and the bondager so fresh and amusing. Yet the confession of the poor love-sick clasher when his mother questions him is really pathetic, and, long as the extract is, we cannot refrain from giving it:—

It was at dinner-time that his mother, in her straightforward way, went into the matter. "Mrs. Jalk, fra Howe, was here on Friday, an' said she 'Yor soun was hairtlin' an' saletin' at auld Grant's, an' Jankie' o' his dochter, and lies hard till her.' Are ye courtin' there, Willie?"

How small he felt himself before his mother! How he could have wished

\* *Peasant Life: Sketches of the Villagers and Field-Labourers in Glenelg. Second Series. London: Blackie & Co.*

*The Scottish Minstrel. By Jeremiah Guthrie. Translated by Gustavus Vere. London: Tinsley Brothers.*

away from this interrogation! Fortunately he could not get away without saying, although he was dumfounded at the first.

"Did she speak true?" again inquired the mother.

"It was nae muckle lie," he answered with a great gulp.

There was a pause, after which the woman spoke again sharply and bitterly. "Laddie, ye're the wrong tae lead her upo' the lee; an' I dinna ken what ye mean at a'."

He rose from his half-eaten dinner, and sat down at the fireside out of sight of his mother at the table. His voice was thick with emotion, but he said steadily, "I mean naething but honest by her. She's a guid an' a clever lass, an' I lo'e her, mith'er! She's ower guid an' clever for me!" There it was all out, and the mother might think of it what she liked. He scarcely knew what he said.

When his mother begins to fret, Willie begins to reason:—

"Mither, I'm no denyin', when ye ask me, but I lo'e the lass. I lo'e her mair as ye, better nor mair, but I me'er said 'I lo'e' till her."

"Then, what wae ye lo'e courtin'?" asked the mother through her teeth.

"Deed an' truth, I dinna ken that am courtin' reasonable at a'! I me'er said till her 'Fair be ye!' Am sure she thinks an' nae courtin'. Am nae courtin', I say, mith'er!" He breathed a long sigh, and the tears were in his eyes as he went on. "But my heart loupes when I see her o'en far awa', an' I grow a'ly an' sick, an' contentit an' warm o' bairn when she's by her; an' am distracted when she's gane awa': an' am downright in love wi' her, I ken, mith'er! But ye're the first that ken o' it frae me." He sat down again on his chair with a thud. And his words had effect on his mother.

"Ye wae aye a good son, Willie," she said.

"Am thinkin' that same," said he somewhat hardly. "Am no mindit to be ought i' the comin' time; but what for no shudn't I hae a sweetheart?"

"Am no contrairin' ye," said the woman.

There the subject dropped; but at night, before he went to bed, she spoke of the matter again, more reasonably this time. "Ye haena spok' o' love tae the lass Grant, Willie?"

"No me."

"Weel, then, am mindit tae see her wi' me an' een—nae tae mak' love till her for ye, but till I see that she's wairth ma laddie. When the tatoes is lifted, and twa-three bits o' wark out o' hae, I'll win tae see her; or she'll cam' tae me here. The Hallowmae fair 'll bring her tae the town whatever."

"God bless ye, mith'er!" said the lair, going off to bed and to dream.

But as the course of true love never does run smooth, either in Glendale or elsewhere, the poor clacher has to draw his weird painfully enough before he comes to his peace. "Mak' ma bed, mith'er," he says, with an unconscious imitation of the old ballad, when he hears that Kirsty Grant has "contractit" with Tam Murison, and that "the cries 'll be out the morn'." "I'll lie down, mith'er, I dinna mind if it be tae dee." It seems to us, however, that if the honest dyke builder had a nature of so much fiery sensitiveness, he would have found a voice sooner than he did, and that he would not have run the risk of losing his dawtie for the want of timely speaking. To be sure there are certain slow and "innerly" natures that feel deeply while they betray nothing; and Willie Hain might have fallen sick of love and sorrow, for all that he never showed to man or maid the passion he was fostering. And as the author evidently knows his own work, and as his portraits are probably from the life, we must take them as we find them, without making objections which may be more fanciful than real.

The story we like least is the "Dressmakers." It is less simple than the others, and has just a dash of affectation in it that spoils what else might have been a pretty and pathetic idyl. The girls are of a class of thought and refinement beyond their social status; which of itself always gives an unnatural air to a tale, and strikes a false chord from the beginning. The author's own style of narration is Carlylese, not in grotesqueness, but in that peculiar psychological exaggeration, that dwelling on every little fact and feeling with extravagant persistency, which is one of the most marked characteristics of Mr. Carlyle's school; the action of the hero is annoying in an apparent want of decision, which turns out, however, to be unnecessary reticence and unpardonable blindness; and the end is scarcely likely. So that, on the whole, the story leaves an artificial and galling kind of impression on the mind, not favourable to one's theories of peasant life, and more after the pattern of the *Keppels* and *Book of Beauty* kind of humanity than that which owned the clacher and Jamphlin' Jamie as its members.

Love-making is the one most important fact in rural society. It is an important fact everywhere, but in the country, where life is so much less eventful than in towns, it takes even larger dimensions and has a more enduring influence. Consequently almost all rural tales turn on love; and the author of this second series of stories illustrative of peasant life in the North has not been able to break out of the charmed circle. "Queer Jean," "Widow Macrae," and "Hetty," which, with the three stories already spoken of, make up the half-dozen composing the volume, take each a different phase of the master passion. "Queer Jean" is the story of a girl betrayed and then deserted, with the added pain of her father's angry banishment from home, and the shame she has brought on her family not forgiven by any of them. "Widow Macrae" takes just the contrary side of the same theme, and shows how simple Mary Macrae "gave red faces" to Black Jock, the gamekeeper, when her innocent eyes were opened to the true meaning of his "kindness," and she saw through him and his false-hearted ways; and "Hetty" tells how an artful jade wheedled away a weak man's love from his best friend, and how by affliction she was brought to grace, and gained the blessing she did not set out by deservin'. But in "Hetty," again, we find the affectation that was so visible in the "Dressmakers," and a tone of thought and feeling not in harmony with the necessary state of culture of the actors.

The religion of Jamphlin' Jamie sounds true and realistic; that of Hetty rings false and as if made up for the market; and if stories of this kind are not true, they are nothing. Still, though we have thought it right to speak of this second series with a certain qualification in our praise, we regard the book as better work than nine-tenths of the novels and stories published. Our only regret is that it is not so good as it might have been, and as it would have been had the author been more careful to avoid sentimentalism, and to be uncompromisingly true to the ruder sort of nature he undertook to paint.

The quiet annals of a Bernese farmer's family, where there are no crimes, very little story, and not a shred of mystery, would seem to promise ill for general interest; but *Soul and Money* is full of pathetic and carefully drawn pictures of human feeling, and its tender quietness makes the turbulent literature of sensationalism seem even more coarse and garish by contrast. The first part of the book, though uneventful, is by no means flat. It sets forth the misunderstanding that gradually creeps in between a worthy husband and his wife, and the discord and misery which spread through the house in consequence, and react with bitter energy on the children. Homely as the details are, the skill with which they are touched in makes them to the full as interesting as a more stirring theme. The characters are singularly life-like. Christian, heavy, procrustinating, unable and unwilling to stir one inch out of the groove in which his forefathers had run their lives, hiding all his emotions beneath a wooden face and a stolid manner, yet suffering as acutely as these good lumbering souls do suffer when they take sorrow to heart—proud of his farm, proud of his name, of his integrity, of his well-doing, of his virtue—stands out from the pages solid and living. And his wife Anna is the worthy pendant to the picture made by him. Quick, active, generous, hasty in temper, and warm in heart, she has her own trials in the slower nature of her husband; and, woman like, is disposed to resent the difference of temperament between them as a personal wrong for which she deserves commiseration and is justified in self-pity, as well as in wifely displeasure. Where Christian would have refused so much as a handful of meal, she gives of their best to the poor; where she would have taken time by the forelock, he lags at his heels and lets him win the race; so that it is easy to see how misunderstandings would arise between them; and how to such a woman as Anna the difference of nature alone would seem to be a personal indignity for which her husband was justly blamable. The story, such as it is, is very well told; and the reconciliation and better state of feeling which we are happy to say come about in the second half of the book fall admirably into place. The book is a good companion, because such a strong contrast, to the Scottish stories with which we have bracketed it. Both treat of rural life; both deal more with emotion than with passion, more with sorrow than with crime; and through both runs that vein of religious feeling so characteristic of the better class of peasants, and which is at once their strength and their weakness. Yet, with so many points of resemblance, these two books are essentially and refreshingly different in tone and treatment; for peasant life, if everywhere built on the same natural basis, has its own special manifestations according to nationality, such as are not known in the "dead level of civilization"; so that, whatever the points of elemental resemblance, the result is decidedly not monotonous when men paint the lives and doings of the peasant class for the benefit of their more refined brethren in the higher ranks.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AN American Dictionary of Biography\* has of course its value as a book of reference. By its aid a reader of memoirs or newspapers who cared to study them with sufficient diligence, and to hunt out the history of every name he might come across, could satisfy himself that the Smith or Peabody mentioned in a letter or a leading article was either John C. Smith, once Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen, or James E. Smith, the editor of the first newspaper started in Nevada; Thomas A. Peabody, the preacher of Denver City, or William B. Peabody, the clergyman of Lynchburg; and the context might help him to fix on the particular character he wanted. For any other purpose something very different from the work before us is required; something that should give us one-tenth of the number of names, and ten times as much information respecting each; a work much less extensive and much more select—with much less, in short, of that democratic instinct which puts upon a level all men sufficiently important or importunate to find their way into print. The book before us gives nearly the same space to Cassius M. Clay, whom probably nine in ten of our readers have happily forgotten, and to Henry Clay, one of the greatest men whom independent America has produced—her really great names mostly belonging to the generation born during the Colonial period, and developed by the Revolution; it makes more of Jefferson Davis, one of the least distinguished of those major-generals whose number brought so many

\* *Dictionary of American Biography, including Men of the Time. Containing nearly Ten Thousand Notices of Persons of both Sexes, of Native and Foreign Birth, who have been remarkable or prominently connected with the Arts, Sciences, Literature, Politics, or History of the American Continent. Giving also the Prominence of many of the Foreign and peculiar American Names, a Key to the Accented Names of Writers, and a Supplement. By Francis B. Drake. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Tinsley & Co. 1871.*

sarcastic upon the administration of Mr. Stanton, than of the namesake who guided during four eventful years the destinies of the Confederacy. The Dictionary contains about a thousand pages in double columns, and the names that occupy more than half a column are a small minority, while to scarcely any is a whole column allotted. In fact, we learn little more respecting the most distinguished of those whose biographies are inserted than might be found in an almanac or an army list—a mere technical answer to the question "Who is he?" We can imagine that such a book may find its place among the Directories and similar works on the table of a political aspirant or private secretary, whose special business it is to gratify as many free and enlightened citizens as possible by an intimate knowledge of their personal history, but it can have none of the interest that would belong to a real attempt at a national collection of biographies. We may note, as an exceptional merit in these days, the absence of offensive epithets or abusive language respecting the soldiers and statesmen of the South.

The *Underground Railroad* was\*, as our readers will remember, the name given by the practical Abolitionists of the Northern States to the organization by means of which fugitives from slavery were assisted to evade the pursuit of their masters and the agents of Federal law, and to find a refuge beyond the Canadian frontier. While the majority of the party confined themselves to declamation and newspaper invective, and used their position and privileges under the Constitution of the United States to wage a systematic war against the rights which that Constitution had secured to others, a more earnest minority repudiated alike the restraints and the benefits of the law, and, rejecting all the privileges of citizenship, set themselves to work to render what they held to be justice to the slave in spite of the law and in defiance of its penalties. In the performance of this self-chosen duty, many of them underwent severe sufferings, some were imprisoned for long terms, a few were killed, and all lived in more or less constant anxiety and peril; but they did succeed in liberating many hundreds of slaves, and contributed not a little to that bitter exasperation of feeling which culminated in civil war, sectional conquest, and emancipation. Whatever may be our view of the constitutional duties of American citizens, or of the merits of the quarrel between North and South, it is impossible not to respect those who, taking the obvious view of their obligations under the Constitution, and finding them intolerable, chose to renounce its benefits and its burdens, and to live as aliens in their native land, in order to fulfil what they held to be the higher obligations of men and Christians. Nay, even persons who do not share the almost universal abhorrence of slavery, and who believe that on the whole the negro was happier as a slave than as a freeman, cannot but sympathize with those who, by escaping, proved that they found slavery intolerable, and with those who, out of mere humanity and Christian charity, risked life and goods to assist the fugitives. As many a bitter Tory, in the evil days of the later Stuarts, would have faced the scaffold rather than surrender to justice a fugitive follower of Monmouth or Argyle, as Puritans more than once furthered, in violation of all their principles, religious and political, the escape of hunted Cavaliers, so even a slaveholder, if he were a Christian and a gentleman, would hardly be able to refuse shelter to a hunted slave whose scars and mutilated features showed that slavery had in his case proved all that its worst enemies called it. We believe therefore that very few will read the stories of hairbreadth escapes and perilous adventures which fill these bulky records of the "U. G. R. R." without hearty sympathy for the fugitives, and generally for their friends; whatever thoughtful men may be inclined to say of the encouragement given by the latter to wanton thefts practised by confidential slaves on trusting masters. In general the fugitives complained of personal cruelty, or, less frequently, of apprehended separation from their children. Sometimes, no doubt, they had been led to run away by skillful abolitionist incitement, or by that mere ignorant discontent which renders English servants of the present day equally prone to leave a good situation merely for the love of change. But, as a rule, the only fugitives from the far South were impelled by brutal usage to run the risks and incur the hardships of the long and terrible journey; and the small number of runaways during the war proved that those belonged to a wholly exceptional class, and formed a very small minority of the slave population. The writer of this book, William Still, himself formerly a slave, and brought up among fanatical abolitionists, is not the sort of writer from whom we could expect anything like discrimination or common fairness. With him every fugitive is a hero, and every slaveowner a demon; and the reader must take his stories as they are told, and for what they are worth, without hoping to obtain from them any real light on the subject of slavery. It is more disappointing and less accountable that there is no real explanation of the system and organization of the Underground Railroad

itself. For the rest, the book would be improved by being cut down to half its bulk, which could be done the more easily as it is in no sense a history, but simply a collection of individual narratives.

We have, among several other Reports and State papers, another volume on the condition and resources of the mining districts in the Far West\*, containing a chapter on metallurgical processes which indicates considerable progress in that department of mining industry. To the general reader the most interesting part of the work is the preface, which discusses briefly the quality and prospects of Chinese labour in the Pacific States, and announces conclusions which are not exactly what we should have expected. We learn that whereas the European labourers in the mines are often unacquainted with mining work, among the Chinese none but miners offer themselves for this kind of employment; that they are more trustworthy and faithful than their European competitors; and that, on the whole, and taking the comparative ignorance of some of the latter into account, the value of their labour is not so very different. The wages of Chinese labour are rising, and Mr. Raymond anticipates that those of European labour must fall. Altogether he sees no justification for the fears of those who apprehend that the Chinese may undersell and drive out European labour from the Pacific States, but seems to think that the two races may be left side by side, free from legislative hindrances and allowed to find their several levels, without any risk that the inferior, by its persevering industry and its smaller wants, may supersede the superior and turn California and the Far West into Mongolian colonies. His good opinion of the Chinese is the more valuable because it is the result of experience and observation, in direct contradiction to the all but universal prejudices of the white population of the mining States and Territories; prejudices which in many cases, no doubt, are a mere cloak for malice, envy, and dislike of a race whose sobriety, industry, and thrift render them very troublesome competitors for employment, but which are not altogether without more creditable and plausible grounds. The principal disadvantages of Chinese labour are said to be an undue addition to the observation of festivals and holidays, and a rooted distrust which makes them exact payment of their wages in coin to the day, and often leave *en masse* if the cashbox be not replenished in time.

The Financial Report of the Secretary of the Treasury† reveals, as usual since the war, a state of things which might well move the envy of Mr. Lowe, and cause Mr. Gladstone some earnest searchings of heart on the score of the comparative darkness of mind and want of financial morality displayed by the British Parliament in its eagerness for reductions of taxation and its indifference to the diminution of the debt. The Federal Budget shows a revenue averaging some seventy millions sterling, of which about forty are derived from customs, and nearly twenty-eight from what we should call stamps and excise; behind which, it must always be remembered, lies hidden from the eyes of English financial reformers a vast State taxation, almost entirely direct in its incidence, and levied upon the supposed capital value of real and personal estate. This division of resources between the State and Federal Governments—the former being constitutionally precluded from levying customs duties, and practically, by the prohibition of inter-State tariffs, from levying an excise—requires to be borne in mind in every mention of American finance. The Federal expenditure is about fifty-three to fifty-six millions sterling, of which some two-fifths are absorbed by the interest of the debt. There is thus a surplus of about fifteen millions annually; of which ten millions are devoted to the repayment of debt; not, unluckily, by the redemption of paper currency, against which too many interests and prejudices are arrayed, but by the purchase of U.S. bonds. There remains upon the estimates of the current and following years a sum of six or seven millions sterling available for the reduction of the most objectionable duties of customs and excise; the latter of which bids fair ere long to be reduced pretty nearly to the English model.

The Bureau of Statistics sends in three valuable Reports.‡ That on Commerce and Navigation exhibits a terrible falling off in the number of American vessels, which is not much more than half what it was in 1859 and 1860; a fact which Fenian sympathizers impute to the *Alabama*, and Free-traders, on better evidence, to the unspeakably clumsy arrangements of a Protectionist tariff. The tonnage cleared from American ports

\* *Mines, Mills, and Furnaces of the Pacific States and Territories: an Account of the Condition, Resources, and Methods of the Mining and Metallurgical Industry in those Regions, chiefly relating to the Precious Metals. A Sequel to "American Mines and Mining."* By Rosier W. Raymond, Ph.D., U.S. Commissioner of Mining Statistics, &c. &c. New York: Ford & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

† *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances for the Year 1871.*

‡ *Annual Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics on the Commerce and Navigation of the United States for the Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1871.*

*Special Report on the Customs Tariff Legislation of the United States. With Appendices.* By Edward Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics.

*Special Report on Immigration: Accompanying Information for Immigrants relative to the Prices and Rental of Land, the Simple Products, kind of Labour in Demand, &c. &c. in the Western and Southern States. To which are appended Tables showing the average weekly wages paid in the several States and Sections for Factory, Mechanical, and Farm Labour, the Cost of Provisions, Groceries, &c. &c.* By Edward Young, Ph.D., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\* *The Underground Railroad; a Record of Facts, Authentic Narratives, Letters, &c., narrating the Hardships, Hairbreadth Escapes, and Death Struggles of Slaves in their Efforts after Freedom, as Related by Themselves or Others, or Witnessed by the Author. Together with Sketches of some of the largest Stockholders, and most Liberal Aiders and Adversers of the Bond.* By William Still, for many years connected with the Anti-Slavery Office in Philadelphia, and Chairman of the Acting Vigilant Committee of the Philadelphia Branch of the Underground Railroad. Illustrated with 70 fine Engravings by Russell Sobell and others. Portraits from Photographs from Life. Sold only by Subscription. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.



during the year was about nine millions and a-half, of which more than six millions were foreign; and the real difference is, we suspect, greater still, the American shipping having a monopoly of the coasting trade, and clearing twice or three times as often as the foreign vessels. The imports are about 108 millions sterling, of which about five and a-half are re-exported; the exports of domestic produce about 107 millions. The explanation of this excess of exports probably lies in the large amount of American State, Federal, and Railway Bonds held in Europe, the interest on which is hidden in these figures. But for that, the foreign trade of the United States, as of other commercial countries, would show a balance of profit in the shape of a considerable excess of imports. The Report on the Customs contains a complete and very elaborate history of tariff legislation since the formation of the Union, including not only the Acts ultimately passed, but the discussions they provoked and the modifications they underwent in Congress. But of all these documents by far the most interesting is the Report on Immigration. This gives not only the statistics of immigration for the last fifty-three years, since the establishment of a permanent department in 1819, but very full and valuable information for the benefit of immigrants themselves, from which it would be easy to draw up in a single sheet octavo all that persons who think of seeking a home beyond the Atlantic could desire to know in order to the choice of a habitation. The most novel point of the statistical part of the Report is the proportion of female immigrants. This is smallest among the Chinese—7 per cent.; largest among the Irish—45 per cent.; and it amounts to 40 per cent. of the whole, a much larger proportion than the language commonly used by writers on the subject, and the current ideas of Americans themselves, would lead us to expect. Immigrants will find in this volume answers from the States to which emigration is now chiefly directed to questions regarding the prospects there offered to capital, to skilled and to unskilled industry; the price of land, the facility of obtaining it, cleared or uncleared; the terms on which farms may be rented, and their size; the condition of trade, manufactures, mining, agriculture, and the demand for every sort of labour, and they can at once fix their "objective point" accordingly.

Upon the scientific accuracy of Dr. Dana's statements respecting Corals and Coral Islands\* we do not attempt, in this place, to pronounce; that his work is likely to be more popular than most accounts of the corals and coral polypes that we have seen, we have no doubt whatever. The drawings illustrate the text, and the text explains the drawings; and both, without being anywhere loose or slovenly, are simple and intelligible to the uninformed reader; popularizing, without vulgarizing, a most curious and interesting portion of natural history.

Dr. Prime's Sketches of Travel† will be more interesting to Americans than to Englishmen in proportion as the scenes on which, while journeying "round the world," he chiefly dwells, are more familiar to Englishmen than to Americans. And there is a tendency, here and there, to be "smart," which is perhaps less disagreeable to our Transatlantic kinsmen than to most of ourselves. Apart from this fault of style, the author's language is generally simple and well chosen, and his observations, if not very original, are quick and practical. To English readers they have now and then a flavour of novelty, as coming from a visitor who sees everything from a somewhat different point of view from our own. In this respect the part of the volume which relates the author's somewhat hasty visit to the North-Western provinces of India is perhaps the most noteworthy; on other grounds the accounts of California and Japan are the most readable. But extreme hurry, and the utter absence of leisure to observe carefully or closely, deprive the work of all merit beyond that of the merest journal of travel; it is one which may be read once with some pleasure, but which nobody would dream of keeping, or reading again.

Dr. Chadbourne's lectures on Instinct‡ deserve attentive perusal, and at least a passing consideration. They contain no new facts on the subject, and broach no very startling theories; on the contrary, the writer inclines rather to the obvious and orthodox view which ascribes nearly all the habitual acts of animals to pure instinct, but admits that the higher among them, at least, do reason upon occasion. But the value of the book lies in the clearness with which the bearing of perfectly familiar truths upon each other and upon the current controversies of the day is perceived and brought to light; and in the distinctness with which the entire system of physical life is conceived and displayed as a whole. Among the many replies which Mr. Darwin's works have called forth, scarcely any has appeared to us to suggest more real and serious difficulties in the way of his theory of development; difficulties not technical merely or negative, not merely indicating defects of evidence or argument here and there, but pointing out how much the theory fails to explain, how much appears to conflict with it; how much, not merely in individual instances, but upon the whole, the system of

nature presents that does not seem to harmonize with that view. Among the most remarkable passages in this unpretending volume is that on the physical tendencies of plants which seem to fulfil the part played by instinct in the animal world; and scarcely less interesting are some suggestions of instances in which creatures have acquired organs or habits which appear not only not to be directed to their own good, but actually to injure them for the benefit of others—instances which, if valid, must, as Mr. Darwin himself admits, compel him to reconsider his theory. Altogether, for so short and popular a work, the lectures possess very unusual interest and suggestiveness.

Dr. Moffat publishes the first part of *A Comparative History of Religions*\* in the shape of a comparison of Ancient Scriptures—Hindoo, Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Hebrew, &c.—the very size and form of which suggests that the author is hardly alive to the magnitude of the task he has undertaken. The principal point made in the present volume is that in all or nearly all cases the earliest accessible records of religion appear to indicate that polytheism was preceded by and developed out of monotheism; an apparent paradox which the author defends with a variety of plausible arguments.

Mr. Henry Dunster †, whose biography is now written and published for the first time, was born about 1612, and was in middle life the first President of Harvard College. He fled from England to avoid the persecution to which Nonconformists were subjected in 1639-40; and found that he had escaped from the frying-pan into the fire. The Pilgrim Fathers of New England, whom poets and historians have so wildly misrepresented, hated freedom of conscience with a hatred far more virulent and personal than was shown by Laud or Charles. The last thing that they dreamt of allowing to any man out of their own fold was that "freedom to worship God" which their panegyrists have represented as their object; and the latter portion of the present volume is a history of the persecution suffered by Mr. Dunster when he ventured to pronounce himself a Baptist—persecution which drove him from Harvard and from Massachusetts. Some earlier passages display a curious mixture of simplicity and superstition, sense and fanaticism.

The Report of the American Board of Foreign Missions ‡ (Congregationalist) possesses a somewhat limited and special interest, but contains a good deal of incidental information—of course, from a professional point of view—concerning the organization and working of missionary institutions.

Among the works of fiction on our list for this month are two the authorship of which will to many readers be a sufficient recommendation, and one whose title vouches for its containing much that is curious and a good deal that is unpleasant. The last is entitled "Five Hundred Majority," § and is a description of the reign and downfall of the famous Tammany Ring. The others are both collections of short tales; one by Mrs. Stowe, under the title of *Old Town Fireside Stories* ||, which is much what the name will suggest to the readers of Mrs. Stowe's later works; the other called *Beauty and the Beast, and Tales of Home* ¶, by Bayard Taylor. The first of the series is a romance the scene of which is laid in Russia; the rest are tales of American life. Mr. Taylor is also the author of a very singular poem, entitled the *Manque of the Gods* \*\*, in which all the chief objects of human worship are speakers; all, with the exception of the Mahometan deity, being regarded not as names of the Supreme Being, but as distinct entities of different rank and character. Names are thus introduced which few persons will like to see in such a connexion. For the rest, the poem is at least remarkable, and in some passages powerful and suggestive. Dana's *Household Book of Poetry* †† contains some really choice selections, many of them old favourites, and is perhaps as useful a drawing-room ornament as a volume of the sort is likely to be.

\* *A Comparative History of Religions*. By James C. Moffat, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. Part I.—Ancient Scriptures. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

† *Life of Henry Dunster, First President of Harvard College*. By Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Sixty-first Annual Report of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, Presented at the Meeting held at Salem, Mass., Oct. 3-6, 1871*. Boston: Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

§ *Putnam's Library of Choice Books. Five Hundred Majority, or the Days of Tammany*. By Wyllis Wiles. New York: Putnam & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

|| *Old Town Fireside Stories*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

¶ *Beauty and the Beast, and Tales of Home*. By Bayard Taylor. New York: Putnam & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

\*\* *The Manque of the Gods*. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

†† *The Household Book of Poetry*. Collected and Edited by Charles A. Dana. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

# NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country through any Newagent, on the day of publication.

\* *Corals and Coral Islands*. By James D. Dana, LL.D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College, &c. &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *Around the World: Sketches of Travel Through Many Lands and Over Many Seas*. By E. G. D. Prime, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Lowell Lectures, 1871: Instinct, its Office in the Animal Kingdom, and its Relation to the Higher Powers in Man*. By P. A. Chadbourne, LL.D., Author of "Relations of Natural History," "Natural Theology," &c., &c. New York: Putnam & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

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## THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

AFTER many desperate efforts on the part of both players, the shuttlecock of the Washington Treaty seems at last about to fall to the ground. The motive of the recent exertions was not discreditable, but the game had for some time past visibly tended to a collapse. The telegraphic correspondence between Mr. FISH and General SCHENCK proves that the American Government was from the first determined to make no substantial concession. Some passages in the letters are in themselves not a little surprising. General SCHENCK informs the SECRETARY OF STATE that the English Government has been chiefly influenced by an unwillingness on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE to seem to relinquish the extreme position which he took as to the interpretation of the Treaty, and by a reluctance to accept any rule to limit claims against neutrals in future. In England Mr. GLADSTONE has generally been suspected of an undue eagerness to make concessions; but it is of course possible that the general impression may have been unfounded. General SCHENCK's belief that the English nation or Government wished to reserve the contingent right of imitating Mr. SUMNER is one of those misconceptions which almost seem to show that international understandings are impossible. In an earlier part of the correspondence Mr. FISH makes the astonishing statement that neither in the Case presented at Geneva nor in the instructions to General SCHENCK did the American Government ask for pecuniary damages on account of the indirect claims. The Case in the plainest language contains the claim for the costs of the war after Gettysburg, or for such part of the costs as the Tribunal may consider just, with interest in either case from the same date at seven per cent. It was impossible to reconcile the resolution of the American Government with the withdrawal of the claims. It is barely possible that, if the Supplementary Article had been ratified by both Governments, with or without modifications, the arbitration might have escaped further miscarriage; but as soon as it was announced that the Senate had introduced amendments into the draft of the Article, it was justly assumed that their object must have been to obtain some verbal recognition of the disputed claims. The original Article had excited many misgivings in England, because the condemnation of the mode of extortion under consideration was strictly confined to the future. The PRESIDENT was to undertake to make no claim at Geneva; but it would have been undoubtedly contended that the claim had already been made. It is now scarcely worth while to inquire whether a virtual retraction of the demand would have been too dearly purchased by connivance at an ambiguous phrase. To an English judgment it seems that it would have been a more dignified course simply to withdraw the indirect claims; nor can it be said that the harshest criticism of the proposed contrivance is not fully justified. General SCHENCK's device, which probably originated in instructions from his Government, was in the highest degree anomalous; but the American Government seemed not to appreciate the inconsistency of the two recitals that the Treaty covers claims for indirect damages, and that the PRESIDENT nevertheless holds that they are in principle inadmissible. It seemed odd that England, after consistently protesting against every demand of the kind, should be required formally to disavow a doctrine which it appears was preferred by the United States with full knowledge of its unsoundness; but when a pertinacious opponent unexpectedly yields, it is expedient to make some sacrifice for the purpose of covering his retreat. Although there was reason to fear that some attempt would still have been made to submit the claims to the Tribunal, even Mr. BASCOMB DAVIS would have been embarrassed by an official confession that

his demand was essentially unjust. It could not be expected that the English Government would assent to the use of any phrase which would plainly admit of the presentation of the claims. Fear of the supervision of the House of Commons would alone have prevented any concession which might have been inconsistent with Mr. GLADSTONE's repeated assurances. The objections to General SCHENCK's contrivance which are suggested by American journals are more whimsical than the Supplementary Article itself. It is a mere figure of speech to allege that his ingenious project was dictated by the English Government. A still more surprising proof of Lord GRANVILLE's malignant cunning has been exposed by the *New York World*. It seems that the Machiavellian Minister has, for the purpose of entangling the United States in future liabilities, allowed the demand for the expense of watching the Confederate cruisers to be included among the direct claims. It is perfectly true that the demand is utterly remote and consequential; but the classification was due to the acuteness of the American Commissioners. It now appears, if the *World* is correctly informed, that the claims by owners or freighters of captured vessels will amount to 3,000,000*l.*, which will, as is admitted, collapse on examination into a fourth of the amount. The claims for the expenses of the American navy are estimated at an enormous sum, and the framers of the celebrated Case are perfectly capable of repeating at sea the demand which they made on account of the expenses supposed to have been incurred on land. Lord GRANVILLE is accused of having countenanced the attempt at extortion for the remote purpose of making a still larger claim on the United States in the event of a future war in which America may be neutral. A more improbable charge was never made against a lamb by the most unscrupulous of wolves.

Mr. BERNARD's Oxford lecture on the Treaty, though it amazes Mr. DISRAELI, is the most comprehensive account of the Washington negotiations which has been hitherto published. It was impossible that his apology for the obscure wording of the Treaty should be absolutely complete, especially as he prudently refrained from corroborating Sir S. NORTH-COTE's unseasonable revelation. It was no part of Mr. BERNARD's plan to mention the services which he had rendered to the country since the conclusion of the Treaty. The English Case and Counter-case are models of clear and convincing reasoning and of lucid statement, and it may be conjectured that Mr. BERNARD has also had a share in the preparation of Lord GRANVILLE's admirable despatches on the recent controversy. It is difficult to understand how even American politicians, though, as Mr. BERNARD temperately states, they are somewhat unreasonable, can fail to be satisfied with Lord GRANVILLE's detailed demonstration that the demand for consequential damages was never included among the "*Alabama Claims*." It is true that the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF STATE, who now hold that all demands of the kind are unjust, had in Mr. FISH's well-known despatch to Lord CLARENDON fully adopted Mr. SUMNER's audacious figment; but neither Mr. FISH nor his predecessor at any time preferred any claim on account of the pretended damages. Mr. BERNARD confirms Lord GRANVILLE's statement that one of the reasons for waiving the Fenian claims was that they would to some extent have been indirect and constructive. It is evident that demands for compensation of private persons who may have been injured by the Fenian invaders would have been strictly analogous to the genuine *Alabama Claims*; and the English Commissioners would have been ill advised in preferring any demand on behalf of the Canadian Government. The best excuse for the omission is that the Fenian outrages had not been mentioned in the previous correspondence between the Governments.

When the English Government declined to assent to the alterations proposed by the Senate, there could be little doubt

of the result of the negotiation. The unpopularity of the PRESIDENT's last attempt to save the Treaty had been plainly indicated by the abstinence of a considerable number of Senators from voting; and several of the most important journals denounced in violent language the moderate concession which they described as a surrender. It was nearly certain that any further advance towards conciliation would be deemed wholly inadmissible. The question whether the failure of the Treaty will affect the chances of the re-election of the PRESIDENT concerns only the citizens of the United States. The disappointment of the hopes which had been entertained is exclusively due to himself, or rather to his advisers. The intemperate language of the American Case was perhaps attributable to bad taste and feeling rather than to an error in judgment. The sharp practice of introducing the claim for consequential damages was the result of an unlucky afterthought. The greatest mistake of all was the obstinate refusal to correct the blunder when it had been courteously pointed out by the English Government. There is reason to believe that the American people will be seriously disappointed, and no community is more capable of feeling the discredit in which it has been involved by its Government. The inflated claims for direct damages, though they have now become unimportant, indicate the tone and temper in which the American agents set about the task of arranging an amicable settlement of the controversy. If there are any Americans who wish to understand the consequences of the manner in which the litigation has been managed, it may be worthy of their attention that, for the first time within living memory, there is at present no American party in England.

The effect of the abandonment of the Treaty on the position of the English Government cannot be confidently foretold. The disapprobation which was caused by the discovery that the English Commissioners had been overreached has been in the course of six months discounted and exhausted. To the subsequent efforts which have been made to procure the retraction of the indirect claims both Houses of Parliament are in some sense parties; and Lord GRANVILLE's correspondence with Mr. FISH may defy hostile criticism. The pledge that the disputed claims should not be submitted to the Tribunal at Geneva has been faithfully redeemed; and it may be held with some reason that, if the Washington Treaty has broken down, no other attempt at negotiation could possibly have succeeded. Many Englishmen, influenced either by characteristic distrust of themselves and their Government, or by the confident assertions of the Americans, had since the war supposed that the complaints and accusations which were so persistently repeated must have had a solid foundation. The discussions of the last year have thrown light on the true history of English neutrality; and sensitive consciences have been quieted by the apology which was made in respect of a consideration which has ultimately failed. In the recent dispute no American whose opinion is of the smallest value affects to think that his Government was in the right. The point of honour which seems to consist in a resolute maintenance of wrong once committed is not founded on any rule of morality or good sense. Whatever may be the future fate of the *Alabama* controversy, the indirect claims are dead and buried; and if the American Government refuses to recour to the project of arbitration, the fault will rest exclusively with itself. It must be a mortifying reflection to the PRESIDENT that, if the preparation of the Case had been entrusted to a prudent and courteous lawyer, or if the PRESIDENT himself had possessed sufficient moral courage to overrule the unreasonable sharpness of his agent, the principal achievement of his administration would not have resulted in failure.

#### GERMANY.

THE East of Europe is always just enough disturbed to keep Germany on the alert, although it is at present quiet enough to let the attention of Germans remain concentrated on their great struggle with their ecclesiastical enemies. The hot ashes of discord are always slumbering under a very thin covering of earth in the wild regions which border the Lower Danube, and peace only prevails because the great Powers choose that it shall prevail. The Emperor of AUSTRIA has lately been making a tour in his remote South-Eastern provinces, and Germans have noticed with some indignation that the petty sovereigns of Roumania and Servia have not paid him any of the attention which custom prescribes when so great a person comes near the borders of little princes. The wrongs of the Jews of Roumania have also attracted the notice, and caused the condemnation of the Imperial Parliament of

Germany; and although the Committee to which the matter was first referred counselled prudence, and strongly hinted at the folly of interfering in the internal affairs of foreign countries, yet the Chamber was not to be restrained, but vindicated its right to take cognizance of the victims of Roumanian bigotry on the ground that Roumania was under the guarantee of the great Powers, or at least was indebted to them for its separate political existence, and that Germany was entitled to see that it was not disgraced by the acts of those whom it had been a party to entrusting with the power they abused. It is obvious that if Germany is to remonstrate on this ground, it may add interference to remonstrance, and then a collision with Russia might easily begin. If either Russia or Germany wished to stir up the Danubian question neither would have any difficulty in doing so; and all that can be said is that for the moment the Governments of the two countries are desirous that everything shall be kept as quiet as possible. Prince BISMARCK lately refused to offer any opinion on the SULTAN's proposal to make a change in the line of Turkish succession, on the ground that Germany did not concern itself with Eastern questions; while, on the other hand, it was noticed that the Russian journals which ordinarily stimulate the Roumanians and Servians into the course of danger and offence have lately been entirely silent as to the proceedings of those badly behaved little countries. Still it must always be kept in mind, when Germany is under discussion, that she has perpetually three causes of anxiety, the pressure of which may be now less and now greater, but never ceases altogether. She has to think of the Danube and Russia, of France, and of the Papacy. Fortunately for her, she is encountering the last of those three hostile influences just at a moment when she is under remarkably little anxiety about the other two; and it may be that so evident a fact will strike her present adversaries as not unimportant, and that they will try to compromise matters for the present, and let things go on without any open rupture until a more favourable crisis arises, and either France or Russia is beginning to give Germany serious trouble. Meanwhile the German Government seems determined to show that it is not afraid of Rome, and that if the State is challenged by the Church, the State will use the weapons at its command. A German Bishop whose spiritual functions are more immediately connected with the army announced within the last few days, under special orders from Rome, that he would excommunicate a priest if he continued to celebrate divine service in a building in which at other times some of the Old Catholics were permitted to assemble. The German Government has replied by treating this threat of excommunication as an infraction of military discipline, the Bishop being in some way attached to the army, has suspended him from the discharge of his functions, and informed him that it will hold a formal inquiry into his conduct. As the circumstances of the case were peculiar on account of the Bishop's semi-military position, it is possible that no serious question between the Government and the Church may arise out of it. But such a question must arise somewhere and somehow very shortly. On every side the same perpetual cause of difference and quarrel exists. The Bishop of STRASBURG recently declined to be present at the ceremony of opening the Strasburg University if Dr. DÖLLINGER was suffered to attend. The Government gave way, and bought the sanction of the Bishop's presence at this price, for it was ready to endure any temporary inconvenience rather than that the opening of the University in its new German character should be a failure. But it is not likely to yield again, and unless Rome withdraws from the conflict in order to wait for a more propitious moment, the differences between Rome and Germany can scarcely fail to assume within a very short time a most serious character.

The opening of the University of Strasburg was made as grand an affair as possible, and everything has been done to show the intentions of the Government to make the new home of German intellect brilliant and famous. Professors of the highest eminence have been engaged, Germans from all parts of the Fatherland have begun to flock there, and the Alsatians will at last, in the fulness of time, have an opportunity of discovering what Geist really means. Even their warmest friends represent them as eminently suited by nature and habits to illustrate the immense difference which the discovery may make in the human intellect. But the Alsatians, if not very clever, are shrewd enough to understand which side of their bread is buttered, and the butter is being laid on very thick on the German side. The French indemnity is flowing like a golden river into the conquest provinces. They are in the first place to receive about six millions sterling to compensate them for their losses. Strasburg will



rise up from its ashes fairer and grander than ever, and it is not in the heart of man not to see some merit in officials who have got six millions of money to distribute. The mere thought of such a sum suggests a vista of the most brilliant jobs, and there is no knowing how many good turns can be done under such circumstances by those in authority to prudent men who reveal that they have true German hearts beating under their homely exteriors. In the next place, two millions of money are to be devoted to replenishing the rolling-stock on the railways in German Lorraine and Alsace, and although the main purpose of the grant may be to put the lines in first-rate order for strategic purposes, the riches of the district can scarcely fail to be increased by the consequent development of internal communications. The upper and the higher middle classes, especially in the towns, may probably for a long time hold themselves aloof from Germany. The new Rector of the University is a Protestant, and the Protestants have long been in Alsace, not only a small minority, but a minority bullied and trampled on in a thousand petty ways during the period of license accorded to Catholic ecclesiastics in the days of the Second Empire. The majority of the population may therefore, so far as it is influenced by religious animosities, regard the new order of things as strangely out of the proper course, and the higher centres of provincial life will no doubt have their standing distaste for everything German heightened by religious feeling. Two measures also on which the Germans have thought proper to insist will naturally heighten this hostility to the new government. Every young Alsatian who after a certain date chooses to stay in his native province will have to serve in the German army, and no one will be suffered to hold land in Alsace who is not a German citizen. Those, therefore, who do not wish to see their sons serving in the ranks of the enemy, and who cannot bear to forego their French citizenship, will have to sell their land and bid adieu to the province. On many persons of sensitive minds this necessity will fall as a great hardship, and it is impossible that there should be any good will to Germany in families on whom this bitter choice is imposed, and who feel its bitterness. But the mass of the population will probably make no difficulty whatever, and will go on holding their land as cheerfully under one Government as under another, and will console themselves for the burden of German military service by the obvious reflection that, if men must fight, it is a great satisfaction to fight on the strongest and safest side.

That the side of Germany shall continue to be the strongest and safest is an object of which the German Government never loses sight for a moment. Besides the sum of six millions devoted to making good the losses of the newly annexed provinces, another sum of six millions is to be laid out in improving and arming the fortresses of Alsace and Lorraine. The fortifications of Metz are not up to the high standard on which the new possessors of the great stronghold insist; and there will be plenty of French money available for the purpose of making Metz all that it should be to prevent France from ever regaining it. The numbers of the German army are also to be rapidly and largely increased. A new battalion of a thousand men is to be added to each of the 148 German regiments, so that Germany will have an army on the war footing of nearly six hundred thousand infantry, whereas the French Government only proposes to have a little over four hundred thousand. This increase in the German army has been obtained not only by making a greater call generally on the population, but by North Germany having persuaded South Germany to provide its proportional number of troops. Here, again, the French indemnity is found to be doing its work. In the late war the number of the Southern troops was not in proportion to the population, and in the distribution of the indemnity the obviously fair course to take was to give grants to the different Governments in proportion to the sacrifices they had actually made. But it was thought prudent to animate the lagging spirits of the South by a gentle and skilfully administered bribe. A portion of the indemnity is to be distributed not in accordance with services rendered in the late war, but in accordance with the total of the population. South Germany will thus get, it is reckoned, about a million sterling more than it ought properly to do, and with this encouragement South Germany is ready to set earnestly to work and to send the due number of men into the ranks of the national army. The Germans are too wise to spend very much of their newly found wealth in the construction of a navy of the first class. But they think they may at least go so far as to provide for their security in the North Sea and the Baltic, and to have in readiness a sufficient number of ships of war to protect their commerce in distant

quarters of the globe, and especially in the Asiatic seas. Their trade in that part of the world is as yet inconsiderable; but they are exactly the men, if they ever get a foothold in China or Japan, to keep it; for they can get a farthing out of a six-penny bargain as no other Europeans can, they always keep their minds alive, and they are perfectly indifferent to the charms of the dangerous and exciting pursuit of religious proselytism. It is impossible to estimate in how many strange and indirect ways the strength and wealth of Germany will have been increased by the result of the French war, and by the payment of the French indemnity. But some rough notion of the general result may be obtained if we do nothing more than notice what is direct, obvious, and unmistakable. The money wrung out of France will be used in the first place to make Germany better able than ever to fight France, and in the next place it cannot fail to be used to lighten the burdens of the German taxpayers. When a French war of revenge is talked of, it must not be forgotten that the indemnity which will, during peace, make the French taxpayer pay more, will also make the German taxpayer pay less; and so far as wealth is an element in military success, this difference will be continually and silently operating in favour of Germany.

#### THE BALLOT BILL.

THE Ballot Bill has got through the House of Commons, but not by any means in a triumphant manner. So doubtful seemed the judgment of the House that the SPEAKER declared that the Noes had it when the third reading was put to the vote, and on a division being taken the Ministerial majority had dwindled down to fifty-eight. This is a conspicuous falling off in comparison with the majorities by which the Government carried its Bills in the early part of its career. It now remains for the House of Lords to decide whether the Bill shall become law; and anticipations were freely offered in the Commons as to the course which the Lords will think it advisable to take. Those Liberals who complain that the Bill is not nearly stringent enough, and those Conservatives who really dislike the Bill, hoped that the Lords would reject it, and of course they prophesied that what they hoped would come to pass. Mr. FORSTER, on the other hand, confidently foretold that the Lords would regard this as a Bill which especially concerned the Commons; and as the constituencies, as represented by the Commons, had pronounced a wish for it, the Lords would scarcely think it within their proper constitutional sphere to throw out a measure coming before them under such circumstances. The standing arguments for and against the Bill were naturally repeated on the occasion of the third reading, but there was no possibility of adding anything new on a subject worn so threadbare. If the Lords listened only to those arguments by which they were most convinced, there can be little doubt that they would refuse to pass the Bill; and it is probable that there would be very little irritation against them in the country if they chose to take a course which the Constitution leaves it perfectly open to them to take. But the Lords will have other things to think of than the arguments for and against the measure that will be offered to them. The majority of the peers are Conservatives, and it is very doubtful whether the Conservatives are seriously opposed to the Bill. They think that under it they will gain more in the boroughs than they will lose in the counties. Mr. FORSTER adverted on Thursday night to the strange silence preserved by Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GATMORNE HANBY with regard to the Ballot in their late manifestoes of Conservative opinion, and neither of these leaders of the party had a word to say against the Bill on Thursday night. It was thought sufficient to put Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE up to denounce the measure, and this certainly indicated a considerable amount of indifference on the part of the Conservatives as to the fate of the measure. The Conservative peers may, therefore, not improbably make just enough show of opposition to it to appear to be maintaining the principles of their party, and to throw the entire responsibility on their opponents, if it should prove that the Bill is a failure, or if it should be very unpopular in its working. The Conservatives have also cogent reasons to let the Bill pass in the Lords arising from their reluctance to bring on a Ministerial crisis this Session. The most obvious ground for rejecting it lies in the doubt which may be expressed as to the real wishes of the constituencies. If on this ground the Bill were rejected, the Ministry could hardly stay in office unless they dissolved, for they could not carry on the administration of affairs with any credit unless they were pre-

pared to try their fate with another Ballot Bill next Session, and next year the argument that the constituencies should be consulted would have as much force as it can have this year. But the Conservatives neither wish to come into office nor to have a dissolution this year. Time, they think, is telling in their favour, and they want the Ministry to go on blundering, and the constituencies to go silently through the process of conversion for some time longer. The Ballot Bill may, therefore, not improbably pass, not because the Lords will approve of it, but because the Conservative party is willing to take its chance under its provisions, and because it will not suit that party to precipitate a crisis at present. These are not very high reasons for sanctioning a great constitutional change, but they are reasons of a kind which tells with unmistakable force in practical life.

An attempt was made in the Commons to alter that portion of the Bill which provides that persons who have obtained from a magistrate a certificate that they have declared before him their inability to read may call on the returning officer to record their vote for them, in the presence of the agents of the candidates. Mr. FORSTER insisted that the Bill should remain unaltered in this respect, both because it was impossible that at that late stage a provision which had been framed on an understanding between the Government and the Opposition should be upset, and also because, in his opinion, the provision would remain almost entirely a dead letter. Voters, he argued, will not like to take the trouble to go before a magistrate, and will be ashamed to declare that they cannot read. They may very easily learn how to vote without being able to read, for they have only to be told and to remember whereabouts in the list of candidates the name of the candidate for whom they wish to vote is to be found. In ordinary constituencies, and where the voters are left alone, this would probably be true. There is very little amusement in voting, and most voters who cannot read are men who care no more who has their votes than they care who is Emperor of Russia. Going before a magistrate is in their view a tedious and distasteful process, attended in many instances with painful recollections. A poor man would naturally avoid taking so much trouble to attain such a useless end as that of recording his vote for a member of Parliament, and if we are to confine ourselves to exceptional cases, and to think only of stern determined working-men, who, although totally uneducated, are burning with political fire, and would submit to any inconvenience in order to record their political opinions at the polling-booth, it is hardly possible to suppose that men of minds so unusually active and enlightened could not attain the art of setting their mark against the name of a candidate in a list. A few minutes' study would suffice to make them distinguish between the picture of one name and the picture of another name, and they would see and note in what place of the paper the name stood of their favourite candidate. But there can be no doubt that in some constituencies where bribery or intimidation was being actively carried on, the voter might be given to understand that to declare his inability to vote was part of the bargain that was being made with him, or part of the course of conduct into which he was being driven. It is impossible to deny that, if an ignorant man is bribed, and the briber tells him that, in order to get the money, he must go before a magistrate and get a certificate, and that then his vote is recorded in the presence of the agents, the check which the Bill affects to put on bribery is totally inoperative so far as he is concerned. All that can be said on the other side is that if in this case the good of the Bill would be at an end, so also would its mischief. For if no poor men took the trouble to go before a magistrate unless they were bribed, and if it was known how they voted, the agent of the landlord for whom they did not vote would know exactly who had been bribed, and could tell how to go to work in order to get up a petition with a fair chance of success.

Mr. FORSTER exerted himself to show that the notion so widely prevailing in and out of the House that the Bill allows the voter to show his voting-paper is a delusion. The complaints against the Bill, grounded on the assumption that it after all does not provide for secret voting, are for the most part unfounded. Whether the system of secret voting is a good or a bad thing, it is obvious that a Bill which affects to provide for secret voting ought to provide for it. If voters were permitted to show their voting-papers to the agents after they had marked them, the Ballot Bill would be a complete sham. But the Bill as it stands permits nothing of the kind. It expressly provides that the elector, after he has marked his ballot-paper, shall fold it up so as to conceal his vote, and shall then put his ballot-paper so folded up into the ballot-

box. In order that the objects of the Bill should be defeated, the agent must stipulate that the voter shall disregard this rule, and shall so display his paper that the agent may see how he has voted. There must be two parties to the transaction. The voter must display the paper and the agent must see what is thus revealed. Supposing this were done, how would the two parties stand? The voter would, as Mr. FORSTER declares, be liable to be indicted for a misdemeanour for the wilful violation of a statute, and the Bill itself provides that the agent should be liable for his share in the transaction to six months' imprisonment. Mr. FORSTER owns that the law would be very self-dom put in force against the voter, and there would be innumerable practical difficulties in the way of getting a conviction against him under such circumstances. Still the mere knowledge of the fact that the law tells them clearly what to do, and can in some vague and mysterious way get at them if they will not do what it tells them to do, will operate most powerfully on the minds of voters. The law says they are to fold up their papers so as to conceal their vote, and they will so fold them up. The presiding officer will be there to direct them that they must act in the prescribed way, and the agents will keep him up to his duty. If one agent wants papers to be shown, the other agent will want them not to be shown, and one or the other will be always there ready to protest against any violation of the law, and will call on the presiding officer to tell the voter to fold his paper up properly. But it is not only the voter that is to be considered. The agent who induces him to show the paper will be liable to a punishment which a person in the position of an agent would feel very severely. A solicitor or a solicitor's clerk would very much dislike six months' imprisonment. He would be very reluctant to undergo the risk of such a punishment if he thought there was any chance of the offence being brought home to him. But the transaction could not fail to be a very marked one. A hundred voters would vote as they ought to do, then would come one man who, in spite of the directions of the presiding officer, would hold up his marked paper so conspicuously that the agents and every one present could see how he had voted. The agent of the candidate for whom the vote was not given would immediately know, and so would the presiding officer, that this strange and exceptional conduct could only be attributed to the voter having acted under the influence of the agent of the candidate for whom the vote had been given. This agent would thenceforth remain in the polling-booth in the position of a person who is known by a watchful enemy and by a public officer to have committed an offence for which, if it can be proved against him, he may next day be sent to prison. It is impossible to believe that such a risk would be run with frequency or impunity sufficient to detract in any material degree from the efficacy of the Bill.

#### THE SULTAN'S SPEECH.

ALTHOUGH Eastern questions have during living memory occupied their full share of attention, the Sovereign of Turkey still retains in popular imagination something of the picturesqueness which belonged to his half-barbaric ancestors. That the GRAND SIGNIOR should make a solemn visit to the Porte which has given its name to his Government is strictly conformable to ancient usage; but the illusion is disturbed when the Court newsmen state that the SULTAN arrived like any ordinary Christian Prince in a State carriage and four, attended by a brilliant suite. The Ministers who received him were properly headed by the GRAND VIZIER; but the Report of the Council of State was probably a prosaic document. The SULTAN himself afterwards shocked or dispelled all established associations by delivering a speech from the throne which might have been composed by the most businesslike of European Ministers. There can be no better proof of the soundness of political and economical commonplaces than the fact that they are adopted and reproduced by the Great Turk himself. It is possible that in his dominions they acquire a certain freshness and novelty which they have lost in the West. Except that the GRAND VIZIER surpasses Mr. GLADSTONE in clearness and vigour of style, the SULTAN's reference to his relations with Foreign Powers might have been copied word for word from any annual QUEEN'S Speech. There is perhaps a more definite meaning in the expression of a wish that all the subjects of the Empire, without exception, should enjoy perfect equality before the law. In former times it would have been thought strange that the representative of the Prophet should proclaim the equality of Christians with

Muslimans; and there is even now no Turkish province in which the SULTAN's theory is reduced to practice. The harshness and injustice which still prevail cause reasonable discontent; but it is much that the equal rights of the Christian population are even nominally acknowledged. A great social and political change is indicated by the SULTAN's recommendation that every man should respect the feelings of his neighbour. Such language must jar on the susceptibilities of Mahomedan orthodoxy, not the less because it implies a recognition of the power of the subject races. General platitudes seldom coincide with facts, but they prove that it is thought worth while to enunciate them. Absolute monarchs have exceptional facilities in abrogating invidious distinctions among their subjects. The regeneration of Turkey may perhaps not be capable of accomplishment by peaceful methods; but under a Parliamentary constitution it would be altogether impossible. The representatives of Turks and of Rayahs would be more hopelessly divided than Irish Orangemen and Catholics. Both parties may perhaps in some degree respect the will of the SULTAN.

The only Turkish department which is mentioned as satisfactory is the naval and military administration. It may be hoped that no early opportunity will arise for testing the soundness of the SULTAN's complacent judgment of the state of the army and navy. There is no doubt that since the Crimean war great efforts have been made to improve the strength of the Turkish armaments. The land forces are far more numerous than at any time since the destruction of the Janissaries, and their efficiency has increased in a still higher degree. The navy has attained respectable dimensions; it includes some ironclad vessels constructed after the best models; and it is commanded by an English officer. The Turkish soldiers are naturally among the best in the world, but there is no middle or upper class to furnish a supply of competent officers; and it is a still graver evil that in the European provinces of the Empire recruits are raised only among the minority of the population. Until it becomes prudent and practicable to subject the Rayahs to military service there will be a difficulty in filling the ranks of the army, and the relative numbers of Mahomedans will have a tendency to decline. For the present Turkey is probably better able than at any former time to repel an invader, and there is a reasonable prospect of a further interval before any fresh aggression will be attempted. Since the English surrender of the stipulations which had been exacted from Russia in 1856 the relations between Turkey and Russia have been ostensibly friendly, although the SULTAN and his Ministers fully understand the purpose of the Russian Government in creating a fleet in the Black Sea and in restoring Sebastopol. The SULTAN's design of substituting direct hereditary succession to the throne for the Ottoman custom of preferring brothers to sons appears to be countenanced by Russia; and the ostentatious patronage of the Prince of SERBIA by the Emperor ALEXANDER may perhaps be suggested by similar motives, though it is less easy to reconcile with the friendly professions of Russia. The "existing treaties and international right" on which the SULTAN professes to rely have lost the greater part of their value since the abandonment of the Treaty of Paris by England, and since the retirement of France from interference with Eastern politics; but as long as the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy retains any considerable strength there will be no immediate danger of a Russian invasion of European Turkey.

The financial parts of the SULTAN's speech are the most important, as well as the most Occidental and modern. The elements of civilization which are most eagerly assimilated are not the most beneficial. North-American Indians acquired the habit of drinking whisky with docile facility; and Turkish Governments learned to borrow with little thought of the methods by which the permanent resources of the country could be increased. When Turkish loans were first placed in the market the credit of the Empire was good; and even at the present day the public debt is not excessive as compared with the obligations of many other States; but the facility of borrowing has encouraged both a frequent resort to the confidence of capitalists, and a reckless expenditure, to which the SULTAN himself has personally contributed. The lavish waste of money in building superfluous palaces has tended to produce financial embarrassment; and at last the necessity of husbanding the public credit appears to be partially appreciated. The SULTAN is enabled to announce that judicious reductions have been accomplished, that the adoption of a system of economy has caused a reduction of the floating debt, and, finally, that the expenditure and revenue have been balanced. If he has been accurately informed, his new Ministers must have effected considerable improvements, and

perhaps they may have abstained from the corrupt practices of their predecessors. It remains to be seen whether the SULTAN himself is capable of practising the moderate self-denial which would seem to involve no painful sacrifice. The author of the speech fully understands that financial success must rest on the material prosperity of the Empire. Long-continued neglect and misgovernment have produced the negative advantage of hoarding large portions of the national wealth. The effects of industry and enterprise applied after centuries of stagnation could not fail to be as satisfactory as a crop after a fallow. It seems that new roads have been constructed in some parts of the Empire, and "the recent modification of the convention relating to the Roumelian railways" will, it is said, insure their completion. If reasonable energy is displayed in the formation of roads and railways there is no reason why Turkey should not become one of the most productive regions of Europe. The process would be greatly accelerated if a part of the German or Italian emigration could be diverted from the United States and South America to nearer countries of equal fertility; but the Turkish Government, notwithstanding its acceptance of modern phrases and modes of thought, is still too backward to satisfy the demands of civilized settlers.

It is not the less true because it is an odd confession for an Oriental despot, that "all that has been done is incommensurate with the spirit of the age in which we live, and with the rapid progress by which it is characterized." Nothing can be further from the mind of the genuine old-fashioned Turk than a wish for progress either rapid or slow, or than respect for that which is vaguely called the spirit of the age; but Turkey is perhaps at present as progressive as Spain, and it is not distracted by the struggles of political factions. Since the suppression of the Cretan insurrection no civil war has disturbed any province of the Empire; and the Greek Government has at least temporarily discontinued its intrigues and encroachments. The greatest risk is perhaps on the side of Egypt; but there is no immediate reason to apprehend an interruption of the existing tranquillity. It is impossible to foresee the consequences which may follow from the unreserved adoption of European theories. Some political observers confidently assert that the Turkish Empire is irretrievably decayed, and that all pretences of reform are hypocritical and deceptive. It would be equally rash to express unqualified confidence in the professions of the SULTAN's speech; but it can scarcely be denied that the policy of the statesmen who have discouraged revolutionary projects has thus far been justified by experience. One half of the task of transformation has been accomplished when the Turkish Government has been induced to preach the doctrines of economy, of industry, of financial prudence, and of legal equality. If the enemies of Turkey had prevailed, the interval in which so many changes have been produced would have been occupied with foreign or civil war, which might perhaps have ended in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. The liberated races would then have had leisure to prosecute their own rivalries, and to contrive a new scheme of political organization in the midst of excitement and agitation. A hundred years ago it would have been easy to prove that the anarchy of Poland tended to political dissolution, and the apologists of the partitioning Powers still justify on the same ground the spoliation of the Republic. The result of ambition and injustice has not been so favourable as to warrant a repetition of the experiment.

#### THE FRENCH ARMY BILL.

IF laments were of any avail, they might be freely uttered over the French Army Bill. It is the latest link in that long chain of evils which had for its starting point the despotism of the First NAPOLEON. Had it not been for the disabilities under which Prussia was placed after Jena, the Prussian army would probably never have existed in its present form, and the example of a nation in arms might not have been given to Europe. But the Prussian army was created, and any one who could have foreseen the strength of the weapon then forged might have foreseen the impossibility of its remaining without imitation. Those who most regret the necessity of making every citizen a soldier may be amongst those who are most convinced that it is a necessity. The mischiefs of the system are obvious enough, but the mischiefs of trusting to any other come nearer home. It is true that national armies formed on the German model are a terrible burden to industry. It is true that they accustom the population to the idea of war. It is true that they deprive small countries of the opportunity of making patriotism supply the place of size by maintaining an army of disproportionate

strength. But it is true also that the nation which employs an army formed on the old model is at an immense disadvantage in the presence of these new engines. It is true that the idea of universal service has got possession of the popular imagination, and that in no other way would it be possible to induce a Continental nation to endure the sacrifices which are necessarily involved in the maintenance of a great army. An immediate duty to one's own country takes precedence of duties to mankind, and though the formation of each new army on this principle may be a new misfortune for the world, the fact that it is indispensable for the independence of the nation which forms it is paramount over all lesser considerations. It must be said, too, as regards France, that it is less of a misfortune there than anywhere else. Some of the evils to be feared from the adoption of the German system are already present in their full strength. France can hardly be more formidable to her neighbours than she has been under preceding army laws; and even an army in which every citizen is made to serve cannot well be more burdensome to the civil population than was the army of the First Empire. And there is a special reason why the experiment whether an army, framed on a smaller scale but perfect in organization and equipment, may not be superior to larger but less trained forces, should not be tried in France. The possession of such an instrument gives tremendous strength to an arbitrary Government or a military adventurer, and there is as yet no security that France may not at the next turn of the wheel become the victim of one or the other. Until the supremacy of the civil power is undisputed, a national, as distinguished from a purely professional, army is perhaps the best protection from *coups d'état* of all kinds that the country can hope for.

The political interest of the debate in the Assembly turns on two points—the reconciliation between M. THIERS and the majority, and the speech of the Duke of AUMALE. It seems certain that the PRESIDENT has yielded to the Assembly upon the main question, and has accepted a reduction of the term of service as a sufficient consideration for his acquiescence in the principle of universality. The motives of this surrender can at present only be guessed at. M. THIERS may have satisfied himself that on this point the Assembly would be immovable, and may consequently have forborne to threaten a resignation which, if accepted, would have left him no alternative except undignified surrender or unpatriotic retirement. Or he may have found his preference for a scheme that would operate more rapidly justified by the opposition of the German Government, and may have been reduced to accept the proposals of the Assembly rather than confess that his own project would have to be modified under foreign dictation. Or the sudden rise of M. D'AUDRIFFET-PASQUIER and the growing political reputation of General CHANZY may have warned him that he is less indispensable than formerly to the moderate sections of the Assembly. Whatever may be the considerations which have shaped his policy, it seems indisputable that the policy itself is more than ever to be one of conciliation. M. THIERS has given way on the composition of the Council of State as well as upon the Army Bill, and there is now nothing but the tax upon raw materials to divide him from the general Conservative majority in the Chamber. He may prove as pliable on this point as on the other two; or, which is more likely, the Assembly may feel that a bad tax can always be taken off, and that it is very much easier to reject the PRESIDENT's proposal than to find one which shall not be open to objections scarcely less serious. If it were not that clear skies have so often proved deceptive in political meteorology, there would be every reason to expect an interval of unusual calm in French politics.

The Duke of AUMALE wisely made but one political allusion in his speech, and the object of this was to dissociate himself, and by implication his family, from any suspicion of complicity with the reactionary tendencies of the Count of CHAMBORD. The manner in which he introduced the tricolour into his peroration, and characterized it as the symbol not only of victory but also of union and concord, was ingenious and happy. Now that the persistence of the Count of CHAMBORD has made an immediate fusion between Legitimists and Orleanists impossible, it was time for the leaders of the latter to show that in the recent negotiations they have abandoned none of their principles. Nothing could more clearly and yet more inoffensively demonstrate this than a reference to the national standard. It came in with perfect appropriateness in the course of a debate on army organization, and it made it clear that the Princes of ORLEANS have no interest in consulting the prejudices of the chief of the BOURBONS. Probably the Duke of AUMALE might have attacked

Legitimist principles far more openly without exciting in the mind of the Count of CHAMBORD half the indignation which he will feel at this incidental repudiation of the Legitimist flag. The main purpose of the Duke's speech, as of that of General TROCHU the day before, was to popularise the notion of universal service. Considering how determined the Assembly has shown itself upon this point, this labour may seem to be superfluous. But the country has to be reconciled as well as the Assembly, and the speech of the Duke of AUMALE was as much addressed to the former as to the latter. He insisted with great reason on the necessity of making the prohibition of substitutes absolute if any effective check is to be placed on the process of shifting military liability to some one else's shoulders. It is not enough that every Frenchman shall be liable to serve. It is essential that every Frenchman shall actually serve. So long as this is enforced there is no sense of exceptional hardship. What each man has to bear is simply the common lot of all his fellows, and there is all the difference in the world between this and the common lot of the great majority of his fellows. If one man in ten thousand is allowed to buy a substitute, the escape from military service will assume the form of a privilege instead of a disability, will be associated with exceptional advantages of position, instead of with exceptional disadvantages of health and family burdens. That the term of actual service should be longer in one case than in another is unavoidable, since the army needed for possible immediate service must receive a more thorough training than that which is only required in case of emergency. But even as between the two moieties of the annual contingent—the moiety which remains with the colours for the whole term, and the moiety which is released at the end of a comparatively short period, and sent home to the work of civil life—chance must decide to which of them each man shall belong. And when once that decision has been given, there must not be substitution under any shape whatever, not even in the exchange of one number for another—of a number, that is, which marks out the holder for a service of years for one which marks him out for a service of months. M. BRUNEL had argued the day before that it is not enough to abolish substitutes, and to incorporate every Frenchman into the regular army, unless every Frenchman is incorporated into it for the same period. The answer to this criticism is that no nation would or could bear so great a tax as M. BRUNEL wishes to impose upon France. To take the entire civil population away from their work for five or even three years is only possible in the imaginations of military enthusiasts. It remains to be seen how far the abolition of substitutes, and the incorporation of every citizen into the army for the period of six months, will mitigate that abhorrence of military life which seems to prevail among the French peasantry.

#### THE GALWAY ELECTION PETITION.

THE result of the inquiry into the proceedings at the last Galway election has been to show very clearly that the Roman Catholic clergy conspired with the Nationalist party in order to intimidate and coerce the electors. Mr. Justice KEOGH, who tried the case, has reported that the Archbishop of TUAM, the Bishop of GALWAY, the Bishop of CLOMERT, and some fifty or sixty priests were guilty of an organised attempt to defeat the free exercise of the franchise; and he has taken the seat from Captain NOLAN, whose return was secured by means of this intimidation, and has given it to Captain TRENCH, the defeated candidate, subject to a legal point which has been reserved for another Court. The Judge asserts that from the beginning "every avenue of the Constitution" was held by spiritual dictation, and that this election presents the most astonishing example of priestly tyranny which is to be found in the whole history of ecclesiastical intolerance. These are strong words, and they are all the stronger as coming from a Judge who is himself a Roman Catholic, and who, both as a candidate and a judge, has had considerable experience in Irish elections. Mr. Justice KEOGH deserves credit for the courageous frankness with which he has expressed himself; but it is impossible to read the evidence at the trial without seeing that no other conclusion was open to him than that at which he has arrived. Before delivering judgment he had, he said, to study thirty thousand folios of manuscript, several hundred volumes of printed newspapers, and thousands of documents, besides sitting in Court for some fifty and odd days. The story of the election may, however, be briefly told, and it is worth telling on account of the significance of some of the incidents.



As usual in Irish elections, a large proportion of the electors kept away from the poll. There are 6,500 voters on the register, and of these about 2,200 voted for Captain NOLAN, and 690 for Captain TRENCH. The agents of the latter reported that they obtained between three and four thousand pledges; and the evidence places it beyond doubt that it required no ordinary degree of courage to vote for TRENCH, that there was danger even in remaining neutral, and that a great many of those who went to the poll for NOLAN did so under the impression that, if they held back, they would be persecuted in this world and damned in the next.

There seems to be no room for doubt as to the meaning of the part which the Roman Catholic clergy played on this occasion. They were anxious to show that they had command of the county, and could return any man they chose, and they had made up their minds that the best way to prove this would be to support the Nationalist candidate. It is possible that they also thought the Home Rule movement might be turned to good account, especially as a means of pressure on the Government, if they could only get it into their own hands. Under these circumstances it was necessary that they should take care not only that Captain NOLAN had a majority, but that it should be made quite clear to all the world that he owed his majority to them. It is possible that they might have gone to work in a quiet way and have defeated the landlords all the same; but this would not have answered their purpose. It was essential that the Government and the landlords should be made to feel that it was the clergy who had settled the election, and that it was of no use to think of getting a candidate elected except through them. Hence they took the lead ostentatiously at all the gatherings in favour of Captain NOLAN, marching at the head of their flocks, and sometimes riding horses caparisoned in what is called the national colour, with green saddle-cloths and housings. It is proved that the priests canvassed for the Nationalist candidate in every possible way. They went from house to house; they waylaid voters in the streets, at market, and wherever they could find them; they interpolated divine service with inflammatory speeches, and some of them went so far as to assail persons who were present with scurrilous abuse, and to denounce them from the altar. One priest declared during service that all who voted for Captain TRENCH would go down to their graves with the brand of CAIN on them, and on their children after them. Another said they were a disgrace to their Church, their God, and their country, and would certainly go to hell. One of Lord Gough's tenants was refused confession unless he would vote for NOLAN; and the same threat was held out against his wife, who was so terrified that she persuaded her husband to submit. A small farmer declined to vote for NOLAN, and the priests would not attend his sick wife until he gave in. Another priest proclaimed from the altar that any one who voted for TRENCH must be looked upon as a renegade Catholic, and avoided as if he had typhus or small-pox, or any horrible and loathsome disease. Father WALSH admitted that he had publicly recommended that Captain TRENCH's supporters should be "dipped" in the water; and when a prominent member of that party died, a priest said, "Of course, he was bound to die, for I cursed him." The people were told that, even if votes had been promised to TRENCH, the promise must be broken.

Everything was done to excite the people against the TRENCHES. They were accused of exterminating their tenantry, of being hard and unjust landlords; old stories about the killing of St. RATHO and a massacre of priests were raked up against the family. It was perhaps unnecessary for Mr. Justice KEOGH to vindicate the memory of CAHILL from the aspersions of "the audacious and mendacious priest, Father CONWAY," but it is not improbable that the ignorant peasants who were incited to avenge St. RATHO and the murdered martyrs were not aware that those events do not belong to contemporary history, if indeed they belong to history at all. Lord DELVIN was obliged to absent himself from chapel in order that he might not hear himself attacked from the altar. Sir THOMAS BURKE, with Lady BURKE by his side, was assailed at mass. Father LAVELLE intimated that Sir THOMAS BURKE's death-knell had been sounded, and when called to account for his words, he explained that he meant a political death-knell; but it may be doubted, as the Judge observed, whether a Tipperary man with a blunderbuss in his hand would be likely to appreciate this nice distinction. In the course of the trial the defendant cited the opinion of an English officer who thought the election rather tame. It would appear that, if this gentleman really thought so, he was difficult to please. It is true that the "wings" of Galway make but a poor show by the side of the

burnings of the Commune, and only one or two lives were lost; but there was excitement enough to satisfy an ordinary taste. It is evident that Captain NOLAN's friends did not rely exclusively on the terrors of another world. Voters were summoned from their beds at dead of night and warned not to vote for TRENCH; others were beaten and stoned; houses were fired into; letters from ROCKS and ROXY were circulated; and the general feeling of terror was expressed by one of the witnesses, who said he knew very well that if he voted for TRENCH he would be started like a hare from the church-door with the priest and all the congregation after him. Sir A. GUINNESS has given a graphic description of the manner in which he had to fight his way to the poll at the head of a party of voters. They were escorted to Tuam by troops, and in the centre of the town were pelted with stones. Sir ARTHUR had his head cut by a stone, and his followers cried out that they were going to be murdered. He was determined to vote, however, and he and his companions did so at the risk of their lives. Mr. BARRETT, another magistrate, whose house was one of those fired into, gave similar evidence. He and a couple of his tenants went to the poll under the escort of a troop of Lancers, some police, and a resident magistrate. On the way they were pelted with stones and mud, and had to go some four miles round in order to get into Tuam by a back way. At the polling-place one of Mr. BARRETT's men was seized by the crowd and frightened into voting for NOLAN, and the other ran away. In another case a man was going to vote for TRENCH, when two priests pounced on him; one held him, while the other made two mystic strokes on his breast, saying, "Now mind what you do"; and the man then said he would not vote.

These are only a few incidents taken at random from a mass of evidence, but they present a lively and highly characteristic picture of electioneering in Galway. It is clear that the priests went far beyond anything that the law could tolerate, and even perhaps further than was actually necessary for their own purposes. They were disposed to be reckless, under the impression—a mistaken one, as we hope they will now discover—that the rules as to intimidation apply only to landlords and laymen, and not to priests. Some of them attempted to extenuate and explain away their conduct, but others justified it, and insisted that, as they were responsible for the spiritual welfare of their flocks, they were bound to take every means of keeping them in a right course. It was enough for the Judge in this instance to show that they had broken the law, and it was not his business to inform them precisely how far they could safely go in the way of spiritual intimidation. It is obvious, however, that some very delicate and difficult questions are apt to arise when a strict definition of this kind of intimidation is attempted. To single out individual electors, to defame their character, to expose them to the contempt and abhorrence of their neighbours, and to drive them beyond the social pale, is of course just as much intimidation as it would be to instigate physical ill-usage. Moreover, it was proved in this case that some of the clergy had violated the canons of their own Church in attacking persons by name during Divine Service. It may be assumed, however, that, within the limits both of ecclesiastical and public law, the Catholic priesthood have at their disposal an armoury of weapons which renders them at all times a formidable and dangerous body. Mr. Justice KEOGH appears to have been startled by the acknowledgment of a priest that he would not hesitate to use the Confessional for the purpose of ascertaining how men voted under the Ballot; but, even without knowing how their flocks actually voted, the priests would probably be able, for a time at least, to terrify them into voting as they wished, by threatening those who disobeyed with the vengeance of an omniscient Power. There cannot, we fear, be a greater mistake than to imagine that the authority of the priesthood will be immediately curtailed by any Acts of Parliament, however stringent. It is only by the operation of counter influences on the minds of those who are subject to this kind of terrorism, by advancing education and enlightenment, that it can effectually be met. It is important to observe that in this instance the foremost opponents of the priests of Galway are themselves Roman Catholics, and it is not improbable that the violent action of the clergy has already shaken their authority over the peasantry, who are just as likely to resent the dictation of the priests as the dictation of the landlords. It remains to be seen what measures the Government will take in order to punish the brutal and unblushing intimidation which is proved to have been practised by the ecclesiastical dignitaries and priests whom Mr. Justice KEOGH denounced

with just severity, although perhaps with a needless profusion of Hibernian rhetoric. They have clearly and unmistakeably brought themselves within the range of the criminal law; and it is certain that if they were laymen they would, as a matter of course, have to suffer the full penalties of their outrageous misconduct. The Government is already under some suspicion as to its relations with the priesthood, and a dangerous precedent will be established if the reverend rabble who were let loose on the electors of Galway are not instantly indicted in the terms of the Judge's report.

#### LORD DALLING.

**L**ORD DALLING, better known as Sir HENRY BULWER, has died before his new designation had become generally familiar. It is not a little remarkable that two younger sons of an untitled family should have obtained the honour of the peerage; but Sir HENRY BULWER, like his more celebrated brother, fairly earned his promotion by a career of prosperous activity. As an English politician he was a Liberal of the school of forty years ago, when ardent reformers were sustained by a comfortable belief that no change which was likely to be accomplished would prevent the country from being governed by gentlemen. After the close of his diplomatic career he re-entered Parliament as a supporter of the party to which he had belonged in his youth; but like ULYSSES among the Ithacans, on his return from his wanderings the follower of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord MELBOURNE may perhaps have felt uneasy under the influence of Mr. GLADSTONE's restless earnestness. Lord LYTTON had long before left his uncongenial allies for the Conservative ranks; and Sir HENRY BULWER was probably glad to take refuge without a nominal change of politics in the serene region of the House of Lords. To him public life had been in no discreditable sense a profession in which he attained more than ordinary success. It is highly improbable that he could in any circumstances have sympathized with schemes of political or social revolution. The great aristocratic families which have done service to the country by their hereditary Liberalism are unfortunately becoming rapidly converted. One of their chief merits consisted in their power of making popular doctrines fashionable among young and aspiring politicians. The Radicalism of young Whigs in the years which immediately followed the Reform Bill was often an introduction to good society; and it was in the highest degree desirable that the lines which separated political parties should be vertical rather than horizontal. The rising Liberals of 1834 were perfectly sincere in their exultation over the defeat of the boroughmongers, in their wish to mitigate the pressure of the Corn-laws, and in their sympathy with the assailants of the Irish Church. A few bolder innovators, including Mr. HORSMAN and Mr. ROEBUCK, threatened the House of Lords; but established institutions were in little danger when Lord MELBOURNE was habitually inculcating on his colleagues the expediency of letting things alone.

Lord PALMERSTON, notwithstanding his utter want of sympathy with extreme opinions, was too accurate a judge of character to be repelled by the vehemence of political aspirants who seemed to him capable of being made useful. Accordingly he interrupted Mr. H. BULWER's Parliamentary career by transferring him at an early age to the diplomatic service. A good linguist, a popular member of society, and in all respects a man of the world, Mr. BULWER justified, under several successive chiefs, the confidence of his first patron in his activity and ability. If he was sometimes deficient in prudence, he must have possessed counterbalancing merits, for during a career of thirty years he was selected for many of the most important employments in his profession. It may be conjectured that he was not in the habit of intentionally allowing his own services to be undervalued. In the fragment of biography which he published under the title of *A Life of Lord Palmerston* he dwells at disproportionate length, and with obvious complacency, on the transactions in which he was himself engaged in a subordinate capacity. Mr. BULWER was Secretary of Embassy and Chargé d'Affaires at Paris during a part of the prolonged negotiation on the relations of the Viceroy of Egypt and the SULTAN; and he could be trusted to render with perfect fidelity the significant and candid language in which Lord PALMERSTON was at that time in the habit of intimating to the French Ministers his profound distrust of their sincerity, and his determination to be neither baffled nor duped. On one occasion he told the Chargé d'Affaires to hint to M. THIERS, "with all due politeness and with that force of language of which

"I know you to be a master," that if he persisted in his Egyptian intrigues, MEHMET ALI would be simply chucked into the Nile, and that the French might in that case spare themselves any further trouble in the administration of their African possessions. The warning can scarcely have been more palatable because it was administered through an agent of inferior rank; and there is no doubt that Lord PALMERSTON sometimes committed the error of giving unnecessary offence in transactions which in other respects proved his sagacity and courage. M. GUIZOT's Memoirs furnish abundant proofs of the animosity which he felt against his English opponent, and probably M. THIERS resented the manner as well as the substance of his defeat in 1840; yet boldness in the conduct of negotiations is a less dangerous extreme than undue timidity. It was a great advantage to a young diplomatist to be trained under Lord PALMERSTON, especially as the Minister never forgot those who had served him.

During his mission to Madrid Sir H. BULWER entered with almost excessive facility into the personal and political combinations of indigenous factions. Court intrigues and management of jealous competitors for office were probably not repugnant to his cosmopolitan taste; and there can be no doubt that he intended to use for the promotion of the objects of his own Government his social influence and his alliances with party leaders. Unluckily it happens that in such cases the formation of friendships involves corresponding enmities; and NARVAEZ, to whom the English Minister had become obnoxious, revenged himself at the cost of an affront to the English Government by dismissing him from the country. The national offence was afterwards compromised or forgotten, and Sir H. BULWER was consoled by the American mission. At Washington he succeeded better than at Madrid, and during his term of office he negotiated with Mr. CLAYTON, then Secretary of State, the treaty which has since been known by their joint names. His last employment was at Constantinople, and it was believed that Lord PALMERSTON, then Prime Minister, was not altogether satisfied with his proceedings; but his subsequent promotion to the peerage may be considered as a proof that he had not incurred the formal disapproval of the Government under which he served. When he returned after a long interval to the House of Commons, he probably found himself disqualified from taking an active part in the political contests of a later generation. On one or two occasions he commanded the attention of the House by speeches on questions within his own department, and he voted steadily with the Government. Although he had in former days been a frequent and ambitious speaker, he never displayed the oratorical powers by which his brother was distinguished. He made the most of a certain amount of literary ability which enabled him to write agreeably on subjects of contemporary interest. An almost forgotten work on French politics and society, published in the early part of the reign of Louis PHILIPPE, was called the *Monarchy of the Middle Classes*. The work contained a lively and probably an accurate description of the condition of France at the time; but Sir H. BULWER had no claim to the prophetic sagacity which might have suggested that in thirty years the middle classes would go out of fashion.

As a diplomatist Sir H. BULWER belonged to the class which peculiarly excites the irritation of some modern economists. Accomplished, unprejudiced, and adroit, he could scarcely be suspected of painful earnestness in the maintenance of any political cause. His early experience in the House of Commons probably enabled him in some degree to understand the feeling of his countrymen, and it may also have tended to facilitate his relations with American politicians; but he was essentially a professional diplomatist, accustomed to obey instructions and to cultivate society as a professional duty. No other pursuit would have enabled him to make so advantageous a use of social tact and of a perfect manner. It is possible that if he had pursued a political career at home, he might have attained a respectable position in Parliament and in office; but he had scarcely the vigour or substance which would have qualified him for the rank of a party leader. The theoretical and supercilious Liberalism of forty years ago soon ceased to be an inspiring principle of action. Sir H. BULWER and his contemporaries felt a creditable dislike of obsolete paradoxes and of political and economical anomalies, and they also calculated on sufficient grounds that the party to which they belonged would retain power during the greater part of their lifetime. It seemed natural that some of the champions of popular opinion should take the opportunity of finding themselves on the winning side to adopt any career which might tend to satisfy their interests or their ambition. Of Lord Palmerston it

may be said without disparagement that he made the most of himself; and he probably passed a pleasant life. Diplomatic employment, especially in the higher ranks of the profession, though it is not unattended by drawbacks, seems to possess great attractions of its own. Eminent soldiers and sailors have been known to prefer diplomatic appointments to high preferment in their own professions; and it is naturally desirable to frequent on equal terms the highest society, and to be engaged in dignified transactions which occasionally relate to great affairs. Except in his Spanish misadventure, Lord DALLING was never connected with any conspicuous failure. His literary pretensions procured him a certain reputation for ability outside the limits of his profession; and his own experience provided him with interesting subjects. Although he never attained greatness or considerable political importance, his death may fairly entitle him to a passing notice.

#### THE CUSTODY OF INFANTS.

IT is a commonplace that the surest way to make unreasonable agitations powerless is to allow no real grievance suffered by the agitators to go unredressed. Yet, like other commonplaces, it has often been recognized in word without being recognized in deed. The real and the imaginary wants get mixed up in the minds of the public, and the fact that those who ask redress are in the habit of putting forward claims of a less moderate character is made a reason for meeting their demands with indiscriminate refusal. This is especially true of the movement in favour of what are called women's rights. Its promoters maintain that women will never have justice done them till they have votes and can make members of Parliament feel their displeasure. The best and most conclusive answer that could be given to this argument would be to show those who use it that, as a matter of fact, women can get justice from a Legislature consisting wholly of men. Probably the leaders of the agitation would not be turned from their purpose by this discovery. They desire the franchise for its own sake, not merely for the sake of what they hope it will bring them. But there are others—the rank and file of the agitation, so to speak—who desire the franchise simply on the latter ground, and these women would lose a large part, if not the whole, of their interest in the greater object if the lesser were given to them through another channel. This straightforward way of disarming the bulk of the enemy's troops is not always properly valued by the opponents of the women's rights movement. They are too much given to treat the claims put forward by women as homogeneous. They do not sufficiently distinguish between those which are founded on a sense of practical wrong and those which have their origin in abstract theories. And the consequence is that the extreme section of the agitation is continually reinforced by many who would otherwise hold aloof from it. It is the story of Irish misgovernment over again on a smaller scale. Fenianism was most dangerous when it could point to an alien religious establishment and an oppressive land law. The more willing men show themselves to give women what they may fairly ask, the less likely it is that the House of Commons will ever be returned by or be composed of women.

There is a Bill now before the House of Commons which deserves the attention of those who wish to deprive women of the formidable vantage-ground afforded by a real injustice. It consists of only two clauses—the first providing that upon petition of the mother of any infant under sixteen years of age a judge of one of the Superior Courts of Equity in England or Ireland may order that such infant shall be given up to her, and shall remain in her custody until such age, not exceeding sixteen, as the judge shall direct; the second abolishing the rule of law which ignores as contrary to public policy agreements by a father to give up the custody of his children to their mother. The effect of this Bill if it becomes law will be to extend the principle laid down by "TALFOURD'S Act" to children under sixteen, instead of limiting it as now to children under seven. As the law stands at present there are only two ways in which a woman whose husband has been guilty of gross misconduct can keep her children with her against their father's will. She may institute a suit in the Divorce Court, and, if successful, the Court will remove the children of the marriage from the care of the unfaithful husband, and hand them over to the injured wife. Or she may induce her husband to sign a deed of separation in which it is provided that the children shall remain with her. But for the carrying out of this provision she must depend on the honour of her husband or on her ability to show

that actual injury—moral or physical—will be inflicted on the children by their being allowed to remain under their father's charge. If the husband is dishonourable enough to repudiate his share of the bargain, the Court of Chancery, regarding such agreements as contrary to public policy, will not enforce this part of the deed against him—unless his conduct has been such as would induce the Court to take his children from him even if no agreement had been made. But the cases in which the Court is of opinion that the children will distinctly suffer from contact with their father are very few, and the facts relied on to create this opinion must of course be proved by evidence. The publicity entailed by an application to the Court of Chancery is very little less than that entailed by an application to the Divorce Court.

The evils of the present state of things are twofold. In the first place, it deprives a mother of the possession of her children under circumstances in which she has a strong claim to have it. In the second place, it tends to drive an injured wife, as the only means of keeping her children with her, either to submit to gross indignities or to subject herself and her children to the degradation and injury of a divorce suit. It cannot be maintained that a husband who by adultery or cruelty has forced his wife to leave his house has any moral right to retain his children with him while they are too young to have any will of their own on the subject. As between the two parents, the one who is innocent and is also likely to suffer most by separation is certainly the one whose wishes ought most to be considered. A man whose love for his children is very keen will hardly injure their prospects by conduct which makes it impossible for their mother to continue to live with him without sacrificing her self-respect. Or, even supposing that exceptional cases do occur in which a man's love for his children is both great in the first instance and unaffected by his having immoral relations with women, it is only fair that, since one or other of the parents must suffer, it should be the one in whose misconduct the necessity has its origin. And if there should be any special circumstances which suspend the application of this principle, they may, under this Bill, be submitted to the judge to whom the mother's petition has been presented, and may legitimately influence his decision. He is not bound to grant the petition unless he thinks fit, and if he does grant it he can surround the concession with whatever conditions he thinks proper. There may be some points on which the operation of this Bill will have to be guarded, and the wife who charges her husband with immoral conduct will, we presume, be bound to prove her allegations, if required. The probable effect of the Bill, however, will be to promote the settlement of such matters out of Court. If the main injustice of the present law is that it deprives mothers of their children, its chief practical mischief is that it sends wives into the Divorce Court who otherwise would never go there. When a husband is unfaithful to his wife, the best thing that the wife can do, in by far the majority of cases, is to come to an agreement by which she and her children can, for a time at all events, live by themselves. She can rarely have anything to gain by making her husband's misconduct public, and the future of the children must always be injured by the results of a public trial. Yet this most obvious and salutary mode of settling matters is one to which no binding force can be given. If the husband consents to sign a deed of separation by which the children are assigned to the mother's care, she knows that if he changes his mind he can set the deed aside at his pleasure. It is contrary to public policy, and as such the Court of Chancery may be asked, and, if asked, will in ordinary cases be bound, to declare it void. If the husband wishes, either from actual ill-feeling to his wife, or from a regard to his own interests, to prevent a separation, she has no choice but either to submit to live with him on his own terms, or to leave him and her children at the same time, or to institute a suit in the Divorce Court.

It has been found that "TALFOURD'S Act" has removed all difficulties as regards children under seven years of age. As soon as the law gave an injured wife the right to claim her children at the hands of the Court, all unwillingness on the part of the husband to enter into a private arrangement to the same effect disappeared. Few men are so unreasonable as to refuse to concede that which, if they do refuse, they can be made to concede. The present Bill will have a precisely similar effect as regards children over the age of seven. The husband will no longer have any motive for refusing to make a private arrangement. On the contrary, he will have every motive for making one, inasmuch as his wife will probably give him

some consideration for his consent, while, if he withholds it, she can obtain all she wants from the Court without giving any consideration at all. And when the arrangement is made, it will be as binding as any other legal contract, with the single exception that if the Court is of opinion that the agreement is injurious to the children, it is not to be enforced. This provision meets the case of wives who in their eagerness to separate from an unfaithful husband have treated the interests of their children as something altogether subordinate and unimportant. Whatever practical objections may be offered to this Bill, its object is certainly a good one, and it deserves favourable consideration.

#### A MANLY AND NOBLE SPORT.

THE arguments which are annually put forward to prove that the annual exhibition on Epsom Downs should be a cause for national thanksgiving have recently taken a more apologetic tone than of old. A respectable minority, too, has shown that it ventures to sympathize with the heresiarch, Mr. Thomas Hughes, who denounces the old orthodox faith as a demoralizing superstition. He probably rather injured his case by dwelling upon the parallel between the Derby Day and Ascension Day. It does not, in our opinion, follow from the respect paid to one festival and the neglect of the other that the House of Commons sets a greater value upon horse-racing than upon Christianity. We could, indeed, suggest some plausible reasons for the belief that the interests of religion are considered as being at least upon a level with those of the Turf. An open avowal of infidelity might not excite quite so much contemptuous ridicule as an avowal of indifference to sport; but, on the other hand, a proposal to suppress the teaching of the Christian religion is probably further from adoption than a proposal to interfere with betting on horse-races. However that may be, the great motive for the rejection of Mr. Hughes's motion was not so much any genuine affection for the Derby as the thorough conviction of the House of Commons that a holiday is not a thing to be abandoned in a hurry. Once break through a precedent resting upon a good old-fashioned tradition, and there is no knowing how far the innovation might proceed. The good old commonplaces about the manly virtue of the sport and the improvement of the breed of horses were put forward merely as a decent screen for the more intelligible motive. Mr. Gladstone's declaration that the House regarded horse-racing as "noble, manly, distinguished, and almost historically national sport," had rather a hollow sound, and he found it necessary to argue that, whilst doing homage to the sport, the House did not take cognizance of the abuses which, after all, were not essentially associated with it. This is a singularly convenient form of argument, for by the simple process of calling the bad results of any institution its "abuse," and the good ones its "use," we may find excellent reasons for approving of any practice that has ever prevailed amongst mankind. Nor is there anything easier than to decide that the abuses are not "essentially associated" with the uses, if the phrase merely means that, though they are invariably associated in practice, we can conceive of them as existing separately. The power of abstraction is that by which the human is distinguished from the animal mind; and no doubt a person of Mr. Gladstone's imaginative power may conceive of a Derby without betting, brutality, and extravagance, just as the celebrated Crambo conceived of a Lord Mayor without his gold chain or robes, and even without his head, legs, arms, or body. Unfortunately, as Mr. Henry Biglow observes of wrongs in the abstract that "that kind of wrong no one ever committed," so we may say that Mr. Gladstone's ideal Derby, apart from all its theoretically separable accidents, has never yet been run.

However, we must not criticize Mr. Gladstone's arguments too closely, for he was plainly going through a mere perfunctory parade of argument, whilst in reality pleading to willing ears for retaining a holiday. He may probably think that horse-racing is an "almost historically national sport," or indeed he may leave out the almost; but we doubt whether in cold blood he would concede to it the conventional epithets "manly and noble." They are indeed vague enough to cover a wide field of eulogy; but we confess that we find some difficulty in making them fit. Granting, for we have no desire to be austeres, that the House of Commons is justified in clinging to every excuse for relaxation, let us ask the wider question, whether the Derby, besides being historically national, is a thing of which the nation should be proud? Is it in any intelligible sense manly and noble? as would it be more accurately, if not more elegantly, described as ignoble and horsey? The question, to our thinking, almost answers itself. A test at any rate may be suggested which will enable us to reach a decided conclusion. Would any respectable person advise a young gentleman of property, just coming of age, to go upon the Turf? Or rather, for that form of inquiry savours a little of the Religious Tract Society, What is the impression made, not upon old ladies or strait-laced pedagogues, but upon the ordinary men of the world, by the announcement that a youth has taken to horse-racing? Does it imply that he probably possesses a taste for art, or literature, or science; that he is likely to be a gem in a social reference, or even an introducer of improvements? Does it even show that he is

probably anxious to shine as an accomplished gentleman in the physical as well as in the intellectual sense of the word, and that he is overflowing with superabundant vitality? The answer, of course, is almost too plain to give at length. Every sensible person knows the presumption to be, that the youth has just enough education to keep a betting-book; that his reading is confined to the sporting newspapers, and that the literary luminaries whom he knows are the prophets who write in them; that in all probability his fortune will be crippled, and that it is quite certain that he will have to associate with some of the most finished scoundrels that are to be found in this or any other country. However many exceptions there may be to the general rule, it may be said without hesitation that no class of society is so repulsive to the civilized being as that of the genuine betting-man. It is possible—for human nature is full of contradictions—to find instances in which a taste for the Turf is combined with a taste for better things; but in proportion as a man is devoid of any worthy aims in life he is likely to take to the Turf, and in proportion as he is absorbed in the Turf he becomes incapable of any generous ambition. The facts are notorious, and indeed nobody cares to deny them. In its least injurious form, horse-racing might be a harmless mode of amusement for such men as Lord George Bentinck or the late Lord Derby. As one of the traditional appendages to the character of the British nobleman, a love of the Turf might pass muster. But nobody seriously regards the professional betting-man—the person to whom the Turf affords the chief occupation instead of the occasional relaxation of life—as anything but an unavoidable, yet almost intolerable, nuisance. Even if the lovers of the sport abstain carefully from anything that would fit them to stand at the bar of a criminal court, and draw the line which separates honourable from dishonourable practices at a rather higher level than they seem always disposed to do, it would be simply absurd to say that there is anything "noble and manly" in the amusement. There is something manly in athletic sports, so long as they are free from the taint of gambling; and there is something noble in the field sports which, in their unadulterated form, are associated with a poetical sense of the beautiful in nature. But nobody—except in a Parliamentary sense—would associate such words with a pursuit in which success comes most naturally to the man who is most selfish, calculating, and incapable of intellectual enjoyment. It is not elevating for any man to dabble in the casuistry which systematically confuses the narrow limits within which business acuteness fuses into sharp practice and downright dishonesty; and if we were required to give a chemical analysis of the most thoroughly unhealthy social atmosphere in existence, we should begin by assuming it to be impregnated with the vapours of the Betting Ring. Democratic persons are in the habit of telling us that the British nobleman is effete and ought to be abolished. Whether this is true or not is rather a wide question, but it would be easy to answer if we could tell which type was likely to predominate—the one which takes the horse-dealer or the one which takes the statesman for its model. In short, when we put illusions aside, and assume simply what everybody knows to be true, it must be allowed that it would not be easier to erect a less attractive idol than that which is worshipped on Epsom Downs, or to select a less appropriate age for its worship. Whatever may be the effect of the institution on the breed of horses, there can be no doubt as to its influence on the breed of men. From the distinguished swell who is the object of popular admiration down to the lowest rough who distorts the English language into strange oaths, or scurries for the fragments that fall from the rich men's carriage, there are few who would not have been morally the better if they had stayed at home.

To preach against such customs is of course useless. Sermons which are directed against the absentees from church may be fairly described as elaborate bulls; and it is pretty much the same thing to tell members of the Ring that other classes of the community think their pursuits questionable or worse. They are not much concerned to deny it, and only laugh at an attack which assumes that they care for the opinion of people who do not know the name of the Derby favourite. Moreover, it is possible that there are still ten righteous men in the body, and the degrading influence of the gambling element has not quite eaten out all that was sound, or at least harmless, in the original amusement. The Turf may perhaps be going the way of prize-fighting, but it has some generations of vitality in it still. We do not, however, accept the alternative suggested by Mr. Gladstone, that if the Turf was as bad as Mr. Hughes maintained, Parliament ought to interfere more actively than by refusing to adjourn. There are, as Mr. Gladstone would admit at any other time, plenty of amusements, even more distinctly immoral, interference with which lies altogether outside the proper sphere of Parliamentary influence. How far, in particular, it can ever be desirable for the State to endeavour to suppress gambling by direct legislation is a very difficult question; and even if the Derby had sunk into nothing better, as it is little better, than a lottery pure and simple, it would be a delicate problem whether active interference would be desirable. However that may be, nobody proposes to attempt the discouragement of horse-racing; if the custom is ever to die, it had better expire of itself; but meanwhile we are glad to see the disappearance of the superstition that there was anything wonderful in it to boast about. People talked at it from an awestruck and marvellous about the good order and the general happiness of



the proceeding, and some such belief still lingers amongst a certain number of our foreign visitors. The mere facts, however, are easily to be understood, and scarcely afford much ground for satisfaction. A great lottery is being drawn, which has encouraged a vast amount of gambling, and given ample opportunity for every variety of sharp practice within or without the strict limits of honesty; the gamblers directly interested are the nucleus of a vast crowd; formed chiefly of that lovely creature, the London rough, and generally disposed to drink more than is good for it. The rest is coming to be insignificant surplusage, and if dice-boxes were used instead of horses, the essential facts would remain unaltered. What there was once of genuine interest in horse-racing tends to be swamped by the lower elements, and though such interest was at no time characteristic of a very noble type of humanity, yet, when it has quite gone, perhaps Parliament will feel that its excuse for a holiday is becoming almost untenable.

#### RECENT CHANGES AT OXFORD.

NO places or institutions in the country are supposed by the general public to be so conservative in spirit, and in fact so unchanging, as the Universities; none are really so restless and variable. Old Oxford and Cambridge men who only read the University intelligence in the *Times* or the *Guardian* may indeed perceive that there is no small activity, and sometimes plenty of heat, in the local legislatures of both learned bodies; and Oxford at least is known to be occasionally visited by theological storms of greater or less, though latterly of gradually diminishing, intensity. No one, however, could gather from the brief reports in the newspapers the real bearing of the questions which occupy the Congregation at Oxford and the Senate at Cambridge; and still less the nature of the modifications which have during the last few years been made in the system of examination and of teaching. We are therefore disposed to believe that an account of some of these may be of service to many readers whose interest in the higher education of the country is greater than their opportunities of ascertaining how it is conducted. The ecclesiastical disputes which have disturbed Oxford we willingly pass over; nor have we space for a discussion of the social changes which must follow that abolition of celibate fellowships which many of the colleges are carrying out in a rather careless and precipitate way. Neither do we intend to make any reference to Cumnor, which, it must never be forgotten, is by no means a duplicate of the sister University. For the present we propose to call attention only to the instruction given at Oxford, in the methods and quantity of which there have been made during the last ten or fifteen years alterations of the highest importance, alterations which are all the more significant because they show unmistakably what direction must be taken by any further reforms. They have been brought about so gradually that even at Oxford people have not quite realized how considerable the difference is, while the outer world scarcely knows of it at all.

One of these is the organization of college lectures by a combination of colleges. Formerly each of the nineteen colleges undertook to provide instruction for its undergraduates in all the subjects recognised in the degree examinations. Each therefore kept a couple of tutors or lecturers at work upon classical scholarship, one or two more upon ancient history and philosophy, another upon mathematics, and, in a few instances, another upon modern history. Each of these instructors lectured to a class of from four to ten or fifteen men only; each trod the same weary round from year to year; each was doing, or trying to do, exactly what all the others in the other colleges were doing. Any one can see not only what a waste of power there was under this system, but how limiting and depressing its influence must have been upon the teachers. It gave them no variety in the subjects they dealt with; it left them little or no leisure to follow out particular lines of study, and supplied no motive for doing so; since, if they did, they would not be able to turn such special knowledge of one branch as they might have acquired to account by lecturing upon it. Yet nothing is more certain than that to teach well a man must be always learning—refreshing and stimulating his mind by studies directed on a definite plan towards a definite end.

The simple remedy for these evils was discovered about three or four years ago, and has now been applied in a manner incomplete, indeed, but highly beneficial so far as it goes. Two unions or federations of colleges have been formed for the purposes of the Classical School, one of which embraces three and the other six colleges. All the tutors and lecturers of the colleges composing each of these federations meet at the end of each term, and arrange among themselves a joint scheme of lectures for the term ensuing, each undertaking the book or topic to lecture upon which he is supposed to be most competent to treat. The lectures thus settled are then announced in a printed notice, and are open to all the members of these combining colleges, who thus obtain a much wider range of instruction than they could have found each in his own college, while yet they retain their right to have private direction and assistance in their studies from their college tutors. A similar union, embracing five colleges, has been formed by the tutors and lecturers in mathematics; and a third, still larger, which includes at this moment no less than fourteen colleges, by the tutors and lecturers in modern history—a subject in which such combination was peculiarly needed and is pro-

eminently useful, since the studies of the Modern History School cover an area much wider than any one, two, or even three college lecturers could be competent to deal with. In this way, an undergraduate belonging to any one of the associated colleges has now an ample field of choice given him, both as respects subjects and teachers, and can, at one part or another of his course, obtain, without any payment beyond his regular tuition charges, oral instruction in pretty nearly every branch of his reading. The benefit extends even further, for although it is only to their own undergraduates that the lectures given by the associated tutors are open free of charge, undergraduates from other colleges or unattached students may make arrangements for attending on payment of a small fee.

The other change which has passed upon Oxford has been much more gradual, but certainly not less important. Twenty years ago, when the first University Commission was exciting the horror of respectable and contented Toryism, professorships were practically sinecures, places of some considerable dignity, moderate emolument, and absolutely no duties. There were indeed in most cases old statutes requiring the holder of a chair to give a course of lectures in the year, and where the payment of the salary depended on such a rule it was usually complied with, but in the most lifeless fashion. Not more than two or three professors gave serious lectures, likely to be of real use to students; the rest were either silent altogether, or went through the form of lecturing in a way which showed that they held it to be nothing more than a form. The whole teaching of the place was in the hands of the college tutors and the private "coaches," and men pointed complacently to the miserable Universities of Germany or Scotland, and asked what could be expected from institutions where there was none of that familiar instruction and moral discipline which distinguished our two great academies. The notion of professors, or at least teaching professors, naturally suggested metaphysics and infidelity. The reformers, however, went on undismayed, and although little was done to change the position of the professoriate generally, several new chairs were founded, several old chairs were better endowed, and by degrees the idea sprang up in the minds as well of the professors themselves as of the community that there really were functions for public teachers to discharge, functions different in nature from, and not necessarily superseding, the action of the college tutors. In this way, owing very much to the influence of the example set by two or three distinguished men whom it would be invidious to name, things have gone on improving until in this present term, out of the whole number of forty-two professors, about thirty are delivering regular courses of lectures to a class, while of the rest nearly all have either announced one, two, or more occasional public lectures, or else are giving private instruction in an informal way to such students as choose to come for it. In merit, to be sure, these lectures considerably vary, but a respectable proportion of them are really valuable; and if they are sometimes defective in taking too narrow a range and treating a subject in too conventional and commonplace a way, this is rather the fault of the vicious examination system by which the University is oppressed than of the teachers themselves, who are frequently drawn away from what they believe to be the best method of handling their topic by the demands of an undergraduate audience which insists on having facts and notions given it that may be turned to account in answering examination papers. Even with this drawback, the more elevated and comprehensive spirit in which subjects are treated by public teachers has begun to tell upon the place. Mr. Lowe, and those others who, with carelessness like his, seem to suppose that nothing is taught at Oxford except Latin and Greek grammar and composition, and that it is practically the private coaches who do this teaching, might be advised to read through the lists of lectures issued by the professors and the leagues of combined college tutors, where they would find instruction offered, not only in the old subjects—classics, philosophy, ancient history, mathematics, and theology, but also in five or six distinct branches of natural science and natural history, in eight or nine departments of modern history, in three or four departments of law; and they ought at the same time to be told that these lectures—although, as respects the professors, there is no rule enforcing attendance—are diligently frequented by the undergraduates, while the old system of coaching with private tutors has shrunk almost to nothing. Of all the charges that are brought against the University, none is less grounded than that of restricting herself to the old-fashioned studies, and making it her chief aim to produce finished classical scholars. The danger to which she is exposed is rather that of attempting in her degree examinations to cover too wide a field, and to treat it, in examining, somewhat too vaguely and superficially. And if the aim of her teaching may be inferred from its result, she aims at producing not learned men or accurate men or refined men, but smart and confident extemporizers upon things in general. The art of writing leading articles is the art which Oxford, thanks to her examination system, has for the last twenty years been teaching; it is one which Mr. Lowe and other "practical men" might have been expected to appreciate.

The conclusion pointed to as well by the development of professional teaching, and the success that has attended it, as by the excellent results of the schemes of combined college lectures, is clearly this—that the reform which ought next to be undertaken is the organization of instruction on a University, and not on a collegiate, basis. A college such as the colleges of Oxford is too small to be a satisfactory unit for educational,

whatever it may be for social purposes; the tutor who lectures to his own undergraduates only has a narrow and monotonous round of duties, while the undergraduates who are restricted to their own college tutor have little choice of subjects, even if he is competent, and, if he is not, they are without remedy. The number of students unattached to any college is moreover rapidly increasing, and for them the University to which alone they owe allegiance is specially called upon to provide, opening to them not only the best teaching, but also more frequent opportunities than they now have of mixing with the college students and obtaining the social benefits of academic life. What is wanted for both sets of students, collegiate and unattached, is the provision of abundant oral instruction in all the branches, not only of a liberal, but of a technical or professional education, so far as that education can be given in a middle-sized town where there are no engineering works and no great hospitals; such instruction being thrown open, not only to those students who may be going through their regular course for a degree, but also, as in Germany, to any others who choose to come merely for the sake of hearing the best lecturers. Oxford is still far enough from making such provision, from holding out such intellectual attractions (whatever her material and social ones) as those which draw students from all quarters to Berlin now, as to Göttingen sixty years ago. Her professoriate is in some branches very incomplete, and it is for the most part very ill paid. The combined lecture scheme, useful as it is, must be regarded as a temporary expedient, depending on the fortunate concurrence of a certain number of tutors who might at any moment dissolve partnership, and even now not embracing many of the colleges, and among these several of those where good instruction is most wanted. It is not therefore surprising if many persons hold that the first, and perhaps the only really urgent, measure of reform is the application of a part of the college revenues, now in great measure expended on non-resident fellowships, to the establishment of University lectureships, which shall do in a regular and permanent way what the college tutors are now trying to accomplish by their voluntary action. It is, they urge, only in this way, and by what is another part of the same programme, the further extension of the professoriate, that Oxford can do justice to the enormous field of studies on which she invites her children to enter. And it is only in this way, by making these lectureships and professorships more attractive than they now are, that she can hope to retain the services of her ablest men.

The problem is not free from grave difficulties, but after the prophecies so often repeated of the ruin which was to befall Oxford from one reform or another, it is something to see that she is now more vigorous than at any time since the days of Richard II., and that during the last few years public spirit, a sense of duty, and a real interest in learning as well as in education, have conspicuously increased among her teachers, and have begun to produce results already important and full of high promise for the future.

#### SEEING THE ACADEMY.

WHY do people go to the Academy? We only realize the power of British art at the opening of May. Nobody wants to go. Artists shrug their shoulders at the prospect of acres of spoilt canvas. The man who "hates art" growls as the moment draws nearer when art will drag him at its chariot wheels. The British maiden yawns prophetically over the crush and the worry to come. Husbands grind their teeth as the annual tribute of a connubial tour through the galleries recurs with the burst of spring. Dowagers deplore the boredom and the middle benches. Even the most abandoned of loungers shivers at the notion of a lounge through Burlington House. And yet in the end everybody goes. We have known, indeed, a steady mind and an inborn antipathy to pictures enable a man to hold out as far as June. But even the steadiest mind is beaten by the necessities of dinner talk and the look of despair when one's neighbour finds herself checkmated in the usual game of pretty talk over the charm of this artist and the vagaries of that. The Academy, in fact, has become an institution; it is one of the grooves of the season, and in the long run people find it easier to run in grooves than to face the bother of keeping out of them. When once, too, the necessity of going is fairly submitted to, there are a good many considerations which alleviate its bitterness. There is the attraction, and something more than the attraction, of a crush. For two months the Academy furnishes a big afternoon drum for all London. It is a crush, too, where you not only meet the people whom you want to meet, but the people whom you must meet, and yet wish to meet as seldom and with as little social inconvenience as possible. It is pleasant when one encounters a country cousin in Pall Mall to evade the looks of piteous entreaty for a card of invitation by a passing "So glad to see you! we shall be sure to meet at the Academy!" Society, too, presents itself here in easier and more picturesque forms than in ordinary crushes. Instead of straining our neck over the staircase to see the lions or royalties of the season, we see them blandly looking down on us from the walls. We can put up our eyeglass and quiz the hero of a hundred fights without a tinge of social impertinence. It is possible to get a good look at the last new beauty without elbowing one's way through a mob of guardians. The Duke whom we were vexed at discovering last night in an ordinary dress-coat revives the dreams of our youth as he shines down on us in the glories of

the Garter. All the commonplace of society, indeed, is enshrined at the Academy in a certain air of romance. The tame life of home and the drawing-room is oddly mixed up with a life of wilder and more grotesque imagination than ever visited the dreams of Mrs. Radcliffe or peopled the Castle of Otranto. We hardly recognize the squire in his hunting-coat as he jostles with the Arab Sheikh at prayer in the limitless desert. Andromeda turns from her dragon to stare into the red face of General Blazer. The great surgeon of the period with his tibia in front of him is busy lecturing to a stampede of wild oxen across an Indian prairie. A Highland torrent in full flood sweeps ruthlessly down on a monk in the confessional. We get in fact all the pleasure of a crush combined with the thrill and romance of a sensational novel. It is hard to have to put down Miss Braddon at the crisis of her stories in order to chat with Miss Dullanddreary. But in the Academy one can chat with Miss Dullanddreary in an atmosphere of Miss Braddon.

Allowing, however, for alleviations such as these, there is something amusing in the factitious heartiness with which people throw themselves into the Academy as soon as its hour has come. There is a fashionable superstition that nobody goes before ten, and that early birds pick up very artistic worms indeed. The result of this superstition is that everybody promises everybody else to meet them at eight at Burlington House. There is a wild fiction of early rising and early breakfasts. We swallow our weak tea and our scorched toast, and hurry to the gallery to find of course that the fair one who lured us from our pillow is still comfortably revelling on her own. Only a few melancholy objects are lounging about, and casting looks of malignity on the canvases which have supplanted their own. The morning has indeed its early birds, but they are for the most part persons of an æsthetic turn. The artist whose work has been rejected is hurling bitter scorn at the heads of his successful rivals. He has his little tale of the intrigue which favoured Jones, and of the miserable jealousy which sent Brown howling back to his studio. He knows the secret history of every member of the Hanging Committee, and has gloomy views as to their destiny in an after-world. His æsthetic friend, "who only sketches, you know," lounges beside him with sentiments less bitter, but of yet deeper contempt. He has no kind of sympathy with "popular art." He classes together in a common indifference all artists who "sell." He draws no invidious distinctions between Frith and Millais. His only real love is for works that are "skied" and works that are "floored." He leaves the world to "go safely in the middle," and is alternately on his knees spelling out some "Van-Eyck" little thing in the lowest corner, or on tiptoe straining his eyes at "colouring worthy of Nabuse," but set aloft like Naboth over the doorway. At nine come the critics. You see them jotting down notes in their catalogues, standing at proper angles, tapping their foreheads, frowning and smiling in a critical way. They pump the wandering artist and extract studio-talk out of the æsthetic lounge before hurrying back to the office of the "Thunderer." There is an air of gravity and respectability about their successors as the morning advances and the rooms fill, which tells of May meetings and Exeter Hall. In May, of course, art and piety go hand in hand. A lounge in the Academy is a graceful introduction to the religious meeting of the afternoon. Large white-chokers become numerous in the crowd. It drifts steadily to loyal and Scriptural subjects. Its sympathies waver between the Queen and the Den of Lions. We see it buzzing before the great picture by Mr. Watts, and explaining reverently, but at due length, the mystery of Cain and Abel. It allows itself, indeed, a few excursions into cognate subjects. Eastern pictures are treated as first cousins to Biblical ones, and Mr. Goodall is allowed a place in evangelical interest as a sort of fellow expositor with Dr. Kitto.

But piety passes with noon and the world streams in. The portraits get their innings. There are groups of pretty faces before the heroines of Mr. Millais or the heroes of Mr. Calderon, and each group resolves itself into a jury, and delivers verdicts of "like," and "not like a bit." There is no affectation of art criticism, but a steady buzz of "horrid" and "sweetly pretty." Next to the faces the jurors are most attentive to dress. They discuss the quality of silks, or the "match" of ribbons, with as much vivacity as if they were still revelling in Marshall and Snelgrove's. They are great on "attitudes," and think the air Sir Francis gives to his sitters is perfectly ladylike. A thousand little stories flit about this picture and that. Lady Betty's portrait is the happy result of a love-quarrel with her spouse. Mr. Tinto was "most delightful" while the Countess was sitting to him. There is a world of scandal in the little photograph at which the Duchesse is supposed to be looking. But it is three, and fashion is already ebbing away down the corridors to the fringe of footmen round the gate. City people begin to flock in—portly, important, broad-backed. Their one test of artistic value lies in the red ticket that marks a work as sold. They don't bother themselves with little pictures. They love a big canvas, and a subject with no nonsense in it. They are curious about the prices of things, and go into thrilling calculations as to the number of guineas which would cover Mr. Millais's last production, and how many times one could repeat the proteus if the tale of its cost be true. They like art which "people can understand," and turn away from the elaborate handling of Mr. Lewis with a sneer of contempt. They are strictly social, and think that the Academy should be a place where one can take one's wife. We see the City mother gazing at her children's work, and bustling

them ostentatiously past figures in the nude. On the other hand, they can hardly gaze too long at the sentiment of Mr. Feed, or the bustle of Mr. Frith. They like history, and read with intense interest the copious quotations from Hume or Smollett in the Academy Catalogue. The yawning schoolboy of the party is fetched from the background to see Gaveston whispering into Edward's ear, and is told not to forget it when he returns to Dr. Drillem's. But it is the domestic branch of art which appeals most strongly to civic sympathies. They are never weary of babies carried upstairs, and babies carried downstairs. The burly banker whispers pleasantly in his wife's ear as the maiden loiters with her love at the stile. The mother insists that the child who is tumbling in the foreground of the picture below is the very image of little Johnny. It is indeed by the number of such images of little Johnny which she detects that she judges the Exhibition. Rougher tests are being applied by the crowd of country visitors who follow in her wake. The farmer is severe on Mr. Mason's "Harvest Moon," and doubtful about the breed of oxen in Mr. Davis's "Panic." Critics in sporting coats are keen in "spotting" the points of the horses in the equestrian works of art around them. Shopboys come in to get a sight of the lords on the walls, so as to recognize them when they next get an outing in the Park. The "humorous" side of English art gets its full tribute of admiration, and as it sinks in the social scale the crowd at the Academy laughs all the louder at the conventional naughty boy or the sly "kiss in the corner."

One of the greatest social charms of the Academy is that it is a crush where talk is found for one. There is no need to remember whom we met last night at Lady Bareacre's reception, or what we thought of the new tenor at Her Majesty's. We nod to our friend, inquire whether he has seen "Dummy Whist," and pass on. The worn-out topics of ordinary conversation are pleasantly superseded. Millais takes the place of the weather, and Mr. Whistler's grandmother serves as a "common friend." Even when we are pumped dry by a chaperon a glance at the walls restores our conversational fluency. There is a sketch of the Rialto, and we are able to parade our acquaintance with the Grand Canal. The red glow of the Nubian hills which we catch over our cousin's shoulder enables us to reintroduce with effect our famous old story of the Pacha and the Dragoman. If we stop at a picture in despair, and find it is a place where we never have been, it is easy to explain how much we should like to go. Then, too, there are jokes over the Catalogue, and sly quizzings of the mottoes and the titles. Sometimes, too, we are able to take a loftier flight, and to plume ourselves in artistic feathers. A little knowledge of studios goes a great way. It places one apart from the general rush of visitors to have seen a picture before it was hung, or to be able to tell of Jones's doubts as to the proper way in which his picture should be finished; nor is it always necessary to have visited the studios to which one refers. "How different it looks now it is varnished!" implies a previous familiarity with the work in question without committing one to a distinct assertion of the fact. So, too, we may be glad it has "come out so well," or "better pleased with the original sketch." But without lofty flights such as these, there is the endless resource of comparing notes and exchanging likes and dislikes. There is the fertile topic of a comparison with past exhibitions. There are imaginative speculations as to the picture one would like to buy. A dash of artistic enthusiasm is permissible within moderate bounds. Sentiment which would be impertinent at a garden party can be insinuated with perfect propriety under the cover of art. A pretty compliment to a face in a picture may be so managed as to cannon off to the face at one's elbow. A glance at the two rural lovers who are crouching the harvest-field may mean a good deal if the comment sinks into a confidential whisper. A certain tone will give interest even to the name of a picture or to the tags of verse which sprinkle the catalogue. It is difficult for the fiercest of dragons to guard her virgins against flirtations at the Academy. It is a place where it is easy to meet, and where one may meet again and again without the slightest intention of doing so. Lucky crowds and broad-backed gazers shield maidens from their chaperons. It is possible that charming little fingers may be squeezed in borrowing a catalogue, and that charming little messages may sometimes be found in the notes on its contents. After all, it is very difficult to sever between emotion and emotion, and the sense of beauty glides easily from the abstract to the concrete. The Royal Academy would hardly have done its work if it left its scholars dead to the grace and colour around them. But perhaps it is the glamour of life as well as of art, the charm of the crowd below as of the pictures above, which helps us to understand why, after all our protests, we still go to the Academy.

#### V AND W.

WE have not very lately marked the course of the controversy which was raging a little time back about the pronunciation of Latin. But we have been led into a train of thought which may perhaps enable us to throw some light on at least one corner of the debate. We mean the sound of the Latin *V*, and, what to our mind is at least as interesting a question, the sound of the ancient Teutonic *W*. If what we say turns out to be new, so much the better; if anybody has said our sayings before us, let him perish according to the proverb.

One of the best ways of finding out how Latin was really

sounded is undoubtedly by seeing how Latin words were expressed in Greek letters. This does not imply that we know any more about the sound of Greek than we know about the sound of Latin. Each language illustrates the other. To us it is proof which needs no further argument that the Latin was sounded hard, when we find that *Cicero* in Greek becomes *Kikēron*. The Greek *c* is sounded hard now; therefore it was sounded hard then; therefore the Latin *c* was hard also. But the whole force of this argument turns on its second stage. It stands thus. Sounds do not in the course of years get harder, but softer. The English and the Swedish *c* or *k* has got softened; the Latin *c* has also, for, without deciding the question of *Cicero*, *campus* has become *champs*. We might have reasonably expected the Greek *c* to get softened also, and in some districts it has. But in the prevalent Greek pronunciation it has kept its hard sound; we say "kept," because it cannot possibly have picked it up in later times. Therefore *Kikēron* was certainly sounded *Kikerōn*; therefore we infer that *Cicero* was in *Cicero*'s own days sounded in the same way. That it should in after times come to be sounded in another way was only the common course of things.

But what we are going specially to consider now is the Latin *V*, and the light thrown on its pronunciation by the Greek writers. And the same inquiry also throws light on the pronunciation of the Greek *β*. It seems to us that a change in the pronunciation of both letters took place between—to put it safely—the age of Augustus and the age of Justinian, and that the Greek and the Latin letter, which at an earlier time had distinct sounds, came within that interval to have the same sound. We believe that at the earlier date the Latin *V* had—except in one particular position—the sound of our *W*, and that the Greek *β* most likely had the sound of our *b*, but that the two gradually drew together, and that, by the fifth or sixth century, both had come to be sounded like our *v* or the German *w*. Every one knows that the Latin *v* at the beginning of a word or syllable is in Greek expressed sometimes by *υ*, sometimes by *β*. What may not have been so commonly noticed is that the use of *υ* and *β* is by no means indiscriminate, or dependent wholly on the taste of the particular writer, but that a rule may be observed according to which the *β* gradually supplants the *υ*. We must mark also what each of these ways of expressing the Roman letter proves, and what it does not prove. That Latin initial *v* should be expressed in Greek by *υ* proves as much as any evidence of the kind can prove. It is inconceivable that a Greek writer could, at any stage of Greek pronunciation, use *υ* to express the sound of our *v*. *υ* can only express *w*, as the modern Greeks still use it, writing *Wales* phonetically *Βαλς*. If initial Latin *v* had our *v* sound, a Greek of any date would scarcely express it otherwise than by *β*. If he sounded *β* as our *v*, it would be the sound itself; if he sounded *β* as *b*, it would be the nearest approach to it. Such a form as *Βαλπίος* proves almost to certainty that the Latin sound was our *Valerius*. But such a form as *Βαλπίος* does not go nearly so far to prove that the Latin sound was our *Valerius*. It goes much further to prove something about the Greek *β*, namely that it was sounded like our *v*. In a language which had at least no one letter to express our *w*, *Valerius* would be a very fair substitute for *Walerius*, but no one would express *Walerius* by *Valerius*. On the other hand, if *Valerius* was the Latin form, in a language which had no letter exactly answering to our *v*, *Valerius* would be the nearest substitute. That is to say, the use of Greek *β* to express Latin *v* is consistent with the theory that the Latin initial *v* was English *v*; but the use of *υ* is not consistent with the theory that it was English *v*. And again, if Latin *v* was *w*, this is quite consistent, and more than consistent, with Greek *β* being English *b*: it is hardly consistent with Greek *β* being English *b*. On the other hand, if Latin *v* was English *v*, this is quite consistent with Greek *β* being English *b*. That is to say, the argument is in favour of Latin *v* being English *v*, and of Greek *β* being English *b*. If then we find Greek *β* steadily supplanting Greek *υ* as the way of expressing Latin *v*, the consequence seems to be that this marks a change of pronunciation in the Latin *v*; that in fact, during the time over which our evidence spreads, its sound was changed from that of *w* to that of *v*.

In one position indeed our evidence seems to show that the change began almost in the earliest time about which we can get any information at all. Polybios regularly uses the *υ* as the equivalent to the Latin *v* at the beginning of a word, and not only at the beginning of a word, but also at the beginning of a syllable when a consonant goes before. Thus he not only writes *Βαλπίος*, but also *Βαλπίος*. *Vulturius* he writes *Βαλπίος*, which is exactly analogous to the Danish *ulf* for the English *wolf* or the local pronunciation of *ooman* for *woman*. But when the *v* comes in the middle of a word between two vowels, he uses other ways of spelling. Thus we have (viii. 27) *Αἰβίος*, and again (xxviii. 3) *Ουαῖος*. This, to our mind, goes a long way to show that the Latin *v* between two vowels had a different sound from what it had at the beginning of a word, or even when following a consonant; and it also goes a long way to show that the Greek *β* and the *υ* following *a* had much the same sound. In the former case this leaves hardly any doubt that the initial *v* was our *w*, but that between two vowels, where the *w* sound is not easy to utter, it had already taken, or perhaps had from the beginning, the sound of our *v*. And it looks very much as if the Greek *υ* had already its present sound of *u* or *eu*. It may also possibly show that the *β* already had the *v* sound, though this does not necessarily follow, as it might be used merely as an approximation. We next looked through a book of *Dionysius*,

and found the initial *ou* universal; but when we come to such a name as *Flavolius*, he appears in the Greek as *Φλαβόλιος*, a piece of evidence of exactly the same effect as that from Polybios. A book of Appian gives us the initial *ou* in every case; it also gives us *Δίκιος*, and, what sets us thinking again, it gives us *Ὀκταύσιος*. The Roman lives of two volumes of Plutarch give us *Ὀκταουανός*, *Ὀκταβία*, *Φλάβιος*, *Σερουίλιος*, *Ὀκταύσιος*—a heap of inconsistency which looks as if either the *v* sound between two vowels, though in use long before, was still only an alternative sound, or else as if the *ou* was sometimes used even where it did not express the sound owing to its being the received way of expressing the Latin *v*. But the use by Plutarch of such a form as *Ὀκταύσιος* calls us back to the use of Strabo, who not only constantly uses the *ou* at the beginning, but also has *Ἐλουήριος*, *Παταύσιον*, *Ἀρτουήριος*—where the *ou* seems singularly inconvenient—and moreover he has *Βαλλάσιος* for *Bellouaci*, the *v* here disappearing altogether. He has also *Γιταύσιον* answering to Polybios's *Ὀκταύσιος*; he has *Νοβουμάρου* for *Numum Commum*; and, though he commonly has *Προβίνα*, in one place, in our book at least, he has *Ραβίνα*. But we should not build much on this last, as no name could be more likely to be altered by a transcriber in the days when Ravenna was the head of Italy and was always written with a *β*. All this looks the same way as the evidence we get from Plutarch; but in Plutarch we get something else—namely, the first traces of the use of the *β* in the beginning of a syllable, and even at the beginning of a word. Thus we get *Φουβία*; and, though *ou* is the form regularly used at the beginning of a word in the life of Lucullus we hear of *Βουκωνίος*. In Dion the *β* makes further advances. Oddly enough, two competitors for the Empire are written in different ways; *Βετίλλιος* gives way to the superior fortune of *Οιδεσσαιανός*, and *Ούβιος*, who, though he fell sick, recovered, follows the spelling of the conqueror. On the other hand, we get *Σερουίλιος* and *Ὀκταύσιος* and *Σαλυνδίνιος* at an earlier time, and even *Φουλονία*. But we have *Σιβήρος*, even when he is spoken of in times earlier than his own. Mount *Vesuvius* is *Βασβιον*; but at a later time still *Αἰλίος*, in whose name one would have thought the *β* would be a relief, appears in the somewhat awkward shape of *Ἀοβίος*. Here is no very certain rule, but on the whole it looks as if Dion had a tendency to use the *ou* in the older names when he was copying from earlier books, and to use the *β* in names nearer his own time, when he was expressing his own actual pronunciation. Pausanias has *Ὀκταβία*. When we get to early Byzantine times—what from a Western point of view we might be tempted to call Ravenna times—the initial *ou* still holds its ground, though it is very often exchanged for the *β*. But in the middle of words the *β* seems to be universal, except when it is now and then exchanged for the *v*, which by that time, at all events, no doubt had the same power. And thus we find such names as *Fales*, *Valentinianus*, and the like, most commonly written *Ὀβαλῆς*, *Ὀβαλεντινιανός*; but sometimes, in our Bonn edition at least, *Βαλῆς*, *Βαλεντινιανός* appear beside them even on the same page. Zosimos, too, who more commonly uses the *ou*, still talks of *Βικτωρ*, and of *Βήρος*, the *Vetus* of the time of the Antonines. But we always seem to have the *β* in names like *Ἰσβαρόν*, *Ραβίνα*, *Σιβήρος*, except when for the latter we get the alternative form *Σιβήρος*. To us it seems plain that by this time both the Latin *v* and the Greek *β* in the middle of words had universally the sound of our *v*. About the initial the case is not quite so clear. It is possible that the sound of *w* may still have been striving for existence, but it is more likely that the use of *ou* was simply an archaism of spelling, which was kept on after the *v* sound had come into general use in pronunciation.

Now comes the other question, to us at least as important, the pronunciation of the Teutonic *w*. The Teutonic names which in their Latin shape begin with *v*, but which an Englishman is most inclined to spell with a *w*, are in the early Byzantine writers spelt as indifferently with the *ou* and with the *β* as are the purely Latin names. Thus the Vandals are commonly written *Βανδαί* or *Βανδαί*. But we find *Ουανδαί* as well. *Valamir*, the father of Theodoric, appears as *Βαλαμύριος*, but Olympiodoros writes the name of *Walia* or *Valia* *Ὀβαλίας*, and Vitiges, as he is called in Latin, appears in the Greek of Prokopios and of Menander as *Ὀβίτιγος*. This is the more to be noticed, as we have *Βαλνθός* and *Βαλνθίνος* on the same page. To us this goes strongly in favour of the *w* sound as the true pronunciation in these Teutonic names. If the sound were *w*, we can understand that a Greek might use *β*—our *v*—as the nearest equivalent of any single letter; while, if the sound were *v*, it is hard to see why a Greek writer should use *ou*, unless it was simply because that form had become established in Latin names.

The conclusion then to which we came by dint of our own small reading was that the original sound of the Latin *v* was *w*, except when it came between two vowels, when it seemed to have the *v* sound, at least as an alternative, even from the days of Polybios. From this it was not unnatural that the *v* sound should first extend itself to cases in which it began a syllable, but not a word, and last of all to the beginnings of words themselves. Thus we have found *Αἰβίος* from the beginning; *Φουβίος* marks the second stage, while *Βαλβίος* marks the last stage of all. While we were musing over all our conclusions, we found, not for the first time, how difficult it is to say anything which some German scholar has not said already. After this article was begun we chanced upon an essay by Professor Dittenberger, in the German *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Sprachforschung*, headed "Römische Namen in griechischen Inschriften und Literaturwerken." To our shame, we had only

made use of books, and had not thought of turning over the "Corpus Inscriptionum," but it was something to find that in the Professor's far more elaborate treatment of the matter, in which the question of *ou* and *β* fills but a very small place, there was at least nothing, as far as we could see, which showed us to be wrong. He says nothing as to the *w* sound, which we fancy that few German scholars would very willingly admit, and we cannot follow his argument that the use of both *ou* and *β* proves that neither of them represented the Latin sound. But his facts are the same as our own. The chief points to be noticed are the existence of one or two isolated examples of early date, one at least as early as the Polybian age, in which the initial *β* is found in *Βαβία* (*Vibia*) and *Βαβίριος*. The inference which we should draw from this would be that the Greek *β* had got its present sound of *v* earlier than we had fancied. While most writers represented the *w* sound by the more accurate but often very awkward-looking *ou*, a few from the beginning chose rather to express it by the approximate single letter *β*. As *v* itself gradually got the sound of *β*, this practice naturally became more common. Then Professor Dittenberger brings out a class of forms which we had only casually mentioned, where the Latin *v* is wholly left out in the Greek form, as in that of *Βαλλάσιος*. Such forms as *Φαβίριος* for *Favonius*, and some further varieties of *Octavius*, *Ὀκταύσιος* and *Ὀκταίος*, illustrate this, as does *Νοβέμβριος* for *November*. The striking thing about this, as it seems to us, is that it follows the old analogy by which Greek threw away the digamma. *Ὀν* and *εἰς*, answering to *ovum* and *ovis*, are exactly analogous to these late forms. The other point is that now and then, in Italy at least, *ou* supplants *β* in a good Greek word as *Σεουαστός* for *Σεβαστός*. This must have been mere confusion. The stone-cutter must have remarked that *ou* and *β* were often interchanged, and he must have thought that he was using the more correct form by using the *ou*. We cannot believe that any Greek ever said *Sevastos*; but even this confusion is again an argument for *Sevastos* against *Sebastos*.

#### MR. HARCOURT ON THE INVASION QUESTION.

THE recent discussion at the United Service Institution, and the newspaper controversy to which it has led, have excited public interest in a matter which is of vital importance to every Englishman. The issue which Mr. Vernon Harcourt has raised is whether or not the national insurance policy is sufficiently large and sound to cover all the risks which history, reflection, and analogy lead us to regard as within the limits of reasonable probability. Mr. Harcourt admits that an invasion is abstractedly possible, but affirms that it is so improbable that it may be looked on for all practical purposes as impossible. He disclaims all intention of dogmatizing on the subject, and modestly declares that his only object is to provoke a discussion which may elicit the opinions of scientific military and naval men on a point on which it is essential to arrive at a definite conclusion. It can scarcely be said, however, that he very successfully acts the character of a humble inquirer after truth, for he plunges with abundant intrepidity into a consideration of matters which belong exclusively to the very highest branches of the art of war. Mr. Harcourt in effect maintains that, owing to our insular position and our naval superiority, it is only necessary to keep up an army sufficiently strong to furnish reliefs to our colonial garrisons. Our first line of defence, the fleet, is, he considers, impregnable; a second line of defence is therefore, according to him, unnecessary. But what should we think of an engineer who, relying on the strength of his outworks, dispensed altogether with an enceinte? Let us, however, proceed to formulate his statements and examine them one by one. In his last letter to the *Times*, written after the discussion at the United Service Institution, and therefore presumably embodying his latest convictions, he propounds a problem of which the following is an abstract of the conditions. Point of the enemy's departure 300 miles distant, the possession by ourselves of 50 ironclads, 30,000 infantry of the line with reserves, 10,000 cavalry, 5,000 engineers, and 300 guns, what force would be required to invade this country? According to Mr. Harcourt, the three elements of the problem are to prepare a sufficient flotilla, to effect the passage in the presence of our fleet, and to disembark in the face of an hostile army. But Major Adams justly asks, Why 300 miles? why not from 22 to 300 miles? There are other countries in Europe besides Germany, and it is not impossible that either by force or alliance Germany might obtain either active assistance or the use of a port of embarkation considerably nearer to our coasts than 300 miles.

It may be urged with respect to France that she is by no means likely to condescend with Germany, that she has every reason to hate Germany, and every reason to love England. Such may possibly be the case at present, but it is not the present alone, but the future also, that we have to deal with. Did not Metternich say that Austria would one day astonish the world with her ingratitude towards Russia, and was not that prediction signally fulfilled in the Crimean war? Who can foresee the political combinations of the future, especially as regards so vain and fickle a nation as France? It will not be time to arm ourselves when the emergency we now deem so distant shall have arisen. Military organization cannot be accomplished in a day, and the efficiency is a plant of very slow growth. Our military organization



Britain, including the garrisons of Ireland and the Channel Islands, are really as follows:—32,991 infantry of all ranks; cavalry, including officers, 5,359 mounted dragoons; artillery, 276 guns; engineers, including engineer train, 2,270 of all ranks—giving a grand effective total of about 35,000 bayonets, 5,000 sabres, and 276 guns available in Great Britain to repel an invasion. But Mr. Vernon Harcourt talks of reserves. According to the estimates for 1872 the number of army reserve men, first class, is 10,000; but from them we must deduct one-fifth as resident in Ireland, which would give 8,000. There remain the second class army reserve and the auxiliary forces. Of the former a large proportion are enrolled pensioners, only fit for garrison duty; while as to the latter, it would be mad in the extreme to pit our second-rate troops against the well-drilled soldiers who alone would be employed in an invasion. Granting, however, that the numbers of our auxiliary forces might compensate for their military inferiority, it is very certain that even if every man borne on the rolls of either the army reserve or the auxiliary forces were forthcoming when called upon—about which we have our doubts—some weeks would elapse before they could be made ready to take the field, and be incorporated with the active army. It is therefore on the regular army alone, numbering, as we have shown, about 40,000 sabres and bayonets and 276 guns, that we must—setting aside the question of Ireland—rely to sustain, at all events, the first brunt of the enemy's attack. This force, moreover, is scattered all over Great Britain, from Inverness to Plymouth, and notwithstanding the advantages of telegraphic and railway communication, it could not be concentrated to meet, say, a landing on the coast of Essex, Kent, or Sussex, under forty-eight hours at the least. We must also remember that the point of concentration would necessarily, in accordance with all the axioms of war, be at some distance from the coast; that some time would be occupied in organizing the army after the arrival of its different battalions, squadrons, and batteries; and that at first, admitting that our control arrangements were excellent—a very gratuitous admission by the way—the force would for some days be in the position of a ship newly commissioned. Moreover, to concentrate our whole force on one spot would be to invite defeat, for we cannot suppose that the enemy would not attempt diversions and feigned attacks, to be converted into real ones if judged advisable. Supposing our army assembled in the north of Essex to repel a landing threatened by a large hostile fleet. Well, that fleet turns out to be merely a lure, and the main force of the enemy suddenly disembarks, as Colonel Baker suggests, between Shoreham and Newhaven; what would be the time required to transport our army to the scene of action, or rather to the new rendezvous, which must be at least ten miles from the coast? 35,000 infantry with staff, according to the experience of the French and Germans, would require about 40 trains; 5,000 cavalry about 30 trains; and 60 batteries of artillery—the proper proportion for the force—about 120 trains. Allowing for the administration, control, hospitals, &c., only 10 trains additional, 200 trains, each with 2 engines, would be necessary. Allowing that each train started a quarter of an hour before its predecessor, that there were no stoppages on the way, and that both lines were used, the last train would not be able to set off till twenty-five hours after the departure of the first. We must also assume that the requisite rolling-stock was present, and that large bodies of men could embark and disembark from the carriages simultaneously. But, granting the most favourable conditions, the most perfect arrangement and the employment of several lines, we are convinced that a force such as we have enumerated could not be transferred to its new scene of action under forty-eight hours; and in the meantime the false attack might have been converted into a real attack. We are rather too prone to over-estimate the value to us of our complete network of railways. For long distances, and to bring up a force to a remote frontier, railways are no doubt most useful; but in our small island they are chiefly important as enabling us to concentrate our forces in anticipation of a landing; when the landing had once taken place, they would serve little purpose beyond that of bringing up stores and carrying away the wounded. It has been distinctly ascertained that the military value of railways increases with the length of the distances to be traversed; and all our distances are comparatively short.

Let us now place ourselves in the enemy's camp, and proceed to consider his difficulties. The first is, as Mr. Harcourt says, to provide means of passage. Unfortunately, notwithstanding his assertions, the Germans, not to speak of other nations, possess an ample fleet for the purpose. It is evident that he had totally overlooked the number of steamers belonging to the different companies carrying passengers and goods to the Hanseatic and other ports. These steamers are each capable of transporting for a short voyage 3,000 infantry or artillerymen, a battery without horses, and ammunition and food for a month; or 1,000 infantry or artillery, 300 horses, and ammunition and food for a month. Of such steamers there would be, according to Colonel Baker, sixty available. These would be quite competent to convey three German corps d'armée, numbering about 100,000 fighting men and 276 guns, with of course a reduced establishment of train horses and carts, which latter they would obtain on the theatre of war. It is possible also that more than one trip would be feasible, and that a large number of sailing vessels might be towed. As to provisions for a month, England is so rich in supplies that the amount might without mistake be reduced by one-half. Neither

would it be requisite to bring over as first the full proportion of cavalry, amounting to 10,404 of all ranks, for there are few districts in England suited to the action of large bodies of horse, and, as we have seen, we should only be able to muster 5,000 sabres. As to the difficulties of the passage, even supposing that we retain for ever a superiority in number of ironclads to the united navies of the world, Mr. Harcourt proceeds on the assumption that our whole fleet will not only be always in British waters, but in the precise portion of British waters traversed by an invading force. Our fleet has not only the whole coast of Great Britain and Ireland to watch, but also colonies in every part of the world; and, moreover, a series of disasters such as those of which our ironclads have lately been the victims might occur again, and on a more extensive scale. A blockade has become, according to the Royal Commissioners appointed to consider the defences of the United Kingdom, almost impossible. All that our fleet could do would therefore be to attack an enemy during his voyage. But there are such things as deceiving and eluding a protecting fleet under cover of darkness or by means of fog. Mr. Harcourt dwells upon the time required for the passage and the disembarkation, and quotes some musty instances in support of his theory. The French occupied, it is true, ten days in reaching Civita Vecchia and sixteen days in reaching Algiers, but we are not told how many sailing vessels there were among the transports. We have little doubt that, with powerful steamers in moderately favourable weather, 300 miles could be traversed in forty-eight hours; and how, as Major Adams asks, would it be if the distance were only twenty-two miles? Then as to disembarkation, Mr. Harcourt quotes the instances of the Crimea; but he has overlooked the case of Sir Ralph Abercrombie's army, which landed in the course of a few hours, notwithstanding that the enemy's cavalry charged our infantry the instant they stepped on shore, and kept up a terrific fire of artillery on the boats. An invader in these days would probably use steam launches and tugs of light draft, by means of which an entire army could be landed between sunrise and sunset. Mr. Harcourt lays great stress on the fact that we possess a large number of field guns, and he talks of an army of 30,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 300 guns. He is apparently not aware of the fact that there are limits to the number of guns which can be usefully employed, and that when those limits are exceeded artillery becomes rather a source of weakness than of strength. The best proportion of guns to bayonets and sabres is considered by the most eminent authorities to be about 3 per 1,000; yet to under 40,000 sabres and bayonets Mr. Harcourt would assign no less than 300 guns. Such a number of pieces would, according to Colonel Hamley, take up when on the march twelve miles of road. Arguing on this false premise, Mr. Harcourt assumes that the enemy would observe the same proportion. He considers also that an invader would bring no fewer than 5,000 engineers, whereas the proportion observed by the Germans is 924 of all ranks to a corps d'armée of about 42,000 men of all ranks; and an ample proportion that would be, seeing that an invading army would have to engage in but few if any sieges.

As far as we can judge, the Germans or French could, with proper preparation, transport 100,000 fighting men to our shores for the main attack, employing half that number on a demonstration to be converted, if expedient, into a reality. Let us, however, halve these numbers, and suppose 50,000 men employed on the main, and 25,000 on the false, attack; could we without long previous notice of a contemplated invasion promptly concentrate on any one spot a force equal in numbers and efficiency? This is the real question of which a solution must be sought. To us it appears perfectly feasible with good management to land 50,000 men on our shores, and we see nothing extravagant in the supposition that such a force might seize and retain, for some days at least, possession of a large and rich tract of country. We might ultimately annihilate the enemy, but when once he had eluded our fleet we could not arrest his disembarkation. Have Englishmen realized to themselves what the consequences of such an event would be? Uhlans at Reigate and Guildford; Brighton, Shoreham, Lewes, and Newhaven paying heavy ransoms; every house in those places filled with hostile soldiery; farmers' stock ruthlessly swept up by the enemy's flying columns, gentlemen's mansions pierced with loopholes, the trees in their parks felled for abatis; the mayors and chief inhabitants of the towns carried off as hostages, fortunate if they were not shot as a reward of patriotism; cities and villages given to the flames because the local Volunteers had fired a few distant shots at a cavalry patrol; trade, commerce, and public business at a standstill; the Funds down to forty or less; husbands, fathers, brothers, sons torn from their homes to serve in the auxiliary forces; their carts, carriages, and horses everywhere pressed into the service of the contending armies; thousands of Englishmen lying dead, dying, or wounded, and the land full of weeping women. All this would be the inevitable consequence, not of a successful invasion, but of the mere temporary occupation of a small portion of our island. Do we like the prospect? are we prepared to run the risk? If not, let us make whilst we have time such preparations as shall render an invasion so utterly and glaringly hopeless an affair that it shall not enter into the minds of our neighbours even to think of it.

## SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICS.

THE condition of South Africa curiously illustrates the tendency of our colonial policy during the last twenty years. We have allowed the descendants of Dutch settlers in the interior to constitute themselves into semi-independent States. The Transvaal Republic was established in 1852, and the Orange River Free State two years afterwards. The discovery of diamonds has given to this country an interest which otherwise it could hardly have attained, and the House of Commons has this week been asked to express its opinion that the prosperity of South Africa would be promoted by federation and railways. There were probably few members who had taken the trouble to peruse the papers which contain the history of the establishment of British jurisdiction in the remote district to which the diamond diggings have lately given a world-wide celebrity. It appears that a question of boundary had been long pending between Captain Waterboer, chief of the West Griquas, and the Orange River Free State, and that the disputed territory, in which diamonds have been largely found, has been by official inquiry ascertained to belong to Captain Waterboer, who has ceded the same to the Cape Colony, and thus the convenient result has been attained of bringing under British authority a district which otherwise was likely to have fallen into a condition of anarchy in which it would have been unprofitable to itself and troublesome to its neighbours. Happily in this instance expediency and justice seem to have arrived at an identical conclusion. It is only twenty years ago that boundaries were thought to be sufficiently ascertained by such loose phrases as "three hours' ride from the Mission Station of Pniel," and lately the "diamondiferous" land around Pniel has been sold to eager purchasers by the square yard. It may be strongly suspected that if this district had remained under the authority of Captain Waterboer, chief of the West Griquas, or of President Brand, of the Orange River Free State, it would have been unceremoniously "jumped" by diggers, who would have established a title practically irrefragable by possession. The appearance of a British magistrate and policemen was welcomed by all the settlers in the district who had any property which they could lose by violence, and it is satisfactory to learn from the blue-book lately published that a result almost universally desired was attained by legal means. As lately as last December President Brand and his Volksraad at Bloemfontein were in a condition of energetic protest, by correspondence, against the proceedings of the Governor of the Cape Colony, who, in transmitting this protest to his Government, reported that meanwhile British officers were in undisputed exercise of all public functions throughout West Griqualand, and that everything was going on quietly and satisfactorily at the diggings.

It is not perhaps surprising that President Brand considered himself equal to governing this district, but unfortunately those who would have been his subjects do not seem to have concurred with him. He informs Sir Henry Barkly that, "in order to meet the wants and requirements of the large population from different nations assembled at the Berlin Missionary Station, Pniel," a separate district had been formed and a Landdrost and other officers appointed to it, and the necessary measures taken by the Orange Free State Government "for the due and proper administration of justice, and the maintenance of law and good order." As regards what measures were necessary for these purposes opinions unfortunately are liable to differ. President Brand doubtless considered that the Government of which he was the head was the best in the world, and that the people of all nations who had collected at Pniel and Dutoitspan were particularly fortunate in having a Dutchman to govern them. We believe, however, that the prevailing opinion among the diggers was, that the magistrate of the Free State was a respectable but rather feeble old gentleman, and that his police were the greatest scoundrels unchanged. Indeed, the black executioner of the sentences of this magistrate was principally occupied in flogging his white-skinned representatives. It had become quite clear that if British authority did not interfere, the diggers would have to supplement the benevolent measures taken by President Brand for their comfort and happiness by some tolerably energetic proceedings of their own. The worthy Landdrost of Pniel, Mr. Truter, having, like his Government, omitted protests against all and sundry disturbers of his jurisdiction, allowed himself to be prevailed upon to desist from exercising it, and his policemen probably relapsed into their original occupation of thieving. His Master, President Brand, addresses Sir Henry Barkly with a proposal for arbitration between himself and Her Britannic Majesty as independent potentates, and he also sent a "Plenipotentiary and Diplomatic Agent" to London, whom however Earl Granville and also Lord Kimberley politely declined to recognize, on the ground that the official communications of the Free State ought to be addressed to the Governor of the Cape Colony. It would indeed be impossible for Downing Street to receive all the diplomatic agents who might present themselves. We heard lately that the Government of His Majesty the King of the Fiji Islands had opened a correspondence with Earl Granville, and although this country is very unwilling to acquire fresh possessions, yet it would be almost better, as a matter of convenience, to absorb the Fiji Islands than to have the trouble of corresponding with them as an independent power. In South Africa there are we know not how many such States or Republics which assume to be independent. There is

the Transvaal, or South African Republic, and the Orange River Free State, and we heard lately of one Theodor Dome, who, "with other Europeans," issued a declaration of war against the South African Republic on behalf of we cannot tell exactly whom. There are also Western Kaffraria and Natal, besides the original Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. These would be the elements of the Federation which has been lately recommended in the House of Commons, and probably that is the result to which South African politics are tending. Without impugning the justice of the award by which the diamond diggings have been declared to appertain to West Griqualand, we are nevertheless tolerably certain that by some means or other British authority would have been substituted in that district for the government of the Free State. Indeed, Sir Henry Barkly, in a despatch to Lord Kimberley of 18th December last has virtually admitted that this would have been so. He quotes a prediction from a Transvaal newspaper that the British Government "having done so much, will and must do more." And he proceeds to say that if the diamond discoveries should extend northwards as predicted, and the whole country up to the Maquassi River be occupied by British diggers, "it may indeed prove impossible to avert such a consummation." Undoubtedly if Sir Henry Barkly had not intervened, the diggers would have ejected the representative of President Brand, in spite of protests, and would have set up a government of their own. We do not know whether they would have called it the Diamondiferous Republic, nor whether they would have insisted on sending a representative with a diamondiferous wife to Downing Street and St. James'.

It is not the least embarrassment of colonial policy that we must either govern all these out of the way places or leave them to govern themselves, whereupon they speedily develop into presidents and prime ministers and plenipotentiaries, and proceed to correspond with our Foreign Office on equal terms. The phlegmatic Dutchmen of the Orange and Vaal Rivers care little probably for any pleasure except tobacco, but if adventurous Englishmen get into their country they may conceive a troublesome desire to distinguish themselves in politics. We therefore should feel favourably disposed to almost any scheme of federation which would combine all these Governments as early as possible in one; but the progress of South African civilization depends upon its wealth, and its commercial and agricultural activity. It begins to appear as if the diamond-digging had been overdone, but if the gold-fields lately discovered should prove productive, a fresh and more vigorous colonization would begin beyond the rivers, and the worthy Presidents of the two Republics would be reduced to a chronic condition of protest against interloping Britishers. We do not suppose that a railway will be made between Natal and the Orange Free State simply because, as Mr. R. Fowler says, there would be no tunnels and no steeper gradient than 1 in 32. But it is tolerably certain that at no distant time such a railway will be commenced, and English capital will doubtless eagerly demand to be invested in it. The proposal for federation will not perhaps be greatly advanced by Mr. Fowler's motion, but it is almost sure to be adopted. Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen indeed went so far as to declare that it would be for the advantage of both the Dutch Republics to be brought again under the jurisdiction from which they ought never to have gone away. The resolution to allow them to depart at least temporarily in peace was adopted both by Sir John Pakington and the Duke of Newcastle, so that both parties in politics may divide the honour or reproach of a supposed improvement in colonial policy, which is now confessed to have been a mistake. This appears to be the usual course of what some people call progress in political affairs. A step is taken with much applause which after twenty or thirty years has to be recalled. At the point of Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen's speech which we have now reached, a tribute to the interest which South African affairs excite in England was afforded by an attempt, which however was defeated, at a count-out. Members rushed into the House with as much alacrity as if it had been suddenly discovered to be diamondiferous, and, having rescued the debate from impending collapse, they rushed out again with even more alacrity, and doubtless resumed the task of "comparing" on next day's Derby, which we may hope proved diamondiferous to some of them. A speaker in the debate stated, that even bishops who disputed about the road to heaven agreed as to a railway to the gold-fields, so that this work will doubtless proceed. Advancing civilization will, we fear, either obliterate Presidents Brand and Erasmus and their Volksraads or drive them to establish Dutch Republics in some remote region where large game and even niggers may still be shot as in the good old time. No protest in any language will suffice to turn the locomotive engine from its iron path.

## THE SALMON FISHERIES.

LOOKING to the scarcity of fresh meat, it is gratifying to hear that the salmon fisheries of England are in a prosperous condition. Much has been done in the last ten years, and much may still be done, to protect and increase the breed of salmon. Public attention has gradually awakened to the necessity of restraining the liberty which has for many years existed of pouring sewage and the refuse of mines and manufactories into our rivers. The Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries express the hope that even the Thames "may one day become a salmon river." They believe

that the Dovey is naturally one of the most promising salmon rivers in Wales, but unfortunately the fishing interests are very much impeded by the dirty water which comes out of the lead mines. The Dovey has of late been of a better colour than in former years, because some of the mines have ceased to work. Still, however, fish, and especially the smolts in the spring months, are killed every year in considerable quantities by the lead pollutions. The pools in the river are also becoming filled up by the rubbish from the mines. The Dovey runs quite clear on a Sunday when the mines are not at work, and the water comes down clear on Monday morning, so that fair angling can be obtained till the lead water comes down the river. The Dyliffy mines are the great offenders in this matter. The river which runs from these works down into the Dovey looks like a river of milk, and there is not a living thing in it. An offer was made to the proprietors of the Dyliffy mines of a large piece of bog land, for the purpose of filtering the water from the washings, but the offer was refused because it would entail a little expense. The Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries, in their recent Report, express the hope that the proprietors of the Dyliffy mines will reconsider their decision, and adopt some means of purifying the water.

We not only share this hope, but we further think that if an obvious duty is not voluntarily performed, compulsion ought to be applied. That which is now being done in the valley of the Thames ought to be done everywhere. Let the law say that noxious matters shall not be poured into rivers, and means will be found of disposing of them upon land. It is now some years since a Commission of Inquiry reported upon the condition of the rivers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The cloth manufacture, which was originally attracted to that district by the purity of the water, has rendered the water disgustingly impure. We are many of us familiar with the inky colour of the tepid streams of the Aire and Calder, which have been of late years required to carry, not only all the liquid refuse, but much also of the solid refuse of the district. It had become quite common to "tip" mining rubbish into these rivers, as if their capacity were inexhaustible. These abuses have lately risen to such a height as to compel reform. The water which comes naturally to these towns being polluted, other water must be conducted to them from a distance; and when the cost of fetching water exceeds the cost of removing the refuse of mills, it is probable that these rivers will be permitted to return to something like their original condition. This, indeed, is what is happening to the Thames. It is found more costly to poison water than to leave it pure, and so nature is allowed to operate in her own way. At this moment, however, the towns above London are only beginning the necessary arrangements. This Report promises that the sewage of Oxford "will shortly be kept out of the Thames." Mr. Buckland adds, that the state of the river upon which the members of the University take their daily pastime in rowing is perfectly horrible, and he wonders that the fathers of the undergraduates, "as representing the future strength and intellect of the country," do not take up the case and insist that the evil shall be abolished at once. This, however, is more easily said than done. The only practicable alternative to pouring sewage into a river is to spread it over land; but too frequently when the local authority looks for land for a sewage farm, it is met by strenuous opposition on the part of the landowners, who fight to the last against any proposal for selling their land for a public purpose at a high price. The Thames, however, is tolerably free from the greater nuisance of chemical works such as those on the Rhymney in South Wales. The owner of those works denies that anything deleterious goes into the river, but Mr. Buckland produces evidence of injury. "The caddis-worms, water-crickets, bull-heads, have all disappeared; even the ducks, snipes, and water-ousels are getting very scarce. Under these circumstances, it is natural that the fish should also suffer."

As regards the refuse of mines, it must surely be possible to do in Wales that which is compulsory in Germany. It is the duty of a Government Inspector in that country to satisfy himself that the water escapes perfectly clear. The consequence is, that the river which flows through Ems, receiving all the water from the dressing works at Holtzappel and other places, is absolutely full of fish. It is suggested that the "slime" which remains in catch-pits when clear water flows away may be made into bricks, and thus applied to useful purposes. A new enemy to salmon has appeared in the petroleum works which have lately been established in the valley of one of the best of our rivers, the Dee. Mr. Walpole, the colleague of Mr. Buckland, reports a case which went before the magistrates of this district, but both his facts and his law are slightly obscure. It appears that he inspected the Alyn, a tributary of the Dee, and found the smell and taste of tar distinctly perceptible in the water twenty miles below the nearest oil-work. A miller assured him that after floods fish were continually killed, and washed down from the river above. The state of things grew worse and worse as he ascended the river to a point near which two different works were situated. He found that the water below the lowest of these works was so poisonous that a minnow placed in it sickened immediately. But the water above these works was equally foul, and the foreman insisted that he could not be expected to send it on more pure than he received it. It became consequently necessary to proceed to the higher of the two works, and here a similar experiment was attended with similar results. The remainder of the fish which had been brought for experimental purposes were placed in water taken from above the works, and showed no signs whatever of discomfort or

sickening. The case would have been clear against the upper works but for the further fact that "a colliery discharged its ochreous water into the river" near the same point, and "it was impracticable to distinguish between the mischief occasioned to the river by each of these workings." It seems to have been admitted that oil and coal together poisoned fish, but it was considered as not certain that oil alone or coal alone would have had this effect. But suppose that A. pours oil refuse into a river, and that it meets coal refuse poured in by B, and that the two combined poison fish, can it be said that A. or B. has poured in refuse "to such an extent as to cause the water to poison fish"? The magistrates, as we understand, considered that this could not be said, and therefore declined to convict. They seem to have required evidence that the oil refuse or the coal refuse was the sole cause of poisoning, which evidence from the situation of the works could not be produced. It appears to have been thought insufficient to offer evidence of the opinions of chemists or other persons as to the deleterious quality of oil refuse, and probably opinions might differ widely. We find that an owner of chemical works upon the Rhymney told Mr. Buckland that in his opinion sulphuric acid "acted as a tonic to the fish," and possibly the owner of the oil works upon the Alyn might have declared his belief that the refuse of them did the fish good, and almost enabled their constitutions to support the pernicious influence of the adjoining colliery. We can only say that, if the magistrates correctly understood the law, it needs amendment.

It is difficult to estimate the extent to which the productive power of our rivers might be developed by judicious measures of protection to the breed of salmon. One valuable characteristic of this species of food is that it conveys itself to the consumers, and perhaps improves during the journey. That favourite of economists, the pig, is sometimes with difficulty persuaded to move in the direction of a butcher's shop, and he is apt, moreover, to waste in travelling. But the salmon goes rejoicing and thriving on his way to make sport for the angler and food for the angler's friends. How that food may be largely increased in quantity appears from the statement that a grating has been lately fixed at the head of the Shropshire Union Canal, through which millions of salmon fry, produced in the Dee, formerly found their way to destruction. Each tiny individual thus preserved would be capable of growing, under favourable conditions, into a splendid fish, and that which has been done upon the Dee to ensure, however imperfectly, these conditions, has been done or will be done upon other rivers. The enactments for the protection of salmon fisheries require the intelligent co-operation of all classes of society for their enforcement. Cases of violent breach of these enactments by poachers are not uncommon, but the law which punishes such outrages is likely to be supported by public opinion, which is more than can be confidently asserted in reference to the poaching of four-footed game. The salmon does not feed upon the farmer; and the farmer, by help of rod or net, may feed on him. The construction of passes has been carried out sometimes under the inspection of Mr. Buckland and his colleague, and sometimes under the influence of indigenous zeal, which has a tendency to outrun discretion. Mr. Walpole is disposed to think that the work of opening streams is in some instances being carried on too rapidly. "To pass the fish into a country where there is no machinery for protecting them is obviously to throw temptation into the way of poor men which they may find it difficult to resist." If it were possible by means of School Boards or otherwise to teach poor men to allow salmon to grow to a good size before killing them, we should think that every fish-pass in the country would be an addition to its resources. The river is the poor man's park, and even in this crowded and high-priced country it is still possible at the end of a day's fishing to understand that "the bounty of nature" is not a mere poetical expression.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### IV.

IN the Academy romantic styles vastly preponderate over classic styles, and naturalistic treatment and pre-Raphaelite tendencies have of late years been greatly mitigated by sentiment and the sense of beauty. Romance in art is a natural offspring of romance in literature, and accordingly our exhibitions abound in pictures responsive to Shakespeare and other poets who have gained for England a foremost position in the romantic literature of Europe. The element of romance, whether in painting or in writing, it is not always easy to define. According to Schlegel, a critic addicted to startling paradox, the classic drama was subject to law and order, while the romantic drama reverted to chaos. It would seem nearer to our immediate purpose to point out that romance enters art whenever stringent fetters are unloosed and human nature is permitted to speak out freely and passionately. It may be deemed an interesting coincidence that an Academician whose collective works would not inaptly illustrate the meaning attached to the word "romantic" bears the name of an author identified with the birth of the romantic drama. Mr. Calderon, R.A., is, in fact, a descendant of Calderon the dramatist, whose works serve as a connecting link between the romantic literature of Southern and of Northern Europe, between the romantic drama of Spain and the romantic drama of England. As it happens, however, Mr. Calderon has not identified his art with the land of his ancestry; he has shown a preference for

Shakespeare, for Shelley, and even for Waller; and the last-named poet, who marks the descent of noble romance into weak sentimentality, furnishes him with a text for his principal picture of the year, "Summer" (219):—

The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,  
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;  
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,  
They make the fishes and the men their prize.

Flirtation in a boat, a lobster lunch on shore, a fish hooked by a charming young lady, are capital ingredients for picture-making. Moreover, the public seems to be charmed with a certain crudity of colour; the greens, the whites, and the browns arrest attention by contrasts which approach discord. The scene has the merit of being eminently festive; indeed the picture wins popularity rather by pleasing incidents than by subtle art-treatment. The best among the many boating parties to be found in this year's exhibition is undoubtedly "Fair, quiet, and sweet lies" (997), by Mr. Fildes, an artist hitherto chiefly known by book illustrations. The painter leads the fancy in the sunny summer time to a sylvan river where swans and lilies float; soft music steals upon the waters; a youth and maiden join voice and instrument while two listeners lend their spirits "to the influence of mild-minded melancholy." The river bark pauses on "the downward stream" in a pleasant place of bowing leaves, and the painter has been at great pains to bring as it were the foliage, the water, the boat, and its inmates into musical accord with the song. All art, and especially romantic art, is or should be rhythmical; Coleridge in lines on the "Eolian Harp" speaks of the "rhythm in all thought"—"a light in sound, a sound-like power in light." When light "palpitates" and colour pulsates, when forms melt and lines intermingle, then may it be said that a picture is rhythmical or musical. The actual results gained by Mr. Fildes are widely different from the effects obtained by Veronese; yet the principles involved, if not identical, are analogous, so true it is that Venetian modes of treatment are the clue to romantic styles. We are sorry to say that the praise we have bestowed on the picture of Mr. Fildes cannot be extended to "Pleasant Recollections" (1015), by Mr. Brooks. This painstaking and somewhat agreeable product is neither real nor ideal; it is merely commonplace. A fourth water-party we owe to Mr. Hennessey, an American who falls into Transatlantic colour at the season when trees wear the garb of autumn, and the landscape shimmers in Turneresque play of gold, red, and blue. "Summer Eve, Long Island Sound" (179), is in its treatment of colour akin to the manner which Mr. Cropsey some years since made familiar to English eyes. The work is brilliant, clever, and eccentric. It has been said that Americans, under the transmuting power of climate, are in course of assimilation in body and mind to the aboriginal inhabitants, and certainly American artists seem to bear out the notion by an uncouthness and savagery that pertain to barbarism rather than to civilization.

Colour has more than ever taken possession of our English painters—a colour which is not so much a reflection of nature as a response to emotion, a colour fanciful and decorative that holds fellowship with that spirit of romance which, as we have seen, asserts potent sway in the Academy. Mr. Walker, A.R.A., Mr. Mason, A.R.A., Mr. H. Hardy, and others are conspicuous examples of this tendency; their manner is abnormal, one-sided, and moody. Yet Mr. Walker's "Harbour of Refuge" (227) is after its kind a master-work. The scene is laid in a grass-grown quadrangle with chapel and almshouses around, and a statue of the founder in the centre. The time is evening; the inmates too have reached the evening of life; sunset fades in the saffron sky, broad shadows gather on the ground, and in this place of refuge and of rest poor aged pensioners sit quietly at ease or walk up and down at leisure. The only haste and energy is in a stalwart and remarkably ill-formed mower, whose awkward movement seems to endanger his own legs; "The man's scythe will cut off his leg" is a remark we have more than once heard. We do not know that the painter means to point an allegory, and yet this figure might suggest old Time with a scythe, or the "reaper whose name is death"; even as the grass and the flowers are cut down, so shall the aged and infirm be gathered to the last garner. Mr. Walker is almost the only water-colour painter who has thoroughly mastered oils; the handling, the texture and impasto, in firmness, solidity, yet transparency, leave little to desire. But the colouring, notwithstanding that it has been brought into absolute keeping, is too hot for ordinary tastes; the picture is as a highly seasoned dish over-dosed with curry-powder. If an antidote be wanted, it were well to turn to Mr. Leslie's deliciously cool "Elopement" (183); here we have silver instead of gold, and pearls instead of brickdust. Even the lady in this imminent elopement is cool as a cucumber; she sits on the river brink wistfully waiting for her lover, who comes to fetch her in a flat-bottomed boat. A background of ample walls, old gables, and clustering chimneys, with ancestral elms and clamorous rookery, suggests, not the penniless suitor, but a well-to-do country squire. Very exquisite is the pencilling of branches and leaves against the lucent sky of sunset; the reflections in the water take on the sombre tranquillity of twilight. Mr. Leslie is one of the comparatively few painters who can bring figures into absolute unity with the surrounding landscape; he depends for sentiment on tone, his colour permits no discord. In a different way Mr. Boughton, this year scarcely at his best—plays with monotones and yet escapes monotony. He composes a triptych which might be called "The Spring-time" (579) the birds are coming

and a maiden listens; the "summer is gone on swallows' wings," and two maidens mourn "The Flight of the Birds" (580); "thirdly and lastly," as preachers are wont to say, on "The Coming of Winter" the birds are dying. This pretty play on the changing seasons is possibly better suited to poetry than to painting. The colour, though somewhat sandy brown and black throughout, is not without response to the sentiment, and among several points to commend may be mentioned a careful study of foreground, apparently painted out-of-doors on the spot. Mr. Storey is another artist who deals in quiet concord, even when he approaches discord, as in "The Course of True Love never did run smooth" (400). The two girls, though of the dumpy sort, are not without grace, but the painter muddles their complexions; indeed, the technical qualities displayed are far from the clear, silvery tones which some years since, in "The Dancing Lesson," attracted favourable notice. The figure of most expression is that of the huffy lover, who trudges away in high dudgeon, resolute, yet irresolute; one leg lingers as if it would turn and relent, but the square back presses onward obstinate and determined. Mr. Storey has a nice insight into character; he looks at life with childlike simplicity; he sees nature clad in grey because he seeks quietude; grey is the garb of cool tranquillity, red and yellow the drapery of hot passion. Very charming is the child seated among "Little Buttercups" (331). The picture has the simplicity of "The Age of Innocence," by Reynolds.

Grey, like black, is accounted the negation of colour, and therefore perhaps it happens that in schools expressly of colour, such as the Venetian and the English, positive colours preponderate. The use of grey, indeed, is by certain of our painters—as, for example, by Messrs. Linnell, father and son—accounted a surrender of power. Such artists forget that nothing is weaker than incoherent rant; when colour breaks into violence we are reminded of the words, "The loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind"; true strength lies in moderation. At all events, the blazing sunset (664) by Mr. Linnell, sen., appears to most eyes to be in excess of the modesty of nature. How intense colour may be brought into subjection and tone is sufficiently obvious in "The Harvest Moon" (125), by Mr. Mason, A.R.A. It may be objected that the artist's manner has been exalted into mannerism; it may be urged that in this moonlight pastoral the figures are shadowy, unsubstantial, and ghostly, the forms unpronounced, the limbs drawn with a knowledge which breaks down. It may be pleaded, however, in reply, that the painter at the outset makes an unconditional surrender to shadowy sentiment and poetic impossibility. Just as Claude may be supposed to have looked at nature through a Claude Lorraine glass, so may we imagine that Mr. Mason uses a Mason glass. At any rate the uninitiated public stand in need of some such optical medium or patent contrivance. But, the conditions once granted, the conclusion follows by what may be termed pictorial logic. A keynote is struck ecstatic as that of the nightingale, and then the artist plays his variations around the central theme. The composition, thoroughly Italian in its poetry and pathos, recalls strains which we have heard by peasants of the Abruzzi at Christmas-tide before images of the Madonna. This troop of harvest labourers, returning home at nightfall, are impelled passionately onwards. Only perhaps by long sojourn in Italy, by contact with a past which happily still lives in the present, can this poetic impossibility, this grand unreality, find place in modern art. "As You Like It" (489, 490, 491), a composition in three parts, displays to disadvantage that romance of colour and of sentiment, coupled with that infirmity in form, which constitutes the style of Mr. Arthur Hughes. The figures are crowded and confused; the design falls to pieces; the picture is without ground-plan; the painter, however, is never wanting in refinement and sense of beauty. A composition of something more than promise, by Miss Starr, from "The Merchant of Venice" (348), proves what by this time should be only too well known, that Shakespeare is at once the most easy and the most difficult of authors for a painter to deal with; easy because every character may be borrowed and appropriated from the theatre as if it were a stage property, and difficult because we have a right to expect from a picture more than from the stage; difficult also because Shakespeare, like nature herself, can seldom, if ever, receive full justice or adequate illustration. The scene between Portia and Bassanio, as painted by Miss Starr, is wanting in emphasis and nerve; the figures stand uncertainly, the colour falls into monotony; and these shortcomings are unexpected when we remember other pictures by this foremost female student of the Academy. The work of the ladies is this year disappointing. We should say, judging from oratorical displays at a recent suffrage meeting, that women are greater experts in the use of the tongue than of the brush. "Silvius and Phebe" (627), by Mr. Putnam, A.R.A., is more up to the mark than other Shakespearean pictures of the year; the characters are creatures of the woods and fields; Silvius looks lovesick and silly, while saucy Phebe is bewitchingly pert. But the artist is apt to repeat himself; painters who do not come to a standstill learn that in art, as in nature, there is never-ending variety in colour, form, and incident. The power of calling up new and original ideas is one of the rarest of gifts, whether in literature or art. Such faculty, if we mistake not, may be recognized in a self-sustained composition, "The Sacred Tribute to King Edgar" (358), by Mr. H. Hardy. Noble figures, sportsmen of the olden time, bear tribute of wolves' heads; the dogs, eager for the booty, are equally good in form and colour. The colour is not free from the anomalies of the new school. Certain pictures in which we have noticed some of these anomalies



whose opposing warp and woof vie for pre-eminence; the fabrics so abundantly imported from Japan make their influence felt within the Academy.

The problems in what may be termed the science of chromaticism, now in process of being worked out in our Exhibitions, promise new developments to art. Of the old school, bold in creative faculty, and balanced in colour, Mr. Poole, R.A., remains as an immovable landmark. Elected Academician twelve years ago, he has postponed till now the gift of his diploma work. It is always interesting to observe what character a great painter may select when, after a long and arduous career, he makes his appeal to posterity. Mr. Poole has oscillated between tragedy and romance. "Solomon Eagles and the Plague of London" was as terrible as Poussin's "Plague of Athens;" on the contrary, "The Goths in the Garden of Italy," and "The Song of the Troubadours," were decorative and emotional. In presenting his diploma work, "Remorse" (309), he reverts to tragedy. The handling has that uncertainty which may be accounted the penalty of original had drawing never got the better of. But the conception is even epic. It has been conjectured that this nude figure, almost colossal in proportions, which holds an intermediate place between Fuseli and Michael Angelo, may be intended for Cain, the murderer and the outcast. A lion devouring its prey, a child sleeping with dead doves, fill up the composition; mountains crowd round as if in witness, a stream rushing by roars reproach. "Remorse," the title which the picture bears, seems to be echoed from the surrounding hills. To assert that the artist has realized all the ideas which he may have suggested were indeed to bestow excess of praise on this vague vision, this muddled mystery. But, at all events, this creation of genius, when it shall finally join company with the diploma pictures of Hilton, of Eddy, and of Fuseli, may serve as a connecting link in the continuous story of our English school. There is never an Exhibition of the Academy which does not comprise at least two generations of men; even our contemporary art has its chronology, for between venerable Academicians and rising Associates there is a great gulf fixed.

#### THE DERBY.

IT is a sign of the times that fifty-eight members should vote against the adjournment of the House of Commons for the Derby Day. The motion was inopportune, and deserved to fail; for, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, the adjournment is looked forward to by many who care a great deal about having a holiday, but nothing whatever about the Derby. The evident wish of the House is that its officers should not be deprived of one of their few customary holidays; on the narrower ground of suspending the business of the country for the sake of witnessing the Derby Mr. Hughes would obtain many more adherents, particularly as the claims of the Derby to rank as a great national festival rest more on past tradition than on present fact. Mr. Gladstone was right in pointing out the undesirableness of mixing up the question of holiday or no holiday with a discussion of the real or presumed abuses of the Turf; but in hinting that if the House decided to take cognizance of those abuses it should not confine itself to a barren protest—for the abolition of the holiday would be nothing more—he must have forgotten that his own Government has not only acknowledged the existence of those abuses, but so long as three years ago undertook to deal with the most glaring of them. Yet, though by a Bill of a single clause which would meet with no opposition in either House they might extend the Betting Houses Act to Scotland, they have never troubled themselves to accomplish even this simple and elementary instalment of Turf reform. But if the Legislature declines to take notice of Turf questions, the Executive, at any rate, might display a little more activity in the use of its authority on the Derby Day. One of the annual incidents of this noble and historic festival is thus described in the *Morning Post* of Thursday:—

About ten o'clock the roadway again became filled with the homeward bound carriages, and owing to the reckless way in which some of these were driven, several persons were knocked down between the Horns and Newington Church, where the crowd was very great, the people being intermingled with the carriages. Some of the persons thus knocked down—chiefly ladies and boys—were severely bruised, and were taken into different doctors' shops, where they were attended to. In the confusion that prevailed the police were unable to identify and take into custody any of the offending drivers by whose recklessness the injuries were inflicted. "To add to the confusion, at various parts the roughs got up sham-fights for the purpose of plundering the persons foolish enough to look on, and from complaints made as to lost watches, purses, pins, &c., they must have reaped a good harvest. The police being fully occupied in attending to and regulating, as far as possible, the vehicular traffic, the numerous gangs of thieves were enabled to pursue their operations almost without any interference."

Yet in a leading article the *Morning Post* of the same date pronounces that "it may be safely said that of the myriads who thronged to Epsom yesterday, the enormous majority returned all the better for their excursion." So that it would appear there are still some people in existence who believe in "the fun of the race."

The Derby of 1872 was the first run over the new course, which commences at a very short distance indeed from the old course, but is much easier. The first part is still uphill, but the ascent is much less severe; and a still greater improvement is that there is a greater scope of ground at the start for marshalling a large field. There was abundant room for the twenty-three starters on Wednesday to stand abreast without unduly pressing

on one another, and in consequence the starter had a very easy task, and the delay at the post did not occupy three minutes. It must be confessed that, according to general opinion, the moderate quality of the majority of the runners was so fully established that the decision of the race was awaited with unprecedented indifference. Prince Charlie was the centre of whatever interest was excited, and the questions whether he was a roarer, and, if so, whether any roarer, however splendid his capabilities, could win the Derby, were eagerly debated to the exclusion of all others. So high an authority as Dr. Shorthouse has lately argued at considerable length that Prince Charlie is not a roarer, and that the affection which causes him to make a noise is quite distinct from roaring, and is not calculated to prevent him from winning a long any more than a short race. But many other experienced judges did not hesitate to pronounce him a confirmed roarer; and, anyhow, whatever might be the truth about the technical name for the cause of the noise, there was no doubt about the noise itself. And it seems to a common-sense observer difficult to understand why, if a horse's respiratory organs are perfectly free and unimpeded, he should make a noise at all. Public opinion, rarely at fault in the main about these great races, had, we think, steadily settled down to a conviction that Prince Charlie was a roarer, but that he was so good a horse, so superior to all his opponents, and gifted with such speed—the more formidable on account of his enormous stride—that it was quite possible for him to win, despite his infirmity. But public opinion, as expressed in the usual manner, clearly pronounced that Prince Charlie would either win easily or be beaten easily. Hence Prince Charlie started first favourite, but no one would back him for a place. And public opinion was, so far, perfectly right. The next positions in public favour were deservedly held by Cremorne and Queen's Messenger; and, as between them, the fair questions for argument, according to their public running, were whether Cremorne would beat Queen's Messenger by his superior speed, or Queen's Messenger beat Cremorne by superior staying powers. Of course the public form of Cremorne was the better; yet it was urged that on more than one occasion he had run like a non-stayer, and that he lost the Two Thousand simply from inability to retain the advantage which, a hundred yards from home, had to all appearances placed the race at his mercy. Beyond these three, what where we to look for that had not been signally defeated by the leading favourites? According to all public form of this year, none of the Newmarket Biennial horses could be expected to get within lengths of Cremorne or Prince Charlie; nor could there be much hope for any, save Queen's Messenger, who finished behind the same pair in the Two Thousand. Then the casualties of training had disposed of candidates who might have been formidable—Onslow, Nuneham, and Bethnal Green; and for many a long year the search for an outsider has proved an unremunerative speculation. It was the general belief that the Derby would be very much a replica of the Two Thousand, Prince Charlie being a sort of reserved problem, as much of fear as of hope; and the result justified the belief, though the long-expected outsider did come at last, and ran so prominently as to split the second and third in the Two Thousand. We never remember to have seen so few people in the paddock as on last Wednesday—a significant circumstance, as showing the apathy with which this Derby was regarded by those who are usually most ready to avail themselves of the opportunity to inspect the most notable horses of the year. All the twenty-three runners came into the paddock, but after walking about for a short time, Queen's Messenger and Patriarch were taken over to the foot of the hill near the starting-post. The rest were soon saddled, and walked about in the paddock till the time came for the preliminary canter. We may say that Prince Charlie and Cremorne looked, as at Newmarket, as well as their admirers could have wished, that Wenlock and Almoner were pictures of condition and good training, that Bertram's appearance attracted considerable commendation, that Drummond was short of work, and that The Druid, who promised at one time last year to come quite to the top of the tree, was all to pieces and wholly unfit to take part in a race like the Derby, and that very little notice was taken of the two outsiders, Marshal Bazaine and the Makeshift colt, whose names have been brought forward somewhat prominently during the last ten days. Nor did we hear a single person who had seen the Makeshift colt speak a word in his praise; on the contrary he was called clumsy and coarse-looking, and as unlike a Derby winner as well could be. In the preliminary canter none were more admired than Almoner and Wenlock. Prince Charlie, the most docile and best-tempered horse in training, moved easily over the ground, while Cremorne pulled hard at his jockey.

We need not give a complete catalogue of the twenty-three competitors, most of whom will be more in place in less important contests than the Derby. We may mention, however, that Ruffie and Patriarch were started to make the running for Almoner and Queen's Messenger respectively, but that they were wholly incompetent to fulfil their duties. They merely helped to get in the way, and Ruffie was also able to contribute to the inevitable scrimmage at Tattenham Corner, to the no small disadvantage of Bertram, Queen's Messenger, and the Makeshift colt. What little running was made during the first part of the race was done by Westland, an almost unknown son of Narbonne, and it struck us that the pace was slow for the first three-quarters of a mile. Wenlock and Cremorne were always near the front, and Prince

Charlie occupied a good position to the top of the hill. By many who saw how delicately he was ridden down the hill at Newmarket it was felt that this would, independently of his roaring, be the critical point of the race for him; and great anxiety was manifested to see his position and how he was going as they came round the corner into the straight. And, lo and behold! the hill or the roaring, or both put together, had done for Prince Charlie, and his stride and his speed were alike unable to bring him again near the front. At the moment they turned the corner, Cremorne, who had escaped the mischance that happened to Queen's Messenger, Bertram, and the Makeshift colt, rushed to the front and took the lead, which he never afterwards lost. Wenlock, who ran fast and well for a mile and a quarter, then gave way, and at the distance Cremorne seemed about to win in a canter, for Queen's Messenger—not at all the sort of horse to recover from a serious disappointment—had been fairly knocked out of his stride, and, though rapidly making up a good deal of lost ground, was galloping in a rather confused, sprawling style that forbade any hope of his catching the leader. Opposite the Stand the Makeshift colt, who had been comparatively unnoticed, his colours not being very conspicuous, challenged Cremorne, and a hard and punishing struggle ensued, which ended in favour of Cremorne, who was fast tiring, by a short head only. Ten yards more, and the outsider would have won. Three lengths off Queen's Messenger, who was eased when victory was plainly out of his reach, was third. Wenlock was a moderate fourth, Bertram fifth, and the remainder were widely scattered. Prince Charlie was of course not persevered with after a single call on so generous but unfortunate a horse had been responded to gamely but ineffectually. The winner ran straight and gamely, but he would unquestionably have won with far greater ease had the course been two hundred yards shorter. As it was, he was within an ace of repeating his Two Thousand failure, and losing the Derby by failing to maintain the signal advantage he had gained. His splendid speed is sure to bring him to the front just when to come to the front is, for a real stayer, to achieve certain victory; but then, in the final run in, he goes slower every stride instead of faster, and comes back to his horses instead of going further away from them. It was so in the Two Thousand, and it was so in the Derby; and in the Derby, he it remembered, his opponent at the finish was a raw green colt who had never seen a race-course before, and who in this his first race had met with a serious disappointment. The victory was well earned, and highly popular; but it will hardly be sufficient to hand Cremorne down to posterity as a real good stayer. Neither Cremorne nor the Makeshift colt is in the Leger, and the way is so far made plain for Queen's Messenger, who will also be suited by the course; but the first and second in the Derby have a chance of meeting in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, though Cremorne will have to carry 10 lbs. extra for his Epsom victory.

## REVIEWS.

### HOOK'S LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP PARKER.\*

THE volume which Dean Hook now gives us contains, like the one which went before it, a single Life, but a Life of great moment in the series which he has undertaken. The last volume contained the Life of Reginald Pole; the present contains the Life of Matthew Parker. Parker, as Dr. Hook several times tells us, was not a great man, but he held a great position in a most important time, and his personal character was certainly not without influence on the course of events. It was in his time, and in a large degree by his means, that the Church of England finally put on its present shape. He and the mistress whom he served embody, more than any other persons, the position which that Church finally took up at the end of a period of endless shiftings to and fro. If "the Reformation" happened at any particular time, it certainly was under the reign of Elizabeth and under the primacy of Parker that it did happen. The first Primate of All England appointed after the final throwing off the authority of the see of Rome, the first who was consecrated according to a reformed ritual in the English tongue, Parker eminently represents the new state of things which was then finally established. But he no less eminently represents the continuity of that new state of things with the old. The *congé d'élire* under which Parker was elected Archbishop is a very speaking document. It does not contain a word to imply that any great revolution was going on, still less that any old Church was being pulled down or any new Church set up. Everything bears the stamp of antiquity. The Queen issues the documents by virtue of her "fundamental" powers, powers which we may conceive at pleasure as being derived from Æthelberht or from her own father, but which at all events were possessed and exercised by Mary in the case of Pole, just as much as by Elizabeth in the case of Parker. It sets forth that the metropolitan church of Canterbury, "by the natural death of the most reverend father and lord in Christ, the Lord Reginald Pole, Cardinal, the last Archbishop thereof, is now vacant and destitute of the solace of a pastor," and the Dean and Chapter are required to "elect such a person Archbishop and

pastor who may be devoted to God and useful and faithful to us and our kingdom." Of course it is easy to say that all this is mere legal formality, in no way representing the real state of the case. The *congé d'élire* does not bring out the fact that there was anything unusual about the circumstances of Parker's election, though they undoubtedly were very unusual. But the point is that, though the circumstances were unusual, they still were not such as involved any change in the usual form of such a document. And this was in itself something. The fact that Parker was not, in the eyes of any one concerned, appointed to any new office in any new Church, but was simply chosen in regular order, to fill a vacant office in the existing Church—that Pole was still, after the breach with Rome, described as "the most reverend father and lord, the Lord Reginald Pole, Cardinal," and that the church of Canterbury was said to be by his natural death "vacant and destitute of the solace of a pastor"—is the legal expression of the legal and historical continuity of the new state of things with the old. We may even conceive that the document was studiously so drawn up that it might in the clearest way express that continuity. And all this belongs strictly to the domain of history and law, and does not trench at all on the domain of theology proper. The purely theological question is, Did the consecration of Parker or of any other Bishop endow him with real spiritual powers which, without such consecration, he could not have possessed? Was it of any real importance to men's souls that an order of men so consecrated should be kept up? With questions like these history proper does not meddle at all. It does not even search very minutely into the personal belief of Archbishop Parker, or of Queen Elizabeth, on such points. But history is concerned with the facts that, whatever were their exact views as to the nature of the episcopal succession, whether they did or did not think it necessary for the existence of a Church, they acted in such a way as to make, not the greatest but the least, breach possible between the new state of things and the old. We may be pretty sure that, whatever the Queen thought in her own mind, her prelates and statesmen did not look on what divines call the "Apostolic Succession" as something absolutely essential to the being of a Christian community. The position which they took up with regard to the Reformed Churches on the Continent, the occasional admission of men who had had only Presbyterian ordination to offices in the English Church, makes this pretty plain. At the same time, men who insist on this point sometimes forget that it is possible to hold as high a view as any one likes of the Christian ministry, and yet to hold that the office may be conferred by Presbyters as well as by Bishops. Exalted views about the priesthood and a belief in the sole ordaining power of Bishops do commonly go together, but they are in no way logically tied together. But what really concerns us in the matter is that those who ordered things in Elizabeth's reign at least did not look on the rites of consecration and ordination as superstitious and ungodly, and that they thought it worth taking a good deal of pains to preserve, in fact and in form, the unbroken succession between the new state of the Church and the old. These are facts; the question whether they did rightly or wisely in so doing is quite another matter, and a matter which we gladly leave to theologians. The question of the spiritual succession is for them; it is the outward succession, the outward continuity between the Church before Parker and the Church after him, which is a matter of law and history, and with which alone we have to deal. It is not always easy to steer clear of theological quicksands on one side or the other. The strictly impartial historian, who simply sticks to the historical facts, is liable to be assaulted on both sides. In acknowledging the historical fact he may possibly offend those who attach spiritual importance to it, because, while going so far along with them, he declines to go further. On the other hand, it is equally likely that he may offend those who are so fiercely set against the theological doctrine that they will hardly endure the historical fact, and are stirred up to wrath at its statement, as if it involved the theological position which they dislike.

We say all this, because of the exact degree to which, in considering the present volume and the time with which it deals, we can keep company with Dr. Hook. Our facts and his are pretty much the same; but we look at them from somewhat different points of view. What to him is of importance theologically is to us of importance historically. It is of great importance to Dr. Hook to show that the consecration of Matthew Parker was a good and valid consecration. The fact one way or the other does to him make a real difference in the theological position of the English Church. The old dispute about Parker's consecration really involves three questions. First, Was there any regular ceremony of consecration at all, in opposition to the Nag's Head story? This is purely a question of fact. Secondly, Was the ceremony which actually took place such as to be a valid consecration of a Bishop? This is a question of Canon Law. With both these the historian is concerned; with the former in a greater, with the latter in a lesser, degree. But beyond both lies the further question whether it really mattered to Parker or anybody else whether he was validly consecrated or not. This is a question of pure theology with which the historian does not meddle. History can look quite calmly on those who held that, however regular the consecration may otherwise have been, yet, as being done without reference to the centre of unity at Rome, it must have been of no spiritual validity. It can look equally calmly on those who are so indignant at the notion of any spiritual validity at all as hardly to put up with the facts which may be con-

stood as implying a regard for it. And it can look as calmly on those who believe that the spiritual position of the English Church, or of any of its members, depends in some way on the fact or on the canonical validity of the consecration of Parker. Yet, of the three classes, it has in the present matter the greatest degree of sympathy with the third, simply because they are the class which has least interest in perverting the facts of history. Dr. Hook in the present volume repeatedly tells us that the object of Elizabeth and Parker was not to establish a Protestant sect, but to reform the old Catholic Church of England. To Dr. Hook this position is of strictly theological importance. From our point of view we pass over the strictly theological bearing of the position as not coming within our range. But the historical facts implied in the position we fully accept. Nothing can be plainer than that it was the object of Elizabeth and Parker to preserve a legal and corporate continuity between the unreformed and the reformed Church of England. And we hold that Dr. Hook does a real service, not only to his own school of theology, but to the actual facts of history, by bringing this truth prominently forward. So again, with regard to another point, closely connected or rather in truth identical with this one, we hold that Dr. Hook does good service by pointing out, though here again he stops to point it out a little too often, that England was not, during the period which we call the Reformation, divided into two parties by a hard and fast line. The real state of the case will never be understood unless we take in the fact that for a long time the spiritual forefathers of the later Roman Catholics and of the later Protestant Dissenters were simply two parties within the one national Church, who severally held that reform had gone too far and that reform had not gone far enough. We do not always admire Dr. Hook's vocabulary of party-names; abstractedly the name of "Anglo-Catholics" is in our eyes even worse than "Anglo-Saxons"; for "Anglo-Saxon" is a perfectly good word if it is only used in its right meaning, while "Anglo-Catholic" seems to us to have no meaning at all. All that is to be said for it is that it follows the analogy of "Roman Catholic," and that since the early days of the Tractarian movement it has passed into vogue. We are still more puzzled when Dr. Hook, if we rightly understand him, sometimes applies the name "Protestant" in a special way to those whom elsewhere he calls "Anglo-Catholics." But, notwithstanding all this, Dr. Hook does a real service to historic truth by bringing out the true position of those who, at Elizabeth's accession, must have formed the great mass of Englishmen. Cecil undoubtedly went to mass during Mary's reign; we conceive that Parker himself, as he stayed in England, must have done so also. Were they hypocrites, taking part, to save their lives or their goods, in a worship which they looked on as sinful and idolatrous? We see no necessity for thinking so. On Dr. Hook's showing, they would of course have wished to change the mass for an English service altered in many respects, but their feeling against the mass need not have been stronger than that which strong High Churchmen and strong Low Churchmen feel nowadays towards the doings of one another. That is to say, the dislike to the mass did not go so far as to oblige them formally to secede from the religious body in which the mass was practised. We have in earlier articles spoken of the apparent inconsistency of those who went a long way in the path of change under Henry and Edward and then drew back under Elizabeth. But it is plain that their scruples were hardly expected by Elizabeth herself. When she offered the primacy to her sister's minister Wotton, when it could even be believed that she offered it to Abbot Feckenham, it is plain that she hoped to carry with her what we may call the party of Thirby and Tunstall. Of course the gap kept constantly widening. The enemies of change kept going back, the friends of change kept going onwards, till, long before Elizabeth's reign was over, there was a hard and fast line between Papists and Protestants, or whatever we are to call them. When the Pope excommunicated the Queen of England, when Romish zealots advocated her murder as an act of religious duty, the breach was complete. The point to be borne in mind is that no such hard and fast line can be drawn at Elizabeth's accession.

In another notice we hope to look at some of the events of Parker's life more in detail. At present we will only add that, while again declining to commit ourselves one way or another on the question of pure theology, we regard Dr. Hook's general position as one which history will very gladly accept.

#### CREASY'S COLONIAL CONSTITUTIONS OF THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.\*

WE quite agree with Sir Edward Creasy that an increase of knowledge and interest on the part of Englishmen as to the great mass of colonies and dependencies which make up the British Empire is greatly to be desired, but we doubt very much whether this desirable knowledge will be imparted or this interest created by such a book as he has given us. A dry and jejune account of the history of each colony, followed by pages of statistics of the boiled-down blue-book order as to the constitutional position and the relation of each to the Government at home, however creditable it may be to the industry of the author,

is singularly tantalising to the world at large. The book is hardly minute enough for a book of reference, and as a book of general information it is simply unreadable. Its one merit lies in its excellent maps. There is no kind of philosophical power nor any of those literary graces which sometimes atone for the absence of it; the style is bare and lifeless, and the reflections are utterly commonplace. Of the curious problems which our colonial history may be said to have solved, or of the even more curious problems which it is just beginning to work out, we hear hardly a word. The great movement for colonial federation (to take a single instance) is perhaps the most interesting of all the questions which at present concern the welfare of our dependencies; but if some account is given of its progress in North America, we are treated simply to a casual reference to it in the case of the West Indian islands, while the most important of its developments, the proposals which have emanated from Victoria for a general union of the Australasian colonies, are left, so far as we can see, without any mention at all. We are afraid that a statistical gazetteer of this sort is hardly likely to dispel the apathy with which Englishmen endure, and only just endure, the discussion of colonial questions. It is very well to urge the magnitude of the interests involved, and to appeal to our national pride in an Empire on which the sun never sets. Mr. Martin is no doubt right in telling us that "the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain embrace about one-third of the surface of the globe, and nearly one-fourth of its population"; but a debate on colonial topics passes unread even by the most constant reader. There is something, no doubt, which ought to startle and excite even a middle-aged member of Parliament in the statement that the Queen has more Mahomedan subjects than the Sultan, that she is the greatest Brahminical sovereign in the world, and that she ranks next to the Emperor of China as a Buddhist ruler. But all the eloquence of Mr. Grant Duff has not yet succeeded in preventing India from acting as a dinner-bell on the House of Commons. The results of this absolute indifference of public opinion are provoking enough. It is no slight evil that the colonists themselves resent and are estranged by it from the mother-country. It is a yet worse evil that the absence of real information leaves the public ear open to the maudlinings of *Ginx's Baby* and of the laureates and social philosophers who propose to sweep away colonial independence by way of finding a clear field for the street Arabs and broken down crossing-sweepers of "imperial" England. But perhaps the greatest mischief of all lies in the loss of political intelligence which must spring from the steady refusal of English thinkers to contemplate the working and issue of some of the most remarkable political experiments which the world has ever seen.

The first and most prominent of these is, of course, the introduction of responsible institutions into the colonies themselves. We are so accustomed at home to the steady working of constitutional government, so used to see Tories go out and Whigs come in, that we are apt to forget how delicate a process it has always proved to transplant the institutions with which we are so familiar into other soil than our own. Political speculators, on the other hand, have been apt to regard such a transfer as almost impossible, to plead that the political condition of a country must grow slowly out of its social circumstances, to denounce Parliamentary institutions as unfit for a purely democratic society, and to sneer at "paper constitutions." Now whatever force there may be in this sort of reasoning, whether in the case of Burke or De Tocqueville, it is quite certain that our colonies possess "paper constitutions," that the institutions of England have been transferred, apparently without much damage, into the midst of absolutely democratic societies, and that these institutions have taken fair root, and are working satisfactorily. No doubt they have been modified in the transfer, and will be yet more modified as time goes on; but this of itself throws light on a question often discussed, whether political institutions can bear artificial modification at all, while the character or tendency of the changes which the new conditions have produced furnishes an endless field of political speculation. The introduction of representative institutions is all the more remarkable as an experiment from its having been a deliberate one, not a concession extorted from the mother-country by pressure on the part of its offshoots, but a voluntary gift made on the distinct grounds of justice and expediency. If not the most notorious, it may probably turn out to have been the most important result, so far as the after-history of the world is concerned, of the Reform Bill of 1832. From the revolt of America up to that time, the tendency of our colonial administration had been in the opposite direction. The old independence of the "plantations" was rudely contested. Not only was the dominion of the Crown absolute in colonies acquired by conquest or cession, but in the so-called free colonies the older self-government was reduced to little more than a form by the influence of the Governors over their nominated Councils, by the power which the Colonial Office exercised of disallowing all Acts which met with its disapproval, by the practice of dealing with public lands as subject directly to the Crown, and by the reservation of colonial appointments as a part of English Ministerial patronage. The system was partly undermined by the abandonment in some measure of this monopoly of office, and by the new commercial policy of the mother-country, before the great change which swept almost the whole of it away; but the words of Lord Durham, when introducing responsible government into the Canadas, imply a revolution in our political ideas on the whole subject. "If in the hidden decrees of that wisdom by which the world is ruled it is written that these countries are not for ever to remain portions of the

\* *The Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire, including Indian Institutions.* By Sir Edward Creasy, M.A., Author of "The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution," "The History of England," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

Empire, we owe to our honour that when they separate from us they should not be the only countries on the American continent in which the Anglo-Saxon race shall be found unfit to govern itself."

When Burke distinguished "the Constitution of the British Empire from the Constitution of Britain," the first was a far simpler matter than it is now. Over the whole of its vast colonial dominion the Imperial Parliament is supreme, but the supremacy is exerted in very different ways and in very different degrees as it passes from one colony to another. Without dwelling on the exceptional instance of the Channel Islands, or on military posts such as Aden or Gibraltar, we have "Crown colonies" like the Straits Settlements or those of the African seaboard, where legislation and administration are absolutely in the hands of the Government at home; colonies like Ceylon, where this purely Crown rule is tempered by the retention of the Roman-Dutch law of previous conquerors; colonies like the Mauritius, where a consultative, but non-official, Council is chosen by the Government itself; or like Natal, where the Council is still consultative, but elected by the colonists; colonies like that of the Cape, possessing representative institutions, but not responsible government; or, finally, like Canada or the bulk of the Australian colonies, in full possession of both. Almost every shade of constitutional life is to be found in the group of British dependencies, and with each shade comes a difference of relation towards the mother-country. It is difficult in some instances to see on what principle the constitutional character of our various possessions is determined; why, for instance, Trinidad remains purely a Crown colony, while most of its fellow-islands possess representative institutions. Still, however much colonies may differ from one another, the connexion with the mother-country binds the whole group together. It is perhaps a proof of the future which is reserved for the principle of federalism, that the tendency of our colonies just now appears to be in favour of a federal relation both towards the mother-country and amongst themselves. The grant of representative institutions, the establishment of responsible government, the possession of full legislative power over internal affairs, commercial independence—such are the gradual steps by which Canada or Victoria has risen from the condition of the bailiwicks of Bern to that of the Canton itself. In yielding to the colonies the control over the military force raised within their bounds England is exactly reversing the process which the revisers of the Swiss Constitution attempted the other day. But in spite of the common talk on the subject, the freest English colony is no more independent than a Swiss Canton was after the Treaty of Vienna. The central Power reserves to itself the right of peace and war, it conducts all diplomatic transactions, it reserves to its Courts the ultimate appeal from those of its dependencies. The supremacy of its Legislature, although cautiously exercised, is still undoubted; it nominates in every case the Governor of the colony, and through him appoints to colonial offices, and exercises control over colonial legislation. Finally, it reserves to itself the right of annulling all Acts of the colonial Legislature which seem prejudicial either to the well-being of the colony or of the Empire at large. It is plain that, with a control so extensive as this, our colonies can hardly be regarded as the independent Republics which careless politicians are in the habit of styling them. But their relation to each other is tending to become as federal in character as their relation to the mother-country. Antigua is taking the lead in a federation of the Leeward Isles; the process of union is being slowly carried on in Canada; it is the obvious future of the Australian colonies. To the political student nothing can be more interesting than to watch the manner in which this double federation is being brought about, and the way in which the newer relation must of necessity modify the old. But for the statesman, whether of the mother-country or the colonies, we can hardly conceive a process of more delicacy and difficulty.

From all purely colonial problems such as these India stands apart. It is in fact not a colony, but a dependency. Of its one hundred and fifty millions of subject inhabitants, only one hundred and thirty thousand belong to the conquering race. Of these, again, one-half are soldiers governed by military law, and the bulk of the other half are officials controlled by the regulations of the service to which they belong. It is only in the sense, therefore, of an administrative machinery that we can talk of a "Constitution" in the case of India. But, viewed in this way, it is worth far more attentive study than English political speculators have as yet devoted to it. The administration of India is necessarily despotic, but it is a despotism tempered by checks which arise naturally from local circumstances, but which could hardly exist elsewhere. No such trust has ever been confided to a single man as is confided to the Governor-General. He governs, in fact, at his will a country as large and a population as great as that of all Europe with the exception of Russia. But he governs it under the control and supervision of the Parliament at home, in strict responsibility therefore to a Power which, though too ignorant of India and too remote to fetter his action on points of detail, prescribes his main lines of policy, and holds him sternly accountable for the justice and wisdom of his rule. Not only, however, is this home control exercised by a Secretary of State under the advice of a Council composed of retired Indian officials, but each half the Governor-General is expected to sit in personal conference with the councils of a Cabinet of Ministers, not by himself, but by the Government of India. He may, and on occasion does, override the

peculiarities of this pro-consular system, he is bound to ask their opinion and to see it placed elaborately on record should any difference arise. Nor is this all. He governs through a service highly organized and with definite political traditions and associations of its own, each member of which is accustomed and encouraged to place his own opinion and its grounds before his official superiors, even when yielding to their will. It is in this singular combination of "government by reason," with the most absolute independence of action in case of necessity, that the position of the Governor-General is so unique. It is in supplying us with new administrative and constitutional forms such as these, that the study of dependencies and colonies is of political utility. We should have been glad if Sir Edward Creasy had discussed even one of the many problems which the facts he has collected so vividly suggest.

#### MR. BUCHANAN AND THE FLESHLY POETS.\*

SOME months ago an article on what was called the "Fleashly School of Poets" appeared in one of the magazines. It purported to be written by "Thomas Maitland," a name previously unknown to literature, and handled very severely the poetical compositions of Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne. It was afterwards discovered that "Thomas Maitland" was in reality Mr. Robert Buchanan, and Mr. Rossetti and his friends protested indignantly against the unfairness of one writer of poetry disguising himself, like a bravo in slouched beaver and muffled cloak, in order to attack his more successful rivals, and indirectly, if not directly, to praise himself. For "Thomas Maitland" referred to Mr. Buchanan by name, and accused Mr. Rossetti of borrowing ideas from his verses. The controversy sputtered hotly for a week or two and then went out. The personal question at issue seems to us to be a very small one, and it is a pity it should not be forgotten. But as Mr. Buchanan has thought it worth while to trouble the public with it once more, and as he seems to be still unable to comprehend his own or his editor's error in the matter, we will say just one word about it. Mr. Buchanan explains that the *alias* was affixed to the essay "in order that the criticism might rest upon its own merits, and gain nothing from the name of the real writer." The answer to this is, we think, that under the circumstances the article would not have gained by the name of the writer being frankly avowed. In the form in which it was published it professed to be a candid estimate of a particular school of poetry by an independent and impartial writer. If it had been known that it was in reality one poet decrying the works of his rivals in business, its impartiality would at once have been suspected. We are speaking now, of course, of the effect of the article on what is called "the general reader," who is not supposed to be in a position to weigh criticism to much purpose for himself, and who, coming across a critic whom he believes to be unprejudiced and disinterested, is disposed to accept his judgment accordingly, but who would be put on his guard if he knew that there was, or might be, a professional animus lurking under the affectation of judicial candour. In the old romances we occasionally read of a knight of tremendous prowess and overpowering reputation, who found it necessary, in order not to alarm antagonists too much, to enter the lists with closed vizor and borrowed shield; but Mr. Buchanan is hardly a combatant of this description. There is no reason to suppose that his name carries with it an oracular authority which would be fatal to the free exercise of private judgment; and, on the other hand, it is conceivable that the general reader would appreciate the necessity of examining his *dicta* more cautiously when aware of the peculiar relations of the critic to the objects of his criticism. At the same time, as we said before, the question is really a very small one; and it might have been more dignified on the part of Mr. Rossetti and his admirers to deal with Mr. Buchanan's essay on its merits, if they thought it worth while to take notice of it at all. But it is characteristic of a sect or coterie to resent criticism as in itself an outrage, and to assume, with or without reason, that it can only spring from personal malevolence.

There is a good deal to be said about the unwholesomeness not only of Mr. Rossetti's and Mr. Swinburne's poetry, but of the atmosphere of mutual admiration in which they and their associates appear to live and move and have their being, and which is destructive, not only of healthy vigour, but of some of the best impulses of art. But, apart from the question of Mr. Buchanan's good taste in putting himself forward as *advocatus diaboli*, it may be doubted whether he has shown himself capable of doing justice to his case. He has now republished his essay in a revised and expanded form; but, unfortunately, the flippancy, the arrogance, and the distemper of the original article still remain. The impression with which one rises from the perusal of this pamphlet is that the writer must be suffering from a morbidly quick and sensitive perception of unseemly suggestions. He seems to be continually sniffing for nastiness, and sometimes we cannot help thinking that his imagination detects odours which no one else would perceive. Mr. Buchanan would appear not to have cultivated with much success the poet's faculty of looking at the best and purest side of things. He begins by telling us how, coming up to town from a remote retreat in the Highlands, he looked about to see "all that a man with eyes can see." What

\* The *Fleashly School of Poetry*, and other *Phantasies* of Robert Buchanan. London: Street & Co.



had most impressed him in former years were such things as these:—"The listless imbecility and superficiality of the moneyed vulgar," "the shapelessness of women who feed high and take no exercise," and so on. But now he is fascinated by a horrid thing which threatens and paralyzes him. He sees it on every side—in the street, on the stage, in books, on canvas. It is, he goes on to tell us, *Legs*. There is a well-known form of disease in which the patient is pursued by beetles or snakes, or other nasty things, always swarming before his eyes, on the floor, the walls, the roof. Mr. Buchanan is haunted by legs. He has sought refuge, it would seem, in sweet-stuff shops as the most innocent places he could think of; but even there, in defiance of the *debuter puerie*, "among the commoner sorts of confectionery may be seen this year models of the female leg, the whole"—but here Mr. Buchanan goes into details which we prefer to leave in his own pages. There is, he allows, nothing to be said against legs in themselves and in their proper sphere, but he protests against their being "obtruded into every concern of life," and he objects especially to legs in sugar. It is only in "the higher circles" that Mr. Buchanan escapes from this distressing exhibition; but still his uneasy modesty finds no relief; for although he sees no legs in the drawing-room he is confronted with other sights which make him long to borrow Tartuffe's handkerchief. We are not prepared to defend all the eccentricities of what ladies call full dress, and it is impossible to deny that an unpleasant taint of sensualism is observable in various branches of literature and art. But we certainly pity the state of mind of any one whose modesty is outraged every time he goes to an evening party, and who is put to the blush by the voluptuous images of children's sweet-stuff. We are surprised that Mr. Buchanan does not see that in making these confessions he exposes himself to an obvious retort from Mr. Rossetti and his friends. To the pure in spirit all things are pure, but Mr. Buchanan's purity is of that uncomfortable kind which is constantly detecting unclean and lascivious suggestions in the most unlikely quarters.

Mr. Buchanan intimates that he at one time thought of treating the Leg-disease in its relation to painting, music, literature, the theatre, and society at large; but he reserves this great work for a future occasion. For the present he is content to deal with sensualism only in so far as it affects contemporary poetry. On reflection Mr. Buchanan may perhaps be disposed to postpone indefinitely the publication of his *magnum opus*. If we may judge from the present example, it may be doubted whether his mode of treatment is not on the whole rather worse than the disease to which it is applied. We have heard of a well-known prelate delivering a sermon on the weaknesses of the flesh for the edification of a militia regiment, which from its suggestive warmth of tone produced an effect the very reverse of that intended. We are afraid Mr. Buchanan has fallen into a similar error. He has no difficulty in showing that there is a great deal of wanton nastiness in Mr. Swinburne's early poems, and that Mr. Rossetti's writings also contain passages of a highly offensive kind. It has been suggested that Mr. Swinburne has been overwhelmed with moral reprobation on account of his free-love heresies, while Mr. Rossetti conciliates conventional propriety by confining himself to nuptial confidences, and practising his erotic pranks under a certificate from Doctors' Commons. For our own part we think the old-fashioned notions are the best, and that there are some subjects which poets and artists had better let alone, or which, at least, they are justified in touching only when they have a distinct and important moral purpose in view, and not mere dalliance and sport. Honest plain-speaking is an excellent thing in its way, and possibly the world might be better for a little more of it. But honest plainness of speech is not the characteristic of the *Fleashy School*, any more than simple straightforwardness of thought. It is their sickly self-consciousness, their emaculated delight in brooding over and toying with matters which healthy, manly men put out of their thoughts, not by an effort, but unconsciously, by a natural and wholesome instinct—it is, in short, their utter unmanliness which is at once so disgusting, and, so far as they exercise any influence, so mischievous. And on the whole we are not sure that Mr. Rossetti's poetry is not more mischievous in its way than Mr. Swinburne's. In the latter there is at times a fitful breeziness from out-of-doors, while with Mr. Rossetti the shutters seem to be always closed, the blinds down, there are candles for sunshine, and the atmosphere is of a close heavy kind that reminds one alternately of the sick-room and the conservatory, so that one longs, even in the midst of genuine admiration for so much artistic subtlety, to fling open a window and let in some honest daylight and some good fresh air. At the same time, while there is, as we think, much that is unhealthy in the author of the "Blessed Damsel" as well as in the author of "Dolores" and "Anactoria," the most objectionable of their writings necessarily appear far worse when carefully extracted and served up by themselves, as in Mr. Buchanan's pamphlet, than in their original form. A reader who was not sharply on the look-out for such things might pass over not a few of them in a book without detecting the evil meanings which Mr. Buchanan has exerted himself to make quite plain; while other passages of which probably no one could mistake the purport look even more repulsive when detached from the context. In some of the expurgated editions of the classics the naughty passages used to be collected into supplements, where any one with a taste that way could find them at once without the trouble of searching for them; and Mr. Buchanan's brochure is a handy catalogue of a

similar kind. We certainly cannot recommend it for general perusal. Even Baudelaire, we should imagine, must be less harmful in the original than when his foulest is condensed, pointed, italicized, and generally elucidated by Mr. Buchanan's purring ingenuity. There is much autobiographical matter in the pamphlet which can hardly be said to have any present value. Some day perhaps it may be interesting to the world to know that Mr. Buchanan relishes Walt Whitman, that he "beguiles many an hour, when snug at anchor in some lovely Highland loch," with Paul de Kock, and that generally he is well up in selectos literature, and not at all a purist. To some there may seem to be an inconsistency in any one who enjoys Walt Whitman being shocked by Mr. Rossetti, and put to the blush by the latest fashion in lollipops whenever he enters a confectioner's shop. There is unhappily a spreading taint of sensualism, which may be traced in various directions at the present moment, but it may be seriously doubted whether such productions as this pamphlet are not calculated rather to minister to than to check it.

#### LIFE OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.\*

(Second Notice.)

LORD MACAULAY was once indignant, and not unjustly, with an editor who, in publishing an edition of his speeches, made him talk about "the Pandects of the Benares." Mr. Merivale does not need to be informed what sort of a thing a Pandit is, and where Benares is situated. But there are misnomers and misprints, as well as innumerable errors, in the two volumes before us, especially in the second, for which the editor, by his own admission, must be held mainly responsible. It is no answer to urge that Indian terms are strange, and that Oriental spelling is capricious. We shall give a few examples to justify these strictures. At page 120 it is stated that Lord Dalhousie was forty-two years of age when appointed to the office of Governor-General. The truth is, he was barely thirty-six, having been born in 1812, and nominated in 1847. In November 1852 Sir H. Lawrence is represented as writing to congratulate the late Lord Hardinge, then in England, on his promotion to a viscounty. The fact is that the title was conferred in 1846, after the first Sikh war, as may be seen in any contemporary history, or in Burke. The congratulations probably referred to the succession of Lord Hardinge to the office of Commander-in-Chief, vacated by the death of the Duke of Wellington in September 1852. Kerowlie, a chieftainship in Rajpootana is in one place obviously meant for the hill-station of Kussowlie. Malikari is put for Motharee, or Chumparun. The grandson of Runjeet Sing was Nao Nihal, and not Rao Nihal Sing. Kagnath is put for Raghunath; Nil Main for Nil Mani; *holder* for *biddar*; the well-known and able Sikh Dewan or Chancellor is mentioned as Daana Nath and Dina Natta, instead of Dinonath; Sheikh Imamuddin becomes Namuddin, and so on. We apprehend Jowehia Sing to be intended for Jawahir Sing. We doubt very much if there can be such a mountain as "Paraputnath" visible from Khatmandoo. There is doubtless a Parasnath in the Himalayas as elsewhere. The word "nugger," or right, is put into the mouth of a Rajpoot prince, when probably "nyaya" or "huk" was said and written. Then we have Coooper for Cooper, Hogge for Hogg, and Reynold for Reynell Taylor. Natives do not wear *chupans*, but *chupans*. Pootlee, English readers require to be told, means puppet, or, in Carlylese, a sham and windbag. Mr. H. C. Tucker was not at Allahabad during the mutiny, but at Benares, at which place he nobly earned, and got, his O.B.ship. We may observe further that an offensive paragraph about the views entertained by Mr. George Campbell, the present able Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal (p. 260, vol. ii.), might very well have been omitted. It is not just, and Sir H. Lawrence himself, on a calm review, would have been the first person to strike it out. Again, at page 383, Mr. Merivale says that, "as Lord Canning died in India," Sir Henry, had he lived, would have succeeded to the Viceroyalty; and the editor then goes on to say, that Sir W. Denison succeeded on Lord Canning's death. The real state of things is, that Lord Elgin relieved Lord Canning, in India, in March 1862; that the ex-Viceroy died in England, in June of the same year; and that Lord Elgin died as Viceroy in the Himalayas in November 1863, after a rule of some twenty months, whereupon Sir W. Denison was summoned from Madras until the arrival of Lord Lawrence. All these mistakes might have been avoided if the editor had only taken the trouble to send his proofs to some member of the family, or to some unattached Indian officer, at home on furlough. His position as biographer, and his connexion with the India Office, rendered this duty as easy as it was imperative. Putting aside these annoying blunders, the letterpress is good. The correspondence is well-selected and well woven together; the character is drawn without adulation, and without concealment of those imperfections which do not, after all, impair its high worth and dignity; and the result is that we have a valuable addition to that mass of biographical literature which conveys more sound and practical teaching than volumes of homilies and sermons.

We now take up Lawrence's career as Resident of Nepal. No place at a native Court can be other than important, although, owing to the extreme jealousy of English interference or advice,

\* *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.* By the late Major-General Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwards, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and Herman Merivale, Esq., C.B. &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

and to its comparative isolation, there is much less to do at Khatmandoo than there is at Mount Aboo, Hyderabad, Baroda, or even Cashmere. While there, Lawrence actually witnessed a Suttee, and his description of this extraordinary rite might, with a very few alterations, take the place of that given by Diodorus Siculus as an episode of the contest between Eumenes and Antiochus, at an interval of some twenty centuries. He had also ample leisure for those literary pursuits of which, as giving significance and variety to his active career, he had always been fond. But the time was at hand when he was to put in practice his early theories and speculations in a wide and a worthy field. Major Broadfoot, who had been brought up from the Tenasserim Provinces to succeed Colonel Richmond on the frontier, was killed as he was riding close to Lord Hardinge in the Sikh entrenchments at Ferozshah. Lawrence was at once sent for to fill the vacancy, and with a promptitude worthy of Napier himself he joined the camp of the Sutlej in five days. After the battle of Sobraon the Governor-General, as he told the Sikh Vakil that he would do, dictated peace under the walls of Lahore. The tract called the Jullunder Doab, comprising three fine districts and lying between the Sutlej and the river Beas, was annexed, and Mr. John Lawrence was sent for from Delhi and made its Commissioner. It is curious that Mr. Merivale gives the Chenab as the boundary of this tract in one passage, and in another calls it the Cis-Sutlej division. The boundaries are as we have given them above, and the Commissionership has always been known as that of the Trans-Sutlej districts. The occupation of Lahore, the transfer of Cashmere to Maharaja Gholab Sing, and the administration of the empire of Runjeet by a Council of Regency, with Lawrence at its head, for the benefit of the minor who is now amongst us as a visitor, with other incidents, have long been matter of history, and we need not now dwell on them. Mr. Merivale refers to the slight *émeute* at Lahore, which was apparently caused by the conduct of a sentry who wounded one of a string of bullocks at a gateway. In reality, the affair was a protest against cow-killing. Mr. Merivale does not mention a well-known saying of the time which Sir Herbert Edwardes would in all probability have recorded. Edwardes, while riding through the streets of Lahore in attendance on his chief, who wished to quiet the people, was struck on the head by a brickbat, and it was said that, in revenge for the ill-treatment of the sacred animals, the cows, the Sikhs had broken the head of our "Brahmicide Bull"; this being the *nom de plume* which is alluded to in one of the letters, and under which a few years previously Edwardes had written a series of animated papers which had brought him into notice. The refusal of Sheikh Imamuddin to deliver up Cashmere to our ally and tributary, and the conspiracy and trial of Lal Sing, are now forgotten except by the diligent student of Indian history. But Mr. Merivale, quoting from the *Calcutta Review*, truly remarks that the "feat of compelling the culpable Lahore Durbar, with its chief conspirator, Lal Sing, at its head, to make over, in the most marked and humiliating manner, the richest province in the Punjab, to the one man most detested by the Khales, was the real victory of the campaign." It illustrates some of the best points in Lawrence's character—his tact, firmness, personal influence, and power to carry out a settled policy in defiance of all opposition and intrigue.

We must pass over the events of the second Sikh campaign. Lawrence left India for a time, with Lord Hardinge, trusting that matters would run a smooth course in his absence. He returned within the year to find the Sikh army in the field, the Regency dissolved, annexation impending as a positive necessity, and the great Proconsul, as he has been termed, ready to avail himself of the services of Lawrence and his brother in making the country of the Five Rivers not merely a barrier against invasion from the North, but a well-ordered and civilized province, if not a model to other Presidencies and administrators. The story of the pacification, settlement, and progress of the Punjab has often been told in Anglo-Indian literature. After making every allowance for the favourable circumstances of the period, the picked officials, the eminent talents of the two brothers who were the mainsprings of the Commission, the wide arena, the large discretion conceded, and the vigorous will of the Governor-General, we must still pronounce this policy to be an unprecedented success. For nearly four years did Henry Lawrence labour as President of the Board at Lahore, and the termination of his connexion with that body and with the province was brought about by circumstances which, if annoying to a quick and sensitive spirit, are not in the least derogatory to his fame and character. This epoch, fraught with administrative triumphs for the Government and with benefits for the population, gave rise to important differences between Henry Lawrence and his brother John, which ended only as such discussions must end in any Cabinet, Council, Board, or Commission in the world. The story is fully and impartially told by Mr. Merivale. Henry Lawrence held views in regard to the native aristocracy, rent, free grants, resumptions, proprietorship, tenant-right, and so forth, very dissimilar to those of his brother. For some time these controversies were productive only of delay, deliberation, and ultimate good. After a while they became an impediment to business, and almost a discredit to the State. Lord Dalhousie sided with the younger brother, and, taking advantage of a hint as to retirement thrown out by the President of the Board, made him the offer of the Residentsip of Rajpootana. This was accepted by Henry Lawrence, not of course without mortification; the Board was dissolved, a Chief Commissionership was created and bestowed upon John Lawrence, and the elder brother retired from the

province where years before he had gained his first diplomatic honours, and where he had so successfully laboured to reconcile a proud and warlike population to the burden as well as to the advantage of our unbending rule. Mr. Merivale appears to think, and so do we, that Lord Dalhousie's conduct was neither unjust nor unreasonable, and that, in fact, he had no option in the course which he took. Any Viceroy and leader of men, more especially one of the vigorous and determined character of Lord Dalhousie, must be allowed to enforce his own policy, through his own agents, in his own fashion. And however the personal friends and adherents of Henry Lawrence—and they were neither few nor unimportant—might regret the termination of the controversy, it could have ended in no other way. The extremely creditable part of the affair is that it produced neither alienation nor personal ill-feeling between the two brothers. They continued to correspond on terms of regard and affection to the end, and, as Lord Campbell remarks of the two brothers Scott, they stood that trial of prosperity which is often a more searching test than very marked inequality of fortune. But it must not be imagined that Lord Dalhousie undervalued the character and services of Henry Lawrence. He retired from the Punjab with honour and emoluments to fill what was then the highest post at the disposal of Government, the Residentsip in Rajpootana. That of Hyderabad, when vacated by General Low for a seat in Council, was offered to him soon afterwards; and we learn for the first time from these volumes that it had been the wish of the same Governor-General to send Lawrence to Oudh about the time of annexation.

In Rajpootana Lawrence found a by no means uncongenial field for the exercise of his talents, in temperately advising, quietly reproving, and honestly encouraging, its high-spirited chiefs; and here, as elsewhere, his just perceptions of Oriental character preserved him from the error of soothing folly and exalting vice. But there now befell him a calamity to which all official worries, disappointments, or vicissitudes were as nothing. The health of Lady Lawrence had been for some time declining, and she died in January 1854. These two volumes contain abundant proof of the strength, delicacy, and purity of her nature, of the admiration and respect which she inspired in her own circle, and of the devotion with which she was regarded by her husband. No more worthy Englishwoman has ever shared the honours or lessened the sorrows and anxieties of an Indian career.

The remainder of Lawrence's career in Rajpootana has some interest, but little of animation. In spite of failing strength and irreparable bereavement, he still continued at his post, devoted to work, and full of original plans and useful speculations in politics. The end was now nigh. General Outram, who had been sent to Oudh, which was a hotbed of controversy, was required for the Persian campaign, and Lawrence was selected by Lord Canning to fill the vacancy at Lucknow. He reached his post towards the end of March 1857, when the first low mutterings of thunder had already announced the gathering of that tempest which was destined to dissolve an army, to reduce an administration to chaos, to bring to light no trifling array of defects and errors, and yet to result in the sudden making or vindication of many noble names. If anything could have arrested or crushed the rebellious spirit of the sepoys, it would have been the presence and attitude of men like Henry Lawrence. But things had gone too far to be arrested by earnest expostulation, charm of manner, or personal influence. It is, however, mainly due to Lawrence's foresight, choice of situation, and collection of supplies and ammunition, that the garrison of Lucknow was enabled to make that stubborn and splendid resistance which has added another name to the catalogue of memorable sieges. On the 29th of June Lawrence led out his small force to the disastrous battle of Chinhut. On the evening of that day the siege may be said to have commenced. On the morning of the 2nd of July the shell was fired into the Residency which cost Lawrence his life. The affecting details of this incident, which are recorded by eye-witnesses, we shall not attempt to weaken by analysis or epitome. Nothing can be in better taste or keeping than the account selected or given by Mr. Merivale of the closing scene. The soldier and statesman was buried near the place where he fell, like another commander some fifty years before, amidst the roar of cannon which the foe was sullenly firing. The spot, amid the mouldering walls of the Residency, is already familiar to a score of tourists, not to speak of hundreds of Anglo-Indian officials.

Indian statesmen will find much food for thought and reflection, and something to criticize, in the opinions recorded by Sir H. Lawrence on some of the vexed problems of their time. But one point in his character cannot be too strongly recommended for imitation. A considerate patron of natives, zealous and vigilant for their rights and privileges, and tender to their very prejudices, Lawrence was never for one moment blind to the radical defects of the Oriental temperament. One of his maxims was "that he never yet saw a native the better for yielding to him." Of the Rajpoots he writes that there is "little of any truth or honesty in them, and not much more manliness." In all his dealings with prince or peasant, envoy or subordinate, astute Brahmin or distrustful sepoy, there is the same courtesy and generosity, the same unvarying good faith and honour, and the same acute perception of the national vices. Some writers and administrators act towards the Hindoos as contemptuously as the countrymen of Cain the Censor would have acted to the Greeks of the Lower Empire; others accept success in a competitive examination and the veneer and varnish of English literature as complete testimonials to moral and political worth, and are quite willing to believe that a young native who can quote Milton and write a speech in English must necessarily be fitted to rule over a subject

community of Asiatics and Europeans, and to represent the governing power on the banks of the Jumna or the Jhelum. Lawrence was the slave of no such idols. He read the native character as a practised Oriental scholar reads off his Persian manuscript; but he showed, in his sayings and doings, that happy mixture of conciliation and firmness which commands reverence from Orientals, and by which they must be ruled. Amidst all his dislike to annexation and encroachment, it is somewhat startling to find that he would have been quite prepared to take the kingdom of Nepal if the Ghoras gave trouble, and so to complete "a splendid frontier in the Snowy Mountains." In respect of Afghanistan he correctly marked out one part of the policy which was subsequently adopted by his brother, and consummated by Lord Mayo. He deprecated what several alarmists and editors have advocated, "poking interference," and the deputation of an armed force beyond the Khyber. In one or two other points his prescience seems to have been at fault. It has been found prudent and politic to send money, and not men, to Cabul. And it is not "nonsense to put natives into Council, or to make them Sudder Judges." On the contrary, three natives have in succession justified their elevation to the bench of the High Court of Calcutta; and their nomination to Councils, in all three Presidencies, has had the double effect of gratifying national self-love and of bringing a fund of practical experience to the discussion of various troublesome questions. What natives are not yet fitted for is an executive position which demands impartiality in dealing with conflicting interests, vigour and promptness in action, and readiness to assume responsibility.

The happiest conception of Lawrence's career was the asylum which bears his name. It is designed for the education of the children, especially the daughters, of English soldiers. To this object he gave his time, his savings, and his influence; and the institution which he erected at Sanawar, near Kussowlie, on the first ridge of the Himalayas, has served as a model for similar institutions elsewhere. A tablet to the memory of Lady Lawrence adorns the walls of this asylum; and we may here mention, what apparently has escaped Mr. Merivale, that an excellent statue of her husband may be seen in St. Paul's. The eldest son, who entered the civil service, was killed by a fall from a bridge while travelling through the Himalayas during the Viceroyalty of his uncle, and the posthumous and hereditary honours are now borne by Sir Henry's grandson. One little girl, called after the sister so often named in the correspondence, lies buried at the hill station of Subathoo, and a son and daughter still survive their high-minded father.

The reader of this biography will hardly need to be informed that Henry Lawrence was often hot and impetuous, sensitive to criticism, and prone to assume that men were personally hostile to him when he could not exactly have his own way. But these are precisely the infirmities which we might expect in a quick, thoughtful, and chivalrous temperament. Like all who are born to lead, he founded an official school of his own, and his memory is still cherished by numerous adherents and friends. Not to speak of the proffered Viceroyalty, which he did not live to hear of, he had, in his day, esteem and honour sufficient to stimulate a laudable ambition in the profession and in the country in which these volumes will have the widest circulation and will create the liveliest interest. But the story of such a life and death, of difficulties so manfully encountered, of earnestness at the last so tempered by charity, and of duty so nobly performed, may well be read with advantage by young Englishmen of every class and profession.

#### LUCY FITZADAM.\*

WHEN it falls to our lot to read a new novel by an unknown author a faint hope sometimes occurs to us that we may be witnessing the first appearance of a Miss Austen or a Miss Brontë. Every now and then we see that some bold critic announces that such a phenomenon has actually risen above the literary horizon. A good many years, however, have elapsed since any such confident announcement has been justified. We would not say that the art of novel-writing is decaying; for some authors of established reputation are still amongst us, and, as we may hope, are still capable of repeating their early triumphs. But it is about time that new candidates for the higher honours of the profession should be making their appearance; and whenever we come across a few sentences showing real freshness of imagination, or a touch of genuine humour, we hope for a few moments that our weary waiting is about to meet with its reward. *Lucy Fitzadam*, the book before us, is certainly not destined to create such a sensation as *Jane Eyre* or the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Indeed, we may say at once that it is not likely to be a popular story. In spite of certain merits, it has, as we shall presently remark, some very serious faults, and faults which are precisely of the kind most likely to hinder a decided success. And yet it also has merits sufficiently rare to justify the hope that its author may do well when she has gained more literary experience. We do not mean to say that she is likely to rival the eminent novelists whom we have mentioned; nor, indeed, is it ever safe to assume that faults which we set down to inexperience may not grow more instead of less conspicuous. Unluckily the cases are numerous in which the tares have more vitality than the wheat; and the good

qualities which have led us to prognosticate success make themselves less evident at every successive attempt. However, it is our duty to be critics, not prophets; and we shall therefore be content to indicate the merits which induce us to expect better things from the author of *Lucy Fitzadam*, and the faults which at present materially interfere with our enjoyment. Which of them will succeed in choking the other is a question which must be left to the decision of time.

We may say then that, in the first place, the author has a pleasant sense of humour, and a keen perception of character. Although the novel is in the form of an autobiography, and the lady has to describe her successful lover, he is not, singular to relate, an unmitigated prig, or an impossible mass of perfection. The writing reminds us occasionally of Miss Brontë, though it does not venture into the same flights of rhetoric, or deal with the same vehement passions; still we seem every now and then to catch the same tone, though the resemblance is perhaps heightened by the fact that the scene is partly laid in the district of Yorkshire described in *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*. The eloquence, however, is tempered by a good deal of pleasant ridicule bestowed upon her own girlish impulsiveness by the supposed autobiographer. Then there is much smart but kindly satire of life in a small country town, and of the religious eccentricities of various old maids and clergymen. Unluckily these good qualities are wasted on a story of extremely awkward construction. The author, we should fancy, is unduly troubled by the fear of being dull. Her unfortunate heroine is kept constantly on the move, and we have in the two volumes sketches of life in Somersetshire, in a London suburb, and in Yorkshire. Such a shifting of scenery, unless well managed, is apt to be prejudicial to the due harmony of effect. It is the more vexatious in this case because we cannot help fancying that the young lady is sent on her travels, not from regard to the exigencies of the story, but because the author had a few descriptions of these different districts on hand. The consequence is that the devices by which these movements are brought about are of a very clumsy character. The heroine, for example, receives an anonymous communication in London, to which place she has retired for no very intelligible reason, stating that her lover is the father of an illegitimate child born in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Instead of acquainting her lover, as she was bound to do in common justice, with this imputation on his character, she goes off by herself to Yorkshire, ostensibly that she may inspect the register of births, which could throw no light upon the subject, but really that she may give an opportunity for a description of the moors near Ingleborough and Penigent. The whole expedition is otherwise palpably absurd and beside the purpose; and, what is worse, it involves maintaining a very silly mystery and then telling the story backwards, after the dreary old fashion, by a long series of mutual explanations. We will venture to suggest to the author that, though we have no objection on principle to murder, seduction, or any other desirable mode of giving interest to a novel, we always resent having the narrative dealt out to us in this vexatiously roundabout method. Nothing, we take it, was a greater mistake in point of art than the old custom favoured by Sir Walter Scott, and other less eminent authorities, of trying to cheat readers into taking interest in a story by concealing from them half the essential points till the last few pages. A story which has not enough intrinsic interest to bear being told straightforwardly is, as a general rule, a story which is not worth telling in any way to grown-up readers. The artifice is a childish one, or, at any rate, is only pardonable in fictions of very skilful construction. When the story, as in this case, is complicated, and yet uninteresting, it is not made more lively by being presented to us as a series of conundrums. We are only too apt to give them up.

In consequence of these defects, which are probably the result of the author's insufficient confidence in her powers, the story fails to produce the effect which the power of some passages encourages us to expect. It contains many good characters, touched with real skill and delicacy, and yet they bother us by their mutual misunderstandings and the complicated situations which they occupy with regard to each other. Our attention is demanded to particular details, such as the discovery of an old packet of letters, which afterwards prove to have no sufficient influence on the development of the narrative; and we venture strongly to recommend the author, on her next attempt, to take a simple plot worked by a smaller number of actors, and to spend more labour in making her situations intelligible and less in perplexing them by unnecessary mystery. The pleasantest part of the book is perhaps the character of the autobiographer herself, a young lady who, except that she is described as pretty, reminds us vaguely of a softened edition of Miss Brontë's later heroines. She is a quiet, demure little person on the surface, but with a capacity for strong emotion and for unexpectedly taking up very vigorous lines of action. She is indeed more young-ladylike and fickle in her proceedings, and has a keener eye for some of her own absurdities. She becomes the ardent disciple of a young ritualistic clergyman, who soon goes over to Rome, and then she is carried away by the enthusiasm of a stern Calvinist preacher. Presently, however, she is reconciled to her lover, a powerful young man, rather of the muscular type but not quite idiotic, and speedily discovers that his views, which are of the Broad Church variety, are the only ones that can satisfy her aspirations. She writes a letter to the questionable heroine, who is on the point of perversion, and expects to bring her to reason by arguments contained on three or four sides of a sheet of note-paper. This well-meant effort at serving the truth fails; but that is a fate which

\* *Lucy Fitzadam. An Autobiography.* 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

has attended many elaborate treatises of several hundred times the length; and, after all, it is possible that the persecuted Mrs. Thain had already read such arguments as this:—"My dear Margaret, the Romanist and the Dissenter alike sneer at her as a compromise. They are right in their definition, and only wrong in their decision. She is a compromise; but therein lies her chief glory and her brightest hope." The sentiments are excellent; but a more experienced controversialist would scarcely have expected them to be decisive in their influence. Miss Fitzadam, indeed, is not an experienced controversialist, nor even a strong-minded lady, in spite of her enthusiasm, and her impetuosity, and her lively emotions. But she is an agreeable young woman all the same, and with much more vitality in her than nine-tenths of the heroines whose acquaintance we are doomed to make. Round her are grouped a variety of people who are all more or less amusing in their way, such, for example, as the provincial "man of Rome," who prefaces his lecture on music to the native Lyceum by the statement that he possesses no knowledge of Handel, Mozart, and others, and that what he does not possess he cannot communicate, and who then plunges into an account of the influence he has exerted during a residence of eighty years in the town; then states that he has written to the Secretary of State, suggesting the legislative protection of nightingales, and received no answer; and winds up by quotations from Dryden about heavenly harmony and the celebrated epigram as to tweedledum and tweedledee. Then we have a good specimen of the absent-minded and benevolent friend of the family, who is fond of vindicating the ways of Providence, and observes, *opropos* of the severe illness of the father of the family, whose progress to health is unpleasantly slow, that "all the mightiest operations of nature are gradual and inensible. Take, for instance, the earthquake." These and a good many other sketches show a happy, if not a very profound, vein of humour, which comes into agreeable contrast with more serious passages. We will not, however, indulge in any more quotations, which, to do them justice, must be given at greater length than our space will afford. We will content ourselves with observing that, if we have not discovered the coming novelist in the author of *Lucy Fitzadam*—a person for whom we may not improbably have still a long time to wait—we are glad to admit that her first attempt is creditable, and shows capacities which, when she better understands her own strong points, may be turned to much better account.

#### KING'S SIERRA NEVADA.\*

THE general scientific results of the Geological Survey of California conducted by Professor Whitney have already formed the subject of an interesting volume, the forerunner, we are glad to be assured, of others dealing with the subordinate divisions or aspects of the inquiry. So practically inexhaustible, as well as so comparatively new, are the geography and physical character of this part of the American continent, that we are predisposed to welcome any contribution to our knowledge which comes to us at first hand with the guarantee of personal observation and experience, or with the authority of technical acquaintance with the class of facts under investigation. The adventures and experiences of the surveying party have been treated in a less severe or more popular manner by Mr. Clarence King, a member of the Professor's staff, in *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*. With enough of scientific detail to afford a clear and instructive outline of the natural features of that most remarkable country, Mr. King's narrative combines a liveliness of perception and a graphic skill in portraying what meets his eye which will serve to recommend his work to the larger class of readers in general. Whether in face of the stupendous scenery of this mountain chain, or in the companionship with new and abnormal types of life here forced upon the traveller or the explorer, he shows that he possesses the gift of making himself thoroughly at home, together with the art of admitting his readers into fellowship with what he sees and sympathetic enjoyment of what he feels.

Mr. King devotes his opening chapter to a rapid survey of the mighty range of Western America in its general aspect—the whole series of rocky fastnesses which seem built up as a bulwark against the slowly invading billows of the Pacific. The grandest by far is the Sierra Nevada, a long and massive uplift dividing the arid desert of the Great Basin and the boundless Californian wealth of plain and valley. To the Sierras belong a structure and a physical character which are individual and unique. Their geological history goes far back to a time when the Atlantic and the Pacific formed one ocean, from whose accumulated depths of sand and stony debris was gradually upheaved in Palæozoic, or perhaps even in Asiatic ages, what is now the upper ridge of that mighty crest from which a wide continent stretches away on either hand from sea to sea. The result of the official survey is to refer to an early date in the Jurassic period the main elevation of this great sea-floor—a series of continuous upheavals, forming the mountain framework of the Western States, reaching as far east as Middle Wyoming and stretching from Mexico probably as far as Alaska. We should like to see Mr. King's proofs of the sudden outpouring of "wide zones of granite" through the yawning fissures and ruptured arcs of these Jurassic rock masses. Are we to infer that the granite is found widely and evenly overlying sedimentary deposits? Such at least is not

the way in which we should expect a geologist to speak of merely eruptive or intrusive veins of igneous rock breaking, however widely, the continuity of aqueous stratification. It was probably a shrinking of the mass of the continent which in the late Tertiary period tilted once more the floor of the ocean, thickly laid from cretaceous and early Tertiary deposits. During all this period the Pacific waves were away the western base of the Sierra Nevada, while wide and deep cañons were furrowed out of the mountain ridges by torrents which poured their freight of detritus in volumes into the sea. Then appeared the present system of coast ranges. The intermediate depression or trough, as it is called by Mr. King, forms the valley of California, and is therefore a more recent continental feature than the Sierra Nevada. Subsequent to this was the second great igneous outbreak, when sheets of lava poured down the slopes of the Sierra, when along the whole Pacific coast innumerable volcanic vents opened forth their fountains of fire, and groups of islands were thrown up from the bosom of the sea. Next came the Glacial age, when the Sierras formed one broad field of snow, when gigantic glaciers scooped out the forms of valleys, and scored their marks of growth and descent upon the rocky slopes. Finally ensued the present condition of mountain and valley which Mr. King makes it his task to portray. For the execution of this part of his work he thinks fit to apologise as desultory and inadequate; but it is only fair to him to bear in mind that his book is not so much of a scientific or systematic kind as a sketch of travel and adventure.

Whilst on duty at the Mariposa gold mines during the winter of 1864 Mr. King had been led by many observations of the High Sierra to fix upon a vast pile of white peaks, calculated by him to lie near the head of the King's and Kaweah rivers, as the crowning summit of the Nevada range. Induced by his representations, Professor Whitney during the ensuing summer proceeded to organize, under charge of Professor Brewer, a commission to explore and survey the new Alps, to which the author was attached as assistant geologist. From their camp, on an outlying spur of the great granite barrier, where their equipment was organized and the training of their Indian guides matured, Mr. King and his chosen companion Cotter set forth upon one of the most desperate enterprises recorded in the annals of travel, the ascent of those tempting peaks pronounced inaccessible by the experienced heads of the Survey. Lost for three days to their party below, who had sadly begun letters home reporting them missing beyond hope, this adventurous pair strove against physical risks and sufferings from climate exceeding all that we have heard from the lips of mountaineers. Each had to carry a knapsack forty pounds in weight, and their shoulders were soon worn into a black and blue state. What with barometer, compass, pocket-level, wet and dry bulb thermometer, note-books, cooked beans and venison enough for a week, with wraps and cooking utensils, they were terribly handicapped over this precipitous upward course. Frozen venison and miserably tepid tea, made by the aid of shavings from the barometer case, formed a poor breakfast after a night spent upon a sheet of granite, the pair hugging together to get warm. Their backs gradually petrified until they "whirled over and thawed them out together," and dozed again, "chocking themselves up with bits of granite inserted under their ribs and shoulders." In the face of the hard sheer front of precipices, only broken here and there into splintered projections, crevices, or shelves of granite, the sole chance was to lasso by a skillful upward throw some block or spire of rock, and haul up themselves and their precious load, dangling often over abysses thousands of feet in depth. Once safely landed upon the thin blade of a ridge thus perilously scaled, they had to work slowly along astride, only to find on reaching the summit the mighty gorge of the King's cañon, five thousand feet deep, forbidding their advance to the north, and the broader, though less deep, valley of the Kern river to the south. Their only hope lay in a descent of the Kern side of the defile, which, aided by the lasso, they effected by successive slides or drops from shelf to shelf, reaching the lowest level by a glissade and summersault down the long smooth snow slope, shooting out with the momentum like cannon-balls well nigh to the middle of the frozen lake. Through the thin transparent ice film, which cracked in all directions under them, they could see far down into the depths below. Our great wonder is how the precious barometer, generally borne with such gentle solicitude and care, survived the tremendous series of shocks. From the base of the great white mountain, climbing at first with difficulty in the dim moonlight two hours before dawn, the adventurous climbers, leaving their knapsacks at their camping place, and taking only their instruments, made good their foothold from ledge to ledge of the opposing granite wall, and at noon clasping hands over the top-most crest, reverently named the grand peak Mount Tyndall. To their surprise two still higher peaks were to be made out through the glass, to one of which, whose glorious summit, apparently inaccessible, is considered by Mr. King the highest point within the United States, they gave the name of Mount Whitney, disowning in consequence Shasta, with its volcanic peak of 14,400 feet, the ascent of which by the author, told in a later chapter, forms one of the most vivid incidents in the work. His book being unaccompanied by any kind of map or geographical outline whatever, the reader is unfairly thrown upon his own resources for the means of verifying a point upon the globe for which neither latitude nor longitude is given by the writer who announces the discovery. An omission so strange as this is enough to take away all scientific value from Mr. King's work. There are not many readers who have at hand the maps of the

\**Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*. By Clarence King. Boston, U.S. :



**United States Survey.** We may add that whatever pretensions our author may possess to a critical knowledge of the fine arts must be forfeited by his ridiculous profession of belief that Gothic architecture was directly inspired by granite forms:—

As I sat on Mount Tyndall, the whole mountains shaped themselves like the ruins of cathedrals—sharp roof-ridges, pinnacled and stained; buttresses more spirited and ornamented than Milan's; receding doorways with pointed arches carved into blank facades of granite, doors never to be opened, innumerable jutting points, with here and there a single cruciform peak, its frozen roof and granite spires so strikingly Gothic, I cannot doubt that the Alps furnished the models for early cathedrals of that order.

Of the Yosemite Valley, the towering grandeur of El Capitan, the mystic beauty of the Bridal Veil, or the giant vegetation of the Mariposa and the Merced, Mr King has not much to add to the very full and interesting Official Survey put forth by the Government of California, and reviewed in our columns a year and a half ago. There is, however, much force and picturesqueness in his description of a Sierra storm to which he and his party were exposed on the brink of the great cañon, where the granite wall went sheer down three thousand feet. Cowering under their blankets, the weight of which gradually became harder to bear, the party, freeing themselves by a sudden effort, found around them snow a foot and a half in depth. The great firs below were seen like solid cones of snow, now and then unloading themselves when severely bent by a sudden gust, and filling the air with dry white powder. During a momentary lull in the fury of the storm, a loud roar from Capitan heralded the fall of an avalanche, which, gathering volume and swiftness as it rushed from the dome-like summit to the brink, leaped out two or three hundred feet into space, filtering through the air till it floated like a silver cloud and reached the valley depth in faint blue mist. The Cathedral, Three Brothers, and Cloud's Nest, shot off in turn their mighty loads of snow, filling the air with their thunder, their pulverised masses sinking into the sea of purple cloud below. The tempest breaking out again with redoubled fury, effects on an unexampled scale of grandeur were displayed. "Strange games seemed to be played by the whirlwind with the fall of the Yosemite, of which the whole lip was filled to the brim, and poured forth its broad torrent of white." At one time a gust rushed upon the lip of the fall with such force as to dam back all its waters, the white pile or column retreating upwards until not a drop of water poured down the wall. This sight, familiar to all who see much of falls or shoots of water on a lesser scale, must have been inexpressibly grand where a flood of the volume of the Yosemite rushed over a cliff two thousand feet and more in height. Gathering strength after a while, the torrent overcame the wind, rushed out with tremendous violence, leaped a hundred and fifty feet straight out into the air, and fell clear to the rocks below, dashing high and white again, and breaking into a cloud of spray that filled the lower part of the Valley for a mile. At times the whole mighty cataract swung to and fro like a pendulum. Anon the whole mass was gathered up in a fathom, and whirled back over the summit of the walls. Mr King got out the theodolite to measure the angle of its deflection, which he found to be carried round an entire semicircle. "A very frequent prank was to loop the whole twenty-six hundred feet of cataract into a single semicircular festoon, which fell in the form of fine fringe."

While showing himself to possess an eye and a pen for the most impressive aspects of nature, Mr King is, if possible, even more at home in delineating the native features of character. In the "Newtys of Pike" he has given us a sketch of the raciest and most original kind. Wanderers twenty years before from Pike county, Missouri, widely known for his hogs, Mr. Newt, a keen New Englander, and his wife, the daughter of an Arkansas judge, had sought out a snug rancho, which at the end of ten years was improved into "the neatest little warm fence this side of Pike county." Here our traveller came by night upon the whole family asleep in the open, with their feet to the fire, ill-covered by a heap of old and half-bald buffalo robes. Besides the father, mother, and two small children, there lay Susan, a "mighty girl," waxy over the fire her "number eleven shoes"; the factotum, as it turned out, of the family, the door of the honours to guests, the special guardian of the family wealth in hogs, two acres of which she tended with affectionate pride, knowing each particular hog by its physiognomy, having, as she said, "growed with 'em." After assisting at our traveller's toilet by the brook, this Nausicaa of the Far West accepted with maidenly joy the offer of his pocket comb and glass. A magnificent rough-rider, whom no amount of bush-jumping could dismount, Susan on her prancing mustang set her guest upon his way with maddening repetitions of what, it would seem, forms the adieu of the backwoods—"You'll take care of yourself now, won't you?" backed by the father's significant, not to say inviting hint, "That—that—that man what gets Susan her half the hogs!" The family heart has meanwhile unbosomed itself in the course of a chat which makes a most amusing chapter. In "Kaweah's Run" there are descriptive powers which go far to raise the race for life of the high-couraged, faithful horse of the Tulara prairie to the level of a rivalry in prose with the *Ride to Ghent*. Throughout his book Mr. King gives signs of literary power which needed but to be wielded with more regular effort, to be trained in more artistic methods of handling his materials, and to be supported by greater skill and taste on the part of his publisher, to bring *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* up to the highest standard among compositions of its class.

#### MY WIFE AND I IN QUEENSLAND.

**A** BOOK of travels must, generally speaking, be badly written if it does not raise in the reader's mind a strong desire to go and see the places described. At one time or other there is scarcely a country that we have not vowed we will visit as soon as we shall have attained that length of purse and that freedom from all engagements which will allow us to turn our steps East, West, South, or North, as our fancy may guide us. We have projected many a tour to the Arctic regions, and hope to spend one winter at least high up in Smith's Sound, where we may see all the wonders of the Northern lights and be repaid for one long night by one unbroken day. We have pored over the map of the Pacific, and looked forward to the time when in our yacht we shall sail from one island to another, and see the rings of coral enclosing each their patch of the bluest water. We have even been so far seduced as to long with Mr. Wallace to visit the Eastern Archipelago and to brave all that assemblage of horrors, animate and inanimate, which those regions can boast of, in the desire to see nature in her unrivalled luxuriance. Our chief difficulty is how to divide the years that we may be able to spare for our travels, and how to choose in whose track we shall follow. We could, we think, willingly join in a game of Follow-my-leader over the world; but when we have Darwin, and Baker, and Palgrave, and Livingstone, and a host of others to show the way, our leaders are so many, and the path which each takes is so inviting, that we scarcely know which to follow, and so perhaps in our perplexity may end by remaining at home. To all this, however, there is one exception. We can read of Australia without becoming restless, and we can watch from the Thames or Mersey some large ship setting sail for Sydney or Melbourne without having the smallest wish to embark. In that vast continent there is no doubt variety to be found, stretching as it does over nearly thirty degrees of latitude. But what Mr. Darwin says of one of its great divisions may with equal truth, we believe, be said of all. He tells us in his *Naturalist's Voyage Round the World* that "the extreme uniformity of the vegetation is the most remarkable feature in the landscape of the greater part of New South Wales. Everywhere we have an open woodland, the ground being partially covered with a very thin pasture, with little appearance of verdure." Mr. Eden, who has spent eight years in Queensland, gives exactly the same account. He says:—

One of the great peculiarities of Australian scenery is its sameness, which is so remarkable that when you have been a few miles in the bush, you are as well acquainted with the features of the continent as after a journey of months. In nothing was I so much struck with this as in the rivers, which, whether large watercourses and dignified by the name of "river," or small tributaries called by the less sounding appellation "creeks," are exactly the same in every particular except size. I confess I always was under the impression that a river had water in it, but find that water is the last thing necessary to make one in Queensland.

Unvaried as are the natural features of the country, there are no associations about it to give it an interest and dignity of its own. Not only is it a continent without a history, but it is a continent without antiquities. There are nowhere to be found in it those vast remains of races long past away which are to be met with among the haunts of the red men of North America. And while it has little to reward the traveller, it has in a high degree all the discomforts which are bad enough in themselves, but which can nevertheless be borne when every day's journey is rewarded by its own scene of beauty or tradition.

Queensland seems to us to possess in the highest degree all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of the other great colonies of Australia. Some few years ago it was puffed up as a second Garden of Eden, but those who return from it scarcely seem to have succeeded in discovering its merits. Last year we noticed (*Saturday Review*, June 24, 1871) an interesting account of this colony by "A University Man." The author fairly enough owned, as we pointed out at the time, that his want of success was due quite as much to himself as to the colony. At the same time the picture that he drew seemed to be as truthful as it was uninviting. Still a country, however uninteresting to the traveller, may no doubt be admirably adapted for the colonist; and so long as it can afford in abundance the necessities and comforts of life, it can do without natural beauty and historic associations. Mr. Eden does not give us his balance-sheet, nor let us know in what state he quitted Queensland after eight years of such hardships and labours as a small farmer in England would look upon as intolerable. We fear, however, that he must have returned home empty in pocket, as we know that he returned "broken in health." Yet he seems to have been on the whole well fitted for colonial life, though he had all his experience to gain on the spot. He was not like "A University Man," incapable of severe bodily toil, nor averse to it. He was ready to turn his hand to anything, from dressing for two months together sheep with the foot-rot, to driving tunnels lying on his side at the bottom of a shaft in search of gold. On one occasion, he tells us, he walked 430 miles in seventeen days, and yet could have gone on further, he was "in such first-rate condition." And yet, after reading his book through, we can only find one thing in which he did not lose by leaving England and going to Queensland. He preserved his dignity. A gentleman may work with his hands as hard as he likes if he does it on the other side of the world, and may come back and publish an account of his daily toil. If his account is interesting, he will be all the better received by society. In the

\* *My Wife and I in Queensland: an Eight Years' Experience in the same Colony, with some Account of Polynesian Labour.* By Charles H. Eden. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

long sea-voyage home the marks of toil wear away from the hands, and manual labour, like the view, has enchantment lent to it by distance. As Mr. Eden says:—

A fact which should be borne in mind by all people reading Australian books, or who bend their thoughts in that direction, is, that in that country no one loses caste by performing bodily labour, indeed it is just the reverse, and the more a man can do for himself the better he will get on. I have seen an officer, late of a crack dragoon regiment, drive a dray laden with firewood to a house, sell, unload, and stack it himself, receive his money and drive off; and have met him that evening at a ball at the same house, and by virtue of the prefix to his name taking the hostess down to supper.

How much disappointment would be avoided if men who are too indolent or too fastidious to set to hard work in England would bring home to themselves the truth of this before they embark in search of a fool's paradise in Queensland! A shepherd's life in Australia, as in Arcadia, has cast around it, no doubt, a certain haze of poetic fancy. This haze, however, we have always found at once dispelled when we have on a summer's day met a flock of sheep on a turnpike road. Two months of tending sheep with the foot-rot is bad enough anywhere, but in Queensland labour seems to be attended by a host of miseries. There, as indeed everywhere else in Australia, there are great droughts, and in many places the water that can be found is often so foul that the thirsty labourer, before he can venture to drink it, has to boil it to get rid of the scum. With the drought come vast clouds of dust, and scarcely less vast clouds of flies, both of which cause a most painful form of eye disease. "During the summer," Mr. Eden says, "every two men you meet out of three have either the sandy or swelling blight—a species of ophthalmia. The first is insufferable torture, the feeling being that of hot sharp grains of sand between the eye and the eyelid." The other is not painful, but in Mr. Eden's words, "most disagreeable." The eye merely swells up to "the size of a flives or cricket-ball," having been poisoned by "flies coming off putrid carcasses." The only way to escape these flies indoors is to build your house without a single window in it. Mr. Eden insists greatly on this point, and says, "Neither do I approve of windows in any shape or form, for the darker a room is the less you are worried by flies." As there is no variety of prospect to see, and scarcely any books to read, a window may perhaps be easily dispensed with. But if darkness keeps out the flies, it does not keep out the snakes, which "render life hardly worth having, infesting the houses and getting into beds." So abundant are they that Mr. Eden says that, in his daily walk of a mile to fetch milk for his baby, "I don't think I ever went without seeing three or four deadly snakes cross the track close under my feet." Besides snakes there are poisonous centipedes, some nine inches long, equally fond of the house, which can inflict a wound the effects of which last for months. As if these were not enough, there are scorpions, tarantulas, white ants, bulldog ants, tree ants, huge hornets, mosquitoes, and sand flies. In the deep pools in the rivers there are alligators, one of which dragged down the ferryman who, in his rotten canoe, foundered when taking Mr. Eden over a river. There come also sudden floods which sweep away the labour of the whole year, hailstones which "riddle corrugated iron," and cyclones which tear "a new oilskin coat into ribbons in a minute." Should the lonely shepherd escape from all these miseries, he is likely enough to get his skull smashed in by a native's "nullah-nullah." Mr. Eden's brother-in-law and one of his shepherds were on different occasions both murdered in this manner. The death of a white man in each case leads to a savage retaliation on the natives, who get hunted down, not only by the whites, but by their own countrymen, who are enrolled in what is called the native police. From Mr. Eden's description it is easy to see that the native police differs only from the Cuban blood-hounds in so far as one pack is commanded by an Englishman, the other by a Spanish American. And yet there must be something in Queensland that counterbalances to no small extent those disadvantages, for Mr. Eden, when leaving his home in the bush, talks of "the happy time we passed there, enhanced as it was by the freedom from all worry and anxiety." We should as soon have expected to find the Egyptians as they pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea talk of the happy time they had just passed during the plagues of Egypt, enhanced as it was by the freedom from all worry and anxiety. Perhaps it is in the absence of all the bondage of respectability that the real charm is to be found. Many of us are already beginning to get impatient for our yearly month or six weeks of life on the mountains, where we may gratify to the full all those rude longings which after so many generations of civilized life have not yet become tamed down, but are still left us in no small force from our wild forefathers. There are others who must be wild the whole year through, and who regard a black coat and a hat with as much disfavour as the Australian savage does the scantiest of all garments. Such persons will find every desire gratified in Queensland, where respectability seems to be at its lowest ebb. Many young men, moreover, though they have no strong liking for the wild bush life, are nevertheless shipped over there by their friends, who are weary of their excesses in England and think that on the other side of the world, in some mysterious way, they will become reformed characters. As Mr. Eden remarks:—

There is a most erroneous opinion indulged in by many right-thinking people in England, that if a young man is wild and dissipated, the knock-about life of the Colonies will bring him to his bearings, and that in a few years he will steady down. Never was such a fatal error. Any vice which is established, even whilst under the restraint of a little self-respect, will break out with tenfold violence in a land where there is no vestige of restraint, and where these things are barely looked upon as wrong.

However much men may try to throw off all respectability, it is not in human nature to be entirely without an object of respect. In Queensland the power of hard drinking seems to be looked upon with admiration, and to come as near as anything else to those qualities which in England show a man's fitness for the office of churchwarden or common councilman. A man of whom it can be said that he is "a good drinking man" is, as our author tells us, "highly esteemed." Unfortunately, before that high reputation can be attained, the vast quantity and vile quality of the spirits needful to be drunk, combined with the excessive heat of the climate, sweep off numbers, the promise of whose youthful envious fate does not suffer to be fulfilled. Mr. Eden, however, was fortunate enough to come across one hero who managed before breakfast to swallow down "fifteen alcoholic drinks, and seemed not a whit the worse."

Mr. Eden has a long chapter in defence of the importation of Polynesian labour into the colony. From his own account it is evident that he must have seen but very little of the general working of that detestable system, and that from the experience of his own small plantation he judges of the whole. He was well served by a body of some twenty islanders, and from the smallness of his own party, and the strength and peculiarities of these Polynesian gentlemen, he asserts that he could not have oppressed them even if he would. They spent their Sundays in roaming through the bush, and, as he subsequently learnt, provided themselves with a cheerful Sunday repast by hunting down the natives. There is this to be said for them, that the natives would just as readily have eaten them as they ate the natives. Even, however, if this amiable weakness for that food which is generally known in the Pacific as "long pig" is looked upon as a complete proof that they are not people to be easily oppressed, it may nevertheless raise some degree of hesitation in the mind of any one who is thinking of establishing in Queensland a cotton or sugar plantation. It is good, no doubt, to be freed from all kinds of temptation, and from none more especially than from the temptation to oppress those beneath us. But whether the deterrent motive should consist in the liability of being turned into a Sunday dinner for one's labourers is another question. We would advise any one who has thoughts of settling in Queensland first to read Mr. Eden's book. Though the style is rather heavy, the matter is interesting. It does not read so well as *Colonial Adventures and Experiences*, by A University Man, to which we have already referred. Nevertheless it contains much more information, and would be a more useful guide, if any eccentric persons are still bent on settling in Queensland.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD COOKERY BOOK.\*

NOTHING proves more thoroughly that our Continental neighbours are very far in advance of us in culinary skill and resource than a study of those methods which are accounted practical and elementary in the writings of Urban Dubois. His *Artistic Cookery* was far above us, of course; and we marvelled from our low level at his triumphal fabrics of paste and sugar, even when we could but smile at the grandiloquence wherewith he dilated on achievements in the field of taste which match those of his Imperial masters in the field of arms, and which apparently never failed to grace the board of German potentates whilst besieging Paris. But when, next in the series, was announced *Cosmopolitan Cookery*, and we thought to find with the dishes and sauces of all nations a condescension to rather obtuse and untravelled understandings in the ways of cookery, it must be owned that the result was disappointment; the recipes, as various and strange as the climes in which each was popular, involved appliances, resources, meats, and, above all, culinary nicety only conceivable in England by "Fin Rec" and the "Gastronomic Club," and the privileged circle which writes, as distinguished from that wider one which reads *Knife and Fork*. Even now, when the author's theme is cookery for the household, and the aim culinary instruction to the smallest kitchen, with lessons professedly limited to the furnishing a family meal or catering for a very limited guest-table, the thought that is most constantly present with the English reader and reviewer is, "Are not all these things greatly above us? do we not need to go to school again? should there not be a professorship of gastronomy, with a staff of peripatetic lecturers to go about and instil rudimentary ideas into those who purvey and those who consume the food which it will then be the Household Cookery Book's function to teach us how to dress? M. Dubois credits us with more civilization than we have attained unto, and "pitches his projects too high," through a fond belief that the grammar of gastronomy has been mastered far more widely and thoroughly in this country than is really the case. Even below the range of his *Household Cookery Book* there is room for something more elementary still; for the number of households capable of putting to full proof the excellent variety of his suggestions and methods is, we suspect, far more circumscribed than his philosophy dreams or conceives. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the English character can be educated into setting very great store upon fertility of invention as to *hors-d'œuvre*, made-dishes, and kickshaws; if it can, the *Household Cookery Book*, a little redressed, might very fairly become its manual in this branch of science. Yet there

\* *The Household Cookery Book: Practical and Elementary Methods*. By Urban Dubois, Author of the "Artistic Cookery," and the "Cosmopolitan Cookery." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1872.

is wanting still a lower handbook furnishing data which every one ought to know in regard to what M. Dubois naturally deems the first business of life.

And this not only for the instruction of the mass of our cooks, who have yet to learn accuracy in weighing, timing, manipulating, and discriminating, but also of their masters and mistresses, and those whose palate they profess to serve. For example, at the outset of M. Dubois's "Household Cookery" there are some excellent hints as to carving at table—an art not to be allowed to die out so long as there are dinners *à la française* as well as *à la russe*, or, as is very much the case at moderate English dinner-parties, a kind of compromise between the two. We cannot indeed say that we take kindly to the "carving scissors" figured in p. 1, of which the author says that the combination in it of carving-knife and scissors makes it a great resource to those who know *how to use it skilfully*. But unless carvers take lessons in private, there would be a risk of unskilful handling, and it is perhaps better to endure the ills we have than to introduce at the table a third implement to which an unskilful dissector, sitting at the hostess's right hand, may at any time promiscuously resort to cover his own awkwardness, and delay the hopes of those who await a chicken wing or a merrythought. It seems doubtful whether three tools at disposal instead of two would enhance the *opinion* which is required in carving a roast turkey, or the avoidance of the rock-a-head which our oracle warns of in the shape of such carving "as damages the gastronomic appearance." But, discarding the scissors question, we desiderate a common ground as to skilful and economic carving, which is a little obstructed by the difference of joints figured in this book from those which we know under the same names. The leg and the saddle of mutton drawn in pp. 7-11 are not cut *à l'anglaise*; and here and there the author's English is ambiguous, as when he uses the term "lengthwise" of slices carved, if we may judge by the illustration, rather *slantwise*, or, as he would say, "transversally." No doubt many useful wrinkles about neat and symmetrical carving do occur at the threshold of Dubois's "Household Cookery"; but he would have added to his boon if he had given some data or calculations of the quantity of meat which an experienced carver ought to get off a joint of a given weight. It is not long since we heard on good authority of the cook of a college in one of our Universities deliberately affirming that in cutting slices off a cold joint of eighteen pounds weight he could only utilize four pounds for luncheon common. The inference must be either that he wished it to be supposed that the waste in trimmings, which in reality would in such a case be *nil*, was excessive, or else that he counted on a widespread ignorance of culinary economies in the minds of bursars and undergraduates. It is some index to this ignorance that, though every one cries shame on the cook in this instance, no two housekeepers would agree as to the proportion of available slices which ought to have resulted.

It may be urged that the *Household Cookery Book* presupposes a knowledge of such details and minutiae, though the best elementary treatises on all subjects are those which presuppose no knowledge at all. But a juster ground of fault with the present book, at any rate as touching its fulfilment of the promise of its title, is that it attempts too much, and while professing economy and fitness for domestic use, involves a number of luxuries undreamed of in the kitchens and dining-rooms of our middle class. That this work is not for them may be guessed after a reference to p. 328, where, to the preparation of a striking pyramid of "potted fat liver," with aspic jelly, it is requisite that there should be *ice* in abundance, as well as a jar or case or two of Strasbourg *foie gras*. In the country both are hard to come by, unless in the case of the upper ten thousand and those who, like Mr. Mortimer Collins, spare no expense to ensure long life by good living. Not to abide rigidly by the rule *ex uno disce omnes*, we may cite the prescription (p. 336) for "Wild Boar's Head." Here the author makes apologies for recommending the wild boar's head boiled *au naturel* instead of stuffed, because the latter dish, though more luxurious, is also more expensive and difficult. Yet even the simply cooked boar's head involves a good half of a week's preparation; much exercise of care and tact in moistening; gentle boiling; wrapping; unwrapping; surrounding with spices, onions, carrots, peppercorns, juniper-berries, and salt; glazing, and masking with aspic jelly; to say nothing of the imitative tusks of butter, the rosette of aspic jelly that masks the aperture of the skull, and the Cumberland sauce. *Non cuisis homini*, assuredly, is such a dish intended; indeed we doubt whether at average English dinners the outlay of pains and expense involved in transmogrifying the ordinary roast hare into a monstrosity of ugliness "by the removal of the sinewy skin of the filets and larding them with bacon," as seen in drawing 260; or in spitting six roast thrushes "all of a row" on an iron skewer, so as to give the grotesque appearance of birds with their "paws" in their mouths and flannel jackets round their bodies, would be considered worth the trouble, or would meet the appreciation which we must presume it secures with Mr. Urban Dubois's more critical and distinguished clients in Germany. We forbear from reiterating our protest against the destruction of small birds involved in such dishes as this, and in the "hot lark pie," composed "of thirty larks seasoned *interiorly*," particulars of which are to be found in p. 365, because as yet such wanton avoidance in the interests of gastronomy is quite exceptional.

But, to do our author justice, it should be acknowledged that from his own point of view he does occasionally give sug-

gestions conducive to a just and not shabby economy. One of our national faults in cooking is to admire quantity rather than quality; to worship bulk and size in fish, fowl, and fowl, and to ignore waste, if by means of it the idea of a graining board can be realized. Now M. Dubois is considerate enough to furnish sensible suggestions for dispensing with whole salmon and whole filets of beef, at dinners where the number of guests is limited. "There is no impropriety," he writes, with an apologetic delicacy for fear of hurting our feelings, "even at a dinner, in serving a piece of salmon as a remove; in the first place because such a piece taken out of the middle of the salmon comprises the best part of the fish; and then, because it is more easily served than a whole fish" (p. 177). After which prelude, he introduces his readers to a *trompon* of salmon with sauce of anchovy extract, garnished with potatoes cut in balls, and parsley leaves at one end of the dish, and one or two large crayfish at the other. Another and more elaborate variety of the same thing is the *trompon* of salmon with aspic jelly (p. 183). Again, the middle piece of beef fillet braised *à la jardinière*, which is suggested in pp. 228-9, is conceived in the right spirit of household cookery, because, whilst it is a very handsome and elegant dish when duly trimmed and larded, "the extremities of the fillet that remain at disposal—i.e., the head and end—may be usefully employed in the preparation of little fancy dishes, which are of high value for the ordinary fare of a household, such as 'tournedos,' 'paupiettes,' or beefsteak pie" (p. 229). *Appropos* of filets of beef, we may call attention to the "carved fillet of beef, *à la Providence*," in p. 227, which subverts the interests of economy whilst in appearance tasteful and symmetrical, in that its centre part is disengaged, removed, and carved, and then restored to its place, so as to lose nothing of its "physiognomy." This manner of carving, applicable to other pieces of butchers' meat, tongues, &c., is called "carving *en ostie*."

It is of course too much to expect that, in preparing beefsteaks and mutton or veal cutlets, the process of "trimming" should be done away with; and perhaps, if the trimmings were honestly husbanded for the stockpot, the well-trimmed cutlet might be generally accepted as more a "thing of beauty" than the cutlet not trimmed at all. It is, however, a lame argument to say that the object of trimming is to give the eaters "neither too much trouble nor too much work," "work" and "trouble" being in our language moreover synonyms. Perhaps it is enough to claim that "trimming" should be confined within the strictest limits; for, indeed, otherwise in the case of a Welsh mutton cutlet (say from Olun or Owmdaudwr) the edible fragment would run a risk of being improved away. With M. Dubois, no doubt, the trimmings would find their legitimate use; and it is one of his merits that, where he can, he economizes both labour and quantities, as in the case of the calf's-head served whole and without boning or faroing (an ugly dish to our thinking, by the way), the recipe for which is good, and the very opposite of extravagant. We spoke just now of the "stock-pot." It is in the pages of such writers as Gouffé or Dubois that one learns to understand its importance in foreign cookery, and to wish that it found more favour amongst ourselves. The process of cooking which its name stock-pot or *pot-au-feu* represents is simple enough when the secret of keeping the least possible surface of the pot exposed to the action of the fire is had over in remembrance, but the results of it are manifold and appetizing to a high degree. The gourmet's stock-pot, for example, requires a good, fat, stuffed fowl and a piece of brisket of beef; but then, when you have done with the soup tureen, there remains the dish of beef surrounded by the vegetables from the pot, and this may be followed up by the "stock-pot fowl with curry," or "the stock-pot fowl for a salad," which, as well as the beef, has veritably paid a double debt.

We have no room to dwell on the many excellent hints, cautions, and recipes of this concluding volume of the Dubois series, though it may be confidently said that it will be highly valuable to the professional and amateur cook. Such a caution as that of scanning with a critical eye the preparations of vegetables and rice preserved dry for Julienne soup which are to be bought in the shops but which are seldom carefully enough compounded, is no doubt reasonable. Then, if the housekeeper is casting about for a variety in the way of *hors-d'œuvre*, she may find what she wants in the snipe-crusts, and oyster-crusts, described in p. 126, &c.; in the *canapés*, which (with an approach to an Irishism), M. Dubois tells us "are something of the species of sandwiches, but of another nature," in varieties of *rissoles*, *croquettes*, *bouchées*, *croustades*, *timbales*, and *camelons*—anything, in short, save the "Larks in their Nests," which may be described as boned larks, with singed heads and glazed bodies sitting in scooped artichoke bottoms, with ready-laid eggs of forcemeat seemingly rendering their incubation objectless. Equally various and pertinent information abounds in the chapters upon fish and butchers' meat, eggs, fritters, vegetables, sweet entremets, pastry, ices, creams, &c.

With the distinct reservation that this book must not be expected to prove an infallible oracle to the distressed housewife of limited means who is wont to consult her fair sisters in the pages of the *Queen*, and who is ever racking her brains to produce some fresh culinary surprise at no cost for her exigent and too self-indulgent spouse—and that, in fact, in its title "household" means the household of a master or mistress with at least a thousand a year—and no family to speak of—its merits as a book of reference, resource, and suggestiveness for the lovers of good living and refined cookery may be confidently guaranteed.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

**M**ESSRS. HACHETTE have added to their splendid collection entitled *Les grands Écrivains de la France* an edition of the Cardinal de Retz's well-known *Mémoires*.<sup>\*</sup> The writings of the celebrated *Frondeur* include, however, other productions besides his autobiographical reminiscences; and as the plan of the publishers is to print the complete works of each writer, we may expect, in addition to the *Mémoires*, a series of pamphlets, *Massinades*, sermons, and other documents which are not so generally familiar to the reader. It is curious that not one of the twenty editions of the *Mémoires* published before the present one is correct. The first sixteen were printed from copies more or less faulty, and it is not surprising that they abounded in deficiencies, blunders, and absurdities of every kind; but as the last four were prepared from the original MS. preserved in the Paris National Library, the inaccuracies they contain seem rather startling. Some of them are positively ridiculous, and quite alter the sense of the passages in which they are to be found. Thus, whilst the autograph text tells us that "cardinal Chigi avoit été inquisiteur à Malte et non à Munster," the reprint of 1859 describes him as "inquisiteur à Malte et non à Munster." The preparation of the present edition has been entrusted to M. Alph. Fœillet, whose work on *La Misère du temps de la Fronde* proves that he knows thoroughly the history of that turbulent period. The notes and illustrations are very copious, and each volume closes with an appendix of documents referring to various circumstances in the Coadjutor's life.

As a necessary complement to this work we must mention here M. Marius Topin's essay on Cardinal de Retz himself.<sup>†</sup> Written with a view to one of the prizes offered by the Académie Française, and having obtained the coveted honour, it has already passed through two editions, and now comes before us once more, duly revised by the author. M. Topin appears to have described with much truth the character of the arch-conspirator who, whilst waiting at Commercy the recollections of his agitated life, might imagine that he was intriguing still. When the Fronde broke out, there can be no doubt that the demand for political reforms was amply justified; the country had been ruined by the financial mismanagement of Richelieu's subordinates, and, seeing one ecclesiastic succeeding to another as Prime Minister—seeing, moreover, Mazarin's decided inferiority to his predecessor as a home administrator, whatever might be his cleverness in dealing with foreign Powers—people were quite ready to rise in sedition against a Government represented by a woman and a boy five years old. M. Marius Topin is of opinion that the opposition of the *bourgeoisie* to Mazarin was perfectly legitimate, and he reserves all his blame for the aristocracy, whose sole object was to carry out their own selfish purposes under favour of the rebellion which they had done their best to excite. A number of passages from the *Mémoires* of the Coadjutor bring into strong relief the leading points of his character; and, comparing him with St.-Simon, M. Topin shows how these two distinguished writers help us to understand, as no one else has ever done, the real history of France during the seventeenth century.

Under the title *Les Jours d'épreuve* ‡ M. Caro publishes a series of articles which have appeared at intervals during the last year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Comparing the views taken of Germany by Madame de Staël and by Heine, our author endeavours to show that the accomplished daughter of Necker cannot often be trusted in her conclusions. Her remarks on philosophy are extremely superficial, and her general estimate of the Germans is merely the result of her hatred of the despotism which the Government of Napoleon had introduced into France. To a person of liberal ideas, annoyed by Fouché's police, the land of Schiller and Goethe seemed a paradise. M. Caro does not deny that the reign of sentiment, goodwill, and political *bonhomie* may have existed for a short time on the other side of the Rhine; but it was, he says, soon superseded by the sway of brute force, which is one of the principal elements in the now fashionable Hegelian philosophy. As a rule, Heine, who laughed so much at Madame de Staël's enthusiasm, is, with all his faults, far nearer the truth in his estimate of Germany than was the authoress of *De l'Allemagne*. The first four essays of M. Caro's volume are taken up by the Franco-Prussian question; the last three treat of the Commune. We need scarcely add that, whilst defending the principle of liberty, or rather because he defends it, M. Caro is utterly opposed to revolutionary tendencies; he says, in fact, that the only chance of existence for the Republic consists in its throwing overboard the wild doctrines of 1793. One of the most interesting articles in this part of his volume is one entitled "La fin de la Bohême," which describes the accession to power of all the *déclassés* belonging to the literary and artistic world. A nation must have sunk very low indeed when it trusts its destinies to men whose career is nothing but an uninterrupted series of failures.

Whether in literature or in art, in philosophy or in religion, the same question meets us on every side. Whilst everything seems to be undergoing transformation, is there a principle invariable in its nature, as immutable as truth itself, which may serve as a standard whereby to judge the new ideas and doctrines pro-

posed for our acceptance? How is it possible to estimate the value of things transitory by nature if we cannot take as a term of comparison some object essentially permanent? And if, as some say, mutability is inevitable, how shall we distinguish the mutable from that which is everlastingly true? Most persons, remarks M. Janet, only look at one side of the question, and according as they are conservatives or revolutionists they deny the necessity of change, or denounce the folly of repose. Our author thinks that the true solution of the difficulty is to be found in a happy medium; and it is from this point of view that he examines the problems\* of the nineteenth century. His book, reprinted from the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is divided into five sections, treating respectively of politics, literature, science, philosophy, and religion. The examination of the first of these is suggested by a review of M. de Tocqueville's writings. The author of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* believed, as most of our readers know, that democracy was fraught with danger, not only for order, but for liberty; the tendency of modern society was to introduce a kind of despotism which was the more to be dreaded because it would be wielded by a mob always deaf to any voice except that of passion. M. Janet does not share these apprehensions; he believes that the general ideas of liberalism which democracy brings in its train can more than counterbalance the *outrebalance* of a majority. In like manner he contends that the possibility of conciliating the claims of imagination with the cardinal rules of taste requires little demonstration; if, again, we turn our attention towards the scientific world, we shall see that the warmest champions of the experimental method must give up the fond delusion of solving the problems referring to our moral nature; and, finally, he looks forward to a transformation of Christianity as destined to settle for some time at least the religious difficulty. Such, in a few words, are the views expounded by M. Janet in the volume before us.

M. Odilon-Barrot published some time ago a work on administrative decentralization; his present volume is a sequel to that book †, and the ideas it develops may be summed up in a very few words. He advocates the introduction of the jury, as a rule, in civil cases, leaving to the judges merely the interpretation of the law. Reforms are urgently required in all French institutions, and the magistracy stands in need of them quite as much as the army. It ought to be impossible for any usurper to talk of "pitching the *avocats* into the river," as Bonaparte did on the 18th of Brumaire; and the best way of making it impossible is to raise the dignity of the magistracy, and to place it beyond the region of political strife.

M. Jules Levallois has some right to be heard on behalf of M. Sainte-Beuve ‡, whose secretary he was for a short time; but we must confess that the publications which have lately appeared with reference to the illustrious critic are by no means calculated to raise him in the estimation of dispassionate judges. His talent, of course, no one would call in question, but he never knew how to be impartial, and he was too fond of knocking down his own idols for the purpose of satisfying a feeling of spite or of jealousy. M. Levallois examines successively in M. Sainte-Beuve the *littérateur*, the public character, and the man, supplementing his volume by a series of letters which the indefatigable *causeur* addressed to several of his friends. It is the latter part of this biographical sketch which interests us most, because in the great majority of cases a knowledge of the man is the best clue to an appreciation of the writer. Now even the greatest admirers of M. Sainte-Beuve's talent cannot deny that he was strangely deficient in moral sense, and that he lacked therefore the fundamental qualities of a trustworthy guide of public opinion. M. Levallois expresses a wish that all the voluminous correspondence of his master may one day be printed; but we hope, for the sake of M. Sainte-Beuve himself, that this will not be done; of all contemporary authors he is the one who can least bear to be studied *en détail*.

A widely different impression comes upon us when we think of Lamartine §. The author of *Jocelyn* was certainly not without his faults, and some of them are glaring enough; but generosity, self-sacrifice, and patriotism are qualities which atone for many shortcomings. M. de Mazade begins his preface by bewailing what he considers to be the deficiency of really great men at the present time; England, Germany, and France are in this respect, we are told, on exactly the same level, and Lamartine may be called, whether we consider him as a writer or a politician, *le dernier des Romains*. Biographical details are quite wanting in the volume of M. de Mazade, who aims only at giving the general features of his hero as a poet, an orator, and a statesman. The description of the last few years of Lamartine's life is extremely painful. After having been for a brief space of time the arbiter of his country's destinies, and almost the sovereign of France, to find himself superseded by unscrupulous intriguers, and obliged to struggle with poverty in its most repulsive shape, was a terrible reverse of fortune. The historian of the Girondists soon found that the Republican form of government was not that panacea which would-be politicians had been extolling for eighteen years during the reign of Louis Philippe, and his experience of

\* *Les Problèmes du 19e siècle*. Par Paul Janet. Paris: Didier.

† *De l'Organisation judiciaire en France*. Par M. Odilon-Barrot. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Sainte-Beuve*. Par Jules Levallois. Paris: Didier.

§ *Lamartine; sa vie littéraire et politique*. Par Ch. de Mazade. Paris: Didier.

\* *Œuvres du cardinal de Retz*. Nouvelle édition, publiée par M. A. Fœillet. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Le cardinal de Retz; son génie, ses écrits*. Par Marius Topin. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Les Jours d'épreuve*. Par E. Caro. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.



public life was more than sufficient to dispel all his illusions as to the capacity of his fellow-countrymen for framing a reasonable code of democratic institutions. The triumph of the Commune, could he have witnessed it, would probably have disgusted him with Republicanism altogether.

M. Michelet\* has begun a new series of historical *œuvres*, which he fondly calls by the ambitious name of *Histoire du 19. Siècle*. It forms a continuation of his work on the French Revolution, and the volume now before us, beginning with the Directory, takes us as far as the battle of Castiglione. We have already had occasion to remark on the change which manifested itself in M. Michelet's ideas between the publication of the sixth volume of his *Histoire de France* and his subsequent productions; and yet the imaginative author persists in asserting that he has not altered, and that the point of view at which he places himself in 1872 is exactly the same which he adopted in 1836. The great fault which we have to find with M. Michelet is that he is too fond of drawing grave conclusions from the most trifling data; he is always ready to build a whole superstructure of impossibilities on the very frailest foundation; the gossiping side of history is that which pleases him especially, and the form of gossip he likes most has its model in the *œuvres* passages of Suetonius or Brantôme. He says himself in his new volume that "l'histoire ne fera jamais rien si elle ne perd le respect," and accordingly all the latter portions of his History of France are nothing but a systematic attempt to drag in the mud the noblest traditions and the greatest names of his country. No one has done so much as M. Michelet to destroy in France the sense of "respect" without which a nation has no enduring life. The present volume contains curious details as to Babeuf, St.-Simon, and the Socialists of the Directory epoch; but the section relating to Bonaparte is simply ridiculous.

M. Jules Barni, M. Daniel Ramée, and Count Agénor de Gasparin, are all very anxious that France should rise from its ashes, and recover its former place in Europe, but the means they propose are not identical. As a determined Christian and a Protestant, Count de Gasparin believes that a return to religion is the only solution of the problem. Without repentance, he says, there is no hope for France, but unfortunately the majority of the French people, the leaders of public opinion especially, scout the very idea of repentance. M. de Gasparin, who makes no secret of his attachment to the Government of Louis Philippe, traces back all the catastrophes through which his country has passed to the Revolution of 1848; he also speaks with remarkable impartiality about the Germans, and concludes that in many respects they ought to be imitated by those whom they have defeated.

M. Jules Barni's *Manuel républicain*† is a kind of text-book intended to teach French Republicans their duties and their privileges. Published at Tours in M. Gambetta's *Bulletin de la République*, it is the ideal programme of a state of things which the democrats of 1872, at any rate, do not seem much inclined to realize.

M. Barni's only notice of religious matters in his brochure is, so to speak, of a purely administrative nature; it refers to the question of Church and State, and simply advocates the system adopted in the United States. M. Daniel Ramée goes further‡; with an *aplomb* which is only equalled by the pretentious character of his style and by the ignorance which he displays, he denounces Christianity, and tacks a chapter of very queer theology on to a book the elements of which have been borrowed from all quarters. It is extraordinary that, with his extraordinary copia *fandi*, M. Ramée should be so bitter against the *avocats*. Perhaps, however, it is only what the French call *jalousie de métier*.

We have received several books of travels which deserve to be noticed here. M. de Chambrier takes us, in his amusing volume, from Neuchâtel to the Bosphorus, passing through Vienna and Pesth.¶ He does not give much attention to politics, but he describes very well the character of the various nations he has visited, and shows that he possesses the qualities alike of an artist, an historian, and a painstaking writer.

M. Louis de Carné did not, unfortunately, live to publish the journal of his voyage to China¶, and it is on his father that the melancholy duty has devolved of introducing to the world this new volume, one of the best of its kind which we have seen for a long time. M. de Carné was only twenty-seven years old when he died, and it is seldom that we find men of his age with such sound ideas on questions of political and social economy. He perceived that a good system of colonization is the only safeguard against the danger arising from the attitude of the working classes in Europe; and as far back as 1864 he declared that, unless France could find for her proletariat an outlet similar to the American Far West, the cause of civilization was seriously endangered. M. de Carné's volume will repay the reader the time he may spend upon it; a great deal of labour has evidently been bestowed upon its composition; and the illustrations are good and well executed.

\* *Directoire; origine des Bonapartes*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Germer-Bellière.

† *La France; ses fûtes, ses périls, notre avenir*. Par le comte de Gasparin. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Manuel républicain*. Par Jules Barni. Paris: Germer-Bellière.

§ *La République; son développement dans l'état et dans la société*. Par Daniel Ramée. Paris: Lemerre.

¶ *Un peu partout*. Par M. de Chambrier. Paris: Didier.

¶ *Voyage en Asie-Mineure, et dans l'empire chinois*. Par L. de Carné. Paris: Dentu.

The second instalment of M. Jules Favre's *Histoire du Gouvernement de la Défense nationale*\* is perhaps still more interesting than the first. The author aims less at giving a diplomatic résumé than a complete history of Paris during the siege; he brings us down to the Versailles conference which preceded the capitulation of the metropolis and the last days of the Government of National Defence. M. Jules Favre writes with obvious sincerity and good faith; nor does he endeavour in the smallest degree to conceal the faults, the weaknesses, or the difficulties which may be placed to the account both of himself and his colleagues. His work is, so to say, the evidence given by a witness who has lost all his illusions, and who throws around his reminiscences a veil of sadness. The painful attitude of the Government, between the Prussians on the one side and the insurrection on the other, is powerfully described by M. Favre. In November the news from the provinces had given a gleam of hope which the battle of Champigny soon dispelled. Then it was, says our author, that Count von Moltke's proposals should have been accepted, and new negotiations entered upon before the situation became quite desperate. But the fear of irritating the Parisians prevented the Government from even thinking of a compromise, and matters soon went from bad to worse. M. Jules Favre has added to his volume a certain number of *pièces justificatives*; they are not very new, but they are the necessary appendix of a history which professes to describe the terrible incidents of the Franco-Prussian war.

Since the Crimean struggle the French navy has entered upon a new period of its existence; it formed during that campaign the basis of the operations of the army, and it contributed in a very great degree to the success of the whole expedition. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière† was perhaps better qualified than any one else to discuss this important subject, for he speaks of events *quorum pars magna fuit*. Not only does he relate the various episodes of the war, but he endeavours to expound the lessons to be deduced from them, and he shows what are the best means of giving to the navy all the efficiency of which it is capable. Enlistment, special schools, institutions of different kinds are carefully discussed, and a voluminous collection of illustrative documents serves to confirm his statements and suggestions.

Amongst the novels lately published *Fleurange*‡ is the one which has obtained, as it deserves, the greatest success. When we say that it is the work of Mrs. Craven, we shall have sufficiently indicated the kind of entertainment which the reader may expect. We shall take a future opportunity of speaking of it more in detail; at present we will only say that the beauty of self-sacrifice and of devotedness is set forth in a couple of volumes containing a story well told and characters full of originality and vigour.

\* *Gouvernement de la Défense nationale*. Par M. Jules Favre. Deuxième partie. Paris: Plon.

† *La Merme d'aujourd'hui*. Par le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Fleurange*. Par Mrs. Craven. Paris: Didier.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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THURSDAY—OPERA, "Robin Hood," DOG SHOW (Third day).  
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**SPIRITUALISM or CHRISTIANITY.**—GERALD MASSEY'S Fourth and concluding LECTURE, "Christianity as hitherto interpreted; a Second Advent in Spiritualism," at George's Hall, Langham Place, June 2, at Three o'clock. Admission, 6d. and 1s.

**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND** Established 1810.—President, Benjamin Bond Cabell Esq. F.R.S. The sixty-third ANNIVERSARY DINNER will be held at the Freemasons Tavern, Great Queen Street, Line's Inn 1 mile, on Saturday, June 8. R. N. Fowler, Esq. M.P., in the Chair. L. VOLING, Secretary.

**INDIAN CIVIL ENGINEERING COLLEGE, Cooper's Hill.** By Order of the Secretary of State for India in Council. NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that a COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION will be held in July, 1872, for selection of CANDIDATES for admission to this College. For further particulars apply by letter to the Secretary, Public Works Department, India Office, S.W., or to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, S.W.

India Office, September 7, 1871.

**INDIA OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 27, 1871.** By Order of the Secretary of State for India in Council. Notice is hereby given that Appointments to the INDIAN PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT of ASSISTANT ENGINEER, SECOND GRADE, Salary 4,300 rupees (about £400) per annum, will be available in 1872 for such Candidates as may be found duly qualified. For further particulars apply by Letter only to the SECRETARY, Public Works Department, India Office, S.W.

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Further information can be obtained at the HEAD-MASTER the College, Clifton, Bristol.

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## THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH AMERICA.

GENERAL SCHENCK'S letter to Lord GRANVILLE, written with the sanction of Mr. FISH, removes the doubts which had been raised by the language of the Supplementary Article. If the previous course of the negotiation had been more satisfactory, it would have been evident that the last clause of the Article extinguished the claims which had been formally condemned in an earlier paragraph. If the Senate differs on this point from Mr. FISH, the Article will not be ratified; but it is not at present known whether the two Governments will be able to agree on the wording of the document. If a common understanding is at length reached, there ought to be no practical difficulty in arranging any necessary adjournment of the arbitration. Whether the result of the litigation will be the establishment of friendly feeling between the countries is still uncertain, for the dispute on the Indirect Claims has confirmed the American people in their conviction that a large amount of damages will be recovered by the owners of vessels or of cargoes which were destroyed by the Confederate cruisers. It is highly probable that a decision in accordance with the facts and with the law will cause profound disappointment; but it is not necessary to anticipate the result of the arbitration which may now be regarded as possible. Again and again it has seemed hopeless to preserve or rekindle the dying spark, but it has at length assumed a brighter appearance. The final impulse has been given by the motion and discussion in the House of Lords, which induced Lord GRANVILLE to invite an explanation from the American Minister. There can be but one opinion of the expediency of dropping the debate; and notwithstanding the result, it would perhaps have been better if the House of Lords had been contented to exercise patience for a few days longer.

The debate will be examined in the United States for the purpose of finding in it arguments and admissions which may be used against England; and those who for any reason wish to break off the negotiation will not fail to quote any passages which may indicate that one House of Parliament profoundly distrusts the Government. It was hardly worth while to make the conventional statement that the object of Lord RUSSELL and his supporters was to strengthen the hands of Lord GRANVILLE. A formal direction to a Government engaged in a negotiation, avowedly founded on a suspicion that vigilant supervision is necessary, implies a want of confidence. Mr. GLADSTONE himself is in part to blame for any embarrassment which may be caused by the motion and debate. His explanations on Monday last were elaborately confused and ostentatiously evasive; and the vehemence with which he repudiated the assumption that he could communicate any information was not calculated to satisfy the House of Commons or the country. It would be absurd to expect that a Minister should give an explicit answer to every question which may be asked; and perhaps there may be advantages in the ambiguous and circuitous form of reply which renders it unnecessary to give a direct refusal to certain inquiries. The Senator FISH, who was a master in the art of keeping himself out of danger, would not have been so far from the mark if he had said that he would not give any information which might be used against his country. It is not necessary to give a direct refusal to certain inquiries. The Senator FISH, who was a master in the art of keeping himself out of danger, would not have been so far from the mark if he had said that he would not give any information which might be used against his country.

be submitted to the Geneva tribunal. It would have been expedient to satisfy a doubt which may perhaps have been unfounded by a distinct repetition of the pledge which has been repeatedly given. The latest opinion of the law officers, and the case to which it was an answer, might also have strengthened the plea for delay, if it had been clearly explained in either House. Lord WESTBURY on a previous day recommended Lord GRANVILLE to submit to the law officers the question whether an arbitrator was, in default of instructions from the parties, bound to exhaust the matter of reference. When Lord GRANVILLE directed a case to be framed in the very words which had been suggested, Lord WESTBURY courteously observed that another proof had been given of the inanity of the Government. It may be presumed from Lord GRANVILLE's statement that he had been advised that an arbitrator was not in all cases bound to exhaust the matter of reference. General SCHENCK's assurance has now superseded the necessity of the Joint Note of which Lord GRANVILLE spoke on Monday. No arbitrator is entitled to adjudicate on any question which is not submitted to him by both the parties; and the English agents will now be able, in the improbable contingency of a dispute on the question, to prove that the claims are not presented by the American Government for consideration. The only issues which they can try are, first, whether the English Government failed in the discharge of any duty with reference to the cruisers; and, if the question is resolved in the affirmative, what damages, if any, have been incurred on account of each separate vessel. The failure of performance of the duties of a neutral cannot be determined by an inquiry into its consequences; and if, in opposition to the best opinions of English lawyers, the Arbitrators should decide that there has been any failure of duty, the damages would be limited to the pecuniary claims preferred on behalf of the United States. Nothing in the Treaty would justify a hypothetical award of consequential damages.

A singular and unfortunate error in a date seems to have been the determining cause of Lord RUSSELL's refusal on Monday to withdraw his motion. One of Mr. FISH's despatches, written on the 4th of May, before the Supplementary Article was framed, bore in the published copy the date of the 14th. The correction makes the despatches less intelligible, for it was difficult to understand how Mr. FISH could accuse the English Government of a covert attempt to attain the object for which alone they have been openly contending. If the despatches were anterior to the proposal of the Supplementary Article, their tenor is strictly consistent with all Mr. FISH's previous communications. In his impulsive manner Mr. GLADSTONE assured the House of Commons that the despatches had not been communicated to the press by any member either of the Executive Government or the Senate. Lord GRANVILLE more cautiously stated that the publication was not the act either of the President and Cabinet or of the Senate. It is perfectly certain that some member of one of these bodies must have betrayed his trust, and it appears that the Senate has been making some inquiries on the subject. General SCHENCK prefers the statement that the publication was due to the enterprise of the press, which in American instances would mean that the *New York Herald* had paid a handsome price for the document. As the Senate has not hitherto been supposed to be liable to pecuniary corruption, it seems more reasonable and more respectful to believe that the despatches were published for the purpose of breaking off the negotiations; and it may be assumed that the publishing was well calculated to accomplish its object. The disclosure of Lord RUSSELL's admission that the Supplementary Article would be delivered to the Senate on Monday, but of the immateriality of the

of Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS, and of the attack of Lord SALISBURY on the Treaty itself and on the proposed Arbitrators who have been selected. The English Commissioners would perhaps have preferred a different selection; and it may be presumed that the Americans insisted on Brazil for the fanciful reason that it was on the Western side of the Atlantic, and on Switzerland because it was a Republic. It is not open to England after accepting the tribunal to question its competence, and it is unlucky that a protest against an undue extension of the reference should be accompanied by an invective criticism of the qualifications of the arbitrators.

Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS will have done much to confirm the Americans in their belief that the Indirect Claims were, according to a plausible interpretation, covered by the Treaty, and that they were not waived by the Protocol. In his earnest advocacy of the American version, Lord CAIRNS boldly declares that the only amicable settlement for which the claims were to be waived was the proposed payment of a gross sum of money. Lord DERBY added the weight of his authority to the contention that the "claims generically known as the Alabama claims" might be construed as including the indirect claims in dispute. Lord WESTBURY, who has in all previous discussions on the subject taken an active part against the Government, seems to have been convinced, either by the opinion of the law officers, or more probably by his own mature reflections, that the Supplementary Article would prevent the Arbitrators from exhausting the reference by an inquiry into any claim for consequential damages. The effect of Lord GRANVILLE's argumentative and forcible answer to Mr. FISH will be greatly weakened by the damaging admissions of Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS. It might perhaps have been prudent in the first instance to reply to the outrageous pretensions advanced in the American case that the English Government would not proceed with a reference to which it had never intended to proceed, and to which it has been pressed to consent. As a different course of the case is followed, it is unlucky that two principal members of the English Opposition should adopt Mr. FISH's view, and approve upon his arguments. A few days will decide the fate of the Treaty; and in the meantime it is useless to record the many untoward circumstances of the negotiation.

#### FRANCE.

THE wearisome nature of the details of current French history is apt to disguise the very great novelty of the experiment in government that is being made in France. Affairs are now managed there in a fashion to which there is no parallel. The Executive Government is very powerful in its own sphere. It controls the whole administration of the country; it conducts foreign affairs almost without any control being exercised over it. Considerable personal respect and deference is shown to it, or at any rate to its Chief. But it is not supported by any majority in the Assembly. The Assembly and the Executive are two independent powers which treat with each other as if on equal terms. So long as it was believed that M. THIERS was indispensable, he could, in the last resort, force the Assembly to yield to his wishes. But it is generally understood now that M. THIERS, though very useful, is not indispensable; and if he chose to resign, his resignation, it is thought, might be accepted without the country being thrown into confusion. On all matters of great importance the Assembly acts entirely for itself. It frames projects of law, and passes them or alters them without paying any serious attention to the wishes of the Government. M. THIERS is believed to retain all his old prepossessions against universal military service; but he has to look on in silence while the Assembly is passing clause after clause of a Bill obliging every Frenchman to serve for five years in the national army. General TROCHU, with great reason as it seems to us, has in the last day or two made a powerful speech against this long term of compulsory service, and thinks that three years ought to be the limit. But it is to the Assembly, not to the Government, that he addresses his arguments. Again, the Budget of 1873 is soon to come on for discussion, and a Committee of the Assembly has been appointed to examine and report on it. M. THIERS is a Protectionist of the old school, but three-fourths of those appointed by the Assembly to sit on the Budget Committee are Free-traders. The Assembly will really frame the Budget for itself, and it will in all probability frame it on principles diametrically opposite to those which the Government is disposed to favour. No contrast could be more marked than the contrast between such a state of things and the state which obtains under Constitutional Monarchies like

England. Here the Government frames all important measures, and if it cannot carry a fair proportion of the measures it proposes, it vanishes altogether and gives place to a Government better able to carry what it thinks ought to be carried. In the United States the Executive and Legislative powers are quite distinct; but the Executive and the majority of the two branches of the Legislature are elected by and represent the same political party. The Executive as a general rule works in harmony with the Legislative power, because the two powers proceed from the same source and are responsible to the same set of persons. In France the Assembly and the Executive stand apart from each other, and are under no other responsibility than that imposed by the fear lest they should become so unpopular in the country as to provoke a civil war or a *coup d'état* that might upset either or both of them. The Assembly is a legislative body, and it legislates; it not merely approves and amends laws, but it frames and originates them. The Executive is the Executive; and it sets itself resolutely, and with very great success, to oppose any invasion of its province on the part of the Assembly. It is true that two such parts of a great governing body cannot wholly stand aloof. M. THIERS tries hard very often to get the Committees of the Assembly to adopt his views, and on many questions the action of the Assembly is largely determined by the preliminary exercise of the PRESIDENT's influence. Every now and then he speaks in the Assembly, and his opinions have there all the weight that they would in any case have as the opinions of M. THIERS, and something more in virtue of their being the expression of the views of the PRESIDENT. The Assembly, on the other hand, has prevented the Government from making Paris once more the seat and centre of administration, although perhaps the decision of such a point is strictly a matter within the province of the Executive. Still, although there may be exchanges of influence of this sort, and compromises may occasionally be imposed by the one power on the other, the essential features of this very novel and interesting experiment in governing are untouched, and the Legislature and the Executive each move in their own path.

Whether this curious state of things is destined to endure, whether we have something new, and at the same time of permanent value, in political life in this co-ordination of independent powers, as to which the received opinion of theorists has hitherto been that either they must be impelled by the same springs of action, or else one of them must be subordinate to the other, it is far too early as yet to say. It is more important for the moment to watch what are the present effects of the political arrangement; and those effects may be spoken of in very favourable terms. The moderation and good sense both of the PRESIDENT and of the Assembly have visibly increased since their relation to each other has been defined, and it has been recognized what part each has to play. If there were two things on a profound knowledge of which M. THIERS especially piqued himself, they were finance and the art of war. He had perfectly persuaded himself of the truth of the theory that what is good for England is not the same as what is good for France in finance or in anything else, and that it is the speciality of France to thrive best under Protection, just as he does not for a moment deny that it is the speciality of England to thrive best under Free-trade. He has written a history of the Great NAPOLEON, and has fought the battles of that eminent person so well on paper that he can scarcely realize to himself that he did not fight them in actual life. Yet M. THIERS has learnt to sit smiling and patient while the present rulers of France adopt principles of finance and military arrangements which he thinks totally wrong. The Assembly has improved immensely since it felt it had real power to use, and that, if it used it in a moderate manner and consulted the wishes of the country, it might within certain limits have its way and rule. The Assembly of to-day is almost another Assembly from that which met at Bordeaux. It is even very different from the Assembly which met after the autumn recess last year. It is not distracted by party intrigues. The schemes for the immediate restoration of Monarchy have died away. The Orleanists and the Legitimists of the White Flag no longer affect to settle the terms on which they shall make France their own. M. ROCHER had his say on behalf of the Empire, and has gained nothing by saying it. The Assembly is beginning to recognize the way of distinct leaders. The Duke of AUMALE, the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER, General CREMER, and M. GAMBETTA have made their eminence felt, and now look on as what they have to say. The main reason of this change is that the Assembly has got real work to do, and has



framing and tranquillizing influences of having to do real work. To decide how France shall maintain its financial equilibrium, and to remodel the national army, are two as grave matters as any set of men could be engaged in considering; and the Assembly has not to criticize, to reject, or to amend schemes of dealing with these grave matters—it has to deal with them itself. It cannot shelter itself behind the name of the Government, and throw all the blame of bad measures on M. THIERS. It has to act, and to act under a very great sense of responsibility; and the consequence is that it listens very readily to any one who has really got anything to say to it that is worth hearing; and it will listen to objections which it thinks are worth attending to. M. GARNIER, for example, who objected very strongly to a clause in the Army Bill providing that in certain cases the authorities might defer the time at which young men should be obliged to begin their service in the army, and who justly urged that such a provision would open the door to all kinds of jobbing and political favouritism, got such important modifications introduced that he declared himself almost satisfied. He wanted still further modifications, went to a division, and was beaten by a large majority. But the noticeable thing is, that he who was a year ago described by the PRESIDENT as a raging madman, is now listened to, speaks most rationally, gains some points, loses others, and has risen, or sunk, as people may choose to call it, to the position of a useful and influential member of a working body.

With regard to no subject is the growing moderation of the Assembly more conspicuous than on matters connected with religion. If men can be rational and moderate about religion, they can be rational and moderate about anything. In England there are many excellent and worthy persons who rise up and lie down every day in the profound belief that the working of the 25th section of the Education Act is the only really important subject of human interest. If such is the feeling as to the green wood of English Nonconformity, it is easy to conceive what must be the feeling as to the very dry wood of French Ultramontanism. But the Assembly is evidently impressed with that which impresses all laymen who have practically to decide on questions connected with religion, and that is the enormous difficulty of knowing what to do in such matters, and the wisdom of acting slowly and cautiously in so fiery a region of politics. The Bishop of ORLEANS during the progress of the Army Bill made a very eloquent speech in favour of religious instruction as the basis of the education of the young soldiers of France, and of the necessity of imbuing the army of the future with a grave, humble, reverent, and Christian spirit. He, like many other Frenchmen, recognized and acknowledged how different was the stamp of the Prussian army in this respect from the stamp of the armies of the Second Empire. But if he chose to ignore the main and fundamental difficulty which besets all action in France with regard to religious education, his hearers could not ignore it. The Bishop wishes the education of the army to be religious; he says that the Prussian army was more religious, or at least had been more drilled into religion, than the French, and that this was one cause of the easy defeat of the French army in the late war. As a general proposition, the great majority of the Assembly would of course agree with him, and would say that religious education, being the best basis for life in general, is also the best basis for the life of a soldier in particular. But when it is asked what is meant by religious education, then the answer in France is that religious education means education given by priests on the principles of the Syllabus. But these principles are directly opposed to the principles on which modern society in France or elsewhere habitually and avowedly acts. The case of Prussia, so far as Prussia is a Protestant country, is totally different. There is no collision between the religious and the political teaching of Protestants. They have got their own way, which Roman Catholics pronounce to be a foolish and illogical way, of reconciling religion with modern thought. But nobody in France has got any such way, and most Frenchmen would hardly despise the notion of having it. The consequence is that religious education after the Ultramontane pattern cannot be favoured by the Assembly without the Assembly at the same time dreading lest the youth of France should be brought up to have all the principles on which the Assembly itself is habitually acting. And yet the Assembly has no wish, and certainly has no power, to take education in France out of the hands of the priests. The consequence is, that the Assembly has done the best thing it could do. It has listened, held its tongue, and gone on to work at some smaller subject which it could treat in a satisfactory manner.

A year ago the Bishop of ORLEANS would have roused the frantic passions of the Whites and the Reds. Now he is listened to in respectful silence, and then the Assembly turns to practical work. An Assembly which can have thus improved may fairly be said to have forgotten something and learnt something since its career began.

#### PUBLIC HEALTH AND PUBLIC BUSINESS.

TWO months are all that is left of the Session, and the notice-paper of the House of Commons leaves but little doubt how these two months will be spent. The Scotch Education-Bill at present stops the way, and is likely to stop it for some time longer. When that is disposed of the Mines Regulation Bill has to be considered, and a measure affecting such powerful interests is not to be easily hurried through Parliament. The approaching expiration of the Act which regulates the trial of election petitions explains the importance assigned by Mr. GLADSTONE on Monday to the Corrupt Practices Bill, and Mr. Justice KEOGH's manifesto at Galway will give every Irish member something to say on the merits of the system which it is proposed to make permanent. A good many nights will have to be devoted to Supply, which is already greatly in arrear, and one or two of the questions arising out of Supply are calculated to provoke considerable debate. When due precedence has been given to all these subjects, what are the chances of the Public Health Bill becoming law this year? The inquiry may not have much interest for politicians, for sanitary legislation has nothing to do with party contests, but it has very great interest for the nation at large. Every year that passes without any adequate provision being made for the universal supply of pure air and pure water means so much added to the preventible mortality of the country—it means, that is, so many more women left widows, so many more children left orphans, and, as the inevitable result, so much additional pauperism. A prince who allowed his territory to be wasted by invaders, when he had the power to prevent it, would rightly be held guilty of the blood so unnecessarily shed. What shall be said of the nation that allows its territory to be wasted by disease when it has the power to stay the enemy's hand by legislation?

It is true no doubt that there are some exceptional difficulties in the present case. The Scotch Education Bill might, in the nature of things, have very well been postponed to the Public Health Bill; but Scotland has had some reason to complain of Parliamentary neglect, and it is of the highest importance that no one of the three kingdoms should have any just cause to feel aggrieved in this respect. The Mines Regulation Bill deals with evils resembling in one main feature those against which the Public Health Bill is directed. Human life is as much endangered by preventible accidents under ground as by preventible diseases above ground, and in the case of the miners there has been an understanding that some law for their protection shall be carried through this Session, which operates as a virtual pledge on the part of the Government. The Corrupt Practices Bill has an equal claim of another kind on Ministers. It would be an act of conspicuous carelessness to allow the machinery for trying election petitions to wear itself out by lapse of time without taking the necessary steps for its renewal. Thus the position of the Public Health Bill, and the improbability of its becoming law this Session, which results from that position, is perfectly explicable. It is nobody's fault, and everybody's misfortune.

If the Mines Regulation Bill had not already found its way into the House of Commons, the simplest solution of the difficulty would be to introduce it in the first instance in the House of Lords. Indeed it is hard to say why, when Mr. BRUCE took to lightening his labours by sharing them with Lord KIMBERLEY, he did not make over this measure to his colleague rather than the Licensing Bill. If some part of the Government programme must be abandoned, the Licensing Bill would be as little missed as any. Supposing the choice to lie between the Licensing Bill and the Public Health Bill, we suspect that in the long run the latter will do more to prevent drunkenness than the former. If we can make people healthier, accustom them to breathe a better atmosphere, and free them from some of the pestilential surroundings with which in their present homes they are too often familiar, one great source of temptation to drink will be taken away. The Public Health Bill could not have been introduced in the Lords. It is a measure proceeding from and embodying the experience of an aggregate of departments, and as such it must be kept under the eye of the Minister who has the charge of those departments. But the Mines Bill is a measure of a

wholly different kind. It introduces no new principle; it simply makes existing legislation effective. If this had been taken out of the way the ground would have been clear in the Commons some time sooner than it now can be. The Public Health Bill would have stood third instead of fourth in the list of Government measures, and at this time of year the difference between third and fourth is probably the difference between passing and not passing. Unfortunately, however, this easy way out of the difficulty is already closed. While a Bill is still in the brain of its author it can make its first start in either House. But when once the Government have made their choice there is no possibility of reversing it. The Mines Regulation Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons, and in the House of Commons it must stay till the Third Reading bids it go up higher.

Supposing, then, that the press of other business makes it impossible to pass the Public Health Bill in its integrity, can any compromise be devised which shall be preferable to giving it up altogether? To the success of such a compromise two things are necessary. The maimed Bill must ensure some appreciable part of the advantages which would have accrued from passing the entire Bill, and it must not contain any provisions which are likely to be hotly contested. It is possible, we think, to reduce the Public Health Bill to proportions which shall conform to both these requirements. As it stands, the Bill does three things:—it creates new local sanitary authorities; it invests these new authorities with new powers; and it gives the central authority certain additional facilities for compelling the local authorities to do their duty. Out of the ninety clauses of which the Bill consists, not much fewer than seventy deal exclusively with the second of these three objects, and it is upon those clauses that most of the fighting is likely to take place. Every line, for example, of the clause which prohibits the putting of polluting liquids into streams will be hotly contested. That some clause of this nature is urgently required in the interests of the public health is undoubted, but in all probability the attempt to pass such a clause at the end of a Session would be fatal to the Bill which contains it. But the clauses constituting the Board of Guardians the sanitary authority in all rural districts, and the Town Council, the Improvement Commissioners, or the Local Board, the sanitary authority in all urban districts, and vesting in these bodies all the rights and powers now exercised by the existing sanitary authorities, might, so far as appears, be carried without much difficulty. This of itself would be a very great improvement on the existing state of things. It would create in every district of England a single sanitary authority armed, under the Acts already in force, with very extensive powers of taking care of the public health. No doubt experience has shown that these powers need to be supplemented. But experience has also shown that when the existing sanitary authority is disposed to make full use of its powers, it can do many things which are ordinarily left undone. The effect of creating a single authority in every part of the country would probably be to bring a good many districts into that comparatively healthy condition in which a few at present are. Amongst the Boards of Guardians there are a fair percentage who do their work well as regards the relief of the poor, and who will be equally anxious to do it well as regards the care of the public health. At present they are not the sanitary authority, and consequently their good intentions go for nothing. If they are made the sanitary authority, we at least secure that the sanitary laws as they stand will be well administered. If therefore these clauses were detached from the Bill and carried through by themselves, some substantial gain to the cause of sanitary improvement would be effected at once—a gain which, like the Local Government Board Act of last year, would redeem the Session from the charge of barrenness as regards sanitary legislation. If, in addition to this, the clauses giving the central authority additional powers to make the local authorities do their duty could be passed, a further gain would be secured; and as these clauses do but carry out in form, in some respects less startling, a principle already admitted, there is a fair chance that they would not be seriously opposed.

#### THE KOOKA EXECUTIONS.

THE official despatch in which the Government of India passed judgment on the executions that followed the Kooka outbreak last January has at last reached England, and it is possible to see exactly what were the reasons on which that judgment was founded. The facts of the case were apparently as follows. On the 15th of January the Kookas, a

sect half robbers, half fanatics, made an attack on the small Mussulman settlement of Malehr Kotla. They were repulsed without difficulty, and Mr. Cowan, the Deputy Commissioner charged with the immediate superintendence of this tiny native State, on his way to the scene of action on the 16th found that so completely was the attack at an end, and so ready the support afforded by the neighbouring native princes, that he telegraphed to the Bengal Government that no troops were necessary. He also telegraphed for leave to execute four men by way of example, without trial. Mr. Forsyth, Commissioner of Umballa, his superior officer, was at Loodiana on the 16th, and sent a note to Mr. Cowan telling him to keep or send all the prisoners to a fortress called Sherpur, and announcing that he was coming on to Kotla with all despatch. Mr. Cowan on the evening of the 16th reported to Mr. Forsyth that tranquillity had been completely restored, but that he proposed making a great example in order to inspire terror. Early on the 17th a large number of prisoners arrived from Sherpur, and the importance of the whole movement is strikingly attested by the circumstance that these prisoners had surrendered to a force of six men. Without having received any answer to his request to the Government to be allowed to execute four men, and after having received Mr. Forsyth's directions to send the prisoners where they could be kept in safety, Mr. Cowan, entirely on his own responsibility, proceeded in the afternoon of the 17th to execute without any form of trial forty-nine of these prisoners, many of them wounded and helpless men, by blowing them away from guns. After a great part of this barbarous work was finished, but while six or seven men still remained alive, Mr. Cowan received positive official orders from Mr. Forsyth to proceed only in due course of law. Nevertheless Mr. Cowan, thinking it would produce a bad impression if he seemed to hesitate, had these remaining six or seven men shot away. Without authority and without trial he executed more than forty men the day after he had declared that tranquillity was restored, and he went on to execute six or seven more, in spite of the direct prohibition of his superior officer. On the 18th, Mr. Forsyth received intelligence of these executions, and suddenly his whole tone was changed. He wrote to Mr. Cowan as follows:—"My dear Cowan,—I fully approve and confirm all you have done. You have acted admirably." On the same day he also learnt that the native authorities of Kotla had tried after their fashion and condemned to death sixteen more of the prisoners, and he immediately gave the necessary assent to their summary execution. He afterwards states that certain native officials had strongly pressed on him the wisdom of firmness, and that he had gathered information which pointed to the insurrection being of a more serious character than had at first appeared. But he allowed that his main reason was that he wished to back up Mr. Cowan. A wholesale execution had been carried out in order to produce a particular effect, and he was not inclined to spoil the effect by saving the lives of sixteen Kookas. He therefore added his sixteen to Mr. Cowan's forty-nine, and he and his subordinate hoped that the natives around would be duly and wholesomely impressed by the execution of a grand total of sixty-five Kookas.

The Government of India comments on this extraordinary transaction in language to which no exception can be taken. No doubt Mr. Cowan and Mr. Forsyth acted for the best, according to their lights at the time. They thought the occasion an admirable one for reading the wild people of the North-West a lesson which they would not quickly forget. They both appear to have been much influenced by the fact that not long ago twelve murderers of a kindred sect had been executed in due course of law, without the Kookas having benefited by the example. The law would not suffice, and therefore they must have recourse to something stronger than the law. This was their defence, and this was the ground of the severe censure the Government had to pass on them. As they thus raised a point of supreme importance in the administration of Indian affairs, it became necessary that the Government should settle it for them, and for the instruction of all its officials. The reign of England in India is a reign of law, and the law must be assumed to be strong enough for all purposes. Of course, if these men had been out doing while fighting had been going on, or in an attempt to resist the capture of themselves or others, there would have been no more to be said. Their deaths would in that case have come about in a perfectly lawful way, quite as much as if they had had a trial lasting for weeks and had then been executed. It is also possible that if an execution of

a virulent and dangerous character had been going on, an act otherwise unjustifiable might have been justified as an act of war. Or, if it had been impossible to guard the prisoners, and they had been endeavouring to force their way out, it might have been necessary to use very strong measures to prevent such an attempt succeeding. But none of these elements of justification were discoverable in the Kooka case. Both Mr. COWAN and Mr. FORSYTH honestly allowed that the insurrection was totally at an end long before the executions were ordered. The prisoners were as helpless and as harmless as so many sheep. There was not the slightest reason whatever to apprehend any new danger. The executions were not a measure of self-defence in any way; they were simply and solely meant to show people of the Kooka stamp that it would not do for them to break the spell of English law. They were authorised on grounds which habitually determine the conduct of a great many Governments in the world. To execute in a very terrible manner sixty-five helpless men in order to create a general panic is exactly the policy which would naturally commend itself to high officials in Turkey or in Tunis. Something of the same sort may indeed be said of much more civilized Governments. Hundreds of perfectly innocent men were seized and shipped off to Cayenne under the Second Empire, in order to strike terror into the Republican party, and hundreds of helpless people of both sexes, many of them entirely innocent, were shot down last year in the streets and suburbs of Paris, after all danger from the Commune was over, in order to give the Reds a lesson. What the Indian Government says in the most forcible and explicit language is that such proceedings may do for other Governments, but will certainly not do for it. The law, and nothing but the law, must prevail in British India; and the Government explains what it appears some of the officials require to have explained to them, that to do right on this head is to pursue the best and wisest policy. The English in India are but a handful of foreigners, and they rule not only because, though few, they are strong, but because they convince the innumerable millions they govern that they rigidly adhere to the rules of justice. The choice is between terrifying a few Kookas and alienating the vast mass of the people. Unless we can govern India by resting on the law, we had much better clear out of it for our own sakes; but it is certain that sooner or later, if we govern in any other way, we shall be forced to leave it.

So far therefore as regards the general mode in which the Indian Government has treated the Kooka case, nothing could be more satisfactory. It has laid down rules of a sound and wise policy, and has freed itself from all suspicion of an inclination to think lightly of a departure from those rules, even though those whom it has to censure have otherwise shown themselves excellent officers, and have been led astray by nothing but an excess of zeal. But it is very difficult to account for the great difference of punishment which it has awarded to Mr. COWAN and to Mr. FORSYTH. Mr. COWAN has been dismissed the service. This is a very heavy punishment. It cuts a man off in his chosen career; it makes him forfeit all that he has gained by long years of honourable exertion; it makes it exceedingly difficult for him to gain his bread for the rest of his days. It deprives him of occupation, honour, hope, and almost of subsistence. Possibly it was not too heavy a punishment. It needed a severe example, and one that would not quickly be forgotten, to make the servants of the Government understand the fundamental principles of British rule, and to convince the natives that no one, of whatever rank, will be suffered to set those principles at naught. Such was the punishment of Mr. COWAN; and what was the punishment of Mr. FORSYTH? He was a Commissioner in the Punjab, and he is now a Commissioner in Oude. This is literally all the punishment he has received. He has lost neither rank, nor occupation, nor a day's pay. All that has happened to him is that the Government records its opinion that he ought not again to be employed where, as at Umballa, he had to act as the adviser and regulator of small native States. That is not considered to be his line. His line is something more in the Oude way, where his independent judgment is likely to be less taxed. So far as any reason is given for this curious diversity of punishment by the Government, it is attributed to the fact that Mr. FORSYTH did not actually go beyond his legal powers, whereas Mr. COWAN did. Mr. FORSYTH had the legal power to ratify the decision of the native authorities, while Mr. COWAN certainly had not the legal power to blow forty-nine men out of guns. But this is a very technical mode of looking at the matter. The real

offence which they both committed was the violating in a public and signal manner the cardinal maxim of English rule in India. Mr. COWAN blew forty-nine men out of guns, and when Mr. FORSYTH, his superior officer, heard of the proceeding, he at once pronounced it admirable, and stated that he heartily approved of it. The next day, after some time for reflection had gone by, Mr. FORSYTH virtually signed the death-warrant of sixteen men more, not because any proper means of discovering their guilt had been taken, but because he wished to go on producing wholesome feelings of terror, and to show that he was ready to stand by Mr. COWAN. Neither of them had acted otherwise than in honest, though most culpable, error. Either of them might in all probability make a most useful public servant in another part of India. In a court of law possibly Mr. COWAN might be held more responsible than Mr. FORSYTH. But the Government did not deal with the case as a court of law would. It had to punish two officials who, at the cost of many lives, had shown a total want of apprehension of the right principles of governing, and it punished the inferior official in the very severest manner it could, while it did not punish the superior officer—who, of the two, was the most called on to know how government should be conducted—in any way that can be called punishment at all. It rebuked him, and that was all. It rebuked Mr. COWAN, but then it also stripped him of everything. Either Mr. COWAN was treated too severely or Mr. FORSYTH too leniently, and it is to be regretted that the appearance of injustice thus created should have in some degree diminished in India the force of that appeal to the high principles of justice which was made in so vigorous and dignified a manner by the Indian Government in its general remarks on the case.

#### SPAIN.

THE loyal and peaceable inhabitants of Biscay profess to be extremely indignant at the amnesty which has been granted by Marshal SERRANO to the Carlist insurgents. It is admitted that the rank and file of the rebels may be advantageously pardoned; but the professed friends of the Government argue that the guilt of the chiefs, especially of the priests, deserves severe punishment. It is not improbable that SERRANO may have been influenced by the clerical character of some of the chiefs. Although it may be plausibly contended that the clergy are more blamable than other promoters of civil war, the feelings and prejudices of the people might have been dangerously excited by the execution of a dozen priests. The Carlists will probably hereafter boast that the Government was afraid to provoke them to despair; but surrender, even on the most favourable terms, may be regarded as a confession of defeat. The rebellion, though it seems never to have been formidable, might have become extremely troublesome; and it is not surprising that the Commander-in-Chief, especially at the moment when he had become Prime Minister, should prefer the pacification of the disturbed provinces to the exaction of penalties which may perhaps have been merited. The insurgents have done nothing to justify a movement which could only have been excused by a possibility of success. The Pretender and his brother, though they at one time entered Spain, have wholly disappeared; and, according to a probably unfounded rumour, one or both of them is dead. It may be hoped that they are at least convinced that it would be wanton cruelty to engage their adherents in another insurrection. The Duke of MADRID may be excused for entertaining youthful illusions which have probably been fostered by those about him from his infancy. It will be well for him to have learned that nations in modern times, even when they care little for an actual Government, cherish no irrepressible yearnings for the return of their legitimate and august masters. The heir of the old French dynasty more wisely contents himself with occasional proclamations of his willingness on due invitation to resume the government of his dominions, and to hoist once more the white flag of his ancestors. In both countries the partisans of indefeasible royalty form but a powerless minority. It is also probable that, even in the most backward provinces of Spain, industry and prosperity have perceptibly encroached on the domain of internal war. A moderate amount of comfort disinclines a man to the hardships of fighting, even if he happens to be exceptionally indifferent to danger. At the same time that a large class is becoming devoted to peaceful pursuits, the changes in the practice of war have rendered almost impossible the resistance of undisciplined bands to regular troops. In the petty campaign which has just ended the insurgent bands seem to have been uniformly beaten, and the small amount of their losses indicates their anxiety to

retreat as soon as possible whenever they found themselves in presence of the enemy. The victory was almost too easy to justify the titles and rewards which will probably be bestowed on SERRANO.

It remains to be seen whether the early suppression of the rebellion will have the effect of seating King AMADEO more firmly on his uneasy throne. It is something to have proved that the Carlists are not formidable adversaries, and to have ascertained that the Republicans, though they may coalesce at elections with their bitterest enemies, are not yet prepared to engage in a joint insurrection which, if it were successful, must of necessity be followed by a civil war between the victors. The army also has, in a trifling campaign, proved its fidelity to its colours, and it may probably feel some additional attachment to a cause for which it will be assured that it has performed glorious achievements. The political conditions of the country are not in themselves reassuring. Since the accession of the King and the death of PRIM, no Ministry has survived for many months, and during the expedition to the North SAGASTA has followed the example of his numerous predecessors. It is not understood on what grounds he satisfied himself that he was no longer able to resist his opponents. He had represented a coalition of the moderate parties, but the Progressists who originally followed his fortunes discovered that they would be excommunicated by their party if they persisted in their schism. On the other side, ZORRILLA, who had served with SAGASTA and under PRIM, became more and more ready to ally himself against his rival with the extreme parties, not excepting the Republicans. It is said that, on the fall of SAGASTA, the leader of the Opposition has simultaneously retired. SAGASTA naturally professes to support the new Ministry, which includes some of his colleagues and followers. For the first time since the September Revolution the Moderates or Conservatives have undertaken to form a Government of their own; nor can it be disputed that they include among their number some of the most popular and respected politicians in the country. SERRANO has always been considered a man of honour, though he was at last driven into rebellion against the QUEEN. As head of the army he has no rival commander to fear; and he has the advantage of having for some time held the highest rank in the State while supreme power was exercised by PRIM under the title of Minister. Admiral TOPETE is also a gallant officer and an honest politician, though he was one of the most pertinacious opponents of the selection of the Italian candidate. As long as it was possible to maintain the struggle TOPETE openly avowed his devotion to the Duke of MONTPENSIER; and it is said that the Montpensierists have coalesced with the supporters of the QUEEN's son, on the understanding that he shall be declared heir to his uncle, and probably that he shall marry his cousin. Nevertheless TOPETE may be trusted to maintain his allegiance to the reigning King as long as he holds office in his name. It is something to find a Spanish statesman who is not a mere adventurer; and probably both SERRANO and TOPETE regard the maintenance of order as more important even than the choice of a dynasty.

In the first changes of his Administration the King, full of the constitutional theories which he had studied, was careful to examine the comparative Parliamentary strength of the incoming and outgoing parties. On one or two occasions he formally consulted the Presidents of the two Chambers; and he more than once refused to accept resignations which were tendered. By this time he has probably learned that constitutional government is but imperfectly established in Spain, and that he may consider himself fortunate if he can find Ministers capable of governing on any terms. If he remains on the throne, he will probably find it necessary to take a more active and personal part in public affairs, and to govern as well as to reign. If he could win the affection and confidence of the army, he might probably become comparatively independent of contending factions; and there is at present no reason to suppose that he would abuse any power which he might acquire. Incessant changes of Government may be tolerated, though not admired, in an Australian colony, where legislation and government occupy but a limited province, and where there is at present no genuine difference of political opinion. In Spain they imply the determination of all parties to pursue their respective interests without consideration of the permanent welfare of the country. A Parliament which is incapable of dividing itself into two or three defined sections is, as King AMADEUS has more than once told the Cortes, not capable of controlling a constitutional Government.

The discussions in the Cortes seem to become more and more intemperate, and a motion of ZORRILLA and MARCOS for censure of the conduct of SERRANO is said to have been

drawn "a terrible scene." There is too much reason to fear that the Parliamentary system will be permanently discredited in Spain by incessant violence and intrigue. Revolutionists of a modern school which would prefer an undefined kind of intellectual despotism are already using as an argument against the English Constitution the failure of some of its foreign copies. The alternative is likely to be rather faulty government than any more refined form of absolutism. The exultation of Republicans and admirers of universal suffrage at the weakness of the Spanish Monarchy is utterly shortsighted. If a Republic were established in Spain to-morrow, it must derive its title from some popular Assembly, which would immediately reproduce the factious dissensions of the Cortes. During a short revolutionary period the dominant party may, as in the case of the French Convention, succeed for a time in preserving the show of representative government, while it at the same time suppresses opposition by force. An attempt to establish a Reign of Terror in Spain would instantly result in civil war, which again would terminate with the supremacy of some military leader. It was the misfortune of Spain as of France to pass without an interval from absolute monarchy to a form of government in which the popular will was supposed to be supreme. The consequence has been in both countries that loyalty to persons and to Constitutions has disappeared in the midst of incessant changes. It would probably be better for Spain if FERDINAND VII. had never altered the BOURBON rule of male succession, or if in later times the misgovernment and personal scandals of Queen ISABELLA had been tolerated or restrained without any form of dethronement. Plausible sneers at traditions and political fictions are best answered by reference to the example of countries in which the most approved methods of government have been deliberately selected. No community seems capable of permanently worshipping an idol which it has deliberately manufactured for itself. The best thing which could happen in Spain would be the consecration by lapse of time of the title of the present King.

#### THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE House of Commons was in a soberer mood on Thursday than on the night when, amidst the wild cheers which announce an unexpected Opposition triumph, it decided to reverse the educational policy of 1870, and to make the State directly responsible for religious instruction in elementary schools. It is the weak point of general resolutions that they have afterwards to be carried out by particular amendments, and matter of fact discussions in Committee have a strange power of tempering theological zeal by political discretion. It would have been extremely inconvenient to the Conservatives if, by forcing the withdrawal of the Scotch Education Bill, they had pledged themselves to settle the question on principles which, however dear they may be to a mythical Scotch people, have the inconvenient characteristic of being rejected by the great majority of Scotch representatives. The pleasure of seeing the Government landed in a ditch, which may have kept some Liberals from voting against Mr. GORDON's Resolution, can never be trusted to secure their absence when it is no longer possible to plead ignorance that their votes are wanted. The result of these various influences was seen in the majority of forty-four which reversed the former decision of the House, and left the religious difficulty to be settled by the School Boards. If the people of Scotland are resolved to have the Bible and the Shorter Catechism taught in every parish school, they will have no difficulty in giving effect to their wishes. A national majority is made up of local majorities. The interesting feature in Thursday's debate was the desire shown by Dr. BALL and Mr. HARDY to reserve to themselves the right of being inconsistent. Dr. BALL would not "pretend" to say that if this were not a Bill relating to Scotland he "would altogether support the course proposed" by Mr. GORDON. Certainly it would have been idle to pretend anything of the kind. Dr. BALL has had a principal share in accustoming us to the curious spectacle of the same man being Denominationalists in England, advocates of the Universal teaching of a single creed in Scotland, and Secularists in Ireland. He would have all religions taught in one of the three kingdoms, a particular religion in another, and no religion in the third. Dr. BALL would have been better advised if he had ended his explanation at this point, and not gone on to say that, "if they were" to have regard to the feeling of the people of Scotland, he "believed they should adopt the commandment." The feeling of the people of Scotland is not a feeling which can be



when discussing Scotch education. It invests what he says with an air of candour and impartiality, and marks his noble superiority to local prejudice. But he ought always to have in view the day when he will be asked to extend to his own country the charity which has begun abroad. Mr. HARDY had a different difficulty to deal with. Mr. GORDON had done his best to show that his amendment was not really a move in favour of dogmatic religious teaching, but simply in favour of Bible teaching. Mr. HARDY cares far too much for religion, and has far too clear a conception of what teaching religion means, to have any faith in such a distinction. Accordingly, though he voted with Mr. GORDON, he took care to explain that he did not think with him. He repudiated all sympathy with unsectarian religion, and declared that religious education was impossible unless it was based on some definite set of tenets. So that Dr. BALL, who dislikes dogma, supported the amendment "because it excluded dogmatic teaching"; and Mr. HARDY, who values dogma, supported the amendment, although his former colleague had just declared that it was "simply a 'homage to the Scriptures'—in other words, to unsectarian education.

The Bill is indebted to Sir E. COLEBROOKE for the importation of one of the most valuable characteristics of the English Education Act. The cumulative vote, as applied to the election of School Boards, may be defended by arguments quite distinct from those which are employed to justify its application to Parliamentary elections. A School Board has none of those accidental securities for the representation of minorities which are afforded by the constitution of the House of Commons. In the latter case the minority in one constituency is the majority in another, and as the House is made up of representatives of all the constituencies taken together, the aggregate minority has a certain rough assurance that it will be able to make its influence felt. But a School Board, except in a few large towns, is composed of representatives from a single constituency, so that if the minority cannot obtain a representative under the cumulative vote, it can never be represented at all. It is no comfort to a Roman Catholic minority in a Highland parish to know that in some Southern borough their co-religionists have been able to subject a Protestant minority to a similar exclusion. What it wants is the power to protect itself against local oppression, and nothing but some approach to proportionate representation on the School Board will confer this. Whatever form the education of the country may ultimately assume, the necessity for the cumulative vote will remain. If the School Boards had to administer a purely secular system, a religious minority would need to be represented in order to ensure that it was really secular—that it gave no advantage to the religion of the majority, while professing to leave religion altogether alone. In Scotland it is even more essential than it is in England that religious minorities should have this protection. The number of School districts in which a distinctively Presbyterian education will be given will probably be very large, and Roman Catholic parents will have no confidence in the fair working of the conscience clause unless there are Roman Catholics on the School Board. Nor is it only on theological grounds that the cumulative vote ought to be retained. Minorities, as Mr. FOSTER said, may be worthy of representation on educational grounds. An undiluted reproduction of the poorest and most ignorant ratepayers is not likely to favour enlightened theories of popular education, when enlightenment means, as in the first instance it usually must mean, an increased expenditure. In this respect also it is important not to lose sight of the distinction between the House of Commons and a School Board. In the former case the object to be attained is not only the good government of the people, but the good government of the people by themselves. In the latter case, the object is the education of the people, and the participation of the people themselves in the process is only important so far as it is a help to the attainment of this object.

A great part of Monday's and Tuesday's debates was given up to the consideration of details which have little interest except for Scotchmen. The Government were certainly right in refusing to surrender the administration of a large Parliamentary grant to a body not responsible to Parliament, and the concession made by the LORD ADVOCATE seems to ensure that the Scotch Education Department will be kept fully acquainted with the opinions and wishes of the Scotch people. Mr. GORDON defended his proposal to limit the creation of School Boards to towns on the ground that it only carried out the principle of the English Act, which "was to supplement 'educational means where they were deficient, and not to 'destroy or supersede those already in existence.' But

the parish schools of Scotland differ altogether from voluntary schools in England. They are supported by a charge upon property, and any improvements that are effected in them must be accompanied by an increase, and as a necessary consequence by a redistribution, of that charge. The adoption of the amendment would have introduced an anomaly to which there is no English parallel—the existence side by side of two classes of rate-supported schools under two different systems of management. Mr. GORDON did not explain how he proposed to carry out the compulsory clauses of the Bill without the intervention of School Boards. So far as is apparent from the notice-paper, he would have left these clauses as they stand, in which case their operation, as modified by the amendment refusing School Boards to country parishes, would have been limited to towns. Perhaps Mr. GORDON would not have been sorry to have virtually destroyed compulsion by a side wind.

#### MR. FREDERIC HARRISON ON MONARCHY.

IN an Essay on Monarchy in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON gives his Republican friends nearly the same advice which was not long since offered in a more angry spirit by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. Through the greater part of the article Mr. HARRISON adopts an ironical or humorous manner. Notwithstanding his preference for Republican forms, he has a kind of lingering sympathy with the traditions of Royalty; and of the present occupant of the throne he always speaks with personal respect. He only loses his temper when he refers to the *Saturday Review*, which in this instance at least has always been juster and more dispassionate in its appreciation of Mr. HARRISON's character and ability. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH recommended a postponement of the attack on the Monarchy, because he thought it easier and more desirable to commence with the destruction of the Church and the House of Lords. In his vehement dislike of both institutions he accused the English clergy of combined cruelty and meanness, and he charged the aristocracy with the vice of gluttony, on the authority of a scene in *Lothair* where a fantastic nobleman proposes to eat breakfast before going to bed after sitting up all night at a ball. Mr. HARRISON confines himself for the most part to his immediate subject; and while he strongly disapproves of the permanent maintenance of English Royalty, he deprecates impatience for change, on the plausible ground that the revolution is in substance accomplished already. "In the truest sense of the word," he says, "this country is and has long been a Republic, though a most imperfect Republic, it must be allowed. The Republican form, the object of such hopes and of such fears, is important enough, but it is, after all, a matter of administrative adjustment." A calm discussion of the advantages and disadvantages which might ensue if the form corresponded to the alleged fact is perfectly legitimate. It was not permissible to raise the discussion in the presence of a large and ignorant audience on the frivolous pretext of the pecuniary cost of the Court. Mr. HARRISON wastes some eloquent indignation on the inflated language in which conventional loyalty lately found expression. If a community "in the midst of Republican realities retains a monarchic pageant," it is not to be expected that all writers and speakers should either agree precisely with Mr. HARRISON in his distinction between substance and ceremony, or rigidly abstain from the assumption that all parts of the Constitution are equally real. The nonsense which American politicians of all parties talk about the unerring wisdom of "the people" is as insincere as the most eloquent commentaries on Royal processions, and it is more mischievous. It is unsafe to affirm any general proposition as to the morality and utility of political fictions. In the historical change from living organisms to fowls it is difficult to ascertain the exact point at which vitality becomes extinct; and it sometimes happens that the original mould has adapted itself to a new and vigorous growth. Institutions which have been gradually and unconsciously transformed have the great merit of deriving their character from natural causes. Mr. HARRISON complains that the real ruler of the State is deprived of a part of the dignity and power appropriate to his position by the accident of his bearing the title which properly designates the Minister or servant of the reigning king. If the objection is well founded, it furnishes a practical argument in favour of a Republic; but it may be questioned whether a Master of the Palace or a *Faithful* is practically embarrassed by the existence of a system superior in the background. The Japanese, who seem to have a sounder political instinct than any other

Eastern nation, lately effected a revolution by disinterring their nominal Sovereign from the august seclusion in which he and his sacred ancestors had vegetated for several centuries. In the meantime the unquestioned rights of the Mikado had never prevented the Tycoon from exercising the functions of government.

The gravest reason against a formal revolution is the uncertainty of the alternative which might be substituted for Constitutional Monarchy. In the first instance it would seem that the decapitation of English society and political organization would leave below it a commonplace copy of the United States or the colonies; and an America or Australia without a large proportion of land to the population would be an unpromising experiment. To some observers the recent illustration of the spirit of American diplomacy would alone render the prospect of an English Republic of the same type intolerable; and there is no security for the maintenance in England, under the supposed conditions, of the order and material prosperity by which the United States are happily distinguished. Mr. HARRISON justly asserts that "there is no necessary connexion between Republic and ballot-boxes, stump oratory, and the rule of the masses. Nothing is more mindless than the common assumption that there is no Republic possible but that of our American brethren. Every sinister feature of their public life is due to the fact of their national origin, not to the fact of their having a Republic. We, however, here repudiate that as the type of the Republic, of which it is in many respects a very inferior example." "The present writer," Mr. HARRISON says again, "has never confounded Republic with democracy. It is not he or his friends who would teach the people the Gospel of Equality, or the Revelation of Universal Suffrage. It is not they who have held up the United States as the eternal model of a Republic, for in many things we hold it to be one of the worst." It is scarcely worth while to inquire whether an ideal Republic would be preferable to the present English Constitution. It is perfectly true that great and orderly Republics, exempt from instability and from vulgarity, have been found historically possible; but the ideal models of Republican parties in the present day are either the United States or the Paris Commune. Refined philosophers dream of nobler forms of political society; but the physical force which could alone realize their aspirations would be wielded by democratic agitators. The political artisans long for the equal division of property; while Radical Dissenters would be content with the abolition of establishments, of rank, and of titles; and Irish demagogues would endeavour to combine the theories of Papal Rome with the practice of the city of New York. Whatever may be the case with Mr. HARRISON and his friends, the bulk of English as of American Republicans, while they dislike the pageantry of the Crown, abhor with far more genuine earnestness the participation of gentlemen in public affairs. The Convention which the other day rejected the candidature of Mr. ADAMS because he was thought to be a statesman and an aristocrat, faithfully represented one of the ruling principles of American politics. The Gospel of Equality and the Revelation of Universal Suffrage have become inseparably associated with the name of a Republic. All that portion of the community which desires that political and social elevation should in some degree coincide has, like the Athenians and the Romans, a prejudice in favour of hereditary rank which is found not to be incompatible with the recognition of personal eminence. It is by a sound instinct that the opponents of modern democracy attribute political value to alliance with a dormant Royalty. In Mr. HARRISON's eloquent words, the QUEEN "who occupies the throne of the great Normans, of the EDWARDS, of ELIZABETH, of CROMWELL, of WILLIAM of ORANGE, the successor and kinswoman of heroes, receives a halo from the glories of that historic seat," and the friends of the imperfect social and political order which at present exists cannot afford to dispense with the influence of the Crown on the popular imagination.

It is natural that Mr. HARRISON, as an earnest advocate of sweeping social changes, though not of sudden revolution, should wish to establish a closer correspondence between reality and appearance; but, before the old trunks are rootful, it is prudent to watch the undergrowth which is ready to take their place. The Socialist, the Jacobin, and the manager of caucuses and primary assemblies are waiting for the destruction of the Monarchy. It is because the danger is thoroughly understood in all parts of the Continent that existing Governments which command neither sympathy nor respect are nevertheless sustained by the common consent of all the classes which have property to lose. The Spaniards have no reason to love either an absolute or a nominally con-

stitutional throne; but they elected by large majorities representatives pledged to Monarchy, when neither the Cortes nor the constituencies could contrive to discover a King. It is probable that France would not at this moment be called a Republic if there had been one dynasty of Pretenders instead of three. Even the anarchical little States of Greece and Roumania deliberately copy the institutions of their neighbours, in the belief that hereditary royalty affords some kind of security for permanence and order. Mr. HARRISON, who calls himself a Republican Conservative, justly remarks that an historic Republic is comparatively safe from revolutions; but a Republic established in England by the only party which desires it would not be historic. It is not perhaps an inspiring task to struggle with little hope of ultimate success against the progress of French or American democracy and universal suffrage; but the efforts to delay and mitigate an apparently inevitable evil are as honest, and perhaps may be as useful, as the bold and comprehensive projects of sanguine reformers. In checking the downward course it may not be dignified to catch at a bramble or a decaying bough; but a more precipitate descent would only reach the bottom sooner. The communities which have the uncontrolled opportunity of taking their own course have everywhere selected a dead level; and their example is not encouraging to those who may be unwillingly compelled to follow them.

#### MR. JUSTICE KEOGH AND THE GALWAY ELECTION.

IN pronouncing that Captain NOLAN was disqualified to be elected for the county of Galway on account of the intimidation which had been practised by his agents, Mr. Justice KEOGH reserved for the decision of the Irish Court of Common Pleas the further question whether the seat should be given to Captain TRENCH, the candidate who was in a minority at the poll. It was argued by the counsel for the latter that he was entitled to the seat, inasmuch as it was known to most of the electors before they voted that Captain NOLAN was disqualified. It was not only notorious that intimidation was being exercised on NOLAN's behalf, but a formal notice of his disqualification on that account was posted by Captain TRENCH's orders in prominent positions, and was also served on a great many electors. To this the other side replied that, although Captain NOLAN's disqualification was confidently asserted by his opponents, the electors were not bound to believe it until it had been proved before a competent tribunal. The question for the Court of Common Pleas was therefore whether the electors who voted for Captain NOLAN were fully aware of his disability, and threw away their votes deliberately, and whether the seat should be assigned to the other candidate. A judicial decision on this question must necessarily turn on a number of technical points; but although there can be no doubt that gross intimidation was practised, it is not certain that this intimidation was essential to Captain NOLAN's success, and that he would not have had a majority without it. It is not improbable that the reason why the priests exerted themselves so strenuously, and above all so openly and demonstratively, as they did, was in order to cast into the shade other causes which might be operating in Captain NOLAN's favour, and to convey the impression that it was above all to themselves that he owed his election. However that may be, Captain NOLAN accepted their assistance, and must bear the consequences of their disgraceful violence. He has lost his seat, but one of his brothers has been chosen to oppose Captain TRENCH at the next election.

Mr. GLADSTONE has been asked what action the Government mean to take upon Mr. Justice KEOGH's judgment, and he has answered very properly that they can form no opinion on the subject until the judgment is presented to them in an authentic form. It suits the convenience of the Roman Catholic clergy to assume that the only question to be determined is what shall be done with the Judge who tried the case. Mr. Justice KEOGH enjoys at this moment the agreeable distinction of being the best abused man in Ireland. He has been repeatedly burned in effigy; meetings have been held to denounce his "scandalous judgment," and to petition for his instant dismissal from the Bench; and both in newspaper articles and speeches he has been assailed with a warmth of vituperation and invective which makes his own bombastic periods seem cold and tame. Cardinal Cullen has taken up the matter, and on Thursday presided at a meeting in Dublin which was intended as a "special manifestation of clerical opinion." An address to the public was adopted, depicting the great scandal of "a Judge, a professed Catholic, elected

"in the ermine of calm reason and matured judgment," having dared from the Bench to attack the clergy of his Church. The justice of the judgment is not directly impugned. It is admitted that possibly it may be "the stern logical outcome of the evidence," but the Cardinal and his clergy prudently decline to enter upon any argument as to the facts of the case. It is obvious, however, that if the Galway priests were guilty of the conduct imputed to them, "religion has been blasphemed," not by the Judge who condemned these outrages, but by the men who disgraced their cloth by committing them. The object of the agitation is very apparent, and the Government can hardly be simple enough to be misled by it. The Roman Catholic clergy and their partisans naturally resent Mr. Justice KEOGH's judgment, and the vehement, and in many respects injudicious, language in which it was conveyed supplies a convenient pretext for attacking the Judge, and distracting attention from the real question at issue. It is suggested that Mr. Justice KEOGH should be required to resign, and Archbishop McHALE thinks it is imperative that an Act which has been used against the priests should at once be repealed. It may be admitted that the prosecution of a number of ecclesiastics, some of them of high rank, for misconducting themselves at an election, would be an unpleasant spectacle for their order, and would establish a precedent which might cause them some inconvenience hereafter. There seems to have been a hasty assumption on the part of the priests that the Corrupt Practices Act was directed exclusively against the landlords.

It is stated that Mr. Justice KEOGH does not admit the literal accuracy of the reports of his judgment which have appeared in the newspapers; but there is a sufficient agreement between them to show that on various points he used needlessly strong and offensive epithets, and that he went out of his way to touch upon matters which he would have done well to avoid. The tone of the judgment is certainly not what in this country would be considered a judicial tone. Much of it is in very bad taste; it is full of irrelevant allusions, and grotesque extravagance of language; and in reading it one is irresistibly reminded of that flavour of whisky and potatoes which is said to have been perceptible even in some of BURKE's most ambitious speeches. It is impossible to deny that the judgment would have been more satisfactory if it had been calmer and more temperate; but judicial eloquence in the sense in which it is appreciated in England is not usually cultivated by Irish lawyers. The literary style of the judgment is, however, a comparatively trifling matter. The really important question is whether the findings with which it concludes are borne out by the evidence. There has been no suggestion that the trial was not a perfectly fair and patient one. It lasted for fifty days, and the evidence which was brought against the priests was altogether irresistible. It is necessary to remember that the arts of clerical intimidation which had been practised at the election were again employed to keep witnesses away, and to deter those who came from speaking out. The court was daily packed with priests, and the witnesses had to give their testimony in the face of men of whose power to injure them they were perfectly aware. The proceedings were diversified by assaults on witnesses who had told too much, and more than once the Judge had to interfere for their protection. It may be assumed that on the whole the evidence presents a comparatively mild version of the intimidation which was brought to bear on the electors, and that it was in reality much worse than it was said to be. But even on this partial and reluctant testimony it is impossible not to see that the priests behaved in the most outrageous and intolerable manner; and it cannot be seriously pretended that men who are officially reported to have been guilty of criminal acts should escape the consequences of their misconduct because the Judge who reports them is not so nice as he ought to be in his choice of epithets. We need not discuss Mr. Justice KEOGH's personal character and political antecedents. In the first place, they have nothing to do with the case, and in the next place, it is evident that the Roman Catholic clergy thought him a very good Judge as long as he did not run counter to their purposes. Indeed it is expressly stated in Cardinal Cullen's manifesto that it was to the priesthood that "he owed his ermine." The one question of paramount practical importance is whether the facts proved in the course of this inquiry justify the charges which have been made against the Galway priests.

There is one observation which Mr. Justice KEOGH appears to have made, and which has been somewhat unfairly turned against him. He is reported to have said that "no steadier, no safer or more legitimate, influence than that of a landlord over his tenant could be used;" and this has been con-

strued into a justification of the landlords' interference with freedom of election. It is evident from the context that the Judge was speaking only of legitimate influence, the influence of the clergy on the one hand, and of the landlords on the other; and he expressly stated that both kinds of influence had their uses, and were not only allowable but desirable. The charges of intimidation which were brought against the landlords who supported Captain TAZNECH were of the most trivial kind. One gentleman wrote a letter to his agent which was intended to be read to the tenants, pointing out that they enjoyed many favours which he was not bound to grant, and which he should feel himself at liberty to withhold if they behaved in an unfriendly manner towards him at the election. Intimidation of this description might perhaps be more correctly described as a determination in the future to abstain from bribery, but nothing seems to have come of the threat except the dismissal of a herdsman. It appears also that after the election Lord CLANRICARDE was seized with a prejudice against the loaves of a baker named SNODGRASS. These are surely very small matters. It is evident that landlords in Galway, as in other parts of Ireland, have been accustomed to expect that the votes should go with the land; and that they still think it very hard that when rents are 25 per cent. below GRIFFITH's valuation their tenants should vote against them. The Land Act has greatly diminished the authority of landlords over the persons to whom they let their land; but it would appear that, as a rule, they have hitherto been in the habit of influencing their tenants rather by bribery than by intimidation. Human nature being what it is, it is probable that the attitude which the tenants appear to be disposed to assume towards the landlords will lead the latter to fall back upon their legal rights, and to regard the relation between the two classes as a purely commercial one. How long the priests will be able to maintain the influence which they are endeavouring to wrest from the landlords it is difficult to say. A small farmer who was examined at the Galway trial said he thought that "for eternity the people should place confidence in the priests, but for the public welfare in the landlords"; and the reporter adds, that "the evidence of this witness was listened to with great interest, from the fact that he was apparently an humble and uneducated man, from whom such comparatively deep thinking would scarcely have been expected." It is probable that this comparatively deep thinker has not laboriously directed his mind to the philosophy of the Syllabus and of the recent dogma of infallibility; but the Irish priesthood will perhaps discover that by their interference in political affairs they are for the moment increasing their personal influence at the expense of their spiritual authority. What is most bitterly resented in Mr. Justice KEOGH's remarks is the independence of his criticism on the policy of the Catholic Church, and it is evident from Cardinal Cullen's manifesto that some alarm is felt lest this independence should be shared by a considerable section of the laity.

#### PLANNING HOLIDAYS.

THREE-FOURTHS of the pleasure of a holiday lie in the planning of it. There are hosts of people who could never get through life at all if it were not for perpetually dreaming of the little breaks of sunshine which enliven it. The tutor clears his way through a quagmire of examination papers by anticipations of the "Long." The serjeant glances at the last volume of the Alpine Club, and plunges with a smile of comfort into his pile of briefs. A whiff of sea air seems to cool the hot brow of the City merchant as a thought of the coming outing floats in upon the worry of the dog-days. The dreariest routine in fact is lightened by the consciousness that a good time coming lies at the end of it. There is nobody who has not some cherished romance which gives a tinge of fancy to his life; the soberest Evangelical dreams of a restoration of the Jews, and even Sir Cornwall Lewis—if fame may be trusted—used to play at governing an ideal kingdom, where everybody knew Greek and lived up to the standard of the highest political economy. What his kingdom was to the hard-headed statesman the holiday is to the hard-headed man of business. When it comes, it comes no doubt in a definite way, and becomes practically as much a matter of routine as his briefs or his day-books. But before it comes it constitutes the romance of his life. So long as he can plan his holiday there is "a sense of something interlarded" through all the weariness and drudgery of everyday existence. The brightness and vastness of the world throws its glamour over Mincing Lane. We can go, as long as we are only planning our voyages, just where we like. We read the story of the eruption in the *Times*, and are off in fancy to Vesuvius. A present of gloves transports us to the Highlands. We put down "the Earl and the Doctor," and flit away with a perfect indifference about

time or money to the coral-reefs of Polynesia. And then there is the delicious freedom to change and vary our holidays as we please. Every one knows the terrible sense of compulsion which haunts the actual holiday, the regret which wakes up the moment we are fairly embarked on it, the knowledge which bursts on us of far prettier excursions the moment it is too late to undertake them. But so long as the holiday is a dream we may change it as often as we please. We are troubled with no sense of responsibility, with no difficulties about Johnny's school bills and the balance at the banker's; we have to submit to no humiliating compromises with the langued forces of the family. The world is all before us where to choose. A moment will come perhaps when the doctor will put a stern finger down on the health-station he has chosen for our prison-house, or when the wife will demur to our favourite haunts as "too dull for the girls." But so long as wife and doctor let us alone we have it all our own way, and it is the sense of having it all our own way which gives such a special pleasure to "planning holidays."

No doubt there are a good many people to whom the notion of planning holidays will seem the very reverse of pleasant—people who pique themselves on having no plans at all, and who linger to the last moment in a flutter of change. Practically such people go just where other people go, and do exactly what other people do, but they bug themselves on the fact that they might go elsewhere and do quite differently if they pleased. And so in all anticipations of holidays they revel in the vague. The least attempt to fix them to a meeting at any definite spot, or to being anywhere at any definite time, is resented as practical and unpoetic. They tell you frankly that they hate "being tied down." One day they are wild about the delights of the Pyramids, and the next day they are button-holing Don Sombrero, and are curious about the climate of Andalusia. With perfect consistency they decline a through ticket at starting, and console themselves in the hour of sea-sickness by resolving to throw over Belgium and take a peep in the Pyrenees. But all this means, not that they are really averse to planning holidays, but that they like to retain as long as they can the liberty of changing their plans. It makes in fact little difference as to the pleasure of holiday-planning whether our plans are definite or indefinite. To the Alpine climber the charm of his anticipations lies in the difficulty and delicacy of the combinations they require. To catch the right guides, to hit the right side of the inaccessible, to seize the right minute for the attempt, are all so many delicate problems which, if he never manages to solve them in reality, give him an exquisite pleasure by their easy solution in his dreams. There is almost a thrill of excitement in contriving how the last week of Sessions may leave us an hour to catch the steamer for Reykjavik, or speculating how to visit the Geysers and still be back at the opening of Term. There is enjoyment even in the elaborate preparations of the systematic tourist, in his choice of the proper places to visit and the proper people to see, in his elaborate inquiries and careful docketing of information, in the number of his jottings from guide-books, and the "hints for investigation" which vary his notes. It is a pleasure which culminates in our plans for the Nile. There is the right moment to start and the right moment to return. There is the wind that blows up stream to a certain day, and the wind that blows down stream with equal pertinacity. There is the name of the one honest dragoman to be got from our friend, a name which our friend is willing enough to give, but reluctant to spell. There is the right donkey-boy and the wrong donkey-boy, the slightest confusion between whom will make Cairo a paradise or a purgatory. We have to learn the dodges of the Reis and the ways of the crew, to be coached as to the extortions of the Sheikh of the Cataracts, and the proper backsheesh for Beni-Hassan. Nile-planning is one of the most absorbing sports in the world, whether in the end one goes up the Nile or not. The mere reading for it is a world in itself. Our table is littered with Lepsius and Wilkinson. We know the latest researches of M. Mariette. We are able to air a pretty knowledge of hieroglyphics at the last garden-party of the season. We have our theory of the dynasties, and talk in a patronizing way of pylons and obelisks. Sport, too, throws its enchantment over our dreams. We eye our Manton, and pity the poor creatures who will be lingering about the corners of pheasant coverts when we are potting ibexes and crocodiles. We inquire at the Zoo into the habits of hippopotami, and study the vulnerable parts between the bars. It matters very little whether we are never destined to see a hippopotamus or read a cartouche on a tomb. The holiday is as it may be, but the pleasure of planning the holiday remains the same.

To the family man, indeed, the pleasure is more limited than to the bachelor, but then he has pleasures of which the bachelor knows nothing. It is something to see the altered tone of the wife of one's bosom as the holidays draw near. The acerbity, the occasional tone of dictation, pass into a gentle deference and a playful humour. The old contests are waived, and the bugles sound even over the grievance of limited allowances or grudging bonnet bills. Peace spreads her wing over a household whose calm is only broken by faint and delicate suggestions of the pleasure of a "holiday together" on the moors, or by fancy pictures of a family circle at Scarborough. A dexterous diplomatist, indeed, may very early in the spring avert threatening storms by casual hints as to the delights of Baden-Baden, or may lure a wretched partner from stage to stage of submission to his masculine caprice by a series of vague hints of a winter at Rome. On the other hand, it is only a husband who has to face the difficulty of actually planning the family holiday. No doubt an ingenious person can get a fund

of amusement out of the varying wishes of the members of his household, can pit mamma's longing for Harrogate against his daughter's antipathy to "invalid places," and finally step in at a moment of general exhaustion and carry off single-handed the honours of the day. But, as a rule, he is regarded as the common enemy and oppressor of all. It is his business to be economical, and on the question of economy the British mother and the British daughter are at one. No consideration of expense will reconcile the one to the absence of pleasant partners, or the other to the discomforts of a cheap lodging-house. Sly references to the cost of club life deepen into a storm of indignation over the general selfishness of men, as Paterfamilias discloses his little plan for an autumn settlement at Muddbank-on-the-Sea. The whole household shudders at the thought of anticipated rheumatism, of uneatable dinners and abusive landladies, of months of dullness and boredom varied only by donkeys and shrimps. The obstinacy of the banker who refuses to allow any over-drawing is regarded as a mere ruse on the part of a despotic and hard-hearted parent. Sneers accompany his calculations of the railway fares, and his hints on the advisableness of "for once" trying a second-class compartment. The household grimly expresses its wish to stay at home, and refuses to take any interest in planning holidays which are no holidays at all.

But we are not quite sure that even the economical holiday is not better in prospect than the sorry expedient of a round of country visits. There is little pleasure to be got out of a series of perpetual joggings from one house to another, where the only planning can consist in ingenious devices for curtailing one's stay at places that bore one, and avoiding by a dexterous arrangement of dates any possible collision with people whom one hates. The most ecstatic fancy can conjure no sort of excitement out of the prospect of meeting over the table at the manor the faces one is recognizing in Pall Mall, or of lounging down a country lane with the girl who is nodding to one in the Park. That holiday planning of this sort goes on is certain enough, but it is holiday planning of a very low and joyless sort. But even this has a lower deep. Holiday planning degenerates into a fiendish infliction when it dies into a toting for invitations, into bothering Lady Barencreas for a week at Stonecrop Hall, or joggling the memory of the single peer who in a luckless moment once muttered vaguely how glad he should some day be to see his old school friend at his country house. But it is odd to see with what zest and pertinacity the process is carried on. Former repulses are forgotten, the humiliations of the last vacation are remembered no more. However certain he may be of being invited with the ruck, and cooped up in the dulllest of prison-houses with a brace of old dowagers and the country doctor, a "constant visitor" revels in a thousand golden speculations of pleasure, and of the wit and fashion amongst which he is about to figure. He invents repartees which are never called for, and treasures up little anecdotes which are destined to die before birth. He dreams of a round of social successes, of a rivalry for the pleasure of his company, of pressure to "stop longer" and not run away so soon. Perhaps, as we said before, the pleasure is in the dreams themselves. For one month he is a dull, disappointed unit among the people "one must invite." But for six months he has been the favoured guest of the noble and the great. It is something to dream, as the song says, that we live in marble halls. Even if a dry reply to the insinuating little note announces that the "box" is full, it is something to have enjoyed the moors in prospect. A week of anticipated salmon-fishing or a hoped-for battue is perhaps more really enjoyable than six days of wading through Scotch streams with the aid of bare-legged gillies or watching for hours at the corner of a shabby cover. But it must be owned that pleasures of this sort require a robust imagination if they are to be dreamed year after year, and that there are few forms of holiday planning so trying to temper and good taste.

#### PAGAN ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE ecclesiastical mind of England has of late got plunged into controversies which carry us back to ages which ecclesiastical controversialists must not be allowed to have wholly to themselves. To an exclusively theological view no period of history seems richer than the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. Those ages are the very paradise of theological controversy. They are the days of theology in the very strictest sense. The disputes of other ages, say the Iconoclast controversy or the vast mass of controversies which we jumble together under the name of the Reformation, had commonly more or less to do with man's practical duties towards his Creator or towards his fellow-creatures. Even within the time of which we speak, there was one dispute, the Pelagian dispute, which, as having as much to do with the human as with the divine nature, had more in common with disputes of a practical kind. But this was a Western dispute, a controversy between Britain and Africa. The true native land of pure theology is the Eastern half of Christendom, the lands where men spoke the one language which has the power of distinguishing with sharp precision the minutest shades of theological difference. There are the true home of the controversies of those specially controversial ages; there arose the heretics whose eternal doom we are bound to pronounce thirteen times in the year; and there arose the fathers of orthodoxy who made of the words which were uttered another from the cradle, but never fully made, words of the life of heresy. The quarrels between Constantine and Paganism are a



time so fertile both in heretics and saints that men are sometimes tempted to speak as if none but heretics and saints lived in those days, and as if three centuries and more of the world's history had only an ecclesiastical existence. Or, if men look at those days at all in their secular aspect, they are tempted simply to despise the weakness of the decaying Empire, to turn away from the spectacle of shifting Emperors and invading barbarians, of the rule of eunuchs and favourites, and the ten thousand crimes of the courts of Byzantium and Ravenna. We need not say that this is no adequate view of the true middle ages, of the transitional period of the world's history when the Roman and the Teutonic elements still existed side by side in all their distinctness, and had not yet been welded together into a whole different from either. But it is worth while to see how religious controversies looked in those days in the eyes of that large class who were neither saints nor heretics. The course of history carries us so suddenly from heathen persecutions under Diocletian to ecclesiastical disputes under Constantine, that we are apt to think that all mankind, or at least all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire, were actively engaged on behalf either of orthodoxy or of heresy. We are apt to forget how long mere Paganism went on. We are apt to fancy that, as soon as Constantine set up the Labarum as his standard, the whole Roman world followed his example, and that men no longer disputed whether Christianity were true, but only what was the true form of Christianity. But things were far from changing in this sudden way. Everything indeed shows that Christianity was the advancing, and that paganism was the declining, religion. But the advance and the decline were gradual. Down almost to the end of the fourth century it was hard to say which was the established religion of the Empire. Except Julian, every Emperor was a Christian, and it should be remembered that, while Constantine and Theodosius acted as zealous Christians long before their baptism, Julian was not only a baptized man, but had something of an ecclesiastical tinge about him, having in his youth—though, to be sure, he never got beyond his youth—publicly read the Scriptures in the congregation. But, on the other hand, baptized and believing Emperors, both orthodox and heretical, continued to be invested, like their heathen predecessors, with the office and badges of the High Pontiffs of the old religion. It was Gratian who first felt any scruple as to such conformity with a false creed, and his scruple was of evil omen. It was a well-hazarded prophecy, if it was really uttered as a prophecy, that, if Gratian refused to be *Pontifex Maximus*, there would before long be a *Maximus Pontifex*.

But, if Christianity was the religion of the Roman Emperor, it was at least not the religion of the Roman Senate. It is curious, in the fourth and fifth centuries, when the despotic system of Diocletian and Constantine was fully established and when legislation went steadily on the rule that "*Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem*," to see how the Roman Senate won back again some small portion of its old authority. Even the Senate of Constantinople seems to have acted now and then; but the Senate of Constantinople was overawed by the constant presence of the Emperor. In the West, on the other hand, when the Emperor lived at Milan or Ravenna while the Senate went on in its old place at Rome, it often happened that in sudden emergencies the Conscript Fathers had really to act according to their own wisdom. But, down to the reign of Theodosius, the Conscript Fathers were a decidedly heathenish assembly. They vigorously protested against the disestablishing decree of that orthodox Emperor, by which sacrifices to the old Gods were not forbidden, but were no longer to be offered at the public cost. Later still, when Alaric was at their gates, men fell back, not indeed on the genuine worship of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, but on some strange rites from Etruria. No other story better brings out the strange mixture of creeds and feelings at the time. The Prefect of the city consults the Bishop, the first bearer of the famous name of Innocent. His answer, if we may trust the spiteful heathen Zosimos, was the most striking example on record of that "habitual sacrifice of private conviction" which some say is the highest duty, if not of a Bishop, yet at least of a statesman. They were to do the idolatrous rite, but to do it privily (*ὁ δὲ πρὸς τῇ πόλει συνεστὶς ἐκπρόσθην τῇ αἰετῇ ποικιλομένους δόξας λόγους ἰσχυρῶς αὐτοῖς ποιεῖν ἔπεισε*). To understand this answer, whether really given or not, we must remember that to the mind of Innocent the Gods who were to be called on to save Rome were no mere non-existent beings, no mere creations of the fancy. They were devils, living and powerful; the point of the answer is, that the Roman patriotism of the Bishop carried him so far, that he was ready to see Rome saved by the help of devils rather than not see her saved at all. But the sacrifices would have no virtue unless they were done publicly; the Senate went up into the Capitol and did all things decently and in order, but no man, the heathen historian tells us, dared to have any share in their doings.

The revival of paganism under Julian bears its witness both ways. Except that the fires of persecution were not kindled, it has much in common with the reign of Philip and Mary in England. It has much in common with it, both in the case with which the revival was made and in the case with which it was got rid of. If men's minds had not been floating between the old system and the new, if there had been a large and zealous majority in favour of either, the change either way would have been far more difficult, whether in England or in the Roman Empire. And when, after the death of Julian, victims are slain, and the usual rites of divination are gone through on behalf of the Christian Jesus, we are reminded of the fact that Elizabeth was crowned

with the old ceremonies, and that mass went on, being said in English churches, till the summer of 1559.

Both in England and in the Roman Empire there were, during the time of change, many zealous supporters of the old system and many zealous supporters of the new. But in the Roman case it should be noticed what a deep effect the new system had on the old. Before Christianity finally uprooted paganism, it in a manner Christianized it. The paganism of Julian was not simply a system of State ceremonies and poetical tales. It had become a creed; it was a system of faith and morals. Take the history of Zosimos, written in the fifth century, when paganism was fast vanishing. To him the worship of the Gods of Rome was not the subject of playful verse which it was to Horace, nor the matter of state policy which it was to the augur of Cicero. His faith is as firm, his orthodoxy is as rigid, he is as undoubting in his belief in Divine Providence and Divine vengeance as the most fervent disputant on the Christian side. He hates Christianity; but it is not with the blind hatred of earlier times; he clearly has some knowledge of its doctrines, and he even borrows its language in denouncing it. He laments the departure of Constantine from "the right way"—a formula which he must surely have learned from his enemies; he has his confessions of the truth; he has his signs and wonders, his special interpositions for the punishment of irreverence; he has his general theory "*De Gubernatione Deorum*" in the plural, as carefully thought out and as firmly believed in as ever Salvianus had in the singular. Of Christianity and its professors he never speaks without some expression of sectarian dislike. In short, in Zosimos the Christian disputant met with a fanatical enemy as bitter, and no doubt as conscientious, as himself.

From Zosimos let us go back a generation or two to Ammianus. We conceive that classical purists will cry out if we say that Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian of the campaigns of Julian, has really a right to rank very high, within one or two of the top, among the extant Latin historians of Rome. Between him and Tacitus the gap is filled up with the dreary repetitions of the Augustan History. But Tacitus, as well as Livy and Sallust, is not a writer contemporary with what he writes about. And daring people are nowadays beginning to say that Tacitus wrote with a party object, and is not to be implicitly trusted. But Ammianus was a contemporary, and, in a large part of his story, he was a spectator and an actor, an officer in Julian's army. If we look at his matter, his thorough trustworthiness, his keenness of observation, we might put him in the highest class of writers; if we look at his detestably complicated and affected style, we might put him in the lowest. But what we are concerned with is the way in which he looks at Christianity. In this respect he has pretty well reached the state attributed by Principal Tulloch to Mr. Burton, that of a "pitiless impartiality." He clearly was not a Christian himself; he always speaks of Christianity from the outside; but he always speaks of the religion itself with respect. He clearly felt the sublimity of Christian martyrdom; he speaks with reverence of those who laid down their lives for their faith. He despises the Christianity of Constantine, in whose hands it had become an old wife's fable ("*anilis superstitio*"), but he says that Christianity itself is a "*religio absoluta et simplex*"—words which are not very easy to understand, but which are clearly meant to be respectful. He strongly blames the pride and luxury of the Bishops of Rome, but in the same breath he bears witness to the simple and useful lives of the Bishops of smaller places. Theodosius, whom Zosimos pursues with all the bitterness of controversial hatred, he calls "*princeps perfectissimus*." But his strongest expression of admiration is bestowed on the tolerant policy of Valentinian, who hindered the professors of either faith from molesting the professors of the other. Something must be allowed for the different circumstances of the time of Ammianus and of the generation of Zosimos. Ammianus must have written or revised his book under Theodosius; but it may well have been before the public sacrifices were forbidden, in short before Christianity was, strictly speaking, the established religion of the Empire. Zosimos wrote when things had altogether gone against the old Gods. But it is plain that we see in the two writers two widely different lines of thought with regard to the advancing creed. Ammianus is an indifferent philosopher; Zosimos is a fanatical partisan.

Claudian seems to represent a third state of mind. There is indeed something wonderful in the sight of a poet singing the praises of a Christian prince, in the very generation which saw the final triumph of Christianity, not only without introducing a single Christian expression or idea, but with the most lavish use of the machinery of the old mythology. The position of Claudian was different from that of the poets of the Augustan age; it was different from that of a modern poet who drags in classical illustrations. If Virgil and Horace did not very fervently believe in the religion which they professed, at all events neither they nor those about them believed in any other; and they at least did the part of good citizens in professing to believe the religion of the commonwealth. If a modern poet talks of Jupiter and Apollo, no one suspects him of believing in them; his poetical talk about them is consistent with the most devout and orthodox belief in another faith. But when Claudian prays Jupiter and the other Gods to prosper the arms of Honorius, it must have sounded to every devout Christian as a direct invocation of the devil and his agents. The way of putting Christianity utterly out of sight, as it had never been heard of, is far more wonderful than either the fierce hatred of Zosimos or the cool indifference of

Ammianus. It would be interesting to look through the remains of some of the more fragmentary writers of the same age with the same object. Eunapios, for instance, hates Christianity as fiercely as Zósimos, while in Malchos and Olympiodoros we seem, from such little light as we have, to have calm outsiders of the school of Ammianus.

A far more difficult question is that of the religion of Boëtius in a later, and of Prokopios in a still later, generation. The philosophic Consul and Patrician was for ages looked on as a saint and a martyr, as a theologian who confuted heretics, and who died for his faith at the bidding of an heretical prince. Yet it is well known that the *Consolation of Philosophy* does not contain a single expression of Christian faith or Christian hope, for surely such a phrase as "angelica virtus" proves nothing at all. It is a speaking fact that when Alfred translated Boëtius for the edification of Englishmen, he had to Christianize him in the process. We feel convinced with Dr. Stanley, in the *Dictionary of Biography*, that the theological writings attributed to Boëtius cannot possibly be the work of the author of the *Consolation*. Boëtius the Patrician must have been, if not a Pagan, at all events not a Christian. At the same time there can be no greater witness than the writings and the life of Boëtius how deeply Christianity had leavened both the faith and the practice of many who still stood outside the Church as a religious community.

As for Prokopios, the wonderful passage near the beginning of his *History of the Gothic War* looks as if the contemplation of theological controversies had driven him into pure theism and contemptuous toleration. Christians, he says, were endlessly disputing about the nature of the Godhead. But he holds it for madness to try to define things which the human mind cannot understand. He, Prokopios, is convinced that God is all-powerful and all-good, and he can go no further. As for anything else, let each man, clerk or layman—*καὶ ἱερεὺς καὶ ἰδιώτης*, the reference to Thucydides is obvious—say what he pleases. Prokopios was perhaps a scoffer; certainly he shows no signs of any special devotion. But this passage really only puts in another shape what the pious Salvianus had already said, perhaps without knowing it. The author of *De Gubernatione Dei* would not take upon himself to pronounce that Ulfilas and Athaulf would without doubt perish everlastingly. He thought that such good people as the Goths, heretics as they were, would have some chance in the next world. Perhaps his notions really came nearer to those of Prokopios than he would have liked to acknowledge.

#### NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

FEW Englishmen failed to be affected by a lively pang of regret when they read the announcement of the death of Mr. Lever. Those to whom he was personally known had to lament the loss of one of the kindest and most vivacious of companions. An immensely greater number regretted the death of a writer whose earlier works are indissolubly associated with some of the pleasantest recollections of their youth. We can never forget the days when we turned from what we were pleased to call our studies to be animated by the rollicking high spirits of those Irish officers and students and squires who played such mad pranks through the pages of *Harry Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley*. It is so short a time since we had occasion to speak of the literary merits of his work, and to express the hope, so speedily disappointed, that he had not taken a final leave of his readers, that we shall not now dwell upon the special characteristics of his stories. There was at any rate nothing in them which could rightly cause him a serious regret, and there was a vast amount that had contributed no scanty addition to the stores of innocent amusement in the world. The final farewell to so prolific a writer may, however, suggest a few reflections upon the nature of the intellectual food which is now provided in such marvellous abundance for all persons who can spell out words in print.

Some of the general causes which have contributed to the extraordinary growth of this branch of literature are obvious. Of all forms of literary art, the novel is the one which lends itself with the greatest facility to the expression of every possible variety of emotion. The decay of the drama, upon which so many ingenious theories are put forward, is probably owing in great part to the greater flexibility and easier publicity of this new mode of expression. If Dickens, for example, had lived at any time before the opening of the eighteenth century, he would naturally have become a dramatist. Whether he would have produced better or worse literature is an open question; but he would have been hampered by the necessity of satisfying all the complex requirements of the stage, and he would have appealed in the first instance only to the small circle of London playgoers, instead of reaching at once the whole educated population that can read English. It is no wonder that when the modern novel had been fairly elaborated, and an appreciative audience prepared, it should have speedily risen to a wide popularity. There is nothing that cannot be put into the shape of a novel with perfect facility. A set of stories has been written to illustrate theories of political economy; others develop schemes of political or social reform; innumerable stories are written to demonstrate that the Church of Rome is the Scarlet Lady, that Catholicism is the one system that can satisfy the aspirations of the soul, and that the High, or Low, or Broad Church, or no Church at all, should be the object of our passionate loyalty. A whole army of writers has attempted to

awaken in us a love for the romantic beauties of the past; and another to call our attention to the phenomena which are to be found in different strata of modern society. Sometimes a novel is the cry of distress of some one who finds the world too hard for a sensitive nature; and sometimes it is the calm, photographic reproduction of a set of observations which appear to have been carried on with absolute scientific indifference. Everybody can write a novel, and most unmarried ladies, at any rate, have written them; for novels reflect, with almost equal ease, every possible mood of thought, and every conceivable shade of speculation upon all topics in heaven or earth. People of a pedantic turn of mind are apt to lay down rules for the exclusion of all those varieties of this great genus to which they have personally no liking. They object to purely realistic or purely ideal novels; they must not have novels with a purpose, or historical novels, or novels in which any of the commandments are broken. Something is to be said for some of these restrictions, for, undoubtedly, wide as is the range which novels may fairly take, there are some limits to the sphere of its judicious application. We have not yet seen, though we can easily imagine, a novel intended to teach the rules of arithmetic; but we have shuddered at novels which were evidently intended by nature to be fragments of a dictionary of antiquities or sermons on dogmatic theology, or pamphlets on the currency question. Taking, however, a sufficiently catholic view of the question, and admitting that no aesthetic canon should be inexorably enforced against innumerable varieties of the art, some curious questions remain as to the consequences of its boundless popularity.

The commonest objection to the modern novel results from this extreme facility. Both reading and writing novels is favourable to a flabby condition of the mental fibre. The great mass of fiction lies like a poultice upon the human mind, discouraging energetic thought or severe forms of art. Poetry supposes a certain degree of strenuous effort, and an attempt to rise above the dead level of ordinary emotions, but a novel may preserve the tone of common conversation. A novelist, if conscientious, is conscientious in spite of every temptation to the contrary. He will please his readers and save himself trouble by suggesting problems without taking the trouble really to think them out. If he has the ambition of being a social reformer, he paints the bloated aristocracy and the starving proletariat; and, having made his readers weep or curse, his task is ended. He is perfectly content to give up all questions as to the real cause or the true remedy of social inequality as entirely beyond his province. Even when he keeps more strictly within the purely artistic sphere, he has every inducement to take the laxest possible view of his duties. The general public has the same taste in novels that it has in pictures; it likes something pretty, and cares very little for anything elevated. There is not even a tradition that an English novelist is bound to consult the unities or to aim at harmonious effect. Any rambling story, the looser the better, will do for him, and he may diverge from his path at any moment in search of a picturesque effect or a quaint anecdote. Most novels seem to be made by the simple process of emptying out upon the reader, without any serious attempt at arrangement, a collection of all the odds and ends which the author has picked up in his ramblings through the world. The same faults are of course apparent enough in other forms of art, but the peculiarity of the novel is that it gives them a special sanction. Mr. Carlyle says that if literature had no task beyond that of harmlessly amusing languid indolent men, Scott's novels would have just supplied our needs. He is of opinion that something more is wanted, but the "something more" is certainly a rarity in the great bulk of novels. We fear, too, that it must be added, that novels are apt to become intolerable just in proportion as they take a higher aim. It seems to be almost a necessary condition of great success, that the writer should abandon any distinct moral or philosophical purpose, and be content with such indirect lessons as may be indirectly absorbed by readers in search of nothing but amusement. When we see a gentleman lounging on a club sofa studying a novel by the help of a cigar, or observe the masses of cheap literature at a railway bookstall, and the general proclivities of their purchasers, we apply the formula of supply and demand, and wonder whether an art supported by such patrons can fail to quench the best aspirations of any one who practices it. The vigour with which women have seized this method of delivering their sentiments to mankind has perhaps increased this tendency. It is quite true, indeed, that women have supplied more than one of the most conspicuous exceptions to the general rule that novelists do not take their art seriously. Still, the mass of female writers, whether from their defective education or their social position, or from any natural tendencies of the feminine intellect, certainly encourage an unfortunate standard of art. Whether namby-pamby or sensational, which is merely namby-pamby rampant, they are equally marked by inherent weakness. Thackeray complained that since the days of Fielding nobody had been permitted to paint a man. If the objection was only that the flimsiness of British decorum were a trifle too strait, the misfortune might be borne with comparative equanimity; but there is too much reason for saying that the masculine type of character tends altogether to disappear from our picture. We have that miserable substitute which is composed of an excessive sentimental system and a permanent tendency to sentiment; but the characters whom we meet in the modern novel are nearly all women; to some extent, we meet the same thing in the history, but in the latter case the characters are not so numerous, and as well as

muscles, and capable of doing something more than making love to pretty young women at an evening party, or crushing a silver cup with his fingers.

By the help of such reflections, it is easy to make out a strong case against modern novelists. Whether their foibles indicate a general want of social stamina in the age would involve a further and a difficult inquiry. It is obvious to suggest, as is frequently done in such cases, that the persons who now read novels formerly read nothing at all, and that if the study of a sensation story in a railway be not a very elevating form of amusement, it is perhaps better than listening to the conversations which used to take place in the old-fashioned stage-coach. Any gleam of intellectual interest, it may be urged, is better than the blank, barren stupidity which would be produced if people whose appetite is only equal to a washy novel had not even a washy novel to amuse them. Or, again, it might be urged that the great mass of literature at any period must always be of an inferior kind. When we compare ourselves disadvantageously to our ancestors, we really compare the average of our performances with the few gems of real value which have escaped the general decay. Even a modern novel is not more insipid than the now unreadable romances in which our ancestors took a strange delight. The modern article has at least the negative merit of being shorter, which, we may hope, proves that we have become more impatient of stupidity. Without discussing such insoluble questions, we may perhaps admit that just at the present moment the art of fictitious writing seems to be rather running to seed. We have at least one great writer and a good many respectable performers now lingering on the stage. But there is ample room for some man of genius to do what was done for poetry at the beginning of the century—to strike a bolder key, and show that the resources of art are not limited to reproducing commonplace conversations or indulging in impossible eccentricities. To prophesy what shape may be taken by the coming reform, if indeed it is coming, is of course impossible; but there are signs of weariness in our existing school which, we would fain hope, may be the heralds of a change. No writer derives a charm from that exuberance of animal spirits which is conspicuous in Dickens or in Lever's earlier productions. The mine seems to have been worked out; but, as it is really inexhaustible, that can only mean that it is time to be hitting upon some fresh vein of sentiment. Such writers as those we have mentioned seemed to be writing because the world struck them as intensely amusing, and because they could not restrain the utterance of the fresh emotions which it created. Most of our present authors seem to derive their impulse simply from a foregone decision to write a novel, good or bad; but they either take the old paths or make spasmodic efforts to strike out new ones which land them in oddity instead of originality. We grumble steadily, and yet we ought perhaps to remember that the change may be in us as much as in our would-be entertainers; and that part of the charm which the writers of our youth possessed may have been owing to our youth rather than to their writing. Who shall decide? We presume posterity will have that duty, and we wish them joy of the task.

#### THE RETURN OF THE GOTHES.

IF we are not the most cultivated and æsthetic people in the world, it is certainly not for want of travelling. Hordes of barbarians have been arriving daily among us from the South of Europe in obedience to the law which requires them to spend in town the three months of the season. Many persons, no doubt, are under the impression that Italy belongs to the Italians, and that the language spoken there is Italian. A visit to that country during the past spring would have speedily undeceived them. At Turin or Bologna the traveller might have imagined himself to be at Swindon or Peterborough; the scene is one of wild confusion; troops of English and Americans precipitate themselves upon the trains, careless of the claims of previous occupants; hats they sit upon, coats they displace, umbrellas they ignore. Italians conscious of their strange and *dépayés* appearance shrink into the background. The timid traveller wishes for annihilation as he hears a group of six Americans, all under twenty-five years of age, and all apparently unconnected by any ties of relationship, asseverating that "now is the time to make a rush." Daughters flit to and fro in dusty dresses. Fathers hurry forwards and backwards, struggling with bundles containing a stick for every day in the month, the waifs and strays from which would enable them to be traced from city to city. Newly married couples clinging to each other's hands and their travelling-bags, dropping first one and then the other, are trying to find their courier, who is trying to find them. The refreshment-room is full to overflowing, and the Northern tribes gaze with avidity and astonishment at a sight for which their own wildernesses have so little prepared them. The officials, taught by experience that they have no business on the scene, placidly look on, sometimes muttering unintelligible words in a language in which they are never addressed, and which no one pretends to understand. Temporary companionship with these excited hosts does not explain the cause of their migrations. Their appetites are superb, so that health cannot be the object in view. Art can have but little to do with it; for they can only just distinguish brick from stone. It may possibly

carriage an Englishman is asking what the Apennines are, and whether the inhabitants have been engaged in any war during the last twenty years, which gives rise to much interesting speculation. In another corner a girl is reading *Deedeker* aloud, not with great rapidity, as a succession of twenty-eight tunnels interrupts the enunciation of as many words. All these heterogeneous elements find themselves at the close of the day in the same hotel, an hotel which they have called into existence, and which, were it not quite insupportable, would deserve the praises lavished upon it. All kinds of conveniences abound; electric bells which ring a quarter of an hour after they are desired, and indulge in spontaneous vagaries in the dead of night; servants who, in their wish to perfect themselves in the pronunciation of the English language, refuse to speak their own and are wholly incomprehensible. The courtyard is a den of omnibuses from which discordant sounds are ever rising; every half-hour fresh loads arrive, disgorging more barbarians and brass-bound trunks, which become more involved in inextricable confusion; the family courier is explaining that nine packages are to be taken upstairs, and seven left below, and spends the rest of the evening in ineffectual attempts to sort the sixteen. The hotel is "famed for its good *table-d'hôte*," and eight greedy persons give up in consequence the seclusion of their own rooms to sit in the gilded barn where dinner is served. The object is to get rid of the unwary guests in as short a time as possible, and the foolish conversationalist may easily find himself three dishes in arrears, causing no inconsiderable detriment to his digestion in endeavouring to hurry through a cold Mediterranean fish, a hash of brains, and mutton that is not mutton, in the five minutes which are allowed him. How many ruined constitutions may not accuse the master "of a recently enlarged and redecorated hotel"! Nor is the night a time for repose; there is an early train at half-past four o'clock, and two Englishmen at three begin to splash about in their portable baths, while the waiter has roused every occupant of the same story from forgetfulness of the numbers of those who were going. The next day brings round the same cycle of pleasures, and the same struggles, until Florence has caught a violent cold, and the Chianti has disagreed with her father, so that they are obliged to remain two nights in some town which deserves the careful study of two months.

The opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has effected a revolution; four or five days is a long time to give to a journey from London to Rome, and there is enough English atmosphere in the latter town to make one doubt the truth of Horace's dictum. "*Rome est la ville où l'on aime. Quand on a une passion, c'est là qu'il faut aller en jouir; on a les arts et Dieu pour complices*," wrote one of Balzac's heroines. Could the modern Englishman be forced to soliloquize in the palace of the Cæsars, and explain his reasons for being there, they would probably be of the following nature:—"I came here because I was told I should find all the advantages of an English watering-place, and my country neighbours were going too. I belong to a club where I can discuss the Tichborne case and receive my opinions from my own newspaper. I keep my digestion in order by hunting three days in the week, and if I do not jump over stone walls, at least I do not ride over the hounds. Marsala is very like sherry, much cheaper, and is certainly stronger than I thought it was. My wife and daughters like seeing churches, and I think sculpture very interesting. I have seen sixteen studios, and shall try to get to the Vatican before I go on to Naples." At times, however, he looks sadly depressed. The tropical rain which set in the morning after his arrival goes on for three days without any intermission; the Pincian is reduced to a muddy pulp, the streets are turned into torrents, and only a few archaeologists can be seen on their way to investigate the fifteen churches one under the other at San Clemente. Perhaps it snows or hails, and the traveller may listen to the asseverations of the Italians that such an occurrence has not taken place for forty years; and if it is his first experience of the climate, he may possibly believe them. The Club is damp, and dismal stories are told him. Some fragment of a columbarium has resented the intrusion of hounds and horses, and an enthusiastic sportsman has broken his collar-bone in full view of the Alban hills. Some one else has been robbed in the Campagna, and four others seized with fever. Of course it was their own fault; what so easy to avoid? You have only to wear precisely the right clothes during every change of temperature, never catch a chill, never expose yourself needlessly to the sun, observe careful rules with regard to diet, obtain excellent rooms on the second floor looking to the south, never be out at sunset, and never get wet; these simple precautions, with the aid of a strong constitution, will enable the traveller to preserve his health at Rome. Full of these and similar details the father creeps in fear and trembling to his hotel, where he finds his wife anxious to know who is the best chemist and who is the best doctor, in case Florence's cold should become worse. They have stood for hours in damp vaults in thin boots; nothing will warm the dingy rooms looking northwards on to a bank of earth about five yards from the windows. Even these cellars were found with the greatest difficulty, and there is no prospect of obtaining better. Crowds pour in every day, filling every available garret, driving from hotel to hotel in search of a bed, not unfrequently in vain. The watering-place increases its price, and pillages its visitors. A modern capital is a charming thing, and the adjuncts of a Court and diplomatic establishments are not without a certain value; but their evil meditations as they bring their households with them.

The new street is necessary, is doubtless an improvement, as it destroys the tortuous alleys and decaying buildings; but in its progress it pulls down here a campanile, there a window of the fourteenth century. The sound liberal who is awakened in the morning by the shrieks of newspaper vendors and by the groans of barrel-organs—for Italy, so prodigal of her favours in this respect to other countries, still keeps a sufficient supply at home—may for a moment regret the consummation of Italian unity, and remember the days when all such noises were forbidden. While one Serene Highness drives over him on the right hand, and another on the left, he may wish to recall the time when the city was not quite so fashionable; when the poor could economize there; when, if the dinners were as bad, and the beef as tough, there were many pleasant people to eat them; and when the gardens of the Ludovisi were not closed—a loss no less irreparable to students of nature than of art. On the other hand, scores of new shops are opened, displaying an endless choice of photographs and mosaics, countless boxes of which are despatched to New York. The influx of ignorant travellers has given rise to renewed activity in the fabrication of works of art, and an unparalleled sale of rubbish has been the consequence. *Mec tibi orant artes!* All sorts of objects are kept in stock to tempt the amateur, who has not even sense enough to observe that the picture might have been better had the painter taken more pains.

The American is a better prey than the Englishman, who generally possesses at home a select assortment of relics of travel. Most country houses present some indication of Italian tours in the shape of copies, alabaster figures, or marble tables, the collection of some erratic grandfather who however probably saw more and understood far more of Italy than any of his descendants. He went to Rome for four or five months, not for a fortnight; felt that he was in a strange country; inquired solemnly into the habits of the natives, their customs, and their mode of life; made abstracts of the conversations he held; wrote long accounts after the manner inculcated by Bacon; perhaps did "sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travellith; did upon his removes from one place to another procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth." These accounts were published on his return, and were very likely read with interest by the untravelled world. Now hardly anybody takes letters of introduction to foreigners, few of whom indeed speak English with fluency. If the guest is conversant with no language but his own, it may be doubted whether he derives much pleasure from climbing up the hundred steps of some vast palace to find a society which has no characteristics of its own, and whose gossip is singularly like that of any other watering-place. Besides, when Bacon wrote, and our ancestors printed their letters, neither Murray nor Haedeker had published their admirable summaries, and they could have little foreseen the day when Englishmen and Englishwomen, by the aid of a courier, would be enabled to see Florence in three days, Bologna in two, and Ferrara in a single morning. Then the hours were not mapped out for them with a stern hand, and they gave perhaps one or two to the study of what was in those times the prevalent language of the country. Travellers are much too busy in these days to do anything of the kind; besides, what would be the use? The writers speak American wherever they go; there is no modern literature to read, and as for the classics, Tasso is too dull, Dante too difficult, Ariosto too long, Boccaccio too improper. The result is that not more than one Englishman out of a hundred displays a greater familiarity with the language than is evinced by the question "Quanto?" which he pronounces as he stretches across the buffet and shakes a *brioche* in the face of the alarmed waiter. Were he to stay in a town two days longer than was necessary to see its churches, he would feel that he was wasting his time. Perpetual motion is his destiny. He would be more likely to sleep at Tuxford on his way to Edinburgh than to break his journey at an Italian town where there was no English chemist. Balzac's heroine would hardly find a quiet corner in which she could pursue her studies. "I can't abide Venice, there's no noise nor bustle here," was the criticism of one to whom the avenues of New York presented the acme of enjoyment. Rome will become more crowded and more expensive each succeeding year, and fewer salons will remain open to those who come in search of society. When the dual government which now exists comes to an end, the resident English will be at a loss for topics of conversation, and will be deprived of the opportunity of committing many harmless indiscretions in opposition to the Government of the country, by which they show their interest in politics, even if they do not directly influence the proceedings at the Quirinal.

Travelling of the kind we have described cannot be said to promote a knowledge of the arts or to aid the critical faculty. The family which has seen Bologna in two days, and other towns with similar celerity, returns to England with minds which resemble blurred photographs, and health impaired by the most treacherous of climates. Italy and its enjoyments are for those who leave the beaten track, who content themselves with the spectral light in the pine woods of Ravenna, and who learn from the scenery in San Vitale and San Apollinare how lovely and how simple was the Christianity of the sixth century. Among the *badini* only they may enjoy uninterrupted quiet, be the sole possessors of some Renaissance palace at Vicenza or Ferrara, watch the light and shadows of the Euganean hills from Este, and study

Torcello before its restorations are completed. Five years hence few monuments will remain unscraped and unrestored; half the most exquisite treasures in Italy are losing their distinctive character, and the traveller will regret, when too late, that he spent his days in going to meets at the Due Torri, and his evenings in reading English magazines.

#### DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

NO visitor to the French Plays can fail to be impressed with the fact that they come from a country in which the drama still holds its place in the national literature, and the dramatists are writers who, in their several degrees, have some respect for the quality of their art and the critical taste of their audiences. This is evidently a state of things which has almost ceased to have a parallel in England since Mr. Macready's management at Covent Garden, and subsequently at Drury Lane. In those days, which now seem so far off, there were excellent companies not only at what were called the Patent Theatres (for we may include Madame Vestris's management at Covent Garden in the epoch to which we refer), but at the Haymarket; and there were dramatic writers, both in tragedy and comedy, whose productions, if not destined to take rank as classics, were nevertheless works of serious merit and intention, and entitled to consideration in a purely literary sense as works of feeling, of imagination, of invention, or of style. They deserved the attention of cultivated critics on other grounds than those of stage effect or theatrical success. Some of them had a noble and elevated aim in the presentation of human passions purified and exalted by the conflict with human destiny, or of an ideal of self-sacrificing heroism or virtue; some gave to picturesque or romantic episodes of history the charm of poetic diction and dialogue; some threw the genial and kindly glance of the social moralist on the manners and the foibles of the world around them; some satirized the pleasant vices or ridiculed the fashionable follies of the age; some, with a more unrestrained and farcical humour, caricatured the vulgarities of a class or the eccentricities of some new variety of the human species; while some were content to reproduce the everlasting types of the comedy of life. There was not among them all perhaps a ghost of the tragic genius of the Elizabethans, whom they were too prone to imitate, or a spark of the reckless vigour of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, or a smack of the animal spirits of Colman and his contemporaries, or more than a faint suggestion of the fresh and happy animation and tenderness of Goldsmith or of the dazzling brilliancy of Sheridan. But there was something of a literary sense and a literary purpose in their work, and in most cases there was a clear title to originality. Such as they were, they were not adapters but creators; and, to borrow a figure from a French poet, if the cup from which they drank was a small one, it was their own. Since Lord Lytton wrote his last comedy, and Mr. Boucicault wrote his first, they have had no successors on the English stage; and we look in vain for so much as a second Jerrold, or Talfourd, or Sheridan Knowles. The author of *London Assurance* has become a very able and successful "original adapter," or a composer of effects for the scene-painter and the machinist. Mr. Tom Taylor is scarcely to be pronounced an original dramatist, and Mr. Charles Reade is best known to the stage as a borrower from his own works or from abroad. The regretted Mr. Robertson composed very pretty charades; but charades do not constitute a dramatist. In round terms there is an almost absolute divorce in this country between literature properly so called and the stage. If the Dramatic Authors Society should be disposed to question the accuracy of this statement, let them refute it by a list of their own productions during the last quarter of a century. Perhaps it is sufficient to note the number of English plays of French extraction within this period, and to recall the just but fruitless endeavours of French dramatic authors to establish some sort of direct or indirect claims under a fair Copyright Treaty upon the profits of British piracy. English authors have often and reasonably pressed upon their brethren in the United States the injury and discouragement to American literature which the absence of international copyright has caused by the cheap and plentiful supply of all the latest novelties from the London market. It has probably not occurred to our "dramatic authors" that the literature of the English stage may have suffered a similar disadvantage from the cheap and plentiful supply of original adaptations from the French. At any rate, whatever may be the cause, the result is indisputable. We have playwrights in abundance, but no dramatists to speak of, for the most successful piece of the season, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, will scarcely be cited as an exception; we have any quantity of adaptations, more or less deformed and spoilt in the process, but no native or original dramatic literature. Let us turn to France and contemplate a very different scene, and one which is not calculated to inflame the honest insular self-complacency of the British literary patriot.

Since the great Revolution French dramatic literature has undergone many transformations. In this respect it has shared the fate of the political Government, and followed with fidelity the tastes and manners of each successive epoch in a country where every decade is an epoch in itself. Under the Revolution and the Empire classic tragedy prevailed at the National Theatre with the literary divinities of Racine and Corneille. Greek and Roman tragedy, with the language of the Court of Louis Quatorze, made democracy heroic and Imperialism sublime. Under the Restoration



tion the classic tragedy survived; under the Monarchy of July Romanticism struck it a blow from which nothing less than the powerful and electric genius of a Racine could have saved it for a few years of precarious convalescence. The Second Empire could not restore it; even a French public, in spite of all its gaiety the most enduring in the world, could no longer tolerate the solemn Alexandrine platitudes of the classical imitators of Corneille and Racine, disdained by men in helmets and togas on a stage representing a severely classical interior on which the curtain never fell. The public wanted life, reality, movement, and passion, something that would stir the senses and the blood, instead of those bowigged and awful shapes of antique and imperturbable bores. Victor Hugo gave them all this in his dramas, and splendid excesses of poetry and rhetoric besides. Alexandre Dumas (the Elder) gave them the romance or the masquerade of history in cloaks of all colours, heroes and great ladies who broke all the commandments in magnificent costume, and committed all manner of transgressions against the moral and social law in the language of saints and martyrs. Sometimes he showed them the Court life of the old French Monarchy and aristocracy in undress—a life in which all the men were wits and gallants, and all the women were adorable sinners; sometimes he dramatized society as it ought to be in a revolutionary age, and drew the tears of the pit and gallery by depicting in agonizing situations the triumph of unrestrained passion over the prejudices of the Code. He had a host of followers and fellow-workers, who, if not all masters of their art, were more than mere craftsmen, and who worked in a sincerely literary spirit. Perhaps it is owing to the system of instruction, to the comparative limitation of the careers of educated men, to the absence of commercial enterprise and the emigrating spirit, that there are so many young men in France who bring to the stage qualities of style which lend a certain literary cachet even to their lightest productions. For example, compare an English burlesque with the libretto of the *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* and *La Belle Héloïse*; the former is coarse slang and imbecile doggerel; the latter has something of the Aristophanic vein in the audacity of its satire, in its touches of sentiment, in its bitter buffoonery, in the artful negligence of the writing. Scribe, who under the Restoration and the Monarchy of July was the founder and the chief of a school of writers of *genre* pieces, ingenious little sentimental comedies of contemporary middle-class life and manners, was not indeed a master of style, as he was of invention and construction, and it became the fashion among certain critics towards the close of his career, when he was getting out of fashion, to laugh at his "French"; yet there is not a play of his, however slight and trivial in form and substance, that does not deserve a place in the library of French dramatists, and that may not be read with advantage by a foreign student of the language of everyday life and conversation. And the same may be said of his principal coadjutors. These delicate little comedies and those vaudevilles with *couplets* are now completely superseded; no audience in Paris would listen with composure in 1872 to a party of ladies and gentlemen interspersing their dialogues with tags of rhyme sung by cracked voices to some old barrel-organ tune. The Parisian audiences of the present day demand a stronger and more stimulating diet. A long course of political disenchantments and catastrophes has made them bitter and uncompromising realists; and what they insist upon in their dramatic literature nowadays is a keen and biting irony, a penetrating and pitiless observation of the minor miseries and absurdities of human life, or a moral lesson in favour of law and order, conveyed under the disguise of the most pungent cynicism. The continual influx of provincial visitors to the capital has no doubt in Paris, as in London, vitiated the critical sense of theatrical audiences, and impaired in some degree the quality of the actors and of the dramatists. It is within the last twenty years that this change for the worse has taken place, yet it would be unjust to attribute it to the Second Empire, which has since enough to bear without being held accountable for the demoralization of dramatic art.

Under the Second Empire four dramatists of considerable power and reputation may be said to have flourished—M.M. Alexandre Dumas the Younger, Emile Augier, Octave Feuillet, and Victorien Sardou. Three of these indeed had already a nascent reputation before the Empire, but it grew to maturity under the third Napoleon; and the fourth, and perhaps the most renowned of them all, belongs altogether to the Imperial period. It is known that the exemplary author of the *Dame aux Camélias* and the *Viola de Noce* esteems himself nothing if not a moral teacher and reformer, and we believe him to be perfectly sincere in his conviction. M. Emile Augier, although a favoured guest at the Tuilleries as well as at the Palais Royal, satirized unsparingly in his most successful pieces the tendencies and predilections of a dominant party at the Court; the principal characteristics of his plays are a wholesome earnestness of moral tone and feeling, and a vigorous grace of style, which amply justified his election to the Academy. His brother Academician, M. Octave Feuillet, also an intimate guest of the Palace, is as decided and sincere a moralist in his own way as M. Dumas the Younger. But his way is different. He shows vice its own features, and sometimes the features are rather too seductive; but he invariably vindicates the social law in the last act by punishing the offenders, whom, it may be added, he delights to make odious and contemptible, if not ridiculous, even before their punishment arrives. The worst of it is that M. Feuillet generously pardons his virtuous characters also, and has no respect for the probabilities of actual human experience when for poetical justice in his *drame*.

excusable if he showed the slightest respect for probability in his plots, which are usually as fantastic as they are disagreeable. We must except, however, from this remark, a charming little piece, *Le Village*, in which we believe he had the practical assistance of M. Ragnier. M. Feuillet is an Academician, and therefore beyond criticism as a writer; but there is enough of fascination in the nervous power and delicate grace of his style to make amends for the moral effluvia which it often betrays. While we are in Academician company we may here say a word about M. Legouvé, the collaborator of M. Scribe (an Academician also) in the drama of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. The best writing in that play was always attributed to M. Legouvé, all the merit of the construction being assigned to M. Scribe. There is perhaps not much for either to boast of in the performance, if too severely judged; but no foreign critic who is tolerably well acquainted with the literary language of France will deny it a place in dramatic literature, or dismiss it as the handiwork of a couple of playwrights.

M. Victorien Sardou, however, is the most thorough dramatist by temperament and instinct who has appeared in France since the death of M. Scribe. We are not of course comparing him with the giants of the Romantic school, but only with writers of his own category. In the art of painting we do not compare a Terburg with a Rubens; and M. Sardou is in some sort the Terburg of the modern French stage. Apparently he does not pretend to be a moralist, or rather he is content to be a dramatic writer before being a moralist; but for marvellous ingenuity of construction, infinite dexterity in conducting a complicated plot and disentangling a skein of seemingly insuperable difficulties, and sustaining a rapid fire of easy epigram and laboured repartee, and especially of repartee barbed with feminine finesse and shot with a careless but unerring aim, the author of *Les Pattes de Mouche* and *Nos Intimes* is unsurpassed. On one occasion, in his drama of *Puterie*, founded on an episode in the revolt of the Netherlands and produced a year before the Franco-German war, he rose to a higher strain of sentiment and passion; in his latest work, *Rabagas*, he has lent the framework of an interesting plot to a double-edged political satire of inimitable truthfulness and audacity, and so cunningly contrived that all parties think all parties assailed and insulted by it but themselves. M. Sardou, who, we believe, has old German blood in his veins, has all a Frenchman's lightness of hand; but he hits hard and straight, and we know no play of his in which he hits at random, or in which the moral leaves anything to be desired at the fall of the curtain. We say "at the fall of the curtain" with a purpose; because in the plays of M. Sardou, as in those of his eminent countrymen and contemporary dramatists whom we have named, there are undoubtedly scenes and situations which, if detached from the whole argument of the piece, are of a nature to irritate and alarm the least prudish or squeamish audience. There is an amount of realism in the French dramatic literature of the present time which the public to whom it is addressed evidently expect and demand. Indeed the English play-going public demand it also of their dramatists; but what they get instead is a representation of life unknown to any country or society on earth, and a series of the grossest mechanical sensations, as if the dramatist had borrowed all his ideas and his effects from the "accidents and offences" column of a newspaper. The nature of French dramatists is more moral than mechanical; it does not depend on the carpenter or the machinist, but on the collisions of human passion with the social law. It may be that it is the want of a Divorce Court that makes one particular item in the Decalogue so irresistibly attractive to French dramatists; even British Phariseism will not suppose that in this respect the realities of French society are depicted by the realism of the French stage. The distinction between the two countries appears to be that on this side of the water we represent in a law court what on the other they delight to imagine on the stage.

#### JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

NEW York may be congratulated on having within a short period lost two of its foremost citizens. Fisk was shot a few months ago, and it is perhaps from one point of view an encouraging circumstance that there should be such general reluctance to hang the murderer. James Gordon Bennett has died a natural death, but unfortunately his newspaper survives him. In his own way he was quite as great a man—we are thinking of greatness in its Jonathan Wild sense—as Fisk; but he kept on the safe side of the law, and he was spared the expense of having to share his plunder with the Judges. His career is a conspicuous example of prosperous infamy. An American apologist has suggested that his character might be described as good so far as it went, but "defective." He was shrewd, enterprising, audacious, liberal; "visit him, and you see before you a quiet-mannered, courteous, and good-natured old gentleman, who is on excellent terms with himself and with the world." But beyond that there was a blank. "That region of the mind where convictions, the sense of truth and honour, public spirit, and patriotism have their sphere, is in this man mere vacancy." He was, in fact, an utterly unscrupulous person, who had no desire to do evil for its own sake, but who had made up his mind to push his way in the world, and who was ready to follow any road that seemed to suit his purpose. It was his combination of rare shrewdness and proflig-

gate audacity which rendered his example so corrupting and dangerous. When, in the course of some quarrel, his adversary called him a pedlar, he at once adopted the name. He "peddled," he said, in thoughts and feelings and intellectual truths, and he was going in for a wholesale business in the same line. A pedlar has a prescriptive right to call his wares by such names as he pleases, but the commodities out of which Bennett began to make his fortune were, in plain language, obscenity and personal defamation. The *New York Herald*, which he invented and continued to manage to the last hour of his life, was at first an obscene, scurrilous print, sold at a cent, printed by stealth on other people's types, and published in a cellar. The office of the *Herald* is now one of the grandest houses in Broadway; the paper itself is one of the richest literary properties in the world, and it has cast off the revolting grossness of its early years. But it has always been conducted on the same principle—the principle of providing anything that seemed likely to pay, without regard to the moral texture of the article. The justification of the commodity was simply that people were willing to buy it, and Bennett never troubled himself about anything else. He was, as his admirers were accustomed to boast, peculiarly exempt from prejudices. He had no prejudice in favour of filth; he would just as soon sell honest, wholesome literature if more customers could be found for it. The *Herald* in its original form was akin to the *Age* and *Satirist*, except that its nastiness and personalities were more daring and abominable. Bennett, however, was quite shrewd enough to see that this sort of thing could not be made permanently remunerative, and he gradually toned down the open indecency of his journal, at the same time paying great attention to general and especially to commercial news. He had, as we learn from a memoir written by an enthusiastic admirer, studied under Mr. M. M. Noah, an editor of an original and energetic type, and he fully appreciated his master's style. It is stated that Mr. Noah had "a method of publicly calling on certain individuals to pay their debts," which naturally created some commotion in a commercial city. Before Mr. Noah had reaped the fruits of "this remarkable line of policy" he seems to have gone mad, assuming the "insignia of one of the monarchs of the Hebrews," and proclaiming a rendezvous of the Israelitish race at Grand Island, near Buffalo, which put an end to his paper. Bennett was destined to turn the Noahic "method" to more profitable account. It is said that during one of the great commercial panics of New York the *Herald* announced that on a specified day it would publish a list of all the solvent traders in the city, and after that a list of insolvent traders; and there was naturally great anxiety to be mentioned in the one list and to be excluded from the other. Bennett's biographer tells us that he took a broad view of the advertisement question, and insisted upon being paid for all articles and paragraphs which he chose to include in that category. In becoming less flagrantly indecent the *Herald* did not become less noxious to public taste and morality. Bennett saw that it did not pay to scandalize the public too much. He continued to pander to prurient appetites and love of scandal, but in such a way that people should have an excuse for reading the paper. He called the nastiness news, and mixed it up with other matter of a respectable kind. He had seen, he said, humanity depraved to its core, and he proclaimed each morning "on fifteen thousand sheets of thought and intellect the deep guilt that was encrusting all society," but it was all for its good. He justified even the infamous advertisements with which his columns teemed.

Bennett, like Fisk, had a keen sense of the value of notoriety. He kept himself and the *Herald* perpetually before the public. He was systematically aggressive, and occasionally he had to suffer for his insolence and pugnacity, but he never failed to turn it to account as an advertisement for the paper. He was one of the best kicked men in the world, and every kicking was minutely described in his journal next morning for the edification of his readers. Nothing can be more characteristic than the personal narratives of this kind which have been collected by his biographer. "I have to apologize to my kind readers," wrote Bennett on one occasion, "for the want of my usual life to-day. Webb of the *Courier* met me yesterday in Wall Street, and, by going up behind me, cut a slash in my head about one and a-half inch in length, and through the integuments of the skull." Not long afterwards he has a similar announcement to make:—"As I was leisurely pursuing my business yesterday in Wall Street, collecting the information which is daily disseminated in the *Herald*, James Watson Webb came up to me on the northern side of the street, said something which I could not hear distinctly, then pushed me down the stone steps leading to one of the brokers' offices, and commenced fighting with a species of brutal and demonic desperation characteristic of a fury." And then he goes on to set off his own injuries—a scratch on the hand and three buttons (valued at sixpence) torn off his waistcoat—against those which he alleges that he inflicted on his adversary—namely, "a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian forty dollars, and a blow in the face which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for anything I know—balance in my favour 39 dollars 94." Once it was a woman who assailed him, and next morning the placard duly appeared—"James Gordon Bennett horsewhipped by a woman! For full particulars see *Herald*." The biographer draws a touching picture of the dauntless editor sitting in his office after one of these assaults, having his head bathed and plastered, and the wounds

inventoried; and dictating all the time an account of the beating for the next day's paper. Bennett had only one object in view, to please the public so that they should buy his paper, and he had early come to the conclusion that the best method of doing so was to gratify the passions and echo the opinions of the hour. "I wish never to be a day in advance of the people," he used to say. "A journal to be great must be with the people, and must work in the sphere of their instincts," was another of his maxims; and he laid it down that the "best intelligence and wisdom is no more than what they [the masses] are willing to have exist in society." He deliberately and for a purely selfish purpose appealed to the worst side of a democratic society, fawning upon the multitude, exalting its prejudices and caprices, and ministering eagerly to its prurient appetites and mean jealousies, and it can hardly be doubted that the result of his labours was to intensify the despotism of majorities and the truculence of the mob. No reputation was safe from his attacks; he sided with every party in turn, and was true to none. He boasted of his independence. "We are independent of every one," he used to say; "like Luther, like Paul, we go on our own hook." His independence extended equally to principles and convictions. One opinion was just as good in his eyes as another; he had no invidious preferences, no embarrassing belief in right and wrong; all he wanted was the sort of opinion that would sell his paper, and if at any time he found he had made a mistake and laid in the wrong article, he never hesitated to change it instantly. His open cynicism and contempt for what he deemed the affectations of sincerity and earnestness perhaps did more harm than his outrages on good taste and public morality. His abominable attacks on private character had not even the justification of honest indignation; they had no other motive than to make sport for the public, and possibly to add to the profits of his paper in another way.

When such men as Bennett and Fisk are mentioned, Americans have a stereotyped reply which they never fail to use. No doubt, they say, these men were scoundrels, and found great scope for their scoundrelism, but they were not received into society. Fisk, it is true, was for a time master of New York, and taxed, robbed, and plundered as he pleased; but respectable people did not ask him to dinner. And so with Bennett; he made a great fortune, and in certain ways exercised enormous influence, but neither he nor his paper had any social standing; the *Herald* had a vast circulation, but in good families it was not taken in. It seems to us impossible to doubt that these men could not flourish as they do unless there was something congenial in the composition and atmosphere of the society in which they move. Bennett himself was certainly not an American product, for he was a Scotchman, and there is no reason to suppose that his character would have been in any way different from what it was wherever he had established himself. But it may be doubted whether the continued and prosperous existence of such a paper as the *Herald* is fully accounted for by the accidental arrival of an unprincipled Scotchman in New York. We can only say that in point of fact no such journal, as far as we are aware, has ever made its appearance in any other country. It is only shifting the ground of argument to say that a newspaper of enormous circulation is heartily despised by those who buy it and read it. The truth would seem to be, that the expression of public opinion in America is to a great extent divorced from actual conviction and is enjoyed merely as a stimulant. People there read a newspaper just as they go to a bar for a mint julep or a brandy smash; and anything sharp and strong will answer the purpose. It would be unfair to American journalism to suggest that the *Herald* is, or was, for we have been speaking chiefly of its past, a fair representative of the press of that country. There are journals of undoubted ability and integrity in the city of Fisk and Bennett, and one of them has lately distinguished itself by a courageous and successful attack on the infamous Ring which at one time had the city at its mercy. But the success of what has been called "Bennettism" is a fact which cannot be got rid of, and which can hardly be regarded as a healthy symptom. Perhaps, indeed, there are some hints of the malady among ourselves which should not be overlooked.

#### CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

IT is unsatisfactory to observe the ebb and flow of opinion on questions with regard to which it is eminently desirable to arrive, if possible, at certainty. Thirty years ago it was considered a proof of enlightened liberalism to advocate the abolition of what was usually called in programmes and on platforms the degrading or brutalizing punishment of "the lash." Accordingly this punishment was minimized by administrative and legislative effort, and now members of Parliament and journalists seem to think that they are exhibiting superior common sense by proposing to apply this punishment rather freely to new classes of offences. Speakers and writers appear to derive pleasure from recommending the infliction of a "good" or a "sound" flogging to be continued until the culprit begs for mercy, which probably he would very soon do if he thought there was any prospect of obtaining it. During the last century military punishments became more and more severe, until they had reached a point of almost incredible barbarity. In this century a movement began which has resulted in greatly diminishing the number, and still more the severity, of these punishments. Can it be that the

progress or retrogression of ideas on this subject will bring the administration of military law by the end of this century nearly to the point where it stood at the beginning? We do not think that a court-martial would ever again pronounce a sentence of 1,000 or 1,500 lashes, because that would sound too atrocious, but it is quite conceivable that the severity of the punishment might be much increased without greatly prolonging its duration. It is wonderful how quickly people accustom themselves to talk about and even to witness spectacles from which at first they would have shrunk with horror. We are told that already the officers of justice are overwhelmed with applications for admission to witness the floggings of garotters in Newgate, and we have seen in print half-a-dozen descriptions of the room and apparatus, which indeed the reporters seem to think themselves at liberty to describe, even when they have the delicacy to abstain from entering into particulars of the actual punishment. One of the latest of these literary efforts, after a good deal of word-painting had been expended upon the gloomy apartment, and its scanty, but practically useful furniture, stopped with commendable reticence at the point where the writer doubtless believed that the real interest would begin, and merely stated that the warders performed their duty "conscientiously." The taste for these descriptions is, however, sure to be directly or indirectly gratified, and it is sure to increase by gratification; and thus there is an undoubted amount of truth in the argument which was formerly accepted as conclusive of the whole question, that the infliction of these punishments tends to "brutalize" all concerned in them.

It has, however, been almost universally, and, as we think, very properly, agreed that flogging should be inflicted upon the perpetrators of certain crimes of violence, and it is fairly open to consideration whether the list of these crimes should not be enlarged. But having got as far as this, we must ask permission to pull up and consider carefully whither we are going. So much has been lately said about equality between the sexes, that in strict consistency it might be asked whether, if the liability of men to flogging is to be further extended, the liability of women ought not at least to begin? Not long ago the evening newspapers were expending their largest type upon some monster of a woman who had been convicted of an extraordinarily savage assault. If it is right to punish a man with flogging for such an offence, why should it be wrong so to punish a woman? Of course if such offences were shown to be much rarer among women than among men, that might be an argument against the necessity of resorting to such punishment in the case of women. The most recent proposal is that a man should be liable to be flogged on conviction of attempting to extort money from a woman by threatening to accuse her of unchastity, and the author of this proposal has added the astounding suggestion that the complainant in such a case should be exempt from cross-examination on behalf of the defendant. The main proposal may possibly be sound although its author has shaken confidence in his judgment. But let us for the sake of argument suppose that a fanatic of another type desired more effectually to protect men against women, and was ready to propose, with that object, to enact that every woman soliciting a man to unchastity should be punished with one of the instruments mentioned in a Bill now before the House of Commons. We will remove a preliminary difficulty by remarking that female warders might probably be found capable of wielding these instruments "conscientiously." Whatever supposition be made as to the causes which bring women, to use a common phrase, upon the streets, it must be admitted that they are an abominable nuisance when they get there. They not only offend decency by dress and manner, but they openly or covertly solicit to the commission of immoral acts. Really, if one set about it, an unusually good Wednesday's speech might be made in the House of Commons in favour of a proposal for flogging women who invited men in public places to immorality. In a moment of enthusiasm for a pet subject it might even be possible to arrive at the absurdity of contending that it was hard upon a complainant in such a case to be cross-examined as to where he had been dining, and whether he might not have solicited the defendant if she had not made the first advance to him. Another offence for which it might with some plausibility be suggested that flogging would be an appropriate punishment is perjury. At this moment there are persons who would hail such a proposal with delight, and whose only regret would be that it was not brought forward and adopted a year or more ago. And thus we might go on indefinitely until flogging became as common as in the last century, although probably it might not be as severe. If men were brought generally under the lash it is improbable that women would escape, and, of course, boys and girls would be treated by analogy to the methods of correction applied to grown-up people.

The discussion of this subject, although alarming, is not the less ludicrous. The author of a Bill for punishing aggravated assaults on women with the birch or cat is threatened with an address of gratitude and admiration from certain ladies of the class which is sometimes impertinently called strong-minded. We think that these ladies ought, as their American friends say, to "endorse" Mr. Douglas Straight's motion by presenting him with an elegant testimonial which would commemorate in an enduring form the gratitude of the wives of England who by his help were enabled to get their husbands flogged. It appears, however, that there are other strong-minded ladies who, with the assistance of certain feeble-minded gentlemen, are protesting against Mr. Straight's

Bill, and would doubtless protest even more energetically against both address and testimonial. There is certainly something plausible in Mr. P. A. Taylor's protest against "the strange reaction which has set in in favour of cruel and brutalising punishments." But we object to the vague word "brutalising," and we object still more to embarking with Mrs. Fawcett and Mr. Taylor on a general discussion of the "brutalising" effect of the "cat" upon garotters and other perpetrators of violent crimes. This is a sort of discussion which only crops up when society does not happen to feel acutely the necessity of protecting its weaker members against outrages perilous to life or limb. It is assumed that garotters have, as the result of long-continued experience, been proved to be insensible to the terror of imprisonment or penal servitude, and that it was necessary to determine either to let them work their will upon our throats, or to adopt some new form of punishment. Until it is proved that this punishment is ineffectual, we should entirely decline to consider whether it "brutalizes" those who suffer it. Mr. Taylor refuses to believe that any class of criminals are utterly and hopelessly infamous, and brutal, and inaccessible to pity, shame, remorse. We trust that his amiable desire to hope and believe all things for the best may never be shaken by the rude grasp of a garotter's fingers. It appears probable that, in spite of Mr. Taylor's opposition to flogging in general, Mr. Straight will earn the thanks of Mrs. Fawcett by carrying his bill for flogging men who violently assault women. There would be no difficulty in ascertaining the fact whether an offence of this kind had been committed, whereas in the case of offences of other kinds charged by women against men, or *vice versa*, there is a great and sometimes very alarming difficulty. We hope that enthusiastic legislators will not forget that you cannot unflog a man, whereas if you find that he has been imprisoned on a false charge you can at least let him out of prison. As regards the punishment of husbands for assaults on wives, there would be sometimes a practical difficulty in inducing the wife to give the necessary evidence. It might also deserve consideration that, if a husband knew that he would be flogged for beating his wife nearly to death, he might be tempted to beat her quite to death, on the speculation that the outrage carried to this extent would be treated as evidence of insanity.

#### THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

IT is just thirteen years since the great strike in the building trades of London, by which thirty thousand men were thrown out of work, and building operations were suspended for several months. The men peremptorily demanded an immediate reduction of the hours of labour to nine a week—they were then rather less than ten—and struck when this was refused. The masters in self-defence retaliated by a general lock-out, which was maintained for eight weeks, but the strike was not formally abandoned until four or five months later. The result was that the men, after all their sacrifices and privations, were obliged to return to work on the old terms. Since then the Saturday half-holiday has been conceded, and wages have been gradually rising. But the cry for nine hours has now been revived, and there is every prospect of a repetition of the battle. The carpenters in two large establishments have already struck; the house-painters and decorators, the masons, bricklayers, and plasterers are said to be preparing to follow the example of the carpenters; and the masters again threaten a lock-out over the whole trade. It appears that the carpenters are paid 8d. an hour, and that their hours are 56½ per week. They now insist upon a simultaneous reduction of hours and increase of wages. "Nine hours at ninepence" sums up their demands; or, in other words, 38s. 3d. for a week of 51 hours, instead of 37s. 8d. for a week of 56½ hours. If this were granted the masters would have to make every man in their employment a present of something like 7d. a week as an addition to his wages, together with the value of five and a-half hours' work, in all about 4s. 3d. a week. Nor would this be the whole of the masters' loss, for they would also suffer from the enforced idleness of their machinery and other plant during the hours deducted from the working day. It is obvious that all this would involve a very sudden and serious rise in the cost of building operations. We do not happen to be in the secrets of the trade, but we should think it was impossible for any one to go much about London without being struck by the indications of over-building which meet the eye in almost every direction, in the shape of innumerable streets of unfinished, or at least untenanted, houses. There are districts which resemble a city of the dead. One might imagine that the inhabitants had either perished or fled, but the truth is they have not yet arrived, and there are no signs of their coming. Of course the rapid growth of population necessitates a continual expansion of the metropolis, but for the present it would appear that the supply of houses goes beyond the demand. The present moment would seem therefore to be hardly an auspicious one for the demands put forward by the operative builders. It is true that the necessities of some of the employers offer what may be considered a tempting opportunity. The two firms whose men have struck have large contracts in hand, including the new Post Office and Home Office. But even if the men were likely to gain their point for the moment, they could not expect to establish a permanent advance of wages except on the basis of the continued prosperity of the trade; and, if we may judge by appearances, building operations will for some time to come have rather to be curtailed than extended.

It is possible that if the commercial interests of the operatives

had alone been in question, the strike would at least have been deferred. There are various indications that, like Napoleon III's attack on Germany, the present movement in the building trade is in the nature of a political or dynastic coup, intended to establish the supremacy of particular leaders, and to distract attention from domestic differences. Recent numbers of the *Beehive*, the organ of the so-called "working-men" leaders, afford a highly instructive glimpse behind the scenes of working-class politics. It would appear that the working-men who have given up work and taken to political agitation as a more pleasant and profitable occupation are just now in an awkward dilemma. They have been in the habit of contending that there is something about a working-man—that is, about a man who is engaged in common mechanical occupations—which invests him with a peculiar wisdom and intuitive knowledge, and which marks him out as especially qualified to solve all the difficulties of the world by his simple natural sagacity. This has been their platform. It was as working-men that they imposed, or sought to impose, themselves upon society. It was not because they presumed to think themselves superior to other people in education or attainments, in deep thought or laborious study, that they assumed to lay down the law on all questions so authoritatively, but merely because they were or had been working-men, and had at some time or other handled the awl, the saw, or the trowel. But the class in whose name they speak, and whose lofty qualities they profess to represent, is now bent on repudiating them. It is argued, with a good deal of rough logical force which rather disturbs the *Beehive* gentlemen, that if a working-man is, by force of his occupation, wiser and more gifted than other men, a real working-man who actually works must be much superior to one who has given up work and is only nominally a working-man. It is significant that the working classes have invariably abstained from electing any of the so-called working-men candidates, and it now comes out that the latter are not only passively, but actively, repudiated by a considerable section of the order to which they profess to belong. A well-known agitator has lately been obliged to resign the secretaryship of an important Trade Union; and at a recent meeting in connexion with the present strike a resolution was passed that "it was desirable to show the employers that the men engaged in the trade were quite competent to conduct their own movement without the extraneous aid of parties whose advocacy might be more damaging than otherwise from their prominence in agitation." A writer in the *Beehive* is horrified at this repudiation of the gentlemen who have been hawking the working-man about the country for some years past. Is there, he asks, in the whole circle of human folly, wide as it is, a more singular example of self-stultification? Can it raise the working classes in the estimation of any one "to any that they have cut off a hand or plucked out an eye"? What does it matter whether a man works at a trade or not if only he possesses "intelligence, devotion to the cause, and general fitness of character"? There is no need for those working-men who repudiate the professional agitators to plead the Judaical justification for cutting off an offending member, because they will naturally argue that the agitator is not a member but a parasite. The difficulty which weighs upon the "working-men leaders," whom the Lord Chamberlain gracefully, but perhaps rashly, recognized as a fourth or fifth Estate, and provided with official accommodation at the Thanksgiving in St. Paul's by the side of Lords and Commons, is that it is only as working-men that they have any pretensions to be listened to, and that, even though they can show that they once answered this description, they are now bound to give place to those who are still *bona fide* working-men. If they are left to compete in intelligence and general fitness with other classes of the population who may have had the misfortune not to be born to mechanical occupations, it may be feared that they will get on rather dangerous ground. The Nine-Hours' movement will perhaps afford these gentlemen an opportunity of retrieving their position; and it may also be expected to close up the ranks of the Unionists, and to put an end to domestic strife. It appears that the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union is at present divided into two hostile bands, and that it is extremely anxious to obtain new members. One of the calculations of the Committee who are now arranging for the relief of the men on strike is that many non-Unionists will join the Society for the sake of strike-pay.

Whatever may have been the causes at work in bringing about this strike, the question at issue is one which of course will be decided on its own merits, and resolves itself very much into a trial of strength between the contending parties. If the men would be content with an increase of wages, it is probable that they would have no difficulty in getting it; but the reduction of hours is a more serious matter. The practical effect of the engineers' strike at Newcastle last year was simply to establish an advance of pay. The nominal day is fixed at nine hours, but as overtime is allowed, the result is that the men continue to work for as many hours as formerly, only the extra pay for overtime begins to be reckoned somewhat sooner in the afternoon. Assuming the amount of work obtainable to be a fixed quantity, the Unions make it their object to spread it over as many of their members as possible, and at the same time to keep up the rate of payment, so that those who already have work shall not suffer by others being brought in to share it. It is assumed that the men who work overtime take so much out of the common stock of labour, and rob his companions who are too weak or too lazy to keep up with him. The efforts of the Unions are especially directed to put down overtime, piece-work, and that terrible

crime called "cheating," which simply means a good workman doing the best he can for his employer instead of being just as little as an idle and indifferent workman. At a recent meeting of the workmen in Woolwich Arsenal to agitate for the Nine-Hours' movement, it was urged that more leisure should be allowed to the operatives in order that they might improve their minds and "compete successfully with the skilled workmen of foreign countries." But it is notorious that there is no European country in which the hours are not longer than in England. In Berlin the carpenters work from six in the morning till seven in the evening, and the system of piece-work is generally followed. Even in the United States the Eight Hours Law is practically a dead letter, and the hours are as long as in our own country. The real object of the present agitation was disclosed by one of the speakers at this meeting, who urged that by reducing the hours of labour they would remove part of the commodity out of the market, and so increase its value. It is possible that under certain circumstances measures to promote an artificial scarcity of labour might for a time be successful; but it will be found difficult to compel the public to purchase what it does not want, and the disposition to purchase naturally depends very much on the price charged for the commodity. As the price rises, the demand may be expected to decline. If it is true that the building trades are at present over-manned, the natural conclusion would be that the superfluous hands should betake themselves to some other occupation, not that the public should be compelled to keep six carpenters or bricklayers to do the work of one. While the men are proceeding on a false principle in endeavouring to produce an artificial scarcity of labour, the employers, on the other hand, appear to be acting very foolishly for their own interests in constantly resisting an increase of wages unless it is forced from them by a strike, or by a threat of one. If the masters wish to counteract the influence of the Unions, they should make up their minds to anticipate demands which are certain to be made, and occasionally to give with a good grace, and from a sense of justice, what is afterwards wrung from them with a heavy fine, in the shape of interrupted trade.

#### SERMONS.

WE sometimes see advertisements offering assistance to clergymen in composing sermons. The price placed upon this kind of literary ware by those who manufacture it is so moderate that, although curates are badly paid, we seem to discover in the lowest deep a lower deep in the payment which is accepted by those who help curates to perform one part of their work. We do not know whether a recent proposal for opening pulpits to laymen was dictated by a desire to "elevate in the social scale," as the current phrase is, that humble, but useful, class who are commonly called penny-a-liners; but it can hardly be expected that one person should be content, as a permanent arrangement, to do the work while another person appropriates all the credit and the larger share of the pay. It is rumoured that legal opinions bearing the signatures of leaders of the Bar are sometimes written by learned and obscure juniors, who possess more leisure and possibly more capacity for investigating difficult questions than is usually found consistent with a regular expenditure of days in the courts of law and nights in the House of Commons. But the reputation which a barrister acquires among his professional brethren slowly permeates the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, till it reaches the solicitors and even the outer world of clients. There have been some remarkable examples where men who have, as it is called, "devilled" for other men, have ultimately attained such eminence as to employ "devils" themselves. But if we could permit ourselves to entertain the notion of a clergyman keeping a "devil" to write his sermons, we should be obliged to conclude that the industrious but ill-paid and undistinguished deputy, having so poor a prospect on earth, must look for his reward in heaven, if indeed it be not absurd to suppose that a "devil" could find his way there. We have heard lately that "an obscure newspaper reporter out of work" has been employed by the incumbent of a church, some forty or fifty miles from Liverpool, to write sermons for him at the rate of three for five-and-twenty shillings, which, considering the style of work which seems to have been expected, appears to us surprisingly small pay. We cannot help thinking that these matters are managed better in America, where newspaper reporters, not obscure, but eminent in their calling, practically compose sermons, not before, but after, they have been delivered. The Monday's issue of more than one of the New York papers contains reports of sermons delivered the day before in the churches and chapels of that city. Thus in one notorious journal we find a summary of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Newman at St. John's Methodist Church, to which the reporter appends a statement that "the Doctor's discourse was so erudite that those menial Methodists who expected to be lifted to the third heaven by high falutin' oratory must have been disappointed." We have heard of a heavy-stomached Christian whose spiritual welfare required that he should be shoved, but we never heard before of a menial Methodist who expected to be lifted by high falutin' oratory. Dr. Newman's text, "Be not wise in your own conceits," was a suitable introduction to his sermon, which must have convinced the menial Methodists of their ignorance of many things which the preacher knew at least well enough to talk about.



them. Even the reporter seems to have felt that Dr. Newman's learning was almost too much for him, and there are passages of his report which strongly resemble the statements which we sometimes find in a report of a trial at law, that "a technical argument of no interest to the general reader here ensued between counsel." We do not doubt that Huxley, Darwin, "and other modern scientists" would have been, to use an Americanism, "considerably chewed up," if they had heard Dr. Newman's sermon. But the reporter only states that the preacher "thoroughly ventilated" the theories of these writers. Dr. Newman desires, or is reported to desire, that philosophers and theologians should find some ground of harmony on which both may stand "in the dignity of an intelligent manhood." We should like to know how many reporters are employed upon this kind of work, and whether the same reporter goes successively to all the various churches and chapels of New York, and what is the sum total of his religious convictions when he has finished the round. It is possible that by long practice one of these reporters may come to deal with sermons as cleverly as our own reporters deal with speeches in Parliament which, whether Liberal or Conservative, are neatly finished in the report, so that the speaker finds, sometimes much to his surprise, that he has said exactly what he ought. But the Transatlantic artist is most completely master of his work when he describes the accessories of a sermon. Thus we are told that on Sunday, the 19th of May, the gentle rain descended copiously and refreshingly on the thirsty earth, and diminished the attendance at Mr. Beecher's church. We wish by the way that the earth could, with any approach to accuracy, be described as thirsty in London. In consequence of the rain there were several vacant chairs and a prevailing "masculinity" among Mr. Beecher's congregation. The places usually occupied by ladies in smart dresses being vacant, a reinforcement opportunely arrived of "Methodist strangers" whose "religious enthusiasm" was not damped by a wet day. The sermon which they heard from Mr. Beecher on "Christian Life as a Battle" contained a curious enumeration of the trials with which the Christian is exercised. There are trials of temper. How hard it is to be commanded by "a man who slopes the wrong way." It is lucky that the reporter has given us Mr. Beecher's explanation of this remarkable phrase, for certainly we never should have found out its meaning for ourselves. We have heard of "sloping" in the sense of departing secretly after incautiously backing the wrong horse for the Derby. But in this sense of the word there can be no such thing as sloping any but the wrong way. However, we will not keep our readers in suspense, but will explain that Mr. Beecher means by "a man who slopes the wrong way" a man "who is very large on his feet, and goes narrowing up until he gets to a cone at his head." In view of these things the preacher a-ks, or is reported to ask, whether anybody expects that he is going to be a Christian without fighting? We cannot help thinking that Mr. Beecher takes a too limited and special view of the trials of Christian life. Men who slope the wrong way are surely rare caprices of nature, and an exceptional arrangement of circumstances would be required to place one of us in a position to be commanded by a man of such abnormal configuration. We can indeed conceive a form of Christian trial which would consist in repressing a desire to punch the sloper's exceedingly small head. But perhaps Mr. Beecher intended this passage of his sermon for the ladies whom the wet weather kept away from Church. A wife is supposed to be commanded by her husband, and it might be very irritating to be commanded in this sense by a man who sloped the wrong way. But another of Mr. Beecher's examples will be readily intelligible. He supposes that a man who has just been admitted to membership of a Church goes home and finds his "maiden aunt" sitting in his favourite plush chair. Perhaps if we substitute "mother-in-law" for "maiden aunt" we shall more vividly realize the trial to which this newly-made Church member is exposed. However he leaves the maiden aunt in possession of the plush chair, and goes to bed, but unfortunately his Christianity does not appear to have improved by a night's rest. He gets up and he "serves" at breakfast. Well, there are many ways of serving at table; "he cuts the meat so that other people get but the indifferent pieces, and he reserves the tender bit for himself." It is probably our fault that we do not know to what variety of Christianity Mr. Beecher supposes himself to belong, but, waving minor difficulties, we boldly proclaim ourselves and Mr. Beecher to be holders of a common faith. It is abundantly clear to our minds that a host who helped us, being his guests, to an indifferent piece of meat, while he kept the tit-bit for himself, could not be a Christian. It appears to be a peculiarity of American Methodists, at least when they desire to keep up their spirits on wet days, to interject "glory" at the most telling passages of a sermon, just as in the House of Commons the Junior Lords of the Treasury cry "hear, hear" to the Premier. If any imitation of a guest or his were permitted in Plymouth Church, it would surely have been evoked by Mr. Beecher's picture of this new fall of man under the temptation of a tit-bit at the breakfast-table.

A curious testimony to the vitality of the Roman Catholic religion in New York would be furnished by a statement which is made by one of the reporters, if only we believed it. We are told that the attendance at each of the twenty-six Catholic churches of Brooklyn at the morning masses of 19th May was not perceptibly diminished on account of the rain, as the weather rarely influences the numbers of worshippers at mass. There are people who will believe almost anything that a newspaper tells them, particularly if it is

stated in large type; but still it would tax the credulity of the most constant reader to be told either that a reporter visited twenty-six churches in a morning, or that a newspaper employed twenty-six reporters in visiting churches of one particular denomination. The statement was evidently inspired, and, if so, may be received with as much qualification as the reader chooses. We observe, however, that these reporters describe the frescoes, the vestments, the processions, and, above all, the music, at Roman Catholic churches, but do not in general tell us much about the ladies' dresses. Indeed, if we were guided by these reports, we should infer that there is some occult affinity between Methodism and millinery.

We can only hope that the reporter out of work who was willing to write sermons "in the flowery style" at three for five-and-twenty shillings may be induced to abandon ungrateful Liverpool and cross the water to New York, where his talents are certain to be appreciated. He might set up a church of his own, preach in it on Sunday, and report his own sermons with improvements on Monday. We do not know whether his reverend employer ought to be quoted as an authority as to what is suitable for the Church of England, but we have no manner of doubt that he would be an enormously popular preacher in New York. Let him make a permanent arrangement with his late assistant, and let them emigrate together to New York, where one could work a church on Sunday, and the other a newspaper on Monday. The undertaking would certainly be profitable.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

V.

THE late John Phillip was one of the very few English painters who can be said to have formed a school, and yet strictly speaking he was himself only a scholar. At the present moment two or more artists can be named who, following in the wake of Mr. Phillip, might compete for the distinctive title of our English Murillo. Foremost this year stands Mr. Long, who, in a style eminently brilliant though somewhat trite, awakens sympathy on behalf of picturesque and charming "Suppliants" (64). The mind is carried back more than two centuries to the famous city of Toledo, at the time when the decree had gone forth for the expulsion of the gipsies from Spain. Like the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander in the great picture by Paul Veronese, the suppliants on bended knees crave for mercy. But instead of the dazzling colour of Venice, we have the sombre shadow and the lurid hue of the school of Seville at the time when Murillo might be seen in the cathedral square sketching flower girls and beggar boys. Yet it cannot be said that Mr. Long, in following the footsteps of the great master of Andalusia, has forsaken nature; it must not be forgotten that Spain has been for the painter singularly exempt from change, that up to this very day are seen in the streets of Seville, Granada, and Toledo figures which might have served for models to Murillo, and that this permanence of type, costume, and manners is especially maintained among the gipsies here brought by Mr. Long vividly on the scene. Inasmuch, then, as characters long dead still survive in their descendants, the painter does not need to turn to imagination for his facts or to tradition for his treatment. The stern ecclesiastic, the stately noble, the voluptuous maiden lavish of her charms, are here thrown upon canvas to the very life. The drawing and modelling are careful, the whole composition has been sedulously brought into unity of light, shade, and colour. And yet the work is wanting in that impulse, passion, and dramatic action which may be rightly considered as the pledge and the measure of artistic genius; it thus falls short of the first order of merit. In like manner somewhat less than superlative praise is all that can be accorded to Mr. Burgess for his nicely painted, happily composed incident, "Kissing Halles in Spain" (466). The children, however, could not possibly be better; indeed Mr. Long and Mr. Burgess have from time to time brought from Spain boys and girls with heads of the beauty of cherubs, and limbs supple, graceful, and agile; the hands move to the castanet, the feet fly to the dance at the sound of the tambourine. Each race has its distinctive beauty in childhood; "heaven lies about us in our infancy"; but the joyous light on life's opening days was darkened in the dirty beggar boys of Murillo. Mr. Long and Mr. Burgess have done well to discard dirt and rags; indeed our domesticated Spanish school has been sometimes dreary to a fault; it has cast over Southern life Byronic sentiment and colour, it has painted up to the romantic and rapturous strain of "The Dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz," a style which alike in poetry and painting is well nigh worn out. Yet another painter, Mr. Halswelle, has been enrolled among the disciples of John Phillip. This artist, following up the success of former years, is more conspicuous for size than for subtlety, for power than for refinement, delicacy, or finish. "The Elevation of the Host" (936) is a composition in perfect keeping in its component parts; the figures correspond in style to the architectural decoration. The artist seems to paint up to the pitch of what is most flaunting and pretentious in the Renaissance of quaint growth. In conclusion we may observe that this Anglicized Spanish art has nothing to correspond with it in the contemporary art of Spain and other Continental States. England follows Murillo, while Spain aspires to emulate Velasquez, Zurbaran, and Herrera.

In this travelling age, when painters become more and more

cosmopolitan, home and homish themes give place to distant climes and peoples; indeed the four quarters of the globe may be said to congregate in Piccadilly. Among artists who have gone far afield, among students of nature who show themselves sensitive to Southern or Oriental spell, and absorb or reflect heat from the tropical sun, Mr. Lewis, R.A., and Mr. Goodall, R.A., have long been conspicuous. Of Mr. Lewis, indeed, the complaint is heard that his art has no more serious purpose than to make a sun-beam dance and dazzle, and we incline to think that the theme which he now chooses, "The Prayer of Faith shall Save the Sick" (242), is little else than the exception which proves the rule. This cunning manipulator would seem to inculcate the doctrine that faces are subordinate to draperies, that human beings are shadows and nonentities, while textile fabrics, ceramic wares, metal work, and wood lattice-windows are the only realities which have true worth in life or in art. Flowers also are permitted to enter the painter's magic world of beauty; thus, in a work perfect of its kind, "The Lilium Auratum" (465), poppies and roses and lilies, as tall as the figures, vie with gold-embroidered sashes and robes; the flowers live, the faces are but the semblance of life. The opposite manner of Mr. Goodall was never seen in greater force than in "The Head of the House at Prayer" (201). The praying Arab stands in grand isolation; Allah alone is present to the rapt contemplation of the soul; the tent, the sheep, the camels, and the sandy desert sink into fitting pictorial subordination; the setting sun lights up the distant hills, the quiet of evening overshadows the plain. And withal the great charm of the work is its verisimilitude. Mr. Goodall has sometimes thrown around Eastern scenes an artificial halo; he is now unusually strong because he does not depart from sober truth, and yet never has he planned a composition with more consummate art.

The Academy, it has been said, shows a growing proneness to what is sometimes termed common nature; indeed many of our artists, instead of addicting themselves to the once favourite study of the beautiful, seem devoted disciples of the philosophy of ugliness. We do not wish to make any serious charge against Mr. Nicol, A.R.A.; the vocation of painters is fortunately various, and to this uncompromising student of nature has been fitly committed the task of depicting trenchant character. He gives us heads rudely modelled by the conflict of circumstance; men who, though often begrimed in dirt, are not absolutely disgusting—who, though shrewd and scheming, need not be dishonest. We may account it a mercy when this painter does not make an exorbitant demand of space for his unsavoury models; indeed the most fastidious tastes will have little repugnance to studies so broad in humour as "His Da'bees" (11), and "Bothered" (356). The handling has power and mastery; the expression is enhanced by concentration of purpose upon the one ruling thought. In the naturalistic category we may also place the vigorous, but not always refined, contributions of Mr. Watson, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Barwell, Mr. Chester, and Mr. Opie. Mr. Watson for once is not too large for a small plain idea; "A Tiff" (21) is a composition which commends itself by vigour and colour. Mr. Marsh, who in the Old Water Colour Society has shown kinship to Mr. Watson, surpasses himself in "The Signal; Breakers on the Bar—Keep Outside" (982). Here at all events may be commended the resolute study of sturdy tars; but the draperies want definition, and the figures fall into a disorganized mass or mob, instead of being resolved into a well-ordered composition. Such slumminess, such lack of art treatment, severs this rude naturalism from the pastorals and idyls which Mr. Hook evokes from land and sea. Mr. Barwell, also following in the track of common nature, has lost that place on the line which was accorded to early works of promise. But to urge want of beauty or lack of æsthetic sense were perhaps wholly to mistake the purpose of "A Sister of Mercy" (370). It is strange as it is lamentable that when a painter has nothing more than the tritest of pictorial ideas at command he cannot be content with a few square inches of canvas. Many are the works pardoned in duodecimo which could not be tolerated in quarto. "A Love Spell" (142), by Mr. Chester, is yet another example of size at the expense of refinement, a telling title is here used as if to disguise common materials and a trite composition. As a matter of course, the artist interlards the catalogue with verse; pictures destitute of a single spark of poetry are usually thus interpreted and adorned. As a rule, the best works speak for themselves; on the other hand, signal failures in the Academy and elsewhere strive, by pretentious titles or long quotations from great authors, to escape contempt or oblivion. Pictures which perspicuously and pleasantly tell their own story are usually the most popular; such, for example, as the well-painted "Poison Test" (1037), by Mr. C. Green, and that clever composition in the happiest mood of Mr. Hicks, "Letters from Home; Post-Office and Store at the Australian Diggings" (332); also may be added "From Generation to Generation" (415), by Mr. Calthrop, and "Le Malade imaginaire" (992), by M. D. T. White. The last two painters have profited by French training. We never willingly ignore the name of Opie, even though now recalled to memory only by "A Travelling Tinker" (445). Mr. E. Opie, a kinsman of "the wondrous Cornish boy," and himself a Cornishman, has that rough and ready talent which in outlying districts almost of necessity takes a naturalistic turn. It is fortunate when fowls of the air do not devour seed which falls by the wayside.

Love of country, clanishness, love of home, affection for house and family, continue to yield congenial motives to our painters. Scotch artists, of whom Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A., may be taken as a type, are powerfully strong in home affection, and it is interesting to

observe how, in such themes as "God's Acre" (347), a naturalism which otherwise might be rude and common is elevated by emotion and sanctified by religion. For melting sorrow, mingled with wonder and awe, nothing can surpass the two little children at the open grave. The mourners with the coffin labour up the hill; sorrowing friends and neighbours stand at reverent distance; the day is wet and cold, clouds shroud the hills as the peasant is borne to his last resting-place among the mountains. The story is told with heart-felt simplicity. Perhaps the technical qualities are not quite satisfactory; the forms are rather blurred, the touch is muddled, even to rottenness. Yet we are not sure how far these seeming defects are intentional; we have to take into account that a sharp sparkling touch would dispel the solemnity and dissipate the gloom. Mr. Holl may have found himself in a like dilemma when he laid heavy hand on his brush and toned down his colours with funeral shadows. Scenes of this excess of melancholy, if not beyond the region of art, can hardly be otherwise than painful. But the execution is downright and earnest; the faces, too, are close studies of sorrow in its divers phases—the blank which death has left, the hour of nothingness when all is taken away, the stunned stupor of the senses. Yet the delineation is realistic rather than imaginative. The "Raising of Lazarus" in the National Gallery may tell with how much sublimity Sebastian del Piombo, Michael Angelo, and others of the olden time encompassed death and the resurrection. Our modern art fails in imaginative insight.

The genre pictures in the Academy—compositions of the Teniers, Ostade, and Wilkie type—from the smallness of their size and the comparative insignificance of their subjects, may scarcely obtain the consideration which their art merit deserves. In this humble department the number of practitioners is large; thus we have marked for excellence seldom below the first degree Mr. Webster, R.A. (189), Mr. Le Jeune, A.R.A. (195), Messrs. George Smith (405), F. D. Hardy (525), O. Hunt (1028), J. Clark (156, 357), J. Faed (979), A. Provis (154), W. Weekes (375, 672), and E. Mulready (316). Pictures of this class, when they reach the fair average merit implied by a good place in the Academy, are seldom provocative of criticism, hostile or other; they are apt to be all much alike; they conform to the elementary grammar of art; they follow in so beaten a track that they seldom deviate into originality. The first rank in this order of merit is usually accorded to Mr. Webster, R.A., an artist who may be said to have taken good schoolboys under his special charge, at a glance we recognize habitual finish, refinement, quietude, in a schoolboy game, called "Odd or Even" (189). Apparently Mr. Banks is of the Webster school. "A Winter-day Recreations" (1063) gains a conspicuous place on the line, and "Marbles" (593), by Mr. J. Morgan, is equally favoured. Mr. Le Jeune, A.R.A., is distinguished from his fellows by a beauty, grace, and sweetness exceptional in the sphere of genre; a group of little anglers of "Great Expectations" (195) may teach us how the smallest page in the book of nature is written with a poetry which in art becomes beauty. Mr. Le Jeune's children are clean; it were well to oust boys wallowing in mire from picture-galleries and drawing-rooms. Mr. John Faed errs in the opposite direction; he continues clean and smooth to a fault. "Lady Betty Germaine" (978), is as a pretty miniature framed in a neat landscape. Mr. Hayllar, seldom over-refined, makes a happy hit—"Links in the Chain of Life" (907). Boyish frolic runs on all fours along the floor; in a corner a courtship is far advanced; the artist has an effective way of throwing light and colour into faces; he knows the tricks which arrest the eye. We name, as the best example of what may be termed the Wilkie school, "Paying the Legacies" (409), by Mr. George Smith. We would also direct attention to some capital little works, especially "Our Good-natured Cousin" (316), by Mr. A. E. Mulready, son of the late Academician. This young artist makes a hopeful beginning; in drawing and execution he is scarcely a novice; he seizes the points in a story, he enlivens his narrative with wit and humour. Wit seldom ventures to enter a place so grave and decorous as the Academy; perhaps, indeed, the sportive faculties of the mind express themselves more freely in crayon or pencil than in the heavy vehicle of oils.

The paucity this year of foreign pictures admits of easy explanation:—First, the space within the Academy is barely sufficient to satisfy the just demands of our native artists; secondly, other Galleries, especially the International corridors at South Kensington, serve to draft off surplus foreign populations, the worthless superfluities of Continental art. The aim of the Academy should be to weed out coarse and rampant growths, and to plant in the midst of our English school the rarest products only. It may seem a little discouraging that the creation of "Honorary Foreign Academicians" proves a failure; again out of a total of six only one cares to contribute. M. Gallait, already notorious for that bloody horror, Counts Egmont and Horn decapitated, now perpetrates pictures equally sensational and revolting. He commences with "La Paix" (1005), a happy group—a young mother with children nestling on her knee. Then in the companion composition, "La Guerre" (1006), this same mother is killed, the child is dead, the faithful dog also has been shot; there only survives a little boy, who, terrified into sudden consciousness of the dread reality, rushes with heartrending screams to his dead mother's arms. Such unveiled horrors have been rightly accounted low and vulgar. It may be remembered that a Greek painter covered with a mantle a character beyond the limits

permitted to tragedy in art. It may also be worthy of remark that Sir Edwin Landseer in "Peace" and "War" moves the spectator not so much by horse and man waltering in blood as by a little lamb eating a leaf and flower from the cannon's mouth. M. Gallait during a long residence in Paris may have acquired that thirst for blood which is a crying vice in French art. We will pass over contributions by M. Israels, M. Alma Tadema, M. Legros, M. Tourrier, and M. Tissot (the last four, domiciled in London, almost cease to be foreign) in order to speak of a small work, which, calm as it is intense, indicates the line of deparkation between drama and melodrama, between noble passion and ignoble spasm. Madame de Saux, better known in exhibitions as Madame Henriette Brown, has, like M. Gallait, dwelt on the terrors of war, yet not in the carnage of the battle-field. She takes us to a retired room where orphan sisters hold sacred a sorrow too deep for the world to witness. The simplicity and earnestness of the treatment are in keeping with the deep sincerity of the thought. The artist, known throughout Europe by her "Sister of Charity," is said first to master a subject mentally, to grasp the conception strongly, after which she works out from nature each figure and detail with the truth of a portrait, the reality of actual life. It is not surprising that her pictures at once carry conviction to the mind.

## REVIEWS.

### HOOK'S LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP PARKER.\*

(Second Notice.)

IN coming to a more minute examination of the contents of this volume, we will begin by congratulating Dean Hook on an improvement of a physical kind which makes the Life of Parker much easier to read and understand than the Lives of any of his predecessors. The earlier Lives formed each an unbroken chapter, an arrangement which became serious when a chapter, as in the case of Pole, filled a whole volume, or, as in the case of Cranmer, more than a whole volume. Parker also fills a whole volume, but he is happily divided into several chapters, to the great comfort of his readers. Dr. Hook has made another great improvement by bringing in a certain amount of marginal analysis and of marginal dates. We are however greedy enough to wish for some more of both, especially of the dates. They are specially wanted in some of the chapters towards the end, where Dr. Hook does not follow strict chronological order, but deals with particular aspects of Parker's life and character in separate chapters. And again, in the early part it is still a little perplexing to look up to the top of the page and see "Matthew Parker, 1559-75," when one is reading about some part of Parker's doings long before 1559. Dr. Hook has in these matters improved the Parker volume so much that we hope to see further improvement still in the Grindal volume.

And now for some notice of Matthew Parker himself and his biography as given by Dr. Hook. We fancy that Parker's name is less known to the "general reader" than it should be. If "the Reformers" or "the Reformation" is spoken of, people at once cry out "Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer." If this is simply because they were burned, it is unfair to Hooper and Farrar; if it is because they are believed to have been specially prominent in organizing the Reformed system, Latimer at least has no business on the list. But, if the Reformation of the Church of England is to have the name of any particular Bishop attached to it, it should clearly be that of Parker rather than that of anybody else. It was in his time that the Church took, after the shiftings of the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Mary, the form which, with little change, it has kept ever since. Perhaps if Parker had been burned, he might have been as famous as the others. But then it was unluckily inherent in Parker's peculiar position that he should not be burned. If the Reformation was to be finally set up, it was needful that some people should live through the persecution to set it up. This particular duty fell to the lot of Parker and those with whom he acted. They could not be Marian martyrs, because they had to be Elizabethan Reformers.

Parker did not rise to any high place, or take any prominent part in affairs, till he had reached a mature time of life. In no man's life is it more needful to remember, what we all sometimes unconsciously forget, that men are not born at the time when their names first appear in history. Parker plays no important part in history till the reign of Elizabeth; but he was born in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Born in 1504, he was four years younger than his predecessor Pole, twenty years younger than his predecessor Cranmer. When those questions began to be discussed which led to the changes which he had a hand in bringing to their final shape, Parker was a young man at Cambridge, taking his degrees, being elected to his fellowship, being ordained deacon and priest. He thus saw the whole thing with his own eyes, and he saw the beginning of it at a time of life when men are apt to be carried away with that fashion of thought and teaching which has been last set forth, whatever it may be. But there is nothing to show that Parker was one of those who suddenly or eagerly took up the new teaching. He was a friend of Bilney, and he attended him at his

execution; but there is nothing to show that he shared Bilney's opinions, which, after all, were political or social rather than theological. He went on during the reign of Henry the Eighth, distinguished as a scholar and preacher, keeping together, after the fashion of the time and of times long before and long after, a number of smaller ecclesiastical and academical preferments, but more than once declining a bishopric. He was chaplain to Anne Boleyn, and he was chaplain to Henry after her death. As Queen's chaplain, he was appointed Dean of the College of Stoke by Clare in Suffolk, a foundation of the House of Mortimer, but which seems to have somehow got into a special relation to the Queens of England. This was in 1535. Nine years later, in 1544, he was chosen, after no uncommon fashion, by royal mandate, to the post in which, next to the primacy of all England, he did most to make himself remembered, the Mastership of Corpus Christi or Bene't College, Cambridge. In the mode of appointment, as we have sometimes before remarked, there was nothing wonderful. Kings freely interfered with the rights of patronage and election in all ways; the practice prevailed as an invariable custom in the election to Old-Foundation Deaneries down to the present reign; in the case of Bishoprics it is legalised. The interference with the rights of the College was just as great when Henry the Eighth recommended Matthew Parker to the Fellows of Bene't College as when James the Second recommended Anthony Farmer to the Fellows of Magdalen College; only Parker was legally and personally qualified for the office, and Farmer was neither. On his College Parker has left his mark, both in the increase of its foundation and in the creation of that precious library of which so many scholars have felt the benefit. Of his Deanery at Stoke Dr. Hook gives a pleasant account; Parker seems to have used it as a sort of country house to withdraw to from Cambridge; but he did not treat it as a mere sinecure; by his preaching, by his care for education and the general well being of the neighbourhood, he seems to have won general respect and influence. On the establishment of secular canons at Ely, Parker received one of the first prebends, and he held, together or successively, several parochial benefices. But Dr. Hook remarks that all his preferments lay in one district, as if he were anxious that none should be altogether beyond his power of at least occasionally looking after them. We know not whether Dr. Hook has any authority for the surmise that Parker declined any higher office because he designed to marry. But it is certain that he did marry, and that before clerical marriage was strictly legal. The time of his marriage with Margaret Harleston was significant; it was in June 1547, five months after the death of Henry the Eighth. There was now no danger in such a step, but clerical marriages were not formally legalised, and then somewhat grudgingly, till the Act of 1549. This should be remembered when we come to the story of Queen Elizabeth's famous speech to Mrs. Parker years after at Lambeth; "Madam I may not call you, Mistress I would not call you." Of this speech Dr. Hook hardly brings out the full force. The word "Mistress" makes it uglier to a modern ear than it was meant to be. "Mistress"—now cut short into "Miss"—was, then and long after, the common title of an unmarried lady. The Queen's meaning in modern language would be, "I cannot quite call you Mrs. Parker, and I don't like to call you Miss Harleston." And we cannot wonder at this, when Parker had married before the law allowed him to do so, and when, years afterwards, as Archbishop, he found it prudent to have his children specially legitimated. And it is worth notice that there was no married Archbishop of Canterbury between Parker and Tillotson. Grindal and Whitgift, Abbot and Laud, were alike in that matter.

When the collegiate churches were first placed at the mercy of Henry, Stoke was saved by the intercession of his last Queen. But of course it fell, along with all kindred foundations, in the first year of the new reign. This suppression of Colleges was a mere job, which, it should be remembered, Cranmer and Bonner opposed side by side. It is hard to see how Church or State was profited when the College estates passed from Parker and his prebendaries—teachers and preachers as they were, at least under him—to Sir John Cheke and Walter Mildmay, subject to a pension to Parker and, we suppose, to the other members of the College. The only thing to be said is that they might easily have fallen into worse hands. A few years after this Parker reached the highest preferment which he reached at this stage of his life, namely, the Deanery of Lincoln. During this whole time he seems purposely to have kept himself in the background, and Dr. Hook quotes several letters in which he is pressed to take a more prominent part in the affairs of Church and State. Once or twice during Henry's reign he seems to have been suspected of heresy, but nothing was ever proved against him, and he went on through the reigns of Henry and Edward conforming without scruple to all successive changes, though Dr. Hook assures us he preferred the First Prayer Book of Edward to the Second. Twice his name is mentioned in connexion with public affairs. At the time of Kett's rebellion Parker was at Norwich, and he was popular with the insurgents. On this Dr. Hook comments that "it is further to be remarked, that through his preaching, and the preaching of his associates at Stoke College, this was the only place in which the Reformation was received by the common people without opposition, and, we may even say, with some measure of favour." At any rate, Parker ventured to go out to Kett's camp at the Oak of Reformation, and to exhort the people to strive after a peaceful instead of a violent redress of their grievances. The other time was when Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, came

\* *Life of the Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. Volume IX. Reformation Period. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

to Cambridge to proclaim Queen Jane. Parker seems to have trimmed; he supped with the Duke, but he did not afterwards come forward on either side, so that, when the tide turned in favour of Mary, he had, according to an obscure story, to fly from Cambridge in haste, when he fell from his horse and broke his leg. At the accession of Mary he was deprived of all his preferments, not however at once, but gradually, and to most of them he was allowed to name his successors. He remained in England during the whole of Mary's reign, and there is no evidence that he was in any way molested. In a passage which Dr. Hook marks with inverted commas Parker describes himself as "living as a private individual," and enjoying "delightful literary leisure." We do not doubt as to the fact, but we confess to be a little puzzled as to the language, for such phrases as "private individual" and "literary leisure" do not seem exactly to belong to the age of Parker. But the fact that Parker lived quietly through all Mary's reign is worthy of all the importance which Dr. Hook gives to it. It seems not to have satisfied the class whom Dr. Hook speaks of as "Protestant hagiologists," who have invented divers persecutions for him. But it seems plain that he suffered nothing beyond the loss of his preferments. Dr. Hook takes this opportunity to enlarge in his usual way on the state of parties at the time. With his classification of them we generally agree, though we wish that he would not talk about "Medievalists with Protestant proclivities." And we do not understand when, after giving a generally correct, though perhaps a little exaggerated, picture of the secular clergy as accepting, and the regulars as rejecting, the successive changes of the Reformation, we come to the following passage:—

Some of the Regulars, by assuming the character of secular priests, occasionally obtained possession of preferments in the Church; but these were exceptional cases, not noted by the historian.

We really do not know how to reconcile this with Dr. Hook's own account, in his *Life of Cranmer* (vii. 23), of the way in which, on the reconstitution of Canterbury Cathedral, a very large proportion of the members of the dissolved monastic body received stalls and other offices on the new foundation.

We have dwelt at some length on Parker's earlier life for more than one reason. It is important to see what manner of man it was whom Elizabeth picked out to receive the highest office in the English Church. The earlier life of Parker throws more light on this than the latter. Elizabeth first offered the primacy to one or more men who had been actually employed by her sister. She then offered it to a man of known learning and singular moderation, who had never taken any extreme part, and whom her sister had not thought fit to molest further than by loss of his preferments. This clearly points to a wish to change as little as possible. And this really proves more as to the character and objects of both the Queen and the Primate than the events of their actual administration. Circumstances made both of them go further in the way of change than either, if left alone, would most likely have wished. The middle position which Henry kept, and which Elizabeth no doubt wished to keep, could not be kept. Thirlby and Parker had once held the same position; the events of Mary's reign made that position an impossible one, and they parted off in opposite ways. The moment when Elizabeth offered the primacy to Wotton, possibly to Feckenham, and, failing them, to Parker, marks the last moment when the middle position even seemed to be possible.

For this reason the early life of Parker, when he acted more directly according to his own opinions and feelings, is in some points more important than his administration as Primate when he had to act as circumstances made him act. And we also think that this earlier part is the better part of Dr. Hook's present volume. We somehow seem to care more for Parker in his *Decestry at Stoke* and in his *College at Cambridge* than we do when he gets to Canterbury and Lambeth. One thing is that, though Dr. Hook's division of his volume into chapters is a great improvement, yet he has divided them too much by subjects and too little by periods, so that we sometimes lose the chronological thread of the narrative. On the whole, we are not very sorry that we have run on so fast about Parker's early life, and still more about the important and often misunderstood position which he represents, as to leave us little space to talk about the actual events of his primacy. But in one point of his character, spreading over both periods of his life, we must join with Dr. Hook in doing him honour. Parker had very odd notions of the duty of an editor, but it is owing to him, more than to any other man, that there is anything to edit and anything to read about the early history of England. In this manner his biographer, who has had such opportunities of testing the value of his services, does him full justice. To the great preserver and reviver of English historical learning we can even forgive that, in defending the independence of Canterbury against Rome, he partly rested his argument on the independence of the early British Church. Under a Tudor reign there was perhaps special temptation to do so. The worthiest monument of Parker is his *College at Cambridge* and its renowned Library.

We have mentioned that in this volume there are several great improvements in what we may call the editing, as distinguished from the actual composition of the work; but there are things new and there which puzzle us, and which seem to go beyond any bounds which we can allow to the vagaries of the printer. What can be meant, for instance, when we read in p. 237 that "it was the bestowal of ecclesiastical preferments that *knovers* sought

to remunerate their servants"; for "*lawyers*" we should rather have expected to find Kings and Queens, for no one has taught us better or more clearly than Dr. Hook, that when we find a man at once Bishop and Chancellor, the truer state of the case is that the Chancellor became Bishop than that the Bishop became Chancellor. When in pp. 381, 382 we read, "Some administer the communion with surplice and cap, some with surplices alone, some with neither," for "cap" we should surely read *cope*. It is most likely the printer who in page 404 makes Pope Pius the Fifth call Elizabeth a "*vassal*"—surely it should be a *vassal*—"of all iniquity." But we do not understand how, when "in the latter churches the chief minister was obliged to wear a cope, two other ministers, called the Deacon and Archdeacon, were to assist him in the reading of the Epistle and Gospel." We cannot make out this peculiar form of "archidiaconal functions," and we might have suggested *sub-deacons*: only did sub-deacons go on so long? We doubt whether knighthood was (p. 562) "considered a high distinction" on King James the First's "arrival at Westminster in 1603." Lastly, Dr. Hook tells us in page 391 that

Dr. Sampson had been attracted from the peaceful deanery of Chichester to the deanery of Christ Church, which placed him at the head of society in Oxford.

We had hardly thought that this peculiar duty of the Dean of Christ Church was so ancient; and, as Dr. Hook has found much to tell us about Mrs. Parker, we are anxious to know something about Mrs. Sampson also, if there was such a person.

Dr. Hook must not think that, because we point out two or three things of this kind, we value his book the less. Some parts we think might be better arranged, but he has done real service in pointing out the true position of Parker, and all that Parker represents, more clearly than it has ever been pointed out before. We wish him all health and strength for the lives of Grindal and his successors.

#### DR. ANGUS SMITH ON AIR AND RAIN.\*

A GREAT stride in advance has been made in the theory and practice of chemistry since Dalton, in the last year of his life, declared it impossible to distinguish by chemical experiment between the air of Manchester and the air of Helvellyn. To no one in this country is the progress since made in this important department of hygiene more to be attributed than to Dr. Angus Smith, who in his paper read before the British Association in 1857 was the first to propound a solution of the problem pronounced impracticable by one whom he allows to be the father of meteorology, no less than of scientific chemistry in the strict sense. A pupil of Liebig, to whom he appropriately dedicates the matured fruit of his studies upon this new and important branch of inquiry, Dr. Angus Smith has won his way to the point which he pronounces "the beginnings of a chemical climatology," not so much by the use of novel methods or analytical tests beyond those ordinarily available, as by concentration of his powers of observation, by multiplication of experiments and careful correlation of the best known modes of analysis. In the series of papers of which the volume now presented to us is made up will be found abundant use of the analytical methods of Liebig, Bunsen, and Nessier, together with the improvements upon the plan of Forchhammer for applying to the air the process of decomposing organic substances which we owe to Messrs. Wanklyn, Chapman, and Smith. The greater portion of the facts which are embodied in his most recent conclusions were accumulated by the writer whilst acting for the Royal Commission on the Ventilation of Mines, or as Inspector under the Factory Acts, and were to a great extent incorporated in his printed Reports. The earlier part, forming the foundation of the whole, was, he tells us, put together many years ago chiefly for the information of the Board of Health. Eight years since a work upon Air and Water was advertised by him, and the part on Water actually written, but kept back by other pursuits until the advance of science put it rather out of date. To write a new book from the beginning was a task from which the author naturally shrank, with so much material ready to hand, besides being in effect new to the public, buried as it was in reports and blue-books. The result of all this is, from a literary point of view, far from satisfactory. The volume is disjointed and utterly wanting in order and method. The discussion upon Rain, one-third of the book, is thrust in without rhyme or reason, in the very middle of that upon Air. Repetitions abound over and over again. There are no divisions into chapters to make reference easy; and, beyond all, the style of writing is ungainly and confused to a degree which makes the book not only difficult, but distasteful to read. At best it calls for notice as a summary of experiments and statistics of the highest value for further differentiation and analysis, and as a record of labours carried on in a spirit of patience and devotion to science well nigh approaching to heroism.

The most original and important of Dr. Angus Smith's experiments were made at the expense of a voluntary martyrdom. In the course of the inquiry for the Mines Commission, the need of a closed chamber for testing the principal agents in atmospheric deterioration was forced upon his mind. In such a laboratory, better than in the mine, could he hope to analyse and determine the amount of impurity engendered by candles, by gunpowder, and by the human breath, as well as that due to the *haziness*

\* *Air and Water: the Beginnings of a Chemical Climatology.* By Angus Smith, F.R.S., F.C.S. (General) Inspector of Alkali Works for the Government. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.



organic substances, such as tallow, tobacco, the human skin, and putrefaction of minor bodies. These manifold sources of miasma mingled in a manner defying separation, but intensely disagreeable even when a smaller volume than a cubic inch of air was inhaled. Upon the ground-floor of a house, fitted to bear the weight, a chamber was prepared of sheet lead, fused into one piece by the application of the hydrogen flame to the edges of each sheet. This chamber was 6 feet long, about 4 feet in breadth, and 8 feet high, its cubic contents amounting to about 170 feet. The half of one end and part of the side opposite was made of glass, which could be broken in case of danger. The door was of lead, except where of glass, hung on heavy pivots, and made to fit closely by means of caoutchouc, though it was not needful for the chamber to withstand any great pressure of air. Through the wooden framework and leaden casing holes were bored at one end, through which passed tubes of glass, continued with vulcanized india-rubber for the extraction of specimens of the air. In this room, accommodated with a chair and small table for apparatus, the contriver, sometimes with a companion or two, spent hour after hour in studying by the test of his own feelings, as well as by chemical analysis, the impurities induced by respiration or by chemical agents artificially admitted. Without claiming to be peculiarly sensitive to evil airs or odours, his love for keen, fresh air is perhaps beyond the average, as he feels an actual pleasure in east wind. Still, in the pursuit of science he could "bear anything in the way of air," and thus kept from him all such evils as might arise from imagination, even under the pressure of actual and long-continued discomfort.

The first trial of the chamber was made by simply sitting down for an hour and forty minutes. The result was about one per cent. of carbonic acid. The air, though very moist, at  $45^{\circ}\text{F}$ ., felt dull and cheerless, with an unpleasant smell of organic matter, especially felt when moving rapidly through the room. By persons entering as the author left it the air was pronounced extremely bad, though to him it seemed no worse than what we are frequently exposed to. He has not, however, found in ordinary life any air reduced like this to no more than twenty per cent. of oxygen. The second time, after 160 minutes, the oxygen was reduced to 19.61. A series of tables compiled from successive experiments exhibits the results of prolonged combustion both by the test of personal feeling and of objective trial. In Table II., with four miner's-candles, no person being inside, the candles went out after 5 hours and 10 minutes with 18.80 of oxygen and 2.28 of carbonic acid. Table III., with eight candles, one paraffin lamp, and one spirit lamp, shows the different effects of position and of height in the room. The candle nearest the roof went out in 50 minutes, as did one next the window at the height of the table, and one on the floor near the side. One on the table and two window candles went out 8 minutes later, one on the table in 75, one on the chair in 90, and, finally, the last one on the floor in 93 minutes; the paraffin lamp burned 98 minutes, and the spirit lamp 150, the oxygen being then 18.40, and the carbonic acid 2.45. Two or three persons then entered, with candles and a spirit lamp, which were at once extinguished, nor could matches be made to ignite. Still the party could breathe without difficulty for a while, till a gradual and indescribable feeling of discomfort arose, partaking of restlessness and anxiety without pain. The breathing, as in all similar experiments, increased in rapidity, while the pulse fell. Afterwards gas was lighted and burned with brilliancy. On entering after the gas had gone out—he does not say that it went out of itself, so we presume it was turned off—Dr. Angus Smith found candles extinguished as rapidly and completely as if they had been plunged into water. Nevertheless, he and his friends still breathed, though every one felt anxious to go out. Standing upon a chair he felt an incipient faintness; but the senses were not annoyed beyond a feeling of closeness, which he describes as by no means so unpleasant as a schoolroom. And this he considers, with reason, a very significant fact, as it shows the influence due to organic matter, of which there was little here, but much in the schoolroom. "The lungs seemed to refuse expansion, without the senses being able to indicate a reason." The minimum amount of oxygen was not taken, but after the door had been opened for the admission of these persons, it stood at no more than 17.45 per cent. Our faith in the senses as indices or guides is shaken by these experiments. The senses are quite unable to measure and raise an alarm at a degree of closeness represented by 0.1 per cent. of carbonic acid, though they may when there is as much as 4 per cent. The approach of fainting in the instance quoted shows how little the air becomes worse to the senses, while the lack of oxygen or increase of carbonic acid was telling upon the vital act. No room is wholesome, the author considers proved, with less than 20.7 per cent. of oxygen; yet so more is present in many a workshop. A faintness is indeed produced when the oxygen falls to 17.4; but is there no corresponding injury, it may be asked, when the numbers range between these, imperceptible as it may be to the senses? If a man lives when a candle goes out, is it a proof that he is little affected?

Upon the subject of simple and popular tests for carbonic acid in houses, workshops, or mines, Dr. Angus Smith supplies many hints which, if not wholly new, have the merit of being thoroughly practical, as well as of being worked out by careful experiments. The baryta or lime-water test having, after many stages, become accurate in the ship heads of St. Lawrence, has also been simplified and made theoretically complete by Dalton and Mr. Haddfield. Edinburgh, working

our author believes, independently of either, has imparted to the instrument used by him a scientific refinement which has made its employment difficult in mines, where there must be little to carry, little to do, and little to think of. Dr. Angus Smith found his own earlier test valuable in such places, whilst the comparison of precipitates of lime recommended by Dr. Baswell Reid failed long ago, the precipitate changing in physical appearance. Nothing better suggested itself than greater exactitude in the use of baryta or lime. By combination with an oxalic acid solution, a basis was formed for a new method of analysis to which our author has given the name "minimetric." Although carbonic acid is far from being the only impurity in air, its presence and quantity may be taken as the readiest chemical test for the purification of rooms. We have however by the same method the means of determining the presence of hydrochloric acid, sulphuric and sulphurous acids, sulphuretted hydrogen, and other deleterious gases. Dr. Angus Smith's tables give the amounts and strengths of precipitates corresponding to definite amounts of carbonic acid. As their practical result, the order may be given for any degree of purity required in a dwelling-house or working-place, and an uneducated man can tell at a glance when the amount of carbonic acid is too great. A bottle holding 5.43 ounces is filled with the air of the place, to which is added half an ounce of baryta or lime water, no matter of what strength. On shaking the bottle, if there is no precipitate the air is not worse than .04 per cent. For finer quantities a bottle holding 7.06 ounces is recommended. In private houses not more than .07 should be allowed. But should we be satisfied with .06 or .07 per cent. we must take a bottle of 3.78 ounces; if with 10 per cent., which many houses will contain on some evenings, a bottle of 2.46 ounces is enough. If in workshops as much as .25 per cent. is allowed, which ought never to be the case, then a 1.29 ounce bottle will suffice. The use of this simple method would enable us to say, "This is 6-ounce air, that is 4-ounce air, that is 2-ounce air," meaning that 6.4 or 2 ounces of it cause a precipitate in baryta water, or more readily still in lime water, simply prepared from burnt lime slaked with water, and dissolved by shaking, then left to stand in a bottle till clear. "No weighing is called for, no measuring, and we may almost say no thinking." Half the work of sanitary reform is done if in any cottage where a vial and a little lime are at hand it is enough to act on the rule "Let us keep our rooms so that the air gives no precipitate when a 10-ounce bottle full is shaken with half an ounce of clear lime water." Less simple tests are proposed where greater accuracy is required. Rosolic acid has been used by our author, as well as the manganates and ferrates, further particulars of the methods employed being given in a later part of the volume.

Of at least equal importance to healthy ventilation is the amount of organic matter in the air. Upon the presence and action of organic germs, the tests of their numbers, and even of their individual bulk, Dr. Angus Smith gives details which will be fresh and striking to most readers. It is a speculation whether germs of animal or vegetable matter in the air are the cause of disease. But to this he offers a counter speculation, whether germs do not also bring life and vigour. Is it certain, he asks, that the operations of life could go on without those organisms? There is much reason, he thinks, in the suggestion of a scientific friend, that the presence of organic bodies in the air may influence very strongly and strangely the germination of all animals, including the human being. Nor does he see any objection *a priori*, save that of the long and intense cold to be traversed in their passage through space, to the notion of organisms of meteoric origin peopling the earth, wherewith Sir W. Thomson last year startled the British Association. Into these more abstract and abstruse portions of his inquiry we have neither time nor scope to follow our author. Nor can we do justice to his ingenious and painstaking observations upon Rain, the result of twenty years' accumulation and analysis of facts. Few people have any idea how complicated a substance what we call rain practically is. Fully a hundred tables are taken up with the analysis of samples of rain-water collected from various districts of the United Kingdom. The researches of MM. Robinet and Bobierre, supplemented by our author's own experiments, are brought to bear upon the chemical constituents of rain at different altitudes, inland or by the sea, in country districts or in towns most widely differing in conditions. Not only chemical tests, but the microscope, and even the spectroscope, are employed to determine the acid and other elements of impurity. In the series of illustrations the reader's eye is shown the variety of crystals deposited by the rain of Manchester, London, and Newcastle, in contrast with the less contaminated Row Rain from the Gareloch, on the Clyde. To imitate the action of rain, by the process of artificial washing applied to the air, formed a natural sequel to an analysis of this kind. The author was himself surprised to see the figures of the comparative results stand out in such beautiful order. Here are reproduced, from the interesting reports under the Alkali Act, the quantitative measurements of hydrochloric and sulphuric acid, together with ammonia, inorganic or albuminoid, ranging from the pure standard of Innellan, on the Frith of Clyde, to the atmosphere of the Underground Railway. Anomalies slight in degree are at times to be met with in analyses of this delicacy and minuteness. But there is solid satisfaction in seeing matters of so much importance to the public well brought to the positive test of number and figure, as well as entrusted to hands so thoroughly qualified for the task.

## HERMANN AGHA.\*

"GOD in his mercy preserve me from ever falling in love," says a philosophic Moslem in this story, and no doubt there are a good many readers who will be inclined, as they reach its conclusion, to echo the philosopher's prayer. But, after all, there are worse things than a love-story; and at a time when novel-writing seems to vibrate between the sensational and the commonplace, there is room for a revival of the older painting of human passion, above all when the background is a somewhat new and unexpected one. We must confess to a little sympathy with the general indifference to "tales of the East," to the monotony of their social life, the extravagance of their plots, the medley of coarse passion and low intrigue which, in spite of its Oriental colouring, smacks of little but Holywell Street and the Seven Dials. It is some little comfort to find our indifference justified by Mr. Palgrave, and to learn that the common Eastern novel bears "a hardly nearer resemblance to the realities of Eastern life than the *Cato* of Addison or the *Count Robert* of Scott do to the times and persons which they profess to represent." Even *Anastanius*, perfect as it is in its true field of the Levant, "becomes unreal when venturing into the regions of unalloyed Oriental existence." It is on the ground of reality, of a distinct truthfulness in its revelation of this unknown page of Eastern life, that *Hermann Agha* bases its claim to public attention. Its apology, says its author, is "that it is not fiction, but reality; not invention, but narrative." We need not examine the theory of novel-writing which these words seem to embody, for, instead of pinning us down to the boredom and humdrum which they promise, Mr. Palgrave simply uses them in self-defence against the reader's inevitable start of surprise at the strangeness of his story. The refinement of sentiment, the ecstatic purity of affection, the chivalrous devotion, the inviolable truth, the arrow-flight of passionate verse, even the "lilies and langours" which have vanished with the troubadour from the fields of Languedoc and Provence, live on still—if we are to trust *Hermann Agha*—in the Arab tents of the Mesopotamian plain:—

To make love with much warmth, yet more self-restraint; to be content to give and receive the assurance of longing love alone, without hope of attainment, as though the mind were everything and the body nothing; and thus to remain through every vicissitude of life, constant to honour in spite of opportunity, to virtue in spite of passion, and to attachment in spite of separation, however prolonged; and all this till the hour of death itself, an hour welcomed as the seal of inviolable fidelity. This is a thing, I believe, of no rare occurrence among Arab youths and maidens; at least it was so before the gross lessons of Mahometan materialism. Indeed those lessons have been but partially learnt even now, thank Heaven, by the Arab tribes in their own native land; though thoroughly appreciated and practised by Turks, Koordes, Persians, and the like.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of this representation of ideal passion, there is a distinct gain at any rate in clearing our minds of the common notions of Lulu's pouting over the Pacha's new favourite, and Zuleika plunging in her sack to the bottom of the Bosphorus. The truth is, that so far from Mr. Palgrave looking down from the standing-ground of Western purity on the coarseness of the East, his contempt looks just the other way. "The wonder to me," says the sagacious Tantawee who plays the part of Oriental Chorus to the tale, "is not that your Zahra should have been such, but how her refinement and self-command communicated themselves to, or at least subdued, your coarser European nature." It is the fault perhaps of our "coarser European nature" that there are scenes between Zahra and her lover which recall the smiles of our youth over the delicate refinements of Lord Orville's wooing, or the superfine modesty of the Minerva Press. But the character of Zahra has in it a force at which Evelina would have shrunk aghast, and there will probably be as many critics who will stare at the intensity of her passion as there will be coarse European natures who will smile at its idealism.

With Zahra, in fact, the interest of the story begins and ends. Of Hermann himself we may have a little to say presently, but his character is faintly etched beside that of his lady love, and the general tenor of the tale is as wearisome as, to our minds, the tenor of an Oriental tale generally is. It is the usual story of a renegade, in this case a Transylvanian young fellow who had been carried off into slavery by a band of Turkish marauders, who falls in at Constantinople with the inevitable Pacha, accompanies him by tiresome stages to Bagdad, is mixed up with the ordinary plots and intrigues which rage round his master, takes his part in Oriental murders of the most approved raw-head and bloody-bones type, does a little horse-stealing and fighting on his own account, and finally whisks off the stage in a desperate Bedaween tournament, and is found long after the date of the conclusion of the story smoking his pipe and telling his pitiful tale on board an Egyptian transport in a position of high dignity. But at one moment in his life of adventure young Hermann finds himself looking down from the roof of a summer-house into an adjacent garden, and catching glimpses through the foliage of girl figures moving beneath in some girlish sport. The appearance of a dusky-brown Abyssinian countenance soon cools his courage, but "the very next face that came, as though in a framework of foliage and flowers, was as fair as the first had been dark"—it was the face of Zahra:—

Everything else disappeared around me. I was still gazing,—and how

could a lad of scarcely eighteen years of age refrain from gazing?—on that perfect face,—praise be to Him who created it,—forgetful in my eagerness alike of caution and concealment; when by chance,—if, indeed, chance it was, and not rather destiny, hers and mine,—the girl's eyes turned in the direction where I half stood, half crouched forward on the narrow roof, and looked full into mine. An instant after she had moved away, and was hidden from my sight among the trees. A pause followed; then I heard a voice, her voice I was sure,—a clear, bright voice like that of a singing bird,—calling out something, but what I could not understand, to the companions of her play. Whatever the words may have been, their meaning was soon made evident by the result; for, after a few moments of seemingly capricious hurry and bustle, betrayed by the irregular movements of the shaken sprays overhead, there was a pattering sound as of many footsteps retreating in the direction of the house.

When every one else was gone, and all was quiet around, she, the game, came gently, almost stealthily, forward to an opening among the trees, and fixed her gaze steadily on me, scanning me with calm, deliberate inquiry; while I, emboldened by I knew not what hope, leaned towards her from the low roof-parapet, with a look undoubtedly expressive of the admiration I felt. When she had well surveyed me, she smiled,—not passingly, but with a purposed smile of satisfied good-will; then waited till I, recovering in a measure my dazed perceptions, acknowledged with look and gesture the meaning of her smile.

Passion of this sort is no doubt a puzzle to the "coarser minds" of the West, but the social severance of the sexes throughout the East leaves no choice between a passive acquiescence in the family arrangement which hands over a girl to her husband like a parcel of goods and the sudden arousing of dormant passion in presence of some casual rencontre. "Then it is that the one meeting, by the very fact of its being unpremeditated and fresh, makes its entire impression at a blow." Certain it is that, however startling it may seem as an incident, the whole of this garden scene is told with a delicious freshness of colouring. Even through the interviews which follow, tedious and superfine as the love-making occasionally is, the impression of Zahra's character is deepened and intensified. We smile now and then as the Arab girl talks of Hermann as her brother, and reduces him to abject penitence for any mention of so earthly a thing as love; but there is a quiet grandeur about the calm force and resolve of her passion which soon raises it out of these little affectations. All the difficulty and danger of the situation she takes on herself. She is betrothed to an Arab chieftain, who is already on his way to Bagdad, and she banishes her lover that she may meet the emergency alone. Her plan, in effect, is to delay her formal union with the Emeer Daghfel till she has reached his home, and on her journey thither to contrive an escape which shall unite her with her lover. Unhappily all is foiled by the precipitate action of Hermann, who endeavours to carry her off in a night attack on the Arab camp. He penetrates to her tent, but at the moment of their interview his presence is discovered, and the fierce fight which follows leaves Hermann wounded and baffled to learn that Zahra has disappeared. Whether such a character is possible in real Arab life, or whether Mr. Palgrave is unconsciously reproducing a purely literary type, the heroines of such love-legends as that of Jameel and Botheina, or Mejnoon and Leyla, we can hardly presume to decide. But it is certain that in its union of passionate impulse with calm and serene self-control, of a maidenly and poetic purity with practical force of temper and intelligence, he has given us a type not only striking in itself but new to our conceptions of Oriental life.

Hermann Agha, on the other hand, in spite of his wonderful adventures and hairbreadth escapes, remains little more than a sketch. The contrast of the new religious life with the old, of the new love for the social existence of the East with memories of the Western home from which he had been torn, the gradual purification of the coarser Transylvanian temper by its contact with the ideal passion of the Arab maiden, might in the hands of George Eliot have produced a Tito of nobler nature and with a nobler end. But Mr. Palgrave has missed the great opportunities which his own creation afforded him. Hermann is from his first introduction the devoutest of Moslems, but we see nothing of the transition by which the renegade passed from the faith of the Cross to that of the Crescent. In one of the most striking scenes of the first volume the almost passionate enjoyment of the new Eastern life into which he is plunged battles with a cooler and saner judgment of its inferiority to the life of Christendom; but the thought is never followed up, and for all the purposes of the story Hermann might have been born in Bagdad. Nor is the treatment of his passion more artistic. From the first moment he is swept away by a resistless tide of feeling which, save in one or two moments of sickness or depression, never ebbs. Of the "coarser nature" which Zahra is supposed to subdue we see hardly a trace. As a lover Hermann is one of the most passionate and best-behaved we have ever had the good luck to meet. But we cannot say he is a person to excite any great interest. The sketch of the Bedaween Moharib, on the other hand, slight though it is, has in it great life and power. The young Arab swears to his friend Hermann just such a friendship as David swore to Jonathan, a friendship which only ends in his laying down his life for his sake. To the Bedaween nature, indeed, Mr. Palgrave pays a chivalrous tribute of admiration singularly in contrast with the general estimate of it by travellers in the East. Nothing in his book is finer than the way in which, by touch after touch, he brings out the narrowness of its range, the pettiness of aim imposed on it by the actual necessities of the life of the desert, the silence and simplicity, the greed and craft of the sons of the desert; but with these lower qualities a nobler side of their nature, too—nobility, a chivalrous affection and respect for women, or such a capacity for friendship as that of Moharib. On the eve of their last meeting

\* *Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative.* By W. Gifford Palgrave. Author of "Travels in Central Arabia," &c. 3 vols. London: King & Co. 1872.

the delivery of Zahra' Mobarib faces and conquers one of those strange presentiments which warn an Arab of his death. "When in after days," he says to Hermann, "you revisit the place that is already prepared for me, and the heap of stones which will soon be piled over me, salute me by name, the brother of Leyla, the lover of Hafsa, and wish me peace. I shall hear you, though I make no answer. She too will visit me, and will be with me before long." The troop ride silently across the desert, but the silence of the Arab is, as Mr. Palgrave points out in a powerful passage, not merely a matter of precaution against danger, but the result of an unconscious sympathy with the silence of nature around:—

Silent overhead, the bright stars, moving on, moving upwards from the east, constellation after constellation, the Twins and the Pleiads, Aldebaran and Orion, the Spread and the Perching Eagle, the Balance, the once-worshipped Dog-Star, and beautiful Canopus. I look at them till they waver before my fixed gaze; and, looking, calculate by their position how many hours of our long night-march have already gone by, and how many yet remain before daybreak; till the spaces between them show preternaturally dark; and on the horizon below a false eye-begotten shimmer gives a delusive semblance of dawn; then vanishes.

Silent; not the silence of voices alone, but the silence of meaning change, dead midnight. The Wolf's Tail has not yet shot up its first silent har-binger of day in the east; the quiet progress of the black spangled heaven is monotonous as mechanism; no life is there. Silence; above, around, no sound, no speech. The very cry of a jackal, the howl of a wolf, would come friendly to the ear, but none is heard; as though all life had disappeared for ever from the face of the land. Silent everywhere. A dark line stretches thwart before us; you might take it for a ledge, a trench, a precipice, what you will. It is none of these; it is only a broad streak of brown withered herb, drawn across the faintly gleaming flat. Far off on the dim right rises something like a black giant wall. It is not that; it is a thick-planted grove of palms; silent they also, and motionless in the night. On the left glimmers a range of white ghost-like shapes; they are the rapid slopes of sandhills shelving off into the plain; no life is there.

Some men are silenced by entering a place of worship, a grave-yard, a large and lonely hall, a deep forest; and in each and all of these there is what brings silence, though from different motives, varying in the influence they exert over the mind. But that man must be strangely destitute of the sympathies which link the microcosm of our individual existence with the macrocosm around us, who can find heart for a word more than needful, were it only a passing word, in the desert at night.

The attempt, as we have said, fails, and with the failure the book abruptly closes. We see Hermann slowly recovering from his wounds; we hear that Zahra' has availed herself of the confusion to make her escape. But that the two lovers have no happy end to their love we are left to guess from finding Hermann some years after bewailing his misfortunes to the friendly Tantawee. It is a little tantalizing at the very crisis of the story to find the two story-tellers go quietly to sleep on deck, and to be told as a sort of explanatory farewell that the ship has arrived at Jaffa. The close is, in fact, the great blot on the book, but the most "irritating" feature of it is the perpetual interruption of the story by the talk between Tantawee and Hermann. No doubt a good deal of Tantawee's talk is clever and entertaining enough; we are inclined, in fact, to think his description of the philosophical indifference of a great Moslem thinker one of the best bits in the book; but we demur altogether to the practice in which Mr. Palgrave has followed Mr. Helps and others, of keeping, as it were, a tame critic of their own, and perpetually stopping the story to chat with us about it. There are traces of haste about the style of the book, which is often surprisingly careless and loose, and all Mr. Palgrave's objection to false Orientalism has not saved him from lapses into that most vexatious of affectations, the use of Arabic or Turkish names for things which are just as familiar to the West as to the East. It is a little provoking to be sent down to a note to learn that "kahya" means a clerk, or "kahwah" a coffee-shop. There are of course words which have no European equivalent, and in such cases their Eastern names are indispensable; but our patience gives way when a blow of a dagger becomes a blow of a "khanjar," and the chins of the Bedaween are wrapped, not in handkerchiefs, but "kaffeeys." These, however, are little faults, and in spite of its defects of style and story, we may fairly expect that Mr. Palgrave's tale will break the spell which has of late seemed to doom the novel of Eastern life to popular neglect.

#### BOGUSLAWSKI'S TACTICAL RESULTS OF THE WAR.\*

MANY readers who will hardly care to face the labour of wading through the mass of personal and historical literature which the Continental press is pouring forth with reference to the late war will yet be eager to know what special lessons may be deduced from it. It is not likely that we shall have another *Retrospect* equal to Captain May's in honesty of purpose and brilliancy of style. Indeed the fate of that lamented writer may well deter any Prussian officer from rashly following his example, and holding up to the light every imperfection of his fellow-soldiers. But even a humbler work of such a class must have a special interest for all professional readers, now that the breech-loader has been tested from a fairer point of view than was possible in 1866. For it must never be forgotten, in considering the Austro-Prussian War, that all estimates of the causes of the success which changed the face of Germany agree in assigning a large share to the effects, physical and moral, of the then new weapon which the soldiers of King William carried. The proportion of this share to the whole can never

be exactly known. Some critics of weight have gone as far as to say that the needle-gun made Benedek's chances hopeless from the first; and, if this be an exaggeration, there can be no doubt that it would have made them comparatively small had he matched his adversary better in strategy than was the case. But affairs were altogether different in this respect four years later, when the Prussians, with their needle-gun unimproved, found themselves face to face with an enemy that had taken deliberate pains to outdo them in the weapon of the foot soldier, and had succeeded probably beyond the expectation of either. The Chassepot had proved its excellence sufficiently in the skirmish at Montana. But the Prussians, as a rule, refused to accept the reports of De Failly's cheap victory over the Garibaldians as any real test, and went into the contest of 1870 as confident as ever in the excellence of their needle-gun—a state of feeling which even their striking tactical successes wholly failed to maintain. They admitted almost from the first that they had at length met a weapon superior to their own. Breech-loader was now fairly and fully tested against breech-loader, and the losing side was confessedly the better armed of the two. Naturally the professional student looks eagerly for a work which shall enable him to understand two important questions which are here raised; first, the general modifications of tactics which the use of the breech-loading small-arm may be considered certain to impose on all armies; and, secondly, the special causes that made the better weapon of so little practical weight in the great struggles of the Franco-Prussian war. Captain Boguslawski's work is the first attempt to expound these matters from a scientific point of view, and, despite a very unpretending preface, it has a thoroughness in its treatment which atones for some excess of patriotic zeal, and for a certain tendency to run into irrelevant matter in the effort to bring the whole subject completely before the reader.

Thus, though designed to set forth, as the title indicates, the tactical results of the war, large sections of the work are devoted to the former histories of the armies engaged, and to what Continental writers call the logistics of the struggle—the general arrangement of the forces—as well as to the strategy, strictly so-called. These, as well as certain considerations as to the respective reinforcing powers at the call of the two nations, we shall purposely pass by, in order to glance at the chapters which refer specially to the subject of tactics proper.

Captain Boguslawski takes great and not unnecessary pains at the outset to point out clearly the difference which we have already indicated as underlying all proper comparison between the wars of 1866 and of 1870. The undoubted superiority of the Prussian weapon, as admitted in general terms by the well-known *Tactical Instructions* issued by Benedek to his Northern Army, induced the Austrian commanders to try systematically a plan the opposite of that on which their opponents had been trained—a decided and sharp attack with the bayonet *en masse* being over and over again repeated at the very commencement of an engagement, and being met and repulsed on almost every occasion by steady defensive firing with the breech-loader, often maintained chiefly by the skirmishers. The counter-attack of the Prussians came later, and was usually made in looser order than the Austrian charge. In fact throughout the Austrian commanders followed literally to rashness the teaching of Benedek's instructions, hoping, as their chief had promised them, fairly to surprise, and as it were run down the enemy by the fierceness and rapidity of their onset. It need hardly be said how completely Benedek and his followers were undeceived. The needle-gun showed itself, in steady hands, quite superior to any such attacks, however desperate; and where any success was bought by Austrian valour, as at Trautenau, it was purchased too dearly to affect the general course of the campaign. Throughout the brief contest, however, the general features remained of a decided distinction in the national modes of fighting, due plainly to the difference of weapons. But all this was quite changed in the struggle of four years later, in which, as our author shows, the infantry contest on both sides almost invariably took the form of scattered, and frequently individual, fighting. The dissimilarity of formation came into little notice, he adds, but there were very great distinctions observable in the manner of firing, and in the general conduct of the action. And none was more remarkable than the contrast between the apparent timidity of the French generals, keeping them constantly to a mere defensive, and the boldness and independence with which the German chiefs of divisions or brigades threw themselves at once into the attack, availing themselves of all the circumstances of the moment to forward its efficacy, and especially keeping in mind the general maxim adopted in their service, to try by all means to gain the enemy's flank. Very possibly, it is fairly said by our author, the apparently timid tactics of the French were forced upon them by their being strategically surprised at the outset, and that by much larger numbers. He conjectures that to these causes may have been superadded a false calculation as to the effects of the breech-loader when defensively used, and as to the special value of the field intrenchments which they were disposed from the first to resort to. The fact remains certain that, adopting generally the loose form which the Prussians had already found so effective, they employed it in a very different spirit, as though bound to cling altogether to the defensive—the easiest part to copy of the example of 1866.

They showed this over-caution conspicuously even at Mars-la-Tour, where, as Boguslawski very justly says, they had every

\* *Taktische Ergebnisse aus dem Kriege 1870-71.* Berlin: Mittler, 1871.

possible reason to take a bold offensive. The remarkable audacity which the Germans had acquired proved itself here especially when the III<sup>rd</sup> Corps actually took and held open ground from a far greater force of the enemy, though at the cost of losing 7,000 of its numbers. For, as the author in a later part remarks, direct attacks in front, except with overpowering force, cannot succeed, if they succeed at all, without great expenditure. How dangerous they are likely to be to those who try them he illustrates very forcibly by the well-known circumstance of the first and fruitless attempt of the Guards on St. Privat. How dominant the notion of outflanking was in the minds of the German generals is clearly shown by the success of the later advance on this position, and not less by the general disposition of the united Third and Fourth Armies at Sedan. The French, on the other hand, appear to have held to the older notion of making decided attacks on the enemy's line when once extended to thinness; but their attempts to carry out this theory of counter-attack against the outflanking foe were too partial and ill-sustained to have any weight. The army, says our author, is in very evil case which in these days permits itself quietly to be outflanked or surrounded in hopes of breaking the enemy's line with a counter-stroke.

The chief peculiarities observable in the German attack during the war he sums up at the close of a very interesting chapter under four heads:—(1) offensive movement against the flank of the enemy, followed afterwards by attack upon his centre; (2) powerful co-operation of artillery in preparing the way for the infantry; (3) great development of the use of skirmishers; (4) and a limited action on the part of the cavalry. When on the defensive the Germans chose their ground more carefully than the French, making, for example, much more use of wood as cover; they concentrated their artillery fire more completely, and made a more suitable and careful use of their musketry fire. The French, on the other hand, in their usual defensive attitude, had also marked peculiarities, in (1) the deliberate manner in which they allowed themselves to be outflanked; (2) their isolated and partial counter-attacks; (3) their constant use, *like their adversaries* (the italics are our own), of heavy swarms of skirmishers; while (4) their artillery had its effect weakened by being constantly broken up, and showed plain want of good handling on the part of the chiefs. To these remarks it is added that the cavalry, however brave, showed little judgment in acting as though breechloaders did not exist. The features of the French offensive, where it was tried in the earlier part of the war, were bold and sudden advances made with large masses, firing a great deal too much and keeping themselves back in so doing, and the opening of fire at absurd distances. In the second period of the struggle the want of good leading and inferiority in technical efficiency were constantly manifest as the causes of the awkwardness and early failure of the French attacks, wherever made. Having given this *résumé*, it is only left for us to add that the chief deduction to be made from it has not been as clearly brought out as it might be by the author. It is that all infantry actions are now become actions of skirmishers. We have no space to enlarge on this truth. We can only recommend those who doubt it to study the facts of the late war closely, as set forth by such writers as Captain Boguslawski. He who is not then convinced is either incapable of conviction, or unwilling to resign a cherished tradition, wrongly understood; we allude of course to the historic steadiness of our British infantry, a quality which may be either used or abused according to its application to the conditions of modern warfare.

It is not our purpose, even did our limits permit, to give a detailed criticism here of a work so important as that under notice, which happily is now made generally accessible by an authorized translation. We shall rather transcribe, as a single specimen of the valuable lessons it contains, the author's account, subject to some needful compression, of a kind of action repeated over and over again during the later part of the war between two isolated battalions—the one of the highly trained Prussian infantry, the other of the raw levies that vainly tried to face them:—

Our Prussian battalion [says Captain Boguslawski] formed into company columns, and apparently on the defensive, is placed behind a swell of the ground, the approach to which is probably partly screened from view by other undulations. Three companies are in first line, one in reserve. The enemy, very possibly twice its numbers, extends his skirmishers when about 1,200 yards off, and advances as a double to within 800. Opening at first a moderate fire to cover the movement, he is sending some of his companies, screened by a dip of the ground, to turn the left of the Germans. But these, beginning to answer his attack with dropping shots, at once draw a rapid rolling fire from the whole militia line, which their officers vainly strive to check, and which is given with such haste as to do little harm. The Germans now in their turn make a sudden movement forward, the supports keeping close to their skirmishers, and the whole moving at a double to clear an open space lying within 300 yards of the foe, beyond which they have dispersed a new line of cover. The suddenness of this advance disconcerts their adversaries, who forget in their excitement to lower their sights, and shoot wildly over the heads of the Germans. These from their new position now fire heavily on the line close to which they are planted, and at the same moment the left of this line finds itself threatened by a flank attack, a counter-stroke to that at first attempted by its own detachment. This disconcerts the nearest files at once. A small reserve of the militia which is in hand is ordered up to meet the danger, but its insufficient training causes a bungling delay in the necessary movements of wheel and extension, during which it receives a murderous fire from the hostile skirmishers close at hand, and falls back presently confused. Just then the line is attacked in front by the advance of the main German body. The rest may be left to the imagination.

In this typical case the German battalion has been shown making the offensive. But if the process be reversed, the result would be altogether different. For the disciplined soldiers will

not throw away their ammunition wildly on an enemy 800 yards off. They will, on the contrary, reserve it, and so shatter his attack when he attempts to pass the open plateau 300 yards in front. And the reserve company will wheel sharply at the word in just the fit direction to meet the flanking movement of the adversary, and will send its skirmishers so deftly forward against the partially developed attack as to check it at once, and enable the threatened flank to be cleared by a smart charge. For, adds Captain Boguslawski in closing his comparison, the discipline of militiamen cannot be relied on to teach them how to use their fire to advantage in the most serious moments of an action, whilst their very moderate power of manoeuvring will surely, when a crisis suddenly comes on, cause just the false movements to be made which will create a decisive turn of events against them. We may leave our readers to point the moral for themselves. To us it seems too obvious to be missed, even did the author not give his picture, as he avowedly does, as showing the general character which an action would be certain to assume between the battalion organized on the German system and that of any nation which meets it with mere militia or other partially trained troops, under whatever guise. For if there is one deduction which more than any other can be made certainly from the late war, it is that the looser and freer the tactics of the mass become, the more necessity there is for insisting on the thorough training and discipline of the individual unit.

#### NOAH'S FLOOD—AN OPERA.

PERHAPS the chief curiosity in this very curious opera is its date—1679. Had a drama entitled "Noah's Flood" been produced some two centuries earlier, it would have been set down among the Mysteries; were such a work published now, it would be traced to the increased familiarity of Englishmen with the Passion Plays of Ober-Ammergau and Spain. But a grave Scriptural "opera," beginning with Noah's completion of the Ark, and ending with the destruction of the Tower of Babel, will, with the date 1679 attached to it, appear to many like an insolent anachronism. Of course Mr. Ecclestone's piece was never acted in any theatre; but it must not be therefore looked upon as one of those "dramatic poems" which are written without any thought of scenic representation, for the author had evidently in view a possible if not an actual stage. With his directions respecting decorations and ballet he is just as careful as with his dialogue; and if Mr. Chatterton, weary of Walter Scott, can overcome the scruples of the Chamberlain (and perhaps his own) so far as to attempt the production of Scriptural drama, here is a book which may be placed at once in the hands of Mr. W. Beverley without further instructions.

*Noah's Flood*, it may be observed, did not, as might easily be supposed, stand quite alone in its age; it represents a tendency which arose in the days of Charles II., to take portions of the Bible as subjects, not of tragedies or comedies, but of operas—that is to say, works not necessarily lyrical, but nevertheless illustrated by music and such scenery as the age could afford. The classical type of this tendency is Dryden's opera, the *State of Innocence and Fall of Man*, which Nat. Lee pronounced superior to *Paradise Lost*, whence the idea of it was derived, and which was first published in 1674, shortly after Milton's death. Dryden gives stage directions which look as if he had an eye towards Dorset Gardens; but still these are subordinate to his dialogue; whereas *Noah's Flood* is to all intents and purposes a spectacle which requires much employment of machinery, and the effects in which the dialogue is mainly intended to connect.

Mr. Ecclestone, of whom, it seems, nothing whatever is known beyond the fact that he is the author of this opera, derives his inspiration immediately from Dryden; and it may be safely said that, if ever disciple avoided the beauties and exaggerated the defects of his master, that disciple is Mr. Ecclestone. There is a certain grandeur about the *State of Innocence*, small as it may look when placed by the side of Milton's epic; but nothing can be conceived more paltry than *Noah's Flood*, when read after the *State of Innocence*. Something, indeed, like an appearance of impiety is produced by the poet's utter disregard of the Iloratian precept, "Sumite materiam," &c.; and had the name, say, of Mr. Bradlaugh been printed on the title-page, the opera might be condemned as a profane burlesque; but the innocence of his intentions is too clear to be mistaken. Even the stupendous adulation with which he dedicates his work to the Duchess of Monmouth, and which surpasses the servility shown by Dryden in his dedication of the *State of Innocence* to the Duchess of York (Mary of Modena), shows his conviction that he has been engaged on a purely religious exercise. The beauty of the lady is briefly touched upon; but Mr. Ecclestone is convinced that, if her Grace had lived in the old world, she not only would have made an addition to those who were saved in the Ark, but would even have prevented the destruction of "the whole," and so comfort himself with the assurance that, so long as her seraphic form guards the door of the Ark, he need not fear what the malice of a "hell of critics" can do against it. It is to the amatory of the Duchess that he appeals for protection. It is about the anachronisms which occur in his opera that Mr. Ecclestone is most uneasy. For he does not sin through ignorance, being somewhat of a scholar, familiar, like most poets of

\* *Noah's Flood*; or, the Destruction of the World. An Opera. By Edward Ecclestone, Gent. Printed by M. Clarke and Sold by R. Taylor at the Ship in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1679.



his age, with the current Roman classics, and competent to quote Plato in the original—Latin. His personages, he is aware, refer in their discourse to things that are supposed not to have existed till long after the days of Noah; but he justifies this eccentricity partly by authority, partly by the ingenious theory, rather hinted than enforced, that, as many arts deemed modern were probably known before the Flood, the question whether it is right or wrong to make antediluvians talk about parchment, as they do in a tragedy which was censured by some critical friend, becomes extremely hard to solve. The use of this theory, which, if enlarged and judiciously applied, may help many a vague historian out of a mess, is incalculable. When it is once granted that we know nothing of Methuselah, or of the towns and villages that existed in his day, who shall venture to say that he did not eat whitebait at Blackwall?

We proceed to a description of *Noah's Flood*. The "scene being opened"—or, as modern usage would have it, the curtain rising—Hell is represented with spirits, several of whom are seen flying across the stage, while hideous lamentations are heard. Before a word is uttered there is a change, which seems to be without a difference; for we read:—"The scene on a sudden shifts, and represents Lucifer, Beelzebub, Asmodeus, Moloch, and Belial, at which songs of joy and triumph are heard, all advancing" (the fiends, we presume, not the songs) from a howling lake of burning brimstone. The fiends, of whom Lucifer is the chief, Satan being only a subordinate personage, are in high glee at the prospect of the Deluge which is to destroy the hated world, and all agree to lend their aid to the work of destruction:—

"Tis joyful news [says Lucifer] now the great period's come,  
And all must wallow in the wat'ry tomb;  
The birds and beasts with man confus'd must lie,  
And fish in their own element must die.

The last line, by the way, touches on a point which has not been largely discussed by physico-theologians. The great object of the fiends, however, is the demolition of the Ark, which has just been completed, and of all its inhabitants. Moloch proposes to enter the sacred vessel in some borrowed shape, and stir up an intestine war; Lucifer suggests that this operation shall be seconded by an attack from without; and Asmodeus, timidly arguing that the Ark which

Cost a hundred years to build with pal  
Was never sure designed to be in vain,

is abruptly put down by Satan, with the pertinent rebuff,

Still with fond reason you our acts debate;  
Sure we that rule the world can conquer eight.

The action is diversified by the entrance of several pious men, who are allured from their piety by divers fair women, "dressed in wanton garments"; the third man, a pedant in his gallantry, remarking, as he points to the charmers:—

All arts and sciences in them appear;  
View but their eyes, Astronomy is there.

The prediction of Lucifer, who has observed the unholy proceedings, that a race of tyrants will be the result of these "ill hymens," shows that the author had in view the association of the Sons of God with the Daughters of Men, briefly mentioned in Genesis and largely described in the apocryphal book of Enoch. Delighted with the contemplation of triumphant sin, the fiends lie down to repose themselves, and "a song is sung, expressing the joy they take in destroying the world, and how their pains are lessened in having made so brave a revenge." This finished, several antic dances are executed, and the departure of the fiends brings the first act to an end.

At the commencement of the second act Noah and the Angel Gabriel enter discussing the subject of the coming Flood, in front of a decoration which is curiously described as representing a "glorious sun in its full meridian." This is soon changed to the view of a "billy country," and two monstrous giants, Abaddon and Agon, doubtless the progeny of the pious men and fair women, make their appearance to express the violence of their intentions:—

AN. How calm's the air! What, is his thunder gone?  
Nay, then, I'll mount the sky and seize his throne.  
AG. The trembling moon I'll into pieces rent,  
And twist the stars out of his ornament.  
AN. The sun himself, that doth so bright appear,  
I'll drag about the sky by's golden hair,  
Then spurn him in the sea, and quench him there.

These aspirations they reduce to practice, and, observing that the sun apparently leans on the top of a hill, they resolve to assail him without delay, heaping up little mountains "to raise Olympus higher." The sun "being overshadowed with a cloud" stimulates their hopes, as they ascribe the phenomenon to fear; but they are grievously deceived, for some "great flashes of lightning are seen breaking from the cloud that covers the sun, after which dreadful claps of thunder are heard, the cloud breaks in two, and a shower of fire falls on 'em and destroys 'em." The sun recovering his light, the fiends emerge from the earth to rejoice at what has happened, and to derive gratification from other sources; for at this juncture Despair, personified, stabs himself and dies; a "man-lover" throws himself from a precipice into the sea, and a "woman-lover" drinks a cup of deadly poison. These horrors are relieved by a gentle comedy scene, in which Ambition vainly wooes Pride; and then the scene opening discovers an extraordinary

spectacle, comprising "several horrid spectacles, drinking to excess, quarrels, brawls, rapes, &c.," whereby the joy of the devils is increased, the act terminating with a view of the infernal regions, enlivened by dancing "in extravagant postures."

In the third act, which opens in "a pleasant garden adorned with various walks and close bowers, and ornamented with purling rivulets," an attempt is made to introduce a domestic interest; Japhet, influenced by the powers of evil, being unreasonably jealous of the innocent affection of his wife, Phalthoea, for his brother Shem. His gloomy meditations come however to nothing, being immediately followed by the appearance of several altars, the sacrifices on which are consumed by a fire from Heaven; and our attention is now directed to Noah, who is highly elated by the favourable omen, and in this happy mind is deceived by Lucifer, who, clad in robes of light, informs him that Heaven has abandoned the project of the Deluge, and commands him to disperse the gathered troop of beasts and birds, confirming the authenticity of his mission by a shower of fire. The imposture does not last long; for "a clap of thunder is heard, Noah and the rest return as affrighted, Gabriel flies down, and Lucifer sinks at the same time," to rise immediately afterwards in his "horrid shape," and to hear Gabriel announce that his aggression will be punished by an increase of torment:—

—For this deed thou shalt Heaven's vengeance feel,  
And on thy head shall fall its painted steel,  
And sink thee down into the deep abyss;  
Where, whirling headlong with a dreadful hiss,  
The damned themselves shall wonder how you fall,  
And you in hell shall find a better hell;  
For you such torments shall endure, even all  
Hell's mighty pains shall seem to yours but small.

Moloch is not more fortunate than Lucifer; for, having attempted to enter the Ark disguised as a beast, he has been repelled by "an angel's mystic charm" that did his "soul and spirits both alarm." Stratagem having failed, force is to be essayed; Moloch concluding the soliloquy which ends the act with the declaration:—

By strength alone our force we must declare,  
And 'gainst the Ark proclaim an open war;  
We'll the whole pow'r of the four winds let go;  
They east and west, and south and north, shall blow,  
Till by their blasts the Ark they overthrow;  
Then we'll rejoice over this conquer'd ball,  
With dreadful hollows (sic) triumph in its fall.

The fourth act opens with the horrors of the Deluge, the scene presenting men and beasts of all sorts promiscuously swimming together, and the Ark floating on the surface of the waters, while one hill remaining above the waves affords a footing for some of the survivors—namely, three men, who meditate on the vanity of human greatness, and a woman with children in her arms, who touches up her maternal expressions of despair with this pretty conceit:—

My ah, dear children, you in vain implore;  
I've given you all, and now can give no more,  
Unless I do anticipate your fears,  
And drown you all in deluges of tears.

Evidently not thinking this situation strong enough, Mr. Ecclestone changes his scene, and discovers a throng of women and children on the highest mountains, who on a sudden are all overwhelmed with the waves. The scene again changing before a word is uttered, we have Pandemonium, with the principal fiends in council. They are speedily joined by Moloch, who, scoured by disappointment, commences the narrative of his defeat with blasphemy of a kind that smacks less of Pandemonium than of Billingsgate:—

Hell and Damnation seize this mystic scene,  
And curse upon the eye of Providence.

One almost misses here the cautious "H—" and "D—" Force is then unanimously resolved upon, and the devils vanish to reappear in another scene, representing all destroyed but the Ark, which is swimming on the surface of the waters. According to Lucifer's instructions, the Ark is literally to be attacked on every side:—

Ho, Moloch! loose the Eastern wind; let go,  
Belial, the West; both shall together blow.  
You, Asmodeus, must rule the Southern wind;  
Ho, Beelzebub! the stubborn North unbend;  
Whilst I and Satan, like two mighty whales,  
Toss up the Ark with our impetuous tails.

The Ark is nearly overturned by the fiends, but angels descend in flaming chariots, and, amid thunder and lightning, drive them into the deep; a brief speech uttered by Noah, who is shown in the interior, expressing the confidence of the good men in the care of Heaven. The Miltonian Sin and Death now make their appearance—we cannot precisely say in what place—and display in their discourse a subtlety of thought which faintly adumbrates the debates on Free-will and Predestination in the *State of Innocence*. At a first glance it might be supposed that these two evil beings would naturally desire the destruction of the Ark. On the contrary, they are acute enough to perceive that at this particular juncture their own interest coincides with the will of heaven:—

SIN. So, monarch-like, you reign o'er everything,  
Except the Ark; you're universal king;  
That Ark, which, like the world, if it should be  
Overthrown, you, next to that, will ruin me.  
Then shall your empire end; so soon as I  
Do leave this world, you too—yourself—must die.

DEATH. Since I have had such plenty and such store  
Of all varieties, what need I more?  
Therefore ne'er fear I will mankind pursue  
So far, as to be fore'd to prey on you.  
You are forbidden fruit, and if I try  
To taste of you, I, when I taste, must die,  
And lose this earthly paradise, and be  
For ever lost in vast eternity.  
So, for your sakes the Ark shall safely sail,  
And on the waves, as they o'er all, prevail.

With the descent of the chosen family from the Ark, after the waters have subsided, the fourth act terminates; the Archangel Gabriel expounding to Noah the brief universal law which preceded the Decalogue, and saying in reference to the rainbow:—

'To confirm his promise he hath bow'd  
His royal signet in yon torrid (torrid?) cloud.  
In such a form the painted arch appears,  
As moaning Heaven seems e'en to smile in tears.

Whereupon Noah remarks:—

But in such pleasant moaning, such a shroud  
It seems to be an hieroglyphic cloud  
Of grief and joy, and intermix'd so fine  
The artist Nature shows her pow'rs divine;  
And in the bow no death nor arrows seen,  
But the whole scene is peaceful and serene.

The drunkenness of Noah, followed by the curse on Ham, opens the fifth act, the story being told with more decency than might have been expected from a writer under Charles II., blessed with such dubious taste as Mr. Ecclestone. The consequences of Noah's trespass to people in general are shown in a more lively manner; for Sin, in a "rich, gaudy, loose attire," heads a jovial party of devils in human shape, who are especially delighted when "a fair vineyard arises, laden with beautiful grapes." One of the guests lyrically observes:—

Since then nature doth show  
Which way we must go,  
We'll squeeze out the liquor and call the juice wine.

Whereupon Sin, in somewhat ambiguous language, caps him with the distich:—

Though flat on the grape, though thick on the vine,  
See how it doth sparkle; see how it doth shine—

afterwards encouraging the revellers with the lively stanza:—

Here's a palm for those souls  
That drink off most bowls,  
And so let the goblet go round;  
For he that drinks most  
Shall the victory boast,  
While his head with this garland is crown'd.

In spite of Mr. Ecclestone's indubitably pious intentions, we strongly suspect that this was his favourite scene. Elsewhere he merely indicates the place for a song, and leaves to another bard the task of supplying the required article; but he is determined that the Bacchanalian effusion shall be his own. Of his private life biography, as we have stated, says nothing; so in the absence of information we may be allowed to conjecture that a certain sympathy with Noah's one weak point had something to do with his choice of a subject so manifestly beyond his powers.

After it is just beginning to become lively, the opera ends dismally with the abortive attempt to build the Tower of Babel. Noah and all connected with him have resigned possession of the stage to Nimrod and his associates, who have the unthankful mission of bringing about a most lame and impotent conclusion.

Though this notable work does not seem to have answered the expectation of its publishers when it appeared in 1679, it was evidently a fertile source of hope; for in 1685 it came out again as the *Cataclysm*, and still again as the *Deluge* in 1691, when an attempt was made to render it palatable by the addition of engravings. Even in 1714 it had not quite slipped out of notice, for some adventurous booksellers who clubbed together, and who seem to have thought that Mr. Ecclestone's name was its only drawback, restored the original title, *Noah's Flood*, but asserted that it was a new work by an unknown author. The present article refers to the first edition only.

#### COLERIDGE'S LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.\*

IT is curious that the two most widely known and popular Saints of the Roman Calendar should have the same name. Next to Francis of Assisi, Francis Xavier bears not only the most familiar, but the most highly revered, name among Protestants of the whole number. Both have been commemorated by the Protestant hagiographer, Sir James Stephen, and the life of Xavier has also been written by Mr. Venn, of the Church Missionary Society, who speaks of him personally with admiration and respect, if he is somewhat disposed to depreciate the success of his labours. His present biographer is not of course likely to err in that direction, and in one respect he is certainly inclined to over-credulity. But, on the whole, he has done his work with critical discernment, and gives us, as might be expected from a first-classman and late Fellow of Oriel, not only an interesting, but a scholarly, sketch of a life remarkable alike in itself and in its

attendant circumstances. And we quite agree with him that there was room for such a work. There is no Life of St. Francis, at least in our language, which at all "satisfies the requirements of our own time," either in critical sifting of the mass of heterogeneous materials, or in the important point to which Mr. Coleridge has called special attention, of presenting us with a full and vivid picture of the personal character of the Saint, as gathered from his own letters and from well authenticated anecdotes of his sayings and doings. It is quite true that we of this age "value above all things the minute points of character and shade of feeling which can only be discerned by close and faithful study of the mind and heart of some one in whose history we are interested, and we set the highest store on such biographies as make this study most easy to us." And this leads us to add that what might perhaps at first sight appear a disqualification is really a recommendation of the author for the task he has undertaken. It is hardly a paradox to say that the life of a Jesuit missionary could only be adequately written by a Jesuit; certainly not, as experience has clearly proved, by a Protestant. No doubt a biographer ought not to be a mere blind panegyrist—and Mr. Coleridge's Oxford training is some guarantee for his discrimination in this respect—but, on the other hand, he must have that hearty sympathy with his hero which implies a kind of hero-worship, or he will lack the capacity for bringing out those delicate shades of character and feeling whereby alone the man himself can be revealed to us in flesh and blood. This is peculiarly important in the case of a nature "tender, sensitive, sympathetic, prodigal of affection to an extraordinary degree," and it is the object which Mr. Coleridge has had in view, as well in what he has himself written as in his selection of Xavier's letters. So far as the present volume enables us to judge, it is only fair to say that he has succeeded. We get a clear view, not only of the outward incidents of the Saint's career, from the time when he first met Ignatius Loyola at the University of Paris, but of the development of his character under the influences brought to bear upon it, and the secret of the wonderful influence he exercised over others.

In his first chapter Mr. Coleridge is led to notice the origin of the Jesuit Society at the University of Paris, which he compares, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Tractarian movement at Oxford in our own day; and he very rightly calls attention to the peculiar facilities for such a purpose afforded by what was then the great centre of the learning and intellectual life of Europe, frequented by many thousands of students in the prime of life from every Christian country. "The severe orthodoxy of the Spanish seats of learning," he candidly admits, if it saved them from heretical teachers, also suppressed the stir of mind and conflict of argument necessary for the starting of any great movement. In our own day Universities have become national rather than cosmopolitan institutions, and the system of clerical seminaries introduced by the Council of Trent has in most cases withdrawn or greatly diminished the supply of Roman Catholic students of theology. Mr. Coleridge does not add that the seminary system, though decreed by the Council of Trent, was mainly the creation of the Jesuits themselves, who were by no means willing to trust their disciples to the liberal atmosphere of a University where their Order had its birth. We are glad, however, in view of the strenuous efforts made by a powerful Ultramontane school to suppress the study of Greek and Roman classics, to find him insisting that "the Catholic Church has from the first sanctioned their use in the education of her children." The great instrument of Ignatius in gaining his first recruits, as it was afterwards one main weapon of Francis, was not so much preaching as "spiritual conversation," which naturally suggests to his biographer the analogy of Socrates. Xavier evidently possessed in a rare degree that charm of manner which seems to have been an heirloom in the Stuart family, and which is of course an inestimable advantage to men who are the apostles of any great movement, religious or social. It is clear also that he made full use of another, we will not say less legitimate, but less direct, means of influence in his missionary enterprises. The great national conversions of the middle ages were in large measure effected through the influence of the ruling powers, and the baptism of Clovis or Vladimir was naturally, if not necessarily, followed by the baptism of the great body of their subjects. Francis was by no means slow to avail himself, whenever opportunity afforded, of similar aid. When he arrives at the Court of John III. of Lisbon he is never tired of praising "the religious disposition and zeal of this excellent King," who gave strict orders that the pages of his household should go every week to confession, because, if the young nobles grew up what they ought to be, the common people were sure to follow their example. On similar principles the Portuguese bishops urge Francis being sent to India, "because they think that in that case some Indian King will be converted;" and he congratulates himself, in two of his letters to the Society at Rome, on being despatched with the highest recommendations and favours from the King of Portugal, on account of the facilities thus offered "for carrying the name of Jesus Christ before the native Kings of India, with whom, as every one knows, the authority and influence of the Portuguese governor is supreme." We find, accordingly, that the conversion of the Paravas was effected by a judicious "mixture of religion and policy." The Portuguese helped them to throw off the yoke of their Mahometan conquerors, on the condition of their accepting baptism, "and the whole people was rapidly baptised." It would be very unjust, however, to Francis to suppose, as he sometimes

\* *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*. By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. Vol. 1. London: Burns & Oates. 1872.

been hinted, that he was content with the mere mechanical process of baptizing the children or the whole population, and took no care for the Christian instruction of his converts. Far be it from us to enter here on the thorny controversy about "baptismal regeneration," but it is only natural that a believer in that doctrine should attach a high importance, as Francis clearly did, to the baptism of infants, a large proportion of whom were of course sure to die in infancy. But this was a part only, and a small part, of his work. The following extract will give a fair idea of his usual method of procedure, and this must be our excuse for its length:—

The circumstances under which the Paravas had embraced Christianity naturally directed the attention of Francis Xavier to the children, in the first instance, as the best hopes for the future, and it was his principle, as we have seen in his work at Goa, to attach immense importance to elementary instruction, catechising, and the like. His first occupation, however, was the simple act of charity to go about and baptize the infants who were as yet unbaptized; and to this, and to the care of the sick, the dying, and the dead, we find him afterwards recurring when he found himself from time to time unable to communicate with the people around him on account of ignorance of their language. Then came the great labour of translating the Catechism into the Malabar tongue, which he tells us occupied him and his catechists for as much as four months. The next step was to learn the new Catechism by heart, and to go from one village to another teaching the simple elements of Christian doctrine in the native language. We may well imagine with what bright affectionateness and gentle condescension the Saint made his way to the hearts of the swarms of Indian children who gathered around him, who soon began to take so important a share in his missionary work, and whose prayers he constantly solicited when about to incur any extraordinary danger. After a little time, as he tells St. Ignatius, the children would not leave him alone; he had no time after his daily rounds and course of teaching to say his office, take his slight repast of rice and water, or the scanty rest which he allowed himself. They were never tired of learning prayers from his mouth. His evenings were also devoted to receiving visits of persons who had any questions to ask him or wished to consult him, and it was then too that he attended to such matters as bringing about reconciliations or rectifying irregular marriages.

The account given in the letters which we have last inserted of his method of catechising tallies exactly with a paper drawn up by him for the instruction of the catechists of the Society in India, which was long preserved in the archives of the College of Goa. The catechist is to begin with the sign of the Cross, the two boys are to repeat in a loud clear voice the *Pater Noster* (in the native language) after him. Then he is to invite the people to profess their faith and make acts of the three great theological virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity. The exercise of faith consists in the *Credo*, which is to be gone through, the people being asked whether they firmly believe each truth, and then praying to our Lord and His Blessed Mother to give and obtain for them the grace to do so, reciting the *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*. In the paper just mentioned the *Credo* is summarized, rather than simply repeated article by article, the truths about our Lord and the Incarnation being grouped together, and at the end, after the people have professed their belief in the existence of Hell, Paradise, Purgatory, the sacraments, and all that is taught by the Church, the catechist instructs them to pray to the Holy Ghost for His seven gifts, those especially which can help them to believe the Catholic faith. Then follows an act of hope and an act of love and contrition. After this preliminary service, the catechist is to proceed to the explanation of some particular truth, or of some virtue, or one of the sacraments, or the doctrine of prayer, and the like, speaking very plainly and simply, and adding an "example," a story at the end to illustrate the argument. Then he is to rectify with the boys the form of general confession, bidding the people meantime make interior acts of contrition or sorrow for sin for the love of God, then three *Ave Marias* are to be recited, one for the absent, the others for any particular intention.

The catechist on these occasions was generally a layman, and he was instructed, in the absence of any priest, to baptize new-born infants, publish marriages, preside at public prayers, and perform other religious offices. The supply of clergy for these missions seems always to have been very inadequate, and that not merely from the difficulty of getting men of mark to enter on so uninviting a field of labour, as from the pressing need for their services at home. The clerical standard of the day was very low, especially in the matter of preaching. The number of priests who devoted themselves to the active duties of their calling was, we are told, comparatively small, and even in Rome it was unheard of for sermons to be preached except in Advent or Lent; and, as a result of clerical laxity, "it was strange to go often to communion" for the laity, and "in many places the frequentation of the sacraments had died out." In India the small European population had become utterly corrupted by the influences of climate and other surrounding circumstances, and the vices of their Mahometan neighbours; so that their evil example, as so often happens—there being "no exception to this lamentable truth in favour of Catholic nations"—was one main impediment to the conversion of the heathen. This was perhaps one reason which inclined Francis to turn instinctively for relief to "the multitude of children, who did not know their right hand from their left"; but he also had that peculiar attraction for children which is not uncommon in men of simple and pious character, and which has often been observed, though it might not *a priori* have been looked for, in the celibate Roman Catholic clergy. "The young boys," he says, "would never let me say office, or eat, or sleep, till I had taught them some prayer." And the same feeling shows itself in the frequent references in his letters to Francis Mancias to "the boy Matthew," who had evidently been a favourite of his, but whom Mancias, a stern, stolid, unsympathetic kind of man, was unable to manage, and was constantly making complaints of. We have another illustration of the simplicity of his character in his sweeping indictment of the "class of men among the Pagans called Brahmins" who are sumptuously disposed of as "cheats and liars to the very backbone"—a somewhat hasty generalization from the more prominent specimens that came under his notice, which, as his biographer observes, were principally of a low caste, and his information on the influence of caste generally in India was very imperfect.

We have already said that in one particular Mr. Coleridge appears to us to be over-credulous. He says, indeed, what is no doubt true, that "the standing miracle which seems to have broken down all opposition was the heavenly character and charming sanctity of Francis himself." But nevertheless he makes very large demands on our credence in the matter of miracles of a more direct and physical kind. He freely admits that these are never, or hardly ever, referred to by Francis himself, the one exception specified here being what certainly cannot be called a miracle at all in any strict sense of the word. And he replies, reasonably enough so far, that we have no right to deny details which "not only a person of singular holiness, but of ordinary modesty and good sense," would be unlikely to talk about, simply on the ground that he makes no mention of them. We may further allow that it is impossible, as repeated experience has proved, to draw any hard and fast line which shall cover all the miracles of Scripture, and exclude the existence, or even possibility, of any later miracles in the Church; and it is very difficult, to say the least, to reconcile the denial of their possibility with any intelligent belief in theism. Still it is only reasonable, considering the many temptations to self-deception or fraud, that the evidence alleged for such occurrences should be vigorously scrutinized in each separate case. This the author promises to do "further on"—we presume in the second volume—as regards the gift of tongues, which is claimed for Francis by all his biographers, though not by himself, and which Mr. Coleridge seems to understand in his case, as in that of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, in the sense that "the same sound fell in many languages at once on the ears of his hearers." We will therefore say no more of that at present. But he certainly does not give us any very convincing evidence for the numerous miraculous stories of other kinds, including several instances of dead persons raised to life, which we are asked to believe. One of these stories, said to have been related many years afterwards by an eyewitness when eighty years old, is so very quaint, reminding one of some of the mediæval legends about the earlier St. Francis and his control over the animal world, that we must be pardoned for quoting it as it stands. Francis had dipped a favourite crucifix into the sea, "to appease a storm," but dipping was apparently insufficient, and, like Polycrates' ring, it went to the bottom. Next day they landed, and Francis, who was much grieved at his loss, was walking along the shore with Fausto Rodriguez, who thus relates the sequel:—

When they had walked half a mile, and were now many miles away from where the crucifix had been lost, "behold a sea crab runs out of the sea on to the shore with the aforesaid crucifix, holding it in his claws on either side, upright and lifted up, and so ran to Xavier and stopped in his sight. And Xavier flung himself on his knees, and the crab waited until he had taken the crucifix from its claws, and then ran back again into the sea whence it had come. And Xavier kissed and embraced the crucifix, and crossing his arms on his breast, lay prostrate on the ground in prayer for half an hour, and his companion, who was by his side, did the same, thanking the Lord Jesus Christ for so strange a miracle."

We may be reminded, of course, of the prophet's axe which floated on the water, but it must be allowed that the intervention of the crab adds a picturesque element to the tale. To most readers, however, the miraculous colouring of the narrative will form a very small part of the interest of the life of Francis Xavier, whatever precise amount of credence they may be disposed to attach to it. The "standing miracle" of his unselfish devotion and indomitable energy constitutes his truest and abiding claim on the reverence of later ages. And the proofs of that miracle, at least, do not depend on the Processes of Canonization, or the hearsay testimony of partial or ignorant admirers. We hope Mr. Coleridge will continue to labour in a department of literature for which he has here shown his aptitude. To find a Saint's life which is at once moderate, historical, and appreciative is not a common thing.

#### THE BOOK OF SUN-DIALS.\*

OF the three successive chronicles of time commemorated in a passage of *In Memoriam*—

Every grain of sand that runs,  
And every span of shade that steals,  
And every kiss of toothed wheels—

the hour-glass, the dial, and the watch—the second in order, if not in date of invention, is the second also in point of ingenuity. The "garden god of Christian gardens," as Elia has it, is so subtle and exact a measurer of the sun's course that until, in the seventeenth century, clocks superseded it, it is no wonder that it occupied the serious attention of mathematicians, a great branch of whose studies was dialling. With the scientific history, however, of this venerable device, the clever and popular author of the work before us wisely refrains from meddling. Her own judgment, confirmed by that of a learned friend, Mr. Naumyth, has prompted her to keep clear of the astronomic, and confine herself to the romantic, aspect of dials—their poetry, namely, and their moral teaching. Readers might resent being gravely told that a sun-dial is "an instrument for measuring time by means of the motion of the sun's shadow cast by a style or gnomon erected on its surface," or that dials may be horizontal, vertical, equino-

\* *The Book of Sun-Dials*. Collected by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, Author of "Fables from Nature." London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.

that, as it is, and they might instruct that such knowledge is nowadays more curious than useful. So she confines herself to the definition of it as "a timepiece of shadows"—a definition, as she shows, still applicable,

though instead of shadows being thrown from trees, pillars, or buildings requiring a large extent of space, we have, as it were, gathered them up into the small compass of a foot or two of level boards, producing them by a bar of iron or wood raised at a proper angle from the surface. These dial plates are marked round by regular lines of division, which show the places in which the shadow will fall at each successive hour; and, indeed, agreeably to the need of the times, the sixty minutes of each hour were soon marked off also.

On the history of the sun-dial also Mrs. Gatty bestows only secondary attention, though she devotes an introductory chapter to this and collateral matter. It seems to have been in earliest use among the Chaldees, from whom it was borrowed by the Jews and the Greeks, from the latter of which nations the Romans copied this, as they did most other things. A glance is given at the palm-dial and the pillar-dial, primitive contrivances of Egypt's early-ripe civilisation. Mrs. Gatty's matter may be compared, without discredit, with that collected by Sir G. Cornwall Lewis in pp. 177-83 of his *Astronomy of the Ancients*, and it will be found that she has reproduced in her preface, in her own pleasant way, the chief facts noticed by that learned inquirer. We have, for instance, Thornton or Warner's translation of the fragment of *Plantius* preserved by Aulus Gellius, wherein the parasite denounces the invention of sun-dials because they disconcert his hours of eating, and disestablish that best of all time-gauges, his stomach. We also find the later reference in the epigram of Lucian to the dial of the Greeks, on which the letters of the alphabet representing the Greek numerals six, seven, eight, nine (i.e. from noon till four o'clock), spell the Greek word ΖΗΤΗΙ, or "Enjoy thyself," and suggest to dwellers in a warm climate the fitting time for siestas or other congenial relaxation. This and other allusions remind the reader that the dial must always have been most at home in the sunnier climates, as indeed is indicated by the fact that it abounds in the towns of Italy and the South of France, and is still in vogue in the mosques of Turkey and the gardens of China and Japan. There is yet another interesting aspect of sun-dials—that connected with archæology—on which Mrs. Gatty leaves nothing worth saying unsaid in an appendix of "further notes," touching upon the most remarkable dials at home and abroad from remote ages until now. But it is impossible not to feel that the real and enduring interest of these devices centres itself in the legend or motto which in most cases points a moral to the loungers, in an instructive *sic ut viator* style. We agree with Mrs. Gatty that it is not handsome on the part of one of her correspondents to describe these mottoes, which many find "more touching than tombstones," as "a compendium of all the lazy, hazy, sunshiny thoughts of men past, present, and in posse," and to say that "the burden of all their songs is a play upon sunshine and shadow." To such an assertion the *Book of Sun-Dials* is itself the best of answers, for it is full of wisdom and instruction, at the same time that it enshrines not a little wit and drollery. The dial motto is, as it were, a sister or cousin of the proverb; and as "the voice of proverbs is the people's voice," we cannot doubt that these quaint sayings will find welcome and acceptance long after the more prosaic uses of the dial are a thing of the past.

Not seldom indeed, if people spill out the legend round a sundial, they will find an old familiar friend with a new and learned face. On an old dial on Guilsborough school-house, in Northamptonshire, is inscribed the hexameter,

Fronte capillatâ, post est occasio calva.

Opportunity has hair in front, but is bald behind.

And, as Mrs. Gatty notes at No. 221, the tag of the line stands for a motto on two churches in Hampshire and Dorsetshire. The Latin line is as old as the second Christian century, but we all know more intimately its English correlative, "Take Time by the forelock"; and though Bacon in his essay on Delays, quoted by Mrs. Gatty, may have had the Latin in his mind, we feel pretty sure that when Shakespeare wrote, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, "Let us take the instant by the forward top," he thought of Old Time as personified in our vernacular adage. It is curious to find the advice on early rising which begins "He that will thrive must rise at five," inscribed in the centre of a dial face in front of an Elizabethan house near Baschurch, Salop, with the Corbet crest, and the date 1560—an early occurrence of a very English proverb. Another motto not seldom to be met with on dials is Martial's beautiful thought, "Parent et imputantur," referring to the days or suns that are lost for ever, yet are nevertheless counted in our reckoning. As Cotton says of them in his *To-morrow*:—

They post to heaven and there record thy folly;  
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
For every fugitive.

This last instance indeed is one that answers well the description of a proverb or a dial inscription. The merit of both is much the same. A dial's admonition should be short, terse, and pregnant with reflection. Of this character is one which is said to have been inscribed on the dial of the Vicar of St. Petrox, Dartmouth—"Allez-vous," or "Pass on," which our matter-of-fact English reproduces at High Lane, near Disley in Cheshire, as well as on a Yorkshire church, in the form of "Begone about your business." According to the industrious Mr. Timbs, this was the motto also of the dial that ornamented the east-end

house of the Inner Temple Terrace, and was removed in 1828. Mrs. Gatty quotes from *Notes and Queries* the Temple account of the origin of the motto in this collocation. The Benchers had fixed a day and hour for furnishing the artist with a motto for their new dial, and the audience was to be given in the library. When he kept his appointment there was only a pre-occupied old bookworm to meet him, and he, ill brooking interruption, cut matters short, and unconsciously attested the end and object of the visit by the churlish *coups* "Begone about your business." But the briefer French motto seems to us, as indeed to Mrs. Gatty, to have more right to the parentage of this inscription than the surly Templar's rejoinder. One of the prettiest and most speaking of these mottoes is on the circular dial over the porch of what was the church of our author's father in Yorkshire, "Fugit hora, ora"; another in the garden at Hall Place, Berks, "J'avance," is the more happy as the owner's crest is a "horse." Others of like brevity are "Moneo, dum moveo," "Orimur, morimur" (the former word over an increasing, the latter over a decreasing, series of figures), and the curious canting motto, "Mox pax," which is an exceedingly neat abridgment of the Greek *Ἐπεὶ γὰρ πᾶς*, adopted from the New Testament for the dial at Abbotsford. As good as the Latin, and better than the Greek, is the heraldic motto of Sir Walter Scott, near where he lies by the ruined arch of Dryburgh Abbey, "Watch weel"; and a kindred inscription elsewhere seems to suggest the same wholesome warning, "Venio ut far." More original, without being much less terse, is the motto on a Nottinghamshire church-dial, "Now is yesterday's to-morrow," *à propos* of which Mrs. Gatty appositely quotes Macbeth's famous words. But we must not seem to imply that there can be no merit other than brevity in these sermons on stones or in metal. The motto on the dial in the Nuns' Garden at Poleworth, near Tamworth, having reference to the Tree of Life and Knowledge in Eden, is not amiss:—"Hortus utranque tulit; nos et meditemur in horto"; the death's head and cross-bones, and the apple, which serve to embellish it, sufficiently fix the allusion. Again the couplet on a Tuscan dial (No. 132) is remarkably neat and happy:—

Ista velut tacito cursu dilabitur umbra,  
Transit in æternos sic tua vita dies.

Nor, indeed, can merit and appropriateness be denied to some of our lengthier English inscriptions. Here is one on a pillar in Shestons Churchyard, near Lichfield:—

If o'er the dial glides a shade, redeem  
The time; for, lo! it passes like a dream.  
But if 'tis all a blank, then mark the loss  
Of hours unblest by shadows from the Cross.

And here is another from the library window of Arley Hall, in Cheshire, which is engraved on the same dial as the favourite motto, "Horas non numero nisi serenas":—

May the dread book at our last trial,  
When open spread, be like this dial;  
May heaven forbear to mark therein  
The hours made dark by deeds of sin;  
Those only in that record write,  
Which virtue, like the sun, makes bright.

An acrostic epitaph on a favourite dog named Neptune, on a dial's eastern and western sides in the Vicarage garden near Sittingbourne, is given in p. 67. It runs (for the acrostic is repeated) to the length of fourteen lines, and is therefore too long for quotation, but those who turn to it will agree that it is not a word too long for perusal, nor too commonplace to be worth preservation.

One or two of the dial mottoes cited by Mrs. Gatty have a claim to notice on the score of historic interest. On one fixed on Tutbury Church, in Staffordshire, the place where Mary Queen of Scots tarried last on her way to Fotheringhay, is inscribed "Dies nostri quasi umbra, et nulla est mora." In New Palace Yard, just where the old clock-house stood, according to Strype, a dial is inserted in the second pediment of the new buildings inscribed, "Discite justitiam moniti." Blackstone tells us that Chief Justice Hengham had to pay the cost of the clock-tower, in the reign of Edward I., for having lowered a line out of compassion for a man's poverty. The motto, which by the way should have been noted as coming from Virgil, *Æn.* VI. 620, obviously alludes to the mulcted judge. Another inscription (No. 199, p. 74) on a dial in the gable of a house in Priestgate, Peterborough, breathes at once the piety and loyalty of a broken-down Cavalier, whose initials are W. H., and point to one of the Hakes, who long held the mansion. The date is 1665, and the loyal legend ends with "Vivat Carolus Secundus." Of some mottoes the flight of time has made enigmas—e.g. the inscription in the cloisters of Chambéry, "Dum proficit d—t," where "deficit" is the supplement or complement suggested by a friend of Mrs. Gatty. A mutilated inscription in Malmesbury churchyard, on the dialled top of an old mortuary cross, has two legible words, "Hinc—disce." Here the moral would be obvious, had we not reason to know that there was a context, which might enhance or qualify its point. In the dial motto of the church of St. Pierre, in Switzerland, the requirements of metre lead us to suspect an ellipse at the close of the first verse and the opening of the second. It is given as follows:—

Hora flit, culpa crescent, mors imminet;  
Nunc, vitæ corrigi facit tunc.

To make an hexameter of v. 1 there is only needed the imperative "ora," which points the moral; to make a pentameter of v. 2



there is nothing wanted save the reinforcement of the word "impatient" from the first verse, which would, in such a collocation, be very effective. An instance of critical acumen and innate skill of interpretation is given in the amended reading of a motto in *Fiedmont*. It stood thus:—

Sol tempo di Saturno il dente elaco  
E del pallone il gioiello talaco;

and obscurely pointed to Saturn's devouring his children, and to the Italian game of pallone, which is a sort of tennis. A Venetian gondolier, well read in Dante, when asked to interpret the couplet, suggested "temo" for "tempo" and all was plain. The translation then ran, "I only fear the devouring tooth of Saturn, and the inept players with the ball"; and the allusion meant that the style or gnomon fears alike Saturn's wat weather, which corrodes iron, and the bad ball-player, who may throw his ball against it and break it (pp. 102, 103). In the motto of the dial near Notre Dame, Paris, either the artist or the copyist has made a faulty hexameter; for obviously "Machina, quæ bis sextas juste dividit horæ" ought to be rearranged "Machina bis sextas quæ juste dividit horæ" (No. 153); and in the clock and dial motto of a Florentine convent, "Fugit et non recedit Tempus," we would suggest that "recedit" is very canine Latin for "comes back" (p. 35). The false quantity which Mrs. Gatty detects in the couplet (No. 292) may be remedied by reading "gressum" for "gradum"; and it is comforting to find that we English are keener to detect flaws than our Continental neighbours. To return for a moment to elliptic mottoes, a not uncommon one in England is the device of "We shall," which finds its complement in the thing whereon it is engraved—*i.e.*, dial, or *dis-all*. A various reading in some cases is "We must"; whence the good story of the simple parson who, when a clock was ordered for his church, thought he could not do better than copy "We must" on its face from the condemned dial—*cf.* p. 133. There are indeed not a few good stories connected with dial mottoes. Such is that of the Welwyn garden dial, the truth of whose words, "Eheu fugaces," was proved by thieves or wags absconding with it shortly after its setting up. Such also is the suspension, by a wag, of an old edition of *Præcise in Chancery* on the gable of a dial in Lincoln's Inn, which bore the inscription "Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas." Now and then they become food for punsters—*eg.*, when the punning Fellow of Worcester proposed as a motto for a mulberry-wood snuffbox the words "Memento inori" (162); and when the Oxford undergraduate, with some glimpses of analogies for his perverse translation, translated for the lady he was lionizing, "Perseus et imputantur," "They perish and are not thought of."

Our remarks and extracts represent but a tithe of the amusing and instructive matter collected with much skill and tact in the pages of a clever and attractive book. It is enriched with ungraved sketches of some of the most curious dials at home and abroad, and is turned out by the publishers so handsomely as to be in form, as well as substance, a drawing-room book. Not, however, that it is this and nothing more, for we are sure there must be few readers who cannot derive profit, as well as pleasure, from its pages.

#### MICHAEL TRESDIDER.\*

OLD songs can be set to new tunes, and each composer makes his own melody; so in like manner an author can take up an old plot and work it into a new pattern by his individual method of treatment. Indeed there is very little that is novel in plots at all; and the changes to be rung are necessarily on themes well worn, if not always worthy. The ordinary crimes of an undisciplined and passionate humanity breaking away from restraints and violating law, and the crossness of social circumstances in relation to natural rights and personal love, make up, as a matter of course, nine-tenths of the plots of novels. If pity has to be excited, some one must be made to suffer; if horror, some one must be made to sin; and, after all, human action has its limits, though certain of our authors seem inclined to wander into totally untrodden paths in the walks of wrong-doing, and to refashion the possibilities of crime according to imagination rather than fact. Still, as a rule, the Decalogue stands as a finality; and we know pretty well all that can be made to result in a man's history, or a woman's, when the Commandments are broken, and when conscience on the one hand, and society on the other, have to be avenged before the drama is played out. And human nature is pretty well known, though sometimes we come upon descriptions of strange beings who are as little like the men and women we know as if they were anthropophagi, the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. But on the whole fiction, like everything else, has its terminal points, and is confined within boundaries that are not easy to overpass.

Michael Tresdider has no claim to originality of plot, nor to the tragic power of extraordinary crime; nor indeed to much stir or passion anyhow. It is a simply written book, with a very transparent story; the work of a thoughtful man whose dramatic power nowhere rises to the height of genius, though his conceptions are good and his work conscientious. The story is quietly told even where the events are most stirring, and the author's familiarity with the scenery of the place he has chosen for the head-quarters

of his characters gives a certain truthfulness and naturalness. The makes up for his somewhat cold and constrained method. Any one who knows the north coast of Cornwall will recognise at once its main features, and to those who love it the evident fondness of the writer for the scenery he describes will be a pleasant point of sympathy. This scene lies on the line of that wide and perilous bay which is enclosed between Hurland Point and Pentire Head; the boldest bit of coast line in England and the most dangerous, but one which has a special charm for those who live by it, and which even visitors learn to love as they learn to love the Lake country of the North or the Welsh mountains. And the tender appreciation of this writer for the nature which he evidently knows so well is one of the most charming characteristics of the book.

The opening of the story is very full of dramatic promise. The bitter quarrel of a proud and resolute father with as proud and resolute a son, on that old, old subject, love, and the voluntary self-banishment of the latter from his home and his very name, rather than give up his beloved; the father's death, still unyielding, but still loving, and his son's obliteration, lead us to hope for stirring work and powerful emotions as we go on. But the pitch is not sustained so evenly as might have been; and the strains that follow the opening chord often fall flat. Yet there was good material for a highly wrought episode in the discovery by Philip Turnwell of his father's connexion with the great Tresdider family, and his heirship to the fine Portuan estate; and the idea of Nicholas himself was too good not to have been made of more account and received more thorough development. Proud, sensitive, loyal, and self-willed, accepting his fate with the dignity of voluntary submission, as one who has made his choice and manfully abides by it whatever the bitter end to which it leads him—eating out his heart in silence, yet never forgetting and never ceasing to suffer—there were elements of tragic passion and infinite pathos in the man, which the author might have used to greater advantage than he has done. His life and sorrows were in themselves sufficient for the staple of a three-volume novel if they had been dilated in the ordinary way; and even in the concentrated form in which we have them, we can without any great stretch of imagination forecast some of the scenes and circumstances which must have presented themselves to the author's mind as available material while he was relating the last supreme event, and which would have added greatly to the interest of the book had they been given, however rapidly. It was perhaps a little out of nature that the father should have written the letter we quote:—

"Nicholas Turnwell,

"I write to you by the name, which you tell me you have adopted, as the act being accomplished, which you have persisted in performing contrary to my express commands, it is impossible for me to consider you any longer as my son.

"Although you have chosen by this marriage to degrade the position to which you were born, I am willing to believe that you have still some of the feelings of a gentleman, and as such I hold you to your promise. You have assured me, that strange as I cannot but think it after your conduct, you still hold the honour of my family and myself in some esteem, and you have given me your word that you will never resume my name, that you will never divulge to your children, should you have any, nor allow your wife to do so, your connexion with me, and that you will never put forward your claim to the succession to my property.

"By carrying out these obligations faithfully, you can make the only reparation now in your power to the father you have disobeyed, and the family you have disgraced.

"As this is the last communication which will ever pass between us, and as I do not wish you to disgrace us still further by starving, I enclose a draft for five thousand pounds. In the sphere of life, which you have chosen to prefer to that wherein you were born, this sum will be sufficient to enable you to start with respectability.

"Portuan Manor,  
"February 4th, 1830."

"ARTHUR TRESDIDER.

Moreover, granting the natural possibility of such a letter on the father's part, it seems inconceivable that the son should have consented to an arrangement which not only cut him off from his rights, but destroyed those of his children after him. Still, however, there is a certain novelty in the suggestion which has its value; and in these days of threadbare plots and foregone conclusions almost any kind of novelty in a story is welcome.

If the episode of Nicholas Turnwell might have been enlarged and improved upon, so might many other parts of this book had the author given the reins to his imagination and allowed himself free scope. But he has a curious way of checking himself, and only glancing off where we might have expected an enduring impression; and we fancy that towards the end he got tired, and hurried over scenes and events which, had they occurred earlier, would have been more elaborated. The freshness and vigour of the prologue are sadly wanting in the last scene of all, where Lord Ellerton performs his act of Happy Despatch with so much ease; and the graphic indications of Nicholas Turnwell's character and career are lost in all that relates to Ruth. Yet Ruth had a part to play that would have been sweet and pathetic beyond all others had it been either largely treated or suggestively indicated. Although, however, we find ourselves judging the book almost as much by what it might have been as by what it is, we are very willing to recognise its actual good qualities; and Michael Tresdider has a fair share of literary merits, though we cannot agree with all its pictures of life. Thus, when Lord Ellerton gives up Lady Margaret Charteris to his friend, with no more compunction and no more passion of regret than if she had been a toy-terrier that Michael might have fancied, and when the pair accommodate themselves to the new arrangement as quietly as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a

\* Michael Tresdider: a Cornish Tale, a vol. London: Bentley & Co.

*Sanctus* to be handed over by her lover to his friend, we think the incident strained and unnatural; and the passionless manner of narration makes it appear even less like life. That Lord Ellerton should retire was only right and manly; and that Michael and Margaret should marry was only proper and natural; but the lord might have waived his claim less oddly and more after the manner of ordinary men, and Lady Margaret herself might have objected to be drafted off into the hands of even the man she loved and who loved her, before she had been asked. So when Philip's illegitimacy is discovered, we are tempted to ask why more suggestive play was not made with old Borlase beforehand. He comes too suddenly on the reader. No one expects him. He was made dead in the beginning without a hint at resurrection, and it is not pleasant to have a dead man come suddenly up from his grave and give witness in a court of justice like a ghost. What could be expected after such an announcement as this?—

He thought of her history. Her father had been a clergyman, and came of a good race, but they were very poor, and when five years before, Ellen had fallen in love with—though he was some years older than herself—and married the still handsome sailor Richard Borlase, who had worked his way up to the ownership of one or two small coasting vessels, she had met with little opposition from the scruples of family pride.

Eighteen months after the marriage, her husband had been tempted to earn more for his wife, by undertaking a distant voyage, which promised great profit. Unfortunately, a great storm had overtaken him on the coast of Africa, and for three years and a half Ellen had lived a widow in this lonely cottage.

Certainly one could not expect that he would reappear as an octogenarian when his testimony was the one thing wanted for the rearrangement of affairs; and we cannot help feeling that our author has got himself out of a difficulty more by sleight of hand than by the natural growth of circumstances. Old Borlase is too much of a *deus ex machina* to carry with him vitality or probability, though the fact might have been made good use of if differently treated. There is always life in suggestiveness. A thing that has to come as a surprise comes with best effect after the reader's mind has been in a manner unconsciously prepared for it. Hints, allusions, circumstances the meaning of which is seen now only darkly, but which, by after illumination, are understood clearly and distinctly enough—all this kind of preparation gives a cumulative value and a sense of artistic growth, which the sudden and unprepared introduction of a surprise misses. If Borlase's possible existence had been hinted at and kept before the reader's mind as a thing that might be some day proved, there would have been the additional interest of speculating whether it was so or not, and, if it was, whether it would be brought to light in time, which is now wanting. All good work hangs together in this manner; and the sense of growth we have spoken of before is as necessary to perfection in art as in nature. Nevertheless, with all its shortcomings, *Michael Tredder* is a pleasant and readable story, and, if not powerfully dramatic, is at least pure and tender.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

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## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

#### CONTENTS OF No. 867, JUNE 8, 1872:

- |   |  |                                    |
|---|--|------------------------------------|
| France.                                     | Public Health and Public Business.         | The Kooka Executions.              |
| Spain.                                      | The Scotch Education Bill.                 | Mr. Frederic Harrison on Monarchy. |
|   | Mr. Justice Keogh and the Galway Election. |                                    |
| Planning Holidays.                          |  |                                    |
| Pagan Aspects of Christianity.              | Novels and Novellists.                     | The Return of the Goths.           |
| Dramatic Literature in France.              | James Gordon Bennett.                      |                                    |
| Corporal Punishment.                        | The Builders' Strike.                      | Bormons.                           |
|   | The Royal Academy.                         |                                    |
| Hook's Life of Archbishop Parker.           |  |                                    |
| Dr. Angus Smith on Air and Rain.            | Hermann Agha.                              |                                    |
| Bogdanowitch's Tactical Results of the War. | Hook's Flood—an Opera.                     |                                    |
| Coleridge's Life of St. Francis Xavier.     | The Book of San-Diala.                     |                                    |
|   | Michael Tredder.                           |                                    |

#### CONTENTS OF No. 868, JUNE 1, 1872:

- The Washington Treaty—Germany—The Ballot Bill—The Sultan's Speech—The French Army Bill—The Galway Election Position—Lord Dalzell—The Custody of Infants.
- A Manly and Noble Sport—Recent Changes at Oxford—Seeing the Academy—V and W—Mr. Harcourt on the Invasion Question—South African Politics—The Salmon Fisheries—The Royal Academy—The Derby.
- Hook's Life of Archbishop Parker—Creasy's Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire—Mr. Buchanan and the Fleishly Poets—Life of Sir Henry Lawrence—Lucy Pittam—King's Sierra Nevada—My Wife and I in Queensland—The Household Cookery Book—French Literature.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.**  
June 17, 20, July 2, 4, and 6. NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—All Competitors in Solo Classes will be required to bring their own Music, as well as Copies for the Accompanist, at the Private Hearings, and also at the Competitions, and must be ready with any piece in the list asked for by the Jury. The Competitors will appear in alphabetical order. The names of Singers chosen by each Jury to compete will be printed in the Programme of the day, with an account of the large type upon the Handel Orchestra. Each Competitor chosen by the Jury will have the option of naming a Solo and Duo, subject to approval, to sing at one of the Concerts to take place after each Competition. The title of the Solo and Duo must be sent in to the Office of the National Music Meetings as soon after the Private Hearings as possible.

By Order.

**MUSICAL UNION.—JAEEL.**—This eminent Pianist, recently returned from Moscow, will come expressly for the TWO next MATINEES, June 11 and 14, to commence at a Quarter-past Three. Executants—Hermann, Wiesner, Weidlich, Mann, and Lasserre. Quartet in E Flat, Piano &c., Schumann; Quintet in G, Spohr; Duo, B Flat, Piano and Violoncello, Mendelssohn; Piano Solos, various, Jaell. Tickets to be had at the usual Places, and at St. James's Hall.

Professor ELLA, Director, 9 Victoria Square.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.  
MONDAY, June 10, St. James's Hall, Eight o'clock.—Symphonies, Jupiter, Mozart, and Pastoral, Beethoven; Concerto for Piano, in E Flat, Liszt; Piano, Mr. Fyfe Harrison; Overtures, The Tempest, Benedict, and Faust, Cherubini. Vocalists, Misses Marie Russ and Signor Vizzani.—Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s. Unreserved, 5s. and 3s. 6d.—L. Cook & Co's, 63 New Bond Street; Cramer's, 301 Regent Street; Chappell's, 45 New Bond Street; Oliver's, Mitchell's, Keith, Frowse's, Hays', and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

**OLD BOND STREET GALLERY, 25 Old Bond Street.**—THE EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER-COLOURS is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

G. F. CHESTER, Hon. Sec.

**THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—THE SIXTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

**INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from Nine till Dark. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.—Gallery, 45 Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

**DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRETORIUM"** with "Triumph of Christianity," "Christian Martyrs," "Francisco da Rimini," "Neophyte," "Titania," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM.**—An EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS by WILLIAM SIMPSON, illustrating the Recent Excavations and Explorations. Pall Mall Gallery, 45 Pall Mall (Mr. Thomson's). Ten to Six. Admission, including Descriptive Catalogue, 1s.

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**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND** (Incorporated by Royal Charter), for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of British Artists.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.

The SIXTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Fruchaud's Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, June 8, 1872.

R. N. FOWLER, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.

Since the foundation of the Society the sum of £375 has been distributed in relieving Widows and Orphans of British Artists; and during the past year Forty-nine Widows and Nine Orphans have received annuities amounting to £267 10s. The Institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the Fine Arts. Gentlemen's Tickets, 5s.; Ladies', 3s. 6d., may be obtained of the Secretaries, at the Fruchaud's Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. Youns, Esq., 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

**ARUNDEL SOCIETY.**—NOTICE of the ANNUAL MEETING. MEMBERS are invited to attend the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, which will take place at the Rooms of the Society on Tuesday, June 18, at 3 o'clock P.M. precisely.

31 Old Bond Street, W., June 8, 1872. F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

**CLIFTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.**—The following will be open to Competition at Midsummer:

1. One or more of the value of £20 a year (equivalent to both Board and Tuition free), tenable during the holder's stay at the College.
2. One of £15 a year, open to boys under Seventeen.
3. One or more of £10 a year, open to boys under Fifteen.
4. One or more of £25 a year, open to boys under Fifteen.

For Numbers 1 and 4 an allowance for age is made in favour of young boys.

The Examination will commence on Wednesday, June 19, at Nine A.M. Further information can be obtained of the HEAD-MASTER, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

**THE COLLEGE, Isle of Cumbrae.**—There will be room for a few STUDENTS from the ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES during the Long Vacation. Early application is desirable.—Address, The Rev. THE PROCTOR, the College, Isle of Cumbrae, by Greenock, N.B.

**KING'S COLLEGE, London.**—The Rev. ALEX. J. D. DORNEY, B.D., Lecturer on Public Reading and Speaking, receives RESIDENT and VISITING PUPILS at 13 Prince's Square, W.

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**ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Maitland Park.**—Instituted May 16, 1776.—Orphans of both sexes are eligible from any part of the Kingdom. They are now in the Schools; 400 can be accommodated; 2000 have been nurtured; 10 will be admitted in July.

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THE

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## THE ALABAMA NEGOTIATIONS

THE see-saw of the American negotiation has been recorded, not without a curious effect, in weekly comments on the latest oscillations of the pendulum. A fortnight ago the Treaty appeared to be on the point of death, from which it unexpectedly revived when Lord GRANVILLE read to the House of Lords General SCHFACK's authorised communication. It was not unnaturally assumed that the discussion of the wording of the Supplementary Article would be amicably arranged; but the American Government, influenced perhaps by the taunts of its opponents at home, has announced that the limits of concession have been reached. The nature of the alterations proposed by the Senate is not yet known, and it is highly improbable that after so many efforts to save the Treaty the English Government should have insisted on any trivial or verbal objection. Lord GRANVILLE has already stated that the amendments bear no relation to the undertaking not to press the Indirect Claims. It may therefore be surmised that the Senate endeavoured to secure some inadmissible equivalent for the withdrawal of the claims, but it is useless to form conjectures as to the substance of a document which will almost certainly be published in a few days. The difference proved to be so serious that the English Government proposed that both parties should concur in an invitation to the Arbitrators to adjourn the proceedings. It is scarcely a cause for regret that Mr. FISH peremptorily rejected the suggestion, although he professed his willingness to assent to the adjournment if it were thought desirable by the Arbitrators. It now appears that the English agents will move for an adjournment, intimating at the same time their intention not to hand in their written argument unless their request is granted. The American SECRETARY OF STATE has given notice in reply that he will consent to no qualified or conditional proceeding, and that if the English Government persists in its intention the American agent will be instructed to express the opinion of his Government in such terms as self-respect may require. The American Case afforded a specimen of the polemical style of its authors at a time when both countries erroneously supposed themselves to be on friendly terms. A protest against the conduct of the English Government will probably furnish an exceptional model of the American form of international courtesy. It is unfortunate that the favourite invention of philanthropists should on the first experiment of its use have caused universal irritation; but, as Mr. FISH lately explained with perfect candour, a reference to arbitration is the beginning rather than the end of a quarrel. If the inquiry had not been interrupted, the American counsel would have found many opportunities of giving utterance to their national feeling of dislike. The preliminary negotiations have, after a prolonged controversy, terminated in a wrangle. The English Ministers will be blamed for exposing themselves to contumely; but in great international discussions it is more creditable to suffer incivility than to inflict it.

It is strange that either professed supporters or avowed adversaries of the Government should attempt at the last moment to take the conduct of the business out of the hands of the Ministers who are both constitutionally and practically responsible. No remonstrance or warning could have extracted from Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord GRANVILLE a more definite promise than their repeated declaration that they would not proceed with the arbitration unless the Indirect Claims were withdrawn. The discussion in the House of Lords might possibly have weakened the hands of the Government at the decisive moment, although it now appears that Mr. FISH has abruptly terminated the negotiations. The adjournment of Congress, the announcement that the Senate will not be summoned to a special

Session, and the departure from Washington of the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF STATE, show that the arbitration must fall to the ground unless the American agents at Geneva are instructed to concur in the English demand for an adjournment. It has been justly remarked in different Parliamentary discussions that it was the business of the plaintiff rather than of the defendant to render arbitration possible; but as the obnoxious concessions which have been made are irrevocable, it would have been well that the dispute should be finally settled. There can be no doubt that any honest and competent tribunal would award, at the most, a comparatively insignificant sum for damages, even if it were possible to hold that in the case of any of the cruisers the English Government had been guilty of a neglect of duty. At present a general feeling of annoyance takes the form of a kind of complacent satisfaction at the failure of the Treaty; but the angry interpellations in both Houses on Tuesday last indicated disappointment as well as disapproval. The irritation proved to be contagious, for Lord KIMBERLEY attacked Lord CAIRNS with an acrimony which in the House of Lords ought to be modified by more courteous forms. There was much ground for the suggestion that Lord CAIRNS had on more than one occasion furnished the American Government with arguments for their own interpretation of the Treaty and of less formal engagements, but it might be fairly contended that even an excess of candour was preferable to the exhibition of a patriotic bias. The proceedings of to-day at Geneva will be watched with some anxiety, although they will be purely formal. Even if they are nominally regarded as private, the details will probably be published by the exercise of that literary enterprise which at Washington disregards the barriers of official secrecy. If the eminent persons who meet for the purpose of doing nothing possess any sense of the ludicrous, they will be disposed to smile at the useless formality which they are assembled to transact. The English Arbitrator will have to take his seat with his colleagues when they receive from the English counsel his refusal to hand in the written argument prepared on behalf of his Government, or to proceed further with the inquiry. There is reason to fear that the representatives of the United States, especially as some of them are mainly responsible for the rupture of the Treaty, will give effect to the reported menace of Mr. FISH by the form of the protest which they may be expected to deliver.

The question whether the collapse of the *Alabama* arbitration will affect the arrangements with respect to the San Juan boundary and the Canadian fisheries can scarcely be answered by a mere reference to the terms of the Treaty. If either party insists that all the covenants of the Treaty must be interpreted as parts of the same whole, it would be useless to rely on the form or language of the document in proof of the opposite contention. As a matter of fact, it is well known that the PRESIDENT only consented to the appointment of the High Commission on the express condition that it should be authorised to deal with the *Alabama* claims. If the clauses of the Treaty have nevertheless been framed so that each portion is independent of the rest, the American Government would be justified in relying on the original understanding rather than on the language adopted by the negotiators; and in international controversies either litigant has the power, and therefore the right, of adopting his own interpretation of an ambiguous undertaking. It would be as idle for the English Government to demand a one-sided decision on the San Juan dispute as for the American agents at Geneva to require that the Tribunal should proceed with the *Alabama* inquiry after the withdrawal of the English agents. If the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF STATE wish to limit as far as possible the points in dispute between the two

countries, they will proceed both with the San Juan reference and with the arrangements relating to the Canadian fisheries. In both cases the only object of the English Government is to guard against any collision which may endanger friendly relations. The Canadian question possesses economical as well as political importance, and the Imperial Government in this particular matter represents the interests of the Dominion rather than those of the mother-country. The determination of the San Juan boundary concerns the honour rather than the welfare of the Empire, although a decision in favour of the American contention would in some degree affect the security of the neighbouring British possessions. If it is true that the arguments of the agents on both sides have already been exchanged at Berlin, it would seem that a retirement from the arbitration would scarcely be consistent with due respect to the German Emperor; but Mr. BANCROFT, who prefaces his Case with a string of elaborate compliments to the august Arbitrator, may be trusted, in executing any instructions which he may receive from his Government, not to neglect the forms of courtly deference. All Englishmen will be of the same mind in desiring to rescue any fragments which may remain after the wreck of the Treaty; but the discussions of the last six months have done much to cool the precipitate enthusiasm with which the Washington arrangement was in the first instance received.

#### PETER THE GREAT.

RUSSIA has been this week celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of PETER the GREAT. A solemn service was held on the appointed day, last Tuesday, in the Cathedral. Then there was a procession by water to the landing-stage before the statue of the founder of the Russian Empire. The EMPEROR rode at the head of an imposing body of troops across the Isaac's Plain to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. Another grand service was celebrated, and once more the procession returned to the statue. A salute on the largest scale was fired, and the troops marched by in all their splendour. Everything that was possible was done in honour of the truly remarkable man who found Russia an Empire of savages, and left it an Empire in contact with, and almost a part of, the civilized world. It was not only that when PETER visited WILLIAM III. Russia was unknown to England, but there was nothing as to Russia which Europe was in the least concerned in knowing. Its only port was Archangel; Sweden cut it off from the Baltic; Turkey from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. It had no cities, or wealth, or learning, or armies fit to cope with Europeans. PETER said that the Swedes taught him the art of war, and he learnt it as a perfectly new lesson, in a manner that made the Swedes repent that their teaching had been so good. PETER, under circumstances so very unfavourable, determined that Russia should not only be a great Power, but a great naval Power. He set himself to learn the rudiments of the art of ship-building, and he framed in the dockyards of Saardam and Deptford the project of giving Russia a navy. No instance of the expansive power of the political mind of man is more extraordinary than this. PETER entirely out of his own head invented the notion of Russia, a landlocked Power, becoming the mistress of great seas and the owner of gigantic navies. It was only part of the same idea, and not so striking a part, that he should have nursed the ambition of making Russia a Power distinct from other European Powers, and yet one of their number. Sweden and Poland collapsed before Russia, because they were little Powers affecting to be great ones. Turkey, unprotected by Western Europe, had no sufficient basis of resistance. That Russia should have learnt some of the arts of civilization from communication with Europe; that, possessed of these arts, she should have largely influenced Europe; that, with an autocratic Government and a brave, submissive population, she should have gradually won her way on all sides, is not so very wonderful. What is wonderful is, that the author of her greatness should have seen that a seaboard and a navy were necessary to her, and might be won by her, at a time when she had no ports, no ships, and no seamen. The only Russian who could see this was the Sovereign, and the Sovereign, in order to realize his visions, had to begin at the beginning and learn the merest rudiments of seamanship and ship-building. Perhaps the only parallel in modern times is that of FREDERICK the GREAT, who conceived and carried out the equally difficult project of making a tiny State without a frontier and without a military ally, by mere force of pluck, skill, good management, generalship, and economy, fight at the same time Russia, Austria, and France. Prussia is in

itself almost as unfit to be a great military Power as the Russia of PETER's earlier days was to be a great naval Power. But in both cases genius and patience, and the infinite attention to details which is the soul of patience, and perhaps of genius, won their way, and secured the desired end.

But although great works cannot be done without great workmen, still the great workman must have adequate materials in order to achieve his purpose. FREDERICK the GREAT could never have fought the Seven Years' War unless his subjects had been akin in temper and stubborn courage to their descendants whom we have seen marching through France in 1870. PETER could not have made Russia great unless there had been a Russia to make great. And the greatness of Russia is due to three causes. In the first place, there was the influence of a spirited, though utterly unscrupulous, set of alien adventurers whose talents were bought by Russia just as the statues and pictures and books of ancient Europe were bought to add to the nascent glories of St. Petersburg. In the next place, there was a frugal, hardy, devout, abundant peasantry, gifted with a great courage and a readiness to die for their Czar the fruits of which were made sufficiently apparent to the world of our days at the Alma and Inkermann. The present EMPEROR has at his absolute disposal sixty millions of subjects and a million and a quarter of trained men. Lastly, the most effective spiritual agency known to the modern world, that of the Russian clergy, is entirely at the command of the Czar. When PETER was in England he undertook, at the instigation of Lord CARMARTHEN, to permit the introduction of tobacco into Russia; and when it was represented to him that not only had the laws previously prohibited smoking, but that the clergy had denounced the practice as damnable, PETER replied that he knew how to manage the priests. Certainly the Czars have shown that they know how to manage their priests. The Russians are among the most devout of men. They are always rendering external homage to the signs of religion. They bow in adoration before every cross, and always have a pictured Saint at hand to bless and protect them. The clergy have all the respect and reverence paid them which flow from the hearts of an uninquiring and admiring people. But the whole of this spiritual power is an engine in the hands of the Czar. The priests only exist to serve him and to promote his glory. The Russian Church is at once a State Church with the extreme of vitality in itself and with the extreme of subordination as regards the State. PETER, who was entirely free from anything like high principles, and allowed nothing to stand in the way of his aims, persecuted the Protestants in his dominions to the complete satisfaction of his clergy; and his policy has been that of his successors, and has met the reward anticipated. The State upholds the Church with an iron hand, and the Church has no desire except to please the Emperor. If all that has taken place in the last ten years in the way of religious persecution in Russia, under a singularly mild and noble-minded Czar, could be made known, Europe would stand aghast. The Orthodox Church is maintained and its area extended at any cost; but the Orthodox Church is not like the Catholic Church in Catholic countries, a foreign and usurping Power—it is heart and soul the handmaid of the Emperor. For anything like it we must go out of European experience, and look at Mahomedan countries. The Czar is the head of the Faithful, just as the Sultan is the head of the Faithful, and the only difference is that the spiritual power of the Sultan is crippled, while that of the Czar is not crippled, by the opposing influence and the abiding control of foreign nations.

When great men have done great things for a nation it is natural and right that occasionally the greatness of these men and of their work should alone be brought into prominence, while their bad qualities and the evil they wrought are for the moment cast into the shade. It is quite true that, in spite of all these processions to and from the statue and the Cathedral, PETER was in real life a gross, cruel, sensual savage. But it is not for Russia to think of this at a time when the accident of what is pronounced to be an anniversary recalls, to the exclusion of everything else, what PETER was, and what he did, for Russia. It may, however, be observed that the works of great men have always two sides and operate in different directions. They have a constructive and at the same time a destructive force. PETER's object, in which, seconded by his able successors, he fully succeeded, was to make Russia at once great and part of the European system. Having become great, and having become part of the European system, the country inevitably tends to



change its character, and to lose those special elements of greatness by which it has risen. Russia becomes every year more like Europe. Its peasantry, and even its clergy, are on the road to change. We often hear of the Old Russian party, and perhaps are not clear what it means, and what it desires. Its meaning and its desires become clear if we regard it as the party which wishes to accept one half of PETER's work without accepting the other half. It wishes that Russia should be great in Europe without becoming European. It thinks that the status of the peasantry and of the clergy shall be immutable. It disregards the general politics of Europe and clings to Pan Slavism. It dreams not of absorbing Poland, but of blotting it out. It has persistently, and not unsuccessfully, resisted the benevolent and liberal policy of the Czar. It recoils from Germany because German thought and German training are the doors of European influence. PETER is at this moment, as it were, fighting with himself in Russia. The ladder by which his family has mounted to the heights of its dizzy ambition declines to be kicked down. Russia, to be all that he wished, needs to be transformed, and the transformation of a people is a long and difficult process. There are eddies and backwaters in the current of every national history, and Russia will only with many struggles and many retrograde movements become really European. There will be many scratchings of the skin, and the Tartar will always be revealed beneath. Of the ultimate result there can be little doubt. Russia will be gradually changed, but in calculating the effects of the change, which will be, it may be expected, favourable both to its real and apparent greatness, it must be borne in mind that the new Russia will not be the old, and that the peculiar instruments by which the dreams of PETER were realized will have ceased to exist.

#### THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

TWO out of three Conventions have nominated candidates for the Presidency of the United States. It is uncertain whether the Democratic Convention at Baltimore will think it more advantageous to propose a candidate of its own, or to widen the breach in the Republican party by adopting the nomination of Mr. GREELEY. If the managers of the Cincinnati Convention had seriously wished to elevate the standard of political and official morality, the selection of Mr. ADAMS would have entitled them to claim the votes of the large and growing class which is profoundly dissatisfied with the principles and practice of the present Administration. The Democrats, both in the North and in the South, might not improbably have concurred in the nomination of a candidate who has through circumstances, and perhaps by inclination, remained aloof from recent conflicts. During the Civil War and after its close Mr. ADAMS had occasion to prefer on behalf of his Government demands which seemed to Englishmen unjust and even extortionate, but the dignity of his own demeanour was universally acknowledged. No American politician could have been with equal propriety selected for the office of Arbitrator at Geneva, unless it had been thought desirable that the representatives of the contending litigants should be absolutely impartial. The choice of a President whose father and grandfather had already held the same high office would have served as an interesting illustration of the hereditary transmission of personal eminence; and it is not improbable that the vulgar American prejudice against family distinction may have operated to the disadvantage of Mr. ADAMS. In the earlier divisions his name stood at the head of the list, but the proceedings of American Conventions are as puzzling to strangers as the similar manoeuvrings of a Conclave of Cardinals. Some of the delegations probably satisfied themselves that it was impossible to secure an absolute majority for Mr. ADAMS; and it was alleged, not that Mr. GREELEY was fit for the office of President, but that he would receive a larger popular vote than any of his opponents. Whether there is a greater probability of obtaining a competent ruler by a system of Conventions or by reliance on primogeniture is a doubtful question; but it can scarcely be disputed that a Prime Minister appointed because he is already the leader of the dominant party affords a better guarantee of competence than a Presidential candidate who emerges from the intrigues of a Convention. The principles or doctrines which Mr. GREELEY may be supposed to represent are not even professedly held by his principal supporters; and his own personal qualifications are universally regarded as ridiculous. Full of the zeal and narrow intolerance of self-taught and half-taught men, not deliberately dishonest, and yet consciously trading on his own

simplicity, Mr. GREELEY has acquired much popular influence by appealing to the ignorance and prejudices which he shares. While he is totally devoid of the humour of Cassatt, with whom he has been compared, he is equally vehement and abusive in his language. Utterly incapable of understanding the most elementary reasoning in political economy, Mr. GREELEY has constantly asserted that Mr. WELLS and other American advocates of Free-trade are bought in that currency which he characteristically designates as "British gold." It is unnecessary to add that he piously adopts the doctrine taught in the school-books of his youth, that, in memory of that profound and bloodthirsty tyrant GEORGE III., every true American ought to cherish an implacable hatred to England.

The more respectable promoters of the Cincinnati Convention are bitterly disappointed by its result. It was their desire to check the corruption which threatens to pervade political society by a protest against the present Administration. Some of them held that a Protectionist policy was not only injurious but discreditable to the country; and they hoped that it would be possible to find a candidate who might advance sound principles with something of the authority of a statesman. They have now learned that a Convention can only be manipulated by professional practitioners of the base art of electioneering. Those who were dissatisfied with the policy of General GRANT find themselves addled with a nominee who affects as his best title to public confidence the homely rudeness of an Athenian DICEROLIS or a Roman OFELLUS. It is true that the most rustic obstinacy may be overcome by pressing considerations of personal expediency. The Liberal Republicans were not prepared to accept, in deference to Mr. GREELEY, the preposterous tariffs which he has constantly upheld. It might have been feared that his inveterate suspicion of British bribery would have been insurmountable; but the prospect of danger to his candidature overcame his scruples. Mr. GREELEY now consents to leave the question of taxes on imports to be determined by the wisdom of the people in their Congressional districts; or, in other words, he remains neutral on the issue which he has hitherto maintained with unwavering arrogance of assertion. The Cincinnati platform or syllabus, while it is clear and definite on every undisputed question, leaves the economic controversy untouched. It is thought, perhaps on sufficient grounds, that all sections of the opponents of General GRANT will be equally ready to waive their various convictions.

The Philadelphia Convention of the regular Republican party came together already pledged to support General GRANT. A large majority of the most corrupt politicians in the United States, including the most experienced managers of elections, had previously secured the local constituencies and their delegates. Civil Service reform has been uniformly discouraged by Mr. GREELEY; but it was known that many of the seceders were bent on attacking the stronghold of political corruption. The CAMERONS and FORNETS have rallied round the standard of General GRANT, who has, probably through inexperience, uniformly prostituted his patronage to political purposes. Mr. WILSON was nominated as the Vice-President on the first ballot; and it only remained to publish a declaration of principles which may with one exception compare in unmeaning vagueness with the Cincinnati platform. The GRANT Republicans have determined, on a calculation of chances, to identify themselves with the advocates of Protection, and they will therefore receive the support of the Philadelphia iron-masters, and of the majority of the manufacturers of New England. It can hardly be denied that, as a successful soldier, General GRANT is with all his faults a more presentable candidate than Mr. GREELEY. A general who has won several pitched battles, and who has commanded enormous armies, can never be despised as an insignificant person. On the other hand, General GRANT has been one of the least capable administrators among Presidents of the United States, and he has been unfortunate in his cousins and brothers-in-law, who have all been appointed to office, and many of whom have been connected with questionable pecuniary transactions. The admiration of military eminence which is common to all nations prevails widely in the United States; and yet General GRANT has long ceased to be an object of general enthusiasm. The managers who undertake his re-election, while they naturally make the most of his former exploits, rely largely on the holders of office, who have been systematically selected because they were supposed capable of making themselves useful in the Presidential contest. The expectants of promotion probably incline to the same side, though some of them may think that there is a better opening for those who follow the fortunes of Mr. GREELEY.

At the election of 1868 the Democratic party commanded two-thirds of the votes. The Republicans have since been weakened both by the accomplishment of the process of reconstruction and by their own internal dissensions. The partial removal of disabilities, and the entrance of a younger generation into political life, have increased the number of white electors in the Southern States; and it may be assumed that they are unanimously hostile to General GRANT. The scandalous malversation which has been practised in the Southern States by Republican adventurers who derived their power from the votes of the negroes has additionally discredited the Republican party; but it seems to be thought that the Democrats are not strong enough to carry the election, although they may perhaps decide the struggle between GREELEY and GRANT. The imperfect representation of the minority has secured to the Republicans the absolute control both of the Senate and of the House of Representatives; and a Democratic President would find himself embarrassed, like Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, by the hostility of Congress. It is in preparation for the struggle, or, as it is called in America, the campaign, that both Houses are in a hurry to adjourn. From June to November the whole country will be alive with rumours, with appeals to opinion, with public meetings, and with fervid orations. The gravest and most conscientious politicians will be the least active, as it is impossible that they should sympathize with either or any of the candidates. The popular excitement, though noisy and incessant, is after all superficial. The indifference of the ordinary American to the qualifications of candidates for office is in some degree founded on an enviable confidence in the institutions and the destiny of the United States. The rapid advance of corruption has not yet visibly impaired the material prosperity of a country which, happily for itself, requires little interference on the part of the Government. Notwithstanding perverse tariffs, domestic industry flourishes in a region which is wide enough to be a world of itself. A majority of the population regards GRANT and GREELEY with the same kind of interest which is felt by a large class in England in the favourite runners for the Derby or the Ascot Cup. Mr. GREELEY's success would create amusement, and his failure will not occasion serious disappointment. It is patriotic to rely on the luck which, by an entirely undesigned coincidence, made the election of Mr. LINCOLN happen at the very outbreak of the Civil War. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON was chosen as Vice-President because he had been a journeyman tailor, and it never occurred to his supporters that attention ought to be paid to the qualifications of a functionary who is only separated from supreme power by a single life. The first election of General GRANT was the inevitable consequence of his military achievements; the second will indicate a relapse into traditional indifference. The gradual and uninterrupted decline of political character and ability in America from Colonial times to the present day results not from actual degeneracy, but from the growth of a democratic aversion to personal or social pre-eminence. As long as the national vigour is not impaired, the mischief is not irreparable; yet the descent from PERICLES to HYPERBOLUS, or from WASHINGTON to BUTLER, is an unpleasant subject of contemplation.

#### THE LORDS AND THE BALLOT.

THE Conservative majority in the Lords were in a position of great difficulty when the Ballot Bill came on for discussion on Monday night. Most of them entirely agreed with Lord CARNARVON that "the Bill is a crude and ill-digested measure, full of snares and pitfalls, and likely to be fruitful of failure." But then this Bill, bad as they think it, has come up from the House of Commons after having been passed by considerable majorities, and after the Lords had last year refused to consider it on the very proper ground that it came to them too late for any real discussion. Under such circumstances are the Peers constitutionally free to weigh the Bill solely on its merits, and to reject it if they dislike it? The Duke of RICHMOND thought that they were not free. They might show in debate that the Bill was uncalled for, un-English, and prejudicial to the interests of the nation, but they must allow it to be read a second time. Then would come their hour, and they might kill it by carefully devised amendments. The Duke of RICHMOND's lead was followed, although with evident reluctance, by Lord CARNARVON and Lord CAMERON, who spoke with the greatest vehemence against the Bill, and then left the House before a division was taken. Lord SALISBURY took the opposite line. He held that the Lords were at perfect liberty to reject the Bill, and that if it

was to be rejected, the straightforward and creditable course was to reject it openly, and not to trust to taking all the virtue out of it by amendments. On the latter head Lord SALISBURY seems to us indisputably right. This method of trying to kill a Bill by amendments, after its principle has been accepted in deference to the wishes of the Commons, has two great disadvantages. It is very undignified, and it is almost certain to fail. If the Lords cannot resist the will of the Commons in June, they are not at all likely to be able to do so in August, and if the Commons are firm in August, any destructive amendments of the Lords are sure to disappear. It is true that there may be exceptional cases. A Ministry which is fairly strong in June may be very weak in August, or may have disappeared by that time. It is impossible to pronounce as yet whether the present Government will survive the criticism of their proceedings under the Washington Treaty; and if they went out of office, the Lords would at once have got rid of the Ballot Bill, and have earned the credit of not having been obstructive and reactionary when it came on for the second reading. But, as a rule, it is a mistake for the Lords to give way on a second reading and then try to kill a Bill by amendments; for they transfer the settling of the real point at issue from a moment when they have considerable power to a moment when they have scarcely any power at all, and they lay themselves open to the charge that they are trying to do indirectly what they dare not do directly.

Whether the Conservative leaders in the Lords were right in permitting the Bill to be read a second time is partly a question of principle and partly a question of prudence. There are occasions when the Lords ought to allow measures of which they strongly disapprove to become law, for the simple reason that if the nation wants the measures carried, there is no other mode of getting them carried. Lord SALISBURY would agree to this, but then how are the peers to know what the wishes of the nation are? *Prima facie* the wishes of the nation ought to be gathered from the deliberate and repeated votes of the House of Commons sanctioning the proposals of the Executive Government. Unless the measure is a Government measure, the Lords know that the House of Commons, and those whom it represents, consider it a matter of very small importance. But if it is a Government measure, then the weight of the authority of the Commons as representing the nation ought not, we think, to be lessened, except under very unusual circumstances, by the fact that the issue was not prominently presented to the consideration of the constituencies at the last general election. There are other and better modes of ascertaining whether the action of the House of Commons is approved by the constituencies. There are plenty of ways in which constituencies can let their members know their wishes; and while an important Bill was passing through the House of Commons, the constituencies, if they thought their members were misrepresenting them, would be sure to let their opinions be known. The elections, too, which take place from time to time offer another means of estimating what the wishes of the nation are. With regard to the Ballot, it must be owned that the Bill has now passed the House of Commons twice without the constituencies having given the slightest sign that they are misrepresented in the matter, while in all recent elections the successful candidates have been either supporters of the Ballot or silent about it. Under these circumstances the Duke of RICHMOND was probably right in thinking that the Lords ought to yield; and that prudence counselled the same course is too obvious to need any proof. Lord SALISBURY took the bolder line, but then he was aware that he was incurring no responsibility by doing so. He knew that the second reading was going to be carried, and he was therefore free to oppose it with all his strength.

It was not to be supposed that the Lords could urge any new arguments for or against the Ballot. The experience of the Australian colonies was once more quoted for the Ballot, and that of the United States against it. But it has long been discovered that the experience of other countries cannot decide whether we ought to introduce the Ballot here. No one bribes in Australia under the Ballot, but that is probably not so much because of the Ballot as because no one thinks enough of getting into a Colonial House of Assembly to put for the honour. As in England there are hundreds of men who would any day pay thousands of pounds to get into Parliament, there is no parallel between the cases of the mother-country and her colonies. In New York, and in a minor degree in other States of the Union, there is a considerable amount of intimidation, perjury, and fraudulent manipulation of the ballot-box. But England is not like New

York, nor indeed are most of the States of the Union. We know that a speculator in New York State can keep a tame Judge of his own, and in a state of society where such a thing is possible the Ballot may utterly fail without the failure being any argument against it in a country like England. Lord GREY, who moved the rejection of the Bill, had scarcely anything to say except that the Ballot was the beginning of further changes in the Constitution. Not that he disapproved in so many words of further constitutional changes, but he thought that they ought to be all made at once. Lord SHAFTESBURY took a high line against the immorality of the Bill. He was prepared to see the Church, the Lords, and even the Throne vanish into space, and the ruins of those institutions would still find the just man fearless; but he was not prepared to look with indifference on the utter demoralization of a whole nation, which must, he thought, be the result of the Ballot. Having thus delivered his testimony, he went away and did not think it worth while to vote against this fatal measure. The Ballot Bill certainly has one most extraordinary feature about it, and that is, that it is almost impossible to tell whether any one who patronizes or denounces it means what he says. One line of argument, however, was opened by Lord SALISBURY which possesses increased interest in proportion as the prospect of the measure becoming law grows more distinct. Let us suppose that the Bill does all that it pretends to do—that it is found workable, leaves bribery as it is, discourages intimidation, and does not much encourage personation, what will be its more indirect effects? What will be its consequences in Ireland? Will it lead to a large and growing abstention from voting in all constituencies of some considerable size? We fear that the prospect in these directions is very cheerless, and that the tyranny of Irish priests, and the reluctance of quiet people to mix themselves up in politics, will be considerably increased by the Bill.

The amendments which the Duke of RICHMOND intends to propose in Committee are to embody schemes for making a scrutiny possible, and for making the Ballot optional. There always may be, and possibly is, a great deal of personation in every large constituency, and it is generally effected with perfect impunity, and with some successful influence on the result. But if on a petition a scrutiny is asked for, the vote can now be struck off which the personator has given. Under the Ballot Bill a vote can only be struck off if it can be proved that the candidate or his agents abetted the personation. Personation, therefore, is more likely, it is said, to prevail under the Ballot because it is more likely to prosper. The Duke of RICHMOND accordingly proposes that the votes shall be given in such a manner that it can be known how each man has voted if there is a petition. There are two objections to this which we wait to see how the Duke surmounts. Every voter will be aware that if a petition is brought his vote will be known, and as it is in keenly contested constituencies that petitions are most frequently brought, the voter would feel that his vote would be made more likely to be known by the very existence of the bribery and intimidation from the pressure of which he was anxious to escape. In the next place, there is a very great mechanical difficulty in inventing any mode of voting by which the vote shall hereafter be capable of being made known, without letting the agents know at the time of voting how the vote has been given. This is only a mechanical difficulty, but it is a very formidable one, as it has been decided that the voting-papers after the poll is closed shall be inspected by the presiding officer in presence of the agents. The second amendment of the Duke of RICHMOND is certainly most efficacious for its purpose. If the Ballot is made optional, all the harm and all the good of it will be gone. The man who is bribed will earn his money by showing how he votes; the man who is intimidated will be intimidated out of using the Ballot. There are people indeed whom an optional Ballot might suit—timid men who are not bribed, and who are not exactly intimidated, but who would like to vote without giving offence. At present these people generally escape their difficulties by not voting at all, and certainly they cannot be said to deserve that the cumbrous machinery of the Ballot shall be introduced for their special advantage. Unless the Ballot does whatever it can be made to do towards the prevention of bribery and intimidation, it cannot be worth adopting; and if it is optional, it can do little or nothing at all.

#### COMPULSORY SERVICE IN FRANCE

THE debate on the 37th clause of the French Army Bill—the clause which fixes the term of service in the active army at five years for one part of the yearly contingent and at a period varying from six months to a year for the remainder—is full of interest both for soldiers and for civilians. The two sides of the question have been admirably argued by General TROCHU and M. THIERS. According to General TROCHU the first thing to be done is to make military service really universal. In war quantity is now of more importance than quality. Of course there is a certain minimum of knowledge and practice without which a man is not properly a soldier at all. But when this is secured a large number of fairly trained troops is better than a small number of veterans. The practical conclusion from this reasoning is that the whole of the yearly contingent should serve for the same time, and that the time should be as short as is consistent with making the men soldiers. This limit, as fixed by General TROCHU, is three years—to be reduced, as the new system comes thoroughly into play, to two years. According to M. THIERS the first thing to be done is to make the army thoroughly effective. Quality is still of more value than quantity. A few thoroughly good soldiers are better than a much larger number of ordinary troops. The conclusion which M. THIERS would like to draw from these premises is that the term of service should be at least eight years. But in deference to the Committee which has charge of the Bill he has reduced this term to five years. It is admitted on all hands that it is impossible to make the whole population serve for five years, so that a division of the contingent becomes inevitable. The part that remains five years with the colours will constitute the real army; the rest will form a reserve, out of which the real army may be recruited with the smallest possible outlay of time and trouble.

In this controversy everything turns in the first instance on the precise length of service which is necessary to ensure an army of the proper quality. If five years is the shortest time which can be trusted to produce this result, the five years must somehow be found; and if it is impossible to find them for the whole population, they must be found for a part of it. Upon this point the balance of professional opinion in France seems to be against General TROCHU, and so long as this is the case civilians will always have an excuse for preferring the view which is most favoured by experts. If it could be proved that the shorter period proposed by General TROCHU is sufficient for this object, the system of an equal length of service for the whole contingent would have a decided advantage over the compromise proposed by the Committee and accepted by M. THIERS. No doubt the burden of compulsory service for two years would be extremely heavy. But it would be greatly lessened by the fact of its being imposed upon all alike. It would be so much taken out of every man's career; but this very universality, while it makes it more serious in imagination, makes it less serious in fact. No man is placed at a disadvantage by having to spend two of his best years in camp, because the same necessity is laid upon all his rivals in the business of life. In this respect the plan is decidedly superior to a plan which makes professional soldiers of one half of the yearly contingent, and relegates the other half, after a scarcely perceptible interval, to the practice of their trades or professions. There is no equality between the lot of two men entering the army at twenty, and leaving it in the one case at twenty-one, and in the other at twenty-five. The four years which have been taken from the one and left to the other may be an irretrievable injury to the former. Thus the real weakness of the French Army Bill as shaped by the Committee and M. THIERS lies not so much in its treatment of that part of the contingent which is sent home at the end of the year as in its treatment of the part which has to remain with the colours. As regards the former, it is true that a stay of twelve, or perhaps only six, months in camp will not have made them soldiers. But it will have made them acquainted with the rudiments of military training. With proper provision as to occasional drills they ought to be as good as the average of English Volunteer regiments, with the additional advantage of having a known place in the regular army and some experience of military discipline. Considering that this description will in no very long time apply to the whole adult male population, the opponents of the scheme seem fairly open to the charge of underrating the military benefits which the Army Bill will confer on France. When we turn to the other half of the contingent, the picture is less encouraging. In name, they are only giving their country that personal service which also

demands from all her sons. In fact, they are giving her that personal service which she demands from some of her sons and excuses from others. In whatever way the distinguishing line is drawn, those who are on the wrong side of it will envy those who are on the right side. If it is made a matter of arrangement, and young men belonging to the half which is to be sent home are allowed to exchange with young men belonging to the half which is to remain with the colours, a door is virtually opened to the revival of substitutes. If the selection is vested in the Minister, there will be much actual and more presumed favouritism. If it is left to chance, the distinction between lucky and unlucky numbers will be maintained, and, instead of feeling that they are sharing the common lot of all their neighbours, the conscripts will think themselves the victims of exceptional ill-fortune.

The Assembly, if left to itself, would perhaps have voted for General Trochu's amendment. Universal personal service is the popular cry just now in France, and it was obvious that the term of three years imposed upon all without distinction is a much more thoroughgoing mode of bringing this principle to bear than a system which allots five years to some and six months to others. But it was known that the Government and the Committee had with much difficulty found a common point upon which they could agree, and the Committee so far represents the majority that the latter were not likely to repudiate their acts. General Trochu was defeated by a majority of 134. The next day the conflict was renewed on an amendment of General CHARLTON's, proposing to substitute four years' service for the five years proposed by the Committee. There seems no ground for supposing that this motion would have met with any better fate than its predecessor. M. THIERS had insisted on five years as the very shortest term which he could accept, and it was not likely that, after rejecting three years for political reasons, the Assembly would suddenly put politics aside, and accept four years for purely military reasons. Indeed even on this last ground there was much less to be said for General CHARLTON's proposal than for General Trochu's. The former did not aim at making the term of service the same for the whole contingent, and consequently it did not differ in principle from the compromise recommended by the Committee. M. THIERS thought fit, however, to oppose the greater resistance to the lesser amendment. He argued against General Trochu; he met General CHARLTON by a simple menace of resignation. He was responsible, he said, for the safety of France, and the greater his responsibility the greater should be his freedom of action. If the Assembly did not vote for the five years' term, the law would have to be carried out by some one else. By a curious confusion of thought he justified this determination by a reference to his conduct as Minister under Louis PHILIPPE. He had resisted a respected and beloved King, and told him frankly that he must not follow this or that policy. M. THIERS has apparently forgotten that he now holds a constitutional position which bears a much closer resemblance to that of the King who was opposed by the Minister than to that of the Minister who opposed the King. In the peculiar circumstances of the country he may have good grounds for going beyond the province technically assigned to the President of the Republic. But there is nothing gained by making the Assembly feel that, by whatever name M. THIERS may be called, his attributes are those of a Dictator. In fact, there is a great deal lost, because the habit of submitting to Dictators has already far too strong a hold on the French people, and the true policy of a patriotic statesman would be to accustom them to the idea of self-government, even while he was in fact taking the most part in governing them. As yet the threat of resignation seems to have lost none of its force. General CHARLTON's amendment was rejected by a majority of 421. Perhaps M. THIERS may regard this as a final vindication of his hold over the Assembly, and may abstain for the future from a game which, in spite of appearances, must tend to become more dangerous the oftener it is tried. M. THIERS may dare the Assembly to do without him once too often. It is certainly true that no one has yet superseded him either in the Chamber or in the country; but it is also true that new men are coming by degrees to the front, and that the position of the Assembly, if it were suddenly left without M. THIERS, would no longer be one of hopeless desolation.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE AMNESTY AGITATORS.

SOME of the Irish members who presented a memorial to Mr. GLADSTONE for the release of the Fenian prisoners will probably acquiesce with fortitude in the unsuccessful result of their application. Gentlemen of the class to which Sir ROWLAND BLANNERHASSET belongs, although they may think it their duty to forward the wishes of their constituents, are not likely to confuse the crimes of the accomplices in the Manchester murder, or of soldiers who have been false to their oath and their colours, with the offences which are ordinarily regarded as political. The worshippers of the Manchester martyrs and the friends of their surviving associates have no better argument to urge in favour of the heroes whom they admire than that they were engaged in a lawful war with the enemies of their country. It would be useless to urge on an Irish rabble the consideration that the violent rescue of prisoners in a peaceable country has nothing whatever to do with belligerent rights and privileges. The people who put the Manchester policeman to death for discharging his simple duty had, a moment before the commission of the outrage, enjoyed the full benefit and protection of the laws which they proceeded to violate. Even if the right of private and individual war had been recognized by any civilized community, the Manchester criminals neither issued a defiance to the QUEEN nor gave formal notice that at their own risk they were prepared to shoot her officers. The only excuse for making a distinction between political offences and ordinary violations of the law is that the moral guilt of resistance to established Governments varies through a wide range from the verge of moral virtue down to vulgar crime. The casuists who have at different times paradoxically excused tyrannicide have never extended the license of slaughter to hitoricide or the murder of plain policemen. It might have been thought that even the perversity of Irish faction would acknowledge the justice of the sentence passed on the murderers, and would abstain from insisting that the Government should allow the accessories to escape with impunity. It has also been taken for granted elsewhere that military allegiance is exceptionally sacred, and that a soldier convicted of treason or of desertion to the enemy is treated with exceptional leniency if he escapes capital punishment. The advocates of amnesty include among their number many avowed enemies of English rule, as well as a certain proportion of Liberal members who profess to think the exercise of mercy desirable. Mr. GLADSTONE's answer will be received with general satisfaction, although he is unable to make up his mind whether there are two or three Manchester prisoners. On either assumption the Government has resolved that the two or the three shall undergo the remainder of their sentence; and it was impossible that the delinquent soldiers should be liberated, with the direct result of encouraging the relaxation of all military discipline. For the comments which his answer could not fail to produce in Ireland Mr. GLADSTONE is probably prepared. It is consolatory to reflect that Irish astonishment and indignation are often less strongly felt than expressed.

The first release of Fenian prisoners was perhaps an act of prudence. Two or three of their number were native or naturalized citizens of the United States; and although at that time the English law allowed of no transfer of allegiance, it was known that the American Government, which was on other grounds unfriendly to England, was disposed to claim the right of protecting its foreign citizens. As far as the crimes of the prisoners had been committed within the United Kingdom, it would have been immaterial to inquire whether the perpetrators were English subjects or aliens, except for the obsolete arrangement by which foreigners were entitled to be tried by a jury chosen *de medietate lingue*; but some parts of the evidence referred to conspiracies organized in New York; and it was possible to raise a legal question on the liability of a foreign offender to punishment for acts committed in his own country. To avoid a possible collision with American claims, it was thought expedient to release some of the alien Fenians; and the Irish offenders who came within the same category of crime were simultaneously pardoned. It would perhaps have been more judicious to abstain, at least for a considerable time, from any further display of leniency. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, who is the best known of the Fenian criminals, had in prison behaved with brutal violence to the authorities of the gaol. The assaults which he committed would have fully justified the infliction of that corporal punishment which is required in the last resort for the maintenance of prison discipline. With still better reason it ought to have precluded him from all



chance of obtaining an early remission of his sentence; but leniency to defeated enemies is generally popular in England, and the Government was at the time unusually anxious to disarm Irish disaffection. The principal ringleaders, before they sailed for the United States, delivered impudently treasonable speeches at Cork; and, as might have been expected, they immediately allied themselves with the American faction which professes as its main principle implacable animosity to England. During the late diplomatic controversy O'DONOVAN ROSSA has expressed his hope that he may land with an American army in Ireland, where it is scarcely too much to say that he and demagogues of his kind would be welcome to the friends of order, if only they would once move place themselves within reach of English justice. The excessive clemency of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues was regarded with little favour; but the supposed removal of a pretext for agitation caused a certain sense of relief. It was for the moment forgotten that, as long as any rebellious patriot was undergoing punishment for any kind of crime, the clamour which is its own principal object was not likely to subside. There is still an Amnesty Association devoted to the interests of the criminals, who are justly thought to be rebels as well as violators of the ordinary law; and it has been powerful enough to induce Sir ROWLAND BLANCHERHASSSET and other respectable members to present its demands to Mr. GLADSTONE. It is unnecessary to remark that care for the interests of the prisoners forms no part of the motives for the agitation which is nominally prosecuted on their behalf. The sincere promoters of the movement only hope to ascertain their own power of intimidating the English Government, and to secure contingent impunity for themselves and their friends if they should hereafter chance to incur similar penalties.

It is perhaps by way of revenge for Mr. GLADSTONE's refusal that some of the friends of the Manchester prisoners have committed a childish and malignant outrage on one or two public monuments in Dublin. The statue erected to Lord CARLISLE has been destroyed or defaced; and a similar attempt has been made in another part of the city. There is too much reason to fear that the criminals will escape without punishment, though, if they could be discovered and convicted, they could hardly profit by the plea that they also, like their Manchester prototypes, were carrying on legitimate warfare. Lord CARLISLE, though he was not a great statesman or administrator, scarcely deserved the treatment which his statue has received. In his earlier life he ardently supported, as Irish Secretary, the demands of the popular party, and during his long Viceroyalty he devoted himself, rather from kindness of heart than for any selfish reason, to the cultivation of popularity in Ireland. It was right and natural that his memory should be commemorated by the erection of a statue which might in course of time have been valued as an historical monument. The ruffians who have defaced the statue probably thought that they were insulting the English nation or the Government by an outrage on the effigy of a Lord-Lieutenant. With such perversity it is hopeless to reason.

It can scarcely be urged as a ground for extraordinary leniency to assassins or mutineers that the condition of Ireland is unsatisfactory. The country is indeed rapidly advancing in material prosperity, but seditious newspapers and lay and clerical agitators take care that disaffection shall never subside. Although Mr. Justice KEON's judgment in the Galway case was expressed without regard either to good taste or to prudence, even the clergy who, under the inspiration of Cardinal Cullen, protested against his language, abstained from disputing the statements which he founded on the evidence in the case. The full Court, although it was divided on the question whether Captain TRENCH was entitled to the seat, agreed in the opinion that the clergy with their accomplices had been guilty of gross interference with the freedom of election. There can be little doubt that the priests are jealous of their lay rivals in violence, and that in the Galway contest it was their principal object to prove that their influence was indispensable to the success of their candidate. Whatever may have been their motive, it is unsatisfactory that elections should be determined by the use of shameless violence and intimidation. In all probability the inculpated prelates and priests will escape with impunity; nor indeed is it desirable to furnish a pretext for a charge of religious persecution. When convictions have been obtained for undoubted crimes, it is in every way expedient to prove that there are limits which it is unsafe to transgress.

#### MR. DISRAELI AT THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

MR. DISRAELI has been making an exceedingly clever speech at the annual meeting of the National Society. There was not a word about politics in it from beginning to end, and yet its scope and intention were thoroughly political. The impression left by it was that the cause of religious education had received a great blow by the passing of the Elementary Education Act. There was no need to say that this blow had come from a Liberal Government, or to draw the moral that the clergy ought to bestir themselves at the next general election. Fact and inference were alike too obvious to need pointing out. All that Mr. DISRAELI had to do was to present the recent educational history of the country in a draped and modified form. A little exaggeration of the religious element in the system which the Education Act superseded, a little depreciation of the religious element in the system which the Education Act established, and the work was done. To both these demands on his ingenuity Mr. DISRAELI showed himself thoroughly equal. His picture of the State spending long years in "encouraging, stimulating, organizing, and at length establishing a system of national education" in which religion was allowed its proper place; and the companion picture of the same State, "wearied with its difficulties, or unable to battle with them," abdicating one of its highest functions, and relinquishing for the future all care for religious education, are compositions of real merit. They are pure creations of imagination; but how few imaginations there are that can create just what their possessors want at the moment! This perhaps is the most remarkable characteristic of Mr. DISRAELI's fancies. They are all fancies with a purpose, but they are singularly free from the laboured unreality which so often makes such efforts valueless. Probably nine-tenths of the clergy who listened to him on Tuesday were persuaded that there had been a time in which England had been in the happy state in which the Conservatives wish to keep Scotland—a time in which the Catechism of the Established Church had been taught of necessity in every elementary school in the kingdom. They are not likely to verify Mr. DISRAELI's statements when they get home, or they would remember that, before the passing of the Act of 1870, the State made no provision for education, religious or irreligious. It simply helped private persons to make provision for education. Wherever local individual energy was ready to begin the work, there the State was willing to give aid in certain proportions and on certain conditions. This is all that the State before 1870 did in encouraging, stimulating, organizing, and establishing national education. And this it does still, only in a somewhat larger measure. Wherever local individual energy will found a school, there, supposing that a school is really wanted, the State will help to support it. Mr. DISRAELI speaks as though there were a class of schools founded and maintained by the State, in which religion was formerly taught, and from which religion is now excluded. It is not necessary to inquire whether this change is accurately described, for the simple reason that it never took place. Until the Act of 1870 became law there were no State schools. And since that time State schools have only been set up in districts where school accommodation is deficient. If the Church of England is as energetic as Mr. DISRAELI exhorts her to be, these districts will be few in number. The main difference between the system of elementary education now in force and that which was in force before 1870 is that the one left everything to voluntary agency, and did nothing to supplement it even where it had been shown to be a failure, while the other leaves voluntary agency as free as ever, but warns it that it can only have the field to itself on condition of undertaking to fill it.

Mr. DISRAELI's advice to the National Society is sound and sensible so far as it goes. He assumes that the Church of England will continue to devote herself to instructing the children of the poor in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as the only means of securing an opportunity of instructing them in religion. With this view he urges that existing Church schools shall be maintained, that new Church schools shall be planted and established in every part of England, that the diocesan inspection of Church schools shall be made thoroughly complete, and that Church Training Colleges shall be strengthened and sustained. If this advice is carefully followed out, Mr. DISRAELI's prophecy that the meeting of Tuesday "will be the commencement of a movement that will give a new colour and life to the great question of national education" stands a good chance of being fulfilled. But there is another aspect of the question which cannot but present itself to some of those who wish well to religious education. The plan of a campaign which Mr.

DISRAELI has sketched is one that will require a very large outlay of time, money, and labour. Hitherto the whole educational energy of the nation has been virtually at the disposal of the managers of voluntary schools. A man who wished the children of the poor to receive secular instruction had no choice, in the great majority of cases, but to contribute to the support of schools in which they would receive religious instruction into the bargain. For the future this necessity will not be laid on him to anything like the same extent. He will in many instances have already paid his school rate, and when he is asked in addition to subscribe to a voluntary school, he will very probably answer that, as the State is ready to do everything that voluntary schools leave undone, he sees no reason for relieving the State of the burden. The persons who care for definite religious instruction will go on contributing to the schools in which it is given. The persons who only care for secular instruction will now be content with contributing—as they must do whether they like it or not—to the schools in which secular instruction is given. Consequently, the managers of Church schools will have to trust much more than formerly to the aid of those who thoroughly sympathize with the object for which Church schools are kept in being. The general public will be apt to plead the payment of the school rate as a receipt in full for all demands on its educational enthusiasm. So long as in many parts of the country there were no other schools in existence, and no means of calling other schools into existence supposing that these were closed for want of funds, the friends of Church schools had excellent reason for making charitable requisitions on their whole acquaintance. The effect of educational rating will be greatly to narrow the area over which these voluntary aids can be levied, and to make the burden of supporting Church schools press with increased weight on a small number of persons.

It seems more than probable that, when this new state of things comes to be clearly realized, the friends of religious education will be led to ask themselves whether the energy which they expend upon the maintenance of separate Church schools might not be made to produce a larger result if employed in another direction. At present, in a Church school in receipt of Government aid the managers are allowed to give religious instruction only to the children whose parents are willing that they should receive it, and even to them only at the beginning and end of the school work. This permission is all that they get in return for the heavy expense of keeping up the school. It can hardly fail to occur to some of them that, under a secular system, conceived in a just and liberal spirit, they would get a similar permission for a very much smaller consideration. Supposing that, instead of keeping up a school of their own, and giving religious instruction to the children who liked to come for an hour every morning or evening, they contented themselves with using a school maintained by the local School Board, and there giving the same instruction to the same children at the same hours, what would be the difference as regards the amount and value of the religious knowledge imparted? The difference to the persons responsible for imparting it would be immeasurable. Instead of having to keep the whole machinery of a school in working order, they would simply have to keep in order the machinery for supplying the religious lessons. We shall not undertake to say how the question thus raised will eventually be answered. It is enough to point out that it is almost certain to be asked some day, and that, before resigning themselves unreservedly to Mr. DISRAELI's guidance, the clergy may do well to consider the new view of their position which it opens up.

#### THE LICENSING BILL.

AN interesting discussion arose last week on a proposal of the Duke of RICHMOND to bring all retailers of spirits under the same degree of legislative control as is imposed on publicans. The thoroughgoing advocates of restraint have long since proclaimed the necessity of applying it to the grocer, but there is no probability that Parliament will look at the matter from their point of view. The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, who on a former occasion shed upon the subject of licensing the much-needed light of common sense, has again done good service by pointing out the important distinction between legislating against private vice and against public disorder. The law, he says, has no right to interfere with a man who chooses to commit the sin of drunkenness in his own house, though it has a right to punish a man who parades his drunkenness in the public streets. The case of the grocer

who sells his wares in closed bottles, to be taken away, is not on a par with that of the licensed victualler or beerhouse-keeper who sells liquor for consumption in his own house, where disturbances often arise in consequence. This explanation of the principle on which legislation ought to proceed is not wholly satisfactory, but perhaps no better explanation could be given. If fanatics were not impervious to reason, they might know that the House of Lords declines to interfere with grocers because it is impossible to introduce a violent restriction upon the habits of large classes of society. It will continue to be possible for drunkards to avail themselves of the facilities which shops for the sale of wine and spirits by retail afford to sober people. It may perhaps be useful to mention that the grocer of whom we hear so much derives his origin from the Act of 1860, by which every person keeping a shop for the sale of goods was enabled to take out a licence to sell by retail foreign wine, not to be consumed on the premises. There is nothing in the Act to prevent a butcher from selling claret and sherry, but practically the new trade thus opened fell into the hands of those who deal in what are commonly called groceries. The success which attended the experiment encouraged an extension of it, and many grocers took out, in addition to the retail wine licence under the Act of 1860, the licences which were usually taken out by dealers in wine and spirits before that Act. The result has been that dealing in wine and spirits is not carried on as a distinct business to the same extent as formerly. We believe that many grocers hold all the licences that the law allows them to take out, and thus they are able to supply a customer with a single bottle of gin, which he may keep in his house or apartment for his solace during the hours when the public-house is closed. After the discussion in the House of Lords it appears safe to assume that this part of the existing trade in liquor, however liable to abuse, cannot be interfered with. The amendment which the Duke of RICHMOND brought forward and afterwards withdrew did not propose to interfere with the sale of wine by retail under the Act of 1860. If, however, a grocer had obtained, as many have, all the licences which are necessary for dealing both wholesale and retail in wine and spirits, then the amendment would have prohibited him from selling spirits by retail unless he procured a magistrate's certificate authorising such sale. The holder of such certificate would be placed, as regards hours of closing and police supervision, upon the same footing as the publican. But as this proposal was rejected, the sale of spirits by retail by grocers will be absolutely unrestrained. It appears from a report of a speech by Lord KIMBERLEY, that he contemplated an attempt at partial restriction; but the last edition of the Bill shows that this purpose, if ever entertained, was abandoned. We thus arrive at the remarkable result that the sale of spirits by retail will be more free than the sale of beer. It would not be possible to allow the same house to be open at different hours for the sale of beer on and off the premises, and it is agreed that there must be some restriction as to the former which must apply also to the latter. It has been alleged that the grocers are special favourites of Government because they have largely assisted in introducing to the public cheap French wines; but they have certainly introduced at the same time large quantities of spirits which are perhaps intended as a corrective of the acidity of what is called GLADSTONE'S Claret. Any Government which attempted to interfere with this trade would be involved in formidable difficulties. To limit the number of grocers' shops would be to create a new form of monopoly which perhaps would hereafter insist on compensation. We cannot help feeling, however, that when grocers are left free, it is difficult to be severely restrictive on publicans.

The discussion between the brewers and Lord KIMBERLEY turned principally on the degree in which the owner of a public-house is to be made responsible for the misconduct of the occupier. As the Bill now stands, a third conviction of the occupier may have the effect of disqualifying the house for two years. But the Court having cognizance of the case will have discretion as to inflicting this penalty. The brewers will probably do wisely if they accept this provision as it stands, and, at any rate, owners may reasonably be required to do their utmost to ensure regularity in the conduct of occupiers. As regards the hours of closing there is much force in Lord SALISBURY's complaint that Hertfordshire is to be put to inconvenience because the morality of Manchester is not proof against the seduction of public-houses after 11 P.M. Among the various deputations to Lord KIMBERLEY has been one of "real working-men," who appear to be afflicted with a lamentable delicacy of moral constitution. It is not

easily intelligible that a sober and industrious father of a family cannot resist the temptation of entering a public-house. We are told that this deputation comprised representatives of various trades, and it is certainly wonderful that they should all agree in describing themselves as such exceedingly poor creatures. We never hear from the middle and upper classes of society any similar avowal of the utter want of the power of self-control, and if such a picture of the artisans of London were drawn by any hand but that of a "real working-man" we should expect that vehement displeasure would be excited by it. It must have been a severe trial to Lord KIMBERLEY to listen with becoming gravity to the oration of Mr. JOSEPH LEICESTER, who assured his Lordship that it is "the divinity within" the working-man that demands the early closing of public-houses. If we correctly gather the speaker's meaning, it is this—that a man's appetite impels him to partake of an indulgence which his moral sense demands should be placed beyond his reach. When a man is alone he will take to drinking beer, but get him to a public meeting and he will sign a petition for closing beer-houses. It seems to us that "real working-men" are like those extremely troublesome people who wish to close all windows because they are afraid of catching cold. Of all forms of cant perhaps this which Mr. LEICESTER and his companions have invented is the most despicable. There seems no reason why drinking should be the only vice against which special legislative precaution is to be demanded. Suppose that it were suggested that the streets of London at night are in a condition dangerous to virtue. It would be pleasant to hear a deputation representing to Mr. BRUCE that "the divinity within" the speakers could not keep them out of certain places of which humanity therefore demanded the abolition. The "real," or, as we might prefer to say, the ideal working-man "looks to his home, to his family, and to those associations which make his home a glory," and he demands the suppression of public-houses. It is wonderful that he should not be capable of this exalted contemplation before instead of after entering a public-house. But perhaps his home becomes a glory only when he is himself what is sometimes called "glorious." It might be expected that an uncompromising zealot like Mr. LEICESTER would not spare the grocers. He demands that all licences for the sale of spirituous liquors should be withheld from them.

The Bill has passed the House of Lords and the grocers have survived the combined attack of the Duke of RICHMOND and Mr. LEICESTER. Details may still be advantageously reconsidered; but we doubt whether any alteration of principle is likely to be made in the Bill in the House of Commons. Brewers and other owners of public-houses will do well to accept without further contest the burden of closely supervising the conduct of occupiers. Parliament cannot stop, and will hardly be induced to attempt to check, the liquor traffic; but it can and will insist that it shall be carefully regulated. This indeed appears to be the chief practical result of the Bill as it now stands. We cannot place ourselves in the mental condition of those persons who fancy that the moral character of the population of London depends upon the question whether the public-houses are closed at 11 or 12 P.M.; and we think that the distressed clients of Mr. LEICESTER might try to fortify themselves against temptation by the ordinary safeguards of religion and morality. We do not know whether they profess what is ordinarily called Christianity, but if they have abolished it, they can hardly demand to have a substitute provided by legislation. A man was lately tried at the assizes for smashing a shop-window and taking from the inside a watch. Parliament would hardly listen to an application to abolish shop-windows because they may be a temptation to dishonesty. There is a story of a sailor who was much disgusted at being told that a black man kneeling in chains and in tears was his brother. We suspect that Mr. LEICESTER and his "real working-men" would be equally unacceptable as brothers to the majority of Englishmen.

#### A PARLIAMENTARY FARCE.

THERE is probably no part of its work which the House of Commons performs so pretentiously, and yet so inadequately, as the supervision of expenditure. This is supposed to be one of its great constitutional functions, and is always spoken of with much solemnity, but it would appear to be a function which is gradually lapsing into pure ceremonial. A good deal of time is spent in going over the Estimates, and sometimes there is quite an imposing display of economical energy. Ex-officials prove very much to their own satisfaction

that there has been a shocking waste of money ever since they left office, and that it is only to be stopped by their going back again. Independent members make their moan on behalf of the oppressed taxpayer. There are debates and divisions, and Ministers profess to be indignant and alarmed, and appeal to their supporters to stand by them and not to allow the safety and honour of the country to be imperilled by the touching of a sixpence of the Estimates. But somehow nothing ever comes of it. It is only a sham fight with blank cartridges; and if the Estimates were taken as read, and passed *en bloc* at the beginning of the Session, the practical result would be just the same. It has been asserted by a high authority that the proceedings in Committee of Supply are only a farce, and if anybody wishes to understand the nature of the farce he cannot do better than study the proceedings, for example, of such a night as Monday last. The House was in Committee on the Civil Service Estimates for several hours. A multitude of little questions were started for discussion, and there were three divisions to give an air of reality to the scene. It is perhaps needless to say that, in the end, the votes were passed precisely as they were presented by the Government. After some loose talk about the Board of Trade, Mr. DILLWYN moved that the vote of 2,701*l.* for the Privy Seal Office should be struck out. The question was fully discussed last year, and Mr. DILLWYN, who repeated the exploded fallacy that the Privy Seal has a sinecure, had nothing new to say about it, unless it was that Lord RIRON might have been more usefully employed at home than in America, and in that case there would have been no necessity to call in Lord HALIFAX. If it is desirable to have a member of the Cabinet who is free from departmental engagements, and capable of making himself generally useful, and whose advice is of importance in the deliberations of the Cabinet, it is immaterial what may be his official designation. Nor is there any reason why, if Ministers are to receive salaries, an exception should be made in the case of the Privy Seal. We certainly do not share Mr. ORWAY's enthusiasm for gratuitous services, but if there is anything in the principle it should be equally applied to all Parliamentary offices. The Committee passed the vote by a large majority, but the members who objected to it will no doubt be able to boast to their constituents, when next they meet, of their heroic efforts to save public money and to enforce economy in high places.

Mr. A. JOHNSTON and some other members made a show of opposition to the vote for the expenses of the Charity Commission, which, it was urged, ought to be paid by the Charities themselves. It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of Mr. LOWE's declaration that he should be most happy to carry out this idea if any practicable method of doing it could be suggested; but this was a detail which the economists characteristically disregarded. If the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners—"a very peculiar office," as Mr. LOWE said—is of advantage to the public, it is obviously desirable that trustees of charities should not be furnished with a pretext in the shape of fees for keeping clear of it. If the funds entrusted for safe keeping to the Commissioners were to be taxed, while money in the hands of trustees escaped taxation, the practical effect of such an arrangement would be to counteract the object for which the Board was established. There is, no doubt, one way of taxing charities, and that is by subjecting them to Income-tax or succession duties; but Mr. LOWE, as well as Mr. GLADSTONE, has been convinced by experience that the opinion of the country is not yet prepared to grasp what he considers to be the "true principles" on which charities should be dealt with. Some doubts were hinted as to whether the charge for Parliamentary printing might not be reduced, but no attempt was made to go into the question seriously. The amount of money which is spent in this way annually is considerable, and is continually on the increase; and an economist who was in earnest about economy, and who was not above the drudgery of looking into accounts, would find much more profitable employment in this direction than in trying to cut off the modest salary of the Privy Seal. A return of the number of returns moved for by certain members of the House of Commons, and of the cost of printing them, would probably convey some startling information. Next there was a lively discussion about candles for the use of members. Mr. AYTON has lately arranged that the great clock at Westminster shall be lighted up as long as either House is sitting—a poetical symbol of the sleepless vigilance of the Legislature, which might be rendered still more impressive if, as has been suggested, the subjects under discussion and the state of the House could be indicated by a change of coloured lights. It appears, however, that while

Mr. AYRTON has been launching out in one direction, he has been economising in another. Gas has been substituted for wax candles in the library of the House of Commons, and Sir C. O'LOGHLIN, who prefers candles, pleaded that they should be restored. Mr. AYRTON replied with gay vivacity that candles were of little use except to those who had the gift of sight, and that to one who could not see it was of little consequence how much light there was. It is to be hoped that these amiable epigrams consoled Sir COLMAN. Mr. RYLANDS, at a loss apparently for something new, reproduced his old motion against the Secret Service money, contenting himself, however, with proposing that it should be reduced by 10,000*l*. When Lord CLARENDON was examined before a Select Committee on this subject, shortly before his death, he observed that there was a foolish inconsistency in trusting a Minister with the management of great international questions, on the issue of which vast interests, and perhaps peace or war, depended, and at the same time hesitating about trusting him with the expenditure of a few thousands a year. Mr. RYLANDS appears to be impregnable in his distrust of Ministerial honesty, but he has strengthened his case against the Secret Service Money by the introduction of a new and highly original argument. He has discovered that foreign nations are greatly disturbed by the knowledge that the British Government is in possession of secret funds to the alarming amount of 24,000*l*. a year, and are led to suppose that we are now trying to over-reach them in military matters. We do not know what are the foreign nations to which Mr. RYLANDS alludes, but we are left to infer that the bloated armaments of the Continent are kept up solely as a protection against the secret fleets and hidden battalions which our wily Government has been providing "unknown," as Mrs. GAMP would say, out of the vast treasures of the Secret Service Fund. Lord ENFIELD very properly declined to answer Mr. RYLANDS's inquiries, explaining, perhaps superfluously, that the object of having a secret fund was that its application should not be known. There was again a large majority for the Government, which had a smaller, but still a sufficient, majority in support of the vote for Queen's Plates. Mr. WHARLHOUSE was exposing the enormity of giving young barristers three guinea fees in Mint cases, when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER considerably proposed that progress should be reported in order that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL might have an opportunity of clearing up the mystery.

It can hardly be pretended that the House of Commons is occupied in a useful and dignified manner in discussions such as these. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine an evening more unprofitably spent. We do not mean to say that it is in any case possible for private members to do very much in the way of cutting down the Estimates, or that there is much room for reductions. Nor are we, in fact, disposed to look down upon small economies merely because they are small, and to say that nothing under a million, or at least several thousands, is worthy the attention of Parliament. Extravagance will usually be found on analysis to consist in a number of comparatively petty charges which are either excessive or unnecessary. It is always a good thing to check waste, however small may be the amount in question, because there is nothing which tends so much to spread and propagate itself, and to ascend from little things to big things. But it is one thing really to check waste, or to try seriously to check it, and another thing to make a shallow pretence of doing so, without taking the commonest care to get at the facts of the case, and to make sure that it is really waste which is being attacked, and that the attack is being made on the weak side of the matter. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity that, if a vote is extravagant, the only way to attack it successfully is to be in a position to prove that it is extravagant, and that the only way to prove this is to look into the matter beforehand and to ascertain exactly how it stands. To single out an item blindly and indiscriminately upon mere caprice or conjecture is simply to play into the hands of the Government, who have always an answer ready for the occasion. There are various methods by which a member can get at the facts of the case, but it is certain that he will fail in any attempt to make an impression on the Estimates if he waits until the vote he assails is actually before the Committee of Supply. There is then no time to analyse and test Ministerial replies, to prepare an answer, or to organise opposition. As at Homeburg, all the chances are in favour of the table, and the table knows it. In the nature of things, the Estimates must necessarily be accepted to a great extent on the responsibility of the Government. It is impossible that members can be acquainted with all the technical details, personal considerations, and undercurrents of policy which influence, and no

doubt on most occasions very properly influence, the Government. The Minister, backed or inspired by experienced officials, has naturally a great advantage over his opponents. The only way in which it is possible to challenge the Estimates effectually is to take a particular class of votes, to study them carefully, and to arrange a plan of attack founded not only on a knowledge of details, but on some broad general principle. At present the economists appear to be always in extremes; they are either for passing vague resolutions recommending a reduction of expenditure, or they rest their case too exclusively on some petty isolated item the precise nature of which they have been at no pains to understand, and as to which they are almost certain to be overwhelmed by technical arguments and confident official assertions. There is no reason to suppose that, on the whole, the Estimates are framed in an extravagant spirit, and on some points there are indications of an opposite tendency, which is equally remote from true economy. Still there is no doubt plenty of scope for economists, if they set to work in the right way. However that may be, there can hardly be any question as to the folly and futility of the ordinary course of proceedings in Committee of Supply.

#### THE POETRY OF WEALTH.

THERE is one marvellous tale which is hardly likely to be forgotten so long as men can look down from Notre Dame de la Garde on the sunny beauty of Marseilles. Even if the rest of Dumas's works sink into oblivion, the sight of Chateau d'If, as it rises glowing from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, will serve to recall the wonders of *Monte Christo*. But the true claim of the book to remembrance lies not in its mere command over the wonderful, but in the peculiar sense of wonder which it excites. It was the first literary attempt to raise the mere dead fact of money into the sphere of the imagination, and to reveal the dormant poetry of wealth. There has as yet been only a single age in the world's history when wealth has told with any force upon the imagination of men. Unpoetic as the Roman mind essentially was, the sudden burst upon it of the accumulated riches of the older world seems to have kindled in senators and proconsuls a sense of romance which, wild and extravagant as it seems, has in some of its qualities found no parallel since. The feasts of Lucullus, the gluttony of Heliogabalus, the sudden upgrowth of vast amphitheatres, the waste of millions on the sport of a day, the encounter of navies in the mimic warfare of the Coliseum, are the freaks of gigantic children teasing about wildly the slowly hoarded treasures of past generations; but they are freaks which for the first time revealed the strange possibilities which lay in the future of wealth. It is hard to say whether such a time will ever return. No doubt the world is infinitely richer now than it was in the time of the Romans, and no doubt, too, there are at least a dozen people in London alone whose actual income far exceeds that of the wealthiest of proconsuls. But the wealth of the modern capitalist is a wealth which has grown by slow accumulations, which has risen almost insensibly into its enormous mass, and the vastness of which its owner has never had brought home to him with the same sort of shock as that which Lucullus must have felt when he fronted the treasures of Mithridates, or Olive when he threaded his way among the sacks of jewels in the royal vaults of Moorshehabad. So far, indeed, is wealth from stimulating the imagination nowadays that a banker is the very type of the unimaginative man, and that the faintest suspicion of genius is enough to render a financier an object of suspicion to the money market. But it is conceivable in the odd freaks of things that we may yet see the advent of the Poet-Capitalist. It is almost impossible to say what new opportunities the possession of fabulous resources might not add to the fancy of a dreamer or to the speculations of a philanthropist. It is not till after a little thought that we realise how materially the course of human progress is obstructed by sheer want of money at critical moments, or how easily the sum of human happiness might be increased by the sudden descent of a golden shower on the right people at the right time. There are dreams which men have been dreaming for generations after generations which require nothing for their realisation but the appearance of such a capitalist as we have imagined. To take what may seem perhaps an odd instance, just because it is an odd instance, let us remember what a wonderful amount of hope and anticipation has been thrown by a great religious party into the restoration of the Jews. Rightly or wrongly, it is the one theme which sends a throb of excitement through the life of quiet parsonages, and kindles a new fire even in the dreariest May meetings at Exeter Hall. But in point of actual fact there is not the slightest necessity to await any great spiritual revolution for the accomplishment of such a dream if its accomplishment were really desirable. A league of Evangelical bankers who really believed in the prophecies they are so fond of quoting could turn the wildest fancies of Dr. Cumming into actual fact with very little trouble indeed. Any energetic agent would undertake the transport of Mount Sion bodily to Jerusalem, the bare limestone uplands of Judaea could be covered again with terraces of olive and vine as peacefully as the same sort of scenery



and industry as is still required to keep up the cultivation of the *Blodion*; and Mr. Ferguson would furnish, for a due consideration, plans and estimates for a restoration of the Temple on Zion. We are not suggesting such a scheme as an opportunity for investing money to any great profit, but it is odd to live in a world of wealthy people who believe firmly that its realization would make this world into a little heaven below, and yet never seem to feel that they have the means of bringing it about in their cheque-books. Or take a hardly less odd instance, but one which has actually been brought a little nearer to practical realisation. Some time ago a body of Welsh patriots determined to save the legends and literature of the *Cymry* from extinction by founding a new Welsh nation on the shores of Patagonia. Nothing but Welsh was to be spoken, none but Welsh books were to be read, and the laws of the colony were to be an amalgam of the codes of Moses and of Howell the Good. The plan failed simply because its originators were poor and unable to tide over the first difficulties of the project. But conceive an ardent capitalist, with a passion for nationalities, embracing such a cause, and at the cost of a few hundreds of thousands creating perhaps a type of national life which might directly or indirectly affect the future of the world. Such a man might secure himself a niche in history at less cost and with less trouble than he could obtain a large estate and a share in the commission of the peace for a midland county.

But there is no need to restrict ourselves simply to oddities, although oddities of this sort acquire a grandeur of their own at the touch of wealth. The whole field of social experiment lies open to a great capitalist. The one thing required, for instance, to render the equal and misery of our larger towns practically impossible would be the actual sight of a large town without equal or misery; and yet if Liverpool were simply handed over to a great philanthropist with the income of half-a-dozen Marquises of Westminster, such a sight might easily be seen. Schemes of this sort require nothing but what we may term the poetic employment of capital for their realization. It is strange that no financial hero makes his appearance to use his great money-club to fell direr monsters than those which Hercules encountered, and, by the creation of a city at once great, beautiful, and healthy, to realize the conception of the Utopia and the dream of Sir Thomas More. Or take a parallel instance from the country. Those who have watched the issues of the co-operative system as applied to agriculture believe they see in it the future solution of two of our greatest social difficulties—those, we mean, which spring from the increasing hardships of the farmer's position, and those which arise from the terrible serfage of the rural labourer. But the experiments which have been as yet carried on are on too small a scale either to produce any influence on the labour market as a whole, or to make that impression on the public imagination which could alone raise the matter into a "question of the day." What is wanted is simply that two or three dukes should try the experiment of peasant co-operation on a whole county, and try it with a command of capital which would give the experiment fair play. Whether it succeeded or not, such an attempt would have a poetic and heroic aspect of a different order from the usual expenditure of a British peer. Or we may turn to a wholly different field, the field of art. We are always ready to cry out against "pot-boilers" as we wander through the galleries of the Academy, and to grumble at the butchers' bills and bonnet bills which stand between great artists and the production of great works. But the butchers' bills and bonnet bills of all the forty Academicians might be paid by a great capitalist without any deep dip into his money bags, and a whole future opened to English art by the sheer poetry of wealth. There are hundreds of men with special facilities for scientific inquiry who are at the present moment pinned down to the daily drudgery of the lawyer's desk or the doctor's consulting room by the necessities of daily bread. A Rothschild who would take a score of natural philosophers and enable them to apply their whole energies to investigation would help forward science as really as Newton himself, if less directly. But there are even direct ways in which wealth on a gigantic scale might put out a poetic force which would affect the very fortunes of the world. There are living people who are the masters of twenty millions; and twenty millions would drive a tunnel under the Straits of Dover. If increased intercourse means, as is constantly contended, an increase of friendship and of mutual understanding among nations, the man who devoted a vast wealth to linking two peoples together would rise at once to the level of the great benefactors of mankind. An opportunity for a yet more direct employment of the influence of wealth will some day or other be found in the field of international politics. Already those who come in contact with the big-wigs of the financial world hear whispers of a future when the destinies of peoples are to be decided in bank parlours, and questions of peace and war settled, not by the diplomatist and statesman, but by the capitalist. But as yet these are mere whispers, and no European Gould has risen up to "finance" Downing Street into submission, or to meet the boldest move of Prince Bismarck by a roll on the Stock Exchange. Of all the schemes, however, which we have suggested, this is probably the nearest to practical realisation. If not we ourselves, our children at any rate, may see International Congresses made possible by a few people quietly fattening their breeches-pockets, and the march of "armed nations" arrested by "a run for gold."

Taking, however, men as they are, it is far more wonderful that no one has hit on the enormous field which wealth opens for the

development of sheer downright mischief. The sense of mischief is a sense which goes quietly to sleep as soon as childhood is over, from mere want of opportunity. The boy who wants to trip up his tutor can easily find a string to tie across the garden walk; but when one has got beyond the simpler joys of childhood, strings are not so easy to find. To carry out a practical joke of the Christopher Sly sort, we require, as Shakespeare saw, the resources of a prince. But once granted the possession of unlimited wealth, and the possibilities of mischief rise to a grandeur such as the world has never realised. The Erie Ring taught us a little of what capital might do in this way, but in the Erie Ring capital was fettered by considerations of profit and loss. Throw these considerations overboard and treat a great question in the spirit of sheer mischief, and the results may be simply amazing. Conceive, for instance, a capitalist getting the railways round London into his power, and then in sheer freak stopping the traffic for a single day. No doubt the day would be a short one, but even twelve hours of such a practical joke would bring about a "Black Monday" such as England has never seen. But there would be no need of such an enormous operation to enable us to realize the power of latent mischief which the owner of great wealth really possesses. An adroit operator might secure every omnibus and every cab in the metropolis and compel us to paddle about for a week in the mud of November before the loss was replaced. The whole stock of stored-up coal for winter consumption might be "locked up" in the close of autumn. It is quite possible, indeed, that gigantic mischief of this sort may find its sphere in practical politics. Already Continental Governments watch with anxiety the power which employers possess of bringing about a revolution by simply closing their doors and throwing thousands of unemployed labourers on the streets; but it is a power which in some degree or other capital will always possess, and any one who remembers the assistance which Reform derived from the Hyde Park rows will see at once that mischief on the large scale might be made in this way an important factor in political questions. Ambition has yet a wider sphere of action than even mischief in this poetic use of wealth. A London preacher recently drew pointed attention to the merely selfish use of their riches by great English nobles, and contrasted it with the days when Elizabeth's Lords of the Council clubbed together to provide an English fleet against the Armada, or the nobles of Venice placed their wealth on every great emergency at the service of the State. But from any constitutional point of view there is perhaps nothing on which we may more heartily congratulate ourselves than on the blindness which hides from the great capitalists of England the political power which such a national employment of their wealth would give them—a blindness which is all the more wonderful in what is at once the wealthiest and the most political aristocracy which the world has ever seen. What same the mere devotion of a quarter of a million to public uses may give to a quiet merchant the recent example of Mr. Peabody abundantly showed. But the case of the Baroness Burdett Coutts is yet more strictly to the point. The mere fact that she has been for years credited with a wide and unselfish benevolence has given her a power over the imagination of vast masses of the London poor which no one who is not really conversant with their daily life and modes of thinking could for an instant imagine. Her bounty is enlarged in the misty air of the slums of Wapping or Rotherhithe to colossal dimensions, and the very quietness and unobtrusiveness of her work gives it an air of mystery which talks like romance on the fancy of the poor. It was characteristic of the power which such a use of wealth may give that the mobs who smashed the Hyde Park railings stopped to cheer before the house of Lady Burdett Coutts. Luckily none of our political nobles has ever bethought himself of the means by which the great Roman leaders rose habitually to influence or won over the labouring masses by "panem et Circenses." But a nobler ambition might find its field in a large employment of wealth for public ends of a higher sort. Something of the old patrician pride might have spurred the five or six great houses who own half London to construct the Thames Embankment at their own cost, and to hand it over free from the higgings of Mr. Gore to the people at large. Even now we may hear of some earl, whose rent-roll is growing with fabulous rapidity, as coming forward to relieve Mr. Lowe by the offer of a National Gallery of Art, or checkmating the jobbers of South Kensington by the erection of a National Museum. It seems to be easy enough for peer after peer to fling away a hundred thousand at Newmarket or Tattersall's, and yet a hundred thousand would establish in the crowded haunts of working London great "Conservatories," where the finest music might be brought to bear without cost on the coarseness and vulgarity of the life of the poor. The higher drama seems to be perishing in default of a State subvention, but it never seems to enter any one's head that there are dozens of people among those who grumble at the artistic taste of Mr. Ayrton who could furnish such a subvention at the present cost of their stable. As yet, however, we must be content, we suppose, with such a use of wealth as *Lothair* brings to the front—the purely selfish use of it carried to the highest pitch which selfishness has ever reached. Great parks and great houses, costly stables and costly conservatories, existence relieved of every hitch and discomfort—these are the outlets which wealth has as yet succeeded in finding. For nobler outlets we must wait for the advent of the Real Capitalist.

## QUOTATION.

QUOTATION, properly managed, is at once an embellishment of style, written or spoken, and a tribute to the literature of the past. When based on the "reading which makes a full man," and used only to enhance the speaker's own thoughts, or to give them a setting, it is a natural adjunct of educated utterance. It was inevitable that the Renaissance should give an active stimulus to the quotation of Greek and Latin authors in modern European literature; and Bacon's *Essays*, compared with those of Addison and Steele a hundred years later, give a good idea of the high tide of quotation in that department of writing. Not that the high tide ended with the Elizabethan writers; for both Burton and Jeremy Taylor, the one in eccentric multiplicity, the other in spontaneous exuberance, are types of whole classes of authors in the seventeenth century who treated the stores of literature in a similar fashion.

During the last century also, both in Parliamentary speaking and in writing, the habit of literary quotation was much more general than it has become in our own generation. A kind of impatience of quotation has now sprung up, the result of several conditions which may be remarked in contemporary life and thought. The rapid increase of population, and the coincident development of the means of printed communication, have not only thrust current social and political questions into a front place in men's thoughts, but have made them engross much of the time which formerly could be spent more easily on culture in some form or another. Life is more busy and earnest than once it was, and the persistent and cumulative effect of newspapers is to make it seem more busy and earnest than it really is. It may be doubted whether, *mutatis mutandis*, the knowledge among presumably educated people of our own classical literature, to say nothing of that of Greece and Rome, is at all on a level with the standard among the same class of a hundred years ago. Yet the printing and reprinting of classical books in every sort of literature goes on with such a degree of rapidity, and competitive examinations have created the appearance of so much omniscience in literary matters, that there is a tendency to regard a quotation as a superfluity involving the intention of display, as if the thing quoted were already in every one's mind merely because it is in every one's reach. In the field of public speaking also many causes have operated to bring into prominence an increasing number of men whose early training was not in the region of culture at all, and who abstain from quotation not so much from choice as from necessity. The comparative disfavour with which classical studies are just now regarded, by contrast, for example, with the study of natural science, carries with it at any rate this cause for regret—namely, that one does not see how, under such circumstances, should the same mode of feeling continue, our native standard writers are to hold their own. For, besides the direct and actual quotation which abounds in the great English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there is also in them a world of what may be called inferential quotation. If the best remains of Greece and Rome were to drop into the background still more rapidly and completely than they sometimes threaten to do now, a great mass of this inferential quotation would lose its significance; the life, the aroma, of the passages would have vanished. In Milton, who was perhaps quite the best-read man of his own or of any epoch, this indirect reproduction of the thoughts of the past reaches to a very high degree indeed. A large number of lines will instantly occur as examples to any one who is even tolerably familiar with his prose or poetry. It is not only in strongly mannered lines like

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream?

that the instances of what we mean are to be found. Such a sonnet as

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,

has charm and merit enough about it for any reader; but it will hardly be disputed that the charm is increased by those echoes of the past, both from Horace and Juvenal, which are implied in the words, though not expressed. The same may be said of such a passage as

Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

If it be objected that nothing can be in reality added to lines like these by a recollection of the Horatian *O matre pulchra filia pulchior*, or *Quid Tiridatem terreat unice securus*, we reply that the charm of inferential quotation does not consist in the recalling of an isolated line out of one literature for the purpose of fitting it on to a line in another, but in something much wider and deeper—namely, in the illustration, even by means of things small in themselves, of the unity or the affinities between the modes of educated thought in distant and different times. In direct quotation this unity is definitely appealed to; in that which is indirect or inferential it is hinted and gently suggested—

Part seen, imagined part.

There are certain places in Milton, and by no means few in number, where the sense is positively unintelligible without the key to the implied reference; a good example of which occurs in the Third Book of the *Paradise Lost*, where the flight of the spirits who afterwards fall into Limbo is described:—

They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed;  
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
The impalpable, talked, and that first moved.

This description of an upward flight through space has naturally presented difficulties to any one who happened to be unaware of the implied reference to passages describing the five spheres of the Ptolemaic system. The four lower are here mentioned—the planetary, the firmamental ("fixed"), the crystalline, with its vibratory motion, which existed in the imagination of the ancient astronomers, and the *primum mobile*. Beyond these came the empyrean, which in the Miltonic passage next after the lines just quoted is taken to be heaven. But often, though by no means always, references such as this have more to do with Milton's mannerism than with his poetry.

Two poets as unlike as Spenser and Shelley agree nevertheless in having whole strains of utterance eloquent with notes which are only fully heard through the means of some knowledge of Plato, as the *Hymnes to Beauty* and the *Adonais* may show. In Mr. Tennyson, who besides higher merits is the most scholarlike of the poets in this generation, implied quotation is very frequent. For example, in the beautiful and perhaps not very well-known lyric called *Love and Death*, the first line—

What time the mighty moon was gathering light,

brings with it a suggestion of Virgil's

Luna, revertentes quum primum colligit ignes,

and the fine appeal in *Enid* beginning

O purblind race of miserable men,

is a virtual quotation of the great line in Lucretius,

O miseras hominum mentes, o pectora caeca.

And phrases like "revolving many memories" in the *Morte d'Arthur*, or "those blind motions of the spring" in the *Talking Oak*, draw their life and virtue from a Virgilian past.

Idle or impertinent quotation is one of the most severe inflictions that a reader or listener can be visited with. There are some people who will perpetually be quoting proverbial sayings, and who keep one well up to the recollection that "Well begun is half done," and that "Christmas comes but once a year." Proverbs form almost the only stored literature of the English peasant; and some persons who, as far as dress can elevate, move in a much higher sphere than he, seem themselves not to possess much more in the way of reserve fund for conversational embellishment. One of the best things that even Charles Lamb ever said was drawn from him by what we are calling an "impertinent" quotation. He was in the habit of playing cribbage with Elliston, and Elliston, whose natural talents had been supplemented by a very slender sort of education, was just the man to be fond of a flourish, and not to neglect the chance of airing a quotation when he could get it. Accordingly, one night as they were sitting down to the table, Elliston rubbed his hands with much satisfaction, and said, "Now then, Lamb, 'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'" "Yes," Charles Lamb answered; "and when you meet Greek, you—don't understand it." If Mr. Borthrop Trumbull in *Middlemarch* had read the books which he had so punctiliously provided with calf bindings, he would have been a finished master of unnecessary and impertinent quotation.

The practice of loose quotation, of habitually citing a line or a sentence without being quite certain of its actual words, and still more of its meaning, is a slovenly one which cannot be too severely blamed. From this habit misquotations often take their rise, and some of these become stereotyped in a very curious manner. One of the best quoted lines in the English language, where, of the ancestral village elders in Gray's *Elegy*, it is said that

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way,

is cited nine times out of ten in the form

They kept the even tenor of their way.

And a line still more familiar—we mean the famous "One touch of nature" in *Troilus and Cressida*—has met with a destiny almost unique. For, as was pointed out in these pages several years ago, the thought in that line has nothing whatever to do with a general *bonhomie* arising from the successful touch of a universally responsive chord; the line itself says that all men have a touch of family resemblance, and the following lines point out that this touch is the love and worship of novelty and change. Dr. Cumming has done much towards demonstrating to what lengths the force of misquotation may go; but even Dr. Cumming never went quite so far as a speaker at one of the recent Nonconformist meetings, whose speech was fully reported in the *English Independent* of May 10. This gentleman had explained at some length his conviction that Germany, the United States, and "poor Old England," are destined in a remote future to join hand in hand and go forth to win the final and crowning victory of good over evil. When this is done the three Powers will return home again in triumph. Carried away by his own brilliant post-nostications, the speaker cast about in his mind for an appropriate quotation with which to adorn his prophecy and to end his speech. He bethought him of the *Legs of Men*, and especially of the passage which begins

Blot and thine that the Sun  
Who saw Hecate's bright eyes

And this is the form in which he thought fit to produce it to the meeting:—

Bless and otherwise bless [sic]  
The Roman who sees Rome's brightest day;  
Who sees the long victorious pomp  
Wind down the Appian [sic] way.

Those were the exact words; and speculation, we must freely admit, is completely baffled by them. What comprehensive mode of benediction may be indicated by the words "Bless and otherwise bless"; why one kind of blessing would not have answered the purpose; why the old triumphal route of the "Sacred Way" should be violently transferred to the "Appian"; how the Appian Road would ever lead up to the gates "of Capitoline Jove," at which the speaker finally lauded the three reforming nationalities amidst "loud cheers" from the audience—into these and similar questions we feel that it would be idle to enter. They were at any rate points which had clearly never vexed the soul of the orator himself, nor were his audience apparently more fastidious than himself. It is better to allow this remarkable reading of Macaulay's lines to stand as it is, a monument of the aid which misconception and misquotation may mutually render, and of the halo of ridicule which may thus be thrown around things which in themselves are dignified and lofty. It was in a similar strain of free citation that another gentleman, who has since become an eminent member of the London School Board, once reminded an audience, *à propos* of nothing in particular, how "glorious old John Bunyan" has written it down that

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.

Language, whether spoken or written, without the fertilizing vein of sound quotation, direct or implied, tends to become jejune and barren; but quotation, to be of use, should be apposite, and it should be accurate.

#### THE BENNETT JUDGMENT.

WE very sincerely tender our condolences to the Church Association, and our congratulations to the Church of England, upon the collapse of the Bennett prosecution. That militant Society—passing rich, like the elderly bride in *Our Mutual Friend*, with "thirty thousand pounds"—has been devoting itself with a zeal and a recklessness which even Mr. Miall might envy, to the destruction of the English Establishment, and it has met with its reward at the hands of a Judicial Committee so strongly composed that the *Record* can only find the funny charge to bring against it that it was a "decemvirate." We cannot, of course, feel any sympathy with the respondent, whose conduct has all through the affair been simply inexcusable. Uncorrected by the long experiences of a chequered clerical career, the Vicar of Frome began with gratuitously defying the susceptibilities of a large body of the theological public, by the calculated aggressiveness with which he broached doctrines peculiarly difficult, delicate, and liable to suspicion, in publications outside of the area of his ministerial teaching. Having, then, as he must have foreseen, if not desired, brought upon the cause which he professed to uphold the perils of a suit in which defeat implied calamity to the party whose champion he had made himself, Mr. Bennett simply ran away from the fight which his own pugnacity had provoked, without so much as giving the opportunity to wiser men than himself to look after interests which were most sacred in his eyes, but which his own act had exposed to the chances of a litigation which need not have been one-sided except for his obstinate *laches*.

On the other hand, it would be a great mistake to assume that because the clergyman who has just got off was only Mr. Bennett, therefore the decision was only important to the parishioners of Frome; for it must be recollected that, while one side was labelled Sheppard and the other Bennett, the individuality which the promoters sought to crush was as little represented by the one man Mr. Bennett as they were by the one man Mr. Sheppard, who lent them his name. Mr. Bennett was notoriously self-willed, obstinate, and unamenable to the influences of ordinary prudence, and he was accordingly as much the right man through whom to strike at a great section of the Church on its doctrinal side as, for similar mental qualities, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Purchas had been apt instruments for an assault on its ceremonial aspects. The Church Association, having resolved upon hazarding the safety of the Establishment on the chance of stamping out the High Church party, followed the plain dictates of obvious policy in selecting in each case as their immediate victims men whom an arrogant temperament, harsh and inconsiderate language, and extravagant proceedings had made peculiarly vulnerable. But neither profit nor pleasure could have been attained by merely drumming out Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Purchas, and Mr. Bennett. Cynical bystanders might even have insinuated that High Churchmen as a party would stand higher with the public for the loss of such headstrong and self-seeking free-lances. The Association, however, felt that in bringing down a direct condemnation on all or any of these men they could not fail in damaging the position of the many other persons whose opinions and practices, without fault or desire of their own, could in any degree be identified with the actions or opinions of these *enfants terribles*. The attempt met with considerable success so long as it was limited to the less important field of ceremonial, although the victory proved in its results to be a comparatively barren one, from the provoking coolness and self-restraint which the persons indirectly affected exhibited in meeting

their legal reverses. On Saturday the situation changed, and in rating, but letting off, Mr. Bennett, the Judicial Committee in effect declared that the High Church party, of whom, by his whole course of action, the well-known vicar had shown himself determined not to be the representative man, possessed a legal standing-ground within the wide pale of the English Church.

It is no business of ours to investigate the truth of either of the High or of the Low Church theory. What we say of the one we repeat of the other—that in the actual condition of the Established Church of England, the coexistence of both systems, as well as of the "Broad" school, is necessary for the permanence of that Establishment; and as we think that the downfall of the Establishment would be a great social calamity, we protest impartially against the High section pelting out the Low—which they show neither the inclination nor the power to attempt—or the Low making the Church too hot for the High, which some of them certainly manifest the desire, though not the capacity, to do. We should take the same view even if the High Church party had not emerged from that inglorious position of sterile dignity to which an unchecked course of sleepy prosperity had reduced it some half century since. The hemorrhage following the amputation of that limb would even then have killed the patient. But the last fifty years have totally changed the social value of High Churchmanship. Be it the pure gospel, or a retrograde system of superstitious formalism, it has made a mark both deep and broad upon the age. Its contributions to theological and scientific literature have been enormous; it has filled the pulpits with orators whose rhetorical reputation rivals that of the most eminent Parliamentary debaters; it has been the motive power of a vast amount of practical constructiveness in the way of churches, colleges, and schools, of hospitals and refuges, of societies for missionary, eleemosynary, or devotional purposes, which have asserted for themselves no inconspicuous place in the sum total of national life. The impetus given to art by a school of thought divorced from the cold prejudices of narrow Puritanism has reasonably enlisted the sympathies of the large community who love art towards a party which recognizes their just claims; while the multitudinous occupations created both for men and for women, singly and collectively, by a system which aims so much at work, so much at co-operation and so much at the strength derived from systematic devotion, have imperceptibly built up a spirit of mutual affinity peculiarly susceptible of any shock of satisfaction or of disappointment. Such is the High Church party of the present day in its external aspects. It belongs to the Established Church; it harmonizes with that Church; in its own opinion it is the most true exponent of that Church, while it does not deny the right of schools which think very differently from itself to belong to the same Church on the easy terms of accepting the same liberal formularies. Not even the fatuity of the Church Association would have dreamed of stamping out the convictions of such a party by any number of worrying prosecutions, while it could hardly have anticipated enforcing an unbelieving conformity upon persons whose beliefs, however misguided, were certainly strong and definite. It may have speculated on keeping High Churchmen within the pale while it reduced them to an attitude of sulk and silent impotence, like the bondsmen whom, as Herodotus tells us, the Scythians blinded and then kept to the daily drudgery of domestic service. If so, its policy was one of profound and calculated immorality.

Only one reputable alternative remains, apart from the supposition that they were actuated by mere unreasoning spite, to explain the policy of the zealots of the Church Association; and that is, that they had determined to risk the dissolution of the Established Church if only they could drive the High Church party out of its fold. If they were men of sufficient mind to appreciate the power, and the will to that power, which would be possessed by such a section—that of the High Churchmen of this generation harried out of that Establishment for which they have hitherto been such indefatigable labourers, we can only say that their policy bears a very close resemblance to that of the "moral force" Fenians. They were simply blind bigots, bent on the humiliation of persons whom they hated and misunderstood, their proceedings sink to the level of English sympathizers with Irish discontent. In any case the discomfiture of their revolutionary filibustering must be a matter of congratulation to all who are anxious for the success of the great English exponent of a national Church which is able to reconcile the logic of formularies with the freedom of investigation.

The theory which underlies the judgment is the repudiation of the hard and fast theory that the distinctive formularies of the English Church of England are not merely truth, but all truth, and therefore that the maintenance of any opinion not plainly "contradictory or repugnant" to those formularies, but still not comprised within them, must on account of that very non-comprehension be forbidden to the ministers of the Church. In the words of the judgment—"The question is, however, not what the Articles and Formularies affirm, but what they exclude," or as more fully expressed in another passage:—

Changes by which words or passages inculcating particular doctrines, or assuming a belief in them, have been struck out, are most material as evidence that the Church has deliberately ceased to affirm those doctrines in her public services. At the same time, it is material to observe that the necessary effect of such changes, when they stand alone, is that it ceases to be unlawful to contradict such doctrines, and not that it becomes unlawful to maintain them.

In laying down this principle, however, the judges evidently

felt themselves committed by the recollection that the judgments in *Martin v. Mackenochie* and in *Hibbert v. Purchas* have been based on the opposite assumption, and they had accordingly endeavoured in the early part of the document to reconcile the inconsistency by the theory that

In the public or common prayers and devotional offices of the Church all her members are expected and entitled to join; it is necessary, therefore, that such forms of worship as are prescribed by authority for general use should embody those beliefs only which are assumed to be generally held by members of the Church. In the case of "*Westerton v. Liddell*" (and again in "*Martin v. Mackenochie*"), their Lordships say, "In the performance of the services, rites, and ceremonies ordered by the Prayer Book, the directions contained in it must be strictly observed; no omission and no addition can be allowed." If the minister be allowed to introduce at his own will variations in the rites and ceremonies which seem to him to interpret the doctrine of the service in a particular direction, the service ceases to be what it was meant to be, common ground on which all Church people may meet, though they differ about some doctrines. But the Church of England has wisely left a certain latitude of opinion in matters of belief, and has not insisted on a rigorous uniformity of thought which might reduce her communion to a narrow compass.

This is no doubt a highly ingenious hypothesis, but it breaks down upon facts. The idea, if any, upon which it is based is that there can be a certain maximum, or minimum, or medium of worship so exactly balanced as to be universally satisfactory to the confessedly divergent tastes, feelings, and convictions of that miscellaneous nation which makes up the Church of England; and further that in these days of that very "latitude of opinion" which the judgment encourages in the same passage in which it enjoins hard ceremonial monotony, those divergences will all be contented and appeased by an appeal to the letter of rubrics construed in the most confessedly narrow and rigid spirit. It also assumes that while one class of mind is to be held as irreconcilably offended by exuberance of ceremonial, another class of mind is to be treated as if it were, or ought to be, indifferent to that which it considers deficiency of reverential circumstance, and that while the Low Church half of the congregation is to be indulged by a penal law strictly prohibiting the parish priest from any ritual seeming to indicate a belief in what is called Sacramental religion, the High Church moiety is to be blidden to sit still and acquiesce in any exhibition which the minister may make of his adherence to contrary doctrine. Another consequence which follows from the same position is, that the authors of these sentences must suppose that the British public are a pack of superstitious formalists. The heartburnings—say the Judges—which arise from variety of ritual are such that they must be restrained by active coercion. But, if so, may there not be equal heartburnings over doctrine? "No," in effect answer the Judges, while they lay down one principle for the control of the indirect teaching which may be drawn from the clergyman's acts in the *desk* and at the altar, and another for the control of the direct teaching which he offers from the pulpit. Mr. Bennett is set free to publish the opinions which have brought the Church Association down upon him; but woe betide the Vicar of Frouse if he stands at the communion service with his back to Mr. Sheppard, or puts on any raiment more gorgeous than the parish surplice.

The difficulty so gratuitously created can only be solved by the frank acceptance of the view which we believe is held by thoughtful Churchmen of all schools, that while the parochial system remains eminently useful as a national system of worship, education, and charitable organization, it is no longer possible or desirable to treat attendance at the parish church as a matter of individual obligation. Viewing the vast variety of tastes which divide the great multitude of its adherents, the Church of England can only justify its claims to national existence by a liberal recognition of that variety in the matter of worship. If we grant this premise, it is plain that no more practical course for giving it effect can be devised than the acknowledged permission to every clergyman to shape his type of worship according to the form which he conceives to be of the highest benefit to his flock, and to every Churchman to offer his devotions where he believes that he will derive the fullest spiritual advantage, subject to the condition, which is as easily cognizable by legal common sense in ceremonial as in doctrine, that the type of service which each clergyman presents shall not be flagrantly "contradictory or repugnant" to those ceremonial rules which must exist in a body constituted as the Church of England is. When a rite comes into question, its legality as distinct from its policy ought on the principles of this judgment to be tested, not on the consideration of whether the rubric "affirms" it, but on that of whether it "excludes" it. Its policy will of course turn on a comparison of the numbers of those whom it edifies, of those whom it offends but who can easily go elsewhere, and of those whom it offends and who have no such ready escape.

A more impartial respect for their own principles would, we think, have induced the Judicial Committee to reconsider the criticism of the Dean of Arches' phraseology with which it tempers its acceptance of his conclusions. The expressions of Sir Robert Phillimore were confessedly "extrajudicial." So are those with which the Privy Councillors sitting at Whitehall go out of their way to lecture their colleague sitting in the Arches Court. "The word 'receptionist' is as foreign," they say, "to the Articles as the word 'objective.'" As, however, there is nothing contradictory or repugnant to the formularies in those expressions, they might more wisely have abstained from "regretting extrajudicial" statements of their colleague, until they can show themselves

able to provide any tangible substitute, or can prove that the "attitude of opinion" which they encourage in the pulpit must be checked on the Bench.

#### INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

WE are afraid that many of the people who go to see boat-races and other public sports do not invariably give themselves up to the sentiments and reflections appropriate to the occasion; but it is at least a comfort to think that they are sure to be informed next morning how they ought to have felt, and how in fact, as their benignant monitors are kind enough to assume, they did feel at the proper moment. Possibly a good many of those who waited wearily on Monday last to get a glimpse of the hollow contest between the London and Atlanta crews for what is called the "aquatic championship of the world," may have been disposed to lament their wasted hours and the poorness of the sport, and may not have been aware that they were then engaged in binding more closely the bonds of brotherhood between the nations, and performing other remarkable feats of a similar kind. But if they did not know it then, at any rate they know it now. Big Jupiter and Little Jupiter are agreed about this, and when they do agree, their agreement is wonderful. We are assured by the elder and duller deity that on Monday "America and England relieved the strain of their political contentions by throwing their interest for the moment into a rivalry more easily decided;" but it does not appear that this relief prevented Mr. Fish from writing a very ill-natured despatch. If it is true that "the friendly rivalry on the Thames represents the natural relation of the two countries," it is clear that the *Alabama* negotiations, in which the rivalry is more remarkable than the friendship, at least on the American side, convey a false impression. Jupiter, weighted with the responsibility of keeping the world straight, could not himself "forget all but a boating competition between the two nations," but he is confident in his hope that for lighter minds "these hours of amusement may be of service in arousing some healthy currents of good-feeling." Four Americans come over here to win a race; they make a laughing-stock of themselves by their ignorance of what in this country is supposed to be rowing, are beaten with ludicrous ease, and are nearly upset by a wherry; and we are asked to believe that the result will be to produce healthy currents of national good-feeling. This never occurred to us before, but perhaps the American Case may have been designed with a similar object. Young Jupiter is more lively, and, after his nature, more gushing on the subject. He is full, of course, of compliments to the United States. "It is by attempting the impossible that our Western kinsmen have risen to their grand pre-eminence"—that is, in everything except rowing. It was impossible they could beat us at that, but still if they keep on attempting the impossible they may do it at last, and then "our defeat will be in itself a triumph." This boat-race, we are told, illustrates the truth that our national energy, our stalwart strength, &c., enable us to hold our own against the dash and daring of our American kinsfolk; but here, again, the negotiations do not quite fit into the theory. It is suggested that "to any foreign observer the most striking reflections aroused by the whole affair must have been the thought how, after all, Englishmen and Americans are men of the same race and type." Any Frenchman who was present would no doubt be ready to admit that in this instance Americans and English were both subject to the same kind of lunacy, except that perhaps the Americans were the more conspicuously mad in having come so far on such an errand. And then we are treated to a paraphrase of the mythic nonsense attributed to the Duke of Wellington about the playing fields of Eton:—"The nerve and pluck and energy which animated both crews were the same that have carried England through many a trial, and have enabled America to uphold the Union in the darkest hours of its fortunes." These would be something almost pathetic, if it were not so intensely ludicrous, in the solicitude which is shown for the feelings of the United States under this terrible defeat, and the anxiety to cheer up that great country, and make things pleasant for it. But perhaps the finest touch of all is the exquisite self-complacency with which the Americans are assured, as if it were the best consolation and restorative that could be administered to them, that, after all, they are not so unlike Englishmen that a foreigner might imagine them to belong to the same race. It may be doubted whether the Americans will take this "whipping" very much to heart. The Atlantas were certainly not recognized as champions of their country to the same extent as the Harvard crew who formerly visited the Thames. But, in any case, it is amusing that anybody should imagine that if the Americans were really much interested in the matter, a competition of this kind, and especially the sort of consolation which has been offered to soothe defeat, would be likely to promote friendly feelings between the two nations. The Atlantas have not been interviewed by English reporters, and we are not aware what speculations they may have thought it necessary to take in order to protect themselves against the insinuations of jealous Englishmen. But we have some recollection of reading in the *American papers* an alarming narrative of the public with which the Atlantas were believed themselves to be surrounded, and repeating the name of



poisoning is which they lived. It is perhaps significant of the generous sympathies which are supposed to be cultivated by these encounters, that there appears, according to the *Daily News*, to have been a popular impression that the Atlanta men had previously to the race been rowing "dark," in order to enable their friends to make bets more advantageously. It is now known that the Americans did the best they could all along, but the suspicion with which they were regarded is unpleasantly characteristic of one phase of modern sport.

It would appear that the brotherly love engendered by the international boat-race has not been sufficient to produce a satisfactory understanding between Mr. Fish and Lord Granville; but perhaps something better may be hoped from the International Musical Peace Jubilee which is to take place at the end of this month at Boston, and which is intended, in the words of the promoters, "to aid in removing somewhat of the prejudices which engender ill-feeling, and to create a better understanding between the nations of the world through the common medium of art." This description of the lofty objects of the speculation in question is taken from a touching letter written by the solicitors to the contractors who are getting it up, in answer to some observations in Parliament. It is not often that language of so elevating a character is to be found in a lawyer's letter, and it should be more highly prized on that account. The band of the Grenadier Guards has been despatched to Boston to take part in this grand festival, not, it seems, altogether to the satisfaction of military circles. It is not unnatural perhaps that the men of war should be alarmed at the prospect of their occupation being suddenly suppressed through the agency of their own band. There is a fine touch of poetical revenge in employing a number of military bands to play the world into universal peace. It is announced that the musical performances at the Jubilee will be sustained by a chorus of twenty thousand singers and an orchestra of three thousand instrumentalists. The performances will be kept up for fifteen days, exclusive of Sundays, and it is expected that a vast multitude will be collected to listen to the peace-inspiring strains of this host of singers and musicians. For the purposes of the Festival a "Coliseum" capable of seating one hundred thousand persons has been constructed at Boston. Superstitious people might possibly think it ominous that a considerable portion of this building fell down a short time since. It has since been rebuilt, but it is thought desirable to assure "timid persons" that the security and stability of the whole structure have been thoroughly tested, and that there is no reason to fear that it will give way again. It is evident from the nature of the performances that it will be severely tried when the orchestra is in full blast. We observe that an American journalist deems it prudent to warn persons of an excitable temperament that the strain on the nerves produced by the enormous volume of sound may prove to be rather trying, especially if submitted to for a fortnight without relaxation. It is suggested, therefore, that it will not be wise to attempt to sit out the whole of the performances; and we agree with the writer that those who go in for getting a full return for their money will be lucky if at the end of the fifteen days they come out with nothing worse than a headache.

In order to indicate the peaceful character of the festival, salvoes of artillery are to be introduced into the musical performances, and the din of a mob of military bands is to be reinforced by the thunder of a huge drum which has been constructed expressly for the occasion, and which is the biggest and noisiest monster of its kind that has ever been seen or heard. The Imperial Army Band of Berlin is to be present, and will, we suppose, engage in generous rivalry with the French Republican Band, each playing the cheerful tunes to which their countrymen were lately engaged in slaughtering each other; while the Grenadiers' Band will have the pleasure of meeting and possibly of joining in a duet with an Irish National Band, well up in Fenian melodies, which the speculative philanthropists who are now engaged in removing all "prejudices which engender ill-feeling" have expressly engaged for the occasion. A well-known preacher used to remark that he did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes, and the promoters of the Boston Jubilee appear to be similarly of opinion that the time has come when the orchestra of war may appropriately be employed in the worship of perpetual peace and brotherly love. "Peace, on her hillock, piping her pastoral note," may for the moment be somewhat puzzled by this terrific explosion of the warlike strains which have hitherto attended the march of Mars. We can only hope that the intentions of the managers of the Jubilee will be fulfilled, and that "a better understanding between the nations" may be arrived at through "the common medium" of brass bands, big drums, and salvoes of artillery. All that is wanted would seem to be that the *Alabama* Commissioners should reassemble at Boston and sit out the fifteen days of soothing music.

It is possible that the experience of the last few months will suggest to many minds that the drawing together of the bonds of brotherhood between the nations, however desirable in itself, is not quite so simple and easy an operation as has been imagined. There are probably few people silly enough to suppose that there is any serious meaning in the nonsense which is talked and written about international fraternity and affection being developed by brass bands and boat-races; but there are, we suspect, too many who allow themselves to be deluded with the notion that the gravest international differences—differences having their roots deep in the character, history, and political circumstances of the respective countries—

can be instantly charmed away by an *Abre-cadabra* of fine words about "common tongues," "national kinship," and the rest of it. There was evidently a notion when the High Commissioners met out for America, that such a pleasant-spoken man as Lord Ripon, with such a good cook, had only to go about in society, and give nice little dinners, and make nice little speeches, while Professor Bernard and his companions were racking their brains for the "least accurate" expressions in which they could convey the good understanding which was assumed, as a matter of course, to have been arrived at; and all would be well. On the whole there is perhaps about as much to be said for the efficacy of the big drum at Boston Jubilee "of bird's-eye maple, 6 ft. high, 12 ft. in diameter," with sticks to match, as of the fine speeches at Delmonico's which were supposed at the time to have put an end to all disagreements between England and America. One of the journals which were most gushing the other day about the international aspects of the boat-race appears to be still of opinion that it is "only a question of words" which keeps two great countries from rushing into each other's arms; but we should have thought that, if one thing was clearer than another, it was that the present difficulty has arisen simply because the question has been treated too much as one of words, and not of things, and that the power of words has now been fairly exhausted. All the embarrassments, perplexities, complications, and disappointments of the affair may be traced to the same source—a foolish faith in the magic influence of empty words. It is just as well that the delusion should be knocked on the head. Grave international questions are not to be settled off-hand by neat little after-dinner speeches, or flowery talk about "kith and kin" and "generous brotherhood," any more than by Musical Peace Jubilees, with military bands and a park of artillery to emphasize the aspirations after peace.

#### THE SORROWS OF CIVIL SERVANTS.

WE have received a pamphlet which sets forth a melancholy story. As it comes from the class aggrieved, we cannot rely upon the completeness or accuracy of its statements except so far as they are supported by official documents. Assuming, however, that they are substantially correct, it certainly appears that a useful body of public servants have some real ground of complaint; and in the hope that we may help them to receive at least a fair answer, if not a redress of their grievances, we are happy to give such publicity as we can to a moving appeal. It appears, then, that a Mr. Aston Blake was employed in September last in the Inland Revenue Department. Mr. Blake, as we infer from his letters, is a gentleman who may easily be supposed to be somewhat formidable to official superiors. He took to writing a series of letters to the Civil Service Commissioners, requesting explanations of certain regulations to which he was subjected, and declining to be satisfied with the answers which he received. The Civil Service Commissioners are naturally more in their element when asking than when answering questions. As may be imagined, the replies to his letters became shorter and less explanatory; one of his letters, indeed, received no reply at all, and a more urgent request for information merely elicited the statement that the Commissioners had nothing to add to their previous communication. It is not surprising that within a couple of months from this correspondence we find that Mr. Blake ceased to be an ornament to his office; or, as he less euphemistically expresses it, that he had been "kicked out." It is, however, more remarkable that this statement was made to a crowded audience of discontented writers, who received it with sympathetic "groans and hisses." For obvious reasons, these gentlemen seem to have been rather shy of allowing their names to appear. A paper called the *Civilian*, which reports the meeting, declares, we know not with what authority, that the meeting was singularly unanimous and enthusiastic. It adds further, that it was extremely respectable. "The writers," it says, "were not the cads we had expected. Amongst them came former schoolfellows, relatives, old associates, and men whom we had met with on terms of equality on some one of the highways and byways of life." It is not for us to say what precise standard of respectability is implied by the fact that a man has been a schoolfellow of the reporter of the *Civilian*, nor are we much enlightened by the further intimation that some of these gentlemen had "treated us rather cavalierly as they journeyed to Pall Mall or Whitehall to earwig the private secretary or confidential clerk of one of those potent personages who control the land and sea forces of Her Britannic Majesty Victoria." We are content to assume that, whatever their antecedents, the gentlemen in question were employed in our public offices, and, for our part, we should never have anticipated the propriety of describing them as "cads." Be that as it may, the fact appears to be that a large number of our public servants are in a state of extreme irritation and disgust. They want, as we all want, more liberal pay and longer holidays. If they had been bricklayers, or even agricultural labourers, they would have endeavoured, and very possibly with success, to secure those desirable objects by a strike. For very good reasons they have not had recourse to that mode of warfare; but they have formed an association, and are endeavouring by an appeal to members of Parliament and the proverbial tender-heartedness of Mr. Lowe to secure a greater measure of reward. Such complaints deserve at least a hearing, and we will try to state their case as simply as possible.

In the good old palmy days, before the blessings of universal competition were known to mankind, the clerks employed for the simpler sort of duties, such as copying despatches, received a rate of pay the minimum of which varied in different offices from 5s. to 6s. 6d. a day. There was generally an increase of salary for every year's service. There was a fortnight's leave of absence, and in some cases an allowance was made during sickness. With the first introduction of competition these advantages began to be pared away. A register was opened for "temporary writers," admission to which was to be obtained by examination. Clerks who had been employed for considerable periods were compelled to pass the new tests, and were then re-appointed at their old rates of pay; but with a stoppage of all holidays, and a deduction of pay for every absence, even of a fraction of an hour, whatever might be the cause. A new set of regulations appeared in August last, which made further alterations for the worse in the position of the clerks. Those who had served continuously since the 4th of June, 1870, were to continue to receive the salary paid to them at that date, but were to have no claims whatever for service subsequent to it. All other writers were to come under the new regulations. They were to be paid at a uniform rate of 10d. an hour, or 30s. a week—the official day consisting of six hours. All absences were to be deducted; no holidays allowed; they might be dismissed at an hour's notice; if they refused to serve when called upon, their names would be struck off the register; and though they might be called upon to go to any part of the kingdom, no allowance would be made for travelling expenses. The general effect of these regulations is obvious. The writers are no longer regarded as belonging to a permanent establishment. They gain by their success in competition nothing but the privilege of being placed upon a register, which gives them the chance of being called out to do as much work as may be desired at the rate of 10d. an hour. The public, instead of keeping a permanent staff of officials, simply has its work done by the job, and incurs no more obligations of any kind towards the persons whom it employs than a private person incurs towards his washerwoman or his tailor. It is a mere commercial transaction on both sides which ends when the particular transaction is completed, without leaving either side under an obligation; and, as a natural corollary, the terms are fixed at the lowest price possible. When the writers protest, they are met by the argument that men of "character, education, and capacity" are ready to replace them on the same terms. They reply that this should be a matter of grave concern and sympathy—which is undeniable—and add that it should not be regarded as a reason for screwing down the poor writers to the lowest possible point. This last assertion will be doubted by the severest school of political economists. Why not take advantage of the play of supply and demand? What is the justice of forcibly extracting six shillings from the rest of the population for the pay of a clerk when you can get another man to do the work respectably for five? There is no magic about the precise sum of 10d. an hour, though 11d. is doubtless more agreeable to the recipient. But how, on grounds of abstract justice, can one sum be pronounced to be much more equitable than the other? or, indeed, to what considerations is it possible to appeal, except to the practical teaching of experience, that 10d. or 11d. as the case may be, is necessary to produce the required article?

These considerations have been thrown in the teeth of the unfortunate writers, and we cannot say that they give a perfectly satisfactory answer when they quote the precept, "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." We still have to ask, what is just and equal, and by what tests is it to be decided? Neither is it conclusive to say that another set of people receive from twice to four times as much for doing work of no greater difficulty. That may perhaps only prove, what would not be an unprecedented phenomenon, that the public pays extravagantly for part of the service it receives. Why should we not leave the question to open competition, and allow the clerks, if they please, to try the effects of combination, which has proved so powerful in other kinds of employment? To say the truth, we do not see our way to giving a perfectly satisfactory answer to these questions without information which we do not possess. One or two remarks, however, may be made which incline us to the opinion that a real grievance is at the bottom of these complaints. Doubtless we can get the work done in some fashion or other for 10d. an hour, or possibly for less, but that fact alone is not sufficient to establish the policy of the proceeding. We require a certain degree of respectability even in persons employed to do work of a very mechanical kind. The writers have, it is probable, no very important secrets confided to their keeping; but yet, for reasons sufficiently obvious, it is desirable that everybody employed in a public office should possess a certain amount of honesty, intelligence, and zeal. Now the system of competitive examination unluckily provides no guarantee that any given standard will be reached. From the examination papers, of which specimens are given in the pamphlet before us, it is obvious that it is desired to obtain, not indeed very highly educated men, but still men who would be effective clerks in a merchant's office. It is plain, however, that the competitive system only secures that the best of those who present themselves shall be taken, and not that a certain standard shall be attained. Whatever may be the wishes of the examiners, they are practically compelled to conform their standard to the average of the competitors; and if the inducements offered are lowered, it is clear that the class of applicants will also be lowered, in spite of all the competition in the world. And, in the next place, it is scarcely to be expected that a very

excellent class of public servants will be secured for a sum of 50s. a week, without the least guarantee of permanent employment, and without any chance that long service will be rewarded. Thirty shillings is not more than can be secured by an average mechanic; and the writers are obliged, as they say, to maintain "a scrupulous external respectability" which is not demanded from the artisan. It is a puzzle, to which we confess we see no answer, how a man with a family and a home is to keep himself decently clothed and fed and to bring up his family in tolerable comfort on such a pittance. The expenses of living daily increase; and the struggle becomes harder than of old. It seems plain, then, that in spite of the illusory safeguard of competition, the class of writers employed must degenerate, and we have no reason to suppose that even at present they are at all superior to that which we should desire to see employed. And, finally, it seems specially undesirable that the terms of employment should be such as to make the proverb *surtout point de zèle* a practical rule in the Civil Service. Yet it appears that anything like energy or interest in their duties is systematically discouraged by the present regulations for writers. Not only are they poorly paid, but they have nothing to look forward to. The State has the great advantage over other employers that it is immortal. It should therefore be able to get its work done on better terms, because it can promise permanent advantages in the shape of superannuation allowances and promotion. But promotion is not offered to the writers, who are a mere supernumerary class of pariahs, employed as they are wanted, and cast aside when their services become unnecessary. Their situation gives them no chance of rising, and the longest and most exemplary services cannot possibly be rewarded. A private employer may have bowels, but the State, bound by fixed regulations, has none; and therefore employment in a public office, so far from giving additional advantages, is plainly worse than employment at the same daily rate elsewhere. If any additional discouragement were wanted, it would be given by the refusal to allow holidays or to permit travelling expenses. A writer, it seems, must always be ready to serve the State at a moment's notice, and the State is under no reciprocal engagement to him. He is therefore under all the conditions which can tempt a man to scamp his work as much as possible and seek for other employment at the earliest possible opportunity. Under such circumstances it certainly seems that the writers have made out a good *prima facie* case; and that, unless there is some inaccuracy in their statements, we must expect a deterioration in the class employed and a growing want of zeal in the new generation.

#### FASHIONABLE SCREWS.

FINE ladies not unfrequently play at philanthropy. Such time as they can spare from dress and amusement they give to framing plans of relief for the poor. These are always plans that give their inventors a prominent position, that include society in its holiday clothes, and that depend for success on other people's pockets. Sometimes it is a concert, where you have to buy a ticket at an exorbitant price, to hear indifferent music badly rendered by second-rate professionals; or it may be an amateur affair, when the entertainment is yet more dreary, and you have to applaud with greater vehemence to cover the lack of interest and intrinsic merit; or it may be amateur theatricals, when you pay a week's living to see Lady Callipyge in tights and Miss Auricomus with her back hair down. But you have to do it. Your fine lady friends count on your support, and hold you to your sacrifice by the honour of your knighthood and as the confession of your service. If you are rich and a *parvenu* it is all very well. You do not miss your guineas, and you are content to pay handsomely for a front seat among the upper ten; and to be able to discuss my Lady Callipyge and Miss Auricomus among your own set with the air of a man who knows his world is a privilege worth a handsome outlay. If you are one of themselves, you pay of course for the honour of your order, though you think it a bore all the same; but if you are only one of the hangers-on, one of the semi-detached fringe, the impecunious appearances that float about the great world, mere gilt and not gold, and very thin gilt too, you know then what the force of the fashionable screw is when it is put on you, and you have to submit to be squeezed if you would still be received. There is of course the honour of the thing. Well, the honour counts for something, certainly; but your sparse guineas have their own eloquence too; and when you have to live up to the mark of people whose thousands would cover your units, you find your margin encroaching on your capital in an alarming manner. You would not mind so much perhaps if you could distil any amusement out of your expenditure. But, save for that barren honour of association, the philanthropic pleasures which fine ladies get up among themselves are mostly of the dullest, duller kind. Concerts, private theatricals, raffish, bazaars, *fiets champêtres*—what a sense of weariness steals over us as we jot down the list! The yawns that would not be stifled, try as heroically as we might; the laugh that would not come when the funny things were said, though we made hideous grimaces which we hoped would pass for genuine mirth; the interest that absolutely refused to be simulated; and that no amount of pumping up would bring to the surface; the ineffable emptiness and silliness and boredom of it all; and to think that generation after generation of fine, healthy, muscular men, and women who have souls to be

saved, go in for this miserable kind of thing as if they liked it; and at each new outbreak of the old disease, make believe that it is a useful, a popular, and a dignified display of philanthropic zeal!

Perhaps a charitable bazaar is the most objectionable of all the screws in use, because giving the most trouble to the largest number of persons, and loading the conscience of every one concerned with a variety of burdens, any one of which we should imagine unendurably painful to the sensitive. In the first place there has been called into existence, at great pains and cost, a lot of absolutely worthless things; pincushions that will not hold pins; penwipers, the beads or fluffy ends of which get into the slit of the pen; smoking-caps of violent patterns, that cannot possibly fit any head bigger than a turnip, or else so large that they would do for Gargantua himself; dauby "art," the best destination of which would be to light the kitchen fire; bead ornaments that no woman who respected herself would wear, and that are fit only for savages; and various articles for gentlemen's use, such as "shaving tidies" and the like, which are enough to send any man mad who has them in his possession. The name of the trumpery, absolutely useless and absurd, paid for at fabulous prices, and bought under a pressure that is little better than a polite method of swindling, is legion; but the object, whatever it may be, for which the bazaar has been got up, is assumed to justify the means; and to supply the poor dear natives of equatorial Africa with tracts and blankets is a cause so holy that it covers a thousand sins against common sense, good taste, and the first principles of trade and honesty. On the other hand, a bazaar gives a certain amount of pleasure to a certain set of people. There are, first, the ladies holding the stalls. They have for one excitement that of dress, with its concomitant, admiration; for another the till. If they are young or pretty, or of exceptionally high position, their counter is thronged, and they are complimented and stared at to satiety. They make merchandise of their smiles, and drive a roaring trade in their *cartes-de-visite* and autographs, with miserable little coat bouquets made up and fastened in by their own hands, and sold at prices more like the current rates of El Dorado than of London; so that their "take" soon swells beyond their neighbours' and rivals', and with it their enjoyment of their friends' annoyance and their own glory, and of the day's doings altogether. For among the reasons against philanthropic bazaars must be counted the malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness which they engender among the ladies who hold the stalls, and the unchristian sentiments cherished by each fashionable *boutiquière*, according to her own comparative failure and the success of her friends. That does not prevent a certain amount of personal pleasure, however, even in the least successful; of which perhaps the greater part has been anticipatory, though something is due to association, and to the glory of having one's name printed on rose-tinted circulars at the tail of a dozen peeresses, with Her Gracious Majesty or His Royal Highness to head the ruck. It gives pleasure too to the crowd of moneyed snobs who think it well worth the cost to stand at one side of a deal plank laid on trestles and covered with pink calico, chaffering for cigar-cases and worsted work, with the Countess of this or the Duchess of that condescending for the moment to be shopkeepers, and not above the less reputable arts of their prototypes. And it gives pleasure to young girls who have no money of their own, and consequently are not expected to buy, and for whom things are bought by the gentlemen or the kind old aunts of the party. The carpenters and confectioners employed also get their gain out of the affair; and the microscopic "stimulus to trade," represented by so many yards of material and so many reels of thread as have been used in the rubbish turned out, must be taken into account. But when these have been summed up, nothing remains behind but vanity and vexation of spirit, and a large surplus of unusable trash.

These are truths which every one knows, and which have been repeated a dozen times. Yet they make no kind of impression. Year after year sees the same dreary whip applied to the generosity of the rich and the mercy of the charitable; and philanthropic objects which ought to need no recommendation but themselves are touted for by the same kind of vulgar glare and glitter, say in a *fête champêtre*, that once went to make up town fairs and village festivals. Save that the guests are all well dressed, and the English spoken for the most part unexceptionable, there is absolutely no difference in kind between a *fête champêtre* held in a private park for an object and the old fairs of our youth. The amusements are essentially of the same character, if less gross in display; except indeed that the jugglers and acrobats, being hired for the day, are seldom so racy and full of vigour as when their suppers depend on their own exertions. There are the same stupid games of chance, whereof the winnings are things you cannot eat or things you cannot use; and the same mild games of skill, such as knock-em-downs and Aunt Sallys, Giant's mouths, and the like. There are the Tyrolean singers, in conical hats with peacocks' feathers at the side, flinging out their famous *jodels* under the trees; and perhaps, if the promoters are people of inventive genius and can light on a clever becker, there is the cave where the hermit or the gipsy tells fortunes for an extra fee, and makes shrewd guesses at probabilities, previously prompted by one who knows, that set the simpler minds afloat with wonder how over they were found out. There are shady walks where flirtations are carried on, and retired seats where engaged lovers are always to be found; there are counters where lukewarm ices are sold, with

cupps of weak tea and stale sandwiches interspersed. But though the arrangements have a certain aristocratic finish about them which the village festival and the town fair had not, and the military band and striped bunting surpass all that Hodge can do in the way of music and canvas, still the *fête champêtre* for an object, where the company pays for entrance, and where all the amusements provided are offered at a separate charge, is only the same thing as a fair differently conditioned, and not half so amusing, if a trifle more expensive and a great deal less immoral; which last ought perhaps to make the score.

To our mind the whole thing is a mistake. If objects or institutions want help, let them be brought before the public in a manly, straightforward way. A distinct statement of their work, and as distinct an exposition of their difficulties, a simple and therefore pathetic history of some of the more striking of their cases, and indisputable evidence that they are wanted both in the sphere and the locality they have chosen, are more earnest and more dignified means of appealing to the public than the mock trading of a bazaar, or the dreary fun of a *fête champêtre*. Of course the counter argument is that people with money are usually so frivolous and stupid that they are to be got at only through their vanities and their selfishness. Offer them occasions for display, or the pretence of a *quid pro quo*, the association of fine-sounding names, or the semblance of amusement, and their guineas will flow in liberally, where the eloquence of a Bossuet and the philanthropy of a Howard would fall like water upon a sandhill. And as the world is governed mainly by expediency, and all folks think it the wisest policy, if not the highest morality, to live down to their surroundings, those who have the cause of institutions and the success of objects at heart think it well to make friends with mammon if they can, and to get by spurious motives help which they say would not come to them through truer ones. We doubt this. We do not believe in building anything whatever on quagmires; and the cause which has to be shored up by such artificial means as these fashionable screws of so-called amusement is a cause that will never stand its ground in the long run. We are afraid, however, that it is no use preaching; the season has set in, and tracts and blankets for the dwellers in equatorial Africa, as well as other things nearer home, are to be found among the summer list of causes for which we shall be bidden to bazaars and *fêtes*, and asked to join in raffles and all the other hateful means by which charity is rendered odious and philanthropy ridiculous.

#### CHURCH AND STATE IN GERMANY.

THE Old Catholic movement seems to be every day becoming more and more of a burning question for the State, both in Northern and Southern Germany. In the North, Prince Bismarck has taken up the cudgels against the Ultramontane clergy with a vigour which is all the more remarkable from the studious neutrality of his earlier policy in religious controversies. The Jesuits may perhaps in one sense be considered safe game to fly at. That dark whispers of their personal vengeance should be current in connexion with the alleged indisposition of the Imperial Chancellor is natural enough. For the names of Gioberti and Cardinal Andra, not to speak of more recent stories about Strosmayer, may suffice to remind us that the suspicion of poison has by no means become obsolete on the Continent, however long it may have survived the actual practice. The belief in Ganganelli's untimely fate is still widely prevalent, at least among Protestants, after the lapse of a century, and was elaborately defended not many years ago by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, though the physician who examined his body at the time unhesitatingly ascribed his death to natural causes. Setting aside, however, these subtle grounds of apprehension, there can be no doubt that Prince Bismarck will carry with him a considerable body of Catholic as well as Protestant feeling in his stringent measures against the Jesuits. It was by the urgent desire of the French Government, and with the express sanction of the other Catholic Cabinets, that Clement XIV. suppressed the Order in 1773; and if their direct political influence has been less conspicuous since their restoration by Pius VII. forty years later, their energies have certainly not shown any sign of abatement, and their number has risen during the last half-century to more than half what it had become in the two centuries before the suppression. In Germany they have long held the virtual direction of Catholic education, both primary and superior, in their hands, and for some twenty years past they have made strenuous use of their vantage ground for indoctrinating both the hierarchy and the people with infallibilist beliefs. The German College at Rome, at which several of the existing bishops were trained, is under their exclusive management. On these and other grounds the Jesuits have provoked a strong antagonism in Germany, and their expulsion from the country, whatever may be thought of the abstract justice of so high-handed a measure, would probably be regretted by a minority only of the clergy, and a still smaller minority of laymen. It is rather in his challenge to what one of our contemporaries calls, with lofty disregard for the niceties of ecclesiastical terminology, "the regular clergy"—meaning thereby the secular as distinct from the regular clergy—that Prince Bismarck seems to be treading on dangerous ground. The Bishop of Ermland is threatened with ulterior measures if he persists, as he certainly will, in his refusal to withdraw the excommunica-

tion of Old Catholic priests; and the Army Bishop Namazowski, has been removed from his office for prohibiting mass to be celebrated in a military church at Cologne polluted by the performance, at a different hour, of Old Catholic worship, whereupon the Pope has lost no time in consoling him by the titular dignity, much coveted by Catholic prelates, of "Assistant to the Pontifical Throne." So matters stand between Church and State in Prussia for the moment, and it is easier to foresee the impossibility of their continuing *in statu quo* than to predict the ultimate result. As to the moral and numerical strength of the anti-infallibilist movement among the fourteen million Catholic subjects of the Empire, opinions seem much divided; and there are so many who, for various reasons, hesitate to show their hand, that any opinion on the subject must be more or less conjectural. That the mass of the educated laity do not believe in Papal infallibility is hardly denied, the favourite retort of their Ultramontane opponents being that neither do they believe in the Trinity. But precisely the same sort of criticism is made, and apparently with quite as much reason, on the good faith of pronounced Infallibilists. Such charges, and others still more odious, are sure to be freely bandied about in times of religious controversy, and it is not possible till the smoke of the battle is cleared away to ascertain the true position and relative strength of the rival forces. But to speak like Herr Montang in the German Parliament, of "a disturbance in the Church caused by six professors and as many apostate priests," is to turn a serious subject into a comedy.

Meanwhile in the South of Germany a grave difference has arisen between the Bavarian Government and almost the entire professoriate of the Munich University, which includes, not six, but fifty-three, Catholic professors. The Cabinet of Herr Lutz, as our readers are aware, has long since announced its resolve to maintain intact the rights of Old Catholics, both civil and religious, but it is somewhat hampered in the practical carrying out of this policy by the Ultramontane party in the Chambers, partly composed of priests and elected in great measure under clerical influence. The demand of the Bishops for coercive powers against their refractory clergy was refused, as well on the ground of the Council not yet being over and its decrees therefore not being binding, as of the illegal promulgation of those decrees without the *placitum regium*, and the violent measures by which it had been followed up by the episcopate. But a second and more plausible demand met with a different reception. The Bishops asked for an endowment of 4,000 fl. for the establishment of new Professors of Philosophy and Ecclesiastical History in the University—to supplement or supplant the existing staff—to whose lectures they might send their theological students. The blow was of course aimed directly at Dr. Dollinger, who has for the last forty years held the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Munich. The Ministry referred the request to the Chambers, where a majority decided against it, as inconsistent with the policy already proclaimed of giving no recognition to the Vatican Council. But the close of the Session was at hand; the budget of Worship and Education had still to be passed, including 20,000 fl. for the University jubilee, this being the 400th anniversary of its foundation, and strong pressure was brought to bear on the Government by the Ultramontane or "patriotic" party to get the 4,000 fl. included too. It was urged that no principle would be given up, and that after all it would rest with the Senate—a select body of professors—to accept or decline the proffered gift. The Government caught at this plea for shifting the responsibility from their own shoulders, and the additional sum was voted in the budget; and thus the question of appointing additional professors as substitutes for those in office came before the Senate. It would have been easy enough of course for the Bishops to have lectures on philosophy and history after their own mind delivered in the Theological Seminary attached to the University, but that would not have suited their purpose. The Senate, with Dollinger, the *Rector Magnificus* for this year, at its head, was called upon to pronounce sentence on itself for heterodoxy, by appointing infallibilist substitutes to teach what it has formally repudiated as errors both of fact and faith. It was intimated, moreover, by the Minister of Worship that, unless the 4,000 fl. for additional professors were accepted, the 20,000 fl. for the expenses of the jubilee could not be paid. The Senate, however, was firm, and declined to accept the money on these humiliating conditions. It should be added that, while the legal right of appointing professors rests exclusively with the Government, it is always customary to consult the wishes of the University in the matter, and that to appoint them against its will would be looked upon as a very abnormal and tyrannical procedure. This, however, is what the Ultramontane organs are urging them to do, while accepting the refusal of the 20,000 fl. for the jubilee; the rest of the press, as a rule, takes the side of the University. It has, on the other hand, been suggested as a middle course that the Government, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, should take the matter entirely into its own hands, and carry out the vote of the Chambers by itself naming the two supplementary professors, while at the same time handing over to the University the 20,000 fl. for the celebration of its fourth centenary. Such a course would certainly be more straightforward and less offensive than that which it is actually pursuing; but, if adopted at all, it should obviously have been adopted from the first. To attempt to extort from the Senate an unwilling consent to what it could hardly fail to regard as an act of self-stultification, by the threat of withdrawing the necessary means for the observance of a great public solemnity long

looked forward to, is a course not more irritating than undignified, and does not say much for the wisdom or firmness of the present Bavarian Cabinet. The representatives of the various parishes of Munich have meanwhile unanimously resolved to adopt all requisite measures, with as little delay as possible, for taking part in the approaching jubilee. So for the present the matter rests. There is meanwhile a contest going on between the Archbishop and the academical authorities about the services at St. Louis, the University church, which, like St. Mary's at Oxford, is also a parish church, but in this the Government does not appear to have interfered.

What makes this affair the more irritating to a large body of German Catholics is that they specially pride themselves on their national Universities as a characteristic distinction in which no other country can rival them, and which for that very reason they suspect some of seeking to mutilate or destroy. It seems also that for the last ten years a schema has been maturing, with the support of the Bishops and certain wealthy ladies, for the establishment of a high school at Fulda on strictly Roman principles, for which from 30,000 to 40,000 florins have already been subscribed; while there has been no attempt to introduce a Catholic Faculty of Theology at the new Imperial University at Strasburg, though two-thirds of the inhabitants of Alsace are Catholics. It is not unnaturally suspected that the Curia looks with a jealous eye on Universities altogether, and is really, under the pretext of securing liberty of teaching, declaring war against scientific culture, as Germans understand the term. There has been much in the policy of the Jesuits to foster this suspicion, and it will be remembered that the Old Catholic Congress of last September at Munich—which is to resemble this autumn at Cologne—followed up its demand for the liberal education of the clergy by a protest against the mischievous influence of the Order on education and a demand for its suppression. It is a similar feeling, from a precisely opposite point of view, which inspires the angry comparison which Ultramontane divines are so fond of insisting on between the infallibility of the Pope and the infallibility of the professors.

#### SMALL BIRDS.

THERE is an old question as to the limits of legislation in regard to the small affairs of life. There are many things which people ought, or ought not, to do which can hardly be brought within the scope of Acts of Parliament; but it is sometimes difficult to say exactly where the line should be drawn. A member of the House of Commons lately proposed, for example, that there should be a Royal proclamation against the eating of lamb and veal, on the ground that it was wasteful and extravagant to eat young sheep and calves which, if allowed to attain maturity, would supply a larger amount of nourishing food for the community. Mr. Gladstone, admitting the force of the argument—which, however, is in some respects rather plausible than sound, since it leaves out of account the cost of feeding the animals till they grow up—very properly pointed out that it would never do for the State to interfere in such matters, and that all that could be done was to trust to the growth of an intelligent public opinion on the subject. Another question of this kind is the extent to which it is possible or expedient to afford legislative protection to wild birds. The more valuable kinds of game are already protected. Grouse, partridges, and pheasants each have their close times during which they are allowed to breed in peace and safety. It seems a natural extension of the principle that this protection should also be secured to other descriptions of wild fowl which form a staple article of food and commerce; and Mr. A. Johnston's Bill, containing this proposal, has been unanimously read a second time in the House of Commons. Mr. Johnston proposes that it should be made unlawful to kill, wound, or take wild fowl in the United Kingdom between the 1st of April and the 1st of August in any year. Any person who is detected in the act of pursuing or killing wild fowl, or who is in possession of any wild fowl "recently killed, wounded, or taken" during the close period, will be liable to a fine not exceeding a pound for every bird. The Bill enumerates thirty-five different kinds of wild fowl as coming within the general definition of "staple articles of food and commerce"; but though they are all used, more or less, as food, here are some of them which can hardly be regarded as regular articles of commerce. The birds mentioned are chiefly of the curlew, plover, mallard, snipe, wild duck, and woodcock species, and the names of some of them are quite unfamiliar except to ornithologists and sportsmen who have devoted themselves especially to small game of this kind. How many people, we wonder, know what a dunlin is, or a godwit, a phalarope, a pochard, a plover, or a whimbrel? There is an exception in the Bill the logic of which we fail to apprehend. It is provided that the section protecting wild fowl shall not apply when the birds are young and unable to fly. We should have thought that some of the reasons which require that protection should be afforded to grown-up birds applied with at least equal force to young ones. Again, nothing is said about the taking of eggs; and here we come upon an obvious difficulty. How is the consumption of plovers' eggs to be checked during the London season? Mr. Hanley observed that, if we were to fine people who shot or gared plovers, the next step would be to fine people who ate plovers' eggs; since it would be almost impossible of view of preserving the birds, to protect them from being



that, but to allow their eggs to be taken and eaten with impunity. A severe logic would certainly require that an immediate should be placed on the eating of eggs, and it is probable that the confectioners would have little difficulty in inventing an agreeable substitute. But as long as people are willing to pay for plovers' eggs at their present price, it would be trying in the face of political economy to doubt that a supply will be forthcoming in answer to the demand; and before fining or imprisoning the consumers of these dainties, it will perhaps be as well to try the effect of moral suasion. Under Mr. Johnston's Bill, there will at least be more birds to breed, and consequently more eggs to spare. If it were to be decided that the offence should be brought within the range of the criminal law, there would be some rather nice questions to be settled, as, for example, whether the penalty should fall on the host who placed the forbidden delicacies on his table, or on the guest who rashly partook of them. Lady Blanche at Bow Street for reckless indulgence in plovers' eggs is certainly a startling prospect.

It was perhaps hardly to be expected that Mr. Anson Herbert should be content with so rational and moderate a proposal as Mr. Johnston's Bill. Mr. Herbert has no patience with partial or gradual reforms, and always soars far above those practical considerations which are suggested by prudence and expediency. The Bill before the House is founded on a simple principle, which has already been recognized in other cases. Game and certain kinds of fish are protected by close seasons as being articles of food and commerce of which it is important on public grounds that a supply should be kept up. Mr. Johnston proposes that various descriptions of wild fowl which come within the same category shall also be protected in a similar manner. This is tolerably plain sailing, but Mr. Herbert insisted that the Bill ought to be extended so as to embrace all the birds in the kingdom, down to sparrows and tom-tits. His delicate sensibilities were offended by the strong smell of the larder which he detected in the measure as it stood. No account was taken of any birds except those which were fit for the table, or of any enjoyment to be derived from birds except in the way of eating them. With all, or nearly all, that Mr. Herbert urged on behalf of the birds we cordially agree. It is very much to be desired that the wholesale destruction of small birds through ignorance, brutality, or petty cupidity should be checked. The only question is as to the practicability of doing any good by severe legislation on the subject. An official inquiry which took place a few years ago in France proved very clearly the important services which the small birds render to agriculture. What they eat is often an insignificant quantity compared with what they save from the depredations of insects. It is well known that the tiniest twitterer is not beneath the notice of the Gallic sportsman when he sallies forth with his dogs and gun and a huge *gibecière* at his side. In France the denizens of the hedgerows are not only regarded as excellent sport, but as luxuries of the table; and the famous recipe for cooking red-breasts will not be forgotten:—"This amiable songster is excellent when done in bread crumbs." The farmers, too, waged war on the birds on their own account, vowing vengeance on them as a race of brigands. The result was that the birds began to grow scarce, and the insects got the upper hand, very much to the disgust of the farmers, who found that their condition was now insufferable, and appealed for help to the Minister of Agriculture. It is probable that the investigation which was ordered by the Minister produced a good effect in France and in this country also. It showed the farmers who were their best friends. The Sparrow Clubs which were ostentatiously busy in some English counties a few years since have been shamed into obscurity, if not inactivity. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire proved by the examination of the stomachs of certain birds that they lived chiefly on insects, and that their assistance against the latter was cheaply purchased at the cost of the comparatively small quantity of grain and fruit which they appropriated to themselves. Mr. Herbert quoted the anecdote about Frederick the Great and the sparrows; he had set a price upon their heads, having found them at his cherries, but, after a year or two, he was glad not only to abolish the premium for killing sparrows, but to import them at his own expense. Lady Darnley Counts, in her last letter, mentions a more authentic incident. Mr. Rose, the Queen's gardener, having one day killed a blackbird which was flying from a strawberry bed, was seized with remorse when he saw that it was carrying off a large snail. It is impossible, however, altogether to clear the character of the birds, and some of them are worse than others. Thrushes and blackbirds are exasperatingly destructive in fruit-gardens, and the wood-pigeon in many districts is an intolerable pest. The argument in favour of the birds, on the ground that they are a protection against insects, may easily be pushed too far. Indeed a similar plea might be started on behalf of the snails, and of all kinds of parasites and vermin, none of whom are without a useful mission of some kind or other. The common sense view is that the birds do both good and harm, and the balance between the two depends very much on local circumstances. The wanton and indiscriminate slaughter of small birds deserves the strongest censure, but it is quite possible that they require to be kept down a little.

When Mr. Herbert has pursued his political studies a little further he will perhaps discover that, before passing a law, it is worth while to consider whether it has any chance of being enforced. It has been asserted that our legislation already shows some alarming symptoms of a mania for the creation of unenforceable laws, and this state of things would certainly make the

climate of bird-mongering were to be made a criminal offence. The objection to Mr. Herbert's proposal that all birds should be protected is simply that it could not be carried out. We agree with Lady Darnley Counts that what we have most to hope for is the diffusion of correct information and the cultivation of habits of reflection as to the uses, feelings, and capabilities of the animal world. And we are glad to see that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has already done much good service in this respect, is disposed to rely chiefly on moral and educational agencies. Mr. Johnston's Bill appears to have been prepared by the Society in concert with a Committee of the British Association; but we are not aware that it has given any countenance to Mr. Herbert's fantastic and impracticable proposal. We cannot say that we share Mr. Herbert's fastidious objection to the smell of the larder, but the considerations which weigh with us most strongly in desiring to see a check put upon the wanton and reckless destruction of small birds certainly do not relate either to their flavour on the table or to the value of their assistance in agricultural operations. It will be a good thing in itself if the murderous instincts which appear to possess a considerable section of the population can be restrained. Nothing can be more disgusting than the stupid brutality of the people who go about shooting swallows, gulls, and other birds for the mere sake of slaughter, and who cannot restrain the impulse to shoot everything that comes within range if they happen to have a gun in their hands. Mr. Lowe's Gun-tax has perhaps done some good in this direction. It has helped to diminish the number of guns which were perpetually pointed at all sorts of living creatures in pure wantonness and malice. In Massachusetts and some other American States the birds of the fields and hedgerows are protected by strict enactments, but there seems to be some doubt as to whether the enactments are closely enforced. If the Wild Fowl Bill is passed, we shall have some experience to guide us as to how far it is desirable to carry this kind of legislative interference. In the meantime, there is a great deal to be done by precept and example. While educated and, as they profess to consider themselves, refined gentlemen engage in the wretched butchery which goes by the name of battues and pigeon-shooting, it is not surprising that less intelligent and refined natures should be encouraged in the indulgence of their brutal instincts. It appears that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is engaged in active missionary work in Spain, Italy, and elsewhere on the Continent. It has sent to the curé and school-master of every village in Spain "an almanack beautifully illustrated, and adapted to the tastes and requirements of Spaniards." There are various classes among our own population who might perhaps be the better for a distribution of almanacks adapted to their special weaknesses.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VI.

THE portraits of the year may possibly be saved from absolute dreariness if taken as a sign of the times, or as a gauge of the rise and fall of the art of the country. Several styles are readily distinguished. There are what may be called society portraits—pretty and pink, fashionable, flouncy, and fluffy. Mr. Sant, R.A., sometimes, and Mr. Backner always, thus favour the Academy with the latest mode of the milliner's shop. Then there are subject portraits—ladies at a card-table, actors playing their parts, gentlemen on horseback in the hunting-field; and thus, after the manner of Reynolds, sitters are by happy attitude and fitting action disposed into more or less charming pictures. Mr. Millais is the great master of this process of picture portraiture; Sir Francis Grant, Mr. Watts, and one or two others in minor degrees, also seek to escape monotony by action, incident, or pleasing accessories. Again, there is what may be termed the intellectual portrait; statesmen, men of science or of letters—usually endowed with fine brains, piercing eyes, firm or flexible lips—have generally a presence sufficiently pictorial to dispense with decorative or distracting details. Mr. Richmond, R.A., Mr. Knight, R.A., Mr. Watts, R.A., Mr. Millais, R.A., and Mr. Wells, R.A., have been, or are, identified in their art with some of the finest intellects of our age. Furthermore, a distinction may be made between naturalistic or realistic portraits and portraits which tend to historic or ideal treatment. To the former class belongs plebeianism in portraiture—e.g. heads of educated mechanics, manufacturers suddenly become art patrons; the figures are usually bulky and aldermanic; the hands, often free from the mill or the counter, are naturally wanting in the graceful bend at the wrist, in the fine attenuation of the fingers, which mark the sitters of Van dyck from Charles I. downwards. This plebeian and commercial style may be characterized as solid and stolid. As an antidote there fortunately still exist certain historic or ideal treatments, in some measure borrowed from the old masters, but also taken direct from nature, the artist working on the immutable principles which the great painters discovered or exemplified. Mr. Watts, and also occasionally Mr. Richmond, draw, paint, and plan their portraits in accordance with historic precedents. Take, for example, the head by Mr. Watts of his fellow-Academician, Mr. Calderon (153); the manner is that of Titian. This now exceptional mode seems to depend on three leading conditions—selection of the governing idea, sub-

jection of all that is rightly subordinate to that one idea, and lastly, the surrender of everything which detracts from the mental or pictorial value of the idea. It would appear to be needful to the perfection of this ideal portraiture that the idea chosen should be identified with the sitter in his happiest moments. It is to be feared that the portraits in the Academy, judged by any such standards, show the decadence of art.

Mr. Sant has accomplished a difficult task with fair credit. Among Royal pictures—seldom distinguished by art merit—ranks well the large portrait of "Her Majesty the Queen, with her Grandchildren, the Princes Albert Victor and George and Princess Victoria of Wales" (259). Mr. Sant is a great improvement on M. Winterhalter. For children he has had few equals since Reynolds, as will be at once apparent from the picture of the youthful "Son of Henry R. Farrer, Esq." (313). No doubt Mr. Millais has thrown off a more consummate work of art in the prettiest boy picture of the year, that of "Master Liddell, son of Charles Liddell, Esq." (280). In the drawing we recognize a subtlety and sense of beauty common to Vandyck and Lawrence; in the subdued splendour of colour we might fancy ourselves among the Venetians. But the painter's triumph is reserved for three sisters, who will henceforth be scarcely less famous in picture galleries than the three daughters of Palma Vecchia. Art quality, rather than accuracy in likeness, has rendered portraits celebrated; great historic portraits, with few exceptions, are prized less as portraits than as pictures. To this rule "Hearts are Trumps" (223) may prove no exception, inasmuch as it seems doubtful whether the three "Daughters of Walter Armstrong, Esq." (223) will ever take their place in the family portrait gallery, the picture being said to have found a purchaser among the general public on the abstract ground of art merit. And indeed in skilful, brilliant, and rapid handling, in colour daring and dazzling, yet in keeping and concord, in light-giving lustre not less refulgent than luminous frescoes in Italy, these portraits are more than portraits. Persons curious in technique will find it worth while to examine the workmanship both close and at a distance. Near to the eye the strokes of the brush seem random and ragged, the paint stands boldly out as if the canvas were a bas-relief, the draperies appear sketchy and unfinished, the whole picture indeed looks careless and offhand; yet if the spectator will stand back six or eight feet, the composition at once comes together and tells with a force so extraordinary that every adjacent picture suffers loss. A humorous writer has conjectured that "the artist must have painted with a brush about eight feet long, working upon a swivel like a duck-gun." Mr. Millais passes from gay to grave when he comes to deal with "Sir James Paget, Bart." (554), a portrait of calm outlook, with that air of mental introspection which anxious thought or responsibility induces. Another figure by Mr. Millais we mention for the sake of comparison with the assailable colouring of Mr. Orchardson. "The Marquis of Westminster" (567), by the former, and the "Portrait of a Lady" (492), by the latter, are hung as companion pictures; in each the figure is as red as that of a Cardinal. Mr. Millais takes pains to mitigate the hunting-coat; Mr. Orchardson, on the contrary, makes the lady's dress a blaze of fiercest red; and yet the head stands out firmly, and balance is restored by a skilful play of complementary colour in the background. This portrait is a fearless venture; in other hands it might have turned out a fearful failure.

It were wearisome to mention one half of the portraits which reach that safest of all standards, respectable mediocrity. We must not forget, however, "The Lord Poltimore and Hounds" (337), the great achievement of the President. In clear daylight, pleasant but chalky, his lordship appears on horseback; in fine perspective, all "chiaro" and no "oscuro," the landscape and distant huntsman are seen over the backs of about twenty hounds, who joyfully wag twenty tails in honour of "The Cattistock Hunt." The picture is good of its kind. For the sake of brevity we simply indicate portraits more or less distinguished by individuality and artistic treatment, from Mr. Goodall, R.A. (545), Mr. Wells, R.A. (220), M. Gallait, H.F.A., Mr. Elmore, R.A. (367), Mr. Calderon, R.A. (65), Mr. Richmond, R.A. (194, 336), Mr. W. B. Richmond (172), Mr. Prinsep (1080), Mr. Herdman, R.S.A. (475), Mr. Archer, R.S.A. (283), Mr. Macbeth, A.R.S.A. (1026), M. Bauerle (583), Mr. Oulless (366), Mr. J. C. Moore (32), and Mr. Whistler (941). This list might be extended almost indefinitely, so universal has the painting of portraits become among Academicians and others. A survey of the entire collection would seem to point to the natural conclusion that the artist who paints portraits and nothing else falls into monotony and a restricted range, whereas painters who descend to portraiture from the higher sphere of historic or creative art are more fertile in the expedients whereby dull heads may be enlivened, plain faces adorned, or subjects otherwise unpromising transmuted into agreeable pictures. Marked originality or bold departure from ordinary routine is exceptional; of such exceptional merit, however, we may quote two examples. One is a little girl in a riding dress with a whip in her hand (32), a simple enough theme. But Mr. J. C. Moore has managed to throw into the figure a quaintness, independence, and personality which we might expect to find in one of the early Italian artists were to sit down to paint modern character in modern costume. Mr. Moore was first known to us in landscape, and the harmony he evoked out of greys and sandy tints on the banks of the golden Tiber he still retains in his portraits. Another portrait, wholly exceptional, we owe to

Mr. Whistler, known in etching as a consummate master of light and shade. For chiaroscuro, for tone, for tender and true relations between light and shade, the "Arrangement in Grey and Black, Portrait of the Painter's Mother" (941), is very skilful. The attitude of the figure, seated and in profile, seems to have been suggested by two famous statues—the portrait of Agrippina in the Capitol, and Canova's portrait of the mother of Napoleon I. at Chatsworth. Yet Mr. Whistler has so blurred the face that we can hardly suppose portraiture was his primary purpose; the main motive would seem to be a play on monotone, and the one colour is so managed as to suggest many—an illusion known in the sister art of engraving.

The Slade Professor at the London University has thought fit to speak at the Royal Institution in disparagement of landscape; he would, in fact, exalt figure painting to the annihilation of landscape art—that art in which it used to be thought our English school stood supreme. Landscape painting, asserts Mr. Poynter, is the mere transcript and imitation of nature; figure painting, it is assumed, is something more; therefore we are to conclude that figure painting is superior to landscape painting. A ready answer to this argument would seem to be that each art is just what a painter chooses to make of it; that the human figure may be degraded quite as easily as a tree, a mountain, or a sky, and that, on the other hand, each element in a landscape can be, and has been, exalted by painters gifted with poetic insight and creative imagination. In proof of this position may be quoted the much decried John Martin and Francis Danby in our English school, and Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa among foreign schools. We so fully agree with the high tone of Mr. Poynter's teachings that we the more regret he should have failed to see that the ideal principles which he enunciates may yet save our landscape art from the meanness and triviality of servile imitation. And indeed, on looking round the Academy, it would seem to us that in the utter discomfiture of the so-called pre-Raffaellites the path of the future no longer leads downwards, but upwards. At all events, in the landscapes of Mr. Vicat Cole (110, 550), Mr. Leader (151), Mr. Peter Graham (1055), Mr. Dillon (946), and Mr. Raven (84) we recognize an effort to bring the scattered elements of nature into subordination, unity, and symmetry; to give just value to the primary conception, the ruling idea; to reduce composition to a system and a law. Even Mr. Raven, who has struggled through a trying apprenticeship to pre-Raffaellism, learns at last the distinction between a study and a picture, the difference between art and nature; he sees the necessity of merging detail which militates against the dominant sentiment. Such, in short, seems to be the secret of his success in "A Hampshire Homestead" (84); each leaf that quivers against the sunset sky is brought into keeping with the quietude which has taken undisturbed possession of the landscape. In like manner Mr. Vicat Cole, in "Noon" (110), the chief landscape of the year, has been at infinite pains to bring the foreground tapestry of purple heather, green ferns, and golden sand, into keeping with the blue, the gold, and the grey of the distant valley and the outlying hills. Mr. J. T. Linnell also, in a lovely scene on the "English Coast" (555), has managed to reduce into unison of line and concord of colour a complex composition of sky, sea, wooded headland, and branching tree. Again, for a symmetry of proportion which might satisfy even a figure painter, and for sculpturesque modelling of mountain forms, we would point to Mr. Leader's "Flood on a Welsh River" (151). Likewise, as an example of the beauty and grandeur of which landscape art is capable, as a proof of the power gained by scale, elevation, space, atmosphere, we need only refer to Mr. Graham's "Cradle of the Sea-bird" (1055). It may be objected that Mr. Graham and his fellow-countryman, Mr. MacWhirter (248), surrender too much to unity; that, in seeking grandeur and mystery, they are apt to merge form and to blur outline. It may be pleaded in answer that the subjects selected are not from sunny Italy, but from murky Scotland. Another Northern aspect of nature, green, grey, and cool, is depicted by Mr. Millais in two landscapes which, notwithstanding admitted merits, are far from satisfactory. "Flowing to the River" (56) is detailed to the point of being scattered; while, on the contrary, "Flowing to the Sea" (71) is broad to vacancy. Yet these pictures contain some admirable passages; the sky is full of daylight, the leaves shake in the breeze and sparkle in the sun, and the rattling mill-stream rushes at full speed. Mr. Millais brings a keen, fresh eye to landscape; he seems to take a lively enjoyment in nature, and it is easy to recognize an unflinching endeavour to paint just what he sees. These pictures have somewhat of personal interest; they tell the views held of landscape art by the greatest of living figure painters.

Marine painting has changed greatly since the days of Clarkson Stanfield. Instead of Atlantic swells in mid ocean, we have small chopped seas breaking on the shore; and in place of men-of-war, now too unpicturesque for art purposes, we have small fishing craft. In the way of coast scenes, with high cliff, pebbly beach, and wet reflecting sands, there is no more thorough study than "Chalk and Firestone Rocks forming part of the Undercliff, Isle of Wight" (540), by Mr. Cooke, R.A. Also unsurpassed, especially for colour and for character, is Mr. Hook's "Gold of the Sea" (265). Among less known men may be named Mr. H. Macallum and Mr. Hunter; "Herring Trawlers" (899) by the latter is a vigorous, uncompromising study of stormy seas. But the grandest transcripts of tumultuous seas once again come from Mr. Brett and Mr. Henry Moore. We have seldom, indeed, encountered a more dashing, crashing scene than Mr. Moore's "Winter Gale in the Channel" (921). The waves

have a grand sweep and swinging motion, and yet the forms are not lost in spray, nor are the large masses merged in small details. There is power in this wild strife of the elements. Mr. Brett treats similar subjects in a different style from Mr. Moore; he is a painter of phenomena, and his pictures are as literal as charts. In "White- and Bay" (912) he again seizes on a striking atmospheric effect; the sun in mid sky glides clouds which rise in mountainous masses above the horizon. Also "Anticipations of a Wild Night" (938) may be noted for wave drawing; wave within wave, light on the surface, light in the depth, colour reflected, and colour transmitted. Mr. Brett is one of the very few painters whose works bear a scientific test.

The Academy has again been severely criticized for errors in natural history. A year or two ago a florist complained in our hearing that Japanese chrysanthemums had been painted with the green leaves belonging to the ordinary varieties. And this year we are informed that Mr. Ansell (364) has thrown birds into society that always fly in solitude, which is about the same as to turn a solitary hermit into a social monk. It is also pointed out that Mr. Hook (265) has painted a catch of fish which the boat in the offing could not have caught. It is likewise obvious that the Highlander in Mr. Millais's landscape is at least four times too large for the boat on the shore; he could only cross the ferry piecemeal, a leg at a time. It is one thing to contend that art should teach science, but it is wholly another matter to plead that art should contravene science; or, in other words, set at naught nature. At all events one point the Academy makes sufficiently clear—that while science advances, art is at a standstill. The Exhibition of the present year shows retrogression rather than progress. It is mediocre, and below the average.

#### THE GRAND PRIX AND ASCOT.

CREMORNE has followed up his Derby victory by carrying off the great Paris race in a canter. The field was but small, the Duke of Hamilton starting three out of the nine runners, and succeeding in obtaining the second place with Barbillon. The hopes of the French were centred on Berryer and Revigny; but the latter has done so much work already this season as to require a period of rest, and the former sadly disappointed his adherents. Reine, winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, was a fair third, which in itself points to the moderate quality of those who finished behind her; for it is difficult to say what amount of weight would bring Cremorne and Reine together. In truth the task set for the Derby winner was of the easiest nature possible; and having borne the journey without misadventure, and arrived fit and well, the race was little more than a canter for him. He waited till a quarter of a mile from the winning-post, and directly he was allowed to come away, his superior speed made him clear in a moment of all his opponents, and, pursuit being hopeless, he won at his leisure. Mr. Savile has now won the Grand Prix twice, his former victory being with The Ranger in 1863, the first year of the race. Since then the honours have been divided pretty equally between France and England, for Fervacques, who won in 1867, was always trained in England, and can scarcely be claimed as a French horse.

Ascot opened under every possible disadvantage of weather, rain falling almost incessantly throughout the first day. The arrangements and accommodation at Ascot are more suited to sunshine than to storm; but for those who braved the weather, the intrinsic excellence of the first day's racing—so far as it could be seen under the circumstances—was a sufficient reward. The Spagnoletti telegraph, we may add, was at last in successful operation; but the numbers are too small to be easily discernible from the Grand Stand and enclosure without the aid of a glass. The same remark applies to the numbers hoisted near the judge's chair. The course was naturally very heavy after the continued rains. Passing over the Trial Stakes, which attracted a large field of moderate horses, we come to the Queen's Stand Plate. The two-year-olds in this included Siluria (sister to Wenlock) and The Taster—presumably not far from the best two-year-old form at present shown; Drummond and Bertram were among the three-year-olds; and Digby Grand, Bauernfinger, and Vex did battle for the older horses. Unlike last year, when Chopette galloped away from her field, the two-year-olds never showed prominently in the race, which at the distance seemed at the mercy of Digby Grand, whom Fordham brought along close under the rails at the Stand side of the course, quite wide of the others. Bertram, however, though running rather ungenerously at the finish, just managed to get his head in front in the very last stride. Digby Grand was meeting Bertram on better terms than in the City and Suburban, where he conceded two stones and beat Mr. Barclay's horse by a length and a half; but the shorter course at Ascot probably suited Bertram better. He is a horse of fine speed, and, it will be remembered, was fourth in the Derby. But though it was said at the time that, but for a disappointment at Tattenham Green, he would have finished nearer the leaders, we think his present running shows that he could have no chance with Cremorne over a distance of ground. There was nothing very grand in getting fourth in the Derby this year, considering the ordinary quality of the majority of the runners. The distance in the Queen's Stand Plate was not far enough for Bauernfinger who, we are persuaded, is a far better horse over a mile or further than over a T.Y.C. course. Twice this year he has failed over short

courses, but the three races he has run over a mile and a mile and a quarter he has carried off with consummate ease.

The great event of the day, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, brought out eleven runners. For a few minutes Cremorne's number was also exhibited, but in consideration of his recent exertions, and in view of future engagements, it was taken down. As it turned out, he would infallibly have won, despite his penalty; but it was only fair to a good horse to give him a rest after his expedition to France. Queen's Messenger's 5 lbs. penalty raised his weight to 9 st. 1 lb.; Almoner had a 3 lbs. penalty; Khedive, Xanthus, and Lighthouse carried the standard weight of 8 st. 10 lbs., while Drumochter, Lord Gough, Louise Victoria, and Wenlock had the benefit of the full allowances, though in the case of Wenlock 2 lbs. extra were carried to obtain the services of Fordham. Winalow and Wolfhall, a dark son of Savernake from the Fyfield stable, made up the field. On paper the race appeared a match between Queen's Messenger and Wenlock, and certainly it did not seem that either in the Two Thousand or the Derby Lord Falmouth's horse gave Lord Wilton's a 10 lbs. beating. It was certain, however, that the former could stay, while there were grave doubts whether the latter was adapted to a long course. A wonderful change had been effected in Khedive since April, when not only Chopette, but Drummond also, beat him off over the Howley Mile. Then he was wholly unfit to run; but now there was not a better trained or more muscular horse among the eleven. Last year his best performance was running a dead heat with Madge Wildfire at Newmarket. At first sight such credentials do not appear very trustworthy; but it must be remembered that Madge Wildfire has gone all to pieces this year, and her running must not be taken at all into account. Drumochter is a powerful horse, with a fine stride, and acquitted himself very fairly in the race. The pace was very fair, considering the state of the ground, which, especially on the far side of the course, was particularly holding. At the turn into the straight it looked 100 to 1 against Queen's Messenger, who was quite shut out, and for whom French was vainly endeavouring to clear a way to the front. At length he pulled him round to the outside, but it seemed that, as in the Derby, it would scarcely be possible for him to make up the ground thereby lost. He was nearly abreast of Khedive and Drumochter, who were leading, opposite the Stand; and thenceforward answering every call made on him in the gamest manner possible, he gradually wore his two opponents down, and won a very good race by a neck from Lord Zetland's horse. Drumochter was third, Wenlock a bad fourth, and Louise Victoria, who showed good speed for a mile and a quarter, fifth. The race settled one question at any rate namely, about Wenlock's staying powers, and proved conclusively that he neither likes a hill nor a long course. Despite his great advantage in the weights, he was beaten much further by Queen's Messenger than in the Two Thousand or Derby; in fact, he was never formidable at any part of the race. Queen's Messenger, on the other hand, proved himself a real game, honest horse, though he is deficient in speed, is an awkward galloper, and is one of those animals who are always disappointed at turns, or shut in at critical moments. It is much better to bring such a horse wide round a turn and trust to his staying powers at the last than risk the consequences of attempting to get the inside place. Louise Victoria gave additional proof of the inferiority of the fillies this year to the colts, and the running of Almoner and Xanthus showed once more—though it has been made sufficiently clear already—that the Biennial form is not within a stone of the first, second, and third in the Two Thousand and Derby. Queen's Messenger's victory, and the attendant incidents of the race, make the St. Leger look an absolute certainty for him, but we shall never feel happy about him till we see him get safely round the last turn. Wenlock may run better on the flat course at Doncaster, but King Lud's running last Wednesday seemingly removes another opponent, whose Two Thousand running made him somewhat formidable. If Khedive continues to improve, as he has improved in the last two months, he will be a worthy representative of the most popular colours in the North of England.

The succeeding race, for the Gold Vase, set at rest another problem which has engaged the attention of racing men. Could Sterling, the best horse in the world, as he has been called, for whom ten thousand guineas have lately been offered and declined, stay two miles? There could not have been a more favourable opportunity for him to show his powers, for he had escaped all penalties, and was meeting his antagonists on equal terms. Nor were they a very magnificent lot, consisting, as they did, of Albert Victor, Corisande, Ringwood, Agility, Dutch Skater, and Alario. Corisande, as we have seen, has had as little luck this season as most of Baron Rothschild's horses, and Albert Victor was beaten in a canter two months ago at Newmarket by so moderate a horse as Eolo II. The remainder require no notice. The two months that have elapsed since the Orwen Meeting have been employed as usefully for Albert Victor as for Khedive; and it was curious that in two successive races two horses should be brought out who were such a complete contrast to their former selves at their last public appearance. At Newmarket Albert Victor was a mass of flesh, and rolled about over the Cambridgeshire hill from want of condition. Last Tuesday his flesh—comparatively speaking—had disappeared, and he looked hard and full of muscle. The running was made by Alario at his best pace, in case there should be a weak point in Sterling, and he held the lead for nearly a mile and a half. After spending the last turn Sterling came on, side by side with Albert Victor, and was going so easily, in his usual grand

style, that the race seemed won. Opposite the Stand, however, Cusance had to call on him for an increased effort, which the horse was totally unable to make, and Albert Victor drawing away at the same moment won easily by half a length. Nothing could be clearer than that Sterling was running out of his distance, for he had not the faintest struggle left in him in the last hundred yards. So far as regards Cup races we should imagine that Sterling's fate is settled, but he may still regain his fame as the best horse of the day at a mile or a mile and a quarter. We may well pass rapidly over the Ascot Stakes, once the greatest, now the most insignificant, race of the week, and contested on this occasion by nine horses, including two hurdle racers and one notorious cripple. Cantinière galloped away from His Grace for the Biennial, and then Baron Rothschild's ill-luck as nearly as possible pursued him to the end of the day, for in the Triennial Hannah only just succeeded in reaching Ripponden in the last few strides, and beating Mr. Savile's horse by a head.

On Wednesday the weather was favourable, and the racing, though wanting in the exciting features of the first day's sport, was sufficiently agreeable, though in one of the most popular and prettiest races of the year, the Royal Hunt Cup, there was a great falling off in the number of starters. Cremorne running against Malahide over a mile course at even weights had no occasion to hurry himself unnecessarily; but it was satisfactory to see that Mr. Savile's horse was fresh and well after his long journey. The second race was an equally easy affair for Prince Charlie, who over a five-furlong course disposed of Trombone and Siluria without much exertion. Cremorne, in consideration of his penalty, being withdrawn from the Ascot Derby, that race was left to Drumochter, King Lud, and Laburnum, at 8 st. 3 lbs. each, and Bustard, 8 st. 10 lbs. The third in the Prince of Wales's Stakes accomplished a very clever victory, Bustard and King Lud running a dead heat for second place, and the unfortunate Laburnum finishing last. Drumochter's victory is an additional recommendation to Queen's Messenger, while, if so moderate a horse as Bustard can give King Lud 7 lbs., Lord Zetland's horse cannot be good for much. The ancient Fervacques, who has experienced so many vicissitudes in his racing career, now a Grand Prix winner, now a hurdle racer, won the Visitors' Plate easily from Balmston, Wenlock's trial horse, and not nearly good enough to try a Derby horse. Then came the Hunt Cup, for which only nineteen started, speed being well represented by Hamlet, Oxonian, Anton, Fisherman, and Sir Robert Walpole. Among the remainder were Ripponden, Falkirk, Bonny Swell, Helmet, and Bordeaux. Curiously enough the selected favourite was Theodoros, an animal whose public performances have been despicable, and whose appearance is about equal to his performances. But he was the representative of a stable supposed to be invincible in races of this description, and that was sufficient. A four-year old, with 5 st. 9 lbs. on his back, he was never in the race, and might be at once advantageously promoted to the cab rank. It was surprising that Ripponden's high public trial with Hannah on the previous day should have escaped general attention. It was equivalent to putting Hannah in the Hunt Cup at 6 st. 12 lbs., and even if she is not so good now as last year, what pretensions has a wretched hack like Theodoros to beat her at a difference of little more than a stone? Anyhow the trial was the true clue to the race, and Ripponden won easily from Falkirk, Hamlet being third, and Sir Robert Walpole fourth. Paladin, by Fitzgerald out of Queen Bertha (Queen's Messenger's dam), won the Triennial in such style as to be forthwith installed favourite for the Derby of 1873, and then Highland Lassie won the Coronation Stakes, beating Guadalupe and Chance, and making the form of the three-year-old fillies more confused than ever. The only thing to be said is that they are all so moderate that they cannot get out of one another's way.

This is a year of disaster for Baron Rothschild, as much as last year was of triumph for him. His great champion, Favonius, was beaten for the much-prized Gold Cup by Henry, and thus in two days not only have Sterling and Favonius, whom we had regarded as an almost invincible pair, experienced mortifying defeats, but a French-bred horse has once more beaten in fair fight the pride of the English thoroughbreds. Henry, it will be remembered, won the Newmarket Derby last autumn, disposing of Bothwell, Digby Grand, and Cleveland with great ease. Afterwards he was made a great favourite for the Cambridgeshire, but the course did not suit him, and he never showed in the race. He is by Monarque out of Miss Ion. It is curious that just after ten thousand guineas have been offered for Sterling and twelve thousand for Favonius they should both be beaten, and M. Lefevre must be pleased to find that he has better horses in his own stable than any he can buy, even at fabulous prices.

## REVIEWS.

ORISSA.\*

THIS book endeavours to delineate the inner life of an Indian province. The words in which Mr. Hunter describes the scene of the new instalment of his *Annals of Rural Bengal* are the special value which his work will have for

English readers. They need to have the vastness and complexity of their great dependency brought home to them in a way in which no general history, however comprehensive, can do this. They have to realise that each Indian province has had its own revolutions—physical, religious, and political; that these revolutions have borne no other resemblance to one another than that general resemblance which exists between the histories of England, Germany, and Spain; that in dealing with the inhabitants of India they are dealing with people differing from one another in race, in religion, in moral and physical antecedents, more completely than the inhabitants of the least related countries of Europe. Nothing but the detailed history of each of the separate countries which make up that India which they think it so easy to govern can force an entrance for these facts into their brains. Mr. Hunter's work is admirably suited to supply this want. He writes with great knowledge, great sympathy with the Indian people, a keen and quick appreciation of all that is striking and romantic in their history and character, and with a flowing and picturesque style which carries the reader lightly over ground which in less skilful hands might seem tedious beyond endurance.

Orissa is best known to Englishmen in connexion with the terrible famines by which it has from time to time been visited. They come from two sources—floods and drought; flood, as a rule, being the worse enemy of the two, but not producing the utter and terrible misery which is caused by drought on a great scale. The local rainfall of 62½ inches is an adequate water supply for the rice crop which is the staple of Orissa; but when the rain fails, the whole available water supply of the district goes, and "nothing remains for the people but to die." In 1770 ten millions died of starvation, and in 1866, even with all the increased facilities of communication, 750,000 persons died from the same cause. Yet at a different period of each of these years of drought Orissa had more water than it knew what to do with. Three great rivers, laden with the accumulated waters of 57,000 square miles of territory, descend into the plain within thirty miles of each other. Their currents, suddenly checked by the change from the tableland, break up into a hundred branches, which after struggling by innumerable interlacings and bifurcations towards the coast, reunite for the most part with one or other of the parent channels as they approach the sea. Vast quantities of silt are brought down suspended in the water, and as the stream becomes more sluggish this is deposited partly in the bed of the river, partly on its banks. In this way the bed and bank rise together until the river runs at a higher level than that of the surrounding country, and moreover runs in a channel which by constant accumulation of sand is constantly becoming more unable to hold the water with which it is occasionally charged. The Mahanadi sends down when in full flood 1,800,000 cubic feet of water per second, of which only about 900,000 cubic feet can find an outlet through its channels to the sea. Half of the torrent is left to burst over the banks and to distribute itself over the surrounding country. During the fifteen years ending in 1866 there was only one in which it was not necessary to grant remissions of revenue on this score. In 1866, in the single district of Parf, one-ninth of the entire surface was under water from five to forty-five days. The floods were nowhere less than three feet deep, while in whole villages they were ten feet deep:—

Thousands of miserable families floated about in canoes, on bamboo rafts, on trunks of trees, or on rice stacks, which threatened every moment to dissolve into fragments beneath them. No lives were lost in the first rush of the waters, for the unhappy inhabitants of these regions knew but too well from previous experience what they had to expect, and live in a constant preparation for calamity. Most of the hamlets have boats tied to the houses; and for miles the high thatched roofs are firmly held down by bamboo stakes, so as to afford a refuge in time of flood. Starving colonies might be seen thus perched above the waters. Every banyan-tree had its rooting of human beings, whilst the Brahmins effected settlements on the roofs of their brick temples and looked down in safety as the floods roared past. The common danger disarmed all creatures of their natural antipathies. Snakes glided up the rocks, and burrowed harmlessly in the thatch. Others, less fortunate, wriggled up trees, and whenever a canoe or a log of wood passed, slid down into the water and swam along the surface with head erect towards the ark which their instinct told them would bear them to dry land. From the first the cattle suffered terribly. Sheep and goats were carried away by herds in the torrent, and in a few days their carcasses came to the surface and floated about covered with crows and scavenging kites. The most pitiable sight of all was the plough cattle standing in shallow pools up to their necks, and hungrily snapping the barren waters for food until they sank exhausted into the slime. During the first days of the flood every branch, or twig, or bundle of hay was covered with ants, beetles, flies, and a hundred forms of minute life. By degrees starvation did its work, and the wearied animals relaxed their hold. Before the thirty days were over many a famished family had also sunk beneath the waters.

Until now the only attempt made at preventing these disasters has been by artificially raising the banks of the rivers. This system is still in force, but continual failures have greatly discredited it. To supplement it a system of canals has been constructed. Three vast weirs, one of them a mile and a quarter long, have been thrown across the three channels into which the Mahanadi divides when it issues from the mountains. From the reservoirs thus formed four canals stretch in various directions across the delta, forming trade routes to the sea or to the Hooghly river, and irrigating enormous tracts of land. These canals benefit the province in three ways. They collect the superfluous water in the rainy season; they discharge it in the season of drought; and they serve as channels for the sale of the produce brought from without if a famine occurs when all the produce of the country is difficult to dispose of. The Indian peasant, however, who has to pay for the canals is to be paid for. The Indian peasant, however, who has to pay for the canals is to be paid for.



water which is thus brought to his door until famine is actually upon him. "Then indeed a rush is made upon the canal, and thousands of acres are irrigated from them." But during the intervening years in which the rainfall has been sufficient the canal has paid no interest on the capital invested in it, and the Government has been forced to raise it, together with the cost of maintaining the canal, by some new and unpopular tax. Indian statesmen are divided as to the best means of meeting this state of things. One section, headed by the late Viceroy, is in favour of a compulsory water-rate—to be levied, however, only in places where there is an ascertained rise in the cultivator's profits after paying the irrigation-rate. The other section, headed by Lord Napier of Magdala, holds that a compulsory water-rate would defeat itself, by making canals and irrigation works unpopular. This latter argument seems, we confess, to depreciate unduly the intelligence of the Indian peasant. If he were asked to pay for the improvement of the province generally, or for the construction of public works the effect of which he could not foresee, it might be reasonable to assume that he would be unwilling. But in this case he is asked to pay for works the utility of which in time of drought he already perceives, and the utility of which at all times is capable of being proved to him by plain figures and actual examples.

A water-rate is not the only tax about the application of which to Orissa great differences of opinion exist. The Government duty on salt in Bengal, including Orissa, is nearly double what it is in the adjoining Presidency of Madras. Some Indian physicians object to this tax altogether, as tending to reduce the consumption of salt below the amount which the health of the population requires. Mr. Hunter has carefully examined the statistics adduced in support of this theory, and his conclusion is that, even at the present rate of taxation, "the general population of Orissa can afford to use as much salt as keeps the criminal classes in good health under the unfavourable conditions of prison life." There seems no reason, therefore, for reducing the salt-tax in Orissa. But there is one very sufficient reason against levying different duties on the same article in Orissa and in Madras. The Mahānadi is the natural channel through which the rice, grain, cotton, and other rural products of Central India should be sent down to the coast to be exchanged for salt :—

But the salt duty of Bengal and Orissa so greatly exceeds the rate in Madras, that the peasantry of inner India find it cheaper to send their goods by a long and costly land route to the Madras district of Ganjam than to float them down the Mahanadi to Cuttack on the Orissa side of the Customs line. . . . It is as if we had thrown a wall across one of the finest trade routes in the world. Our salt duty practically blockades the Mahanadi just as effectually as if we had filled it up with rocks.

Either, therefore, the Madras rate ought to be raised, or the Orissa rate ought to be lowered. The fact that the people of Orissa—as poor a population as any in India—can afford to use all the salt they really want while it is taxed at the highest rate, leads Mr. Hunter to pronounce in favour of the former course. It would, he argues, immensely increase the Imperial revenue, involve no new machinery for collection, decrease Indian expenditure by enabling the Government to do away in part with the internal Customs lines, and restore to Orissa its sole source of commerce—the trade of Central India. With this increase there should, Mr. Hunter suggests, be coupled a provision for remitting the duty on salt used to cure fish. The peasantry of Orissa consume great quantities of fish imperfectly dried in the sun, and more or less rotten. The decomposing mass is stored up in baskets, and sparingly doled out to the household as the only dish they can afford to their monotonous rice diet. Were it not for the high price of salt, this relish, made wholesome as regards quality and immeasurably increased in quantity, would become the staple food of the province. The estuaries of the great Orissa delta yield an endless supply of fish; all that is wanting to give the people a great additional security against famine is the means by which this fish may be kept for eating throughout the year.

The most striking part of the *Annals of Rural Bengal* was the description of the Santals, the aboriginal population of Boerbhoom. The second volume of Mr. Hunter's new work contains a scarcely less interesting account of the Kandihs, the aboriginal race of the hill-country of Orissa. Kandh society depends on two principles—family and election. In each family the absolute authority rests with the father. The sons have no property during their father's lifetime, and "all the male children, with their wives and descendants, continue to share the father's meal, prepared by the common mother." These families are united in common villages, and also in septs and tribes. The sept and the tribe are alike governed by a patriarch, who represents the common ancestor, and the eldest son of the patriarchal family has a natural title to the post. If, however, he is considered unfit for it, he is silently passed over, as though by family arrangement, and a brother or an uncle is taken in his room. The Kandh patriarch

The World economy is built by industry of cooperation on the

part of the family and property or cultivation on the part of the individual, and passes from vendor to purchaser by the symbolical delivery of a handful of the earth. Sales on so the right or land are determined by judicial ordeal. A lump of the disputed soil or rice, steeped in the blood of a sheep killed in the name of the Earth God, will kill the perjured seller. An oath upon a tiger's skin condemns the false avenger to be slain by a tiger. The Kandh religion is a strange compound of aboriginal and Hindu rites. They have adopted the worship of Kali, the wife of Siva, as being the aide of Hindu worship that best falls in with a religion which is exclusively one of terror. The Earth God, the chief of the native deities, could only be turned from his constant hostility to man by human sacrifices. Twice a year each tribe or village made its solemn offering of deprecation and sprinkled itself with the blood of the victims. In all times of public calamity additional sacrifices were demanded, and any special family disaster was commemorated in the same way. The victims were provided by one of the low castes attached to the Kandh villages, whose business it was to buy up or kidnap children from the Hindus of the plain. This was the character of their religion down to 1836. In that year the tribes passed under the care of the English Government, and the system of human sacrifices was at once attacked. Its extinction is due to a young English officer, Lieutenant Macpherson, and the means employed by him were the exhibition of the British Government in the light of an authority supplying certain admitted wants and exacting certain concessions in return. "The voluntary and permanent acknowledgment of our sovereignty by these rude societies," he said, "must depend upon our ability to discharge beneficially and acceptably towards them some portions of the duty of sovereignty." Each Kandh tribe submitted with absolute content to the patriarchal authority, but there was no power capable of arbitrating between different tribes; and this power, which centuries of feuds had taught the Kandhs the want of, though they had not taught them how to supply it, was furnished by their new rulers. A special agent was appointed for dealing with the Kandhs, who "confines himself to putting a stop to blood feuds, adjusting dangerous disputes likely to lead to them, and taking cognizance of any heinous crimes." When Lieutenant Macpherson has thus established the British authority "on a basis of mutual goodwill," he took in hand the system of human sacrifices. He left the Kandhs themselves alone, and addressed himself exclusively to the arrangements by which the victims were obtained. In a few years the supply was absolutely at an end. The low caste men who kidnapped or bought them for their masters had no religious motive in obtaining them, and any other motive, whether of interest or obedience, was overpowered by the fear of consequences. Lieutenant Macpherson's Report on the Kandhs, now thirty years old, still remains the great source of information as to their primitive state. It is to be regretted that Mr. Hunter has not told us more of their present condition. Especially it would be interesting to know what change has passed over their religious ideas since the abolition of human sacrifices. It is hard to conceive the position of a man profoundly believing in a God who can only be appeased by a particular kind of offering, and yet prevented from obtaining it. Has anything in the nature of a new revelation been resorted to in order to adapt the demands of the Earth God to the restricted powers of his servants? Or is the Earth God less esteemed since he has allowed his worship to be mulcted of its chief rite? Or have the efforts of the British Government, by making nature less hostile to man, diminished the dread of natural calamities in which the worship of the Earth God had its root? Or is the hold which a religion of pure terror has upon a people simply one of custom, which relaxes as soon as anything comes in to interrupt the immemorial tradition? These are all questions of the highest theological interest, and we wish that Mr. Hunter had helped us to answer them. We have only touched as yet on what may be called the practical and modern side of Orissan. The antiquarian side, including the remarkable religious history of the province, must be reserved for another notice.

**PALMER'S GREAT YARMOUTH!**

**Y**ARMOUTH has been fortunate in her local antiquaries, from Marship down to Dawson Turner; and Mr. Palmer, to judge from the book before us, is in carefulness and accuracy of research fully equal to the best of his predecessors. Of the two fields of inquiry which an English town presents he has chosen, indeed, the humbler and less pretending one. The constitutional history of our boroughs still for the most part awaits its historian, for even the stirring municipal revolutions of London have not as yet found any one to do for them what Thierry did for those of *Amiens* or *Leon*. In the case of Yarmouth the attraction of the story is undoubtedly very great. It presents almost a unique instance of what is common enough abroad—the town dependent on another town. The relation of the Cinque Ports to their subject municipalities on the Southern coast was almost exactly equivalent to that of the Hanseatic League towards the dependent ports along the coast of North Germany, but their control over Yarmouth had the peculiarity of being suspended only during a limited period of the year. Throughout the whole time of the town's

*The Substitution of Great Yarns with Gaskets and Sealings*  
by Charles John Wilson, F.R.S. Vol. 1. Great Yarns; George Allen  
1972.

herring-fair, from Michaelmas to Martinmas, the higher justice of the town remained in the hands of two of the Cinque Ports Barons; and even after the Charter of King John had conferred on Yarmouth the full privileges of self-government, the only concession which could be wrested from the great merchant league of the South was that the town-bailiffs should be joined with its own in the exercise of their oppressive jurisdiction. Struggle followed struggle, and on one occasion a bailiff of the Cinque Ports was killed in the streets of Yarmouth, but it was not till the time of the Great Rebellion that the yoke was finally shaken off. Edward Owner, who plays the most conspicuous part in its history during the Civil War, seems to have been the leader in this effort of municipal patriotism; he was accused before the Earl Marshal, on the very verge of the greater national struggle, of having received the bailiffs with "insolency," and "infringed their rights and privileges in place and precedence," and he was no doubt the instigator of the refusal of Yarmouth to contribute to the annual compensation for their expenses. Perhaps the only parallel to so late a struggle for municipal freedom is to be found in the effort made by both Oxford and Cambridge at the opening of the Civil War to shake off the supremacy of their Universities; but while this effort failed, that of Yarmouth was rewarded with success, for we find no record of any visit from the officers of the Cinque Ports after 1662. Nor is it only in its outer history that Yarmouth recalls the Hanse Towns. The source of its mercantile prosperity was the same as that of the great German League. The weavers of Flanders seem to have made a settlement in the town during the reign of Henry I., but its real prosperity dates from the moment when it took to herring-curing. There is a touch of the mythical in the alleged origin of the famous "Yarmouth Bloater." "At a time," Nash tells us in his *Lenten Stuff*, "when chimneys were not and when coal was unknown, a fire of wood was placed in the centre of the principal room of the house, and the smoke was allowed to escape through the roof, a fisherman who had hung up several rows of fresh herrings, and forgotten to take them down for some time, found them, when he did so, of a golden colour, and the meat deliciously cured." There is in Nash's tale a smack of Charles Lamb and his account of the discovery of roast pig; but, whatever the origin of it, the process of curing remained confined to Yarmouth for many centuries, and its great herring-fair drew dealers not only from England, but from France and the Low Countries. The port seems to have attained its greatest importance in the fourteenth century, when it furnished Edward III. with a larger number of vessels and mariners than any other single town along his coasts. But even two hundred years later the commercial features of Yarmouth are described in a striking passage from a contemporary pamphlet by Tobias Gentleman on English trade:—

Hithor, he says, "do resort all the fishermen of the Cinque Ports, and all the rest of the west countrymen of England, as far as Bridport and Lyme in Dorsetshire; and these herrings that they take they do not barrel because their boats are but small things, but sell all unto the Yarmouth herring buyers for ready money; and also the fishermen of the north countries beyond Scarborough and Robin Hood's Bay, and some as far as the Bishoprick of Durham, do hither resort yearly, in poor little boats called five-men cobbles; and all the herrings that they take, they sell fresh unto the Yarmouth men to make red herrings. Also to Yarmouth do daily come into the haven up to the keel; all or most part of the great fleet of Hollanders, that go in sword-pinks, Holland-toads, crab-skulls, walnut-shells, and great and small yeares, one hundred and two hundred sail at a time; and all the herrings that they do bring in, they sell for ready money to the Yarmouth men; and also the Frenchmen of Picardy and Normandy, some hundred sail of them at a time do come hither, and all the herrings they catch they sell fresh unto the Yarmouth herring-mongers for ready gold; so that it amounteth unto a great sum of money that the Hollanders and Frenchmen do carry away yearly from Yarmouth into France and Holland;" and he complains that the Hollanders, not content with taking the fish when quick, take them again when dead, for when the Yarmouth buyers had converted the catch into red herrings, they again stepped in and conveyed them to Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles, Toulon, and other places.

"In all His Majesty's dominions," adds the writer, "there is not any town comparable to it for house buildings." It is curious that the eulogy seems to have been deserved for some time longer, and that, in spite of its narrow rows and gridiron ground-plan, Yarmouth at the opening of the Georgian era was still looked up to as pre-eminent in beauty among its commercial rivals.

With such matters, however, Mr. Palmer meddles little. The field which he has chosen is one of less general interest, though of great local value; he wanders, in fact, up and down the various streets of the town, noting the past history of almost every house, and registering the past fortunes of their successive inhabitants. The mass of information which he has accumulated in this way, immense as it is, is a little burdensome to the general reader; but there are some leading facts which at once strike one in wading through it. One is, the importance of the great civic functions of towns like these. In a rough way we are in the habit of setting town against country, and of identifying the democratic principle with the one and the oligarchic with the other. But, whatever truth such a contrast may possess nowadays, there is only one short period in the past history of our English boroughs up to 1832 in which it possesses any truth at all. The period of the communal revolution, which was in fact only one phase of the great movement towards progress and liberty which found its representative in Simon de Montfort, is the only break in the oligarchic character of our municipal institutions. The merchant Guild which preceded it was in fact reproduced in the civic Corporations and Common Councils which followed it. Till the Municipal Reform Act, in fact, the government of English boroughs rested wholly in

the hands of a knot of wealthy families, by whom the municipal property was distributed for the benefit of the freemen. It is curious how little research has been expended on these great civic houses, and how generally their very existence is forgotten. In Oxford, for instance, the wisdom of the civic authorities has within living memory swept away the name of "Penyfarthing Street" as ridiculous and vulgar, and replaced it by that of "Pembroke," from the adjacent College. But the older name was really that of an illustrious city family, the Penyverthings, whose memory was preserved by it, as that of another family of the same eminence is still preserved in the "Peckwater" Quadrangle of Christchurch. Mr. Palmer has at any rate made blunders of sheer ignorance in such matters nearly impossible in Yarmouth. The Cubitts are a good instance of the industry with which he has traced the fortunes of a family which still remains essentially of the commercial class. As early as the fourteenth century we find a Cubitt joining the insurgents in the great communal rising which bears in common history the name of Wat Tyler. Throughout the hundred years which follow, the family seems to have held a certain ecclesiastical rank, and not only to have given vicars to a good many Norfolk livings, but even an abbot to the great monastery of St. Benet at Holme. About the time of the Reformation a branch of it seems to have been settled in Yarmouth, and to have given bailiffs to the town under Elizabeth. From this moment the name is constantly found in the records of the Corporation, and John Cubitt seems to have played a conspicuous part among his fellow-townsmen during the Great Rebellion. He was probably a Royalist, as we find him appointed to assess ship-money in two of the wards, and at a later period dismissed from office for "having removed his habitation out of the town," which was then strongly Parliamentary, for a whole year, so as to escape his share in the common burdens. The connexion of another great mercantile house, that of the Gurneys, with Yarmouth, is of a weaker kind, though one of the name bears in some pedigrees the name of "Baro de Yarmouth," and the family seems to have had for a time the castle in its hands. A name, however, of far wider notoriety illustrates in a very remarkable way the character of these local oligarchies, and the ease with which the absence of any such marked distinction between the two classes as prevailed in the feudalised countries of the Continent enabled the merchant to become the country gentleman, or the country gentleman the merchant. A Fastolfe or Falstaff was Bailiff of Yarmouth in 1281, another is among the first of its representatives in Parliament, and from that time members of the family filled the highest municipal offices. John Fastolfe, a man of considerable account in the town, purchased lands at the close of the fourteenth century in Caistor, and became the father of Sir John Fastolfe, who, after a distinguished military career, was luckless enough to give his name to Shakespeare's famous character. In Yarmouth, however, he was better known as a benefactor to the great church of St. Nicholas. "A chasuble of cloth of gold and eleven tunics" were a gift which must have endeared the memory of the worthy knight to the mediæval devotees of his native town.

In a book of this kind nothing is more curious than to see the little glimpses of life which peep out through the antiquarian details of its pages. Among the Yarmouth families, for instance, we find the ancestors of the present Lord Dudley and Ward, a house whose origin adds a new story to the romance of the peerage. A younger son of the house, who had settled under the first of the Stuarts as a goldsmith in Cheapside, founded its greatness by purchasing for a song the contents of two sacks of rough diamonds:—

Standing one day at his shop door, as was then the custom, he asked a sailor who was staring at the display of jewelry, whether he wanted to purchase anything, to which the man replied he did, but must first sell what he had in his bag. Being invited into the back shop the sailor astonished Ward by pouring out a number of rough diamonds. A bargain was soon struck, and Ward invited the sailor and some of his comrades to supper at a tavern, where they were all very merry; and before parting the sailor promised to bring another bag of similar stones the next morning, which he did and parted with them on the same easy terms. Ward then became a money lender and was resorted to, among others, by Lord Dudley, who had greatly impaired his fortune. The jeweller suggested that his lordship might be accommodated without loss, by a match between the lender's son, Humble Ward (named after his maternal grandfather, Richard Humble of Surrey), and the granddaughter and sole heir of Lord Dudley. The marriage was arranged and the jeweller's son became the husband of Frances, daughter and sole heir of Sir Fernando Sutton, who on the death of her grandfather became Baroness Dudley in her own right; and her husband was created by Charles I. Baron Ward, and he was the ancestor of the Lords Dudley and Ward.

A curious trace of the tenacity of mediæval life is seen in the "hallooing of largesse," which lasted long after the beginning of the present century. After harvest-time the farm-labourers of the neighbourhood came into the town, asking for gratuities from the tradesmen of their employers. The present was rewarded by "hallooing largesse." A circle was formed in front of the houses, the men taking hands and shouting, at a given signal, "Largesse!" as loudly as they could, raising at the same time their hands in the air at each shout. Side by side with this relic of the middle ages we may place the odd account of the introduction of Methodism into Yarmouth. Oliver—was this the famous poet of the movement?—was the first missionary who attempted the introduction, and his attempts were rudely repulsed. "When he left the house in which he had taken refuge, he found himself ranged at the doors on each side holding banners, the contents of which, not very clean, were dashed at him as he passed." Oliver

Harris was more successful. He appeared in Yarmouth as a captain of Welsh Fusiliers, till chance turned him into a member of the church militant:—

On his arrival he enquired what had been done to introduce methodism, and was informed of the ill-treatment which Olivares had received. Harris adopted the following device to obtain a hearing. He employed the town-crier to give notice that at a particular hour a methodist would preach in the Market place. At the time named a savage mob assembled, armed with hudgeons and brick bats, who swore if the preacher appeared he should never leave the town alive. Harris, who was then exercising his men at a short distance, after dismissing them, mingled with the crowd and enquired the reason for such an assemblage. He was told that a methodist preacher had been expected, and that it was well he had not come, as he would certainly have been killed. Harris told them that by their leave he would address them himself, and a table having been procured, he mounted upon it, attired as he was in regimentals, and so astonished his hearers by the novelty of the exhibition, and so softened them by his eloquence, that they were induced to listen, and he was allowed to finish his discourse without molestation.

A very different arrival in Yarmouth furnishes a good story of Lord Nelson. A storm met him on his landing, but the danger failed to prevent his appearance on the quay. When the freeman's oath was tendered to him, the town-clerk noticed that the hero placed his left hand on the book. Shocked at the legal impropriety he said, "Your right hand, my Lord." "That," observed Nelson, "is at Teneriffe." From these later details we may turn back to earlier times. Some of the Reformation stories give us the "rough side" of the event. In 1535, for instance,

Whilst Sir Cotton, a priest, was preaching a sermon in the parish church, William Swanton, a chaplain, openly denounced the practices of Rome, maintaining that no honour should be given to saints, or to the pictures or images of them within the church; that a Christian man profited nothing by praying for their intercession; and ended by saying that holy water was "good sauce for a capon." He was supported by twenty-four persons, and a great tumult took place. Six years afterwards four merchants openly derided the elevation of the Host, speaking "heretical words;" and Thomas Hammond, a fish-merchant, bargained with one Thomas Allyn for the sale of a last of white herrings, within the church during divine service. These disorders called for suppression, and the offenders were fined; and the corporation made an order that whoever thereafter disturbed or "disquieted" any preacher, "should be committed to ward, there to remain at the discretion of the bailiffs."

Recent investigators into the "vestment" question may find some interest in one Richard Bohun, a churchwarden in the time of Edward VI., whom we find selling "so moche church plate as extended to the sum and value of one hundred marks"; which money was spent on the haven, but he was enjoined not to sell any more plate, jewels, ornaments, or bells, "the like of which could never be replaced." We should greatly like to know what became of Falstaff's chasuble and tunics? A mass of curious information has been accumulated by Mr. Palmer on the subject of inn signs, but of no specially local character. On the whole the book is a worthy and accurate one. We notice with some surprise an odd "Earl Guert," as Harold's brother, and another Guador as "a Saxon Earl," which is certainly the unluckiest of blunders. Mr. Palmer, too, evidently believes in one of his notes that inns as places of public entertainment sprang from the dissolution of the monasteries. We are afraid that Chaucer's pilgrims started from the "Tabard" some little time before that event, whenever it occurred. These, however, are trifles in so great a mass of facts, and we have only to hope that Mr. Palmer will complete the work which he has begun.

#### OVER VOLCANOES.\*

**OVER VOLCANOES** is one of those titles against which, as we see them advertised among the publishers' announcements, or in the lending-library list of new works, or on the backs of volumes at the bookseller's, we feel a certain inexplicable prejudice. The title is to a book very much what expression is to a man, and titles admit of almost exactly the same classification. There are weak and fatuous titles, and insufferably conceited titles, and pompous titles, and priggish titles, and sly titles, and grinning titles, and simpering titles. In fact, we believe there is hardly an expression of which the human countenance is capable the analogue of which may not be observed on the shelves of a circulating library. As in the one case, so in the other, we are apt to fancy that the outward and visible sign is an index to character; and indeed there is always a certain relation between the two. But the relation is often a very subtle one, and books as well as men will frequently turn out upon acquaintance to be something very different from what we had settled in our own minds that they must of necessity be. The "Doctor Fell" kind of antipathy, too, may be inspired by the name of a book quite as well as by the expression of a countenance; there are titles which, you cannot tell why, set you against the book that bears them. We have to confess to some such feeling about *Over Volcanoes*. What it is that is objectionable in that title we cannot say. Perhaps it may be that there is in it a suspicious flavour of what, for want of a better term, we may call *Mudicism*—that somewhat catchpenny quality which seems to be inherent in all lending-library literature, or a suspicion of that forcible-feeble suggestiveness with which some writers try to elbow themselves into a front place in hope of catching the public eye.

Of course our objection matters very little—there was no

thought of pleasing us when the book was christened; but we feel bound to own it, because it is one which possibly some of our readers may share, and we must confess that it is unjust to the work. The title, if it does savour of affectation, is the only thing about the volume that does so. What the author means by it is that he and his friends travelled through France and Spain at a critical time, just before the commencement of the reign of the Commune, and shortly after the assassination of Prim and the arrival of King Amadeo at Madrid. But, for that matter, so far as Spain is concerned, the title would have been equally applicable at any time since the death of Narvaes. The party, or to give it the title always claimed in these pages, "the Firm," consisting of the Senior partner, the Cashier, and Mr. Kingsman, the Junior partner and author, travelled over no ground that has not been written about some scores of times, and they have the rare grace always to bear that fact in mind, and to spare the reader the usual descriptions, more or less expanded from the guide-book, of the quays of Bordeaux, the mosque of Cordova, the Alhambra, and the Escorial. As their own honest declaration sets forth, "Stevens and Co. do not deal in secondhand goods; in other words, they do not describe places which previous writers have made their own." So rigidly is this rule adhered to, that the Junior, after having written a very respectable page about Valencia in the style of the ordinary book of travels, is ordered peremptorily by the Senior partner to stop, on the ground that "Murray has probably printed the same before, and a great deal more, in a better style." The chapter which the head of the Firm suggests as a substitute is composed on a plan which we heartily recommend to tourists about to write their travels. If they must make a book and thrust it upon a public that has never asked for it, let them at least make it a book that will be of some little use; and this they may do if, as the Senior points out, they bethink themselves of the sort of information they required before leaving home but could not find anywhere, and print that instead of matter which is as much within their readers' reach as it was within theirs. In the specimen chapter given here we have, for example, a page inserted from the Spanish railway time-table, and its terminology explained in a conversation, after which follows a genuine hotel bill, treated in the same way, then a sample of the Valencian dialect with a translation, the whole winding up with a few short notes on matters to which the writer thinks it worth while to call the attention of intending travellers. An entire book constructed on this plan might be somewhat deficient in interest, but a chapter or so would be, we are inclined to think, a welcome addition to the ordinary book of travels, at any rate a welcome exchange for some of the padding with which those books are so often swelled out. But then due care should be bestowed upon the composition, and the specimens should be judiciously selected. We cannot say that the Senior has done this in the chapter before us. Why, for instance, if he wished to give the reader a fair idea of the cost of hotel-living in Spain (which, we gather, was his object in printing an hotel bill in full), did he choose such a bill as the one he has given? There is, we believe, only one hotel in Spain—there are certainly not more than two—capable of making such a charge, and from internal evidence it would seem that "the Firm" sojourned at the one we mean; but as the Senior abstains from mentioning names, we shall follow his example. In Spanish hotels, as the reader probably is aware, a fixed rate per diem is charged for board and lodging. In the first-class hotels in the chief cities the regular rate is 40 reals, or 8s. 4d.; in the smaller towns and second-rate houses, 30 reals, or 6s. 3d., and often even less. But to judge by the document before us, "Stevens and Co." in this instance paid at the rate of 80 reals, or 16s. 8d., per head per diem—a figure calculated to convey a very erroneous impression of the traveller's average daily expenses in Spain, and by no means "the sort of thing," to use the Senior's own expression, "to give strangers a good idea of the country." He would have served the purpose he had in view far better if he had made his partner insert the bill of one of the more typical and more unpretending inns, like the Alameda at Malaga, which Mr. Kingsman praises so much for comfort and cheapness, or the capital Fonda del Norte at Burgos, or the Fonda de Lino at Toledo, or the Miranda at the Escorial, to which we are glad to see justice done in these pages.

The main portion of the book is quite as unconventional as this, and just as unlike the kind of article which the irrepressible tourist so frequently produces after he has been restored to the bosom of his family. It is pleasant, unaffected, and chatty, being indeed chiefly composed of the conversations of the members of the Firm as they discuss the Coas de España sitting in the railway carriage or strolling about the towns. This mode of treatment gives it a sort of easy "Friends-in-Council" flavour, which suits the record of a rapid tour over a beaten track much better than the descriptive monologue of the ordinary book of travels. In one of these railway conversations the Senior takes up his parable against the Guardia Civil, "those policemen," as he calls them, and inveighs against the folly of the Spaniards in spending so much money upon such a force. To which the Cashier very sensibly replies, that whatever may be the errors and extravagance of the Spanish Government, the keeping up of the Guardia Civil is certainly not one of them, for without that corps there would be very little order or security for life or property in Spain. Why, he says, "if the railway were not watched, the carriages would soon be thrown off the line, and the passengers pillaged." We mention this conversation because there was

\* *Over Volcanoes; or, Through France and Spain in 1871.* By A. Kingsman. London: King & Co. 1872.

something almost prophetic about it. It took place only a few stations south of the spot where, the other day, the carriages were thrown off the line, and the train pillaged, though the passengers' effects seem to have escaped. The affair—in which it may be remembered two men of this Guardia Civil behaved with remarkable gallantry—affords strong proof that the ubiquity and watchfulness of the force are neither so excessive nor so uncalled for as the Senior considered them to be. Indeed it may be doubted whether Spain would not be much the better for a larger Guardia Civil and a smaller army. Scattered as it is in small detachments all over the country, and composed almost exclusively of steady wild soldiers, it is far less available than the regular army for the purpose of those military pronunciamientos which have been for years past the curse of Spain; while, from the local knowledge of the men, it is far more useful for putting down Carlist or Republican insurrection. One of the few faults we have to find with the author, or perhaps we ought to say with the Firm whose bookkeeper he is, is one which he shares with the great bulk of foreigners in Spain. Indeed, even that great and wise being, the "Own Correspondent" of the newspapers, is not wholly free from it. We mean the weakness, we will not say of believing, but of lending an ear to, that peculiar sort of political scandal with which the atmosphere of Spain is always highly charged. There is no gobemouche in the world like the Spanish gobemouche. His appetite and swallow are prodigious. Whether it is his fervid Southern temperament, or his ingrained credulity and love of the marvellous, or the infinite subdivision of parties separated more by mutual hatred than by difference of opinion, or an utter disbelief—for which indeed it is hard to blame him—in the existence of such a thing as political morality; whatever may be the cause, there is no tale about an opponent so monstrous that a Spanish politician will not swallow it greedily. We who in our cold Northern way seldom go beyond accusing our statesmen of stupidity, or obstinacy, or weakness in yielding to pressure, or, at the worst, of lavish expenditure or cheese-paring economy, have but a faint idea of the sort of charges current in party warfare in Spain. The character of Napoleon III. as painted by a Victor Hugo or a Henri Rochefort is as the driven snow compared with that of any leading man in Spain when handled by one of the faction opposed to him. Here is a specimen of the sort of thing one hears in Spain:—

"Many people," replied the Junior, "will tell you that Serrano, so far from loving Prim, hired those Toledo ruffians who assassinated him; and they argue that so many men could not have been engaged in such a plot, and have executed it at such a place and time, unless with the connivance of the very highest powers; and it is further said, that a bet was made on the subject, viz. that Prim would kill Serrano, or Serrano Prim, in a given time, which bet was just won."

"And some," added the Cashier, "attribute the same amiable feelings and homicidal intention to Montpensier; while others aver that it was an act of private revenge, and only connected with politics remotely. For they say that, some years ago, Prim planned the assassination of Narvaes, and had another person killed by mistake, on which the family of the murdered man vowed vengeance, and executed their purpose in the Calle del Turco."

It is only fair to the Cashier to add that he says he does not believe "these stories." But why give them a moment's attention? What "They say" is seldom worth notice in any part of the world, and in Spain "They" will say anything. It is difficult for an unprejudiced foreigner who listens to the sort of talk that is constantly in the air in Spain to avoid a suspicion that possibly Isabel II. may, after all, be an injured woman. Had she been chaste as ice, pure as snow, she could not have escaped calumny in Spain.

A chapter that will interest a good many English readers is that on "Cabrorismo," as the Protestant movement in Spain is called, from its acknowledged head Cabrera, who, it is hardly necessary to say, is not to be confounded with the Carlist general of the same name. Of all places in Spain, heretic-burning Seville, where there was an *auto da fe* so lately as 1781, has been made the head-quarters of the movement, and here the Firm learned something of the progress it is making, and encountered some of the members of the Synod:—

Many of the lower classes [Mr. Kingman observes] seemed to know them well, and respect them highly. Constantly there was a kindly greeting, a shake of the hand—even a kiss; and, it must be confessed, a brotherly spirit seemed to pervade them all. And this might well be the case, for at present the Reformers are a feeble folk, and in peril of their lives every day; but out of such weakness strength has come before now, and it may come again. There will, however, be a struggle, and a deadly one; for in Spain it is a serious matter when ex-priests openly hoist the standard of rebellion against the National Church.

We cannot close our dealings with "Stevens & Co." without a word in acknowledgment of their patriotic denunciations of that national nuisance, the British travelling mob. From all the accounts we receive, it seems that this nasty creature is becoming more and more numerous, and each season extending his range, and carrying his vulgarity, stupidity, and ill-breeding into new regions. Our travellers met with specimens at several points of their route. That he should have been encountered in France at that particular period is only natural; every one recollects what a rush of sightseers there was the instant communications were reopened with Paris, and how enterprising managers "conducted" tourists—who, we suppose, could not conduct themselves—on pleasure trips in omnibuses round the rains. Of course such an opportunity would bring out strongly his ungovernable curiosity and his shocking disregard of the feelings of others, and Mr. Kingman describes with pardonable indignation the behaviour of one with whom he entered Paris, "who had evidently come

for a day into France, and was determined, in utter disregard of its inhabitants and their distress, to see and hear all he could." But it would seem that he has penetrated even as far as Spain. The Firm observed two or three strongly marked instances of the breed there; in particular one refined gentleman, whose playful way it was to say audibly, "Confound all Yankees!" when General Sikes, who was staying in the same hotel, happened to pass within earshot. What can it be that people of this sort travel for? It cannot be for enjoyment; for art, architecture, scenery, and manners must be thrown away upon them, and as a matter of fact, their life abroad is one continued grumble, from the time they leave England till they get back. Here is the Junior's theory on the subject:—

"Which being the case," said the Junior, "his object in journeying to Spain is clear enough. Of course he has plenty of acquaintances, when he calls friends, and all those he delights to take down a peg. And now, when he gets back to England, he will have a fine chance of doing this. For Brown, one of his friends, will have gone perhaps to Cologne, with the same amiable object of crowing over those who have not been there. Then some day Brown will say, 'The cathedral at Cologne is a magnificent thing; Sponge, you should see Cologne.' To which Sponge will reply, 'Have you been to Spain, Brown? oh! oh! No, sir, you have not? Well, then, no one should talk of Cathedrals who has not been to Spain. When I was in Spain, &c. &c.' So Brown will be silenced until it occurs to him that he can see a bit of Spain almost as easily as a bit of the Rhine provinces, after which he will follow in the footsteps of Sponge, and will leave the same odour of vulgarity behind him, to the disgust of all foreigners."

"The mischief," said the Senior, "which such men do is too obvious for argument. But the question is, how can it be prevented?"

#### CALENDARS OF SCOTTISH SAINTS.\*

WE assume that the Bishop of Brechin in snatching the time needful to publish these Kalendars intended them to be of general use, and that, in writing his elaborate preface and in collecting together in alphabetical order the notices of above a thousand Irish and Scottish saints whom very few people have ever heard of, he meant to illustrate a subject which, to say the least of it, is one of considerable obscurity. But unfortunately the form in which he has published his volume is little adapted to benefit those to whom his studies are likely to be most interesting. A quarto *édition de luxe*, with leather back and gilt top leaves, ranges no doubt with the Roxburgh series, but its circulation is necessarily limited to the subscription list and a few exceptional purchasers. Under the most favourable circumstances a work of antiquarian research such as this is would command but a very limited sale; and we must express our regret that so much information has not been compressed into an ordinary octavo volume of somewhat less than half the size of the one now before us. We should not have taken the trouble to offer this exception to its shape were we not impressed with the extreme value of the book, the contents of which have evidently been put together *con amore*, and come with a particularly good grace from a Scottish ecclesiastic. As far as we are ourselves concerned, we are well satisfied to have a volume to read and to review which, from the beauty and size of its type, is specially inviting, and which presents such ample margin to its pages, and so much of the blank paper which, we believe, in the trade goes by the name of "fat."

The main part of the work consists of twelve different Kalendars, the dates of which range over a period of four centuries, commencing with a MS. of the thirteenth century and ending with the Liturgy of 1637 which Laud attempted to impose upon the people of Scotland. The last is of course a mere reprint, as also are some of the others. Most of them are, however, now printed for the first time from the original or one of the few original MSS. that are known to exist. Amongst these the Calendar of Aberdeen is noteworthy. It was printed in 1854, but the author has been induced to reprint it, in order to incorporate the manuscript additions of the copy now at Glamis Castle in the possession of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne. He mentions the practice of inserting additions in ink in order to accommodate old breviaries to modern usage as being peculiarly Scottish. Two sections of the volume, Nos. VII. and VIII., are devoted to extracts from the Aberdeen Breviary—the first consisting of its Kalendar in full, the second containing the entries in the Martyrology of Aberdeen, specially relating to Scottish Saints. We observe that in the title of the latter the name of the city is printed *Aberdeen* by a mistake, for which the extraordinarily large size of the type seems to leave no excuse. And a comparison of the first page of the Martyrology with the first page of the Breviary suggests also another oversight on the part of the editor, which, though more excusable, we nevertheless regret. On the 13th of January—we have duly entered, no doubt as an exact copy from the MS., "*Kentigern episcopi et confessoris, majus duplex.*" Corresponding to this we have in the entry printed from the Martyrology, *Idibus Januarii*, followed by several lines detailing the fame of St. Kentigern as recognised not only in the Scottish Church, but also by the English and Irish. Here the author in his preface says that one

reason for giving the Kalendar of this Breviary may be found in the great importance of the book in any hagiological work, as well as in the fact that

\* *Kalendar of Scottish Saints, with Personal Notices of their Lives, Labours, and Martyrdoms. An attempt to fix the Dates of their Births, Deaths, and the Churches where they were chiefly worshipped. By Alexander Forrest Forbes, D.D., Bishop of Brechin. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1872.*



has been made of the lections from it in the biographical notices of the Scottish Saints at the end of this volume.—P. xxxi.

We have already referred to these valuable notices, but upon turning to Kentigern, who duly appears in alphabetical order, we find him calendared under the date November 13, A.D. 603. No explanation of this is given; and though it is possible that here, as in other cases, there may be no account to be given of the variation, yet the fact of the apparent discrepancy ought, we think, to have been noticed, if only for the sake of those who might in ignorance have thought that November 13 was a mistake of the writer's for January 13, the day on which, as far as we know, his name appears in all Kalendars. We observe that in another instance of a similar duplication of dates—namely, the festival of Margaret of Scotland, Queen and Confessor—the editor has given the explanation, namely, that the feast was moved from the day of her death, which was the 16th of November, to the 10th of June, by Innocent XII. in 1693, at the instance of James VII., that day being the birthday of his son.

It is this discriminating and critical element that we often desiderate throughout the work. We will illustrate what we mean by reference to the life of the same Saint as given in the appendix. The editor in his preface notices the almost entire dearth of authentic information with regard to the history of Scotland before the time of St. Margaret, and therefore being, as he says we ought to be, thankful for the slightest hint with regard to the politics and conditions of life of those obscure times, he reproduces a good deal of matter without either comment or any, the slightest, attempt to distinguish between the ordinary and the marvellous. He says:—

With any abatement caused by [we suppose he means allowed for] the unsentimental nature of the compositions, we get from the legends a very definite picture of a state of society in which violence and barbarism alternate with results of strong religious conviction, and in which we seem to discover those fumes of civil and ecclesiastical life which are manifested to us in the other nations of the Celtic family. We should not have exhibited the whole case had we supposed all the miracles which form so great a proportion of the incidents in the lives. Some of these are such as to excite a smile upon the gravest countenance. The nature of this work being untheological precludes the necessity of touching on this subject from any other than a literary point of view. Even those who reject them must admit their historic value as illustrations of the domestic life and manners of epochs of which we know so little.—P. xli.

Now the life of St. Kentigern is the longest and most important of all the notices given by the Bishop of Brechin. He carefully gives the authorities from which the life as a whole has been derived, and in speaking of the different accounts of the Saint's birth he was not bound to protest against the absurdity of some of them, as he remarks upon the story of his being supposed to be born of a virgin, as detailed by Joceline, some six hundred years afterwards, and quotes this author's opinion that he was born after the regular course of nature, but that his mother was as ignorant of the cause of her conception as Lot was. This odd expression is of course due to Joceline, who meant that she was as unconscious of any intercourse as Lot was when he became the progenitor of the Moabites and Ammonites. We do not object to this or any other of the curious alleged miracles in connexion with this Saint being reproduced, provided the authority is quoted so as to enable the reader to form his own judgment on their probability; but we should have been glad if some attempt had been made to distinguish between what is certain, what is false, and what may be classed under the respective heads of the probable and the improbable. At the end of the life, amidst other facts which the editor is plainly telling in his own words and without reference to authority, it is stated that "he died on a Sunday, when he was an hundred and eighty-five years of age past, in the year 601 according to some, and in the year 612 according to the *Annales Cambrie*. His day is the 13th of November, and Sunday fell on that day in the years 603 and 614." Now if the reader will deduct 100 years from his life, it will be easy to believe that the Saint died at the advanced age of eighty-five, as is stated in Alban Butler's life of him; but he certainly did not die on a Sunday in either of the years 603 or 614 on the 13th of November, for that day fell on a Wednesday in both those years; nor again could he have died in 601 or 612, if he died on Sunday the 13th of November, for in both of those years this day fell on a Monday. But as January 13 fell on Sunday in both the years 603 and 614, we are inclined to think that November is really a mistake for January, either in the original manuscript from which the account is derived, or else brought in by a scribe in copying, or a printer in composing. Again, we could have wished for some historical account, amongst all these legends of which the life is mostly composed, of his dealings with the Paganian heresy, which he is said to have entirely extirpated from the church of the Picts.

And now we will proceed to notice another of these biographies, that of Queen Margaret of Scotland, the wife of Malcolm III., who died in 1093, on the 16th of November, but was not canonized till the year 1251. There is a document lately come to light from the archives of the Vatican, published in Theiner's *Monumenta Historiarum Scotorum*, which contains the Commission issued at the request of James III. to inquire into the habits and character of the Queen, and the number and kind of miracles alleged to have been performed at her tomb. It is very curious that the cultus of the Queen should have existed from the time of her death for a hundred and fifty years before she was canonized. The Bishop of Brechin is certainly, we think, right in his conclusion that the suggestion of the canonization from the King of Scotland to the

Pope has no reference to the case of Margaret of Denmark, who had died in the course of the preceding year. This view had been propounded by a writer in the *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. i., p. 333, and had also been adopted by ourselves in articles published some years ago (see *Saturday Review* for July 29 and August 12, 1865). We have no doubt that Papabroch was wrong when he asserts, without any evidence, that there had been a previous canonization of Queen Margaret, which he thinks necessary to account for her cultus; whereas it is in reality the cultus that led to the petition for her canonization.

And now we must turn to the Kalendars themselves, which will be found to contain several curiosities. Some of them chronicle various superstitious as regards certain days of the year. Amongst these the *Kalendarium de Hyrdmanistoun* is conspicuous. We regret to say that the Kalendar is a little damaged, so that some of these quaint lines cannot be produced in their integrity. At the end of most of the months are a few Latin hexameters, occasionally varied by an inserted or a concluding pentameter, giving some explanations, which are not always of the clearest kind, as to when the dog-days and other similar periods commence and end. These are sometimes preceded by a line or two which details some local, or perhaps in some cases more general, superstition. Thus, to the month of January in this Kalendar is appended the following rhyming line:—

*Nona parat bellum set quinta dat horn flagellum.*

In February we have—

*Nullus ut octave vel dene dixerit ave;*

and in this month we have a couplet informing us that when the year will divide by four without a remainder it is a leap-year. It would puzzle a scholar to put this information into a neat couplet of elegiacs. Those who object to the following may try their hand at a better:—

*Tunc bisextus erit quando per quatuor equos  
Annos partiri cum poteris domini.*

Omitting all intermediate entries, we come to the character given to certain days of August, which are very curious. The line at the beginning of the month is—

*Prima necat fortem, perditque secunda cohortem.*

That at the conclusion is—

*Cuspide prima ferit quem septima perdere quatit.*

For an explanation of the first of these lines we turned to the Ninth Kalendar, that of Adam King, printed at Paris in English (or rather Scotch) in 1588, where we find that the slaughter of the Macdonalds is attributed to the first of August, and the defeat of the Romans at Caune to the second of the same month. Still there is difficulty in such an allusion to classical history in a Calendar of the thirteenth century. The coincidences, however, is curious. We observe that some of the descriptions of these days apply to any except the earlier days of the month. In one instance only does the number reach as high as fifteen. It is evident, therefore, that the exigencies of hexameter verse have interfered with the descriptive powers of the writer, whoever he may have been.

Some of these lines are very uncouth, not to say unaccountable. The following one—

*Quinta dat Octobris que non avenona colubris—*

comes under both these heads, even after adopting the obvious emendation of taking the initial (a) from the penultimate word, and annexing it to the preceding word.

The first Kalendar printed in the work—namely, the *Kalendarium Drummondianum*—has none of these rhyming lines; but the fourth and sixth, that of *Arbuthnot* and that of *Novus Furina*, give most of the same initial lines as the book of *Hyrdmanistoun*; but they are in most cases more carefully copied, and in one or two instances they are purposely varied in the *Novus Furina*.

In the Celtic Kalendar the editor has added the English to the Celtic for the sake of the unlearned. The entries at the beginnings and ends of months in the Kalendar of the Aberdeen Breviary are all of them of the nature of rubrical directions.

We had not intended to say anything about the first Kalendar which appears in this work, and which is the only one that gives at least one event for every day in the year. Some of these entries are nevertheless very curious, and will hardly be thought to be possessed of much authority in point of chronology; as, for instance, when the 6th of September is fixed upon as *Natale Zachariæ Profete*. However, our reason for noticing this Kalendar here is that the editor has printed in facsimile its first and last pages as a specimen of the mode in which such a book was produced in the eleventh century. Neither of these pages is very easy to read. The first contains a form of exorcism which the editor has not reproduced in print. The other enables us to test his accuracy in transcribing, and we are obliged to say that certain oversights in it throw some suspicions upon the other parts which we have not the same means of testing. In the entry against the 26th of December the editor prints:—

*In Hiberniis passio Sancti Stephani protomartyris et Levite Duxoni qui a Joanne lapidatus aliquo Genualeto sancto sepultus est et in Hibernia sanctum confessorium servatus est.*

The word *Hiberniis* is distinctly *Hibernicis* in the facsimile both here and in other places in which it occurs in the Kalendar, and there is no other before the word *Genualeto*, and *Comen* ought to be *Commen*. The mistakes themselves are of little con-

sequence, but they just suggest a fear whether there may not be others of more importance in the Kalendar, which it must be admitted is very closely written and very difficult to read.

Again, against the 28th of December on the same page we have the following entry:—

*Bethleem passio sanctorum infantum qui sub Herode rege coronati sunt numero duorum milium ducentorum.*

In this entry the editor has printed *Herode rege* for *Herodis regno*, and has omitted a half line which is inserted in a vacant space above the first line, and which ought to come in after the word *regno*—namely, *perfidia pro Christo fuso sanguine*.

We have noticed other mistakes in this page, which we will hope has been an unfortunate specimen. They are not of much importance, but one of the chief values of such a reproduction of a MS. is its exact accuracy. We have been minute in our criticism of the Bishop of Brechin as to minor details of his work. We must not omit to thank him for the great amount of information he has put together and for the labour he has bestowed on a work which can never be remunerative for the cost of its publication.

#### MISS BRADDON'S LAST NOVEL.\*

IN this tale the author of *Lady Audley's Secret* has struck out a new line. In place of the conventional hero made up of yellow moustaches and selfishness, and the heroine with yellow hair, indomitable will, and shady antecedents, we are introduced to a picture of Arcadian simplicity and innocence of a kind quite unusual to meet with even in a novel. Not that the villain of the piece is not a thoroughgoing villain of the approved sort, quite equal to anything of the kind that has been painted before, ready to commit forgery, abduction, and any other crime on the smallest provocation, or indeed often from no apparent motive whatever. But then the hero proper is a young man of the most unexceptionable character; while of the two heroines, the one, if slightly insipid, yet is the very pink of propriety, and if the other does make a slip in early life, she endeavours to recover the lost ground and become an honest woman by a judicious bigamy very soon afterwards.

Robert Ainsleigh is brought up from early childhood by a worthy couple, the warreners on an estate in Berkshire and his wife, his only companion and playmate being their pretty little daughter Margery. When ten years old, Robert—or, as his foster-sister calls him, Robin—is removed from the care of these good people, and taken to reside at the great house, tenanted at that time by the steward, one Mr. Grimshaw, and his wife the housekeeper. This lady, for some reason at present unknown, cherishes a bitter dislike to the youngster whom she has taken under her care, and snubs and bullies him persistently during the next nine years; her husband the while, who, although fulfilling the humble office of house-steward to Lady Barbara LeStrange, is yet a scholar of extraordinary mark, acts as Robert's tutor. The pupil is worthy of the tutor, for at nineteen he could not only turn a love-ditty by Rochester into Anacreontics "in pure Greek," besides reading "alike easily in English, French, Italian, and Latin," but he had also gained a smattering of Sanscrit—a remarkable feat to accomplish in the year 1750, or thirty years before the existence of that language was discovered by Europeans.

While leading this peaceful and useful life, he learns by degrees something of his own history. Lady Barbara LeStrange, the owner of the house and estate, at present at Madrid with her husband, the British Ambassador there, had in her youth been attached to a cousin, one Roderick Ainsleigh, who however, instead of marrying his wealthy and beautiful relative, went to the bad, and disappeared one day simultaneously with the pretty daughter of a neighbouring parson. Shortly afterwards the young lady dies in destitution in London, leaving an infant, our hero, whom Lady Barbara adopts, its father being supposed to have been killed in a brawl in the alums of the town. The orphan has now arrived at manhood, and besides attaining to the degree of scholarship already mentioned, is so gentle-mannered that, when the stern housekeeper, Mrs. Grimshaw, calls him an unmannerly jack-anapes, his reply is couched in language almost touching from its mildness. Mrs. Grimshaw had evidently taught him manners while her husband was teaching him Sanscrit. At this juncture Lady Barbara returns home from Madrid, accompanied by her husband's niece, Miss Dorothea Hemaley, a young lady with a "pale, white-rose face," and a large fortune, and her stepson, Mr. Edward LeStrange, the "first villain" of the tale, and destined to be married to the heiress. Lady Barbara forthwith sets to petting Robin, who receives her kindness with becoming humility, and is over ready to sit on a stool at the feet of "dear madam," and to slobber morally like a human spaniel on every occasion. The consequences were what might be expected. Miss Hemaley, a courted heiress, accustomed to the society of the Spanish Court, would naturally fall in love with so well-conducted a youth, who, to the polished manners acquired in the warreners' hut and in the excellent Mrs. Grimshaw's society, no doubt added the charm of a fine Berkshire accent. Robin returns her affection, but, warned by his kind benefactress, promises her to conceal his feelings, and thereon straightway takes the first opportunity of making them known. Mr. LeStrange, perceiving this inter-

ference of Robin with the matrimonial arrangements destined for himself, bestows on him a portion of the hatred which is his leading emotion, but meanwhile amuses himself by seducing the warreners' daughter Margery, now grown up to be a young woman of surpassing beauty, whom he beguiles to London by a promise of marriage. To complete the arrangement, he throws the suspicion caused by her disappearance on Robin, by forging a letter in the handwriting of the latter, making an assignation with the girl, in which his signature is so adroitly counterfeited that our hero stands aghast, and Sir Marcus LeStrange, now returned from Madrid, turns him out of the house.

Robin thereupon goes to London to read for the Bar, and with his usual good sense admits to share his chambers and intimacy a man who is an evident rogue, and who of course is the "second villain" of the story—an agent of the first, employed to work Robin's further ruin, which is very soon accomplished. For on Lady Barbara coming to town with her ward, what more natural than that she, being, as we are given to understand, a peculiarly strong-minded woman, and a model of propriety, with a large fortune in her own right, and entirely independent of her husband, as was also the young lady, should bring the lovers secretly together, and propose a clandestine marriage between them, her scheme being that Robin should carry off the young lady from a masquerade at Ranelagh? What more natural, also, than that this gallant and discreet young man should confide the plot to his chance acquaintance, Mr. Hay—the "second villain" above referred to, and whom even he suspects to be a rogue—and that he should join that gentleman and one Sergeant O'Blagg of the East India Company's service in a dinner on the evening of the performance; that these two worthies should drug his wine; that when the lady meets him according to appointment, and they repair to the house where the Fleet marriage is to be celebrated, his suggestion to take the obvious precaution of ascertaining that he has got hold of the right lady by lifting her veil is silenced by Mr. Hay, who objects that the lookers on might discover, as well as the bridegroom, who she is? It need hardly be said that, when the veil is lifted, after the ceremony, Robin finds he has married a person he did not intend to marry—namely, his old acquaintance Margery, now the cast-off mistress of LeStrange, who of course has arranged the whole affair with the aid of his accomplice Mr. Hay, and who now himself appears on the scene to enjoy the spectacle of his rival's discomfiture. While Robin is protesting feebly against the trick, in come a party of crimps, headed by Sergeant O'Blagg, who claims him as a recruit for the East India Company, in virtue of some remarks let fall during the dinner party above mentioned. Robin is next described as struggling with his captors (a proceeding in the occurrence of which we disbelieve wholly, so sensible a line of action being utterly inconsistent with his known antecedents), whereupon he is knocked down, and eventually carried on board a troopship bound to India, in company with Mr. Hay, whom Mr. LeStrange has also made over to the crimps, thus cleverly killing two birds with one stone, and getting rid at the same time of his rival and of the accomplice whose revelations might prove embarrassing. Why the crimps did not improve the occasion by carrying off Mr. LeStrange himself, as well as the parson and the landlord of the house and the bystanders generally, is not explained; but it would apparently have been just as easy to do so. However, the kidnapped gentlemen (who continue to be fast friends, the gentle Robin feeling no improper resentment against the ruffian who has ruined him) are accompanied on their voyage to India by the sergeant, who has at any rate the courage of his opinions, and cheerfully shares with his compulsory recruits the horrors of the seven months' passage, finding apparently a sufficient recompense for his own sufferings in the knowledge that our hero and the other recruits have also to undergo them.

Arrived at Calcutta, Robin soon attracts the attention of Mr. Holwell, mainly from his acquirements in Sanscrit, which must undoubtedly have created a sensation; and on being taken up by that gentleman and promoted to a subordinate clerkship, he forthwith attaches himself to him in the spaniel-like fashion which invariably characterises his relations towards his patrons. We are now treated to the episode of the Black Hole and the battle of Plassey, for putting which scene on the stage there has been a great show of historical properties; and indeed so far as regards calling the Hindoos Gentoos, and the Mahomedans Moors, the description may be pronounced quite lifelike, for that is just what the Anglo-Indians of those days used to do; but the actual verisimilitude of the picture may be gleaned from the following extracts. The scene of the Black Hole is thus described:—

The first impulse was one wild burst of rage. A block of living creatures rolled desperately against the door, in the hope to force it open. But, alas! the door opened inwards, and this dead weight could do nothing against it. Some of these unarmed wretches next tried to drag it open with their hands and nails, and fell back presently with bleeding, lacerated fingers, howling with pain.

Considering that there were nearly a hundred and fifty persons jammed into a room eighteen feet square, any such action could obviously not have occurred. A very small amount of imagination might have prevented such a blunder as that of describing these unhappy creatures as rolling about like a street crowd, and a part of them "falling back" from a *rest at the door*. But this is nothing to what follows. Among the victims is Mr. Hay, who in his dying moments reveals an important secret to Robin in the following words:—

\* Supposing you ever escape from this hell and get back to England,

\* Robert Ainsleigh. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. &c. London: Maxwell & Co. 1872.

which is doubtful, would you bless me if I told you that the marriage in Fleet Street was no marriage—that Margery Hawker is no wife of yours? She is my wife. I had helped in the elopement, you know, and was his gentleman body-servant, henchman, bully, and hanger-on in general. The poor child fretted over her dishonour, and as proposed to make an honest woman of her by marrying her—to me. . . . Then arose the notable scheme of marrying Margery to you, to prevent your marriage with Miss Dorothea, and thus make assurance doubly sure in the event of our kidnapping plan proving a failure. A tangled web of intrigue, is it not? I left the certificate of my marriage in the safe keeping of a friend in London, in case it should ever be wanted."

"What friend?" I asked eagerly, for I felt him growing heavier as he hung upon me, while his whispers sounded fainter in my ear. "Your friend's name, Phil?" I cried; "for God's sake tell me that!"

"A lawyer, and a fellow I can trust. A scoundrel, Bob; but your thorough-paced scoundrels can trust each other. It's only your half-and-half rogues who turn traitors."

"His name?"

"Too late. His arm loosened upon my neck, and he slipped down, &c. &c."

Of course it was too late, for the exigencies of the tale require that the correct address should not be discovered till the third volume; but it must be admitted that for a man dying of suffocation under every circumstance of horror this statement was tolerably coherent. The felicitous painting of nature embodied in the description will be recognized by every reader. Of all the absurdly unreal death scenes to be found scattered among the sensation novels which it has been our ill fortune to read, this is about the most absurd.

Robin eventually returns to England, with three thousand pounds in his pocket, bent on obtaining revenge upon his enemy Lestrangle. Going to the theatre on his arrival, he recognizes in the beautiful actress who shares with Garrick the foremost place on the stage, and whom all London is talking about, his quondam foster-sister and would-be wife, Margery, who it appears, on explanation, had joined a strolling company of actors after the Fleet marriage, which happy condition naturally enabled her to shake off any vulgarity of manner or accent imbibed from previous associations down in Berkshire, and to develop into a refined and finished personifier of Shakespearian heroines; and, her genius being first recognized by Mr. Garrick, she straightway sets the town on fire by her grace and beauty. To her Robin imparts the information that her husband is dead and herself a free woman; and going away he forthwith discloses like a sneak the secret of the famous actress's past history to the first acquaintance he picks up in a tavern. But indeed a capacity for keeping secrets was not among the young man's qualifications. However, his object is revenge, and having waylaid Lestrangle in the street with a horsewhip, it might be supposed that he would take the opportunity of giving him a thrashing. But this would have been by far too sensible a course for our hero, who lets his enemy go on the condition that he will fight a duel with him. He is now at last to have the revenge which he has been looking for so many years; nor does he allow his satisfaction at the prospect to be alloyed by the reflection that fighting is a game two can play at, and that, since Lestrangle is an accomplished duellist while he has never handled a rapier, it is just possible the revenge may be the other way. As he philosophically puts it, "I held my life as a possession so worthless, that I did not even take the trouble to consider the hazard of its coming to a sudden end within a dozen hours"; if he had, he would not have been the constant donkey he is described to be throughout the book. However, Lestrangle, who seems to have been a good-natured fellow at bottom, lets him off cheaply, first winging Robin's second, whom the latter with his usual happy tact has managed to drag into the quarrel, and then wounding Robin, without killing him; whereupon Margery, who has been madly in love with him for the last ten years, her *raison* with Lestrangle and marriage with Mr. Hay notwithstanding, nurses him through his illness, a duty for which her past life as member of a strolling company and her present engagement as the star of a London theatre eminently qualify her. Robin in return, out of gratitude, getting over the little difficulty of her having lived with Lestrangle, and her intended bigamous marriage with himself, offers to marry her regularly.

How Robin afterwards goes down and establishes himself in Lestrangle's Berkshire house, without the owner's permission, thereby perloining a will which gives him the latter's property; how, when still weak after his illness, and dogged by a spy of Lestrangle whom he knows to be following him, he takes a walk on a lonely common instead of following the straight road to the town, solely in order that the said spy may fall upon him, when of course his pistols miss fire, and the spy knocks him on the head, for no apparent object, however, since nothing comes of the adventure; how, when arrested on suspicion of the murder of Lestrangle, he immediately despatches the only friend in London who could be of use in the emergency to look after some business in the country that might very well have waited, and desires another witness who could have proved an *alibi* not to trouble himself about coming up to town; how, when brought before a magistrate nearly as wise as himself, he was at last got out of the difficulty by the only member of his family possessed of any common sense; how the excellent Margery, impressed with a sudden happy thought, determines to eschew regular matrimony and set Robin free to receive the hand of a lovely, if somewhat insipid widow, who has been devotedly attached to him all the time her husband was alive—all these interesting and lifelike incidents the reader may find recorded. Given, in short, a fatuous donkey, always ready to tumble into the most obvious traps; three weak-minded women and a couple of unscrupulous but inconsistent scoundrels; disguised

consistency and daff probability, and you may bring any amount of sensation within the compass of three volumes. Robert Litchfield is just the sort of book which might have been produced by some country Miss in her teens, whose notions of real life had been derived from the novels of the authors of *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Guy Livingstone*. Of anything natural, whether of incident or character, there is not a trace. Miss Litchfield should stick to her long-moustached men and yellow-haired female demons. If not very probable creations, they had at any rate some stuff in them. Attempting to paint a hero of more simple type, she has described a mere blockhead of supernatural stupidity and insipidity, while the plot of the tale is as feeble as the character ascribed to Robin himself.

#### RECENT EXPOSITORS OF EURIPIDES.\*

THE lovers of the most pathetic of Greek dramatists will gladly welcome two volumes which, each in its own way, aim at the rehabilitation of Euripides; and their satisfaction will be enhanced when they find that in these instances the dramatist has no need to cry "Save me from my friends!" Euripides has more than once of late years been unlucky in this respect; but Mr. Browning's *Balanstion* seems to have marked the turn of the tide, which is not likely to ebb when it gains a fresh impetus from such well-considered surveys of the poet's life and works as that for which we have to thank the veteran Licensor of Plays, or when the charm of a particular drama can enlist the sympathies of a practical man like Mr. Thorold Rogers. The spirit of our age is such that it will be no marvel if we veer round towards "Euripides the human," and do our endeavour to redress the unfairness of ancient bias towards the rugged beauty of *Æschylus* or the refined æstheticism of *Sophocles*; and assuredly in the two volumes before us there are satisfactory tokens of a change in this direction.

Mr. Donne's earlier chapters will be found extremely serviceable in helping to a right conception of the times, the scenes, and the characters amidst which Euripides was matured. In no "Theatre of the Greeks"—and there have been half-a-dozen attempts at this sort of thing within the last half-century—do we find so vivid and distinct an expression of the aspect of the Attic clime, its amusements, and its representative men, in the days of the youngest member of the dramatic triumvirate; when philosophy was beginning to be more popular than muscularity and Marathonian rudeness, and the Sophoclean reverence for the "composure of art" had become liable to a suspicion of sameness, if not tameness. We are reminded in these pages how the genius of Euripides discovered its true bent despite the advice of sooth-sayers who would have persuaded him to court failure as an athlete rather than success as a dramatist; and how the best of philosophic tutors and lecturers conduced to the development of a poet of finer fibre than the giant *Æschylus*, and of profounder human insight than the artistic *Sophocles*. It was his to humanize the stern gods of the elder superstition, and for this and kindred offences against Athenian Conservatism he incurred the persistent hostility of Aristophanes, which has unquestionably operated against him with posterity; but it is now time for advocates like the writer of the life before us to disabuse men's minds of slanders which were for the most part unfounded, and to explain away with temperate and not over-done zeal the libels which former generations accepted simply through incuriousness.

Take, for example, the charge of misogyny which has stuck so inseparably to Euripides; can there be a better illustration of the proverb about the flinging of mud? There was a tradition that he was a bigamist, and was unfortunate in his double dose of matrimony. It might fairly follow that, as Gellius gossips and our sceptic, David Hume, somewhat credulously believes, he ever after entertained an aversion for the sex. But how much of this are we to credit, when, as Mr. Donne notices, one report of the cause of Euripides's death was that he was killed by women when on his way to keep an assignation? It is hard to believe both stories, and perhaps neither may be wholly true. Euripides may have been henpecked and unhappy in his matrimonial life, but, if so, his fate has its parallels, as Mr. Donne shows, in the annals of modern poets and poetry. He may have relieved his feelings now and then by the portrayal of a bad woman, but assuredly it ought to be remembered, *per contra*, that no poet has given nobler pictures of good women. Polyxena, Macaria, Evadne, Electra, Iphigenia, as a daughter and sister and heroic woman, Alcestis, and Hecuba, are names that will occur to every one in proof of this; and what have we to set against them? Jocasta, in her calamity and involuntary sin, "braver and wiser than the men about her"; Phædra, "not a vicious woman, but the helpless victim of an irate deity"; Medea, "the fierce and revengeful heroine," whom the poet so depicts that she "has all our sympathy while Jason has all our contempt." It is perhaps tactically unwise, and superfluous also, in Mr. Donne to turn the tables on Aristophanes; and, when Euripides is charged with misogyny, to hold up the *Lysistrata* and *Theophrastus*, and, as it were, cry out "You're another!" but he makes a true point when (p. 71) he notes that, whilst all the heroines of *Sophocles* are ideal

\* *Euripides*. (Ancient Classics for English Readers.) By William Bingham Donne. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1872.  
*The Works of Euripides*, Translated into English Verse. By James E. Thorold Rogers. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1872.

heroines, those of Euripides are "human beings with strong passions, yet stronger affections," and actuated by "a deep sense of duty and religion." And as to the imputations of antiquity on the poet's moral opinions and practice, his bad citizenship and bad theology, is it not true that a great part of them arise from looking at Euripides through the spectacles of Aristophanes, who feared and suspected the student of physical science and of moral philosophy, and ranked him as a scoundrel with the greater teacher Socrates? As to his morality, it is too summarily disposed of when he is held to justify "mental reservation" from the famous line in the *Hippolytus*, or "usurpation and inordinate ambition" from the verses in the *Phænissæ*, without reference to the context or to the character of the speaker. If the poet's morals may be inferred from his writings, we may cite the chaste Hippolytus, or Parthenopæus in the "Suppliants," the modest Achilles of the *Iphigenia*, the "sweet holiness of youth" represented in the boy Ion. And if, depicting, as is his custom, men as he found them, Euripides has introduced not a few shifty, crafty Greeks (as some might say, not inconsistently with the national character in all times), what is there in this that is not common to his partners in Greek dramatic fame? We need but go to Mr. Donne for an instance:—"In none of his plays," he writes, "has he depicted such a thoroughgoing scoundrel as the Sophoclean Ulysses in the *Philocetes*." For a representative poltroon commend us to the same character in the *Ajax*. On the whole, thanks are due to our new vindicator of Euripides for his defence of him as a poet far in advance of his age in his views and feelings towards women, and slaves, and children; and we are disposed to endorse Mr. Donne's ascription of the preservation of so many of his works to this human element in them:—

Some attraction or charm there was in them that touched the heart of Hellas from its eastern to its western border, and so held above water a fourth at least of his writings, when the deluge of barbarism or bigotry swept away so many thousands of Greek dramas, and among them some that had borne off the crown from *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentis mortalis tangunt.* The very tenderness of Euripides, though treated with effluency or degradation of art by critics of the Aristophanic school, may have had its influence in the salvage of seventeen plays, and fragments of others, exceeding in number the sum of those of both his extant competitors.

In his sketches of the extant plays of Euripides Mr. Donne has displayed great tact, grouping in a couple of the later chapters comparatively unimportant works like the *Trœades* and *Hæcchada*, and such inartistic dramas as the *Phænissæ*, which, though fraught with stirring incident and effective situations, is a sin against Coriuna's maxim, "to sow with the hand and not with the sickle." Ten plays are thus somewhat summarily disposed of; but not the most determined stickler for the claims of Euripides can find fault with Mr. Donne's handling of the other seven. Of these he groups two, the *Alcestis* and *Medea*, in one chapter, as the most pathetic, we presume, of the Euripidean catalogue. In discussing the first, he notes a feature common to only one other play of Euripides, the personification of an evil in which flesh is heir; in this case Death, in the *Hercules Furens*, *Lyssa* or *Phrensy*. Both are depicted as strong-willed and active personages, having no little part in the action of the dramas which they characterize. The theory that the *Alcestis* is a semi-comedy, or a satiric drama, is justly discredited. It has indeed enough of the comic element in it to rank as a *comœdia larmoyante*, a title to which elsewhere Mr. Donne shows that the *Iphigenia in Tauris* has no real claim, because the suspense and dread that reign in it are to all intents tragic. But even in the *Alcestis* the comic element is comparatively slight, and we agree in Mr. Donne's view (p. 186-7) that the *Helen* fulfils in a far higher degree this comic character, being as it is a kind of satiric setting-things-to-rights, and making everybody happy—on the theory that whilst Paris eloped with a phantom, Helen spent the eventful twice ten years in a "grass widowhood in Egypt"—which rather reminds us of Thackeray's amusing trifle *Rebecca and Rowena*. Perhaps the tears of the *Alcestis* need some counterpoise of laughter, which is supplied by the jovial Hercules, as it is also in some degree by the grandfather Phœrus, whose objections to humouring his son Admetus by acting as a substitute for Alcestis are thrown into an amusing paraphrase by Mr. Donne. We are not sure that the *Medea* is not the finer and more satisfactory play, as indeed the favour which it has found at all times with translators and adapters would seem to show. In the pages devoted to it the wronged wife and mother's character is well discriminated, and care is taken to distinguish her from the mere vixen or shrew. By a strange slip two passages of a translation by Dean Milman, descriptive of Medea before she left her sire and home, are said to be from Valerius Flaccus, whereas of course they are from Apollonius Rhodius. The mistake calls the more urgently for correction, because in the context Virgil is said to have found much to borrow in the lines; which would have been impossible if Flaccus, a contemporary of Martial, had written them.

Another chapter is given to the two Iphigenias. The *Iphigenia in Aulis* is the best play of the "spectacular" kind, and one of the best for the delineation of character, in Euripides; while the *Iphigenia in Tauris* stands almost alone for the spirit and excellence of its plot. In the former, to say nothing of the famous opening scene, there is great skill in the portraiture of Iphigenia. "Not Thebes when first entering Wallenstein's palace and seeing the royal state by which her father was surrounded, not Miranda, standing for the first time on 'the brave new world,' are more deli-

cate creations of poetic fancy than Iphigenia in her childlike amazement and delight on reaching the camp and the tent of her sire." As to the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, we will only remark that it is strange Mr. Donne should have drawn no parallel betwixt her and Jephtha's daughter, even as, when discussing the *Alcestis*, he is not led even to glance at the foreshadowing therein of the doctrine of atonement. The Euripidean counterpart of the youthful Samuel, the founding son in the Delphic temple, supplies our author with a theme for half a delightful chapter. The plot of the *Ion* is intensely complex, and in no play of Euripides is the suspense so breathless from the opening till the dénouement. It is rightly styled by Mr. Donne a romantic rather than a classical drama; and it would not be labour lost if some one of our modern translators would set his hand to a good version of a play which dramatizes the legend whereby Athens in her high estate aspired to consecrate her origin on the spear side, even as she realized it on the spindle side (p. 138, &c.). The quotations in this and several other chapters are of necessity from Potter; and we are spoilt for Potter when we have enjoyed extracts from Mr. Browning's *Balaustion* for the *Alcestis*, from Mr. Webster for *Medea*, and from Mr. Purcell Fitzgerald for the *Hippolytus*.

For the *Bacchæ* Mr. Donne has availed himself of the beautiful version of Dean Milman, to which it is no small compliment to Mr. Rogers to say that his translation is to some extent comparable. We have never shared the modern taste for unrhymed choruses, though it were idle to let prejudice interfere with our appreciation of the spirited "unrhyme" for which Milton's "Agonistes" is his precedent. Of the dialogue, speeches, and monostichs, Mr. Rogers's rendering is a transcript of the drift and sense, not the less telling for not being severely literal. Very seldom indeed can a blot or a fault be spied in it; and his preface, whilst it supplies all needful information touching the play, is moreover decidedly ingenious. Mr. Donne follows the usual theory that the *Bacchæ*, which was written and first exhibited at Pellæ and the Court of Archelaus, was a tribute to the favourite god of Northern Greece, whose worship was there, he hints, as devoutly observed in practice as in faith. Commonly this drama is cited as a proof that age and declining years had tamed down Euripides to orthodoxy, and that it was designed to be a sort of recantation. But Mr. Rogers ventures on another theory:—"It is possible that Euripides may have recognized in the rites of the Macedonian Bacchantes one of those correctives to the wantonness and insolence of an autocrat which enthusiasm always supplies." He sees a protest against the engrossing will of an able and unscrupulous monarch in the alliance of human liberty with religious enthusiasm. Certainly there are lines in the play which favour such a view, though it is a very speculative and problematical view after all. When the messenger says to Pentheus (670-1):—

τὸ γὰρ τάχος σου τῶν θνητῶν ὀδὸν ἄραξ,  
καὶ τοὺς ἐθέλοντας καὶ τὸ βασιλικὸν λαν,

there is a hint to despots in the Greek, not lost sight of in Mr. Rogers's English:—

I fear the quickness of thy wrath; for, Sir,  
Thou art sharp-temper'd and right royal too.

Are we to suppose that the Macedonian King was fine-witted enough to take the hint, as he sat in the theatre, possibly not wholly unobscured by Bacchic influences? When, however, we compare this passage with another in the same play, it does not escape us that Mr. Rogers lets democracy down very lightly. Teiresias says in vv. 270-1:—

θρασὺς γὰρ δυνατὸς καὶ λίγην ὀλὸς ἴ' ἀνὴρ  
κατὰ πολίτης γίγνεται νοῦν οὐκ ἔχων;

or, as Dean Milman renders,

For the bold demagogue, powerful in speech,  
Is but a dangerous citizen, lacking sense.

But *audi alteram partem*. Surely there is undue mildness in the vague rendering by Mr. Rogers:—

However skilled a man may be in speech,  
If he be rash and reckless, he becomes  
A bane to others, for his mind is void.

In judging the value of Mr. Rogers's theory, we incline to the advice of the chorus in vv. 427-8, and are disposed to

Avoid the schemes and saws of those  
Who would be singular.

Yet though this be so, it does not detract from the merit of his translation, which is very even, sound, and metrical. The first antistrophe of the second chorus will prove our words:—

Lips that never check their speech,  
Fully freed from due restraint,  
Ever work a final woe;  
But the quiet, patient heart,  
Guided still by wisdom's rule,  
All unshaken doth remain  
And saves the household; for the gods of heaven afar,  
Though dwelling in the glittering sky, behold the deeds of men.  
That wisdom is not wise  
Which aims beyond man's power.  
Short is our life: to grasp at much is but to lose the present good;  
And this to me seems like the deed of frantic and of foolish men.

Here we take leave of two tributes to the merit of Euripides, each of which is in its measure calculated to enhance the estimation of the most pathetic and philosophic of Greek dramatists.



## EXTEMPORARY PREACHING.\*

A QUESTION is sometimes put whether sermons ought to be extemporary. To such a question we should say that there can be but one answer. Extemporaneous preaching is simply detestable when we understand by it improvised preaching. It is nothing short of ridiculous arrogance for any man to get up into the pulpit and treat a congregation to the mere accidental skimmings of his mind. In the excitement of debate, a man already full of his subject may very probably pour out a more impressive oration than he could have elaborated in his study. The substance is there, and all he has to do is to give it the form which is most appropriate to the feelings of the moment; but then a preacher is not a debater. He has not the stimulus of a struggle, nor has he to discuss a merely personal question; and a sermon which has been delivered without premeditation will be forgotten without regret. If, on the other hand, extemporary be understood in a sense compatible with careful previous preparation, the answer is as plain in the other sense. No true orator who understands, as every true orator must understand, the primary importance of placing himself thoroughly in sympathy with his audience, can bear to be fettered by a previously written discourse. A spoken pamphlet is notoriously a most depressing production both for the speaker and the hearers. The words should come fresh from the brain, and be moulded on the spur of the moment. The preacher, indeed, should have the framework fully impressed upon his mind; he should be in no danger of losing the thread of his discourse, though he should be able to drop it and to take it up again, to insist upon the telling points, and to pass over more rapidly those which are uninteresting at a moment's notice. An orator is in many ways an actor; and as the most experienced dramatists fail to predict the fate of a play until it is actually performed, so the most experienced author can only be quite sure of his effects when he instinctively feels whether or not they are congenial to the mood of his hearers. From this it would seem to follow that, as the great body of preachers, like the great body of all other classes, are very poor orators, it is better for nine men out of ten to trust to written sermons, which may at least be sensible, if they are not stirring; and that only the tenth, who feels the true impulse, should aim at the higher effects which are obtainable by the extemporary speaker alone. And from this it would apparently follow again that a treatise on extemporary preaching is not likely to be of much practical use. It naturally falls into a more or less systematic collection of rides. Those only can make good use of them who do not require them. The heaven-born orator will regard them instinctively in most cases, and he will disregard them equally when he comes upon an exception. The orator manufactured in the schools will find them a clog upon his energies and a temptation to pedantic formality, and after all will be but a wooden imitation of the genuine speaker. In short, one would be inclined to say at first sight that extemporary preaching is one of those arts which can be no more taught than poetry. A treatise on the subject may possibly help critics to lay down sound canons for judging the works of men of genius; but it cannot provide even a tolerable substitute for genius. It may help us to understand why we have been moved, but can hardly enable us to move others.

Mr. Potter, who is a Professor of Sacred Eloquence in a Roman Catholic College, and whose book bears the imprimatur of Cardinal Cullen, has not been discouraged by these obvious considerations from writing a book upon the subject. Though he would apparently agree in much that we have said, he believes, as a professor is bound to believe, in the power of systematic training. His method of teaching indeed goes to show that he believes more in the efficacy of practice than of precept. The students over whom he presides have first to go through a two years' course of English literature. Then during three years they have to compose a sermon once every three weeks, on an appointed subject. A certain number of these sermons are delivered in public, and are criticized by the professor. Though of course the sermons are not likely to be valuable in themselves, the practice thus obtained is expected to give command of language and habit in arranging ideas, and to enable the students afterwards to take up extemporary preaching. We see no reason to doubt that the results, as the professor believes, are satisfactory, and we could wish to see a similar course of instruction carried out for the benefit of our own clergy. No one could wish otherwise who has occasionally had to witness the painful spectacle of a well-meaning youth suddenly put up to instruct an educated audience when he has never before put two words together in public. We only venture to doubt whether the simple habit is not of more value than the theoretical instructions on which it is supposed to be based. We should be inclined even to think that the best of all practice is that which is frequently obtained in the much ridiculed institutions called debating clubs. Silly as is most of the eloquence expended at the Oxford and Cambridge Unions, the training received is not to be despised. The lad learns to think upon their legs, not to be put out by the concentrated gaze of a few scores of human eyes, and to appreciate the importance of keeping silent their own intellects and the attention of their audience. The hearers have the great merit that they are not squeamish in expressing their feelings; and perhaps their spontaneous verdict is more efficacious than the formal criticism of a Professor of Eloquence.

However this may be, we have little fault to find with the doc-

trines put forward by Mr. Potter. They are sensible and often forcibly expressed; and the only remark we should be inclined to make is that they possibly run a little too much into a pseudo-systematic form. A professor is naturally inclined to classify and subdivide more than his subject will fairly bear. Nothing, for example, can be more true than his remarks on the importance of having a single leading idea and a definite practical aim. The student, he tells us, is to "remember that his sermon will be nothing more than the development of one great leading practical truth, and that this truth, embodied in a plain practical proposition, to be enunciated more or less formally as circumstances may require or suggest, will form the foundation of his discourse." We begin to hesitate a little when this doctrine is stated in the form that every orderly sermon should be reducible to a syllogism. "Ideopsis," says Mr. Potter, "explains this clearly and well. Every sermon, says he, is a syllogism, of which the major is contained in the introduction, the minor in the proposition, the arguments or proofs in the body of the discourse, and the consequence in the peroration." This fact is illustrated by the skeleton of a sermon on Mortal Sin. The leading idea is that there is only one real evil in the world, the evil of mortal sin. The introduction states that if there be only one real evil in the world, we, if we were really Christians, should be horror-struck at the thought of offending God by it. The proposition considers mortal sin severally as an offence to God, as an injury to ourselves, and as an egregious folly. And the conclusion is that we should do our utmost to avoid sinning. We confess that this meagre account of the sermon reminds us of one composed by a certain preacher of five years old. This text, he began, teaches us that we should all be good; and after some reflection, he added, and that none of us should be naughty. Perhaps as a teacher of Irish youths Mr. Potter is right in insisting upon the primary importance of strict logical arrangement; and yet we cannot help feeling that these syllogisms are the mere dry bones of oratory, and that oratory modelled upon them is likely to show the skeleton a little too clearly. Mr. Potter, indeed, goes on to insist very forcibly on the necessity of avoiding excessive formality, and he admits the impossibility of laying down any "very strict rules" in regard to the greater part of the subject. We feel indeed that his skeleton sermon might become the driest of all possible discourses in the hands of a dull speaker, just as it might glow with irrepressible fervour in the hands of a master of the art. All that he says is true enough and important in its way; but it goes a very little way. Clearness of aim and thorough command of the subject is necessary in all preaching; elaborate preparation, such as he suggests, is at least as necessary in extemporary as in other preaching; but after this has been done comes the real difficulty, and that is where all rules fail us. Mr. Potter himself gives the true secret of success in his concluding pages. "The popular preacher," he says, "must be thoroughly in earnest. It is one of the conditions of success which nature has laid down, and he must be content to abide by the general law." We should prefer to say that it is the one condition of success. To preach a really effective sermon, a man should believe every word that he says, and believe that it is of vast importance to his hearers. No sermon preached under such conditions, not even the sermon of poor Sammy Breese the Methodist, whom Mr. Potter appears to regard as the type of all Protestant orators, will fail to impress an audience. If a man really believes that you will be damned if you don't accept his preaching, he becomes a power at once. If he is secretly conscious that it does not very much matter whether you believe it or not, and if he is not very certain whether it is particularly true, he will fail to impress you though he speak with the tongues of men and of angels. If it be true, as Mr. Potter hypothetically suggests, that few preachers nowadays ever convert a sinner, because there are few who ever propose to themselves to do anything of the kind, there is no need of further reasons for explaining the want of good sermons. The successful preachers whom he mentions, from Sammy Breese up to Dr. Newman, all possess the same secret and may all be useful in their various ways. We do not of course mean to suggest that reasoning powers, or thorough education, or refined taste and oratorical practice may not be of the utmost value. But his rules seem of necessity to be either too narrow or too wide. If he confines himself simply to advocating simplicity and good arrangement of matter, his precepts, though sound and sensible, take us but a little way; when he goes further he is really exhorting his hearers to be genuine believers, powerful reasoners, and learned, warm-hearted, and genial men; and though such qualities are essentially requisite to the highest kind of oratory, they scarcely come within the scope of an oratorical treatise. So far, however, as Mr. Potter helps to impress upon young preachers of any persuasion the necessity of a careful study of their art, his book may be useful. We may say, in conclusion, that it is not confined in its application to any sect. He seems, as is natural, to assume very erroneously that grotesque and silly conceits are confined to Protestants, and that great preachers are naturally Catholics. It would be easy to produce abundant examples in opposition to both of these opinions, but the book deals very indirectly with controversy, and the author quotes with approval the works of men of radically different schools of thought.

\* *The Spoken Word, or, the Art of Extemporaneous Preaching.* By the Rev. Thomas J. Potter. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill. 1872.

## SHE WAS YOUNG AND HE WAS OLD.\*

IF the title of this novel is somewhat cumbersome, it has the unusual merit of indicating both the plot and the character of the story. Running calmly through its three volumes, unbroken by sensational writing or incident, the story at times becomes tedious. We may describe it as a study of negatives; of indefinite unsatisfied longings, of innocence sacrificing itself to generous impulses, and appreciating the painful sacrifice at leisure. The young girl who has married her father's friend and her mother's benefactor learns slowly that she has marred her own existence, while evincing her gratitude at a cost to herself which her husband never realizes. She is a simple, unpretending, and exceedingly clever sketch; while the spoiled little sister to whom she is a mother is instinct with piquancy and quiet humour. The author—whom we venture pretty confidently to set down as a woman—is an exceedingly graceful writer, with a good deal of literary taste. Her pair of sisters have evidently been a work of love, and of some pride as well. We may congratulate her on a success. Faults we might pick out in the character of the elder girl. Prudish moralists might put harsher constructions on her conduct than we are inclined to do, and captious critics might urge that her free innocence of behaviour was inconsistent with her premature womanhood and sound common sense. We are inclined to say that critics and moralists would both be wrong, and to pronounce her not only possible, but probable. She is certainly made so very life-like that we have learned to look at her with her creator's partial eyes, and to regard her inconsistencies as no more than may fall to the lot of the most excellent and high-principled of mortals. Perhaps the sisters spoil us; but when we quit their society we do not care so much for the rest of the company. The most telling of the subordinate characters are foreigners, and they figure rarely and dimly in the remote background, and are dashed in in the faintest outline. Mr. Marshall, the elderly husband, is very much of a nonentity, although natural enough so far as he goes. But we should be loth to believe that English society as a rule is so very unattractive as the author would persuade us. We should be inclined to think she is most at home when abroad; that she paints her home-bred country people only at second-hand. She impartially attributes to all classes an unfair preponderance of vulgarity, eccentricity, and folly. We have no doubt it is of deliberate design that she makes so many persons moving in "the best society" vulgar in their instincts, and consequently in their demeanour. As she has shown in her heroine, few authors can identify themselves more absolutely with delicacy and refinement. But we English have so much to answer for in the way of social snobbery that we are sensitive as to suffering our country to be caricatured without a word of remonstrance. Not that the satire—if satire it be meant for—is likely to sting in this instance. All these secondary personages look not only dim, but blurred, by the side of the bright and sparkling heroines. We shrewdly suspect that the author knew something of Nellie and Georgie Urquhart in the flesh, but we are satisfied that the rest of them are far more ideal than realistic. The surly, cross-grained baronet, with his submissive, sickly wife; Mr. Nugent, the crotchety domestic tyrant, and his good-humoured better half; Mrs. Bland, the rector's lady, gushing and voluble toady of Miss Chesney, the overbearing spinster sister at the Hall; Amethyst Berners, the purse-proud beauty and heiress, who seems to us simply impossible in any decent society, and whom any gentleman must have been slow to admire, in spite of her charms and her heavy purse; the gossiping ladies of the little provincial town of Easterton, and Mrs. Ellison, the solicitor's wealthy sister—these on the whole have perhaps more lenient measure dealt them than their social betters; although we can quite sympathise with Mrs. Marshall's objections to a close intimacy with them. One other personage we have reserved to the last, and that is the hero. As his character and conduct mix themselves up inextricably with those of the heroine, we shall say no more of him here than that we take him as a proof the more that the book is written by a lady.

It is a case of liking at first sight, when we make the acquaintance of the heroine. Nellie Urquhart is tending her dying mother, in the mixed society of a Swiss pension. She is at once a woman and a girl, or rather a child. Her character is as firm as her heart is fresh. It has become a habit with her to consider herself after her mother and her sister. With her primitive foreign breeding, she has no sense of the superficial proprieties on which English society insists; and it is because the bloom of innocence lies still upon her nature that she speaks so frankly on subjects which most English girls would avoid. Her dying mother leaves her with a scanty income and a younger sister. It is evident to Miss Urquhart that she must do something for a livelihood, and her natural resource is the situation of a governess. It is her dream that she should light upon some genial and wealthy household, where her sister might be welcomed as well as herself. The dream fulfils itself in a more probable shape when Mr. Marshall, the well-to-do Easterton solicitor, appears upon the scene, and offers her his hand. In the arrangements that follow, the foreign side of Eleanor's English character is admirably worked out. Her mother is dead; Mr. Marshall is her guardian as well as the agent to her hand. She has an intimate Swiss friend, who had

just married an elderly professor, and she has seen and almost envied their *ménage*. She is imbued with the foreign idea that well-regulated marriages are matters of family arrangement. She has been left "her own mother," and it naturally devolves upon her to discuss the affair and decide upon it. She shows even less consciousness than the elderly lawyer of the delicate ground she is often treading on. He is inclined to blush and be bashful when she touches on sentimental considerations, until, looking in her face, her intense unconsciousness reassures him. All the time we see, although she may not, that she has heart and plenty of it; for, ignoring possibilities of the future, she regards her marriage far more as a matter of business than of sentiment. She knows nothing of love in a matrimonial sense, and never thinks of it. The treasures of her affection she lavishes on her little sister. It is for Georgie that she consents without reluctance to discharge the family debt of gratitude to Mr. Marshall, and ungrateful Georgie has taken a strong prejudice against the family benefactor. Naturally the little girl cannot understand her sister's loving him, so she is scarcely jealous. Yet she has heard it said that husbands should have the first place in their wives' affections, and, puzzling herself upon that point, she puts her sister through a suggestive and searching cross-examination. The scene is delicious where the child, expressing precocious thoughts in infantine language, sets herself to embarrass her sister as of malice prepense. We do not say that Georgie is the best character in the book, because her sister Eleanor is, as she ought to be, the more highly finished of the two. Eleanor evinces more unobtrusive talent, both in conception and execution. But, unquestionably, Georgie does most to brighten the pages. She shows herself in reality the clever child she is supposed to be, and yet her cleverness is never overdone so as to seem unnatural. There are many of her speeches we have smiled over, and had we the space we should like to quote them. But quoting here and there would do her scanty justice, for the very reason that she is a child, and not a wit, and her sententious prattle is diffuse rather than epigrammatic.

The story opens in Switzerland, and it is in Switzerland that the *dénouement* occurs, such as it is. The rest of the scene is laid in England. She was young and he was old, and she gradually begins to find it out. He is all that is indulgent to her, but utterly unsympathetic with the deeper feelings that time and circumstances awaken. The discovery was inevitable, but she might not have made it so soon had it not been for a neighbour whose acquaintance she has formed—Maurice Chesney, the half-brother and heir of the disagreeable Baronet. We do not know precisely what was the author's original conception of him. We suspect she rather let him form himself, while she concentrated her own care on the heroine. At least under her hands he changes for the worse and the weaker, notwithstanding the ennobling influence of the heroine's society and loftier character. Maurice Chesney is presented to us as clever and eccentric, but we had no conception at first that he was intended to be so utterly feeble. We believed him one of those indolent characters who let the world slide, and do not think it worth while to brace themselves for the sake of coming off the conqueror in every petty squabble. We never doubted it was the author's idea that he should succeed Mr. Marshall in possession of Nelly, winning such a love with her as the worthy solicitor had never enjoyed. We do not think we were wrong. We do not believe that the author calmly contemplated from the commencement that the charming Nelly should end in cheerless solitude the life she had sacrificed to filial and sisterly affection. Of course Chesney falls imperceptibly but desperately in love with her. In her perfect innocence of intention she has always welcomed him to her house in her husband's absence; they have exchanged favourite authors, and together they have studied German. Eleanor is even more deeply touched than Maurice Chesney; but while he has awakened to the state of his feelings, she has been sleepwalking in ignorance of them to the very brink of an abyss. There is a Francesca da Rimini scene, although the termination is innocently different. Mr. Marshall might not have altogether admired the relations between his wife and his acquaintance had he assisted at their interviews, or been deeper in their secrets. But certainly he would have had no reason to impeach his wife's purity, or lose faith in her principles. We think the scene we have referred to very true to nature. Perhaps for the first time Eleanor feels that she is a woman and learns that she has a heart. Before that we may have doubted the warmth of her blood and her feelings. Now we awaken to the temptations she has to contend with, and are alive to the unhappiness of her lot. Although her lover holds her for a moment in his arms, although she rests there for a moment before she rouses herself to withdraw, yet she has only provoked the compassion of virtue, without alienating its sympathies. There is nothing in the scene akin to those which some of our modern novelists colour so sensually. It gives life-like reality to a candid character, without leaving a stain upon the page. The end of all this is what we most object to, and we object not merely on artistic considerations. We have come to care too much about Nelly not to be concerned in her fate. Her husband dies of apoplexy at an appropriate time, and although we do not think much of Maurice Chesney ourselves, yet she is earnestly attached to him. Weak as he is, he would make an excellent husband or husband to go. He has many admirable qualities, is highly accomplished, and will succeed to wealth and position. By her marrying him romantic justice will be vindicated, for he will install his wife at the Hall.

where his disagreeable half-sister has often scrubbed her. What then forbids the banne? We cannot conceive. But Maurice marries in India a woman whom he likes with a languid affection. Invalid as she is, she is not put out of the way when her husband and his old flame are thrown together in the last chapter over his little boy's sick-bed. Eleanor has shown the old self-sacrificing devotion, yet she is compelled to take refuge in good works and confirmed widowhood. Nor is the fate of the brilliant and beautiful Georgie what we might have anticipated, although we have reason to hope that she is happy. She becomes the wife of a Swiss provincial doctor, clever certainly, and strongly attached to her. For more reasons than one, we like the conclusion less than any other part of the book; but one of these reasons is that the book has so very much to recommend it.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE condition of Egypt, a subject of importance to all the leading European States, is in an especial degree the concern of England, while the connexion of German interests with it is comparatively remote. We are nevertheless unable to refer to any English work which precisely addresses itself to the task now successfully performed by a German writer, Herr Heinrich Stephan.\* We have abundance of books of travel, many of them admirable in their way, and indirectly containing a large amount of information respecting the administration, the agriculture, and the commerce of the country. It seems, however, to have been reserved for Herr Stephan to prepare a work with exclusive reference to this end, resisting the seductions of Oriental manners and of archæology, and embodying all accessible data within narrow limits, yet with perfect lucidity of treatment. The work bears the impress of extreme industry, of a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and of a candour unusual in dealing with topics where private interests are so largely involved. The experiment now being carried out in Egypt is one of great importance, and may be defined as the unsparing application of European industrial and financial ideas to the management of an Oriental country, the corresponding moral and political ideas being kept in abeyance. The problem, therefore, differs materially from that proposed to itself by the Government in India, or even in Japan, where the independent spirit of the people would prevent any such systematic coercion of the toiling masses for the advantage of the wealthy as undoubtedly prevails in Egypt. There seems little doubt that Ismael Pasha's policy is entirely egotistical, directed to his own private gain rather than, as with Mohammed Ali, to the elevation of Egypt in the scale of nations. The point to be settled is whether the development of the resources of the country does not offer a sufficient compensation—whether the advantage of the ruler does not virtually include the advantage of the people also. Such would appear to be, on the whole, Herr Stephan's opinion, and indeed the utility of many of the important public works carried out by the Khedive is incontestable. Educational and similar institutions are, however, too often designed merely as traps for European public opinion, and it is a question with the author whether even the industrial activity of late years has been in all respects judiciously directed. The profitable manufacture of sugar, for example, in which an enormous capital has been invested, is impeded by the high price of fuel; while the amount already sunk in machinery compels the speculator to persevere. Want of fuel, indeed, is one of the chief difficulties of the country; another is the want of manure, which, by denying the wheat plant the phosphates essential for its perfection, hinders Egypt from being as of old the granary of nations. Both these drawbacks to prosperity might be remedied by patience and system, but the ruling powers crave rapid profits. Crops dependent on the fertilizing deposit of the Nile succeed as of old; so do more recent introductions, and the landscape, unchanged for thousands of years, is modified by the acclimatized novelties of sugar, cotton, maize, and indigo. The author treats the commerce of the country very fully, and with as much statistical precision as possible; he also does his best to throw light on the mysteries of Egyptian finance, which seems to be based on the principle of paying old debts by contracting new ones. An interesting chapter on the judicial system is accompanied by reflections on the condition and prospects of the Mohammedan religion, which the author apparently regards as destined to extinction in countries so immediately exposed as Egypt to the influence of Western culture. According to him, the phenomenon which is at present in course of manifestation in the Church of Rome has already occurred in Islam. The theologians have triumphed over the philosophers, and in achieving their victory have reduced their creed to a *caput mortuum* of ignorant fanaticism, with every possibility of improvement or development extinguished. A most interesting and instructive volume is concluded by a chapter on the Suez Canal, which, however, contains less of positive novelty than the rest of the book.

In the general confusion and distraction of Spanish affairs † it is something to say that they should at least be capable of affording material for an entertaining book. Herr Wilhelm Lauser's lively sketches, in so far as they relate to the political situation,

produce somewhat of the effect of a show of Antisocial, or of a choreographic interlude between the acts of a serious drama. Sovereigns, pretenders, statesmen, generals, orators, priests, and mob, cross and recross the stage in motley masquerade, a picturesque throng, earnestly engaged in doing nothing. The clue to this busy sterility is apparently the absence of an intelligent public opinion, without which the attempt to endow the country with durable institutions can but result in the multiplication of the only description of châteaux which Spanish political architecture has hitherto been competent to produce. The situation is very nearly that which would exist in the neighbouring Latin nations if these had no dominant idea to stimulate and concentrate the national energies—if Italy had no hard-won unity to maintain, and France no lost prestige to recover. Could Spain unite in some common aspiration, all might yet be well; but at present her political sentence is plunged into the profoundest torpor, while obscure and shadowy adventurers flit around her couch like gnats, numberless, evanescent, and voracious. Herr Lauser's sketches of this condition of affairs are excellent in style and colouring, and are the more impressive from the apparent absence of all political bias. The leading personages of the time, such as they are, seem fairly as well as vividly characterised; and a description of the sitting of the Cortes, in particular, conveys a lively impression of that still courteous and dignified body. Chapters on Spanish literature and art, the drama, public lectures, and the Protestant congregation at Madrid, contain matter of more originality, and are so well executed as to make us wish that these subjects had been treated at greater length. In the Protestant movement, restricted as it is at present, in Señor Gil y Zarate's dramas, and in Señor Canovas's courageous exhortations to his countrymen to take pattern by the Teutonic races, we discover at least the germs of a moral and intellectual revival, which, could it but once obtain free development, would soon supersede the wretched dynasty of selfish military and political adventurers that has so long afflicted the country.

"The Realm of Tantalus and Ormus" ‡ does not, as we were at first inclined to conjecture, denote modern society with its paupers and its capitalists, but a region where both these descriptions of inhabitants are rare—ancient Lydia itself. Our tourist, Professor Stark, possesses a keen eye for scenery, and a gift of condensed and vivid description which enables him to depict the natural, social, and archæological features of the country with a precision agreeably surpassing expectations grounded merely upon the hasty character of his visit, and the restricted scale of his little book. The principal objects of his investigation were the tomb of Tantalus, the rock of Niobe (where the traces of human labour are clearly apparent), and the Acropolis of Sardes. Our curiosity is strongly excited by his mention of numerous sepulchral mounds in the neighbourhood of Sardes, none of which have been opened by any European. It may be hoped that they will not remain unexplored much longer, the operations of archæologists being now greatly facilitated by the Smyrna and Cassaba railway, of which Professor Stark amply availed himself. His account of the material condition of the district, except in Smyrna and the vicinity, is by no means favourable; at the same time it is but just to acknowledge that the present state of dilapidation and depopulation seems to be rather a legacy from the Byzantines than the creation of the Turks.

Dr. Gustav Gilbert's "Studies on the Ancient History of Sparta" § embrace a thorough and erudite discussion of all the problems which have tried the ingenuity of scholars in connexion with it, from the immigration of the Heracleides to the emigration of the Parthenii. Lycurgus finds no mercy as an historical personage; his identity with the sun is as clear as sunshine to the vision of Dr. Gilbert. We anxiously await the forthcoming identification of the Athenian lawgiver with the rival luminary; the affinity between *Solon* and *Selene* speaks for itself.

Professor Kinkel ¶ is an ardent admirer of Euripides, and contends that the spirit of the age of Pericles is most faithfully represented in his writings. Without disrespect either to the genius or the intellectual significance of the poet, it might have appeared more reasonable to regard him as the precursor of a new era than as the interpreter of his own. His affinities are surely with his successors rather than with his contemporaries; and there seems abundant reason for concluding that during his life he was rather the pet of a coterie than the favourite of the public. This point, however, does not affect the general scope of Professor Kinkel's little treatise, which is to establish Euripides's character as a connoisseur of painting and sculpture from the references in his writings either to those arts in the abstract or to particular examples of them. Another chapter enumerates the works in which artists, in their turn, appear to have been indebted to the suggestions of the poet. The whole essay is a charming study, displaying erudition without pedantry, ingenuity without paradox, and the most refined feeling for art.

Dr. Richard Volkmann's treatise on the rhetoric of the ancients § consists of a digest of the rules handed down by classical

\* *Aus dem Reiche des Tantalus und Ormus*. Von Dr. Bernhard Stark. Berlin: Loderitz. London: Williams & Morgate.

† *Studien zur altgriechischen Geschichte*. Von Dr. Gustav Gilbert. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Euripides und die Bildende Kunst*. Von Dr. G. Kinkel. Berlin: Ebeling & Plahn. London: Williams & Morgate.

§ *Die Rhetorik der Griechen und Römer in systematischer Uebersicht dargestellt*. Von Dr. Richard Volkmann. Berlin: Ebeling & Plahn. London: Williams & Morgate.

\* *Das heilige Aegypten. Ein Abriss seiner physischen, politischen, wirtschaftlichen und Cultur-Zustände*. Von Heinrich Stephan. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Am Spaniens Gegenwart. Culturhistorien*. Von Wilhelm Lauser. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Morgate.







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## STATE AND CHURCH IN GERMANY AND ITALY.

THE Bill introduced by the German Government for dissolving or controlling the institutions of the Jesuits has received some important modifications, and in its new shape has been passed by a very large majority in the Lower House of the Imperial Parliament. As the measure now stands, it altogether forbids the existence in Germany of any establishments belonging to the Jesuits or to kindred orders. The constitution of new branches of such orders is forbidden, and those at present existing are to be dissolved within a period to be named by the Federal Council. Foreign members of the prohibited orders are to be expelled from Germany, and, if Germans, may be ordered away from one part of Germany to another, and their residence may be fixed for them according as the authorities think fit. The highest class of police authorities under the special direction of a Committee of the Federal Council is to see that the provisions of the Bill are carried into execution. The noticeable features of the measure in its present shape are the explicit and unreserved prohibition of the orders, and the delegation to the Federal Council of the duty of seeing that the law is not left a dead letter. It is not only the Jesuits who are persecuted, but all orders like the Jesuits—that is, we presume, all orders which exist not merely for religious purposes, but to carry out the special policy of the Court of Rome. Every one acquainted with Roman Catholic countries is aware that there are many religious bodies which are organized on much the same principles as the Society of Jesus, although their organization may not be so complete nor their devotion to Papal interests quite so absorbing. But there are many bodies or orders as to which friends could see, and enemies would decline to see, a difference between them and the Jesuits. How far the law is to be applied to them will be a question of much practical difficulty, and its solution was therefore left to the Federal Council. But it was not only that there were orders as to which it might be doubtful whether the law should operate. The real difficulty which the Parliament had to face was how to ensure a common action of all the German Governments, when it is notorious that with some of them—as, for example, that of Saxony—the Jesuits stand on a very good footing. Prince BISMARCK could not interfere out of Prussia in virtue of any control he may have over Prussian administration; and if a mere general law had been passed, saying that the Jesuits and their allies should be expelled, the Government of any tiny State would have simply had to do nothing, and the Jesuits in its dominions would have been able to bid defiance to the German Parliament. This would have been worse than no Bill at all; for if the Bill is to be justified, it must be justified on the ground that the supreme safety of the whole Fatherland requires that it should be adopted in order that German unity may not be broken up by the machinations of its enemies. But if one State harboured the Jesuits and another did not, if Saxony or Hesse received the spiritual enemies of the Empire when Prussia sent them away, the very evil of internal division which the Bill is intended to prevent would have been brought about. It seemed therefore necessary to create a central authority for the special purpose of seeing the Bill made operative, the power of which should extend into every State, and which should not be thwarted by the caprices or predilections of particular Governments. A Committee of the Federal Council is the authority to which these powers have been assigned, and in such a Committee, although chosen and controlled by the Governments, and subject to the supervision of the Federal Council, it is possible to ensure a common action of all the German Governments, and to see that the law is not left a dead letter.

if it were represented on the Committee, it would be at once overruled. So long as the Parliament trusts the Committee it will leave much to its judgment. It will not inquire too nicely why one religious body is dissolved and another is spared. It will be content that a reasonable time should be given for the dissolution of existing bodies. But it will ask that the general objects it has sought to attain shall be attained. This Bill, it must be observed, is a very strong measure. It flies in the face of the principles of religious toleration, and it cuts across the chief basis on which German unity was supposed to be founded—that of the independent jurisdiction for all purposes of internal Government inherent in the separate States of the Empire. That the sacrifices thus made must have been much regretted by many of those who voted for the Bill is beyond question; and all that can be said is that the Parliament must have thought the danger a very serious one, when it was willing to risk so much and to give up so much in order to encounter it in what it considered an effective manner.

Italy appears to be treading in the same path as Germany, and the introduction of a measure in the Italian Parliament for the suppression of religious bodies has been made the subject of a Papal manifesto. The Pope denounces the continual encroachments which he alleges to be made on his authority in Italy as a violation of the principles of morality and justice. He owns that he might have escaped the sad spectacle of this disregard of all that is right by the simple expedient of going away, but he says that it would not answer for him to go; or, as he puts it, motives of the highest religious interest counsel him not to abandon his See at present. That he is free, he acknowledges; but no one must presume to think that he is independent. He is not going to surrender a single jot of his grievances. Above all, he scents the notion of any compromise being possible with the Italian Government. He has been robbed, and he is not going to negotiate with robbers, while he rejects all guarantees as utterly illusory. He sees no prospect before him but that of constant fighting with wicked men; and if they will make him fight, he wishes them to understand that he is quite ready for the conflict. Fortunately for the Italians, he does not content himself with resting on the safe ground of spiritual denunciations. He proceeds to touch on matters which all Italians can understand perfectly well. He ventures to assure the world, as if he were merely stating a notorious fact, that the Pontifical Throne, far from being an embarrassment to the greatness and independence of Italy, was a bond between princes and peoples, a centre of concord and peace, the source of Italian greatness, the guardian of her independence, and the constant support and rampart of her liberty. As to many of the claims of the Pope, Italians bred in the fold of the Catholic Church may often have uncomfortable twinges of uncertainty. No one can say what are the limits of the spiritual power of any one who chooses to assert that he has absolute spiritual power. The future of mankind is shrouded in mystery, and possibly the Pope may know more about it than others know. If several hundred bishops pronounce him infallible, it is of course possible that in some sense, difficult for Italians to determine, he may be so. But it must be extremely reassuring to Italians to find that in everything of which they can judge, and as to all the facts of recent history, the Pope is one of the most deluded and wrongheaded men alive. It is not two years since the French garrison occupied Rome, and yet Italians are quietly asked to own that the Temporal Power sustained by a foreign garrison was a rampart of Italian liberty. It is only a few years since Austria was upholding the Temporal Power, and there were enthusiastic rejoicings at the battle of Solferino when the battle of Solferino was supposed to

be going in favour of the Austrians. Italians are now asked to believe that the Papal Court was the best friend and guardian of Italian independence. The only Italian Sovereign whom the people would allow to retain his Crown was also the only Italian Sovereign who quarrelled with the Pope; and Italians are now invited to admit that the Temporal Power was a bond of concord between prince and people. Everything that Italy has known, or seen, or done for the last twelve years is to be twisted round the wrong way, and then the world will see that the Pope has been always right. It is entirely impossible for persons outside the Papal circle to conceive what imaginable advantages it is supposed are to follow from childish folly of this kind. The inevitable effect of making such transparent misstatements must be to convince Italians that the Pope has not the slightest notion of what the independence and greatness and liberty of Italy mean. When he tells them they are very wicked, that is a matter of opinion, as to which they may have some anxiety; but when he tells them that the French occupation of Rome was the symbol of Italian greatness and freedom, they know he is talking nonsense. The ground on which religious orders are to be suppressed is that the political interests of Italy require their suppression, and when the Italians are asked to pause, they discover that the person who is so earnestly warning them stands as wholly out of the sphere of Italian politics as if he were a French corporal or an Austrian lancer. The world which the Pope understands and the world which the Italians understand lie wholly apart; and the Italians can therefore do nothing else than go on with the things they comprehend, unmoved by his eloquence or his wrath.

The suppression of religious bodies is perhaps the severest, but it is also the easiest, of the measures which Germany or Italy can take in the conflict with Ultramontanism. A religious body has definite members whom the police can disperse, it has ascertainable property which the police can seize. When the State sets itself to dissolve such a body, it has a visible work to do and a tangible object to attack. If public opinion in Germany and Italy would support the Government in the execution of its task, and if the Government thought proper to take the consequences, including that of a possible reaction in public opinion, all the religious bodies in the two countries might be suppressed in a twelvemonth. But the State has a much harder task in fighting Ultramontanism when it is merely occupied with the petty incidents of the conflict. What, for example, is to be done to a bishop who entirely declines to answer letters? The Bishop of BERGLAND lately incurred the displeasure of the Prussian Government because he threatened or pronounced excommunication in such a manner as to impair or imperil the civil status of a Prussian subject. The Government complained, and he condescended to answer that he went by canonical, not by Prussian, law. Nothing more can be got out of him. The Government has written for explanations, but he will not give any, and now he has been informed that, unless he breaks silence and gives some sort of answer within a week, the Cabinet will consider that he is not going to answer at all, and will act accordingly. This sounds very well; but what is it that the Cabinet intends to do when it "acts accordingly"? It is almost impossible in such a case for a Government not to do either too much or too little, not to seem to persecute for a trifle, or not to incur the ridicule of appearing powerless. Of course the German Government feels this, and, as one mode of avoiding indirectly the difficulty of dealing with small oppositions, it is said to have thought of the strange expedient of claiming a prescriptive right to share in that amount of control over the election of the next Pope which may be exercised by Powers having a conditional right to interfere. Perhaps in a petty war, such as a war with priests, must necessarily be to a great extent, Prince BISMARCK may think he must have recourse to somewhat petty arts and trivial means of embarrassing an enemy. But in these days the notion of lay Powers controlling the election of a Pope is absurd. The Popes are at least entitled to be chosen freely in return for the loss of their temporal power. Their force is now a spiritual force only. It is true that they, or those by whom they are guarded and surrounded, conceive that it is their duty and privilege to use this spiritual power for political ends. But to seize on the exact point where the spiritual power, even when thus used, is plainly abused, is not by any means easy, and the German Government will have many difficulties to endure, and many irritating though trivial questions to solve, before it can congratulate itself on having made the supremacy of the State sufficiently recognized.

#### THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

THE Correspondence between the English and American Governments on the Supplementary Article and on the proposal for an adjournment still retains a certain interest, though its practical importance has been superseded by more recent events. The rumours and extracts of secret dispatches in various newspapers had so often proved to be authentic, that credit was attached to a spurious version of the addition proposed by the Senate to the Supplementary Article. The alleged stipulation that neither Government should hereafter be responsible for violations of neutrality committed by its subjects or citizens sounded like an unseasonable and discourteous jest. It is satisfactory to find that the amendment really introduced, though it was dangerously ambiguous, may well have been composed in perfect good faith. It is not only unfortunate, but absurd, that when both Governments were apparently anxious to adjust their differences, the chance of maintaining the Treaty should depend on a mere question of days or of hours. Ample illustration has been given of the inconvenience of telegraphic communication in cases where important interests depend on mere questions of language. The Senate can scarcely be acquitted of the charge of trifling with a great question when it refused to prolong its Session in the hope of arriving at an understanding. It was not absolutely necessary to adjourn of the day which had been previously fixed, when it was known that the President was powerless to adopt even the most acceptable form of the article under discussion. Lord GRANVILLE, who has received some blame in England for his unconcealed eagerness to save the Treaty, may at least be credited with a sincere desire to give favourable consideration to any American proposal. No explanation was given of the reasons for suggesting the wide and indefinite stipulation that claims for remote or indirect losses should not be admitted for the future as the result of failure to observe neutral obligations.

It would be a useless and ungrateful task to follow the details of the communications which have been exchanged between Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. FISH; but it is worth while to notice the exact nature of the issue which has for some months past been in dispute. That the Indirect Claims were unreasonable, preposterous, and unfounded, has been gradually but virtually conceded; but it has been thought that the honour of the United States was concerned in the proposition that the claims, whatever might be their character, were covered by the Treaty. The English Government were on their part compelled to accept the challenge, inasmuch as their sole objection to submitting the claims to arbitration was founded on a construction of the letter of the Treaty, and on the instructions and intentions of the English negotiators. If Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS had by a slight stretch of audacity demanded payment of the whole costs of the war, instead of two-fifths of the amount, the claim must nevertheless have been submitted to the Tribunal if it had been covered by the terms of the Treaty. But for the late speech of Lord CAIRNS it might have been thought that all competent English critics were agreed in Mr. CLAYTON's interpretation of the Treaty; and it was known, on the authority of Sir STANFORD NORTHCOTE, that the English Commissioners had supposed a promise to have been given that the claims should be concluded. The question, therefore, was not whether the English Government should pay for the cost of the war after the battle of Gettysburg, with seven per cent. interest, but whether the American interpretation of the Treaty should be sustained by the submission of the claims to the Arbitrators. It might have occurred to the SECRETARY OF STATE that his admission of the unfounded nature of the claims furnished a strong argument in favour of the English contention. It was probable that the Commissioners intended to exclude demands which could not decently be pressed or supported by argument. If the insertion of the Indirect Claims in the American Case was inconsistent with justice, it would have seemed reasonable that they should be simply withdrawn. The President, who had through his Ministers and their agents framed the Case on his own responsibility, might naturally have modified its terms without requiring the consent of the Senate.

Mr. FISH told Sir E. THOMSON that Mr. Adams would, on his arrival in London, unofficially convince Lord GRANVILLE that he was entirely opposed to the principle of claims for consequential damages. It may be fairly assumed that Mr. FISH concurred with Mr. Adams, though he had some months before professed the same claims in the most unqualified manner. The calculated violation of the Treaty, the general character of English statements, the position of the American Government against the English Government, would have been sufficient to

the assumption that any of the American demands were presented without any purpose that they should be granted. Mr. Fish has since persuaded himself that, in asking for some hundreds of millions, he had never attempted to obtain pecuniary compensation for the Indirect Claims. The inquiry whether claims which were at last acknowledged to be baseless had been covered by the Treaty strongly resembles the Jansenist controversy at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Holy See having declared that certain propositions maintained by JANSEN were heretical, his followers willingly acknowledged the validity of the decision; but some of them ventured to object that JANSEN had in fact neither believed nor propounded the objectionable dogmas. The Jesuits, on the other hand, insisted that the Pope was infallible in matters of fact as well as in articles of faith; and at their instigation the enlightened theologian LOUIS XIV. persecuted the Jansenists, and even furnished occasion for a proverb by prohibiting the relics of one of their confessors from performing miracles at his tomb. The Americans admit that the Indirect Claims are heretical, but they maintain that they are recognized in the inspired document of Washington. Mr. Fish gravely declared that the United States were quite as much interested as Great Britain in procuring a decision adverse to the claims which had been still more gravely advanced by Mr. FISH himself. Lord GRANVILLE had, on the other hand, maintained with unanswerable force that claims which a competent Tribunal would not have sanctioned could not without a forfeiture of self-respect have been allowed by England to become the subject-matter of a reference. It is highly probable that if no remonstrance had been made Mr. CALDWELL would have employed all his eloquence in supporting the propositions which had been affirmed by Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS. If Mr. EVARTS had preferred professional self-respect to patriotic devotion, it is conceivable that the Arbitrators might have yielded to the arguments of his more thoroughgoing colleague. Lord GRANVILLE made a large concession when he consented to discuss an equivalent for the withdrawal of the claims. A litigant cannot acquire a fresh right by preferring an unjust demand. When the English Government refused to allow the Indirect Claims to be referred to the Tribunal, it virtually protested against any pretension which might be founded on concession to its arguments. The denial of a right amounts to a refusal to buy it off; but perhaps Lord GRANVILLE may have been justified in consenting to pay a colourable price for the withdrawal of a chimerical pretension. That the English Government should repudiate the monstrous doctrine invented by Mr. SUMNER was absurd; but it was not inconsistent. When the Senate required that some further modification should be introduced into the law of nations, it was at least excusable to hesitate. The Americans are the sole judges of the provisions of their own Constitution, but it is inconvenient to negotiate the details of a Convention with an irresponsible body which is incapable of being represented by a plenipotentiary.

The prevailing impression that the Arbitrators will themselves find an outlet from the present complications may perhaps be justified by the result; but it is difficult to understand how they can reject the Indirect Claims without deciding the question which the English Government has refused to submit to their discretion. If they can adjourn for a day or for a week, it would seem that they must also have power to adjourn for eight months or for an indefinite period. If the American agents successfully object to the postponement of the inquiry, it only remains for England to retire from an arbitration which has been already sought with undue eagerness.

#### THE NEW BALLOT BILL.

THE Lords made very short work of the Ministerial Ballot Bill on Monday night. It took them only a few hours to undo all the work at which the Commons laboured so incessantly night after night. They rushed through the clauses, trampling out everything that gave the Bill the slightest meaning or value, and substituting a very extraordinary measure of their own. The basis of this invention of the Conservative peers is what is called the optional Ballot. No one is to vote secretly who does not wish to do so. The voter is to sign his voting-paper as openly as he pleases, and every one who knows how he votes will be able to spread his knowledge as quickly and widely as he may think fit. If he likes the Peerage may go into a private room and fill in his paper secretly, but the mode in which he has voted will be perfectly well known to any one who cares to find out his secret. In order to

check peroration the Lords have sanctioned a scheme by which the mode in which every vote is given will be known to the agents of the candidates. Further, they have taken no efficient precaution against the agent cheating, or at whom it might concern, the real course pursued by the voter who fancied himself secured against risk by the mysticism of the private compartment in which he had voted. Finally, the Lords decided that this Bill should only remain in force until 1880, as they wished to see how the experiment would work. There was a touch of humour in this last provision which has a merit of its own. It would, as the Peers thought, be a subject of legitimate curiosity to ascertain whether at the end of eight years the nation would have had enough of a measure which no Government has supported, which no constituency has ever heard of, which would cause an immense amount of unnecessary inconvenience, which would lead to much foul play and petty fraud, and which could not possibly produce any single advantage of any sort to anybody. Eight years of such a Bill must be enough for any one, and then England would be disgusted with the Ballot, and return to the good old practice of open voting, and it would be seen how wise the Lords had been in 1872, and how thoroughly they had gauged the secret wishes of the country.

It is true that the majority by which the great scheme of the optional Ballot was carried was not very large, and was insignificant by the side of the decisive majority which countenanced the adoption of the Duke of Richmond's plan for defeating personation. The Duke said that this was exactly the same plan which two years ago had been recommended by the Government. The Ministerial speakers retorted that the safeguards by which the plan had then been accompanied were now omitted, and that the Government, having seen through the fallacy of the proposal even in its best shape, ought now to be saddled with no responsibility on account of it. This is evidently true. The proposal must be judged on its own merits, and in view of the results which it would produce in conjunction with other clauses of the Lords' measure. A scheme to prevent personation has at least an excellent object, and it appears to us quite practicable to invent a plan by which a scrutiny might be facilitated without the main purpose of a Ballot Bill being sacrificed. But what the Lords adopted with so much rapture was the particular proposition made by the Duke of Richmond, and it was of a kind to make every clause directing or even permitting the voting to be secret a perfect farce. The voting-paper, according to the amendment carried in the Lords, is to have a number printed on its face, and is to be separated from a counterfoil having the same number printed on it. The presiding officer is to enter on the counterfoil, in the presence of the agents of the candidates, the number of the voter on the register. The agent, therefore, who wished to know how any one voted would at once discover that the paper of this voter bore a particular number. When the poll is closed the votes are to be counted, and the agents may inspect every paper, and object to it on several grounds, such as that it is wrongly marked, that too many votes are given, and so forth. Every paper must come before the agents, who would have ample opportunity of finding out how the paper was marked which bore the number given to the voter about whom manner of voting they felt specially interested. The Duke of Richmond at the last moment offered to concede that the distinguishing number should be printed on the back, and not, as his amendment provides, on the face, of the paper. But the Bill directs that the agents when the votes are being counted shall have a right to see that the proper official stamp is on the back of the paper, so that in any case they could get at the number and so at the name of the voter. The Duke of Richmond's Bill is therefore, properly speaking, a Bill under which, if an agent takes a little trouble, there is to be no vote whatever kept secret; but under which the voter may, if he likes, vote openly at once, and so save the agent a slightly laborious process.

Argument for or against such a Bill is almost useless. No one in the Lords ventured to say either that this optional Ballot was in itself a good form of voting, or that it was necessary to secure the objects which the Government Bill was designed to secure. As between the present state of things and an optional Ballot Bill, there can be no question of the advisability of letting things go on as they are. There are too many advantages in open voting. It is by far the simplest and most easily understood. It avoids all the difficulties of a secret vote, which are only too obvious to the eyes of those who are not sufficiently qualified to check the honesty of the voter, but who cannot read or write. They can see the voter's name and repeat it at the poll. There is something honest

and manly in giving a vote publicly, especially when the duty is discharged, as it so often is, at great personal risk. It also adds immensely to the interest men take in politics that they should be known at once by friends and foes to be contributing something appreciable towards a desired result by saying publicly what candidate they prefer. All these advantages are either destroyed or diminished by the device of an optional Ballot. The illiterate are to be annoyed by the farce of getting a public officer to mark a paper publicly for them when it would be so much simpler to sing out the name of their favourite. The man who announced that he wished to go into a secret compartment would be marked with instant dishonour. The permission to vote in the secret way is, as was carefully explained in the Lords, a concession to the weakness of a small minority of cowards who have no right to degrade honest electors to their low level. Having proclaimed himself a coward and on a lower level than his neighbours, the voter is to retire into his cave of ignominy, and is there to fill up a voting-paper, which is so numbered and ticketed that he knows it will be very possible for the presiding officer, and his clerks, and the agents, and through them every one interested in the election, to have a clue as to how he voted. Not that his vote would always be known. The agents might not care to know it, or a very scrupulous and zealous official might try to throw obstacles in the way of the agents knowing, and might guard himself even against gaining this knowledge inadvertently. But the voter would never be sure that his vote was not known. It would, under the scheme of the Lords, be so easy to know it that the unhappy and ignominious coward would never be able to shake off the suspicions akin to his base and timorous disposition. All those whom bribery or intimidation could reach easily would of course not be allowed to go through this dark and useless process. They would have to mark their papers openly in the sight of the agent appointed to see that they kept to their bargain, who would immediately report them if they did not do as they were expected. Moreover, as all knowledge gained in the place of polling as to the names and number of the voters may, under the Lords' scheme, be at once communicated, it would be known, at any rate in small constituencies, how the poll was going, and the ancient guilds of "Lambs" purchasable at the last hour would be as flourishing as ever. What can be the good of altering the present law in order to introduce the optional Ballot? What can be the use of waiting till 1880, or indeed till next month, to ascertain whether the country would like such an absurd novelty? If the Lords had been asked to pass a Bill introducing the optional Ballot, it is easy to imagine the noble scorn with which they would have rejected the Bill on the second reading.

No doubt at different times very different functions may be properly discharged by an Upper Chamber. Sometimes it may do useful work by rejecting a bad Bill, sometimes it may with equal profit amend the machinery and language of a Bill which it wishes or agrees to pass. Sometimes it may be its duty to allow measures to pass of which it disapproves, in order that the Government may go on and that the decisions of the Lower Chamber may become law. But the Lords on Monday night took a perfectly new view of what it is wise and proper for an Upper Chamber to do. They proposed not to reject a Bill, nor to amend it, nor to ratify the decisions of the Commons and yield to the pressure of the Government, but to make a great and sweeping alteration in the existing law of which alteration they do not themselves approve, which the nation has never asked for or discussed, which no one of note in any political party has advocated, which stultifies the long labours of the House of Commons, and which was strenuously opposed by the Government of the day. There were very warm words in the House on Monday night, and an ancient order of the House, prohibiting acerbity of speech, had to be read before quiet was restored. Feeling perhaps conscious that they were not playing a very prudent or very dignified part, many Conservative peers were in a state of great excitement, and, as always happens, the most useless members of the party were the most violent. The Marquis of BATH, who has scarcely ever attended to his senatorial duties during the many years he has sat in the House, took upon himself to rebuke the CHANCELLOR. The Duke of RICHMOND complained that on a minor point the Ministry actually voted in a majority by keeping dark the manner in which they were going to vote, so that the Conservative peers only knew too late which side must be wrong. Lord GRANVILLE complained with more latitude of expression than he usually allows

himself of the despotism of the majority, and for the moment it looked as if the Peers were going to forget their good behaviour altogether. Passing scenes of this kind are soon forgotten, and the Lords are generally so decorous that no one would attach much weight to rare ebullitions of heated party feeling. But the temper shown in the debate of Monday night may perhaps be taken as a sign that the majority of the Peers were somewhat aware of the futility of the proceeding in which they were engaged. That the Commons will cut short the life of the optional Ballot Bill is of course certain, and it was not improbably from the conviction that their new Ballot Bill had no chance of becoming law that the Conservative majority thought they might have their fling for one evening and play a sort of mild practical joke on the Government. The worst is that when the optional Ballot Bill has disappeared, the harm done by the farce of adopting it will not also disappear. The Lords will have lost a portion of the influence which always belongs to them when they act in the spirit of high and impartial statesmanship. The only gainers by what took place in the House of Lords last Monday will be the members and friends of the present Government. The Liberals have had a monopoly of blundering lately, and nothing has done them so much harm as the general impression that their leaders had a special aptitude for going wrong. Now their rivals have equalled if not surpassed them, and Liberals who are pressed with the misdeeds of the Cabinet will be able to retort triumphantly by sketching the history of the optional Ballot Bill.

#### FRANCE.

THE recent Parliamentary history of France is like nothing so much as a recurrent series of lovers' quarrels. M. THIERS plays the part of the imperious and capricious beauty who will brook neither criticism nor remonstrance, and is ready on the slightest provocation to break off the engagement. The Assembly represents to perfection the sober middle-aged suitor, who finds his mistress so indispensable to his happiness that he prefers to endure all the annoyances she chooses to inflict on him rather than accept the freedom she offers. Several times in the course of the Session the majority plucks up courage and remonstrates with M. THIERS about his flirtation with Republicanism, the alterations he has introduced into the Army Bill, or any other of the questions upon which a shrewd President and a not over-wise Assembly are likely to disagree. M. THIERS listens, frowns, lets drop a few sharp words in the lobby, and finally steps into the tribune and gives the Deputies their choice between absolute submission and immediate separation. On the last occasion on which this performance was gone through, M. THIERS seems to have made the mistake of straining his authority without any adequate reason. The Assembly had rejected one proposed modification in principle of a five years' service for half the annual contingent, and it might have been safely trusted to reject every other. There was no need for M. THIERS to tell them that he would not remain in office if he had to carry out a law which he disapproved. There was not the least chance that the Assembly would lay any such burden upon him. The majority knew what had been determined on between him and the Committee, and they had no intention of disturbing the compromise. So far as can be judged from the comments of their organs in the press, the effect of M. THIERS's threat has been to convince them of a fact of which the rest of the world has never had any doubt. They have suddenly discovered that when M. THIERS speaks, he speaks, not as Chief of the State, but as First Minister. The principal end which they had in view in naming him President is therefore defeated. They thought that by changing his title they might change his nature—that M. THIERS as President would submit to restraints which had had no meaning for him when he held the undefined and anomalous position of Chief of the Executive Power. It has once more been brought home to them that, in thinking this, they reckoned without their host. M. THIERS carries his anomalies about with him. As President of the Republic he acts and speaks in precisely the same way as when he was President of the Council of Ministers. He chooses his Cabinet not as a constitutional sovereign, who accepts whomsoever the popular Chamber may impose upon him, but as a Parliamentary chief who sets to work to find colleagues or subordinates agreeable to himself. The majority in the Assembly see the power they have repeatedly slipping away from them. The luxury of dominating a Ministry is



denied them, except upon the costly condition of overthrowing the Executive Government at the same time. Rather than face the anarchy into which M. THIERS's retirement might plunge France, they submit to see the Administration becoming more and more Republican every day that M. THIERS lives.

The most serious and measured expression of the discontent which this state of things naturally excites is to be found in a letter from M. D'HAUSSONVILLE which has appeared in the *Journal des Débats*. M. D'HAUSSONVILLE complains that the Government of France has never been more purely personal than it is now. Upon every matter that comes before the Chamber the majority have to take their orders from M. THIERS, not M. THIERS his from the majority. When, as in the case of the tax on raw materials, he cannot bring the Assembly over to his own view, he takes care that no definitive decision shall be arrived at. Instead of choosing his Ministers from the majority in the Assembly, he chooses them from all parties, without regard to any consideration beyond their willingness to carry out the policy he sets before them. The result of all this is to habituate Frenchmen to accept under the Republic institutions with which they had grown disgusted under the Empire. The mischief of such a reaction is seen in the general disposition to account for political events by the most trifling and personal explanations, in the revival of an official press, and in the loss of dignity and consequently of self-respect on the part of the representatives of the people. M. THIERS, says M. D'HAUSSONVILLE, cannot really wish to govern as well as reign; he knows too well to what end such a policy leads those who pursue it. How could his career, already so glorious, be better crowned than by practising at the height of his power the political precepts which he has preached through years of opposition and discouragement? "M. THIERS, as the Constitutional President of a moderate Republic, governing France with the help of a responsible Cabinet, would be the WASHINGTON of the Continent." Even the Radicals ought not to object to Parliamentary Ministers being recruited from the Parliamentary majority for the time being, since, if they have that preponderance in the country which they claim, the application of this principle will in the end give them a similar advantage. When M. D'HAUSSONVILLE has proved to his own satisfaction that it is time for the majority to ask M. THIERS to govern constitutionally, that M. THIERS is bound in common consistency to grant the request, and that the Radicals have no business to object to his granting it, he goes on to consider what will happen in the event of M. THIERS refusing to govern constitutionally after being asked. Even then, M. D'HAUSSONVILLE says, there is no need for despair. "France numbers among her children more than one dauntless man, with an honest heart and an unselfish soul, to whom, if she cannot help herself, she may confidently entrust the burden of her fortunes." If such a hero is really forthcoming, one scarcely sees why France should wait till she cannot help herself before employing him.

M. D'HAUSSONVILLE's reasoning would be conclusive if it did not leave one important consideration out of sight. The title of a Parliamentary majority to control the Government rests on the fact that it represents a majority out of doors. If it does not do this, it is nothing better than an accident, and an Executive which submitted to be guided by it would sacrifice constitutional substance to constitutional form. If the majority of the Assembly wish to deprive M. THIERS of all justification for disregarding their wishes in the choice of his Ministers or in the general conduct of his administration, they have nothing to do but to entrust him with the power of dissolution. There is a very general belief in France that the opinion of the country is not fairly represented in the present Assembly. If the PRESIDENT shares in this belief, as there is little doubt he does, he would be bound in ordinary cases to put it to the test of a general election; and if in the new Assembly the relative strength of parties remained what it had been in the old, he would have no excuse for setting it at defiance. In the particular case the PRESIDENT has not the means of applying this test, and so long as the majority refuse to give him the means, he has no option but to govern in accordance with what he thinks to be the wishes of the country as distinct from the wishes of those who nominally represent it. Of course the machinery which he possesses for ascertaining the wishes of the country is very much less perfect than it would be if, like every other constitutional sovereign, he possessed the right to dissolve. He can only study the results of occasional elections, the votes of Councils-General, the tone of the press, and other indications of a similar kind. But the majority have no

right to complain that the PRESIDENT pays them less than due deference, so long as they prevent him from satisfying himself that they have any solid title to deference. Something of this kind must have been in M. THIERS's thoughts when he received the delegates of the Right on Thursday. No direct reference seems to have been made to a dissolution, partly perhaps because for other reasons a dissolution would not be desirable at this moment, and partly because the Right is never able to control itself when any hint of such an expedient is given. The majority in the Assembly hates to be reminded that it cannot live on for ever. Still, as the drift of M. THIERS's reply was that the Republic is for the future the only possible Government for France, while the known desire of the majority is the displacement, as soon as may be, of the Republic by a Monarchy, the conclusion\* that the majority does not represent the country is sufficiently obvious. There is no need to dispute M. D'HAUSSONVILLE's assertion that there are as good men in France as M. THIERS. The action of the Right will probably be determined by the reflection that he can hardly be deposed without a formal appeal to the nation. If their object is to keep the present Assembly in being, they will accept M. THIERS's supremacy as an indispensable, though disagreeable, element of success.

#### PARLIAMENT AND PRIVATE BILL COMMITTEES.

BOTH Houses of Parliament by an undesigned coincidence established on Tuesday last a dangerous precedent. The House of Lords threw out the Mid-London Railway Bill on the second reading without inquiry; and the House of Commons, with somewhat more excuse, but on the motion of an interested party, threw out on the third reading the Birmingham Sewerage Bill, which had been unanimously passed after full investigation by one of its own Select Committees. A grave responsibility is incurred by members who disregard the results of a judicial inquiry. When a division is taken in the House on a private Bill, it scarcely ever happens that the merits of the question are understood, or even professedly considered. Some objection which strikes the general fancy is exclusively urged on the attention of the House, while the compensating public advantages are carelessly regarded, or perhaps entirely forgotten. It is possible that the Birmingham Bill and the Mid-London Bill may have been bad measures; but it is certain that their merits and demerits were not ascertained by the majority in either House. Even if a large assembly were in any case competent to adjudicate on conflicts between private rights and public interests, it is notorious that attendance on such occasions is the result of solicitation and canvass. The trivial arguments which the Duke of MARLBOROUGH thought sufficient to justify his motion for the rejection of the Mid-London Bill would scarcely have been addressed to an impartial audience. The House of Lords acceded to the proposal of crushing the scheme on the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's assertion, not that the proposed railway would be either injurious to property or useless, but that it might perhaps at some future time facilitate another undertaking which in the Duke's opinion would be found objectionable. It is a grave misfortune that either House should expose itself to the suspicion of yielding in such matters to prejudice or to influence.

The Mid-London Railway, as originally projected, extended from Kilburn to the East of London; and it included the formation of a new street which would, as it was said, have relieved the press of traffic in the most crowded part of the City. In accordance with common practice, powers were separately asked for the construction of the Western Section, extending from Kilburn to the neighbourhood of the Marble Arch. The whole scheme was vigorously opposed on various grounds, and especially on account of the displacement of population which it would have involved. The Duke of MARLBOROUGH, either in ignorance of the facts, or in well-founded reliance on the ignorance of his hearers, urged the philanthropic objection on the attention of the House of Lords, although the part of the scheme which affected crowded districts had been previously defeated. After a prolonged inquiry the Committee of the House of Commons refused to pass the Bill for making the Eastern Section, on the ground that no sufficient evidence had been furnished of the financial condition of the undertaking. The line which terminated at the west end of Oxford Street had never been seriously opposed, and it was considered by the Committee not to require the provision of any amount of capital which would exceed the resources of the promoters. It was afterwards understood that the London and North-

Western Company would be prepared to work the line, which would have provided a new and convenient station for passenger traffic. It is not too much to say that the project was sufficiently plausible to deserve a fair consideration of its merits, even if it had not been approved by the competent authority of a Committee of the House of Commons. Whether the line should be afterwards extended eastward would have been a proper subject of investigation, if the original project had been at any time renewed. The precipitate decision of the House of Lords on an *ex parte* statement is greatly to be regretted, not so much on account of the alleged utility of the proposed line, as for its tendency to disturb general confidence in the impartiality of the House.

Sir ROBERT PEEL, in his passionate and successful opposition to the Birmingham Sewerage Bill, might at least claim the merit of candidly disavowing all pretensions to judicial impartiality. A tribunal in which a litigant acts as a judge can command neither confidence nor respect. Sir ROBERT PEEL, even if he profited by his position as a member of Parliament to advocate his own interests, ought in common propriety to have abstained from supporting his argument by his vote. In his first attack on the decision he abused the Committee, the counsel, and the promoters of the measure; and from first to last he dwelt on his own special grievances as the principal arguments for rejecting the scheme. Sir C. ADDERLEY, who was also interested in resisting the plan, supported Sir R. PEEL in more temperate language. Mr. OSBORNE went so far as to contend that property which had once belonged to an illustrious statesman deserved a special exemption from liability to a possible nuisance. Few persons would, in the present state of the controversy, voluntarily part with their land for the purpose of accommodating sewage; but unfortunately there is no other feasible mode of disposing of the obnoxious matter; and all land has some owner. The Corporation of Birmingham is morally bound to provide for the health and cleanliness of the town, and it is also legally compelled by a Chancery injunction to find some alternative outlet for the sewage which is now discharged into the river. A Bill was consequently promoted for the compulsory acquisition of a thousand or twelve hundred acres of land of which less than three hundred acres belonged to Sir ROBERT PEEL. It was open to reluctant landholders to show that more suitable land might be provided elsewhere, or that some other process could be devised for the abatement of the existing nuisance. Sir ROBERT PEEL had been at liberty to urge on the Committee all the arguments which he repeated in the House, and he would have still had the opportunity of convincing a Committee of the House of Lords. He had contrived to persuade himself that the death of his late colleague was caused by the agitation of the Birmingham Sewerage Bill; and it is possible that the statement might, if it had been thought credible, have influenced the judgment or the feelings of the House of Lords. By its vote against the third reading the House of Commons utterly disregarded the necessities of Birmingham, and afforded a special and exceptional protection to the property of one of its members. It would not be difficult to show that the decision tends to impair the respect which is paid to the rights of landowners; but it is unnecessary to consider any additional objection to a proceeding which violates the rules and customs of the House.

Mr. BOUVIER, who has on other occasions consistently vindicated the jurisdiction of Committees, was naturally unwilling to adopt Sir ROBERT PEEL's simple-minded indifference to any consideration except that of personal interest. The general principle of the application of sewage to land had, as Mr. BOUVIER contended, not been formally sanctioned by Parliament; and consequently the adoption of any particular scheme of the kind was not a proper subject for the consideration of Committees. If Mr. BOUVIER's assumptions had been correct, and if his deductions were sound, it would scarcely be possible to try hereafter the most promising of modern sanitary experiments. Parliament cannot lay down the rule that any land should be compulsorily taken whenever it was required for the distribution of sewage; but legislation has approached as nearly as justice would allow to the recognition of the expediency of putting the sewage on the land. Under the provisions of two successive General Sewerage Acts, local governing bodies may take land for sewage purposes by Provisional Order, to be subsequently confirmed by Parliament. Any objecting landowner has a right to be heard before a Select Committee against the confirmation of the order, but the Act is founded on the assumption that the application of the process is in itself expedient. The Birmingham plan was probably more objectionable than

the ordinary system of a sewage farm, inasmuch as the sewage was confessedly insufficient, but any imperfection of the scheme would have been fully considered by a Committee. There is no doubt that the abstraction of a large extent of land from any property is, in the majority of cases, a serious hardship to the owner. In some cases a third or a fourth part of a well-sized estate has been compulsorily taken for a sewage farm. It is difficult to believe that the reduction of the size of the property by three hundred acres would render Drayton Manor uninhabitable. The risk which may be incurred by landowners in the neighbourhood of great towns is not without compensation. The proximity of Birmingham probably adds largely to the value of Sir R. PEEL's estates, although it is his misfortune to be placed in the same watered somewhat lower down the valley. His contention that other and nearer lands ought to have been taken for sewage purposes may perhaps have been well founded, but questions of local expediency, of engineering, and of the price of land are peculiarly within the province of Select Committees, and it is impossible that they should be fairly discussed in the body of the House. Every owner of land near a great town ought to be as fully prepared for the chance of expropriation for public purposes as for the contingent conversion of his farms into building land saleable by the square foot. Ample pecuniary compensation is in all cases paid for property which may be taken under compulsory powers. The Birmingham Corporation and the promoters of the Mid-London Railway could have had no ground of complaint if their respective schemes had been rejected after a judicial investigation. They have just cause of indignation in the peremptory reversal of the judgments which they had obtained in their favour from competent tribunals.

#### 'THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

WHEN Mr. GRAVES lately exposed in an argumentative speech the perversity of French commercial legislation, he was told that the House to which he addressed his complaint was not responsible for the revocation of the Treaty. Mr. GRAVES might have explained in reply that, not occupying a seat in the French Assembly, he did his best to call the attention of M. THIERS and his Ministers to the error and injustice of their recent policy. His motion was ostensibly directed against the resolution of the English Government to refuse any modifications which are inconsistent with the spirit of the Treaty. From the commencement of the discussion Lord GRANVILLE consistently expressed his readiness to facilitate any fiscal measures which might be rendered necessary by recent disasters; nor indeed would the assent of the English Government have been required to a mere increase of internal and external duties. It was provided by the Treaty, not that a fixed tariff should be maintained, but that the difference between Excise and Customs duties should not be altered to the detriment of England. The addition of the same percentage to both classes of duties might perhaps have increased the French revenue; and it would not have affected either the letter or the spirit of the Treaty. The question which was raised by the proposal to increase the differential rates of duty was not without difficulty; but on the whole the House of Commons appears to approve of the decision of the Government. Mr. GRAVES quoted in support of his argument the authority of the English Ambassador in Paris, who urged upon the Government the political expediency of yielding to the French demands. It is probable that the termination of the Treaty may to a certain extent disturb the friendly feeling which might have been cultivated and encouraged by a renewal in a modified form of commercial relations. It is the business of diplomatists to make treaties and not to break them; but it must not be inferred that if Lord Lyons was professionally in the right, Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE were in the wrong when they overruled his judgment. A certain number of manufacturers were anxious to retain, even under additional difficulties, their connexion with French markets, but the mass of commercial and industrial opinion preponderated against any alteration of the Treaty. The French Government has probably been surprised, and perhaps it may have been instructed, by the general indifference with which the denunciation of the Treaty has been received. M. THIERS had always persuaded himself that the *Entente Cordiale* had in 1860 paid an excessive price for an English alliance, and he now finds that the withdrawal of the boon neither provokes remonstrance nor perceptibly impairs the cordiality of England to France, though on the other side there may be a certain amount of irritation.

Several speakers in the debate on Mr. GRAVES's motion

expressed their belief that the Free-trade party in France is increasing in numbers and influence; but it is difficult to judge whether sound principles are likely to prevail during the lifetime of the present generation. It seems that the trading communities of Marseilles and Havre are opposed to the rupture of the Treaty; but the manufacturing towns still adhere to the doctrine of Protection. The agricultural population is too ignorant and too inactive to protest against the artificial dearth of textile fabrics and cutlery, or to demand facilities for the exportation of its produce. The abolition of the alcoholic standard of duty on wine, which has long been one of Mr. GLADSTONE's favourite contrivances, would probably alarm the wine-growers of Gascony by exposing them to the competition of Spain and Portugal, but no other retaliatory change in the English tariff is likely to be proposed. Although the supporters of unrestricted commercial intercourse will perhaps fail to attain ascendancy in France, there is no doubt that they are far more powerful now than they were in 1860. The Treaty and its results had a great effect in rendering their doctrines popular, and it is probable that the revocation of the Treaty may accelerate the process of conviction. M. CHEVALIER and his friends would perhaps have been discouraged if the English Government had been more pliable in the recent negotiations. Although logical consistency is of comparatively little importance in political arrangements, it would have been undesirable to admit, by yielding to the representations of the French Government, that protective duties are financially and economically advantageous. From the first, and even before the fall of the Empire, M. THIERS rested his demands for a modification of the Treaty on an unsound basis. He uniformly contended that the tariff agreed upon was injurious to France, and he at the same time professed his readiness to make a limited sacrifice to satisfy the supposed exigencies of England. The consideration for French embarrassments which was recommended by Lord Lyons would have been interpreted by the French Government as a proof of the anxiety of England to retain a part of the benefits which had been too liberally bestowed by the Emperor NAPOLEON. M. THIERS never disguised his opinion that, as far as French interests were concerned, the abolition of the Treaty would be preferable to any compromise which could be suggested. His soundest argument was derived from the expediency of resuming the fiscal liberty which an independent nation ought not to surrender except for the most urgent reasons. The English Government and Legislature also will welcome their release from covenants which might perhaps hereafter have become practically burdensome. It is not likely that any duty will be imposed upon coal; but Parliament ought to possess the power of discouraging exportation, or of raising a revenue from the trade. In certain cases a troublesome conflict of obligations might arise from an undertaking to supply a belligerent with a commodity which is sometimes held to be contraband of war.

One scandalous inequality has resulted from the abrogation of the Treaty, or rather from the precipitate eagerness with which it was originally framed. In his anxiety to commence the era of universal peace founded on the sacred principle of buying in the cheapest market, Mr. CORDEN forgot to insert the clause which ought to have secured to England in perpetuity the commercial privileges accorded to the most favoured nations. The consequence is that the Convention which served as a model for all the other French commercial treaties, being the earliest in date, expires the first, and leaves England exposed to an unfair competition with the countries in which the treaties have still several years to run. Differential dues on English shipping might be comparatively endurable if they were impartially applied to all foreign flags; but under the surviving treaties the majority of maritime States will be enabled to continue their trade for some years, while English vessels will be practically excluded from French ports. The derangement of trade which must ensue principally accounts for the opposition of Marseilles and Havre to the abolition of the Treaty. The foreign competition which will still continue will prevent French shipowners from profiting by the suppression of English rivalry, especially as they are gratuitously crippled by a prohibitive duty on the purchase of vessels built abroad. In this instance M. THIERS has ingeniously inflicted a common injury on producers and consumers.

To apologists of the French Government who attribute the unfair treatment of English shipping to Lord GRANVILLE's refusal to modify the Treaty, it is a conclusive answer that the fiscal liberty which M. THIERS receives need not be wantonly abused. Any tariff on goods or on shipping which could have been made matter of agreement may be enacted

at pleasure by the French Assembly on the proposal of the Government. The Emperor NAPOLEON had a strong reason for negotiating the Treaty in the constitutional provision by which at that time international contracts were exempt from the control of the Legislative Body. Notwithstanding the absolute nature of his power, the Emperor would have been unable to procure from his Assembly the enactment of a liberal tariff. By concluding the Treaty of 1860 he exercised, in that case with undoubted advantage to the country, exclusive powers of legislation. His scheme was rendered practicable by the active concurrence of Mr. CORDEN and Mr. GLADSTONE, who were eager for the extension of commercial intercourse, while they were not responsible for the evasion of French constitutional restraints. The French Assembly, not being subject to any similar disability, can, if it thinks fit, provide a complete substitute for any form of treaty which M. THIERS or the majority would have preferred. It is well known in France that the English Government meditates no menace or act of commercial hostility, for the simple reason that it had from the first regarded one half of the Treaty as equally beneficial with the other. If France objects to cheap cotton yarn, England is content to obtain cheap claret; and even the Coventry weavers have ceased to lament in public over the importation of Lyons silks. All the benefits of the whole, or of half, or of the smallest fraction of the Treaty are within reach of the French Government and nation whenever they desire to enjoy them. To punish England by iniquitous navigation laws for refusing to afford a nugatory concurrence is neither just nor rational. The hardship will find compensation in the comparative exclusion of the French marine from the general trade of the world. The American tariff has greatly promoted English commerce, and it has more especially given an approximate monopoly of the carrying trade to English vessels. The not less perverse legislation of France will afford another illustration of the unprofitable nature of economic heresies. Foreign nations will hereafter discover that the commercial prosperity of England is closely connected with adherence to sound principles of trade.

#### THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE sixty-fourth and sixty-fifth clauses of the Scotch Education Bill occupied the House of Commons for two morning sittings. The speakers and the speeches were alike familiar to those who remember the discussions provoked by the corresponding clauses in the English measure. Mr. COLLINS proposed an amendment providing that, in the distribution of the Parliamentary grant, no preference shall be given to any school on the ground that it is or is not provided by the School Board. The principle of the amendment was not contested by the Government. Mr. FORSTER was pardonably anxious to be spared the necessity of voting against a section of his party, but the inexorable Mr. COLLINS would not hear of his evading the dose, and the amendment was carried. Mr. TREVELYAN made the curious mistake of asking the House to strike out the only restraint which the Bill imposes on the multiplication of Denominational schools. He was allowed, however, to withdraw his amendment, and the LORD ADVOCATE himself then took the clause in hand. As it stood originally, it provided that no grant should be given to a new Denominational school, unless the Scotch Education Department shall be satisfied that "it is specially required in the locality where it is situated, and that a majority of the children in attendance are of the denomination to which the school belongs." The reason assigned by Mr. FORSTER for the omission of these latter words is not very conclusive. There would have been no hardship in a "creed investigation" which only went the length of requiring the parents of children in attendance at voluntary schools to state to what creed they belong. Indeed there is much to be said in favour of a creed register in contradistinction to a Conscience Clause, as the instrument by which to protect parents against having their children subjected to religious instruction of which they disapprove. The fact pointed out by Dr. PLAYFAIR, that the effect of the words would be to exclude Episcopalian schools from receiving any share of the Parliamentary grant, was more to the purpose. In this case a minority is willing to contribute largely to the secular education of the community on condition of being allowed to give religious instruction to its own children. Unless voluntary aid is to be repudiated altogether, and no schools recognized by the State except such as are provided by itself, there can be no reason why Denominational liberality should be sub-

jected to any restraints beyond such as are required to guard against proselytism.

An attempt was made by the Secularist party in the House of Commons to import into the Bill the compromise by which in the English Act no distinctive religious formulary is allowed to be taught in public schools. The real argument against Mr. ANDERSON'S amendment is the acknowledged failure of the compromise as an expedient for getting over the religious difficulty. That a minority should object to be taxed for the teaching of a religion which they believe to be untrue is intelligible, if not reasonable. That they should object to be taxed for the documentary teaching of a religion which they believe to be untrue, while they permit themselves to be taxed for its *vivâ voce* teaching, is not even intelligible. Religions are usually less exclusive in their authorised formularies than in the unauthorised glosses of individual instructors. The very idea of authorisation implies some amount of caution and some sense of responsibility. A man who thinks Calvinism wrong will probably be less offended by the expositions of the system contained in the Shorter Catechism than by any oral reproductions of them on the part of the village schoolmaster. Under the absurd compromise embodied in the English Act, School Boards are left absolutely free to teach what religion they like; they are only forbidden to teach it in the most obvious and convenient way. To repeat an illustration which we have formerly used, the English Act goes on the principle that, while the teaching of geometry should be allowed, the use of Euclid's Elements should be strictly forbidden. This was no part of the principle on which the English Act was originally framed. It is simply a later disfigurement which has satisfied no one. The principle of the English Act as regards the religious difficulty is that it shall be made over to the local authorities. To prohibit them from dealing with it in the simplest and most straightforward manner is, so far as it goes, a departure from this principle, not a further carrying out of it.

Mr. Dixon supported the amendment on the ground that in educational legislation the Empire should be treated as a whole. This theory is the most inconvenient that a Government or a Legislature could possibly adopt. No doubt there are some points on which uniformity of treatment is necessary; but what need is there to go out of our way to include in them a matter upon which uniformity is peculiarly galling to those upon whom it is imposed? The admission that people differ greatly upon religion seems to imply as its natural corollary that religious questions should be differently handled according as the local feeling inclines to one or another mode of treatment. Mr. Dixon protests against "the principle that 'you are to consult the religious feelings and prejudices of 'the country for which you are legislating.' " The most marked application of this principle of late years has been the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In this case a majority of English and Scotch Protestants concurred in pulling down an institution with which on the whole they sympathized, because they deferred to the religious feelings of the people of Ireland. According to Mr. Dixon, they ought to have waited until the Established Churches of the three kingdoms could have been involved in a common overthrow. Indeed the argument most in favour with the opponents of the Irish Church Bill was the precise counterpart of Mr. Dixon's. The decision for or against an Established Church ought, it was said, to be made in the interest of the whole Empire, not of any one part of it. If the principle is good for England and Scotland, it ought not to be imperilled merely to conciliate the religious feelings and prejudices of Irishmen. It is obvious that if there are three separate sections of the Empire taking different views of a question of this kind, it will be very much easier to make three separate arrangements each of which shall be in substantial conformity with the wishes of a particular section than to bring all three into perfect accord. What is true of religious questions proper, such as Church Establishments, is true in a still greater degree of questions which are only incidentally religious, such as education. Before Mr. Dixon's plan of legislating in the same way for all the three kingdoms can be carried out, one of two things must have happened. Either the people of Ireland and Scotland must have been converted to secularism, or the people of England must not only have made up their minds to accept secularism for themselves, but also to force it upon the inhabitants of the other two kingdoms. We question whether Mr. Dixon has quite faced the latter alternative. Supposing that Irish Roman Catholics and Scotch Presbyterians refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, how is Mr. Dixon prepared to treat two such companies of deaf adders? Is he prepared to allow elementary

education in those countries to languish from the want of any sympathy between the teachers and the parents whose children need teaching? Or will he undertake to compel parents, not only to send their children to school, but also to send them to the sort of school to which Mr. Dixon thinks they ought to go? Perhaps the quaintest of the many crotchets which have been called into publicity by discussions on the Scotch Education Bill is Mr. M'LAREN'S wish to make the reading and teaching of the Bible compulsory in all public schools in which religious instruction is given. Mr. M'LAREN is not, as might be suspected from his amendment, a supporter of Mr. GORDON. He has no objection to secular schools, and if his amendment had been carried, any public school might have got rid of the obligation to read the Bible, provided it had been content to give no religious instruction whatever. No religion Mr. M'LAREN can understand; a religion like his own he can understand. But a religion different from his own, a religion which finds text-books and catechisms a more convenient machinery for teaching young children than a whole literature accidentally bound up in a single volume, he cannot understand. And to judge by the division, there are 189 members of the House of Commons who can understand it no more than he.

The evening sitting on Thursday was devoted to the Compulsory Clauses. An important alteration was made at the instance of Mr. W. H. SMITH, by which the power of remitting fees is to be vested in the parochial authorities, instead of in the School Boards. That the Legislature will in the end have to abandon all attempts at distinguishing between educational and other pauperism appears more probable every day. The opponents of compulsion did not go to a division—a remarkable proof of the progress which the idea has made in public estimation during the last two years. The clauses which impose on employers of children a concurrent duty with the parents as regards education were made more stringent, while the direct penalties on parents were considerably softened. It was objected by some members that too much of the permissive character still lingers about this part of the Bill. But compulsion in the matter of education is still a novel theory, and it is not desirable to ride it too hard upon the occasion of its first introduction.

#### THE CASE OF DIBLANC.

IT is obvious that the growing disinclination to inflict capital punishment, especially on women, is producing a disastrous effect on the administration of justice. A jury have found MARGUERITE DIBLANC guilty of murder, but have recommended her to mercy on the ground that the crime was not premeditated; and the Judge who tried the case does not appear to have thought it necessary to point out the contradiction which was involved in a verdict of murder qualified in this manner. If the killing of Madame RIEL was not premeditated, it would be, of course, not murder, but manslaughter. It is possible that the jury may have fallen into confusion over the legal argument as to the distinction between murder and manslaughter; and that what they meant to say was, that in their opinion DIBLANC had no thought of killing her mistress before the latter came into the kitchen and abused her, and that the suddenness of the impulse and the provocation she had received seemed to them in some degree to excuse her violence. In such a case it might have been supposed to be the business of the Judge to clarify the thoughts of the jury, and to induce them to express themselves clearly and consistently, especially as the question they raised was about to be submitted for the decision of the HOME SECRETARY. From one point of view—that is, if they had disregarded the medical evidence, and assumed death to have arisen from a sudden blow not intended to kill—they might have found a verdict of manslaughter; but unpremeditated murder is not a crime which has hitherto been known to English lawyers. Premeditation, or, in technical language, "malice aforethought," is of the essence of murder, and does not necessarily imply deliberate and careful planning. It is a mental process which may be carried on for days or months, or even years, or which may be compressed into an instantaneous flash of thought. Premeditation is, in fact, only another word for intention. To constitute murder there must be an intention to kill, and the question for the jury was simply, what was the intention in the mind of the prisoner when she inflicted on Madame RIEL the injuries which resulted in her death. Up to a certain point the case is clear enough. DIBLANC was not on good terms with her mistress, whom she thought to be exacting and discontented. One Sunday morning Madame RIEL went into the kitchen, and there DIBLANC



killed her. The rest is, apart from DIBLANC's own story, which was given in the evidence of the French policemen, a matter of inference and conjecture. It does not appear that the crime was planned beforehand or committed with a view to plunder. DIBLANC carried off banknotes to the amount of seventy pounds, which she found in the safe, but she did not ransack the house with a view to pillage; and though it is doubtful whether—her fellow-servant being in the house—she could have removed the jewel-box which was left in the safe, it may be admitted that she might probably have taken more than she did. It is certain that DIBLANC killed her mistress, but the question is whether she meant to kill her. According to the medical evidence, Madame RIEL was either throttled by hand or strangled by a rope, and such was the pressure applied to the throat of the victim that the cartilages of the throat as well as the jaw were crushed and broken. Dr. WADHAM said that "a single blow on the throat or jaw would certainly not, in his opinion, have produced the injuries he saw. It would have required very great force to produce the breakage of the framework of the jaw which he observed." The prisoner's counsel pleaded that she had not time to think of or consider the physical effect of her acts; but it can hardly be argued seriously that a savage clutch at the windpipe, which not only chokes but breaks the bones, is an accident or inadvertence. It would be just as reasonable to say that stabbing a man to the heart, or discharging a pistol at his ear, had "unexpectedly proved fatal." The physical effect of throttling or strangling must be held to be known to all persons not absolutely bereft of reason.

It is conceivable that the first blow which DIBLANC struck may not have been intended to kill; but it is impossible to doubt that she despatched her victim with resolute ferocity before she had done with her. The condition of the body supplied conclusive proof of an intention to kill on DIBLANC's part, or of that indifference to the natural and probable consequence of her acts which is very properly held in law to amount to intention. As to what passed between her and her mistress we have only her own story, which must be supposed to be the most favourable to herself which she was able to concoct or invent. There is nothing inherently improbable in her statement that Madame RIEL found fault with her work, and wished to dismiss her without a month's notice and wages, and in the course of a hot altercation called her by a very bad name. If it had been possible to cross-examine the prisoner on this story, we should have been better able to estimate its value; but even if it had been satisfactorily made out in all particulars, there is, as the Judge explained, nothing more certain in criminal law than that no words or gestures will constitute that kind of provocation which is held to reduce murder to manslaughter. As far as we can see, the jury had, on the facts of the case, no alternative but to return a verdict of wilful murder. By their recommendation to mercy they appear to suggest that the killing of a fellow-creature from a sudden impulse on the provocation of abusive language is to be regarded as a comparatively venial offence, but the HOME SECRETARY will incur a grave responsibility if he is weak enough to afford any countenance to so startling and dangerous a proposition.

It has been observed by a French writer that an English Judge usually treats a prisoner who is on trial before him as an unfortunate being, and that in this view he is sympathetically seconded by the benevolent feelings of the whole auditory, people, counsel, and jury. It is possible that this amiable tendency is now being carried somewhat too far. A few months ago a clergyman who had murdered his wife was reprieved because he was an old man, and it was conjectured that his wife had not the best of tempers. The case was in some respects similar to that of DIBLANC. There was no witness of the murder, but it was good-naturedly assumed that a clergyman would not kill his wife on a Sunday unless she had been particularly aggravating. In a similar way we are now asked to take it for granted that a cook would not strangle her mistress if the mistress kept her own place and showed proper consideration for the feelings of her servant. There appear to be several reasons which incline popular sentiment in DIBLANC's favour. She is a foreigner; she was unjustly suspected of having been a Communist, and perhaps a *pétroleuse*; she wears a nice white cap, and looks a quiet sort of woman; her mistress was perhaps no better than she should be, and ought at any rate to have been at church on Sunday morning instead of staying at home to be murdered. Mr. CHARLES READE, who has made women, and especially, as he intimates, cooks, a subject of pro-

found study, has undertaken to show that DIBLANC behaved with singular delicacy and forbearance to her victim. A successful writer of fiction, who is professionally engaged in the analysis of human nature, has perhaps as good a right to be heard as an expert on such a question as any of the mad doctors who are so fond of lecturing from the witness-box on "paroxysms of motive"; but Mr. READE's sentimental devotion to the inmates of the kitchen leads him to some extraordinary conclusions. The kitchen, it seems, is the cook's castle, and a mistress who intrudes there in order to find fault with her domestic, especially on a Sunday, "when even a cook is entitled to a little bit of peace," should be thankful if she is only knocked down and beaten or throttled by hand. The kitchen is "an arsenal of deadly weapons," with every one of which a cook is familiar; and it is monstrous to make a fuss about a cook merely scrunching the bones of her mistress's throat in her vigorous grasp when she might, if she liked, stab her with a carving knife or chop her up with a cleaver. From Mr. READE's point of view, DIBLANC is the victim, and the murdered woman the real criminal. It makes one's blood boil to think of what "insulted labour and contumace" must have endured before it took justifiable vengeance on insolent and merciless "luxury." If Madame RIEL had not gone poking about in a kitchen which was not hers, but her cook's, the cook would not have taken her by the throat; and if she had not weakened her constitution by habits of luxury, she would have been able to defend herself, and a crime would not have been consummated, "when between two working women there would only have been a fight." It is obvious that Madame RIEL had no right to allow herself to be *cravée*, and thus to bring poor dear MARGUERITE into all this trouble. Mr. READE's namby-pamby sentimentalism supplies us with an irresistible *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument for the defence. We agree with Mr. READE that in recommending the prisoner to mercy the jury gave their own verdict the lie, for if there is any truth in the indictment the prisoner is a most unfit subject of mercy. It seems to us difficult to imagine a more savage or atrocious murder; and nothing can be more dangerous than to countenance the argument that because a mistress uses hard words her servant has a right to spring upon her like a wild beast and choke her. It is significant that the philanthropists who are so very chary of taking life as the punishment of murder have no hesitation about allowing people to be put to death, without trial, for bad language. There are, we fear, other aggravating wives and "worrying" mistresses in the world besides Mrs. WATSON and Madame RIEL, and they know now what they have to expect. It has hitherto been supposed that the object of the law was to teach people to control the impulses of passion; but this new theory of killing no murder will be apt to have an opposite effect.

#### THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

THE strikes which are just now in progress simultaneously in different parts of the world exhibit in a remarkable manner the diversities of the labour market. While the London carpenters have led the way in a general strike of the building trades for a working day of nine hours, the engineers of Berlin are striking for a day of ten hours, and all kinds of mechanics and artisans in New York for a day of eight hours. The London workmen can look back on a time when they were striking, like those of Berlin, to get their hours reduced to ten, and it is probable that they look forward hopefully to some day placing themselves in as good a position in this respect as the workmen of New York. There is no reason to suppose that if the conditions of the labour market in England, Germany, and the United States could be equalized, workmen would not be hired on the same terms in the three countries. There is a school of sentimental economists who are in the habit of arguing that there is such a thing as a just wage, and we suppose there must also be a just day's work. It is amusing to observe the anger and contempt with which people of this class repudiate the doctrine that the worth of a thing is what it will fetch; but it has not yet been shown on what other principle the commercial relations of men can practically be regulated. No means have yet been discovered of compelling people to buy what they do not want, and the question whether a commodity is really wanted is usually determined by the price at which it can be procured. There are few things which people cannot do without if they choose, and it is certain that they cannot buy everything. The carpenters and other workmen in the building trades calculate that the wealth

and population of the metropolis must continue to increase, that more houses and better houses will be required, and that the masters can either afford to surrender some of their profits, or can easily recoup themselves at the expense of the public. It is obvious, however, that the cost of house-building cannot be seriously augmented without a corresponding rise in rents; and it is possible that not a few householders, under the pressure of the present high prices of everything, may be compelled to consider whether they cannot procure cheaper instead of dearer dwellings. Any one can see for himself that some parts of London are ludicrously overbuilt, and that it has been found impossible to get tenants of the class for whom the houses were originally intended. It may happen that one result of the strike will be the discomfiture of the speculative builders who are ruining so many neighbourhoods in this manner, and if it is, there will be no reason to regret it. There can be no doubt, however, that though London might perhaps contrive to shift for a time with its present stock of houses, it must continue to expand, and it will also have, to a great extent, to be rebuilt. We should not be surprised to find a reaction setting in on the part of the middle classes against dismal exile to remote suburbs, where they have none of the advantages of being in or near the country, and all the disadvantages of being at a distance from business and social pleasures. Houses in flats in the central parts of the town might then be expected to come into fashion. However that may be, there is no reason to fear that there will not be plenty of work for the builders in succeeding years, and it can scarcely be doubted that before long, if not at once, there must be a general rise of wages. The cost of living is very high, it appears to be increasing, and it presses in every way much more heavily on the working classes than on the middle and upper classes. As a working-man has now to pay more for everything he uses than he did a few years ago, he has a substantial reason for demanding an increase of wages; and we cannot help thinking that the masters committed an error in not at once meeting the demands of the men with a distinct and definite offer of an increase of wages. The masters in this, as in almost every other instance, appear to have made it a rule to concede nothing except under the coercion of Unions and strikes, and yet they profess to be surprised that the Unions should have such a hold upon the men, and that strikes are so frequent.

If the question at issue between masters and men in the building trade were simply a question of wages, there would probably be little difficulty in settling it. But, at the same time that the men want, for good reasons as we think, to earn more money, they also want to do less work. In effect, the masters are asked to make every man in their employment a present of not less than 4s. 3d. a week. The masters may, or may not, get this out of their customers; but in the first instance they will have to pay it themselves. In addition to this, the men demand that the code of working rules shall be altered very much to their advantage. It will be seen that the men hope to carry the masters' position with a rush, at a moment when the latter are embarrassed by a temporary pressure of business. Whether they will succeed in doing this, whether their strike or the lock-out with which the masters have answered it, will be abandoned first, we cannot presume to say. It is simply a trial of strength, and the issue depends not merely on the circumstances of the trade at the moment, but on the temper of the antagonists. It is usually assumed that those who do not approve the policy and tactics of Trade Unions must necessarily be hostile to working-men, and anxious to see them oppressed and despoiled. For our own part, though we have never been able to understand why the working-man, in the cant sense of the word, should be an especial object of sympathy and compassion above all other classes of the community, we should be very glad to see him and everybody else getting the highest wages for the least amount of work. The Saturday half-holiday has not been an unmixed advantage to the working-men, or at least to their families; but there can be no doubt that a life of constant labour has a depressing effect, and that a reasonable amount of leisure is essential to the intelligent and wholesome enjoyment of life. When the men get more accustomed to leisure, they will perhaps be able to make a better use of it; and as there has been of late years a gradual reduction of the hours of labour, the process may be expected to continue, although it is clear that it cannot be indefinitely prolonged. There is no pretence, however, for saying that ten hours at carpenter's work or bricklaying is injurious to health; and the object for which the reduction of

hours is asked is avowedly to establish an artificial system of employment. There are a great many carpenters, bricklayers, &c., out of work, and the managers of the Unions feel bound to do something for them. The working-man would probably be amazed and disgusted if the grocer told him that, because tea was too abundant in the market, it had been decided that three-quarters of a pound should be reckoned a pound, and that sixpence a pound should be added to the price. But the working-man thinks this very good logic in his own case as against the grocer and the public. It is possible that some day it may be found practicable to limit the working-day to nine hours, or even less; and as a step in that direction it is natural to begin by fixing the normal limit of the day at nine hours, and making all labour beyond that overtime at a higher rate. This was the result of the engineers' strike at Newcastle, but the real object of that strike, as of the present, was of a more serious character, and was in fact to put a stop to overtime altogether. In this the engineers failed, and it is probable that the carpenters and masons will fail too, inasmuch as they are endeavouring to coerce, not merely their employers, but a considerable section of their own class, who are anxious to increase their earnings by overtime. In the building trade it might perhaps be a fair compromise that the men should continue to do ten hours' work in the summer-time, when business presses, and nine—or, for the matter of that, eight hours—in the winter-time, when there is less work and shorter daylight. It is perhaps significant that in the United States the law fixing the day's labour at eight hours remained a dead letter till a few weeks since, when, under pressure of the Presidential election, the Government gave orders that it should be enforced in the public works. After the election the law may again be forgotten, and though in some trades the men have carried their point, the resistance to the movement is still vigorously maintained by private employers.

As the carpenters persist in their strike, and have refused the arbitration proposed by the masters, a lock-out has now commenced. The result will no doubt be a heavy loss both to masters and men, and the abstraction of a considerable amount of capital which might otherwise have been devoted to developing the trade and providing increased employment for the men. At first sight arbitration in such a case has a plausible and prepossessing look; but on examination it becomes very doubtful whether much good could be expected from it. Even if arbitrators could be chosen who commanded the implicit confidence of both parties, on what principles would they proceed to give their decisions? They would have not only to find the facts, but to invent the law which they would have to apply to the facts. How can arbitration be expected, for example, to settle such a question as the limitation of the day's work to nine hours? The masters want to make money fast and to get through as much work as possible, and therefore they insist upon ten hours. The men, who have no prospect of retiring on a comfortable fortune, and who know that they will have to work all their lives, prefer to take the journey more easily and to rest a little as they go along. Each party wants to do what is most convenient for itself, and how could an arbitrator determine which should give way? It is a sheer trial of strength. And much the same may be said of the question of wages. Have the men a right to a proportionate share in the profits of the business? With what amount of profit should an employer be contented? What are the employer's risks, and how much in the shape of a margin should be allowed for them? These are all questions as to which there are, so far as we know, no settled principles or rules for the guidance of arbitration, and until some kind of understanding was come to about them, the arbitrators would be quite at sea. It is unfortunate that the dispute cannot be settled without a conflict in which the combatants and the public will alike suffer; but it is difficult to see what else could be done.

#### THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM.

THE gentlemen who delight in calling themselves Philosophical Radicals are fond of preaching a doctrine which from some points of view seems to be in curious contrast to their practice. The great evil of the present day, as they delight to inform us, is the growing tyranny of the majority. Society is becoming painfully monotonous, and we are compelled more and more to cut our cloth according to the taste of our neighbours. The black hat, under which all adult males of a certain social standing groan with an ever-increasing sense of helplessness, is a fitting emblem of our subjection. Accordingly, they naturally in such weather as that which has probably distinguished the last weight of the season, by some thousands of men, and they

it is about the most detestable head-dress ever invented. It is hideous, uncomfortable in all weathers, and provocative of sun-stroke in heat. And yet we are all condemned to wear it; and to appear in midday in a really convenient form of costume requires greater courage than to walk up to a battery. The ancient legend of Gessler's hat may possibly be considered at some future day, when dates have been blended together by the mists of time, as a myth expressive of that humiliating bondage; but the Tell who is to protest against it has not yet appeared. To shoot at an apple on one's child's head would be disagreeable, but what is that to making oneself ridiculous in the eyes of the respectable public? It is to be remarked that the people who protest most vigorously in theory against this despotism are also the very people who do their best to render it inevitable. The so-called tyranny of the majority is a logical result from the general levelling of society. When the distinction between classes, and even the distinction between sexes, obtains no legislative or social recognition, public opinion will naturally have a unity and an intensity hitherto unknown. The effect of mixing all classes together and giving the same weight to the opinion of every individual will naturally be that all mankind, being exposed to much the same influences, will have much the same opinion; and all the preaching in the world will hardly animate the insignificant unit in a mass of many millions to have any really independent views. If, that is, the Utopia of these theorists could ever be reached, it is probable at first sight that the evil against which they most strongly protest would be aggravated to the highest possible degree. We will not ask at present whether any ingenious changes of political machinery, such as Mr. Hare's scheme of voting, offer any chances of escape. It is not improbable, to say the least, that any such devices, however cleverly they might be constructed, would turn out to be the flimsiest of cobwebs when opposed to the deeper moral influences naturally generated by a perfectly dead level of society.

We are not, however, prepared at the present moment to discuss the very difficult problem thus suggested, or to inquire into the means by which our grandchildren may possibly escape from being ground down into multitudinous repetitions of an identical type. It will be enough for the present to dwell upon one particular branch of the argument which is not unfrequently misrepresented. The writers of whom we speak appeal to the growing uniformity of various social observances as if that tendency necessarily implied a diminution of social liberty. In one sense this is of course true. A man's choice of hats is restricted. Instead of suiting his own fancy or convenience, he is bound by an unwritten but inexorable law to choose the pattern which society in its wisdom has chosen to prescribe for him. In the same way, however much the practice may commend itself in the eye of reason, he is absolutely forbidden to chew tobacco, to eat peas with a knife, or to sit down to dinner in his shirt-sleeves. It requires, however, very little thought to see that this is in many cases the price which one pays for liberty. We can do what we please so long as we make the necessary sacrifice to the idol, just as a man may say what he likes when he is dressed in a commonplace domino at a masquerade. It is impossible sufficiently to admire the efficiency of the contrivance as it is exhibited in any social meeting in London. If we consider the set of persons who are often gathered round a single dinner-table, we may easily satisfy ourselves of the advantages of this cloak of darkness. The Giant-killer in the story sits down by his bitterest enemy and eats and drinks in perfect security owing to his fairy armour. On the same principle there may be hatreds and jealousies and dark intrigues enough in a single dining-room to furnish out a whole batch of tragedies. Capulet and Montague are enabled to meet on equal terms, to shake each other by the hand, and put on all the conventional appearances of goodwill. What is this but saying that we are infinitely freer than we should be if everybody had to wear a distinguishing badge? In rough savage times, two enemies cannot meet without flying at each other's throats. Hatred, therefore, could only be indulged under severe penalties, whereas we may now indulge in the most delicious antipathies as freely and fully as our hearts can desire. There is no bad passion which we may not cherish, so long as we do not give it open expression. A man may be a misanthrope, and yet show himself every evening in a white tie and with the conventional smirk on his countenance. In earlier days he would have had either to abandon his misanthropy or to retire into a cell. That is to say, there are in this respect much fewer obstacles to the hatred of our neighbours than was formerly the case; and the same remark applies to any other passion in which our idiosyncrasies may lead us to indulge. The external uniformity of society should therefore not be described as a grinding each other down in the social mill, but rather as the adoption of a method by which our passions, at the simple price of not showing themselves on the surface, may have practically more ample room and breathing space than they would have at the antipodes. Anybody who has frequented circles which make a boast of being unconventional will probably have observed that such people are practically far more awkward and flat than their respectable neighbours. Nothing imposes so really galling a restraint as the understanding that your actions are to be interpreted, not as a mere tribute to social decency, but as a sincere expression of your feelings. In London people are bound to observe certain rules from which they are exempted in the country; and in London they are practically infinitely freer from the censures of their neighbours. Yet have, it is true, to wear a black hat and coat, and you cannot

smoke a pipe with the same freedom in the public streets. But, on the other hand, nobody knows what your income is or how you spend it, or thinks of asking, unless you invite the question, whether you attend the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon or Cardinal Manning, or sit under Mr. Voysey, or simply spend your Sunday mornings in the retirement of your own library. The tendency of things is to force all the little oddies into the main stream, and to make everybody live in a crowd instead of retiring to a hermitage. But then the crowd itself becomes a protection, and, by making a small external sacrifice, you receive in return the utmost possible freedom of action in far more essential matters.

These are sufficiently obvious considerations, but it seems as if the conclusion was not always observed. Phenomena which are really significant of an increase of liberty are noticed as though they implied a growth of social tyranny. Society imposes a certain code of laws; they are applied with greater uniformity to different classes, and it may even be that they are imposed with greater rigour than of old. But it does not necessarily follow, as seems to be frequently assumed, that they touch the individual on a greater number of points, or upon points of more vital importance. The black hat, to recur to our example, is clearly a grievance; it is devoutly to be wished that the mysterious powers which preside over such details would invent a more comfortable and becoming uniform. Perhaps it would be better still if we had arrived at that pitch of civilization at which everybody could be trusted to suit his individual taste. But that is not the issue which has been practically decided. The alternative hitherto presented to mankind has been only whether we should all wear the same uniform, or whether each class should wear its own uniform. When the artisan in his Sunday best wears the same costume as the prince, he is far freer than if he were bound to mark his trade and his geographical position by every detail of his dress. The disappearance of the old provincial peculiarities may be a subject for regret from the æsthetic and perhaps from other points of view, but to the provincial himself it means that he is shaking off some of the narrow shackles within which his mind and his person were confined, and is becoming part of a larger community with more varied interests, thoughts, and opportunities of exerting his energies. The levelling process may be merely a stage towards a further improvement and a classification of mankind according to their individual tastes, instead of the arbitrary divisions of caste and locality. It must in that case be accepted as a necessary step in the process of development, though not regarded as the ultimate goal of progress. However this may be, it would be easy to suggest many other cases in which our lamentations seem to be rather thrown away. Mr. Mill, for example, tells us that eccentricity is now regarded with so much disgust that we are inclined to set anybody down as mad who deviates from the ordinary paths of conduct. Is that entirely a disadvantage? Suppose that a gentleman comes to the conclusion that, on the whole, it would contribute to his happiness to blow his wife's brains out. He acts upon this resolution with complete disregard of the views upon the subject generally current in civilized society. In simpler times he would have been hanged by the neck till he was dead. At the present period we feel that there is very much to be said on both sides of the question, and we therefore resolve to make a judicious compromise by presenting him with a pension for the rest of his days, whilst, at the same time, we put him under certain restrictions to prevent him from acting upon his theories to the disadvantage of other people. The difference is that we have learnt to call an action silly which we used to describe as wicked. Murderous propensities have such an obvious tendency to make society unpleasant that, even on the wildest doctrine of human rights, it is admitted that they ought to be put under certain restrictions; but if the special idiosyncrasy of the individual is developed into a taste for crime, he can certainly gratify it with less practical inconvenience than in former times. To do what other people do not generally do has always been considered a legitimate ground of offence. If it was formerly set down as a sin, and is now only regarded as a disease, we are no far less hampered than of old. Originality of character may possibly be growing rarer. We by no means intend to deny that it is so; and still less to deny that the diminution of originality is a natural consequence of democracy. The moral atmosphere becomes less favourable to vigorous growth, and in some cases government tends to become more rigid and more inclined to force particular modes of action upon the individual. But before we decide that the prevalence of a given custom is an instance of this tendency, there is a previous question to be considered. The new rules may be a substitute for old ones of a different character, or they may be a device for allowing deeper differences to exist under cover of superficial uniformity. To live in society is to play a game which requires a certain amount of skill. Those who possess the necessary accomplishments may flatter themselves that, even if things come to the worst, they can, at the price of a little lying, indulge any evil propensities they please to the fullest extent. There is no opinion which they may not hold, and no vice which they may not practise, with as great impunity as ever. Whether the nobler influences may not be at work which tend to promote the growth of original character, is another question; but there is really no cause to complain of the tyranny of public opinion when it is a serpent who can be evaded by such very easy compliances.

## THE ALFRED MILLENNARY DINNER.

THE millennium has come and the dinner has been eaten. University College has assembled to celebrate after the manner of Englishmen the anniversary of an event which never happened, and to defend as ingeniously as might be a proceeding which has at least had the merit of providing resident Oxford, and most likely non-resident Oxford also, with a source of merriment not likely to be soon forgotten. But in truth, grotesque as the whole business is, it is not merely subject for laughter. The whole affair, and the comments which have been made upon it in various quarters, show how very lax are the notions which some minds entertain of historic truth. We have of course nothing to say against the Oxford resident who so kindly served up our own remarks cold a few days before the festival took place. Perhaps we had by that time been forgotten; perhaps we had dealt with the subject in too light a vein, and it was found needful to put forth our arguments afresh in a form grave enough for the readers of the *Academy*. But the way in which some other papers talked about the matter, the sneers at carping antiquarianism and the like, serve, together with the first idea of the dinner itself, and with the speeches made at it, to show how hard it is to make many people understand that the difference between truth and falsehood is a matter of any importance at all. "Antiquarianism," like "pedantry," is one of the charges which are always hurled at the heads of those who care about truth by those who do not care about it. Anything it seems is good enough to dine about, and anything is good enough to make a joke about. We say No. When people deliberately celebrate a certain event, whether by dining or in any other way, they profess a belief in the truth of that event. If they do not believe in the event which they commemorate, the business is something beyond a joke—it is a mere piece of dishonesty.

Let us compare the mock anniversary which was kept last week with the real anniversary which was kept a few years back by the most ancient College in Oxford. The Merton College festival differed from the University College festival in the degree in which a real antiquity of six hundred years differs from a sham antiquity of a thousand years. The University College festival stood to the Merton College festival in the relation in which the Eastern believers in two creative principles hold certain animals to stand towards nobler animals of their own order. Ormuzd created the man and the horse; Ahriman, trying to imitate his work, could produce nothing better than the monkey and the ass. It is in this sort of relation that the University College sham stands to the Merton College reality. When Merton College came together to celebrate a real founder, none of its members were put to the pitiful shifts by which the speakers at University College strove to defend the celebration of an imaginary founder. No Merton man had anything to defend at all; no Merton man had any need to be ashamed of what he was doing. The members of Merton College came together to keep the anniversary of the real calling into being, by the act of a wise and bountiful man, of a noble foundation, the oldest in Oxford, at least of its kind, and which has lived on with but little change to our own day. Such a gathering needed no apology, no defence; it needed no such searching after far-fetched parables as has distinguished this pitiful attempt to ape it. Every man at Merton must have felt that he was taking a part in a ceremony in which he might well be proud to have a right to take a part. He must have felt that he was celebrating a great and beneficial revolution in Academical history, a revolution of which he was in some sort a personal representative. But every man who dined at University College in honour of the imaginary foundation of King Alfred must have known in his heart that he was dining in honour of a lie. We use, as we used before, the one word which rightly expresses the state of things. We repeat that the alleged foundation of University College by King Alfred is not a myth, it is not a legend, it is not a tradition; it is a lie, a lie invented at a known time and with a known purpose. This at once does away with the one parallel which has been found in the whole history of the world for celebrating the thousandth anniversary of an event that never happened. Dean Stanley has lighted on what he thinks an analogous case in the celebration by the Emperor Philip of the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of Rome. The foundation of Rome, he tells us, was as doubtful as the foundation of University College. He calls up, perhaps from the depths of his internal consciousness, the various objections which were brought against the ceremony, and tells how cynical critics doubted whether Romulus was really suckled by a wolf. Dr. Stanley forgets that, if there were nothing to be said against the foundation of Rome by Romulus except that a legend asserted that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, the foundation of Rome by Romulus might stand firmly as any fact in history. Cyrus, so legend said, was suckled by a kindred animal, yet Cyrus really founded the empire of Persia. So Alfred certainly did not found University College, and it is very likely that he never had anything to do with the burning of cakes; but Alfred was not the less a real man who did great things. Modern criticism leads us to disbelieve not only that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, but that Romulus ever existed at all. But we may be sure that when Philip celebrated the millenary of Rome, though many may have disbelieved the story of the wolf, there were few or none who disbelieved the fact or the date of the foundation of Rome by Romulus. Could Dr. Stanley or any other man there stand up and say that

he really believed that University College was founded by Alfred in the year 872? Dr. Stanley at least could not. With a characteristic confusion of truth and fiction he tells us that "he considers that the connexion of Oxford with King Alfred has no grains of historical truth, but is a very fine legend." And he goes on to talk about Alfred and Arthur as "two ideal kings in English history," about Cambridge and her charter, and the Poet Laureate, and what not. And then he goes on to compare the imaginary foundation of a University or a College by Alfred in the middle of the Danish wars with the real foundation of the University of Leyden in the midst of the Dutch War of Independence, and with the story, which there is at least nothing to contradict, about the sale of the ground on which Hannibal's camp was pitched. There would be something amusing, if it were not pitiable, in the state of mind which not only cannot distinguish between the honest growth of legend and the wilful invention of lies, but to which truth and falsehood in any shape seem to be matters of utter indifference. Truth must indeed be in a poor way if it is thought to be a justification of falsehood that something a little like it can be found in real history. To Dr. Stanley, the falseness of a story is, the more utterly it contradicts all truth and all possibility, the clearer it seems to become. "Viewing it as a legend," he tells us, "872 is the proper date." That is to say, it is the date which, if there are degrees in utter impossibility, is most utterly impossible. And all this comes from the mouth of one who, with the bitterest unconscious satire, exhorts his hearers to "be the true sons and disciples of Alfred the Truth-teller, and carry this"—that is, we suppose, the confusion of truth and falsehood—"on for another thousand years."

This is the main and the most characteristic feature of Dr. Stanley's speech, but one or two other points are remarkable. One of the parallels which he finds between the millenary of Rome and the millenary of University College is that "some thought, and this suspicion was not ill-founded, that Philip was a Christian in disguise." Who was the Christian in disguise at the University millenary we are not told. The only guess we can make is that, as Mr. Morgan later in the evening referred to Lord Westbury as an ornament, if not of the College, at least of the University, that eminent Christian may have been present in disguise at the dinner. But there is another part of Dr. Stanley's speech which is more remarkable still, and which we cannot help thinking must by some fault of the printer have wandered out of the speech of Mr. Lowe. Dr. Stanley is made to complain that Philip's millenary "was even on a more magnificent scale than" that of University College; "many elephants and elks came; and there was even one hippopotamus and one rhinoceros." Whether this is rightly reported we know not; as the words stand in the *Times*, any one would think that at all events the elephants and the elks, if not the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros, came as invited guests, at a time when, as the speaker goes on to say, "all classes feasted and enjoyed themselves for three nights and three days." We fear, however, that the truth of the case will hardly bear out this view with regard to the classes of elephants and of elks, to say nothing of such unclassified personages as the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros. We fear that they were there for quite another purpose, and this is what makes us think that this part of the speech must really belong to Mr. Lowe, and not to Dr. Stanley. The speaker, as his speech is reported, evidently regrets the absence from the University millenary of the elephants, elks, and other huge beasts which had their part in the Roman millenary. Now we cannot for a moment suspect Dr. Stanley of any hankering after the bloody scenes of the amphitheatre, but a delight in them would be quite consistent with the avowed sentiments of Mr. Lowe. Nothing, as we know, causes such admiration to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a good railway accident which kills many more people than the paltry slaughter of Marathon. It would then be quite in character with Mr. Lowe to regret that elephants and elks, a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros, could not be butchered to make an Oxford holiday. But that any such sentiment fell from the lips of the Dean of Westminster we cannot lightly believe.

The reported speech of Mr. Lowe is such mere chaff and buffoonery that it does not call for any serious criticism. But we may remark that he keeps quite clear of the ticklish points which his appearance in the University he has so egregiously misrepresented could hardly fail to suggest to every mind. His great point seems to be to make a joke of the argument that no College at Oxford could have been founded by Alfred in 872 because in that year Oxford formed no part of Alfred's dominions. It is, Mr. Lowe tells us, easy for a man to give away that which is not his own. Does Mr. Lowe find it so? Does he find that his control over the revenues of the United Kingdom gives him any control over the revenues of France or Russia? Mr. Lowe had better come forward and prove his own point by founding a college on some other man's land, at some other man's expense—a college in which, instead of such antiquated subjects as Greek and Latin and Geometry, the *Discipline Mathematica* and *Physica* shall take the form of the art of getting up good railway accidents, and the *Littera Humaniora* shall consist of the ideal theory of history as set forth by Dr. Stanley.

The other speeches do not call for much notice. The Master, Mr. Bradley, takes care not to commit himself to any belief in the Alfred fable. It is enough for him that the judgment of a Court of law has decided that the College is a royal foundation, and he rejoices in the practical advantages which the College gains by being so. This is all likely enough, but it has nothing to do with



the matter. There are plenty of foundations to which no king really gave anything, which by a fiction of law have been declared to be royal foundations. If legal fictions of this kind are to be accepted as historical evidence, historians may as well give up their business altogether. Dr. Stanley of course catches with delight at the hint of the Master. Dr. Stanley, if he is consistent, must believe that all the victims of Henry the Eighth were guilty because courts of justice and Acts of Attainder declared them guilty. He must believe that all the abbots of the greater monasteries surrendered of their own free will, and he must believe that all the doings of Henry were done "of his most excellent goodness," because both assertions are to be found in the preambles of Acts of Parliament. But of course, when a man has once come to look on truth and falsehood as things indifferent, and to judge of history and legend by an "ideal" standard, he may get to believe this or anything else. He may even come to believe with Mr. C. S. Parker that "King Alfred hanged three Judges and thirty-four magistrates for corruption." We remember that there is some late legend of the kind, a legend which Mr. Kemble once refers to with that supremest form of contempt which consists in taking it as the standard of his contempt for some other story. But we should really like to know what are Mr. Parker's ideas of Judges and magistrates in the time of Alfred. Can he tell us the exact form of the Commission of the Peace, and whether their clerks were paid by fees or by salaries?

The thing is now over; those who had a hand in it will perhaps be glad that it should be forgotten as soon as may be. One thing is significant. We see no mention of the presence, we see no allusion to the absence, of those members of University College who have earned a real right to be listened to on matters of history. Dr. Stanley's ideal talk may perhaps by this time have awakened some little laughter in Yorkshire and North America. As for those who did keep the feast, we know not what their carnal repast consisted of, but we gather from Dr. Stanley's speech that at least they did not feast on elk and hippopotamus. As for the more ethereal part of the entertainment, we can only say that it reminds us of the diet spoken of by the prophet when he complains that Ephraim feedeth on wind.

#### THE LONDON SEASON.

NO one who happens to be in Hyde Park at six o'clock in the afternoon will venture to say that the material signs of prosperity have decreased in this country. Four, or perhaps five, lines of carriages touching one another stretch for more than a mile along the road, each containing two or more occupants whose dresses, whose servants, and whose horses represent an enormous amount of labour and expense. If they do not convey the impression of culture, they certainly convey the impression of wealth. The spectator may imagine himself to be in the chief city of Utopia, until he remembers that in that State there were no idle persons nor any occupied about unprofitable exercises, and that the dress of the citizens consisted of leather or skins which would last seven years. Though this can hardly be predicated of the over-dressed women who display their riches as they stare vacantly around them between Prince's and Stanhope Gate, yet the spectacle is a most gratifying one to the national vanity. Surely we may exclaim with triumph, "Thank God, we have got rid of the poor at last, and poor relations, and all the disagreeable incumbrances which wearied our forefathers, diminished their incomes, and doubtless shortened their lives. We have nothing to legislate for except these lines of carriages, and who can doubt for one moment that these heaps of muslin ought to have the franchise as soon as possible, and bring their information to bear upon the proceedings of Parliament?" Society is, it would seem, a concourse of beings who are able to spend at least five thousand pounds a year upon themselves, and are only kept in subjection by hearing that one amongst their number has left three hundred and twenty thousand a year to his heir. The chief difficulty they have to contend against is that of spending their incomes, and millionaires plaintively lament that they do not know how to get rid of their money. Who does not feel sympathy for them in their troubles? Many of them have found themselves suddenly in their new position through successful speculation; after investing in a moor, a yacht, one or two houses, new furniture, and the refuse of the Academy, they can think of nothing further. Fortunately for them, circumstances over which they have no control enable them to spend a little more money than they might otherwise find it possible to get through. The rise in the price of labour, the short hours' movement, and other causes operate in their favour. All the commonest requirements of life will soon become luxuries, and a mutton-chop will be as great a dainty as an ortolan. Everybody is determined to live as his neighbour lives—gives the same superfluity of sweetbread, drinks the same wines, assumes the same importance, practices the same vulgarities. If a thing can only be done simply, unostentatiously, let it not be done at all. Unless the semi-detached house spends as much money as the detached house, the street as the square, the mews as the street, let there be no entertainments. The object with which people are collected together is not their own pleasure, but the gratification of the vanity of the host. When we are told one day that the flowers at this or that hall have cost a thousand pounds, that turtle-soup was given at

this or that supper, we recognise the efficacy of such an advertisement, and wonder how it is that we have not always required such concessions to our palates and our noses. Why should we not raise the standard still higher, and insist that all persons whose grandfathers "disappeared about the time of the assizes" should give us cucumbers stuffed with pearls at their balls? Perhaps we are on the eve of the discovery of another source, which in all probability will require enormous sums of money for its gratification. If any stray poor are left among us at the present moment, they must certainly disappear in a few years.

We believe that London was never so full as it has been during this month. In the seventeenth century, if not later, it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London that, when he did come, he used to make his will before he set out. In Pepys's Memoirs a saying is quoted to the effect that in proportion to its distance from the capital was the duration of a family, and that "the old rule was that a family might remain fifty miles from London a hundred years, a hundred miles from London two hundred years, and so further or nearer London more or less years." If this rule holds good, all our county families ought to disappear in a few decades. The representative system is a farce. Constituents themselves represent the constituency; members groan over the perpetual presence of their electors; they are at their elbows in the lobby, in Piccadilly, in their own houses, and ask for orders for the House of Commons as if they had a share in the Government. The fusion of classes which wealth and the railways render possible is delightful, and is nowhere better exemplified than at an evening party. The Black Hole at Calcutta is the only parallel which suggests itself to the intelligent mind. In old times the back staircase might safely be counted upon as a means of exit, but education and the diffusion of knowledge through the press have opened the eyes of the masses to its usefulness. Front and back staircase are alike in being both wholly impassable. No one can get up, no one can get down. There are five breathing, perspiring human beings of both sexes in one square yard of space; there is only just room enough to keep their respective heads apart. One of the heads regrets that she did not allow one more week to elapse after the burial of her sister before she went out, and thinks of her new black gown with tears in her eyes. Another has just given a ball, and finds herself in close proximity to an old friend of her own and her husband's, with whom she has stayed for weeks in the country before her marriage, whose daughters she did not ask, and whom it has been her one object to avoid during the evening. There is no movement, only cackle, which ascends in clouds, and which, let us hope, never returns to earth in any other form again. The country neighbours fresh from the plough have the best of it, while the dyspeptic legislator, enervated by voting for Bills which at heart he detests, collapses. The guests groan and puff and snort; should an opportunity present itself at the expiration of half-an-hour, a woman implores some man near her to tear off the trimming which has wound itself round two people in the next room, a chair, and an *attaché*. The lover who has come to meet the object of his love makes despairing faces at her separated by an interval of seven yards, a lead which after an hour's diligent chase he is only able to decrease by a few feet; and when at length he gains the staircase he just catches sight of her as she leaves the cloak-room with torn dress and heightened complexion. Thus is their tender gabble postponed, and their happiness relegated to the morrow's ball. Such are the consequences of return tickets and express trains. Rooms must be full and parks crowded, for no one has anything to do. Man never is, but always to be, occupied. This little boy may be in the army or the tea trade, a fashionable stockbroker or wine merchant, a Government clerk or an hereditary legislator; whatever may be his duties, wherever may be his headquarters, the City or Aldershot, the Commons or the Lords, his time seems always to be at the disposal of his friends. On the preceding day he may have furnished an acquaintance with poisonous liquids, to-morrow there may be a field-day or a debate, but for seven days in the week he has nothing to do with himself. Idleness and wealth are natural concomitants of one another.

Unfortunately, delicacy of mind and refinement of feeling are not promoted by the diffusion of riches, and it is sad to think that turtle soup does not necessarily imply high breeding. Nothing now can be too coarse for an English audience, and the shouts of applause which greet a novelty in indecent gestures or meanings which no one can call double, show what we may expect in the future. What the club is to men, the theatre is to many women. Is a thing indecent? asks a section of the upper classes; it is; then we will go and see it, they exclaim with one consent. In the seventeenth century the English enjoyed the reputation of blushing, a reproach which no one would cast in the face of their descendants. Those mysterious laws which govern the actions of a Lord Chamberlain have permitted a French piece to be acted during the past week which in gross indecency has not been equalled for many years. There are two points in it at which the occupants of the stalls scream with delight, at the recital of which no English gentlewoman ought to be present, much less amused. We have no hesitation in saying that a woman who takes pleasure in the representation of a piece such as *Madame attend Monsieur* cannot desire to get credit for modesty, if indeed she has not lost it. At this rate the reproduction of the *Country Wife* and the *Custom of the Country* will be called for by the playgoing public with one accord, and inter-

ludes will be given during which selected passages from Brantôme and Casti will be read aloud. All we can hope for is, that the sexes will have separate days appointed to them for the hearing. No comments of censure in the meantime are made, and one might fancy, when one reads in the newspaper that the public "takes a sort of critical and self-abandoning pleasure" in what is going on, that they were doing something for which the country ought to be very grateful. Conjugal fidelity is one of the bases of the present constitution of society, and it has as yet been thought fitting to allow some of the relations between the two sexes to remain a little disguised. Of course this may be a great mistake, but until we have found something to take its place, we might give it a further trial, and not adopt La Rochefoucauld's maxim that "il y a peu d'honnêtes femmes qui ne soient lasses de leur métier." The astonishing thing is that the excuse made for all these people who flock to a morning performance where the most prurient pieces are to be played is that they do not understand it. What a girl of the present day does or does not comprehend is a question which we have no wish to enter into. Everything is conceded to her impenetrable stupidity, and her friends and relations talk of her in much the same language as Montesquieu used in the very short chapter devoted to this subject in the *Esprit des Loix*. "Les filles," says that writer, "ont un esprit qui n'ose penser, un cœur qui n'ose sentir, des yeux qui n'osent voir, des oreilles qui n'osent entendre, et ne se présentent que pour se montrer stupides." Were this flattering description a true one, they might undoubtedly be permitted to go anywhere with perfect impunity. As it is, we are only struck by the extreme openness of their eyes, and the acute sense of hearing possessed by their ears. It may be said that only an infinitesimal fraction ever go to see these French vulgarities. This may be true, though we decline to vouch for it, but their mothers and their married sisters go, and can only be the worse for what they have seen and heard. One would really think that the object of marriage was to enable women to see indecent comedies, read indecent books, and discuss indecent topics, and that the emancipation of girlhood consisted in this privilege. If a woman does not regret that she has sat through *Madame attend Monsieur*, we can only pity her; she may be expected to order tickets for the best places in the Park whenever the modern Phryne, accompanied by the acclamations of a plutocratic capital, descends into the Serpentine in honour of her mistress Venus.

#### THE NATIONAL SCHOOLMASTER.

THE great change which is passing over our system of national education must soon bring about a corresponding change in the position of our schoolmasters. Their numbers will be greatly increased, their stipend raised, their social status improved. If, as has been calculated, the number of children which a compulsory use of the powers of School Boards is likely to bring under teaching will require some eighty thousand teachers, it is plain that the present staff is absurdly inadequate to such a demand. Already managers are complaining of the difficulty of procuring masters, and of the increased stipends which masters require. But increase of pay is only one of the requirements which are now being energetically put forward by the class of teachers themselves. Social recognition, greater freedom of action in their work, a more public position, and deliverance from the servitude in which they at present stand either to the clergyman or the school committee, some scale of graduated promotion according to merit, and of pensions in illness or old age, are claims which have long been cherished by the body of schoolmasters, and which are now being boldly advanced in their congresses. In the main we hold these claims to be just. The position of the schoolmaster has long been a blot upon our educational system, and that it has not long ago attracted public attention is due simply to the forbearance, perhaps to the timidity, of the schoolmasters themselves. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the contrast between the hopes with which the young teacher leaves his Training College and the actual work in which he finds himself engaged. Not only has his college training been of a high order, but he has been taught to regard himself as engaged on labour which ranks next to that of the clergy itself in usefulness and dignity. But no sooner has his training been completed than he finds nine-tenths of it thrown away, his work that of a drudge, his social position hardly higher than that of the church beadle. We are not blind to the advantages of the Denominational system, but its actual result in the case of the schoolmaster has been to deprive him of any public status, and to reduce him to a mere dependant of the parson's. Theoretically, he is the servant of the school committee; practically, the school committee consists of the clergyman alone, and it is to the clergyman only that the schoolmaster in ninety cases out of a hundred feels himself responsible. In what is called a well-organized parish he generally ranks a little below the Scripture-reader, and a little above the district nurse. If he is in a country school, he is expected to play the harmonium whenever the rector's daughter has a headache, and to make himself useful at the penny reading or in putting up the decorations on high festivals. If he has a fair voice, he is assigned his place in the choir, and in any case he is bound to train the children in their hymn singing, and to see them to church. He is not so much the National schoolmaster as the Church schoolmaster, and it is only by overlooking his actual position that we can fairly estimate the "dismaying grievance" of which we heard so much

a little time ago. In some ways, no doubt, the position has its advantages; the rector is generally the only person of any education in a country parish, and intercourse with him, or dependence on him, is likely to be less galling to the schoolmaster than the society or control of squires or farmers. But the relation is, after all, a false one, and, like all false relations, it tells badly both on the clergy and the teachers. The parson is tempted to regard his schoolmaster simply in a parochial light, to meddle and muddle with the instruction from a religious point of view, to use the school, in short, as a sheer piece of parish machinery. The master has to collect statistics of the number of unbaptized children among his scholars, to report sick cases among their parents, to pick out fit subjects for confirmation, to press the claims of the Sunday-school, and to report the general tittle-tattle of the village to his spiritual lord. The result is simply that he is regarded as a mere hanger-on of the parson, and that he has no social position at all. One of the most common, as it is the most bitterly felt, among the complaints of the schoolmasters is the complaint of social isolation. Their education has raised them high above the society of the poor, while the middle classes, the farmer, or the tradesman, look down on them as they would look down on a pew-opener. Another result is that the master is regarded as a mere servant, without authority even in his own school. The angry mother who thinks Johnny backward in his "summing" runs off to make her protest, not to the teacher, but to the parson. The youngest curate assumes a tone of lofty superiority to the schoolmaster in the very presence of his class. His position is robbed in a thousand ways of all dignity, and the young enthusiast who has started from the Training College with the *Life of Arnold* in his pocket finds himself the more powerless and least regarded member of a parochial staff.

Nor is his work likely to meet those dreams of a teacher's vocation which the young master may have cherished. Even in its highest form education has a terrible monotony, but there is something crushing in the monotony of a National School. The children are for the most part removed before much intelligent teaching can have been imparted to them. The actual course of instruction has been stripped of all the more entertaining subjects, such as history or geography, in which a master could give the rein to his ingenuity, and restricted to the simplest elements. The inadequacy of his staff, the frequent mixture of children of widely different ages, the poverty of the school apparatus, are all so many obstacles in the way of original teaching. The slightest deviation, in fact, from the usual routine is regarded with jealousy by the school committee as likely to imperil their proceeds from the coming examination, and is frowned down upon by the parents. His religious instruction, on which the teacher has counted for the "moral influence" of which he heard so much at the Training College, resolves itself into listening to a drowsily chanted catechism, or standing by the side of a boggling curate as he turns in for his weekly "religious lesson to the school." Even the Bible teaching has to drop into a weary detail of the wanderings in the Desert or the number of the parables. Mr. Matthew Arnold has just made a gallant attempt to rescue the Bible from such handling as this by publishing the later chapters of Isaiah as a school handbook, with notes which are admirably adapted to bring out the literary and poetic excellences of the Hebrew prophet. But, whatever may be the fate of such an experiment in the future, it is hopeless as things go now. Most of the clergy would summarily forbid the use of a book which treated the Bible in a literary light at all; and, even irrespectively of this difficulty, there is the difficulty of examination which will always drive managers back on the easier test of such questions and answers as may be found in a "Scripture analysis." The most terrible obstacle, of course, to any higher teaching on the master's part lies in the irregularity of attendance, which renders progress among the bulk of his scholars almost inconceivably slow. Harvest-tide and crow-keeping in the country, running errands, and nursing the little ones in town, make the master's work, as it is conducted nowadays, a mere struggle against fate. He knows that, of the children who leave his school and figure in national statistics as educated, nine-tenths are unable to read with ease, and in the long run will soon cease to read at all. It is this consciousness of "grinding the wind," of the uselessness of their work, which tells most upon the spirit and energy of the National schoolmasters. Any admixture of boys of a higher class, such as is common enough in America, would enable them to face the general inertia of the rest. But the odd system which, by exacting an inadequate school fee, stamps our poor schools with the pauper stamp, while it prevents them from being free and on equal to all, has made the smallest tradesman anxious to raise his children at least above the level of the National School.

The very atmosphere of the school, too, is depressing. Even the best of our modern school-buildings are nothing but long, narrow, white-washed galleries, like the corridors of a workhouse, with bareness and monotony in their aspect. In towns playgrounds are almost impossible, and the long school hours without interruption bring about their inevitable air of dullness and exhaustion in both teacher and taught. The American resources of play-rooms and gymnastics would tax too heavily, as things go nowadays, the resources of English managers. The master, indeed, has hardly time to devote to planning resources of this kind, even if he had the energy. School is no sooner over for the children than he has his work with the pupil-teachers. His evenings are often enough spent in sifting out an inadequate stipend by making up the accounts of some neighbouring tradesman. These are the conditions

to be furnished for the ensuing examination, reports to be prepared for the school committee, perhaps a night school to drain the last remnant of attention and strength. And beyond all this there are the daily anxieties of a position dependant on the caprice of a few irresponsible persons. The one dread of the master is his dread of the "month's warning" which will send him out again without a penny in the world. He is anxious about the falling off in the school subscriptions, or the deficiency of the scholars' pence. Discipline becomes feeble lest complaints should make a bad impression at the vicarage. The school remains ill-lighted and ill-ventilated because the school committee would be worried to find money for repairs, and a worried school committee generally exhausts its worry on the schoolmaster. But the most terrible dread of all is the dread of the annual school inspection. That inspection, as it is conducted at present, works badly on the teachers themselves is plain enough from the fact, which every clergyman of experience will verify, that the best masters dread the coming of the inspectors with even more anxiety than the worst. In too many cases these gentlemen seem to regard themselves as bound to be as fussy and disagreeable as possible. Some of them treat the schoolmaster in the face of his boys as a decent man would hardly treat a dog. As a rule their ultimate verdict is fair enough, but it is often got at by an amount of teasing and bullying which reduces the children to blank idiocy and their teacher to despair. The master is forced to look on while his best boys are reduced to stupefaction by rapid questions delivered in the tone of a drill sergeant, and to know that he will be snubbed for a single suggestion or for a whisper of encouragement. All the faults of defective apparatus or insufficient light are laid at his door, though he has prayed in vain for the one and protested in vain against the other. He knows that a word of censure on the back of his certificate will reduce him to ruin, but he is generally left to the very close of the examination to learn that all this scolding and ill-temper on the inspector's part is only official routine, and that he need have been in no trouble at all. The few words of scanty praise at the close hardly atone for the months of dread and the day of agony which make up a school inspection.

That the change in the general system of English education must be accompanied by a change in the condition of the schoolmaster is plain enough. Half of his troubles spring from the inadequacy of his pay, and one of the first results of the establishment of School Boards has been a rise from the 80*l.* with a house, which was considered fair pay for a town master, to a somewhat higher figure. The question of stipend may fairly be left to the operation of the law of supply and demand, but the question of pensions is one which can only be dealt with by the Education Office. It is plain, however, that if teaching is to be regarded as a permanent profession, some system of pensions is absolutely necessary, and that the chief obstacle to any real improvement in the condition of the teaching class arises from a want of this sense of permanence. A really first-rate master is forced by sheer necessity to be continually seeking to quill his post and to avail himself of the distinction he may have gained to establish some middle-class school, or to enter into some business which will enable him to provide for old age. We may fairly look upon a graduated arrangement of schools as likely to supersede the present purely isolated system, a system which is as wasteful as it is educationally absurd. Such an arrangement would provide for the promotion of masters by merit from the lower to the higher posts in their profession. A prospect of promotion would not only infuse hope into the class as a whole, but would open to the intelligent master the chance of a position where his intelligence would at last find some scope for itself in public instruction. His dependence on the clergy, and his false relation to the Church, will gradually cease as the establishment of School Boards places education on a national basis. Even the poorest rural parish will profit when it finds in the parson and the schoolmaster two centres of intelligence and culture instead of one, nor is there the least necessity that the relation of the two should be hostile, because their position is distinct. With the rise of income and the attainment of independence will come a far higher social recognition of the schoolmaster's value, and a cessation of the isolation which is at present the most painful feature in his lot. A wise School Board will probably learn to regard the master less as their servant and more as a coadjutor and adviser in the general development of the school. Already there are signs that the new impulses given to education is likely to break down the narrow bounds within which teaching has been confined. The introduction of music and drawing has already relieved the monotony of the master's work, and if the visions of the London School Board are realized, we may hear of lessons in political economy, in history, and in the common laws of health. The inevitable spread of compulsory attendance will remove the chief obstacles which at present fetter the work of instruction, while the abolition of school fees will probably bring about a greater fusion of classes in the schools, and raise in a remarkable way the moral and intellectual tone of the mass of scholars. The difficulties, in fact, which have so long hung about the path of our teachers seem likely to vanish in a quiet and easy way. We believe, from our knowledge of the class, that the result will be a very encouraging one, and that half the new impulses which we may look for in English education will be owing to the new hope and sense of self-respect which the present changes are certain to infuse into the National schoolmaster.

#### THE RIGHT OF VETO IN PAPAL CONCLAVES.

A GOOD deal has been said lately of rumoured negotiations among the great Powers of the Continent as to the influence to be exercised over the next Papal election. Some German papers have gone so far as to suggest that the rights anciently enjoyed by the "Holy Roman Empire" have now passed by inheritance to the German Empire; to which the Ultramontane *Voeu de la Terre* replies, not without some force, that "the Holy Roman Empire has been dead for sixty-six years, and left no heir, and that the new Prussian Empire has about as much to do with it as Victor Emmanuel with Odessa." The same journal adds that the power of exclusion allowed to France, Spain, and Austria was not a right, but a mere friendly concession, which may at any moment be recalled, and ought to be recalled when those States have ceased to be protectors of the Catholic Church, and only tolerate it, as they tolerate Anabaptists, Jews, or Quakers. Still less can any such privilege be claimed for a Protestant Power like Prussia, which is actually engaged in persecuting the Church. Meanwhile an anonymous pamphlet on the subject has appeared at Munich, or rather has been distributed in diplomatic circles, for it seems not to have been regularly published. Only a hundred copies are in print, and the writer's name, as well as the party he represents, is matter of dispute. But it has been criticised in several Italian journals, and the alleged intention of the Curia to refuse the right of veto in the next Conclave given an additional interest to the subject. The motto of the pamphlet, which is taken from De Maistre, rather points to an Ultramontane authorship. "Ily a une grande erreur dans la cour de Rome. Sa Sainteté se croit souverain, puis pape. C'est tout le contraire." But the contents would hardly bear out this supposition. It does not look like the work of a theologian or a journalist, and the splendid get-up, for it is quite an *édition de luxe*, suggests an official origin.

The question is treated historically, and the author begins by pointing out from how early a date first the Greeks and then the Germans came to interfere in the election of the Pope, though their right to do so was, naturally, recognized or contested, as the case might be, according to circumstances. We may add, however, that never before the eleventh century was the notion entertained of making the election independent of the civil authority, still less of lodging the exclusive right in the hands of a select body of ecclesiastics. It was after the Emperor Henry III. had deposed one Pope and nominated several that Hildebrand, the restorer and second founder of the Papacy, induced Nicholas II., whose election he had himself brought about, to issue the Bull which may be said to constitute the Magna Charta of the Sacred College, who are thereby created an ecclesiastical Senate, and entrusted with the sole exercise of the franchise, which they had formerly shared with the clergy and people of Rome. The Bull declares the right to belong first to the Cardinal Bishops, then to the Cardinal Clerks, and leaves to the clergy and people only the office of acquiescing in their choice. The Romans are consoled by a rather vague provision that the Pope should be chosen by preference from the bosom of the Roman Church, and a clause was inserted, "saving the honour and reverence due to our beloved son Henry (Henry IV., who was a child at the time), at present king, and who with God's favour, it may be hoped, will become Emperor, as also to his successors, who may have personally acquired this right from the Apostolic See." This proviso, intended to soothe the pride of the Emperor, was often afterwards appealed to in contests between the Papacy and the Crown, and Gfrörer has even fallen into the strange mistake of supposing it to be the origin of the veto afterwards exercised by certain Catholic Powers. The next great change was accomplished more than a century later, by Alexander III., but it is not quite accurately described in the pamphlet as a withdrawal of the rights—shadowy as such rights already were—of the people and the Emperor, Alexander was elected by a bare majority in a very stormy Conclave, and his long reign was embittered by the rivalry of three successive anti-Popes. The decree he promulgated at the third Lateran Council, and which has remained in force ever since, was to provide that no election should be valid without a majority of two-thirds of the Cardinals present. At that time, as the author observes, the Papacy was in the ascendant, but a matter of such importance for the States of Europe as the election of a Pope was not likely to be left in the hands of ecclesiastics to settle as they pleased; and both the Emperors and the Kings of France found means of exercising an indirect influence through Cardinals attached to their interests. And thus very gradually grew up that right of exclusion, which was at first exercised in various ways, but came in course of time to assume definite form and obtain formal recognition, though resting on no written law. It was strictly confined to the Crowns of Spain, France, and Germany; Venice, Tuscany, and Portugal have claimed it, but the claim has never been allowed. Philip II. wished for a right, not of exclusion, but of nomination, which was of course refused. It is impossible to define when the veto was first officially recognized, but in 1644 the confessors of the Conclave declared the Cardinals to be bound by it. It was formally exercised by Austria in 1823 against Cardinal Severoli, and, for the last time, in 1831 by Spain against Cardinal Giustiniani, who had been Nuncio at Madrid, and who took the disappointment so keenly to heart that he was attacked with fever in consequence. But Austria, which was most directly interested in the matter from her large Italian possessions, favoured the election of Pius VIII., while that of Leo X. was the work of the Italian party, the French Cardi-

nals who had been directed to exclude him having been outwitted by a surprise; for the veto can only be exercised once, and only before the final election. Closely connected, we may add, with this right of veto are the election manoeuvres with which the annals of Conclaves are filled, through the plots of Cardinals to bring about some preconcerted result. The commonest of these tricks—so common, indeed, as to be almost an established custom—is the naming of sham candidates by rival sections, generally with a view of eliciting the veto which would otherwise have been reserved for the candidate they really desire to elect, but which, once exercised, cannot be repeated. For the names of those Cardinals whom it wishes to exclude are always confided by each Court to some member of the Sacred College on whose fidelity it can rely, and who is to use his discretion in applying the veto at the right moment. But as every Cardinal takes an oath to vote for that candidate whom in his conscience he deems the worthiest, the question has been gravely discussed by canonists whether it is lawful for them, as a matter of strategical manoeuvring, to vote for a candidate whose election they do not intend or approve. Lawful or not, however, there can be no doubt of the ordinary practice.

To return to the Munich pamphlet. After discussing the historical question, the author turns in conclusion to the approaching Conclave which will follow on the death of Pío Nono. He remarks on the long and eventful reign of the present Pope, and on the fact of Italy, by following in the path he himself pointed out in the earlier days of his pontificate, having become a great nation. "What an Italian Pope began, an Italian prince has completed." It is difficult to determine how much there is of earnestness and how much of occult irony in the following paragraph, which speaks of the Pope's present attitude, and his firm resistance to the seductive whispers of a party which hates Italy and all legitimate progress of the human mind, as having gained for him universal respect. Freed from the cares of State, "which hindered his divine mission without increasing his authority," he is said to rule the Church in complete independence. He is further said—on what evidence appears not, and he publicly asserted less than a week ago "that all guarantees are illusory"—to be fully convinced that the guarantees which the civil Powers would readily give afford a far surer protection to the Church than the defunct temporal power, which was weak at best, and so often became the prey of foreign armies. If Pius IX. would but yield to the instincts of his great heart, and reconcile himself with the Kingdom of Italy, how great would be the advantage for the Church and for the world! But if not, he will at least have lightened the task for his successor. The closing words of the pamphlet we will give as they stand:—

It will be for Italy a great and solemn moment when the Cardinals meet to elect a successor to Pius IX. She might perhaps feel tempted to desire to exercise the same influence on the Conclave as has been exercised for centuries past by the other great Catholic Powers. But Italy will refrain from that. Such a procedure would be inconsistent with the principle so often proclaimed of "a free Church in a free State"; and it would meet with most determined resistance, although the same rights belong to her, as a Catholic Power, as to Spain, France, and Austria. On the other hand, Italy will exert a great moral influence over the Cardinals, most of whom are her sons; all the surroundings of place and time will remind them of their duty to their fatherland. They will have to consider whether it would not be better to establish an honourable peace, rich in blessings, than to be perpetually recurring to claims hopelessly forfeited; in a word they will have to remember that it is their mission to complete what Pius IX. has begun. Nor will the other Catholic Governments put any pressure on the Conclave; it is their interest, too, that the Papacy should be reconciled with Italy, and this exhausting struggle cease. Nor have they any longer their old interest in excluding each other's candidates, and turning the election, in which they take the liveliest part, into a wild game of intrigues. And, moreover, inasmuch as they have more or less followed the tendency of the age towards the separation of Church and State, they too have lost their legitimate title to take part in the Conclave. Pius IX. has set his seal on this altered condition of things by reversing the unbroken precedent of all former centuries in not inviting the Governments to the Council. Thus the election will be free, and therefore full of blessing. If once the Pope is again wholly devoted to his lofty mission of leading men's hearts with wisdom and knowledge through example and self-sacrifice, he will have no more enemies, while as the true representative of Christ, he inscribes on his banner the evangelical words, pardon and love.

The significance of these utterances depends of course on whether they emanate, as is rather suspected, from some shrewd member of the Curia who wishes to give a plausible character to its pretensions, or from a *bona fide* Liberal Catholic and friend of Italy, who earnestly desires peace, and has formed a brilliant ideal in his own mind of the probable results of a separation of Church and State. Whether the three Great Powers who have a prescriptive right to the veto will care to claim it in the next Conclave, or prefer to trust to other means of exerting such influence as they may wish to use in the selection of a new Pope, it would be unsafe to predict. But while France stands aloof, and Austria and Spain, under constitutional Governments, are committed to what the Court of Rome regards as a policy of persecution, there is every reason to expect that the claim, if it is made, will be contested. It will be open of course to the Catholic Governments to decline to acknowledge a pontiff elected without their concurrence, and two or three centuries ago, or perhaps later, such would have been their natural course. But the age of anti-Popes is past, and the Conclave, whether acting with or without the official intervention of secular Powers, can hardly fail to appreciate the unwisdom of perpetuating a *non possumus* attitude from which the Papacy has nothing to gain and may have much to lose.

## PUBLIC PROSECUTORS.

IT is difficult to see why the pressure of Parliamentary business should hinder the Government from having an opinion. The expediency in the abstract of appointing public prosecutors is almost universally admitted, and the practical obstacles to such appointments may be discovered and their importance may be estimated by any intelligent person who will carefully investigate the subject. Much of the business of the Home Office and other departments of Government might be transacted by common sense and industry, but it is possible that the entire available stock of these qualities has been expended by the Foreign Office upon the conduct of the *Alabama* negotiations. The department over which Mr. Bruce presides can do nothing itself, and can say nothing effectual about that which is proposed to be done by others. It would have been incredible, unless a report of the speech had actually appeared, that Mr. Winterbotham could invite the House of Commons to assume the efficiency of central control over prosecutions, because in about ten years the expense of them has been taxed down to one-third of their former amount. Everybody except Mr. Winterbotham must be aware that this control is only efficient in the same sense in which the word might be applied to the check which is maintained upon the expenditure of the army or navy. There is profusion when there should be thrift, and *vice versa*. If Mr. Cardwell were to take credit for expending less money upon gunpowder than his predecessors, even the Treasury Bench could hardly avoid having a vague impression that a colleague was talking nonsense. It might have been expected that Mr. Winterbotham would make an effort to talk rationally even in the House of Commons on a Wednesday. As for Mr. Bruce, he is, as might be expected at this season of the year, "entirely in the hands of the House," in reference to this as well as every other question. The great heat of the weather has perhaps prevented him from forming or retaining an opinion. If the House desired to proceed with the Bill, Mr. Bruce would be "most happy"; and if the House desired not to proceed with the Bill, Mr. Bruce would be "content." It seems, however, that even the continuance of Mr. Bruce in office cannot long delay the appointment of a public prosecutor for London. As regards the provinces, the application of the same principle might be permitted; and probably the experience of one district might guide others. The existing practice is admitted to be unsatisfactory. Cases are taken up which ought to be let alone, and cases are neglected which ought to be taken up. It is true that the parsimony of the Treasury checks some prosecutions, while other prosecutions are stimulated by the expected allowance of expenses. At the last assizes the spectacle was exhibited of the Lord Chief Justice of England trying a charge of obtaining by false pretences horse-bones, of the value of 3s.; and another charge of stealing a crazy little vehicle, such as was used for conveying children before perambulators were invented, and of which the value was declared, perhaps with some audacity, to be 6s. It is possible that Sir Alexander Cockburn may have been as usefully engaged at that time as he is now, and of course if a case is committed for trial immediately before the assizes, the Judge must try it, however trifling may be its character. But when inquiry was made how it happened that so many trumpery cases were brought to these assizes, the answer was suggested, with considerable plausibility, that they came there for the sake of the expenses. It is a change in the dulness of rural life to be brought to the assizes and entertained for a few days, although puny and at the expense of the county. The police, too, are anxious to maintain their characters for vigilance and activity. But although witnesses may be willing or desirous to attend, a prosecution of any difficulty cannot be carried forward without the assistance of an attorney, and it seems to be almost a matter of accident whether that assistance will be provided.

The Treasury allowance does not pay an attorney either to come himself or to send a clerk any distance to an assize town upon a single case. An attorney may happen to have several cases, or he may possibly obtain them by laying himself out for that line of business—in other words, by cultivating friendly relations with police-officers. This, however, a respectable practitioner would hardly do, and it is very undesirable that the conduct of criminal prosecutions should become a branch of what is elegantly termed "enterprise." In some districts the largest number of prosecutions are conducted by the clerk to the magistrates who commit the prisoner for trial. This practice has been strongly condemned by Sir Alexander Cockburn, for reasons which are unanswerable; and if, nevertheless, it is under present circumstances almost necessary, we have got some way towards demonstrating that the appointment of public prosecutors is inevitable. A clerk to magistrates, says the Lord Chief Justice, is the very person who ought to have nothing to do with a prosecution. "It gives him a sinister interest in the prosecutions which he ought not to have, and an indirect motive to get prisoners committed for trial." But if this rule is to be applied, the result will be that some attorney or attorneys of the district must do the business, and they can only do it profitably in the lump. The person most frequently bound over to prosecute is the head of the police, and if he is to choose the attorney who is to be employed, various influences will be used by unscrupulous men to obtain business, while all others will decline it wholly. It is quite consistent with this state of things that several Chairmen of Quarter Sessions declared in the House of Commons that they saw no necessity for public prosecutors in their own counties. Practice is often better than, according to theory, it ought to be.



and there are doubtless many clerks to justices who are utterly incapable of procuring committals with a view to their own emolument. But nevertheless, when the possible evil of this practice has been so forcibly indicated by an eminent Judge, its continued maintenance becomes impossible. The establishment to some extent, and in some form, of public prosecutors could not be long delayed even if Mr. Bruce continued to hold his present office.

It has been remarked that the tendency of modern civilisation is to provide places for barristers of fair ability and industry, of ten or more years' standing, who happen to possess interest with the givers of good things. Whenever public prosecutors are introduced, the truth of this remark is likely to be confirmed: but it is not wonderful that members of Parliament who are not practically familiar with the evil of the present system should hesitate at creating several places to which good salaries must be attached. One Chairman of Quarter Sessions said that within his experience only two cases had occurred in several years where a public prosecutor was really wanted. It may be, however, that this chairman is content, as some of his brethren certainly are, with the system which Sir Alexander Cockburn has denounced. He admits indeed that a public prosecutor ought to be appointed for a large district, so that his services might be invoked "when private individuals do not come forward." But we should say that it was almost better to trust to the clerks of justices than to the capricious and uncertain action of individuals. If the crime is serious, and if the person injured or that person's friends are in the middle or upper class of life, it is expected that the prosecution will be undertaken by them, and this expectation is usually realized. But in light cases, affecting persons in humble life, it comes pretty much to what was stated in reference to the "horse-bones" case at the last Assizes. Good-nature or malevolence, inclination to stick to work or to take holiday may affect the question; and if a prosecution goes forward, it will probably not be conducted by an attorney, unless there happens to be one in the neighbourhood looking out for this sort of business. The presence of such an attorney may or may not be a blessing to a neighbourhood, but it is certainly one of those dispensations of Providence which cannot be relied on. Supposing the appointment of public prosecutors to be indefinitely postponed, a considerable improvement of the present system might be effected by the Bill providing that clerks to justices should be paid by salary instead of by fees for conducting prosecutions. They are in general highly respectable attorneys, who are incapable of knowingly acting upon an unworthy motive, but the imputation of such a motive is almost as bad as its actual existence. If public prosecutors were appointed for London and some other large towns, and if this arrangement of paying justices' clerks by salaries were generally introduced in rural districts, it is possible that the appointment of public prosecutors for these districts might, at any rate for a time, be left optional. It is possible that a "Permissive" Bill might be in this case useful, notwithstanding the discredit which justly attaches to the term. There are happily several counties of England where crime is both rare and slight, although, perhaps, on this side of the Tweed we have hardly yet reached that condition of peace and innocence which must exist in a Scottish burgh where the police force consists of only the superintendent. It is true that the Inspector of Constabulary, who is doubtless regarded by the authorities of this burgh as a troublesome busy-body, has reported that "it is impossible for one man to be an efficient police for both day and night duty without any one to assist him"; but that is only the Inspector's opinion. We observe that the population of this burgh has declined in the last ten years, and it may be that the inhabitants, being compelled to retrench in luxuries, have determined that that of a police force could best be spared. As we have already said, practice is sometimes better than theory shows it ought to be. Even in that English county where prosecutors come forward for the sake of the pleasure and excitement of a trip to the county town, it may at least be said that the same privileges are enjoyed by the defendant. There is, however, no doubt about this—that one public prosecutor ought to be appointed. When the system is in work, we may judge better whether it ought to be extended.

#### FUNERAL SERMONS.

IT appears that the remains of the late Mr. James Gordon Bennett have been buried with something like public honours at New York, and we shall probably hear that, as in the case of Fisk, the character of this distinguished citizen has been made the subject of some pathetic pulpit eloquence. Meanwhile, the *New York Herald* has lost no time in preaching a funeral sermon on its own account; and a very characteristic composition it is. The *Herald* begins by remarking that it is not its province to eulogize the memory of its founder. Leaving that to others, it will simply observe that Mr. Bennett was one of "the sterling benefactors of the human race"; that in establishing the *Herald* he worked out his ideal of a perfect newspaper "founded upon the principles of truth and justice"; that this great journal has always exercised a healthful influence on the politics and public men of the United States, and has elevated the character of the press; and that in it Mr. Bennett "leaves behind him a monument to his genius and energy which will carry down his name, familiar in their mouths as household words, to future generations." A monumentum generis circumspice is, in fact, the text of the article,

or sermon. If you want to understand what a great man Mr. Bennett was, just cast your eyes over this wonderful sheet, over these pages of thrilling leaders and sensational news, these crowded columns of highly-paid and not at all squeamish advertisements, and temper your grief for the departed with the consoling reflection that the best part of him survives in this cheap compendious form, and will be carried on as usual. Put into so many plain words, that is pretty much what the *Herald* has to say for itself.

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,  
There lies the landlord of the Lion.  
Resign'd unto the heavenly will,  
His son keeps on the business still.

It is assumed that "no one will gainsay the benefits conferred upon mankind by the genius, energy, and liberality of the deceased," and it is needless to remark that these benefits were summed up in the production of the *Herald*. It will be admitted that, "in the advocacy of novel and comprehensive projects, Mr. Bennett's broad views took no heed of obstacles that to ordinary minds seemed insurmountable," and that nothing could be more "truly independent" than his ideal journal, which never allowed itself to be trammelled by the narrow obligations of political principle, public morality, or even social decency. It used to be said of Brindley, that he thought the rivers were made to feed canals; and Bennett, we are told, attached great importance to steamship lines, railroads, and telegraphs, as "the life-blood of a perfect daily paper." The superiority of the *Herald*, however, was not unfrequently manifested in its independence, not only of the ordinary channels of information, but even of the course of events. Bennett had one leading principle from which he never deviated. He held that the public, like a spoiled child, must be supplied with whatever it wanted. It wanted news, and if none came to hand in the usual way, something had to be invented. The *Herald* winds up its homily on its founder with some remarks on his private life, praising his liberality and generosity; and there is no reason to suppose that he did not deserve the loyalty and goodwill of his staff. We have already expressed our opinion very freely with regard to his notorious public career, but it would be strange if there were nothing to be said on the other side. Bennett was singularly simple and abstemious in his personal habits, and he was one of the hardest working men in the world. There is always one side of a man's character which will bear the light, and on which the funeral sermon can expatiate comfortably. The human monster who is despicable or villainous all round is rarely, if ever, to be met with. Some redeeming points can hardly fail to be discerned even in the blackest character, if the point of view is discreetly chosen. In Victor Hugo's *Legend of the Ages*, when the Eastern Pasha was arraigned in Heaven for the crimes he had committed on earth, the record of pillage and massacre, of villages given up to fire and sword, and peasants oppressed and plundered, was interrupted by the intercession of a little pig from whose back the Pasha had once in wanton humour flicked away some troublesome flies with the thong of his whip. Byron's Corsair had "one virtue and a thousand crimes," and there is always something to be said about the courage of the footpad or the temperance and self-denial of the miser.

It may be said that it is in itself a wholesome and beneficial exercise to study the best side of human nature, and to endeavour to discover and exhibit the good qualities which are usually to be found even in the most unpromising subjects; and this is no doubt true. The only question is as to the propriety of concentrating attention on the good qualities, and putting the bad qualities out of sight. There can be no doubt that the old maxim, that nothing but good should be spoken of the dead, represents a natural and healthy sentiment. In a generous mind there must be a strong disinclination to attack a man who is no longer able to answer for himself. It is felt to be a cheap bravado to assail the dead, while more solemn thoughts also create a reluctance to speak harshly of one who has passed from man's judgment to the great account. The danger is that pity for the sinner is apt to produce leniency towards the sins. The ordinary standards of morality are tampered with and debased when notorious vices or crimes are treated as trivial matters which need not be mentioned, or when an attempt is made to diminish their enormity by showing that even the best of men have their failings, and by suggesting that one or two small and fitful virtues make a handsome set-off against a persistently evil and noxious career. That there are spots in the sun, that certain people are painted blacker than they are, that there is bad in the best of us and good in the worst, are the familiar commonplaces of the funeral sermon when it reaches that point of candour at which any weaknesses or defects on the part of the subject of it are recognized at all; and it seems to us difficult to imagine anything more debilitating and bewildering to the moral sense than this kind of good-natured casuistry. It may be admitted that the moment when a man has just died is not the most fitting time to go out of one's way to rake up old scandals against him, and to direct attention exclusively to the dark features of his character. But, on the other hand, it should not be forgotten that truth has also its rights, and the gratification of a sentimental impulse cannot be accepted as an excuse for palliating villany or holding up a notorious rogue or ruffian to public respect and admiration. It is impossible not to be struck with a certain disposition to whitewash scoundrelism, and to attribute to mania or inadvertence the more horrible forms of crime, which would seem to be one of the least healthy characteristics of modern civilisation. It is beginning to be assumed that the

decencies of life require that the possibility of very bad people existing in the world should be systematically ignored, and when anything very bad is done, an immense amount of ingenuity is invariably displayed in showing that it must be due to anything or everything except the badness of the person who did it.

It is obvious that the old *de mortuis* rule is liable to some abuse, and that it should be applied only within certain limits. In the first place, if it were to be strictly enforced, it would put a stop to a good deal of history. There might be some difficulty in determining in a satisfactory manner how many years or centuries a person should be dead before his personal character and career on earth become a legitimate subject for impartial and outspoken criticism. Looking merely to moral consequences, we should say that it is of more importance that contemporary scoundrels should be painted in their true colours than that strict judgments should be passed on those who may be said to belong to history. There is no reason to suppose that the enthusiasm of a popular historian for the character of Henry VIII. has exercised a baneful influence on the conjugal behaviour of British husbands; but if Henry VIII. had lived in our own day, and had recently figured under disgraceful circumstances in the Divorce Court, there might be some danger lest the attempt to present him in an amiable and pleasing light should encourage imitation and immorality. It is not very often that anybody resolves to shape his course after the example of a remote historical personage. If a model is chosen, it is usually sought in contemporary life. It has been stated that Gordon Bennett was very much influenced in early life by reading the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, and it is possible that a laudatory narrative of his own career might afford dangerous encouragement to aspiring youth. Funeral sermons are not unknown in this country, but they are happily a branch of clerical enterprise which has hitherto not been much cultivated among us. It would appear that the press has been gradually usurping this function of the pulpit, without much regret or jealousy on the part of the occupants of the latter. If the Burial Hill passes into law, addresses at the grave may be expected to become a familiar form of public amusement, and there is no saying what may be the effect of secular competition on clerical orators. What the lawyers would call the "common form" of funeral sermons is apparently borrowed from the tombstones on which the most angelic qualities are indiscriminately ascribed to anybody whose relatives are able and willing to pay for chiselling the inscription. The epitaph is a conventional mark of respect by which nobody is deceived; but it is not desirable that it should be amplified from the pulpit. On the whole, it would perhaps be well if a little of that charity which is lavished on the dead were reserved for the living. All personal judgments should of course be cautiously framed and temperately expressed; but if it is certain that a man was a rogue while he lived, there is no reason when he dies to pretend that he was a useful and reputable member of society. It may not be necessary to gibbet his memory; if there was nothing flagrant or flaunting in his misdeeds, he may have a claim to silent pity; but if anything is to be said about him, it should be the truth. Within certain limits, the maxim enjoining tenderness for the reputation of the dead is reasonable enough; but it is clear that it is liable to abuse if pushed too far, and that it is not desirable to outrage truth and to perplex and confound the moral sense of society by calling black white and bad good merely because a man has happened to die.

#### ROAD AND RAIL.

THE "White Horse Cellar," Piccadilly, must have been a melancholy place of late years for the old stage coachman. We can imagine the scene of his former glories having the same touching interest for him as the fallen Column of the Place Vendôme has for a veteran of the Imperial Guard. The genius of the different nations may have paid its tribute to the vanished past in different and characteristic fashion. We know that the worn warriors of France used to deck the railing of the column with *immortelles*. We do not readily fancy the British coachman yielding ostentatiously to the sentimental vein, or strewing on the dusty pavement the dahlias or peony roses which he would once have placed in the button-hole of his benjamin. It is easier to imagine him turning for consolation to the frothing stout, and burying his sorrow-stricken features in the quart pot. Yet we doubt not that the melancholy of the Briton was more deep-seated than that of the Gaul, especially as practical considerations must have crowded on him along with sentimental ones. The French veteran *en retraite* might look back regretfully on the career of his youth, as all of us may who find themselves old and failing. But his day had gone by in any case, and his age had landed him at the goal of his earlier hopes. He had his snug quarters in the Invalides, his rations, his wine, and his *caporal*. He had his old comrades with whom he might chat over the old times, while a rising generation of soldiers was treading in his footsteps, perpetuating the glories of France in the Crimea and Lombardy, in China and Mexico, with more or less success. But collision with the powers of steam had knocked the coachman prematurely off the box which he had filled so long to the admiration of himself and the road. He only picked himself up to find that there was no place for him in a new world which had been so completely revolutionized by scientific invention. His training—we give the word the meaning it bears in the vocabulary of the prize ring—

had unfitted him for anything else. When a man lived well and indulged in the strongest malt liquors more than freely, when he regarded foot exercise as a degradation, and seldom exerted himself further than to waddle out of the coachyard or into it, or sway himself up and down from his seat, no doubt he made himself a model coachman, and might command any remuneration in reason from coach-owners who had an eye to the artistic effect of their turn-outs. But on the unlucky day when his coach was run off the road he might as well have kept his seat on the box for any useful purpose he was likely to turn to if he came down. Younger and more active men, rising five-and-forty, we may say, might make the best of a bad bargain, and seek service with the new Companies; but as for our corpulent old conservative friend, even if he could have lowered his dignity to follow their example, the sacrifice would have been useless. Only conceive him puffing along the platform closing the doors of a train in motion, or parodying the agility of an acrobat in leaping into his flying van. Only two callings were open to him. He might keep a "pike" or a public-house, and for the one or the other he needed money or credit. If he could command neither of the two, there was nothing left for him but starvation or recourse to charity. In any case the downfall was a tremendous one, and was scarcely softened by the idea that all the brethren of the whip were in much the same evil plight. His profession was as much a thing of the past as that of the highwaymen, those earlier gentlemen of the road. As he trod the London pavements with his shabby driving coat a world too wide for his sadly diminishing corpulence, his steps would tend instinctively to the vicinity of the "White Horse Cellar."

For many weary years there was nothing to be seen there to aid an imagination that was never one of the lightest in reviving a picture of the past, unless on his way he chanced to refresh his recollections with a glance at the coaching prints in Mr. Fore's windows. But after a time the tough and venerable survivors of the guild must, to their surprise, have found things different. We can conceive the feelings with which the ancient gentleman must have been struck when he first saw the reappearance of what had once been so familiar to him. How he must have rubbed his failing eyes, fancying they had played him false, and doubted whether his morning draught, acting on an enfeebled constitution, had not played a practical joke with his associations! How he may have advanced, with his withered old heart throbbing like a young girl's, speculating as to whether the beauteous vision before him might not vanish from his view! And how he must have reeled under the shock of his conflicting emotions when constrained to confess the coach to be a reality! There was really a coach in wood and metal, just as coaches used to be, only this one was brand new; the panels scarlet, picked out with gold; the name and destination inscribed in golden letters on the hind boot, beneath the spare splinter bars; the fiery-footed team, coquettishly harnessed and ribboned, fretting in their handsome cloths. There was the guard, correct in all the details of white hat, shaggy grey overcoat, and flushed face, balancing himself on the kerb of the pavement, affecting to busy himself with the way-bill. And last, but certainly not least, there stood the coachman gathering up the ribbons, a "tip-top swell," as he was forced to admit, and looking not unlike a workman, although scandalously young and shamefully slim. As we have said, his feelings at the first sight would naturally be of a mingled nature; pleasant surprise and secret undefined hope rising for the moment in the ascendant. Later, when his sluggish thoughts set themselves fairly in motion, the bitter must infallibly have predominated. Those "young swells" playing at coaching were trifling with his most tender feelings, making a mockery of the earnest business of life. Yet thenceforward the old man's life would have an object, and in spite of his sounder judgment, he would again and again return to the spectacle which cost him far more pain than pleasure. Possibly, as he grew more senile, the hope which, as the poet assures us, will ever spring eternal in the human breast, began to freshen in his. For in succeeding summers it was no longer the solitary coach he saw there, and now in this year 1872, as in 1871, no less than three of them make their start from Piccadilly to the soul-stirring music of the horn. He may still be cherishing in his more sanguine moments the innocent faith that the reaction is fairly afoot, that the good old coaching days are destined to return, and that England will be merry England once again.

We need hardly say that we as little desire the consummation on which he sets his heart as we share his faith, if he has any. We grumble at railways, of course, and denounce with exceedingly good reason the way in which the Companies make free with the lives and comfort of their passengers. But, after all, although there is ample room for railway reform, even as railways are, we love them far too well to part with them. They try our temper sorely at times, it is true, but we know no better recipe for placidly bearing our load of railway troubles than thinking of the old coach days. Coaching had its pleasures no doubt. The coaching chapters in *Tom Brown's School Days* and in *Piccadilly* are about the pleasantest reading we know anywhere. Our pulses still throb pleasantly to the joyous movement in some of those old coaching prints, where the blood team in the light Highflyer are doing their fifteen miles an hour on the level, or where His Majesty's mail has pulled up in a cloud of steam by the bright hostelry where dinner is awaiting the jovial passengers. But novels of fiction show only the sunny side of the business. It is well worth Mr. Hughes to write enthusiastically of that gloomy side of it, since so dear to every Englishman, when poor young Tom was

all sense of feeling in his feet while he shivers on the roof in his single greatcoat in the bitter morning; or for Dickens to warm to the music of the hoofs on the frost-bound road, when the Pickwickians are on their way to spend the Christmas Day with old Wardle. For ourselves, we should have regarded the purgatory we must have shared with Tom as being but indifferently compensated by the delightful coach breakfast that followed it, although that breakfast is one of the most agreeable bits of eating we know anywhere in literature. And we should be much more readily tempted by a mid-winter invitation to the Manor Farm now that we can go down first-class with foot-warmer to Rochester or Maidstone. We can conceive nothing we have nowadays so miserable as that through journey, in the depth of winter, between the English and the Scotch capitals. No amount of box-coats and wrappers could keep up the circulation through the biting night. Ten to one your legs were wedged fast among the cramped limbs of your companions, or possibly one of them was dangling over the side, and for any present sensation in it you might as well have dropped it. Inside matters were perhaps even worse. Who that has tried it can ever forget those thin, hard velvet cushions, the piles of straw that clung to your muddy boots, the straps over-head bulged down with hats and umbrellas, the side-pockets stuffed with bottles and bulky papers of vianda, and the ill-fitting windows that rattled in their panes, the odour of food and spirits, and straw and leather, and damp horsehair. Then you had the stout lady who snored, and the baby who squalled, and the child that paid half-price and fidgeted between you and its parent. Above all, you knew that this slow suffering must be repeated on your return in all its stages. You felt nervously that there was no retreat for you, however acute the suffering might become, for it was a serious matter stopping half-way, under forfeit of your fare, and on the doubtful chance of getting forward later. English coaching was conducted on the principle of saving time, and sacrificing everything to speed, and if we had it back again perhaps we could scarcely improve on the system. Independently of time being money in England, most men like to shorten their misery even at the cost of sharpening it smart. But we paid the penalty in the shape of having to travel in the most cramped and comfortless vehicles in the world. The lumbering diligence was bad enough, but it made pleasanter travelling than the English stage-coach.

If, however, we may congratulate ourselves that coaching is at an end in the way of business, we see no reason why it should not revive as an affair of pleasure. Nothing is more exhilarating than being swept swiftly and smoothly along by a well-matched team cleverly handled, so long as the drive is not prolonged till the first sense of exhilaration stales upon you. Nothing is pleasanter than the roof of a stage-coach when the weather is fine and the scenery pretty. You mount the hills and get the views, instead of vanishing beneath both in screams and stench. There are endless bits of road in England which are far too little known to the tourist, now that steam offers such facilities for hurrying away to distant show-places. There are districts in the home counties quite undulating enough to give zest to the driving, and whose features change sufficiently to please the lover of quiet nature with an endless variety of expression. The roads to Dorking and Tunbridge certainly lie through some lovely landscape. But to holiday seekers from the town, and genuine lovers of the country, the great objection to them is that for a great part of the way you are entangled in the streets and suburbs. We can understand that gentlemen whip like the excitement of piloting their horses through a crush of cabs and waggons, of cutting corners, and shaving oostermongers' barrows. We dare say they do not dislike the *foi* of a start from Piccadilly at high noon, and a triumphant progress through London thoroughfares. They drive primarily for their pleasure, and we have neither the right nor the wish to quarrel with their choice of road. But we may say that, if others think of imitating their example, we should be glad to see them show their public spirit by choosing more tempting, although more secluded, districts.

#### LAW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

WE enjoy the advantage of having a correspondent who lifts up his testimony unceasingly against all concessions in the direction of what are commonly called Women's Rights. The demand for these concessions is so vehement and persevering that it is a pleasant variety and perhaps a valuable assistance in discussion to hear something on the other side. If our correspondent speaks as forcibly as he writes, it would, we think, add spirit to a controversy which tends to become dreary if he could be invited to maintain at one of Miss Faithfull's *soirées* the affirmative of the thesis that the Married Woman's Property Act of 1870, besides complicating the law, is sapping the morality of the country. We had formed a tolerably clear opinion that this Act is likely to benefit barristers and attorney, but we had not perceived the injurious effect upon society at large which our correspondent ascribes to it. It gives to women, he says, the privileges of two conditions of life and the liabilities of neither, and it enhances the "injurious effects" of the "separate use system" for establishing which the Court of Chancery has hitherto been supposed to deserve credit. He believes that this system acts as a direct incentive to adultery on the part of the wife, and at the very least puts into her hands the means of injuring and insulting her husband, and lowering his position and authority in the eyes

of his children, his household, and society. She can always withhold any contribution she may have promised towards the expenses of the family, or keep a threat of so doing over the husband's head. "These evils, hitherto partial, will, now that the Bill has become law, be spread over the land." It will cause every husband to look upon his wife as his rival and enemy. Many a father has lamented the strict settlement of money upon a daughter on her marriage, "the most common cause of adultery on the part of the wife, as it is of domestic unhappiness." Our correspondent quotes the *Times* as authority for this statement, which we certainly should not accept upon his mere assertion. Spoken from our own experience, we should say that many fathers have lamented the omission of the precaution which he denounces. Admitting for the moment that a wife is the natural enemy of her husband, it is still probable that she may be friendly towards the children who are hers, and are commonly reputed to be her husband's, and a settlement secures to her some means of benefiting them. In so far as the Act of 1860 provides for all women something in the nature of a settlement, we should have thought that it was in intention laudable. We say nothing at this moment of the language which purports to give effect to that intention. In a recent case, still under consideration of a Court of law, the operation of this Act has been discussed, and we venture, under correction of our correspondent, to say that the largest construction which the Judges can put upon the Act would be the most beneficial to society. It is provided by the Act, that the wages and earnings of any married woman acquired by her in any employment in which she is engaged separately from her husband and also any money or property so acquired by her through the exercise of any literary, artistic, or scientific skill, and all investments thereof, shall be deemed to be property settled to her separate use. A wife who had been deserted by her husband maintained herself by acting at a theatre. She had saved money out of her salary, and had invested this money in furniture, which was seized under an execution against the husband. In this case the husband and wife lived apart, and therefore there should be no question that the wife was engaged in an employment "separately from her husband." But the protection of the Act, whatever be its extent, is probably given to every wife who has business or employment distinct from her husband. Thus, suppose that a wife is an actress at one theatre and a husband stage-manager at another theatre, the wife would appear to be entitled to protection. But suppose that wife and husband acted together at the same theatre, the wife's right might possibly be questioned. If the Act be ambiguous in reference to particular cases, it may be amended; but we apprehend that it means at least thus much—that a married woman should be by law throughout England in as good a position as by custom in the City of London she has always been; namely, that she might carry on business as if she were unmarried, and if her husband became bankrupt, his assignee would not be entitled to her stock in trade. Suppose that a husband happened to be from infirmity incapable of work, and that his wife undertook to maintain them both by keeping a boarding-house. The money necessary to purchase furniture being advanced by friends, they would be entitled to say that this furniture belonged to them as trustees for the wife, and never belonged to the husband at all. This they would be entitled to say under the general law. But suppose that the wife made profits by the boarding-house, and invested them in the purchase of additional furniture, she would be entitled to that furniture under the Act. This appears a reasonable construction, and we are unable to discover the mischief which our correspondent finds in the Act.

There is more to be said in support of another complaint which he brings forward, although no remedy is visibly attainable. "The Divorce Court," he says, "is another engine for the oppression of husbands." They have to bear the expenses of any complaint or defence that the wife or her advisers may set up. The foundation of the practice of the Court is that, as the husband is supposed to possess all the property, the wife ought to be enabled to bring her case to a hearing or to defend herself. There is a reported case in which a marriage was dissolved for adultery of the wife, and the husband had in the course of the suit either paid or secured 700*l.* for the wife's costs of defending herself against his suit. There were, the Court held, no mitigating circumstances in the case. The co-respondent was ordered to pay all the costs, and, as the report states, every attempt was made to get them from him, but without success. The husband had been compelled to pay money into Court out of which the wife's costs were paid, and the husband was recommended to obtain the amount from the adulterer if he could. Further, as the husband ventured to contest the right of the wife's proctor to be paid out of the money in Court, he had the satisfaction of paying the wife's additional costs caused by his disputing this point. It may interest our correspondent to hear that this practice, which he considers so oppressive, was derived from the Courts in which husbands and wives litigated before the Divorce Court was established. In his next pamphlet he will doubtless discourse eloquently upon the text which we are about to furnish. A wife instituted a suit for nullity of marriage which failed, and the husband had to pay her costs. When we consider the nature of this suit, there is a grim humour in the law which compels the husband to supply the wife with the means of bringing it.

The Act of 1860, as we have said, does something, but not, we think, nearly enough, towards providing by general law that which is done in particular cases by marriage settlement. The pamphlet

before us describes, in moving terms, the wrongs of husbands, but we should like to see a pamphlet exhibiting the miseries of trustees. It would be worthy of the ingenuity of Mr. Lowe to construct a scheme by which a Government office might perform for a consideration the duty of a trustee. Persons who assume this office must expect infinite botheration, scanty thanks, or perhaps liberal abuse, and in many cases liability which endures for years, and of which the extent is difficult to estimate. There are wives capable of regarding a trustee's refusal to lend the trust fund to the husband on his personal security as a proof of obstinate blindness to the virtues of the best of men. There are also a more numerous class of wives who expect the highest interest to be obtained upon the trust fund, while of course they look to the trustees to ensure the safety of the principal. Of late years the range of investments usually permitted by marriage settlements has been enlarged, but the power of trustees falls still far short of doing that which they are almost certain to be asked to do. A new annoyance has arisen from the creation of large amounts of colonial securities which are reasonably safe and pay good interest, but are particularly inconvenient for trustees to hold, because the entire evidence of title is a slimy bit of paper being a bond payable to bearer. A trustee does not like to leave in the custody of a colleague documents which may be turned at any moment into money; and if a deposit is made in the joint names of the trustees at a bank, there is still liability to loss for which it would be difficult to make the banker responsible. This is the special consequence of holding a particular class of security which many settlements do not sanction for investment. But the troubles to which all trustees are subject deserve more commiseration than they have received. If they do the business of their trust themselves, they incur great labour and perhaps make serious mistakes; and if they employ solicitors to act for them, they are nearly certain to be abused for wasting the trust fund in law. As a general rule, whatever they do is in the opinion of those for whom they act wrong. If there is among their number a lawyer, they usually proceed upon his advice; which if he is honest is well, but if he is dishonest may turn out very ill indeed.

We think that some sort of official machinery for doing the work of trustees is in the abstract conceivable; but we are well aware that any innovation upon legal practice is almost impossible. Our pamphleteer represents the conveyancers of Lincoln's Inn as still contemplating with hopeless bewilderment the Married Woman's Property Act of 1870, which we regard notwithstanding the openings which it offers to litigation as a useful measure. Many of the criticisms printed in this pamphlet were directed, not against the Bill which was actually passed, but against a Bill wholly different, which was brought into the House of Commons. If the Bill had passed as originally introduced, the saying of Lord Westbury, "that a new terror had been added to matrimony," would have been appropriate.

#### RACING AT ASCOT.

**T**HE racing on the Thursday and Friday of Ascot week was fully up to the standard of the greatest meeting of the year. For the St. James's Palace Stakes Queen's Messenger ran, giving 7 lbs. to Lord Gough, Struan, and King Lud, and achieved a very easy victory, though he finished awkwardly, and in all probability the distance was not far enough for his liking. This was King Lud's second defeat during the week, but he is still very far from being in racing condition, and it is quite possible that by September he may be the better of Lord Zetland's pair. *Aprópos* of this race, it may be mentioned that Lord Gough and Struan were about the two highest-priced yearlings of the Middle Park sale of 1870, the former fetching 1,800 and the latter 1,500 guineas; but neither has hitherto won any of the numerous engagements for which they were entered. The All-aged Stakes brought out no less distinguished a trio than Prince Charlie, Sterling, and Wenlock, and the race was run at a tremendous pace. Prince Charlie again showed that his infirmity has had no effect in diminishing his speed over short courses, for he disposed of Wenlock, to whom he was conceding 9 lbs., without an effort, while Sterling showed decided signs of temper when called upon to finish. In addition, the course of training he has undergone of late for long races may have rendered him unfit for those shorter distances over which he was so invincible; so that in grasping at the shadow the substance has perhaps been lost, and in the vain endeavour to make Sterling a stayer his speed has been sacrificed. The New Stakes fell easily to Marie Stuart, a fine daughter of Scottish Chief and Morgan la Faye, whose principal opponents were Faraday (5 lbs. extra), Kaiser, and one of the high-priced colts of 1871, Cobham, bought at the Middle Park sale for 1,600 guineas. The usual fate of such expensive luxuries attended Cobham, who was beaten at the end of half a mile. Marie Stuart won so easily that Acropolis, who gave her weight at Epsom and beat her twice, must be about the best two-year-old that has been out this year.

The Cup, which we briefly noticed last week, was next on the list. There were only five runners, and the most notable absentee was Albert Victor. The field was made up by Favonius, Hannah, Henry, Shannon, and Almoner—the last being the solitary representative of the three-year-olds. Hannah's duty was

of course to make play for Favonius, and she discharged that duty for about two miles, Henry taking matters very leisurely, and not troubling himself to go within several lengths of the leader. At the turn into the straight Hannah was adroitly taken to one side to permit Favonius, who was waiting on her, to obtain the inside place. Henry, who was coming up at the same time, lost thereby a certain amount of ground, which, however, he soon made up in the straight. Directly he challenged Favonius Baron Rothschild's horse gave in, as completely settled as Sterling was on the first day, when Albert Victor ran up to his head. Henry then had only to go on to win, the actual distance between him and Favonius at the finish being a length and a half. Hannah was a bad third, and Shannon and Almoner were beaten off. Of course there were plenty of people immediately ready to pull to pieces the fallen idol, but it must be remembered that the only long races Favonius has ever won have been against such moderate antagonists as Manille, Ravenshoe, and Eole II., and that therefore his great staying abilities have been a good deal taken on trust. Shannon beat him fairly and squarely for the Goodwood Cup, and Henry, his victor on this occasion, has given abundant proof, both in England and France, of exceptional staying powers. His defeat in the Cambridgeshire last year goes for nothing, as he is quite unsuited, both in shape and make, to the course, and the race was pretty certain to be over before he could well get into his stride. He is one of the most powerful horses in training; awkward, heavy, and angular-looking, no doubt, as was also Gladiateur, and he has added fresh fame to his illustrious sire Monarque. He beat Don Carlos in a canter this spring over a three-mile course, and that in itself was far better evidence of staying powers than Favonius has ever shown. The Ninth New Biennial was left to Khedive and the Makeshift colt, the latter having a 7-lb. allowance, but he could never make sufficient use of his advantage in the weights to get out of the way of Lord Zetland's horse, who pulled over him the whole way up and won cleverly by a neck. The Makeshift colt ran very ungenerously, and bored against Khedive so much that the race would have been claimed by and adjudged to the latter in any case. At first sight this performance would seem to show that Queen's Messenger ought to have won the Derby, but, despite his disappointment at Tattenham Corner, we cannot think he would ever have beaten Cremorne over the Derby course. How the Makeshift colt ever got as close to Cremorne as he did is a much greater puzzle. Judged by his Ascot running he ought never to have been near the first three. Marie Stuart secured another victory in the Tenth New Biennial, Dean of Westminster being this time her solitary opponent, and the day's sport ended with the success of Gourn in a Selling Plate, Sir Joseph Hawley's once formidable colours having been scarcely seen before during the meeting, owing to the epidemic which has once again struck down the majority of his horses.

For the Alexandra Plate there were seven runners. Mr. Payne started Hobart to make a pace for Musket; Baron Rothschild gave Favonius another chance—though it was hardly likely that a horse who could not stay two miles and a half, should, with additional weight on his back, stay three. Albert Victor, Don Carlos, Agility, and Barford made up the field. Hobart made the running, attended by Don Carlos, who appeared to overpower his jockey, for it was surely not true policy to attempt to win a three-mile race by racing away with the lead for a mile and three-quarters. Even after he had been once pulled back—about a mile from home—he broke away again and came round the last turn with a decided lead, followed by Musket, Albert Victor, and Favonius. Baron Rothschild's horse was beaten at about the same place as in the Cup race, and Musket was in difficulties almost about the same moment, but he answered every call made on him with unflinching gameness, and wearing down his other opponents at the finish won a well-deserved race by a length. Don Carlos, whose exertions in the earlier part of the race told on him at last, was beaten by Albert Victor for second place, and Favonius was a bad third. We are of course glad that this valuable race was not wrested from us, like the Cup, but fell to an English horse, and one also whose public performances render him well worthy of the prize. But at the same time, if Don Carlos could have been more carefully nursed, and so much use had not been made of him, we think he would certainly have been close up with the winner, even if he would not have actually won. The race was run just to suit Musket, but still it was by no means a cheap victory. He was severely punished, and could have done no more than he did. Henry was withdrawn from the race, or, judging from the position of Don Carlos, he would have had a good chance of carrying off the Plate as well as the Cup. People began to say after this race was over, that Albert Victor must have nearly won the Cup had he run for it, because he beat Favonius much further than Henry beat him. But we quite dissent from this, because Henry, we are satisfied, won the Cup with a great deal in hand, and might have got six lengths in front of Favonius had it been necessary. Also, of course, there were sundry regretful recollections of last year's Derby, and there were freely pronounced opinions that Albert Victor was the best horse of his year, and ought to have won the great Epsom race. From this again we dissent, for we have never been able to understand that because a horse wins over a three-mile course he ought therefore to beat, or to have beaten, the same antagonists over a course of a mile and a half. Granted that Albert Victor, who, by the way, never looked as well as he did in his life as now, has grown into a better stayer than Favonius, it



by no means follows that he ever could, or ever will, beat Favonius over a mile or a mile and a half.

To win the Queen's Plate after losing the great prize of the meeting was but poor consolation for Baron Rothschild, but at any rate Corisande disposed of Dutch Skater very easily, as might have been expected from the running of the pair in the Gold Vase; and then Khedive still further increased his reputation by beating a large field in the Ascot Plate, including Dalnacardoch, Highland Fling, Glaucus, and Turban, the running of Lord Zetland's horse throughout the week going far to strengthen the position of Queen's Messenger for the great autumn three-year-old race at Doncaster. Indeed, besides Lord Zetland's pair, Khedive and King Lud, it is difficult to find a dangerous opponent to Lord Falmouth's champion, unless it be Gladiolus, by Gladiateur out of Sunbeam, who last year, when only half trained, ran Queen's Messenger to a length for the Buckenham Stakes. His only subsequent appearance was in the Houghton Meeting, when he beat Alava easily; and this year he was prevented from taking part in the Derby by an accident which happened to him shortly before the day of the race.

The probable fate of Mr. Hughes's Betting Bill will hardly excite surprise or regret. That part of it which proposes to extend the operation of the Betting Houses Act to all parts of the United Kingdom is most deserving of acceptance; but to make all betting—in the sense of ready-money betting, we mean—at all times, and in all places, and under all circumstances, a criminal offence, is a purely Quixotic idea. Such offhand treatment of a difficult subject shows neither statesmanship nor knowledge of the world. Betting on horse-races can no more be prohibited than drinking intoxicating liquors; but it is quite possible to regulate the one as well as the other, and to check the evils which in either case may flow from indiscriminate license. A controlling and regulating, not a prohibitive, policy should be the mainspring of any measure attempting to deal with the acknowledged abuses of betting.

## REVIEWS.

MARGARET DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.\*

THE first period at which woman makes her appearance in our national literature is that of the Great Rebellion. Learned and accomplished as the group of ladies educated in the Court of Henry VIII. seem to have been, we possess no works from the pen of Anne Askew or Lady Jane Grey; no woman comes to the front as poetess or dramatist in the great Elizabethan outburst, or figures among the ranks of the theological controversialists of the reign of James. Female authorship in fact, however great the development which it seems destined to receive in our own day, dates only from the Memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson, of Lady Fanshawe, and of the Duchess of Newcastle. We are the more indebted to Mr. Russell Smith for a reprint of two of the most characteristic works of the rather eccentric peeress who figures last on the list, from a belief that it needs only a wider acquaintance with her biographies to bring about some modification in the judgment which has been handed down to us from her contemporaries. The stately and pedantic maid-of-honour, who had passed from the Court in Merton Gardens to a life of exile with her lord, returned from Antwerp to find herself as much out of date as Clarendon himself. The wits scoffed at her pedantry, her interminable sentences, and the elaboration of a style which, like that of the great Chancellor, preserved the tone of an age which had past away. Even amongst the languor and tediousness of the *Lives* or the *Olio* we find something of the "linked sweetness, long drawn out," of Hooker or Milton. The writers of her own sex, the Mrs. Behns and Orindas of the Restoration, could find nothing but contempt for a woman who openly professed to "abhorre an unclean thought," and devoted folios to the adoration of her husband. Even now, when husband-worship has come into fashion again, we stare a little at such idolatry as that of the Duchess of Newcastle, at a wisely devotion which proclaims her lord irresistible, which paints the charms of his person, jots carefully down the very commonplace sentences which dropped from his lips as if they were the quintessence of wisdom, and takes us page after page into the stables to admire his dexterity in the *ménage*. In spite, however, of faults such as these, it is impossible to read the Duchess without a genuine admiration for her. Cumbersome as her style often is, it is just as often simple and unpretending, and by a rare chance it is as free from the false rhetoric of the days of Elizabeth as from the false wit of those of Charles II. In her actual story there is all the simple-heartedness, if there is some of the tediousness, of a child. She tells us about herself, her shyness, her chastity, her bursts of temper, her love of honour and truth, as if her reader were cloistered with her for the most private of chats. She has none of the little jealousies of women; she looks on her lord's "conquests" as the most natural and becoming thing in the world; she worships her mother as she worships her husband; she looks with the same eye of undiminished admiration on brothers and brothers-in-law; even to hated Puritans,

who had turned her out of house and home, her allusions are of the most reserved and dignified order. There is something, too, exquisitely piquant in the very notion of the biography itself. It is surely the only extant instance of a husband's life written by a loving wife in her husband's lifetime. The Duke, indeed, if we are to credit his spouse, deserved some sort of literary return:—

Your Grace remembers well [says the Duchess, in her preface] that those Books I put out first, to the judgment of this censorious Age, were accounted not to be written by a Woman, but that some body else had writ and publish'd them in my Name; by which your Lordship was moved to prefix an Epistle before one of them in my vindication, wherein you assure the world upon your honour, That what was written and printed in my name, was my own; and I have also made known, that your Lordship was my only Tutor, in declaring to me what you had found and observed by your own experience; for I being young when your Lordship married me, could not have much knowledge of the world; But it pleased God to command his Servant Nature to induce me with a Poetical and Philosophical Genius, even from my Birth; for I did write some Books in that kind, before I was twelve years of Age, which for want of good method and order, I would never divulge. But though the world would not believe that those Conceptions and Fancies which I writ, were my own, but transcribed my capacity, yet they found fault, that they were defective for want of Learning; and on the other side, they said I had pluckt Feathers out of the Universities; which was a very preposterous judgment.

His advice on the subject of his own biography was at any rate of a dignified order which tells well for himself, though it has told greatly against the interest of the book. He commanded its author "not to mention any thing or passage to the prejudice or disgrace of any family or particular person, although they might be of great truth, or would illustrate much the actions of your life." The command has been dutifully obeyed, but the life of the Duke still retains much that renders it of essential service to the historian of the Great Rebellion.

For the war in the North, indeed, the first book of this biography, which gives an account of the Earl's services as commander of the Royalist forces in the North up to the defeat of Marston Moor, is of the highest value. The Duchess was as yet only a girl in the Queen's suite at Oxford, without a dream of her high destinies, and the information she gives is derived from John Rolleston, the Earl's secretary, and from the papers in her husband's possession. But from this she has drawn up a minute narrative of the campaign, which must be regarded as of primary authority on the Royalist side. William Cavendish, the hero of her biography, owed all his honours to the house of Stuart, and he repaid its bounty by an unquestioning devotion. He was grandson of Sir William Cavendish, a courtier and Privy Councillor of the Tudor sovereigns, who is memorable as the builder of Chatsworth, and whose house became enriched by a succession of wealthy marriages, the alliance with the heiress of the Ogles especially giving it large estates and influence in the North. Cavendish himself had been ennobled by James I. and raised to the earldom of Newcastle by his son. On the eve of the great struggle with the Parliament we find him retired into the country "with an intent to have continued there and rested under his own vine and managed his own estate," which gave him an income of some 22,000*l.* a year, or a sum which would now be equivalent to four or five times that value. There seems in fact to have been little expectation of an immediate struggle when the King's command appointed him governor of the four Northern counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. The Earl found no military preparation made, "nor generally any great encouragement for the people in those parts more than what his own interest created in them." It was with a regiment and a troop of horse raised from among his own Northumbrian tenantry that he secured Newcastle-on-Tyne and the port of Tynemouth, "playing his weak part with much prudence," and gagging the preachers of the North by a commission with Dean Cosens at its head. The King, while withdrawing his troop of horse, sent him nothing save "a little barrel of duck-tons;" but a supply of arms from Denmark, including "regiment pieces and Danish clubs," enabled him to equip the larger force which the increasing violence of the struggle seemed to call for. A wider commission made him general of the forces for the country North of Trent and for the Eastern Counties, and in November 1642 he was ready to occupy York with an army of eight thousand foot, horse, and dragoons. The Duchess gives an interesting account of the campaign which followed, and which was principally directed against the West Riding, the only part of the county which seems to have been strong for the Parliamentary cause. The contest fairly began with the opening of 1643, when an engagement of horse on Seacroft Moor left Leeds and Wakefield at the Earl's mercy, and after detaching 7,000 men to reinforce the King's army in the South, he found himself strong enough to wrest from Fairfax a decisive victory at Atherton Moor, which left him undisputed master of Yorkshire, where only the fortress of Hull was held for the Parliament. His reduction of Lincolnshire had been planned as the prelude to a march southwards, which might have decided the fortunes of the war, but the activity of the Hull garrison recalled him at the critical moment to the North, and though Derbyshire was easily won for the King, the Earl had only just gone into winter quarters round his own house of Welbeck when he was called to meet the army of the Scots. From this moment success was at an end, and the fruits of a year of victory were lost in a few days. The Earl found himself hemmed in at York by the combined action of the Scots, the Hull garrison, and the forces of the Eastern counties, and when Rupert's advance at the end of a two months' siege had relieved

\* *The Lives of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and of his Wife, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle.* Written by the Thrice Noble and Illustrations Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. Edited, with a Preface and Occasional Notes, by Mark Antony Lower, M.A., &c. London: John Russell Smith. 1872.

the town, the Royalist cause was suddenly wrecked in the great overthrow of Marston Moor. The battle was in fact a surprise, and the Earl was quietly resting in his own coach when it began:—

Not long had My Lord been there, but he heard a great noise and thunder of shooting, which gave him notice of the Armies being engaged: Whereupon he immediately put on his Arms, and was no sooner got on Horseback but he beheld a dismal sight of the Horse of His Majesties right Wing, which out of a panick fear had left the Field, and run away with all the speed they could; and though my Lord made them stand once, yet they immediately betook themselves to their heels again, and killed even those of their own party that endeavoured to stop them; the Left Wing in the mean time, Commanded by those two Valiant Persons, the Lord Goring and Sir Charles Lucas, having the better of the Enemies right Wing, which they beat back most valiantly three times, and made their General retreat, in so much that they sounded Victory.

In this Confusion my Lord (accompanied only with his Brother Sir Charles Cavendish, Major Scot, Capt. Mazine, and his Page) hastening to see in what posture his own Regiment was, met with a Troop of Gentlemen-Volunteers, who formerly had chosen him their Captain, notwithstanding he was General of an Army; to whom my Lord spake after this manner: *Gentlemen, said he, You have done me the Honour to chuse me your Captain, and now is the fittest time that I may do you service; wherefore if you'll follow me, I shall lead you on the best I can, and shew you the way to your own Honour.* They being as glad of my Lords Profer, as my Lord was of their Readiness, went on with the greatest Courage; and passing through Two Bodies of Foot, engaged with each other not at forty yards distance, received not the least hurt, although they fired quick upon each other; but marched towards a Scots Regiment of Foot, which they charged and routed; in which Encounter my Lord himself kill'd Three with his Pages half-leaden Sword, for he had no other left him; and though all the Gentlemen in particular, offer'd him their Swords, yet my Lord refused to take a Sword of any of them.

His courage, however, was in vain; the Royalist army was dispersed, and Newcastle, half in humour at his own dismissal from the command, half desperate of any possibility of the renewal of the struggle, fled over sea.

We need not follow the Earl in the wanderings which form the rest of this biography; the one fact of any importance is that on joining the exiled Court at Paris he met and married his wife. There "it was my fortune to see him for the first time, I being then one of the maids of honour to Her Majesty; and after he stayed there some time he was pleased to take some particular notice of me, and express more than an ordinary affection for me; insomuch that he resolved to chuse me for his second wife." Margaret Lucas was the sister of the well-known Sir Charles Lucas, whose death after the surrender of Colchester has left the only stain on Fairfax's memory, and the fortunes of her house had gone down in the same storm which had wrecked those of the Earl. Much of the earlier married life of the two spouses consisted in shifts to keep the wolf from the door, and at one time we find his steward telling my Lord,

That he was not able to provide a Dinner for him, for his Creditors were resolved to trust him no longer. My Lord being always a great master of his Passions, was, at least shew'd himself not in any manner troubled at it, but in a pleasant humour told me, that I must of necessity pawn my Cloaths to make so much Money as would procure a Dinner. I answer'd, That my Cloaths would be but of small value, and therefore desired my Waiting-Maid to pawn some small toys, which I had formerly given her, which she willingly did.

Expedients of this sort, however, were soon at an end, and we find the new Countess dancing attendance to very little purpose on the Committees of Sequestration in the hope of receiving some small part of her lord's wealth. It was during these two years' stay in England that she wrote her Poems and Philosophical Fancies; her "World's Olio" having been composed before this time. The little help she managed to procure enabled the Earl to "light on a house that belonged to the widow of a famous picture-drawer, Van Rubens, which he took," and to hold his creditors at bay till the news of the Restoration enabled him to return. Here is a true pathetic touch in the "mirth" of his voyage home and in his first sight of London smoke:—

My Lord (who was so transported with the joy of returning into his Native Country, that he regarded not the Vessel) having set Sail from Rotterdam, was so becalmed, that he was six dayes and six nights upon the Water, during which time he pleased himself with mirth, and passed his time away as well as he could; Provisions he wanted not, having them in great store and plenty. At last being come so far that he was able to discern the smoke of London, which he had not seen in a long time, he merrily was pleased to desire one that was near him to jogg and awake him out of his dream, for surely, said he, I have been sixteen years asleep, and am not thoroughly awake yet. My Lord lay that night at Greenwich, where his Supper seem'd more savoury to him than any meat he had hitherto tasted; and the noise of some scraping Fiddlers, he thought the pleasantest harmony that ever he had heard.

The joy, however, was soon destined to be dashed with disappointment. Newcastle's services were acknowledged with a Duchy, but he found himself among the "old Loyalists" who got nothing but ingratitude and civil speeches from the restored monarch. The new Duke retired in dudgeon to Welbeck, and devoted the rest of his life to the restoration of his estates. His losses during and after the war are reckoned by his wife at almost a million—an enormous sum if it be multiplied as it must be to bring it up to the present value of money. He had left England, in fact, the wealthiest of English peers; he returned to find himself a poor and beggared man. It is in such a scene of desolation as one passage in this biography brings home to us—a scene which must have been common whenever an exiled noble returned to his home—that we must look for an explanation of the bitterly persecuting spirit displayed by the Royalist party after the

left that was not quite destroyed, viz. Welbeck-Park of about four miles compass; for my Lord's Brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, who bought out the life of my Lord in that Lordship, saved most part of it from being cut down; and in Elveth-Park there were some few Deer left: The rest of the Parks were totally defaced and destroyed, both Wood, Pales, and Deer; amongst which was also Chipston-Park of seven miles compass, wherein my Lord had taken much delight formerly, it being rich of Wood, and containing the greatest and tallest Timber-trees of all the Woods he had; in so much, that only the Pale-row was valued at 2000l. It was water'd by a pleasant River that runs through it, full of fish and Otters; was well stock'd with Deer, full of Hares, and had great store of Partridges, Poots, Pheasants, &c., besides all sorts of Water-fowl; so that this Park afforded all manner of sports, for Hunting, Hawking, Coursing, Fishing, &c., for which my Lord esteem'd it very much: And although his Patience and Wisdom is such, that I never perceived him sad or discontented for his own Losses and Misfortunes, yet when he beheld the ruins of that Park, I observed him troubled, though he did little express it, only saying, he had been in hopes it would not have been so much defaced as he found it, there being not one Timber-tree in it left for shelter.

His one comfort in his seclusion and poverty must have been the ecstatic worship of his wife. "My Lord," she tells us, "may justly be compared to Titus by reason of his sweet, gentle, and obliging nature"; nor is his sweetness of nature his only merit. "I may justly call him the best Lyric and Dramatick poet of this age." That he was its greatest general and its wisest statesman, she was never weary of assuring both him and the world. Page after page at the close of his life are spent in the elaborate exhibition of the roll-call of admirable qualities which she gives us as his character—his fidelity, his fairness, his self-command, his civility, his clomency, his courage, his modesty, his generosity. "In short," the Duchess closes at last, fairly out of breath, "I know him not addicted to any manner of vice, except that he has been a great lover and admirer of the female sex, which, whether it be so great a crime as to condemn him for it, I'll leave to the judgment of young gallants and beautiful ladies." We might perhaps in the same way safely leave the Duchess's ecstasies to the compassionate verdict of young husbands and adoring wives.

#### MAURICE'S MORAL AND METAPHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY.\*

IN the preface to the new edition of this work—the last production of the lamented author's prolific pen—Mr. Maurice makes his readers aware that he had not written on philosophy for "professional philosophers." "I did not expect," he says, "one professional philosopher would glance, or more than glance, at my manual." It takes but a slight acquaintance with its contents to convince us that this was not any profession of meek humility. The student, anxious to trace the numerous forms and phases of the philosophical problem historically, will derive no great help from the work before us. The more careful he is to note the precise character of the various systems of the great thinkers of ancient and modern times, the less likely will he be to gather profit from the manner in which these are presented here. If he desires to discover the genetic connexion of these systems, and how one inquirer has developed further, though under widely different forms, the identical problems dealt with by his predecessors, he will feel inclined to close the book in despair. If he wishes, at an earlier stage of philosophical study, to gain clear ideas of the leading principles of the metaphysical systems of other ages, he need scarcely resort to Mr. Maurice. And least of all can we promise that the author will be found a serviceable guide to those who expect from a manual practical assistance in enabling them to prepare for examinations in moral and metaphysical science. The work is suitable neither for the scientific speculator, the tiro in philosophical research, nor the professional student eager to study philosophy for a special purpose. As a history of philosophy, it is chargeable with very serious defects. Mr. Maurice's style is, for one thing, of so shadowy and indefinite a character that even the clearest conceptions loom vast and dark while he handles them. This characteristic is not more palpable in the History than it is in his other works; perhaps on the whole it is less so. Still the necessity imposed on a reader of always trying to translate Maurice into his own, or a more intelligible, dialect is manifestly present. When it is further explained that the author professes to have, and evidently really has, a strong aversion to systems and systematic thought, and is consequently fond of lecturing men about the obligation incumbent upon them to rise above systems, and to regard all particular opinions about thought and its objects as so many prison-houses from which "gracious influences" are required to deliver them, his inability to treat the history of philosophy in the ordinary way must be sufficiently plain. This, however, is not all—it is hardly even the worst. The reader begins to perceive very soon that he is in the hands of a guide who, while continually reminding him of the evils and dangers of systems of thought, and of the still greater perils of seeking a reconciliation of inconsistent systems through any kind of philosophical eclecticism, is at the same time toning down and refining away the dividing lines that separate one opinion from another or one theory from its seeming opposite. There is a resolute determination to find points of contact between contraries, if not contradictions. There is a prominent and unmistakable tendency to proclaim that there has been a soul of good in all things evil. And it must be admitted that the author is entirely impartial. He

\* *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.* By Frederick Maurice, M.A., Professor of Christianity and Modern Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. New Edition, with Preface. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

of which Park, which my Lord had before the War, there was but one

discovers virtues and seeds of beneficent blessing in the theories and systems that are most hostile to what he leads us to believe are his own opinions. He seeks to show that what men have been wont to regard as most pernicious in Spinoza, Hume, or Hobbes, is precisely what was destined to be most fruitful in good results. We are consequently breathing an atmosphere of enthusiastic eclecticism. We watch the figures that are made to pass in rapid review before our astonished vision, and are surprised to see them running into each other like a series of dissolving views. We wonder greatly at the strange phantasmagoria, and a strong head and healthy nerves are needed in order to allow us to carry away clear and distinct impressions of anything we have beheld.

It is unnecessary to show how a faculty capable of producing such intellectual results cannot be confided in as capable of giving a thoroughly trustworthy and useful history of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy. The plan of the work is still more fitted to confuse. The small early manual of which these two large volumes are the expansion was, to our view, much more acceptable as a history, or a manual of a history, than these. The author has allowed himself to be often tempted into over-diffuseness. The extent of the ground over which he takes us, from the beginnings of thinking in Hebrew philosophy down through the philosophies of Egypt, Persia, Chaldaea, China, Greece, and Rome, onward through the early Christian centuries to the mediæval ages, and thence to the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, with a glimpse into the nineteenth, is so enormous that only the most rigid compression could have succeeded in presenting a tolerably full and clear outline. But without apparent reason Mr. Maurice devotes lengthy analyses, not to the systems or leading thoughts, but to the individual books of certain authors, some of them sufficiently small, while he includes many writers to whom he devotes large portions of his space, whom it is difficult to regard as philosophers in any strict sense of the term. When we come near our own time our guide forsakes us utterly. A history of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy without ample elucidations of the thinkers and systems of the great modern epoch from Kant to Hegel must be declared to be like the play of *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* omitted. Yet this is what we have. After the devotion of not a little space to Clarendon, Milton, South, and Boswell in the seventeenth century, and to Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke and Pope, and Montesquieu in the eighteenth, we have the whole of German philosophy from Lessing to our own day dismissed in some fifty pages. And when we test the author closely in regard to individual thinkers, we too often find his somewhat misty and mystic utterances misleading. The whole treatment of Spinoza is an example of this. It really gives us no insight into the actual individuality and characteristic thought of the great Pantheist, but presents a picture that is wholly unlike the original. Take, as another example, the treatment of Schelling. It must be plain to all who know the later writings of that philosopher that Mr. Maurice was ignorant of the final results reached by him, and we cannot help doubting whether he knew even Schelling's earlier writings. But the whole handling of the later Germans (with only the partial exception of Kant) is of the same misleading character. It seems as if Mr. Maurice had been content to derive his knowledge of them from the outlines of other historians, and had read into these his own impressions of what they were likely to have been. There is abundant material in the course of the development of speculative thought for even a larger history than the one before us; but when a writer mixes up with his subject proper all sorts of other matter, social, political, literary, &c., we cannot wonder if the result should be confusing. In default of a minute acquaintance at first hand with the works of philosophers ancient and modern, Mr. Maurice has depended largely upon other historians, very much we should say upon Ritter. Those who know the more recent histories of philosophy, such as Zeller's, or Kuno Fischer's, or even the very meagre sketched sketches of Schweigger or Chalybæus—or, to mention English writers, Mr. Lowe's history, or the more rhetorical work of Morell—will hardly feel that Mr. Maurice has made any great contribution to the philosophical literature of the day.

Yet while we believe all this may be fairly said in reference to the work before us, it would be altogether unfair to conclude that therefore it is of little worth. On the contrary, it seems to us a book of significance and mark. In judging of it we ought in justice to take into account what were the avowed purposes of the author in writing it. These he has explicitly stated many times, and even had he been silent it would have been impossible not to discern them. First of all, it is necessary to bear in mind that the book is the work of a theologian much more than of a philosopher. In the preface to the edition of 1862 the author remarked:—"It will be evident to the reader of any part of these volumes that I have felt as a theologian, thought as a theologian, written as a theologian; that all other subjects in my mind are connected with theology and subordinated to it." By theology, using the term "in its old sense," he meant "that which concerns the Being and Nature of God," and "the revelation of God to men." This circumstance must materially modify our view of the book. And we soon find further indications of the author's designs which must affect our opinion of his work still more. In dealing, in the first volume, with Greek philosophy and the place of Zeno in connection therewith, Mr. Maurice observes:—"In so very rapid a sketch as ours it is clearly impossible to do more than notice what seems to be the living and central peculiarity of each thinker as he rises up before us." He does not wish, he says, to furnish his readers with a history, but rather to put them "in a

right method of procuring one for themselves." But it is not enough to state or suggest merely the leading characteristics of the thinkers dealt with. He is ever seeking to connect these with the circumstances and movements of the times in which they lived. Philosophy is regarded as of practical interest, and as only valuable in that aspect. Metaphysical questions lie all around us, and are closely associated with the most ordinary thoughts and actions of men. Hence Mr. Maurice tells us in the second volume, dealing with Locke, that his object throughout "has been to show how the great social movements of the world have affected, have been affected by, the studies of the closet." What remains merely as thought, without translating itself into action, has little or no attraction for Mr. Maurice. His great aim is to let men see how near to them, how unavoidable by them, and how powerful in their influences upon the movements and goings of common life, are those thoughts that are stirred in us when we contemplate our nature and destiny. The systems of philosophers, as giving distinct form to the dimmer impulses and efforts of the multitude, are thus in a sense the property of all. But if we come to isolate them, and look upon them only as systems of thought without reference to the realities towards which all thought ought to guide us, these systems become mere *idola* which are pernicious instead of beneficial. Consequently Mr. Maurice does not wish to look at doctrines and systems "in the lump," but prefers to "trace the gradual accretions in the mind of each particular thinker." It is characteristic of Mr. Maurice to be always repenting, under more or less diversity of form, what he considers the same ground truths. Open any one of his numerous works where we will, we shall be sure to hear something about the real order that exists independently of the creations of thought. He is ever proclaiming that thought is only useful as it enables us to be receptive of what is external to and independent of us. Viewing all things in the light of theology, he sees God's Nature as the eternal fact which is continuously revealing itself to man through his thoughts, instincts, and feelings, and reproducing images or reflections of itself in the institutions of human life which show forth the order that is in the Divine. All life and history, therefore, all the movements of men and nations, their social and political institutions, the phenomena of progress and culture, and the systems and thoughts of philosophers, as well as the deeds of men of action, are regarded as the revelation, or as revelations, of the Divine Being who is at the root of all, and through all, and in all. Mr. Maurice, with reverent but fearless footsteps, enters the temple of history, that he may interpret its revelations to us; and only as the history of moral and metaphysical philosophy can be seen to be such a revelation, and, as such, also an education of the human race, or as contributing towards such an education, does he greatly value it. Hence it is that we find him so often in this history occupied with facts and movements which do not at first sight appear to have any connexion whatever either with moral or metaphysical philosophy. One great peril always before him is the danger of divorcing thought from life, of coming to regard all things as mere thoughts. This was the temptation to which many of the schoolmen yielded. John Duns Scotus is represented as "dancing on his tight-rope, and looking upon all thoughts as things," from whence to converting all things into mere thoughts was but a step. We can only avoid such risks, we are told, by holding fast to our faith in that which is independent of ourselves, as an order outside of us testifying to the Person who is constantly revealing Himself to us both from within and from without.

While we cannot hope within our limits to make altogether plain the position and point of view of Mr. Maurice, what we have said is perhaps enough to indicate his general point of view. And it will be easily gathered that, while this History is not to be highly valued as a work on philosophy in its strictest sense, it is likely to be found very serviceable in enabling the student to understand Maurice himself, so far as any views of other men's theories will enable one to do that. In a sense the book is a history of the times with which it deals, and of the influences of systems of thought and philosophy upon them. We might almost call it a philosophy of the times; or, in a loose sense, a philosophy of history, rather than a history of philosophy. This arises from Mr. Maurice's peculiar view as to the close connexion between thought and action. He speaks of "the thin and almost imaginary line which separates the popular thought and action from the scholastic." And assuredly he exemplifies this in his own case, because the line becomes sometimes so thin that it is invisible, and no distinction whatever is to be observed. What tends to render Mr. Maurice's sketches of opinion still more shadowy is the interrogative and suggestive form in which he puts what he has to say. He almost shrinks from distinct propositions—a peculiarity which renders him incapable of faithfully interpreting thinkers like Aristotle, Spinoza, Descartes, or even Leibnitz. At least a reader feels that he is always liable to get a good deal of Maurice along with a comparatively small proportion of the thinker whose views he is expounding. Nevertheless, with, and partly because of, the defects we have noted, this History is a thoroughly individual and original work. The thoughtful and cultivated student who already knows the history of philosophy will find it full of instruction as well as of suggestiveness. But we cannot recommend it to those who are only beginning to think and to read on philosophical topics.

## HUTCHINSON'S CRACOW AND THE CARPATHIANS.\*

CAPTAIN HUTCHINSON belongs to a very deserving class of men. We do not speak of the Royal Artillery, in which he holds a commission, nor of the Geological Society, of which he is Fellow, nor even of the genuine believers in Protestantism, amongst whom, judging by his industry in scattering copies of the Bible in remote districts, he must be reckoned. We regard him at present exclusively from a humbler point of view as a pioneer of the great army of tourists. As such he lately called the attention of his fellow-travellers to a new district in a little book called *Try Lapland*, and he now invites us with equal confidence to try Cracow and the Carpathians. There is, as we need not pause to demonstrate, a great want of new fields for the tourist of moderate ambition, who regards the sources of the Nile as beyond his legitimate tether, whilst he is a little tired of the beaten tracks followed by Mr. Cook's disciples. Tourists, in particular, who have a turn for mountain scenery, and withal too great an appetite for novelty to content themselves with the Alps and the Pyrenees, have frequently cast glances towards a black parallelogram which ornaments the Eastern region of the map of Europe. There, to all appearance, stretches a vast mountain range still almost untrodden, and forming a kind of remote outwork to the Austrian Empire. In different parts of the range it forms the boundary of the Danubian Principalities and of Poland; and the pleasure of mixing with a strange population may be added to the pleasure of seeing a new landscape. English travellers are still few and far between in those parts. The Eastern Carpathians are well described in the late Mr. Boner's book upon Transylvania, and some members of the Alpine Club have more recently reported upon their merits from a purely mountaineering point of view. But of the Northern Carpathians which form the boundary between Poland and Hungary we do not remember to have seen any more recent account in English than that of Mr. Paget. At any rate the ground was sufficiently new to justify Captain Hutchinson in forming himself into a commission of inquiry for the benefit of his fellow-tourists; and that it has some decided merits is obvious from a brief inspection of its geography. Railways from Vienna or Berlin will in a few months take the traveller to a place not more than five or six miles from Bach Schmeks, which is the Chamouni or Grindelwald of the district. At Schmeks there appears to be a cheap and comfortable inn, much frequented by the Hungarians, who are at present always disposed to be friendly to Englishmen—not, we will hope, because their opportunities of making our acquaintance are so limited. It is close to the principal mountains of the district, the highest of which, we regret to say, only reaches the height of 8,722 feet; and apparently it would be easy, taking Schmeks for a centre, to visit everything that is at all remarkable in the country. Here, then, are very considerable inducements: a district still unhackneyed; tolerable accommodation; an approach as easy as the approach to Zermatt; and a fine wild country, with an interesting population. Persons about to arrange a summer tour may do worse than give a thought to the Carpathians. Besides enjoying themselves, they may, if they are so inclined, indulge in any number of political discussions with the Magyars, and set up on their return for authorities on the Eastern question and the designs of Russia. Captain Hutchinson is content with out plunging into such profound topics. He gives merely such a sketch of his trip as may gently whet the appetite of others; and, to say the truth, he has found it necessary to eke out his rather slender information about the country by treating us to some descriptions of Berlin and Prague, and short biographies of Sobieski and Kosciuszko, which savour a little too much of the guidebook. Indeed, he seems to have allowed himself rather a brief time for doing the country, especially when we make the proper deductions for a good many hours spent in fishing. That sport has many merits, but it is apt to keep a man's eyes riveted a little too closely to particular aspects of nature.

Such, however, being the book, let us endeavour to draw from it as clear a catalogue as may be of the inducements to visit the country, and the reasons for abstaining. To the facility of access already noticed we must of course add that the country is beautiful. That is an epithet which people now feel themselves bound to apply to every district which reaches a certain average elevation above the sea. Captain Hutchinson indeed goes further, and ventures some sort of comparison between the forests and meadows of the Carpathians and the bleak rocks and snows of Switzerland. There, having the fear of the Alpine Club before our eyes, we must decline to follow him; and, to say the truth, we suspect the country of a certain tawiness. It is true, indeed, that in his ascent of the Lomner Spitzel, Captain Hutchinson speaks of serious difficulties, and that his guide related for his comfort a story of a rash youth who, having refused to take a guide, had fallen over a precipice 150 feet high, and been smashed to pieces. That is creditable to the mountain as far as it goes; but after all a man may be killed on Scawfell or Snowdon; and we incline to the opinion that the scenery is pitched altogether in a lower key than that of the Pyrenees or any district worthy to be called mountainous rather than hilly. However, all persons are not equally exacting in their views, and some are even lax enough to hold that the ridges of a monstrous down may be as beautiful as the spires of the Dolomites or the *Alpilles* of Chamouni. Next in order to the charms of scenery,

we may observe that there are in the Carpathians a variety of animals to be killed. There are fish in the streams and lakes; and there are bears, wolves, and deer in the mountains. The fish, it is true, are not very heavy, but they are abundant, and anybody may kill them who pleases. Moreover, they are at present of an unsophisticated disposition. A foreign sportsman was discovered performing an operation which he was pleased to describe as fly-fishing. He had tied two large artificial flies together, fastened them to a large piece of lead, and, having sunk them in the stream, was waiting until some misguided trout should swallow the tempting bait. Where fish have acquired no more sagacity than is necessary to defeat such simple-minded attempts upon their happiness, it is no wonder that they should be confiding and easily beguiled. Captain Hutchinson took advantage of their innocence, and his early followers may perhaps count upon a similar success. The bears and wolves are probably more sagacious, as they have been the objects of a more serious warfare; and the chances are that anybody who proposes to bring home a skin may find that a good many days of labour will be rewarded by the distant sight of the said skin disappearing in the distance under the command of its legitimate proprietor. However, it is not given to everybody in these degenerate days even to see a real bear outside of the Zoological Gardens, and though a few specimens are still wandering about the Eastern Alps, the Carpathians are probably the most accessible spot to which the sportsman can proceed with a fair prospect of his labour being not entirely wasted. Finally, we may reckon among the claims of the Carpathians the pleasure which a few persons may find in investigating the geology of a comparatively little known district, which is rich in some kinds of minerals.

Here we stop, because it must be doubtful on which side of the account the next item should be placed. The population, as we have said, is in many respects interesting to the intelligent inquirer. There may be found Jews flourishing abundantly like their ancestors in old days, in spite of the general hatred of the surrounding population. They are despised, and forced to wear a characteristic dress, but their talents for industry enable them to monopolize the commerce of the country, whilst their general ability is strikingly illustrated by the fact that they do most of the journalizing of the country. Here, too, is the headquarters of the Gipsy race, who find a congenial abode in the vast stretches of uncultivated territory; and here are the curious German colonies which were introduced during the middle ages to fill up gaps in the population, and who preserve many of the early characteristics of their forefathers, besides showing a true German aptitude for education. Then there are the Slavs, whom Captain Hutchinson regards as stupid, semi-barbarous, but hardiested, besides the Poles and Magyars. There are Greek, Catholic, and Protestant churches; and, in short, the ethnologist and the politician may find interesting material for observation. On the other hand, the population, though scientifically interesting, is apt to be socially disagreeable. It is not indeed otherwise than friendly, but it has the practical disadvantage—to which tourists are apt to be specially sensitive—of being unmistakably dirty. The philosophy of washing is not yet understood in those remote districts. Long, lean, and hungry fleas swarm in every out of the way inn, and rejoice greatly at the scent of fresh British blood. The means of communication are naturally defective. Rough springless carts threaten at every jolt to upset the whole internal organization of the tourist. Roads are mere incoherent tracks. As a general rule, the bridges have been swept away by floods; and it is not at all uncommon for people to be drowned in the attempt to cross the streams by the fords which are the only substitutes. Captain Hutchinson indeed was accompanied by his wife, and we must therefore admit that, in spite of dirt and discomfort, it is possible for an English lady to encounter the hardships of Carpathian travelling. That she has accomplished this feat is highly creditable to Mrs. Hutchinson, and we desire to express our respect for her courage and good temper. Yet we fear that she is likely for some time to come to find more admirers than imitators.

When, in short, Captain Hutchinson advises us to try the Carpathians, we have no objection to any of our friends making the experiment, but it should certainly be made with the full consciousness that it is by no means so pleasant or easy a task as taking a trip to Switzerland or Norway, or any of the more recognized centres of travel. Ultimately, as roads and railways advance it may become popular. Till then it must be confined to the adventurers, who find in the charm of comparative novelty a sufficient recompense for dirt, fleas, bad beds, jolting carriages, questionable food, uncomfortable inns, an ignorant and inarticulate population, and a general absence of the conveniences of civilized life. There are many such people, however, and some of them are ladies; so we will hope that Captain Hutchinson's experiment may bear fruit, and at any rate we may admit that he has written a pleasant little book, proving that two English people at least can deviate with pleasure from the beaten round of the domestic tourist.

## WINE.\*

WHAT to drink would appear to be becoming one of the great questions of the day. Beer is still the national beverage of England, and is gradually supplanting cider in the Southern

\* *A Treatise on the Origin, Nature, and Varieties of Wine: being a complete Manual of Viticulture and Oenology.* By J. L. W. Thompson, M.D., and August Dupré, Ph.D., Lecturer on Chemistry at Westminster Hospital. London: Macmillan & Co.

\* *Try Cracow and the Carpathians.* By Captain Hutchinson. London: Chapman & Hall, 1873.



counties and whisky in Ireland and Scotland. But pure beer can hardly be obtained except at a high price and in oak, and the ordinary beer of the public-house is at once nasty and deleterious. The teetotallers, who are anxious to suppress the sale and consumption of all intoxicating liquors, have just been thrown on the defensive by medical attacks on their favourite beverages. The inhabitants of the metropolis are warned that the water supplied for their use is only a saturated solution of sewage matter, teeming with lively organisms; and more recently tea has been denounced as a drink which depresses rather than cheers, and produces results a great deal worse than inebriation. It is asserted that a deterioration of health among the working classes and a lowered vitality in the rising generation may be distinctly traced to the use of tea. In a debate in the House of Commons an advocate of the abolition of the Malt-tax has attributed the frequent baldness of our young men to the same cause. To recommend milk to the working classes is pretty much like proposing pie-crust as a substitute for bread at famine prices. The reduction of the wine duties has made wine popular with the middle classes, but it is beginning to be understood that the cheap light wines which were to regenerate the nation are often by no means light in the sense of purity and wholesomeness, and that their cheapness is too frequently of the kind which is proverbially associated with and accounted for by nastiness. It is impossible to doubt that the increased demand for wine has in the first instance produced an injurious effect on the character of the wines which are sent into the market. The supply of pure wine is not equal to the demand; and the keen competition of the trade and the general ignorance of consumers offer a strong temptation to provide quantity at the expense of quality. The ordinary dealers as well as the public have been overwhelmed by the number and variety of wines now brought into the market. As long as port and sherry were the staple articles of commerce the dealers had certain well-known conventional tastes to guide them; the public knew what it wanted, and, on the whole, probably got what it wanted. But since claret has come into general use, and especially since it has come to be understood that claret is a name of unknown derivation for an immense variety of wines of the most different characters, the public and the dealers are equally at sea. The popular taste for wine is in a transition state, and it is natural perhaps that a good deal of confusion and disappointment should be the result. Most people would be very much indebted to any one who would enlighten them on this subject, who would explain the qualities which render wine wholesome or unwholesome, the causes of these qualities, and the considerations which should be kept in view in the choice of wines for ordinary use. It cannot be said that the literature of oenology is scanty. It is calculated that it embraces some six hundred works, and of these Dr. Thudichum and Dr. Dupré, who have just added another to the series, profess to have read two hundred; but we cannot say that their handsome and imposing volume gives us what we want. We doubt whether it will be found sufficiently precise and comprehensive in all respects for the practical wine-grower or manufacturer, and it is certainly too scientific, or rather too technical—an important distinction—for the ordinary reader, who, after a few pages of dibromosuccinic acids, monobromomalates, basic radicals, and the rest of it, will probably find his head begin to spin. Strictly speaking, it seems to us to be a work on the chemical analysis of French wines. The greater part of the volume is devoted to this subject, and the chapters on other wines are scanty and superficial. The authors have collected a great deal of valuable information by personal visits to the vineyards, and by elaborate experiments with regard to the wines of France; and it would have been well if they had confined themselves to a branch of the subject on which they are entitled to speak with some authority. Their observations on Greek, Hungarian, and other wines appear to have been got up at second hand, and to be in some respects prejudiced and inaccurate. The general reader will find all he wants set forth in a more intelligible form in Dr. Druitt's interesting book on cheap wines.

What strikes one most strongly in reading Dr. Thudichum and Dr. Dupré's Treatise, or indeed any other work on the production of wine, is the relentless and almost universal conspiracy against the pure natural juice of the grape into which wine-growers and manufacturers appear to have entered. It is well known that port and sherry are more or less artificial concoctions, the better sorts of which really have genuine port or sherry as an element in their composition; but large quantities of liquor are sold under these names in which there is not a drop of the genuine wine. The chief business of the Roussillon vineyards is to supply a wine which is exported into Portugal, to be there doctored into so-called port, and it need hardly be said that the ceremony of a visit to Portugal is not unfrequently omitted. There are also white French wines which are similarly used to a large extent in the manufacture of sherry. There is, of course, such a thing as pure champagne, but it is seldom to be met with, and the ordinary champagne of commerce is notoriously an artificial production. The manufacture of champagne in the region which goes by that name is stated to have increased from five millions of bottles in 1834 to between twenty-five and thirty millions at the present day. But real champagne is grown only in the prefectures of Rheims and Eprenay, within a comparatively narrow area; and although it is known that the war must in various ways have seriously interfered with the cultivation of the vineyards, it does not seem to have caused any falling off in the yield of wine. Both Bordeaux and Burgundy wines are also assuming more of an arti-

ficial character. Hermitage is now produced chiefly for the purpose of mixing with the colder growths of the Gironde; and Châteauneuf-du-Pape and the Beaujolais wines are almost exclusively used as materials for being mixed and doctored into Burgundy. The wines which are chiefly drunk in France are the *vins de Midi*—cheap natural wines which, though sometimes rather sharp and rough, are a sound, wholesome, genial drink, and mix well with water. But Frenchmen now complain that they can no longer obtain these wines in their natural form, and that they are adulterated in the making in order that they may be mixed up with other wines and passed off at a higher price under some famous name. The doctoring of the common wines with brandy is openly practised on the quays of Bordeaux; and sugar and brandy would seem to be the chief constituents of Burgundy. Dr. Thudichum and Dr. Dupré say that they have seen as much as twenty pounds of sugar to the "piece" added to Bordeaux, and they attribute to this addition much of the fierceness and alcoholicity of this kind of wine, and its injurious effects on those who drink it. A curious instance of the tendency of natural wines to get supplanted by imitations is afforded by the decline of the Muscat wines. It has been discovered that there is a close resemblance between the flavour of Muscat and the flavour of tincture of elder-flower; and a drink is made out of the latter, with the aid of alcohol, sugar, and a little tartaric acid, which is asserted to be in many cases superior in flavour, and "certainly in purity," add our authors, to the true Muscat of Lunel. Hence Muscat has lost its standing. It is with this elder-flower extract that the sparkling Moselle wines are flavoured. It goes by the name of "Essence of Muscatel," but not a grape of muscatel is grown on the Moselle or anywhere in that region, fit for wine-making; nor has Moselle wine naturally the slightest muscatel flavour. It is satisfactory to know that elder-flower juice is not prejudicial to health. It has, we are assured, "from time immemorial been used to make a high-flavoured tea for the treatment of slight indispositions."

It appears to be becoming continually more difficult to get anything like the pure juice of the grape in its best natural condition. From first to last the grape is sacrificed to the conditions of artificial manufacture. For wine-making grapes are at their best when fully ripe; but then colour has to be considered; and the colour required by the trade for red wines, as well as the pale hue deemed essential to champagne, can only be obtained from immature grapes. Hence the highest quality of wine is sacrificed for the sake of a conventional dye. In order to protect wine from the effects of careless and hasty manufacture, it has to be "fortified." Sugar has then to be added in order to conceal the brandy. But sugared wine turns acid on the stomach, and people who have suffered in this way, being ignorant of the real cause of their uneasiness, are shy of wine in which they detect an acid flavour. "Plastering," which is the addition of lime either to the crushed grapes or to the fermenting liquor, is therefore resorted to in order to check acidity. Its effect is to remove the natural acids, which are not only harmless but wholesome, and to reinforce the real offender, sugar, with sulphates of a highly purgative character. It is said that one lie breeds another; and it would appear that the first step in adulteration inevitably entails a progressive series of deleterious processes. One of the most startling passages in Dr. Thudichum's and Dr. Dupré's Treatise is the account they give of what are called "Sugar Infusion Wines." The manufacture of wine is now conducted on such highly scientific principles that grapes are gradually being dispensed with. According to Petiot's process, 60 hectolitres of juice can be converted into 285 hectolitres of so-called wine, by adding a sufficient quantity of sugar and water to make up the difference and squeezing the husks of the grapes five times over. In their chemical enthusiasm Drs. Thudichum and Dupré are so enchanted with the ingenuity of this remarkable decoction that they declare it to be not only equal, but superior, to real wine. There is no accounting for tastes, and if people prefer "sugar infusions" to wine they are at liberty to please themselves; but it is surely going rather too far to call them wine.

It is perhaps just as well that the science of factitious wine-making should have reached this advanced stage. When the manufacturers of sham wines shall have finally abandoned the use of the grape, as a weak superstition of primitive times, the owners of vineyards will perhaps begin to reflect that they had better take their stand on the wholesome purity of the natural juice. The authors of this Treatise justly observe, though from their praise of sugar infusions it may be doubted whether they appreciate the full force of the observation, that the more the produce of a distinct variety of wine becomes obscured by mixing, or sweetening, or brandying, the easier it is to imitate it. Hitherto the wine-growers have been playing into the hands of their most dangerous rivals. It is impossible to imitate successfully the best juice of the grape; but the more the juice is mixed and doctored, the less important it becomes as an ingredient, and the easier it is to do without it. It is also consoling to reflect that, though there is at present a great run on particular districts which cannot possibly meet the demands made upon them, and which are in fact ceasing to supply the genuine wines which made them famous, the vine is cultivated over a vast area, and that there is no lack of pure grape-juice in the world to be had for the asking. From this point of view a map which is printed in the volume before us, showing the limits of the cultivation of the vine in the Northern hemisphere, is highly encouraging. The Northern limit, beginning north of the Azores—leaps to the south of England without touching our shores, enters

France at Vannes in Brittany, touches Marseilles, and goes on past Alençon and Beauvais. Then trending northward it runs through Rhenish Prussia to the north of Saxony, crosses the Carpathians, traverses Southern Russia almost in a straight line to the upper end of the Caspian Sea, and so on to the Amoor and the Pacific. The Southern line starts near the Equator in the Atlantic Ocean, enters Africa at about the 30th degree of Northern latitude, and quits it about the middle of the Isthmus of Suez, crosses Arabia and the Persian Sea, and entering India, forms a loop which embraces the whole interior of the country, excluding all the seaboard, and again passing to the North, traverses China to the 27th degree of Northern latitude. These are the limits of what may be called the culture of the grape; but vines grow both north and south of the limits we have described, only those in the north do not ripen save under exceptional circumstances, while in the south the vine, becoming an evergreen in which all stages of growth are represented at the same time, is unable to mature its fruit in perfection, and loses some of its best qualities. What the vine requires is not a high average temperature, but a maximum of summer heat; and this is the reason why, except under artificial treatment, the vine does not ripen in our own country. In North America it is grown within similar limits to those in Europe. Wine is produced in Peru, South Africa, and Australia, but the geographical distribution of the vine in the Southern hemisphere does not seem as yet to be well understood. Without troubling ourselves, however, about such remote regions, there seems to be no doubt that nearer home, in Europe itself, there are countries from which we may hope in time to get abundance of good wine, and which at present are only beginning to be tapped. The important thing is, that the public should appreciate the merits of genuine wine, and should insist on having it pure and unadulterated.

#### FIGUIER'S DAY AFTER DEATH.\*

SUCH of our readers as have been of late years familiar with Brussels have most likely been lured into the Wiertz Gallery of pictures. A bequest dictated by inordinate vanity, that wondrous collection—in which the gigantesque vies with the libidinous and the horrible for the palm of what is most to be abhorred in art, a *damocles hereditaria* to the morals and aesthetic tastes of the Belgian capital—displays as the masterpiece of the painter's genius a kind of triptic, or composition in three tableaux, representing the sensations or impressions of a soul at three successive intervals of a day after decapitation by the guillotine. In the first moment after death the artist's fancy seeks to delineate the effect of the spasmodic parting of the head from the trunk. With the horrible recoil the body is seen turning a wild somersault amidst vague and fleeting shapes retaining some shadowy resemblance of the spectators and the scenery of the scaffold. Of the deepening horrors of the later scenes—the whirling jets of blood, the bursts of flame of every hue that the palette can supply to a teeming and ghastly fancy, the loathsome shapes of snakes or nameless creeping things, the gibbering demons, and the rest—we can trust ourselves to say no more than that the whole forms an *inferno* in the worst possible taste on the part of the designer, and most corrupting in the ideas and associations which it is likely to conjure up in the mind of the beholder. Never has the imagination of a painter been let loose upon a theme more alien to the true aims and interests of art, and never has a domain of thought which the instinct and tradition of mankind have at all times united to keep sacred from rash and presumptuous intrusion been invaded with more coarse or unholy tread.

M. Figuiet's *Day after Death*, though involuntarily bringing to our recollection some features of the audacious creation of M. Wiertz's fancy, is, we are bound to say, wholly free from the like objection on the ground of ethics or even of taste. There is nothing in his treatment of the subject to jar upon our sense of decency, or to outrage the feeling of reverence with which we would always handle the subject of death. There is nevertheless a rashness in thus entering upon the mysteries of the after-state, giving the rein to the loosest impulses of fancy, which constitutes hardly less glaring an offence against the canons of sobriety and propriety. It is at all events a travesty of scientific accuracy or truth to talk of the utterly gratuitous and speculative picture of the future life set forth in this book as being "according to science." Between the facts which M. Figuiet has been at the pains and ingenuity to string together from the discoveries of astronomy or physiology, and the results which the process of death may entail upon the conscious being, there is not the faintest logical connexion. They are simply incommensurable quantities. It was not, indeed, at the oracle of science that the author himself in the first instance acquired the wisdom which he so confidently imparts to the world. During the greater part of his life he confesses his belief to have been, in common with that of every body else, that the problem was wholly out of our reach, and that true wisdom lay in not troubling our minds about it. The loss of an only son set him thinking intensely upon the subject. After seeking, with but little effect, it would appear from the exact sciences what positive information they could furnish him, he proceeded to interrogate ignorant and simple people, "peasants in their villages, and unlettered men in towns, an ever-ready source of aid in reascending towards the true principles of nature," as not being perverted by the "progress of

education, or by the routine of a commonplace philosophy." Out of the mounds of babes and sucklings, then, we must peruse, in the first instance at least, and by the aid of the *docti spirituales* of field-labourers and working-men—who, it seems, are to be looked to for a philosophy as much above the commonplace or old-world sort, as their political wisdom is to transcend that of the lawgivers and rulers of old time—the author has constructed for himself an entire system of ideas concerning the new life of man which is to follow his terrestrial existence:—

But his system is all contained in nature. Each organised being is attached to another which precedes, and another which follows it, in the chain of the living creation. The plant and the animal, the animal and the man, are linked, soldered to one another; the moral and physical order meet and mingle. It results from this, that any one who believes himself to have discovered the explanation of any one fact concerning this organisation is speedily led to extend this explanation to all living beings, to reconstruct, link by link, the great chain of nature. Thus it was with the author of this book. After having sought out the destination of man when dismissed from his terrestrial life, he was led to apply his views to all other living beings, to animals, and then to plants. The power of logic forced him to study those beings, impossible to be seen by our organs of vision, by which he holds the planets, the sun, and all the innumerable stars dispersed over the vast extent of the heavens, to be inhabited. So that you will find in this book, not only an attempt at the solution of the problem of the future life by science, but also the statement of a complete theory of nature, of a true philosophy of the universe.

M. Figuiet has long ago so thoroughly exhausted all mundane or material departments of knowledge as to have roused our curiosity as to what realm or sphere of thought he would next select for the flight of his peculiar genius. Not only the earth and the sea, with all that inhabits them, but the marvels of electricity and of animal magnetism, having been explored or worked out as mines of novelty or sensation, he must have found himself sighing, like Alexander of old, for new worlds to conquer. In the path of enterprise now struck out by him he enjoys the advantage of having it all to himself, as well as that of not being summarily brought up by a hedge of stiff and impassable facts. Starting from the formula of the "human aggregate" or threefold nature of man, as laid down by the medical school of Montpellier, M. Figuiet establishest himself with the assumption that the body, together with the life or "vital force" of Barthez, and the soul or "intimate sense" of Lordat, make up the constitution of man as a "perfected soul dwelling in a living body." Body and life both perish by death, the soul alone surviving. What is then the habitat of the soul, or, as M. Figuiet proceeds to call it, "the superhuman being;" the body, its former tenement, and its joint tenant, the soul, being no more? It must be somewhere beyond the range of atmospheric air, the habitat of animal and vegetable life. Universal and immemorial tradition assigning heaven as the place of sojourn, the only question is what is the nature of this heavenly space? Ether, being in the view of science the fluid which is spread everywhere throughout interplanetary or stellar space, must forthwith be that in which superhuman beings float and dwell. That oxygen, the breath of bodily life, is not contained in ether M. Figuiet is pretty safe in assuming. He concludes then that ether is no other than "hydrogen rarified by the absence of pressure," feeling fortified herein by the observations made during recent eclipses, which point to a solar atmosphere of burning hydrogen gas. But are all souls, good and bad alike, at home in this gaseous ether, and do all find themselves at the same level of flotation? This would obviously be unjust. M. Figuiet is not prepared to dogmatize upon this point, or to insist upon the particular process which is to separate the good grain from the tares. As a matter of individual sentiment, however, he wishes his idea of the subject to be recorded:—

It seems to us that the human soul, in order to rise to the ethereal spaces, needs to have acquired that last degree of perfection which sets it free from every besetting weight; that it must be subtle, light, purified, beautiful, and that only under such conditions can it quit the earth, and soar towards the heavens. To our fancy, the human soul is like a celestial astronaut, who flies towards the sublimest heights with swift strength, because it is free from all impurity. But the soul of a perverse, wicked, vile, gross, base, cowardly man has not been purified, perfected, or lightened. It is weighed down by evil passions and gross appetites, which he has not sought to repress, but has, on the contrary, cultivated. It cannot rise to the celestial heights, it is constrained to dwell upon our melancholy and miserable earth.

The sun being the first and essential cause of life, what is more likely, asks M. Figuiet, than that the rays which that luminary pours upon the earth and other planets are nothing else than emanations from the pure spirits who have qualified themselves to dwell in that central starry abode? Freed from all earthly alloy, from all material substances, the new being is a flame or breath; all is intelligence, thought in him. "He is an absolute soul, a soul without a body." The gaseous and burning mass of which the sun is composed is therefore appropriate to receive these quintessential beings. "A throne of fire is a fitting throne for souls." It has been usual to reserve the fiery abode for the opposite class of souls to those whom M. Figuiet sums upon flaming thrones. We consequently look with some curiosity, not to say concern, for what he has in view for the wicked. The bad and impotent man gets off, we are bound to say, much lighter than we could have expected. But then M. Figuiet's amiable optimism unites him for, inducing or even contemplating pain. The evil, gross, and heavy soul, too material to float upwards like a celestial astronaut, remains below to reascend at a certain time. The transmigration of souls occurs, we find, at the programme of the *Day after Death*. The evil soul enters a shell into a new human body; not, we perceive, that the body of any

\* *The Day after Death; or, Our Future Life according to Science.* Translated from the French of Louis Figuiet. Illustrated by 10 Astronomical Plates. London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

lower animal. There is, however, no recollection of the previous state of existence. But what then, objects the sceptic, becomes of identity and of the process of retribution and recovery? Is not the individual reduced to nothingness? M. Figuier feels the difficulty, but is equal to it. "This oblivion is but for a while, it is part of the soul's punishment." As the perfecting process goes forward, the recollections of the past will return. The soul will recall the evil actions of its previous existence, or manifold existences, if it has gone through many, and this thought will form its chastisement even in the blissful abode to which it shall at length have attained. What we fear is the indisposition, on these terms, to the recuperative process on the part of the lost soul, on the ground that ignorance is bliss, or that it is best to let sleeping dogs lie; no severer penalty being in store for the lowest criminal than this rolling again uphill as before the stone of life, and that without being vexed by the ghosts of former failures. "The explanation of the banishment of the wicked which we offer," says M. Figuier, "is at least preferable to the hell of the Christian creed." So at all events will the wicked say. There remains the problem of infants, or immature souls. What and where are they the day after death? M. Figuier is, we need hardly say, ready here also. When an infant dies before it has lived one year, the period of dentition, its soul, "disengaging itself from the little corpse," passes into another newly-born baby, and after this fresh incarnation begins a second life. As regards the form wherewith this superhuman being is invested in its new condition, our author excuses himself from delineating it to the full. All he can say is, that, being not absolutely immaterial, but having a body in some sort, whilst having to float in a fluid so excessively subtle and rarefied as ether, there must be a "slight material tissue, animated by life, a vaporous, diaphanous drapery of living matter." The necessity for food, he feels confident, is spared to these ethereal creatures, the mere inspiration of the fluid in which they float sufficing for their nutrition and refreshment. That their sole physiological function lies in that of the inhalation of ether may be readily conceived from our seeing a whole class of animals—the batrachian—for whose respiration the bare and simple skin suffices. "Sleep is unknown, and would be of no use when physical reparation is not required. Reproduction, the function of inferior worlds, being superseded by perpetual recruitment from the preparatory state, the distinctions of sex will be no more. Into what will be the intellectual, the moral, or the æsthetic perfections of this final and fully sublimated state we should only follow M. Figuier at the risk of losing ourselves. We can but wait in patient trust for the good time when the blissful prospect may be realized in our own case. Then every problem will be as clear as the noonday. Even now, whatever distracts and puzzles us here below is mere child's play to the bright intelligences overhead, or, if M. Figuier is right, in the very orb of light itself. "He who is regarded by mankind as a genius of the first order, an Aristotle, a Kepler, a Newton, a Baffinelle, a Shakespeare, a Molière, a Laplace, a Lavoisier, a Cuvier, a Victor Hugo, would be among them a babbling child. No science, no moral idea is above their conception." We should for our part require no further proof of their stupendous intellectual development than to be satisfied that they had eyes to see the grounds on which M. Figuier builds up so queer an edifice of fancy as that of his *Day after Death*.

## MINOR POETS.\*

THE author of *Olrig Grange* possesses so much power that we cannot but regret that he should have selected a form of composition for which he is but slightly qualified. His poem is dramatic in form, and yet the poet is never able to keep himself out of sight. His five or six characters each in turn think aloud through a great many stanzas, but, however different the subject of their thoughts may be, the mode of regarding each matter and the form of expression are all of a piece. Then, too, however much the hero might be capable of a long train of reflections and self-analysis, it is absurd to suppose that the heroine's mother, for instance, a fashionably-religious or religiously-fashionable woman, would be capable of such a sustained effort. Each character for the most part expresses himself with a certain amount of vigour, and at times with a good deal of poetical power, but we often feel the same kind of astonishment at what they say that would come over us if we were to hear Mr. Ayrton talk pleasantly or Mr. Whalley wisely. It is curious to notice too that the speeches of all the characters are of almost exactly the same length. Whether *Mater Domina loquatur, or Pater, or Thorold, or Hester, or Rose*, they require each a soliloquy of about twenty-four pages, or some 450 lines, to express their thoughts. Thorold, indeed, in the second speech which is granted him as hero, fills thirty pages—no bad

allowance of talk for a man in the last stage of consumption. The doctors when they came must have done more than

tapped, and stethoscoped, and spoke of sales,  
And lesions, and adhesions and deaf parts,  
Cells, attacks, mucus, coughs and blisterings.

To have strung up a consumptive hero to 500 or 600 lines of talk straight on end on the very morning of his death must be a feat unparalleled, if not in dramatic poetry, at all events in the annals of medicine. Each of the speeches is introduced by a short commentary by the editor, one *Hermann Kunst, Philol. Professor*. Though these parts of the poem have not the liveliness and vigour of the others, yet, not pretending to be in any way dramatic, they are much more natural, and on the whole more interesting. The reader perhaps as he goes through them is haunted rather too much by a remembrance of Wordsworth. It is difficult to believe that the following passage, good though it is in its way, would have stood exactly as it does if the author had not been familiar with the poem of the *Brothers*:—

Trained for a priest, for that is still the pride  
And high ambition of the Scottish mother,  
There was a kind of priestly purity  
In him, and a deep, solemn undertone  
Ran through his gayest fancies, and his heart  
Reached out with manifold sympathies, and laid  
Fast hold on many outcast and alone  
I the world.

We have so many poets who form themselves on Mr. Tennyson just in those very points where he has formed himself on Wordsworth, that it is some comfort to find that the author of *Olrig* in his blank verse, so far as he is an imitator, is not at all events the copy of a copy. Perhaps the dramatic portions of his poem are more suggestive of the Poet-Laureate, but yet they have a merit of their own. The following stanza, taken from the brother's recollections of the happy childhood he and his sister had spent together, is pretty enough, and is a fair specimen of what our readers may expect if they will read the poem through:—

How sweet the old brook tinkles still  
Through daisy mead and golden broom,  
Where once we placed our water-mill,  
And heard it clicking in the gloom,  
Hushed, sleepless, in our little room!  
Yonder, we caught the tiny trout—  
Our first—you carried it about  
All day, complaining of its doom,  
And trying each pool if its life were gone out.

The book is by no means all sentimental. There is a good deal of vigorous writing on many of the faults of the age, which keeps the story from growing wearisome. Altogether, considerable as are the faults of *Olrig Grange*, unmelodious as is at times the versification, yet we will venture to assert that any one who takes it up will not willingly put it down till he has reached the last line of the last stanza.

Mr. Peter Bayne tells us that he has not spared himself "careful study" of the times about which he writes, but that he finds that "in none of the books upon the subject which I have seen has adequate importance been assigned or, to speak with more precision, sufficient space been allotted to the part played by Queen Jezebel." We trust that the claims of that somewhat grasping lady will be satisfied at last, and that she will allow that in Mr. Peter Bayne's 212 pages she has been allotted at all events sufficient space. At the time of the old Exhibition of 1851 no complaint, we remember, was more common than that some country had been unfairly treated, in that sufficient space had not been allotted to it. It is somewhat curious to see the merits and claims of "historical personages" similarly estimated by square measure, and to find that, if only justice has been done by the historian, the foot-rule will quite as correctly show a man's greatness as his height. Mr. Peter Bayne accounts for the insufficient space assigned to Jezebel "in the records we possess of her reign," by the hatred which was felt for her by their Hebrew authors. It is satisfactory to find that after his careful study he can say that "this hatred did not, I believe, induce them to deviate from strict veracity." Jezebel they naturally regarded as "a supremely disagreeable subject, and they said as little of her as they could." If Mr. Peter Bayne had followed them in their reticence, and, regarding Jezebel as he does as a supremely agreeable subject, had yet managed to say as little of her as he could, he would have earned the gratitude of at all events one reader. Besides the 212 pages of poetry, we have a preface of twenty-six pages, in which we learn, among other things, that "Jezebel might regard herself as the missionary of a nobler, kinder, more expansive civilization than that which so sternly defied her," and that "the seamen of Sidon first directed their vessels by the Pole Star." As Mr. Peter Bayne makes Jezebel quote Homer, or at least refer to him, as he guards himself in his preface by stating "that the likelihood is that the poet lived about half a century earlier." Mr. Peter Bayne, like every one else, has a choice of some five or six centuries, in either of which he can place Homer at his pleasure, in the full certainty that he has some great authority on whom to rest his decision. When once, however, he has placed Homer fifty years before Jezebel, it is too bad to place one of Homer's heroes some years after Jezebel. It is pleasing, no doubt, to see Jezebel introduced in a domestic light, and to find that a lady who as queen was so given to killing prophets could nevertheless be "dear sent" to a

\* *Olrig Grange*. Edited by Hermann Kunst, Philol. Professor. Glasgow: James Macdonald. 1872.

*The Days of Jezebel: an Historical Drama*. By Peter Bayne. London: Strahan & Co. 1872.

*Fly Leaves*. By C. S. C., Author of "Verses and Translations." Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1872.

*Scenes from Turkey*. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

*King Charles the Second: an Historical Drama in Five Acts*. By Joseph Langford, Author of "Howard Alston and the War Witch," "Gibbs's Impressions," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

young girl. It is pleasing, too, to find that if the great Queen had rather lax notions about a neighbour's vineyard, yet when she had got any grapes she did not keep them all to herself. In fact, so generous is she in giving them away, that her niece cries out:—

Oh, thank you, aunt, so many!  
I like the grapes of Kabool.

It is in many ways pleasant to find that the grateful niece is no other than Dido, and to learn that at the age of ten she showed so much character that Aunt Jezebel exclaims, "Another kiss, my mimic heroine." Nevertheless we find ourselves involved in a chronological difficulty from which all Mr. Peter Bayne's study will scarcely set us free. If Homer lived fifty years before Jezebel, Æneas must have visited Carthage more than fifty years before Jezebel. How he managed there to inspire Dido with love, who, according to Mr. Peter Bayne, was not born till more than forty years later, we cannot even pretend to guess. Of Mr. Peter Bayne's chronology we may say as Ahab did of Jezebel's tear, that it "is maddening." He, as doubtless the best thing to be done under circumstances so trying to his reason, asks to be allowed to "kiss it ere it overflows the quivering eyelid." When Jezebel, "repelling him softly with her hand," declines to allow this, he thereupon makes some long speeches, and at the end of nineteen pages offers to kiss her again. We shall not, however, waste any time on Mr. Peter Bayne, but shall leave him to explain his chronology as best he may. As for his dramatic poetry, the following extract will suffice, by way of specimen:—

The acrid foam upon the wrinkling lip  
Of turbulence, that feels the sovereign eye  
Restrain it, is as weak as frothy film  
Left on the sand, which you and I have oft  
At Eldon marked, when the down-going storm  
Led back the baffled surges, and it lay  
Sun-dried and impotent. Then wherefore weep?

Though a parody, however clever it may be, rightly holds only a very low place in literature, nevertheless it deserves to rank far higher than those mere imitations of poetry which in all good faith are put forth by their authors as original. Of the poets who are at present inviting our notice we could pick out a score or so who have all the faults of the parodist but none of his merit. As we read their verses we are constantly reminded of some one of the leading poets of the day, and while we are reminded, we are at the same time wearied and annoyed. For a moment or two we may be amused at seeing in what perfect simplicity these writers believe in their own originality, and, in the words of one of them, apologize for having "consciously or unconsciously adopted one or two phrases and images" from some of the leading authors of the day. If, as in the early days of Rome, an ox could still speak, we should just as soon expect to find one of those animals, when engaged in chewing the cud, tell us that all the food it brought up had grown in its own stomach, and apologize for having consciously or unconsciously borrowed a blade or two of grass from the field. We gladly therefore turn from those poets who, without intending to do so, are ever reminding us of Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning, to a writer like C. S. C., who from the beginning owns that he is not an original poet, and is contented with parodying the poets of the day. The little volume before us contains not a few pieces which we could select for quotation, had we only space. We must content ourselves with merely noticing the ballad with the burden of "Butter and Eggs and a Pound of Cheese"—a burden by the way which is quite as sensible and nearly as musical as the "Two Red Roses across the Moon" of one of the greatest among our younger poets. One of the best parodies in the whole book is that on Mr. Tennyson's poem of "The Brook." A travelling tinker meets the poet, and thus begins to tell his adventures:—

I loiter down by thorp and town;  
For any job I'm willing;  
Take here and there a dusty brown,  
And here and there a shilling.  
I deal in every ware in turn,  
I've rings for buddin' Sally  
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n;  
I've liquor for the valet.  
I steal from th' parson's strawberry plots,  
I hide by th' squire's covers;  
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's  
The art of trapping lovers.  
The things I've done 'neath moon and stars  
Have got me into messes;  
I've seen the sky through prison bars,  
I've torn up prison dresses.

After one or two or more verses equally good, the poet in his own person thus concludes the story:—

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.  
Then I, "The sun has slipped behind the hill,  
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."  
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,  
They to the village. It was noised next noon  
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

Many people, as every one knows, are inclined to estimate poetry rather by the difficulties which the author has had to overcome than by any consideration of the intrinsic value of his productions. So a copy of verses which, if composed by a literary man, would be passed over with indifference, would excite great admiration if it were known that they had been composed by a cobbler as he patched up old shoes, or by a tailor as he stitched away at a pair of breeches. And yet if a cobbler in his leisure

time were to turn out a pair of breeches, or a tailor a pair of shoes, no one, so far as we know, would be lost in admiration at the skill of a man who, while knowing how to do one thing well, yet was able to do another thing ill. The author of *Poems from Turkey* may, however, come before the public with a certain claim to attention from the novelty of the trade which he combines with the poet's art. While there are few trades which cannot boast their bard, we doubt if, till the present case, poetry and firework-making have ever been combined. Not, indeed, that there is any inconsistency between the two arts. A cracker scarcely surpasses in sound, and fully equals in sense, many odes, and not a few sonnets flare away for a short space bravely like a squib, to end like it in unmeaning noise. Our author, in a modest preface, though he does not give us his name, yet lets us into part of his history. He spent fourteen months at Constantinople, where he "superintended (under His Excellency Halil Pasha) the Sultan's firework displays." He adds:—

It may perhaps be worth noticing here that the Franco-German war was raging between me and "home" during the greater part of the time. Also that I am intimately connected with the Crystal Palace firework displays.

How the Crystal Palace firework displays bear on the volume before us we hardly know. We once knew an old organist who answered all attacks on his style of playing by the assertion that as his singing, when a boy in the choir at Windsor, had pleased his Sacred Majesty George IV., it was not too much to assume that he knew how to play an organ in a parish church. In like manner we shall expect to find our author as poet maintain that a man who is "intimately connected with the Crystal Palace firework displays" must know how to write poems, and as firework-maker maintain that a man who knows how to write poems must know how to make fireworks. We trust, however, for the sake of the shareholders in the Crystal Palace that his squibs and crackers are better composed than such lines as the following:—

The coup d'œil the scene affords  
Who can adequately tell?  
Who can represent in words (and well)  
A city's indescribable  
Agglomeration? Magnificence,  
And multitude, and meanness dense,  
In vast confusion lying outspread,  
Where'er the captive eye is led,  
From casque to minaret to range,  
'Midst everything so strangely strange.

We cannot pretend to have read through the historical drama in five acts of *King Charles the Second*. We have dipped into it in places, and while we are ready to allow that it is in five acts, we cannot say that we have discovered anything that is either dramatic or historical. There is a great deal of fighting, and a great deal of speech-making. Cromwell makes speeches and King Charles makes speeches, and both get through a good deal of those hand-to-hand combats which are, if not dramatic, at all events peculiar to the drama. King Charles, in the battle of Worcester, finding that an officer "makes a point at his breast," parries it, and having first justified his proceeding in a speech of six lines, then slays the officer "just outside, and returns," to point out to the audience that there is "one less against me in the field." Cromwell is not behind his rival in exploits. When sent by the Council of State to Scotland, he thus takes leave:—

Farewell, my Lords. When we next meet  
The population of Great Britain  
Will be diminished.

He scarcely does his best to fulfil his promise, for he is contented with merely seizing his enemy by the neck, and spares his life. But the whole scene is so wonderful in itself, that we shall venture to quote a part of it. The opposing armies of England and Scotland are drawn up on the Lothian Hills, with "a repetition of Edinburgh and Leith as in Scene 2, but all at a greater distance," when

Enter a line of English soldiers, headed by their Officers, with halberds at the charge. CROMWELL draws his sword, looks at his soldiers, and points towards the Scotch army.

Soldiers, in the name of Saint George  
Charge home upon your enemy.  
When English blood's aroused  
Let all the world fall down before it!  
Forward to the charge.

(Headed by CROMWELL they all charge across the stage and assault. Bugles and drums heard. One Officer returns wounded, re-crosses the stage limping and pale, and falls just outside. Several soldiers return backwards fencing with Scotch soldiers, and again drive the Scotch back and assault. Drums, &c. fainter.)

Enter a Scotch Officer backwards, fencing with CROMWELL, who drives him to the centre of the stage. The Scotch Officer's sword falls out of his hand, when CROMWELL seizes him by the neck.

CROMWELL. Rebel of the empire!  
You are my prisoner; your life  
Deserves no custody, but an Englishman  
Never takes advantage of his enemy.

Imposing as are the great military displays in this drama, perhaps even more effective is the civic show with which it closes. The scene is laid in "Whitehall Palace and adjoining grounds." The King faces the audience, while all the great personages of State "have arranged themselves down the stage R. and L., leaving room for maids of honour to enter R. and L. next the footlights."



General Monk makes a speech, and Charles makes a speech. and then the dramatic portion of the play thus closes:—

LORD MAYOR. God save the King. Hip! hip!

CORTEGE. Hurrah!

LORD MAYOR. Hip! hip!

CORTEGE. Hurrah!

LORD MAYOR. Hip! hip!

CORTEGE. Hurrah!

The curtain, however, does not finally fall till King Charles "has commanded the Company to sing the National Anthem, in honour of our reigning Sovereign Queen Victoria."

#### BAZAINE'S ARMY OF THE RHINE.\*

**M**ARSHAL BAZAINE has lately appeared among the numerous apologists for French defeat. But the Marshal is also cited to answer before a court-martial charges of misconduct which, if proved, must condemn him to the gravest penalty that military law can inflict. And although it is his own choice to fling his elaborate defence broadcast through a publisher at the moment when his trial is decided on, we cannot accept the task of entering into those questions with which the tribunal at Versailles will have to deal. On everything, therefore, in this work that concerns the Marshal's conduct when finally cut off and invested we shall be silent; for it is impossible to separate this part of the story from the crowning event of the capitulation. But the first seventy-five pages of the book need no such reticence in a reviewer, carrying events as they do only up to the close of the battle of Gravelotte. Whatever may be thought of the Marshal's conduct up to that point, no reasonable person would connect it with the charges arising out of the investment, which, had he been victorious at Gravelotte, would never have been begun. Yet the events of the first fortnight of the war, closing with that battle, form perhaps its most important section, and each contribution to their history from any of the chief actors must have its value, varying though that value must be according to the honesty and the power of the writer. This portion of the book, therefore, we shall deal with as though it were a complete work in itself, and separate from all that follows.

Such a narrative as that of Bazaine's, appearing at so singular a season, supposes one of two things. Either the Marshal feels his own contribution to history, honestly written, to be so necessary to truth that it cannot longer be withheld; or he has observed how seriously the charges made against his conduct in the press have affected the public mind, and has resolved in constructing his version to attempt to meet them in detail. We do not pretend to decide how far this subjective method of treating his narrative has influenced the writer. It is plain enough, however, that he is well aware of the chief points on which he is accused of falling short of his functions before the investment, as well as later; and the portions of his narrative which touch on those may be supposed to say as much as can be stated in his favour. Now the chief of these points within the limits we have fixed for our task are in four number:—The failure to support Froissard at Spicheren on the 6th of August; the delay in retreating over the Moselle; the want of determination shown after the indecisive action of Mars-la-Tour; and the general incompetency displayed at Gravelotte, especially in the matter of neutralizing the French reserves by leaving them too far off to be of service. All these are well known, indeed notorious, and we shall glance at each briefly in turn.

Marshal Bazaine's narrative of the 6th of August is well confirmed by the independent version of General Froissard, recently reviewed (March 9, 1872) in these pages. It may be well, for the sake of truth—which has been greatly distorted on this head by the careless criticism of Special Correspondents—to repeat shortly that there seems to be no foundation whatever for the alleged jealousy between Froissard and Bazaine, nor for the notion that the former wilfully refrained from calling for, or the latter from sending, aid. The simple facts are, that on the afternoon of the 5th, whilst the three corps of Bazaine, Froissard, and Ladmirault were scattered about the frontier in separate divisions, moved hitherto without any certain plan, sudden orders by the telegraph constituted the three into a wing of the whole army under Bazaine's chief direction. Hardly had he taken his charge when next morning the Prussian shock fell on Froissard, whose corps had been close to the enemy's point of concentration. The worst that can be said of Bazaine's conduct at this crisis, after careful comparison of all that has yet been printed on the subject, is that he showed no special genius for war, nor any comprehensive grasp of the situation. He kept one division with his headquarters idle at St. Avoird, conceiving that point, though so far to the rear, to be endangered by some concealed Prussian movement. One more of his own four divisions had been detached by Leboeuf's orders on Sarreguemines. The two remaining were ordered to support Froissard, one with direct, the other with somewhat vague instructions. It is sufficient to add here that their well-known non-appearance at Spicheren seems to be due to the moral timidity and irresolution of the two commanders, and to the general incompetency of the Staff which should have directed them onward, rather than to any personal fault on the part of Froissard or Bazaine. All that is distinct here in Bazaine's

narrative is what that of Froissard had already made abundantly plain. In short, the general inferiority of the higher French officers, combined with the irresolution of the Emperor and Leboeuf, and the weaker numbers of the Army of the Rhine, made it a certain sacrifice on the coming collision with the North German forces, which had on their side the threefold advantages of strength, organization, and leadership.

A far more important matter as concerns Bazaine's reputation is his share in the fatal delay which allowed the French to be outflanked by their enemy, and so led finally to the investment of the Army of the Rhine by Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles. On this head we look in vain for a better defence of the Marshal than the stereotyped plea that he took command too late to save the force by prompt retreat. This indeed is not formally stated, for the work does not pretend to be a formal defence, but a history. But it is clearly to be inferred from the pains which Bazaine is at to show how dangerous the position was when he received his charge under the Imperial decree of the 12th. Up to that moment, it is implied, he had no responsibility, and on that day it is true the formal transfer into his hands took place. But we have long since pointed out that the Marshal, who had allowed all France, and indeed the whole civilized world, to be informed by the Emperor's telegram three days before that he was invested with the command, cannot escape the responsibility which really devolved upon him from the moment of that announcement; and this date is singularly confirmed as the true one by his own narrative, which represents him first (p. 40) as giving advice on the whole situation of the army on the 9th, the day in question.

With this section of our inquiry the battle of Borny on the 14th is much concerned; for the most striking part of the delay was the unnecessary bringing back of a part of the Fourth Corps, which had already crossed the Moselle before the action began. For this return, as well as for the circumstances that the Third Corps (Ducasse's) was unnecessarily caught out of the cover of the forts by the German onset, and was therefore dragged into a useless and prolonged action at a distinct gain of time to the enemy, Bazaine offers no direct excuse. He admits that the facts were so, and implies that his subordinates mismanaged the affair sadly. The obvious reply to this is best given by the date of Bazaine's own telegram to the Emperor, which show him at Borny superintending the retreat, shortly before the Germans attacked. French writers have first set the example of making a commander-in-chief irresponsible for the defeats brought on by his lieutenants' blunders under his own eye and within the reach of an aide-de-camp. But we are not aware that this sort of excuse has ever been admitted for lesser men than the Great Napoleon, or that his exemption in such matters is to be made a precedent. We must therefore insist, until a better rule is created, in holding Bazaine, as commander-in-chief, fully chargeable with the useless blundering of this battle of Borny, as well as with the other delay caused by the want of bridges, which the Marshal evidently considers sufficiently explained when he quotes the opinion of his chief engineer as to the difficulty caused by the flooding of the Moselle whilst the trestles were being prepared—as though there were no boats at Metz, nor any means of putting them together in default of the pontoons left in German hands near Forbach.

Our third inquiry is as to the battle of Mars-la-Tour, and the necessity of retreating from the ground held at its close. Bazaine here is evidently aware of the close discussion which has been carried on in his own country and elsewhere as to his abandonment of the attempt to move westward whilst he had yet two roads, one very far from the enemy's position, still left in his power. The imperfect victualling of his troops for the two days previous, and the want of ammunition after the battle was over, are the reasons he alleges for the necessity of his retiring on Gravelotte. But to any one who, with our present knowledge, views the matter broadly, it is plain that the argument is lost from the moment the Marshal admits that the march westward was still possible. "To turn my back upon the enemy was the necessary condition of doing this," he says; and truly under the circumstances there was nothing he should have desired so much to do with the bulk of his force. Rearguards are made for the very occasion in question. As to the defects in his supplies of cartridges, he admits that two of his four infantry corps were fully furnished; and if he had been moving away from the reserves at Metz, he would at least have drawn his pursuers equally from their reserves, whilst whatever stores were in the Meuse district would have been at his service. A note a few pages on tells us that there was an *grand approvisionnement* at Verdun, could the army have reached that fortress. If Bazaine did not know of this on the 16th, it must have been chiefly his own fault, as he had free telegraphic communication two days later.

As to the battle of Gravelotte itself, the charges have long since been openly made by French officers that Bazaine kept far too much to the rear to know what was really happening, and that his reserve, the Guard, was rendered useless from the same cause. This is not, as hasty readers may have supposed, or as the *Manchester Guardian* Correspondent would have had it, a question of personal courage. It is simply a remarkable instance of mistaken judgment. Taking Bazaine's own account as literally correct—and we see no special reason to doubt it—it is clear that whilst the whole German force assembled to the west and north-west along his front, he expected the attack to the south or behind his extreme left. "I was in the best place for looking up the valley" (of the Moselle), he says, p. 40. And the result of being in this best place was that at 7.50 P.M. (the date is from his own telegram) he knew so little of what was doing

\* *Armée du Rhin, depuis le 12 août jusqu'au 26 octobre 1870. Par le Maréchal Bazaine. Paris: Kluun. 1872.*

in his front that he informed the Emperor "The fire is ceasing; all the positions are throughout (conservation) maintained by our troops." "The reports I had received were not disquieting," he subsequently explains as his apology for this ignorance, apparently unconscious how, in telling the reader this, he condemns himself. In like manner he admits how late and with what caution the Guard was sent on to Canrobert's support, as if unaware how every critic will connect the delay with the enforced retirement of that Marshal from St. Privat, "which the Sixth Corps was compelled to evacuate, despite the courage and self-devotion of its chief."

On the whole, we lay down the book with the feeling that Marshal Bazaine would have done well not to invite fresh criticism, but to await his trial by a professional court in silence. Of the earlier charges against him Frossard had already cleared away one. The others are the more fixed on him since he has written his own version, and the whole effect of the part of his book which we have reviewed is simply to afford us one more proof of the hollowness of the Imperial system, or the weakness of the Imperial judgment, which could give the modern Augustus no better choice as general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine than the Marshal who takes so much pains to show his own incompetency from the first for the part confided to him.

#### THE STORY OF A SHOWER.\*

THE interest of this unpretending story turns on an entanglement for which lady novelists show a remarkable fondness. Its victims consist of a group of three—an exemplary young lady, an objectionable young lady, and a mistaken young man. The mistaken young man has plunged rashly into a matrimonial engagement with the objectionable young lady, only to discover that it was all along the exemplary young lady who was suited for him, and to whom he should have proposed. This is a favourite complication with writers of fiction. There is the struggle between loyalty and love in the bosom of the lover to be depleted; there are the gentle sorrows of the exemplary young lady, who is in a perpetual state of self-immolation, and the stormy jealousies and caprices of her objectionable, but triumphant, rival. And out of the seemingly hopeless tangle a satisfactory issue has to be found in the third volume. In the novel before us the treatment of this situation is decidedly feeble. Two at least of the characters in the foremost group lack any sustained individuality. Margaret Erne is a pale reproduction of one of those domestic paragons who have been already described with so much finish in the works of Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge. The good genius of a ramshackle family of cousins, the prop and support of an incapable aunt, she fully merits the eulogium bestowed on her of being a "first-rate article"; though we should hardly have ventured to describe by so flippant a phrase an admirable young woman charged with the care of the weekly bills, and unselfishly devoted to the management of a set of peculiarly unpleasant children. But, apart from these household worries, and a tendency to ill-health, the sympathy which she inspires is not very lively; and this is mainly the fault of the author, who, instead of giving prominence to that feature in her story, is satisfied with a few meagre hints of the heroine's secret attachment to Godfrey Woodman. If Margaret is sketchy and insipid, Godfrey is even less acceptable as a hero. Such merit as he possesses is all of a negative kind. He is not a prig, nor is he one of those marvellous compounds of virtue and muscle whom lady novelists evolve out of their consciousness, and dress up as curates and doctors. It is something to be spared both the preachy and the masterful type of hero. On the other hand, Godfrey Woodman is dreadfully wooden, with no distinctively masculine speciality but a tendency to indulge in slang. Nothing lifelike is gained by emphasizing his sex by vulgarisms, and making him talk of "charming female parties who choose people out of umbrellas," or of "tumbling among a damaged lot," whatever that may mean. Nor does he improve as the story proceeds. Miss Drury does not seem to have any clear notion how a man would feel and act on discovering that he had engaged himself to a woman unworthy of love or respect. She is content with putting a few conventional phrases of grief or anger in her hero's mouth; otherwise he takes things with provoking coolness, and accepts the chapter of accidents with as "light a heart" as M. Olivier himself. Much better drawn is the third, and morally the least estimable, figure of the principal group. By the side of the brilliant criminals of sensational fiction she will no doubt appear a very humdrum sinner. Sly, scheming, and unscrupulous, she proves a very mischievous inmate of the Woodman family; yet we cannot but think that in her laudable desire to point a moral Miss Drury is disposed to make the most of her peccadilloes. Cheating at croquet is an offence of no very grave moral turpitude; and in daring a look of fury at a child who had driven a nail through her muslin dress, and slapping another for making an inopportune revelation, she will probably have the sympathy of most lady readers. But prying into other people's pocket-books, and abstracting diamond lockets from other people's dressing-cases, are very different matters, for which we have not a word of exculpation to offer. It is a pity that the author has not hit upon a less operative contrivance for bringing Fanny's

misconduct to light. For society, doubtless, it would be a convenient arrangement if all thieves were also scoundrelists, who restored by night what they misappropriated by day. But unhappily the combination is rare; and in a family of lynx-eyed children and waiting-maids, surely some more probable means for the detection of the fair culprit might have easily been found. Upon the whole, however, the character of Fanny is wrought out with some skill. She is not a meagre sketch, like Margaret, but a creation with pretensions to flesh and blood. Her airs of superior gentility to the Woodmans, and her irritating condescensions to her new friends, are cleverly described in the following passage, which we quote for the purpose of showing Miss Drury at her best:—

She was charmed with everything; house, garden, aspect, situation, nothing could be more perfect. The simplicity, the absence of display and pretension, were exactly to her taste. She hated outside show and parade of wealth; the simplest things always pleased her most. Such a dear, tidy room—quite a snug little den, just what suited her best. And she said so much of its snugness and smallness, that Charlotte, who had been accustomed to think it a handsome-sized apartment, began to measure it with a disparaging eye, and felt ashamed it was no bigger. The same tone of praise accompanied the guest's minute inspection of the furniture and ornaments; everything was perfect, because it was so nice and simple—neat, without attempting too much, which was far from being the case in some houses. Stopping to examine the inkstand and portfolio, she gave a little laugh of satisfaction at coming across anything so plain and sensible. "One never sees such things anywhere now, you know; they overload you with gilding and stone and crystals, and I don't know what, till your tables are more like counters for *bijouterie* than conveniences for dressing or study. I am so glad to find nothing of the sort here."

The dinner passed off amicably; Fanny's appetite proving the sincerity of the praise she bestowed on the viands. Mrs. Woodman apologized, as they sat down, for their "plain fare," a formula she employed on such occasions as a matter of good breeding, but which Miss Fenlake took as a special tribute to herself, and assured her earnestly she enjoyed it the more for being plain. It was quite difficult now to sit down to a simple dinner. What with everything being *à la Russe*, the table covered with ornaments and confectionery, and then the French dishes, and the vegetables and fruits out of season, at fabulous prices; really, when one came to think about it, the extravagance of the age was dreadful.

"Very nice dinners those must be, though," said Mrs. Woodman thoughtfully.

"Oh, of course; perfect in their way, you know—nothing allowed that is not first rate, till you are liable to be spoiled for ordinary living, as I am afraid many are."

Upon the state of her feelings towards Godfrey Woodman Fanny is much less explicit, and to the end we are left in doubt whether she really cares for him or not. Upon either supposition her conduct would seem to be inconsistent. A mere coquette would hardly have displayed so much dread of forfeiting his good opinion. If, on the other hand, she had any real affection for him, no adequate motive is shown for her sudden elopement with the Major.

If the triangular complication on which the interest of this novel, as a love story, turns is not very new, at least the author may claim to have set it in a framework of incident entirely original. That the lives of men and women are largely determined by apparent trifles is a fact of everyday experience, and one which has been treated with exquisitely pathetic effect in the masterpieces of fiction. It was to a puddle that Sir Walter Raleigh owed his brilliant career; and, to take only one instance out of many in the *Waverley Novels*, it is the accident of a message being entrusted to George Gibbie that precipitates the final catastrophe in *Old Mortality*. The shower which gives the name to this story belongs to the same category of small but pregnant incidents. On one of her beneficent errands Margaret falls in with a *poitrinaire* heiress, who out of gratitude for the loan of a cloak and umbrella bequeaths her a large fortune. The adventure was not merely lucky for Margaret, but it presents a singular accumulation of good luck. First, there was the luck of falling in with a rich heiress, then the luck of the day being rainy, and the young stranger being consumptive, and therefore peculiarly susceptible to weather influences. But Margaret's luck did not end here. Her heiress was an heiress with no relative but a Scotch uncle on whom to bestow her wealth, and that Scotch uncle was so refreshingly devoid of the caniness which is supposed to distinguish his nationality as to be ready to acquiesce with alacrity in this romantic bequest to a stranger. Such a concurrence of propitious circumstances is rare; remarkable even in the annals of the favoured few to whom it has been given to entertain angels unawares. The two young ladies are at once on the most gushing terms. At her very first visit Miss Noel brings a heavy dressing-case to deposit in Margaret's care, apparently as a sort of earnest of the good things to follow. On this occasion, too, she finds Godfrey on a footing of cousinly intimacy with Margaret, and jumps to the conclusion that they are engaged lovers, though a word of explanation would have prevented all misunderstanding on this point. This leads to a further mystification. From some vague expressions which subsequently fall from Miss Noel, Godfrey in his turn jumps to the conclusion that it is Fanny Fenlake, whose father had been in litigation with the Noel family, to whom the moribund heiress intends to bequeath her property. Of course it is all a mistake. Nothing could efface the recollection of Margaret's cloak and umbrella; and now that a chronic rheumatism had proved the result of her vicarious drenching, Miss Noel was more than ever determined to "repair the injury" by her will. Accordingly in that instrument her whole fortune is bequeathed to Margaret, who, now a rich heiress, goes abroad to recover her health at some German waters. The only person actually dissatisfied by this disbursement is Fanny, who had flattered to her imagination of her

coming guests, and appropriated by anticipation some of the Noel diamonds. By the elopement of that unscrupulous young lady with Major Horseman the main obstacle to the union of Margaret and Godfrey, who had learnt to appreciate each other's worth more than ever during their Kaiserstube flirtation, was removed. There remained only the sentimental barrier which Margaret's newly acquired wealth interposed. This is speedily removed by Margaret's bestowing the bulk of her property on model-lodgings and almshouses, called after the name of her departed friend, and by her reserving only a modest 300*l.* a year for herself. To the family solicitor of real life the impulsive way in which property is dealt with in these pages would probably be irritating; but this is a point on which the young people for whom Miss Drury writes will be more indulgent. They will be pleased to find it devolving on so worthy a recipient as Margaret; and equally pleased that, when it proves an obstacle to her happiness, it should take wings afresh, and crystallize into almshouses.

On the whole, though it must in candour be admitted that this book belongs rather to the milk than to the strong meat of fiction, it is at least entitled to the negative praise of being thoroughly inoffensive. We may go further, and say that it inculcates some very sound lessons of nursery morality, as that fibbing and pilfering are not merely sinful, but sins which entail their own punishment. On the other hand, for good girls of the Cinderella type a fairy godmother is always on the cards. But without undervaluing a wholesome moral, there are other requirements which are even more indispensable in a novel. Of all that relates to the mechanism of her art Miss Drury has much to learn. The chief defect of her book is the distrust which it exhibits of the writer's power to sustain the reader's interest by the simple accuracy and naturalness of her delineation of character. A dread of becoming dull leads her to flash on her readers incidents without meaning, and persons who have no *raison d'être* in the story. Thus we have a suggestion of mischief-making servants of whose intrigues nothing whatever comes; and a mock valetudinarian, Oswald Feulake, who comes out to Germany to try to win the rheumatic heiress, and then vanishes into space. Another fault, of hardly less gravity, is the disregard of literary perspective apparent in this work. We recommend Miss Drury, before she sets to work upon another novel, to go through the preliminary labour of classifying her characters into groups of the first and groups of the second rank, and then to bestow finish upon them in proportion to their prominence. As it is, she is sketchy where she should be elaborate, and meagre where she should be full. Of the minor characters in the story the best drawn is Mrs. Woodman, whose chronic indolence and old-fashioned horror of the brilliant projects of the Haldon Improvement Company are amusingly portrayed. The scene in which she deprecates the misery of sitting in the open air on a hard chair, listening to a band of music, and mildly entreats her young people not to insist on letting the house until she is dead and gone, is not devoid of a gleam of quiet humour. This, and the freedom from mannerisms of style which second-rate novelists affect, particularly from that objectionable habit which imitators of Thackeray have imported of acting the part of Chorus to their own creations, are the most promising features which we can descry in these volumes.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

**MR. WILSON'S** *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power*\*, of which the first volume is now before us, is, as might be inferred from its title, a work of a vehemently partisan character. The time has not yet come when any Northern author is likely to write impartially or even candidly on such a theme; and the Southerners are for the present effectually silenced; and even if they felt themselves free to speak out, they would hardly occupy themselves with the defence of a policy which has been utterly defeated and loyally abandoned, or of an institution whose abolition they have frankly accepted and hardly profess to regret. Mr. Wilson writes from the Abolitionist point of view; that is, from the point of view of those who insisted on regarding the whole question of American slavery entirely in the light of abstract morality, and refused to take into account either the practical operation of a sudden emancipation or the political aspects of the subject as affected by the constitutional relations of the several States. He appears, indeed, to sympathize rather with the political than with the abstinent section of his party; with those who strove to wrest the Constitution to the invasion of Southern State-rights, and used the civil privileges conferred by the Union to violate its conditions, rather than with those who candidly admitted that under the Constitution slavery was expressly protected by law, and implicitly reserved to the jurisdiction of the several States, and who therefore resolved to repudiate the rights and obligations of citizenship, and to endeavour to withdraw their States from a bond which united them in political action with slaveholders, and bound them to defend the laws and uphold the Government of the Slave States. The present volume brings down the story of Abolitionism only to the admission of Texas into the Union, and contains therefore the records of that part of the struggle during which the South appeared to her enemies completely victorious. The Southerners, on the other hand, conceiving that under the Constitution, and by the very nature of a Federal Union, they

were entitled to equal privileges in the common Territories—except as to that vast region in the North-West which had been ceded by Virginia on the express condition that slavery should not be allowed therein—and recognizing that they could only be safe by maintaining an equality in the Senate, and by rendering impossible the creation of a majority of Free States sufficient to amend the Constitution to their detriment, fought obstinately for the admission of slavery into the Territories and of Slave States into the Union. They regarded the compromises by which slavery was excluded from the territory north of the Missouri line while it was not established south of that line, as concessions detracting from their rights, and the violent opposition offered to the admission of new Slave States as acts of hostility and aggression on the part of the North. Mr. Wilson may be trusted as good evidence for the bitterness of feuds which this irreconcilable difference of opinion excited, and which found vent in acts and menaces of the most outrageous kind. The Abolitionists insulted, reviled, and threatened the Southerners in language which no high-spirited people could be expected to stand; and which provoked as much fury as would be excited in England by attempts to confiscate property to the value of some 300,000,000*l.*; especially if it were proposed to accomplish that and by illegal means—say, by a single vote of the House of Commons. The Abolitionists were imprisoned, beaten, and lynched in the South, and mobbed in the North; their presses were destroyed, they themselves were proscribed and prosecuted, and personal conflicts took place on the very floor of Congress; so that the wonder is, not that war broke out at last, but that so much bitterness and so much violence could go on for thirty years before it issued in civil war.

The history of the Indian aborigines is one of the most interesting, and at the same time one of the saddest, portions of American history. The character of some at least among the native tribes, however it may differ from that romantic picture which has been rendered familiar to English schoolboys by Cooper's charming novels, deserved a better fate than the extermination which has befallen the great majority, and is the evident destiny of the remainder; and the cruelty and treachery by which their destruction was hastened awaken a deep and painful indignation among English readers. At the same time it is not difficult, in perusing the records of Indian wars, to understand the very different feelings with which they were regarded by a rough, stern, unsentimental race of settlers, brought into frequent collision with them, and living in constant danger from their sudden outbreaks—danger, not only of the worst horrors of war as waged by Sherman, Pope, and Sheridan, but of such atrocities as have not been witnessed in the conflicts of civilized nations since the days of Tilly and Wallenstein. It must also be remembered that British policy is in no small degree answerable for the fate of many Indian tribes. Mr. Ruttenger's *History of the Indian Tribes of Hudson River*\* traces clearly enough the consequences to the unhappy natives of their employment on the Royal side in the War of Independence. Their relations with King's officers, and their feuds with the settlers, rendered them ready enough to respond to a call to arms, which was issued with equal recklessness of the nature of savage warfare and the probabilities of American vengeance; the tribes were supported, and often led, by "Tories," or Colonial Loyalists, who, having been banished, plundered, outraged, and maltreated by the insurgents, were justly provoked to a bitter revenge which seems strange or exaggerated only to vehement American patriots; and for the devastation and slaughter wrought by both the Indians atoned but too terribly. Mr. Ruttenger, like most Americans, has one measure for friends and another for foes, and judges the burning of Indian wigwams and of colonial villages, the massacre of whites by Indians and of Indians by whites, by quite different standards. That part of his work which describes the internal organization, government, and politics of the tribes, their traditional history, the powers and attributes of their chiefs, their civil and military institutions, their alliances and federal relations, is at once more pleasant and more valuable reading than the melancholy story of their wars. The federal system of the Six Nations, in particular, and the peculiar institutions and traditions of the Delawares, or Lenni Lenape, are especially interesting. It is a noteworthy fact, in connexion with the relics of the mound-builders and the comparative civilization of the Mandans, that the Lenape represent themselves as having, in the course of their Eastward migrations, come into collision with and finally dispossessed a people living in fortified towns, and apparently maintaining an agriculture superior to the rude cultivation of maize, by which the Lenape and their neighbours assisted and supplemented the hunting on which they chiefly relied for subsistence. Much interest also attaches to the accounts of individual chiefs, warriors, and prophets, often greatly superior to the generality of their race in civilization and intelligence, with which the story is interspersed. We should be inclined to judge from the general tenor of the description either that the Sioux and other tribes at present maintaining a precarious existence in the Far West have greatly degenerated through hardship, ruin, and the pressure of an intruding civilization on their resources, or else that the tribes of the East, and especially the Lenape, were like the Mandans of a higher calibre and more developed intelligence than the races of the Western prairie—a supposition in itself by no means improbable. And Mr. Ruttenger is so far

\* *History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America.* By Henry Wilson. Vol. I. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\* *History of the Indian Tribes of Hudson River; their Origin, Manners, and Customs, Tribal and Subtribal Organizations, Wars, Treaties, &c.* By E. M. Ruttenger, Author of the "History of Newburgh." Albany: J. Munsell. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

sustained by evidence, and confirmed by other writers, that we are inclined to believe his picture substantially a just one. The work is readable enough, and its intrinsic interest would serve to enliven even a duller style.

Neill's "*Fairfaxes of England and America*"\* is a genealogical record of one of the best known of those American families which can clearly and directly trace their descent to the historic aristocracy of the mother-country; perhaps the only one among them the head of which, able to prove his claim to an English peerage, yet chose to throw in his lot with the insurgent colonists, and of which the eldest branch remained finally established as simple citizens of the Transatlantic Republic.

Dr. Walker's *Science of Wealth*† would hardly, we venture to think, be accepted as altogether a correct exposition of the principles of the science recognized by orthodox English economists. It has, however, very considerable merits; it is generally clear, brief, and simple so far as it goes; and on the subject of Protection it is thoroughly sound and remarkably distinct. As a manual for students, it is open to the objection that it is too brief; that the writer does not allow himself room to deal fully with even the elements of his subject; and that he bestows too much space on the more abstruse and less settled parts of the science.

The last Report of the New York Chamber of Commerce‡ is less generally interesting than some of its predecessors, dealing more with questions of detail and with incidents of American commercial politics than with matters of principle or of historic import. The brief Report of a Committee on the decay of the American shipping trade is, however, an exception to this rule. It is exceedingly concise, and its recommendations are few and simple, but it throws much light on the subject. It points out that the fortunes of the commercial marine of the United States have been very fluctuating. The war of 1812 caused, as might have been expected, a serious diminution. From 1814 to 1824 the tonnage of the United States was stationary, as it has been since 1865. There was a considerable increase between 1824 and 1828, there were periods of depression in 1828-32 and 1843-46, and periods of rapid increase in 1833-43 and 1846-54. From 1854 to the maximum in 1861 the progress was comparatively slow; the loss during the war was about two-fifths, and in 1870 the figures had scarcely altered at all. The extremely small percentage of steam-tonnage—about one-sixteenth of the whole—is noteworthy. The Committee evidently ascribe the stagnation of the trade chiefly to the tariff, as they recommend that shipowners should be allowed to purchase supplies of foreign origin in bond for vessels engaged in the foreign trade, and to receive a drawback on the purchase of protected American wares, and that shipbuilders should be allowed to buy and use foreign materials in bond. They also complain of the "irredeemable paper currency, enhancing all cost of production." A further suggestion was added that the purchase and registration of foreign ships should be allowed, and that a preference should be given to American lines in making contracts for carrying the mails. A Protectionist amendment was shelved by the Chamber.

The *Legal Tender Cases of 1871*§ is a record of the judgment by which the Supreme Court in that year reversed its decision of the previous year pronouncing the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional. The story of that judgment is one of the worst scandals of General Grant's administration, and is very briefly stated in the dissenting opinion of Chief Justice Chase, reported in the volume before us. In 1870 the Court, which then consisted of eight judges, pronounced by five to three a decision denying the validity of the Act in question, on the ground that laws impairing the sanctity of contracts were unconstitutional, and that the power of regulating the currency conferred by the Constitution on Congress no more included the power of issuing paper money and declaring it legal tender than of debasing the coin, and pronouncing a brass dollar capable of paying off a debt incurred in silver. It is certain that the States are expressly debarred from such acts, and that the Federal Government is not empowered by any clause in the Constitution to do them; so that the decision appears to be in accordance with the established principles of American Jurisprudence. It is also a significant fact that Chief Justice Chase, who was Secretary of the Treasury when the Act was passed, and who was the inventor of "greenbacks," concurred in the judgment. It was, however, fiercely resented by the party dominant in Congress and in possession of the Executive power. One of the majority of the Court resigned, leaving the parties therein four to three; another judge was added by Congress; and President Grant appointed to the two vacancies thus created

judges who were known to favour the legality of the Act. After the Court had been thus reconstructed, the late minority, with the aid of the two new judges, insisted on the most unusual and irregular step of reviewing the former judgment, and reversed it by five to four. This step was severely censured at the time, and has done much to discredit the authority of the Court, whose political importance as the one supreme arbitrator on constitutional questions, and the one check on Federal encroachment, has no analogy among English tribunals. The arguments of both parties will be found in this volume, and that of Chief Justice Chase contains a very brief and temperate, but not the less effective, history of the whole proceeding.

Mr. Nason's *Memoir of Mrs. Rowson*\* contains the story of one of the many Loyalist victims of the Revolution. Her father, Lieutenant Haswell, who had settled in Massachusetts, was apparently well inclined towards the colonial cause; but having served the King, and still, it seems, holding his commission, he could not reconcile it with his conscience to join in rebellion. He rendered many acts of kindness to his neighbours, whom his position as a British officer enabled him to protect, and did his best to remain neutral, but this was not allowed. His property was confiscated, and he himself put under surveillance, where he would have starved but for the gratitude of some whom he had served; and he was finally banished. His daughter married in England, and afterwards returned with her husband to the United States. She was a tolerably successful authoress, and some anecdotes, more amusing than probable, are told of her relations with the publishers, and the resistance she offered to attempts to employ her pen in the lowest kinds of literary theft or immorality. One of her works, *Charlotte Temple*, is said by Mr. Nason to be better known in the States than *Waverley*. We fancy it is not sufficiently known in England to enable many of our readers to estimate by that fact the literary taste of the American public.

The fifth volume of the Survey of the Fortieth Parallel† is devoted to Botany, and contains a very elaborate description of the flora of Utah and Nevada. The entire work is an admirable specimen of the scientific blue-books which form so remarkable a feature of the State literature of America. The expedition, consisting of several eminent men of science—geologists, botanists, mineralogists, zoologists, and so forth—has been engaged for some years in the task assigned to it, and has contrived to produce as full an account of the region over which its researches have extended as we possess of almost any country in the world. The geological character of the district, its mineral resources and its mining industry, its climate, its meteorology, its soil and agriculture, present and prospective, its natural history, and its geographical features are all described at length in these immense quarto volumes; and the Federal Government, which has organized and directed the exploration, has not scrupled at the cost of publication, or crippled the work and reduced its public value by economies of detail. The literary execution, the typography, paper, and engraving are all on a par with the fulness of the scientific and practical matter; and the result is a masterpiece of its kind—a work of which any country may well be proud, and which, in its own field, leaves nothing to be desired. The present volume—the last, we believe, of the series—gives an account of the general botanical features of the country, and the effect of climate and soil upon its vegetation; and this introductory treatise is followed by a detailed catalogue or descriptive list of all the plants of Utah and Nevada, illustrated by clear outline drawings of such as are peculiar to the region west of the Mississippi. Few men would have leisure or inclination to read such a book through; but as a work of reference it is complete and invaluable.

A more eager and professional, but less general and permanent, interest attaches to the very careful and elaborate Report‡ of the engineers sent by the War Department to examine the iron defences of Europe in general, and of England in particular. It describes every kind of iron-plating used in fortification, iron casemates and iron shields, iron ships, turrets, guns, and torpedoes; and it also gives a detailed account of the different forts at Portsmouth, on the Medway, &c. The writers visited and examined the torpedo manufactory of Austria, and obtained a minute explanation of their intended use as harbour defences; and they were equally careful in examining the defences, actual or intended, of other countries, though by far the largest space is given to those of England. The text is illustrated by a profusion of sketches and diagrams, which are so clear as to enable even unprofessional readers to obtain a glimmering of the sense.

The Twenty-Seventh Report of the Prison Association§ of the State of New York—a body of whose constitution and functions we have previously spoken at length, records its extreme dissatisfaction

\* *The Fairfaxes of England and America in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*; including Letters from and to the Hon. William Fairfax, President of Council of Virginia, and his Sons, Col. G. W. Fairfax and Rev. Bryan, Eighth Lord Fairfax, the Neighbours and Friends of George Washington. By Edward D. Neill, Author of "Terra Marini," &c. Albany, N. Y.: J. Munsell. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *The Science of Wealth; a Manual of Political Economy, embracing the Laws of Currency and Finance. Condensed and Arranged for Popular Reading and Use as a Text-book*, by Amasa Walker, LL.D., late Lecturer on Public Economy, Amherst College. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York for the Year 1871-72*. In Two Parts. Compiled by George Wilson, Secretary. New York: Press of the Chamber of Commerce. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *The Legal Tender Cases of 1871*. New York: Office of the "Banker's Magazine and Statistical Register." London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\* *Memoir of Mrs. Susannah Rowson. With Elegant and Illustrative Extracts from her Writings in Prose and Poetry*. By Elias Nason, M.A. Albany: J. Munsell. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *United States' Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel*. Clarence King, Geologist-in-Charge. Vol. V.—Botany. By Sereus Watson, aided by Professor Daniel O. Eaton, and others. Illustrated by a Map and Forty Plates. Submitted to the Engineer-in-Chief, and Published by Order of the Secretary of War, under Authority of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Professional Papers of the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army. No. 22. Report on the Fabrication of Iron for Defensive Purposes, and its Use in Modern Fortifications, especially in Works of Coast Defence*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York, and Accompanying Documents for the Year 1872*. Transmitted to the Legislature March 20, 1873. New York: Prison Association, Bible House, Astor Place. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.



with the present system of discipline, or rather of disorder, in the penitentiaries and county prisons, in which no separation is enforced or attempted, in which untried and convicted prisoners, boys new to crime and hardened offenders, misdeameanants and felons, are mingled together, and the younger prisoners are almost openly trained by their elders in the language, the ideas, and the arts of the criminal profession. The Association earnestly insists that these places should be used only as places of detention for untried prisoners, and that convicted offenders should be sent to undergo their punishment elsewhere. It also notes the insecurity of the existing prisons, which has led in some cases to the ironing of untried persons to prevent their repeated attempts at escape. It recommends that the entire charge of the State prisons should be given to a permanent Commission, to be appointed by the Governor. The formal record of the operations of the Association during the preceding twelve months contains many points of interest, especially in reference to the inquiries undertaken by its officers, into the cases of poor and helpless accused persons, very many of whom have been discharged on the evidence collected for them, who would have been wholly unable to conduct their own cause with any chance of success.

Dr. George Wood publishes a collection of memoirs\* written at different periods during the last half-century, for the most part historical, and relating generally to local topics. A history of the University of Pennsylvania, another of the Philadelphia Hospital, a third of the Girard Orphan Asylum, are among the principal pieces of this sort; a History of Christianity in India, and a Memoir of Dr. Franklin Bache, are of somewhat greater length and pretensions. The shortest, and by no means the least readable, paper in the collection is "On the Dangers of Hasty Generalization in Science." The publication of such collections is calculated rather to gratify the pardonable vanity of authorship than to interest the public.

*Black Robes*† is the title which Mr. Nevin has thought fit to give to a little volume in which he sketches the character and adventures of four different sets of missionary preachers in America; the Jesuits of Canada, the Moravians of Pennsylvania, the early Methodist preachers of the Border, when the Border lay in the midst of what are now among the most settled and civilized States of the Union, and was intested by powerful and hostile tribes of Indians, and, finally, their Presbyterian rivals. Notwithstanding its title, the book is not offensive in style, and is tolerably free both from flippancy and cant.

Upon our monthly list are several scientific papers published in pamphlet form, of which we need give no more detailed description than is furnished by their titles. Mr. Parker, before the American Institute, maintains his theses of the Non-existence of Projectile Forces in Nature.‡ Mr. Gissler describes at some length and with curious illustrations the microscopic fauna of Croton Water§—the animalcules which the citizens of New York must be content to swallow alike in tea and cobbles. "A Catalogue of American Phænogamous Plants"||, and *A Systematic Revision of Some of the American Butterflies*¶, will doubtless have attractions for professed naturalists.

The *Congressional Directory*\*\* is intended to do for American politicians, in respect of the antecedents of members, of constituencies, and the records of elections, &c., what Dodd and other Parliamentary Guides have long done for English readers.

The *Old Back Room*†† is the story of a fatherless family of boys, and, in spite of its too persistent attempts to force a practical and religious moral on the reader, seems not unlikely to arrest the attention of children.

\* *Historical and Biographical Memoirs, Essays, Addresses, &c.*; written at various times during the last Fifty Years, and now first published in the collected form. By George B. Wood, M.D., LL.D., President of the American Philosophical Society, President of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Black Robes*; or, *Sketches of Missions and Ministers in the Wilderness and on the Border*. By Robert P. Nevin. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Non-Existence of Projectile Forces in Nature*. A Paper read before the American Institute, March 1872. By John A. Parker of New York. New York: Wiley & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Contributions to the Fauna of the New York Croton Water*. Microscopical Observations during the Years 1870-71. By Charles F. Gissler. With several woodcuts and 5 plates, containing 45 engravings on stone. New York: Charles Vogt, Steam Printer. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

|| *Catalogue of the Phænogamous Plants of the United States east of the Mississippi, and of the Vascular Cryptogamous Plants of North America north of Mexico*. Cambridge, Mass.: B. P. Mann. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

¶ *A Systematic Revision of Some of the American Butterflies; with Brief Notes on those known to occur in Essex Co., Mass.* By Samuel H. Scudder. Salem, Mass.: Printed at the Salem Press. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\*\* *Congressional Directory*. Compiled for the Use of Congress by Ben. Perley Poore, Clerk of Printing Records. First Edition, corrected to January 15, 1872. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

†† *The Old Back Room*. By Jennie Harrison. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS.

THIS DAY AND NEXT WEEK.  
SATURDAY (June 22)—ANNUAL DISPLAY OF THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM SOCIETY; OPERA, "Robin Hood."  
MONDAY—ORCHESTRAL BAND AND GREAT ORGAN; MILITARY BAND on Lower Lake.  
TUESDAY—OPERA, "Sonnambula"; FIFTH GREAT FIREWORKS.  
WEDNESDAY—ANNUAL CONCERT OF THE METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS' CHORAL SOCIETY, 5,000 Voices.  
THURSDAY—FIRST DAY OF THE NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.  
FRIDAY—ORCHESTRAL BAND AND GREAT ORGAN.  
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Admission on June 22, 2s. 6d.; Monday to Friday, 1s.; Saturdays, 2s. Guinea Season Tickets Free.

### CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.

The First Series of these Annual Meetings, instituted to encourage Competition in Practical Music, will take place between Thursday, June 27 and Saturday, July 6, when Prizes of the aggregate value of £1,000 will be awarded by elected Juries of the most distinguished Musicians. A portion of the money proceeds will be allotted to the Royal Academy of Music and to the Royal Society of Musicians. The Competitions and Performances will take place as follows:

On THURSDAY, June 27.—Soprano and Tenor Vocalists will compete in public, commencing at One p.m. A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, including Competitors, at Half-past Four.

On SATURDAY, June 29.—Contraltos, Baritone, and Bass Vocalists will compete in public, commencing at One p.m. A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, including Competitors, at Half-past Four.

On TUESDAY, July 2.—Choral Societies not exceeding 800 voices, Military Bands, and Bands of Volunteer Regiments, will generally compete, commencing at One p.m. A Grand Concert, including Competitors, at Half-past Four.

On THURSDAY, July 4.—Competition for the Challenge Prize, value £100 (Class I. Choral Societies of 500 Voices). Choral Societies for Men's Voices, and Bands of Regiments of the Line will generally compete, commencing at One p.m. A Grand Concert, including Competitors, at Half-past Four.

On SATURDAY, July 6.—The ceremony of Distributing Prizes will take place at Three o'clock, to be followed by a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, including the Competitors who have won Prizes; after which there will be a Grand Display of the Fountains, and an exhibition of Great Fireworks in the Evening.

By Order.

GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

### THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—

THE SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, at 1 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

WILL CLOSE ON TUESDAY, JULY 2.

### UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM.—AN EXHIBITION OF

WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, Illustrating the Recent Explorations in Pall Mall Gallery, at Pall Mall (Mr. W. M. THOMPSON'S). Ten to Six. Admission, including Descriptive Catalogue, 1s.

### OLD BOND STREET GALLERY, 25 Old Bond Street.—

THE EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER-COLOURS is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

G. F. CHESTER, Hon. Sec.

### DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE OF "CHRIST LEAVING THE

PRETORIUM," with "Triumph of Christianity," "Christian Martyrs," "Francisco de Rimini," "Noah's Ark," "Tahiti," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 25 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

### ELIJAH WALTON'S COLLECTION OF OIL AND WATER-

COLOUR PAINTINGS, now ON VIEW, at his GALLERY, 4 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster. Admission, 1s., including Catalogue. Open Daily from Ten till Six.

### MUSICAL UNION.—AUER from St. Petersburg, and M.

LOUE, Pianist, from Brussels, Tuesday next.—Quartet in A minor, No. 1, Schubert; Trio, E flat, Piano, &c., Schubert; Solo, Violin, Auer; Quintet in C, Beethoven; Polka in A flat, Chopin. Tickets at the usual places, and at St. James's Hall, 10s. 6d. each; and Family Tickets to admit Three, One Guinea.

J. ELLA, Director, 9 Victoria Square.

### MADAME RONNIGER will give a SHAKSPEARIAN and

MISCELLANEOUS READING at St. George's Hall, on Tuesday, 26th inst., at 8.30. Songs from "Macbeth," "Henry V.," "King John," "The Execution of Charles," by Swinburne; Selections from Tennyson, Browning, Alington, and Sheridan. Tickets, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 1s., at J. S. Corner & Co., 201 Regent Street; L. Cook & Co., 65 New Bond Street; Lonsdale's, 15 Old Bond Street; and at St. George's Hall.

### MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.—The TRIENNIAL

DINNER will take place at Willie's Rooms, St. James's, on Thursday, the 28th inst., at 1.30 precisely. Tickets (including Wine), 1s. each. OLD MARLBOROUGHians intending to DINE are particularly requested to apply for Tickets before Monday, the 26th inst., at Willie's Rooms, or to C. F. LAMBERT, Hon. Sec., 9 New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

### MR. A. DAWSON CLARKE (B.A. Cambridge) and Mr.

A. M. LIFSCOMBE (B.A. Oxon) receive RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT PUPILS for the various Competitive Examinations, and for the Universities. During the last three years Pupils have been prepared for the following Examinations:—Oxford (Prize Schools and Scholarships); Cambridge (Prize Schools and Scholarships); Indian Telegraph Service; Engineering College, and Woods and Forestry; Worcester, Devon Comptrols, Polytechnic Service, Indian Museum, Institute of Actuaries, Preliminary Law and Medicine. For Terms, &c., apply to Mr. A. D. CLARKE, 25 Torrington Square, W.C., or to Mr. A. M. LIFSCOMBE, 25 Bedford Street, Russell Square, W.C.



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#### THE LAST OF THE INDIRECT CLAIMS.

THE Arbitrators at Geneva have effected with admirable judgment a result which had been for some days past confidently anticipated. The only issue which had been raised on the part of England was whether the Indirect Claims were included in the submission which was itself to be found in the Treaty. The American Government has now, before the beginning of the inquiry, for reasons of which it is the exclusive judge, formally withdrawn the disputed claims. The functions of the Arbitrators practically commence from the date at which Lord TENTERDEN handed in the English argument. The previous proceedings were wholly preliminary and formal, although they may have involved substantial and important consequences. The Arbitrators judiciously abstained from assuming jurisdiction over the scope of the reference. They only expressed their individual and collective opinion, not that the claims were or were not covered by the Treaty, but they were in their nature improper to be submitted to arbitration. It is possible that the mode of evading a difficulty wilfully created by the American Government may have been concocted between Mr. FISH and Mr. ADAMS. In some of the discussions in the House of Commons it was incidentally observed that no nation could have voluntarily submitted to arbitration the question whether it was liable to damages which might have been measured by hundreds of millions. The Arbitrators condemn more severely the conduct of the authors of the American Case when they formally declare that the claims could not constitute good foundation for an award of compensation or computation of damages between nations. If the supporters of General GRANT or of Mr. GREELEY can extract from the proceedings at Geneva any consolation for national vanity, it will not be worth while to disturb their complacency. They will probably assert that the question in dispute has after all been settled by the Arbitrators, who in truth merely provided the American Government with facilities for withdrawal. The rules of international law are wholly unaffected by the authoritative expression of opinion. Less cautious jurists might have fallen into the error of condemning in principle the claims of which they only affirm that they could not serve as a foundation for pecuniary damages. Lord CAIRNS was precipitate in his complaint that the decision might have been dangerous if it had been favourable to the claims. If it were possible to imagine that the Arbitrators could, before entering on the inquiry, have approved the principle of the claims, the English agent would have still had the opportunity of withdrawing from any share in proceedings which had not yet commenced. Mr. PERCY WINDHAM, who undertook at a moment's notice the lead of the Opposition, has probably satisfied himself on reflection that he might have more judiciously left the subject to Mr. DISRAELI.

The Arbitrators and the agents of the litigant Powers may claim the credit of having kept their counsel during the preliminary proceedings. The enterprise of the New York papers has not been equal to the task of purchasing confidential communications; and the less ambitious efforts of English Correspondents have naturally been ineffectual. It generally happens that when all the parties to a transaction desire the same object, they contrive to surmount difficulties of detail. In this case, the Arbitrators, the English, and the Americans were all on various grounds sincerely anxious to save the Treaty; and they were also agreed on the iniquity and inadmissible character of the notorious claims in dispute. Nevertheless the conditions of the problem were singularly embarrassing and complex. The English agents were restrained by the pledged pledges of their Government from submitting to the Arbitrators an issue which had, according to their contention, not been included in the terms of reference. The

American agents, on the other hand, had, as it was thought, been instructed to insist on an award, although Mr. FISH had taken the strange course of informing Lord GRANVILLE that the American Arbitrator was opposed to a recognition of the claims. It was certain that the members of the Tribunal would do their utmost to facilitate a compromise, but it was difficult for them to take the initiative. There were serious objections to a prolonged adjournment, although, in the absence of a special limitation, every Court is competent to determine the time at which it may think fit to proceed with an inquiry. The chances of a prosperous result were probably increased by the peculiar constitution of the Tribunal, which includes among its members two eminent and able representatives of the parties to the dispute. Mr. ADAMS and the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE were of course in constant communication with the counsel and agents of their respective Governments, and they had the opportunity of enabling their colleagues to become informally acquainted with any overtures or suggestions which might be useful for their guidance. Direct negotiations between the Governments was happily rendered impossible by the inconvenient attributes of the American Senate. The Government of the United States is incapable of appointing a plenipotentiary, because the acts of any diplomatic agent may be disavowed by an authority from which he has not received instructions. For one half of the year, during the recess of the Senate, the most trifling international arrangements must be suspended. American Presidents and Ministers have often, with the characteristic adroitness of their nation, contrived to patch up the disabilities to which they are subject. The President might at his pleasure have modified the Case which had been presented in his name, but he preferred to simple retraction a project of treaty which enabled him to transfer his responsibility to the Senate.

By their mode of conducting the controversy the Americans have secured some of the advantages which frequently reward the audacity of adventurous advocates. Under cover of a supposed abandonment of the Indirect Claims they induced the English Commissioners to admit that the remote and consequential expenses of the American navy resulted directly from the proceedings of the Confederate cruisers. In a later stage of the discussion they have diverted attention from the offensive tone and matter of their Case, except so far as it included the Indirect Claims; yet there can be little doubt that intelligent Americans are seriously annoyed at the untenable position which their Government has assumed. Mr. FISH's recent assertion that no pecuniary award on account of the Indirect Claims had been expected is a confession that the demand which was preferred in the plainest language was unjust and extortionate. When Mr. FISH's agent, six months ago, laid his damages for the Indirect Claims at three or four hundred millions, his unscrupulous pretensions were almost more plausible than the late contention of the SECRETARY of STATE. The Treaty contemplated pecuniary demands alone, and it conferred no power on the Arbitrators to decide theoretical issues. The American Government seems to have persuaded itself that Mr. SUMNER's monstrous figments, which were afterwards adopted by Mr. FISH, could only be finally abolished by a judgment of the Geneva Tribunal; but, except so far as the Indirect Claims were connected with pecuniary claims, the Arbitrators were incapable of entertaining the question. If the English Government had been weak enough to enlarge the terms of the original submission, there can be little doubt that the American agents would have concentrated their energies on the object of obtaining enormous pecuniary damages for the enhancement of the rate of insurance, and for the pretended prolongation of

the war. Mr. Fish has in his later despatches failed to remember that the gross sum originally demanded by the American Commissioners must have included damages for the Indirect Claims, inasmuch as it largely exceeded all the alleged losses caused by the acts of the Confederate cruisers.

In anticipation of the preliminary rejection of the Indirect Claims by the Tribunal, the apologists of the American Government have already described the proceeding of the Tribunal as a justification of the presentation of the claims. A plaintiff who professes to be satisfied with an adverse verdict or with a non-suit acknowledges that his action has been litigious and unjust. The Americans have in the present instance been conscious that they are exposed to both imputations; but they hoped to conceal their defeat on the main contention by dwelling on the collateral issue whether the extortionate claims were covered by the Treaty. The tone and arguments of their apologists have been subjected to a curious change since the earlier days of the controversy. The English Correspondent of a New York newspaper, who boldly affirmed that all parties in the United States supported the claims, and that the English Commissioners had acquiesced in referring them to arbitration, must feel painfully that he has been left in the lurch by his own Government; while the sharp practice of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS has been almost unanimously condemned by respectable politicians in the United States. For some time past Mr. FISH has been occupied in devising measures for getting rid of the claims without openly admitting that they were originally wrongful. His hopes were temporarily disappointed by the capricious amendments introduced by the Senate into the Supplementary Article; and he has since been manoeuvring through his agents to throw on the Geneva Tribunal the burden of rejecting the claims. It would not be just to blame the Americans for efforts to save from failure a Treaty which is almost exclusively advantageous to themselves. The ostentatious anxiety of the English Government to effect the same result, though it is not in itself discreditable, has perhaps been a diplomatic mistake. The American Government has been more than once misled by Lord GRANVILLE's pertinacious ingenuity in suggesting new methods of settlement. It is at least possible that the promoters of the Indirect Claims might have been earlier brought to their senses by a plain intimation that the failure of a litigation concerns the claimant of damages rather than the defendant. Any unfavourable judgment of the conduct of the English Government would be at least premature; and it is right that those who are charged with the conduct of a negotiation should lean to conciliation rather than to defiance. One of the best qualities of professional diplomats is the dispassionate calmness which it is the business of their lives to cultivate. It is only when the encroaching spirit of an adversary is encouraged by concession that the display of a pacific disposition may possibly become mischievous. After all that has passed there is no reason to grudge either the detention of the English agents and counsel for a week or two at Geneva before the commencement of their main business, or the expense of the telegraphic messages which have passed backwards and forwards. It was far more desirable that the question should be settled on the spot than that the abandonment of the claims should be purchased at the cost of accepting another new-fangled supplement to international law. The retrospective rules are the most obnoxious part of a Treaty which is otherwise not satisfactory, and the cumbrous phrases of the Supplementary Article might easily have served as the foundation of future misunderstandings. There would not have been the smallest advantage in the judicial rejection or diplomatic prohibition of forms of extortion which have never been recognized by any civilized nation, except when the American Government thought fit in an evil hour to adopt the extravagances of Mr. SUMNER. It is possible that the conduct of a neutral might be the direct cause of the prolongation of a war, although, as Mr. FISH justly observed, such conduct would be a foundation rather for hostilities than for a claim of damages. The terms of the Supplementary Article might, if it had been ratified, not improbably have been quoted by the American Government in defence of a repetition of its repeated connivance at Fenian invasions of Canada. The unofficial intimation addressed by the Arbitrators to the American agent was distinguished by the rare merit of being adequate to the solution of the immediate difficulties, while it implied no assumption of authority to establish any general precedent.

#### MR. DISRAELI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ONCE more the Conservatives have been cheered with a great banquet and a great speech. Mr. DISRAELI's speech on Monday was in its way a masterpiece. It was full of novelty, of telling points, of vigorous and highflown phrases. What the speaker did he did thoroughly. He set himself to offer his hearers a complete travesty of the history of England during the last forty years, and he never once wandered into soberness or accuracy of statement. Mr. DISRAELI is thoroughly alive to the great fact that if recent events are skilfully and boldly misrepresented, and if the misrepresentation is adapted to flatter the tastes and prejudices of a sympathizing audience, there is not the slightest reason why a practised orator should hesitate to say anything he pleases. Mr. DISRAELI had invented for Monday night a totally new theory for the glorification of his own party and the disparagement of his adversaries. It had struck him as a wild and beautiful conception that the Liberals might be portrayed as the non-national, the Cosmopolitan, or, as with a variation he termed it, the Continental party, while the Conservatives might be invested with a new halo of brightness as the national, the insular, the truly English party. Around this theory a coating of fanciful facts and a web of sparkling rhetoric were laid. It was a speech to listen to and to believe in, not to criticize or refute. Mr. DISRAELI did not condescend to give any instances in which the Cosmopolitanism of the Liberal party had been distinctly marked. On the contrary, if his hearers had analysed his statements, they would have learned that after forty years of power and success the Cosmopolitanism of Liberals has never been known to display itself except in a tiny Republican movement which utterly failed, and in the existence of a few hundred London Jacobins who are totally powerless. If this is the only result of the fixed bias of the majority of Englishmen operating during nearly half a century under the most favourable circumstances, Englishmen must be a singularly helpless and impractical set of people. Still Mr. DISRAELI chose to say that there is something strikingly Cosmopolitan or Continental in English Liberals, and his speech may therefore suggest a moment's consideration as to whether there is any truth in what he said or not. Whether it would be any reproach to an English party that it is Cosmopolitan or Continental it is impossible to say. Details would be everything. In some respects it might be a great merit, and in others a great demerit, to have so wide an area of sympathies. But if we ask ourselves what are the great Liberal measures of the period over which Mr. DISRAELI's fancy played, it so happens that they have been singularly little Cosmopolitan or Continental. The abolition of slavery and the slave trade, the abolition of Protection, and the reform of the Law have been the fields in which the labours of Liberals have been most successful and most persistent since the Reform Bill which brought them first into power. So far from borrowing the ideas of other nations on any of these heads, England has been labouring ever since, and often with very partial success, to induce the Continent to put down slavery and to adopt Free Trade. English Liberals have been the teachers, not the pupils, of the outer world in these spheres of labour; while in the department of Law Reform, so long and so pertinaciously resisted by the Conservatives, the most that can be said is that English law has in late years lost enough of the impress of a grotesque and effete barbarism to attain a character which has great virtues and great faults, but which still remains eminently national.

The Conservative party whose achievements were lauded and whose principles were proclaimed by Mr. DISRAELI exists simply in his fertile brain. He announced that he had nothing whatever to say for the Tory party before the first Reform Bill. They were a set of silly old-fashioned creatures, clinging to antiquated notions and unfitted for practical life. He was equally averse to the name and memory of Sir ROBERT PEEL. But there has been, he hinted, a secret Conservative party which has been all along working wonders. Among the other great feats of this party was the passing of the Factory Act of Lord SHAFTESBURY. As history is written in prose, the facts are that this Act was introduced while a Conservative Government was in office, and was violently and successfully resisted by it. It was afterwards carried while a Liberal Government was in office, and was strongly supported by Lord RUSSELL and Sir GEORGE GREY, who, together with Lord PALMERSTON, had spoken or voted for it when the Conservative Government crushed it for a time out of existence. As history is written or spoken in poetry, this Act was the gift of the secret Conservatives to those ungrateful working-men who are just beginning to know their true friends. In another respect, however,



the action of secret Conservatives has not been so successful. It appears that it is a special feature of the Conservative policy to bind the colonies to the mother-country. The proper way to do this, according to Mr. DISRAELI, is for the mother-country to fix the colonial tariffs, control the grants of colonial lands, bargain to keep in the colonies a certain number of troops, and to have a Council of colonists resident in London. It is by their clear perception of the value of these ideas that the Conservatives have won one of their chief titles to be called the National party, the party that maintains the Empire as a whole, and keeps alive the glory of Britain. Certainly the secret of the Conservatives as to their colonial policy has been admirably preserved. No one in the last few years has ever heard of their Imperial views as to tariffs or waste lands or troops, and few persons even in the colonies will believe that when they come next into power they will summon a Council of colonists to reside in London. But the National party, in its quiet way, has its eye on friends nearer home, and in its own good time is going to reveal itself as the special protector of the poor. It has not come forward in any hurried and premature manner to assume this character. In fact, for years it devoted all its energies, and Mr. DISRAELI owed his fortune, to trying to make the bread of the poor as dear as farmers could wish it to be. But it was biding its time. It was waiting till sewage became the question of the day, and now that the hour has struck, it claims the question of sewage as its own. Mr. DISRAELI of course did not say what it would do with regard to sewage that Liberals are not likely to do. He left it to be inferred that a Cosmopolitan and Continental party was not the party to make English homes sweet and English air pure. It will take a really National party to do this, and it will be from Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY, when he returns to office, that Birmingham will learn what on earth it is to do with its refuse. Every one will allow that that will be a secret of secret Conservatism well worth knowing.

Descending from these lofty flights of romance, Mr. DISRAELI got himself and his hearers to earth again by asserting that the Liberal party is now regarded by the country with mistrust and repugnance. That the Government has been and still is unpopular, and that it has wearied the general patience by its many blunders, is true enough; nor does any one doubt that the Conservatives would gain largely if there were a dissolution. But that the Liberal party is viewed by the country with mistrust and repugnance is a great exaggeration. There is not a piece of Liberal legislation passed in the last twenty years that the Conservatives would have the most distant prospect of being able to repeal if they were in power. There is not a single measure on which both Liberals and Conservatives have any open, distinctly marked, conflicting opinions, on which the country has pronounced, or is likely to pronounce, in favour of the Conservatives. It is not even at all certain how large the Conservative gain would be if an election were held at once. The Liberals, contrary to general expectation, have managed to retain possession of the contested seat for Bedfordshire, and the reality of the conviction of the Conservative leaders as to the changed opinion of the country will soon be tested when the Lords have decided whether they will adhere to or abandon those of their amendments to the Ballot Bill to which Mr. GLADSTONE has announced that he cannot agree. When once the Ballot Bill is carried, there is every probability of a period of comparative quiet, and questions of a mild order which either party would deal with in substantially the same way will occupy general attention. The only question to be decided is which party shall be allowed the privilege and amusement of dealing with them. What the Conservatives have in their favour is that the existing Government has made many enemies and committed many errors. At a time when most men would allow that it does not really make any great difference which party is in office in an era of sewage Bills and anti-adulteration Bills, it is a great advantage to a party that it has lately given no offence, and has had no recent opportunity of making patent mistakes. The present Government has carried, or has tried to carry, a series of measures, each of which has raised up against it a little knot of enemies, who will like to have their revenge when the next election comes. Clergymen, landowners, wild Irishmen, soldiers' sailors, publicans, mine-owners, Nonconformist teachers have all their special scores against the Cabinet which they would like to wipe off in their own way. Then a mess has been made in almost every department of public affairs. A year ago the Foreign Office would have remained as an exception, but now it may be said that there has been blundering all round. Those who like a mild change may say to

themselves that it is time another set of performers should try their hands. Directly the Conservatives were in office, they too would begin to give offence, and, unless they are very much changed, it may be safely added that they would begin to blunder. Then in their turn they would be viewed with mistrust and repugnance. But what seems as near the truth as anything else is that the country does not know—and, if asked at an election, would not be able quite to make up its mind—whether it wishes the present Ministry to give place to the Ministry of Mr. DISRAELI. It would have no great mistrust or repugnance, and no great preference, for one set of politicians or the other. Either would do, and neither would do very well; and the consequence might be that neither party would have strength enough to hold office with credit, or even to carry good Sewage Bills in a satisfactory manner. In spite of the revelation of their true character as the National, not the Cosmopolitan party, it is extremely doubtful whether the friends of Mr. DISRAELI have any chance of securing him such a majority as will enable him to show what he really can do for unhealthy England.

#### FRENCH FINANCE.

THE arrangements between the German and French Governments for the evacuation of French territory by the Germans under new conditions are said to be concluded. No official statement has yet been made from which the precise nature of these arrangements could be gathered. But the general result is known. M. THIERS is to hurry forward the payment of the three milliards still payable, and the evacuation is to be effected bit by bit, as the money is paid over. A very large loan must therefore be effected at once, and it is stated that a sufficient amount will shortly be issued for subscription to produce two milliards in cash, while the remaining milliard will be provided partly by the aid of private firms, and partly by the Bank of France, and from the proceeds of Treasury bonds. The instalments on eighty millions sterling cannot possibly be called up very rapidly, as the bulk of the subscribers will be Frenchmen of a humble class, and the last payment to the Germans may not improbably be made at a date nearly the same as that fixed by the Treaty for the payment of the whole three milliards. Some portion of French soil, and especially the stronghold of Belfort, will, therefore, it may be expected, remain in German hands for perhaps another eighteen months. But it will be an enormous gain to the country that each successive payment will rapidly diminish the area occupied by the foreigner. There can be no doubt that the money will be forthcoming, although the terms on which the loan can be effected still remain uncertain. The national creditor, whether he is a Frenchman or a foreigner, must inquire not only whether the nation wishes that his interest should be paid, but what is the machinery provided for paying it. In other words, the annual taxes must be enough to meet the demands of the creditor; and although it is certain that enough taxes will be levied for the purpose, a fierce controversy is going on as to the particular taxes which shall be selected to make up the deficiency of eight millions sterling which the Government wishes to see covered before it issues the loan. It is not possible to scrutinize the statement that this is the amount by which the revenue is short, just as it is not possible at present to calculate the total cost of the war to France. The Government says that so large a sum as eight millions of additional taxation is not absolutely necessary, but it thinks it not prudent to ask for less. One reason given for taking a good margin is that some of the taxes recently imposed are not yielding so much as was anticipated. Of course the Government says that this is only due to the temporary derangement of trade, caused by purchasers abstaining from the consumption of articles the price of which they find enhanced. Soon habit will make them buy what they have been accustomed to have, and then the anticipations of the collectors of the revenue will be fulfilled. This may be so or not, but at any rate M. THIERS is quite right in saying that in order to silence all contention and make the subscribers to the loan feel perfectly secure it is necessary to show an annual revenue about the sufficiency of which there is no question. During all the warm financial debates of this week the position thus occupied by the Government has not been contested, and it has been assumed that a sum amounting as nearly as possible to eight millions sterling shall be raised by additional taxation. Sometimes the thought that this is precisely the amount which the Government is going to repay to the Bank of France within the year seemed to force

itself on the mind of a speaker, and he was almost ready to suggest the idle remark that, if the Bank were not repaid, the new taxes would not be wanted. But all that it has read or heard about finance for the last twelve months has at last impressed the Assembly with the conviction that the repayment of the Bank advances is one of the conditions that make a loan possible on favourable terms. If the credit of the Bank had not remained intact during all these times of trouble, the paper currency would have been greatly depreciated, and the difficulties of borrowing immensely increased; and it is because the nation is pledged to repay the advances made by the Bank that it has stood the shock and kept its credit unimpeached.

On the 19th of January last the Assembly passed a vote which bitterly affronted M. THIERS, and the upshot of which was that the Assembly was to endeavour through special Committees to devise new taxes which should replace the taxes on raw materials proposed by the Government. The Committee naturally found this a most difficult task, but they arrived at the conclusion that three new taxes might be adopted—a tax on securities other than Rentes, a tax on mortgages, and a tax on business transactions. When, however, the arrangements with the Germans were on the eve of being completed, M. THIERS thought that he might strike a bold stroke and have his own way; the Assembly would be driven into a corner, and might be made to choose between adopting the hated tax on raw materials and incurring the odium of upsetting a scheme for liberating the national territory. On Monday, accordingly, the Government brought forward its own proposals, in opposition to those recommended by the Committees of the Assembly. The basis of the scheme was the old tax on raw materials, but M. DE GOULARD, the Minister of Finance, was obliged to own that nothing like the required sum could be got out of taxing raw materials at present, as France is still hampered by numerous treaties of commerce. If he could get in the full proceeds of the taxes he proposed to levy, they would yield about five millions sterling. But at present they will yield under two millions, and even when the treaties with England and Belgium have ceased to operate, they will bring in less than two millions and a half. Over the deficiency which must, even according to the calculation of the Government, continue to exist while the treaties of commerce are in force, M. DE GOULARD threw the veil of a discreet silence. The remaining four millions are to be derived from an augmentation of the direct taxes, and of the salt-duty, and also from a rigorous suppression of frauds on the revenue in the manufacture of alcohol, which now deprive the State of nearly a million a year. M. THIERS, who knew that the augmentation of the direct taxes would be exceedingly unpopular, was most earnest in explaining that the burden was only a temporary one, but he did not explain why it should be so. The proceeds from the tax on raw materials must fall for years much short of the four millions at which they are estimated; and although, if the country remains peaceful and prosperous, the receipts from the taxes generally will increase, and some of the taxes now levied can be remitted or lessened, there does not appear to be any reason why the payers of direct taxes and the consumers of salt should have the exclusive benefit of the improved state of affairs. Either it is fair to put a heavier burden on those who pay direct taxes or it is not. M. DE GOULARD said that it is quite fair, for he only asked for fifteen additional centimes, while in times not very long gone by, and while France was still untouched by any great calamity, the payers of these direct taxes had been gratified by seventeen centimes being taken off what they had to pay; and he asked his hearers to reflect whether, when the Assembly met at Bordeaux, every payer of direct taxes would not have thought himself very lucky if he could have been sure that the war would have done nothing worse to him than bring back fifteen of the seventeen centimes from which he had been relieved. The tax on salt was also justified on the ground that the consumption had not been found to increase in proportion as the duty had been lessened; and hence M. DE GOULARD inferred that the consumers would take a certain quantity and no more, whether the duty was raised or not. If a million sterling can really be saved by repressing frauds on the revenue in the manufacture of alcohol, no one can say that it ought not to be saved. The proposal, therefore, of the Government was not to find anything like the whole money required by the taxation of raw materials. It proposed to find the other half by totally distinct means, which it justified as its own merits. As to the other half, it is proposed to find it by a number of measures for the present, and rather more

than a moiety for next year, from taxes on raw materials, and to leave the balance unprovided for.

Nothing but strong political pressure could make the Assembly agree to such a proposal. Financially it has nothing to recommend it. It is not as if the Government could say that there was one class of taxes which would, without having recourse to any other, furnish all that is wanted. Free-traders might then at least have the satisfaction of giving up their theories to obtain a great immediate good. But the taxes on raw materials are only advocated as a stop-gap, and as a very bad stop-gap. It is owned that the revenue officials were instructed to report as to the amount that could be got at once from those taxes, and they reported that the utmost that could be obtained from this source was forty-two millions of francs. The adversaries of the tax on raw materials broadly assert that the State would get little or nothing from them, owing to frauds and drawbacks. But the Government has naturally taken care to get the most favourable report it could, and the report it has obtained only ventures to anticipate forty millions of francs. All beyond that is merely conjectural, and it is in order, not to fill up the whole deficit of the Budget, not to secure the freedom of France by one bold stroke, that Protection in one of its worst forms is to be introduced, but merely to get forty millions out of two hundred millions of francs which the Government alleges to be necessary. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that almost every speaker with any pretension to financial eminence protested that such a sum might be got in some much better and simpler way. M. CASTILLER-PELIER warmly supported the tax on securities, but no vote was taken on that point. On Thursday, however, a vote was taken on the proposal of the Budget Committee to impose a tax of two per cent. on mortgage revenue, and the Government was defeated by a majority of 324 against 302. M. THIERS was instantly up in arms. He commented on the smallness of the majority, and asked to be allowed to have the question re-argued, conceding, however, that if after hearing his views the Assembly did not record its vote by a decisive majority, he would offer no further opposition to the Bill. The voting in the Assembly seems just at this moment so little else than a struggle between the Right and Left for power, that no one can be sure for an instant how far mere financial considerations may guide the Assembly in its ultimate decision. M. THIERS just now leans on the Left, and treats the Right with defiance. Accordingly the Left, which is almost to a man composed of the adversaries of taxes on raw materials, is ready to support him in opposing every other tax until the taxes on raw materials are arrived at by a process of exhaustion; while it is in vain that M. THIERS reminds the Right that taxes like that on mortgages will chiefly press on the rural population, whose interests they are specially called on to represent. The financial proposals of the Government must therefore be looked at apart from the votes of the Assembly, and may be sanctioned for a totally distinct reason than any based on their merits; and if they are regarded simply as financial proposals, it is difficult to see how the scheme of taxing raw materials could have been put in a worse light, or have been brought forward with less to recommend it.

#### THE MINES REGULATION BILL.

A MEASURE which has hung fire so long as the Mines Regulation Bill gains a new kind of importance by getting into Committee. A second reading is no longer the critical ordeal that it once was; indeed it is hardly even so earnest that a Bill is likely to become law. It is only when the House applies itself steadily to the details of the proposed legislation that it seems worth while to take much interest in it. Now that this stage has been reached there is every reason why the progress of the Bill should be carefully watched. The subject is one of great importance, and the treatment which it has received and is likely to receive from the House of Commons is not such as can safely be allowed to pass uncriticized. The Bill as it left the hands of the Select Committee was in all essential respects a good Bill. The clauses relating to education had been altered for the worse by the substitution of twelve for thirteen as the minimum below which boys shall not be employed, and the exception unless under certain prescribed restrictions, and the exception the Bill was a fair embodiment of the principles which the miners and those interested in the mines have for years been insisting on. The employment of women and children in the mines is a

system; it creates a machinery for securing the competency of managers; it lays down certain general rules for the prevention of accidents; and it charges a staff of inspectors with the duty of seeing that all these provisions are carried out. The two most important clauses in the Bill perhaps are those which provide that every manager shall hold a certificate, and that an adequate amount of ventilation shall be produced in every mine in order to dilute the noxious gases. It is the omission of these two safeguards that has done more than anything else to make coal mining so fatal to human life. The absence of adequate ventilation is, in one form or another, the great cause of accidents; and the want of competent managers is one of the principal reasons why ventilation has hitherto been so imperfect. It is not left, however, to the manager alone to see that proper precautions are taken against danger. The general rules laid down in the Bill provide that mines shall be inspected by competent persons once in the twenty-four hours, or, under certain circumstances, in twelve hours. The results of this inspection are to be recorded in a book, and they may be checked by those of another inspection which may be carried on on behalf of the workmen at least once a month. The managers, who are responsible for the observance of these rules, were originally to be examined under the direction of a Secretary of State, and no certificate of competency was to be granted unless their examination had been satisfactory, and they had in addition given evidence of sobriety, experience, ability, and general good conduct. These clauses have, however, been omitted with a view to alterations in the composition of the Examining Board. A certificate of service will be given to all existing managers, and to all persons who have so acted for a period of twelve months within five years before the passing of the Act. This certificate of service will have the same value as a certificate of competency. The Secretary of State is empowered to institute a public inquiry into any charges of negligence or incompetency which may be brought against a manager, and in the event of the charges being proved, his certificate may be suspended or cancelled. A violation of any of the provisions of the Act, including the general rules contained in it, or of any of the special rules which may be made under it for particular mines, will entail a penalty of 20*l.*, and an additional penalty of 1*l.* for every day that such violation is continued after the Inspector has given the offender written notice. If an Inspector observes any cause of danger not provided for by the rules in force in a mine, he is to give notice to the owner or manager and require it to be remedied. If the owner or manager objects to remedy it, and forwards his objection to the Secretary of State, the matter is to be determined by arbitration. Otherwise, or if the award goes against the owner, the omission to comply with the Inspector's requisition will constitute an offence against the Act. A clause to which the miners themselves attach great weight orders that all wages shall be paid in money and at an office not being or belonging to a public-house, and if the amount of wages depends on the amount of mineral gotten, this amount is to be determined by weight.

The House of Commons began its consideration of the Bill at a morning sitting yesterday week. The opening clauses deal with the rules for the employment of women and children. Women are forbidden to work underground; and an attempt was made to get this prohibition extended to work at the bank-top. As a general principle, the employment of women in such work as even the open-air labour about a colliery usually must be is greatly to be deprecated. But when legislative prohibition is proposed, another consideration comes into play. This work, rude and unfeminine as it doubtless is, does at least keep many women from starving. We are not speaking of married women, because it may be argued that the withdrawal of wives from the labour market would lead to a proportionate increase in the wages of husbands. If the wages that are now earned by the man and the woman jointly could in future be earned by the man alone, the gain to the miner would be immense. His income would remain the same, and he would practically secure the services of a housekeeper into the bargain. But the case of unmarried women is certainly different. They can support themselves by lifting coal at the pit's mouth, and other similar occupations, and if this means of earning a livelihood is denied them, they may find great difficulty in making one in any more feminine pursuit. There are some kinds of labour which so degrade and demoralize women that the Legislature is justified in forbidding them to have recourse to them. Underground work in coal mines comes under this category, and, so far as we know, the same preachers of the absolute equality of the

sexes do not object to the clause in the Bill which absolutely closes this form of industry to their clients. But it does not appear that labour at the bank-top is necessarily of this description, or that it may not be so conducted as to be compatible, if not with refinement, at least with physical and moral decency. Under these circumstances it would be hard to close against unmarried women the only kind of work perhaps for which there is any demand in the neighbourhood, or which can supply them the means of subsistence.

The discussion as to the age below which boys are not to be allowed to work full time threw an unexpected light on the unreality of much that has been said by the professed friends of education. The usual argument against the compulsory retention of children at school until there has been time to give them a good elementary education is based on the unwillingness of parents to sacrifice the value of their children's earnings. In the present case there is no difficulty whatever as regards this point. The restriction of children's labour has been one of the things on which the miners themselves insist most strongly. Instead of showing themselves anxious to make their children work too early, they have asked Parliament again and again to postpone the time at which it shall be lawful to give them work. It might have been expected, therefore, that the House of Commons would have offered no opposition to a Bill fixing thirteen as the age below which it is to be unlawful to work boys full time. Instead of this, the Select Committee carried twelve as the limit instead of thirteen, and the Government felt it to be useless to support an amendment restoring the clause to its original form. The real motive of much of the opposition to compulsory education was thus disclosed. The alleged unwillingness to deprive parents of their children's earnings appeared in its true colours as unwillingness to deprive employers of the opportunity of buying labour cheap. To a similar desire to make the measure as innocuous as possible to economically disposed mine-owners must be attributed the amendment making it necessary, in order to bring a violation of the provisions concerning children home to the employers, that it shall have been committed "knowingly." That an employer shall "knowingly" employ a child under ten underground, or a child under twelve for full time instead of half time, is next door to impossible. His purpose will be perfectly answered by employing children about whose age he knows nothing. Mr. BRUCE proposed on Thursday that instead of the liability of owners being limited to acts done "knowingly," it should be limited by a provision that owners and managers shall alike be held harmless, if they can show that they have used due diligence to prevent any violation of the law. To this compromise there seems no objection. It is one thing to require the authorities to prove that the owner knew that a child was under twelve, and another thing to allow an owner to prove that he made all the usual inquiries on the subject and received satisfactory answers. On Thursday the feeling of the mine-owning interest in the House of Commons seemed to be against this mode of settling the difficulty. The Government ought to be able to carry such a proposal in face of any amount of interested opposition.

#### SPAIN.

THE events of the next few months will probably determine the fate of the new Spanish dynasty. The seventh Administration within a year and a half now proposes to try the experiment whether Parliamentary government is possible in Spain. In the recent crisis the King for the first time placed himself in direct opposition to the majority in both Houses, as well as to SERRANO and TOPETE, who with all their faults are probably the most honourable and loyal of contemporary Spanish politicians. Remembering perhaps CAYOUS's famous saying that anybody can govern with a state of siege, the King positively refused to suspend the guarantees of personal liberty which are provided by the Constitution of 1870. When the Constituent Cortes, in the enthusiasm which followed the fall of Queen ISABELLA, were adding one more project to the long list of Spanish democratic Constitutions, it was sufficiently evident that paper prohibitions would never prevent the application of martial law in case of conspiracy or insurrection. It is probable that when SERRANO proposed the suspension of constitutional restraints he may have had strong reasons for apprehending danger. His premature amnesty has been followed by a revival of the Carlist movement in the North; and the necessity of drawing for reinforcements on his scanty reserves involved a difficulty in providing for the safety of the great towns.

It is said that the Republicans threatened to take advantage of the opportunity by rising in rebellion, and the Ministers easily convinced their friends in the Senate and the Congress of the expediency of entrusting them with extraordinary powers. It would seem that SAGASTA has, by his unscrupulous interference with the elections, deprived the Cortes of political and moral weight. SERRANO was supported by an overwhelming majority, and the leader of the Opposition had professedly seceded for the time from public life; yet the KING refused to confirm the decision of the Cortes, and for the first time he has called to his councils the leaders of the Radical party. It remains to be seen whether ZORRILLA or CORDOVA will be more successful than their Conservative opponents. The first step to be taken will necessarily be a dissolution, and the management of the elections will be in the hands of the new Ministers. Without the aid of the Republicans it is doubtful whether they will be able to secure a majority, and there must be danger in an alliance with a party which is avowedly hostile both to the dynasty and to the existing form of government.

The Republican orators, relying on the unpopularity which attaches to a foreigner, are never tired of reminding King AMADEO of the fate of the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN. It might be well that they should reflect whether the subsequent history of Mexico has illustrated the advantage of overthrowing even the unstable fabric of an alien Empire. Spain might perhaps under a Republic prove less anarchical than Mexico; but the overthrow of the monarchy would almost certainly be followed by civil war. The army has for three or four years abstained from direct interference in political struggles; but the strife of factions is not unlikely to prepare the way for military supremacy. The KING will either find his position untenable, or he will gradually learn to suppress his constitutional scruples. If he can rely on the chiefs of the army, he may perhaps think it useless and hopeless to depend in turn on rival politicians of the type of ZORRILLA and SAGASTA. It is not certain that his fall would be followed by the establishment of a Republic. The Carlists, indeed, are not likely to find partisans beyond the limits of two or three provinces, but the coalition of the adherents of the Duke of MONTPENSIER and Prince ALFONSO may perhaps secure the favour of the army. The fusion which has so often been vainly attempted in France has already been accomplished between the Spanish Pretenders. The Duke of MONTPENSIER, who has joined his family in Paris, has published a letter in which he recommends his nephew to his friends as the most eligible candidate for the Crown. The rest of the document consists in the vague generalities in which exiled princes are accustomed to express their unselfish patriotism, and their sorrow for the misfortunes of an ungrateful country. The Duke had hoped to contribute to the regeneration of Spain by taking his seat in the Cortes, until he found that his presence, instead of allaying political passions, might tend to excite them. He now contributes his share to the pacification of Spain by intimating his opinion that the reigning sovereign ought to be dethroned; and it may be presumed that the Duke of MONTPENSIER would be not unwilling to succeed to his authority as Regent in the name of Don ALFONSO. The occasion of his letter is probably the dismissal of SERRANO and TOPETE, who have always inclined to the cause of a Bourbon dynasty. There is, however, no reason to believe that the ex-Ministers have disclaimed their allegiance to the present KING. The general confusion of parties almost furnishes an excuse for the otherwise hopeless enterprise of the Carlists. To sanguine reactionists it may seem possible that, in its despair of permanent tranquillity, the country should at last take refuge in a stagnant absolutism. The present designs of the insurgents are unknown, except that they apparently hope to wear out the troops by isolated risings in various districts. It is remarkable that for many weeks nothing had been heard of Don CARLOS or of his brother before a recent rumour that the Pretender was holding a council of war to consider the expediency of his return to Spain. Princes who succeed in revolutions are not in the habit of consulting their advisers on the question of their personal share in the vindication of their rights. In the absence of the Princes it appears that there is no recognized chief of the insurrection. The leaders of the bands will derive encouragement from the resignation of his command by General BONAQUE, who was the principal lieutenant of SERRANO. It seems that seven or eight general officers have simultaneously retired from active service, for the purpose of expressing their disapproval of the change of Government, and their distrust of ZORRILLA. No equally serious exhibition of

political feeling has occurred in the army since PRIM issued his celebrated order against the intervention of military officers in domestic contests. From a protest against the choice of a Minister the step to open mutiny may be easily taken; but there is reason to hope that SERRANO and TOPETE will discountenance any attempt to convert their retirement from office into a military grievance. If the most popular generals were to appeal to the army against the KING and his policy, it is not improbable that they might be followed by a large section of officers and soldiers. General CORDOVA, the new Minister of War, appears not to be distinguished by ability or experience, though his brother acquired some reputation in a former Carlist insurrection.

The difficulties of the Government are increased not only by the Carlist insurrection, but by the constant demand for troops to repress the rebellion in Cuba. More than half the army, under one of the ablest generals in Spain, has for a long time been stationed in the colony, where its services are required not only to hold the rebels in check, but to maintain the authority of the Government over the local Volunteers. It is for this reason that few troops can be spared for service in Biscay and Catalonia, and that conscious weakness induced SERRANO to attempt the compromise which has apparently resulted in the revival of the Carlist movement. The Republicans are fully aware of the drain on the resources of the Government, and they probably meditate a rising of their own whenever they may judge that the army is fully occupied elsewhere. There is no reason to believe that, even if they succeeded in obtaining possession of the capital and the great towns, they would be able to maintain themselves permanently in power. The country decided two or three years ago by overwhelming majorities to maintain the Monarchy, not so much because the institution is popular in Spain, as on account of the dislike and fear with which a Republic is regarded by the respectable classes. Whatever may be the intentions of CASTELAR and of other Republican leaders, the mass of the party consists of Socialists, of Jacobins, and of members of the International Society. The owners of property deprecate a form of government in which theories of spoliation might perhaps be adopted in practice. It is impossible for foreigners to estimate with even approximate accuracy the comparative numbers and strength of the five or six factions which are incessantly contending for power. Each party by itself is in a minority, and none of them are content to acquiesce peaceably in defeat. A dispassionate and patriotic Spaniard would probably think that, in a choice of difficulties, the public interest would be best promoted by the maintenance of almost any Government which happens to exist. There may be little moral difference between the chiefs of the two principal parties in the Cortes; but ZORRILLA, now that he has attained office, will desire order and tranquillity, while SAGASTA would perhaps welcome any public misfortune which restored him to power. There is still better reason for wishing that the KING may be able to defeat the schemes of the various Pretenders. In the prime of life, brave, honest, and able, he is infinitely preferable to Don CARLOS or Don ALFONSO, and he is scarcely more of an alien than the Duke of MONTPENSIER. Even if King AMADEO is ultimately compelled to trust to the loyalty of the army, he will in the first instance have shown a stronger attachment than any politician in Spain to the principles and to the restraints of constitutional government. If he retains his position for a few years, his merits will perhaps be appreciated, and his foreign origin will be partially forgotten. The enemies who taunt him with the fate of MAXIMILIAN forget that he was not an intruder landing with an invading army, but the chosen candidate of the Cortes, who had received from their constituents full powers to select an occupant for the vacant throne.

#### PARTIES IN THE VERSAILLES ASSEMBLY.

THE visit of the deputies of the Right to M. THIERS has conclusively established that the majority for disregarding which the PRESIDENT has been so much taken to task has no existence in fact. That the number of deputies who prefer a Monarchy to a Republic may be greater than the number of those who prefer a Republic to a Monarchy is quite possible; but it must be remembered that the deputations which attacked M. THIERS has carefully dissociated itself from purely monarchical intentions. The majority which the deputies composing it claimed to represent is a Conservative majority—a majority anxious above all things to put down Radicalism, and shocked above all things at M. THIERS's disposition to coquet with it. This is the substance of the Duke



of BROGLIE's letter. The deputies of the Right had no wish, he says, to obtain from M. THIERS any declaration of adhesion to their monarchical views. All they asked was that he should make no declaration of adhesion to any other views; that he should adjourn the controversy as to forms of government in order to unite all the Conservative elements in the country under the common banner of resistance to revolution. The majority, the Duke maintains, is not divided upon questions of social order. He might have added, however, that it is divided upon almost every question of practical politics, and that, where Parliamentary tactics are concerned, this sort of division is as mischievous as any other. No one suspects any member of the majority of being unsound on the rights of property, or of cherishing a secret passion for street fighting. But men must be agreed upon something more than this if they are to work together for any common end, and it is this further agreement that does not seem to be forthcoming. For example, there is no form of French Conservatism which more deserves respect than that represented by the *Journal des Débats*. The one object of this newspaper ever since the formation of the present Government has been to drill the majority into something like concerted action. Yet what has the *Journal des Débats* to say of the interview between the Right and M. THIERS? Speaking by the mouth of M. JOHN LEMOINNE, it ironically congratulates the Conservatives on the pains they take to set up the Republic and to give M. THIERS every possible opportunity of assuming and affirming its existence. Until now, says M. LEMOINNE, the PRESIDENT has told every deputation that has come to him that he intends to stand by the Bordeaux Compact, to maintain neutrality between parties, and to consecrate all his efforts to the reorganization of the country. Now his language has changed, and he has frankly avowed his determination to labour for the consolidation of the Republic. The Conservatives have forced him to make a declaration of principles, and if, now that they have got it, they do not find it exactly to their mind, they have only themselves to thank. When they complain that M. THIERS does not take his Ministers from the ranks of the majority, and his policy from their ideas, they forget that the majority of which so much is said is nothing better than a coalition of parties which can only hang together on condition of putting their standards in their pockets, and hiding their opinions under a bushel. They are a majority when they have M. THIERS on their side; they become a minority as soon as he turns against them. When the Right assumes that it constitutes the Conservative majority, it forgets that agreement upon the abstract merits of a Monarchy would immediately be followed by disagreement upon the personal and visible merits of a King and a flag. There is far more real accord between the moderate sections of the Right and the Left than there is between the extreme and the moderate sections of the Right.

This plain speaking on the part of the ablest and most influential organ of French Conservatism has produced quite a ministerial crisis in the staff. M. ST. MARC GUERIN has written a letter announcing the cessation of his connexion with the paper, and two other of its principal writers have separated from it on the same grounds. So far, therefore, the step which was to exhibit to admiring France the spectacle of a united majority exercising a firm though gentle pressure on M. THIERS can hardly be said to have answered. The coalition which was meant to overawe the PRESIDENT has proved to be destitute of the power of coalescing either with itself or with any one else. In the midst of this confusion a deputy of the Left Centre has come forward to explain his views by way of an answer to M. D'HAUSONVILLE. M. LABOULAYE is, as Conservative, in the sense in which the Right profess to use the word, as the most pronounced Legitimist could be. He holds the same views upon questions of social order, and consequently, on the Duke of BROGLIE's showing, he has every title to call himself a member of the majority. M. LABOULAYE insists that M. THIERS could not confine himself within the limits which the Right have traced out for him even if he were personally inclined to do so. He has been elected President, not for his own sake, but because he represents certain ideas, certain desires, certain interests. When M. THIERS was chosen Chief of the Executive Power the nation did not mean to name a constitutional sovereign; it meant to elect the citizen who was marked out by long experience and past services as the best man to conclude peace, to re-establish government, to reconstruct the army, and to obtain the liberation of French territory. A President appointed to achieve these ends has no right to betake himself to the serene indolence of a Constitutional Olympus. The country which needs to be governed, and has fixed upon M. THIERS as its governor,

would reproach him more bitterly for doing nothing than for doing too much. M. THIERS is the first and the only Minister of the Assembly and of the nation, and as such he has the right to make the acceptance of his policy the condition of his remaining in office. M. LABOULAYE holds that the Left Centre acted wisely in refusing to associate itself with the Right even for so plausible a purpose as the construction of a Conservative majority. He avows that he is by no means sure that the majority of the Chamber represents the majority of the nation. The Republic, he thinks, has now the support of that vast body of citizens who, having no strong political feelings, and only asking to be allowed to work in quiet, attach themselves as a matter of course to the existing Government, provided that it can guarantee them security at home and abroad. A Cabinet representing the majority of the nation would consequently be a Republican Cabinet. But a Cabinet chosen from the majority in the Assembly would be essentially a Monarchical Cabinet. As such it would have no title to the confidence of a country which shuns above all things the prospect of a new civil war. M. LABOULAYE does not pretend, either for himself or for his party, any very keen enthusiasm in favour of a Republic. But he denies that patriotic Frenchmen have any choice in the matter. A Legitimist, an Orleanist, a Bonapartist restoration are alike impossible. The time has gone by in which France could safely be kept in suspense between various forms of government. The only hope she has of peace and order is the foundation of a Conservative and Constitutional Republic.

It remains to be seen what influence the action of the Right and the more open avowals of political opinion which it has called forth will have upon M. THIERS. Certainly the Bordeaux Compact has not escaped uninjured from the turmoil. Instead of an Assembly in which all parties except the two extreme fractions on either side were bent upon postponing constitutional questions to a more convenient season, there is now an Assembly in which the Left Centre and the Moderate Left are bent upon establishing the Republic, and fully conscious that there is a power out of doors which, if appealed to, can be trusted to aid them in the enterprise. Every fresh election gives this party increased influence in the Chamber, both by adding to its voting strength, and by storing up additional evidence that it represents the opinion of the country more accurately than any of its rivals. Hitherto it is the monarchical party that has steadily insisted on the right of the present Assembly to frame a Constitution; but the force of this claim has been impaired by the passionate refusal of those who urge it to submit to the test of a general election. The Republican party is not hampered by any such inconsistency. It can assert the constituent character of the present Assembly, because, if the fact is disputed, it is willing to go to the constituencies by way of qualifying itself for its new work. It will be a curious instance of the unexpected effects which sometimes spring from trifling causes if the ill-judged effort of the Right to assert its power over M. THIERS should lead to the deliberate adoption of a Republican form of government.

#### LAW OFFICERS.

THE total defeat of Mr. FAWCETT's motion for the abolition of the Treasury Warrant on the remuneration of the Law Officers will perhaps satisfy him that his project of establishing a Ministry of Justice is for the present impracticable. Mr. LOWE's sarcasms and Mr. GLADSTONE's just and unexpected eulogy of the quality of humour were more acceptable to the House than Mr. FAWCETT's theories or Mr. HARCOURT's lamentations over the clouded prospects of law reform. Frequent experience has shown that in controversies which affect professional interests laymen are no match for lawyers; but on this occasion the lawyers themselves were divided or neutral, while Mr. FAWCETT was answered by Mr. LOWE, who has long since left the profession, and by Mr. GLADSTONE, who never belonged to it. It can scarcely be said that either Minister took the trouble to discuss the principles which may have been involved in the motion. Mr. LOWE sneered at the assumption that an able man could not dispose of any requisite amount of business; and it is perfectly true that professional or official training cultivates in a high degree the faculty of doing in the shortest time whatever can be done at all. Mr. GLADSTONE, who has been in office during a great part of his life, declared that the demands of the Government on the attention of its legal advisers were habitually irrespective of the exigencies of private practice. Prudent debaters often deliberately prefer the most superficial arguments which may

be expected to satisfy the assembly which they address. More recondite reasons open up doubtful issues which may perhaps unnecessarily provoke differences of opinion. The real impediment to the creation of a Ministry of Justice is not that Attorney-Generals are active and able men, but that the English Constitution concentrates all power in the hands of party leaders. In all branches of administration there have been numerous schemes for transferring the control of affairs to the permanent functionaries who are familiar with the details of their respective departments; but even if the functions of Government were nominally redistributed, authority would inevitably gravitate back to its Parliamentary centre. The advocates of Mr. FAWCETT's plan condemn their own proposal in their definition of the attributes which a Minister of Justice is to possess. Learned, dispassionate, indifferent to the struggles of factions, and perhaps not possessing the abilities of a brilliant advocate or debater, the official legislator would be as helplessly isolated among his colleagues as an archbishop in the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. He might probably be the most dignified and efficient member of a Government of clerks, but he would not be in the English sense of the word a Minister, except in title. Chancellors and Law Officers would be tempted to regard him with jealousy or with contemptuous indifference; and he would find himself absolutely dependent on their support. There is nothing to prevent a Lord Chancellor, with all the patronage of the profession at his disposal, from doing all that could be done by a Minister of Justice, except that he holds his office by a precarious tenure, as a principal member of a temporarily dominant party. It is easy to dilate on the anomalous position of a great judge who depends from day to day on a Parliamentary majority; but the disabilities of the Chancellor are inseparable from his dignity and authority as a member of the governing Committee of Parliament. As long as the constituencies think fit through their representatives to exercise supreme power, they must accept the consequence in the subordinate position of all non-political functionaries.

It is not the business of a Minister of high rank to draw Bills, but to prescribe the principles on which they are to be framed for the attainment of certain objects. A competent jurist might devise remedies for many defects in the legal system; but, unless he had a seat in Parliament, he would be shut out from the opportunity of legislation, while as a peer or as a member of the House of Commons he would be simply Chancellor or Attorney-General under a novel designation. Mr. STEPHEN, in his published letter to Mr. FAWCETT, recommends the appointment not of a Minister of Justice, but of a permanent Board, Committee, or Commission, which "should not be in a position of official subordination to the Government for the time being." The Commission would frame measures, which, if they met with the approval of the Government, would be introduced into Parliament by the Chancellor or by the Law Officers of the Crown; and Mr. STEPHEN will perhaps on reconsideration admit that the condition assumes the subordination which had been previously excluded. The mere assent of the Government would not be sufficient, unless its legal members were willing to exert themselves in promoting the measures of the Commission. As in all questions between official politicians and mere administrators, the difficulty arises in the necessity of finding a motive power for any machinery which may be invented. The formal resolutions of the Commissioners, their drafts of Bills, and their published statements of objects and reasons, would in vain be laid on the tables of both Houses, unless the Crown lawyers could be induced to assume the conduct of each measure. "If the Commissioners drew a Bill which the Government refused to introduce, the reasons for that refusal should be assigned, and the Commissioners, on the other hand, should assign their reasons for availing it to be pro-ceeded with." A glance at the Parliamentary reports at this time of year will suggest the reasons which would too probably be assigned for a refusal to introduce any measure. To an official assertion that the state of public business unfortunately rendered the introduction of a useful Bill impossible, the Commissioners would, whatever might be their own opinion, find it impossible to return an answer. Nevertheless Mr. STEPHEN's plan is the most practical which has yet been suggested. A Commission which was charged with the duty of making its proceedings public would, if it were properly constituted, possess considerable weight and influence. Mr. STEPHEN proposes to substitute for the irresponsible advisers and assistants of the Government a higher rank of draftsmen, who would receive the credit of the measures which they framed and prepared. An essential part of his scheme is

that every measure of the Commissioners should be referred to a Select Committee, and that its objects and provisions should be fully explained to the Committee by the author of the Bill. The alterations which might be introduced by the Select Committee or by the House would be referred back to the Commissioners for a report, not on the decisions of Parliament, but on the language in which they might be most conveniently carried into effect. As Mr. STEPHEN observes, Chancellors and Attorney-Generals rarely possess the faculty of legislative expression; and they have little leisure for considering clauses and phrases. They are therefore compelled to rely on the aid of persons who are unknown and possibly obscure; and it would be desirable to provide them with a comparatively independent Council. The relations of the Government to the proposed Commission would resemble those which exist between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the heads of the great revenue departments. Any attempt to make the Legislative Commission more independent than the Boards of Customs and Inland Revenue would probably result in failure. Mr. FAWCETT's Minister of Justice with the salary of three Prime Ministers is a mere chimera, while Mr. STEPHEN's Board, which might perhaps with advantage be formed of a Legislative Committee of Privy Council, is carefully designed to create the least possible disturbance of existing institutions.

It seems not impossible that a Department charged with the preparation of Parliamentary measures might at last solve the arduous problem of framing a code of law. Mr. STEPHEN selects for mention a code of Penal Law, which may perhaps deserve the preference, not because it is most urgently needed, but as the simplest and easiest branch of legislation. A portion of the task has been already accomplished; and it happens that criminal jurisprudence is often administered not unsatisfactorily by judges who had scarcely seen the trial of a prisoner before their elevation to the Bench. If a Penal Code were once in operation, a Commercial Code would perhaps follow in course of time. It is not likely that Parliament would reject a well-considered measure of codification proposed by competent authority, whether it embraced the whole province of law, or formed a mere fragment capable of being adjusted into the whole fabric which may hereafter be completed. The process of original legislation would be more invidious and more difficult. A Ballot Bill, and even a Licensing Bill, can only be introduced by a Ministry which must consider political expediences and possibilities as well as public advantage. A permanent Commission would be limited to the application of principles which are universally acknowledged. If their assistance was invoked in the construction and details of measures of which they might perhaps disapprove, they would subside into the irresponsible position of Parliamentary draftsmen. It is extremely difficult to insert any new kind of mechanism into the constitutional and administrative system; but Mr. STEPHEN's plan deserves careful examination, and, if it is approved, it may be fairly and easily tried. That any new institution will effect the purpose for which it is designed cannot be hastily assumed. A dozen Departments have been created and abolished within the last five-and-twenty years; and it is possible that a Legislative Commission might be equally transitory. The more ancient offices seem not to have been endangered by recent attacks.

#### BETHNAL GREEN.

THE visit of the Prince and Princess of WALES to Bethnal Green was a happy idea, which was very happily carried out. As a pageant it could not of course be compared with the scene on Thanksgiving Day; yet it was, after a fashion of its own, singularly impressive, touching, and even brilliant. Strangers from the West who had never been so far East before must have been surprised to find a district, associated in their minds with the idea of the most abject destitution, looking so spruce and blooming; but perhaps those who were familiar with it in its ordinary aspects, and especially the inhabitants, had most reason to rub their eyes and wonder where they were. Bethnal Green is one of the poorest and dingiest quarters of London. It is the seat of a number of precarious industries, and the refuge of a large floating population which is either struggling on the brink of pauperism or has just dipped under. It is at Bethnal Green that one hears stories of silk-weavers starving at their looms, of sempstresses pining over shifts at "three halfpence a piece, and find your own thread," and of little children of three and even two years old being set to the making of match-boxes. This is the dark

side of the picture, and nothing can be darker or more pathetic. But it is a mistake to suppose that the whole region is uniformly steeped in squalor, poverty, and wretchedness. It has its humble, but thriving, working classes, and it has also a substantial middle-class element to give it backbone, and to bear the heavy burden of the rates. Bethnal Green is certainly something different from a vast Seven Dials, but to the eye it is sad and dismal enough. What is most depressing about it is not so much its look of poverty, though it looks perhaps even poorer than it is, as its monotonous meanness and dullness. The whole life of the people seems to be washed down to a dingy, ashen monotone, which is reflected in the weary sameness of the shabby streets. It is a poor, careworn existence, without colour or animation, or anything to refresh the mind and stimulate the imagination. Such is the district which on Monday fluttered with flags and pennons, and made itself gay with strips of calico, festoons of paper flowers, and inscriptions in honour of the PRINCE and PRINCESS. Very little had been said about the affair beforehand, and to those who were not in the secret the surprise was startling; indeed, so much was left to spontaneous feeling and impromptu effort, that it is doubtful whether anybody knew what the display would be till it was actually set out. The artistic inspiration was of the most primitive character. Local Committees had decked the route for several miles with strings of flags suspended across the streets; the rest was left to the voluntary enterprise of the householders, who simply stripped their rooms of the most showy objects they contained, and stuck them up outside. Old rugs, carpets, curtains, tea-trays, chimney-piece ornaments, and fire-place finery in tissue paper were all included in this frank and homely system of embellishment. Here and there a shopkeeper had come out strong with crimson-cloth and Dutch metal; but the most significant and touching feature of the scene was the unsophisticated heartiness and sincerity with which the people produced their simple domestic contributions to the general display. It was in every sense a genuine popular festival, and nothing could be more honest or spontaneous than the welcome which the PRINCE received. It is probable that a great many of the inhabitants of the East of London saw the PRINCE for the first time on Monday, and those who had seen him before must have felt the difference between going to see him in a distant part of the town and receiving him at home. This time they were not merely spectators, but hosts. The PRINCE had come to see them, and they were there to do the honours in their own fashion, sitting at their windows in a crush of children, with the best rug thrown over the window-sill, a row of flower-pots, and festoons of tissue-paper flowers to represent their homage. The PRINCE is pretty well used by this time to flags and cheering, but he must have felt that he never had a more flattering reception than he met with at Bethnal Green.

It is impossible to doubt that it is a good thing that the PRINCE and the people should be brought together in this way. The people will feel that the PRINCE belongs to them more than ever now that he has been to see them in their own part of the town; and they will henceforth have a pleasant sense of personal intimacy with the institutions under which they live. It seems that when there was first a question of establishing a Museum at Bethnal Green there was some difficulty in getting at the "proper authorities"; but the inhabitants have now had the satisfaction of seeing in the flesh both the PRINCE of WALES and the LORD MAYOR. Philosophical persons who revel in abstract ideas would perhaps not be confirmed in their attachment to the Constitution by the sight of a young man in a general's uniform riding in a carriage, by the side of a charming PRINCESS in a pretty pink bonnet, and bowing and smiling pleasantly to right and left, or even by the escort of Life Guards, with their flashing swords and breastplates and waving plumes. But the popular imagination delights in a personal embodiment of great ideas, and it is as well that the Government of the country should be identified in the minds of the people with somebody more agreeably impressive than Policeman X. Apart altogether from the political influence of the PRINCE's visit, which it would be as easy to exaggerate as to underrate, it can hardly be doubted that the people of Bethnal Green will be the better for their holiday and for the brightness which it shed, if only for a moment, upon the very shady place where they live. It is a pity the rainbow should fade away so completely, and one cannot help regretting the chromatic austerities of modern English architecture. But even when all the flags are down, and the decorations removed, a bright streak of colour will linger in the recollection of the people, and will be reflected in the associations of the district, so that the mean, dingy streets will perhaps never be quite so

commonplace to them as before. The new Museum will of course always be associated with the PRINCE's day, and will probably help to enliven and elevate the poor life of the dull and weary people around it. Even if they do not go much inside it, the majolica fountain in the courtyard will be a cheering thing to look at as they pass to and fro. It will certainly be a great mistake if too much is expected from the Museum all at once. Its influence must necessarily be slow and gradual. The enjoyment of fine pictures is not a taste to be acquired in a day, or by merely studying pictures; it is the result of general culture and refinement. There is sure to be a good deal of curiosity about the Museum at first, and the startling value of some of the little canvases which Sir RICHARD WALLACE has generously lent for exhibition will invest them with a peculiar interest for people whose ideas of money and money's worth are, beyond a certain limited point, of a sentimental rather than a practical character. But when the first flush of curiosity and amazement has passed away, it is not improbable that the Museum may not be much frequented by the people of its own neighbourhood; and the rival attractions of the pot-house and the gin-palace will not be readily overcome. Yet there is much in the magnificent HERTFORD collection to appeal to popular sympathies. The humour and bluff candour of the Dutch pictures, the graces of Sir JOSHUA's beauties, and the marvellous workmanship of the MEISSONIERS, can hardly fail to be appreciated, if only dimly; and the examples of artistic furniture may also be expected to find admirers.

Sir RICHARD WALLACE shared with the PRINCE of WALES the honours of the day. His liberality has evidently made a deep impression on the public mind; and the reporter of one of the morning papers, who describes him as a quiet-looking gentleman "in plain morning dress and lavender gloves," perhaps expected to see some one resembling the good prince of a fairy tale. Sir RICHARD deserves all the praise that has been bestowed on him; but there is surely a touch of conscious or unconscious satire on the measure of social duty ordinarily recognized by very rich men in the kind of startled admiration with which what is called his munificence is regarded. Sir RICHARD has proved his munificence in many ways, as in his prompt and really munificent gifts to the city of Paris during and after the siege, and his present of the TEBBERG to our National Gallery; and there can be no doubt that he has just done a wise and generous thing in sending his pictures to Bethnal Green. There is no reason, however, to suppose that his treasures will not be properly protected; and he can see them whenever he chooses by merely taking the trouble to drive in a comfortable carriage to the East of London. That this particular act should be extolled as a personal sacrifice of the most heroic and unparalleled kind can hardly be considered flattering to the public spirit which is usually displayed by rich men in this country. If capitalists understood how much is in their power, and how easily they might win distinction by a judicious application of their wealth, such incidents might be expected to be less uncommon. The new Museum is not only a branch of the South Kensington collections, but the building actually consists of the historic "Boilers," which have been transplanted to the far East. It is well that Bethnal Green should have a Museum of any kind, but it may be observed that, besides presenting the discarded and useless "Boilers," South Kensington has done nothing for its *protegé* except start it in the world with a dusty collection of stale pickles, which is supposed to convey a vivid idea of the chemical analysis of food. This would seem to be but poor and tardy compensation for the policy which South Kensington has persistently and perseveringly pursued, of removing all the museums and collections it can lay hands on to as great a distance as possible from the masses of the people.

#### ORIGINALITY AND PLAGIARISM.

WE have received a little pamphlet, written with curious simplicity of style and thought, by Mr. Cruikshank. As admirers of his genius, we should be glad to do him any justice in our power; and we are therefore happy to announce to all whom it may concern that Mr. Cruikshank considers himself to have "originated" the stories of the *Miser's Daughter* and the *Tower of London*. Mr. Cruikshank put forward these claims in a letter to the *Times* in the month of April last; and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, who has hitherto passed for the exclusive possessor of such claims to glory as may result from the authorship of these stories, contented himself with giving a "flat contradiction" to Mr. Cruikshank's letters. Hereupon arises a controversy, on which, as it depends on the private understanding which existed between an author and an artist some thirty years ago, and as our

only knowledge comes from the statements of one of the persons concerned, we must decline to express any decided opinion. We may regret, indeed, that Mr. Ainsworth did not express himself more mildly, and we are sorry that Mr. Cruikshank should have thought it necessary to his honour to plunge into so fruitless a discussion. But we cannot go into the ins and outs of a dispute which, for reasons to be explained directly, possesses very little interest for any human being, and which can hardly be decided by any information at our disposal.

The fact, however, that the controversy exists is suggestive of some obvious reflections. And, in the first place, it is rather singular that anybody, and more especially any one who deservedly enjoys a high artistic reputation, should be at the present moment anxious to establish so equivocal a claim. When the discussion between Messrs. Pugin and Barry as to the design of the Houses of Parliament was raging, some people urged that filial affection should have induced them to exchange places, and that each of the combatants should have been anxious to prove that his father did not, rather than that he did, deserve to be considered as the main architect. However it might be in that case, we should certainly say that, if Mr. Cruikshank were well advised, he would say as little as possible about his share in the letterpress of Mr. Ainsworth's novels. We have indeed a kind of lingering affection for those remarkable productions, founded upon boyish associations. We can remember the time when we took a keen interest in the simple-minded sensationalism of the tremendous romances in question, and though our memory of details is fast vanishing, we have a distinct vision of Dick Turpin's ride to York, as commemorated in *Rockwood*. This, by the way, is one of the stories to which Mr. Cruikshank makes no claim, but we strongly suspect that it was just as good or bad as those in which he had a hand. Good or bad, they have been plunging pretty deeply into oblivion, and the rising generation has found new food more to its taste, and leaves poor Dick Turpin to moulder on forgotten shelves side by side with the two eternal cavaliers of G. P. R. James. If, however, they are remembered at all, they will be remembered chiefly from Mr. Cruikshank's illustrations. In a pleasant criticism of the artist's works, published in the *Westminster Review* in 1840, Thackeray makes some appropriate remarks upon this subject. Speaking of *Jack Sheppard*, he says, "It seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it." Let any reader, he says, think over it now that a few months are passed, and "tell us what he remembers of the tale. George Cruikshank's pictures, always George Cruikshank's pictures." He goes on to describe two plates representing storms on the Thames, and compares them with the pictures in words; Mr. Ainsworth describes steeples toppling and towers reeling in the tallest of language, and declares that any one who had faced the gale "would have been instantly stifled." But on the whole we can believe that the illustration puts the scene before us more forcibly than the text. Now *Jack Sheppard*, according to Mr. Cruikshank's own account, was "originated" as well as written by Mr. Ainsworth. Yet, as we see, the plates which it suggested to him were so powerful that they produced upon Thackeray's mind the impression that the state of the facts was just what Mr. Cruikshank alleges to have occurred in regard to the *Tower of London* and the *Miser's Daughter*. Now we would simply suggest to Mr. Cruikshank that this places him in a much more satisfactory position in regard to the first stories, where he makes no claim, than he would occupy in regard to the others if his claim were admitted. Surely it is far more creditable to an artist to have produced some excellent work on the suggestion of what it would be absurdly complimentary to call second-rate literature, than to have produced both the good pictures and the bad writing. There is no better proof of imaginative power than the capacity for extracting—if we may so speak—a good sermon from a bad text. Nothing gives, to take an example from a higher region of art, a greater notion of Shakespeare's power than a comparison of the raw materials of some of his plays with the marvellous poetry which he engrafted upon them. And we should certainly think more highly of Mr. Cruikshank's art the more completely we could free him in our mind from any complicity in the text of Mr. Ainsworth's stories.

To another dispute in which Mr. Cruikshank has unfortunately been engaged these remarks are not altogether applicable. Though we do not consider *Oliver Twist* to be amongst the best of Dickens's writings, it is certainly a book in which Mr. Cruikshank might be proud to claim a share. Upon this point, however, his claim suggests a different observation. Let us suppose that Mr. Cruikshank is entirely correct in his recollection of the part which he played. His whole statement is simply that he described the character of Fagin to Mr. Dickens, who took it up and made what we see of it. Now, if this be entirely accurate, to what does it amount? Suppose that Mr. Cruikshank had described a Jewish receiver of stolen goods to any other writer, as, for example, to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. Does he suppose that the Jew as described by him or by any other writer would have been equal to the Jew as described by Dickens? He may have given the hint; but the whole merit of the character really depends upon the way in which it was made to move, and talk, and act by the novelist. It is not the mere outline, which would have done equally well in any hands; but, on the contrary, it was the filling up of the outline which gave to it all that is really interesting. The theme might have been treated by a hundred different writers, and the result would have varied in merit from the merest

lay-figure up to the most complete and admirable embodiment of genius. Imagine the cases to be reversed; if Dickens had described the Jew to Mr. Cruikshank, would the merits of the portrait have belonged exclusively to the novelist? Hundreds of artists, Mr. Cruikshank among them, have endeavoured to portray Falstaff. They have all made him preposterously fat, and, as far as they could, jovial, cynical, and humorous. But Falstaff in the hands of a bad artist is no better than the stupidest caricature that ever disgraced the pages of a comic journal; in the hands of the best, he may be almost a worthy representative of the great poet's creation. When Raffaele embodied his vision of feminine grace and dignity in the Sistine Madonna, he was not original in the sense of having invented the character; but nobody would think of detracting from the praise due to him because there had already been numberless attempts to do that in which he excelled all his predecessors. Or take the best description of Falstaff that was ever composed in prose, the most careful analysis of his character that has ever been put together by the ablest writer, and suppose that Shakespeare had had that description before him when he wrote; would it have been of the slightest use to him if he had not been Shakespeare? It is possible to give useful hints to the greatest imaginative creators, whether they work in words or in colours, but the merit lies in the power of embodying the bare suggestion in living and moving realities.

And now, to return to the case of Dickens, Mr. Cruikshank may have suggested to him the propriety of writing a story about a thieving Jew, but that circumstance makes singularly little difference to the claims either of Dickens or of Mr. Cruikshank. Mr. Cruikshank appears to be under the common impression that originality means the creation of a new character out of nothing. If that were the case, there would be very little original writing in the world, and moreover the original writing would be far from the best. All the greatest characters in poetry and fiction are in reality portraits; and very many of them are portraits of the creator himself. It would be curious to go over the most celebrated novels from this point of view, and to show how the characters which are most deservedly admired are almost invariably drawn from the life. The distinguishing peculiarity of the great artist is not that he invents something absolutely new, but that he can see fresh sources of interest in objects which to the ordinary observer are stupid and colourless. There is nobody of whom this is more conspicuously true than of Dickens, and some curious cases have been revealed by Mr. Forster's biography. We now know for certain what any literary critic of the smallest experience could have pretty well guessed beforehand, that all the most striking figures in his stories were in fact drawn from nature; and the only result is that we wonder more than ever at the extraordinary quickness of eye and freedom of touch which could clothe commonplace figures in such vivid colours. To evolve characters from one's inner consciousness is not really the method of a great writer, unless indeed that phrase may be applied to his descriptions of himself; and the more closely we examine any great work, the more distinctly we shall realize the fact that the most brilliant imagination can only throw new light upon old materials. Dickens's extraordinary fertility in inventing types of character is merely another name for extraordinary keenness of observation. Whether he took Fagin at first hand from some genuine old Jew whom he observed in his peregrinations, or drew him at second hand from Mr. Cruikshank's description, is a question which may possibly be of some interest to the literary historian, but is of no real significance as affecting his claim to originality. The same remark applies to Mr. Cruikshank himself. He has the merit of having drawn powerful pictures, and we care not who was the original who sat to him—a flesh and blood Hebrew, or the creation of Mr. Dickens's fancy, or whether, as one would rather suppose, Dickens's description served to awaken in him recollections of figures which he had seen with the bodily eye. The writer and the illustrator may mutually quicken each other's imagination; but it is little matter who throws the match when the essential thing is that it falls upon a mental magazine already stored full of images. We regret, therefore, that a matter which is really of such minor importance should have excited so much feeling; though we hope that, as Mr. Cruikshank happens to feel so strongly on what we consider to be a trifle, he may be satisfied by more courteous treatment than a "flat contradiction."

#### PARISH CONSTABLES.

WE spoke a little time back about the question now before Parliament as to the payment of Clerks to Justices of the Peace by salaries instead of by fees. Since then we are glad to see that the matter is now before Parliament in another shape. The question is no longer left in the hands of private members, but the needed reform is now brought forward as a Government measure. There is no need for us to say over again what we have said already, but we wish to call the thoughts of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Winterbotham, whose names are on the back of the Bill, and of all others whom it may concern, to a consequence which, as it seems to us, ought to follow on the adoption of the proposed change, and which—whether or not with a distinct perception of the logic of the case we cannot say—is in fact contemplated by Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Stanfeld, the authors of another Bill also before Parliament. The consequence indeed is of so remarkable a kind that we should not wish to guess its adoption.



unseemly or irreverent haste. But the startling thought has sometimes come into our heads, If Justices' Clerks are paid by salaries, might not Parish Constables safely be abolished? We feel that we have a case to make out which calls for our best powers of argument, and it is quite a relief to us to find that, in our practical conclusion at any rate, we have at least two legislators already on our side. For, first of all, we feel that the backs of all steadygoing people cannot fail to be set up at the bare thought of getting rid of so ancient and venerable an office. And, secondly, we feel that, as we have put it, there may seem to be no logical connexion between the premises and the conclusion. One who has not lived much in the world of local administration may think that a Parish Constable and a Justices' Clerk are two quite distinct functionaries, each, no doubt, equally useful and admirable in his own way, but who stand in no possible relation to one another. Why should a change in the payment of one of them lead to a result so fearful as the utter sweeping away of the other? We can only say that, though there is no kind of connexion in idea, there is the closest possible connexion in practice. We call on doubters to listen to the words of experience.

We must leave to constitutional antiquaries so grave a task as that of working out the origin and the primitive functions of the parish constable. Perhaps it might be safe, at least within the walls of University College, to attribute his invention, like the invention of other things, to the wisdom of Alfred. The King who summoned the first British jury, who divided England into counties, hundreds, and tithings, who invented frankpledge, the curfew, and the feudal system—we beg pardon, we rather think it was William the Conqueror, or perhaps Julius Cæsar, who invented the last two—and who was so far in advance of his age as to invent a collegiate system which for four hundred years nobody thought of imitating—surely he and no other must have devised the great institution of the parish constable. That this functionary bears a French name is no difficulty. We know a borough, governed not by a portreeve, but by a bailiff, which firmly believes, no doubt in good faith, that its present constitution, titles and all, was a device of Alfred. And must we not believe it? If we fail to do so, we shall get called “carping antiquarians” or some such name, which we doubt not sounds very ugly in some quarters. As such old-fashioned notions as truth and accuracy have given way to that peculiar form of “historical essay” of which—so one great authority tells us—“Dean Stanley is the founder and master,” there is nothing to do but to follow the example of the *Δικαίος Λόγος*. We therefore take the plunge;

*Καυτοποῶ πρὸς ἑνὸς.*

We hail then in the parish constable a genuine institution of the Founder of University College. As in later times many things besides joints of meat turned on the King's turnspit being a member of Parliament, we will venture on the rash suggestion that the wise King, remembering his own fault, ordained that the constable, among other important functions, should act as a common turncake to all who were under his authority.

We say “authority”; because there can be little doubt that the constable once was, as his sounding title implies, a person really clothed with authority. According to a little book which we read and reviewed some time back, he was properly a military personage, the commander of the contingent which the *mark*, *gemeinde*, or parish sent to the *militia*, the *fyrd*, the constitutional force of the realm. We have not a word to say against this doctrine, except that, if it ever was so, it must have been a long time ago. In these later times we never heard of any division of the Militia or Volunteers being headed by the parish constable. If we had ever seen any constable discharging any such palpably useful functions, far be it from us to propose to sweep him away. We should rather hail with delight a military functionary of so strictly constitutional a type. What could be more worthy of Alfred than a captain named from among the people at large by one civil officer in the shape of the overseer, and approved by another in the shape of the justice of the peace? Our own memory only goes back to days when the parish constable was, in theory at least, a terror to evil-doers, but in a character purely civil, or military so far only as his duties might sometimes call for an appeal to the strong arm and to the use of the official truncheon. We suspect that in those days he had somewhat fallen from his high estate. He had stooped to be the executor of the sentences of a tribunal much less ancient than himself. We speak, especially in these times, under correction, for we are not clear whether justices of the peace are to be set down as an invention of Alfred. Of course we do not positively deny it, as their foundation by Alfred may have been proved in some historical essay of a peculiar character; but we have a notion, picked up perhaps from carping antiquaries, that justices of the peace date, with some changes in their nature and way of appointment, from the days of the later Edwards. At all events, within our memory the parish constable had sunk to be the executive power to carry out the decrees of the local administrators of justice, till the wisdom of Parliament found out another way of discharging his duty.

In short, it has fared with the parish constable pretty much as it fared with the elder Gods of the Greek mythology. Νέρεως, Γαίης, and their fellows were not exactly destroyed, nor yet formally degraded, but they were quietly shamed aside, and new Gods took their places. Something like this not uncommonly happens in the history of law-abiding England. It is not easy to get rid of even the smallest detail of the British Constitution.

When the Oxford Reform Bill passed and decreed that “the Congregation of the University of Oxford should consist of” certain persons, instead of certain other persons of whom it had hitherto consisted, it was fondly believed that the new Congregation, with its new constitution and its new duties, would absorb the old, with its different constitution and its different duties. But the result of the Act turned out to be to create a quite new “Congregation of the University of Oxford,” and to leave standing beside it the “Ancient Congregation,” just as it stood before. Something in the same way, we have created the Guardians of the Poor, practical persons enough according to their own construction of their duties, that of guarding the purse of the parish against the poor. But alongside of them still abide the ancient Overseers of the Poor, persons who also discharge useful functions enough, but with which the poor are, since the creation of the Guardians, only very indirectly concerned. So in the like sort, when the County Police—first tried, as usual, as an optional measure—was made compulsory everywhere, one might have thought that the parish constable would have vanished. His duties as the protector of life and property, the man bound to bring wrongdoers before the magistrate and to carry out the sentence which the magistrate pronounced, might seem to have been altogether transferred to other hands. His occupation seemed wholly to have gone, the reason for his being seemed quite to have come to an end, when all that he had ever tried to do after his own deoulatory and parochial fashion was much better done by the men in blue, working under regular discipline according to a regular organization. He now seemed to belong to a past state of things; he was a curious fragment of an earlier generation, like those strange animals of the edentate and pachydermatous orders which look as if they had no business in the reign of Zeus, but ought to have passed away with Kronos or Ouranos. It might have been thought that the parish constable would have gone, simply leaving his name behind him for carping antiquaries to discuss his exact relations to the Constable of France, and for lovers of proverbial lore to search out what kind of an officer it was that gentlemen of an extravagant turn are popularly said to outrun.

We have made some researches into the practical working of the parish constable, now that he exists in this shadowy state alongside of the officers to whom his duties have really been transferred. One magistrate tells us that in the space of twelve years he has known a parish constable act once, and that, if he rightly remembers, was by way of helping the police when he had a special motive to help them. Another tells us that all that he ever had to do with parish constables was to commit the constable of his own parish—perhaps his own natural military chief—to prison for beating his wife, and that, to add to the scandal of so great a functionary so misbehaving, the order for taking the culprit to prison had to be addressed to the culprit himself. All that another could tell us was that he had once been named for the office himself, that he was not clear whether he had ever been formally appointed, but that he certainly had no remembrance of having discharged any additional duties on the strength of his new dignity, if he held it. These small facts may be taken as showing that the action of the parish constable is at least not very vigorous or permanent, and that he might pass away without the foundations of society being seriously shaken. But there is one class of men who, as the law stands at this moment, would suffer a good deal by the abolition of parish constables. This brings us round to the doctrine with which we started. For whose sake is the parish constable kept up? It is hardly for his own sake. There may be minds so oddly constituted as to have a special ambition for the office of parish constable, but we cannot think that they can be many. The dignity nowadays is at least not great; the revenues are nothing at all; the duties, if they are ever discharged, cannot be very agreeable. The constable is something like a Roman Consul under Theodoric. In one point he differs. If his dignity is not the first on earth, he is at least freed from the necessity of providing games for the people. But he closely follows the steps of his Roman prototype in this. The Consul, so at least Cassiodorus assured him, enjoyed all the honours of office, while the Gothic King did all the work. Even so the parish constable enjoys all the honours of office, whatever they may be, while the work is done for him by the county policeman. Still we can hardly think the attractions of the post can be so great that many candidates would be found to volunteer their names if the overseers did not put them down on the list. If, then, the office is not kept up for the sake of the constables themselves, is it kept up for the sake of the general public? That can hardly be, when the constables do so little for the defence of the general public as appears by the evidence which we have already brought forward. Is it for the sake of the particular parishes for which the constables are chosen? That can hardly be, when the parishes get no more out of the constables than other people, while they have to pay fees on their appointment. This brings us to the real final cause of the existence of parish constables now that there is nothing whatever for them to do. They exist for the sake of those who receive the fees which the parishes pay on their appointment. That is to say, they exist for the sake of the Justices' Clerks. The constables are appointed yearly after a fashion not lacking in solemnity. The overseers bring their lists, and out of those lists the magistrates appoint the constables under what we might venture to call a *lettre nominative* from the overseers. There is some swearing and paying on the part of the overseers. On another day the constables come themselves in person, and are admitted to their office. Then

there is more swearing and paying on the part of the constables. For what purpose, then, is all this? The time of the overseers is wasted, the time of the magistrates is wasted, the time of the constables themselves is wasted. The general public gets no good; the particular parishes have to pay. Who then gains? The Justices' Clerk, and the Justices' Clerk only. All the rest go through an empty ceremony; he goes through the very practical business of receiving his fees. But if Justices' Clerks are to be paid by salary instead of by fees, it would seem to follow as the necessary consequence that parish constables might be safely done away with. The constables exist only to pay fees to the clerks, and, if the clerks are no longer to receive fees, there is no longer any reason for the existence of the constables. It can hardly be said that they should be kept up in order that fees may be paid to the counties, for that argument is as broad as it is long. What the ratepayers would gain at one end they would lose at the other. The parish constable no doubt once had his use; he may or may not be an invention of Alfred; he may or may not have been the military commander of the parish; but, now that he exists only to pay fees to the Justices' Clerks, he may safely go the way of other things which have once been useful and are so no longer.

#### LONDON AS SUMMER QUARTERS.

LONDON is perhaps the last place that intending holiday-makers would select as eligible summer quarters, and yet, in our opinion, they might do very much worse. We should hardly recommend it to those who love the quiet beauty of nature for its own sake, and who like to take their pleasures placidly if not dreamily. It is true that solitary City churchyards may be romantic enough, when the business tide has ebbed away of an evening to the suburbs. But although the moss-grown slabs, German-silvered by the smoke-tinged moonlight, may have a certain weird and solemn picturesqueness, a little meditation among those melancholy tombs would go a very long way. The early freshness and the first blaze of bloom in the Parks soon wear and fade in the smoke and soot of a London season, and the first charming contrast with brick and stucco swiftly changes to the depressing uniformity of urban tone. In short, if you are one of the few who can begin the enjoyment of the day by merely opening the windows, who feast their eyes on waving foliage, and soothe their minds with the song of birds and murmur of bees, who thoroughly delight in some quiet ride or long rambling walk—if you are one of those rare exceptions to the almost universal rule, you would certainly make a mistake in coming to London for summer. But most of us are so used to movement of one sort or another that a sudden arrest of accumulated momentum would be like a sort of paralysis. Our recreation is merely the change of one excitement for another. If we are men of business, we may consent to bore ourselves for the sake of our health and our families, but we insist on being hurried along breathless as we swallow our fresh air in gulps. If we are idle, we must be always exchanging one pleasure for another, and dare not leave ourselves time for the reflection that would infallibly turn to regret or remorse. As for women, the atmosphere of brisk society of some sort is absolutely necessary to brace them. They might as well recruit for the summer in the Dismal Swamp or the Pontine Marshes as go where there is no one to sneer at them for wearing their last year's dresses. So, if we can afford it, we go to foreign baths or to English watering-places; and a most unsatisfactory time we have of it for the most part.

What is the invariable foreign tour in the season, now that summer travel is the easily gratified ambition of the million? It is a perpetual scramble—a race for seats on steamers and in railway carriages, and for beds in inns. Given a certain distance to be covered in a certain time, and we are all started to the motto of "*Répos ailleurs*." We bolt our meal at early morning. We are hustled from the breakfast-room into the hotel omnibus. We fight over the weighing of our luggage, after losing our temper in the railed gangway that leads past the ticket wicket. We are locked up in a stifling waiting-room with swarms of flies, half a hundred of English and American competitors, and a sprinkling of fervent natives. We are emancipated at last. After being worked up to the utmost and heavily handicapped with bags and umbrellas, we enter for a literal heat along the hard hot flags of the platform. We are distanced of course by those who are in the best training and the most lightly weighted. The short-winded head of the household, in his tight-buttoned English frock-coat, comes groaning in a bad last, having waited dutifully to stimulate his better and heavier half to increased exertion. The family is scattered through the worst places of various carriages, and all they see of the country which they came ostensibly to admire is the samples of dust and decomposed limestone that come flying in through the close-drawn sunblinds. After being turned away superciliously from a couple of hotels, they find their miserable billet in the attic of an inn of the second class. The *table-d'hôte* has begun twenty minutes ago, and they descend to be served with the tepid soup, when the earlier guests are helping themselves to the wings and breasts of the chickens. Touring of this sort is but a modified form of enjoyment, even if one looks forward on the morrow to a nice long day among pictures and churches. Yet, such as it is, it is livelier work than that which follows when you are temporarily domesticated at one of the fashionable German baths. Our typical English tourists are of course eminently

English and respectable, and the meretricious attractions of these places, it must be confessed, address themselves primarily to miserable foreign sinners. They may be all very pleasant if you go in for play; you may count on an absorbing excitement so long as your rouleaux last, while you are tossed backwards and forwards in the ceaseless fluctuations of your luck. Among the woods, and the fountains, and the flower-beds, you are always pursuing the illusive fortune which you hope to clutch before the last of your Napoleons has taken flight. But our respectable English family eschews the tables with all their seductions and their viciously delusive gains. The presence of the sirens of the Parisian theatres, tricked out in their cool flowing garments of gold and gossamer, and the finest of purple and fine linen, is an absolute abomination to them. Turn which way they will, they must always be drawing in their petticoats to avoid the contact of sin or folly. They dare not show at a ball, for the free and easy foreign custom permits any pushing foreign *roué* to request the hand of any of the rosy daughters. If they venture to a concert, as likely as not the robes of some Mademoiselle Anonyma are overflowing from the next seat; and the shady walks in the beech woods very soon begin to pall upon them, and drives to the Elizabethbrunnen or Schloss Galgenstein become dullness itself. The men are little better off than the ladies. Even if they are sportsmen, they find that an occasional sluggish grayling but ill repays them for whipping the still German waters through a sweltering summer day; while, if they try their fortune in the forests rented by the Administration for the enjoyment of more munificent patrons than themselves, they learn that the game is a myth, or is preserved for the later battues of the autumn. We need say little of our English counterpart of the foreign bath. We suspect that the "twelve hours by the sea" which some of our enterprising railway companies advertise might be almost sufficient to satisfy the longings of any one. At any rate you escape the extortions of the marine lodging-housekeepers, and the miseries of their plain cookery. You accept as so many incidents of the expedition the brass bands and the hardy-gurdy men, the Christy Minstrels and the Punch and Judy shows. Your delicacy is not outraged by bathing under the gaze of the local beauty and fashion; you have not to perform a succession of pedestrian feats in the shape of diurnal strolls along the holding sands; nor need you stumble through perilous equestrian performances over the downs on horses that have broken down under the ceaseless hiring of the sunny season. If you really move yourself and your belongings to the sea for the summer, what with the dullness, and what with the positive suffering, it needs all the bracing influences of the briny air to send you home again as fresh as when you went there.

Suppose, on the other hand, you were to fly for once in the face of custom and prejudice and try London. We do not assume that you are "in society," otherwise of course you would be in London already. We do not hold out as an attraction the *entrée* to circles more or less exclusive, the privilege of eating indigestible dinners at crowded tables at abnormal hours, the scrambling for unwholesome suppers after getting up an unnatural appetite by a course of social gymnastics in stifling drawing-rooms. We propose that you should come to London simply for the same sort of distraction which you gladly welcome as an event at Slowcome-super-Mare; and we say that, looking at the matter dispassionately, London is the most charming centre of distractions in the world. We know that it is the fashion in Europe, and in Paris above all, to sneer at our grand agglomeration of brick and mortar. Frenchmen shudder unaffectedly at a city that has no *cafés* and no climate suitable to *al fresco* beer sipping, and that is sadly deficient in *restaurants*. Americans, who regard Paris as Paradise, used to shun London as a foretaste of Purgatory, but they are coming round rather to like it now, and admit that it has its good points. Frenchmen care nothing for country life either. They can understand nothing of the pleasures which we English people look for in our holiday time. It is just as well for them. The Boulevards of Paris are always agreeable, it is true; and it used to be a pleasant drive to the Bois de Boulogne before the trees were felled by the Committee of Defence, and when the gravel and the turf were watered by the Imperial water-carts. But, except the afternoon drive in the ring at a foot's pace, what object can anybody propose to himself in Paris to kill the summer day? A visit to the Jardin d'Acclimation, or a solitary scull at Asnières. At intervals of long weeks, a little racing at Long-champs or the distant Chantilly. Come to London, however, and you are positively embarrassed by the choice of amusements, if your tastes are at all universal. Racing is going on everywhere around you, within an easy railway distance. To say nothing of mere cockney carnivals like Hampton or the Alexandra Park, you have Ascot and Goodwood, with several days' sport at each, treading close on the heels of Epsom. No scratch meetings, like those got up once in a way at your pet German resort, where some miserable platers strain themselves on an unnatural course, doubled up in the folds of some rocky valley, but a competition of the best blood in the world, with more money depending on the events than ever changed hands of an evening at the tables. The worst of it is, that you may have a weakness for cricket as well as for horse-flesh, and the very day that the winner of the Derby is to meet the first favourite for the Leger, the Marylebone Club and Ground plays All-England at Leeds, while a friend has pressed you to run down to Eton for the sake of old times and see the Zingari match with the school. There are Fourths of June too, and speech days at Har-

row, and international boat-races below Teddington, between picked crews from either hemisphere. You are fond of yachting, and the Royal Thames Yacht Club has commenced its season, and a shilling fare in a Gravesend boat carries you down to see the craft becalmed in the reaches; and wherever you go you are likely enough to encounter an acquaintance from your own town or county. Or if you care for none of these things, or if the ladies of the party prefer more feminine amusements, which of the Continental Kursals or casinos can vie with the Crystal Palace in the ever-changing variety of its programmes? And how many of them can match its grounds and its gardens in the rare charms of the wide prospect they command? One day there is a dog show, the next a grand concert with an harmonious clamour of countless voices and solos by the stars of both operas, and then again there are displays of cats, and fireworks, and poultry, and roses. You have horticultural and botanical fêtes at Kensington and the Regent's Park and Chiswick. You have dinners on Norwood and on Richmond Hills, with the prettiest domestic scenery in England stretching away below your dinner-tables; and you have the drives home afterwards through the shady gardens of the suburbs in the cool of the evening. Then, we own, the worst is to come, and you might easily sleep in fresher air than awaits you in London. But after all it is little worse than the atmosphere of such stifling valleys as Enns or Spa, and we cannot possibly have everything as we would like it in this world. Englishmen would grumble, of course, over their summer in London, yet we suspect that, if they were candid, they would confess that they found it more enjoyable than their last season's holiday on the Continent or by the sea.

#### VARIETY IN RELIGION.

WHATEVER may be thought of the justice of Mr. Disraeli's classification of Liberal and Conservative principles, there can be no doubt that he showed his usual discrimination in the choice of an opprobrious epithet, and that Cosmopolitanism is at present very much at a discount. Ever since the Paris Commune exploded in a shower of real or mythic petroleum, Cosmopolitanism has been going down. Communists, Comtists, Red Republicans, Internationalists, Deceased Wife's Sister people, and that oddly-mixed horde which is always attacking the Church of England, appear to be all in a bad way just now. The tide which at one time seemed to be bearing them forwards has turned, and the current of opinion is dead against them. The Dilkeites are under a cloud, and the Odgerites have been in bad odour ever since their leader had to seek refuge in a retirement which perhaps reminded him soothingly of the seclusion of the Ballot. Ecclesiastical or theological Cosmopolitanism has also gone to the dogs in an equally remarkable manner. The frenzied Nonconformity of the Manchester Conference has been ignominiously snuffed out in Parliament. The Burials Bill—which was, as it happens, the very first Bill brought into the House of Commons this Session—has suffered the fate of the early worm, instead of enjoying the privilege of the early bird. It soon got knocked out of time, and expired a few days ago without a kick. The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, notwithstanding the notorious eagerness of the reckless couples who defray the heavy expenses of the agitation to hide their shame under retrospective legislation, is continually being postponed; and on Wednesday the Occasional Sermons Bill—an insidious project for stabbing the Church of England in the back when it was thought that nobody was looking—was decisively rejected by a large majority. The Burials Bill is a characteristic example of the unscrupulous spitefulness of political Dissent. Mr. Samuel Morley was surprised in a moment of candour into an acknowledgment of what was indeed obvious, that the Burials Bill involved a question of religious feeling, or at least of public decorum, on which Churchmen and Nonconformists were at one. He admitted that it was necessary to take some precautions against offensive addresses or outrageous performances in the parish churchyards, and he promised to draw up an amendment with that object. We are not aware that Mr. Morley has ever fulfilled this promise, and he has probably discovered that it was not agreeable to his political associates, who have other objects in view than the maintenance of public decency. We cannot imagine that there is anything in the Burial Service of the Church of England to which conscientious Nonconformists can object; but it is a reasonable compromise that it should not be read unless desired, and that if another service is preferred, it should be performed elsewhere than in the churchyard. There is no reason why the Church should not do all in its power to facilitate the burial of Dissenters, but it is not desirable that every little knot of fanatics or political agitators who choose to set up something they call a religion and to proclaim themselves a Church or sect, should be permitted to perform any ceremonies or deliver any harangues they please under the pretext of burying a friend. It is intolerable that the solemn and tender thoughts which are associated with the burial of the dead should be liable to be outraged in this manner. It cannot be doubted that it is not for their own sakes, but simply as a means of injuring the Church of England, that this singular Bill is supported by the Nonconformists. The opening up of the churchyards to all and sundry appears to be a natural and useful step towards getting the churches similarly thrown open.

It is not perhaps surprising that the enemies of the Church of England should assail it in this manner, but it is difficult to

understand by what process of reasoning those who profess to be friends of the Church can bring themselves to join in the assault. At least it would be difficult to understand this if we had not the benefit of the highly instructive speeches of Mr. Cowper-Temple and Mr. Hughes on the Occasional Sermons Bill. We should be sorry to doubt the sincere attachment of either of these gentlemen to the Church of which they are members, but it is obvious that, if they were able to carry out their views, the Church would speedily become something very different from what it now is. The object of the Bill is, or we should rather say was, since the Bill is dead, to throw open the pulpits of the Church of England to all the world. Laymen and clergymen of every denomination were equally to be put in possession of the churches of the Establishment for the purpose of propagating any opinions they might choose to advocate. A nominal check on any abuse of this remarkable privilege was provided in the shape of a bishop's licence. It is obvious that if the practice of granting licences were to become common, a bishop would find it very difficult to refuse an application for one, except in an extreme case where the objections to the applicant were notorious and overwhelming. The bishop was to be empowered to grant a licence on application, but it was not stated how long the licence should run. As the person thus authorised to preach would be altogether beyond the discipline and control of the Church, he could uphold whatever doctrines he liked with perfect impunity, and it is doubtful whether, under the Bill as it stood, it would have been possible to revoke a licence when it had once been granted, no matter what use might be made of the privilege. Mr. Cowper-Temple justified this extraordinary measure on the ground that it was a good thing to have a little variety in religion. He thought it would be a great advantage if congregations could be occasionally treated to "different schools of thought and different styles of preaching." Most people will allow that *tonjours perdrix* gets to be tiresome at last, and that it is desirable to stimulate the appetite by a judicious change of dishes. Mr. Cowper-Temple appears to be of opinion that this great principle of gastronomy is equally applicable to religious teaching. He would no doubt admit that what he calls the "conventional teaching" of the Church of England is very well in its way, but he thinks it is quite possible to have not only enough, but too much of it, and that "everybody would like a little variety in that respect." If this system were thoroughly worked out, the monotony of Trinitarian doctrines might be relieved by occasional doses of Deism or Rationalism. A series of Low Church sermons would be appropriately followed by a course of Anglicanism; after which a little cold Positivism would supply a refreshing *douche*. Every school of thought would of course be taken in turn, and when a congregation began to find that it had had enough of thought, it would be glad of some "popular and stirring preaching" by way of relaxation. The effect of this kind of treatment would naturally be to keep the mind in a highly flexible and elastic condition, and to prevent it from contracting any narrow "conventional" prejudices for or against any particular religion. As Mr. Cowper-Temple says, it is desirable that religion should be as free as possible, and variety is wholesome. We presume that, under the new system, preachers would not be tied down to what the member for Bedfordshire calls "that glorious old book"—the Bible. The Koran or the Book of Mormon might be occasionally substituted for it, or perhaps selections from Goethe and Voltaire. If something very "stirring" were required, a band of Shakers might be secured "for this occasion only." It is possible that the result of this system might be to make the services of the Church of England more popular and attractive. It may be admitted that at present these services are not as exciting and amusing as they might be, and, as Mr. Cowper-Temple complains, it is always the same thing over again, creeds and all. If the "stirring" system were to be adopted, with a free range of churches and religions to choose from, and if incumbents would throw themselves zealously into the duties of theatrical managers, and endeavour to provide a constant succession of "great effects" and "startling novelties" for the entertainment of their congregations, a revival of an unexpected kind might perhaps be witnessed in the Church.

Of course, if it is to be understood that people go to church just as they go to the play and the opera, merely to pass a pleasant hour or two, a good deal might be said in favour of Mr. Cowper-Temple's ingenious scheme for introducing variety and "stirring" effects into the Divine service. If, on the other hand, the services of the Church have anything to do with the inculcation of religious truth, it is obviously necessary that some precautions should be taken to prevent congregations from being outraged or imposed upon. Mr. Cowper-Temple thought it was a great merit of his Bill that it did not touch any doctrine whatever; but it is clear that the doctrines of the Church would cease to be distinctive and authoritative if its pulpits were to be thrown open for the indiscriminate and promiscuous preaching of every kind of religion or philosophy. He also objected to an "artificial barrier" being raised between clergymen of the Church of England and clergymen of other denominations. It has been said to be possible to conceive of a Lord Mayor without his robes and gold chain; and Mr. Cowper-Temple appears to be able to conceive of a Church which has no particular doctrines of any kind attaching to it. The ordinary notion of the Church of England is, that it is an association based on certain definite religious doctrines. If Nonconformists hold these doctrines, the Church is open to them; if they do not, they have no right to complain that they are not permitted to go into the pulpits of the Church in order

to contradict and denounce its teaching. Mr. Hughes holds that Babylon and Jerusalem are very like each other, especially Jerusalem; and that there is no difference worth mentioning between the doctrines of the Church of England and the doctrines of the great body of Protestant Dissenters. If that is the case, it is an excellent reason why the Dissenters should cease to dissent. We cannot help thinking that in all these discussions the question is argued too much on the assumption that the compact between the Church and State is all on one side, and that the Church is bound to take what it can get and be thankful. Those who think thus must surely be blind to the signs of the times. If such attempts at legislation as Mr. Cowper-Temple's fantastic Bill were to be made in earnest, it would become a serious question how much of this kind of thing the Church would endure. Mr. Cowper-Temple suggested that, if congregations did not care for the preaching of the strange crew whom he wished to let loose upon them, they could stay away, and there were plenty of other churches where they could go to. But perhaps he would be rather startled if the congregations were to take him at his word. It can hardly be doubted that the effects of such legislation would be to tease and worry both clergy and laity out of the Church, so that the mere shell of it would be left.

#### WHO PAYS FOR IT?

**PUBLIC** opinion with regard to Trades Unions and strikes has gone through some curious fluctuations during the last few years. A violent prejudice against them was followed by an equally unreasonable and absurd reaction in their favour; and it is possible that we are now about to witness another rebound of popular sentiment. It is not very long since the Unions were regarded as everything that was evil. The whole fabric of society was supposed to be shaken to its foundations whenever a little knot of labouring men announced that they would not continue to work for their employers except on their own terms. The delegates and other officials who had the management of strikes were represented as profligate adventurers, who stirred up mischief solely for their own profit; and arson and assassination were supposed to be the familiar weapons of their daily work. The feeling against the Unions reached its climax after the horrible revelations at Sheffield in 1867; but it was plausibly observed that all Unions were not as the saw-grinders, and it was at least possible to hope that even the saw-grinders were exceptionally unfortunate in having for a time fallen into the hands of such a villain as Broadhead. The Lancashire brick-makers were perhaps only a little way behind the Sheffield grinders in the ferocity of their warfare against all who transgressed the arbitrary laws of their association; but it was shown by the inquiries of a Royal Commission that the Unions were managed as a rule by respectable men, who were by no means highly paid for very onerous and laborious duties; and that, with the exception of picketing, there was nothing of a positively criminal nature in the ordinary course of their operations. It was obvious that some injustice had been done to the Unions, and in the revulsion of feeling which ensued one prejudice was exchanged for another. Now that it was agreed that working-men were entitled to combine, it was rashly assumed that the objects for which they combined were always wise and just; and that in any dispute between them and their employers, they were invariably in the right and the masters in the wrong. Sentimental people who wished to see everybody happy and comfortable were shocked that the masters should be so hard-hearted as to grudge the poor working-man an addition of a few shillings a week to his wages, and, above all, a little more leisure for mental improvement and the cultivation of domestic virtues. It was in this general mood that the engineers' strike at Newcastle last year was generally criticized. But London has now a strike of its own; and its confidence in the native sagacity and moral perfection of the working-men appears to be somewhat shaken. It is evident from the tone of the press and of general conversation, that those amiable persons who were so delighted with the strike of the Newcastle engineers are not disposed to hail the strike of the London builders with the same cheerful enthusiasm. It is true that the demands of the carpenters and masons and the demands of the engineers come to pretty much the same thing; nine hours a day is, we are told, the essential principle of the movement in London as in the North. But then for the Londoners there is this rather important distinction that they are very much interested in houses, but not in steam-engines, and that the one strike took place at a distance, and, as far as they were aware at the moment, did not touch them at all, while the other strike is going on under their eyes and touches them very closely. It is wonderful how good-natured and philanthropic people can be when good-nature and philanthropy cost them nothing. Charity has been described in a familiar apothem as a kindly feeling which prompts A. to urge B. to give C. something. Last year many persons thought that the capitalists of the North ought not to hesitate to surrender a share of their profits to oblige the operatives; but the demands of the London carpenters and masons have not met with similar encouragement. It is impossible not to see that, if these demands were conceded, there would be a general rise in rents, which would in time raise prices; and the Friends of Humanity resent a direct levy on their own purses. Very few of us are in the habit of buying

steam-engines for private use, but sooner or later of course we shall all feel the effect of the increased cost of machinery. Already the bill has been sent in for the strikes in the coal and iron trades. It appears from the letter of one of the *Times* Correspondents in the midland mining district, that the prices of spades, locks, files, nails, and other hardware goods have gone up fifty per cent. in nine months, and that they are still rising.

It may in itself be a very good thing that working-men should receive higher wages and do less work than formerly; but there is no getting rid of the fact that increased wages and diminished labour mean the abstraction of so much money from somebody's pocket. Up to a certain point prices can usually be raised without seriously diminishing consumption; and when that point has been reached, there is again a margin of employers' profit of which by higgling the operatives can obtain a larger or smaller share. If prices are forced up too high, or if employers' profits are cut down too low, the operatives themselves will suffer for it, inasmuch as capitalists and consumers will strike against their demands. The capitalists will transfer their money to some more remunerative business, and consumers will try to curtail their wants, or to satisfy them with some cheaper commodity. It is probable that, within the limits we have mentioned, there is still plenty of room for an improvement in the circumstances of the operatives, provided it be effected gradually and in moderate instalments. It can hardly be doubted, however, that in the present instance the carpenters and masons are asking too much at once; and that the magnitude and suddenness of their demands would, if they were granted, produce a disturbance of trade which in the long run would recoil upon themselves. A good deal of silly cant is sometimes talked about the working-men's duty to society in such a case. It seems to us that, if the industrial greatness of England can only be maintained by a sacrifice of industrial profits, the working-man may reasonably suggest that the capitalist should begin by setting the example. He has a perfect right to insist upon getting the highest wages within his reach; and the only question he need trouble himself with is whether he really can get them and keep them. Of course, if trade suffers, he will suffer too; and he will do well to bear that in mind. But otherwise he can hardly be blamed if he leaves society to shift for itself, and confines his attention to his own private interests. We imagine that in doing so he will have a large proportion of the human race to keep him in countenance. Admitting, however, to the fullest extent the right of working-men to combine, it does not follow that the objects for which they combine are necessarily sound and wholesome; and it is unfortunate that their friends should be so ready to encourage them in economic fallacies. The whole system of the Trade Unions is founded on the theory that wages can be raised by producing an artificial scarcity of labour. This is the object of the rules against the employment of machinery, piece-work, overtime, &c.; and it is also the object of the Nine Hours' Movement. The bricklayers join with the brick-makers in opposing machine-made bricks. The masons set their face against quarry-worked stone. A bricklayer is not allowed to set more than a specified number of bricks in a given time; bricks must not be wheeled in a barrow, and only eight or ten may be carried at a time; labourers are not to go up one ladder and come down another—that would save time, and the object is to waste it. These are a few of the rules taken at random. They vary in different districts and in different trades, but the spirit of them is always the same. It is assumed that whether the work is done quickly or slowly, cheaply or dearly, the amount of employment will always be the same, and that it is necessary to spread it thin to make it go fur. It does not seem to occur to the Unionists that prices have any effect whatever on the development of trade. If they had been generally successful in their opposition to machinery, the effect would have been to restrict the area of employment; and there can be no doubt that the various devices in restraint of trade which are resorted to for the purpose of providing work for a larger number of hands have just the opposite result from that intended.

It is important that it should be understood that the strike in the building trades, like the strike of the Newcastle engineers last year, is only the beginning of the battle. It has been repeatedly asserted that the engineers completely defeated their masters. But, in point of fact, the men surrendered their chief point. They obtained an increase of wages, but the limitation of hours is only nominal. A day is held to mean nine hours, and after that the men receive a higher rate of pay for the rest of the day's work. The masters gave way only when the men pledged themselves to work so many hours each day as might be necessary. The real object of the nine hours' movement is to get a hard and fast day of that length, and to put down overtime. An increase of wages is very satisfactory to the men who have found employment, and especially to strong, energetic, industrious workmen, who have no objection to increase their earnings by overtime; but the unemployed clamour for a share. The Unions imagine that, by artificially diminishing the supply of labour, they can not only enhance its value, but secure employment for a larger number of workmen. It is assumed that when a man has passed his apprenticeship—say as a carpenter—and has joined a Union, paying his dues regularly, and observing the rules of the society, he is entitled to have work, or at least wages, found for him, as a carpenter, for the rest of his life; and it is the business of the Union to see to that. This is of course only the principle of national workshops in a modified form. It is agreed that in a civilized country a man who is willing to work should not be exposed to absolute starvation; but it does not mean



to follow that because a particular trade is overstocked with labour, the community should consent to employ two men to do one man's work. The natural conclusion would seem to be, that if there are too many carpenters, some of them should turn their hands to something else. It may be admitted that a man's labour ought not to be habitually prolonged to a point at which it involves either physical or mental exhaustion; but it is not pretended that ten hours' work is injurious to health, and the notion that the men would do ten hours' work in nine is contradicted by the frank avowal of the object for which a reduction of hours is sought. The heads of the public works in the United States do not speak favourably of the operation of the Eight Hours Law in the reports just laid before Congress. It is stated that the men have not done as much work in eight as in ten hours, and that it is doubtful whether the reduction of hours has been beneficial to them. Some of the carpenters have turned their time to good account in study; the masons and stone-cutters have devoted it to animal repose, and the labourers to "carousing and other mischief." It does not follow that when the men have got accustomed to leisure, and have learned to appreciate it, they will not make a proper use of it; and in any case they have the same right as other classes to spend their time as they choose. The immediate question is not whether the working-men are likely to occupy their spare moments in an edifying manner, but whether they can compel the masters to reduce their hours. On the whole, it is probable that the shortening of the day's labour would in the long run have an elevating effect on the working classes; but the grounds on which they now demand this concession are fallacious, and the moment is hardly propitious. English industry in all its branches is every day exposed more directly and sharply to foreign competition; and the general adoption of the nine hours' movement in this country, in its literal and stringent sense, would place our manufacturers at an obvious disadvantage as compared with those on the Continent, where the ordinary hours of labour range from twelve to sixteen. It is true that an Englishman will on the average do at least half as much again within a given time as a German or a Frenchman; but, on the other hand, the English workman costs twice as much in most and drink as his Continental brother, and he will be apt to find himself seriously handicapped in the industrial race, if, in addition to his expensive habits, he makes a serious reduction in his hours of labour. We can hardly be surprised that the proposal to settle the differences in the building trade by arbitration has failed. As we have before observed, arbitration can only be successful when certain fixed principles have been laid down as to the relation between masters' profits and workmen's earnings, and other questions of a similar kind. When the nature of the present dispute is considered, it will be seen that the operatives have acted in an honest and straightforward manner in rejecting the silly or insincere suggestion of the Trades' Council of working-men, of which Mr. Ocker is the presiding genius, that the rate of wages should be determined by arbitration, on the basis of nine hours for a day's work. The state of the case is simply this. There are at present more carpenters in London than there is work for. Those who are out of employment insist that the Union should procure for them a share of the work which is in the hands of their more fortunate comrades. The latter say they have no objection if their wages are not reduced, and they will like it all the better if their wages are increased. They have no objection to do less work in order to oblige their fellows, but then the masters or the public must pay for the loss of time. The whole question is out of whose pocket this loss shall be paid for; and as the men are determined not to pay for it themselves, it would be a mockery to submit it to arbitration.

#### THE POPE'S LAST MANIFESTO.

THE full text of the Pope's letter to Cardinal Antonelli, dated on June 16, the twenty-sixth anniversary of his election, has now appeared in the *Osservatore Romano*; and it shows at least that advancing years have in no wise curtailed either the pungency or the fecundity of his verbiage. The special occasion alleged for breaking silence is the profound grief inspired by the last resolve of the usurping Government to consummate its robbery of the Holy See by the suppression of the religious orders "in this our city," which is nothing short of a fresh assault on the liberty and independence of the supreme Pastor of the faithful, who has ever found in those communities his most powerful instruments for ruling the universal Church. For it is notorious to all the world that, as Rome is the centre of Christendom, so the religious houses and novitiates there established are the centre of religious life and energy for the whole Church. Thither come together pious spirits from all nations to renew their zeal, and there, under the shadow of the Apostolic See, the concerns of the religious orders throughout the world are arranged, and their superiors and office-bearers chosen. To plunder and suppress the mother-houses in Rome is therefore to plunder and suppress the orders they represent; it is not only a violation of individual rights, but of the international rights of all Catholic Christendom. And it is further a grave injury to the Holy See, to which the members of these communities supply information from the most remote quarters, and from which they learn how to confute false doctrine everywhere. And thus the true object of this nefarious scheme reveals itself clearly enough. Like the original seizure of

the patrimony of St. Peter, it is not, as was hypocritically pretended, simply a blow aimed at the temporal power, but a direct assault on the supreme apostolical office of the Papacy. No illusion on this point is any longer possible. A general crusade is being waged against religion, morality, and justice, as is exemplified in the suppression of charitable and educational institutions, the enforced conscription of youths training for the cloister or the altar, the unrestrained freedom of the pulpit and the press, the general licentiousness of manners, and the profanation of sacred persons and sacred images. Gladly, indeed, if he were only to consult his own feelings, would the Holy Father spare himself so bitter a chalice by retiring to a foreign land, where he need no longer witness abominations which he now daily weeps over, but is powerless to remedy. But the high responsibilities of his office constrain him to remain, and thus proclaim to the world the gravity of the crisis which has robbed him of his liberty and independence. It has been said, indeed, that he is personally free to come and go as he will; but that is not enough. He is not really free while his authority is subject to the caprice of the secular power, and at the mercy of political passion and partisanship. There can be no harmony between the rival powers of Church and State under such a system, and history is full of their conflicts whenever the Pope has even for a moment been subjected to the control of any alien authority. The only real guarantee for the harmony of the various and unequal States into which the world is divided lies in their common submission to the impartial fiat of the common father of them all, who stands above and independent of all. There is another matter, which lies as near the heart of the Holy Father as the integrity of the religious orders in Rome, and that is the absolute independence, both in fact and appearance, of the Sacred Congregations "which have to answer the questions of the whole Catholic world," and of the Sacred Conclave which elects the successors of St. Peter. It is of enormous importance that their freedom should be above the lightest breath of suspicion. The freedom of the Pope, who is their supreme judge in faith and morals, is a necessary condition of the freedom of all Catholics; and because he is not free, the faithful are now penetrated with anguish, and States are distressed by religious tumults. His Holiness proceeds to observe on the absurdity of talking at such a time of a reconciliation between the Papacy and the usurping Government. To dream of such a thing would be voluntarily to surrender the rights of the Holy See, to disturb the conscience of the faithful, to stop the preaching of truth, and, in a word, deliberately to sacrifice to the caprices of a Government the lofty mission which the Roman Pontificate has received direct from God. To such a humiliation Pius IX. will never bow; rather will he pour out his blood than betray the interests of his supreme apostolate. On the contrary, he will continue to set an example to the pastors of the Church who are fighting so hard a battle for the eternal principles of morality and justice.

In conclusion, the Pope has a word to say about "the so-called guarantees which the usurping Government has affected to offer to the head of the Church, for the obvious purpose of hoodwinking simple souls." Even the personal immunity of the Holy Father is a mere sham, for the Government lacks the power, if it has the will, to protect him from daily insult. And it is useless to leave open the doors of his palace when he cannot quit it without being publicly insulted and witnessing the most horrible spectacles of impiety, immorality, and violence; when the dignitaries and ministers of the Church are constantly exposed to outrage in the streets, and the solemn ceremonies of religion cannot be celebrated because they would be profaned. Still more illusory is the proclamation of his freedom in the discharge of his pastoral ministry, when the law interferes even with the administration of the sacraments, when the bishops he appoints are not acknowledged, and by an unprecedented injustice are deprived of their revenues, and even kept out of their palaces. They would be left, indeed, in utter destitution but for the pity of the faithful, which, as yet, has enabled the Pope to share his misde with them. The Cardinal Secretary is therefore directed to make known this lamentable state of things to the Governments accredited to the Holy See, and to protest solemnly in the Pope's name against the assaults, accomplished and threatened, on his Holiness and the whole of Catholic Christendom. It is the true interest, not only of Catholic but of non-Catholic States, to live at peace with the great Catholic family, and to maintain the real independence of its head, and they should remember that in maintaining the rights of the Roman Pontificate they are in fact defending their own. "They should remember that the Papal Throne, far from impeding the peace and welfare of Europe, or the greatness and independence of Italy, was always a bond of union between peoples and princes, and a common centre of harmony; for Italy especially it was the source of her true greatness, the safeguard of her independence, and the constant bulwark of her freedom."

Such is a condensed, but accurate, report of the lengthy document which, as being addressed, not to the Sacred College or the faithful generally, but specifically to the European Governments, both Catholic and Protestant, must be presumed to contain the matured statement of the Roman estimate of the situation, in the form considered best adapted to impress the public mind. Perhaps the first thought likely to occur to any one, with the last words about the relations of the Papacy to Italy fresh in his ears, would be that the Holy Father is somewhat sweeping, not to say indiscriminate, in his phraseology

—*facta, infecta refert*. A great many assertions of fact, particularly in the earlier part of the letter, will hardly be denied by any one familiar with Catholic affairs, though opinions may differ considerably as to the practical inferences to be deduced. And in one sense, no doubt, the Papacy may be said to have contributed much towards the greatness of Italy; it could hardly have been otherwise, at a time when the Papacy itself was the most effective and most conspicuous power in Europe. But it is a little startling to be assured, even if we confined ourselves to an historical retrospect, that it has always been the source and support of her liberty and independence; and the statement becomes still more perplexing to the uninitiated when it is taken to include—as the writer evidently intends it to include—the recent relations of Italy to the temporal power. On that side of the question we took occasion to say something last week, and we need not recur to it now. Nor do we care to enter here on a minute discussion of the precise details of alleged insult and outrage to Papal functionaries in the streets of Rome. The *Tablet* sees a signal confirmation of the charge in the recent acquittal by the Roman tribunals of a National Guard accused of murdering one of the Pontifical gendarmes, while other journals represent the Papal party as the sole aggressors in the fray. To such a dispute a looker-on may be content to say *transeat*—neither law courts nor newspapers claim to be infallible. There is little new, however, in this part of the Papal indictment; it is rather to the bitter jeremiad over the suppression of religious orders and the anticipated interference with the freedom of the Conclave, that we turn for the explanation of this elaborate exposition of the present mind of the Curia. As to the latter point, we have already spoken of the right of veto, which clearly cannot be claimed on historical grounds by the Governments either of Germany or Italy. A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* has lately argued that they nevertheless must and will insist on having a voice in the next election, in order to prevent the continuance of a state of things which places the 150,000,000 of the Roman Catholic Communion under the rule of an oligarchy of some thirty or forty Italian Cardinals, all pledged to the infallibilist dogma and to internecine war with Italy. He adds that there is no foreign Cardinal residing at Rome, except one German, who would have a right to take part in the Conclave. And of course, if the report may be relied on that Pius IX. has prepared a *Brief* for the next election the proscribed interval of nine days before the Conclave assembles, and the preliminary ceremonies, that would practically leave the Italian electors complete masters of the situation. But it would hardly be safe to assume the truth of the report, though it is far from improbable, for Pius IX. is not a man to stick at trifles when it is a question between following precedent and carrying out his own cherished policy. And one or two precedents might be cited in favour even of so extreme an exercise of power, though the latest is just five centuries old; Pius VI. did indeed frame the rough draft of such an instrument in 1797, but it never got beyond that initial stage. It may further be questioned whether the *Brief*, if formally issued by the present Pope, would be acted on after his death by the Cardinals; and whether, if it were, the Catholic Governments would recognize the validity of their proceedings. Any surmises on such points must as yet be purely conjectural.

But when the Pope complains of the suppression of the mother-houses of religious orders in Rome, and of the various "Congregations" of Cardinals through which the administration of the Church is practically carried on, there can be no doubt that the grievance, from an Ultramontane point of view, is a very tangible and real one. In this part of his letter he has certainly not at all overstated the facts, though the argument might easily be turned the other way. The Act for the expulsion of the Jesuits which has just passed the German Parliament includes in its scope all kindred orders, the detailed application of the rule being left to the Executive. We cannot say what may have been the precise intention of the Imperial Chancellor in framing the decree, but the real distinction of the Jesuit and other modern orders from those anterior to the Council of Trent consists in their rigid hierarchical organization, under a supreme ruler resident in Rome, which is admirably adapted for purposes of administrative despotism. It is perfectly true that the Curia has always found in them its most effective instruments for manipulating the consciences and intellect of the faithful throughout the world. Elizabeth used to boast that she "tuned the pulpits" of the Established Church, and the Popes might boast with greater reason that, through the instrumentality of these great orders—Jesuits, Redemptorists, and the like—they have for centuries been able to tune both the pulpits and the confessionals of Roman Catholic Christendom. The formal work of Church government in matters of doctrine, discipline, and ritual is carried on through the medium of the various Roman Congregations set apart for the purpose, which, as the Papal circular expresses it, "have to answer the questions of the whole Catholic world," and to answer them, of course, under the direct inspiration of the Holy See, and in the most approved Roman sense. Any interference with the action of these Congregations would undoubtedly and very seriously hamper the working of the spiritual bureaucracy of the Curia. But it may be questioned whether to dissolve the intimate connexion hitherto subsisting between "the white Pope" and "the black Pope," as the Italians call them—between the Holy Father himself and the General of the Jesuits and other Generals of orders residing in Rome—would not be a still more fatal blow to the moral

power of the Papacy. The Jesuits especially, who were destined from the first to be the standing army of Rome, have often been described as "the Catholic Church gone into commission," and it is mainly through their influence, direct or indirect, that the Romanizing reaction has been so successfully accomplished in the post-Tridentine Church. And if the final result, summed up in the Vatican dogmas, is to be a permanent triumph, we can hardly be wrong in surmising that it must be achieved by the same instrumentality. Prophecies are always hazardous, but when the Pope perceives in the threatened suppression or reduction of the great religious communities which have their centre at Rome, and which ramify throughout the Catholic world, a grave menace to his supreme and infallible claims, those who have least confidence in his supernatural wisdom need not hesitate for once to agree with him.

#### LADY LECTURERS.

AMONG the many odd results which have sprung from what has been called the Modern Revolt, we may count the sudden outburst of lady lecturers as one of the oddest. Scarcely a week passes without our hearing of some strong-minded sister taking the chair at an indignation meeting, or appealing from a platform to a mixed audience against the vileness of men and the wrongs of women generally; while a few among them do not scruple to add indecency to folly, and to dabble in shamelessness to give flavour to their nonsense. Sometimes, by way of varying the *menu*, they go in for literature and æsthetics, and air their feminine conceptions of what poets and great men meant, as complacently as if they were saying something which the world really wanted to hear, and was the better for hearing; sometimes they give a quasi-dramatic reading, with more or less success as their education in elocution has been attended to or not; and sometimes they appear as religious teachers, and preach dogmatic theology with a considerable effusion of hysterical sentiment. Anyhow, they contrive to excite a good deal of attention in these latter times, and to make their voices, like the turtle-dove's, pretty well heard in the land.

With our views of what is called the woman's question, we cannot say that we regard the race of lady lecturers as a divinely appointed order. Still, aside for a moment the lingering prejudices which we still entertain about the reserve and modesty once held essential to the sex, we cannot concede that what most of these lecturers say deserves special attention from the world at large, or that their manner of saying it makes up, by the consummate perfection of its art, for the inherent weakness of their matter. Their arguments are generally superficial, and their line of reasoning narrow; their partisanship is one-sided; they are incapable of doing an opponent anything like justice. They deal largely with assumptions, and spin out logical conclusions from utterly unproved premises; committing the fault common with the dialectically untrained of stating sentiments as facts, and challenging categorical disproof of assertions which are essentially figments of their own brains, and never existed out of them. They tilt at wrongs that are about as real as the giants slain by Jack the valiant Cornishman; and when you press them for their authority, they say, grandly, Everybody knows; or, A gentleman of high respectability told me so. When they stand up and boldly maintain a foolish theory against all that statistics, Commissioners' Reports, and the like can bring against it, when they make sweeping assertions which your knowledge of human nature and the working of society tells you are utterly false, what can you say? Arguments, figures, indisputable proofs—whatever you like to bring as the besoms wherewith to sweep away the cobwebs of lady lecturers—are wholly inoperative, and your words fall as stones in the water, and with no more abiding result. If you think that your counter-argument will induce the lady lecturer to reconsider her telling points, you are mistaken. We are not too hard in saying that, as a rule, she lectures for partisanship, not for truth; she studies effect, not accuracy—at least when she is not primarily influenced by the prosaic aspect of the money question. There is almost always the desire of display dominating every other; and if we had to name the generic quality of the tribe, it would be vanity. Not that we object to a reasonable amount of vanity in a woman. It prevents her from sinking into a mere domestic drudge, which is one of the dangers she has to avoid; it keeps her up to the mark of pleasing by her wish for admiration. In a broad sense and with noble aims, we call it ambition among men, and we find it a serviceable quality; but the ambition of man is not the same thing as the personal vanity of a woman; and that desire for professional distinction and for doing the best work of its kind which characterizes the one sex is not the thirst for public display and notoriety which is the modern passion of the other.

The very dress and appearance of the lady lecturer nine times out of ten mark her purpose. One glides on to the platform as a picturesque pre-Raphaelite "study"; her drapery hanging in long straight folds over her feet, her golden hair carded into a fairy aureole about her head, her whole costume a capital model for an artist. She knows that her get-up is effective, and that every woman in the audience will envy her, while many will try to copy her; and she knows too that the men will admire her, and for the sake of her beauty be leniently disposed, or something more, to her logic. But if she were to tell you the absolute truth, she would confess that she regards lecturing as the best advertisement

for her beauty, and that, if she were snub-nosed and a fright, she would be far less earnest about woman's rights and wrongs than she is at present. Only she does not tell the truth, and she acts out her pretence to the last. Another wears her hair cut short and parted on the side like a man; like a man too she comes squarely to the front; her brief skirts, lapelled vest, uncompromising shirt-front and severe shirt-collar, are her protest against feminine vanities or the assistance to be derived from personal enchantment. She is of the kind which emulates men while scorning them; and, like the famous minister who set hymns and psalms and spiritual songs to dance music, on the plea that he did not see why the devil should have all the best tunes, she adopts in her own habits and person the characteristics of the sex she affects to despise and condemn. A third is a mere fashionable lady, beflowered and bejewelled to the last extreme of the mode. She puts her trust in "style," and thinks herself safe from rude critical handling if she shows herself got up as a *grande dame* should be. A fourth is feminine, refined, spiritual, with floating locks streaming back from her brow, and a certain kind of Fra Angelico look about her suggestive of saints and seraphs, and really very pretty; while a fifth does not hesitate to present herself a dowdy, indifferent to her personality as a woman, and only wishful for the plaudits which follow on successful intellectual endeavour. Her ambition is not to be a well-bred lady, or a beautiful picture, or even a semi-man, but a talking creature of no sex at all, a lecturer pure and simple. But whatever the line they take, what they are and how they look is that which chiefly interests them; and the kind of personality they display is not second in importance to the character of the doctrine they advocate.

In this personal self-consciousness lies the secret of woman's weakness as a lecturer, and the main difference between her and a man. No one thinks twice of what the lecturing man is like; how he wears his hair, and whether his shirt-fronts are plain or worked; we think only of what he says, and, as a matter of art, how he says it. But more than half the effect produced by women is due to their manner and appearance, their special physical type, and, above all, their taste in millinery. And their wilfully ignoring this fact is perhaps the most wonderful bit of humbug among the many of which they are habitually guilty. They take care not to recognize the admiration which they excite, as part of the play; yet they know that, if they are pretty, men go to look vastly more than to listen, that it is the woman, not the lecturer, who attracts the crowds of applauding black coats. Even the one who is most keenly alive to her own beauty, and sets it off to greatest advantage, acts her little drama of unconsciousness with the rest; in which perhaps she is wise, if not quite sincere, securing for herself a retreat if need be. Yet if women could get rid of this self-consciousness, and of the affectation resulting from it, and if they would make it the first condition of lecturing to have something to say, there is no reason why they should not speak to an audience as well as write to one. But let them keep to their own subjects. Of these, dramatic effects and common-sense teaching to their own sex are the most promising. Many women are born actresses; and to give them a platform when the stage has been denied to them, and a reading as a substitute for a part, is to give them work exactly congenial to them, and a means of making money that carries no dishonour with it, though it may include no profit to the world at large. All that is wanted from them is to learn how to manage their voice, and to avoid vulgarisms of pronunciation; nature has done the rest; and there is no reason why, in the existing need of lucrative employment for portionless unmarried women, those who have dramatic power, and who are not on the stage, should not utilize their gifts in readings if they can get people to go and hear them. Again, educated women can teach their uneducated sisters many things which they ought to know; and a lecture may be better than a book, because more likely to reach the class to be instructed. But lessons on the best methods of managing children, on the higher arts of house-keeping, on cooking, hygienic observances, cleanliness, comfort, economy, and the like, though of supreme importance and usefulness, are just the things which lady lecturers despise; they prefer to talk political rubbish of the weakest description, which converts no one, rather than to give solid and enduring instruction, which would benefit many. And the simple reason why is, that the one is an occasion for display and the gratification of vanity; the other is unostentatious work, and has no incitement beyond its object. The truth is that, revolt against it as much as ambitious women may, all the best work done by women is unostentatious. We do not pretend to explain why this should be so; but the fact is plain enough. Every now and then some notable woman has come before the world and made her public mark—some Hypatia with her learned following, or, may be, only some half-crazed Joanna Southcott with her equally crazed supporters; but, as a rule, the more beneficent the action of women the more modest and secluded is its method, the more frothy and mischievous the more public and blatant. No one wishes to see the powers of women nullified or their lives rendered meagre and miserable for the sake of a prejudice; but neither do we care to see wasted on barren objects impulses and endeavours which have within them such large potentialities of good, if rightly applied, and for which there are so many channels, if only women would care to seek them. If the passion for lecturing possesses them, in Heaven's name let them lecture; but let them lecture to women on feminine subjects, teaching the

ignorant what it is well for them to know, and doing their work with that noble simplicity which of itself excludes both vanity and self-consciousness, and which seeks its reward in the good effected, not in the applause gained or in the admiration offered.

#### THE FIJI ISLANDS.

CONSIDERING that the annexation of the Fiji Islands by this country is pretty certain to take place some day, it may be interesting to observe what are the reasons which Mr. Gladstone has to urge against that step. He says in the first place that "we are groaning over the mass of work left undone"; and whether "we" means Parliament, Government, or the country, the statement is, or ought to be, entirely true. We are, he says, overwhelmed with, and totally unable to overtake, our own immediate responsibilities, and yet it is proposed that these responsibilities should be increased. It may be conceded to Mr. Gladstone that domestic legislation is greatly in arrear, and whether by the misfortune or the fault of himself and his colleagues need not at this moment be particularly inquired. But if the Government determined to annex Fiji, the necessary arrangements need not occupy any considerable time. The country could easily find a competent governor for a new colony, and supply him with an adequate force. The principles upon which he should govern would be manifest to himself, or, if they were not, the staff of the Colonial Office would be adequate to the composition of a despatch elucidating them. Mr. Gladstone says in substance that there are some things which the country, at least under his guidance, cannot do, and therefore it ought not to attempt other things which it clearly can do. But further, these islands already have a Government "which is endeavouring to organize itself in a sense favourable to civilization." This statement may be true, but nevertheless the endeavours after civilization may be only slowly and partially successful. His Majesty King Cacobau has doubtless instructed his Prime Minister, Mr. Weld, to offer to Earl Granville his co-operation with Her Britannic Majesty in regulating the labour traffic, and we may infer from this fact that pens, ink, and paper, and skill to use them are at the disposal of the Government which is endeavouring to organize itself in a sense favourable to civilization. But many actual, and more possible, inhabitants of Fiji think that the progress of civilization, which implies prosperity, would be more rapid if King Cacobau were neither a real King nor a puppet in the hands of some Englishman or American who has secured the manipulation of him. In other words, they would desire that he should make room for a representative of the Queen of England. There can be no doubt that if the European community in Fiji is properly fostered by this country it will grow into a colony having the same kind and perhaps an equal degree of value to England that Australia and New Zealand have. Many persons think that this value is great, and Mr. Gladstone is possibly among the number, although he does not declare his opinion as distinctly as could be desired. Of course there will be an annual bill, and Mr. Gladstone reminds the country of what it will not easily forget, that the bills for New Zealand were very heavy for many years. But if he means to suggest that the expense of governing Fiji is a sufficient reason for leaving it to govern itself, there are very few politicians even of his own party who would agree with him. The limits of the British Empire ought only to be extended with caution, and perhaps reluctance, but this generation is hardly prepared to hear that they must henceforward remain fixed until they begin to recede. Even the present Government has felt obliged to initiate in South Africa a process of enlargement which is almost certain to be continuous. When Mr. M'Arthur agrees with Mr. Disraeli, their unanimity deserves attention, and the Conservative leader uttered a widely popular sentiment when he declared that it is the duty of an English Minister "to respond to those distant sympathies which may become the sources of incalculable strength and happiness to this land." If Mr. Gladstone does not remain in office long enough to annex Fiji, his successor may be tempted to take a step which will be likely to benefit the country at the same time that it is advantageous to himself.

The only tangible reason alleged by Ministers against Mr. M'Arthur's motion was that the Fijians themselves had not manifested a desire for annexation. But if we are to understand that this desire, when expressed, will be gratified, we may safely leave the question without further discussion to settle itself. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen objects to the statement that Fiji is contiguous to New Zealand and Australia, from which countries it is, as he says, distant respectively 1,150 and 1,700 miles. But those who make this statement have an intelligible meaning, although they may not choose strictly accurate language to express it. The advantage of an advanced post in the Pacific is too evident to escape even the official mind, and it is also clear that unless a strong Government in Fiji co-operates with the exertions of our cruisers, no effectual control can be kept upon the "enterprise" of dealers in the labour market. To put this matter plainly, we must annex Fiji if we really desire to control the Polynesian slave trade. It is better to take those islands under our government than to "protect" and perpetually interfere with a Government which we profess to consider independent. The question of expense cannot, however, be left out of view. As Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen puts it, "when speaking of philanthropy and the growth of cotton, the British taxpayer must not be entirely ignored." But the British taxpayer, voluntarily or otherwise, has already invested heavily in

the article called philanthropy, and he cannot now draw back from his bargain. Lord Belmore, as Governor of New South Wales, lately wrote a despatch in which he pressed on the Home Government the necessity for the constant presence of one or two ships of war in the South Sea Islands, "cost what it may." It is not alone "philanthropy" in a general sense that is concerned. The character of this country must suffer by the perpetration of outrages by its own subjects. The soil and climate of Fiji are suitable to the growth of cotton, for which Europe affords a profitable market. The only thing wanting is labour, and by fair means or foul the cotton-growers are certain to procure it. England must take care that only fair means are used. We hear much of the results, real or supposed, of missionary efforts in the South Sea Islands, and the very fact of these efforts being made obliges the country which makes them to maintain its own character for civilization and Christianity. Churchmen and Dissenters of all sorts who subscribe to Polynesian missions are interested in the preservation of law and order, because religion would have a very small chance without them. If Government refuses to annex Fiji on account of the expense, it would be worth while to collect money for this object in every church and chapel in the kingdom. We do not, of course, assume that the Government will refuse on this ground, although a Cabinet containing Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe labours under strong suspicion of preferring economy to every other virtue that can help to make a nation great. We do not say that Fiji ought to be annexed, but we do say that we disapprove Mr. Gladstone's arguments against annexation. It is easy to complain of the cost of colonizing New Zealand, but if the intended inference is that New Zealand ought not to have been colonized, we repudiate it. This country did not attain greatness, and will not preserve it, by timidity and parsimony. Time was when we counted our posts in every part of the world as means of striking our enemies, but now they seem to be regarded only as affording objectionable opportunities of expending stores.

The Earl of Belmore has lately spoken from his own knowledge of the condition of the Pacific Islands, and the Government has admitted the necessity of strengthening our naval force which is employed in checking the outrages which he describes. Gross atrocities, he says, are being committed against the natives, although it is hoped that vessels belonging to Queensland are not implicated. There is difficulty in arriving at the exact truth. "Natives, even nominally Christians, are very unreliable." They tell stories of kidnapping which are false, and yet other stories of the same kind are true. It is clear that the labour traffic is liable to abuse, and it often develops itself into a slave trade of the worst description. It is almost equally clear that this traffic will not be effectually regulated until the Fiji Islands have been brought under our authority. Attempts will be made to control the importation of labour which will only partially succeed, and will embroil us with the Government from which Lord Kimberley now professes to expect assistance. Thus one more possession will be added to the British Empire. We hear so much at home of torpedoes and other contrivances for obliterating ships of war, that we are sometimes almost tempted to suppose that the British navy has ceased to exist. But in the South Pacific Ocean that navy is, and is likely long to continue, a reality. The strongest naval power in those seas must necessarily be that which has the largest and best colonies to form its base of operations. It really does appear probable that by the kind permission of Mr. Gladstone we may continue to be important people at the antipodes for some time longer. But of course we cannot maintain our position without expense, which however is likely to be well repaid. Still it may not after all prove necessary or expedient to annex Fiji. The question must be decided when it arises, and all we now ask is, that it may not be considered in the penny-wise and pound-foolish spirit. One thing is certain, that if Fiji requires to be supplied with a Government from without, we ought not to attempt to shuddle the burden of supplying it from ourselves to the colony of New South Wales. Some points of the case may be disputable, but upon this point we feel no doubt at all. The conduct of our Government has been utterly unworthy of a great nation. Whether or not Lord Palmerston would have undertaken to govern Fiji, we are quite sure that he would not have asked New South Wales to govern it for us.

#### HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.

**T**HE Select Committee on Habitual Drunkards have composed a very remarkable Report. All the witnesses whom they have examined declare the inadequacy of the existing laws to check drunkenness, and the Committee infer that those laws should be made "more simple, uniform, and stringent." This, they say, is the more requisite because there is much evidence to show that in large towns and populous districts the great evil of drunkenness is on the increase, which may be "attributed in some measure to the higher wages and shortened hours of labour." The agriculturists do not get so drunk because they have less money and less time to spare. But we assume that, if the strike among them succeeds, they will be able and willing to imitate the example of the dwellers in great towns. Small times and short imprisonments are useless. The moderate use of alcoholic liquors is unattended by any bad effects, but excess in ardent spirits is far more deleterious than in wine or beer. There is a very large amount of drunkenness among all classes and

both sexes which never becomes public nor is dealt with by the authorities. It is recommended that the fine of 5s. now imposed on drunkards should be raised to 40s. The fine should be recorded against the offender in a Drunkards' Register. After three convictions within twelve months, the magistrates should be empowered to require the offender to find a surety for sobriety and good conduct for a fixed period, and in default thereof, or in case the surety is forfeited by a fresh offence, to sentence the offender to a considerable period of detention in an "industrial reformatory for inebriates." It is further recommended that reformatories should be established for those who, "notwithstanding the plainest considerations of health, interest, and duty, are given over to habits of intemperance." These institutions are to be divided into two classes—one for those who can pay, and the other for those who cannot. The admission to these institutions would be either voluntary or by committal. "In either case the persons entering should not be allowed to leave, except under conditions to be laid down, and the power to prevent their leaving should be by law conferred on the manager."

Thus far we have carried our summary of this Report. It is impossible to proceed further without expressing the amazement and consternation which it produces. There is not the slightest prospect that any such proposal will ever be adopted, but the fact is sufficiently serious that a body of fifteen gentlemen of ordinary knowledge and understanding could bring it forward. It involves, among other consequences, an enormous extension of the powers which the law confers of dealing with persons who are alleged to be of unsound mind. Let us remember the cases arising out of the exercise of these powers, which have occupied the courts of law during the last few years. Let us remember also the novels in which Mr. Charles Reade has described, partly from reality and partly from imagination, the outrages that have been practised upon persons wrongly immured in madhouses. It is not the least alarming feature in cases of this kind that oppression has been practised from the highest motives, and with a firm belief that all that was done was for the patient's good. There would be needed for the carrying out of this proposal a vast quantity of buildings, and a numerous army of inspectors, who, although they would make inspections of "a very stringent character," would not, we may be sure, be able to prevent monstrous abuses. Besides the power of commitment to be given as already mentioned to magistrates, there would be inquiries before Courts "established under proper safeguards," and on proof that a person cited is "unable to control himself and incapable of managing his affairs, or that his habits are such as to render him dangerous to himself or others, and that this arises from abuse of alcoholic drinks or sedatives, such person might be committed by the Court to a reformatory." A vision arises before our minds of the Alliance raising a fund of 100,000*l.* to pay the costs of proceedings against habitual drunkards under these provisions. Zealots would doubtless argue that if a man were a drunkard a reformatory would do him good, and that if he were a sober man who had been put in by mistake it would do him no harm. The sellers of liquor against whom so much legislative persecution has been proposed would be subjected under this Report to a new and particularly burdensome liability. Provisions similar to those applied to Habitual Criminals by a recent Act would be made applicable to Habitual Drunkards. This will be facilitated by the keeping of a Drunkards' Register, and by providing a form of notice to be served on a liquor-seller by the relations of the drunkard or by order of a magistrate. It is not explained how a liquor-seller is to know that a person named in such a notice stands at his bar. But probably the author of this Report would not scruple to propose that habitual drunkards should be labelled. There is no country in Europe, or perhaps in the world, where irresponsible tyranny is carried further than it might be under this Report. We can offer no more emphatic protest against the proposal than by referring to a recent declaration of the Bishop of Peterborough, that if he must choose between England free and England sober, he would prefer that England should be free. The only qualification of the stringency of the proposal would be the enormous and unmanageable number of the victims of it. As wages rise and hours of work are shortened, workmen take to drinking and are put under restraint. Thus the number of workmen diminishes and their wages rise still further, and so on until all the inhabitants of towns are locked up, while the more sober dwellers in the country have to act as gaolers.

A paragraph laudatory of the Chairman is, we believe, a novel feature of a Parliamentary Report. The Committee desire to acknowledge the valuable aid afforded by him in the investigation of the subject referred to them. He personally undertook during the recess a special voyage to the United States for the purpose of inquiring into the conduct of inebriate asylums, and he has volunteered his evidence to the Committee, as we believe the authors of legislative projects commonly do. The House of Commons cannot get through its real business, but there is always time and opportunity for any quantity of pretended business to be performed in Committees. If Mr. Dalrymple were not a member of Parliament, he might be reduced to writing a book, but he avails himself of his privilege to obtain the ventilation of his pet crotchets at the national expense. He keeps his hobby-horse out of the taxes. We have before us at present only the Report of his Committee, but a blue-book of evidence will follow in due course, and the newspapers will comment on it during the recess. Next Session there will doubtless be a Bill founded on the Report.



which will occupy the House of Commons on Wednesday until Government has decided upon the most inoffensive method of quashing a ridiculous proposal. There is just one line of this Report that we approve. "Watchful inspection over the purity of liquor sold" can hardly be carried too far in theory, but in practice the word "purity" suggests endless difficulties. The authors of this Report have not, however, taken the trouble to put their recommendations into a shape which might be satisfactory to a legal critic. We cannot forget statements which have been lately published as to the "purity" of wine. It would be easy to draw a Bill under which the entire stock of champagne in the grand stand of a racetrack might be seized, condemned, and destroyed as impure. Indeed such a Bill might be so worked that the stock of beer, wine, and spirits in the kingdom would be largely reduced. The Report does not even stop at the furthest point of condemnation to which a test of purity might be carried. It states that the deleterious character of whisky often arises from its being new and raw. We are by this time prepared for anything, and a proposal for condemning all new and raw whisky would not surprise us. We could probably have supplied the Committee with evidence tending to show that people who mix their liquors get drunk much sooner than those who keep to a single tap; and such a statement, duly formulated in a Report, might serve to found a Bill providing that after dinner every person should declare his election between port and claret. It is remarkable that this new variety of fanatics are strongly opposed to the Alliance. We had forgotten another line of the Report which may claim our unqualified approval. "The moderate use of alcoholic liquors is unattended by any bad effects"; but still their immoderate use would be attended, under the Report, by the disagreeable effect of imprisonment. It appears that Mr. Dalrymple has written a full account of the visit which he so kindly made to the United States, and a member of the Committee laid the whole of this account before it in the form of a draft Report. The Committee, however, seem to have felt that the adoption of this draft would be rather too much, so the Chairman's composition is only printed in small type. He shows amid his fanaticism occasional gleams of common sense. Thus he quotes the opinion of a law officer of Canada, who said to him, "Whatever you do in shutting up your public-houses, take care you do not drive your people to spirits." He confirms other witnesses in stating that the Maine Liquor Law is habitually evaded. He quotes some examples of the sort of system which he wishes to introduce here. In Pennsylvania commissions of inquiry are issued against drunkards, just as in cases of alleged lunacy among ourselves. If a man is found to be an habitual drunkard, he may be confined in an asylum, or in prison if refractory. "The asylum authorities have as much power over him as a warder over a convict in a penitentiary." The startling proposal that a man who enters an inebriate asylum voluntarily should be detained involuntarily, originates, like many other strange things, in America. Magistrates inflict fines for drunkenness in the United States, and they pay themselves fees out of the fines, which practice is obviously liable to abuse. The authors of the Report insist that drunkenness produced by beer is less prolific in crime than that produced by spirit; and this opinion appears to be entertained in some parts of America, where the sale of beer and cider is permitted, while that of spirits is forbidden. This Report is grotesque, and its conclusions are amazing, but nevertheless its authors may be useful by encountering the fanatics of the Alliance with a zeal equal to their own. Mr. Dalrymple is entitled to the credit of having, by his extravagant absurdity, introduced an element of mirth into a dreary controversy.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

SINCE our last notice of the two Italian operas but very little in the way of novelty has been produced. We have had some singers hitherto unknown to this country, and among them, at Drury Lane, two of more than ordinary promise. These are Signor Campanini, a tenor, and Signor Rota, a barytone-bass. Mr. Gye's French Canadian soprano, Madlle. Emma Albani, whose real name is Lajeunesse, but who assumed the professional title of "Albani" in remembrance of the city in which not long since she made her first public appearance, has already been referred to. Other new comers have been heard, as for example, Madlles. Marie Rose and Carlotta Grossi, at Drury Lane, Madlle. Marianne Brandt, Madame Saar, and Herr Köhler, at Covent Garden. What they have done up to this moment may be speedily told. Madlle. Marie Rose, in one or two of Auber's works at the French Opéra Comique, and especially in the *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, the deceased composer's penultimate opera, earned for herself a reputation which she afterwards seriously imperilled at the great theatre in the Rue Lepelletier, where she made her *début* as Margaret in M. Gounod's *Phœbe*. This lady does not possess the physical requisites for the Grand Opéra; nor is Margaret a character suited to her means. She selected it nevertheless for her first essay before a London audience, and though, on the whole, well received, she created no deeper impression than she had created with the same part in Paris. She simply added one more to the list of demi-failures in a character which, oddly enough, almost every young lady, no matter what her natural gifts and artistic culture, imagine she can play, till experience has taught

her the contrary. We by no means impute that Madlle. Rose is the least meritorious of those aspirants who fall more or less short of M. Gounod's ideal in his musical presentation of Goethe's heroine. On the contrary, she is superior to many who have striven like her, and striven vainly. She is a more than tolerable actress, but has not the power of exhibiting deep emotion. After a way of her own, she is, moreover, a clever vocalist, with a certain command of expression; but her voice, imperfectly trained, is not naturally flexible. Thus the so-called "Jewel-song" in the garden scene of *Phœbe*, generally the show-piece of singers whose voices do possess flexibility, is precisely that which exhibits the shortcomings of Madlle. Rose to disadvantage. She cannot execute the shake and scale which lead up to the theme, with the required facility and evenness. Madlle. Rose has appeared in nothing else of importance, the Italian version of Auber's *Diamant de la Couronne*, under the name of *La Caterina*, in which the Prospector assigns to her the part of Diana, having even thus late in the season, given no sign; and, indeed, we are inclined to doubt whether it will be produced. Nor has *Der Freischütz*, in which she was cast for Annchen (Annetta), a soubrette just in her line, been even put into rehearsal. Madlle. Rose, however, has made herself useful by strengthening the cast of Chorubini's *Deux Journées*, about the production of which masterpiece we shall have a word or two to say further on. Meanwhile, if she can be persuaded to work for the general good, and not look to what, in conventional phrase, is denominated "first business," she may be welcomed as an acquisition of value. Madlle. Carlotta (Grossi, who, despite her name, is German *pur sang*, has only appeared once—at a performance of the *Huguenots*, in which she sustained the part of Marguerite de Valois. Madlle. Grossi is very young, has a fine soprano voice of wide compass, and great vigour of delivery. Her voice, nevertheless, is as yet but a rough diamond, which needs polishing to make its worth evident. She gave much of her music well, portions of it in a less satisfactory manner. On the whole she met with a very warm reception, her handsome appearance, graceful attitudes, and generally dignified deportment (to say nothing of her youth) exercising a manifest influence. Madlle. Grossi's career will be watched with interest.

The new tenor, Signor Campanini, created an extraordinary impression on the night of his first appearance, when he played Gennaro, to the Lucrezia Borgia of Madlle. Tietjens, and the Alphonso of Signor Rota (another stranger). Signor Campanini, whose name did not figure in the prospectus, was an afterthought of Mr. Mapleson's, and turned out a lucky one; for, though we may not be able to rate him altogether so highly as he is rated, for the most part, by our contemporaries, there can be no question that he has hit the public taste, has been a real attraction and a considerable aid to the fortunes of the season. In our opinion, Signor Campanini's voice, musical and telling as it is, wants, to render it as penetrating as it is agreeable, a touch of that "ringing," "metallic" quality which musicians so much admire. Signor Campanini is already versed in all that relates to the art of phrasing, and yet he would be the better for a little more decision of accent. What he lacks, so far as we are competent to judge, is flexibility. He has little or none of what Italian professors suggestively call "*agilità*"—of which Mario was so incomparable a master. Thus his florid singing generally, and his execution of *grappetti* in particular, is seldom satisfying. He declaims, however, with genuine expression; never tortures his phrases by spinning them out indefinitely; is free from exaggeration and affected sentiment; free also from the so-called "*tremolo*," a prevalent vice with the actual race of singers; a complete adept in *messa voce* singing; and, last not least, his intonation is rarely at fault. Then, apart from his qualities as a vocalist, Signor Campanini has an excellent stage presence; is mainly in bearing, graceful in gesture, and, for one of no matured experience, shows more than common intelligence as a comedian. Since his *début*, a success beyond the reach of evil, he has sung better on some occasions than on others. Up to this time we cannot but regard his first part, Gennaro, as his best. Yet in the *Trovatore* he evoked the sympathies of the audience by an eloquent delivery of the address to Leonora ("Ah! sì, ben mio"), and heightened the impression by the enthusiasm which he threw into its vigorous sequel, "*Mi quella pira*." This last, as the phrase is, "drow down the house," and the curtain fell on a second triumph for the new tenor. Neither in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, as Edgardo, nor in *Styphello*, as the Duke of Mantua, although much in both may fairly be eulogized, was Signor Campanini so entirely at ease. Upon what he may eventually become it would be fruitless to speculate. Our own conviction is that, if he does not attain a high rank in his profession—the highest is, we think, beyond his reach—it will be his own fault exclusively. He is gifted with exceptional means, and must learn to make the best of them; he has not with more than ordinary encouragement, and should endeavour to demonstrate his sense of it. If earnest and industrious, he can hardly miss the mark; if neither, so much the worse. In the dearth of good operatic tenors, one so endowed is naturally looked after with anxiety; and all opera-goers must wish that Signor Campanini may reach the *ultimus thale* of his ambition, not more for his sake than for their own. Signor Rota, "from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg," is a barytone-bass of real distinction. He has the same drawback as Signor Foll, being somewhat too tall for stage-effect; otherwise he possesses most of the requisite qualifications. His voice is telling and of good quality; he sings well, in spite of an occasional addition to that obnoxious "*tremolo*," the plague of modern

times; his presence is imposing, and he is thoroughly up in the business of the stage. Signor Rota's first appearance was as Duke Alphonso, when Signor Campanini came out; and though he created a marked effect, particularly in the duet (with Lucresia), and trio (with Lucresia and Gennaro), two conspicuous features of the second act, in the general summing up he was almost forgotten, so absorbed had the audience been with the new tenor, who, in "Di pescatore," the trio of the poisoned cup, the duet of the antidote, and the death scene of Gennaro, pleased beyond measure. In his next parts, however—Antonio (*Linda di Chamouni*), and Mephistopheles (*Faust*)—Signor Rota took ample revenge, and was at once recognized as an artist of superior pretensions. We no longer possess a Tamburini, or a Ronconi; and Mr. Santley having, for the present at least, abandoned the Italian opera, it may be said that there is no Antonio now at hand to be compared with Signor Rota, who in the scene where the old peasant rejects the proffered alms of his daughter, which he imagines to be the price of her dishonour, exhibits a dramatic power beyond the common. As Mephistopheles Signor Rota reminds us occasionally of M. Faure, whose impersonation, if he does not absolutely equal, he fairly emulates. The reading is exactly similar; we have the mocking fiend, blended with the would-be courteous gentleman, which M. Faure portrays in such perfection.

We may add to the list of Mr. Mapleson's new comers the young American *prima donna*, Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg; for, while not unknown to us, she has been some four or five years absent. Miss Kellogg, who raised great hopes when she first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, has more than justified them, and is now a real artist. This was apparent in her *Linda di Chamouni*, and in her *Lucia*, the first two characters assigned to her, both of which she had essayed in London previously. Still more was it apparent in her *Gilda (Rigoletto)*, a performance alike clever and replete with charm. Miss Kellogg is welcome back, and will be always welcome, because she is earnest, and does not choose to halt, as if she believed that she had already reached the goal. If she continues to advance as she has hitherto advanced, great things may confidently be expected of her.

About Mr. Gye's new singers, with the single exception of Madlle. Emma Albani, there is little to say. Madlle. Albani has appeared in the *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Martha*, *Rigoletto*, and *Linda di Chamouni*. She is more than carrying out the promise of her *début*. Extremely young, with a prepossessing exterior, a sweet and sympathetic if not powerful voice, especially agreeable and soft in the higher range of notes, a command of the *mezza voce* rare in beginners, endowed with grace and intelligence, if with no dramatic force, Madlle. Albani has a career before her. Further than this we have nothing to add at present, unless it be that the new comer has won the sympathies of Mr. Gye's subscribers, and is invariably received with the utmost cordiality. That Madlle. Albani has a good deal to learn is undeniable; but, young as she is, she has not contracted any of those vicious habits that might interfere with her future advance. It is long since the director of the Royal Italian Opera has made an acquisition of more promise. About Mr. Gye's new German singers a word will suffice. They have been brought forward now and then, but with comparatively insignificant results. Madlle. Brandt played *Fidelio*, in one of the very worst conceivable performances of Beethoven's opera. Orchestra, chorus, and principals were alike objectionable. But, as Wagner's *Lohengrin*, after all the talk about it, and all the self-sacrifice to which Mr. Gye refers in his prospectus, is *not* to be given, we need say no more of the singers announced to take part in that remarkable work—one of whom, Madlle. Emmy Zimmermann, who was to play Elsa, having not even put in an appearance. In the absence of *Lohengrin* we are destined to find consolation in *Il Guarany*, the fantastic opera by a young Brazilian composer, Carlo Gomez, which has had a certain success with what Mr. Gye terms "the critical audience of the Scala at Milan." Let us hope the consolation may be complete.

What works have been given since our last article on the Italian Operas may be left to the imagination of our readers, who will find enough to guide them in the foregoing remarks, and in what remains to be said about the leading *prime donne* at either theatre. Madame Adelina Patti, at Covent Garden, has been going through a series of characters in which she is so well known and appreciated that to find a new word to say about any one of them would be difficult if not impossible. Abandoning three of her favourite parts (*Amina*, *Lucia*, and *Martha*), for a time at least, to Madlle. Albani, Madame Patti has played *Dinorah*, *Rosina*, *Zerlina (Don Giovanni)*, *Catarina (L'Étoile du Nord)*, and *Leonora (Il Trovatore)*, besides the heroine in Prince Poniatowski's opera—a sort of pendant to the *Esmeralda* of Signor Campanini, which she introduced two years ago as a special means of exhibiting her own accomplishments. *Esmeralda* was performed some three nights at the most. *Gelmina* has been given twice, and despite Madame Patti's brilliant *vaude*, and painful death-scene—painful on account of its too closely realistic truth—has gone the way of all things which do not possess the elements of vitality. It would be waste of time and space to describe such an opera in detail. The libretto is absurd, and as monstrous as it is absurd; while the music consists chiefly of shreds and patches, without a spark of originality, or anything in the setting forth to atone for the want of it. Bouquets were thrown to Madame Patti, in profusion, it is true; plaudits and "recalls" were as frequent as any *prima donna* could desire; and

the composer was brought forward twice by Madame Patti, after the fall of the curtain. The intrinsic value of such demonstrations, however, is too well known in these times, when applause is bestowed upon everybody, bouquets thrown to everybody, and "recalls" awarded to everybody, no matter what the occasion or how such honours may have been merited. That Madame Patti still holds, and is likely to hold, her place at Covent Garden so long as it pleases her, being, in her line, as singer and actress, without a superior, we willingly admit. It may be said, in strict truth, that she improves year by year—which means that she is ever more and more zealously studying her art. But she cannot be fairly complimented on her taste in the choice of new operas to be imposed upon the management of the theatre at which she is engaged. In *Esmeralda* there were, at any rate, two female characters; but in *Gelmina* there is one only, with not even a subordinate to help the matter out; and though that one female character is supported by Madame Patti, the want of a trifle more of the gentle element is not the less felt. Enough, however, about *Gelmina*. Let us trust that Madame Patti will be better advised in her next recommendation of an opera to her director.

Madame Pauline Lucca, Mr. Gye's other great "first-lady," and Madame Patti's only rival, has equally been limited to a series of characters in which she is seen and heard over and over again—such, for example, as *Zerlina (Fra Diavolo)*, *Valentine (the Huguenots)*, *Leonora (the Favorita)*, *Cherubino (Le Nozze di Figaro)*, *Selika (L'Africaine)*, and *Margaret (Faust e Marguerite)*. To these she has been allowed to add *Pamina (Il Flauto Magico)*, in which she has no great chance of distinction in her peculiar way, and *Agatha*, in *Der Freischütz* (with M. Faure, as Caspar), in which, fortunately, she has several chances of distinction, of every one of which she avails herself. We cannot remember, often as we have heard Weber's most characteristic opera, any representation of the part, all its requirements taken into consideration, more original, more full of genuine sentiment, and more complete than the *Agatha* of Madame Lucca. It is a creation of the rarest type. Madame Lucca has every essential, it is true. She looks the character to perfection; her voice enables her to give all effect to the music, and her dramatic genius stands her equally in good stead. She is so much the *Agatha* of the poet and the *Agatha* of the composer, that she rivets attention from the commencement of her first scene to the termination of her last. Her delivery of the *scena* in Act II., where *Agatha* awaits the return of her lover, is a striking example of musical declamation, and the enthusiasm it excites is fully accounted for. In this, the only opportunity accorded to Madame Lucca of earning fresh laurels during the season, she has earned them, and legitimately.

What can be said about Madlle. Christine Nilsson, except that she is engaged by Mr. Mapleson for twelve representations, that she has already appeared seven times, that the characters she has hitherto assumed are *Violetta (La Traviata)*, *Marguerite (Faust)*, and *Lucia*, and that to-night she is to treat us with another novelty, in the shape of *Martha*? Madlle. Nilsson's two years in America, we may add, have not exactly improved either her voice or her style. The voice is still exquisite (it could never be otherwise); the vocalization is still for the most part admirable; but she has partially thrown off that quiet grace which, mistaken of old, by certain critics, for coldness, was in her an inherent and abiding charm. She seems now bent upon being highly dramatic, which is foreign to her nature. Perhaps this may wear off, and Madlle. Nilsson may again return to her old enchanting ways, again attract every spectator by her unobtrusive manner, and every hearer by those soft and dulcet tones, which used to come from her throat as from the throat of a bird—unpremeditated as irresistible. That Madlle. Nilsson is always the accomplished artist none can deny; but there is a something gone from her that was wont to fascinate by its simple unaffectedness, and that we, and all her admirers, would like to see brought back again. She is now prone to overdo expression, whereas formerly everything came quite naturally, and she could conquer with a look, a smile, or a tone. Each of the three parts she has assumed this year left upon us the impression to which we refer—not so vividly, perhaps, *Lucia* as the others, but still in a great measure even *Lucia*. We had hoped to see the gifted songstress in some new character; but we are doomed to disappointment. Not only is she to play no new character, but we are not even to witness again her impersonations of *Desdemona (Otello)* and *Mignon*, in M. Ambroise Thomas's opera so-called. We presume there is no help for it, or assuredly, if for his own interests alone, the director of Her Majesty's Opera would have again introduced Madlle. Nilsson in one or both. As it happens, the public must rest satisfied with four or five works so often heard that even such an exceptional artist cannot put a fresh bloom upon them. No one particularly wanted *Hamlet* (the last scene excepted); but many longed for *Otello*, and at least as many for *Mignon*.

*Proh pudor!* The *Deux Journées* of Cherubini, one of the greatest masterpieces of one of the greatest of masters—though never before produced in this *so distant* music-loving country as the composer wrote it, though got up with exemplary care by Sir Michael Costa, who has set the spoken dialogues to accompanied recitative in a manner that Cherubini himself would not have disowned; though every part was well played, from that of Madlle. Tietjens to the lowest in the cast, and though the orchestra and chorus were irreproachable, was, in so far as the substantial interests of the theatre are concerned, a *fiasco*. The house, at the first representation (the only representation, indeed, no second

being announced) was about three parts filled; and as a very large proportion of the audience consisted of musical professors, we need scarcely say that, take it for all in all, that audience was not absolutely a "paying" audience. There was a good gallery, of course; and had there been such a thing as a pit, there would have been a good pit; for pit and gallery have a real love of art—as may be remembered time out of mind; but boxes and stalls for the most part only look upon the Opera as a lounge, and if their occupants are compelled to listen attentively to anything more than the favourite airs of soprano or tenor, regard the whole thing as more or less of a bore. The fact is that Italian opera ways, and Italian opera prices, leave good music, unless under peculiarly exceptional circumstances which need not be particularized, out of the question. In former times Italian opera was a luxury for the Lord Mount Edgcombe class of amateurs; and it must be admitted that the class stood up manfully for what it considered to be good music, and even raised objections to the then coming man, Rossini, because his orchestration was so full as to drown the voices of the singers. At all events, right or wrong, this class of amateurs was earnest in its convictions. Now, for a long time past, Italian opera has not been food for men, but food for children; and so pure and beautiful a thing as Cherubini's opera, with so simple and blameless a libretto, is voted dull, and none of the fashionable world can be persuaded to go and see it. Thus the manager has no alternative but to withdraw the work. Under these circumstances we shall not give ourselves the trouble to describe it. Enough that the Italian Opera season of 1872 will be remembered for two signal failures—*Gelmina* and *Les Deux Journées*. Happily they cannot be classed together as "arcades ambo."

## REVIEWS.

### REEVE'S ROYAL AND REPUBLICAN FRANCE.\*

MR. REEVE, like several other people, has thought good to reprint his Essays in a book. His motive for so doing is, by his own account, a praiseworthy one. He has studied and thought much about the French Revolution, and he thinks that "the results of the French Revolution are a palpable demonstration" of certain truths, and that it is "important to lay to heart certain irresistible lessons." We gather that, had not Mr. Reeve stepped in, these palpable demonstrations and irresistible lessons were likely to have faded away from men's minds; for he tells us that he has "ventured to collect and republish these chapters of the history of France, before they are entirely forgotten." The essays themselves, we gather from another part of Mr. Reeve's preface, were originally suggested by "occasions and incidents," and these occasions and incidents were "diverse and multifarious." But, diverse and multifarious as they were, the essays "have not the less a common purpose." We confess that, after reading through Mr. Reeve's two volumes, we do not quite see the common purpose; though we dare say this is our own fault. But it is plain that Mr. Reeve has been stirred up at sundry times and in diverse manners to write about the French Revolution and about other things before and since the French Revolution. And of the diverse manners in which Mr. Reeve writes the latest is not the best. In the preface and during a large part of the second volume he is very angry. We are far from blaming him for his anger. When a man has to write about such things as some of the doings of the Communists in Paris, he does well to be angry. But, as a rule, a man who writes when he is angry, even when he does well by being so, will not write much that is likely to be worth the keeping. At any rate, in order to do so, he must be something else besides being angry. Many an angry man has written with great eloquence; some angry men have even lighted on new truths and new views of things. But Mr. Reeve is simply angry and nothing else. Instead of stirring him up to anything like eloquence, his anger stirs him up only to a further use of those big, unmeaning, Latinized words whose use half-educated people take for grand writing. As for new truths and new views, we feel as strongly as Mr. Reeve about the murder of the Archbishop and the hostages; but though Mr. Reeve seems to think that, without him, all these chapters of French history would soon have been "entirely forgotten," we somehow think that we could have managed to remember them even without the help of Mr. Reeve. Much of his writing comes under the head of things which are true, but not new. But statements of this respectable, if not very enlivening, class are mixed up with a good many which are new, but not true. Mr. Reeve is specially unlucky when he puts on the mantle of the prophet. Some perhaps may remember what, we believe, has been his highest flight of political sagacity. When he published his translation of De Tocqueville in the midst of the American war, he wound up his preface in a stately and emphatic manner which few could rival, with the assurance that "the destinies of the American people would be fulfilled." This prediction had the great advantage that it could not help coming true, whatever might be the result of the civil war. Mr. Reeve, emboldened perhaps by this undoubted success, ventured afterwards on a prediction about the destinies of the French people which

was somewhat more definite, and therefore, as it happened, much what less lucky. Mr. Reeve, writing in January 1871, spoke as follows:—

In spite, however, of all that is past, France has still the moral energy to carry on this great contest for national independence. Victory is the prize of those who can make war longest; and if aught of her ancient spirit remains, she will not treat as long as a stranger treads her soil.

Now all the world knows that France did treat while the stranger trod her soil, and that now, a year and some months after she treated, the stranger is treading her soil still. The alternatives are two. Either Mr. Reeve was altogether mistaken in his ideas of what was going to happen, or else what did happen proved that nought of the ancient spirit of France—whatever that may be—remained. Mr. Reeve had his choice either to strike the passage out or to accept either of these alternatives. The first course would have been hard; the passage has a ring of the heroic style about it which would have made any writer unwilling to draw his pen through it. And of the remaining alternatives both must have been very unpleasant. Still it would have been better to accept either of them than to go floundering about through the mass of words in which Mr. Reeve does his best to prove two things, but naturally proves neither:—

I am aware that the concluding lines of the foregoing essay were thought at the time to express a hope which subsequent events did not justify, and which, even when it was published, could not be justified. But although France might doubtless have obtained somewhat easier terms of peace from her invaders after the capitulation of Sedan, if the Government of the Emperor Napoleon had not been overthrown by the revolution of the 4th of September, yet I confess that I am still one of those who hold that the effort made by France to carry on the war for five months longer, though the result was disastrous, is the one fact which in some degree redeems the honour of the nation. She displayed at least a certain amount of moral energy and physical vigour in that part of the contest; not enough to save her from defeat, but enough to wipe out a portion of the stain on her national character and her honour. This was the sentiment which dictated the concluding lines of this essay; and the reluctance with which she was brought to submit to an oppressive and humiliating peace was the last proof she could give that something of her long greatness still remained in the hearts of her people. I therefore leave the expression unchanged.

This brings us back to the fact that this passage, like several others, is an old friend at which we had our laugh in times past, when it appeared in its former state of being in the *Edinburgh Review*. We therefore looked specially for one or two of the most wonderful passages in the wonderful essay—the last but one, that headed "France in 1870"—from which we have just made an extract. We will for a moment borrow some of the flowers of Mr. Reeve's rhetoric. Mr. Reeve says, "Ere we conclude, we cannot but express the profound sorrow with which we witness even the momentary eclipse of the brightest planet in our system" (ii. 303). The brightest planet in Mr. Reeve's system seems to be France, and the whole sentence, when done into English, seems to mean that Mr. Reeve is very sorry at the overthrow of France by Germany. But the bright planets, or rather comets, the brilliant flashes which mark the somewhat erratic course of Mr. Reeve through the paths of history and politics, have none of them suffered even a momentary eclipse. He still likens the institutions of Sparta and those of Prussia on the ground of "the authority of the Kings" in each country. We believe that we asked before, but we ask again, Will Mr. Reeve be good enough to tell us the name of the Emperor William's colleague, or what body there is in Prussia which has power to put him in prison? We are still told that in arts as well as in arms, in literature, scientific research, and so forth, Germany is no more worthy to be named beside France "than the Macedonians were to rival the glory of Athens." King Philip indeed may pass for a Macedonian Moltke and a Macedonian Bismarck in one, but we ask again for a Macedonian Leibnitz, a Macedonian Goethe, a Macedonian Grimm. When we remember the strange havoc which Mr. Reeve, in translating De Tocqueville, made of the English and French languages, we are tempted to ask whether he understands the German language at all. At any rate his knowledge of German literature and learning must be about on a level with his knowledge of the New Testament. Mr. Reeve, speaking of those who bring wholesale charges of immorality and irreligion against the French people, draws a very proper distinction between different classes. He speaks up—as far as our knowledge goes, with perfect truth—on behalf of "the great mass of the rural population in France." But then he adds, "we hold very cheap the pretensions of those who think God they are not as those Sadducees." We presume then that, as Mr. Reeve has found out some otherwise unknown likeness in government and literature between Macedonia and Prussia, he has also found out some equally unexpected points of likeness between Sadducees and Publicans.

These reminiscences of Mr. Reeve's essays in their earlier state of being bring us to another point. Mr. Reeve has nowhere taken the trouble to give his writings that degree of polish and correction which is needed in turning an article in a periodical work even of the highest class into an essay which is to form a chapter in a permanent book. In periodical writing it is almost impossible to avoid a certain *tut-tut-tut*—if we may borrow a phrase from an intelligent savage—about the writer and the reader and the article itself, how "space fails," and all the rest. A good writer, even in a newspaper, avoids this kind of thing as much as possible, but perhaps no one can get rid of it altogether, even in a quarterly review. But in a book this kind of thing is intolerable. Now in Mr. Reeve's fashion it is more offensive than in any other writer that we can remember. We cannot turn over an essay of Mr. Reeve's without meeting at every

\* *Royal and Republican France. A Series of Essays reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review," "Quarterly Review," and "British and Foreign Review." By Thomas Reeve. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.*

step such phrases as these—"Our limits forbid us to enter at length," "We are unwilling to deviate from the more precise object of these pages," "We cannot ask our readers to accompany us through the technical details of Mollien's operations." Or again, we are told that certain letters from De Tocqueville to Sir George Lewis "are of extreme interest, but their length forbids us to quote them here." On this last occasion Mr. Reeve "confines himself to one observation." But the following passage, which lets us behind the curtain and gives us the privilege of seeing Mr. Reeve in the very act of making an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, is the very gem of its own class:—

We had already written these remarks, when it occurred to us to turn to a half-forgotten passage in which M. de Tocqueville has described with his wonted sagacity the same distinction, and traced its consequences. The page [sic] is so remarkable, and so apposite to the present state of things in France, that at the risk of forfeiting our own credit for originality we transcribe it.

It would certainly not have come into our heads to give Mr. Reeve credit for originality, but it may very likely have come into the head of somebody else, and at all events Mr. Reeve is doubtless the happier for thinking that a belief in his originality is so firmly fixed in the mind of the world in general that he can afford to be magnanimous about it. But conceive any man first sitting down to write this kind of thing in a review, and then deliberately printing it again in a book. Let us try to measure the distance between an *Edinburgh* article as written and republished by Mr. Reeve and an *Edinburgh* article as written and republished by Lord Macaulay. The difference is simply that wide gap which divides the literary gentleman from the scholar. So again, after a long extract from a letter of M. de Tocqueville, Mr. Reeve tells us, "This noble passage is so characteristic of M. de Tocqueville's enlightened regard for this country, that we have stepped out of our course to quote it." But Mr. Reeve has not stepped out of his course to quote it. This fashion of quotation is in his course throughout his whole book. Page after page is stuffed full of extracts in small print from De Tocqueville and other people. This is done in a way which was distinctly overdoing it even in the first periodical form of the essays, but which, now that they are gathered together into a book, is utterly intolerable. The mere fact of putting such essays together shows that the author looks on them as having more than an ephemeral value. If he does so, it would surely be only civil to his readers to do something to relieve them from a merely ephemeral shape. Either Mr. Reeve would not take this trouble, or he did not know how to set about it. So we not only have the commonplace of Mr. Reeve's matter and the vulgarisms of his style—"virile" for "manly," "debile" [sic] for "weak," "febrile" for "feverish," and all the Latinisms of an unscholarly writer—but we have also all the cant phrases of periodical writing carried to a degree which even in periodical writing would be utterly wearisome. The only place where Mr. Reeve seems to have done much in the way of revision is in the article headed "Mirabeau," where "some passages were slightly modified, and some additions made to that article by the late Mr. Croker, whose knowledge of the details of the French Revolution was most extensive and accurate. But as," Mr. Reeve adds, "these emendations were of small importance, the essay is here restored to its original form." Perhaps readers of the *Edinburgh Review* in later times, when they come across a scholarly article patched up here and there by bits in the style of a penny-a-liner, may be tempted to think of the words "co immitior, quia toleraverat." But Mr. Reeve as writer and Mr. Croker as reviser must have been well matched. What Mr. Croker was we have been taught by Lord Macaulay; what Mr. Reeve is we have been taught by Mr. Reeve himself. Still we wonder whether Mr. Croker altered and Mr. Reeve restored the passage in which Mr. Reeve, translating a French letter, says, "I do not think the throne, and still more the dynasty, have ever run a greater danger."

We might stop here altogether; but there is something worthy of thought in the fact that volumes such as these should have come from the same quarter which once sent forth the brilliant essays of Macaulay. And Mr. Reeve's writings touch on important subjects, and his treatment of some of them is, in its own way, instructive. Having therefore said what we have to say about the form of Mr. Reeve's essays, we must still give another article to their matter.

#### ORISSA.\*

(Second Notice)

IN a former notice we dealt chiefly with the second volume of Mr. Hunter's work on Orissa. The name of the province at once suggested the great natural calamities of which it has been the theatre, and the measures that have been taken to prevent their recurrence. But the first volume, which is mainly concerned with the religious history of Orissa, is by far the most interesting of the two. The possession of the temple of Jagannath gives Orissa a more than provincial importance; and in India, more than in any other country perhaps, the history of religion is the history of the people. Orissa however does not present that vast legendary antiquity which has grown up round Indian kingdoms more favoured by nature. Down to the sixth century B.C. the land was still being made. The muddy jungle which the Mahabharata went on piling up along the shores and in the very bed

of its estuary had to become solid earth before history could claim it. The first inhabitants of whom any trace remains are the hill tribes and fishing races whose descendants remain to this day. In the midst of these dwelt the Buddhist communities who have left to Orissa its first architectural monuments. In parts of the province the hills are "honeycombed with cells and temples." These caves represent three distinct stages of religious progress or decline. The first is the age of asceticism. The earliest cells are "scarcely bigger than the lair of a wild beast, and almost as inaccessible." By and by these homes of solitary hermits give place to excavations intended for the meetings of religious communities. In the third age monastic life has become identified with the Court. The sculptures which adorn the latest excavations have nothing of religion in them until the prince and princess whose acts are represented, after enjoying to the full the pomps and pleasures of the world, have retired to end their days in contemplation. The inscriptions which preserve the eleven edicts put forth by Asoka, the Buddhist Emperor of Northern India, are probably older by at least a century than the latest of these sculptures. They date from the year 250 B.C. and their contents give a vivid picture of Buddhism at the height of its influence. Its one great feature "is its intense humanity. It provides alike for the bodily comfort and for the eternal salvation of all whom it can reach." It lays solemn commands upon its followers "to go forth among all races, and to all countries, and to preach 'the righteousness which passeth knowledge.' " At the same time "it cares for the sick, it digs wells for the thirsty wayfarer, it plants shady resting groves for man and beast." This characteristic of Buddhism should always be borne in mind as the exception to the ethnical isolation which has usually marked the Sanskrit-speaking races of India. "Buddhism is as typical a religion of these Sanskrit races as the Brahmanism which went before it and the Hinduism which succeeded it."

The Buddhist dynasty in Orissa, which Mr. Hunter believes to have been of Greek origin, was overthrown in 474 A.D. The kings of the Lion line were Brahmanical from the first. "The ancient Sanskrit gods, who had all along co-existed more or less distinctly with Buddhism, now asserted their supremacy, and came forth arrayed in their now garb as modern Hindu deities." Before the middle of the seventh century of our era the contest between Buddhism and Siva worship had practically ceased:—

Temples to the All-Destroyer formed the great public works of the six centuries during which the Lion line ruled Orissa. Their founder began the lofty tower at Bhuvanagar about 500 A.D.; two succeeding monarchs laboured on it, and the fourth of the house completed it in A.D. 657. A slab inscription some centuries later recounts how a pious princess reared another "cloud reaching temple with four beautiful halls" to the Lord Siva, "who destroys the sins of his worshippers, and gives salvation to those who touch (his image) in his holy place." Almost the only event by which the Palm Leaf Record relieves its monotonous list of kings of the ninth century is the erection of the Siva temple in Puri. And the last public act of the dynasty was the building of the beautiful vestibule to the great shrine at Bhuvanagar, between 1099 and 1104 A.D., or barely thirty years before the extinction of the race.

Bhuvanagar, the political capital of the Sivaite dynasty, once contained 7,000 shrines clustered round the great central tower, and friezes, scrolls, and carvings of wonderful beauty still adorn the long deserted walls. Jagpur, the ecclesiastical capital, served for centuries as a quarry from which Musalmán conquerors built their mosques and palaces. To this day, however, the traveller wanders "amid dilapidated temples, time-worn flights of river stairs, statues ignominiously cast upon their faces, noseless gods and jungle-buried monoliths." Three colossal statues, each formed of a single block of chlorite, representing the wife of Siva, the Queen of Heaven, and the Earth Goddess, were raised by an English magistrate in 1866. The first is represented as a naked skeleton with a death's head over her forehead and an endless string of skulls wound about her body. In another monolith she is drawn at the moment of her victory over the demon host—a "brimming cup of blood in one of her four hands, and a battle-axe in another." Yet Siva-worship was to the last an imported creed in Orissa. Jagpur was the seat, not of a native hierarchy, but of a priestly class invited by the founder of the Lion line from Oudh. The original Aryan conquerors, despised by the new comer and christened Worldly or Root-growing Brahmins, long clung to their Buddhist creed; and this schism between the royal and the popular faiths, joined to the growing demoralization of a Court religion, probably paved the way for the overthrow of the Sivaite line of kings in 1132 of our era, and the substitution for them of a new line of Vishnuvite sovereigns. For the worship of Vishnu had far more affinity with Buddhism than that of Siva, and though the descendants of the imported priests, even in Puri, the great centre of Vishnuvite pilgrimage and ritual, worship Siva as their village god, the older settlers became Vishnuvites the moment that the new dynasty had established itself.

It is this latest faith that has made Orissa famous. Earlier forms of belief, indeed, have contributed to its religious pre-eminence, and still surround it with peculiar sanctity:—

From the moment the pilgrim passes the Baitarani River he stands on holy ground. On the southern side of the river rises a shrine after shrine to Siva, the All-Destroyer. On its very bank he beholds the house of Yamah, the King of the Dead, and as he crosses over the priest whips him into his boat, the last text which is breathed over the dying Hindu. At the moment the spirit takes its flight. "In the grand gloom of Yamah's hall, in the tepid Baitarani River." On leaving the stream he enters Jagpur, sacred to Parvati, the wife of the All-Destroyer. To the south-west is the region of pilgrimage sacred to the sun, now scarcely visited, with its mysterious ruins looking down in desolate beauty across the Bay of Bengal. To the south-



west is the region of pilgrimage dedicated to Siva, with its city of temples, which once clustered, according to native tradition, to the number of 7,000, around the sacred lake.

But far above all these shrines, consecrated as they are by past glories or present devotion, is the city of Puri,

known to every hamlet throughout India, and to every civilized nation on earth, as the abode of Jagannáth, the Lord of the World. Here is the national temple, whither the people flock to worship. Here is the *Swarga Dwára*, the Gate of Heaven, whither thousands of pilgrims come to die, lulled to their last sleep by the roar of the eternal ocean. Twenty generations of devout Hindus have gone through life haunted with a perpetual yearning to visit this shrine. On its fever-stricken sand-hills a nation's adoring love has been lavished. "Even Siva is unable to comprehend its glory; how feeble then the efforts of mortal men!"

The main characteristic of the religion of Jagannáth is its catholicity. It is catholic both as regards its worshippers and as regards its rites. In the former respect, indeed, it has fallen from its original purity, for the temple gates are now closed against unquestionable non-Aryans like the neighbouring hill tribes and the landless servile castes. But in theory, priest and peasant are equal in the presence of the Lord of the World. The rice which is offered to him is eaten by the lowest as well as the highest. In the latter respect the temple of Jagannáth is a pantheon of itself. Every Indian sect finds its worship represented within its precincts. Every form of Indian belief has contributed to the composite idea which Jagannáth embodies. "He is Vishnu, under whatever form and by whatever title men call upon his name."

Mr. Hunter devotes a chapter of much interest to the pilgrimages which form the most striking and characteristic feature of the worship of Jagannáth. The whole of India is divided into districts, which are allotted to the head abbots of the several monasteries which encircle the temple at Puri. Each of these ecclesiastics maintains a staff of pilgrim guides, who go from village to village throughout the district belonging to their chief, preaching pilgrimage as the means of liberation from sin. The monotonous life which the women of India lead renders them especially open to such exhortations. The guide usually visits a house when the husband has gone out to the fields, and by the time he returns the sermon has done its work. Of the bands of pilgrims which are daily arriving at Puri, not more than ten per cent. are males. The latter part of the journey is usually made on foot, and long before they reach the Holy City many of the weakest have died upon the road, while the rest are lamed by the rough roads or prostrated by some form of bowel-complaint. The guide does his best to sustain their resolution, and to prevent the retreat which would make his labours useless to his employer. Once within sight of Puri their pains are all forgotten. They hurry across the bridge, plunge into one of the sacred reservoirs, and then, after arraying themselves in fresh garments which they have brought with them, proceed to the temple. There the guide makes them over to the priest who employs him, and the round of the various shrines is begun. Every day the pilgrims bathe in one of the artificial lakes, and each evening they rush into the surf on one specially sacred part of the sandy shore. This same spot, the *Swarga Dwára*, the Gate of Heaven, is also the burial-place of generations of pilgrims who have died at Puri:—

Every evening the funeral pyres may be seen glancing across the water, while groups sit sadly round in the fitful light. Devotees from every province of India come hither to do the last office for a brother, or a parent, or a wife. I have talked to many pilgrims in this shrine of death; and so far as one man can judge of the inner life of another, some of them had drawn very near in their hearts to God. One little group came to bury their mother. They had journeyed with a pilgrim band from the far West beyond the limits of British India, and had visited the great shrines at Allahabad, Benares, and Gaya upon the way. They had done as much of their journey as they could by railway; but they had walked about 500 miles besides. The journey had taken three months. One-sixth of them had already died. But the oldest woman in the party, a brave up-country matron, had never flinched. She had constantly urged them forward, in order, she said, that she might reach the holy city before she died. The same day she arrived she prevailed upon the priests to conduct her to the temple, where she gazed in silent rapture upon the god. Next morning she fell ill. The other pilgrims began to recover their strength, but she gradually declined; and now her sons had come to burn her body on the sands. She had reached the gate of heaven at last. They laid down the bier at the edge of the sea, till the ripples wetted the vermilion-sprinkled yellow shroud. A green leaf had been placed in her girdle and another in her breast. Then, with all her ornaments around her arms and ankles, they laid her on the pile, and in a few minutes the forked flames flashed up into the skies.

Of the particular ceremonial which has made the name of Jagannáth so famous, the self-immolation of the worshippers at the annual car festival, Mr. Hunter finds no present trace. The whole spirit of Vishnu-worship seems to be opposed to it. Even accidental death within the temple is enough to make it unclean. "The ritual suddenly stops, and the polluted offerings are hurried away from the sight of the offended god." The religious literature relating to the festival makes no mention of it. Mr. Hunter is inclined to think that the ritual of Jagannáth may originally have included many ceremonies borrowed from the rival ritual of Siva, and that though these were probably excluded under the influence of Chaviana, the Vishnuite reformer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century of our era, the tradition of them has survived, and has served, together with the misrepresentation of Mahomedans, the credulity of travellers, and the piety of missionaries, to make the name of Jagannáth synonymous with organized self-slaughter." Besides this the incidents of the car festival have sometimes lent themselves both to suicide and death by misadventure. "In a closely packed, eager throng of a hundred thousand men and women, many of them unaccustomed to exposure or hard labour, and all of them tugging

and straining to the utmost under the blazing tropical sun, deaths must occasionally occur. There have doubtless been instances of pilgrims throwing themselves under the wheels in a frenzy of religious excitement. But such instances have always been rare, and are now unknown. At one time several unhappy people were killed or injured every year; but they were almost invariably cases of accidental trampling. The few suicides that did occur were almost invariably cases of diseased and miserable objects who took this means to put themselves out of pain." If, however, the worship of Jagannáth is not chargeable with death by self-immolation, it is the cause of a vast number of deaths of a more ordinary kind. During their stay at Puri the pilgrims live on the boiled rice and other similar foods which have been cooked by the priests and presented to Jagannáth. This food being holy, every particle of it must be consumed, and as putrefaction sets in within twenty-four hours, much of it is eaten when in a state highly injurious to health. The houses in Puri are built on little platforms, beneath the centre of which is a cesspool. In a tropical temperature this is continually throwing off pestilential gases, for which the construction of the buildings afford no outlet. Into these houses the pilgrims are crowded with an utter disregard of comfort or health. Eighteen persons is the average to each house. In one room, measuring 20 feet by 12, forty-five persons were crammed. In another, measuring 13 feet by 10½ feet, with but one entrance and no windows, eighty persons passed the night. These statistics refer to the dry season, when great numbers sleep out of doors. But the car festival comes at the beginning of the rains, when no one will sleep under the open sky who can by any means of packing possibly find a roof under which to lie. Even the sufferings of the pilgrims at Puri are not so bad as their sufferings on the journey home. Every stream is flooded, and days sometimes pass before the ferry-boats will venture to ply. At night the villages in which they seek shelter are too small to give covered sleeping places to more than a fraction. The remainder "sit upon the wet grass, not daring to lie down, rocking themselves to a monotonous chant something between a whimper and a moan, through the long and dismal night." The very lowest estimate of the deaths from these causes in Puri and on the road puts them at ten thousand annually. Nor is this the sum of the mischief. Cholera can always be traced back to India, and the great source of cholera in India is Puri. "These overcrowded, pest-haunted dens around Jagannáth may become at any moment the centre from which the disease radiates to the great manufacturing towns of France and England." Yet what can be done to prevent this? Pilgrimage cannot be forbidden, and any efficient regulation of it would involve a very large outlay. This might be met by a sanitary tax upon the pilgrims, but for the probability that any such mode of raising money might be accepted by the natives, and would certainly be denounced by the missionaries, as a public recognition of idolatrous worship. It is true of Orissa, even more than of other parts of India, that "the ignorance, prejudices, and suspicions of the people on the one hand, and the vast demands upon the revenue for more visibly and perhaps more urgently needed public works on the other, do not leave sanitation a chance."

We take leave of Mr. Hunter with many of the subjects of interest with which his book deals still untouched. The account of the tenure of land in Orissa, which fulfils a promise given in his earlier volume "to set forth the rights of the various classes interested in the soil, from evidence collected from the rural records," deserves especially careful study. If we have any fault to find with these volumes, it is that the order in which the subjects are treated is not always a very obvious one. The history of Jagannáth, for example, which forms the third stage in the religious history of Orissa, is mostly given in a separate and earlier chapter, and only completed in the chapter in which it finds its natural place. But a mere defect of form such as this is no real drawback to the pleasure which Mr. Hunter's work will give to every reader who cares to see a great subject worthily handled.

#### THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.\*

PERHAPS there is no disposition of mind more profitable to the novelist, at all events to one who sets himself to write a great many novels, than unflagging fidelity to his calling. There are occasions when lazy folks reckon observation, flights of fancy, attention even to pleasant congenial things, as work. Their notion of a holiday is rest to their higher faculties. In this mood the fairest material for a scene or a plot passes before their eyes without causing them one thought of making capital out of it. When they laid aside the pen, it was an understood thing, a bargain with themselves, that the relaxation should be thorough and unbroken. In strong contrast with such shiftless indolence stands the author of the *Golden Lion of Granpere*. If writing books is a *métier*, as we are told it is on high authority, Mr. Trollope is among its most indefatigable followers. With him it is a business never to be laid aside. It is no pleasure to him to turn his back upon it. But we are not therefore to suppose that he never takes holiday. We may fairly presume that business in its sterner sense did not lead him to *Alance*; but the thrifty use of opportunities, the readiness to make the most of what chance offers, is among the supreme delights of active minds. They dread a total cessation from labour. Once

\* *The Golden Lion of Granpere*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.

let the thread go, how can they be sure of finding the end again? To be idle is to lose self-respect. They feel with the poet,

Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion like a rusty mail.

It is clearly no pleasure to Mr. Trollope to lie by, to leave his gifts to rust from disuse. No day must pass without a picture taken into the memory, a scene sketched out, some glimmer of a plot seized for future elaboration. The difference between his business and his holiday work lies rather in quality than quantity; in the one human nature is treated in its outside superficial aspect as a traveller sees it, in the other with the deeper insight of close study and experience. Where his personages lead a life and speak a language out of the range of this experience, he is content to be sketchy and general, to make his people love and hate as human beings according to his preconceived notions, without much attempt to qualify these operations according to country, or religion, or race. What so practised an observer sees he can report picturesquely. Given certain figures in costume, certain accessories, and the merest passing glimpse behind the scene helps him to arrange them into a semblance of foreign life and manners. But, in fact, there is no appearance in this story of Alsatian life of the author's knowing more of the mind, manners, and character of the Alsations than could be gathered by one or two days spent at an hotel a little out of the main route. It was not because of any peculiar attraction in the people, or of his interest in a critical political situation, but simply because he was there, that he laid his scene in this world-renowned province, his fancy possibly stimulated by some examples of a striking physiognomy. Every pretty girl is a possible heroine. Wherever she is to be found there are sure to be lovers, whether the scene lies in England or Alsace. This central figure in the "Golden Lion" is so far foreign that her calling and avocations have nothing exactly to answer to them in our own country. In other respects we should have thought her views of things were more those of an English Protestant girl than of a Roman Catholic Alsatian. We do not doubt, however, that Mr. Trollope has seen Marie Bromar dispensing soup to the guests of a *table d'hôte*; has noted her manners, half as equal, half as dependent, towards her uncle the host; has seen her get her meals standing, at haphazard, too busy to eat like other people; and finally, when the labours of the table are over, has seen her standing behind her uncle with her hands on his head, a situation certainly not English. We don't think he heard her tell him that she preferred regular meals to "picking and stealing," for that is out of the English Catechism. He has also caught what must necessarily be the accomplishments of an active, zealous, clever girl so situated, which, as a specimen of a first-rate education of circumstances, are worth enumerating:—

During the five years of her residence at Grunpere she had thoroughly learned the mysteries of her uncle's trade. She knew good wine from bad by the perfume; she knew whether bread was the full weight by the touch; with a glance of her eye she could tell whether the cheese and butter were what they ought to be; in a matter of poultry no woman in all the commune could take her in; she was great in judging eggs; knew well the quality of linen; was even able to calculate how long the hay should last, and what should be the consumption of corn in the stables. Michel Voss was well aware, before Marie had been a year beneath his roof, that she well earned the morsel she ate and the drop she drank; and when she had been there five years, he was ready to swear that she was the cleverest girl in Lorraine and Alsace.

Mr. Trollope has really got up all the duties of a waitress at such an hotel as the "Lion d'or" with a remarkable fulness of detail. Nothing is omitted that a curious traveller would see, who, recognizing the business of his intellectual life in every human being that comes before him, attentively follows every action, and traces it to its meaning. We are told how Marie brushes away crumbs, puts away bottles and dishes, locks up cupboards, keeps accounts; how it is pleasant to watch her eyes as she dispenses the soup, interprets the wants of the guests, notes the dirty hands of the boy assistant to be commented upon afterwards, and so on; but, after all, this does not convince us that Mr. Trollope can guess any the better for all these particulars what would pass between her and her priest as to the question which of her lovers she must choose and which throw over. And it is the same with the curé, M. Gondin. We have the outer man pretty distinctly before us, as he dines every Sunday a guest at the *table d'hôte* at the side of the Catholic hostess, and obeys the Protestant host's stipulation that he shall converse only on general topics. We rely upon Mr. Trollope in the matter of the clean collar put on in honour of the betrothal. We have no doubt he is strictly correct as to the blackness of the beard which is shaved at capricious intervals on Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, but which was very black indeed on Tuesday and Friday mornings. He may also be trusted to have read Madame Voss's mind correctly, who certainly would have wished that the good man should have himself shaved at any rate every other day; but this does not help him to any real knowledge of the relation between pastor and flock.

The management of the story strikes us as showing the same want of easy familiarity with the inner life and thought of the people whom Mr. Trollope deals with. We perceive a clash between the French and English modes of managing matrimonial affairs. Marie Bromar and George Voss get engaged to one another in English fashion, no opinion and no leave asked. She promises to be his wife on her own responsibility, without any apparent doubt of her right to do so; though of course she would not marry him against his father's wish. But the

uncle disposes of her to somebody else, as though she were absolutely his possession, at first without consulting her inclinations, and then running violently counter to them. And she acknowledges his authority, and for a time submits to it. It is not easy for anybody out of France thoroughly to master this question; reading scarcely helps one to understand it; but there is an apparent inconsistency. A native would recognize a foreign hand in the plot. Tyrannical men, however, who will have their own way, belong to no country, and the uncle, Michel Voss, overbearing and yet kind and loveable, is a spirited delineation. There is this convenience in a plot depending on unreasonable caprice, that the complications of the story can be cleared up at any moment. Michel Voss is violently set on marrying his wife's niece to a linen merchant of Basle, to whom Marie is utterly averse, and he is equally determined that she shall not marry his son; though all the time he is excessively fond of her, and her loss to the "Lion d'or" will be irreparable, like the loss of his right leg, as he tells her. Of course there is no one point at which such unreasonableness should yield more than at another; it can last just as long as the author pleases, and come to an end when the paper to be covered approaches its last sheet. The one submission to the foreign code of duty, the one distinction between Marie and her sister heroines of British birth, is to be found in her personal devotion and duty being divided between her lover and her uncle. No English girl under Mr. Trollope's management would let the dearest uncle or father in the world come between her and the most worthless of lovers, if she had once given her heart and word to him. But Marie has lived in habits of submission. "Perhaps," it is observed, "it may be said of every human heart in a sound condition, that it must be specially true to some other human heart; but it may certainly be so said of every female heart, there is always one friend to whom the woman's heart is true, for whom it is the woman's joy to offer herself for sacrifice." This one being in Marie's case had been her uncle, and so long as she believed her chosen lover inconstant, she sacrificed herself to this elder idol. She is to be excused because she was not a highly educated lady. What Mr. Trollope says of the feelings of persons constantly occupied with material things is true to every one's experience:—

As is ever the case with those who have to do chiefly with things material, she was thinking more frequently of the outer wants of those around her than of the inner workings of her own heart or personal intelligence. Would the bread rise well? Would the bargain she had made for poultry suffice for the house? Was that lot of wine which she had persuaded her uncle to buy of creditable quality? Were her efforts for increasing her uncle's profits compatible with satisfaction on the part of her uncle's guests? Such were the questions which from day to day occupied her attention, and filled her with interest; and therefore her own identity was not strong to her, as it is strong to those whose business permits them to look frequently into themselves, or whose occupations are of a nature to produce such introspection. If her head ached, or she had lamed her hand by any accident, she would think more of the injury to the household arising from her incapacity than of her own pain. It is so, reader, with your gardener, your groom, or your cook, if you will think of it. Till you tell them by your pity that they are the sufferers, they will think that it is you who are most affected by their ailments. And the man who loses his daily wages because he is ill complains of his loss, not of his ailment. His own identity is half hidden from him by the practical wants of his life. Had Marie been disappointed in her love without the appearance of any rival suitor, no one would have ever heard of her love.

This rival suitor, poor M. Urmand, is the most ill-used lover that ever made sport for hard hearts. His outer man is at any rate a reality; the coat with the silk lining, the rings and jewellery, and scented hair. He really behaves with spirit; and, not having the aquiline nose which betokens command, he would, if she could have thought so, have made Marie a good husband. We have said that the story could be brought to an end at any moment; and in fact it comes to an end by Michel Voss having too much of the company of this unlucky aspirant, all of his own wilful and obstinate seeking. He is struck perhaps by the argument of his son—If you are tired of him in three days, what would Marie be, spending her whole life with him? But the complication need never have existed at all if the lovers had behaved with any truth to nature. Mr. Trollope describes a society occupied exclusively with things material; they are not people, we grant, with whom the pen is a very ready or eloquent instrument; but what lovers of that class, living less than thirty miles apart, and with nothing but that distance (easily traversed by inn-keepers) to part them, would be content to hold absolutely no communication for a year? The lovers whom we know as occupied with material wants are very resolute in their determination to meet pretty frequently. Our cook will not let her "young man" slip from her for want of the periodical visit. He would know himself to be an unworthy defaulter if he made no sign for a year. George, who at a pettish word from his father has sulked the year out, when he hears that Marie is really betrothed to another, finds the journey easy enough from Colmar to Grunpere just to "hurl his thunderbolt," and to tell her that on him her memory would be a blight all his life long. She who was to have been the joy of his life would henceforth be its curse, and so on. It is such things as these which prevent our feeling the same trust in Mr. Trollope in Alsace as we do when he is at home, where the feelings and habits of all classes are, so to say, at his fingers' ends. There is the stimulus of holiday work about it all; it requires more earnestness than he could put into the story to warn the reader into any strong interest in the difficulties of people who have one and all got themselves into the fix we find them in. Still Mr. Trollope's books are always pleasant reading; there is the touch of a master—

hand even where the stroke is not in his truest and most confident style; his narrative is constantly enlivened by characteristic comments and reflections that come home, carrying his lightest efforts quite above the conventional novel. If we forget the story, there will still remain some flash of thought, some keen-eyed observation, to tell us that we have been engaged with an author worthy of the title.

#### THE SECOND PERIOD OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.\*

READERS of the *Posthumous Papers of Rossel*, which we lately reviewed (May 18, 1872), will remember the lively sketch which the unfortunate writer drew of M. de Freycinet, Gambetta's War Minister at Tours—the "grave, greyish-haired, tired-looking man, who was always engaged and always invisible," and who treated the would-be Napoleon of the hour simply as an additional place-hunter. M. de Freycinet has been charged with more than a single share in the blunders and extravagances which marred the only chance France ever seemed to have of turning the tide of the war, and it is but natural that he should come forward, not ostensibly indeed in self-justification, to contribute to the gathering materials of history which the French press is pouring forth. "Very erroneous versions," he says in his preface, "of the events of the later months of the war have been in currency. It seemed to me to be a duty to correct them, and to contribute to put historical truth on a proper footing." And this, he adds, he is the better able to do from having purposely kept clear of the storms of politics. The result lies before us in a closely printed volume of four hundred pages, containing, from the view of the War Office formed temporarily at Tours and later at Bordeaux, the whole history of the five months of struggle carried on under Gambetta against the tide of German victory.

It is hardly necessary to say that the friend and confidant of Gambetta, however well intentioned his designs as an author, finds it more difficult than he imagines to avoid all political allusions. The closing pages of his work might be read as the peroration of a speech from the Left in reply to those arguments which M. Thiers used the other day to enforce his doctrine of the necessity of a regular army as distinguished from an armed nation. This great subject must of necessity be left as a question for French opinion to solve. But the opening page of the preface equally displays the partisan spirit in which it seems inevitable that a Frenchman should discuss every matter of history. For M. de Freycinet here not only claims credit—as he is fairly entitled to do—for the long resistance made by the improvised forces of Gambetta to the victorious enemy, but proceeds to draw the usual contrast between their behaviour and the collapse of the Imperial troops in the first few weeks of the war, ignoring, as all the writers of his school are wont to do, the one fact so obvious to all the rest of the world—that it was not quite the same thing to face Von Moltke on the Moselle at the head of half a million of Germans with an inferior force, and to show front to a mere detachment of the same army on the Loire, whose operations were of necessity wholly subordinate to the covering of the siege of Paris behind it. Nor is the spirit more fair, or, viewing it historically, in the least more justifiable, in which he at the same point stops to condemn "the insensate policy which had lost us the sympathy of Europe—" the declaration of war presumably; forgetting, as the Republican party so conveniently are ready to do, how largely their own intrigues have to answer for the very policy which their advocates, now that it has utterly failed, condemn with an austerity ill suited to their warlike traditions.

But we must pass from the preface and peroration to the work itself. This may be divided generally for our purpose into three main portions. The first is concerned chiefly with the organization of the Republican armies created under the inspiration of Gambetta. The second describes their efforts for the liberation of France from the enemy. The third consists of M. de Freycinet's ideas as to the reconstitution of the military forces of his country. As the pith of the last may be summed up in the common party formula of universal compulsory education and universal compulsory service—which M. Thiers and, following him, France have decisively rejected—and as we find nothing novel in the way in which this idea is developed by our author, we take leave to omit this portion of the work entirely from our notice, which we shall confine indeed chiefly to the first.

We are disposed to agree with M. de Freycinet's general view, that the judgments directed on the shortcomings of the Gambetta armies do not sufficiently take into consideration the enormous difficulties with which their organizers had to contend. What these were can only be fully understood by such a survey as M. de Freycinet affords in the early part of his work. Taking the date of October 10, 1870, when Gambetta assumed the administration, our author shows us that the whole available forces outside Paris, Metz, and the minor fortresses consisted of less than forty thousand regular troops, and as many *Gardes Mobiles*, with about a hundred guns, many of which were in an unserviceable condition. These were disposed as follows:—Somewhat over twenty thousand men upon the Loire

under Lamotteville were retreating rapidly before the Bavarians. Cambrils, with twenty-four thousand disheartened followers, was abandoning the Vosges to retire on Besançon. Finally, in the West, thirty thousand of the *Garde Mobile*, raw battalions of recruits, imperfectly armed and destitute of all proper staff, not to mention the absence of artillery and cavalry, were gathering about Chartres and Evreux in just such a thin cordon as the smallest disciplined force could break through at any selected point. The administrative means for improving this poor array into a national force were of the most limited order. The Government of Defence, wrapt up as De Freycinet tells us in the notion that the part of the provinces in the general struggle was of necessity to be wholly secondary to that of the capital, had kept at the latter three parts of the strength of the War Office. Two general officers and two colonels were the whole supply of practised functionaries on the personal staff of the Minister, and the nine subdivisions of his bureau were compressed into three for want of persons conversant with the routine business of the army. But the most striking proof of the indifference or hopelessness of the Trochu Administration as to what the provinces might do for the common welfare was to be found in the fact that not a single copy of the staff maps of the country was to be had for necessary strategic purposes, nor any register of the qualifications of officers. "War had to be made, therefore, without the map," says De Freycinet, "and cadres formed without knowing anything of the antecedents of those appointed to them." Such were among the direct results of the national habit of over-centralization, which presupposed all action impossible or useless that was not directed from Paris. In default of the common means of check, nominations to command had to be made by haphazard, and corrected by circumstances. As to the maps, the first obtained were reproductions laboriously made of a single set offered by a general officer's widow. But for the not less important duty of reconnoitring in the direction of the enemy, no regular Intelligence Department was created, it seems, until the struggle was nearly over, although individual spies (or agents, as they are euphemistically termed in the work) were employed with considerable success within the enemy's lines to bring isolated reports. It would seem, therefore, that M. de Freycinet had no adviser near him much wiser than the functionaries at Paris, of whom he justly complains.

Reviewing the general results of the efforts of himself and his subordinates in the large bureau which Gambetta's energy soon formed, M. de Freycinet sums them up in the statement that within four months—October 10 to February 9—there were formed and brought before the enemy no less than 600,000 men. Of these there were two hundred and eight battalions of infantry called regular, containing 230,000 soldiers; thirty-one large regiments of *Garde Mobile*, with 111,000; fifty-four regiments of horse, with 32,000; and 30,000 francs-tireurs, in units of various strength; besides artillery and engineers. In other words, men were actually raised and equipped at the rate of five thousand a day—a marvellous feat of the kind, little reassuring as are the results to the cool critic who studies them for his lesson.

Perhaps the hardest task of all that fell to M. de Freycinet's lot was the formation of what we should term, in the mistaken nomenclature adopted hastily for our imitation of it, the Control Department, or Intendance, for these gigantic forces. One sub-intendant represented the staff of the civil part of the army at Tours when M. Gambetta descended after his famous balloon passage. By dint of enlisting civilian functionaries accustomed to the business of purchase and distribution, and calling in all available intendants from the provinces, five branches were formed for transport, rations, clothing, medical stores, and accounts respectively; and the supplies of the force were henceforth accomplished by means of contracts. As of these M. de Freycinet tells us that they not only fed the Gambetta armies, but sent thirty millions of spare rations into Paris after the armistice, we are not too careful to criticize them closely. "Needs must" is probably the only rule that any administration at such a crisis could be expected to hold to, and probably the celebrated American fire-arms contracts were but full-blown specimens of the sort of business which M. de Freycinet's improvised bureau was supposed to check.

When we turn to the actual details of the war as told by M. de Freycinet, the weakness and the strength of a writer who has had large opportunities of gathering correct information, with no capacity at all for making use of it, are displayed upon the most cursory examination. Thus, to take a very well-known episode, the defeat of D'Aurelle before Orleans, M. de Freycinet gives us the circumstances with an accuracy and completeness which no writer on the French side has hitherto approached. But he does all this without being able at a single point to show clearly why the French design, which in theory was sound enough, failed so conspicuously in execution. The facts are that Prince Frederick Charles, finding the French before him not only strong in numbers, but bold, and in parts well led beyond his expectation, determined to avail himself for their overthrow of the better manœuvring power of his troops. The two armies were facing each other on January 1, on an extended front of nearly forty miles long, engaging irregularly at various points, not wholly to the advantage of the Germans. The XVIII<sup>th</sup> and XX<sup>th</sup> Corps formed D'Aurelle's right, and lay well to the eastward of the great road through Artenay to Orleans. The Prince resolved to draw in suddenly the whole left of his line which had faced this corps, and attack with the force thus gathered the centre and left of the French before they could imitate his concentration. His

\* *La Guerre en Province. Par Charles de Freycinet, ancien Délégué du Ministère de la Guerre à Tours. Paris: Lévy, 1872.*

*The Operations of the German Armies from Sedan to the End of the War. By Major Hume, from the Official Head-Quarter Staff Reports. Translated by Major Jones, 20th Regiment, Professor of Military History at Sandhurst. London: King & Co. 1872.*

orders were given early on the 2nd, and carried out at once, the Germans of the III<sup>rd</sup> and IX<sup>th</sup> Corps showing marching powers which draw admiration from the French chronicler. The strategy of the Prince was aided by the success of his right that day against Chanzy westward of the road, and the result of the next day's attack was that the French centre was pierced and driven violently back on Orleans, whilst the XVIII<sup>th</sup> and XX<sup>th</sup> Corps were altogether separated from the bulk of D'Aurelle's army. All this appears plainly enough in the narrative of De Freycinet; but he seems quite unconscious that the disaster was not due to individual shortcomings, but rather to the general inferiority of the raw French troops and untried staff, who were obviously unequal to any sudden or difficult combination.

So again, when we study his narrative of the miserable campaign of Bourbaki in the East of France, we find at every point the same ignorance of the calibre of the forces which marched under the ex-imperialist general to certain defeat, and of the true bearings of the events recorded. Werder's successful flank march to cover the lines of Héricourt before Belfort is spoken of as a retreat, and the action of Villersexel, by which he succeeded in preserving it unmolested, as a triumph for Bourbaki's arm. Its ill-success at Héricourt a few days later is ascribed to minor mistakes of detail in the movements against the lines held by the Germans; instead of being explained, as it should be in truth, by the utter want of discipline and fighting power in the host that Gambetta had mustered for this unfortunate essay. Finally, the practical destruction of Bourbaki's force by its being driven pell-moll over the border into Switzerland has its cause assigned by De Freycinet to the mistaken negotiation of Jules Favre; whereas his own narrative clearly shows that the French line of retreat was allowed to be cut, and escape from the Héricourt ground made impracticable, owing to military blunder the responsibility of which rests between Garibaldi and Bourbaki, who each blamed the other's inaction in allowing Manteuffel to pass between them. In short, as has been before said, no military deduction of M. de Freycinet's is anywhere to be trusted, however credible his statements of facts may be.

We turn with pleasure from this toilsome, yet unprofitable, compilation on the French side to the work of Major von Blume, which in its English dress forms the most valuable addition to our stock of works upon the war that our press has put forth. Major Blume writes with a clear conciseness much wanting in many of his country's historians; and Major Jones has done himself and his original alike justice by his vigorous, yet correct, translation of the excellent volume on which he has laboured. Our space forbids our doing more than commending it earnestly as the most authentic and instructive narrative of the second section of the war that has yet appeared. One obvious remark only shall here be made. The reader who studies it carefully will discover beyond any doubt that the relative value of De Freycinet's boasted levies diminished steadily as the war went on. We find the Germans, who at the outset conquered with difficulty at Forbach and Mars-la-Tour equal bodies of their enemies, triumphing under Prince Frederick Charles before Orleans four months afterwards, when they numbered less than two to three, overthrowing rather later under the same Prince Chanzy's forces at Le Mans with one-half their strength, and finally, under Werder, defeating decisively the attacks of Bourbaki with one-fourth of his number. For, as Blume sums up the lesson, it was Gambetta's fundamental error to suppose that to give arms to a great many men was to create armies. This mistake, he adds, the result of a false reading of the lessons of the Wars of the Revolution, caused the French Republic to suffer a defeat more terrible than even that of the Empire which it succeeded.

#### CHILDREN IN ART.

IN the four or five essays which compose this little volume Mr. Colvin has given an interesting sketch of a portion of a very curious and attractive subject. The freedom of art is a thing we often hear of; but the limitations of art are perhaps a more fertile and more instructive field of study. Whence come those arbitrary boundaries the passage of which forms the history of art? Why was landscape-painting impossible for centuries, although the power to paint had long been gained, and the love of landscape, the sentiment of nature, had reached more or less expression in literature? The natural range of the eye at times seems arrested, the hand becomes incapable of leaving the conventional line of curve, until they are suddenly set free by some influence of which the artist is unconscious. The truthful rendering of children by the painter and sculptor forms one of these strange developments in art. It is not strange that it was made; it is strange that men were so long in making it. Pleasure in the sight of childhood is certainly no new thing in the world's history; the impulse to draw or to model a child must, one would think, be natural to every artist; the originals are to be seen in every cottage and nursery; yet Mr. Colvin's phrase—"there is a sentiment, a susceptibility of the spirit, a mode of regarding young children, both with eye and heart, of which the dawn, as expressed in art, accompanies the dawn of the English school" (that is, is of little more than a hundred years' existence)—is, in the sense which he intends, literally correct. With certain exceptions which we will presently indicate, one may broadly say that no complete painting of children, no drawing

them for their own sake and for the love of childhood, existed before Reynolds and Gainsborough revealed to art capacities which had lain dormant in her for centuries.

In these remarks, it is modern art which must be understood. Of all the period of Greek and Greco-Roman painting, from the time when subjects of common life began to be treated, we have no remains but a few damaged walls in Pompeii or the Palace of the Cæsars, a few vases, gems, and metal reliefs, saved at random from the enormous destruction which accompanied the Northern deluge. Yet this period of art, which covers long spaces during which productiveness must have been at its maximum, is one of five or six centuries—a period longer than that which separates us from Giotto. When we think of this, we see what a mere drop from the ocean has survived in the richest museums; we cannot resist the discouraging inference that it is impossible for us now to recover the history of ancient art. From our scanty fragments we may indeed conjecture that the Greeks, both in Greece itself and wherever through the whole Roman world their æsthetic influence extended, did carry art into what we should call many modern directions; but we can do no more than conjecture. It is a sad but an inevitable lesson that we learn when we turn our eyes from what survives of Hellas in books, or in works of art and architecture, to what we know once existed. Primæval man himself, during all the *millennia* through which we now faintly trace him, is hardly represented more barely and more sporadically than the centuries of that magnificent civilization.

With all this region, however, and what may be dimly seen of it, Mr. Colvin does not meddle. His essays begin the subject from post-Christian times:—

In what sense [he asks] were children taken; what artistic use was made of them by the old schools, and especially . . . by the divine school of Italy? It is evident that children may be taken either naturally as what they are, or artificially as types and figures of what they are not. A school may either regard and care about them in their common human relations, or refer them to other and more remote relations suggested by religion and imagination.

Starting from this point of view, the writer considers briefly the children who appear in the Holy Families of the Italian masters, and the later outburst of Cupids and ornamental *amorini* which accompanied the Renaissance movement. This part of the subject invites expansion. Mr. Colvin's remarks are good and true, but they demand a considerable acquaintance with Italian art from the reader. What is most striking here is the contrast or conflict in the painters' minds between the actual child they had, or should have had, before them as a model, and the high superhuman idea which they were, with more or less of the "vision and the faculty divine," endeavouring to express. On this point the primitive inexperience told severely. Where so difficult a class of models was concerned, no one could even approximately hope to unite the look of life with the look of Deity, unless he had reached considerable mastery over design and colour. Hence the Holy Children of the early religious art are for centuries much below the Mother in beauty and expression; and hence also, when once mastery was reached, they escape earliest, as it were, from the painter's idealism, and tend to become more human infants at play among the glorified group. Yet a purely "naturalistic" rendering is rarely if ever found; "the weight of prescription" has been upon the least inspired artist, or, if not, is imagined by the spectator. So again with the child-angels of religious art; and then with the *amorini* of the Renaissance; although here, of course, a different sentiment comes in. Mr. Colvin, although his language sometimes strikes us as too florid and complex, and his thought not always adequately rendered, has analysed this very well: tracing the immortal Aphrodité child of Greece, even during the first period of Christian art surviving in the Catacombs, to the age when "Cupid is himself again," and indeed finds from Correggio a glorification such as no existing ancient example approaches, in a certain tender and mystical beauty, united with the full play of energetic life. Then rapidly follows the decline, when figures of children, employed more and more for merely decorative effect, become one of the dominant mannerisms of Italian art. Readers will remember many a wall or canvas where the painter has put in a child, apparently because he could think of nothing else; until at last what should properly be the most fresh and natural element in art becomes precisely the most conventional and insipid. Albano and Fiammingo are leading names in this bad and empty style, which has long been the special favourite of wealthy and half-trained collectors.

From Italian art Mr. Colvin makes a long leap to English art of a hundred years since; giving a few paragraphs to the French and Dutch schools (to the last of which he is not always sufficiently generous), pointing out rather than attempting to solve the curious questions which we have stated above—why, namely, the drawing of childhood for its own sake is so recent a discovery, and why it was reserved in the main for English artists. This portion of the work is indeed one which would require a careful study of the character of the last and the preceding centuries in regard to life and literature, and would lead into many doubtful questions. Indeed we may say that a true history of the eighteenth centuries in England is now one of our greatest desiderata; we cannot expect it to be supplied as part of a special essay on art. Meanwhile we may briefly indicate the increased value which civilisation attaches to the life of the individual, and what may be roughly called the unfeudalizing influences of modern times, as among the motive causes which turned the art of Reynolds and Flaxman, emancipated from the restrictions of Italian religious and Renaissance traditions, towards the natural delineation of



childhood. Here, however, we touch a point which Mr. Colvin has not handled. The first appearance of this branch of art must be traced to the portrait work of early Italy and Germany. Even in the strictly religious region some indications may be found; as in children occurring in the Florentine fourteenth-century frescoes, and in such child-angels as those whom Francia has placed at the foot of the Virgin's throne in his exquisite Bentivoglio picture at Bologna. Thenceforward, in Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Velasquez, and many more, we find renderings of childhood in which a wish to represent types of that age always increasingly grows upon the wish to represent an individual child's portrait. A little girl clinging to her father's dress, by Vandyck, in the Louvre, is an admirable illustration of this tendency. The same gallery contains another in the well-known *Infanta Margarita*, by the greater Velasquez. But the full and free outburst of this exquisite branch of art is of course found in our own Reynolds and Gainsborough. "By these two men," an earlier essayist in this field has remarked, "it was that the poetry of childhood was first felt, at any rate was first rendered in art" in its completeness. "They expressed this through portraiture, and have hardly attempted, like our later painters, to render the humours and graces of children; but, within the range which they selected, it is not possible to imagine a higher perfection in reaching the essential charm of their subject, a more truthful and engaging gracefulness." And we may add that, as Blake, Flaxman, and Stothard all followed Reynolds and Gainsborough, it is impossible not to consider them as artists who, with their own originality unimpeached, yet carried on and developed the course so splendidly begun. Reynolds and Gainsborough, in fact, are the creators of the "child of art," and, upon this view, no essay on the subject can be complete without a full consideration of their pictures.

In saying this we mean no disparagement to Mr. Colvin's book, which does not profess to be an exhaustive history, and which satisfactorily fulfils its professions. And we hope that the interest of what he has given us may attract attention to the subject sufficiently to render it worth while for the author and the publisher to recast the work in the form of a perfect monograph. In that case, let us add, the fading and unsatisfactory photographic illustrations (although, indeed, they are good specimens of that false fine art) should be replaced by engraving.

The three essays on Blake, Flaxman, and Stothard, which form the *pièce de résistance* of the book, are the most satisfactory part of it. These papers first appeared in a magazine, and here and there we find traces of the treatment natural to magazine-writing, both in the style and the matter. But on the whole they may be heartily recommended both to students and to general readers. Mr. Colvin here unites discrimination with that sympathy in the absence of which criticism deserves the shudder which it too often excites among the enthusiastic or the indolent. Besides giving a very interesting analysis of the peculiar qualities exhibited by the artists we have named in the region of child-design, he has carefully summed up their general value and position in art, and it may be specially noted to his honour as a critic that the magical attractiveness of Blake's genius, so strangely balanced between immaturity and perfection, has not seduced him from sobriety. Yet, though the illustrations to Blake's two early song-books deserve all Mr. Colvin's praises, we must own that we set Blake in this particular field higher even as poet than as painter. Rich as is the lyrical poetry of England—so rich, that it must, in our judgment, be decisively placed second to that of Greece alone amongst all Western literatures—it contains nothing in its way more perfect and more unique than some of the childless Blake's stanzas upon children. We could have wished to find room for a capital quotation from Mr. Colvin's essay on Flaxman. But we trust he will pardon us if the space be allotted to one or two of those lyrics, which, despite the excellent "Life" which we owe to the faithful care of Messrs. Gilchrist and Rossetti, are much less known than they should be.

The first is the "Nurse's Song":—

When the voices of children are heard on the green,  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast,  
And everything else is still.  
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise;  
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,  
Till the morning appears in the skies.  
No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,  
And we cannot go to sleep;  
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,  
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep.  
Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,  
And then go home to bed,  
The little ones leap'd and shouted and laugh'd,  
And all the hills echoed.

#### INFANT JOY.

I have no name;  
I am but two days old.  
What shall I call thee?  
I happy am:  
Joy is my name,  
Sweet joy befall thee!  
Pretty joy!  
Sweet joy, but two days old!  
Sweet joy, I call thee.  
Thou dost smile;  
I sing the while,  
Sweet joy befall thee.

If any reader, with a turn for verse, thinks this, as he naturally may at first sight, an easy style of writing, we would only say, let him just try! There is hardly a feat in literature, we believe, more difficult than that which Blake has here accomplished with an apparently effortless perfection.

#### CONINGTON'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.\*

THE Memoir of his friend which Professor H. J. Smith has prefixed to the collected edition of John Conington's Miscellaneous Writings is, as might have been expected of a life so uneventful; a record of mental activity rather than of external incidents; yet it cannot fail to interest those who look upon the late Professor of Latin as one who may be said to have revived the due appreciation of Virgil, as well as the love of classical translation. A survey of his life and remains is sufficient to prove that this twofold and kindred aim was his *métier* and hobby; and that the more he discerned the existence of a field for poetic taste and achievement—secondary it may be, and not involving the highest gifts—in the reproduction of the master-poems of antiquity, the more entirely his labours took that turn, and set aside for it, to a very great extent, an earlier bias for critical and philological research. Though the volumes before us afford, in the "Epistola Critica" to Gaisford, and in the reprint from the *Reinische Museum* (1861) of an article on the second part of the "Fables of Babilus," sufficient proof that at all periods of Conington's life he was capable of critical efforts fit to win him a rank near our Parsons and Elmsley, and beside the best of those German professors who were fain to hear more of him on such subjects than he could find room for in the pages of the *Edinburgh*, it is notable that nearly two-thirds of his collected miscellanies concern, directly or indirectly, the question of translation, especially in its connexion with his favourite field, that of Augustan literature. To this a sort of stimulus is given in the first instance in the Essay on the "Poetry of Pupa," wherein the refinement of poetic style developed by Pope, and culminating with him, is paralleled with that perfection in the same line which Virgil and Horace alone represent in the Augustan age proper. To this also the Essays on "English Translations of Virgil," from the *Quarterly*, and on "Munro's Lucretius," from the *Edinburgh*, contribute in different ways; the one directly, the other by setting forth the grounds of the writer's preference for the perfect polish of Virgil to the rough, half-burnt marble of Lucretius. The same spirit animates, the same predilections underlie, the rest of the essays on Latin literature which go over earlier and later ground, as if to prove that to the Augustan development there exists nothing *simile aut secundum*: whilst, as if to stamp this as the chief design of the author's literary teaching, a prose version of the whole of Virgil's ascertained poetry is printed for the first time in the second volume. It is curious to inquire whence came this strong bias for a field of literary effort not generally deemed so high or worthy as that of conjectural and emendatory criticism; and the Memoir before us furnishes materials for the inquiry. We find in it that, before Conington left home for school, he had a thousand lines of Virgil in his head, and was an old hand at comparing translations of that poet with each other. His bent is discovered, whilst at Beverley School, which he left at thirteen, by his purchasing a copy of Sothby's Homer with Flaxman's illustrations, for 11. 15s.—a bargain no doubt, but a stiff price for the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman of obviously moderate means. At Rugby, to which he was removed, there were differences of opinion as to the amount of his general knowledge and his powers of thought and fancy. "The Doctor" rated these less highly than his gift of memory. His comrades gave him credit for imaginative and reasoning powers of a very high order. Possibly an imperfect sympathy between master and scholar may have had something to do with Dr. Arnold's estimate. Conington certainly seems to have been misunderstood by that great and able teacher in a matter of school police, if not of literary prowess. His one school scrape—which was, at the worst, non-interference with a mild lark of the fifth form—was visited with the loss of several places in the sixth, and with the penalty of translating the Second Book of Cicero's *De Republica*; a heavy penalty, it will be allowed, for a venial fault, and a piece of severity for which the Doctor should have been prescribed a course of reading in that genial satirist whose lessons of thoroughly human wisdom were the late Professor Conington's last work of translation. Readers may think variously of Arnold's subsequent intimation to Conington that he took, after a time, a less severe view of the matter. To us it seems that if Conington loved and revered the Doctor none the less to the end, a good deal of the credit is due to the admirable forgivingness and generosity of the boy-nature.

But possibly there may have been some ground for Arnold's estimate of young Conington's calibre. His early gifts certainly seem to have had memory in their front rank. A recollection of him when he first entered Oxford and read with Linwood, the great coach of University scholars and would-be classical Firsts, associates him more with powers of word-criticism and such

\* *Miscellaneous Writings of John Conington, late Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford.* Edited by J. A. Symonds, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen. With a Memoir by H. J. S. Smith, M.A., Fellow of Balliol, Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

scuteness in various readings connected with Greek chorus as would consist with an extraordinary memory, than with genius and fancy such as would be exhibited in brilliant composition. His skill and discernment in handling a vexed chorus of *Æschylus* seemed nearly, if not quite, on a level with his tutor's; his Latin prose and Latin verse did not then strike fellow-pupils as so conspicuously superior. Perhaps this may account for his total failure to obtain the Nowdigate for English verse, and, until after two attempts, to win the Latin verse; though it must be admitted that he got in one year the Ireland and the Hertford, in which composition, original and translated, counts of course for much. Our own theory is, that the gift which was strongest in Conington, that of interpreting a favourite epoch of classical authors, both by translation and by commentary, slumbered during the early period of his academic career, and that until his Latin Professorship fixed his aims and objects in 1854, there was an even chance of his going down to posterity as another emendator of *Æschylus*, born to clear the way for a few curious divers into critical depths, and not—as it happily turned out—as the interpreter to a very much wider range of readers of the distilled salt and sweetness of the great Augustan poets. Up to the turning point which we have indicated, there is as much of disappointment as of satisfaction in tracing the scholar's career—his failure in the effort to exchange the Oxford cloister for the Inns of Court, his temporary connexion with journalism, for success in which Professor Smith thinks his mind was too timid and too prone to balancing, his return to the University, and his resolve to settle down at literature. Of this period Conington gives his own interesting reminiscences in a letter, long afterwards, to Mr. Courthope:—

I was miserable till I found my *métier*—kept wasting myself in efforts which I could not myself approve or get others to approve, and at last, in despair, I returned to scholarship as something which I knew I could do, though as my world widened I had come to despise it as inadequate. Now I am reaping, I hope, the reward of those turbid years in a way that I had ceased to expect. I find that, though I cannot write any original verse, I can translate well enough to make it worth while continuing to do so. But this came to me, as you know, "longo post tempore."

The work of the intermediate period was, it is true, progressive and not retrograde. The edition of the *Chorophora* is more faultless and memorable than the *Agamemnon*, though the latter had an English version annexed. But Conington's happiest years of work synchronize with his Virgilian labours, and the opening of a field for them through his Corpus Professorship. The winter of his discontent became a glorious summer to last for the rest of his days, whilst, as he worked at Virgil, he grew more and more weaned from the depreciatory criticism of that great poet which had been common in his early years, and learnt to feel all that sympathy with his art and genius which breathes in his lecture on the style of Lucretius and Catullus as compared with the poets of the Augustan age. Herein, more than in his religious opinions and feelings, more too than in his sympathies with University reform, which were liberal up to a certain point, consists the interest of his life; his vocation being to advocate and illustrate "the thorough word for word scrutiny of each work of a favourite author," not merely by professorial lectures, but by commentaries and translations, realizing the fullest idea of mastery of a given ancient author. Beginning the commentary on Virgil in 1852, he lived to publish two of the three volumes, and—with Mr. Nettleship's assistance—to have got well forward with the third. Our pages have from time to time done justice to this important work of scholarship, and it is pleasant to find Mr. Conington in one of his printed letters not only expressing his sense of this, but also promising to supply—what had been hinted at as an omission—"an examination into Virgil's place in literature" at the close of the work. *Pari passu* with his commentary he was wooing his old love of translators and translation. Not long after the publication of his first volume of the Virgil commentary he won a large measure of critical approval by his translation of the Odes of Horace. In 1866, three years later, he published a version of the *Æneid* in octosyllabics, which, as Mr. Smith truly states, "conveys to English readers a just impression of the movement and life of the whole poem, and of the continued variety of its cadences, as well as some faint echo of its pathetic undertones." We accept, too, as fact, and not as the language of partial testimony, the statement in p. xlv. that "the book has been a favourite with the world at large—with the *virgines* and *pueri*—and probably has been read through by some who never did as much for any other original or translated epic."

In 1868 Professor Conington published a Spenserian version of the last twelve books of the *Iliad*, a task undertaken at first at the request of Mr. Philip Worsley on his death-bed, but one the charm of which so grew upon him that the labour of love became, before it was finished, in every sense a pleasure. Lastly, in 1869, the year of his death, he published a version of the "Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica of Horace," worthy to be read, for pleasure's sake, beside that of Mr. Theodore Martin, whilst for penetration of the deeper vein of Horace it has no equal. Mr. Smith thinks that this work has attracted comparatively little attention, and that the fault lies not in any defect of the translator's wit, or quickness to realize the flavour of the original, but in a certain arbitrariness on the part of the reading public. We have no notion what the sale-gauge might show as to the much or little appreciation of this volume, but we are certain that its merit is very high. A successful imitation of Cowper's style, with a greater infusion of colloquialisms; a system of introduction

of compensatory points, the ratio of which is pointed out in pp. lxiiv.-v., and which, within due bounds, cannot but give strength and life to translation; a wise alternation of closeness and paraphrase, are the constituents of a work which, if it failed to obtain unanimity of applause at the first, is not the less sure to win and retain steady literary favour. We make no apology for quoting Mr. Smith's account of Professor Conington's method in that practice of translation whereby "he became an interpreter of the ancient world to his own generation in a larger sense than he ever could have been as a mere commentator":—

He used to learn some couple of hundred lines of his original by heart (if indeed they were not already present to his memory) and then work out his version in his head, sometimes in hours regularly set apart for the purpose, but often at odd times, as in a solitary walk, or on a railway journey, or before he rose in the morning. He used in this way to get through his work with great rapidity, sometimes not writing down each batch of verses till it was quite ready for the press.

The deeply interesting details of his religious searchings at one period of his life, and of the nature and end of his last illness, though rightly communicated by the biographer to the reader, are beyond our province; but it is simple justice to point out, what a wise selection from Professor Conington's correspondence sufficiently shows, how nobly and affectionately he created and sustained a personal influence with younger men during the whole course of his professorial life. With them he worked heartily, not in the academic routine merely, but in the intercourse of vacation and relaxation. They will know better than any outside observer what he was to his own circle of intimates. Judged by others, it is possible that he might be found wanting in the quality of fun and humour, and credited instead with a primness and formality which are not in truth inconsistent with his canons of literary composition. Capable of rising in criticism, had he chosen, to heights neighbouring those of Bentley or of Porson—capable, as he shows himself in a noble passage in his Inaugural Lecture (pp. 219-20), of realizing and describing the attitude of the true scholar—he seems to have shrunk from handling, as those great critics did, the trenchant weapon of ridicule; he held even the darts and shafts of pleasantry to be a trifle undignified. One sees this where, in his able and appreciative criticism of Munro's "*Lucretius*," he finds himself constrained to notice that pleasant scholar's "neglect of literary conventionalities," and maintains that modern criticism "ought to express itself after the manner of English literary precedents; and that an editor of the Classics ought to aim at a style as classical as that of the Historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, to study the critical manner of a writer like Hallam, and even at times to dress himself by the glass of Lord Macaulay" (p. 237). It is conceivable that some readers may be found to adopt this over-starched view; yet it is not the less certain that the freshness and even eccentricity of style which, caught from the elder critics, enlivens Professor Munro's notes, is no bad viaticum wherewith to journey through an ancient classic without tiring. Some allowance may be claimed for diversities of taste.

As connected with the moot question of maintaining the ascendancy of the classics in our schools and colleges, Mr. Conington's essay from the *Contemporary* on a "Liberal Education" deserves as careful study as his golden words on the academical study of Latin. His essays on "Early and Late Roman Epic and Tragedy" are the nucleus of that history of Roman Literature which Mr. Conington might so well have written, and which some one, sooner or later, must arise to write. Those on English Literature, on Pope, and on Shakespeare's *Lear* and *Hamlet*, bear witness to the qualities and habits of mind which a classical training specially develops and forms. The *pièce de résistance* of the second volume—a prose version of the *Duolices*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid*, which was designed for the eventual complement of the author's Virgilian labours—is memorable as a graceful and sonorous whole, in which flaws are so scarce that we have described none in the space of some dozens of test-passages. In some future notice of Virgil's coming translators we may have occasion to recur to this valuable prose version; at present we can only thank Mr. Symonds for having included it in the range of his ably fulfilled task.

#### DR. GLADSTONE ON FARADAY.\*

THERE will scarcely, it would seem, be any likelihood of failure or stint, within the limits of the present generation at least, in the affectionate interest which flingers round the scientific services and the personal worth of Faraday. We have had the eloquent and glowing *éloge* of Professor Tyndall, and the more copious, if less lifelike or stirring, volumes of Dr. Bence Jones, not to speak of well nigh countless minor memoirs or notices in *memoriam*. Throughout the continent of Europe, and wherever in East or West science has made itself a centre and a home, witness has been borne to the gains which his rare genius has brought to the general knowledge of nature, and to the blank which his loss has made painfully felt among the cultivators of physical truth. Of the testimonials to his memory which have come to us from abroad we have had perhaps the most typical specimen in the *éloge* of Faraday by M. Dumas, the eminent chemist, at the Paris Academy of Sciences. Here the rivalry engendered by

\* *Michael Faraday*. By J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S., F.R.E. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

zeal in a common pursuit is subdued and lost in admiration for a character which, in its modesty and self-forgetfulness, had a spell against every power of jealousy or ill-will. The utter absence of self-interest, the unconscious subordination of all mercenary or ambitious motives to the advancement of truth and the benefit of society, was a feature in the moral aspect of this consummate philosopher to be best appreciated by those whose special studies led them along the same track of discovery, and to whom he was for ever holding out an ungrudging hand as fellow-traveller, counsellor, and guide. The simplicity of his heart, his candour, his ardent love of truth, his cordial interest in the successes and his ingenuous admiration of the discoveries of others, his natural modesty in regard to what he himself discovered, his noble soul, independent and bold—all these gifts combined, in the fervid language of M. Dumas, with unsurpassed powers of intellect to give an incomparable charm to the nature of the great physicist. Among foreign *esavants* we might point to M. A. de la Rive as one who has dwelt in the most appreciative spirit upon the methods of investigation most characteristic of Faraday's genius, together with the spirit of truthfulness which, like a talisman, seemed to ward off every danger to which his mighty gift of imagination might expose its master. An exquisite scientific tact, like a presentiment of the possible, kept him from straying into what might prove false or fantastic. Hence it was that what seemed like dangerously leaving the beaten track and giving the rein to the imaginative faculty, futile or harmful as it might be in the case of mediocre minds, frequently led to vast and valuable results in the case of Faraday.

It is the strong sense of personal relation between the writer and the subject of his biography that gives its special value to Dr. Gladstone's recent volume of reminiscences. Containing little of new matter, and far from being a model either of literary style or of philosophical thought, this short memoir would otherwise call for scarcely more notice than many an ordinary magazine article, for which lowly and transient destination it appears to have been in the first instance intended. Intimately associated however as the writer was for years with one so consummate, not only in experimental work but in the intuitive flash which his genius seemed to throw into the dark places of nature, there could hardly fail to be impressed upon the mind of his assistant and pupil something that to the outside world might speak of the master, might carry on his teaching, and reflect the glory of his intellect. To be trained under the discipline and in habitual contact with the methods pursued by the first of experimentists, seems to have been felt as a privilege, and as a plea for any amount of hero-worship. If the result of a certain veneration even for the ground trodden by his master is to throw a halo of disproportionate or exaggerated light over the pettiest details of act and speech, it may be urged on behalf of Dr. Gladstone that simplicity and the absence of stirring events were the conditions of life set by the character itself which forms his model. It is only by multiplication of slight traits and unstudied indications that a personality so averse to display, so absolutely unconscious of self, is to be realized to the eyes of the world at large. A life more baffling to the efforts of a biographer it would be difficult to conceive, owing even less to its uneventful flow than to the equable and undemonstrative temperament which pervaded it throughout. The same thing may be said of that which by common consent formed the ground of Faraday's intellectual glory—his method of working. Brilliant, never failing, almost unique, as it seemed to the eyes of the beholder, he was himself probably the least conscious of its secret, the least able to analyse and define its logic. Although Faraday was not a mathematician, we have the witness of one of the first of mathematical physicists, Sir W. Thomson, to his power of divining the results of mathematical investigation. Moreover, what has proved of infinite value to mathematicians themselves, he has given them an articulate language in which to express their thoughts. The whole language of the "magnetic field" and "lines of force" is Faraday's. The chapter in which Dr. Gladstone brings together the concurrent testimony of experts in many cognate branches of science, the most expressive and valuable portion of his book, abounds in proof of this faculty of reasoning by an implicit rather than a conscious or an avowed method. Faraday's power of appreciating an *a priori* argument was weak compared with his rapid and intuitive grasp of facts. "I was never able," he tells us, "to make a fact my own without seeing it, and the descriptions of the best books altogether failed to convey to my mind such a knowledge of things as to allow myself to form a judgment upon them." If Grove, or Wheatstone, or Gassiot, or any other friend, told him a new fact, and wanted his opinion either of its value or its cause, or what evidence it could give on any subject, he never could say anything until he had seen the fact. For the same reason he found himself unable to work, as some professors do most extensively, by the agency of students and pupils. All the work had to be his own. This peculiarity was in no wise due, we may be sure, to any lack of imagination, a faculty in which Faraday was supreme among men of science. It was more closely connected with what Mr. Mallet, illustrating his meaning by an anecdote personal to himself, terms an experimental instinct. It grew out of his ineradicable love of truth. Not that he looked upon a fact as a hard, isolated, or soulless thing, or that he placed himself before his apparatus without a preconceived idea of what was to be elicited from its use. It was simply that the precision which forms a main element in science had for its safeguard with him an instinctive caution which led to

his verifying every step from first to last. Then, his intermediate scepticism overcome, and his conclusion made clear to his eyes, he would maintain the new truth, if need be, against the world. "The thing I am proudest of," were his words to an associated labourer, "is that I have never been found to be wrong." And though this boast is taken by his biographer to hold good only of the early part of his scientific history, there is no doubt that the rarity of his mistakes was something wholly beyond example in the records of physical discovery. M. de la Rive goes the length of questioning whether Faraday was ever caught in a mistake. Still, if not absolutely true, this eulogy does scarcely more than justice to the exquisite balance which the wariness of Faraday's judgment at all times kept with the hardihood wherewith he would enter upon the pathway of experiment.

Of the value of Faraday's discoveries, into which Dr. Gladstone enters in his closing chapters, it is impossible to form a definite estimate, whether from the point of view of strict science or of the impulse they have given to industrial and commercial interests. Time only can set bounds to the claims upon the gratitude and reverence of mankind which grow out of the discoveries freely given forth by him, without a thought of personal interest or reward. Warned by Davy that science was a mistress who paid badly, he deliberately made his choice, and never grew cold or niggard in his service. Not that he at any time, after getting fairly into work, felt the pressure of penury, or was straitened in any of the necessities of life. The modest official stipend which he pronounced adequate to his positive wants was eked out to no inconsiderable extent by private work, not to speak of the pension which was all but forced upon him in 1835. In 1830 his gains from chemical analyses and other professional engagements amounted to 1,000*l.*, and in the next year to much more. Of what Faraday might have made by turning to profit his brilliant series of discoveries, were it only that of the evolution of electricity from magnetism, or that of specific inductive capacity, the germ of electro-telegraphic enterprise, the fortune amassed by any individual inventor furnishes no adequate conception. Without claiming for himself the actual parentage of the telegraphic system, or taking a share in its practical development, he was ever ready with hints and tentative processes in aid of the new enterprise. Delighting in the name of "philosopher," as a lover of knowledge for its own sake, and familiar as perhaps no other man has ever been with the primary and ultimate forces of nature, he could leave it contentedly to others to bring down and apply to practical use those varied elements of power which lay in magnetism and electricity, heat and light, gravitation and galvanism, chemical affinity and mechanical motion. His great reward lay in every successive burst of light which made clearer his favourite thought that these various forces were the changing forms of a Proteus, which he ever sought to grasp in its unity and its individual shape. Dr. Gladstone pictures him with sparkling eyes and quickened breath dancing round his magnets when the coiled wire gave signs of an electric wave, or coronated with sparks; when he saw what had always been looked upon as permanent gases liquefy like common vapour under the constraint of pressure and cold; when his electro-static theory seemed to break down the barrier between conductors and insulators, and many other barriers besides; when he sent a ray of polarized light through a piece of heavy glass between the poles of an electric magnet, and on making contact saw that his plane of polarization rotated, or, as he said, the light was magnetized; and when he watched pieces of bismuth, or crystals of Iceland spar, or bubbles of oxygen, ranging themselves in definite form and figure in the magnetic field. In his speculations on matter and force, on the nature of atoms and imponderable agents, it was his aim in his maturer works to purify his mind more and more, in the words of Helmholtz, from everything that is theoretical and that is not the direct and simple expression of the fact. It is just in this direction that he is recognized by the same high authority as having exercised the most unmistakable influence upon the science of his day, first of all upon English physicists.

There are not many particulars that Dr. Gladstone has to add to what previous biographers of Faraday have been able to furnish of his personal history or of his preparatory training. We notice one point which is new and full of interest, as upon it may have turned the whole of his subsequent career. From some remarks made by Faraday himself to Lady Burdett Coutts, it would appear that his introduction to Davy was due to the agency of M. Masquerier, the artist and *émigré*, who lodged with the youth's master Ribau, and who, struck with young Faraday's intelligence and zeal for learning, had both given him lessons and found him employment. It was through this recommendation, when Davy was suffering from the injury to his eyes from an explosion of chloride of nitrogen, in October 1812, that Faraday became his amanuensis, though only, as he himself has stated, for a few days. The ice thus broken, it would be an easier step on the part of the young aspirant to science to press his suit for employment, which placed him in the post of assistant to the great chemist. From the Corporation of the Trinity House Dr. Gladstone has derived many details of the services rendered by Faraday towards the improvement of the lighthouse system, with especial reference to the electric light. The few anecdotes which he has brought together from sources not hitherto available combine to set in a more striking light than ever the strong sense of duty, the singleness of character, and the sweetness of temper

which, blended with consummate powers of intellect and unswerving fidelity to truth, raise a Faraday to the foremost rank among those whom mankind have venerated and loved.

#### THE JAPANESE IN AMERICA.\*

THE opening of Japan to the Western races suggests a number of curiously interesting questions. The peculiarities of a civilization which has grown up in such complete isolation may be expected to present many instructive points of contrast and resemblance to our own. Though we have learnt much about the Japanese, there is still a wide field of investigation for competent observers. But though we are always glad to know what any intelligent person has to say about Japan, it would perhaps be still more interesting to know what intelligent Japanese have to say about us. What do they think of our religion, our social and political customs, our newspapers, railways, manufactures, and a thousand other things which to them are entire novelties? They seem to be so inquiring and intelligent a race, and have so much originality, that their suggestions might perhaps be useful to ourselves, but might at any rate be expected to reflect a great deal of light upon the persons who make them. The book, therefore, which we are about to review is very attractive in title and in its external aspect. It consists of three parts; the first gives an account of the reception of the Japanese Embassy in the United States; the second consists of a collection of essays written by Japanese students in America; whilst the third is a kind of small blue-book upon America, prepared under the direction of the Japanese Minister at Washington and intended for circulation in Japan. Here, then, is an attractive bill of fare; and we begin to read in the hope of enjoying the rare treat of seeing ourselves—for from the Japanese point of view the differences between Englishmen and Americans vanish—as others see us, and thereby discovering how far others are capable of appreciating our many virtues and talents.

The first section of the book is from this point of view decidedly disappointing. It describes the reception of the Embassy at San Francisco, at Washington, and at various ~~places~~ <sup>cities</sup> by reading the "superb banquets" which ~~crosses~~ <sup>crosses</sup> which were made on citizens, and ~~very well~~ <sup>very well</sup>; but we feel that it does not shed much light into Japanese character. There are few less stimulating kinds of reading in the world than official reports of State ceremonials; and even when the hosts are stern Republicans and the guests representatives of a strange Empire, hidden until recently in the mists of primeval darkness, the chief remark that occurs to us is that every State ceremonial is remarkably like every other. The Chief Ambassador remarks with the utmost propriety that "commerce, following in the path of our first friendly relations, has been an active agent in drawing our respective countries nearer together in the strongest bonds of friendship"; and retails a few more platitudes as decorously as if he had been a member of one of the Royal families of Europe performing his regular duty in receiving deputations. The Vice-Ambassador afterwards takes his turn, and goes through the list of the various improvements introduced into Japan, in a series of remarks for all the world like a Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament. And so the chapter goes on to the reception by General Grant and the House of Representatives, and the "splendid social entertainment" provided by the Hon. James Brooks. It is all very proper, and we dare say that the entertainments and receptions were not a greater bore than usual at the time when they occurred, but, to say the truth, we had rather be excused from reading about them.

We therefore turn, in the hope of better things, to the students' essays. It seems that there are at the present moment two hundred Japanese students at different colleges in the United States who are eagerly occupied in assimilating Western knowledge. Mr. Mori, the Japanese Ambassador, is naturally regarded by them as their protector, and they are in the habit of sending him essays as proofs of the progress which they have made. We are told that none of them have been studying English for more than five, and many of them for not more than one or two years, and that the essays are therefore remarkable proofs of their ability to write what the editor is pleased to call "good Anglo-Saxon." We should have been glad to receive a rather more distinct statement as to the fidelity with which these essays have been reproduced. That they are not substantially altered is indeed plain enough, but we have some suspicion that mistakes in grammar and spelling may possibly have been corrected. If not, we must admit that the Japanese students have really shown remarkable skill in acquiring a foreign language so different from their own. Though the essays are for the most part boyish enough, and make no real pretensions to literary merit, they are almost entirely free from downright blunders in language. We are the more inclined to think that the work has been faithfully reproduced, because the power of imitation is most singularly developed in other respects. The Japanese students have adopted not merely the language but the thoughts of their teachers; they write so distinctly from an American point of view that it is difficult to remember their foreign origin. Many of the essays, we strongly suspect, are little more than attempts to reproduce the lectures which the authors had been attending; and, with two or

three exceptions, we are unable to detect anything that can be called exclusively Japanese. We take at random an essay written by a youth called Enoué, on the strength and weakness of Republics. He sets out with just the set of commonplaces that one might expect from nine kids out of ten at an American college. The Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution, he tells us, have upset the old doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, and "the whole political heaven is charged with Republican electricity. The explosion will come sooner or later... despots tremble on their thrones," and so on. Then we are told how equal rights and the power of the meanest citizen to rise to the highest honours of the State are a great source of strength in Republics. This proposition is illustrated by the vigour displayed in the First Revolution by the Jacobin Government of France. The same moral is deduced from the late American war; and from the devotion excited by Washington. Turning to the other side of the question, Franklin is quoted to prove that Republican Legislatures are often selfish. Their forms again involve a want of energy in war, for which reason the Romans created the office of Dictator. Finally, demagogues do a great deal of mischief, as is proved by the case of Alcibiades. It is plain that this is a mere schoolboy essay, which it would be absurd to criticize. The odd thing is that the young Japanese has become so thoroughly imbued with Western ideas that he does not make a single remark bearing in any way upon Japan, and his illustrations are all drawn from European history. Every word might have been written by a lad in a middle-class examination in England to whom Japan was as unknown as London is to the Japanese.

The same is true of most of the other essays. In one or two, however, we catch sight of the real human being. Mr. Mori, it appears, has rather unnecessarily, as we fancy, censured the students for making sarcastic remarks about America, for fear of producing unkind feeling. Americans are touchy, as we know to our cost, but surely they could bear a sarcasm or two from a Japanese student in a college essay. However this may be, one or two of the writers have been allowed to express their feelings. An essay on "The Practical Americans" is an attack on the dollar-worship of the country, which is expressed with a good deal of vigour, and says the author, "very sensible remark. Though the Americans, send missionaries to teach the wretched heathen to be good, and at the same time send a company of practical men who show their practicability by extracting the riches in every way, and, when they could, by cheating those men whom their fellow-countrymen undertake to teach—to be what?—to be good!" Yet even in this bit of satire we must confess that there is not much originality. The Japanese student is in fact only repeating the remarks which he has read in American or English books, without giving them any special colouring. It is perhaps characteristic that the prejudice against missionaries which appears in the last passage finds expression more than once. The students speak respectfully of Christianity, and one or two of them would appear to be Christians. The others do not, for obvious reasons, admit that the Christian religion deserves to be regarded as the sole embodiment of truth, but look at it pretty much after the manner of Chunder Sen. This kind of enlightened toleration of Christianity, however, does not extend to the missionaries. Mr. Toyama addresses a very smart letter to "the gentlemen of the Missionary Societies," requesting them very emphatically to stay at home. Toyama argues, as some people have done on this side of the world, that it is absurd to talk about "free religion" on behalf of priests whose only object is to enslave people by playing upon their ignorance. This is pointed at the Jesuits, but he is careful to explain that he does not think much better of the Protestants. He sums up his remarks by saying that he objects to sending out missionaries, "because they are both the fathers of ignorance and the enemies of free religion. On this question depends the whole future of our countrymen. It depends on the issue of this question whether they are to become the Eastern Irishmen or the Eastern Yankees." Another curious essay by the same student describes a visit to a Roman Catholic church. He admires the music, but regards the sermons and ceremonies from a somewhat Voltairian point of view; and he winds up with the following paragraph, which is the most epigrammatic piece of writing in the book:—

From what I saw and heard I shall always believe Mr. Preacher when he says that his church alone has stood firm and unchanged, because it was shocking to imagine that it ever was or can ever be any worse. But, to tell the truth, it is my greatest desire that these Churches will not change, at least while I stay in this country, because henceforth, whenever I may get homesick, I will go to one of the Roman Catholic churches and feel that I am in one of the dear Buddha temples of far-off Japan.

Mr. Toyama is evidently a very clever fellow. The others may at least boast that they have learnt to write English remarkably well, and have assimilated, even too completely, the ideas of the surrounding medium. We are still, however, almost as far off as ever from obtaining any clear answer to the question, What do the Japanese think of us? We turn therefore in despair to the last lecture. Here we have a statistical account of the United States, of the political and social institutions, the rate of wages, the price of land, and a number of other interesting matters, which is indeed a very respectable compilation, and appears to be sensible and impartial enough when it ventures into expressions of opinion. It has, however, the peculiarity, which for our purpose is slightly annoying, that it tells us not what the Japanese think of America, but simply what an American thinks the Japanese would like to

\* *The Japanese in America.* By Charles Lanman, American Secretary to the Japanese Legation in Washington. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.



know about America—which is a very different thing. And thus we close the book with a sense of general disappointment. The students' essays are curious, though chiefly as illustrating the Japanese talent for mimicry; but the rest of the book, though not exactly worthless, is certainly not worth reading by any English inquirer into the Japanese mind.

#### DEAN STANLEY ON THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.\*

SCOTLAND and Religion are a conjunction which would seem in popular opinion to portend danger and disaster to whoever shall rashly come in its way. Most men would have shunned it with a lively terror; Dean Stanley has faced it manfully, and treated it neither in fear nor hatred, but in all Christian kindness and sincerity. Yet even among Scotsmen he has found praise and sympathy in many quarters, and tolerance in nearly all. In this phenomenon strangers may see that Scottish fanaticism is not the grim wild beast it is often taken for, and the opportunity is perhaps a good one for an examination of the real elements of that peculiar religious spirit which has reaped for Scotland so much homage from some and so much censure from others.

For one thing, indifference is not very ill used in Scotland. The "Laodicean Latitudinarian," as he is termed, whatever may have been his fate of old, is let alone at the present day. Strangers who have had opportunities of mixing in Edinburgh with good and scholarly society have returned with their minds enlarged by several novelties, and especially they have been put right if they had ever nourished the notion that every Scotch gentleman is a grim fanatic. The indignation of the zealous sort does not alight upon the "parens deorum cultor et infrequens," but on the worshipper of false gods. To rouse the Scotsman you must be zealous, but zealous in the wrong direction. If you are lukewarm, you are merely no participator in the blessed lot which awaits him. But if you seek that lot in another way than his, you are the wolf getting into the sheepfold, and must be manfully withstood. Among the gentry of Scotland there is much less religion than among the English of the same class. The laird is an adept in purely secular literature. He has his bookcases filled with the works of Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, Diderot, Bayle, and other heterodox teachers. He never goes to church save for some secular purpose or etiquette, and partakes not in "sacring ordinances." His excuse is that he is Episcopalian in his leanings, and that there happens to be no church of that denomination within a reasonable distance of his mansion; but it is well known that he shows no excessive zeal in the reparation of his losses when his opportunities are improved. His gardener is also a man of knowledge in his way, knows a little Latin perhaps, and is deep both in the practice and the science of horticulture. He belongs to the United Presbyterian connexion, and of course he would give notice at once if he were asked to pluck a basket of strawberries on "the Lord's Day." Yet by him, and such as him quite independent of the laird, that laird is respected. And the odd part of the matter—and what shows the danger of dealing with such questions in mere blacks and whites—is that, if the laird joined the United Presbyterian persuasion and stood as an elder at "the brood at the kirk door" receiving the halfpence of his gardener and the other devotees of that thoroughly evangelical denomination, he would probably not be so much respected, even by its members, as he is while yet unruggerate and walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. His conduct would be looked on—as unconsciously felt, let us rather say—in the way in which the conduct of a gentleman is felt when he takes advantage of any cheap enjoyment, made cheap that it may be within the reach of the poor. In Aberdeen, the Northern stronghold of Episcopacy, there was a small chapel called St. Paul's, which to preserve itself from the penal laws against the nonjurors had managed to attach itself in some mysterious manner to the Establishment of England. It was a dingy temple, hiding itself from scrutiny "down a close." But it was the place of worship of the county gentry, who were Hanoverian, but not Presbyterian. It used to be noticed that on occasion of a general charitable collection this one "chapel," as it was termed, contributed more than all the other churches of the city, Established or Dissenting. It was the assembly of the rich, and they were the assemblies of the poor.

No one perhaps has so clearly brought out as Dean Stanley the peculiar antagonism, the spirit of protest and of independent action, that has pervaded all vital expressions of religious influence in Scotland. It is exemplified in this instance. The poor man had a comforting self-satisfaction in his religion, and if he could have searched his heart with impartiality he would have found that much of that satisfaction came from its being a peculiar possession of his own in which his rich neighbour did not participate. That neighbour had his wealth, his luxuries, his social position and power; but Lazarus had something better than them all in a sort of investment in the next world. Then there was in all this the gratification of the national banking after independence. How could this be more emphatically exhibited than when the landlord and the tenant, the master and the man, went off in opposite directions at those points where the most vital interests of mankind were represented?

There was wisdom in that saying of a foreigner referred to by the Dean, that the religionists of Scotland are not men but parties. The practical exemplification of this lets us see how the religionists have kept so much fiery matter within them, and yet could deal with the world outside in a calm, vigorous, and tolerant fashion. The "Secession" left the Church of Scotland early in last century, not because they had adopted a new revelation, but because, as they maintained, the Church of Scotland had departed from "the good old ways." Speedily the Secession in Scotland broke into two bodies about an oath to be administered to members of corporations, and there was "the Burgher Secession" and the "Antiburgher Secession." A transverse section divided each of these bodies into two, in such wise that there were "the New Light Burghers and the Old Light Burghers, the New Light Antiburghers and the Old Light Antiburghers." All these were too much occupied in a cross fire of anathematization among each other to trouble the rest of the world. There is a story of a parcel of schoolboys getting into a church or meeting-house belonging to a Burgher connexion. The bawler or "kirk officer," seeking to restore order, has caught a ringleader, whereupon there comes an infantine cry from a corner, "Hit him hard, hit him hard, his feyther's an Antiburgher." If it is difficult to suppose intolerance taking a more humble and paltry shape, it is also difficult to suppose it taking a more harmless one.

We do not believe that in any work, whether historical or expository, by a native Scotch ecclesiastic, the characteristic features of the religious changes and revolutions in Scotland have been so clearly and forcibly expressed as they are in this book. It is the privilege of the stranger to give the most expressive portrait of a people's aspect, but to take advantage of his opportunity he must be endowed with knowledge, acuteness, and the power of description. The effect of the Dean's clearness of description and contrast is to impress one strongly with the secularity of the causes which have always been at the root of the peculiarities of religious activity in Scotland. At the beginning of the book there is a point of separate interest, the question whether anything has recently come to light to support the story told by Bede of the relic of Roman Christianity which subsisted for a short time in Galloway under the pastoral supremacy of St. Ninian; and it will be of importance to those who hold that there is such confirmation, to read and consider the Dean's commentary on some early Christian monuments figured in Dr. Stuart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. Of the more substantial and permanent planting of the Church through the mission of St. Columba we have the following sketch:—

A council of the Irish clergy had met and driven him forth as an excommunicated outcast. In the council—so runs the story—was one of the two mysterious Irish saints who bore the name of Brendan. Saint Brendan, when the excommunicated man appeared in the council, rose up and embraced him. The whole council burst into exclamations of horror. "You would be as I have done," said Brendan; "and you would never have excommunicated him, if you saw what I saw."

Such excommunicated men have been seen in Scotland and in England often since. They may be seen at this moment in Rome, in Paris, and in Munich. There was a freedom and justice in this old Celtic conception of true greatness, which even at this day we have hardly obtained. Columba is not the only excommunicated man who, to the eyes of the truly discerning, has had beside him angels, and before him a pillar of fire. Brendan was right in thinking, "a pillar of fire before him and the angels of heaven beside him. I dare not disdain a man predestined by God to be the guide of an entire people to eternal life."

It is a story which comes with instruction. His career remains a glorious proof how the ban of the visible Church against the moving spirits of mankind may turn out to be vanity of vanities. Whatever the shortcomings of Columba, St. Brendan was right in saying, that we cannot afford to "disdain a man predestined to be the evangelist and apostle of such a nation as Scotland."

The other recollections of Iona are of a later age. The Martyrs' Bay—the white beach opposite to Mull, which derives its name from the massacre of the natives by Danish pirates, is the spot on which the funeral processions from the surrounding islands have disembarked their mournful freight, and placed them on a rude mound at the curve of the shore. Thence they were borne, kings of Scotland, kings of Norway, lords of the Isles, to the cemetery consecrated by the neighbourhood of Columba's bones, but deriving its name from his companion of dubious fame, the indignant Oran. It is the oldest regal cemetery of Great Britain—before Dunfermline, before Holyrood, before Westminster, before Windsor. It is further the most continuously ancient cemetery of the world. In none other have the remains of the dead been laid through an unbroken track of one thousand three hundred years, beginning with Columba and his companions, ending with the shipwrecked mariners of a few years ago.

And as it is the most venerable cemetery of the Celtic race, so also is it marked by that singular characteristic of Celtic countries—the union of tenacious reverence with reckless neglect, which only within our own time the care of the present owner, worthy of the precious possession entrusted to his charge, has endeavoured to rectify and prevent. With Oran's cemetery ends the true historic connexion of Iona with Columba. The cathedral of Iona, with its Norman arches, carries us both by its style and its name to a region far removed from the first Celtic missionary. The architecture tells of its origin from the half-Norman Margaret, under whose auspices the royal funerals were transferred from Iona to Dunfermline, indicating the transfer of sanctity from these western islands to the seat of Lowland government. The name of "cathedral" tells how far the Church of Scotland had, in the fourteenth century, drifted away from the days when the abbot of Iona was supreme over the Hebrides, and when no episcopal chair had constituted any Scottish church into a cathedral. But of that long mediæval history of Iona nothing, or next to nothing, has come down to us. The last historic picture which the sacred island presents us is but within fifty years of Columba's death, when the French bishop Arculf, driven by stress of weather on his return from the Holy Land, found a refuge in the humble tenement of the Abbot Adamnan, and where Adamnan took down from his mouth the only description of Palestine that exists before the fall of the Roman Empire and the Saracenic occupation. We see, as we read the disjointed record, the traveller telling, the abbot questioning, till the whole story was at last recorded in its present rude form.

It was not till the close of the eighteenth century that the fame of Columba once again attracted to these distant shores a pilgrim from the

\* *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland*. Delivered at Edinburgh in 1872. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. London: Murray, 1872.

world of letters, as illustrious as ever was drawn from regal or episcopal thrones—and that the Holy Island received a new canonization in the immortal sentence which now springs to the memory of every educated Englishman when Iona is named:—"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism will not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety will not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

In the ninth century Iona was wrecked and plundered by the Norsemen, who found it on their way to Ireland, where they were establishing a principality with Dublin as its capital. From this period to the Norman Conquest of England there was little religion in Scotland. The priesthood were a selfish, luxurious, half secular class of men, called Culdees. What property the Church had got was becoming lay property, either by the lapses of these men or the aggressions of the lay aristocracy. The only prince on record as a benefactor of the Church seems to have been that exceedingly notorious miscreant Macbeth. It would be hard to find in Scotland any trace of that millenary frenzy which swept over Europe as the period of the first thousand years of Christianity was drawing to a close, though its influence was so powerfully felt in England as one of the great promoters of the Norman Conquest. By this event, to be sure, the revival spirit passed on to Scotland, but by a sort of reactionary influence, when Margaret, the sister of the English Atheling, married King Malcolm. The subsisting relics of the old English Court—the Court sanctified by the just departed Edward the Confessor—became a part of the Court of Scotland, now brought its sanctity with it. It will be seen with clearness and point in the Dean's description how the English spirit ruled and recast the Church of Scotland, until the Battle of Bannockburn set adrift everything associated with "the old enemies of England." Ever after that period, it is no bad rule in estimating the motives at the root of all political action in Scotland to attribute it to enmity with England. But there came in upon the growing hostility towards the old Church other influences equally secular and more substantial. It has been said, in words which the Dean's courtesy to his audience would not have permitted him to use had they occurred to him, that the Reformation was carried because the aristocracy wanted to take the wealth of the Church, and the Covenant was carried because they wanted to keep that wealth. At the same time the determination not to be ruled from England gave great assistance to the baser motive; the people would be Presbyterian, or anything, rather than accept the Service Book and the canons dictated to them from the head of the English Church. After the Restoration the same spirit took even a wilder and fiercer shape. Scotland was then well tired of fanatical explosions, and would have sat down in peace with any moderate religious code, provided it had been self-suggested. But again English prelacy was to be thrust on them, and this time not by threats, but by the actual thrust of the bayonet. True, it was their own factious politicians rather than Englishmen that conducted the persecution; but it was English in tone and origin, and the people were too infuriated to see it in any other light. To the spirit thus raised to fiery heat at the time of the Revolution we owe much of the fanaticism which Scotland has since nourished in her bosom; and perhaps to the abundance of secular elements in the causes of that fanaticism we may be indebted for the agreeable peculiarity that the fanaticism has not been so mischievous as other fanaticisms have been—that, to use a common Scotch expression, "its bark is waur than its bite."

The Union of 1707 in a curious manner fixed the existing conditions of that year as a perpetuity. Scotland was cooling down from the hot passions of fifteen years earlier. There was a considerable Episcopalian feeling throughout the country. Presbyterianism, however, had still the working majority. The Union could not be carried save through this majority, particularly as it represented the anti-Jacobite Lowlands. Accordingly it fixed down its conditions very firmly, and it may be said that it is owing rather to the good faith of England in keeping to its obligations than to the later conditions of religious feeling in Scotland that the Established Church is Presbyterian. We conclude with Dean Stanley's description of the externals of these conditions as a characteristic specimen of his gift of picturesque generalization. Our readers will not fail to observe how completely the rival meeting of the Free Kirk Assembly has slipped out of the picture:—

The very first declaration which the Sovereign makes—taking precedence even of the recognition of the rights and liberties of the English Church and nation, which are postponed till the day of the coronation—is that in which, on the day of the accession, the Sovereign declares that he or she will maintain inviolate and intact the Church of Scotland. That which was signed by Her Majesty may be seen in the Register House of Edinburgh, and has the peculiar interest of being the first signature of her name as Queen. There is a large blank left, in the doubt which was then not yet solved, whether one or more of her names would be used, and the single name therefore stands—alone of all her signatures—in a space too ample for the word; and immediately following comes, after the signature of the Princess of the Blood Royal, the name of the dignified and cautious Primate who then filled the see of Canterbury. In the Act of Union itself, which prescribes this declaration, the same securities are throughout exacted for the Church of Scotland as were exacted for the Church of England; and it is on record that, when that Act was passed, and some question arose amongst the Peers as to the propriety of so complete a recognition of the Presbyterian Church, the then Primate of all England, the "old rock," as he was called, Archbishop Tenison, rose, and said, with a weight which carried all objections before it, "The narrow notions of all Churches have been their ruin. I believe that the Church of Scotland, though not so perfect as ours, is as true a Protestant Church as the Church of England." No Scotsman, no Englishman can see the meeting of the General Assem-

bly in Edinburgh without feeling that it is the chief national institution of the northern Kingdom. No other ecclesiastical assembly in the realm meets with such a solemn and distinct recognition, with such a pomp and circumstance of royalty, with such a well-ordered and well-understood tradition of rights and privileges and duties.

What is thus legally acknowledged receives a yet further confirmation in the common parlance even of unwilling witnesses. It is sometimes the custom of English Churchmen and Scottish Episcopallians to distinguish in Scotland between "the Church" and "the Kirk," meaning by the former the Episcopalian and by the latter the Presbyterian system. It is difficult to imagine a more complete testimony to the national character of the Presbyterian Church than this surrender to it of the true Scottish name of the Church itself. The "Kirk," whatever the word may mean in English, in Scotland means "the Church," as truly as *Eglise* in French, or *Chiesa* in Italian. To speak of the Presbyterian community as "the Kirk," and the Episcopalian community as "the Church," is in fact to say that the Presbyterian community is the national Church of Scotland, and the Episcopalian community an offshoot of the Church of England.

#### MARY HOLLIS.

THE time of Charles II. is one well fitted to furnish the scenery for an effective historical novel, though perhaps hardly for an edifying one. In the coldest, driest, most matter-of-fact account it is still full of dramatic situations and picturesque contrasts—a sort of historical fancy ball, where the old Commonwealth man and the old cavalier, the politician and the courtier, the beauty, the patriot and the fanatic, jostle each other in quaint confusion. The Puritan fervour and piety in the heart of the nation crop out strangely here and there amid the general profligacy. Great political interests, matters on which the fates of England and of Europe turn, are mixed up with the base intrigues of rakish men of fashion and languid-eyed Sir Peter Lely beauties. In short, there is material enough for a religious, a political, and a sensational novelist rolled into one.

The author of *Mary Hollis* has caught this idea of the many-aided character of the Restoration period, and has worked it out with great elaboration, though we cannot add with great success. The novel is a translation from the Dutch of Mr. H. J. Schimmel, and may perhaps have suffered somewhat in the process of rendering into English; for the spirit of familiar conversation will evaporate even in the best translation; but in the present case we question whether there ever was any to evaporate. The translator, however, should have known that the son of a baronet is not a "young nobleman," and that "I am informed you have been brought up in the country quite different from what you are now" is not elegant English. But the main faults are inherent in the story. Mr. Schimmel has not, indeed, succeeded ill with some of the purely political characters, especially with that of his great countryman, William Prince of Orange. The story opens in the year 1670, some months after the signing of the secret Treaty of Dover, whilst William was paying a visit to his uncle in England. The picture of the silent and uncourtly young man, whom nobody knows whether to consider merely as an unmannerly and backward lad or as a cunningly reserved politician, is the best thing in the book. The author has treated him *con amore*, and made him one of the very few likeable personages of a story which mainly turns on the intrigues and counter-intrigues of the Duke of Buckingham and the rival favourites Barbara Palmer and Louise de Querouville, of whose company we have a great deal more than is pleasant. Vice may be as dull as virtue; and though it is generally supposed that Buckingham relieved his bad qualities by the brilliancy of his wit, it would appear, from a perusal of the present romance, that during that period of his life in which he was brought into contact with Mary Hollis he permitted himself to be absolutely stupid. He is, however, eminently useful in setting all the puppets of the piece in motion. We first become acquainted with him as one of the traditional two horsemen of romance, benighted in the woods between York and Leeds, and finding shelter in Hallam Castle, the abode of Sir Henry Digby, a baronet of the ancient cavalier school, and his haughty and managing wife, whom Buckingham not unjustly terms a "vixen." The pair have an only child, Charles, a youth arrived at the age of twenty-three, who rebels against being set by his father to read the *Book of Sports*, which the author evidently conceives to be an edifying and bulky work of King James:—

For Sir Henry, the royal book was an infallible one, and he wished the contents of it to be acted upon by the Castle. He recommended the "Book of Sports" to all his family and dependants, and had again this evening handed it to Charles, his son and heir, after which he had fallen asleep.

Charles, being, as he says, "deadly tired" of the book, in a pet flings it upon the floor, exclaiming, "I will not read. D'ye hear? I will not." At the heavy fall, Lady Digby is roused from her spinning, and as her son does not obey her command to "pick it up," she "gave Charles a box on his ear with the book, and cried out most imperatively, 'You shall read; Sir Henry said you should.'" This is not the sort of usage that a baronet's only son commonly receives from his mother; and it is not wonderful that Charles, groaning under this tyranny, finds it necessary to have a confidant for his sorrows in the shape of pretty Mary Hollis, the Nonconformist preacher's daughter.

Charles Digby and Mary Hollis both become objects of great interest to the Duke of Buckingham, who secretly pities the lad when his parents order him off early to bed, and is so struck with his good looks that he murmurs to himself, "A fine fellow!"

\* *Mary Hollis: a Romance of the Days of Charles II. and William Prince of Orange.* By H. J. Schimmel, Author of "Lady Carlisle." 3 vols. London: John Camden Hotten.

Upon my soul, Madam Carwell would not be able to resist him." Upon this idea the Duke acts. He takes the handsome young Digby to Court, in the hope that he may attract the Duchess of Portsmouth sufficiently to excite the jealousy and anger of the King—neither a pleasant idea for a story nor a dignified position for a hero. The process by which Charles Digby is placed under the patronage of the Duke is in itself as monstrously improbable as anything can be. Sir Henry detests Buckingham, though only knowing him by reputation; but his guest, the object of his aversion, who has given his name simply as "Mr. George," assures him ironically, "Nobody hates the Duke of Buckingham more than I do"; and when, still keeping his name concealed, he pledges his word that he is "a nobleman, a peer of the realm, and a member of His Majesty's Privy Council," the Digbys are easily persuaded to entrust their son and heir to this stranger. And so the Duke, having vetoed a proposal of Lady Digby's to send the chaplain with Charles, rides off to London with his new-made protégé.

As for Mary Hollis, all readers of experience can guess that when Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is introduced in a story, his business is to form designs upon the heroine. Aided by a slender stock of religious phrases, he first attempts to pass himself off as a Puritan; and on being discovered and turned out by Jacob Hollis, revenges himself by means of Sir Henry, who in his capacity as Justice of the Peace rides gallantly out at the head of the Royal dragoons from York to scatter a prayer-meeting. Considering that dragoons, or indeed regular troops of any kind, were scarce in England during the reign of Charles II., especially before the Tangiers garrison had been brought home, the ease with which they are obtained is remarkable. As Sir Henry blames His Majesty's Ministers for not sending him a company of infantry, it is plain that he does not share the dislike and suspicion with which most country gentlemen then regarded a standing army. The luckless Jacob Hollis, who has already lost his ears in the Star Chamber, is lodged in gaol, in the same cell as a felon sentenced "to die on the wheel"—we should think it was more probably on the gallows—while his daughter, on her return from visiting him in prison, is seized by agents of the Duke of Buckingham; and thus the pair of lovers are safely conveyed to London, Charles to be pushed at Court, and Mary to be immured in one of the Duke's houses. This last feat is a dangerous one, and is considered as such even by the *dne dame* entrusted with its execution; for "he was well aware that a case of abduction was a flagrant transgression of a Bill lately passed, of the 'Habeas Corpus Act,' so much valued by every Briton who estimated [*sic*] his individual liberty." Dick Wharton's knowledge is the more remarkable, as the Act thus referred to was not passed till nine years after the date of the story; this foreknowledge, however, and his peculiar ideas as to its scope, are shared by others—by Lord Shaftesbury, and by a virtuous and patriotic ironmonger of the name of Wilkins. As for the scene between the Puritan maiden and the wicked Duke, its most striking incident is copied from the scene between Rebecca and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, with the difference that the Templar never fails to express himself with dignity, whereas Buckingham under similar circumstances can utter nothing more impressive than "Mary!—no suicide." After having made her escape, Mary is taken up by Lady Castlemaine, and introduced to the King, under the pretext of assisting her to obtain a pardon for her father, who, however, obligingly dies just as the desired favour is about to be granted. Now begin the marvels of the book. The demure Puritan dame, who, to do her justice, is at the time ignorant of the name and position of her grand patroness, is taken, in the costume of a Catalonian *aldeia*, to a fancy-ball, where she captivates the monarch. His repeated visits do, indeed, at first disconcert and annoy her:—

But His Majesty's respectful demeanour, the serious conversation which she had with the monarch of the United Kingdom, a conversation which he not only tolerated but provoked, caused the idea to dawn upon her that she, the humble, insignificant country-girl, that she, the martyr's daughter, might become the instrument in God's hand of converting an awful sinner.

To young Digby, who points out the dangers of her course, she replies, "You have so far forgotten the history of God's people as not even to remember what was once done by Judith," explaining, however, that instead of carrying out the parallel by killing the King, she wishes to make him live. With the great case of Gifford Gillfillan before our eyes, we doubt whether any true-bred Puritan ever appealed to the Apocrypha with so much reverence. But her success is for the moment amazing. The King leaves off his evil ways, applies himself seriously to business—especially when she reads his State papers—and, climax of wonders, sends an order to the hitherto reigning favourites to quit the Court. The courtiers whisper and sneer:—

Not anything more important had occurred in the United Kingdom since the execution of His Majesty Charles I. Every one was most impatiently looking out for the dinner-hour; but, alas! His Majesty did not appear. The King had given orders to be served alone in his closet. New hopes were fixed upon the evening reception, but once more in vain. His Majesty wished to pass the evening in quietude.

"His Majesty is becoming independent," whispered one of the courtiers, with a significant nod to his neighbour.

"Suppose we call upon Miss Hollis," replied the other, with a bitter smile. But again they were disappointed. Miss Hollis did not receive anybody.

We remember how Mr. Peggys saw "a pretty Quaker woman" holding serious discourse with the King, he "arguing the truth of his spirit against hers; she replying still with these words, 'O, King!' and thoud' all along." But Puritan country-head Mary Hollis, whom the King describes to the scoffing Buckingham as

"an angel in the shape of a lovely woman, a Madonna, as gentle as a lamb, as sensible as a bishop," leaves the pretty Quakers far behind. She dwells in Whitehall, severely arrayed in black velvet, and Lord Shaftesbury and William of Orange come anxiously to seek for her co-operation. That her virtuous influence is of short duration, and gives way before the united efforts of Buckingham and the ladies she has ousted, may be easily foreseen.

As for young Digby, he obtains a commission in "the Life Guards, and develops rapidly. He gambles recklessly, drinks deep, is introduced to the highest society, including that of the Duke of Monmouth, whose name, by the way, was not John Scott, and who could not on any hypothesis have spoken of the Prince of Orange as his nephew. Justifying Buckingham's opinion of his attractions, Digby becomes the favourite of Lady Castlemaine, and the object of a tender passion on the part of the neglected Queen Katharine of Braganza. Mr. Schimmel does not err on the side of refinement. No attempt is made to veil the utter scampishness of Digby and his associates, male and female. On the contrary, the author seems to have a delight in dwelling upon what artistic feeling alone should have told him would be better only hinted at. The stupid coarseness of the young cavaliers who rally Digby upon his success with Lady Castlemaine may be lifelike, but it is neither entertaining nor improving. As triumphant in war as in love, the hero is victorious in two duels; the second, in the cause of Mary Hollis, being fought with his former patron Buckingham. This scene is intended to be very effective, the encounter taking place by moonlight and in the snow, the combatants still wearing their fancy dresses—an idea evidently suggested by the well-known picture by Gérôme. For this exploit Digby is lodged in the Tower, whence he is delivered by Mary, who later on again steps forward to save him—this time by a falsehood—from the consequences of lifting his eyes to the Queen. After this, Digby, having come off with the loss of his commission, settles down at Hallam, ard, in spite of vehement parental opposition, marries Mary Hollis, who "had gradually divested herself of her prejudices and sickly notions about God and the world in which she lived":—

Once even, when Charles, after a hard day's labour, had kissed her pure unsullied lips, she had gone so far as to confess to him what she had so often said to herself: "How good it has been for us to see life in London!"

Which, considering the nature of Digby's life in London, shows a great advance in liberality and breadth of opinion on Mary's part. As for the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Cleveland, poetical justice is dealt out to them through their perfidious ally the Duchess of Portsmouth, who fools them both, and reigns thenceforth sole monarch.

Whatever may be the author's talents, they certainly do not lie in the way of sparkling conversation. The chief praise we can give to the story is that, compressed and put into verse, it might make an effective *libretto* for an opera. Dissipation, when represented in drinking choruses sung by cavaliers somewhat unsteady in their gait, amid the flying of champagne corks, the clinking of glasses and the rattle of dice, tells well on the stage. A long and dull fox-hunting scene, introduced apparently to show off the Prince of Orange's riding and the author's knowledge of the points of a hunter, would give an opening for a fine "Tally-ho" song accompanied with cracking of whips. Jacob Hollis, and Mary upon occasion, might be provided with religious music; the Queen, Lady Castlemaine, and Mary have all love-scenes in different styles, while the last heroine has no less than three striking and sensational situations to appear in. But, considered as a novel, we can only say that the translator has unconsciously described it in a note explanatory of the nature of the *Grand Cyrus*, a work to which the Duke introduces Mary, and by which she is much scandalized:—

A wearisome and long-winded romance by Mademoiselle de Soudré, very popular at this period, and which would be more likely to send any fair reader of the present day to sleep, than to offend her by its want of refinement.

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## FRANCE.

THE new Treaty between France and Germany, submitted to the French Assembly on Monday, is on the whole beneficial to France. The Germans do not give up much, but they give up something. Under previous arrangements no more money was to be paid until the 1st of March, 1874, and the six departments now occupied were to continue to be occupied until the same date. One hundred and twenty millions sterling with interest were to be then paid, and the Germans were forthwith to evacuate France. Under the new arrangement twenty millions sterling are to be paid within two months after the ratification of the Treaty, and two departments, comprising the finest parts of Champagne, are to be evacuated. Twenty millions sterling more are to be paid on the 1st of next February, and forty millions more on the 1st of March, 1874; and on eighty millions, or two milliards, being paid, two more departments, those of the Ardennes and the Vosges, are to be evacuated. The last forty millions sterling are to be paid, with all interest then due, on the 1st March, 1875, and then the last of the six occupied departments, those of the Meuse and the Meurthe, are to be evacuated, and Belfort is to be handed over. The main features of this new Treaty are therefore that by an immediate payment of twenty millions sterling, France can purchase the liberation of two departments, and she has a year more given her before she has to make a final settlement with Germany. Both these stipulations are beneficial to her. The French Government states that it has already at its command the funds necessary for the payment of the first half-milliard, and it is putting the money to a very good use if it can be made to procure the liberation of two departments. If the new loan is very successful, and the money subscribed for it is poured in quickly, the whole of the occupied territory may be released by the date originally fixed. The Germans are quite willing at any time to take their money and go away. But the new loan will be principally subscribed in France, and to call upon French subscribers to pay up in full by the beginning of 1874 might press very hardly on numbers of persons very ill fitted to bear the burden, and might seriously disarrange French industry. The French Government has therefore very wisely provided for the worst, and has secured a year of grace in case of need. If all the money can be got and paid over in eighteen months' time, the liberation of French territory will not be effected a day later, and may be effected earlier, than was contemplated by the Treaty of Frankfurt. If difficulties arise and a longer time is wanted to get all the money, time is given in which to get it, while only two, instead of six, departments will be occupied. The French Government tried hard to obtain a further concession. They asked that in proportion as the area of occupation was diminished the numbers of the occupying army should be diminished also. But the Germans, for military reasons, would not agree to this. They insisted on being at liberty to keep fifty thousand men in France so long as they were in France at all. The new Treaty may therefore in one respect make the position of one portion of the French people worse. During the year of grace, the departments of the Meuse and Meurthe may have the whole army of occupation quartered on them. But the risk of their suffering in this way does not seriously impair the general advantages accruing to France from the arrangement, and there is every probability that the Assembly will ratify the Treaty almost without discussion. The main thing is to raise the new loan as quickly and on as favourable terms as possible. But in order to accomplish this, the appearance of a financial deficit for the current year must be avoided, and accordingly the discussion

of the Assembly this week has been given to the discussion of the new taxes which unfortunately must be voted if the income of France is to balance its expenditure.

The Assembly at the end of last week confirmed its previous vote imposing a tax on mortgages, and passed in one sitting a Bill for taxing shares and bonds. It then came to the third of the taxes which constitute the project of the Budget Committee—the tax on business transactions. This tax is estimated to produce a revenue of seventy millions of francs, and it so happens that M. THIERS calculates that the taxes on raw materials will give, on the expiration of the Treaties with England and Belgium, sixty millions. It was natural therefore to compare one set of taxes with the other, but to do so it was necessary to examine whether the taxes on raw materials would, if voted, give anything like sixty millions. A Committee of the Assembly had reported first that only fifteen millions, and subsequently that only five millions, could be obtained at once from taxing raw materials; and it was of the utmost importance to know whether M. THIERS or the Committee was right. The discussion of the tax on business transactions was therefore interrupted that M. THIERS might enlighten the Assembly as to the grounds on which he took so very favourable an estimate of the probable proceeds of the taxes he so strongly recommends, and the Assembly has been mainly occupied this week in listening to his statements on the subject, and to the criticisms which his statements have evoked. Before, however, entering on details, M. THIERS indulged in a general denunciation of the Treaties of Commerce concluded under the Empire. This attack provoked M. ROCHER to defend them, which he did with much spirit; but the mere notion that he should dare to speak at all seemed to drive a large portion of the Assembly wild. There was the most intense excitement, and a general tumult and confusion prevailed. The Assembly behaved, in fact, very badly indeed, although it is not for Englishmen, fresh from the memory of the deplorable scene of the present Session when the House of Commons lost all sense of decency and self-respect in the amusement of hooting down Mr. AUBREY HERBERT, to be severe on the failures of foreign legislative bodies. Fortunately, while this war of passion was still raging in the Assembly, the moment came when the terms of the new Treaty had to be made known by the MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, and the interest of the subject and the chilling reminder of the presence and power of the foreigner in France sobered the Assembly and brought it to its senses. The next day M. THIERS justified his calculations in a long and elaborate speech, and then, with much good sense and good temper, some of the leading members of the Committee, which had differed from him, so widely urged the reasons which had led them to support an opposite view.

The details of the discussion were very complicated and minute, but the general points at issue are not very difficult to seize. The whole difference of opinion arose from varying interpretations of the several Treaties of Commerce by which France is bound. The Committee insisted that so long as the Treaties with England and Belgium are in force—that is, for eight months longer—scarcely anything at all can be got out of taxes on raw materials; and that, the real point being to get a sufficient revenue for the current expenses of the year, it is idle to have resort to taxes which during the year would be inoperative. Even after the Treaties with England and Belgium shall have expired, the Committee thinks that the other treaties by which France is bound would make such taxes very unproductive. However the Assembly may vote, which is a political rather than a financial question, the Committee appears to have had an important victory in so far as arguments went. For example, take the instance of the proposed tax on

cotton. M. THIERS said that it was perfectly open to France to tax at once Brazilian and American cotton, and this would yield a revenue of four millions and a half of francs. When the Treaty with England expires France will be able to tax Indian cotton, which will yield three and a half millions more, and a further two millions can be obtained as the pressure of other treaties is removed by negotiation or lapse of time. So he put the total proceeds of the tax at ten millions. The Committee replied that while the English Treaty subsists English manufactured cotton goods cannot be taxed, and that as English manufacturers would be buying American cotton duty free, they could make it impossible for French manufacturers paying the duty on American cotton to contend with them. During the months while the Treaty will still operate, they would deluge the French market with their goods, so that French manufacturers would not during the subsistence of the Treaty, and for some time after its cessation, be able to afford to buy taxed American cotton, and consequently no revenue would be derived from it. After the English Treaty has expired the Swiss Treaty, by which cotton thread may be introduced duty free, will remain in force, and cotton will thus find its way into France without the revenue being benefited. M. THIERS'S reply was of the most singular kind. He stated that up to this time the cotton introduced from Switzerland was of the most limited amount, and that France, although weaker than she used to be, was still powerful enough to make herself respected, and that Switzerland must be told not to introduce more cotton than she has hitherto been accustomed to introduce. The Committee observed that, in the first place, the Treaty with Switzerland distinctly provided that the Swiss might introduce into France as much cotton thread as they pleased without France being at liberty to inquire from what country it came; and that, in the next place, Germany, who certainly is not to be bullied, had established the right of being treated on the footing of the most favoured nation, and would claim all that the Swiss could claim. Hereupon M. THIERS urged that the Treaties of Commerce provide that, if a tax is imposed on raw materials, a corresponding tax may be placed on the manufactured material. The Committee replied that it was impossible, under the existing treaties, to place a tax on all kinds of each description of raw material; for many of the treaties specify that some kinds shall be imported duty free, so that the countries benefiting by the treaties would never consent that a tax should be imposed on the manufactured article when a portion of the raw material came untaxed into the hands of French manufacturers. France, for example, is bound to admit Italian silk goods duty free. M. THIERS proposes to tax China and Japan raw silk, but not raw silk made in France. Italy would have a right to complain if France put a tax on Italian silk goods, when it taxed only a portion of the raw material. M. THIERS admits this, but his views as to Italy are as singular as his views as to Switzerland. In plain language, he offers to sell the Italians the alliance of France and to acquiesce in the destruction of the Temporal Power if they will enter into new commercial arrangements with him. The Pope will learn the real value attached to his blessings by the Eldest Daughter of the Church, when he hears that she is prepared to abandon him if his enemies will let her get a possibly increased revenue of about a hundred thousand pounds a year out of duties on silk. There really is no defence for the taxes on raw materials except that every other of the taxes proposed is open to grave objection, and certainly the tax on business transactions is almost as bad as could be devised. It is a great mistake to suppose that the financial difficulties of France have been overcome. More taxes must be imposed; those already imposed do not produce nearly what was anticipated, and the limits of defensible taxation have been reached. Before long the French may have to acknowledge what a great benefit it is to them to have a year more for their final settlement with Germany.

#### THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

IT is said that American journalists have the good sense to admit that their Government has exposed them to a severe rebuff at Geneva. The obnoxious claims might have been withdrawn with more dignity before they were condemned by the unanimous and unhesitating judgment of the Arbitrators. The English agents appear to be

Lord CAIRNS and of M. JOHN LEMOINE, seems nevertheless to be unsound; the supposed risk of an adverse decision was never incurred. If the Arbitrators had expressed a gratuitous opinion that the consequential claims were warranted by international law, the English agent would only have persisted in his refusal to proceed with the litigation until the claims were definitely withdrawn. The Arbitrators properly and expressly guarded themselves against the suspicion that they were proceeding to adjudicate on the terms of the Treaty and the scope of the reference. The agent of the United States might, if he had thought fit, have asked for a preliminary award on the extent of the reference, but he prudently took the offered opportunity of relieving himself from the intolerable burden of an absurd and unjust contention. The whole arrangement had probably been concerted between Mr. FISH and Mr. ADAMS; and there is no doubt that the PRESIDENT, in withdrawing the claims, was acting strictly within his constitutional powers. The Treaty which was ratified by the Senate necessarily assumed the right of the Executive Government of either country to conduct the litigation. Neither the American Case nor the future award can require or admit the ratification of the Senate. One English writer complains that the Americans have secured by their diplomatic obstinacy the Supplementary Article which happily proved abortive. There were strong objections to a document in which the abandonment of an iniquitous demand was made a subject of bargain; nor was it desirable that a new American rule of law should be foisted into the international code. If the Senate had not mistaken Lord GRANVILLE'S conciliatory policy for weakness, the American Government would have secured a more decorous retreat from its untenable position. It was far more satisfactory that the claims should be withdrawn because they were flagrantly absurd. The fear that the Indirect Claims may be hereafter revived is altogether chimerical. The American nation is thoroughly ashamed of the sharp practice which has resulted in ignominious failure; and neither Mr. SUMNER who invented the claims, nor the PRESIDENT and SECRETARY of STATE who adopted them, will be thought to have earned public gratitude. According to the American contention, which has never been definitely retracted, the Indirect Claims were covered by the Treaty. It would seem to follow that they are finally extinct, since they have been disavowed by the litigant who advanced them. It is not probable that any English Minister would even discuss the question whether the demands should be revived or submitted to arbitration. The whole controversy is finally terminated.

The patient and steady persistence of the English Government in the determination by all possible methods to render the arbitration practicable has been justified by the result. The solution has been thoroughly honourable and satisfactory; and the Ministers may boast that after the commencement of the discussion, six months ago, they have never wavered in their determination to abide by the purpose which they originally announced. It is now impossible to ascertain whether they might have succeeded at an earlier period if they had made their intentions more clearly understood. As a general rule it may be said that eagerness in making a bargain is injudicious; but in this instance there was an incidental advantage in gaining time. The Americans had perhaps never clearly understood the monstrous character of the Indirect Claims until the Case had provoked unanimous indignation in England. From that time the conviction has been rapidly spreading that the Claims were indefensible; and the opinion announced in their non-official capacity by the Arbitrators had been previously held by the great majority of educated Americans. In tolerably enlightened communities the habitual appeals of politicians to ignorance and prejudice are often not only ineffective but damaging to those by whom they are preferred. Intelligent Americans resent the assumption of their representatives that they are either foolish or extortionate. The rabble will probably impute to General GRANT and Mr. FISH unworthy weakness in their dealings with England. More competent judges of their conduct will blame them, not for retreating at the last moment, but for persisting so long in an outrageous demand. It may be hoped that their disappointment will result to the rude and offensive manner of Mr. BAINBRIDGE'S conduct. In one of his despatches Mr. FISH professed regret that the recourse to arbitration had been found necessary, but as he suggested, instead of being an amiable settlement, the litigation would rather partake of the nature of a contest. In the English pleadings there is nothing which could give offence to the most sensitive opponent; but the American Case was as much based on a demand for a concession as on an supporting his own demands.

and Lord Russell were hypocrites and conspirators, nor will they inquire whether enthusiasm for the Federal cause may not have tempted Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright into rhetorical exaggeration. The alleged motives of English statesmen, and the feelings imputed to large classes of Englishmen, are not included in the reference to arbitration of the question whether the Government was, in the case of any cruiser, guilty of such negligence as to involve pecuniary liability. It may be supposed that lawyers selected by the Government of the United States to represent the country understand their business too well to have thought that imputations of insincerity and malignity could be relevant to the issue. In their choice of topics and illustrations, as in their assertion in the Case of the Indirect Claims, they consulted the feeling which they supposed to be popular. In the words of a journal devoted to the President, they framed an indictment against England when it was their duty and the interest of their clients to confine their attention to the subject-matter of arbitration.

It will be interesting to learn whether the defeat which has been sustained by the Washington Government will affect the chances of the Presidential election. General GRANT is responsible for the miscarriage of Mr. Fish's attempt at extortion, but, on the other hand, Mr. GREELEY has since the commencement of the discussion been one of the most pugnacious advocates of the Indirect Claims. It is not yet known whether the final and compulsory withdrawal of these claims will cause greater irritation than the original blunder of preferring untenable demands. Mr. GREELEY's advice has ultimately been followed, although the previous conduct of the negotiations had not commanded his approval. The orations which were delivered yesterday in all parts of the United States will perhaps, after due allowance for the necessities of eloquence, throw some light on the general state of feeling and opinion. There has seldom been a contest in which the best class of American citizens has felt so little desire to take part with either candidate. General GRANT's great military services have alone secured a partial condonation for his acknowledged failure as an administrator and politician. Some reaction in his favour has temporarily followed the peevish extravagance of Mr. SUMNER's elaborate denunciation of the nepotism and corruption which he attributes to the President; but in America, as in Europe, enemies select for attack not the strongest, but the weakest, points in the character of an adversary. It is not denied that General GRANT has yielded to the amiable weakness of promoting an extraordinary number of persons connected with himself by blood or by marriage; and he has also been singularly unlucky in the conduct of his official kindred. Family jobs are in all countries regarded with a certain tenderness, but only on the implied condition that some attention shall be paid to character and fitness. General GRANT has also surrounded himself with the most notorious and unprincipled political managers; and even those who are most ready to excuse the President's errors of judgment hesitate to rely on the public virtue of Mr. CAMERON or Colonel FORNEY. The great majority of upright politicians of the most intelligent class would have welcomed the nomination of Mr. ADAMS at Cincinnati, in the hope that a statesman and a gentleman would use the powers of the Presidential office for the purpose of elevating the moral and political standard of government; but those who are tired of primary Assemblies and packed Conventions are utterly disappointed by the selection of Mr. GREELEY as the antagonist of General GRANT. The orthodox Republicans at Philadelphia have thought it judicious to pledge themselves to a policy of Protection; and it would evidently have been for the interest of the independent section of the party to profess sounder economic doctrine. Mr. GREELEY, though he is for the present ready to waive his opinions for the chance of election, is the most bigoted and obstinate supporter of the worst forms of Protection. His foreign policy is a blank, except that he has always shared the animosity of the American vulgar against England; and until lately he has systematically opposed the reform of the Civil Service. A President elected by lot would command as much confidence as either General GRANT or Mr. GREELEY.

#### THE COST OF LIVING.

THE rapid increase in the cost of labour and of many articles of consumption tends to produce great social changes. The causes of the general rise of prices, though they are difficult to ascertain or apportion, are for the most part natural, and therefore inescapable. Even when scarcity of production or lavishness of consumption results from social

or social habits, it would be a waste of time to preach against idleness and luxury. The growing pressure on income may be partly attributed to the multiplication of artificial wants; but unusual strength of character is required to resist the tendency of custom. At the present time the expenditure of a family in almost any rank is one-third greater than it would have been forty years ago; but in 1832 as in 1872 the great majority conformed implicitly to the prevailing fashion. The rise of prices, which is but indirectly connected with the spread of luxury, has lately recalled the attention of economic writers to the supply of gold. Several years have passed since M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, in a pamphlet which was translated into English by Mr. COBDEN, foretold an early and enormous depreciation of the standard of value. Both writers admitted that the effect of the gold discoveries had then been comparatively trifling; but M. CHEVALIER maintained that the substitution of gold for silver in the French currency had operated as a parachute, and that, as soon as the wants of France were fully supplied, a sudden catastrophe would ensue. The prediction of a violent change has not been accomplished; but within the last two years the rate of alteration in prices has been visibly accelerated. Coincidentally with a great advance in commercial prosperity, almost every commodity has become dearer; and the increase is greatest in the prices of coal and iron, which are important elements in the cost of every branch of production. It appears from the statements of Mr. THOMSON HANKEY, confirmed by the authority of the *Economist*, that the coinage of gold since 1848 has been about equal to the entire stock which then existed in the world. When allowance is made for waste and recoinage, the entire amount of gold coin may probably have increased in four-and-twenty years by sixty per cent. The statistical tables published in an instructive article in the *Economist* show that within three years the annual rate of coinage has been reduced by one-half. It may be inferred that the previous supply had exceeded the demand; and probably the abundance of gold may in a great measure account for the recent rise of prices.

The simultaneous increase of the cost of living and of the demand for labour fully accounts for the rise of wages, whether it has been effected by voluntary concession or through the machinery of strikes. In some branches of industry, and especially in the business of coal-mining, the rise of wages, having greatly exceeded the increased price of the necessaries of life, has incidentally become the principal cause of an abnormal dearth. In many districts, including the great Scottish coal-fields, it has been found that the efficiency of labour varies inversely with the rate of wages. The collier, like the West Indian negro, has proposed to himself a certain standard of comfort, with which he is for the present contented. Instead of earning more at the higher rate of wages, he prefers to secure his former income by a diminished amount of work. The coal-owners have in consequence been in many instances unable to accept orders, or to profit to the full extent by the extraordinary activity of the iron trade; but they have consoled themselves by adding to their prices a percentage which will probably compensate for their losses and disappointments. It is asserted on doubtful authority that in some of the English coal districts the colliers have begun to keep hunters; and it would be well if the rumour were even approximately true. When a collier appears at the coverside, he will at last convert into a living reality the imaginary Conservative working-man. For the present the dignity and pleasure of labour are but imperfectly appreciated by those who practically know what labour means. The most valued right of work is the right to be idle as soon as the indispensable means of subsistence are earned. It would be unjust and arrogant to censure miners for preferring ordinary human inclinations to the fine sentiments which are frequently uttered on their behalf. Skilled artisans in their combinations against their employers aim at increase both of income and leisure, though their traditional customs and their modern theories disincline them to those habits of saving which would facilitate the transition of the successful members of their body into the middle class.

Except in cases where the improvement of mechanism provides a substitute for manual labour, the cost of production in all departments may be expected to increase. Though the excessive percentage which has since the autumn been added to the price of coal and iron may be exceptional and temporary, coal will necessarily become more costly to raise as the deeper seams are exhausted; and iron depends upon coal. The increase may be the result of the strike in the building trade, and the consequent scarcity of labour; or it may be the result of the increase in the cost of the raw materials of iron, and the consequent rise in the price of the finished product.

fail to receive a check. It is already stated that, although iron-workers of every description are now fully employed, new orders are slow in coming in, and all the signs which indicate a future collapse of commercial prosperity are offering, as on many former occasions, an unheeded warning. It is possible that America and France may at some future time learn the first principles of political economy, to the great detriment of the competitor whose rivalry they gratuitously foster; but if the industrial prosperity of England, in spite of periodical checks and reverses, on the whole continues and increases, the possessors of fixed incomes will, instead of sharing in the benefit, constantly become poorer. The gold by which their property is measured will purchase less and less, because bullion will be more abundant, because labour will be scantier, and because coal will lie deeper in the ground. Taxation, as far as it is required for the payment of interest on debt, will become lighter, and Civil Servants, although they may obtain some advance of nominal pay, will probably not find that their incomes keep pace with their expenses. Annuity-holders, fund-holders, debenture-holders, and mortgagees, or rather the poorer and more helpless of their number, will suffer, because they will be less able to transfer their investments. Tithe-owners, under the provisions of the Commutation Act, occupy an exceptional position, which is shared in some parts of the country by landowners who have granted leases on corn rents. The tithe charge is annually readjusted according to the prices, on an average of seven years, of the three kinds of grain in ordinary use. The tithe-owners are therefore unaffected by the depreciation of gold; but it happens that corn also has become cheaper in even a larger ratio than gold, and that the price is more likely to diminish than to increase, as fresh lands are brought into cultivation in America and Eastern Europe.

Customary incomes, as well as fixed incomes, though they admit of augmentation, generally lag behind the growth of industrial wealth. It is difficult for professional practitioners as a body to increase the rate of the fees by which they are paid, although a fashionable doctor or a successful advocate may prepare the way for a general advance by judiciously increasing his demands. On the whole, a depreciation of the circulating medium tends to increase the collective wealth of the community by favouring productive debtors at the expense of consuming creditors, although it tends to impoverish still further a class which can ill bear reduction of its means. The advance in the value of land may perhaps tend in the opposite direction, as far as it accrues to the benefit of the non-productive owner; but the bulk of the profit will be realized by the occupier, because rents rise slowly and at distant intervals. Although it might perhaps be inexpedient, even if it were possible, to resist the impending economic changes, any casual delay will be not unwelcome, as it may give time for society to adjust itself to altered conditions. The probable resumption of specie payments by the United States will create a large demand of gold for coinage and circulation, which may perhaps absorb the produce of the gold-fields for two or three years. On the other hand, improvements in the machinery of credit are constantly rendering coin less necessary for the conduct of trade, as when hundreds of millions are paid at the Clearing House, not only without the use of coin, but by mere entries in books. If Sir JOHN LEBBOCK's plan of crossing bank-notes is adopted and found useful, another reason will be furnished for preferring paper to gold. The depreciation of the currency operates as a tax on all accumulations which are not invested either in some material property, such as land or mines, or in reproductive undertakings. The tendency of the change would therefore seem to be favourable to capitalists and artisans, but it will cause much social discomfort and disturbance. It is highly probable that the working classes may, as their wages increase, prefer additional leisure to the mere addition to their income which they can command at their choice. Nearly all the economic changes which are impending are likely to tend to the disadvantage of the consumer.

#### THE BALLOT BILL IN THE COMMONS.

AS the Government had decided to treat the amendments of the Lords to the Ballot Bill in a temperate spirit, and to make as many concessions as possible, there was no excitement and little interest awakened when the Bill once more came before the Commons. It was like flogging a dead horse to revive the old question whether the country wished for the Bill; but Mr. DISRAELI rather exceeded the ordinary laxity of careless assertion when he expressed a belief that if the Govern-

ment had not got into a scrape with regard to the Washington Treaty, the Bill would not have been heard of this Session. The Government stood pledged at the end of last Session to make the Ballot Bill their foremost measure for this Session; they renewed the pledge every time last autumn when opportunity offered, and they did not lose a day in bringing in the Bill this year. Mr. GLADSTONE happily and gracefully seized the occasion of this irrelevant obtrusion of the Washington Treaty to pay Mr. DISRAELI a well-deserved compliment on the prudence and reticence which he has shown with regard to the late difficulties with America at times when he might have done great harm even by legitimate criticism. Almost for the first time this Session Mr. DISRAELI spoke generally on the Ballot, and he even endeavoured to say something on behalf of the optional Ballot invented by the Lords. As, however, arguments in favour of the scheme were hopeless, he was obliged to have recourse to a transparent statistical fallacy. Out of a hundred men who marry, twenty cannot write; and Mr. DISRAELI amused himself with seeing whether he could persuade his hearers to leap to the conclusion that marriage and voting stood on the same footing, and that out of every five electors there would be one who, being unable to read, would be allowed to vote openly. Mr. GLADSTONE knew that the statement was not put forward as a serious argument, and he therefore only paused for a moment in his reply to observe that out of illiterate persons who marry very few have votes. In order to fall in as much as possible with the wishes of the Lords, the Government very wisely decided to accept the proposal to make a scrutiny possible. But they recurred to the scheme which they adopted three years ago, and which the Duke of RICHMOND had entirely spoiled while professing to ask for nothing except what the Government had themselves proposed. The safeguards by which the scheme of the Government is accompanied remove all, or almost all, the objections to which the crude and undigested proposal of the Duke of RICHMOND lay so obviously open. Not only is the number of the ballot-paper to be on its back, but the counterfoils are to be sealed up before the voting begins; the votes are to be counted without the back being displayed, and any agent striving to obtain during the counting of the votes information as to the manner in which the voter has voted, is to be liable to a personal penalty. With these precautions the machinery for a scrutiny may be established so as to prevent the voter having any fear of his vote being known. His safety does not, however, lie in the fact that it is only by order of a tribunal that the voting-papers and the counterfoils will be examined. He must have been pronounced guilty of personation before the mode in which he has voted will be inquired into, and the real voter could have nothing to fear from the scrutiny itself. The danger to which he was exposed lay in the risk of an agent who distrusted him being enabled, by abuse of the machinery designed for a scrutiny, to ascertain how he had voted. This danger as the Bill came from the Lords was a real and serious one; but so many safeguards against it have now been introduced that the voter practically will run no risk at all. It is possible he may think he will run a risk; for agents and officials, if they acted together and evaded the law, could find out how he voted; and he may be prompted by too deep a distrust of a class above him to think that if they could do a wrong they would be sure to do it. Some electors will therefore possibly not be quite as much at their ease when they vote as if a scrutiny had been rendered impossible; but the advantage of doing something to check personation largely outweighs the disadvantage of a few timid and distrustful men being prevented by imaginary fears from exercising the right of voting.

The Lords have got their wish for a scrutiny carried out, and they may be, we hope, trusted not to insist on the irrational scheme of an optional Ballot, which even in the Upper House was only carried by a small majority, and was rejected by the Commons without a division. These two main points being arranged, the other matters at issue between the Houses are of very trivial importance. The Government, indeed, offered to concede more than the House of Commons would allow them to concede. Mr. FORSTER proposed that the House should accept the amendment forbidding schools to be used as polling places; but the House by an overwhelming majority insisted on the amendment being rejected. The division was not in any sense a party one. County members are afraid of the increasing expense of county elections, and as the use of the schools would lessen the expense, they will not give up one mode of getting into Parliament as cheaply as possible. There is much to be said against the use of schools as polling places, and the principal argument in favour of



using them is that elections do not come often enough to do much harm to the schools. But what may be expected to weigh with the leaders of the majority in the Lords is that to insist on these amendments would be exceedingly distasteful to a great number of their friends in the Commons, and the same may be said of the amendment providing for polling places within two instead of four miles of a given number of electors. This is another mode of adding to the cost of county elections, and as the great majority of county members are Conservatives, the Lords may be trusted to attend to their wishes for as much cheapness as is practicable. The House also refused to accept the amendment providing for the closing of the poll at different hours at different seasons of the year. The balance of argument is strongly against the proposal, and no speaker in the Commons attempted to meet the objection that elections held in the months of the short hours would never be regarded as fair by the working classes. But this was not really an amendment made by the Lords. The proposal of Lord SHAFTESBURY, extending the hours of polling to a uniform limit, was carried by a surprise against which the Conservative leaders protested, and then the Government substituted a totally different proposal of their own, which they had in vain tried to carry in the Commons, and which the Lords accepted without discussion. The Government, in accepting this amendment, was really trying to have its own way in the Commons against the wishes of the House, and the House very properly declined to be the victim of the manœuvre. Another amendment of the Lords, that which provides that declarations of incapacity to read shall be made to the presiding officer and not to a magistrate, was also rejected by the House, and the Government proposed its rejection. If the convenience of the voter was the only thing to be attended to, no doubt it would be far more convenient to him to make his declaration to a person present at the place where he had to vote, and the nuisance of going before a magistrate will be so great to poor people that many of them will prefer not to vote. But the open voting of illiterate people is liable to so much abuse, that it is perhaps necessary to make the process in some degree disagreeable and inconvenient to them.

On all these small points the Lords cannot much care to insist on their amendments, nor, if they did, would their insistence do much harm. But there is one more amendment to be noticed, as to which it is very difficult to say whether the Lords will do best by giving way or by not giving way. This is the amendment providing that the Act shall only be in force for eight years. Mr. GLADSTONE argued against the amendment, principally on the ground that the Commons had done their very best to make the Bill a good Bill, and that there was no reason to suppose that it would be anything but a waste of time for a future House of Commons to have to go over all the same ground again. But this was to miss the real point at issue. The reason for limiting the time for the operation of the Bill is not the doubt whether this Ballot Bill is a good Ballot Bill, but the doubt whether any Ballot Bill ought to be always in force. The uncertainty as to how the Bill will practically work is not perhaps a sufficient reason for making it temporary. If its machinery is bad, its machinery should be amended as experience might suggest; or if it should turn out a total failure, it should be definitely and entirely abandoned as soon as the failure became notorious. Nor can it be said that there is any precedent for making such a Bill temporary which exactly meets the case. The Corrupt Practices Act, by which the House of Commons handed its right of deciding election petitions over to the Judges, does not offer a parallel. That was confessedly an experiment operating on a very limited scale, and was never at all made a party question. And the general objection to making Acts temporary, that the limitation affixes a kind of stigma on the measure, and makes men less ready to obey and acquiesce in the law, is very strong. If the Conservative peers got into the habit of limiting the time during which measures they disliked were to be in force, they would give a stamp of feebleness and vagueness to legislation which would be very much to be regretted; and if a Parliament thinks a measure a good one, it ought not to impose on a future Parliament the task of discussing whether the measure was not after all a bad one. The existing Parliament ought to do its work, and leave future Parliaments to keep it in force or to undo it as they may think fit. But, on the other hand, it may fairly be said that the Ballot is an exceptional measure. The vast majority of the supporters of the Ballot allow that open voting is in itself the best mode of voting. Painful circumstances compel us to give up the best to take the second best. If

there were no intimidation and no bribery, the Ballot Bill would be a foolish mode of disheartening, perplexing, or discouraging honest men. To make the Ballot Bill temporary might therefore be regarded as a legitimate mode of declaring that Parliament, while agreeing that the Ballot is, like conscription in time of war, a necessity for the moment, does not give up the hope that in time it may no longer be a necessity. Whichever way the Lords decide the point, the Commons may be content to accept their decision rather than run any risk of sacrificing the Bill.

#### MR. MIALI'S MOTION.

THE change in the form of Mr. MIALI's motion was an unintentional admission that the task which he has proposed to himself is more formidable than he at first thought. He has abandoned the idea of carrying the Established Church by assault. A politician who looks forward to a long series of annual debates is naturally anxious to give them some variety of form. Without this the tale of defeat becomes too monotonous. Every one knows on which side every one else is going to vote, and—allowance being made for accidents and the Parliamentary death-rate—the same division list reappears year after year. A difference in the immediate object of the motion ensures at all events some little speculation as to the extent to which the change will influence the result. Recruits occasionally come in from unexpected quarters, and though the gain when it is expressed in actual figures may be small, it yields in prospect a disproportionate amount of encouragement. This, it must be supposed, is the reason why Mr. MIALI has substituted a motion for inquiry into the revenues of the Established Church for a direct motion in favour of disestablishment. Inquiry is a word of so much milder import than disestablishment that he probably hoped to catch the class of men who are attracted by anything in the nature of a compromise. From any other point of view it must be held to have weakened his case. Technically, of course, inquiry may be simply a prelude to abolition; but it is so much oftener a prelude to reform and re-arrangement that the world has come insensibly to associate it with the gentler mode of treatment. Mr. MIALI was guilty, therefore, of the absurdity of asking for a stone when he wanted bread. If he had obtained the inquiry contemplated in his motion he would have been no nearer his object. Supposing that Parliament were supplied, by means of a Royal Commission, with full and accurate particulars of the origin, nature, amount, and application of any property and revenues appropriated to the use of the Church of England, how would the cause of disestablishment be the better for it? The difference of opinion between Mr. MIALI and the majority of the House of Commons would remain just where it is. Both sides would know a little more accurately than they do now what is the value of the endowments appropriated to the use of the Church of England, but this knowledge would not change their opinion of the propriety of the appropriation. When a question like disestablishment really presses for settlement, the precise magnitude of the pecuniary interests involved is one of the least important elements in the problem. It hardly formed an element at all in the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The principles which ought to govern the division of endowments into public and private, and the retention of the latter by the disestablished Church, had to be laid down; but when this was done, the remaining work was the business of Commissioners and actuaries. Indeed Mr. MIALI would not be content to stand by the result of the inquiry which he suggested. No amount of evidence that the financial arrangements of the Established Church are characterized by wisdom, purity, regularity, and economy would induce Mr. MIALI to cease from attacking them. He seems to think that he has landed the supporters of the Established Church in a dilemma when he tells them that they ought not to shrink from any information being given which would enlighten the misinformed and misguided opponents of their system. He forgets that they may turn round on him with the question, Is it a subject upon which you are open to enlightenment? If it could be proved that there were no abuses in the administration or distribution of the ecclesiastical revenues of the country, would you be any more ready than you are now to leave them in the hands of their present possessors? Mr. MIALI described himself as at a loss to conceive what the real objection to his motion could be. The answer is, that it is a motion from which no advantage could accrue to anybody. Such an inquiry as Mr. MIALI speaks of is superfluous if the Established Church is to be

maintained, and equally superfluous if it is to be abolished. Considered as the first step towards disestablishment, it must be set down as a step which does not carry those who take it any further than they have already gone. Considered as a first step towards a large measure of reformation, it is open to precisely the same criticism. It could have benefited no single person except the paid officers of the Commission.

Mr. LEATHAM's speech on seconding the motion altogether threw over its supposed object. So far as appeared from his arguments, he has no wish to disestablish the Church of England; his ambition stops short at the disestablishment of the Cathedral Chapters. It is not difficult, even without ignoring all that has been done in the way of improvement, and speaking as far as possible of aggregate rather than individual incomes, to make out a case for Cathedral reform. The objections to Mr. LEATHAM's mode of reasoning are that the inquiry which he asked for has been already held, and that the exaggeration which characterized his charges is exactly calculated to prevent any use being made of the information which is already available. When the Cathedral question is described as being "as ugly and urgent as ever," attention is naturally diverted from the real changes which the Cathedral system requires to the conspicuous injustice of this mode of attacking it. It is an abuse of language to describe the "Cathedral question" as either ugly or urgent. In the sense which is usually given to these words it is neither the one nor the other. There are few or no glaring abuses to be corrected; all that is required is that the latent usefulness of the Cathedral system should be better drawn out. If Mr. LEATHAM will take the trouble to construct a plan for effecting this object, he will probably find that it is not quite so easy as he supposes to reconcile the conflicting claims of past services and present usefulness. Perhaps he would adopt the rough and ready expedient of confiscating the entire body of caputal property for the benefit of the parochial clergy, by which means, as he told the House of Commons, no less than 5,000 poor parishes might be endowed with 50*l.* a year each. A more ingenious expedient for frittering away money could hardly be devised. The endowment in each case is carefully fixed at an amount which would leave the incumbents of the parishes in question very little better off than they are now, while at the same time this scarcely appreciable increase of income is obtained by the confiscation of all the posts which there are to be given as a reward for service done to the Church. Mr. LEATHAM appears to be under the impression that canonries are, as a rule, in the gift of private patrons. If his zeal for obtaining information had allowed him to make use of information already obtained, a reference to the Clergy List would have informed him that they are virtually divided between the Crown and the bishops. Of neither of these patrons can it now be said with any truth that they "would prefer their own kindred to men of learning, young or old." Mr. LEATHAM may think that this or that appointment has been made on insufficient grounds, but he will rarely find an instance in which appointments are made on other than public grounds. In so miscellaneous a body as the Church of England there will often be great difference of opinion as to the qualifications for promotion; but neither the Crown nor the bishops are likely to set public opinion at defiance by promoting men of no qualifications at all.

Mr. MIALl may be convinced probably by this time that he has been premature in committing himself never again to let the question of disestablishment drop. No doubt there is a stage in which questions are distinctly helped forward by being insisted on in season and out of season. It was only natural perhaps after the unexpected ease with which the disestablishment of the Irish Church was effected, for Mr. MIALl to think that the disestablishment of the Church of England had advanced to this degree of prominence. It is pretty evident by this time that the number of persons who care very strongly about Mr. MIALl's motion is extremely small, and there are no signs that it is increasing. The cause of disestablishment may possibly gain an unexpected impulse from events inside the Church of England; but in the absence of some help of this kind there is no probability of its speedily losing that debating-society character which Mr. GLADSTONE rightly attributed to it. Mr. MIALl and his friends rely on some supposed sympathy between the English public and the general movement of European thought. In this respect, at all events, we believe Mr. DISRAELI to be right when he says that the English people are national rather than cosmopolitan.

#### SEÑOR CASTELAR ON REPUBLICANISM.

AN Essay by Señor CASTELAR on the Republican Movement in Europe, published in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, scarcely rewards the curiosity which it excites. The author is the most eloquent member of the Cortes, and he may be considered the leader of the Republican party in Spain; but like many orators, he seems scarcely to rise above mediocrity as a writer, although it would be unfair to judge of his style from a translation. A new contribution to current Republican literature is only interesting when it proceeds from a practical politician who may be supposed to represent a party. It is desirable to understand Spanish theories about universal Republicanism, so far as they illustrate the opinions and designs of Republicans in Spain. Señor CASTELAR's treatise is less ambitious than his title, as he confines himself exclusively to the modern history of France. Like other Continental writers of the same school, he has formed his opinions on a French model, and he adopts many of the commonplaces which have been invented in honour of the various revolutionary sects. Though he is not an admirer of ROBESPIERRE, he is deeply impressed with the achievements of the Convention, and he complacently adopts MICHELET's absurd division of history into the two periods before and after 1789. As might be expected, Señor CASTELAR attributes the fall of the three dynasties which have reigned in France during the present century, not to their own mistakes or to casual events, but to the extinction of the ideas or doctrines which they are respectively supposed to represent. It is useless to suggest to a modern theorist that CHARLES X.'s folly, LOUIS-PHILIPPE's unseasonable timidity, and the insane German war which was commenced by NAPOLEON III., probably changed the whole course of history. It was perfectly possible that either the legitimate Kings or the House of ORLEANS might have perpetuated their rule; and the late EMPEROR visibly and wilfully committed political suicide. The passion for abstract substantives is common to all French political writers, and to Spaniards or Italians who have derived their education and faith from France. A prudent King like LEOPOLD of Belgium, or a great Minister of the type of CAVOUR and BISMARCK, continually falsify the fine phrases which purport to prove the impossibility of their existence. It may be true or false that, as Señor CASTELAR asserts, M. THIERS is an eclectic in philosophy. It is more to the purpose that he happens to be the only celebrated man in France; and that he has consequently and wisely been selected to procure the evacuation of the conquered territory by the German army. In an interval of independent and original thought Señor CASTELAR happily illustrates the tendency of theory and rhetoric, or, as he calls it, of Utopia, to paralyse attempts to obtain liberty. The usurpation of LOUIS NAPOLEON was in his judgment rendered possible by the belief of the multitude that the members of the Assembly were not opposing the violation of law and right, but contending for their own pittance of salary.

If there is anything now still to be said about Jacobins and Girondists, or about the Commune of 1871, Señor CASTELAR has not said it. At one time he appears to be an admirer of COMTE, at another of DANTON; but the principal lesson which he deduces from a sketch of revolutionary history is that the boasted indivisibility of the French Republic has been the chief cause of its weakness. Lecturers on the so-called philosophy of history, like conjurors who make gold out of brass, necessarily in the first instance put into the crucible the conclusions which they afterwards carefully extract. As there never was a Federal Republic in France, it is obvious that French history can at the most only illustrate the proposition that, because centralization has failed, a federal organization might possibly have succeeded. The Girondists, who until the Paris rebellion of last year were the only French advocates of a kind of federalism, were the silliest and most unscrupulous of the many factions which have at different times contended for supremacy. The fanatics who lately proposed that every parish in France should be independent will not be regarded as high authority for the doctrines of Señor CASTELAR.

It is probable that while he is professedly speaking of France he thinks only of Spain. He may perhaps have written his Essay on French Republicanism solely for the purpose of obtaining a hearing on a subject with which he is more familiar. To English readers an exposition of the policy of his own party, or an inquiry into the political condition of his country, would have been infinitely more novel and more instructive than a reproduction of the well-known revolutionary formulas. It is something to learn that Señor CASTELAR sympathizes with the indignant love of provincial

independence rather than with imported Jacobinism. There is reason to fear that by a section of his political allies he would be denounced as a reactionary aristocrat, because he plainly professes his desire to maintain the institution of property. He deserves credit for recognizing the truth, which is admitted by many French advocates of socialistic doctrines, that the organization of labour and the prohibition of private ownership inevitably involve absolute government. It is possible that there may be more suitable materials in Spain than in France for the federal system which Señor CASTELLAR would borrow from America, as he appears, like the majority of Continental Liberals, to be utterly unacquainted with English institutions. Whenever the Republican party attempts to possess itself of supreme power in Spain, it will necessarily for aggression and for defence concentrate all authority in the hands of a President or an Assembly. Señor CASTELLAR disapproves of Presidents because they tend to transform themselves into Kings, and of sovereign Assemblies as leading more circuitously to a state of things which he describes as a Parliamentary dictatorship. Unless he separates himself from his party, he will be compelled to waive his objection to a central Government nominated by universal suffrage.

The Republican leaders at Madrid, encouraged perhaps by the Carlist insurrection and by the manifestoes of the Duke of MONTPESSIER and of the partisans of Prince ALFONSO, have formally announced their determination never to recognize any Monarchy which may be established in Spain. If Señor CASTELLAR wishes to teach his political allies the very rudiments of freedom, he ought to inform them that England and America enjoy liberty, not because power is divided between provincial and central functionaries and assemblies, but because all parties have agreed to submit to the majority, or to the Government of the day. Nothing can be more unwise than the determination to form in perpetual succession a set of political non-jurors in default of obtaining a supremacy which would in turn be disputed by some other body of seceders. The Senators, Deputies, and Generals who have signed the paper in favour of Prince ALFONSO retain sufficient sense of decency to declare that they will not take any active steps to overthrow the existing dynasty. The Republicans openly avow, not merely their enmity to the Constitution, but their resolution to secure the triumph of their doctrine whether it is acceptable or odious to the community at large. Martyrs and implacable confessors are wholly out of place in constitutional and political struggles.

There is every reason to suspect that the Spanish Republicans are divided among themselves by differences which go far deeper than the distinction between a limited Monarchy and an orderly Republic. The members of the International would tolerate CASTELLAR as little as SAGASTA or King AMADEO if he persists in defending property, and in holding that co-operation offers the best chance of social and economic improvement to working-men. The Federal Republic would, at least in many parts of the country, offer little impediment to confiscation. Soon after the Revolution of 1868 several local Juntas celebrated the establishment of provincial independence by dividing among their members or supporters the property of the wealthier inhabitants. As the owners of personalty or of land would probably not allow themselves to be despoiled without resistance, the Federal Republic would commence in the midst of civil war, or rather of a series of civil wars. The first resort of the victims of Republican plunder would be to some vigorous soldier who would not trouble himself with theories of united or of federalized Republics. The elections have shown that the moderate parties command a large numerical majority, and it is probable that their forces would also be better organized. The tentative Republic which M. THIERS maintains in France has perhaps more prospect of vitality than the professed experiments which have been made in France, and which will sooner or later be imitated by Spain. Eclecticism and empiricism are the only philosophic tendencies to which, in the conduct of practical affairs, prudent statesmen incline.

#### THE MINES REGULATION BILL.

THE principle involved in the Mines Regulation Bill has been attacked from two opposite quarters. The mine-owning interest object to the Bill as unnecessary and vexatious. It assumes, they say, that they are careless about the lives of their workmen, and ready to sacrifice their own ultimate advantage rather than bear the cost of the precautions by which accidents may be averted. They say further that, taking this as its starting point, the Bill goes on to remedy an

assumed want of common sense and common humanity by a series of impracticable requirements. The result of this policy will be that the virtuous and prudent mine-owner will gradually get rid of his mines and take his capital elsewhere. Mining enterprises will consequently be left in the hands of reckless adventurers who will risk fine and imprisonment in order to secure large profits. The public will pay more for their coal, the lives of the miners will be no better protected, and the law will be defied and discredited. Upon one aspect of their case the mine-owners have found an ally in Mr. FAWCETT. Besides the provisions designed to secure proper precaution against accident, and a minimum of education for miners' children, the Bill contains a clause enacting that, wherever the payments made to the men depend on the amount of material gotten, the calculation shall be made by weight, not by measure; and another clause enacting that wages shall be paid in money. Mr. FAWCETT objects to these provisions as being of the nature of an intervention on the part of the State between employers and workmen with the object of regulating wages. The ground of the men's objection to being paid by measure rather than by weight is the alleged uncertainty of the calculation, and the opportunity it gives the employer of distorting it to his own advantage. The ground of their objection to being paid in goods rather than in money is that the employer is thereby enabled to pay them a smaller sum than that to which they are nominally entitled. They agree with him for so many shillings a week, and he pays part of the sum in food or clothing which they could buy more cheaply for themselves. Both these complaints, says Mr. FAWCETT, are really equivalent to a complaint that wages are lower than they ought to be. The workman gets an amount of coal for which, if it were reckoned by weight, he would be paid twenty shillings, but because it is reckoned by measure he is paid only eighteen shillings. Or out of every twenty shillings which he receives ten are paid in goods which are really worth no more than eight shillings. Either way the real grievance is that his wages are ten per cent. lower than they ought to be. If he may come and ask Parliament to put things right for him when the deficiency is due to the mode of calculation, why may he not equally invoke the aid of Parliament when the deficiency is due to other causes? If the rate of wages is a point which must be settled between himself and his employer, why should we make an exception because the rate of wages happens to be in issue indirectly instead of directly?

As regards the charge brought against the Bill by the mine-owners, it admits of an answer from experience. No employer can have a greater interest in saving the lives of his workmen than a Railway Company has in saving the lives of its passengers. In the latter case the Company are liable in damages, and, as it usually turns out, in very heavy damages. It is to their obvious interest therefore to take every approved precaution against accidents. Yet, as all the world knows, facts do not in the least square with this reasoning. Lord CAMPBELL'S Act serves as a punishment to Railway Companies for being careless, but it has failed to make them careful. The dislike to incurring positive and immediate outlay merely to avoid a larger outlay at some uncertain and remote date leads them to run constant risks of hostile verdicts rather than insure themselves against actions by making travelling safer. But in the case of mine-owners the injury which follows upon an accident does not admit of being appreciated with equal certainty. A large loss of life among the workmen does not of necessity involve a corresponding loss of money to the employer. Whether it does so will depend upon the amount of plant or machinery destroyed, and upon the length of the period during which the mine has to be closed for repairs. This consideration is enough to justify the imposition of rules. The undue minuteness which is alleged to characterize the rules contained in the Mines Regulation Bill may be defended on another ground. The question whether the Act has been violated will be decided by a magistracy in which the mine-owners are very strongly represented, while the miners are not represented at all. It will be as though the administration of the Irish Land Act had been confided to Courts composed entirely of landlords. Under these circumstances it is important to leave as little as possible to the magistrates' discretion. There is not much fear that their decisions will be unjust, but there is more than fear that they will be prejudiced. The only way in which this tendency can be guarded against is, as far as possible, to resolve the questions submitted to them into issues of fact. When they have to pronounce whether a particular act is a violation of the law, they will probably come to a wrong con-

clusion; when they have only to ascertain whether a particular act has been committed, they can hardly go wrong unless they go wrong wilfully. Mr. FAWCETT's criticism is not quite so easily disposed of. There are the gravest objections to any interference with freedom of contract between master and workman which is not justified by an overwhelming necessity. No considerations of general philanthropy are sufficient here. The calamities which follow upon injudicious efforts to prescribe some other standard of wages than the higgling of the market are so formidable that it becomes a matter of great moment that Parliament should lend no show of countenance to any such delusion. But there is an appreciable difference, as it seems to us, between such an interference as Mr. FAWCETT deprecates and an interference which has for its object the regulation of the currency in which wages are to be paid. An attempt in this latter direction is of the nature of the laws which prescribe that the sovereign shall be of a certain weight and quality. Their object is not to supersede bargaining between employers and workmen; it is rather to make that bargaining more direct and intelligible. It would lead to great confusion if employers were allowed to contract with their workmen to pay them in shillings which should be worth only tenpence, and there is no difference in kind between denying them the power to do this and denying them the power to pay their workmen in goods which may be equally below their nominal value.

The mine-owners have fought hard to get the stringency of the Bill reduced, and they have not been altogether unsuccessful. It is true that Mr. STAVELEY HILL's insertion of "knowingly" may be regarded as practically got rid of, but a compromise was arrived at on Thursday which considerably reduces the responsibility of owners and managers. The owner will, if he is charged with violating the law, still have to show that he has taken all reasonable means to secure compliance with it. But he will be held to have conformed to this requirement if he has published and enforced the regulations. In the hands of an unprejudiced judge this qualification would do no harm. It is difficult to feel equally certain that in the hands of a prejudiced local magistracy "enforcing" may not be interpreted as implying very little more than "publishing," while "publishing" may in turn be reduced to mere placarding them at the mouth of the mine. A further concession on the part of the Government confines the right of instituting prosecutions to Government Inspectors. Petty and vexatious litigation is certainly not a thing to be encouraged, but if the right of putting the law into action is thus limited, the HOME SECRETARY ought to be extremely careful in his selection of Inspectors. Two other attempts to lessen the liability of owners suffered a just defeat. Mr. ELLIOT proposed that mines should only be ventilated "under ordinary circumstances" — forgetful apparently that the sudden appearance of unforeseen danger at once takes a case out of the category of ordinary circumstances, and invests it with a special character. Mr. CROSS was anxious that imprisonment should be reserved for actual workmen, while owners and managers, no matter how guilty they may be, should incur nothing worse than a fine. Fortunately the House of Commons rejected the former amendment, and showed so little sympathy for the latter that it was not pressed to a division.

#### GENERAL CLUSERET AND THE FENIANS.

GENERAL CLUSERET may not be a great general, or, indeed, for the matter of that, a general at all, except in the sense in which hairdressers and acrobats sometimes call themselves professors, but he would have us believe that at least he is a very candid person. He has just published the secret history of the Fenian movement as far as he had any connexion with it, and the candour of his history is as that of Mrs. CANDOUR herself. From his youth upwards, it seems, General CLUSERET has worshipped Humanity, but as the years have rolled on, the object of his worship has passed more and more into an abstract form. He still believes in Humanity in the abstract, but he appears to have a very low opinion of men in the concrete. He has more reason than M. THIERS, he says, for calling the multitude vile; the reason being, we suppose, that M. THIERS is, and he is not, President of the French Republic. M. THIERS, it is true, did not take an active part in the war against the Germans, but he exerted himself first to procure for France the assistance of other Powers, and, when this hope failed, the best terms that could be obtained from the enemy; and his countrymen are perhaps justified in believing that in this way he served them as effectually as if he had lent the weight of his stalwart person and brawny arm to

the defence of his country in the field. General CLUSERET drew his sword on behalf of France, but he had no idea of fleshing it in the Germans. As far as we are aware, the services he rendered to France consisted in stirring up sedition and rioting among her own people. General CLUSERET did not join CHANZY or even GARIBALDI, but he found a more glorious, congenial, and perhaps prudent, mission in exciting domestic strife at a comfortable distance from the seat of war. He got through a good deal of violent oratory, but his sword proved to be rather a figure of speech than a weapon for actual use. We remember a little boy once asking an officer in a drawing-room whether he was a real soldier—had he ever killed anybody? And possibly General CLUSERET, though he has a good deal of bloodshed to answer for, may not have reason to be distressed by the remembrance of having personally added much to the carnage of any of the conflicts for which he is responsible. He figured mysteriously in Paris during the reign of the Commune; but he "was beaten," he tells us, "by those he defended," and he had no difficulty in making his escape in good time. It is difficult to know how much to believe of his narrative of the Fenian conspiracy, but it tends at least to confirm our impression of the remarkable personal prudence which appears to distinguish most of the General's feats. He states that he undertook to be ready to place himself at the head of an army of 10,000 Fenians, thoroughly equipped, and provided with every kind of matériel for a campaign. Oddly enough, this army was not forthcoming, and General CLUSERET did not have the opportunity of displaying his conditional heroism. It is not stated whether, during the interval when it was supposed that this army of the future was being formed, he drew pay and allowances as generalissimo; but it would appear from his own story that he never at any moment discharged any of the duties of the office, that he held himself carefully aloof from all the perils of conspiracy, and that he refused to go beyond his original bargain to command 10,000 men, when they were shown to his satisfaction to exist, not on paper, but in the field. We can only say that it strikes us that this was a very safe bargain under the circumstances. General CLUSERET intimates that he has no confidence in the Fenians, but perhaps the Fenians may think they had some reason for not having much confidence in him; and this opinion will naturally be strengthened by his present revelations.

It appears that General CLUSERET can conceive of no reason for his being in such very bad odour in France except his connexion with Fenianism, and he chooses *Fraser's Magazine* as a natural medium of communication with the French people on the subject. He falls into the view that the Fenian expedition which began to be planned in 1866 was one of the consequences of the Civil War in the United States. The Irish who had taken part in it were in the mood for fighting, and they thought the moment propitious for securing the assistance, either covert or open, of the American Government in an attack upon England, as a reward for their military services. There was in the first instance no difficulty in raising money for this object; but "with the military chest well filled came complications and intrigues." The subscribers had paid for a fight, and a fight they were determined to have; and it was thought advisable to do something in order to keep up the flow of money. The first Fenian expedition—a raid on Canada—collapsed at the outset. The generals and the troops were, according to CLUSERET, alike drunk, and treachery and vain-boasting had disclosed their plans before they were ready to be put in action. CLUSERET had all along sympathized with the movement, and been ready to join it. In the first place, he had had no fighting for a couple of years, and had begun to long for some; and, in the second place, the Irish cause was in his eyes the cause of Humanity itself. But it was not till he met STEPHENS in New York that he went seriously into the matter. He had seen a photograph of STEPHENS, and did not like his "feline aspect," but friends brought them together, and he was persuaded to trust him. He found STEPHENS an adept at organization, but vain, despotic, overbearing, and useless for action. Ireland had been mapped out into districts, and a large body of men enrolled, but arms and ammunition were wanting, and there were no funds to purchase them. The "general expenses" of the movement were heavy. "The apartments of STEPHENS at the Metropolitan Hotel cost a good deal; that at No. —, Thirteenth Street, though less expensive, still stood for a large figure." Then the prisoners had to be provided for, agents of all kinds were continually crossing the sea, and in one way or another all the money of the association was swallowed up. What arms the Fenians had were, along with a couple of



blockade-runners, in the possession of a party of the leaders who insisted upon making America the basis of their operations, while the others wished to act in Ireland. CLUSERET joined with STEPHENS in supporting the latter policy. They discussed together the resources of England, making allowance for the forces in the colonies, and for those retained in garrison at home and abroad, and the time that would be required for troops engaged in foreign service to return to England. They also took into account the Fenians in the English army, and the disorder they might cause in the ranks. They calculated the means of transport from one port to another, and came at last to the conclusion that the English Government could not for ninety days have at its disposal in Ireland more than 30,000 effective men, and that 10,000 resolute Fenians acting in their own country with energy and rapidity, and under the shelter of popular sympathy, would be able to seize upon the most important points for landing troops and the chief communications, and to break up and crush the English forces before assistance could arrive. CLUSERET drew up a plan of the campaign, and it only remained to provide the army. Money was indispensable, but, on account of previous disappointments, money could be obtained only by promising that active hostilities should begin before the end of 1867. This engagement brought in plentiful subscriptions. As the money came in, STEPHENS seems to have cooled in his bellicose determination, but his associates insisted upon going on with the project of insurrection; one of the blockade-runners was sold at a great sacrifice to provide for the preliminary expenses of the campaign, and CLUSERET and a dozen head-centres crossed the sea to organize a rising.

In London CLUSERET found the same jealousies, rivalries, and dissensions among the Fenian leaders as in New York. He was careful not to compromise himself up with them, and stuck to the terms of his bargain. When there were 10,000 men in the field he would undertake to command them. After consultation with MAZZINI, LEDRU ROLLIN, BRADLAUGH, and many "influential members of the Reform League," he came to the conclusion that the Irish question could be settled only by English co-operation. He had a nocturnal interview with the members of the Executive Committee of the League; it is not stated whether the conspirators went muffled in long cloaks, and we are sorry there is no report of the conference. But the result appears to have been that the Reform League offered to "join hand in hand" with the Fenians, and to "make a platform which should be acceptable to both parties," and that at "the house of one of the most important members of the Committee of the Reform League" the basis of an agreement between Fenianism and the League was agreed upon. It was part of the compact that the Fenians should be ready to support the League against the police in holding its illegal demonstrations in Trafalgar Square. As soon as the Fenians attempted to put their plans into execution they fell into confusion. The attack on Chester Castle was, as CLUSERET admits, foolish and impracticable, and he would have nothing to do with it. The rising in Ireland was ruined by want of arms and ammunition, and by the drunken treachery of one of the leaders, whom CLUSERET one night found "completely drunk, and smoking expensive cigars," and who soon after stumbled into the midst of a detachment of English soldiers, was captured, and then gave up the names of his associates. When CLUSERET heard this news, "being entirely without baggage"—as, he tells us, he always takes care to be in circumstances of this kind—he lost no time in quitting England.

There is nothing new in this narrative except as to the proceedings of the writer himself, and the reckless "cosmopolitanism" of the Reform League, the rump of which Mr. MIALL lately endeavoured to enlist in an agitation against the Church of England; but it confirms what was previously known of the internal weakness of the Fenian insurrection. Perhaps the strongest proof of its weakness was that it had to depend for generalship on General CLUSERET. It is unnecessary for us to decide whether CLUSERET is the knave he is accused of being, or the fool his nonsensical talk about the fraternity and solidarity of humanity might lead one to suppose. He says that COBDEN was a *communard* and anti-patriot in the best sense of the word, and an honest man besides; but we should be disposed to apply these epithets to the General in their worst sense, and to say nothing of his honesty. He seems to be a characteristic example of the unscrupulous and unprincipled *commis-voyageur* of Revolution. He has the greatest contempt for the Fenian leaders, calls their expedition foolish and impracticable, and admits that they could not have established a government if they had succeeded. He recom-

mends the Irish, who have no hope, he says, of the slightest help from either America or France, to drink less whiskey, to agree among themselves, and to coalesce with the English. But there is not the slightest hint in his explanation of any regret for having egged on the Fenians in their wicked and hopeless effort to upset a Government which, on his own showing, was at least much better than anything they could have substituted for it. It is perhaps a significant circumstance that General CLUSERET's chief quarrel with the Commune was, on his own confession, as to the propriety of looting the Bank of France. He was in favour of this measure, while his associates, to do them justice, were against it.

#### THE STUDY OF HISTORY AT CAMBRIDGE.

A dire difficulty is said of late to have severely exercised some tender consciences among the resident members of the University of Cambridge. For the first time in her annals a divine strange to the bosom of the University was summoned to fill her pulpit in the academical hours of a Sunday afternoon. The protest against his intrusion having proved futile, it remains unknown what steps are in contemplation to prevent the repeated violation of a useless tradition. It so happens that the study of history at Cambridge has not yet reached so advanced a stage as to produce an unworthy jealousy of non-Cambridge historical luminaries; and the "Rede" Lecture of the current year, which had been most judiciously committed to Mr. E. A. Freeman, was not only listened to with respect in the body of the Senate House, and applauded with enthusiasm in the galleries, but may be destined to aid in the long-desired development of a study which the lecturer must have specially at heart. It would indeed be a worthy response on the part of the University to the wise teachings of her guest were the study of history at Cambridge to be re-organized, or rather for the first time to be made a reality, on a system essentially in accordance with the views urged in his masterly address.

There can be no difficulty in deciding what is needed to place the study of history at Cambridge on a footing of adequate dignity and usefulness, if it be remembered what has hitherto been done and what has hitherto been left undone. The records of positive performance are singularly short and simple. Regius Professors of Modern History have no doubt lectured at more or less decent intervals, both before and after the French Revolution supplied them with a favourite subject for their courses. As the offices of Historiographer-Royal and Poet-Laureate were at one time combined at the English Court, so at Cambridge the Professor of Modern History has added to the arduous duties of his chair the responsibilities of poet *ex officio* to the University. Gray, "the celebrated poet" (by brevet of the University Calendar), indited a splendid Installation Ode in honour of the Duke of Grafton (which must have often consoled the victim of Junius), even as Mr. Kingsley at a later date celebrated the ancestral glories of the house of Cavendish. Among Gray's successors Professor Smyth is still remembered as one of the last Whigs who ever haunted a Cambridge Combination Room; and his lectures on the French Revolution are as respectable as his Latin verses. After him the late Sir James Stephen did honour to the chair, and if he did not materially add to the extent of historical knowledge or to the growth of historical criticism, yet he contributed something towards a more sympathetic treatment of more than one class of historical questions. Then ensued Mr. Kingsley's brief official honeymoon with the Muse of History, the deceitful hollowness of whose charms he has since so cynically revealed. Professor Seeley's career has as yet been too brief to admit of comment. But no past Professor has virtually attempted more than the delivery of occasional courses of lectures; nor is it pretended that the institution of the system of professorial certificates, or the more recent special examinations in history for the ordinary degree—a kind of *visa* to the passport which ensures the distinction of a B.A. without honours—has materially advanced the study of history. It was accordingly felt, a few years back, by a small but resolute band of believers, that something more must be done to promote the special study of a subject which the University had hitherto been contented to treat as an agreeable *parergon*. The example of Oxford suggested the doubtful experiment of constituting (if the mixture of metaphor be permitted) a two-legged Tripos; and "Modern History" was for a time united with Law in a marriage *de convenance*. Undoubtedly there are numerous points of contact between the two sciences, and the knowledge of one is irreconcilable with ignorance of the other. But there are many other sciences with which history is at least equally closely connected; and indeed she had, we believe, at one time formed one of the happy family known as the Moral Sciences Tripos. But at Cambridge as at Oxford (where it has since been dissolved) her union with Law proved more barren than had been expected; at Cambridge, at all events, the equality of conjugal rights is only nominal; the budding barrister regards the "getting-up" of certain specified periods of history as an unmitigated nuisance, interfering unwarrantably with his willing devotion to Gaius and Blackstone, while the obvious necessity of requiring only a limited knowledge of special portions of "Modern History" from all the candidates in the joint Tripos has produced a dead level of mediocrity in the historical performances of the

large majority among them. A general consent of experience has accordingly recommended a divorce between a hastily assorted couple. Law will probably, as becomes a faculty of academical studies, be left to itself; and the question arises, What is to become of "Modern History"; for "Modern History" alone owns a Professor at Cambridge, "Modern History" alone has received a quasi-independent recognition in her range of studies, and "Modern History," if left to itself, may not improbably run the risk of being left to itself out in the cold.

A Syndicate has, we believe, been appointed to take this difficulty into consideration. We would fain hope that this Syndicate, upon whose recommendations the immediate future of historical study in one of our chief seats of learning must virtually depend, will be found equal to its splendid opportunity. And for once safety seems to lie in a radical reform. A death-blow should be boldly dealt to the absurd pedantry which has established as a quasi-scientific division the futile distinction between ancient and modern history. Granting that the fall of the Roman Empire of the West constitutes a broad landmark as convenient as it is unmistakable, granting that much of the unity which the revival of the Roman Empire gives to later European history is fictitious only, yet what pretence is there for the assumption that there is a bar at the boundary, and that the study of the life of the world can be cut in twain like a sheet of paper? As well might the sagacious distinction be maintained which Holmgrooke draws somewhere in his *Letters on History*, between the period which has to be "studied" and that which has only to be "read." But it seems unnecessary to dilate upon so obvious a truth. After the forcible remarks on this head by Mr. Freeman in his "Rede" lecture, what shadow of excuse can remain for upholding this futile protest against the "unity of history," and for forcing the veriest beginner into beginning at a half-way house with "modern history," while "ancient history" is relegated into the tangled depths of the Classical Tripos?

In other words, an Historical Tripos which shall include history at large is the one reasonable solution of the problem. Such a proposal is certain to meet with manifold objections; but these objections it will surely not be difficult to refute. With those who object to the multiplication of triposes in general it is indeed not easy to argue; for their objection amounts to one against the extension of University studies in general. They convert Leibnitz's profound apophthegm of *Non nulla sed multum* from a plea for thoroughness into a cry for oversidedness. The old studies will not suffer by the competition of the new, if the new are but enabled worthily to range themselves by the side of the old. And if it is feared lest the uncertainty of reward will deter undergraduates or bachelors from seeking distinction in a new Tripos, is not the remedy in the hands of the Colleges themselves? But there are others who will confine their protest to the particular Tripos proposed. It is indeed wonderful that the possibility of systematically pursuing the study of history should be denied by those who have not even taken the trouble to compare the experience of the great Continental schools where Ranke and others have trained generations of historical students as systematically and successfully as Moltke has trained staffs of military officers. A more specious objection is *limine* will be urged by many who hold by the principle that "examination is to the student what the target is to the rifleman." The primary object of education is, they say, to give power, and the primary object of examination is to test it. On this principle Cambridge has proceeded and has thriven: this object is fulfilled in the case of the Mathematical, and even of the Classical, and certain other Triposes; but to examine a man in history is merely to ascertain whether he has within a given time amassed a certain amount of information—in other words, to set a premium on "cram." To these arguments the answer is, that in examination, as in study, everything depends upon method. Make the examination at once comprehensive in its range, and searching in special points, and it cannot fail as a test of power. Historical power lies not only in the accumulation of materials; it includes the criticism of them, the combination of them, the reasoning from them directly and by analogy, and the artistic reproduction of them for the demands of intelligence and taste. Nor is the hope Utopian, that the promise of such results can be ensured in a general Historical Tripos. As Mr. Freeman says, no man can be "equally familiar with the tongue, the literature, the political constitutions, the civil and military events of all times and places." But

It is none the less true that the student of history or of language—and he who is a student of either must be in no small degree a student of the other—must take in all history and all language within his range. The degrees of his knowledge of various languages, of various branches of history, will vary infinitely. Of some branches he must know everything, but of every branch he must know something. Each student will have his own special range, the times and places which he chooses for his special and minute study. . . . Some branches must in every case be primary and some secondary: which are primary and which are secondary will of course differ in the case of each particular student. It is enough if each man, while thoroughly mastering the branches of his own choice, knows at least enough of the other branches to have a clear and abiding conception of their relation to his own special branches and to one another.

It is this medium of special and of general knowledge which it should be the business of a history examination to test. The present is not the time or the place to indicate the features of a scheme by which such a result might be secured. It is enough to insist that a fair knowledge of general history, and a special knowledge of a special period, to be selected, if possible, within a given range by the candidate himself, should

alone be held to qualify for historical honours. And it is here that the so-called "classical" training which many undergraduates bring up to the University, and which they there augment and perfect, would serve at once as an equipment and an encouragement. The Classical Tripos is heavily enough weighted already; it is indeed, in the opinion of some, overweighted by the effect of recent changes. In it History should hold no other than an exegetical place; historical study proper, and its proper fruit, the power of historical criticism, should be cultivated in a field of their own. Nor is there any good reason to fear that the result might be, at first at all events, to drive "Modern History" into the background by associating it with "Ancient." The man who has been led by the close study of the classics to the special study of what is called ancient history is the most promising student of history in general; and it is not those who study, but those who ignore, the history of Greece and Rome who are indifferent to that of their own country and of the modern world in general. So much at least might be learnt from the examples of Macaulay, of Arnold, and of many others whose names our Universities justly boast. Nor is the feeblest of all arguments against a systematic study of history likely to derive any strength from the consideration suggested by the mention of great autodidacts of any country or age. The study of history is indeed independent in its vitality of encouragement by triposes and their rewards; but it depends upon the action of the stewards of our great academical endowments whether that study shall in future, as heretofore, be left to individual and isolated effort, or be made more general and systematic, and thus more vigorous and national, by a judiciously liberal use of such opportunities as that which Cambridge now has before her.

#### A ROMANTIC SPORT.

IN one of his recent volumes Mr. Froude describes a kind of sport which prevailed some three centuries ago, when Ireland was practically as far removed from us as the Western States of America are now. An English gentleman announced, for the information of his superiors, that he had had "some killing," and gave details of the success which had attended his performance. There was a touching simplicity in the phrase which could not be too highly commended. The animals killed on this occasion belonged to that peculiar race of bipeds which still abounds, thanks to its prolific tendencies, in the sister island, although by this time it is almost as numerous on the other side of the Atlantic. Certain prejudices which have been gathering strength in modern times have pretty well extinguished this particular variety of amusement. Killing, as applied to the human race, is considered to be discreditable, and indeed is a punishable offence, except when pursued under due regulations. But the phrase gives the essence of the pleasure derived from sport, and the tendency is for the attendant circumstances to become of less importance, and for the amusement to become more distinctly killing pure and simple. In former days sport was supposed to imply a considerable amount of personal adventure, of enjoyment of fresh country air, and of a kind of unconscious exposure of the sportsman's mind to all the influences of natural scenery. But now we are rapidly becoming wiser. We take our pleasure in its concentrated essence; we enjoy the infliction of death upon the brute creation without endeavouring to surround it with romantic but superfluous circumstances. It is sufficient for the modern sportsman to kill a quantity of half-tame pheasants, or to slaughter pigeons without taking any more trouble or risk than is involved in a journey to a London suburb and the discharge of a gun from a fixed standing-point. The difference, in short, between the amusement of the sportsman and the trade of the butcher or poulterer tends to become evanescent; and to all appearance the nobility and gentry will before long be able to derive sufficient amusement by hiring themselves out to prepare the daily supplies of food for the London market.

There are, however, still vast regions where the amusement may still be enjoyed under something of its old form. There are lions and rhinoceroses in Africa, tigers in India; and, we might be disposed to add, buffaloes and grizzlies in America. Have we not all pored in our childhood over the pages of Fenimore Cooper? Who does not cherish a warm affection for the admirable Natty Bumppo and his red-skinned companions? We have wondered at the marvellous precision of the backwoodsman's rifle, and the superhuman instinct by which the savage tracked his prey through the haunts of his deadliest enemies. We know of course that the social condition of the Far West has undergone a great revolution. The noble savage has dwindled into a drunken, disreputable hanger-on of civilization; the backwoodsman is being rapidly supplanted by the gentlemen whose peculiarities give an original flavour to the pages of Bret Harte. The railway is a convenient substitute for the war path of the original Indian. And yet, great and rapid as is the change, we had fancied it at the remoter parts of the American continent still included vast territories where the adventurous traveller might find a touch of romance lingering amongst the prairies or the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps it may be so; but we have received a severe shock to our faith. Already, it seems, a vast section of the West is in process of annexation to civilization. A certain Mr. Schallen, the representative of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company, has circulated a document only

too well calculated to dispel any fond illusions. A grand buffalo-hunt, he informs us, is to take place in Nebraska during the ensuing autumn; this hunt is to be "in every way suited"—not, alas! to the Western hunter or to the Red Indian—but "to the nobility and gentry of Great Britain." For the trifling sum of ninety guineas any member of those favoured classes may enjoy seven weeks' pleasure. He will cross the Atlantic, proceed in palace cars from New York to Chicago, view the burnt city, and then travel in a train, to which a dining-room car will be attached, to the home of the buffalo. During his adventurous chase he will be followed by an "efficient corps of cooks," with tents, beds, grooms, and "everything generally found in a first-class hotel." All arrangements have been made to give the party "the greatest amount of pleasure with the least possible trouble," or, in fact, to enable the nobility and gentry to fancy themselves at Hurlingham with the single difference that a buffalo presents a larger mark than a pigeon. It is supposed that some members of the party will be troubled with an inconvenient amount of conscience. To meet this possible case, waggons will be provided to carry "trophies of the chase," such as elk horns and buffalo skins. The more sensible sportsmen will probably purchase their stock of trophies in New York or Liverpool. With touching modesty Mr. Schaller concludes by saying:—"I may possibly accompany the party, as well as Mr. Dawson, but nothing will be left undone to ensure the comfort of the travellers." We can only interpret this in accordance with the rules of grammar by supposing that Mr. Schaller is delicately hinting that, even if he accompanies the party, he will not make his society obtrusive. Probably, in such an aristocratic gathering, the members of the expedition will insist upon having it understood that nobody, even if he were Chin-gach-gook himself, should speak to them without an introduction. Finally, we have to observe that ladies may be admitted to share in this refined amusement by paying ten guineas more than the price fixed for gentlemen. A few additional regulations which might be suggested are left to the natural tastes of the gallant sportsman. Nobody would of course venture to show himself without kid gloves, and every one will dress for dinner. To save unnecessary trouble and disappointment, the buffaloes will be induced to present themselves in the neighbourhood of the camp at an hour which will permit of a comfortable cigar after breakfast; and a proper interval will be allowed for luncheon. Some things of course must be a little rough on a first experiment; but in another year or two an expedition to Nebraska will be attended with no more discomfort than a journey to Ascot. It is to be hoped that game-laws may be passed providing against an excessive slaughter; and we shall then have every reason to hope that the Nebraska buffalo-hunt may become part of the recognized programme for the Parliamentary recess. Nothing—for we find ourselves unable to avoid the recognized formula—could do more to promote international amicitiae; the representatives of the two nations will acquire the habit of aiming their rifles at a common foe instead of firing at each other; and there is no greater bond of alliance than when two strong men agree to suppress a weak neighbour. Moreover, the mere sight of a British nobleman is known to produce a strong effect upon Republican nerves; and the more intimate Americans become with so admirable a type of humanity the more they will admire the institutions which have favoured his growth. Who knows but that after the fine old English gentleman has been watched by these democrats at his amusements, they may think about setting up a House of Lords?

It is not for us to find any fault with a plan so carefully organized and so admirably adapted to the taste of the British public. There is, however, one suggestion which forcibly occurs to us. The country, as we have seen, is being rapidly reduced into decent order. There are, as Mr. Schaller informs us in capital letters, no hostile Indians in Nebraska whatever; none of the sportsmen need be afraid of leaving their scalps in exchange for a buffalo skin; and doubtless there will be a general feeling of gratitude to our cousins for the completeness with which they have removed one of the greatest nuisances of the country. Perhaps their primary object in carrying out this reform was not the convenience of English sportsmen, but the result is the same so far as we are concerned. The only Indians now left are certain friendly Pawnees and others, who in character are something between gipsies and gamekeepers. And yet, though this removes one great objection to the region of the chase, we feel that the Western States are not yet up to a European standard in point of comfort. There are many little hardships which it will be impossible entirely to obviate; mosquitoes have survived the Indians, and the coons—unless they are transported bodily from New York or Paris—are likely to be distinctly inferior to those of an English club. It therefore becomes worth while to consider whether, instead of transporting the nobility and gentry, with all the paraphernalia which are necessary to their comfort, to the haunts of the game, it would not be better to bring the game to the nobility and gentry. One of the earliest successes of the immortal Barnum, if we remember rightly, was a grand buffalo-hunt in the neighbourhood of New York. It is true that on that occasion the show of buffaloes was shabby; but the means of transport have improved since his day. A herd of buffaloes brought to England and exhibited, say, on Obolham ridge or in Epping Forest, would draw such crowds from London that it would be well worth the while of the railway companies to pay the expenses of the transport. Leave to shoot them would of course be sold at a high rate. And moreover, if there were any difficulty about bringing over

buffaloes enough, the herd might be satisfactorily filled up by British cattle. A few Smithfield drovers of the old stamp would soon drive them wild enough for all practical purposes, and would be in themselves quite as picturesque figures as the Red Indian of the present day. No patriot should admit that an English short-horn is inferior to an American buffalo; he is about as easy to hit, and the danger incurred in the pursuit would be about equal in the two cases. The objection to killing tame animals has almost vanished already; and if the account of the preparations made for the Nebraska buffalo-hunt are trustworthy, it would appear that the sport is not intended to include the smallest spice of adventure, or to give any opportunity for skill in anything but aiming a rifle. Why not, then, secure the additional comfort which would be easily secured by locating—an Americanism is appropriate—the hunt within these islands?

There is one reason for this which, we must confess, weighs pretty strongly with us. The true object of the expedition is to enable certain persons to kill a number of big bovine animals, which may be done as easily in England as in America. It appears, however, that there are some other creatures in America which are thrown in by way of bonus. Nothing is said of the grisly bear, and we hope that he is as unknown in Nebraska as the hostile Indian, but there are deer, beavers, wild turkeys, and other game. Turkeys are to be found in England, and probably with less trouble, and so are deer; but we have a kind of sentimental affection for the beaver. We were told so many lies about him in our nurseries that we should be sorry for his final extirpation. Very likely he is no more intelligent than a number of other creatures which have by no means his position in that charming collection of fables which we used to call natural history; but yet a kind of halo rests upon him in our imaginations of which we wish that he should have the benefit. He is a sacred animal in a small way, and is associated in our minds with all manner of excellent moral aphorisms. We connect him with the busy bee and the half-reasoning elephant, and a number of other venerable impostors; and we feel as if we should be guilty of gross ingratitude in turning in upon him a host of cockneys with just enough interest in him to take additional pleasure in killing him. The change in the fashion of hats is said to have given him a breathing-space; but when he once comes within the remorseless sway of the genuine British sportsman, he will be extirpated as calmly as though he were a human being. Nothing would apparently be more to the taste of the thoroughbred destructive than the slaughter of the last dodo or great auk, or other representative of an expiring race, for the feat would necessarily remain unique. Much as we love the beaver, however, he is merely an instance of a general principle. Raise the sluices to admit the deluge of cockneydom, and the last faint shadow of romance will disappear from the American wilderness. The pleasures of killing are so great that it is probably vain to protest. Wherever a killable animal is to be found there will the cockney be gathered together, and he will kill more than the animal. He will slay the imaginary beings that still haunt the wild regions of the earth. Before many generations are past there will not be a single eminence above the deluge where the fancy can find room whereon to perch. If it is in one sense useless to complain, it is still impossible not to utter some protest against a more than usually irritating case of annexation of the realm of old romance by the miserable dominion of the prosaic.

#### LEODIUM.

NO city which at any time formed part of the older Roman Empire can reasonably object to being called by its Latin name. We have often wished that we might use the name "Romi" for the metropolitan city of France, instead of having either to make a sound through our noses to which our noses feel quite unable to do justice, or else to offend polite ears by talking of "Rhemes" as our forefathers did. But with the city which plays such a part in the story of *Quentin Durward* our difficulties are greater still. The ancient *Leodium* is known in one tongue as *Lüttich*, in another as *Liège*, in a third as *Luik* or *Leuk*—we think we have seen it written both ways. But we are haunted by a suspicion, which we have but poor means of verifying, that neither *Lüttich* nor *Liège* nor *Leuk* is the genuine name of the place. It is easy enough to find out the true names of the places where French is the high-polite, but Flemish the genuine native speech. Not even a Parisian could persuade himself that the honest Low-Dutch speech of Flanders, English which has stayed at home, was a form of "bad French." Flemish therefore asserts its rights; all things at Antwerp are bilingual; the market is full of people to whom French is as utterly unknown as it could be in Leicester-shire. Flemish books, Flemish newspapers, greet the traveller at every step; he can easily learn that the city which Englishmen used to call *Mechlin*, as they still do so when speaking of lace, which in High-Dutch is *Mechelen*, and which in French has sunk into *Malines*, is in its own natural tongue *Mechelen*. But at *Leodium* we have no such help. French is of course the high-polite speech, and Flemish is certainly not the natural speech. The natural speech is *Walloon*, a Romance dialect which may fairly pass as a language independent of French. It may be heard by those who will look for it with its sounds distinctly *Romanesque*, but as distinctly not French. But in the mind of any Frenchman or French-speaking person such a tongue is a mere

corruption of French of Paris, and it is not entitled even to that measure of toleration which he may be constrained to grant to forms of speech which he cannot anyhow make out to have anything to do with his own language. Walloon therefore is in the same case as the speech of *oc*, the speech of troubadours and Albigenes, actually is in Aquitaine and Provence; it is in the same case in which the tongues of Dante and Calderon might have come to be if only the Buonapartes had kept their Italian and Spanish thrones long enough. It is "bad French," and no notice can be taken of it. Hence at Antwerp everything is written up in Flemish as well as in French, giving the inquiring traveller a pleasant lesson in Low-Dutch. But nothing is written up in Walloon in the city of St. Lambert, and the traveller who doubts the fitness of either Liège, Lüttich, or Leuk, may be tempted to fall back on Leodium. Older Teutonic forms like *Luticha* and *Ludike*, Latin forms like *Leodia*, *Legia*, *Liugas*, do not help us in getting at the genuine Walloon. If we talk of *Liège*, we use the name in high-polite use on the spot; but we suggest the notion of the place being French. If we say *Lüttich*, we preserve the memory of the fact that, till the latest times, Leodium remained a Bishopric of the Empire, but we use a name which is unknown on the spot. For historical purposes *Leodium* is safest.

The history of the city is mainly the history of the Bishopric; during its most exciting period it is the history of the struggles of the citizens with their ecclesiastical lords. Leodium, at all events as a place of any importance, belongs to the class of cities which, like Wells and the younger Salisbury in our own land, gathered round an episcopal church. The name of the place is most likely Teutonic, and if it existed at all in Roman times, it never rose to any fame. Its real history begins under the later Merwings, or more truly under the Austrasian Mayors, the place lying among the immediate possessions of the House of Herstall. The greatness of Leodium began with a martyrdom. St. Lambert, Bishop of Tongres, in which diocese the place then stood, paid his life as the forfeit of his apostolic boldness for rebuking the vices of the ducal house. The blood of the martyr was in truth, in its own sense, the seed of the Church. The next Bishop, Hubert, translated the body of his predecessor to the scene of his death, and translated the episcopal throne along with it. The successors of St. Lambert, like the other prelates of the Empire, were endowed by the Carolingian Kings with vast estates and great temporal rights, and thus the ecclesiastical principality arose. It lasted with various fortunes till the general crash in which the world was involved by the movements of revolutionary France. Any careful map of the last century will show the Austrian Netherlands intersected by one or two narrow strips of territory coloured of the same tint as the Empire, which mark the temporal dominions of the successors of St. Lambert. Of these prelates the most famous was Notger, who reigned from 971 to 1008, and whose chief business was to bring the turbulent feudatories of the neighbourhood into submission to law in some shape or other. But the history of the bishopric is, as we have hinted, mainly made up of quarrels between the Bishops and the citizens. They were unluckily placed towards one another. The citizens never became strong enough to win complete independence, and to set up a sovereign commonwealth owning no King but Cæsar. On the other hand, they were too strong to abide in a regular and orderly state of submission, like a town which is confessedly subject. Leodium was more than a *Landstadt*, without rising to the dignity of a *Reichstadt*. The result was confusions, conspiracies, and crimes without end committed on both sides. At one time, namely in the fifteenth century, these local disputes grew into European importance on account of their connexion with the advance of the Dukes of Burgundy on the House of Valois. Without diving very deep into the local chronicles, it is easy to see that in no part of the world was there a state of things more admirably suited to promote dissension and confusion of every kind. There was the prince, there was his chapter, one of the noblest and most exclusive in the Empire, there were the nobles of the bishopric and of the city, there were the citizens with as many distinctions among themselves as were to be found in Geneva itself, and there were the other towns and districts of the neighbourhood which claimed more or less of local independence. Yet through all this the city contrived to flourish; and now, no longer either a principality or a commonwealth, but the local capital of a province of the kingdom of Belgium, the city flourishes as it never flourished before, as the great centre of the iron trade of the country.

The "noble city," as of old times it delighted to call itself, deserves its name alike from the beauty of its position and from the splendour of its buildings, and this although the great ornament of the city has perished. The church of Hubert was succeeded by the church of Notger, in which St. Bernard preached before a Pope and an Emperor, the second Innocent and the second Lothar. At the end of the eleventh century the church of Notger again perished by fire, and was succeeded by the building which lasted till the confusions of 1793, when the body which called itself *La Convention Nationale Liégeoise* decreed unanimously "que l'édifice gothique, ci-devant cathédrale, sera démolé." (One would be curious to know the exact meaning which the word "gothique" carried to the mind of a National Convention in the year 1793.) The work was done, but done gradually. It was however done in the end so thoroughly that not a stone is now left. The church of St. Lambert, with its two western towers, and a third tower with a lofty spire adjoining the choir, has gone, and it has left no

memory of itself beyond giving its name to the empty place which marks its site. But hard by it stands the stately palace of the Prince-Bishops, now become the provincial palace of justice; a striking building, in the confused and inconsistent style of the first part of the sixteenth century, with pillars and capitals strange according to either classical or mediæval standards, the general effect of which is rich and not unpleasant. The rich cloister which surrounds the inner court has suggested to some minds a likeness to the Doge's Palace, but it is hard to see any further likeness than that which must exist among all open arcades resting on columns. At all events, the *Renaissance* building looks well in comparison with the modern Italian front which has supplanted it on one side.

The position of the cathedral and the palace illustrates the history of the city. Leodium is not one of the hill-fort cities like Chartres and Geneva, where the cathedral crowns the highest point, nor yet one of the island cities like Paris and Châlons, where the cathedral stands in the midst of the river. When an episcopal throne, as here and at Exeter, has been translated in comparatively late times—especially when, as here, the city derives, if not its being, at least its importance from the translation—the cathedral may stand anywhere that happens to be convenient in that particular place. Leodium stands in the valley of the Meuse, in a hollow surrounded by hills, forming one of the most picturesque sites in the only picturesque part of the kingdom of Belgium. The city, now at least, stands on both sides of the river; one of the bridges which connect the two parts figures in the French legend of Charlemagne, a part of the tale perhaps suggested by a local Leodian tradition, which claims Charles the Great as a native of the city or its neighbourhood. The main part of the city lies on the left bank of the river, filling up the narrow space between the river and the hills, and climbing up the greater part of the height of the hills themselves. Two of the most striking of the many churches, those of St. Martin and St. Cross, stand high, rising over the streets below in a way which reminds the English visitor of Lincoln itself. But the great pile of St. Lambert was satisfied with a lowlier site. The palace and the space where the cathedral once stood are just at the bottom of the rising ground. A short ascent leads from them to St. Cross, and higher up again stands St. Martin, the position of which makes it the most conspicuous object in the city, though it certainly does not of itself deserve the first place. Yet it is not a contemptible pile, and we learn from it, as from any other church in the city, that, though Leodium may be Welsh in speech, in architecture at least it did not fall away from its allegiance to the Eastern Kingdom. The aisleless apse of St. Martin, with its tall windows, is thoroughly German, and in the neighbouring and far more interesting church of St. Cross we find the most intensely German of all ecclesiastical arrangements, the double apse, eastwards and westwards, after the manner of Mainz and Worms. This church is said to owe its origin to Bishop Notger, who characteristically built it on the site of the dwelling of a robber noble whom he cajoled into submission to the law. But though one of its ends, namely the western, is Romanesque, it is Romanesque in its latest form, two hundred years later than the time of Notger. The eastern octagon and apse are there, and the transverse apses, like so many of the churches of Köln, can be traced out among later changes. These arrangements, so utterly unknown in England, will give the traveller on the banks of the Meuse a good foretaste of what lies in store for him on the banks of the Rhine. The later part of the church is no less worthy study. A good eastern apse of the German Gothic is a worthy ending to a nave whose slender pillars and three bodies of equal height may suggest the memory of Bristol, but which in the management of its outer walls contrives to unite the Bristol arrangement with the general effect of a clerestory range.

The city contains some other remarkable Romanesque buildings, though several of them, like those of Würzburg, which we spoke of last year, have fallen victims to the fact of their mechanical construction being the same as that of the revived Italian style. The pillars and round arches seem to have supplied an irresistible temptation to architects of the seventeenth century to disguise what they doubtless looked on as barbarous bareness with the plaster ornaments in use in their own time. A church thus fearfully *Jesuité*—to use a phrase which we have heard, and which we wish Lord Palmerston could have heard also—is that of St. Bartholomew in the eastern part of the city, a church worth seeing if only for the sake of its magnificent font of brass. The church attracts notice at a distance by two western towers finished with that peculiar capping, so rare in England, so common in Germany, the finish of Sompington in Sussex and of St. Castor at Coblenz. But the towers do not, like those at Coblenz, rise free from the ground. They simply crown a vast square mass covered with Romanesque arcading—save where Jesuits, or people of Jesuitical tastes, have laid their hands upon it—which forms the west front of the church. This way of making a west front take the form of a huge, flat, and rather shapeless wall, seems to have been the fashion of the Leodian Romanesque. This appears in an elaborate shape in the church of the Benedictine Abbey of St. James, a foundation of Bishop Baldric the Second, who sat—if sitting is a proper phrase for a prelate who fought like Odo—from 1008 to 1018, and whose effigy of far later date may be seen within the church. This large square mass is doubtless the work of the founder, or at any rate the completion of his design. On it is perched a small octagon tower of later Romanesque, which again is swallowed up by the great and



famous fabric of the sixteenth century. A third front of the same class, of much ruder work without, but with a good piece of vaulting from a central pillar within, is found at St. Denis, another church whose church is hopelessly Jesuited, while its choir has given way to a lofty spire of the best German Gothic. The church of St. John again still keeps a tower whose lower portion is Romanesque, a massive structure supported by bold round turrets which local belief attributes to the famous Notger. At all events the church retains the traces of very early arrangements. To the west of the tower is a cortile reminding us of the great St. Ambruse, though in a far later style. And the church itself, though rebuilt in the last century, still preserves the plan of the Imperial Minster at Aachen. As at Aachen, the choir, the octagon, and the ancient tower, stand all together without being fused into one whole, and beyond all lies the cortile. In all this we may feel pretty sure that we have the original arrangements of Notger, though there may be little or nothing left of his actual work.

But, strictly as works of art, the two most attractive churches in the city are the Abbey of St. James, already mentioned, and the Collegiate Church of St. Paul, which was raised to cathedral rank instead of the fallen St. Lambert on the restoration of Christianity under Buonaparte. Setting aside a poor western tower, which was patched up out of fragments of St. Lambert and another destroyed church, the present cathedral is a good example of a second-class church of the German Gothic of the fourteenth century. But as such it has many fellows. More interesting in the history of art, though less pure in its actual style, is the splendid building attached to the remains of the ancient St. James. The choir and the shallow transepts show the latest style of Gothic in its richest form. In its elaborate vault, in its arches dripping with foliations in a sort of Alhambra fashion, it may be called fantastic and over-done, but it is still pure; nothing positively inconsistent with the style has thrust itself in. In the nave this is no longer the case; in the spandrels of the arches figures and ornaments of an un-Gothic character begin to show themselves, which mark the first stage of the Jesuiting process, which has otherwise spared St. James, but which has been so ruthlessly carried out in some of its neighbours. Among these last we may give one glance to the church of St. Christopher. The date assigned to the surviving original portions is 1179, but its windows look more like those of the English Gothic of the first half of the next century. Its ranges of columns, broken by a single pair of square piers, might seem to have come from a Lucchese basilica, but the capitals have a savour of Lisieux.

The history of the Walloon city is, as we have seen, the history of struggles between the prince bishops and the citizens. In the end, the citizens have triumphed. St. Lambert, the home of the sovereign prelate and his lordly chapter, has vanished from the earth. St. James, the ecclesiastical home of the *commune*, where the civic charters were kept, and where the burgomaster took his oath of office, still keeps its place, not first in formal rank, but first in general splendour and attractiveness among the churches of the city. We will end with a fragment, of which we do not profess to construe every word, in which a modern Walloon poet records the overthrow of St. Lambert;

Alfin totafait tom;  
Eta, monuain, om,  
Alfin töt deü mori:  
L'antrick elok è fondow,  
Li tour east abatow,  
Et ses rwen ont péri!

#### LIVINGSTONE INTERVIEWED.

THE expedition of the *New York Herald* into the interior of Africa marks the beginning of a new phase in the development of the Special Correspondent. Mr. Stanley's letters, of which a summary has just been published, possess no geographical value, and there is no proof that he saw Dr. Livingstone except his own assertion, which may be taken for what it is worth. It is interesting, however, to read the adventures of a Special Correspondent who went out to Africa and got up battles in order to describe them. This is a new field of newspaper enterprise. We have often reflected with profound commiseration on the condition of a "Special" who has distinguished himself during war, when peace comes, and there is no more carnage for him to chronicle in his brilliant and tasteful way; when his convivial evenings with Moltke, his walks with Bismarck, and his talks with the dear old Kaiser suddenly come to an end, and he subsides once more from the intimate society of great warriors and princes into the obscurity of private life. This fitful greatness is hard to bear, and it is all the harder inasmuch as the "Special" cannot, when his hours of greatness are over, coil himself up like a boa constrictor after a full meal, or a bear in the winter, and sleep till there is another war and he is wanted again. Special Correspondents must live like other men, and in order to live they must get a living. We have some recollection of once reading in a French paper an account of the way in which the literary department of the *Times* is managed. The Editor spends a considerable part of his time in meditating on what are likely to be the great questions of the hour five or ten years hence. He then selects a number of competent writers, endows them with a handsome salary, and allotting to each a subject, instructs them to proceed with their investigations until the moment arrives when they will be called upon to put the result into

writing. The consequence is that the *Times* is never taken by surprise. Whatever question may turn up, the Editor has always somebody within reach who has been making it the business of his life to master it in every aspect and in all its details, and who is ready to be tapped of his accumulated information whenever it is required. The French journalist to whom we were indebted for this information added that at every hour of the day and night there was always at least one Special Correspondent on duty in the office, fully equipped for a journey, with his portmanteau in a fleet Hansom waiting at the door, and ready to start for the ends of the earth at a moment's notice. Possibly the other newspapers have not yet followed the example of the *Times* in this respect; at least, they seem to find more constant employment for their Correspondents, who are not allowed to eat their heads off in idleness or in the preparation of great articles for publication at some distant period. The consequence is, that when there are no wars going on, the unfortunate Correspondents are expected to spin their weary yarns all the same, and to make as much as they can of a little Volunteer inspection, or a charity school tea-fight, or gudgeon fishing in the Thames, as if it were a great historical event of the first importance. Dirt, it has been said, is only matter in a wrong place, and we must confess that it has sometimes struck us that the activity of the indefatigable Correspondent might be more usefully employed than in magnifying little things into great things, and investing the most trivial incidents of every-day life with the glorified hues of his vivid and highly cultivated imagination. The revolting sensationalism of some of the letters from Sandringham during the Prince of Wales's illness has perhaps not been forgotten; and we fancy that poor Hodge, who lately found himself illuminated in a sudden and unexpected manner, simply because Parliament was up and the papers wanted padding, has no reason to be grateful to the "Specials" who did their best to excite extravagant expectations, and to make bad blood between him and his employers. The success which has attended the *New York Herald's* African expedition will perhaps suggest a similar expedient to some of our contemporaries. It is obvious that there is a fine field for the "Special" in Africa, and we shall be neither sorry nor surprised to hear that there has been a general rush of "Our Owns" in that direction.

Mr. Stanley, the Special Correspondent of the *Herald*, deserves credit for the brilliant idea of at once making and recording history. Mr. Disraeli is said to have remarked in early life that when he wanted to read a book he wrote one; and Mr. Stanley when he is at a loss for a subject for a letter sets to work to do something worth writing about. It may be said that it is an important homage to historical truth that a Correspondent of the *New York Herald* should think it necessary that an event should actually happen in order that he may describe it; but the process is not unknown in India. When a Hindu wants to get up an elaborate course of false swearing, he always takes care to have a rehearsal with his associates of all the circumstances which are to be alleged to have occurred. In this way an air of exactness and reality is given to the narrative which could not otherwise have occurred. It appears from the summary of Mr. Stanley's despatches which has just been published in this country, that he left Zanzibar on the 23rd of January last year, at the head of a large caravan, the numbers of which were reduced by sickness before he reached Unyanyembe. He was pushing on for Ujiji when he found that Mirambo, the King of Ujowa, had announced that no caravan should pass that way except over his body. We do not know what opportunity His Majesty may have had of studying British melodrama, but his language is exactly that of villains or heroes on the stage. Mr. Stanley, no doubt seeing his way to a thrilling letter on the subject, at once accepted the challenge, and resolved to conduct his caravan over Mirambo's body. In forming this resolution prudence was mingled with valour. The Arabs had declared war against Mirambo, and "as they appeared to be confident of victory, and determined to fight well, Mr. Stanley judged that the better course was for him to combine with them in attacking the King of Ujowa." Accordingly he joined forces with them, and the first day all went well for the allies, who succeeded in surprising three of Mirambo's villages, and captured, killed, and drove away the inhabitants. Next day Mr. Stanley caught a fever, and was carried back to Unyanyembe, and the Arabs, in a rash attack on Mirambo, were drawn into an ambush, and routed with great slaughter. On the fourth day the Arabs scattered in all directions, and Mr. Stanley's own bodyguard joined in the *sauve qui peut*. Having somewhat recovered from the fever, and hearing that Mirambo meditated an aggressive movement, the courageous Correspondent collected all the fugitives he could find, to the number of one hundred and fifty, barricaded the town, hoisted the American flag, and awaited events. But nothing happened. Mirambo took another road, and left Unyanyembe unmolested, under the protection of the stars and stripes. It now occurred to the Correspondent that he had better leave the Arabs to fight their own battles, and try to reach Ujiji by a more northerly route—in fact, to dodge Mirambo instead of going over the despot's body. To this the Arabs demurred, "doubtless from selfish motives," and as they could not intimidate Mr. Stanley, they tried the effect of "extraordinary tales" on his followers. Of these the Correspondent has no doubt made a collection for the benefit of his readers in New York, but at present all we know of them is that the tales produced a strong effect on those who heard them, and

Mr. Stanley, deserted by his only European companion, an Englishman, who was perhaps a rival Correspondent in disguise and anxious to be first home with the "extraordinary tales," had great difficulty in obtaining bearers for his luggage or an escort. After a long and perilous journey through an unknown desert, where he was seriously threatened by the rapacious chiefs of hostile tribes, he at length reached Ujiji in the beginning of November. He was anxious, he says, to enter the African town with as much *clat* as possible, and he therefore disposed his little band in such a manner as to form "a somewhat imposing procession." At the head was borne the American flag; next came the armed escort, firing their muskets as rapidly as possible; then the baggage men, horses, and asses; and last, not least, the great Correspondent himself. The discharge of firearms naturally aroused the inhabitants, and it is perhaps a wonder that they did not fall into some misapprehension as to the object of a visit heralded in this warlike manner. As it happened, they took it all in good part, "filling the air with deafening shouts, and beating violently on their rude musical instruments."

We now approach the most affecting and impressive incident in the narrative—the meeting of the Correspondent and Livingstone. Mr. Stanley's bearing on this occasion proves the high conception he had formed of his duty as the representative, not only of the *New York Herald*, but of Western civilization. As the procession entered the town he observed among a group of Arabs "a pale-looking, grey-bearded, white man, clad in a red woollen jacket, with a naval cap with a faded gilt band round it." He recognized Livingstone at once, and his first impulse was to rush forward and fling himself into the arms of the great traveller. But he checked himself with the reflection that the Arabs, being accustomed to conceal their feelings, would think meanly of a man who showed he had any. So he resolved to exhibit no symptom of rejoicing or excitement. Slowly advancing towards the Doctor, he bowed and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" To this the Doctor, "fully equal to the occasion," simply smiled and replied "Yes." After this no one can say that the heroism of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race is extinct. Nothing can be finer than this spectacle of two great men saluting each other in the heart of Africa with the elegant composure and cautious civility of the best circles at home. It is said that a well-known general who lived for some years in the backwoods of Canada used to make a point of dressing every day for dinner in his log-hut lest he should cease to appreciate the refinements of civilization. It does not appear that Dr. Livingstone invariably dines in a white tie and dress-coat, but it is satisfactory to know that in his meeting with Mr. Stanley he was "fully equal to the occasion." Here is indeed a bond of international brotherhood between the two great nations which speak a common tongue, and all the rest of it, and we may expect that some of our gushing journalists will not fail to do justice to the event, and to suggest that after this all differences between the United States and Great Britain should be buried in oblivion. Mr. Stanley reports that Livingstone looked strong and well, and has satisfied himself that the Chambezi (not to be confounded with the Portuguese Zambesi) is the head-quarters of the Nile, but there is a gap of some hundred and eighty miles between the point on the Chambezi at which, on account of a mutiny among his men and want of stores, he had to suspend his exploration of that river, and the part of the Nile already traced. Until he has completed this exploration, which may take from sixteen to eighteen months, but Mr. Stanley thinks more, he does not mean to quit Africa.

There seems to be a general disposition to accept Mr. Stanley's story as true; but it will be prudent to wait until Dr. Livingstone's own letters, which are said to be on the way, arrive, before placing implicit confidence in this remarkable narrative. It is possible Mr. Stanley may have seen Livingstone; but it is odd that he should have found it so easy to get to and from Ujiji and to send on letters, and that Livingstone himself should have found no means of communicating with his friends for several years. If he actually saw Livingstone, it would appear that Livingstone had no confidence in him, and told him as little as possible, and did not allow him to read the letters with which he entrusted him. It will be observed that the greater part of his account of Livingstone's adventures in the interior is only a confused and blundering reproduction of the Doctor's own despatches to the Geographical Society before he disappeared. Mr. Stanley's geographical information is a hopeless muddle, which it would be a waste of time to analyse. For our own part, we see no reason at present either to believe or disbelieve the story. There is nothing improbable in the meeting between Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone; but unless Mr. Stanley is very different from the general *man of Correspondents* for the *Herald*, it is quite conceivable that he may have made up the whole thing out of his own head. It is unfortunate that the *Herald* should have acquired such a reputation for itself, but it is its own fault.

#### COUNT MONTALEMBERT ON THE JESUITS.

IT has been sedulously reported of late in Ultramontane circles that Count Montalembert before his death signified his intention of submitting to the decisions of the Vatican Synod, whatever they might be. The report is one which, to say the least, requires confirmation, when we remember the latest recorded utterances of the veteran leader of Liberal Catholicism in France.

Montalembert died in March 1870, when the Council had been sitting for more than three months, and there was no longer any reason for doubt that the question of Papal infallibility would be forced on its notice; indeed the *Schœma de Primatu* was already in the hands of the assembled Fathers. It was therefore with the subject definitely before his mind that he wrote what he did write during the last fortnight of his life. And our readers may recollect—for we referred to his words at the time—that he spoke in the strongest terms of his detestation of the Ultramontane policy, and his warm sympathy for the noble band of priests and bishops who were struggling against it at Rome; expressing his deep regret that failing health prevented his being able himself to enter into the arena, and adding that the real discussion would begin when the debate in Council was over, and the decrees so urgently desired by the dominant party were carried. He even spoke of "the idol erected at the Vatican," and said that the idol might remain but the shrine would be deserted. So clearly did Pius IX. appreciate the force of his sentiments that he seized an opportunity, before the body of the departed statesman was yet in the grave, to pronounce what may be called an elaborate malediction on his memory, and went so far as to forbid the ordinary funeral rites, which are not refused to the worst criminal who dies in communion with the Church, being solemnized at Rome. After all this, it is rather surprising to be told that the Count died a prospective infallibilist, and we naturally ask for some proof of so startling an assertion. None, however, has been produced beyond the *ipse dixit* of those who make it. Nor is this all. Montalembert left what may be called his ecclesiastical testament in the shape of two essays—on the Roman Jesuits, and on the "palinodies effrontées" of Rome—which were sent to the *Correspondant*, then the professed organ of the French Liberal Catholics, and refused admission by the editor. The papers were therefore left in the hands of his executors, who have carefully refrained from publishing them, while asserting on their own authority that he changed his opinions before his death. The Abbé Michaud, who was an intimate friend of Montalembert's, has openly charged them with falsehood, and challenged them to publish the documents left in their hands; but the challenge remains unanswered. Meanwhile, extracts from one of these papers, on the Jesuits, have come to light, and have just been published—of course without the sanction of the executors—in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

There was an obvious motive for such a publication in Germany at the present moment in connexion with the recent law against the Jesuits. For Montalembert's criticism has a direct bearing on the political action of the Society, and it may be remembered that the President of the Imperial Chancery, Herr Dulbrück, on recapitulating in the Reichstag the grounds of the Government for proposing the measure, insisted on this point. He emphatically disclaimed in the name of the German Governments the notion of identifying the Society with the Catholic Church, which he described as "an arbitrary perversion of notorious facts, the more to be deplored as it might serve to deprive the measure in circles outside this assembly of its true character, and impress on it another which it does not possess." He proceeded to argue that the Empire was menaced, and felt this measure to be indispensable for its security, dwelling especially on the necessity of guarding the newly established Constitution from internal as well as foreign enemies; and "among these internal enemies an Order is to be reckoned which, while furnished with great intellectual and material means, and endowed with a rare organization, steadily pursues a fixed inimical aim." The charge will of course be scouted by the whole Ultramontane party as a mere hypocritical subterfuge or a fresh illustration of Protestant fanaticism. It is interesting therefore to see what light may be thrown on it incidentally by the impartial testimony of a distinguished French Catholic, proud alike of his loyalty to his country and to his Church. Montalembert had always zealously vindicated the rights of the Jesuits, especially in matters of education, on the broad principle of religious liberty, and this gives the greater force to his protest. He is dealing especially with the Roman Jesuits, the conductors of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which is the approved organ of the Papal Court; and he says that, after being engaged through life in pleading the cause of the Order, which had been persecuted in France and in Spain, he must make a reserve as to the Roman Jesuits, who, in defending the Church and the Holy See, "are daily outraging reason, justice, and honour." The "monstrous articles of the *Civiltà*" will no longer allow him to keep silence. If the principles thus manifested are to prevail, "the Church cannot co-exist with any modern liberty," and Renan was perfectly right in saying that a Liberal Catholic or a Catholic Liberal must be either a hypocrite or a fool, and that those who vindicated for the Jesuits liberty of education in France, on the ground of religious toleration, were not acting in good faith, and were legitimate objects of ridicule equally to consistent Catholics and consistent Liberals. According to the *Civiltà* there is no better way of serving the cause of Catholicism in the present day than to reproduce and justify, by the authority of Popes and Saints, all the worst examples of persecution in former ages, such as Pius V.'s instructions to his nuncio in Spain to deprive Philip II.'s mildness and leniency in the temporal punishment of heretics. It must be loudly and openly proclaimed that all modern liberties are false, pernicious, and "deadly in their effects"; that liberty is—not in its excess, but in its own nature—a spiritual pest and madness; that all liberty of the press, of conscience, and of worship is *per se* essentially evil; and that this is also true of all the liberties, charters, and emancipations of modern society.

On these doctrines Montalembert observes that when he and his friends claimed for the Church and for the Jesuits, in the French Chamber, liberty of association and of teaching, it was precisely in the name of these modern liberties and by virtue of them that they did so. And he appeals to the words of the good and pious Father Ravignan, who was a barrier before he became a Jesuit:—"As a Frenchman I have believed in the liberty of my country; I count on the liberty of conscience assured us by the law and the solemn promise of the Charter, and I maintain that it is a reality here, as it is in England, Belgium, and the United States." When the Jesuit colleges were reopened in France in 1850, it was by insisting before the Assembly on the text of the Republican Constitution, which guarantees to all citizens equal protection in the exercise of their worship and freedom of association and teaching; that he and his colleagues won the victory. Clearly they were all wrong then, and M. Renan was right in asserting that Catholicism and the Jesuits are incompatible with liberty. But it is a pity that those who have been profiting by the general principle successfully urged in their favour for the last twenty years had not apparently discovered at the time the radical mistake which their advocates were committing. The writer adds that now, when he is long past the age of passionate emotion, "*à la lecture de ces palinodes affrontées, j'en ai rougi jusqu'au blanc des yeux et frémis jusqu'au bout des ongles.*" He considers the tone now adopted by the Jesuits in particular towards the champions and the contests to which they owe their present position unworthy of religious or honourable men. It may be theological orthodoxy, but it is certainly bad faith. And a very little common sense might have sufficed to remind them of the extreme unwisdom of the line they are taking. Had a single Jesuit taught in 1848 or 1850 what the *Civiltà* teaches now, they may be very sure that no Jesuit college would have been allowed to be opened in France, nor a single French soldier sent to Rome to restore the Temporal Power. And as to the future, without any pretensions to prophecy, one may safely affirm that many a Jesuit on both sides of the Atlantic will have ample cause to deplore the doctrines now maintained in the official organ of the Company. Montalembert, indeed, would be no party to the policy of applying their own principles to themselves, but they could not justly complain if Liberal Governments were to take them at their word and suppress them. For himself, he would concede liberty to its adversaries as much as to its friends, and "inflict it on those who deny and exterminate it, as their only fitting penalty." Liberty is for one's opponents, especially if they are weak, and on both accounts should be conceded to the Jesuits. Liberty for all is a dear and holy principle, "and if I pass for an old fool and dotard, and what is worse, for a triple heretic, that shall be to my last sigh the cry of my conscience and my heart." He adds that the principles of these Jesuit enemies are inhuman, pitiless, and detestable, but that happily they have no power of applying them, and he does not believe they would do so if they could. But their way of serving the Church is remarkable. They treat it as wild beasts are treated in a menagerie, where they are exhibited in iron cages, but we are bidden to inspect their claws and teeth, and to remember that, if ever they got out, they would make free use of them.

It is clear from the last paragraph that Montalembert, if he were still alive, would not have approved Prince Bismarck's policy, but it is also clear that he would have told the Jesuits they had only themselves to thank for it. He has in fact almost predicted the fate they have now drawn on themselves. Whether the proposed expulsion, supposing it to be justifiable, will be effective, and whether, if strictly enforced, it may not do more to enhance their moral than to cripple their material resources, by investing them in the eyes of the vulgar with a seeming halo of martyrdom, are questions which need not be entered upon here. No doubt if the successor of Pius IX. could be induced to repeat the policy of Clement XIV., both the Church and the world would be gainers. But expulsion from Germany or Italy by the civil power is a different thing from the formal and final suppression of the Order.

#### DILKE'S DOMESTIC BOOK

WE do not know whether the *Comic Blackstone* included the law of real property, but if it did not, Sir Charles Dilke is fully qualified to compose a supplement which might maintain the grotesque character of that work. Besides his earlier titles to distinction he will henceforth be remembered as the author of the most absurd Bill that was ever brought into the House of Commons. His proposal sounds like a dreary joke. There is to be an overseer appointed who is to take charge of what the Bill calls "public lands." The definition given in the Bill would include three contiguous estates which belong respectively to the Foundling Hospital and to Rugby and Tunbridge Schools. The preamble of the Bill recites that "the concurrent management" of such contiguous estates would afford means for effecting great public improvement, and much of the labour required for the same might be advantageously undertaken by co-operative associations of workmen if reasonable facilities were given them. We have heard much of the benefits conferred on the nation by public schools, but this is the first time that it has been, to our knowledge, suggested that their estates ought to be managed for the encouragement of co-operative societies. The "public improve-

ment" which the Bill contemplates has apparently nothing to do with learning, or morals, or manners, but rather with the opening of new streets or the building of splendid edifices which may or may not yield a return upon the outlay. An overseer of large mind and cultivated taste might easily absorb the revenues of Rugby or Tunbridge School for many years to come. The overseer is to be "qualified by experience," and he is to fulfil the duties of "registrar, steward, surveyor, receiver, and general agent and manager" for the bodies of trustees or governors of the Schools. It is a pity that when Parliament took such trouble a few years ago to pass an Act regulating Public Schools, Sir Charles Dilke did not come forward with his comprehensive scheme of management. There would have been perhaps this objection to his plan, that while the Governing Bodies were arranging for the disposal of the income of the schools, an overseer would, by magnificent undertakings for the encouragement of co-operative societies, have improved their incomes quite away. These useful functionaries are to be elected in the first instance by the "administering bodies" of "public lands"—that is, by the trustees or governors of schools, colleges, or hospitals; but vacancies are to be filled by the appointment of persons whose qualifications are tested by previous examination. It might happen that a clever head-boy might by success in an examination suddenly find himself elected to a post immeasurably greater than that of the head-master of the school from which he came, since he would hold the purse out of which the head-master would be paid. It is expressly provided by the Bill that the overseer should manage the property of endowed schools, so that while Lord Lyttelton's Commission is settling how these schools shall spend their money, Sir Charles Dilke's overseers will arrange that there shall be none to spend. The Bill, however, exempts the buildings in which the school is actually carried on, and also glebe lands attached to any benefice if the incumbent shall signify, as he probably would, that he elects to retain it in his own management.

The next provision of the Bill is even more astounding than those on which we have already commented. Landlords are to choose tenants on the principle of the more the merrier. When, on putting up land to let, tenders shall be equal, preference is to be given to that tender from the acceptance whereof the greatest number of persons will be likely to become interested in the tenancy. Thus a co-operative or industrial association is to be preferred to an individual offering the same rent, and this without regard to the question which is likely to pay most regularly. If the overseer should be of opinion that, "having regard to the public and general benefit aforesaid," any tender ought to be accepted, and if the administering body would very much rather not, the matter is to be referred to the Local Government Board, who may appoint an arbitrator, and his decision is to be binding. Apparently the question of the solvency of the proposed tenants would be put aside as irrelevant. Subdivision, which has been denounced as mischievous in Ireland, is to be carried in England to an extent before undreamed of. An Irish landlord permitted, or at least did not entirely resist, the sub-letting of land held under him, which was usually not inconsistent with his getting the rent paid by somebody, but in England "administering bodies" are to be compelled to adopt subdivision as beneficial to the nation, and are forbidden to consider its pecuniary effect upon themselves. The overseer is to pay over to the "administering bodies" the rents and profits of their lands, retaining a percentage for his services. The respectable persons whose functions and profits would be usurped by the overseer, were probably not seriously alarmed by the introduction of Sir Charles Dilke's Bill. It is evident to us that he has been born before his time, and he produces Bills which are even more premature, and, if we may say so, half-baked than himself. There are to be maps with descriptive reports of all "public lands," and copies are to be supplied to elementary schools "in aid of economical, historical, or technical instruction." The overseer is to report annually on the condition of all "public lands," and is to enter into various considerations, among which the interest of the landlords, or those for whom they are trustees, is conspicuously absent. New communications, roads or streets, irrigation, or drainage works, and opportunities for promoting the public benefit, are all to be considered, apparently without regard to that question, which is usually the first of all questions—namely, whether the proposed works will pay.

Another portion of this wonderful Bill relates to commons, which are also to be placed under the supervision of the "overseer." But we rather think that he would find this department of his work too much for him. He is to ascertain from the best evidence he can gather the situation, extent, and boundaries of commons, together with the rights, usages, and customs relating thereto, and he is also to inquire "in what manner the several rights in such commons may be most profitably exercised." He might, for example, report that several geese or another pig might be fed upon a particular common. This at least is what the Bill appears to mean. The commoner is to be instructed how he ought to exercise his right of common. If any "public interest" in any public land or common is likely to be endangered by non-assertion or exclusion, the overseer shall cause notice to be put up of the public right thereto; and if necessary he shall certify the particulars thereof to the Attorney-General, who shall thereupon take such proceedings as he may deem necessary. It is not stated whether the landowner will be at liberty to take down the notices which the overseer has put up. The Attorney-General would be at liberty to institute any proceedings against a landowner which

he thought fit, and the costs would be paid either by the landowner if he failed in resisting the proceedings, or by the county rate to which the landowner contributes if he succeeded. The overseer would have, with respect to public lands and commons, all the powers of inquiry and examination of witnesses and documents that ever were conferred on any Parliamentary Commission, so that in case of litigation with a landowner the first step would be to look into his title-deeds. If any land in the overseer's district be offered for sale, and he thinks the purchase would be for the public advantage, he may buy it, and it may be paid for by the sale of any Government securities held under the Charitable Trusts Act, 1853; although there may not be any connexion whatever between the district to be benefited and the charities which are to be plundered for that purpose. The Bill might just as well provide that the purchase-money for these desirable lands should be supplied by the sale of Consols belonging to private holders, to be determined by lot. The administering body of any charity may adopt the land purchased with their money as an investment—that is, we suppose, if they please; but if they do not please, it is by no means clear what will happen. It is, however, only too clear that their stock will have been sold out, and that land which is thought to be of public advantage will have been bought with it.

The first and most important duty of the overseer would be to prepare "a new Domesday Book," as Sir Charles Dilke calls it, of all the estates in his district. He would then prepare a map and "disseminate the information thus obtained." Children in elementary schools are to have the opportunity of acquiring this most dry and dreary of all that is called useful knowledge. An ordinary school-book of geography would be pleasant reading compared with the compilations of overseers, which would resemble the least readable parts of the blue-books of the Charity and Endowed Schools Commissioners. The promoters of the Bill hold that it is desirable that as large a number of persons as possible should have an interest in the soil, "and the measure would afford various facilities for that purpose without coming into collision with the principles of political economy." It is probably immaterial, in the view of Sir Charles Dilke, that it would come into collision with the rights or privileges of individuals or communities who have hitherto enjoyed the advantages of schools, colleges, and hospitals established in their neighbourhoods. Another speaker in support of the Bill said, that one of its objects was to enable working-men co-operating together to meet the prejudices of a social kind which existed against them in trying to acquire land. We do not know whether it is a prejudice of a social kind to hold that a working-man who desires to acquire land ought to pay for it, but that at any rate is our opinion; and we hold further that landowners, whether Corporations or individuals, ought not, except under very special circumstances, to be forced to sell even at a good price. The House of Commons being invited to pass this Bill by way of "meeting communism half way," responded in effect that it had no desire to meet communism at all. When Sir Charles Dilke has abolished monarchy and proprietary rights, it will be time enough to begin the compilation of a Domesday Book. By that time perhaps the New Forest will have been brought under the plough or spade, and Sir Charles Dilke will be so far a conqueror that he will have made England very like a desert.

#### PERILS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

GOOD sometimes comes of evil, and when a great disaster has happened and cannot be remedied, the most philosophical course, after every thing has been done to relieve the sufferers, is to consider what amount of compensation can be extracted from it in the way of warning or instruction for the future. The collapse of the Albert and European Life Assurance Companies, with a deficiency in the one case of nearly, and in the other of more than, a million, is about as ugly and venomous-looking a toad as can well be imagined; yet it is possible that it may be found to wear a precious jewel in its head. Should it prove to be the means of making people reflect seriously on the meaning and conditions of life assurance, and of enabling them to understand the limits within which certainty can reasonably be expected and safety secured, there will be an important public gain to set off against private losses. For the present, the result of the failure of those Companies has been not only to impoverish and ruin a great many unfortunate persons under circumstances of peculiar hardship and cruelty, but also to bring life assurance in general into some discredit. It is estimated that there has lately been a falling off of something like ten per cent. in the amount of business annually transacted by the Life Assurance Offices; and it is natural that successive disasters of great magnitude should produce a feeling of uneasiness and distrust. It is hard that the sound offices, of which there are many, should thus be made to suffer for the rotten ones; but if there were nothing more in question than the profits of Assurance Companies, the matter might be left to right itself in the course of time. It must be borne in mind, however, that so much less done in life assurance means so much less provision for the future on the part of the community. It does not follow that money is wasted when it is withdrawn or withheld from this particular mode of investment, but in any case a deduction of ten per cent. from the assurances of a year represents a serious deduction from the providence of the country. It will be admitted that it is a

good thing that this kind of providence should be encouraged as far as possible; that, if there is any unreasonable distrust, it should be removed; and that, if the distrust is well founded, the grounds of it should be clearly exhibited so that people may learn to judge for themselves, and to discriminate between good offices and bad. So far, it may be assumed, there will be general agreement. The only question is as to the means by which this result may best be promoted. It has been suggested that a *post-mortem* examination of the defunct Companies might perhaps be instructive; and Mr. Cave, first by a Bill, then by a motion, in the House of Commons, withdrawing each in turn, proposed that this examination should be entrusted to a body of special Commissioners. The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought that it would be more conveniently and satisfactorily performed by a Committee of the House. The real point of difference between Mr. Cave and the Government did not, however, come very distinctly to the surface in the course of the debate. There can be no doubt, from the tone of Mr. Cave's speech, that he is anxious to bring to justice the persons who are responsible for the gross misrepresentations and misappropriations which are alleged to have caused the ruin of the Albert and European Companies. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the other hand, felt that the appointment of a Commission to do the work of a court of law might establish an awkward precedent. The question, he said, arose with regard to the acts of a body of persons who were alleged to have grossly misconducted themselves. If they had brought themselves within the law, the law should see to it. If they had kept on the safe side of the law, it would be in the highest degree dangerous to supersede the ordinary machinery for prosecuting offences, and to appoint a special tribunal, armed with power to inquire into the matter and to search it to the bottom. We must say that on this point we are disposed to agree with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is not desirable that Parliament should take upon itself to supersede the ordinary tribunals by special Courts appointed either by itself or by the Government, for a temporary and limited purpose, and armed with exceptional and arbitrary powers. It is true that Commissions of this kind have more than once been appointed. The Commission to inquire into the Trade Union outrages at Sheffield is a case in point; but these were outrages of a peculiarly monstrous character which were continually occurring, and which had baffled all inquiries conducted in an ordinary manner. And, in the next place, the Commission was authorised to offer immunity to witnesses who confessed their crimes.

The Government, while objecting to the appointment of a quasi-judicial Commission for the purpose of seeking out and bringing to punishment the persons who were responsible for the disasters of the Albert and European Companies, have undertaken to institute a general inquiry into the causes of these failures; and it remains to be seen in what form the inquiry will be conducted. The broad facts of the history of the two Offices are pretty well established. Their funds were squandered in ruinous amalgamations; as their responsibilities increased, their means of meeting them diminished; and it is now known that for some time before they finally collapsed they were utterly and hopelessly insolvent. In the case of Overend, Gurney, and Co. (Limited), it was held that the directors, although they committed a serious indiscretion in concealing the embarrassed condition of the business transferred to them, did not intend to defraud the public; they had faith in the speculation, and believed that, with the aid of fresh capital, it could be made highly profitable. The officials and directors of the Albert and European Companies would no doubt justify their conduct by a similar plea. It may be said that the business of a Life Assurance Office is very different from the business of a discount bank; that the latter is a speculative business, whereas the former is, or professes to be, a matter of fixed and certain calculation. Undoubtedly there ought to be nothing speculative in a well-conducted Assurance Office, but it has not yet been determined that *bond fide* speculation on the part of an Assurance Office is a criminal act. If it could be shown that in any case the officials of an Assurance Company knowingly and deliberately, and for their own personal profit, purchased on behalf of their Company a worthless or insolvent business, with heavy liabilities attaching to it, the natural course would be to bring such a case under the notice of the law officers of the Crown; and if the evidence was strong, they would be bound, we think, to prosecute the accused persons. But it would obviously be very difficult to bring home such a charge, especially as actuaries appear to be very like other experts, and the opinion of one can always be got on any side of any question to answer the opinion of another. Mr. Cave mentioned that five weeks before the failure of the European a surplus of 95,000*l.* was reported upon the accounts down to the end of 1869 by the Government Actuary. It is one of the great difficulties of life assurance that there is hardly a question upon which actuaries are agreed. They differ as to the proper rate of interest, as to the tables of mortality, as to the amount of "loading," and on almost every other point. Under cover of these discrepancies and contradictions there is room for the wildest speculations. At the same time, there is no doubt a point at which all competent persons must agree that an Assurance Office is hopelessly insolvent, and that is, when the money which is required to meet future liabilities is being rapidly absorbed to pay current claims. It cannot be denied that the persons who were induced to insure their lives in the Albert or European during the later years of its



existence were grossly and shamefully deceived, and, in a sense, swindled, inasmuch as the money which was taken from them was applied not, as it ought to have been, to making provision for meeting their policies when they fell in, but to other purposes. A general inquiry into the working of these Companies will not perhaps throw much new light on life assurance problems; but it will be a good thing in itself to get at the secret history of the amalgamations, and the names of the gentlemen who negotiated them for a handsome consideration. After this they would either have to stop their game, which they are said to be renewing, or to carry it on under other names. Sir J. Lubbock promptly exposed Mr. Sheridan's absurd theory that Assurance Offices can be brought down by "wrecking." It is impossible to get up a run on an Assurance Office as on a bank. People are not likely to indulge their malevolence to the extent of dying in order to injure the office in which their lives are assured, and Mr. Sheridan can hardly mean to suggest that the wreckers go to work like Thugs and kill off policy-holders. If policy-holders cease to pay their annual premiums, it is rather a gain than a loss to the Company; and the terms on which policies are surrendered are also supposed to be remunerative.

Mr. Lowe once threw out a hint that he was favourable to a comprehensive scheme of Government assurances; and Mr. Cave has urged him to consider whether he could not make a beginning in this way for the benefit of the army and navy. There are some obvious objections to the intervention of the State in matters of this kind, and the powerful interests which are certain to be arrayed against such a project render it highly improbable that the Government will commit themselves to it in a hurry. It is impossible not to see, however, that the perils, vicissitudes, and disasters of life assurance as at present conducted tend to bring the system into discredit and to discourage providence. A Committee of the House of Commons which investigated the subject in 1852 reported that new Companies were constantly being "brought into existence with no reasonable prospect of, or guarantee for, success, and frequently without any *bona fide* intention of transacting business." And if another Committee were now to resume the inquiry, its report would hardly be more satisfactory. It would appear that more than half of the Assurance Companies that are brought out are mere speculative ventures which are started for the sake of a little plunder in the shape of "promotion expenses," and on the chance of an amalgamation profitable to the officials and wire-pullers. Of those Companies which get something like a footing in the world only a small proportion survive more than a few years. The Friendly or Benefit Societies of the working classes, which are to them what Assurance Offices are to the middle classes, are in a still worse condition. The Royal Commission which is inquiring into this subject has just published another batch of evidence which is anything but cheerful. One of the officers of the Order of Foresters admits that there are hundreds of branches connected with the association which are insolvent, but which still continue to take in new members and to receive subscriptions, and to hold out the hope of future benefits which they have no means of providing. Mr. F. G. Neison, the actuary, confirms this statement. He will not go so far as Lord Lyttelton in saying that there are not twenty Friendly Societies in a sound condition in the country. But he asserts that undoubtedly a large majority of them are insolvent, and must sooner or later collapse. It would seem that the calculations on which the Friendly Societies are based are in most cases erroneous, that they are managed in a loose, reckless way, and that they lead a sort of hand to mouth existence, which is liable at any moment to be abruptly terminated by want of funds. The Post Office annuities and assurances hardly meet the wants of the working classes, who find it necessary to provide for themselves during sickness as well as for their families after death. The Post Office system might perhaps be popularized and expanded in some respects; but it is difficult to see how the Government, or any public body, could undertake to administer relief in sickness. In a private Society, the members act in some degree as a check on each other, and there is a chance of imposition being detected, but a public body would have no such protection. The whole question is a most important one, and deserves serious consideration. As far as the Assurance Companies are concerned, Mr. Cave's Act for compelling them to register their accounts in an authentic and detailed form will doubtless have a good effect. The managers of Companies will be afraid to expose themselves to the consequences of sending in fictitious or imperfect returns, and they will be aware that the statements in their rose-coloured prospectuses and Reports can be compared with the black and white figures at the Board of Trade. On the other hand, the registered accounts will do mischief if too much reliance is placed on them, and if it is assumed that a Company must necessarily be in a good condition because it can show certain large balances. As Mr. Lowe remarked, the great danger of life assurance is, that at first money is pouring in abundantly and that the liabilities are postponed; there is a large fund in hand, and whenever there is a fund there is temptation. While receipts are flowing in, future obligations are apt to be ignored. In order to judge of the soundness of a Company, it is necessary to ascertain that the tables of mortality are trustworthy, that a proper rate of interest is allowed, that the "loading" is sufficient, and that the reserve fund is safely invested and bears an adequate proportion to the liabilities of the Company. No amount of registration, however, will be a security against the admission of bad lives; only this is of

less consequence in a large Company than in a small one. The two points upon which policy-holders should especially fasten their attention are the amount and mode of investment of the reserve fund, and the terms on which policies can be surrendered. The surrender price is a fair test of the soundness of an Office, if it is backed by a sufficient sum in consols or some other very safe security to make it tolerably certain that the price will be at once forthcoming if called for. A well-devised system of surrender assimilates an Assurance Office as nearly as possible to a bank, where money is left on deposit, and can be drawn out on notice being given. It can hardly be doubted that in regard to life assurance the public is best protected, not by being lulled into a false confidence, but by being encouraged to defend itself by jealous scrutiny and unceasing watchfulness.

#### COMBATIVE SOBRIETY.

A MEETING held at Manchester to protest against closing public-houses before midnight has ended in a fight. We infer that the imposition of restrictions on the habits of large masses of the people is likely to produce disorder, and that the balance of advantage is in favour of letting things alone. This seems to us to be the lesson that ought to be drawn from such proceedings as took place on Saturday last at Manchester. "The meeting ended," says one of the local journals, "in a fight, and its warring elements were dispersed by the police." The originators of the meeting professed to proceed in the interest of Trade and Friendly Societies, whose business is necessarily, or at least usually, transacted at public-houses. It was alleged by the opponents of the meeting that many members of these societies did not sanction the demand preferred on their behalf for keeping open public-houses till midnight. We will assume that this is true; but nevertheless there may be societies in which a majority of members desire this accommodation, and there appears no sufficient reason for depriving them of that which they have hitherto enjoyed. The objections which are urged against holding these meetings at public-houses would be entitled to attention if there were any other place in which they could meet; but usually there is not. "It is alleged that it is impossible to accomplish the work necessary to the flourishing existence of these associations in Manchester between the hours when work ceases and 11 P.M., at which hour, by the proposed law, the further sale of drink would be forbidden."

We are told that several recognized leaders of organizations of working-men had been enlisted on the side of the promoters of the meeting, and on the other side advertisements had been published calling upon working-men "who had respect for themselves and their little ones, and desired to see their country sober, prosperous, and free," to attend and support amendments in favour of closing public-houses earlier than under the existing law. It is one of the special trials of the journalist that he cannot discuss this question without having thrust upon his notice this subject and about the necessity of protecting the working-man against himself. In the middle or upper class of life it would be ridiculous for a father to get up and say that he respected himself and his children, but he really could not help taking a second bottle of wine after dinner. This limp and nerveless morality seems to be a special product of Manchester and other large towns, and is perhaps to be ascribed to crowded dwellings and an unwholesome atmosphere. If we could really believe that it prevailed to the extent that is sometimes pretended, the inference would be inevitable that the country is going rapidly to decay. Neither wealth nor intellectual refinement is worth anything unless accompanied by moral strength. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," are necessary to both individual and national greatness, and we are asked to believe that one of these qualities is wanting in large numbers of the most respectable working-men. Neither their own sense of right nor the opinion of their fellows can enable them to contend against temptation to sensual indulgence. They can sing collectively "Throw down the bottle," which individually they take up directly afterwards. The wonder is that such very poor creatures as these working-men represent themselves should be capable of the belligerent spirit which showed itself at the Pomona Gardens at Manchester on Saturday. "Discordant noises were mingled with yells, and the chaotic multitude assembled in front of the platform, and extending far back into the hall, swayed to and fro in almost frantic excitement." If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? If people can display this vigour in depriving themselves of drink, what is likely to be the energy of those who vindicate their right to it? The strife at the Pomona Gardens would be intensified in every town in which an attempt was made to impose a considerable measure of restriction.

The Chairman explained that an attempt had been made to establish a Trades' Hall in Manchester, which had failed, and there was therefore no alternative but to hold meetings of societies in public-houses, which ought to be kept open during convenient hours for that purpose. It seems to us that this is common sense, and we are the more inclined to think so because at this moment the speaker was interrupted "by disturbance and fighting in the meeting, which ended in a portion of the crowd being hustled from the centre to the outskirts amid great uproar." The Chairman complained that the teetotallers would not allow to working-men an opportunity for the free expression of their opinion. However,

a resolution of a moderate character was proposed, and some proceedings of a very immoderate character thereupon ensued. Towards the close of the speech of the mover of the resolution several attempts were made to eject from the crowd persons whose presence was specially obnoxious to their neighbours. "In one of these rallies two strong fellows said to be prizefighters were conspicuous by their particular activity." A gentleman of the teetotal persuasion clambered on the platform and proclaimed that one of those powerful and particularly active persons was a well-known prizefighter. We fear that even our spirited contemporary *Bell's Life* has abandoned the idea of resuscitating the faded glories of the ring, and certainly we shall not attempt a task which more able and instructed hands decline. But certainly in the way of glorification of athletics it would be difficult to say anything more forcible than this—that in an assembly of two or three thousand men, or perhaps men and women, the presence of two supposed prizefighters appears to have had as much effect as that of a small force of disciplined troops among a barbarian host. It is possible that the ring might revive if its members would turn teetotalers, but we see little chance of that; and in the meantime agitators will do well to remember that wherever there is a meeting at which restriction is advocated, there are likely to appear amongst its opponents two or three strong fellows, supposed to be prizefighters, who will move through a clamorous crowd like Achilles among the common herd of Trojans. The tide of battle raged between the two parties in Pomona Gardens with alternate success. The gentleman who had denounced the presence at the meeting of prizefighters was seized upon the platform, and nearly thrust among the crowd, but he escaped from hostile hands and took his stand upon a reporter's note-book. Having been moved on from this position, he was next seen lying at the Chairman's feet, and obtaining "a modified protection." All this time attempts were being made to second the resolution, while its opponents, led by the gentleman who had lodged himself on the platform, sang "Rule Britannia," varied by a teetotalers' chorus. However, this resolution and another were declared, perhaps by some effort of imagination, to be carried unanimously, and the Chairman declared the meeting dissolved, whereupon both parties ceased to have any interest in maintaining order. The enterprising gentleman before mentioned and his friends were proceeding to carry adverse resolutions, but "several powerful fellows" interposed, and the "long form" of an eminent teetotaler was in danger of being doubled up by a hit in what is vulgarly called the bread-basket. It is remarkable, by the way, that all the physical as well as moral strength seems to be on the side of the publicans, while long bodies capable of being doubled up, and feeble souls which cannot resist ordinary temptation, are enlisted in favour of restriction. Supposing the Permissive Bill to be passed, and an attempt to be made to put it in force in a large town, we fear that the promoters of restriction would get roughly handled in the disturbances which would inevitably ensue. A few "powerful fellows," insisting upon an unrestrained supply of beer, would be under sore temptation to double up the tall forms of zealous restrictionists imperfectly acquainted with the noble art of self-defence. If this agitation is seriously going on, we would recommend its leaders to take a few lessons in pugilism and wrestling from some of the gentlemen who advertise in *Bell's Life*. The fight on the platform at Pomona Gardens was not of long duration. A slight effusion of blood from the noses of actual combatants sufficed to mitigate the ferocity of those who were only going to begin fighting. A body of policemen restored order, and the adjacent public-houses doubtless did a good trade during the remainder of the evening. Such an affair may be tolerated occasionally, but frequent repetition would oblige the police to interfere at the beginning instead of at the end.

The shortening of the hours of business in public-houses at Manchester as compared with London may be regarded as an injury or benefit to the former according to the speaker's point of view. A scene somewhat similar to that of Pomona Gardens has been exhibited at St. James's Hall, where Mr. Buckstone appeared to protest against the inconvenience to the theatrical profession of shortening the hours during which public-houses are now permitted to be open. The popular comedian obtained a hearing which at these meetings has become almost unattainable by ordinary speakers, and he proposed a resolution to the effect that the existing arrangement as to closing is satisfactory, and does not interfere with anybody's rights. This, however, is nothing to the fanatics. The "sober working-man" of Manchester must have these houses closed for fear he should be tempted to enter one of them and lose that sobriety of which he boasts. The resolution proposed by Mr. Buckstone was carried, and others followed it, and "then there was a free fight," according to what is becoming the usual programme at these meetings. A large meeting held at Sheffield passed, without disturbance, a resolution against further restriction, which complains of the injustice of giving to the Metropolitan districts a privilege over the provinces by allowing them longer hours. If this really is the view of the majority of the inhabitants of Sheffield or other large towns, the occupation of the agitators is gone. As regards London, it appears to us that the speech of Mr. Buckstone is unanswerable, and we welcome the assistance of comedy in contending against cant.

#### THE HERTFORD COLLECTION AT BETHNAL GREEN.

THE famed Hertford Collection about which so much has been heard and so little known is now for the first time made public. Over a period of more than a quarter of a century the late Marquis amassed ancient and modern pictures, drawings, miniatures, bronzes, snuff-boxes, furniture, Sevres and other porcelain. These works, now on loan in the Bethnal Green Museum, are of the worth and magnitude of a national rather than of a private collection; their money value is to be estimated not by thousands but by hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling; their art merit finds a parallel only in the palaces of foreign princes or in the museums and cabinets of the art capitals of Europe. And these treasures attract attention all the more because for many years they have been hid away; the "Hertford Gallery" in the Manchester Exhibition comprised only forty-four of the seven hundred and nine oil pictures now exhibited. A large part indeed of the collection remained in France; priceless possessions now safe within British territory have been subject to the perils of war and revolution; and only within the last three months has their present owner, Sir Richard Wallace, brought them to England. We have good reason therefore to give a national welcome to the arrival and exhibition of these treasures.

The collection is strongest in Dutch and in modern French pictures. The masters of Holland and of Flanders are present in the following numerical proportions—Cuypp is represented by eight pictures, Hobbema by five, Maes by four, Metzsu by six, Mieris by nine, Netscher by four, Steen by four, Teniers by five, Vanderneer by six, A. Vandervelde by three, W. Vandervelde by eight, Wouvermans by five, Rubens by eleven, Rembrandt by eleven, Vandyck by six. The average merit is unusually high; the number of doubtful or inferior works is small. Rare in quality are the following:—"The Sportsman Asleep" (234), by Metzsu (in Dresden an analogous picture is assigned to Mieris); "Soldiers Gambling" (240), by Teniers; "An Interior with a woman peeling apples" (105), by De Hooghe; "Skating Scene" (106), by Aart Vandeneer; "Interior with Peasants" (128), by Ostade; "A Dance in a Tavern" (225), by Steen; "The Smithy, Shoeing Pack Mules" (194), by Du Jardin; "Noonday Slumber" (216), by Adrian Vandervelde; "Cattle" (213), by Van Stry; "River Scene with Shipping" (154), by Cuypp; "Cattle" (213), by Paul Potter; "The Water Mill" (141), by Hobbema. Specially worthy of note are a couple of "Skating Scenes" (98 and 106), by Aart Vandeneer, a painter identified with winter and moonlight; observe how the flaky snow floats in the gusty air, how heavily laden are the black storm-clouds, how the wind is in the sky and on the earth, buffeting the thickly-clad skaters and walkers. The artist's management of colour also is remarkable; snow-clad winter is usually deemed colourless, but the painter throws warmth into the sky and russet browns on the foreground. He evidently does not fear discord; probably because he had observed that in murky Northern climes lights come by fitful surprise, and colours intrude themselves violently amid shadow and darkness. "A Landscape" (199), by Rembrandt, is shadowy; the painter saw nature clad in a mantle of grey. On the contrary, the renowned "Rainbow Landscape" (79), by Rubens, is golden; people cavilled at the picture when it was exhibited a few months since in Burlington House, but a great work of art may be as conspicuous for faults as an illustrious character in history, and this landscape has errors which, though inexcusable in mediocrity, are welcome as signs of lawless genius. Thus lawless is Salvator Rosa's grand, wild "Landscape with Apollo and the Sibyl" (269). But the Italians were accustomed to look at nature through the light of imagination, while Dutchmen, of whom Ruysdael and Hobbema are the express type, trusted to the cold, shrewd intellect. Of the usual transcripts of waterfalls, mills, and woods made by these literal students of nature there are several choice examples. We may specially name "The Water Mill" (141), by Hobbema. This gem, from the collection of the King of Holland, is unsurpassed for detail and quality. The painter has produced many larger works, but never a study more true to nature or more perfect in the materialism and mechanism of art. From these purely Dutch products it may be instructive to pass to scenes painted under Italian influences, such as an "Italian Landscape" (90), by Jan Both. Cuypp, sometimes called the Dutch Claude, occupies an intermediate position between the generic styles of Italy and of Holland; his subjects are Dutch, his sunshine is Italian. A lovely picture of its kind is a "River Scene, with Shipping" (154), charming for play of sparkling lights on quiet greys; no artist ever understood better than Cuypp the romance possible to flat lands and low horizons. The English have the credit of giving to this poetic yet phlegmatic painter his rightful rank and his due commercial value; Cuypp was long neglected in his native land, and it is believed that nine-tenths of his works have found their way to England.

Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck are sufficiently prominent in a total of twenty-eight pictures. Among eleven examples, all more or less characteristic of Rembrandt, attention may be specially directed to a fine portrait of the painter himself (134), also to "The Unmerciful Servant" (101), wherein is seen one of those grand heads, Rabbi-like, turbaned, and bearded, which may be accounted the common property of the school; the same model seems to have been used by Bol in a master-work in Dresden. Eleven pictures add little to the amusement which Rubens usually brings upon the spectator; yet "The Rainbow Landscape" (79) has no parallel save in the Chateau of Rubens in the

National Gallery; in like manner "The Cavalry Fight at a Broken Bridge" (220) is only equalled or surpassed by the brilliant onslaught of Amazons on a bridge now in the Gallery of Munich. Vandyck's position as a portrait-painter is sufficiently asserted by "Philip le Roy" (63), and "Wife of Philip le Roy" (59), works which for their noble style arrested attention when recently lent by Sir Richard Wallace to the Royal Academy.

The Italian school is scanty; the early masters are absent; and here the Hertford Collection compares unfavourably with the Ward Gallery. Yet two pictures of the "Virgin and Child" (258, 262) are not unimportant examples of Da Vinci and Luini. The lovely composition from the Pourtales Collection, assigned, apparently on good ground, to Da Vinci, will be at once recognized from engravings as an old acquaintance; the type of the Madonna's head, the form and action of the hands, are thoroughly in the Milanese manner—a manner which, though often pushed to mannerism, has never been surpassed for tenderness, sensitiveness, and superabundant beauty. The work next in importance is "The Virgin and Infant Saviour with Children" (255), a full and pleasing composition which Andrea del Sarto was accustomed to paint with variations. Another familiar motive often seen in replica is here present in duplicate; "The Virgin and Child" (259, 289) is a popular arrangement by Sassoferrato. Equally pretty and attractive will be accounted a fancy piece, "Sacred Studies" (254), by Carlo Dolce. Works bearing the names of Giorgione and of Titian scarcely enjoy European reputations. A single figure, simple, severe, and statuesque, "St. Katherine of Alexandria" (265), shows to advantage that rare master untainted by the Renaissance, Cima da Conegliano. There remains one point which the student of Italian art can nowhere else work out more decisively than in this Exhibition. The comparison was never so close and complete between Canaletto the master and Guardi the pupil; the one represented by seventeen works, the other by ten; in this total of twenty-seven pictures there are masterpieces which these painters never surpassed. By Canaletto we have specially marked "Venice" (256), a large and imposing panorama taken from a commanding point on the Giudecca. "The Doge's Palace" (284), and the "Piazzetta of San Marco" (288), by the same master, though smaller in size, are equally consummate in execution. In the presence of these faithful, unflinching transcripts, it is hard to accept the verdict of Mr. Ruskin, who pronounces Canaletto "a little and a bad painter" who continued "everywhere multiplying and magnifying mistakes and adding apathy to error." Guardi, more rich in colour, more luminous in atmosphere, possibly possessed the soul which Mr. Ruskin finds wanting in Canaletto. But even the best of the ten works here hung, such as, Venice, "Church of the Madonna della Salute" (278), "Mouth of the Grand Canal" (281), and "Church of S. Giorgio Maggiore and the Lido" (282), are inferior to those of his rival in accuracy of architectural detail, in drawing of the figure, and in sharpness and precision of execution. Guardi thought to make amends for his deficiencies by pleasing effects which might arrest the public eye.

The Spanish pictures, though few in number, and confined to the two masters best known in England, Murillo and Velasquez, are not unimportant. The best by Murillo is a well-accredited work, "Joseph and his Brethren" (298); also about on a par in style and period is the "Charity of St. Thomas de Villanueva" (305), one of six pictures sent to England in 1805 from the Capuchin Convent, Genoa. This master-work was bought by its former possessor, Mr. Wells, for 1,000*l.*; it were rash to conjecture what its value would be now. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (294), a vigorous, naturalistic, and apparently early work, was purchased from the Saltmarsh Collection by the late Marquis of Hertford for 3,084 *s.* An inferior picture, "The Annunciation" (295), came from the gallery of the Marquis Aguado at the cost of 2,000*l.* The eleven examples here exhibited mostly belong to Murillo's early naturalistic and vigorous period; they thus contrast with the late "vaporoso" style conspicuous in the grand composition in the National Gallery. Velasquez, the proud master of Castile, is scarcely less prominent than Murillo, the pride of Andalusia. Three versions are here presented of the Infant Don Balthazar Carlos, whom Velasquez painted no less than a dozen times; one (291), wherein the little fellow is standing, came from the collection of Mr. Wells; another, "An Equestrian Portrait" (307), formerly belonged to Samuel Rogers; a like work, slightly varied, is in the Grosvenor Gallery. "The Spanish Lady" (321) in a black dress, recently seen in Burlington House, we believe to have come from the collection of the King of Holland. The equestrian portrait of the "Duke of Olivarez" (324) we know on a larger scale in Madrid; we also remember there a replica of the landscape "Sketch" (322), which is again repeated in the background of the "Boar Hunt" in our National Gallery. It would seem probable from this threefold repetition that the landscape was a study made on the spot of some actual scene. The gallery in Madrid proves Velasquez to have been given to landscape-painting; but this small "Sketch" is vague in indication, and yet far from the grand generalization of Titian. Velasquez, however, was hardly beneath Titian in portraiture, as may be judged even from the examples before us. The general style of the grand Spaniard is almost too well known to need designation; the works here hung are at once sketchy and complete, offhand and masterly, individual, broad, and generic, subtle in colour, yet lustrous in the deepest shade.

The English school is strong only in Reynolds and Bonington; how strong may be judged when we say that Bonington, a master

of whom no one has ever seen as much as he desires, is represented by not fewer than eighteen works, and that Reynolds, who, though ever seen, is never exhausted, is present in such rare examples as "Nelly O'Brien" (8), "The Strawberry Girl" (20), and "Love me, Love my Dog" (7). Three superb portraits hung in a row show that Reynolds could, when he liked, assume the florid manner of Romney; two of the three are fittingly found in the Hertford Gallery—"Lady Elizabeth Seymour-Conway" (28) and "Frances Countess of Lincoln" (31) are daughters of the first Marquis of Hertford. The finest examples of Bonington which it has ever been our fortune to meet with are also here brought together. Bonington painted in Paris, the late Marquis resided in Paris; and evidently rare opportunities occurred of elucidating by choice and characteristic examples the known but undefined reciprocity of influence existing between Bonington and the French painters of his time. Constable made himself felt in the landscape-painting of the Continent, but Bonington's power was at once more potent and prolonged. Sir Edmund Head, nearly twenty years ago, wrote, "It is singular that whilst the French despise our art with all their souls, the influence of a countryman of our own should have contributed largely to create or restore among them a genuine feeling for picturesque effect. The residence of Bonington in Paris, the cleverness of his colour and chiaroscuro, worked upon the French school, and has in fact produced a new element in their pictures which is now becoming strongly visible." Yet, though this be true, it is equally clear, on the evidence here patent, that Bonington borrowed largely and boldly; it might indeed be said of him, as of the late William Müller, that he was always in transition; he passed from master to master, yet, like Müller, he never merged his personality. The eighteen works here exhibited indicate styles the most opposite; the painter at one period surrenders himself to the romance of Venice, he joins company with Veronese, he is a fellow-worker with Leopold Robert, he breathes and lives in the atmosphere of Turner. Suddenly a change comes over him; he is shadowy as Rembrandt, literal and realistic as Teniers or Torburg, grey as Vandervelde or Constable. Looking at these works, we find the subjects ranging from "Henry III. King of France receiving the English Ambassador" (50) to "Anne Page and Slender" (53) and "A Child at Prayer" (52); and again from "Landscape with Timber Waggon" (49) to "Sunset—Pays de Caux" (698) and "The Doge's Palace" (702). Here, as ever, Bonington is supreme in treatment, triumphant in point of art; he places the mark of genius on incidents and details the most trivial and subordinate. Bonington is soon as an unvoiced phenomenon in English art, as a meteor in a dark sky, as a fire which burns for a short space and then is quenched in night; he died ere he had reached his eight-and-twentieth year. We shall pass in our next and concluding paper to the marvellous manifestation given in the Hertford Gallery of the French school—that school which would fondly have claimed Bonington as its own.

#### SCULPTURE IN THE ACADEMY.

IN this section of the Exhibition, for some reason or other, we do not find the falling-off which the general public voice appears to discover in most other regions of the Academy. There is indeed no inventive work so important as the "Vergilia" of last year; on the other hand, we have several clever things by artists hitherto little seen; whilst, if there is nothing by Messrs. Foley and Bell, yet two or three of the worst and most familiar practitioners rejoice us by their entire or comparative absence.

The vestibule contains some specimens of sculpture meant for architectural purposes, in a style which, considering what liberal sums are now yearly spent upon this branch of the art, has much interest, and should, we think, be much more freely represented. Of the three or four large designs, we prefer Mr. Crittenden's relief representing Our Saviour anointing the blind man's eyes (1536). The latter figure is rather too set in action. Mr. Ruddle's "Glory" is a fair piece of work as architectural decoration, if true sculpturesque style be not asked. Mr. Forsyth's, like other pieces we remember by the same hand, is quite poor and unsatisfactory; his "Christus Consolator" at once suggests Ary Scheffer's—a design which, with some true merit in feeling, is certainly not strong enough to bear dilution. A little marble group by M. Vanlinden (1541) is pretty; and we have here also Mr. C. Marshall's "Ruth."

In the Central Hall, with its diffused light which takes the life and sharpness out of good work, following the numbers, we note Mr. Lawlor's "Itinerant," a girl reclining with a guitar, a piece which shows true sculptural sense, though a certain stiffness. Much pains have been taken with "Gyneth" (so spelled), but the attitude is, to our eyes, one wholly unfit for sculpture, from the feeling of unness which it conveys. M. Dalou—we believe a new exhibitor in London—has a life-size group of a mother and baby in terra cotta. This material has a great attractiveness, coupled with a fatal facility for showy effect. We readily accept M. Dalou's management of it as far superior to Mr. Boehm's, whose yearly specimens show no capacity for advancing beyond the misuse of clay; yet the group before us (and still more M. Dalou's statuette of a girl, No. 1461) is not free from unwise tendencies. The naked surfaces of the figure are poorly handled, the flesh having but little distinction above the draperies; the draperies have a "studio" and painter-like arrange-

ment, showing neither the accidental grace of nature nor the choiceness and severity proper to sculpture. The type of features has been also singularly and inexplicably infelicitous. On the other hand, there is here true feeling for beauty of line and arrangement; and although in an art which supplies so many precedents it is difficult to predicate originality from one specimen, yet we are disposed to expect this quality from M. Dalou, and to look hopefully on his career. He seems to be just at the critical point which makes either an artist in the strict sense or a clever manufacturer; he is at the parting of the ways; it probably lies very much with himself and his own conscientiousness in art whether it be the road upwards which he elects, or that other "flowery path" to which the premature flattery of friends so often invites an artist.

Mr. Durham's "Siren" (like his "Bathers" in the next room) shows the insipidity beyond which the artist's care seems incapable of raising his work. Laboriously planned, and commendably free from mere trick, it is lifeless. The "Off the Book" possesses Mr. C. Marshall's accustomed grace; and there are cleverness and painstaking in M. d'Epina's "Calypso," although much of the trickiness which marked his "David" of last year reappears in this figure, and lowers it to work of the ornamental order. We should think that the artist was strong enough to dispense with these facile attractions, if he would break with the bad traditions of the recent French school. "La Sera," by P. Guarnerio, "Olytie," by M. Rinehart—names new to us—are worth notice; and the "Phryne" of M. Barzaghi, true to her reputation, compels it by her demonstrative beauty. The lower limbs here are somewhat inelegant, and betray the model; but there is much talent, and, if not exactly life, at least vivacity. Though by no means a great rendering of "Phryne," M. Barzaghi's work rises much above the undisguised meretriciousness to which the subject invites. Mr. Williamson's child figures—two in this room and a baby in the next—do not support the promise which we thought was in his last year's work. The attitude and drapery of the "Caught" are awkward; the companion is rather happier; but Mr. Williamson's modelling of the form is empty, and his treatment of the features crude and blunt. "Nelusko" and "Selika," by M. Pagani, are clever, but to our eyes wholly inartistic and unsatisfactory combinations of marble and metal.

Mr. Woolner's "Guinevere" (1503) continues the illustration of the *Idyls of the King* which he began with "Elaine." As that figure personified modest grace, so this presents an ideal of stately beauty; we see the Queen of that noble epic in her mood of triumph, animated perhaps by the irresistible passion for Lancelot, yet unconscious of her guilt. The proud sway of the head, the sweep and movement of the garments, are admirably rendered in this figure, which, though of statuette size, has yet the look of largeness and "presence" which belong exclusively to the great style of art. In the furthest room, to which we now move, Mr. Woolner exhibits a metal relief for a fountain, full of incident and motive, and a small model of a portrait-monument to a child, which, so far as its position enables us to judge, has true beauty in expression and ability in the modelling of the naked form—that final test of power in "inventive" sculpture, because it is the quality upon which rests the appearance of life.

One of the best pieces in the Gallery is the "Trotting Bull" (1409), a bronze statuette from the hands of Mr. H. W. Davis. This figure is full of energy and able modelling, and is further remarkable as the only successful specimen of sculpture which a painter has achieved within our recollection, many as have been the attempts at this inviting union of arts, so near and yet so widely divergent. A sitting youth, by Mr. Thurlow (1401), is clever; and there is to our mind more than cleverness, some hopeful promise, in Mr. Lawes's "Girl at the Stream" (1448); if the artist be "not so old but he may learn" the difference between promise and fulfilment, and if he be indomitable enough to work on till he masters the enormous difficulties of genuine sculpture. Here also we have a model by another painter of merit, Mr. J. R. Stanhope's "Andromeda." This little relief, which is too unpretentious to fall within the scope of the remark above made, shows real grace and beauty.

If there is not much of first-rate quality amongst the works which we have now briefly noticed, it will be seen that the Exhibition has a fair number of works worth attention, and some promise of a richer crop in future years. The portrait section, falling mainly into the hands of established practitioners, exhibits of course less of the latter quality. We have here a few admirable pieces by men of proved ability, more than balanced by the copious display of more or less pretentious ineffectiveness. But on this side of the art we need not linger. Sitters and promoters of portrait-busts who can find what to admire in the "military" style of Mr. G. G. Adams, whose mastery over uniforms must by this time be complete, or in the coarsely slurred modelling of Messrs. Weekes, Noble, and Adams-Aetou, may be legitimately held secure from all the lessons of criticism. There is hardly anything to analyse in busts of this order; we have never found any one to whom they gave pleasure or caused interest; yet they continue to be yearly manufactured on behalf of that immense majority who do not see, and never will see, that a monument or a likeness is worse than worthless unless it be thoroughly well executed.

The patrons of Mr. Boehm would, we presume, decline altogether to rank with the above-mentioned majority. Yet we cannot presume to except them from it. Most bad sculpture in England falls from ineffective smoothness or from crude emptiness. Mr. Boehm has assiduously fringed his general style upon that coarse

sketchiness for which the admirers of Baron Marochetti waged at one time so strenuous and so wholly vain a warfare. As with him also, Mr. Boehm's works seem to find favour with precisely that class who, educated enough to see the weak side of ordinary sculpture, are not educated enough, or have too strong a bias towards mere ornamentalism, to see that the result falls equally short of true art. There is an air of cleverness and vivacity in Mr. Boehm's manner as a modeller which might be praised if sculpture were first thoughts instead of finished thoughts. But his work ceases at the beginning; the completed marble varying between mere rough hewing (as in No. 1414) and smooth affectation (as in No. 1535); closing with the bronze statuette of the Prince of Wales (1515), which has all the air of a group designed for a clock-case. The terra cotta bust of the great painter M. Legros, the material verging in itself towards sketchiness, is better than this, although here the best part of the sitter's expression has been omitted. Worst of all, we regret to observe, is the model for the bust of the third Marquis Lansdowne, destined for the Abbey. Here the features have only reached the stage of crude preparation, although presumably the model is meant, like other models, to represent the intended marble; whilst below the head depends an ungainly appendage, like a cloak hung from a peg, and a Gothic shield (possibly in recognition of the architecture of the Abbey) is inserted in order to carry the inscription. Bad taste could hardly go further.

Several small busts by M. d'Epina exhibit much elegance and tenderness; there should be the making of an artist here. M. Wagnmüller has a head (1433), rather clever and lifelike, though unrefined in style. His "Professor Owen" strikes us as inferior. Somewhat similar in manner is Mr. Armstead's "Dean of Lichfield." If a recumbent figure destined for a cathedral be entitled to a more "architectural" treatment than any other sculpture, this is a fair specimen. We must own, however, to be unable to make this allowance, and fail to see why a harsh and angular handling of lines and surfaces should be considered admissible in monumental work of this order. Still Mr. Armstead's figure has some merit in its way, and we cannot but believe that he also has it in his power, if he chooses, to rise to much better things.

There is a look of character in the colossal figure of Mr. Chadwick (1529). That of Lord Farnham (1506) is heavy and overweighted with decorations. The only marble statue of this class is the figure of Sir B. Frere (1513), executed for the Town Hall of Bombay. The features here have the appearance of great lifelikeness; the high-bred and high-minded air which has happily marked many of the Englishmen who have been our proconsuls in India has been perfectly seized. Mr. Woolner has, as usual, faced the difficult problem of modern dress, and managed it with uncommon ability, keeping himself free alike from the vulgar idea of "materialism" or photographic literality, and the idea, hardly less vulgar, of empty conventionalism. But no ability, after all, can give our European clothing the positive beauty belonging to the robes of Greece of old, or the East of today. The beauty which there is in truth must be here our compensation.

The vestibule, badly lighted as it is, contains the most interesting busts of the year. Mr. Woolner's "Charles Dickens" is, we believe, accepted by those who knew Dickens as rendering completely the look most characteristic of his genius. It is certainly the only likeness which, to those who did not know him, conveys an idea adequate to the impression given by his writings. There is the keenness, the mobile temperament, the sometimes overwrought sensibility. In this bust and the other (Mrs. Milnes Gaskell), by the same artist, the great difficulties inherent in creating a posthumous likeness have had to be encountered. The lady's head is very pure and graceful; so far as one specimen enables us to judge, we infer that Mr. Woolner would meet with a success in this range of subjects not less decided than that which he has attained in heads of the forcible or strongly-accented order. Mr. Butler's female head—also posthumous—(1554) may be fairly classed with the last work in graceful elegance and beautiful treatment of the surfaces. If any reader cares to compare the mere general effect and colour (if we may use the word) of these two busts with those around them, he will, we think, at once feel the presence of that expressive delicacy which divides good work in marble from ordinary work, and will find that the difference which the critic labours to express by analysis is, in fact, one founded on the broad facts of nature, and perceptible by any careful and unprejudiced observer.

## REVIEWS.

### IMMANUEL KANT.\*

IN the history of German philosophy the name of Leibnitz is followed by that of Kant after an interval occupied by greater and less celebrities, some of whom are forced into the intellectual pedigree, and none of whom bear a very striking resemblance to the sage of Leipzig, unless we except Christian Wolf and his school; and these taught the doctrines of Leibnitz in form by which their spirit was not only weakened but perverted. Leibnitz died in 1716; Kant, as the teacher of Kantism, died

\* *Geschichte der neuen Philosophie.* Von Ernst Fischer. Dritte Auflage. Mannheim: Bassermann, 1860.



begin his career till more than half a century afterwards, and the interval being, as we have said, unsatisfactorily filled up, it would seem at a first glance as if the influence of the one had left off long before that of the other began. We may agree with Dr. Fischer, that Lessing was more completely fitted by the mantle of Leibniz than any other thinker of the last century; but this means that the poly-historic, truly liberal character of the one was inherited by the other rather than that the two were connected as Spinoza with Descartes, as Kant with Hume, or as Schleier with Kant. It is not among philosophical books which any one now writes, or even reads, that the monuments of the Leibniz-Wolfian influences are to be sought, but in the recorded fact that the philosophical chairs of the German Protestant Universities were for the most part in the hands of the adherents of this school, which maintained a deadly-lively existence not unlike that of the old scholastic teaching just before the *renaissance*. Kant himself, who came to put an extinguisher on this truly "dry light," was a Leibniz-Wolfian for nearly as many years as he was a Kantian; and hence it is that the philosophical student should somewhat acclimatize himself to the atmosphere in which Kant primarily moved, if he would rightly understand that the giants against which the innovator fights are not merely windmills.

In spite, then, of the long gap which apparently separates Leibniz from Kant, the latter virtually follows close upon the former, and thus the wondrous contrast between the lives of the two men is presented with singular sharpness. Save in the only particular that they both died bachelors, which was also the case with Descartes and Spinoza, they had not one point in common. When (*Saturday Review*, October 14, 1871) we briefly recorded the multifarious events that chequered the career of Leibniz, we seemed to state that there once existed a man who solved this remarkable problem:—Given twenty-four hours in every day occupied by totally unmetaphysical pursuits, required the propagation of a new metaphysical system in the time remaining. How he did it remains a mystery to the present day; but that he did it somehow or other is a matter of fact. Kant, on the other hand, was the very perfection of what in modern slang is termed a "slow coach." At the age when Leibniz was teaching himself classical Latin by means of some pictures in an old Livy, and alarming his friends by the ease with which he wrote elegies, Kant was simply known as a dull, shamefaced boy, with a bad memory and a weak constitution. His father was a saddler at Königsberg of Scotch descent, the family name really being "Cant," which was changed into "Kant" by Immanuel himself, who, knowing that the initial "C" always looks foreign to Teutonic eyes, much dreaded lest, in process of time, he should be called "Zant." Born in 1724, he was sent in his tenth year to the Collegium Fredericianum, where the principles of his pietistic mother were carried out by Dr. Schultz, a pietistical rector greatly patronized by old Frederick William. Here he remained about seven years (terminating in 1740), and as he went on he distinguished himself so much as a Latin scholar that his first intention was to devote himself to classical philology, like his schoolfellow the celebrated Ruhnken. The pietistical discipline does not seem to have been much relished by either of the rising stars, but they owned in after-life that it did them much good. Kant always spoke in affectionate terms of Dr. Schultz, and when they had both passed the middle age Ruhnken wrote to his old school-fellow, "Anni triginta sunt lapsi, cum uterque tetrica illa quidem, sed utili nec pœnitenda fanaticorum disciplina continebatur." At the University of Königsberg, which Kant entered after quitting the College, the faculty of theology had been selected for him; but he found it little to his taste, and chiefly applied himself to mathematics, which had been indifferently taught at the College, but which at the University were well represented by Martin Knutzen, a young mathematician who initiated Kant into the mysteries of Newton. His means, further straitened by the death of his father in 1746, compelled him to become a private tutor, and in this capacity he lived successively with three families during a period which extended to 1775, having first written his earliest work, a treatise on the "Living Powers of Nature," in which not a trace is to be found of the system of philosophy taught by him in after-life. In 1775 he took his degree and attained the rank of private teacher (*Privat-docent*) at the University, which he held for fifteen years.

The contest which had arisen between Prussia and Russia stood in the way of his promotion. In 1758 Prussia Proper was occupied by the enemy, and academic offices and honours were in the hands of the Russian general, to whom on the occasion of a vacancy Kant applied in vain. The accession of Peter III. to the throne of the Czars in 1762 brought with it peace indeed, and Königsberg was once more under Prussian rule, but no immediate benefit was afforded to the growing philosopher. The first vacancy that offered itself was the Professorship of Poetry, the duties attached to which comprised the composition of birthday odes and such like articles, and which Kant very naturally declined to accept. Encouraged by the authorities to wait for a more favourable opportunity, he was in 1766 appointed Under-librarian of the Royal Library, an office not connected with the University at all, with the munificent salary of sixty-two dollars per annum. However, the good time came at last. Just as he was about to leave his beloved Königsberg for Erlangen, whither he had been invited as a professor in ordinary, the Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics, which the Russian general had refused him twelve years before, became vacant, and in 1770 Kant was appointed to fill it.

The theses which he publicly defended on his entrance into office were comprised in a Latin treatise, *De Mundi Sensibilibus atque intelligibilibus forma et principiis*. With this treatise, published when Kant was about forty-six years of age, the history of the so-called "Critical Philosophy" really begins, the germs appearing here of the doctrines afterwards taught at length in his larger works. He had written several treatises between his early dissertation of 1755 and this inaugural display, but they all belonged to what may be called the pre-critical period. Brought up in the Leibniz-Wolfian school, Kant had studied David Hume until his old convictions on the subject of the causal nexus were shaken, and he now came forward with a system which not only surprised his countrymen, but which in due time awakened a sort of contemptuous astonishment in the land whence he had derived his first incentives to original thought. Perhaps the history of literature can show nothing worse than the manner in which Kant, *né* Cant, taking his start from Hume, was treated by Scotch writers who fondly believed that they were capable of discussing metaphysical questions. Cultivated men of the present day may well be astonished when they learn that there was a time when the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* was considered mystical, and the very useful and innocent words "subjective" and "objective" were pronounced to be jargon. One may amuse oneself with conjecturing what Hume himself would have said if he had lived to study the three Critiques of Kant; also whether Kant would have more disliked the vituperations of Dugald Stewart or the admiration of Coleridge. We are concerned here, however, rather with the biography than with the philosophy of Kant. His appointment in 1770 had fairly floated him on academical waters, and two years afterwards he joyfully gave up his post at the library, with all the splendid emoluments thereto attached. Ten years, which he occupied in maturing his philosophical system, elapsed before he became a member of the Senate. In 1786 he was Rector of the University for the first time, and in 1788 for the second.

It must not be supposed that during the pre-critical period Kant was an obscure figure. On the contrary, in 1755, when he had just been appointed a "Privatdocent" and delivered lectures at the house of a professor, he attracted a crowd which, like a London evening party, occupied not only the room but the staircase, and soon he became the most popular of teachers. His discourses, we learn, were *de omnibus rebus*, &c., comprising Mathematics, Physics, Logic, and Metaphysics for the benefit of less aspiring hearers, with the addition of Natural Law, Ethics, Natural Theology, Physical Geography, and Anthropology for the more ambitious. Strange to say, though he never in his life travelled many miles from Königsberg, he particularly shone in his descriptions of foreign countries; and on one occasion he gave such a minute account of Westminster Bridge that an Englishman among his audience concluded, not only that he had lived long in London, but that he had been a practical architect; and he was equally successful with a description of Italy. He had, too, a taste for poetry, though he did not feel himself equal to the task of celebrating royal birth-days, and the spice of Haller and Pope, his favourite poets, with which he seasoned his instructions, afforded the highest gratification. Indeed Herder, who was afterwards one of his most determined opponents, was so pleased with one of these early lectures that he turned it into verse and sent it on the following morning to the lecturer, who, delighted in turn, read the version to his assembled auditors.

The theory first propounded in the inaugural treatise of 1770 was not to be matured into the shape which is given to it in the three Critiques without much expenditure of time. Early in 1772 Kant wrote to a friend stating that his whole system would probably be before the world in a few months; but the months slipped away without sign being given, and in 1777 the prediction of the coming marvel was renewed with the comforting assurance that the whole work would not fill many sheets. Not till 1781 did the "Critique of Pure Reason" actually make its appearance; not till after seven years was it followed by the "Critique of Practical Reason"; and in 1790 the "Critique of the Judgment," by which the series is completed, first saw light. Presently slight persecutions had to be endured. Frederick the Great, who notoriously encouraged free inquiry, died in 1786; he was succeeded by Frederick William II., whose tendencies were in a precisely opposite direction; the liberal Ministry of Zedlitz came to a close in 1788, and the reactionary Wöllner and Bischofswerder rose into power. Those were evil days for philosophical theology. Crowned heads were frightened by manifestations in France, and Jacobinism and dubious orthodoxy were held to be natural, if not necessary, concomitants of each other. Kant's later work, *Religion within the Limits of Mere Reason*, brought upon him in 1794 a royal mandate, signed by Wöllner, warning him "not to do it again," and he thought his best course was to keep silent on topics likely to give offence in high places. He therefore answered the King, promising that as a loyal subject he would refrain from all discourse upon religion, natural or revealed. On the death of Frederick William II., in 1797, the age of toleration returned, and Kant, who considered that his promise was made to the King personally, wrote his important work, *Der Streit der Facultäten*. But age and hard work had proved more powerful than any edict, and in the same year Kant retired from his professorial chair. In 1798, though naturally fond of social intercourse, he ceased to accept invitations, and, fairly worn out, he died on February 12, 1804. Had he lived one year more, he might have celebrated his jubilee as a teacher at the University of Königsberg.

As to the general habits of Kant there is abundant information. His life was of the simplest; his great object being to keep himself in good condition, and to remain as free as possible from all disquietude. Personal independence was not on any account to be sacrificed; and it was therefore a leading principle with him never to be in debt, and never to incur an obligation. In youth he must have been extremely poor; but by rigid economy he became sufficiently rich to live in decided comfort, and contribute to the maintenance of less fortunate relatives; and when he died he left behind him a capital which in his day was deemed considerable. The natural delicacy of his constitution led him to become his own doctor, and his uninterrupted health, obtained by rules based on his own experience, was a carefully executed work of art. On the subject of noise his sentiments were precisely those of the tetchy gentleman in Ben Jonson's *Epicæne*. To his friend Hippel the novelist, who was Burgomaster of Königsberg, he wrote a letter begging him to use his influence to hinder the prisoners in the town gaol from singing too loud. If there had been any music that could not be heard, like that mentioned by the clown in *Othello*, Kant would possibly have admired it; but music as it is he regarded as an "intrusive art" (*zudringliche Kunst*) which enabled a man to disturb his studious neighbours. A cock which crowed in his vicinity, and was not to be purchased at any price, caused him to change his residence. Nor were visible changes less offensive to his eye than noises to his ear. It was his custom when absorbed in deep reflection to fix his glance on some particular object, and a tower which stood opposite to the window of his study became so indispensable to his comfort that when some intrusive poplars in an intervening garden grew tall enough to hide it, he was so intensely afflicted that their owner good-humouredly shortened their dimensions. An old servant named Lampe, who had waited on him for forty years, proved so utter a scoundrel that he was forced to dismiss him; but the loss seemed to him irreparable, and he could only master his sorrow by writing down on a slip of paper "Lampe must be forgotten." Indeed, a forced forgetfulness was with him a panacea for every irremediable calamity. When his friend Hippel lay mortally sick, he was indefatigable in his inquiries; but when, on the day after Hippel's death, people began to talk about him at a dinner-table, Kant interrupted the discourse by declaring that the dead should be left with the dead to rest in peace. Here the philosopher strangely reminds us of two very different persons, King David and Goethe. In spite of this apparent want of feeling, Kant was a warm and even a self-sacrificing friend, and in the choice of intimate acquaintance he was not in the least influenced by his position at the University. High among them stood Mr. Green, an English merchant, who learned to like him through a violent dispute about the American war, in which Kant strongly took the part of the insurgents, while Green was on the side of his countrymen. Pained as Kant was for punctuality, he was exceeded in this respect by Green, as appears by a whimsical anecdote. One evening he had promised to take a drive with Green at eight on the following morning, and a quarter of an hour before the appointed time Green stood waiting for him with his watch in his hand. Five minutes having elapsed, Green put on his hat, and after five minutes more took his stick. At the first stroke of eight the carriage started; and though Kant, who arrived two minutes after the hour, came towards it, Green, from stern principle, would not stop to admit him. At the house of this friend Kant passed his afternoons for several years in precisely the same manner. Entering the sitting-room, he found Green asleep in an arm-chair, took his seat beside him, and went to sleep likewise. Then Ruffmann, a bank director, who also belonged to the clique, entered, and followed the example before him, and all remained sleeping till the arrival, at the appointed time, of Motherby, another friend, whose business it was to wake them. Conversation now began, and continued till seven o'clock, when the party broke up. So rigidly was this rule observed, that Kant was to the inhabitants of the street what merry larks are to the ploughman, and the remark was often heard, "It can't be seven o'clock yet; Professor Kant has not gone by." When we read that Kant did not write a single line of the "Critique of Pure Reason" without submitting it to the approval of Green, we may infer that the Englishman had other qualities besides that of punctuality.

The only source of sensual enjoyment to Kant was his one o'clock dinner. He generally sat at table for at least three hours, and was so exquisite a judge of *cuisine* that, according to a saying of Hippel's, he could have written as good a critique of cookery as of pure reason. Cookery, indeed, seems to have furnished the only link that connected him with the fair sex. He never married, nor seriously thought of marrying, but he loved to converse with good housewives on the mysteries of the kitchen.

Kant was blessed with three Boswells—Borowski, one of his early pupils, whose meagre narrative extends to 1792; Jachmann, his amanuensis during his most brilliant period, who published letters reaching from 1784 to 1794; and Wasianski, an intimate friend who managed his affairs when age had rendered him incapable, and who described the last years of his life. It need scarcely be stated that these sources are turned to admirable account by Dr. Kuno Fischer, one of the most amusing, chatty, and vigorous of biographers, as he is one of the acutest critics of metaphysical theories.

#### LONG'S DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.\*

THE fourth volume of Mr. George Long's *Decline of the Roman Republic* brings his narrative down to the time when it had become imperative on Cæsar either by resigning the proconsulship of the Gauls to give himself up to his political enemies, in which case his ruin was certain, or to retain it in defiance of them and the laws. So far as the subjects of Rome were concerned, nothing could be more desirable for them than the latter of these alternatives, and as respected the constitution, such as it then was, hardly any change could be for the worse. Neither barbaric invasion, often a cleanser of foul political atmospheres, nor domestic tyranny, was ever more corrupt and oppressive than the senatorial rule which closed the last eighty years of the Commonwealth. A few great families managed the affairs of an empire which, with slight breaks of continuity, stretched from the Euphrates to the Atlantic. At home, seldom did an election—tribunician, prætorian, or consular—pass over without destruction of property and life. Abroad, the subjects and allies of Rome were either pillaged, harassed, or left unprotected by their rulers. Things had come to such a pass that either the vanquished must rise against the victors, or the victors would turn into a desert the poorest no less than the richest provinces.

The period surveyed in this volume comprises Cæsar's ten years' proconsulate, the intrigues of parties at Rome, the banishment and recall of Cicero, the tribunate of Clodius, alike disastrous while he lived and in its results after his murder, the defeat and death of Crassus, and the final estrangement of Pompeius from Cæsar. This stormy period possesses an advantage denied to most of the other portions of Roman annals, Republican or Imperial. To a certain extent we are able to view it through the contemporary light of Cæsar's "Commentaries," and the books on the Alexandrian, African, and Spanish wars which accompany them, and, above all, through the light of Cicero's Letters, often disclosing to the reader the political or forensic lies he told in his speeches. Sallust's *Bellum Catilinarium* is too much of a party pamphlet for credence; in his "Jugurthine War," as well as in his "History," he treats of an age before his birth, and even in these with the tone of a partisan. The history of Volleius, which Mr. Long in some respects perhaps underrates—for the flatterer of Augustus and Tiberius is a sincere admirer of the hardy virtues of the Fabii and Catos—is too manifestly one-sided to be a safe guide, and the last decades of Livy may have been rhetorical, rather than properly historical, since even from the epitomes of his later books it is plain that as he grew in years, he grew also in prolixity. Such abbreviators as Florus, the Victors, and Eutropius tell but little, and that little is not often to be relied on. To Dion Cassius, again, the Republican times were almost as indistinct as they are to ourselves, though, as Niebuhr observes, he held often sound views of the early constitution. As a military historian the great Julius stands without a rival. Void of the pettish vanity and ungenerous temper of the First Napoleon, he relates his own deeds without boasting and with fairness and modesty. He awards to all who served him well their due meed of praise; he is lenient to those who, by mistaking or disobeying his orders, increased his difficulties, or even endangered his position in the Gaulish campaigns. The view taken by him of home politics cannot be expected to be impartial, yet, compared with the opinions of Cicero and Sallust, it may be termed candid. The study of Cicero's Letters, in spite of the information they give, is a painful one. With many personal and domestic, he had few, if any, political virtues. The wag who pointed out to him that there were two vacant seats in the pit of the theatre, and that he was fond of sitting on two stools, knew him well. Shifting his seat indeed may almost be said to have been the employment of his life. He assailed the oligarchy until they made him, for their own purposes, Consul; he opposed every popular measure as soon as he had reached that proud eminence; he hated and fawned on Pompeius; he feared and he admired Cæsar. The brightest passage in his busy life was his proconsular government, yet he was always imploring and intriguing to be released from his province. That, as an advocate, he was indifferent to truth is perhaps a professional failing. His extravagant praise or blame of those whom he defended or attacked does not exceed that of Burke; his inconsistency as a public man does not surpass that of Brongham. With him, as with them, the friend of yesterday is the foe of to-day. By the side of that sincere and unswerving patriot, Demosthenes, Marcus Tullius appears nearly as unprincipled in politics as John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, or Talleyrand, Prince-bishop of Autun.

The wars of Republican Rome, in semblance aggressive, were often, as Livy says, really defensive, nor is Cæsar's invasion of Gaul any exception to this statement. In this respect, as in some others, the aggrandizement of Rome is a counterpart of that of our Indian Empire. The Romans, like ourselves, were often compelled to absorb or conquer a new province in order to retain an old one. And the possession of Gaul had become almost a necessity for the Commonwealth. Nearly all its great perils and reverses, from the days of Camillus to those of Marius, proceeded from that quarter. The announcement of a Gaulish war was always the signal for a levy in mass; even a special word—*immoles*—was applied to such occasions. Since the victories of Marius, indeed, the dread of the Transalpines had diminished, but not quite passed away.

\* *The Decline of the Roman Republic*. By George Long. Vol. IV. London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.

Again the populous North might pour from her frozen loins her barbarous sons, and come

Like a deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands,

and the wines and corn-land of Italy draw from their forests and marshes the grandsons of the Teutons and Cimbrians who had fallen on the Raudian plains. Caesar doubtless had a personal object in undertaking the subjugation of Gaul; but he had also a political one. Were time allowed him, he might be able to raise from the humbled clans an army devoted to himself alone; with such an army he would have the means of effecting what long before he must have perceived to be an inevitable revolution. Virtually the Commonwealth was dead; practically it was incapable of answering to the demands of a mighty empire. Pompeius, a good soldier, was a sorry statesman; he had thrown away his opportunity; he let "I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the adage"; Caesar, as even his opponents knew, was equal to the occasion; Caesar, on his part, knew it as well. How completely he succeeded in both of his designs, it is needless to say. Gaul was at last vanquished; within a generation or two after Caesar's death it was thoroughly Romanized. His personal influence is displayed in the fact of so many Gaulish families bearing the pre-nomen of Julius down to the time of the Antonines.

The Gaulish wars might easily be treated of apart from the history of Rome. They demand too much space for a mere episode in her annals, although for their military and geographical importance they well deserve all the pains which Mr. Long has taken with them. To the world, so far it was affected by the conquests of Caesar, they are instructive and important only in having been the means of civilizing so large a portion of Europe as that now represented by France, Belgium, and the Rhenish provinces, and as the lever by which the great Proconsul could carry into act his plans for reorganizing the Commonwealth. His yearly visits to Luca, where he conferred with and conciliated by his winning manners or his substantial gold the more influential senators and knights, were, in their results, as important as the repulse of Ariovistus, the storming of Alesia, or the capture of Vercingetorix. Gaul in fact was the anvil on which he welded the sword that achieved the victories of Pharsalia, of Thapsus, and Munda; Luca was the loom on which the web of the Empire and the shroud of the Republic were woven.

It is scarcely necessary to tell the readers of Mr. Long's former volumes what they are to expect from the present one. He possesses all the cardinal virtues of historians—*incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas*, indefatigable research, impartiality worthy a stoic of the strictest sort, and learning abundant and accurate. Mr. Long himself would not take it as a compliment if we commended his narrative for any pictorial graces; among writers of history he is what Phocion in his time was among orators.

It is with evident reluctance that Mr. Long ever turns away from Caesar's campaigns in Gaul to the intrigues and enormities that were simultaneously going on at Rome; "from the plain, unadorned, and veracious 'Commentaries' of the Roman proconsul to blundering compilers and the dubious testimony of Cicero's Letters and Orations." What would have been thought of such reluctance at the time when readers put faith in Conyers Middleton, and derived their acquaintance with the decline of the Roman Republic from such authorities as Hooke, Rollin, and Ferguson? There are few more signal changes in opinion than that which within half a century has taken place in the general estimate of Caesar and Cicero, of "Brutus's godlike stroke," or the sublime virtue of the men who made the Ides of March memorable for ever. Then Cicero was accounted, on the warranty of his own assertions and in the teeth of evidence to the contrary, the purest of patriots, and almost on a level with a Christian saint. Then Sir William Jones was scarcely singular in refusing to call Augustus by any other name than Octavius, because of his signing the orator's death-warrant. Now, in the hands of Mommsen, and even in those of the more lenient Dr. Merivale, the worship of Saint Marcus Tullius has been superseded, in the one case by direct hostility, in the other by pity verging on contempt for him as a political leader. We do not attach the same importance to the view taken of him by Drumann, full and animated as his volume on Cicero is, because he is almost as implacable to Cicero as if Marcus Antonius had guided his pen. Mr. Long, although no Ciceronian, justly condemns the last-mentioned writer's unfairness to one who at least possessed the domestic virtues, and who on many occasions battled bravely with his foes.

Mr. Long, always instructive, is never more so than when he deals with Roman law, or with geography as an important auxiliary to history. In this respect he is a worthy successor to Dr. Arnold. The commendation bestowed by him on the second volume of the *Histoire de César* is due, in full measure and running over, to Mr. Long's own narrative of the Gallic wars. The chapters devoted to them are the best illustrations at present written of Caesar's military memoirs. Not content with consulting every book worth reading on the subject, he has studied with his own eyes many of the scenes where the Cæsarian legions were victorious or defeated or encamped. He canvasses, he supplements, he confirms or denies, but always in a fair spirit, the statements of the Imperial author and his scientific associates. Perhaps Mr. Long may rank among the sufferers by the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty. Had the Emperor been still at the Tuilleries, there can be little doubt that he would have received some more distinguished tribute to his work than the cross of the Legion of Honour.

The least satisfactory portion of Caesar's military journal is that in which he treats of Britain. Indeed it was perhaps among the few mistakes made by him that he ever crossed the British Channel. The acquisitions made by the Republic were already too vast for the weak and miserable central Government, and the invasion of our island was probably suggested by his own interest at the moment rather than by any expectation of making a permanent or profitable addition to the Roman world. No one knew so well as Caesar that consolidation and not extension was the great need of Rome. But at the juncture of his landing on our South-eastern coast, it happened to be expedient for himself to astonish and flatter his capricious fellow-citizens with some brilliant feat of arms; and what feat would be more agreeable to them than one which planted the Roman eagles in the soil of "Ultima Thule"? To the fickle and idle Quirites the protracted war beyond the Alps was becoming a tedious story. They had amply avenged themselves for the loss of consular armies and the ransom paid of yore to Brennus. Pleasant would it be for them to set their feet upon the neck of Parthian kings, but experience showed that to pass the Euphrates was nearly equivalent to exposing their armies to an enemy who fought flying and eluded their grasp. Even Pompeius, who had humbled the Armenian, and the great Mithridates, had never hazarded a conflict with the Parthian King. But to send couriers, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with speed," to the Senate to tell the fathers that an island believed to be larger than Sicily, and far more fertile than Sardinia, an island of which former proconsuls had merely heard, an island which the traders in tin and hides and the pearl-divers represented as rich in minerals, in pasture and plough-land, had submitted to the Proconsular fasces—this was a feat comparable to the discovery of a new world: it was one more proof that the Roman was irresistible, and that the children of Itha and the War God were chosen by fate to be lords of the habitable world. That Caesar did little more than land in Britain, and depart from it, was not taken into account. He had crossed a perilous strait, exacted hostages from an unknown race, imposed a tribute on kings with strange names and unknown realms—a nominal tribute perhaps, yet nevertheless a symbol of homage, even if never paid.

When Mr. Long turns Romeward the interest of his narrative flags. He disdains or is unable to describe with any degree of animation the restoration of Cicero, the riots and death of Clodius, the scene at Milo's trial—a rehearsal of the second *Triumvirate*—or the luckless expedition of Cassius. But there is so much of rare and sterling worth in the present volume and its predecessors that we heartily recommend them to every student of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Republic."

### THREE TO ONE.\*

*THREE to One* differs in many respects from the *Annals of an Eventful Life*. Yet, had it appeared anonymously, like its predecessor, it would have been impossible to read many pages of it without recognizing the author's hand. There is the same freshness of thought and style; the same quaintness, rather perhaps in the manner of thinking than in the thought itself. *Three to One* is eminently a novel of society, yet how different it is from the fashionable social novel generally! All through it is pervaded by a happy tone of *persiflage*, marked, we should say, by a strong individuality, yet lending itself flexibly to the different characters of the story. Sometimes we are inclined to fear that the lightness is likely to become laboured; or, if not, that it must degenerate into something approaching the childish. But it is like the slightly and coquettishly affected lip of a pretty and piquante woman. Regulated by her tact it is always seductive, and has little but its fascination in common with the lip of infancy. While Dr. Daunt's playfulness rarely, if ever, degenerates as you had feared, every here and there comes something that assures you unobtrusively of his strength and manhood—something in the shrewdly humorous turn of a sentence, in a touch of scholarship that goes wide of the beaten paths, in the hints of a matured experience. We should emphatically characterize *Three to One* as sparkling, and so the novel should be considering its scope and its subject. The dialogue, the descriptions, the very presentations of the characters, the comments of the author as he plays chorus to his piece, all go dancing along, the bubbles flashing up to the surface; there may sometimes be froth, but there is always sparkle. That there is some originality in the design, too, that the story "travels," may be gathered from the fact that for two of the three volumes the scenes lie in the compass of a five days' visit to a country house; while the whole novel does not cover very many weeks. It may be added that the story generally, and the love-making especially, have one characteristic in common with the *Annals of an Eventful Life*. They steer wide of the sensational, and stick closely to the commonplace. Dr. Daunt pauses from time to time to indicate pathetically the temptations he is resisting, and to demonstrate with how light a strain on the imagination he might have indulged us with melodrama to our heart's content. Then he turns quietly back to write as a man of the world about ordinary people of the world. It must not be supposed, however, that there is any dearth in his book of love, sentiment, or pathos. Love may be made to cause sufficient suffering and anxiety for artistic and dramatic purposes, even if it does not

\* *Three to One*; or some Passages out of the Life of Amelia, Lady Westsopple. By George Webb Daunt, D.C.L., Author of "Annals of an Eventful Life." London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

rise to absolute passion, or stimulate to atrocious crime. There are fresh young hearts in Belgravia and May Fair, and affection held in suspense may try most sorely those who have hitherto been the spoiled darlings of fortune. From the very first chapter of *Three to One* we find ourselves in an atmosphere of love-making. There is a plurality of heroines—a quartet of them—and all are highly attractive in their several ways. There is a pair of marriageable heroes, a Damon and Pythias, and thus it is obvious at once that only two of the ladies can be duly and happily disposed of. Hence the interest. But as it is plain from the first that one of the gentlemen is to pair off placidly with the object of his attachment, the interest of doubt centres upon his friend. By an admirable stage arrangement, the early chapters not only present us to all the personages who are to play the prominent parts, but make us know them as well as if we had been acquaintances of long standing. There is one marked exception, indeed, and, to our mind, that is the blot in the book. Dr. Dasent, as it often strikes us, has an artistic gift amounting to an instinct, which constantly finds illustration in minor points; but sometimes it fails him signally in his general design, just when it would have gone furthest to assure success. The *Annals of an Eventful Life* dragged in some places, and in others became unduly episodic. The author, having lingered occasionally till he only saved himself from the imputation of tediousness by his brilliance and originality, came at last with a rush, and hustled his hero along to his destiny. He made the death of Halfacre's aunt the theme for the deepest pathos of the story, and, however sincere may be a man's affection for that particular relative, somehow in fiction it rather lends itself to the sense of the ridiculous. Here, in *Three to One*, the one of the three goddesses who wins at last the prize of love and beauty has been made an abstraction to us through the best part of the story. Our sympathies have been enlisted elsewhere before she dawns upon us, and we decidedly grudge her the happiness which she wins at the expense of our earlier friend. Surprise is only effective when we are compelled to confess that the author's ingenuity has had a legitimate and most unlooked-for triumph. Of course it is in the power of any one to plan a *dénouement* that shall have no merit but that of being utterly unexpected. In this case we see that the third young lady is very good and pretty and meritorious, and we are told that the gentleman is falling in love with her. With our eyes wide open, we ask whether it is possible that the pair can ever marry. Impossible, is the unhesitating answer; he has gone much too far elsewhere to do anything of the sort, without offending our sense of romantic justice and estranging all our sympathies. But he does marry her, after a rapid courtship precipitated by circumstances. Well, all we can say is that Mr. Dasent and his hero have deceived us in our double capacity of man and critic, and we consider it very little to their credit.

The plot is simple enough. Sir Thomas Carlton, a great magnate of finance, but a thorough gentleman, his charming wife, and the two fascinating co-heiresses, their daughters, are talking over the invitations to a party at their delightful Surrey seat of High Beech. High Beech is a model house, and the Carltons are model hosts. Consequently all the invited guests jump at the invitation, and come down by the same train. Among the rest are two heroes, Henry Fortescue and Edward Vernon. Each of these gentlemen has a competence under 1,000*l.* a-year; both affect to be barristers; they have the same rooms in the Temple, they share their apartments at Pimlico, and belong to the same Club. Both are good-looking, agreeable, and popular. As happens oftener than most novelists are ready to admit, the two Misses Carlton are in love with the inseparables before acknowledging it either to themselves or each other, and before the young gentlemen have decided to "reciprocate." Between Alice and Vernon it is plain sailing. They glide smoothly into love with each other, and the course of their passion runs pleasantly all along. But poor Florry has a very agitated time of it. She has a rival and a most dangerous one. There is a certain siren young widow, one Lady Sweetapple, who has been richly dowered by a wealthy husband. Lady Sweetapple is resolved to marry Fortescue, and makes little secret of her resolution. Neither indeed does Florry make much secret of her quite identical intentions. As she gets more excited and more unhappy, more and more she betrays her feelings. Indeed, in our idea, Mr. Dasent carries originality of conception somewhat far in his free development of female character under the excitement of unrequited passion. Widows, we know, have a certain proscriptive license, and Lady Sweetapple asserted great independence of manner. Still Lady Sweetapple abuses the widow's license; she plays her game even under the eyes of her friends, male and female, with scarcely an attempt at concealment, while, when she begins to fear that it is almost desperate, she actually couches her proposals in words more direct than most bashful men would venture on. Florry Carlton, too, is continually making almost spoken love to her hesitating swain. That indeed is the best excuse we can make for Fortescue's subsequent behaviour. Florry was an exceedingly nice girl, and there was very great excuse, we admit, for her weakness; for with Lady Sweetapple in the house, and the spectacle of her sister's happiness always before her eyes, her position was a very trying one. But she showed herself forward, all allowances made, and perhaps her forwardness offended Fortescue's fastidious taste, though he neither owns as much to himself nor to us. But if this be a fault in Dr. Dasent, as we think it is, still it is a fault on the right side. He makes his women creatures of flesh and blood and passion, not prudish abstractions with minds

formed on the teachings of an excellent governess, and manners regulated by printed canons of etiquette. So, to return from our digression, the struggle between Florry and Lady Sweetapple goes on, until both become jealous of a mysterious Miss Price whom they chance to have heard of, although they have never seen her. As it turns out, their feminine presentiments had not played them false, and while our verdict as to Lady Sweetapple is "served her right," we confess we are grieved for Florry Carlton. Condemning such a bright, impulsive, affectionate nature to perpetual celibacy or a subsequent marriage of convenience and consolation is a *dénouement* almost as unsatisfactory as that in the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

We have written of Dr. Dasent's personages as if they were living realities to us, and that he manages to make them so is the distinctive charm of his book. Without attempting more than flying sketches, without pretending to anything like subtle delineation of characters presented as very simple ones, he gives you the assurance that you might find their counterparts in the circle of your own acquaintance. Yet we are not sure that it is not his own lightness and brightness, rather than any extraordinary fidelity to nature, that does it all. We cannot help yielding ourselves and our objections to the illusion exercised by so very agreeable a writer, who writes as somehow having authority, although with an utter absence of assumption. We have already pointed out that Florry Carlton and Lady Sweetapple seem to us in some of their ways more or less lifelike. And we do not often meet in society mothers like Lady Carlton, or in finance fathers like Sir Thomas, ready to bestow their wealthy, lovely, and accomplished daughters on the first pair of fascinating good-for-nothings who present themselves. Nor is Colonel Barker an everyday type, who still makes affectionate love to the Indian garrison belle whom he married in the days of his early youth; nor Lord Pennyroyal, with his extravagant contrasts of benevolence and parsimony, the millionaire peer who refused his respectable son a decent allowance on principle, and sent 20,000*l.* as a wedding gift to a pair of comparative strangers; nor Mrs. Marjoram, who, from being the most irritating and offensive of shrews, changes, as by magic, to the most loving of wives. The more credit to Mr. Dasent, that while we can pick all these faults in detail, the general effect of his writing is so extremely realistic. He is a novelist who holds his fortune in his own hands. If he would but construct his entire story as artistically as he does its episodes and incidents, if he would make the originality of his creations a trifle less eccentric, we are convinced that he would do himself more justice than he has done as yet. Even if he gave proof of much less power and talent than he does, it would be impossible to part from him except on the pleasantest terms. For, while showing himself the man of the world and the man of society in every page of his book, he treats everything and everybody so genially that he puts us on happier terms with human nature and ourselves. There must be fools and knaves, adventurers and adventures, but it is the moral of Mr. Dasent's novels that the worst and most foolish have their redeeming qualities, and that goodness and kindness are far more common than it is the fashion to believe them.

#### REEVE'S ROYAL AND REPUBLICAN FRANCE.\*

(Second Notice.)

WE now come to the matter of Mr. Reeve's collected Essays.

We confess that we do not see that close connexion of purpose which, according to Mr. Reeve himself, we ought to find in them. The earlier ones, the first of which was published as long ago as 1844, are studies on various points of modern French history from Louis the Fourteenth onward, several of which might have been written at any time, and with no special object beyond ordinary historical illustration of the times with which they deal. When Mr. Reeve writes about Louis the Fourteenth and the Duke of St. Simon, or again about Beugnot and Mollin in the time of the first Buonaparte, there is really not much to say about him. He is neither particularly good nor particularly bad; the essays are such as might have been written by almost any one who had some practice in periodical writing, and who had the books before him on which the articles are founded. We see of course at every step that we are not dealing with a scholar or with a man of any wide grasp of history; but men who do not rise to that rank have their use in many walks of life, just as Horace, when he despises mediocrity in poets, declares it to be useful and respectable in lawyers. In these essays Mr. Reeve, though he shows no originality, shows some natural acuteness, and he is altogether far more tolerable than when he has lashed himself up to the fine frenzy of his later pieces. That he has but vague notions about the history of Flanders or about the history of the Empire is nothing very wonderful; he is therein simply on a level with the "general reader," to whom he characteristically dedicates his labours in his very first page. For us, who have been long trying to find out what kind of a being the general reader is, it may be as well to remember on so high an authority as that of Mr. Reeve, that he is a person whom "prolixity and redundancy almost invariably repel from a collection of the materials for history." We have not all the books at hand which Mr. Reeve reviews, but

\* *Royal and Republican France. A Series of Essays reprinted from the "Edinburgh," "Quarterly," and "British and Foreign Reviews."* By Henry Reeve. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.



we should greatly like to see the original of the passage which in his version speaks of "the Spanish possessions in *Flanders*, including *Burgundy* and *Franch Comté*." And when Mr. Reeve speaks of "the pedantic Court of Vienna, where two succeeding centuries seemed scarcely to do more than change the name of the reigning sovereign," we should like to know of what two centuries Mr. Reeve is speaking. The remark belongs to the year 1668, and we should have thought that at all events the two centuries before that time had done a good deal more than change the name of the reigning sovereign. To be sure, the first Leopold, with whom alone Mr. Reeve is immediately concerned, reigned a long time, and Mr. Reeve may perhaps have somehow managed to spread him over the whole of the two centuries. It is of more consequence when Mr. Reeve (i. 150), translating St. Simon, not only talks of "*effrenate persecution*"—whatever that may be in either English or French—goes on to say—

To understand what I have to say of an affair which so principally occupied all the rest of the reign of Louis XIV., the minority of Louis XV., and all the reign, latent under the Duke, open since his fall, of Cardinal Fleury, many things which are scattered in these Memoirs must be recalled to mind.

After the words "the Duke" Mr. Reeve adds, in brackets, "of Orleans." We fancy that, if Mr. Reeve will turn to any history of France, he will find that the Duke of Orleans and "M. le Duc" were two quite different persons.

On these essays then there is really no great reason to dwell. They were all well enough as articles in the several Reviews in which they appeared; only we doubt whether, at all events in their unrevised form, stuffed with extracts and full of the little tricks of periodical writing, they had any claim to appear in the form of a book. We will only add that we hope that, if people in the next world know anything of what is said of them in this, the shade of the *Grand Monarque* will not be unduly puffed up on learning that Mr. Reeve has "already expressed a high opinion of his industry and talents."

The articles which refer to later times are of more importance. Mr. Reeve now gets on his high horse, and his prancings are often somewhat of the mightiest. From that height he looks down on the rest of the world, and deals out praise and blame in an imperial fashion. But there is one name before which he is always bowed down. Mr. Reeve, lifted on high in comparison of other people, seems to stand in a kind of Boswell-like relation to Alexis de Tocqueville. And we must do him the justice to say that he has not unsuccessfully imitated some of the weaker points of his model. Mr. Reeve in truth has a knack of doing this. We do not see that he has learned much from any of the great essays of Lord Macaulay, though they appeared in the same Review, and some of them dealt with nearly the same subjects, as his own. But Lord Macaulay in an unguarded moment let fall a remark towards the end of the second volume of his History, in which he casually put together the dangerous classes, as they are called, of modern European society, and those founders of the existing nations of Europe whom people of Mr. Reeve's stamp are fond of speaking of as the "barbarians." Lord Macaulay let drop this saying much as he let drop the saying about the New Zealander. And as other people have used the New Zealander over and over again, so Mr. Reeve uses the "barbarians." The comparison in itself is about as much to the purpose as the fashion of calling dirty little boys "street Arabs"; but what Lord Macaulay said once casually and perhaps carelessly, Mr. Reeve says over and over again in various forms and with evident delight. In the like sort he deals with his model Tocqueville. We need not say that Mr. Reeve's one object of veneration is at least well chosen. To be sure in his famous translation he dealt with his idol much as the Arcadians are said to have dealt with Pan, but in both cases we have no doubt that the form of reverence, however strange in our eyes, was the fruit of sincere devotion on the part of those who offered it. Mr. Reeve has found in Tocqueville the "exemplar vitiis imitabile." Tocqueville was a man of keen insight and political sagacity, but he was not a scholar, and it is only his later work, that on the *Ancien Régime*, which shows any signs of research into the past as distinguished from observation of the present. In studying the Federal Constitution of the United States it does not seem to have occurred to him to compare it with Federal Constitutions in other times and places, not even with that Achaian Constitution of which it was so close a reproduction, a reproduction all the more precious because it was most certainly undesigned. Tocqueville moreover wrote in French; he was a Norman, and we therefore claim him as something better than a Frenchman; but he wrote in the language one of whose characteristics is an apparent accuracy as distinguished from that real accuracy which belongs alike to old Greek and to modern German—Mr. Reeve's Macedonian—whenever modern German does justice to itself. The temptation of French writing is to affect point at any price. Now, had M. de Tocqueville taken a good dose of Thucydides, Aristotle, and Polybios, he would have learned that "democracy" is the name of a form of government, and that it has nothing to do with the social condition of the country in which it prevails. That absolute political equality of every citizen, which is the real meaning of the word "democracy," is perfectly consistent, as ancient Athens shows, with widely marked social distinctions and with a powerful practical influence of birth and wealth. But Tocqueville unluckily used the words "democracy," "democratic," and the like to express a certain social state, as distinguished from a certain form of government. Now Mr. Reeve is doubtless quite right in holding

that the social condition of a country is of at least as much consequence as the form of its political government; but that is no reason for speaking in a way which confuses the social condition with the form of government. Mr. Reeve constantly uses the word "democracy" in a way which answers to the kindred vulgarity by which some people call certain particular classes "the aristocracy." For the misuse of the word aristocracy there is at least thus much of excuse, that a word is sometimes wanted for an idea which, in England at least, the word "nobility" does not express; and of course "aristocracy," or anything else, is not quite so bad as talking about the "upper ten thousand." But for Mr. Reeve's vulgarity at the other end there is nothing to be said whatever; it simply confounds all history and all political science, and it gives him an excuse for talking as if he meant something specially wise, when in truth his words have no meaning at all. "It [the late despotism] was the chosen Government of democratic France, and especially of that portion of the French democracy, the peasantry, which, though narrow-minded, ignorant, and easily duped, is incomparably more honest and attached to the cause of peace and order than the democracy of the large towns." So again, "the democracy of the provinces is conservative. The democracy of the towns is destructive." And again, "the democracy of France would probably be surprised if they knew that we laid to their charge the same vice of exclusiveness which they attributed to the old aristocracy and the nobles." In the former two or three passages Mr. Reeve by democracy evidently means, not a form of government, not even a political party, but simply the poor, the lower orders, the mass of the people, whatever we choose to call them. In the third passage, it is not very clear to us, nor probably to Mr. Reeve either, whether he really means a social class, or whether the ideas of a social class and a political party have got confounded together. Moreover we get the grotesque idea of the democracy of France, whatever it may be, troubling itself about vices which are laid to its charge by Mr. Reeve. But it is more important to ask what Mr. Reeve means by democracy in such passages as the following:—

It is a melancholy reflection that but little has been done by modern democracy to dignify and exalt mankind.

Democracy, it may be, bears with it the destiny or the doom of civilization, but nowhere as yet has it been favourable to greatness.

To all institutions of this permanent nature the spirit of democracy is opposed. It views with a jealous and hostile eye everything that it cannot control. It resists permanent and collective obligations as an encroachment on the unlimited personal freedom of the individual.

Democratic power is an essential and useful check to the abuses of authority; but it is a feeble or violent instrument of government, and the collective strength of a nation may be sensibly diminished by it.

Even the sentiment of patriotism . . . is weakened by democracy, and may eventually be destroyed.

Now in all these passages, what does Mr. Reeve mean by democracy? He means something which exists in France; he means something which he also tells us exists in the United States. He does not tell us whether what he calls democracy exists or has existed anywhere else. Now, if there is democracy in France, and if there is democracy in the United States, it is plain that democracy must mean two very different things. The characteristic of French history since 1789 is that nothing has lasted, that no Government has been permanent, that law has been over and over again overthrown by violence, that democracy has twice at least been turned into despotism. Nothing of the kind has been the result of democracy in the United States; there has been a great civil war, and, as a civil war cannot be carried on strictly according to the terms of an Act of Parliament, some irregular and illegal acts have accompanied and followed the war. But the general course of the history of the Union has been one of eminent regard for law, and of almost superstitious veneration for a Constitution which came into force in the very year when the long disturbances of France began. But we might go on to ask whether Mr. Reeve ever heard of that other democratic commonwealth where the votes of hundreds of thousands, given in a free and true *plebiscite*, have determined on the not revolutionary course of keeping their Constitution as it is. If we were not dealing with a writer who thinks either that there was only one King at a time in Sparta or else that there are two at a time in Prussia, we would ask if Mr. Reeve ever heard the names of Athens and Florence? Mr. Reeve's talk about democracy—in any sense of the word which history can recognize—being opposed to permanent institutions, and even to patriotism, reaches the name sublime of ignorance which was reached by Lord Palmerston when he said that Gothic architecture was fit only for a Jesuit's college. Here is a phenomenon; here is a man whose writings find their way into a periodical which was once enriched by some of the great masterpieces of the English tongue, who not only cannot write a sentence free from vulgarity, conceit, and affectation, but to whom all history is a blank. Mr. Reeve is already in the state to which Mr. Lowe would have us all come. To him Marathon and Morgarten, the return of Thrasyboulos and the last long endurance of Florence against Pope and Caesar, are as though they had never been. We know not whether Mr. Reeve ever stood on the field of Marathon; if he did, he has successfully realized that hypothetical character whom Johnson did not envy, and in whom he hardly believed. We know not whether he ever risked his neck among peaks, passes, and glaciers; it is quite certain that, if he did, he never stooped to cast a glance at the democratic, and yet somehow patriotic, commonwealths which lie beneath them.

As Mr. Reeve would say, we have not space to point out all the queer but, in their way, instructive things which are to be found in this course of his essays. But it is both amusing and instructive to look at the way in which he deals with early French history when he comes across it. The mind of the "general reader," so far as we can fathom so deep a mystery, seems to have a dim notion that all that is now France always was France, and yet was not always France. That the boundaries and divisions of France were once different from what they are now is a fact which he is constantly coming across, but which he always comes across with surprise. It is with a sort of stately condescension that he stoops to look at any part of France out of Paris; perhaps he would be equally grand towards any part of England out of London. "There is too, it must be acknowledged, a picturesque charm in those rural districts which modern improvement has not squared and levelled and embellished." This is perhaps as much as poor rustics have any right to look for from a Registrar of the Privy Council. But we wish we had space to copy at length, like Mr. Reeve himself, his speculations about French provinces and cities. "The old names of Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Flanders, and Provence insensibly recur when we have to speak of the rural life and native character of these regions; for these divisions are indelibly rooted in the soil." And so on for pages together, apologizing and explaining for calling things by their natural names. "Flanders," Mr. Reeve kindly explains, "had in fact nothing in common with France, to which it had been comparatively recently annexed." It would take a page to explain the exact balance of truth and error in this passage, but anyhow the simplicity of the remark is charming. Mr. Reeve, however, is greatest when he comes down from his very highest place, from the Olympus whence he hurls his thunders against the Communists, to talk about the old municipal institutions of France and other parts of Gaul. It is a witness such as we seldom get to the value of historical, and even of local, research that, in the midst of "an awful prelude to the most tremendous catastrophe in the history of man," when "the lurid glare of another conflagration was lighting up the ruins of the ravaged city," when "these myrmidons"—why is that particular division of the Achaian host so often in the mouths of writers of Mr. Reeve's class?—"were trampling on the Cross and casting down the Column" (the union of the two capital Cs might suggest that in Mr. Reeve's creed there is some mysterious sanctity about the Vendôme pillar), at such a moment as this, Mr. Reeve, though "for himself" he was free to confess that an hour of ocular observation frequently teaches more than a century of books and written records, can turn to review several books on communal antiquities, and can even stop to point out that some cities of Eastern France had belonged to what he is pleased to call the Germanic Empire. Mr. Reeve seems to have been just then in a patronizing humour. He pronounces Dr. Brady's (the M.D., not the B.D. and pianist) *Essay on English Boroughs* to be the best authority on the subject—a point on which the Early English Text Society would perhaps not agree with him—and he does honour to the "prodigious erudition and searching discrimination" of Augustin Thierry. He quotes "M. Michelet" and "the monk of St. Denis" side by side, as co-ordinate authorities, and he even makes a reference to Portz, about which we are not a little curious to know whether it was made at first hand. All this comes cheerily among talk about "secular tumults" and "*sicarian* [*sic*] bands." A "secular tumult," not unmutually, seems to be one in which people "plundered abbeyes." Mr. Reeve gives an amusing list of towns, French, Aquitaine, and Burgundian, all jumbled together, and adds that "the earliest act of homage of the citizens of Périgueux to the Kings of France took place in 1204." We have made no researches to verify or to disprove the fact; but, if it was so, did it ever enter into Mr. Reeve's head to think why it was in that particular year that it happened?

Mr. Reeve might, we think, have spared some personal remarks on M. Louis Blanc, who, whatever we think of his opinions, has at least suffered for them. But in the eyes of the prosperous ill success is very fittingly the greatest of crimes. Wishing however to part on good terms with Mr. Reeve, we will end with one extract more:—

There may be freedom under a monarchy; there may be oppression under a republic; and at certain epochs of the history of a nation a republic may be accepted as the safer and stronger form of power.

In these words, if there is somewhat of stateliness, there is no lack of truth. There is not to be sure much of novelty in them, but to ask Mr. Reeve to be at once true and now would be laying too heavy a burden on him.

#### PEAKS IN PEN AND PENCIL.\*

THIS is another in the series of books by which Mr. Walton, the well-known painter of mountain scenery, is endeavouring to indoctrinate the British public in an intelligent worship of the Alps. The present volume is intended to help the beginner in his attempts to reproduce the likeness of the wondrous peaks that have impressed his imagination during his summer rambles. A number of Mr. Walton's outlines have been reproduced in autotype and are accompanied by letterpress, which has had the benefit of Mr. Bonney's revision, setting forth the lessons to be drawn from them by the tiro. The whole book may be regarded as in some sort an appendix to Mr. Ruskin's admirable, though rather desultory, chapters upon mountain scenery in the *Modern Painters*. The

advice given to the beginner appears to be sound, though brief. The importance of understanding the geological structure of the masses he is endeavouring to portray, the necessity of observing the rules of perspective, and of duly selecting his point of view, are all set forth with proper emphasis. We need not look at many specimens of the art in order to perceive that these directions, if tolerably obvious, are far from superfluous. The world is deluged with sketches in which the experienced eye at once detects the utter ignorance of the artist, and his incapacity to take advantage of the most effective aspects of nature; and we have no doubt that an intelligent student may learn much by a careful study both of Mr. Walton's precepts and his practice. We would venture, however, on the present occasion to draw a moral slightly different from that contemplated by Mr. Walton. He lays great stress upon the importance of "composition"; by which he means, as he is careful to explain, not that the artist should arrange the masses according to his own notions of what would be beautiful, but that he should select from the infinite combinations presented to him by nature those which will be most impressive when translated into a few black marks upon grey paper. Admitting all that Mr. Walton says, and admitting, too, what he does not expressly say—namely, that any artist, however resolutely he goes to nature, will inevitably express his own tastes by selecting certain classes of subjects—we would add that there is a danger against which Mr. Walton scarcely gives sufficient warning. Indeed, in spite of his conspicuous merits, he is, to our thinking, sometimes inclined to fall into the error to which we refer.

Mr. Walton evidently has in his mind a certain type of mountain beauty which he reproduces with rather provoking iteration. If we attempt to put his practice into words, we should say that the ideal mountain of his imagination is a uniform pyramid, rising above a delicate veil of mist which conceals its foundations, and seen from a platform of level rock in the foreground. The frontispiece of the present book is a drawing of the Dent Blanche, seen from the neighbourhood of Evolène, which corresponds pretty accurately to this description. We are far from denying its beauty; indeed we may admit that such views, when they can be obtained, are amongst the most striking in the Alps; but we must add that they are not only rare, but far from being the most characteristic of the infinitely varied combinations of cliff and slope and snow-field to be met with in the mountains. The love of this peculiar form seems to us to blind Mr. Walton to some of the grandest of all scenery. He specially admires the *sigüilles* of Chamouni and the Dauphiné district, and there we have no fault to find with him; he seems to have a still warmer, if not more profound, admiration for the Dolomites. Far be it from us to say one word against the beauties of the Marmolata, the Antelao, or the Sasso di Pelmo. Undoubtedly there is something very original and extremely beautiful in the singular scenery of which they are the ornament. But our quarrel with Mr. Walton begins when he introduces the magnificent precipices of the Oberland as a kind of corollary to the Dolomites. Though he does not expressly say so, we feel that he regards the Jungfrau and Eiger, and even that incomparable peak the Wetterhorn, as complimented when mentioned in the same breath with the more grotesque summits of the Venetian Alps. By all means let every man have his taste; and let us grant that a painter might find work for a lifetime in interpreting to the world the beauties of Mr. Walton's favourites. The selection, however, seems to us to imply a certain indifference to some of the main elements of mountain grandeur. In the first place, this love of peaks and pyramids explains why it is that Mr. Walton's mountains seem to be too often open to the criticism of the painter described in Mr. Clarence King's *Sierra Nevada*. They look as if a good gale might blow them over. The Dolomites are wanting in the sublime massiveness of the Oberland giants. They are fanciful, grotesque, and exaggerated, and suggest the most daring efforts of some eccentric Gothic architects; but they miss the tremendous air of eternal repose which the Egyptian pyramids might have caught from the Northern Alps. Both are beautiful in their way, and we need not decide which is most beautiful; but no one can be quite a worthy painter of mountain scenery who does not appreciate the weight and solidity of the more soberly devised masses. And, in the next place, there is another still more palpable deficiency in the Dolomites, which falls in with Mr. Walton's tastes. There is a want of the contrast obtained in the higher Alps by the judicious arrangement of glaciers. In the Wetterhorn, already noticed as in its way an almost perfect type, the sharp pyramid that cuts the sky gains more impressiveness than is due to the singular grace of its outline by the contrast with the gigantic pediment on which it rests and the long undulating lines of glacier below. This is a kind of beauty which Mr. Walton scarcely seems to recognize. He is not much at home in the snow-fields. He gives us in this volume only one drawing of a glacier, and the letterpress speaks of it rather as a natural curiosity than as an element in mountain beauty. Now glaciers, until they have all melted away, as they seem to be rapidly doing, are clearly amongst the most characteristic features of Alpine scenery, and the power of their rounded forms to enhance the grandeur of the precipices above them is an element of interest not to be safely neglected. Look, for example, at the Matterhorn, and observe the heightening of effect given by the long line of snow above the *Zaunt Glacier*. Omitting that, the great peak is indeed vigorous and commanding, but it loses enormously in grace and unity; and yet if it were a Dolomite peak, it would necessarily abandon this beautiful appendage.

\* *Peaks in Pen and Pencil*. By Elijah Walton. Edited by T. G. Bonney. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

Mr. Walton observes in regard to two or three of the drawings in his book that they could not possibly be made into effective pictures. Something might be done, he thinks, by blotting out certain offensive lines by a judicious cloud; but even with that expedient two or three of them remain hopeless. They would be useful as topographical or geological memoranda, but as pictures they are given as lessons on what to avoid. Without entirely dissenting from his judgment, we fancy that the tendencies just described are partly exemplified in this opinion. Of course, in a mere outline sketch, where the painter is deprived of light and shade and the play of clouds, and everything depends on the combination of a few black lines, the power of art is very limited. The most characteristic beauties of the mountains, indeed, depend upon the strange magic of the atmospheric effects, and without them a sketch is little more than a mathematical diagram. We can only wonder that Mr. Walton has done so much with such simple materials; and we may admit that it is impossible without calling in other resources to make much of the condemned drawings. If, however, the saying is to be interpreted as meaning that they could not be made into the skeletons of really impressive pictures, we should be inclined either to dissent, or to infer that pictorial art is still less capable than we generally suppose of embodying the poetry of the scenery. Mr. Walton, for example, gives us an outline of the summit of the Viso, rising beyond a snow-field. The line of snow which crosses the middle of the picture is, he says, "a fatal defect." And he adds, "skilful treatment with clouds might trick it up a little; but, do what you will, this sketch must always be deficient in composition and grandeur." Why so? one is inclined to ask. The expression of "tricking it up with clouds" is a little unfortunate, for it sounds as if Mr. Walton, instead of aiming at some definite effect of which the clouds formed an integral part, first painted his mountains and then dabbed on bits of cloud here and there to hide awkward corners. Such treatment would be fair neither to the clouds nor to the mountains, and Mr. Walton is doubtless above it; though, to be frank, we think he is a little too much given to use his clouds simply as pretty decorations. But he that as it may, the scene is certainly one of those which affect one most powerfully in real life. The rough weatherbeaten rocks look all the more tremendous when contrasted with the level wilderness of snow. To give the effect of distance on the snow-field itself is indeed almost impossible from the want of aerial perspective, and one element in the effect on the spectator is therefore missing; but if the interest be concentrated on the curved mountain-top, and it is thrown back to such a distance from the snow-field as to suggest the probability of the vast intervening gulf, we have the elements of one of the grandest varieties of mountain scenery. Whether melting in a gorgeous sunset, or beaten by a thunderstorm, the crags would look all the more imposing for their contrast with the calm white foreground. It is true that it would be impossible to give the impression of their height; and probably it would be judicious of the painter to advance more nearly to the edge of the snow. If for any reason, however, he were fixed to this particular spot, we fancy that he might succeed in spite of the supposed weakness in the composition. In the same way, though Mr. Walton is clearly right in objecting to various scenes in which the mountain-summits rise in a vertical line, one behind the other, and repeat each other's forms with monotonous and apparently artificial symmetry, it is still to be remembered that on many occasions this monotony becomes an element of interest in its way by suggesting an infinite series. The long procession of peaks causes us unconsciously to exaggerate their number, and the simple form becomes impressive by repetition. In short, though we do not dispute that Mr. Walton is generally right, there are obvious objections to imposing too vigorous a law of composition. The tendency to mannerism is set up, and the artist cannot be satisfied till he has got all his mountains arranged according to a preconceived pattern, with the three distances properly distinguished, and no one peak looking impudently over the head of his brother. Great as is the variety of Alpine scenery, there are certain combinations perpetually recurring, and the painter who gets into the trick of always using one will find that his own mountains have a marvellous family likeness. He will repeat his peak and his bit of mist, or his chalet with its group of pines, or his crevasse with a blue centre, as regularly and mechanically as though the Alps were as monotonous as the Lincolnshire fens. And, therefore, though the tiro may safely trust himself for the most part to Mr. Walton, we suspect that he would do well to make a few excursions on his own account, and occasionally try a subject forbidden by all the laws of composition. If he will see what is to be made of it, he may occasionally evolve harmony from discord, and at any rate will get for a time out of the old ruts.

#### WARD'S EXPERIENCES OF A DIPLOMATIST.\*

IT has become a commonplace to remark how easy it will be for future generations to write the history of our times from the abundant matter we shall leave them in our newspapers; but, as with many other commonplaces, there is a good deal of fallacy in the notion. Not only will the mere bulk of newspaper material

be almost overpowering to the future historian, but there will be presented so many different and often conflicting views of the same event, down to its most trivial details, that the general bearing will be hard to discover; and the habit of exaggeration which seems to increase every year upon our public writers will prevent their articles from being a faithful reflection of the facts. If any Englishman in India or America is fortunate enough to have a well-informed, intelligent, and fair-minded correspondent at home, he will learn from his private letters much about politics which he would not learn from the newspapers, always pitched in an unnatural key, and he may probably get a juster impression of the tendency of current changes than a study of Parliamentary debates and leading articles could convey. It is therefore, we venture to think, a mistake to believe that the utility for historical purposes of personal memoirs and diaries is now at an end. Apart from their interest to subsequent times as repositories of the sort of gossip which does not find its way into a regular history, they will give even to the professed student a particularly valuable kind of information—a notion of the views entertained by thoughtful men who had no motive either for dissembling or exaggerating their real sentiments upon matters which the public prints declaim about with often affected vehemence. Such views, too, are specially suggestive when we know something of the character and surroundings of the writer; for one thus sees how certain facts struck people of a given class and mental temper, whereas the newspaper writer is impersonal, often untraceable at the time, and still more so after the lapse of years. We are for this reason glad to welcome such a book as that before us, in which an unprejudiced observer, whose circumstances have enabled him to see the interior of foreign life and politics, gives us the impression made on him by thirty eventful years of German history. The author strikes us as an amiable and cultivated man, singularly fair and unbiassed in political, if not quite equally so in religious, matters; comprehensive in his interests, sober in his judgment, and conscientiously anxious to do justice to the views and characters of those with whom he was brought into contact. He writes clearly, simply, and pleasantly; and although the book has the form of a personal narrative, it is free from any tinge of egotism.

Mr. Ward's diplomatic career began with an appointment, in 1841, to act as British Commissioner for the revival of the Stade Toll, a tax which the Hanoverian Government then levied upon vessels navigating the Elbe, and which was a source of much annoyance to ourselves as well as to the Hamburgers. In 1845 he was appointed by Lord Aberdeen Consul-General at Leipzig, with a sort of general commission to report upon commercial questions in Germany; and in 1865 he was transferred to Hamburg as British Consul-General and Charge d'Affaires, where he remained till the abolition of that office in 1870. He had thus excellent opportunities of watching the course of German politics during one of the most eventful periods in the history of the nation, and he gives us a good many valuable remarks on the forces which were at work, some bringing about, some retarding, national unity, together with interesting notices of influential personages known only by name in England, such as Schwartzberg, Radowitz, the Archduke John of Austria, Arnclion, Savigny, Lappenberg, Sieveking, Baron von Schell-Plessem, the painter Cornelius, and many others. These notices are generally briefer than one would wish, and sometimes approach the trivial. Apollo does not always bend his bow, and it is some comfort to know that Count Bismarck feels the necessity and the difficulty of making small talk to his guests:—

He [M. de Bismarck] spoke of English country life, which, he said, must be a most agreeable thing, and that he himself was fond of the country, and regretted that his official duties prevented him from spending more time upon his estates. He inquired how I liked Berlin, and said that the Prussian capital was really well off for good society. "I have had a glimpse of London," added M. de Bismarck; "your nobility are said to be rather exclusive, but London in the season must be very enjoyable."

But in many cases such reports of stray conversations supply just those little touches of individuality which one desires, and so often desires in vain, in the case of people whom we know by their books or by fame, and of whom one wishes to catch some slight personal impression for the imagination to work upon. The following, for instance, is interesting to scholars:—

At Wachsmuth's house I had the pleasure of meeting Godfrey Hermann, the great philologist, then in his seventy-fifth year, but fresh in intellect and able to continue his lectures on the Greek drama with unabated vigour. He was a short spare man, fresh coloured, and of a lively and ardent temperament, which he inherited from his mother, who was of French descent. His habits were active, and he rode a great deal for exercise, contrary to the custom of German professors. We talked of English scholars, most of whom were known to him. Upon Gifford he bestowed much commendation. He said, "You English philologists are so fortunate as to be provided with rich probandaries and dignities in the Church. Your Church feels the study of the classical authors who ignored Christianity." I remarked to Hermann that he was himself a doctor of theology, and I presumed had been in some measure occupied with ecclesiastical matters. He answered, "No, indeed, I care little about them. I have rather accustomed myself to look at religion from the point of view of the scientists, and I do not trouble myself at all about Church affairs." I asked him whether he thought that for a great commercial country like England the system of classical instruction followed in our public schools was the most desirable? He said, "Why not? the ancients are the best businessmen; they taught youth with brave and noble thoughts. As a nation you are egotistic, and your Church is too necessary to expect much reverence from young men. I should be sorry if the classics should fall into neglect in your schools." A merchant who was present started some objections, but Professor Wachsmuth supported his colleague's opinion, and thought that the Real-

\* *Experiences of a Diplomatist; being Recollections of Germany, founded on Diaries kept during the years 1840-1870.* By John Ward, C.B. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

schulen, or non-classical schools, had been carried rather too far in Germany. I walked home with Hermann, and in taking leave, he said, "Pray believe that I wish well to old England. I don't forget my English ring." This ring was a legacy he had bequeathed to him by Dr. Parr as the greatest critic of the age, and he wore it with peculiar satisfaction.

Here are some words on the present King of Saxony:—

Prince John was favourably known before his accession to the throne of Saxony as a man of letters, well versed in history, theology, and German law. As a member of the First Chamber of the Diet he frequently took part in the debates, and as one of the Committee charged with the examination of the proposed new code of criminal law, he consented to act as *Refrent*, and his elaborate report materially contributed to the introduction of an improved system of penal legislation. He was in fact what is so rarely to be found among princes, an accomplished scholar. On the occasion of a visit which Frederick William IV. (of Prussia) paid to Dresden (I think in 1852) the King of Saxony and Prince John received their royal guest from Berlin at the foot of the palace staircase, who, on catching sight of him, called out to the King, "But you make too much ceremony with me, dear little angel!" and then, looking towards the Prince, "And you too, old schoolmaster!"

The following relates to the late King of Prussia:—

He had undoubtedly great social talents, and even if born in the middle rank of life would have been deemed a first-rate talker. At towns and after-dinner speeches he was particularly good. The columns which were so industriously diffused in regard to his habits of life did not rest upon the slightest foundation. The King seldom drank anything stronger than wine and water, and if he was at times in elevated spirits, it certainly was not from any cause of that nature, but simply from the effect of society and conversation upon a peculiarly excitable constitution. His affection for the middle ages and the times of chivalry was the result of his education. He certainly did not inherit it from his father, who, with all his love of dictatorial power, had nothing romantic in his notions, and cared little about historical traditions. The leading idea of Frederick William IV. was that of the continuity of the past with the present; he did not object to the political machine moving forwards, but it must be in such a way as not to break off into a new track—not to violate the memory of what has gone before us. When he visited Eton College, he said to the Provost, "This institution has for me an inexpressible charm, for here the old is ever new, and the new never out of harmony with the old." Accordingly he believed his hereditary right to be of divine origin, and that whatever concessions he might make to the wishes of his people were to be measured by no other rule than that of his own royal conscience. . . . Immeasurably superior to his father in talents and accomplishments, he unfortunately laboured under the defect, fatal to one called to rule a nation, of indecision of character. His Ministers could not rely upon his consistency in the ordinary affairs of business; and in the great political movement of 1849 his incapacity to take a decided line one way or the other was nearly the ruin of the Prussian State.

This whimsey of divine right is held quite as firmly by his brother and successor, the present King of Prussia; but the latter, with far inferior tastes and talents, has the tenacity of purpose in which Frederick William IV. was deficient, and the power, when he finds a thoroughly able and competent adviser, of holding fast to him and trusting him even in things at first sight repugnant. It cost Bismarck some trouble to persuade his master to annex Hanover in 1866, but he succeeded, and has induced the King to do many things which any one who knows his earlier career, and his strong feudalist proclivities, might have deemed impossible. Unlike as they are in many other respects, there is in this a certain similarity between King William and Victor Emmanuel, whose characteristic merit has been his loyalty to capable Ministers, and a certain power of inspiring the belief that he will act in a straightforward way.

Mr. Ward's notices of the movement of the Germans towards national unity are somewhat more succinct than we could wish, but they are often of considerable value. He is good upon the Schleswig-Holstein business, and any one who has, as Mr. Carlyle would say, a taste for raking in the Eternal Dust-heaps, will find its main points and bearings well put and commented on. A clear *résumé* is given near the end of the volume of the changes introduced in 1865 on the formation of the North German Confederation, and of the way in which the constitution of that body has been subsequently modified by the entrance of Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden; and the author points out, what English critics usually forget, that even if the policy of Prussia may have been occasionally violent, the deadlock in Germany was one which nothing but violence could get rid of. When negotiations had been tried in vain for more than twenty years, it became clear that only the sword could decide between the pretensions of Austria and of Prussia to lead the nation; and between these two rivals no friend of enlightenment could hesitate. Englishmen forget that from 1815 down till 1866 the Austrian Government had been the embodiment of the reaction, the ally of the sacerdotal power, the oppressor of her non-German races, the great obstacle to the consolidation of the Germanic Confederation into a State. Whatever faults may justly be charged upon Prussia were certainly far less grave than these.

Though the best part of his own life has been spent in the diplomatic profession, Mr. Ward has formed no very high estimate of the services which it renders, at least so far as England is concerned. The following passage states his views on this subject:—

My experience has not tended to raise my estimation of the diplomatic profession in general. There is a great deal of smooth talk about trifles, much running about to hear what is passing, and to hunt up secrets, and many long-winded despatches without any point. The activity of the smaller diplomatists called the *mouches* is amusing enough. They cater for the ambassadors and envoys of the greater Powers, and are rewarded by their patronage and invitations. But all this bustle usually comes to nothing. What is wanted is more reflection and more political sagacity. It is easy enough to talk and write, but to think well is another matter, and without much thought it is not possible to hazard a prediction of coming events. . . . The envoys of Great Britain in foreign States are justly

accounted honourable and generous-minded men. They are gentlemen in the best sense of the word. Here and there an experienced statesman is to be found among them. But, upon the whole, British diplomacy has not been successful in gaining the confidence of foreign Governments. For a number of years past England has almost withdrawn herself from Continental affairs, and the notion, whether right or wrong, prevails, that we are indifferent to the fate of foreign nations, except in so far as our commercial interests are involved in their well-being. This is the reason why important political secrets are withheld from the knowledge of the British representatives abroad. It explains why the inimical relations between Prussia and France which led to the late war were not fully communicated to our ambassadors at Berlin, and why he was left in ignorance of the dangerous overtures which had been made to Prince Bismarck on the part of the ruler of France for their mutual aggrandisement at the expense of independent States. . . . It was once suggested by Archbishop Whately that a prophecy office should be established by the Crown; that candidates for employment should be invited to deposit prophecies of events to happen at periods to be specified by them, and that those whose predictions had been most exactly fulfilled should be placed in high posts in the State service. Tried by such a test, I fear there are not many members of our diplomatic body who would be entitled to claim advancement, however striking may be their literary accomplishments, or their qualifications in a social point of view.

We do not understand Mr. Ward to mean, nor is there any reason to think, that our diplomatists are, man for man, inferior to those of other nations. But the peculiar position of England, her insularity, so to speak, of character and political system, as well as her geographical situation, places her at a certain disadvantage; while there is an air of ostentatious selfishness and contemptuous patronizing about the utterances of her press, and sometimes of her statesmen, which naturally makes us disliked by Continentals, who have no means of knowing that such utterances are far enough from representing the true feelings of the nation. Utterly unreasonable as was the sympathy of the upper and a large part of the middle classes for France in the late war, it did not in the main arise from a selfish view of English interests. It would be a much easier thing to launch us into a European war than foreign Governments believe, and they may some day find this to their cost. As respects the efficiency of our diplomatic agents, the truth seems to be that we need two different sorts of men. One of these we do not try to train; the other no training can do much to create. At each of the great Courts we ought to have as representative a man of great natural gifts, of political insight, force of will, serenity, and that indescribable power which people call "personal influence." Such men are as rare as great generals or great poets, and are as little to be produced by mere study and experience, though experience is necessary to ripen them. For all lesser work, for the smaller States and the subordinate agents at the great Courts, we chiefly want men trained to observe and report upon economical and legal questions, who can make the commercial and legislative experiments of other countries useful to us. Sometimes we are fortunate enough to have such (and Mr. Ward, we can believe from his book, was one), but our Foreign Office does not seem to be at any pains to produce them, and has but quite recently awakened to a sense of what may be required from them in this direction.

#### A CHINESE CLASSIC.\*

"HAVE you read the Odes?" asked Confucius of his son. "Not yet," was the reply. "If you do not learn the Odes," rejoined the sage, "you will not be fit to converse with." Such was the estimate formed by Confucius of the original of the collection before us. To Western readers, who may be inclined to judge them only as pieces of poetry, the value thus set upon them will seem grossly exaggerated; but that we may have an opportunity of forming a correct judgment of their worth at the time of their appearance in a collection, we must view them from the same standpoint with Confucius. And to do this we must glance at the condition of China in the sixth century before Christ. The Empire of that day was divided into a number of small principalities, presided over by feudal chiefs who owed allegiance of a nominal kind to the Emperor. Following the instincts of their class, as his control over them became weakened they fought and quarrelled, intrigued and plotted one against the other, until the whole system of government became demoralized and the bonds of social union became loosened. The unsettled condition of the body politic was reflected in every department of State and in every household throughout the land. Parents took no heed of their children, and children paid no respect to their parents. Wives neglected their domestic duties, and husbands sought only their own amusements and pleasures. To reform this state of things was the task which Confucius set himself, and it was by attempting to revert to the strict observance of public and social rites and ceremonies that he hoped to accomplish his object. One of the chief instruments he employed to attain this end was the "Book of Poetry," of which he himself said, "The three hundred odes may be summed up in one sentence—Thought without depravity." By urging the study of it on both rulers and people, he trusted to induce them to return to that state of primitive simplicity from which they had so far fallen when

the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great.

How the Odes were to accomplish this will be better understood if

\* *The Shu King; or, the Book of Poetry. With a Translation, Critical and Exegetical Notes, Prolegomena, and Copious Indexes. By James Legge, D.D., LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.*



we briefly sketch their history. Like the wise man of whom Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun speaks, the Emperors of China from the remotest antiquity had attached great importance to the popular ballads of the country, as indicating the disposition of the people and the nature of the laws which governed them. One of their first duties was therefore to make themselves acquainted with the odes and songs current in the different States. And with this object meetings were held at well-known points at which the princes and governors attended, each with his music-master, to listen to and to collate the ballads from the different parts of the Empire. Chinese writers affirm that at the time of Confucius there were more than three thousand odes current among the people, and that the sage, rejecting those he deemed unsuitable, compiled the present collection, which consists of three hundred and five pieces. Dr. Legge considers, and we think with justice, that the number above quoted is largely in excess of the popular ballads of that day, and he further holds that before the birth of Confucius the "Book of Poetry" existed substantially the same as at the present time, and that his work as a compiler consisted only in rearranging the order of its books and odes. "I returned from Wei to Lo, and then the music was reformed, and the pieces in the Ya and Sung (divisions of the work) all found their proper places," is all he tells us himself on the subject. And this mention is confirmatory of Dr. Legge's views, since reference is found to the Sung and the Ya odes in the Chow Ritual, a work which existed some years before the time of Confucius. But, be this as it may, there can be no doubt that to Confucius the "Book of Poetry" owes its immortality, for though a large portion of its contents may be described as genuine poetry, its intrinsic merits are not such as alone to account for its preservation. It was the unbounded admiration expressed for it by Confucius, and the enthusiasm with which he inspired his disciples for it, that ensured its revival after the burning of the books by the tyrant of Tsin, and secured it the high place it at present holds in the literature of China. The man who had not studied its pages was, in the opinion of the sage, "like one who stands with his face right against a wall."

The majority of the Odes consist of lines of four characters, forming from the nature of the language four syllables. This was the almost invariable ancient metre, and is considered a test of the genuine antiquity of Chinese poetry. In the "Book of Poetry" it is occasionally departed from, and we have instances of pieces of lines of two, three, five, six, seven, and eight characters; but these are rare exceptions, and have gained admission into the compilation from intrinsic evidences of their undoubted age. This and other peculiarities in the text have received ample attention from Chinese scholars of every age. Dr. Legge gives us a list of upwards of fifty works which he has consulted in making his translation. No point, however small, has escaped the notice of the critics, and especially to the explanation of the rhythm of the Odes they have devoted immense labour. It is plain from the construction of the lines that they are all intended to rhyme. Some do, even as read at the present day, as for instance:—

Cho po foo teen  
Suy tsau shih tsen  
Wo tsau ki chin  
Shih wo nang jin, &c.

But, on the other hand, many do not, and the commentators have been driven to make certain very wild conjectures to account for the inconsistency. They are all agreed that the sounds of many of the characters had not the same value then as now, but the apparently extreme irregularity of the rhyming terminations has rendered it impossible for them to lay down any definite law on the subject, and the now generally accepted opinion among native scholars is that they are susceptible of no rule, but that, by virtue of poetical license, they should be taken at the value affixed to them by the composers—a value which was perfectly understood by the educated at the time at which they were written.

Such is briefly the nature of the "Book of Poetry." It is one of the nine Chinese classics, and the translation before us forms the fourth instalment of the series upon which Dr. Legge has been so long engaged. The industry and erudition displayed in the preparation of the prolegomena are worthy of all imitation, and to students of the classics the information therein collected will be of inestimable value. Dr. Legge's well-known character as a sinologue makes it almost unnecessary to speak of the accuracy of his translation were it not that his version is open to the objection of being too literal. The wide gulf which separates the two languages renders it necessary, when translating from Chinese into English, slightly to attune the style of the original to English forms of speech. This may be done without any departure from strict accuracy, and it makes the difference between a readable and an unreadable translation. Dr. Legge tells us that his aim "has been to give a version of the text which should represent the meaning of the original, without addition or paraphrase, as nearly as he could attain to it"; and the reason he gives for not having attempted a metrical version is that, as a whole, the collection is not worth the trouble of versifying. This is certainly the case; but, even had it not been so, we think he would have exercised a wise discretion in avoiding the difficulties of a poetical translation. A work such as this appeals only to the small section of the public who are interested in Oriental literature, and to them its chief value consists in the accuracy with which the native ideas are rendered into English. A very slight acquaintance with metrical translations of Eastern poems is enough to prove how little of the original spirit is left, as a rule, in the tortured rhymes

which profess to reproduce it, and of this Dr. Legge gives us an example. Bunsen, in his "God in History," has given several passages from the "Book of Poetry," translated in verse from a German poetical version of Lacharme's translation of the original; and of these Dr. Legge says, "If the odes from which they were taken were not pointed out in the foot-notes, it would be difficult, even for one so familiar with the Chinese text as myself, to tell what the originals of them were."

To quote from Dr. Legge's translation would give a totally inadequate idea of the real aim and value of the Odes. They are almost entirely allusive, and have reference to the events and manners of the time in which they were written. The result is that, without a careful study of the foot-notes, they are for the most part unintelligible. With this help, however, they become highly interesting records of the condition of China in the time when Nebuchadnezzar sat on the throne of Babylon. But to students of Chinese the translation before us, accompanied as it is with the text, has the additional value of giving a clear insight into the construction of the style in which the classical literature of China is written. To all who desire to gain acquaintance with the language this knowledge is essential, and we know of no better text-book for the purpose than Dr. Legge's translation.

We cannot close this notice without making reference to the entire series of which the present work forms a part. In the immense literature of China nine works hold a lofty pre-eminence. One claims Confucius as its sole author, others bear traces of his hand, and all embody his doctrines and reflect his teachings. Their influence, even at the present day, is unbounded. A complete comprehension of them forms the sum total of the highest education in China. By a knowledge of them men rise to the highest rank in the State, and no official post, however mean, is open to him who has not studied their pages. They supply the keynote to the conduct of the government of the country, and form the criterion by which every action, whether public or private, is finally judged. To all thoughtful minds, works which have exercised so supreme a control over the intellects of the millions of China for three-and-twenty centuries cannot but be of very great interest. Of some of them translations of more or less value have from time to time appeared, but at the present day no uniform translations of the nine exist. On the completion of such a series Dr. Legge is now engaged. Already six instalments of the work have appeared, and the admirable manner in which they have been handled forms the very best guarantee of the successful reproduction of the remaining three. Dr. Legge is without doubt the greatest of English sinologues, and he has chosen for his labours the work which by virtue of that position rightfully belongs to him.

#### A GOOD MATCH.\*

THERE is a certain questionable tendency in the plot of this story against which we think it only right to warn all mothers who have marriageable daughters. The heroine, who, in her own words, "was well born, very handsome, but very poor," very properly states when she first introduces herself to the reader's notice that she "was to make a good match." We must admit too that she does what she says she was bound to do, for she makes a very good match. She is the poor niece of a poor baronet, and she marries a wealthy lord, who, unlike the ordinary wealthy nobleman of the novel, adds to his peerage and the family estates virtues enough for half a dozen commoners. This story then would seem to be just the very book that a judicious parent should hasten to put into her daughter's hands, in the hope that her child too might tread the same narrow path of virtue, and find the strait gate which opens into some nobleman's estate. Unhappily, admirable as is the end reached by this young lady, the heroine, not equally admirable is the course which leads her to this end. A story is told how one of the richest silver mines in South America was discovered by a man in his passion throwing a stone at an ass. As the stone left his hand he was astonished at its weight, and, going after it to pick it up, found it was nearly pure silver. From that time, we believe, asses in South America have been most diligently pelted, but while their sides have been sadly bruised, no silver mine, as far as we can learn, has ever been discovered by that method. In like manner we fear that the only result of such a novel as the one before us will be to lead to a good deal of love-making, and not a few improvident engagements, but whether a peer will be caught is another question. No doubt a young lady who takes shelter from the rain under an oak-tree where four roads meet, and there falls into conversation with a young stranger "who had a knapsack on his back, and a thick stick in his hand," may find that her total disregard of all propriety, so far from being punished, is rewarded with a noble husband. No doubt the same young lady, when later on she engages herself to the same young gentleman, though she learns that he is only a clerk in Messrs. Stillington, Stephenson, & Co.'s, Cheapside, at 100*l.* a year, may in course of years find that her husband is a nobleman, and that she can exchange her London lodgings for "the handsomest place in North Longshire." Nevertheless, if these are the lessons of life that are to be taught by our novelists, the least that a prudent mother can fear is that her daughter may catch a severe cold by waiting in the rain at a cross-road for the disguised nobleman to appear, while there is a

\* *A Good Match.* By Amelia Perrier, Author of "Moa Culpa." 2 vols. London: King & Co. 1872.

considerable risk that she may catch, instead of a cold, some poor "commercial gentleman" for her husband. While the prudent mother is teaching her children that the path to matrimony is as plain as that to the parish church, while she is pointing out that a good match, like every other good thing, is the reward of well-applied efforts and constant attention to a variety of apparently trifling matters, these novelists step in, and with their romantic stories scatter to the winds the principles which it has taken years to inculcate. How much dissatisfaction with their lot is produced in the hearts of young women by these fantastical stories none can tell. Men indeed to some extent are led astray by gambling, and hope to achieve fortune by the lucky chance of an hour. But nevertheless most men are sensible enough to know that the only path to fortune on which they can count is sustained and well-directed effort; they do not go lounging by the river-side in the hope of having a chance of rescuing an heiress from drowning, nor do they take their stand by the side of a London crossing-sweeper, with a view to rescue some wealthy bachelor from the wheels of a brewer's dray or a railway van. But what girl can be contented with the quiet discharge of her daily duties at home, when she knows that, unless the house by good luck catches fire, she has not the smallest chance of meeting her hero? The frequency of fires, as we read, is attributed to the carelessness with which lucifer matches are left about. We should be inclined ourselves much more to find the explanation in the carelessness with which novels are left about. Who can blame a young lady well versed in this kind of literature, who knows that at any moment a hero may be passing in the street ready to risk his life to save hers, if she puts the light to the curtains of her bed, and appears shrieking at her window? Much more is this likely to be the case at the present moment, when, if rumour is correct, the firemen's corps is often reinforced by volunteers of the highest rank, who may themselves be in quest of heroines quite as much as of conflagrations.

We must, however, leave this to the attention of the Insurance Companies, to whom it more properly belongs, and turn to a more direct consideration of the book before us. Lord Texworth, the hero's father, some twenty years before the story opens, had been "brought to utter ruin" by horse-racing. "His ancestral home came into the market," but, as much of the story turns on the terms on which it was sold, we will here quote the author's own words:—

It was sold, but under a peculiar reservation. Lord Texworth, when he found himself a penniless man, retired from the scene altogether, and put his affairs into the hands of his family solicitors, who sold the house and estate for a rather low figure, but retained the option of repurchase for a larger sum, by Lord Texworth or his heirs, from the new possessors or his heirs at any time within five-and-twenty years.

Happily the "utter ruin" of a novelist is consistent with the possession of "a few thousand pounds," with which Lord Texworth, under the name of Mr. Stillington, and with a Mr. Stephenson as his partner, began to trade in London. Horse-racing lords, if they are easily ruined, are not so easily forgotten; nor does it seem very likely that one of them could have traded in Cheapside and lived in Doughty Street without being recognized. We can quite sympathize with the heroine when she says, "I have many times since puzzled myself to think how Lord Texworth succeeded so well in keeping this secret." "Grief and remorse had done their work" most thoroughly if, after three or four years' absence on the Continent, a nobleman could live in London and pass for a tradesman. Gambling lords no doubt must make excellent traders, and long before the twenty-five years had gone by Mr. Stillington was ready to buy back "his ancestral home." He had always been fearful lest, if he re-established the family fortune, it might be once more brought down by another spendthrift. His only son, therefore, he had brought up in entire ignorance of his birth, in the belief even that he was an orphan left under Mr. Stillington's charge. He it was, the clerk at 1004 a year, who, when out for his summer holiday, was so fortunately surprised by the storm of ruin at the cross-roads, quite in the beginning of the first volume. The shower was happily so long as to allow of some sixteen pages of love-making at first sight. There are a great many more pages of love-making at second and at third sight. In fact, the book is almost entirely given up to love-making, or to its imitation. The heroine is persecuted by the attentions of a wealthy Liverpool tradesman, who, having "realized an enormous fortune by speculations in pickled pork," had changed his name from Duggins to Duchesne, and had bought Texworth Park. Sir John Cawdour, the uncle—as wicked as the uncle of an orphan usually is, but much more needy—favoured Mr. Duchesne's suit. He was eager for his only son Mountford to marry the wealthy pork-merchant's only daughter; while Mr. Duchesne would only agree to the marriage on condition that he himself at the same time married Sir John's niece. The pickled-pork trade in Liverpool must be a very thriving one if it allows those who have engaged in it to make such proposals as the following:—

Mountford was to get eighty thousand pounds new with his bride; and at Mr. Duchesne's death, an equal share with any children he might have by his second marriage, of the remainder of his money; exclusive of three thousand a year to be settled on me, and the Texton property, which he reserved for an eldest son.

The wicked uncle behaves so cruelly to his niece that to escape further persecution she plucks up her courage to run away. Happily for the reader, she has very little money with her, and so has to go to London in a second-class carriage. This gives our

author an opportunity of describing very minutely the inside of a second-class carriage, and the strange race of people who are to be found in it. She carefully describes also the refreshment-room and the food that is there supplied. Miss Perrier's readers—who no doubt will be either as wealthy or as high in rank as her characters—will be glad of the glimpse into a strange world which is thus happily afforded them by the temporary poverty of a baronet's niece, and will allow that seventeen pages are not at all too much to describe a three or four hours' journey in a second-class railway carriage. The heroine finds refuge in Mr. Stillington's house, and very soon is married to the hero. It is not till Mr. Stillington's death that they discover the dignities to which they are entitled, and as Lord and Lady Texworth enter into possession of the "ancestral home." The wicked uncle of course dies. Mr. Duchesne marries "a rather *passée* beauty of noble birth, but most impoverished fortune," while his daughter marries a lord "who spent as much of her fortune as he could get at, and then treated her so cruelly that she had to return to her father." Mr. Duchesne is not much better off in his marriage than his daughter, as his wife does not prove faithful to him. Happily, in our author's words, "The Lord Chief Justice Wilde—God help the Lord Chief Justice Wilde!—heard it all, and set Mr. Duchesne free to marry again." Why Miss Perrier invokes the divine aid on this Lord Chief Justice of her own creation we are at a loss to guess. It would be as well, however, if our author, before she bestows her benedictions on any occupant of the Bench, were first to consult some law almanack, and ascertain who it exactly is that she wishes to bless. It would be as well, too, if before she writes another novel, she were to get rid of a certain amount of vulgarity, and of a certain fine style of writing which is often to be found in company with it. The description of the death of Mrs. Duchesne, short though it is, is offensive to all good taste, while the constant reference to her husband's "porky antecedents" is scarcely more agreeable. Miss Perrier, while criticizing the language of the tradesman's daughter, says that "she did not congregate the English language quite to the extent that her papa and mamma did." We would advise Miss Perrier, before she writes about the English language, to make quite sure that she understands the meaning of the long words she uses.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE seventh volume of M. Dareste's History of France\* has just appeared; it contains the events of the reign of Louis XVI. and the French Revolution down to the end of the National Convention. We have already expressed our opinion of this work when the previous instalments were published; we shall now only say that after the one-sided productions of MM. Louis Blanc, Michelet, and Quinet, it is a relief to have to deal with a dispassionate and impartial narrative, which moreover exhibits considerable powers of style. We only regret that our author gives hardly any references to original sources, not a single note, not the smallest quotation. Without much increasing the bulk of his volumes, he might, we think, have enabled readers to verify his statements by the help of a few brief bibliographical indications.

M. Dollfus attempts to take a general survey of ancient history, and to explain the law which, according to him, is at the foundation of the progress of humanity.† For him the supernatural is a meaningless word, and there is no such thing as a miracle. God, he tells us, is merely the embodiment of the notion of law and of order, and law has no need of a miracle to manifest itself; history alone is sufficient to establish the necessity and the reality of law. Besides, the notion of the supernatural and that of history contradict one another; we must, he asserts, choose between them, or rather we must accept Christianity as it is revealed to us by the broad daylight of human conscience—that is to say, stripped of every idea of miracle, and reduced to the rank of a mere phenomenon in the succession of religions. M. Dollfus devotes a long introduction to an explanation of this theory, and after having shown how men's passions influence the course of events, he illustrates his scheme by a brief survey of the history of the old world, beginning with the Eastern nations, and taking us down as far as the dissolution of the Roman Empire. M. Dollfus seems to have carefully studied the latest authorities on Oriental history, but the conclusions which he draws from his researches are singular, to say the least; and when we see the idea which he forms of religion, our only wonder is that he should have thought it worth while to retain even the shadow to which he gives the name of Christianity. His book is a counterpart of M. Havet's volume which we lately reviewed, with a little less pretension to classical learning.

M. Charles Ritter has dedicated to the memory of M. Sainte-Beuve the French translations of twelve essays or lectures by Dr. Strauss‡, and M. Ernest Renan contributes a short preface to the collection. European civilization is much endangered, says the French critic, because France and Germany, instead of joining with England in opposing the progress of the common

\* *Histoire de France, depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours.* Par M. C. Dareste. Vol. 7. Paris: Plon.

† *Considérations sur l'Histoire. Le Monde antique.* Par Charles Dollfus. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Essais d'Histoire religieuse, etc.* Par le docteur D. F. Strauss, traduits par M. Charles Ritter. Paris: Lévy.

enemy, have assumed towards each other a hostile position which strengthens the cause of evil, and is a perpetual menace to the peace of the world. The common enemy here meant, like a three-headed serpent, derives its vigour from the divisions now reigning amongst the natural champions of order and intellectual prosperity; and whether we consider the rapid strides made by international socialism, or the underhand intrigues of Jesuitism, or, finally, the ever-growing power of Russia, we have every reason to be alarmed. M. Renan goes on to say that France was wrong in attempting to stop the legitimate growth of Germany; but he finds fault also with Prussia for not having shown herself generous. At any rate, he adds, science should be kept carefully beyond the sphere of all these quarrels, for science has no country. The essays translated by M. Ritter form three distinct groups; the first contains pieces referring to theological controversy and to religious history, in the second are fragments of a biographical character, the third comprises sketches on subjects of art and taste.

Many years ago, in one of his most delightful *portraits littéraires*, M. Sainte-Beuve gave a touching sketch of Ampère, the great philosopher\* whose name will always be associated with the science of electro-magnetism. Physical problems, however, were far from occupying the whole or even the chief part of that essay, and many interesting details were introduced showing Ampère as he was in private life, and placing before us the history of his heart and of his affections. M. Sainte-Beuve had the opportunity of consulting several family documents whilst preparing his biographical notice, and now, after an interval of more than thirty years, the whole of those documents are published by a relative who is anxious to preserve on record a memorial of the virtues of a man who was as truly good as he was distinguished in the scientific world. The success obtained by the *Récit d'une Sœur*, and by the delightful memoirs of the De Guérin family, have no doubt had much to do in determining the publication of this volume; but in any case M. Ampère's correspondence well deserved to be given to the world. The *dramatis personæ* introduced, and the quiet history of the *savant's* courtship, of his struggles, and of his premature bereavement, are extremely touching. The volume is inscribed to a daughter, we suppose, of the great philosopher's son, M. J. J. Ampère, who, without having the genius of his father, was a most remarkable man for the variety and extensiveness of his knowledge. We hope to take an early opportunity of speaking more at length of this most interesting publication.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière† is sufficiently known by the various volumes he has already published on questions connected with the service to which he belongs. The book now before us, treating as it does of the progress accomplished during the last few years in the various branches of the navy, cannot fail to be interesting. The author begins by remarking that, as the seventeenth century witnessed the birth of the French maritime power, so it was reserved for the nineteenth century to see a thorough revival of the whole service. Two hundred years ago England and Holland combined were deemed amply sufficient to ruin the French navy; and in our own time Russia thought that the British and the French fleets together would be unable to resist the power of the Russian squadron. It is rather curious to notice under what impulse the Emperor Nicholas was acting when he challenged the united forces of England and France. He had all the antiquated prejudices against steam navigation, and when he found out his mistake it was too late to repair it. M. Jurien de la Gravière describes in his book the various episodes of the Crimean campaign, so far as the navy was concerned; he then makes a few remarks on the position of Venice during the Italian war, and concludes by some general observations on the means of increasing the efficiency of the service.

Amongst the distinguished Frenchmen who died during the Prussian war we must name M. Henri Regnault, the painter.‡ It must be unnecessary here either to enumerate his merits or to give the list of his pictures, for most of our readers have been able to appreciate them both; but it was natural that his countrymen should endeavour to perpetuate his memory, and to show what a gap his death has made in French art. The small volume of M. Henri Cazalis contains a biographical sketch of Regnault, illustrated by numerous extracts from his correspondence. A catalogue of the artist's productions appears as a supplement, and a portrait is added by way of frontispiece.

Dr. Bernard has published a new edition of his important work on general physiology.§ Written in the first instance at the request of M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, it appeared five years ago as part of the series of Reports issued by the Imperial Government. No material alterations have been introduced by the author in this reprint, and it stands now as one of the best modern contributions to natural philosophy. According to Dr. Bernard, physiology is distinctly an experimental science; that is to say, it takes as its basis and starting point the results of observation, and thus succeeds in conquering nature. The progress of physiology, our author remarks, is a fact which cannot be questioned for an instant; but still a number of barren disputes stand in the way, and it is necessary that physiologists

should first see how far their opinions are borne out by facts, and secondly determine what amount of truth there is in the views held by the "vitalists," the "animists," and other sects whose doctrines are of a somewhat exclusive character.

Several modern French writers have bestowed considerable attention upon the history of the eighteenth century, and have studied it from various points of view. We do not allude to M. Villmain, whose lectures at the Sorbonne created, when first delivered, quite as great a sensation as those of M. Cousin or M. Guizot. But during the last few years a number of well-known authors have devoted their studies to the epoch which immediately preceded the French Revolution; and the remarkable works of MM. Jules Barni, Arsène Houssaye, and Gustave Desnoiresterres may be mentioned amongst the foremost. Whilst, however, the translator of Kant deals principally with the philosophical side of the question, and whilst the chronicle of the forty-first *fastival* of the Académie française introduces his readers to boudoir-life and to the ladies who sat for Fragonard, Watteau, and Boucher, M. Desnoiresterres holds a middle position between them. He is extremely fond of anecdotes, as his four volumes on Voltaire sufficiently prove; but he selects them with care, and works them into a much better narrative, so far as style goes, than the affected, over-brilliant pages of M. Arsène Houssaye. On the other hand, he does not neglect to generalize from the facts which he collects so assiduously, nor is he satisfied with the merely gossiping side of history. The volume he now gives us on Glück and Piccini treats of one of the most singular controversies of the eighteenth century; and it shows to what an extent that feverish longing for excitement had grown which manifested itself *à propos* of a debate on the merits of two musicians, before it found its full development in the stormy scenes of the Legislative Assembly and the Convention. The late revival of *Orfeo* and of *Alceste* at the French Opera has naturally directed public attention once more to the genius of Glück, and has suggested inquiries a copious answer to which will be found in the entertaining volume of M. Desnoiresterres.

Music leads us to the fine arts generally, and particularly to the second and very much improved edition of M. Charles Lévêque's *Science du Beau*.¶ We noticed the work when it first came out, and we have now to speak of the alterations introduced by the author. The part relating to the theory of the ideal, although remaining substantially the same as it was originally, has been revised, and put in a more popular form. The psychology of laughter also deserves mention, because this part of the book is to a great extent new. The question itself had hitherto been only very imperfectly examined, and few philosophers had thought it worth investigation. The remarks offered by M. Lévêque in his first edition were of so suggestive a character that they at once excited considerable notice, and were criticized with much spirit by MM. Dumont and Francisque Bouillier. To their objections M. Lévêque made a reply which was published eleven years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is now reprinted as a part of the chapter to which it belongs, and will no doubt be read with much curiosity. The second division of the work, treating of the relations between God and nature, presents likewise considerable additions. M. Lévêque had previously assumed the existence of the Deity as sufficiently demonstrated, and had argued from it as from a universally acknowledged truth. But the recent development of sceptical tendencies of the most extreme character has convinced our author that a fresh statement of sound views on theodicy would not be out of place; he has therefore added to his work a long essay originally read before the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, and subsequently published under the title *La Science de l'Invisible* in M. Germer-Baillière's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine*. Finally, in his chapters on painting and on music M. Lévêque has availed himself of the recent works of Professor Helmholtz.

M. Picot's *Histoire des États-généraux*‡ was composed as an answer to the programme set by the French Institute in the year 1866, and the four bulky volumes of which it consists give us the most satisfactory and exhaustive discussion of the subject we have as yet seen. The history of the States-General has a special interest at the present time, when the question is once more raised about the best form of government for France, and it is well worth while to study it from the political as well as from the historical point of view. The problem suggested by the terms of the programme is this:—Has the French nation ever seriously attempted to govern itself, and to what cause should we ascribe the fact that its efforts to obtain a free government were so slow? The various meetings of the States-General held from time to time certainly show on the part of the nation a desire for constitutional freedom; and though the results of those meetings were outwardly abortive, are we to conclude that the failure was complete, and that no good was really accomplished? M. Picot observes that the system of the States-General has been attacked by two distinct classes of adversaries, equally anxious to force history into the mould of their theories, though in opposite directions. Some persist in saying that previously to 1789 France had no real political existence, and they absolutely refuse to take into account the institutions of the country during the ante-

\* *Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère*. Publiée par Madame H. C. Paris: Hetzel.

† *La Marine d'aujourd'hui*. Par le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Henri Regnault, sa vie et son œuvre*. Par H. Cazalis. Paris: Lemerre.  
§ *De la Physiologie générale*. Par Claude Bernard. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

¶ *Glück et Piccini*. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Paris: Didier.

† *La Science du Beau*. Par Charles Lévêque. Deuxième édition. Paris: Durand.

‡ *Histoire des États-généraux considérés au point de vue de leur influence sur le gouvernement de la France*. Par G. Picot. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

revolutionary epoch. Others, on the contrary, date the ruin of France from that epoch, and from the depths into which they fancy themselves to be sunk they look back with regret to a past fraught with blessings which our own age is never destined to enjoy. The history of the French States-General, M. Picot contends, is a complete refutation of both these extreme views, and it would not be difficult to show that the Revolution of 1789 was simply the last expression of grievances which had been stated over and over again for centuries. The great cause for regret is that these assemblies should never have occupied a recognized place in the institutions of the country. They existed for the purpose of giving utterance to the wishes and complaints of the people, but their power went no further; and the idea of representative government is still so alien to the political habits of the French nation that since the storming of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789, there have only been thirty-seven years during which our neighbours admitted such a form of government as the one which presents the best guarantees for security and order. M. Picot not only gives an account of the various meetings of the States-General since 1355, but he examines all the *cahiers* of grievances, describes the reforms introduced in the different branches of the administration, and finishes by taking a general survey of the results accomplished by all the political assemblies which were held in France before the reign of Louis XVI. A series of tabular *résumés* and a very copious index complete the work.

M. Maxime du Camp's third volume on Paris\* introduces us to the gloomiest part of his subject; the police, the prisons, the criminal population, and the guillotine form the topics of his latest researches, and the facts thus brought under our notice, together with the reflections they suggest, read like a bitter commentary on the terrible events of last year. Our author begins by stating that half the population of Paris are thieves, for he comprises in that category not only cut-throats and pickpockets, but ladies who smuggle lace under their crinolines, and functionaries who appropriate to their personal use the pens and paper which they ought to spend exclusively in the service of the administration or office in which they hold a situation. The details given by M. Maxime du Camp, the episodes of criminal life which occur so plentifully throughout his volume, are of the most painful interest; they reveal a form of society so startling that to timid people it must be a comfort to remember the energetic surveillance exercised continually by the police. Whilst describing the present state of things, he carefully compares it with what existed in days gone by; thus he gives us curious particulars on the old Parliament of Paris, the Châtelet, the Tournelle, *lettres de cachet*, &c. His chapter on fallen women paints in its true colours the denizens of the *demi-monde*, and shows what are the creatures for whose sake young men of good family and social position consent to ruin themselves and to bear the disreputable appellation of *politiciens*. A series of important *pièces justificatives* terminates the book.

M. Ruchet has written a book† for the purpose of defending revealed religion against the attacks of science. Passing in review the various branches of human knowledge, he endeavours to prove that the conclusions arrived at by philosophers are far from having the character of certainty which is so generally claimed on their behalf, and consequently that, taking the most favourable view of science, it has nothing to oppose to Christianity. But this is only a negative apology for our religion, and M. Ruchet further contends that Christianity has the advantage of presenting solutions of difficulties which science can never succeed in clearing up.

The series of volumes on universal history published by Messrs. Hachette has recently been enriched by an excellent contribution of Dr. Hoefler‡ on the progress of physics and chemistry. The author examines successively all the properties of matter, and notices the ideas entertained of them at several epochs by the most distinguished philosophers. The instruments and other means employed to study the applications of natural law are carefully described, and, as Dr. Hoefler comes down to our own times, we can see how far we are indebted to our predecessors for the present state of science. The second division of the volume is devoted to an account of chemistry; here the field is perhaps still more interesting, for we have to deal with alchemy, the transmutation of metals, the philosopher's stone, and all the vain fancies from which was evolved by slow degrees the wonderful science identified with the names of Lavoisier, Thénard, Davy, Faraday, &c. The book is a valuable *résumé* of the history of scientific investigation.

Count de Gabriac's *impressions de voyage*§ take us over a great deal of ground, for China, Japan, San Francisco, and New York are the principal stations in his journey. He writes, as he professes to do, in the spirit of a humourist, but he does not yield to the temptation of giving us either questionable jokes or prejudiced views of the countries which he visits, and there is much information to be gathered from his amusing pages. Eight engravings illustrate the work, and the author has added likewise the music of several Oriental melodies.

\* *Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions et sa vie.* Par Max. du Camp. Vol. 3. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *La Science et le Christianisme; étude.* Par L. Ruchet. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Histoire de la Physique et de la Chimie.* Par F. Hoefler. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Courte américaine autour du monde.* Par le comte de Gabriac. Paris: Lefevre.

Two more volumes on the Commune are now before us. The one for which we are indebted to the labours of MM. Bourloton and Robert\* describes chiefly the ideas which form the programme of the new revolutionists, and traces them back to their antecedents in the middle ages. The other, by M. Maillard, is a list, unfortunately too incomplete, of the *affiches*†, or bills, posted on the walls of Paris during the reign of MM. Raoul Rigault, Assi, and Felix Pyat. The professions of faith, circulars, and proclamations of every kind collected in this duodecimo are most interesting, but M. Maillard has not given us half the materials which exist on the subject; and his new volume, like the one he published some months ago on the revolutionary press, requires to be thoroughly revised.

\* *La Commune, et ses idées à travers l'histoire.* Par E. Bourloton et E. Robert. Paris: Baillière.

† *Affiches, etc., pendant la Commune.* Par F. Maillard. Paris: Dentu.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND ARCHERY MEETING.** Under Distinguished Patronage.—THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING will take place on the Cricket Ground in the Park of the Crystal Palace on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next, when Prizes amounting to upwards of £100 will be awarded. Special Subscription Competition, open to the Societies of all England and to Amateurs. The Shooting will commence each day at 11 A.M. Ladies' Competition 1.15 P.M., excepting on Saturday (at 11). Entries should be made immediately; after July 9 the Target Ballances of 5s. will be double. A Military Band will attend on the ground. Tickets to the Inner Circle and Lawn Promenade, 2s. 6d. Admission to the Palace, 1s. (excepting Saturday). Guinea Season Tickets Free.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—EXHIBITION OF SPECIMENS OF GAME AND OF THE APPARATUS OF SPORT.** August 2nd to 10th, 1872. This Exhibition, the first of its kind ever held, is designed to illustrate Natural History, in a most important respect, by bringing together, if possible, a Collection of all the Trophies at present in private hands, from the hunting-fields of all parts of the world. These Trophies, collected mostly by Noblemen and Gentlemen who, as true sportsmen, are pioneers of science, will, if exhibited together, whether they be prepared in life-like form or are in rough condition, constitute a display, not only valuable to Science, but most attractive and instructive to the Public.

This portion of the Exhibition, then, will embrace Natural History Specimens or Trophies of Animals, whether complete animals or skins, horns, skulls, &c., from all parts of the world. In a second division will be displayed the Apparatus of Sport, as guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, outfits for sportmen proceeding to foreign fields, traps, nets, decoys, shafts, and expedients for locomotion; apparatus of Aborigines, &c. The third division will consist of a Show of Game Birds, especially those indigenous or acclimatized in Europe. The object is to present as complete series as can be obtained of the Phasianide, the Tetradactylide, &c., whenever possible by living examples; when these are not forthcoming, by dead or prepared specimens.

A permanent Loan Exhibition of Objects of Natural History, or Trophies, and of the Apparatus of Sport, is to be formed in a suitable part of the Crystal Palace, and the owners or possessors of such objects shown on the present occasion are solicited to allow them afterwards to form part of the permanent collection.

Space will be also allotted, and special arrangements will be made in the New Gallery, for Trade Exhibitors. A Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen, distinguished for scientific attainments, will award the Prizes, which will consist of a Gold Medal of Honour, Certificates of Merit, and Division III. of Money Prizes. (See Schedule, Div. III., Game Birds.) All Communications to be addressed to Mr. F. W. Wilson, Natural History Department, Crystal Palace, from whom every information can be obtained. By order, G. GROVE, Secretary.

**THE OFFICE OF SECRETARY AND TREASURER to the BANK OF BENGAL, CALCUTTA.** Having become vacant, Applications to the appointment by Letter, addressed to "THE COMMITTEE OF SELECTION," will be received by Messrs. CURTIS & CO., the Bank's London Agents, up to the 1st August next.

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**THE ATHANASIAN OREED.—THE GUARDIAN** of Wednesday, July 10, will contain a full REPORT of the PROCEEDINGS of the MASTERS in CONVOCATION on this OREED. 5d., by post, 7d. A. S. BARNARD, 10, W.C.



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THE NEW FRENCH LOAN.

AS soon as the new Treaty with Germany had been adopted by the Assembly, the French Government sought the necessary powers for the issue of the new Loan. A summary of the circumstances under which these powers were asked for was submitted by M. THIERS, and thus an opportunity for making a sort of financial manifesto was obtained. A nation like France is above issuing a prospectus when it asks even for a sum exceeding a hundred millions sterling; and all the world is supposed to know without inquiry that it may safely lend any sum whatever to a great nation. But it is convenient that, in some shape or other, those who are invited to subscribe should have the principal facts connected with the loan brought before them; and it would be difficult to find a better way of fulfilling this object than the French method of accompanying the introduction of the law legalizing the issue of new stock by an elaborate and authoritative statement of the reasons which have prompted the Government to ask for permission to make a serious increase to the National Debt. That three milliards of francs must be had, that to get them in time it is necessary to begin getting them at once, that Frenchmen have in the liberation of their country a special motive for endeavouring to help the State to get them, and that a five per cent. stock is the best form of issue, were points on which M. THIERS was obliged to dwell, although every one could anticipate what he had to say about them. The really interesting thing is to know how much is asked for, and how far the present financial position of the country warrants the expectation that the loan when issued will maintain a steady or an advancing price. Political causes of perturbation stand on a different footing, and subscribers must form their own opinion of the probable future of France. But the financial position of a country exercises an influence over the price of stocks apart from the influence of purely political changes, and the world of capital when it is asked for a hundred and thirty or forty millions sterling, likes to know the financial position of the country asking for it. There is no doubt that the whole of the loan will be readily subscribed, and no subscriber need seriously fear that the day will ever come when he will fail to receive the stipulated interest. But if the loan is issued, as the last was, at eighty-two and a half per cent., and thus gives a clear six per cent. to the lender, the practical question which most persons will put to themselves will be whether the price is likely to go up or down. The last loan was at one time quoted at ten premium, and if there were good reason for supposing that the same thing would happen with the new loan, the investment would be a very attractive one. If France were really in a good financial position, her credit ought soon at least to rival that of the United States, or, in other words, the loan issued at eighty-two and a half ought to rise to par.

The law authorising the loan gives the Government power to issue enough five per cent. Rentes to produce one hundred and twenty millions sterling, and also enough to pay for the expenses of the issue and the other expenses connected with the transaction. M. THIERS estimates that the new loan will cost eight millions sterling to issue, and the other charges cannot be less than two millions more. Thus the loan is to be for enough Rentes to produce at least one hundred and thirty millions sterling. In order to show those who wish to subscribe to it may do so with a sense of perfect security, M. THIERS in his statement urges, first, that France has now given up the system of deficits in the annual budget, and has begun to raise in each year all that is required for the service of the year. In the next place, he says that France has resolved to apply out of annual taxation eight millions sterling a year to redeem the principal of

her new debts created by the German war. Lastly, he points to a recent vote of the Assembly by which Government stock was specially exempted from a new tax levied on securities, and this may convince subscribers that they will not hereafter have their coupons taxed. There is one special head, however, on which he thinks it necessary to offer a few encouraging remarks. The new taxes have not, as is well known, produced as much as was anticipated, but the deficiency was, according to M. THIERS, solely due to the fact that sellers of the articles taxed bought largely in anticipation of the tax, and thus the market was for a time supplied without the revenue benefiting. This process is now at an end, and the taxes are producing what they were expected to yield. Such is the prospectus which M. THIERS offers to the world, and although it does not seem to us either accurate or complete, criticism on it cannot be pushed to the length of saying that the stock will not be worth the price of issue. It is obvious that if France was really raising enough already from taxes to pay the interest of the new loan, and also to pay off eight millions a year of the principal of her recent debts, the loan would be cheap at par. What keeps down the price at which it can be issued is not only the magnitude of the sum and the dread of political convulsions, but the persuasion that the present loan is not all that France will have to borrow, the knowledge that France has not yet a balanced budget, or anything approaching to it, and the disbelief in the continued application of eight millions a year to the redemption of the principal of the debt. At present France is bound to go on paying eight millions a year till it has redeemed its debt to the Bank of France, but it is under no engagement whatever to continue to raise this sum for the redemption of its general debt, and the notion that this payment shall go on after the Bank is paid off has never been submitted to or sanctioned by the Assembly or the country, and is in fact an invention of M. THIERS in order to make his prospectus look hapdsomer. It may be observed that, if reports are true, the consequence of the issue of this very loan is that the Bank of France is to receive power to increase its inconvertible issue of notes by sixteen millions sterling. This may conduce to floating the loan and to the removal of the danger of commercial pressure through its issue. But the one great object of the annual repayment of the eight millions to the Bank is to enable the Bank to return to specie payments, the cessation of which transferred to England almost the whole of the exchange business of France; and now the loan which subscribers to it are invited to hope will be paid off by a sinking-fund is discovered to necessitate the delay of a return to specie payments by creating a very large increase in the inconvertible issue.

The Assembly has spent many weary days and heard many weary debates in the anxious endeavour to carry out that part of M. THIERS's statement in which he leads subscribers to believe that enough new taxes will be voted to balance the Budget. The great subject of recent contention has been the proposal to tax business transactions, which its authors estimated to be likely to bring in seventy millions of francs, and which was their great means of replacing the taxation of raw materials so dear to M. THIERS. M. GASLONDE a week ago made an excellent speech against this tax, which is, according to the rules generally supposed to apply to taxation, a very bad one. It is impossible to know what transactions a trader goes through, and it is necessary to trust his declaration. The tax thus becomes an income-tax; but the transactions of small traders are proportionately more numerous and serious than those of great traders, so that it is a bad and unfair form of income-tax. M. CASIMIR PÉRIER was therefore quite logical when he said that it would be better to put a special income-tax on traders. But the

Assembly rejected this on the ground, to which M. THIERS always recurs with delight, that it has rejected one income-tax on principle, and that all proposals for an income-tax are now beyond the region of discussion. M. GASLONDE argued that the proposal of the Committee had much better have its shape changed, and that if traders were, as traders, to pay more than they do now, the simplest and best way of getting at them would be to increase the sums they pay for their licences to trade. By increasing the licence-tax, and by a few other augmentations of direct taxes, principally touching the trading classes, he stated that the seventy millions might be obtained which the Committee hoped to get from their tax on business transactions. Possibly to his surprise, he found himself taken suddenly under the wing of M. THIERS, who warmly applauded all he said, and informed him that the Government accepted his suggestions. On Tuesday M. THIERS unfolded his views at great length to the Assembly in a most curious speech, in which, so to speak, he stung all round, and had even a sharp word for his old friends the ORLEANS Princes. Having repeated and enforced his assertion that new taxes producing two hundred millions of francs must be voted in order to balance the Budget, he explained the views of the Government under the altered circumstances in which it found itself placed. All the criticisms lavished to show the impossibility of getting what was extracted from taxes on raw materials were quietly and completely ignored. M. THIERS went back to his old figure of ninety-three millions, as if it were beyond dispute, and he betrayed not the least shadow of doubt that in the end the Assembly would let him have his way, and would vote the taxes on raw materials. The Assembly has already voted a tax on securities, which will, he reckoned, yield fifteen millions, and one on mortgages, which will, he reckoned, yield three millions. The Government is going to propose a tax on metals other than iron, which is calculated to yield nine millions. To the one hundred and twenty millions thus obtained are to be added the twenty millions to be gained by suppressing frauds in the manufacture of alcohol. Sixty millions have still to be provided for, and for these the Government announced itself ready to look to the taxes suggested by M. GASLONDE. It had proposed to make up the deficiency by an increase of the direct taxes on real property and by an increase of the duty on salt. These proposals were in the highest degree unpopular, as M. THIERS frankly owned, and as it is impossible to help guessing he meant them to be. Now his intentions were clearly revealed. The Assembly had been, as it imagined, discussing what were the taxes that would best replace the taxes on raw materials. The Committee had suggested with this object a tax on business transactions. M. GASLONDE had suggested with this object a tax on traders in what he thought a better shape. M. THIERS now accepted M. GASLONDE's proposal, not, however, as a means of doing away with the taxes on raw materials, but as a means of doing away with other taxes which formed part of the Government scheme and were found to be exceptionally unpopular. Having thus made the Assembly exercise its ingenuity in devising taxes to replace the taxes for which he did not care in the least, and not to replace those on which he had set his heart, he went on to argue in favour of M. GASLONDE's proposal, and to condemn the tax on business transactions as very vexatious, and likely to bring in much less than was expected, while the produce of an increase on licences would be sure to yield what was expected of it, and would be in harmony with the existing habits of the country. On a subsequent day the great trial of strength was made, and the Assembly, by a majority of fifty-one in a very full house, rejected the tax on business transactions. M. THIERS has so far had his way, and it is probable that no further serious opposition will be made to his taxes on raw materials. But if this is so, and if it is thus that the financial equilibrium is to be obtained on which in putting forth his new loan he so confidently insists, it is to be remembered that, apart from their disastrous indirect effects on French prosperity, those taxes, which he takes as producing nearly four millions sterling, will, in the opinion of those who have examined the question most carefully, scarcely produce a tenth part of that sum.

#### LORD GRANARD AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THAT all Lieutenants of counties in Ireland, or even in England, should be exempt from imprudence it would be unreasonable to expect; but one of the local representatives of the Irish Government exceeds the license ordinarily accorded to incapacity. Since Lord GRANARD thought fit some years

ago to join the Roman Catholic Church he has illustrated the distinction which frequently exists between native believers and proselytes, by adopting the politics as well as the religion of the wilder section of the priesthood. Not long since he thought fit to express his approval of the Irish rebellion of 1798; and it was naturally inferred by unfriendly critics that he could not logically disapprove of a repetition of the enterprise by Fenian insurgents. The Government may perhaps have been justified in taking no official notice of a verbal outburst of political and religious fanaticism; but Lord GRANARD appears to have misunderstood the toleration which was extended to his factious extravagance. Although he must have been aware that the late agitation against Justice KEOGH has been conducted with scandalous violence, Lord GRANARD in a published letter assured a meeting assembled for the expression of indignation that he fully sympathized with its objects. In complaining of the alleged scurrility and injustice of the Judge's charge, Lord GRANARD perhaps unconsciously sought to establish the immunity of the Roman Catholic clergy from secular jurisdiction. It is not to be supposed that he had taken any trouble to examine the evidence for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of Justice KEOGH's accusations. In substance Lord GRANARD and the other assailants of Justice KEOGH maintain, not that the priests were innocent of intimidation, but that the conduct which is denounced in the judgment was permissible or laudable. There is something to be said for the doctrine that spiritual intimidation is not properly cognizable by legal tribunals; but Justice KEOGH's opposite opinion, that fraud and violence of all kinds are legally as well as morally criminal, is at least not obviously untenable. Even if the priests are not prohibited by law from abusing their religious character for political objects, they are certainly not entitled to organize riotous mobs which deter peaceful voters from going to the poll. Their apologists are precisely on a level with the sophists who vindicated the trade assassinations at Sheffield, except that the picketing and rattening of Galway generally stopped short of wilful murder. Judicial disapprobation of crime, expressed perhaps in unnecessarily vehement phrases, appears to those who have cultivated Lord GRANARD's state of mind an aggression on the privileges of the clergy. For the Roman Catholic gentry of Galway, who were almost universally opposed to the clerical firebrands and to their congenial nominee, a zealous convert has no feeling of sympathy. Justice KEOGH himself was a Roman Catholic while Lord GRANARD still wandered in the paths of heresy, but it is well known that the thoroughgoing bigot regards lukewarm or mutinous believers with an animosity deeper than his habitual hostility to the outside portion of mankind. But for his official position Lord GRANARD's participation in the scandalous attacks on Justice KEOGH would scarcely have attracted notice. When a man of rank swells the clamour of a noisy rabble, the injury to his own character outweighs the mischief which he perpetrates.

To the Government it is probably not inconvenient that the Lieutenant of an Irish county should be acceptable to the Roman Catholic clergy; but Lord SPENCER avoided any expression of opinion on Lord GRANARD's conduct. The official excuse that the merits of the case are not yet fully known was purely conventional, if not wholly irrelevant. Lord MIDLETON was fully justified in censuring Lord GRANARD's attack upon a Judge, even if it were ultimately proved that Justice KEOGH himself was deserving of blame. It is not fitting that the local representative of the QUEEN should countenance the scandalous outrages by which the disaffected portion of the populace have expressed their sympathy with the riotous priests who were denounced from the Bench. It seems that some men belonging to Lord GRANARD's militia regiment burned the effigy of the obnoxious Judge in front of the barracks, although Lord GRANARD asserts that he prevented those who were under his own immediate command from taking part in the discreditable transaction. When militiamen share the turbulence of the mob, a Lieutenant of a county who is also a militia officer commits a gross impropriety by joining in the general clamour. Lord GRANARD affected to extenuate his offence by an admission that his strong language had been premature, inasmuch as he had not at the time seen an authentic copy of the Galway judgment. For grave judicial misconduct the proper remedy is an address to the Crown from the two Houses of Parliament, and not an unauthorized appeal to popular passion. It was probably by an oversight that Lord SPENCER adopted or anticipated the defence suggested by his troublesome client.

If Lord GRANARD feels no objection to disgraceful insults directed against a Judge, he is at least incapable of approving the

threats of assassination which have been freely used by the apologists of the Galway priests; yet if Justice KEOGH had been shot, every promoter of the agitation would have been morally responsible for the encouragement of crime. The most deliberate criticism of the judgment could by no possibility have furnished a justification for the excitement of passions which might have found vent in murder. In other countries a public invective against an unpopular Judge might perhaps be an offence rather against propriety than against morality; but in Ireland the flatterer of an angry mob always runs the risk of becoming an accomplice in acts of lawless violence. It was to be expected that the priests who lately assembled at the summons of Cardinal CULLEN to censure Justice KEOGH's exposure of the misconduct of their Galway colleagues should be wholly indifferent both to the truth of the Judge's statements and to the possible consequences of their own remonstrance. A layman ought to be more closely bound by conscientious scruples, even though he may still retain the unreasoning enthusiasm of his original conversion. It might have been expected that a nobleman and landowner would have a certain sympathy with the Roman Catholic gentry who are the principal victims of sacerdotal tyranny and intimidation; but sectarian zeal disturbs all the social feelings which ordinarily unite the members of a class. To persons of secular habits of thought, prostration before a set of noisy and intolerant priests would seem to involve almost inconceivable degradation; but religious fanatics have a law of their own.

The LORD-LIEUTENANT and the PRIME MINISTER would consult their own dignity and the interest of their Government by hinting to Lord GRANARD the propriety of perpetrating his future extravagances in a private station. Affectionate reminiscences of Vinegar Hill and public attacks on Judges will certainly not strengthen the party to which Lord GRANARD belongs. The burners of effigies and the authors of anonymous threats of assassination will not be reconciled to English rule by any display of deference to their wishes. The capricious and incidental alliance of English Liberals with Irish partisans of priestly supremacy has already indicated, by many symptoms, its approaching disruption. To the enemies of spiritual intimidation it is not a little provoking that Justice KEOGH should have missed the opportunity of conveying a just and forcible exposure of the electoral practices of Galway in more temperate and suitable language; but the substance of his judgment agrees with the opinions of the great majority of intelligent Liberals. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE had been disposed to respond to the indignant demands of some Irish members, he could not in common prudence have vindicated, in the presence of his own supporters, the tyranny of the Galway priests. It was perhaps not injudicious to postpone on various pretexts the discussion of a question which will excite much angry feeling. The Government is accustomed to adjourn for many weeks the consideration of much more important documents than the Galway judgment; and it will not be a cause for regret if the debates on the question are put off until the general excitement has subsided. In the meantime Parliament has received the strongest assurances that the fullest precautions have been taken for ensuring the Judge's safety; and it would seem that several persons have been prosecuted for participation in the various riots. In all similar cases it is necessary to allow a certain width of discretion to those who are charged with the preservation of the peace. One member of the House of Commons asked the plausible question whether it was not as wrong to burn the effigy of a living Judge as to perform the same operation on the historical or mythical LUNDY; but a temporary burst of violence is distinguishable from an annual ceremony which almost always ends in blows. If the authorities were to repress too ostentatiously the KEOGH riots in different parts of the country, the malcontent faction which elevated the Manchester murderers to the rank of martyrs is capable of condemning Justice KEOGH to the periodical fate of LUNDY and GUY FAWKES. The removal of Lord GRANARD from an office which is not compatible with a too impetuous temperament would perhaps not greatly move the feelings of the populace; and it might convey a useful warning to agitators of the upper classes. If the Ministers meditate any reproof of the impropriety which has been committed, they may assume that the case is perfectly ripe for decision. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict of Parliament and the country on the issue which has been raised between Justice KEOGH and the Galway priests, Lord GRANARD has appealed in the most objectionable form to a wrong tribunal. His former error in judgment was perhaps not inexorably condoned on the ground that unwelcome speeches

often express more than hasty orators intend. A letter to the promoters of one among a series of meetings which had in many cases resulted in outrage was a more tangible and definite violation of official duty. Turbulent Irish priests can scarcely insist that their lay disciples should share the immunity which they claim for themselves.

#### GERMANY AND THE POPE.

MUCH ingenuity seems to have been shown by the German Catholics in explaining away the Pope's pious assurance to the German deputation that by and by there will fall from the mountain a little stone which shall break the heel of the Colossus. The interpretation which they have chosen to affix to it is certainly not one which commends itself to unbiased readers. The Pope hates Liberalism, and he no doubt believes that some extremely unpleasant fate is reserved for its professors. But there is nothing to show that he had Liberalism in his mind when he was speaking to the German Catholics. Prince BISMARCK is not specially Liberal either in sympathies or in policy, and though the Pope is not given to draw accurate distinctions between his opponents, he can hardly have confounded the German Empire with his old enemy the Revolution. There can be no reasonable doubt that by the Colossus the Pope meant the existing German Government. It does not follow, however, that Prince BISMARCK's official journal is right in concluding from this that the Pope "aims at smashing the feet of the Colossus." It is probable that he intended the image in NBUCHADNEZZAR's dream to express a convenient allegory, rather than to convey a serious threat. The Pope, if Dr. CURMING will allow us to say so, is probably well acquainted with Scripture, and the overthrow of evil powers so often foretold in the Old Testament and in the Apocalypse have in all ages served to give point and fervour to clerical denunciations. If the writer in the *Provincial Correspondent* had known his Bible equally well, he would have remembered that the stone which crushed the Colossus was cut out of the mountain without hands; and it is far more likely that the Pope meant to comfort the German Catholics by a general reference to the chances which the future may have in store for them than that he intended to encourage them to any definitely hostile action against the powers that be.

At the same time the imprudence of the Pope's language is very obvious. Down to the utterance of this apparent threat he had, in some respects, the best of the position. The German Government has suddenly appeared in the new and odious light of a religious persecutor. Its excuse for this is that the Pope has suddenly appeared in the new and odious light of a fomentor of political sedition. Prince BISMARCK may have good evidence for this latter assertion, but until now it was not evidence that could be easily brought home to the popular mind. He may see that an intimate connexion exists between Particularist and Ultramontane agitations in the Southern States, and that in proportion as the clergy keep or regain their hold over the peasantry, the process of consolidating the Empire will be delayed and hindered. But the connexion, however real it may be, is not apparent. The opposition to Prussia is rarely confined to the Catholic element in the population. It is as often as not shared by democratic agitators, to whom Catholicism is utterly hateful. A little management on the part of the priests would have enabled them to keep their connexion with the movement almost unperceived, and to represent the Empire as the natural foe of all distinctively national and patriotic aspirations. By this means it would have been made to appear that Prince BISMARCK was simply giving a false excuse for his ecclesiastical policy, that he nourished a Protestant hatred against the religious Orders, and was trying to conceal it under the disguise of secular necessities. In an Empire where the Catholic element is still large, and where the members of the rival Churches have been accustomed for a long time back to live at peace with one another, anything approaching to religious intolerance on the part of the Government is both inconvenient and distasteful. It imports all manner of unpleasantness into their domestic and social relations. It exhibits them to the world in the disagreeable light of men who are contradicting their own repeated declarations and failing to do as they would be done by. The Pope had only to play his cards carefully to reap the full advantage of this feeling. If he had abstained from using any kind of menace against Germany, or giving the Government any overt justification for its hostility to the Church, public opinion would have gone against any resort to violent measures, and Prince BISMARCK rarely

defies public opinion when he has satisfied himself as to the direction in which the tide is really setting. Instead of this the POPE, by a single unlucky phrase, has given the Minister the exact opportunity he needed. German Protestants and German Catholics will be alike alienated by the discovery that the fears of the Government have a real foundation in fact. Even the latter, when they see the POPE scheming against Germany, and moving Heaven, if not earth, to undo the results of the war, will watch Prince BISMARCK's attack on him with composure, if not with active sympathy. Their interests and wishes are on the side of the Colossus, and they will not be inclined to quarrel with it for objecting to be crushed by the little stone. The POPE has allowed himself to be drawn on to fight Prince BISMARCK on the very ground which the German Chancellor would have chosen for the battle. He has enabled his adversary to declare it "wholly unnecessary to enter into argument upon the question at issue." Even a German Catholic will ordinarily acknowledge that "when the POPE wishes that the foundations of the German Empire may be subverted, it is a work of supererogation to discuss the matter any further."

The POPE's blunder need not be set down to any profound political calculations. He had good cause to be angry with the German Government, and he expressed himself with the hasty imprudence natural to angry men. Indeed, the very form which his anger took seems to show that he has nothing definite to look forward to. When you do not see that any immediate evil is likely to befall your enemy, it is some consolation to indulge in vague predictions of future misfortunes. If the POPE had seen any prospect of aid from France or Russia, he would probably have held his tongue about little stones. Unfortunately for himself, hasty mistakes often beget leisurely repentance, and even Pius IX. may live to wish that he had restrained his inclination to call the German Empire namos. The initial error of making an enemy of Germany is not so easily accounted for. There were many reasons why the POPE should have pursued a directly opposite policy. Prince BISMARCK had until lately been ostentatiously civil to him, and had shown an equally marked contempt for the Old Catholic opposition. Ultramontanism with its exaggerated deference to authority has a certain attraction for statesmen of an autocratic turn of mind, and in the case of Prussia there was really no cause whatever why the Government and the Church should not be perfectly good friends. In Bavaria, where the Sovereign is a Catholic, and where the antagonism between the infallibilist and fallibilist elements in the Church is public and irreconcilable, there are constant occasions of quarrel; but in Prussia, where the Sovereign is a Protestant, and the Catholic population is almost entirely Ultramontane, the bishops would have been left to take their own course, and to excommunicate whomsoever they would. In other instances the POPE has not shown himself blind to the advantages of having to deal with heretical Governments. His disposition towards England, in spite of her very pronounced Protestantism, has been uniformly friendly, and if he had to name the country in which the Church is most fairly treated, he would probably fix upon Ireland. There is no reason to doubt that, if the POPE had held himself as much aloof from the internal politics of Germany as he has done from those of Great Britain, his relations with the Government would have been equally harmonious, and the position of the Catholic Church would have been even more favourable. There is much less of theological antagonism to Catholicism in Germany than there is in this country, and much less of suspicion founded on past persecution on the one side and past conspiracies on the other. This promising future the POPE deliberately resolved to cast aside. Instead of allying itself with the new Empire, as it might easily have done, instead of remaining neutral in the contest between Imperial and Particularist tendencies, as it was plainly bound to do, the Roman Catholic Church has thrown itself hotly into the struggle, and has taken the side with which to all appearance it has least in common. The explanation of this inconsistency is, that the POPE has followed the example of his predecessors in the sixteenth century, and sacrificed the interests of his Church to the necessities of his throne. The German Government would have behaved with the utmost friendliness to his spiritual subjects, but it was not prepared to give him any countenance in regaining his temporal subjects. Italy had been kept neutral during the war by the promise of a corresponding neutrality on the Roman question, and the consolidation of the German Empire is seemingly a virtual assurance that the Papal sovereignty will not be allowed to avail itself of external aid, supposing such aid should ever be forthcoming.

It is this conviction that has led the POPE to declare himself the enemy of German unity. It is not enough that the Church should be free in Germany, unless it is at the same time supreme in Italy. Excessive finess has always been the characteristic weakness of Papal policy, and at this moment the diplomatists of the Roman Court are probably intent upon elaborate calculations as to what will happen when the German Empire has gone to pieces from internal disruption, and France is once more left free to wreak her vengeance upon the "Subalpine Government." The next POPE will perhaps have cause to wish that his predecessor had given a little more thought to the spiritual side of his office.

#### GOVERNOR EYRE.

THE Jamaica disturbances and the conduct of Governor EYRE have been discussed probably for the last time in the House of Commons. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the PRIME MINISTER wisely rested the proposal of the vote for the costs of his defence on the narrow but sufficient ground that their predecessors had pledged the Crown to make the payment. It is an excellent habit to dispense with any arguments beyond those which are necessary to support a practical conclusion. Under the direction of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, then Colonial Secretary, Mr. EYRE had been informed that his request for the discharge of the costs would be considered; and afterwards the Solicitor of the Treasury was officially desired to ascertain the amount of the demand. There could be no doubt that a formal decision had been adopted, and that Mr. EYRE had ample ground for believing that he would receive reimbursement. It is in every way undesirable that the interests either of public servants or of persons who have established pecuniary claims against the Crown should be affected by political changes. The present Government rightly declined to re-open a question which had been settled at the proper time by competent authority; and, although the House of Commons was competent to reverse the judgment of the former and the present Governments, it is usual to rely in similar cases on the judgment of the Ministerial departments. Some uncertainty had been occasioned by Mr. GLADSTONE's postponement of the vote in the last Session, at the instigation of a portion of his own party. Mr. EYRE has been exposed to unnecessary anxiety in consequence of the delay; but on the whole he may think himself fortunate. It was fitting that the vote should be moved by the Government, and adopted by the House; but it was at the same time expedient that it should not pass without debate. Some members of the minority are probably well satisfied that their remonstrances have not prevailed.

Mr. EYRE has been severely punished by the premature termination of a career which had up to the date of the unfortunate transactions in Jamaica been creditable. The additional suffering which might have been caused by pecuniary embarrassment could perhaps not be justly inflicted; and as a general rule the Government ought either to censure its subordinates at the moment, or to protect them against private litigation for their public acts. Mr. EYRE's conduct received the approval of the Colonial Secretary of the day when the facts were imperfectly known; and the censure which resulted from the inquiries of the Commissioners was not without qualification. The Association which was formed for prosecuting him repelled public sympathy by a repetition of attacks when their first legal experiments had failed; and it is well known that volunteers who undertake the duty of public prosecutors are in England commonly regarded with disfavour. The attempts to obtain a committal for murder before a country bench of magistrates, and to commence proceedings on a different set of charges in the Queen's Bench, successively failed; and finally the members of the Association had the good sense to abandon their self-imposed task. The presumption of innocence is on the side of an accused person who has never been brought to trial; and on the whole the decision of the Grand Jury was in accordance with general opinion. It is possible that the prosecution might never have been commenced but for the singular indiscretion of Mr. EYRE's friends in celebrating his arrival in England with fulsome and unmerited praise; nor can he be acquitted of indiscretion in having accepted compliments which were ill applied to a Colonial Governor who had just before been dismissed from office by his superiors.

The debate was on the whole temperate and fair, although Mr. P. A. TAYLOR exhibited his usual vehemence, and notwithstanding the attempt of one or two injudicious friends to represent Mr. EYRE as a hero and public benefactor. Fortunately for his client, Sir C. ADDERLEY failed to persuade the



House of Commons that the Government was not bound to adopt the decision of its predecessor. If a vote had been taken on the merits, it is more than doubtful whether the payment of the costs would not have been refused. Vague assertions that Mr. EYRE's vigour prevented general rebellion and massacre furnished no answer to the charge that he had instigated or permitted numerous acts of severity long after resistance had ceased, if indeed it could ever be said to have commenced. The trial and execution of his chief political opponent by a scandalously incompetent court-martial was Mr. EYRE's personal act. The capital punishments and the floggings which continued for three or four weeks after the perpetration of the first and last rebellious outrage were only rendered possible either by the connivance or by the incapacity of the Governor. Sir J. P. GRANT afterwards instituted legal proceedings, probably on sufficient grounds, against various persons who had been guilty of crime or conspiracy; but the victims of Mr. EYRE's underlings were for the most part not even tried by court-martial. It seems that the Governor was possessed by an unfounded fancy that martial law once proclaimed must remain in force for a month; but even if his theory had been conformable to law, it was not requisite to exercise the arbitrary power which is only justified by the necessity of defending the community from danger. The Jamaica Legislature, since happily extinguished with the Constitution from which it derived its title, passed a vote of immunity to the Governor. His culpability would undoubtedly have been greater if he had been seized with a panic of his own than when he merely shared the terror and anger which were universal among the white population. The opinion of the Commissioners, formed on local investigation, and the deductions of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE from the depositions, must be considered to afford sufficient proof that the Jamaica outbreak was the result of a conspiracy, and that a formidable insurrection might have ensued if the original outbreak had remained unpunished. The case was therefore reduced to one of excessive severity, where some disregard of ordinary legal restraints had become necessary. Even the unjustifiable execution of GORDON was in one sense rendered less culpable by Mr. EYRE's belief that it was unjust to punish the dupes of a demagogue without dealing with the supposed instigator of their crimes. It is true that GORDON's agitation was but indirectly connected with the outbreak, and that he was never proved, nor even believed, to have promoted or to have approved the plan of insurrection. Between the two parties in the House of Commons' debate substantial justice was done; and it may be added that the speakers on both sides for the most part candidly admitted that there was some force in the arguments of their respective opponents. Mr. HARDY prudently declined to share the championship of the inculpatated Governor with Sir C. ADDERLEY; and Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, in explaining the reasons of his vote against the grant, recognized the goodness of Mr. EYRE's intentions. Only one or two extreme partisans committed the error of treating Mr. EYRE either as a gigantic criminal or as a public benefactor. The Ministers, as represented by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, were strictly neutral, although they vindicated the vote as a necessary consequence of administrative continuity.

Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY's temperate and judicial speech probably determined the vote of the House; and only Mr. P. A. TAYLOR was capable of regretting that the Recorder and his colleagues were not supported and corrected by the calm judgment of some negro coadjutor. It was in accordance with the Report of the Commission that Mr. EYRE was dismissed from office; and Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY's statement fully justified the recommendation in which he had concurred. On the other hand, the Commissioners satisfied themselves that the danger to public order had not been imaginary; and they seem to have held that the earlier measures adopted by the Governor were justifiable, though they may have been irregular. As Chief Justice COCKBURN afterwards explained, martial law, except in the limited sense in which it is sanctioned by the Mutiny Acts, is unknown to English jurisprudence. A Governor of a colony, like any other guardian of the peace, is bound to repel force by force, and to take measures against anticipated breakers of the law; but there is nothing in England or in English colonies corresponding to a state of siege. The right of hanging or of flogging rebels is analogous to the right of shooting a burglar who is in the act of robbing a house. As soon as the immediate danger is over the worst criminal is entitled to the safeguards of the regular process of law. The Commissioners approved of the temporary suspension of law; but they were convinced that the term of anarchy or of despotism had been unreasonably prolonged,

and that in the meantime the powers assumed by the local Government had been extravagantly abused by some of its officers.

In the Jamaica disturbances, and in the more recent case of the Kooka executions, there has been a salutary reaction against the old-fashioned doctrine that the rebellion of subject races ought to be punished with extravagant severity. The promiscuous application of capital, or even of corporal, punishment is a proof not of vigour, but of liability to panic. When an insurrection has been prevented or suppressed, it is inexpedient to display extraordinary excitement. Natives of Eastern and Western dependencies are fully capable of appreciating the calmness which indicates conscious power and security. The more or less disloyal men of colour who fled from the troops and police in Jamaica may probably have imagined that there must somewhere be an enemy against whom active military operations were directed. If the disaffected faction had been a little bolder, it would have been encouraged by a display of force which was entirely disproportionate to any visible opposition. There is reason to hope that during the administration of the present Governor many ancient causes of dissension have been removed or forgotten. In Jamaica alone among English colonies the tide of constitutional government has turned, and it has been discovered that two alien races cannot be safely or justly governed through the medium of a common representation. The negroes resented the supremacy of an Assembly in which the influence of the white inhabitants was predominant; and, on the other hand, the superior race naturally dreaded the consequences which might have followed the extension of the suffrage. Under the reign of common sense and justice the prosperity of Jamaica is at last reviving, and the colony is, according to the proverb, happy which contributes nothing to history.

#### THE BALLOT BILL.

THE majority of the House of Lords was wiser than its leaders, and refused to provoke a crisis on the untenable ground of the optional Ballot Bill. Whether the Duke of RICHMOND foresaw the result, or whether he really wished to take his stand on the success of his extraordinary scheme, he must be very well pleased at the result, for he has at once avoided a collision and seemed willing to undergo risk in order to defend his opinions. Neither he nor any of his friends had anything to urge in behalf of a proposal which, outside a small Conservative circle, had no supporters. He had nothing better to say for it than that Mr. FORSTER two years ago preferred an optional to a compulsory ballot for the election of School Boards. There is scarcely any similarity between the two cases, and if there were, it would not be wise to repeat a mistake simply because that mistake had been committed two years ago. But the Duke of RICHMOND naturally omitted to refer in any way to the explanation which Mr. FORSTER offered a few days ago of his conduct in 1870. Mr. FORSTER said that the Government did not wish in dealing with School Boards to prejudge the question of the Ballot as applied to Parliamentary elections. To have insisted on a real ballot for the School Boards would have been to fight the whole battle of the Ballot at that time, and so to make the passing of the Education Bill impossible. The optional Ballot is totally different from the real Ballot. It is merely a means of facilitating the voting of a certain number of the electors, and cannot in any way check intimidation or bribery. The whole purpose of the Parliamentary Ballot Bill is to check intimidation and bribery, and it is not meant to provide merely a comfortable machinery for voting. Unless there is probable ground for supposing that it will check intimidation and bribery, there is no good in it at all, and the Lords ought to have rejected it on the second reading. To permit the second reading and then to substitute a scheme which would have left intimidation and bribery exactly where they were, was a thoroughly unstatesmanlike step, and the Conservatives are very much to be congratulated on a result which will allow their discreditable blunder to be very soon forgotten. Lord PENZANCE even showed with much ingenuity how the optional Ballot might be made actually to increase bribery. A man who is inclined to sell himself may still have some shame left, and may not care to incur among his friends and neighbours the odium of having undergone a sudden and suspicious change of opinion. This restraint operates under the present system of open voting, and under the compulsory Ballot the agents will not know how the man votes, and therefore, according to the expectations of believers in the Ballot, will not buy him. But under the optional Ballot the voter was

to be at liberty, not only to vote as he does now, but to vote by Ballot, showing his voting-paper to the agent. The elector who had taken a bribe might therefore proclaim to all his circle that he was as staunch as ever to his party, then vote the other way, show his vote to the agent only, and so make sure of his money, while he continued to enjoy the reputation of having behaved honourably. Such was the system by which the Conservative leaders affected to be willing to abide, and rather than give up which they were, or seemed to be, ready to make the Government resign or dissolve Parliament.

The Peers were, however, justified in resenting the imputation made on them in the Commons, that they had got through their amendments too quickly, had not debated the Bill enough, and showed by this quick despatch of the subject that they might have easily passed the Bill last year. Nothing could do the Peers more harm than that they should have long, vehement, and apparently earnest debates, when they know, and all the world knows that they know, that the talk is all hollow, and uttered for effect only. The Conservative leaders had to decide whether they would oppose the second reading or not. On grounds of expediency they decided, and most people think they wisely decided, not to oppose the second reading. They had therefore nothing more to do on the occasion of the second reading than to record their disapprobation of the Bill, to state why they permitted it to be read a second time, and to let peers like Lord SHAFFLESHIRE, who have strong feelings and no political responsibility, have their say. When they got into Committee they had to propose and carry amendments, many of which had already been sufficiently discussed in the House of Commons. They drew up a list of points on which they required the Commons to reconsider their judgment or pass a decision. Their mistake was not that they had their amendments ready and passed them quickly, for this was only a useful saving of public time, but that amongst these amendments they inserted one which substituted a rival Bill for that which they were engaged in discussing. Nor could they have done at the fig end of last Session what they have been doing now. They have now made their amendments at a period of the Session when there has been plenty of time to discuss them, and three weeks will probably have elapsed between the adoption of the amendments and the final shaping of the Bill. If the Conservative leaders wished to make such an amendment as that of the optional Ballot, it is far better for the Government and the country that it should have been rejected after full consideration, and at a time when it is possible to get together a full House, than that it should have seemed to have been swept away unfairly by the pressure of a tiny knot of officials who stay on until the middle of August because they are allowed no choice. The Ballot Bill this Session has been fairly and fully discussed and voted on by both Houses, and the country is now in a position to try the experiment under satisfactory circumstances. The Bill is not of course perfect. No Bill so much debated and so freely pulled about was likely to be perfect. But it does provide for a Ballot which will test whether the Ballot is a good thing. It is sufficiently compulsory and not too harshly penal. The ignorance of its contents displayed by many peers, even among those of high standing and long political experience, was astonishing. Lord RUSSELL showed that he knew no more of the provisions of a Bill which he violently attacked than if it had been composed in Chinese. He seemed to think that if a voter were asked to vote for such men as Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY or Mr. WILBERFORCE, and promised to vote for them, he might at once be imprisoned, and that a Middlesex elector who had voted for Lord ENFIELD, and said he had so voted, might also be imprisoned. It is scarcely necessary to say that every elector will, after the Bill is passed, be as entirely at liberty to say before he votes for whom he is going to vote, and to say after he has voted for whom he has given his vote, as he is now. All that he will not be at liberty to do is to show to any one at the time of voting how he has voted. There is no distinct penalty imposed by the Bill on his showing this; but the Bill distinctly directs him not to do it, the prescribed course of his proceedings will make it very difficult for him to do it, and any agent who induced him to do it would be liable to very severe punishment. If he conspired with the agent to show his voting-paper for corrupt purposes he would be liable to be indicted at common law. The result in all probability will be that electors will not be able to show their voting-papers so as to make bribery or intimidation possible through the disclosure; and if this is the case, the Ballot will have a fair trial.

To try the Ballot, which must in any case be a cumbersome and painful experiment, and not to try it fairly, would

be quite unworthy of Parliament; but, as Lord GAZER pointed out, the Lords had a special reason for desiring to avoid the reproach that the experiment they were permitting was not to be made so as really to test its value. They intended to insist that the experiment should be treated avowedly as an experiment, and that the Act should only be in force for eight years. Unless during these eight years the Ballot was a real Ballot, the time would be spent, not in testing the working of the Ballot, but in agitating that the Ballot might one day be really tested. The balance of argument preponderates, we think, in favour of treating the Ballot openly as an experiment. It is indeed impossible to follow the argument of those who are pleased to assert that, if a vote could be taken, the majority of all the electors in the kingdom would be against having the Ballot at all. Any one can say this if he chooses as to any subject of political discussion. It is a mere assertion, and no one can test it. All that we know is that a majority of the constituencies has tacitly sanctioned a majority of the House of Commons in passing the Bill, and the Opposition did not think fit to challenge the opinion of the constituencies by rejecting the second reading of the Bill in the Lords. The only reason for treating the Ballot as an experiment is because it is an experiment. In one sense all new legislation is an experiment, but the Ballot is an experiment in the special sense that it is confessedly an evil designed to remove a greater evil, while no one can pretend to say in the least how it will work. Up to a certain point it may be said that its very success will make it unnecessary. It being assumed that open voting is in itself the right mode of voting, which is a point virtually conceded by all speakers in both Houses, but that open voting is made pernicious by abuses for which secret voting is the remedy, possibly efficacious, but certainly disagreeable, it follows that, if the abuses are taken away by secret voting, we may return some day without harm to open voting. In one respect this might easily be the case. Any one who will turn to the history of the Ballot in the present Parliament will find that the first serious call for it was occasioned mainly, not by bribery or the intimidation of landlords or of Trades Unions, but by the frightful lawlessness and mob violence which had disgraced many constituencies in the elections of 1868. A change in the manner of voting which might enable a man to vote in peace, and quiet people to stay at home without fear of injury to life or property, seemed worth having at any price. Scenes of violence are soon forgotten, and the impression made by the riots at the time of the last elections has to a great degree faded away. But while they were fresh in the minds of those who suffered from them, they prompted more than anything else the demand for the Ballot. There is every reason to expect that the Ballot will have an excellent effect in this direction. It will largely tend to make elections orderly, and the process of voting safe, if uninteresting. Possibly the result might have been arrived at in another way, and it may not have been necessary to have recourse to the Ballot in order to put down electioneering mobs. Still, as the Ballot has been adopted, the consequence of its being in operation on which it is easiest to rely with confidence is that of making the process of voting safe and tame. In the course of a few years the notion that law and order are to be wholly disregarded at election time may have almost died out, and then one considerable drawback to the system of open voting will have been removed.

#### M. THIERS AND MARSHAL MACMAHON.

AS the Conservatives in the French Assembly seem to have thought better of their designs against M. THIERS, it is not likely that anything more will be known as to what it was that they really intended. In one version of the story their conduct is described as being of the most innocent kind possible. They had taken M. THIERS's threats in their obvious and legitimate sense. He had told them again and again that if he found himself at issue with the majority of the Assembly upon any important question he should have no choice but to resign office. He had been at no pains to conceal the fact that there were several important questions upon which he expected to be at issue with the majority of the Assembly. The natural conclusion from these premises was that at any moment France might find herself without a President. It became the duty, therefore, of every lover of order to take thought for the uncomfortable morrow. The country could not go on without a Government of some sort, and unless the Conservatives did something to help themselves, they might find the Government to which Heaven helped them exceedingly disagreeable.

It was this conviction that led them to take counsel with Marshal MacMahon. So long as M. THIERS would consent to rule them, they would bow to his authority; but if he chose to talk of laying down his office, it was only reasonable that they should think about finding a successor. The other form of the story presents the action of the Conservatives in a very different light. They appear no longer as virtuous citizens taking counsel for their country's good. They are conspirators secretly scheming to overthrow the Republic, and determined to drive M. THIERS from power because he has refused to have any part in their designs. To men of this temper a *coup d'état* is the most natural method of compassing their end, and a *coup d'état* requires a general and an army. The man whom circumstances seemed to point out as best able to secure them these essentials was Marshal MACMAHON, and the simplest way to enlist Marshal MACMAHON on their side was to offer to make him President. They might make what professions they pleased of their intention of only falling back on this expedient in the event of being deserted by M. THIERS, but they would not have settled the details of their action with so much minuteness unless they were prepared to force M. THIERS to desert them. Notwithstanding their complaints of the personal character of his Government, what they really desired was a more personal Government still. They might hardly care whether Marshal MACMAHON restored the Empire, or the Monarchy by right divine, or the Monarchy by popular election; but they did care that he should restore something. The Marshal was sounded, and was found to be not indisposed for the part assigned to him. To what lengths the conspirators had agreed to go, or in what way the plot was to be worked out, has not been stated with any confidence. It was not necessary to be precise on these heads to give verisimilitude to the story. M. THIERS is easily provoked, and when provoked is certain to resort to his favourite menace. He would only have to be taunted into resigning office, and then be taken at his word, to give them all the opportunity they needed.

As regards the actual facts, it is probable that the first of these versions is nearer the truth than the second. The theory of a formal conspiracy may perhaps not exaggerate the hatred which the Right feel towards M. THIERS, but to all appearance it decidedly exaggerates their courage in giving effect to it. They can hardly fail to know that to depose M. THIERS—and to omit to ask him to reconsider his resignation would in effect amount to a deposition—would be to give the signal for a renewal of strife which might at any moment develop into actual warfare. There may be a few men among them of more than common impetuosity who would welcome such a result as at all events better than the existing compromise. They may argue that to sit still now is to see the Republic consolidated, and that to overthrow it when once it has been set up will be a yet harder work than to fight in order to prevent its being set up. If it be once granted that to promote the establishment of monarchies at all times and in all places is the chief end of man, there is much to be said for this reasoning. It cannot be denied that the Republic stands a much better chance of being permanent—as Frenchmen count permanence—than it did twelve months ago. M. THIERS has governed France during the interval with great adroitness, and upon the whole with great success, and each of M. THIERS's triumphs has been a fresh score on the side of the Republic. At first no one quite knew how far his professions of faith in the Government that divides Frenchmen least were really genuine. The Left half suspected him of plotting an Orleansist restoration; the Right were disposed to accept his anti-monarchical speeches as designed to wrap up monarchical intentions to be disclosed when the times were ripe for their publication. There is no room for any such uncertainty now. Whatever may be M. THIERS's secret impressions as to the constitutional future, his views as to the constitutional present have become perfectly clear. So long as he lives and governs France will continue a Republic. But whatever the fanatics of the Right may hold as to the wisdom of drawing the sword without further delay, this is obviously not the doctrine of any considerable section of French Conservatism. The majority would like perhaps to overthrow M. THIERS before he has had time to do any more mischief, but they are not prepared to overthrow him unless they can convince themselves that he and everybody else will take the overthrow quietly. There is no possibility, as things stand at present, of their arriving at any such assurance. M. THIERS might not be inclined to show much fight on his own behalf, but there are others who might be disposed to fight for him, with a view perhaps of consolidating some support from the moderate Conservatives by a

judicious use of his name. The appointment of Marshal MACMAHON as President by an Assembly which has no present claim to represent the country would be almost as declared an outrage on Republican principles as the recall of NAPOLEON III. or the restoration of LÉON V. The form of a Republic might remain, but the substance of a Republic would be gone. It is not probable that M. GAMBETTA would submit to a *coup d'état* of this kind; and until the trial has been made, no one quite knows what amount of influence M. GAMBETTA can bring to bear upon the army. Marshal MACMAHON is popular with the soldiery, but the names which are associated with the most honourable incidents of the war are those of General CHANZY and General FAIDHERBE, who in their several fashions are both Republicans. It is at least possible therefore that the only result of placing Marshal MACMAHON at the head of affairs would be to destroy the apparent unity which for the time makes the French army a power on the Conservative side. The deputies of the majority are sharp enough to make these calculations for themselves, and cautious enough not to wish to verify them by any imprudent act of their own.

It is not surprising to hear that the last move of the Conservatives has been to attempt the formation of a new party which shall be composed of members of the Right and Left Centres and shall accept the recognition of the Republic as a condition of its existence. The statement may be true or false as regards particulars, but there can be little doubt that it is a true representation of the feelings of the majority. They have found out, not for the first time, that for the present their strength is to sit still, and they feel so much compromised by the talk of their more extreme members that they are anxious to weed their ranks of such violent and unmanageable allies. The easiest way of doing this is to construct a new party. The Will-o'-the-wisp which has brought them into their present difficulty is the wish to see a homogenous majority where in reality there has been none to see. They were misled by the notion that they could construct a strong Parliamentary party which should be at once a check upon the Government and upon their own unruly allies. They have now discovered that an organization of this kind is an impossibility. A French Conservative cannot hold himself equally aloof from the Government and from the extreme Right. A Parliamentary majority can only be constructed by the aid of one or other element. To ally themselves with the extreme Right would entail consequences of the utmost gravity. To ally themselves with M. THIERS will at all events leave matters where they are. The National party, if it is ever reduced into shape, will develop no new policy; it will be content to play the same useful, though undistinguished, part that the majority has played all along, except during the interval when it has allowed itself to be led astray by men of pronounced monarchical tendencies. It will give the same grudging but effective support to M. THIERS; it will show the same external acquiescence in the establishment of the Republic, and feel the same secret irritation at the consequences of its own conduct. The upshot of all the rumours that have been flying about for the last fortnight seems to be, that the relations between the Government and the Assembly will, in all essential respects, return to what they were before the interview of the Right with M. THIERS.

#### CONSULAR JURISDICTION IN EGYPT.

IT is well that the House of Commons should at suitable intervals be reminded of the anomalous relations which exist between Eastern Governments and the European communities within their borders. Egyptian Viceroys and Ministers, having attained more than a smattering of modern civilization, naturally chafe at the restraints which are imposed by foreign jealousy on their domestic administration. Not only merchants and capitalists whose enterprise adds greatly to the prosperity of the country, but miscellaneous adventurers of all nations enjoy exemption from the ordinary jurisdiction. The cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece has happily relieved the English Consulate from the troublesome duty of protecting many unscrupulous vagabonds both in Egypt and in Turkey; but a shifty Greek in trouble often discovers that by some unexplained process he has become a subject of France or of Russia. As the Egyptian Government cannot afford to offend any of its powerful patrons, its remonstrances would probably remain without effect but for the incidental inconvenience which is felt by Europeans from the conflict of privileges among themselves. Mr. BAILLIE GORDON, who introduced the subject into the House of Commons, mentioned a duplicate litigation in Egypt between

a Belgian and a Frenchman which proceeded simultaneously before their respective Consuls. Either functionary decided in favour of his countryman, and it may be supposed that the plaintiff was practically defeated. A petty fraud in a bazaar perpetrated at the expense of Mr. COCHRANE himself might have found a precedent in cities more civilized than Cairo. In Switzerland, where there are no capitulations or foreign jurisdictions, travellers find that the local tribunals always decide against the unhappy victims of indigenous landlords or drivers. The petty grievances of tourists would hardly deserve either Parliamentary discussion or diplomatic intervention; but Egypt is, as Mr. COCHRANE truly stated, an important centre of commerce; and the facilities of trade are directly affected by the uncertainty of the law and by all impediments which disturb the regularity of administration. Although it is necessary that the lives and property of foreign visitors and residents should be protected, there is little danger of their being subjected to exceptional injustice. For more than one generation the local rulers have employed the services of European agents in almost every public department. At this moment the KHEDIVÉ's chief engineer is an Englishman, and an expedition under an English commander is, with the professed object of checking the slave trade, engaged in extending the Egyptian dominion along the upper valley of the Nile. Experience has shown the error which was committed when the construction and management of the Suez Canal were allowed to fall into the hands of French capitalists. To the surprise and disappointment of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the Canal is principally used by English shipping, and it would have been desirable that the interests of its owners should have been more closely identified with the prosperity of trade. It may be confidently asserted that unless the predominant interest in the Canal eventually becomes English the maintenance and gradual improvement of the undertaking will not be effectually assured.

The rivalry which prevailed in Egypt between England and France from the days of MEHEMET ALI to a recent period has fortunately in some degree abated. It is not likely that during the present generation France will attempt foreign conquests; and the pacific and unambitious policy of England is now generally recognized on the Continent. The Power which was two or three generations ago most actively engaged in acquiring new possessions in all parts of the world has since been the first to discover that markets are more cheaply secured by the simple process of buying and selling than by conquest. As long as the Empire includes the requisite number of ports and coaling stations at convenient distances, the multiplication of dependencies only involves useless cost and danger. Although it is probable that an English Viceroy would govern Egypt better than the Mahometan descendant of an Albanian adventurer, the advantage would accrue principally to the natives, while the possession of the province would provoke universal envy and occasional hostility. The Emperor NICHOLAS, when he offered Egypt to England as her share in the spoils of the Turkish Empire, was probably well aware that the acceptance of his proposal would have secured him the incidental advantage of a lasting quarrel between England and France. It is much better that French and English merchants should make money, while the Khedive more or less efficiently keeps the peace among the native population. An ostensibly Mahometan Government has many facilities for dealing with Arabs and African savages, although its conduct may not always strictly conform to the European standard of morality. The ambiguous position of a ruler who is not yet absolutely sovereign facilitates the exercise of foreign influence. English statesmen have consistently opposed the separation of Egypt from Turkey; but they would not less resolutely resist any attempt to reduce Egypt to the condition of an ordinary Turkish province. It is convenient that the country should be neutral, and that its fortunes should be as far as possible independent of political complications. The attempt in which M. THIERS failed, two-and-thirty years ago, to create an Egyptian kingdom under the patronage of France, was at the time ill-judged; and it is not likely to be renewed. It is not improbable that commercial residents in half-civilized regions may tend more and more to form themselves into extra-territorial communities on the model of the little republics which have been organized in some of the ports in the further East. In China and Japan even Americans cease to vex Englishmen, and Calvinist missionaries openly disapprove of the massacre of Roman Catholic priests and nuns. The necessity of associating for mutual protection is far less urgent in Egypt than in China; but traders from all parts of Christendom have in all Eastern countries many interests in common.

The anarchy which results from the present system of consular jurisdiction is universally acknowledged; and some approximation has been made to an understanding on the subject between the French and English Governments. The simple remedy of rendering Europeans amenable to the ordinary Egyptian tribunals is wholly inadmissible. It might be well that summary justice should be executed on some of the discreditable adventurers who crowd to Alexandria and Cairo from the coasts of the Levant; but it would be intolerable that English, French, or American traders and visitors should be placed at the mercy of a Cadi whose notions of justice probably correspond with those of his predecessors as recorded in the *Arabian Nights*. It seems to have been proposed that civil and criminal cases in which foreigners are concerned shall be submitted to a mixed Court of Egyptian and foreign judges. It may perhaps be right that the local authorities should enjoy an ostensible right of jurisdiction, as the Lord Mayor and Aldermen assert the municipal independence of the City of London by sitting at the Old Bailey beside the Judges who exclusively administer justice. On the other hand, it is indispensable that through a majority or by some other contrivance the European members of the tribunal should retain the virtual management of the proceedings. The difficulties of constituting a tribunal of judges accustomed to different systems of law would be overcome by the exercise of ordinary discretion and forbearance. French and English judges would soon learn to understand one another; but Oriental and European doctrines would be found practically irreconcilable. It is conceivable that, although Mahometans seem incapable of being converted to Christianity, the spectacle of Courts administering civilized justice may gradually influence native habits of thought and practice. Unlike the Turks of the European provinces, the mixed population of Egypt has been accustomed to regard the foreign residents as a kind of alien aristocracy. The dominant race are themselves few in number, and the peasantry is not sufficiently advanced in cultivation to be affected by political prejudices. The ambitious designs of MEHEMET and IBRAHIM to found an Imperial dynasty of their own are wholly obsolete. One or two of their successors adopted the opposite policy of seeking a closer connexion with the sovereign Power at Constantinople, and the Porte has on more than one occasion relied on Egyptian forces for the suppression of internal rebellion. The present VICEROY has sometimes been suspected of intending, at the instigation of Russia, to assert his independence; but, if necessary, the influence of England and France would always be effectually used to maintain the existing neutrality. The resident Consuls necessarily exercise diplomatic functions under the general control of the Ambassadors at Constantinople, but the KHEDIVÉ has not established the right of being represented by Envoys at European Courts. His rank corresponds to that of the great feudal vassals in the middle ages, and he would lose in security more than he would gain in dignity by exchanging his hereditary Viceroyalty for a precarious crown. If he desired to emancipate himself from the tutelage of European Powers, the existence of the Suez Canal, which may perhaps add largely to the prosperity of his dominions, would alone suffice to disappoint his hopes. The French projectors of the scheme may confidently rely on the support of their own Government against any local interference with their rights, and England will never consent that the highway to India should be controlled by any independent Power. The grosser anomalies which result from the claims of European residents to immunity will be gradually redressed, but any Government which may rule in Egypt must be prepared to acquiesce in many infringements of its nominal sovereignty. At present the mode of government suits all parties better than any alternative which could be suggested, although no politician would have deliberately invented the plan of an hereditary Viceroyalty.

#### THE LICENSING BILL.

THE Licensing Bill has reached the House of Commons. It is a Bill of moderate scope. It aims at improvement of the licensing authority, and strengthening the police regulations, and that is about all. As regards the former object, all reasonable persons agree in desiring to attain it. As regards the latter, the principal question is as to the hour of closing public-houses, and that must be decided by the balance of convenience, ascertained in the best practicable way. Mr. BRUCE says that he has received strong testimony that every advancing hour of the night brings with it an increasing



ratio of drunkenness. On the other hand, it is clear that any important reduction in the number of hours must be attended in large towns with such considerable exceptions as greatly to impair the value of the rule. The case of persons employed in theatres has been lately brought under attention; and it is clear that any public-house in the vicinity of a theatre, and accustomed to supply its wants, would be entitled to a dispensation from any early-closing rule. The case of attendants at early markets would be equally strong for exemption from any regulation of late opening. It may perhaps be the best way of dealing with this question to remit it for consideration by the magistrates of districts, who are necessarily acquainted with the habits and requirements of the population amid which they live. A system of special exemption from ordinary rules has the advantage that the authority conferring a privilege may impose conditions on its exercise. There is a difference easily understood, but difficult to express in words, in the manner of conducting public-houses; and it might be possible for magistrates to require that those who enjoy special advantages should do something to deserve them. At any rate, it appears that if Parliament narrows the hours considerably, it must lodge somewhere a power of relaxing its own rules. It is remarkable that the demand for restriction is now preferred with increased urgency on the ground that hours of labour are being shortened and wages are being increased in many trades, and that the time and money thus placed at the workman's disposal will be spent at the public-house. This argument, however, proves rather too much; for if a man has money and desire he will contrive to use the one to gratify the other. If he cannot drink beer in company, he will drink gin at home; or, in other words, he will transfer his custom from the publican to the grocer. It has been thought right that the provision as to closing, whatever it be, should apply to grocers as well as publicans; but obviously a man who habitually drinks gin will take care to supply himself within the hours of business. A grocer's shop is open, we will say, for thirteen hours consistently with the sobriety of the neighbourhood; but if that shop is open another hour, the temptation to drunkenness becomes irresistible. When the discussion has got as far as this, we begin to feel that it is necessary to have recourse to common sense. The publicans may reasonably complain if the grocers' hours of selling exceed their own, and equality in this respect between the two branches of the liquor trade can do no harm. This remark applies equally to any provisions against adulteration. Mr. BRUCE says that a recent examination of liquor sold in London failed to furnish a justification for the sweeping complaints commonly made of adulteration. On the other hand, it is said to be impossible to procure a glass of good, pure, and wholesome beer in any public-house, and the adulteration of gin is declared to be one of the most serious evils that call for remedy. It would be desirable, and apparently not impracticable, to discover the truth upon this branch of the subject. Let trustworthy examinations be made of samples of beer and gin purchased at various retail houses, and let the results be published. It has been lately stated in a Parliamentary paper that much harm beyond simple drunkenness is caused by the deleterious ingredients of what is commonly called gin. It may be that the "gin spinners" are unjustly accused, but at any rate it would be satisfactory to have their justification, if it be forthcoming.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON has at last said something worth quotation. According to him the grocers accuse the publicans of making all the men drunk, and the publicans accuse the grocers of making all the women drunk. He would draw the inference that both publicans and grocers ought to be prohibited, and having thus passed beyond the utmost limit of practical legislation we must decline to follow him. He was enthusiastically cheered at a recent meeting of his supporters at Exeter Hall. The supporters of the Permissive Bill assure us that they are entirely satisfied with its present position, and on this point we have the happiness to agree with them. It strikes us, however, that their leader must be rather at a loss for a new argument when he takes up the long hours of public-house business as a grievance to potmen and barmaids. There is a Bill before the House of Commons to prevent women from working in certain trades more than fifty-four hours a week, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON desires that this Bill should extend to barmaids. We are by no means sure that the young ladies in fashionable attire who preside over bottles and glasses would thank him for his interference. It may be, however, that he is prepared to prove that it is impossible for any woman to dart stimulating glances and exchange effective "chaff"

with customers for more than nine hours daily. But even if he had got as far as this, the publican might answer that his business was so good that he could afford to keep two barmaids. When any genuine complaint is produced from this class of women that they are overworked the House of Commons will doubtless respectfully entertain it. In the meanwhile we shall take leave to think that the remedy for their wrongs, if they have any, is in their own hands. Few publicans would be so blind to their own interest as to keep a woman with a grievance behind their bars. The work they have to do, unless it be done willingly, had better not be done at all.

The agitators sometimes represent themselves as engaged in educating the people, and if they really would do this instead of merely talking about it, they would have our entire sympathy in their efforts. If they would address themselves to the men who are earning more money in less time than they used to do, and would try to awaken in them the feelings of rational humanity, which by current supposition are altogether wanting, they would almost certainly do good, and at any rate they would do no harm. If they spent 100,000*l.* in maintaining an army of preachers of temperance, nobody would complain. Indeed, we should not greatly complain if they spent that amount in agitating for their favourite Bill, inasmuch as they are certain not to carry it. They are in fact undergoing the process of extinguishment. Mr. BRUCE will accept whatever amendments a majority requires in his Bill, and when the Bill has passed, the question will be done with for some time. When once it is seen that nothing beyond regulating the liquor traffic is possible, the discussion resolves itself into matters of detail, which can best be settled in Committee. Perhaps the most useful work that any journalist could perform in reference to this subject is to urge magistrates to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the law of licensing, and with the condition and wants of their neighbourhood, so that the experience of the next few years may show that they deserve the confidence which Parliament still reposes in them. The agitation for what is called popular control will die away when it is seen that things are well managed by those who now hold power. As regards the law, which is now distressingly complicated, we may hope that next year it will be reduced into one or more tolerably intelligible statutes. As regards practice under the law, the Licensing Boards for counties and boroughs, with some supervision from the Home Office, may gradually arrive at something like uniformity. The utmost, however, that can be hoped from the combined efforts of Legislature and Executive is, that public-houses shall be well conducted and not too numerous. Any proposal for direct restriction is open to obvious objections which have not yet been answered. But the same result may be obtained indirectly to an adequate extent, because it is certain that if public-houses are to be well conducted there must be some limit to their number. If, however, experience proves anything, it is this—that if the open trade in liquor be unduly checked, an illicit trade is sure to flourish. Magistrates who are popular in their districts can generally find out much beyond that which policemen report to them; and this is a point well worthy of their particular attention. They should endeavour so to apply the law as to produce the least amount, not only of apparent, but of real evil. One speaker in the House of Commons complained that the Bill as it has been brought in would leave the licensed victuallers in full possession of their monopoly. It is true that if the Bill passes the licensed victuallers will be relieved, if they conduct themselves prudently, from any alarm as to the security of their property for some years to come. The discussion of the last two years will have made that clear to many which a few saw at first—that prohibition is impossible; but regulation, if not carried too far, is desirable alike for customers and dealers. As soon as this has become clear to the minds of the bishops and clergy who have hitherto lent themselves to agitation, it may be hoped that they will return to their more immediate and pressing duty. When a Roman Catholic Archbishop appears among the supporters of the Permissive Bill, one is almost tempted to ask whether the system of religion and morality which he inculcates is believed by him to be an efficient restraint upon human appetite. If it is, he had better trust to it; and if it is not, he may be sure that no possible legislation will attain the desired end. After all, we find ourselves in substantial agreement with Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Educate people to temperance, and they will be temperate.

### THE PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION CROTCHET.

MR. MORRISON'S Proportional Representation Bill will perhaps supply some hints for a new game to amuse weary guests at country houses during the dull evenings of the ensuing autumn. Anybody who finds the arithmetic of *bézique* too easy or whist not sufficiently scientific will be charmed with Proportional Representation. If it were got up nicely, with pretty cards in a gay box adorned with portraits of Mr. HARE, Mr. MILL, and Mr. MORRISON, and with rules in rhyme, it would be sure to take. The fun of the game consists in its elaborate mystifications and amusing surprises. As many members are to be assigned to each constituency as the constituency contains "entire multiples of the quotient"—the quotient being the population of the whole country, divided by the number of members—and any existing borough which has a population exceeding or equalling "three multiples of the quotient" is to be reckoned a separate constituency. Boroughs and counties are to be mixed up with each other for voting purposes, but are to retain separate franchises. The country is to be divided into some seventy or eighty constituencies, and there is to be a general hotchpot of members for each district. Every candidate who obtains a certain proportion of votes will be at once returned. If a candidate has more votes than are necessary to secure his election, his surplus votes will go to the candidate who stands next on the list, and if any remain to the third, and so on till they are all exhausted. If after this process there are any candidates who have still not obtained a sufficient number of votes to be elected, the candidate who has the least number of votes will have to surrender his stock for distribution amongst more favoured, but not fully qualified, competitors. It is supposed that in this way every vote will tell, and that the opinion of the constituencies will be gauged with mathematical accuracy. There is another old-fashioned parlour game which nearly approaches to this. It is called Question and Answer, because a person outside a room is required to answer categorically Yes or No at hazard to questions which have been privately arranged, but have not been communicated to him. The amazement of the person who has given the answers when he learns what they imply is often very diverting. It is difficult, however, to imagine anything more ludicrous than the surprise, disappointment, and disgust which would be generally felt throughout the country at the startling results of the first elections conducted on the Proportional system. The voting would, of course, be very much at random. There are certain names which would attract foolish or fanatical persons in all parts of a district, and the consent of an imbecile minority would outweigh the discriminating votes of a majority of intelligent people who happened to have distributed their votes among a number of equally eligible candidates. If it were worth while to revolutionize our electoral system in order to secure the return of the TICHMONHE Claimant, it would be difficult to devise a more effectual scheme than that of Mr. HARE, which has been reproduced in a modified form in Mr. MORRISON'S Bill. Mr. MORRISON himself admits that the effect of the measure would probably be to introduce into the House of Commons the representation of crotchets; but he appears to be of opinion that this would be a beneficial result, and that crotchets would find a natural home in that Assembly. Everything, he said, that is new in politics and social philosophy is called a crotchet until it comes to be accepted by a substantial minority. A good deal of nonsense is often talked about the House of Commons being an exact microcosm or mirror of the country. It is quite impossible that it could ever be anything of the kind. In order to produce such a result it would be necessary to have members with infinitesimal fractions of votes corresponding to the comparative insignificance of the parties who had returned them. In point of fact, the House of Commons is only a rough and ready representation of the more weighty elements of public opinion. It is neither desirable nor practicable that the opinions of every petty clique or sect should be represented by voting power in Parliament, and it is time enough for a crotchet to make its way there when it has at its back a substantial minority capable of influencing an election.

It is difficult to imagine a more fantastic or inconsistent measure than the Proportional Representation Bill in the form in which twenty-six members of the House of Commons were reckless enough to vote for it on Wednesday. It was admitted that the Bill could not be applied exclusively to England; that it would be impossible to work it without an assimilation of the borough and county

franchises; and, further, that it would work satisfactorily only with household suffrage. Under these circumstances it would have been natural and reasonable to include in the Bill all the provisions which were essential to its practical success. Mr. MORRISON is indignant that national interests should ever be sacrificed to party interests, and he assures us that his only object is to obtain an exact representation of the opinion of the nation in all its aspects. We are bound of course to believe him when he says that it is only for the sake of simplicity that he refrained from proposing that Forty-shilling Freeholders in boroughs should cease to vote for counties, and we presume it was for the same reason that he provided for swamping the counties still further with borough votes. It may be a remarkable circumstance that in three different countries, in the United States, in Denmark, and in England, three different inquirers, without concert, should have hit upon this wonderful scheme of Proportional Representation; but this is hardly in itself a sufficient ground for recommending the adoption of a bewildering and mischievous novelty in electoral procedure. It is perhaps significant that, whereas a few years ago the United States was the model country of Radical reformers, which corrupt and decrepit England was urged to imitate as far as she could, the United States are now usually held up as a dreadful example to be carefully avoided. A considerable part of Mr. MORRISON'S speech was taken up with showing the injurious operation of American caucuses and wire-pullers. There is undoubtedly a great deal of force in his objections to the system of equal electoral districts, as being destitute of local pride, and subject to the arbitrary manipulation of party managers. The caucus system practically deprives electors, as Mr. MORRISON said, of all freedom of choice in selecting their own candidates, while it confers enormous power on a small and irresponsible clique of wire-pullers who are able to dictate the choice of the constituency, and who may be crotchety, fanatical, or corrupt. Mr. MORRISON, however, appears to have overlooked the fact that the helplessness of electors and the power of wire-pullers would be infinitely greater under the system of Proportional Representation than under that of equal electoral districts; in fact the former would include all the evils of the latter with a large addition of evils peculiar to itself. At first the fanatics and crotchet-mongers would probably have the best of it, but caucuses and managers would soon come into play. The promiscuous multitude of one of the agglomerated constituencies, scattered over a vast area and composed of the most diverse and perhaps antagonistic elements, would be utterly bewildered when called upon to make out a list of candidates in the order of preference. It would be natural to seek advice, and still more natural that advice should be offered; and the result would inevitably be the adoption of a party platform, and a list of candidates to be voted for *en bloc*. As the electors in their perplexity would almost certainly fall into the hands of party managers, the House of Commons would be chiefly composed of the nominees of caucuses, with a mixture of zealots and crotchet-mongers. The gentlemen at the Reform Club who were anxious the other day to spare the people of Aberdeen the trouble of electing a member would be able under the Proportional Representation system to concert their measures beforehand, and to impose their candidates without difficulty on paralysed and helpless constituencies. Skilled agents would after a time be masters of the elections, and the voters would be driven like sheep to the fold.

We do not know whether it is intended that this system of Proportional Representation is to be established in conjunction with the Ballot or to supersede it; but it can hardly be doubted that the tendency of the system, like that of the Ballot, would be to diminish the personal interest of the community in the election of members. The electors would soon discover that they had no alternative but to surrender themselves to the dictation of party managers, or allow themselves to be overridden by crotchet-mongers and advocates of extreme opinions. We are far from saying that, if all electors were enlightened, possessed of sound judgment, and animated by a keen public spirit, there might not be something to be said in favour of Mr. MORRISON'S proposal, or rather of Mr. HARE'S, for we believe it would be found to be practically impossible to stop short of the latter if the principle were admitted. But electors being what they are, and what they are likely to be for some considerable time to come, men for the most part of moderate intelligence and indifferent education, knowing and caring very little about politics except in so far as their own interests are immediately affected, can hardly fail to be persuaded and deceived by well-fangled schemes of mischief and misdirection. Mr.

MORRISON frankly admits that the House of Commons on the whole represents the country very fairly; but this is due, he complains, to "a series of petty accidents," and he sighs for "more scientifically constructed machinery." It has usually been thought a merit of our political system that it tries to make the best of "petty accidents," and looks rather to practical results than theoretical refinements; and the history of France is in its way equally instructive as to the value of a strictly logical Constitution and scientific machinery. It is perhaps somewhat surprising to find that the Government has no opinion to offer on this wild and preposterous measure, and especially to be told that "it does not call for an immediate decision on the part of those who would be responsible for carrying out its provisions." It would appear that Mr. GLADSTONE is preparing for the contingencies of a possible campaign, not by burning his boats, but by laying in a stock of munitions of war. The constitution of Parliament is to be kept an open question in order to provide for the exigencies of political agitation. As Mr. MORRISON candidly observed, we are on the eve of "new departures" in politics, and "as soon as the Liberal party are in Opposition, they will raise the cry of 'electoral reform.'" It will perhaps then be discovered that the condition of the agricultural labourer and the want of household suffrage in the counties are branches of Mr. GLADSTONE'S unfruitful Upas-tree which must be immediately dealt with.

#### OUR CRIMINALS.

A GREAT number of philanthropists, male and female, have been for many days discussing the important question, What is the right thing to do with our criminals? The Congress seems to have been creditably distinguished from many of those which are in the habit of gratuitously bestowing their wisdom upon mankind. A very large number of the members were really entitled to speak with authority on the subject. They brought to their task not merely a general tendency to expansive benevolence and a capacity for putting the universe to rights by the enunciation of a few truisms, but also a large amount of practical experience. There were speakers from every part of the world who had had the management of prisons on a large scale, and who fully appreciated the conditions of the problem before us. It was impossible but that many useful hints should be struck out, and we may hope that they will bear fruit in some definite reforms. But it is also true that any Congress, even if it were composed of the deepest philosophers, would have certain weaknesses. In a multitude of counsellors there is always abundance of twaddle and diffuse platitudes. That element does not appear to have been by any means absent from the Middle Temple Hall; and, moreover, the discussion ranged over so vast a variety of topics that it would apparently be quite impossible to sum up its conclusions within any limited range. Every possible question connected in any way with the treatment of prisoners, before, during, and after their punishments, seems to have been energetically discussed; and it would be quite melancholy to observe—were it not that there is some consolation in the fact—how many promising discussions were nipped in the bud under the inexorable pressure of time. One or two general principles seemed to emerge from the chaos of conflicting opinion, such as the question whether reformation or repression should be the primary object of punishment. Here, as elsewhere, there seems to have been much difference of sentiment; and yet it is obvious, when we come to look at it, that the difference is one rather of practical detail than of abstract principle. Nobody in fact would deny that it is desirable both to repress and to reform. It is plainly desirable that whilst there are criminals, which is likely to be the case for some time to come, they should have a wholesome fear of gratifying their amiable propensities. A gentleman who wishes to stamp his wife into a jelly should be made to understand that the consequences to his own personal comfort will be highly disagreeable. It is also plain that, if we can effect such a change in his character that when he returns to the discharge of his conjugal relations he will treat his wife to a new bonnet instead of breaking her head, it will be so much the better for society. The only question is how far the two objects can be reconciled. The problem is to make things as disagreeable as may be for the prisoner whilst degrading him as little as possible.

Unfortunately there are a good many people on whom our reforming agencies seem to be so utterly hopeless that the deterrent mode of action is apparently the only one available. Many of the brutes who appear before our Police Courts are all but devoid even of those rudimentary propensities by the cultivation of which alone we can hope to convert them into decent members of society; they are mere aggregations of brutal passions, utterly dead to any appeals to their consciences, and accessible to no motive but that of bodily suffering. What is the legitimate inference with regard to such persons if we are to proceed on the principle adopted by some of the speakers that a prison is to be considered as a hospital for mental diseases? If we pursue the analogy, we might be disposed to say that when a limb is hopelessly mangled the only remedy is amputation. Or perhaps it

would be more accurate to say that in this case the patient is suffering from a disease which is at once incurable and highly infectious. What excuse can we have for ever turning his loose upon society? In an essay on which we commented some time ago, called *Euthanasia*, it was argued with much ingenuity and a certain show of reason, that when a man was in such a condition that nothing remained possible for him but hopeless and prolonged suffering, the right thing was to put him to death. It was of course added that the consent of the patient should first be obtained to so decisive a remedy for all human ills. The only answer which could be made from the point of view of practical convenience was the extreme liability to abuse of such a power. Dead men tell no tales; and it would be unpleasantly easy for a wife who wanted to get rid of her husband to put an end to the unfortunate person's existence, and to set up the theory that she had acted only by the express desire of the invalid. There can, however, be no doubt that if such a system could be introduced with sufficient safeguards, it would put an end to a great quantity of human suffering. Whether that would be a sufficient justification for the practice is a question involving a great many moral and theological problems on which we cannot here enter. Though the tendency of civilization is certainly to increase the value of human life and to condemn the practice of the savages who put their aged parents out of the way from motives of the purest kindness, it may possibly be held that our scrupulousity can be pushed so far as to defeat its own ends. Some, however, of the obvious objections to the proposal do not apply to the case of criminals. Suppose it to be conclusively proved that a human being has become so utterly degraded that there are no hopes of making anything better of him, should we not be giving rather a desirable lesson to mankind by removing him altogether from the world? The moral would be not, as in the other case, that suffering is an intolerable evil, but that a certain degree of moral depravity is intolerable. You have brought yourself to such a pitch, the judge would say to the criminal, that on the whole you are a nuisance, and that there is not the least chance that you will ever be anything but a nuisance. Therefore, lie off with you! Whither, it is not our province to inquire. The other world is fortunately beyond our control, and you will doubtless be disposed of there as infinite wisdom may direct; but in this you are simply a corrupting agency, like the cholera or the small-pox, and we shall exclude you from society, to the satisfaction of mankind in general. Mr. Darwin points out in one of his ingenious speculations that, if bees have a moral sense, the working bee probably considers it as a first principle that the drones should be exterminated at a certain period of their existence. The argument is advanced to prove that morality is the creation of the conditions under which we live; and that it might be so materially altered under a change of circumstances that fratricide would become a duty instead of a crime. On principles of utilitarianism it seems to be capable of being argued that, even as things are, a very analogous duty might exist. We do not indeed feel it right to destroy drones, or there would be some horrible gaps amongst the ornamental classes; but when the drone takes to go about stinging his neighbours, why not summarily smash him? The answer would of course be obvious, and indeed is pretty much the same as that which we should make to the remedy proposed in *Euthanasia*. There would be a difficulty about drawing the line. If we were to be restrained by no moral principle, and were not to take into account the indirect influence upon the general sense of security and justice, it can hardly be doubted that a very extensive massacre might be arranged which would be productive of highly beneficial effects to the survivors. We do not agree with the gentleman who proposed to sink Ireland for a few hours beneath the level of the Atlantic, for there are many excellent people in Ireland; but the police could easily furnish a list of criminal classes whose annihilation would be no sensible drawback to the sum of intelligence and good feeling at present existing, and would render our throats and pockets a good deal safer than they are at this moment. One objection, however, to such a proceeding, which is sufficient without going further, is that neither the police nor any other body could safely be trusted with such a power. The precedent would be very awkward, and if ever our friends of the Commune should get the upper hand they might be inclined to retort upon the governing classes. We must therefore be content with the operation of the slower agencies which will, it is to be hoped, gradually lead to the survival of the fittest and the dying out of the most degraded classes.

Even in the comparatively limited case of criminals regularly condemned, the difficulty of decision makes the remedy practically impossible. We may continue to hang murderers, but we cannot hang a man simply because we pronounce him to be morally incurable. There is no sufficient test for the purpose. Atrocious crimes do not of necessity indicate a hopelessly evil nature. Many of the worst cases are simply the result of drink; and if it is possible to make a man sober, it may be possible to make him into a tolerably useful member of society. In short, the question of moral incurability is altogether too delicate a one to be solved by the rough and ready means at our disposal. We can say pretty confidently that a given criminal has committed an atrocity, and even an atrocity which deserves death; but we cannot say with any certainty that a complete change of circumstances would not make him endurable or even useful. Though, however, we do not feel able to pronounce upon the individual, we can speak with perfect confidence of the class. There are certainly a vast number of men who will never be reformed, do

what we may, though we cannot put our finger upon the particular of whom it may be truly said. From this it follows that the purely reformatory system cannot be carried out to its logical consequences, which would involve the removal of the absolutely incurable as well as the improvement of the curable. There are a great many ruffians whom we cannot kill off, or who, in other words, must remain as a permanent burden upon the country; and for them it is plain that nothing but purely deterrent agencies can be useful. The conception of a prison as a moral hospital points therefore to the ultimate ideal, but by no means to the existing state of things. It is melancholy that there should be inevitably many persons who can only be kept from mischief by simple fear. It is ardently to be wished that their number may be diminished by every means open to us, short of downright killing. It is to be wished, too, no doubt, that we should abstain as much as possible from punishments which degrade as well as deter. It is a misfortune that we are compelled to keep these criminals in awe by measures which frighten without reforming them, and tend to make them more cunning rather than less wicked. Still, under existing circumstances, the evil, however lamentable, is unavoidable.

And from this it follows that the questions at issue can only be decided by practical experience. We should be only too glad if we could hang nobody and degrade nobody. But how far criminals can be kept within tolerable bounds by measures which do not involve death or degradation is a question which can only be satisfactorily answered by those who have an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the criminal classes. Mere sentiment is certainly tempting on such matters, and nothing is more easy than to lay down general principles which have a charmingly philosophical sound. Nothing, at the same time, is plainer than that the discussion is precisely one of those in which general principles without the aid of intimate practical experience are utterly futile. We are therefore glad to see that the Congress has devoted itself, in spite of some amiable rhetoricians, chiefly to the discussion of an infinite variety of minute details. We are glad also to believe Mr. Bruce's assurance that, as a matter of fact, we are making some progress towards the satisfactory solution of the numerous difficult problems involved. The result is, however, that we must either indulge in mere platitudes or plunge into a number of small practical questions which can only be satisfactorily treated when they have taken the shape of definite proposals.

#### THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

IN a shed which for many years contained the long-lost remains of one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the newly found relics of another and still more renowned of those wonders are now to be seen. For, by an arrangement unusually in keeping with the fitness of things, the space at the British Museum which was until recently occupied by the marbles from the Mausoleum is now devoted to the first fruits of the fortunate discovery of the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus. That discovery is in itself of so interesting a nature, and the results to be expected from it may prove so important, that too much attention can scarcely be directed towards it. It is no light matter that, after so many unsuccessful attempts, the shrouding mantle of time should have been at least to some extent drawn aside, and that we should have been able to obtain a glimpse of the fallen majesty of that famous edifice which the ancients accounted the crowning effort of Ionic architecture, and which was to the people of Asia Minor what St. Peter's at Rome is to the Christian world.

From innumerable times the Ephesian river Cayster has gone on "making land," its annual inundations leaving behind them an alluvial deposit which raises the level of the plain and slowly encroaches on the sea. In the early period of their history the Ephesians kept the river to some extent within bounds, but as time went by their harbour began to fail, and, after the vigorous attempt of the King of Pergamus to clear it had resulted in failure, it was abandoned to its fate. From that period the old city which surrounded it—as distinguished from the new city built on higher ground at a later date—seemed gradually to sink as the level of the plain rose, until at last its walls lay buried beneath some twenty feet of marshy soil. The Ephesus of the present day, called by its inhabitants *Aiasoluk*, consists of "a few miserable houses, and a few hovels, some of them leaning against the pillars of the great aqueduct that strides across the plain," at some distance from the river and the marshes. Of the glories of the past but little remains. The whole neighbourhood of the modern village of Ephesus is strewn with marble relics, and where the ancient city stood lie the ruins of many vast buildings. Conspicuous among these is the Great Theatre which held upwards of 56,000 persons, and the Odeum, or smaller theatre, both of which have been cleared out in recent excavations. The Stadium and Gymnasium are also recognizable; the outline of the harbour may still be traced by the rankness of its reeds, and the city wall crops up here and there in massive blocks.

But the building for which every Western spectator of this scene of desolation long looked most eagerly, though all in vain, was the great Temple of Diana. It seemed strange that every trace of so vast an edifice should have completely vanished, though it was known that the Goths sacked and destroyed it in the third century of our era, that the Byzantine Christians subsequently

used its ruins as a quarry, probably until the time of Justinian, and that for centuries the Cayster has been yearly spreading a fresh pall of alluvial deposit above its buried remains. Successive travellers suggested various localities as its site, most of them attempting to identify it with some of the massive substructures still visible. On the Admiralty chart of the Gulf of Scamander, issued in 1836, the position of the Temple is conjecturally laid down on the north side of the city, and in Mr. Falkener's elaborate work on Ephesus, published in 1862, it is supposed to have been at the head of the harbour, on the west of the city. In the year 1863 Mr. Wood began his explorations, "with no funds" (says the Report of the Committee of the Dilettante Society, a memoir to which we are greatly indebted) "except what he ventured out of his private means, with no implements or other plant, with no dwelling-house at hand, and with no kind of assistance from others, except a firman obtained for him by the Trustees of the British Museum." Beginning with the Odeum, Mr. Wood proceeded to clear out the area of the Great Theatre, the scene of the uproar on the occasion of St. Paul's visit to the city. There he found a number of inscriptions, one of which furnished the first clue to the discovery of the Temple. After clearing out the Great Theatre Mr. Wood discovered what he had good grounds for supposing was the *Magnesian Gate* of the city. From that gate, according to Philostratus, a *stoa*, or covered portico, led to the Temple of Diana, intended to yield shelter in bad weather to processions; and outside the gate he had discovered Mr. Wood found, about eleven feet under ground, "an ancient road, with tombs on each side, pointing in a north-east direction, and at the side of this road a row of bases of square piers, such as would have served to support a *stoa* like that of Damianus." This road Mr. Wood continued to explore during the years 1867, 1868, and the first half of 1869, and in the meanwhile he discovered "another ancient way leading from a city gate near the Stadium towards the Turkish village of *Aiasoluk*," along which also were tombs and bases of piers indicating a line of portico. Thinking it probable that these roads converged towards the Temple, Mr. Wood followed their track, and in April 1869 he "struck upon the angle of the *peribolos* just where it might have been expected to be." In this wall was an inscription stating that the Emperor Augustus had rebuilt the *peribolos* wall round the Temple of the Goddess Diana. Two other inscriptions at a little distance stated the distance from the river and the width of the road at the points where they occurred. From the angle of the *peribolos* on which he had thus lighted Mr. Wood proceeded to trace the two lines of wall as far as he could. By November 1869 he had followed the western wall for about 1,150 feet from south to north; but it then bent towards the west, and no further trace of it could be found. Meantime he had sunk a number of pits within the presumed area of the *peribolos*, in hopes of lighting upon the Temple itself. In one of these he came upon "a pavement of square blocks of fine white marble, nine inches thick, laid on a level bed of black marble, as was the practice of Greek architects in laying the floors of their temples," together with two marble sculptures. "These remains lay buried under eighteen feet of alluvial deposit, the lowest stratum of which was composed of splinters of fine white marble, which appeared to have been partially calcined by fire." Proceeding with his explorations on this spot, Mr. Wood in 1870 "soon came to several drums of Ionic columns, ranging from four to five feet, of white marble, with fine joints"; by January 1871 he had enlarged the area of his excavation to about one hundred feet square, over the whole of which space drums of columns and other architectural marbles were strewn, and in February a fragment of the lowest drum of a column, six feet one inch in diameter, was found in its original position on its base. As it was clear by this time that the site of the Temple had been discovered, the explorations were continued on a greater scale.

From this sketch of the history of Mr. Wood's discovery—one for which no slight praise is due to his intelligent and unwearied perseverance—we may turn to the consideration of its products, some of which have already arrived at the British Museum, while others are on board two ironclads now, we believe, at Plymouth. Among these are, to use the words of the Report we have already quoted so freely, "the lower drum of a column, nearly entire, with figures sculptured on it in relief, and large fragments of two or more drums, similarly sculptured; also the base of a pilaster, sculptured in relief, on the same scale as the drums." These sculptured drums are evidently portions of the thirty-six columns of the Temple which Pliny describes as *calata*, or "sculptured in relief." The largest of them, which weighs eleven tons and a quarter, bears on its least injured side a composition of six figures, three of which are supposed to represent *Hermes*, *Victory*, and either *Hera* or *Demeter*. A figure in Oriental trousers occurs on the fragment of another drum; on the pilaster is a female figure, clad in a talaric *chiton*, who appears to be struggling with *Hercules*. Part of another figure is seen on the return face of the pilaster, and above the sculpture on the block are the remains of a bead-and-reel moulding. The fragments do not suffice to settle the question as to what were the subjects chosen as the sculptural decorations on the thirty-six *calata* columns, but it is probable that the sculptors selected *Asiatic* myths connected with the early history of Ephesus—a *Hittite* element by the occurrence of the figure in Oriental dress. The sculptures on the largest drum appear to have been at least well calculated for their purpose of architectural decoration, and if each drum of the thirty-six *calata* columns was adorned with similar reliefs,



each column being sixty feet high, a richness of effect must have been attained of which we have no other example in Greek architecture. Perhaps the Beautiful Gate of Herod's Temple at Jerusalem was a portico with decorations of this kind. Now that we know what Pliny meant by his *colata columnæ*, we are able to appreciate the sagacity of Professor Donaldson's conjecture that the outlines of these sculptured columns may be discerned in the representations of the Temple of Diana on certain Roman coins of the Imperial period. On those coins one of the fronts of the Temple is shown with an octostyle portico, and, on a close inspection of the columns, figures in relief are to be seen on their shafts, from their bases to about a third of their full height. It should be remarked that on those coins sculpture in the round is indicated in the pediments, and of this sculpture, which must have been on a colossal scale, we may expect to find fragments in situ.

Among the other architectural marbles sent home by Mr. Wood are two fine specimens of Ionic capitals, and a base, found in its original position with part of the lowest drum of a column still standing on it. There are also several fragments of columns on a smaller scale which must have belonged to the interior. We do not yet know enough of the plan of the Temple to decide whether these smaller pillars are to be reckoned among the 127 columns with which, according to Pliny, the Temple was adorned. Each of these, he says, was the gift of a King; and, in curious confirmation of this statement, the excavations have brought to light several fragments of inscriptions on the *torus* moulding round the bases of columns, which, in all probability, actually record dedications of such a nature. The architectural marbles present many other interesting features; some of the smaller fragments, for instance, retain traces of red colour, while the calcined surface of other marbles, and their charcoal smears, tell the sad story of some ancient conflagration in which probably perished the beautiful timber roof and the staircase cunningly wrought in vine-wood.

A survey of these fragments, taken in connexion with the narrative of Mr. Wood's operations already referred to, tells us just so much about the Temple as makes us eager for that fuller and more precise information which we can hope to obtain only when the mass of marble now cropping up everywhere under the alluvial deposit of the Cayster has been examined by intelligent eyes. Ionic architecture, which may be said to have been indigenous in Asia Minor, and to have been thence in all probability transplanted to Athens, attained its final development in the great Ephesian Temple—an edifice in which, as in the Mausoleum and the almost contemporary Temple of Minerva at Priene, we recognize, though only defaced and mutilated fragments can offer their evidence, that freshness and vigour in the execution, that versatility and felicity of adaptation in the application, which distinguished all Greek art in its best days, and still continued to be its characteristic as late as the reign of Alexander the Great, and perhaps up to the middle of his century. That is precisely the period when the history of Greek art, which we may still trace through a series of extant examples from the archaic period up to that point, breaks off abruptly, leaving a vast chasm between the reign of Alexander and the Augustan age.

Knowing as we now do something more than we did about the school of Scopas and his compeers, the next chapter in the history of ancient art should be the comparison of this school with that which immediately succeeded it, and of which Lysippus is the reputed founder and eponym; and it is on the site now being explored at Ephesus, more than perhaps on any other spot in the whole Hellenic world, that we are likely to find those missing links in the chain of evidence which Winckelmann sought for in vain in Roman galleries. Such an enterprise as Mr. Wood has undertaken ought, when once begun, to be carried out to its legitimate conclusion. Let us have, not a petty, partial, faint-hearted experiment, but a real, thorough exploration, carried out, as in former expeditions, with all the means and appliances which a liberal and enlightened Government has at its command. Otherwise envious foreigners may say that we had better have let the Temple sleep on beneath the twenty-feet-deep covering of alluvial soil in which the Cayster had entombed it.

#### MR. AYRTON AND DR. HOOKER.

A LEARNED Judge once likened a brother on the Bench who was remarkable for the rude energy with which he tore through his work to a rhinoceros in a sugar plantation. There would appear to be a good deal of the rhinoceros in Mr. Ayrton's style of doing business. From the glimpses we get of him in the course of the official controversies in which he is perpetually embroiled, he would seem to be always rushing about madly, tearing up the ground with his horn, dashing himself against trees and palisades, and occasionally by way of personal diversion ripping up some unfortunate man of art or science who has got in his way. In the last year or two we have had more than one opportunity of seeing the "noble savage" on the rampage, but the spectacle, though enlivening perhaps for those who like these exhibitions of wild fury, is not exactly a pleasant one. It is an unequal contest, to begin with. The victims chosen for attack have clearly no chance in an encounter with their hard-horned, pachydermatous assailant. They have feelings, and he has none. They are poor sensitive creatures who wince under any disparagement of their profession as much as under personal insult; and they are doubly outraged

when their art and themselves are simultaneously degraded. It may be a nice question why architects, artists, and people of that sort should consider themselves gentlemen, and expect to be treated as such; but they have at least been accustomed to this treatment; and the first shock of being addressed in the fashion in which a "ganger" navvy usually communicates with his subordinates is apt to be too much for them. The Chief Commissioner is protected by the consciousness of his own moral superiority against whatever remonstrance or reprobation may be excited by his conduct. It is true his victims might meet him with his own weapons. They might address him in the same style as that in which he addresses others; but even if he were sensitive to this kind of retaliation, he is preserved from it by the self-respect of his antagonists. It would appear that Mr. Ayrton has made it his mission to put down artistic and scientific pretensions. He loses no opportunity of screwing, brow-beating, and bullying architects, painters, sculptors, and gardeners, and making them know their proper places. Last year he was running a-muck among the architects. Now it is the turn of the gardeners. A curious story is told in a memorial which has just been addressed to the First Lord of the Treasury complaining of the usage to which Dr. Hooker, the Director of Kew Gardens, has been subjected by Mr. Ayrton. It is possible that there may be some misapprehension as to the facts of the case, and official explanations, when we get them, may throw new light upon it. But the statements in the memorial appear to be based on official correspondence, and the names which are attached to it, including those of Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Charles Darwin, Sir James Paget, Professors Huxley and Tyndall, and the Presidents of the Royal Institution, the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the Geographical and Linnean Societies, invest it with authority. We will endeavour to state as briefly as possible the substance of the complaints.

It is asserted that as soon as Mr. Ayrton found himself at the Board of Works one of his first official acts was to send a "reprimand" to Dr. Hooker. This was, as we can readily understand, "a new experience to the Director of Kew," after thirty years of public service; and it is alleged that the grounds of this reprimand were supplied entirely by the First Commissioner's own misconception. In 1871 Dr. Hooker was suspended in the control of the heating apparatus throughout the botanical establishments at Kew, which he had remodelled under the authority of a previous First Commissioner. No notice of this supersession was sent to him, no reason was assigned for it, and he was left to discover it accidentally from his subordinates. He wrote to the First Commissioner to ask whether it was true that he had been superseded, and was informed that it was true, and that he would have to "govern himself accordingly." It is asserted that the Curator of the Gardens has been removed from his duties under Dr. Hooker, and empowered in various ways to act independently, and that this step also was taken without any previous communication with the Director. Moreover plans and estimates have been submitted to the Treasury for considerable alterations in the Museum at Kew without consultation with, or notice to, the Director. These plans were however abandoned on reference to Mr. Stansfeld. Mr. Ayrton is accused of having tampered clandestinely with the loyalty of subordinate officials, and introduced into the management of the establishment a policy subversive of discipline and fraught with injury to the public service. He is said to have treated the Director with habitual, and it would appear studied, discourtesy, and to have done everything he could to make his position at Kew unendurable to a man of spirit and self-respect. Unable to obtain anything but fresh insults in reply to letters of inquiry addressed to the First Commissioner, Dr. Hooker turned to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone referred the matter to Mr. Ayrton, and appears to have been satisfied with the explanations he received. On a subsequent application from Dr. Hooker, the subject was remitted to a Committee of the Cabinet, over which Lord Ripon presided. The Committee decided that Dr. Hooker was to be treated in all respects as the head of the botanical establishment at Kew, but "of course in subordination to the First Commissioner of Works." Dr. Hooker is naturally anxious to obtain a more distinct and definite interpretation of his duties; and he has applied to the Treasury to determine whether he is to have the control of the heating apparatus, and to be consulted with regard to the estimates and any proposed changes in the organization and management of the Gardens.

It can scarcely be necessary to remark that one story is good until another is told, and that the memorial gives us only one side of the controversy between the First Commissioner and Dr. Hooker. We have yet to learn what Mr. Ayrton has to say for himself, and it is possible that on some of the points which have been raised there is room for argument. But the argument must not be allowed to take too wide a range. Whether it is or is not desirable that Dr. Hooker should exercise supreme and undivided authority over the establishments at Kew is a question which may be conveniently postponed. The most serious part of the accusation against Mr. Ayrton is, as it seems to us, not that he superseded Dr. Hooker in some of the duties he had previously discharged as Director, but that he superseded him in a grossly offensive and insulting manner, without complaint and without notice, so that Dr. Hooker had not only no opportunity of justifying himself, but was left to discover his supersession casually from one of his own subordinates. We have here a simple question of fact, as to which there should

be no beating about the bush. Either Dr. Hooker was superseded in the way he alleges or he was not. If he was not, he must be the victim of an extraordinary hallucination; if he was, there can be only one opinion as to the First Commissioner's conduct. It is incredible that the head of a great public department should be exposed to this kind of petty spitefulness and boorish insolence. We hope that Mr. Ayrton will be able to refute the charge, but it is impossible not to have a painful recollection of other incidents of a too similar kind which have distinguished his not very glorious career at the Board of Works. We have no desire to reopen the Barry controversy, but it will be remembered as a conspicuous example of our Edile's unhappy manners, or rather want of manners. There is a kind of surly gruffness which in the vulgar mind is apt to be associated with honesty, if not deemed an indispensable ingredient of it. Mr. Ayrton perhaps aspires to be known in history as "honest," and if rudeness and honesty are synonymous he may be acknowledged to have fairly earned the coveted appellation. It is obvious that a man must be of a very superior moral constitution to his fellows when he disdains the weak dissimulation of calling a vault a crypt, and exercises his ingenuity in inventing impertinent answers to the simplest questions which are addressed to him on matters of business in the House of Commons. When Mr. Ayrton entered on his present office he claimed the confidence of Parliament and of the public in his administration on the ground of his utter ignorance of art. His knowledge of botany is probably on a par with his knowledge of art, and we are ready to believe that in each case his native sagacity is equally unerring. It may be suggested that Mr. Ayrton perhaps pushes the converse of his pet theory a little too far. It is impossible to relieve Dr. Hooker from the imputation of possessing a profound knowledge of the science to which he and his father have devoted their lives and the greater part of their means. So far we are bound to admit the worst that Mr. Ayrton can urge against him. It is impossible to get over the damning evidence of such authorities as Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Darwin, Professors Huxley and Tyndall, and the other memorialists, who do not attempt to deny that Dr. Hooker is "a man of whose scientific labours any nation might be proud, and whose natural capacity for the post he occupies has been developed by a culture unexampled in variety and extent." It is clear that on Mr. Ayrton's principle, Dr. Hooker is quite unfit to be entrusted with the management of botanical collections; he knows too much about them. Without disputing the soundness of the theory, it may be hinted that there are exceptions to every rule, and Dr. Hooker may be an exception to this one. There are, at least some facts to sustain this conjecture. Dr. Hooker and his father have managed Kew Gardens since they were first transferred to the nation in 1840; and it is admitted that they are now the finest establishment of the kind in existence. Kew has become not only a great nursery and museum, but a model school of universal horticulture. From Kew seeds and plants and skilled gardeners are distributed over the world. It is stated in the memorial that the present Director has to a great extent remodelled and reorganized the Gardens, at a great saving in outlay, without any sacrifice of efficiency. All this, however, has really nothing to do with Mr. Ayrton's alleged treatment of a responsible public officer. Dr. Hooker may or may not be fit to manage the collections at Kew. If he is not fit, he should at once be removed; but while he continues to hold office, and to bear the responsibilities of office, he is entitled to know what is being done in his own department, and to have an opportunity of expressing his opinion on the estimates and on any changes which may be in contemplation.

Should the statements in the memorial prove to be correct—and, as we have said, nothing can be easier than to ascertain this—it will be the duty of the House of Commons, if the Government declines to take the initiative, to make Mr. Ayrton understand in some very sharp and decisive manner that it is not part of the duty of a Parliamentary official to treat the permanent advisers of his department with "personal contumely" and studied insult, and to neutralize their efforts by intriguing against them behind their backs, and inciting their subordinates to disregard their authority. Every one must admire the indomitable austerity and persistent insolence of Mr. Ayrton's demeanour, on which the softening influences of official life have produced no effect whatever; but perhaps this kind of heroism would be more admirable elsewhere than on the Treasury bench.

#### AACHEN REVISITED.

**T**HOROUGHLY to get up any city or district in its historical relations is rather a long business. We believe that, in order to be thoroughly master of any place, a fourfold process is needed. The traveller should first arm himself with a general knowledge of the history of the place and of all that is to be seen in it. He will thus be able to examine the objects themselves in an intelligent way, to understand their history and meaning, and to go through the process implied in the Aristotelian phrase of *rovro iavrov*. Then let him go home and study all his materials afresh by the light of the local knowledge which he has thus gained. The difference between reading the history of a place which we have seen and of one which we have not seen is simply infinite. When we read of spots, buildings, natural objects, which we have ourselves looked on and examined, the story gains a force and

depth and meaning which makes all the difference between a living thing and a dead one. We feel at home in the place of which we are reading, and we feel as if the men of whom we read were our personal acquaintance. Then, lastly, having done this, it is well to see the place a second time by the light of the livelier knowledge thus gained. We are now in a position to correct any mistakes which we have made in our first visit, and generally to bring our book-learning and the evidence of our own eyes to illustrate and strengthen one another. Every place, every part of every place, should, whenever it may be done, be visited twice, even if the two visits happen with only a few hours' interval on the same day. There is something in the process of recollection, another form of the *rovro iavrov* process, which makes the impression far keener than if the object be looked at only once. Even if a man has only an hour to give to an object, he will learn more by giving it in the form of two distinct half-hours. But this work of re-visiting reaches its highest form when we come the second time charged with all the knowledge gained by a comparison of our earlier memories with the written history of the place.

Sometimes, again, a visit to one place makes it almost a duty to make a second visit to another place. Two or more places are often so closely connected that the history of the one is imperfect without the history of the other. The connexion may be of various kinds; the same great names may be common to both; the events which happened at one may have had a direct influence on the events which happened at the other; the two places may actually stand to one another either in the relation of sisters or in that of child and parent. Or again the connexion, though not so direct as this, may be none the less true and instructive. The two places may hold the same position in the history of their several countries or of the times when they were severally most famous; the comparison may be instructive through the likeness or the unlikeness of the two physical sites, or through the likeness or unlikeness of the buildings which have been raised upon them. In all these ways, whether by likeness or unlikeness, by direct cause and effect or by mere analogy, one place illustrates another, and the traveller is constantly led to form the fruitless wish that he could suddenly spirit himself away from one spot to another far distant. The architectural inquirer would be well pleased if he could place the apses of Köln and Amiens side by side. He would be still better pleased if he could fly suddenly from the banks of the Wear to the banks of the Arno, and see the glories of Northern and Southern Romanesque, Durham and Pisa, in successive hours. And he would be well pleased again on such a Utopian ramble if he could stop on the way by the banks of the Rhine, and compare the metropolitan church of Germany, the stately and varied forms of the great minster of Mainz, with the buildings on each side of it which have so much in common with it and yet so much that is unlike. Here the connexion is one only of analogy and of contrast. But when we stand in St. Mark's, while we look at the intermediate building, we feel that the survey is imperfect, because we cannot see at the same glance its parent church at Constantinople and its daughter church at Périgueux. In all these ways one spot illustrates another, and as, even in the days of electric telegraphs, the laws of time and space cannot wholly be got rid of, the best thing is to take every opportunity of seeing one of two places thus mutually connected with a mind still full of the memories of the other.

We have been led into this train of thought by a comparison of the feelings aroused by three visits, under three different sets of circumstances, to Aachen, the city of the Great Charles. To many travellers Aachen—Aiken, as our forefathers called it, with a nearer approach to the true speech of the country—and its minster will be their first German city and their first German church. There they may see for the first time on a gigantic scale the tall aisleless apse with windows of boundless height, which so clearly fences off the churches of Germany alike from the square ends of England and from the surrounding chapels of France. But setting aside this one feature, there is nothing about Aachen which specially connects it with German buildings rather than with the buildings of any other part of Christendom. It is rather one of a class belonging to no particular land, but scattered here and there through all lands. The round or octagonal church, very commonly with a choir added to the east and a tower added to the west—three things which can never be brought into real harmony with one another, but which from their very incongruity always produce a striking effect—is found scattered here and there from Jerusalem to Northampton, more common in some countries than in others, but everywhere rare enough for each particular example to have a sort of personal interest of its own. The Temple Church in London and the renowned St. Gerson at Köln are among the examples which will occur to every one; but the peculiar effect of Aachen is best realized on a far humbler scale in the church of St. John at Liège, which we spoke of in a former article, and in the church of St. Sepulchre at Northampton—we speak of this last as we knew it years ago; we believe that additions have lately been made to it. In all these three, without any kind of likeness in any other point, we find the three elements placed close together, but which no art can really fuse into one whole—the western tower, the central round, and the eastern choir. But the city which connects Aachen, and the church with which Aachen Minister really connect themselves are not to be looked for on either English or German soil. Aachen can never be so well understood as with the mind fresh from the memory of Jerusalem, and the Imperial Minister better takes its place in the general vision of things than

look at it with a constant reference to its parent church of St. Vital.

The connexion between Ravenna and Aachen illustrates well nigh all those different forms of relation which, as we have said, bind one building or city to another. Among all the cities of the earth these two stand forth as the chosen homes of Teutonic dominion. To the student of the general history of our race no spots can speak like the city of Theodoric and the city of Charles. Each is, as it were, the crowning-place of one of the two great branches of our race, and we in our island cannot forget that the elder and the nobler of the two was the crowning-place of that branch whose kindred to ourselves was the nearer. We honour the Frank, we feel our common blood stirred by the vision of his greatness; but in the Goth we have our ten parts, as speaking that oldest form of the common tongue from which we have, after all, changed less than Frank, Swabian, or Bavarian. But the Goth ruling over Italy in a Roman city, according to Roman law, and the Frank translating the seat of the Roman power to a city of its own Northern land, alike set forth the twofold and mutual conquest—the way in which the Teuton bore rule over the Roman, and the way in which, in return, the Roman led captive his conqueror. The Goth who on Italian ground remained King only of his own people, and the Frank who on German ground reigned as Cæsar and Augustus, each played his part in the same great work. But they severally mark two stages of it. In the state of things under Theodoric we see the stage when the Roman and the Teutonic elements stood distinct and side by side. In the state of things under Charles we see the stage when the two were rapidly fusing together into a third different from either. But of these several stages, and of the work in which they were stages, Ravenna and Aachen stand out as representatives beyond all other cities of the earth. Nowhere else do we feel so thoroughly in the presence of the Teutonic lords of Rome, lords who were at once conquerors and disciples. In the local Rome the names even of Theodoric and Charles would be simply two in the long series of the mighty ones of history. And in the local Rome neither Theodoric nor Charles ever dwelled. To be its masters was their highest glory; they visited it as the venerable centre of their dominion; but it was not their home in life and their resting-place in death. For that and they chose Ravenna and Aachen; and as such Ravenna and Aachen stand together, apart from all other spots on earth, the cradles of the two mightiest forms that Teutonic dominion ever took.

As regards the buildings of the two cities, the connexion is of the closest possible kind. It is a connexion of cause and effect, and indeed of something closer still. The greatest building of Aachen is a direct copy of the greatest building of Ravenna, and for more than one building in Aachen Ravenna actually supplied the materials. The round of the Minster at Aachen beyond all doubt reproduces the round of St. Vital, and columns from Ravenna, though certainly not from St. Vital, were used to adorn the churches and palaces which Charles raised, both at Aachen and at Ingelheim. The letter is well known in which Pope Hadrian gives leave to the Frankish King and Roman Patriarch to remove columns and marbles from the palace of Ravenna, and there can be no doubt that some at least of the monoliths which adorn the dome at Aachen, which the eye now dimly sees through piles of scaffolding, were once among the enrichments of the fallen house of the great Goth. The man whom at Aachen we revere as a founder, we are tempted at Ravenna to curse as a destroyer; but the spoliation of Theodoric's palace has at least brought about what we might almost call a material identity between the two most famous spots in the transitional period of European history.

As regards the two men themselves, the Kings who each for a while raised his city to at least the second place on earth, their fate has in it a strange mixture of likeness and of unlikeness. The work of Theodoric died with him. No successor was found worthy to fill his place, and the very name of his kingdom and dynasty soon perished from among men. The power founded by Charles lived on in name within the memories of men now living, but it was but in name that it lived on, and the noblest part of his work has been just done over again before our eyes. As for the mortal remains of the men themselves, they have gone the way of the mortal remains of most of the mightiest men of the world's history. As we seek in vain for the dust of Harold at Waltham, or the dust of William at Caen, so we seek in vain for the dust of Theodoric in the resting-place reared on high beneath his own mighty monolith, and we seek no less in vain for the dust of Charles beneath the huge slab which bears his name within his own minster. Bigotry cast forth the bones of the barbarian and of the heretic; reverence removed the bones of the hero, the founder, the reputed saint, that his fragments might be exposed to the same degrading veneration as any stray relic to which fancy or legend might have attached a memorable name. In the view of what we venture to think a higher feeling of reverence, such is alike removed from his own place, such is alike cast forth from the sepulchre which he had himself wrought for his own resting-place.

As regards the present state of the two cities, no contrast can well be greater. At Ravenna we have no temptation to think of aught but the past, of those few wondrous ages of the past of which Ravenna has, as it were, the sole possession. The monuments of those times meet us at every step; tombs and churches, towers and palaces, such as no other spot on earth can show, are strewn, as by a magic hand, from one end of the city to the

other, and there is hardly enough either of modern life or monuments of later times to disturb us in their contemplation. From Aachen, as from Ravenna, her dominion has passed away; she is no longer

Urbs Aquenens, urbs regalis,  
Regni sedes principalis,  
Summa regum curia;

but in the general aspect of the city the present has swept away the past. It is only while we keep within the shadow of his minster, or look on the one surviving fragment of domestic building which speaks of his age or of the age of his early successors, that we really feel that we are in the city of the Great Charles. Go where we will, there is nothing to set against that one city which seems preserved as a fossil fragment of a world which has passed away, of a world which in some sort had its own being within its walls. The true life of Ravenna has been kept safe and sound by its shiding death; at Aachen, as in a crowd of other places, the life of the past is well nigh choked by the continued or revived life of the present.

#### ACROBATS.

IF every other subject of legislation had been exhausted, if all the great and crying evils which afflict society had been set right, and the world made nearly perfect by Acts of Parliament, it might perhaps be worth while to think about passing the Acrobats Bill which Lord Buckhurst has just persuaded the House of Lords to read a second time. The Bill is to be sent to a Select Committee, and if there is a law lord on the Committee we shall possibly hear no more of it. A question has lately been raised as to what the country has a right to expect from ex-Lord Chancellors, and we should certainly say the country has a right to expect them to make short work of such Bills as this. It belongs to the category of impulsive legislation. Something occurs which strikes the fancy of an amiable legislator as very sad and shocking; he remarks himself, or he hears somebody else remark, that this sort of thing really ought not to be allowed; and forthwith he proceeds to bring in a Bill to put a stop to it. He does not pause to consider whether the object he has in view, however good in itself, is of sufficient importance to justify the interposition of the State in this solemn manner; whether it is an object which can be effectually attained by legislation, and in no other way; or whether the legislation he proposes may not do as much harm as good. After a few discussions he probably discovers that his Bill is either so loose and wide that the mischief aimed at is pretty certain to escape, or so close and stringent that a great deal more will be caught in the net than he intended, or than Parliament would permit; and so the pretty project is abandoned. The general purpose of Lord Buckhurst's Bill is very plausible. It can hardly be pretended that the performances of acrobats and gymnasts are essential to the moral or intellectual welfare of the nation. They too often appeal to a barbarous and brutal passion for thrilling sensations, and the exhibitions of Female Blondins and little children trundled on wheelbarrows on a high rope are not only revolting in themselves, but an outrage on public decency. On the other hand, it may be taken for granted that little boys are not trained to be acrobats without a good deal of suffering, and occasionally a bad accident, either at rehearsal or in their public displays. A number of juvenile acrobats are maimed while learning the art; now and then one is killed; and even when they have acquired sufficient dexterity to appear in public they are sometimes in peril of life and limb. It will be admitted that it would be in itself a good thing if children could be protected from this kind of danger. It may be said that if grown men and women choose to run the risk of breaking their own necks in gymnastic feats they have a right to do so, but that they have no right to imperil children who are not yet of an age to exercise their own judgment or free will in the matter. This is Lord Buckhurst's view. He proposes that children under sixteen years of age should not be allowed to take part in any gymnastic performance; and a fine not exceeding £1. is to be imposed on any person who hires out or derives a profit from a juvenile acrobat or gymnast, and on the owner of the hall where the young gymnast goes through his performances. Turning to the Interpretation Clause, we find that "gymnastic performance" is to be held to mean any gymnastic or acrobatic exercise or performance practised or given by way of trade and for the purpose of gain whereby the life, limb, or health of the person so engaged may be endangered or injuriously affected. It will be observed that a gymnastic performance is defined to be a gymnastic exercise, which reminds one of the famous definition of arch-diocesan functions; but no attempt is made to interpret "acrobatic." It is important to inquire whether a Bill thus worded would not apply to every kind of dangerous occupation, as for example to jockeys, stable-boys, ship-boys, and so on. In Webster's Dictionary acrobat is defined as one who moves high, one who practices high-vaulting, rope-dancing, &c.; and the sailor boy certainly moves high enough and practices dangerous feats on the ropes, and does this "by way of trade and for the purpose of gain."

In the debate on the Bill, those who supported it made good use of what they asserted to be the analogy of the Factory and Mining Acts. It was asked why protection should be afforded to children in mines and factories, and not to children employed as acrobats. One obvious reason why it is at least less necessary to protect young acrobats is that the latter are comparatively few

in number. Assuming that the performances of the acrobats furnish the public with legitimate and innocent amusement, and that the only reason for suppressing them is the peril of life and limb to which the performers are themselves exposed, it can hardly be said that Lord Buckhurst made out a sufficient case for what the manager of a circus has called "this terrible and absurd Bill." Lord Buckhurst mentioned a recent instance of a boy of fourteen being killed by a fall from a high trapeze; but Lord Morley says the Home Office has made special inquiries on the subject, and that accidents of this kind are by no means so frequent as is supposed. Some of the feats of the acrobats are unquestionably dangerous, but it must be remembered that it is part of their business to make them appear more dangerous than they are. It will probably be found that their ordinary exercises are dangerous only in appearance, or at least infinitely less dangerous than riding a vicious horse or climbing the rigging of a ship in a high wind. If boys under sixteen are not to be allowed to engage in any dangerous occupation, there is as much reason to interfere in the case of stable-boys and ship-boys as in the case of acrobats. It was very proper that the barbarous practice of employing climbing-boys, who were sometimes burned or suffocated in the chimneys through which they had to pass, and whose health necessarily suffered from the bad air, the soot, and the painful contortions of climbing, should be put down; but no comparison can be drawn between climbing chimneys and going through the ordinary tricks of a young acrobat in the circus. It is part of the training of an acrobat to know how to fall when he misses his tip. An elderly gentleman who has taken his boys to see some ground and lofty tumbling no doubt thinks it dreadful that one should have to gain a living by apparently violent dislocations of his limbs, and would be horrified at the thought of his youngsters engaging in similar exercises. Yet it is doubtful whether there is not as much real peril in the playground, in the modern style of cricket, with cannon-ball bowling, or in foot-ball in the approved Rugby fashion, to say nothing of boating and hunting. Lord Buckhurst may perhaps not be aware that the effect of his Bill, if it became law, would be to put down gymnastic performances altogether. Everybody knows the difference between learning to ride as a boy and as a man; and the difficulty of acquiring the suppleness and confidence which are essential in acrobatic feats after the first period of boyhood is passed is said to be so great, that practically one can hope to be a skilful acrobat who has not been trained when very young. It cannot be pretended that ground and lofty tumbling is an indispensable element in our civilisation, and if it were to be immediately struck out of the list of popular amusements, we do not know that anybody would be much the worse for it, except the poor people who would thus be shut out from earning a living by their agility. But it is not desirable that the State should interfere with such matters except on very strong grounds, and with a distinct perception of all the consequences of legislation. We are afraid that the dangers of impulsive legislation are greater than those of acrobatic exercises.

It is to be hoped that the Select Committee on Lord Buckhurst's Bill will not fail to seek out and examine the boy to whom Lord Shaftesbury referred as a shocking example of the mental and moral consequences of gymnastic training. The lad, who had been sent to school after a course of acrobatic discipline, used—so Lord Shaftesbury assured the House of Lords—to rush away from his class and stand upon his head in a corner, and unless he was allowed to do this for three or four minutes he was perfectly unable to go through his lessons. Lord Shaftesbury's conscientious precision and literal accuracy of statement are so well known, we might say so notorious, that we do not for a moment question the truth of the story in any of its particulars. It is possible however that, if the boy could be got hold of, he might throw some light on the motive of his eccentric conduct. It might appear that it was the school lessons, the vexation of rule-of-three and the maddening influence of fractions, which led him to seek relief by stretching his legs in the air; or he may perhaps have found that he could in this attitude reflect more calmly and profitably on the knowledge he had just imbibed, and that he returned to his place refreshed and invigorated. We never had the advantage or disadvantage of acrobatic training in early life, but we can recollect at school having had at times a strong conviction that a little muscular relaxation would be an agreeable interlude in the course of lessons; and even in later life, at church and elsewhere, when suffering under a severe attack of verbose exhortation, we have been haunted by similar wild desires. The passion of Lord Shaftesbury's young friend for turning himself upside-down, and surveying life in a reversed attitude is certainly suggestive. It is possible that from this point of view some things in the world might seem less topsy-turvy than at present. It is getting to be understood in these days that all the old conventional points of view, especially in political and theological matters, are very misleading, and that the only way to secure a philosophical breadth of mind and emancipation from all prejudices is to change one's standpoint as often as possible. When Mr. Cowper-Temple calls out for more variety in religion, and Dean Stanley rushes about seeking all manner of strange pulpits to preach in, the Abbey and Prayer-Book being so stale to him now, they are perhaps only obeying a similar instinct to that which led the ragged schoolboy to stand on his head. There is no saying what good results might not be anticipated if the House of Commons could only be persuaded now and then to break off a heated discussion, and to look at the question before it calmly with its legs in the air. Mr. Sanger,

the proprietor of a travelling circus, has undertaken, in a letter to the *Times*, to show that, instead of putting down acrobats, the State ought to foster and encourage them. Mr. Sanger does not go so far as to propose that acrobatic exercises should immediately be introduced into the public schools, or that chairs of gymnastics should be founded at the Universities. But he thinks "it would be well if the Government would appoint some person to inspect the entire business of the training of acrobats." So far from being painful or injurious, "the practice is more like the most genial recreation, and calculated to develop the symmetry and promote the growth of youth than anything else." And then he draws a melancholy picture of the desolation of England when all acrobats shall have been suppressed by morose and tyrannical legislation:—"No tight-rope dancer, no acrobat, no sprite for your Christmas pantomime, no harlequin whose quick and graceful point of the toe lends a charm to the whole body, no columbine who cuts eight and lends so much delight by her graceful and perpetual positions and dancing." The gaiety of at least one nation would be eclipsed, and life would offer nothing worth living for. This is a terrible picture, and it is impossible to contemplate it without emotion. Between these two extremes, Lord Buckhurst on the one side, and Mr. Sanger on the other, the common sense of the matter will be found. It may be desirable to prohibit very young children, say under eight or nine, from being engaged in public acrobatic performances, and some of the more dangerous and disgusting feats which are performed by adults as well as by youngsters might perhaps be put under an interdict. In any case the wire netting under the trapeze and other precautions might be made compulsory. But nothing can be more objectionable than rash, ill-considered legislation under the impulse of a passing sentiment, and without regard to the indirect consequences of the principle enforced.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC PRISON CHAPLAINS.

THE International Prison Congress is greatly exercised about the moral reformation of prisoners. Indeed many of the speakers seem to consider this, rather than the prevention of crime, the main, if not the only, object of legal punishment. One enthusiastic lady orator, who is so zealous a champion of woman's rights that she indignantly protests against the most degraded of her sex being called "fallen women," broadly maintains that in every case "society, and not the criminal," is the real culprit; she never sees a prison van without comparing its unfortunate occupants to the discarded neckties which Beau Brummel's valet used to carry away from his master's dressing-room and called "our failures." "For she (Mrs. Howe) looked upon prisoners as the failures of the world, and as proving the want of social justice." We are not going now to discuss this somewhat sentimental view of the question, but it will be admitted on all hands that the moral treatment, especially of juvenile delinquents, is one important item of prison discipline; and accordingly it has always been thought necessary, as was expressly affirmed in an Act of Parliament of fifty years ago, to bring religious instruction and influence to bear upon prisoners. We are not surprised, therefore, that the duty of providing them with religious instruction according to their own belief should have been dwelt upon by one of the Belgian delegates, who objected that this principle was not adequately recognized in England. Nor can we think the answers given by Mr. Hastings and Sir John Pakington at all satisfactory. It is true, no doubt, that prisoners are allowed the services of ministers other than those of the Established Church, if they choose to demand them, and that, as both speakers rather oddly expressed it, "it is even open to magistrates of counties to appoint and pay Roman Catholic chaplains"; which, however, they often refuse to do. But this by no means proves that Roman Catholics have equally with Protestant prisoners "the full advantage of religious instruction from ministers of their own religion," and the contrary is notoriously the case. Sir John Pakington's plea is, in fact, precisely that which was urged two years ago by Mr. Newdegate when opposing Mr. Maguire's original motion for a Select Committee, and which was felt to be so utterly inadequate that the motion was carried by an overwhelming majority, and Mr. Bruce promised to introduce a Bill on the subject—a promise which he very characteristically fulfilled last year by first introducing and then withdrawing a Bill to remedy the existing grievance. It is hardly necessary to repeat here what we have often urged before now, and what experience has abundantly proved, that to leave the appointment of Roman Catholic chaplains to the option of the local magistrates is to leave the spiritual interests of the Catholic prisoners—which are in this case also the interests of society—at the mercy of a class of men far more open to the narrow influences of religious sectarianism than to broader considerations of humanity and justice. And when the object is to instruct and reclaim criminals, who may be reasonably assumed as a rule to "hate instruction," the absurdity of making the process dependent on their "requiring the attendance of a priest" must be conspicuous to all who do not at bottom hold, with Mr. Whalley, that Popish instruction is worse than none. They virtually admit as much when they tell us whether rightly or not we cannot say—that only four per cent of the Catholic prisoners do, under the existing system, "require" the services of a minister of their own persuasion. We doubt the accuracy of the statement, but if it is accurate, to make the worse for the system. And it must be borne in mind that, so long as



of the obstacles often thrown in the way of the attendance of a Roman Catholic priest, there are very strong indirect inducements to Catholic prisoners who are not very keen about their own reformation to enter themselves as Protestants, if only to avoid being locked up in their cells during the Protestant service, which would otherwise be something of a relaxation to them. On every ground, therefore, of expediency and justice we hope that the Prison Ministers' Bill will not be again withdrawn this year by the Government, who are perfectly able to carry it through with half the trouble they have taken about many more ambitious measures of far less obvious utility.

Two petitions which have recently been published—one for and one against the Bill—very fairly gauge the true merits of the case. The latter, which has 476 signatures, and was presented by Mr. Kinnaird, professes to emanate from members of "the Evangelical Church, Nonconformists, and other inhabitants of Plymouth." It may seem hypercritical to take exception to the heading, but we must venture, at the risk of betraying profound ignorance of matters ecclesiastical, to confess our perplexity as to what is meant by members of "the Evangelical Church." Such is, we are aware, the proper and legal designation of the established Protestant Church of the German Empire, founded by the late King of Prussia from a fusion of the Lutheran and Calvinistic bodies, but we were not aware of any Dissenting sect in England having assumed the same name. And, moreover, as the Evangelical Church is here sharply distinguished from "Nonconformists" generally, we are almost left to infer that it is either a new designation of the Establishment, or a sobriquet for the Evangelical party; and in either case greater accuracy of definition would have been convenient. Passing over these preliminary difficulties, however, we come to the substance of the petition, which demands on ten separate grounds the rejection of the Prison Ministers' Bill, very incorrectly described in the preamble as a measure for "the establishment and endowment of Roman Catholicism." The petitioners, who describe themselves as penetrated with the "deepest shame, and grief, and alarm," at the bare prospect of such an enactment, object first to the title of the Bill, on the somewhat irrelevant ground that Roman Catholic priests "are not ordinarily called ministers"—a term which they will perhaps learn with still deeper shame is not unfrequently prostituted to this profane use in the rubrics of the Roman missal. Their second point, which alone even touches on the real issue, simply repeats Mr. Newdegate's and Sir John Pakington's illusory assertion that the measure is wholly unnecessary because at present the Romish prisoner can see his priest whenever he pleases—which is quite untrue practically—and the Justices can appoint a Romish chaplain whenever they please—which is true, only they usually do not please. On this item of their plea we should like to ask the petitioners one simple question. Would either of these concessions, insufficient as they are, have been allowed had the matter rested with them; and would a Roman Catholic chaplain be appointed in any single prison of which they had the control? Their remaining eight points contain just so many emphatic replies to this question. For if they mean a word of what they say, they would be committing a most terrible sin against God and man by sanctioning any appointment of the kind; in fact, they tell us plainly that it will be a duty rather to submit to persecution than to pay rates levied for so iniquitous a purpose. Their language has at least the merit of being tolerably explicit. We can only cull a few flowers of this pious rhetoric, which reminds us a little of the answer given, if we remember rightly, by the Church Association to the proposal that it should tackle Rationalist as well as Ritualist errors. It was necessary, they observed, to vindicate the Protestant character of the Church of England before its Christian character could be successfully maintained. The Plymouth petitioners have certainly established their Protestant orthodoxy, but on the Christian charity of their programme opinions may differ. Our readers shall judge for themselves.

They assure us that, as "lovers of God's Word, mindful of the labours and sufferings of Reformers, Covenanters, and Puritans," &c., they "do abhor the idea of setting up at the public cost Roman idols, superstitions, and falsehoods in this land"; and that the Bill, if passed, "would compel Bible-loving Protestants to become rebels against God, and help to draw down His most righteous indignation on the nation," by contributing to maintain "the blasphemous, Christ-dishonouring, soul-destroying imposture of the Romish mass." One might be tempted to ask whether it is not an equal hardship to conscientious Roman Catholics, if any such there be, to be compelled to contribute to the support of what they may perhaps consider, though they have not called it so, the blasphemous imposture of Protestant worship. But so far are these Plymouth petitioners from recognizing the analogy, that they offer the bold and felicitous suggestion of substituting for the proposed Bill a measure for laying a special tax "on those Churches which signalize themselves by an increase in the criminal population beyond their fair share"—evidently meaning the Church of Rome—in order, not to provide ministers of their own religion, but to "pay and reward ministers of whatsoever denomination" who will most effectively convert them to Protestantism. No doubt from their own point of view there is some reason for adopting such a course, for we are informed that it is now the duty of all Roman Catholic confessors "to inculcate on their penitents as morality those very habits and crimes which prisons in this country" (are theft and murder not punishable in other countries?) "are maintained, and magistrates are appointed to punish and correct."

And so successfully have they inculcated these vicious principles that "history shows the practice of confession to be detrimental to all true morality, injurious to the States where it prevailed, and ruinous to the souls of those addicted to it." It follows of course that the proposed measure would simply "provide a machinery for the manufacture of criminals," not to dwell further on the "terrible national sin" of "the establishment and endowment of the very worst and most Antichristian of all the Churches which call themselves after the name of Christ." On all which there is one obvious comment. If a fraction of this tremendous indictment is capable of proof, not only should no Bill for the appointment of Roman Catholic prison chaplains be passed, but no minister of that creed should ever be allowed to enter any of our prisons; it would indeed be a question fairly open to discussion whether their ministrations could be tolerated at all in the country. We should hardly tolerate the public preaching of Thuggism, and the cases would be strictly parallel.

If we turn from the pious declamation of Mr. Kinnaird's clients to the petition presented by the "Council of the Catholic Union of Great Britain," an institution with which we were not previously familiar, it is impossible not to be struck at once with a refreshing difference in the tone of the second document. Right or wrong, it contains a plain, commonsense statement of the case which is not written either with a "cursive" or a "cursing pen." The petitioners begin with observing that the present state of the law, which makes the appointment permissive, has resulted in great inequalities in the position and status of Roman Catholic ministers in different prisons, which seriously affect their opportunities of usefulness, and that thereby Catholic prisoners are often deprived, wholly or partially, of the only religious ministrations they can conscientiously accept. They add that these ministrations ought to be provided for all prisoners alike at the public cost; that it is highly inexpedient to leave it to the discretion of individual criminals—a plan, we may observe, which no one dreams of applying to the case of Protestant prisoners—whether they will invite the salutary offices of a minister of their own creed or not; and that it ought to be left with the minister to select the time and manner of offering his ministrations to the prisoners. And they point out in conclusion—what is distinctly proved by official statistics—that their views are confirmed by the experience of Government prisons, where the system proposed to be universally introduced has been in working for some years with the most satisfactory results. The case is really one which lies in a nutshell, and there is little or nothing to add to the statements of the Roman Catholic petition. Facts and common sense are all on one side; on the other side are such manumblings as those of the Plymouth Evangelicals about "idols," "superstitions," and "soul-destroying impostures," and the shocking criminality which is manufactured by auricular confession. But it does not therefore follow that a measure of demonstrated justice and expediency can be left to take care of itself. There are politicians of the screaming and "cursing" kind to be found even in the House of Commons, and we trust that both the Government and members of Parliament who have at heart the true interests of our criminal population, which are also the interests of the country, will exert themselves to prevent any further miscarriage of justice in a matter where opposing prejudice is as bitter as it is irrational.

#### MILITARY EDUCATION IN AUSTRIA.

THE solid military and general education given to officers in Prussia offers a strong contrast to the imperfect and somewhat superficial and unsystematic training of British officers. A country which does not practically recognize the fact that the career of arms must be developed into a scientific pursuit, in whatever may be the discipline, physical strength, courage and proficiency in drill of its soldiers, in considerable danger of undergoing the rude teaching of adversity. Prussia has taken the lead in the path of military progress, Russia is beginning to follow in its neighbour's footsteps, but Austria required the bitter lessons of the campaign of 1866 before it could be thoroughly convinced that a punctilious observance of the traditions of the past must be replaced by an earnest study of the lessons of the present, and an anxious forecast of the possible conditions of the future. In spite of military virtues of the highest rank, Austria has been more frequently beaten than any other great and powerful country; but, as far as can be judged, she will on any future occasion enter the arena of war with very fair chances of victory. In every possible way she has studied to perfect her military machine, and, convinced of her former defects, to ground her system on original principles. Her system of tactics, drill, organization, and promotion—all has been changed during the last five years, and she continues with admirable perseverance to occupy the stool of the learner. There is not a detail of her system but is carefully studied, and constantly improved; and in nothing are rulers take more pains than in developing the mind and increasing the professional knowledge of every officer and man in the army. In this respect we notice a superiority even to Prussia. In the latter country no trouble is spared to promote the professional and general training of officers; but the teaching of the non-commissioned officers and men is restricted to little more than instruction in mere drill, or at the most to its intelligent application on the battle-field. There are, it is true, regimental schools for non-

commissioned officers and privates, but nothing save reading, writing, and arithmetic is taught in them. In Austria, on the contrary, equal attention is bestowed on the instruction of all ranks in every subject likely to increase their efficiency as soldiers.

The military educational establishments of Austria may be divided into three principal classes, with numerous subdivisions in each. These classes are, the military colleges, the regimental schools, and institutions for the professional training of officers. The first class is chiefly intended to provide for the sons of deserving or needy officers of the army, the cost of their education being either wholly or in part defrayed by the State. Pupils not included in this category are also admitted on full payment. This class is subdivided into two academies, and two colleges which serve as feeders to the former. The two academies are the Military Technical Academy, which furnishes officers for the Artillery, Engineers, and Pioneers, and the Military Academy, which provides a small proportion of the officers of the cavalry, pioneers, and infantry. The first is supplied by the best pupils of the Military Technical School; the remainder, if they have passed satisfactorily, entering the Artillery as non-commissioned officers, and being admitted to the Cadet School after one year's service. Those who have not passed satisfactorily enter the Artillery as privates. The feeder of the Military Academy is the Military College. Admission to the two academies is not limited to the pupils of the colleges, any one being admitted who can pass a good examination. Those who pass out successfully receive commissions as lieutenants; unsuccessful students enter the army as privates or non-commissioned officers; for every pupil is compelled to render military service, giving additional time, according to the category to which he belongs, proportionate to the period spent at the academy. Admission to the feeding colleges is obtained by production of a certificate of qualification from a lower Gymnasium or Polytechnic School, or by passing an entrance examination. The regimental schools are a special feature in the Austrian system, for by means of them the mass of the army, in some countries starved and robbed for the sake of special corps and departments, are trained. In each company, or similar unit, there is an elementary school for non-commissioned officers and rank and file. Attendance is compulsory, and lasts from the 1st of December to the end of May, during which time no manœuvres take place. Instruction is imparted by the captain, assisted by his subalterns, cadets, and qualified non-commissioned officers, and the course comprises orders and regulations, including military and civil law, drill, service in the field, and musketry. There are two classes, one for privates and another for non-commissioned officers and such privates as are selected for promotion. In the latter, in addition to the subjects above mentioned, instruction is given in army organization, writing, the first four rules of arithmetic, compilation of returns, and written reports and accounts. The whole company is also frequently practised in the bayonet exercise, jumping, climbing, running in heavy marching order, and gymnastics generally. The importance of thus developing individual intelligence—i.e. securing the individual efficiency of each man—cannot be overrated. Further, this great benefit results, that officers and men learn to know and respect each other thoroughly. The captain is not a mere portion of the regimental routine machinery, but a model for his men, their proved intellectual as well as military superior, the source from which they obtain all their knowledge. He learns each man's mental and moral characteristics, and is the head of a family rather than the mere leader of a body of armed men. Not only is he directed to further the acquisition of professional knowledge by his men, but he is also ordered to occupy himself with their moral education, and to inspire them with "an honourable feeling and true military spirit."

In addition to the company school, there are also regimental schools for training men selected for promotion to the rank of non-commissioned officer, who are not sufficiently proficient to enter the company school. The course lasts six months. The commanding officer selects for the post of instructor a specially qualified officer, who is assisted by a certain number of cadets and non-commissioned officers. The subjects of instruction are the same as those in the company school, with, in addition, dictation, reading, and arithmetic. A proportion of non-commissioned officers are also trained as accountants. Another regimental school is that in which infantry soldiers are trained as pioneers. In some of our battalions of Guards an informal institution of an analogous nature exists. The one-year volunteers are trained apart from the rest of the regiment, and receive a high professional education, including military topography, fortification, tactics, and military administration and organization, the object being to fit them for commissions in the Reserve. A regimental officer is appointed instructor, and in large garrisons there is but one class for all the regiments. Connected with the regiment is also a preparatory school, intended to qualify the pupils for admission to one of the cadet schools, the most customary channel to a commission. The colonel of each line regiment appoints a captain as commandant, and two subalterns as instructors; and the course resembles, but is higher than, that of the one-year volunteer, particular importance being attached to topography, mathematics, and field service. Soldiers from the cavalry and the military train desirous of going through the course are attached to the school of the nearest line regiment. Those who are reported to be "thoroughly qualified" are transferred to a cadet school. Those who are simply "qualified" must compete for admission at the entrance examination of that in-

stitution. The theoretical portion of the course lasts nine months, and two additional months are devoted to practical instruction.

There are thirteen infantry cadet schools, each of which is under the immediate command of the general of the district. The full course lasts two years. The cavalry can send pupils to the infantry schools, but the Artillery, Engineers, and Pioneers possess their own cadet schools, and in the Pioneers the course lasts four years. The staff for discipline and instruction is appointed by the general of the district, and selected partly from regimental, partly from staff officers. The pupils are furnished partly by the preparatory schools of regiments, partly by civilians who are obliged to pass an entrance examination. The latter can also compete for cadetships at the final examination without passing through the school. The education imparted at these cadet schools is of a very high order, far higher than that given by our garrison instructors. Among the subjects we find geometry, trigonometry, and general and military history. Particular attention is devoted to surveying, at which the pupils are expected to work sometimes as much as eleven hours a day. Practical instruction in outpost duty, gymnastics, and swimming is also imparted. The education at the cadet schools of the special or scientific corps is naturally of a higher order than that imparted at the line cadet schools.

We have thus far spoken of the system pursued in educating men with a view to their becoming eventually either officers, non-commissioned officers, or merely efficient private soldiers. We now come to the education of those who have already obtained commissions. As in Prussia so in Austria, there is no regular staff corps, and no college a certificate from which entitles the holder to employment on the staff. The staff is, however, as a rule, selected from those who have qualified at the war school. On leaving the latter they rejoin their regiments, and are appointed to and remain on the staff according to their aptitude and the exigencies of the service. On promotion they generally revert, at all events for a time, to regimental duty. The course lasts two years, and embraces all the higher branches of military study. All officers of three years' service, not above the rank of captain, are allowed to compete for admission. The inducement to enter is to be found in the fact that a lieutenant passing out with the certificate "excellent" is at once promoted to the rank of first lieutenant; officers of higher rank passing out with the certificate of "very good" are placed upon the roll for promotion out of turn. To our mind, however, the crown of this military education edifice is to be found in the system of instructive occupation for officers and cadets. This is afforded by means of lectures and conferences, reports on manœuvres, essays on tactical propositions, reconnaissances, fencing and target practice, and equitation. The commanding officer frames the programme, selects the officers to instruct and give lectures, and is expected, as a rule, to be present at the delivery of the latter. With few exceptions, attendance is compulsory on all officers and cadets, and, at the discretion of the colonel, some of the non-commissioned officers are also allowed to attend. The instruction is of the most practical nature, and, in the case of tactical propositions, the scene of imaginary operations is selected from well-known ground in the neighbourhood of the garrison. The best essays are forwarded, through the brigadier, to the general of division. In most infantry regiments there are moreover equitation classes, in which officers are taught to ride across country, and instructed in all that appertains to saddlery, shoeing, the care of horses, &c. The central infantry school is intended to fit officers for being promoted out of their turn. All captains must attend this instruction before they can be promoted, whether in or out of turn. In addition to the establishments we have mentioned, there are special schools for the various special branches of the service, but these call for no particular remark.

In reviewing the general system of military education in Austria, the chief point which attracts our attention is the trouble taken to educate in the duties of his profession every officer and man in the army. Not one is neglected, and every encouragement is offered to those who wish to qualify themselves for promotion. For each rank there is a special training, which is always eminently practical in its nature, and calculated to make efficient soldiers rather than mere theoretical and pedantic bookworms. Not, as with us, is a simple mechanical knowledge of routine duty considered, when combined with good conduct, a sufficient qualification for the non-commissioned officer who wishes to obtain a commission. In Austria the officer from the ranks can never be despised by his brother officers, for he is compelled to prove his right, as regards education, to be one of them; whereas with us there will, we fear, ere long be two classes of officers, one consisting of mere drill-sergeants, the other of those who, possessing more money than the latter, have received a better general education. It is too much to expect that these two will ever amalgamate. Austria teaches us also an important lesson with regard to the officer-ing of the auxiliary forces. We have already expressed our opinion about regimental schools; but that which we admire most of all is the system by which the professional training of officers is never allowed to slacken. With most of our officers duty and study are looked on as necessary but disagreeable interludes in their normal occupation, which is amusement. With Austrian officers their profession is the business of their lives, and pleasure is merely an occasional relaxation. Is there any hope that we shall ever witness a similar feeling in our army? Yet, if some radical reform as to the point of view from which the science of war is to be regarded does not soon take place, we shall

be in a perilous position, our chances of success against a foreign army being at present as good as those of an amateur who contends with a professional billiard player. This indeed is the evil; at present the British officer is, as a rule, only an amateur.

#### THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

WE shall not tarry long over the architecture of the Albert Memorial; for we neither desire the easy success of fulsome panegyric, nor the still easier labour of retailing Rotten Row criticism. No doubt the base is expansive compared with the superstructure. No doubt the flèche springs somewhat abruptly from the intersecting ridges. But, after all, what do the critics want? We must grant the conditions under which the Memorial came into existence—a limited area, sufficient height, and the sound principle that it should be monumental and not utilitarian. Similar conditions produced not many years since the York and the Nelson Columns, while earlier days gave birth to the more noble, but still conventional, Monument. Would the critics like to have had a fourth column or an obelisk? The battle-gauge of materials—gilding, enamel, spar, mosaic—as against the London climate is undoubtedly most risky; but when all the parties interested showed themselves willing, we are perfectly content on behalf of experimental art that the trial should have been made. It is only by adventure that the limits of London possibility can be defined, and in the meanwhile we who enjoy the freshness of the Memorial have one sparkling speck on which to rest our eyes. Consent to one such monument no more implies acquiescence in unlimited golden architecture than having served as Middlesex sheriff compels the citizen to the perpetual use of a red gown. The sculpture demands fuller and more distinctive notice, because it is more than accessory; it is well nigh chief. The Memorial is essentially personal; the central idea is the status of the Prince; the main purpose is to illustrate through sculpture the arts and the sciences to which he devoted a large portion of his life. For the first time architecture has to do suit and service to her younger sister sculpture, and herein is one of the characteristic differences between the Eleanor Crosses and the Albert Memorial—works which in motive are analogous. No less than two hundred figures in bronze or marble are here congregated—a number far in excess of any known precedent. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus was not thus densely populated; the memorial recently set up in Worms to Luther, though directly personal and exclusively dependent on statues, has not one-tenth of the number of figures now unveiled at Kensington. But the general scheme is sufficiently logical to save this crowd from confusion. At four corners, immediately in front of the sustaining columns, are four groups, emblematic respectively of "Agriculture," "Manufacture," "Commerce," and "Engineering." Directly beneath, on the four sides of the podium, are 178 portrait figures, arranged after the manner of friezes or pannels, and designed to set forth the history of Poetry and Music, Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture. Lastly, at the four furthest points of the enclosure the composition is clinched by large groups emblematic of the four quarters of the world. Here the link of connexion with the Prince, who was not known as a great traveller or circumnavigator, is scarcely at first sight sufficiently obvious. It would appear, however, that International Exhibitions, of which the Prince was the inventor, are hereby symbolized. We are sorry to add that for a whole twelvemonth the Prince himself will be absent from his Memorial; Mr. Foley's statue is not ready for its pedestal.

We will begin with the four quarters of the globe, which, being stationed on the outworks, are the first to meet the eye. In the distance they present confused masses; nothing can be distinguished but four beasts, which have nought in common except that, while each presents his head to the spectator, all unanimously turn their tails upon the Prince. In point of art these ambitious groups are far from successful; the several compositions are complex, crowded, and confused. An analogous group—the Farnese Bull in the Naples Museum—is comparatively broad and simple, and the famous horses with attendant figures on the Quirinal, strongly pronounced against the sky, have just the force and decision which these latest and weakest products of the chisel lack. "Europe," by the late Mr. Macdowell, R.A., is not monumental at all; the style is that of the drawing-room, and the largeness of the scale is rendered valueless by the smallness of the treatment; yet the group is as pretty as alabaster figures under glass shades. Michael Angelo would have wrenched all the heads from the shoulders rather than have left the figures thus emaciated. "Asia," by Mr. Foley, R.A., is seated on an elephant; the whole group is allegorical. The young lady who enacts the character would appear to an ordinary spectator to be doffing her dress for a dip in the Tigris or the Ganges; but the Executive Committee explain on authority "that the action of removing the veil is an allusion to the important display of the products of Asia which was developed at the Great Exhibition of 1871." This is but one example among many of the absurdity into which allegory is pushed in these mutilated compositions. Mr. Foley's group has good points—the woman of India is a noble figure; but the composition is better in the parts than in the whole; it is not well kept together in the design; it cannot be looked at all round; indeed, what viewed from behind, the elephant might be mistaken for an Arab tent. Passing on to the middle-east group, "Africa," in the person of an Egyptian

princess, mounted on a camel, comes in sight. On her right stands a Nubian, on her left is seated an African merchant. Mr. Theod has been at much pains to gain perspective, and his composition does not fall into disorder; yet finish and refinement are secured at the expense of force; the romantic classicism which is the bane of modern sculpture is the style here triumphant; a style fatal to original thought or manly execution. The last group, "America," by Mr. John Bell, the sculptor of the "Eagle Slayer," is at all events not wanting in power. A lion grand in head and mane, rushing onwards, has fire and movement. On either side the impersonations of the United States and of Canada have an air of command. The execution, which is somewhat hard and mechanical, does little justice to the conception. We need scarcely add that the four groups which collectively represent the round world and all that dwell therein have severely taxed the sculptors' energies. That the works produced are not in the large manner of Phidias is nothing more than might have been anticipated.

Leaving the outworks and approaching the monument itself, we examine within easy distance four more allegories; "Agriculture," a graceful group by Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A.; "Manufacture," by Mr. Weekes, R.A., not strong, though Hercules has apparently been called in to assist; "Commerce," by Mr. Thornycroft, careful and timid; and "Engineering," a science which Mr. Lawlor has managed to throw into rebellion against the sister art of architecture. Evident care is taken to bring these four groups into agreement with the adjacent columns and canopy, but the discrepancy of colour is too great to be overcome; nothing can reconcile the cold white marble of the statues with the warm enrichment of the architecture; and it is to be feared that coloured sculpture, as tried by the late Mr. Gibson, would have stood neither weather nor criticism. Again we have to object to the confusion and silliness which would seem inevitable in allegory; when "Agriculture" is permitted the attribute of a "steam-cylinder and chemical retort," she may easily be mistaken for "Engineering" with "steam-hammer and blast furnace." We have never found such mechanism lend itself kindly to sculpture; Mr. Crawford, the American, with the worst possible effect, put a cog-wheel within a pediment. Above these utilitarian arts are ranged about the canopy and the flèche the exact sciences—beginning with astronomy—modelled by Mr. Philip and Mr. Armistead; also the Christian virtues by Mr. Redfern; and finally, winged angels carry the composition into the upper sky. These abstractions, all clothed in bronze, have a symmetry of proportion suited to architectural service; here only is the statuary in absolute keeping with the architecture.

Having mounted the last flight of steps, we approach the alto-relievos, which, as four panoramas, decorate the four sides of the podium or base whereon the canopy rests. Two of these frieze-like spaces have, in the hands of Mr. J. B. Philip, been made to illustrate what may be termed the biographical history of "Architecture" and "Sculpture." Forty-four figures, including Cleopatra, Palladio, Wren, Pugin, and Mr. Gilbert Scott, are supposed to represent the epochs and styles of architecture; in like manner forty-three sculptors, comprising Phidias, Ghiberti, Michael Angelo, Palissy, Canova, Maximan, and Thorwaldsen may be said to do ample justice to sculpture. It has been supposed, not unnaturally, that in the arrangement of these and the two remaining compositions, Mr. Philip and Mr. Armistead have been indebted to Delaroche's "Hémicycle des Beaux Arts," just as all pictures of the Last Supper are usually said to owe much to the work of Leonardo in Milan. We incline to think, however, that the two sculptors have borrowed little or nothing from Delaroche but the first elementary idea. Mr. Philip, though giving small sign of originality and power, is not servile; he has thought out his theme with independence. Nowhere does the composition break down or fall asunder; these "Imaginary Conversations" are sustained throughout with ease and amenity, even though Torrigiano comes next to Michael Angelo whose nose he crushed, and Pugin is within arm's reach of Barry. Still it can hardly be said that the work rises above respectable mediocrity. The action is halting and lame, the grouping is both crowded and scattered, the execution inclines to be hard; and as to that most difficult problem, the management of relief, while some figures stick to the background as effigies, others start from the field of action as if about to break loose altogether and to disown their historic brethren.

The only reputation made by this Memorial is gained by Mr. Armistead. The two compartments committed to his charge, though not free from fault, are master-works. In the one dedicated to Poets and Musicians he secures an effective centre; Homer, lyre in hand, groups with Dante and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton. The narrative is well sustained, the action is animated, and the treatment, with few exceptions, artistic. The difficult matter of drapery is settled by adroit compromises. Modern coats with buttons, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes are, for the sake of historic accuracy, closely transcribed; and yet, by the help of sweeping robes, forms obnoxious to the sculptor's art are disguised and adorned. Here and there, however, intrude dissonances in lines which imply either haste or inability to surmount the difficulties which these complex compositions perpetually involve. As to the treatment of relief, knowledge and skill are for the most part shown. In bas-reliefs, such as the Elgin frieze, profiles necessarily preponderate, which it will be easily understood are not favourable to a work which primarily is a transcript of portraits. The very large percentage of full faces out of a total of seventy-nine poets,

musicians, and architects is almost beyond precedent in the sculptor's art. And yet, though the manner thus tends to the pictorial, we have seldom to object to that forced turn of the head and neck by which the spectator is saluted in Waterloo Banquets and similar portrait compositions. Indeed the treatment, with some obvious exceptions, inclines to the Greek rather than to the more pictorial manner of the Renaissance; the action, as in the Elgin frieze, is on one plane, or at most on two planes, and the accessories intruded are few. Thus the style is more cognate with the pediments of Phidias on the Parthenon than with the Baptistery gates of Ghiberti in Florence. On the side of defects must be mentioned the execution. The surface of the marble is frittered away by play of hand and flourish of chisel—a manipulation less in keeping with the breadth and repose of sculpture than with the dazzle of painting and the dexterity of etching. This mode of finish partakes of triviality; much to be preferred were the bold, broad blocking out of Michael Angelo.

The sculpture generally, especially in the large groups, suffers from not having been modelled for open air and sunlight. Our artists are so much accustomed to work for corridors, halls, or drawing-rooms, all under roof, that they are wholly put out when light is flooded down on all sides from the sky. We remember once in Paris to have realized how utter was the destruction to form and chiaroscuro when compositions which had looked well in studios were exhibited in a large uncovered area. The Greeks when they worked for the open air were concentrated in their high lights, strong and compact in their deep shadows; in modelling a brow, a mouth, or an eyelid, the lines were made sharp, decisive, and prominent, so as to catch light and throw shade. English sculptors in the groups before us are weak because they ignore these conditions of strength. We fear too that their labour is for a day and not for eternity; these works in marble and in metal will be wrecked by English weather. Our sculptors can show themselves pictorial, realistic, romantic, but not sculptural or architectonic. The Albert Memorial is beautiful in detail, but lays no claim to grandeur in the mass; it suffers by proximity to the Albert Hall; the Memorial is dwarfed into an art toy by its neighbour, the gigantic gasometer of science and musical sound.

#### THE THEATRES.

MISS BATEMAN is unrivalled in imprecation, and may justly claim the title of Queen of Scolds. Her curses are grand, powerful, and impressive, but they have, if we may venture so to say, a tendency to become tedious. The character of a woman with a grievance is hardly capable of indefinite repetition, and the favourite dramas of Miss Bateman contain absolutely nothing beyond her own parts that can excite the smallest interest. It is far from our intention to depreciate the merit of her performance, either in the well-known play of *Leah* or in the new play which has been constructed for her of *Medea*, and it would be very unfair to blame her because these plays contain only that one element of which she makes the most that can be made. Happily, when she has produced a sufficient sensation in London it will carry her round the world, and we shall only have to wish that cursing may be a favourite article in the dramatic market of all the countries she may visit before she returns to us again. It may perhaps be doubtful whether another drama of the same peculiar quality will be forthcoming. We are inclined to agree with Bob Acres, in the *Rivals*, that "dammes have had their day," and we fear that Miss Bateman's theatrical career is likely to terminate prematurely unless some entirely new form of blasphemy can be invented for her use. Her success is very like that of Mr. Irving in the *Bells*. According to the manager's advertisement, there was a "startling unanimity" among the critics in praising that performance. We fully admit that this praise was deserved, but the really startling thing would have been to find a human creature, critical or other, who desired to see the performance a second time. Happily there are many rich communities in which English actors may ply their calling, and if it is admitted that everybody ought to see a play once, the fortune of all concerned in it is tolerably well secured. Thus much we certainly can say on behalf both of Mr. Irving and Miss Bateman, that every intelligent frequenter of the drama should desire to see their performances, but in neither case should we expect that increase of appetite would grow by indulgence. As the Frenchman said of fox-hunting, "I have been." It would be incorrect to represent that the part of *Medea* is composed of unadulterated cursing; there are allusions to her poor feet, and other attempts to make pity alternate in the hearer's mind with horror; but probably even Miss Bateman's warmest admirers will hardly contend that her attempts in the pathetic line of business are successful. It is true that she sobs over her children until we wish that an incident of a well-known French play might be imitated by somebody throwing a pocket-handkerchief along with one of the bouquets that are showered down on her. Our meaning will be clear if we suppose this lady to attempt the part of Constance in *King John*. In some passages she would be grand:—

Oh that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a peal would I shake the world.

There is no modern actress to whom these lines are more appropriate. But there is another side to the character of Constance to

which Miss Bateman would hardly render justice. When rage is merged in grief, as in the beautiful lines beginning

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

we should dread that hardness of look and manner which seems inseparable from this lady's acting. If "windy inspiration of forced breath" could make a scene pathetic, then perhaps all London might weep over *Medea's* woes. But Miss Bateman seems neither to possess in this part of her business the *ars celare artem*, nor to be capable of that sensibility which brings nature to the aid of art, where art alone must almost inevitably fail. There have been many actresses who could feel the sorrow of Constance as that of a mother mourning for her own child, just as there have been many actors who could so transport themselves in imagination to the scene which they represented as actually to produce before their audience the agony of passionate lamentation in which Anthony kneels before the body of the murdered Caesar. An artist who adds to all the mechanical and physical resources of the stage this one quality of imagination leaves what we should call in schoolboy's phrase the "blubbing" business of Miss Bateman far behind. She is, however, unapproached in cursing, and perhaps may do as well by her peculiar talent as the Irishman who started in life with a rare faculty of personal vituperation.

The author of *Medea* tells us that he has drawn partly from French and partly from Greek sources, and that he has himself invented the scene in which Jason insists that *Medea* shall take her choice between the two children, while she demands both or neither. It is hardly a reproach to this author to say that he would probably be unequal to his task even if he had bestowed more pains upon it.

As one by one at dread *Medea's* strain  
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain.

Thus did Pope write upon this theme; but even Pope wrote only two lines, which perhaps suggested to the manager of the Lyceum Theatre to turn down the gas while Miss Bateman utters her denunciation. But although Pope has no further shown the way, there are other guides whom the modern dramatist might find sufficient. An actress of more varied talent would desire to make the most of the pathetic side of *Medea's* situation, which has been skilfully elaborated by Ovid. An experienced reader of that poet can supply almost equally from memory or invention the sort of turns he gives to *Medea's* story. She asks where were the Gods when she and Jason put to sea and dared their vengeance, he for treason, and she for trusting to the traitor. The physician cannot heal herself, and she is sleepless who sealed the dragon's eyes. She quenched the fire which burned around the Golden Fleece, but she cannot quench the fire which burns within her own breast. Thus she enters on the subject of her wrongs, and she works herself into a sufficient passion before she leaves it. But still she expresses many emotions besides that of anger at Jason's treachery. Her mental retrospect of her forsaken home, and of crime committed when she left it, is one of the most effective touches of the picture. Her hand has done that which it dares not write. She deserves the death which she inflicted on her brother, and she desires only that Jason might share it with her. Although Ovid did not write plays, he is probably a better model for the modern dramatist than Euripides, whose treatment of this subject is rather didactic than sensational. The terrible *Medea* under his hand becomes, if we may so say, a trifle prosy. She delivers one or two speeches which would not be out of place at a congress of domestic philosophers among ourselves. But it is better that fire and fury should be mitigated by social science than not be mitigated at all. It is curious to notice how Euripides answers by anticipation Shakespeare. They say, remarks *Medea*, that the women lead a life free from risk at home while they, the men, are fighting with the spear; but they are much mistaken, for I would rather go thrice to battle than bear child once. We all remember that Katherine, after she has been tamed by Petruchio, expresses a view of married life exactly contrary to that which *Medea* propounds for the consideration of the Corinthian women. We do not recommend that Miss Bateman should spout a translation of Euripides, but it deserves notice that the classical *Medea* has teeth and claws, although she is not always saying that she knows how to use them. In this very speech from which we have quoted she comes effectually to the point at last. A woman, says she, is usually full of fear, and bad at quarrelling and fighting, but if her husband injures her there is not any creature more bloody-minded. Towards the end of the play she says that Jason may well call her lioness, since she has torn his heart. Yet when she is neither furious nor didactic she knows how to excite pity. She has determined to kill her children, and still she fondles them. "May you be happy," she says, "but there"—that is, in the other world. As regards this world, their father has destroyed their happiness. Looking at all this wealth of ancient material for his purpose, we should have thought that the modern dramatist might have done his work better; but still he might have done it worse. He is only glaringly absurd in one or two passages, and perhaps no author could have helped Miss Bateman more effectually to maintain her monopoly of malediction. Jason perhaps brags rather too much. He appears in effect that he cannot have too many enemies to kill, and a like noble appetite

Expands a hero's heart when he would win.

One feels tempted to quote, by way of comment, "My great



revenge has stomach for them all"; but these words would be perhaps more applicable to Medea, whom all the poets agree in representing as capable of marrying and murdering any number of husbands. Certainly if Jason had married Creusa, any jury would have found extenuating circumstances in his bigamy; and when Medea's children prefer their future stepmother to her, we should say that they showed a discretion beyond their years. A leopard, even if partially domesticated, is not an agreeable companion for life.

The retirement of Mr. Alfred Wigan deprives the stage of a finished artist whom people praised much more frequently than they want to see him. There have been few more melancholy spectacles on the modern stage than that of Mr. Wigan at the Gaiety Theatre playing in the audience which came to laugh at Mr. Toole. There could be no more conspicuous failure than the production of an abridgment of Vanbrugh's play, *The Relapse*, in which Mr. Wigan performed the celebrated part of Lord Foppington. Few persons saw this performance, and still fewer seemed to understand it. The small success of this experiment may perhaps have discouraged others of the same kind. It might have been expected that Mr. Wigan would have done more than he did towards the revival of comedies of the eighteenth century, in which his performance of Lord Foppington showed that he was eminently qualified to succeed. But in our time an artist of Mr. Wigan's reputation must have a theatre to himself, and if he does not succeed—as with high ability, unallied to a commercial instinct, is possible—it must be given up. Mr. Wigan's example will not, however, be wholly lost, as he expresses the hope that he and Mrs. Wigan may still do something for dramatic art. There is truly much to be done, and if Mr. Wigan can induce young actors to place before themselves his own high standard of perfection, he will redeem the promise of his farewell speech.

Mr. Fechter has lately returned with his old parts to the Princess's, and Mr. Bandmann with his one old part to the Queen's Theatre. We understand that Mr. Bandmann has made the dramatic tour round the world, and if he has been playing in *Narcisse* all the time, it is a pity that this able actor should have so little variety of experience. His difficulty perhaps is to find another play to suit his special talent. But whenever that play turns up, he will be provisioned for another voyage round the world. Of his repertory of characters is as limited as that of Miss Bateman, they are at any rate more agreeable.

#### NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

AT the meeting of the Jockey Club held at Newmarket last week a somewhat unusual amount of business was transacted. Lord Calthorpe's proposal to impose a fine of ten sovereigns on any person altering the name of a horse after it has once run was rejected, and it must be admitted that such a proceeding would be very arbitrary. Surely people into whose possession such animals as Jennie's Bawbee, Snorter, Tickle Toby, Tails, Wiffey Waffey, and Holy Joe may happen to fall should be encouraged rather than thwarted in their attempt to discover more appropriate and euphonious names. Again, there are occasions when a new owner likes to get rid as far as he can of associations attaching to the previous history of a recent acquisition; and such a case occurred last week, when Faraday, under circumstances to which we will refer presently, was, with a touch of quiet and justifiable sarcasm, renamed Bank Note. Lord Calthorpe's second proposition met with ready acceptance. It contemplates the appointment of two or more deputy starters, who, while acting at various country meetings, shall still be at the call of the Jockey Club, and will in time have undergone sufficient official training to enable them to take the place, when necessary, of the present starter. The principle is excellent, and we fail to see why its application should not be extended to the case of the judge, who is not less mortal than his brother official, and whose place would be equally difficult to fill. Indeed, an inexperienced judge who attempted to fulfil his duties, especially on the Newmarket courses, would, we fancy, make a pretty mess of the business. A motion followed to secure increased accuracy in the registration of thoroughbred stock, and we rather regret that the resolution, as finally carried, leaves the matter at the option of breeders, instead of establishing a compulsory rule. It was more questionable policy to begin to tamper with the rules so recently and so deliberately fixed for the termination of the flat racing season. It is also difficult to believe in the existence of any reasonable human beings who can take a delight in a series of plating races in the dreary afternoons of the third week of November; but if such there be, we suppose we must not grudge them their pleasures. Naturally, however, the managers of the early Spring meetings will resent the favour shown to the managers of the late Autumn meetings, and will try hard next year to extort from the Jockey Club some similar leniency toward themselves. And nothing can so effectually impair the authority of any legislative body as a disposition to make laws one year and reverse or modify them the next.

The racing at Newmarket last week was hardly so good as in 1871; but then last year's July Meeting was about the most brilliant on record. The first event of importance was the Gladstour Stakes, which resulted in a match between Trombone and Lord of the Mines. The latter, who has won three times this year, was conceding 5 lbs., but Trombone, who at Ascot gave Prince Charlie some little trouble over a five-furlong course, and

fairly distanced Siluria, had had the better public trial, and won—more easily than it appeared—by a neck from Lord Aylesford's horse. Six ran for the Filly Stakes, including the high-priced Windermere, bought last year at Doncaster for a thousand guineas, and the high-bred Albani, by Thormanby out of Catherine Hayea. The latter led nearly the whole way, but ran soft when challenged at the finish by Windermere, who won by a neck. There were eight runners for the race of the day—and the week—the July Stakes, but Somerset, Paladin, and Kaiser alone attracted attention, and beat the remainder of the field a long way. The performances of these three and the recent sale of the first named for the large sum of 2,800 guineas must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Somerset fully atoned for his defeats at Stockbridge by running away from Kaiser, who seemed outpaced the whole way, and also by cleverly beating Paladin, who ran rather green, and will, like Kaiser, be better suited by a longer course. All the performances of Somerset, who is by The Duke out of a daughter of Oxford, seem, on the other hand, to show that he has inherited a fine turn of speed on his dam's side, which will render him very formidable over short courses. At Stockbridge over the T.Y.C. (six furlongs) Kaiser beat him by a length, but the next day over a five-furlong course he beat Mr. Saville's colt by half a length. And now, improved no doubt, and favoured by so exceptionally easy a course as the New T.Y.C., he won the odd game of the rubber and beat Kaiser by four lengths. Kaiser, however, was not persevered with at the finish. He looked the fittest of the three, and is a strong compact horse, but probably staying is more his forte than speed. Paladin, by Fitaroland out of Queen Bertha, is a finer-looking horse than Somerset, and won his first engagement at Ascot in a canter. In the July Stakes, however, he finished rather unkindly, and Somerset had the foot of him for the last two hundred yards. In the Middle Park Plate the pair will meet on different terms, and the longer course will also be a point in favour of Lord Falmouth's horse. The succeeding race furnished a striking example of the difficulty of judging on some of the Newmarket courses, for nine out of ten of those who were closest or directly opposite to the judge's chair thought that Visor had won and that Puritan was second; while, as it turned out, a third, Juliana, who was running wide on the left side of the course, was declared the winner by a head, a like distance separating Visor from Puritan. The rider of Visor evidently thought he had won the race safely enough, or he could have got a little more out of his horse.

On the second day there was an occurrence which caused some momentary excitement. Faraday, who was entered in a selling sweepstake, winner to be sold for a thousand pounds, won, and was duly claimed, according to the conditions, by Mr. Walker, who ran second with Jock of Oran. Hereupon the owner of Faraday refused to part with his horse unless the thousand pounds were paid down on the spot in hard cash. There was no apparent justification for such a demand, for these matters are usually settled by agents, not by the principals; and, further, by the 59th rule of racing the money for a claimed horse need not be paid until "ten o'clock at night on the day of the race." The Turf is by no means in a flourishing condition, and if the few men of wealth and position who still engage in racing are so mistrustful of one another as to refuse cheques, the end cannot be very far distant. Besides, if an owner does not like to part with his horses, what business has he to enter them in races the conditions of which may compel him to lose them? The remainder of the racing on this afternoon was of the quietest description; but the partiality of some horses for particular courses was exemplified by the victory of Lady Masham—for the third year in succession—in the Beaufort Stakes. She had seven opponents, including Flurry, Guadeloupe, and The Quail—the latter receiving 3 st. all but two pounds from Lady Masham for the year. The finish between Guadeloupe, The Quail, and Lady Masham was surprisingly close, and again the spectators, who confidently believed that The Quail had won by a neck or more, were corrected by the judge, who awarded the race to Lady Masham by a head, a similar distance separating the second from Guadeloupe.

Despite Cantinière's 7 lbs. penalty, only two, Cambusier and Visor, out of the forty-seven entries, ventured to oppose her for the Chesterfield Stakes, and, as there is no money in this race for the second horse, they might as well have remained at home, for Lord Ailsbury's filly galloped right away from them, and won by six lengths. It is a sad pity that this brilliant daughter of Stockwell should be a roarer, and we cannot therefore hope for her success as a three-year-old; but she is making the most of her present opportunities, and has many engagements yet to fulfil, at Goodwood, Newmarket, and Doncaster, some of which seem quite at her mercy, and will probably leave her at the end of the year at the head of the two-year-old winners. A good field of thirteen, including Bertram, Enfield, Glancus, Roma, Meteor, and Contraband, contested the Summer Stakes, won last year in such brilliant style by Sterling. Jack Spigot would also have been included among the starters, but fell lame while cantering down to the post. Another splendid finish between three must have been gratifying to the handicapper, and the uncertain Falkirk, Bertram, and Cranbrooke ran an extraordinarily close race home, Mr. Marry's horse winning by a head, and Cranbrooke finishing a head behind Bertram, whose luck this season has hardly been equal to his undoubted merits.

The principal event of the last day's racing was the signal defeat of the hitherto unbeaten Acropolis, whom previous victories at Chester and Epsom had made, presumably, next in order of merit

among the two-year-olds to Cantinière. She found, however, the severe six furlongs to the end of the Banbury mile much more difficult to manage than the half-mile courses over which she has distinguished herself, and was so hopelessly beaten in the last quarter of a mile that Cannon did not attempt to persevere with her, and Victoria went on and won by ten lengths. At Epsom Acropolis gave Victoria 5 lbs. and beat her easily, but it is now pretty clear that she cannot stay, nor indeed would her breeding—by Citadel out of Cellina—suggest the probability of her being a stayer. Only Derwent opposed Corisande in the Queen's Plate, and Baron Rothschild's mare won as she pleased. The Newcastle Stakes fell to Glaucus, as last year, the easy new T.Y.C. being much more to the taste of a roarer than the last six furlongs of the Banbury mile, over which he was beaten by Falkirk the day before. Old Reindeer, after being beaten in a match by Ellesmere, took leave, it was understood, of the Turf. Though he never attained to high distinction, he has at various times carried off a fair amount of minor events, and he will be long remembered as a racing curiosity, and as the solitary example, in modern times, of a horse kept in training to such an advanced period of life. As a trial horse he has been found, we believe, for many years both useful and trusty; and altogether he may be said to have well deserved an asylum for the remainder of his days.

## REVIEWS.

### DE BETHENCOURT'S CONQUEST OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.\*

IT would be in the last degree unjust if the mythical claims put forward by a certain class of patriotic advocates were allowed to disparage the substantial facts of maritime discovery due to the early enterprise of France. Whatever may become of the pretensions put forth with so much zeal and learning by M. d'Avezac and similar writers, it cannot be said that France has received anything like her full meed of glory for what her sons are proved to have done by way of exploration, apart from what may still lurk among the unexplored records of the past. A peculiar interest may therefore be said to attach to a work which stands midway between the pretended and the real achievements of French prowess at sea, preceding by thirteen years, if not more, the first expedition of Prince Henry, from which dates the fame of Portugal for exploration by sea. The earliest authenticated voyage of Frenchmen to any distance towards the South was that of De Bethencourt to the Canary Islands at the very beginning of the fifteenth century. Although not made into unexplored latitudes, this group of islands having for centuries had a place in poetic legend and in history, the record of this voyage has rightly been thought worthy of a place among the Hakluyt Society's publications. The narrative of the *Siege de Bethencourt's* expedition, written by his chaplains, Pierre Bontier and Jean le Verrier, and now appearing for the first time in an English dress, was brought to light out of the family archives after more than two centuries by Galien de Bethencourt, councillor of the Parliament of Rouen, and edited in Paris, 1630, by M. Hérre Bergeron, the original text being carefully reproduced in all its native simplicity and naïveté. Having become aware that M. E. Charton, in his *Voyageurs anciens et modernes*, had had the advantage of seeing an early MS. which had come by family descent into the hands of Madame de Mont Ruffet, Mr. Major was able to secure, from the friendly and ungrudging hands of M. d'Avezac, the veteran savant, whom he justly terms the Humboldt of France, a collation of the entire MS. with Bergeron's text. A careful bibliographical notice from the pen of M. d'Avezac makes it highly probable that this manuscript, written in 1482 or thereabouts, was the first fair transcript from the original rough draft of Bethencourt's chaplains. The present edition has thus been the means of bringing back the text to the strictest possible degree of authenticity and correctness, and it is given at the foot of the page, below Mr. Major's English version. From the handsome copy of Bergeron's edition, lent by Sir David Dundas, has been derived the portrait of Bethencourt himself, which forms the frontispiece to the volume before us. The urns of the adventurous old voyager, an ape or baboon grimacing, borne upon a shield between two natives of the Canaries, have been photographed from the MS. in the possession of Madame de Mont Ruffet.

The physical aspects of the Canaries have been made familiar to us by the Personal Narrative of Humboldt, and the ethnography of the islands has been treated by Blumenbach and Prichard as fully as the materials available for the subject admit. There can be little doubt on the part of the physical geographer in referring this island group to the Atlas series of African highlands, forming as it does a western prolongation of that chain, severed, it may be plausibly conceived, at no remote period of geological time by the subsidence of the intervening portion of the continent. On the other hand, whatever may be the force assigned to the legendary analogies of "Atlantic" points of analogy and resemblance have been established between the volcanic structure of the Canaries,

notably that of the Peak, and the western range of Quilo and Peru, to satisfy us as to a geological affinity superficially concealed by the waters of the Atlantic. Points of this kind were obviously beyond the ken of the observant chroniclers of Bethencourt's settlement. Nor did their knowledge of the distinctions of race sufficiently avail to suggest anything of the connexion which later ethnographers have traced between the islanders and the natives of the mainland. The two fathers were nevertheless precise enough in their observations of persons and manners, of peculiarities of language and of the mummied remains of the dead, to make it clear that at that time the Archipelago was peopled by two distinct races, the Berbers and the Arabs. The Arab tribes, which were in the minority in the western islands, had obtained the superiority in numbers and in political rule in those towards the east. The chaplains describe the natives of Lancerote and Fuerteventura as tall, those of Great Canary and of Palma as of middle stature. The people of Gomera and Ferro are described by Galindo as small, while the mummies of the Guanches of Tenerife show no superiority in height. The natives of Lancerote and Fuerteventura had very brown complexions, while in Canary, Tenerife, Gomera, Palma, and Ferro fair, or even blond, skins prevailed. In Lancerote, and perhaps in Fuerteventura, polyandry existed, many a woman having three husbands, while in the other islands monogamy was strictly maintained by law. The burial customs in each group showed no less distinctive marks of origin, corresponding to which were differences in the form of government. In the east despotism and hereditary right, without distinction of sex, prevailed. In the west women were rigidly shut out from rule, which took the form of family and hereditary privilege, subject to a tribal right, the territory of the tribe forming a sort of common patrimony, of which each member, not unlike the ryot in Bengal, cultivated his own lot, and enjoyed the proceeds, the administration of the whole belonging to the headman or chief.

To go into the question whether the introduction of these races was prior to the possible isolation of their present seats from the mainland, or was effected, as in many well-known cases, by canoes blown off from shore, would carry us beyond the point to which history or scientific knowledge avail us. As early as Homeric times, at least there was the popular idea of the "island of the blest" somewhere towards the setting sun, founded, as Strabo thought most probable, upon the reports of Phœnician voyagers along the coast of Africa and South-west Europe. The glowing accounts of the fertility of these islands, the purity of the air, and the happiness of the people, within historic times, inspired Sertorius, as we learn from Plutarch, with the romantic desire to seek there repose from the strife and turmoil of the world. The two islands mentioned in this curious story were probably Lancerote and Fuerteventura. In the vague itinerary drawn up by Statius Sebosus from the reports of navigators of the time, and preserved by the elder Pliny, five islands under distinct names make up the group of Hesperides. Still more distinct is Pliny's summary of King Juba's narrative, which enables us to identify the foremost of the *Insulæ Fortunatæ* with the principal islands of the Canary group. For thirteen centuries or more after this nothing has been recovered from history beyond the fact of a vague knowledge current among the Moors of Spain of what were named the islands of Khaledat. These various and scattered threads of tradition and history are woven in Mr. Major's introduction into as connected a form as possible, and carried on into the more authentic age of Portuguese exploration. Among the many notices which his unsparing research has brought together, the newest and most original is that for which we are indebted in the first instance to Boccaccio, and in the second to the industry of Signor Sebastiano Ciampi, by whom Boccaccio's narrative was first brought to light in 1827. It was derived from letters written to Florence by certain Florentine merchants established at Seville in December 1341. In July of that year two vessels had been sent by Don Luis, King of Portugal, armed and equipped for the conquest of the Canaries. The expedition proved abortive, yielding little by way of spoil beyond a stone statue of a man wearing an apron of palm-leaves and carrying a ball in his hand, which the sailors carried away to Lisbon. In 1382 the Spanish captain Francisco Lopes was wrecked at the mouth of the Guiniguada in the Great Canary, where he, with twelve companions, passed seven years peacefully among the natives; but, some mistrust arising between them and their hosts, the Spaniards were put to death. The Canaries were exposed from time to time to frequent ravages from corsairs and adventurers of all kinds. An official document found in the *Recueil* by M. d'Avezac, embodying the results of inquiries set on foot in 1476 by Queen Isabella of Castile as to the respective rights of pretenders to the possession of the Canaries, declares it to have been from two French adventurers who had made incursions there in company with Alonso Bexerra, a Spaniard, that Bethencourt derived the information which prompted him to the conquest of the islands. This fine old Norman gentleman was of ancient and noble lineage, lord of Granville-le-Teinturier, in the Pais de Caux, and baron in right of his castle of St. Martin-le-Gaillard in the Comté d'Eu, which was taken and retaken several times in the wars with England, its final siege and ruin taking place, writes Monstrelet, in 1419. The history of the family was written with care by Bergeron, and followed up by the antiquarian labours of a recent Norman antiquary, the Abbé Godeau, the only man of his age to show much interest in the past history of the conquest of the Canaries. Of the manner in which the islands were discovered in 1425 while preparing for a further visit to his seat of govern-

\* The *Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque de la Ville de Paris*, t. 1, p. 100. Composed by Pierre Bontier and Jean le Verrier. Translated and Edited by the Hakluyt Society. London: H. K. Lewis, 1872.

ment, only the most and a vestige or two of masonry remain, nor in the church where he was buried in front of the high altar was any memorial to be found until the pious Abbé erected in 1831 a black marble slab bearing his name.

In the narrative of the adventures of Mœsire Jean de Bethencourt, there is much quaint and picturesque beauty. The simple style of the good friars recalls the pure old French of Froissart or Monstrelet. The title of their book, *Le Conquerant*, has been rightly restored by the present editor from the text of that drawn up by Galien de Bethencourt in his MS. of 1625, in accordance with the intention of the writers. Eyewitnesses of their master's prowess and wisdom, as well as sharers in his privations, in company with his able lieutenant Gadifer de la Salle, the chaplains give a graphic picture of the islands and their people, with their own progress towards their conversion, including a summary of the faith drawn up expressly for the use of native catechumens. It is sad to think that this simple and interesting race was all but wholly swept away within a century of that date by the deadly disease called the *modorra*. During the second visit of Bethencourt the "Saracen" King of Lancerote came to be baptized, receiving the name of Alphonso, followed by all his people. The two native Kings of Fuerteventura had already embraced Christianity. But by this time the virtual sovereignty of the islands had been conferred upon Bethencourt by the submission of chiefs and people, his title thereto being recognized on his doing homage to the King of Castile. In his attack upon the Grand Canary he had less success, being repulsed from the shore with the loss of two-and-twenty knights and men. The remaining islands were reduced by him to a state of order and administration, which his chaplains chronicle with infinite praise. In the hope of retaining the island sovereignty in his family for ever, he established his nephew, Maciot de Bethencourt, having no son of his own, in all his rights and dignities. He sailed for Spain in the winter of 1405, and was graciously received by the King, with whose letters commendatory he sought the blessing of the Pope, and obtained from his Holiness a bishop for the Canaries, Albert de las Casas. On his travels he was generally hailed as King of Canary. The later fortunes of the islands on their sale by Maciot, to the time of their finally passing in 1749, after much contention with Portugal, under the sway of Spain, are briefly but clearly traced by Mr. Major, who deserves our thanks for the light he has thrown upon a little known page in the history of maritime enterprise.

#### AMOS ON JURISPRUDENCE.\*

THE systematic study of law is still upon its trial in this country, where the typical barrister is at no pains to conceal his contempt for theory in general and for professors in particular. It was therefore with some anxiety that we opened a new book upon jurisprudence by a professor of the science. Mr. Amos's work will however, we imagine, do little either to popularize or to retard the study of theoretical law, in the history of which its appearance will certainly not mark an epoch. What Mr. Austin did forty years ago was really a great achievement. Equipped merely with the philosophy of Bentham, with a few chance remarks of writers like Hobbes and Locke, and a somewhat superficial acquaintance with the German civilians, he resolutely thought out for himself a logical system which, in spite of gaps and roughnesses of execution, must ever have a permanent value. He determined, in many respects once for all, the "Province of Jurisprudence." With a firm hand he mapped out its boundaries; and, regardless of strangeness of diction or repetition of argument, he elaborated to over-elaboration certain portions of its contents. The limits of the subject having been thus trenchantly drawn by a thinker whose infinite faculty of taking pains approached, as nearly as such a faculty ever can, to genius, it remained for his successors to cultivate methodically and in detail the field which he had enclosed. After the *Province of Jurisprudence*, the next desideratum was undoubtedly a "Systematic View" of the science; and with this Mr. Amos undertakes to present us. We cannot say that we think the undertaking has been successful, or that Mr. Amos displays those qualities which are essential to success in such a work. To write a systematic view of anything, it is necessary that the writer should possess a systematic mind, and a power of severely restraining it from wandering into irrelevant topics. Such a power of self-restraint is conspicuously absent from the volume before us, more than one-fourth of which is occupied by chapters upon Public and Private International Law, and upon other matters which have but a faint connexion with the main subject of the work. It was doubtless necessary to explain clearly what is meant by international law, but observations upon the Treaty of Paris, the possibility of arbitration, the Geneva Convention, the effect of modern improvements in warfare, the disabilities of women, the exercise of the prerogative of pardon by the Home Secretary, and the French verdict of extenuating circumstances, have hardly a conceivable place in a Systematic View of Jurisprudence.

The surplusage of a few decaltery chapters might however be pardoned if the main body of the book were sound and satisfactory. But what shall we say of a jurist who arranges his

subject under the following heads?—(1) Constitutional Law; (2) Ownership; (3) Contracts; (4) Special Classes of Persons; (5) Civil Injuries and Crimes; (6) Procedure. It is true that most of these topics are entitled to separate consideration; but thus to coordinate them is about as logical a proceeding as to divide animals into quadrupeds, horses, men, ponies, and guinea-pigs. Yet this fortuitous scheme of distribution rules the whole book, and necessarily disfigures it. The systematizer who sets to work without having familiarized himself with the use of dichotomous division is doomed to failure. It is impossible to map out a subject logically by selecting first any portion of it which may seem to be susceptible of separate treatment, and then another, and another, till no further group is distinguishable unless it be of a residuary and miscellaneous nature. But apart from the manner in which the distribution of the science is executed, the basis upon which the distribution rests is most unsatisfactory. It is, we are told, "the quality of the acts which the laws affect to control"; or, as we are elsewhere informed, "the social and political purposes for the accomplishment of which the different classes of laws composing a legal system have come into being, and to subserve which they continue to exist, or are from time to time consciously amended." It is not easy to see how these statements are consistent with one another, or to deduce from either of them Mr. Amos's sixfold division of his subject. And it is not a little wonderful that Mr. Amos should deliberately prefer to build upon the shifting "quality of acts," or the "social and political purposes of laws," rather than upon the solid and tried foundation of Rights or Duties. Inconsistent however even in his inconsistency, when he proceeds from the main to the subordinate divisions of law he deserts the test of the "quality of acts," and adopts what he calls "a technical basis, consisting of Rights and Duties conjointly." And it may be remarked that even here Rights and Duties are constantly shifting their places. "In some departments of the system Rights will take the lead, in others Duties." So entire an absence of method is of course fatal to the value of the work as a system. Upon detached points, however, Mr. Amos is frequently unobjectionable, and occasionally instructive, though beset by an ill-suppressed tendency to talk social science rather than law. Adopting the Professor's own order, let us see how he treats of the several topics into which he divides his subject.

What is said of "Constitutional Law" calls for little remark, except that one misses in it any disquisition upon the vexed question whether the State can be said to have any rights against its subjects, and whether, consequently, the duties of the subject to the State are relative to such rights, or are, as some will have them to be, "absolute"; and that here, as elsewhere, several pages containing mere descriptions of the positions which certain topics should occupy in a body of law, strike one as having accidentally strayed into a treatise on Jurisprudence from some sketch of the arrangement of a code. Under the head of "Ownership" we find much more startling matter. Upon many questions in jurisprudence it is open to the jurist to take which of two contradictory views he may choose; but in identifying "Ownership" with *jus in rem* (which, by the by, he seems to take for a term of Roman law) Mr. Amos is guilty of something far worse than heresy—he makes a serious mistake. The confusion becomes still more astounding when he proceeds to divide ownership into *dominium*, which is really the Latin equivalent for ownership, and usufruct, possession, &c., where the characteristic fact is that the usufructuary, possessor, &c., is not the owner. It will scarcely be credited that the rights of carriers are here treated as a branch of the law of ownership. While Mr. Amos has so very imperfectly grasped the significance of the terms with which he deals, he goes out of his way to tell us, as if enunciating a universally received axiom, that "it is only at the last climax of civilization that the truth begins to be apprehended that the only justification of proprietary claim is a special call to a more devoted and concentrated service on behalf of those who do not share in it."

The chapter on "Contracts" is the best in the book. Parts of it indeed are admirably done. Mr. Amos uses the term in its narrower sense, as equivalent to what Savigny calls the "obligatory" contract; and he is perhaps right in so doing, especially as his illustrations were to be drawn from English law, to which the wider sense is almost unknown. He has avoided Blackstone's mistake of treating contract as little more than an incident of the acquisition of ownership, but he is quite wrong in attributing this mistake to "the artificial and accidental division of the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian." Mr. Amos must know that in those treatises the topics of acquisition and of contract are kept as wide apart as possible. The topic of "Marriage" is discussed very sensibly, assuming always that it ought to be considered as a contract at all, in the narrower sense of the term.

If the treatment of contract leaves little to be desired as far as it goes, that of the "law affecting particular persons" appears to us to be highly misleading. It is true that while Mr. Amos follows Austin in postponing the "law of persons" to the "law of things," which is practically the whole law less the law which deals with peculiarities of personality, and states the reasons for so doing with much perspicuity, he has the courage to reject Austin's eccentric and inconvenient deduction of the whole of public law from the law of persons; but then he mixes up this topic incessantly with what is really a very different one—the law of Family. The legitimate subject of the law of persons is the variety introduced by differences of personality into

\* *A Systematic View of the Science of Jurisprudence*. By Stephen Amos, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Reader of Jurisprudence, University College, London; Tutor to the Inner Temple in Jurisprudence, Civil Law, and International Law. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

the various possible legal relationships; which may, however, exist without such differences. Those varieties in personality which are themselves of the essence of legal relationships are the proper matter of what the Germans call Family-law. Under the head of "Special Personality" Mr. Amos introduces barristers and attorneys, who are no more entitled to such a position than auctioneers are, and takes the opportunity of indulging in a page of un-called-for observations upon the relative status of the two branches of the legal profession; telling us, for instance, how "It is worse than detrimental—it is destructive—to the morality and to the honest aspirations of a great profession, for the State to apportion a different meed of social dignity and appreciation to functionaries of one class from what it apportions to those of another." Corporate bodies "for municipal, ecclesiastical, educational, and eleemosynary purposes," are naturally grouped together as a head of special personality; but Mr. Amos curiously enough does not see that their claim to such treatment rests, not upon the public functions which they discharge, but upon their artificial personality; a reason which should bring companies and commercial corporations of all kinds equally into the class from which they are expressly, though unaccountably, excluded.

The very title of the chapter on "Laws of Civil Injuries and Crimes" prepares one for a confusion between the boundaries of these two conceptions. Here again Mr. Amos errs from perversity. Knowing, but rejecting, the cardinal distinction between public and private law, law treating of the constitution of the State, and its relations to its subjects, and law treating of the relations of those subjects one to another, he is of course blind to the difference between offences against the State and against the individual. This chapter is also disfigured by the natural results of the principle avowed by the author, that some kinds of rights are best discussed as such, while others should only be treated upon the supposition that they have been infringed. He does not, in fact, appreciate the salutary distinction drawn by Austin between rights primary, which are given for their own sakes, and rights sanctioning, which are given merely by way of compensation when the former are violated. The chapter on "Procedure" would be wholly praiseworthy did it not towards the end display that tendency to irrelevancy which, as we have already stated, runs riot in the chapters upon International law and things in general which occupy the remainder of the work.

While turning over the pages of the *Systematic View* we have encountered sundry references to Roman law, of a sort which fails to inspire us with much confidence in the author's attainments in that direction. *Posseio naturalis* is not, as it is stated to be, physical contact; a pupil did not stipulate as agent for his tutor, nor were women, as seems to be implied, under tutelage in the later Roman law; no civilian would employ the here constantly recurring phrase, "*patria auctoritas*"; nor would a scholar of sensitive ear misquote the well-known couplet on the cause of the multiplicity of laws, so as to make it end "*crescit in orbe scelus*." While, however, we have freely criticized Mr. Amos's book, we are not unmindful of its merits. The author has a true and clear conception of the nature of jurisprudence, or he would not have so happily described it as the "skeleton grammar of law." Another creditable feature of the book is that it is continuous. It has a plan, though one which appears to us to be very objectionable, and it is in obedience to this plan that what with most jurists is the all-important topic of "Rights" is dismissed in a couple of pages; a reason which, however, will hardly account for the extremely brief notice accorded by Mr. Amos to the difficult and interesting subject of "custom" as a source of law.

The author's style is easy and agreeable, though this is not quite an unmixed advantage. It is true that where Austin halts or retraces his steps, Mr. Amos moves smoothly forward, skating over dangerous places in such a way as, one knows not whether by skill or by good fortune, to escape a serious fall. But this sort of writing upon an abstruse subject, though superficially pleasant, is not ultimately satisfactory. In the work before us we find much literary adroitness, many reflections of the light and shade of modern controversy, many allusions to the views of the great teachers of the science; but all is provokingly vague. Hypothesis blends with history. Throughout the volume there is not a single reference to authorities. Upon the whole, we shall be surprised if "the keen-minded members of the author's successive classes" are at all eager to accept the "share in the responsibility or the merit of attempted innovations," which is tendered to them in the preface. A general view of jurisprudence may be got much more quickly from Mr. Amos than from Mr. Austin; but the information obtained from the former will be blurred in outline and loose in texture, and the reader's own mind in obtaining it will remain unstimulated; while knowledge derived from the latter will be perfectly precise, and its very deficiencies will co-operate with the rugged style of the great jurist to develop the student's own powers of sustained reasoning.

#### AUTHORS AT WORK.\*

**MR. PEBODY** tells us in his preface that, when reading a favourite poem or novel, he has often asked himself how, when, where it was written? In the attempt to answer these

questions—and most people of any literary taste must have frequently asked the same—he collected "a mass of personal chit-chat and anecdote which cannot fail," as he thinks, "to be equally interesting to every one as it was originally" to him. We hope that it may, though "every one" is rather a large word. Mr. Pebody writes pleasantly, if not with any surprising power, and though most of his gossip is tolerably familiar to students of the English literature of the early part of this century, it is agreeable to have it brought together in a presentable form. The authors with whom Mr. Pebody deals are Jeffery, Scott, Burns, Lamb, Sheridan, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Byron, Wordsworth, Moore, and Mackintosh. Mr. Pebody adopts the doctrine which Balzac's celebrated phrase about critics and authors has made familiar; he declares criticism to be, as a rule, poor trash, and thinks that there is scarcely any critic whose works the world would care to peruse. The saying is obviously exaggerated. Criticism is of course a parasitic plant in literature; and men who can do original work will not care to spend much time in talking about other people's. Still many of the greatest of modern writers have shown their powers in criticism, and have left much which is worth preserving. With them, of course, Mr. Pebody does not claim to be ranked; and we ought to be content if he adopts the view of the great men described which finds favour with the most appreciative readers. On the whole, we have not much fault to find with him in this respect. With an exception or two, to be noticed directly, he reports pretty fairly the verdict which will probably be adopted by posterity. It is not, however, chiefly as criticism that this volume claims our attention. It is, properly speaking, a study of the methods of working adopted by eminent writers; and if any general moral could be derived from a series of desultory notes, the youthful aspirant should learn from Mr. Pebody how he ought to divide his time, what are the most propitious seasons for writing, what the degree of polish to be bestowed, and so on. The difficulty, indeed, of drawing a moral would in any case be considerable; for the most conspicuous fact is that no two writers adopted the same methods. Some work best in the open air, and some in a midnight study; some upon gin and water, and others on coffee or cold water; some turn out so many lines a day with the regularity of a machine, whilst others can only work in spasms of passionate effort to be succeeded by long periods of repose. In short, the only rule seems to be that every man should do what is good in his own eyes.

There is another doctrine maintained by Mr. Pebody which, if true, would diminish some of our interest in seeing great authors at work. He seems to think that by some strange perversity of fate great men at home are entirely different from their own selves in public. He gives us various instances, as of course a man may give instances of anything, to prove that we should be grievously disappointed if we could do what he wishes to enable us to do, and see our favourite authors as they were seen by their intimates. This is a very pretty paradox to put in a popular essay, but it is in reality of the flimsiest kind. Running over the list of Mr. Pebody's authors, we feel that there is not one in whom what we know of his private character conflicts with what we should have inferred from his work. The examples which he quotes are merely made to appear strange by tricks of language. What is to be said to such a remark as this?—

No man was more distinguished by his good-breeding and suavity than the author of the *Revolt of Islam*, and when all England was standing aghast at his most profligate poem, one of his companions tells us, in a phrase which might almost be stereotyped for men of his temperament, that he was the mildest and most tolerant of men, and as perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room.

We are quite unable to see the strangeness of the supposed contrast, even though both terms in it are misstated. Would anybody, after reading Shelley's poetry, really expect him to be a swearing, drinking rowdy, as Mr. Pebody seems to fancy? are not sensitive visionaries apt to be suave and gentle in their manners? and, in short, is not the Shelley of the biographer as near to the ideal of Shelley which any reasonable man would have formed from his works as could possibly be expected? Mr. Pebody seems to have caught the trick of paradox from Macaulay and to be applying it with very little reflection. A similar anxiety to be smart rather than thoughtful seriously injures some of his essays on more vital matters. He wants, for example, to describe for us Byron's mode of writing. He begins by quoting with the utmost seriousness some of Byron's affected expressions of contempt for his own works. He fully believes that *Childe Harold* when written was not intended for publication, and believes it because Byron says so. Of course this strikes him as odd, and he proceeds to show that Byron took the greatest possible care in correcting the very pieces which he declared to have been thrown off at the heat of the moment. Byron, for example, boasts that the *Bride of Abydos* was written in a week, or, as he says in his Diary, in four nights. To the rough sketch, however, there were added two hundred fresh lines before it appeared to the world, and they included some of the most striking touches in the poem. Mr. Pebody's comment is singular. "Byron as a poet," he says, "and Byron as an artist, formed one of the most striking and perplexing of antitheses"; and he adds afterwards, "It is no part of my business to reconcile the poet with the artist." We should have thought that it was his business; but at any rate the problem seems to be easy.

\* *Authors at Work.* By Charles Pebody. London: Allen & Co.



enough. Byron, it is plain, liked to write in a state of excitement, as might naturally be inferred from his style; but he afterwards corrected, polished, and improved. There is nothing at all singular in this, and the only strange thing is, that he chose to express great contempt for the poems about which he took so much pains. But neither is this a very surprising or unparalleled phenomenon. Part of Byron's objection to the style in which he worked may have been genuine; but undoubtedly a large part of it was simple affectation; and Mr. Pebody must be a very innocent critic if he has now to discover for the first time that poets in general, and Byron above all other poets, have been very much given to sham modesty, and to representing elaborately prepared works as impromptu performances.

Another criticism on Byron seems to err in the opposite direction. Mr. Pebody considers him to be a plagiarist. The proofs which he alleges are that the first scenes in *Manfred* are "identical" with—we should have rather said have a strong resemblance to—the first scenes in *Faust*; that *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was modelled upon the *Dunciad*; that the paraphrase of the Art of Poetry was worked out upon a suggestion of Dr. Johnson's; that the character of Sardanapalus was taken from the portrait of Otho in Juvenal; and that Don Juan is a copy of the page in the *Marriage of Figaro*. On this showing no poem that ever was written is original. Shakspeare was a gross and systematic plagiarist; Milton borrowed from the Bible; Shelley did not invent the character of Beatrice Cenci; and if Byron borrowed from Goethe, Goethe had himself borrowed *Faust* from older authors. The originality of a poet does not consist in inventing new themes, but in investing old themes with new charms; and it is no more desirable that he should evolve characters out of his own consciousness than that he should describe thunderstorms or mountains without seeing them. In his essay on Tom Moore Mr. Pebody appears to accept this singular theory. Speaking of *Lalla Rookh*, he says, "This feat of Tom Moore's is, I believe, the highest feat ever performed by the imagination." The judgment is the more surprising because he afterwards tells us, very truly, that Moore's reputation has vanished, and that but for his songs, of which, we may add, a whole collection is inferior in value to a single vigorous stanza of Burns, "the author of *Lalla Rookh* would to-day hardly keep his rank as a poet at all." How then can *Lalla Rookh* be the "highest feat ever performed by the imagination," higher, let us say, than the poetry of Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Milton, Spenser, or Shakspeare? The answer seems to be, that Moore described the valley of Cashmere without seeing it, whereas other poets had seen what they described. But if the description is after all so incomparably inferior that it would scarcely entitle its author to be called a poet, what does it prove? All that it really proves, we take it, is simple enough. It proves that, as Moore was a very fashionable poet for a time, his acquaintances paid him very preposterous compliments, and, amongst them, the very obvious one of declaring that his descriptions of places he had never seen reminded them of the reality. Of course people who had seen Cashmere felt that they had an admirable chance of saying a civil thing, and they said it; but that is not an unprecedented circumstance. Nobody would say, except in a popular essay, that Moore's description of the East, however little founded on observation, shows powers of imagination at all comparable to those which Wordsworth displayed in describing scenery with which he was intimate. To describe badly a thing you have not seen is not really so great a feat as to describe well what you and everybody have seen.

The little tricks of style which are meant to give brilliancy to his essays are rather annoying, but on the whole we have no great fault to find with Mr. Pebody. If he is occasionally commonplace and given to flashy paradoxes, he is amusing, and that is a great virtue. We cannot, however, take leave of him without remarking that he makes mistakes which we should have hardly anticipated in our venerable contemporary, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where the essays originally appeared. Thus in the year 1802 Shelley was not at Harrow, for he was never there at all. Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, and Lord Lytton, it is true, were "hardly as yet out of their cradles," but for the excellent reason that they had not yet got into them. Richardson and Hume had not been distinguished for their genius "ten or fifteen years before," for Hume had been dead for a quarter of a century, and Richardson forty years. Keats, again, was not, as Mr. Pebody thinks the author of the phrase "the sessions of sweet silent thought," but a still more distinguished poet. And "Burke, Gibbon, and Goldsmith" were not members of the Kitcat Club, inasmuch as it was dissolved before they were born. And, finally, when Mr. Pebody tells us that Mackintosh on his visit to Beaconsfield saw Burke "rolling about the carpet with his children," he surely might have remembered that Burke's closing years were saddened by the death of his only son, which had happened before this visit, and when the son was a good deal too old to roll upon carpets. The mistake is simply that the possessive pronoun is superfluous.

#### MODERN GREEK LIFE AND FOLKLORE.\*

THE judges appointed to award the Rhodokanaki philological prize in the University of Athens did well when they proposed to the competitors the task of comparing the habits, customs, superstitions, and general traditions of the existing Greeks with the records of the habits and superstitions of their forefathers left to us by ancient writers. This subject, embracing obviously all usages relating to birth, marriage, and death, to magic, incantations, and divination of every kind; to dreams and riddles, to ghosts, fairies, and vampires, has called forth an essay by Mr. Politis, who has divided his work under the four heads of modern Hellenic mythology, divination, social customs and rites, and, lastly, of the comparative philology of the modern and ancient dialects. Of these four sections, the first alone is at present published, the great cost of printing at Athens making it necessary to postpone the appearance of the remaining sections. The preface gives, for the amusement perhaps of some readers, the opinion of the judges, who in awarding the prize enter into minute criticisms of clerical and other mistakes found in the essay, and take the author to task, not only for sending an almost illegible manuscript, but for odd phrases such as ἀγνοῶν καλῶς, when he should have said μὴ γινώσκων καλῶς. The answer of Mr. Politis, who defends himself in a series of running comments on the decision, is that time failed him to copy out his essay, and that on many points the examiners are themselves mistaken. But we are concerned here neither with the criticisms nor with the reply to them; and therefore we go on at once to remark that the topics of this portion of the work, comprising the heavens, the earth, the elements, the Olympian divinities, the gods of the sea, and the beings who dwell on the earth (whether as Kalikantzaroi, Nereids, Stoichela, Dragons, or as Stringlai, female spirits who devour children, &c.), cover the field which has been examined by many German and English writers, and most recently by Professor Bernhard Schmidt, whose first volume on the life and folklore of the modern Greeks was noticed not long since (March 2, 1872) in the pages of this Review. Mr. Politis expresses his regret that this volume was published after his own was in type; but as long as any solid results are gained, independence of research obviously increases their value; and the present volume not less than that of Professor Schmidt may be regarded as proving, if proof were needed, not only that the modern Greek folklore contains Slavonic as well as Hellenic elements, but that the latter element vastly preponderates in it. This fact may tempt many persons to think that the imputation of a general Slavism which has made the name of Fallmerayer hateful to modern Greeks is conclusively met. If we can scarcely venture on so broad an inference, we may at least say that this ascendancy of the old mythology, like that of the ancient language, proves that the Hellenes of the middle ages had not lost their old power of enslaving or absorbing their conquerors.

These two points, then, may be looked upon as established—first, that the folklore of the modern Greeks has assimilated some but no large amount of material from Slavonic, Semitic, or other sources; and, secondly, that there has been no break in the continuous life of the Hellenic people, and that in their habits, their superstitions, and general tone of thought, they represent the Greeks of the days of Polybios or of Perikles. But in a country which once at least possessed a mythology so astonishingly rich and varied, the main point of interest is not so much the evidence for the proposition that the new folklore represents the old, as the extent to which the old mythology dwells in the memory of the people. To this question neither Professor Schmidt nor Mr. Politis furnishes any positive answer; but if we are to take the pages of the latter as containing all that is now popularly believed on the matters examined in it, we shall wonder not that so much has been remembered, but that so little has been retained. We are not speaking of the legends which were moulded into an abiding shape by the lyric, epic, and tragic poets of Hellas. These were obviously removed from the influence of the changes which must always be at work in modifying the beliefs and opinions of the people, and therefore were more likely to be forgotten by them. But no one who will go through the old historians and mythographers can rise from the task without the conviction that a vast amount of popular tradition was never appropriated by the poets, and that in the dry pages of Pausanias or Apollodoros we have the skeletons of myths as beautiful as any of those which breathe an exquisite music in the lays of Pindar, or assume a marvellous grandeur in the majestic eloquence of Æschylos. We cannot fail to see that in the tale of Psyche and Eros in Appuleius we have an Hellenic version of the story of Beauty and the Beast, of Urrael, and many another heroine of Eastern and Western tradition; but neither this story nor that of Kephaios and Prokris, or a hundred others that might be named, found their way into the written poetry of the Greeks, and it is a matter of great interest to ascertain how far they have been preserved in the unwritten traditions of the people. If Mr. Politis has given us all that the common folk still say and think about the heaven and the stars, the sun and the moon, the conclusion would seem to be that the most beautiful features of the old myths are just those which have suffered most from the wear and tear of ages, for it may perhaps be doubted whether the introduction of Christianity was the cause of any violent changes. The popular

\* Μήτρη τῆς τῆς βίου τῶν νεοτέρων Ἑλλήνων. ἐκ τ. Ν. Τ. Πάρισι. ἐν Ἀθήναις. 1871.

opinion, which Xenophanes put forth as a scientific explanation, that the stars are lamps lit at night and put out in the morning, scarcely belongs to the province of mythology; but if this is all that the people have to say of the nightly heavens, we can scarcely wonder that they remember nothing of Endymion in his dreamless sleep, or of his bride, the moon, who wanders through the sky as Asterodia, attended by her fifty daughters, like Ursula with her legion of virgins. The notion still lives, it seems, that the heaven is a vault or dome, through openings in which the rain is let down from pitchers or sacks; but this again is less a myth than an attempt to account for phenomena on rational grounds. The myth would be the old marriage of Ouranos, who descends each night to the wife over whom he has bent lovingly during the day; but in place of this we have the foreign notion (be its source Semitic or any other) that the heavens are seven in number. As to Helios, the myths of Klymenis and Phaethon, and still more those which sang of the birth of Phoibos in Delos, of his westward wanderings, and of his daily return to the cliffs and hills which he loved, have given way to notions borrowed from the history of the Prophet Elijah, in whom Mr. Polites sees a Semitic sun-god or fire-god.

In this case the importation of foreign ideas or names has given rise to a controversy between Mr. Polites and the judges who awarded him the Rhodokonaki prize, which much resembles the controversy of the knights about the two sides of the brazen and silver shield. In his essay Mr. Polites remarks that the mountain tops which in the old times were dedicated to Helios, or the sun, are now dedicated to Elias, a church of St. Elias crowning the summit of almost every hill; and that this identification was the result partly of similarity of sound in the names and partly of likeness of attributes. The judges, on the other hand, assert that the mountain summits were in the old mythology sacred to the Pelasgic Zeus, whose name they see reflected in *Θεός* as well as in the Latin *deus* and the Sanskrit *devas*; and they infer that the likeness of the name Elias to Helios could have nothing to do with the growth of a notion which is sufficiently explained by the solitary sojourn of Elijah on the mountains, and his ascent to heaven in the fiery chariot drawn by the gleaming horses of the sun. If the question be one of any importance, it may perhaps best be answered by referring to other instances in which a Jewish or a Christian saint has been put in the place of an old Hellenic god. We may take St. Nicholas, who in the eyes of the modern Greek is invested with the powers and the features of Poseidon—an identification with which, according to the judges of this essay, the name of the saint had nothing whatever to do. Yet if we look to his acts, we find but little to connect the saint peculiarly with the sea, the story of his quieting a storm being no uncommon feature in Christian hagiography. But his name at once carries us to the myth of Odin, who as Hnikar and Nicor is the Northern water-god; who as Old Nick in sailors' language lives at the bottom of the sea; and whose kinsfolk are the Nixies of our streams and millponds. These names, it is true, spring from the same root with the Greek *νήξω*, to swim or float; and in this fact we have perhaps the reason of the transference of power from Poseidon to the saint, unless this also is to be set down to Slavic or other foreign influences. This catching at sounds seems to explain the growth of a large class of myths, of which that of the Scottish Columba may be taken as an example. At Iona the prayers of the saint were constantly needed by and offered for seafaring men, and the power which these prayers were supposed to have over the angry waters so invested him with the terrible majesty of the sea deities that mariners invoked him under the name of St. Qualm.

In some cases the resemblance of the ancient to the modern myth may be called more seriously into question. Mr. Polites mentions (p. 45) a popular fancy according to which a newly born maiden, escaping from her cradle, devours her father's horses and then lies down again. In this he sees the old story of Hermes and the theft of the cattle of Phoibos. But we may surely accept the Homeric hymn as giving more trustworthy evidence of the nature of the ancient myth than the dry and comparatively recent compilations of Apollodorus. The latter, it is true, speaks of Hermes as devouring part of the cattle which he stole; but in the hymn the very essence of the story lies in the fact that although Hermes can rub the branches of the forest trees together until they burst into a flame, and though he can kill and cook the meat, yet in spite of a craving hunger he may not taste the savoury banquet whose odour only adds to his misery. Hence the modern story may simply reflect the prosy comments of Apollodorus, and both may betray the process by which the most prominent characteristics of the primitive myths fade gradually away until in the end they may pass clean out of mind.

The same catching at sound which substituted the prophet Elias for the Greek Helios transferred to the saint Dionysos the powers of the wine-god Dionysos; and so the story grew up that, as the Christian saint journeyed to Naxos (the centre, by the way, of the old Dionysiac worship), he saw at his feet a small but beautiful plant, which he wished to carry away with him. Fearing that the heat of the sun might scorch it, he placed it in the thighbone of a bird and went on his way. The rapid growth of the plant soon made it burst out at each end of the bone, and his old bear led him to cast away the bone of the bird, and to take in its stead the thighbone of a lion. This also proved to be too small, and he threw it aside for the thighbone of an ass, which he was lucky enough to find. In this bone he succeeded in bringing the plant to Naxos, where, as the two stuck inseparably together, he was

obliged to bury the bone with the plant, which speedily grew up and yielded splendid grapes. Out of these he made the first wine; but to his amazement, when he let the people of the island drink of it, they first sang like birds, then grew as strong and fierce as lions, and lastly became as asses.

But if in the modern mythology generally the finer features of the old myths have been either lost or made to assume a coarser shape, the more recent myths still remain in many instances singularly true to the phenomena which suggested them. In the process of transformation the Nereids have lost in greater or less degree their watery character, until they are confused practically with the nymphs of the old Greek and the Fairies of our Northern mythology. As the Venus of the Horelsberg, or the fairy queen of Ercildoune, bears away Tanhäuser or True Thomas to the forest or the cave, so the Nereid carries to her secret haunts the man whom she chooses to be her mate. But the Nereid becomes further, like Penelope, the weaver; and her net is woven to the exquisite music of her voice—a vivid image of the light summer breeze as it weaves its network of cirri clouds high up in the blue heaven.

In short, Mr. Polites has learnt much by applying to the existing myths of his own country that method of comparison which may fairly be regarded as one of the greatest discoveries ever made; and his readers will have much to learn from him. We might perhaps have wished rather to know the full extent of modern Greek folklore, and thus to ascertain precisely how far the old myths survive; but his book, as all books must be which diligently and honestly bring together scattered or forgotten facts, is a valuable and welcome contribution to the sciences of comparative mythology.

#### FLEURANGE.\*

TIME was when French romance witched the world with noble qualities, and was in harmony with that balance of faith, of valour, and of science which in the seventeenth century gave to the country of Vincent de Paul, Condé, and Descartes the foremost rank among Continental nations. There is always in that country ground for hope of literary revival, even in the domain of yellow-covered story books, thanks to the high standard of style religiously maintained by writers of the first class. We in England hardly appreciate the value of absolute correctness in language, as is shown by Royal Speeches and misunderstood treaties; but the part played in European annals by France is largely owing to the precision of its terms. Exact speech is a precious tradition preserved by the Abdiels of the Academy, through the flood of slang, of "romantic" writing, and of vulgar manners that has inundated Western Europe. The strict rules that governed the dramatists of the seventeenth century have still an indirect influence on French novelists. The neat plot, the rapid action, and unity of composition which distinguish French fiction are wanting in our over-realistic stories. With one or two exceptions, romance has not been treated by our writers as an art; they gratify themselves byrodomontades now moral, now vicious, and English readers indifferent to the ordering of a crowded plot know not the satisfactions of balanced and harmonious art. But since the days of the Regency fiction has necessarily been in France a forbidden joy to well-trained youth, and so a fruitful influence for good was spoiled. Freed from responsibility, the majority of novelists have competed for the prize of superior license. The few and insignificant goody tales produced by French writers have been sicker stuff than we who have not yet fallen into those extremes can well imagine; immoral from morbid religiosity, and about as artistic as the *objets de pitié* sold outside Paris churches. In vain the wiser chiefs of good society wished for a school of fiction such as was our English romance in the first half of the century. Even the author of *Sybil* drifted into *M. de Camors*, and About could not refrain from *L'Infâme*. It is then an event in French light literature that a novel of society, containing highly dramatic situations and scenes of concentrated, if pure, passion has been produced, which girls may read without consciousness of moral backboards and seminary hygiene, and which scholars can enjoy because of its accurate and finished grace of style. *Fleurange*, by Mrs. Craven, is worthy of the most precious drawing-room, and yet it has power and "go" enough to satisfy the ogre of the day who bolts his three volumes of criminal mystery in an afternoon.

We have not lately been favoured on either side of the Channel with a romance which ventures with easy grace into the private rooms of Royalty, and, without either snobbish depreciation or snobbish awe, includes the biggest wigs in its dramatic persons. Lords and ladies are abundant in our fiction, but they have been chiefly studied from the Ascot or watering-place points of view, or at best painted in smoking-coat and extreme undress. Readers are introduced by the backstairs to high life, and every element of dignity is got rid of assiduously in the effort to attain a spurious realism. There is always a special charm in pictures of good society, and though the figures in them be not powdered and rouged as in the "Rape of the Lock," we have learnt to be thankful when modern authors dress their puppets suitably. The "nice contrast of a clouded cane" is probably beyond the descriptive powers of any living writer, but it is comforting to meet with refined ladies and

\* *Fleurange*. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Quatrième édition. Paris: Didier et Co. 1872.

gentlemen in the dreamland of creative art. The heroine of Mrs. Craven's book, whose father, a French artist, had given her the Italian name of Fior Angela, or, in his own language, Fleurange, acquits herself with well-bred grace alike in the learned domesticity of a German Professor's home, in the magnificent Florentine palace of a Russian princess, and at the Court of St. Petersburg. The author's knowledge of the European world is rare, and whether we follow her to the Italian convent where Fleurange was trained, or to the presence of the demigod Nicholas, we feel equally well introduced. She is less at home in the Frankfort family than in the Lamianoff palace, and the manners of her two angelic Germans were probably educed from her inner consciousness.

The memoirs of her family, published some years since under the title *Le Récit d'une Soeur*, explain Mrs. Craven's opportunities for social study. The daughter of M. de la Ferronnays, ambassador at the Russian Court after the Bourbon restoration, Mrs. Craven, when she describes the intrigues of St. Petersburg, is truthful as only a writer conversant with the Czar's interior could be. The wife of a diplomatist, her wide experience of European manners gives a breadth as well as accuracy to her sketches which certainly no English writer with whom we are acquainted has attained. Her Italian Marquis—

un de ces hommes qui causent bien de tout, et qui savent intéresser au sujet dont ils parlent, quel qu'il soit, commérage de société, nouvelle politique, ou question sociale et littéraire, et n'ayant d'autre défaut que celui de traiter tous ces sujets avec une importance égale comme si tous lui semblaient d'un égal intérêt;—

is a finished portrait, and distinctly Milanese both in his experiences of abortive conspiracy and in his good sense. The Princess Lannionoff, an undisciplined yet highly polished despot, ostentatious and vain of her good taste even in the selection of her ornamental companion Fleurange, yet keen-witted to play with a certain grandeur her part as great lady, violent almost to blows, yet working towards her ends by intrigue, subject to the vapours of the most advanced civilization, yet enduring as a Cossack, is equally true to her race and her rank in the Slavonic Court. Her son, Count Georges de Walden, Republican from ennui—amorous and inconstant, a slave to his fancy for the dependent heroine until it is proved to be seriously inconvenient; obstinate to his mother, but weak to everyone else; possessed of taste, but not of earnestness—is probably truer to life than the self-contained and patient lover Clement Dornthal, the author's favourite among her studies of young men. She has made him ugly, poor, and German, but redeems his defects by his staunch virtue. He is of super-refined "blood and iron" mingled in due proportions, and the author set herself a difficult task which she has well performed in the elaboration of so uncredited a hero. There is doubtless the charm of a very noble ideal about Fleurange's German cousins, but, notwithstanding financial catalyses and a wicked young banker, it has perhaps too much of that sweet monotony which writers "in society" are apt to attribute to middle-class family life. It is quite true that distance is needed to give enchantment to our idealizations. Mrs. Craven, wishing to draw figures worthy of the golden age, has wisely chosen them of circumstances other than her own. Nor do we disapprove of the creation of imaginary personages, so long as their excellence is, however extraordinary, not unnatural. We have been satiated by feminine analysis of cool captains and Pall Mall Belials, and it is agreeable to have our faith refreshed by the Quixotism of a love such as Clement's, which takes for its device "Garder l'amour et briser l'espoir." The author indeed teaches us that not Quixotism, but a calm will and sober judgment, informed by religion, purified his passion and strengthened the brave man in the unselfish devotion which taught him to live in daily companionship with the woman he loved, "without her, yet for her."

That he had other merits as a son and brother is natural, for virtues multiply by contact not less than vices. Both in him and in the heroine Fleurange self-control, courage, and good sense are prominent traits, and the practical uses of piety are shown with felicity. We have heard much of the enervating influences of conventual teaching, yet Mrs. Craven does not hesitate to make the Italian Superior of the house where Fleurange was trained for the struggle of orphan life a constant source of strength in its crises. We know few nobler passages in modern literature than those in which Mère Madeleine explains to her sore-bested pupil that she must not seek shelter in a nunnery because life is difficult. The worst trials must be met with simplicity and goodwill—qualities that carried the girl safely through entanglements where weakness, however amiable, would have been ruinous. Though capable of a devotion which would follow her lover to Siberia that she might alleviate his exile, Fleurange never fails in judgment. Of a passionate temperament, reticence and womanly dignity preserve her from mistakes in moments of supreme trial. Love is the motive of the book, and the author has not feared to paint its extremes; yet when its current flows the strongest, she ventures to exhibit the superior powers that can turn back the tide on the heart. She does not conceal the after results of bitter stagnation—the arid springs that overflow the waste of life—to be healed only as were the waters of Maru. To prove the temper of Fleurange, the author tries her in the hottest of all furnaces to which woman's nature can be exposed. When her long-restrained love was righteously allowed its course; when utter sacrifice of herself seemed accepted; when her heart throbbed with the energy of fulfilled devotion; when fatigues of body and mind were passed, and the Czar's consent had been obtained to her marriage with the priest Georges de Walden,

sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia, she is required to make the saddest of all renunciations, the sacrifice of her sanctities. Another woman, of higher rank, beautiful, and, in the world's estimation, a more fitting wife, usurped her hardly-earned rights, and secured for the egotist Georges pardon and prosperity, which he gladly accepted as the dowry of his influential bride.

The scenes in which Adelardi, his Italian friend, explains to the selfish lover the alternative of exile or marriage with the Imperial maid of honour, are only less admirable studies of character than that in which Fleurange's successful rival, the Countess Véra, suddenly reveals to the brave young girl the sacrifice required of her. Having reached the port of perfect happiness, as she believed, by her very love she was forbidden to enter it. Her conduct under the crushing blow is a beautiful study of womanly strength. Physically broken as the strain on her noble nature leaves her, she retains a dignity before which the Imperial favourite, herself a sufficiently fine character, shrinks. Stung by the sense of her inferiority, even jealous of Fleurange's last service to the man they both loved,

la voix de Fleurange était pourtant en ce moment irrésistible, et parlait à son cœur en dépit d'elle-même. Elle hésitait entre ces deux sentiments, lorsque Fleurange reprit:—“Vous avez raison, ce n'est pas à moi en ce moment à vous attendre, car vous n'avez plus rien, je crois, à me pardonner, et moi je vous pardonne tout.” Et tandis que Véra demeurait encore immobile, la tête inclinée, Fleurange se pencha vers elle et l'embrassa.

The author does not hide the pain of Fleurange as the veil was thus stripped from the passion which had assumed in its ascetic self-abnegation an almost religious form; but, however sick at heart, she remained firm in act, and returned to the weariness of a life whence the beautiful idol had been banished without even the poor consolation of letting the prosperous Georges de Walden know what she had been ready to do for him. In her bitterness she wrote to Mère Madeleine, “Ma vie est dépourvue de tout ce qui peut me donner le désir de vivre.” For the second time the wise nun denied her wish to enter a convent, in words so brave that we will quote them:—“Point d'affaiblissement sur vous-même, point de souvenir complaisant de vos desirs trompés, de vos peines souffertes.” Having shown Fleurange in what her love for Georges de Walden had been wanting, she adds:—

Il est un amour de la terre qui, s'il allonge la route pour aller à Dieu, n'en détourne point cependant, et qui même par les vertus qu'il exige, par les sacrifices qu'il impose, par les souffrances dont il est accompagné, seconde souvent les plus nobles mouvements de l'âme.

Ingeniously planned as is the story, the charm of Mrs. Craven's writing is in the healthy nobleness of her conceptions of life and the perfection of her style. Roman Catholic literature is largely indebted to her for her representation of a practical religious power in the life of her hero and heroine while she avoids homilies and cant. Her feeling for natural beauty is in the same equal balance as in the landscapes of Raffaele and Perugino. Without exaggeration of sentiment, Fleurange always rises to the height of her position. The book in its unassuming form is worthy of a writer who possessed the long and brotherly friendship of Montalembert, and who lived in the intimacy of Madame Swetchine and Lacordaire. It is a pleasant surprise to us to learn that of her family memoirs twenty-four editions have been required, while within six months six editions of her latest work have been demanded. Not in vain has its author belonged to that best French world in which echoes of the seventeenth century are not altogether lost. Niece of the Duke of Blacas, grandniece and godchild of the Duchess of Tourzel, she is exceptionally fitted to continue the traditions of old France. A memoir of her father, the colleague of Chateaubriand and De Villèle in the Foreign Office of the Restoration, might in her hands be a useful contribution to the annals of the Drapeau Blanc. Meantime we thank her for a story which possesses merits of style, of plot, and of nobly, yet correct, drawing rarely attained by our novelists. In *Fleurange* we have a French romance worthy of the elder French literature.

#### THE COTTON MSS.—APPENDIX XXVII.\*

IT would only be a futile endeavour to slay the slain if we were to attempt again to show up the surprising amount of errors committed by the compiler of this Catalogue of the Cotton Manuscripts. We can only regret that the thing was done exactly half a century too early. Had the Catalogue been drawn up in the middle of the nineteenth century, instead of being published at its very beginning, it would no doubt have been entrusted to competent hands; and authors, editors, and Calendarers of State Papers would have been saved an endless amount of labour. The defects of such parts of the Catalogue as refer to the reign of Henry VIII. are no doubt being gradually supplied by the labours of Mr. Brewer and his staff of assistants, who are engaged in drawing up the Calendar of State Papers for this reign. We are not, then, intending now to draw attention to the omissions or mistakes of Mr. Planta, who, after all, did his work quite as well as any other librarian or scribe would have done it who had, during the last few years of the eighteenth century, to devote his leisure time to compiling a Catalogue of such a miscellaneous collection of documents, original and copied, as had found their way into Sir Robert Cotton's possession.

\* A Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Cottonian Library deposited in the British Museum. Printed by Command of His Majesty King George III., 4to. 4s. 6d., in pursuance of an Address of the House of Commons of Great Britain, 1760.

We have on several previous occasions pointed out some of the absurd blunders with which this volume abounds.\* Our present object is to notice one of the volumes of this Collection which has received much less attention than it deserves. The volume entitled Appendix XXVII. must from its appearance in all probability have once belonged to the Royal Library. How it found its way into the Cottonian Collection we shall not attempt to decide. That question will perhaps be decided when it has been ascertained how so many documents which ought to have been in the former State Paper Office, and now really belong to the Record Office in Chancery Lane, have been transferred into the same Collection. At present we are concerned only with the contents of this volume. It is described by Mr. Planta fairly enough as *Codex Chartaceus, membranis quibusdam præfixis in folio constanti foliis 192*. And, to give credit where credit is due, we are bound to say that we have not detected any error in the description of the fifteen different documents of which the volume consists, albeit they are of a very miscellaneous description, and arranged in most admirable disorder—documents ranging from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century being put together with scarcely any attempt at chronological order.

We purpose to notice only two of these documents, which, though they belong to the same period—there being exactly a year's interval between them—occur, one near the beginning, the other towards the end of the volume. Both are of considerable importance for the information they supply as regards the decision of Clement VII. to send a legate to England, and the proceedings of the Legatine Court held by Wolsey and Campeggio in the summer of 1529, in the matter of the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catharine of Aragon. It is almost unaccountable to us how, on a subject upon which so many writers have of late tried their hand, and so many documents have during the last few years been brought to light, no one should have noticed these two important papers. It is not of course surprising that writers of the history of Henry VIII. of the stamp of Mr. J. A. Froude should know nothing about these papers, or any other documentary evidence, but the omission of them from the recently published "Records of the Reformation" must be owing to some inadvertency on the part of the editor of those volumes.

The first of these State Papers is described as 7. *Jo. Ant. Mussetella, Caroli V. oratoris apud Pontificem Maximum supplicatio contra divortium Regis Henrici VIII. (transumptum) Viterbi 1528*. This is an official contemporary document, and not only has the paper itself never been noticed, but the protest which it contains, of which the original must be at Rome, and of which there are probably other official copies elsewhere, has, as far as we know, entirely escaped the researches of historians. Even the recently published volume of Venetian Records, in which we hoped to have found some confirmation of it, contains not the slightest allusion to any such protest having been made. And the ambassador's name is not so much as once mentioned in the State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign, published by the Government. Indeed, so unknown to history is the name of Mosetella, that we believe we are correct in stating that it has not once been mentioned in any English history of the period. In the recently published volume of Venetian despatches it appears four or five times, and Mr. Rawdon Browne takes occasion to notice in a note that the papers he has calendared prove that there was such a person who held the office of Emperor's ambassador in the Papal Court during the few months which preceded the month of January, 1529, when Mai was appointed to the place.

The protest is dated July 20, 1528, and is formally made by the Emperor's orator, John Antony Musetella, or Musetulla (for the name is spelt both ways in the course of the document), objecting to the hearing of the cause for divorce in the realm of England, or indeed anywhere beyond the precincts of the Roman Curia, on the ground, which was always afterwards taken by the Queen and her advisers, that the place was not safe, with the addition, which was quite necessary during the lifetime of Cardinal Wolsey, that one of the Judges was not sufficiently indifferent, having been all his lifetime a *protégé* of the King's and Lord High Chancellor of the Realm, and in all respects a devoted adherent to Henry's interests. What is remarkable in the whole protest is that thus early in the affair of the divorce the Emperor should have so openly taken for granted and alleged his belief that the King's desire was not to have justice done, but to secure the divorce. This object, which became plain enough and was openly spoken of in 1529, was vested in a sort of obscurity as yet. Whatever people may have inwardly thought, it had not yet been avowed that the King's object was at all hazards to repudiate Katharine. The Pope, however, knew very well that this was the King's purpose, and he had, during the preceding month, June 1528, commissioned Wolsey and Campeggio to try the cause in England, never, however, meaning that it should be decided there. The Decretal Commission had been written and secretly entrusted to Campeggio. But six weeks seem to have elapsed before the Emperor understood the dangers with which his aunt, the Queen of England, was surrounded. The protest accordingly avows, and apparently takes quite for granted, that the King's purpose was to get rid of his wife, and Mosetella does not scruple to allege in it his knowledge that Wolsey had written to the Pope, urging him to concede all that the King of England should demand. What is most remarkable about the

document is that the Emperor's ambassador should have been so entirely cognisant, not only of the secret motives of Henry and Wolsey, but of the contents of the Cardinal's letters to the Pope, and that he should so openly have avowed his knowledge and suspicions. It is to be noticed, however, that the protest does not fail to warn the Pope of the evil consequences likely to ensue as regards wars, and even the imminent danger of loss of influence to the Apostolical See, if he should consent to the project for a divorce. Lastly, the ambassador, in order to cover the ground completely, protests against any acts into which the Queen of England may be drawn by which she may seem to have compromised the case and accepted the jurisdiction of the Legatine Court.

It must be admitted, we think, that this document is of some importance as illustrating the relations of Henry VIII., Clement VII., and Charles V., at the critical period when Campeggio was about to sail for England on his abortive embassy to try the case for the divorce.

The other document concerning which we have a few words to say is not of so unique a character. It is entered in the Catalogue as—13. *Minutes of Examinations taken, concerning the Marriage of Prince Arthur and King Henry VIII. with Catharine of Aragon (A Fragment)*. The compiler of the Catalogue does not say, as he ought to have said, that the document is an original official transcript of the evidence produced on the trial before the Legates, with the important parts of their depositions taken down in English and interlined in Latin for the benefit of the Pope or Cardinals or others who might not understand English. Neither has he stated that the last three leaves of the document are misplaced, as they refer to evidence taken in the Parliament Chamber on the 30th of June, 1529, whilst the rest of the document belongs to the 14th and 15th of July, when the Court was sitting *apud fratres minores*. We have said that this document is not unique, but in truth it is almost unique, for it contains more than has ever yet been published of the transactions of the Legatine Court. It is extremely imperfect, and the only other copy of the proceedings of the Court that we have seen, which exists in MS. in the Record Office, is also incomplete, beginning at a leaf which is numbered fol. 187, with the acts of Friday, the 16th of July, 1529, and not comprising any part of the evidence produced in the paper which we are now noticing. Probably Mr. Brewer's forthcoming volume will supply all the information that can be had as regards the mode in which the business of the Court was conducted. Meanwhile we must be content with what we have.

And this paper supplies some additions to the only continuous account which we at present possess, as given in Herbert's *History of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, and the few fragments printed from the Cotton Collection in the *Records of the Reformation*, as well as a few corrections of mistakes which have been made by Herbert. From it we learn that the articles urged against the marriage were twelve in number, according to the copy printed in the *Records of the Reformation*, and that every witness was questioned upon every one of them. Upon many of them, of course, the only answer that could be given was testified in the words, *nescit deponere*. The testimony, upon the whole, agrees tolerably well with that given by Herbert, except as to the order in which the witnesses appear; and whereas there is no evidence either in Herbert or in the fragments published by the editor of the *Records of the Reformation* as to the Court having sat at all on the 30th of June, this paper shows that the important evidence of Sir William Thomas was given on that day, after that of the Earl of Shrewsbury. This witness's evidence occupies the last four leaves from fol. 155 to 158; the rest of the document, from fol. 138 to 155, being filled with the evidence produced on the 14th and 15th of July. This in no material point varies from that given by Herbert, except in the order of the appearance of the witnesses. In the Record Sir Anthony Willoughby is called into Court immediately before Lords Darcy and Mountjoye and Sir Henry Guildford. Next after these, here varying from Herbert's account, comes the testimony of Thomas Viscount Rochford, the father of Anne Boleyn, not as yet raised to the earldom of Wiltshire. There are a few mistakes in Herbert's account of this person's evidence, but they are scarcely worth noticing. Lord Rochford, however, gives a very curious piece of evidence, the chief value of which must have been to supply a gap in the previous testimony—as to the Prince and Princess having been seen in bed together on the first night after the marriage. No one had as yet testified to more than the fact of Prince Arthur having been conducted to the chamber and the bed where the deponent believed the Princess was lying. Lord Rochford attempts to explain this difficulty by alleging that it is the custom in England for brides on such occasions to be closely veiled and covered, and this with the more secrecy in proportion to their higher rank, till all men shall have left the bridal chamber. The next two witnesses called are Sir Richard Sacheverell and Sir David Owen, and in the middle of the last deponent's evidence the MS. abruptly terminates at the bottom of the second page of folio 154. Herbert usually follows the *Records* of the time so minutely that it is somewhat surprising he should in this case have admitted of so many variations. We will not dwell further on these, but we think we have shown that the neglected volume, Appendix XXVII. of the Cotton Collection, is entitled to more notice than it has received at the hands of historians.

We do not at present concern ourselves with the other interesting articles contained in it, but it seems worth while to observe



that there is a long discussion on the subject of the pronunciation of Greek between Thomas Smith and Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

#### UNDER THE SUN.\*

IT is scarcely possible to read Mr. Sala's writings for any long time together without suffering much in the same way as do persons who venture to go down in a diving-bell. They, it is said, are not only troubled by a pressure on the brain while they are in the bell, but also for some days afterwards suffer from a confused noise in their ears. It is even reported that the only way in which they can get rid of this singing, as disagreeable as it is unreal, is by listening to utterances which, while not absolutely devoid of sense, are nevertheless altogether unexciting. Thus it has been noticed that a man who on a Monday had gone down in a diving-bell had been troubled with these imaginary noises till Sunday came round, when, falling asleep while sitting under a preacher of the good old school, he woke up with his mind refreshed and his hearing restored. Another gentleman who sought relief by attending a Social Science Congress did not fare so well, for though at the end of the sitting he had entirely lost the singing in his ear which he had got from the diving-bell, yet he found it replaced by such a confusion of sounds that he vowed he would at once hasten off to the Polytechnic and try whether a fresh descent beneath the water would not restore him to that state which, however intolerable it had once been, now seemed to him not unenviable. Suffering as we did when we reached the last of Mr. Sala's 395 pages, we began to cast about how we should find relief. The Prison Congress was sitting, and we might have sought relief there, had we not known that we should come across the same Babel of tongues that meets us in Mr. Sala's writings, and that while we heard the same thing said in three different languages, we should be reminded of the author whom we were so eager to forget. In our suffering and perplexity we tried a remedy which has answered before. Fortunately a number or two of Addison's *Spectator* cleared our ears of this echo of big-sounding words. By chance we opened at a passage where we read of "Signor Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom of Great Britain." When we came to study this piece attentively, we found such an extraordinary resemblance between our author and Signor Nicolini's lion, that we cannot help regarding the passage as one of those extraordinary prophecies—half conscious and half unconscious—which are scattered through all literature. It is somewhat more difficult perhaps to say who is the antitype of Signor Nicolini. Perhaps, however, we should be doing no great violence to interpretation if we were to find him in the Editor of some daily paper of vast circulation. There were those "who gave it out in whisper that the lion was a cousin-germane of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expense during the whole season." At the present time, too, in the great Correspondent who at Versailles dined with emperors, kings, and princes, and after dining sang not at, but of, the dinner, many persons find more than a cousin-germane of our author, while there is no doubt of the supply of these lions being kept up at the public expense, not only during the whole season, but still more during the whole vacation. "The lion," furthermore we read, "was to act a part in High-Dutch and roar twice or thrice to a thorough bass." Mr. Sala no doubt could act a part in High-Dutch if his duties as a Correspondent ever so required him. In the present performance he acts a part in what he calls "Castilian," and while he roars not only twice or thrice, but a great many times indeed, to a thorough bass, he is, we believe, in point of grammatical knowledge of the foreign language in which he roars, scarcely inferior to his prototype the lion. In point of versatility, however, we fear he is by no means his match, for we read that "it has been observed by several that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance"; while Mr. Sala, whether he is writing what he calls "papers humorous" or what he calls "papers pathetic," whether he is writing, as he sometimes thinks he is, about kings, or whether he is writing, as he always is, about himself, never changes his manner at all.

Mr. Sala tells us that he has called his essays *Under the Sun*, "for the reason that the majority of them have a direct reference to the hot climates of the lands in which I have wandered." At the same time he takes as the motto of his collection the text "There is no new thing under the sun." Even if there is no absolutely new thing under the sun, there are nevertheless newer things than old essays that "were originally published in the pages of *All the Year Round*" and other papers, though they reappear in the largest of type with a handsome binding and a foolish preface. Mr. Sala explains that he cannot write unless the weather is very hot, and adds:—

I have been at home now, with brief intervals of Continental travelling, for four years, and I have written nothing worth reading. No original book of mine has seen the light for a long time; and my publisher had to make my life a torment to me ere he could induce me to collect these papers and correct the proofs. If any persons wish me to be industrious, let them combine in demanding that I should be banished very far beyond the seas, and

to the hottest climate procurable. A double purpose would thus be served. Those who dislike me personally would be able to get rid of me; whereas those who did not hate me might profit by my absence by communing with me from afar off.

In those hot climates, which would seem, to judge from our author, to be as prolific in words as they are in insect life, Mr. Sala says, "I felt my blood in my veins, and it oozed out of my fingers, and so into my pen's point into red ink." Whether Mr. Sala always writes in red ink when engaged as a Correspondent where bombshells may fall, just as the gentleman who acted Othello blackened himself all over so as to give greater reality to the part, we do not pretend to know. But if a writer can venture to put into his preface, which is as it were a sample of what may be found in his book, such miserable folly as this, we can only suppose that he is, in Addison's words, "complying with the wretched taste of his audience." To those "warm-blooded animals, swarthy and sanguineous souls," whom Mr. Sala "desires to reach," we can only say that if they will read on, they will come to numbers of other passages just as full of sound and just as empty of sense. Mr. Sala writes of himself as having "Creole, Italian, Portuguese, Red Indian blood in my veins," and he may perhaps therefore meet with some indulgence in the strange mistakes he makes in the English and Spanish which oozes out of his fingers for the delight of the "swarthy and sanguineous souls" of his readers. It might have been well, however, if he had stuck to the languages of his forefathers, and had not ventured to play such tricks with two tongues which are in a manner foreign to him. Even a Creole would blush if he were proved to have written such a medley of nonsense as the following:—

There is a picture of the Admiral hung up in the library; a picture painted by a Frenchman, and presented to the chapter by Louis Philippe, in exchange for a choice Murillo. Out of the canvas the mild eyes seemed to look on me reproachfully. I fancied the grave resolute lips moving, and that their speech ran—"What are you doing here? Why don't you go back to Havana?" But it was no fault of mine. I was a teetotum; and to wheel about and turn about was my doom.

Coming out of that strange and fascinating land—the most comfortable and most charming in the world—I sat down one day in the *Frescaria* at Venice, and said, "I really must go back to Havana." So, taking hold of Old Spain, I cut its throat, and tied a Chubb's patent fireproof safe to its neck, and a couple of fifty-six pound shot to its legs, and, towing the corpse out to the Lido, sank it just under the lee of the Armenian convent of St. Lasaro. It fell with a splash, and sank at once. "Back to St. Mark's," I cried to the gondolier; "and lie there, Old Spain," I continued, apostrophizing two or three ripples which played above the deed that I had done, as though murder were a thing to laugh at—"lie there; and the fishes may feed on you till I need your bones, and dredge you up again." Old bones have their uses.

Mr. Sala may perhaps plead that, if this is nonsense, it is at all events English. We should like to ask him however to what language belong "morriest sight," "numismatic parallels," "tender tints of reflected light and somitones stealing through the diaphanous awnings overhead," "vegetable and pomicultural refuse," "pedal protuberances," "fustal squalling," "annone reader," "caracas the over-sucking leech on his lip," and the rest. A traveller through Spain, Cuba, and Mexico might have learnt how the Spanish word for gentleman is spelt, and not have wavered between *caballero* and *caballero*. Any one, even if he had not been so fortunate in his youth as Mr. Sala, who, as he says, knew some young Cubans who "showed me some Castilian," might still learn to copy inscriptions correctly from the signboard over a Spanish shop. So ignorant and so careless is Mr. Sala, however, that in his parade of his knowledge of Spanish, giving the same inscription twice over within thirty pages, he varies the spelling, and yet is both times wrong. In page 74 we find "*Mi fama per l'Orbo vuela*," and in page 104 "*Mi fama per l'orbo vuela*." The two inscriptions agree in one thing. They both show a mixture of Latin, French, and Spanish, and so far, therefore, testify to the great breadth of Mr. Sala's studies. We might, however, with the change of a word or two say of his scholarship what he himself says of these inscriptions—"Their signs are very pretty, but methinks they do profess too much." But to such trifling criticism as this so popular a writer will doubtless be indifferent, and will comfort himself with quoting his own Spanish—"Todos mi elogian." Mr. Sala, without perhaps quite intending it, lets us into the secret of the wonderful memory with which he is commonly credited. He is describing at great length a certain cigar merchant whom he met at Havana. He tells us what he wore, on what he sat, how he had "a continuous and diaphanous drapery of grateful incense hanging round." He thinks his readers will like to know something of the person of this cigar merchant, and so he says he was "a lissom, dusky, oily-looking man, if I remember right, with a lustrous, bush-like moustache." We shall not stop to inquire whether what Mr. Sala calls "the innate good-breeding of a caballero" (sic) would not keep a traveller from giving a personal description of a man who receives him kindly, and presents him on leaving with a box "containing one hundred of the superlative cigars known as 'excepcionales.'" Nor shall we stop to reflect on the taste of Mr. Sala's readers, who are supposed to be gratified by a minute description of a man whose only claim to notice consists in his dealing in cigars in Havana and in his once squeezing Mr. Sala's hand. What are we to say, however, to this minute recorder of the most trifling matters when he tells us that a person he meets was "a lissom, dusky, oily-looking man, if I remember right"? Mr. Sala knows that "the wretched taste of his audience" requires personal descriptions. If he can "remember right" the face, figure, and clothes of every one he meets, his description, however imper-

\* *Under the Sun: Essays mainly Written in Hot Countries.* By George Augustus Sala, Author of "My Diary in America in the Midst of War," "Sunlight and Daylight," "Papers Humorous and Pathetic," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.

minent, will still be accurate. If he has any doubts about his memory, he will nevertheless give as minute a description, and save his conscience, should it be troublesome, by a qualifying clause. In the same page in which he describes this cigar merchant he tells a story of Dr. Johnson, but though he utterly spoils the story, and makes a wonderful mess in point of chronology, he this time forgets to throw any doubt on the accuracy of his memory. He says:—

You have only to go on brewing barrels of beer, and an ever-thirsty public will go on buying and paying. Dr. Johnson had an inkling of this, when, taking stock, as executor under Thrall's will, of the great brew-house which was afterwards to become Barclay and Perkins's, he told Topham Beauclerk that he had at last discovered the "source of boundless prosperity and inexhaustible riches."

If Dr. Johnson had ever made so commonplace a remark to Topham Beauclerk, Beauclerk, unlike Mr. Sala, would certainly not have taken the trouble to repeat it. What Dr. Johnson did say at the sale of Thrall's brewery every one knows with the exception of Mr. Sala. Mr. Sala, apparently distrusting his memory, tries, like a certain class of witnesses in a court of justice, to hide his want of accuracy beneath greater circumstantiality. Topham Beauclerk is accordingly brought into the story, and by the peculiarity of his name casts an agreeable air of veracity about the whole quotation. Unfortunately for Mr. Sala, Topham Beauclerk happened to have died a year before Mr. Thrall. In fact, it was "at Mr. Thrall's" that Johnson, speaking of his friend, who was just dead, said "that Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy than those of any whom he had known."

When we come to look into Mr. Sala's trick of writing, and find in his humour an imitation of Charles Lamb, and in his pathos an imitation of Charles Dickens, we are reminded of another saying of Dr. Johnson's. Boswell, in defending "the poems of a pretty voluminous writer," asked, "Is there not imagination in them, sir?" Johnson replied, "Why, sir, there is in them what *was* imagination, but it is no more imagination in *him* than sound is sound in the echo."

#### WAGNER'S TRINUMMUS.\*

MR. WAGNER need have offered no apology for putting forth an edition of the *Trinummus* for English scholars, even if the appearance of Ritschel's new theories and new excursions—which belie in some points the old adage as to second thoughts—did not render it opportune and seasonable. Time, and retouching, and an English printer, might perhaps have combined to turn out a text-book more thoroughly neat and handy and compact as to form and matter; but, considering how few scholars we have amongst us, since the appearance of Hildyard's *Menecchmi* and *Mulharia*, who are disposed to make Plautus their chief study, we must be thankful for what this German editor, "who loveth our nation," is kind enough to do for us—namely, to supply an edition of one of the best plays of Plautus, in which no difficulty of metre or interpretation is slurred over, and upon which a very rare knowledge of general and special phraseological and philological research has been bestowed. Many students shirk the vexed question of Plautine metres as one upon which the learned rave and wrangle to no purpose; and it is certainly not reassuring to find the greatest authorities on metre and pronunciation at issue, not only with their neighbours, but with themselves. We think, however, that Mr. Wagner's preface is calculated to give confidence to those who withhold their belief from the panacea for *hiatus* which Ritschel finds in the final *d*, affixed not only to ablatives, nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, but also to adverbs, prepositions, and imperatives. Generally Mr. Wagner espouses the contrary view of Corssen, that in the conversational language of Plautus and Terence this final *d* of ablative nouns had disappeared, and that the authority of MSS. is against it, except in such cases as *med*, *ted*, and perhaps *sed* for *se*. In the notable case at v. 726 of this very play, where the adverbial form *placide* might seem to be warranted or needful (and perhaps justifiable on the analogy of *facile* in the famous *Senatus-consultum de Bacanaliis*), our editor rightly considers Ritschel's own emendation "*placidus*" happier and likelier; and we must own that there are fewer difficulties in the way of his theory of the admissibility of hiatus in the cæura, and when the line is divided between two or more speakers, than in the violent demands on our credence which Ritschel and others make in their anxiety to avoid this. One or two of these we may have to notice incidentally; but we are aware that an article devoted to this single aspect of the task of editing Plautus would run a great risk of being "*adrem* as read"; and accordingly we prefer to touch on the exegetical merits of the edition before us, although it deserves to be remembered that the greatest approach to certainty as regards metrical form is of very considerable moment in the ascertaining of the true text, which obviously should be approximately settled before the interpretation of it is attempted.

If any one desires to understand the immense importance of an accurate text and a clear understanding of the little words and connecting particles, which are apt to get confused and obscured through the phrases and idioms, to the clear apprehension of the point and drift of Plautus, he has but to look at the translations of

Thornton, Warner, and others, to see how widely even fair scholars may err through neglecting or losing sight of minutiae. In a review some time since of Mr. Strong's version of the *Mostellaria*, or "Haunted House," we endeavoured to show that in the comedies of Plautus there is a great bank of plot, wit, and humour upon which modern playwrights may still draw with perhaps greater advantage than upon that of France. A *sine qua non*, however, to any successful efforts in this direction is an accurate knowledge of what Plautus wrote. And to Mr. Wagner's credit it must be said that a study of the *Trinummus* in his edition cannot but lead to such an accession of familiarity with, and appreciation of, the ancient dramatist; and his nice points and hits as ought to make itself sensibly felt in translation or reproduction.

The plot of the *Trinummus* is not intricate. An old Athenian, Charmides, has gone abroad, and left his son Leoboniceus and a daughter under the guardianship of his friend Callicles, with private instructions as to a treasure hid in his mansion. Leoboniceus runs riot in his father's absence, and when at last the family mansion is brought to the hammer, the guardian buys it at a low price, to save the treasure which lay hid there. For doing so he incurs suspicion and animadversions from a certain didactic old gentleman, Megaronides, but his explanations satisfy the audience that Callicles is true to his friend's interests. Meanwhile a friend of Leoboniceus, Lysiteles, a wealthy young Athenian, seeks his sister's hand, and would fain take her without dowry; but Leoboniceus will not hear of this, and proposes rather to part with the remnant of land which yet belongs to him. His slave's interference to frustrate this honourable proposition gives rise to a very amusing scene; and the guardian's plan for giving the girl a portion out of the hidden treasure without revealing the secret of it to the brother brings about another capital situation, when the knave who is hired to pretend to be the bearer of a letter from the absent father to his son, and of a portion for his daughter to be paid over to Callicles, comes in contact with the real Simon Puro, Charmides, actually returned from abroad. From this knave, who calls himself Trinummus from the three pieces of money for which he undertakes the job, the play of course gets its name; and its chief complication is where the hiring Trinummus talks to Charmides of his intimacy with his unsuspected and unrecognized self, and then, when Charmides discovers himself, treats him as an impostor. At last the play ends—as Plautus mostly ends his plays—with the *dux pater* belying his character and forgiving everybody; but the memorable scene of the whole piece is that to which we have just referred, which, it need scarcely be said, is probably the germ of the well known scene in the *Taming of the Shrew* in which Lucentio's father, the real Vincentio, comes in contact with the pedant who has been hired to personate him, and is well nigh cast into prison for imposture by the rogue, whose conscience towards his employers dictates that he should act out his part to the end.

In the rendering of such a scene as this there is need of the nicest perception of the force of each Latin word and phrase; and it is in such cases that the greater exactness of modern scholarship opens a field for translators and imitators to turn a knowledge of Plautus to the best account. Indeed we are surprised to observe how slovenly the work of even literal translators has often been in this field. In the course of the amicable contest betwixt Leoboniceus and Lysiteles about dowry or no-dowry, two lines afford a proof of how what is under the surface is apt to escape all but the lynx-eyed. Lysiteles urges (686-7)—

Tantum melius te sororis causa exestatem exsequi  
Atque eum agrum me habere quam te tua qui toleres moenia?

Mr. Riley, a competent scholar, translates this in Bohn's series, "And is it so much preferable that for your sister's sake you should incur poverty, and that I should possess that land rather than yourself, who ought to be upholding your own walls?" A knowledge of the text and language of this play taken by itself ought to have led to a better understanding of the italicized words, which Thornton, with an ambiguity which passes for caution in a weak translator, renders "you might repair your shattered fortune." Mr. Riley ought to have seen light in the various reading, "*munia*," of some editions; but really there is no excuse for missing the fact that "*moenia*" is i.q. "*munia*," just as in v. 24 "*immoenia*" is i.q. "*immunis*" and just as in v. 354 the line—

Is est immoens quod nihil est, qui moenia tangitur suum—

in which "*munus*" and "*immunis*" are various readings, is a facetious definition of one who has not wherewithal to pay his rates and taxes. The word "*tolerare*," too, might have been perceived from what had gone before (see note on v. 338) to mean to "discharge" or "assist in bearing." Mr. Wagner's labours will make such laches impossible to those who read the *Trinummus* in his edition, unless it be where he credits his readers with his own familiarity with dramatic idioms. A case of this is to be found in a scene between Philo, the father of Lysiteles, and his son. When the latter has induced his father to approve of the match he is about to make, he throws upon him all the task of propitiating the lady's brother. The father comically remarks,

Eccè autem in benignitate repperi negotium (389),

and Wagner's note that *negotium* means "a troublesome piece of work" is good as far as it goes, and showing that "complaisance entail trouble." But it would have been no law to the purpose to draw attention to the comic and dramatic sense of "*negotium*," which is here very marked. By these two small lines the

\* Alfred Plauti Trinummus, with Notes Critical and Exegetical. By Wilhelm Wagner, Ph.D., Editor of the "Anabasis" and of Terence. Cambridge: Bell & Co. London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.

itself with the words of the last speaker, and means "Ha! here it is again; my complaisance is getting me into trouble"; or "Lo! you, there now! I'm getting into trouble by my good nature." Similar omissions are made at v. 104, where there might have been a note on "in manu," and at v. 287, where "canto" would have been better understood in its peculiar sense for a word of explanation.

One of the richest passages in the whole play is that in which the slave Stasimus dissuades Philto from accepting the proposed piece of ground (v. 523-44) on his son's behalf, and enumerates its bad points seriatim, with that end in view. Thornton's version will amuse, and the notes of Wagner, to which reference may be desirable, may be read as well with it as with the Latin:—

STAS. First, then, whenever the land is plough'd, the oxen  
Every fifth furrow drop down dead.  
PHIL. Fie on it!  
STAS. A passage down to Acheron's in our field.  
The grapes grow mouldy, as they hang, before  
They can be gather'd.  
LEA. He is, I suppose,  
Persuading him; though he's an arrant rogue,  
To me he's not unfaithful.  
STAS. Hear what follows.  
When the harvest elsewhere promises most fair,  
The yield is here three times less than you're wont.  
PHIL. Nay!—then methinks it were a proper place  
For men to sow their wild oats, where they would not  
Spring up.  
STAS. There never was a person yet  
That ever held that farm, but his affairs  
Did turn to bad; some run away, some died,  
Some hang'd themselves.—Why, there's my master now,  
To what sad straits is he reduc'd?  
PHIL. O, keep me  
Far from this farm!  
STAS. You'd have more cause to say so  
Were you to hear the whole. Each second tree  
Is blasted with the lightning; my, and more—  
The hogs are eat up with the mange; the sheep  
P'ne with the rot, all scabby as this hand.  
And no man can live there six months together;  
No, not a Syrian, though they are most hardy,  
The influenza is to all so fatal.—Thornton, vol. ii. pp. 37-8.

Upon the original of this lively passage Mr. Wagner has not been chary of explanatory notes. In the first line the primary sense of *olim* (h. e. *illo tempore*) is pointed out and illustrated; in the 7th, *postid* (cf. *antid*, v. 546) is shown to be the original form of *post*, and to have been an old ablative in *d*, a trace of which survives in the later Latin compound "*postidea*." Afterwards the curious expression "*ad incitum redactust*" (v. 537) is identified to a nicety with "*checkmate*" in chess; the summer fever, which Plautus calls "*morbus solstitialis*," is described and illustrated by Latin and Greek parallels; and last, not least, a tilt is run at Ritschel in reference to his maintenance, *à propos* of v. 539, of the strange theory of a nominative plural in *as* for metrical purposes. The line runs in MSS. "*Nam fulguritæ sunt alternæ arbores*." Ritschel ignores Wagner's principle of hiatus "before a cretic word at the end of a line," although it is supported by Spanghel and Brix in two passages of the *Ménechmei*, and resorts to reading *alternas* for *alternæ*, justifying this queer and novel nominative plural by "*Quot letitias inoperatæ (!) modo mi irreperere in aium*," where "*letitias*" is manifestly the "*accusativus expletivus*." Common sense must here pronounce on the side of Mr. Wagner.

Another of the happiest passages in this play is also recalled by another of Ritschel's readings, *placidus*, invented to obviate the hiatus. We agree with Mr. Wagner in thinking that, if any change was needed, Ritschel's first resource, "*placidus*," was very neat and Plautian. But the passage has a more general interest on account of its being a first-rate sample of the figure *τοπος προδομίου*, deservedly popular in ancient as in modern burlesque. In it Stasimus, seeing how things are going, and that he and his master have nothing to hope for except by enlisting, breaks out into reflections of mixed gloom and banter. (*Video casulam—in tabernaculo*, 721-6.) Thornton's rendering is very wide of the mark; but the pith of it is represented in this literal version, which may possibly serve to recommend the humour of the play:—

I see  
That I must shortly be a soldier's drudge.  
And when my master's taken some monarch's pay,  
Methinks mild warriors he will take the lead—  
In headlong fights; and spoils will fall to him—  
Who shall have faced my master in the fight.  
For me—when with a blow I'm strongly smit,  
My quiver full of shafts, my hand unceasing  
Is belab'ring them—I th' tent—I'll sleep at ease.

Here, as in many instances, the editor's notes leave nothing to be desired.

Had we space, we might draw attention to various happy emendations proposed or adopted by Mr. Wagner of equal merit with his suggestion to read "*hæc omnia eximiant*," in 287, for "*hæc sunt quæ eximiant*," to which Spanghel demurs as foreign to Latin usage. "*Cum*," or "*coerceo*," which are identical, may, he thinks, have got corrupted into "*quæque*." A still more certain emendation in the same passage is v. 297, "*ut ego hæc mecum facerem*," for *facies*, which is out of place in reference to the context. This indeed is a conjecture which has been subsequently confirmed by the palimpsest. We might dwell also on the notes of difference between *Plautus* and *Terence*, which Mr. Wagner points out in several passages, and on the internal evidence of the date of the play which he finds in the allusions to a dearth at this

time (v. 32 and v. 424) and to the ascendancy of the aristocratic party (v. 34) as well as to the selling of the Capanees as slaves (v. 545). Both these add to the interest and value of his annotations. We must also mention the rare merit of his explanations and derivations of words, such as *dum*, *quoniam*, *passum*, *runsum*, *similitu*, and the like. Since we reviewed Mr. Wagner's *Terence* he has become more proficient in our language, though he still talks of "*ill-demeanour*" for "*misconduct*," of the "*affect*" for the "*feeling*" of a speaker, translates "*inscitia*" a "*bévue*," characterizes a brother professor as "*up to anything*," and with an equally charming naïveté translates "*inaneum malum*" (v. 573) as "*awfully bad*." Perhaps, however, our native slang is more to blame than the foreigner who does not distinguish the wheat from the tares. At any rate he has made in this edition his best contribution to the service of Latin scholarship, and his *Terentius* deserves a welcome not only from those who look for a complete edition of Plautus in due season, but also from those who have to depend on future translations for a really trustworthy English counterpart or presentment of the chief of Latin playwrights.

#### OMBRA.\*

CRITICS have a right to be severe in their demands on Mrs. Oliphant. Her powers are not of the kind to be judged by any rule of good-natured tolerance, but rather by as high a standard as is applied to any living novelist; and her fault, therefore, when she fails in the excellence which is possible to her, is great in proportion to the opportunity which she has missed of doing first-rate work. Every now and then, tempted apparently by the dream of haste and facility, she puts forth an inferior production, which probably the reading world, notoriously loyal to a name, accepts in faith as a creditable sample of her skill, but which to the critic accustomed to analysis is a patent mistake. Then she charms the severest reviewer by some short story which recalle Mrs. Gaskell's best method; and then, again, she delights and yet disappoints by such a work as *Ombra*, which in certain parts is so excellent, so tenderly thought and so delicately touched, that we feel almost personally aggrieved when we come across the weaker portions, or stumble over the pages which have evidently been written in haste, and neither corrected nor reported of at leisure.

Nothing can be fresher or brighter than the three principal female characters of this book. They are quaintly original, and yet entirely natural. Perhaps we might take exception to the action of Mrs. Anderson concerning *Ombra's* "secret," as not quite in accordance with the kind of woman she is described to be. True, the whole circumstances were difficult, and the opposing lines of interest and inclination many; but we think she would not have given way to such a questionable proceeding as she did, and that conventional propriety would have carried the day over maternal complaisance, even when the daughter was such a one as *Ombra*. If, too, we view her conduct as an evidence of gratified maternal ambition, we are scarcely better satisfied; for the gratification was of a somewhat qualified kind, all things considered, and though matters came right in the end, they did so by chance more than by deserving. But if this one special action strikes us as being hardly natural to her—and we are not sure that we are absolutely justified in our objection—the whole character is truthfully and delicately indicated, and makes one of Mrs. Oliphant's best portraits. Really kind-hearted and affectionate, yet not indisposed to more demonstrativeness than was quite sincere, even in one of her naturally caressing disposition; worldly, with the half-bitter ambition of a woman who has made a *ménage* and suffered by it, yet honourable, and with a sense of dignity and self-respect that kept her from sinking into the rank of a well-born adventuress; loving her daughter, yet fearing her moody temper even more than she delighted in her beauty, or took pride in her intellect; loving Kate, her niece, still more, yet taking part in the cruel deception that overwhelmed her favourite with such unnecessary sorrow, and deserting her in a manner that was both unfeeling and unwomanly; still beautiful in her mature airhood, but not coquettish, and unaffectedly maternal, she is one of the best drawn personages of the book. Only a writer of rare discrimination could have delineated a character at once so vivid and so subtle; and if the author of *Ombra* had done nothing else for her fame, "*Mrs. Anderson*" would have given her rank among our best character-painters. The mingled feelings that possessed Mrs. Anderson when Mr. Courtenay proposed to her to take on herself the guardianship of his ward are admirably portrayed. Kindness towards her dead sister's child, desire to regain a footing in the family which had discarded her for her marriage, the advantage of the income offered in addition to her own limited means, natural tenderness and artificial needs, with the fear of *Ombra* pervading all, make up an excellently conceived, and as excellently executed, entanglement of motives—all true to nature. The offensive scene at the railway station, when she kisses and cries over Kate—the cynical old uncle looking on with a half-amused disgust, while Kate sinks in amazement, "Are you sorry? because I am glad, very glad to see you. I could not cry for anything; I am as happy as I can be"—is a charming bit of work all through. The "*warm darkness*" that surrounded the

\* *Ombra*. By Mrs. Oliphant. Author of "*Chronicle of Carlingford*," "*Salem Chapel*," &c. 3 vols. London: Harst & Blackett. 1872.

child, the "pressure of something which held her close," the "voice murmuring and purring over her," and then the release, when she saw a tall, kind, handsome woman with a face like her own, bring the scene bodily before us. But Mrs. Anderson is always visible in her personality, and stands out from the pages firm and solid.

The character of Ombra herself is more complex, and therefore more contradictory, than that of her mother. Mrs. Anderson is the woman of happy escapes. She just "saves" this or that dangerous quality; just escapes being a humbug, an *intrigante*, a schemer, an adventuress. But Ombra is the girl of contradictory extremes; and what between her reticence to-day and her passion to-morrow, her hatred of pretence on the one side and her condescension to practical falsehood on the other, we confess we are rather at a loss how to class her, and do not quite know what is meant to be the result of an hysterical temper or what is grave moral fault. Certain it is that she is very unamiable. Suspicious, selfish, jealous, exacting, but lovely and fascinating, she is one of those women who seem sent into the world to be the torment of all with whom they are associated, and whose fortunes, even when at the brightest, are overclouded by their own painful moods. The cruel dexterity with which she made it appear as if it was the one Bertie with whom she was flirting, while all the while it was the other who was making love—which secret is admirably managed by Mrs. Oliphant—was more clever than admirable; and the outburst which so nearly broke poor Kate's heart was unpardonable, even under the peculiar circumstances existing. Yet for all her faults and inconsistencies, there is something that is both fresh and enchanting about Ombra. Shadow as she is in name, she is also shadowy in drawing and colouring; and her nature is at times in harmony with her seeming. Her thoughts and aspirations in the beginning are all vague and indistinct. No gaiety warms her, no self-abandonment in the early part of the book gives her the thrill or the life of passion. As we see her in the beginning, she reminds us of one of those German spirit-maidens who float away on the moonbeams or dissolve in a cloud; and we can scarcely reconcile the slightly vulgar and vixenish Ombra of the conclusion, full of fierce complainings and a love that was neither tender nor noble, with the cold and vague, but exquisitely truthful and refined Shadow of the cottage, whose pure nature abhorred the very echo of a falsehood, and whose subtle graces worked up a soul in her young cousin, and transformed a pert and troublesome child into a sweet and gracious gentlewoman. And, by the by, nothing is more beautiful than the running description of the influence which Ombra exerts over Kate Courtenay; nothing truer than the half indifference, half dislike, dashed with envy, with which the "Ice-maiden," as old Francesca calls her, receives the enthusiastic love of her turbulent adorer, a love which softens her temper only when it touches her vanity. And yet Ombra is not bad-hearted; she is simply bad-tempered.

It is the cousin, however, this Kate Courtenay, the heiress of Langley Courtenay and the subject of an educational experiment which forbade her to love or to be loved, who is the popular person of the story; and deservedly so. From first to last Kate is delightful and deliciously natural. We would not spare one trait of that interfering, arbitrary, self-satisfied, soulless girlhood of hers, nor see the smallest or the sharpest of her impertinent angles rubbed away. We love her from the first, faults and all; though we acknowledge that in real life she would have been a terrible nuisance, and one that would have required all our philosophy and Christian charity to endure with composure. But as she grows older, and softens and ripens under the fostering care of her aunt, she becomes a creature of exceeding beauty; as generous and transparent, as loving and joyous, as Ombra is the reverse. Her first introduction is charming; and we can perfectly realize the unconscious audacity of this fifteen-year-old chatterbox, as she gives good advice to her cynical uncle, and explains to him her wishes for the present and her views for the future, with the sublime assurance of a young autocrat; for is she not lady of the manor at Langley Courtenay, with more than mediæval notions about her rights as proprietress and the duties of her subjects? The discomfiture which follows, when she is taken off her stilts and sent back to the nursery, and the struggle between her wounded pride as the lady and her longing for the strawberries as a girl, is in Mrs. Oliphant's special manner. Very quaint and charming, too, is that scene in the dell, where Bertie hears her crying, and commits a trespass to come to the rescue; and where the first seeds are sown of the love which afterwards came to such pretty maturity, and with such a delightful dash of sweet imperiousness across its sentiment. For not even in her love can the lady of the manor forget her territorial dignity, or be other than the *châtelaine*. But indeed Kate is charming all through, and both she and Ombra are witnesses to the fact that to create interest and originality of a high quality no author need necessarily go to crime or sensationalism. Old Francesca, too, is good, but slightly tiresome with her broken English; and Lady Carysfort, though only a sketch, is in excellent keeping with her place in the story and with the story itself. Of the two Berties we cannot speak so favourably. They are women's men, and act as women's men generally do; that is, unlike the real thing. But as to speak of them openly would betray Mrs. Oliphant's secret, and Ombra's, we will content ourselves with this protest, and leave our readers to find out for

themselves what it means. In spite, however, of what may be shortcomings here and there, *Ombra* is a thoroughly delightful book; nevertheless Mrs. Oliphant should not stop short of supreme excellence, as she does. She has it in her, if only she knew how to bring it out; and she ought not to rest contented until she has brought it out, and set herself on the highest place in the literature of fiction.

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## PUBLIC BUSINESS.

ON Monday Mr. GLADSTONE announced the course which the Government was prepared to take with regard to the despatch of the immense amount of public business standing for the consideration of Parliament. Seven Bills were, as he said, standing like a row of criminals ready for execution, and he forthwith executed them. Two Irish Bills and a Scotch Bill of purely local interest disappeared without any one to bemoan their fate, and much the same may be said of the Metropolitan Police Superannuation Bill. The Juries Bill introduced such sweeping changes, made with so little forethought, that its execution was a matter of certainty. The Master and Servants' Wages Bill, founded on the Report of a Commission conducted with great ability and zeal, deserved a better fate; but it would have provoked long and eager discussion, and certainly it cannot be said that the present is a moment when servants are especially conspicuous as a downtrodden and oppressed class. The abandonment of the Contagious Diseases Bill stood on a different footing, and the announcement that the Government was going to throw it over was received with much gratification. This was not a case of the Government finding itself obliged to abandon a useful measure introduced on its merits. It was the offspring of an unworthy panic, into which the Government had been frightened by the ignorant clamour and noisy misrepresentations of a fanatical and repulsive clique, and it is now allowed to drop simply because the Government has found that the howling which it thought so dreadful may be safely disregarded. Even, however, after those sacrifices had been made, the business remaining to be dealt with was extremely heavy, and another race of criminals with ropes round their necks will soon be seen, and will be as certain to be executed as their predecessors. The Corrupt Practices Bill is to be brought forward with a long list of amendments proposed by the Government. If the House likes to swallow all these amendments without discussion, then, Mr. GLADSTONE says, the Bill may pass; but if any discussion is raised, the Bill will be immediately withdrawn. There cannot be much hope that a criminal with such a tight rope round his neck will be reprieved. With regard to the Local Government of Ireland Bill, the Enclosure Bill, the Thames Embankment Bill, and the Education Act Amendment Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE stated that the Government intended to pass them, but he significantly hinted that they would need little discussion. If members choose to talk much about them, they are at liberty to do so, but they will get their holidays so much later. Even if they talk very little, or not at all, there is so much to do that it is doubtful whether all the business can be got through by the end of the first week in August. A night is to be devoted to the consideration of the very important subject of the Galway election and the attacks on Mr. Justice KILGILL, and the Indian Budget is to have an afternoon all to its life. Much work has still to be done in Committee of Supply, and several of the Bills that are ultimately passed will first come back with amendments made in them by the Lords, and some time must be consumed in deciding how far these amendments are to be accepted. Altogether, Parliament has a hard three weeks' work before it.

The Bills of private members are of course swept to destruction in a mass. Mr. NEWDEGATE was a little indignant at their wholesale extinction, but Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out that no private member could at this period of the Session have any chance of carrying a Bill. Such Bills, as he remarked, were beyond either fear or hope. If private members insisted, the Government would be obliged to allow them time, but it would be time purely wasted. A feeble remnant of the House of Commons would go on sitting a little longer in the

dog days, and Mr. GLADSTONE expected that private members would save themselves, not only with readiness, but with enthusiasm, from such a fate. The same thing happens year after year. Members find interest, and hope to find fame or notoriety, in mastering the details of a subject and linking their names with it. They bring in Bills to carry out the conclusions at which they have arrived, and then find that they are utterly powerless to press these Bills forward. They have no force at their command adequate to the task of getting a Bill through three readings and a Committee. Exceptions occur, and Mr. HENRY JAMES has just been lucky enough to secure the third reading of a Bill for extending the provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act to municipal elections, and if the Peers make no objection, his Bill will become law. But, as a general rule, private members have no chance, and know that they have no chance, of passing their Bills. This is not much to be regretted, and, in point of fact, does not in the least discourage private members. What are the Bills of private members? They are, in nine cases out of ten, merely a means of calling the attention of Parliament and the country to a subject on which legislation is supposed to be required. They are instruments for ventilating the theories of men with special knowledge or special interests. At first sight it might appear that the mechanism was unnecessarily elaborate and minute. But it is really in the highest degree desirable that a member who wants to attract attention to a subject should put his views into the shape of a Bill. It forces him to think how they would work if put into practical operation, and many absurdities which, in the minds of the member and his friends, might otherwise be covered with a haze of pleasant obscurity, are at once exposed when clauses are drawn up to embody them. When the proposals of a member will stand the test of being expressed in a Bill, they are often of great value and have an effect on legislation and on the conduct of the Government, although they are unaccompanied with hundreds of other innocents at the end of the Session. The Government even sometimes goes so far as to complain that it has not received this sort of accidental assistance, and Lord HARTINGTON on Wednesday seriously lamented that, although the subject of the purchase of the Irish railways had been agitating Ireland for seven years, no one until that day had brought the matter in a definite shape before Parliament; and yet immediately afterwards he asked that a Bill prepared by a private member for facilitating the purchase should be withdrawn, as it was wholly impracticable, and the subject was one with which no one except the Government could deal. Very often, too, the Bills of private members are exceedingly useful in disclosing the feebleness of the support really extended to measures supposed to be strongly supported. The Burials Bill, for example, has been crushed because after Session because the country is not prepared to face the danger of searing churchyards made the scene of rivalry and confusion; and Mr. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill has fallen through, not only because the Government opposed it, but because impartial criticism showed that it was not in itself a satisfactory measure, although the University and the Conservative party and many advanced Liberals agreed in supporting it. Members whose Bills are sacrificed naturally feel annoyed at such statements as that of Mr. GLADSTONE, but the country can afford to look at these Bills as a whole, and can satisfy itself that Parliament has really done enough towards letting the authors of new theories and suggestions have a fair chance of explaining their views.

It is the unavoidable sacrifice of Government measures of secondary importance that is to be lamented. The Session has been by no means a fruitless one. The Ballot Bill is now law, and the Government will, it is almost certain, succeed in

passing the Scotch Education Bill, the Mines Regulation Bill, the Licensing Bill, and the Public Health Bill. The last two are indeed very small measures. They are bits of Bills rather than Bills, but still they may fairly count for something, and may hereafter prove to be the foundation of more comprehensive measures. The amount of successful work done by the Government this Session is therefore fully up to the average. But it is lamentable to think how much is left undone that ought to have been done, even when the general performance of the Government may, according to the usual standard, be pronounced not unsatisfactory. A Bill, for example, like the Scotch Land Transfer Bill is knocked on the head without any one raising a voice in its favour. It is merely a Bill which has something to do with the oddities of Scotch real property law. No one understands or cares about its objects or its provisions; and yet it is to some people a matter of deep and legitimate interest. They have a grievance in the existence of certain old feudal claims on their land, which they are willing to buy up, which those who make the claims are willing to have bought up, and which the Government thinks ought to be purchasable on fair terms. It is a Bill which may be compared with the English Act for enfranchising copyholds, the value of which is a matter of daily experience in many counties. But the Government is obliged to throw it overboard in the middle of July, and the Scotch have to wait for another year until Parliament can find time to attend to them. The Scotch are a patient people, but they have neighbours who are not quite so patient. The experience of Lord HARTINGTON as Irish Secretary has evidently made him alive to the dangers to be apprehended from the continued difficulty of getting Parliament to attend to Irish business. If the neglect exhibited in the last two years is allowed to prevail next Session, the cry for Home Rule would, he warned his hearers, attain very inconvenient strength. But Parliament has, as its business is now conducted, not time enough to attend properly to half the matters with which it takes on itself to deal, and it will not listen to any proposal for a change in its manner of conducting its business. This state of things cannot last. A change must come sooner or later, and the danger is lest it should come in a very bad form, and be made under circumstances humiliating to England. The end of a cry for Home Rule in Ireland would not be the legislative independence of Ireland, but it would in all probability be the extension to Ireland of great facilities for getting Irish business done quickly and with attention to local needs, under the control of the Imperial Parliament. That such a change, proper in itself, should be wrung out of some English Government by the nuisance of a random and half-treasonable movement for Home Rule, as the disestablishment of the Irish Church was forced on an English Government by Fenianism, would be a matter of deep regret; and yet it is more than possible that this may be the course events will take unless Parliament will set itself in time to achieving the difficult but not hopeless task of constructing some machinery by which measures of a humble and unattractive kind needed by Ireland and Scotland may be passed with reasonable ease and promptitude.

#### THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE nomination of Mr. GREELEY by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore for the first time renders his candidature serious. The determination to defeat GRANT at all hazards, if it seems scarcely consistent with sound political morality, at least indicates the profound dissatisfaction which has been provoked by the present Administration. The original movement was an honest attempt to interrupt the progress of misgovernment and corruption. The Liberal Republicans nearly succeeded in nominating the candidate who would have been most acceptable to the better and more intelligent section of both the great parties; but the election managers had determined to protect the interests of their craft, and they persuaded the majority of delegates that an imperfectly educated, prejudiced, and popular journalist would command a greater number of votes than a statesman who had also the disadvantage of being a gentleman. From that time some of the ablest of GRANT's original opponents either ceased to take any further interest in the struggle, or fell back into the ranks of the regular Republican party; but the great mass of the seceders, in accordance with the established rules of political discipline, pledged themselves to abide by the choice of the Cin-

cinnati Convention. No fault can be found with a decision which strictly accords with precedent, and which recognizes the undeniable necessity of party organization; but it is unfortunate that the system of universal suffrage should by a necessary consequence have transferred the power of choosing a President from the constituency to clubs of professional politicians who know how to manipulate the machinery of elections. Personal fitness for all public offices, including the highest, has long been habitually disregarded by the managers of conventions. It is undoubtedly from a creditable feeling of loyalty that Mr. SCHURZ, who has from the first led the opposition to General GRANT, has undertaken the distasteful duty of supporting Mr. GREELEY. Mr. SUMNER, who is a still more implacable enemy of the PRESIDENT, declined to attend the Cincinnati Convention, and he still stands aloof from both the contending parties. As an advocate of the severe measures which have been enacted against the South, he can scarcely be expected to adopt the proposal of universal amnesty and of the termination of military government. The Cincinnati platform or declaration of principles includes scarcely any other definite proposition. Of the promise that the question of Free-trade shall be left to the decision of the constituencies or of Congress, it can only be said that it is less mischievous and not more utterly unprincipled than the pledge given against freedom of trade by the rival Convention at Philadelphia. It is highly probable that the nomination of Mr. GREELEY was effected by the Protectionists who had, perhaps for that purpose, joined the ranks of the Liberal Republicans. As a fanatical opponent of sound economic doctrines, Mr. GREELEY perhaps inspires monopolists with a confidence which is not to be shaken even by the use for election purposes of suspicious verbiage.

Mr. SUMNER has expounded in an elaborate oration, delivered shortly before the adjournment of the Senate, the grounds of his hostility to General GRANT; but, as he professes to appeal to the Philadelphia Convention, it may be inferred that he will not actively oppose the regular Republican nominee. On an unenlightened foreigner the speech produces the impression of an enlarged copy of a schoolboy's theme. In pompous phrases, interspersed with real and imaginary examples from history, General GRANT is accused of nepotism, of pecuniary corruption, and of disregard for the letter and spirit of the Constitution. By employing military officers in civil appointments, and by ordering certain reports to be made to the Commander-in-Chief instead of to the Secretary at War, the PRESIDENT has, it seems, attempted to establish despotism, or, in Mr. SUMNER's barbarous language, "the One-Man Power." Mr. BUCKLE and the late Lord DUNHAM are quoted as authorities for the proposition that soldiers are unfit for political functions; and Mr. SUMNER complacently asserts that MARLBOROUGH, WELLINGTON, and FREDERICK the GREAT were conspicuously deficient in civil ability. He further records how JEFFERSON blamed his rival, President JOHN ADAMS, for promoting his son who afterwards succeeded to the office of President to a higher diplomatic post. WASHINGTON refused a present from the Virginia Assembly of certain canal shares; and BROUGHAM only consented to receive a trifling ornament from his admirers at Glasgow. From "an able historical work in two volumes, entitled *Il Nipotismo di Roma*," Mr. SUMNER extracts a summary of family jobs perpetrated by the Popes in the course of two hundred years. Having shown that General GRANT strongly resembles ALEXANDER VI. and GREGORY XIII., the orator "leaves for the time this enormous 'unrepublican pretension' to discuss the PRESIDENT's other demerits. Unlike St. LOUIS, who, 'leaving on a crusade,' charged his Queen-Regent not to accept presents for herself 'or her children,' General GRANT has not only received numerous gifts, but he has in two or three instances promoted the donors to high offices of State. The obstinate and abortive efforts of the PRESIDENT to procure the assent of Congress to the annexation of San Domingo are not unjustly censured; but to strangers it would scarcely seem that a mere proposal or suggestion could be treasonable or even criminal, although it was contained in an 'Annual Message where undignified insult to the Senate vies with absurdity in declaring prospective profits, and with geographical ignorance.' But 'all this will be one of the riddles of American history; it will be explained only by the extent to which the One-Man Power had succeeded in subjugating the Government.'

When Mr. SUMNER's tumid twaddle is reduced within moderate dimensions, it may be admitted that General GRANT's conduct has not been consistent with scrupulous delicacy, nor even with perfect political integrity. No Pope of the seventeenth century was more lavish than the actual

PRESIDENT of patronage to his relations and connexions, nearly all of whom unluckily happen to be persons of questionable reputation. One of the number, Mr. CASEY, Collector at New Orleans, has exceeded the ordinary licenses of American functionaries in his interference with local elections. Mr. THOMAS MURPHY, a favourite but not a kinsman, lately Collector at New York, created so much scandal that the PRESIDENT was at last compelled to accept his resignation; and it is well understood that numerous appointments have been made for the express purpose of promoting the re-election of General GRANT. No comparison with FABRICIUS and CINCINNATUS, or even with WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, is required to prove that the candidate unanimously nominated at Philadelphia is not selected as the representative of political and official purity; but, on the other hand, no direct act of personal dishonesty has been traced to the PRESIDENT himself. After his first election General GRANT found that the unfamiliar machinery of government could be most easily worked by the accustomed methods of patronage; and where it was generally assumed that personal qualifications were to be disregarded, he not unnaturally thought that his own family and friends might as well profit by a share in the distribution of office. His gratitude to those from whom he had received personal benefits was not unamiable in itself; and the Senate, when it approved his nominations, was fully aware of all the circumstances of each separate case. The early Presidents of the Republic were surrounded by a purer political atmosphere, and they occupied a different social position. The opponents of General GRANT think it a recommendation to their candidate that he has lived by manual labour; and no President since Mr. BUCHANAN has enjoyed the advantage of an early liberal education, though General GRANT himself passed through the West Point Academy. His best title to the honours which he has received, and to those which may hereafter be conferred, is derived from his services in the war. As in the case of other generals, his military qualities may be variously estimated, but there can be no dispute as to his success. The occupation of Fort Donelson turned the tide of victory; the capture of Vicksburg was fatal to the fortunes of the Confederates in the West; and the bloody campaign of Virginia was so conducted as to secure to the Northern army the decisive advantage which belongs to an irresistible preponderance of numbers. It is a greater achievement to have caused the surrender of LEE and the termination of the war than to have acquired large circulation and influence for a wrong-headed newspaper.

Mr. GREELEY's success, which is now considered not to be improbable, would indicate an imminent dissolution and reconstruction of parties. The Baltimore Convention virtually confessed that the Democrats have no longer any distinct principles to advocate; but those who must contribute the largest share to the victory of the Coalition will claim a proportionate share of the spoils. Mr. GREELEY will be expected and compelled to admit a certain number of Democrats into his Cabinet; nor will the Liberal Republicans be entitled to a monopoly of postmasterships and to all the lucrative collectorships. In the conduct of affairs it will be impossible to adhere to the safe and unmeaning generalities of the Cincinnati platform. It will be necessary to favour either the white inhabitants of the South or the coloured race; and the Democratic party will not fail to insist on an amnesty and on the termination of military government. To the reform of the civil service GRANT and GREELEY are equally disinclined, though it is possible that in a second term of office, with nothing further to hope from political allies, General GRANT may at last be disposed to check the prevailing corruption. If the contending parties are to be judged by the statements of opinion which were respectively published at Cincinnati and at Philadelphia, they are divided by no perceptible difference of political principle. A majority of the Liberal Republicans and of the Democrats are probably opposed to commercial protection; and it is possible that, notwithstanding Mr. GREELEY's prejudices and predilections, his supporters may eventually constitute themselves into a Free-trade party. For the present, the contest is scarcely more interesting than the competition of the red and blue factions in the Circus at Constantinople; and it appears that hitherto the canvass on both sides has been conducted with little interest or excitement. In the four months which still remain before the election innumerable speeches will be delivered; but the constituency fully understands that there is no political issue involved in the struggle. A bystander who even forms a wish for the success of either candidate must be unusually excitable.

## FRENCH FINANCE

THE agitation in the French Assembly during the financial debates of the last week has been extreme, and scenes of disorder and passion have followed each other in rapid succession. The President, M. GAÉVY, has complained in the most bitter manner of the continued anarchy into which he vainly strives to introduce something like order, and on one occasion business was for a time wholly suspended because the Assembly broke up into groups of talkers, who were absorbed in the occupation of bawling at each other. Finance has, in fact, been once more merged in politics, and M. THIERS has been playing off the Left against the majority, and checking the Left in turn, so as to make them regard him as their ally, and not their instrument. He has been eminently successful, and there is little doubt now that he will get his beloved taxes on raw materials adopted by the Assembly. He has of course attained his triumph by political, and not financial, arguments and devices; but still the history of the past week is full of significance for the financial as well as the political future of France. The first great point of contest has been as to the amount really necessary to balance the Budget of 1873. M. THIERS says that he must have at least 200,000 millions of francs from new taxes. M. MAGNE, one of the greatest of French financial authorities, asserted on Saturday of last week that 135 millions would be enough; and as M. THIERS immediately replied, an issue was raised in the clearest possible manner for the consideration of the Assembly and of the country. Whether the 65 millions forming the difference between the two estimates was or was not really wanted was a point of capital importance to determine before the amount and the mode of new taxation was further discussed. M. MAGNE admitted that the following amounts must be provided for:—58 millions to replace sums borrowed from what is termed the Budget of Liquidation, or, in other words, to make up a current deficit; 25 millions for increased charges on the existing public debt, 2 millions for increased cost of collection of taxes, and 48 millions for the interest and expenses of the new loan. The 65 millions which the Government said it was necessary, and M. MAGNE said it was not necessary, to raise were for the following purposes:—25 millions for the wants of different departments of State, 8 millions to aid in balancing the Budget of 1872, 10 millions for carrying out the new scheme of army organization, and 22 millions as a margin to provide against the taxes voted falling short of the Estimates. Conceding that 135 millions must be provided, M. MAGNE stated that the taxes already voted on mortgages and securities would yield 30 millions; taxes on metals and sundry articles of consumption as to which there was no difference of opinion would yield 15 millions; and 20 millions would, according to the statement of the Government, be gained by the suppression of frauds in the manufacture of alcohol; or in all 65 millions, leaving 70 millions to be found. This was the exact sum which M. GASLONDE's amendment, then under the consideration of the Assembly, purported to provide—namely, 40 millions from an increase of the trade licences, and 30 millions from an increase of the taxes on doors and windows and on furniture. The Budget Committee had previously come to the conclusion that what may be very roughly termed the commercial interest as opposed to the agricultural interest ought to bear an increase of taxation to the amount of 70 millions, and M. GASLONDE's proposal might be taken as a rude way of attaining the object of imposing this amount of new taxation on the classes destined to bear it.

The two propositions on which the only serious financial opponents of the Government relied were, accordingly, that only 70 millions more were wanted, and that these 70 millions might be safely and properly levied by some form of direct taxation on the trading classes. M. THIERS disputed vehemently both assumptions. He asserted that not 70 millions more, but 135 millions, were wanted, and that 70 millions could not be fairly levied by any form of direct taxation on the trading classes. A distinct issue being thus raised, the Assembly proceeded to vote. The 40 millions to be obtained by the increase of the trade licences were voted without a division, but the proposal to raise the 30 millions by an increase of the duties on doors and windows and on furniture was rejected by a majority of twenty-seven, M. THIERS voting in the minority. The opponents of the Government in the beginning of the week made a further effort to carry out their views. They proposed that not 40 millions, but the whole 70 millions, should be obtained by an increase of the trade licences. This proposal was rejected on Tuesday by a very decisive majority. On Wednesday it appeared that the opponents of the Government had

come to the end of their resources. They had no taxes to propose by which the 30 millions which they owned were necessary might be found, and they were reduced to suggesting that a reduction of expenditure should be made, so that these 30 millions might not be needed. This provoked M. THIERS to extreme anger. He alleged that the Government had made every possible reduction already except in the expenditure on the army. This had been largely increased, in compliance with the necessities of the case and the wishes of the country. If a reduction was made, it must be in the expenditure of the army, and if this expenditure was reduced, the army could not be maintained in a position worthy of the country. This frightened his adversaries, as they knew that they could not come to a rupture with M. THIERS on a point as to which the country would be sure to be against them. They were thus played out. They acknowledged that taxes to produce 30 millions must be invented, that they could not invent any, and that the expenditure could not be so reduced as to make the raising of these 30 millions unnecessary. M. THIERS had beaten them, and he had only to throw a sop to them by saying that during the recess the Government would not countenance any agitation for the dissolution of the Assembly, and they began to take their beating with something like good-humour. But it was not only in the final result that M. THIERS had the advantage. He had previously had the best of the argument while details were being discussed. It was not true that only 135 millions were wanted, and it was not true that 70 millions could be fairly and properly levied on the trading classes by direct taxation. M. MAGNE treated the notion of providing a margin as ridiculous; but he evidently spoke without thinking it necessary to consider the actual facts as to the produce of the new taxes. It is stated that the Customs Revenues for the first five months of the present year, in spite of augmentations by which it was estimated that their produce would be half as much again, have actually yielded less than they did in the corresponding months of the two years before the war; and 22 millions is a very small margin in the face of such figures. Then, again, as M. THIERS showed, to double the licence duties would be simply to crush many of the small shopkeepers. The number of persons who take out licences in the third or lowest class is one million and a half, and it would be at once cruel and impolitic to double the burden borne by such a vast number of poor people. He was answered by saying that the proposal to double the duty was also accompanied by a proposal that the incidence of the tax should be revised, so as to spare the poor. But he pointed out that the great bulk of the revenue from licences was made up of the sums which these humble people paid, and that if they were relieved, nothing like the anticipated 70 millions could be obtained from this source. To this no reply worthy of notice was or could be made.

No proposal except that to tax raw materials remains, and this probably may now be looked on as adopted. But nothing can be more strange than the language of M. THIERS as to his favourite taxes. It is not at all surprising that he should advocate them on principle. They embody Protection, and he is an ardent Protectionist. But what is wonderful is the persistent manner in which, in spite of repeated and crushing criticism, he goes on asserting that these taxes will produce any sum he thinks proper to name. Not long ago he put a speculative question to the Committee of Tariffs, which was this—Supposing France were not bound by the Commercial Treaties by which she is bound, what would these taxes produce? The Committee answered 93 millions, but that, as matters really stood, the yield would probably not exceed 5 millions. Nevertheless, M. THIERS throughout the recent debates has constantly urged on the Assembly that they have only to vote as he bids them, and that, on the showing of the Committee, they will get in 93 millions at once. It was vain that members of the Committee tried to explain that what they said was that, if a set of circumstances existed, which did not and could not be made to exist, the taxes would produce 93 millions. M. THIERS accepted the explanation for the moment, and then immediately went back to his 93 millions as an admitted sum. He himself, when he was enunciating his views a few days ago, admitted that these taxes would only produce 40 millions during the present year when the treaties with England and Belgium will remain in force, and it is the Budget of the present year that is under discussion. There are, therefore, two things to be carefully noted in estimating the present position of French finance. In the first place, whereas 135 millions have to be found to balance the Budget, M. THIERS proposes to levy new taxes, which, according to him, will this year produce 40 millions, and, according to other calculators,

men of considerable ability and experience, will only produce 5 millions, leaving thus a deficit according to him of 95 millions, and according to his opponents of 130 millions. In the second place, all modes of taxation which will not excite vehement opposition and discontent have now been exhausted. If there is a deficit, as on the showing of M. THIERS himself is almost certain to be the case, this deficit, if met by new taxes, can only be met by taxes that will cause a violent political struggle; and it is probable that, in preference to provoking such a struggle, it will be thought better to have recourse to new loans, in order to give France breathing time until the growing wealth of the country makes the existing taxes productive enough to balance the Budget. France is so industrious, so thriving, and so saving a country that it is safe to calculate on an increasing power in the country to pay taxes. But, on the other hand, it may be observed that France is now going to embark on a system of Protection, and either the doctrines of political economy are all wrong, or the recourse to Protection will impede the progress of the nation in wealth; and, secondly, it is already evident that the taxes are high enough to make smuggling on a large scale very profitable, and smuggling under a system of heavy taxation can only be encountered by greatly increasing the expenses of the collection of the revenue. Political disturbances would of course largely increase the deficit in the Budget of the year when they occurred; but, even if all goes on smoothly, there is every prospect of a deficit in the French Budget for many years to come. Subscribers to the new loan should take this into account. Even if there is a deficit or a succession of deficits, French stock may be well worth taking at a price; but what this price is must be determined with reference to the consideration that France has not now a balanced Budget, and has no apparent chance of showing one at an early date.

#### THE PRICE OF COAL.

THE extraordinary advance in the price of coal threatens to interrupt or terminate the prosperous condition of trade, and it already causes great hardship to the mass of consumers. No other element of production is at the same time so indispensable as a domestic article of use; and it is not a little remarkable that the different kinds of coal which are respectively required for consumption and for manufacturing purposes have become simultaneously dearer. Steam coal, smelting coal, and household coal have been equally affected by causes which must therefore, as it would seem, relate to the conditions of supply rather than to the increase of demand. The unprecedented activity of the iron trade would account for the rise of price in furnace coal; and the gradual substitution of steamers for sailing-vessels, coinciding with the great extension of the English mercantile marine, provides larger and larger outlets for the produce of Welsh and Northern coalpits. It might have been supposed that household coal, which is in Yorkshire and in other districts intermixed in the beds with steam coal, being necessarily and incidentally worked, would have tended to glut the market; and the returns prove that the importation into London and the Southern counties, of which the greater part is intended for domestic use, has within the last year been enormously large. It may be expected that during the next winter compulsory economy in consumption will, by reducing the demand, either diminish the price, or at least prevent the further progress of the rise. The inevitable check to manufacturing industry, and especially to the production of iron, may perhaps be deferred to a later period. At the present moment ironmasters and other manufacturers are clamorous for an unlimited supply of coal, and all the resources of the railway Companies are barely adequate to provide carriage for the produce, in which the coalowners are in many instances unable to keep pace with the demands of their customers. Many of the longer contracts must have involved heavy loss to the producers, though it is difficult to accept Mr. FOTHERGILL'S assertion that collieries have in a series of years given a smaller return than three per cent. on the capital invested. Within the last year thousands of acres have been taken on mineral leases, and enormous sums have been spent by the lessees in sinking new pits and in providing the necessary plant.

The coalowners have probably taken care to retain for themselves a reasonable proportion of the largely increased sums which have been paid by the consumer; and perhaps their profits may for the present console them for the vexation and embarrassment to which they are exposed in the conduct of their business. The working colliers were justified in



asking to share in the prosperity of their employers; but it is unfortunate that they should have preferred to take out their premiums in inefficiency rather than in money. The advances in wages and the reduction of the hours of labour necessarily increased the cost of production; but it might have been hoped that the loss to coalowners and consumers would be confined within calculable limits. It is found by experience that the miners will only work three or four days in the week since the rise in wages has enabled them to secure with a smaller amount of labour the necessaries and luxuries to which they are accustomed. The masters are also compelled to humour their caprices, and to include in the terms of every contract with customers an estimated percentage for the uncertainty of their relations with the workmen. In another and similar branch of industry the temper and proceedings of skilled labourers have produced the curious result of increasing the comparative value of ironstone near the outcrop, as compared with the deeper seams. Mere quarrying from the surface of the ground can be done by ordinary labourers; and their competition to a certain extent holds in check the skilled miners who have a monopoly of subterranean industry. The superficial coal has unluckily long since disappeared; but only a minute part of the rise of price is to be attributed to the exhaustion of the upper seams. North Staffordshire indeed is reduced to the necessity of importing furnace coal for certain purposes; but even in that county there is still a great abundance of coal in Cannock Chase and elsewhere; and in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, South Wales, Lanarkshire, and Fife the production is only regulated by the difficulty of obtaining sufficient supplies of labour. It is not a subject for unqualified satisfaction that a reservoir which can never be replenished should be more and more rapidly drained; and happily it is not probable that the recent rate of increase in production and consumption will be maintained for an indefinite time. At some point the vast coal-fields of North America will begin to compete effectually with English mines; and Pennsylvania itself will no longer find it worth while to procure from Congress the imposition of protective duties.

The iron trade will probably be the first to feel the pressure of dearness of coal; and all fabrics in which iron is employed have risen rapidly in price. Branches of industry in which both coal and iron are largely used are subject to a new and heavy tax. Railway Companies will be compelled to make a large deduction from their gross receipts to cover the increased cost of rails, of steam fuel, and of engines and other machinery. It may also be expected that shipbuilders will be compelled to contract their operations by the large percentage which they must necessarily add to their prices; and for a time it is possible that wooden vessels may again come into fashion. The supply of ironstone within the United Kingdom is practically inexhaustible; and new fields are every day discovered and surveyed. For some years past large quantities of Northamptonshire ore have been sent into Wales and into Staffordshire; and perhaps the Kent and Sussex districts which were, in the days when ore was smelted with wood, the seat of a great iron trade, may once more become workable. The quantity of coal within reach has been approximately ascertained; nor are the borings in the South-Eastern counties which have been projected for scientific objects expected to produce any commercial result. It is less easy to calculate the probable supply and cost of labour, or the tendency of moral and social causes to diminish production. The value of coal and iron, as of all other commodities, is calculated in gold; and the supply of bullion is constantly augmented. The most careful calculator would for the present find it impossible to assign to the depreciation of gold its just share in the rise of the price of coal. It is on many grounds likely that prices will not again fall to their former level, but it may be hoped that last year's advance will not be repeated.

An abundance of coal has been so naturally taken for granted that the influence of comparatively cheap fuel on all the habits of English life can only be understood by an effort of attention. Forty years ago a large part of the inferior coal in Durham and Northumberland was wilfully consumed in great fires which were kept continually burning at the mouths of the pits. An Act of Parliament prohibited the practice, which was still more effectually suppressed by the introduction of railways; yet many years passed before London ceased to depend on sea carriage for the greater part of its supply. The domestic life of which Englishmen are generally proud depends entirely on the possibility of making rooms warm in winter. Some years ago an Italian long settled in England published an interesting account of his unsuccessful attempt

to transplant his acquired habits to his native country. He found that in a Piedmontese winter all but the richest class were driven to theatres and to the society of the cafés in consequence of the chill discomfort of houses which consequently could scarcely be regarded as homes. The anomalous preservation of the race of wolves in France and other parts of the Continent results from the necessity of surrendering vast tracts of country to the growth of firewood. It may be hoped that a long time may elapse before the arable fields and pastures of England are converted into stunted forests; but the use of contrivances for economizing fuel will become more and more indispensable, though stoves of all descriptions offer a melancholy contrast to a blazing fire. There are private houses in England which require an expenditure on coal, even when prices are moderate, of more than 1,000*l.* a year. Up to the present time wood, which is at the best a miserable substitute for coal, has also been considerably dearer. Every winter visitor to Paris knows that the cost of fuel often amounts to a fourth or a third part of his hotel expenses. It is difficult to determine whether household or industrial coal is more essential to the general welfare. The exportation has not increased so rapidly as the domestic consumption; and probably it will be greatly interrupted by the rise of prices. Shipowners and packet companies will have a fresh inducement to discover or to use the coal which is to be found in almost every part of the world; and the Chinese Government will be urged with fresh earnestness to permit foreigners to extract the supplies of fuel which are rendered useless by native jealousy and habits of obstruction. In various ways the process of exhaustion of English coal mines will be delayed; but the effect of dearth on the public prosperity may be serious. The inference which Mr. GLADSTONE deduced from the alarming forebodings of statistical inquirers has not yet been practically adopted. The cheapness of gold is a better reason for allowing the National Debt to remain than the dearness of coal for paying it off. There is perhaps little use in commenting on facts which can neither be disturbed nor corrected. When Nature produces an untoward result, it only remains for the community to submit, or, in official language to govern itself accordingly.

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH BILL.

THE curtailment which the Public Health Bill has undergone has supplied the Opposition with an argument of some plausibility against proceeding with it. Would it not be better, it has been asked, to deal comprehensively with the subject next Session rather than to take up a mere fraction of it this Session? As the Bill was originally drawn it aimed at two things—the creation of local sanitary authorities, and the investment of these authorities with enlarged powers. Now the clauses conferring new powers have been dropped, while the clauses creating the authorities who were to exercise them have been retained. What is the good of calling a new machinery into existence for the mere purpose of keeping it idle for twelve months? The fact that new powers were given in the first draft of the Bill is evidence that the Government thought that new powers were wanted. If it has been found impossible to pass the Bill conferring them during the fraction of the Session that still remains, it would be more honest to leave the question alone than to keep the promise of legislation to the ear while breaking it in the spirit.

The fault of this reasoning is that it ignores the fact that very large sanitary powers are already in being, and that the additions to them originally contained in the Public Health Bill, though extremely valuable in themselves, are yet of small importance as compared with those which are already at the disposal of a competent sanitary authority. No one who has not studied the Sanitary Acts now in force knows how large a field they cover. It is true that they have the disadvantage of being both numerous and puzzling. But their complications are complications of form rather than of substance. A layman attempting to answer a particular question by reference to them would find himself in a statutory labyrinth, and might come out of it with a firm conviction that the law on the subject was uncertain or contradictory. But a lawyer would have no difficulty in determining the scope and object of each provision, and the Acts require nothing but careful editing and judicious arrangement to tell their own tale, even for those who are not lawyers. This editing and arrangement Mr. STANFELD has already promised shall be forthcoming as soon as the authorities for whose benefit it is designed shall have been created. We shall not be surprised if, when this work has been

done, the new authorities, instead of lamenting that they can do so little, are rather frightened at being empowered to do so much. It is true again that the working of the Sanitary Acts has shown that, though many valuable powers are given by the existing laws, others not less valuable have been withheld. But this is only what must be discovered in a year or two with regard to any Bill that could now be passed. Nothing but experience can adequately show what is needed in this way, and as yet our experience is very limited. Here and there there have been energetic Town Councils or Boards of Health, and these have found that, though they can do a great deal in the way of sanitary improvement, there are some things which they are unable to do. In proportion as the number of energetic sanitary authorities increases there will be fresh revelations of defects which must be supplied before the Sanitary code can be called complete. It would be highly undesirable that any measure which could have been passed this Session, or which may be passed next Session, should be regarded as closing the legislative canon. As soon as any fairly efficient organization is extended over the country, new wants will disclose themselves in all directions. At present almost all our available data have been drawn from towns. When the country districts are made self-governing in sanitary matters they will probably furnish us with new facts, and with facts that may lead to considerable modifications in the best established sanitary theories. The position, therefore, in which the question is left by the withdrawal of a large part of the Public Health Bill is one in which it is likely to be left at frequently recurring intervals. No doubt if the curtailed Bill becomes law this Session certain admitted defects will be left over to be remedied next Session. But supposing that the Bill had been passed this year in its original form, before twelve months had passed a new set of admitted defects would have risen up. There is no immediate prospect of arriving at finality in sanitary legislation. For years to come Parliament must submit to be a learner. Nor is it accurate to say that the Bill in its present form confers no new powers. It converts permissive powers into compulsory powers, and by this means it does in a large number of places confer new powers. Hitherto the most important Sanitary Acts have only become operative at the pleasure of the ratepayers of the district, and as a rule the districts in which sanitary reforms have been most needed have been precisely those in which they have been most hotly opposed. If the Public Health Bill passes, the option of being filthy will no longer be given to any portion of the country, however small or however isolated. In every town there will be an appropriate body of sanitary regulations in force. In every country Union there will be an appropriate body of sanitary regulations in force. Alike in town and country there will be a staff of officers charged with putting these regulations in force. Alike in town and country there will be a staff of inspectors appointed by the Central Authority to see that these officers do their work properly. It cannot be said with any justice that a Bill of this character is a worthless piece of legislation.

It follows from all this that the portion of the Public Health Bill which the Government are now pushing forward deals with the part of the subject which it is most essential to deal with at this moment. The law as it stands gives very large powers to Sanitary authorities—powers not so large indeed as even with our present knowledge we see that they ought to have, but still very much larger than have ever been exercised except in a few isolated instances, and sufficient, if exercised, to make the sanitary condition of the country incalculably better than it now is. The primary defect in the existing law is the want of a single sanitary authority in every district, exercising all the powers recognized by law, and known and accessible to all those living within its jurisdiction. Until this want is supplied, even willing districts cannot always suppress their own nuisances, and unwilling districts cannot be forced to suppress them. When this want is supplied we shall know with a degree of accuracy to which at present we cannot pretend what is the direction that future legislation can most beneficially take. There was no reason, therefore, for refusing to consider this part of the subject by itself. It has no necessary connexion with the proposed increase of powers. Even if the new authorities should never be invested with any additional powers, they might use those which the law already gives them to very good purpose; and nothing will show so clearly what additional powers are wanted as the universal creation of authorities competent to work those already in being. It will be a step of the utmost importance in the direction of a

real sanitary reformation if this creation is effected in the present Session.

Upon the only point of much importance which has been discussed in Committee we have more than once stated our opinion. An intermediate authority between the Central Government and the local Sanitary authority is objectionable because it would weaken the power of the former, and give rise to needless delays. In fact the ultimate control would really be vested in the intermediate authority, inasmuch as the Central Government would never be strong enough to overcome local and intermediate resistance combined. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to hand over the whole sanitary administration of the country to bodies not responsible to Parliament, there must be nothing interposed between the Local Government Board and the authorities primarily charged with the management of sanitary matters in each district. But the substitution of County Boards for Boards of Guardians, as proposed by Mr. GOLDNEY, would be equivalent to the creation of an intermediate authority, since the work would have to be done by local Committees, and the action of the aggregate Board would ultimately resolve itself into the supervision of what had been done by those Committees. It is a further and most damaging objection to the creation of County Boards, except for certain special purposes, that it would multiply local authorities, and thus increase the difficulty, already so serious, of getting competent persons to serve on them. If in country places the relief of the poor and the care of the public health were entrusted to different bodies, one of the two objects would certainly suffer, and in all probability both would. If they are entrusted to one and the same body, there is a fair chance that good men will come forward as candidates for seats on the Board, and this fact alone will go far to ensure the successful working of the new Sanitary administration.

#### MR. BRIGHT'S APOLOGIA.

THE satisfaction with which Mr. BRIGHT's voice has again been heard in public—for though he spoke in private he was in reality addressing the public—has unfortunately been qualified by some feelings of disappointment and alarm; disappointment at the tone of his remarks, and alarm at an announcement which has concurrently been made, or rather repeated, that Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GLADSTONE intend to stump Ireland together during the ensuing autumn. We cannot help thinking, or at least hoping, that there must be some mistake about this report. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE not long ago promised a deputation from Belfast that he would try to find time to attend a "banquet" there in the recess, adding that a visit to Belfast would necessarily involve a tour through the country; and Mr. GLADSTONE is known to be rash, and at times reckless, enough for almost anything. He has had, however, an opportunity for reflection since he submitted to the blandishments of the deputation; the dangers which then threatened his Government have for the present been evaded or overcome; and we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that, even under the temptations of Opposition, still less under the responsibilities of office, he would be guilty of such wanton and wicked incendiarism as a tour of speech-making in Ireland. All reasonable people of whatever party are agreed that if Ireland wants one thing more than another, it is to be let alone. She is very much in the position of a patient who has for years been sounded, and diagnosed, and pulled about, and lectured upon by rival practitioners, and who never has a moment's rest from consultations and examinations to see how the last new treatment is getting on. The doctors are her worst complaint, and if she could only get rid of them for a time, and could think about something else than her real or fancied disorders, she would soon pick up again. It is hardly worth while for Mr. GLADSTONE to go to Ireland to tell the people that he can do nothing for them except prevent them from breaking each other's heads; and whatever he says is certain to be construed into an adhesion to one party or the other. Mr. GLADSTONE has an unfortunate habit of looking out very large principles for very small measures; and it cannot be said that his language is usually remarkable for its cautious perspicuity. It would perhaps be inexpedient that the Irish should be formally assured by the Prime Minister that he will think twice and thrice before making Home Rule a Government measure. Sailors talk of whistling for a wind, and Mr. GLADSTONE's smallest of small talk would, we fear, be a dangerous encouragement to storms in such a country as Ireland. It is said that in glacier countries a sneeze will

sometimes start an avalanche. Mr. BRIGHT is generally clear enough, it is true, but it may be doubted whether in his present mood he is the best physician that Ireland could have. It was hoped by sanguine people that his experience of official life, of the arguments, disputes, and compromises which are to be found even in a compact, harmonious Cabinet, and still more the seclusion and meditation of the last two years, might possibly have had some effect in softening the harshness of his judgments on political opponents, and in leading him to make those allowances for persons who did not always look at things from the same point of view, or arrive at the same conclusions as himself, which justice as well as charity demands. He has broken the silence of two years only to show us that he has learned nothing, forgotten nothing, and forgiven nobody. If such a speech were delivered in Ireland, the simple people would at once conclude that "relentless and wicked" landlords deserved no mercy.

It must be admitted that Mr. BRIGHT's *Apologia*, or rather *non-Apologia*, *pro sua vita*, is a highly characteristic production, and that, grotesque and distorted as the history is in some respects, it is not without an historical, or perhaps we should say biographical, value. Mr. BRIGHT played a prominent part in the various controversies which he enumerated, and he is apparently determined that the rising generation and posterity shall be under no misapprehension as to the spirit which has always animated and given character to his political career. Anybody who accepted Mr. BRIGHT's review of the last thirty years as genuine history would be grievously misled; but it is no doubt a true history of Mr. BRIGHT's own impressions, and those impressions governed his conduct. During these thirty years parties have been a good deal shuffled; old parties have gone out and new ones have come in; Whigs have given place to Liberals, Tories to Conservatives, and there are radicals far ahead of Mr. BRIGHT, whose Radicalism always kept clear of the rights of employers and the sanctity of personal property, and never went beyond the mere spoliation of landlords. We now learn that during the whole of this period one man has invariably been in the right and everybody else in the wrong, and that those who differed with him were not only "ignorant and incapable," but "relentless and wicked." "I have always felt," he says, "that there were 'good men in all parts of the country who sympathized with me'; that they sympathized with him proved their goodness, and the moral depravity of those who did not sympathize with him is an equally irresistible deduction. If we might venture on a conjecture, we should say that Mr. DISRAELI's recent progress through Lancashire had something to do with the temper of this speech. It is naturally a trial to a good man to see wickedness triumphant, sleek with prosperity, and smiling back the applause of men. That the friend of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, and leader of the forlorn hope of the Protectionists, should be feted in the Free-trade Hall of Manchester, was perhaps more than the surviving apostle of the League could be expected to endure with patience and equanimity.

If Mr. BRIGHT's object was to show that he could travesty the history of his time as boldly and thoroughly as Mr. DISRAELI, he has been successful; but his performance is less amusing, perhaps because it was meant in earnest. Nobody can doubt that Mr. BRIGHT implicitly believes that the Protectionists with whom he did battle for the abolition of the Corn Laws were not only stupid and ignorant, but perversely wicked. Yet, if this view were true, it would be an indictment against the nation. The Free-traders were long a small minority, and it happened that those who were quickest to appreciate the righteousness of Free-trade were those to whom it would bring an immediate pecuniary advantage. The nation had been brought up in the Protectionist faith; the great body of the Liberals as well as of the Conservatives were on the same side, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL's conversion only just preceded that of Sir ROBERT PEEL. The Corn Laws, as Mr. BRIGHT said, were only one of a series of similar monopolies, and those who had no direct personal interest in any of them, and who were disposed to admit the theoretical soundness of Free-trade, were alarmed lest the sudden overthrow of an ancient policy, upon which the welfare of important classes was supposed to depend, should be injurious to the whole community. Sir R. PEEL himself was in advance of the country in his intellectual perception of the economical fallacies of Protection, and he would probably have yielded before the Irish famine if he had thought that he could carry the country with him. There is no reason to suppose that even at the moment of surrender the people who were afraid of

Free-trade were not a majority in the land; and at this moment the greater part of the civilized world falls under Mr. BRIGHT's denunciations as "relentless and wicked" Protectionists. We have some recollection that Mr. BRIGHT once confessed that he made a mistake in opposing—why not say in "relentlessly and wickedly" opposing—the Ten Hours' Bill, but he does not refer to the subject in this speech. He appears to be under the impression that the Reform Bill of 1867 was peculiarly one of his personal triumphs, and he has perhaps forgotten some remarks about the "residuum" which are attributed to him in *Hansard*. On the question of the Crimean War Mr. BRIGHT, as was proved to him at the time in a conclusive manner, was at variance with the great body of his countrymen; and it does not follow, because certain securities which were deemed important in 1856 were last year (wisely or unwisely) surrendered to Russia, that the war was therefore wicked and fruitless. In Mr. BRIGHT's opinion it is "one of the unaccountable things in history" that we should during the American war have taken sides with "a rebellion the sole object and purpose of which was to perpetuate slavery for ever," instead of pursuing a "generous neutrality." It will be observed that there is a gross and obvious misstatement in almost every word of this short sentence. The American war was not a rebellion, but a civil war, and this country did not take sides with either belligerent, although it would have done so if it had pursued that "generous neutrality" to the North which Mr. BRIGHT recommended. Mr. BRIGHT's personal infallibility is so far superior to that of the Pope, that he produces it from his own moral consciousness without the aid of a Council.

The deputation from the Potteries, with perhaps inconsiderate confidence, observed that they could not imagine any higher gratification which Mr. BRIGHT could desire than to see "the fruition of his patriotic policy in the unexampled 'prosperity of the country.'" It appears, however, that it is only by a severe exercise of Christian resignation that Mr. BRIGHT can bring himself to be content with this moderate result, and that he rather resents the impartiality with which the sun shines on the just and on the unjust alike. Under a more discriminating dispensation, the laws of political economy would certainly be suspended, so that Free-traders alone should profit by Free-trade, while the Protectionists were being ruined according to their own malevolent predictions. In his speech at Rochdale we beheld the just man made perfect, looking down from his moral eminence upon an erring world, but not in pity—in wrath rather than the wicked should not be utterly burned up and consumed. There has always been a strong dash of theology in Mr. BRIGHT's politics as in Mr. GLADSTONE's, and this is perhaps in a large measure the source of their strength in agitation. It is a great thing in dealing with the multitude to be able to make them think that the policy you recommend is dictated by religious duty rather than by mere political expediency, and that the inspiration from which it has been derived is beyond the range of purely human argument; and the most effectual way of doing so is to begin by thinking so yourself. When Mr. GLADSTONE is defending a measure, it is always with the air of one who has just come down from the mountain, and has the tables of the law in his despatch-box for private reference. Mr. BRIGHT's political opinions are presented as equally binding on all good men, and when the prophets differ there is no alternative but to assume that one of them has misconstrued his message. It is probably due to Mr. GLADSTONE's wider culture and more delicate sympathies that his animosities rarely survive the heat of conflict, but Mr. BRIGHT is a perfect embodiment of stern Puritan vindictiveness. He has the temper of an agitator rather than of a statesman; and the confident infallibility, hard intolerance and scrupulous pugnacity which make him so formidable in the one case destroy his pretensions to the higher rank.

#### M. THIERS AND THE RIGHT.

EVENTS are moving with unusual speed at Versailles. A section of the Conservatives appear to be thoroughly aroused to the progress which Republican ideas are making in the country, and they are no longer willing to allow M. THIERS's interpretation of the Bordeaux compact to pass unchallenged. In the debate of yesterday week they succeeded in extracting from the PRESIDENT a more pronounced declaration of his views than he had yet given, as well as a promise of a still more explicit statement before the Assembly separates for the holidays. The particular phrase which led them to insist on coming to an understanding was an incidental re-

ference by M. THIERS to the fact that the Assembly had entrusted to his care a form of government called the Republic. The indignation of the Right at hearing the action of the Assembly described in these terms led them to disregard altogether the official and personal dignity of the speaker. If it had been M. ROCHER or M. GAMBETTA who stood in the Tribune he could not have received harder measure than the PRESIDENT of the Republic. The drift of such contradictions as could be heard through the clamour seems to have been that at present there was no recognized form of government in France, that M. THIERS had passed his word at Bordeaux that nothing should be done to prejudge the constitutional question, that the Assembly had never accepted the Republic, and consequently could not have committed it to the care of anybody. M. THIERS's retort took the shape of an invitation to be thankful that Providence had managed better for Frenchmen than they could possibly have managed for themselves. It has, in fact, settled the constitutional difficulty without consulting them. A country cannot go on month after month without some fixed institutions, and such institutions as France possesses are undoubtedly Republican. As to what the future form of government was likely to be, M. THIERS professed himself ignorant, but so far as his powers extended they would all be devoted to the perpetuation of the existing order of things. To the adjuration of a Deputy of the Right to repeat the words which he used at Bordeaux, and thereby satisfy all the world, M. THIERS replied that before the close of the Session there must, he foresaw, be a full explanation between him and the Assembly. So far was he from wishing to avoid such an explanation, that he was absolutely eager to give it. To a Government which needs all the strength it can command to do its duty towards France, obscurity of any kind is odious. He would only wait until the passions of the Assembly had been laid to rest, to lay before it a calm, tranquil, and accurate interpretation of what they were accustomed to call the Bordeaux programme. With this agreeable prospect the Right were forced to be content, and to all appearance they will have the satisfaction before they go home of driving M. THIERS one step further in the direction in which his face has for some time been turned.

It is not safe to pin orators down to particular phrases, but there may perhaps be something significant about M. THIERS's substitution of "programme" for "compact" as the term to describe what took place at Bordeaux. It looks a little as though his object was to emphasize the absence of any definite agreement between him and the majority of the Assembly, and to recall to his hearers the fact that the best devised and best understood schemes have often to be modified to suit a change of circumstances. There is no need, however, for M. THIERS to lay much stress upon any alleged want of definiteness in the Bordeaux compact. It will be enough for him to refer to a later act of the Assembly which the Right have found it convenient to forget. There was a time, it is true, when M. THIERS was only the Chief of the Executive power. But to serve their own purpose the majority of the Assembly took up the proposal to make him President of the Republic instead of the first officer of an anonymous Government. To that extent the Bordeaux compact, even if it is taken in the sense which the Right desire to affix to it, was annulled by both the parties to it. In saluting M. THIERS as President of the Republic, the Deputies recognized that the actual Government of France was best described by that name. The Right swallowed their annoyance at having to make such a concession, because they hoped to lessen M. THIERS's real power while giving him a higher titular rank. As it turns out, they were mistaken in their calculations; but it shows a childish disregard of facts to deny that the name which a Government gives to itself in every official act is the name by which it is rightly called. If the Right had been satisfied with denying that the Republican Government is anything more than a provisional arrangement, the principles of which may fairly be discussed at some future time, their position would have been much stronger. The existing Republic does not enjoy that immunity from discussion which ordinarily belongs to settled Governments. But this in no way affects the question at issue between the Right and M. THIERS. They are disputing, not so much upon what shall be hereafter as upon what is now, and upon this point M. THIERS has plainly the best of it. He at least knows of what it is that he is President—an item of political information of which the Right seem to be wholly destitute.

If their persistent unwillingness to see facts as they are and to act by their right names has any serious effect upon the future of France, it will probably be of an exactly opposite

kind to that which they would themselves wish. M. THIERS is anxious to establish the Republic, but he is not less anxious to ensure that this Republic shall be Conservative in character. To achieve this latter object he needs all the aid that he can get from any quarter. The whole tradition of French Republicanism is anti-Conservative, and the reason why it is so is that the Conservatives have never seriously endeavoured to guide or influence the development and working of Republican institutions. As soon as they have been set up in France the Conservatives have either held sullenly aloof from public affairs, or have only taken part in them in the character of conspirators against the existing order of things. If Republican and Revolutionary have become almost identical epithets, it is to this abstention of the non-revolutionary elements in the country that the result is mainly to be attributed. M. THIERS has seen the folly of this procedure, and has steadily set himself to turn over a new leaf. This is the real meaning of the hatred which many of the Conservatives bear him at this moment. They act as men who would rather have their forebodings justified than not. They seem to love to have their names associated in the minds of Frenchmen with reactionary enterprises of all kinds, and they have no right to feel surprised if in the end they are taken at their own valuation. Happily for themselves and for France, the Right are more disposed to listen to their fears than to their reason, and in this instance it is their fears that give them the better advice. If they dared they would get rid of M. THIERS to-morrow, and commit their cause to the doubtful chances of civil war. Their obstinate preference for a nominal Monarchy blinds them to the imminent danger of losing the substance while grasping at the form. They do not see that, except in the eyes of a few Legitimist fanatics, government by a King is mainly valuable as embodying and securing certain traditions of order and tranquillity. For the most part Monarchy does ensure these advantages, but the anniversary which was kept last Sunday might have served to remind the Right that it is possible to have a Monarchy which is powerless in these respects. During the period between the fall of the Bastille and the execution of Louis XVI. the King was an obstacle to the maintenance of order rather than a guarantee of it. If, under certain circumstances, the heir of an unbroken monarchical tradition may hold this melancholy position, much more may it be held by new-made Kings who have neither custom nor institutions on which to rely, and whose only title is the will of a bare majority of a nation in which the minority is passionately Republican. Amidst all the exaggerations of M. GAMBETTA's speech at Ferté-sous-Jourarre, it was clear that in proportion as the establishment of the Republic is assured the Conservative tendencies of the reasonable members of the Republican party will become more pronounced. There will be a redistribution of political forces, and when this has been effected the latent strength of Conservatism in France will be disclosed, and those who have clung to a Restoration as to the one conceivable hope for the country will be surprised at their own immunity from confiscation and bloodshed. The Right might prevent this happy consummation if they had the courage to follow out their convictions, but the hold which M. THIERS has over them is more than they seem able to shake off, and it is hardly too much to hope that it will last until even they have been made wiser by events.

#### PERSIA, INDIA, AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

IT is fortunate that, in spite of Reform Bills, Indian knowledge and experience are still not wholly excluded from the House of Commons. The late debate on the diplomatic service in Persia, or rather the speech of the mover, was highly instructive. The qualifications of Indian officers for employment in Persia probably bear the same relation to the competence of their Foreign Office rivals as the generalities enounced by Lord ENFIELD and Mr. GLADSTONE when compared with the special knowledge of Mr. EASTWICK. On the separate question whether the responsibility of administrative decision ought to rest with the Government or with the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE was right in declining to consider as conclusive the recommendations of a Select Committee; but the weight both of argument and of authority preponderates against the system which was re-established by Lord CLARENDON. Several Foreign Ministers, including Lord PALMERSTON, have not unnaturally objected to the withdrawal of the Persian Mission from their patronage and control; but none of them possessed any special acquaintance with Persian affairs; and Lord PALMERSTON's strong prejudice against the East India Company probably extended to its Civil Service.



LORD MALMESBURY, though far inferior in ability and experience to Lord PALMERSTON, arrived, perhaps through confidence in his own ignorance of Asiatic politics, at a sound conclusion; and the present Lord DEAR, who had himself been Minister for India, concurred in the transfer of the Mission to the India Office. Sir H. RAWLINSON, who is by universal assent allowed to be the ablest English Envoy who has in modern times served in Persia, resigned his office as soon as he found that he was to be placed under the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It is highly probable that the Duke of ARGYLL, though of course he cannot publicly differ from his colleagues, shares the opinion of his predecessor, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, on the propriety of transferring Persian diplomacy to the India Office. Lord ENFIELD's suggestion that the proposed change would be equally applicable to the Embassies in China and Japan was apparently prompted by the difficulty of finding a more cogent argument against the motion. The relations of both Empires, being purely commercial, are much closer with England than with India; nor is there the smallest similarity of language or of customs between either country and any part of the Indian population. It is probable that an Indian officer would be in many cases well qualified for diplomatic employment in China, because India affords by far the best school for the art of governing alien races. If equal capacity can be found in the ranks of the diplomatic service, there is no reason for resorting to India. Persia, on the other hand, is connected with India not only by 1,900 miles of common frontier, but by innumerable ties of custom, of blood, and of religion. The intrigues which disturb and occupy the Court of Teheran are of exactly the same kind with which Indian Residents and Political Agents are thoroughly familiar in dealing with Indian princes; and the more important schemes and combinations have a direct bearing upon Indian interests. The chronic hostility between Persia and Afghanistan directly affects the security of North-Western India, and it is utterly anomalous that when a contest arises for the possession of Herat or of any other border stronghold, one of the competitors should appeal to the Viceroy and the other to the organ of the Foreign Office.

The hackneyed assertion that the Shah of Persia would regard as an indignity the necessity of communicating with the Secretary of State for India is probably a fallacy. Eastern potentates are skilful in using the ceremonies to which they ostensibly attach importance for the attainment of substantial objects. It is possible that they may have preferred the presence of a comparative stranger unacquainted with their motives and objects to the vigilant astuteness of a trained Indian statesman; yet Sir H. RAWLINSON seems to have been highly acceptable at the Court of Teheran, where, unlike his predecessors and successors, he was admitted to frequent audience by the SHAH himself. Whatever may be the merits of Mr. TURNOUR THOMSON, who has been appointed to succeed Mr. AKIN, it is unfortunate that he should have made himself, with or without fault of his own, personally distasteful to the Sovereign to whom he is accredited. The Persian Minister in England would certainly not have protested against the nomination if he had not believed that it would be objectionable to his Government, and the formal assent of the Court to the appointment is compatible with deep resentment, and with the future interposition of many impediments in the way of easy diplomatic intercourse. It is to be presumed that the charges against Mr. THOMSON were unfounded, but it is inconvenient to bring the victim of calumny and his accusers into confidential relations; and there must certainly be other possible candidates for the office who have never been charged with violations of Persian etiquette. The Secretary of State for India would have been too well informed to fall into a similar error, for the experienced Indian officers by whom he is officially surrounded make themselves acquainted even with the gossip of Eastern Courts, as far as it has a political bearing. It was justly remarked in the recent debate that the Indian Secretary is of equal rank with his colleague at the Foreign Office, and that both represent the QUEEN. If the question had been confined to the management of business in England, it might perhaps matter comparatively little whether diplomatic despatches were addressed to Lord GRANVILLE or to the Duke of ARGYLL; but the acts of the Envoy are almost exempt from practical control, and it is important that he should possess peculiar competence for his office. The chief purpose of Mr. RUSSELL's motion would be attained if it were understood that as a general rule Indian officers should receive a preference, and that they should habitually correspond with the Viceroy, as well as with the English department to which they may be subordinate. It is, under the present

arrangement, nearly certain that neither the successive occupants of the Foreign Office nor their permanent Under-Secretary will allow one of the prizes of the diplomatic profession to be given to a member of a different service. It is much more likely that a Secretary for India who is himself a Parliamentary politician would recognise any special fitness for the mission in the person of a regular diplomatist.

There is little meaning in the official phrases about the expediency of including Persia within the circle of European influence. The country, happening to be in Asia, has nothing to do with any European Powers except England and Russia; and in both cases only with reference to their Eastern possessions. The advance of Russian conquest in Central Asia is only formidable as far as it may involve a menace to India; and the time has passed in which it could have been plausibly alleged that the designs of Russia were liable to be thwarted by English diplomacy. Indian statesmen are less timid, if not less pacific, than English Ministers; and they are more capable both of discerning danger at a distance and of making deliberate preparations to repel it. The alliance with Afghanistan which was prepared by Lord LAURENCE and effected by Lord MAYO was formed as a precaution against possible aggression on the part of Persia, which might be made at the instigation of Russia. It seems reasonable that English diplomacy at Teheran should conform itself to the policy of the Indian Government rather than to the opinions of a gentleman who, however able, has vegetated for fourteen years in a petty South American capital. To the heads of the diplomatic profession, even if they were qualified for employment in unaccustomed regions, the Persian Mission offers few attractions. The post has been coveted by the Foreign Office on a Secretary of Legation in Turkey, on a Consul-General in Egypt whose Persian career proved singularly disastrous, and now on a Minister at Valparaiso. The DUMFRIES, the LYNCHES, and the BOWENS propose to themselves more attractive objects of ambition. On the other hand, Indian civilians and soldiers of the highest rank would appreciate the importance of establishing English influence at the Persian Court, or of watching and baffling the designs of crafty natives and of intriguing foreigners. The Duke of ARGYLL may not be personally more capable than Lord GRANVILLE of making a judicious choice; but he would have a far ampler field for selection. It is absurd to compare a third-rate diplomatist, who has perhaps never conducted a serious negotiation, with statesmen who have governed provinces as populous as European kingdoms, and who have spent their lives in controlling and directing ambitious Eastern princes. If there is any mysterious necessity for preserving the connexion of the Persian Mission with the Foreign Office, the official English mind is prolific of fictions which are seldom as useful as a tacit understanding by which one of the ostensible functions of the Foreign Secretary should be practically discharged by his Indian colleague. The Residents in the Persian Gulf, who are frequently engaged in political and diplomatic transactions, are invariably Indian servants who hold their appointments under the Viceroy. It must often happen that they understand difficult questions incomparably better than the Minister at Teheran. The functions of the Consuls, who, in Sir H. RAWLINSON's opinion, ought still to depend on the Foreign Office, are comparatively unimportant, and there is much force in the reason which he assigned for his recommendation that there is no Consular service in India. He might have added that, while India is concerned with Eastern politics, consulships are established for the benefit of traders who have their home and the centre of their operations in England.

#### THE IRISH RAILWAYS.

IT is said that railways in Ireland have not stimulated trade or induced a spirit of change and progress in the people in anything like the proportion which is seen in other countries. If this assertion be true, it almost necessarily follows that some step ought to be taken to improve, if possible, a system of railway management which is found to be defective. In support of this statement details are brought forward which, if accepted, go far to show that the Directors of these railways neglect obvious and important duties. It is alleged that sufficient efforts are not made to accommodate passenger traffic, to promote trade, to develop mining industry, or to facilitate the sale of the agricultural produce of the country. Some of the evidence on this subject, given before the Royal Commission of which the Duke of Devonshire was Chairman, would seem to show that the art of "how not to do it" has been brought to considerable per-

section by the managers of Irish railways. It was stated that less accommodation was given by railways between the North and South of Ireland than existed formerly when there were coaches by night and day. This statement might perhaps be explained by considering that Irishmen may have travelled by coach for the fun of the thing, which they are hardly likely to do by railway. Then, again, it was stated that scarcely one-seventh of the cattle, sheep, and horses which were moved from one part of Ireland to another were conveyed by rail. It is, however, proper to remember that the animals may have preferred fresh air and healthy exercise, and meeting their friends, and their wishes may have been consulted by the owners. The pigs are not particularly mentioned, but it is evident that a pig when once shut up in a railway truck loses his independence, so perhaps they withheld that consent without which their drivers would be manifestly powerless. We may seem to be trifling with a serious subject, but really this explanation of the refusal to allow the Irish railways to benefit the country is as rational as any other that occurs to us. The pigs, at any rate, would please themselves, whereas the Directors, so far as we can discover, please nobody. We believe that if Mr. GLADSTONE were to cut down the upas-tree, he would be charged such a price for carrying that he would be forced to leave the trunk and limbs behind him in the country which they had afflicted. To send goods from Liverpool to Castlebar costs 7s. 6d. per ton less than the charge from Dublin to the same place. There may possibly be a satisfaction to the mind of an insane Director in perpetrating an extravagant caprice like this. It resembles the conduct of those Eastern despots who extract taxes in utter disregard of the effect upon the producing power of their subjects. The purpose of Government is taken to be the splendid maintenance of the King, his wives, and children, and the officers of his Court. So the purpose of railway management in Ireland is assumed to be the provision of comfortable places for directors, solicitors, secretaries, and engineers. There is besides no central authority such as appears necessary to remove many of the absurd impediments to traffic which are now stated to exist. Probably if the Irish railways could be purchased by the State at a moderate cost, there would be little difference of opinion in Parliament as to the expediency of purchasing them. But history and fiction unite their warnings of the propensity of Irish affairs to evolve gigantic jobs. The Marquis of HARTINGTON complains that Parliament has not in the last two Sessions allotted adequate time to the discussion of Irish questions, among which he thinks that this of railway management is one of the most important. It might be remarked that Parliament and the country had enough to last them for some time of Irish questions in the two preceding Sessions; and it is possible that, as regards the railways, a sensible conclusion might be reached by some other process than that of Parliamentary palaver. Is the State prepared to buy the property of Irish railway shareholders at whatever price they may choose to put upon it? Clearly not. But if it is necessary to the prosperity of Ireland that these railways should be acquired by the State, they must be acquired upon equitable terms to be fixed by the State itself, upon fair consideration of all circumstances. If, says Lord HARTINGTON, Government had been prepared to announce a policy, Parliament would not have had time to discuss it. We venture, however, to think that whenever Government has anything to say Parliament will contrive to listen. But talking until one has discovered one's own meaning is perhaps likely to fatigue the listener. Sir ROBERT PEELE would have ascertained by careful examination of the problem that there were or were not "three courses" open for its solution, and he would have lucidly explained to an attentive House of Commons the course upon which he had determined. But in his day Government had not quite lost the art of governing.

It is no sufficient answer to this proposal that it will involve considerable difficulties in execution. It is apprehended that low fares will become a husting cry, and that branch lines will be demanded as the price of political support. Some speakers go the length of asserting that the possession of all the main roads of a country by private companies is an arrangement which political wisdom would seek to produce, if it did not happen to exist in England and Ireland. There would of course be difficulty in avoiding jobbery in the selection of administrators of railways, as well as of other departments of State; nor would this difficulty be satisfactorily removed by the well-known readiness of certain professors of various branches of knowledge to select administrators by the method of competitive examination. But we come back after all to the question whether the statements of the Royal Commission as

to the management of Irish railways are true, and, if so, whether such abuses are to be suffered to continue? In order to effect any considerable change either Government must buy the railways, or, without buying them, it must assume over them large powers of inspection and control, which would appear to involve a temporary guarantee to shareholders against loss. This latter method would at any rate have the advantage of being an experiment which might be relinquished if unsuccessful. It is stated that the entire business of all the Railway Boards of Ireland would not in its aggregate amount exceed that which devolves upon a single Board in England. If, however, we suggest that useless Directors might be shunted like German princes, we shall probably be thought to have committed a greater enormity than if we had proposed to abolish Church and Queen as superfluities. Withdrawing then this revolutionary suggestion, we return to the question whether the railways can be bought, and this must depend on whether the Companies are willing to sell on reasonable terms. The Royal Commissioners examined carefully into the circumstances of the lines, and it resulted from their Report that 21,000,000*l.* would be a fair price for the whole of them. But we observe that the author of the Bill now before the House of Commons stated that "the whole thing could be done for 30,000,000*l.*" This advance is probably due to a belief in the Irish mind that Parliament desires to buy. Lord HARTINGTON, when he spoke of the inattention of Parliament to Irish affairs, may perhaps have intended to convey indirectly to the Irish mind that Government did not intend to pay any such price as 30,000,000*l.* for Irish railways. "This Irish business will be put off until all the business of England is done, and then we will have a great talk about it." This probably means that, if the Irish mean to sell their railways, they must agree to a moderate price. So we have heard a dealer persistently discuss the weather and the TICHMONNE case, when his object was to buy a horse of the gentleman to whom he talked. We cannot doubt that central administration, with reduced fares and frequent trains, would produce benefits to Ireland which neither clerical nor lay agitators could dissemble or deny. If Parliament is ready to deal liberally with shareholders in order to secure these benefits, shareholders on their part ought to deal liberally with Parliament. Let them at any rate remember that there is such a thing as being too clever. If they hinder the prosperity of Ireland by demanding exorbitant terms, the blame must rest with them.

It will depend, says Lord HARTINGTON, on the terms asked by the Companies, whether any definite proposal shall be made to Parliament. If the terms are moderate it will doubtless be discovered that Parliament has leisure to consider them. Experience ought to teach the Irish that although they may not get all they ask they are very likely to get part of it. Parliament will yield something, as it has often yielded before, to Irish importunity. Thus it may be hoped that a promising experiment will be tried. The Commissioners recommended reductions varying from thirty to forty-five per cent. in passenger fares, and from thirty to seventy-eight per cent. in the cattle and goods tariff. The immediate loss of revenue from such a bold measure must necessarily be great, but after a few years the balance would begin to turn, and a few years more would show considerable profit. If this calculation is accurate, and if Irishmen desire to obtain for their country the advantages which are implied in the assumption of its accuracy, they will not allow their Companies to insist upon extravagant terms. When they are willing to sell Parliament will find time to instruct Lord HARTINGTON or his successor to buy.

#### MENTAL SCALES AND MEASURES.

THERE is a peculiar propensity in certain people which may be called a habit of measurement. They contemplate no person or thing without subjecting it to a process of classification, appraising it, placing it, determining its qualities and proportions by a scale present and ready for immediate reference in their own minds. Nothing can be new, strange, unexampled enough to escape this subjugation to a standard, to elude the prompt decisions of an innate faculty for setting everything in its exact place and relations to everything else. Nothing takes the owners of this faculty by surprise; they have rule and scale for all things which the eye can measure or the mind compare. Even a prodigy does not find them wholly without precedent. Like Noodle in the play, they are provided with a maximum, even though they must one day outreach it—

— A huge red cow, larger than the largest size, just now I the open street  
Before my eyes devour'd the great Tom Thack.

When the touters of Doctors' Commons set upon Sam Weller's

father to persuade him to buy a licence, he pleaded that he was too fat. They are prompt with an answer—they have known applicants "many sizes larger." It is this possession of an inner marked scale, to be referred to at a moment's warning whatever the question or the subject, which we note as a peculiar feature of some minds. When they see one fat man they see a dozen, five above and six below him, in gradual ascent and descent. When an object meets and even oppresses the sight, it is a sign of real power, of a sort, not to be overwhelmed by it, but for the memory to produce at bidding all similar objects that have ever filled the eye, and so to give the thing in presence no more than its just importance; yet this faculty should not be obtruded on slight occasions, or with too glib and prompt a reference, nor should it interfere in matters that touch men's finer sensibilities. It is not only the eye of the body that affects this exactness of appreciation. The people we speak of carry an intellectual inch measure. They know all about us. Our minds, as well as our bodies, are reduced to a scale. Our circumstances and social position are submitted to a cut and dried test. These are the people who talk of circles, spheres, lines, ranks, grades, and all the subdivisions and exclusions of society; who can tell you to a turn who is above and who is below this man or that; who can measure an aspirant's pretensions to a hair's breadth, assign him his place, and pronounce circularly whose company he ought to be content with. Now our personal experience of this practice is distasteful. Human nature, jealous of its individuality, is intolerant of such classification as arguing obtuseness towards the immeasurable qualities on which it chiefly values itself. The habit, as such, is at war with sympathy; but its most irritating and intolerable manifestation is when the classifier tells off our character and idiosyncrasy with a stroke of his pen—dismisses it at a word to one of his groups. No mind of culture and true discernment finds humanity easy reading. "In proportion to a man's intelligence," says I'acal, "does he detect originality in other men. Common people think all men alike." Now our measurer stands midway between the man of real thought and the people who do not think at all. He has found a short road to the knowledge of men, and docket and labels the characters he comes across as individuals of the various species into which he has distributed the race. The operations of his judgment precede his encounter with ourselves; he has only to place and name us, certain that he shall find nothing for which he is not already prepared.

If it ever happens to us to hear ourselves described in a word by these officious character-meters the effect is a disagreeable surprise. We are not supposing anything the reverse of friendly in the epithet. The expression of dislike we are all prepared to find unpleasant. It is that some accident, something not akin to our manner as we assume it to be, or to our tone of thought as we know it, seems to have been accepted and fixed on as the most prominent indication of our inner self. And, as persons of this habit have naturally rather a rough and ready way of speaking, and deal in terms wide enough to embrace whole classes, we find words applied to us by our well-meaning, patronising delineator which it is something of a shock to find deemed appropriate by anybody. Any ebullition of spirits before people of this sort is apt to be seized on as indicating the whole character, and we have known the epithets cheery, merry, laughter-loving, jovial, and the like, to imprint lasting wounds on self-love. They are indeed naturally disgusting to the sensitive man, who, believing himself a thinker, not seldom occupied by the great problems which vex humanity, would suffer less from some grave charge than from the stigma of careless jollity inflicted by his unconscious detractor. Men of wit are especially sore when they are talked of as nothing else but witty, or perhaps as good company; and with reason, for the wit never laughs in his solitude. What other men know him by strikes himself as but a transient, accidental part of the day's intellectual effort. It pleased Sydney Smith to be liked best in his graver moments. Not, of course, that he was not best defined by a single epithet; but the people whose habit is to measure and define everything rarely hit upon the best epithet, and still more rarely on the pleasantest. Even friends, and gifted friends, had better beware of what they are about in their dispensation of styles and titles. Coleridge, in one of his poems, calls Charles Lamb "gentle-hearted Charles." The man thus apostrophised could not see himself under the smooth, sleek, nanby-pamby—as he felt it—phrase. His sensitiveness resented it as an injury. He rejects the maudlin patronage, proposes a dozen substitutes for the sickly, sugary offence, and insists that, in the next edition, for "gentle-hearted" shall be substituted "drunken dog," as more accurately descriptive if he is to be painted by a single stroke of the brush.

But the same of indignity is when the epithet is applied to us *ad hoc*, and our character is summed up by some new chance acquaintance who professes to see all round us, to take us in, to give us our place, to fit us with a definition, without knowing more of us than a few casual meetings give opportunity for. People of this sort are so satisfied when they have condensed a character into a word that they cannot keep it to themselves, but must, as it were, appeal to the person most concerned for acknowledgment of the happy hit. So Mrs. Elton, in Miss Austen's *Emma*, tells Mr. Knightley he is a humourist. Quite insensible to the dignity of his manner, she simply accounts for his repressive mode of concealing her impertinence in the way most convenient to her own self-love and pretensions. He is "quite a humourist and may say what he likes." "Indeed, I do you justice, my good friend; under that peculiar sort of dry blunt manner, you have the warmest

heart. As I tell Mr. E. you are a 'thorough humourist.'" In the same easy spirit of characterization she expresses her abhorrence of puppies and upstarts, arrogating to herself a peculiar aptitude at discerning and detecting these offenders. There is this difference between the observers of this class and the observed, between the definer and the defined, that the one abhors complexity of character as a defying, perplexing quality; while the other arrogates to himself, as one of his most cherished characteristics, a many-sided nature. This difference is in a degree universal. Wherever we are closely connected with another person, we resent his being described by an epithet, or understood at a glance. It happens not seldom that in the asperities of uncongenial family intercourse such provocation arises that the sufferer is driven to take an outsider into his confidence. We are startled by a picture of some failing or vice so predominant that the man sounds all tyrant, miser, rogue, or hypocrite. But, however shocking the revelation, it will never do to treat the character under consideration as simply the thing he is depicted to us. When we take our friend at his word and reflect back the image he has raised, we are stopped with the assurance that we don't know the man whom we characterize with such harshness. He is the strangest compound, the fullest of contradictions, the most startling anomaly! It takes a life to understand him. And even then something happens to surprise you and confound all previous conclusions. The propensity which offends us in certain people is of course disagreeable as showing some form of shallow conceit. Their comprehensive survey implies a position of intellectual eminence and superiority, and rather than conceive themselves at fault they will ignore whatever contradicts their conclusion. We feel ourselves to be intricate, complex, self-contradictory; we do not understand ourselves; but here is somebody who professes to read us through and to reconcile all our inconsistencies. According to him, we are a laughing animal, or a reading animal, or we are all plain matter-of-fact common sense, or all whim and caprice; all gaiety and fashion, or all domesticity and homely management. Nor is it only a personal annoyance—the tone we speak of is an indignity to humanity as such. Men are not easy reading; the more far-seeing and deep-searching the scrutiny, the more baffling are the intricacies of motive, the contrast and war of influences, the contending inclinations of even the externally commonplace. Common minds—common in the sense of vulgar—cannot discuss mental qualities without a touch of materialism. It is awkward, fumbling, irreverent familiarity which imparts this tone, all unconsciously, and without intention—this confident seeing, knowing, and placing. Persons much engaged in working the machinery of benevolence, if they allow their own delicacy of taste to rust, or their humility to get out of order, are extremely apt to discuss souls as if they could see them; while they count them up with the quaintest confidence in their arithmetic. Dissenting literature indulges freely in scales and computations of this nature; as where we find it asserted as a general truth that, "while the proportion of teachers and scholars is as one to six, the proportion of teachers converted during their connexion with the Sunday school is as five to six." The whole intercourse of each man with his Maker is as a printed book before these reckoners, they do not even recognize it as difficult reading.

Calculations of this exactitude are not founded on even a pretended study of human nature, yet the calculator's confidence in his judgment is the same. He has a standard, and pronounces with absolute certainty that it has been reached in a given number of instances. But often the arbitrary standard by which one man measures another may imply no conceit in his own judgment, it simply indicates the bent of his own mind and the habitual turn of his thoughts. We have known a hungry curate whose estimate of his brother clergymen was determined by the worth of their benefices. He knew the value of every living in England, and when an incumbent of any one of them was spoken of for praise or blame, he always cut in with the amount of pounds, shillings, and pence which made his annual income—as if this had been a relevant, if not conclusive, summary of the man's merits. Dr. Johnson complains that the writers of biography fall into the similar error of judging of others solely on the points that interest themselves, adducing Tickell, who distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind by the irregularity of his pulse. A sporting groom, recognizing a form of rustic merit with which he scarcely knew how to sympathize, pronounced the subject of his approbation the "dearestest man he ever knew in his life." The inclination of this class to determine upon what they see is often far in advance of the exercise of judgment. Whether it be a question of height, or weight, or distance, or value, or a summary of character, they are equally ready at a moment's notice with their six foot and a-half, their seventeen stone ten, their voucher for all the qualities that make a good fellow. There is in some minds an intolerance of indecision, a scorn of doubt, along with a necessity for having an opinion, which compels to this short comprehensive formula. To have an opinion is of course to be right in that opinion.

It is the parade of the faculty, as though it implied judgment in the abstract, which offends. There are people, however, with a speciality of this kind which we only find out by degrees as our need attracts us to them; who tell us exactly what we want to know in points of appraisement and measure when we ask them, and not sooner. They have an inexhaustible acquaintance with the use, quality, and market value of the necessities, luxuries, and eccentric wants of material life. They

have equally distinct estimates of character from the same habit of vigilant observation. Their eyes are always busy; a process of comparison and computation and arrangement is unconsciously at work wherever their busy eyes rest. But their conclusions are held in check by sympathy. They wait to be asked, or rather, when they are asked, they find that they know. Such people are among the benefactors of society; a reputation of this sort once acquired constitutes a very popular character.

#### GELNHAUSEN.

WE hope that we have, by dint of repeated efforts, made some select minds among our readers fully take in the fact that, to the true student of universal history, Rome is everywhere. The great fact of the Roman power was the destruction of the exclusive pre-eminence of the Roman city, the extension of her citizenship to the whole civilized world—the state of things when the chief of the Roman commonwealth was as much at home at Milan or at Ravenna, at York or at Antioch, as if he had still stayed on the Seven Hills. And the strange revolution which transferred the name, if not the power, of Rome to the rulers of lands of which the elder Cæsars had never heard, has, as it were, carried Rome with it wherever the successor of Augustus marked his house or his tomb with the eagle of Caius Marius. Drusus and Varns strove in vain to carry Rome over the wide lands between the Rhine and the Elbe, but what was beyond the power of the Roman invaders of Germany was done in another sort by the German lords of Rome. As long as the connexion between Italy and the Empire remained more than a name, we may fairly say that, wherever Cæsar dwelled, Rome went with him. Sometimes she contributed her very stones, as when the marbles of Rome as well as of Ravenna were carried off for the adornment of Ingelheim and Aachen. And elsewhere too, in the chosen seats of early German royalty, we are ever lighting on some touch, some architectural form, some exotic freak of taste, which tells us that we are looking on the works, not only of a German King, but of a Roman Emperor. We enter the vast minster of Speier, we pass along the vast arcades of its nave, and we see in its huge piers and round arches the impress of one, and that the most characteristic, form of Roman workmanship. They suggest such memories of Roman art as might have lived on from the relics which the Roman himself had left on German soil. The square piers and unadorned arches of a great German church breathe rather of the aqueduct and the amphitheatre than of the pillared hall of the basilica. But turn aside from the main body of the building, and we find ourselves among forms which suggest the presence of craftsmen brought thither not by a Roman lord of Germany, but by a German lord of Rome. There is the famous *Affa Capella*, a name which certain old associations make it hard to utter without a smile, but which, as the hardly-won resting-place of Henry the Fourth, is the spot, of all spots within that gigantic building, which calls up the longest and deepest train of thought. And on the building itself the fact is legibly written that it was not a mere Frankish King, but a Roman Cæsar, who raised it. No contrast can be greater than that which strikes us between the huge masses of wall which act as pillars in the nave and the delicate monolith columns, with their graceful Ionic capitals, carved out, some of them, into forms of more varied foliage than the elder Ionic deemed lawful, which stand free, row by row, in front of the walls of the Imperial chapel. We feel at once that these are the work of hands brought from a more Southern land; that they rose at the bidding of a ruler who bore sway on both sides of the Alps, of a King who did penance at Canosa, of a Cæsar who wore his crown in Rome.

But let us go beyond the bounds within which the elder Roman ever reigned. Let us pass the stream, and the bulwark beyond the stream, which parted the free Germany over which the Roman city never ruled from the conquered Germany which Rome counted as part of its Gaulish province. The Rhine is fed by the Main, the Main is fed by the Kinzig, and we pass along by the meadows through which it flows, as the herons stalk unheeding by its banks, till we reach an island in the stream, lying near the foot of a bold height. The slopes are covered by the buildings of a small town, which a stately group of towers, both ecclesiastical and military, proclaim to have held in former times an importance which has now passed away from it. That is the free Imperial city of Gelnhausen, and in the island at its foot are the remains of the Imperial palace, a spot famous alike in history and in legend. There was the favourite dwelling-place of the Cæsars of Hohenstaufen, the house which rose at the bidding of the first Frederick, and for which his sterner son, Henry the conqueror of Sicily, professed a special love. Moved by that special love ("singulâri ipsius loci amore inducti"), he confirmed the rights of its citizens, and ages after, in 1154, they were again confirmed by the last Frederick as they had been granted by the first. Within those now ruined walls were held some of the most important assemblies in the history of the German kingdom. There it was that its founder Frederick gathered the great meeting of his realm in which Henry the Lion was put under the ban of the Empire, and was presently driven to seek shelter at the Court of his namesake and father-in-law in England. The great Saxon Duchy was divided, and the Archbishopric of Köln, by the receipt of a large share of the spoil, was raised to its high place among the temporal principalities of the

Empire. Fifteen years later, in 1195, Henry the Sixth held there another great assembly, in which a crowd of princes and others took the cross for the deliverance of the holy places, in his second march to whose help his renowned father had been cut off. In short, during the days of its founder and the days which immediately followed his, the palace in the island of the Kinzig, sheltered by its hill and surrounded by its meadows, was a special seat of the royal power of Germany and the Imperial power of Rome. The spot is one of such attraction in itself that it hardly needs the enrichment of legend. Yet a tale did not fail to arise how Gelnhausen derived its name and its being from the fair Gela, and how she turned aside from her royal lover, lest she should stand in the way of the great career of government and warfare to which he was called.

The remains of the palace are still considerable, though a good deal has been lost during the last forty years. A set of views of that date shows the chapel over the gateway, one of the most elegant portions of the building, perfect and roofed in, while it is now a roofless and broken-down ruin. But the gateway itself remains, the whole circuit of the outer walls is nearly perfect, and large portions of the most exquisite detail of which the Romanesque style is capable remain within. The building, lying low, without the town walls, and with no tower or other part of commanding height, does not enter at all into the general view of Gelnhausen. Its position and its whole air clearly mark the difference between a palace in whose neighbourhood a town has arisen, or at least has grown through its neighbourhood into increased importance, and a castle raised to overawe a town which already existed. The gateway towers of the town itself still form a striking feature in the general view, but the home of Cæsar lies hidden in its island. It has to be sought for by threading the winding paths of the little village or suburb which has risen within its precincts, and its whole air is that of a building where peaceful habitation is the primary object, and defence something wholly secondary. No contrast can be greater than that between the royal house in the island of the Kinzig and a robber castle on a peak by the Rhine. The palace had no predatory, or even military, purpose whatever. Its founder, at Gelnhausen at least, had no mind to do harm to any man save by sentence of law pronounced within its courts; he had simply to put his house into such a degree of defence as was needful in an age when somebody might be both willing and able to do harm even to a Roman Emperor. And one thing at least is plain; it is written on the walls of Gelnhausen, in characters which cannot be mistaken, that it was a Roman Emperor who raised them. They are built of massive stones, so thoroughly Roman in their masonry that it needs something of an effort to believe that it was in the twelfth century that they were hewn, and not a thousand years sooner. The gateway, though the chapel over it is broken down, still remains; and while the pillars which bear up its vault have a more massive and Teutonic air, its inner face is adorned with the same graceful monoliths as Henry's chapel at Speier, finished too with capitals one of which distinctly carries us back to St. Michael at Pavia and to St. Ambrose at Milan. At each corner of the capital the Imperial bird bows his head and folds his wings so that the Ionic volute is made out of himself without the help of any strictly architectural form. A row of open arches on coupled columns, carved and enriched with the most delicate art of the time, shows us the cloisters of Arles and Zurich, both alike cities of Frederick's Empire, wrought into the lighter and more graceful forms which befitted the courtyard of an Imperial palace. A yet more lavish display of carving and surface ornament marks the fireplace of the great hall, beside which our own at Coningsburgh seems a small matter. The whole shows how high a degree, not only of richness, but even of elegance, could be gained while the Romanesque form of arch and the Romanesque form of ornament were still in use. The graceful and airy palace of Frederick Barbarossa seems removed by far more than a hundred years from the stern and gloomy fortress of our own Conqueror.

But the palace is not all that Gelnhausen has to show. The steep streets of the little town climb up to one of the noblest churches of its own order in Germany, a church which in the general view dwarfs not only the island palace but the encircling towers of the town wall, and which in variety and, to English eyes, strangeness of outline, is surpassed by few churches anywhere. A parish church with four towers would be unique in England; it would hardly have arisen in Germany except in a place which enjoyed an unusual measure of Imperial favour. And even here one would rather have expected to find Imperial favour taking the form of some great foundation, monastic or secular. Gelnhausen church is one of the most picturesque of buildings. An earlier Romanesque church has been transformed into the present stately pile of the thirteenth century. The western tower, of the earlier date, is assigned by tradition to Charles the Great. Such a tradition proves hardly more than what the tower itself proves—namely, that Gelnhausen existed, though perhaps as a mere village with its church, before it became an object of the special love of the Swabian Kings. There is a contrast indeed between the graceful form of the palace and the massive and unadorned Romanesque of the church. Yet the latter can hardly be earlier than the later days of the eleventh century, and it may well belong to the earlier days of the twelfth. It should be noticed that it opens to the church, not by an arch, but by a doorway, reminding us somewhat of St. Woollos at Newport, though hardly rivaling our almost unique example of utilized monoliths in Britain. The cruciform shape of the church gives the opportunity—not always



made the most of—for a central octagon, and two little apsidal chapels east of the transepts have been more ingeniously seized on and carried up into tall octagonal eastern towers. Nowhere does the German love of gables, spires, conical finishes of every kind, come out more strongly. All the towers, square and octagonal, have each of their faces gabled, and the eastern triad are carried up into lofty spires of wood, one of which has been for forty years as grievously twisted as those of Lübeck or Chesterfield. The chief apse too has all its faces gabled, and its roof carried up high like a chapter-house. So many points and angles brought together in this way produce a whole unsurpassed for variety and picturesque effect. The interior also, especially the treatment of the choir and octagon, is as well worth studying as the general outline. But the nave is bare; the pillars are square, massive, with a single attached shaft, and a vast space crying for pictures.

But not the least attractive feature of Gelnhausen is that which it shares with most churches which have what, for antiquarian purposes, is the good luck of falling into Lutheran hands. We said something about this seven years back, when dealing with the churches of the great Hanseatic towns. It is in a Lutheran, not in a Roman or an Anglican, building that we learn what a mediæval church really looked like. A Lutheran church often looks squalid and uncared for, it is often choked up by pews and galleries, but it has not been sacked. So at Gelnhausen the altars keep their splendid triptychs—so incomparably grander than the tinsel frippery of most Roman Catholic altars; and it keeps—at the expense, to be sure, of leaving the choir seemingly useless—one of the stateliest of roodlofts, still crowned by the crucifix. The rood-loft is of stone, and projects westward like an apse, with pillars and vaulting and rich carving, representing in stone the subject which so often occupies an analogous place in painting, the awful scene of the Last Judgment. Altogether the church of Gelnhausen is a worthy companion to the palace. Spots like Gelnhausen, spots which do not, like the greater cities of history, leave their mark for ever on the world, are not the less worth studying, are not the less fertile in suggestive instructive lines of thought. The greatness of Gelnhausen belongs to a single age, to a single family, but for that very reason it brings us more fully face to face with that age and that family. And it is something to see the destroyer of Milan, the defender of Legnano, the legislator of Constance, the twice pilgrim of Jerusalem, far away in his world tomb, and to see that even there everything still brings home to our minds that the German King was also "Cæsar noster" and "Mundi dominus."

#### THE EXHIBITION MANIA.

OUR great original English Exhibition of Industry was undoubtedly a success in every sense. It was an idea and achievement of which a great industrial nation had reason to be proud. Yet the distinguished promoters might well have hesitated in their design had they forecast the possible consequences of their triumph. Only some twenty years have elapsed since the rise of the fragile fabric that was to "inaugurate a new era" in the annals of international brotherhood, and already the idea of the founders has been ridden to exhaustion. Already the Industrial Exhibition threatens to become a standing social nuisance, while we are painfully conscious that as yet we only dimly realize the range of its development in the future. It may perhaps be regarded as matter for encouragement that most men of thought and intelligence, and among them some of the sponsors of the original idea, admit that the thing is being overdone. But, on the other hand, it is discouraging to remember that there is always a good deal that is plausible to be urged in favour of any particular show; that there is always a stock of cut-and-dried argument at call, warranted to satisfy the local mind. There are always patriotic and public-spirited busybodies who are content to hazard the offer of a material guarantee, and to repay themselves for the risk with the prospect of notoriety. There are always strong local interests that see unmixed gain in any influx of holiday-making strangers, be the influx greater or less. There are always hosts of tradesmen, chiefly tradesmen of ambition and enterprise with reputations to make, who hail every opportunity of being advertised economically and officially, and who would send any distance to secure a stall in a fancy fair held under Government auspices. The general local public is either absolutely indifferent, or languidly welcomes any excitement however faint, or any Exhibition however stale. Accordingly, when once a coterie of capitalists delighting in notoriety at any price resolve that there shall be an Exhibition, and make up their mind to find the money by way of guarantee, the thing is decided beforehand. The Exhibition brokers have prepared themselves with a reply to the preliminary pecuniary objection, the only objection which any statesman of enlightenment can persistently urge. They decline to discuss ulterior ones, appealing to triumphant precedent, and relying upon national or local vanity. The success of the Exhibitions of London and Paris vindicated the principle to all time, and redounded greatly to the fame and glory of these fortunate capitals. Why should not Teheran or Timbuctoo follow so admirable an example? It is not a subject of the Shah or a woolly-haired follower of the great Central African potentate who will dare to suggest that the cases are not precisely analogous. So the Exhibition mania is clearly destined to run its course, or rather to go on revolving in ever widening circles. Centralization was of the very essence of the original

conception, and as the original conception decentralizes itself, it will entirely change its character. Our first Exhibitions were necessarily both exciting and more or less instructive, and eager anticipation was sharpened by anxious rivalry and the keenest personal interest. They were great international matches, in which the producers and the workmen of different nations submitted their wares to competitive examination. Merits and prices were subjected to searching scrutiny. Results were reached which were often sufficiently startling, and medals and certificates of commendation were the visible signs of the fame and profit in the gift of Government Commissioners. Manchester might be guided by the opinion of dispassionate experts as to how far the fineness and fibre of Sea-island cotton justified the superior prices it fetched. Brazil, India, and Egypt had substantial grounds to go upon in raising loans to foster the increased production of the staple. Liège met Birmingham in a trial of arms of precision, and economical Governments might learn whether it would pay in the end to buy their guns and ammunition in the cheaper markets of Belgium. The display of machinery enlightened intelligent foreigners as to the latest discoveries of English and American inventors, and often revolutionized conservative ideas which had docked the profits of many a quiet-going foreign manufactory. In like manner the decisions of impartial committees deservedly made the fortunes of many meritorious houses in different lines of business. For a medal in those days was like the Victoria Cross, and was accepted everywhere as an unmistakable badge of merit. We should be sorry, for instance, to have to estimate the increased gains of that happy member of the Rhenish house of Farina who was singled out for approval from the rest of his prolific clan. He had deserved the palm and he carried it away, and when he displayed it proudly in his window in the Julich's Platz the hosts of pilgrims on the Rhine were caught at once by an advertisement which they knew to be genuine. But now all that sort of thing is at an end. Nations have been "placed," and individual producers also, and nothing short of industrial convulsions potent to all the world can produce further changes on any large scale. This steady succession of Exhibitions supplies a register which we may constantly consult. As to the medals bestowed by the later and more insignificant ones, already they go for little or nothing. Many of the houses whose reputation is made decline to exhibit any longer. It can never be worth their while to give themselves so much trouble, to put themselves to so much cost, to send such long distances, only to assert an assured position. For what is an Exhibition medal nowadays? We can no longer compare it to the Victoria Cross; it rather resembles the decoration of what is literally the Legion of Honour. Every one has it who lays himself out to possess it, and its absence only proves that it was not an object of vehement desire. Thus Exhibitions are sinking towards the level of ordinary shows, ranking at the highest with fairs like Leipzig or Nijni Novgorod. Things may be occasionally sent to them from great distances. You may see much that is good, ingenious, and artistic. But, being convinced beforehand of their incompleteness, you feel that internationally they are worthless. You may admire individual objects, but you have no reason to believe that they are the best of their kind. You may see an adaptation of machinery that is wonderfully clever, and that must evidently effect a great economy of labour. But, for aught you know, the principle may have been exploded by one still more original and ingenious; and, exhibited as it is in this hole-and-corner fashion, you have no assurance whatever that the exhibitor has not spoiled it in the pirating. To a certain extent local Exhibitions must always have an interest in showing more or less completely the various resources of their districts. But you have no security that the display is locally exhaustive. If the best men of the neighbourhood chance to be public-spirited, they will probably exhibit on public grounds. If they happen to be actuated by merely personal considerations, they are much more likely to abstain.

In short, as it seems that we are to have Exhibitions multiplied infinitely, we believe their promoters would act more wisely if they frankly recognized the growing change in their character, and proceeded to plan them in accordance with it. They should call them the fairs which they really are, and offer every facility to vendors, though of course they would have to renounce whatever privileges they now claim on the pretence of being "great national undertakings." They should let stall-keepers sell from their stalls at pleasure, and not insist too rigidly on the rule which compels exhibitors to leave every article in its place to the close of the Exhibition. So would the show "draw" and pay, which are the primary objects nowadays. So would the little-known productions of the country or district be disseminated over the world, to make their way everywhere if they have any real value or beauty. As matters stand, people will soon not care to go out of their way to visit these frequent fairs; under a wiser arrangement, they might become a special object of travel. International intercourse would develop rapidly when Governments and Chambers of Commerce traded on the ruling passion of feminine nature. What were the fascinations that made Paris the most wealthy of non-commercial capitals? Not its situation, for it has no extraordinary natural advantages, although its more distant environs are charming. Not the art treasures of the Louvre and Luxembourg, nor the architectural glories of the Sainte-Chapelle and Notre Dame. Not the turf and flowers of its Bois, the evaporating *esprit* of its salons, the purity of its atmosphere, nor the general gaiety and brightness of its aspect. Its attraction lay in its shops. Ladies who never walked in London, save in Kensington

Gardens on a Sunday, who would as soon have been detected lifting from shop counters as looking into shop windows in London, lounged shamelessly along the broad pavements of the Parisian thoroughfares, staring and gazing as if they had been fresh caught in the country. They carried their portemonnaies in their delicately gloved hands with the glee of charity children who have had some coppers given them to spend as they please. They were deliciously distracted among the variety of windows that had been decked for their seduction with a diabolical art and instinct. Bewildered at last among surrounding temptations, they saw the very hairs and *pûtes* in Potel's and Chabot's through the general halo of enchantment, and the sweet sensations of those summer days of shopping ranked among the happiest and brightest of their recollections. Ladies, as a rule, do not care for mountaineering or for vintages, and must take their pleasure soberly when abroad. What a zeal of anticipation and retrospect it would add to the autumn tour if some one great industrial fair were comprehended in the course of the journey! How easily the Exhibition might be made to utilize travellers to the profit of the people they travelled among! At this moment one has been opened at Lyons, in spite of the ravages of the war and the rumours of a Republican rising among the dangerous classes of La Croix Rousse. The sinister memories of recent horrors and the slight suspicion of imminent danger would give but a pleasant spice of adventure to the bargaining for ribbons and silks in the great headquarters of the silk and ribbon manufacture. Russia has come lumbering along in the wake of the fashion, and another Exhibition is in full swing in the old capital of the Czars. Few English ladies, and indeed not many Englishmen, have hitherto ventured themselves on the vast plain that stretches southwards from the Neva. The historic splendours of the Kremlin might not suffice to tempt them to a dull journey among seas of rude speech and most unprepossessing habits, recently emancipated, and half reclaimed. But the idea of cheapening priceless furs, freshly imported in lavish profusion from Siberian steppes and Arctic icebergs, would prove irresistible. The spirit of enterprise would be piqued in cases where money was no object, and, animated by the prospect of returning as lionesses to the circles of their friends, they would grudge neither lordship nor money. The responsible head of the party might start and shy at first, but would eventually avert his head and pool-pooling the wildness of the nation. But the firm hands that know so well how to manage him would turn him steadily, bearing him gently northwards by Dresden and Berlin, until at last he was led up to the Russian frontier and over it. Woman, having her way in the end, would stand proudly among the Arctic trophies, and, trading in the skins of the ermine and the marten, of the black and the silver fox, would find a grander pleasure than in the purchase of lace, jewellery, and bonnets at home. Russia would be enriched by the streams of English gold that flowed from the pockets of the English tourists. Orientals, too, would be ready enough to fall into the fashion when they found that it paid, and would run up airy palaces in the palm groves by the banks of the Nile, or among the cool cypresses on the shores of the Bosphorus. The bazaar system of the East would chime in happily with the tastes of the fair Western visitors. No longer need they be puzzled about killing time in Cairo or Tunis. Day after day, such hours as could be spared from the siesta might be devoted to the long negotiation over golden embroidery or burnouses, amber or attar of roses. Western cups of tea might be substituted for the Oriental coffee, and the dull afternoon become a kettledrum with an object. The delights of shopping would be voluptuously dallied with; but the bargain would be closed in the end to the satisfaction of both parties. The merchant would net his 200 per cent. of profit, the purchaser would buy at a reduction of 200 per cent. below the first extravagant demand, and nothing would tend more decidedly to promote excellent international feeling. So, although Exhibitions of Industry are at present unsatisfactory things, we do not doubt that a great future may be in store for them. Only it will be necessary for their promoters to begin with clearing their minds of cant, to drop their tall talk about philanthropy, perpetual peace, and the millennium, and to go in honestly for what they really mean.

#### LAW AT OXFORD.

THE problem of legal education has hitherto baffled the wisdom both of the Inns of Court and of the societies of solicitors. The Association presided over by Sir Roundell Palmer, satisfied for the present with having converted the joint Committee of the Inns to the principle of compulsory examination, seems to be waiting for those learned bodies to make the next move; which they are supposed to be about to do by promulgating a list of subjects in which proficiency will have to be shown by the barrister of the future. There is as yet no indication that any improvement is contemplated in the instruction given by the six Readers to the Inns of Court, though how much an increase of teaching power is needed among them may be inferred from the fact that one of these Readers is expected to cope single-handed with three such subjects as Civil Law, International Law, and Jurisprudence. In the meantime the Inner Temple, adopting a somewhat minute line of policy, has recently appointed from its own body five gentlemen, with the style of "Tutors," to assist the studies of its own members exclusively; and the Incorporated Law Society is pursuing the even tenor of its way, providing

short but occasionally admirable courses of lectures for its articulated clerks, and securing one branch of the profession against any wholesale incursion of incompetence by a system of examinations which leaves much to be desired. In the strictly professional centres of legal study there is as yet therefore no agreement of opinion as to the subjects in which candidates for either branch of the profession ought to be examined, or in which oral instruction ought to be provided for them. Upon both points, however, tolerably definite ideas have been arrived at elsewhere, and have been, or are on the point of being, realized.

The great value of the legal curriculum of the University of London has long been recognized, and considerable improvements have been made in the Cambridge course; but we wish on the present occasion to call attention especially to what is being done in this direction at Oxford. Twenty years ago the study was there at its lowest ebb. No proficiency in it was of the slightest avail towards a degree in Arts, and the exercises for the Faculty degrees were almost illusory. Neither of the two Law Professors gave regular courses of instruction. The first impulse towards a better state of things was given by the reconstitution of the Arts examinations in 1853, when Law in combination with History was recognized as a separate School, in which a modicum of Roman or international law and a portion of Stephen's Commentaries have ever since maintained a creditable struggle against the more popular attractions of Modern History. It soon became clear that the studies were unequally yoked. Proficiency in one could with difficulty be measured against proficiency in the other in the same class list, and the gradually increasing interest in law demanded freer scope than could be given to it in the combined School. The result has been the formation of an independent School of Law by the side of the Schools of *Litteræ humaniores*, Mathematics, Physics, History, and Theology, in any one of which the final examination in Arts can now be passed. The first examination in the new School of Law will take place after the Long Vacation, when, as we learn from a notice which appears in the University Calendar, candidates will have to show an acquaintance with general jurisprudence, with the history of the English Constitution and of the law of real property, with the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian, and with the history of international law generally prior to the year 1750, and the law relating to ships and rivers in time of peace. In all these subjects text-books are recommended, but the examination will be in the subjects and not in the books, though an accurate knowledge will be required of certain charters, statutes, and other original authorities.

It will be observed that all these subjects are such as admit of being treated more or less as instruments of general culture; in other words, they are such as are admissible in an Arts course. But it has been determined not to stop here. The graduate in Arts who has familiarized himself with the general groundwork of legal science is invited to continue his studies, and to give them a more definitely professional direction in the Faculty of Law; and the examination for the Bachelor of Civil Law degree has been accordingly remodelled. The first examination under the new system will, it seems, take place in Trinity term, 1873, and a notice has been issued that candidates must present themselves for examination in:—(1) Either jurisprudence, or a department of a foreign code, to be compared and contrasted with the English law bearing on the same subject. (2) Any one of five large departments of Roman law, with especial reference to Gaius and to the Digest. (3) A general knowledge of the English law of property, family relations, contracts, and torts; and any two out of a list of eleven special topics of English law. (4) Either the general principles of private international law or the law of prize.

The changes thus briefly enumerated have been doubtless demanded by the tendency of the day towards some such systematic study of law as has long existed in almost every civilized country except our own. That they have been accelerated, and have assumed so satisfactory a shape, is however due to the exceptionally distinguished set of men who constitute the present legal professoriate of Oxford, and especially to the ability and zeal of the Regius Professor of Civil Law. Most of the Law chairs now so worthily filled are of quite recent foundation. The Regius Professorship, indeed, dates from the time of Henry VIII., and the first Vinerian Professor was Sir W. Blackstone; but it was not till 1859 that the chair of International Law was founded at All Souls. In 1868 a Reader was appointed to share the duties of the Vinerian Professor of Common Law, and in the following year the Professorship of Jurisprudence was founded by Corpus. Since 1861 a teacher in Hindoo and Mahomedan law and history has been provided, with a view to the requirements of the Indian Civil Service. The University has, we think, acted wisely in not insisting upon the residence at Oxford of the whole legal professoriate. Men may occasionally be found whose devotion to their subject may lead them to exchange the chances of an exciting and splendidly rewarded profession for the comparatively obscure career of a teacher, and the scanty stipend which the Universities seem disposed to offer them; but, as a general rule, if Oxford wishes to obtain the services of the sort of men who now adorn her legal Faculty, she must be content with such residence as is sufficient for a conscientious discharge of their duties. Nor will they be worse instructors in the theory of law for coming direct from its actual practice in the Courts. We must not omit to mention that the professors, together with the examiners in the School of Law and others, have been recently constituted into a Board of Legal Studies. Oxford thus possesses a singularly able and numerically adequate staff of Professors of Law; she allows the student to turn his atten-

tion to the subject at an early period, and gives him opportunities of obtaining degrees testifying to his proficiency on passing a judiciously arranged series of examinations. The results which may be hoped for from the experiment which is about to be tried depend partly on the recognition which the Oxford degrees may obtain from the governing bodies of the profession in London, and partly on the relation which the Oxford authorities may succeed in establishing between the generally humanizing course of study in Arts, and the special study of law which they are now endeavouring to engraft upon it.

It is hardly to be expected that young men will prolong their stay at the University in order to attend courses of lectures and to pass examinations in law, unless the degree which they may thus obtain is recognized among the qualifications for entrance into the profession. Other qualifications should doubtless be insisted on. Before a call to the Bar some practical familiarity with the routine of chambers and the business of the Courts is indispensable, and the honourable *esprit de corps* of the profession is doubtless much promoted by membership of an Inn of Court; but a knowledge of principles, and even of details so far as it is advisable to study them from books and lectures alone, may be obtained even better at a University town than in London. The besetting temptation of a young man who comes to London to study law is to plunge at once into the driest and minutest details of the work that goes on in a barrister's chambers. This is in fact the traditional method with us of qualifying for practice; the result being that, after spending laborious years among precedents and cases for opinion, our lawyers, while they acquire a certain dexterity in avoiding difficult questions, very seldom attain to a mastery of those principles with which they ought to have been familiar at starting. The student, on the other hand, who gets at the University, from competent teachers, an acquaintance with the general outlines of the department of knowledge to which he is about to devote himself, who has grasped the scientific ideas which underlie it, who has mastered the elements of Roman law, and has a fair acquaintance with the distribution and the broad principles of the law of his own country, when he enters the chambers of a conveyancer or special pleader will soon find that the time spent in preparatory study has not been lost. His horizon will not be bounded by the mortgages or pleadings upon which he is engaged, nor will he waste time in the haphazard reading of elementary treatises, but will see in all he is called upon to do the experimental application of the general principles with which his mind is already stored. We are convinced that by far the shortest way to learn law, or anything else, is to begin at the beginning; to learn the rule before attempting to apply it to particular instances.

The proper relation of the revived study of law at Oxford to the general culture of the place presents more difficulty than its proper relation to entrance upon the legal profession. The principle of the middle ages, that the University is founded in Arts, has been loyally maintained by Oxford. Except in Music, the graduates in which lack many of the privileges of other graduates, no faculty degree can be taken without previously passing all the examinations necessary for a degree in Arts. In other words, no one is admitted to show that he has studied the subject of his profession till he has shown that he has received the general culture which befits all the alumni of a place of liberal education. This it is which has given so high a value to the medical degrees of Oxford; and to this principle we trust the University will always adhere in any improvements which she may introduce into the Faculty of Law. "*Fili facultatis artium*," it has been truly said, "*aptiores sunt ad quævis studia altiora*." An Oxford theologian, lawyer, or physician should be a cultivated man as well as an expert in his profession.

There are doubtless many subjects which lie on the borderland of the Arts course and of the professional faculties. They are at once capable of being regarded in connexion with the other subjects of a liberal education, and are propædæutic to some special line of study. These subjects Oxford has done wisely in admitting into her general curriculum, or Faculty of Arts; but she has also done wisely in reserving her degrees in the other faculties for proficiency in the more specifically professional attainments which are appropriate to each. This venerable distinction between Arts and the superior faculties we believe to be most valuable. When graduates in divinity and law are as specially qualified as graduates in medicine now are, the faculties, to which one for the physical sciences ought to be added, as in most of the Continental Universities, might not unfitly be entrusted with certain powers of self-government, and with the election of some of their own professors. In the meantime we would religiously preserve every trace of their independent existence, even such as is afforded by their possession of separate "bedells"; and we see with regret that Cambridge has confused the boundaries of Arts and Law by giving a law degree to candidates who pass one of the Arts Triposes. Oxford has as yet made only one step, and that one which can easily be retraced, in the direction of confusion. "The Board of Studies for the School of Law" have issued a notice with reference to what they call "the examination in that school for the degree of B.C.L." It is to be hoped that, when they have occasion to issue another notice upon the subject, they will manage to avoid using expressions which might create an impression that the degree in question, and the examination upon which it is conferred, belong not to the Faculty of Law, but to the School of Jurisprudence in the Faculty of Arts. The wording of a notice is, however, a small matter. The Board of Studies may be con-

gratulated on having organised a law course which is at once scientifically satisfactory and thoroughly practical. No slight praise is also due to the University for having passed almost without discussion statutes drawn for this purpose by those in whose knowledge of their subject she reposes deserved confidence. It is to be hoped that the authorities in London will make themselves acquainted with what has been done, and will at once confer a benefit on the profession, and give a stimulus to the systematic study of law by recognising the Oxford degree as a qualification for entrance into the profession.

#### THE EMBANKMENT STRUGGLE.

IT is to be regretted that Shakespeare could not have survived till our days to re-write the *disenchantment* of the *Merchant of Venice*, for he might have gleaned some important hints for its improvement from the conduct of Mr. Lowe regarding the Thames Embankment land. According to the ruder conception of the dramatist, Shylock began by standing out doggedly for his pound of flesh, but after Portia had proved to him that he could not make good his claim without serious risk to his natural, not to mention his official, life, the stupid Jew threw up the game and went away, neither claiming nor getting any compensation at all. Under Mr. Lowe's enlightened guidance, and in compliance with the precedent which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has set in his dealing with the reclaimed land on the Embankment, Shylock might have condescendingly accepted Portia's ruling as to the blood-letting, and then offered to compromise his demand for merely an ounce or two of flesh with the incidental blood thrown in.

After many shifts and turns, involving the delay of nearly two Sessions, the Embankment controversy is at length ripe for a Parliamentary settlement, and as the fight will come off on Monday in the Committee of the whole House on the amended Bill of the Government, we shall, as briefly as the story allows, lay before our readers the present state of the question. They will hardly have forgotten that the Select Committee of last year, comprising a majority of Liberals, to which the matter had been referred, and upon which the Government had the advantage of the acute advocacy both of Mr. Lowe and of Sir R. Collier, made a Report which, while it recognized the legal ownership of the Crown in the disputed ground under the hard terms of the Act of 1862, expressed itself very decidedly against the policy of *sumum jus*; and recommended a lease of the land, which had been reclaimed by the London ratepayers' money, to the Metropolitan Board for public gardens at an almost nominal rent, following the precedent of the additional ground conceded to the houses in Whitehall Gardens and to Montagu House. The conclusion drawn by the public from this Report was spontaneous, instinctive, and all but universal—namely, that Mr. Lowe would thankfully accept a fall which had been so skilfully broken for him. The general surprise was therefore extremely when early in this Session the Government brought in a Bill which, in total disregard of the recommendations of their own Committee, provided for the sale of the future garden ground to the Metropolitan Board for the full price of 40,000*l*. Circumstances and inclination again made Mr. W. H. Smith the champion of the opposition, and a fight upon the second reading was inevitable. The Government had, however, the luck on its side, and the conflict was postponed till a later stage. The Bill was what is called a "hybrid" one—not quite private nor quite public—and it had, therefore, in its private character to go before a Select Committee upstairs before it could as a public Bill be discussed by a Committee of the whole House. The Treasury, conscious from the tone of the House that it would be hazardous to adhere to its original purpose, but yet unwilling to make a frank surrender, has availed itself of this Select Committee (which was exceptionally constituted of seven members) to excooperate a proposed compromise over which the battle of Monday is to be fought. They were at an advantage in the Committee of 1872 compared with that of 1871, because the latter was appointed to consider the whole question in its broader aspects of public policy, and was therefore composed of members supposed to possess various and special qualifications, while the Committee which has just reported had only to deal with the clauses of an existing Bill, and was therefore named upon a more restricted principle to handle the matter in its business aspects. Counsel appeared both for the Crown and for the Metropolitan Board, and eight witnesses were called, all on behalf of the Crown—the Solicitor to the Woods and Forests, a surveyor, a land agent, the Duke of Northumberland's solicitor on an incidental point, and four architects. The conclusion was that the Committee reported the Bill back to the House in an amended form, materially at variance both with the recommendations of the Committee of 1871 and with the Bill itself in its original shape. In 1871 the Government demand—the "pound of flesh"—was to usurp the whole disputed land, and either sell it at the full value of building ground, or build a row of private houses up to a certain arbitrary line marked by some very historical "white posts," and then let the remainder as far as the Embankment road, along with those houses, as the private garden of the lessee. The Committee threw over the white posts, settled its own building line on a balance of considerations, and recommended the lease of the remaining ground at an almost nominal rent to the Metropolitan Board for public gardens. The original Bill of

1872 accepted the mapping out of the Committee of 1871, but for a nominal rent substituted a substantial price. The Committee of 1872 contrived within these narrow limits to strike out a scheme which was unlike all the others, and advised the readoption of the white posts line for the new houses; the retention by the Government of another strip, thirty feet wide, for private gardens to those houses, to be raised upon a terrace of not more than three feet high, and to be parted from the public garden by an open railing; and the sale of the remaining scrap to the Metropolitan Board for 3,000*l*. Mr. Smith's tactics have changed with those of his adversary, and he will on Monday propose, in the Committee on the Bill, to amend the Government offer by claiming for the public an additional width of 30 feet, throwing the line of the private gardens back to the white posts, and the new houses 30 feet back behind that, while still retaining the sum of 3,000*l*. as the consideration. Such is the simple issue to which the controversy has been narrowed; for we can hardly regard as serious the proposal of Mr. Anderson, the economical member for Glasgow, who has again (to borrow the expression used in regard to him by a brother, though metropolitan, Radical) come forward to trouble the water "like a cuttle-fish," by proposing to substitute 25,000*l*. for 3,000*l*.

The difference between Mr. Smith's ultimatum of this year and the recommendation of the Committee of last year, when reduced to the same terms, implies the sacrifice of between a third and a quarter of the ground which would have been secured by the latter. The line of 30 feet short of the white posts runs nearer to the river, and therefore gives more ground to the Government than it would have obtained in 1871, while money paid down is pleasant to the Treasury than a small rent. The public garden of the 1871 Committee would have had a breadth varying from 248 feet nearest the Charing Cross Station to 161 feet at the southern or narrowest end, and would have covered an area of 90,000 square feet. Mr. Smith's line of this year secures a public garden with a uniform breadth of 145 feet and an area of 66,156 square feet, while the Government offer only leaves the contemptible breadth of 115 feet and an area of 58,156 feet. But we still think that Mr. Smith has done wisely in simplifying matters and adhering as nearly as he can to the outline of the Government Bill. His counter proposal takes the shape of amendments in Committee, and if he carries a majority of the House with him, the Bill which is to ratify the compromise may proceed without further delay. On the moral aspects of the question we need hardly repeat the opinion which we have already had so often to enforce. As to the two proposals in their character of London improvements we can have no hesitation in expressing our preference for Mr. Smith's building line. A block of houses thrust up to the white posts would shoulder forward in awkward advance of the whole line of Whitehall Gardens, Montagu House, and Richmond Terrace, and would simply give a precedent to some future Minister for a still further invasion of the riverside open, whenever it might be profitable to build a row of houses upon the enclosed gardens.

It must never be forgotten that the constructions which the Government insists upon raising are not any public building, in which the breadth has some correspondence to the length, and in which all sides will be architectural compositions. Such a building, as every tiro knows, may often be thrust forward on a terrace or in a public garden with enhanced effect. We have in the present case to deal with a row of houses all length and no breadth, like Euclid's definition of a line, with a river front and a land front, and the ends as it may be. We are the more anxious to insist on this consideration because Mr. P. C. Hardwick, who was the first of the four architects examined on behalf of the Government, began by jumping through a parenthesis into a very wide conclusion in his expression "a large public building or a range of buildings (which comes to the same thing)," and then proceeded to argue as if the edifice in contemplation was such a public building, and as if, when Whitehall Gardens come to be rebuilt, the new houses would have to be advanced to the river. Mr. Hardwick no doubt produced the best scrap of argument which he could find when he pleaded that Mr. Lowe should be gratified in order that the horrible ugliness of the Charing Cross Station might be masked. We are as anxious to mask it as any people can be, but we think it rather hard that this result should be reached by a process which involves the transference of a large lump of money's worth from the Metropolitan ratepayers to the Treasury. Besides we may venture to suggest that there is such a thing as looking from and not towards the Station, and that to the man who does so the consciousness that some corner of that monstrosity may be hidden from somebody else will be but scant consolation for the dis-sight of his own immediate prospect. Mr. E. M. Barry, Mr. Waterhouse, and Mr. Wyatt judiciously followed Mr. Hardwick's lead, while a good deal of time was wasted in an exposition of the merits of the terrace on which, as it equally forms a part of Mr. Smith's proposal, we need not enter. We have ever been foremost in vindicating the liberty and dignity of the architectural profession against the aggressions both of public and private clients, and we have therefore less scruple in pointing out to our leading architects that if they mean to second the exertions of their friends, they had better be careful how far they give in to that modern system of professional evidence which the unlearned have some difficulty in distinguishing from the legal custom of holding briefs.

In the meanwhile the Metropolitan Board, full of the triumph which, thanks to Mr. Smith's tact and firmness, it is likely to win, is discounting the alterations which it expects to

carry out in the portions of London lying between the Strand and the river, and has revived the agitation to which the House of Commons summarily put a stop a few years since for the demolition of Northumberland House. We may venture to call their attention to the principles on which they have been acting in regard to the reclaimed ground on the Embankment. It was reclaimed, they say, by the ratepayers' money, and therefore the ratepayers have a claim to it. Let them not forget that Northumberland House was created by the money of its owner's predecessors. It is architecturally and historically a public monument of high interest, as the last of the riverside mansions of our great families, and is in itself a building of much grandeur, while the Metropolitan Board has never succeeded in showing that it cannot, with a little ingenuity, find means of reaching the Thames without interfering with Northumberland House. We are therefore quite unable to join in the gushing desire, in which some people are indulging, to see this historical palace replaced by a newfangled street of cafés and hotels.

#### COLONEL CHESNEY ON AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

THE caution which was given by Colonel Chesney in his able and interesting lecture at the United Service Institution against forming exaggerated estimates of the value of autumnal manœuvres comes at an opportune moment. Last year a marked disposition was shown by some newspaper Correspondents to write about what went on as if these manœuvres resembled actual warfare in everything except bloodshed, while one ardent young tactician published an octavo volume in which the operations of each day's Aldershot campaign were recounted and described with the gravity of a Napier composing the history of the Peninsular war. Unless this sort of thing had been checked, we should probably this season have been deluged with inflated nonsense put forward as military criticism, and it is to be hoped that Colonel Chesney's lecture will have a good effect in this respect. Colonel Chesney began by reminding his hearers of Napoleon's apophthegm about the superiority of moral to physical qualities in war, which nowadays would seem to have been lost sight of. To hear some people talk, they appear to imagine that one army is just as good as another, and that victory is a mere question of manœuvring and organization; but in reality the highest generalship consists, as it always has done, in bringing the troops into the proper state of mind for fighting, and courage is still the first quality needed in a soldier. Generals with force of character to infuse spirit into the troops they lead will, it is true, be usually men of power in other respects, and so the leading qualities for command are often found united. Further, as Colonel Chesney pointed out, there is a variety of other points in which the resemblance must fail between mimic and actual warfare. The conditions under which the former can be carried out must necessarily be restricted. When people propose, as they sometimes wildly do, that the two opposing forces should be cast loose at one another and allowed to fight it out without any definite instructions, they lose all sight of the inordinate expense, to take only one of many objections, which such a scheme would involve. For the two sides to fight without restriction as to time and ground, assumes that one side would drive the other from its base, according to the decision of the umpire, and therefore each party would need to be furnished not only with supplies of food on the line of its proper base, but with spare stocks of all necessaries on each flank, to be used according as it might be driven back in one direction or the other; for of course the notion that the British soldier and his cattle should be left without food for twenty-four hours is not to be seriously entertained. And, after all, what would be gained by this great additional expense? To follow up this imitation of actual warfare we ought to suppose that one army gets altogether the better of the other, in which case the former would pursue its beaten adversary, and the latter would inevitably become more and more disorganized. Is this a thing to be imitated? and is it a healthy training to accustom British troops to disorganized retreat? But in fact these fanciful notions about making the manœuvres a complete imitation of real war fall to pieces as soon as seriously examined. For another thing, the idea that umpires can decide upon the effect of artillery is quite delusive; for, as Colonel Chesney pointed out, mere distance affords no criterion on this head; artillery fire may be destructive at two thousand yards, and it may be comparatively harmless at half that distance; it all depends on the lay of the ground and the amount of cover it affords, points which cannot be ascertained by a person looking from a distance. Last, but not least, the small number of the forces brought into the field necessarily gives an artificial character to the mimic warfare. It is quite inconceivable that the fate of England should ever depend on its power to resist an invasion of fifteen thousand men, and therefore the mode of campaigning adopted by tactical units of that strength must be quite different in its nature from what would take place if the country were really invaded. In that case the victory would not be won by the successful manœuvring of a couple of divisions, or by turning the flank of a little body of men posted on a hill.

Yet, on the other hand, the limited nature of the conditions practicable in mimic warfare need not dishearten us, for, after all, as the lecturer observed, there is an abundance of matter for experiment in these manœuvres, if we only employ them properly. The composition of the staff; whether our plan of organizing the



divisional staffs *ser à champ* is effective; whether there should be separate staff officers for the different departments of the General's work all communicating directly with him, or whether he should be aided by a chief of the staff to collect all departmental business; whether the Control officers should communicate directly with the General or through his staff—that is, which of the two plans is found practically most convenient; the best technical composition of a brigade—that is, the number of battalions most suitable, and whether there should be demi-brigades; the best mode of organising the transport and supply and camp equipments—all these things can be tested almost as well by manoeuvres as in actual campaigns. The manoeuvres should also help to solve the most important problem of all, What training do our auxiliary forces require, and what is the particular help we must look for from them in case of war? Another use of the manoeuvres is, that they will serve to familiarize the country with the army; for as the soldiers come more before their countrymen, the sad and discreditable ignorance with regard to them which exists in many of our rural districts will vanish as this means of advertising the army is made use of. Last but not least, in camps of this sort men and officers, roughing it together, come to know more of each other than they would ever do in barrack life, and with that knowledge will come that perfect confidence between the best regimental officers and the best soldiers in the world which should be the sure and certain harbinger of victory.

It strikes us, too, that autumn manoeuvres are especially valuable for people who are not blessed with imaginations, to which category must certainly belong the compiler of the old drill-book. If you had asked these people whether they supposed that armies when campaigning would always move over level gravel plains, from which the smallest irregularity had been carefully removed beforehand, they would no doubt have replied in the negative; yet their rules and regulations all assumed such conditions as the aim and object of military training. Anybody who entered the army in ante-Crimean days may recollect the fatuous performances which used to do duty for manoeuvres, where a column would advance over a parade with a thin file of men walking on each side, supposed by a flight of fancy to represent light troops feeling the flanks, or the preposterous evolutions which went by the name of skirmishing. Had you asked the worthies who indulged in these absurdities whether they really thought that what they were doing represented in even the remotest degree any conceivable operations of actual war, they might perhaps have been puzzled to give a reply; but certainly it never appeared to occur to them that troops on a campaign did not always advance in long lines carefully dressed, with the artillery on either flank, and that in actual movements such things as walls, hedges, and rivers might possibly be met with. But take these men out for a fortnight's manoeuvring on Chobham or Salisbury Plain, and then the facts are presented to their minds, and they perceive that the most perfect dressing of the ranks will not fill men's stomachs if the baggage is in the rear; that the breaking down of a cart may stop a column, and that troops cannot always march in step. All this comes to some men almost like a revelation, and what happens in these extreme cases happens in a lesser degree to all. These manoeuvres set officers thinking, and give a practical turn to their thoughts, and if made proper use of in this way, British officers, already the most active and conscientious, may be made also the most intelligent and professionally accomplished of any army in the world.

#### THE FISK MURDER.

CONTRARY to expectation, the jury in the case of Stokes, who was charged with the murder of Colonel Fisk at New York, have been unable to agree on a verdict, and have consequently been discharged. It seems to have been generally anticipated that the jury would unanimously acquit the prisoner. That Stokes deliberately shot at and killed Fisk was beyond question, and was in fact admitted by the counsel for the defence. The evidence on this point was distinct and conclusive. On the afternoon of the 6th of January Fisk drove up to the Grand Central Hotel in Broadway; he got out of his carriage and went up the ladies' staircase. The hall-boy, following him, saw him suddenly stagger, turn round, and come down several steps, and at the same time heard the report of a pistol. Looking up, the lad saw Stokes at the top of the stairs, leaning over the balustrade and watching Fisk. Immediately another shot was fired, and Fisk fell. Stokes was seized as he was running out of the hotel, was identified by the hall-boy and by Fisk himself, and was proved to have been in the hotel a few minutes before Fisk arrived, and to have been waiting on the staircase as if anxiously expecting some one. He knew no one in the hotel, and had no business there. Fisk died several hours afterwards. Stokes admitted through his counsel that he shot Fisk, but pleaded that he believed Fisk to be armed, and that he apprehended an attack, and fired in self-defence. It is possible that Fisk carried arms, as many of his class do in New York, but it does not seem to have been proved that he did, and it was not even alleged that he actually drew a pistol or made any show of firing on Stokes. It was part of the case for the defence that Fisk did not die of his wounds, but of maltreatment by the doctors; but there was nothing to warrant this supposition. One at least of Fisk's wounds was mortal, and all that the doctors could do for him was to relieve his sufferings and prolong life for a few hours. It is difficult to imagine a clearer case

of deliberate and wilful murder than the assassination of Fisk, and if the jury had looked only to the question of fact which they had to decide, it is impossible that they could have hesitated for a moment to return a verdict of guilty. The District Attorney, who conducted the prosecution, pointed out that it did not matter in the least whether Fisk was a good or a bad man, and that the law was that no one should be allowed to take into his own hands the power to execute judgment on his fellow-man. The Judge refused to allow questions to be put to the witnesses with the view of proving the dissolute and desperate character of the murdered man; but the counsel for the defence took every opportunity of bringing this side of the subject before the jury, and of suggesting that, as Stokes was helpless in the courts of law where he was being pursued by Fisk, and as the latter had at command other violent and illegal means of injuring him which he was quite capable of employing, Stokes had a right to protect himself in the best way he could, and that in any case the killing of such a scoundrel as Fisk was rather a gain than a loss to society. And there can be no doubt that this was the question on which the jury found themselves at the last unable to make up their minds. "There was," says one of the Reporters, "an intense silence in the Court-room when John M'Keon (Stokes's leading counsel) threw back his coat, looked round on Judges, jury, and spectators," and "arraigned the deceased man before the bar of public opinion." In glowing language, we are told, he depicted Fisk's disregard of public morality, his defiance of all laws, both human and divine, and, what in New York is perhaps accounted still worse, his contempt for public opinion. He denounced Fisk as the greatest curse America had ever known, likening him to Cagliostro and Casanova, names apparently chosen at random to impress the jury, who found themselves trying Fisk, who was dead, and not represented by counsel, instead of the prisoner at the bar.

It may be true that Fisk, as Mr. M'Keon said in his "glowing" language, had debauched the sentiment of the people, polluted the fountains of public justice, and made the grand old words "American honour and fair play" bywords of contempt and scorn in all civilized countries; but we are afraid that the result of this trial, and the recognition of the right of free shooting from personal motives and for private ends, will hardly serve to reinstate New York in the good opinion of the world. The counsel quoted some of Fisk's sayings, but without offering any proof of them, or attempting to show that Fisk ever carried his precepts into practice. It was said that when he found a troublesome person in his way, he would remark, "Let no man interfere with us, for if he does our touch is cold and clammy"; and on another occasion he observed, "We have private graveyards for our enemies." Fisk and Stokes were rivals in love, and they were also mixed up together in business transactions, and it was alleged that Fisk used his power over Stokes in the latter to revenge himself for having been supplanted in the affections of "Josie," the vulgar Helen of a low intrigue. Mr. M'Keon stated that Stokes had suffered very much from his arrest and imprisonment; he was a changed man; and it would be for the jury to say how far his mind had been disturbed by the treatment he had received at the hands of Fisk. When he had concluded, the jury were possibly under the impression that the question was whether some means could not be devised of punishing the murdered man for his atrocious conduct to the murderer, and whether out of the fortune of the deceased or out of the public purse some handsome compensation should not be awarded to the hero in the dock. Mr. M'Keon's address was garnished with passages of personal invective directed against the counsel for the prosecution, which are described by the newspapers under such suggestive headings as "Rough on the District Attorney," and "Another Snarl." "It is worth something," we are assured, "in this age of cynicism, unbelief, and cant, to see this little man jumping up and pitching in right and left." Before the trial properly began a week had been spent in making up a jury. No fewer than seven hundred and fifty persons had been summoned to attend, and of these a considerable number were examined and rejected, on the ground that they were prejudiced either for or against the prisoner. Naturally jurymen who desired to escape attendance were quite sure that they could not form an impartial opinion on the case. One declared that he was constitutionally inclined to violent prejudices; another thought it a hard thing that such an enterprising man as Fisk should have been killed; another never believed anything he did not see; while a fourth proclaimed that he abominated "Stock operators, fancy men, and all persons who did not earn an honest living." Some had doubts about capital punishment; others had seen a play based on the murder of Fisk, called "Black Friday," and found themselves prejudiced by it, or by articles in the papers. One man said he read the papers, but "murders made no impression on him," and was accepted as a juror. Possibly the reluctance to serve in this capacity was increased by the prospect of having one's personal appearance described in the papers by a graphic reporter. It is not every one who would relish being sketched in this style for the amusement of the public:—

Mr. Whittle is not a tall man, measuring in his stockings about five feet six; he has a fine expressive countenance, with mild brown eyes, and a bald pate, with side tufts of brown hair, with side whiskers and under beard of a ginger hue. He was dressed in a neat-fitting suit of black, with tie to match, and a spotless white shirt.

To complete the picture of the Court we should perhaps mention that Stokes, "neatly dressed in a thin grey coat and white duck trousers," is said to have been the "coolest man in Court," the

thermometer being at 95°, and laughed gaily at some of the observations of counsel and witnesses. Some friends of Stokes, "young men dressed in the height of fashion," sat near him. His father, mother, and brother were also present. One day Mrs. Fisk also came into Court, and sat immediately opposite the murderer of her husband.

The result of this case would seem to show that public opinion in New York is divided as to the expediency of allowing persons of bad character to be shot down, without notice or trial, in the streets. To which side the majority leans does not appear, but it may perhaps be regarded as progress that any doubts should be entertained on the subject at all. We have some recollection of other cases of a similar character in which juries found no difficulty in returning a verdict of acquittal. When the people of New York have had time to think out the problem, they will possibly arrive at the conclusion that when a man has done anything for which he deserves to be put to death, it is more convenient to try him first and kill him afterwards, and that it is not desirable that private persons should be at liberty to discharge the functions of judge, jury, and executioner at their own discretion. Fisk's death in itself is no loss to society, but society is certain to suffer if the Fisks are to be treated in this summary manner. There is an old saying that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and there is no reason to suppose that New York cannot produce other scoundrels quite as reckless and unscrupulous as Fisk. It is impossible to suppose that a villain of this stamp could have flourished as he did unless there had been in the community from which he sprang, and on which he afterwards preyed, something congenial to the development of his villany. It is not improbable that Stokes's violence had its origin in Fisk's lawlessness. Fisk had the Courts at his command, and one can conceive the desperation of his victim as he became daily more hopelessly entangled in the coils of the law. But if the community had in the first instance done its duty, Stokes and other persons more deserving of sympathy and protection would have been preserved from the machinations of Fisk and his confederates. It is scandalous that such a scoundrel should have had such innings, but the proper remedy for the evil is certainly not the bullet of an amateur executioner. The right of capital punishment is one which society had better keep in its own hands. In the first place, if it does not, mistakes are apt to occur; and in the next place, the Fisks, being fairly warned what they have to expect, will probably not neglect to take the precaution of having the first shot. The whole affair is a conspicuous example of that moral cowardice which appears to be the besetting sin of the educated and respectable portion of democratic communities. There must have been a large body of people in New York who abominated the profligate rogueries of Fisk and his gang, but they had not the courage to attack them, and were content to shrug their shoulders, pay through the nose, and thank Heaven they did not meet Fisk or his "ladies" at dinners or dances. It is impossible that Fisk's lawlessness could be reproduced in this country; but the disinclination of the jury to punish his murderer is, we are sorry to say, not without its parallel among ourselves. If free scope is to be allowed to murder as part of the ordinary discipline of private life, there could hardly be a subject more worthy of this kind of summary treatment than Fisk. We are not aware, however, that the Americans have yet decided that it is a comparatively venial offence for a clergyman to kill his wife when she is troublesome on a Sunday, or for a cook to throttle her mistress for daring to enter the kitchen and criticize the arrangements for dinner.

#### THE CATHOLIC UNION AND THE JESUITS.

THE Pope's letter to Cardinal Antonelli, protesting against the suppression of religious Orders in Germany and Rome, is producing its fruits in England. Whether there is any very wide sympathy with the exiled Jesuits among the Catholic laity of the Continent we take leave to doubt. In Germany, to say the least, opinion is divided. The *Silesian News*, a paper published under the auspices of Prince-Bishop Förster, observes, in the course of an elaborate attack on the Ultramontane *Germania*, that the way in which the infallibilist dogma was carried has left a sting in the minds of many even of those who have submitted to it, and that "men should know from history that a sting in German minds works itself out differently from what it does elsewhere." And then, after politely comparing the conduct of the Ultramontanes to that of the blind King of Hanover, the author clenches his criticism with the remark that the worst result of their confident and overbearing tone is the complete illusion produced at Rome as to the real state of things. In this country, where the Roman Catholic press is entirely in Ultramontane hands, there is of course neither division nor moderation in its treatment of the question. Yet even here we doubt whether lay feeling about it is so strong or so unanimous as the noisier spokesmen of the party would have us believe. The meeting held last Tuesday at Willis's Rooms to protest against Prince Bismarck's recent legislation was somewhat ostentatiously announced and described as a spontaneous expression of lay sentiment. But the room was by no means full, and the fair sex predominated largely among its occupants, not to dwell on the circumstance of a very considerable sprinkling of clerical auditors, though the speakers, with the notable exceptions of the inevitable Mgr. Capel and Arch-

bishop Manning, were laymen. But then there are laymen and laymen. The leading speakers were notoriously adherents of the most advanced Ultramontane school, and most of them were converts. We may add that the argument, such as it was, was left almost entirely to the two clerical orators. Dr. Manning's speech alone was fully three times as long as any of the rest. And certainly, though we are far from committing ourselves to a belief in "the great factory of go-carts and leading-strings" which he was rather suspiciously eager to disclaim, the general impression left on one's mind is not that "the Catholic laity are on fire quite as much as the clergy" about the expulsion of the German Jesuits.

We have already said more than once that we do not clearly understand Prince Bismarck's religious policy, and still less do we feel called upon to constitute ourselves his apologists. It is very unlikely that a statesman of his mental and moral calibre should have suddenly, in an incoherent fit of spleen or dismay, struck out an uncalled for and inoperative measure; and it is quite as improbable, begging Archbishop Manning's pardon, that the great Chancellor should have "taken counsel from the King of Bavaria and his councillors," and condescended to take his policy from the Cabinet of Munich. But the procedure does look at first sight too much like one of those petty and irritating persecutions which only enhance in the long run the influence of their victims. It is believed in Germany that the original draft of the law, as it came from its author's hand, was much more stringent than the Emperor could be induced to sanction. And if this is true, we may believe that Prince Bismarck intended to bite as well as to bark, and that he recognized a grave necessity for doing so, though the grounds of his opinion must still remain obscure. We quoted the other day Montalembert's testimony as to the attitude assumed by the Roman Jesuits during the last twenty-five years, and it would not be difficult to show that other distinguished Catholic authorities, such as Lacordaire, had formed a very similar estimate. No doubt, as Montalembert plainly intimated, a community possessing the power as well as the will to carry out the principles openly advocated in the *Civiltà Cattolica* and *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* would be justly regarded with suspicion by any Government. That the Jesuits possess this power we see no reason for believing, but it is difficult, in the face of their own implicit and reiterated assertions, to doubt their will. In saying this, we of course do not forget that even in so rigidly organized an army as that created by Ignatius Loyola, national and individual idiosyncrasies will be sure to assert themselves; and it is probable that many of the English and French, perhaps also of the German, Jesuits have little sympathy with the fervid and uncompromising absolutism, both civil and ecclesiastical, of their Roman brethren. But the solidarity of the great military Order—for such it is in fact as in the conception of its founder—has always been one of its proudest boasts; and if it is held responsible in one country for the action of its members in another, this is but taking them at their own word. It may readily be allowed that the highest triumph of toleration is to tolerate those who themselves repudiate the principle. But the persecutors in will can hardly complain if persecution in deed should come upon them through the vengeance or the dread of their intended victims.

None of these considerations, however, seem to have crossed the minds of any of the speakers at Willis's Rooms last Tuesday, whose eloquence was a faithful—and in one sense not a feeble—echo of the famous Papal allocution about the Colossus and the little stone. The Duke of Norfolk, who occupied the chair, confined himself to vague generalities about "a system of persecution which aimed at destroying religion throughout the world," and the debt owed by English Catholics to the Jesuits. And Lord Howard of Glossop, who followed him, seems to have chiefly dwelt on the duty and importance of providing a religious education for the children of the poor—a subject on which he has long since amply vindicated his right to be listened to, but which had no very direct bearing on the resolution he was engaged in moving. He was succeeded by Mr. Wegg-Prosser, a zealous convert, who considered the Jesuits "the ablest soldiers of the Church," and "vehemently denounced the policy of insult and spoliation pursued by the Italian Government towards the Holy See." So far the speeches were little more than a reproduction of the sort of mingled eulogiums and commonplace which may be read *ad libitum* any week in the columns of the *Register* or the *Tribune*. But the next speaker, Monsignor Capel, having a certain reputation for proselytizing successes, apparently felt himself called upon to argue. He accordingly made two points, which are the more unfortunate for his argument as nobody is likely to dispute them. In the first place, he thought that "to touch the mainspring of the centre of movement in the Church" was to threaten her interior life; and we are left to infer that this mainspring is the Jesuit Order, especially in its headquarters at Rome. But this is just what its Catholic opponents have been so strongly insisting upon. The Munich Congress of last September, for instance, protested against the deleterious influence of Jesuitism precisely because it was now the central and dominating influence in the Roman Catholic Church, and had thus supplied both the original impulse and the motive power for carrying through the Vatican decrees. If Prince Bismarck were asked why he selected that special Order for attack, he would probably reply that it inspired and sustained the hostile policy of the Holy See towards the German Empire. Monsignor Capel's second point, if less suicidal, was more conspicuously fraudulent.

Monasteries to a sister of the noble Chairman as having devoted her life and time and fortune to the service of the poor and miserable in London—in other words, as we understand him, having entered a convent—and then he dwelt on the strong claims which these religious Orders had on the affection and respect not only of Catholics but of mankind generally for their services to society. *Sed quis vituperanti?* The new law of the German Reichsrath does not touch any communities of women, of which there are a large number pursuing their way unmolested in Prussia alone; and the active Orders, at least of women—to which Monsignor Capel's argument applies exclusively—have all along been exempted, if we are not mistaken, from the general prohibition of religious communities in Italy. It may or may not be right to proscribe the Jesuits, but it can be no reason for supporting them that the Sisters of Charity lead exemplary lives and are public benefactors of society. Lord Denbigh, who moved the next resolution, came nearer the real issue when he said that the Jesuits had been misrepresented as intriguers; "whereas those who know them well knew that it was distinctly against the constitution of their Order to mix themselves up with any intrigue." We will not presume to claim a closer acquaintance with the Jesuits, or rather—for that appears to be what he meant—with their constitution, than Lord Denbigh; but we do happen to know something of their history. A very chequered history it is, and it would be absurd to deny that they have achieved great things in the way of education, theology, and missions to the heathen, though even here there is a considerable *per contra* account to be taken into the reckoning. But that, if their constitution forbids them to mix in any intrigue, it has been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, is so notorious that we rather marvel at Lord Denbigh's courageous simplicity in taking the bull by the horns so readily. It would be interesting to know how he explains the inveterate distrust, not of Protestants or sceptics, but of Catholic monarchs and States, and of many Popes, which has dogged their steps from the very first, which very nearly induced Sixtus V. to crush the Order in its infancy, and which did constrain Clement XIV. to suppress it, with the unanimous approval of every Catholic Government in Europe, after two centuries' experience of its practical interpretation of the rule of political neutrality. Lord Denbigh was followed by Sir Charles Clifford, the report of whose speech is comprised in three lines, but abundantly makes up in vigour what it lacks in length. He had evidently studied to some purpose the Papal application of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and indeed seems, to judge from his confident and confidential tone, to have been favoured with some kind of vision himself. He said that it might be some consolation to the Catholics of Germany to think that the fate of Julian the Apostate was not unlikely to befall Prince Bismarck. We should hardly have thought it likely *a priori* that the Imperial Chancellor would meet his death on the battle-field, but stranger things have happened, and if Sir Charles Clifford has received a supernatural intimation to that effect, there is clearly no more to be said.

The next two speakers bring us back to the region of mere vapoury platitudes, and then comes Archbishop Manning's closing discourse, which has already been referred to. We need not return to his lucubrations on "go-carts" and on the fiery zeal of the Catholic laity. The sting of his speech really lay in the tail, where he introduced a bitter and purely gratuitous attack on the Old Catholic movement in Bavaria, the origin of which he absurdly attributed to the machinations of different Governments, but with which Prince Bismarck has no connexion, and probably no particular sympathy; and this was followed by an alarming picture of the secret conspiracies of Freemasonry, which seem to occupy in the Archbishop's mind much the same place as the plots of the Jesuits in Mr. Whalley's. When he spoke of the Order having kept alive the Catholic faith in England in unbroken continuity through a long course of persecution, he touched a chord which was sure to vibrate in the hearts of many of his hearers. It is very natural that the old Catholic gentry of England should be sincerely attached to the Jesuits, with whose labours and sufferings their fathers were so intimately allied during the period of the penal laws, and from whom so many of them have, in later days, received their education at Stonyhurst. It is indeed pretty clear that they did much to draw the penal laws on themselves originally by their political intrigues and their pertinacious maintenance of the deposing power at a time when the doctrine had a very practical significance. But for a long while past the English Jesuits have been both respected and respectable, and nobody in this country worth counting would desire to enforce against them the proscription which still stands in the letter of the Statute Book. Nor have the extravagant doctrines of their Roman and Rhenish colleagues, so far as we are aware, found any echo in the literature of Stonyhurst and St. Beuno's. In some respects they are disposed to take a more liberal line than the majority of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, at least among the clergy. It is the tendency of toleration to beget tolerance, and perhaps the Italian and German Governments might do well to profit by the experience of England. Meanwhile, if the "Catholic Union of Great Britain" could persuade their "persecuted" clients on the Continent to behave more like the Jesuits who are not persecuted here, they would do more to secure the officers of their Church from "insult and spoliation" than all the frothy platitudes of Mr. Allies' and Monsignor Capel's oratory can be expected to accomplish.

## POLO.

IT is satisfactory to know that the officers of our "crack" regiments are keeping up their spirits as well as can be expected under the abolition of purchase and the prospect of a scientific army. When it was rumoured a short time since that the Life Guards had taken to Polo, it was feared by the uninitiated that it might be perhaps some wild kind of dissipation to which the good fellows had been driven by the cutting reforms of Mr. Cardwell and his relentless Controller. Mammals grew anxious, and many a tender heart in Mayfair and Belgravia throbbed with terror or pity at the thought of the possible effects of Polo on dear Algernon or Sidney. The mystery is unveiled at last. Everybody knows now what Polo is, and nothing could be more innocent or satisfactory. Polo is simply a game at ball played on of horseback; it is, in fact, equestrian hockey; and a number of officers of the Blues and 9th Lancers have played it in Windsor Park in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and a distinguished company. Polo may be considered to be fairly launched as a fashionable sport under the most favourable auspices, and it remains to be seen whether it will succeed in establishing itself as a familiar and popular amusement. The ordinary hockey is a vulgar cross between cricket and football; but of course it is lifted out of the category of common games when played on horseback; and on Tuesday it was altogether a glorified affair, with a Princess looking on, a squadron of mail-clad troopers to keep the ground, and a trumpeter in cloth of gold to sound the charge. There were six champions on each side, attired in a uniform devised for the occasion—short cords, riding gaiters, jerseys, and caps. The two parties were distinguished by different colours. The combatants were armed with long hockey clubs with straight hooks, and were mounted on stout serviceable ponies, whose forelegs were swathed in bandages, after the fashion of champion cricketers, to save them from rude blows. The object of the game, as of hockey and football, is to keep the ball away from your opponent's base and to drive it towards your own, and it may easily be imagined that the encounter is full of excitement for the spectators as well as for those who take part in it. The charges of horsemen after the ball, now rushing together in a dense cluster, now breaking loose, wheeling, and scattering, the rattle of sticks and plunging of ponies, the racing, chasing, and collisions, the varying chances and stirring incidents of the sport, give it a highly picturesque and animated character. Those who have gone into the archæology of the game have thought it necessary to remind us that it is of ancient Persian extraction, and figures in the *Arabian Nights*, wherein we read of a bat devised by the great physician Dombai for the Sultan, with a hollow handle containing drugs, by which the Sultan was supposed to be benefited when he played on horseback at his favourite pastime. The Polo of the guardsmen is not, however, an antiquarian revival, but simply an imitation of the game still played in India. Eton was largely represented among the spectators at Windsor, and it is not improbable that paterfamilias will be overwhelmed with petitions for ponies for the new game. It is certainly excellent sport, but there are several reasons why it must necessarily be confined to a limited circle. It can be played properly only by expert horsemen, with horses or ponies more or less trained to their work; and it may not always be easy to find a piece of ground suitable for the exercise. One of the combatants the other day had his head broken, and it was observed that before the game was over several of the ponies had begun to limp. A rider who would willingly run the risk of a few hard knocks for himself might not be able to afford the luxury of having a good pony lamed or marked.

The exclusiveness of Polo will perhaps be one of its chief recommendations in the eyes of those who have just adopted it. Every one must be glad to hear that the upper classes have discovered something new to relieve the laborious tedium of existence, and, above all, something which they have every prospect of being able to keep to themselves. It is impossible to observe without profound compassion the ceaseless and tantalizing struggle of fashionable society to provide itself with amusements and occupations which shall not at once be appropriated by the aspiring lower orders. The Parks are becoming as common as the streets. The Row swarms with cheap hacks, and the Ride is blocked with spring-carts and broughams by the hour. Mr. Vernon Harcourt's Hansom looms in the future. The anybodies and everybodies are having it all their own way, and the poor somebodies do not know where to turn. The Sunday walk by the Serpentine has long been given up. The Zoo is mobbed. It is true there is a Sunday lounge for privileged persons at the Albert Hall, with sacred music on the organ, but there is no saying how long this will last. Everybody goes to Lord's when the schools play their match, and tries to fancy that he or she has a boy at Eton or Harrow, while somebody again is squeezed into a corner. Ascot is only another Derby, and even the select repose of Goodwood is threatened. Pigeon-shooting may touch the top of the tree at one end, but it sinks with rapid descent to the Junior Gun Club and the Claimant. Polo, however, promises to be a sport of high life; and Polo clubs may be expected to flourish. Once or twice a year perhaps there will be a great Polo tournament, at which the most distinguished cavaliers will contend for the championship. Tilting and the Quintain may come back again. If hockey can be ennobled by being mounted on horseback, the same process may be applied to other games.

Croquet is only hockey refined and elaborated, and croquet à cheval might be invented to match hockey on horseback. We can readily believe that our Polo players have not yet acquired the lightness, grace, and exquisite ease and precision of movement which characterize Eastern cavaliers; but it may be expected that they will improve by practice, and gracefulness would surely not be wanting if the ladies took up the game.

It is possible that when Mr. Disraeli writes his next novel he will have to describe as the fashionable pastime of the period another tournament of a more genuine and respectable kind than the tournament of doves. It may be true that pigeon-shooting makes a man a good shot, but it is at the best an effeminate and contemptible amusement. Polo has at least the recommendation of being a manly sport. It is a healthy and invigorating exercise; it requires skill, dash, and nerve, and it develops all the qualities of a thorough horseman. Apart from the fun of the thing, it is easy to imagine how a man might be better, morally as well as physically, for a game at Polo, which braces the muscles, trains the eye, the hand, the limbs, and has just that spice of personal risk, if not exactly of danger, which steadies the nerves and exercises those qualities which are supposed to be summed up in manliness. A man who is not on the alert at Polo may fetch a cropper, or get an awkward crack on the crown to warn him to have his wits about him next time; but at pigeon-shooting, if a man maims his bird, he only loses his money, and it is his poor victim that pays the penalty. Any sneak or poltroon might shine in pigeon-shooting, but sport like Polo tends to develop pluck and virile qualities. It is conceivable that when the intelligence of fox-hunters is more matured, they will have their eyes opened to the absurdity of gentlemen paying handsomely for a breed of vermin, and getting themselves up gorgeously in pink coats and top-boots, and mounting costly steeds in order to pursue a wretched little creature in a state of abject terror. The answer of course is that it is the excitement of the chase, and not the fox, which is the object of hunting; but it is conceivable that by a little exercise of the imagination the vermin might be dispensed with, and some more worthy object substituted. Polo is capable of modifications which would render it quite as exciting as the chase, and more exciting than the fantastic exhibition of stunted lads on skeleton steeds, with no stay or stamina in them, which is the chief feature of modern racing. In the present condition of the Turf it is not perhaps surprising that gentlemen jockeys should not be particularly admirable as a class; but gentlemen could have no hesitation in engaging in contests conducted in the same manner as Polo. It is tolerably apparent that the system of racing now in vogue does not supply the country with the kind of horses most required—good weight-carrying cobs, not only stout, but alert and speedy. Polo is perhaps only adapted for ponies, but some form of it might be devised suitable for horses, and there can be little doubt that this would tend to improve the breed, and to develop those substantial qualities of the want of which we hear such general complaints. We do not suppose that Polo, if it ever becomes popular, which is still doubtful, will regenerate the country, but some good results may possibly be hoped for from it, and we are at any rate glad to welcome anything as a change from the debasement of the Turf and the soppy butchery of Hurlingham.

#### THE HERTFORD COLLECTION AT BETHNAL GREEN.

WHAT the French school of painting is, as we stated in a former article, the strength of the Hertford Gallery will appear from the following enumeration of the chief masters present. Among the painters of last century Greuze is represented by 22 works, Watteau by 11, Boucher by 11, Lancret by 9, Fragonard by 5. The history of the school is brought down to the present day by numerous examples of the most renowned masters. Thus there are 36 works by Horace Vernet, 13 by Bellangé, 4 by Pils, 13 by Delaroche, 5 by Ary Scheffer, 2 by Delacroix, 2 by Robert-Fleury, 3 by Géricault, 6 by Prud'hon, 12 by Roqueplan, 31 by Decamps, 15 by Meissonier. Never before has there been seen in this country—not even in the International Exhibition of 1862—so rich and profuse a display of that school, which for talent, versatility, and training has been rightly considered the foremost in Europe. Within the limits at our command we can attempt only a rapid survey of the wide field thus abundantly stored.

How in France the arts change with the rise and fall of dynasties receives abundant illustration in the Hertford Collection. First come pictures by Watteau, Greuze, Boucher, and others, which reflect the corrupt Court manners of the time of Louis XIV. and his successors. The subjects which Watteau painted are about on a par with the themes on which contemporary poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries wrote. The following are fair specimens of Watteau's pleasing fancy:—"Music Party" (377), "Picnic Party" (398), "Sentimental Promenade" (422), "A Loving Conversation" (434). The painter's graceful forms, frivolous motives, and facile playful touch are too well known to need description. The eleven examples before us exhaust his limited resources; and it may especially be noted with how much taste costume figures are disposed in landscapes; he is famous for picnics and garden parties. "Gilles and his Family" (452) may serve to illustrate the oft-repeated remark

that when art is at its lowest ebb, portraiture still retains its hold upon nature. Even among the twenty-two pictures by Greuze, some few taken direct from life are not wanting in simplicity and sincerity. Yet most of them, such as "Nymph Sacrificing to Cupid" (380), "Head of a Bacchant" (385), "Girl with Doves" (427), "A Magdalen" (423), and "Cupid" (451), exemplify the artist's refined, but affected, mannerism. These types show an insipid sameness; the faces have jewelled eyes, cherry mouths, rosy cheeks; the display of flesh is layish, while the intellect scarcely escapes idiocy. To redeem a reputation in danger of being lost, it may be well to call to mind pictures in the Louvre, such as the "Girl with the Broken Pitcher," and "Male-diction paternelle." Boucher, it will readily be understood, sins more flagrantly than Greuze; the eleven works now at Bethnal Green prove the degeneracy of French taste, the debauchery of talent. "The Shepherd's Pipe" (387) and "A Shepherdess's Toilet" (388) are about on a par with paperhangings found in French taverns. Yet Boucher was a man of extraordinary power and of exceptional fortune; he was the principal painter to Louis XV.; he was Director of the French Academy about the time when Reynolds was President of the newly-formed English Academy. The works of the two painters are hanging on the same wall. The principles inculcated by Reynolds are enduring; the practice of Boucher necessarily led to overthrow; and the reigning dynasty shared the fate of the art that it fostered.

The Hertford pictures have no historic links with the Revolution of 1789; the famous painter David, who at one moment was a creature of Robespierre, finds no place on the walls. Among the numerous pupils of David almost the only artist of note present is Baron Gros, a time-server and changeling, here seen in the poor and weak portrait of "Napoleon Bonaparte" (512). The school engendered by the Revolution bore seeds of rapid decay; the art of David and of his palsied, spasmodic disciples was overthrown when Géricault exhibited in 1819 "The Wreck of the Medusa," the grandest picture of the French school now in the Louvre. The examples now exhibited of this great painter are unimportant. "Sketch of a Horse" (528) is a faithful study, and "A Cavalry Skirmish" (535) has fire and action; the one shows the return to nature, the other is impelled by that life and passion which characterized the "romantic school." Leopold Robert, once a student under David, deserted to the opposite camp. "Death of the Brigand" (508) is a work to hurl defiance at the "classicists." This study, admirably painted, is terribly grand, tragic as the artist's own death. Robert threw himself ardently into Italian life; banditti were to him congenial themes as to Salvator Rosa; but the stress of work was more than his mind could bear, and he died by his own hand in front of his easel. French art now rushes into tragedy, and sometimes the painter shares the fate of his characters. Delaroche, here seen by thirteen works, has been called painter-extraordinary to the decapitated monarchs of Europe; and Decamps, whose matchless powers are attested by thirty-one drawings and pictures, may be said to have sealed his art with his blood; riding, as his pleasure was, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, he was dashed against a tree and killed.

The art of Ary Scheffer, as here seen by some characteristic examples, comes as a pale and placid moonlight when thunder-clouds hang about the horizon. Decamps was fantastic and passionate (see the "Witches' Cauldron," 527). Delaroche painted the dark side of the drama of history (see the "Last Sickness of Cardinal Mazarin," 483, and the "Two Princes in the Tower," 520). Delacroix rejoiced in riot and massacre, and his colour was hot as blood (see "The Death of Marino Faliero," 371). Horace Vernet, himself a soldier, was in his art the man of action and adventure; his eye was shrewd, his hand resolute and firm, his pencil keen as a sword-thrust (see "The Arab Tale-teller," 335; "Lion Hunting," 505; "Review by Bonaparte, First Consul," 348). While the world of art was in this hot turmoil, Ary Scheffer possessed his soul in quietude; his pictures hold themselves aloof from actual life—they are as thoughts, memories, unsubstantial shadows (see "Francesca da Rimini," 366, and "Margaret at the Fountain," 367). To the artists above named must be added M. Robert-Fleury, present in a master-work, "Charles V. at the Monastery of St. Just" (336). The fame long enjoyed by this painter here stands justified; the work is quiet, thoughtful, sustained in dignity throughout as an historic composition should be. We are sorry to say that not a single specimen can be found of either Ingres or Flandrin. On the whole, however, there are here abundant materials for the history of what may be termed the Orleans epoch in art, a period which had not been equalled during three centuries for talent in the artists, and for the nobility and brilliance of the works achieved.

This unrivalled collection will enable Englishmen to understand what our neighbours mean by the boast that French landscape-painting is the first in the world. At all events it will be seen that the aims of the French and of the English schools are widely different. M. Rousseau, who in the last Paris International Exhibition was the only landscape-painter deemed worthy of the grand medal, is here represented by the most brilliant work we remember to have seen from his easel. "Landscape, with Cattle Drinking" (353), is a more consummate product than the best English landscape of the year, Mr. Vicat Cole's "Noon," now in our Royal Academy; for it is bolder and broader in generalization, braver in surrender of detail to the governing thought, more absolute in its unity of line, light, and colour. Thus the picture comes upon the mind with the force of strong conception and conviction. Alike in persuasive power are landscapes by Decamps,



Ziem, Marillat, and Corot. With the exception of M. Corot, who as usual shows himself shadowy and silvery in "Macbeth and Banquo meeting the Witches" (356), these four painters exemplify what may be termed the Orientalism of French art; a love of romance, a rapture of colour, not only enter into the painting of the period, but equally pervade decorative designs and art manufactures.

The Second Empire, which witnessed, and in some degree accelerated, the decline of French art, is represented by fifteen pictures of M. Meissonier and by two of M. Gérôme; but, strange to say, M. Cabanel, who may be considered in his pleasure-seeking art the impersonation of Parisian Imperialism, is nowhere present. M. Meissonier, who is supposed to have been engaged by Napoleon III. to paint the victories of the French in the German campaign, is not quite the man to succeed Horace Vernet, the great battle-painter of the Orleanists. Vernet took a telescopic view of war, and demanded a large acreage of canvas; Meissonier, on the contrary, injects a regiment with a microscope, and a few inches suffice him for military manoeuvres. Yet "Napoleon I. and Staff" (546) is a marvel in its way. The money value set upon the two screens whereon the exquisite gems of this master are concentrated is fabulous. Mr. Ruskin showed at the Royal Institution a diminutive portrait of Napoleon I. on horseback, for which he was said to have paid 1,000*l.* Several among the fifteen examples in the Hertford Collection must be worth much more. As to the art merits of Meissonier, measured by the highest standards, opinions may differ. To us it would seem that in this master is united for the first time the consummate technique of the Dutch masters with the *esprit* which exclusively belongs to the French school. Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, speaks of Meissonier's work as "realistic art of the lower school, but consummate of its kind; showing the relation of the disturbed and dramatic manner of modern art to the disquietude of national character."

The miniatures, 182 in number, have, like the pictures, not only an art value but a political significance. Of Napoleon I. there are thirteen portraits from the time of the Consulate to the Empire; five are by J. B. Isabey, "peintre du cabinet de l'empereur," &c. Madame de Mirbel, who as Court miniature-painter to Louis XVIII. was pledged to the opposite dynasty, will be favourably judged by "The Duchess de Berri" (1689). The English miniatures are unimportant; "Oliver Cromwell" (1699) would seem to be a poor copy after Cooper; "Mrs. Fitzherbert" (1722) is a lovely example of Cosway, R.A. A large percentage of these miniatures, like the oil-paintings of the last century, owe their attraction not so much to their art merit as to the lavish display of female charms. More than fifty are of ladies without a name, some of whom, such as "A Lady as Cleopatra" (1652), are semi-nude, rejoicing, as one of the crowd observed, in a costume eminently suited to the sultry weather.

The snuffboxes, more than a hundred in number, might tell many pleasant personal anecdotes could they narrate their history. In this costly collection wood naturally gives place to more precious materials; gold, jewels, and enamels contribute to a fine fantasy of ornament. Once more snuffboxes here afford a pretty sphere for decorative play; the art employed is essentially an art of luxury, not severe in treatment, but free as a "capriccio."

The Bethnal Green Museum is not only hung with pictures as a Gallery, but furnished as a palace with bronzes, majolicas, Sèvres china, Boule tables, &c. On the ground-floor are conspicuous the bust of Charles IX. (1379), a French bronze of the sixteenth century; also the bust of Louis XIV., a century later (1393). It is strange that the authors of such fine bronzes should be unknown. The art of working in metal for which the French are famed is brought down to the last century by grand candelabra of Gouthiere (1061, 1062). Also to the same period belongs "Statuette, a female Satyr supporting a candelabrum" (1337), the work of Clodion. The names of these two famous artists at once vouch for art excellence. The Italian bronzes, like the French, range from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century; the subjects, as was the custom, are mostly taken from the antique. Works dating back to classic times are wanting in this as in other departments. But the products from the time of the Cinque Cento in Italy and from the period of Francis I. in France are sufficiently choice to serve as models for our English artists and art-workmen.

Furniture—restricting the term to chairs, tables, cabinets, and such like—corresponds in date and nationality with the bronzes. The collection is partly Italian, but principally French; the epoch extends from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. Fine examples of Italian wood-carving from the sixteenth century are worthy of note; the practice of wood-carving survives in Italy to the present day, and it is always instructive to trace the origin of a national art. Special attention is directed to a "Bureau" (1163), a choice example of marquetry heightened by ormolu; this masterpiece was executed by Riesener for Stanislaus, King of Poland. The art student will not fail to observe with how much knowledge, taste, and skill the French have been accustomed over long periods to decorate furniture with tapestry, porcelain, metal, and tortoiseshell. Beauvais tapestry lends itself gracefully to the delicate woodwork of sofas and chairs (1137, 1136). Many are the examples of the decorative use of porcelain plaques in cabinet-work; one of the best for painting and for play of colour is "Cabinet, Amboyna Wood and Gilt Metal, with Plaques of Sèvres Porcelain, Eighteenth Century" (1113). Of "Old Boule" and "New Boule" the collection is almost un-

exampled. This compound of tortoiseshell and brass, if brilliant, is apt to be blatant; but though the French in domestic and decorative art may occasionally run into violence and vagaries, yet their special genius for furniture is undoubted. And the examples before us prove that the styles of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze, if lawless and capricious, admit of facile and pleasing adaptation to domestic uses. The workmanship too is little short of perfect.

"Porcelain," "majolica," and other earthenware are represented by nearly 400 specimens. The historic rise of majolica may be traced in two dishes, "South Spanish, Fifteenth Century" (1463, 1466). A century later a fine case of Gubbio ware shows how the Italians borrowed and adapted the lustre-glass from the Moors. In ceramics the strength of the collection is again on the side of the French; for instance, the number of specimens of Sèvres porcelain is little short of 500, and this does not include plaques inserted in furniture. The porcelain, like the bronzes and the furniture, stops short of the present day; it belongs to the eighteenth century, when the manufacture at Sèvres was at its prime; the colours include, almost as a matter of course, turquoise blue, bleu du roi, rose du Barry, &c. But an hour's examination of the objects themselves will tell more than a volume of description. In conclusion, we have only to say that any person who may wish to know what France has done in the way of art for nearly three hundred years must study the collections which Sir Richard Wallace has generously thrown open to the public.

## REVIEWS.

### MISS STRICKLAND'S LAST STUART PRINCESSES.\*

WE conceive that Miss Strickland has at last come to an end. At any rate she must have come to an end in the matter of Princesses. We cannot conceive that she would stoop to write the Life of any Queen or Princess of the illustrious House of Hanover. Moreover, we have a dim notion that they have been done by somebody else. Was it not Dr. Doran, and did we not liken him to Publius Clodius for thrusting himself into a department of which Miss Strickland had so eminently made herself the Bona Dea? Or was it Mrs. Matthew Hall, who certainly did—and did for—the Queens (we should call them the Ladies) at the other end, before Miss Strickland began? Anyhow the present book has a kind of ring about it as if it were a wind-up. The subject of it is "the last Four Princesses," and the life—not a very long or important one—of the last of the four has, we are assured, never been written before. There would seem to be nothing left for Miss Strickland, unless her occasional strays out of the Queen and Princess line—dealings, for instance, with the Seven Bishops and the Bachelor Kings—are to go on. But the class represented by William III. was not large, and Miss Strickland cannot be expected to come down to Hanoverian Bishops any more than to Hanoverian Princesses. With the Bachelor Kings we are sorry to say that we have no acquaintance; we are really sorry, as we have always wished to know what Miss Strickland—or indeed any other lady—would make of the great pattern of the class. The Seven Bishops we remember very well, especially the fine subject for meriment supplied by Sir Jonathan Trelawney being at once a Baronet and a Bishop. When we think of the never-falling store of jokes which Miss Strickland drew out of a source seemingly so barren, we fear that her power of being brightly on small matters has forsaken her in the present volume. One of her heroines was wife and mother to two men who united dignities which were certainly much less in harmony than those of Bishop and Baronet. Surely for a man to be at once an hereditary sovereign and the elective magistrate of a commonwealth is more incongruous than for a baronet, if he has once taken holy orders, to obtain a bishopric. Yet this was the position of the husband and the son of Miss Strickland's first Princess. Each William, father and son, was Prince of Orange and Stadtholder of Holland. The second moreover, unpleasant as the fact may be to Miss Strickland, became King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. Yet we do not think that Miss Strickland gets even one laugh out of this union of incongruous offices. But, if she does not laugh, she does something far more cruel. She turns the Deliverer into a Frenchman. The principality of Orange, the old Imperial fief, the surviving fragment of free Burgundy which lived on hemmed in between the Pope of Rome and the King of Paris, becomes in Miss Strickland's hands William's "French principality."

In fact, to speak the plain truth, Miss Strickland is getting a little dull. There used to be something, if not particularly wise, yet at any rate not a little amusing, in her eager partisanship, in the way in which the Stuart cause was everywhere taken for granted. None of its enemies—Roundhead, Orange, or Hanoverian—could be spoken of in the most casual way without a sneer or a rap of some kind. Miss Strickland has not yet quite left off this habit; but her blows have lost a good deal in vigour and liveliness. Even in the life of the last Stuart Princess there is much less of this than there used to be, and in the others there is much less still. We do not mean that Miss Strickland has changed her views or her feelings; we do not mean that she loves either Oliver Cromwell or King William any better than she used to

\* *Lives of the Last Four Princesses of the Royal House of Stuart.* By Agnes Strickland. London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.

do. All that we mean is that, though the leak falls, according to anybody else's reckoning, pretty often and pretty hard, it falls less often and less hard than it used to fall. Perhaps Miss Strickland is tired; at all events she fails to do herself justice. For we are far from looking on her lapse into comparative moderation as any improvement. The life of her books lay in their partiality; the more outrageous the partiality was the better, because it at least made the story lively and amusing. The whole thing was personal; we were not listening to things as they happened, but as, through the particular light of Miss Strickland's partiality, they seemed to have happened. If Miss Strickland should ever become impartial, really capable of weighing the two opposite sides of a story, we fear that the consequences would be very sad for her readers. The whole life of her fashion of writing would be gone; a good deal of the life of it is gone already. The small details of the life of a princess, the petty Court ceremonies, the petty female questions and jealousies, are not in themselves very interesting or instructive. To give them any life, they need to be turned to an object of some kind. They may be turned to an antiquarian object, and be made to take their part, such as it is, in the history of the time. Or they may be turned to a partisan object, and thereby made, if not instructive, at least amusing. This last standard Miss Strickland has hitherto reached with great success; she is now beginning to fall off. Two of the Lives in this volume are lives of women of some historical importance, those of Charles the First's daughters, Mary the mother of William the Third, and the better known Henrietta, *Madame of France*. Henrietta, as every one knows, played a prominent part in well known affairs. And Mary is of still more importance, because people do not commonly remember how near her son William was to the English Royal Family, and how very slight, even according to hereditary notions, was the breach which was actually made in the line of hereditary succession. Her position too, deprived both of her father and her husband, and her early death, leaving her renowned son still a child, all make her an object of real personal interest. But Miss Strickland does not succeed so well with these really historic women as when she comes to the ground which is all her own, the life which has never been written before, the life of a girl about whom there is absolutely nothing to say, the daughter of James the Second, born in his banishment. Louise Mary Stuart did nothing of the slightest importance, but her birth and circumstances almost oblige Miss Strickland to fall back upon something of her own vein, and this last life is several degrees more lively than the other three.

The other three lives are those of the three daughters of Charles the First. It is pleasing to learn that that prince, "whose pleasures were naturally of a domestic character, occasionally amused himself by measuring the height of his children." The practice is not uncommon among parents of lower degree, though it is not everybody who, like his Most Sacred Majesty, can "cause the progressive inches each child attains year by year to be registered in silver." This measuring business went on "till more important events interrupted these trivial records of paternal affection." We are not told whether they were carried on at a later time by conjugal affection, for a bride who was married at the age of ten most likely grew somewhat after her marriage. The contingency seems at least to have been fully provided for: for two years after her marriage, in one of her letters still kept in the Bodleian, she says that "her gown does very well; but her Pett"—spelling, capital, and italics are all from Miss Strickland, who kindly explains "Pett" to mean petticoat—is not, as we might have looked for, too short, but "a little too long." "The *over* ones," it is added, "does serve me well anoth"; but Miss Strickland is satisfied with writing "*over*" in italics, without telling us what it means. This was in 1643. The child had been married in 1641 to William, son of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, after a marriage between her and "the heir of Spain" had been "long deceptively negotiated." The young prince came over to England, and the "arrangements for the celebration of his marriage to his juvenile bride"—Miss Strickland is plainly of the sect which thinks that *juventis* means a little child—"were carrying on"—we are here thankful for a piece of real English—"at the melancholy period of the trial of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford." It was only a week after the marriage that "that tragedy was consummated," and we are told that "the King suffered intensely at having been compelled to act against the dictates of his conscience in signing the death-warrant of his faithful servant." If we rightly remember, we have had a good deal of trouble both with Mr. Froude and Mr. Hepworth Dixon as to the matter of Bills of Attainder, and now here is Miss Strickland. When will people understand that what Charles did was, not to "sign a death-warrant," but to sign a commission to certain lords to give the royal assent to an Act of Parliament?

The story of the birth of the Deliverer, the single child of his widowed mother, is in every way touching, if only it were told in some other language than that which speaks of "a premature accouchement in a donut bed." At three years old William had already become a political personage, and was greeted by what Miss Strickland calls "Loyal Riots of Dutch Boys"; that is to say, the boys broke the windows of De Witt and others of his side in politics. About the same time we hear a good deal about "Mrs. Hyde," afterwards Duchess of York, and mother of two Queens regnant, and it is something to hear from an eye-witness that "she looked very handsome as a shepherdess." We hear also of "a white parrot, with a red neck and tail, to which the Princess was much attached, and often gave up hunting parties because it

could not accompany her." We are somewhat in the dark whether the parrot had been anyhow trained to perform the functions which were more commonly assigned to falcons. Her niece, Louise Mary, "in hot pursuit of a hare," was thrown from her horse and much bruised, but "as soon as she could get breath to speak, she cried out, 'Is the hare taken?'" At another time we read how "she enjoyed the chase with all her heart, and was in at the death of the stag." One cannot forget that this is the daughter of the prince who equally "enjoyed" being "in at" the booting or thumbcrewing of a Covenanter; and it is worth noting that her equerry was "a little surprised that her jubilee had not given her a diadem to the sport," and that her brother the Pretender "requested that she would never attempt to follow the chase on horseback again, saying it was not proper for ladies to do so."

There is not much more than this to say about Louise Mary, the "princess" whose life has never before been written; only Miss Strickland does not fail to compare, as it is doubtless quite fair in her to do, "the pure and unalloyed affection which united" her and her brother with "the jealousy and angry passions which inflamed the sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other." But we must demur when we hear that the time when this inflammation took place was "when they had succeeded in dethroning their father, and supplanting their brother, in the regal succession." We had always thought that it was the Convention of Lords and Commons, and not the sisters Mary and Anne, who succeeded in doing all this. Nor is there much to say about Louise's other aunt, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the First. But her short life supplies some materials for sneering at the Parliament, and also for a characteristic bit of reasoning on Miss Strickland's part. Elizabeth and her brother Henry Duke of Gloucester were kept in Carisbrook Castle, where Elizabeth died. "It has been stated," Miss Strickland tells us, but without giving her authority, "that her death was caused by a cold, caught in consequence of a heavy shower of rain falling, while she and her young brother were out on the bowling-green, the Monday after their arrival at Carisbrook Castle." On this fact, or alleged fact, Miss Strickland comments in "the high priori" line.

It is possible they might have visited this spot in consequence of having been told that it was one of the accustomed haunts of their royal father, who was fond of the exercise of bowls; but that either of the sorrowful orphans should have engaged in that, or any other pastime, so immediately after their introduction into the ill-omened place of his woful incarceration, is to the last degree improbable. Indeed, the feeble and debilitated state of Elizabeth's health would have rendered her entering into a vigorous and active sport impossible, even if her profound melancholy would have permitted her to wish it.

Having thus got rid of the evidence, whatever may be its worth, for the alleged game at bowls, Miss Strickland argues that among the causes of Elizabeth's death was that "she had evidently suffered from want of air and exercise, the deprivation from the lively sports of childhood." It is certainly easy to write history, if we may first pick and choose our facts at pleasure, and then go on to infer fresh facts from those which we pick and choose.

We have no space left for Miss Strickland's fourth, or rather third, life, that of the best known of the ladies concerned, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. Miss Strickland takes the more favourable view of her character. The picture of her husband is certainly not amiable. At one time, to be sure, "he was *exigant* for her return," and at another her behaviour "mightily *delicised* his manners." But can we believe that Charles the Second told his sister that "she must, when her mission was accomplished, return to her connubial misery, and endeavour to make the best of her hard lot"? The words are put within inverted commas, but they have not to our ears at all the genuine ring of a real speech of the Merry Monarch.

#### PORTER ON THE HUMAN INTELLECT.\*

OUR American cousins are making rapid advances upon us. They have taken to the study of philosophy with a will, and if we do not beware there will be some danger of their getting ahead of us. Hitherto, indeed, they have been appreciative and receptive rather than productive both in general literature and in metaphysics. They have not given to the world a second Jonathan Edwards. But of late they have been working assiduously in the higher walks of speculation as well as in the comparatively lower sphere of psychology. Their translations from the German have been voluminous and systematic. They have a speculative journal, published at St. Louis, which is almost wholly devoted to Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and other later Germans. The elegance of the translations is not to be always admired, but there can be no doubt of the sympathy and the industry. Proclus and Plotinus interest them equally with Leibnitz and Cousin. Yet in all this America is merely receptive. It has not, either in philosophy or theology, done anything original to boast of. Its theology is represented by the Princeton divines, admirably solid and substantial thinkers, yet only plodders. Its highest speculation is exemplified in Emerson, of all men the most unsystematic, who pieces together various thoughts of other thinkers, but gives no connected explanation of anything. In logic and psychology, as in literature, America has

\* *The Human Intellect; with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul.* By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. London: Strahan & Co.

been content to follow the lead of British and German writers. In the special circumstances and conditions of a young country which has a civilisation two thousand years old at its back, it is natural that the receptive phase should come first. It has not had to make a literature of its own in order to possess one. It has had everything ready to its hand. We need not therefore be surprised if it first of all seeks to assimilate the stores lying prepared before going on to gather fresh ones for itself.

In the history of American intellectual development, however, the productive phase was sure to come. We do not say that Dr. Porter has opened that epoch for his countrymen. Excellent as his new work in psychology is, it is mainly critical. But it is critical from an individual standpoint. As such, therefore, it stands midway, as it were, between the appreciative or receptive and the productive phases, partaking, to some degree of each. Yet the first impression of the book on the reader is not favourable. Much of the early introductory matter rather reminds him of the schoolboy's essay than betokens the accomplished psychologist. The book is divided into paragraphs printed in larger and smaller type, the former containing the more exoteric and the latter the more abstruse matter. But not a few of the "abstruse" paragraphs are rhetorical more than scientific or philosophical. As we proceed this failing grows less prominent. The author has brought great industry to his task. If genius be, as Mr. Carlyle defines it, the capacity for taking trouble, we should almost say Dr. Porter is a genius. He is intimately familiar with the ground over which he takes us. He has evidently investigated for himself, and not taken his opinions merely from books. The field he traverses is a wide one, and there are ample stores in it garnered by previous labourers which it is essential to any fresh inquirer to know. Dr. Porter has this qualification, and—what is more rare with metaphysicians—he is also able to express his thoughts in a clear and terse style. On the whole his work is well done, and whoever makes the contents of it his own will have attained a competent knowledge of what has been accomplished by the psychologists.

The first question that meets us in facing such inquiries is the preliminary one whether there is a science of psychology at all. In other sciences we are not tempted to put that question. They vindicate their value by their results. Their progress may be traced from generation to generation, and from century to century. The foundations once laid are laid for ever, and successive inquirers go on building upon them and extending the range of discovery. With psychology it has been different. There is no body of ascertained facts and laws universally admitted. Most of its "facts" have been and will still be more or less questioned or denied. Where then are the elements to compose a science of psychology? seeing that such studies have occupied the minds of men for thousands of years and there is hardly any appreciable progress made. This objection faces every student of mental philosophy, and every writer who deals with such subjects endeavours to meet it. Dr. Porter does so, and with considerable acuteness, if not with perfect success. He shows that there are the materials for a science of psychology in the phenomena of mind which may be observed and classified after the usual inductive method, that it is impossible to avoid dealing with its difficulties and problems, that the results are, indirectly at least, of great benefit and utility, and that the matters with which it deals are so wrapped up with other sciences that in rejecting the one we deprive ourselves of much that is requisite for the others. But suppose all this to be so, it does not meet the objection urged. The fact remains that psychology as a science of the soul or the mind has not been established. The readiest practical test whether it has or not is to inquire if Dr. Porter has succeeded in establishing it. Like he in the work before us given to the world a science of the human intellect? Has he fixed the conditions under which we have certain knowledge of mental phenomena? Has he exhibited the fundamental principles that must henceforth be accepted as valid?

We fear that the answers to these questions cannot be satisfactory. Dr. Porter is another of the multitudinous band of psychological inquirers and theorisers. He has indeed supplied a useful sketch of the leading opinions of previous thinkers in regard to psychology. To some degree this may be claimed as a department of science. The history of psychological investigations, and of the theories they have occasioned, is a branch of historical knowledge that is capable of certainty. But beyond that everything is indefinite as hitherto. Dr. Porter, like most of his predecessors, starts with a ready-made theory as to the relations of the soul to the body. The influence of that theory is traceable in all the lines of his varied inquiries. He conceives the soul as a distinct entity, growing to maturity within the body, and employing the latter as its instrument. His conclusions are more or less affected by this and by his theological theories. Hence his book seems as if written for a purpose—rather to back up certain other views than with the simple object of ascertaining the exact truth in regard to the phenomena under examination. The distinct existence of soul and body runs as a pre-supposition throughout, modifying even unconsciously to the author all his thoughts and inferences, and exact and impartial investigation is very difficult in such circumstances.

The value of Dr. Porter's book is therefore mainly historical and expository. It is the old business over again. First, we have the introduction about the human soul and the province of psychology. Then, when the author arrives at his subject proper, we have the division of the mental powers and faculties

as the avenues by which knowledge is attained. This division is fourfold—into (1) Presentative Knowledge, or the means by which the elements or materials of knowledge are brought to us through the senses; (2) Representative Knowledge; (3) Thinking and Thought Knowledge; and (4) Intentional Knowledge. Under the first, we have ample discussions of the questions associated with and springing out of sensation and perception. In the second, the powers and functions of memory and imagination are handled with acuteness and intelligence. In the third, the modes of our thinking under notions or conceptions, going on to judgments and reasoning, as illustrated by the syllogism, are elucidated. And in the last, we have interesting discussions of the fundamental principles which, according to the anti-sensational school, are involved in the structure of our minds, and are accepted as the source of necessary and universal truths—such as the law of cause and effect, and the doctrine of substance as the ground of qualities and attributes. Finally, the work is concluded by an argument designed to demonstrate the existence of an intelligent Creator of the universe, and by some not altogether satisfactory reasoning in regard to man's knowledge of the Infinite or Absolute. All this, of course, is the old familiar ground. Dr. Porter's performance in traversing it is highly respectable, but somehow at the close one feels as if it had been only a performance. There is no scientific certainty left with us. What we have had has been historical pabulum rather than scientific results—a series of expositions of the opinions of successive inquirers regarding the various problems suggested by a consideration of mental facts and laws, together with the addition of some opinions of the author's own. But we are still far off from a science of psychology with fixed and settled laws determining and governing the relations and arrangements of the phenomena of mind.

It is hardly necessary after what has been stated to say that Dr. Porter is entirely opposed to the school of thinkers who reduce mental and spiritual phenomena to mere material conditions. In concluding we will only add that neither his own analyses nor his statements of other men's views—careful and generally accurate as they are—are to be always trusted. In exemplification of defects in the first we may refer to his treatment of the copula in judgment—a matter of primary logical and metaphysical moment, in the light especially of recent German speculation—which is unsatisfactory and inadequate. Dr. Porter hardly seems aware of the importance of this subject. Yet the meaning of the copula lies at the root and must determine the bearings and value of propositions, judgments, and therefore syllogisms. Again the statement of his theory of the law of association as facility of repetition is equally defective. Association is thus resolved into mere habit. Any attractive force in the ideas themselves is denied; but it is not explained why some classes of ideas much more readily associate together than others. In the treatment also of the Infinite and Absolute we find much looseness and vagueness throughout; and in the analysis of induction the author rather indicates the conditions under which induction operates than describes the process itself. When from the fact of induction again he infers the existence of a Personal Creator, he outstrips his premises very far. Induction, or our confidence in the validity of induction, involves the expectation or belief in design, purpose, adaptation of means to ends, and therefore may carry us to the conclusion of thoughts being represented in and manifested through things. But the source and modes of the thought, its applications, exercise, and operations are not thereby disclosed, and it is a long step to argue from the orderly relations of phenomena to a Personal God. With reference to the statements of historical theories we find also occasional deficiency. Several times, for example, Dr. Porter refers to Herbart and Bencke together; but Bencke remains only a name. We have no account, but only the vaguest suggestions, of what his theories and opinions were. Being almost unknown in America and Great Britain, Bencke ought not to have been mentioned without further elucidation. Certainly also no Hegelian will accept the statements of Hegel's views as accurate. There are other expositions to which a similar remark applies.

#### SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.\*

A BRIEF sketch of the life of Sir John Burgoyne has been written by Sir Francis Head as one of the series called "Corps Papers" of the Royal Engineers. To this necessarily brief memoir have been appended a few of the most interesting of the military memoranda of the deceased officer, but even with this addition the book possesses the unusual defect of being too small. We are promised two volumes of "Journals and Correspondence," which are certain to be highly interesting and valuable, but perhaps rather too large. The life of one of the chief worthies of the British army should be written so as to be conveniently read by soldiers on distant stations where there is much leisure and few books. The example of Sir John Burgoyne or Lord Clyde may help a young officer to support not only danger and difficulty, but what is much more trying, disappointment and neglect. It ought never to be forgotten by those who pine in inactivity and obscurity that he who in his old age delivered India from the mutiny spent the prime of his manhood in collecting Irish tithes. Colin Campbell, however, managed, in

\* A Sketch of the Life and Death of the late Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, &c. &c. By Major the Right Honourable Sir Francis Head, Bart., late Captain Royal Engineers. London: John Murray. 1872.

spite of years spent in irksome and inglorious service, to produce an impression, which gradually permeated from his military superiors to the public, that he was one of the most trustworthy officers in the army, having that happy mixture of bravery and prudence which has gained for his Scottish countrymen in past ages a high reputation in all European armies. His character may be summed up by saying that Balaclava, on which our Crimean army depended for its miserable subsistence, was felt to be secure while he commanded its slender garrison. Burgoyne was a man of equal stability and force of mind, with the advantage of a scientific training. He was always usefully and often gloriously employed. Having lived laboriously and honourably to the age of seventy-two years, when the Crimean war began, it was open to hasty and ignorant critics to impute the difficulties and disasters of that war to the supposed feebleness of veterans; and as Sir John Burgoyne was the oldest officer in high command, this imputation was directed particularly at him, to whom it was perhaps least applicable. Nothing can be more clear than that from the first to the last day of his serving in the Crimea he gave the best advice for the conduct of the allied armies; and if Lord Raglan had had the entire disposal of those armies, it is tolerably certain that Burgoyne's advice would have been adopted more completely than it was. Both these officers had been trained in the same school, and they were equally sensible of the importance of either not doing a thing at all or doing it with all their strength. However, Burgoyne's advice was in one important point disregarded; Sebastopol remained untaken, and our Government, in order to convince the public of its vigour, recalled Burgoyne.

Thus ended in 1855 the active service of Burgoyne. It began in 1800, when, as a lad of eighteen, he embarked with the expedition for Egypt under Abercromby. He was detached at Malta, and employed in the blockade of Valetta. Considering the limits imposed upon the author of this sketch, it is a pity that he should introduce a description of the harbour of Valetta, which has nothing to do with Burgoyne's service, and is besides objectionable as a piece of turgid verbosity. It is strange that a late captain of Engineers, addressing a scientific corps, should write about "demulunes, ravellins, counterguards," as if he were a Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* endeavouring to conceal his technical ignorance by sounding words. We should judge from what we see of Burgoyne's character that he must have had a particular objection to fine writing, and it is rather hard upon him, as well as upon us, that his brief memoir should be stuffed with unnecessary padding. He was employed in Egypt in 1807, and wrote thence to a brother officer a series of letters of such ability and acuteness that, on their being shown to Sir John Moore, he was thereby induced to apply for Burgoyne to be attached to his command. He accompanied this general to Sweden and to Spain. He was employed in the retreat towards Corunna. The author states that he was not present at the burial of his chief; and he implies that he was, and then states that he was not, present at the battle in which that chief was killed. If it was necessary to introduce a well-worn quotation at this point, the author should not allow poetical inaccuracy to extend itself into his own prose. Nobody supposes that Moore's grave was actually dug with bayonets; and if Burgoyne was on march for Vigo, it is bold or careless to represent, or leave the reader to suppose, that he was holding the "post of honour" at Corunna, whereas he was really holding a post of duty and undistinguished utility at or near Vigo. The truth is that Burgoyne did not see Moore or the army which fought the battle for at least sixteen days before it occurred. The roads to Corunna and Vigo divide at Astorga, and Burgoyne marched with Brigadier Craufurd on Vigo with a detachment that was never overtaken by the French. We have heard of "constructive captors," but it has been reserved for this author to invent the notion of a post of constructive honour. Returning to England after this campaign, Burgoyne was sent again almost immediately to Spain, where he served until the conclusion of the war. He was either chief or principal assistant in all those engineering operations in which the valour of the British army was much more conspicuous than its scientific attainments. Burgoyne and his colleagues did the best with the means at their command, but they were often deficient in material and always grievously embarrassed by the want of skilled labour. At the second and successful siege of Badajoz he was "director" under Colonel Fletcher, the commanding engineer, and he guided the third (Picton's) division to the assault of the castle, which was carried, while the assault on the breaches made no impression. Burgoyne's memorandum on this siege, which is given in the appendix, is more interesting than the text, which unfortunately is by turns meagre and bombastic. "The attack on the castle was made rather earlier than was intended, in consequence of the garrison being accidentally alarmed. The ladders, upwards of thirty feet long, were carried up the steep, rugged heights with great spirit under a heavy fire of musketry; the troops followed, the ladders were well placed, and the 5th, 45th, and 83rd Regiments led them up in spite of stones, live shells, &c., thrown down upon them. Some of the ladders were thrown down by the enemy, and one they pulled up into the castle; several men were precipitated from top to bottom, but others followed, and at length gained a firm footing. The whole division was then introduced, about 3,000 men, and the castle taken complete possession of."

This is Burgoyne's own style in writing of his own work, and we propose both as models for imitation by officers of his corps. The

British army lost in killed and wounded in this siege nearly as many men as were contained in the French garrison. Burgoyne thought that by breaching the castle the place might have been taken more expeditiously than it was. As Burgoyne was commanding engineer at the siege of Burgos, which failed, it might have been expected that the author would have found space to explain this failure. But he does not even give any indication in his text what the result of this siege was, except by calling it "desperate," whatever that word may mean. We believe that slovenly writers on battles and sieges use it in the sense of "obstinate." However, the siege of Burgos was desperate in the same sense that the attempt to dig a grave with a bayonet would be desperate. No workman, however skilful, can hope to succeed without tools, and Burgoyne before Burgos was destitute of almost every requisite for his enterprise, as is briefly explained in the appendix. There must surely be among Burgoyne's papers some accurate record of this arduous and disappointing work, which would be worth all the author's quotations from poets, for this, among other reasons, that we have met with the quotations before, but we have never seen any account by Burgoyne of his failure before Burgos. The author's style becomes more perplexing as we proceed, for he tells us that Burgoyne was present at the "desperate" battle of Vittoria, which the British not only won in the end, but looked remarkably like winning from the outset. At the siege of St. Sebastian Burgoyne was employed under Colonel Fletcher, who was killed. The appendix contains Burgoyne's business-like memorandum on this siege, which, however, has been published before. The most remarkable omission in the memoir appears in reference to Burgoyne's service in America in 1814-15. We should like to know how it happened that with Burgoyne as C.E. such a blunder as the assault on New Orleans was perpetrated. He has told us that the assault on St. Sebastian would have failed but for an accidental explosion; and it is difficult to believe that he could have expected success at New Orleans by such measures as were adopted at that place. But if Burgoyne made a serious mistake, this surely ought to have been explained to the corps of Engineers by his biographer. To the unscientific reader the proceedings before New Orleans appear to resemble the act of a man who should pick out the hardest place in a wall and knock his head against it. But if there was a scientific aspect of this operation, we should be glad to have it explained to us. The author does not even say that the attack on the American lines was "desperate."

An application was made by Sir Thomas Picton for the assistance of Burgoyne in the campaign of 1815, but it was not granted until after the battle of Waterloo, in which Picton was killed. The spirit of routine at the Horse Guards has always been as invincible as the spirit of the British soldier before the enemy, and this was a good example of its exercise. Burgoyne had proved his great capacity for war, and it seemed likely that no available talent would be too much to oppose the rush of Napoleon and his most able marshals upon the Allies. Yet Burgoyne was sent quietly to do duty at Hull, and it so happened that almost the only serious omission in the arrangement of the British line at Waterloo occurred exactly at the point where Burgoyne would have been posted, and was exactly of the kind which Burgoyne would have remedied. The farmhouse of La Haye Sainte might have been put into a better state of defence, and might have been more strongly occupied; and as Picton's division lay immediately behind this post, it is probable that Burgoyne, if he had been with his old comrade, would have contrived some means to get that done which to an engineer must have been so obviously desirable. Burgoyne joined the army after the battle, and was employed for the next three years in France. For many years afterwards he remained at home, and he gradually acquired a reputation in civil business equal to that which he had earned in war abroad. In 1831 he was appointed Chairman of Public Works in Ireland, and thenceforward, whenever any Government wanted a man of knowledge and judgment for a difficult inquiry, Burgoyne was apt to be selected. To him belongs the credit of rousing the country to a sense of its insecurity against invasion. When this country became involved in European hostilities in 1854, the Government locked, and not in vain, to this experienced soldier for advice. Being sent to the seat of war, he successively suggested the place of landing in the Crimea, the flank march to Balaclava, and the selection of the Malakoff as the point of attack upon Sebastopol. Having invariably given the best advice under existing circumstances, he was recalled, as if our Government was fearful of getting into Sebastopol too soon. Nobody, we suppose, would now pretend that the continued presence of Burgoyne with the army would have been otherwise than useful. Headquarters could hardly have too much head. However, his ability was still sufficiently recognized at home to keep him constantly employed. His bodily and mental health were wonderfully sustained until the terrible shock of his son's death by the upsetting of the *Captain* prostrated him. Yet his strength of constitution supported even this severe trial for upwards of a year. He died in October last, being then in the ninetieth year of his useful and honourable life. He was Constable of the Tower, and had received many marks of his Sovereign's favour, so that the country had not to feel with regard to him, as to some others, the bitter pang of regret that while he was with us we had not loved him more. The latter part of the memoir, where the author writes from his own knowledge and



feeling of affectionate respect, forms a not unworthy record of the talents and virtues which made Burgoyne one of the best of soldiers and citizens. He well says that the motto of the corps for which he writes, *Que fas et gloria decuit obitus*, will henceforth be concentrated into the one word "Burgoyne."

## SEPTIMIUS.\*

SEPTIMIUS is the last story written by Mr. Hawthorne. It is published by his daughter just as it was found amongst his manuscripts. It will, as she anticipates and as we fully agree, possess a peculiar interest for his fellow-workers in the same art from the fact that it had not received his final touches. After studying the finished performances of a great painter it is very interesting to observe his work in its earlier stages. We may fancy that we gain more insight into his methods from the rough sketch than from the picture in its full dress. That this is frequently true in pictorial, and even in literary art, we are not at all disposed to deny. Whether it is true in the case of Hawthorne seems to us to be a little doubtful. We may learn, indeed, from the imperfections and the gaps in the present story, how carefully he worked out the effects which have so singular a charm for many readers. We may learn, if we did not know it before, that admirable ease of style is the result, even in men of the most unmistakable genius, not of immediate inspiration, but of great talent combined with conscientious and patient labour. When we are piling up epithets to express our admiration of a first-rate poem or romance, we are apt to intensify the wonder by pronouncing its felicitous harmonies to have been struck out at once by the incomprehensible insight of genius. This, however, is a childish method of criticism. It is, or ought to be, a truism that every perfect piece of execution has involved much previous labour, though it may be that in some cases the actual execution has been rapid and only the previous preparation long. Hawthorne's best writing, at any rate, was anything but an improvisation. Many preliminary studies and much careful consideration of effects went to all his most brilliant work. But having learnt thus much, we confess that we do not see any further lessons to be discovered. The secret of exquisite taste is incommunicable. We can see that *Septimius* might have been improved by subsequent elaboration; but we do not see how it came to be so good as it is, or by what principles the author was guided in feeling his way to its improvement. Certain notes are judiciously preserved in the text which show us at what points he thought that further illustration was required, that a character needed to be more plainly made out, or that a particular vein of sentiment was capable of fuller development. Half way through the story the lady with whom the hero has been in love becomes his half-sister. The change certainly simplifies the construction of the story, and renders the main situation more telling. We see, in short, the good effects of the change, but we are just as much in the dark as ever as to how and why it occurred to the author of the story.

Such at least is our state of mind; and curious as it is in a certain sense to watch the statue growing under the sculptor's hand, we still wish that it had received its last touches, and appeared before us as polished and complete as *Transformation* or the *Scarlet Letter*. Hawthorne may be pronounced with little hesitation to have been by far the finest literary artist whom America has yet produced. His books, popular as they are, scarcely enjoy, or are likely to enjoy, a popularity proportionate to their merits. The rare and exquisite charm which they possess is scarcely to be appreciated by the ordinary mass of mankind; and indeed it is chiefly for that reason that we should decline to place him amongst the greatest masters of his art. The very highest class of imaginative work is that which appeals to the vulgar at the same time that it is appreciated by connoisseurs. Hawthorne's delicate perceptions, his graceful style, and his singular power of blending the romantic with everyday life, are likely to be deeply felt only by those who have reached a certain level of cultivation. The atmosphere which he delighted to breathe is too thin for ordinary lungs; the profane are not at their ease when straying in that dim twilight between the real and the supernatural where his power was most conspicuously exhibited. Hawthorne was a born lover of romance in the most prosaic of all countries. "No author," he says in the preface to *Transformation*—

No author without a trial can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land.

There is something characteristic of American patriotism in this effort to make out that the absence of the romantic element which he so dearly loved was somehow a desirable circumstance. Perhaps, indeed, it may be said that the difficulty in which it placed him was not altogether a disadvantage. An artist is often improved by having to work upon strictly limited materials. Hawthorne might conceivably have run to excessive luxuriance of style if his love of the romantic had been stimulated by living in one of the countries blessed, or cursed, with an ancient civilization. As it was, he was compelled to exercise a severe self-restraint, and perhaps gained additional power by the necessity of keeping his fancy upon a very meagre diet. In *Septimius* we

have an example of the mode in which these conditions acted upon him.

Septimius, in spite of his classical name, is a young New England farmer in the days of the revolutionary war. Giving every credit which they may deserve to the heroes of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, we cannot say that they ever struck us as a specially poetical race of men. Granting that they possessed all the heroism which their national orators have claimed for them, we must still feel that the shrewd Yankee element was extremely conspicuous in their character. The problem, therefore, which Hawthorne undertook was, to show us the romantic side of a set of men who combined genuine patriotism with a singularly shrewd eye to the main chance. The apparent difficulty of the task was perhaps, as we have said, really favourable to a writer of real genius. If he had had to do with Italian peasants or Swiss mountaineers, with the followers of Garibaldi or the successors of William Tell, he would have found all manner of picturesque accessories ready made to his hands. He would have been tempted to give us the Walter Scott style of romance, and to have dealt in slouched hats, buff jenkins, and mediæval oaths. As, however, the most picturesque weapon of which he could avail himself was an old "King's arm" which had been fired at Louisburg, and the most picturesque garment a suit of Yankee homespun, he had to plunge deeper for his sources of interest. The best botanists, it has been said, come from barren countries where every flower is a rarity, and the best cooks from countries where good meat is scarce; and on the same principle, the best writers of romance may possibly flourish in regions where the outside is barren and commonplace, and we must be moved by discovering those hidden fountains of feeling which were certainly not extinct, though they were not superficially evident, in the bosoms of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. With admirable skill, Hawthorne turns to account every means of investing his hero with a poetical colouring. Septimius is supposed to have the Red Indian blood in his veins, and inherits from his savage forefathers some touch of fierce passions which could not be entirely choked by his puritanical training. On another side he is descended from an ancient English family, to which there has clung a strange tradition of a mysterious secret handed down to successive generations, and of a crime committed by one of its possessors in the effort to turn it to account, who, as a providential punishment, left over afterwards the track of a bloody footstep wherever he travelled. The English and the Indian traditions are grotesquely blended, and they meet in the character of one of Septimius's ancestors, who was naturally burnt as a wizard at the time of the Salem persecutions. The dim traditions are embodied in a queer old aunt who shares the home of Septimius, and who is half-way between the old savage and the witch of popular fancy in England and America. She is in the habit of regretting her incapacity for attending diabolical sabbaths in the woods after the fashion of her ancestors; and the only power which remains to her is that of brewing a strange concoction of herbs and rum, which is intensely nauseous to the taste of all other people, but is regarded by her as not only delicious, but endowed with a mysterious efficacy in promoting long life. Under those strange surroundings Septimius grows up, and he is further perplexed by some of those metaphysical speculations which were congenial to the Puritan soil. He puzzles himself, like another Jonathan Edwards, over the origin of evil, and comes to the conclusion, not perhaps a very original one, that death is a great mistake. "I doubt," he says, "if it had been left to my choice, whether I should have taken existence on such terms; so much trouble of preparation to live, and then no life at all; a ponderous beginning, and nothing more." His soul is clouded by a vague scepticism and a general disposition to find fault with Providence. When the war breaks out, he is more disposed to bury himself in meditation than to take part in the struggle; but by a strange accident he is involved in the fight at Lexington, and kills a young English officer in spite of himself. He withdraws all the more decidedly into his own thoughts, and fails to sympathize with the vigorous young farmer—introduced for the sake of the contrast—who is raised into a hero by the excitement of the war.

Here, then, Hawthorne has succeeded in creating one of those situations of abnormal psychological interest in which he specially delights, and in which he finds a compensation for the external monotony and ugliness of American life. The story which follows is contrived with great skill, though, as we have noticed, the author had not fully worked it out, and some parts of it strike us as being in need of much toning down and explanation. There is, for example, a queer doctor with a fancy for breeding spiders and concocting strange medicines out of them, who is perhaps a little more gratuitously grotesque than he would have appeared when the work had received its final polish. The general motive of the story is supplied by the fancied discovery of Septimius, founded on his family traditions and the odd habits of his aunt, that he can brew an elixir of life which will confer upon him immortality. To attain that end, however, it is necessary that he should sever himself from the sympathies of his kind, and lead a kind of passionless existence, absorbed chiefly in philosophical inquiry. For a time we fancy that we are about to have a story like that of Godwin's *St. Leon*, where the moral will be the refutation of Septimius's aspirations, and the proof that immortality might be bought at too dear a price. It turns out, however, that the wondrous elixir is a delusion; and the supernatural element in the story is ingeniously explained away, or at least shrouded in a judicious mist of uncertainty. The interest there-

\* *Septimius*. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: King & Co. 1872.

fore centres in the psychological problem presented by Septimius. After making allowance for the incomplete state of the story, we must confess that to our taste Hawthorne appears to have in this case ventured rather too far into the dim dreamland of the grotesque and unnatural. The story, however, is powerful and interesting as it stands. Septimius may be taken as in some sense an ideal representation of Hawthorne himself, and of the consequences of the revolt of a fine but ill-balanced nature against the prosaic realism of modern life. The art is admirable; but we can hardly call it healthy. It will commend itself however to the lover of the rarer literary essences, though it may probably remain *caviare* to the vulgar.

#### DE BEAUVOIR'S PEKIN, JEDDO, AND SAN FRANCISCO.\*

IN the preface to the last instalment of the Marquis de Beauvoir's *Voyage round the World* a note of sadness is struck which seems borne on our ears throughout, and which insensibly mingles with our enjoyment of what is in itself to the full as deserving of our thanks and praise as the volumes which this young author gave us a year or so ago. It may be that in the course of transcription and preparation for the press, his freshly written and light-hearted notes have unconsciously been set to a minor key. Private griefs have within the interval mingled with the public sorrows which for nearly two years have crushed the spirit of a patriotic Frenchman. The return to his native shores was saddened by the death of one to whom he had looked up throughout the voyage as a guide and companion. From New York he brought home the coffin of Lieutenant Fauvel, a sailor worthy of the French navy in its best days, to whom the Prince of Joinville had entrusted his son, the young Duke of Penthièvre, a contemporary and confidential friend of M. de Beauvoir. The loss in May 1871 of a beloved father, to gratify whom the present record was undertaken, was all but absorbed in the abyss which had before that time opened for the glories of France. The call to arms, we infer, drew away the writer from his unfinished work. A prey alternately to "patriotic illusions and to tearful reality," what better plea can he urge for a "rough and sometimes incoherent simplicity" which he could in nowise efface from the work of this year of war and sorrow? The translation itself falls short of that of the previous volumes in ease, elasticity, and idiomatic point, putting the author at an increased disadvantage on appearing once more before the English public.

Apart from this lowered tone of enjoyment, there is no real abatement of perceptive or descriptive power. The writer is as happy as ever in seizing the salient point of whatever comes newly within his ken, whether in the works of nature or of man. The first glimpse inside Pekin, at which point he now takes up the tale of his journey round the globe, opens to his mind the mystery of that singular stage at which the civilization of the Chinese Empire at present stands, typified as it is by the exterior condition of its capital. "Whoever has not seen Pekin does not know what *decay mœna*." At a distance the picture is indeed such as to keep up the illusion with which the traveller approaches the theme of so many tales of wonder and romance. Passing in the full blaze of midday the magnificent bridge of Pa-li-kaio, the party rode through the imposing gateway, the finest thing they had seen in the Celestial Empire, which recalls the grandeur of Babylon and Nineveh. Once on the other side, it is seen to be no more than a stage decoration. Soon a second Babylonian wall is reached, battlemented and bastioned with fifty pagodas, fifty or sixty feet high, and some forty broad. This divides the Chinese city, which has entirely grown up since Polo's visit to Cambuluc, as he calls Pekin—a vast and straggling space, where woods, temples, and markets are intermixed with animated streets of shops and a populace teeming like ants—from the Tartar city, a great square, cutting the horizon with its embattled spires and Ninevite walls, like the first, having ten formidable gates and innumerable five-storied forts. Within this outer wall are three concentric towns, divided from each other by interior walls. First comes the Military city, with its barracks and great thoroughfares, next the Imperial city, with the palaces of the mandarins, each containing a hundred kiosks or so placed together, and finally in the centre the Sacred city, the residence of the Emperor, its thousands of roofs covered with the Imperial yellow. Here is the onerous Mu-chan, "mound of coal, or of ten thousand years," obviously an artificial work, the holy of holies of the Celestial Empire, which Colonel Yule, who has engraved it in his edition of the great Venetian's travels, is disinclined—we fail to see why—to identify with the "Green Mount" of Kublai, described by Polo. With his finger the attendant mandarin points out the tops of the walls, where for twenty-six miles four carriages can run abreast, the light green roofs of the mandarins' palaces, and the dark blue domes of the temples. Visions of hoary antiquity, of warlike prowess, of sage counsel and statesmanship, rise up before the imagination of the entranced spectator. He recalls the proud Mongols with their quaint artillery, as pictured by Marco Polo at the taking of Siangyang, mounting to the assault, "and Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan!" Alas! in a couple of hours, when the Sacred city is reached, the melancholy truth is forced

upon the traveller's mind. The whole city is perishing by slow interior decay. "Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, Rome, contain ruins which tell of a fall; Pekin prays upon itself—it is a corpse, falling day by day into dust":—

When, from the height of the magnificent walls, still almost entire, which surround the Tartar city, I cast my eye over the Sacred and Imperial city enclosed within them; when I saw the splendid perspective of bastions, of gateways surmounted by pagodas, of fortifications at the angles of the walls, and looked at the conical shining roofs of the temples which rise up from the midst of an actual forest; when, turning to the other side, I glanced at the Chinese city, and pictured it all to myself full of life and verdant freshness, traversed by limpid streams, furnished with cannon, populous and noisy, I fancied that I could retrace in my imagination the Pekin of a thousand years ago, and I stood overpowered with admiration of this wonder of the extreme East. But, by degrees, I saw all near at hand. I traversed these streets, where the carriages have worn ruts twenty feet deep, in which the ancient open sewers seem to form a giant staircase to reach the narrow path which runs by the houses on either side of the precipice; I got out of my cart to look about me better, and found myself up to my knees in an abominable dust of the filth of centuries; I followed the line of the moats, canals, and rivers, dried up for ever, under bridges of red marble, ruined and useless now—these gardens, parks, and pools, which were formerly so wonderful, are turned into a desert. Beside triumphal arches of marble the crumbling buts of miserable shopkeepers raise above them a forest of poles, with paper advertisements which dance in the wind; and all this is made frightfully uniform under a thick coating, and through an incessant cloud of acrid suffocating dust. No, said I to myself at the sight of all this, this is no town, but rather a Tartar camp, devastated by the simoom in the midst of the desert.

Unlike Siam, nothing is sacrificed in the architecture of China to external ornament. To the increasing magnificence of the interior the national taste opposes even a decreasing amount of outside ornamentation. To this is due not a little of the poor and even squalid aspect presented by the mass of buildings, public and private. Yet nothing can well be more truly Oriental than the air of what is known as the "circular street," the unpronounceable Chinese name of which is too much for M. de Beauvoir. It seemed to him as if a flock of cockatoos had alighted on an oasis in the midst of a silent desert. It is the only lively place in Pekin. Thousands of scarlet boards with gilt inscriptions are suspended from sloping poles above the shop-fronts in this twisting street. Soldiers and merchants, palanquins, mules, camels, coolies cross and jostle one another, imperturbable civility being throughout the rule. Not only do myriads of children entangle themselves with the visitor's legs, but he is amused by the old men, the "grown-up children of China," proudly holding the string of an enormous and fantastic kite, or winged dragon, or eagle, eighteen or twenty feet in spread, which they guide deftly through the throng, enlivening the time with sallies of native wit. Attached to the kite is sometimes, we are told, an invisible *Eolian* apparatus, which imitates with the most infernal noise the song of birds or the human voice. The fall of a pigeon from contact with one of these strings explained to our author the mystery of the sonorous waves of harmony which he had for days heard soaring through the air and rising into the higher atmospheric regions. The pigeon carried across the feathers of his tail at their root a charming *Eolian* harp, light as a soap-bubble, and exquisitely made. The birds as they cleave the air give forth a harsh tremolo, or a plaintive note, according to the rapidity of their flight. Instead of this being, as he thought at first, one of the hundred thousand absurd fancies of the disciples of Confucius, our traveller learnt that the object of these harps is to preserve the hapless pigeons from the talons of the vultures which circle in flocks round the battlements. He concludes this odd story by telling us that he forthwith bought a whole stock of these pretty scarecrows for the dovescotes of friends in France. This was about the only article which he found it possible to purchase with limited means in Pekin. Enamels, jade, ivory and lacquer, particularly two charming little elephants in white *cloisonné* work carrying golden turrets, were only to be had by strangers at four times the price asked in the well-known shop in the Rue Drouot. Among the more serious triumphs of native art are the bronze instruments of the observatory on the terrace of Tung-Chi-Men, to be seen in Colonel Yule's engraving, constructed under the care of the Jesuit Father Verbiest, 270 years ago. They are admirably made, supported by fantastic winged dragons. Our traveller was most struck by a celestial globe, more than eight feet in diameter, on which are marked all the stars known in A.D. 1650 and visible from the latitude of Pekin, 39° 54' N. Tested in every way, these instruments were found as accurate and perfect as when first made, thanks to the dryness of the climate. The famous praying machine was also visited in the Temple of Confucius; it is described as a kind of cylinder, thirteen feet in diameter, filled with holy papers, and turned round like a top, a quantity of aerolites or supposed sacred stones being arranged around it. Under the charge and tuition of M. Lemaire, the interpreter to the French Legation, who at nightfall, disguised with false tail and slippers, is wont to sally forth through the gate of the Chinese town to mix in the lowest as well as the highest society of Pekin, our travellers were initiated into much of the mystery of the beliefs, manners, and usages of native life. If our author has not much to add upon the subject of religion or education to the full and graphic narrative of the Abbé Hue, or the *Chronicles* of Dr. Legge, he imparts liveliness and piquancy to his touches of what is, through all, most distinctive of Chinese culture. Zealots amongst ourselves for the interminable system of examination there in vogue, with its infinite gradation of rewards, will be interested to hear that for the first three laureates of the contest for the

\* *Pekin, Jeddo, and San Francisco; the Conclusion of a Voyage round the World.* By the Marquis de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Agnes and Helen Stephenson. With fifteen Engravings from Photographs. London: Murray. 1872.

doctor's degree, which is held every five years, and to which twelve thousand candidates flock from the different provinces of the Empire, there is reserved, together with the Emperor alone, the special right of way through the central span of the great gateway of Tchien-Men, between the Chinese and the Tartar city. Of all memorials of the intellectual and æsthetic greatness of old times not even the Great Wall itself, daily visited at no little risk by our travellers, can excel the stupendous group of tombs of the Ming Emperors. An avenue of three miles leads from the entrance gate to the nearest tomb, formed first by white marble columns, then by two lines of sculptured monoliths fifteen feet high—camels, elephants, hippopotami, and lions, winged dragons, and finally, twelve emperors, wearing helmet and cuirass. The ruins of the Summer Palace, over which grief and shame choked the writer's utterance, speak of the intermediate glories of art and wealth and luxury, accumulated by the rulers of this wondrous race, sacrificed on the altar of native perfidy and of alien retribution. As the most cheering prospect for the future of China, we turn to the memorable State paper presented by Prince Kuang, in which, pointing to the example set by the insignificant State of Japan, he dwells upon the advantages and the necessity of Western science, art, and civilization.

It was among the Japanese, the "French of the East," that M. de Beauvoir found himself more especially at home, and entered with the keenest zest into the life and habits of the most lively and ingenious of Eastern races. Wherever he went, sunshine, smiles, flowers, and delicacies, with the unfailing "Ohaiho," the native "good day," beset his path. Strange, rich, and picturesque costumes, alternating with the opposite extreme which the unconscious innocence of the tubbing-house, or the street of baths, presents to the wondering and half-scandalized stranger, reveal canons of taste and ethics as wide as possible apart from those of Europe. Much as we have read of late of the scenery, the people, and the arts or institutions of Japan, we have seen nothing to vie in point of lifelike and enthusiastic description with the narrative of this young author. Well-bred, keen-sighted, and reflective, he carries us along with him in agreeable companionship. It is with a feeling of regret that, after a rapid survey of the Pacific and the American continent, noting heedfully all that is worthy of remark in nature or in man, we part company with the traveller upon his native shores—a regret enhanced by the circumstances of personal and national sorrow which dim the recollection of so delightful a *Voyage round the World*.

#### SERICICULTURE.\*

THE mystery of the silkworm and its product has had a perennial attraction for the youth and age both of nations and of individuals, though perhaps, as the world grows older, the gaze of mere curiosity is being exchanged for the eager eye of speculation. An early perception by European nations of the value of the raw material whence the costly Median, Assyrian, and Coan garments were manufactured, seems to have clothed the secret of its origin with an air of marvel as profound as that which surrounded the philosopher's stone or the land of Prester John; and even when all was made clear, delays and hindrances to the utilization of the discovery lent a sort of interest and charm to the subject. Such ancient authorities as Aristotle and the author of the *Periplus* point more or less vaguely to the East as the source of the material of silk fabrics; but it is certain that Greece and her colonies understood the working of the substance long before they knew whence it came or how it was produced. Some Roman authors fancied it was the "hair" of trees, and Virgil (*Georg.* ii. 144) writes

Of Ethiop forests hear with fluttering fleece,  
And downy forests cabled by Chimæe;

whilst others identified it with the threads thrown out by a shell-fish wherewith to attach itself to its rock. The first mention of a spinning insect and the cloths formed therefrom is due to Pausanias, whose half-truthful, half-fabulous account, reminding us of the gossiping vein of Herodotus, seems to justify a doubt whether Serica was so called from the Seres or the silkworms; in short, whether the people were named from the product, or the product from the people. Apparently the Asiatics who had intercourse with China kept the secret to themselves for commercial purposes; for till the sixth century of our era, though silk was in use at Rome, it came thither from Tyre and Berytus, and was a Persian monopoly. Then, however, two Nestorian monks, who had been to China, induced Justinian to send them on a mission in quest of silkworms' eggs. These they brought back to Constantinople in a hollow reed or cane, hatched by the heat of a dunghill, and then fed with mulberry leaves. For six centuries more the Greeks of the Lower Empire monopolized the breeding, and it was not till the thirteenth century that it was extended through Sicily to Italy, and so, in due course, to Spain and France.

Not the least amusing chapter in the romance of the silkworm's history and migration is its first introduction into England. It is commonly known that in 1608 James I. issued circular letters to persons of influence among his subjects, recommending them to plant mulberry trees with a view to rearing silkworms, and intro-

ducing their produce as a national commodity. Old English mansions here and there still look out upon some of these memorials of the wisdom of the first English Stuart King. But it is not so commonly known that he was stimulated to this step by having to borrow a pair of silk stockings of the Earl of Mar, in which to appear before the English Ambassador previously to his accession to the English Crown. It does not appear that the experiments he set in motion produced any great result, and though from time to time "sericulture," as the process of rearing silkworms is called by a somewhat questionable word-coinage, has revived in England in a more serious shape than as the pastime of schoolboys, still it may be seen by a reference to the pamphlet before us that in the calculation of the value of silk grown in the whole world in 1870, England, though it has abundance of mulberry trees, and has no greater climatic drawbacks than many other countries, is simply nowhere. China earns by its silk seventeen millions annually; Italy eleven, and France and India above four millions each. Japan is computed to earn more than 3,000,000*l.*, and the other Asiatic States, exclusive of Persia, a little more than two. Persia now earns less than a million, as also does the remainder of Europe, when France and Italy are told off. In the other quarters of the globe the results of silkworm feeding are comparatively trifling, except in California, where public spirit and Government bounties and inducements are rapidly bringing sericulture into importance. With six million mulberry trees, three crops of silk a year, and a reputation for the excellence of the quality of their silk, the Californians look forward to realizing two million pounds of silk within two or three years.

It is under the stimulus of these encouraging details that "Arachne" has taken up her pen, and set down practically and intelligently the necessary information for successful sericulture. Other writers have preceded her and discoursed more fully and learnedly on the same topic, but apparently with little practical result. It seems an age since the publication by Mr. Murray of the translation of the French treatise by Count Dandolo, and it is nearly a quarter of a century since Mrs. Whitby of Lymington put forth her experimental manual for rearing silkworms in England. Perhaps the array of cautions in such volumes may have deterred not a few readers from following up the subject, and have bred a very natural doubt whether the game was worth the candle. The great merit of "Arachne's" little pamphlet is that it simplifies to a great extent the formidable details of the process, and minimizes the cautions and provisions which in the older treatises were so formidable. Even as it is, the nurture of the silkworm and the culture of mulberry trees for that purpose require so much care and method and supervision, that we have no hesitation in saying that any one who realizes by these means an income of 100*l.* per acre will have fully earned every farthing of the money.

"Arachne" contends that the feasibility of acclimatizing silkworms for practical purposes is demonstrated by our amateur rearing of silkworms, and she would have us do for profit that which hitherto we have been content to do for pastime. Putting ourselves in the place of tractable disciples, we shall endeavour to show from her pages the conditions of success in sericulture. Though such is not "Arachne's" order, prudence dictates that, as one should victual a house before going to live in it, so the mulberry trees which are to feed the silkworm should be the first consideration. It seems then that, given an acre covered with 400 trees of a year old, it is not till the third year that any adequate crop of leaves can be counted upon; but "in due time each tree, under proper cultivation, will yield from 100 to 200 lbs. of food, which, beginning at the low estimate of 3*l.* per acre, would increase till each acre would yield above 100*l.* worth of leaves." The trees require a sheltered situation, a rich, heavily-manured soil, to be well staked, and mulched with short litter and decayed leaves. At three years old they will bear the loss of leaves to the extent of 5 lb., but no more. After that their produce will increase at the rate of half as many leaves again year after year, until at fifty years the tree is superannuated. The tree is propagated by seed, layers, or cuttings, is sensitive of bleeding or other injury in getting the leaves or young branches, and demands manure thrice a year—in the winter, spring, and midsummer. It requires to be kept to a height of four feet, with six feet between each tree and nine between each row. The average yield of an established plantation is thirty pounds of leaves per tree, and the leaves should be worth five shillings per hundred-weight (p. 13). For silkworms, it is "Arachne's" opinion that the "*Morus alba*," or "common white mulberry," is the best, and this is borne out by most writers, though Mrs. Whitby has very high authority for maintaining that silkworms fed upon the "*Morus multicaulis*" spin a silk equal, or superior, to the best Italian. Mr. Mongredien, in his *Trees and Shrubs*, endorses this opinion, associating the *Morus morettiana*—another black-fruited and edible variety—with the *Morus multicaulis*. There are, as many readers are aware, other breeds of silkworms which prefer other food plants—the *Bombyx Yama Mai*, so lovely in its grub and butterfly stages alike, which feeds on the oak leaf or the apple leaf; the *Bombyx Cynthia*, said to have fed on the *Ricinus communis*, or Castor-oil plant, but now and recently most associated to our minds with the beautiful *Ailanthus glandulosa*, and two or three others more famous for their great beauty as caterpillar, or moth, or both, than for the superior excellence of the silk they spin. The speciality of the *Bombyx Cynthia* is the strength of its golden brown rather than its glossiness, in which

\* *Sericulture; or, How to Make 100*l.* per Acre of Ground.* By Arachne. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

It is inferior to others, must have led to the increased cultivation of the *Ailanthus* for silkworm food. Mr. Mongredien in 1870 pronounced its yield of leaves, except under very expensive culture and in very warm seasons, to be unequal to its grower's expectations and the silkworm's demands; and, though we observe that the cultivation of the *Ailanthus* is still advocated, and that the great purveyor of all the requisites for English sericulture, Mr. Teutschel of Colchester, is advertising plants of it for this purpose at a cheap figure per score and per hundred, it seems to us that sober sericulturists will do well to limit themselves to the *Morus alba*, or one of its varieties, for a food plant, and to the *Bombyx mori*, or mulberry silkworm, for a spinner.

The first step towards setting up an establishment of silkworms is to lay in a stock of eggs, which, to be good, should be of a dark grey colour, and which are now held to be no better for being Japanese than if European eggs; an ounce of eggs at a cost of from 15s. to 25s. will produce 100 ounces. These must be wintered in large-mouthed bottles, quite dry, corked without wholly excluding ventilation, and buried neck-deep in the shade of a north wall, or else in a perforated tin box, placed on the floor of a cellar. The object of thus keeping them cool is to retard the premature hatching of the eggs, which might otherwise occur before the mulberry was in full leaf. About the latter end of May the sound eggs are tested by their capacity of floating in water, placed on wooden trays in a warm room, and covered with flannel, for which on the fourth day a piece of white muslin is substituted. The flannel is used to warm, the muslin to protect, the eggs. Under a proper temperature the worms appear about the tenth day, the token of their coming being the change of the eggs to a darker colour. It is in the hatching that most care and pains are needed; for each day's hatch must be kept on a separate tray and labelled with its date, and, as soon as born, the worms require sprinkling with young tender leaves. On behalf of incipient sericulturists we cry Mrs. Whitby mercy when she says that the leaves must be chopped fine at first, and larger for each age, and actually prescribes a chaff-cutter for the operation. "Arachne," on the other hand, argues that what the worms do not get in their state of nature cannot be of vital consequence. Much nicety is required as to the feeding-trays of strong white paper, perforated at the base, and with slight pasteboard sides. They require to fit neatly into each other; and at each fresh demand for food a clean tray has to be placed within that which contains the worms, spread evenly over with fresh leaves, the underside next to the worms. To these they will creep through the holes, and, when they have done so, the tray with the withered leaves and refuse must be removed, clean paper being put under the tray which contains the worms and their fresh food. Till the worms sleep their first sleep at six days old, they must be fed regularly morning and evening, and any disturbance of their sleep endangers serious consequences. Silk-worms sleep four times, at stated intervals, according to their treatment; and under favourable circumstances they begin to spin at fifty-five days after birth, care being taken to feed them regularly, wholesomely, and liberally after each sleep. They need no artificial heat, but perfect cleanliness and ventilation, and the upper story of a house, dry and light, with the means of ensuring shade and seclusion at need, is as good as the best of laboratories. "Arachne" lays great stress upon gentleness, patience, and tender handling, and advises that when it is desirable to detach the worms from a tray or leaf, they should be enticed away by a fresh leaf. She does not believe in the injuriousness of wet or dewy leaves, though at the same time she does not recommend artificial saturation. Perfumes and disinfectants, which have been often recommended to ensure a wholesome atmosphere and the satisfaction of the olfactory organs of the silkworm, which are unusually sensitive, may, she thinks, have been the cause of those many failures which are commonly attributed to climate and other drawbacks.

What is more natural than that that which is death to the common caterpillar should be death also to the "cavalieri," as the Italian calls the silkworm? But at about the fifty-fifth day, under natural processes, spinning time comes on. The worms evince this by wandering from their food, with silk threads issuing from their mouths. They must be attracted to light wooden trays furnished with thin branching stalks, each worm being allowed six inches space. In four days the cocoons, or oblong cases of silken thread, will have been spun; in eight they will be fit to gather. The after process depends on whether the cocoon is devoted to reeling or to reproduction. In the latter case, the moths succeeding the chrysalis are paired on trays and covered with cloths; and in three days the females, having been placed on cards, each lay an average of 400 eggs, and then die. But when reeling is the destination of the cocoons, they are placed in an oven of such a temperature as to dry them without scorching the silk, an extra precaution against which is a thin board at the bottom of the oven. Another caution is not to press the cocoons together, which at this stage would destroy the silk. A test of proper drying is to press a cocoon betwixt finger and thumb. If the chrysalis inside crumbles at the pressure, the cocoon is dry; if it remains a lump in the centre, it should be remitted to the oven. When dried, the cocoons should be weighed, packed in boxes, and the weight of each box marked. Average cocoons are worth 5s. the pound, and a pound of cocoons is enough for a silk dress.

Not to weary our readers with more details, it must be briefly added that the vital cautions about silkworm rearing are to feed them regularly, carefully, and liberally upon one and the same sort of food; to exercise great strictness about cleanliness, ventilation, and

temperature; to be tender-handed with them, and to avoid disturbing them, especially when asleep; and to guard them from cats and birds and insects. With these provisions they will probably escape the diseases to which silkworm flesh is heir. If otherwise, we are afraid that "Arachne's" learned diagnosis of the symptoms of disease will not do much to assist the chances of recovery. This is the weakest part of her pamphlet. "Silkworms," she writes, "are liable to four fatal diseases. (1) Paralysis—symptom: the worm becomes palsied. (2) Black fever—the worm turns black. (3) Red fever—the worm turns red, and its head swells. (4) Consumption—the worm wastes gradually away." We should suppose so, in each instance. In justice we must add that she would separate the sick from the whole.

Would-be silkworm feeders will find in this publication the information suited to the needs of a beginner, a list of sound directions and cautions unencumbered by surplusage, and a preponderating element of common sense. With "Arachne" for monitor, we should not despair of seeing a return for a plantation of mulberry trees and an investment in eggs, in the shape of

Millions of spinning worms

That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk.

#### THE STORY OF THE PLÉBISCITE.\*

**MM.** ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN have done good service to France by demolishing one superstition, but they are open to the charge of propagating another which is no less pernicious. The notion that Paris enjoys a monopoly of political enlightenment while the provinces are sunk in hopeless ignorance and stupidity has been much encouraged by their writings. More than any other writers, they have accentuated that opposition between the urban and rural element in French society which has ended by arraying town and country in two hostile camps. The clever people in their books almost always hail from the capital; the dults are always provincials. "If you had but spent a couple of years at Paris," says Cousin George in this story, "you would see things a little plainer." The thoughts of the peasantry never go beyond potatoes and cabbages. They are the dung of the Empire, the manure to fatten the dynasty. On the other hand, and in sharp contrast to this chronic obfuscation of the bucolic mind, the lowest Parisian workman dwells in an atmosphere of political sagacity. He is on a par with Bismarck in his knowledge of what is going on around him. He is incapable of becoming the dupe of pernicious scheming. He possesses the key to the riddles which perplex and mystify his provincial brothers. If this is merely an exaggerated form of saying that the level of political intelligence is higher in the great towns than in the villages, the proposition is undeniably true. It is true of England and Germany as well as of France. There is always more intellectual activity to be found in the great centres of population than in remote rural districts. But when our authors proceed to attribute the recent disasters of France to the ignorance of the peasantry in mistaking the drift of the *plébiscite*, one is tempted to ask whether this be not an assumption in accordance rather with their favourite theory of the two rival strongholds of political light and darkness than with the actual fact. The enlightened Parisians are the last people in the world to be acquitted of all share in the responsibility for the national disasters. Whose were the voices which clamoured for war, and rendered it impossible for the Emperor to recede from the false position in which he had placed himself in the Hohenzollern imbroglio? The ignorance of the peasantry contributed doubtless to the calamitous declaration of war, but the candid historian will not shut his eyes to the part which Paris played in the scenes which immediately preceded it. And what, too, of the convulsion which ensued upon the Prussian conquest, of which the benighted peasantry were passive and horror-stricken spectators? **MM.** Erckmann-Chatrian will find it a difficult task to vindicate the intelligence and patriotism of the enlightened *ouvrier* of the capital during that terrible period. If they care to trace the misfortunes of their country further, they ought in candour, as a pendant to the *Plébiscite*, in which the ignorance of the peasantry is represented as the main cause of the calamitous war, to write the "Commune," in order to show the equally fatal results of the crude political dreams of the Parisian rabble.

The story of the *plébiscite* is told by Christian Weber, the timid and simple-minded miller and mayor of Rothalp, a village in the valley of the Metting, between Lorraine and Alsace. Christian has a political instructor of dangerous frankness in the person of his cousin George, who had knocked about the world, and after setting up a manufactory of matches at Paris, and marrying a Parisian widow, had returned to his native province to keep a public house. Naturally cousin George saw further than his neighbours; but we doubt whether, in the spring of 1870, any Frenchman, however patriotic and opposed to the ruling powers, had so fully realized the hollowness and corruption of the Imperial régime. His strictures on the Imperial Government have the air of being ante-dated by some months; and even now, read by the light of the easy wisdom which follows the event, they seem to us hardly fair to the Emperor Napoleon:—

What [he exclaims] does the Emperor do for you? He plunders you—that is all. Your money, he shows it to you before each election, as they

\* The Story of the *Plébiscite*. From the French of **MM.** Erckmann-Chatrian. London: Smith & Elder, 1872.



show a child a stick of sugar-candy to make it laugh; and when the election is over, he puts it back into his pocket. The trick is played. . . . It is not so difficult to present accounts to the Chambers. So many Chameleons, which have no existence. So much munition of war, of which no one knows anything. So much for retiring pensions; so much for the substitutes fund; so much for changes of uniform. The uniforms are changed every year—that is good for business. Do the Deputies enquire into these things? Who checks the Minister's budgets? And the deputies whom the Minister of the Interior has recommended to you, whom you have appointed like fools, and whom the Emperor would throw up at the very first election, if those gentlemen breathed a syllable about visiting the arsenals and examining into the accounts. What a farce it is! Why, yesterday, passing through Phalsbourg, I got upon the ramparts, and I saw three guns of the time of Herod, upon gun-carriages eaten up by worms and painted over to conceal the rottenness. These very guns, I do believe, are re-cast every third or fourth year—upon paper—with your money. Ah! my poor Christian, you are not very sharp, nor the other people in our village either. . . . What you want is education; you have asked for bells (Rothalp was to be rewarded for voting straight with a peal of bells); but all the school you have is a miserable shed, and your only schoolmaster is old Adam Fix, who can teach his children nothing by reason that he knows nothing himself. Well now, if you were to ask for a really good school, there would be no money in the public funds. There is money enough for bells, but for a good schoolmaster, for a large well-ventilated room, for deal benches and tables, for pictures, slates, maps, and books, there is nothing; for if you had good schools, your children could read, write, and keep accounts; they would soon be able to look into the Minister's budgets, and that is exactly what His Majesty wishes to avoid.

There is much truth, though not a little unfairness to the Emperor personally, in this and other invectives of which cousin George is made by the collaborators their mouthpiece. Clearly a sound system of education is a very real need of France, and figures very properly as a conspicuous article in the programme of regeneration. But we regret the tone of exaggeration which the authors of this book persistently adopt in dealing with this subject. It is not only not true but mischievous to say, as a Frenchman is made to say further on in the story, that if the people had been educated they would have known what was going on upon the other side of the Rhine; that they would have had national armies, able generals, a watchful commissariat, a sound organization; that they would not have placed the power of making war or peace in the hands of an imbecile; that they would not have attacked the Germans; and that the Germans, seeing that France was ready to receive them, would have been careful not to attack her. Education would still have left untouched the deeply seated vanity and irritable Chauvinism which have ended by plunging France into the abyss; and it is hardly candid of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian to omit this feature of the national character in their scathing diagnosis. A sound system of education may accomplish much, but it will not prove a panacea for the national disasters any more than the lack of it has proved the sole cause of them.

The fact is that the patriotic feeling and Republican sympathies of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian do not allow them to write upon the events of 1870 with anything like judicial calmness. There is no evidence, beyond their mere assertion, to show that the *plébiscite* was the organized hypocrisy described in their book, or that its object was to trick the nation into a declaration of war, although undoubtedly the disaffection which it revealed among a considerable section of the army tended to make war probable. Their account, both of the previous attitude of the Germans and of the incident which precipitated the crisis, is a flagrant misrepresentation of historical facts. Whatever may have been the schemes of Count Bismarck, it is not true that the German nation had for years nourished ill-will towards France, and had "waited like a set of sulky fellows for an opportunity to make her feel it." It is still less true that the Spaniards wanted Montpensier for their king, or that, being thwarted in this desire, they vindictively chose for their king a prince "whom a million of Germans would support if necessary." Montpensier was never more than the nominee of a faction, and the Hohenzollern candidature was definitely withdrawn before the outbreak of war. Of much more value, as a contribution to history, is the graphic description of the utter want of preparation on the part of the Imperial Government. Cousin George makes a journey to Belfort towards the end of August, and relates what he has seen by the way, "recruits, guns, horses, munitions of war, barrels of biscuit, all arriving at the railway in heaps." There were commissaries who did not know where to find their stores, colonels looking for their regiments, generals on the search for their divisions and brigades. "They are seeking," he exclaims, "for salt, sugar, coffee, bacon, saddles, and bridles, and they are getting charts of the Baltic for a campaign in the Vosges." This picture of the fatal confusion of the momentous fortnight preceding the commencement of hostilities is not at all exaggerated, and furnishes an astonishing commentary on the famous "ready, aye five times ready" of Marshal Leboeuf.

News of the disastrous defeat of Wörth is brought to Rothalp by a wounded cuirassier, whom the simple villagers would have lynched as a deserter. The straggler is speedily followed by the main body of the defeated army, presenting such a spectacle of desolation as was not easily to be forgotten. The Uhlans followed close upon their heels. In the first party of them Christian Weber recognizes an old acquaintance in the person of Otto Krell, one of those German photographers who had been travelling about the mountains a few months before, "taking the likenesses of all the village folk." The terrible Otto ironically inquires after the health of the poor Mayor's nice Swiss cows, and the twenty-five sheep he had last year. This is of course the prelude to a heavy requisition, to be succeeded by a series of heavy exactions, as the wave of Bavarians, Wurtem-

bergers, and Badenens swept over the hapless country. Our authors have many details to relate of the wholesale pillage practised by the Germans, and of their insatiable appetites. They are the worst thieves in the world, and would take the very bread out of your mouth to swallow it. But these are miseries incidental to war. "A la guerre comme à la guerre," as the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen politely but cynically observes to poor M. Weber, in answer to his remonstrances. Happily the much-tried Mayor had been able to preserve a large sum of ready money by secretly sinking it in a box at the bottom of his mill-stream, much to the dismay of his daughter Grédel, who, like a true Alsatiennne, kept a sharp eye on the strong-box which was to furnish her *dot*. She is furious at the risk of her parents dying without being able to reveal the place of its concealment, which leads her father to remark on the unmanageableness of girls, and the disappointing results of the most excellent training. Grédel had had four times as many blows as Jacob, because she deserved it on account of her wanting to keep everything, putting it all into her own cupboard, and saying, "There, that's mine!" However, Grédel had some excuse for this anxiety about her marriage portion, for she was in love—much to her father's disgust—with Jean Baptiste Werner, clerk at a neighbouring stone-quarry, and ex-artillery sergeant—a poor match for the Mayor's daughter, but a clever and deserving fellow nevertheless. On the outbreak of war Jean Baptiste joins the garrison of Phalsbourg, where his brave conduct wins the admiration of Grédel's parents. Escaping after the capitulation, he succeeds in joining the ill-fated army of Bourbaki. The rumour that all who had escaped and again taken service against the Prussians would be shot throws the impetuous Grédel into a violent paroxysm of despair. She abuses her father for having supported the *plébiscite*, and cousin George for not going to fight the enemy, and ends by hurling a hatchet at a German soldier who happened to enter while her passion was at its height. Happily no untoward consequences followed from this rash act, after which M. Weber was glad to get rid of his daughter at any price. Accordingly, he no longer withholds his consent to her marriage with Jean Baptiste at the end of the war, with a view to which happy event her dowry is fished up from the bottom of the mill-stream. Grédel with her moods of tenderness and fury, her mingled generosity and selfishness, is just one of those bits of characterization in which MM. Erckmann-Chatrian excel. She must be added to that gallery of portraits of the French peasantry which they have traced with such masterly and lifelike accuracy.

As a work of art this story is inferior to its predecessors, for the simple reason that it is treated by our authors as a vent for the delivery of their minds on the misfortunes of their country, with a passionate fervour which is often intemperate and unjust. It is difficult to combine a novel and a philippic. We English come in for our share of reproach. England, we are told, is not what it once was. We have become too rich, and cling to our comforts overmuch. Our great statesmen are no longer Pitts and Chathams, who looked to the future greatness of their nation and took measures to secure it. Provided only that business prospers from day to day, future generations and the greatness of Britain give them no concern. And then we are threatened by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian with the stock bugbear of the development of North Germany into an enormous maritime power, a Prussian annexation of Holland, a Russian attack upon Constantinople, and what not. All this is rather weak and undignified, to say nothing of its irrelevancy. A maulier note, and one which carries with it more promise of regeneration for France, is struck in the concluding aspiration of Christian Weber. "Let us try to regain by labour, economy, and good conduct what Bonaparte lost for us by his *plébiscite*."

#### MABEL HERON.\*

WE have no desire to see all men and all forms of society exactly alike. Uniformity becomes tiresome after a while; and if there is no discord in a monotone, neither is there variety; so that, on the whole, abnormal developments are rather good than otherwise, and unusual social arrangements pique our curiosity for the one part, and make us better satisfied with our own more humdrum condition for the other. But we cannot say that we should like to live among the people familiar to Mr. Peacock in his quality of author of *Mabel Heron*. Not that "darkest, strangest mystery of Gilgai" is equal to the queer secrets cherished among the folks who live in Hurnhope and Haverholme, with the parts adjacent; while the things they do, and the manner of men and women they are, totally upset all our calculations of social probabilities, and reduce us to a chronic state of wonder, tempered by incredulity. Taken singly, perhaps, both things and people might be accepted, one at a time, as barely possible; but mingled together they make a conglomerate of oddities unlike everything we have ever seen, and painfully trying to our faith.

No doubt a man may be found base enough to marry his well-endowed cousin solely for her fortune, and without even a pretence of love, and wicked enough to make her dead in Milwaukee, and his little daughter dead in Algeria, for a better chance of the estates between which and him stand these two lives. But, being so base

\* *Mabel Heron*. By Edward Peacock, F.R.S. Author of "Ralph Skirlagh." 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

and wicked, and a clever fellow into the bargain, he would scarcely have done his work by halves, consequently weakly and ineffectually. If he had determined on suppressing these two obstructive lives, he would have suppressed them in earnest. He would not have left the one, his wife, to wander about the world at her pleasure, cut adrift by an American divorce that would not stand good in any English Court, and at any moment able to return to her old home and make herself known to her former friends; nor would he have given up his child into the keeping of her own connexions, who would be sure to put in her claim when Sir Lionel died, and to make everything known when or if she married. We cannot but think this part of the framework very shaky, and, if ever probable at all, only probable some hundred years or more ago; now, when rapid communication has made the world so small and brought all people into so much closer contact with each other, it is close upon an impossibility. Granting, however, that General John Heron is barely possible, as one strange being acting in a wicked, mad, and silly way combined, his strangeness of circumstance, if not his wickedness of nature, is surpassed by that of Bill Foster the poacher, and the Reverend Mr. Chesham the vicar. We do not deny that possibly, somewhere about England, a village poacher and a well-to-do vicar may be brothers; but that these two men should be brought together in the same parish, though under different names, and both be brothers, on the wrong side, of that General John Heron who had made his wife dead in Milwaukee and his daughter in Algeria, though really leaving the latter in the care of his sister-in-law who lives where both vicar and poacher are to be found, is a little strong in the matter of coincidences. And when we add to the fact of this secret relationship, well known to both if unconfessed by either, the unrelenting persecution of Mabel by the vicar because she is a Heron, and the familiar friendliness, not to say patronage, of the poacher for the same reason, it is easy to understand how far removed from anything approaching to a picture of English country life is this odd, and yet not worthless, novel.

Mr. Peacock is kind to his readers in one respect; he leaves no doubt in their minds as to the moral status of his characters, and saves us the trouble of discriminating for ourselves by a free use of verbal signposts. The vicar, Mr. Chesham, is his villain *par excellence*; and a very proper and unmistakable villain he is; though things are so ordered that he does not commit much crime in fact, but only indulges in such exhibitions of temper and spite as we should have thought more natural in a woman than a man. He hates Mabel because she is a Heron, as we said; and from the first endeavours to dissuade her aunt from taking charge of her. And when the young lady is engaged to his nephew Edward Fulbeck, he preaches a sermon so directly attacking her that one or two of her friends get up and leave the church. He has not much evil to say of her, however, except that she wears false hair, which she does not; her beautiful hair being an hereditary gift, which she shares with her mother and all other female Herons. The funniest scene is that wherein his brother Bill Foster the poacher confronts Mr. Chesham in Mrs. Heron's drawing-room, and proclaims their fraternity by way of defending Mabel from the insinuation of illegitimacy which the parson has flung out. The intelligence produces, of course, an astounding effect. For Mabel and Mr. Chesham, and Mr. Fulbeck, the father of Mabel's young man, and Mrs. Heron, who has brought her up, are all related; Mr. Chesham, whose first wife had been a young woman called Chesham—hence his name—having taken for his second Keturah Fulbeck, Mrs. Heron's sister and Mr. Fulbeck's sister. Consequently he is brother-in-law to Mabel's aunt, as well as her own actual uncle by nature, if not by recognised relationship. It is a tangle, we admit, but we have made it rather clearer than our author has left it.

There seems to be a little confusion in the circumstances, if not in the character, of Mr. Chesham. He, like brother Bill the poacher, is the illegitimate son of a gentleman and "a young woman, a servant-girl from Lincolnshire. They called the eldest of 'em William, and the other Joseph," says brother Bill, in that famous scene of explanation and denunciation in Mrs. Heron's parlour; "and when he (the father) died, he left 'em a hundred pound a year apiece. Joseph took to schooling, got some education, and was made a hedge parson." Are there such things nowadays in England? Fifty or a hundred years ago they were to be found in plenty both in Wales and the North country, also in the extreme West; but we question their existence at the present day save as long-lived stagers, the last remains of the old system. But how Mr. Chesham, being originally a hedge parson with only a hundred a year, and no right to his name, could have come to be the vicar of a parish like Haverholme is beyond our power to make clear. Bishop and examining chaplain must both have been men of exceptional amiability or disastrous indolence; and the hedge parson's character does not seem to have been of a kind to make all else forgotten, nor were his acquirements greatly superior to his manners—which were, to say the least, bad. The fact is, Mr. Peacock's strength as an antiquary is his weakness as a novelist; and the old-world flavour he has given to his story, though invaluable in an essay or in a romance of foregone times, is ruinous to the interest and life-likeness of a modern novel. All the circumstances of present society are forgotten. The increased facilities of communication, the difficulty of disguise, of hiding, of social obliteration, the greater publicity in which we all live now compared with the closer and more stationary lives of our grandfathers and their grandfathers, the power of the police, and the network of telegraph wires carried everywhere—these things and the thou-

sand modifications of manners growing out of them are ignored by Mr. Peacock in the formation of his plot; and the consequence is a certain sense of confusion and unreality. The style too is cold and hard, and the conversations are singularly stiff. When Edward Fulbeck offers his hand and heart to Mabel, there is no more life in what they say than if two mummies were set a-talking. He makes love as stiffly as Sir Charles Grandison in his new wig and best flowered waistcoat; and all her answers are in farthingales, though there is so much of nature in the interview that, as "she stood silent by his side, she looked upon him as the stars look upon the sin and sorrow of some never-sleeping city." Not that Edward is in any way sinful, nor specially sorrowful, save that he doubts his love when he says, "Mabel, I love you!" and clasps her hand to his heart:—

She gently withdrew it.

"Edward," she said, "you have long loved me as a friend, you do so now. Your life has been taken up with thoughts, not with seeing fresh faces. You do not know that you love me more than as a friend."

She arose to leave the river side, but his sad pleading face detained her.

"Edward, I am perplexed," she said. "You have always spoken truth itself to me, and I can trust your judgment, but what you say surprises me so much that I must think before I answer you."

"Think before you know whether you can love me, Mabel! And does it then require thought or calculation?" he said, inexpressible misery clouding his countenance.

"No, Edward, no—do not be unjust—I know my feelings now as well as I shall ever know them, but I may not have words at command to express them."

Their eyes again met. She could command the tones of her voice, but not the divine light of her features. He at once knew all.

"Forgive me, dearest, speak when you will;" he said, and he took her hand, and they walked together toward the house.

And yet *Mabel Heron* is not to be cast aside with contempt. It is the work of a learned man and a thoughtful one, and there are abundant traces in it of just observation and nice discrimination; but its method is so dry and hard, and its spirit is so far out of harmony with its chronology, that its good points fail to have their full value. There is, too, a perplexing inequality in the work throughout, especially as regards the naturalness and vividness of the characters, of which some are human enough, while others are more pasteboard dolls resembling the human figure more or less, but without depth or substance, even for the kind of things they are. Edward Fulbeck is one of these. Not the most friendly, and scarcely the most imaginative, critic could commend that young man as a tolerable likeness of a living being; and Mabel herself is nearly as shadowy. On the other hand, David Stotherd is strong and clear, and we fancy must have been drawn from life, not merely evolved out of the depths of that inexhaustible consciousness where novelists keep their patterns of men and women. The dreamy mysticism of the old Swedenborgian wood-carver is well shown and clearly rendered; but for all that, we question if Mabel Heron, the young lady of the place, would have been allowed to enter upon such terms of familiarity with him as are recorded by the biographer. We think that her aunt would have looked after her more closely, and have prevented both this innocent yet unconventional friendship, and also her familiarity with Bill the poacher. We question if Mr. Peacock's genius will ever lead him to become one of the successful story-tellers, and whether fiction is not labour in vain for a man whose whole bent is evidently antiquarian. He may of course come to more brightness and vitality than he has yet attained; but we think it doubtful; and we should imagine that his true path in literature lies elsewhere than among the subtle fancies of sentiment and romance.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE tendency to apologize for some of the worst Roman tyrants, which has for some time past been prominent in our historical literature, is creditable to the modern spirit in so far as as it proceeds from a disinclination to receive traditions upon trust, from a sentiment of equity and humanity, from a recognition of the extent to which every man is the creature of his age and circumstances. It is mischievous and unseemly in so far as it proceeds from a deliberate purpose of extenuating the offences of arbitrary power, or from a mere love of sophistical paradox. The memory of Tiberius is more indebted for such vindication as it has received to the former motive, that of Nero to the latter. Caesarism, and its involuntary but effective ally Courtism, cannot but look leniently on so typical an impersonation of the imperial system as Tiberius; Nero, we suspect, might have remained without an advocate if advocacy had not involved singularity. The matter would be of little importance but for the necessity imposed upon Nero's vindicators of casting a slur upon historical testimony itself in the persons of Tacitus and Suetonius, two writers of the highest moral repute among their contemporaries, awayed by no discoverable partiality, endowed by their social and official position with every opportunity of knowing the truth about occurrences too recent for oblivion and too remote for passion. If they have used all these advantages merely to deceive us, our confidence in the authenticity of any history must be impaired, and the accumulated stores of experience are rendered worthless. This would be rather too high a price to pay for a vindication of Nero, and we are glad

\* *Geschichte und Bild von Nero.* Nach den Quellen bearbeitet von Dr. A. H. Raabe. Hft. 1. Utrecht: Kemink & Zoon. London: Williams & Norgate.

to perceive that Dr. A. H. Raabe, a competent Dutch scholar, has addressed himself to the refutation of the matricidal Emperor's German and English apologists. The dulness of homely truth in comparison with ingenious paradox is so trite a topic that it is needless to apologise for Dr. Raabe's tameness of style,—a failing the more excusable, inasmuch as, from a laudable desire to be read out of Holland, he has submitted to the restraints attendant on composition in a foreign language. In point of argument he carries all before him; the only thing needful, in fact, is to establish the credibility of the ancient authorities, or rather, as the *onus probandi* lies on the other side, to show the insufficiency of the grounds on which it has been impeached. There is absolutely nothing against the veracity of Tacitus in this part of his work save the exceptional character of some of the incidents he relates, and the vague suspicion that he may have been misled by certain "Memoirs of Agrippina," respecting which some modern critics talk as confidently as if they had read every word of them. In fact we neither know that Tacitus used those Memoirs, nor that they were untrustworthy, nor that they existed at all. The most interesting chapter in the book, however, is that on the poisoning of Britannicus, which has been disputed on the ground of the unacquaintance of the ancients with any poison capable of producing the effects described. By the aid of a scientific friend, Dr. Raabe is enabled to demonstrate the fallacy of this assertion—a most hazardous one to have made under any circumstances. The book will be completed in another volume.

Otho IV.\* was by no means the least able among the German Emperors, yet his reign was among the most unfortunate. It was his mischance to be brought into collision with France under the ablest of her mediæval sovereigns, and with the Papacy at the very acme of its development. Unequal to either contest, he has bequeathed a name memorable in connexion with a crushing defeat and a penance of unexampled humiliation. In his character there was much to respect, and the incidents of his varied career are among the most remarkable illustrations of the political and religious aspects of his time. Herr Langerfeldt's biography is composed with care and impartiality, and is highly interesting throughout.

Prince Magnus of Denmark, Duke of Livonia from 1560 to 1583 †, and successor (by purchase) of the last Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, is hardly a suitable subject for biography, on account of the almost entire absence of personal details respecting him. It is apparent that he bore an active part in the long series of conflicts by which his dominions were distracted during the whole period of his sovereignty; but, frequently as his name occurs, his personal influence upon the course of events seems to have been so slight that he gives one the idea of a mere shuttlecock tossed to and fro amid the Russians, Poles, Danes, Swedes, and Germans, who disputed the possession of his unfortunate duchy, which he nevertheless retained until his death. The late K. H. von Buse's so-called biography, therefore, is in fact a history of these complicated and at the present day not very interesting transactions. It is composed in a simple and lucid style, and is evidently founded on a thorough knowledge of the subject. Its highest interest perhaps consists in the illustrations which it supplies of the initial stages of Russian aggressiveness; its most dramatic episode is that of the five thousand Scottish auxiliaries who nearly all perished in a conflict with their own Livonian confederates, brought on by the arrogance and *perfidum ingenium* of both parties.

Lazarus, Baron von Schwendi ‡, was a general and counsellor of the Emperor Maximilian II., distinguished for his military services against the Turks, and still more honourably as an administrator and counsellor in domestic affairs. It is his highest honour to have been one of the few Catholic statesmen of his time who advocated toleration on the ground of principle. His views on the subject are embodied in a remarkable memoir addressed to the Emperor, a translation of which is the most interesting feature in Von Janko's biography.

Count Wartenleben's history of the operations of General Manteuffel's troops in the east of France during the last two months of the war § is mainly based on official despatches, many of which the Count has embodied in his narrative, and the arid precision of which he has invariably imitated with much felicity. The book, therefore, is entirely unattractive for non-military readers, but this very disdain of unprofessional suffrages affords some guarantee of its fitness for the technical circles for which it is probably designed.

E. Arnd's history of Europe from the beginning of 1867 to the termination of the late war ¶ is a continuation of a former work by the same author, and is distinguished by the same merits of impartiality, condensation, and perspicuity.

Dr. R. A. Lipsius, in his examination of the legends respecting

the martyrdom of St. Peter at Rome\*, divides the documents from which they are derived into three classes—the *Edicta*, in which St. Peter's visit to Rome is represented as undertaken for the sake of unmasking the magician Simon Magus, by whom St. Paul is evidently intended; the *Catholic*, in which the two apostles are introduced as jointly combating the impostor; and the *Gnostic*. These various versions, all framed for party purposes, and probably not containing a syllable of historical truth, afford a lively idea of the spirit of romantic mystification in the early Church. Dr. Lipsius's main position, the identity of St. Paul with the Simon Magus of the pseudo-Clementine "Recognitions," is very ably supported, but the fact is one of which the significance may be easily over-estimated. It by no means follows that the light in which St. Paul was regarded by an embittered and decreasing body of controversial opponents in the middle of the second century is a fair criterion of his relation to the Apostolic college in his own days.

Dr. Scholten's essay on the traditions respecting the Apostle John's residence in Asia Minor † scarcely displays the discriminating spirit of his earlier writings. He sets aside a considerable body of testimony in a cavalier manner, and seems to proceed throughout on the assumption that any insoluble difficulty in an ancient narrative offers a sufficient reason for rejecting it; as if perfect perspicuity in every detail, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, were possible in the nature of things. He is far too dogmatic in his decision of such difficult questions as the authorship of the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel, and exhibits a strange insensibility to the internal evidence of style in failing to perceive that whoever wrote the Gospel ascribed to St. John must have written the Epistle also. Indeed his view of the latter is fatal to his own cardinal proposition that the former did not appear till about A.D. 150, since in that case the imitative supplement could not have been produced before A.D. 170 or 180—a palpable absurdity. His conception of the "beloved disciple" of the Gospel as a mere idealism, not intended to represent St. John or any other apostle, we can only characterize as ridiculous. On the whole, erudition and acuteness have rarely been exerted to less purpose.

Two able pamphlets on the existing disputes between the Imperial authorities in Germany and the Church of Rome show the real alarm of the German laity, and their resolution to render the members of religious corporations harmless at any sacrifice of the guarantees of personal liberty. Dr. Von Schulte's ‡ essay is chiefly concerned with the statistics and organization of the religious communities; Dr. Wasmerschleben's § with the general question of the relation of the State to ecclesiastical affairs. We regret to discover no symptoms in either of a disposition to consider the claims of the parochial Catholic clergy to the protection of the secular authorities.

The "Protestant lectures" ¶ in course of delivery at Berlin appear to represent in the main the theology of that party in the Prussian Church which regards Schleiermacher as its founder and its model. The process of its development since his period would seem to have favoured the critical rather than the mystical element of his teaching, while at the same time these discourses display no lack of religious fervour, and must indeed, whether eloquence, cogency, or perspicuity be regarded, be considered very remarkable compositions. The numbers before us relate for the most part to the subjects most usually controverted between supernaturalists and anti-supernaturalists. The frequent references to Dr. Keim attest the steady growth of the influence of this eminent Swiss theologian.

Dr. E. Doehler's lecture on Hellenic oracles ¶, in Virchow and Von Holtzendorff's series, is a clear and able historical conspectus of the subject. The author establishes a tripartite chronological classification of oracles—the Dodonian, when the primitive agricultural population was chiefly interested in forecasts of the weather; the Delphic, belonging to the era of free political activity; the mystic or theurgic, typified by the Cave of Trophonius, and flourishing when religion was becoming an affair of secret rites and magical incantations.

Dr. Post \*\* defends the doctrine of personal immortality by considerations derived from the assumed subjectivity of human knowledge, and the consequent want of evidence for the reality of the external world. The effect of this line of argument is to save the future life at the expense of the present, which is resolved into a mere illusion.

A meritorious work, Dr. Gideon Spieker's exposition of Shaftes-

\* *Die Quellen der Römischen Petruslegende kritisch untersucht.* Von R. A. Lipsius. Kiel: Schweser. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der Apostel Johannes in Kleinasien.* Von J. H. Scholten. Aus dem Holländischen überetzt von B. Spiegel. Berlin: Henschel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die neueren katholischen Orden und Congregationen, besonders in Deutschland.* Von J. V. von Schulte. Berlin: Lüdertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die deutschen Staatsregierungen und die katholische Kirche der Gegenwart.* Von Dr. H. Wasmerschleben. Berlin: Lüdertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Protestantische Vorträge.* Bd. 4. Berlin: Henschel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Orakel.* Von Dr. E. Doehler. Berlin: Lüdertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Die Unsterblichkeitsfrage und die Naturwissenschaft unserer Tage.* Von Dr. A. H. Post. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Kaiser Otto der Vierte, der Welfe.* Von G. Langerfeldt. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Asher & Co.

† *Herzog Magnus, König von Lönland.* Von K. H. von Buse. Herausgegeben von Julius Freiherrn von Bohlen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Lazarus Freiherr von Schwendi.* Von Wilhelm Edler von Janko. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Operationen der Süd-Armee im Januar und Februar 1871.* Nach den Kriegsakten des Oberkommandos von Hermann Graf Wartenleben. Berlin: Mittler & Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Geschichte der Jahre 1867 bis 1871.* Von E. Arnd. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

bury's philosophy\*, would have been more meritorious still if the author had confined himself more strictly to his business, which we take to have been the elucidation of Shaftesbury's own views rather than the development of such speculations of his own as he conceives to be connected with them. These digressions are not amiss in matter, and display a laudable independence of metaphysical conventionalities, but the style is too vivacious and effervescent for the language of sober investigation, and their introduction impairs the symmetry of the monograph. Dr. Spicker's analysis of the "Characteristics," however, is very satisfactory, and very acceptable as tending to revive interest in a writer who is less read than he deserves.

An intellect of another order is investigated in another spirit by Dr. F. Jodl†, whose essay on the life and writings of Hume displays nothing of Dr. Spicker's excursive geniality, but is a model of impartial and accurate analysis. Dr. Jodl's attitude towards his author is simply that of a reporter, and the only point on which he feels bound to express an opinion of his own is the difficult question, Which of the three interlocutors in the Dialogues on Natural Religion is to be considered as most nearly expressing Hume's own sentiments? These, in Dr. Jodl's opinion, notwithstanding Hume's scruples against the demonstrability of causation, inclined to the teleological theism of Cleanthes.

The utility of J. W. Spengel's bibliography of works on the Darwinian theory‡ speaks for itself, and would be still further enhanced if it could be accompanied by a slight analysis of the books and essays quoted, showing their general tendency and line of argument, and the particular aspect of the question to which they principally refer.

Dr. Hagen's essays on insanity§ proceed from the pen of a circumspect and considerate physician, deeply impressed with the peculiar difficulties of his study. It is hard to determine whether physical phenomena stand to the malady in the relation of cause or of effect; moreover, they can only be adequately investigated after the death of the patient. Psychology may afford the required key, but must be cultivated in an empirical spirit. Such is the purport of the first and most important of Dr. Hagen's essays; what he understands by an empirical spirit appears from the accompanying minute, exhaustive, and inexpressibly painful study of one of the most irredeemably dismal cases of insanity ever made public, that of Count Chorinsky||, whose murder of his wife by poison was a *cause célèbre* about four years since.

The peculiar misery of Chorinsky's case is its exhibition of abject suffering without any element of tragedy; the ever deepening gloom of Lennau's life¶ mitigates the repulsiveness of the ultimate catastrophe by investing it with the semblance of austere necessity. In Chorinsky humanity is degraded, in Lennau it is in some measure ennobled. A sympathetic and not ill-written sketch of Lennau's hapless career, chiefly compiled, however, from Schurz's biography, forms the sole redeeming feature in the otherwise worthless book of a worthless author, Johannes Scherr. The rest of the volume is chiefly occupied by provocations to national rancour and prejudice, morally on a par with similar productions on the other side of the Rhine, but innocent of any pretensions to elegance or wit.

A collection of letters from Goethe to Eichstädt\*\*, although introduced by the editor with much pomp and circumstance, contains little of interest. Eichstädt was the conductor of the *Jena Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*, and the correspondence relates principally to the concerns of that journal, to which Goethe contributed, and in which he took a cordial but patronizing interest. His letters are mostly brief and couched in a formal style. The most remarkable passage is one in which he expresses the conviction that all varieties of opinion should be represented in a literary journal, and that the functions of the editor should be analogous to those of the Speaker of the English House of Commons. Some of his strictures on his unsuspecting fellow-contributors are sufficiently amusing. The most interesting part of the correspondence extends from 1803 to 1815.

Moritz Jokai's reminiscences of the Hungarian Burns, Petöfi††, do not amount to a regular biography, but vividly depict that impulsive and erratic genius through the medium of anecdotes, some derived from personal acquaintance, and all, as it would seem, sufficiently authentic. Petöfi's character appears to have been of the accepted Magyar type, except that, with a full measure of his countrymen's fiery and contentious spirit, he was devoid of the practical intelligence which has made constitutional govern-

ment possible in Hungary. He was a purely lyrical poet, whose strength consisted wholly in the utterance of impassioned emotion and in his quick sympathy with the distinctively national aspect of the manners and scenery of his country. His descriptions of these, though probably not the most valuable portions of his writings, are those to which he will be principally indebted for whatever celebrity he may acquire among foreigners. The evanescence of pure lyrical feeling when rendered into a strange tongue is generally in proportion to the charm of the original, and in Petöfi's case there is no depth of thought, no intellectual suggestiveness, to atone for the loss of the original magic and music. Although, however, the range of Petöfi's intellectual sympathies was narrow, he was by no means an unsophisticated peasant. He was acquainted with German, French, and English, and well read in the principal lyrical poets of all these countries. Goethe in characteristic could not endure.

L. Meinardus, the author of twelve letters on the present condition of music in Germany\*, desires a unity in the Teutonic musical world corresponding to that now so happily established in the political order. His recipe is a very simple one everybody is to admire Johann Sebastian Bach as much as he himself does. Bach, it seems, has the practical advantage ascribed to the Republican form of government in France—he is the composer *qui nous divise le monde*. Until, however, the Wagnerites and the Schumannians and the Mendelssohnians consent to rally around his unifying banner, the field would seem to be practically in possession of another Bach—namely, Offenbach whose pieces, in the July of last year, had seventy-two representations against forty-six of those of all other composers put together.

Oscar Riecke† actually is a poet, whose spirit and melody contrast most favourably with the trivial commonplace of most contemporary German lyrists. He has unfortunately fallen too much under the spell of Heine, and the most important section of his volume, the cycle of poems entitled "Enamoured," can only be regarded as a creditable approximation to an inimitable model. He is more distinctively individual when more objective in style; some of his ballads are highly pathetic, and a series of little poems illustrative of popular proverbs expresses pithily wisdom with most felicitous effect.

\* *Des einigen deutschen Reiches Musikzustände. Zwölf Briefe.* Von L. Meinardus. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Gedichte.* Von Oscar Riecke. Hamburg: Gitting. London: Nutt.

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\* *Die Philosophie des Grafen von Shaftesbury, nebst Einleitung und Kritik über das Verhältnis der Religion zur Philosophie, &c.* Von Dr. Gideon Spicker. Freiburg: Trummer. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Leben und Philosophie David Hume's.* Dargestellt von F. Jodl. Halle: Pfeffer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Darwinische Theorie. Verzeichniss der über dieselbe erschienenen Schriften und Aufsätze.* Von J. W. Spengel. Berlin: Wiegand & Hempel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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¶ *Hammersehle und Historien.* Von Johannes Scherr. Zürich: Späbelitz. London: Asher & Co.

\*\* *Goethe's Briefe an Eichstädt.* Mit Erläuterungen herausgegeben von Waldemar Freiherrn von Biedermann. Berlin: Hempel. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Ein ungarischer Dichter.* Von Moritz Jokai. Erlangen: Besold. London: Nutt.



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#### MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

WHEN at the bag-end of a Session a Conservative Lord Mayor receives at dinner a Liberal Ministry, the talking on both sides is naturally of a tame and commonplace order. There are some things which are said as matters of course. Ministers can remark that the Corporation of London is a grand institution, and the Lord Mayor can reply that so are the Houses of Parliament. Ministers can point out that personally the Lord Mayor is an excellent man—all Lord Mayors are excellent men—and the Lord Mayor, although he is their political opponent, can acknowledge with handsome candour that Ministers at least work hard and mean well. When these commonplaces are over there is nothing more to be said. It is a political banquet from which politics are excluded. The toast may not ruffle the Liberal feelings of his guests, and the guests may not ruffle the Conservative feelings of their host. A certain length of time must however be consumed in speaking, and the ingenuity of the speakers is generally equal to the task of making as much as possible out of the tiny oratorical capital they have to trade upon. The CHANCELLOR, for example, was great on Wednesday upon the proper metaphor to be used in speaking of the House of Lords. It was not to be called a drag, but it might be called a fly-wheel. To hear it called a drag made the CHANCELLOR unhappy, because that seemed to imply that the coach of the Commons sometimes went too fast, which the CHANCELLOR could not admit. But to hear the House of Lords called a fly-wheel was calculated to please the CHANCELLOR and offend no one, for a fly-wheel only makes the working of other machinery more perfect; and this is exactly the function which, it may be hoped, the Lords are universally recognized as discharging with admirable success. Who could wish to refuse the CHANCELLOR the harmless pleasure of choosing his metaphor? And no doubt it would be delightful to him if he could but persuade himself and his friends that in his own immediate sphere of law reform he could be more properly compared to a fly-wheel than to a drag. Mr. BRUCE spoke for the House of Commons, and those who have so often criticized him adversely may admit with pleasure that he did his little bit of work very neatly, and gave a pretty turn to some of his remarks. In describing the work of the Session he had to choose his topics adroitly, for such matters as the Ballot Bill were necessarily excluded. Any reference to that flower of Liberal measures would have grated harshly on the ears of a Conservative Lord Mayor. Over that which had occupied so large a slice of the time and attention of the Commons it was incumbent on the HOME SECRETARY to throw a graceful veil. But there were subjects left on which he could safely and pleasantly touch. He could show how far-reaching is the vigilance and how wide the sympathy of the House of Commons, by referring to Bills the mention of which could give no one pain. "This Session," he said, "the House of Commons has distinguished itself by legislating for the protection of the toilers who ply their perilous trade in the deep mine, and it has at the same time also taken under its care the sparrow on the housetop and the robin on the bough." Nothing tastier in the amiable poetical line has been said by a Minister for years.

Mr. GLADSTONE, being Prime Minister and the great man of the occasion, could not simply say nothing. It was open to Mr. GLADSTONE to spend many long minutes in explaining to an astonished audience that the war ships of the present day differ both in build and cost from the war ships of the reign of Queen ELIZABETH. But Mr. GLADSTONE could not let himself off so easily, and he had to select topics not unworthy to be discussed by an eminent person, which should be of some interest to his

hearers, and yet not provocative of party discord. The recent history of the Treaty of Washington supplied him with a fitting theme. It is most satisfactory that the negotiations did not all come to nothing, and men of all parties share in the satisfaction. No one dreads and deprecates a quarrel with the United States more than a wealthy citizen of London, and the LORD MAYOR might be trusted to rejoice, as much as if he had been a Liberal, that the effusions of delight at the Treaty, and anticipations of its bright consequences, to which General SCHENCK gave utterance at the Mansion House a year ago, have not been rendered futile and belied by the actual result. That the Ministry had been much distrusted and severely criticized during the time when it seemed as if the Treaty would fall through, Mr. GLADSTONE did not conceal. But most wisely, instead of defending the Ministry, which has got the best of defences, that of success, to rely on, he seized on the occasion of praising the Opposition. The Conservatives had, he acknowledged, shown great prudence and public spirit by refraining from attacks which might have led to a party triumph, but would have been perilous to the interests of the nation. This was perfectly true, and it was proper and pleasant to say that it was true in the presence of a Conservative Lord Mayor. The other topic on which Mr. GLADSTONE felt he might safely comment was the present state of English trade, which in some way or other concerned every man present. The industry of the country in the last few months, he said, has advanced not by steps but by strides, not by strides but by leaps and bounds. This has given rise to some complications, which are to be regretted, but Mr. GLADSTONE expressed himself as confident that the good sense and good feeling of the country, and the good understanding that prevails between the employers and the employed, will gradually smooth away all difficulties. This was quite the right line for Mr. GLADSTONE to adopt. He holds a position which makes his words fulfil themselves to some extent. When a Prime Minister, and more especially when a Prime Minister like Mr. GLADSTONE, who has won a great financial reputation, and has taken anxious thought for those whom he has considered to be unduly weighted in the race of life, admires his countrymen for not regarding strikes and temporary changes of price with too much disquiet, and when he appeals to the good understanding existing between classes as an admitted fact, he really does much to bring about or to preserve the state of things which he describes.

But a day will come, and possibly before very long, when some other Premier will go to the Mansion House, and Mr. GLADSTONE's reign will be over. The Ministry is, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, an old Ministry, and old Ministries like old men are apt to die, and the Ministry will die, and its epitaph will be written. Mr. GLADSTONE modestly expressed a hope that this epitaph when it is written will record that the Ministry in its lifetime diligently laboured in the service of its country. We may be sure that so much good will be said of it, and that this will be only a small part of the just praise that will be inscribed on its tombstone. Its blunders will in time be forgotten, and men will chiefly remember that it did great things in its day. What was chiefly observable in the sayings of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRUCE on this head was the longing to be out of office that shone through their remarks. They seem to regard a decisive vote against them as the beginning of holidays which they have justly earned. The LORD MAYOR comforted them by saying that they have a good prospect of a happy release. In a seeming paradox he declared that while the present House of Commons adequately represented the country, the next House of Commons would exhibit a very different arrangement of party strength. It might seem as if the present Parliament must repre-

sent the country badly if the constituencies would send a very different set of representatives to Westminster were they called to select a new House of Commons. But the LORD MAYOR was quite right. The present House does represent the country fairly, and yet, if there were an election, the Conservatives would win a great many seats, and might perhaps feel themselves strong enough to take office. But if they did take office, they would do very much what the present Government would do if it continued to hold office. It would be a change of men, not of measures. The tired Ministers would be at liberty to play, and the fresh Ministers would take their turn at working; but that would be all. The great Liberal measures of the present Ministry would remain intact, and it makes little difference to what Ministry Licensing and Public Health Bills are confided. The foreign and the financial policy of the country would remain precisely the same, for it is the foreign and financial policy of the country, and not of any particular Ministry. As Mr. BRUCE said, a change of Government might prove nothing more than a merciful dispensation of Providence calculated to preserve the lives of hard-worked men. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY would have to pardon criminals while Mr. BRUCE went to sleep unabused, and to sleep and not to be abused are delights of the soul to which Mr. BRUCE has long been a stranger. The LORD MAYOR is a very amiable man, and he may have liked to know that Mr. BRUCE thought he had so much to gain by going out of office. But the zealots of the Conservative party must feel that the edge of their estimated success is already a little blunted for them by the knowledge that to no one will it be more welcome than to the leaders of their adversaries, and that the present Cabinet, perfectly secure against the contingency of any change of principle or practice which they would seriously regret, only see in a Conservative triumph a means by which, under the favour of a beneficent Providence, they will be enabled to recruit their health and strength.

#### SPAIN AND KING AMADEO.

IT is probable that the King of Spain may derive some temporary popularity from the abortive attempt to assassinate him. Even the populace of Madrid, long accustomed to deeds of treachery and violence, seems to have resented an outrage which would, if it had succeeded, have disgraced the Spanish nation. The Italian Prince, if he has the misfortune of being a foreigner, was not an intruder or a volunteer. He accepted the Crown on the invitation of the foremost statesmen in Spain, who acted with the full authority of the Cortes. The offer had previously been declined both by King FERDINAND and by King LUIS of Portugal; and the acceptance of Prince LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern was in a memorable crisis withdrawn. The country had deliberately rejected the project of a Republic, nor was there the smallest reason to believe that any considerable party desired a Bourbon restoration. Prince AMADEO was entitled to assume that he would be a welcome guest until by his public services he had earned a right to the gratitude and loyalty of his adopted country. He has since exerted himself to teach Spanish politicians the meaning of constitutional government; nor has he been alarmed by the discovery that he incurs the enmity of any faction which happens for the moment to be excluded from power. He did his best to maintain the coalition which was practically dissolved by the death of PRIM; and he was guided by the opinion of a Parliamentary majority in preferring SAGASTA to ZORRILLA. It was not until SERRANO demanded the suspension of constitutional liberty that the King had recourse to the aid of the Radical leader. It may be found hereafter that he has undertaken to solve an impossible problem in attempting to govern by the aid of a majority which has perhaps no existence; but honesty and courage are rare qualities in Spain, though they may not be adequately appreciated. If the King remains on the throne he will find it necessary to exercise personal power instead of submitting to alternate dependence on the caprice and intrigue of chiefs of contending factions. The Spanish people will gradually learn that the interests of the dynasty are identified with their own, while the SAGASTAS and ZORRILLAS are only bent on acquiring power and salary for themselves and their followers. The would-be assassins have done their utmost to prove that the person of the King affords the best security for peace and order. Their brutal attempt to murder the QUEEN will scarcely command itself to the approval of any but the most reckless.

Although it would be unjust to impute the crime to the assassin, it is highly probable that it was designed

by some of the more unscrupulous adventurers of their faction. The partisans of Pretenders cannot but feel that the value of the prize which they seek to bestow on a favourite claimant is greatly diminished by a precedent of regicide. Don CARLOS or Don ALFONSO would reign but insecurely in the room of a murdered rival; and it may be added that their supporters, with the exception perhaps of a few Carlist priests, are rather political conspirators than blind enthusiasts. The right and the duty of putting kings to death by private violence have from BRUTUS to MAZZINI been habitually preached, and sometimes practised, by zealous Republicans. It is not indeed certain that a vacancy of the throne resulting from assassination would not be filled by a successor; but the Republicans are probably convinced that their party would be the first to profit by surprise and by the consequent anarchy. The FIESCHIS and ORSINIS who attempted the life of LOUIS PHILIPPE and of NAPOLEON III. were invariably Republicans; and the chiefs of the Paris Commune, who may be regarded as the political counterparts of the extreme Republicans of Spain, perpetrated the wholesale murders which have since been avowed and defended by the organs of the International League in England. The KING will derive a double advantage from the attack on his person and from its failure, if the popular indignation is aroused against his most dangerous adversaries. The ancient theory that treason is a far greater crime than simple murder is thoroughly sound, although in modern times it has been forgotten or disputed. In putting to death a ruler who has been accepted or tolerated by the community the assassin inflicts both injury and insult on the entire nation; and at the same time he renders the necessary task of government additionally difficult and dangerous. Nothing but evil has resulted from the crime which deprived Spain of the firm hand which had from the time of the September Revolution controlled the army and the people. The murder of King AMADEO would still further augment the confusion which followed the death of PRIM.

All the factions which are or have been in opposition since the commencement of the present reign have in a degree, and for the most part unconsciously, countenanced the erroneous theory which culminates in regicide. The Bourbonist grandees have held aloof from the society of the Court; and recently many persons of considerable rank have signed a document in favour of the young Pretender, while they at the same time profess to abstain from conspiracies against the present KING. The Liberal followers of ZORRILLA, with two or three exceptions, rudely absented themselves from the Palace, because the KING, in the exercise of his discretion, had allowed SAGASTA to try the chances of a dissolution. All factions agree in exhibiting disrespect to the representative of the national sovereignty whenever he refuses to be their instrument or their ally. Jacobins and Socialists think that they draw a logical inference from the commonly accepted doctrine when they assume that they are entitled to kill the obnoxious personage whom rival factions are content merely to annoy. Continental nations who think fit to maintain monarchical institutions will do much for the establishment of constitutional government when they adopt the English maxim that the King can do no wrong. The agents of the Crown may conveniently be held responsible for acts which cannot be accomplished without their concurrence. It is only by the enjoyment of immunities conceded for the public good that the sovereign can perform his proper function of mediation and superintendence. An hereditary GLADSTONE, or even an hereditary PERL, would provoke intolerable jealousies on the part of those who might conscientiously disapprove of his character and policy. King AMADEO understands better than any of his subjects the difference between a King and a leader of a political party. If the Republicans hereafter succeed in overthrowing the Monarchy, the difference between a President elected by the aid of numbers or force and an impartial King will perhaps be tardily appreciated. A country in the condition of Spain cannot afford to amuse itself by calculating the comparative chances of a GARRETT or a GRAM, who is not expected to do much good, and who would be incapable of causing serious harm; nor have the Spaniards learned from the Americans the invaluable lesson of acquiescing in the decision of a majority.

Little information can be gained from the promises which ZORRILLA makes on behalf of his new Progressive Ministry. General phrases about liberty and law, and constitution are in other parts of the world indefinite, and modern Spanish history has repeatedly proved that in that country political professions are absolutely without meaning. It was necessary that the Cortes, which constituted a large

majority hostile to the Government, should be immediately dissolved; and it is thought that even without undue interference the Government will succeed in reversing the result of the last election. The scheme for reorganising the army which, according to report, has been devised by General CORDOBA as Minister of War, may have graver consequences than any appeal to the constituencies. It is said that the Government is about to effect large reductions in the regular army, and at the same time to imitate the modern fashion of providing an enormous reserve of militia. Unless General CORDOBA has been misrepresented, his scheme appears to be both dangerous and probably impracticable. The proposed reduction of the numbers of the army will create formidable discontent among the officers; and it is unreasonable at a time when the Government has the greatest difficulty in providing troops for the necessities of the public service. If the Government persists in arming a large portion of the population, it will cause unqualified mischief. The members of the respectable classes are seldom inclined to play at soldiers; and Socialist workmen will almost certainly use any military power which they may acquire for political purposes. There was some excuse for the fatal blunder of arming the disaffected populace of Paris against the foreign besieger, but an armed multitude in Spain would have no opportunity of using its weapons except for civil war. It is not pretended that Spain is exposed to even the remotest risk of invasion; and it has colonies to defend which require the services of regular troops. The reduction of the army at present would mean the abandonment of Cuba; and it is not impossible that the militia which is to take the place of a standing army might represent by a revolt the popular indignation which would be aroused by the loss of the colony. Of all countries on the Continent of Europe Spain is the least likely to require for any legitimate purpose a general levy of the population; but large non-professional armaments are favoured by extreme Liberals and by Republicans, and General CORDOBA probably desires to consult the popular taste.

#### MR. JUSTICE KEOGH.

THE question which has been raised by Mr. BUTT's motion for the dismissal and degradation of Mr. Justice KEOGH is in itself a very simple one, and although, in deference to the Irish members, there is to be a second night's debate, the subject may be regarded as practically exhausted. Mr. BUTT's own speech supplied, in fact, a sufficient and obvious answer to his motion, and no further argument was necessary to show that it was groundless and uncalled for. He proposed that the House of Commons should resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House to consider Mr. Justice KEOGH's judgment on the Galway Election Petition, and the complaints that had been made as to the partisan and political character of the Judge's observations. In the event of this motion being agreed to, Mr. BUTT was prepared to move in Committee that Mr. Justice KEOGH had "abused his position as a Judge of election petitions by delivering a violent personal and partisan address"; that he had thereby caused great scandal in Ireland, and shaken the confidence of the people in the administration of justice; and that, in consequence of this misconduct and its results, "his continuance on the Bench had become inconsistent with the interest of the public and the honour of the Crown." Mr. BUTT's speech altogether failed to support these allegations. He read passages from Mr. Justice KEOGH's address, and had no difficulty in showing that it contained a good many loose, irrelevant, and inconsequential remarks, as well as personal attacks of a violent and offensive character. There can be no doubt that, from a literary point of view, the judgment is very poor stuff, that it is marked both by bad taste and bad temper, and sinks in some parts into sheer buffoonery. The Judge begins by a series of extravagant compliments to the counsel engaged in the case, "the great man who leads for the petitioner," the junior, the sheriff, and the policeman on duty in Court. He had begun his career as a member of the Galway Circuit, and he seems to have thought that this would be an excellent opportunity to show that the old glories of Irish eloquence were not altogether at an end. He takes what he calls a rapid glance at the historical, geographical, moral, and political position of the county, interspersed with autobiographical recollections, local gossip, and elegant quotations to show what a clever fellow the Judge is, and how much he knows about everything and everybody. He has Brann and the Father at his fingers' ends, and at every other sentence he flies off

a tangent from the question before him to discourse on the heroism of the majestic CROMWELL, the profligate abbes of the French Revolution, Mr. BURKE, or the Waldenses. The Irish have a very expressive, though vulgar, name for this kind of rambling, helter-skelter talk; and anybody who wants to know what "bletherumskye" is will find it to perfection in Mr. Justice KEOGH's address. Mr. Justice KEOGH, however, has been for some fifteen years on the Bench, and his style of oratory was pretty well formed, and sufficiently well known, before he was made a Judge. It is not to be supposed that this is the first time his utterances have been wanting in classic repose or judicial solemnity; but it does not appear that there have ever before been any complaints on this score. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the judgment has proved unpalatable to the Irish clergy, not because it is deficient in the graces of style, but because the findings which it embodies happen to strike at the authority of their order. In one sense it is quite true that the judgment is of a personal and partisan character. It is personal because it singles out certain persons by name, and imputes criminal conduct to them; and it is partisan because the Judge certainly takes part against the priests, and condemns their conduct. But in this sense all judgments are partisan and personal; and the important distinction must not be lost sight of between a summing-up for the guidance of a jury and the definite decision of a Judge. Mr. Justice KEOGH had only to express his own conclusions, and he was entitled to pass over such matters as he deemed trivial and unimportant.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL had no difficulty in showing how completely Mr. BUTT had failed to make out his case. The judgment might, or might not, be characterized by faults of taste and temper, and on that point Sir J. COLERIDGE gave no opinion, although, when he expressed his thankfulness that it was not necessary for him to do so, he perhaps left it to be inferred that he had personally no relish for Mr. Justice KEOGH's exuberant rhetoric. But faults of style in the language of a judgment are not an offence of sufficient gravity to be punished by degradation from the Bench. The important thing is, that the judgment shall be fair and just in its practical conclusions. Of course it is desirable that a Judge should uniformly express himself with judicial calmness and dignity, but Judges after all are only men, and in ascending the Bench they do not put off the frailties of humanity. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, speaking with twenty-five years' experience of English Courts, was constrained to admit that barristers in this country have occasionally to submit to the introduction of irrelevant topics, and intemperate expressions, and even to unmanly interruptions from the Bench. We suspect there are very few cases in which the counsel on the defeated side are entirely satisfied either with the law or manners of the Judge who summed up or gave a decision against them, and there can be no doubt that even the best Judges are not invariably devoid of prejudice, or infallible in their interpretation of the law. Judgments are frequently reversed; but it is unusual to propose that a Judge should be dismissed because he has given an erroneous decision, still less that he should be dismissed for giving a sound decision in language of perhaps unnecessary violence. In order to justify so serious a step as the degradation of a Judge, it must be shown that he has not only given a wrong decision, but that he has done so from corrupt motives; and this is where Mr. BUTT's indictment against Mr. Justice KEOGH altogether broke down. Mr. BUTT professed to believe, that the fact that the Government had resolved to prosecute only twenty out of the thirty-six persons reported by Mr. Justice KEOGH to have been guilty of undue influence, amounted to an admission that those who are to be let alone were unjustly accused. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL explained that while thirty-six persons in all had been reported as guilty of undue influence, twenty of them had been reported as guilty of a particular form of intimidation, namely, denunciations from the altar, and the law officers of the Crown had resolved to prosecute the latter simply because their misconduct was of a very flagrant character, and there appeared to be sufficient evidence to ensure a conviction. The others might be equally guilty, but the evidence against them was less decisive.

It is important to remember that the report of an election Judge in regard to persons whom he believes to have been guilty of improper practices does not amount to an absolute conviction. Nobody can be convicted without being brought to trial, and the persons who are to be prosecuted now have an opportunity of defending themselves. The report of the election Judge is, in a manner, analogous to that of a police magistrate committing a prisoner for trial,

and the law officers of the Crown are the grand jury who decide whether a true bill has been found. The determination of the Government to prosecute the twenty priests and prelates enumerated by the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL is creditable to their courage and impartiality; but it would, perhaps, have been well that they should have taken upon themselves the responsibility of meeting Mr. BUTT's motion by a distinct resolution, instead of leaving the defence of the Judge to the enterprise of private members. Mr. PIM proposed that the House, while regretting that Mr. Justice KEOGH should have used intemperate language, should declare that there was no ground for removing him from the Bench; but an opinion which might be reasonably expressed in private conversation acquires a more serious import when expressed in a solemn manner by the House of Commons. It is neither desirable nor necessary that Parliament should bestow its attention on such a comparatively trifling matter as the oratorical flourishes of a judicial decision, or weaken the authority of a Judge by censuring him for an indiscretion which does not warrant his removal from the Bench. Mr. H. JAMES, in a vigorous speech, justified Mr. Justice KEOGH's outspoken condemnation of a formidable plot on the part of the priesthood to destroy freedom of election, and showed that by the admission of the Bishops the introduction of names or matters of political controversy into addresses from the altar was expressly forbidden by the Synod of Thurles. Mr. Justice LAWSON, it must be remembered, spoke quite as strongly of the misconduct of the priests as Mr. Justice KEOGH, and even the prelates and priests whom Cardinal CULLEN convoked at Dublin did not attempt to deny that "indiscretions" had been committed by their brethren in Galway. The truth would seem to be that the policy of the Roman Catholic Church at that moment required that the clergy should run the risk of violating the law. In a neighbouring county the priests had, in some degree, taken part against a Home Rule candidate who had succeeded in spite of them. It was necessary to prove that in Galway at least the Church was supreme. A Home Rule candidate was brought into visible and ostentatious subjection to the Archbishop. The tenants were apprised that, if they wanted to get the better of the landlords, they must go with the priests, who would enforce the precedent of the Port-a-Carron award, and compel the restoration of land to evicted tenants. On the other hand, the landlords were reminded that they too must submit, or it would be the worse for them. It was a pretty scheme, but unfortunately the priests, in their desire to advertise their power, brought themselves into collision with the law. It is unnecessary to assume that no jury will be found to convict them; but even if this apprehension should prove true—and experience of past trials is not encouraging—it is no reason why the prosecutions should not be carried out. It will at least be made apparent that the Government is determined to do its part in enforcing the law, and in time it may be hoped that, under the influence of a more healthy public opinion, the people will not refrain from lending their assistance.

#### THE AMERICAN ARGUMENT.

IN one of his despatches on the Indirect Claims Mr. FISH denounced the remarkable proposition that arbitration, so far from being a contrivance for the amicable settlement of international differences, was rather the commencement of a new quarrel, inasmuch as it furnished an occasion for the production of irritating statements and arguments. Philanthropists in both countries who had prematurely congratulated themselves on the adoption of their principles by the Governments which framed the Treaty of Washington probably took exception to Mr. FISH's cynical declaration; but the counsel for the United States have to the best of their ability justified the opinion of the SECRETARY OF STATE by the bitter and hostile spirit in which they have thought fit to conduct the litigation. It might well have been thought incredible that the eminent lawyers who represent the American Government should remark that "The British Government must be in desperate straits for defence when" it condescends to resuscitate the stale calumnies of an *homme* "and like JOHN LAIRD, and to put them into its Case." Ordinary good-breeding and courtesy are not inconsistent with forensic vigour. The "Argument of the United States," issued before the withdrawal of the Indirect Claims, and not afterwards modified, confirms the conjecture that the American Government would, if the Claims had been referred to the Arbitrators, have used its utmost efforts to urge the de-

mands which it has in almost express terms admitted to be extortionate and unjust. The elaborate arguments which are adduced in support of the Indirect Claims have now become irrelevant; but they are probably retained because they are connected with the declamatory vituperation which occupies a large portion of the entire document. For their own purposes, indeed, even the United States' counsel are capable of being complimentary to an English jurist; and the present respectable Judge of the Court of Admiralty will perhaps be surprised to find that some ambiguous passages in his work on International Law have earned for him the assertion that, "apart from his eminence as a judge and a statesman, he is *facile princeps* among the authorities of his class in "Great Britain." Mr. CORDEN's exaggerated rhetoric is for the third or fourth time exhumed in proof that an eminent English politician admitted or anticipated the most extravagant charges which have been advanced against his country. It is apparently impossible for Americans to understand that the unlimited freedom of opinion which prevails in England sometimes finds expression in vehement attacks on the policy of the Government and of the majority. Unfortunately there is in this case no reciprocity, as American orators never, even for polemical purposes, deviate into justice or generosity to England. If Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT had been American citizens, they could not have devoted themselves with more unquestioning zeal to the vindication of the Federal cause.

It would be both useless and improper to discuss the questions which are now under the consideration of the Arbitrators; but a great part of the American Argument is entirely outside the subject-matter of the reference, having apparently been introduced by the counsel to gratify their own ill-will, or that which they attribute to their countrymen. By the 7th Article of the Treaty the powers of the Arbitrators are limited to the inquiry whether Great Britain has or has not failed to fulfil the duties set forth in the new rules, or recognized by the principles of international law not inconsistent with such rules. A further restriction is contained in the provision that the Tribunal shall certify the results of such inquiry with reference to the *Alabama* and the other cruisers included in the same category; yet the Argument, like the original Case, digresses into the question of the Proclamation of Neutrality and into other issues still more irrelevant. The hand of Mr. CUSHING may be traced in a far-fetched attack on the English Government for the alleged enlistment during the Russian war of certain English subjects temporarily resident in the United States. At that time Mr. CUSHING, then Attorney-General, expressed a hope that the verdict of the jury and the judgment of the Court would "rebound against" the throne of Queen VICTORIA. He and his colleagues now found on the transaction an elaborate sneer at the difficulty which England has sometimes experienced in the enlistment of troops. "We understand," they say, "how the British Minister fell into the error of thus exposing to the gaze of the world on this occasion the difficulty of obtaining troops at home. In former wars, as we in the United States had sad experience, it had been the custom of Great Britain thus to act, at a period of time when the enlistment of foreign troops was a practice all but universal in Europe." Mr. CUSHING refers to GEORGE III.'s Hessian regiments which served against the Colonists during the Rebellion, while on the other side LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU could scarcely be considered indigenous Americans. It might have been thought that the grievance of nearly a hundred years ago had but little relation to the depredations of the *Alabama*. The alleged enlistments during the Russian war were not of Hessians but of Englishmen or Canadians. Assuredly Mr. FISH judged accurately when he foretold that arbitration would afford great facilities for the exhibition of rudeness and of spite. The perfect consistency of the substance of the Argument with its manner is proved by the avowed claim for vindictive and punitive damages. The liability arising from failure of duty as to all or any of the cruisers can scarcely be assessed by an examination of the motives of the English Government; and the counsel for the United States must be fully aware that no such claim was contemplated as possible by the English Government when it concluded the Treaty of Washington. If a failure of duty occurred, it is beyond the province of the Arbitrators to inquire whether Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. GLADSTONE wished for the success or failure of the Confederate secession.

It is well that the right of a sovereign Power to determine for itself the time of recognizing insurgents as belligerents was not submitted to arbitration, but the contention on the subject which is involuntarily and superfluously framed by



the American counsel would in any case have refuted itself. "So long," they say, "as the rebellion in the United States remained unaccompanied with belligerent rights, all maritime warfare in its name would have borne the legal character of piratical violence and robbery." If the Confederates had been pirates at sea they would have been felons on land; yet the Government of the United States accorded them the rights of lawful belligerents, and the Supreme Court ruled that a regular state of war existed at the very time when the fact was recognized by the English Government, at the instance of one of the most earnest advocates of the United States. According to Mr. CUSHING and his colleagues, the officers and crew of any Confederate cruiser would, but for the QUEEN'S Proclamation, have been legally and justly liable to capital punishment in England. The proposition is in itself utterly untenable; for any competent Court would have been bound on the evidence of the President's declaration of blockade to adjudge that the Confederates were entitled to the rights of belligerents. The QUEEN'S Proclamation operated merely as a caution to her own subjects, and in no way enlarged the rights which had previously been conferred on the Confederates by the act of the American Government. It is strange that the counsel for the United States should fail to understand that the alternative of lawful belligerency or piracy is in itself conclusive as to the condition of the Confederate cruisers. That a league of eight or nine States, known to the American Constitution as sovereign, and exercising undisputed jurisdiction and authority within their own territories, should be described as a horde of rebels and pirates, is an outrage on common sense. The majority of American politicians and jurists, including both Mr. BUCHANAN and Mr. LINCOLN, had up to the date of the secession held that, whether or not it was morally justifiable, the outgoing States could not be reclaimed by force. When the Proclamation of Neutrality was issued, nearly all Englishmen, and the great majority of Americans, believed in perfect good faith that the disruption would be permanent. The disabilities which were afterwards imposed on the defeated party proceeded from the will of the conqueror enforced by his own legislation. It is not known that the question whether secession was lawful has up to the present time been determined by any American tribunal. For foreign Powers it was enough to know that the Confederate Government exhibited all the characteristics of a self-governed and independent community. The insurgents of Cuba, whose relations to the American Government are noticed in the course of the Argument, have no definite territory, no Government, and no army.

On the necessary assumption of the capacity and integrity of the Geneva Tribunal there is no reason to regard the result of the inquiry with anxiety, although it may possibly involve pecuniary loss to England. If the Government and people of the United States, in accordance with their engagements, accept the decision of the Arbitrators as a termination not only of litigious proceedings but of the one-sided quarrel with England, the precedent of reference to arbitration may perhaps hereafter be followed. Verbal abuse is less injurious than warlike operations; and the representatives of England have with wisdom and dignity, during the course both of the previous negotiations and of the litigation, abstained from retaliation or reciprocal discourtesy. There is reason to believe that, in spite of the efforts of Mr. FISH and of the American agents and counsel, the award will be regarded in the United States as an amicable settlement of the dispute. Already Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and his Government have with much ingenuity persuaded themselves that the Arbitrators have adjudicated on the Indirect Claims, which they in fact denounced by anticipation, and without claiming or exercising jurisdiction, as intrinsically monstrous. It is possible that the offensive language of the Case and Argument may not present to its authors the same pugnacious and irritating character which has caused surprise and disappointment in England. In the probable contingency of the refusal of the Arbitrators to discuss the motives or the past history of the English Government, the American counsel will perhaps be content to have liberated their own souls by adherence to the national tradition. The Arbitrators have, with sound judgment, resolved to conduct the inquiry in private; and even if they ask to hear the oral arguments of counsel, there is no pleasure in quarrelling without an audience. On the whole, there is now reason to hope for a satisfactory result.

#### THE FRENCH LOAN.

THE French Loan is the great event of the day, and over all Europe is exciting intense interest. It is a gigantic affair—140 millions sterling to be offered for subscription in a few hours, and a good prospect of its being three or four times covered. The thrifty French peasant will have its attractions submitted to him to-morrow, with everything done in the way of facility of subscription and exalted motives to induce him to draw upon his hoards; while, even for big capitalists, the operations it will involve are very big. The price of issue is to be 84½ per cent., and as the full interest is to begin to run at once, and allowances for prepayment in anticipation of instalments are to be made, the price is reduced to 80½ to those who are in a position to take full advantage of the offers of the Government. Is it at this price a good investment? It is, we are inclined to think, a good investment for those who intend to hold, but it is a doubtful investment for those who only subscribe to sell out at a premium; and if it were not for those who subscribe with the intention of making a profit quickly, the vast amount anticipated would never be subscribed. The French will have to find most of the money, and the wish to free the country from the foreigner, and the temptation of lending money to the State so as to produce more than six per cent. to the investor, will perhaps act powerfully enough to ensure a large portion of the French share of the subscriptions being filled up. But when French newspapers speak in high glee of the loan being covered three or four times, it is certain that if the event proves them right, as may not improbably be the case, the bulk of the subscriptions will be made by persons who think that they are going to clear something handsome by the transaction. The question for those who regard the loan in this light is whether it will command a high premium during the next few months. This, it must be repeated, is a totally different question from that which has reference to the intrinsic merit of the investment. French Five per Cent. Rentes are cheap at 80½, and if things go reasonably well with France for the next few years, if there is no civil war, no planning for revenge against Germany, no shrinking from the burdens of taxation, the loan will no doubt touch par, and investors will have made a benefit of five-and-twenty per cent. on their outlay. But there are many considerations which should make persons hesitate who do not mean to invest in the loan, but who think it worth while to subscribe for the chance of selling soon at a premium.

The magnitude of the operation is in itself somewhat against the notion of such a speculation being prudent. The amount of the loan will probably be 140 millions nominal, and as 14½ per cent. is to be paid on subscription, the deposits on application will reach 20 millions. If the loan was really covered four times, the deposits would reach the enormous sum of 80 millions. This would disorganize the whole system of French business, and would cause very considerable difficulty in most European financial centres. The French Government has therefore felt itself obliged to allow that subscriptions in France by large capitalists may be made, not in cash, but by lodging securities with the Government. This will undoubtedly ease the market, and make the operation practicable at the outset. But if the real nature of the subscription under these circumstances is attended to, it will be seen how very doubtful it is whether anything like the bulk of the persons who have thus locked up a vast amount of securities will be in a position to command a premium sufficient to compensate for the trouble they have taken. In order to take the full benefit of the Government offer, it will be necessary to pay up the whole at an early date, and not to pay by instalments. Where is the money to come from? It is always taken for granted that the bulk of the permanent holders of the loan will be Frenchmen; and how are Frenchmen to get enough to pay up the loan in full, and also to pay a premium on it? for unless genuine French buyers give a premium, there will be none to be got. It is said that the money will be forthcoming out of the hoards of gold stowed away in France. The notes of the Bank of France, being inconvertible, have driven the gold circulation out of the field; but the amount of gold known to be exported from France since the war is much less than the gold coinage thus driven out of circulation. The conclusion is that the difference is hoarded in the country, which would appear to be a reasonable conclusion; and it is also assumed that these hoards will all be brought out to pay up subscriptions for the loan, which is only a matter of guesswork. The real opinion of the French Government would seem to be the other way; for by

the terms of the loan provision is made most carefully for the payment of the bulk of what is subscribed for by easy instalments, spread over nearly two years. The price of the loan will be largely determined for a long time to come by the amount that is left to be paid by instalments, and by the ease with which these instalments are paid. Let us suppose, which is not an extravagant supposition, that one half of the loan has to be paid up by instalments in France, and that a large proportion of these instalments are payable by comparatively poor people, by small traders, and shopkeepers, and peasants. In any case the pressure of finding the money as it became due would bear heavily on such people; but it must be remembered that it will now come upon them exactly at the time when the burden of their new taxation is being every day more felt. What, as a matter of fact, has happened with regard to the last loan of the city of Paris is worth attending to. It was covered three times, it commanded a tempting premium, it was a security particularly attractive to the small Parisian capitalist. Yet the 500 francs bond is now quoted at 27 francs discount below the nominal price at which it was issued; and the simple explanation is that speculation in it is over, and that poor people find themselves oppressed by instalments which they can only meet with difficulty, and sell at a sacrifice in order to escape the liability. The French loan of last year, again, which at one time touched 10 per cent. premium, now commands scarcely any premium at all. Those who a few months ago bought it so much above what they could get it for now are not likely to burn their fingers very quickly again. If, therefore, the very moderate premium, scarcely above one per cent., which the new loan now commands were to represent the average premium which the loan would command whilst the instalments were being paid up, the result would be as good as prudent Frenchmen, forecasting the future of their country, could reasonably anticipate.

The issue of the loan has exercised a very remarkable influence over the recent history of French politics. It has made M. THIERS the recognized master of France and the Assembly. He has got everything he wanted to get. He has shown the Right that they must bow to him, and the Left that they must look to him for guidance. No party could dare to do anything which impatient patriots might represent as likely to injure the success of the loan on which the freedom of French soil depends. No party dared to refuse any contribution to the success of the loan which the eminent person responsible for its issue represented as indispensable. A majority of 97 last Saturday sanctioned the taxes on raw materials by which M. THIERS says the Budget is to be balanced and the credit of France made secure. On the previous day the PRESIDENT made a great speech in which he demolished all the arguments against these taxes to his complete satisfaction. He was sure of victory, was in the highest good humour, and disported himself among statistics and arguments exactly as he pleased. He paid a graceful homage to his rivals by assuring them that the new taxes had nothing to do with Protection, and that they were merely imposed for fiscal purposes. He also offered himself as a man of extreme moderation, contented to render his country one half of the service he knew how to render it. He could put on taxes on raw materials that would bring in 8 millions sterling and never be felt by anybody. But ignorant people seemed inclined to quarrel with him if he proposed this; and therefore, for the sake of peace and goodwill, he would limit himself to getting nearly 4 millions out of his favourite taxes. Substantially all his arguments were reducible to one, and this was that, after the duties were put on, consumers would buy the manufactured articles as readily as before, so the State would gain and no one would lose. It was not to be supposed that a lady who wanted a new silk dress would suffer herself to be deprived of it because it cost half-a-sovereign more than she had been accustomed to give. M. THIERS evidently believes quite honestly in this golden rule of taxation, and, if it is true, he seems right in wondering why there should be any limit to taxation, and why any one should grumble at things being dearer when he or she will equally have them whatever the price may be. His hearers neither affected nor needed to be convinced. They were there to vote as he desired, that they might please him who could do them so much harm or good, and that the loan might be a success. A short time ago M. THIERS promised that before the recess he would give a general exposition of what he conceived to be the political situation of France. But there now seems to be a feeling growing up that such an exposition is unnecessary. This feeling seems amply justified. The politics of France are for

the moment merged in obedience to M. THIERS and hoping for the success of the loan; and such a very simple state of things may well be left to describe itself to France and the world.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE meeting of a score or two of obscure agitators at Nottingham as a Federal Council of the International Association scarcely deserved the compliment of a report in the *Times*; but perhaps it may sometimes be useful to study the opinions and designs of revolutionists who may possibly in some future condition of affairs become formidable. The assembled delegates resolved, as might be expected, that it was desirable to organize a party of labour which should be independent of existing political divisions. Every petty knot of zealots always holds that the exclusive assertion of its own doctrines is an object of immediate and paramount necessity. The Nottingham demagogues have, in default of foreign teaching, scarcely risen to the height of the Communist argument. One of their most thoroughgoing orators asserted that the employer, unless he took a personal share in production, was entitled only to five per cent. on his capital. As it would be found impossible to enforce the limitation as long as the right of property was recognized, English Internationalists will soon adopt from their foreign colleagues the simpler principle that no man has a right to any possession excepting the result of his own recent earnings. For the risk which coexists with large trade profits the genuine revolutionist makes no allowance; nor is he concerned with the difficulty of attracting capital into trade if profits are reduced to the level of interest. Several of the delegates protested loudly against the rules of political economy, and especially against the inevitable connexion of supply with demand. They are probably of opinion that in a well-governed social Republic the consumer would be compelled on pain of death to purchase the produce which required a market. The law of supply and demand is not so universally necessary as the law of gravitation, because it would perhaps be possible to govern the world like a regiment or a prison, by despotic power applied to the minutest details of life; but so long as property exists it is as difficult to escape from the rules of political economy as to float up without mechanical aid from the surface of the earth. The humble demagogues who assembled at Nottingham probably take for granted the continuance, in a modified form, of the existing fabric of society. They even like to have rank to envy, and wealth to threaten with confiscation, as their imagination has not yet realized a possible world of workmen. It is also pleasant to observe that they share the instinctive love of Englishmen for practical details relating to their own organization. Much of the time of the Congress was devoted to discussing the rules of the Association, and a resolution was passed that documents issued by the Council should be signed by all the members. They had probably not forgotten the approval of the Paris murders which was issued in the name of the International Council by one of their foreign leaders. English opinion is not yet sufficiently informed to approve of the slaughter in cold blood even of priests and archbishops. As it was remarked by one of the opponents of the resolution, distrust of the majority was inconsistent with the mysterious principle which is known by the foreign name of solidarity; but on the whole it is better to be imperfectly solidarized than to become, without provocation or profit, an accomplice after the fact in assassination. A proposal that the Federal Councils should communicate directly with one another, instead of transmitting their messages through the General Council, seems to be another symptom of want of solidarity or of confidence. If the subordinate branches of the International Society become mutinous, the unity of action which the Association professes to establish will be gravely impaired.

According to some accounts, the English Trade Unions are dissatisfied with the working of the International, and even meditate a secession from its ranks. Although the more prominent demagogues were perfectly ready to adopt the subversive theories propounded at Basle or Geneva, the primary interest of their constituents is confined to economical and industrial questions. Without objecting to the French projects for the extinction of the middle classes and of wages, English artisans are in the meantime bent on raising their own wages to the highest possible standard. They were mainly attracted to the International by the prospect of excluding by its influence the cheap foreign labour which might otherwise be brought into competition with their own. The murder of the Archbishop of Paris, and the

apology of the International chiefs for its perpetrators, had not the manifest tendency to help the workman in his struggle with the capitalist. At present the working classes, who are everywhere dictating to their employers, seem to have little need of external support. The English artisan is perfectly able to take care of himself, and he is likely to feel a certain contempt for foreigners who, with all their fine phrases, accomplish their objects less effectually than himself. Another difficulty must impede the co-operation of an English Union or Club with a body which national habits and penal legislation have reduced to the rank of a secret society. The large tolerance of English law or practice for mischievous or seditious nonsense compels projects such as those of the Nottingham Congress to explode in the open air, while foreign revolutionists are always hoping to subvert the social order by which they are forcibly compressed. If the Spanish Government should at any time renew its urgent request for combined measures of coercion against the International Society, Lord GRANVILLE might justify his refusal by a reference to the insignificant agitation at Nottingham. It is not worth while to prevent a handful of malcontents from addressing one another by the absurd title of Citizen, or even to silence their ignorant denunciations of capital. If the impunity allowed to demagogues sometimes appears to involve a questionable policy, timid minds may be reassured by the certainty that in England there are no secret plots against authority and society. When an indignant citizen has any quarrel with existing institutions, instead of planning a murder or a riot, he takes the opportunity of earning cheap applause from his associates by proclaiming his conclusions in the most exaggerated form. If the ODGERS and the BRADLAUGHS were to think that the time had come for establishing a Republic, they would scarcely be able to proclaim a revolution in phrases stronger than the language which they and their allies employ on ordinary occasions. The most intelligent leaders of the Trade Unions have never heartily responded to Mr. BRIGHT's invitation that they should devote their energies to political objects. Some at least of the workmen in the building trade who are now out of work in London have formally refused to take part in the intended mob meeting of the Trades. They are prudent in postponing as long as possible a rupture with all classes of society which are attached to the cause of law and order.

In the course of a discussion on the place at which the next meeting was to be held, some of the delegates at Nottingham objected to the selection of Manchester, on the ground that Lancashire had apostatized to Tory principles. An advocate of Manchester of course replied that the people of Lancashire had been alienated from Liberalism by its lukewarm character. It was wholly unnecessary to explain the antagonism of revolutionary artisans to manufacturers who may profess to be Liberals. The Conservatism of Lancashire has been created by a reaction against the old Corn Law League, which attempted to preserve its organization for the purpose of controlling elections, after its original object had been accomplished. Among the crowds which assembled to hear Mr. DISRAELI saying little in many words, were probably included many artisans; but few of them would consent to be included in the imaginary category of the Conservative working-men. The only really popular Conservatism in Lancashire during the last general election was founded on local antipathy to Irishmen, whom Mr. GLADSTONE was supposed to favour. At the same time it may be admitted that Liberalism, whether enthusiastic or lukewarm, has few charms for the members of the Trade Unions or the International Society. Mr. COBDEN, the typical saint or hero of Manchester, was once defined by an imaginative satirist as an inspired bagman who believed in a calico millennium where everybody would buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. The gloomy citizens who met at Nottingham have no taste for a paradise of applied political economy, and they are fully determined that, as far as they can exercise control, the products of their labour shall not be sold in the cheapest market. The alarming rise in prices has reminded even the thoughtless portion of the community that the rights of labour mean the scarcity and dearth of commodities. In the course of next winter the skilled London mechanic will shiver for the benefit of the colliers who, on the strictest Trade Union principles, have combined to restrict the supply of fuel and to enhance its price. The same cause, combined with the successful assertion of the rights of workers in iron, will add a large percentage to the price of tools; and the increased cost of coal for manufacturing purposes will be added to the price of every thing of fabric which is made by steam. The economic teachers of the artisans generally assume that the amount of

consumption is unchangeable, and that a more equitable division of profits between the employer and the workman would have no bearing either on the accumulation of capital or on its returns. If the strike in the building trade is unfortunately prolonged, its consequences will be felt in the rise of house-rent. The carpenters and bricklayers are probably aware that the branch of industry with which they are concerned cannot, like an ordinary manufacture, be driven away to a foreign country; but the great majority of building operations admit of postponement, and often of reduction in scale. In all cases the consumer, who never receives a thought or a word from the working-class orators, suffers more permanently than the capitalist, who adds a percentage to his profits to cover the extortions of his workmen. If capitalists could be prevented from receiving more than ordinary interest on their outlay, the consequent stagnation and decay of industry would cause universal distress; and it would be some consolation that the agitators and their clients would be the first to suffer. The Nottingham agitators hesitated to demand the confiscation of the instruments of industry, by which they probably mean personal property; but they unanimously voted for the nationalization or seizure of land. It is worth observing that the supporters of the most extravagant theories here foreign names; and possibly some of their English colleagues might, if they understood the tendency of their own doctrines, shrink from schemes which would produce universal anarchy and bloodshed.

#### THE EMBANKMENT MUDDLE.

WE are perhaps bound in charity to assume that the exhausting temperature of Monday had something to do with the weak and unsatisfactory conduct of the House of Commons on the Thames Embankment question. Eighty in the shade will account for a good deal. It was the fog-end of a broiling day, and the resolution of members melted away as the thermometer rose. They had just energy enough to reject the obviously unjust and unreasonable proposal for which the Government had contrived, under the forms of the House, to procure the sanction of a small Committee of peculiar composition, with restricted powers and limited range of view, but not to take the next step, and to settle the question once for all in the way that common sense and common honesty alike required. There are different kinds of intimidation, and Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, in urging members to drop the question, had threatened, if they persisted in going on with it, to subject them to some comprehensive remarks, not only on the general principles on which public lands ought to be administered, but on what he called "the æsthetic question of taste." The result was, that the Bill was hastily thrown out by a majority of twenty-one upon a merely dilatory motion. It should be observed, however, that a number of members on both sides of the House voted with the Government for going on with the Bill who were utterly opposed to it as it stood, but who hoped to meet it in Committee upon the main issue. The majority against the Government would have been much greater if the division had been simply on the merits of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's demands. Mr. GLADSTONE observed very truly that the question was a practical one, which had been long discussed, and was now ripe for settlement; and Mr. LOWE had previously declared that the Government was prepared to accept whatever decision might now be arrived at, while giving to Mr. SMITH the comfortable assurance that, if beaten, he would hand over the future conduct of the measure to the member for Westminster, who could not have carried it. Accordingly if Mr. SMITH had turned a deaf ear to Mr. VERNON HARCOURT's blandishments, he would not only have thrown it out, but would have earmarked the assumptions against which he was setting himself. It is probable that the Government, although it unwarrantably repudiated the arbitration of the Committee to which it had itself referred the matter in 1871, and although it has endeavoured, with morbid perversity, to oppose or evade the expressed opinion of the House on this subject, has now discovered that it would be as well to get it settled out of the way. But the division of Monday, instead of settling anything, unsettles everything. The original question is complicated by fresh and unexpected issues. The lion of Northumberland House stretches his long tail across the path; and it is suggested that nothing can be done until, at some indefinite period, it has been decided whether a road to the Embankment shall be carried through the mansion of the PEACOCKS. Mr. LOWE pointed out that the two transactions were quite

distinct, and had no connexion with each other; the land in the one case being to the north, and in the other case to the south, of Whitehall Place. Even assuming that any of the disputed land would be required for a new road, there is no reason why the Metropolitan Board should be precluded from carrying out any arrangement that might be come to with the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND in consequence of this land having come under its own control. On reflection the Board will perhaps come to the conclusion that its financial position is not so flourishing that it can afford to squander its money in wantonly carrying a road through valuable private property, for which heavy compensation will have to be paid, when it can make an equally good or better thoroughfare at infinitely less cost, without destroying an important historical edifice. Meanwhile the Board might, without much expense or difficulty, contrive to improve and multiply the other approaches to the Embankment, which will still have its uses even though the main current of traffic should continue to flow by the Strand.

The question at issue was, and is—for unfortunately it has still to be formally decided—whether the citizens of London should be taxed for their public spirit in constructing at vast expense one of the noblest monuments of the age. There is nothing which has added so much to the dignity and beauty of London as the Thames Embankment, and it seems not unreasonable to assume that the embellishment of the metropolis should be a matter of national pride. The capital is visited in the course of each year, not only by a great concourse of foreigners, but by multitudes from all parts of the country. It is a central spot to which people are drawn by business or pleasure; it is the seat of the Government, of the Legislature, and of the chief courts of law, and it is natural and seemly that everything should be done to make it worthy of the nation. It might have been supposed that the Government and the country would have been grateful to the Londoners for having taken upon themselves the heavy burden of constructing the Embankment, and would have been anxious to make the burden as light as possible for them. There can be no doubt that this is indeed the opinion of the country; but the Government has taken another view. Even if the ground required for the Embankment had been actually in the possession of the Government, a strong case might have been made out for the gift of it, in whole or in part, to the citizens for the purpose of this important work; but in point of fact the Government is asked to give up nothing except a technical right to what it never had, and for the best of reasons, because it did not exist until the citizens created it. It is the principle of the Irish Land Act that the tenant has a right to a share of the increased value of land which has been improved by his exertions. In this instance the land itself was altogether created by the people of London; yet the Government, in defiance of its own legislation for Ireland, is anxious to take advantage of its nominal ownership and purely technical rights to appropriate a large slice of the reclaimed soil. The value of the disputed property has been variously estimated at from 40,000*l.* to 200,000*l.*; but ten years ago it was a mass of foetid slime at the bottom of the river, and not only worthless, but detrimental. Mr. Lowe argues that, as the mud belonged to the Government, therefore the solid ground made out of it belongs to the Government also, and should be purchased by the Metropolitan Board at the market price of the best building land, just as if it had always been in that condition. The Metropolitan Board is entitled to reply that it sunk its money in the river, that it was the money which made the filthy ooze into valuable property, and that it has a right to its money in this new shape. It is surely desirable that municipal bodies should be encouraged to construct such works as the Thames Embankment, and should not be taxed for their liberality and enterprise. If Mr. Lowe's principle is to be fairly carried out, the next Budget should contain a tariff of taxation for every parish pump, for every bit of foul land drained and purified, and every project of sanitary reform. The bargain of 1862 was a very hard one for the Metropolitan Board, and therefore for its constituents, the inhabitants of London. The Woods and Forests interfered at the last moment, and declared that they would stop the Bill unless they were allowed to dictate their own terms. They had always been against the Embankment, and the terms were probably not the less onerous on that account. Several of the members of the Committee on the Bill afterwards stated in the House that they would not have sanctioned such extortionate conditions except under the peculiar pressure which the Woods and Forests were enabled to apply. It was natural and inevitable

that a bargain driven in this manner should some day be revised; and the recommendation of the large and authoritative Committee of last year, that the ground should be leased to the Metropolitan Board at a nominal rent, after the precedent established in the case of the Crown lessees upon the Embankment, offered a just and reasonable solution of the difficulty, if so simple a question can, without an abuse of language, be called a difficulty. The proposal of this year's Bill was an illogical application of a false principle. The price put on the ground, as that Bill was brought in by the Government at the beginning of the Session—namely, 40,000*l.*—was too high or too low; too high if only a nominal value was to be fixed, too low if it was to be assumed that the Government was selling a substantial property for which it was bound to exact something like its real value. The proposal to which the Committee of 1872, under the skilful guidance of the Government, committed itself, was as bad in principle, though less inflated as to the figures; the money was cut down to 3,000*l.*, but the extent of ground to be surrendered was disproportionately abridged.

Mr. Lowe once observed that no one had a right to be generous with other people's money, but it does not follow that a trustee should invariably make a shabby and ungenerous use of the funds he has to administer. An administrator is bound to make the best use of the property in his hands for the benefit of those for whom he is acting. If a tenant built costly offices on a farm at his own expense, the landlord's agent would certainly not be promoting his employer's interests by insisting that the tenant should be fined in order to compensate the landlord for having his property improved. The land which the Metropolitan Board reclaimed, and which it expects to keep at a nominal rent, never belonged to the Government; nobody will be any poorer for the Board having it, inasmuch as nobody had it till the Board made it; and it is difficult to see why the State should be enriched because the citizens of London have taxed themselves heavily for an important public improvement. Now that the question has again been postponed, it is necessary to remember that this is something more than a mere question of money. It is a question of secondary importance whether the disputed land shall be held by the Government or by the Metropolitan Board. The essential thing is that a noble situation shall not be ruined for the sake of a canting economy or petty attorneyism. Nothing can be more monstrous than the notion of turning an honest penny by cutting up this fine site into private building sites, and covering it with "eligible family mansions" in the newest style of nondescript art. The ground should be preserved for the public, and dedicated to public uses. The laying out of grass plots and beds of geraniums is not the only or perhaps the highest use to which it is possible to apply an open space. A handsome public building of appropriate elevation, surrounded by public gardens, would satisfy local wants as well as aesthetic and economical conditions. The Government would probably find less difficulty in satisfying the House of Commons on this subject if it could show that the part of the ground which it desired to retain would be used in such a manner as to add to the dignity and picturesqueness of the scene.

#### EDUCATIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

THE passing of the Education Act has not brought us out of the educational wood. Obstacles of all sorts remain to be surmounted or got round. For some years to come each new improvement in educational machinery will enlarge our conception of what it is possible to do, and create a corresponding dissatisfaction with what has been already done. Four conspicuous difficulties have raised their heads during the last few days. The debate on the Education Estimate has suggested three of them; the proceedings in the London police courts have suggested the fourth. It has been evident all along that the great increase of scholars would lead to a proportionate increase in the demand for teachers. The demand has been created by the act of the Legislature; but its supply is left to the energy and foresight of individuals. The objections to the establishment of Government training colleges are obvious. To substitute them for private training colleges would be to attack the voluntary system by a side wind after Parliament has decreed that it shall be maintained. To set them up side by side with private training colleges would be to subject the latter to great disadvantage, and to place the Government in the odious position of being at once judge and competitor. It is needless perhaps to say that Mr. Dixon sees none of these



difficulties. He invariably makes his own wishes the measure of the powers of the Government, and with entire consistency he proposes that the present training colleges, in which the students are boarded as well as taught, should be swept away, and day colleges be established in their stead. Mr. Dixon sees that an undenominational training college is an impossibility if it is anything more than a day college; and the Secularist party is so little given to see facts which conflict with its own theories, that he may claim some credit for the admission. What he does not seem to see is that it is impossible to declare war without accepting the conditions of a state of belligerency. You cannot fight against voluntary schools when it suits you, and yet expect them to work in harmony with you at other times. To sweep away Denominational training colleges would be to announce that the State has no confidence in the teachers turned out by them; to make undenominational training colleges universal would be to make a share in the Parliamentary grant dependent on the acceptance by voluntary school managers of teachers in whom they have no confidence. The inevitable result of this would be a complete dissociation of voluntary effort from public elementary education. It has been decided several times over that this shall not be, and Mr. Dixon would be better advised if he accepted frankly the consequences of his defeat. Until a great change has passed over the mind of the nation as regards elementary schools, Denominational training colleges are simply a necessity. If the advocates of purely secular education like to set up training colleges of their own, no objection can be taken to their doing so. The character of the college from which a teacher has come will be a sufficient index to the nature of the education he has received there, and a sufficient guarantee against his being employed in ignorance of it. There may be cases, too, in which the establishment of a day training college, with provision for religious teaching outside the sphere of college work, will be found a convenient solution of practical difficulties. In this matter uniformity is an evil rather than a good. The object to be attained is the supply in the shortest possible time of as many competent teachers as are wanted, and the best way of attaining it is to give full play to every variety of agency which undertakes to meet the need. If the Government gives impartial aid to all, and special favour to none, there can be no room for jealousy or complaint.

Up to this time the administration of the Education Act has been, by comparison with what it soon will be, an easy labour. The Education Department have been busy in sanctioning the formation of School Boards in parishes where the inhabitants are anxious to form them, or in furthering those voluntary efforts which are to make their formation of School Boards unnecessary. They have passed to the rougher work which awaits the Department in parishes where the energy of the inhabitants is devoted to dispensing with schools altogether, and the change from driving the willing to driving the unwilling horse can hardly fail to be very marked. It is far from improbable that one unexpected result of it will be to necessitate the repeal of that absurd clause in the Education Act which allows School Boards to teach what religion they please, but prohibits them from teaching it in the most convenient way. The refusal of Parliament to insert a similar compromise in the Scotch Act shows how generally it has fallen into discredit, and the Duke of ARGYLL's speech on Lord ROSEBURY's amendment will furnish the Government with unanswerable arguments for abandoning their own invention. So long as no feeling against it is shown by the School Boards themselves, there is of course no adequate reason for disturbing the Act. But when School Boards come to be set up in country parishes where the clergyman and the squire will be the working members, and where the parents of the children are all members of the Church of England, the inconvenience of not being able to teach the Catechism to willing learners in a place where there is no other school in which they can learn it is likely to be keenly felt. There will be no need to make the execution of the Act more difficult than it must anyhow be by adhering to a provision which had no meaning to begin with, and which has conspicuously failed to answer its supposed purpose of conciliating Nonconformists.

There can be no two opinions as to the reasonableness of Sir JOHN LUNNOK's wish that the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic should not form the whole business of elementary schools. He will himself admit, however, that this part of their duty must not be left undone, and that, so long as it is left undone, the attention of the Government must be chiefly directed towards remedying this initial defect. Unfortunately we are yet a long way from that general diffusion

of elementary knowledge which will absolve the Education Department from the duty of making these rudimentary subjects their first care. Even the most hostile critics of the present code admit that its effect has been to force schoolmasters to distribute their attention over the whole of their scholars, instead of giving the lion's share to the most promising. There is very good reason why they should take special pains with this latter class after the minimum of instruction has been effectually conveyed to the whole school. But until this is done a paramount importance must be assigned to elementary knowledge. So far, indeed, as a more general introduction of extra subjects is found to promote good reading there can be no objection to it, but it must be upon the understanding that it is the learning to read and not the knowledge of what is read that is the primary object to be pursued.

The London School Board has at length begun to apply its by-laws for enforcing attendance at school. The excuses offered by defaulting parents may be taken as fairly representing the categories under which such pleas will commonly arrange themselves. Either there was no money to pay the fees, or there were no shoes for the children to go in, or there was no one to see that they went. The first is obviously insufficient, at all events so long as the 25th clause of the Education Act remains in force. But the fact that it is urged points to the eventual abolition of the distinction which the authors of the Act have attempted to draw between inability to give children proper instruction and any other form of destitution. It is generally admitted that a man ought not to be relieved of the duty of educating his children unless his means will not allow him to discharge it, and the law has provided that, in the event of this inability being ascertained to exist, the cost shall be defrayed for him. But how are School Boards to ascertain it? As they have not the means of testing a man's statements, they will be forced to refer to the Guardians for the means of verifying them; and when once a man is brought into contact with the Relieving Officer, it will be very difficult to maintain a line of demarcation between the pauper who has to be assisted out of the poor rate and the non-pauper who has to be assisted out of the education rate. It will be a harder question still to determine what is to be done with children whose parents are willing to send them to school, and able, by some pinching, to pay the school fees, but not able at all times to provide them with sufficient clothing to protect them from the weather, and not willing to send them without such clothing. It will be impossible to punish a parent for keeping his child at home while it is shoeless, and equally impossible to provide the child with shoes at the public expense. This is a real dilemma, and one which, under the operation of compulsory legislation, may easily become serious. The third obstacle, the want of any one to see that the children go to school, is also a real one, but it is not one that need be regarded as formidable. Some kind of agency must eventually be set up to sweep the streets of the ragged and homeless children that now infest them, and as the children who disobey the order to go to school at nine o'clock which their father left them when he went to work at six are not likely to stay indoors all day, they will be enclosed by the same net. Fortunately the difficulties which attend upon compulsion only apply to a small minority of children. The children whose parents cannot find clothes to send them in, the children who have no mother to see that they go, the children who as regards any care their parents take of them are virtually orphans, will be few in number compared with the mass of children to whose parents these and similar cases in the police courts will come as a hint which, however much it may be disliked, will be none the less acted on.

#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE maintainers of capital punishment are naturally tempted to allow their opponents to go unanswered. Why should they take the trouble to refute arguments which have already been refuted over and over again, when the alternative of simply relying on their voting strength lies invitingly open? The history of some similar agitations supplies a reason for taking a different course with regard to this one. It is not safe to assume that a sentimental fallacy has been disposed of for good because it has been disposed of once. The arguments employed against it are forgotten, while the emotion to which it appeals remains, and is continually making new converts. There is no remedy for this but a continual repetition of the same reasoning. There must be

no countenance given to the notion that silent votes mean votes that cannot be defended. It is tedious no doubt to go on slaying the slain, but so long as they display an undiminished power of coming to life again they can be treated in no other way.

It is of course difficult to prove to what extent the punishment of death acts as a deterrent to would-be murderers. Statistics on such a subject are necessarily unsatisfactory, because it is impossible to feel sure that we know all the causes which may have contributed to a given result. On the other hand, it is equally impossible to prove that death is a less deterrent penalty than imprisonment; and unless this fact could be established, the balance of argument would be immensely in favour of retaining capital punishment. Imprisonment is a thoroughly unsatisfactory mode of dealing with aggravated crime. It does not meet the popular idea of justice; and it there were no difference in kind between the treatment of murderers and the treatment of forgers or horse-stealers, execution by lynch law would probably become exceedingly common, while the persons immediately aggrieved by a murder would certainly be tempted, if they had the opportunity, to spare the country the cost of maintaining the murderer for life. It should be remembered in connexion with this view of the subject that very long periods of imprisonment necessitate what appears like extraordinary gentleness in the treatment of prisoners. Solitary confinement or a diet of bread and water continued for years would be indistinguishable from torture. Consequently, in addition to the shock to popular sentiment given by seeing murderers imprisoned instead of hanged, there would be the further shock of knowing that they were passing their imprisonment in what, by comparison with the lot of many innocent persons outside, would be considerable comfort. It is always a misfortune when the law and public feeling are at issue, and in this case they would have been placed in this antagonism by a wanton experiment in legislation.

The more plausible objections to capital punishment which were urged in the debate of Wednesday are really objections to defects in the law under which it is administered. It is true that much harm has been done by the uncertainty which has been allowed to grow up as regards the infliction of the penalty. In part, probably, this is attributable to a faulty definition of murder. Men are tried and convicted of murder because the law provides no other name for the homicide of which they are undoubtedly guilty. But public opinion has ceased to regard certain forms of homicide as murder, and the HOME SECRETARY is simply the exponent of this change when he commutes the punishment. Still, the belief that murderers generally get off is naturally strengthened by this means. With a definition of murder which allowed of no doubt that the punishment was deserved whenever the offence had been committed, this difficulty would disappear. A more rational view of the relation of insanity to crime would remove another element of uncertainty. At present there is an unfortunate disposition to accept proof that a murderer was mad upon the particular point which constituted the motive for the crime as sufficient evidence that he is mad upon all points. The one only form of insanity which ought to exempt a man from being hanged is the form which prevents his knowing what the consequences of his crime will be. Thus in the case mentioned by Mr. GILPIN, where a man killed his wife from causeless jealousy, it was no plea for a commutation of the penalty that the act "was referable to insanity." That may, and probably does, mean nothing more than that his jealousy was insane. The question remains, whether when he determined to take his wife's life, he knew that he would be hanged for doing so. A man may be mad on fifty subjects, and yet be quite aware of the connexion between inflicting death and suffering it; and so long as he is so the prospect may have a deterrent effect upon him. The only circumstances under which hanging is objectionable in cases of real murder are cases in which the murderer really does not know that his act is forbidden by the law, or that the commission of it will entail upon him any penalty. Unless the consciousness of this elementary fact is wanting, the fact that a criminal is subject to homicidal delusion is rather a reason for hanging him than not. The argument against capital punishment derived from the irremediable character of the wrong done, supposing that the accused person turn out in the end to be innocent, has no value except in cases where the discovery is made very shortly after the conviction. Supposing, for example, that a man is imprisoned for twenty years, and is then found to have been wrongly convicted, the law cannot give him back the years of life which it has unjustly taken from him. It cannot give him back the wife who has perhaps died of shame

at her husband's disgrace, or the children whose prospects have been ruined by the fact that their father is a convict. To give a man liberty under these circumstances is very possibly to give him a boon which he no longer values; to give it him as though the gift were in itself a compensation for all that he has suffered would be to mock at the law's wrong-doing. Upon this point, though upon no other, we agree with Mr. HENLEY. We "must do our best, and trust to Providence to avoid mistakes."

The theological argument seems to us to have no weight. The form it usually takes is that men should not be hurried into eternity without time being given them for repentance. If execution followed immediately upon arrest, or even upon conviction, there might be something in this plea. But inasmuch as there is always an interval of some days, the chances are that, if the criminal is at all disposed to repent, he has a better opportunity in the week or two which are passed in the condemned cell than he would have in years of imprisonment. There is no evidence that prison chaplains are especially successful in dealing with criminals; their experience usually points the other way. And, assuming that the criminal does not repent, the fact that he has shown himself unmanageable by human laws seems to point to the expediency of committing him to wiser hands than those of human rulers. It is clear that there is no place for him in this world; we do not know what possibilities may be reserved for him in another. A life spent in raging against the authorities who keep him in imprisonment, or in contriving plans of escape, is not likely to make these possibilities grater. It may be objected that this reasoning would point to the infliction of the punishment of death for other offences of great aggravation, instead of reserving it for murder alone. As an abstract theory we do not shrink from this inference. If no other ill consequences followed, it would be a good thing if incorrigible offenders were hanged, even though each separate offence might not be worthy of this punishment. For example, a man who knocks out one of his wife's eyes, and then, as soon as he comes out of prison, knocks out the other, would be most properly hanged. It by no means follows that because offences against property were wrongly punished with death it would be wrong to inflict the extreme penalty in cases of repeated offences against the person. The recklessness about taking life, which is the crime against which capital punishment is really directed, may be more shown by repeated assaults than by a single murder. The objection to the judicious extension of capital punishment, which is in itself a thing to be desired, is that men would often be tempted to murder the victim of their violence in order to remove a witness of it. So far as this view is correct, it constitutes of course a solid argument against a change of law in this direction. It is not, however, of much importance to speculate as to the precise weight to be attached to it until public sentiment has undergone a much greater modification on this subject than seems at present likely.

#### THE NORWEGIAN JUBILEE.

THE sham millenary has been speedily followed by a real one. The Norwegian nation has just been keeping the thousandth year of its national existence. The "Harold Monument" has been unveiled—according to the *Times* Correspondent it has been "inaugurated," but we must not hold the Norwegians responsible for that—and the unveiling has been accompanied by befitting speeches and toasts from divers of the first persons in the country, from a Royal prince downwards. The event to be celebrated was the union of Norway into a single kingdom under Harold Harfagra. The history of that hero undoubtedly has a mythical element in it, and we should hardly like to pledge our historical credit to the fact of the union of Norway having taken place in the exact year 872, so very nearly an exact millennium before the reunion of Germany. But that the various small States out of which the Norwegian nation was to be made up were banded together into one by the iron hand of Harold Harfagra, and that the event took place, if not in the year 872, yet certainly at some time not very far distant from it, there is no reasonable ground for doubting. The event is an historical one, though some of its details may have come to us in the garb of tradition, and even of myth. But history, tradition, and myth, much as they differ among themselves, all stand together in opposition to conscious falsehood. As far as we can gather from our scanty means of knowledge, Norway contains no ecclesiastical dignitary daring enough to hail in Harold Harfagra the founder of the University of Christiania. It contains no Minister of State daring enough to hail in him the author of the existing Norwegian Constitution. Still, we do not agree that there is any man in high place in the Norwegian Church who stands up to say that tradition and myth are matters of indifference; that falsehood is better than the better truth of the man, and that the man should be the best of the

more fitting it is to have a feast held in its honour. The Norwegian custom, in celebrating the memory of one whom they may fairly look on as a kind of national founder, seem to have kept themselves within the bounds of true history, or, at the outside, of probable tradition. The strongest statement ever made about the fair-haired hero was made, not in his own land, but in *Norm*. Those who believe, or pretend to believe, or who think that it is of no consequence whether they believe or not, that Alfred founded University College may consistently enough tell the world that Harold Harefoot, stiff-necked heathen as he was, was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The wisdom of all these centenary and millenary celebrations is a point on which no general rule can be laid down. Of the Alfred Jubilee in 1849 we need only say that it seemed foolish till it began to seem wise when compared with the immeasurably greater folly of the late doings at Oxford. The feast at Wantage commemorated a fact; the feast at Oxford commemorated a lie. The University College festival might perhaps be better marked with the Wallace festival, were it not that the justification of provincial vanity, and even of provincial spite, low enough motives as they are in themselves, are at least more respectable than an abstract admiration of wilful falsehood. Even the Jubilee of Blücher is more respectable than the interested inventions which alone connect Alfred with Oxford. But we must not measure the Norwegian ceremony by any of these things. It is plainly not a got-up business, not the device of any particular clique or party, but a real utterance of the national memory. In Norway it is as natural to commemorate Harold Harefoot, though he did his work a thousand years ago, as it is in *J'rasie* to commemorate Von Stein, though he did his work only sixty years ago. The circumstances of our own history are such that celebrations of this kind do not come naturally to us, because the feelings out of which they spring do not come naturally to us. We must try to throw ourselves into the position of the Scandinavian kingdoms, especially those of Denmark and Norway. They are, in a way which we find it hard to understand, at once great and small, at once old and new. The kingdoms of Denmark and Norway are in point of population among the smallest independent States of Europe. Denmark, since its dismemberment eight years back, is also one of the smallest in point of extent. They are far smaller, not only than England or France, than Spain or Italy, but even than several of the component States of the new Germanic Empire. The population of Denmark and Norway together falls far short of the population of the kingdom of Bavaria. But, small as they are in extent and population, little as they count for in the modern balance of the European system, they are historically the peers of the mightiest kingdoms of Europe. They are in the strictest sense nations; their whole being is national and not provincial. Denmark, cut short as it has been, is still an independent member of the European system, bound by no feudal or federal tie to any superior or any fellow. Norway has her yokefellow in the form of Sweden, but the union is one under which the Norwegian and Swedish nations each retain their perfect national distinctness, and their perfect national equality; being joined by no tie beyond the possession of a common sovereign. And in all three kingdoms, if the most modern times have witnessed their fall from the position which they once held in Europe, they have also witnessed the internal regeneration of all the three. All three, small as their European position may now seem, are freer, and doubtless really happier and more prosperous, than they ever were. In such a state of things as this the present and the past become closely connected in the feelings of every man; and connected in a different way from that in which they are connected among ourselves. In our own long continuous history the present and the past so shade off into one another that they are rather one thing than two. We have our great events, our marked epochs in our history, but we have no particular year from which we can date a political new birth of the nation. Norway and Denmark have such epochs, both of them within the present century, both of them within the memory of man. The kingdom of Norway as a united kingdom is, as the jubilee tells us, a thousand years old, two generations older than the English kingdom. The Norwegian nation, as a gathering of separate tribes, is of course, like the English nation, a good deal older than the united kingdom. But the Norwegian kingdom and nation, with its present independence and its present free constitution, is not yet sixty years old. If the year 872 has earned the celebration of its millenary, the year 1814 will, whenever the time comes, deserve no less the celebration of its millenary. The nation is thus, as we say, at once old and young; at once great and small. Among a people in such a case, national feeling and national self-consciousness exist in a form and are clothed with an intensity which is hardly intelligible to natives of countries that are at once of greater extent and have less strongly marked epochs in their recent history. There is no particular moment at which we can say that England became free, having been other than free before. Both Norway and Denmark can point to such moments within the memory of man; Denmark within memory only four-and-twenty years old. And when memories of this kind, certifying the nation to present honour, are coupled with memories of a distant past in which each nation held a greatness which it holds no longer, the national spirit reaches its highest point. Every man is at once a patriot and an enthusiast. To be a patriot he must indeed be something of an antiquary. To the Norwegian, if the Constitution of 1814 is a living thing, the union of the king-

dom in 872, or whenever it was, is a living thing not the less. A small nation, a young nation, needs to remind itself and others of its national being in a way that older and greater nations do not need. But when the nation is at once great and small, at once old and young, the national self-consciousness becomes keener still. And to such a state of mind centuries and millenaries, queer as they seem to us, are a perfectly natural outpouring of honest national feeling.

A few questions indeed might be raised about this, as about most other things. Why should a millenary celebration be called a Jubilee? According to our combined notions of arithmetic and the Mosaic Law, if Jubilees are to be kept at all, full twenty Jubilees ought to have been kept between the days of Harold Harefoot and our own. We remember indeed that at the time of the Wantage feast a Jubilee was defined to be a period of a thousand years; but then, if we rightly remember, it was by Mr. Martin Tupper that the definition was given. On this point no light was thrown at the Oxford feast, which was a pity, as Mr. Lowe at least may be supposed to know something about figures. But it is very likely that the Norwegians themselves called it something else, and that the name Jubilee is due only to the inventive powers of the telegram-maker. It is more important to remark that, though the modern Norwegians look on the doings of Harold Harefoot as a subject for national rejoicing, it is quite certain that their forefathers a thousand years back did not so look at them. The great colony of Iceland was founded by those who fled from the heavy hand of him who made Norway one. But in this there is nothing wonderful; it is no more than saying that the Duke of Cumberland and the ex-Elector of Hesse-Cassel have no special love for the Emperor William. Because a remedy was unpleasant at the time, it does not follow that it may not be found to have been very useful a thousand, or even a hundred, years later. And in such a case the chief actor in the change can hardly fail to become a national hero, however little we might have either relished or approved of his doings at the time they were done.

Among the toasts given at the Norwegian festival, one was "Kindred Nations," or words to that effect. We hope that, under this head, we ourselves came in for some of the good wishes of our Norwegian friends. The connexion between England—and Britain generally—and the Scandinavian nations is not the less real and important because many people both in England and in Scandinavia have gone about to exaggerate it. Even without any Scandinavian settlements in Britain, we must look on the Scandinavian nations as our kinsmen in the second degree, nearer than the High Germans, though not so near as the Low; though to be sure, this is only to say that a man's brother is nearer to him than his cousin, but not so near as himself. As for Scandinavian settlements, we in England have had so much more to do with the Danes than with the Norwegians, that we are apt to forget that Britain as a whole has had quite as much to do with the Norwegians as with the Danes. The Orkney and Shetland Isles have never yet formally ceased to be part of the Kingdom of Norway. All the conquest and colonization on the Scottish mainland and the islands was Norwegian and not Danish. And there is every reason to believe that from thence the stream of Norwegian settlement spread itself into districts which afterwards became English, perhaps into some which were English already. The Danish settlement in Eastern Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and several other shires we know all about. We know when it happened and under what leaders; we know the succession of the Kings and Earls who reigned over it. But Cumberland and Westmoreland are as plainly Scandinavian as Lincolnshire; yet we have no record how they became so. It is absolutely certain that no Scandinavian dynasty ever reigned there. One would think that the change must have been made by gradual indroppings from the Scandinavian settlements to the North of them, and these were certainly Norwegian. From Cumberland the same settlers seem to have streamed down into Northern Lancashire and Western Yorkshire—that distinction needed not to have been made in the time of Domgar. We have heard it hinted that such names as Normanton and Danby mark the points where this Norwegian settlement, creeping in unawares in the West, met the better known Danish settlement which had fixed itself to the East. Part of England then might almost have gone the length of sending its deputies to the Norwegian festival, and the whole, we hope, comes near enough in blood, in feeling, and in a common freedom, to have deserved a share in the good wishes which were extended at the Norwegian festival to the kindred nations generally.

#### DRAWING-ROOM SLANG.

"It was certainly," writes Addison, "one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscure in modest terms and distant phrases." That "infamous piece of good breeding" which loves coarse language could, he thought, be but a short-lived fashion, for "it is impossible that such an irrational way of conversation should last long among a people that make any profession of religion or show civility." But it is quite consistent with professions of religion and shows of civility, as Mr. Spectator would have occasion to observe if he could listen to some "advanced" conversation in a modern drawing-room, and

note the rank crowd adoring *La Périchole*, and "chortling" in their joy over Schneider *aux enfers*.

Of the two evils—libertinage of speech and recklessness of conduct—perhaps that which degrades language is the worst. Corrupt and disordered lives preach an obvious lesson, even when they do not find commentators in the police, and correctives in the criminal and bankrupt law; but corrupt and disordered speech endangers, not only the individual, but all with whom he has verbal dealings, and it ultimately affects not only the law-breakers but the law-makers. What observant person can doubt the rapid deterioration of spoken language throughout Western Europe? The tongue waxes more and more unruly, and with that hopeless unruliness which is half involuntary; for who pretends to be answerable for the meaning or no-meaning of the slang phrases he employs? Assertion and denial lose their value, truth and falsehood masquerade in undistinguishable forms. It is true that this is an agreeable and useful confusion to many persons, but we will still hope that the many are not the most of us, and that the general sophistication of speech is not intentionally welcomed as an escape from the obligations of veracity.

We do not now inveigh against the uncultivated taste which cannot, or the cynical taste which will not, speak with accuracy and refinement, though much might be written about these enemies to sweetness and light. Well-meaning persons have aimed at the revival of Elizabethan energy by the revival of Elizabethan coarseness. They endeavour to establish their earnestness, and even the excellence of their Protestantism, by sedulously calling a spade a spade. But with the best intentions the natural roughness of the unpolished diamond cannot be restored; and meantime this artificial plainness has encouraged the clownishness of expression into which our young men and maidens fall with insular readiness. We have now to point out the progress of more subtle and widespread social mischief than could be caused by mere rough phrases, and, as usual, we are compelled to say that women are largely concerned in it. In social affairs it would seem that most evils are retrievable until the daughters of Eve put their fingers in the pie; but when once ladies, especially great ladies, are "in the transgression," man appears to lose alike his strength and his prudence. Sampson in Delilah's lap discovers too late that at least he should have insisted on her dropping her Philistine friends. Reckless speech remained, if offensive, at any rate not dangerous as long as only the reasoning sex indulged in it; but now that modes of expression which would have scandalized Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs are becoming a feminine fashion, random and coarse talk is being developed with the rapidity to be expected in the sex least able to resist the temptations of the tongue or to discern sophistries of speech, whether those of Eden or of Rotten Row. Adulteration of language is pushed on by feminine agency with a fury which Queen Anne and all her *littérati* could hardly restrain, and which Chaucer and Spenser might despair to quench, even though they drew for our help the largest draughts of English undefiled.

We have already at different times tried to deserve well of the world by remonstrating against the errors of petticoatery, and against certain froakish "sports" in the rosebud garden of girls. Culture, however, seems to bring its shadows with it, if indeed there can be said to be any development of culture in the innumerable young ladies about town. Whatever its flowers, no one can doubt the yearly crops of ill weeds that are the rank growth of wealthy leisure; and for our own sakes we exhort women to keep that part of the earthly paradise of which they are in charge as well ordered as may be. The great majority of good women deserve to have their hands strengthened at a time when the vanity and ignorance of some prominent prophetesses have brought discredit even on true superiority in education and intellectual power. Women must see to it that they do not fall into the irretrievable inferiority that threatens them. Like dram-drinkers, too many among them think to effect a cure of their weakness by fresh sips of the poison that injures them, while they neglect the legitimate sources of their strength, and wilfully paralyse the influence which they ought to possess. Amongst the many strong cards in woman's hand is her acknowledged subtlety and refined strength in the use of language; but she throws it away when she rivals men in "talking shop," and in professional slang and the jabber of the season. There is an incongruity grotesque but serious in the notion of an "awfully jolly g. p." (girl of the period) presiding at the dawn of intelligence in the child who is father to the man. On her early care and wise governance depends largely the after-day of his life. She holds the keys which open the gates of knowledge, and she possesses in her prudent motherhood a greater power than could be supplied by any possible development of muscle or increase in medical or theological acquirements. A crew of freckled girl-students may some day challenge the older Universities, some withered phenomenon may ride a Derby winner, the phrenological formation of the heads of the coming race of women may be as pronounced as that of Socrates, and all men may be bound in the meshes of feminine legislation; yet these triumphs would be a bad exchange for that natural power of moulding ordinary speech which our fair leaders in jargon seem disposed to sacrifice. From different but convergent causes women are losing position all along the line of social march, and one of the most suicidal of their abdications is their misuse of their mother-tongue. Rough recklessness we might condone, but to be rough, reckless, and unintelligible except to their mates in slang is a note of savagery sounded within our civilized pale that ought to startle us. It is

all very well to smile at the incongruity of bad language from sweet and well-cut lips, and to be tickled by the grotesque effect of horsey or Cannon Street terms when used by Lady Clara Vere de Vere; but, however much our satiated taste may enjoy such surprises, these tricks of the tongue are not safe jokes. "Nous ne tenons les uns aux autres que par la parole" was a truth better understood in Montaigne's time than it is now.

A great deal might be, and ought to be, said in reproof of the coarseness of speech that accompanies our increasing looseness of manners. Men do not, it is true, swear as volubly as the Mohawks and Squire Westerns of the last century, though their reticence hardly comes of increased reverence; but women no longer confine themselves to such "sacrosanct oaths" as fell from the lips of the Reynolds and Gainsborough divinites. They assert their "advanced" position by little ventures into the region of blasphemy, and increased profanity in the use of sacred names, as may be seen in certain pictures of life by female hands of undoubted accuracy. Our manners are at the best but of superficial polish, and are very ready to relapse into bulldog barbarism; and here are our ladies, the core and reserve of our civilizing forces, breaking out into strange oaths, or, not having originality enough for that, adopting the used-up expletives of roughs and rowdies. Yet, startling as her profanity may be, we doubt whether the historical young lady of Folkestone who gauged her indifference by "two d—ns of a tinker" is in the long run as mischievous as the langishing fair who cannot be "fetched by such awful chalk" as, for instance, a village sermon—who finds domestic life a "one-horse" affair—whose "relieving officer muffs the business" if he advises certain reforms in her "awfully jolly" style—who requires, as restorative to her over-wrought nerves, "thunder and lightning" or "shandy gaff," though that is, when absorbed, "simply skittles," you know, not half such a drink as a b. and a. —who can put you on several "morals" in the way of "goes" and "chasers," tell the points of her "quad" and the history of the chief "pretty horsebreakers," but "can't execute a large order" in the way of virtues esteemed by those fogies and "howling bores," her grandfathers. But the slang dictionary is becoming so voluminous that we cannot pretend even to give an idea of its various dialects, ranging as they do from the ribaldry of the Kentish hopper to the drawled jargon of Goodwood and Hurlingham. There are as many cantas as there are coteries, and each variety of "g. p." has its own eccentricity of speech. Never was there such havoc in language. In our modish antipathy to formulas we are bringing in chaos. Learned professors are, it is true, playing grand fantasias on Sanskrit, and proving all things by philology; but meantime ordinary speech is attaining that true no-meaning which is not only puzzling but is quite incompatible with wit. It may be well that crafty masters in word fence should conceal their thoughts in subtle phrases at need, but involuntary incomprehensibility is another and less desirable accomplishment. Can it be that the modern *précieuse* is wise in her generation, and that, like the cuttle-fish, she finds it useful to hide her real self from close inspection by discolouring the element in which she lives? She commits herself to no "indirect claims," she avoids explanation by remaining inexplicable; she disengages herself of many troublesome obligations of faith and morals by adopting a lingo into which certainly neither the Ten Commandments nor the Apostles' Creed could be translated—a lingo so slippery that we seem entering on a cycle in which gesture will be more trustworthy than speech. Everything repeats itself. Perhaps we are going to have a new version of the Tower of Babel legend, with new scenery, when through corruption of speech we become unintelligible. Some new start must be made, and future Max Müllers and Alices in Wonderland will be required to lay anew the foundations of language. Let us hope, meantime, that from some popular actresses may not be learned the alphabet of gesture.

While we remonstrate against the degradation of speech in which women are, as might be expected, largely concerned, we are not sanguine of reform in the taste which will have all its dishes highly spiced. Idle life, and a rage for amusement and new sensations, dissipate our strength until we avoid all action that has not for its end more excitement. Women especially suffer in the general race after pleasure, and are the first to shirk labour. They shriek for work which they know nothing about, because shrieking is in these times a paying profession, and there is in it infinite satisfaction to vanity; but women have, even more than men, lost the habit of labour, and with it disappears the sense of responsibility for action. Hence a growing recklessness among women which we need not point out. To how many idle mothers and daughters nothing "matters much" if the daily round of amusement is secured; and, of course, words matter less and less to these victims of indifference. White lies of greater social mischief than intentional fraud, just as folly is less controllable than knavery, are the order of the day, and slang phrases are the best imaginable cover for loose assertions and equivocations, for the protection of a Mrs. Candour and the sanctuary in time of need of a Becky Sharp. Our exaggerations in colour and ornament, and our appeals in every art to coarser tastes, are from the same source as our eccentricities of speech. We don't believe you, yes, or nay, nay, any more in the facts presented to our senses. Our pictures swear at us from the walls of Burlington House, our writers vent their brains for strong and strange words, the flouting and queer sentences of the day are embodied slang. Our talk is falling from the period of violence into that of drivel, and jabbering with a brevity which is not the soul but the empty machinery of wit. The art of



conversation has fallen into caricature, while "general information" has reduced unfortunate proficient in it to a state of idleness which adds to the general unmeaningness of polite speech. To realise our condition let us imagine Imogen, or even Rosalind, Sophia Western, or Di Vernon, as one of those awfully jolly creatures who harrow the talk of the looser world, and flavour it with impropriety and biblical allusions in about equal quantities for drawing-room use. Dolly Varden of the last century would hardly be acquainted with her modern representatives, and how low and distant a courtesy would not *Clarissa Harlowe* have made to the heroines of some late novels by our favourite authoresses!

Moreover, chiefly by female agency, there is coming on us a most pernicious internationalism of speech. Our Mauds and Hildas lace their London jargon with shreds and patches of *argot* that is as yet inadmissible by French girls of corresponding rank, though they too are beginning timidly to fly in the face of the Académie with little novelties of grammar and scraps of international phrase. But they are far behind the American belles and the *Meeses Anglaises* who shook others but are no longer "shook" in their foreign raids. It is obvious how loss of respect must follow on all this, but respect for women is a weakness of the past. The strength of modern amazons can afford to do without that old reverence for the words and the manners of women which, it was fondly thought, was a chief means no less than a chief result of social improvement. But if women can sacrifice their rights, men cannot submit without protest to the consequences of such abdication of her throne by the world's wife, and by, until further notice, the world's mother. If by no other argument, let us persuade the foolish virgins of their folly by making them understand that it is in any case "bad form."

#### THE AUSTRIAN BISHOPS ON EDUCATION.

THERE are not wanting signs that the anti-German crusade which is being preached so vigorously at the Vatican will extend to the whole of Germany, if not indeed to the whole Continent of Europe. The name of Count Andrássy has already been coupled with Prince Bismarck's in the angry maledictions of the *Civiltà* and the *Osservatore Romano*; and the Austrian Government may in one sense be presumed to be in still worse odour at Rome than the Prussian. For a heretic is less offensive in Ultramontane eyes than a "bad," that is a Liberal, "Catholic." And Austria, since she became constitutional, has fallen away from her first love in repudiating the Concordat. Moreover, the Government showed a disposition at first to back up its Old Catholic subjects, and Cardinal Rauscher, the Archbishop of Vienna, was conspicuous at the Council among the opposition leaders, though he has since, like the rest of his colleagues with a few exceptions, found it convenient to eat his words and enforce the decrees enacted against his reiterated and solemn protest. Latterly, however, the Austrian Cabinet, has, to say the least, betrayed feebleness and indecision in its religious policy. The Minister of Worship, Count Stremayer, has administered a snubbing to the Old Catholic clergy, whom he had at first encouraged, and the law is put in force to compel submission to decrees promulgated without any legal sanction. It is but natural that a party whose character has been described by a high authority as "insolent and aggressive" should seize so hopeful an opportunity for pressing their advantage. Austria, unlike Prussia, contains a population of which the great majority are Catholics, and the Catholic Church is the established and recognized religion of the State. Unlike Prussia too, though the Holy Roman Empire no longer retains even a nominal existence, Austria inherits the traditions of medieval Christianity, instead of claiming descent from the "usurping" monarchy of Frederick I. of Prussia, whose Royal pretensions were solemnly denounced by the Pope of the day, in 1701, as "a sacrilege unprecedented in the Christian world." And the Papal organ contemptuously observed only the other day, that "the Hohenstaufens and Hapsburgs were far too lofty to dream of consulting the ancestors of the modern Hohenzollern." In Prussia it is already war to the knife. "The wicked agitator Bismarck"—we are again quoting the *Osservatore Romano*—is reduced to "a ludicrous compound of perfidy, dishonesty, ignorance, and mendacity," and will sooner or later be crushed under the chariot wheels of the triumphant Papacy. But Austria, though it has fallen very low, may still repent; and as the *Osservatore* assures us that its partition between Prussia and Russia has already been decided upon at Berlin, it will do wisely to look to its own interests—which are obviously not coincident with Prussian interests—before it is too late. In this case, therefore, the Ultramontane propaganda takes the form of an attack on the religious policy of the Government, not on the Empire itself. The *Colonna* need not be broken; it may again become a pillar, or at least a buttress, of the Church.

The nature, and, to all appearance, the success of the line of action adopted, is remarkably illustrated in the Memorandum of the Austrian bishops on the education question, and the treatment it has hitherto received from the Cabinet. The text of the document as a whole has not been suffered to become public, but its general drift is perfectly well understood. It is said to consist of four sections, but part of it only was thought to require to be specially reported to the Cabinet, and the substance of this has come out. The copy of the document presented to Herr Stremayer has never, it seems, left his custody, being merely shown to his colleagues. It is also rumoured, as an explanation of the long

delay in giving any official reply, that the memorial only urges certain considerations on the notice of the Ministry, and does not make any definite requisition; but this seems very doubtful. The friends of Count Stremayer who have made this excuse for his silence now assert that, were the matter left to him, a negative answer would have at once been forthcoming, but that he has found "insuperable impediments" in the Cabinet to carrying out his intentions. Be this as it may, he has left Vienna for his holidays, without giving any answer; though his own animus is thought to be unmistakably indicated in a rather whimsical order just issued, to the effect that the Ursuline nuns at Linz are no longer to enjoy the right of certifying the sufficiency of the instruction imparted to girls in needlework. It is now, however, stated in "official" journals that the Cabinet have been unable to agree, and fears are accordingly entertained by the Liberal party that the new school law, against which the memorial protests, will not be fairly and consistently carried out. And this question of the conduct of popular education is naturally felt to be one of great importance for the future of Austria. A glance at her past history will be enough to prove so much. And it is a little curious that the Jesuits, who are just now being driven out of Prussia, are very closely concerned also in the pending controversy in Southern Germany.

Our readers are probably familiar with Ranke's vivid sketch of the counter-reformation in Germany in his *History of the Popes*. That result was achieved almost entirely through the influence of the new Order, not only as preachers and confessors, but also, and chiefly, as educators. As early as 1551 Ferdinand I. introduced them into Vienna, and placed the University under their control. They soon afterwards gained a firm footing at Ingolstadt. From Vienna they spread over the whole of the Austrian dominions, and Ferdinand established a school for the young nobility at Prague, to which he sent his own pages. By 1566 their influence extended over Bavaria and the Tyrol, Franconia, and Swabia, and they had penetrated into Hungary, Bohemia, and Moravia. Nor did they confine their efforts to upper-class education, in which however they were so successful that Protestants used to recall their children from distant schools and place them under Jesuit care. They also provided schools and modes of instruction for the poor, and Canisius constructed his catechism with the special object of meeting the wants of poor children. It must be remembered too that there was, and indeed still is, a "German College" at Rome, founded by Ignatius himself, and entirely under the direction of the Jesuits. Practically, therefore, Catholic education in Austria, as in most parts of Germany, meant Jesuit education. The first Austrian sovereign to withdraw the favour and support of the Court from them was Maria Theresa, and that was not till she had experienced their political use of the confessional. She was the last of the Catholic sovereigns to consent to the abolition of the Order by Clement XIV., but she consented heartily in the end. And it is a noticeable comment on the ultimate results of their system of training that, when all Europe was flooded with the anti-Jesuit literature of which Pascal's writings are the most conspicuous example, not a single work of any force appeared in defence of the incriminated Order. After the abolition, Joseph II. made some attempt to raise the popular education of his subjects, but without much success. The Jesuit spirit and manuals of education survived the fall of the Order, and with its revival under Pius VII. the men themselves returned. No matters went on till the revolution of 1848. The Emperor Francis had that instinctive dislike of "the intellectuals" which might be expected in a man of his mental calibre and strong conservatism. With the present Emperor, himself a pupil of the Jesuits, in his early days of absolute rule came the Concordat which has now been torn to pieces, and its repudiation involves the doom of Jesuit teaching and influence in Austria. To the result of that influence the present generation of Austrians have learnt to attribute the weakness and misfortunes of their country. They quote with sorrowful assent the saying that Prussia owed to her school system the victory of Sedan. And as the Concordat replaced the whole education of the country under the bishops, the *Heleharath* of 1867 resolved to emancipate it from their control as an indispensable condition of social and national improvement; and this resolve took effect in the law of May 25, 1868, which placed the schools under the management of the State. It is against this law that the episcopal Memorandum is virtually directed. The bishops desire to have both teachers and books made amenable to their own authority. The Minister of Instruction has indeed stated that their petition—about the exact terms of which there seems to be some mystery observed—is "based on the law"; but this can only mean that it demands such an interpretation of the law as will practically set aside its more fundamental provisions. And the evident hesitation of the Government in giving any official reply, or making any announcement of their intentions in the matter, is causing great dissatisfaction, and has been the subject of frequent and very unfriendly comment in the periodical press.

The question thus raised is far too wide a one to be discussed here in its general bearings. But it is not fair to represent it, as of course the Ultramontane organs do represent it, simply as a question between religious and irreligious education. The upshot of the Jesuit, or, as it is there termed, "clerical," method of training, where it has had its full swing on the Continent, does not speak well either for its intellectual or religious effects. No doubt in the century immediately succeeding the Reformation the Jesuit teachers gained a great victory, but from the first their system appears to have contained the seeds of its own destruc-

tion. It developed a certain controversial acuteness of mind to a marvellous degree, and taught men how to hold a brief for the Pope, as Paley has been said to teach them how to hold a brief for the Apostles. But it was too right and despot in its methods to develop, or rather to permit, vigour and originality of mind, and thus in the long run it defeated its own end. Its authors, themselves men often of high intellectual powers, had thoroughly mastered the controversies of the Reformation, and they taught their disciples the art of theological argument against Protestantism as they taught them the art of logic or grammar. But, when new forces came to the front, the well-equipped special pleader could devise no weapons wherewith to meet them. We referred just now to the fact of no single effective book having been produced in defence of the Jesuits either by themselves or any of their adherents, when the attack on them in the eighteenth century in the domain of literature and thought heralded the attack of the Catholic Governments. Not further than this, so little did their purely theological vigour outlast the first period of success, that Döllinger has mournfully confessed that Protestant is at least five or six times richer than Catholic theology in Germany, both in quality and quantity. In Spain, with the help of the Inquisition, they contrived pretty well to extinguish theological literature altogether. And if we turn to the practical and popular results of their teaching, its religious influence does not seem, when judged by their own standard of success, to be more reassuring. They have been, till within the last few years, very strong in Italy and Spain, and in both countries, on their own showing, infidelity is now rampant. They have been hardly less powerful in Southern Germany, and there, while Catholic literature and thought have been for the most part depressed to a distinctly lower level than Protestant, the Old Catholic movement is strongest, which is an almost passionate reaction against their whole system; and there, too, by the admission of both sides, scepticism is very prevalent among nominal adherents of the old faith. It may well be doubted, therefore, if the system which the bishops profess themselves so anxious to perpetuate in Austria is really for the interest of their own Church. And it is certainly not to be wondered at that the nation should be very unwilling to acquiesce in its further continuance.

#### LONDON AS A CITY OF PLEASURE.

THERE are various indications that a change has of late been coming over the spirit of London. It is as busy and bustling as ever, as deeply engrossed in commerce and money-making; but it is also coming out as a city of pleasure. It is evidently taking thought of external appearances, and pluming and trimming itself with an eye to effect. Its host of visitors is continually increasing. For the greater part of the year a large proportion of the inhabitants are a floating population of strangers, coming and going, and bent upon pleasure during their stay in town; and this necessarily has its effect on the community at large. It will be an odd example of the indirect influence of events if the excesses of the Commune in Paris should lead to the smartening-up of the English capital; but it is not unlikely that this will happen. For the present Paris is clearly out of favour, and the throng of travellers and pleasure-seekers is accordingly directed to this side of the Channel. There are whole quarters of London which the invaders seem to have taken by storm. An American will meet almost as many known faces in Bond Street as in Broadway. There were some weeks lately when Americans were arriving in hundreds at a time. And from all parts of our own country the rush to town is more universal than ever. If Dives comes for the season, Larus contrives to snatch a few days by a cheap excursion. Everybody who makes money comes to London to spend it. During the season just ending, it was impossible not to be struck by a certain brightness and glow of colour in the Western parts of the town; masses of flowers in the windows and balconies, trellis-work with festoons of Wistaria, climatis, or Virginia creeper; gossamer lace looped up with silken bands of cerise or purple, gay verandahs and striped awnings, and occasionally the line of glistening snow-white houses broken by a red brick wall in the old fashion, picked out with white. Mr. Ayton's friends the gardeners must be practically reversing the story of the fairy gold that turned to leaves, and qualifying rapidly for residence in the mansions they adorn. At an evening party the exotics will sometimes cost, it is said, several hundred pounds, and the hanging gardens of Belgrave and South Kensington, renewed from week to week, must represent a handsome revenue. We have a notion that not very long ago the display of flowers outside a house was regarded as the height, or rather the depth, of vulgarity, a kind of flaunting, unembashed cockneyism which wanted only a linnet or canary in a cage to make it complete. The minuettes boxes have given place to fine majolica troughs, overflowing with the most brilliant blossoms. The old English love of endow would seem to be reviving. The red brick houses coming, or returning, into fashion are one sign of it, the rainbow hues of the ladies' dresses another. The *tonnes dégradés* of Paris have been almost blushed down this summer by the full-bodied, ripe colours of our verandahs. At the Academy the ladies make the walls look dull. The sea of colours at a fashionable wedding or garden party, or at the morning promenade of the Row towards Annet time, is dazzling in its chromatic boldness and variety. Altogether out-of-door life is becoming more brilliant and demonstrative. The

Marquis of Westminster's experiment with Ebury Square, which is to be converted into a public flower-garden, will probably help to bring more colour into the streets. If the experiment is successful, we shall no doubt before long see other oases planted in the weary desert of bricks and mortar. Some day the poor little orange-trees in big tubs, which with the other humours of Trafalgar Square—the elaborate squirting of the fountains, and Nelson mast-headed for his victories—afford so much innocent amusement to our foreign guests, may give place to more ambitious horticulture, and a cool umbrageous garden may be substituted for the burning waste of dingy asphalt. Mr. Ayton might make amends for his exuberance of savage virtue by taking up this idea, and asking Dr. Hooker to carry it out for him; and the reconciliation might be commemorated by a majolica fountain, or a piece of sculpture representing the Edile and the Doctor clasped in a fond embrace.

One can imagine the scornful incredulity of the Parisians on hearing that the city of fogs and rain, of spleen and suicide, has any pretensions to be considered a city of pleasure, and it may be admitted that London will have plenty to do before in some respects it makes itself as pleasant and attractive to strangers as Paris is. It is naturally out-of-door life with which visitors are most concerned, and it is difficult to imagine anything more wearisome and exhausting than the perambulation of our streets under present circumstances. Tourists are only creatures of flesh and blood like the rest of us, and the noblest architecture fails to satisfy the cravings of their animal nature. Opportunities for repose and refreshment form a considerable element in their ideas of enjoyment. But the unhappy stranger who has turned his back on Charing Cross or Regent Street, and is on his way westward, soon finds to his dismay that he has got altogether beyond the range of cafes and restaurants. There are, it is true, a few benches on one side of Piccadilly, and of course there are plenty of seats in the Park on which he can rest his weary limbs; but if in addition to rest he happens to desire some slight refreshment, a biscuit and glass of wine or cooling draught of seltzer, he is doomed to disappointment and despair. He has no chance of obtaining anything except at the reeking bar of a public-house, in a throng of grooms and stableboys. At some of the Park lodges what is supposed to be curds-and-whey and some other remarkable delicacies are on sale; but we should expect to be told that the British Constitution would suddenly tumble to pieces, or that something equally dreadful would happen, if any place were to be established in Hyde Park where an ice or a glass of wine could be obtained on a hot day. One of the pleasantest things in Paris is to sit on the Boulevards and watch the tide of people flowing past. You walk about looking at the shops, and when you are tired, you take a chair at a *café*. The consummations cost a few pence, and whether you take them or not the chair is worth the money. There would appear to be some mysterious and inscrutable law in operation in this country by which every refreshment-house is bound to be closed to the street, and made as dark and prison-like as possible. The speculator who first introduces chairs and little tables into London has a handsome fortune awaiting him, and will deserve it. There is no reason why one should be immured, like a skulking voter at the ballot, whenever one wants to sip a cup of coffee, or even to drink a glass of beer. English *restaurants* seem to have got it into their heads that nobody can ever want anything except a full dinner of several courses. The lounge is legion now in town, and what he wants is an occasional rest and slight refreshments.

While London is being made more agreeable for visitors, residents have also a claim to consideration. Some day in the far future we shall possibly have the advantage of an efficient local administration; but in the meantime something might perhaps be done to limit the freedom which reckless and malicious people enjoy of annoying their neighbours. The music of the streets is an organized conspiracy against the ears and nerves of the community. German bands and negro minstrels go about a dozen strong, with stands for their music, and establish themselves for a regular concert before your door. We should be sorry to wound the susceptibilities of a great race by hinting that the "Watch on the Rhine" is not a triumph of musical art, but it is just possible to have too much of it. Ever since the war the Germans not only play it, but howl it in a fashion which is hardly calculated to promote that benevolent neutrality which Count Bernstorff has so much at heart. A couple of cases are reported in the newspapers of this week which illustrate in a striking manner the sufferings and perils to which the inhabitants of the metropolis are exposed through the inconsiderate selfishness or eccentricity of their neighbours. A number of the inhabitants of Gower Street applied to the magistrate at Bow Street to prohibit the use of a steam-whistle of "terrible power" which has for some time been used by a piano-forte manufacturer for the purpose of summoning his men to work. It began screeching at six in the morning, and went on at intervals during the day. We can easily conceive that, as we alleged, the shrill scream of the whistle was absolute torture to persons in delicate health; and one gentleman has been obliged to send away an invalid daughter on account of it. The magistrate seemed to be in doubt whether anything but an injunction or an injunction from the Court of Chancery would be of any use. In another case, an applicant who was a clergyman for an injunction against a gentleman in Gower Street, who, it appeared, did not consider his garden complete without a stock of serpents, and who kept a large collection of them in his

house to the terror and annoyance of his neighbours. The serpents sometimes escaped, and took walks abroad in the streets, to the great alarm of people who encountered them. The patron of the serpents seems to have failed to restore the equanimity of his neighbours by suggesting, as an essential precaution, that when they met a serpent with a black mark on its head they should be very careful not to touch it without first throwing a sock over its head. We should imagine that the neighbours would endeavour to kill any serpent found out of doors, but they are at least entitled to protection against a nuisance which is annoying, even if not absolutely dangerous. Of course there is no accounting for tastes, and we are not surprised to find that the owner of the "snakery" and his friends are amused that any objection should be taken to their pets. One of the friends has written a letter, giving an interesting account of the domestic relations between the M. family and the serpents. The writer admits that he was somewhat startled when he first saw Mr. M. seated at his desk with two large snakes coiled round him. Afterwards he saw a "boa constrictor as thick round as a small tree, twining playfully round Mrs. M.'s waist and neck, and forming a kind of turban round her head." "Nothing," we are assured, "could be prettier than to see this splendid serpent coiled all round Mrs. M. while she moved about the room"; he seemed "to adjust his weight so nicely, and every coil with its beautiful marking was relieved by the black velvet dress of the lady." The children, too, are entirely devoted to their darling snakes. Mr. and Mrs. M. are of course entitled to choose their own company at home, and to wrap themselves up in pythons and boa constrictors as much as they please; but it is rather hard that they should inflict their pets on the general public which does not appreciate them. The hideous screeching of a steam-whistle, and the perambulation of large serpents through the streets, are surely nuisances against which redress should be procurable by some simpler, less expensive, and more summary process than an appeal to the Court of Chancery. Freedom is no doubt a noble thing in its way, but it is conceivable that freedom to annoy and injure one's neighbours for a silly freak or selfish object might be curtailed without injury to society. London would certainly be a pleasanter place to live in if there were some sharper discipline in this respect.

#### HAY FEVER.

THERE is a misfortune from which many of our fellow-creatures are suffering at this moment which excites much less compassion than it would seem to deserve. For almost every class of evils to which the human frame is subject there is some pity to be found. Hospitals are the practical expression of the general feeling that disease is a calamity which should be regarded with sympathy; and prisons are beginning to give proof that the same sentiment may be extended to crime. We pity the unfortunate person who has taken to drinking, especially if that calamity should have brought in its train a disposition to brutal murder. The victim receives the careful attention of professional philanthropists, and must be somewhat consoled under his heavy affliction by the thought of the warm interest with which he is regarded by a generous public. The class of sufferers to whom we now refer are not subject to misfortunes of such magnitude, nor are they surrounded by that halo which confers a kind of poetic grace upon the hero of some popular catastrophe. And yet they suffer, though, for fear of an apparent bathos, we scarcely dare to mention the cause of their misery. Still as all misery should have its dignity, we have perhaps no real cause for hesitation. Hay-fever is a complaint which is certainly not so severe as smallpox, or so irritating as the gout, or so terrible in its consequences as a homicidal propensity. Its very name is unknown to many people, though of late years it has been rapidly coming into fashion. But there are those to whom it is an old familiar, and who annually dread its approaches. To them the poetical descriptions of summer are a bitter mockery, not for the ordinary reason that an English summer is apt to be a mere modification of winter, but because the intervals of light and heat imply for them a revival of torture. Nothing is more delicious in its way than the sweet smell of new-mown hay. Our unfortunate victim flies from it as he would fly from a plague-infested house. A near approach will be avenged by continued paroxysms of sneezing, which render him at once wretched and ridiculous. Bright daylight is an abomination to him; he is ready to exclaim with Milton's hero, "Sun, how I hate thy beams!"; for the glare seems to burn into his eyelids, and leaves them swelled, red, and in a burning inflammation. Even a summer night has its sorrows. The "embalmed darkness" of the poet means that his enemy is taking a new form. He becomes asthmatic, unable to sleep, and capable only of wheezing out imprecations upon his mucus mechanism. Other men may look forward to the early summer as a period for travelling; but to him a railway journey is prolonged and concentrated agony. The victim will sneeze incessantly from London to Paris, keeping up a series of explosions with the vigour and regularity of fire-arms, and coming only during the passage of the Channel, when even sea-sickness is welcomed as giving a brief respite to his misery. Is all this matter for ridicule? Is it nothing that summer, which calls up poetical associations to the whole human race beside, should for the victim of hay-fever invariably suggest sneezing? that most country odours should

grate upon him like the sharpening of a saw? that the very sun in heaven should delight in teasing him with a prolonged practical joke?

Unfair as it may appear to be, there can be only one answer; undoubtedly the victim is ridiculous; it is the very bitterness of his lot that he feels himself to be ridiculous. If in the very paroxysm of his sufferings he happens to meet a fellow-sufferer who answers his signals, as it were, by giving sneeze for sneeze, he cannot resist the impression that he is being intentionally ridiculed. There is something too palpably ludicrous about the whole performance. Our more benevolent, if more superstitious, forefathers are said to have imagined that a sneeze was the convulsion by which a demon was expelled from the human body, and for that reason to have pronounced the benediction customary on the occasion. The hay-fever patient is half inclined to accept the theory, though it apparently involves the inference that when his complaint begins he must be occupied by a whole legion of fiends and can go on for hours expelling on an average one in every two or three minutes. Certainly that is a kind of deliverance hardly to be contemplated without horror. And yet it must be supposed that they are fiends of a frolicsome nature, mischievous rather than malicious, and delighting to play practical jokes rather than to torment their victim seriously. They are of that quaint breed of demon which filled the fancy of mediæval artists—a rather less good-natured variety of fairy, and with none of the terrible majesty which we naturally attribute to the fiends of the plague or the cholera. Admitting himself to be inevitably an object of ridicule, the luckless patient may still fall to see the justice of the arrangement. It is one of those mysteries for which we fear it is not easy to account, that some forms of human suffering are beyond all question irresistibly ludicrous. Few diseases give more acute anguish for a time than the toothache; and yet, for some reason or other, there is a tacit agreement that the toothache is in some sense comic. Nobody would think of drawing a man writhing under the agonies of any dangerous complaint, and inviting us to laugh; but comic artists from time immemorial have found one of their stock jokes in caricaturing tortures of extreme severity, though not likely to be dangerous. Is the bare fact that pain is not likely to kill a man a sufficient reason for laughing at it? Or take again the case of sea-sickness. The suffering is so great that a very short prolongation of its intensity would make life absolutely unbearable; the symptoms, moreover, are disgusting, or we should think them so on any other occasion. And yet, so long as we feel our own internal arrangements to be under perfect control, the sight of a sea-sick friend is undeniably and irresistibly ludicrous. One might have supposed *a priori* that the most brutal ruffian could hardly derive amusement from watching a friend vomiting under extreme torture; and yet the most refined ladies will indulge in a quiet smile under such circumstances, and the calamity is always mentioned with a confidence, generally justified by the result, that its name will act as a specific for the production of laughter.

We have started from a trifling observation, but we seem to have come upon a dark place in human nature. Are we to accept Hobbes's explanation of laughter as a "sudden glory"? Do we laugh at the trifling sufferings of another person because we feel a complacent sense of our own fortunate exemption; whilst, on the other hand, we are vexed when his sufferings become dangerous because they remind us of our own frailty? We laugh at toothache because it reminds us that our own teeth are sound; we shudder at the plague because it reminds us that we too are certain some day to die. We fear that this doctrine, agreeable as it might appear to a cynical turn of mind, can scarcely be supported by the facts; the perception of the ludicrous nature of a misfortune does not exclusively depend upon our own exemption from its possible influence. The absurdity of certain afflictions seems to result from some more accidental quality. Nobody, for example, is inclined to laugh at a man suffering from a headache; though one would suppose that any cerebral distress was a form of misfortune from which those who laugh at the sufferings of others are likely to be specially free. The fact seems rather to be, that the ludicrous part of suffering is simply the grotesque nature of the external manifestations provoked. In spite of our civilization, we still retain much of the old instinct which made people formerly take delight in professional fools. Anything bordering on the monstrous provokes the laughter of a child or a savage. Nobody would be brutal enough at the present day to laugh at personal deformity in real life; but the figure of Punch which has come down by tradition from an earlier period may illustrate the fact that a humpback was once thought to be absurd; and in pictures, though not in real life, it is still a conventional symbol of the ludicrous. We have always been rather scandalized by the story of how Spinoza used to laugh until the tears ran down his cheeks at the sight of spiders fighting. One of his recent biographers takes much pains to explain away the fact, and declares that the spiders were not really fighting, but making love. However that may be, there is something not quite worthy of the philosopher's dignity in the queer amusement which he selected, though it may not have implied a want of tenderness even for insect suffering. But, after all, we are pretty much alike. Philosophers and fools, we have still a share of those tastes which led our ancestors to take pleasure in the drivellings of an idiot, and which still lead children and the vulgar to take pleasure in the grimaces of a clown. Refined as we may be, we can be amused by

simple personal contortions even of a rather disgusting kind, and even when they are indicative of pain; our taste and our sympathy strive against such pleasures, and gradually suppress them in their coarser forms, but do not suppress them altogether. Humiliating as the confession may be, we do not see how to escape the plain matter of fact that there is something amusing in seeing a fellow-creature sneeze exuberantly, or even vomit or screw up his features in agony. When the symptoms become indicative of real danger, the sense of the ludicrous is eclipsed, though it will sometimes recur in a ghastly way even at serious moments. After all, there is perhaps something intrinsically cruel about a sense of humour, much as we boast of the endowment. It means a power of mixing the ludicrous with the sentimental, and taking pleasure in the incongruous mixture. In its coarser forms it degenerates into that simple love of brutal horseplay which is confined to uneducated rustics, undergraduates, and subalterns in the army. But how far some taint of cruelty may not attach to its loftier developments is a question which might be worth considering. One can fancy a humorous devil, but hardly a humorous angel; for a perfectly sympathetic nature seems to exclude the power of blending the two opposite veins of feeling. The speculation however, would carry us too far, and perhaps lead to the dangerous ground of apologizing for some of the devil's propensities. We must be content therefore with exhorting all generous minds, not indeed to refrain from laughing at suffering, but to confine themselves as much as possible to laughing in private.

#### RESTRAINTS ON TIPLING

IT may be useful to inquire how far restriction upon the sale of liquor has been carried in the colonies. We find, on looking through a blue-book lately published, that the closing of liquor-shops is generally enforced during the night and the greater part of Sunday. The night consists in some colonies of six or seven hours, and in others of only four. On Sunday there is in several colonies opportunity for the working-man to obtain his beer for dinner or supper, and travellers can procure refreshment at almost all times, but drinking on the premises is discouraged. In Prince Edward's Island the sale of spirituous liquors on Sunday has been prohibited for the last hundred years. In Newfoundland no liquor can be sold on Sunday, and on week days all licensed houses must be closed at eleven o'clock p.m. In Bermuda there can be no sale on Sunday except by persons holding tavern licences, and the sale of spirits and wine, but not of beer, is restricted during certain hours of the night. Until 1861 the law provided that all money derived from liquor licences should be devoted to the enlargement of the parish churches. At the Cape of Good Hope the ordinary hours are from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. on week days, and no sale is allowed on Sunday unless by special privilege, which is granted at the discretion of the Licensing Boards. At Natal there are restrictions on keepers of public-houses, but none on keepers of hotels, and the distinction between the two classes of traders is by no means clearly marked. In New South Wales no holder of a licence can keep his house open between 12 at night and 4 a.m., nor on Sundays except between 1 and 3 p.m. It is reported that intemperance is greatly on the decline throughout the colony, but it would be scarcely accurate to say that such decline springs mainly from the working of the law. The law in Queensland is the same as in New South Wales. The basis of the law of South Australia was the Tasmanian law of the old convict days, "which was necessarily strict." The law now requires closing between 11 p.m. and 5 a.m., and on Sundays, except for two hours of the afternoon, and again for two hours of the evening. This sale on Sundays is allowed only "by a side or private door." The total abstainers are busy in that colony, but they do not make much way. In Western Australia, public-houses must be closed on week days at 10 p.m., and may be opened on Sundays only between 1 and 3 p.m. In New Zealand the hour of closing on week days is generally 11 p.m., and no sale is permitted on Sundays.

It is obvious to remark that the conditions of existence in the colonies are different from those which prevail at home. A man who is hard at work for six days in London or some other great town desires, and perhaps requires, some change of air and scene on Sunday. In almost all the colonies a traveller can obtain refreshment on Sunday, but probably there is little travelling except for business on that day. It may be judged from this Report that the habit of observing Sunday in the colonies is quite as strict as at home, and it is mentioned that at Bermuda the belief prevails among the lower classes that legal penalties attach to its non-observance. We find almost everywhere a power of granting exceptions from the general law, and it is certain that such a power must exist in England if the law be made as stringent as some legislators desire. We believe it to be practically impossible to abridge the facility which is now allowed to excursionists on Sunday afternoons to obtain refreshment in the suburbs to which they go, or in their own neighbourhood after their return. Whether they take refreshment under the general law or under an exception engrafted on it, matters little so long as they get refreshment. It appears, however, hopeless to attempt any considerable restriction of the hours of the liquor trade, and the attention of fanatics is now principally directed to the punishment of drunkenness. As the Licensing Bill came from the House of Lords, every person found drunk in

any public place was liable to a penalty not exceeding ten shillings. It is suggested that the working classes are now earning so much money that ten shillings is no penalty at all. So it was proposed to make the penalty twenty shillings or forty shillings, and further to substitute imprisonment, or to revive that venerable institution, the stocks. We have little doubt that the administration of the law would be better than the law itself; but it would be uncomfortable to be liable to be found drunk by a policeman over night and sent to prison by a magistrate in the morning. There might be absolutely nothing in the way of evidence to oppose to the policeman's statement, and the defendant would in vain allege that the salmon had unexpectedly and mysteriously disagreed with him. It would be impossible to define accurately the condition to which the penalty applies. It is intelligible that riotous conduct apparently produced by drink should be punished, but this is dealt with by a separate section. It is quite possible that over-exertion in sultry weather might cause a man to fall and lie helpless by the roadside. An active policeman coming up at the moment would assume that the case was one of drunkenness, and it might be difficult to prove that defect and not excess of alcoholic refreshment reduced the defendant to the condition in which he was found. It would not so much matter if the administration of this law rested wholly with the magistrates and the police. A man may perhaps be drunk, but if he is silently reeling homewards with the instinct which many drunkards possess, it would be the part of a discreet constable to let him go his way. If he cannot or will not go home, and particularly if he hangs about a drinking-bar and demands more liquor, having already had too much, then he may properly be punished for being "drunk." It is impossible however to forget what are the habits of large classes of Englishmen. The farmer usually attends a weekly market, and if he can afford the luxury, he dines at an ordinary and drinks pretty freely afterwards. Then he mounts his horse, or takes his seat in his gig, and rides or drives home. Whatever may be the condition of the man, the horse at any rate is sober. There are farmers who have done this with safety to themselves and no harm to others every week or fortnight for thirty years. But policemen stationed at the outlets of the town might bag every one of these farmers and have them all up before a magistrate next day. Each defendant would be proved to have been found drunk on a highway, and would be liable to fine, or, if some legislators could have their way, to imprisonment. It could scarcely perhaps be contended that he would be liable to the heavier penalty of the next clause of the Bill for being drunk on a highway while in charge of a horse, because, if the case were rightly considered, it would be seen that the horse was in charge of him. We venture to think that farmers going home from market might as well be let alone, and perhaps they would be let alone if there were not busybodies in the town ready to instruct magistrates and policemen in their duties.

Mr. Bruce is, as usual, in a state of pleasing uncertainty as to what ought to be done with this part of the Bill. He says that whether or not drunkenness is a crime, it is a serious offence, and "the fruitful parent of vice," and under one or other of these characters he inclines to punish it. Among sailors the doctrine used to be gravely held that it was not only not wrong, but natural and proper, to get drunk on shore. Many a man whom nothing could tempt from strict sobriety when on duty considered himself entitled to a drinking bout when his ship was safely brought to port. Then among landmen there are many who take more drink than is good for them at Christmas or New Year's Day. Let moralists preach as much as they please against this practice, but it would be silly to attempt to punish it by law. If the drunkard offends against public order or decency, or imperils the life of himself or other persons, then he ought to become liable to punishment. It would be well to hold fast to the principle that vice ought not to be punished as crime; but this would be too much to expect of Mr. Bruce. He expressed his willingness to consent to the infliction of one month's imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for the third "offence" of drunkenness. Happily, however, the Committee had more common sense than the Government. As the Bill now stands, the penalty for the third offence is 40s. The argument in support of this proposed legislation is that under a statute of James I. simple drunkenness was made punishable with a fine of 5s., which represented a much higher value at that time than it does now. But we believe that this statute has become practically obsolete, and we fail to see any adequate reason for reviving it. A modern statute imposes a penalty on being "drunk and riotous or indecent." The word riotous is not of course used in its legal sense, which would create this difficulty—that one man can get drunk, but there must be two or more to make a riot. It is understood by magistrates to mean that there must be some misconduct tending to disturb the quiet of a neighbourhood, or what is generally termed a "row." A magistrate who lately appeared as a witness before a Parliamentary Committee stated that in his opinion there were other offences by drunkards that required punishment. Thus, he said, a man gets drunk and allows himself to be robbed, and this is an offence against society. It is perhaps an offence that carries its own sufficient punishment. Mr. Bruce says that getting drunk is an offence which is "the fruitful parent of vice," and somebody else might say the same of getting half-drunk. We think that the Bill was sufficiently severe as it came from the House of Lords, and if the Committee of the House of Commons should take this



view, Mr. Bruce will doubtless find himself able to agree with them. We strongly object to supplying fanatical testotallars with an instrument of persecution.

#### THE UPPER WYE.

OF the many beautiful parts of England and Wales, who shall say to which the preference is to be given? Putting aside the Lake district and North Wales, which in the picturesque of their mountain outlines and the wildness of their remote glens have sources of beauty rarely seen elsewhere, there are in the rest of the southern part of Great Britain many counties, many rivers, many ranges of hills, which we can imagine selected by the lover of external nature as the most perfect of the whole. If then we, for our part, have a special liking for one tract over the rest, we must not forget that there are points in which it is excelled. South Wales has not that deep glow of purple heather which in autumn clothes the Pennine range, from Northumberland to Derbyshire, with a garment of unrivalled colour; nor has it the overhanging and massive precipices of Malham, Castleton, and Cheddar; nor has it the sea coast of Devonshire, most striking of all for its sudden alternations of beauty and grandeur. But nowhere else are there river systems to be found of the magnitude and incessant scenic variety of those in South Wales; nor anywhere in the districts we have mentioned are the hills so bold, so finely formed, so precipitous as here. Indeed the Brecknockshire Beacons will stand a comparison with most of the summits of North Wales.

Let not the Alpine traveller think with scorn of such scenery as this, under the idea that Switzerland contains it all and much more besides. Switzerland may contain it, but few tourists in Switzerland will give their time to noticing subordinate features. Who, under the shadow of the cliffs of the Wetterhorn, or seeing above him the ice pinnacles of the Rhone glacier, will spend a day in tracking the fern-clad recesses of the hills, the broken edges of rock over pure green or brown pools between waterfalls in the valleys? Who will care for the delicate folds of the woody lower slopes, when he hopes to reach the summit of Monte Rosa? But he who comes to the simple hill country will find a more various and constant, though less intense interest, than that which is supplied by the great snowy mountains—an interest which is no longer overpowered by their mighty presence.

The Wye is popularly and justly considered the most beautiful of English rivers. It has a course of a hundred and fifteen miles, and there is not a tame step along its banks. For though in Herefordshire it flows through a country not generally thought romantic, the distant views from the Herefordshire hills in which the winding river is seen, from the Welsh mountains almost to the Forest of Dean, are among the finest in England. The lower part of the Wye, from Ross to Chepstow, is that which is usually thought of when the name of the river is mentioned, and it is the part where the picturesque is more brought to a focus, more concentrated than anywhere else. It is, however, the upper portion, from Hay to the source on the side of Minlimmon, that we here wish to speak of. We by no means regard this as inferior to the better known part by the Wyndcliff, Tintern, and Symond's Yat. It is true that a tourist who simply walked along the high road from one end of the river to the other might be of this opinion. The immediate banks of the Upper Wye are less perfect than in the case of some rivers of inferior merit; the arrangement of them is somewhat careless, so to speak; it needs search to discover the point of view from which they unite with the river into a landscape such as would be chosen by a painter. But such a search is by no means without its fascinations, even in itself, where the materials for the composition are so rich as they are here. Everywhere there are the tokens of a country built up of strong rocky masses; the bones of the earth protrude through its green vesture; the hills are cleft with deep rocky chasms, through which flow the tributaries. And let us add that no river that we know of has tributaries like the Wye—so numerous, so powerful, so romantic. Ascending from Hay, the little streamlets that flow down from the Black Mountains on the left, by Cusop and Llanigon, are not undeserving of notice. The soil there is of the rich sandstone that gives warmth and a luxuriance to all which it nourishes. Very pleasant is it to stand on the lower spurs of these mountains, with their bare summits rising behind, looking down on the intricacies of the glens below, and a wide extent of hill and plain country in front. But the rivulets that enter the Wye at Erwood and Aberedw flow through ravines of a wilder cast than any which the sandstone contains. Aberedw, with its old church, its huge yew trees, and singular cliffs, is well known; it is well worth while to follow the vale of the Edw for a few miles above this. But the Bachhowey and Calstwr, which from opposite sides flow into the river at Erwood, have gorges still deeper, more tortuous, more sombre, with overhanging rocks and woods, which at one spot on the former stream actually close overhead, and almost shut out the sight of the sky. Here there is a waterfall of some forty feet in height, with a considerable volume of water; a rude bridge, formed of two trunks of pines, has once served as a help to crossing the brook; now it is broken down, and hangs uselessly but picturesquely over the torrent. The Bachhowey, in some old books, is transformed into the Matchway; the waterfall is called the Oraig-pwll-da. In the neighbourhood of Erwood everything is lovely; the slight quali-

fication which we applied above to the perfection of the Upper Wye does not hold here. Going upwards, and passing Aberedw, the Dihonw is the next tributary, flowing from the Epynt hills; the upper course of this is on the sandstone; from the road along its side are fine views of the distant valley of the Wye. Above the Dihonw we come to Builth, the best centre for the whole district. It is but a small place compared to many watering-places, such as Llandudno, Buxton, or Malvern; but for the number of excursions that can be made from it few places can rival it—certainly not one of the three above-named. You scarcely need step out of the village before you find yourself on an open common by the river, which here, if it is tolerably full, flows with a breadth and tranquillity not inferior to that of the Thames at Windsor. Below, however, it is seen between the arches of the picturesque bridge hurrying down a stony declivity; and a mile higher up it is enclosed between massive rocks, some jagged and slaty, some volcanic; these latter are worn into singular hollows, and protrude thin and bony ribs from the bank into the deep and clear pools. But between these pools are rapids and cataracts of great power. The banks are clothed with gorse and trees, large or small; one fir-tree of uncommon height is a conspicuous object up the river. There are some woody islands hereabouts. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in the Wye, through its whole upper course, than its breadth, which far exceeds that of most English mountain rivers; and another very conspicuous feature is the bed of hard sharp rock over which it flows, and which is best seen in the part between Builth and Boughrood.

To reach the rapids of the Wye above Builth you cross the river Yrŷon by a swinging bridge. This again is a broad clear stream, overhung with trees, hurrying down rocky descents, and backed behind by the smooth green masses of the Epynts. But the finest part of the Yrŷon is some twelve or thirteen miles from Builth, among the rocky hills of Llanwrtd, another small Welsh watering-place. Five miles above Llanwrtd is Llanfhaengol Abergwesin, with a new and very beautiful church, the solid massiveness of which suits well with, and yet is not dwarfed by, the surrounding hills. Cross these hills to the west, and you come to what is perhaps the most solitary hamlet in England or Wales, Ystradlin, on the Towy, and in one of the most romantic situations.

No visitor to Builth should omit to ascend the many-peaked Carneddau hill, which rises on the other side of the Wye to the north-east. A summer's afternoon may well be spent among its rocky and tangled recesses, and on its broad terraces, from whence the valley of the Wye is seen for a distance of some twenty miles, the broad stream shining like silver in the sun. The Builth bridge is a conspicuous feature from this point. Numberless again, are the wild flowers which colour the fields and scent the air, in early summer, by the side of the Yrŷon and the Wye; the wild thyme, the birdfoot trefoil, the yellow ragwort, the harebell, the mallow, and many others. But the people who live among these hilly parts have absorbed into their natures rather the ruggedness of the rocks than the softness of the flowers. In one wild piece of country on the Radnorshire side of the Wye faction fights are not uncommon. The belief in fairies is yet firmly held by some even of the better sort; and bold would be thought the man who should venture after nightfall into some of the shady dingles of evil repute. Nevertheless the race is a canny one, and if not enlightened, yet desirous of enlightenment. Railways are rapidly making the English language the dialect of everyday use; it is curious to find that in two neighbouring valleys, of perhaps equal wildness and apparent remoteness from the influences of civilization, one will, so to speak, have been submerged by the advancing tide, while the other retains its native Welsh unchanged. But the whole of Radnorshire, in spite of its uncommon wildness, is now practically an English county; the dividing line lies in Brecknockshire.

Let us return to the upward course of the Wye, above Builth. Some five miles above that watering-place the river is enclosed by hills of more broken and mountainous aspect, though not actually higher, than any which have yet appeared on its banks. The woods do not cease to accompany it; so thick are they that for many miles along the high road they shut out all view of anything but themselves—unless indeed where some great rock-throw height shoots itself up with more than ordinary boldness. The river retains its breadth until Rhayader is reached; then on a sudden it contracts into a simple mountain torrent. Except for this diminution in the size of the river, Rhayader is an even more fascinating spot than Builth. The great purple hills, with jagged clefts, lie spread round it; the gorge of the Elan—the stream named from its swiftness, as that of a deer—encloses at a distance of a few miles one of the most picturesque scenes of wood, water, and rock to be found in South Wales. Of Cwm Elan Bowles wrote in elegant verse; and here, too, Shelley lived. Into the Elan falls the scarcely less beautiful stream of the Clarwen. What the upper valley of the Clarwen is like may be gathered from the following anecdote. When the Ordnance maps were coloured lately by the Government to mark upon them the divisions of the parishes, a tract of some two or three square miles in the upper valley of the Clarwen was by mistake cut off from one parish and affixed to another. The difference, however, was quite immaterial for the purpose for which the maps were required; since the gain of the one parish and the loss of the other in inhabitants, consequent upon the transfer, was represented by exactly one!

We have still left unnoticed many of the streams that fall into the Upper Wye, or into its tributaries. The Ithon, the Marteg, the Caumarch, the Dulas, the Chwefru, all offer picturesque scenes to the tourist, and good fishing to the angler. The Wye itself is strictly preserved along its whole length. Neither have we had space to speak of the numerous other rivers of South Wales. The Uak, the Towy, the Teivy, the Neath, have on their banks scenes not inferior to any on the Wye, though perhaps less of long continued beauty. But this must be enough for the present.

#### EMIGRATION.

THE most striking feature of the emigration of the last three years has been the increase in the number of English emigrants, especially as compared with Irish. Previously to 1869 the Irish emigration had always been much larger than the English. But in 1871 the English emigrants were to the Irish as 59 to 41. Nevertheless, in proportion to population, the Irish emigration is still much greater than the English. By far the largest part of the whole emigration goes to the United States. We hear much of the influence of Irishmen upon the politics of the United States, but it is remarkable that the English emigrants to that country last year exceeded in number the Irish in the proportion of 36 to 33. The Emigration Commissioners, in their recent Report, remark that the large number of emigrants of British birth who went to the United States, compared with the number who went to Canada, will probably be viewed with regret; but this is an inevitable consequence of the extent of the emigration. They state that Canada cannot at present absorb more than 30,000 or 40,000 emigrants a year, and the excess beyond that number can obtain employment only in the extensive labour market of the United States. It appears, however, from other passages of the Report, that Canada could take more emigrants than go there, and the activity of the agency for emigration to the United States is mentioned as one of the causes of the preference shown by emigrants for that country. It is a pity that the Commissioners themselves should help to throw unfounded discouragement upon intending emigrants to Canada. They say that that country can only take a limited number, and if that number be exceeded the surplus must go to the United States, and that it is better to go directly than indirectly to that which must be the ultimate resort. Yet when they come to speak particularly of Canada, they represent the demand for labour in that country as greater than it has ever been before. Thus they quote the agent for Ottawa as saying that a much larger number of immigrants might have been placed by him, and that the rates of wages were never better than at present, both in the city and surrounding country. Agricultural labourers have been in great request throughout the whole Ottawa Valley, and the agent was never able to furnish more than a partial supply to fill the many orders which he received from the farming community. "The openings in every direction are such that there need be no hesitation in those skilled in agricultural pursuits in making this neighbourhood their home." It is a pity that this statement, if correct, should not be widely divulged in England, so that it might help to divert to Canada some part of the stream of emigration which flows to the United States. Again, the agent at Kingston says, "In regard to the number of immigrants applied for during the season, I have no doubt that four times the number of each class could have been settled without the least difficulty within the limits of this agency. . . . The demand for female servants has been very great in this agency for years past." Again, the agent at Toronto says, "The demand for female servants is very great, both in the cities, towns, and villages. Any number will find ready employment, as well as youths from fourteen to eighteen years of age. The demand for all kinds of labour has not been so great in many years as at this moment."

It must not, however, be forgotten what are the classes of immigrants that Canada requires. They are labourers of all kinds, especially agricultural; mechanics, and artisans accustomed to common trades; domestic servants, particularly females; boys and girls over fifteen years of age; tenant farmers; persons of capital yielding sufficient interest for their maintenance. In this enumeration the most desirable class is placed first, and the others in order of eligibility. "The classes who are not required are professional men and clerks." It is remarkable that the demand comes from all new countries for female servants, and although some efforts have been made to supply it, yet that which is manifestly desirable is almost unobtainable. The Commissioners draw attention to the great and increasing excess of females over males in the population of the United Kingdom. This excess is largely due to emigration. According to the census of 1871, the excess of females over males is nearly one million. In the last ten years the emigration of males to that of females has been as three to two. "This must always be the case." However urgent the demand for female domestic servants in the United States and the Colonies, and however great the advantages held out to them, it is not to be expected, say the Commissioners, that young women will leave their homes to seek their fortunes in new countries with the same readiness and courage as men. This of course is true; but it is much to be desired that some organisation should be provided which—to put the matter plainly—would supply

with a wife every colonist who could afford to keep one. Something has been done in this direction, but not nearly as much as appears requisite to the prosperity of the colonies. Thus it is stated that in Queensland the female is as to the male population about as 67 to 100. This proportion is stated to be "undoubtedly low." In Victoria there has been a great increase in the proportion of females, which is "very satisfactory." It has been brought about in great measure by the assisted emigration conducted by the Board, which has of late years consisted principally of "female domestic servants." This we take to be the official term for wives for colonists working at agriculture or trades. It is manifest that the progress of a colony of favourable soil and climate depends upon the quantity of labour which it can bestow on tillage, and therefore every healthy child born in it ought to be an addition to its wealth. The anxiety of the Governments of Victoria and Queensland to promote the immigration of women—or, in other words, the marriage of men—is therefore laudable. But it must be remembered that, for women of a superior class, new countries offer but few openings. There is no caution more constantly repeated by colonial authorities than this—that women above the class of domestic servants, and not willing to undertake menial duties, should not emigrate to the colonies.

When strikes occur among agricultural labourers, and are apprehended among housemaids, it begins to look as if emigration from England had been carried far enough at least for the comfort of the classes who do not emigrate. The great impediment to emigration is the want of means to pay passage-money, and in this respect Australia and New Zealand are at a disadvantage compared with Canada, which those communities take apparently insufficient measures to redress. It is perhaps surprising, considering the small numbers of the entire emigration to those colonies, that part of it should have been obtained from Sweden and Norway. If the colonies really require labour for their prosperity, and if they have not money to pay for importing it, they could probably borrow, for that purpose as well as others, in the London market. And if they were prepared to pay, and employed active agents, we should think that they might draw upon the rural districts of England more largely than they do. It is easy for magistrates and clergymen to diffuse information as to the prospects of employment in the colonies, and the means of reaching them; but unfortunately the colonial agents would select for emigration exactly those tenants and parishioners whom it would be desirable to keep at home, while they would be apt to regard poachers and Internationalists as equally unprofitable articles of exportation. The colonies have long since rejected our crime, and they are equally determined to decline our idleness and improvidence. But they are most loud and unanimous in protesting that neither ladies nor gentlemen need apply. We must keep our refinement of manner, and cultivation of intellect, and taste in dress and accessories, to ourselves, and perhaps in course of time, and under stress of circumstances, it may be found possible to combine these ornamental qualities with some of those which are declared to be alone useful in a new community. If the diffusion of knowledge among the working classes leads in future years to enlarged emigration, it will come to this—that the middle and upper classes will be deprived of that assistance in the performance of domestic offices which they now with increasing difficulty obtain. If indigenous labour becomes scarce, it is not obvious from what quarter of the world labour can be imported. The Chinaman and coolie are almost ubiquitous, but it is hardly to be expected that they will ever exhibit their industry and frugality and other less admirable qualities in England. The coolie is eagerly invited to the West Indies and Mauritius, and the Chinaman, although uninvited and almost repelled, finds his way to Australia and New Zealand. Considering that famine in the East Indies occasionally sweeps away many thousands of persons who would be certain to earn a subsistence in the West Indies, it seems desirable that the emigration of coloured races should receive greater encouragement than it does. Unfortunately it is liable to many kinds of abuses, and it is complained that the regulations necessary to prevent abuse check the legitimate development of business. An immigration agent for Trinidad points with justifiable pride to the number of strong hearty men who might have perished from famine, to the number of women who have been rescued from degradation worse than death, and to the troops of healthy and intelligent children who will hereafter augment the supply of labour. These are undeniably beneficial results of a system which requires nevertheless to be carefully superintended. The coolie is useful and inoffensive, but the Chinaman, besides being personally disagreeable to European colonists, is apt to look sharply after his own interests, which may possibly conflict with theirs. We are told that a Committee of the House of Representatives in New Zealand was appointed to inquire into Chinese immigration, and they made a report which negatives various allegations which we believe are commonly brought against the Chinamen. They are said to be industrious and frugal, which no one doubts. They are also said to be as "orderly" as Europeans, which is certainly true in the sense that they do not get drunk and shoot and fight in the streets. It is added that no special risk to the morality or security of the community need be apprehended from their presence, and that "they are not likely to introduce any special infectious diseases into it. This assurance upon such authority will, we think, be satisfactory to the European colonists. The Chinamen are well adapted for manual and light unskilled occupations, but nearly all those who come to the colonies are

the purpose of mining for gold. They occupy and turn to good account ground which would not pay the European miner, and they generally return to China as soon as they have amassed a cool. If this be so, they are scarcely likely to become a constituent element in the formation of the race to which the New Zealander who will meditate among the ruins of London, may be expected to belong. And it would appear to be better that they should not. It is difficult to believe that European civilisation, whatever be its faults, would be improved by the admixture of a Chinese element, and it is perhaps fortunate that the English colonist of New Zealand considers the manners and customs of his Chinese competitors disgusting.

#### THE CANADIAN ARMY.

NOT MORE than a year ago we gave an account of the military organisation of Canada, and of the efforts she was making to render herself independent of any permanent assistance from the mother-country. Since we last wrote on the subject, the Dominion has been thrown almost entirely on its own resources, for the whole of the regular forces, save a small portion constituting the garrisons of Halifax, has now been withdrawn from the colony. The result is, by no means that Canada is defenceless. To use the words of the Adjutant-General of Militia in writing of Quebec and Kingston:—"The British flag that floats over these strongholds is as vigilantly guarded, and the morning gun, as regularly fired, by the Dominion Militia Artillery Corps, who have replaced the regular troops at those stations for garrison duty." The Canadians have only seen in the departure of the Imperial troops an argument for increased exertion, and for developing and perfecting their arrangements for defence. The official report of the Militia for the military year 1871-72 shows that marked progress has been made both as regards numbers and efficiency. At the last enrolment in 1869 the enrolled reserve Militia, comprising every man liable to military service, numbered 656,666 men. In 1871 it had increased to 694,009. There is, it is true, a slight falling off in the paper strength of the active Militia, which at the close of 1870 was 44,519, while on December 31, 1871, it was 43,174. We fancy, however, that this decrease is more nominal than real, and that many of the 1,345 men who make up the difference existed only on paper. It is certain that in 1871 the training was far more systematic and extensive than it had been previously. Out of the total number borne on the rolls of the active Militia at the close of the military year 1871-72, 34,414 officers and men underwent the annual training, of whom 28,544, with 1,996 horses, were assembled at brigade or division camps of exercise for sixteen days' continuous drill, and were paid and supplied as on actual service; 5,210 officers and men, with 319 horses, were assembled in camps for eight days' training, being paid and supplied under ordinary regulations; while 8,760 officers and men performed the annual drill at corps headquarters, or, in the case of many garrison batteries, at certain forts where they were put through a short course of gun drill and practice. Hitherto these latter have been chiefly trained as infantry, but in 1871, the services of competent ex-officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery having been obtained, the garrison batteries have been trained to the use of their proper arms, and have fired the regulation allowance of shot and shell. The field batteries have also received due gunnery instruction. A great step in advance has been taken by the establishment of two schools of artillery under the command of specially trained officers of the Royal Artillery. These schools have not only been employed for purposes of instruction, but also as permanent garrison batteries to guard certain forts hitherto occupied by the Imperial troops.

These batteries may indeed be considered as representing the standing army of Canada, and a few details concerning them cannot but be interesting, for it must be remembered that, as they are made up of volunteers from the active Militia batteries, they present a fair sample of the whole of the artillery branch. Besides the permanent staff of instructors, these two batteries, A and B, numbered at the date of last report 209 men engaged for twelve months, and 27 officers and men for three months. The average height of non-commissioned officers and men is in A Battery 5 ft. 8½ in., and in B Battery 5 ft. 8 in.; the average chest measurement being in A Battery 37½ in., and in B Battery 37½ in. During the year 1871, 45 candidates for commissions in the active Militia Artillery obtained certificates at the schools of gunnery; of these 23 were first and 13 second class certificates. Since the establishment of these schools the total number of first class certificates obtained is 231, and of second class certificates 49. It is evident, therefore, that there is already a good harvest of instructed officers in the artillery branch of the Militia, and that soon there will be a large number of trained gunners. We may mention that at each of the gunnery schools there are 6 horses for the purpose of giving field artillery, and especially drill, instruction. At present the number of field guns is small, being only 48, or 1 per 1,000 men; but the Adjutant-General of Militia strongly urges an increase. Of the 48 guns now in possession, 21 are 4 in. 64-pounder Armstrongs; but it is in contemplation to arm all the batteries with M. L. R. 9-pounder guns, such as are used by the British Artillery. The great difficulty is to obtain a sufficient number of suitable horses, and the Adjutant-General

recommends that such as may be required should be enrolled in each battery, a retaining fee being given of 10 dollars per horse per annum, and a daily allowance of one dollar when called out for duty. Some such plan might perhaps with advantage be adopted by us for horning guns of position or even the Central waggon. The garrison artillery, consisting of 70 batteries, is now, as we have above remarked, being carefully trained to its proper duties, and, with the exception of the four Quebec batteries, seems to be making progress. With, however, the exception of two 7-in. breech-loader guns, all the guns are old smooth-bore pieces. This defect will no doubt be remedied, as money becomes available for the purchase of rifled guns. The importance attached to the artillery is shown by a recommendation that the limit of training should be extended from 16 to 35 days.

The Engineers are few in number and have scarcely received any instruction in their special duties. It is proposed, however, that in future instruction shall be given at the gunnery schools. Of the three companies, of a total strength of 232 officers and men, one received its first lesson in field engineering last year. Of the other two, one is composed of men in the employment of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and ought, owing to the nature of the daily occupations of its members, to be very useful in the construction and repair of railways during war. The Adjutant-General urges that the number of companies should be increased till there is one in each district. He also recommends that there should be a telegraph company duly provided with apparatus in each province, and that postion trains should be formed.

The proportion of cavalry is as small as that of Engineers, there being only one regiment, 5 squadrons, and 9 independent troops—giving a total of 1,571 officers and men—in the whole Dominion. The increase of this arm and its organization in district regiments is suggested. It is also urged that, as is recommended in the case of the artillery, the training should be extended to thirty-two days, and that the horses should be enrolled. That the cavalry is, however, very efficient even under present conditions may be gathered from the fact that the New Brunswick regiment marched from its headquarters into camp in two days, each troop accomplishing on an average eighty miles, including the distance between troop and regimental headquarters. The infantry consists of 636 companies in 76 battalions, and several independent companies. The great defect in this branch of the service consists in the weakness of the companies, which number rather under 50 men each on an average, and in the fact that there are many independent companies, and that battalions are consequently too small, many battalions at the annual training only turning out about 250 or 260 strong. The men are however fairly drilled, well armed, clothed, and equipped, and remarkable for their discipline. In the course of a few years this arm cannot fail to be at all events highly efficient as regards officers, for the schools of instruction, of which there are four, turned out in 1871 315 candidates for commissions. Of these 42 obtained first class and 273 second class certificates.

But the Canadian military authorities are by no means content with imparting merely theoretical instruction, for all over the country troops were assembled in camps and practised in field manoeuvres. It is to the credit of the officers commanding that these manoeuvres were carried on in such a manner as to prove that the changed conditions of modern war and the modifications in tactics consequently rendered necessary are as fully recognized in Canada as in the most advanced school in this country. Nor were the Canadian Militia altogether without experience in earnest campaigning. In the beginning of October 1871 the distant province of Manitoba was disturbed by a Fenian invasion, and the Government consequently determined to send a reinforcement of 275 officers and men to strengthen the small force occupying Fort Garry. On the 12th October the Adjutant-General received the order, a force was promptly raised, and on the 18th of the following month the expedition reached its destination, having thus accomplished at an unfavourable season of the year, in less than one month, a journey for which the previous expedition had required three months.

The great difficulty which the Canadian Government has to face is that of volunteering. It seems that this method of keeping corps complete is nearly worn out, many captains finding it necessary, to the great detriment of discipline, personally to entreat men to join. There is also this great evil, that as long as the voluntary system lasts, it is often necessary to grant commissions to incompetent men solely on social grounds. Besides, the willing men have become somewhat tired of taking on themselves a duty which ought to be shared by all; and though a certain number of re-engagements for a second period of three years do occur, they will, it is expected, soon cease. Such being the case, a strong feeling, shared by the Adjutant-General himself, is growing up that the time has arrived for making service in the active Militia compulsory. The obligation indeed already exists, but the law has not yet been put in force. It is, however, probable that a change in this respect will soon take place; and when it does, the military position of Canada will be strong indeed. Even without reckoning Columbia, where the reserve Militia system is only now being introduced, the Dominion numbers nearly 700,000 men between the ages of 16 and 60 liable to military service. In the course of some six years a large proportion of these will have passed through the active Militia—already indeed many have done so—and will be thus fully trained soldiers. Even as it is, 30,000 men, thoroughly fit to take the field, could be assembled at any point on the frontier within four or five days, and these would have in support a

reserve of about 670,000 men, of whom 13,000 men would belong to the active Militia. Nor have the authorities contented themselves with a mere vague enactment that every man between the ages of 18 and 60 is liable to serve when called upon to do so; but the whole of the reserve Militia is enrolled by districts, and there is a permanent recruiting staff of officers whose sole duty is to forward the number of men required. Indeed in this particular the Canadians seem to have borrowed from the Germans. It might be as well were we to take a hint from our colony. There is at present in England a strong but, we believe, daily diminishing objection to universal liability to military service. That it will be necessary ere long to have recourse to it we can scarcely doubt. Until, however, we learn, with or without the lesson imparted by a Jena or a Sedan, what is the only sound principle of national defence, it surely could inflict but a slight burden on the population were we to adopt at all events the principle of universal enrolment by districts. This would be a step in the right direction, and would tend to prepare men's minds for one still further in advance. We attach no great importance to the common assertion that the nation would not stand such a burden as would be imposed by universal liability to military service. In Canada we see a large English population not only accepting the principle but on the point of carrying it into effect, and what Englishmen can submit to in Canada cannot be too much to expect from Englishmen in England. Otherwise we should have to confess with shame that the patriotism of which in words we boast has in practice died out amongst us, that luxury and a high state of civilization have killed us, and that the only true Englishmen are to be found on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

## REVIEWS.

### DE TOCQUEVILLE'S LETTERS AND CONVERSATIONS.\*

THIS is an extremely interesting book, and a singularly good illustration of the value which, even in an age of newspapers and magazines, memoirs have and will always continue to have for the purposes of history. The reflections which it contains on French politics from 1848 to 1859 are such reflections as one might look for in vain in speeches or articles. They would not be found in speeches, because statesmen seldom say exactly what they think, or all that they think, but only so much as seems suitable for the occasion, adapted to the taste and understanding of an audience; nor yet in the press, because articles are written hastily, often by inferior people in a reckless spirit, and with a view to excite rather than to inform or control the popular mind. In these letters and conversations we have one of the keenest political thinkers of his generation expressing his views on passing events with perfect freedom, candour, and directness, subject in many instances to the cross-examination of another vigorous and congenial intelligence. No expression of views addressed to the public could have the same simplicity and truthfulness; no subsequently written disquisition could have the same value as showing precisely what the impression was which each change in the situation made as it occurred. For this is what the historian most desires, and can most rarely get from a trustworthy source; to him the errors and mistakes of the wise are the most precious of all data.

Probably few men have had a more comprehensive conception of politics as a subject of science, in which facts should be carefully collected and deliberately investigated, than Mr. Senior had; or a more constant sense of being present at the making of history, a more anxious desire to discern what is permanently important in the events of the hour, to recognize and estimate their ultimate historical bearing. The pains he bestowed on his journals and conversations are the best proof of this. It was therefore a singular piece of good fortune that brought him into relations with De Tocqueville, whom he was fitted to appreciate, and out of whose conversations he was at great pains to select what was best worth noting down and preserving. His society was evidently very congenial to De Tocqueville, and in it the latter, whose nature desponding temperament as well as a tinge of pride and reserve prevented him from displaying his full powers in general company, found himself cheered and stimulated, and seems to have been in all respects at his best.

These two volumes consist partly of the correspondence of De Tocqueville with Mr. Senior, partly of Mr. Senior's notes of conversations at which he was present, written out as soon as possible afterwards, and in some cases submitted for revision to De Tocqueville, who added notes modifying any statement which he thought did not precisely represent his views. Mr. Senior laments that in his version the grace and delicacy of the spoken words evaporate; but their more solid merits at any rate remain—they are admirably clear as well as concise. Throughout the book one is struck by the same qualities as those which make the *Democracy in America* and the *Ancien Régime* models in their kind. We have the same judicial calmness, the same exquisitely fine powers of observation, the same ingenuity in tracing out causes and connecting facts of diverse orders with one another, the same comprehensive grasp of politics and society as a whole, of the relation of social and

economical phenomena to the power and working of Government; finally, the same grace, finish, and lucidity of style. Very pleasant too are the glimpses we get here and there of his personal character and home life, which Mr. Senior's daughter, who edits the book, has judiciously kept as a sort of background to the political discussions which form its main theme. The manuscript seems to have been prepared so carefully that there was comparatively little left for an editor to do, but what there was has been done with great good sense and good taste. Now and then a sentence, or even an entire letter, might have been omitted, as relating to matters purely ephemeral and personal, but the space saved by such retrenchments would scarcely exceed a few pages; and as any one who had set out with a determination to use the pruning-knife would probably have cut away passages which, though not positively important, we should have been sorry to lose, we are not disposed to regret the view Mrs. Simpson has taken of her duties. She has rendered a great service to readers by prefixing a very full table of contents, by whose aid one can follow each topic as it comes up from time to time for discussion.

The main theme of these letters and conversations is of course the contemporary politics of France. There are some interesting bits of literary criticism, and some remarks on English affairs (of which more hereafter); the rest of the book is virtually a running commentary on the Revolution of 1848, the rise of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the *coup d'état*, and the earlier period of the Empire. It is wonderfully penetrating and profoundly melancholy. The faults and weaknesses of France are laid bare with a hand not unpatriotic indeed, but perfectly truthful; her dangers are shown to arise from the political ignorance of some classes and the indolence of others, as well as from a too even balance of equally selfish parties. Unhappily these faults and dangers are almost exactly those which the last two years have shown to be still present and formidable; one of them, the ascendancy of Socialism over the minds of the working classes, may even be thought to have grown more serious. The permanence, among so many external changes, of these sources of mischief, shows that De Tocqueville did not err in thinking them deeply seated, and in foretelling a long period of unrest for his country. Nothing can be more remarkable than the way in which some of his criticisms and prophecies, which might have seemed fanciful when they were uttered, have found their illustration or fulfilment in the history of the years 1870-71.

Everything is put with so much terseness and elegance that it is impossible to summarize, and not easy even to select passages to be extracted without injuring them by removal from their context. All that we shall attempt is to indicate the dominant ideas in De Tocqueville's conception of the contemporary political situation, and to urge those who have leisure to read the book to see how he works these out in detail. We begin with the Monarchy of July. He regretted, if not its fall, yet certainly the time and the manner of its fall; but he thought it an ignoble and unworthy system under which France was not improving. Writing in August 1847, he says:—

You will find France calm and not unprosperous, but anxious. Men's minds have been subject for some time to a strange uneasiness. In the midst of tranquillity more profound than any we have enjoyed for a very long time, the idea that our present position is unstable besets them. As for myself, though not without alarm, I am less anxious; I do not exaggerate our danger. I believe that our social edifice will continue to rest on its present basis, because no one, even if he wish to change its foundation, can point out another. But yet the state of public feeling disturbs me. The middle classes, cajoled and bribed for the last seventeen years by the Government, have gradually assumed towards the rest of the nation the position of a little aristocracy, and without its higher feelings; one feels ashamed of being led by such a vulgar and corrupt aristocracy; and if this feeling should prevail among the lower classes, it may produce great calamities. And yet how can a Government be prevented from using corruption, when the nature of our constituencies makes corruption so convenient, and our centralization makes it so easy? The fact is that we are trying an experiment of which I cannot foresee the result. We are trying to employ at the same time two instruments, which I believe have never been combined before—an elected Assembly and a highly centralized Executive. It is the greatest problem of modern times. We have proposed it to the world, but it has not yet been solved.

Three weeks before the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848 he had said in the Chamber, among violent murmurs of dissent:—

Revolution is not far off. Without doubt the disorder does not break out in overt acts, but it has sunk deeply into the minds of the people. Look at what is passing in the breasts of the working classes, as yet, I own, tranquil. It is true that they are not now inflamed by purely political passions in the same degree as formerly, but do you not observe that their passions from political have become social? Do you not see gradually pervading them opinions and ideas whose object is not merely to overthrow a law, a Ministry, or even a dynasty, but society itself—to shake the very foundations on which it now rests? Do you not listen to their perpetual cry? Do you not hear incessantly repeated, that all those above them are insupportable and unworthy of governing them? that the present distribution of wealth in the world is unjust, that property rests upon no equitable basis? And do you not believe that when such opinions take root, when they spread till they have almost become general, when they penetrate deeply into the masses, that they must lead sooner or later—I know not when, I know not how—but that sooner or later they must lead to the most formidable revolutions? Such is my deep conviction; I believe that at this moment we are slumbering on a volcano.

Again:—

The great and real cause of the Revolution (of 1848) was the insupportable spirit which animated the Government during this long reign; a spirit of trickery, of baseness, and of bribery, which has corrupted and degraded the middle classes, destroyed their public spirit, and filled them with a selfishness so blind as to induce them to separate their interests entirely from those of the lower classes whom they govern, which consequently have been abandoned to the caprice of men who, under the name of democracy,

\* *Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with Nassau Senior.* Edited by M. G. M. Simpson. London: King & Co.



lower orders, have filled their heads with false ideas. . . . Sooner or later the Orleans dynasty must have been upset, even if it had reposed on a really democratic basis. But it rested on the most selfish and grasping of plutocracies. There were no nomination seats for the nobles; no seat and lot boroughs for the agitators, no venal ones for the millionaires; the road to power lay along one flat and level terrace of bourgeoisie, looked up to with envy and looked down on with scorn, amounting to disgust, by the better born and better educated classes above it.

With this feeling as to the impossibility of reconciling different classes to one another, it is not surprising that De Tocqueville should not have expected a long life for the Republic of 1848-51. We find him speculating on its extinction and its probable successor on almost the same data and in almost the same terms as those which are used now respecting the present Government of France. For some time he scarcely ventured to predict the time and immediate causes of its fall, thinking the agricultural Monarchists as formidable as the Socialists of the cities. But in 1851 it became clear enough that the real danger was from the President. De Tocqueville, however, though he believed Louis Napoleon unscrupulous enough for anything, and saw him surrounded by a gang of knaves and desperadoes, thought him too irresolute to strike a decisive blow at the Assembly and the Constitution. Nor, although he says

the people are now in a state of mind in which, whatever be its follies or its usurpations, they will side with the executive; they are thoroughly sick of revolutions, and would sacrifice the Constitution to avoid a contest,

does he seem to have supposed that there was any power in the President's hand sufficient for his purposes:—

He may attempt a *coup d'état*, he may summon a constituent body in defiance both of the Constitution and of the Assembly. This would fail; the army and the National Guard would side with the Assembly. It is very doubtful whether the President and the Assembly together could effect a *coup d'état*. Neither of them could do so in opposition to the other.

Signally as this prediction was falsified, it was not, when made, an unreasonable one. For the army had in all previous struggles gone with the people, as it would probably have done this time also had not all its honest leaders been seized by Louis Napoleon and his fellow-conspirators. Nor could any one have supposed beforehand that they were capable either of so much daring or of such unparalleled atrocities:—

"This," said Tocqueville after the *coup d'état* (December 23, 1851), "is a new phase in our history. Every previous revolution has been made by a political party. This is the first time that the army has seized France, bound and gagged her, and laid her at the feet of its ruler. . . . He began to conspire from November 10, 1848. His direct instructions to Oudinot, and his letter to Ney only a few months after his election, showed his determination not to submit to Parliamentary government. Then followed his dismissal of Ministry after Ministry, until he had degraded the office to a clerkship. Then came the semi-regal progress, then the reviews of Satory, the encouragement of treasonable cries, the selection for all the high appointments in the army of Paris of men whose infamous characters fitted them to be tools. Then he publicly insulted the Assembly at Dijon; and at last, in October, we knew that his plans were laid. It was then only that we began to think what were our means of defence, but that was no more a conspiracy than it is a conspiracy in travellers to look for their pistols when they see a band of robbers advancing."

His subsequent criticisms of Louis Napoleon's policy vary but little from the idea with which they start—that his first necessity is to keep the middle classes scared by the spectre of Socialism, and to occupy the minds of all classes by a restless foreign policy, especially by successful wars:—

What I fear is that when this man feels the ground crumbling under him he will try the resource of war. It will be a most dangerous experiment. Defeat, or even the alternation of success and failure which is the ordinary course of war, would be fatal to him, but brilliant success might, as I have said before, re-establish him. It would be playing double or quits. He is by nature a gambler. . . . War with a Bonaparte means the Rhine. . . . Depend on it this Government can exist, even for a time, only on the condition of brilliant, successful war, or prosperous peace. It is bound to be rapidly and easily victorious. If it fail in this it will sink, or perhaps in its terrors and its struggles it will catch at the other alternative, peace.

But De Tocqueville's opinion of the political capacity, though certainly not of the moral character, of Louis Napoleon seems afterwards to have risen. His head proved strong enough to bear his elevation. His plans, though never comprehensive or masterly, were constantly varied with a sort of watchful cunning which, if it did not ensure success, avoided fatal calamities. It was, however, bitterly mortifying to De Tocqueville to see England, which he not only admired but loved as a second country, grovel (as he thought) before this blood-stained adventurer at the time of the Crimean war; and there are some reflections, not more stringent than true, not only on the ignorance of foreign politics displayed by even our most considerable men, but on the ostentatious hardness and selfishness of our attitude towards other countries:—

The Indian mutiny and the Crimean war show how little sympathy there is for England abroad. There was everything to interest us in your success—similarity of race, of religion, of civilization. Your loss of India could have served no cause but that of barbarism. Yet I venture to affirm that the whole Continent, though it detested the cruelties of your enemies, did not wish you to triumph. Much of this is, without doubt, to be attributed to the evil passions which make men always desire the fall of the prosperous and the strong. But much belongs to a less dishonourable cause—to the conviction of all nations that England considers them only with reference to her own greatness; that she has less sympathy than any other modern nation; that she never notices what passes among foreigners, what they think, feel, suffer, or do, but with relation to the use which England can make of their actions, their sufferings, their feelings, or their thoughts; and that when she seems to care most for them, she really cares only for herself. All this is exaggerated, but not without truth.

There are a good many curious little remarks on English affairs in the book which remind one how unlike we are to France in this at least—that although we have no revolutions, our public questions and the whole aspect of our politics really do change from decade to decade. It is quite amusing, for instance, to read of the commotion created by the so-called Papal Aggression, and to think how dead all that has fallen now, and how far we have drifted in many other respects from our position in 1852, when the admission of six-pound householders had just begun to be talked about. De Tocqueville's views on England are perhaps as just as those of any foreigner can be; but they are sometimes very wide of the mark both as regards individuals and classes. A stranger is of course necessarily at the mercy of those whom he meets; so it is perhaps not very wonderful that he should have supposed, as it would seem he did, that Mr. Henry Reeve had some reputation among us as a writer; or, on the other hand, that the Whig nobility whom he met at Lord Lansdowne's were a fair type of the English aristocracy generally. We are throughout struck by the exaggerated estimate he formed of the merits of the English highest class. It may, however, be that the passion for mere enjoyment and indifference to their public duties was less marked among them fifteen or twenty years ago than it unfortunately is now, and that they had not then so fully identified themselves with the new plutocracy, which acquires their faults so much more easily than their virtues. But one might run on for ever discussing the interesting questions, social and literary, as well as political, which these letters and conversations raise; and which, if they do not always solve, they at any rate always illuminate. De Tocqueville does not seem to have been particularly well read out of the history and literature of his own country; in variety and copiousness of information he must have been inferior to some of the great English talkers of the last two generations—certainly, for instance, to Mackintosh and to Macaulay. But there is a keenness of observation, a brightness, a fertility about his talk, which make this deficiency scarcely noticed; and in these two volumes nothing is more remarkable than his commanding superiority to every other eminent Frenchman whose conversations are reported. Such men seem to rise more and more rarely in France. She certainly does not need them less than she did.

#### THE GREAT LONE LAND.\*

CAPTAIN BUTLER occasionally propounds theories with which we cannot entirely agree; he sometimes indulges in writing which strikes us as being not in the best possible taste; and perhaps he is a little more voluminous than we could wish. But, whatever faults an ill-disposed critic might contrive to discover in his book, he is a companion for whom we gradually learn to entertain a very warm liking, and from whom we part at the last page with sincere regret. He is to all appearance a soldier by predilection; he has a genuine love of an adventurous life; and when his promotion was arrested by the impossibility of procuring the necessary funds under the purchase system, he looked about for some more exciting career than that offered by the dull routine of barrack life, and found an opportunity for active exertion in the Red River Expedition. His tastes and prejudices are of a type not uncommon in his profession. He has no great opinion of the Parliamentary system; he does not venerate the memory of Mr. Cobden, nor is he even stirred to lively enthusiasm at the name of the late lamented Prince Consort; he has evidently strong views as to our duties towards our colonial empire, and is of opinion that we put up with a great deal more Yankee insolence than is desirable. Of these sentiments, as they only crop out incidentally, we need say nothing; and, right or wrong, they are not particularly original, and might be echoed by a good many soldiers. But Captain Butler has other qualities more distinctly his own. He has a very warm appreciation of wild natural scenery, and no little skill in reproducing his impressions. He has a genuine kindness towards beasts and men. The indignation with which he speaks of cruelties perpetrated upon Indians, horses, and dogs is fervid and creditable to him; nay, though he has the instincts of a sportsman, he makes a confession which we fear will injure his character with those who love killing in the abstract. He tells us how once, after a hard fight, he mastered a huge bull buffalo, and triumphantly returned to Fort Kearney with six tongues hanging from his saddle. But, he strangely adds, "never since that hour, though often but a two days' ride from buffalo, have I sought to take the life of one of those noble animals"; and for this he gives the eccentric reason that the buffalo is fast vanishing from the land. Surely, one would say, that should be a reason for joining in the scramble over the last relics of the past. The sentiment is so uncommon that Captain Butler runs great risk of an accusation of sentimentality. We will, however, leave him to his critics, and confess that to our taste the softheartedness which he displays upon this occasion, and upon others when a dog is knocked into insensibility, or an Indian tribe extirpated, gives a decided charm to his pages.

The *Great Lone Land* of which Captain Butler discourses is a region whose existence is scarcely realized, though it is of course more or less dimly recognized, by most Englishmen. It is that vast territory which intervenes between Canada and the Rocky Mountains to the North of the United States. Captain Butler

\* *The Great Lone Land*. By Captain W. F. Butler. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

approached it by the Red River of the North, which rises close to the sources of the Mississippi. It empties itself into Lake Winnipeg. Lake Winnipeg is a great lake even for North America, and besides the Red River, it receives the waters of two huge rivers. One of them, the Winnipeg, descending from near the shores of Lake Superior, has twice the volume of the Rhine, whilst the other, the Saskatchewan, coming from the Rocky Mountains, is longer than the Danube. The Winnipeg, according to Captain Butler's account, must be a singularly beautiful stream, though not as convenient as might be wished for practical purposes. It expands alternately into broad lakes and contracts into a narrow channel, broken by innumerable rapids. It was, however, successfully descended by the Red River Expedition in 1870, which was unlucky enough to be eclipsed in popular interest by certain contemporary events of rather greater magnitude in the neighbourhood of a more historic stream. The Saskatchewan waters a fertile valley throughout its length of some 1,200 miles, and between them the two rivers form a line of water communication by which, when the short interval from the Winnipeg to Lake Superior is traversed by a canal, it will be possible to pass from Quebec to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, some 3,000 miles away. Any one might learn thus much from a map, but probably the importance of this extraordinary system of rivers is rarely appreciated. For, as Captain Butler had good reason to know, the vast territory thus watered is at present amongst the most thinly inhabited parts of the earth's surface. After the suppression of Riel, the dictator of the little rebellion in Manitoba, Captain Butler was despatched on a mission to the sources of the Saskatchewan, with the object of investigating the present condition of the country and its motley inhabitants. The country itself is a vast basin waiting to receive the overflowing stream of population which at present expends itself on less remote districts. Till it comes the traveller must be prepared for rough work. Even at starting, and in summer weather, the Captain encountered annoyances which might deter a more vacation tourist. To say nothing of the pleasures of society amongst the cowboys of the Western States, where every other word is an oath, and the one recreation of the natives consists in the consumption of an indefinite quantity of "straight drinks," the insect world seems to exceed anything encountered by Mark Tapley. The Captain's description of the dense clouds of mosquitoes which darkened the air in his ride by the Red River fairly makes one's flesh creep with a sympathetic shiver. He and his pony were exposed to "choking masses of biting insects; no mere cloud thicker and denser in one place than in another, but one huge wall of never-ending insects, filling nostrils, ears, and eyes." They were a "mountain of mosquitoes." They were six or eight deep on the horse's skin, and every sweep of the hand crushed myriads. We do not wonder that Captain Butler galloped for his life with hands and feet out and bleeding. The Sioux, it is said, killed their captives by exposing them for a night; and, in short, the very air seems to be turned into live mosquito soup.

We know not whether these plagues will expire under the influence of civilization. But there is not much doubt that another enemy of travellers is fast disappearing. Blackfoot and Crees and Sioux are following the buffalo, and themselves recognize their inevitable extermination. It is a melancholy spectacle, and it is impossible not to sympathize with Captain Butler's indignation at the brutal manner in which the process is being carried out. The white savage speedily becomes a more detestable brute than the red; for the red man has in him some glimmerings of religion and poetry of which the white has lost all trace. Captain Butler tells us of a gallant exploit of certain American soldiers who surprised a village, already suffering from the smallpox, and slew man, woman, and child to the number of a hundred and seventy, with no more remorse than they would have displayed in killing rattlesnakes. He has rumours of still worse atrocities, such, for example, as an intentional introduction of smallpox amongst the Indians by certain traders. Assuming this, as we presume we may, to be nothing but a wild fiction, it is still unpleasantly illustrative of the feeling which exists between the races when such stories pass current as at least credible. We wish that there were a better chance that these crimes might disappear before the disappearance of their victims; and yet we must suggest to Captain Butler that he scarcely strengthens his case by talking about the beauties of the Indian character. That the Indians have been maligned we fully believe, and we have no little doubt that they have degenerated. Yet it strikes one as rather absurd to quote Longfellow and Fenimore Cooper as witnesses for true Indian character in opposition to the evidence of eye-witnesses. Indeed when Captain Butler is not indulging in a little rhetoric, excusable perhaps under the excitement produced by narratives of cold-blooded barbarity, he himself tells us some very unpleasant things about his Indian friends. He describes, for example, the mode in which the noble savage now goes on the war-path; how one party, being afraid to attack their enemies, and anxious to obtain a scalp, dig a body out of a fresh grave, and how a gallant young chief, being hospitably received by two women and their children one evening, gets up in the middle of the night, kills them all, and returns in triumph with their scalps. The savage becomes better, urges Captain Butler; but that is just the objection to him. The Indian's "sole toil and thought," he tells us, is war, and he invites us to admire the rude bravery which prepares extinction to slavery. We admire it; but we can hardly regret the extinction of a simply fighting animal

as much as we should otherwise do. The preference of extinction to slavery means really that the Indian will rather die than work. When the game disappears he must take to agriculture; and that is a weakness which we can hardly call noble, and which will certainly doom him to destruction, unless it can be augmented. Indeed if it be true that slaying is the Indian's only trade, the white man is in some degree excused. In old days, each tribe tried to exterminate all the rest, and they therefore kept each other in equilibrium. The only difference is that another tribe of less destructible materials is now taking a share in the contest, and the weaker combatants are gradually crushed by its advance. Other influences, as Captain Butler tells us, fight on the same side. The smallpox has exterminated whole families and tribes of the Indians. In his journey Captain Butler found everywhere the most painful evidences of its destructive power. He calculates that 1,200 Indians had died of its ravages during the winter, out of a total population, if we understand him rightly, of about eight thousand; and the plague was still continuing, and likely to continue. Characteristically enough the invalids went on to their very last gasp horse-stealing and scalp-hunting, and they sometimes dropped dead in swimming rivers on these errands in the very height of the disease. Attributing their sufferings in some way to the traders, they did their best to spread the infection, and thus to take vengeance in their death. When we add the influence of the "fire-water," the sale of which is now forbidden on English territory, it is plain that the Indians have still more deadly enemies than the rifle and the bowie-knife. That they must go seems clear; and it is hard to feel much regret for their loss. If a ferocious savage requires to occupy one thousand times as much ground as would keep a decent white family, is it not better that he should disappear? Yet we must add that this by no means diminishes the crime of deliberate extermination. We should not shoot the savage down because we cannot stop the ravages of the smallpox. Some experiments indeed seem to prove that, if we would only give the Indian time and treat him kindly, he might be gradually civilized, and induced to abandon that exclusive delight in war by which he is at present characterized. No duty is more incumbent on the central Governments both of the United States and the British territory than to give him every chance, hopeless as the prospect may seem, and to put a stop to the brutalities so forcibly described by Captain Butler.

We must take leave of Captain Butler with one parting criticism. Why do Americans and Englishmen travelling in America invariably omit the good old word "begin" to make room for "commence." We could wish that Captain Butler had shown them a better example.

#### L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE.

M. VICTOR HUGO is in one very important respect the opposite of Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo, though he possessed the creative faculty in great strength, was at the same time so critical, and attached so much importance to the critical overlooking of work in progress, that in him the artist always laboured under the strict superintendence of a critic only too fastidious, who exacted an almost unattainable perfection, and retarded production to a degree which posterity must lament, however grateful it may be for the exquisite taste and finish of those things which he allowed to pass. M. Victor Hugo, on the contrary, is an artist, and a great artist, working quite absolutely without any self-criticism whatever, and too profoundly convinced of his own right to publish whatever his genius may suggest to submit to the restrictions of any criticism from without. There can be no question that an artist may do as he pleases; he is, as Goethe said, a privileged person; he is not to be bound by rules founded on the practice of other artists; but, although this unbounded freedom belongs to him as a natural right, he exercises it at his own peril. There is always, in his case, the danger of losing art for want of that discipline which is essential to sound artistic production of any kind. The form of energy which we call genius is in itself energy and little more—a great force, but a force which can produce nothing permanently worth having unless it is consistently directed by the governing power of a judgment almost independent of self-delusion, a judgment capable of setting itself outside the work done, and even outside of the work as it is being done, to keep it steadily in safe directions. The safety of an artist may be incompatible with great originality, and even with great audacity, just as a horse may be taken safely by a consummate equestrian where it could not go safely by itself, and where an inferior rider would inevitably come to grief; but originality and audacity are sure to lead to danger unless governed by the high controlling power of the cool critical intellect. Now M. Victor Hugo is a fine example of what may happen to a man of genius when his self-confidence is absolute. For several years past he has not produced a single work which an intellectual reader could tolerate in its entirety, though at the same time he never publishes anything which does not bear the marks of undeniable power. All who know into what intellectual habits the author of *Ocean of Solitude* and *Les Orientales* has of late years suffered himself to fall, will be fully prepared for the sort of work which abounds in *L'Année terrible*. The work of it is unrelenting, but there are passages of grand power and some of exquisite beauty and tenderness, which at one time have been

have produced, and which may reward even a fastidious student who has patience enough to find them. The subject is a magnificent one, and admirably adapted to the purposes of poetry, even if not so near to us that political feeling is sure to imbue to the detriment of poetical effect, not only in the mind of the poet as he composes, but in that of his readers as they follow him. The great national rivalries in which the late war began, the tremendous scale of the preparations, the hurry and unremittingness of the French, the vast organization of the German forces, the awful pause before the first blood was shed, the succession of crushing defeats, the grand disaster of Sedan, the fall of the Empire, the colossal siege of Paris, the famines within the beleaguered city, the horrible winter with all its unnumbered woes—all these things are as grand as anything in Homer himself, and as good material for a great epic as any to be found in history. But M. Victor Hugo has not the self-direction necessary for the composition of a great epic. In him the powers of the narrative poet are continually paralysed by the intervention of a shallow political philosophy, and the explosions of a vulgar kind of patriotism. It is intelligible that a writer who for many years has been passionately attached to the Republican idea, and as passionately opposed to Caesarism, should give the rein to these feelings in his writings; but it is surprising that a man who, if not cultivated, has enjoyed every possible opportunity of becoming so, should have a philosophy and a patriotism so inherently and irredeemably vulgar. M. Victor Hugo does not see things as men of culture see them, either in France or elsewhere; he sees things like a man of imperfect education and strong passions. His own countrymen of the cultivated classes do not take him as seriously. And this leads us to observe what a good thing it might have been for France if she had had a poet just now endowed with Victor Hugo's energy, in combination with true culture and sound judgment. One or two of the younger poets have these latter qualities in great perfection; Coppé and Manuel have them, but who has Hugo's fire?

The work before us is not really a poem, but a collection of *housades* in verse, often pungent and effective, sometimes delicate and tender, more frequently garrulous about the writer's personal opinions and concerns. It would be easy indeed to present the whole composition in a ludicrous aspect, and a foreign critic is especially tempted to do so, because a writer so essentially French as Victor Hugo is always sure to say a great deal which may be made to look absurd by simply translating it into another language. It will, however, be fairer alike to the poet and to our readers to indicate some of the nuggets of pure ore which are to be found in the unordered mass.

There is a fine passage in the Prologue about the difference between the people in the higher sense and the mob. There is too much of it, so that it loses force in diffuseness; but the following verses contain the essence of the poet's judgment of *la foule*:—

Ah! le premier vous, bourgeois ou paysan,  
L'un égoïste et l'autre aveugle, parlons-en!

Il entre dans l'orgie en sortant de la gloire;  
Allez lui demander s'il suit sa propre histoire,  
Ce qu'était Washington ou ce qu'a fait Harra,  
Son cœur mort ne bat plus aux nous qu'il adore.  
Naguère il restaurait les vieux cultes, les bustes  
De ses héros tombés, de ses aïeux robustes,  
Phocion expiré, Lycurgue enseveli,  
Ringo mort, et voyez maintenant quel oubli!  
Il fut pur et s'en lave; il fut saint et l'ignore;  
Il ne supportait pas même qu'il dînât avec  
Par l'usage d'aujourd'hui son ouvrage d'hier,  
Il devient lâche et vil, lui qui un va et s'érige.

L'honneur lui semble lourd, rouillé, gothique; il raille  
Cette armure sévère et dit: Vieille ferraille!  
Jadis des tiers combats il a joué le jeu;  
Duperie. Il fut grand, et s'en méprise un peu,  
Il est sa propre insulte et sa propre ironie.

There is a fine touch in the comparison between the two nations; two pages and a half about the greatness of Germany, then at the end three monosyllables for France, "O ma mère!" This effect is repeated elsewhere in the volume, and successfully, but it might be easily abused, and might readily degenerate into a mere rhetorical trick.

The portraits of the King of Prussia and the Emperor Napoleon are more concentrated than might have been expected:—

L'agne du droit divin, dévot, correct, moral,  
Né pour être empereur et rester caporal.

This reminds one of Byron's manner; it is equally terse and pointed, but it fails in accuracy, because the Emperor of Germany possesses the most valuable of all Imperial qualities, that of surrounding himself with the most able men, and letting them get their full share of fame without jealousy of their greatness. Not to have perceived and noted this is one of those marks of vulgarity we have referred to; the vulgar Frenchman cannot see whither accounts that element of superiority which made the Emperor William what he is. In the same spirit Victor Hugo writes of the German army round Paris:—

La nuit comme l'ennemi à la lanterne. Un cri  
Surt de l'écrou en débris, et le ment à ri.  
Le criait comme le jour; la femme enrie  
Attache le criant argente de la vie.

This could only be effective with an ignorant audience; a cultivated one would be aware that there was as much intellectual light in the army that surrounded Paris as in the city itself.

There is considerable grandeur in the few diabolical words

with which the poet refers to his old enemy, the Emperor Napoleon. The temptation to an diffuse writer must have lain rather in the direction of elaborate and vindictive satire, but the following is incomparably more telling:—

Leur empereur avait la tête pour l'écrou,  
Il avait: Vainqueur? Le petit saint, triomphé,  
Et son piége le fait tomber dans une oubliette.

O Manuel un coup de vent dépece en un moment  
Cette ombre de César et cette ombre d'armée,  
Guerre et l'un est la flamme et l'autre la fumée.

And there is no more concerning the subject of *Les Châtiments*.

M. Victor Hugo's literary process appears to be as nearly as possible as follows:—An idea occurs to him, and, acting on the excellent old principle of striking whilst the iron is hot, he immediately puts this idea into verse, quite regardless of the proportion of space it may happen to occupy, and with equal indifference to its relative force as affecting the rest of the composition. Whether the book was written consecutively or by fragments to be put in order afterwards, this regardlessness of relation is one of its most striking and characteristic faults. It is peculiarly characteristic too of M. Victor Hugo that some of the passages which have least to do with the action are entirely about himself. For example, under the heading "Novembre," we have no less than four pages "A l'évêque qui m'appelle athée." These pages are clever and powerful, but they have not the slightest imaginable connexion with the subject of the volume. Immediately afterwards comes a touching lyric to a child who was ill during the siege. From the name *Jeune* which occurs in the fourth stanza we conclude that the little girl was the poet's favourite grandchild. The structure of this lyric makes it quite impossible (the effect being accumulative) to give an idea of it without quoting the whole. Victor Hugo is always charming when he writes about children, and this is as charming as any of his previous compositions in the same kind:—

Si vous continuez d'être ainsi toute pille  
Dans notre air étouffant;  
Si je vous vois entrer dans mon ombre fatale  
Mon vieillard, vous enfant;  
Si je vois de nos jours se confondre la chaîne  
Mon qui sur mes genoux  
Vous contemple, et qui veut la mort pour moi prochain  
Et l'autre pour vous;  
Si vos mains sont toujours diaphanes et frêles,  
Si, dans votre berceau,  
Tremblante, vous avez l'air d'attendre des ailes  
Comme un petit oiseau;  
Si vous ne semblez pas prendre sur notre terre  
Racine pour longtemps,  
Si vous laissez errer, Jeanne, en notre mystère,  
Vos deux yeux mécontents;  
Si je ne vous vois pas gaie et rose et très-fort,  
Si, triste, vous rêvez,  
Si vous ne fermez pas derrière vous la porte  
Par où vous arrivez;  
Si je ne vous vois pas comme une belle femme  
Marcher, vous bien portée,  
Rire, et si vous semblez être une petite âme  
Qui ne veut pas rater,  
Je crains qu'en ce monde où le suaire au lange  
Parfois peut confiner,  
Vous veniez pour partir, et que vous étiez l'ange  
Chargé de m'emmener.

This is very delicate and tender, and quite finished in form too. Some pages further on there is a fine bit about the forts of Paris, in which the poet's taste for a certain kind of sublimity is free to operate on the kind of subject best fitted for it:—

Il y ont les chiens de garde énormes de Paris.  
Comme nous pouvons être à chaque instant saisis,  
Comme une horde est là, comme l'ambassade vile  
Parfois rampe jusqu'à l'écouite de la ville,  
Il y ont dix-neuf étages sur les monts, qui, le soir,  
Inquiète, menaçante, guettent l'espèce noir,  
Et, s'ouvrant aversant dès que la nuit commence,  
Tendent leur cou de bronze autour du mur immense.  
Il y ont éveillés quand nous nous endormons  
Et font tousser la foudre on leurs rauques poumons.  
On dort, on oublie. — Eux, ils sont là, formidables,  
Tout à coup on se dresse en sursaut; haletant,  
Morne, on prête l'oreille, on se penche... on entend  
Comme le hurlement profond d'une montagne.  
Toute la ville écoute, et toute la campagne  
Se réveille; et voilà qu'au premier grondement  
Répond un second cri, sourd, farouche, lucide, et  
Et dans l'obscurité d'autres francs s'éroulent,  
Et d'échos en échos cent voix terribles rient.  
Ce sont eux.

This is as grand a description of the voice of great guns, and the effect upon the mind, as anything in modern literature. The ramification, too, is masterly in the extreme, full of the most subtly invented and powerful effects of sound. In the part on January there is, on the other hand, an admirable use of the smallest and most familiar facts, told in language all the more familiar for its simplicity:—

J'ai payé quinze francs quatre œufs frais, non pour moi,  
Mais pour mon petit Georges et ma petite Jeanne.  
Tous mangent du cheval, du rat, de la four, de l'âne.  
Bientôt est si bien pris, serré, mûri, non,  
Gardé, que notre ventre est l'arche de Noé;  
Dans ses flancs toute bête, bœuf ou mal famée,

Pénètre, et chien et chat, le mammon, le pygmée,  
Tout entre, et la souris rencontre l'éléphant.  
Plus d'arbres ; on les coupe, on les scie, on les fend ;  
Paris sur ses chenêts met les Champs-Élysées.  
On a l'onglée aux doigts et le givre aux croisées,  
Plus de feu pour sécher le linge des lavoirs,  
Et l'on ne change plus de chemise.

After a while the poet comes back to his little granddaughter, this time not in stanzas, but in the regular alexandrines of the poem. All that he says to her or of her is delightful, the feelings of the poet and those of the grandfather being blended in the most charming manner. The following is an exquisite expression of an idea which has saddened many a parent:—

Vous vous transfigurez sans cesse, et le temps mêle  
A la Jeanne d'hier la Jeanne d'aujourd'hui.  
A chaque pas qu'il fait, l'enfant derrière lui  
Laisse plusieurs petits fantômes de lui-même.  
On se souvient de tous, on les pleure, on les aime,  
Et ce seraient des morts s'il n'était vivant, lui.

Victor Hugo likes the clergy as little as his friend Garibaldi likes them. One bishop, as we have seen, called him an "atheist," which he very sufficiently resented; another bishop, the Bishop of Ghent, keeps a newspaper which said that, "if he were not a madman, he would be a brigand." The poet did not like this either. The recollection of it occurs to him *à propos* of the month of June, and he writes a page and half of very pointed verses on the subject. It is always advantageous to a really skilful poet to have his feelings deeply stirred in any way whatever; it is good for him to be angry, and that Victor Hugo really was angry the following extract will sufficiently prove:—

Je n'ai pas de palais épiscopal en ville,  
Je n'ai pas de prébende et de loto civil,  
Nul temple n'offre un trône à mon humilité,  
Nul aïeul en colonel ne brille à mon côté,  
Je ne me montre pas aux gros yeux des ganaches  
Sous un dais, à ses coins ayant quatre panaches ;

Je n'ai ni marguillier, ni bureau, ni syndic,  
Ni custode, ni clerc, ni diacre, ni vicaire,  
Je ne garde aucun saint dans aucun reliquaire ;  
Je n'ai pas de miracle en bouteille sous clé ;  
Mon vêtement n'est pas de diamants bouclé ;  
Je ne suis pas payé quand je fais ma prière ;

Je suis fort mal en cour ; aucune douairière  
Ne m'admire quêtant des sous dans un plat rond,  
La chape d'or au cou, la mitre d'or au front ;  
Je ne fais point balser ma main aux bonnes femmes ;  
Je vénère le ciel, mais sans le vendre aux âmes ;  
On ne m'appelle pas monseigneur ; je me plains  
Dans les champs, et mes bas ne sont pas violets.

J'ai lutté pour le vrai, pour le bon, pour l'honnête  
Et j'ai subi vingt ans l'exil dans la tempête,

Et je fais mon devoir ; et c'est pourquoi, mes frères,  
Au dire du journal de l'évêque de Gand,  
Si je n'étais un fou, je serais un brigand.

However democratic may be Victor Hugo's opinions, it is impossible for an author who feels and knows the prodigious importance of literature to humanity to regard without reprobation such an act as the burning of the library of the Louvre. His pages on that topic are as eloquent as any in the volume—an eloquence which proceeds from genuine regret that the people should know no better.

Tu viens d'incendier la Bibliothèque ?

—Oui,

J'ai mis le feu là.

—Mais c'est un crime inouï,

Crime commis par toi contre toi-même, infâme !  
Mais tu viens de tuer le rayon de ton âme !  
C'est ton propre flambeau que tu viens de souffler !  
Ce que ta rage impie et folle ose brûler,  
C'est ton bien, ton trésor, ta dot, ton héritage !  
Le livre, hostile au maître, est à ton avantage,  
Le livre a toujours pris fait et cause pour toi.  
Une bibliothèque est un acte de foi  
Des générations ténébreuses encore  
Qui rendent dans la nuit témoignage à l'aurore.

As-tu donc oublié que ton libérateur  
C'est le livre ?

After this a torrent of eloquence continues to attack the incendiary, who at the end answers simply:—

—Je ne sais pas lire.

We should owe an apology to the reader for a review which is little more than a string of scarcely connected extracts, were it not that it so far resembles and represents the incoherent nature of the poem under consideration. It has no unity, no *charpente*, no artistic government subordinating one part to another; the poet has written almost without plan, and altogether without self-restraint. Still the volume contains very many fine passages, rising like islands out of a wearisome ocean of verbosity. It is deeply to be regretted, in the interests of poetic art, that a man gifted, as Victor Hugo has been gifted, with the most energetic and sincere feeling, with great moral courage, with masterly command of language, and with true poetic invention, should have spoiled so much work by mere incapacity to act as his own critic. What a magnificent artist he might have been if, to all his other gifts, the prodigality of nature had added temperance and sanity!

#### LEGENDS OF LAKE LADOGA.\*

THIS small contribution to the knowledge of folklore will amuse all who love to stray for a while in the regions of the wild and wonderful, and will be more especially acceptable to those who have made themselves acquainted with as much Slavonic mythology as is to be found in Mr. Ralston's valuable *Songs of the Russian People*. Such specially educated readers will regard the information which is given by Dr. Bertram, and which relates to one particular district in Northern Russia, as supplementary to the general description of Russian superstitions to be found in the pages of Mr. Ralston.

Dr. Bertram is known as a proficient in Slavonic and Finnish literature, but the chief source of his exceptional familiarity with the legends of Lake Ladoga was, according to his own account, a scullerymaid who had come from its banks, and who pursued her useful vocation for several weeks at his residence in St. Petersburg. He discovered her erudition by asking her whether three white stripes were still to be seen on the surface of the lake, for he met not with a dry affirmative, but with the story connected with the alleged phenomenon. It appears that upon a certain occasion, when Peter the Great happened to be on the lake, the water became rough. This was an insult to be resented, so the Czar, having steered himself safe ashore, took a whip in his hand and inflicted three lashes on the lake, which still retains the marks of its wholesome castigation. Dr. Bertram knew this story perfectly, but he was delighted with the intelligence of the scullerymaid, and she in turn was delighted with his attention. Her stock of local legends was considerable, but when she began to reveal it in the kitchen the cook would hear nothing of such nonsense. So it is all the world over. Two opinions diametrically opposite may be found on the same subject, and neither may be absolutely wrong. We remember the criticism pronounced by a half-educated man into whose hands a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* had accidentally fallen—"There are some good whoppers in that book!"

Finding her learning at last appreciated, the scullerymaid asked Dr. Bertram if he would not like to hear some more tales. He was only too glad of his opportunity, allowed her to talk at will, noted what she said, and hence arose the book before us. We should rather say the greater part of the book, for Dr. Bertram with touching conscientiousness owns that he has obtained some of his legends from other sources. This little license he is sure needs no excuse (*es braucht wohl keine Entschuldigung*), but we all know that the assertion that no apology is required is a kind of mild apology in itself. Dr. Bertram has done his best to atone for his venial transgression by prefixing the letter "M" to all tales not told by the intelligent scullerymaid. Why was this particular letter selected? The student of German folklore will instinctively reply that "M" stands for "Mundlich," a prefix or affix commonly used to distinguish oral from written tradition. We object, however, that stories proceeding from the lips of a scullerymaid are fully as oral as those which are evoked from the memory of a cottager. Let us surmise, for want of better information, that "M" stands for "Mein" and indicates that the specified tales were obtained by Dr. Bertram with more exertion on his own part than when the scullerymaid asked leave to pour out her stores of erudition before him.

The Vodyany, or Water-spirit, we already know as a leading figure in the records of Russian superstition; but Dr. Bertram gives us two legends respecting this class of demon which perhaps are not generally known. According to one of these, a farmer, tilling his field on the banks of the lake, saw a Vodyany rise from the waters, who was clad like a man, but whose face was covered with fine hair like that of a mouse. In reply to the peasant's inquiry as to the intention of his visit, the Vodyany said that he desired assistance against the king of the lake, and that such assistance would be gratefully rewarded. The farmer, asking for further information, was desired to come on the following day with a hatchet, take his station on the bank, and strike at the third of three waves which would pass before him. With these injunctions he complied, and standing up to his knees in water, cleft the third wave, which was much more violent than the other two. When he returned to his field, it had been liberally sown with gold and silver coins, and he became a wealthy man. On the strength of this story one may surmise that the tale of the Emperor Peter and his whip was merely an attempt to connect a mythical tradition with an historical and popular person. According to the second story, a farmer saw a Vodyany sitting on the shore, and asked leave to wash his back, which he had soiled by lying on the grass. The spirit complied, and the farmer taking advantage of the situation, pulled out a piece of chalk, and marked his back with a cross. Nothing could be more offensive to the Vodyany than this symbol of Christianity; and the farmer was one of those bigots of the Mahomedan school who allowed a choice between tribute and conversion. If he, the farmer, and his house were made fireproof, if the wolf were kept away from his flocks, and if, in case of too much rain, his fields were drained into the lake; the cross would be wiped from the back of the Vodyany; otherwise not. The Vodyany accepted the conditions, the offending mark was obliterated, and (the usual moral) the farmer became rich.

The great importance attached to the death of the Russian peasant, and the strong belief that the souls of the departed linger upon earth, have been largely illustrated by Mr. Ralston. Further

\* *Sagen vom Ladogasee*. Von Dr. Bertram. Hildesheim: Vieweg.



illustrations are supplied by Dr. Bertram. Suicides, he tells us, buried without ceremonial and altogether unclad, shriek every night from their graves until their bodies are turned, so as to lie with the face downward. In the native village of the scullery-maid a farmer hanged himself, and was buried in unclad condition, his wife having made a present of his shirt to one of the local authorities. This "Umrin," or ghost, accordingly appeared on three successive nights, and asked for the needful article of apparel. The work of restoration was not to be performed without difficulty; but the ghost was so pertinacious that the shirt was ultimately buried with him, and was fastened to the ground with a wedge. Indeed a dead Russian seems to be particularly fastidious about his shirt. Without the assistance of the scullery-maid, Dr. Bertram picked up an odd story about two brothers who lived in the vicinity of St. Petersburg. One was rich and the other was poor, and on the death of the latter his relict persuaded the wife of the former to give him a new shirt, that the corpse might be decently interred. This transaction occurred during the absence of the rich man, who, when he returned, flew into a violent rage, took an old, patched-up shirt to his brother's house, and prepared to pull the superior article from the body. Suddenly the dead man's hand caught him by the wrist, and no power of priestly exorcism or holy water could loosen it. It was cut off with a knife, and the shirt was not removed.

Of the institution of marriage the Russian peasant seems to entertain a view similar to that of the modern French dramatist, and several of the songs translated by Mr. Ralston illustrate the feelings of husbands and wives who dislike their lawful partners and greatly prefer somebody else. Some of our readers may remember the following lines sung by a discontented husband:—

Oh, arise thou terrible storm-cloud !  
Strike dead my wife's father !  
Pierce her mother with thy arrow !  
Beat my young wife to death with the rush of rain !  
But spare, spare the fair maiden,  
The fair maiden, my older love.

This state of domestic infelicity, which seems to be very general, is forcibly illustrated by a story in Dr. Bertram's collection which indicates a very remarkable state of society. A woman in the village could not endure her husband, but was deeply enamoured of a much younger man. Reproached by her husband for her coolness, she advised him to go into a forest, prostrate himself before the birch-tree, and ask counsel of the "Beresinka"—that is to say, the spirit by which that particular class of tree is inhabited. Her sole design was to get him out of the way, but he pretended to take her advice in good part, and left the house with his gun. His departure was speedily followed by the arrival of her lover; but he soon returned, and, crying out that he had been stricken blind by the Beresinka, desired to be laid by the hearth. This was good news for the wife, who complied with his request, and presently heard him snore. In the meanwhile she had cooked some porridge for her paramour, who, being daintily inclined, could not eat it without butter. There was none in the house, and while she was gone to buy some, her husband, springing up, shot the young sinner through the heart, and contriving to hide the wound, forced some of the porridge into his victim's mouth. He then assumed his place by the hearth. The conduct of the wife on her return could not have been imagined even by M. Octave Feuillet. Observing the condition of her dead lover, she spitefully exclaimed:—"You turned up your nose at my porridge, and that's why it has choked you." Another tale, belonging to the same moral atmosphere, shows the virtue of penitence under the most unfavourable circumstances. A wife whose evil propensities carried her further than the erring lady in the preceding story, which ends with epigrammatic abruptness, not only detested her young husband, but was also considering how she might most readily murder him. At last she persuaded him to come with her to a certain well, the edge of which, if struck with a hatchet, would, according to popular belief, act as a philtre, and contrived to push him down, having first dealt him two blows on the back of the head. The man was extricated by a neighbour, who, having chanced to pass by the well and hear his groans, laid him on the grass, and asked him how he had thus come to grief. "I don't know," was the reply; but the Samaritan, knowing the state of his friend's ménage, hastened to his house, where Clytemnestra had gone comfortably to bed. Being questioned, she was no more communicative than her husband, but simply answered that her husband had gone somewhere, whither she did not know. On the neighbour boldly charging her with her crime, she replied that her husband must have fallen into the well by accident, and agreed to the proposition that he should be brought home. When he had been brought home accordingly, she tended him with the greatest care for about three months, at the end of which he recovered. His neighbours advised him to prosecute her for the felonious attempt to murder, but she vowed that she would stay proceeding by hanging herself. So the good-natured man forgave her, and they lived happily together ever afterwards.

The "Domovoy," or household spirit, whose attributes are described at length by Mr. Ralston, appears in Dr. Bertram's legends in a special capacity as sprite of the stables and outhouses (Domovoy chasain), and the broad statement that he sometimes appears in the likeness of the proprietor of the house is curiously illustrated. A certain General S—, taking stock of the cattle in his cowhouse, observed that while those on the left hand threw even too lustily, those on the right were half-starved. The cowkeeper attributed the phenomenon to the operations of

the spirit, who was in the habit of shifting the fodder from one side to the other, and a hearty thrashing was the reward for this absurd information. His report, however, was confirmed by the German Intendant, who declared that he had seen the spirit with his own eyes, in the bodily likeness of the General himself. Further investigation was deemed expedient; so one night the General saw the fodder properly distributed, ordered his people to retire, and looked up the cowhouse. After midnight he returned, and saw his own counterpart moving the fodder exactly in the manner he had heard described. He cleared his throat with a loud noise, and the spectre vanished; but within a week the General was a corpse.

It is matter for regret that Dr. Bertram has increased his amusing little book by the addition of a few supplemental pages, which contain what he calls "Folgerungen"—a word which is to be translated "results" or "consequences," but which we, on the principle of *lucus a non*, should prefer to render "things of no consequence." While he listens patiently to his instructive scullery-maid, and notes down her teachings, we sympathise with him heartily; but when he begins to argue that Slavonic polytheism affords wholesome nourishment for the soul, and to lament that a faith so admirably suited to the wants of a people is in danger of being extinguished by Christianity, we cannot join in his lamentation. It is one thing to value popular legends as materials towards the extension of ethnological learning; it is another thing to hope that the superstitions which they illustrate will remain for a definite time articles of a theological creed. Schopenhauer may consistently admire Buddhism as presenting a theory which harmonizes with the results of a certain course of philosophical thought to be found in Europe. But why any philosophical theist, pantheist, or atheist should desire the conservation of the rude superstitions of the Russian peasantry we fail to understand.

#### THE FRAGMENTS OF MÆCENAS.

PERHAPS many of our readers will be of opinion that all that can be known, or at least all that need be known, about Mæcenas is to be found in the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Mythology. Very few fragments of his literary productions exist, and no one will be found to gainsay the sentiment expressed by the writer of his life in that publication, that we probably have not suffered any great loss by their destruction. Mæcenas may have been, and probably was, an excellent judge of literary merit in others, but he was certainly a very indifferent writer himself. Nevertheless there may perhaps be some who will sympathise with the attempt to extract from the extant fragments of Mæcenas anything that seems to throw light upon subjects of classical lore, and even in this case the *selecta membra poetæ*, utterly fragmentary as they are, can be turned to some account.

The name of Mæcenas is familiar to every schoolboy from the frequent appearance it makes in the Odes and Satires of Horace, and from its standing at the head of so many of the Odes and Epistles as the name of the person to whom they were addressed. More advanced scholars will call to mind the allusions to Mæcenas in the works of Tacitus and Quintilian, and the passages quoted from his writings in other less known authors. All the particulars that could be gathered together concerning his life and character had probably appeared in print before, and perhaps nothing can be added to Ralph Schomberg's elaborate *Life of Mæcenas, with Critical, Historical, and Geographical Notes*, which was published in 1766. The scarcity of this volume must be great, for it has altogether escaped the researches of Lowndes. But unquestionably none but a German would have taken the trouble to scrape together all the passages from antiquity in which the name of Mæcenas is mentioned, and to give an account of all the books that have been published in modern times that speak of his life and works. All, however, that can now be known, or probably ever will be known, of Mæcenas has been collected and printed in the volume whose title may be read below, where it may be seen that so unusual a collection as is implied in the words *Tironiana et Mæceniatica* has actually reached a second edition which appears *auctior et emendatior*.

Of the first part of this little volume, the *Tironiana*, we do not purpose now to say anything. The *Mæceniatica* is divided into five sections, entitled respectively:—

1. De illis qui de Mæcenatæ adhuc scripserunt.
2. Mæcenatis vita et mores.
3. De Mæcenatis domo, villa, hortis aliisque.
4. De Mæcenatis scriptis, additis eorum fragmentis.
5. De Mæcenatis in literas Romanas meritis.

Under the first three heads we have presented to us a good deal of information which may be read epitomized in Smith's *Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*. As regards these points, we will only observe that the usual mode of spelling the name, with the diphthong instead of the vowel in the first syllable, is proved to be correct by the Greek form Μαίνακας, as used by Plutarch and others; that the name in full is written *Caius Cilnius Mæcenas*; and that several monograms were written in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on the subject of his life and character. We need not enter into particulars. Suffice it to say

\* *Tironiana et Mæceniatica, cum M. Tullii Tironis et C. Cilii Mæcenatis operum fragmentis quæ supersunt, collectis ac de vita et moribus utriusque scriptis Albertus Lion Phil. Dr. in Academia Georgica Augusta privatus docens. Edit. II. auctior et emendatior. Göttingæ. In commissa apud Vandenhoeck et Ruprecht. MDCCCXLVII.*

that Mæcenas was what in modern phrase would be called a well-educated man, that he did not enjoy good health and was unfortunate as regards his matrimonial connexions, but that of his philosophical principles nothing certain is known. But there is one passage from his works which has been quoted by the writer of the article already referred to, as a specimen of his style, and upon which he observes cautiously that it has been conjectured from these lines that Mæcenas belonged to the sect of the Epicureans. The lines are as follows:—

*Lebium factis manna  
Dolilem pede, coxa;  
Tuber alstrue gibberum  
Lobricos quato dentes;  
Vita dum miserat, bene est.  
Hanc mihi vel neuta  
Si sedulam aruce, sustine.*

Now we may observe that everything that is known of Mæcenas points him out as a perfect specimen of the Epicurean school, and of the habits of mind which are supposed to be usually associated with that philosophy. These lines could not have been written with any other object than to parade the dogmas of that philosophical school, and we are indebted to Seneca for their preservation, who does not quote any passage from Mæcenas except for the express purpose of disparaging the votary of the school of philosophy which was most conspicuous as a rival to the Stoic discipline.

We pressed to extract from the *Mæcenateana* all the remaining passages of Mæcenas's writing which have come down to us, as it is easily possible to compress them within the compass of a single article. Of course we omit the speech attributed to Mæcenas by Dio Cassius, l. 14, urging Augustus to establish an Empire, which, though in all probability it represents Mæcenas's real sentiments, cannot be taken as containing his exact words, even through the medium of a Greek translation. His writings, if not valuable, must at least have been numerous. It is unquestionable that he composed both in prose and verse, and the fragments are arranged by his editor under seven different heads. Many of them appear to have been quoted for the purposes of grammatical or philological criticism.

The first is given us by Charisius, a grammarian of the fifth century. He quotes the line

*Juguribus funans caelo cam fæce latinus,*

in illustration of the fact that *castrum* is of the masculine gender. This means that the word *castrum* is in use as well as *castrum*, and Charisius probably preferred quoting an author of the Augustan age, though of so little repute as Mæcenas, to giving a reference to the better known works of Pliny, against whom it might be objected that he belonged to the silver age.

The next passage appears in the Life of Horace commonly ascribed to Suetonius, and though it is not adduced for grammatical purposes, we intend to omit it in this service. The author of the Life quotes it as part of an epigram in proof of the love entertained by Mæcenas for Horace. The lines are—

*Nil te visceribus meis, Horati,  
Plus jam dilige, tu tuum sociolum  
Nimio videas strigueram;*

to which is added the line which, if it belongs to the same epigram, must be more or less corrupt—namely,

*Horati Fluci, et uel, ceto innot.*

The use we make of this extract is to argue that the *o* final of verbs is, strictly speaking, common even in writers of the Augustan age, in spite of the prohibition of the Public School Latin Primer. The writer of that Primer, after asserting that words in *o* are long, adds with his usual philosophical inaccuracy that the quantity of words in *o*, especially verbs and proper names, fluctuates in different authors and at various times. Now it is certain that authors of all ages occasionally used it short, and that the later the author the more commonly it is found short; but there is nothing in the instances which can fairly be called fluctuation. "Fluctuation" is just one of those words which indicate the vague and unphilosophical mind of the compiler of the Primer. When the first person singular in *o* is found short in Ovid and Mæcenas, is somewhat oftener so used by Juvenal and Martial, and is as often short as long in the later writers, it is absurd to give the rule that *o* final is long, and still more absurd to speak of the exceptional use of it as short, as fluctuating.

Of the iambic line

*Sto nympha cingit omnis Acheloni athen,*

we must be content to say nothing.

The next surviving passage is the most corrupt of all the remains of Mæcenas that have come down to us. Different editors have in vain tried their hands upon it, and there are more various readings than words in the five lines which we will give as they appear in Albert Lion's edition, without pledging ourselves to the correctness of his representation of them:—

*Læcet o mea vita te emargula  
Hervilis quoque Mæce, nec sententes  
Nuper, candida margarita, quæ  
Nec quos Thyrica lima perpolivit  
Anellos, nec insipios lapillos.*

We leave our readers to exercise their patience, if they are so inclined, upon this most corrupt passage, and proceed to the next fragment, which consists of three lines of an address to Cybele:—

*Miles hic, ades Cybele, Dea montigena Dea,  
Aggrypæno concanti quæte flexibile caput;  
Latus horreat Bagdæ, cunctum cheræ thulæ.*

This at any rate is more intelligible than the preceding extract. The next is from some poem called *Ortensio*, most likely a tragedy. It is preserved by Priscian, who cites it in proof of *quæte*, making in its perfect sense *quæte*, as well as *parmi* and *parietis*. The line, which it is hopeless in its present shape to attempt to reduce to any kind of metre, is

*Scandit capillum, natura muneribus gratum.*

With this line may be coupled the concluding part of a hexameter,

*... nexati retia laeta,*

which is similarly adduced in proof of the perfect form *nexati* existing as well as *nervi*. In another reference to Mæcenas we have the word *volucrum* attributed to him in place of the Ciceroian form, *volucrum*. There are two other allusions to Mæcenas in this same relation. It appears that he is the only writer who uses the word *Quiritem* in the singular, and *torum* as a masculine.

The next passage occurs in Seneca:—

*Ipsa enim altitudo attonat summa.*

Like most of the other passages of our author, it is involved in considerable obscurity. The difficulty here is whether *summa* is an accusative plural or a nominative singular. None of these, we may remark, can be turned to any account except on the score of philology. It will be observed that they are quoted as if Mæcenas were an unexceptionable authority, which for such purposes he undoubtedly was. The next passage is a whole hexameter line, and gives us a real sentiment which is intelligible:—

*Nec tumulum curo, sepelit natura reliquos.*

This, and the following,

*Id et in vino est; ministrat facies oculos, pulchritudo reddit omnia, et ducit juvenia reducit bona.*

may be looked upon as favouring of the Epicurean philosophy. In the same relation perhaps may be classed the two questions which he is said to have put to Virgil:—

*Quid Virgili satietatem homini non affert?*

and

*Quo pacto quis altum felicitasque fortunam servare potest?*

But though we have said that Mæcenas may be appealed to as a first-rate authority in a matter of verbal accuracy, a violation of which would correspond to what we should in the present day call a vulgarianism, he cannot be considered, as indeed the short passages already exhibited prove, as a model of style; and the next three portions of sentences are quoted by Quintilian as instances of affected separations of words that ought to have been more closely connected, as

*Sole et aurora rubent plurima.*

*Inter sacra movit aqua fraxinea.*

*Ne exequias quidem unius inter miserrimos viderem meum.*

The only remaining passages from the works of Mæcenas have been preserved in one of Seneca's epistles. Seneca quotes it in proof of the resemblance of the man to his own productions:—

*Quid turpis amne silvasque ripas convulsibus? Vides ut adveum fœtibus arent, versaque vado mutant hortos.*

*Quid, alius tam in cæcis cæpate, et labris columbat? Incipitque suspensus ut cervix laxa hauriat nec moro.*

*Tyranni irreversibilis factio ramant, epulis lagæque tentant domos et cepe mortem exigant.*

*Genium laeto vix suo testem, tenuisse Ceroris fila et crepescem molans socum inter aut usum investiant.*

We have given the whole as arranged by the editor, but we can have no doubt that the words *Quid turpis* are Seneca's, and that the first extract begins with the word *Mæce*. The difficulty of the whole passage is so great that we venture to give La Cœrge's version of it:—

*Est-il rien de plus pitoyable que les tumeurs affectées dont Mæcenas se sert dans son traité de la pureté? Il y parle d'une rivière dont les rives sont courbées aux forêts; de petites barques qui labouraient son lit; de rames qui frappent des jardins renversés.*

*Quid dira-t-on de ces levres qui pigeonnent une femme, dont les cheveux en boucles sont artistiquement frisés, et qui dit en soupissant, qu'on la porte sans danger sa tête?*

*Que pen-on de ces façons de parler: nul homme du tyran, une faction lugubrement: ils s'entraiment par les festins, ils tentent les maisons par les bouteilles, ils soutiennent la mort. Que dire d'un génie, qui est à peine témoin de sa propre fête; d'une mère ou d'une femme, qui habillent les fils ou la nœche d'un clerc; d'une masse de farine salée et pétillante?*

Our readers will, we think, consider that the expressions in this last extract amply bear out the character which Seneca assigns to them when he describes them as exactly resembling the character of their composer, exhibiting as they do feeble and affected transpositions of words. Their very obscurity he professes to do the same service, as he dilates, evidently with the utmost contempt, on the Epicurean carelessness and negligence of the writer, to be seen alike in his daily life, his loose style of dress, and his effeminate companions. He even argues, from the style of his composition, that the praise of gentleness which had been generally assigned to him was not really his due, that what had been called mildness was nothing but a licentious effeminacy.

We shall at least not be oversteering the case if, after having presented to the reader every existing fragment of Mæcenas, we anticipate his judgment that the world is not much the worse off for the loss it has sustained in that no more of them survive.

## TYRWHITT'S CHRISTIAN ART.\*

MR. B. TYRWHITT comes before the public with a most flaming *Impresser* in the shape of a preface by Professor Ruskin, who is anxious to assure us that he likes Mr. Tyrwhitt's writing better than his own; that while on the principles of art they are absolutely one, Mr. Tyrwhitt knows more of men and their ways; that the tenor of the book is sound, and its teaching warm and true; with much more to the same effect, winding up with an emphatic commendation "asking all who have hitherto credited my teaching to read these lectures as they would my own; and trusting that others who have doubted me will see reason to put faith in my friend." Strong, however, as is Mr. Ruskin's belief in his friend, we may venture to doubt if it equals his friend's apparently unlimited belief in himself. In one respect there is a marked resemblance between them, for Mr. Tyrwhitt has studiously imitated Mr. Ruskin's later and debased style, which first came in with the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, when he took to aping Mr. Carlyle instead of writing the pure and natural English which constitutes the great charm of his earlier works. Mr. Tyrwhitt's style may be described as a cento of the later Ruskin, Kingsley, and Carlyle, with an extra infusion of self-assertion and of that sort of ponderous jocosity which implies how vastly superior a writer feels himself to be to the *profane vulgus* whom he is kindly condescending to enlighten. And he seems to have adopted this style as the most suitable vehicle for the muscular Anglicanism—or, rather, perhaps we should say, the Anglican muscularity—which is the keynote of the volume. That it contains some original and several interesting remarks may be admitted, but if the title had been "Stray Observations on Artistic, Religious, and other Cognate Subjects," it would have conveyed a more correct idea of the very miscellaneous contents of the book. Those who take it up in the hope of gaining much new information about art or symbolism will be disappointed; those who wish to learn the author's opinions on a variety of subjects, moral, theological, æsthetic, educational, historical, &c., will have abundant opportunity of satisfying themselves. Sometimes his suggestions are sensible enough, but even then they are generally spoilt by the silly exaggeration and conceit of his way of putting them. He urges, for instance, the employment of decorative art in schools, which is reasonable, but he cannot argue the point without interpolating a page of what is meant for withering satire on the immemorial custom of carving boys' names on the oak panels of our public schools. "How useful it must be for idle little boys to know that their great ancestors were as idle as they were! How absurd, how profane, how heterodox, how very slow, how generally improper, would it be to have a fresco of Marathon, or Hastings, or Cressy, or Trafalgar, instead of the incised autograph of the distinguished little Jawkins, who afterwards became a Cabinet Minister!" We do not say that Mr. Tyrwhitt is profane or heterodox, but anything more utterly absurd he could hardly have indited. By all means let him cover the walls of our schoolrooms with as many historical frescoes as he pleases, but why should that make Harrow boys less proud of the "incised autographs"—which, by the by, are usually not autographs at all—of Palmerston or Peel, or Eton boys of the names of Canning or Gladstone? If he were not so very eager to be funny, he might have perceived that he was simply talking nonsense.

While we are on this subject, we may as well give a few more specimens of what is at once the most unpleasant and most obtrusive peculiarity of the book. In a chapter on "Greek and Christian Art," about which we shall have something to say presently, the author not unastutely comes across the Laocoon; but to most writers it would not appear natural, though to him it is inevitable, that the Laocoon should suggest Mr. Squeers. "*It hardly seems necessary*, in talking of the Laocoon to go into the question whether he ought to roar, and how much he ought to roar." Quite unnecessary, we should have thought; but Mr. Tyrwhitt proceeds:—"Very loud, I should say, if at all. Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles quite agree about it (what?), and make Mars and Hercules vocal in the extreme; also *Charles Dickens*" (makes Mars and Hercules vocal in the extreme?). "*Did I groan loud, Wackford,*" said Mr. Squeers, '*or did I groan soft?*' '*Loud,*' answered Wackford," and so on for about a page. The mention of Pericles in the same chapter inevitably calls up a laugh at "the present Prime Minister" and his Homeric Studies. Elsewhere we are parenthetically informed, not only that Kingsley's *Hypatia* is "fit reading for all," which a good many people are disposed to more than doubt; but that it should be "taken along with their text-books, like *Harvey's Science with cold meat*," by Oxford undergraduates; and the occasion is further improved in a note by giving some other recipes for historical "*Harvey's Sauce*," which can hardly have been new even to "my Oxford pupils," unless they were most exceptionally ignorant. There is plenty of the same laboured fooling throughout, but our readers will have had quite enough of it by this time. We speak just now of the chapter on "Greek and Christian Art," which is, or ought to be, one of the most important in the volume. But it is sadly disgraced by the author's habitual egotism and self-consciousness of statement. To a certain extent he has grasped the contrast of the two styles. He tells us that art and nature met in Greek life, and do not meet in ours; that Greek art was the expression of an exorable self-admiration, and that it dwelt con-

tentedly on bodily beauty, whereas the Christian artist aims at representing spiritual ideas. But what shall we say to the amazing assertion that the Greek's highest aspiration was to represent "himself and his wife, and in as far as he represented anything else he did it in relation to himself and with?" Some vague consciousness of the conspicuous absurdity of the statement seems to have flitted across his mind, for he immediately adds, "Let this expression pass; it does not suit my purpose now to go into the half-Oriental relations of the sexes in Athens in the age of Phidias." And then follows a hesitating admission that "Gothe and Northman" may have more fully appreciated female beauty, and so we are brought to the ex cathedra announcement, supported by a long string of Scripture texts, that Greek art was "inspiration," and that Phidias in particular was "inspired by the Father of Spirits." Be it so; but was "the excellent spirit of the artificer" who carved the Antinous, that most perfect specimen of revived Greek art, also "inspired into him"? The fact is that Mr. Tyrwhitt has quietly put aside with a stroke of his pen the most radical distinction between the two types of art which he professes to be contrasting. It is much as if a critic of Pagan and Christian ethics should lay down that the great principle of the former system, as of the latter, was striving after perfection; adding that it might be said indeed that purity, humility, meekness, and some other kindred virtues were not so clearly appreciated by the Pagans, but "it does not suit his purpose to go into" little minutiae of that kind. Mr. Tyrwhitt has entirely failed to observe that, for reasons which we have before now taken occasion to discuss, but which we have no space to dwell upon here, the distinctive beauty of Greek art is male, while the reverse is the case with Christian art, and hence partly sculpture is the speciality of the one, and painting of the other. The Sistine Madonna and Belvedere Apollo may be cited as typical instances of each style respectively. The Greek certainly did not "think his wife the most beautiful object in nature," or think at all about her beauty; he found his models for that in the palestra. It is amusing to find Mr. Tyrwhitt admitting at last that, with all their muscularity, "the Greeks were rather corrupt." Professor Jowett, who is at least as capable as he is of appreciating Greek art, might have reminded him that, "if the inner life had been presented to us of that period which in art is the most brilliant epoch of humanity, we should have turned away from the sight with loathing and detestation." But Mr. Tyrwhitt's conceptions of beauty, as well as of morality, must be peculiar, as he considers "Tom King, who beat Heenan, and is now a preacher," exactly like Apollo, and quite as beautiful; while he tells us the *μυαλότης* is "conscious of strength, valour, and beauty, rejoicing in himself without vanity"—a description which those who remember Aristotle's account of the same personage will read with some surprise. In another minor point he is hardly less wide of the mark. Art has often, and not untruly, been called the bloom of decay—in this sense among others, that it represents an age when speculation has superseded simple faith. The gods of Phidias were admired, but were not worshipped. Mr. Tyrwhitt however assures us that Phidias's work was done "in vague general service of his gods," not indeed "exactly because he meant to pray to Theseus," but because Theseus and the rest of them were "manifestations or personified attributes of Zeus," and "were worshipped as symbols manifesting features of the Unknown God." We should be curious to hear Mr. Tyrwhitt's authority for supposing that any notion of the kind ever entered the head of any single Greek; it is so far from being based on the words of St. Paul which are referred to, that it is incompatible with them.

In "Italian Art History" the author seems more at home, though he says little that will be new to those who have any acquaintance with the subject, and deals rather with the history than with the art. It is interesting to know that the great mosaic of the Last Judgment in the old cathedral at Torcello, which no one who has seen it is ever likely to forget, is probably the earliest attempt in existence to represent the scene. It is commonly supposed to date from the tenth century, and the church from the seventh, and in one place the author appears to accept this view, but elsewhere he speaks of both the church and its ornaments as not later than 508. His account of the Catacomb symbols is good as far as it goes, but very slight. The Cross seems first to have come into use as an emblem at Ravenna, where it formed part of the sacred monogram, while the use of the crucifix as an object of devotion only dates from the seventh century, universal as it afterwards became. The chapters on Raffaele and Michael Angelo, and on Dürer and Holbein, are interesting, but chiefly for the sketches they contain of the men themselves; and there is a good deal too much of the author's theological lucubrations mixed up with them. One curious piece of information deserves to be extracted, if only for its novelty:—"The real use of the word Protestantism," we are categorically told, "is for strict personal belief in the Second Person of the Trinity." It follows of course, among other startling consequences, that Roman Catholics do not "strictly" believe in Christ, and that Socinians, who form a large proportion of Continental Protestants, are not "really" Protestants at all.

We have felt bound to speak our mind about what is at best a very slender and inordinately pretentious book. But casual readers, who can make up their minds to put up with a large amount of braggadocio and egotism, may find it not devoid of interest. And, to give the writer his due, we will close our notice with what strikes us, in spite of its affected style, as one of the happiest passages in the volume, comparing Raffaele and Michael Angelo:—

Altogether Raffaele has the best of it; right or wrong, he is the man of the

\* *Christian Art and Symbolism; with Some Hints on the Study of Language.* By the Rev. R. B. John Tyrwhitt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

times, and has gone with the times. He found art the servant of religion, and then he pursued it religiously and did best of all. By the time he had come to the Stanza frescoes, he had made up his mind that art belonged to Apollo, and he went on with it just as cheerfully; who Rafael belonged to, perhaps, he had left off asking. It cannot be doubtful, I think, that when he paints on one wall Christ, as Lord and Chief of the Domain of Theology; and on the other Phœbus Apollo, as Lord of the Domain of Poetry, Art, and Inspiration; he proclaims the separation of religion from art, declaring practically that Rafael painted no longer as servant of Christ, but as a student of classical literature, and as servant of Julius or Leo, those marvellous classical vicars of Christ. All artists had held hitherto, and Angelo held still, that the faith was true, and therefore supplies the highest motives for art. Rafael inaugurated, meaning no harm, the new artistic persuasion, zealously insisted on to this day; that mythologic fable is beautiful, and therefore supplies the highest motives for art. One side said for centuries: truth first, and beauty will follow, and she did follow. The other said: beauty at any rate, and all the world will follow. So they did, and she led them the way of the stranger that flattereth with her words; and art became prostitution, and Italy became a scorn and ruin, a land despised or mourned for, in all places where God and honour reigned.

So Rafael and Michael Angelo went different ways in life, and were separated and opposed in spirit, and partly or wholly jealous of each other. And one died, and the other lived on for the time in Florence.

The chapter on "Landscape Sketching"—not its insufferable adjunct headed "Poetry of Landscape"—is less ambitious and egotistic, and sticks closer to the point than the rest. It leads us to hope that, if the author would condescend to write about one thing at a time, and say what he has to say in simple English, without dogmatizing or preaching, or a perpetual laboured affectation of being funny, he might some day produce a book not only readable, but worth the trouble of reading.

#### ASTON'S JAPANESE GRAMMAR.\*

THE similarity which appears to exist between the languages of China and Japan, owing to the very general employment of Chinese characters in writing Japanese, has given rise to the natural impression that the connexion between the two is very close. But this is not the case. They are entirely distinct, the Japanese claiming relationship with the Altaic family of languages, and the Chinese standing alone and unique. The history of the adoption by the Japanese of the Chinese character is a curious illustration of the imitative nature of the people, and is about as unreasonable as their modern passion for Inverness capes and patent-leather boots. It is scarcely conceivable that a people possessing an alphabet, however imperfect, should ever have made use of the hieroglyphics of China to supplement its deficiencies. This, however, is what the Japanese did in their apparently inextinguishable desire for some new thing. The inscriptions on the few ancient scrolls which are to be met with at the present day in the treasures of Japanese temples prove the identity of the primitive Japanese character with that now in use in Corea; and it is probable, as is stated to be the case, that to the people of the latter country the Japanese owe their first alphabet. Through the same channel, in A.D. 285, was also introduced the Chinese language, which at first was received with but little favour, and not until after the diffusion of Buddhism did the study of it become at all general. Dating from that time, it has ever since been deemed an essential part of a liberal education; and with such eagerness have Chinese words been adopted into both the written and spoken languages, that at the present day they outnumber those of native origin.

Although this large infusion of the Chinese tongue has had no effect in altering the nature of the Japanese language, which remains essentially Altaic in its character, it has given rise to an unusually complex system of writing. The hesitating and unmethodical manner in which the Chinese characters were first employed to express Japanese words rendered it impossible to lay down any fixed laws for their use, and the result is that in Japanese composition they now possess four different values. For instance, a Chinese character may either be the equivalent of a Chinese word, or of the synonymous Japanese word; or, again, it may either represent merely the sound of a Chinese word, or of a Japanese word. When used in either of the first two capacities it is termed by Japanese writers *Mana*, or "true character," and when in the last two *Kana*, or "borrowed character." To give an example, the Chinese character meaning "heaven" may either represent the Chinese word pronounced by the Japanese *ten*, or the synonymous Japanese word *ame*, or it may be employed phonetically to represent the sound of *ten*. At first Chinese characters were employed almost entirely as *Mana*—that is to say, they received their ideographic value; but as time went on, the difficulty of rendering by *Mana* grammatical inflections and terminations for which there exists no Chinese equivalent made it necessary to extend the use of the characters as mere phonetic signs; and as each author followed indiscriminately his own sweet will in the choice of characters to be so employed, great confusion prevailed in the world of letters. A more definite system of writing, therefore, became indispensable. As a first step to this end, the sounds of the language were subjected to a careful analysis, and were finally divided into forty-seven syllables. To represent these, two alphabets, the *Katagana* and the *Hiragana*, were adopted. The first, as its name signifies, consists of abbreviated or "side" forms of as many ordinary Chinese characters, while the *Hiragana* is "nothing more than abbreviated cursive forms of a limited number of the same common Chinese characters."

In modern Japanese composition all three styles of writing—namely, the *Mana*, *Katagana*, and *Hiragana*—are employed indiscriminately, and hence arises one great difficulty which every student of Japanese has to face. For it not unfrequently happens that a sentence which is capable of being translated as *Mana* is intended by the author to be read as *Kana*. This difficulty can be overcome only by long practice and a careful regard to the context, which will alone save students from occasionally falling into the most egregious blunders. As a rule, however, the employment of Chinese words is in inverse ratio to the antiquity of the work. For instance, the most ancient style of Japanese literature—that in which ancient poetry is written—is distinguished by a total absence of Chinese words, and by its richness in particles and grammatical terminations. Later again we find in the *Monogatari*, or historical romances and other classical works of a similar character, a small admixture of Chinese words, at the same time that the grammatical methods of the old language are strictly maintained. Of late the tendency to employ Chinese words and even Chinese idioms has been much on the increase, and it has reached a climax in the epistolary correspondence, official documents, diaries, and newspapers of the present day. In these we find a marked neglect of the grammatical forms of the old language, and an all-pervading Chinese tone, both as regards words and idioms as well as characters. The grammar employed in works of this kind is beyond the scope of the treatise before us, neither are Mr. Aston's remarks applicable to the spoken language, with which he has dealt in a separate work. His present object is to lay before his readers a clear and concise view of the construction of the language of Japan pure and simple, and he has done this in a manner which leaves little to be desired.

It is necessary that the student should, at starting, disabuse his mind of the idea that there is an analogy between the functions of inflection in Japanese and those which it serves in the languages of Europe. In Japanese "the principal office of inflection, as distinguished from the addition of suffixes, is to give to the same root the force of a different part of speech, according to the inflection employed." It has nothing to do with either voice, mood, tense, person, gender, or case. "Instead of a passive voice Japanese verbs have derivative verbs with a conjugation resembling that of active verbs; mood and tense are indicated by *teniwoha*, or suffixes; person is only occasionally and indirectly intimated by the use of honorific or humble particles; gender is denoted by compounds similar to the English words 'he-ass,' 'she-ass,' and number and case are expressed, if at all, by suffixes or particles distinct from the noun." Japanese grammarians divide the words of the language into three classes—namely, *Na*, literally "name," including the noun, pronoun, and numeral adjective of European grammars; *Kotoba*, "word," comprising verbs and adjectives; and *Teniwoha*, a word composed of the four particles in most common use, namely, *te*, *ni*, *wo*, and *ha*, under which class are grouped the article and preposition, together with the terminations of verbs and adjectives. In a native grammar entitled *Kotoba no chikamichi*, *Na* are called *i-kotoba*, or "words which remain at rest," that is to say, without inflection—an expression equivalent to the Chinese *see yen*, or "dead words"; and *Kotoba* are spoken of as "words of action," that is, inflected, or as the Chinese say, *Awō yen*, "living words." Some *Teniwoha* are also susceptible of inflection, and Mr. Aston points out, therefore, that as the principal words are divided into uninflected and inflected classes, so should also the *Teniwoha*, or subordinate words, be. Of verbs there are three conjugations, and of adjectives two, and in all cases their roots are susceptible of four inflections, called by Mr. Aston the conclusive form, or verb; the attributive, or substantive form; the base for negative and future forms; and the perfect. Of these inflections he gives a table at page 30 which should be carefully studied by the light afforded by the remarks which follow it. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Aston should have adopted the nomenclature employed by the native grammarians for the different parts of the verb, and thus have thrown an additional stumbling-block in the way of beginners. The parts are sufficiently analogous to the division of our own verbs to render the terms employed in English grammar applicable to them. For instance, the conclusive form, or, literally, "decisive, or determining word," has the force of our indicative mood, and in that sense is decisive or determining, but it is also so called from the fact that it is always placed at the end of a sentence. As Japanese books are without a proper system of punctuation, it is of the utmost importance that beginners should be able readily to recognize this form to help them to distinguish where one sentence ends and another begins. The attributive form of verbal roots corresponds to the English participle in *ing*. The base for negative and future suffixes is nearly equivalent to our future tense, and the perfect speaks for itself.

Japanese nouns may be divided into simple, derived, and compound nouns. They have, properly speaking, no determination. Number and case are rarely expressed, but when they are they "are indicated by means of certain particles placed after the words, which themselves suffer no change." Personal pronouns are seldom used in Japanese; thus the sentence "I will go" is expressed by *yukan*, which would be as applicable for either the second or third person as for the first. But if in conversation a speaker desires to emphasize the first person when speaking of himself, he uses such humble expressions as "this awkward person," or "this stupid one"; and in like manner when addressing his interlocutor, he indicates the second person by means of honorific terms, as "the noble lord," or "the honourable gentleman."

\* *Grammar of the Japanese Written Language, with a short Christian Vocabulary.* By W. G. Aston, M.A., Interpreter and Translator to H. B. M.'s Consulate, Yokohama, Japan. London: 1872.



From the foregoing remarks the importance to students of an accurate knowledge of the rules which govern the construction of a Japanese sentence will be apparent. Fortunately these are plain, and may be said to admit, except in the case of poetry, of few variations. As is the case in all languages of the Altaic family, every word in Japanese which serves to define another word invariably precedes it. "Thus the adjective precedes the noun, the particle the verb, the genitive the word which governs it, the objective case the verb, and the word governed by a preposition the preposition." The nominative case stands at the beginning of a sentence, and the verb at the end. Although, since in Japanese the forms taken by verbal and adjectival roots when they appear successively as nouns, adverbs, adjectives, and verbs, are distinctly marked, the position of words in a sentence does not occupy the same important part in the grammar of the language as it does in Chinese, still a careful study of it, together with the various final particles, is essential to enable the student to supply the necessary punctuation which is almost invariably wanting in Japanese books. The prominent position which the inhabitants of Japan have of late years occupied in the eyes of Europe has created a corresponding desire on the part of Western scholars to gain an insight into their literature. Apart from that which has been borrowed from the Chinese—and in this list must be included their principal works on religion and philosophy—there is much to interest and attract readers. The task of acquiring a knowledge of the language is not unattended with difficulty, but Mr. Aston's Grammar will help to lighten the labour of students and to make plain much which has hitherto been but vaguely understood.

## SIMPLE STORIES.\*

THERE is as much art, if not so much labour, required in writing simple stories as in turning out more elaborate work. There must be the same care taken to keep the colour right and the minor parts in due subordination; the same gradual evolution of plot and culmination of interest; the same distinctness of character, if more sketchiness of detail—the first condition of the success of a simple story being the ability to present scenes and people vividly and yet not lengthily, while the method is that rarest of all, the union of compression with vivacity, leaving something to the imagination yet making everything clear to the perception. These short and simple stories come in as a pleasant relief among the long and fevered efforts of the three-volume novelists. They are innocent and wholesome, if their danger is in platitudes; if their sentiment is sometimes washy, it is at least better than coarse and vulgar crime.

The first book of which we have now to speak is essentially a simple story, and deserves well of criticism. The character of the heroine Marjory is a very pretty study; and if the introduction deals perhaps too much with doll-day life, and makes too much of small matters, we cannot deny the merit of the picture as it stands, nor refuse our love to the honest, brave, unselfish little tom-boy who is the central figure. We cannot quite make out, however, what Marjory's fall into the staked pond has to do with the story. True, she says after it that she "was beginning to understand that the old wild Marjory, with her health and strength, was gone away for ever"; but we see no indications of any permanent disablement; and when the thread of the plot is taken up again at nineteen, we find no more change from the pleasant tom-boy of thirteen than would naturally have taken place by the mere lapse of years, and the consequent softening of hoydenish girlhood into the well-bred staidness and propriety befitting a young lady. This is just one of those isolated incidents which unpractised writers mistake for story. It is not in the story at all; it is a mere excrecence, and has nothing to do with the matter in hand. It tells nothing, prepares the way for nothing, and has no kind of relation with anything that comes after; but it serves to fill up space, and is pretty in itself. Still, neither of these is sufficient reason why excrecences should be allowed as excrecences; they should rather be woven into the plot as vital and integral parts thereof, leading to something and meaning something of importance to the rest. But the art of putting a design together, and not letting it lie scattered, is to be got only by practice; and Miss Deane has not sinned in this respect more than is natural in a beginner.

There is a noticeable absence of spitefulness in *Marjory*. In general lady novelists are such fierce partisans of their characters that they have no perception for half tones; and the effect of modifying influences is a heresy to which they will not subscribe. They add malicious little personal touches that show their own animus more than they increase the spirit of the sketch; as in one instance we remember, where the authoress, to mark her disapprobation of one of her puppets, put on the bonnet awry at a supreme moment—where, however, her looks had nothing to do with the matter—and made her, with true feminine instinct, "a fright," because she had imagined her bad. There is nothing of this in our present story. Antoinette, the naughtier girl of the two, selfish and scheming as she is, is not exaggerated into a demon. She is pretty and vain, worldly and ambitious, unaffectionate and designing, yet she is not a monster of vice, but, on the contrary, is unhappily quite natural. She loves her ease, and she desires to make a good marriage; wherefore she lays her-

self out to accomplish her ends; and, by the cruelty of circumstances, she succeeds. And though Michael is grim and dour and jealous, he is only just as much so as one might well imagine the younger of twins would be who had lost the estate by half an hour, and who fancied himself in danger of also losing the girl he loved. It was a trial beyond the possibility of such human nature as his to support with equanimity, and though to be sure he did treat poor Gilles like a bear, he only gave way to temper, he did not brood over a crime. We think that so much self-restraint and nice judgment in a young writer is a fact deserving commendation; and that if Miss Deane has done so well in her first attempt, and been able to make interest out of such simple materials as those which compose *Marjory*, she will do better as time goes on and her powers are more thoroughly under her control. She has shown considerable skill in the way in which she has made a vivid picture out of sketches only. Every character is more or less a sketch, even to Marjory herself, where indications, rather than elaborate work, mark the nature and make out the portrait; but it is just these indications which are so satisfactory. Lady Bridges, the tender, timid invalid; Patience, Marjory's half-sister, sharp and stern, and soured by her own life's disappointment, a good woman at heart, but an excessively disagreeable person to live with; Mrs. Markham, flighty and false; Gilles, bright, generous, and loving; even the maid and the man, Martha and Thomas, he with his faithful wooing and she with her long-delayed assent; and the two already spoken of, Antoinette and Michael—all these are characters more suggestive than elaborated, and yet quite vivid and consistent with themselves. It is good work and wholesome portraiture, and, if not very exciting, is in no wise disappointing. We do not, however, quite believe the story about the White Lady. We do not hold with ghosts, and we doubt Marjory's testimony on that score, and are inclined to put down her vision to any cause but the one she gives. These ghosts are too partial and illogical for us; and, spirits as they are, the curious way in which all their intercourse with humanity confines itself to earthly matters is, to say the least of it, odd, and lays them open to grave suspicion. Still, if Lady Bridges liked to keep a private spectre in the Ghost's Walk, that was her affair and Miss Deane's, and it is not for us to object. *Marjory* is bright enough to afford the mournful shadow that prophesies of woe; for though the story is substantially a tragedy in that it ends in death and sorrow, still the whole spirit of the tale is brave and cheerful, and the very catastrophe leaves us not so much depressed as merely sorry that things could not have been better. On the whole, it is a pretty, readable, and charming little book; if not strong, thoroughly healthy, and, save the White Lady, natural.

Holme Lee's short stories are as pleasant as Miss Deane's larger volume. We cannot say much for the poetry with which she has interspersed her prose, and which is of the unsatisfactory kind current in second-rate magazines and the like. But some of her little tales are charming, and with a pretty air of mock reality about them which is very taking. "Polly's One Offer," and "A Winter Wedding in the Woods," seem to us the best of all, because of a certain breadth and rustic vitality pervading them. The story, such as it is, of both—for, indeed, the story in the "Winter Wedding" is of the thinnest and slightest description, a skeleton rather than a tale—is well put and vigorous; and, graceful and ladylike as Holme Lee always is, she has not been afraid of the broader humour and bolder handling necessary to her subject. If her big men have to catch up in their arms and smother with unceremonious kisses her little brown mice-like women, well, they do so, and the mice have to submit to the free ways of their half-tamed admirers, and to ponder on the desirableness of retaliation or acceptance, according as pride or affection has the upper hand. We do not like her melodrama so much; though even in some of the most melodramatic of her tales she has numerous incidental little traits as nicely sketched as they have been well observed, which give them a more everyday and lifelike bearing. "Three Nights by Ash Pool" is a pathetic and painful and slightly improper story; but Holme Lee's taste is always true, and her improprieties are inoffensively told. Nevertheless we do not like the story, and do not see what good is done by writing of a theme which every one knows by heart, and of which we all see too much, unless it is handled with consummate skill and real originality.

"Lady Seamer's Long Step" is the worst bit of work, barring the poetry, in the collection. It is one of those inconsequent stories, those queer volcanic eruptive bits of writing, where things happen without cause, and which throw the reader into a state of chronic surprise throughout that is not pleasure. Besides, it is a little unjust and spiteful; and Sir John's madness is treated angrily as a crime, and spoken of with a kind of impatient injustice that may be natural to unthinking people in real life, but is not pleasant to read. The man was mad all through; in which case his brutality and evil temper, and all the rest of the torture his poor wife underwent, though and enough for her, were not wilful crimes in him; and in relating the story there should have been no partisanship in the author, and horror should have been without malice, and subordinate to pity. This unphilosophical partisanship jars on one's sense of justice and fair dealing, and is the prevailing weakness of most women's writing. We are glad that Holme Lee has not attempted any kind of dramatic connecting thread, which authors who collect their scattered stories usually think themselves bound to supply. She has merely tabulated hers under the head of the month, facing, or rather backing, each with a poem of doubtful merit. But even this slight bond of union might have been left out with advantage;

\* *Marjory*. By Miss Deane. London: Macmillan & Co. *Country Stories, Old and New*. By Holme Lee, Author of "Sylvan Hall's Daughter," &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

for there is no reason discernible why one story should go under the head of March and another under that of June; why "Eylil's Disappointment" should be for a sign of August, and "Lina Ferrate" be bracketed with November. We suppose there is a certain conventionalality of authorship in such matters; and Holme Lee only obeyed the rule of the order when she made her stories and poems topical, but it is silly all the same. However, the beads strung upon the thread are pretty enough; and with this we leave them to the acceptance of the public.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

**ANCIENT America**\* is a popular, though by no means an unscientific, treatise on a subject of which very little is known to the general European public. Indeed some of those writers who have dealt at length with the evidences of perished civilisations have confined themselves almost exclusively to the Old World, and have given at most only a passing mention of the ruins of the New. Most of our readers will probably remember the name, if nothing more, of the Mound-builders; but we doubt whether one Englishman in five, even among the educated classes, has any idea that North America contains, in almost as large a proportion as Western Asia and Eastern Europe, the monuments of races whose history is lost to mankind, whose very name is in some cases matter of doubt, but who have left us proof that they had attained as high a standard of general culture and agricultural skill as the nations whose history has been preserved to us had reached at the period when their records commence. Even Americans are wont to speak of ruins as the peculiar inheritance of this hemisphere, and to treat their supposed absence in America as a signal illustration of the comparative youth of Western civilization. And yet the truth is that there existed in the valley of the Mississippi, ages before Columbus, relics of a character which prove unmistakably the existence of a prior civilization—a civilization probably inferior to that of Egypt, but indicating as clearly as the Pyramids themselves the presence of a vast agricultural and settled population, with a government capable of concentrating and controlling great masses of labour for a public object, of feeding the labourers, and of directing their efforts to unproductive results; a fact which in its turn implies an accumulation of wealth and a confidence in their own resources known only to nations far and long removed from barbarism. We are all of us familiar with the existence of civilized nations and powerful empires in Central and South America at the time of the Conquest; with the mighty monarchy of the Aztecs in Mexico, and the strange social organization of Peru under the divine dynasty of the Incas. But it is less generally understood that Central America at least contains the remains of a much older empire than that of Montezum; ruins which even in his time were overgrown with forest, built by a people whose power had been annihilated before the arrival of the Aztecs, and whose name is only preserved in their records through the traditions of the people they found in possession of the land, and who claimed to have conquered their civilized predecessors. Of the Mound-builders of the Ohio and the Mississippi no trace remains except their monuments. The character of these is discussed at length in the volume before us, and is explained by several plans and sketches, which only fail in not making it sufficiently clear which are properly mounds and which mere enclosures. Both are of all sizes and of various forms; sometimes square, oblong, or circular, traced with great accuracy, and displaying considerable mathematical skill; sometimes in the form of monstrous animals; enclosing sometimes less than an acre, sometimes scores or hundreds of acres. The animal forms are thought to have had a religious purpose; the smaller and loftier mounds to have been intended for watch-towers or astronomical observatories; the more extensive mounds and enclosures to have been designed as the foundations or fortifications of cities. These were probably built of wood, less perhaps from ignorance than from the comparative scarcity of better materials. The Mexican and Central American ruins are of stone; temples, cities, and what might be called castles, adapted to contain a population of hundreds or thousands in a single fortified building; but they contain here and there implements akin to those found in the mounds, and their sculptures show the use of some of these, among which is a species of tube or telescope without glasses, used for astronomical observation. In some of these buildings, as in those of Egypt, are found arrangements obviously astronomical; and symbols which are thought to resemble those of Assyrian or Chaldean star-worship. There are long inscriptions on stone; and there exist a few MSS. of priceless value in the eyes of antiquaries, of which facsimiles are given. The Mound-builders have left no traces of such arts; but this may be due to the perishable nature of their materials rather than to their ignorance. The whole copper region of Lake Superior bears witness to their knowledge and practice of mining; and the author is inclined, from certain points of similarity, to connect them with the first civilized possessors of Mexico and Honduras. That they had no relations with the Red Indians he holds to be certain. Their age he endeavours to fix by several indications of a more or less certain character, and he concludes that they were probably extinct two thousand years ago, if

not earlier, and were among the first civilized nations of the world. His speculations as to their origin, affinities, and history are not more trustworthy than such conjectures may be expected to be in the absence of any real data; and he shows an undue credulity in dealing with such mythical myths as those connected with the imagined island of Atlantis, and the reputed voyages of the Phœnicians at a date long prior to that of any existing historians. But his accounts of the ascertained facts and the inferences from which future investigation may gather further knowledge are careful and lively; and his work is calculated to interest all who entertain any curiosity respecting the evidences of prehistoric civilization scattered over the world.

Professor Young, of Dartmouth College, prints a lecture on the *Sun and the Phenomena of its Atmosphere*† which contains a good deal of the latest information on the subject, chiefly derived from the researches of Mr. Lockyer and Dr. Huggins. His views, however, are not always very clear, and he does not carefully note where they seem to differ from (or perhaps misconceive) those of his authorities; his language is popular rather than scientific, and however acceptable the lecture may have been to his hearers, it hardly deserves the notice of readers who have access to the writings of those from whom the Professor has drawn his materials.

Mr. Hoppin's *Crossing the Atlantic*‡ is a series of comic sketches in a bold and free style, perfectly free from coarseness or vulgar caricature, and comic only in that sense of the word which is wholly distinct from the farcical associations attached to it by frequent misuse. They delineate in a spirited fashion some of the amusing incidents of an Atlantic voyage, and the personal peculiarities of different types of passengers. Many artists would have thought it necessary to attach a text to them, and print them as "illustrations"; but the terseness of such sketches as these would be devoid of meaning or point, and the "illustrations" tell their own story, so far as they have one, without the aid of type. The volume is excellently adapted for the drawing-room table.

During the recent sittings of the International Congress on Prisons‡ appeared a Report, apparently intended to serve as an introduction to its discussions, from the pen of the American Commissioner appointed to represent his Government in that assembly. Having received his commission some eighteen months before the meeting to which he was nominally accredited, he spent his time in visiting the different capitals of Europe, making preparations for the Congress, and inquiring into the prison systems of different countries. His Report is a valuable addition to that vast and most useful collection of information regarding the institutions and policy of different States in nearly every department of administration and law which it is the practice of the American authorities, State and Federal, to compile, and of which the official documents of the United States present a unique example. We suppose that there are few questions of social polity or administration upon which the libraries of Congress or of the State Legislatures could not furnish a perfect cyclopaedia of practical and historical information, amassed in this way from all countries, enriched by the opinions of the best authorities, and embodied in a well-arranged Report by a writer chosen for his special devotion to the subject, or enabled by his general training to devote himself to it after his appointment. Thus in the present volume we have such a description of the penal systems of France, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, &c., as it would be difficult to find in any other single work, and not easy to hunt out in the Library of the British Museum. The reporter has also taken care to call special attention to a paper embodying the well-known but very peculiar views of Captain Maconochie with regard to the "mark" system of discipline, and recommending that prisoners should be sentenced, not to a definite term of imprisonment, but to perform a given task. The views of different reformers are incidentally given in various places, nearly all of them showing a tendency to look simply at the effect of different forms of imprisonment upon the culprits actually sentenced, and to forget the far more important question of their deterrent influence on those who know them only by repute. But, all such objections notwithstanding, the Report is a treasury of valuable information and important suggestions on a topic of great and immediate interest.

A treatise on the *Dangerous Classes of New York* § by one who has laboured long and diligently among them merits a much fuller consideration than we can give it here. The author has studied his subject with indefatigable earnestness and patience, has laboured at it with all the devotion of an enthusiast, and writes upon it with calmness, discretion, and moderation. He discusses first the circumstances which create the dangerous classes; among which he gives peculiar prominence to over-

\* *The Sun and the Phenomena of its Atmosphere*. By Professor C. P. Young, Ph.D., of Dartmouth College. New Haven, Conn.: Chatfield & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Crossing the Atlantic*. Illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *International Congress on the Prevention and Repression of Crime, including Penal and Reformatory Treatment*. Preliminary Report of the Commissioner appointed by the President to represent the United States in the Congress, in compliance with a joint resolution of March 2, 1872. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

§ *The Dangerous Classes of New York, and Twenty Years' Work among Them*. By Charles Loring Hans, Author of "Hungary in 1848," "Home Life in Germany," &c. &c. New York: Wm. H. & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\* *Ancient America*, in *Notes on American Archaeology*. By John D. Smith, M.A., Author of "Pre-historic Nations." With Illustrations. New York: H. S. Gorton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

crowding, intemperance, and parental vice and neglect, illustrating clearly the terrible mischief done by each, but studiously avoiding exaggeration; and, upon the vexed question of temperance in particular, writing with a degree of judgment and impartiality which sets a good example to the total function. On all the remedies which they have suggested, but which are really likely to work a gradual reform—workmen's clubs, the provision of better public amusements, the introduction of lighter alcoholic beverages, and of drinking-gardens in lieu of public-houses—he lays great stress, and never forgets that he is dealing, not with a thing evil in itself, but with the abuse of a blessing. Those ladies who have chosen the nastiest of topics as a theme for the wildest nonsense and the most shameless misrepresentation might well profit by the perusal of a chapter in which he reasons on the same side, but in the spirit of a gentleman, a Christian, and a man of sense. His account of the practical working of the different charities with which he is connected is equally impartial, judicious, and suggestive. Altogether, we know of no work which deals more wisely with some of the gravest social evils of a highly artificial civilisation.

An *Exposé of Polygamy in Utah*\* professes to emanate from a female convert to Mormonism, who lived long with her husband under the rule of Brigham Young, and was at last driven to apostasy by the intolerable burden of polygamy; her husband having submitted, under the advice of his ecclesiastical superiors, to take a second wife, and her jealousy of the intruder rendering life a burden to her. Much of the narrative may be exaggerated, but it is evident that the pictures of Mormon life, however caricatured, have been drawn by one who has actually witnessed it. The authoress attributes to many of the men an aversion to polygamy which her account of the women's behaviour would fully explain; but she seems to overlook the utter inconsistency between her representations of the crushed spirits and complete subjection of the women and her description of their incessant outbreaks of temper. Again, while she imputes to Brigham Young and his immediate supporters a desire to entangle irretrievably the better men among their converts by obliging them to take a second or third wife, she admits that a sincere Mormon must look upon polygamy in the light of a religious duty. She bears witness also to the inefficacy of the persecution of the Federal Government; the first effect of its legislation against polygamy being that many who had hitherto resisted all the persuasions of the Church forthwith married a second or more wives, in order to throw in their lot with their leaders and give a proof of attachment to their cause. Her pictures of the unhappiness of polygamic households do not agree with the accounts of other and more pretentious writers on Utah, but are perhaps more in accordance with the received ideas of the character of English and American women.

We have two books on "Pennsylvania Dutch"—the one an account of the language spoken by the elder German settlers in Lancaster and the neighbouring counties of Pennsylvania, the other a description of their religious tenets and practices, and of their daily life. They belong to various fractions of the sect known as Mennonites or Menzies, are not unlike the Quakers in the general character of their habits, ideas, and worship, and lead a simple, industrious, rustic life, keeping as much as possible aloof from all but their own people; shunning even the native Germans, and using "Yankee" as synonymous with "cheat," but kindly, harmless, and hospitable. Their abstinence from politics, which some sections carry so far as to prohibit voting, is regarded as a very singular eccentricity by their American neighbours; but they appear to cherish a traditional animosity to the Federal or Republican party, dating from the suppression of certain disturbances in their district by President Adams, the most recent occurrence which has directly interested them or disturbed the even tenor of their isolated life.

Mr. Hayden, U.S. Geologist, furnishes two more volumes of his Survey, the one relating to Montana and the adjacent territory, the other to Nebraska. They deal, as usual, with a considerable range of questions; the general geological conformation of the country, the extent of particular strata, the presence of minerals, and particularly of coal and gold, the agricultural resources, climate, meteorology, and the classification of the fossils discovered in the course of the Survey. Perhaps the most interesting parts of these Reports are those which relate to the presence of coal and to the absence of wood. The former exists in this region, as

in other and more accessible parts of the United States, in large quantities, and promises to furnish the country with abundant supplies for all purposes and for long ages, when once the growing density of population leads to the development of this enterprising wealth; whereas wood is so scarce and so poor in this whole region, owing to the scanty supply of water, that it is said to be impossible to make an excelsior of native wood, all that is required for industrial purposes having to be brought from the East. In the description of the country we meet with a most interesting account of the "geysers" and volcanic phenomena of the so-called "Yellowstone Park," now appropriated by Act of Congress as a public domain, and thus preserved for ever as a popular spectacle and scientific study. The natural wonders of the place are as remarkable, to say the least, as those of Iceland, and are well described in the Report.

The *Annual Record of Science and Industry*† is a miscellaneous collection of short paragraphs, embodying succinct accounts of new discoveries, theories, and inventions in every branch of science and scientific art. Geography, chemistry and metallurgy, agriculture, technology, therapeutics, &c., have each their separate place; but the difficulty of arranging the various topics under these several departments has evidently been too much for the editors, and the reader cannot with any confidence look to finding a notice where he expects it, but must trust to a somewhat succinctly worded index to guide him to the particular object of his search. Notwithstanding the difficulty inherent in the nature of the work, the record is both serviceable as a work of reference and interesting to the general reader.

Mr. Calvert's *Goethe, his Life and Works*‡, is not a biography, but an essay expanded into a volume; an elaborate review article, "produced," like one of Euclid's lines, "to any length." Mr. C. D. Warner's *Saunterings*§ has something of the same character. Each single paper is light, graceful, and agreeable, but an accumulation of lightness becomes painfully heavy, and a strain of subdued humour which runs very pleasantly through a few pages becomes a weariness to the flesh ere we reach the end of a volume. Each of the Saunterer's papers might have made an agreeable contribution to a magazine; and month by month one might have read them all. But to sit down to them all at once!

The "Illustrated Library of Travel,"§ edited by Mr. Bayard Taylor, is founded on the idea of collecting and digesting a series of records of travel in the same country into a species of continuous narrative, introduced and interspersed by editorial remarks on the geography and history of the region traversed. Thus the first of the volumes before us is devoted to Arabia, and deals with the journeys of Niebuhr, Burckhardt, Wellsted, Burton, and Palgrave, the last named occupying half the volume; the next treats of Japan, the materials being chiefly furnished by Sir Rutherford Alcock and M. Humbert. If this is not the highest kind of literature, it doubtless serves, in this busy age, to make many persons acquainted with the substantial results of travel and discovery who would hardly have thought of searching the original works for themselves.

The *Curiosities of Law Reporters*|| is a collection of judicial and forensic facetiae, of quaint incidents and expressions to be found in old law books, exhibitions of temper or eccentricity on the Bench and of high-flutin oratory at the Bar, startling consequences of legal rules, regulations illustrating the immense difference between ancient and modern usages and ideas, and, in short, of all the amusing trifles that enliven the driest of books and the gravest of professions. There are certain passages which might as well be struck out from a work of this kind, where no necessity compels and excuses the appearance of things intrinsically offensive; but these are comparatively few, and the little volume contains enough of wit and humour to make the fortune of half-a-dozen professional jokers.

*Fancies for Thoughts and Fables and Legends*¶ are two graceful and harmless volumes of verse, the first of which sometimes approaches the character of poetry, while the latter embodies, in fairly correct if sometimes feeble lines, certain old apoloques and fables not unworthy of preservation.

Messrs. Osgood's *Boston Illustrated*\*\* is one of those handbooks descriptive of the principal cities of the Union of which American local pride furnishes so many, and which may serve either to assist the explorations of a visitor or to give a lively notion of the place to those who are interested in it by their knowledge of its history, or by the residence there of friends or relatives. As regards the general public it has few claims to even a passing notice.

\* *Exposé of Polygamy in Utah: a Lady's Life among the Mormons. A Record of Personal Experience as one of the Wives of a Mormon Elder during a Period of more than Twenty Years.* By Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse, of Salt Lake City. Illustrated by W. H. Stephens. Second Edition. New York: American News Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Pennsylvania Dutch: a Dialect of South German with an Infusion of English.* By S. B. Haldeman, A.M., Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Pennsylvania Dutch, and other Essays.* Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

§ *Final Report of the United States Geological Survey of Nebraska and Portions of the Adjacent Territories, made under the Direction of the Commissioner of the General Land Office.* By F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

¶ *Preliminary Report of the United States Geological Survey of Montana and Portions of adjacent Territories, being a Fifth Annual Report of Progress.* By F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist. Conducted under authority of the Secretary of the Interior. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\* *Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1871.* Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the assistance of Eminent Men of Science. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Goethe: his Life and Works. An Essay.* By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Saunterings.* By Charles D. Warner, Author of "My Summer in a Garden." Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure: Travels in Arabia.* Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

|| *Curiosities of the Law Reporters.* By Franklin Fiske Heard. Printed for W. T. Bartlett by Lee & Shepard, Boston. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

¶ *Fancies for Thoughts, for Thoughts.* By Adeline D. T. Whitney, Author of "Red Fella," "We Gids," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\*\* *Boston Illustrated.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.







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## THE GOVERNMENT AND THE LORDS.

ON Monday night the Peers wandered into a discussion by no means without interest or importance as to the mode in which the Government treats the House of Lords. The discussion arose in this way. The Cape Colony has passed a Bill establishing representative government in the settlement, and Lord SALISBURY invited the Ministry to advise the QUEEN to withhold her assent to it, on the ground that the Bill had not been carried as a Bill of such importance ought to be carried. Last year the Assembly passed, and the Legislative Council rejected, a similar Bill. This year two members who last year were against it changed their opinions, or, as Lord SALISBURY put it, had been lured over, and the Bill was passed by the Legislative Council, although some of its provisions were only carried by the casting vote of the Chairman. The Home Government had avowedly let it be known that they wished such a Bill to be carried, and the reasons assigned why Lord KIMBERLEY should refuse to advise the Royal assent to it were three—that two members of the Legislative Council had been lured over, that it was not fitting that questions of such primary magnitude for the future of the colony should be settled by a casting vote, and that the electors should have been consulted by a dissolution before so great a change was imposed on them. It did not, however, appear that the two members who had changed their opinions had been lured over in any other sense than that they knew that the opinions held by the Governor of the colony and by the Home Government were opposed to the opinions they had last year entertained. It is part of the existing Constitution of the colony that the Chairman of the Legislative Council may give a casting vote, and as the Home Government approved of the Bill, it was not for him to put the electors to the trouble of a dissolution in order to see whether the minority against the Bill might not be converted into a majority. Lord SALISBURY thought the Bill bad for the colony, and Lord KIMBERLEY thought it good for the colony, and to discuss which was right would be to enter on difficult questions of local politics. But the Government seems to have been right in looking only at the public action of the Legislative Council. It would be a dangerous precedent to reject a Bill because it was vaguely surmised that two persons who voted for it had been lured over, and because, under a Constitution permitting a chairman to give a casting vote, he had given one. When, again, bodies duly elected in a colony pass a measure, it seems hard on them that the Home Government should say that there must be a new election to see if the electors will confirm their decision. But it was quite natural for Lord SALISBURY to see in this incident of colonial history a connexion with home politics of much interest, and especially of much interest to a leading peer. The question so often raised by Lord SALISBURY and other Conservative peers was in an indirect way being fought over again. The Liberal Government treats measures deliberately adopted by the House of Commons as adopted by those whom the House of Commons represents, when no sign of dissent is made in the majority of the constituencies. Conservative peers say that the House of Commons represents the people on a question of radical reform, when the issue was put distinctly before the people, and when the House of Commons was elected. The House of Lords, according to this theory, would be always entitled to ask, as the French Imperialists are so fond of asking, for a plébiscite before it regarded anything as settled. There is much to be said for this theory, but the balance of reasoning is, we think, against it, on account of the extreme democratic consequences to which it might easily lead. The Executive

and the House of Commons would be equally discredited if the Peers could thus order a reference to the people.

But Lord SALISBURY raised a further question. He assumed that the Government, finding the opinion of the Legislative Council of the Cape opposed to its own, had determined to break down the opposition by fair means or foul. The Upper Chamber of the colony had seen its just influence set aside, and this, Lord SALISBURY said, was quite in keeping with what goes on at home, where "their Lordships knew with what want of respect this House had been treated by Her MAJESTY'S Government." Lord GRANVILLE eagerly asked him to explain to what he referred, and he said that he referred to the use of the Royal Prerogative for the abolition of purchase last year, and to the refusal of the Crown, under the advice of the Ministry, to comply with the Lords' Address carried by Lord ABINGER, with regard to the appointment of majors in the scientific corps of the army. It is not necessary to enter on the well-worn question of the use of the royal prerogative last Session, further than to remark that it by no means concerned the Lords alone, and that the most serious incident of the whole transaction was the broad hint thrown out by Mr. GLADSTONE that, if he was supported by the people, he did not much care whether either House objected to his use of the prerogative. He was forced afterwards to think over the whole affair carefully, and to gain some instruction from it, and the general course of events warned him to be in every way more moderate. It is therefore of some moment to inquire whether the recent conduct of the Government in dealing with the House of Lords can be fairly accused of having, in the language of Lord SALISBURY, been characterized by anything but sentiments of affection and respect. We must say that we do not think it at all open to this criticism. The Peers complained that they had no work to do; and the Government, wishing to please them, introduced the Licensing Bill in the Upper House. The Peers made many changes in the Ballot Bill; and the Government not only adopted all that they possibly could, but actually tried to adopt more than the House of Commons would allow them to adopt. The Peers have thrown out the Commons Enclosure Bill, on which much pains had been bestowed, without a murmur from the Government. Lord CAMHES extinguished instantaneously the humble flame of the CHANCELLOR'S scheme for Law Reform, and the Ministry had not a word to say. Only last week both law officers of the Crown entirely and positively declined to have anything whatever to do with any question of law reform, because all law reform must depend on the good pleasure of the Peers, and there was no saying what the good pleasure of the Peers might be. If this is treating the Lords with a want of respect, they must indeed be exacting. There only remains the advice of the Ministry to the Crown not to comply with Lord ABINGER'S Address. But surely this was a very small matter. A very elaborate scheme for re-arranging the position of officers of the scientific forces had been long preparing, and was anxiously expected. Lord ABINGER carried an Address in which the Lords requested that the scheme might be delayed for further inquiry. The Crown was advised to reply that any delay would be prejudicial to the interests of the service, and that everything was ripe for the proposed change. The whole question, it must be remembered, turned upon whether there should or not be majors of Engineers and Artillery. Almost exactly a similar case happened in the days when Lord PALMERSTON, with whom the Lords were always very well satisfied, was Premier. In 1864 the Lords carried an Address praying that Wakefield and not Leeds might be made the seat of a district. The Crown was advised to reply that the choice of Leeds had been made, and could not be unmade without

inconvenience, and so the prayer of the Lords' address could not be acceded to. The Lords were perfectly patient under their failure, and none of them suggested that the PRIME MINISTER had been insulting them and trampling on their feelings.

Lord SALISBURY is sometimes accused of fighting the battle of the Lords too warmly, and of looking out too eagerly for occasions of combat. All that can be said is that different men carry on public business in different ways, to the great advantage of free assemblies, and that Lord SALISBURY's mode of fighting for himself and his friends is often at least very effectual, and very enlivening in an atmosphere otherwise apt to be dull. The Peers and the public would lose greatly if Lord SALISBURY were not in his place to fight after his own fashion. What is important is that, after the fighting is over, the conduct and position of the House of Lords, and the treatment it receives from the Government, should be calmly examined and fairly judged. Violent invectives against the House of Lords, and violent panegyrics of it, are to be equally deprecated. The Government, whatever may have been its disposition previously, has not, we think, treated the House of Lords badly this Session. On the contrary, if it is to be blamed at all, it is for the too great servility it has displayed, and for the attitude of depressed inferiority it has assumed, in treating the House of Lords as the sole masters and arbiters of Law Reform. In many respects the House of Lords has appeared to advantage during the twelve months of which Lord SALISBURY spoke, and in some respects it has not appeared to advantage. The reproach involved in Mr. GLADSTONE's famous saying, that the Peers often behave like men up in a balloon, was not unmerited by a body which shot down on a wondering world the extraordinary device of the optional Ballot. Lord CAIRNS, again, who has now the field of law reform entirely to himself, may have judged prudently in keeping back his real intentions and plans, so as in due time to bring them forth for the delight and instruction of everybody; but he certainly did not give much indication, when he was crushing out the CHANCELLOR's scheme of law reform, how he himself will fill up the gap. The only important debate in the Lords this Session, that on the Washington Treaty, was not up to the level of their traditional excellence on such questions. The truth seems to be, that the House of Lords has not lost weight or authority this Session, but neither has it gained; and that during an uneventful period of its history, it has been treated as well by the Government, and has had as little to complain of, as is possible when a Liberal Ministry rules with a Conservative majority in the Peers.

#### MEXICO.

THE death of JUAREZ is a misfortune to a country which has no more urgent want than the need of political stability. Even Mexicans probably respect a ruler who, with or without pretence of re-election, has retained power for half a generation. Nearly all Englishmen who have had a diplomatic or commercial knowledge of Mexico agree in attributing to the late PRESIDENT the rare quality of personal integrity. Although he was not indifferent to his own political aggrandizement, he seems not to have been open to pecuniary corruption. If he was cruel to his enemies, and offensively indifferent to international rights, it will be remembered that he was a full-blooded Indian, and that he was not worse than his rivals and predecessors, the MIRAMONS and SANTA ANNAS. It would be rash to found any preference for a Mexican faction on its title of Liberal; but perhaps the hostile clerical party is still more irreconcilably opposed to good government. The popularity which JUAREZ enjoyed in his later years was in a great measure earned by his determined resistance to the French invaders and to their Austrian nominee; nor is the unnecessary execution of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN regarded by patriotic Mexicans as a blunder or a crime. If there should hereafter be a Mexican history, the retreat of the foreigners from the country and the death of their chief will probably assume in the popular imagination heroic proportions. It will be unnecessary to record the real cause of the failure of the French experiment in the unforeseen collapse of the Southern Confederacy, and in the menacing attitude which the Federal Government was consequently enabled to assume. It will also be an insoluble problem whether the permanent establishment of the Empire might not have been the best method of reforming the country from chronic and helpless anarchy. It is certain that the Emperor NAPOLEON was not justified in expending French revenues on a wanton and chimerical experi-

ment; and he committed an additional fault in entrusting the conduct of the enterprise to a coarse and unscrupulous soldier; but the Archduke MAXIMILIAN was a ruler of a higher order than an indigenous adventurer, and he brought with him the traditions of the highest European civilization. The Emperor NAPOLEON perhaps imposed upon himself when he announced his purpose of elevating the Latin race in the Western hemisphere. JUAREZ, who was Latin only in language, was naturally incapable of appreciating the benevolent intentions of the invader.

Since the death of MAXIMILIAN there have been no diplomatic relations between Mexico and the European Powers. Confident in recent success, and in inaccessible remoteness, JUAREZ affected to resent the recognition of the Empire, although he must have been well aware that England at least invariably acknowledges the existence of actual Governments. He may probably not have wished to be troubled by the presence of authorised observers and reporters of the condition of the Republic. The roads were infested by highwaymen; the treasury in one of the richest countries in the world was occasionally empty, and there were constant rumours of insurrections in the more distant provinces; yet there is reason to believe that industry and commerce had to a certain extent revived, and that the people were increasing in prosperity. Immediately before the death of the PRESIDENT a more than ordinarily serious rebellion in the Eastern States had been suppressed; and a contemporaneous intrigue of the clerical faction under the lead of the Chief-Justice TEJADA had simultaneously failed. JUAREZ had appointed a new Ministry, possessing, as it is said, unusual ability and influence, and on the whole the condition of Mexico seemed to be comparatively hopeful. It is strange that the unexpected death of the PRESIDENT is attributed only to natural causes; and it is well that Mexican politics are not complicated by suspicions of assassination. By the Constitution of the Republic the Chief-Justice succeeds to the vacant Presidency; but if TEJADA wishes to retain power he will probably be compelled to break with his clerical allies. The Liberals have proved by their maintenance of JUAREZ as President for many years that they are stronger than their adversaries; and it is not to be supposed that they will acquiesce in a political revolution arising from an accident. If it is true that the French Government proposes in consequence of the death of JUAREZ to renew diplomatic intercourse with Mexico, the new PRESIDENT may perhaps incur suspicion if he is too ready to encourage overtures of friendship. The French expedition and the scheme of the Empire were first suggested by MIRAMON, who was at that time the chief of the clerical party. There is not the smallest risk of a repetition of the Emperor NAPOLEON's undertaking by the present or by any future French Government, but the people of Mexico are probably not well acquainted with the political condition of Europe.

The natural capabilities of Mexico are unsurpassed, but it is impossible to judge whether the population is competent to profit by its opportunities. The colonial administration of Spain was feeble and depressing, and the tedious war of independence produced no considerable leader or vigorous statesman. The Spanish race has degenerated in a foreign climate, and notwithstanding the comparative success of JUAREZ, it is still uncertain whether the descendants of the Aztecs and of their subject tribes are naturally capable of attaining a high civilization. The Spaniards in America have been less strongly prejudiced than some other nations against the inferior races around them. From the time of the conquest, descent in the female line from a Mexican family has never been regarded as discreditable. The customs and religion of Spain as well as its language have been not unwillingly adopted by the natives; and consequently there is no marked division of the inhabitants of the country into hostile classes. The neighbourhood and example of the great Republic in the North have probably not been advantageous to States which required a strong and independent Government. From the Rio Grande to Cape Horn the ex-colonists of Spain proved themselves unfit for political obedience or control. The most powerful and best governed part of South America, the Empire of Brazil, which had the good fortune to be saved by transplantation an ancient dynasty. If a civil war follows the death of JUAREZ, the consequent mischiefs and confusion will illustrate the advantages of hereditary succession which supersedes the opportunity of dispute. That the head of the Opposition should be the legitimate successor of the head of the Government is an anomalous arrangement; and it is only in settled communities that such transitions and fictions are harmless and useful.

The danger of forcible annexation to the United States is probably less imminent than it appeared to be twenty years ago. The process by which Texas was first detached from the Mexican Republic, and then admitted into the American Union, seemed to admit of indefinite repetition. It was easy for American adventurers to settle in a sparsely inhabited foreign territory, and then to declare their independence; but one of the motives for acquiring Texas was the desire of extending the area of slavery, which for many years controlled the foreign policy of the United States. When California was added to the United States by an easy conquest, the Democrats and their Southern allies were disappointed by the refusal of the settlers to admit the institution of slavery. There is no longer any question of slavery between the United States and Mexico; and the vast territories which were acquired in the last war are still but thinly occupied. Prudent Americans fully understand that there is no room in their system for colonies or dependencies, and that their institutions, however convenient they may be for territorial expansion, are only suited to a tolerably homogeneous community. The Southern negroes, who have been but imperfectly assimilated, have no political tendencies except those which they copy from their neighbours and former masters. The Mexicans, on the other hand, if they were conquered, would be admitted into the Union with equal political rights, although their traditions and tendencies are those of Spaniards and of Catholics. The successful opposition which was offered to General GRANT's ill-judged project of annexing San Domingo was probably dictated by a wise reluctance to include in the Union an alien population. Six millions of Mexican citizens would be more unmanageable than a handful of island mulattoes. It is possible that the American Government may hereafter adopt the intermediate course of establishing a nominal or virtual protectorate in Mexico. The right of restraining adjacent anarchy is independent of international jurisprudence, and it is founded on an anterior national right. Having pre-emptorily forbidden the interference of Europe with the misgoverned States of the American continent, the predominant Power has assumed the responsibility of maintaining some kind of order in the Western world. The successor of JUAREZ will have the opportunity of proving whether foreign interference is necessary.

#### THE PRICE OF MEAT.

THE high price of meat is so serious an evil that wild and irrelevant projects for increasing the supply or diminishing the demand may be expected to receive a favourable hearing. To excited assemblages in the outskirts of Manchester the most obvious corrective appears to be the repeal of the Privy Council rules. Four thousand persons are said to have voted unanimously in favour of a resolution that the Government ought to abolish the restrictions on the importation of foreign cattle. About the same time Mr. FOSBELL had to answer anxious inquiries in the House of Commons as to the precautions which his department may be taking against the threatened reappearance of the fatal disease in England. The plague on this occasion is approaching from the Baltic; and cargoes of diseased cattle have been shipped to Leith, to Hartlepool, and to one or two other Eastern ports. The Privy Council is on its guard; and, although Mr. FOSBELL declines to prohibit importations from Holstein, he requires from the importer a guarantee, secured by a penalty of 1,000*l.*, that the cattle shall be really the produce of Holstein itself, and that they shall not merely have been landed in that country on their way from Cronstadt. The passionate demands of the Lancashire workmen would, if they were granted, have a suicidal effect. When a conflagration is raging in a city, it is a misfortune that it should be necessary to blow up buildings to leeward for the purpose of stopping the progress of the flames; but it would be a grievous error to be deterred from necessary measures of security by the protests of occupiers who fear to be left homeless. When the plague broke out in England five or six years ago, the best friends of the consumer of meat, as well as of the producer, were the local Associations which, in Aberdeenshire and in other districts, pre-emptorily stamped out the pestilence by the destruction of the infected cattle. The artisans of the towns may be excused for a suspicion that farmers and graziers on selfish grounds discourage foreign importation; but the public authorities have no more urgent duty than to prevent contagion which might convert dearth into famine. At one of the meetings the persons present pledged themselves to dispense with the use of butcher's meat for a month; and they also wished that Parliament

should temporarily or permanently prohibit the consumption of veal and lamb. A further resolution that they would do their utmost to reduce the price of meat to 7*d.* per pound indicated a whimsical faith in the omnipotence of the popular will. Before public meetings were invested CAWRA's courtiers proposed that the King should regulate by his decrees the flow of the tide. An earlier and wiser age recognized the inutility of an endeavour on the part of the ox to kick against the goad. No resolution of any meeting will procure for 7*d.* what is worth 1*s.* 6*d.* in the market.

It is possible that general abstinence from the flesh of immature animals might for the time tend to reduce the price of beef and mutton; but artificial interference with productive industry is not the way to make commodities cheap. If Essex farmers were prohibited by law from selling calves to London butchers, they might perhaps take to growing grain crops rather than to fattening oxen for sale. The uneducated or half-educated mind, even in the home of Free-trade, invariably jumps to the conclusion that economic derangements ought to be rectified by arbitrary legislation. A rise in the price of mutton will discourage more effectively than any Act of Parliament the excessive consumption of lamb. It is undeniably true that the flesh of the grown-up animal is more palatable and more nutritious than when it is intercepted in its progress to maturity. A general strike against the butchers would have the effect of rendering meat both scarcer and dearer. The poor and struggling members of the trade would, if the strike were general, probably be obliged to relinquish the business, and their wealthier competitors would consequently find additional facility for recouping themselves for intermediate loss and inconvenience by an additional percentage on their prices. The further rise of price will be partially, but permanently, checked by the enforced frugality of the classes who will be compelled to diminish their consumption of meat. One of the most remarkable results of the manufacturing prosperity of the last five-and-twenty years has been the increased demand, not merely for butcher's meat, but for the most expensive joints, among highly-paid workmen. Artisans have, like other persons, an undoubted right to spend their incomes as they choose; and in many instances they have thought fit to convert high wages into nutritious dinners. During the same time the domestic supply of meat has been largely increased, not only by the maintenance of larger herds of stock, but by improvements in breeding and feeding which bring sheep and cattle earlier into the market. All restrictions, except for sanitary purposes, on the importation of cattle have long since been absolutely abolished; and the trade in dead meat, which has been rendered possible by the facilities of railway transit, has largely increased the available supply of the town population. Nevertheless the demand has advanced more rapidly than the supply, and the present dearth results partly from increased consumption, partly from the fall in the value of gold, and in some degree from the succession of hot and dry summers from 1867 to 1870. There is not the smallest use in passing votes of censure on natural operations.

It must be allowed that Manchester workmen are wiser than some members of Parliament, inasmuch as they attribute the evil of which they complain to a real though inadequate and unavoidable cause. The consumption of lamb and veal is a *vera causa* of the scarcity of mutton and beef. It is also true that restrictions on the importation of foreign cattle, though they may provide ample compensation for their direct operation, necessarily diminish the supply. Mr. JAMES HOWARD and Mr. WILKIN HOSKINS, when they take the opportunity of airing their favourite theories on land tenure, are more remote from the truth as to the price of meat than the mechanics who meet at Pendleton and Accrington. The state of public business fortunately prevented Mr. HOWARD from proceeding with a notice for inquiry into the relation between the high price of meat and the insecurity of the tenant farmers' capital; and Mr. WILKIN HOSKINS was not less happily rendered unable to show that fat cattle would be cheaper, if, according to the Irish precedent, a part of the property of the landowner were to be transferred by purchase to the occupier. Not a single beast in England is less fat, and not a single flock is less numerous, because the land belongs to the persons who have inherited or bought it, and not to the farmer who has contracted to occupy it. It is not true that the capital of tenant farmers is insecure; or, if any change in the legal tenure of land is expedient, the question ought to be dispassionately considered without reference to any accidental prejudice which may arise from the present state of the meat market. Mr. HOSKINS, as a skilful and scientific farmer,

knows perfectly well that no power conferred on a tenant of purchasing an absolute interest in the land could tend to cheapen beef or mutton; and it is highly undesirable to suggest to irritated multitudes the erroneous belief that the condition of landed property has anything to do with their sufferings. The cultivation of antipathies between different classes is not likely to be neglected by professed agitators and demagogues. No popular orator will remind a public meeting of workmen that the body to which they belong is at the present moment busily engaged in exertions to increase the cost of all articles of consumption. It is true that Trade Unions have not yet caused a rise in the price of butcher's meat, but when their organization is adopted by farm-labourers, a new element will be introduced into the expense of all agricultural productions.

Some of the speakers at Pendleton spoke with reason of the rise in the price of coal as a grave misfortune, yet there was probably not a workman present who had not sympathized with the successful efforts of the colliers to obtain higher wages and shorter hours of labour. The additional payment has incidentally diminished the efficiency of labour; and the colliers themselves openly avow their intention of stinting the supply for the express purpose of keeping up prices. The artificial scarcity has raised the price not only of coal, but of iron, and of every fabric which is produced by steam power; and the iron-workers and other operatives in turn are demanding higher wages and shorter hours. Of the reckless gratification which dissatisfied workmen and demagogues derive from the injuries which they inflict on the community, a striking illustration was furnished at a recent meeting of malcontent railway servants. Mr. BAXTER LANGLEY, who presided, is reported to have boasted that there was in consequence of the partial strike a great block of goods on the London and North-Western Railway; and that many tons of perishable food had to be sent down to Willesden to be buried. The Secretary added that the Company had lost 70,000*l.* by the non-delivery of meat. If the railway freight formed a quarter of the whole price, it would follow, supposing the statement had been true, that two hundred and eighty thousand pounds' worth of butcher's meat had been destroyed in two or three days through the action of the railway servants. It is shocking to find that even an angry mob can applaud the waste of an amount of wholesome food which would have provided a day's consumption for the whole of London; and a still graver feeling is caused by the complicity of those who are not workmen, but possible candidates for metropolitan boroughs. Mr. BAXTER LANGLEY's satisfaction in the supposed burying of many tons of meat at Willesden may be commended to the attention of the workmen who met at Pendleton and Accrington. It happily appears from the statement of the Secretary of the London and North-Western Company that the railway servants and their advisers were misled by their too ardent wishes. When labour is engaged in a general conspiracy against consumers, it is not surprising that prices should rise.

#### FRANCE.

AS M. THIERS draws near to the safe haven of a prorogation, the storms which have lately been raging round him seem to die away. The season of the year has had something to do with this subsidence of the waters. A Legislature cannot declare that it has no confidence in the Executive, and then at once adjourn for three or four months. If it is bent upon taking the government out of the hands in which it is now placed, it must at least go on sitting until it has determined to whom the government shall be committed for the future. But to go on sitting during August and September involves a sacrifice of personal comfort which even patriots can hardly be expected to make. The obvious alternative is to allow the differences which have divided the Conservative party from the PRESIDENT to slumber until the return of winter makes life at Versailles again agreeable. A quarrel, it has been truly remarked, can be taken up at any time, but an autumn spent in political discussion is an autumn entirely lost. For the present, therefore, all thought of defining the Bordeaux compact has been given up. Considering the peculiar vagueness of the arrangement which goes by this name, nothing has been lost by this abandonment. The Bordeaux compact was not only an understanding which was never reduced to paper; it was an understanding the parties to which never went so far as to compare notes upon what it was they understood. It was a compact in the sense in which the cry of all hands to the pumps is a compact. The ship was sinking, and men of all parties laid aside their

special views and placed themselves at M. THIERS's disposal, in order not to embarrass one another in the common effort to keep afloat. In so far as this compact is still existing, it is so from the continuance of the state of affairs which gave it birth. The indemnity has still to be paid off; the army of occupation has still to be got out of the country. Men of all parties have to choose now, as they had to choose then, between letting M. THIERS do the work and finding some one else to do it. If they were agreed upon the impossibility of the latter course in the spring of 1871, there is nothing to lead them to a different conclusion in the summer of 1872. It is true that a new orator has shown himself in the Assembly, and that many, perhaps a majority, of the deputies would be glad to see M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER President instead of M. THIERS. But it does not follow that even those in whom this feeling is strongest would like to see it reduced to action. M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER has not negotiated a loan of 140 millions which has been covered twelve times over. He does not command the confidence of moderate Republicans and the acquiescence of extreme Republicans. Even if he has the stuff to make a good party Minister, he would not be the accepted ruler of France. That the Bordeaux compact should ensure to the benefit of one or the other party in the country was inevitable; that it should ensure to the benefit of the party with whose name the existing Government is identified was highly probable. But unless the Republicans are unfairly in possession, the Right have no ground for complaint. A Government in possession must be strengthened by any understanding which leaves it in possession. If the Right wish to repudiate this interpretation of what took place at Bordeaux, their obvious course is to turn out the Government in possession. It is clear that they have abandoned all thought of doing this, and are going to enjoy the vacation with M. THIERS still firmly planted on their shoulders.

But if the Right have postponed their darling visions to the combined requirements of the weather and politics, they have taken care to show that they have learnt no more wisdom than was imperatively demanded by the day's requirements. In the sitting of Monday last they were just as excited and just as unreasonable as they were before they had determined to put up with M. THIERS from inability to provide him with a successor. The object of their attack was M. GAMBETTA, and the ground on which it was rested was his alleged participation in fraudulent contracts during the war. A certain M. NAQUET, a chemist of some eminence, but avowedly ignorant of military matters, was appointed a member of a Committee for studying the best means of defending the country. In this capacity he is charged with having advised the purchase of certain batteries at 75,000 francs each, when M. LECESNE, another agent of the Government, offered to get them for 35,000 francs. It is not denied that the larger of these two sums was given, or that M. LECESNE did assert that he could get the same guns for the smaller sum. But M. NAQUET and M. GAMBETTA both maintain that they had doubts whether M. LECESNE was sufficiently in earnest in the matter. He was too much of a man of business. He thought too much of the price at which weapons could be got, and too little of the paramount necessity of getting weapons at any price. M. GAMBETTA adds that he did not believe the tender of 35,000 francs to be serious, and consequently he was not disposed to waste precious time in higgling over it. This account of the affair is at all events perfectly reasonable. The one object which M. GAMBETTA and his subordinates had before their eyes was to go on fighting as hard and as long as they could. No doubt men administering affairs in this spirit would often be told by men of cooler temper that they were paying too much for the arms which they were buying on all sides. No doubt it would often be pointed out to them that, if they would only commission such or such a person to look out for a good bargain, he would be able to get as good arms as they were buying at less than half the price. It is only the old story—so familiar to every one who has ever furnished a house—that buying in a hurry means buying at a disadvantage; and that, if the purchaser will only wait until he sees a good opportunity, he will get a great deal more for his money. But M. GAMBETTA had no choice open to him. It was essential, if he was to buy at all, that he should buy in a hurry. To wait for a favourable opportunity would have been to wait until there was no object in buying either well or ill. He may have been wrong of course in appointing M. NAQUET a member of the Committee, and he and M. NAQUET may have been wrong in distrusting the energy of M. LECESNE. But these were at most errors of judgment, and there seems to be no evidence to sustain the conclusion, in itself so im-



mensely improbable, that either one or the other had any corrupt motive for what they did.

Notwithstanding this, the Right have had the folly to treat the contracts made under the Government of National Defence as similar in kind to those made under the Empire. They have shut their eyes to the difference there is between contracts entered into in cold blood, when there was no immediate cause for haste, and contracts entered into in the very crisis of a war, when every moment had its value, and victory or defeat might turn upon the troops getting their arms a few hours sooner or later. Caution and comparison were duties in the former case, but they would have been crimes in the latter. The business of the War Department under the Empire was to get the largest possible return for the money voted, to make the French army all that those who paid for it intended and supposed it to be. The business of the War Department under the Government of National Defence was to get whatever return for their money they could get quickest, to make the French army not what those who paid for it wished it to be, but what it was possible to make it under the circumstances. No price that could have been asked for arms would have justified M. GAMBETTA in refusing to buy them so long as he had the money to pay for them, and there were none to be got cheaper in the same space of time. In their eagerness to involve the Republic in the disgrace which has overtaken the Empire, the Right have overlooked all this. They have cause enough to dislike and fear M. GAMBETTA, but they might at all events have had the wit to see that such blind hatred as theirs can only do him service. If they had declared that, in spite of much that was unintelligible to them in the contracts made by his authority, they declined to call him to account for what he had done in defending France against the invader, they might have gained credit for a patriotic superiority to party passion. But to class him with NAPOLEON III., as one of their speakers did on Monday, to say that now that justice had been done on the authors of the war it remained to do justice on those who continued the war, is to exhibit M. GAMBETTA to the country in the light in which he most desires to be seen. The peasantry and the soldiers know how M. GAMBETTA fought on to the last, how untiring was his resolution, how unceasing his energy. Above and beside all considerations of prudence and economy this great fact remains, and the Right could not possibly have done a worse thing for themselves than to formally dissociate themselves from all that was heroic in the war, and to make over to the Left whatever credit France has gained in Europe from the campaign on the Loire. A wiser spirit had watched over the preparation of the resolution upon which the debate turned. The Committee had simply proposed that their Report should be referred to the departments of Justice, War, and Finance, and this the whole Assembly could have supported. But M. d'AUDRIFFET-PASQUIER could not refrain from saying that this reference meant censure, though it expressed none, and upon this issue half the Assembly refused to vote. The most advanced Republican could not have wished the Session to end in a manner more disastrous for the Right, or more injurious to M. d'AUDRIFFET-PASQUIER's claim to the post of Conservative leader.

#### APPELLATE JURISDICTION.

THE Report of the Lords' Committee on the singular jurisdiction exercised by their House and by the Judicial Committee is more interesting as a contribution to the speculative literature of the subject than as the probable basis of any actual reform. There is unfortunately a sort of truth in the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's complaint that just now law reforms are certain to be elbowed out of existence by the pressure of political measures in which the public, or the party, or the Cabinet, take considerably more interest than they feel in the delays, expenses, and disappointments of appeals to the House of Lords. But this is not quite an exhaustive view of the subject, or we should never have any law reforms at all. In times of movement and of an almost revolutionary spirit such as those in which the traditional claims of the Irish Church and the hard rights of Irish landlords could be swept away at the bidding of a Minister, political questions are necessarily of a most absorbing character, and yet the chances of carrying a strong measure of legal reconstruction were incomparably greater than they are now that the so-called Conservative reaction has set in. Notwithstanding the rivalry of more exciting political changes, a more dexterous helmsman than the Lord Chancellor might have

brought his cargo of law reforms safely into port on the crest of the wave which two years ago was big enough to roll over all petty obstacles; but Liberal fervour has greatly subsided, and what Mr. GLADSTONE calls progress and Mr. DISRAELI (out of office) calls subversion, sacrilege, confiscation, and the like, is decidedly out of fashion for the moment in legal as in other matters. The excitement involved in discussing useful Bills for regulating mines and abating nuisances can scarcely be so absorbing as to blind men who would otherwise be enthusiastic to the paramount importance of Law Reform. The real difficulty is that you never can get up sufficient interest in the public to make law Bills a good showy investment for a Ministry that desires popularity, except during those spasmodic periods through which our political world passes at intervals almost as regular as those which plunge the world of commerce into alternate fits of inflation and panic. There is no likelihood for some years to come of a favourable time for the establishment of large reforms in our judicature or our laws; and we doubt much whether the *vis inertiae* of Parliament would not be too much at present even for such rather petty modifications of existing anomalies as the Lords' Committee have recommended. And yet they would not be without their value, however much one may be disposed to smile at the highly conservative, though perhaps not wholly useless, instinct which led the Committee to frame a scheme under which the ghost of a sham House of Lords and the flavour of an extinct Committee of Privy Council would still be allowed to haunt the purlieus of an ordinary tribunal of paid Judges absolutely supreme over Peers and Privy Councillors alike.

The keenest reformers may be satisfied in this country if they get the realities they demand, though it may please the constituted authorities to pretend that they are conceding nothing. The first condition of any reform of the Appellate Courts is that the jurisdiction should be exercised by an adequate Court of adequately paid professional Judges, in place of the almost amateur judicial body which acts in the name of the House of Lords. In principle the Peers' Committee are prepared to accept this great change, but they stipulate that when the august Appellate Tribunal shall have pronounced judgment, the House of Lords shall be not only allowed, but required, to pretend that a decision with which they have had absolutely nothing to do, and which they are not to be suffered to alter in the minutest particular, is an order of their own House, and to ticket, and label, and docket, and enrol it accordingly, with all due solemnity. If learned and noble Lords like this kind of playing at being Judges, there is no reason why any one should object, and the project will of course satisfy and delight the strange typical Scotsman who is always quoted as incapable of believing that a paid lawyer will decide a case as well as an unpaid peer. Colonial aborigines will also be quite easy in their minds when they learn that the Judges of the new Court will first go through the mysterious ceremony of being constituted members of the Privy Council. All those parts of the proposal may be accepted as perfectly innocuous even by those who attach no importance to them; but the notion of summoning the members of the Court to the House of Lords, with an express prohibition to sit or vote as peers, may be highly distasteful to lawyers whose training would make them very reluctant to occupy a false position.

Apart from this elaborate trifling, the scheme is in its essence satisfactory except in one respect. It is proposed to constitute a tribunal by selection, so far as the paid members are concerned, from the ranks of the judicial body, and not from lawyers promoted solely for the purpose of giving a qualification. It is further proposed to offer salaries of 7,000*l.* a year, which will be sufficient, and not, we think, more than sufficient, to give the Government the pick of the Equity and Common Law Bench. So far the Lords are liberally disposed enough to avoid the rock on which the last Act came to grief. But there still remains a little blight of parsimony which would go far to shipwreck the whole scheme. The number of paid Judges is proposed to be limited to four, and the Court will have to do all the work hitherto done by the Judicial Committee, in addition to all that the House of Lords has despatched. Moreover the amount of this labour has up to the present time been kept down by the enormous and unjustifiable expense and delay which have frightened nine out of every ten suitors who have felt themselves aggrieved from resorting to the ultimate tribunal. Practically it is not the cases which involve the most important and disputed points of law that come, as they ought to come, before the House of Lords or the Privy Council, but just those where an enormous amount of money happens to be involved, or

where the unsuccessful suitor below is exceptionally wealthy and litigious. If these obstacles to appeals were removed, it is probable that two Courts constantly sitting would be hard pressed to keep down arrears, or, in other words, the projected Court would always, or almost always, be compelled to sit in two divisions. For this purpose two Judges for each division would not be a satisfactory quota, even with the occasional aid of the Lord Chancellor; and to fill up the Court as is proposed with ex-Chancellors and Law Lords, sitting gratuitously, and perhaps grudgingly, beside salaried colleagues, will not be a desirable way of saving a few thousand pounds. The truth is that the system of gratuitous judging is going dead. Ex-Chancellors act as paid arbitrators in preference to sitting on House of Lords appeals, and no one blames them for preferring paid to unpaid service. There was something grand about the now moribund method of relying on the gratuitous patriotism of retired Judges for work which certainly deserves payment at least as much as any other form of public service; but now that this time-honoured practice is seen to be worn out, it seems to us idle to look to it for the purpose of supplementing the defects of a tribunal constituted on the opposite theory. If a paid tribunal is needed for the administration of justice in the last resort, it should be paid altogether, and, if so, the number of Judges must be more considerable than the Lords' Committee are willing to allow. This is a defect which may be easily remedied by adding three or four more salaries of 7,000*l.*; and if ever the proposals of the Committee find shape in a Bill, Parliament will have to consider whether this additional expense is too much to bear for the sake of establishing a thoroughly sound Court of Appeal. If the game is not thought worth the candle, the only alternative will be to go on with the existing arrangements long enough to make it so.

#### MR. CATACAZY AND THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

SOME months have passed since the American Government published a surprising and amusing account of the reasons which induced the PRESIDENT to demand the recall of the late Russian Minister. The offending diplomatist was accused of having interfered in the domestic politics of the United States, of having annoyed Senators and Representatives by his importunity, of having intrigued against the conclusion of the Treaty of Washington, and of having libelled the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF STATE in the newspapers. It seemed strange that such charges, whether they were well founded or erroneous, should be made public; but it was satisfactory to be assured that the amenities of American diplomacy were not exclusively applied to intercourse with England. Although no political importance attaches to the transaction, those who are curious in the minor details of current history ought to complete their information by reading a French pamphlet in which Mr. CATACAZY gives his own version of his relations with the American Government. Some of his statements incidentally illustrate the spirit in which American claims against foreign Governments are habitually prosecuted, and the singular freedom of some American functionaries from European restraints. According to Mr. CATACAZY's account, a merchant captain named PERKINS had, during the Crimean war, formed a provisional contract, which was never executed, for the sale of a number of muskets to the Russian Government. He afterwards accepted in satisfaction of his claim a sum of 40*l.*, having attempted in vain previously to dispose of it for 20*l.* After the death of PERKINS his widow sold his supposed rights for a trifling sum to a lawyer named STEWART, who proceeded to form a Joint-Stock Company to pursue the claim, with a nominal capital of 160,000*l.*, furnishing a precedent for the recent enterprise of the Tichborne Bonds. It would be interesting to ascertain whether the more famous *Alabama* Claims have been subjected to a similar financial operation. The Government of the United States from time to time presented the claims of STEWART and his Company to the Russian Government and to its Minister at Washington, and finally they proposed to submit the question to arbitration. A Russian Committee of which Mr. CATACAZY was a member reported that the claims were baseless and fraudulent; and Prince GORTCHAKOFF consequently declined any further discussion of the matter. On Mr. CATACAZY's arrival at Washington he received a personal application from STEWART, and from his accredited agent, TASSISTRO. STEWART informed the Russian Minister that the PRESIDENT's brother-in-law, Judge DENT, was interested in the claim; and that, if

they were refused satisfaction, the PERKINS party would "find means to break Mr. CATACAZY's neck." The phrase is not idiomatic; and yet it is difficult to assume that it can have been invented or imagined by a foreigner.

Some time afterwards the same Judge DENT who was said to be a shareholder in the PERKINS Company communicated to the PRESIDENT some spurious despatches which were supposed to have been exchanged between Mr. CATACAZY and General IGNATIEFF, who, according to a false rumour circulated in the newspapers, was believed to have succeeded Prince GORTCHAKOFF as Chancellor of the Empire. In these remarkable documents, which were evidently forged by some American ignorant of Russian forms, the EMPEROR was called by his own Envoy "our Czar," and the CHANCELLOR bore the title of Prime Minister. The principal despatch contained a rude reproof to Mr. CATACAZY for not having paid over a sum which was supposed to have been entrusted to him for the payment of the PERKINS claimants. Mr. HAMILTON FISH, with marvellous credulity, and in entire disregard of the irregular manner in which the documents must have been procured if they had been genuine, mentioned them to Mr. CATACAZY with the remark that they contained grave imputations on his character. On the indignant denial of the Russian Minister of the authenticity of the despatches, Mr. FISH refused to inquire into the origin of the fraud; and he afterwards asserted that the papers had been obtained from Mr. BODISCO, the Russian Secretary of Legation. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. BODISCO utterly denied the accusation; and it is surprising that Mr. FISH could have attributed to any Russian the absurdity of describing his Sovereign in an official despatch as "our Czar." There was no doubt that the papers had been handed to DENT by STEWART's associate TASSISTRO; and STEWART himself avowed in a published letter his complicity in the transaction. It is well known that the PRESIDENT is not lucky in his cousins and brothers-in-law; and if Judge DENT had been an American ARISTIDES, it seems strange that he should, without the privity of the SECRETARY OF STATE, be the medium of transmitting to the PRESIDENT documents which purported to have been taken by fraud or by theft from the archives of a Foreign Legation. Mr. SUMNER in his late speech denounced General GRANT as a would-be despot on less plausible grounds.

An episode now occurred which Mr. CATACAZY carefully verifies by a facsimile of Mr. HAMILTON FISH's letter. The Russian Minister had been directed to buy a site for the erection of an Orthodox church, and it happened that Mr. FISH had a piece of land which was, in the judgment of the owner, suitable for the purpose. In a friendly letter he proposed to sell the ground for 8,000*l.*, adding that by dispensing with the aid of a land agent they might save some hundreds of dollars. Mr. CATACAZY declined the offer, having, as he asserts, ascertained by a professional valuation that the land was not worth half of Mr. FISH's sanguine estimate. About the same time Mr. CASSIUS CLAY, formerly American Minister at St. Petersburg, wrote to Mr. CATACAZY to express his opinion that the PERKINS claims, which he had himself been instructed to urge upon the Russian Government, had not the smallest legal foundation. Mr. CLAY added that "the conduct of the business during eight years by the ex-Secretary of State, Mr. SEWARD, and his assistants did no honour to the American name." Mr. CLAY received his appointment from Mr. SEWARD, and served under him during the whole or the greater part of his term of office. That a diplomatic agent should publicly denounce to a foreigner the policy of his own immediate official superior is an American innovation on the practice of civilized States. This is the same Mr. CLAY who once informed Mr. SEWARD in a formal despatch that the Emperor of Russia had received him graciously and had conversed with him in "excellent American." It is not less characteristic of Mr. CATACAZY's correspondent that, after his appointment as Minister to Russia, he made a violent speech against England at a public meeting in Paris. In his reply to Mr. CLAY, Mr. CATACAZY judiciously guarded himself against the supposition that he might approve of the attack on Mr. SEWARD. His instructions from the BARRON were, as he says, to maintain friendly relations with ~~eminent~~ Americans of all parties; and he professes to have replied in the same spirit to a remonstrance addressed to him by Mr. FISH for maintaining friendly relations with Mr. SUMNER, who, as the SECRETARY OF STATE asserted, was "a bad man and a madman, and had lost his credit in the country." Mr. CATACAZY with perfect propriety replied that Mr. SUMNER was Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, and

that he could not withhold from him the courtesies which were both officially and personally his due.

To the charge of having attempted to prevent the negotiation of the Washington Treaty Mr. CATACAZY offers a flat denial; and he explains his own conduct and the instructions of his Government by republishing an obviously genuine report, contained in a despatch to Prince GORTCHAKOFF, of a conversation with an American statesman, who may perhaps be Mr. HAMILTON FISH himself, on the PRESIDENT's offensive message to Congress in December 1869:—"Eh bien ! me dit 'M. X., 'que pensez-vous du Message concernant l'Angleterre ? 'Nous n'y sommes pas allés de main morte à l'égard de la 'superbe Albion. J'espère qu'on en sera content à Saint-Petersbourg, où l'on doit détester l'Angleterre autant que 'chez nous.'" In England statesmen in Parliament, at the Mansion House, and elsewhere, always affect to believe that the Americans reciprocate the friendly feeling which is in England both entertained and habitually expressed. Mr. FISH, or M. X., in his candid utterance of national hatred, only follows the precedents furnished by Mr. CALHOUN a generation ago, and by Mr. DALLAS on the eve of the Civil War. Only a year or two before the people of the Northern States were roused to indignation by the supposed absence of English sympathy, their Minister in an official despatch spoke of England as an enemy. Mr. CATACAZY, instead of approving of the language of the Message, remarked that the extravagance of the *Alabama* Claims proved even to those who were best disposed to the United States that the American Government was seeking, not compensation, but a ground of quarrel. "Yes," his interlocutor replied, "the amount of our bill is rather large, but it is good 'policy to ask too much that one may get enough." No comment which has been made on the Claims and on the subsequent negotiations is more just or more instructive. Mr. CATACAZY, after his experience of the PERKINS claims, was fully qualified to appreciate the elevated policy of the American Government. He proceeded to declare that the Russian Government detested no one, and that he believed that a conflict between England and the United States would be a calamity to the world. If Russian statesmen entertained less purely benevolent intentions, they would not proclaim their malignant designs with American candour. In answer to the despatch the CHANCELLOR of the EMPIRE communicated to the Minister his entire satisfaction with the language which he had used. Mr. CATACAZY of course repudiates the libellous articles which were imputed to him by Mr. FISH; and he produces letters from the editors of several journals to deny that he had ever communicated to them any private information. It is certain that the charges were not believed by the Russian Government; but it is unnecessary to enter into the quarrel between Mr. CATACAZY and Mr. FISH. The undisputed and collateral portions of his statements are to uninterested bystanders the most instructive.

#### THE ORLEANS FAMILY.

A GREAT blow has fallen on the ORLEANS family, and has struck with its main force the most eminent of living BOURBONS. The Duke of AUMALE has lost his only surviving son. Six years ago a sudden illness carried off his eldest son. Then his wife was taken from him; and now the one hope of his house has been taken away. The Duke of GUISE, a most promising boy of seventeen, has died of scarlet fever. It is impossible that such a calamity, happening to such a man as the Duke of AUMALE, should not have awakened the liveliest sympathy and regret. The QUEEN has written to claim the prerogative of suffering, and the right to weep with those who weep. She has suffered as a wife, and last winter was nearly suffering as a mother. She may therefore venture, not only as a Queen, but as a woman, to enter into the privacy of grief, and assure a sufferer that she suffers with him. Few men indeed have been more severely tried, or have led a more blameless or noble life, than the Duke of AUMALE. A childless widower, he can call to mind with mournful satisfaction that he was long the centre of family happiness. He devoted all the powers of his mind and the energy of his character to making his boys worthy of the high position to which they had been born. They might or might not be recalled from exile to honour in their country, from comparative obscurity to the discharge of high duties. He was determined that they should be equal to either fortune, and that they should at least be patterns of educated, high-minded French gentlemen. All that severe and assiduous and various training could

do for them was done. They were made to work as if their fortunes depended on their exertions. Everything that princes could need to know in adverse or in prosperous circumstances was taught them. It has been suggested that they were perhaps a little over-trained, and that their early deaths may be in part attributed to the strain put on their constitution and their nerves. No one except those intimately acquainted with every detail of their family history can say whether this was so or not. But at any rate their training was but a part of the general training to which their generation of the ORLEANS family was subjected. The grandchildren of LOUIS-PHILIPPE have been all brought up with the notion sedulously wrought into their minds that they must strive to attain all the highest things that it was in them to attain. The heir of the ORLEANS family and his brother were trained as severely and as thoroughly as the sons of the Duke of AUMALE, and eagerly seized the first opportunity in their power to taste the experience of active life, and show themselves soldiers worthy of France. They offered their services to the armies of the Northern States in the American Civil War, and although some exception may justly be taken to such a course, and it is hard to see why French princes should help to kill Southern planters in order to learn the art of war, still it must be owned that they acted in accordance with the standard accepted by their countrymen, and were but learning the first art of gentlemen in the only way open to them. The younger members of the ORLEANS family are a highly educated, courageous, prudent, reflective set of young people, and cannot fail in some shape or other to be of great service to France, if France will but allow them. As to the older generation, the Duke of AUMALE is to English eyes their representative, and to Englishmen all praise of the Duke of AUMALE seems wholly superfluous.

The Duke, in the last few days of his mourning and sadness, is reported to have said that all ambition is now over for him, but that it will be found that he will never be deaf if his country calls on him to help her. This naturally suggests the thought, what is the place of the ORLEANS family in France, and what are the real services they can render her? A year and a half ago it seemed as if the best service they could render her would be to supply her with the machinery of Constitutional government. The Empire was at an end, Europe could not believe that France, even in its hour of depression, would sink so low as to welcome HENRY V. and his priests and his White Flag, and a Republic without Republicans seemed even for France an impossible sort of government. Something stable, something respectable, something more or less English seemed desirable, and the Count of PARIS and his near relatives appeared destined to furnish what was required. But time has rolled along, and a Parliamentary Government under an ORLEANS Prince was not found to have the attraction for France that had been anticipated. The Count of CHAMBORD would not hear of a fusion, and the Monarchists were split into two camps. The ORLEANS Princes were at once cautious and honourable, and would not risk civil war or even distraction and bitter jealousies in the country for the sake of dynastic gain. The Princes have, since they were admitted to take their places in the Assembly, carefully abstained from even the appearance of seeking to be prominent and to form a faction of their own. They scarcely ever speak, and even on important questions they often refrain from voting. If they do vote, they follow their own opinions, and agree or differ just as private gentlemen might do. In the important division a few days ago on the taxes on raw materials, the Prince of JOINVILLE voted with, and the Duke of AUMALE voted against, the Government. They have mixed themselves up with no party, and have allowed themselves to be the tools of no adventurers or partisans. Accepting the order of things which they find established, they have accepted it in all honesty without a thought of intrigue or a wish to control men and events to their profit. Their ambition has been the humble ambition to be quiet, honourable, and useful. At first they were despised and ridiculed for this. They were derided as adventurers who, having a throne open to them, feared to mount it. Gradually justice has been done them, and it has been recognized that they really meant what they said, and, being the first of Frenchmen, had no other wish than to be the first in doing service to France.

But it must be owned that it is not only the virtue, or forbearance, or tact of the ORLEANS Princes that has kept them in the background. It is clear that France, at any rate at present, does not want Parliamentary government or languish for a Constitutional king. To most Frenchmen such a régime seems a state of politics in which there is no fun,

nothing to admire, nothing to take part in. The French like the two things to which Parliamentary government is most adverse—the development of what they call logical principles, the following out, that is, of ideas or prejudices without compromise, and personal government. They like the romance of Legitimism, and they like the romance of Republicanism. They also like to follow the fortunes and admire the audacity and success of the great THIERS and the great GAMBETTA, just as for twenty years they loved to sun themselves in the splendours of the Second Empire. The story of the triumph of M. THIERS over the Assembly is to them really interesting—a better story than is to be found in most novels. The steps by which the *sou furieux* of Bordeaux has raised himself to be the henchman of M. THIERS, and his probable successor, offer an interest scarcely less melodramatic. By the side of careers and incidents so glowing and full-coloured the mild wisdom of Orleanism and government by Ministries under the unseen presidency of a shadowy ruler seem pale and unattractive. The French, so far as appears at present, do not want the article which the ORLEANS Princes have to offer them. They would not care in their present excited state to open a second volume of the tame history of LOUIS-PHILIPPE. But to say this is not at all to say that the sons and grandsons of LOUIS-PHILIPPE are debarred from a career in which they may render very signal service to their country. What France needs above all things is healthy departmental action—contres, if the term may be allowed, of decentralization—men of honour, modesty, high feeling, and high training to lead local efforts and inspire local opinion. Both parties now declare that they must look to the meetings of the Councils-General in the autumn to show them what is the true feeling of France. The provinces are to speak through the leading men of the provinces, and any one who has read the recently published correspondence of TOCQUEVILLE will recognize that, even under the reign of equality, men who by birth, by possessions, by high character, and by sober patriotism are fitted to lead provincial opinion in France do lead it. Among such men the ORLEANS Princes, and especially the Duke of AUMALE, who is the President of a Council-General, are fitted to take the foremost place. It is there that they will reap the fruit of their entire honesty and of their acknowledged abstinence from all cabal and conspiracy. They are among the wealthiest, and, beyond rivalry, they are the highest born amongst Frenchmen. If, as seems best for France, a Conservative Republic is to be definitively established, they can do more than any other men to make this a Republic of a high type and worthy aims. This may not seem a very great part for the descendants of so many ancient kings to play; but it is an honest and a manly and a useful part; and if they play it well, they may, when each in their turn they shall be called on to tread the solemn path on which their young relative has just journeyed, find it as satisfactory a one to have played as any that could have been marked out for them.

#### MR. AYRTON AND DR. HOOKER.

THE question which has been raised as to Mr. AYRTON's treatment of Dr. HOOKER appears to have passed beyond the limits of a mere personal controversy. Mr. AYRTON's defence is substantially a plea of justification. He admits the accuracy of Dr. HOOKER's charges, but denies that they furnish any ground for complaint. This view has, to a certain extent, been endorsed by the Treasury, and presumably by the Cabinet, and it opens up a number of important points as to the relations which ought to subsist between Parliamentary officials and the permanent heads of departments, the right of the latter to protection against the rudeness or persecution of their political superiors, and the general etiquette and discipline of the public service. Mr. AYRTON boasts that since he has been in office he has "confined his writing to the exigencies of current public business, and desired to avoid using business for the purpose of writing." All his written communications have therefore been as brief as possible; but this description will hardly apply to his Memorandum on the management of Kew Gardens, which he has spun out with industrious elaboration, wrapping up the incidents of a few months in a voluminous historical narrative which extends over six or seven years, and burying the whole under a mass of odds and ends of correspondence, for the most part trivial and irrelevant, and without order, index, or explanation. A number of letters and memoranda are printed twice over, while other papers, which from the allusions made to them may be conjectured to be of some importance, are un-

accountably omitted. Not content with plunging into the past, the First Commissioner also projects himself into the future, and speculates on the annexation of Kew as a kind of country house to South Kensington. It is difficult to imagine anything more wantonly unfair or unwarrantable than the introduction into this correspondence of Professor OWEN's letter controverting Dr. HOOKER's evidence before the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction. Except on one supposition which we shall presently notice, the letter has nothing whatever to do with the questions between Mr. AYRTON and Dr. HOOKER, and the evidence to which it is a rejoinder will not, we suppose, be published for some time to come. Mr. AYRTON flatters himself that in this remarkable Memorandum he has "disentangled the science of botany and the art and practice of horticulture from occurrences which have happened in the course of business"; and it appears to him "easy to conduct the science of botany and the art of horticulture, without recurring again and again to little official omissions, whether they have arisen from haste, zeal, or inadvertence." Mr. AYRTON's opinion of market-gardeners is already known, and perhaps he is disposed to accept the definition of botany as the business of "attaching barbarous binomials to foreign weeds." In any case he is evidently surprised that the sort of people who grow or catalogue plants should require to be treated to any of the courtesies which are usual between gentlemen. He has already "abolished letter-writing, and substituted official memoranda" for the ordinary business of his office; and it would seem to be his ambition to strip official intercourse of everything in the nature of personal civility or respect. Orders are to be given in the sharpest and curtest form; and, above all, the heads of departments are to be kept in their places, and made to understand that "the First Commissioner cannot admit that the efficient maintenance of Kew Gardens, or of any other service under the department, depends upon the continued official employment of any one of its officers"; in other words, it is to be energetically and unceasingly impressed on them that they are mere ciphers in the administration of the department, and that any importance they may for the moment possess is altogether derived from their relation to the First Commissioner.

Mr. AYRTON seems to have started in his career at the Board of Works with a conviction that gardeners, architects, sculptors, and scientific and artistic people generally, all thought a great deal too much of themselves, and that it was necessary to take them down at every opportunity, and make them feel that they were really a very cheap and common article in the market, and could always be had in any quantity. In his eyes one botanist or architect is just as good as another, or perhaps better; the qualifications are not attached to the man, but are imparted by the holding of the office. He appears to have imagined that a First Commissioner had only to smile on a clerk of the works to make him an accomplished architect, and that he could at any moment hail a working gardener trundling his wheelbarrow, and set him, in his shirt sleeves, to discharge the functions of a skilled botanist and horticulturist. This is a favourite autocratic idea. NAPOLEON had the same trick. To show his generals that they were nobody and he was everybody, he would pick out a youngster from the ranks, give him sword, epaulets, and cocked hat, and make him a general as good as any of the rest. It is evident from the official correspondence which has just been published that Mr. AYRTON's policy at Kew, and probably elsewhere, was to play off one grade of officials against another, the Curator against the Director, and the gardeners against the Curator. He acknowledges that he went to the Curator, who is the Director's deputy, and the second in command, and proposed to place him in authority over his superior; and that he not only did this without communication with Dr. HOOKER, but expressly requested that it should not be mentioned to him. Mr. AYRTON says he imposed silence on the Curator because he himself intended to speak to the Director on the subject; but, in point of fact, he never did so. Lord DERBY said very truly that to any one accustomed to official life, we may say to any one accustomed to the courtesies and decencies of intercourse between gentlemen in any sphere, it is impossible to conceive a more singular violation of discipline and custom, or even of the commonest rules of fair play than is involved in this transaction. On another occasion Mr. AYRTON, without consultation with, or previous notice to, Dr. HOOKER, suddenly withdrew the Curator from Kew, where there was a great pressure of business, to attend to some work in London, altogether beyond the sphere of his duties. It was at once explained to Mr. AYRTON that the presence of the Curator at Kew was indispensable, and he was, after some sorry gram-



bling and offensive insinuations, compelled to admit this and to cancel his order. It is needless to say that the First Commissioner was not weak enough to apologize either for his blunder or his rudeness.

While humbling the Director on the one hand, Mr. AYRTON took good care, on the other hand, that the Curator should not be unduly uplifted. The duties of this office are varied and numerous, and include the keeping of accounts, the custody of stores, a great deal of correspondence, and the direction of the foremen employed in the Gardens. The Curator found it impossible for him to be everywhere at once, and applied for an assistant, or, as he put it, "a henchman," to whom he could depute any part of his work when he was called off on other business. It is obvious that what he wanted was a kind of confidential private secretary, a young man with a fair education and of good address, with whom he could be on terms of personal intimacy, and who, knowing all the affairs of the office, could communicate in his absence with the Director or with important visitors at the Gardens. If the Director and Curator had been allowed to nominate a person for the office, as they desired, it would have been filled up at once. Mr. AYRTON insisted that it must be left to competition, the Civil Service Commissioners eagerly supported the idea, and the result was that an ignorant and inexperienced sub-gardener at Kew, who could not obtain testimonials from his immediate employers, the Director and Curator, and of whom the Director reported officially—"Writes indifferently, spells badly, incompetent to direct foremen in regard to stores; no preliminary education or training to fit him for the place; has never kept accounts, has never been in charge of stores, and cannot conduct a correspondence properly"—was forced upon the establishment, which could do absolutely nothing with him; and it was with difficulty that Mr. AYRTON, even after he saw his error, could be brought to give way, and allow a useless official to be removed. Mr. AYRTON's conceptions of economy may be gathered from his desire that a man worth 1*l.* a week should receive 200*l.* a year on the chance of his some day qualifying himself for the discharge of duties of which he confessed he knew nothing whatever. But then it would have been a great thing to show that any common gardener could do the work of the Director's deputy, and, if necessary, the Director's work too. It is admitted that Dr. HOOKER was superseded by the Director of Works in the management of the hot-water apparatus at Kew without any intimation or explanation being given to him on the subject. Mr. AYRTON pleads that the resolution of the Board on this point was so well known that it was unnecessary to notify it to the heads of departments; but it is obvious that public business would fall into utter confusion if it were to be conducted on assumptions of this kind. The letter in which the First Commissioner did at last condescend to inform Dr. HOOKER that the information as to his own jurisdiction which he had accidentally obtained from one of his subordinates was correct is a model of insolent curtness, and we can well understand that Lord DERBY when he first read it could hardly believe his eyes.

It is evident, on Mr. AYRTON's own showing, that Dr. HOOKER was treated with systematic rudeness and incivility, but it is unnecessary to assume that this was done in a spirit of deliberate persecution or with any intention of driving him from office. Mr. AYRTON's speculations as to the future of Kew do indeed disclose the hatching of another South Kensington conspiracy, and it is not improbable that COLE C.B. has already in view a modest friend who would not object to succeed Dr. HOOKER. We are reluctant, however, to believe that Mr. AYRTON was consciously promoting this scheme, although he could hardly have devised any measures better calculated to produce the desired vacancy than those which he adopted. Mr. AYRTON's conduct, outrageous and unjustifiable as it was, admits of a simpler explanation. Mr. AYRTON says he has no special ill-will towards Dr. HOOKER, and we see no reason to doubt this assurance. The arrogance, insolence, and utter want of consideration for the feelings of others under which Dr. HOOKER has been smarting are only "pretty Fanny's way." It appears that Mr. AYRTON habitually treats his political associates and superiors, as well as the House of Commons, with a cynical disregard of official discipline and personal courtesy; and Dr. HOOKER can hardly say he is much worse treated than the Treasury or the Cabinet. It will be remembered that Mr. AYRTON lately made a road across St. James's Park without taking the trouble to send in an estimate to the Treasury, and that after sending in an estimate he doubled and trebled it on his own authority. A few days ago he published a set of rules which he had drawn up

for the Parks without apparently observing the formality of consulting the Cabinet on the subject, and he has since been compelled to cancel his autocratic project. In the Kew correspondence we find the Treasury repeatedly complaining that their recommendations are ignored, and that documents which are required by them in order to guide their decisions are either suppressed or communicated in a garbled form. It would appear that Mr. AYRTON is inspired by an ambition to put down not only "letter-writing," but good manners, and to reduce public business to the hard, naked elements of ~~order~~ commands and silent obedience. It seems to us impossible to acquit the Government of complicity in a policy which cannot fail, if persisted in, to exercise a disastrous influence on the zeal, harmony, and efficiency of the public service. In their minute of the 24th July the Treasury observe very justly that, while it is of course essential to maintain the superior authority of the First Commissioner, it is evident that this authority should be exercised with due regard to the feelings and position of the officers under him. They then go on to say that they gather from the First Commissioner's Memorandum that, "speaking generally," the business connected with Kew Gardens has been conducted in accordance with the views thus entertained by their Lordships. Most people, we imagine, who take the trouble to wade through this correspondence will be of a very different opinion. The subject is one which can be dealt with more effectually by the House of Commons than by the House of Lords, and it is to be hoped that some means will be found, if not of exacting an apology from Mr. AYRTON, or from the Government on his behalf, at least of protecting distinguished public servants from the kind of persecution to which Dr. HOOKER has for some time been subjected.

#### COMPULSORY EDUCATION AND UNIVERSAL SCHOOL BOARDS.

THE Report of the Committee of Council of Education for the year 1871 has been looked for with natural interest, as containing the record of the first year in which the Elementary Education Act has been in operation. Viewed in this light it is a disappointing volume. The educational year closes on the 31st of August, and the changes in the Education Department consequent on the passing of the Act were not completed until the following May. The Report only deals therefore with a period of four months, and during this time the department was principally busy in perfecting its machinery and in preparing the way for future work. Another year must pass away before it will be possible to form even an approximately accurate estimate of the effect of the Act. There is enough in this Report, however, to reassure any one who doubts whether the voluntary system might not have been made to supply the educational wants of the country. Assuming that in England and Wales the average daily attendance at efficient elementary schools ought to amount to about three millions, and that accommodation for this number of scholars should be considerably in excess of this average, a maximum attendance of about four millions has to be provided for. The existing voluntary schools meet rather more than half this need. There is room in them for something more than two millions of children. By the time that the last building grants have been paid accommodation will have been found for about three hundred thousand more. For the balance, amounting to about a million and a half, room will have to be provided by means of the Act. It is highly improbable that voluntary effort would have achieved so much had it not been for the stimulus supplied by the hope of escaping a School Board; and it may therefore be taken for granted that the work which remains to be done would have been left undone if the Act had not been passed.

Although the Report itself gives but little information as to how the Act is working, some useful data are furnished by the Reports of the eight senior Inspectors, which are printed in the appendix. The most valuable of these perhaps is one by Mr. BOWSTEAD, on schools inspected in the county of Gloucester. That district contains a very various population, agricultural and manufacturing. In 1871 only three School Boards had been set up, and Mr. BOWSTEAD reports that throughout the county there exists the strongest possible desire to supply all deficiencies by means of voluntary effort. The main cause of this dislike to School Boards is the dislike to local rates. There are important places in Gloucestershire, says the Inspector, where the people are anxious for the spread of elementary education, anxious that this education should be dissociated from any particular religious body, and

convinced that a School Board would give them the amount and the kind of education which they want for their children. But when they see that a School Board entails the imposition of a new rate, they prefer to do without it. "Even when they would be willing to accept the rate for themselves, they shrink from the unpopularity of fastening it upon their neighbours." As regards the mere provision of schools this state of things is far from unsatisfactory. There is much to be said for voluntary effort over compulsory rating as a means of raising the necessary funds, and if Gloucestershire has really set its heart upon making voluntary effort do all or nearly all the work, it is far from impossible that, in point of educational position, the county may eventually be in advance of some in which School Boards have been generally established. But a difficulty will arise whenever any steps are taken to make compulsory attendance universal. Mr. FORSTER has almost promised that something shall be done in this direction next year, and there seems no way of doing it except by the universal establishment of School Boards. If in every parish children are to be made to go to school, there must in every parish be some one charged with the duty of making them go. Mr. BOWSTEAD says that in his district the notion of compulsion is not in itself unpopular. "On the contrary, there is among school managers, both lay and clerical, a very strong desire to be armed with the powers conferred upon School Boards by the recent statute." It has all along been clear that, in proportion as the accommodation in voluntary schools came nearer to the number of children within the school age, the feeling in favour of compulsion would increase. No managers like to have built or enlarged their school until there is room in it for every poor child in the parish, and then to find that half the benches are left empty because the children who ought to fill them are either sent to work or kept at home. It is obviously impossible that any body of managers should be armed with powers of enforcing attendance at their own schools. Such powers must be entrusted to a public authority of some kind, and the appropriate authority for the purpose is a School Board. Yet if School Boards are made universal, and the school rate which is their inevitable accompaniment is universally imposed, the promoters of voluntary schools will feel that they have been deceived. In 1870, they will say, you pass an Act which virtually gives to each district the option of doing without a School Board, provided that it makes the necessary effort to supply the requisite school accommodation in another way. The effort is made, and the requisite school accommodation provided on the faith that no School Board will be set up. In 1873 you pass a law providing that School Boards shall be set up everywhere. It makes no difference to the final course of the School Board will that in our own children to go to our school, instead of providing another school for them to go to. The ground of our opposition to School Boards is financial, and even if they do nothing more than drive children to school, there must be a paid staff, and a rate to raise the money to pay it. There is great reason to fear that if this issue is clearly put to the constituencies, the dislike to increased local taxation will be strong enough to make any measure which involves it hopelessly unpopular. The country may reject compulsory school attendance if it is associated with a compulsory school rate.

This difficulty might perhaps be got over in some such way as this. It is assumed that in a given parish full school accommodation has been provided by voluntary effort, and that there is no difficulty in maintaining and working the schools so established. Why should not the expenses of the School Board, so long as it exists for no other purpose than the enforcement of school attendance, be paid out of the Parliamentary grant? Such a payment would not operate as an encouragement to local inertness; on the contrary, no district could claim it unless there had been a great effort of local liberality, and a determination to go on making similar efforts. The moment that the provision of school accommodation fell below the required amount, the Education Department would step in and insist on the deficiency being remedied by the School Board. The title to the special payment out of the Parliamentary grant would immediately become void, and a school rate would have to be levied. The expense of maintaining a School Board for this sole purpose would not be great, and it would only be thrown on Imperial taxation in cases where a sum equivalent to a considerable local rate had already been raised. It is true that, if the population were very poor, a large number of school fees might, as the Act now stands, have to be paid by the School Board, and that if the money thus spent were provided by Parliament,

and not by the particular locality, there would be no check on injudicious liberality. But this objection seems in a fair way to be met by another process. The proceedings of the London School Board on Wednesday showed what a strong and growing sense there is of the impossibility of drawing a distinction between one sort of parental inability and another. The law—on the theory that compulsion is universally introduced—will say to every parent, You must supply your children with a certain necessary minimum of food, clothing, and instruction. If he pleads inability to supply his child with food or clothing, he is declared to be a pauper, and either taken into the workhouse or relieved under surveillance at his own home. If he pleads inability to supply his children with instruction, a School Board interposes, and provides either a school to which he can send his children without payment, or the money to pay for their attendance at a voluntary school. There is no meaning in this distinction, and there may easily be a great deal of mischief in it. As this comes to be more clearly seen, the feeling in favour of leaving the question of a parent's ability to pay for his children's schooling to be determined by the same persons who are charged with determining his ability to pay for their bread and butter, cannot fail to increase. The simple solution of the difficulty is to make over this part of the work of a School Board to the Guardians of the poor. The School Board will then report to the Guardians that such and such persons have not sent their children to school, and that they allege themselves to be unable to pay the school fees. The Guardians would then investigate the truth of this statement, just as they would investigate any ordinary application for relief, and would either pay the fees out of the poor-rate or take measures to force the parent to pay them. Either way the burden would not fall on the School Board.

#### THE SESSION.

THE Session, which was expected to be a stormy one, and not improbably fatal to the Ministry, has proved an unusually quiet one, and leaves the Ministry to all appearance firmly seated in office. This remarkable falsification of sinister prophecies has been the result of a variety of causes, among which the conduct of the Ministry itself deserves to hold a conspicuous place. The Government has brought in and managed to carry a great number of important measures. A Session may be considered more than ordinarily productive of serious legislation which has seen the introduction and passing of the Ballot Bill, the Scotch Education Bill, the Licensing, Public Health, and Mines Regulation Bills. The scheme for the reorganization of the army proposed by Mr. Cardwell was generally welcomed as adequate and well conceived; and the Government has sedulously refrained from risking failure by attempting impracticable measures. The Ballot Bill received important modifications and improvements from the Lords, and the Government not only accepted them, but was willing to go further in the path of concession than the Commons would permit. The Licensing Bill is a small measure, and the Public Health Bill is only a bit of a Bill; but both are worth having, and it is to the credit of the Government that what could be got was not lost through pique or inconsiderate ambition. The saving of the Washington Treaty probably saved the Government that was responsible for it, and there went as much luck as wit to the fortunate issue of a troublesome affair; but Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville are entitled to the praise of having never despaired, and of having indefatigably tried everything rather than own themselves beaten. Public events also contributed to allay the fever of political strife. The recent illness of the Prince of Wales, the universal interest awakened by the solemnities of the day of thanksgiving, the shock caused by the assassination of Lord Mayo, the general peace prevailing in Europe, and the feeling that, in view of new combinations of labour, the industry and the social relations of England are entering on a phase of which no one dreamt a twelvemonth ago, have all combined to indispose men to see in the political world merely an arena for badgering Ministers and upsetting Governments. The appointment of Lord Northbrook and Lord Dufferin showed that the Government had merit at its command which it was prepared to recognise; and in its peremptory refusal to annul the remaining Fenians, in its resistance to Mr. Fawcett's Bill, and in its treatment of the alleged grievances springing out of the Education Act, the Government showed a firmness in which it had formerly been deficient. The Opposition too has shown itself exceedingly moderate. Mr. Disraeli out of the House has had the amusement of describing the Ministry as looking like a set of extinct volcanoes, and of stigmatising the party that supports them as cosmopolitan and not national. But during the long delay of the Treaty negotiations, though, as Lord Granville said, he sat watching Mr. Gladstone like a cat, yet he held his tongue, and gave an example of patience and forbearance which added to his own reputation for statesmanship and stifled the burning indignation of his followers. Both parties too were equally averse to the prospect of an immediate dissolution, and this, of all the

causes that have operated in favour of the Government, has probably been the most powerful. The Conservatives, cheered as they were at the outset of the Session by the West Riding election, did not wish to shake the spear before it was ripe, and Liberals whose seats were in danger did not like to relinquish the prize they had won.

The strength of this feeling was strikingly exhibited at the beginning of the Session. As soon as the Address had been voted, and the new Speaker installed in office, the great Collier scandal absorbed the attention of Parliament. The Government had really no defence, and on the principle of abusing the plaintiff's attorney when there is no case, the Duke of Argyll was betrayed into a coarseness and wildness of abuse of Chief Justice Cockburn for which he was afterwards forced to apologize. The Chancellor spoke with some dignity, and with such evidence that his conduct, however mistaken, had been honest, that the feeling sprang up that he should be censured severely enough to show what was thought of what he had done, and not severely enough to make his continuance in office impossible. This was done in the neatest possible way in the Lords by what would have been an equal division had he not given himself a majority of one by voting in his own favour. In the Commons nothing but the dread of upsetting the Ministry prevented an adverse vote. After the crushing speech of Mr. Denman, the more independent Liberals recognized that the question was not whether the Government could be defended, but whether it was to be kept in office, however wrong it might have been. A bare and poor majority of twenty-seven decided that conscience did not require them to face a dissolution, and the Conservatives were equally pleased at finding their rivals kept in office, and at finding them humiliated by the nearness to defeat. After the Collier case was over, the Ewaine case, which somewhat resembled it, was easily disposed of. Mr. Gladstone had evaded by a subtlety carrying out the intentions of Parliament in the previous year; but if the House of Commons would not face a dissolution in order to maintain the judicial honour of one of its highest Courts of Appeal, it was not likely to incur the danger because there had been something wrong in the appointment of an Oxfordshire parson. It also deserves to be noted that Mr. Gladstone honestly owned that he would never have made the Collier appointment if he had known how much agitation it would provoke. He had had a lesson, and was willing to profit by it, and throughout the remainder of the Session he has carefully abstained from that high-handed indifference to the decisions and wishes of Parliament in which he indulged while he conceived himself to be lifted above all other authorities by the worship of the people.

When Parliament met, the shadow of the Indirect Claims was lowering over the horizon. The Ministry was believed to have viewed this serious danger with extraordinary apathy, and it subsequently transpired that for a month the Cabinet had taken no notice of a grave and unexpected attack on the interests of the nation. Stimulated, however, by the unanimous voice of public opinion, they inserted a paragraph in the Queen's Speech stating that Her Majesty had not understood these claims to be within the scope of the Treaty, and had represented this to the American Government. When the Address was being debated Lord Granville prudently confined himself to a description of the increase in his sufferings from gout which the monstrous audacity of the American Claims had caused him, while Mr. Gladstone nearly made all further negotiation impossible by declaring that his interpretation of the Treaty, by which the Indirect Claims were excluded, was the only one a rational man could entertain. There was nothing to be done but to wait for the American reply, which arrived in the middle of March, and was to the effect that the Indirect Claims, to which the American Government did not attach any extravagant value, were within the scope of the Treaty, and the American Government would be glad to hear why the English Government thought they were not. This opened the door for further negotiations or correspondence; but meanwhile, the 15th of April, when the English Counter Case was to be put in, was rapidly approaching, and Parliament anxiously inquired how the Government proposed to meet this difficulty. The Government announced that it intended to put in the Counter Case, but with a reservation of all rights in case the parties to the Treaty did not agree as to its scope. This was done; but it soon became known that the American Government would not give way, and the Treaty seemed destined to be set aside, when at the beginning of May the Government assumed a tone of confidence, and expressed a firm belief that the Treaty would be saved. Although the negotiations between the two Governments were supposed to be conducted with perfect secrecy, the enterprise of the American press was always sufficient to find out everything that was going on, and the enterprise of the English press was always sufficient to publish at the earliest moment all that was discovered in America. Long, therefore, before an official announcement to that effect was made in Parliament, it became known that the supposed new path of safety lay in the adoption of a Supplementary Treaty which Lord Granville, at the invitation of General Schenck, had sketched out, and which was to provide that, in return for England accepting new rules barring her from urging such claims in the future, the American Government was not to bring the Indirect Claims it had made before the Arbitrators. This was no doubt the intention of Lord Granville, but as soon as the enterprise of the press had published the draft of the new Treaty, it was discovered that the Treaty did not provide for this, but merely provided that no further American claims of the

sort should be made. In a word, through an oversight, the Indirect Claims already before the Arbitrators were not to be withdrawn. England, therefore, was to lose after all the point on which she had insisted, and the moment seemed to have arrived when Lord Russell, who had long been threatening the Government with an adverse motion in the House of Lords, might properly bring it on. Accordingly there was a great debate in the Upper House on June 4, in which Lord Derby expressed a doubt whether the Americans had not right on their side; Lord Cairns upheld the American Claims with all the power of a practised advocate; Lord Salisbury condemned recourse to arbitration altogether; Lord Russell stated that when in office he had been abused by the Americans like a pickpocket; and the Government speakers had little to say, except that the proper course was to let the negotiations be finished first and then turn out the Government if necessary. It seemed as if nothing could prevent a hostile vote; but when the Peers met on the 6th for the adjourned debate, Lord Granville had the satisfaction of producing a letter from General Schenck, stating that he had Mr. Fish's authority for saying that the American Government would look on the Indirect Claims made in its Case as at an end if the Treaty were concluded. The Lords ceased to discuss a point which was no longer open to discussion, and as it was known that a large majority of the American Senate was willing to adopt the Treaty, it seemed as if all controversy was at an end. At the eleventh hour a new and insuperable difficulty arose. The Senate had, it turned out, adopted the Treaty, but with modifications introducing such a dangerous vagueness into the wording of the new rules by which England was to be bound, that the English Government could not proceed further with the negotiation. The Treaty seemed dead, but the English Government sent its representatives to Geneva on June 15 to see what might happen, instructing them not to present the final document necessary to complete the English Case. It also asked, but the demand was refused by the American Government, for a joint application to the Arbitrators to adjourn for eight months, that the Supplementary Treaty might be further discussed. All seemed to be over, when suddenly things took a new turn. The Arbitrators themselves came forward and said that, apart from the Treaty, the Indirect Claims could not be entertained according to any known rules of international law. The American Government professed itself satisfied with this exposition of general principles, and withdrew the Indirect Claims. The English Government put in its final document and the arbitration went on. This conclusion of a most unpleasant business was delightful to the Government and satisfactory to the nation, although this satisfaction was unavoidably damped by the discovery that the Ministry had agreed to pay Canada in the shape of a Railway guarantee for England's not having ventured to press on the American Government its claims for the Fenian raids.

The Ballot Bill was the main Bill of the Session, and the vicissitudes of its history were many and great. Very little interest was excited by it at first, and only 160 members were present when it passed the second reading; but in the middle of April a great fight arose over it on the proposal of Mr. Leatham to punish a voter who showed his voting-paper. Mr. Forster had got up the Bill in a very careless manner, and the Government, both on this important point and on that of the hours when the polls should close, wavered and doubted, and had no clear opinion. They decided, however, to support Mr. Leatham, but were beaten by a majority of one, and on challenging a repetition of this vote on a subsequent day the majority against them had increased to twenty-eight. They were also beaten by a majority of nearly a hundred when they supported a proposal to throw the expenses of elections on the rates, and they were forced against their will to adopt a machinery by which illiterate voters might have their votes recorded for them openly. Ultimately they got the Bill through in a shape by no means unsatisfactory on the whole, more especially as it at least did one good thing, by putting an end to the scandal and tumults of nomination days. The Bill passed the third reading on May 30, and on June 10 was read a second time in the Lords, the Duke of Richmond announcing that he thought so much ought to be conceded in deference to the Commons, but that he should entirely alter the Bill in Committee. The wisdom of this course was questioned at the time, and especially by Lord Salisbury, who urged with unanswerable force that it would be much more straightforward to reject the Bill altogether than to let it nominally pass the second reading and then cut it to pieces. The Duke of Richmond, however, persevered, and on the 17th persuaded the Lords to sanction an extraordinary scheme for an optional Ballot, which united every possible disadvantage both of open and secret voting. The Lords made one improvement in the Bill by introducing provisions for a scrutiny; and they also made a change which, after weighing its advantages and disadvantages, may be pronounced beneficial, by limiting the duration of the Act to eight years. The Peers had been unusually vehement and excited during the one evening in which they introduced these and other minor alterations into the Bill, and it was evident that the Conservative leaders had occupied with unseemly haste a thoroughly false position by committing themselves to the absurd plan of an optional Ballot. It was of course at once rejected when the amendments of the Lords came to be considered by the Commons; but the provisions for a scrutiny, with some necessary improvements, and also the limitation of the duration of the Act, were accepted, while it was only by the *business* of the House that amendments favoured by the

Government for depriving candidates of the use of schools as polling-places, and for introducing a mischievous variation in the hours of closing the poll at different seasons of the year, were ultimately rejected. One or two minor matters, such as the mode of making the declaration of incapacity to be exacted from illiterate voters, had to be adjusted, but the Lords forbore from any further serious opposition, owing to the good sense of a majority which was large enough, in face of the persistence of the Conservative leaders, to rescind the vote in favour of the optional Ballot. The measure then became law, being acknowledged to be an experiment to be tried for eight years, but so shaped that it may be expected that the experiment will be made fairly and completely; and it will thus be seen whether the wish of the present constituencies, a wish manifested by the absence of all opposition and by the return of Conservatives pledged to the Ballot, rather than by any enthusiasm in favour of the Bill, is justified by the event.

The Government was freely and constantly accused by its opponents of throwing away the whole time of the Session in order to get its own way on a vexed question of politics like the Ballot, while it left all measures for the real welfare of the people to take their chance. This reproach was by no means justified. Mr. Cardwell's army scheme provided with care and completeness for the localization of the army and the construction of the regular and reserve forces into a whole. For almost the first time for many years it seemed as if we were to have an army costly, but worth its cost, and the House would not listen to Mr. Harcourt's motion echoing the terms in which a long time ago Mr. Stansfeld had tried to impose on the Government of the day some limitation of its military expenses. Unfortunately Mr. Cardwell deferred until a late period of the Session the measure by which the cost of building the necessary accommodation for a localized army was to be defrayed, and although Mr. Lowe explained that he proposed to take the money out of the Exchequer balances, and so no pecuniary difficulty existed, it was open to the opponents of all army expenditure to throw obstacles in the way of the Bill which kept it back for a time. The navy has excited little attention, and the Report of the *Megara* Commission has had no other apparent effect than one more transformation of the governing body at the Admiralty, by which three secretaries are to secure that every letter is signed by some responsible person, and the Board is to meet every day. Mr. Goschen, however, defended himself with success against the charge made by Lord Clarence Paget outside the House, that it was the parsimony of the Government in the matter of coal that had led to the recent losses of ironclads; he announced, to the satisfaction of the profession, the intended conversion of Greenwich Hospital into a Naval College; and he showed at the end of the Session that he was ready to do his best to meet the views of Mr. Graves as to manning the navy; while a motion to reduce the Estimates by the salary of the First Lord gave Mr. Gladstone an opportunity of defending that strange, but perhaps salutary, part of Parliamentary institutions which places a great and highly technical profession under the almost exclusive control of a man who knows nothing whatever about it. The Budget, again, if so commonplace as to be transparently without any interest for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was yet so far satisfactory that it released the payers of income-tax from the extra twopence thrown on them last year, and extended the exemption in favour of the poorer classes of contributors. Whether the reduction of the duty on coffee by one half is of any benefit to the consumer remains yet to be proved; but at any rate the Budget was a proof, if any were needed, that, in Mr. Gladstone's words, British industry is proceeding, not by steps but strides, not by strides but by leaps and bounds; and Mr. Lowe, if he could not pretend to care for his Budget, has at least had a little triumph of his own, and has carried his Chancery Funds Bill, which will help him towards reducing the National Debt by his favourite method of Terminable Annuities.

The Government has, however, not only escaped from the military and financial pitfalls into which it fell last year, but its minor measures of social improvement have been successful and not unimportant. The Scotch Education Act is an improvement on the English Act in so far as it makes education more compulsory, while casting on the Poor Law authorities the duty of saying what parents are too poor to pay fees, and, perhaps, in so far as it allows denominational instruction to be illustrated by the use of the formularies to which denominations cling. The Bill was nearly swamped through a motion accidentally carried by Mr. Gordon, the effect of which would have been to take away the religious freedom which characterizes the English Act. But the decision of the House was subsequently reversed by a considerable majority, and nothing has remained of Mr. Gordon's motion but the insertion by the Lords of a few vague and unnecessary words into the preamble; while the Government have justifiably resisted the attempt to create a Scotch Board permanently independent of Parliamentary control. The Mines Regulation Bill has done much to improve the position of women and children in mining districts, to prevent accidents, and to provide for competent inspection; and the controversy as to the responsibility of owners was decided by enacting that they should not be held responsible if they have done all that they could do generally to prevent accidents by due publication of the rules accepted. The Licensing Bill was not calculated to please the ascetics on either side; but it will lessen the time in which drink can be sold, will place the trade under strict control, and will, by the reservation of an ultimate authority to the Secretary of State,

tend to prevent the arbitrary and accidental character of decisions on application for licences. The Public Health Bill has been shorn of all the clauses which gave health authorities increased authority; but it will be of decided use in vesting in the Town Councils and Boards of Guardians the power to act and the duty of acting. Some opposition was raised to even this modified measure at first; but when Mr. Stansfeld had yielded so far to the defenders of local rates as to engage that half the expense of the medical officers appointed under the Act should be borne by the Consolidated Fund, Mr. Disraeli came to his rescue, declared that the Bill ought to pass, and speeded it on its way to the Lords. The Government also passed a Parks Bill of which perhaps their friends will, if they are wise, not say too much. Mr. Harcourt opposed it as a piece of Algerine legislation, and as an infraction of Magna Charta. He seemed to be opposing it in vain; but the Government thought it better to make things pleasant to him and his few supporters by conceding that the public should have the right of meeting in the London Parks, and that the regulations for the Parks should be submitted to Parliament before taking effect. Until we see how it is worked it is impossible to say whether the Parks will be any the better or worse for the Bill. Of course, if the Government has had its successes, it has had its failures too, although the magnitude of the former exceeds that of the latter. It had to massacre many innocents, and its Bill for the Enclosure of Commons was strangled in the Lords. It provoked the House of Commons into throwing over its Bill for dealing with the Thames Embankment, although the House might have done much better if it had accepted the issue which the Government offered, and negatived the Ministerial proposal. The controversy between Mr. Ayrton and Dr. Hooker once more brought into strong light the dictatorial and offensive mode in which one department of Government is administered; and the Chancellor altogether broke down in a feeble and ill-considered scheme to get the Lords to give up their appellate jurisdiction. In the whole region of Law Reform the Government has totally and avowedly collapsed. The Chancellor is utterly unable to cope with such critics as Lord Cairns and Lord Westbury, and when towards the end of the Session Mr. Harcourt sketched a scheme of Law Reform which had at least the merit of being comprehensive and harmonious, the Attorney- and Solicitor-General united in declaring that they had nothing, and would have nothing, to do with Law Reform, that the law did not need reforming, and that even if it did, the Government could not carry any measure of reform, and was not going to bother itself with such futilities. Thus one of the most fertile and promising fields of social improvement has been altogether abandoned by the Liberals, and remains open and free for their Conservative successors.

Early in the Session there was some discussion of proposals to change the rules of the House of Commons so as to facilitate the despatch of public business. Nothing, however, came of the discussion, except that Monday nights were absolutely given up to the Government, and no doubt this change has been very useful, and has enabled the Government to do more than it otherwise could have done. But at the end of the Session some private members, and especially Mr. Newdegate, complained of the diminishing importance and opportunities accorded to them in Parliament, and a sort of murmur was heard that the Government has now too much its own way, and that private members can do nothing. Nothing, on the contrary, is more striking when the history of a Session is studied in detail than the great variety of questions on which private members find ample opportunity of expressing themselves; and this Session has certainly been no exception. It is not of course often that the Bills of private members are carried through. Mr. Henry James carried a Bill for Preventing Corrupt Practices at Municipal Elections, while the Government could find no time for its own Corrupt Practices Bill; and a Bill has been passed at the instigation of private members for the protection of different kinds of British birds, which was chiefly remarkable for giving occasion to Mr. Bruce to indulge in a pretty piece of poetical description about it at the Mansion House. But it is in points that are not pushed so far as a Bill that the power of private members to determine and control the conduct of Government is most visible. The most conspicuous instance this Session was Sir Massey Lopes's resolution as to local taxation, which was carried against the Government by a majority of a hundred, and has forced them to promise to take up the subject in earnest next Session. But this was not all. The Government was forced to add an English pension to the Indian pension of Lady Mayo, and Lord Hartington at least took advantage of a discussion on a Bill for the purchase of Irish Railways to announce that the Government would be inclined to buy them if the shareholders would take a fair price. Lord Granard was made to resign his Lord-Lieutenancy under the pressure of questions raised by his indiscreet denunciation of Mr. Justice Keogh's Galway judgment. The hands of the Government were strengthened in dealing with the slave trade in Eastern Africa by a discussion in the House of Lords, and Lord Abinger actually carried a motion for an address to the Queen asking that a change contemplated by Mr. Cardwell of introducing the rank of major into the Scientific Corps should be indefinitely delayed. The address did no good to those whom it was intended to benefit, the rivals in the line of the Scientific Corps; the Ministry made the Queen reply that the change could not be delayed; but at least Lord Abinger had the satisfaction of getting what he thought a grievance perhaps even more than amply discussed. Private members have in some instances been even too powerful



this Session, as when Sir Robert Peel and Sir Charles Adderley buried a scheme for disposing of the drainage of Birmingham which had received the sanction of a Committee, on the avowed ground that they did not like it as private landowners. The important subject of Railway Amalgamation has been relegated to a Committee which has occupied almost the whole of the Session in its labours, and which has at least prevented this subject of great social importance being settled either by the Government or by the Railway interest. It was also on the motion of a private member that the exciting topic of Mr. Justice Keogh's judgment was discussed. Mr. Butt tried his best to plead the cause of his friends the priests, but all his arguments were more than demolished by the vigorous speech of Mr. Henry James, the most rising unofficial member of the Liberal party. The Government did not do themselves much credit on the occasion. They announced that they were going to prosecute a Bishop, some twenty priests, and the brothers Nolan. But they tried hard to make out that they were bound by law to prosecute, so that the priests might regard them as allies forced by official duty to act adversely; and although the whole Government force was thrown into the overwhelming majority against the adjournment of the debate which virtually decided the main issue, yet the Attorney-General, to whom the defence of the Government was left, took very good care to say nothing more than that the judgment was legally correct. Mr. Matthews in the course of the debate told a bitter truth when he said that the main cause of the arrogance and lawlessness of the Irish priests was that Liberal Governments never dared to look them boldly in the face, and resent their spirit of aggression.

Private members do not always succeed, but still they have their say. Even Sir Charles Dilke had his say with his pitiful cheeseparing Republicanism and attack on the Civil List; an incident of the Session which unfortunately turned to the discredit, rather than the credit, of the House of Commons, and led to a scene of folly and anarchy and uproar which would have disgraced the worst Convention of the worst Republic. The English House of Commons, the greatest assemblage of free men in the world, has also its moments when it shows that it too is but human, and sinks to the level of the smallest. Happily such hours of madness are rare, and we can afford to forget them. The list of subjects on which the Government has this Session been, as it were, put on its defence, and made to declare its mind, speaks well for the vigilance of the House of Commons. Legal education, the legal expenses of Governor Eyre, the course taken by the Indian Government with regard to the Bank of Bombay, the question whether Persia should be regarded as within the sphere of Indian or English diplomacy, the advisableness of Parliament playing the part of the American Senate and controlling negotiations, the worth of treaty guarantees, the desirableness of marking the wickedness of races by not adjourning over the Derby Day, and the irrepressible Claimant and the great problem whether the public interests demand that six counsel should combine to prosecute him, all came under review, and the Government had to announce and justify the course it proposed to take with regard to each. Perhaps Mr. Fawcett's strictures on the duties and payment of law officers deserve to be noticed separately, for it is certainly a serious question for the nation what is the real value of illegal arrangements when it is told that the Attorney and Solicitor-General have nothing whatever to do with the improvement of the law, and that everything is made to depend on the humours and powers of the Chancellor. There has, too, been an abundance of effort on the part of private members to carry on legislation on their own account, and the amplest opportunity has been given for at least gaining notoriety in this way for the views of private members, and taking the sense of the House and of the country in regard to them. Mr. Fawcett's Bill for the reconstitution of the University of Dublin was much the most memorable example of this, and as it passed the second reading Mr. Gladstone, or some of his subordinates, first sounded a wild note of alarm in a Ministerial paper, and then stated that he could not hold office if the control of measures regulating Irish education was taken out of his hands. The portion of the Bill repealing Tests he was willing to support, but he must split the Bill in two, and would oppose the part for reorganizing the governing body of the University. He would not even lend any help to the subject being discussed, and as Mr. Fawcett's Bill manifestly did not carry out the object at which it professed to aim, it was silently buried with general assent. The minor subjects on which members with varying degrees of wisdom or the reverse attempted to legislate were numerous and various. Lord Buckhurst tried to protect acrobats by a Bill which unfortunately was so framed as to include sailors and jockeys, and had to be abandoned. Philosophical Liberals like Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Morrison sketched out improved plans of extended franchise and electoral districts. Lord Albemarle endeavoured to do away with the special qualifications for Justices of the Peace. The familiar Bill for legalizing marriages with the sisters of deceased wives got as far as a second reading, and then disappeared; while the Burial Bill got this year within sight of a Committee, when it was smothered by what its author denounced as an unhandsome artifice. Women's Suffrage had its turn, and it fared badly, several deserters from its cause being conspicuous, and one or two gallant Liberals declaring that they had found that the ladies were really against it, and that they must bow to their decision. The time of the House at the busiest part of the closing weeks of the Session was occupied or wasted by a purely theoretical discussion

on the proposal to abolish Capital Punishment. Perhaps of all the small measures which came to nothing, but which under happier circumstances may command attention among the most really valuable, was the proposal made by Mr. Fowler in the Lower, and by Lord Salisbury in the Upper, House to give tenants for life increased powers of improving cottage property. But it is impossible that Parliament should attend to all the good suggestions made to it. Something is gained if some of the bad suggestions are disposed of, if the Government is called to account in cases of doubt, and if a fair amount of tolerably good legislation is attained. Parliament has come up to this level in the Session now closing; and more need not be demanded until a change comes for which things are not yet ripe, and Parliament, in order to remedy the mischief which gives the only justification for the cry of Home Rule, eases itself of a part of the excessive burden which it chooses to lay on its shoulders, and which it is equally unable to carry and unwilling to drop.

#### A FRENCH MORALIST.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS *filis* is one of those writers who are the wonder and the despair of their British rivals. Not long ago he surprised us all by setting himself up as a moral censor; by way of corollary he straightway brought out a play which to the dull perception of insular critics appears to be scandalously immoral; and he has now published a book, already in its seventh edition, which is so strange a mixture of morality and immorality that we shrink from the effort of finding any accurate classification for it in our clumsy language. The epithets which occur to us most naturally all seem too harsh and positive for the purpose. Will M. Taine, or somebody of equal omniscience, explain to us how it comes to pass that an Englishman is reduced to such hopeless perplexity in presence of these marvellous productions of French art? It is not, at least so we flatter ourselves, that the French fancy is essentially lighter, or the French perception more acute, than our own. Certainly M. Dumas's book is full of what we should call gross faults of taste, logic, and morality. But that is the very wonder. By some mysterious sleight of hand he mingles his incongruous materials, covers them with a light froth of epigram, adds a dash or two of cynical acid, and a touch of sentimental sweetness, and the whole when served up is so crisp, fresh, and sparkling that we almost fancy for a moment that it shows real genius. When we try to look closer, it must be admitted that the illusion disappears. We begin even to fancy that M. Dumas has really very little to say, and that that little is not very original, although he has played so many tricks with his truisms that they have a superficial resemblance to paradoxes. It is, however, not easy for a British mind to follow satisfactorily the windings of an argument which is composed partly of the ordinary sentimentalism of a French novel, partly of queer fragments of stray science and philosophy, and partly, as one might fancy, of reminiscences of a sermon delivered by some preacher of Dean Stanley's school, or what is known as unsectarian Christianity. Or perhaps it would be a more probable hypothesis that the author of the *Dame aux Camélias* has lately been studying a Catholic bishop on feminine education, the reports of the late Dubourg case, the Bible, and Balzac's *Physiologie du Mariage*, and endeavoured to combine his information. Bewildering as we have admitted the final result to be, we are inclined to think that the influence of Balzac is more strongly marked than that of the other authorities. M. Dumas, however, has that happy art of a certain school of French writers which somehow or other gives to the most undeniable morality, apparently preached straight out of the Gospels, a certain flavour of indelicacy. In one sense it is doubtless a great triumph of literary skill to make an apology for virtue fully as piquant as a defence of vice.

The text on which M. Dumas discourses is a simple one. He discusses, *à propos* of the Dubourg incident, the delicate problem whether a husband ought to pardon or to kill an unfaithful wife. It seems that he has been considering this question for the last five or six years, and that his next play, to be called *La Femme de Claude*, will turn upon it. Meanwhile, as a friend of his has taken up the more merciful view in an article published in *Le Sûr*, M. Dumas discusses the philosophy of the whole subject, and explains his reasons for coming to the opposite conclusion. An Englishman would perhaps have thought that some mean might be discovered between the two extremes; but the English, we know, are an illogical people, and given to accept compromises. An Englishman, indeed, has the alternative of divorce, which, as M. Dumas tells us, is indispensable under the conditions of modern society. But then the Roman Catholic Church objects to divorce; and the Church has unanswerable reasons to allege from its own point of view. Here, then, we seem to be landed in a hopeless difficulty, which M. Dumas does not attempt to clear up. Meanwhile let us endeavour to expound his theory, so far as the obtuseness of our language and our intellect will allow us. First we must understand what is the position and character of woman. That is a tolerably wide question, and the greater part of the male sex is altogether too coarse in its perceptions really to understand it. Those, however, who have studied the works of recent French novelists, and especially of their great master Balzac, may perhaps be sufficiently initiated to understand M. Dumas's views. Woman, if

she belongs to the superior type, is at present a cunning slave, who really rules when she seems to obey. Man fancies that his superior strength, physical and moral, will give him the superiority in marriage. He deceives himself. As soon as a woman becomes a mother, she has the best of the position. She takes advantage of her weakness to extort concessions from her ruler. The doctrine of the supporters of woman's rights is a miserable delusion. Make woman a free competitor with man in masculine tasks, and she, as naturally the weakest, will infallibly get the worst of it. But marriage, and her consequent position as ruler of the domestic circle, places in her hand weapons which she well knows how to turn to account. The bargain is really to her advantage altogether. She is the mistress of the man's honour, and can do as she pleases by the help of a little feminine diplomacy. And then she has a terrible ally in the priest. The priest is her confidant and her director in matters too holy for the husband's interference. Free-thinkers will never be able to detach woman from her allegiance to the Church; and the Church seeks constantly to increase the feminine at the expense of the masculine element in religion, and to render it more exclusively the worship of the Virgin—the deification of woman. God, man, and woman, says M. Dumas in a queer mystical phrase, are the sides of the eternal triangle. At present, God and woman are in tacit alliance against man. When proper harmony is restored, the world will be at peace, and heaven and earth will be united. But how is this to be done? That is the great question, and unfortunately it is one to which we obtain no very clear answer.

We have, however, a brief sketch of sacred history according to M. Dumas's version. We cannot follow him into his remarkable interpretation of particular texts, and of the meaning of the fall and the redemption of mankind. The great misfortune for the human race, as other commentators have observed, was that man listened to the voice of the woman and thereby abdicated his proper position. The proper harmony was disturbed, and woman became independent, especially when she became the mother of Cain. Cain, as we know, took a wife, for whose existence it is not altogether easy to account, and was thus the progenitor of an inferior race of women, who unfortunately are represented pretty numerously at the present day. The great saying in the Gospels is the phrase, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" That woman, as interpreted by M. Dumas, that the order disturbed by the serpent is to be re-established, and that man is to take his proper place as the mediator between woman and the Deity. This explanation of the "admirable Biblical tradition" delights M. Dumas so much, that he bursts out into a most edifying gush of orthodoxy, and gives us a whole page of emphatic exclamations. M. Dumas, it is obvious, can quote Scripture to some purpose. Finally, having worked himself up to the proper state of unction, he delivers an address to an imaginary son at the age of twenty-one. This young gentleman is the recipient of a quantity of exemplary morality: he is directed to marry an excellent woman if he can find one; to become her guide, philosopher, and friend; to direct her without governing her arbitrarily; to have as many children as possible; to make her understand the sanctity of maternity, and to qualify her to be at once father and mother to his children if he should happen to die prematurely. He is to make her understand life, which is very simple; and to explain death, which is very easy when one has lived well. Thus he will be able to do without the priest, whom our ignorance, and not our credulity, as Voltaire would have it, has made indispensable; and the three sides of the eternal triangle will be found. All which may be very admirable as advice; though, like much other advice, it seems to reduce itself to this—that if we were all perfect, the world would be much better off. However, it is possible that even M. Dumas's imaginary hero may make a mistake. He may find that he has married an unworthy woman, who dishonours him and deserts his family. In this case, he is to declare himself her judge and executioner in the name of his Master. She is not a true woman, but a mere animal, a descendant of the accursed race of Cain—*There is!* That is M. Dumas's last word, and one may admit that it is tolerably decisive. In England the youngest Dumas would have afterwards to go through disagreeable explanations with a judge and jury. In France we presume that he might count upon a verdict of extenuating circumstances, and would go free with the applause of his fellow-citizens. He might set up for a writer of novels and a preacher of elevated morality, and might endeavour to find a second wife who should not belong to the accursed race of Cain.

To criticize this nonsense seriously would be too absurd; and we suspect that M. Dumas would be the first to laugh at us for taking his irony too seriously, though we must confess that we should find it rather hard to distinguish between the serious and the sarcastic. It is the beauty of this style of writing that it is impossible to grasp any definite meaning except on pain of rendering oneself ridiculous. However, without arguing, we will venture a remark or two such as suggest themselves to a prosaic British mind. Although it is the fashion at the present moment to consider that, because the French were beaten by the Prussians, everything French is essentially corrupt, we must begin by saying that we do not believe for a moment that the ideal woman of the French novelists is anything like a fair representative of the Frenchwoman of real life. Assuming, however, that the portrait drawn by them satisfies a certain tone of sentiment prevalent in a section of French society, M. Dumas's preaching illustrates the unhealthy state of the moral atmosphere which

inevitably results. Any virtuous priest, says M. Dumas, understands women far better than the most experienced Don Juan. We should add that there is another person who understands them still better—namely, the man of thoroughly healthy mind, who has not sought his knowledge either in the confessional or by less legitimate methods. If women have to choose, as M. Dumas seems to think, between a morbid asceticism which condemns all natural instincts on the one hand, and a profound brutality, thinly covered with social polish, on the other, we can only pity them, and must certainly approve their choice of the first alternative. Still the sentiment, as indicated by M. Dumas too plainly for us to follow him, is radically unhealthy in both cases. The normal husband, as he represents him, is a Don Juan submitting to the respectabilities for pecuniary or other motives; and the priest is a narrow-minded bigot who regards the conventual as the only true virtues, and tries, by acting upon feminine superstition, to convert every woman into a nun. If sentiment varies between these opposite poles, and oscillates between pure animalism and pure asceticism, we must certainly admit that both the husband and the priest are in great need of reform. There is a higher and better type of woman, in France and elsewhere, though it is probable that the type thus described is not uncommon where the Roman Catholic religion is acting on a corrupt society. The result then seems to be, that the only difference between moral and immoral preaching is that the one panders indirectly, and the other directly, to the tastes of a prurient imagination.

#### THE LIVINGSTONE MYSTERY.

THE letter of the President of the Geographical Society helps to explain the present position of the Livingstone mystery. Up to Wednesday not a single letter from the Doctor had reached the Society, either directly or indirectly through the Foreign Office. The President had, however, an opportunity of perusing a batch of despatches from Dr. Kirk, enclosing copies of letters addressed to him by Dr. Livingstone; but these letters are devoid not only of geographical information, but of any particulars as to the Doctor's own condition and proceedings, and refer exclusively to the alleged misconduct of the parties employed in conveying supplies during the last three years from the coast to the interior. Other letters, the posting of which had been delayed, have since come to hand, and are said to be full of similar complaints, although in one of them the Doctor, in his delight at exchanging the patent leather "abominations" to which he had been reduced for a pair of stout leather boots, proclaims an amnesty to all the world. It appears that Dr. Livingstone is under the impression that he has been very badly used by his old friend Dr. Kirk and by others of his countrymen, his only information on the subject being presumably derived from Mr. Stanley. We gather that the letters to Dr. Kirk, like all other letters hitherto known to have been written by Livingstone, are extremely brief and of the most matter-of-fact character. In his preface to his first book of travels he remarked that literary composition was so laborious and painful to him that he would rather go through all his journeys once more than write another book. It would seem, however, if we may accept as genuine two letters purporting to be addressed by Livingstone to the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, that several years' seclusion in the deserts of Africa, and complete isolation from civilized society have imparted a novel fluency to his pen, and have enabled him to cultivate what is called *fine* writing with remarkable success. It is not stated whether the letters published by the *New York Herald* are in Livingstone's own handwriting, or whether they were dictated by him to Mr. Stanley. It would seem that Livingstone has profited by his residence in the heart of Africa to acquire a considerable familiarity with American literature and slang, and to hit off the racy, sub-erotic flavour of the *New York Herald* with conspicuous success. Unfortunately the fragmentary geographical notices which are contained in these letters are, as Sir H. Rawlinson puts it, "too vague" in their present shape to admit of useful scientific discussion. Indeed they contain at least one statement which is obviously and even glaringly inaccurate, and which it is odd that so cautious and careful a geographer as the Doctor should have permitted himself to make. Sir Henry remarks that the theory ascribed to Dr. Livingstone in the second of these letters of a connexion between the great line of drainage which he has traced from twelve degrees south, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, or Petherick's Western Nile, is simply impossible. The German traveller Schweinfurth has visited the watershed from which the sources of the Bahr-el-Ghazal descend, and it is very little south of the parallel of Gondokoro. It would appear that the river system which Livingstone is said to have followed up to a point in about latitude four degrees south, and longitude twenty-five degrees east, must either empty itself into the south-west corner of Baker's Lake, or must be the upper course of the Congo. Anybody who will take the trouble to consult a map of Africa on which the latest results of exploration have been laid down cannot fail to agree with the President of the Geographical Society, that as far from the Nile question being settled, as was so confidently announced, the solution of the problem is more perplexing and uncertain than ever, if the statements in these letters can be relied on. Mr. Stanley, who is now in London, will probably not object to afford the officers of the Geographical Society an opportunity of inspecting any of Livingstone's manuscripts which he may have in his possession; and when the British Association meets in the

course of the next fortnight at Brighton we shall no doubt hear something more on the subject.

Dr. Livingstone is described by Mr. Stanley as being, when he parted from him, "fleshy and stoutish," with an enormous appetite, and weighing, by conjecture, for the Doctor refused to go into the scales, about one hundred and eighty pounds. The letters to the *New York Herald* which have been published under, or as the Americans would say over, his name, would seem to show that he is in good spirits, and has developed among the savages of Africa a taste for what may be called the gay side of life, which is perhaps somewhat odd in an elderly Scotch missionary. There can be no doubt that the sort of letters he has written will be much more to the taste of the *Herald's* readers in New York than dry geographical details such as would have gratified Sir H. Rawlinson, or old Sir Roderick if he had been alive. Indeed the writer apologizes at the outset for supposing that those whom he is addressing are akin to the old lady who relished the paper only when it contained "good racy bloody murders." We are treated to a strong dose of the horrors of the slave trade, enlivened by some comic touches, and warm passages about the voluptuous beauty of African Venuses. That the slave trade is a "gross outrage of the common law of mankind," and "presents innumerable obstacles to intercourse between the different portions of the human family," and that it is "partly owing to human cupidity, and partly to ignorance among the more civilized of mankind of the blight which lights chiefly on the more degraded," are no doubt observations which are excellent in themselves, but they are hardly worth fetching all the way from the interior of Africa. It is also true that "piracy on the high seas was once as common as slave-trading is now," and it might be added, on the authority of Mr. F.'s aunt, that there are, or used to be, mile-stones on the Dover Road. The extraordinary thing is, that these letters tell us so little about Livingstone himself, or about the tribes among whom he has latterly been sojourning, and are made up of stale talk about the familiar atrocities of slavery. We are asked to distinguish between the negroes of the West Coast, brutalized by a long course of slavery and rum, and the robust and manly population of the interior. It is suggested that if a comparison were instituted between the Manyema taken at random and the members of the Anthropological Society, all clad alike in kilts of grass cloth, the savages would certainly not be pronounced, in appearance at least, the inferior race. Baudelaire would have sympathized with the Doctor's raptures over the black women. He is quite gushing about "the dears" and "hussies," with their "charming black eyes," "nicely rounded limbs," and "fine, warm brown skins" tattooed all over. Chzembe's Queen would, we are assured, be esteemed a real beauty either in London, Paris, or New York, notwithstanding the hole she has drilled in the tip of her "fine, slightly aquiline nose." Livingstone in one of his letters to Sir R. Murchison, received in 1869, said he sometimes doubted whether he should have allowed his enthusiasm for geographical research to draw him away from the mission of putting down the slave-trade, to which he had intended to devote himself, and there can be no doubt of his profound and earnest abhorrence of this iniquitous traffic. If the language of the letters now published is not exactly that to which we have been accustomed in the Doctor's brief, prosaic communications, the sentiments and opinions which are expressed on this subject may at least be recognized as his. There is probably some ground for the complaints which are made of the Danians as the chief promoters of the slave trade, and of the cruelties of which they are guilty; and the subject will no doubt receive the attention of the Consular authorities.

The Doctor's first letter to the *Herald* is more in his usual style, and free from the romantic extravagance of the second. It is impossible to imagine anything more startling and bewildering to a man in his position than the sudden appearance of an American newspaper reporter at the head of an expedition which had been organized to search for him. There can be no doubt that Mr. Stanley and his employer are entitled to the fullest credit for the enterprise they have displayed in this affair. Mr. Stanley had had a little experience of Abyssinian travelling, but he knew nothing of the interior of Southern Africa, nothing of the languages, customs, and ways of managing the natives. He plunged into the desert with his life in his hands, and the chances of his ever returning alive were altogether against him. It is strange to find the simple, unquestioning devotion and loyalty of the "Dougal Cratur" turning up in a newspaper Correspondent of our own day. Mr. Stanley evidently knows nothing and cares nothing about geographical research. Till his employer suggested the idea of going to seek Livingstone, he had probably never given two thoughts to his existence. He went to Africa to find the Doctor if possible, but that was only a secondary object—a means to an end; the object was to glorify the *New York Herald*, to give it something to swagger and brag about, and to make the world talk of it. Mr. Stanley has accomplished a difficult and courageous task, but it is unfortunate that so little should have come of it. We are told that Livingstone was alive and well in the middle of last March, and had received part of the supplies purchased by Dr. Kirk out of the Government grant of 1,000*l.*; and that is the sum of the whole story. Anything may have happened since then; and there appear to be grave doubts whether the stores provided out of the funds of the Search and Relief Expedition will ever reach their destination. Lieutenant Dawson, who went out in command of this expedition, is now in America, and it

would be premature to judge his conduct until we have his explanations. But it is impossible not to regret the hasty abandonment of the enterprise. The theory suggested in one of Dr. Kirk's letters, that Livingstone would have resented the appearance of the Expedition as poachers on his manor and rival aspirants for the geographical laurels he has made sure of winning for himself, appears to us to be childish and absurd. It was important that personal communication should be established with the veteran explorer, and that it should be made quite certain that he got the supplies collected for him; and if, when the Expedition arrived, he did not choose to take the members of it with him on any of his journeys, they would naturally respect his wishes. As it is, the stores have been sent on under an Arab leader, of whom "energy," or, in other words, we suppose, courage and good faith, reasonable doubts appear to be entertained. If the Expedition had gone on, they would not have had the credit of bringing the first news of Livingstone, but they would have fulfilled the important mission with which they were entrusted, of succouring Livingstone and affording him such assistance as he required. The simplicity and directness of Mr. Stanley's proceedings contrast favourably with the dawdling and dallying, the doubts, vacillation, and petty squabbles of the English Expedition. There seems to have been as much signing of papers as if they had been going before a Vice-Chancellor instead of into the heart of Africa. A leader who cannot keep his men in order except with documents is not likely to do great things. It is unfortunate that the Expedition should have been given up; but if, as Sir H. Rawlinson hints, a new one may be required, it is to be hoped it will be composed of explorers less addicted to personal differences and to the signing of documents. Meanwhile it is just possible that the next news we shall hear of Livingstone may come from Sir S. Baker, who is working from the north towards him with a strong force.

## FULDA.

IT needs a certain effort of the imagination to call up the idea of a Prince-Abbot, and a Prince-Abbot too still living and reigning in times which seem not so very far removed from our own. A Prince-Bishop is strange enough; still the episcopal function carries with it a certain notion of jurisdiction and authority which may easily enlarge its borders from spiritual into temporal matters. Of the Prince-Bishop too we have among ourselves a certain shadow in the Lord-Bishop, and forty years back the Palatines of Durham and Ely had not quite lost all pretensions to the higher title. In short the secular clergy, high and low, must abide in the world; discharging duties which are at least closely akin to those of government, they have in all times and places slipped very easily into the actual exercise of temporal power. The thing has seemed to have no such very great incongruity about it, whether it has taken the form of a parish priest sitting as a justice in Petty Sessions, of a Bishop giving his vote in the House of Lords, or of a Primate of Mainz holding the first place in the election of Kings, and acting as the Arch-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire throughout the Kingdom of Germany. We might even go a step further, but we are afraid of getting on too dangerous ground. Some people may in all ages have disapproved of the particular instances which we have chosen, but we are not aware that the temporal functions either of the parson, the Bishop, or the Primate-Elector, have ever been formally declared to be the mark of the beast. But when we move from the secular clergy to the regular, the holding of temporal functions becomes clothed with far greater incongruity. The secular priest lives in the world to look after other men's souls; so the transition is not so very amazing if he is also set to do something in the way of looking after their bodies. But the theory of the monastic life is that the monk has nothing to do with either the souls or the bodies of other people, but that he goes out of the world to look after his own soul. It seems the strangest turning about of things that a man who has thus gone out of the world to look after his own soul should, by virtue of having so done, be called back into the world to look after both the souls and the bodies of other people. Yet such has been the case in different degrees in every place where the monastic system has taken deep root. The monks have been both better and worse than their profession. In the earliest and best stage of monasticism in every Western country, the monks, instead of shutting themselves up in a selfish care for their own souls, everywhere proved the greatest of benefactors to all around them. They were, yet more than the secular clergy, not only the spiritual instructors, but the temporal civilizers, of their neighbours and converts. It was they who reclaimed the wild land; it was they who taught arts to the wild people; it was they who, somewhat later, systematically preserved the annals of past times. Through some of the best of the mediæval historians belonged to the secular clergy, yet it was only among the monks, as at our own St. Alban's, that there grew up a kind of schools of the prophets which handed on the torch from one generation to another. Yet it is plain that in all these good works the monks were doing something beyond their own proper duty as monks. They were doing something beyond prayer and contemplation, beyond even the widest interpretation of almsdeeds. Indeed, almsdeeds might seem inconsistent with the perfection of monastic virtue, for almsdeeds imply worldly goods on the part of the almsgiver, and the true monk ought in strictness to have no worldly goods at all. But the strict carrying

out of the rule of poverty was in its own nature impossible. Even monks needed food, raiment, and shelter; but a hovel, a gown, and a loaf of bread are just as much property as palaces and great estates. The doctrine that, though each monk in his own person could hold nothing, yet the society might hold whatever it could lawfully get, easily paved the way for such odd results as that of a man who had gone out of the world to take heed to his own soul becoming thereby one of the temporal princes of the earth. The monastic society could not get on without property; land was the almost only available form of property; and land almost everywhere carried with it more or less of something like temporal dominion. In a country where the central power was strong, the temporal dominion of the monastic body might not go beyond such rights and powers as were involved in the mere lordship of a manor. But in a country where the central power was weak, where every landowner, every city, every free community, had a tendency to grow into a sovereign prince or commonwealth, monasteries followed the general law. The monk had by the necessity of the case become a landlord; from a landlord he gradually grew into a sovereign. The change was strange, but it was natural, perhaps under the circumstances it was unavoidable, by which the lowly missionary planted by St. Boniface on the banks of the Fulda grew into the Abbott, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and Chancellor to the Empress, and Primate throughout all Germany and Gaul.

It may be doubted whether this last dignity, carefully recorded on the tombs and the works of the Abbots of Fulda of the eighteenth century, carried with it at that time any very burdensome duties, or whether it would have met with much practical acknowledgment in any part of Gaul except that which was also part of Germany. Then it is as well to bear in mind that, down to the general crush of all things, there was still a *Dur Francia* at Würzburg, and that both at Prier and at Fulda the Empire still had its Chancellor for its provinces of Gaul. But, before all such things were swept away, a change had come over Fulda, and we may even be tempted to say that the place had lost its special characteristic. In the course of the last century the ecclesiastical princes of Fulda seem to have been tired of being simply Abbots in their own church, and of being driven, if they wished to assume, not only the episcopal garb, but the full episcopal character, to seek it in some imaginary bishopric in some distant part of the world. Thus one of the Abbots of that time bears on his tomb the further title of Bishop of Themiskyra. The choice of the see was perhaps not inappropriate. The Chancellor of the Empress—*Dia Augusta*, as she appears in the legend—might not unfitly hold a bishopric whose see lay among the Amazons. But soon afterwards the strictly abbatial succession of Fulda came to an end. In 1772 the Abbot of Fulda became a Bishop of Fulda, and a Bishop of Fulda, as those who are interested in modern German ecclesiastical politics know, there still is. The case of Fulda is much the same as that of the kindred ecclesiastical principality of St. Gallen. At St. Gallen indeed the Abbot remained till the time of general destruction, but here too the ancient Abbot is now represented by a Bishop, and in both cases ecclesiastical history has, in the eye of the antiquary, suffered through the long continuance of the succession of ecclesiastical rulers. That is to say, both at Fulda and at St. Gallen the ancient minster has given way to a church in the barbarous taste of the eighteenth century. Had Fulda, like Lubeck and Magburg, fallen into Lutheran hands, the building might have looked squalid and dingy and been choked with pews and galleries; but the memorials of antiquity would still have been there; the ancient roodloft might still have borne the rood and its attendant figures, and the triptychs over each altar might still have displayed the choicest works of the mediæval chisel and the mediæval pencil. But, because Fulda still kept her ecclesiastical sovereigns, because the old zeal and bounty still lived on, therefore, as far as the great minster is concerned, ancient Fulda is utterly swept away. An Italian church, not especially striking even in its own class, covers the ground where the first foundation of St. Boniface had grown into the greatest monastic church of Germany. All that has been preserved from the ancient building is a single figure of Charles the Great, placed against the modern wall. But the minster, even in its new guise, still keeps what in ecclesiastical and even historical eyes must ever be its choicest treasure. There still sleeps, though within a shrine of no ancient workmanship, the apostle of the German land, the man whom converted England sent to enlighten her kinsfolk who were still in darkness, the patriarch of the long succession of ecclesiastical lords alike of Mainz and of Fulda, the man who placed the Frankish crown on the head of the first royal Karling. Boniface at Mainz and Fulda, to Englishmen he sounds more our own by his first English name of Winfrith. It is something for one of the land of his birth journeying in the land of his adoption to climb the Marienberg, the hill of pilgrimage which looks down on Fulda and its minster, and to turn from the resting-place of the martyr at his feet to the Western sun, pointing us it were to the isle which is at once his own land and the land of Winfrith.

From the height of Marienberg, crowned by a church and monastic buildings in the same uninteresting style as the minster itself, we look down on Fulda, with its river and its surrounding hills, on the steeples of the minster and the secondary churches, and on the one surviving tower of the once monastic fortress. Among the group of buildings there is one, less likely perhaps than some others to catch the eye in a distant view, but which on a nearer approach is seen to be a building of an unusual outline, and which

in truth proves to be one of singular interest, alike in its own architectural design and as being the one surviving monument of ancient Fulda. This is the small monastic church of St. Michael, standing on higher ground just above the minster, whose outline cannot fail at once to strike the eye as having a most distinctive character of its own. At first sight it might pass as an example of an arrangement rare both in Germany and in England, the Wimborne and Purton plan of a single western and a single central tower. Such an arrangement is uncommon alike in England, where few churches have so many as two towers, and in Germany, where so many, even of not very large churches, are not satisfied with so few as two. In this case each tower is crowned with a spire, but it will soon be felt that the central tower and its spire are neither square nor octagonal, but round. This alone is unusual, and another glance will show a round projection between the transept and the choir which might for a moment pass for an apse of somewhat eccentric form. But, when the same projection is seen to the west between the transept and the nave, the thing becomes more puzzling. The visitor will perhaps hardly get to the bottom of the mystery till he goes within the building. The truth is that a round church, with its surrounding aisle, St. Vital or Anchen on the smallest possible scale, has been, as it were, swallowed up by a cross church of the usual form, the original round being so small as to be treated, like the round of St. Sepulchre's at Cambridge, as a tower, and to become to all appearance the central tower of an ordinary cross church finished with a second tower at the west end. This last is a fair example of the usual German Romanesque tower with midwall shafts; but it is of course on the round, whose real character at once strikes the eye as we enter the building, that the attention of the visitor fixes itself. And yet the round, as we see it above ground, has really only a secondary place in the history of this small building. Go down below; an ancient crypt of the reign of Lewis the Pious, the remains of a church consecrated in 830, is still there, and in its low vaults and intricate passages it still contains the empty tombs which once held two of the early Abbots of Fulda, Sturm and Ratgar. All is plain and rough, with no architectural forms save a single central pillar, short, massive, and with nothing that can be called a base, but whose capital reproduces, as well as Fulda masons of the ninth century could reproduce it, the form of the Ionic capital, and that not in its Roman, but in its older Grecian form. It is singular to compare the rude striving after the highest known form of art shown in this obscure building of the days of the son, with the forms which art could reach in the same land in the days of the father. Compare the crypt of St. Michael's of the days of Lewis with the work with which the gateway of Lorsch was adorned in the days and by the gift of Charles himself. The difference is that between the resources at the command of an Abbot of Fulda, working with such workmen and such materials as his own land could furnish, and the resources at the command of a King of the Franks and Lombards and Patrician of the Romans.

But the time was coming when the little church of St. Michael at Fulda was to show more successful attempts at reproducing the art of Southern lands. The church was again consecrated in 1092, and this doubtless marks the rebuilding of the round, the addition of the western tower, the general recasting of the church in its present shape. The round, as it now stands, is formed by six columns, supporting a plain triforium and clerestory, the latter of which forms at once a lantern for the interior, and what at the first misleading glance seem to be the bulky windows of the central tower. But, if the architects of the eleventh century made their work plain, they at least made use of forms which allowed the artist of later times to add enrichment at pleasure. Two of the columns of the round still keep the rude form of capital so common in the earlier German Romanesque, ruder by far than our own cushion, but suited beyond all others to be, as its original makers no doubt often meant it to be, carved out at any later time into forms of greater richness. The other capitals have been cut out into rich and highly classical shapes, which can hardly be earlier than the later days of the twelfth century; they belong to the best and most adorned form of the German Romanesque, the style of Frederick's palace at Gelnhausen. But at Fulda the Ionic or Composite capital is allowed to retain its natural and purely architectural form. It was only in the immediate presence of Augustus that it was absolutely needful for the volute to take the form of the Imperial eagle.

Deeply interesting as this little church is on every ground, there is a feeling of disappointment at finding it the one memorial of the ancient days of Fulda. Besides St. Michael, a single ordinary mediæval church and the wall-tower already spoken of seem to be the only objects in Fulda which have any claim to rank as antiquities at all. Of modern buildings there is abundance, almost crushing abundance, for a town of such small size. Such is the almost invariable fate of the capital of a small principality, especially of an ecclesiastical principality. It dies of its own rank and of the antiquity to which it owes its rank. Because Fulda is one of the oldest ecclesiastical sites in Germany, because it is one of those whose ecclesiastical lords retained their rule the longest, for that very reason it is poor in ecclesiastical remains as compared with a crowd of places of far less historical dignity. Yet, after all, we may raise the question whether it is not less offensive to see an ancient church wholly rebuilt, as at Fulda and St. Gallen, than to see it utterly Jesuited, as at Würzburg. But to the true antiquary Fulda, after all, is not poor. St. Michael's, spared probably as being deemed unworthy of the care which was bestowed



in the destruction of the minster, itself well deserves a pilgrimage; and, whatever may be the form of the walls which shelter him, no man of either of the great branches of the Teutonic race should be able to pass unmoved by the last home of Winfrith of England, Boniface of Fulda.

#### TRAMWAYS.

THE evidence given by the promoters of the London tramways before the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons furnishes an amusing illustration of the way in which people bring themselves to believe that whatever makes for their own profit ought at all hazards to be carried out, that all existing arrangements should yield to it, and that the world should be only too glad to be turned upside down in order to further so natural and laudable an object. When Brindley, the canal engineer, was asked what rivers were made for, he answered that he supposed they were meant to feed canals; and the tramway people appear to be equally convinced that highways have been constructed for the sole purpose of being some day converted into tramway routes. Mr. T. K. Rowbotham, the manager of the tramways, is satisfied that the opposition to them is "only a matter of feeling," and that there is no real inconvenience for anybody to complain of. Mr. Rowbotham's notions of public convenience are perhaps explained by his answer to another question. He suggests that the "dead-end," or terminus, of a tramway, where the horses are unhitched from one end of the car and harnessed to the other, and where there are sometimes as many as half-a-dozen long, lumbering vans waiting at a time to get in or out, might be established "on the blank side of a street, opposite a church, or anything of that kind." We thus arrive at the conclusion that churches have been built in order to provide a blank side of the street which the tramway cars can appropriate as a terminus. Now that tramways have been invented, the millennium has clearly arrived, and going to church is already an exploded superstition. We are further assured that a couple of carriages or carts can never require to pass each other on the same side of a street; but, admitting for the sake of argument that the ordinary traffic of the streets suffers inconvenience from being compelled to move in Indian file, one vehicle behind another in a single line, the tramway speculators are good enough to remind us that they do not object to the centre of the road, which they have appropriated, being used by the general public whenever their own cars do not happen to be passing that way. Mr. Rowbotham ridicules the idea of a tramway being an obstruction in a street, "because the car is passing, and moves away, leaving the street to be occupied by other conveyances." Mr. Hopkins, the engineer of the tramways, also makes a great point of the cars "leaving the road free after they have passed." It is with a certain feeling of surprise and an overpowering sense of the public spirit and liberality of the Tramway Companies that we find them making this concession gratuitously to the public. It is a proof of the disinterestedness and pure philanthropy with which these enterprises are conducted that the Companies are quite willing that the public should have the free use of its own roads whenever they are not wanted for the cars. The extent of this concession may be measured by the statement that the cars pass each other every two or three minutes, and that at some points, as for example, the south side of Westminster Bridge, where the street narrows, there are, as Mr. Hopkins says, "something like over three hundred carriages arriving and departing during the day," and the road is frequently blocked with a crush of cars, waiting either to get into the terminus or to start on a fresh journey. Allowing for the cars overhanging the rails, a double line of tramway occupies at least fifteen feet in the middle of the road. The rest of the traffic is consequently wedged up in a narrow space on each side, and has to run the risk of grazing the kerb-stones, and perhaps getting on the pavement, or of coming into collision with the cars. The middle of the road is free only on condition that all vehicles using it shall, at their peril, get out of the way of the cars. It must be remembered that the cars are not only very long, but that they are the same breadth, six feet, from end to end, the wheels being underneath. It is therefore much more difficult to pass them than it is to pass a carriage or omnibus, the extreme width of which is only where the boxes of the wheels stand out. There is abundant and conclusive evidence as to the injury which is inflicted on all kinds of traffic by the tramways. Wheels are wrenched or broken off, carriages strained and started, and the people in them bumped, jerked, and occasionally thrown out. A lady who is much accustomed to drive herself in London has borne testimony to the peril of crossing a tramway, the wrench to the wheels, the difficulty of turning, and the danger of a car, or perhaps one on each side, pounding down on you, especially in streets which are not perfectly straight. Drivers of the other sex are equally emphatic in their complaints of the insufferable nuisance of the tramways. Captain Baynes, one of the District Superintendents of Police, states that the rule of the road has been thrown into utter confusion. It is, he says, impossible to meet or to pass the cars in the ordinary way for fear of collision. People who drive are kept in a wretched state of discomfort and apprehension; and evidence was given before the Committee of a number of bad accidents which have occurred. In the Camberwell Road, the thoroughfare is so narrow

that the cars almost graze the pavement, and pedestrians as well as drivers are put in serious peril. We can hardly be surprised that carts have fallen along some of the tramway routes.

We are not aware that any of the Railway Companies, which have had to purchase the ground required for their lines at a high price, ever made it a grievance that they should have to bear the cost of keeping up their permanent way, with its bridges and embankments. It would appear, however, that the tramway speculators consider themselves rather hardly used in having to make good the portion of the public highway which they have obtained for nothing for the purposes of their business, and from the use of which they derive their dividends. The evidence of the officials is full of complaints of the expense to which the Companies are put in this respect, and glowing pictures are drawn of the boon which is thereby bestowed on the ratepayers. It is true that the latter are spared the expense of keeping up the middle of the road, but it may be doubted whether this will prove a genuine economy when the heavy and incessant repairs which are required by the rest of the road are taken into account. The Brixton Road is said to be intersected by six cuts, four rails, and two edges of stone. When the rails are laid down, they split the road into different sections, and break up the key of the paving; one section wears down another, and the result is what Captain Baynes calls "the frightful state" to which the roads traversed by tramways have now been reduced. Captain Tyler, the Inspector of the Board of Trade, gives evidence to much the same effect. He has observed that a macadam road usually sinks below the level of the tramway pavement. Ruts are worn where the paving stones have been laid higher than the tramway rails, and the wheels, hugging the rails, grind a groove in the stones. The stones sink away from the tramway, and there is sometimes an inch or a couple of inches of difference in level between the two. It can readily be conceived that these remarkable variations of level break the dull, easy monotony of a drive along the ordinary highways of a civilized country, and provide the travellers and their horses with all the excitement of a journey along a "corduroy" track in the backwoods of America. The blessings of the tramways are infinite. Not only do they relieve ratepayers from keeping up the roads, but they regulate the traffic and render the police unnecessary. Mr. Rowbotham, whose candid faith in trams as a providential dispensation is quite refreshing in these days of scepticism and indifference, is clear that they "assist the other traffic" very much indeed; "they do what the police try to do, marshal the traffic." From a subsequent portion of his evidence we gather that part of the "assistance" rendered to other traffic consists in driving cabs and omnibuses off the road. Mr. Rowbotham has perhaps heard of making a solitude and calling it peace, but we should be sorry to diminish the credit to which he is entitled for the bold originality of his ideas. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity that the traffic of the streets will be greatly simplified when tramways become the only means of conveyance, and all other vehicles are given up. Meanwhile, as long as other traffic is allowed, the tramway-cars will help to "marshal" it, or, in other words, compel it to keep out of their way, under penalty of a collision. They may also be trusted to sharpen the intelligence and promote the vigilance of drivers. A remarkable instance of this is given in the evidence of Superintendent Gernon. There is a hay-market in the Mile End Road, and formerly there was great difficulty in keeping awake the waggons who had arrived in the early morning. They used to go to sleep on their waggons, and were frequently pulled up before the magistrate and fined. Since the trams have been introduced the waggons have displayed the most exemplary wakefulness; in the midst of the perils to which they are exposed, they feel, no doubt, that a nap might be dearly purchased. It is admitted by the officials of the tramways that accidents occasionally occur, but we need hardly say that this is owing to the perversity and wickedness of the public. "Sometimes," says Mr. Hopkins, the engineer, "cabs or carriages have run into the tramway carriages." As all other traffic is assumed to be bound to get out of the way of the tramway-cars, the latter being on their own ground, and the public mere interlopers, it is obvious that when an accident happens, it is the cars which are run down, and that they never run down anybody. The public may have a certain right to use the roads, but only at its own risk and peril.

It might have been expected that Mr. Peel, who represented the Board of Trade on the Committee, would have been above the cheap claptrap of suggesting that the opposition to the tramways is "a question of the upper ten thousand, as illustrated by the lady in her carriage, against the general public who are inconvenienced by tramway accommodation." The public which does not use the tramways happens to be the majority of the population; and Captain Tyler, whose evidence should have some weight at the Board of Trade, stated that "all who use vehicles other than tramway-cars are more or less inconvenienced by them." Light carts, spring-vans, gigs, cabs, omnibuses, are quite as much disturbed and endangered as the broughams and victorias of the aristocracy. It is contended by the supporters of the tramways that they are a substitute for omnibuses and cabs; for omnibuses they may be, but it is ridiculous to speak of the tramway-car as a substitute for a cab. Nobody whose time is of any value, or who is on a pressing errand, can afford to ride on the tramway—the cars, taking the journey through, often going more slowly than the omnibuses—but cabs are used by the poorer classes when they have important business on hand which demands despatch, or in any other emergency. It is monstrous that people hurrying to

catch trains, to summon a doctor, or on some other matter of life or death, should be hustled out of the way, obstructed and delayed for the sake of the dozing passengers of a leisurely tramway. Sir J. Lubbock in a recent debate in the House of Commons protested against the idea that the highest happiness of the working classes of this country was to consume the greatest possible quantity of cheap tea. It is equally preposterous to assume that their happiness is boded up with jolting in twopenny trams. It is desirable that everything should be done to improve the omnibus service, but some means might perhaps be contrived of doing this without exposing all other kinds of traffic to annoyance, delay, and danger. The freedom of the road cannot be sacrificed for the advantage of private speculators, or even for the convenience of a large body of people who like to ride in cheap omnibuses. The experience of the tramways which have already been constructed shows that they have a tendency to acquire a monopoly of the roads they traverse; all other traffic shuns those roads as much as possible, and as the relays of tramway-cars become more numerous, the lines are constantly occupied, and the cars follow each other in rapid succession. It is impossible to work a public highway as if it were a railway, with traffic passing only in a direct line from end to end. The people who go straight along a road are a small minority of those who use it. The tramway system makes no allowance for the crossing traffic, for vehicles entering or leaving a street at every few paces, or for stopping traffic, such as waggons loading or delivering goods, and cabs and carriages at shop-doors. Whilst all other traffic has to give and take, to move now a little on one side, now on the other, and twice in and out, the tramway traffic pounds along in a fixed and rigid line, with, as one of the witnesses put it, a momentum that no other traffic possesses, a minimum power of pulling up, and a maximum necessity of going on. It has no elasticity, no power of twisting or accommodating itself to the flow of the vehicles around it; and it is impossible therefore that it can be otherwise than inconvenient and dangerous. The evidence of Mr. Haywood, engineer to the Commissioners of Sewers, Mr. J. Fowler, and Captain Tyler, in favour of roadways composed of Val de Travers and other kinds of asphalt, points to a probable solution of the problem. Because a granite causeway suits the tramways, it is proposed that macadam should be given up and granite substituted. This would be simple and absolute retrogression. The causeway is hard, noisy, destructive to vehicles, and dangerous to horses. Horses slip on asphalt when it is between wet and dry, but this can be remedied by keeping the roads in good order, and even when horses do fall on asphalt they rarely hurt themselves. With a smooth level pavement of this or some kindred substance tramways would be a superfluity. The whole road would be a tramway, and all that would be needed would be perhaps to broaden the tires of the wheels a little so as to give them a better grip. We should thus have all the advantages of tramways, with none of the annoyance and danger arising from the centre of the road being monopolized by a series of huge, lumbering vans ploughing along in a fixed rigid line, and casting the rest of the traffic rudely on each side to the peril of pedestrians and the ruin of shopkeepers. The Joint Committee has common sense on its side when it declares that it would be inexpedient by the establishment of vested interests in important streets to prejudice the introduction of new modes of laying down their surface, which may have the effect of benefiting all kinds of traffic equally, without creating any monopoly in the use of the public thoroughfares.

#### TIPPLING AND ADULTERATION.

THE publicans complain of the hardship of being expected to know a drunkard or a prostitute when they see one. It is not always easy to decide whether a man is drunk, and it must be less easy to decide whether a man is likely to become drunk. In some parts of the United States a woman having a drunken husband has a right to go to the keeper of a public-house and give him notice not to sell liquor to her husband. If the publican does sell liquor to the husband, he becomes responsible for what may be termed "consequential damages." In the States where this law prevails there is probably no great aggregation of people into towns. But in a densely populated neighbourhood it would be difficult for the publican to recognize the husbands whom he was prohibited to supply with liquor unless the law authorised their wives to sew labels upon their coats. We take the foregoing statement as to "consequential damages" from an American witness who was examined before the Committee on Habitual Drunkards, and a very wonderful statement it is. If the husband whose wife has given notice to the publican is supplied with liquor, and if after drinking it he knocks a man down or sets fire to a house, the publican has to pay damages. The same witness described the working of prohibitory laws in terms that deserve attention. "Our people," he said, "are restless and somewhat credulous, and we pass laws under the impression that they will execute themselves, but we are beginning to find out that they will not." A prohibitory law, in order to be effective, must find persons who complain of its violation. This is doubtless true, but in England such a law would hardly fail for want of persons to put it in operation. It may be that in Massachusetts, the prohibitory law being left to municipal officers to enforce, was allowed quietly to repose; but among ourselves the

Alliance would permit neither laws nor law officers to slumber. The law of Massachusetts has been several times altered. It now prohibits the selling of distilled spirits, but towns may vote to authorise the sale of ale or lager beer. "Cider is freed." This we take to mean that cider, which is produced in the district, may be sold everywhere without restriction. It is important to observe that in many places, both in the United States and in our colonies, a strong distinction is made between the sale of spirits and that of beer and cider. The beer is usually a lighter article than that which is consumed among ourselves. The cider is probably the same. Even in the States where prohibitory laws are enacted and nominally enforced, nobody can interfere with the trade in imported liquors if they are sold in the original package. The witness whose evidence we have now before us adds, "The prohibitory law itself admits of the sale of malt liquors and cider." But this general statement ought perhaps to be qualified by saying that the sale of cider is absolutely free, and the sale of beer may be permitted by a town's vote. Even with this qualification, however, it appears that prohibition in America does not, even in theory, go so far as fanatics desire to carry it in England. A prohibitory law for Devonshire that permitted the sale of cider would hardly be satisfactory to the Alliance. It may, however, be confidently asserted that no legislative or executive power could prevent the sale of cider in a district where it is commonly made. There is a law of the State of Iowa which prohibits the seller "from mixing any intoxicating liquor with beer, wine, or cider by him sold." It follows that the Legislature of that State, in opposition to the British Parliament, considers that beer, wine, and cider are not "intoxicating liquors."

This Committee collected much useful evidence, although they based upon it some strange and startling conclusions. They received from a Scotch physician a classification of drunkards which may be interesting. There is, he says, the regular drunkard, who keeps sober and attends to his business regularly during the day and gets drunk at night. Such men may carry on for many years without injury to themselves or others. "I have known," says the witness, "one case where a gentleman was carried to bed drunk every night for fifty years, and yet he made a large fortune, and was in the market every morning attending to his business. I do not think that these are cases requiring any interference." We agree with this sensible physician. But if the gentleman whom he mentions took his nightly allowance of liquor at a tavern, he would be liable to be intercepted before he could be carried to bed by a policeman, who would put him in the way of incurring cumulative penalties under the Bill now before the House of Commons. Another class of drunkards are the tipplers who take small glasses of whisky or spirits of some kind, or ale or beer, at intervals during the whole day. Some of these persons conduct themselves very well. Others, again, injure their business and their families. Another class are those whom the doctors call dipsomaniacs, and regard as proper subjects for restraint, under medical advice. It was observed by another physician that the statistics which are so much quoted upon platforms are of small value, and in this remark we entirely concur. It is obvious that an increased activity of the police in a particular district would produce an appearance of augmented drunkenness which might be contrary to fact. "As to the question whether intemperance is more or less prevalent, I should like to say that it is a question which it is perfectly impossible to answer, unless we had a statistical inquiry extending over a very great length of time." The impression of the witness is, that the increase, if increase there be, is not one of absolute amount, but rather of direction. Certain classes indulge more, and certain classes very much less, than they did. He thinks that amongst the rich, and especially the suddenly rich middle classes, drinking is increasing; but it is diminishing very much amongst persons of greater cultivation of mind. He thinks that it is diminishing amongst the labouring classes, except in certain special places, such as the great manufacturing towns. It is possible that, if this witness had been asked whether he thought that higher wages and shorter hours of labour were producing an increase of drunkenness, he might have answered in the affirmative, but it by no means follows that he would recommend early closing of public-houses as a remedy for the evil. It is supposed that there are many thousands of men who have strong appetites for physical indulgence, and find themselves amply provided with means to procure them. To pretend that the Bill now before Parliament, or any Bill that could be devised, will prevent these men from obtaining the drink which they desire, is like proposing to mop up a spring-tide. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will be pained, and perhaps the Home Secretary will not be very sorry, to discover that the rise in wages largely augments the consumption of duty-paying articles. If any restriction were attempted upon the labouring class in the expenditure of its increased wages, that restriction would certainly be either evaded or forcibly put aside. If they cannot obtain beer easily, they will expend their money upon the more portable articles, gin and whisky.

The long discussion of this subject has, on the whole, promoted rational views; but it is unsatisfactory to observe that Mr. Bruce has not yet abandoned that purpose of prostituting the fanatics which produced his absurd proposal of last year. An American witness has given a description of the origin of prohibitive laws in his own country, which is fairly applicable to Mr. Bruce's Bills. The Legislatures of the various States, he says, are a

sort of outlet for the overflow of excitable public sentiment, and laws are often passed under pressure which the Supreme Court of the United States declares to be unconstitutional. "It was quite understood that it would be a good thing to pass the law for certain political reasons, and to leave the question of its constitutionality to the Supreme Court." It was probably understood by Mr. Bruce that it might be a good thing for the Government to propose a clause that might gratify the Alliance, while the question whether the clause should pass or not rest with Parliament for decision. Mr. Bruce had persuaded himself a week ago that a concession of the Permissive Prohibitory principle might be made as regards the hours of closing public-houses. A member of the House touchingly complained that he had been pulled out of bed "in the middle of the night"—or, as ordinary mortals would have said, at noon—to hear from the Government this unexpected and unnecessary proposal. The magistrates of a district have ample means of knowing what its circumstances require, and are fully capable of making suitable regulations. It has been, as we believe, finally resolved by Mr. Bruce and his colleagues that the granting of licences shall be entrusted to the magistrates, and it is monstrous to propose that the control of licensed houses shall be partly placed in other hands. Writers and readers are alike weary of the subject of the legislative incapacity of the Home Office, but it is really impossible to abstain from expressing irritation and contempt at this last exhibition of the squeazable nature of Mr. Bruce. A question may arise whether the general convenience of a district, and not the prejudices of fanatics, requires that public-houses should be closed at ten o'clock or kept open till eleven. Surely the magistrates, assisted by the police, are competent to decide this question; or, if they are in any difficulty, the Home Office can assist them. It may well be asked for what purpose magistrates and police exist if they cannot deal with such a question as this. But we all know that they can deal with it perfectly well. The alteration of the hour of closing on Sunday afternoon from five to six o'clock has been carried by a large majority in the House of Commons; and, if this vote expresses the prevailing feeling out of doors, it will doubtless be maintained. We are not sure, however, that the alteration will be satisfactory to the metropolis. We entirely approve of the proposal for placarding convictions of adulteration, and we should like to see the same treatment applied to the same mischievous practice in other trades. It should be noted, however, that some high authorities have lately denied that adulteration of beer prevails to anything like the extent that is commonly supposed. This, at any rate, is a matter of fact capable of being ascertained; and of course, if there is no adulteration, there will be no placarding. It is difficult to enter into the spirit of the sympathy which appears to be entertained for dishonest tradesmen, whose dishonesty takes the form of reckless and injurious adulteration. An attempt has been made to show that a tradesman will be morally degraded by having a notice of his misconduct affixed to his shop; but, if he has been guilty of adulteration, he has already degraded himself, and the notice to the public may be expected to have the effect of preventing him from degrading himself any further in that way. The object is to check the robberies and poisonings which are practised under the form of adulteration, and if the punishment of placarding has that effect, it will have answered its purpose.

#### A SUNDAY MORNING WITH BEECHER.

WE have read with considerable interest, in a recent number of the *Evangelical Magazine*, a careful and appreciative description of divine service as conducted by the great Beecher. The writer is evidently one who has sought through the length and breadth of England for an edifying service, but has hitherto sought in vain. He has a special grievance against all our forms of worship, in church or chapel, but particularly against church services. He has found himself chilled by the coldness or offended by the dressiness of English clergymen. He has found the prayers "dry" and the Litany "long." He has gone to church "in a praying spirit"; but he has been "fairly prayed out of it." Nor has he derived much more satisfaction from the sermons. He has found that "in many places" they are nothing but "a stilted and unnatural humdrum of moral and religious platitudes," of which the best that can be said is that they have a soporific effect. Judging English sermons generally by the test of results, he is still less satisfied with them than with the prayers. He laments deeply over such a state of things; and mournfully reminds us that the final cause of a sermon is not to rock men to sleep. "Those," he says, "who wish to render intelligent as well as really reverent worship, cannot think too highly of the importance of good discourses." Such a man, a man whose soul is set upon "rendering intelligent worship," is evidently just the right man to act as Special Correspondent in America for an *Evangelical Magazine*; and it is very interesting to find that what he has hitherto failed to render in London, he has at last succeeded in rendering in New York.

Even in our conventional and monotonous Church of England there are many different modes of beginning divine worship. There is the unobtrusive mode, where the clergyman, wholly unattended, and altogether unnoticed by the congregation, strolls up the nave, much as he would stroll up the platform of a country railway-station, enters his reading-desk with about as much cere-

mony as he would get into an empty second-class carriage, and begins "I will arise" in a subdued and apologetic tone, as if he were really sorry to give his flock the trouble of standing up. There is the pompous mode, practised in some cathedrals, where the officiating dean or canon, preceded by the grammar-school boys, the choristers, the singing men, and the minor canons, just shows himself to an expectant audience in the doorway of the choir, and then, amid the thunders of the organ, and much rattling of brass rings, is obsequiously shut into a kind of carved closet by a black-robed attendant, and is sheltered from draught and from the impatient stares of tourists by an elaborate mechanism of red curtains. But these and all other modes of beginning service are commonplace compared with the mode of Mr. Beecher, as any reader may see from the following extract from the *Evangelical Magazine* :—

Throwing carelessly his soft felt hat by the side of his chair, Beecher sits down for a few moments, and looks over the notices and letters placed on the table. "He said that the tailor makes the man; but he has certainly had but little hand in making Beecher a minister. A dark blue coat, with velvet collar, a white vest, and a black tie cannot be said to be very clerical. No white tie or closely-buttoned waistcoat does he wear. Seated in his easy chair, he looks lazily round. If you are of his regular congregation, and absent, he will notice it. If you formerly attended his church, and have been away some time, when you return he will probably recognize you. A gentleman at present residing in England, but who when located at New York was a member of the Plymouth Church, told me he had been away several years, and then having to visit New York went on Sunday morning and took his old seat in the gallery. After a time he saw Beecher, as was his custom, running his eye over the crowded rows of people. It was passing the spot where he sat when it rested a moment on his face. Beecher put his finger to his forehead while he strove to recall the name. He remembered it and gave a smile of recognition. Afterwards, in the vestry, he gave him a warm welcome, and told him that he really remembered him. "How," said my friend to me, "can one help loving a man who forgets you not after years of absence, but singles you out in a crowded audience, and at a time when his mind must necessarily have been filled with other pressing thoughts?"

The boldest Church reformer, the man who is willing to make the greatest changes in our forms of worship for the purpose of getting folks to church, may well despair when he reads this description. We may throw overboard this formulary and curtail that ceremony; liberal clergymen and devout laymen may meet together in half the great towns in the kingdom, and may discuss how to make our services popular; but if Mr. Beecher's mode of opening public worship is the only mode which seems thoroughly satisfactory to the Correspondent and subscribers of the *Evangelical Magazine*, what is the use of all our tinkering? A worshipper who is unable to maintain the "praying spirit" unless his prayers are "led" by a gentleman in a blue coat and velvet collar, and who considers the minister "cold" unless he winks at him when he catches his eye, is certainly not to be won over to churchmanship by any Church reforms that are likely to take place in our generation. English clergymen must be taken from a very different social class from that from which they now spring before we can hope to screw them up to Mr. Beecher's mark. It is possible that some clergyman who is prepared to sacrifice himself, and to depart from the ordinary routine of clerical customs and costume, might be found willing, for the sake of winning souls, to wear "a white vest" and a black tie instead of the customary black waistcoat and white tie. It is even conceivable that one of heroic mould might consent to try the effect of a dark blue coat and velvet collar. But we fear that none of the present race of English clergymen could ever be induced to bring his wide-awake into church and to fling it down by the reading-desk; or to loll back in his stall and stare lazily at the ladies and gentlemen in the front nave seats. But if there should be any bold spirit prepared to adopt the Plymouth programme on any approaching Sunday, we venture to suggest that he should introduce a few variations, conceived entirely in Mr. Beecher's spirit, but adapted to the particular conditions of an English Church. Let him, on sitting down in the most comfortable stall he can select to represent Mr. Beecher's "easy-chair," and after looking through the "notices and letters" placed for him on the reading-desk, call up his senior curate and give him directions about answering some, and placing others in the waste-paper basket, to be handed by the senior churchwarden. While this is proceeding, let his junior curate inform him that he notices the butcher and grocer in their places in the north aisle, and inquire whether he has any orders for those tradesmen; and as soon as the requisite responses have been made to this inquiry, let the junior churchwarden, assisted, so far as may be necessary, by sidesmen or lay deacons, bring him his cup of coffee, his roll, and his copy of the *Guardian* or *Record*. Any one can see that such a mode of opening divine service would be quite in harmony with the great Beecher conception; and we have no doubt that, if duly advertised in the *Daily Telegraph* for two or three preceding days, it would draw many to church who are seldom seen there, and would therefore, of course, tend to the propagation of piety.

The only respect in which Mr. Beecher appears at all to cling to the antiquated formalism of our church arrangements is in the retention of the term *vestry* for the private anteroom attached to his church. It is evident that a minister who both preaches and prays in a white vest, a blue coat, and a velvet collar, and who even brings his hat into church and flings it on the floor, can have no use for a vestry in the proper sense of the term. And as he has already converted the reading-desk, pulpit, and lectern into the tables of common life, and for the stalls has substituted the ordinary "easy-chair," it is difficult to see why he should maintain the term *vestry* for the reception-room in which he so

cordially welcomed the gentleman from England. Would it not be better, and at any rate more satisfactory to the *Evangelical Magazine*, that he should logically follow up the analogy of his tables and of his easy-chair, and call his vestry a lobby?

Language almost fails the Correspondent of the *Evangelical Magazine* in his efforts to describe the merits of Mr. Beecher's prayers on the occasion of his visit to Plymouth Church. The most opposite and the most wonderful qualities seem to have been combined and blended in them. "They were fresh, warm, pulsating, reverent, God-ward breathings." The union of freshness and warmth, rarer in nature and in works of art than that even of sweetness and light, the happy mixture of pulsation with reverence wherewith Mr. Beecher "leads extemporaneously the devotions of his people," are very wonderful, and we fear that our Book of Common Prayer, much as it has been admired, and largely as it is now used even by the most eloquent Dissenting ministers, can hardly claim to display so much talent on any of its pages. Most of its prayers are undoubtedly "reverent"; and many of them, we hope, possess the occult quality of "God-wardness." Some of those in the Litany might, we think, fairly be called "warm," and others, such as some in the Baptismal Service, have always seemed to our prejudiced minds delightfully fresh. It is even possible that, if we knew exactly what it meant, we might find "pulsation" in some of them. But we should find it very difficult to name any prayer which combines all those qualities in the way in which Mr. Beecher is described as combining them. The Correspondent would have done us a real benefit if he could have copied out one of these prayers verbatim in his interesting paper; though, perhaps, after all, even one of Mr. Beecher's prayers would lose much of its effect on a congregation unless "led" in the appropriate costume—the white vest, the blue coat, and the velvet collar.

The crowning act of Mr. Beecher's ministrations, as of course it must be of all "intelligent worship," is the sermon; and the Correspondent gives a very full account of the specimen which he heard, which he says was a very fine one. We shall not attempt to describe this sermon, but shall simply give one extract from the Correspondent's description:—

Thus he illustrated his dislike to the practice of forcing too many doctrines into the small brains of children. It was oftentimes as an over-anxious mother might act if, when her child should be going out to a picnic, she should say to the servant, "Bring down the great trunk to put in all Edith's dresses." Edith comes in. "What for are you putting my dresses in that trunk, mother?" "Getting them ready for you to take with you to to-morrow's picnic." "But I shall not want more than my pink dress; let me leave the rest at home. I shall only be out for one day." "No no, my child; you do not know what you will need; and if these things do not come in useful to-morrow, they will some time; besides, they are all ready, and you must take them." The child takes the trunk, is cumbered with it all day, brings it home, keeps it unopened a long time, and when several years after she opens it, thinking to take out something that may be fitting to wear, finds that all the dresses are too small, and wonderfully old-fashioned.

We feel it a privilege to have preserved for our readers this magnificent specimen of easy-chair oratory; and we feel sure that, after reading it over, they will be able to sympathize with the Correspondent of the *Evangelical Magazine*, when he exclaims in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, "Go to sleep in Beecher's church!—as little as would a lady in a draper's shop anxiously balancing the suitability and prices of different silks!" Those who, after this, do not long to join the blessed band of Beecherites must be suffering from something worse than invincible prejudice.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN JEWELRY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE Loan Exhibition of Jewelry and Personal Ornaments at the South Kensington Museum is one of very great interest. Perhaps not so attractive to the many as its more glittering modern rival on the other side of Exhibition Road, it is far more instructive to the art student, the historian, and the antiquary. We have indeed heard expressions of disappointment at its dullness, and it may be wanting in sensational effect from the absence of that which makes Regent and Bond Street shops so attractive to the superficial observer. Not that there is any lack of costly precious stones, those beautiful natural productions enhanced by art which excite a dreamy notion of indefinite value, and which have exerted from earliest time so powerful an influence over the cupidity of princes and of people; but that, in truth, the difficulties and artistic merits of the goldsmith's handicraft, and the nature and qualities, the varieties and excellences, of gems and jewels, are superficially estimated and little understood by the majority even of educated persons. Those who would care to enlarge their knowledge in this direction have an admirable opportunity presented to them by this exhibition, guided by Mr. Soden Smith's excellent, but too hastily prepared, Catalogue. The collection itself is conveniently arranged in upright cases, occupying that gallery of the Museum which our fair readers will recollect to have been appropriated last year to the show of Fans.

We can only attempt to glance at some of the more important objects, and we shall begin our examination, as does the Catalogue, with the first case presented to our view on entering from the staircase. This commencement is moreover chronological; and here we find those remarkable Italo-Greek objects shown by their fortunate possessor, Mrs. Burt. Two *fibulae* of thin repoussé gold, formed as lions, are among the

largest of this class of ornament which have descended to us. A wreath of golden leaves, a noble ornament from Canosa; an Italo-Greek necklace of granulated beads (11) of very fine workmanship, as also (15) an ornament of gold of exquisite delicacy; and a rich display of earrings, many of remarkable design, are contributed by Mrs. Burt. Antique Egyptian jewelry is but poorly represented, almost the only characteristic piece being an inlaid *scarabæus* in the same case, belonging to Mr. Gee. The Museum specimens which have been brought upstairs for this occasion (comprised under 31) are public property, always open to view, and therefore need not be particularized. Among those belonging to the Rev. Montague Taylor (32) are examples of very fine work. Colonel Lane Fox shows some interesting objects from Idaliun (39). A pair of earrings and a gold pendant of *opus interrasile*, set with true emeralds (43-4), are of later Roman times, and date from the third century; they are good examples of the use of that stone (probably from the mines of Coptos), the knowledge of which, previously to the discovery of America, has been doubted by some writers; they are the property of Mrs. John Holland.

Not very attractive, but highly interesting, is the series of bronze ornaments inlaid with enamel, which are shown by that assiduous antiquary, Mr. John Evans, under Nos. 50-51. This style of ornament was in favour during the later Roman period, and seems to have been greatly developed in England, where examples of it frequently occur in Romano-Celtic graves. The examination of these leads us to Mr. Evans's important collection of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon ornaments, which, with the Merovingian, are arranged in the next division of the Catalogue. We must not, however, pass without a glance at Mr. Westropp's series of penannular *fibulae* (55). Colonel Lane Fox and Mr. Evans are the great contributors. Note the lunette ornaments, and the massive torques, the trumpet-ended *fibulae*, and so-called ring-money (73, 76, &c.). Note also Macleod of Cadbold and Colonel Fox's Irish-Celtic brooches (80, 85, 86). Of Saxon workmanship in the Merovingian manner are the buckle (96) found at Tostock, the cross (98) found at Stanton, with the finely-worked *fibula* (93), and Earl Amherst's brooch (101\*), from Thanet. But the choicest example of the goldsmith's art, of Saxon or of Celt, is the portion of a dagger hilt (97) found near Windsor, and ornamented on a silver panel sunk in the bronze, with interlacing serpents, and foliated network of marvellous execution. We must not leave this case without noticing the rude ornaments from Western Africa, and from old Indian graves in Columbia.

A total change came over the spirit of the goldsmith's art at the period of the Renaissance. With the exception of a few rings, of which anon, this collection affords but little to illustrate the personal ornaments in use during the period intervening between the seventh and fifteenth centuries, a period of the darkest decadence, succeeded by the Gothic revival. Even of the fifteenth century we have few examples, and we find little to claim attention till the full tide of the *bel cinque cento* had set in, abundant in its productions of the richest ornamental character, and leaving to us many of its gorgeous jewels as its art receded from a less vigorous and less artistic taste. The objects exhibited of this period are rich and rare. The list begins with the Darnley jewel, contributed by Her Majesty, more remarkable for its historical authenticity than for its beauty of design, although the workmanship is excellent. It was made for the Lady Margaret Douglas, mother of Darnley, about 1576. Her Majesty also contributes a pendant formed as a mermaid. Singular for curious contrivance and rich ornamentation is that belonging to Mrs. Gordon Canning (131), formed of a portion of the arm-bone probably of a saint, which serves as a receptacle for other relics, and which is mounted in enamelled gold with precious stones, and figures of the Virgin and St. John. Another work of historic interest is the Penruddock jewel (134), a triangular pendant, set with a large sapphire, diamonds, rubies, &c. This was presented by Queen Katharine Parr to Sir George Penruddock about 1544. Again, the sapphire which occupies the centre of Lady Cork's star (137) is historical; having belonged to Elizabeth, and been conveyed by Robert Cary, who rode with it to Scotland, presenting it to James VI. as a token of her death. The jeweller's and painter's arts, as well as historic considerations, claim our attention to the three interesting and beautiful objects contributed by Lady Elizabeth Elliott Drake (143-5), to whom they have descended from the Admiral. One contains Hilliard's portrait of Drake, painted in 1581. Another is the noble jewel given by Queen Elizabeth in 1579 to the conqueror of the Armada, consisting of a richly enamelled and jewelled pendant, containing a portrait of the Queen by Hilliard, behind a finely executed cameo on one of those choice sardonyx which have descended to us from Roman times. The third was also a gift from Elizabeth to the Admiral, a star-shaped pendant set with precious stones, the central ruby engraved with the Royal orb and cross, and on the other side a smaller miniature of the Queen by Hilliard. The Hunadon is another specimen of the finest quality of sardonyx, of unknown origin, but which, acquired by the Romans of Imperial times, were worked upon by some of the glyptic artists of the sixteenth century. This noble stone has been elaborately cut in cameo to represent the subject of Perseus and Andromeda. Lady Fitzhardinge is also the fortunate owner of the enamelled gold-bound prayer-book which Elizabeth wore at her girdle, and which contains the young King Edward's last prayer, written, it is believed, in Elizabeth's own hand.



But we must not dwell too long on the many fine pieces of enamelled jewelry. Passing several worthy of remark, we stop again at that exhibited by the Empress Eugénie—an open work pendant, of the most careful and finished execution and elegant design (158), said to have been worn by Henri II. Even among these choice examples Mr. Beresford Hope's ewer rises as a giant, though it is not more admirable than the enamelled gold missal cover (159) possessed by the Museum, and said to have belonged to Henrietta Maria. But perhaps the most elaborate work of this period is the necklet (165), a marvel in artistic design and minute execution of enamelled subjects, modelled in high relief. Its excellent preservation is remarkable. Lady Mount-Charles also shows one of the most elegant pendants (212), "Venus and Cupid in the Temple of Love."

Continuing our examination of the cases in that line, we pass by the Hungarian and Albanian mantle clasps, Brandenburgs, and other ornaments, and find ourselves in face of the Marlborough gems—too serious a matter to encounter within our present limits. The Devonshire gems are in the room beyond, with a wealth of finger rings to which we must return. Precious stones in all varieties are to be seen in the Hope and Townshend collections, but there are other contributors of rich treasures. Large brilliants are shown by Col. Dawson Damer, and the star, aigrette, and turban ornament of rose diamonds belonging to Lady Elphinstone are interesting as having been presented by the Sultan Selim III. to Lord Keith in 1801. Lady Sinclair's brilliant suite must excite envy until eclipsed by that belonging to the Duke of Portland (747-50). Messrs. Garrard contribute some very remarkable precious stones—brilliants of various colour, a priceless pearl of perfect form weighing 124 grains, sapphires, a charming cat's-eye, and ornaments of rich material and excellent design. There are but few examples of asterias corundum, of the rarer ruby, or the sapphire tint; one of the latter and more frequent colour (769) belongs to Mrs. R. Temple Frere. This curious variety, which shows a six-rayed star when placed in brilliant light, would be more highly prized if better known. The Orientals, who esteem it highly, have a curious myth:—

One morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Heaven sat disconsolate.

For some unusual peccadillo, offended Allah had condemned her to everlasting imprisonment in the coldest stone; there she is shining still, a brilliant star glittering from the midst of a jewel which is colder to the touch than any other crystal. We ought not to omit here the interesting series of coloured stones exhibited by Professor Church under No. 815.

Ornaments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are abundantly represented. A Venetian neck-chain of the sixteenth century (174), "formed of hollow gold beads covered with minute circles of wire soldered on," is remarkable, and is placed among the works of more recent date. Hereabouts, also, are some fine modern works, as Castellani's copy of the Cumæ Corona (582), and others by the same artist. Lady Llanover's memorial clasp, given by William III. on the death of Mary to Ann Granville, is of a style of ornament of purely English character, much in vogue at that period for snaps, rings, &c., accompanied by black and white enamelling. There are some pretty devices among the Spanish ornaments of the last century exhibited by Sir Digby Wyatt, parallel in their rococo character to the Norman and some other European peasant jewelry, of which there is a rather superabundant supply. Pretty and gay as they may be, we prefer the stricter elegance of our English ornaments of the last century, imbued with the spirit which inspired Wedgwood and Flaxman; of such are some included under Nos. 348-50, &c., the property of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. The watches are not numerous; Sir R. Wallace shows some of early French make; but the richest is No. 465, belonging to the Countess of Cork, and made by Breguet for the First Napoleon. We must pass by chatelaines, a rich assortment; the boxes and bonbonnières, to which the Princess Mary of Teck contributes, and the badges, among which richly jewelled "Georges" are conspicuous; as also the rather heterogeneous contents of the immediate cases. But we cannot refrain from marking (669) a bracelet set with enamel portrait of George IV. as a characteristic example of the depth of artistic degradation in jewelry to which we had fallen in 1825. Of Renaissance and recent cameo cutting on rare material may be noted some huge emeralds carved with Medusa's head; the same subject, an admirable work by Pistrucci, on a piece of red jasper of such surprising evenness of colour as to make one suspicious of paste; and (595) a fine work by Girometti on turquoise.

We move on to the Oriental department of the exhibition, where we shall find the direct descendants of that art a collateral branch of which probably inspired the antique works which first engaged our attention. Among the Indian, Egyptian, and other African ornaments we shall find the *motives* and the methods of manipulation still surviving, which were probably the ancestors of Greek and Etruscan jewelry. Let the visitor examine those from Nubia and Upper Egypt; from the West African coast; from Damascus; Upper India, and Ceylon. Her Majesty exhibits fine examples from India, rich in cabuchon emeralds, in pearl, and diamonds (1156-61); and the crown of Theodore from Abyssinia. There are some gorgeous bangles, and some of admirable metal-work. Miss C. M. Powys shows specimens of the fine gold and green enamel work (1189). Mrs. Alfred Morrison is a rich contributor to this and other sections, and

Sir Digby Wyatt's specimens are numerous. Mrs. MacCallum shows Egyptian and Arabian silver work of great variety.

Weary with looking and admiring, we yet must enter the further room, in which the Devonshire gems are exhibited, and where we shall also find the *Dactylothece* of this Exhibition. Here is enough indeed to stimulate the flagging energies of the true amateur and archaeologist. The Rev. Montague Taylor shows some antiques of great beauty, and Mr. Drury Fortnum contributes others, twenty-two of which are in their original settings as finger rings. Here we notice, as also among the Devonshire gems, palpable refutations of some dogmas advanced by a learned writer in the first edition of his erudite work on *Antique Gems*. Of finger rings we have all those as yet arranged of the Waterton collection, now belonging to the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Soden Smith sends a numerous and highly interesting series, centered by his *Cheval de bataille* (894), an Anglo-Saxon found near Covent Garden. Note also (887) a massive Roman found in Sussex, and (901) a charming ring, probably of the fourteenth century; the episcopal, memorial, aigret, and English fifteenth-century rings; the puzzle and posy are also noteworthy. Mr. John Evans sends forty-nine rings, many of which were found in England; Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, episcopal, iconographic. Mr. Beck sends, among others, that supposed to have been Fair Rosamond's. Mr. Drury Fortnum contributes from his numerous series a selection commencing with early Christian of the third century of our era and ending with the last century. Among these are several rarities, and the fashion of that ornament is illustrated by examples of Byzantine, Saxon, and Carolingian; a series of six of the fourteenth century found together are singular for their form, some having projecting bunches of pearl an inch in height. There are also Renaissance specimens, some of great elegance; note also (17) an Italian of the fifteenth century, set with a diamond, perhaps one of the first cut in Europe. No. 16 is a Templar's ring. The Duke of Richmond shows some elegant rings of the last century, and Mr. S. W. Singer a fine series with posies. We have reserved to the last two of unusual interest. One belonging to Captain Spratt, found on the same spot and at the same time as that statue, is believed to have adorned the Venus de Milos; the other (864), probably of Celtic, and admirable workmanship, though possibly under Saxon influence, and ornamented with niello, corded wire, and inserted pastes, belongs to Lady Fitzhardinge.

The errors connected with this highly interesting Exhibition are not its own. Greater time given to the classification and arrangement would have rendered its study more easy and more satisfactory. Excellent as is the Catalogue, it is wanting in more definite classification, a fault probably arising from overhaste in its preparation. We would direct particular attention to the concise, but very able, introductory notice, conveying a large amount of information in a small space.

#### THE OPERA SEASON.

NEW amateurs will assert that the operatic season of 1872 has been, on the whole, one of great excitement. It would perhaps be too much to expect from the directors of such costly speculations as the Italian Operas that they should abandon the established routine, and escape from the groove in which hitherto, year after year, they have moved with undisturbed complacency. On the other hand they might frankly state their case, and thus at least earn a reputation for having the courage of their opinions. Why, before they open their doors to the public, do they issue prospectuses containing, in the majority of instances, so many pledges which they must be aware will never be redeemed? The consequence is that an atmosphere of fiction envelops the doings at our Italian Operas, which is anything but creditable to their promoters. If managers are persuaded that their subscribers in particular and the public in general will be satisfied with hearing certain popular singers (*prima donnas* especially), there is no imaginable reason why they should hold out further inducements. Let it be understood that Madame Adelina Patti will perform in a series of familiar operas, Madame Pauline Lucas in another series, Madlle. Christine Nilsson in another, and so on; subscribers will then, knowing what they are to expect, have no just cause of complaint. We are at a loss to conceive why the prospectus of an operatic undertaking should not be a document planned and drawn up in as much good faith as the prospectus of any other kind of business enterprise; but that this rarely happens, and that an opera prospectus must invariably be taken *cum grano salis*—in other words, looked upon in a great measure as rather a statement of possibilities than of probabilities—is notorious. The subject, however, is well nigh exhausted, and to discuss it further would be a mere waste of words. We can see, indeed, little chance of reform. Meanwhile, the "high salutin" about our Italian Opera-houses being "temples of art," &c., should be abolished as preposterous. Let them be regarded as what they are, what they have been for a long period, and what there appears every likelihood of their remaining for a period just as long—simply, places of relaxation and amusement, with which art in its highest and noblest demonstrations has little or nothing to do. If a great work, by some inexplicable chance, is revived, it is pretty sure to meet with such

scant encouragement from habitual subscribers that it is impossible to let the outside public become intimately acquainted with it, except at so serious a temporary loss, that managers, who have seldom themselves the gift of appreciation, cannot from their own commercial point of view see their way to continuing the performance. Of this we had an example in Cherubini's *Medea*—certainly among the grandest and sublimest of lyric dramas; and, only just now we have had another, in the same composer's *Deux Journées*, which, though produced at Her Majesty's Opera with the utmost care, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who never gained laurels more honourably, was played once, and then thrown aside. The pure and simple story, the natural though scientific music, counted for little or nothing. True, *Medea* given several times, and repeated in after seasons, was happy in a representative of the heroine-like Madlle. Tietjens, who had all the requisites for the part, dramatically and vocally; whereas when the same gifted lady took upon her to assume the character of Constanze in the *Deux Journées*, the illusion had vanished.

Singula de nobis anni præstantur cunctis.

Madlle. Tietjens was just as ill fitted for the young wife of Armand as she was well fitted for the matronly and terrific spouse of Jason. Nevertheless, although she could neither look nor act the part, she sang the music of Constanze like the admirable musician she is; and, in short, the execution of Cherubini's opera was almost in every respect irreproachable. Yet it obtained so higid a reception from subscribers that Mr. Mapleson, wise in his generation, shelved it there and then; and to the public—the paying public of galleries and pit (when pit there is)—not a chance was vouchsafed of judging Cherubini's opera. Yet all the incidents of the operatic season put together sink into insignificance when compared with the production of *Les Deux Journées*. Prima donnas—Patti, Nilsson, &c., with their grace, *fortitude*, and *roulade*—counted for naught in an artistic sense by the side of this performance of one of the greatest works of one of the greatest and most earnest of masters. And after all, who and what is Cherubini, that the time for appreciating him should have departed? Has his art grown old? By no means. His art is for younger, fresher, and more vigorous than that of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi. True, he does not stuff his operas full of exhibit on solo, and in fact he provides but rare opportunities for the egotistic display of singers of renown—wherein, by the way, he resembles Herr Wagner, though Cherubini is a Wagner with a sense of musical form and symmetry, which the actual Wagner does not possess, or at any rate systematically repudiates.

At the same time, it is useless denying that *Les Deux Journées*—the work of a man proclaimed by Haydn and Beethoven “greatest of dramatic composers”; about whom, thirty years later, Mendelssohn, looking over the newly published score of *Les Abencerrages*, said, “Here is a matchless old fellow!” and described by Schumann, as “that stern Florentine whom I often feel inclined to compare with Dante”—was received with such comparative indifference by a half-filled house as to dissuade Mr. Mapleson from repeating it. So poor a welcome accorded to this recognized masterpiece probably induced the director of Her Majesty's Opera to withdraw an opera of a very different kind, though hardly less a masterpiece in its way; and thus, of the two novelties announced in the prospectus, only enjoyed the advantage of a single performance, while the other (*Auber's Diamans de la Couronne*) was prudently laid aside. In revenge, Mr. Mapleson regaled his subscribers *ad nauseam* with some of the most hackneyed works of the common repertory—by which we mean the repertory common to himself and Mr. Gye. A reference to our last article on the Italian Operas (June 29) will show what these were; and when we add that, since we wrote, only two or three of the same calibre have been added, we may be spared further details. We shall have a word or two to say further on in addition to what has already been published about Mr. Mapleson's leading singers.

Whereas Mr. Mapleson had promised two novelties, one only of which was forthcoming, and that, as we have said, only on one occasion, Mr. Gye pledged himself to four. These were *Lohengrin*, *Il Guarany*, *Gelmina*, and *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. The operas of Wagner and Auber, first and last in the catalogue, would have been by many degrees the most interesting; but it was precisely these which, at the eleventh hour, were abandoned. Mr. Mapleson's excuse for withdrawing *Les Diamans de la Couronne* was sufficiently comic—to the purport, mainly, that the unprecedented support he had received during the season justified him in depriving his liberal patrons of one of the principal treats he had promised them. Another time, probably, if the public is less liberal, Mr. Mapleson may take a noble revenge, by keeping his promises. In justice to the director of Her Majesty's Opera, however, we must say that—like *Mignon*, *Donorah*, *Der Freischütz*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Anna Bolena*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and *Otello*, the *Diamans* was announced among the “novelties,” without any preliminary flourish of trumpets; only that, like the other operas enumerated, it was not given. Mr. Gye's announcement of *Lohengrin* was not merely a flourish, but in its way a curiosity—as those who have glanced at our first notice (May 4) of this season's operatic doings may remember. Mr. Gye, emboldened by the success of *Lohengrin* at Bologna and Florence (with Signor Campanini as the hero), came forward, valiantly, as Herr Wagner's champion, declaring that “the presentation of one of Herr Wagner's productions to his subscribers should not be delayed,” and that—having the requisite German singers at hand—he was “de-

termined to produce *Lohengrin* as soon as it was possible to complete the rehearsals.” Nevertheless *Lohengrin* put in no appearance, and, one by one, the Wagnerian singers, having been tried and found wanting in certain operas, not Wagner's, disappeared. Mr. Gye's chief reason for producing *Les Diamans de la Couronne* seems to have been that “no such suitable living artist for the part of Caterina could be found as Madame Adelina Patti.” And yet, while, according to the prospectus, the *Diamans* was “to be given soon after the arrival of Madame Patti” (who remained to the very end of the season), it was not brought out at all, if indeed it was at any time really in preparation. *Lohengrin* might possibly have proved as little of an attraction as *Les Deux Journées*, and Madame Patti may not have taken fondly to the part of Caterina in *Les Diamans*; but why make promises without a fair likelihood of their being carried out? *Gelmina* was a sorry substitute for either *Lohengrin* or *Les Diamans*. Auber's opera, with Adelina Patti as the heroine, might have been reckoned upon as a sure success; and curiosity alone, after the deafening storm of controversy which has been kept up incessantly by its composer and his disciples during the last quarter of a century, would in all probability have brought crowds to *Lohengrin*. Nor was *Il Guarany* much better than *Gelmina*. If Prince Poniatowski's work was flavoured with the ideas of other composers, that of M. Carlos Gomez, “the young Brazilian,” was saturated with them. Beyond a certain dashing effrontery, M. Gomez has yet everything to learn. He ought to burn wax tapers in commemoration of Meyerbeer and Verdi. The performance of *Il Guarany*—in which the chief characters were supported by Madlle. Sessi, Signors Nicolini, Cotogni, and Baggiolo, M. Faure, &c., with Signor Bevignani as conductor—was really good; and the *mise-en-scène*, although made up for the greater part of well-known materials (the *Africain*, &c.), was very striking; but this and much more could not give interest to soilly a libretto, or life to musical shreds and patches gathered here, there, and everywhere. On the whole we should greatly have preferred *Lohengrin* to *Gelmina*, and the *Diamans de la Couronne* to *Il Guarany*; so, we think, would the public. As far as *Lohengrin* is concerned, the many Wagnerians, German and English, in this country pined for it; the non-Wagnerists also pined for it—for a different reason; while curious spectators, indifferent to either side, pined for it no less, so great has been the commotion about Wagner, his works, his controversial books, and criticisms, &c., not to speak of his *Nibelungen* Trilogy, for the perfect representation of which a town must be enlarged, a vast theatre built, and a palatial residence erected expressly for the author. It was therefore mistaken policy on the part of Mr. Gye, having announced *Lohengrin*, not to bring it out; and a no less mistaken policy to announce it without the certainty of its being ready to hand when called for.

In our first notice of the Italian Operas a fair estimate was given of the resources, vocal, instrumental, &c., at either house; and in our second (June 29) we endeavoured to show what the principal singers had done up to that period. Little remains to be added; but, in order to make our record complete, we subjoin a list of the operas played, in the order of their production. At Mr. Gye's establishment we have had—*Faust e Margherita*, *La Sonnambula*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, *La Favorita*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *La Traviata*, *Hamlet*, *Martha*, *Fidelio*, *Donorah*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Giovanni*, *L'Africaine*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Rigolotto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Der Freischütz*, *Gelmina*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *I Fanciulli del Nord*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *Norma*, and *Il Guarany*. At Mr. Mapleson's we have had—*Fidelio*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Semiramide*, the *Huguenots*, *Don Pasquale*, *Faust*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Traviata*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Il Trovatore*, *Les Deux Journées* (*I due Giovanni*), *Rigolotto*, *Martha*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Thus at the Royal Italian Opera twenty-six operas have been given; at Her Majesty's Operas only sixteen. Mr. Gye kept his theatre open from seventeen to eighteen weeks; Mr. Mapleson kept his theatre open during sixteen. Mr. Gye had again two conductors—Signors Vianesi and Bevignani; Mr. Mapleson had only one conductor, Sir Michael Costa—worth (not to pay him a very high compliment) the two put together. It cannot, however, be denied that Mr. Gye offered more variety to his subscribers than Mr. Mapleson to his; and it is to be questioned whether the superiority of Mr. Mapleson's orchestra would have much weight with a quasi-ignorant public, who go in crowds to such a piece of threadbare trumpery as *Martha*, because Madlle. Nilsson sings “The Last Rose of Summer,” and turn their backs upon *Les Deux Journées*, a piece in which Benvenuto Cellini, had he been enough of a musician, would have revelled—for a subtler piece of artistic musical chiselling does not exist.

The list of operas cited above will suffice to show that the great singers upon whose performances we dwell at large in our last notice have had little more to do that is worth recording. Madame Adelina Patti, as usual one of the chief attractions of Mr. Gye's season, has again attempted to show that no character—it matters not for what calibre of voice intended—is beyond her means; and thus, for the second time she has merely proved that she can no more rival Madame Pauline Lucca as *Valentine* in the *Huguenots*, than Madame Lucca can hope to rival Madame Patti as *Rosina* in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*.

Quam solit uterque — extorcent artem.

In certain—nay, in very many—characters Madame Patti is wholly unapproachable; why should she not then be satisfied to

shine alone in her sphere? There are parts beyond her physical means. Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, is one of them, and Leonora, in the *Troubadour*, another. In both operas her performance is poetical and intellectual; but if she does not wish to impair the unequalled beauty of her voice, she should, as much as possible, eschew Verdi and Meyerbeer. Even in *Dinorah*, though with the single exception of Madlle. Ilma di Muraka, Madame Patti is beyond all compare the best representative of a half-demented maiden we have seen, her exertions are evident; and the same observation applies to her Caterina, in *L'Étoile du Nord*—piquant, characteristic, and finished a performance as it undoubtedly is from beginning to end. Madame Patti is one of the most consummate lyric artists since Malibran, and to strain so precious a voice as hers is neither more nor less than high treason against music. Among Mr. Gye's now singers this year the one who has made a genuine impression is Madlle. Emma Albani. We thought favourably of her from the beginning, and are glad to find our early belief confirmed. The young French Canadian lady has succeeded beyond question, and is already a favourite with the English public. To say more about Mr. Gye's company—a strong one, it must be owned, in every department—would involve needless repetition.

Of Mr. Mapleson's chief singers we have also already spoken at length. It remains to add that Madlle. Christine Nilsson—engaged, it is stated, at an enormous salary, no less than 200*l.* a night, exactly 40*l.* more than is received by Madame Patti (how can operatic managers exist with such salaries to pay?)—although she appeared sixteen times, only sang in five parts during the entire season. In these five parts—Violetta (*La Traviata*), Margaret (*Faust*), Lucia di Lammermoor, Martha, and Cherubino (*Le Nozze*), Madlle. Nilsson has been seen and heard over and over again. Her two years in America have by no means improved her voice, and by no means added refinement to her style; on the contrary, they have manifestly deteriorated both. This is to be regretted, because Madlle. Nilsson, when she first appeared among us, was one of the most charming artists on the lyric boards, fascinating as much by her unaffected graceful manner as by the exquisite beauty of her voice and the purity of her method. We are at a loss to understand the metamorphosis, but it has been a subject of general comment, and it would be useless to seem blind (or deaf) to it. Pity that Madlle. Nilsson was limited to some half-dozen well-worn characters, without the opportunity of once again appearing as Desdemona, Ophelia, and Mignon, through which her reputation was so greatly enhanced during her last visit to London!

Mr. Mapleson's new tenor, Signor Campanini, has at the very best but half maintained his position. He is no Gunglioni—that is certain; far less is he a Mario. At the same time, he has qualities which, if discreetly managed, ought still to help him to attain a high rank in his profession. But he is apparently negligent—sometimes singing admirably, at other times indifferently, at others even badly. Signor Campanini cannot afford to rest upon the laurels so brilliantly earned on the night of his first appearance as Gennaro, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Mado. Tietjens and Signor Rota (the new baritone, who has a somewhat disappointed expectation). The unanimous praises awarded on that occasion should have spurred him on to increased exertion.

About Mr. Mapleson's other leading vocalists, we can only say that Madlle. Marimon sings more than ever like a bird, and acts more than ever like an automaton; that the American *prima donna*, Madlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, has had, and, what is more, merited, a genuine success, upon which she virtually put the seal by her excellent portrayal of Susanna, in Mozart's incomparable *Nozze di Figaro*—the other chief parts being sustained by Madlle. Tietjens (the Countess), Madlle. Nilsson (Cherubino), Signor Rota (the Count), Signor Agnesi (Ligaro), and Signor Borella (Bartolo). About this representation we may fairly add that, thanks to the care and ability of Sir Michael Costa, a finer ensemble has rarely been attained under any circumstances. The performance of *Le Nozze* and that of *Les Deux Journées* would alone have made the season of 1872 at Her Majesty's Opera, memorable.

We might write more about both operas; but we have written enough, and must conclude with the expression of a hope that next year we may hear *Lohengrin* (to settle philosophic doubts), at one theatre, and *Les Deux Journées* (for the sake of "abstract music"), at the other.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE play which Mr. Tom Taylor has supplied to the Queen's Theatre might, like some other recent pieces of the same author, have been improved by taking a little more trouble. The principal object doubtless was to provide parts for Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, and if they are intending to carry this play with them upon a tour, it is perhaps convenient that they should require as little as possible of the assistance of other artists. There is really nothing that is not either trivial or disagreeable except the two leading parts, and the comic business would be hardly tolerable in one of those farces which precede or follow the principal entertainment of the evening, and which nobody need see who is not so disposed. The conception of the play is fine, and if neither Mr. Bandmann nor his associates are equal to the grandeur of the prologue, we must allow that the task imposed on them is very difficult. The time of action of this pro-

logue is the year 1805, and the place is the head-quarters of the French Imperial Guard on the night before the battle of Austerlitz. By a venial departure from historic truth these head-quarters are placed at Brunn, and the shouts of the French army as Napoleon rides along its line are supposed to be heard within a castellated structure which affords to the scene-painter more scope than he would have found in the field-hivonak of reality. Happily the dramatist has had the discretion to abstain from bringing upon the boards Napoleon and his Marshals. Even Murat is only talked about without being seen, and besides the Colonel of Cuirassiers, whom Mr. Bandmann undertakes, the only military celebrity who actually appears is a sergeant of the same regiment, who swears awfully at the notion of being despatched on the eve of battle to Berlin. The Colonel, it should be observed, has brought his wife with him to Brunn, and she has contrived to get him ordered on diplomatic business as a means of preserving him from the danger of the impending battle. The sergeant is ordered to ride on this peaceful errand with his master, and they express emphatically, each after his own fashion, vehement displeasure at this arrangement. A professional diplomatist arriving at this moment offers to undertake the business at Berlin, so as to leave the Colonel free to lead his regiment into action, and the sergeant free to follow him. The Colonel goes off to seek an interview with the Emperor, and returns triumphantly with his sanction to the proposed arrangement. The Colonel's wife, whose scheme for her husband's safety is thus frustrated, is obliged to share, or seem to share, his anxiety for glory. They take of course a pathetic farewell, at which their little daughter assists, and it is not the author's fault that Homer has represented a similar scene before him. The modern Hector is not a particularly military personage, and his size and bulk suggest that he will need a weight-carrying charger if he really means to lead his regiment next day. His soldiery, like his English, is manifestly required for the occasion, and lacks the spontaneous ease which only and long familiarity alone can give. The idea of this prologue is, however, good. The genius of Napoleon was at that moment preparing one of his greatest triumphs which he announced beforehand to his army. At nine o'clock in the evening he passed along the whole length of his line, for the double purpose of judging the direction of the enemy's forces and of animating his troops. He had first issued to them a proclamation, not only promising them victory, but even explaining to them the manoeuvre by which he was to obtain it. The news of his presence before the front of the *corps d'armée*, passing from one to the other like electricity, reached the extremity of the line. By a spontaneous movement the troops, raising bundles of blazing straw on poles, produced a novel and imposing illumination, while their shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" carried proof to the enemy's camp of the enthusiasm which his presence had inspired. It took him not half an hour to pass along the line, and the splendour *éclat* during the short hours of repose. At four o'clock Napoleon was again on horseback. The moon had gone down, and the night was cold and dark, though the weather was fair. The reports which now and then indicated that the allies were continuing the movement which would give him the expected opportunity. At half of day a light fog obscured the horizon. Suddenly the fog cleared away. The camp of Austerlitz began to glow with fire, the heights of Pratzen, lately covered with Russian-Austrian troops, and now abandoned to Napoleon's meditated advance. As he rode toward Soult's corps, which he intended to make the decisive attack, he tells the soldiers that the enemy has imprudently exposed himself, and bids them close the campaign by a clap of thunder. Napoleon had a fine instinct for stage effect as well as tactics. The battle of Austerlitz was very like a play, and therefore a play may with some propriety be founded on the battle. The calm confidence of the Emperor, the enthusiasm of the army, the shouts and the illumination are a subject on which a dramatist of ancient Greece or modern France would have composed some hundreds of resounding lines. But Mr. Tom Taylor knows his business as an English playwright, and does not expend poetic ornament where it would only probably be thrown away. He could doubtless have written good blank verse upon this as he has done upon other inspiring themes, but he would have to find first a person to speak it, and secondly other persons to listen to it. We hear shouts and trumpet-calls, and see rather a feeble imitation of "boot and saddle" among the Colonel's troopers, upon which the curtain falls. We know from history that the Russian Cuirassiers of the Guard overthrew a battalion of French infantry and carried off its eagle. Napoleon directed to this point Bessières with the cavalry of his Guard, and ordered him to charge. The Russian cavalry, after a most honourable defence, yielded, and the play, when it begins, informs us that Colonel de Maurienne received a sabre-cut on the head while leading his regiment in this charge, and was left upon the field as dead.

The play suits Mr. Bandmann better than the prologue. The Colonel regained consciousness when actually lying in the trench for burial, among those who were dead beyond recovery. His wound healed, and he begged his way from Brunn to Strasburg, and entered by that Gate of Austerlitz where still, in mournful contrast between the generalship of the first and the third Napoleon, a handpost points the road "à Vienne." Arrived in France, the dead-alive asserts that he is Count de Maurienne, Colonel of the Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, who was returned as killed at Austerlitz. He is treated as the victim of an insane delusion, and makes the round of the madhouses of France. Between wandering and confinement eighteen years have passed, and when he makes his way to Paris

his wife has married again and since died, and his daughter is grown to womanhood, and is entertaining the first germs of passion for a young doctor, under whose care her unknown father has been at Charenton. The villain of the play is the diplomatist, now a Duke, who undertook the mission to Berlin, and thus provided De Maurienne with the opportunity of which he availed himself to get knocked upon the head. The Duke married the widow, is guardian to the daughter, and testifies a disposition to stick to the family estates. The claim advanced by De Maurienne is treated as evidence of a fresh access of insanity, and his daughter is prevailed upon to assist the young doctor in luring her father back to Charenton, under the pretence that he is being acknowledged and restored to his own home in Paris. There is much pathos in the situation when the father finds that his daughter joins in the general belief that he is a madman, but his soliloquy is marred by the grotesque apparition of a keeper with a strait-waistcoat. Afterwards the Count, despairing of escape from Charenton, obtains poison and is about to drink it, when his daughter and the doctor appear to ask his pardon and his blessing. Documents attesting the recovery of the dead-alive in the Hospital of Brunn are discovered in an old knapsack by the agency of the comic characters of the play, and the wicked Duke's machinations are defeated. There is much to praise in the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, as father and daughter, in these scenes in the Asylum. We wish that the author could have made a better play upon so good a subject, but if a conveniently portable article was required for a tour round the world, he has supplied the want.

Many of the theatres have now closed for a short recess, and when they reopen, which may be early in September, the winter season will, in theatrical parlance, have begun. As Mr. Boucicault has said, there are always enough people in London to fill a theatre if they can only be drawn into it. There are many features of the past season which may be reviewed with satisfaction. The success of *Pygmalion and Galatea* at the Haymarket, which was chiefly due to the acting of Miss Robertson, shows that the public is ready to recognize and reward merit, even when it takes an unusual method to display itself. A drama founded on a classical subject would appear unsuitable alike to the taste of the audience and the capacity of the company at this theatre, but nevertheless this drama was performed for many months to full houses with unbounded applause. Another great and legitimate success was attained by the revival at the Vaudeville Theatre of *London Assurance*. All the parts in this amusing comedy were well played, and some of them very well indeed. Whatever Mr. Boucicault may have written or acted recently, it ought never to be forgotten that he supplied the stage with a play that is always certain to be successful if a company can be found to act it. This play has only recently been withdrawn, and the same company, with some additions, has produced *The School for Scandal*, which bids fair to amalgamate the summer and winter seasons into one. Those unfortunate persons who are doomed to spend the month of August in London may obtain some mitigation of their misery by going to see Mr. W. Farren in the part which his father used to play so admirably. The success of the scene in the study was most largely due to Mr. W. Farren, but Miss Fawcett, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. H. Neville also deserved and earned an ample measure of applause. Indeed the applause was manifestly restrained in order that not a word or gesture of this excellent performance might be lost by the attentive audience. There is scarcely one of the parts in this play that is not well acted; the defects are small, the merits are great and varied, and the general result is a complete and well-deserved success. The managers, who contribute their full share to the effect of the scandal-mongering scenes, are probably satisfied, by nightly evidence of their success, that the promised production of *Money* may be indefinitely postponed. We spoke some weeks ago of the performance of Lord Lytton's play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and we can only repeat the expression of our satisfaction at the success of that establishment, which has been due to the production of good plays, well acted. Another house which has done a high class of business with fair encouragement is the Court Theatre. The manager has not, we think, been always happy in the choice of plays, but the revival of a comedy, by Mr. Falconer called *Extremes* has fitted the company accurately, and has afforded great and manifest satisfaction to the audience. That meritorious actor, Mr. Vezin, was seen to better advantage than he had lately been, and Mrs. Stephens and Mr. Righton, as the widow and son of a Lancashire farmer who have come into an enormous fortune, were very amusing. It is not perhaps a high compliment to say that this comedy was much more laughable than the burlesque which followed it. The fun, such as it was, of seeing Mr. Righton enact a parody of Mr. Irving in the *Bells* must have been pretty well worn out. If nobody else needs a holiday, the burlesque writers certainly do, and on their account it was quite time that the Court Theatre and some others should close their doors.

## REVIEWS.

### MEMOIRS OF BARON VON STOCKMAR.\*

"THE life which you have led has been a subterraneous, an anonymous one; before long no man will know what you

\* *Denkschriften aus den Papieren des Freiherrn C. F. v. Stockmar, herausgegeben von Ernst Fr. v. Stockmar. Braunschweig: 1872.*

really were." There may at first sight seem something paradoxical in the fact of such a remark having been addressed to the late Baron Stockmar, and apparently acquiesced in by himself. Much misinterpreted as well as much honoured during his lifetime, the prediction may seem hazardous that he is likely to be forgotten soon after his death. At all events, however, it is doubtful whether even the monument raised by filial piety in the shape of a biographical sketch and a compilation of extracts from Stockmar's papers and from other sources concerning the chief political settlements and questions with which he was connected will enable posterity at large to do full justice to the services of this remarkable man. The truth seems to be, that with those who have consciously and deliberately chosen for themselves such a career as his, virtue must emphatically be its own reward. A title and a pension repay the services of an every-day courtier as of an every-day statesman. The honour is more rare of a tomb on which "friends in the reigning Houses of Belgium, Coburg, England, and Prussia" have inscribed the record of their grateful remembrance; but an epitaph is at best only a perfunctory substitute for fame. The late Baron Stockmar, when, in leading the life of a courtier—of the "good courtier" whose portrait was drawn in the Elizabethan age by Spenser—he steadfastly sought to pursue the aims of a statesman, consented to all the self-abnegation of the one career without aspiring to the most dazzling rewards of the other; and the one recompense which he has obtained is that of having, in the words of the German poet, "satisfied the best of his own," and thus "lived for all time." One of the least effusive of modern sovereigns, the late King of the Belgians, recognized in him "a friend rather than a servant"; and one of the most clear-sighted of modern statesmen, the late Lord Palmerston, declared that among politicians he had never met but one absolutely unselfish man, and that this was Stockmar. This is much; but it is well that it should also be remembered how the "good courtier" was also a true patriot; how he was prepared, if such had been his destiny, to assume a most responsible place in the direction of the affairs of the nation whose cause was ever nearest to his heart; how he was something more than the friend and adviser of princes, something better than a useful go-between, something utterly different from a successful intriguer. It is therefore most fitting that, before his memory has become a mere family reminiscence of the House of Coburg, his real services, which were by no means confined to that House, should have been permanently placed on record. The method in which this has been attempted by his son, Baron Ernest von Stockmar, is upon the whole, apart from some occasional indiscretion, fairly successful. His biographical sketch of his father's career is at once clearly and modestly written; but in the special chapters dealing with the principal political questions in which the late Baron bore an important part there is too much discursiveness, and, above all, too much quotation from well-known books. The *par parenthèse* way of trotting difficult political problems makes these Memoirs hard to digest, and places anything like a satisfactory summary of their contents out of the question.

Christian Frederick Stockmar began life as a physician—a profession which has naturally enough produced many courtiers, but few statesmen. Stockmar, who was destined to present so peculiar a combination of both characters, was wont to attribute much of his success as the confidential adviser of great persons to his medical training. "It was a clever trick," he writes in 1853, "to have originally studied medicine; without the knowledge thus obtained, without the psychological and pathological insight thus acquired, my *savoir faire* would have often been left out in the cold." But as yet he had no visions of this particular application of his capabilities; his heart was full of bitterness against the Napoleonic oppression under which Germany was groaning; and as chief physician to the Coburg and other Ducal Saxon contingents, he bore his part in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815. It was thus that he gained the confidence of Prince Leopold of Coburg, who, on his marriage to Princess Charlotte, summoned Stockmar to England as his body-physician. His journals contain many notes of the Royal personages and their surroundings with whom he was thus first brought into contact. In these the doctor's power of observation, particularly of physical peculiarities and habits, has the upper hand; and, upon the whole, the gallery of Royal portraits is anything but complimentary in character, so that we loyally confine ourselves to an extract concerning the impression created by an illustrious foreign visitor, the future Czar Nicholas, in 1816:—

He is an extraordinarily handsome and seductive young fellow; taller than Leopold, without being thin, straight as a pine-tree. The face as youthful as his, exceedingly regular in features, a fine open forehead, handsome curved eyebrows, an extremely handsome nose, a handsome, small mouth, and a finely-chiselled chin. . . . His behaviour is vivacious, without any constraint or stiffness, and yet extremely gentlemanlike. He speaks French very much and well, accompanying his words with not inappropriate gestures. Although not everything said by him was thoroughly sensible, yet everything was at all events exceedingly pleasant, and he seems to have a decided talent for paying court to ladies. If he wishes to give any special emphasis to anything in conversation, he shrugs up his shoulders and raises his eyes rather affectedly heavenwards. In all things he displays great self-confidence, but apparently without pretension.

He was not particularly attentive to the Princess, who addressed him oftener than he her. He ate very moderately for his age, and drank nothing but water. When after dinner Countess Lieven played on the piano, he kissed her hand, which struck the English ladies as extremely odd, but decidedly desirable. Mrs. Campbell could find no end to praise of him. "What an amiable creature! he is devilish handsome! he will be the handsomest man in Europe." On the following morning the Russians left



the house. I was told that when bedtime arrived, a leathern sack filled with hay was placed in the stable for the Grand-Duke by his people, it being his invariable custom to sleep in this fashion. Our Englishman declared this to be an affectation.

The unhappy death of the Princess Charlotte put a sudden end to the happy life at Claremont, and for Stockmar personally this event may be said to have proved the beginning of his real career. He had prudently declined to exceed the sphere of his duties by attending the Princess in her confinement. "I was too well aware of the rocks ahead, and knew too well that the pride of the nation and the contempt of foreigners would, in case all went well, allow me no share of the praise, and in case it went ill leave me all the blame." Thus he was spared the bitter sense of responsibility which drove poor Sir Richard Croft to a desperate end; but it was at the deathbed of the Princess that Prince Leopold made his faithful follower promise never to abandon him, and that the relation between them began which formed the basis of the influence gradually acquired by Stockmar in the affairs of the House of Coburg. "I had no hesitation," he writes to his sister, "in promising what he may perchance consider permanently desirable, and perchance choose to do without already next year." But, whatever might be the result, he cheerfully accepted the issue. "I feel more and more that my lot is made up of unexpected turns, and many more of these will come before all is over. I seem to exist rather in order to take thought for others than for myself, and I am well contented with this mission." Yet it was no foolish trust in princes, but only a gradually maturing confidence in the character of the particular prince, which upheld Stockmar in his resolution. "The favour of princes is in general not worth a feather; but he (Prince Leopold) is in every respect an honest, good man, and therefore an incomparable prince."

The wisdom of Prince Leopold and of his adviser (whose post of body-physician had been exchanged for that of Private Secretary, Treasurer, and Comptroller of the Household, and who was soon afterwards ennobled) was for the first time severely tested on the occasion of the question of the Greek throne. In these transactions justice has hardly been done to the conduct of Prince Leopold; but though we may allow that it cannot be freed from the charge of inconsistency, it is clear that had Stockmar's advice been followed, the Prince would have avoided the false step which brought him so much obloquy, particularly from Russian sources. The Prince committed, against Stockmar's advice, the double error of dealing directly with the Greek emissaries, instead of sheltering himself behind the cover of an intermediary agent, and of signifying his readiness to accept the crown before securing the conditions—in particular the larger extent of territory—upon which he afterwards found it necessary to insist. The result has shown that Leopold acted wisely in refusing at the last; and that the policy was shortsighted which mutilated Greece at the moment of its new birth. But the notes of Baron Stockmar sufficiently disprove the common allegation that it was the prospect of the Regency in Great Britain which finally determined Prince Leopold's refusal of the Greek crown; and indeed the argument is incontrovertible, that the prospect in question was no prospect at all, for—

If George IV. died, the succession fell to the Duke of Clarence, then sixty-five years of age, who might very well live ten years more, and actually did live seven. Seven years were wanting to the Princess Victoria—then eleven years of age—towards her majority; the probability therefore was that she would attain to it (as it indeed actually happened) while the Duke of Clarence (William IV.) still lived, or that in the other case the regency could only last for a short time. And for this regency there were nearer candidates than Leopold—namely, the mother of the future Queen, the Duchess of Kent, and two English princes, uncles of the Princess, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge.

In any case the Greek crown was refused by Leopold, not without regrets; and these regrets, it is curious to know, survived even to the period when his tenure of the Belgian throne had become secure, and the chief trials of his position had been successfully overcome. He was even then at times heard to confess that Greece would have better satisfied his imagination than the somewhat sober charms of the Belgian monarchy. It was to such a confession, of which few may have suspected King Leopold to be capable, that Stockmar once answered very characteristically as follows:—

As to the poetry which Greece would have afforded, I do not attach much value to it. Mortals see none but the bad sides in the things which they have, and none but the good in the things which they have not. Herein lies the whole difference between Greece and Belgium, although it is not to be denied that when the first Greek King shall have perished after multitudinous troubles, his life might furnish the poet with a fine subject for an epical poem.

The mistakes committed in the Greek business were not repeated in the Belgian, and on one occasion at least in the course of these transactions the advice of Stockmar seems to have been of decisive importance. Leopold appears to have hesitated about accepting the Belgian Constitution, and this at the very critical moment when there was still a doubt as to the acceptance by the London Conference of the Eighteen Articles which alone made it possible for the Prince to venture on assuming the hazardous task:—

After a careful examination of the Belgian Constitution, my master doubted whether by means of such laws a State could be governed, and liberty and order, the two inseparable conditions of a progressive human community, could be preserved. "Dear Stockmar," said Leopold, "I wish you would read through the Constitution and tell me your opinion." I read

through the new Belgian fundamental law with great attention, compared the several articles with one another, and in point of fact found that the power of the Government is mightily restricted. But my firm confidence in the people helped me through. "True," it was in some such terms that I addressed my intelligent master, "perfectly true, the authority of the King and of his Ministers is very greatly limited by this Constitution. Make the experiment whether all these liberties are reconcilable with order, make the experiment of governing according to the spirit of this Constitution, and that with the utmost conscientiousness. If you then find that with such a fundamental law a good Government is impossible, send after a time a message to the Chambers, in which you openly declare your experience, and demonstrate the defects of the Constitution. If you have in real truth acted to the best of your knowledge and conscience, the people will most assuredly stand by you, and gladly carry out all the changes of which the necessity can be proved."

King Leopold followed my advice. It is known that no evils of importance have shown themselves; it is known that in many respects Belgium stands as a model among European States.

King and people might look back with satisfaction upon the result of the Royal confidence thus generously urged. And it can hardly be doubted that no act of King Leopold more clearly attested his comprehension of the national duty of a king than that by which he cut the golden tie which bound him externally to another State. It is perhaps hardly worth while to revive the discussions by which certain over-jealous economists for a time deprived King Leopold's sacrifice of his English annuity of the recognition which it merited. It is known that this sacrifice neither was nor could be absolute; but the fears of Sir Samuel Whalley and others have proved imaginary; and time has demonstrated the absence of necessity for the inquiry which in 1834 Lord Palmerston derided in the following letter, which is too good to be left unquoted:—

MY DEAR BARON,—I have many apologies to make to you for not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of the Papers you sent me last week, and for which I am much obliged to you. The case seems to me as clear as day, and, without meaning to question the omnipotence of Parliament, which, it is well known, can do anything but turn Men into Women, or Women into Men, I must and shall assert that the House of Commons have no more right to inquire into the Details of those debts and engagements, which the King of the Belgians considers himself bound to satisfy before he begins to make his Payments into the Exchequer, than they have to ask Sir Samuel Whalley how he disposed of the fees which his mad Patients used to pay him, before he began to practise upon the foolish Constituents who have sent him to Parliament. There can be no doubt whatever that we must positively resist any such inquiry; and I am very much mistaken in my estimate of the present House of Commons if a large Majority do not concur in scouting so untenable a Proposition.

My dear Baron, yours sincerely,  
PALMERSTON.

In 1834 Baron Stockmar went to Coburg to spend a longer period of repose than usual with his wife and children. His son compensates the reader for the want of any personal reminiscences during the interval from 1834 to 1836 by a Memoir drawn up by King William IV. concerning his policy in the four preceding years. This document, never published before, will be of considerable interest to English readers, and by no means only to that gradually diminishing number who are never tired of hearing new correct versions of what the King said to Lord Grey on this occasion, and what Lord Grey said to the King on that. Moreover, it proves that King William IV., if more ready to listen to advice than his predecessors, was at heart equally convinced of his own directing intelligence, and was as true a son of his father as any of his brothers. With the accession of Queen Victoria, Stockmar's influence in English affairs recommenced, and he was above all an active participator in the negotiations which led to the happiest of Royal marriages, to which both Queen and country have owed so much. The chapters in the present work dealing with those transactions form an interesting supplement to the reminiscences which Her Majesty has herself given to the world. Stockmar accompanied Prince Albert on his journey to Italy in 1839, and was among the first to be informed of the engagement between the Prince and the Queen, which followed in the autumn of the same year. It was he to whom, as agent of the Prince, was confided the actual settlement of the marriage-treaty with the British Ministry, and it devolved on him to manage as best he could the awkward questions which arose as to the annuity and the Regency. The principle which he sought to assert, in the former case without success, was that Ministers should arrive at an understanding with the chiefs of the Opposition, and not abandon to Parliamentary discussion questions personally affecting the Royal Family. But his efforts were not, as he had thought, at an end with the completion of these arrangements. The birth of the Princess Royal opened a new sphere of activity to the trusted family adviser; "the nursery," he humorously complains, "gives me as much trouble as the Government of a kingdom could cause." Nor were his cares all of so pleasant a description; and those who are interested in such matters will find that as a reformer of the management of the Royal household the Baron found abundant opportunity for the exercise of his gift of common sense. His attention was once more turned to the interests of his original patron by the question of the Spanish marriages; but it is known how shortlived was the scheme of bringing about a union between Queen Isabella and King Leopold, in which he took so active a part. Nothing new is added to the story of a transaction upon which nobody but M. Guizot probably remains to look back with unqualified satisfaction; but though Baron Stockmar was in this instance not a dispassionate prophet, he was a true one when he foretold that this successful intrigue would prove the ruin of Louis-Philippe's reputation, and

thus deprive his throne of its best element of stability. "From the innermost depths of truth a voice sounded to him—*Où va trop loin, cela va fausser toute la politique de mon règne.* He had guessed rightly; he lost the *casquette* which he had so long maintained, and will never regain it." Three months afterwards he was a fugitive in England.

What remains of these Memoirs relates principally to the affairs of Stockmar's own country. In these he had never ceased to take the deepest interest; but it was not his lot to exercise a really determining influence over them. In the crisis of 1848 he advised King Frederick William IV. with the same prudent boldness which he had exhibited towards Prince Leopold, but the sovereign with whom he had in this instance to deal was better capable of appreciating men than of resolving upon measures. Stockmar's plan for the regeneration of Germany, to which he in vain endeavoured to gain the assent of Bunsen, belongs to the forgotten schemes of the past; its essentials consisted in the gradual conversion of Germany without Austria into a united country under Prussian hegemony, by an act of self-denial which no Prussian statesman was ready to advocate. In a word, the Prussian States were to become the nucleus of a new Empire by a renunciation of all specific Prussianism in their constitutional life; they were to become *immediate* to the Empire, which the other States were to join with a temporary retention of their separate constitutional organizations. At one time Stockmar had nearly been summoned to fill the post of Prime Minister of the Empire as established by the Frankfort Parliament; he was ready to accept the office if Bunsen consented to accept the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. But the scheme came to nothing; and with the failure of the Frankfort Parliament Stockmar's active participation in German affairs came to an end. To the English Court he ceased to pay any personal visits after the year 1857, his last work having been to aid in the negotiations for the happy marriage of the Princess Royal. Already, in 1855, he had written:—

What I could afford by way of exhortation, advice, and aid has been furnished during eighteen long years; what hereof has not brought fruit, will hardly now begin to be of use. Nature accommodates itself to education up to a certain point; what lies beyond remains as nature has made it. Moreover, the Queen as well as the Prince are thirty-six years of age. They have already learnt much, and have throughout proved themselves intelligent and honest at heart. They have passed beyond the necessity of being actually guided—nothing beyond the mere counsel of friendship would be permissible. But, in order that such counsel should take effect, it must be given after a lively and vigorous fashion; this is no longer possible to me, and instead of creating the right impression, my advice would frequently only seem that of weakness, of excessive caution, and of nervous timidity.

In his retirement at Coburg it was his fate to survive nearly all those whom he had best served, and by whom he had been most truly honoured. King Frederick William IV., Prince Albert, King Leopold, all preceded him to the grave. In the first he could only regret one from whose hand he had long ceased to hope for the realization of his highest schemes. The death of the Prince Consort brought with it the satisfaction of seeing for the first time fully recognized merits of which he had contributed to develop the germ, and which he had helped to defend against perverse misjudgment during the discreditable squabble of 1853-4. The loss of King Leopold was bitterest of all, and brought the faithful old follower near to the verge of despair. A few months later he passed away himself, nearly seventy-seven years of age.

The element of greatness in Baron Stockmar, or, if the expression be preferred, that which enabled him to co-operate beneficently in the real progress of his age, lay in his conviction of the power belonging to the moral forces in humanity. These he was diligent to encourage in individuals; and fortune brought him into active contact with a princely family called to play a considerable part in European history, and naturally qualified to play it. But he also believed in the eternity of these forces in the life of nations. He honoured England, and such Englishmen as Sir Robert Peel, without any blind belief in the infallibility of our constitutional system or in the absolute excellence of any particular party programme. But he had no patience with reformers who wish to overthrow the balance which has ensured stability to the government of our country; "the omnipotence of the House of Commons," which he believed to be the object of the rising school of English politicians, he declared to be "revolution itself and death to the true old English Constitution." So far as in him lay, he helped to strengthen the authority of the Crown—from no servile motive, but because he knew that there must be authority in human society, and that authority is most readily obeyed when based on tradition combined with personal respect. He had not much reverence for diplomacy, except where it continuously pursues clearly defined ends in consonance with the real necessities of nations. He was decried as a backstairs intriguer; but there was in reality nothing secret about his dealings, as there was nothing which required to be hidden about his motives. It was not his lot to be practically much more than a well-wisher to the cause of his own nation; but it will be well for a State monarchically constituted like the new German Empire if its princes find servants as candid, advisers as disinterested, and friends as single-minded as the late Baron von Stockmar.

## THE CHURCH OF UTRECHT.

(First Notice.)

THE opportune appearance of this little work from the pen of a German Protestant divine naturally invites us to say something of the history of a Church which, from its unique character and position, must always possess an interest for the ecclesiastical student, but which just now is attracting the notice of a much wider circle of readers. The recent Confirmation tour of the venerable Archbishop of Utrecht among the Old Catholics of Germany has given rise to various comments, favourable or unfavourable, in English journals, but almost invariably betraying a profound ignorance of the antecedents and claims of the body he represents. One paper, which manages to combine Ultramontane sympathies with advanced Protestantism, went so far as to ask, with a lofty disregard of the history both of doctrine and of fact, how Dr. Dollinger could recognize the orders of a Church tainted with Jansenist heresy. And even those who have some inkling of the actual state of affairs generally know little more than that a religious body exists in Holland, Roman Catholic in doctrine and ritual, but out of communion with Rome, which, however, does not dream of disputing the validity of its episcopal succession; that the announcement always formally made at Rome of each fresh election of an Archbishop of Utrecht is met by a fresh excommunication; and, perhaps, that the Archbishop and his suffragans presented a formal protest against the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Recent circumstances, however, have forced into public notice the only communion which is in a position to supply regular episcopal ministrations to the Old Catholics, and where indeed, as a Dutch historian, Janssenius, has pointed out, the very name of "Old Catholic" has been in use for a century and a half in the sense now given to it by the opponents of the Vatican Synod. At the Catholic Congress of Munich last September, where three Utrecht priests were present, Dr. Dollinger delivered an address on the history of this Church, in order to show that the charge of Jansenism was a mere *ex post facto* Jesuit libel, while the real origin of the quarrel with the Court of Rome must be sought in the strenuous resistance offered by the native hierarchy to the arbitrary attempt to supersede them by a new importation of Papal "Vicars Apostolic." He added that the bishops, priests, and laity of the Church had always declared the charge to be false, and that they had nothing to do with Jansenism, as was shown by their presenting professions of faith agreeing in every respect with Catholic doctrine. Even before the present controversy broke out in the Roman Catholic Church, the little Church of Utrecht was beginning to excite the interest both of Protestants and of Liberal Catholics. As early as 1838 a Protestant professor at Bonn wrote a work on the Archbishopric of Utrecht, with a view of showing its crucial importance whenever any *boni fide* attempt at reform should be made within the borders of Catholicism. And even before that, in 1826, the organ of the leading Catholic Faculty in Germany, the *Theologische Quartalschrift* of Tübingen, had called attention to this "unique phenomenon in the Catholic Church," which for more than a century had been able to hold its own, isolated as it was from the communion of the rest of Christendom, and repudiated by the chief pastor of the Church, "not for erroneous doctrines, but through human passions and pride." We may refer again to Sainte-Haube's charming, though somewhat discursive, *History of Port Royal*, and Reuchlin's work published under a similar title in Germany, which however have only a remote bearing on the Utrecht Church. But more lately it has been frequently treated of both in the *Observateur Catholique* and by M. Réville in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; while in England some learned articles appeared in the now extinct *Christian Remembrancer*, from the pen of the late Dr. Neale, who also wrote one of the best books on the subject, *A History of the so-called Jansenist Church of Holland*. The work named at the head of this article is composed, the author tells us, "in the same ironic spirit as Dollinger's famous lectures on reunion," and appears to be written with great accuracy and fairness. We shall chiefly avail ourselves of its contents in the brief sketch we now propose to give of the history of the Church of Utrecht. That history naturally divides itself into the periods before and after the separation from Rome about the beginning of the eighteenth century; and the latter period may again be subdivided at the fall of Napoleon in 1814, when the persecuted remnant had passed unscathed through the second great crisis of its history.

It is curious, in view of later events, that our first notices of the Church of Holland in the middle ages represent it as engaged on the anti-Papal side in the conflicts of the day. Bishops of Utrecht were present at the Synods of Aix and Metz in the ninth century, and again at the Synod of Rheims in 992, all held in opposition to the claims of Rome. So again in the great contest between Hildebrand and the Emperor Henry IV., Bishop William of Utrecht took the Imperial side, and was the first to sign the decree of the Synod of Worms pronouncing the deposition of the Pope, as his successor, Bishop Conrad, signed a similar decree of the Synod of Brixen in 1080. Later on the Dutch bishops appear to have taken the Papal side, which was indeed on the whole the right side, in the investiture controversy; but afterwards the oppressive exactions of the Court of Rome, especially during the time of the Avignon Captivity and the schism of the anti-Popes, led to fresh quarrels between the

\* Die altkatholische Kirche des Erzbisthums Utrecht. Von Fr. Nippold. Heidelberg, 1872.

Papacy and the Church of Holland, and in 1423 the country was placed under interdict by Martin V.; but the clergy resisted, and Eugenius IV. had to remove the sentence. Meanwhile the Utrecht bishops were honourably distinguished by their zealous encouragement of the reading of the Bible and the numerous vernacular translations published under their auspices. The "Brethren of the Common Life," of whom some account is given in Dr. Neale's history, were also a product of the Church of Holland. Thomas à Kempis being their most conspicuous ornament. And the last non-Italian Pope, the pious Adrian VI., who only survived his election a twelvemonth, was a Netherlander. But before the Reformation the Franciscan and Dominican monks, who gained an entrance into Holland about the middle of the thirteenth century, were sowing the seeds of discord between the Papacy and the native episcopate, of which their more energetic successors, the Jesuits, were afterwards to reap the harvest.

It was not till the Reformation, and partly as a counter-move against it, that Utrecht was raised to an archbishopric by Philip II., and the five newly created sees of Haarlem, Deventer, Leuwarden, Groningen, and Middelburg placed under it, and the nation seem to have resented the change as an attack on their liberties. The first Archbishop, Frederick Schenck, was consecrated in the Cathedral of Utrecht in October 1568, and twelve years later the city submitted to the Prince of Orange. Both the Archbishop and his suffragan died without leaving any succession. The next Archbishop nominated by the Spanish Crown never put in an appearance, and the Chapter elected Sasbold Vosmeer Vicar-General, who was afterwards consecrated at Rome under the title of Archbishop of Philippi, in order, as the Pope explained, to avoid irritating the heretics. But meanwhile the Jesuits had effected their first settlement in Holland in 1592, and Vosmeer on returning home found himself implicated in a charge of high treason occasioned by their political machinations, and was sentenced to banishment and confiscation of his property. Thenceforth, till his death in 1614, he had to rule his diocese from Cologne, and in chronic warfare with the intrusive Order, who wanted to get the archbishopric abolished and the Church of Holland placed under the jurisdiction of the Nuncio at Cologne, or, in other words, placed entirely in their own hands. The last official document of the Archbishop, issued only four months before his death, is full of complaints of the ambition, avarice, fickleness, and hatred of the Jesuit missionaries. And matters only grow worse afterwards. The next Archbishop was Rovenius, who was very active in combating the Protestant sectaries, but he too found himself involved before long in difficulties with the Jesuits, and addressed an elaborate misive against their "fraudulent machinations" in 1623 from Rome to the pro-Vicar of Haarlem, which, as the writer in the *Tübingen Quartalschrift* observes, clearly proves that he claimed "ordinary" jurisdiction over all the clergy, both regular and secular, as Archbishop. At last a Concordat with the Jesuits was arranged, with the sanction of Urban VIII., but they could never be induced to observe it. Ten years afterwards Rovenius writes to a certain Father Tirinus, "entreating him by the mercies of God to cease stirring up the hearts of the innocent against their pastors," and similar complaints are repeated five years later in a memorial addressed by him to the Pope. Jansen, the famous Bishop of Ypres, was a friend of Rovenius, who seems to have formed a favourable judgment of his *Augustinus*, but assented at once to the Bull directed against it in 1642. On his death, in 1651, James de la Torre, who had been his condjutor, succeeded to the archbishopric. He had been a close ally of the Jesuits, but nevertheless he now found himself compelled to protest against their proceedings at Rome, and issue stringent injunctions for the better observance of the Concordat; but all in vain. He died of a broken heart, and the Chapter elected John van Neercassel, a man of sterner metal, who vigorously resisted Jesuit aggressions. And now first the nickname of Jansenists began to be applied to the episcopal party who had formerly been called "Sasboldians," after Sasbold Vosmeer, by their Jesuit assailants. The explanation is a very simple one; many of the persecuted Jansenist clergy so-called, who had been driven out of France where their enemies ruled supreme, took refuge in Holland, and being men of piety and sterling worth, were naturally welcomed as helpers and allies by their clerical brethren there, who had the same foe to contend against. Neercassel presented thirteen propositions for the restraint of Jesuit influence to the Pope, and as similar complaints against them as "enemies and rivals of episcopal authority everywhere" were pouring in from bishops of the most remote regions, and even one of the Cardinals had denounced their "universal disobedience," a General Congregation of the Sacred College, in 1671, sanctioned most of Neercassel's demands, but with little practical result. He had to encounter another serious difficulty in the bitter enmity against Catholicism provoked by the dragonnades of Louis XIV. and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But his personal character seems to have commanded general respect, and he was also distinguished as a devotional writer; but his chief work, *Amor Patriæ*, which was highly praised by Bossuet, was put on the Index at Rome, though Innocent XI. would never allow the decree to be published. It was published in 1690, the year after his death, when the author had already gone to his rest. He died of an illness brought on by over-exertion in a Confirmation tour in 1686.

And now we come to the most critical epoch in the history of

the Utrecht Church. On Neercassel's death his friend, Francis von Heussen, was elected by the Chapter, but the Jesuit party contrived to have his appointment annulled at Rome, thinking it a favourable opportunity for getting the native hierarchy suppressed, and the Church of Holland placed, according to their old scheme, under the Papal nuncio at Cologne. But in this they were foiled. The Chapter elected Peter Codde, a man of deep piety, but undecided and scrupulous, and the election was confirmed at Rome. Five years later, Innocent XI. having died in the interim, the Jesuits lodged a formal charge of Jansenism against him before the Holy See, but a Commission presided over by Cardinal Albani, afterwards Clement XI., entirely acquitted him. His assailants, however, were not to be so easily discouraged. In 1697 Father Doucin, a Jesuit who had accompanied the French Embassy sent to Holland about the Treaty of Ryswick, published an anonymous pamphlet "On the Condition and Progress of Jansenism in Holland." The alleged grounds of the indictment were the encouragement of Bible reading, the too great strictness in the confessional, the use of the vernacular in baptism, marriage, and extreme unction, and the inadequate devotion paid to relics and images. The Court of Rome acted warily; many vigorous replies were published, and the Archbishop himself wrote three times to the College of Propaganda, demanding an investigation, but could get no reply. At last he sent in his defence, and on September 25, 1700, his deposition was secretly decreed, but on the same day a polite invitation was despatched to him from the Propaganda to come to Rome, "where his counsel was needed in certain weighty matters." Codde, to use the words of Professor Nippold, was "one of those men of the Hanseburg and Hufels stamp, who are ready to sacrifice their convictions to external union with Rome." He obeyed the summons, and was received with studied courtesy, but his request for a written statement of the charges against him and the names of his accusers was persistently evaded. However, he handed in a second reply, and more than three hundred of his clergy wrote in his defence, of not including any of the Jesuits. The matter was allowed to hang fire for two years, when at last a Commission of ten Cardinals, appointed under hostile influences, felt constrained to acquit him in December 1701; but their decision was kept secret, and the opposite party contrived to get it superseded in the following May, for, as the Tübingen reviewer observes, "they cared nothing about his orthodoxy; their object, and their sole object, was to get him deposed, and a friend of the Jesuits put in his place." At last, in June 1702, Theodore de Cock was named Vicar-Apostolic, and his nomination announced to the Chapter of Utrecht, but without any intimation to the Archbishop himself, who had now been detained two years and a-half in Rome, and was still outwardly treated with every mark of respect. The Chapter refused to recognize "the usurped authority" of De Cock, and the Government annulled his appointment, and threatened to imprison him and banish all the Jesuits from Holland if Codde was detained any longer. That kind of argument Rome always understands. Codde was at once dismissed with the Pope's blessing, but without being informed that six days before a Papal misive had been despatched to the Catholics of Holland, endorsing the sentence of deposition against him. Meanwhile a letter of De Cock's to the Propaganda, which fell into the hands of the Government, led to his flight and banishment, and thenceforth he resided at Rome as Chamberlain of the Pope, and continued to traduce and vilify his native Church at his leisure. Codde returned home, but was too scrupulous to resume his episcopal functions; in reply to fresh accusations, he professed his acceptance of the five articles against Jansenism, but steadily refused to the last to declare the condemned propositions to be contained in Jansen's book. The supreme absurdity of defining, not as a matter of criticism but of dogma, that certain propositions are contained implicitly in a large folio, and the immoral tyranny of requiring persons who have never read the book, or who, like Codde, have read it and come to different conclusions, to swear that they are contained there, is of course self-evident. Nevertheless for refusing to do this the Roman Inquisition anathematized him after his death, and forbade his having Christian burial or prayers being offered for his soul.

But the patience of the Chapter of Utrecht was already exhausted. Catz, who had acted as Vicar-General during the Archbishop's detention at Rome, and had been suspended, issued a protest against the decree of Propaganda, and appealed *ad Papam melius informandum*, and the Chapter refused to receive Adam Dæmen, who was appointed Papal Vicar. In July 1700 the Jesuits were actually banished from Holland. On December 18, 1710, the Archbishop died excommunicate, and the breach with Rome had begun. At that time the Jesuits were still seemingly at the zenith of their power. They ruled the French Church through the King's mistress, Madame de Maintenon. Only the year before Codde's death the hated establishment of Portugal had been broken up by an armed force despatched by Cardinal de Noailles, the much-enduring nuns ejected and distributed among different French prisons for refusing to swear assent to two contradictory decisions of successive Popes, the convent buildings levelled to the ground, and the bones of their former occupants exhumed and burnt amid outrages too loathsome to be specified. Three years later the long struggle of the Jesuits for doctrinal supremacy was crowned by the Bull *Unigenitus*. But already they were tottering to their fall. The Provincial Letters had been in circulation for half a century, and

in another half-century the Order was destined to succumb to the universal indignation of Catholic Europe.

In a future notice we hope to trace the history of the Church of Utrecht from the separation with Rome to the present time.

#### THE HEBREW OR IBERIAN RACE.\*

HERE is another of those astonishing productions which ever and anon come from a set of worthy people who, one would think, must live, like the Cyclopes, in caves or on the tops of mountains, or, like Homer's goddesses, each one by himself in an island of his own, musing much, reading somewhat, but seeing and hearing nothing of what goes on in the common world. We might conceive them as a kind of intellectual anchorites, each man quartered in a different corner of the desert, and each diligently watering his own dry stick, at the bidding, for aught we know, of the supreme Archimandrite of this austere and self-denying order. Self-denying we say; for it really must need something of an effort when a man, whose wish evidently is both to gain knowledge for himself and to spread it abroad among others, deliberately cuts himself off from all the ordinary opportunities of finding that for which he is seeking. It is of course easy to understand that a man who cares nothing about a particular subject may know nothing of the sources of knowledge which seem most obvious to those who do care about it. But it is not easy to conceive a man who has tastes which lead him to study, or at least to think about, a particular subject, but who really knows as little about the most obvious sources of knowledge on that subject as if he had himself never given the subject a thought. It does seem to imply something of a deliberate act, something of a designed self-banishment to such caves and islands as we before hinted at. The only difficulty as to our theory—shall we say our Cyclopean, our Cimmerian, or our Troglydote theory?—is that the members of this remarkable sect do contrive, in one very important point, to keep up a connexion with the outer world. We think it was not a philologist of any kind, but a commentator on the Bible, who himself printed his many folios in his own kitchen with no help but that of his maidservant. But the class of whom we now speak are not driven to such shifts; they find printers and publishers in London, Oxford, and other cities of articulate-speaking men. Mr. Kilgour indeed seems, by the quarter in which his speculations are given to the world, to aspire to a circulation spreading over a wider field than the Isle of Britain. Indeed "the right of translation is reserved." We can only suppose that Mr. Kilgour has hopes of seeing himself appear either in the Hebrew or in the Basque tongue—only, on his theory, perhaps one translation might do for both. The better known languages of civilized Europe would perhaps hardly come within his range. At any rate we fear that Mr. Kilgour in any language will find the wise men of Germany very stubborn in belief; a long way removed from his theories about the Hebrews and the Iberians.

Mr. Kilgour is not at all of the same sect as Mr. Kavanagh, who knows what the comparative philologists have said, but who thinks it all wrong. Nor is he of the same sect as Mr. Brown, who writes about Poseidon, who also knows what the comparative philologists have said, and who thinks that he believes the same as they do, while in truth he says something quite different. With Mr. Kilgour all the scientific research of the last half-century goes altogether for nothing. We think that his treatise contains no reference to it whatever, beyond a single contemptuous mention of the Sanscrit language. There is no sign that he ever heard of such distinctions as Aryan, Semitic, Turanian, and such like. Still less is there any sign that he ever heard of such a thing as Grimm's Law. If any two names in any two languages happen to have a letter or two the same, it is enough to make Mr. Kilgour put this and that together. It does not matter whether history and geography allow of any connexion between the two things; it does not matter whether the laws of language allow of any connexion between the two names; it does not matter whether Mr. Kilgour has got hold of the genuine forms of the words, or only of some modern corruptions of them; if he can find a *b* and an *r* in any two names in any part of the world, it is enough for him to prove them to be undoubtedly connected, and to infer their bearers to have been Hebrews, Iberians, Cumbrians, Hibernians, and what not, all at once. Wherever a *b* and an *r* are to be found, there is Heber; and wherever a *p* or any letter at all cognate to *p* is found in company with *n*, say, for instance, among the Vandals, or at Winchester, or generally anywhere else, there are the Poeni, or Phœnicians, who are the same as the Pelasgians, who are again the same as certain Jews in Abyssinia called Falasha or Falasyans. The Guebres in Persia are Hebrews. "In Thrace we have the large river the Hebrus, the derivation of which from Heber is self-evident, and which, like the river Chaboras, flowed through a country inhabited by the children of Eber." So of course did the Iberus or Ebro in Spain, "and the name of Iberia directly shows the connexion of Spain with the children of Eber." "The derivation of the name Epirus (Eberus) is discernible at once." All this is a comparatively mild form of lunacy, but things get stronger when we are told that "the towns of Cabyra, Cabira, Ibor, Im-

brus, Baris, Darissa, and Prusa, the people called Tibarenti, and the rivers Thymbrus and Thymbrius"; Phrygia, too, Parones, Bornæa, Bessapara, Selymbria, and Mesembria, Perhaolia (Eberhebia), Brauron, Paros, Imbrus, and "the Promontories of Zephyrium in Crete, of Caphareus in Eubœa (sic), and of Cyparietus in the Peloponnesus," and the isle of Cyprus itself, all bear in their names the signs of the presence of these same ubiquitous children of Eber. More strangely still, they have their mark on the district of Parasopias in Boeotia, and on "certain of the Spartans called Parthenians." These last bits of etymology are fine examples of the way in which a man with a theory will pass by the things which lie most directly under his nose. So again, the following bit shows how much better it is to go all lengths while one is about it:—

Hesperia was an ancient name of Italy, and of Spain. It is submitted that this name was derived from Heber. Another derivation has been given, namely, from Hesperus, the evening star. But, as often happens, is this not reversing the derivation? Has Hesperus not been derived from Hesperia? In corroboration of the derivation from Eber, we have Hispania as a name of Spain, Hispalis (the modern Seville) as the name of a most ancient and most important city of Spain, stated to have been founded by the Poeni. Now the name of Hispania is evidently derived from the Poeni—His-Poeni—and Hispalis from the Pelasgi, His-Pali; and may we not therefore most justly conclude that Hesperia is derived from Hes-Iberia?

Meanwhile it is funny that, when Mr. Kilgour comes across a real bit of Hebrew, he does not see it. We had always thought that the name of Dido was good Semitic, and was in truth nothing else than the feminine of David. But Mr. Kilgour says that "the name of Dido (Divido) seems to be a Latin translation of Peleg or Pelasgi—her other name, Elissa, seeming to be a softened and contracted form of Pelasgi." This instance shows that while Mr. Kilgour is so busy with his friends under their primary name of Hebrews, he does not forget them under their other titles. So again when he is in the thick of Parasopias and Perhaolia, alias Eberhebia, he does not forget that the latter district has "the large river Peneus [we wonder how Mr. Kilgour writes this name in Greek] flowing along its boundary, and deriving its name from the Poeni, another name of the same race, and we also know that the same race, under the name of Pelasgi, were so numerous and powerful in Thessaly that it was called Pelasgia." One passage more, and we think that we shall have given specimens enough of the theoretical parts of Mr. Kilgour's essay. While we are in the middle of these more ancient speculations we suddenly find ourselves carried away to people who more nearly concern us, and to the days of the Wandering of the Nations:—

It may be here adverted to that there has always been to us something of the nature of an enigma about the German Vandals having conquered Spain in the year 411 of the Christian era; and about their country Andalusia—that is, Vandalusia—lying in the most southern part of Spain; and about their conquests in Africa—an enigma never as yet cleared up to our satisfaction. In point of fact, was all this not brought about by the native Jews or Vandals of Spain? But into this matter we cannot enter further at present, as it would take up too much time.

We could almost wish that Mr. Kilgour had found time for the purpose, as few things could be more curious than the arguments by which it might be shown that Gonseric was a Jew.

But we had inklings all along that there was something at work in Mr. Kilgour's mind more than mere ethnological or etymological speculation. Very early in the argument, among "facts now existing" we find "that the Jews, like the old Phœnicians, Poeni, or Vends, have been from time immemorial, and still are, great traders and financiers; the Jewish family of Rothschild being, in this respect, in the present day, the first in Europe or the world, whether as regards Jews or Christians." But we come to greater things when we get into our own island. It is a small matter to be told that "there is every reason for believing that Britain was originally Eberitain," and that Eber is to be found at Dumbarton, the Humber, Eboracum, Cumberland, and a crowd of other names, besides the remarkable fact that "certainly the name of the Western Isles—the Hebrides [where unluckily the *ri* is a mere miswriting for *u*—embodies the name of Heber with scarcely any contraction whatever." It is something more when we read

There was a town in Northumberland, in the territory of the Brigantes, named by the Romans Birenium, and which evidently meant the Hebrewmen. In connection with this, it will be found most significant that a well-known Hano town of the same name—Bremen—existed in Germany, where the Vends or Vandals were settled.

But in the next page we come to something far more important:—

It may be allowed to be observed as not without interest, in connection with the origin of the names of the Britanic Isles and the race of Eber, that an undoubted descendant of that race has lately occupied the position of Prime Minister in the Government of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

After this we confess that we hurried on through a great deal about Vandals and other people, and about the names of the Deity in various languages, and even about such more exciting facts as that the Latin *pundus* and English *pound*, the Latin *fœnus*, "meaning usury or interest," and yet more *fœnia*, a rope—"for commerce can scarcely be carried on without ropes in connexion with ships and otherwise"—were all obviously derived from the mercantile Poeni, Phœni, or Vends; who, by the way, were called so called from their habit of wounding or going about, or else the verb to *wound* was formed from their name, which last Mr. Kilgour thinks is more likely. Considering several of the *Moss*'s laws, we were not surprised to hear that "an extremely old and close connexion had existed between the Hebrew race and goats," but it did seem strange to read, "that the Hebrew race had to do with the rearing and breeding of swine may be deduced from the

\* *The Hebrew or Iberian Race, including the Pelasgians, the Phœnicians, the Jews, the British, and others.* By Henry Kilgour. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.



names of the male of the *sew* in Greek, Latin, and English." It was even more curious to read that "*Pony* seems to be directly connected with *Poeni*," and that "*ponny* is evidently derived from *Poeni*." The following also was not a little interesting:—

That the names of wine in Greek, Latin, and English—*oince* (or *phoinos*), *vinum*, and *wine*—are all evidently derived from the name of the *Poeni* or *Peni*, who must therefore have introduced its use into these countries; and must be admitted that the Hebrew race have always had a strong love for alcohol in every shape, vinous and otherwise. Beer may be traced to the same race, the Iberi, and ale to the worshippers of El. We have also the Latin word *ebrius*.

Yet we hastened through all these things to get to some pages in smaller print towards the end, which looked as if they contained some more practical suggestions. It seems that Mr. Kilgour wishes to promote the further progress of mankind, and with that end he has "written and published two brief yet comprehensive papers—one of a political and social, the other of a scientific nature—both of which, he humbly apprehends, clearly point the way in which such progress ought to proceed." The second, or scientific paper, has a title which is too hard for us, "*Nitrogen shown to be carbonic oxide in an allotropic state*." But, according to Mr. Kilgour's own account of it, "in it is revealed a harmony in the constitution of nature of the most simple, beautiful, comprehensive, and self-proving order, having the effect of elevating and expanding the mind, and redounding in the highest degree to the glory of the Creator." We deeply regret therefore that both this paper and its fellow "had, as was perhaps to be expected, very little circulation." Yet the title of the other, first published in 1858, and republished in 1869, was a taking title, a title which, as Mr. Kilgour says, "in some degree explains the object of the paper, that object being in complete accordance with the deeply interesting history and the most valuable traditions of Great Britain." It runs thus:—"Proposition of a Joint Committee of the Legislatures and Governments of the British Empire, having periodical meetings in Great Britain." We have very vague notions of what such a Joint Committee would be like, but we are assured that, "most carefully guarded and thoroughly practical, the proposed institution would tend to elevate and expand the minds of men in a way never before witnessed." "The still, small voice of the Goodness and the Truth embodied in the propositions in these papers, but especially in the first, shall yet, it is believed, prevail over, and will help entirely to supersede, the various kinds of artillery with their melancholy and terrible power of devastation and destruction." The institution of the Joint Committee "will constitute one of the great eras in the world." "The Acts enacting its institution will be the truest educational Acts ever enacted." And no wonder, for "the Empire will then be made, in one point of view, to form, as it were, one vast educational University." The Joint Committee is to do all kinds of wonderful things for the whole British Empire. It is to be a greater work than the Suez Canal; it is to get rid of all need of Ballot Bills and Permissive Bills, and even, if we rightly understand Mr. Kilgour, to banish "party vainglory, party strife, and party selfishness, at least for a time." "The proposed unification, first commencing with the colonies, will ultimately include India. Carried into effect, this will no doubt be one of the greatest crowning works of the Hebrew race." We presume therefore that it is to be carried out by that "undoubted descendant of that race who has lately occupied the position of Prime Minister." But it is upon Ireland, Hibernia, the island in whose name, as Mr. Kilgour reminds us, "the name of Heber is retained without any contraction whatever," that the Joint Committee will shed its choicest blessings. "Such a union will be seen by our Irish brethren to be infinitely more desirable, and calculated to be infinitely more beneficial, than Home Rule, with its isolating, and therefore most retrogressive tendencies, a union which ought to cause all good men of every creed and of every country to rejoice, and to look forward to the future with high hope, and in the contemplation of the realization of which Heaven itself would resound with songs of the highest joy." These are great things to come of a Joint Committee, even aided by the fact that nitrogen is carbonic oxide in an allotropic state. We feel about them as we do towards our old friends the Freemasons when they tell us all about Freemasonry except what Freemasonry is. So our heart turns towards the Joint Committee and the allotropic nitrogen which are in this way to regenerate India and Ireland; only we long to know what they are. If we had ever seen the two papers, doubtless we should know; but, owing no doubt to the very little circulation of the still small voice of goodness and truth, we have, alas, never come across them. Yet we feel sure that they would raise us far above any such small matters as whether pennies and pence take their name from the *Poeni*, whether the *Wends* were so called from their habit of wending, and whether the city of Bremen really means a dwelling of Hebrew men. We will only end with Mr. Kilgour's glowing picture of what the Hebrew race is to do when once the Joint Committee is appointed:—

In this way, shall we carry out into full development the great civilizing mission of the Hebrew race, for we venture to predict that the proposed Joint Committee, when instituted, would, through the benign influences which would be brought to bear upon it, naturally and gradually, however slowly, expand into the sublime spectacle of a World-Council, with all its benefits.

#### BRITISH MUSEUM PHOTOGRAPHS\*

THE British Museum has long ago made good its title to the foremost place among national collections of its class. Nor is this supremacy due alone to the encyclopædic character of its contents. It is even in a higher degree owing to the unsurpassed excellence of the objects which it has to show in well nigh every department. The energy and ability of its official staff, backed by the munificence and public spirit of many a donor, added to a highly creditable liberality on the part of the national purseholders, have brought about a result not only flattering to the national pride, but of invaluable service to the study of science and art.

Limited as the immediate benefit of collections of this class has hitherto been, and in the nature of things must to a great extent ever be, to those who can command opportunities of personal inspection and study, there is much that can be done in an indirect way to diffuse a knowledge of their contents. The advance recently made in the auxiliary processes of art has opened a way in this direction which promises results of a highly satisfactory kind. It is precisely in this department that photography best lends itself to the purposes of diffusion and study. The representation of art treasures such as those we speak of has been till now possible only at an immoderate cost. An enterprise lately set on foot with praiseworthy spirit will henceforth place within the scope of ordinary means a series of the masterpieces of the national collection. By the sanction of the Trustees and with the aid of the principal Librarian, nearly a thousand plates have been taken of objects selected by the several heads of departments, which may be looked upon as typical specimens in each class. It has been stipulated that the price of each print, varying in size from 12 by 10 to 10 by 8 inches, shall not exceed two shillings unmounted. The price of mounted prints rises in a graduated scale to 3s. 9d. for cut mounts, buff, white, or blue, with gilt-edged opening. Suitable portfolios are provided, and are offered gratis to each purchaser of a set, a complete section, or any 100 selected photographs. The complete set, comprising 929 mounted photographs in twelve portfolios (gratis), is to be purchased for 116l. 2s. 6d., or, bound in twelve handsome volumes, in the highest of three optional styles, for 143l.

The full series of photographs, made up of seven parts, is designed to exhibit evidences of man's advance from the earliest known stage of his history, with the gradual development of social life and usage, of belief, science, and artistic culture, to their highest or latest standards. The Prehistoric and Ethnographical section, which rightfully leads the way, has been selected and catalogued by Mr. A. W. Franks, who has also discharged the same good offices for the Antiquities of Britain and Objects of Mediæval Art which form Part VI. Parts II.—V. inclusive, comprising respectively the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Grecian, and the Etruscan, running into the Roman period, have been committed to the able hands of Dr. Samuel Birch, assisted in the Assyrian Department by Mr. George Smith, the editor of the recent *Life of Ashur-bani-pal*, and in that of Classic Antiquity by Mr. Charles Newton. To Mr. Walter De Gray Birch is due the Catalogue of Seals of Sovereigns, Corporations, &c., which forms the Seventh Part. No higher authorities, it will be seen at once, could have been chosen for the conduct of the design; and the selection of examples, ably photographed by Mr. Stephen Thompson, bespeaks the care and judgment with which their task has been fulfilled. The general introduction, from the pen of Mr. Charles Harrison, marred as it is in parts by slovenly writing, traces with clearness, and with as much fulness as is compatible with the limits of a popular summary, the successive stages of culture illustrated in each several series as connected periods in the evolution of mankind. No pains have been spared in preparing what the publishers have reason to regard as the best and cheapest means of placing such collections before the historian, the student, or the public, especially if it should be followed up by a systematic exchange of similar photographs between the chief national and local Museums of Europe and America.

Exact chronology in the case of the rude objects which betoken man's earliest presence upon the earth is of course out of the question. In presenting, however, a selection of unpolished stone implements from the drift at Hoxne, Herno Bay, Gray's Inn Lane, and Abbeville, it cannot be questioned that the series before us carries the mind back to as remote and rudimental a period of man's being and intelligence as we have the means of figuring to ourselves. Other groups of chipped flints, some bearing unmistakable marks of wear, from Porth, the Aveyron, and elsewhere, furnish no less typical specimens of prehistoric handicraft. Plates 5 and 6 show seventeen harpoon-heads of reindeer horn, some barbed on one side, others on both sides, probably used in fishing, from a cave near Bruniquet, Tarn et Garonne. To the same Palæolithic, or First Stone Period, belong the needles and other instruments, chiefly of horse's-bone, together with divers bones showing figures of animals rudely etched, which form a succession of interesting plates. Most noteworthy of all must be thought the rough but expressive figure of a mammoth (Plate 10) carved in reindeer horn, as the handle of a poignard, from a cave at Montastruc, near Bruniquet, photographed from a cast in the Christy Collection. We fail to see the not less curious etchin

\* *Catalogue of a Series of Photographs from the Collections of the British Museum. Taken by S. Thompson. First Series. London: Maunsell & Co. 1872.*

of the side view of a mammoth on a large bone, apparently of the urus, which, unless memory deceives us, is also to be seen in the Christy Museum. These rude drawings are of infinite value as unmistakable proofs of man having lived in company with the mastodon and other long extinct mammals. Three casts of skulls found in a cave at Oromagnon, near Les Eyzies, Dordogne (Plate 12), exhibit probably as early remains of man himself as research has disinterred from their resting-place of ages. It is interesting to compare with these the modern carving in walrus-ivory, horn, and wood (Plate 91, Ethnographical Series), by natives of the North-West Coast of America. We may further, by the aid of the same series, study side by side the earliest prehistoric flint flakes from the Glacial drift with implements used at the present day by the Arctic tribes or Pacific islanders. Here are proofs of the persistence of the most archaic and simple forms of human art down to the present day. Intermediate forms may be instructively seen in the implements of the Neolithic or Polished Stone Period, and that at which bronze, and subsequently iron, came into use. Picks from antlers of red deer, probably used in getting from the chalk the material for flint weapons, implements, or ornaments (Plate 18); hammers pierced probably with a wooden drill worked with sand and water; knives, scrapers, and arrow and javelin heads of flint, together with the cores from which they have been chipped (Plate 21), are fair and graphic illustrations of primeval art. From the simple threshing-machines now in use in the East or at Aleppo (Plates 42 and 43) we may infer other modes in which these hard native materials were made into a rude kind of machinery, not less difficult to make or less ingenious in invention than many a more complex engine of our day. Still higher ideas of the artistic taste and powers of handicraft attained at that early age are forced upon us by the curious colossal figure, Hoa-huka-nana-In, from Easter Island (Plates 77 and 78), hewn from hard granite, most expressive in its gorilla-like cast of feature, the back incised with native animals and symbols. Whether we agree or not with the view taken in the preface, that this idol is the work of a race that knew not the use of metal, we can scarcely be wrong in recognizing in it the memorial of a civilization long passed away.

Passing from the prehistoric to the historical period, we find ourselves first upon firm and solid ground among the mighty monuments of the Nile valley. The wealth and variety of materials furnished by the Egyptian Department of the National Collection enables Dr. Birch to illustrate the earliest authentic stage of civilised life with a degree of fulness of which none other is perhaps equally capable. What particularly arrests the eye is probably the high pitch of artistic skill and domestic comfort at which the Egyptian is thus early seen. Porcelain tiles dating as far back as the Second Dynasty (Plate 286), a glass perfume bottle bearing the name of Thothmes III., Eighteenth Dynasty (1450 B.C.), the earliest glass known with a date (plate 283), a wooden board with Hieratic inscription, a treatise on grammar and rhetoric for the use of a school, written about 1800 (Plate 280), mural paintings and tablets in tempera, almost without number, depicting scenes of domestic life, agricultural work, sporting, music, and dancing, royal triumphs, rites of religion and care of the dead, bring before us every phase of a national life which reached its culminating point some thirty-three centuries ago. Arranged as far as may be in chronological order, and grouped systematically as connected subjects, these expressive plates furnish a pictorial history in which the native and original elements of art and thought can be traced without a break till they wane and are superseded under the influence of foreign and intrusive styles. Another great and independent well of civilization is opened up among the newly recovered treasures of Assyria and Babylonia. It is in this department that one main design of the present publication is most signally to be realized. The magnificent series of inscribed slabs, cylinders, and tablets may be studied by the aid of these clear and well-defined photographs with a facility greater even in some respects than is possible within the walls of the Museum itself. Students of cuneiform writing will find here examples in almost endless number and variety, admirably selected and classified. Not to speak of the sources of historical knowledge to be opened up in the records of the realm, with the codes of law or domestic usage, it were sufficient to point to the series comprising an entire grammatical encyclopedia from the library of Asshur-ban-i-pal (667 A.D.), of which an analysis is given in Mr. Harrison's introduction. Arithmetic, astronomy, a methodical pharmacy mixed with a less scientific system of incantations, have a place in this characteristic literature. Fractions are to be recognized, with the denominator 60, the sole representative of the decimal and duodecimal scales; and (see Plates 559, 560) even algebra and square roots.

The master works of Greek genius, in which the Museum is transcendently rich, are too well known to be easily singled out for notice. We need say no more than that the Panathenaic series from the Parthenon appears entire, as do all the colossal though sadly fragmentary glories of Phidias from both eastern and western pediments, with the grand remains from the Mausoleum, &c. The associated groups and examples of sculpture exhibit the contrast or change of feeling characteristic of successive periods of Greek art, whether at home or in the colonies, as well as its points of affinity and contrast with the arts of Egypt and the East, which the tiro will find succinctly and clearly drawn out for him in the introduction. Apart, however, from such educational functions, the choice array of specimens here brought together have

a charm of their own as embodying types of supreme beauty. Engraved gems, bronzes, vases of the archaic and later periods, with delicate works in terra-cotta and glass, find in the photographic process a medium peculiarly fitted for effective display. The same delicacy of representation, with no less feeling and knowledge in selection, is shown in the later portions of this choice collection, which hands on the lamp of artistic skill and culture to our own shores and to the present day. It is impossible by any process of selection to do justice to the profusion or to the significance of the varied objects which make up this handsome contribution to the literature of art.

#### BARON GRIMBOSH.\*

WE have recently witnessed the revival of a literary fashion which for a long period seemed to be almost extinct. Prophets have begun to speak to us in parables. That peculiar department of literature which in the last century received contributions from Captain Gulliver, M. Candide, and Prince Rasselas has lately been revived by several clever writers. The great success of *Gin's Baby* was the first symptom of the revival. Since its appearance somewhat similar attempts have been made by the authors of the *Coming Race* and of *Erechon*. Both of those books showed decided talent, and have received very high commendation. It is only natural that other writers should try their luck in working the same vein. When a mine has proved successful in a new district, the public is forthwith tempted by the attractions of any number of similar ventures. To some such impulse we probably owe the appearance of *Baron Grimbosh*, which aims at conveying an elaborate political satire under the form of a fanciful fiction. Of course the proper remark to be made on such an occasion is that no such trenchant satire or pungent wit has appeared since the time of Swift. For reasons which will presently appear we do not feel able to pronounce so high a eulogium upon *Baron Grimbosh*, but the comparison may suggest a few remarks upon the canons of criticism applicable to this species of literature generally. *Gulliver's Travels* and *Candide* are two of the most popular books ever written. Much of the writing in both is anything but edifying. Swift's misanthropy and morbid love of filth are frequently repulsive in the highest degree; and Voltaire's wonderful novel has faults which, to put it gently, would probably prevent a bishop from recommending it as a text-book for the study of the French language in girls' schools. The impression, however, which is made in each case is so vivid that the moral which each writer wishes to recommend is undoubtedly impressed upon us more indelibly than by any quantity of direct preaching. The obvious explanation is of course that Voltaire and Swift were men of the very highest literary power. Swift gives the essence of that strong rough humour which is the conspicuous quality of much of our best English writing; and Voltaire gives an equally perfect specimen of the analogous French characteristic of incomparably brilliant, clear, and logical wit. But why do the wit and humour find so convenient a vehicle in this special form of composition? Nothing in this world is more generally tiresome than a prolonged allegory. When a poet tries to express an abstract truth by the action of concrete personages, he generally succeeds only in provoking the question why he cannot give us one thing or the other, or the two things separately. The merit most required in the statement of an abstract theory is that it should be perfectly clear and coherent. The great merit of a story is that it should be capable, like every true narrative, of suggesting an infinite number of meanings, besides the obvious prosaic moral. When an attempt is made to bind the two things together both generally suffer. The theory becomes less intelligible by the indirect mode of conveying it, as may be inferred from the infinite number of meanings generally attributed by commentators to stories suspected of being allegorical. The story meanwhile is spoilt because the actors are compelled to walk in fetters instead of developing the plot according to its æsthetic capacities. When one reads, for example, an elaborate attempt to interpret such a poem as the Second Part of *Faust*, an Englishman at any rate feels that the philosophy would have been the better if not trammelled by the poetry, and the poetry if not confused by the philosophy. Now in the books of which we are speaking this difficulty is simply obviated. Voltaire and Swift each took a very simple text to expound. That the best of all possible worlds is a strange chaos of good and evil, that the human race is vile, petty, and contemptible, are propositions which are short, pithy, and, it may perhaps be added, partially true. They are true enough, that is, to express very general and deep sentiments, though sentiments which are very much in want of correction. No elaborate machinery was required to work out the theory contained in either book. On the other hand, any number of vivid illustrations of the doctrine might be accumulated. The more grotesque they were the better. Any amount of play might be given to the fancy, as a fable in which beasts talk is all the better for its flagrant impossibility. The symbol should be as strange and fantastic as may be, though preserving a constant reference to the essential facts of human life. Each story is a gallery of caricatures, all illustrating the same doctrine, and forcing it upon us by their accumulative influence. The purpose is not to prove a theory, but, by a fanciful extravagance, to set it in the clearest light.

The conditions thus indicated are the most obvious ones for a successful story of the satirical kind. There should be some clear and simple proposition to be enforced, the mind of the reader should be steadily fixed upon it, and it should be expressed by as many and as grotesque illustrations as possible. It is a very difficult thing to preach an obvious truism in direct terms without becoming intolerably monotonous. The method of which we are speaking is an ingenious way of drilling a simple truth into the public by presenting it in every possible light and under cover of extravagant forms which amuse us by their oddity. The old "Dance of Death" was an analogous variety of pictorial art. That death takes every man was a platitude which the utmost rhetorical skill could scarcely make interesting; but when death was shown in every fanciful combination, dancing with the king, the priest, the soldier, and the peasant, the old familiar saying became impressed by the incessant repetition in various forms.

If we proceed now to test *Baron Grimboosh* by the standard thus set up—rather a high one it must be admitted—we shall probably not be disposed to treat it very seriously. The idea is tolerably simple. Grimboosh—we do not quite understand why he is called Baron on the title-page and made into a Duke in the body of the book—is supposed to have been appointed Governor of Barataria. Barataria represents England; and the Governor is full of the most admirable intentions of suppressing drunkenness, enforcing universal education, discouraging war, and generally making his subjects happy, wise, virtuous, and prosperous. Immediately upon entering on his office he is surrounded by all the various quacks, political and social, who are in the habit in real life of expressing their sentiments in Social Science Associations, and at other meetings of a kindred character. A number of memorials are immediately laid before him from these amiable persons. The first proposes the abolition of war and of standing armies; a second, the establishment of perfect equality between the sexes; a third, the forcible suppression of the habit of drinking spirituous liquors; a fourth, the suppression of the use of butcher's meat; a fifth, the suppression of adulteration; a sixth, the suppression of diplomacy; a seventh, the suppression of seduction; an eighth, the raising of wages, and the provision of rose-water baths for the general public; a ninth, the facilitation of divorce; a tenth, the suppression of tobacco; and an eleventh, the establishment of national workshops. After receiving these memorials Grimboosh proceeds to hold a number of interviews with various deputations, and with the most eminent men amongst the Baratarians. These last, we may remark, are intended for portraits of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, and others, which do not imply that the author has any great skill as a caricaturist. Grimboosh receives the deputations, and exposes the fallacy of their theories by arguments which we fancy that we have heard before. We do not sympathize with the defenders of women's rights, but we do not think that those pushing persons will feel themselves crushed by a repetition of the statement that home is their realm, and that if they leave it for the hard, stony highway of politics and public affairs, they will deprive themselves of all true happiness. Finally, Grimboosh allows himself to be partially converted by some of these enthusiasts. He proposes measures for the abolition of the liquor-traffic and the institution of a court of arbitration between nations. Both measures are ignominiously thrown out; a revolution follows, and Grimboosh has to abdicate, and to return to his native country, Pumpernickel. His sovereign tells him that as a statesman he is a fool, but confers a dukedom upon him for his skill in inventing salads.

So much for the fable. The moral, if we understand it rightly, is tolerably simple. It is apparently that the various measures proposed for the regeneration of the species are contemptible quackeries, and that a statesman who should try to carry them out would be a fool. Of the truth or falsehood of this opinion we have no desire to speak. That is a point of minor importance. Nor need we inquire whether a writer of adequate ability might not make it the foundation of any number of ingenious illustrations. We must confess, however, that the author of *Baron Grimboosh* scarcely appears to us to be equal to the task. The caricature is scarcely as burlesque as it ought to be. The deputations of course talk nonsense, but they do not talk it in a very original or amusing fashion; and the confutations addressed to them, though sensible enough, are not remarkable for point or novelty, and are very much too diffuse to be epigrammatic. Any newspaper article on a meeting for the rights of women or the increased wages of the labouring classes gives pretty much the same statement of the demands generally put forward, and the obvious replies to them. One is induced to ask what is the use of wrapping up in the form of a fiction a few remarks about the various agitators who are just now working in the country? Of course they would consider themselves to be misrepresented in *Baron Grimboosh*; but there is not that amount of fanciful extravagance in bringing out the callant absurdities which justifies the adoption of this style of writing. When one has invented a Baron Grimboosh and a land of Barataria, one ought to make one's puppets behave with a little more originality and vivacity. It is not worth while travelling to an ideal country to come across a repetition of the places from which we started under so thin a disguise. On the same principle we object to the intrusion of our old familiar friends, such as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone. They have, it is true, rather new parts to play; but when personal satire is intended, it is better to attack the persons more directly. If, indeed, the book

were more conspicuous for genuine wit, we might easily pass over the deficiencies of the design and the faults of art in the execution. But though it is fairly written, and there is here and there a good stroke, we cannot say that it sparkles with any great vivacity, or that it does not occasionally sink into downright heaviness. In short, there is too much of the ordinary political pamphlet, or too much of the grotesque element. The mixture does not appear to us to have been very happily hit off or to show much power of satire. But the writing is tolerable, and it may amuse a spare half-hour not disagreeably.

#### JOHNSON'S LUCRETIUS.\*

IT is a bold undertaking to translate Lucretius, and whoever attempts it has rocks ahead which he can scarcely hope to avoid with half the success and skill of the great poet who originally made the voyage. Lucretius undertook and achieved the rare task of bodying forth in sonorous, spirited, and nobly sustained verse, speculations, technicalities, and matters of dry statement and demonstration which might well have seemed to defy expression in prose, much more therefore in poetry. His genius carried him through the venture, relying on the clear conception he had of the philosophy which he had mastered, and on the inherent dignity of his theme. But those who have hitherto attempted to translate him into English have all, more or less, made shipwreck. In some of the picked passages which he essayed, Dryden, as we might be sure, exhibited his wonted fire; but it is needless to add that accuracy and faithful transcript of the original were no features of even his fragmentary effort. The blank verse translation of John Mason Good is too dull to have left any mark upon its readers' minds; and the much earlier version of Creech is about the best English presentment of the *Nature of Things*, though the story that it won him his fellowship at All Souls, however much it may have redounded to the credit of that foundation in days that knew not of University Commissions, certainly represents an over-payment of very moderate merit. Our Transatlantic cousins are laudably anxious to "whip" the Old World in literature, as in all else; and truly the veteran American poet Bryant has evinced first-rate powers of translation in the Homer which is the fruit of his old age. Emulous of like success, Mr. Charles Frederick Johnson has essayed to translate Lucretius; and it is only fair to say of his performance of his task that its chief faults are faults of detail and of oversight, whilst his general level is high and well maintained. But we must add that if he soars above his predecessors, he owes much to the comparatively recent accessions of help towards a study of Lucretius which lie open in Mr. Sellar's sketch of the poet in his *Roman Poets of the Republic*, and still more in Professor Munro's thorough edition of the *Nature of Things*, a work which is no less a treasure of Latin scholarship than a model of helpfulness on all points to the readers and translators of Lucretius. No acknowledgments of Mr. Johnson's—and we do not call in question his sense of obligation—can do justice to the profound insight into his author and his author's language which is shown in that *arguere et docere* of English scholarship, Munro's Lucretius. If, as has been somewhere remarked, "it is to Lucretius that we owe an adequate idea of the power of the Latin language," assuredly it is to Professor Munro that we owe the diffusion and popularization of that idea amongst English students. No one who has had the resolution to master his admirable work can fail to leave it with an acquisition of knowledge fully compensating the outlay of labour; with a closer and more intimate acquaintance with Lucretius and with Latin; and—last, but not least, especially in the case of possible translators—with most instructive hints as to the essentials of a model translation. Mr. Johnson, who had the good fortune to light upon Professor Munro's edition in time to revise by its aid the first draft of his translation, candidly records his obligations to it in his introduction; and indeed proofs of this constantly present themselves to the reader of Mr. Johnson's translation, which is in blank verse, of a fairly sustained character for the most part, and often, in passages which challenge special care, rising to a certain height of eloquence and vigour not unbefitting the original.

Its merits as well as its shortcomings may well be exemplified in one or two extracts of some length. Take, for instance, the well-known passage in the Fourth Book, vv. 962-1001 (*Est quo quisque fere, &c. &c.*):—

What occupies the mind, on what it most  
Delighted dwells, in dreams will reappear,  
And nightly visions reflect the day:  
Lawyers plead causes and interpret laws;  
Soldiers new battles fight, and range their fields;  
With warring winds sailors rude contests wage;  
While I, the worshipper of Nature, in  
My country's language seek her truths to clothe.  
Thus come illusions of our loved employ  
In dreams, and haunt the chambers of the mind.  
So those who day by day attentive dwell  
Upon theoric shows; when now the scene  
No longer meets the sight, open remain  
The mental avenues, and phantoms throng  
A shadowy world along accustomed ways;  
E'en as awake they dancers seem to see  
In timely measures move their floating limbs,

\* *Lucretius on the Nature of Things. Translated into English Verse. By Charles Frederick Johnson. New York: Lent & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.*

While liquid sound of harp and speaking strings  
Ring in their ears; the gathered throng they see,  
With all the splendours of the painted scene—  
So vividly is stamped what occupies  
Our waking pleasures and our day's employ;  
Not in men only, but as well in brutes:

The hunter-dog, in sleep unquiet wrapped,  
Twitches his limbs and utters smothered cries;  
With eager nostrils snuffs the frequent air,  
Or starting, follows in a quick pursuit  
The phantom of a deer his fancy sees  
In flight—too soon, alas! awake, the fond  
Illusion fades, reality returns—  
The faithful watchdog see light slumbers chase,  
Quick from the earth snatch his reclining limbs,  
At fancied sight of stranger form suspect,  
Within the limits of his guarded realm.

The first impression produced by these lines is that of a more faithful adherence to the tenor and sequence of the original than is exhibited by such translators as Creech—an improvement obviously due to the faithfulness of Mr. Munro's accurate translation, which withal is couched in such well-chosen and poetical language that in this respect also it is of the greatest assistance to the verse translator. The illustrations of the poet's thesis drawn from the stage, and from the hunting dog and the house dog, come out more truly, and in keeping with the original. There is less temptation, doubtless, with such a guide, to run off into the laxness of Creech, when out of the single verse—

*Nautæ contractum cum ventis degere bellum—*

he spins the purely imaginary couplet—

The merchants' dream of storms, they hear them roar,  
And often shipwrecked leap or swim to shore;

or when, again, he imports into another verse (980) words about "wantons dancings," which are not in any way warranted by the language of Lucretius. But, as we go deeper into the comparison of the original with the closer and more careful rendering by Johnson, we find that the latter fails in the nice insight and appreciation of the author's sense which Mr. Munro's superior scholarship exhibits. In the fourth of the verses given above, Johnson and Creech are alike content to see in

*Causidici causas agere et componere leges*

nothing more than the modern lawyer's double function of pleading causes and interpreting Acts of Parliament. Creech, indeed, seems to think that "componere leges" means "making laws," and to confuse the senator's occupation with the lawyer's, whilst Johnson apparently takes "componere" for "exponere." But when we refer to the prose translation of Munro, which it is curious that Mr. Johnson should have overlooked in this instance, the lawyer's occupation turns out to be more consistent with our own ideas of it—"they plead causes and draw up covenants of sale"; and on consulting the exegetical commentary we find that "componere leges," in the sense of "settling terms or drawing up covenants of sale," is not uncommon in *Cato De Re Rustica*, and is justified by a passage in *Cicero De Legibus*. In connexion with the passage which we have quoted up to a certain point, but broken off, for lack of space, before giving Lucretius's illustration of the lesser birds cowering in dreams "into the sacred grove's recesses" at the fancied approach of the eagle, come two lines which, by an inadvertence probably, Mr. Johnson has left out altogether:—

*Et quo quæque magis sunt aspera seminorum,  
Tam magis in somniis cadem seivire necesse est.*

They are seemingly an inference or corollary from the two descriptions of the canine species which have occurred just above; and if Mr. Johnson had rendered them, he could not have done better than reduce to blank verse the clear "construe" of Munro—"And the fiercer the different breeds are, the greater rage they must display in sleep." No one who has read the note on "leonum seminium" in Mr. Munro's commentary upon Lucret. III. 741 could have any doubt upon the matter. It is a pity that Mr. Johnson has omitted the lines in question, because it may leave an impression that he did not know how to translate them, though an examination of his general handiwork will go far to acquit him of such utter and palpable misinterpretation as is exhibited in Creech's version of the couplet:—

But now from images whose forms comprise  
Rough principles, the frightful dreams arise.

It were a sorry compliment, however, to Mr. Johnson to spend time on contrasts between him and Creech, because the latter is almost always vague and diffuse, whereas a very few lines will serve to show that the former wisely risks the imputation of indebtedness to Munro by creditable adherence to the Latin and the English prose version. We take an instance from the Fifth Book (vv. 460-4)—an illustration by Lucretius of his theory of the heavier particles of earth squeezing out the lighter atoms of the other parts of the world, and of the bursting forth of the fire-laden ether from the various earth pores:—

*Non alia longe ratione ac sæpe videmus,  
Aurea cum primum gemmantis rore per herbas  
Matutina rubent radiati lumina solis,  
Exhalantque lacus nebulam fluvioque perennes,  
Ipsaque ut interdum tellus fumare videtur;  
Omnia quæ auranti cum concitantur, in altum  
Corporè concreto subtexunt nubila cælum.*

Professor Munro renders these lines—

Much in the same way as we often see, so soon as the morning light of

the beaming sun blushes golden over the grass jewelled with dew, and the pools and the ever-running rivers exhale a mist, and even as the earth itself is sometimes seen to smoke; and when all these are now gathered together aloft, then do clouds on high with a new cohering body weave a covering beneath heaven.

Mr. Johnson's transcript is a very fair sample of his Muse:—

As oft we see when matinal light of day  
Pours golden blushes o'er the jewelled grass,  
Lakes and the running streams vapours exhale,  
And earth sends up a mist that, rising, is  
Condensed, and clothes the firmament with clouds;  
And thus the light-diffusive ether rose.

Very frequently in single lines the influence of Munro is appreciable in this version—as, for instance, in III. 1042, "*Ipse Epicurus obit, decurso lumine vitæ*"; a line to which Lachmann demurred, because he could not see "*quomodo vitæ lumen decurratur*," but which Mr. Munro clears up by pointing out a blending of the two ideas, "*decurso vitæ spatio*" and "*extincto lumine vitæ*," and a possible reference to the course of the sun. In this sense he translates "Even Epicurus passed away when his light of life had run its course"; and Mr. Johnson judiciously follows the lead:—

*E'en Epicurus died, his course fulfilled.*

At other times it would be well if he kept closer to his master—e.g. where, in showing how conscience makes cowards of the guilty, Lucretius says (III. 1023):—

*Hic Acherusia fit stultorum denique vita.*

This verse Mr. Johnson had better have turned with Munro, "The life of fools at length becomes their hell," than rendered, as he does—

Thus for the wicked life grim hell appears.

So too in the Second Book, vv. 359, 360, where it is said of the bereaved cow, whose calf has been sacrificed—

*Completque querellis  
Frondeferum nemus absistens—*

there seems in Mr. Johnson's version to lurk a confusion between "consistens" and "absistens":—

*Oft standing still,*

She fills the leafy grove with loud complaints.

For "standing still" should be substituted "leaving off her quest."

Indeed there can be no doubt that, with much merit, which we most willingly acknowledge, there is in Mr. Johnson's version ample occasion for a very large table of "errata." It would seem as if correction of the press were more honoured in the breach than in the observance by New York authors and publishers. And this is all the worse when, as we discover is the case with the volume before us, a work is stereotyped. In these days of "women's rights" we dare not comment upon the fact that "it is stereotyped at the Women's Printing House, Corner Avenue A, New York"; and yet we could have wished it were otherwise. In the page which gives the author's version of Iphigenia's sacrifice—a passage which the women should have printed in their best style—there are three serious omissions, and consequent marrings of sense. Not much further on, the words "*Unde æther sidera pascit*" reappear in the queer form "how ether feeds the censor (query censor) of the skies"; and very frequently, in the course of the six books, some obvious omission of a particle or conjunction robs a line of its just metre and proportion. It is only right to say that there are some mistakes in the shape of Patagonian lines, and lines that never could be reduced to harmony, which it would be hardly just to saddle on the fair printers; nor can they be held responsible for such false quantities in proper names as Democritus and Ixion (III. 317 and 1012).

Still, in the main, and in despite of faults of detail, there is, we repeat, merit in this version—merit that shines forth in the presentment of the fine exordium of the Second Book; in the passage which reveals Epicurus's view of the world beyond (*Apparet divum numen*, &c., III. 18-30) in the Third Book; and in diverse passages of equal power in the Fifth and Sixth. If there were a chance of an improved edition, which would be tantamount to sacrificing the stereotype, we should counsel the removal of such Yankeeisms as the word "directress" in III. 95, and a few other solecisms. As it is, we must be content with noting the proof which this translation gives that, since the publication of Professor Munro's edition, a really competent version of Lucretius is feasible.

#### CLOTH OF FRIEZE.\*

THERE are novelists whose work satisfies the critics rather than the public; there are others who, having fairly established a reputation, seem to set themselves thenceforward to try what liberties they may venture upon; there are others who might be warranted to turn out any quantity of work of fair average quality; and there is the great mass who shovel out rubbish that does not repay the sifting and sorting. Finally, there are a considerable number who write books, often with decided merits, but always with conspicuous faults; books that are consequently pronounced good or bad as they chance to suit the taste of particular readers. In the last category of authors we should be inclined to place Lady Wood, and we may take this latest novel of hers as a very fair illustration of what we mean. For unquestionably

\* *Cloth of Frieze*. By Lady Wood, Author of "Sabina," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.



*Cloth of Frieze* has its merits. In the first place, it fulfils to a considerable extent the primary object of a work of fiction—it interests. Yet all along we have an unpleasant consciousness that the author wants constructive power and is deficient in artistic talent. If her story interests, it is certainly not owing to the love or sympathy we are made to feel for any of her characters. Its main idea is good morally, and by no means bad artistically, for it places worth and worthlessness, the cloth of frieze and the cloth of gold, in effective contrast. It is true that the worthlessness is made sufficiently repellent, thanks to the extreme meanness of the shapes it assumes. But then, on the other hand, the worth owes so very little to adventitious advantages that we cannot for the life of us do more than respect it. It is natural enough that the young heroine, in making her choice between the cloth of gold and the cloth of frieze, should have chosen wrongly. But it takes all the subsequent sobering by sorrow, when she is paying the penalty of her precipitation, to make us believe the lot an enviable one which she shares with the very gallant and respectable officer who offers her his hand in second nuptials.

To our mind the strongest objection to Lady Wood's novels is a marked partiality for what we must call meanness, and a decided tendency to what we can only characterize as coarseness. And in speaking of the mean, we rather refer to meanness of treatment, for treatment goes for so much that it is hard indeed to say what is meanness of subject. The picture of a child from the gutter may be made simply loathsome by obtruding debasement of feature and squalor of person and drapery; while genius may cast a halo of pathetic beauty over the same study by a certain refinement of idealization which shall scarcely do violence to the realism of nature. So doubtless you may write about the sordid money sorrows of a struggling life, as Lady Wood did in a former novel, and find great dramatic suggestiveness in the subject. Yet it is a subject you would scarcely select to work at as a labour of love. In the main idea of *Cloth of Frieze* we are bound to say that Lady Wood has avoided the mistake which made *On Credit* what the French call trivial reading. It glorifies the unpretending sacrifice of a profound love, and Percy Pierce has merited the tardy gratification of his passionate attachment by a long course of painful self-abnegation. But Percy Pierce, although he shows as great personal daring as moral fortitude, remains a mere abstraction to us. Although his heart must be beating warmly within him, he always seems to us like one of those cold studies of classical virtue which we meet in the pictures of David and his followers. On the other hand, Lady Wood has gone to work with a will in the companion study of Jasper Reed; she has elaborated all his degrading vices and his little meannesses until she has succeeded in turning out one of the most unattractive personages that ever moved in decent society. Doubtless the story is carried back to a time when gentlemen habitually got drunk with comparative social impunity. But it would have been in better taste perhaps simply to indicate the fact, rather than to continually express it, the more so that we believe Lady Wood exaggerates in absolute defiance of artistic considerations. We do not believe that even in the beginning of this century quiet-living gentlemen were perpetually, and on the very faintest provocation, having "drappies in their ee," a quotation which Lady Wood repeats *ad nauseam*. Nor do we suppose that even younger men who intended to shoot at an early archery party for valuable prizes would drink so freely that their unsteady hands left an easy victory to a novice who had trained on ginger-beer. It is not a pleasant picture, that of a very worthy baronet gradually flushing up over a quiet dinner with his wife and daughter; or of the daughter, a very pretty girl, imitating the paternal gluttony, and then retiring after dinner with her friend to unlace her plump charms, and rest from the effects of excess—especially as this young lady subsequently plays second heroine, and comes out as all that is sweet and kind and amiable. We are far from saying that gourmandise is incompatible with good nature; indeed, we believe they often go together, and an excellent digestion may do duty for a heart throughout a lifetime. But we do say that it is characteristic of Lady Wood to obtrude the animal so unpleasantly in Miss Alabaster, whom we afterwards are made to like and admire as Mrs. Ryder. Lady Wood evidently holds her sex in exceedingly small respect, and in a series of asides she is continually giving us the benefit of her unsatisfactory experience of women. Then there is an unpleasant episode where a husband desires to foist his mistress on his wife as lady's-maid. The wife by accident sees the mistress's child, who has been established in one of the gamekeepers' cottages, and at once recognizes it by its extraordinary likeness to her husband. She is naturally greatly hurt by the fact of the child's being there at all, as well as indignant at the outrage intended her. Lady Wood remarks that "a young lady of the present day, in our advanced ideas of education, would have looked leniently on the fact of the baby's illegal existence; but even the fastest of Britain's daughters would have resented the insult of putting the left-handed wife in contact with the one who was lawful, though such conduct had royal sanction." The whole sentence has an unpleasant ring, and especially in a woman's mouth, from the commonplace cynicism of its beginning to the playful allusion at the end. The best that can be said for it is that it is in excellent keeping with the episode over which it moralizes. Men often form irregular connexions before marriage, and it is quite possible to imagine a man so shameless as to attempt to provide for a deserted mistress by impoisoning her upon a newly married wife. But incidents of this

sort can only be turned to good artistic purpose by the most discreet and delicate handling, and it is to be regretted that they should be so much in favour with lady novel-writers. We might indefinitely enlarge our catalogue of the unpleasant touches to which we object. Old Captain Swift is captivated by Miss Mary Capper's plump shoulders when he shavels her, and thin Mrs. Hawser engages an inside place with him in the London mail that she might make love to the Captain through the medium of her graceful ankles—the ankle, we are informed, being the most lasting of feminine charms. Colonel Ryder, who is represented otherwise as all that is high bred and honourable, takes advantage of the *roué* Jasper Reed being in desperate embarrassment to buy off his attention to the object of the Colonel's earnest attachment, by a temporary accommodation of 100*l*. Things may of course have possibly enough passed as Lady Wood describes. We can only say that she would have written a more agreeable story by avoiding or merely glancing at much that she brings out into glaring prominence.

Still there is, we repeat, a certain interest about the story, while we can imagine readers to whom some of its blemishes may prove positive attractions. It gets well under way at once. Ella Swift, the heroine, is thrown on the hands of her uncle, Captain Swift, an old half-pay naval officer. Ella is launched in the small society of Mudborough, a little provincial town of the type of Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford, although, to carry out the nautical metaphor, she rather sticks on the ways for want of the needful money to grease them. Captain Swift is a poor man, and her allowance is an exceedingly small one. Ella, however, is a very pretty girl, and she speedily finds a couple of lovers. One of them is Lieutenant Percy Pierce, Captain Swift's adopted son, poor, ugly, gallant, and highly meritorious. The other is Jasper Reed, who characteristically rushes into the Mudborough Assembly Rooms, flushed with wine, at the head of a band of excited young officers, like "the leader of the rabble rout in *Comus*." Finding Ella there alone, he falls in love with her at first sight. Jasper is also in love with the rich Miss Alabaster, afterwards Mrs. Ryder, or at least with Miss Alabaster's money. He is of no profession, is excessively extravagant, and is kept by his father exceedingly short of money, although he is an only son and heir to a fine place and fortune. Probably prudence would have triumphed over impulse, and, notwithstanding Colonel Ryder's loan, he might never have married Ella Swift, and might have married Miss Alabaster. But he behaves exceedingly badly in a quarrel with Lieutenant Pierce, and the lieutenant challenges and shoots him. Then Pierce brings Ella to the wounded man's bedside to nurse him; next, he persuades him to marry her; with infinite trouble he smooths away all obstacles elsewhere to the union, and provides the couple with the costly special licence out of his own scanty means. Surely never was self-sacrifice carried further, for all the time he is himself passionately in love with Ella. Then Ella's tender nursing pulls the good-for-nothing Jasper through, and before her honeymoon with the convalescent scamp is half over, her sorrows begin. She finds that her husband has his Mephistopheles in the shape of a rascally valet, with whom he lives on terms of low confidence. Oddly enough, he consents to continue in the valet's power; for, although he has a fine, if encumbered, property, and knows that the man robs him scandalously in his monthly accounts, he will not make an effort and pay him off. We forget to say that he had succeeded to the title and estates while he lay on his sickbed. Sir Jasper drinks at all hours, and is habitually drunk at the dining-table. He neither regrets, on his own account nor on hers the fact that none of the neighbours' wives will call on her. He has brought his former mistress and his child to a cottage close by the garden, and, as we said, he has her recommended to his wife as maid. When the Ryders come and settle in the neighbourhood, he makes violent love to his former flame, who is now his wife's bosom and only friend. But by this time Mrs. Ryder detests him, and only tolerates him for his wife's sake, so no actual harm comes of that, although it is painful enough to Ellen, whose old affection is not utterly extinguished. But perhaps what is hardest of all on her is the brutal half-drunken candour with which he blurts out to her all that he ought to have kept concealed. At last his valet murders him on a dark night, or at least the reader is left to lay the crime at the valet's door, and high time it is that he disappeared from the scene. Lady Reed returns to her uncle, poor as she left him, for there was no settlement. The constant Captain Pierce, who has won in the meantime promotion, reputation, and prize money, comes forward and marries her. He proves to be the long-lost nephew of a venerable old gentleman, the new heir of Sir Jasper's place, Aberhill. The uncle welcomes his nephew and niece to his affections; he makes over the property to them on condition of their paying him an annuity of 5,000*l*, in the shape of expenditure on the estates, and if money and sterling qualities in a husband can assure Ella's future happiness, happy she ought to be. We ought to have said that, as befits a story where two of the leading personages are naval heroes, *Cloth of Frieze* is very much of a nautical novel. But we do not profess to criticize Lady Wood's seamanship, or to follow her among the shoals and shallows of the nautical technicalities in which she is so fluent. We can only say they sound to us somewhat more like echoes from transpontine theatres than the naval writing we have been accustomed to in the pages of *Tom Cringle* and *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

A MAGNIFICENT edition of the four Gospels\*, which has been in preparation for several years, has been brought out by the enterprising firm of Messrs. Hachette. The principal feature of this important work is that the illustrations composed by M. Bida are not, as is too frequently the case, fancy subjects taken from the artist's own imagination, and which have therefore very little in common with reality. M. Bida spent a considerable time in the Holy Land for the purpose of studying the scenery, architecture, costume, and manners of the people, and the drawings which he has brought back in his portfolio, whilst they reproduce with much vigour the principal incidents in the life of our Lord, are also exact transcripts of Oriental life and Oriental places. The text is the French one of Bossuet, and in addition to the hundred and twenty-eight steel plates for which M. Bida is responsible, each page is surrounded by appropriate marginal decorations likewise engraved on steel, and reflecting the greatest credit upon M. Roussigneux, the artist.

M. Paul Cère, who lately filled the post of prefect of one of the French departments, has written an excellent little volume† on the dangerous classes of society. He observes in the first instance that Government allows itself to be too uniformly engrossed by politics, strictly so called, and that the care of international relations prevents statesmen from dealing with the formidable elements which constantly threaten the very existence of civilization. In the meanwhile the facilities for crime are increasing in a wonderful proportion, the condition of the labouring poor remains extremely precarious, and the artificial state of society in which we live has brought about a perilous degree of corruption and of immorality. The pretensions of Socialist and Communist reformers may be, and are, no doubt, ridiculous enough; but the movement includes some legitimate elements, and the best way of combating the theories of M. Assi's followers is to adopt frankly whatever is reasonable in their demands. M. Cère examines in detail all the questions connected with the moral welfare of society. Public education, prisons, military service, workshops, emigration—such are some of the subjects which he discusses; his remarks are always deserving of serious consideration, and the facts which he quotes by way of illustration have been derived from the most authentic sources.

The late M. Prosper Mérimée used to say, "Je n'aime de l'histoire que les anecdotes." M. Edmond Guérard has selected this remark as the motto for two closely printed volumes of amusing scraps borrowed from the stores of historical literature.‡ France, the classical country of memoirs and epistolary writing, has naturally been at all times fertile in neat little stories, concise and witty, polished like epigrams when they are not distinguished by some exquisite *détail* quite as worthy of being recorded as the choicest specimen of pathos. The mere enumeration of the volumes of *ans* published amongst our neighbours from the days of Tallemant des Réaux down to the present time would fill a good-sized catalogue, and M. Guérard has had to go over a considerable tract of ground in making his extracts. The anecdotes he prints are arranged under appropriate heads, the sources from which they have been taken are always indicated, and a few notes are inserted where necessary. We must say, however, that although any reader acquainted with the niceties of the French language may enjoy the witticisms collected by M. Guérard, the historical incidents which supply the material for nearly every quotation require, to be fully appreciated, an accurate knowledge of memoir literature. We would also take the liberty of remarking that some of the anecdotes are too coarse for a collection intended for general readers.

We have heretofore had to notice a few instalments of M. Camille Rousset's *Bibliothèque de l'Armée française*. Several more volumes of this collection are now before us.§ It is to be regretted that some kind of preface or introduction should not have been given, stating on what plan the series is conceived, and what works are intended to form part of it. It strikes us also that, even at the risk of increasing the expense, some good maps should have been added; and finally, in works of this kind notes are quite indispensable. Soldiers cannot be supposed to understand anything about the system of Greek and Roman strategy by merely reading the narratives of Xenophon, Julius Cæsar, or Sallust; nor can they discuss the merits of the Seven Years' War, the character of the generals who took part in it, and the political results to which it led, if they have before them nothing but the memoirs of Frederick the Great. We hope that M. Rousset will so far modify the execution of the volumes which he intends to publish as to make his collection a really useful one.

Dr. Livingston's treatise on Criminal Law is a work of so much importance that we cannot wonder at its appearing in a French dress through the diligence of M. Charles Lucas, a member of the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, and himself a friend of the celebrated American jurist. Our readers may be aware that in 1820 the criminal legislation of the State of Louisiana was ordered to be revised, and that the care of this re-

vision was entrusted to Livingston. He prepared immediately a report on the subject, and after having consulted the most eminent lawyers both of Europe and of his own country, he composed a treatise which is still looked upon as a standard work on one of the most difficult parts of legislation. It is a new edition of Livingston's *exposé* which is now before us.\* M. Charles Lucas has prefixed to it, first, a very valuable introduction; and secondly, the *éloge* delivered by M. Mignet on the celebrated American lawyer.

The two volumes of *Œuvres diverses*† which the friends of the late M. Charles Clavel have just published consist of short essays written at various times in the *Économiste belge*, the *Journal de Genève*, and the *Bibliothèque universelle*; they treat of education, government, and moral philosophy, and they reflect the greatest credit upon the writer. Born at Geneva, M. Clavel at an early age directed his attention to political questions, and although his writings are only newspaper articles, and he never aspired to any higher position than that of a journalist, he has left behind him a well deserved reputation as one of the most eminent thinkers of the present day. He belonged to the school of M. de Tocqueville, and the biographical sketch with which M. Frédéric Passy has introduced the collection of his works enables us to appreciate exactly the position he occupies on the list of practical politicians.

About twenty years ago, shortly after the *coup d'état*, the lady who assumes the literary pseudonym of Daniel Stern was led to reflect on the extraordinary suddenness with which the Republican institutions of France had twice been thrown down and replaced by the despotism of the sword. Why should such abrupt transformations be possible in France, whilst in other countries institutions of the same kind had prospered and lasted? The wish to solve this problem led Daniel Stern to study the history of nations where democratic principles had flourished, and from the list of such nations she selected the Netherlands.‡ At that time the work of Mr. Motley was not known amongst our French neighbours, and the Abbé Raynal's superficial *Histoire du Stat-houdérat* was the only source of information they had on the subject. The volume just published by Daniel Stern is the first of a work which is intended to contain a detailed account of the origin and formation of the Dutch Republic; it takes us as far as the death of Oden Barneveldt, and is written of course from the democratic point of view. The author's style is remarkably clear, and the notes prove that in every instance the best sources have been consulted.

M. Gustave Bertrand is one of those who think that political discussions have nothing to do with questions of art and philosophy, and that true patriotism is perfectly consistent with admiration of the works of Weber, Mozart, and Beethoven.§ How indignant genuine connoisseurs used to be, some time ago, at the narrow-mindedness of Italian dilettanti who would not admit that either Germans or Frenchmen understood anything about music! With what expressions of contempt they talked of the feuds between the Gluckists and the Piccinists! Well, says M. Bertrand, let us not fall into the same fault ourselves, but let us admire the authors of *Der Freischütz* and of *Don Giovanni*, although they are Germans. M. Bertrand's book is a series of monographs written by an experienced musician, who endeavours to be impartial, and who feels quite aggrieved at the thought that Offenbach should be just now more popular than Gounod or Ambroise Thomas. In his last chapter, on the twofold influence of Verdi and Wagner, he contends that the composer of *Lohengrin* cannot hope to succeed in moulding French art, for the simple reason that even in his own country his pretensions are far from being universally acknowledged. Out of the two thousand Wagnerians residing at Berlin, says a German critic quoted by M. Bertrand, the majority are merely dreamers whom the metaphysical theories of the composer have led astray, and who, when they listen to his operas, do so not musically, but psychologically. If a man says that his mission is to revolutionize music after the fashion of the French democrats, he is sure to gather around him a crowd of fanatics, and that, we are told, is just what Wagner has been doing.

It is a volume of sad experiences which M. Amédée Achard publishes under the title *Souvenirs personnels d'Émeutes et de Révolutions*.|| Sad, from our point of view, at least; but a Parisian would perhaps take a much less gloomy view of the subject, for, as our author remarks, "Grattez le Parisien et vous trouverez le révolutionnaire." From the days of the *Maillottes* and of Étienne Marcel the inhabitants of Paris have been constantly steeped in riots, and when we see most of the statesmen who have governed France since 1830 serving their apprenticeship as conspirators before undertaking the task of putting down conspirators, we can scarcely wonder at the enthusiasm with which every one rushes in to swell the ranks of the militant opposition. M. Achard has fortunately grown wiser. There are three stages through which all persons have to pass who meddle with revolutions. They begin by helping to construct barricades, and by firing at the *agents de*

\* *Les saints Évangiles*, illustrés par M. Bida. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Les Populations dangereuses et les Mœurs sociales*. Par Paul Cère. Paris: Dent.

‡ *Dictionnaire encyclopédique d'Anecdotes*. Par Edmond Guérard. Paris: Bédet.

§ *Bibliothèque de l'Armée française*. Frédéric: œuvres historiques. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

\* *Exposé d'un système de Législation criminelle*. Par E. Livingston. Paris: Guillaumin.

† *Œuvres diverses de Charles Clavel*. Paris: Guillaumin.

‡ *Histoire des commencements de la République aux Pays-Bas*. Par Daniel Stern. Vol. I. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les Nationalités musicales*. Par G. Bertrand. Paris: Bédet.

|| *Souvenirs personnels d'Émeutes et de Révolutions*. Par A. Achard. Paris: Lévy.

despotisms. After two or three experiments of the kind, if they are fortunate enough to escape being shot or shipped off to Lambessa, the next revolutionary outburst sees them assuming the position of mere spectators. Their sympathies are still secretly with the insurgents, but they do not care to manifest these sympathies, and they remain quiet. Later still, rendered more steady by experience, having a social position, an income, and a family, they understand that after all, revolutions do much more harm than good, and when the drum beats to arms they join the party of order, with the consciousness that they are helping to save that society which a quarter of a century before they did their best to upset.

M. Drapeyron-Seligmann\* is a decided Republican, but his political views are as far removed as possible from those of the Commune, and he does not hesitate to tell very wholesome truths to the men who in his opinion have compromised by their extravagance the cause of democracy. Never, he says, has the tide of error and of sophistry been so strong as during the twelve months which followed the revolution of September 4. The part of a real patriot was to resist, not to follow, the stream. Our author holds that one of the principal causes of the misfortunes by which France has been lately visited is to be found in the deplorable ignorance of the population. Many persons regard intellectual eminence as an attack upon the principle of equality, and a return to the privileges of the *ancien régime*; whilst many more, doubting the reality of their own beliefs, are afraid lest reflection and calm inquiry should dissolve them at once. M. Drapeyron-Seligmann, as our readers may imagine, had some trouble to publish, under the reign of the Commune, plain-spoken remarks made from the point of view we have just indicated; but he managed to obtain for them the hospitality of M. Arthur Picard's journal *L'Electeur libre*, and he now reprints them in a volume as a memorial of the war and of the subsequent insurrection—those two acts of madness of modern Paris.

In his *Roman des Soldats*† M. Jules Claretie has endeavoured through the medium of fiction to describe the leading features of the French army at four distinct points of the revolutionary period. 1792, for instance, represents the epoch of enthusiasm and of disinterestedness, when the spirit of militarism had not yet seized hold of the nation, and when patriotism, not the love of gold and of pillage, urged forward the troops of Hoche and Dumouriez. With 1815 commences a series of disasters arising from the undue preponderance given to the army; and in 1871 the same causes led to exactly the same results. M. Claretie has introduced his tales by a preface on the state of the French army, and on the means of restoring it to its old efficiency. He would have the whole male population trained to arms, by which means, as he contends, the system of the *l'etorian* bands, so favourable to despotism, would be annihilated at once. We are glad to see M. Claretie distinctly repudiating the foolish and mischievous notion, already so successfully refuted by M. Camille Roussot, that the volunteers of 1792, representing the armed nation, deserve all the credit of the brilliant campaigns of the early part of the Revolution. It is well known that the victories which marked that epoch were gained by the disciplined troops of the old French regular army, and that then, as in 1871, when the volunteers acted alone, they showed what, after all, was quite natural, a weakness and ignorance which no amount of patriotism can compensate.

Incidents and personages connected with the late war still give rise to an immense number of pamphlets written under the most conflicting views, and which deserve to be studied by those who at some future time will write the history of the campaign. Garibaldi, so violently attacked by some, has found in M. Aug. Marais an eloquent champion.‡ M. Marais is, however, very unfair towards M. Schneider, General Ducrot, General Trochu, and all Frenchmen who do not adopt to their full extent the principles of the Revolution. The life of Admiral Bouet-Willamez§ is related in a simple and interesting manner by M. Félix Julien, who takes the opportunity of showing that the science of war is completely lost sight of by modern officers. Things have come to such a pass that a mere stump-orator who never saw a field of battle in his life, and never got on horseback, was a few months ago in a position to impose plans upon generals, and to direct the operations of armies in a war where the very existence of France was at stake. A German writer decanting eloquently on the tyranny of Prince Bismarck is certainly something quite novel.¶ Prudence has led him to conceal his name, and to borrow the French language for the purpose of expressing his hatred of Prussia; but we question very much whether the bitterness of his anti-Bismarck tendencies will atone in the minds of Frenchmen for the severity of his judgments upon France. According to him, the spirit of patriotism has entirely disappeared under the enervating influences of vice and luxury; selfishness is universal, and after the revolution of September 4, instead of finding at the head of affairs statesmen whose pretensions were justified by their virtues and their talents, we discover only idiots, madmen, and monsters. The French translator of this remarkable pamphlet has

corrected here and there in foot-notes some of the author's statements, and added to the information which he gives us. §

M. Albert Dumont's statistical documents on the Prussian propaganda in Alsace have been previously published by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.\* They are given as the *preuves justificatives* of a narrative which contains curious details respecting the invasion of Eastern France during the late war. M. Dumont aims, first, at refuting all the ideas circulated by Prussia respecting the Teutonic affinities of Alsace; and, secondly, at showing that the extreme severity of the measures adopted by the invaders proved how little they trusted to the sympathies of the inhabitants.

The interesting Yellow Book† published on the Communal insurrection is now completed by a third volume of illustrative documents. We have, first, General Ducrot's evidence, and then various *procès-verbaux* and reports of meetings held by the members of the Central Committee, the Committee of Public Safety, the International Society, the Republican Alliance, &c. To these the members of the Board of Inquiry have added Prince Czartoryski's letter on the supposed share taken by the Poles in the movement, and finally a certain number of protests called forth by the statements of some of the witnesses. M. Etienne Arago's flat denial of the accusation made against him by General Ducrot is a curious case in point, and it deserves to be attentively weighed; but it is not easy to get over the equally strong and explicit assertions of the officers who saw M. Arago at the Hôtel de Ville. Which are we to believe?

M. Charles Vatel‡ would have rendered his work on Charlotte Corday much more interesting if he had suppressed half the materials placed at his disposal, and arranged the remainder in something like methodical order. It is impossible to imagine a more hopeless mass of confusion than the three volumes now before us. Some of the facts recorded are valuable either from a literary or from a purely historical point of view; but M. Vatel has sent to the printer an astounding quantity of useless rubbish. The most prominent piece is a tragedy composed on the subject of Charlotte Corday by a Girondist politician named Salle, who was acquainted with the heroine, and whose dramatic production was corrected by Pétion, Buzot, and Barbaroux. It is curious to read the critiques made by these three distinguished Republicans; the most interesting one is that of Barbaroux, because it bears not upon points of style, but upon the character of Charlotte Corday, which Salle had succeeded in delineating, and therefore it has all the value of an historical document. M. Vatel has added to the tragedy a complete list of all works of the same description composed on the death of Marat; the enumeration is a long one, and is illustrated by extracts and comments. We have afterwards a large collection of letters, official decrees, and other papers referring to the unfortunate Girondists, and a separate album of portraits, autographs, views, &c.

The *Récit d'une petite fille* §, which we noticed a few months ago, gained a popularity which encouraged the young authoress to complete the narrative by a brief description of her visit to Ireland. Madlle. Suzanne's volumes are very pleasant reading; the freshness of the descriptions and the naivete of the thoughts are delightful.

\* *L'Administration et la Propagande prussienne en Alsace*. Par A. Dumont. Paris: Didier.

† *Assemblée nationale. Enquête parlementaire sur l'insurrection du 18 mars*. Paris: Gervier-Baillière.

‡ *Charlotte de Corday et les Girondins*. Par Charles Vatel. Paris: Plon.

§ *Suite du Récit d'une petite fille de quatorze ans*. Angers: Baraod.

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\* *Les Deux Folies de Paris*. Par M. Drapeyron-Seligmann. Paris: Lévy.

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**THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.**

THE proposed meeting of the Emperors of GERMANY, AUSTRIA, and RUSSIA at Berlin is an event of considerable importance. But its importance lies as much in what it does not betoken as in what it does betoken. Fifty years ago, or even twenty years ago, it would have meant that the members of the Holy Alliance were met to fulminate the edicts of despotism over the face of Eastern and Central Europe. It would have meant that the heads of political reaction were gathered together in a common design hostile to the liberties, and probably to the peace, of their neighbours, and adverse to all that was enlightened and independent in their own territories. Now it indicates nothing of the sort. It is a meeting of Sovereigns who have many interests in common, and some few causes of discord or distrust, and who desire to see how peace may be preserved and difficulties arranged. The first origin of the meeting may be attributed to the political needs and apprehensions of Austria. No country has gained more from disaster; and no country has shown less of enmity to her enemies. To fight Austria seems to be the surest avenue to her good will, while Russia might add that to help her was the surest title to her ingratitude. Austria was beaten by France in 1859, and immediately afterwards was on the best of terms with the Tuileries. Austria was beaten by Prussia in 1866, and though not beaten, was thrice attacked by Italy. Now Austria is the happy, unassuming, cordial friend both of Italy and Prussia. But Austria has great difficulties to contend with. She has disaffected nationalities which seek to break up her newly invented dual Government. She has a furious ecclesiastical party smarting under many humiliations, and able to embarrass every Ministry that opposes it, although not strong enough to create a Ministry to carry out its wishes. Lastly, she has the turbulent tribes of the Lower Danube to control, so that she may hold that great highway of communication for the benefit of herself and South Germany. It is natural that in confronting all these various heads of opposition she should seek the counsel and assistance of Germany. It is a matter of the deepest concern to Germany that the Slavonic populations should not gain a mastery over the German populations in Austrian provinces, or the waters of a great European strife might be easily let out. Germany is necessarily anxious that the Jesuits, when expelled from the limits of the Empire, should not make Austria a hotbed of their intrigues. The Danube is far too much a German river for Germany to be indifferent as to who may hold the keys of it. But directly Germany and Austria touch on the Slavonic and Danubian question, and, with Poland so near, it may even be added on the Ultramontane question, they find that they must at every turn take Russia into account. They cannot pass Russia by. They must either work with her or against her. They have decided very wisely to work with her if possible. The Czar has therefore been invited, and has agreed to meet the German and Austrian Emperors, and to discuss, with a view to a friendly settlement, all causes of actual or probable difference. Germany thus appears not so much the arbiter as the peacemaker of Eastern Europe. She draws together Austria and Russia, not as one who is a calm spectator or an impartial judge of the quarrels of others, but as having a most keen interest in the affairs of her two chief neighbours, and yet regarding them from a point of view different from that in which they regarded them, and having some sympathy with each, and much power over each, of them. This meeting of the Emperors marks a new phase in the history of Germany. Nothing could up to this time have proved less true than the prediction to confidently expect during the war of 1870, that Germany would show herself to be a dominating and

aggressive Power. This meeting of the Emperors is the first remarkable sign of German foreign policy since 1870, and it indicates a wish for peace much more than for war, and a desire, not for aggression, but for action in concert with allies. The Germans have, we think, a right to point to this, and to appeal to it as some slight proof that they were right and that their adverse critics were wrong in the judgments formed as to the consequences of the French war. There is something disagreeable in praising the prosperous, for it looks like the adulation of success; but prosperous people may claim to have justice done them as much as unfortunate people can claim it. It is surprising in how many things the Germans have proved to be right, as to which the preponderance of European opinion, while the war lasted, thought they were wrong. It was said that they were crushing the life out of France by exacting an indemnity of two hundred millions sterling. The French are now in a state of the greatest possible delight at having shown that this was a mere nothing for them to raise, and that three-fifths of it could be subscribed in a day twelve times over. It was said that the Prussian army, having tasted blood and being flushed with success, would forthwith invent and insist on new wars. The Emperors of AUSTRIA and RUSSIA are to meet at Berlin in a few weeks to join Germany in making war for some time at least impossible. It was said that under the cold shadow of the new Empire, and under the insolent tyranny of Prince BISMARCK, all the feeble liberties and faint independence of Germany would wither away, that the wishes of the people would be disregarded, and the wishes of the Court would be all-powerful. One of the objects of the meeting of the EMPERORS is to discuss the religious question, which question has suddenly become important because the wishes of the great mass of German laymen have been attended to, the control of the schools taken from the clergy, and the Jesuits expelled, in spite of the reluctance of the EMPEROR and the avowed opposition of the EMPRESS. There is always supposed to be some kind of harmony between the character which a Congress of great potentates is to wear and the character of the place where it assembles. The meeting of the EMPERORS is universally recognized as a pacific meeting. No one fears that there will be anything tyrannical about the decisions come to, that schemes of plunder will be discussed, that nations will be sold and bought like flocks of sheep, or that family or dynastic interests will prevail over those of nations. Berlin is entitled to the credit of being the scene of such a meeting, for it could not have been held there unless it had been recognized that its objects and its character would be in unison with the policy uppermost in the capital of the leading State of Germany.

In old days Europe was ruled by the Five Great Powers; and if the sovereigns of three of them had met at Berlin, there would have been trepidation and offence and alarm in the Courts of the other two. Now England has not only nothing to say to the meeting, but is perfectly indifferent to it, or even regards it with a mild satisfaction so far as it troubles itself about it one way or the other. This is not only because we have to a very great extent ceased to interfere in Continental politics, or because we have realized that, with the many wars on our strength, we cannot pretend to do more than a limited amount of work. It is also, and perhaps chiefly, because the principles for which we used to contend are in the ascendant. We hated the Holy Alliance, and did what we could, not without considerable success, to baffle and outmanoeuvre it. Our side has won; the principles, the aims, the very machinery of the Holy Alliance all belong to the dead past. Among our other reasons for viewing such meetings as the meeting of the Emperors with calmness, we may safely claim as one the success with which we

have laboured to give a new character to the meetings of such sovereigns as these three EMPERORS. As he grew old, Lord PALMERSTON's foreign policy grew tamer, but this was due, not only to his having a changed England to deal with, but a changed Europe; and Europe had changed for the better in no little degree owing to the firmness which in early days Lord PALMERSTON had shown as a diplomatist. France, too, is now as much left out of consideration as England is when meetings like that of Berlin are arranged. This denotes a great alteration in the state of Europe. France may of course say something like what England can say, and may comfort itself by thinking that it has on the whole been steady in its opposition to the old Holy Alliance and its modern representatives, and may be content to be quiet when a renewal of the Holy Alliance is, partly through French exertions, made impossible. But France has not so much withdrawn from the field of European politics as it has been driven out. It was the boast and delight of the Second Empire, and one of its principal titles to the respect of Frenchmen, that it had a finger in every pie, that nothing could be done in Europe without its permission, and that it saw, like a speculative financier, openings for striking operations in every quarter. The French had even invented a theory, in which they devoutly believed, that they had a natural and providential right to be supreme in Europe, and that it was not intended that the affairs of the Continental States should go on without French interference. This theory, and all that it represented, melted into thin air on the field of Sedan. That the French have got to keep quiet for a while is the most cherished result of the war to the people in whose chief city the EMPERORS are to meet. Fortunately the French have other and greater things to think of. The meeting at Berlin does not trouble them while they are mourning for Alsace and are exhausting new forms of taxation. How long this indifference of France to what is going on beyond her borders will last, and how far the enforced withdrawal of France from European politics will be salutary to Europe, are points on which it is as yet impossible to form an opinion; but for the present it may be said that France does not seem to feel any acute pangs at the loss of her old eminence in Europe, and that the intended meeting of the EMPERORS is one to which France, if she had the power to object, could make no just objection.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW ATTACK ON THE LANDOWNERS.

HAVING disposed of the Ballot, of Scotch Education, and of several other questions of importance, Mr. GLADSTONE is preparing for the next Session a formidable attack on the property and local influence of the landed gentry. In answer to Mr. ST. AUBYN he lately announced his intention of reproducing in a more comprehensive form Mr. GOSCHEN's Local Government Bill of 1871; nor can it be disputed that he is perfectly consistent in his policy. Both Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. GLADSTONE himself have on several occasions intimated their designs against the landowners in a tone of menacing irony which is but seldom adopted by official statesmen. It was in preparation for a readjustment of taxation that Mr. GOSCHEN, in concert with his chief, compiled the marvellous statistics by which he proved that the land bore a larger proportion of the public burdens in Hungary than in England. Although the first attack was defeated, the Ministers with just confidence anticipated that the rashness of their intended victims would furnish them with an opportunity of renewing the assault. Sir MASSEY LOPES and his supporters were unable to resist the temptation of inflicting upon the Government a welcome and acceptable defeat. The majority of 100 which affirmed the expediency of relieving the rates at the expense of the Consolidated Fund provided Mr. GLADSTONE with a desired pretext for recommencing his campaign against landlords and county magistrates. He will have lost nothing by the enforced delay of two years, for the Ballot will have rendered the landed gentry absolutely powerless in any contest in which their rights may be brought into collision with the supposed interests of the tenant farmers. Mr. GLADSTONE's object is probably rather political than economical; and he will have achieved a great party triumph if, by bribing the majority of the county constituencies out of the property of the minority, he can break up the close ranks of his Conservative opponents. If the blow could fall exclusively on Sir MASSEY LOPES and his principal adherents, it would leave the satisfaction which always follows the award of political justice; but the arbitrary increase of local taxes and the transfer of provincial

authority from justices to delegates of ratepayers, will affect the property of those who were innocent of a silly agitation, and the good government of all the rural districts of England.

In announcing his intention Mr. GLADSTONE referred with well-founded complacency to the division on Sir MASSEY LOPES's motion. "The authority of that decision," he said, "we acknowledge to this extent at least, that we must give our best efforts to see what can be done with a view to the improvement of the present arrangements." He then proceeded to explain that all the changes to be proposed by the Government would be in a direction exactly opposite to the wishes and opinions of the county members who had blindly rushed on their fate. "I may say that, with respect to the guiding governing aim, we shall have in view, at any rate we shall look very much to, the following points. First of all, to the introduction of the representative principle into local institutions where that representative principle does not already obtain; secondly, to equality and justice as between the landlords and occupiers of the soil; thirdly, to equality as between the different classes of the community in respect to the aggregate contributions they make to the public burdens; and fourthly and lastly," to empty general propositions about frugal administration and local self-government. In plainer words, the county magistrates are to be deprived of their administrative functions in favour of elected Boards; the landowners are to pay half the rates, and to have no practical share in regulating the expenditure; and taxation in general is to be readjusted to the advantage of owners of personality, and to the detriment both of owners and of occupiers of land. Even in the absence of an authorised gloss, little sagacity would be needed for the interpretation of Mr. GLADSTONE's threatening language; and Mr. GOSCHEN's abortive Bill of last Session supports the probable version as an ancient manuscript sometimes confirms the soundness of a conjectural emendation. It has often been explained that, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's eagerness to inflict pecuniary loss on a class which he regards as generally hostile to his party, he will inevitably be baffled in his attempt to transfer the burden of the rates from the great landowners to their tenants. Their wealth and the prudent liberality which has deterred them from exacting the full value of the land from the occupiers, has placed them in the position of being able to add to their rents whatever may be taken from them in the form of taxes by factious legislation. On the greater number of large hereditary estates the farmers enjoy a virtually permanent tenure, although they nominally hold only from year to year. When the landlord directs his steward to alter the rent-roll so as to correct any alteration which may have resulted from Mr. GLADSTONE's pretended measure, any remonstrance on the part of the tenant will be at the same time unreasonable and useless. Mr. GOSCHEN's Bill, indeed, officiously provided that any contract for the payment of the owners' share of the rate by the occupiers should be illegal and void; but it will be scarcely possible for the present to limit by Act of Parliament the rent to be paid for land. Nevertheless, although the proposed change in the law of rating will not affect the income of the great landowners, it will have the advantage of inflicting upon them serious inconvenience, and in some instances it will disturb their friendly relations with their tenants. Their less fortunate neighbours will suffer in pocket as well as in political influence. The small landholder who has struggled to retain a scanty inheritance, or who has invested in the purchase of two or three farms his professional or commercial savings, is comparatively at the mercy of the tenant farmer, who knows that the owner would be ruined if the land were thrown on his hands. The rates have in the original contract been deducted from the rent which would otherwise have been paid; but when Mr. GLADSTONE transfers one half of the burden to the landlord, the owner will often be unable to secure himself against a purely wanton wrong. The incidence of taxes has often been to a greater or less extent determined by the interplay of prejudices of powerful classes; but the scheme on which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN are bent is peculiarly distinguished by its exclusively political character and motive. The tenant farmers whom they propose to bribe by the offer of gratuitous relief have never complained, and could not have complained, of abiding by the contracts which they have voluntarily made. An increase of rates during the term of a tenancy of course imposes an additional burden on the occupier; but the possibility of an imposition of new rates ought to have entered into his calculation. As a matter of fact the recent increase of rates almost exclusively affects the small tenant farmer who has in the course of his life accumulated a small

their municipal representatives to payments for which they have generally received a full equivalent.

The accumulation of land in the hands of a comparatively small number of owners will be facilitated and accelerated by legislation which will render the condition of petty proprietors even more undesirable than at present, although it is intended by its authors to injure landowners in general. A rate which will perhaps be equal to an income-tax of eighteen-pence or two shillings in the pound will often compel the freeholder to mortgage, and the mortgagee to sell, and experience shows that the probable purchaser will be the great landowner of the neighbourhood. The whole project was so preposterously unjust that Mr. Goschen, in the pamphlet which contained his original scheme, thought it necessary to invent a theory that owners were at present insufficiently represented in the local bodies which administer the rates. He accordingly proposed that the owners should return a certain number of representatives; and he perhaps persuaded himself that they would be simple enough to accept the illusory boon as an equivalent for the novel burden. In any assembly which imposes or expends taxes, a minority representing a separate interest discharges an idle and nugatory function. All persons who are practically familiar with rural administration know that in Boards of Guardians and similar bodies the gentry are powerless whenever they are supposed to have opinions or interests of their own. It was but an unreasonable jest to offer landowners powers for which they had never asked, in compensation for penalties which they had not deserved. It may perhaps have been unavoidable that the powers given by the Sanitary Acts should be vested in Boards of Guardians; but the law would have been more liberally and more providently administered if a larger share of authority had been allowed to justices. It will scarcely be possible to resist the impending substitution of elected Boards in counties for Courts of Quarter Session; but the experience of municipal corporations shows that the most enlightened classes are in a great measure excluded from influence where office is conferred by popular election. When the local revolution is accomplished, burdened and disfranchised owners of land will sometimes, in their orisons for the welfare of Mr. GLADSTONE, not fail to include a special benediction for Sir Massey Lopes.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THROUGH a curious combination of circumstances the House of Commons has become once a year the scene of one of the strangest performances known to any governing body of men. The Under-Secretary of State recites a sort of prize essay on the present condition of India. The notion underlying the ceremony is that, since the Crown took over the government of India, Parliament must be informed of what is going on there, and must have an opportunity of forming an opinion as to the mode in which Indian affairs are administered, and of controlling and directing the Government of the day so far as any shortcomings or errors in Indian administration may appear. But the House of Commons hates hearing about India. It does not understand Indian affairs, and has the wisdom not to pretend to understand them. So long therefore as there is any vitality in the Session, and as a body sufficiently numerous remains to debate matters in which real interest is taken, it will not have India obtruded on its notice so as to damp its spirits and waste its time; and the Government, which is anxious to press on its measures as rapidly as possible, is very happy to fall in with these views, and to shelve India to the last practicable moment. Accordingly, the Under-Secretary of State is made to wait till just before Parliament is prorogued, but he must be ready at any time when there may chance to be a vacant hour. A little fraction of time being thus carved out for him, when every one is supposed to be gone, when there is no one to criticise him, and no one but the reporters to listen to him, he is put up to make a solemn oration about India. Mr. GRANT DUFF is exactly the right man for the place. He is a round man in a round hole. He delights in composing and reciting a prize essay on India. His enormous knowledge, his boundless appetite for facts, his keen interest in every department of Indian affairs, his pleasing optimism, his delight in power wisely used, all find a fitting field and abundant scope in the task assigned him. He enters thoroughly into the spirit of the thing. He knows he has got to compose a prize essay, and he composes it after the same approved pattern. He works as if he were working for the Oxford Theatre, and as we read his performance we feel as if we were carried back a quarter of a century, and were

sure that before he began to write even one must have set him some such theme as "*Quamvis fuerit apud Indos 'Anglorum imperii vis et utilitas'?*" So completely has he thrown himself into the humour of the thing that he has grown impatient of anything occurring to spoil the completely prize essay character of his speech. Mr. FAWCETT, whose mind is cast in a different mould, and who has a painful habit of treating Parliamentary discussions as serious, gave notice that this year he should propose an amendment touching matters of some moment, such as the uselessness of a portion of Indian expenditure, and the inexpediency of a portion of Indian taxation. This seemed to Mr. GRANT DUFF thoroughly misplaced. The notion of an amendment to a prize essay! It was absurd; and so, before he had done, Mr. GRANT DUFF warned his handful of hearers that it was he who had been duly appointed to recite the appointed composition, and that no one else could possibly have anything to say that was worth hearing. Before Mr. FAWCETT had uttered a word, Mr. GRANT DUFF was certain that, say what he might, he would be wrong. Of course anything he might say would be wrong, for it would lead Parliament entirely out of the right groove, and might even make ignorant people in India believe that discussions on Indian affairs in an English Parliament are seriously meant.

Mr. GRANT DUFF gave a very bright picture of Indian affairs, and although as an official he was naturally inclined to take the happiest views and say the best possible things of everything connected with his office, yet he is transparently honest, and it is satisfactory to know that so competent a judge can see so unclouded and serene a sky in everything Indian. It is true that, with a kind of classic courtesy to NEMESIS, he warned Parliament not to be too confident, and said that no wise man would ever say that our rule in India was free from all danger. But this was merely a kind of decorous hedging. He did not wish to provoke the angry fates which tumble the proud man in the dust. The bad things of India belong to the unknown, while it is only good things that fill the measure of the known. Everything that can be ascertained about India is radiantly cheerful in the eyes of the Under-Secretary, and especially the current price of Four per Cent. Stock. How any one, in face of the high quotation of this stock above par, could have the heart—to say nothing of the chivalry—to move an amendment to his prize essay was, to Mr. GRANT DUFF's mind, utterly unaccountable. There were the facts. Four per Cent. seven above par. What was the good of talking of the problem of Indian Government? *Solutum est ambulando*. It was solved by the gentle march upwards of Indian Stock. And everything is in keeping with this main and most prominent symptom of prosperity. In finance the general result of the past year is that the Government had half a million more of revenue, and nearly a million less of expenditure, than in the year before. For the current year there is an estimated surplus of a quarter of a million, and the cash balances are so large that there can be no necessity for borrowing. There has been a slight excess of expenditure over income in the last few years, but then India has in those years got nearly forty millions worth of public works, which were perfectly necessary to her if she was to rank among civilized nations. Meanwhile her trade has been nearly doubled, and the Suez Canal is turning out to be as profitable to Calcutta as to Venice. Dr. HOOKER has extended the range of science in India, and a most valuable work has been written on the bites of venomous snakes. As to the Indian income-tax, which Mr. FAWCETT presumed to attack in his amendment, no one in England has as yet any conception how slight is its unpopularity in India. The Indian Finance Committee has been hearing evidence about it, but the Government has been allowing all that could be said against it to be said, and has got its own evidence all ready to be brought out at the right moment for the utter confutation of its adversaries. Lord Mayo at one time thought badly of the tax, but before his death he changed his mind, and considered its alleged unpopularity a delusion. What more could be wanted? India is in perfect peace. Two hundred thousand men keep a hundred and fifty millions in complete subjection. The Mahomedan revival is a fleabite. Trade is excellent, and finance is sound. Government Stock is very high, and the only thing now is to rest perfectly satisfied, and—to use Mr. GRANT DUFF's words—to allow *res vobis ut vadunt*. Things have but to go on as they are going, and India must continue to be as happy as she is now.

But Mr. FAWCETT was deaf to all this charming, and insisted on having his say; and if Indian affairs are to be criticised in Parliament at all, his observations were certainly well chosen and judicious. His main points were, that in

India we are continually spending more and more, while we cannot increase our revenue proportionately. We have arrived at the maximum of taxation. Prices have risen enormously, and therefore every department of Government is carried on at a much greater cost, and the Government is in many ways exceedingly extravagant. More than 150,000*l.*, for example, has been expended on a country house for the Governor of Bombay, and in 1870 his household expenses reached 21,000*l.* But the revenue cannot be easily augmented. Its three chief sources are the land-tax and the duties on salt and opium. But the land-tax is a fixed amount, the salt duties are as high as they possibly can be without choking the consumption, and the revenue from opium, always precarious, is now doubly so in consequence of the resolution of the Chinese to grow their own opium. Vast sums are spent in public works which do not nearly repay their cost. No Indian department knows what it spends, or how it spends it. This, it may be observed, is not only Mr. FAWCETT's statement. It is stamped with the authority of the Committee on Indian Finance, which has deferred its labours to another Session because the India Office has honestly confessed that in many respects it has no means of knowing how the money goes. In this state of confusion, of extravagance, of augmented charges and unelastic revenue, the only resource of Indian statesmen is, according to Mr. FAWCETT, the Income-tax; and authority after authority may be quoted to show how unpopular the Income-tax is in India, and how unsuited to the country. How far Mr. FAWCETT may be right we do not pretend to say; but it is quite to mistake the point of his remarks to urge that the Income-tax is now a very slight burden, that it is hardly at all unpopular, and that it is only intended to produce half a million of money. What Mr. FAWCETT says is that there is no other resource left but the Income-tax, that the expenditure is extravagant in itself, and is necessarily increasing, without blame to any one, on account of the general rise in prices, and that therefore the choice must soon come between reduced expenditure and a heavy Income-tax. If the Indian Government were to say that it was perfectly aware that it must keep on spending more, but that as it spent more it would keep on augmenting the Income-tax, and that it could do this without burdening the natives too heavily or exasperating them too bitterly, the real issue would be clearly raised. Probably the Committee on Indian Finance will throw much light on this difficult matter; and it is a striking illustration of the honesty and sincere desire of the India Office to do its best for India, that Mr. GRANT DUFF spoke with great respect of this Committee, and with an entire absence of official jealousy. His view seems to be that the only way in which Parliament can really help or control the Indian Government is by the agency of such Committees, which patiently collect evidence, bring different independent minds to bear on given points, and are under a sense of serious responsibility when they make statements or suggestions. Possibly this may be so; but this is quite a different thing from Parliamentary control, as it is generally understood. Mr. FAWCETT has taken very great pains to master Indian subjects, he thinks clearly on them, and reasons boldly. If they are to be discussed in the House of Commons at all, such speeches as his ought to afford material for discussion. But the House of Commons and the Government have decided that there shall be no real discussion of Indian affairs in the House. They are felt to be at once a great bore and very unreal, and the crown and embodiment of unreality is the speech of the Under-Secretary of State. Well as he may speak such a speech, it is no gain to any man like Mr. GRANT DUFF to have to go through the performance. If the whole thing had not been an unreality, Mr. GRANT DUFF would have had to grapple with Mr. FAWCETT's arguments, and in so doing to show his own command of a most difficult subject, and to throw great light on a matter which in one way or another is of considerable importance to Englishmen. But this was not to be; the rules of the game forbade it; and so an August afternoon, and the greater part of an August evening, and the abilities and knowledge of Mr. GRANT DUFF and Mr. FAWCETT were wasted, not that any human being in England or India might be benefited, but that, in compliance with a foolish custom, a piece of routine might be got through.

#### THE AMERICAN CONTEST.

ALTHOUGH the reported Democratic success in North Carolina has not been confirmed by later accounts, the chances of Mr. GREELEY's election are still not inconsiderable. It seems to be admitted that, if the whole Union were

polled as a single constituency, the coalition candidate would be returned; but each State gives all its votes according to the decision of a bare majority; and consequently the distribution of the supporters of either candidate matters more than their numerical strength. It is not yet certain whether New York will support Mr. GREELEY, and the vote of Pennsylvania is still more doubtful. The Civil Service, for some time past been manipulated with exclusive regard to the interests of General GRANT; but official corruption involves the grave disadvantage of marshalling a still larger body of aspirants against the actual holders of places. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. GREELEY would be less grateful than General GRANT; and he would have greater facilities for rewarding his adherents. Mr. MURPHY's nominees in the New York Custom House can at the best only retain their places or establish a claim to promotion, while many times their number may hope to succeed to the vacancies which would follow a change of administration. General JACKSON's system of awarding the spoils to the victor worked more smoothly and simply when two great and sharply defined parties were openly contending for power and public money. Both Democrats and Republicans knew that their chance of salary depended exclusively on the success of their respective factions, and American politicians, to do them justice, have seldom the effrontery to change sides for purely personal objects. In the present election the Democrats, although they have no chance of office under GRANT, can scarcely be assured that their claims will be fully recognized by their ultra-Republican candidate. The office-seeking Republicans, on the other hand, are puzzled whether they shall rely on the corrupt election managers who surround General GRANT, or on the equally unscrupulous agents and advisers of Mr. GREELEY. The two Senators for New York, Mr. FENTON and Mr. CONKLING, both professional politicians of the most approved type, have taken opposite sides in the contest. As Mr. FENTON has for some time past exercised the entire Federal patronage of the State, while his colleague hopes to supersede him in the disposal of places, prudent voters may reasonably hesitate before they cast in their fortunes with either patron.

It is true that the great mass of American citizens have neither the prospect nor the desire of place. The politicians and the candidates for office may be counted by tens of thousands in a constituency of eight millions. It unfortunately happens that in ordinary times, and in the absence of great political excitement, the organization and activity of the regular election managers give them an influence utterly disproportioned to their personal merits and importance. Many of the most powerful persons in the Union are notorious for political and private dishonesty; and it scarcely ever happens that a leading politician is admitted into the most respectable society. In the present election the power of the politicians is at its highest point, because no great principle is involved in the contest, nor is it possible to arouse popular enthusiasm in favour of either candidate. In spite of the vulgar common-places of the press and the platform, American voters are too intelligent to care for Mr. GREELEY's affectation of rustic simplicity, or for General GRANT's experience as a tanner at Galena; but they are not to be blamed if they allow themselves to be controlled by the familiar agents and managers of the party to which they may happen to belong. The strongest argument in favour of the actual PRESIDENT is that he is the regular nominee of the orthodox Republican majority as it was represented in the Convention at Philadelphia; yet a Republican can scarcely feel that he is deserting his party when he supports Mr. GREELEY, who belonged to its extreme or Abolitionist wing, and when he follows the advice of Mr. SUMNER, who was long regarded as the organ of the strictest Republican sect. After some hesitation Mr. SUMNER has proclaimed his adhesion to Mr. GREELEY in a letter addressed to the coloured voters, who may probably listen to the appeals of their most prominent advocates. Among the better class of Republicans Mr. SUMNER's opinion would perhaps have exercised more influence if he had not ostentatiously displayed his inveterate hostility to General GRANT. The PRESIDENT on his part cannot be acquitted of imprudence in converting political dissension into personal enmity. Mr. SUMNER's successful opposition to the ill-judged project of annexing San Domingo was the immediate cause of his removal from the chair of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs; and Mr. SUMNER is not a man to forgive an injury. Mr. BANKS, a Republican leader of an inferior order to Mr. SUMNER, has also declared in favour of Mr. GREELEY. His adhesion shows that the professional politicians of the Republican party are not united in support of General GRANT. Mr. BANKS is not devoid of the kind of eloquence which pleases a vulgar audience; he was for some time Speaker of the



House of Representatives; and, like CLAY, he was at one time employed in a high military post for which he was ultimately found scandalously unfit. Before his failure Mr. LINCOLN was with difficulty persuaded not to appoint BANKS to the chief command on the Mississippi in place of GRANT, who had not then fully established his military reputation. If the PRESIDENT had not been overruled, it is probable that Vicksburg would not have been taken, and perhaps the whole civil war might have had a different result. Time has provided Mr. BANKS with the opportunity of meeting his successful competitor in another field, and probably his services in the Presidential canvass may be useful to Mr. GREELEY.

There must be grounds which are not fully understood by foreigners for the widely-spread dissatisfaction with the government of General GRANT. It is not known that he has incurred either at home or abroad any conspicuous failure, for his most prominent opponents are even more responsible than himself for the discreditable sharp practice which ended in the collapse of Geneva. Mr. SUMNER invented, and Mr. GREELEY warmly supported, the attempt to extort, under cover of the Washington Treaty, consequential damages from England; nor is there any reason to suppose that the advancement of the Indirect Claims was disapproved by any considerable section of the community. In domestic affairs General GRANT has had the good fortune to be in office while the debt was largely reduced; and he has lately been enabled to propose a reduction of the excessive taxation which was imposed after the war. In almost all countries the credit of national prosperity is consciously or unconsciously attributed to the Government, and although the PRESIDENT is utterly ignorant of political economy, the protective measures which have checked the progress of trade have been maintained, not by the Executive Government, but by Congress. It might have been expected that a victorious General would retain the personal popularity which attaches more conspicuously to military exploits in a democracy than in a society which recognizes other forms of personal superiority. The PRESIDENT's inability to make speeches was at one time not unreasonably regarded as a creditable distinction in a community of stump orators; and imperfect familiarity with political affairs is readily pardoned in the case of a successful soldier. Nevertheless it is evident that the name of General GRANT excites no enthusiasm even among his own supporters, and that he has contrived to provoke bitter hostility. His dozen of cousins and brothers-in-law, all in office, and some in disrepute, may account for a certain amount of scandal; but Mr. LINCOLN, though he was troubled with relatives by marriage who were suspected of practices bordering upon treason, never found that his popularity was impaired by family miscarriages. Whatever may be the reasons which indispose Northern Republicans to the regular candidate of the party, it is not surprising that the white population of the South should resent the postponement of amnesty, and the continued prevalence of military law. Congress is really responsible for the policy which General GRANT has only executed to the best of his judgment. The Legislature which authorised the PRESIDENT to suspend the Habeas Corpus must have intended that he should exercise extraordinary powers without regard either to abstract principles or to his own popularity. There is no reason to doubt that in the suppression of disturbances, and even in the maintenance of a coercive policy, the PRESIDENT has acted according to his sense of public duty; but the most acceptable of all Mr. GREELEY's professions, and of the resolutions of the Convention of Cincinnati, was the declaration that there ought to be an immediate and universal amnesty, and that the constitutional rights of the Southern States should be completely restored. It has not been forgotten in the South that Mr. GREELEY was at one time willing to recognize the Confederacy, nor that he generously offered bail for Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS when he was treated by the Federal Government as a criminal. It will perhaps be difficult to reconcile his claims on the support of the white electors with his well-founded pretensions to the coloured vote as one of the earliest and most consistent of the Abolitionists. For the present, notwithstanding the result of the contest in North Carolina, Mr. GREELEY, whose candidature was two months ago not considered serious, must be regarded as a formidable competitor for power.

#### MR. AYRTON AGAIN.

THE debate of Thursday night on Mr. AYRTON's behaviour to Dr. HOOKER leaves matters in a more amusing and perplexing condition than ever. The official documents that

had been laid before Parliament showed clearly enough that Dr. HOOKER had been treated with systematic and persistent disrespect, and that every opportunity had been taken of thwarting and humiliating him. Indeed the First Commissioner had even gone so far, in defiance not only of all official discipline, but of the most elementary rules of intercourse between gentlemen, as to set aside the Director of Kew in making arrangements with regard to the internal economy of the establishment under his charge, to supersede him in important functions without giving him any explanation or even intimation of the fact, and to communicate with his subordinates behind his back. This view of the case was, to a certain extent, confirmed by the Treasury Minute, in which the First Commissioner was pointedly reminded that he was bound to exercise his authority "with due regard for the feelings and position of the officers under him," and that on all points he should communicate with the subordinate officials only through the Director, who was the responsible head of the establishment. But all of a sudden we are treated to a startling transformation scene, and Mr. AYRTON presents himself to our astonished gaze as the weak and helpless victim of a scientific tyrant. We are asked to believe that Mr. AYRTON, the most meek and pacific of men, who lives only to make others happy, and who never, even under the most exasperating circumstances, forgets the rule of Christian charity so far as to meet attacks "with an angry counter-sure or a long expostulation, but treats them in an easy good-humoured way," has for several years been subjected to cruel persecution by the Director of Kew. But even a worm will turn at last, and Christian charity has its limits; and Mr. AYRTON now appeals to the Government and the House of Commons to protect him from further outrages. It appears that an apology has been demanded from Dr. HOOKER, and the First Commissioner threatens to resign, or at least to hold no further communication with Dr. HOOKER, unless an apology is made. For his own part Mr. AYRTON, forgetful of the Treasury Minute, holds that he has nothing to apologize for or to explain. He "does not wish to pride himself on anything." He does not thank Heaven that he is not, as some other men are, notorious for a "knowledge of organic or inorganic matter." Providence has saved him from that, but it might have been otherwise, and he will not exalt himself with vain pride on this account. It is true that while these misguided men have been going astray after organic and inorganic matters, he has been giving his mind to the great subject of "the relations between man and man," and the duty of judging righteously and acting justly. But still he is not proud. He is willing to make allowance for the frailties of humanity, and is disposed to take a lenient, "easy, and good-natured" view even of scientific attainments.

It is perhaps hardly surprising that the House should have been so taken aback by this extraordinary statement that it allowed Mr. GLADSTONE to bring the discussion to a close, without expressing an opinion on the monstrous perversion of facts and insolent justification of official misconduct to which it had just listened. Mr. GLADSTONE was no doubt placed in a difficult position, and it was evident that he was trying to say as little as possible; but it is unfortunate that he should have seemed to afford any countenance to Mr. AYRTON's theory, that good manners are not only superfluous, but out of place in the public service, and that a Parliamentary official is bound on all occasions to let the permanent, and especially the scientific, officers of his department know that "he's there," by the rudeness of his behaviour and his disregard of the common civilities of life. It was not unnatural that Mr. AYRTON should ignore the Treasury Minute censuring his conduct, but it might have been expected that the First Lord of the Treasury would not have shrunk from repeating in his place in Parliament opinions which have been published under his official authority. We do not intend again to go through all the details of Mr. AYRTON's blundering and discourtesy in this affair. The facts are admitted, and the rules which the Treasury have laid down as to the manner in which the First Commissioner must for the future "govern himself" in his management of Kew Gardens, and in his official relations with the Director, supply a conclusive condemnation of his past behaviour. Mr. AYRTON insists that Dr. HOOKER should withdraw the charge of evasion and misrepresentation; and of course there should be no difficulty in doing so after Mr. AYRTON's assurances on these points. But it must be remembered that when the charge was originally made, all that was known was, that the First Commissioner had been secretly communicating with the Director's right-hand man, and had

prohibited him from disclosing the communication to his chief. Moreover the Treasury, in their letter of the 20th June, addressed to the First Commissioner, find it necessary to "ob-serve that your letter of the 8th September, 1871, to the Civil Service Commissioners" on the subject of the Curator's assistant "does not enclose a copy of Dr. Hooker's letter of the 6th September, does not contain the whole of the recommendations which Dr. Hooker makes in it, and does not mention him by name or office." They also point out that the First Commissioner had, in the first instance, altogether suppressed the fact that there was a fundamental difference of opinion on this question between himself and the Director. It is quite possible that Dr. Hooker may be "excitable," but a Parliamentary official who systematically treats his subordinates as Mr. AYRTON treated Dr. Hooker has no reason to be surprised if he finds them "querulous." Members of the House of Commons can judge from their own experience whether Mr. AYRTON's manners are easy to bear with. Mr. BRIDLEY DAVENPORT administered a just and necessary rebuke to Mr. AYRTON, though some of the expressions were unnecessarily Ayrtonian, when he said that a member who put a simple and decorous question to a Minister had a right to expect a civil answer, and not an epigram flavoured with impertinence instead of humour. It may perhaps be regarded as one useful result of this controversy, that it has brought to light the project which is hatching for the flinging of the South Kensington shoe over Kew Gardens, and making the barbarium a washpot for COLE, C.B.

On the plain facts of the case Mr. AYRTON's behaviour is altogether indecent and inexcusable; but the very violence of his conduct makes one wonder whether there is not some deep explanation of it which it does not suit his purpose to disclose. It must often have occurred to those who have been critically watching Mr. AYRTON's official career that, not only his rudeness, but his wrongness was rather over-done. He is certainly not the only Minister who has been rude and wrong, but there has been a persistency, a vehemence, we may say an extravagance, not only in the uniform offensiveness of his manners, but in his eager going out of the way to do outrageous and quite unjustifiable things, and to place himself in thoroughly false positions, out off alike from defence or retreat, and, above all, in his resolute ingenuity in making a bad case worse, which appears to surpass the natural limits of personal superciliousness or official blundering. There is a suggestion of over-acting about the whole thing. A rule man might occasionally be right, and an indiscreet official might cover his escapades with a little civility to opponents. And further, it should be observed that something like method may be detected in this seeming madness. If we could conceive Mr. AYRTON to have satisfied himself that reaction and disgust formed one of the most potent agencies for influencing mankind, and to have resolved to employ it in political affairs, much that has hitherto seemed inexplicable in his conduct would be explained. The democrats, for example, are wroth with him just now for having foreworn the turbulent Radicalism of his earlier years, and attacked the people with a set of tyrannical Park regulations. But the seeming inconsistency disappears if we look to the natural result, rather than the professed object, of the grotesque and preposterous Rules which the First Commissioner published the other day, without the knowledge of his superiors, as a subject for the mockery of the mob. It is obvious that if the object had been to bring the regulation of the Parks into contempt, to provoke defiance of the law, and to provide the Friends of the People with a pretext for agitation and disorder, it could hardly have been promoted more effectively than by the wild absurdity of these foolish and impracticable regulations; so that Mr. AYRTON has really been doing a good turn for his old friends, the demagogues, while pretending to take part against them. Possibly when these Rules are under consideration during the recess, it may be as well, after the recent explosion at the Treasury, to throw in a warning to Ministers that reckless frolics with gun-cotton cannot be allowed in the back gardens of Downing Street. From this point of view Mr. AYRTON would appear to be a subtle humorist and profound philosopher, who puts irony in action, and takes up opinions and lines of policy which he at heart detests, only to render them offensive and ridiculous, and to excite a strong reaction the other way. He is a CHESTERFIELD in disguise, teaching, not by example, but by contrast; a secret patron of arts and sciences, who travesties Philistinism in order to bring it into contempt. He has certainly done the men of art and science a service by waging war upon them so recklessly and uncompromisingly. A similar disposition had before been manifested by some other members and subordinates of the present Government in a comparatively mild way,

and if indulged in moderately and cautiously, it might have escaped the strong and unanimous censure which has been provoked by Mr. AYRTON's irresistible reduction of absurdum. It may be suggested, however, that in this respect Mr. AYRTON has done enough for the present, and is fairly entitled to the relaxation of a little civility.

#### ENGLAND AND THE POPE.

THE House of Commons has within a few days had occasion twice to consider the inevitable consequences which follow from the existence of a Church which claims and exercises temporal power. Popular declaimers are in the habit of insisting on the abolition of establishments and endowments; and in Italy some considerable statesmen have hoped to solve the ecclesiastical problem by the application of the plausible formula of a free Church in a free State. A political philosopher would prefer in theory the opposite system of the middle ages, in which the State and the Church were the same body regarded in different aspects; and there is much to be said for modern compromises which have the effect of moderating and humanizing sectarian zeal. If the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland were endowed and recognized by the State, the scandals of the Galway election would have been avoided; but the bigotry of English Nonconformists rendered it impossible even to provide globes and pectorals for the priests out of the funds of the Protestant Establishment; and it becomes necessary to deal as well as circumstances may permit with troublesome forces which a wiser policy might perhaps have controlled and made useful. Five-and-twenty years ago it occurred to the Ministers of the day that it might be convenient to hold diplomatic intercourse with a potentate who exercises a great, though undefined, influence over some millions of the subjects of the Crown. According to the best legal opinion there was nothing to prevent Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON from accrediting an Envoy to the Holy See; but there was a traditional belief that the practice which has prevailed uninterruptedly since the Revolution was founded on some constitutional or statutory prohibition. As the ATTORNEY-GENERAL showed in the recent debate, the penalties which may be incurred by communion with Rome affect only spiritual relations; but the Popes have never distinguished between their own divine and human attributes; and it is possible that the contemporaries of JAMES II. and WILLIAM III. would have confused diplomatic courtesies with religious deference. It is a wholesome practice to procure the assent of Parliament to the revival of any part of the prerogative which may have fallen into desuetude; and it was therefore deemed proper to pass an Act for the purpose of removing any doubts as to the power of the Crown to establish diplomatic relations with Rome. The project was rendered abortive by the scruples of some members of the Opposition, who procured the insertion of a clause by which the Crown was prohibited from receiving an ecclesiastic as the representative of the POPE. A foreign Government might as reasonably have refused to recognize any English Ambassador who belonged to the regular diplomatic profession. It has always been the practice of the Holy See to employ prelates in all branches of the public service, and especially in foreign missions; and the Pope properly resented the restrictions of the Act by refusing to send a Minister to London, or to receive an English Minister at Rome. Necessary business was transacted through a member of the Legation to Florence, who resided at Rome in a kind of diplomatic incognito. It was customary to select for the post a confidential agent of modest official rank; and two successive attachés at Rome have since become Ambassadors at Paris and Berlin. As it would be anomalous to make the English representative at the Vatican dependent on the English Minister who is accredited to the King of ITALY in Rome, Mr. JARVIS, the present successor of Lord LORAIN and Lord ONE BUESAL, is nominally on the establishment of the Foreign Office; and, but for Acts of Parliament, political facilities and religious prejudices, it might have been thought that after all his misfortunes, his losses, and his blunders, the Pope was still a personage sufficiently considerable to deserve the attendance of a Foreign Office clerk.

That the Roman Catholic Church and its Head have the means of embarrassing the domestic administration of Ireland was opportunely proved by the discussion which Mr. HOWARD raised on the removal of a suspended priest from the management of the National Schools in his parish. The Education Commissioners had been divided on a question which in re-

plate with difficulty. Mr. O'KEEFE had been a manager in virtue of his office, and the function might be plausibly regarded as accessory to his position. On the other hand, Mr. BOGVEAN and Mr. HENLEY contended that the Commissioners had given effect to an illegal deprivation, for it appeared that the Vicar-General of the diocese and Cardinal GALLER had suspended Mr. O'KEEFE for bringing actions against his Bishop and his curate. The ecclesiastical litigation had, as it seemed, been brought to the knowledge of the Pope himself; and it is not satisfactory that a foreign authority should interfere to punish a subject of the Queen for resorting to a judicial tribunal. If the Government and the Parliament of the United Kingdom had been sagacious enough to provide Mr. O'KEEFE and his successors with a residence and an income, the jurisdiction of the secular Courts could not have been ousted by any Vicar-General or Legate. Parish priests who depend on voluntary contributions occupy a more precarious position; and it may be doubtful how far they are entitled to the protection of the law against the tyranny of their superiors. The Education Commissioners were not bound to dismiss Mr. O'KEEFE, nor to appoint his successor to the management of the schools; but they may urge in their defence that the co-operation of the parish priest is indispensable to the management of the schools; and the majority probably holds that the State can only recognise the priest who is designated by the hierarchy. In France, under the Concordat negotiated by NAPOLEON I., who approved of despotism even where it was not exercised by himself, the majority of the clergy hold their benefices subject to the absolute discretion of the bishops, who may consequently ruin a priest for the crime of obeying the law. The German Governments are at this moment engaged in a puzzling conflict with the Church on the same issue which is raised by the suspension of Mr. O'KEEFE. It is not yet decided either in Prussia or in Bavaria whether priests who reject the decrees of the Council of the Vatican are capable of holding Church endowments. The difficulty is greater in Bavaria and in the Palatinate, where the Roman Catholic Church is established, than in Ireland; but the right to property held in trust for voluntary bodies necessarily falls within the cognizance of secular tribunals. The Courts enforce the conditions of the trust, as far as they are legal; but a dismissal from office inflicted as a punishment for bringing an action seems at first sight to be a contravention of law. If it were possible to avoid disputes of this kind by the establishment of a friendly understanding with Rome, the object would be cheaply attained by the payment of a moderate salary to a diplomatic agent. It is true that German Ministers at Rome have not succeeded in preventing the present rupture; but in former times they have probably surmounted many smaller impediments. Negotiations sometimes fail, but without negotiation there can be no settlement of disputes.

Mr. MORRIS's objection to the appointment of Mr. JEAVOISE derived colour from the words of the Act, in which the Pope is described as Sovereign of the Roman States. As the extent of the States is not defined, it might be held that the words of the Act are satisfied by the sovereignty of the Pope, if only it exists, over the little strip of land on the right bank of the Tiber. The Crown has recognized the title of the King of ITALY to the possession of Rome, but it is not certain whether Rome includes the Vatican and St. Peter's. The designation of the Pope as Sovereign of the Roman States, which was caused by an objection to the proper title of Sovereign Pontiff, has created the unforeseen ambiguity; and, although the ATTORNEY-GENERAL argued that the statute was only declaratory, and superfluous, an enabling Act implies a previous disability. Lord BURNHAM made a false point in resting the Pope's sovereignty on his refusal to recognize the title of VICTOR EMANUEL. For this purpose the recognition which is essential must be accorded, not by the Pope, but by the Queen. As Mr. OSBORNE MORRIS remarked, King AMADEO is recognized by the English Government as King of Spain, although it is highly improbable that his title would be acknowledged by Queen ISABELLA. Two separate classes of opponents objected to the maintenance of a representative at the Papal Court. Mr. OSBORNE MORRIS would probably dispute the right of the Pope to any portion of territorial sovereignty, while zealous Protestants scruple to hold relations with a spiritual usurper. Some inconvenience may possibly arise from the presence in the same capital of two English diplomatic correspondents independently of one another with the British Office in Downing Street; but by some means provision ought to be made for communication with the Pope on matters affecting the good government of the Queen's domi-

nions. Although the present occupant of the Holy See has not been found manageable, his successor may perhaps pursue a different policy. The contrast between the doctrines of the Syllabus and the practice of the Galley clergy might perhaps shock an unprejudiced Pontiff, if it could be shown to him that the interests of the Church would be promoted by some approach to consistency. As a Roman Catholic member truly said in the course of the debate, every Government in Europe, including schismatic Russia, acknowledges that after all the political changes which have occurred, there is still a great Power in the Leonine city; and the business of statesmen is not to consult their wishes or their theories, but to recognize existing facts. If half the population of England were unfortunately to become Moslems, it might be prudent to employ a confidential agent at Utah.

#### CONSERVATISM AT POWDERHAM.

THE Conservatives of "the four Western counties" might have had a more triumphant, but scarcely so happy, a time, if the meeting at Powderham had come off at the beginning instead of the end of the Session. Six months ago it was on the cards that they would be in office any day, and the legitimate enthusiasm incident to this state of things would have been tempered by the anxieties which surround untrodden paths. Now that the Government must last at all events until next February, the Opposition can criticise with unalloyed pleasure the mistakes or the crimes of which Ministers have been guilty. There must be a special satisfaction also to the cooler members of the party in having the Ballot Bill behind their backs. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE can call with perfect safety upon Conservatives to oppose the principle of the new Act. Resistance to the principle of a measure already passed is a much less embarrassing thing from a party point of view than resistance to the passing of a measure which is still under discussion. It is difficult not to suspect that if the Conservatives had taken office before the Ballot Bill had received the Royal assent, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE would now have been hinting that the general demoralization of public opinion on the subject made doubtful whether it would not be better to pass the Bill with proper safeguards, rather than allow the Liberals again to make it a stalking-horse to power. As things stand, he was free to hope that all his hearers would combine in lifting up their voices and declaring their opinions. As it is usually the interest as well as the pleasure of persons who attend Conservative meetings to be known for what they are, there is not much doubt that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE's hope will be fulfilled. The party agents will not insist on opinions being declared when the necessity of doing so might prevent an elector from voting, so that the result will probably be that where the Conservatives are in a majority they will vote shouting, and where they are in a minority they will vote in silence. This arrangement seems very well adapted to secure the solid advantages of the Bill, while retaining the liberty of abusing it.

The honour of unfolding the Conservative programme at Powderham was reserved for Sir MASSY LORR. It cannot be said that his speech has made it any easier to answer the question as to what the Conservatives intend to do when they come into office. Conservatism, he says, is "a policy of building up, strengthening, and repairing the old foundations of our ancient institutions, and it is a policy of amending all these institutions; but, at the same time, with the exception of amending them, keeping them inviolate and intact." There is a fine constitutional flavour about this sentence, but unfortunately it is an extremely evanescent flavour. As soon as Sir MASSY LORR's definition of Conservatism comes to be examined, it turns out to be a definition of all English parties, with the exception of that which finds a mouthpiece in Mr. BRADLAUGH. We are all, Liberals as well as Conservatives, and Radicals as well as Liberals, anxious to keep inviolate what we are not anxious to amend. Sir MASSY LORR is not much more precise when he descends from generals to particulars. The first aim and object of the Conservative party, he tells us, is the maintenance of a monarchical form of government, and of the three Estates of the Realm—Queen, Lords, and Commons. Sir MASSY LORR is a little hazy in his notion of what constitutes an Estate of the Realm, but, putting this aside, he has described what is the aim and object of very nearly every single man in Parliament. Liberals indeed are more Conservative as regards the Monarchy than Sir MASSY LORR himself, for they, so far as we know, do not propose even to amend it, while Sir MASSY LORR does not think it needful

to except the Crown itself from the list of institutions which have to be amended as well as kept inviolate. There are differences of opinion no doubt as to the amount of amendment which might profitably be applied to the House of Lords, but it cannot be said that the Liberal leaders have shown any disposition this Session to do anything except submit to it as it is. The second great characteristic of Conservatism is its devotion to law and order, its recognition of the rights of property against confiscation, and its dislike to Communism. Sir CHARLES DILKE might have a word to say upon Conservative devotion to order; and some of the Bolton magistrates are hardly an illustration of Conservative devotion to law. But, putting aside a momentary deflection here and there, no one will withhold the praise which Sir MASSEY LOPES claims for his friends. It would have been more to the purpose, however, if he had shown wherein the Liberal party is the enemy of law and order. If a description is to be worth anything, it must distinguish the thing described. It is just the same as regards respect for the rights of property and dislike to Communism. On Sir MASSEY LOPES's showing we are all Conservatives. If a Government were to be formed on the basis of "No confiscation," it would have to provide for double the ordinary number of Cabinet appointments. Both sides would have an equal claim to be represented in it. From property Sir MASSEY LOPES comes to the working classes, but after the experience of the Session he wisely treats this part of his subject in an historical rather than a political spirit. Our old friend the Factory Bill is made to do all the work. We are quite ready to concede, if only for argument's sake, that this Bill was all that Sir MASSEY LOPES's fond recollection paints it—the forerunner of all the measures passed of late years for the protection of the labouring classes, and a measure brought forward by Conservatives and opposed by the Whigs and Radicals. Probably if Sir MASSEY LOPES had seen his way to doing it, he would have come further down the stream of time, and have said something about the way in which the Conservatives have treated the measures which have followed upon the Factory Acts. His wisdom in abstaining from such a survey is unquestionable; but it is allowable to suggest that in 1872 it would have been more to the purpose to hear what the Conservatives thought of the Mines Regulation Act than what they thought of the Factory Act a quarter of a century ago.

Towards the close of his speech Sir MASSEY LOPES did succeed in discovering a Conservative principle which is not absolutely identical with the ordinary Liberal view on the same subject. The third characteristic of Conservatives is their anxiety for the maintenance of Church and State and of religion against Secularism. There are many Conservatives probably who look upon the Established Church with different feelings from those with which they regard any other institution of the country. It has a sacredness all its own; to touch it is not revolution merely, but sacrilege. But even now that a genuine party distinction has at length been unearthed, it turns out to be of no real value. In the first place, it relates to a controversy which for immediate and practical purposes need not be considered. If Mr. GLADSTONE had himself gone to the country on the question of disestablishment, instead of advising Mr. MIALl to do so, this feature in Conservatism would have had great importance. But whatever call may hereafter be made upon devout believers in the indissoluble union which should exist between Church and State, it is a mere waste of breath to raise the issue at present unless it be in proposing the health of the bishop and clergy of the Diocese. In the second place this religious devotion to the theory of an Established Church is apt to be but a weak-kneed devotion. It has an ugly trick of giving way just when it is most wanted. To judge by some Conservative oratory, it might be thought that disestablishment is a thing to be resisted even unto blood, that the obligation of fighting against it transcends the ordinary obligation of obeying the law, and emancipates the maintainers of Church and State from their allegiance to the powers that be. But only two Sessions back Conservatives were peaceably discussing in Committee the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and devoting themselves with business-like assiduity to getting all the money they could for it. Should the day ever come for the disestablishment of the Church of England to be an equally practical question, we have no doubt that the Church and State party will display the same practical good sense. As regards the antagonism between religion and secularism, Sir MASSEY LOPES is right in holding that there is a section of the Liberal party with whom secularism really stands for a dislike to the teaching of religion. But the numerical strength of this segment is infinitesimal. If it had to construct a Go-

vernment, it would have to use up its whole rank and file, and then leave some places vacant. The great body of those who now call themselves Secularists really differ from their opponents, not on the question whether religion shall be taught to the children attending elementary schools, but on the far less important question when and by whom it shall be taught to them. A Continental secularist would open his eyes in contempt and wonder at the way in which the term is applied in England. A man who wished to see religion taught after school hours by the clergy of the several confessions would be classed in his estimation with the most priest-ridden Ultramontane. Even at the last, therefore, Sir MASSEY LOPES gives us but a very slight gleam of enlightenment. If Conservatism stands for religion against Secularism, there are many Secularists who would declare themselves Conservatives.

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT.

THE Public Health Bill has become law, and there is now no part of England where there is not some sanitary authority possessing, and legally bound to exercise, a large variety of powers. How numerous these powers are is scarcely perhaps suspected by the opponents of the measure. Though they are all already in existence, they have hitherto been obscured by their distribution over several bodies, and by the fact that many of them have only been operative in places where a majority of the ratepayers have deliberately adopted the Act creating them. In future both these sources of weakness will be removed. There will be but one sanitary authority in each district, whether in town or country, and the powers of these authorities will, subject to the division into urban and rural authorities, be in all respects identical. Until now the inhabitant of one town may have heard of the satisfactory sanitary state of another town, and may have found upon inquiry that this state was the result of sanitary measures which might be taken with equal success in his own neighbourhood. But the discovery has in all probability done him no good. The town whose condition he envies has turned out to be governed by a local Act, or to have voluntarily placed itself under the provisions of a public Act the adoption of which is optional. Hereafter the action of one sanitary authority will be something more than an example to others. It will be an illustration of what can be done by a judicious use of powers which every authority possesses and can be made to exercise.

It is of great importance that there should be no unnecessary delay in carrying out the promise lately given by Mr. STANFELD to publish an edition of the sanitary laws which shall be in effect a code for popular use. There is nothing to prevent the existing Acts on the subject of public health from being so arranged as to show clearly to the sanitary authorities themselves what they have power to do, and to the ratepayers what the sanitary authorities may be called upon to do. The latter object is the more important of the two. There is no fear that any sanitary authority which is anxious to do its duty will have any difficulty worth speaking of in finding out its duty. But there is great fear that many sanitary authorities will be content to remain in ignorance of their duty unless their attention is unmistakably called to it. If the new edition of the Acts is sufficiently popular in its treatment of the subject-matter, any ratepayer of ordinary intelligence ought to be able to point out to the authority having jurisdiction in the district in which he lives that they are bound to do this or that. For this purpose, however, a mere arrangement of the statutes will not be enough. There are many persons who seem to labour under a congenital inability to understand an Act of Parliament. When the same statements are put into different, and in itself perhaps less intelligible, language, they have no difficulty in taking them in. It is the presence of technicalities that confounds them. To meet this not uncommon case every division of the subject should be prefaced by a studiously un lawyer-like version of the provisions contained in the following statutes. The less anything is explained by reference to some former or subsequent part of the introduction the less danger there will be of misunderstanding. Any amount of repetition should be tolerated which helps on the primary object of making the men who elect the sanitary authorities thoroughly aware of what they can insist upon these authorities doing after they have elected them. With the same purpose of putting every part of sanitary law in the clearest possible light, it would be well to publish the rural and the urban codes in separate volumes. It is true that much of the contents will be common to both, but if a full code is to be



only part of the code to which he has to refer is applicable to his own case, he may perversely rest his demand on the wrong part, and be deterred from again taking any trouble in the matter by hearing from the sanitary authorities that they do not come under the statute to which he has referred them. Since every ratepayer must be under the jurisdiction either of an urban or of a rural sanitary authority, there will be no difficulty in treating the statutes which deal with each as a distinct body of law. In this way every one will know which volume he wants, and be sure of finding in it nothing but what he wants.

When the Local Government Board has thus done its part, a large measure of responsibility will devolve upon all who, either as electors or representatives, are concerned in carrying out the new sanitary system. It is essential to remember that no amount of Public Health Acts can remedy the sanitary deficiencies of the country unless the persons for whose benefit the law has been made take some trouble in administering it or seeing it administered. Many of those on whose behalf the intervention of the sanitary authorities most needs to be invoked will never invoke it for themselves. Either they do not care about being healthy, or they are afraid that they will offend their superiors if they are known to care about it. In this case the appeal to the authorities must be made for them. People who have until now been vaguely lamenting the unsavoury condition of this or that cottage ought not to rest satisfied in future until they have laid the case before the proper officials, and, if they are immovable, before the Local Government Board. There will be no difficulty in ascertaining by the help of the manual which will by that time have been published, whether the law provides for the particular case; and in the event of its being found to do so, all that will be required will be such a stock of patience as will outlast the delays and difficulties which, under the best possible system, it will be in the power of unwilling authorities to interpose. It would greatly help the working of the new Act if a few influential people in each village or in each district of a town would form themselves into an amateur Committee of Health, and send in a report to the Board of Guardians or to the Town Council of the sanitary evils which most immediately call for attention. Clergymen and doctors are naturally marked out for this work by their acquaintance with the houses in which the poor live, and by the consequent duty which devolves upon them of doing what they can to make these houses habitable. After all, however, the efficiency of the new sanitary system must largely depend upon the character of the persons to whom its administration is committed. So long as the Boards of Guardians have been only concerned with the relief of the poor, a great number of ratepayers have felt no interest in the elections, and have usually abstained from voting. There will no longer be any excuse for this sort of apathy. Every ratepayer will have a share in choosing the authorities to whose care the health of the district will be committed, and if he neglects to exert himself to choose them wisely, he will have no one but himself to thank for any shortcomings in sanitary administration. Such a display of zeal as was seen in the first election of the School Boards would go far to make any further legislation on this subject a work of supererogation.

To the return of a satisfactory representative body there must go not only good constituencies but good candidates. The electors can but make their choice from among the list of names submitted to them, and if this list happens to contain few or no men possessing solid qualifications for the post which they seek, the choice will necessarily be a bad one. This evil will in a great measure be met if men of standing and character in each district will put themselves forward as candidates for seats on Boards of Guardians. In many cases they do so, and do it successfully, even now. But in still more they hold themselves apart, from a natural dislike to the persons with whom they would be brought into association in the event of their being elected. They have been to blame for this abstention all along, because they have been neglecting opportunities sometimes of ameliorating the condition of paupers, sometimes of lessening the amount of pauperism. But pauperism does not concern every village, and almost every house, in the way in which sanitary matters concern them; and if influential persons show the same indifference to the larger question that they have too often shown to the lesser, their conduct will merit far stronger condemnation. In every Poor Law union and in every town there ought to be a committee of sanitary reformers, whose business it shall be to induce proper candidates to put themselves forward, and, if necessary, to defray the expense of returning them. By this means every election would at least be conducted in

case of need, and every voter who preferred disease and present economy to health and ultimate economy would do so with his eyes open. Under an active propaganda such as has been indicated, the number of those who evinced such a preference would yearly grow smaller.

#### MR. CHILDERS.

THE few men who are left at the Clubs have this week been provided with a little mild political gossip. It was rumoured that the LORD CHANCELLOR had sent in his resignation, and that Mr. CHILDERS was about to return to the Cabinet. The one event had been for some time anticipated, and, as they say in the City, discounted; and the other excited neither interest nor surprise. It was natural that Mr. CHILDERS should be taken back into the Cabinet if there happened to be room in it for another Minister, and if his health was sufficiently restored; but it was difficult to feel any enthusiasm on the subject. The favourite who has disappointed his backers does not disappear from the *Calendar*, but his subsequent career as a steadygoing "plater" is at the best rather respectable than glorious. Nobody doubts that Mr. CHILDERS has good stuff in him as an official, but it is known that he is not the great horse he was once thought to be. It appears that the LORD CHANCELLOR's retirement is at any rate put off for the present, and some of his friends have seized the opportunity of protesting against the cruelty of spreading a report which, as they say, must painfully remind him of his many disqualifications, mental and physical, for the position he occupies. Lord HATHERLEY will probably not face the fatigues of another Session, but his health is happily not in such a condition that he cannot carry on the routine business of the office until Sir R. PALMER has finished his duties at Geneva. Lord HATHERLEY has failed so conspicuously as a law reformer that it is perhaps natural to expect something better from his successor; but the new Lord Chancellor, if he has any designs in this direction, will find himself somewhat embarrassed by the recent declarations of the law officers in the House of Commons that the law is perfect, and that in any case it is none of their business to mend it. Although the rumour with regard to the LORD CHANCELLOR has proved to be premature, that with regard to Mr. CHILDERS has been confirmed. Mr. CHILDERS, it is announced, will succeed Lord DUFFERIN as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet. The popular notion of the Chancellor of the Duchy is that he helps the Privy Seal to do nothing; but it has been officially explained that the Privy Seal does a good deal of miscellaneous work for other Ministers; and Lord DUFFERIN once described his office as that of a Ministerial man-of-all-work, who ran messages and did odd jobs for the Government. Whether it is absolutely necessary to have a couple of supernumeraries in the Cabinet we cannot pretend to say, but it may be presumed that Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it is; and it would be a pity that he should not obtain all the assistance he requires in the discharge of his responsible duties. Mr. CHILDERS began his official career at Mr. GLADSTONE's feet, and it is understood that he still looks up to him with the pious veneration and gushing faith of earlier years. Even if there is not much actual work for the Chancellor of the Duchy to do, it will probably be a comfort to the Premier to have his company in the Cabinet; and it would be churlish to grudge a hard-worked Minister the small indulgence of a sympathetic and confiding colleague. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. CHILDERS will not be able to provide himself with occupation, but no harm will be done as long as he does not get in other people's way.

It is possible that, if the Chancellorship of the Duchy were to be tested by the principles on which Mr. CHILDERS proceeded in his reductions at the Admiralty, it might be difficult to justify its maintenance as an important political office; and it may occur to some of the discharged clerks and dockyard labourers that there is an odd kind of poetical justice in Mr. CHILDERS, who abolished so many places, having to be provided with a sinecure in order to return to public life. There can be no doubt that many of the objects he sought to accomplish at the Admiralty were in themselves sound and reasonable, but he committed the great mistakes of taking too much upon himself personally, of neglecting or rashly overruling professional advice, and of attempting to hurry through reforms which inflicted great hardship on individuals and shook the stability of the service, and which should have been spread over a series of years. He was in such violent haste that he failed to do justice even to his own plans; and the fine theory of Ministerial responsibility with which he started broke

down as soon as it was seriously tested. His administration at the Admiralty will always be known as the administration of the phantom Board. It is impossible to imagine anything more delicate or difficult than the exercise of authority by a Parliamentary official over professional experts. Mr. CHILDERS's management of the navy left human nature too much out of account. It is not enough for a Minister to come to a right decision as to what should be done; he must also take care that it shall be done in such a way as not to ruffle professional susceptibilities, and introduce sulkiness and dissatisfaction into the service. The experts are apt to be prejudiced and headstrong; they naturally look at everything from their own point of view, and find it difficult to understand why any broad considerations of public policy should be allowed to interfere with what they think right. A Minister who put himself unreservedly in the hands of his professional advisers would no doubt soon find himself committed to proceedings which it would be hopeless to attempt to justify in Parliament. On the other hand, a Minister will never be able to make anything of a service which is sulky and out of temper, and fancies it is not being treated with proper respect. The difficulty is how to humour and conciliate officials, and at the same time to keep them well in hand; and it was here that Mr. CHILDERS so utterly broke down. He got into difficulties on every side, with naval, civil, and scientific officers, all round. He had to learn that it was not enough to determine merely what was the right thing to be done, but that there is a right and a wrong way of doing right things. Whether he has learned this lesson sufficiently remains to be seen; but for the present at least he will have no opportunity of repeating the errors which produced such unhappy results when he was formerly in office. Mr. GOSCHEN has undone much of his predecessor's rash and inconsiderate work, has restored the authority of the professional officers of the Admiralty, and soothed the irritation of the service. If Mr. CHILDERS is wise, he will now content himself with office-work and the examination of accounts, and let alone the management of men.

The return of Mr. CHILDERS to the Cabinet may be regarded as destitute of political significance. It has been his ambition to be an administrator rather than a politician; and he has never taken a prominent position on party questions. His Radicalism can hardly be said to have gone much beyond a keen desire for economical administration; and he lately signalized his independence by opposing some portions of the Ballot Bill, a measure which his Australian experience probably led him to regard without much enthusiasm. It has been stated that a place in the Cabinet would have been reserved for Mr. BRIGHT if there had been any prospect of his being able to accept it; but his health is unfortunately still precarious, and his disinclination for office would seem to have been confirmed by his experience of its anxieties. The bitter dogmatism which he displayed in his recent speech could find a natural vent only in an independent and unofficial position. Assuming it to be necessary that another Minister should be added to the Cabinet, it is difficult to see who except Mr. CHILDERS could have been chosen to fill the vacancy, even apart from Mr. CHILDERS's irresistible claims as a former colleague who had been obliged to quit office by ill health. On the other hand, if it had been determined that the Chancellorship should not carry with it a seat in the Cabinet, it is almost equally difficult to imagine where the PREMIER could have looked for a suitable candidate. The young men below the gangway seem to have given themselves up to priggish humour and pedantic crotchets, and each of them aspires to be a leader on his own account, while men like Mr. BOUVIER, although they sit behind the Government, and vote with it pretty steadily, are uneasy and distrustful. As far as one can judge at present, the rising crop of statesmen is not a very promising one; and we should perhaps be thankful for those we have got, such as they are.

#### LECTURING IN AMERICA.

WE are apt to think, and on the whole with some reason, that America is a dull country. It has undoubtedly many solid advantages. The labourer who is transferred from a European dietary to a systematic consumption of three meals of meat daily need look no further for happiness, though of course he has also the advantage of becoming one of the multitudinous sovereigns of his adopted country. But for the more educated classes it must be admitted that many pleasures which give grace and refinement to European life are wanting. If any proof were needed, it would be found in the readiness of the higher class of Americans to entertain themselves. A lover of any form of art is worse off in New York or Boston than at many third-rate European towns.

When, however, we descend a degree or two in the social scale, the disadvantage is not so clearly on the same side. What kind of amusements are open, for example, to a middle-class Englishman in any town outside of London? He may enjoy himself socially, and we need not inquire too closely whether social enjoyment is not associated in his mind with the consumption of strong drink. At any rate the catalogue of pleasures is speedily exhausted. For music he probably cares nothing, and he has few opportunities of gratifying his taste if he possesses one. Every now and then he has the excitement of a cricket-match, a review of Volunteers, or a cattle-show. In the intervals, and especially in the evenings, it is to be feared that he is terribly bored. His love of home enjoyments, on which he sometimes prides himself, means chiefly a habit of going to sleep by the domestic hearth as soon as he has finished his day's work. However, as it is supposed that all capacity for intellectual pleasure is not quite dead within him, some energetic persons try to entice him from the bosom of his family by the promise of one of those lively entertainments known as popular lectures. Everybody who has attended one, and still more everybody who has been unlucky enough to give one, must feel that the mere fact that popular lectures exist casts a melancholy light upon our national habits. They help us to understand the prevailing French superstition as to the frequency of suicide in England. If these are the bright places in our lives, what must be the gloom of their usual monotony? The dismal green baize table, with the inevitable tumbler and decanter of water, is enough to strike a chill into the most buoyant spirits. As a rule the performance is only too suitable to the scenery. The wretched lecturer who descants, like Sir Barnes Newcombe, on the poetry of the affections, or describes a trip to the Holy Land, or discourses on the life and writings of Dr. Watts, feels himself instinctively sinking to the level of his audience. He utters, even in his own despite, the most feeble of platitudes, and hits off the most attenuated jokes; he tags the most commonplace of morals to his discourse; and feels himself to be as much humiliated by the patient effort of his audience to be amused as by the well-meant applause of the respectable persons on the platform who serve, a little too obtrusively, as leaders of the *claque*. It is a melancholy performance at the best, and on escaping from his position, and having made the regular vow that he will never make such a fool of himself in future, the lecturer perhaps reflects that there is something almost pathetic in the eagerness with which his audience have been feeding themselves on the mere dry husks of intellectual pleasure. Few things are more touching in their way than to see the poor regarding as luxuries what to the rich is mere refuse to be rejected with contempt; and it is perhaps as sad a sight when the luxuries belong to the intellect as when they are material.

In America, however, the system of which we have only a pale reflection in England flourishes with far greater vigour. Externally a country town in America is duller than a country town in Europe. The total absence of anything picturesque in its barren rectangular streets is depressing to the imagination; nor are the manners and customs of the inhabitants calculated superficially to dispel the illusion. It must, however, be admitted that they are in some sense more vivacious than their rivals. Lecturing is to them a serious affair, and not, as generally in England, an attempt on the part of the educated to force some sort of intellectual pleasure upon their inferiors. To all appearance, Americans really like to hear a lady or gentleman discoursing upon things in general, and take some pains to get it done as well as possible. We will not venture to decide whether this taste shows that their lives are generally duller than ours, that lecturing stands out as a bright spot against the ordinary routine of affairs, or that their intellectual appetites are really keener. At any rate, the lecturing business which for a time seemed to be declining is now once more improving, and we have before us a publication called the *Lecture Magazine*, printed in Boston, which gives some notion of the extent to which it is carried on. This Magazine is the organ of an agency which keeps a large staff of lecturers in readiness. Country associations write up to it to give orders, and the agency is ready to supply any number of lecturers, to say nothing of "orators" for the Fourth of July, "Decoration Day," and other festivities, together with vocal and instrumental music. You may order the whole apparatus of an enthusiastic meeting as conveniently as you may order a wedding breakfast from a London confectioner. The Magazine is simply a trade list, setting forth the attractions of the various ladies and gentlemen employed for this purpose. There are, it seems, from sixty to seventy persons all ready to deliver themselves on a vast variety of subjects, from Shakespeare to the musical glasses, and from metaphysics down to ventriloquism. Some of the names are already known to us. Mr. Sumner and General Butler are both on the list, though it appears that their public duties may possibly absorb their energies during the approaching season. Then we have Mr. John B. Gough the Temperance orator, Mr. Joaquin Miller the poet, Mr. Eliot Hart the humorist, Mr. Collyer, an eloquent and well-known Unitarian preacher, and Mr. George MacDonald of England. Several, indeed, of the most distinguished performers are countrymen of our own, whose labours in this capacity are not so highly esteemed here as beyond the Atlantic. The subjects, as far as supposed, take the widest possible range. There are, however, two or three departments in which the Americans seem to be especially to delight. One characteristic variety of lectures is that which ranges upon personality. One gentleman descends upon "growing with Shakespeare"; two or three others descend upon

to my about Diogenes; another is ready to discourse upon "Spargen and his work," or upon "Mitchell, soldier, philanthropist, and astronomer"; whilst a lady describes from personal observation the "or-like game" of Mr. Charles Reade. Then we have lectures which we dimly guess to be something of the *Nine Hymns* variety. "Man revealed by music" and "the negative illusion" suggest more exalted mysticism, though the same gentleman rather descends into the familiar by promising a "spickspan new lecture not named yet." Of course, too, there are plenty of gentlemen ready to prove by various illustrations that the world is advancing to the millennium, and that it will get there more rapidly in proportion as it follows the lead of the United States. Colonel Higginson, for example, explains that the "aristocracy of the dollar" is gradually being substituted in America for the aristocracy of birth, and that it is a very much better thing. He "graphically and tersely portrays" the weakness of the latter institution in Europe, and shows that it leads inevitably to "insanity and idiocy." In America, on the other hand, the dollar stands "for all that is most desirable in moral and material progress." Nevertheless, Americans do not worship the dollar, though we should almost have inferred from the Colonel's eloquence that it was the best thing they could do; and they are perfectly capable of distinguishing between its right and its wrong. He showed in fact a "genuine belief in the people," instead of a "cold cynicism"; and displayed thereby the "consummate tact of the Yankee, combined with the logic and elegant phraseology of Greece and Rome." Persons who require some excitement may find it in a certain debate between the Rev. Dr. Fulton and the Rev. Dr. Haven. These two gentlemen are prepared to perambulate the country like a couple of professional prizefighters, having a series of sparring matches on the question of woman's suffrage. Dr. Fulton "announces great truths in short sentences, and hurls them" at his antagonist with, as we regret to say, a slight nasal twang. Dr. Haven is "bluff, jocos, severe, and devout"; he speaks so quickly that he stammers through earnestness; but we fear, from the comparative obscurity in which his character is left, that he is intended chiefly as Dr. Fulton's chopping-block. By way of contrast, the admirers of humour rather than eloquence may engage Mrs. Lott Hough, who has an excellent lecture called "Popping the Question," which is an essay on the modes of courtship employed by different nations, and shows Mrs. Hough's skill in talking "Irish, German, Down-East Yankee, and other dialects." Or from this refined performance we may descend to the lecture of "Oliver Optic," who has published eight hundred stories in newspapers, besides forty volumes of books, since 1852. Of these forty books it seems that at least half a million copies have been sold; and yet we fear that their fame has scarcely reached England. We are glad, however, to know that Mr. Adams—to use his real name—has abandoned the "blood and thunder" style of romance for boys, and tries to make them "admire good characters and condemn bad ones."

Here, it must be admitted, there is a wide enough field of choice; and it would seem that the demand is sufficient to induce many Americans to take up lecturing as a profitable profession. We confess that we do not personally desire an introduction of the system into England. In spite of all the attractions offered, we fear that we would rather read than hear the best lectures ever delivered, and that we would much rather neither read nor hear the great majority. And yet we must confess that the prevalence of the taste is on the whole creditable to the country. The absurdity of many of the lectures, the vulgarity of others, the flattery of popular vanity, and a number of other faults which might be mentioned, are bad enough; but, on the whole, the greatest of misfortunes is the sheer unadulterated sluggishness of mind which makes even such mild intellectual dissipation impossible, not because the audience are above it, but because they are below it; and Americans might plausibly urge that, if they are dull even in their amusements, they at least show more impatience of dullness than we do. Let us hope that when the provincial mind is stirred to emulation in England, it will show as great an appetite for knowledge, and be able to gratify it with materials of a superior order.

#### DR. DÖLLINGER ON UNIVERSITIES.

THE festival observed last week at Munich, with every circumstance of royal and popular solemnity, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University, has naturally been regarded in Germany as an event of national interest. The University, originally founded at Ingolstadt by Duke Albert in 1472, transferred in the beginning of the present century to Landshut, and then, twenty-six years later, to Munich, by King Louis, is one of the oldest and still one of the most important of the German Universities—the most important probably of those in Southern and Catholic Germany. And although the festival was of a strictly ecclesiastical and not ecclesiastical character, it no doubt derived some additional significance from the fact of Bavaria being the recognised headquarters of the religious movement which is just now dividing the Roman Catholic Church, and from the venerable leader of that movement, Dr. Dollinger, having been called by an almost unanimous vote of his colleagues to fill the office of Rector Magnificus on the occasion. On the various circumstances which marked the week, and which bear a considerable family likeness to the programme of a Grand Commemoration at Oxford, we need not dwell. They have been fully reported in the German

papers, and a brief record appeared in the telegraphic summary of our own daily press. But Dr. Dollinger's speech, which seems to have been received with continuous and enthusiastic applause from all his hearers, young and old alike, deserves a fuller notice. It was of course to be expected that he would say something of the antecedents and distinctions of the University which he was there to represent, and of which he has for so many years been a conspicuous ornament. But he did more than this. He took the opportunity to give what in less experienced hands might have been a mere superficial sketch, while in reality it contains a vivid and critical appreciation of the origin and growth of University education in Europe. It is a subject on which few men are so well qualified to speak, and he handled it with that depth and accuracy of learning, that intellectual grasp and breadth of moral sympathy, and that ardent but intelligent patriotism which will at once be recognised as characteristic of the speaker by all who are familiar with him personally or through his writings. We cannot do more here than reproduce the salient points of a discourse which occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and which well deserves to be read in full by those who are in a position to study it for themselves.

Dr. Dollinger begins by referring to the first consolidation of national unity a thousand years ago under Louis the German, and its revival last year in the new German Empire. Since then the University of Munich has been the first to celebrate its anniversary, which thus attains a sort of national importance, and the more so as the different German Universities are already united, and there is a frequent interchange of professors and students among them. The corporate idea which was so powerful in the middle ages, but was wholly wanting under the old governments, whether democratic or Imperial, of Greece and Rome, could alone make possible the foundation of Universities as independent communities, with their own rights and privileges, bound together by a community of interests between teachers and taught. Among such institutions the University of Paris for a long time stood supreme, and Paris became, far more than Rome, the intellectual metropolis of Western Europe. It was a common saying that, as Italy had the *universities* and Germany the *imperial*, France had the *studium*. Far different in character were the Italian Universities, which began to be founded in the twelfth century, but never approached the theological and literary eminence of Paris and Oxford; their aim was practical, and the studies principally cultivated were jurisprudence and medicine. Their origin and system were of a casual and purely democratic kind, without any recognized authority and position in Church or State. Two or three professors of canon and civil law and medicine combined to form a University, and students gradually gathered round them, but its prosperity was at best fluctuating and uncertain. Leo X. founded the Sapienza with eighty-eight professors, but a few years later Clement VII. diverted the endowments to other objects, and its days of prosperity were gone for ever. The teachers at these Universities had no corporate status or dignity, and were looked on simply as paid agents for the supply of a marketable commodity; there was no *genius loci*, as at Oxford, no sense of pride in belonging to a great institution either among the teachers or the taught. Bologna, however, has an historical importance as the birthplace and chief home of the allied sciences of Roman civil law and canon law, which exercised so large an influence on the development of the Papal autocracy; Alexander III., Innocent III., and Innocent IV., the great founders of the system, had taught or studied there. There, too, the German Emperors learnt lessons of absolutism derived from the maxims of the old Roman Empire which they were supposed to inherit, and openly proclaimed their superiority to law. Paris, however, asserted a more direct influence than the Italian Universities on the national life of Germany, through the crowds of students who flocked thither hither as yet no Universities of their own, and who brought back with them the French spirit and language on their return. But even where the curriculum was a very narrow one, and the entire absence of any historical and critical sense left unbounded room for the dominance of fiction and forgeries. Two men, in Germany and England, made the first attempt to break the ice; Albert the Great, who has been not improperly called the Humboldt of his age, and Roger Bacon, both of whom laboured to introduce the study of natural science, while Roger Bacon also paved the way for the cultivation of Greek literature.

And now the time was come for Germany to take her part in the academic life of Europe. The ancient Universities of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and Bologna own no founder and no assignable date of institution—"they were a natural growth." But it was the princes, secular and spiritual, who in the middle of the fourteenth century began to establish Universities in Germany, and the municipal authorities afterwards followed their example. The first was founded at Prague in 1348 by Charles IV., and is said to have numbered 40,000 students by the end of the century; but the quarrels between the Czech and German students, which have lasted down to our own day, soon made an end of its prosperity. In the same century were founded the Universities of Vienna, Heidelberg, Cologne, and Erfurt, all of which were originally to a great degree ecclesiastical institutions, and suggested by the revenues of Church benefices. They often had no other than six professors of canon law. But the great reform of the anti-Pope evoked a spirit of reform throughout the Church, and the German Universities, following in the wake of Babel, threw themselves into the

movement of which Gerson and D'Ailly were the recognized leaders, and were all united in proclaiming the superiority of Councils to Popes. But all hope of an effective reform was shattered by the desertion of Frederick III. to the Papal party, and he forced the University of Vienna, by the threat of withdrawing its endowments, to renounce the Council of Baele. Meanwhile a distinct but cognate movement had been originated at Oxford by Wicliff, and was taken up at Prague by Huss with greater immediate success, while a third University, that of Wittenberg, eventually gave it the form in which it has exercised so momentous an influence on the subsequent history of the Church. The Universities, too, in Germany rather than in Italy, became the nurseries of that revival of classical literature which, however little such an alliance was intended or acknowledged on either side, materially aided the progress of the Reformation.

Three more German Universities, at Greifswald, Freiburg, and Baele, were founded shortly before Ingoldstadt (in 1472), and Tübingen a little later. Paris was the common mother of them all, and Ingoldstadt borrowed its statutes from Vienna, which had received them from Paris. It was a dark period in the political life of Germany; but for a time, from 1494 to 1518, Ingoldstadt gained celebrity for its classical teaching under Conrad Celtes, Locher, and Reuchlin, and the historian Aventin was its most distinguished ornament. The number of students, however, was not large. Then came the Reformation, of which Wittenberg was the centre, and the new Universities of Marburg, Königsthum, Jena, Altdorf, and Helmstadt, were founded for its promotion, while Leipsic, Rostock, Greifswald, and Heidelberg joined the movement. Prague and Vienna, which adhered to the old faith, were almost deserted, and Ingoldstadt became, and continued for two centuries, one of the chief strongholds of Catholicism; there, as at all the German Universities, Catholic or Protestant, theology overshadowed every other faculty. It is curious that at a period of such intense theological energy throughout Europe, Paris, which had long been "the Queen in that region to whose decisions every one submitted," entered on her period of decline. But the causes of decay were external, and are not difficult to explain. The place itself, which was now the constant scene of civil strife and bloodshed, was most unfavourable for learning. But, more than that, the immediate neighbourhood of a Court which claimed supreme control over the minds and consciences, as well as the lives, of its subjects, made all freedom of writing and teaching impossible. Thus in 1624 a Royal decree forbade on pain of death any divergence from Aristotelian doctrines on physical and metaphysical subjects, and Louis XIV. would have instantly lodged in the Bastille any professor who contradicted his opinions. It is not wonderful then that during the seventeenth century Paris lost nine out of her forty colleges, or that, while two-thirds of the most distinguished German writers belong to the Universities, scarcely a single name eminent in French literature since 1660 is connected with the Parisian or any other French University. Enforced subscription to arbitrary professions of faith completed the work of degradation, and when at last the University fell with the destruction of her property, the event was hardly noticed, nor has any French Government since the Revolution thought of restoring it—*etiam pariete ruinæ*. Louvain, which had long been a flourishing University almost fit to compete with Paris, was strangled under a similar system of coercion, and her one great scholar in the last century, Van Espen, had to fly for his life when an old man of eighty-two. Leyden, on the other hand, founded by the Prince of Orange, and with far smaller resources, has produced a long line of illustrious scholars, and known no period of decay; while the Spanish and Portuguese Universities, which once stood so high, have suffered a total and tragical eclipse. But with the eighteenth century the German Universities received a new lease of life. The great reaction which began with the foundation of Halle and culminated in the foundation of the Universities of Berlin and Bonn, also brought about the removal of the Bavarian University, first from Ingoldstadt to Landshut in 1800, and thence in 1826 by King Louis to the capital.

We cannot follow Dr. Döllinger through the long catalogue of illustrious philosophers, linguists, historians, and divines who have adorned his *alma mater*, and who naturally find honourable and appreciative mention on such an occasion. It includes Schelling, Bader, Savigny, Feuerbach, Stahl, Windischmann, Sailer, Möhler, and many other memorable, though less widely celebrated, names. When he comes in conclusion to dwell on the present and future of his country, he points, as might be expected, with pardonable pride to the bright prospect opened before her through the restoration of political unity, and to the mission assigned by general consent to the Germans of enriching other nations out of the fulness of their scientific and literary wealth; though it must be remembered that in former ages they have learnt much successively from Italy, from France, and from England. He trusts that the single-minded and unwearied pursuit of truth for its own sake will always continue to be a distinction of Germany, and that she will avoid that vicious centralisation which, in intellectual culture as in other matters, has proved the ruin of France. On one important point he earnestly commends the example of the English Universities to the imitation of his own, where he thinks that the College system would supply a manifest and serious defect. And no less earnest is his caution against the danger of sensualism and materialism incident to a widespread cultivation of the natural sciences, especially among the half-educated, which would inevitably prove the

harbinger of national decay. Against that danger the Universities, if only they are true to their high position and duties, will provide a sure defence. "Let us then," are the concluding words of the discourse, "continue to labour indefatigably, in a pure scientific spirit and with loyal self-devotion, to build up the one temple of truth. That will be an imperishable monument, surviving all changes of fortune, of the honour and greatness of Germany."

#### TOURIST TALK.

IT is a white day for the tourist when he first finds himself in a spot out of the reach of tourists. If it is not an unpatriotic sentiment, we may say that it is a white day when he first finds himself out of the reach of his own tongue. We do not mean when he falls in with a really intelligent native who pays the stranger the compliment of speaking to him as a guest in his own tongue, instead of requiring the guest to speak the tongue of the host. We mean only that confused babble of our own tongue, broken up and mingled with half a dozen other tongues, which besets the ear of the traveller as long as the necessities of geography drive him to abide within eyeshot and earshot of the tourist. We need hardly stop now to draw the marked distinction between the two classes—between the traveller who has a rational object in his travelling and the tourist who has no rational object in his touring. It is pleasant to get away from crowded haunts and huge hotels—in short, from the generally cosmopolite form of being—into places which the sightseeing crowd has not yet learned to infest, and where the land and its people, their ways, their tongue, and their buildings may be studied without let or hindrance. In the great hotel, in the place of fashionable resort, you are hardly a human creature. You are not a man, but only No. 235, treated no doubt, like all other numbers, with stately civility, but not entering into any kind of human relation with any body. But go out of the beaten track into the regions which Cook's tourists have not yet invaded, and besides the pleasures of quiet you can find less pretentious houses of entertainment, providing lodging and food, which, though they cost much less, are to the unsophisticated mind quite as good as anything to be had in the more stately palaces of Köln and Geneva. You are a man, and, as a man, somewhat of a brother. You are not a mere number, but a creature standing in a human relation to everybody, from the landlord to the boots. In short, you have to deal with a landlord, and not with a lessee or a proprietor or a manager of a company; you are not in an establishment, but in an inn. And, what is specially precious to travellers who wish to keep their heads clear for the subject of their travels, the foul practice of shutting up every possible window, which seems to reach its height in picturesque parts like Wiesbaden and Schwalbach, is far less rampant in places where the minds and the noses of men seem to be less perverted. In these lowlier quarters one is never hindered from opening a window for oneself. Nay, instead of the merciless savages who in more polite quarters seem to make it their chief business to shut up every crevice by which the least aniff of the breath of life can smuggle itself in, we have even known a discreet waiter open a window of his own accord, with the besitting comment that fresh air is a good thing. The painful fact is that happy regions of this kind are daily growing smaller; the tourist is ever annexing some fresh territory, and whatever he annexes he corrupts. He turns up in times and places where no one would have looked for him. One might have thought that Switzerland in the month of November was perfectly safe. Yet we believe that we put on record at the time that a genuine specimen of the British tourist was seen in that month between Bern and Luzern. It was he who, on being told of the meeting of the Federal Assembly—which his *Swiss Times* forgot to mention—supposed, with an unlucky conception of the most decorous Parliament in the world, that the Republicans must be "much more free-and-easy than we are." But after all, in this tourist some good thing was found; he did know that Switzerland is a Republic; he did not, like Chief Justice Whiteide, look on it as a confederation of small kingdoms. But the traveller whose fate constrains him to face the tourist on his own ground and in his own seasons hears more marvellous things than this. Let us conceive the inquirer standing on the hills above Heidelberg and trying to find out whether he really can, as he has been told, see the towers of Speier in the distance. It is something to know whether, in the desolation of 1689, the burning minster and the burning palace could be seen at a single glance—watchfires, like those from Troy to Argos, to tell the Most Christian King what glorious havoc was doing. Another stand-by, seeing somebody looking at something, kindly offers the help of a spy-glass. One good turn deserves another, and the Tourist cannot well help saying that it is Speier for which he is looking. He is rewarded by learning what kind of idea the genuine British tourist has of the city which should at least be dear to him as the place—a second Antioch—where the name Protestant was first heard. "Speier—ah! there is a town there; it is famous for the —" There was once an Oxford story of a convert, and orthodox—some might think a Romanising—divine, who was known to stand up after dinner glass in hand, and announce that "the invariable tendency of Protestantism is to —" something no doubt very dangerous, but what it might be was hidden from mankind by the sudden gulping down of a glass of port. So our tourist got no farther than the fact that, as Protestantism had an invariable tendency to something, so the city which, though not Protestant, gave birth to Protestantism, was famous for something



which was lost by a sudden pause—unprompted, we are bound to say, by port or liquor of any kind—between the article and its substantive. Only a faint ejaculation followed—"Miss Somebody went there"—leaving the traveller with the vague impression that the unknown Miss, who at least went to see the city which was famous for something, had the more inquiring spirit of the tourist.

But greater things still may be met with. Let the traveller be on the line between Frankfort and Aschaffenburg. He is musing perhaps on the appearance of Josephus Augustus, Pater Patriæ, and the rest of it, in his wig and breeches in the Römer. Or he is musing on the daring of the Frankfort poet, whoever he was, who took the glibly-running line,

Urbs Aquisensis, urbs regalis,

and changed it into such a limping cadence as—

Francofurdensis urbs regalis.

Or, as he nears Aschaffenburg, he is trying whether he can remember, or whether he ever knew, why Lambert of Hersfeld was so long called Lambert of Aschaffenburg, and further whether the minister of Aschaffenburg was regular or secular. Meanwhile his carriage is boarded by companions whose thoughts run on quite different matters. Enter the British papa, comfortable and self-complacent, at the head of his household. What will the moralist say if the traveller confesses that he shrouded himself, as it were—or, to use another metaphor, decked himself in peacocks' feathers—by answering some trivial remark in such High-Dutch as he could muster? The small—we hope harmless—trick succeeded, and the tourist household began to discuss things past and present after their own fashion. They had been at Coblenz; they had been at Trier—they called it *Trier*, and not *Trèves*, thereby awakening hopes which were disappointed—and Trier was pronounced to be a very interesting city, with the drawback that it was not blessed with a single good café. But as a man, and that man not a Briton but a Romance-speaking Swiss, once declared with some scorn that "*la chose la plus intéressante à Ravenne est le Pinet*," so the chief thing which had struck our tourists was some attempt at being funny on the part of the vergers of the Cathedral when, it seems, they had, with genuine tourist impertinence, been trying to find out whether he really believed in the Holy Coat or not. From Trier and the church discourse turned to Coblenz and the army. A tale was told of brutal insolence on the part of a German officer towards a civilian of his own nation, which we forbear telling, because very likely it is not true, and because the beauty of the story lies in the comments, which are of exactly the same value whether the story be true or false. The British father remarked that "the Prussians seem to treat the Germans at Coblenz like a conquered people." A daughter, evidently with a certain glimmering of facts, at least as compared with her parent, put in, "But there are as many Germans in the army as there are Prussians." Then, after some less distinct sayings, came the general agreement of the family circle, "But the Prussians have done so much for the Germans that they must put up with a good deal from their hands"—the particular story told being just the kind of thing with which no people ought to put up at the hands either of strangers or of countrymen. Now what kind of people can these be who cross the sea and go a long way into strange lands, and yet, neither before they set out nor while they are on their touring, find out anything better than this about the history and geography of the lands through which they are passing? Do they fairly represent the great British public and its literary representative, the general reader? Does Mr. Reeve, for instance, believe that to oppose Prussians to Germans is a logical division, like opposing either Prussians or Germans to Frenchmen or Spaniards? Was the *Times* in this state of mind when, not so many years ago, it told us, as the last piece of news, that Prussia had just joined the *Zollverein*? If any of these personages were evil entreated by natives, say of Yorkshire or of Devonshire, would they say that Yorkshiremen or Devonshiremen dealt with the English as with a conquered people? If they would not, the one alternative conjecture to which we are driven is one somewhat farfetched. The British public is, perhaps excusably, misled by the contrast between the maps of the last century, which show only a small Prussia lying outside a large Germany, and the maps from 1815 to 1866, which show Prussia increased by a large slice of the Germany of the earlier map. Perhaps indeed the general reader and his literary purveyors may look on the Prussian conquerors of Germany as being still the awful Paynim dogs on whom the Teutonic knights made war, speakers of verbs in *mi* and worshippers of Perkune the God of Thunder. What if the Holy Coat, about which the British father was merry with the vergers, should be displaced in favour of some heathen fetish? What if the minister of Köln should be finished only to be dedicated to some idol brought from a land yet further east than that from which Sir Walter Scott so kindly imported Zernebeck for the worship of our own forefathers?

Perhaps, however, we may have to put up with a simpler explanation. It is evident that Messrs. Bradshaw and Co., who, as we conjecture, are great authorities with the tourist world, are of this remarkable way of thinking as regards Germans and Prussians, or rather of a way of thinking yet more remarkable. A glimpse at the work of the great practical geographers revealed to us a still more wonderful notion of logical division than that of our tourist in Frankland. They give their readers the time-tables of the three classes of "German Railways," "Prussian Railways," and "*Hessische* [sic] Railways." If "*Hessische*," why not also "*Preuss-*

*sische*" it might be unbecoming in us to ask. But the division makes it not unlikely that some traveller who is lucky in his company may some day come in for a Hessian, as well as a Prussian, conquest of Germany. Such a theory might sound hard on the nearest approach that Germany can show to *autochthonous* or *aborigines*, on those Obatli who boast that they, alone of all the Teutonic tribes, have ever since stayed in the place where history first shows them. But supposing that an officer of any kind in the service of the Grand Duke of Hessen should deal with a citizen of Mainz as badly as the Prussian officer is said to have dealt with the citizen of Coblenz, what comment could the British tourist make on the fact, except that "the Hessians treated the Germans like a conquered people"?

One note more of Tourist Talk. The description of the offence committed, or said to have been committed, at Coblenz was accompanied by a further statement that from Coblenz to some other point on the Rhine was a "very pleasant ride." Now if the journey was made either by the railway or by the slower process of the Imperial post, far be it from us to complain of its being spoken of as a "ride." To turn to our old-fashioned standard on such points, we find that righteous Joseph and wicked Ahab and the mixed character Jehu, with his friend Jehonadab, are all recorded to have "ridden" in chariots. But if the discourse was rightly reported to us, the ride was done on board a Rhine steamer. Such a flight at once raises the British tourist to the level of Icelandic scalds and Old-English chroniclers. We commend this new form of an ancient metaphor to Mr. Brown, author of *Vindex*. And we cannot help suggesting that, in memory of such a metaphor, one of the inland horses of the wave, one of the "yð-hengestas" of the great German river, should for the future bear, instead of the names of human and living princes, the more attractive title of the Hippopotamus.

#### THE IRISH VOTE.

THE Keogh debate sputtered itself out in the small hours of yesterday morning, and the advocates of priestly intimidation have the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Justice Keogh's judgment has been sustained by a large majority in the House of Commons. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the Home Rulers and the clerical party, who are just now in alliance, will fail to extract political capital from this subject for use at the elections; and they have not lost sight of the fact that there is a large body of Irish Roman Catholic voters on this side of St. George's Channel. Everybody knows what the Irish vote means in the great towns of the United States; and it is not improbable that before long we may see something like it established in our own country. We are now beginning to realize some of the consequences of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Act. At first its operation was naturally slow and gradual, and to those who looked only at the surface it seemed as if the leap in the dark had been not much of a descent after all, and solid ground had been soon and safely reached. In point of fact, the classes who were suddenly invested with supreme power have only been learning by degrees the extent of their authority, and the best means of turning it to account; or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that skilful agitators and wire-pullers have been discovering the value of the weapon so temptingly placed at their disposal, and have been making their arrangements accordingly. It is stated that on Monday Archbishop Manning, supported by fifteen priests, presided at a meeting in London, which he had convened for the purpose of forming an Association for the registration of Roman Catholic voters, and at which it was arranged that the priest of each "mission" station should be chairman of an election committee. The Irish Home Rule Association has also had a meeting at Manchester as a bid for the Irish vote. The speakers were not men of mark, and the speeches threw very little light on the objects of the Association; but it was made abundantly clear that an attempt would be made to organize the Irish of the large towns into a compact voting power, which would be under the direction of leaders, and could be used as occasion required. Mr. Kenrick, who appears to be an agent of the Home Rule Association, and who had just returned from a tour of political inspection, assured his countrymen that in the great constituencies they could always turn the balance of parties if they exerted themselves, and the result of his calculations was that "in the great strongholds of what was called Liberalism in England, in all the large towns, the Irishmen could dictate to the present Ministry, or any other Ministry who should be candidates at the next elections." In the Midlands, in the West Riding, and in Lancashire the Irish had, he said, enormous influence if they would only use it in concert. In every large town there ought to be an Irish party which should belong neither to the Liberals nor to the Conservatives, but should support whichever side offered the best terms. This is not perhaps a very pleasant prospect, especially when it is remembered what have been the results of the Irish vote in America; but it is obvious that the Irish have the same right as other people to make the most of their voting power, and nothing can be more legitimate, in a sense, than the proposed combination. The Home Rulers have been accused of being only Fenians in disguise, and the Fenian proclivities of the Irish population of Manchester are sufficiently notorious. But it is clearly something gained that Fenians, if there are any left, should unite for the purpose of sending members to represent them.

in Parliament, and to argue in favour of their peculiar views, instead of shooting down policemen in the streets, and getting up another attack on Chester Castle. The worst thing about Fenianism was its violence; take away the violence, and, however foolish and impracticable, it is only a lawful form of agitation like the Teetotalers' Alliance, the Liberation Society, or the league of hysterical females who insist upon the unrestricted propagation of disease. Sir George Bowyer, who presided at the meeting, and who will not be suspected of Fenian sympathies, though it may perhaps be assumed that a Knight of Malta would not engage in a movement which did not promise well for the Pope, observed that they had come to reason with their fellow-citizens quietly and in the most logical manner. He added that they demanded Home Rule as a right, and would have it, which sounds rather like "No compulsion, only you must"; but perhaps this was only an oratorical flourish. The resolutions which were passed were strictly peaceful; they called for the establishment of "a native Parliament of Ireland"—meaning, we suppose, in Ireland—as an Imperial necessity, pledging the meeting to support only candidates who would vote for Home Rule, and expressing satisfaction at the recent action of Irish constituencies in this respect. Professor Galbraith explained that what the Home Rule Association aimed at was a federal union between Ireland and the rest of the empire, Ireland having the management of her own internal affairs, while the Imperial Parliament continued to regulate all questions of Imperial policy, such as defence, colonies, and foreign affairs. He disclaimed, on the part of the Association, the presumption of proposing a cut and dried Constitution; and some commotion was caused by a succeeding speaker, who invited the Home Rulers to state candidly what they were driving at. Professor Galbraith declared that they had nothing to conceal; but it would obviously not be worth while to revolutionize the Constitution if the practical result is to be nothing more than a slight rearrangement of parochial details.

This is really the gist of the whole question. To establish in Dublin a Parliament of two Houses which should be only a kind of large Vestry and Local Board of Works, would be to revive old traditions which have lost their meaning, and to open the door for endless confusion and squabbling as to the proper limits of local jurisdiction, and the relations between the local authorities and the Imperial Government. Such an assembly as the Home Rulers profess to want would not be a Parliament in the ordinary sense of the word, and to call it a Parliament would only be misleading and mischievous. It is not unnatural that Irishmen should desire that Dublin should be the capital of the Empire, and that Parliament should meet there instead of in London; but as the Imperial Government must fix its seat somewhere, and cannot be in several places at once, the choice of the capital must be determined by considerations of general convenience. Short of establishing the Sovereign and Parliament on the banks of the Liffey, nothing would satisfy those who indulge in sentimental rhapsodies about Ireland being a subject kingdom governed by an alien race from a foreign capital. There can be no doubt that Parliament is every year getting to be more overwhelmed with work, and that there is a great deal of local business, not merely Irish, but English and Scotch business, which is sadly neglected. Whether any means can be devised of relieving Parliament of some of its work, and giving wider powers to local bodies, is a subject which may be usefully considered by the Government during the recess. But this, as we have said, is not exclusively an Irish grievance; it is an inconvenience which presses quite as hardly on Englishmen and Scotchmen. Sir George Bowyer thinks that an Irish Parliament should be specially established to discuss such matters as the conduct of Mr. Justice Keogh, and no doubt such a Parliament as Sir George and his clerical friends have in view might be trusted to make very short work with any judge who dared to enforce the law against the priests—that is, if any law were left which could be enforced against them. It is possible to conceive a Parliament more usefully employed than in revising judicial decisions in a spirit of political or religious partisanship. Mr. Martin announced that the Irish were grievously wronged because so many of them were "compelled to leave the land they loved, and to come to England to earn an honest livelihood by honest hard work." It has generally been supposed that they are attracted hither by the prospect of higher wages and better fare, and it can hardly be the honesty of the livelihood thus placed within their reach to which Mr. Martin objects. The assertion that "England has never given a fair chance to Ireland" is disproved by Mr. Martin's own admissions, and by the number of Irishmen in the military and civil services. On the basis of population, the Irish have by far the largest share of public employments, though it would no doubt be better for them if they were less anxious to be provided for by the State. Mr. Sullivan of the *Nation* professed to believe that the religious differences of Irishmen were entirely due to the machinations of "the minions and miscreants of Dublin Castle"; and there is, no doubt, equally good reason to suppose that these miscreants are also responsible for the resistance which has been offered by the Roman Catholic gentry of Galway to the political intimidation of the priesthood. For the present there is an alliance between the priests and the patricians, but the success of their combination would be the beginning of discord.

One of the resolutions passed at the meeting proclaimed that until there was a native Parliament in Dublin "no permanent contentment or prosperity can be expected in Ireland." The Irish may be obstinate and impenetrable in their discontent, but it would

appear that they are unable to resist the incalculable advances of national prosperity. The Lord Lieutenant, who has just opened two new docks at Belfast, states that the savings of the country have during the last five years been increasing at the rate of a million per annum, and the expenditure by about half as much. Under the Land Act no less than 80,000*l.* was advanced in 1870 to July to purchase holdings; while in 1871 and 1872, 82,500*l.* was advanced for improvements in land, and more than half of it for buildings. At the same time drunkenness and crime were decreasing. A Report has been issued by the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland which also contains some very striking evidence. The Inspector for Carlow reports that labourers' wages have increased to nearly double what they were twelve years ago. From Tipperary and Clare there is a similar report. Labourers can now command not only good wages, but improved dwellings, and the Inspector anticipates that "the difficulty of getting labourers, even at fifty per cent. advance on the rate of wages paid ten or twelve years since, unless suitable habitations are provided for them, will increase every year." Mr. Prendergast, Inspector for the North-Western District, says that he finds more attention paid everywhere to the question of improved dwellings and offices for farmers and labourers. "The improvement in all newly constructed dwellings is accompanied," he adds, "by an equally marked change in dress, furniture, and food among the farming classes; and in the smaller towns supported altogether by the agricultural population there are now permanent shops with meat and bread, where such supplies were only to be procured once a week on market-days when I first acted for the Board in this part of Ireland. The consumption of tea, coffee, and sugar is so much increased in the farming districts that a great portion of labourers' wages is expended on them, and shops with modern imported articles of dress are now well supported in the same towns and villages where no such things were seen prior to the potato failure." New banks have been established for the farmers. The breed of live stock of all kinds—cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry—has vastly improved. The prices of all farming produce, especially of the butter, pigs, eggs, and poultry sold by the small farmers, have risen considerably, and "the use of money is better understood by the rural population." These reports are in accordance with other testimony; and the prosperity of the country will be still further increased if the Government see their way to take up the railways, and improve the means of transit. The quiet progress of Ireland is the best antidote, as well as the most conclusive answer, to the wild projects of the Home Rule agitators.

#### THE COMING AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

THE second of those peace campaigns the institution of which marks an important change in our military system will begin in a few days, and already some of the troops which are to take part in the mimic struggle on Salisbury Plain are marching to their destination. This is, therefore, a fitting moment for considering what we are about to attempt, and what results we may hope to obtain. We are entitled to anticipate a considerable improvement on the operations which took place last autumn in the neighbourhood of Aldershot. Then every one was new to peace manœuvres, which were tried on that occasion for the first time in this country. Some little anxiety naturally prevailed as to how the civil population of the district selected might like the unusual military intrusion, nor was there much confidence in the power of the comparatively new Control Department to accomplish the work of transport and supply under conditions so new to it. The rules by which commanders and troops were to be bound were also to be put into practice for the first time, and it was impossible to predict whether or not they would be found applicable to the circumstances of the case. We had, in short, no previous experience of our own to guide us, and consequently moved with hesitating footsteps by the uncertain light of theory, or at best of vicarious practice. Now it is quite different. Last year's experiment, if it did nothing else, discovered our defects, and showed us pretty conclusively what we could not do. The rules of the game were tested, and materials for a revised edition of them collected. Officers and men learnt what was expected of them, and to a certain extent loosened the trammels of the barrack-yard, or at least made some progress towards distinguishing between spirit and mere form. Since then nearly twelve months have passed over our heads, and we have had time to digest our experience. The interval has also been profitably employed in pondering over the numerous lectures, magazine articles, and books to which our first attempt at rehearsing for war gave birth.

There still exists considerable diversity of opinion as to what our aim in these peace manœuvres should be. According to one school of critics we did not attempt enough last year; according to another we attempted too much. In our opinion the truth lies between the two extremes. One school holds that peace manœuvres ought to resemble war in every particular, with the single exception that in the latter wounds are inflicted, and not in the former. The advocates of this principle contend that the two rival commanders should be seated face to face in the arena, untrammelled with directions, and manfully told that such or such a place is their objective point. According to them, a consistent and connected campaign should be carried out, a retreating army harassed, a distant line pushed, night attacks undertaken, and all the minor operations of war

practised, such as interrupting convoys and cutting off patrols. Unless, say these ardent gentlemen, some such system be adopted, the thing will be a sham, and no real benefit can accrue. On the other hand, the disciples of the opposite school argue as follows:—You cannot practise strategy in peace manoeuvres because of the obvious expense, nor tactics because of the dissipation of the moral element, which moral element cannot exist in the absence of danger. To attempt tactics under such necessarily unreal conditions is to commit an absurdity. You ought not to push a beaten enemy, for the practice of demoralization is dangerous training for troops, and if you intercept convoys, there is the risk of the contending parties coming to blows. The real profit of the campaign will therefore consist in the lessons afforded in organization and administration, in the art of moving, supplying, and encamping troops. There is much to be said in favour of these views. It is certain that a connected campaign and a consistent series of strategical movements carried out to the end are impossible for economic, if for no other, reasons. At the same time, however, we see no objection to allowing the rival generals at the commencement of the campaign to make use of their strategical skill with a view to bringing the two armies in contact in the most advantageous manner. The practice would be valuable, and the outlay need not be excessive. When once the armies were in presence, it would evidently be necessary to give a fresh "general idea" at the close of each day's work. As to tactics, it would be idle to pretend that without actual wounds and death anything more than a feeble imitation of a real battle can be accomplished. Still, with a little experience, both umpires and commanding officers might be able to form a conjecture as to what would be the result in war were troops brought into contact under such or such conditions.

It is urged, however, that nothing is to be learnt from tactics practised under unreal conditions, and that the lessons thus imparted will only be misleading. Yet we do not see that the practice of peace manoeuvres is incompatible with the correction of theory by practice on every available occasion; and if we are not to attempt to impart lessons in tactics during our autumn campaigns, how is the education of officers and men to be secured? Are we to put off learning till we go into battle? or are we to content ourselves with blindly adopting the Prussian system? To this last alternative there are several grave objections. Prussian tactics were not fairly tested in the late war—the first occasion on which breech-loader was pitted against breech-loader—for nothing could have been worse than the training, handling, and organization of even the old Imperial army. Many of our most experienced officers also maintain that if we copy the Prussian tactics too exactly, we shall be deliberately casting away certain advantages which are peculiar to ourselves, and which are due to the special qualities of the British soldier. In regard to pressing a defeated enemy, there cannot among thoughtful soldiers be any doubt as to the folly of such a proceeding in peace manoeuvres. A hurried retreat when the retreating troops are utterly free from the dejection caused by the fear of death or capture cannot possibly be anything but a most transparent sham. Besides, it is apt to engender unwholesome habits and notions, just as the practice of making cavalry pull up or open out when they charge squares is detrimental to real efficiency. When once a battle has been decided, the chief umpire ought to cast down his truncheon and declare the proceedings closed for the day. Defeat should never be allowed to develop itself into a theoretical annihilation or rout. The cutting off of convoys is equally objectionable. It might lead to real fighting, and would certainly be productive of bad blood, inconvenience, and expense. But it is not clear that the same arguments apply to the carrying off of detachments. We require practice in the minor operations of war, and there can be no more difficulty in deciding when a troop of dragoons has been taken prisoner than there has been found to be in determining when a battalion has been captured in action. For instance, a troop of cavalry returning from a reconnaissance finds itself followed by a squadron of the enemy's horsemen. Galloping down a road lined with hedges on each side, the troop suddenly comes in sight of a bridge, and discovers that it is held by another hostile squadron. In such a case, surrender would in war be inevitable. The benefits to be derived from experience in organization and administration are certainly great, but only on the condition that our efficiency in these things is tested to a certain extent as it would be in war; otherwise what is the object of supplementing Aldershot expeditions by autumn manoeuvres? Besides, unless there be a little realism in the operations, the interest and energy of all ranks cannot but flag, and officers and men will look on the campaign as no better than an unpleasant and prolonged sort of drill. The most cautious of those who have occasionally warned us against attempting or expecting too much in this matter will, we doubt not, freely acknowledge, that, within the limits of the practically possible, we cannot make our operations on Salisbury Plain too closely resemble those which would take place in real war. The more faithful the imitation, the more valuable will be the instruction imparted. If we reduced the campaign to a series of military punishments from camp to camp, the whole affair would be tame, a retrograde step would be taken, and the military enthusiasm, not of the army alone, but of the whole nation, would experience an injurious check. Such a result is much to be deprecated, and it would be worth while to expend a considerable sum and to put the Government to considerable inconvenience to avert it.

On the other hand, it is important to ascertain, before it is too

late, what is possible, and not to strive after that which either can never be properly accomplished or, if accomplished, would be positively harmful. Colonel Chenevix has given us some valuable counsel on these points, and it would be well were the disciples of the more ardent school calmly to consider his advice, instead of each man mounting his hobby and rushing wildly off into baseless and fanciful theories. Thoughtless exaggeration can only serve as an excuse for the authorities to do less than that which they now propose to attempt. Even, however, should the contending armies be restrained from coming to close quarters with each other, there are several matters which the forthcoming manoeuvres ought to solve for us, and of which a solution is urgently required. At present our outpost system is very unsatisfactory. The directions in the "Field Exercise" and "Queen's Regulations" are vague and incomplete, as might have been gathered from the unfortunate exhibition which took place last year. A committee of able officers have recently compiled a handbook on the subject, and its contents are to be put into practice in the approaching campaign. Then again there is the question of the tactical organization and distribution of troops. We have arrived at absolutely no decision on these points, yet that the old system requires change is admitted by most authorities. Ere two months shall have passed away, the thoughtful members of the profession ought to have data for deciding what should be the number and strength of the companies of a battalion, of the battalions of a brigade, of the brigades of a division. Many officers think that we might with advantage definitively adopt the demi-brigade, corresponding to the regiment in Continental armies. We tried this experiment last year, but not a word, good or bad, has since been said about it. We are in a perfect mental chaos as to how we should distribute and employ the cavalry. Hitherto we have been content to lump them together and make as little use of them as possible. By the close of the campaign some new principles on this head will no doubt have been developed. Our artillery have obtained rank and independence, but independence requires regulating in order to prevent it from degenerating into licence. Then there is the very important question, What is the best fighting dress for our soldiers? A month's hard work ought to supply an answer. Indeed there is no lack of matters requiring the elucidation which experience alone can give. Altogether it will be the fault of the authorities if we do not derive much benefit from our second autumn manoeuvres. The amount of profit to be obtained depends upon a careful distinction being observed between that which might be done at a sham fight, and that which could not be done in war. Unless that distinction be observed, and full weight be given to moral considerations, we may have a smart, active, showy peace campaign, but it will be no real training for actual hostilities.

#### TWO LIBEL CASES.

TWO actions for libel have been tried lately at the Guildford Assizes, and in both cases the defendant has escaped an adverse verdict. It may be useful to observe that circumstances may not always be equally favourable to the defence, and that, even if it be successful, it involves trouble, anxiety, and expense, which are perhaps an adequate punishment for publishing that which may have been written under natural irritation. In one of these cases, Mr. Leonard Edmunds sued the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* for damages for publishing a Minute of the Lords of the Treasury relating to his litigation with the Crown. "My Lords" were reasonably angry that Mr. Edmunds should owe a large sum of money to the Crown which they probably did not expect that he would pay, and, like some other angry persons, they felt called upon to "offer a few remarks," which might conveniently have been suppressed. If A. finds that B. has got into his debt and is unable to pay him, it is not unusual, although it is unsafe, for A. to say that B. has "robbed" him. We all understand that A. does not really mean to impute a felony to B., but if he wrote and published that B. had robbed him, he might find himself under the disagreeable necessity of appearing at his own expense in a court of law. If he were lucky he might obtain a verdict, but the more probable result would be a verdict against him, with very minute damages, which would leave him to pay his own costs.

The circumstances out of which the action against the *Daily Telegraph* arose are only too familiar to us all. Mr. Edmunds held during many years the office of Clerk of the Patents, and thus became accountable to the Crown for a large sum of money. He alleges that the neglect to bring his accounts to audit did not rest with him, and that if these accounts were correctly taken, the balance would be in his favour. He paid over a sum of 7,000*l.* and upwards, and challenged litigation as to any further claims of the Crown against him. An information was filed by the Attorney-General in Chancery, and after an elaborate argument before Vice-Chancellor the late Sir G. M. Giffard, two principal points were decided against Mr. Edmunds. But this able judge accompanied his adverse judgment with a very distinct declaration that no imputation rested on the character of Mr. Edmunds. It is indeed difficult to see any difference between this and other cases where a litigant has made claims which he fails to support. According to a statute quoted by Mr. Baron Martin at the trial, it was the duty of Mr. Edmunds not to wait for any process of audit, but to pay over the balance in his hands every three months, making suit at the same time to the correctness of his accounts. For a long period Mr. Edmunds neither made up accounts nor paid over

balances, but if he had done so he would probably have proceeded upon that view of his rights and duties which his counsel unsuccessfully asserted in the Court of Chancery. That view has been declared by an eminent judge to be erroneous, but Mr. Edmunds can hardly be accused of moral turpitude in entertaining it. The Vice-Chancellor gave no costs against Mr. Edmunds, and this fact declares more forcibly than words that he did not consider his conduct liable to censure. The judgment did not, however, finally settle all disputed points, and Mr. Edmunds addressed to the Treasury a proposal for arbitration between himself and the Crown, which was accepted. Two eminent members of the Bar were appointed arbitrators, and they performed their duty with all the care and impartiality that might be expected. They found that a sum of 8,000*l.* was due from Mr. Edmunds to the Crown beyond the sum of 7,000*l.* which he had paid over, and they recommended that the Crown should allow him certain sums to which he was not legally entitled, and which would reduce the amount payable by him to about 6,500*l.* The award was a dry legal document, pronouncing no opinion favourable or otherwise upon Mr. Edmunds's conduct; but when it reached the Treasury "my Lords" unfortunately felt called upon to offer a few remarks upon it, which were printed and transmitted by direction of the Secretary of the Treasury to the newspapers. The author of the *Minute* thus produced appears to have attempted, with very moderate success, an imitation of the style of a leading article. If the award of the arbitrators had been sent with an explanatory statement of facts, without comment, to the *Daily Telegraph*, the resources of that journal would have sufficed to produce a "stinger" on the conduct of Mr. Edmunds without the help of an official scribe, and these resources would doubtless have been made available on the smallest hint from the "whip" of a Liberal Administration. There is an old proverb against keeping a dog and barking yourself, which appears applicable to the conduct of the Treasury on this occasion. They were, however, fully entitled to vindicate the character of their solicitor, Mr. Greenwood, who had been attacked by Mr. Edmunds, and also to promulgate to the Civil Service a rule forbidding the practice which Mr. Edmunds had adopted of making to himself an allowance in accounts, which he was not entitled to. But they should have stopped here, and not commented to the ready writers of the press, who know their own business better than the Treasury can teach it. To call Mr. Edmunds "a public defaulter," and say that he had put his hand into the till, was merely coarse vituperation. This offensive phrase refers to the very matter in respect of which the arbitrators recommended that Mr. Edmunds should be allowed the deduction which he had actually made from the money in his hands. The writer of this unpleasant passage probably stood alone in admiration of his own work, and was unaware that a journalist would have operated much more neatly upon the character of Mr. Edmunds. The *Minute* bore the initials of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Stansfeld, who were all brought down to Guildford as witnesses, but, much to the disappointment of a crowded Court, were not examined. It would have been interesting to hear whether Mr. Gladstone was aware of the contents of the *Minute* which he initialled, and how he reconciled the portions challenged as libellous with the judgment of Vice-Chancellor Giffard which was delivered in the previous year, and which covered the entire moral ground. The result of the trial was a verdict for the defendant, which was perhaps helped by the folly of the plaintiff in charging with misconduct everybody who had ever been concerned against him. There are actions pending against two other newspapers which may perhaps be tried hereafter. If the plaintiff could be induced to behave discreetly, he might possibly obtain a verdict in his favour from another jury under the direction of another judge. But it is difficult to believe that he would obtain substantial damages. He doubtless thinks that he could prove that which he asserts, namely, that he owes nothing to the Crown; but any jury would probably accept the award as conclusive against him on this point, and would consider that the Lords of the Treasury had only stated facts in an offensive manner. It may have been wrong to compose this *Minute*, and more wrong on the part of the Treasury to publish it, and yet the result of the trial need not excite disapprobation or regret.

In the other case the litigants were clergymen, and the alleged libel referred to the solemnization of the marriage of a divorced woman by one of them in the church of the other. It was contained in a letter which was written under circumstances of excitement, and might properly have been thrown into the fire instead of being forwarded to its destination; but nevertheless the jury found a verdict in this case also for the defendant, and as he will probably have to bear his own costs, he will be sufficiently punished for what was clearly an indiscretion. The plaintiff, Mr. McDonnell, who was acting as curate of Lower Norwood, called upon Mr. Kempe, rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and asked his permission to solemnize at that church a marriage between two persons residing in the parish. Mr. Kempe gave his permission, and on the appointed day the parties appeared at the church and produced a licence which showed that the intended wife had been divorced. The intended husband had been co-respondent with her in the divorce suit. The clerk showed the licence to Mr. Kempe, who thereupon became excited, and complained in strong language of the proposed "desecration" of his church. But after reference to the licence he became satisfied that he could not prevent

the marriage, and permitted it to proceed. On the same day he wrote a letter to the Bishop of Winchester, who was Mr. McDonnell's diocesan, and after truly stating the facts of the case, he added his own inference from them in a passage which formed the alleged libel. He stated in substance that Mr. McDonnell had practised concealment, and had entrapped him into giving his consent to a marriage which he strongly disapproved. Now it is true that Mr. McDonnell when he called upon Mr. Kempe did not mention the peculiar position of the parties to the proposed marriage, and it may be said that he concealed that which he did not reveal. But if Mr. Kempe had been told that the woman had been divorced, and had thereupon objected, as he certainly would, to her being married in his church, he would have found on inquiry that his objection would be unavailing. If he refused to perform the ceremony, any other clergyman qualified to officiate in the diocese might perform it; and Mr. Kempe did not dispute, and the judge at the trial held, that Mr. McDonnell was so qualified. Mr. Kempe had the parties before him on the morning appointed for the marriage, and he knew the facts and looked into the law, and allowed the marriage to proceed. How then could he say that he had been "entrapped" into giving his consent? If he was "entrapped" into giving his consent on a previous day, he had full opportunity to revoke that consent on the day of the marriage. But, either with or without his consent, the parties were legally entitled to be married. It appears, therefore, that taking the words used by Mr. Kempe in their ordinary sense, they expressed an inference which he was not justified in drawing from the facts which he had before stated. In this view of the letter to the Bishop of Winchester it contained a libel, but when we come to consider what damage was done to the plaintiff by the libel, it is obvious to remark that the Bishop did that which might be expected from him—that is, he formed his own judgment upon the facts brought to his knowledge, and in the result he inhibited Mr. McDonnell from doing duty within his diocese. It is hardly possible to doubt that the Bishop would have arrived at the same conclusion if the passage alleged to be libellous had been omitted from Mr. Kempe's letter. If this view be adopted, it seems to follow that the damages, assuming that there was a libel, ought to have been nominal. There was, however, a further complaint, which, not having been inserted in the declaration, the jury were told that they ought not to consider. Besides writing a letter to the Bishop, Mr. Kempe sent a copy of his letter to the Bishop to the managers of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, and an allowance which Mr. McDonnell received from that fund was thereupon withdrawn. How far the managers of the Fund may have been influenced by the alleged libel we do not know, but it appears that, as Mr. McDonnell must have ceased to act as curate of Lower Norwood upon the Bishop's inhibition, his allowance from the Augmentation Fund must have been thereby also terminated. Thus Mr. McDonnell could hardly have got beyond nominal damages upon the most full and favourable view of his case. Happily there are two sides to every question, and many people probably think, although we do not think, that he has been refused justice. The very fact that he has been inhibited by the Bishop of Winchester may be in some quarters a recommendation. His litigation, although unsuccessful, may prove to have profitably ventilated his grievances, and thus the money which he has spent in law may not have been thrown away. We cannot say the same of the time which the judge and jury devoted to the case.

#### HOLIDAY PERILS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IF travelling abroad is as dangerous as it would seem to be from recent correspondence in the papers, and if travellers have a proper regard for the interests of their families, the Accidental Death Insurance Company should be doing a tremendous business. There always has been more danger attendant on foreign travel, according to nervous tourists and disinterested innkeepers, than thoughtless people are apt to fancy. It is true that foreign railway companies have not, as a rule, adopted our spirited excursion system, which results in such dramatic and disastrous catastrophes. It is also true that from the nature of things it is next to impossible to upset an antediluvian diligence, and that even in the mountains the instinct of the horses induces them to keep to the roads instead of flying Pegasus-like over the precipices. But there are other perils than those inseparable everywhere from road or rail. If they rarely condense themselves into a well-authenticated paragraph, they have always loomed in the distance with a vague delicious horror. Picturesque mediævalism still survives in imaginations stimulated by novelty of scene. Brigands are more common than is generally supposed, nor need you go so far to find them as the classic precincts of Athens or the blessed Patrimony of St. Peter. If you show a romantic turn for adventure, the sharp boots of the hotel, the red-nosed and voluble conductor of the diligences, or the oldest inhabitant of the village of your sojourn, will provide you a brigand anywhere upon a mountain frontier at a moment's notice. As each little bath in the Pyrenees summons its bear in the neighbouring forest among the attractions of its summer, and as each guide exerts himself to make clear to your dazzled vision the hazards slipping upon the neighbouring hills, so diligences and victuaries have been stopped season after season even on the



Iran and the Adige for the benefit of those who knew Italy to be the land of brigands as of lezzaroni. More formidable than the brigands were the epidemic pestilences that walked by noonday, and were so loudly deplored in every journal of the country save those of the particular place which they were decimating. A coincidence occurred somewhere, say at Nice, between a virulent case of typhoid fever and a letter to the *Times* from a keen-scented traveller in search of grievances, who had stumbled upon drains and open gutters. The unavailing subject was forthwith ventilated thoroughly. The return of post brought a shower of confirmatory communications from the doomed place by fathers of families whose affections took the alarm. If the landlords were ill advised enough to rush into the controversy, they were overwhelmed with circumstantial evidence from relatives bereaved or dreading a bereavement. The panic spread and the exodus became general. Travellers coming westward were warned at Mentone, those with their faces eastward were shocked by the startling news at Cannes. They held their breath as they hurried through the plague-stricken city—we are talking of days before railways—and wrote home letters from Marseilles or Genoa recording their heartfelt gratitude for a miraculous deliverance, and advertising incidentally to the cool heroism that had carried them through. Perhaps, after all, the mortality that emptied the hotels and tested the courage which responded so nobly to the call was not very serious. Rumour and the representations of interested rivals may have magnified a hundredfold some half-dozen sporadic cases of typhoid and gastric fever. And such we should have supposed was the case with those novel dangers to which we referred at the outset, had the gossip about them appeared a few weeks later. But the admission of long-winded letters into the daily journals during the crush of work that precedes the prorogation of Parliament is a symptom so significant that one is half inclined to believe there must be something in it. It is a grave reflection for persons intending to go abroad if life has all of a sudden become so exceedingly precarious in their favourite Swiss recreation ground.

Accidents in the high Alps have of course no terrors for ordinary tourists. People court a certain risk if they choose to leave beaten paths and to pick their way along invisible notches on ice slopes, or to balance themselves on the brink of yawning crevasses. But nowadays it would seem that ordinary mountain villages are become as perilous of access as the *Jardin at Chamounix*, to say the least of it. One melancholy accident happened at Tarnap, in the Engadine. A pair of horses took fright on a steep descent; two ladies were precipitated over the precipice with the wagon into which they were buttoned, and the driver only saved himself from following by nimbly leaping off at the last moment. Carriage accidents will happen, even on level ground, and had horses taken fright in Piccadilly, and dashed the contents of an open phaeton against the railings by Cambridge House, no one would have dreamed of generalizing from the fact and preaching to foreigners upon the unquestionable dangers of the London streets. But this mishap occurred in a wilder country, had undoubtedly more of the dramatic element in it, and was far better fitted to strike the impressionable fancy. So an Englishman staying at the place seems to have welcomed the painful excitement that came to break the monotony of his sojourn, and straightway started on a reconnoitring expedition to the fatal spot. Every one must have remarked how facts with which we have always been familiar may be made to strike us of a sudden like absolute novelties. It was borne in upon this Englishman, musing much and deeply, that the Engadine is a jumble of mountains, and that the roads to a wild mountain village are environed by dangers which you may escape on the routes of the Low Countries. Forthwith he embodies this original idea in a letter, and promptly forwards it to the journals as a warning to intending travellers. Time presses; multitudes every day are arranging the plans that may lead them to Switzerland or the Tyrol. So he discharges his conscience by urging every one to stay away until the Swiss mountaineers shall have taken more stringent precautions for the safety of their guests. We know the proverb about Rome and the Romans, and if a man decides to go to Tarnap, he should be prepared to travel to it by the roads that have carried people in safety from time immemorial. As a matter of fact, we gather from a letter written by the resident English chaplain there that those roads are neither more nor less dangerous than most others in the Alps. We can only wish that our well-meaning but nervous countryman were well out of the scrape into which his audacious rashness has run him. We trust he may retrace his road in safety, although we tremble for him when we remember the leagues of hill and the depths of precipices that lie between him and the nearest railway. But we do not think that old ladies who admire Swiss scenery need be greatly scared by his pictures of the country. So far as our experience goes, tragical carriage accidents are not of much more frequent occurrence there than the appearance of bears in summer in the Lower Pyrenees, or of brigand chieftains in the Italian Alps. What is worse is that, according to our latest intelligence, the cities are becoming almost more perilous than the remote Alpine districts. It is bad enough to face the chance of sudden destruction overtaking you on a pleasure drive; but the prospect of brutal assassination is still more repugnant to the feelings. We used to fancy that although the medieval Swiss made bloodshed and fighting everyday matters of business, and although their modern descendants were somewhat given to pillaging when they did the honours to the stranger as guides, couriers, and hotelkeepers, yet the people generally were as peaceful and honest as need be. Now, however,

we are warned, if we do venture ourselves in their capital, never to stir abroad after nightfall, as if respectable Berne were a city in the Pacific mining States. But, after all, this is only another case of rash generalization from a particular mishap to sweeping conclusions. An unfortunate Englishman who had been passing the evening with a friend was picked up next morning shattered and mutilated at the foot of an open-air stair-case. He had either fallen down or been flung down, and it may be that the balance of evidence is in favour of the more sinister alternative. But should we expect a sensible decrease in the numbers of visitors to London on account of the many violent deaths that are never accounted for; because unclaimed bodies of well-dressed women are every now and then found floating in the canal and the river; because gangs of garotters used to patrol our suburbs before their industry was checked by a generous application of the cat? There is a large class of travelling Englishmen who go about searching for the motes in their neighbours' eyes, and grumbling at them in a way that is alike offensive and ridiculous, considering the many conspicuous beams which they might easily find at home. So long as they are contented to growl at harmless eccentricities of national custom we can afford to smile; but it is difficult to keep one's temper when they do their best to injure an unoffending country by shrieking as if they were hurt when they are only frightened.

Were these grumblers to go out with our masses on a popular holiday, they might have reason for lifting up their voices against the risks to which holiday-makers expose themselves. The memorable New Cross accident which shook the nerves and spines of a trainful of licensed victuallers, and swallowed the best part of a great Company's half-yearly dividend, is an example of the perils of our excursion trains. People are penned up in superannuated rolling-stock, and are launched recklessly behind broken-winded engines to run the gauntlet of the ordinary traffic. The chances of disaster are, however, a recognized incident of railway travelling; and the passengers, or their surviving relatives, have their remedy, such as it is, in actions at law, and may insure themselves besides, all things considered, on wonderfully reasonable terms. But not a holiday passes without a number of lives being wantonly hazarded, lives which we presume are worth something to their owners, if not to society; and if these festive occasions do not appreciably swell the returns of mortality, it can only be that a special Providence watches over our excursionists. When they go pleasureing in winter in a frost, young men and maidens crowd on the most treacherous ice, and skate and slide by choice within the limits marked "dangerous." In summer time, of course, they go up the river and down to the sea. They bathe in contempt of tides, currents, and submerged weeds, and desert themselves just within their depth as if they had been bred to the water like mermen or South Sea islanders. They hire a miniature pleasure yacht for a party, and overcrowd it as if it were a free box at the theatre. They leave the boatmen behind, to economize money and available space. They make fast the sheet like Claude Hulo, and, like him, they play the *fiddle or petits jeux innocents*. A puff of wind takes them all unawares, and they furnish materials for the penny-a-liners. It is wonderful that river accidents are not even commoner than they are, and a sensible article which appeared the other day in the *Times* called attention to the way in which holiday-makers lay themselves out for them. In a maritime nation like our own, every cockney fancies himself a mariner born. Accordingly oarsmen who have no idea of trimming a boat, who pull on Mr. Bouncer's principle of putting their oars in deep and bringing them out with a jerk, who catch far more crabs than the anglers in the ponds do gudgeon, hire the crankiest craft they can find, and make themselves as much at home in them as a bear in a washing-tub. They put out among lighters, and racing eight-oars, and yawning screw-launches, and swift above-bridge steamers. Had they all the river to themselves they would find it hard enough to keep afloat, for their oars have a tendency to fly up in the air, instead of establishing a leverage in the water, while steamers go recklessly ahead, overweighted with their human freight, as if they were bent on running down a fleet of hostile war canoes. Our metropolitan coroners have no sinécures at any time, but it can only be by a sort of miracle that a national holiday does not provide them with double occupation. Alarmists might do some good were they to set themselves to teach their countrymen prudence. When they might employ their special gifts in so fertile a field at home, it is a pity they should waste them in a country so barren as Switzerland.

#### LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

THE Annual Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy derives special interest from the proposal lately made to subject habitual drunkards to restraint and treatment similar to that which is now applied to lunatics. The number of lunatics now under supervision of the Commissioners is about 58,000, and there seems never to be an end to the demands for increased accommodation. But if an attempt were made to bring habitual drunkards under treatment, there must be separate asylums, and a fresh body of Commissioners, and an entirely new and necessarily costly organization. The lunatic asylums are full, and even overcrowded, and if they were not, it would be inexpedient to place habitual drunkards among lunatics. The plan of placing habitual drunkards in confinement has been seriously advocated, but we have no expectation that Parliament will embark on an under-

taking of great magnitude which would provoke violent suspicion and dislike. The anxious care with which the Commissioners in Lunacy watch against the possibility of abuse of the powers of keepers of asylums is by no means superfluous, and if another large class of patients were brought under similar treatment, it would require to be supervised with equal diligence. The attention of the Commissioners is bestowed alike upon questions of medico-legal science and details of domestic management, and if the ladies of England claimed a share in the labours of this Commission, it would be difficult to deny their superior capacity for some of the duties which devolve upon the Commissioners. The Report upon the Somerset County Asylum expresses the wish that, as this asylum has now been brought by judicious exertions to a level with some of the best, "it will not remain behind even the best by serving such a sufficient dinner as we saw yesterday without a table-cloth." The culinary arrangements of these asylums are always carefully inspected by the Commissioners, who are almost equally attentive to what may be called their æsthetic aspect. We are told that the Somerset Asylum has been improved by the introduction of suitable domestic furniture, flowers, plants, stuffed birds, and pictures, as well as by cheerful colouring and painting of the walls. It is one of the duties of the Commissioners to visit the kitchens and dining-halls and examine and taste the food, and we think that they would perform this duty with more ease and confidence if they were allowed to take their wives with them on their journeys of inspection. The Commissioners do not grasp this subject with the vigour and determination that could be desired, and there is an unsatisfactory hesitation in the expression of their opinions upon domestic matters. "The food seemed to be well cooked." If the reporting Commissioners had had their wives with them, they might have boldly declared in Hamlet's words that they knew not "seems." We observe, however, that in another case they venture to say positively that "the mutton was too large and too fat to be satisfactory." Every man is, or thinks himself, a judge of meat when it appears on table, but the processes of preparing it are to the masculine mind an almost impenetrable mystery. The anxiety of the Commissioners for the amusement and gratification of the patients may appear excessive, and sometimes slightly ludicrous, but they doubtless proceed upon a sound principle. They say that the more pleasing and cheerful the wards and gardens are made by a supply of simple objects of decoration, the more orderly and contented will the patients become, and the less will be the waste and destruction. The report from every asylum is that mechanical restraint is rare, and in some there has been none during the period comprised in the report. "An ample supply of books, periodicals, and newspapers" exists almost everywhere. Mirrors and framed prints are plentiful, and in some asylums there is a hot-house where flowering plants are prepared for transmission to the various rooms occupied by patients. Some of the county asylums take boarders from other counties, and some receive parish patients, who of course contribute adequately to the expence of maintenance. We hear much in these reports of "associated amusements," which we believe means amusements in which patients of both sexes partake. The Commissioners had recommended the enlargement of the table in the general dining-room of the private division of an asylum, "so as to admit of the association of a certain number of ladies with the gentlemen"; but the manager explained to them that, in existing circumstances, and with the present staff of attendants, this proposal could not be carried out. This reference to the present staff of attendants is significant that the amenities of social intercourse, although generally maintained at the table of the general dining-room, may require a reserve of power for their support. The staff of attendants, while diligently handing plates, ought to observe and be prepared to check any eccentricities of behaviour among the company. But if the means of restraint are ready, the use of them may be to a very great extent avoided. Employment, amusement, and a system of rewards for orderly behaviour are the principal means of preserving discipline in these establishments. In some asylums all the patients who are in good health have beer at dinner, while in others it is given as an encouragement for good conduct. Dancing is frequently mentioned as one of the amusements of the patients, and on glancing over the pages of the Report, we observed the word "polka," which, however, on examining the passage where it occurred, turned out to have no reference to dancing, but to be a term of art signifying a jacket of peculiar construction sometimes used for purposes of restraint. This was certainly disappointing, but these Reports present on the whole a very agreeable picture. The patients do not, as a rule, murder either each other or their keepers, and they are kept from violence without mechanical restraint.

The contrast has been often dwelt upon between the present and the old system of treating lunatics, and it would be well if all the claims that are made on behalf of the nineteenth century to credit for progress were as well founded as this. Experience of the modern method of gentle management proves from year to year more satisfactorily its utility. Thus the Commissioners say in reference to the Rainhill Asylum that the favourable report which they now make upon it is due to the attention given to the employment of the patients, and to the other important subject of recreation and exercise out of doors. There is a fair supply of books in the wards; the provision of occasional amusements there, and of cricket, croquet, and other field games, is good; and the wants of the worst class of women patients have been lately

considered by the construction in the grounds of a sort of circus of hobby-horses, which seems to answer very well the combined purposes of entertainment and bodily exercise. The Commissioners have not to complain

But oh! But oh!  
The hobby-horse is forgot.

There are perhaps women to be found outside the walls of lunatic asylums for whom a provision of entertainment and bodily exercise, by hobby-horses or otherwise, would be welcome. It is indeed wonderful that the energetic ladies who have invaded all the other provinces of man's dominion have allowed him hitherto almost exclusive possession of athletic sports. This, however, will not long continue. Already girls learn to swim and attempt to row, and there is in London at least one professor of what are called "musical gymnastics," which are, as we suppose, an attempt to do for the upper part of the body what dancing does, or might do, for the lower part. The Commissioners have discerned an important truth when they perceive the importance of exercise for women among themselves. But they perceive also, and declare likewise their opinion, that "associated amusements" are necessary to the welfare of the patients; and this observation, too, might be extended into the world which lies beyond the walls of these asylums. These amusements had not been so regular at Rainhill as they thought desirable. "There has been a picnic to Knowsley lately, in which two hundred of both sexes took part; but we think there should be for the season, at least once weekly, something corresponding to the regular winter dances or concert." Nearly the same practice prevails, with varieties of detail, in all the asylums visited by the Commissioners, and we cannot help remarking that the practice deserves attention by those sour fanatics who forbid amusements, and especially those in which both sexes combine, and thereby often produce among those who listen to them a state of mind bordering upon insanity.

The number of patients in the Criminal Asylum at Broadmoor in November last was 494, of whom 84 were women. It perhaps throws light upon certain judicial and semi-judicial proceedings to be told that at the time of the Commissioners' visit twenty-six inmates were reported to be sane, among whom were ten women who had committed the gravest crime known to the law. The means and opportunities of recreation and outdoor exercise have been enlarged at Broadmoor as everywhere else, and "greater attention is given to this important subject." A large number of the male patients are reported to be troublesome and disorderly, but it is added that the medical staff necessary for their supervision has been incomplete. Want of space is also mentioned as accounting for some observed imperfections in the treatment, and in all parts of the country there seems to be nearly the same demand for enlargement of buildings and improvement of fittings and furniture. Generally speaking, it is good economy to render hospitals of every kind as complete as possible in all respects, so that cures may be effected in them rapidly. It is manifest that almost any outlay that will render lunatics tractable ought to be incurred; and it may be inferred from this Report that the large sums expended in building asylums all over the country have been expended usefully. This may be satisfactory to ratepayers, who are certain to be called upon for further contributions towards the same object.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE opinion we expressed a year ago that these annual International Exhibitions must deteriorate in quality and lose attraction with loss of novelty is confirmed by the second experiment. In making the interminable circuit of Galleries, "Quadrants," and Annexes it is hard to believe the statement in the "Official Guide," that "the winnowing process has been busy separating the grain from the husk." Certainly the Picture Galleries, to which we will first direct attention, have less good wheat for the garner than chaff for the burning. A large proportion of the works are on sale for the simple reason that they are unsaleable; some, having made the tour of Europe in vain quest of honours, now seek refuge and reward in these capacious Galleries. It is charming to see how pictures rescued from the garret or the cellar keep each other in countenance, how after years of solitude and oblivion they rejoice in the appreciative sympathy of pleasure-seeking crowds. It must indeed be no slight consolation for a monster creation such as "Les États-Unis d'Amérique," by M. Yvon, to find itself removed from the hostile criticism of Paris to be the wondering delight of multitudes intent on nothing more serious than making a holiday. It becomes indeed pleasantly apparent how perfectly on rapport are the pictures with the people. It is a curious fact that International Exhibitions are greatly frequented by the illiterate classes; between the visitors to the Royal Academy and the idlers at the Kensington bazaar there is a marked contrast in rank, training, and manners. Accordingly the observations which one hears among the International pictures are about on a mental par with the talk in a collection of wax-work. Her Majesty's Commissioners are wise in their generation; they know that to raise the taste of the public is a hard and tedious task, and therefore they adopt the easier course of lowering art. Such would seem to be the explanation of the acknowledged fact that in art the present Exhibition is falling off from its predecessors. We need scarcely dwell on the injury done to art by placing second-rate wares under the protection of the flags of all nations. Modern jewellers who make and

and the effect which can now boast of international rank and recognition. But just as corporate bodies are said to have no conscience, so International Commissions are without taste and knowledge. The only principle acted upon with undeviating pertinacity is that bad art and good art shall be placed on terms of absolute equality.

The English pictures and drawings may be broadly divided into two classes. The first and vastly the larger division consists of works which, though executed years ago, still hang on the gallery walls. When we consider the acidity with which what is good is brought up, this want of success speaks volumes. The vindictiveness of rejected addresses only makes matters worse. For example, in the somewhat analogous case of pictures rejected by hanging committees, whenever an indignation exhibition in London or Paris has been got up by the sufferers, the pictures themselves sufficiently explain the fate they have suffered. It is even so in the works before us; a more melancholy sight than this bringing above ground of what ought to be decently dead and buried can scarcely be imagined. Such an exhibition, even in the interest of the artists, is a mistake. But over and above these accumulated failures, there is a second class—choice loans from collectors whose names are some guarantee for excellence. Thus in these spacious and well-lit Galleries it is possible to take a pleasant retrospective view of our English school. Here, for instance, are seen to advantage pictures which in past years in the Academy have been the talk of the town; such, for example, as "Ophelia" (1450), by Mr. Millais, R.A.; "The Tailor's Shop, 1792" (343), by Mr. Elmore, R.A.; and "Charles II.'s Last Sunday" (455), by Mr. Frith, R.A. The chief novelty is a cartoon by Mr. Leighton, R.A., "Art applied to War" (157). This "study for a wall painting, produced to decorate a lunette in the South Kensington Museum," is in Mr. Leighton's learned manner; perhaps a few of the handsome legs might be advantageously spared; tight leggings like those of Oinabae in the famed picture of the "Procession" are here multiplied to admiration. The imposing composition of figures and architectural background may recall Ghirlandajo's frescoes in San Maria Novella, Florence.

Having met, and hoping again to meet, with better opportunities of sketching the contemporary schools of the Continent, we shall dwell only on points which may possess novelty or special interest. The French pictures need not detain us for a moment; the French Government has kindly contributed a large number of bulky works which they do not want; so liberal is its patronage of being talent, that it always has on hand a surplus of second-rate products which can well be spared from time to time for International Exhibitions. The importations from Baden, Bavaria, Austria, North Germany, Spain, and Italy are neither numerous nor rare. Persons possessing even a slight acquaintance with the art of these countries will not care to waste time among mediocre efforts; the majority of the painters have never been heard of. On the other hand, such well-known artists as Knabach, Floty, and Max in Bavaria, Menzel, Knusa, Vautier, and Achonbach in Prussia, are one and all absentees. Indeed so hard up for materials do Her Majesty's Commissioners seem to have been, that they actually rob the Kensington Museum to supply the pressing needs of the International Galleries.

Belgium as usual makes praiseworthy efforts; indeed, with the exception of Russia, no nation has done herself more justice. The remark were perhaps ungracious that she has nothing new to show. How indeed is it possible that a nation can every year bring forth fresh genius! The arts differ from manufactures in that they cannot be multiplied under pressure. A good picture, however, is scarcely worse for having been seen oft and again; some of the works from Brussels and Antwerp may be old acquaintances; so too are pictures of which we never tire by Rubens and Quintin Matsys. We gladly cross the sea to visit the old masters; the living painters kindly come to us. That the Belgian Galleries at Kensington are scarcely below the usual mark will be understood when we enumerate among the contributors the following well-accredited painters; MM. Guffens, Swerts, Van Lerius, Robert, Wauters, De Groux, Boeset, and Stroobant. The Belgian school of landscape—second to none in Europe—may be fairly judged by charming and characteristic specimens of the leading masters, such as Fourmois, Kindermans, De Schampheleer, Van Lappen, De Haan, and Robbe. The collection would have greater lustre could we add the names of M. Alfred Stevens and M. Willems. Belgium, once the battle-field of Europe, is now a peaceful neutral land where art thrives while war may rage around. Belgian painters are persistent; when they cannot create they compile; what they do not possess they borrow. They owe much to France, somewhat to Germany, and yet perhaps most of all to their own ancestry and nationality. In this gallery we find ourselves among the descendants or disciples of Van Dyck, Rubens, Teniers, Terburg, and Paul Potter.

The present display of Russian pictures has only been twice equalled in Western Europe. In London in 1862, and in Paris in 1867, the compositions were larger and of more national import. But a class of works for which Russia has hitherto obtained little credit, comprising landscapes, domestic scenes, and genre generally, is now brought to the knowledge of the untravelled Englishman almost for the first time. We may begin with a novelty in the way of material—a wax-painting on coarse-grained canvas; the fabric shows through the pigments, and thus the surface approaches in texture fresco or mosaic. It may be objected that the effect is misty and opaque; the material evidently does not lend itself kindly to subtle relations of light and colour. But the fault is

as much with the manipulator as with the method. We have seen the ancient process of wax-painting revived with better success in Paris and Munich, and Mr. Arzmetz at University Hall escapes the defects apparent in the Russian experiment. The picture is a fair example of the vigorous naturalistic style which takes strong hold of the North of Europe. A prominent Russian tale, "Elisa of Mouron and Nightingale the Robber" (1538), here gives M. W. P. Wereschtsagin an opportunity for display of action and character; the treatment has the breadth and downright directness which belong alike to the schools of Russia and of Scandinavia.

The history of the Russian school is brought down to the present day. Men of the older generation, the contemporaries, and certainly not the inferior, of English painters of half a century ago, such as Carl Brullov, Theodore Braun, Alexander Ivanoff, who sustain in the Hermitage and at Moscow the renown of Russia for high art, are naturally absent from Kensington. But living artists held in great esteem, such as the famous landscape-painter, MM. Alvasovski, Bogoluboff, and Lagoria, and the well-reputed genre painters, M. Peroff, M. Makowald, and Baron M. P. Clodt, give assurance that Russia does not lag behind other nations in the study of life and nature. It would take long to recount the personal history of the more prominent painters in St. Petersburg; how as boys they came from afar, sometimes from the shores of Finland, sometimes from the Ural mountains, from the Crimea, or from the Caspian, or even from the remote regions of Siberia; how, prompted by talent and ambition, or tempted by Imperial patronage, youths of promise make their way to St. Petersburg, and enter the Academy of Arts on the banks of the Neva; how from students they become pensioners, how they are then sent at the cost of the Government to pursue their studies in Paris, Düsseldorf, Munich, or Rome; and how finally the most successful return to St. Petersburg, and become professors in the Academy where once they had entered as unknown students, and receive from the Church and the State national commissions. An educational system thus deliberately organized and richly subsidized may serve to explain the amazing art products which the traveller encounters in St. Petersburg—products which in minor and fragmentary portions from time to time find their way to Paris and London.

Whenever we are in the presence of Russian art we have to moot the question of originality. Thus it may be doubted whether that brave battle-piece, "The Assault of Gounib" (1676), by M. Grouzinski, would have existed at all had there been no great battle-painters in Paris and Munich. But though Russian artists may owe much to Horace Vernet, Bellangé, Protais, and Adam, still they would seem to bring to the delineation of war a courageous spirit and a strong hand. Some of the best reputed battle-painters in Russia have themselves fought sword in hand. Russian art seldom lacks manliness and nerve. These pictures from St. Petersburg transport the spectator to remote regions, to races removed beyond the pale of civilization. Take, for example, "Opium Eaters at Tashkent" (1690), by M. W. W. Wereschtsagin; here are Tartars, a people who dwell in perpetual misère and misery; mark well their physiognomies, their broken-down frames clothed in rags; see how they squat on the ground in stupor or slumber, in reverie or delirium, as the drug clouds the sense or thrills the nerves with intoxicating pain and pleasure. The scene is all the more terrible because unflinchingly true; the drawing is accurate, the execution firm, the touch keen and unrelenting. This artist, who pleads as M. Gérôme on horrors, realizes a revolting scene, "After Victory" (1680); the dead lie in blood outside the ramparts, and a comrade standing by lights his pipe. Such callous brutality is emphatically Russian. With equal mastery does the same painter depict a bleeding head cut off from a helmsman, held up Medusa-like by a Muscovite soldier exulting in his prize.

In St. Petersburg we made notes of some twenty or more painters who addict themselves to domestic incidents, rustic scenes, and genre generally. But, as a rule, styles and subjects are less strictly defined in Russia than in countries wherein the arts have been long and firmly established. Thus in St. Petersburg we find that the same men will practise historic painting, portrait painting, and genre painting. Sometimes it is necessity which drives an artist into this diversity. That the Russians have strong naturalistic power is seen even in the limited collection before us. Take as an example a "Roman Beggar" (1671), by M. Tschistiakoff. How unlike is this roughly-handled figure, with its dull and dense colours, to the dress models that delight our Western students! This version of Italian mendicancy shares nobility with the "Banished Lord" of Reynolds. We are reminded, too, of the words of Fuseli, that even a beggar from the hands of Michael Angelo is stamped with grandeur. This Russian school already possesses a pedigree extending over a period of rather more than a century; we are already among men of the second or third generation; thus M. Brullov, who contributes a work of characteristic power and breadth, "Rest in the Harvest Field" (1670), is of the family of Carl Brullov, who won a European reputation by "The Last Day of Pompeii." Again, M. W. Peroff, who contributes "The Bird-catcher" (1536), is doubtless a kinsman of M. Basil Peroff, an artist who, born in Siberia, made for himself a name in Paris by a scene never to be forgotten, "Un Enterrement de Village." For the most part, however, Russian painters are waiting in art treatment; they lack delicacy and subtlety both in conception and execution; in short, they evince an obtuse æsthetic sense. Such

would seem to be no unjust verdict on one of the most remarkable products of the school, "The Butter Week (Carnival) at the Admiralty Place, St. Petersburg" (1669), by M. Makowski, a work engraved in the illustrated newspaper of St. Petersburg, of which much has been heard. This crowded composition was the hard work of two years; the Emperor rewarded the painter with the sum of 1,200*l.*, a price deemed handsome in St. Petersburg. Russian artists, with few exceptions, are poorly paid; they have hitherto laboured almost of necessity for the home market. Thus this picture, though amazingly clever, would have little chance of a high price in England; the colour is repellent, the execution is somewhat uncouth, the figures and incidents are not over-refined. And yet for reading of character, for telling of story, for realism, for truth to climate, costume, and physiognomy, there is not a more striking work in these International Galleries; the picture, in fact, is thoroughly Russian, and for that very reason lies beyond the pale of Western art and Western sympathy.

Russian landscapes merit more space than we can afford. Here are brilliant scenes by the renowned M. Aivazovski, sometimes called the Russian Turner. Yet "A View on the South Coast of the Crimea" (1672), and other like studies—if studies they can be called—are vague as visions, unsubstantial as shadows; the painter never condescends to detail, he stands aloof from literal truth. But Aivazovski's pictures, or rather scene paintings, have a charm uncommon in the Russian school—the colour is lovely. We first made the acquaintance of this wayward genius in the *Hermitage*, where an incoherent extravagance, "The Creation of the World," ranks among the wonders of art. The painter's phantoms of sea, sky, clouds, vapours, abound in palaces; the labour expended is trivial, the price demanded exorbitant. The artist naturally has amassed a fortune; he lives pleasantly in the land he loves to paint; his imagination is of the South, romantic, fervid; his home is in the garden of Russia, the Crimea. The Empire of the Czar will not remain behind older nations in landscape art; we may be sure that, whatever imitation can compass, Muscovites will accomplish. Scenes depicted by Lagorio, Ducker, Wasieloff, and Bogoluboff do not pertain to the infancy of art. Yet maturity of style in landscape, as in figure painting, is greatly due to foreign study. Russian art extends our knowledge of physical geography by faithful transcripts from actual localities, by views taken for instance in the Caucasus. Russian painters, as we have said, are pioneers; they have much to tell and teach; they see around them a territory boundless in extent; they deal with a semi-barbarism, a semi-civilization which is eminently pictorial; and thus they have before them a future which can scarcely fail to expand with the undeveloped resources of the Empire.

#### RACING IN SUSSEX.

AS a fashionable pic-nic, as an opportunity for wearing fine dresses and eating large luncheons in the midst of beautiful scenery, Goodwood was as much appreciated this year as ever; but, from a racing point of view, there was no diminution of the blight that falls more and more every year over so many once famous meetings. Even in those races usually considered the most popular, the Stewards' and Chesterfield Cups, there was a great falling off on this occasion, only twenty-eight horses starting for the former and twenty for the latter, as against thirty-nine and twenty-eight in 1871. As a set-off, indeed, there were sixteen runners for the Goodwood Stakes; but, with few exceptions, they were of the most moderate quality. For the old-established weight-for-age races the fields were, as a rule, most insignificant, there being five runners for the Gratwicke Stakes, five for the Ham, five for the Lavant, two for the Findon, two for the Goodwood Derby, three for the Drawing Room, two for the Molecomb, and two for the Annesley Stakes. Many of these also were foregone conclusions, and were won so easily as to be productive of little interest or excitement; Cantinière, for instance (twice), and Somerset winning their engagements without even the show of a struggle. On the first day, after Alaric, with Fordham up—his first mount, we fancy, since Stockbridge—had won the Craven Stakes, and the rich Gratwicke and Ham Stakes had fallen respectively to the moderate Silvester and Wild Myrtle, the twenty-eight numbers were hoisted for the Stewards' Cup. The field, besides being numerically weak, was hardly so representative as usual of the best speed in the country, as a glance at the names of the thirty-eight who took part in it last year will show. On public form, the race seemed a positive gift to Auton if he was fit and well, for he had only 19 lbs. more to carry than last year, when he won, beating a far better field, with quite two stone in hand. It is possible that, having since been trained for long-distance races, he has lost much of his fine speed, for last week he seemed outpaced from the very start, and could never get anywhere near the front. Among the horses whose names are most familiarly known in connexion with races of this description were Oxonian, Blenheim, Botherton, Fisherman, Sir Robert Walpole, and Pitchfork. The race was won as easily this year as last, although not by so far a distance; for Oxonian took the lead, kept it the whole way, and cantered in first five lengths ahead of all his antagonists. With such a queer-tempered animal as Fisherman in the field, there were of course plenty of false starts, but the delay was happily not so great as in former years. The winner, who carried the top weight of 8 st. 12 lbs., and was consequently comparatively disregarded, the preference

being given to his stable companion Pitchfork, has always had a great reputation for speed, and won the Portland Plate at Doncaster two years ago. But he is an uncertain horse, and has more often disappointed than gratified his supporters. Like Taraban, his courage is more artificial than natural, and a bottle of whisky, it is said, was required last week to screw up his spirits to the starting point. The only antagonist that looked formidable at any part of the race was Blenheim, who got up to Oxonian for a moment at the distance, but died away afterwards. And the mere fact of Landmark, a moderate three-year-old, running third, is conclusive testimony to the poor quality of the beaten horses. In the Lavant Stakes Cantinière pursued her victorious career, beating Silver Ring, Tourbillon, King George, and Ragusa in a canter. Silver Ring is a filly of no mean pretensions, and later in the week disposed of Wild Myrtle, herself a winner, with the greatest ease. King George and Tourbillon are also winners, and Ragusa enrolled herself among the victorious band before the end of the meeting, so that virtually Cantinière was meeting, and giving weight away to, a field of winning horses. But Lord Ailesbury's splendid daughter of Stockwell, who has all Achievement's grace of motion and ease of action, with considerably more size and substance, played with her opponents just as she pleased. It is the greatest possible misfortune that she should be a roarer, for, if as sound in wind as in limb, the three-year-old prizes would apparently be at her mercy. It is a treat to see her galloping, but she gallops with her mouth wide open, and it is too likely that we are now seeing the best of her. Despite her infirmity, Cantinière must be considered as one of the crowning triumphs of that splendid horse Stockwell, whose son Blair Athol has lately fetched the highest price ever given for a stallion. The beautiful Flower of Dorset presented 9 lbs. to Glenaveena in the Hainaker Stakes, and beat her cleverly, Siluria, whose form has gone off wonderfully since her Chester victory, never getting near the leading pair. And then one of the old-established long-distance races was fought out in the old-fashioned manner. Field Marshal and Ripponden came to the post for the Annesley Stakes over the severest four-mile course (it is really two furlongs less) in England. Of the two Ripponden was in much better condition, but nevertheless Field Marshal boldly forced the pace, and went off at an excellent speed, which he maintained all through. At the half-mile post Ripponden came up to Mr. Bowe's horse, and his superior speed and condition ought then to have ensured him the victory; but the steel was fairly taken out of him, and as they passed the enclosure, both covered with sweat and much distressed, Ripponden was quite unable to improve his position. Then the superior staying powers of Field Marshal availed him, and, in Fordham's hands, he won a most punishing race by a length and a half, Ripponden dying away to nothing at the finish.

On Wednesday Prince Charlie reappeared, and had to beat Bethnal Green over a mile and a quarter course. Considering the nature of the epidemic that has struck down nearly all Sir Joseph Hawley's horses, it was a matter of surprise to see Bethnal Green in such excellent condition; and he galloped as hard and as fast as he could, but never could get out of the way of Prince Charlie, who stuck to him without seeming to be doing more than canter in a long-striding, swinging style, but who, when let out, covered so much more ground in each stride than Bethnal Green as to pass him at pleasure and win, as we think, with plenty of weight in hand. Then Cantinière fulfilled her second engagement and—as easily as ever—beat the high-priced Cobham. Still there is a future for Cobham, who galloped well, and he will have many opportunities of distinguishing himself without always having to beat, or rather to be beaten by, a Cantinière. Sixteen runners were telegraphed for the Goodwood Stakes, and, had the merits of the competitors been equal to their number, it might have been an interesting race. But, take them altogether, they were a most moderate lot—Spennithorne, the winner of the Northumberland Plate, and Kingcraft, a Derby winner, being the conspicuous exceptions. Paganini, old and patched up, Falkland, also past his best day, and Finesse, well known at the Curragh in Queen's Plate courses, were among the remainder. A Derby winner, five years old, sound and perfectly fit, and weighted at only 8 st. 2 lbs., ought to have had the race at his mercy; but Kingcraft displayed his usual softness, or faintness of heart, or whatever his weakness is, and, directly he came within hearing of the shouts of the multitude, refused to race a yard further. Till then he was going well within himself, and had only Spennithorne to beat to secure the victory. Spennithorne, as it was, made nearly the whole of the running and won easily at the finish by three lengths, and so, for the second year running, the Northumberland Plate winner carried off the Goodwood Stakes also. William Day furnished the second in the almost unmentioned Richmond, and Kingcraft, on sufficient notice, obtained the third place. But his performance was so bad as to make him unworthy to be trusted in any race, no matter how lenient the weights. In the Bognor Stakes Drummond disposed of Flower of Dorset with ridiculous ease; but still a five-furlong course and the Leger course are not at all the same thing, and we fail to see why he should have in consequence been made such a favourite for the great Doncaster race. Still, if, as is currently reported, Queen's Messenger has broken down, that race will be left to the care of such indifferent company that anything might be made a favourite.

The third day's racing was perhaps more genuinely interesting on account of King of the Forest's reappearance after his long



absence from the Turf than for the sake of the Cup itself, despite the antagonism of Favonius and Albert Victor. Even the laziest of racemen bestirred themselves and attempted to catch the early trains in order to see Mr. Merry's famous horse either break down or win, for the third year in succession, the Bentinck Memorial, and thereby secure the accumulated deductions from the stakes that now amount to nearly one thousand pounds, and are only awarded to that horse who as a two, a three, or a four-year-old succeeds in carrying off this race. Dalmacardoch and Ripponden were coloured on the card, but—perhaps out of courtesy to a gallant but luckless opponent—were withdrawn, and only Touques opposed the game son of Scottish Chief and Lioness. King of the Forest looked as if he had been doing only gentle and easy work, and, as far as condition went, was quite unfit for a journey over the severe Queen's Plate course; while Touques, though only a moderate mare, was perfectly fit. She made the running as fast as she could, and for three parts of the distance held a lead of nearly a dozen lengths. Then King of the Forest, who was ridden most tenderly and artistically by Cannon, came up to the leader, and after being most gently handled down the hill—where it was a mere toss-up whether he broke down or not—took the lead for the first time, and, Touques being too exhausted to raise a gallop, cantered in a winner by two lengths. He was never extended at any part of the race, not even in the last quarter of a mile; indeed, to have called on him to gallop at full speed would in all probability have ensured his downfall; and we have never seen greater judgment on the part of a jockey, or that prime requisite of a fine horseman—patience—exemplified better than in this race. After Somerset had beaten FitzJames, his solitary opponent in the Molecomb Stakes, in a canter, the numbers were hoisted for the Cup. Corisande did not run, being reserved for the Queen's Plate on the Friday, and the field was composed of Favonius, Albert Victor, Barford, Verdure, and Bothwell. The race was regarded as a foregone conclusion either for Favonius or Albert Victor, and, according to the Ascot running, the latter had deservedly the preference. Verdure was started to make the running, and right well did she accomplish her mission. In these days of pottering over the greater part and of galloping over the last half or quarter mile of long races, it is a relief to see a Cup race strongly run from end to end. Verdure took such a lead from the very first that there was no chance for a laggard, and for a mile and a half she went along at a rare pace. Then Albert Victor and Barford appeared in front, and for a moment Favonius seemed shut out. But directly he was brought round the outside a marvellous change took place in the character of the race, and having once got on terms with Albert Victor (who himself had already disposed of Barford), he settled Mr. Cartwright's horse in a moment, and, the latter not having an effort left in him, won by ten lengths—the easiest victory we ever saw in a Cup race run as Cup races should be. The reversal of the Ascot running was complete, and must have somewhat surprised those who at Ascot jumped to the conclusion that Albert Victor ought to have been the winner of last year's Derby. The balance of evidence is quite against such a theory, and we have since had additional proof, in Albert Victor's race at Brighton for the Cup, which Barford as nearly as possible snatched from him, that his Ascot running was rather too good to be true as a criterion of his usual average form. The two-year-old Bentinck Memorial was won easily by Silver Ring, her defeat of Wild Myrtle showing collaterally the immeasurable excellence of Cantinière; and Protomartyr, by beating Patriarch and Simon, foreshadowed his success the following week in the Brighton Stakes.

Of the seven races decided on the last day of the Goodwood week we need only notice two, the Queen's Plate and the Chesterfield Cup. Corisande and Dutch Skater contested the first, and Tortoise and Savoir Faire joined in for the sake of a little amusement. They walked and trotted for half a mile, and then Corisande made the running, instead of waiting, as at Ascot, and in consequence was beaten. Twenty ran for the Chesterfield Cup, including Prince Charlie, Digby Grand, Oxonian, Napolitain, Silvester, Mornington, and Hannah. The flag fell to a very bad start, and Napolitain—third this year in the Chester Cup—got all the best of it, and won from start to finish. Luey Sutton, a stable companion of Digby Grand, was second, and Prince Charlie, who finished very gamely and made up a great deal of ground at the end, was third. Whether that is good enough for the St. Leger we do not know; but, at any rate, he became nearly first favourite for that race when the Chesterfield Cup was over, and certainly, in such a poor field as we may expect to see next month at Doncaster, Prince Charlie's splendid speed ought to bring him home, despite his infirmity, amongst the first three.

The second half of the Sussex fortnight commenced under favourable auspices at Brighton, and the fields were fairly large, though there were few events of more than transitory importance. Protomartyr won the Brighton Stakes from Dalmacardoch and Manille, and Drummond frightened away all competitors in the Champagne Stakes, and on the second day won the Sussex Cup from Bank Note and Perfume. The Brighton Cup was left to Albert Victor, Barford, and Verdure, but all three had too vivid a remembrance of their severe race at Goodwood to attempt a repetition of it. They trotted and cantered, therefore, more than half the way, and it resolved itself consequently into a six-furlong race. Barford and Albert Victor made a close finish of it, Mr. Cartwright's horse just winning by a short head. As a Cup race, or as affording any proof of the relative staying powers and speed of the competitors, this event may be wholly neglected.

The pleasant Lewes gathering, on one of the most attractive courses in England, is an appropriate wind-up to the Sussex fortnight; but we are of course unable to say anything of the various events decided there.

## REVIEWS.

### EVANS'S STONE IMPLEMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.\*

MR. EVANS'S carefully compiled and exhaustive work on the ancient stone implements, weapons, and ornaments of Great Britain fully sustains the high reputation of the writer. The critical skill displayed in the treatment of his materials is not less conspicuous than the industry which he has brought to bear upon them, or the wealth of opportunities which the study of years has placed at his command. In limiting the scope of his survey to the prehistoric remains of the British Isles, his judgment has probably been influenced by the immensity of the field opened by any attempt at a cosmopolitan treatment of the subject. At the same time he has shown that his knowledge and research, far from being restricted to the insular class of objects, include the widest range of prehistoric antiquity, enabling him to illustrate his immediate argument by analogies from every quarter of the globe, as well as by the light of every cognate science. He has not shrunk from the task of bringing his personal experience to bear upon the subject, having taken lessons in the art from the flint-knappers of Suffolk, who to this day, our readers may be surprised to learn, export tons of flints for old-pattern guns, or as "strike-a-lights," chiefly to the East and to Brazil. Mr. Evans goes minutely into the process of manufacture, making it abundantly clear how, even in the absence of metallic tools, the mystery of flaking and chipping from the flint core is to be effected. By dexterous blows from a rounded pebble flakes could, he found, be produced which it was impossible to distinguish from those made with a hammer of bronze or iron. He has accumulated from his reading abundant notices of the early knowledge and use of flints as the source of fire, from the well-known passages in Pliny and Virgil to the latest reports of voyagers and ethnologists. Classical evidence and the multifarious relics of early art which fill our museums combine to prove the identity in point of manufacture and usage at some time or other which prevailed among mankind all the world over, whether from the independent development of a common instinct, or from ancestral use spreading from a common centre. There is scarce a nook or corner of the earth which has been heedfully explored where weapons or tools of stone approximately like in type have not been found. Not that even identity of form or material is to be taken to indicate identity of age. On the contrary, nothing is more clear than that the various periods of stone manufacture overlap each other in time, some of the most primitive processes remaining actually in use among savage tribes in our day.

It is, in fact, largely due to the observations of voyagers among the most out of the way of these rude races, that an understanding of the use, the fitting, and the fabrication of many a puzzling object of early date has been obtained. From Australia, from Mexico, from Peru, from the Esquimaux and the banks of the Indus and the Mahanuddy, we have descriptions varying in detail, but all illustrative of the traditional ingenuity with which man thus supplied a universal want. But for the light thus borrowed from the observation and experience of our own day, it would have been scarcely possible to determine, otherwise than by the barest conjecture, the various modes of hafting the celts and other implements of stone, which is doubtless the question that most exercises the mind of those who gaze for the first time upon the multitudinous objects of the kind upon the shelves of our museums. The instances of early instruments, of whatever period, being found with their handles still attached to them are of extreme rarity. No more than two instances of the sort were till lately known to Mr. Evans as recorded in this country. One was that of the hatchet found in the Solway Moss near Longtown, now in the British Museum, the haft unfortunately much broken and decayed, the recent process of preserving or restoring the desiccated fibre by means of an alum solution not having been available at the time of its discovery. In the second instance, that of a celt found near Trannore, Cheshire, now in the Mayer Museum at Liverpool, though the greater part of the wood had perished, enough remained to show that the handle had held the stone in a slightly oblique position, similar to that given in a woodcut by Mr. Evans of a find from county Monaghan in the Royal Irish Academy. Among the more recent examples adduced and figured by our author is one from a peat deposit which once formed the bed of a small tarn in Cumberland. Here the end of the wooden handle through which the celt is driven is recurved in a curious fashion at the head, possibly with the view of steadying the butt end of the celt. Singularly enough, a similar form is given to the handle in the rude outline of a hatchet engraved on the underside of the roof-stone of a dolmen known as La Table des Marchands, near Locmariaquer, Brittany. Not unlike this were one or two other specimens from Ireland; and some of the hatchets from the Swiss Lake dwellings, as that from Robenhausem, the haft formed of

\* *The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain.* By John Evans, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

ant, show much the same character as these club-like handles still in use far from India in Southern and Central Africa. A rude one obtained from the Indians of the Rio Pira, Texas, shows a rough lump of trachyte, unground and but slightly chipped, driven into a club-like haft of some native wood. The copper or bronze axes of the Mexicans were hafted in a similar manner, or, when more elaborately shaped, bound to the shaft by thongs of animal sinew or vegetable fibre. Such an example is that said to be the axe of Montezuma II. in the Ambros Museum, Vienna. Often the celt was forced or bound into a socket of deer horn, a form less common among English examples than on the continent of Europe, especially in France. One formed of a tine of red deer is said to have been found with human remains and early pottery at Cookshot Hill in Wyckwood Forest. A fragment of deer horn apparently pierced for this purpose was met with in a barrow at Scarborough, and one somewhat similar in the Thames at Kew. A highly ornamented mount, the shaft-curved grotesquely in the form of a human head, the blade of stone inserted in the mouth, is engraved by Mr. Evans, called *tsawisch* or *tsawisch* by the native artists of Nootka Sound. Sculpures in which the blade is set edge-fashion at a right or even an acute angle with the shaft, unknown apparently in Great Britain, are brought forward from the Swiss Lake dwellings and parts of Germany, together with modern antitypes from New Caledonia, New Zealand, and Australia. One of the most curious is a rude adze in use among the Schilum or Clalam Indians, near Puget's Sound, to hollow out their canoes. A strong resinous glue is employed by the Australian natives for securing the head of the implement to the haft, and is thought by our author to have been in use in Scandinavia in prehistoric times; as was bitumen, it would appear, among the dwellers by the Swiss Lakes. Experience of existing usages among uncivilized races has contributed no less to our knowledge of the various purposes to which implements of equally rude periods in the past were intended to apply; an admirable summary of which is put together from the most authentic sources by Mr. Evans. Besides their use as weapons of attack and defence we can picture to ourselves those head stone instruments serving for cutting down timber, scooping out canoes, dressing posts for huts, grubbing up roots, preparing firewood, killing animals and scraping their flesh from the bones, not to speak of agricultural uses manifold in number, or even mining the chalk in pursuit of the raw material of similar implements.

As regards the date to be assigned either to the Stone Age as a whole, or to any of the subsidiary periods which it has been decided to mark by the distribution of these stone relics into the Neolithic and Palæolithic class, Mr. Evans is too cautious and critical an antiquary to speak in other than tentative and approximate terms. In his concluding chapter on the antiquity of the River Drift he has connected with great ability the proofs derived from the geological study of the British Isles with those yielded by the artificially formed objects themselves. The researches of Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Prestwich, and others, upon the progress and effects of fluvial action have a new significance when blended with careful observations of the heights and depths or other conditions of distribution or deposit under which these vestiges of man's presence are found. By the aid of a hypothetical case Mr. Evans places before the reader's mind a picture of the gradual changes of surface which may be conceived to have led to a state of things identical with that actually found to exist. Looking at the contours of valley basins with regard to the rivers which flow through them, it is in the power of a practised geologist to predict almost with certainty where deposits of drift yielding palæolithic implements are to be found. No portion of his work is more marked with ability or more pregnant with germs of scientific progress in a line of ever-increasing interest. An equation involving so many unknown quantities as that of the antiquity of man is, as our author justly observes, incapable of solution. Nor is it within the range of the British Islands that the chief elements of proof are to be met with. Still from many quarters a converging light is to be thrown upon the problem. What we may call the inferior limit of the series of ages may be in part fixed by the evidence of metal tools having been used not only in striking upon bones of the mastodon and other now extinct mammals, but in etched figures of the mastodon itself, obviously by a contemporary artist. To the antiquity thus gained for the Metal Age we have to add the long range of the Neolithic or polished stone period, and beyond this the still more vague Palæolithic series running back into the Glacial epoch, into the excavation of existing valleys and gradual accumulation of river drifts. Such periods as two thousand years is ridiculously small, our author may well say, for the Neolithic and bronze periods. And beyond this there is an immense gap between the River Drift and surface-stone periods, so far as any intermediate forms of implements are concerned. Were we, in defiance of probability, to date back the use of the polished implements only two thousand years before our historical notices of this country, and allow ourselves an additional four thousand years at the very least for the valley excavation, we should then but get to the latest of River Drift fabrics. Beyond this an unfathomable depth of time lies before us. The irresistible conclusion is that, "owing to the wasting agency of rain, frost, and rivers, there must have been a vast change in the superficial features of the country since the time when those who fashioned the flint implements found in the high level gravels were joint occupants of the land with the mammoth and rhinoceros, and the other departed members of the Quaternary fauna."

The antiquity, then, that must be assigned to the implements in the

highest beds of River Drift may be represented (1) by the period requisite for the excavation of the valleys to their present depth; plus (2), the period necessary for the drying out and immigration of a large part of the Quaternary or Post-Glacial fauna; and the coming in of the Prehistoric; plus (3), the Palæolithic Stone Period; plus (4), the Bronze, Iron, and Historic Periods, which three latter in this country occupy a space of probably not less than three thousand years.

Mr. Evans has been fortunate in engaging the services of a wood-carver who has shown singular skill in the representation of the various objects of stone, to the number of nearly five hundred, which illustrate the volume. Not only the form, but the texture, of the material is set before the eye with praiseworthy distinctness, the flaking or cleavage of the flint being exceptionally well marked. This is an invaluable quality for those who have to study a book of this class at a distance from any adequate collection of examples. Beyond doubt, however, the most satisfactory and efficient use to be made of such a work is to take it as a companion to the thorough and systematic study of some such full and well organized series as the Christy or Mayer collection. As a manual and guide comprising the latest and most authentic accumulation of facts, joined to the most critical and cautious estimate of the conclusions to which they lead, Mr. Evans's work will mark an era in the history of this department of archaeology.

#### ANDRÉ-MARIE AMPÈRE.\*

THE fame of André-Marie Ampère has penetrated deeply into English life, though narrowly in proportion to its depth. He is known chiefly as the discoverer of the identity of the magnetic and electric forces; he is acknowledged to have been as much the author of modern telegraphy as Sir Humphry Davy and Thomas Wedgwood of modern photography—in each case the power being demonstrated and recorded, though the practice was not worked out; his name strikes on the ear as that of a servant of no common order; but nevertheless one of the most ardent and universal students of this century is scarcely known at all to the generality of Englishmen. An admirable sketch of his character by M. Sainte-Beuve appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in 1837, the year after Ampère's death; but it has been reserved for the work before us to lift the veil from the most interesting parts of his youthful history.

André-Marie Ampère was born at Lyons, of respectable citizen parents, in 1775. He showed from earliest boyhood an insatiable thirst for knowledge; mathematics and geometry taking the lead in his inclinations. While still feeble from the effects of an early illness, the boy made calculations with no other appliance than little bits of biscuit. He read all he could lay hands on; the "Encyclopédie" from beginning to end. He received no instruction, and was subjected to no discipline; indeed method or stimulus would have been alike misplaced for one who voluntarily outran all customary goals. Such quiet guidance and help as was necessary on his ardent course was supplied by his father, who, as we shall see, was a man of no ordinary type. Finding that his son cared less for classical than for scientific studies, he let him follow his own bent; and when the boy, then only eleven years of age, was struck with passionate consternation on discovering that the works of Euler and others were written in a language he had not acquired, his father acted as interpreter. Ampère used to say that there were three events which developed his mind—his perusal of the "Eloge" of Descartes, by M. Thomas; his first communion; and the tidings of the taking of the Bastille. In this triad of causes, curiously significant in their range and differences, pointing equally in strongly divergent directions, to love of knowledge, respect for religion, and ardour for liberty, we find the true measure of his mind. Ampère, like the great thinkers who preceded him—Laplace, Lagrange, Laplace, Cuvier—was born to search into the laws of natural phenomena, to stop and ponder, to separate and systematize, where others dawdle or hurry past. In certain respects, however, he stood alone. His compeers in science were men of shrewdness, deliberation, and judgment in the common affairs of life; the idea that inspired them was subordinate to control, subordinate to themselves. With Ampère the idea was sole master. He was for the time like one possessed; like an eager child who has set his heart on one object, and will bear no hindrance till he attain it. Every pursuit in turn was a passion; he saw and heard nothing else till he had, as it were, run it down; or, rather, till it had driven him to the uttermost limits of human thought. Ambition and self-interest had no part in him except when invoked for one dearer than self, and then they responded but clumsily, however willingly, to the call. That power of taking care of himself, and of what peculiarly belonged to himself—his own discoveries—with which most scientific votaries are respectably endowed, was totally lacking in Ampère. Anybody could help himself to anything he had. For those who were bent on picking his brains he was "un peu ouvert." "A toute heure il dimittait tout, et ne pensait pas qu'on dût en ménager rien." This absence of the usually mingled motives, of the alloy which renders the precious metal more available for utilitarian purposes, shows the mind of this remarkable man as unaided is seldom seen; unguarded by the ordinary egotisms, inexperienced in the commonest precautions, stupid and slow in what all the world knows—full, in short, of foolish and deficient ideas, yet these so pure and genuine that there was involuntary veneration in the very smile they rained.

\* Journal de Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère. Publié par Madame H. G. Paris: Hachet et Cie. 1870.

Such being the nature of the lad—the over-sensitive surface on which the lights and shadows of life were destined to fall with peculiar intensity—we turn with the more interest to those early days which budded and flowered, faded and withered, with idyllic freshness and pathos. A devoted friend has given them to the world. M. Barthélemy de St-Hilaire, in the work entitled *Les deux Ampères*, has published the posthumous writings of Ampère, edited and supplemented by his only son, Jean-Jacques; but to Madame Henriette Chevreux, the editor of the work before us, we owe the preliminary notice of the father, who proudly predicted what the son has sought piously to preserve, and thus we are presented with the touching and inseparable group of “*Les trois Ampères*.”

Jean-Jacques Ampère, the father of the great savant, was, as we have said, a respectable citizen of Lyons, where, in the year 1793, he filled the office of “*juge de paix*.” During the excesses which distracted the city he stood foremost on the side of order, and when it was entered by the revolutionary party after the siege, he was among the first to be thrown into prison. A few of his letters addressed to his wife, the mother of André-Marie, and dated from his cell, which have survived, serve to swell the great cry of the innocent which went up at that time. There are few more touching records of the heroism and fortitude which the Revolution developed in its victims, and of the piety, patriotism, and domestic affections which it outraged. On the 17th October, 1793, the prisoner addressed a series of instructions to his wife. After giving an account of his property, liabilities, and debts—the latter amounting only to a few francs and sous, but recorded with as much exactness as if they had involved tens of thousands—he adds:—

Il s'en faut de beaucoup, ma très-chère amie, que je te laisse riche, et même une aisance ordinaire; tu ne peux l'imputer à ma mauvaise conduite, ni à aucune dissipation; ma plus grande dépense a été l'achat des livres et des instruments de géométrie dont notre fils ne pouvait se passer pour son instruction; mais cette dépense même était une sage économie, puisqu'il n'a jamais eu d'autres maîtres que lui-même.

We then read a modest record of the sacrifices made by those of small fortunes and simple habits in the vain effort to avert that overthrow of all society which finally exacted their blood, and the letter thus concludes:—

Je n'eus jamais que le goût et la passion de mes devoirs; je n'ai ni repentir ni remords, et je suis toujours digne de toi. Je t'embrasse, et tout ce qui nous est cher, du fond de mon cœur.

Jean-Jacques Ampère, époux, père, ami, et citoyen toujours fidèle.

A month later his last letter was written:—

J'ai reçu, mon cher ange, ton billet consolateur; il a versé un baume vivant sur les plaies morales que fait à mon âme le regret d'être méconnu par mes concitoyens. . . . Je desirais que ma mort soit le sceau d'une réconciliation générale entre tous nos frères; je la pardonne à ceux qui s'en réjouissent, à ceux qui l'ont provoquée et à ceux qui l'ont ordonnée.

Si, du séjour de l'éternité où notre chère fille m'a précédé, il m'était donné de me occuper des choses d'ici-bas, tu serais, ainsi que mes chers enfants, l'objet de mes soins et de ma complaisance. Pourrais-ils jouir d'un meilleur sort que leur père, et avoir toujours devant les yeux la crainte de Dieu, cette crainte salutaire qui opère en nous l'innocence et la justice, malgré la fragilité de notre nature. . . . Ne parle pas à ma Josephine (a young daughter) du malheur de son père; fais en sorte qu'elle ignore. Quant à mon fils, il n'y a rien que je n'attende de lui. . . . Adieu, tendre amie.

A few hours after these lines were penned Jean-Jacques Ampère mounted the scaffold.

On the son of his tender care—then but eighteen years of age—this blow fell with overwhelming force. For fully a year the brain lay dormant; his state was almost idiotic, and he spent his time for the chief part out of doors, listlessly scraping together little heaps of earth. The first thing that roused him effectually was the study of botany. Rousseau's letters on the subject had fallen into his hands, and he threw himself into the novel pursuit with all the ardour and the exactness which were his chief characteristics. Next came a fit of classic enthusiasm inspired by a collection of Latin poets. The long coveted knowledge of Latin was soon mastered, and the heart-stricken lad roamed about the country with his hands full of plants, murmuring verses by Horace, like one spell-bound. He was now thoroughly infected with the passion for classic poetry. The years from 1795 to 1797 were all poetical, as those which preceded them had been all given to abstract science. He threw out at this time an exuberance of poetical compositions—tragedies, songs, madrigals, poems on the natural sciences, an epic on Columbus—all showing, as might be expected, more facility and fertility than sense of art. He also mastered Greek, and modern languages, studied physiology, chemistry, philosophy—what did that mind not study which, twenty years later, conceived and executed a new classification of the whole cycle of sciences? To all this intellectual activity was added the moral and manly work of earning daily bread. Installed in Lyons, he gave lessons in mathematics and chemistry, and as the duty of teaching others occupied him during the principal hours of the day, he rose at four in the morning for the luxury of teaching himself.

We now approach the sweet May time of his life, not altogether smoothly run, but unclouded for a brief space in its pure and holy dawn. There is nothing sensational in Ampère's first and only love; he had not even felt the temptation of “*chance dantes*,” though he had begun to know the yearning for something beyond learning to satisfy his heart. Ampère's mother lived on her own little property at Poliénieux, near Lyons, and at the close of his laborious weeks he would spend his Sundays with her. On his way lay the village of St. Germain-au-Mont-d'Or, where he occasionally halted to visit an aunt. Close by, in St. Germain, lived a

family of the name of Carron—excellent people, the father in business, with a son and three daughters, the youngest of whom was named Julie. True as the language is which seeks to say more than the lover can express, we forbear to quote Ampère's explication on the “*angelic soul seen in the serenity of her blue eyes, and the candour which shines from her forehead*.” We know Julie perfectly well without Ampère's help. She was one of those demure, modest, self-possessed, and sensible little women, generally pretty, and always without a grain of romance, who commit certain havoc with young hearts of Ampère's stamp. She had already slain one man of science. An older savant, a ready-made professor, of the name of Dumas, had already sighed for her in vain. But Julie cannot accustom herself to the idea of quitting her family, at any rate for M. Dumas, and writes him little formal, decorous letters to that effect. However unlike the current English ideas regarding Frenchwomen, Julie was in truth a true type of a large class of young French girls, who never leave their mother's side till they marry. Family affections are still peculiarly strong in France. At that time they had been drawn closer still by those unexampled trials which reached all more or less. So the coast was clear—we are now in the year 1796—and Ampère entered the lists, with all the timidity proper to his age, and with all the maladroitness proper to himself. From this time he indites a series of “*Confessions*”—how unlike those by Rousseau we need not say. On the fly-leaf he wrote the word “*Amorum*,” and within are noted the discovery of a new law and the observations on new phenomena. A few specimens of this journal will suffice. The diet is too pure for the world to bear much of it:—

Dimanche, 10 avril. Je l'ai vue pour la première fois.

Samuel, 10 août. Je suis allé chez elle; on m'y a prêté le *Nouvelles Mœurs* de Soreau.

Samuel, 3 septembre. Je suis allé rendre le *Nouvel*. Je suis resté un instant seul avec elle.

Samuel, 17 septembre. Je portai des livres, et commençai à ouvrir mon cœur.

Lundi, 19 septembre 1796. J'achevai de m'expliquer; j'en rapportai de faillies espérances, et la défense d'y revenir avant le retour de sa mère.

Lundi, 26 septembre. Je la trouvai seule dans le jardin, sans oser lui parler.

Lundi, 6 octobre. Je me trouvais seul avec elle, sans oser lui parler; on me donna les premiers boutons-rimés.

Mardi, 9 novembre. Je reparlai. Julie me dit de venir moins souvent.

Samuel, 12 novembre. Mme. Carron était sortie; je dis quelques mots à Julie, qui me rembourra bien [Anglicé, shut him up] et partit. Elise [her sister] me dit de passer l'hiver sans plus parler.

This kind of thing continues through all its pretty and imbecile phases. Ampère has many “*a shutting up*.” He never knows when to take leave, and has sometimes to be told twice. Pretending to look at some vignettes which lay before her, he kneels down at her feet, and is reproved by the mother. Nevertheless Julie does not let him go. In due time the splendid prizes of a patient lover fall to his share. Twice he holds her hand to help her over a stile; occasionally she takes a seat by him and speaks to him; and once the climax of his bliss is reached by a gentle blow from her hand upon his wrist. His success is now certain. Of course he writes verses, which we spare the reader, though they are really pretty. And, better still, he seeks to cultivate her mind, and gives her (and her sister) lessons in arithmetic and Italian. For all that, Julie and her family have not the slightest conception of the order of mind with which they are dealing. As the suit advanced, the Carron family began to consider the state of life in which Ampère could hope to maintain a wife, and proposed one which they considered suitable to his mathematical propensities:—

Le soir (19 novembre 1797), me trouvant seul avec Julie, elle me parla de mes projets, comme y prenant beaucoup de part; Mme. Carron vint se mêler à cet entretien, et elles firent toutes deux l'éloge de l'état d'agent de change.

He proposes, on his part, to engage more regularly in a course of lessons, but she treats this with disfavour, and replies, “*J'aimerais mieux voir M. Ampère dans le commerce*.”

This pre-conjugal state lasts three years. In August 1799 Julie Carron became Julie Ampère, one of the happiest and wisest of little wives, and quite satisfied to be maintained by the strange devices which her husband preferred to commerce. The next great event was the birth of their only child, Jean-Jacques, which completed the measure of Ampère's happiness. For a short time the young people lacked nothing but more worldly prosperity. Ampère's lessons in chemistry, mathematics, Latin, Italian, to any one who would learn, provided but a scanty pittance. Julie's health, which began to fail soon after the birth of her child, required all his exertions. On this account he accepted the appointment of Professor of Physics and Chemistry at the school of Bourg, twelve leagues from Lyons, even though it involved the separation from his wife, who was forbidden to accompany him. Previous poverty rendered a certain salary of even less than *mille sous* too tempting an offer to be refused. Their separation gives rise to a correspondence rivalled as a reflex of tender hopes and fears, of petty details and lofty aspirations. Both are seen as in a mirror; Ampère ever blundering, confessing, musing, divining, always working; Julie gently chiding, guiding, and cheering, and working too; both so economical! His now, in her language “*mon fils*,” she in his “*mon bienfaitrice*.” These terms represent very much the footing on which they continued until Ampère's sun of happiness sank into Julie's early grave.

Meanwhile Ampère is buried in his duties at Bourg, arranging his machines, giving lectures, but as unfit as a child to live alone.

Julie is perpetually anxious that he should not forget his meals, and that he should appear decently dressed. He destroys his blue stockings and his new *pantalons* with what Julie calls "ce maudit acide qui brûle tout." He confesses that he has used part of his linen for stoppers to his chemical instruments; he unsews the lining of his coat for some unheard-of purpose. Julie reproves, and sends him an apron. Then their little money matters are touching in their simple scale. He supplies her monthly, now with seven louis, now with six, keeping only a few francs and sous for his own current purposes. The young people's letters and packets go by the carrier—the twelve leagues in ten hours—all sorts of machines, cylinders, retorts, thermometers, barometers, chemicals, salts, bottles of ink, or of wine, sausages and cheeses, with newly repaired *gilets*, or patched *culottes*—all pass *pêle-mêle* backwards and forwards, and not always safely. "Le baromètre et le thermomètre [writes Julie] sont sortis cassés de l'étui. Cet accident me fait encore plus trouver que la physique est une sottise chose." This little ebullition is well excused by the trials which "la physique" in this form entailed on poor Julie, who, ill as she was, and much worse than she let André know, had enough to do to execute its extraordinary commissions, cheer its anxieties, and repair its damages.

Through all this domestic dialogue are heard from time to time the simple but dignified tones of such deep thought as few human brains have had the power to sustain:—

Il y a sept ans, ma Julie, je m'étais proposé un problème de mon invention, que je n'avais pu résoudre directement, mais dont j'avais découvert, par hasard, une solution dont je connaissais la justesse sans pouvoir la démontrer. Cela me revenait souvent dans l'esprit; j'ai cherché vingt fois sans succès cette solution directe. Depuis quelques jours mon idée me suivait partout; enfin, je ne sais comment, je viens de la trouver, avec une foule de considérations curieuses et nouvelles sur la théorie des probabilités. Comme je crois qu'il y aura peu de mathématiciens en France qui puissent résoudre ce problème en moins de temps, je ne doute pas que sa publication dans une brochure d'une vingtaine de pages ne me soit un bon moyen de parvenir à une chaire de mathématiques. Ce petit ouvrage d'algèbre pure, où l'on n'a besoin d'aucune figure, sera rédigé après demain.

And again:—

J'ai fait hier une importante découverte sur la théorie du jeu, en parvenant à résoudre un problème plus difficile encore que le précédent. Je travaille à l'insérer dans le même ouvrage, ce qui ne le grossira pas beaucoup, parce que j'ai fait un nouveau commencement plus court que l'ancien. Je suis sûr qu'il me vaudra une place au Lycée, car dans l'état où il est à présent, il n'y a guère de mathématiciens en France (je le répète) capables d'en faire un pareil. Je te dis cela comme je le pense, pour que tu ne le dises à personne.

Thus arose his work entitled *Considérations sur la Théorie du Jeu*—a subject attempted by Buffon and others, but never, it is acknowledged, so solved before. At first Ampère is tormented lest the *idée* should not be strictly original, lest any other head should have anticipated him—a fear soon dissipated; then he is excruciated by a misprint in his calculations—an oversight soon corrected; but both together quite sufficient to involve the birth of this tough offspring in throes which the little wife is very unfairly required to share. But as all this clears off he begins to realize the pride of his achievement. With all his modesty Ampère did not undervalue the travail of his brain. Nor did he allow his judgment to be awayed as to the mode of bringing out his work. One of the official examiners to whom he submitted it urged his reducing it to the level of a larger number of minds by giving examples in figures of his algebraic formula. This he stoutly resists:—"Jo lui ferai des exemples, mais je persiste à imprimer mon ouvrage tel qu'il est; ces exemples lui donneraient l'air d'un ouvrage d'écolier." It is true the little folio did not sell, and whoever has seen it would have been astonished if it had.

Meanwhile the French Republic—in other words, Bonaparte—had offered a reward of 60,000 francs for a discovery in electricity and galvanism comparable to those made by Volta and Franklin. Ampère longs to obtain it, but while labouring all day, in and out of school, for absolute necessities, has no leisure to develop what already lay embryonic in his mind. Our own Davy, three years younger even than Ampère, carried off the prize. His utmost ambition now was a professorship "de Lycée," and, if possible, at Lyons, where all his heart centred. New regulations were then making with regard to scientific appointments which opened a larger field:—

Il y aura au moins vingt-deux à quarante Lycées. Mettons quarante; ce sont quarante professeurs de mathématiques et physique à choisir en France. Le gouvernement nommera sur un tableau formé par trois membres de l'Institut d'après les examens et les informations qu'ils auront prises. Il faut absolument que je sois sur ce tableau un des quarante premiers, ou pour les mathématiques ou pour la physique. Mon espérance est de me faire distinguer en parlant également des deux sciences. J'entreprendrai à tout cela mes petites découvertes.

The fruition of all this labour and anxiety was at hand. His "Mémoire sur le Jeu" had been sent to the Institut, and unanimously pronounced a work that could only have proceeded from "une tête forte." The official inspectors also had pronounced his pupils to be forwarder than any others they had examined:—

Je suis sûr du Lycée, et mon succès doit te satisfaire. Je ne suis plus en peine de la fortune de mon fils, mais bien de la manière dont nous vivrons jusqu'à ce que je gagne davantage. Je sens combien il faut économiser l'argent, et encore plus mon temps, qui est ma seule ressource pour parvenir à une grande réputation. Tu regarderas tout cela comme des rêveries, mais je t'assure qu'il n'en est rien; tu verras si mes augures sont trompés. Ce n'est plus la réussite qui m'inquiète, mais la santé de mon ami.

Would that his Julie could have seen the fulfilment of his auguries, and of infinitely more; but the young wife's state had become more and more critical. She writes:—

Ah! la santé est si précieuse que, si je possédais des richesses, pour obtenir

ce bien-là je les sacrifierais toutes! Mais il faut se soumettre, espérer dans l'avenir, prendre patience. Prends-la donc aussi, cette patience, mon fils, et ne te fagote pas comme tu le fais par tes calculs; car se guérir n'est pas un problème qui puisse se résoudre, et nous aurions beau vouloir y parvenir si le Maître de notre être veut que nous soyons ainsi. . . . Mon ami, nous sommes faits l'un pour l'autre; si je me portais bien, nous serions trop heureux.

But we must close the sad story. Julie's letters cease, and her sister writes in her stead. Ampère, now professor at Lyons, resumes in his last anxieties the same form of journal which had given us his first hopes:—"17 avril, dimanche. Je reviens de Bourg pour ne plus quitter ma Julie." Then "Julie bien malade," "Julie plus malade." Then symptoms, prescriptions, further medical advice. Finally, a touching passage poured forth in the furnace of intense solicitude:—

M'ôtez-vous tout bonheur sur cette terre? Vous en êtes le maître, ô mon Dieu! mes crimes m'ont mérité ce châtiment, mais peut-être écoutez-vous encore la voix de vos miséricordes. *Multa flagella peccatoris; sperantem autem in Domino misericordia circumdabit.* J'espère en vous, ô mon Dieu; mais je serai soumis à votre arrêt, quel qu'il soit: j'essaye de résister à la mort.

O Seigneur! Dieu de miséricorde! daignes-tu réunir dans le ciel à ce que vous m'aviez permis d'aimer sur la terre.

We must here take leave of Ampère. He is still remembered in Parisian circles (he died in 1836) as the absent, dreaming savant who remained more versed in the secrets of the universe than in the commonest affairs of men; but till this volume appeared, few men suspected the exquisitely tender and emotional side of the learned, simple, and untidy old man, who to the last wanted his Julie to chide, to guide, to cheer, and to understand him.

#### POLYGAMY IN UTAH.\*

A GENUINE description of Mormon life as seen from within ought to be a very curious book. We have had plenty of such hasty sketches as can be put together by a flying tourist, and some of them have been curiously favourable to the system. In some cases we may set down the complacency with which a degrading institution is thus regarded to the amiable desire of the traveller to stifle the propensities of respectable readers at home.

A preference of polygamy to Christianity is piquant in its way, as would be a preference of Mahomedanism to Christianity, or a justification of cannibalism or infanticide. Such little eccentricities are generally regarded as venial, and we need not look too narrowly into the alleged justification. Another class of travellers, again, were probably surprised at discovering that the Mormons had neither horns nor hoofs, but in all external matters resembled industrious emigrants of the ordinary type; and, by a natural rebound, they praised extravagantly a system which was not openly revolting to a casual observer. No such verdicts could be good for much; for it is plain that to form any trustworthy judgment it is necessary to have an intimate experience of Mormon life as seen from within. Mrs. Stenhouse, the writer of the book before us, certainly possesses that qualification. She was for more than twenty years the wife of a Mormon missionary, and during the greater part of that period she was a resident in Utah, where her husband edited a newspaper after having concluded his apostolic labours. She had therefore every opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the working of the system, and, but for one or two considerations, we should be ready to attach a corresponding weight to her testimony. The drawbacks to it are, in the first place, that as Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse have become apostates from the Mormon faith, we must in fairness make due allowance for her regarding all belonging to it through a certain veil of prejudice. On the whole, indeed, she seems to speak dispassionately enough, and makes no special calls upon our credulity. But it must be added that the book, which comes to us adorned with illustrations of very small artistic merit from an American artist, has the outward appearance of a catchpenny production, and may be intended to take advantage of the feeling which has recently been excited by the prosecution of Brigham Young. Even those who would defend such an interference of the Federal Government on grounds of abstract justice must admit that the motives of some of the persons who actually stirred in the matter were of a questionable kind; and as this book is apparently intended to come more or less in aid of their action, it is liable to a shade of the same suspicion. We know absolutely nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse beyond what we learn from this book; but though we agree with them in detesting polygamy, we cannot forget that these particular polygamists have just now pretty good reason to protest against the weapons used against them.

Taking the book with these reserves, we may admit that it gives some information which is significant enough, if not by itself decisive of the point. The story of Mrs. Stenhouse's own adventures is a simple one. Brought up in Jersey as a Baptist, she became teacher of English at a French school in Brittany. She returned after a few years to find that her parents had become Mormons; and she speedily followed their example, under the influence of a young Mormon elder to whom she was married a few months later. He was sent to Italy, and afterwards to Switzerland, as a missionary, and perhaps the most really curious part of the book is the brief notice of his position there. It is at any rate a proof that there is some genuine faith in at least the younger disciples of Mormonism. The missionaries, it seems, receive no pay what-

\* *Exposé of Polygamy in Utah.* By Mrs. T. B. Stenhouse. New York: American News Company. London: Trübner & Co.



ver. Mr. Stenhouse started, in implicit obedience to the commands of the Church, to live in a foreign country the language of which he did not know, and with no particular means of support except the vague prospect of making converts and drawing contributions from them. It would be difficult to imagine a human being more out of place than a young Englishman of the Dissenting irreligious class suddenly drafted into Italy in the hope of converting the natives to Mormonism. What arguments he used, or what was his success there, does not appear; but in Switzerland, after being reduced to the borders of starvation whilst attempting to learn the language, he succeeded in gradually founding a branch of the Mormon Church. Are we to set this down to the contagious power of all genuine belief, or to the amazing gullibility of the human race, or to the fact that a good many of the Swiss have an eye to America, and might regard Mr. Stenhouse in the secular light of an emigration agent? Probably all these influences had some share in the result; and, if Mrs. Stenhouse's account be accurate, it would appear that the zeal of some of the converts led them to sacrifice considerable pecuniary advantages in order to make the dreary journey—for this was long before the days of the Pacific Railway—across the plains of the great West. After a time Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse followed their converts. She had already become aware that polygamy was practised at Utah, and had been compelled, much against her will, to convey this piece of information to the wife of one of the converts, who naturally exclaimed, "Quelle religion d'animaux!" and agreed to join Mrs. Stenhouse in opposing the reduction of the theory to practice. After some years spent at Salt Lake City, Mrs. Stenhouse discovered that, in her own case at least, this was not so easy. An intimation was conveyed to Mr. Stenhouse that he ought to take another wife. The person designated for the post was "very pretty and very youthful." Mr. Stenhouse began to pay his addresses, assuring his first wife that it was a very "painful task." He seemed, however, as she observes, "to hear it remarkably well, and went at it with a zeal that was perfectly astonishing to me, who knew, from what he said, how painful it was to him." Ultimately, he married not only this young lady, but another; and Mrs. Stenhouse became the senior wife of three, and, as a very natural consequence, a convert from Mormonism. She took to studying the "revelation on marriage" originally communicated to Joseph Smith; she would still have preferred, as she declares, to find that her religion was true, to finding that it was false. Her study, however, convinced her that this doctrine at least was not of divine origin; and to doubt one doctrine, in this as in some other cases, was to doubt all. She speedily became convinced of the imposture, and we can easily believe that the logical process so simply described has been followed to the same conclusion by a good many other Mormon wives. Presently Mr. Stenhouse's faith was shaken by a similar, though different, argument. He was ready, as it would seem, to believe it to be his duty to take any number of wives; but Brigham Young put him to a severe test. For some reason or other the prophet ordered him to give up publishing his newspaper at Salt Lake City, and to move to Ogden. Now Ogden—a place with whose fame we are not well acquainted—is, it seems, ill calculated to support a newspaper. In short, the intimation meant that Mr. Stenhouse was to be removed. Therefore he too began to see the error of his ways, and before long gave up his allegiance to the prophet. The removal of the lady and gentleman from Salt Lake City and the publication of this book have been the remoter consequences of their conversion.

If it be asked what light Mrs. Stenhouse's revelations throw upon polygamy, assuming them to be accurate, we can only say that they tell us little more than we should have anticipated for ourselves. Various advantages have been claimed for polygamy by the disinterested advocates of whom we have spoken, and especially in relation to the position of a new colony. They scarcely deserve a serious answer; and, on the whole, one consideration is enough to dispose of them. People at Salt Lake City are pretty much like the class from which they have been drawn in the old countries. They are not, as a rule, possessed of much refinement, and are perhaps inclined to accept without active disgust some consequences of their system which we should regard with very different feelings. To that fact it must be attributed that polygamy has not produced more palpably objectionable results. Still any married woman in any class of life may easily imagine the effect upon her happiness of her husband taking to himself half-a-dozen concubines. Various melancholy stories are told by Mrs. Stenhouse of base deceptions practised by Mormon preachers on their female converts in Europe, and of the miseries which followed when their victims were cut off by vast deserts from the possibility of escape to the outer world. The railway has changed all that, and has doomed polygamy. For, in fact, the system comes to nothing more than licensing a vast amount of brutality and sensuality. The details of the petty miseries which follow are easily conceivable—the jealousy between the rival wives, the attempt of one lady to monopolize a husband by giving him good dinners, and of another to appeal to his compassion by giving him bad dinners (Mrs. Stenhouse thinks, we dare say with justice, that the first plan generally succeeds best), the hardship of seeing a husband's affections usurped by a prettier and younger woman, the breaking up of the family system, the brutal tone encouraged amongst the younger part of the male population, and generally the feminine slavery and masculine demoralization which naturally ensue. One story is rather quaint, and gives a notion of the spirit of feminine intrigue which survives under these altered con-

ditions. A woman applied to a Mormon bishop, and asked his advice for her daughter. The daughter was in love with a married man and refused the addresses of a bachelor. What was she to do? Go to the married man, replied the bishop, and tell him that it is his duty to marry your daughter. The mother smiled and blushed, and replied, "Bishop, thou art the man," and the lady presently became No. 6 or 7 of the episcopal harem. This opens some new suggestions for novelists, but as a picture of common life we may say that Mrs. Stenhouse's account is revolting enough, and all the more so because the grievances which she describes are for the most part commonplace rather than melodramatic. After all, the fact that polygamy is degrading and brutal is not very surprising, but perhaps Mrs. Stenhouse's account may enable people to realize it a little more distinctly than before. We may remark, in reference to one point sometimes noticed, that in Utah the census gives 44,121 males to 42,665 females. Though the disproportion is not so great as in most newly settled countries, there are still more men than women, and we may infer that polygamy is a comparatively rare luxury even in Utah.

Perhaps, as already intimated, the religious aspect of the question is the most really curious. We are so much accustomed to speak of Mormonism as a palpable imposture that it is curious to find even a convert from the system speaking of its adherents as frequently moved by the most genuine and ardent faith in a heap of rubbish which is simply disgusting to an educated mind. Various reflections might be suggested, but at present we are content to remark that, in spite of Captain Burton and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, we see no reason to believe that polygamy in Utah differs from what might have been inferred from *a priori* speculation.

#### THE CHURCH OF UTRECHT.\*

(Second Notice.)

WE have seen that the interruption of communion between the Church of Utrecht and the Holy See dates from the arbitrary deposition of Archbishop Cudde, which the authorities, both ecclesiastical and civil, in Holland refused to recognise. This was several years before the appearance of the bull *Unigenitus*, which is often erroneously represented as the cause of the quarrel; and the charges against Cudde were so frivolous that they broke down under the investigation of a very hostile Commission appointed to try the case at Rome. It was not, however, till thirteen years after his death that the vacancy of the see was filled up; and this long interregnum, during which the field was left open for the machinations of the Romanizing and Jesuit party among the clergy, was, to say the least, a grave strategical blunder, and is probably the main cause of a comparatively small fraction of the 300,000 Roman Catholics of Holland having remained faithful to their ancient native hierarchy. During the vacancy, the Nunciature in Cologne, inspired of course by the Jesuits, assumed the superintendence of ecclesiastical affairs in Holland, and everything was done to oust and discredit the national clergy, and replace them by Jesuit or *Gesuitanti* priests. Not that these high-handed measures were tacitly acquiesced in. Several learned works, like the *Datuna Sacra* of Van Heussen, and the treatise of Van Erkels on Canon Law, were published in defence of the rights of the persecuted community, and a solemn appeal was made to a future General Council, based on the precedents of Church history. The Paris Sorbonne, the highest theological authority of the day, acknowledged the justice of the position taken up by the Utrecht Church, and its rights were maintained in public theological discussions at the Universities of Paris and Vienna, and supported by the home Government. But the want of regular episcopal ministrations—for the whole see was now vacant—had become a grave practical difficulty, though the immediate needs of the moment were supplied through the kindness of Luke Fagan, an Irish prelate, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and three French bishops, acting with the full sanction of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, who administered confirmation at different times in Holland. Later on, another French prelate, Varlet, titular Bishop of Babylon, who had been employed in missionary labours in America, discharged similar good offices, and, after the Jesuits had brought about his deposition on the flimsiest pretexts, he settled in Holland, and was thus enabled, when the time came, to impart consecration to Cornelius Steenoven, who was at length, in 1723, elected by the Chapter of Utrecht as their Archbishop.

Steenoven at once announced his election at Rome and sent in his profession of faith, and an official statement was also addressed to all Catholic bishops, to the Cardinals, the German Chapters, and the Universities. Innocent XIV. made no reply to the communication, but after his death a brief of excommunication was published by the nuncio at Brussels in the name of the Conclave against the "heretics and schismatics at Utrecht and their adherents." A fresh missive, requesting his sanction and blessing, was despatched to the new Pope, Benedict XIII., who also left it unanswered. And so at last in October 1724, after obtaining formal opinions in favour of the regularity of the election from the Universities of Louvain and Paris, and the opinion of the great canonist Van Espen, as to the sufficiency of one bishop for performing the ceremony, Steenoven was consecrated by Bishop Varlet on October 15, 1724. He wrote at once to the Pope, who

\* Die altkatholische Kirche des Erzbisthums Utrecht. Von Fr. Nippold. Heidelberg. 1872.

replied by a bull of excommunication replete with invective and menace. On his death, in the following April, desperate attempts were made by the Court of Rome to prevent the election of a successor, and they even engaged the Doge of Venice to bring his influence to bear on the Protestant Government, which very properly declined to interfere. Accordingly in May 1725 Barchinon Wuytlers was elected to the see, and received letters of sympathy from all parts of the Church, but was answered by the Pope in a bull full of abuse and misstatements, to which the Chapter made a formal reply. Varlet consecrated him September 30, 1725. During his eight years' episcopate the Theological Summary of Amersfoort was founded, and many learned works were written in vindication of the Church of Utrecht, which also found zealous champions among the French clergy and in the universities of Belgium, Germany, and North Italy. Meanwhile the suffragan sees of Haarlem and Deventer had not been filled up, and it was therefore the more fortunate that Varlet's life was prolonged to a great age, so that he was able to consecrate two more Archbishops of Utrecht in succession—Theodore van der Croon in 1733, and Meindaerts in 1736—a strange attempt made through the Portuguese ambassador to get possession of his person and carry him away having happily miscarried. Two bulls were fulminated at the head of Meindaerts, the first from the deathbed of Clement XII., the second by Benedict XIV., who, on receiving the formal notice of his consecration, denounced him as "a child of unrighteousness, a degenerate son, a crafty wolf," with other polite epithets and many curses. In 1742 Bishop Varlet died, and the pressing necessity thus created for providing against the extinction of the episcopate was met by the appointment and consecration of De Hock to the see of Haarlem; and some years later, in 1758, the see of Deventer was also filled up, both with the sanction of the Government. Several attempts were now made to mediate between the Utrecht Church and the Court of Rome, and abundant evidence of the orthodoxy of the former was produced; but Rome insisted on a subscription to the bull *Unigenitus*, which the bishops could not conscientiously agree to, besides that it was forbidden by the Government. Nicolini, a Florentine nobleman who had interested himself much in the matter, was obliged at length to confess that "peace was impossible so long as the Jesuits, the enemies of God and of princes, survived."

In 1763 an important step was taken by the Utrecht hierarchy in summoning a Provincial Synod, the first held since 1565, just after the establishment of the archiepiscopate. The three bishops and nineteen deputies of the clergy were present, and five points were decided. The Nicene Creed and Creed of Pius IV., and the *Expositio Doctrinae*, sent to Benedict XIV., were set forth as containing the faith of the Church; certain opinions of the Protestant Le Clerc, and others of the Jesuits Hardouin and Borruget, were condemned; the *Amor Patriæ* of Neercassel, already referred to, was sanctioned and recommended; the Jesuit doctrines of rebellion and tyrannicide were condemned, and certain disciplinary matters settled. These decisions, according to the writer in the Catholic *Tübinger Quartalschrift*, produced a deep impression in the Church generally as to the orthodoxy of the inculcated communion and the exclusive responsibility of the Jesuits for its isolation from Rome. And even at Rome this feeling was openly expressed; the Acts of the Synod were approved by the Inquisition and Cardinals, and Clement XIII. agreed with their judgment; and though the Jesuits contrived to frustrate all attempts at a reconciliation, they could not for some time elicit from the Pope any formal condemnation of the Synod. It was not till two years afterwards that they succeeded in procuring a Papal decree declaring the Synod null and void, and characterizing its members as obstinate sons of perdition, perverse, godless, blind, &c. &c. Clement XIII. also issued the customary bull of excommunication three years later against Van Nieuwenhuyzen, the successor of Meindaerts in 1768. But next year he was himself succeeded by Clement XIV., who suppressed the Jesuit order, and would undoubtedly, had he lived longer, have come to terms with their much-enduring victims at Utrecht. He had indeed intimated as much, and a special ambassador, Count Dupas de Bellegarde, was sent from Utrecht, and the day for his audience with the Pope had been fixed. But the day before Clement was seized with the illness—whether due to natural causes or to poison must probably now remain for ever uncertain—from which he never recovered. His successor, Pius VI., was of the opposite school, and issued two violent bulls against the new Bishop of Haarlem, whose appointment was announced to him in 1778, besides publicly commencing a mendacious history of the Church of Utrecht by an ex-Jesuit, Mozzi. But the brave little Church still held its own through the revolutionary storms at the end of the eighteenth century. In 1797 James van Rhyn succeeded Nieuwenhuyzen, and received the usual anathemas from Pius VII.; but the subjection of Holland to France involved his Church in the most serious peril it had yet encountered since the separation from Rome. Louis Napoleon, the new King, was persuaded by his confessor that the "schismatical" hierarchy should be suffered to die out by forbidding any new appointments, and when shortly afterwards, in June 1808, the Archbishop of Utrecht died suddenly a few days after a very suspicious visit from a strange priest, and, according to the testimony of his physicians, of poison, the King refused permission for the election of a successor. Two years later the Bishop of Haarlem died, and the aged Bishop of Deventer, the sole remaining member of the hierarchy, was brought to death's door from a fall into the water, but eventually recovered. That same year, however, the King found it

necessary to abdicate, and the Emperor Napoleon, who was engaged at that time in a quarrel with Rome, was disposed to look favourably on the claims of the protesting Church, but his ill-omened Russian campaign prevented his taking any steps in the matter. It was not till after the fall of Napoleon and the proclamation of the freedom of Holland in 1814 that the crisis was tided over and a successor to Van Rhyn elected, after a three years' vacancy of the see, in the person of Van Os, President of the Seminary and Vicar-General, who was consecrated on the 24th of April of that year, just a month before Pius VII.'s triumphant entry into Rome, where his first act was to revive the Jesuit order, forty-one years after its suppression by Ganganeli. A few years more and its last surviving members would have been dead, and the revival impossible.

The third period of the history of the Church of Utrecht opens with the consecration of Van Os, but there were still grave difficulties to contend with. William I., King of Holland and Belgium, united by the Treaty of Vienna, was anxious to break off all the traditions of the old republican Government, and therefore to get rid of the national episcopate; and the see of Haarlem was kept vacant for five years, till at last the Archbishop himself filled it up without the Royal sanction. This time the Court of Rome omitted the customary malediction, but found means to induce the Government to refuse its recognition to the new bishop, and did its utmost also to attain its ends by the creation of an Ultramontane literature in Holland, and the foundation of a special brotherhood pledged to the destruction of the obnoxious communion. When Leo XII. sent a nuncio to Holland, the bishops came to the Hague to wait upon him, but were not admitted. In 1825 Van Os was succeeded by Van Santen, and the Government this time compromised matters by acknowledging him as Archbishop *ad*, but not *of*, Utrecht. Both he and the new Bishop of Deventer received their excommunicatory greetings from Leo XII., and a joint declaration against the validity of these bulls was issued by the Archbishop and his suffragans, addressed to all the archbishops, bishops, and clergy of the Catholic Church. Shortly afterwards followed what seems to have been the first and last instance of any conciliatory overtures on the part of Rome. Mgr. Capaccini, whose liberality, statesmanship, and honesty are highly commended by Bunsen, was sent to hold an interview with the Archbishop of Utrecht. A detailed record of their conversation has been preserved, and is quoted by Professor Nippold; and a very instructive document it is, and well deserving careful perusal. The one point at which Capaccini laboured was to induce the Archbishop to sign the notorious formulary of Alexander VII., condemning the five propositions ascribed to Jansen as contained in the *Augustinus* and "*en unicus auctoritas*," which he at first represented as a "triviality" and "a mere form." The Archbishop replied that forms have a meaning, and that, being convinced by a careful perusal of the *Augustinus* that the condemned propositions were not to be found there, he could not conscientiously swear that they were, on the authority of the Pope, for no authority of Pope or Church could alter facts; whereupon Capaccini tried to shake his resolution by a very "wonderful parable." Suppose, he said, a child who had been forbidden by his father to look into a certain room had seen through the keyhole that it had a green table-cloth, and had been afterwards told to sign an inventory describing the cloth as red, he would be bound to do so; for he could not make any use of the knowledge gained by an act of disobedience; nor would this involve any untruthfulness, because he ought to assume that he had been deceived by some optical delusion. In the same way it was wrong for any one to read Jansen's book after it had been condemned, and it was the duty of any one who had read it to assume that he was mistaken if he could not discover what the Pope declared to be contained there. However, neither this ingenious argument, nor the reiterated but somewhat inconsistent assurance that the whole thing was a mere form, could move the Archbishop to violate his conscience. "A drop of ink, and in two seconds all is settled," said Capaccini. "I cannot call God to witness that I believe what I do not believe," replied Van Santen, and so, with many maledictions from the foiled and indignant diplomatist, he went his way, and the breach was not healed. The Opposition bishops of the present day have been more accommodating in going through the "mere form" of subscribing to Papal infallibility, while the German, like the Dutch, Old Catholics have preferred to use language as the expression and not the disguise of thought.

The rest of the tale must be compressed into a few words. In 1853 Pius IX. introduced a Papal hierarchy into Holland, Utrecht and Haarlem being purposely selected as two of the sees. The legitimate bishops addressed an official protest to the Pope, briefly recounting the true state of the case, and requested the Government not to recognize the intrusive hierarchy; and this request was so far successful that their own titles as bishops of their respective sees were again formally acknowledged. Three years later they again made a joint protest against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and set forth in a weighty and learned treatise the absence of Scriptural or traditional authority for the definition. Van Santen died in 1858, and was succeeded by Henry Loos, who was consecrated in September of that year, and still holds the see of Utrecht. The present Bishop of Haarlem was consecrated in 1865, when he addressed an earnest and successful appeal for the restoration of communion with the Holy See to Pius IX., who in return "condemned and annulled" all his power this new election of "unlawful bishops."

directed to the Catholics of Holland. And so matters continue to this day. What gives an additional interest to this community which has so manfully held its position against terrible odds and under such various assaults of violence and fraud for one hundred and seventy years, is the solid learning and profound spirit of piety in its prelates and pastors which has gained them universal sympathy and respect, as well from Catholics as Protestants, beyond their own pale. Professor Nippold, their latest historian, and an advanced Protestant, admits that they are "Catholic to the backbone both in doctrine and worship," but cannot repress his hearty admiration of the pure morality which pervades their whole system of faith and practice. In a supplementary section he gives us the correspondence of the present Archbishop with the German Old Catholics, previously to his agreeing to come and confirm for them, which contains abundant proof, if any were needed, of the strict orthodoxy, in a Roman Catholic sense, of the Church which Rome so haughtily repudiates. The Archbishop required of his petitioners a formal proof of their genuine Catholicity, signified by their assent to the Creed of Pius IV., before consenting to act for them, and the more so because a similar application had formerly been made to Utrecht by the followers of Ronge, "who usurped the name of Catholics." He expresses himself as uniting in their desire for a reform of the Church, but not, as in the days of Luther, wrought in defiance of legitimate authority, which "would be only a second edition of the so-called Reformation." Undoubtedly, as Nippold observes, it is the conservative side of the Old Catholic movement that will receive support from Utrecht. But this is not the place to speculate on the future of the double revolt against Roman autocracy now in progress within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. It is enough to have called attention to an episode in ecclesiastical history which stands alone in the past, and which is only now beginning, after nearly two centuries of forced but not ofttimes isolation, to mingle in the common stream of the religious life of the present.

#### THE CHANSON DE ROLAND.\*

M. LÉON GAUTIER'S new edition of the *Chanson de Roland* is a work which reflects the greatest credit upon French erudition, and which deserves a much more detailed notice than we can bestow upon it in the space at our disposal. We shall endeavour, however, to enumerate briefly its principal merits.

"La France possède, depuis plus de huit siècles, une Épopée religieuse et nationale." Such are the first words of our author's introduction; he repudiates in the distinctest manner the well-known saying so often (erroneously) ascribed to Voltaire, "Les Français n'ont pas la tête épique"; and he attempts to show that the *Chanson de Roland* combines all the qualities which characterize the true epic poem. Already in a previous work, as yet unfinished (*Les Épopées françaises*), M. Léon Gautier had enumerated the various qualities of the old *chansons de geste*, especially those which belong to what is called the cycle of Charlemagne; he had described their importance from the threefold point of view of history, philology, and literature, and had proved how and why he deemed them superior to the metrical romances which have for their subject the exploits of King Arthur. But the numerous works comprised under the general title "La geste du roi" are not all of equal worth; and from the long list, which includes such poems as "Alicamps," "Huon de Bordeaux," "L'arçue la Duchesse," &c., the *Chanson de Roland* stands out pre-eminently by qualities which ought to secure for it a distinguished place side by side with the *Iliad* and the *Hamayana*, and very far above so artificial a poem as the *Æneid*. We are inclined to think that M. Gautier has taken too little notice of the question of style, which, after all, is a very important one in a literary production; and there is no doubt that the diction of Homer, Dante, and Milton has contributed largely to immortalise their respective poems, while for the same reason the *Chanson de Roland* in its original form must ever address itself to a relatively limited circle of readers. In other respects it can fairly be compared with the great epics that are so familiar to us; Roland himself has much of the character of Achilles about him, Charlemagne is as wise as the *ἀνὴρ ἀνδρῶν ἀρχαῖος*, the Duke Naimue reminds us of Nestor, and the subject of the poem appealed to the national feelings of the old Franks quite as much as the siege of Troy did to the patriotism of the Greeks.

Another interesting question connected with the work before us refers to its origin. M. Gautier has sifted it with the utmost care, and he has no difficulty in proving that the spirit of the old *chansons de geste*, including the *Chanson de Roland*, the military and political atmosphere by which, so to say, they are surrounded, and the general ideas they represent, betray a Germanic origin. As M. Gaston Paris remarks (*Revue critique*, June 13, 1868), "L'épopée française, c'est l'esprit germanique dans une forme romane." There is a wide difference between this opinion and the absurd system of Dr. Hugo Mayer (*Abhandlung über Roland*), who, maintaining that the French metrical *gestes* derive immediately and materially from the Scandinavian and Teutonic traditions, would fain make us believe that "the French legend of Roland is nothing else but a modified version of a myth relating to the ancient god Hrafnir or Rolden."

It can be proved that during the course of the ninth and tenth

centuries the story of *Rouessour* was widely circulated throughout France; wandering *jongleurs* already went from castle to castle, from town to town, singing how the King Marculd concluded with the traitor Ganelon that infamous bargain which the patriotism of the middle ages compared to the agreement made by Judas with the Pharisees of old; they then described in glowing colours the great Charlemagne avenging the catastrophe of his nephew upon the Saracens, whom he cut to pieces, and upon Ganelon, whom he condemned to an ignominious death. But as far we have nothing to deal with except oral traditions; the important thing is to know by what process the *Chanson de Roland* has reached us in the shape it now assumes in the editions of M. Gidel, M. Francisque Michel, and finally of M. Léon Gautier. Here two different theories meet us; the one maintained by M. Paul Meyer, who thinks that the various *gestes* were written down immediately from traditions, sometimes contemporaneous, sometimes remote; the other, upheld by M. Gautier, M. Guizot, and M. Gaston Paris, who suppose that each legend, before it was embodied in a metrical romance, found utterance in a series of short popular songs or ballads, to which our author gives, for convenience sake, the name of *contes*. These various *contes*, subsequently revised, polished, and corrected, were put together and harmonised so as to form one artistic whole, whilst at the same time each episode could, and most probably would, be sung separately, according to the taste of the audience before which the *jongleur* had to display his narrative talents. We ought to say here that M. Gautier does not think that the "rhapsodies" were actually soldered together in the original form which they affected at first; but rather that it was their spirit and essence which the *trouvères* reproduced when composing the *chansons de geste*. "Nos premiers épiques," he observes, "n'ont pas eue de développement matériellement, des cantilènes préexistantes. Ils se sont seulement inspirés de ces chants populaires; ils en ont seulement empruntés les éléments traditionnels et légendaires; ils n'en ont pris que les idées, l'esprit, la vie. Ils ont trouvé le reste." Without entering here into the details of the argument by which M. Gautier supports his view of the *contes* theory, we must say that it appears to us extremely probable, and that a poem like the *Chanson de Roland* could scarcely belong to the class of compositions of which Holgiarius, Bishop of Meaux, in the ninth century said, "Carmina publicum iuncta rusticatam per omnium peno volitabat ora."

The MS. of the *Chanson de Roland* may be divided into two classes. The first comprises two old *codices* giving the original text of the poem, and preserved, the one in the Bodleian Library (Digby, 23), the other in the library of St. Mark at Venice. Notwithstanding a great many omissions and blunders ascribable to the ignorance of the copyist, the Bodleian MS. is the better of the two; the Venice MS., transcribed by a man who has Italianised the French poem in a deplorable fashion, gives us only the first 3,682 lines of the primitive *geste*. After that portion of the work, we find a reproduction of one of the numerous *résumés* which circulated from the thirteenth century downwards, and which contained arrangements, amplifications, and other modifications of the original poem. These *résumés*, to the number of six, constitute the second class or family of MSS. They cannot of course claim the same authority as those we have previously described; but they often supply excellent readings, and are of much use in helping M. Gautier to fill conjecturally several lacunæ existing in the Bodleian and Venice *codices*. These corrections have been printed in italics in the supplement to the present edition.

We shall not stop to notice our editor's remarks on the versification of the *Chanson de Roland*, and the excellent *résumé* he gives us of the rules of prosody which governed mediæval French. Passing from the structure of each line to the general character of the stanzas or *lignes*, as they are called, we observe certain of these stanzas where the same ideas are repeated, nearly in identical words, although with different assonances; e.g. the dialogue between Marculd and Ganelon (st. xl, xli, xlii), the descriptions of Durandal (st. clxxii, clxxiii, clxxiv), &c. Here again various opinions have been propounded to explain these repetitions. M. Fauriel imagined that the scribe, having under his eyes several readings, instead of selecting the best, copied them all in succession, without taking the trouble to make a choice. M. G. Paris is inclined to believe that the different *redactions* of the same stanza generally correspond to different historical traditions; thus the two following lines of the stanza cxxxix.—

Ami Rollant, jo m'en irai en France;  
Cum jo serai a Lotu en ma cambre—

seem to be in contradiction with the introductory lines of stanza cxxxix:—

Ami Rollant, prezous, juventes bele,  
Cum jo serai ad Ais en ma cambre.

M. Gaston Paris (*Histoire poétique de Charlemagne*) sees in the former of these couplets a Capetian, and in the latter a Carolingian, origin. Speaking generally, it is impossible to offer a solution applicable to all the instances of what M. Gautier calls *réductions similaires*. Some apparent repetitions are really developments of an idea the importance of which well justified a certain *copie fundi*; in other cases M. Gaston Paris seems to have found out the true answer to the objections raised by critics; finally, with reference to the passages just quoted, it is absolutely unnecessary that we should admit the hypothesis of a twofold *redaction* arising out of political or dynastic circumstances.

Que d'invençables! [M. Gautier exclame.] Et n'y a-t-il pas une

\* La *Chanson de Roland*. Nouvelle édition, avec introduction, notes, glossaire, index, &c. Par M. Léon Gautier. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Marne.

explication cent fois plus naturelle? Dans ce passage de notre poème, Charles pense à son retour en France; il passera d'abord à Laon avant d'arriver à Aix, et, dans ces deux villes, on verra successivement s'inscrire auprès de lui de Roland, son neveu, qui est mort. Voilà qui est simple et vrai!

It is well known that the authorship of the *Chanson de Roland* is a point which has never been satisfactorily explained. With the usual rashness which characterizes his conclusions, M. Génin ascribed the composition of the poem to a *trouvère* of the name of Théroutde or Thuroid; but his only evidence for so doing was the last line—

Ci fait la geste que Thuroidus declinet—

from which it is impossible to do more than affirm that the "geste" in question was either composed by a poet called Thuroid, or merely sung by a *jongleur*, or even only transcribed by a humble copyist bearing that name. If, however, the real Simon Pure cannot be positively identified, it is easier, on the other hand, to determine of what country he was the native; and this M. Gautier has done in the most ingenious and, to our mind, satisfactory manner. The Oxford MS. is written in the Anglo-Norman dialect, and thus at the beginning of our inquiry we find ourselves in possession of a fact which we must not neglect, although it should not be made too much of, for the person who transcribed the MS. might have thrown into his own language the original with which he had to deal. But we have to notice, further, that throughout the whole poem constant stress is laid upon the festival of *Saint Michel du Péril*. On that anniversary Charlemagne holds a solemn rejoicing to celebrate the submission of the King Marsile and the conclusion of the war; at the moment of Roland's death an earthquake occurs, which is felt from "Saint-Michel del Peril josqu'à Reims"; finally, the last angel who visits the hero in his dying moments is "Saint Michel del Peril." Now this name immediately suggests St. Michael's Mount in the Avranches district of Normandy, where the Bollandist historians tell us that St. Aubert, eleventh Bishop of Avranches, complying with a direction given to him by the Archangel, built a church "in monte Tumba . . . ad montem Sancti Michaelis de periculo maris." From these circumstances we are justified in believing, with M. Léon Gautier, that the author of the *Chanson de Roland* probably belonged by birth to that part of Normandy whither pilgrims during the whole mediæval epoch flocked assiduously for the purpose of imploring the protection of St. Michael upon travellers who stood "in peril of the sea."

The *geste* of Roncevaux soon obtained a popularity which it deserved both from a literary and an historical point of view, and unfortunately this popularity led to the composition of a great amount of rubbish. Let us name, for instance, the well-known chronicle ascribed to Archbishop Turpin. A praiseworthy desire of exalting the character of Roland induced the author, or rather the authors, of this wretched trash to compose their narrative, but they altered completely the portrait of the hero, and made it a downright caricature. "Roland was a Christian," says M. Gautier; "the pseudo-Turpin transforms him into a schoolman. He argues, speechifies, symbolizes, and subtilizes; how much I preferred him when he was dealing with his sword those heavy blows which were more opportune and more useful! He says off by heart the treatise *De Trinitate*; I like better to see him in the thick of the fight, his arms red with blood. Then we find him offering up a prayer which extends over two pages; he pleased me more when he prayed in two words, holding out naively to God the glove of his right hand. He was thus a soldier, a Christian soldier; the pseudo-Turpin has transformed him into a churchwarden."

M. Gaston Paris, whom we have already had occasion to quote, wrote some years ago an excellent Latin essay on the Chronicle we are now discussing, and M. Gautier gives us a short résumé of it. The favour with which this wretched compilation was received appears from the fact that as many as fifty MS. copies of it are enumerated by M. Potthast in his *Bibliotheca Historica*; twenty of these *codices* are preserved amongst the collections of the Paris National Library. It is ascertained now that the Chronicle is the work of two authors, the former of whom lived about the middle of the eleventh century, whilst the latter wrote his portion of the narrative between the years 1109 and 1119. In reading the first five chapters we are struck by the circumstance that the anonymous author is thoroughly acquainted with Spain, and even with the history of the Saracens; the only French hero he introduces is Charlemagne; the sole object he has in view is the glory of the national saint of the Spaniards, St. James of Compostella; he never pretends to be the Archbishop Turpin, whom he only names once and in the third person. The writer of the last twenty-seven chapters, on the contrary, is a Frenchman; he borrows largely from the various *chansons de geste* the absurd tales which he would fain make us accept as history, and his principal aim is evidently to amuse his readers. From considerations which we cannot stop to develop here, it seems probable to M. Gautier that the author of the second part of the pseudo-Turpin was a clerk belonging to the diocese of Guy of Burgundy, Bishop of Vienne, in France, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, and whose brother Raymond was Earl of Galicia. Whilst on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella in the train of the prelate, he no doubt found the MS. containing the first five chapters of the Chronicle, and tacked his own nonsense on to them. At any rate, as M. Gautier observes, all the literary documents of the middle ages which treat of Roland and Roncevaux may be divided into

two families, according as they follow the fables of the pseudo-Turpin or the legend of the *chanson de geste*.

The alterations introduced into the history of Charlemagne's nephew by the chroniclers of whom we have been speaking bear upon the substance of the narrative; we have said nothing of another class of modifications made in the style of the poem, and which are essentially literary in their character. We hope to examine these on a future occasion, when we may have an opportunity of pointing out more fully the merits of the Oxford MS., and of showing how we depend upon it for determining the primitive text of the celebrated *chanson*.

#### PLANCHÉ'S RECOLLECTIONS.\*

WE have here two goodly octavo volumes full of amusing and often instructive gossip. And if no one can gossip more pleasantly, certainly few have a better right to gossip than Mr. J. R. Planché, who, if he has not exactly led a life of adventure, has experienced much and known many persons about which and whom it is difficult to talk without affording entertainment to a large class of readers. It may be fairly said that in the pages of his autobiography Mr. Planché comes before the public in four distinct characters. First, he is an accomplished man of the world, seventy-six years of age, who from youth has been familiar with the stage and mixed with the best literary and theatrical society. Secondly, he has been one of the most prolific dramatists of his day, having originated a species of drama with respect to which he has remained altogether without a rival. Thirdly, he is a distinguished archaeologist, having profited early by the instructions of Dr. Meyrick, and devoted himself especially to the study of costume. Fourthly, he has held for nearly twenty years the rank of *Rouge Croix* Pourl'Étoile in the *Heralds' College*, and has consequently paid official visits to foreign Courts when some potentate has been invested with the Order of the Garter. A gentleman who can be placed under so many categories, and who, like Mr. Planché, is blessed with either a very retentive memory or a very capacious note-book, has assuredly much to tell.

He was born in Old Burlington Street on the 27th of February, 1796. Both his parents, though born in London, were the children of French Protestant refugees, and he was originally intended to pursue his father's vocation of watch-making. This plan failing, he was articulated to a bookseller, under whose rule his theatrical propensities were soon developed. He acted at amateur theatres, and, with the view of creating for himself an original part, wrote a burlesque of the old *Bombastes Furiosæ* school, entitled *Amoroso, King of Little Britain*. Falling into the hands of Mr. Harley, this piece, to the surprise of its author, found its way to the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, where it was performed by an excellent company, with great success, in April 1818, being the first of upwards of a hundred and fifty acted works from the same prolific pen. By this success Mr. Planché did not gain a shilling, but it encouraged him to become a regular writer for the stage, and in August 1820 his melodrama, *The Vampire; or, the Bride of the Isles*, the first piece which gained him a permanent reputation, was brought out at the Lyceum, with Mr. T. P. Cooke as the Monster—a part in which the celebrated actor, who had not yet commenced his nautical career, afterwards created a *swore* in Paris. To sustain his character for accuracy of costume, Mr. Planché anxiously reveals the fact, that in the French drama from which his own was adapted a superstition peculiar to Eastern Europe had been transferred to the Highlands of Scotland, where it was totally unknown. In vain did he exhort the manager of the Lyceum to correct the absurdity. Scotch music was desired, Scotch dresses were in stock, so, in spite of all remonstrance, the Vampire, Scotch in France, remained Scotch in the London Strand.

In 1822 Mr. Planché was introduced to Mr. Charles Kemble, who had just succeeded to the management of Covent Garden, to which theatre he attached himself for six seasons. Here he produced his first opera, *Maid Marian*, to which Bishop composed the music, and which affords him the opportunity of making a remark on the relations between the novelist and the stage. The opera was based on a novel by Mr. Peacock, the property of a bookseller of Bond Street, who threatened to prevent its performance as an infringement of copyright. Thus was raised a vexed question concerning which opinions vary even at the present day. Mr. Planché considers that a drama based on a novel is an advertisement of the latter, for which the novelist or his publisher ought to be rather grateful than otherwise. To show that he is not singular, he cites the instance of Sir Walter Scott, who encouraged the dramatic adaptation of his own works, and records the fact that after the success of *Maid Marian* he had piles of novels sent to him both by authors and publishers for that very purpose. The free-trade argument is thus formulated. The author is especially on the safe side; for if the adaptation is good, and the piece successful, he has the chief glory and a brisk sale for his book; whereas, if it fails, the dramatist is the sufferer in purse as well as in reputation. On the other side are urged the cases of the novelist who wishes to dramatize his own novels and of him who does not wish to see them dramatized.

\* *The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché* ("Samuel Butler"): a Professional Autobiography. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.



at all. These cases, Mr. Planché contends, are so very exceptional that they prove the rule; but he considers that the permission of the novelist should be "courteously entreated" before his work is touched.

That reformation of theatrical costume which honourably distinguishes modern managements clearly originated with Mr. Planché, who, through all his theatrical vicissitudes, has been true to the core as an archaeologist. John Kemble had abolished the half-dig of Brutus and the gold-laced suit of Macbeth, which his predecessors had tolerated; but his improvements were based upon no defined principle, and so long as a costume was not after the fashion of the actual age, he did not think it mattered much to what particular reign or country it belonged. Thus the whole series of acted Shakspearian plays the scene of which is laid in England, *King Lear* and *Henry VIII.* both included, were dressed in habits of the Elizabethan era. Mr. Planché, though at this time rather a sentimental than an erudite archaeologist, felt that there was something wrong in such arrangements, and fortunately made the acquaintance of Dr. (afterwards Sir Samuel) Meyrick, who had just published his *Armour*. Here began the real antiquarian education of Mr. Planché, and let us add of Covent Garden Theatre, where, in 1823, *King John* was revived under the gratuitous superintendence of the enthusiastic young reformer with immense success. Of the allegation that this reform in the article of costume has caused a subjugation of the drama to its accessories, Mr. Planché is well aware, and he grasps the difficulty with a firm hand. If it is understood that in a dramatic performance, as in a dramatic reading, the costume of a period is not to be shown, then by all means let the performers wear modern evening dresses; on the other hand, if there is to be some show of costume, let the representation be correct. To Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's opinion, that the era to which a piece belongs may be sufficiently indicated by certain conventional types of costume, though this is also the opinion of Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Planché is decidedly opposed, shrewdly asking what conventional costume should be selected for the leading personages in *King John*. To us it appears that Mr. Planché is in the right. The question between correctness and incorrectness of costume is by no means to be identified with the question between sufficient and excessive decoration. If all the characters in *King John* were clad in Chinese dresses, a pageant of crushing splendour might be the result; and glaring inaccuracy would thus perpetuate the evil of which excessive accuracy is, according to some, the supposed root.

It must, however, be borne in mind that Mr. Planché, now a herald by profession, was always one at heart; and when he reminds us that on the Lord Mayor's Day of 1824 his adaptation of old Rowley's comedy, *A Woman Never Vexed*, was produced at Covent Garden with the Lord Mayor's Show as an appropriate pageant, we suspect that the boundary between sufficient and excessive decoration was passed, and that the future Rouge Croix got the better of the dramatist, though doubtless City magnificence as it existed in the time of Henry VI. was copied to a nicety. One circumstance connected with the production of this play is very curious. Though in five acts it was performed without a prologue, and this was considered such a daring innovation that the terrified stage-manager predicted a demolition of the benches. Even by the middle-aged playgoer that conventional address to the audience which, totally distinct from the explanatory prologues of Euripides and Plautus, and closely corresponding to the preliminary speech of Terence, was expected by our fathers as a matter of course, is now an institution so totally forgotten that the very word "prologue" has changed its signification, and denotes a first act from which the second is separated by a considerable lapse of time. A pageant representing the Coronation of Charles X. on the 29th of May, 1825, must have been a job after Mr. Planché's own heart, for he went professionally to Rheims to make the drawings of the dresses and decorations, and witnessed all the ill-omened splendours of the occasion. The imitative Coronation took place at Covent Garden in the following July.

By writing the libretto for *Oberon*, the subject of which had been chosen by C. M. von Weber himself, and which was produced at Covent Garden in 1826, Mr. Planché took a position as a writer of English opera which circumstances prevented him from turning to due account. One of the most painful chapters in his book is that which contains the correspondence between him and Mendelssohn-Bartoldy. The great composer wanted to compose an opera for the English stage, and was pleased with Mr. Planché's undertaking to write the libretto, pleased also with the chosen subject, the "Siege of Calais." But when the book was in progress all sorts of objections were made, which friends will attribute to excessive refinement, and foes to unaccountable caprice, unless indeed the latter accept Mr. Planché's explanation that the musician, who stood pre-eminent in all the departments of his art except the dramatic, feared to enter into competition with operatic favourites. We shall not express an opinion on a controversy which perhaps will be hotly discussed on both sides; but we cannot help owning that the correspondence between the composer and the librettist strongly reminds us of the conduct of Julia towards the sempstress, described by Fathom in Sheridan Knowles's *Remouillage*. The letters begin with 1838, and continue far into 1839, belonging to a period when, under the management of Mr. Bunn, the music of opera was constantly wedded to the most trashy verse that ever disgraced the stage of a civilized country. The written records of English opera, if Mr.

Planché had improved his position as a typical dramatist, would have been far different from those which we now possess.

In December 1829 Mr. Planché was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and in the following February the Garrick Club was opened with a dinner, at which the Duke of Sussex presided, while the general company included the majority of the principal dramatists and actors then living. A most important event in the life of our dramatist was the opening of the Olympic Theatre in January 1831, by Madame Vestris. Here, with the burlesque *Olympic Break*, in the composition of which Mr. Planché was assisted by the late Mr. Charles Dance, commenced that series of pieces with which, in the history of the drama, his name will be chiefly associated. It was by writing a burlesque of the *Bombastes* school—that is to say, a bewigged mock tragedy—that he commenced his career; it was by following in the path indicated by *Midas*, and dramatising the myth of Pandora, that he became the originator of modern extravaganzas. Every Christmas was signalized by a mythological burlesque from the same hands, until Greece was changed for Fairyland, and Mr. Planché, rummaging out an adaptation of a French piece based on Perrault's well-known tale, and entitled *Riquet à la Houppe*, brought it out in 1836 at the Olympic. When Madame Vestris, having quitted Wynd Street, became the manager of Covent Garden, she found pantomime indispensable, and Mr. Planché's fairy pieces, which he now wrote alone, were produced not at Easter, but at Christmas. The list of them continues through a subsequent engagement of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews at the Haymarket, and their management of the Lyceum, which commenced in 1847, and terminates at the Olympic, under the management of Mr. Wigan, which began in 1853. Perrault exhausted, the plots were chiefly taken from the stories of the Countess d'Aulnoy; and it is worthy of note that the gradually developed picture which is now known everywhere as a "transformation scene" was first exhibited at the Lyceum in 1849, not in a pantomime, but in Mr. Planché's Christmas piece, the *Island of Jewels*, the painter being Mr. William Everley. The technical word, "transformation scene" we should observe, was first applied to this description of picture when it was transferred from burlesque to pantomime, and refers not to the changes which it comprises, but to the circumstance that it is shown at that point of the pantomime when the characters of the introduction are supposed to be transformed into those of the harlequinade.

A few years ago burlesque became so serious a nuisance that we may seem to pay Mr. Planché a doubtful compliment by tracing it to him as its origin. But here is a case in which the father is by no means to be visited with the sins of his children. Mr. Planché wrote fanciful pieces, interspersed with music, for the employment of real artists—Madame Vestris, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. J. Bland, Miss Priscilla Horton, Mr. F. Robson—and is wholly irresponsible for the grotesque dances, the slang, and the exhibition of talentless beauty, which have wrought such mischief to the stage. If we may judge him by his works, his mind naturally takes two directions—one that of mediæval archaeology, and the other that of the courtly fairyland depicted by Madame d'Aulnoy, whose tales he has carefully edited. His profundity in folklore, in that species of learning which dates from the labours of the Brothers Grimm, we should be disposed to doubt; but that particular aspect which belongs to fairies, when they appear not as objects of popular belief, but as good subjects for fanciful tales such as graceful ladies may write, has for him a peculiar fascination. His comedies and farces are mostly adaptations, but his *farces fantastiques*, with the exception of the first, are completely his own, and there is more poetry than fun in his treatment of a chosen material. He has even tried to extend the domain of the fanciful drama beyond its ordinary limits; he has tried to introduce the French *revue*, the speaking harlequin, familiar to Paris in the days of Louis XIV., and the comedy of Aristophanes; and though in these innovations he has not been very successful, they serve to illustrate a marked idiosyncrasy. The vulgar and the sensual are abhorrent to his nature, but to the free play of fancy he would set no bounds.

The account of Mr. Planché's visits to foreign Courts in his heraldic capacity is perhaps the least interesting portion of his work. It is necessarily too brief to afford much instruction, and is about as amusing as a Court Circular. For his merits as an archaeologist, save when connected with the theatre, we must refer to his other publications, but we would not let the fact be ignored that the conversion of the Tower of London from a storehouse of palpable lies into a respectable Museum is the result of his industry and zeal. To the portions of his book which will chiefly interest the general reader we have scarcely adverted at all, simply because we know not how to deal with them. So many and so good are the anecdotes he relates, that two or three could not be taken from the rest by any process more critical than the toss of a halfpenny. We will only state that he is perfectly familiar with stories already in print, and scrupulously avoids beaten ground. That nothing may be wanting to the attraction of his volumes, they are adorned with several facsimiles of quaint sketches by Thackeray, Alfred Crowquill, and Maclean. Nay, one thing is wanting. While engaged on the work of pictorial illustration, Mr. Planché might have given us the portrait of himself.

## MY GARDEN.\*

IN one sense this may be called a great book, in another a small one. It is great in that its author has endeavoured, so to speak, to catch Nature, animate and inanimate, in a trap of some seven acres and a half, and to chronicle all its everyday features and operations with a sort of Boswellian fidelity; it is small, in that these seven and a half acres are the little corner of Beddington Park and of Wallington Hamlet in Surrey, whereof Mr. Smee is the possessor, and to which he is wont to repair from the closer atmosphere of the City; so that, perhaps not unnaturally, his account of "my garden" is one of the most egotistically written productions we ever remember to have set eyes upon. A facile and fluent pen, which seldom stings its course for doubtful syntax or to verify quotations, enables him to go off at score when he is describing such features of his variously-disposed nutshell as the fern-glan (p. 40), which reads for all the world like a paragraph of one of George Robins's advertisements; the pear-tree walk which consists of two hundred kinds of pears; the Alpinery, a feature more successful in its idea than in its name; or the croquet-ground, which is an oblong with rounded corners, "selected" as most croquet-grounds would be were it feasible, "for the partial shade which noble elms afforded from the sun in the afternoon, a time at which this game is usually played," and which hardly needs for its clearer conception the engraving which shows how in "my garden" we stick our hoops—much as other people do. The author views his little paradise through his own magnifying-glass, and dignifies all his hobbies by the most high-sounding names, as may be seen by the ascription of the epithet "crystal" to a very mild waterfall at the boundary of his garden, which flows to Mr. Smee's eye "like a sheet of glass" under a singularly prosaic and cookney bridge. In truth the records of "my garden," while meritoriously minute, are strangely out of proportion to their commonplace character. A royal octavo volume of above six hundred pages is devoted to the history of what Mr. Smee's "angulus iste" has been, we had almost said, since the Flood, and of what his own hands and taste and ingenuity have made it.

It would be unbecomingly to deny that amidst the vast quantity of "small beer" chronicled in these six hundred pages there are a few shrewd suggestions, and here and there a bit of practical experience. The danger is that these will escape notice in so bulky a volume; but it is some consolation that, on whatever branch of horticulture one may wish to dwell, there is some little book that tells all that is needed much better and more pleasantly. Roses, for example, may be studied far more satisfactorily in Mr. Hole's "Little Book"; trees and shrubs in Grigor on Arboriculture; "fungi" in Badham or Berkeley; and Alpine plants in Mr. William Robinson's work on the subject. And the total of information which the keenest inquirer could extract from the mass of matter congested into Mr. Smee's book would, we are certain, be found infinitesimally small, as regards value and novelty, in comparison with that contained in the just published half-yearly volume of the new gardening paper, the *Garden*, published by Mr. Robinson. What we do gather from Mr. Smee's account of his garden, with its valuable accessories of good printing and wonderfully good illustrations, is sorely marred by a pretentiousness which divers literary blemishes show to be hollow, and by rash experiments on the patience of the ordinary reader. His style savours strongly of grandiloquence, qualified by an affectation which calls vegetables "vegetals," and by occasional slipshod—e.g., where he says "his garden is an experimental garden, designed to obtain information." No doubt it is very fine to controvert the theory of the parent plant becoming worn out, as in the case of Ribston and Golden Pippins, by the instance of the Jargonelle, which Mr. Smee tells us has "been propagated from the time of the Romans in the past, and so may be continued till that indefinite period when the New Zealander of the future may be supposed to swallow up the English, as the Americans now do the Indians." Yet it were to be wished that one who would have himself thought an authority upon the horticultural literature of the Romans had taken the trouble to impress his readers a little more with the accuracy of his research as to the mention of fruits, flowers, and herbs by the most familiar Augustan poets, and with the soundness of his acquaintance with the Latin language. Mr. Smee contents himself with citing Horace's opinion of the digestibility of lettuce as from "Satira IV.," and his mention of "chicorea levesque malva" as from Ode 31. Would he be surprised to learn that Horace wrote more than one book of Satires, and several books of Odes? In p. 131 he betrays a graver ignorance of the classics in quoting, as from Virgil, this passage about "apium," or parsley, which he prints so as to convince us that he takes it for an hexameter—

Apium igitur inter herbas coronarias memorandum est.

And in p. 413 he cites, as from the works of Virgil, the lyric line, "Dispicit nectis phyllis coronas," which a fourth-form boy might have told him came from Horace. But this is not so damaging a proof of want of scholarship as the use in p. 356 of a hybrid compound which will dismay the merest tire in the Latin and Greek languages. When Mr. Smee takes upon him to discuss the edibility of fungi he might legitimately call *Agaricus-cyren* "mycorrhiza," but he has hit upon a more recondite and uncommon

substitute. Having read of "anthropophagus," and knowing that "fungi" is the genitive singular of *fungus*, he has moulded a compound, as he thinks, out of the Latin and the Greek upon a misconceived analogy, and literally printed the word "surgi-pophagista."

We cannot find much in the details which the author of *My Garden* sets down from his experience to compensate for literary blundering and bad taste. We look, for instance, at the chapter on "Grafting," and fail to find any new light upon the subject, or anything to show that he has studied the handy French treatise of M. Baltet, or the papers upon the same subject in the *Garden*. In the chapter on "Principles of Gardening" there is a great deal of philosophizing at second-hand, with just one or two such matters of fact as that at Florence "rotten wood" takes the place of peat for rhododendrons and azaleas; that "the best mode of supplying needful food to plants is to use the excreta of animals"; and that "yet many so water asparagus or cabbage-beds with a solution of putrid animal matter that these vegetables may become offensive." Perhaps the clearest case of incapacity to discern what is worth chronicling, and what not, is to be found in the chapter on "Gardening Tools." The tools used in *My Garden*, and engraved, no doubt, at some expense in its pages, are one and all familiar to the merest novice in gardening. The spud, the drainer's spade, and the pickaxe, figured in p. 57, are implements seen every day in all parts of the country. Does Mr. Smee really think that in any garden—letting alone "my garden"—a wheelbarrow and a handbarrow can be dispensed with? Or need he have enriched his pages with an engraving of Green's "Mowing-machine," seeing that it figures in each of the hundred and one circulars which fill the post-bags of all possible buyers and readers of Mr. Smee's work? Under the head of Glass-houses and Structures, bathos is reached in a description and drawing of the common square iron-framed hand-glass (fig. 90); and for our own part we fail to see anything new, except the name, in the cheap glass structure, lowered, drained, and water-level permitting, four and a half feet into the ground, which he calls "the Poor Men's House." At a time when owners of walled gardens have been reduced to despair by their oft-mocked hopes of wall-fruit, we are loth to accept in full Mr. Smee's discouraging experience as to Orchard Houses, although his calculations of the relative value and labour of wall and orchard-house fruit-growing are entitled to the credit of seasonableness, as is his suggestion that paraffin oil-lamps are likely to be found a useful anti-frost agent in glass houses. It is disappointing too, or would be were the weight of authority on his side, to find the author of *My Garden* depreciating the "cordon" "as an idle vanity unworthy of scientific horticulture," "as a fanciful conceit rather than a practically useful contrivance"; but we may console ourselves by learning that this is the testimony of one who admits that "he has seen trees so trained covered with fine fruit in France"; and of one, too, so "dispar sibi" that in the same page in which he sneers at the cordon he justifies forcing the "early Juneating apple in a pot, to be shown at the end of May," on the ground that "though a vanity, many vanities which pass for pleasures are more stupid." It is characteristic of the author that his own plans are never quite "vanities," at least in his own judgment. Else we might have thought he would have foregone the pleasure of recording his plan for protecting the pear-crops in spring—a grand conception, no doubt, had it been suffered to come to the birth:—

I once [he writes] thought of trying an experiment by covering my pyramids with cushions. For this purpose I went to a large manufacturer, but could not agree upon a reasonable price. On a sudden the vendor said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but what possibly can be your object in wanting to buy so many cushions?" "To cover my fruit trees," was the reply. Whereupon the dexterity of the manufacturer was great, as he declared that their use for such an object would cast a lasting ridicule upon the article and injure its sale.

It is not wonderful that a writer who holds this stillborn project worth recording should equally enjoy telling us that the "solanum anthropophagorum," one of the capsicum tribe, is used by the savages as a relish and digestive condiment for human flesh, which is cruder when plain roast or boiled; that he plants a little "absinthe" in his garden, in order to point out to his friends in England the danger of introducing into this country a drug so extensively pernicious in France; and that "rhubarb is very much used in London for champagne at balls. It is, however, not wholesome, and frequently disagrees with the stomach." "Persons," he adds, "should always be on their guard against rhubarb." We should think so, especially at supper-parties. This sort of garrulosity pervades the whole book. In a section on the worms of "my garden" Mr. Smee thinks it worth while to tell us "that at night after a fall of rain, the lob-worm or moth-worm comes to the surface, but leaves the end of its tail in its hole, and on the slightest noise rapidly withdraws." In another very short one about "Locusts," it is recorded that "we have locusts in our lakes. I have not determined the species, but one kind is possibly the 'horrida pinaria.'" As to salmon-fry, which have so little connexion with "my garden" or its worms, that he had to go to Scotland to see them on their pilgrimages from the sea to the sea, Mr. Smee takes the form of writing that upon the local magistracy. He is informed, "as undoubtedly certainly that the Herfordshire magistrates like them for trout-ponds, and therefore cannot judge accurately between salmon-fry and the fry of other fish." In fact, there is so much nonsense and self-indulgent book-making about the work that the good ideas in it are almost

\* *My Garden: its Plan and Culture, together with a General Description of its Botanical, Botany, and Natural History.* By Alfred Smee, F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. Illustrated with 230 Engravings. London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.

and another. One such is that of cultivating pyramids instead of standard rose-trees (p. 273); another that of rearing swans to devour the all-consuming water-weed *Anacharis*—a useful notion, borrowed from Erasmus Owen (p. 342). Another is, that lady-birds should be encouraged as allies in the destruction of the enormously prolific pest of "aphides" (p. 429); and another, that a piece of sulphur as big as a bean burnt once a week in the fruit-room is the best preservative against the oidium, or fungus, so destructive of kept fruit (p. 367). The drawback to this last is the smell of sulphur which clings to the fruit thus guarded. We have also one or two bits of curious natural history, such as that of the caddis-worm's cleverness in house-building (pp. 480-1), and the like. But the foolish egotism of the work sorely detracts from its merits, even as a compilation; and to originality it has not the ghost of a pretence. Superficial readers may dip into it, and fancy they see another Gilbert White, though minus his discrimination and tact. Ladies and children may not object to it for its pretty pictures, though amongst these are too many mill-wheels and mill-dams, and though the figures of apples and pears drawn to one-third of their diameter and uncoloured are of no manner of use. Practical people will seek, and find, everything they are likely to want in treatises of less pretension and more solid value.

#### THOMAS ON THE DEATH-WARRANT OF CHARLES I.

IN an interesting pamphlet, reprinted for private circulation, with corrections, from *Notes and Queries*, Mr. Thomas has examined the official narrative of the trial of Charles I. by the light of the original warrant, which, though familiar by facsimile since 1750, appears to have escaped the scrutiny of our best historians. As to this document being the one under which the King suffered no doubt can exist. "It came from the possession of Colonel Hacker, one of the three officers to whom it was addressed, when he was arrested in 1660, and by whom it was produced before the House of Lords, where it has ever since remained." We have heard of the custodian of a valuable collection of coins in Dublin remarking in answer to an inquiring visitor, "Faith, they're all in a bag"; but the Assistant Librarian of the House of Lords has already shown his sense of the value which documents, like other relics, derive from inspection. Readers of Macaulay will remember his recognition of Mr. Thoms's services in connexion with the original MS. of the Comprehension Bill, the progressive modifications of which were deciphered under the cancellations; nor have we forgotten the share he took in unearthing for the Ritual Commission the supposed lost MS. Prayer Book. Mr. Thoms's natural indisposition to believe anything except on good evidence, doubly sharpened by contact with pretended centenarians and *not-doubted* Princesses, is free from that proneness to overstate one's case which the habitual exercise of doubt begets in the minds of most literary sceptics.

The authorized report of the King's trial, entitled the *True Copy of the Journal of the High Court of Justice for the Trial of King Charles I.*, was compiled by Phelps, the Clerk to the Commissioners, who had just before his appointment succeeded Elving as Clerk to the House of Commons. Phelps's minutes of their proceedings, which Nelson published in 1683, and which are reprinted in the *State Trials*, were produced before the House of Commons by an order of the 9th February, 1649, on the same day that "An Act for restraining and preventing the printing and publishing of the passages and proceedings of the High Court of Justice" was introduced. They commence on the 8th of January, 1649, with the first meeting of the Commissioners appointed under the second Ordinance for the trial of the King, and extend to their last meeting on the 30th, the morning of the execution. The history of the first Ordinance, which originated in a Resolution of the House of Commons of the 26th of December, and was rejected on January 3rd by the Lords, without a division, in a House of only twelve peers, does not require notice. The Commons, upon learning its rejection, determined, with closed doors, to dispense with the assistance of the other Chamber. Mr. Thoms's account of what followed, which is obviously taken from the introduction to the report in the *State Trials*, differs materially from the Commons Journals:—"On January 4. Master Garland presented to the House of Commons a new Ordinance for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of the King (the Lords having rejected the former one), which Ordinance was read a first, second, and third time, assented to and passed the same day; and it was ordered that no copy be delivered" (p. 4). The facts are briefly these:—The "new" Ordinance—probably the first one revived, for Rushworth describes it as an "expedient in substance like the former"—was prepared on the 3rd by a Committee who reported it during the same sitting to the House; it was then read a first and second time and referred to another Committee of twenty-four, to meet that afternoon in the Speaker's Chamber. On the 4th their report was received, and the Ordinance ordered to be engrossed, but the Clerk was forbidden to deliver any copies. The order for its engrossment appears to have been repeated the next day. On the 5th it was read a third time and passed. Two days later, on another entry missing, it was again read a third time; and, as if some lingering doubt still remained as to its validity, a special

resolution was passed "that it be enacted for law." The number of Commissioners, fixed in the first Ordinance at 150, was now reduced to 115, and a comparison of the two lists might yield some interesting results. The same number of twenty was retained. Not half of the whole number ever attended at one sitting; but without speculating on the probable consequences had the remainder not confined their opposition to staying away, it is enough to note that the dissent of Downes alone, though finally overcome since his name appears on the warrant, sufficed to cause an adjournment of the Court on the 27th. Out of the fifty-three Commissioners who met for the first time on January 8, only thirty-seven are found to have signed the warrant fixing the 10th for the first meeting of the High Court. The trial actually began on the 20th in Westminster Hall before sixty-seven Commissioners, fifty-seven of whom had met earlier in the day in the Painted Chamber. Seventy were present on the 22nd, when the King repeated his refusal to plead, and seventy-one on the next day in Westminster Hall; Mr. Thoms's sixty-three is incorrect, that being the number present in the morning in the Painted Chamber when the King's default was recorded. After spending two days in privately examining witnesses "or abundant, for the further satisfaction of themselves," the Commissioners determined on Thursday, the 25th, to "proceed to sentence, and ordered a draught to be prepared, with a blank for the manner of the death." Sixty-two were present the next day when the draft sentence was agreed to and ordered to be engrossed; it was finally confirmed on the following morning in the presence of sixty-eight. Two of these, James Fennington and John Brown, do not appear to have proceeded with the rest to Westminster Hall, where sentence was pronounced; but the addition of Tho. Challoner made the total sixty-seven. After this, the Commissioners returned to the Painted Chamber, and appointed a Committee of five to make preparations for the execution. On Monday, the 29th, they met again to the number of forty-eight, and Phelps has thus recorded the proceedings on that morning:—

Upon Report made from the Committee for considering the Time and Place of the execution of the Judgment against the King, that the said Committee have resolved That the open street before Whitehall in a fit place, and that the said Committee conceive it fit that the King be there executed the morrow, the King having already notice thereof. The Court approved thereof, and ordered a Warrant to be drawn up for that purpose. Which said Warrant was accordingly drawn and agreed unto, and ordered to be engrossed; which was done, and signed and sealed accordingly.

The accuracy of this official minute Mr. Thoms impugns. A copy of the warrant follows, which we must reproduce, with italics to mark the blanks and erasures in the original:—

At the high Court of Justice for the trying and judgments of Charles Stuart King of England January XXIX<sup>th</sup> Anno Dñi 1649.

Whereas Charles Stuart King of England is and standeth convicted attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes And

sentence upon Saturday last a pronounced against him by this Court to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body Of w<sup>ch</sup> sentence execution yet remaineth to be done These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed In the open Streets before Whitehall upon the morrow being the Thirtieth day of this instant Month of January between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon of the said day w<sup>th</sup> full effect And for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant And these are to require All Officers and Souldiers and other the good people of this Nation to be assistings unto You in this service Given under our Hands and Seales

To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks and Lieutenant Colonel Phayre and to every of them.

Arranged in seven columns below follow the names of fifty-nine Commissioners, with seals attached; and, as we are in the region of doubt, we might suggest an examination of the seals, to ascertain whether they correspond with the signatures. The genuineness of the latter is not disputed, and the firm handwriting of Richd. Ingoldsbay, which Mr. Thoms has tested by other autographs of his in the Public Record Office, simply disproves Clarendon's story of Cromwell's having forcibly guided his pen.

The result of Mr. Thoms's investigations into the original warrant is to lead him to believe that it was not wholly signed on the 29th as the official statement records. "On the day of sentence," he says, "whatever that day was—and I am inclined to believe it was intended to sentence the King on the 26th and execute him on the 27th—opinions were probably divided, and the execution consequently postponed, until a larger number of signatures to the warrant for it had been obtained." The negative part of his criticism is unquestionably very strong. The existence of erasures on a document of such importance is sufficiently startling. The very date, the sixteenth, is superscribed, as are also the names of the three officers to whom the warrant is addressed, and "in a different hand." The words "to every," which are wrongly printed in italics, are in reality part of the original; but this circumstance is unimportant beyond showing that the warrant was addressed, before these erasures were made, to more than two. Again, while the official record gives a list of only forty-eight Commissioners at the meeting when the warrant purports to have been signed, the latter contains no less than fifty-nine signatures. This difference is further increased by the absence of the signatures of Alder, Aubrey, Lisle, and Love, all of whom were present on the 29th, and the omission of the two last is the more remarkable, since they were both members of the Committee, with Ineson, Harrison, Marten, and Boyd, which prepared the draft sentence on the 25th. Of

\* The Death-Warrant of Charles I.: Another Historic Document. By William J. Thoms. Reprinted, with Corrections, from "Notes and Queries." 7 July 1872.

these fifteen signers, not recorded as present on the 29th, the names of Danvers and Mauleverer occur seventh and tenth: John Moore, the next absentee on that day whose name appears, does not sign till forty-third. Had the forty-four signatures, out of the forty-eight Commissioners who are recorded as present on the 29th, been written consecutively, it might be conjectured that the remaining fifteen found on the warrant were picked up after the meeting that morning in the Painted Chamber, when, as Wayte stated in his evidence, "they were labouring to get hands for the King's execution at the door of the House"; but the interposition of Danvers and Mauleverer so early in the list discredits at once this theory and the official statement which supports it. Ingoldesby, whose name appears thirty-fourth on the list, was never present before the 29th; and unless therefore a blank had been left for his signature, it is clear that from his name to the end was clean parchment on that morning. Heveningham, who gave evidence that he protested "at the time of sealing," was not present on the 29th, when the warrant is stated to have been "signed and sealed"; but he attended the meeting on the 26th, when the sentence was agreed to; and from this Mr. Thoms not unreasonably infers that the work of signing and sealing, however partial, had commenced on that day—the utmost, as we understand, that he desires to establish. It is no disparagement of Mr. Thoms's inference to confess that it is less conclusive than his contradiction. The absence of A. on a given Monday, when a document bearing his name is officially stated to have been signed, operates of necessity more strongly to disprove that statement than the bare fact, however plain, of his attendance four days before to prove his having signed on the Friday. There is other evidence, however, to support this inference. Mr. Thoms has omitted to notice that, of the sixty-two Commissioners present on the 26th, no fewer than fifty-two have left their names on the warrant. That all of them actually signed on that day, though probably their assent was then obtained, is obviously not the case; since Sir J. Bouchier, one of the seven not then present but whose names appear on the warrant, signed as early as eighth in the list—a circumstance which goes to show that not more than seven signatures could have been attached that day, if, as we assume, the columns were filled in vertical order. The confession of Garland at his trial—the story of whose spitting in the King's face rests, by the way, on the evidence of only one witness, and, if credited at the time, would probably have ensured his execution—that he signed the warrant on the "day of sentence," would seem to refer to the 27th, the day when sentence was pronounced, rather than the 26th, when it was agreed on; but whatever the "day of sentence" was, it was certainly not the 29th.

The blank left for the day of execution, which Mr. Thoms conjectures was intended, from its size, to have been supplied by the word "twenty-seventh" instead of "thirtieth," shows that the engrosser, when he wrote the warrant, did not know what day "the morrow" would represent. The Committee appointed to arrange the time and place of the execution did not meet until after sentence was pronounced on the 27th. According to the official statement they recommended "the morrow" for the execution, and the warrant contains the same expression. But were those the *ipsissima verba* of their Report? If so, we must understand them to apply to the Monday—Sunday being considered a *die non*—unless it is assumed that the Sunday was intended, or that the phrase was suited to the 29th when the Report was adopted. If the process of signing, as Mr. Thoms supposes, had commenced on the 26th, the warrant must have been engrossed for signature before the Committee, according to Phelps, recommended the very expression it contains. Assuming Phelps's statement to be literally taken from the Report, did that Report take the words "the morrow" from the warrant, previously written, or did the warrant, as it should do, embody the actual terms of the Report? On the whole, it seems pretty clear that the warrant, at whatever time it first received signatures, was never wholly signed on one and the same day. We are inclined to think that the process of autograph-hunting began almost from the first. Tradition points to the Chantry Chapel in St. Stephen's Cloister and Chalonier's house in Clerkenwell as places where it was signed. Chalonier, at any rate, was not present on the 29th, though his name appears on the warrant. Mr. Thoms does not suggest that the Commissioners employed their pens on this document while keeping their fast on the 28th in the Chapel at Whitehall. But Whitlocks, in his *Journal* of January 26th, makes one statement, which we look to *Notes and Queries* to explain. "I met," he says, "with Mr. Prideaux and others at Mr. Lisle's house, about the Ordinance for settling the Court of Justice, and then it was drawn." Among the many reflections, however, which this "historic doubt" suggests, not the least curious is this, that an original document of such importance should have remained unnoticed, in spite of its accessibility, for more than two hundred years after the event for which it formed the sole authority occurred.

#### THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

DR. MACDONALD was never a strong writer, even in the beginning of his work and when his powers were freshest; but we did not expect to see him sink into such feeble glibness as his last two books have displayed. *Wyffrid Cumbermède* was gentle enough, but the *Vicar's Daughter* is a step below.

*The Vicar's Daughter. An Autobiographical Story. By George MacDonald, F.R.S. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.*

The one dealt at any rate with the outward semblance of a man, but when we come to the autobiography of a self-conscious, gushing young woman made up of sentimentality and platitudes, we go down into depths of bathos where every trace of manly feeling and common sense is lost, and where the only marvel is how even Dr. MacDonald, the high priest of literary effeminacy as he is, could have so entirely abandoned all masculine instinct and healthy perception of life. We grant him good intention in the work, and the desire to benefit the world by his preaching—*the novels* are essentially sermons in disguise; we grant him purity and delicacy; but when we have said this, we have said all we can in his praise. As an artist he is almost below criticism, having indeed laid aside every characteristic of the artist that he may indulge himself with less restraint in the slipshod which he prefers to careful creation. There is something also to our mind repulsive in the idea of a man writing as a woman; unless he takes up such a healthful breezy subject as *Kate Country* or the like. But the case is different when a man travesties himself as a weak-backed, hysterical young woman; a young woman who lets you know when she is going to have a baby, and when she has her baby, and what she feels when she has it—for, thanks to chloroform, Dr. MacDonald can be both imaginative and circumstantial in his description of his vicarious confinement, without fear of matronly ridicule; a young woman who gushes about her father, and the publisher "Mr. S.," and her husband "the great big huge brown bear," and who prattles to the public about her first dinner-party, when her cook, who somewhat paradoxically "has a genius for cooking," boils the sirloin and roasts the fowls; a young woman whose piety so interpenetrates her soul and body, that she says she seems to know God better for ever after, because her father, seeing her exhausted with the heat when in "an interesting condition," sets open a gate in the garden to give her more air. When a man condescends to trash of this kind it is time for him to lay aside his pen and find another occupation which may brace him up into something like normal masculinity again.

Before we go into a discussion of the story we would enter our protest once more against Dr. MacDonald's obtrusive piety. For as much reverence as we have for true religion, for the religion which makes men and women faithful, strong, and earnest, so much dislike do we feel for the pitiful maudlinisms which Dr. MacDonald offers to the world as piety. One of his two main theorems is the translation into eternal life of the soul of every bird and fish and animal that exists, as he propounded it in *Wyffrid Cumbermède*; or, as he puts it here, "When the cat kills the bird—as I have seen happen so often in our poor little London garden—God yet saves his bird from his cat." The second is his belief in the continual interposition of God in human affairs, so that everything comes about by the direct action, the arbitrary will, and distinct design of the Almighty, with the optimistic corollary that everything works for our good—our temporal good, as we understand it. To him there is no spiritual mystery over which to ponder in mute perplexity. God's laws, God's ways, His will, and His works are as the four corners of a map whereon Dr. MacDonald can trace to a line the solution of the most tremendous problems which bewilder man. He knows things that are hidden from the rest of the world and not set forth in the Bible, as, for instance, this same individual immortality of the birds and beasts. By the by, he does not say how far down he goes in the scale, and whether he includes sponges and corals and sea-anemones in his world to come, whether he gives the benefit of a doubt to the sensitive plant and the various fly-catchers of the vegetable kingdom. Such philosophy as his is always conveniently vague. A flourish of misty phrases does duty for a creed that would vanish into nothingness if stated with scientific exactness or argued logically. But then Dr. MacDonald would no doubt plead that he does not study scientific exactness or logic. He goes on the line of the heart, of feeling, of moral conviction; he abjures objective truth altogether, or scorns it as materialism; and certainly it is not half so sweet and pretty as the belief that when a cat eats a bird, God Almighty as the Father of the Universe looks on and snatches up the soul of the bird to eternal glory in heaven, the cat being bound to follow after when her time comes at the hands of cruel dogs or the makers of mutton-pies. If Dr. MacDonald finds comfort in such a phantasy of the mind, and in his belief in perpetual Divine manipulation of human affairs, no man need wish to disturb him; but a little more reticence, in dealing with these grave subjects, a little less gushing familiarity with the name of Deity, would, as it seems to us, both express more real reverence and prove less distressing to his readers.

The story of the *Vicar's Daughter* is very slight. It can scarcely be said to have a plot at all, being rather the weak prettiness of the sentimental young lady of whom we had a glimpse in the *Seaboard Parish*, Ethelwyn Walton, than a real story with a good central idea as its backbone. The introductory chapter is perhaps the richest in Dr. MacDonald's petshop of tales. The opening sentence strikes the keynote:—"I think that is the way my father would begin"; a phrase both faulty in grammar and full of the author's odd stumbling clumsiness which pervades the book. Then comes a paragraph on Mr. S., of whom, as Mrs. Fennel's husband is supposed to say, "the Vicar's Daughter is not like any other person." We never meet with better, for he is to find of great worth, but is never grateful at the abundance without cause, and at least he never says anything, although it makes a good deal of the types again after they are once set up. The next book published in the magazine was a novel, and it was in justice to him, a necessary consequence of his piety.



the why the *Mamma T.* should be left out, or even the printer's error, *Mamma T.*, and for ourselves, being inclined to give every one his due, we would make a point of finding out the name of the poor little hard-worked devil, and give him too a niche in the Temple of Fame. Encouraged then by Mr. S., by her father, and by the "great big, huge brown bear," her husband, but confessing that she was "much afraid of writing nonsense"—what a pity it is that she is not always a deterring influence!—Ethelwyn Walton Percivale undertakes her task. After she has got out of the little entanglement of shyness and persuasion which makes up the first chapter, and after Mr. Blackstone has "burst into one of his splendid roars of laughter—for if ever a man could laugh like a Christian who believed the world was in a fair way after all, this was Mr. Blackstone"—Mrs. Percivale begins her narrative. We give the following extract to show the pretence of simplicity which Dr. MacDonald has adopted as his distinctive; the girlish references to her father, the meek wife's submission to her husband, and the insinuating colloquialisms, all being as essential to Dr. MacDonald's "later manner" as a love quarrel is to Mr. Thelpe, or as reiteration was to Mr. Dickens:—

I hope no one will think I try to write like my father, for that would be to go against what he always made a great point of—that nobody whatever should imitate any other person whatever, but in modesty and humility allow the seed that God had sown in her to grow. He said all imitation tended to breed and distort the plant, if it even allowed the seed to germinate at all; and if I do write like him, it will be because I cannot help it.

I will just tell how *The Seaboard Parish* ends, and perhaps that will put into my head how I ought to begin. I see my father does mention that I had then been Mrs. Percivale for many years. Not so very many though—five or six, if I remember rightly, and that is three or four years ago. Yes, I have been married nine years. I may as well say a word as to how it came about, and if Percivale doesn't like it, the remedy lies in his pen. I shall be far more thankful to have anything struck out on suspicion than remain on sufferance.

After our return home from Kilhaven, my father and mother had a good many talks about me and Percivale, and sometimes they took different sides. I will give a shadow of one of these conversations. I think ladies can write fully as natural talk as gentlemen can, though the bits between mayn't be so good.

After this we have an account of her marriage with the brown bear, when she cries as soon as she wakes on the wedding day, or, as she phrases it, "I confess the first thing I did when I knew myself the next morning was to have a good cry," and does not get up to dress, but lies and stares at the queer old crows on the chintz curtains, &c., &c. Then comes her "interesting condition," when she feels the heat, and is annoyed by a certain street cry; then the description of her confinement; and then the progress of her recovery, marked by stages, the first of which is that she begins to wash and dress her baby, and the second that she begins to order the dinners. Then ensue little tiffs and misunderstandings, as of old. For indeed, for such a pious and conscientious young person, Ethelwyn Walton Percivale is marvellously capacious and irritable. But as all her tempers end in her "having a good cry" as she nestles into her husband's arms, or flings herself at his feet with lavish peccavits, not much harm comes of them; and the amatory expectation, flavoured with fancy piety, is served out as generously as before.

The most wonderful person of the book is Miss Marion Clare, a charming and accomplished young lady who lives in a by-street off Tottenham Court Road among roughs and loose women whom she soothes into sobriety and domestic virtue, chiefly, as it would seem, by singing and playing to them, and by whom she is called "granma," and nothing else. We have been told ever since we were schoolboys writing round-hand that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast; but we somehow have not much faith in the most finely-modulated chords and syncopations as reformatory agents for London roughs. If a piano and a violin could settle the question, and act as stopgaps against our grim prisons, what a blessing it would be! We might educate a few grannies like Miss Clare, and settle them about the low and lawless districts at the cost of a few pounds, to the saving of many thousands. It would please classical scholars, too, to have their favourite myths vindicated as wholesome and practical teaching; and Orpheus, as a female City missionary, would be a charming embodiment of the old-world story. But we fear that the stern realities of poverty and ignorance and drunken vice are not to be touched by any such pinnacles as a story out of the Apocryphal Gospels, and discussion more or less profane thereon; or even by the presence of a granma like Miss Clare, with her pianoforte and her pleasant voice; nor do we think that our nineteenth-century apostle is to be found in Dr. George MacDonald, or in any of his impersonations.

The third volume, where the poor little vein, so thin from the beginning, has run quite into sand before the required amount of copy had been supplied, is too painful for earnest criticism. We would instance the chapter called "Child Nonsense" as about the most miserable exhibition known to us of a feeble intellect, strained beyond its measure. Never strong, Dr. MacDonald is here feeble; and the chapter reads more like the utterance of a child than anything else. The end, too, is unique in its way.

We are not sure to any about myself or my people. We live in hope of the day of trial.

When I was going to write—this was, but was attracted by the following conversation between two of my children—Ernest, eight, and Freddy, five.

Ernest. You're nobody; I'm nobody; we are all nobody, compared to mamma.  
Freddy (shrilly). Yes; I am somebody.  
Ernest. You're nothing; I'm nothing; we are all nothing in mamma's presence.  
Freddy. But Ernest, every thing is some thing; so I must be something.  
Ernest. Yes, Freddy, but you're no thing; so you're nothing. You're nothing to mamma.  
Freddy. But I'm mamma's.

After this, we are not afraid that the most sophisticated of readers will accuse us of being too severe on the author of *The Vicar's Daughter*.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## THE PONTEFRACT ELECTION.

THE interest of the Pontefract contest lay almost exclusively in its being the first experiment of the Ballot in a Parliamentary election. The struggle was between Mr. CHILDETS and Lord POLLINGTON, and Mr. CHILDETS was returned by a majority of eighty. In the election of 1868 Mr. CHILDETS was returned by a majority of only thirteen over the Conservative candidate, and this time his majority is much larger. But this is no very great cause of congratulation either for him or his party. Mr. CHILDETS is a known man, Lord POLLINGTON an utterly unknown one. Mr. CHILDETS was seeking re-election on resuming office after illness, and there are many voters in every constituency who do not much like opposing a member who vacates his seat in order to hold an official prize which he may be thought to have fairly won; and this feeling was certain to be heightened at Pontefract by the consideration that the real reason of Mr. CHILDETS's having to seek re-election was that his health had for a time broken down. Lord POLLINGTON, too, was a very weak candidate. It appeared that, in deference to his father's wishes, he some time ago resolved to avenge a slight put upon his father by the late Lord DENBY, and agreed never to appear as a supporter of Lord DENBY's Government. Having, however, a wish for some form of political activity, he offered first to join Mr. CHILDETS in opposing the Conservative candidate at Pontefract, and, on his proposal not being welcomed, asked Mr. CHILDETS for an introduction to the Liberal Whip, and solicited Mr. CHILDETS to get him something to do under a Liberal Government. Now he has come forward to oppose Mr. CHILDETS on the very scene where he had offered himself as an ally, and has announced himself as the champion of Conservatism. There is not much credit in beating such a candidate, but, as the result of the voting appeared at one time doubtful, Mr. CHILDETS naturally expressed himself very well pleased with the position he had won; and as he is undoubtedly a man of energy and ability, it is satisfactory, in spite of his chequered career at the Admiralty, that the Cabinet is not to be deprived of such aid as he can give it. If the election had been held under the old system, there would have been no more to say. Mr. CHILDETS would have been re-elected, but he would have been re-elected in a manner that would have made it doubtful whether at a general election he could hold his seat against a well-chosen Conservative candidate. The significance of the Pontefract election would have been shrouded in the general uncertainty and mystery which overhang the issues of the next general election. But the Pontefract election has been conducted, not under the old, but under the new, system; and the details connected with it are of considerable importance, showing how the Ballot is likely to work.

So far as one election can be taken as a test—and it obviously can only be so taken to a very limited degree—the general result may be said to be that the Ballot Act does produce the broader consequences expected to flow from it, but that practical difficulties worthy of serious attention were discovered in working its machinery. The one great merit of the measure was that it promised to put a stop to the noise and disorders of elections. This promise was entirely fulfilled at Pontefract. Nothing could have been duller than the nomination day, and nothing could have been duller than the election day. There was no turmoil, no drunkenness, no noisy and rowdy sets, no street mobs. Those dreadful scenes which appear on the eve of every election to foul the ears and minds of simple people with distinctions on the Contagious Diseases Act fitted through Pontefract, and did not disappear without some beating. The Ballot Act, it is clear, on trial to address the mob from the balcony of their houses, and of course the mob directed its attention to it.

pleased. But the election itself was in the highest degree orderly. The process of voting was about as safe and as wearisome as that of going to ask for left luggage at a cloak-room. In the next place, the voting was really secret. The voters did as they were bid, folded up their papers, and did not attempt to show them before folding them up to the agents or any one else. Pontefract was not perhaps a place where there was likely to be much intimidation, but it has in its day been notorious for bribery. That there was no bribery this time is more than any one can say positively; but the general impression appears to have been that not a farthing was spent in buying or corrupting voters, and in a little place like Pontefract, although details may not be known, there is generally a very correct suspicion when money is going about. It is quite true that this election took place suddenly, that there was no organization to meet it, and that party feeling does not appear to run very high in Pontefract, the borough seeming to cling to the natural, if illogical, persuasion that the best and pleasantest plan is to have one member from each of the two great parties, and so avoid the bitterness of great victories and great defeats. The example of such a borough may be a fallacious one; and it does not follow that, if there was no bribery or intimidation at Pontefract under the Ballot Act, this will be the case in constituencies of a different cast and character. Still the admirers of the Ballot may justly say that the first election held under the Act has been an election at which perfect order prevailed; the voters punctually obeyed the directions of the presiding officers, and, according to general belief, no illegal influences were brought to bear upon them. On the other hand, the history of the election seems to confirm the anticipations of those who predicted that the Ballot, by making politics uninteresting, would lead to abstention from voting. At the last general election Mr. CHILDETS polled 913 and Major WATERHOUSE, the other sitting member, polled 900. This time Mr. CHILDETS polled 658 and Lord POLLINGTON polled 578. Here, again, it may be unsafe to lay too much stress on the results of a single election held under special circumstances. If the election had been by open voting, the numbers of those who went to the poll would probably have been much less than they were at a time when so stirring a question as the fate of the Irish Church excited the minds of men. Mr. CHILDETS has been in office since then, and has made many mistakes; and there are always voters who think more of a man's mistakes than of his services. Lord POLLINGTON, on the other hand, was scarcely the man to stir up much enthusiasm in the breasts of his newly-found friends the Conservatives. Still the total abstention was very large, and may be accepted as an indication of the effects of the Ballot in one direction with as little or as much hesitation as the good order, the submissiveness of the voters, and the absence of corrupt influences may be accepted as indicative of its effects in another direction.

The mechanical difficulties of carrying out the Act appear to be very considerable, and here there can be no doubt as to the value of the example of Pontefract; for if these difficulties were great in a borough where little more than twelve hundred electors voted, they may be confidently expected to be still more serious in larger constituencies. The first difficulty is that of finding proper polling-places. The schoolrooms were freely put in requisition; but, in the first place, schoolrooms are not as a rule so constructed as to be at all suited for polling-places, and, in the next place, they are not dispersed enough to afford convenience to voters. Schools are founded in the centres of population, and denominations like to keep close watch on each other. While, therefore, the use of schoolrooms enables more voters to vote at the same time, it does not afford fresh facilities to voters in outlying districts. The Act also provides that the agents of voters

Exception may reasonably be taken to the passage in the Speech which is intended to record the result of the late dispute with the United States. The controversy has been composed, if composed is the proper phrase, not "by a spontaneous declaration of the Arbitrators," but by the withdrawal of the Indirect Claims on the part of the American Government. It is in many ways inaccurate to assert that the declaration of the Arbitrators was consistent with the words of the Speech from the Throne at the beginning of the Session. HER MAJESTY was advised to announce that she dissented from the proposal of submitting the Claims to the Geneva Tribunal because they were not included in the reference provided by the Treaty; and the statement was again and again reiterated in the most positive terms by the Ministers in both Houses. If the controversy had been settled by any declaration of the Arbitrators, the Americans would have achieved the formal triumph of which they have in fact erroneously boasted. The intimation that the Arbitrators, in common with the rest of mankind, regarded the claims as intrinsically absurd, inadmissible, and extortionate, was addressed exclusively to the American agents. Lord TEMERLEY, representing the English Government, properly declined to say anything in answer to the preliminary statement; nor was any step towards the arbitration taken by the English agent until the Government of the United States had, on grounds which concerned itself alone, announced its intention of desisting from the further prosecution of the obnoxious demands. The Arbitrators had expressly guarded themselves against the assumption that they expressed any opinion on the question, which was alone at issue between the belligerent Powers, whether the presentation of the Indirect Claims was covered by the terms of the Treaty of Washington. It is unfortunate that on a point which now concerns the national honour, with full notice of the misrepresentations and misapprehensions which prevail in the United States, the Government should have maintained the inaccurate habit of using inaccurate and slovenly language. It is also premature to "reflect with satisfaction that the subjects" "with which the Treaty has dealt are no longer before our eyes," "as to a perfect agreement between our kindred nations."

It would perhaps be hypercritical to inquire whether the differentiation of archaic desires can, in the words of the Quarterly Review, be properly relinquished; yet it would seem that, at least, it was a duty to strengthen the Government's devotion.



Until the various arbitrations in progress are completed, and until the awards which are to be made have been fully studied, it is rash to assume that either party will find fresh cause for offence in the results of litigation, or Mr. Farn discovered that the reference of a disputed question to arbitration was, after all, afterwards, strove to make it, a new source of irritation.

The announcement that negotiations with France on the Commercial Treaty are still in progress will have been received with surprise, though not with dissatisfaction. It is simultaneously reported that the French Ambassador in England has lately forwarded to his Government despatches on the subject; and, according to the Speech, the French Government has intimated to England a desire for further communications. Until it is known whether the President has modified the opinions which he held a few months ago, it will be impossible to judge whether any practical result is likely to follow from the renewal of negotiations. Since that time the supremacy of M. THIERS over the Assembly has been more definitely and conclusively asserted, and his latest victory over the majority was won on the kindred question of the tax on raw materials, which necessarily involves the protection by import duties of completed fabrics. M. THIERS seems never to have distinctly understood the impossibility of an intelligible compromise between his own fixed belief and the doctrines which must be applied to commercial legislation by any English Government. It is the unalterable conviction of the President that the importation from abroad of commodities which can be produced at home is injurious to the industry, and therefore, as he assumes, to the prosperity, of France. His abandonment of the commercial policy of the Empire has been determined wholly by his preference for a protective system; and the portions of the agreed tariff of 1860 which he is willing on certain terms to maintain would involve, according to his consistent view, a sacrifice to be only made for an adequate consideration. He is nevertheless ready, on political and even on economical grounds, to renew some articles of the Treaty on condition that England shall continue to admit French goods on liberal terms. The Treaty of 1860 was anomalous because it was partly founded on the fiction that the cheap purchase of foreign commodities was not a benefit to the consumer, but a concession to the vendor. Mr. COOPER and the Emperor NAPOLEON conspired to cheat the French people for their own benefit, and English industry derived an advantage from the partial relaxation of the protective system in France. There were grave objections to the restrictions which were imposed by the Treaty on the fiscal freedom and independence of England, and it would be a serious error to continue a theoretically vicious system on less favourable conditions than those of the Treaty. Nevertheless the English Government is perfectly justified in keeping the negotiation open to the last; and the firmness which Lord GRANVILLE has hitherto shown in adhering to sound principles entitles him to the confidence of the trading community.

If the Speech had been delivered at the beginning and not at the end of a Session, some member might probably have inquired why a negotiation with France should have been opened for the purpose of discouraging the Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa. Any measures which may be adopted for the purpose would be employed more efficiently by England alone than in concert with a Government which has never affected to share English enthusiasm for the suppression of the slave trade. It is quite unnecessary to invite the aid of a partner who, in virtue of his common action and interest, will claim a veto on any act which may be proposed in pursuance of the stipulated policy. The English Government has probably determined to give effect to Dr. LIVINGSTONE's recommendations by applying pressure to the slave-trading Sultan of ZAMBEZI. It is of course useless to appeal to the humanity of a barbarous potentate who makes a large profit on the slaves; but hope and fear supply motives which operate even on African kings. A competent agent acquainted with the country may not perhaps be able to convince the SULTAN that a legitimate traffic in goods would be more profitable than a percentage on slave flesh; but he might intimate that the English Government was resolved to put an end to the slave trade, and that it might be expedient for the Zambesi ruler to make the best of a bargain should which he would not be allowed to exercise discretion. The protest against interference with the slave trade which are founded on the possible risk and certain expense of the proceeding deserve no respect or sympathy. It is bad enough that vulgar cupidity and contempt should have been allowed for many years to prevent the continuance

of Pelay expeditions, and that consequently petty marauding States will probably complete the discomfiture which had during three centuries been gloriously pursued by a succession of gallant English adventurers. The greatest moral and political Power may fairly consider that its moral obligations bear some proportion to its opportunities. If, according to Dr. LIVINGSTONE's opinion, half a continent can be saved from anarchy and extreme barbarism by the interference of England, it would be an unworthy abandonment of duty to grudge the expenditure for the purpose of a little money, or even of a few willing lives.

#### ITALY.

RUMOUR does not spare the Pope more than it spares the humblest men, and the foolish sayings which are attributed to the Supreme Pontiff, and flashed over Europe, may represent rather what he is thought capable of saying than what he has said. Unless, however, he has been misled, the Pope recently communicated with the French Government to congratulate it on the success of its new loan; and as the Pope is not as other men are, but knows the causes of things, and can trace the secret threads of existence, he must needs explain after his own fashion how it happened that the subscriptions to the loan had been so numerous and so large. The solution of this success which of all others appeared most probable to the Pope, or rather that which he with a divine intuition perceived to be the true one, was that the loan had been specially blessed for the sake of M. DE GOULARD, the French Minister of Finance, and that M. DE GOULARD had won this blessing for his country by declining to be Minister at the Court of the King of ISRAEL. He had not wished to go to Rome as the bearer of common courtesies to the robber of the Church, and therefore, although his Government had immediately supplied his place, and his refusal did not in the slightest degree affect the policy of France, yet he had wrought a good work, which in the fulness of time bore its appointed fruit, and caused France to make a vast addition to her National Debt in the handsomest possible way. What makes this quaint fancy of the Pope, whether rightly or wrongly attributed to him, worth a passing remark, is that what may be termed its exact opposite seems conspicuously true. The French loan has gone off very well because there is a salutary lull in French politics, and because the French are believed to have had enough for the moment of trouble at home and abroad. One chief symptom of this policy of good sense has been the conduct of the French Government towards Italy. It has withstood the temptation to proclaim itself the friend of the Pope; it has acquiesced in the extinction of the Temporal Power; it has thrown a wet blanket on the ardour of bishops and on the devotion of the Right, and M. THIERS has recently, in order to obtain the concurrence of Italy in his financial schemes, taken an opportunity of recording that there is nothing to stand in the way of an intimate alliance between Italy and France. It was just possible that France might have seemed to wish to keep open such an amount of grievance as the extinction of the Temporal Power might have caused her. She might have been willing and able to make Italy uneasy, so as at least to take something of the sweetness of success away from Italy, and to suggest that things at Rome would be different soon. There can be no doubt that a large number of Frenchmen, and possibly M. DE GOULARD among them, might have thought such a course agreeable to their wounded vanity or piety; but their views did not prevail, and had they prevailed, the loan could not have been floated except with immense difficulty. Had Europe seen France cold and hostile and bitter towards Italy, keeping quiet for the present, but preparing for future acts of aggression and interference, the loan would have commanded a war price. M. THIERS, by his ostentatiously pacific policy as regards the enemies of the Pope, has saved many millions to the pockets of those whom he governs.

The successful floating of the French loan may thus be said to be the sign of Italy being left to herself to pursue the path which, with much courage, good luck, and freedom from scruple, she marked out as that on which, at any cost, she was resolved to enter. Peace without has been answered by peace within. Italy is on excellent terms with Austria, and on the very best terms with Germany; and as to France, the condition of French prosperity is to leave Italy alone. In Spain the gallantry and nobleness of character, and the conspicuous adherence of the son of Victor EMANUEL to constitutional freedom, not only assure an ally for Italy, but cast

a ray of light over the throne of the family from which AMADEO has come. Things are going well with Italy. There has scarcely been an incident in Italian history this year, and Italy is enjoying the proverbial happiness of a people whose annals are a blank. The financial difficulties of the country are, indeed, not yet over, and the bright day when the Budget is to be balanced is postponed from year to year. Italy, in fact, is very much in the position of Turkey, and is illustrating the cost at which in these days a new nation seeks to establish itself, and to rise into the position of an independent Power. It has, in the first place, to pay for coming into existence, for beginning a new era in administration, for gaining a footing as a great community, and for advertising itself as having commenced business on an imposing scale. It has then to pay for keeping itself alive, for an army disproportioned to its evident wants, and for schemes of public utility commenced before the country is prepared to make them lucrative. It goes ahead at a great pace, and bleeds and sweats under the process. The really astonishing thing is that Italy should have got on so well under such tremendous difficulties. It has a Government which is respected, and a Sovereign who is admired and liked. It has a very respectable army, which is at least animated with a newborn confidence, and which, if it would not like to measure swords with Germany, thinks itself capable of meeting France in arms. This army is used as a vehicle of order and education, and every year a certain number of disciplined and well-taught men are returned from this gigantic school of training to the ranks of the civil community. The taxes are very heavy, but are cheerfully and willingly paid; and nothing could be so conducive to the interests of French finance as the certainty, if it could be attained, that the poor Frenchman would respond to the calls of his country with as much alacrity and fortitude as are exhibited by the poor Italian. But, quiet and prosperous as Italy in other respects is, its quietude and prosperity are nowhere so conspicuous as in the stormy region of ecclesiastical affairs. After Sedan it was not a difficult operation to seize on the remainder of the POPE's possessions. But it seemed one thing to occupy Rome, and another to hold it without paying dearly for the audacity of the attempt. Italy was not fortified by any religious enthusiasm against Rome. It never questioned the spiritual pretensions of the POPE, and was as completely indifferent to the announcement of the dogma of infallibility as if it had been announced that the circle had been squared in the Vatican. It opposed the Temporal Power very much as, in the countries of Spanish origin, the Liberal party has opposed the concentration of vast and unprofitable wealth in the hands of ecclesiastics. In those countries the spoliation of the Church has given rise to senseless wars, revolutions, and plots. The Liberal party has for the most part won, but it has won by the hair of its head. It is a very remarkable thing that in Italy the party of reaction should not be able to show itself, and that the vast majority of Italians should be persuaded that, in lifting up their hands against the Church, they have done the right thing, and should persevere in doing as they have done with an air of confident and affable good-humour. The Italian Parliament is an orderly, respectable body, full of family men, of moneyed men, of men in good provincial positions. It is almost as far from being what is known as a Red Assembly as the English House of Commons, and certainly we might look in vain to English history for a parallel to the calmness and unanimity with which the Italian Parliament has passed through an epoch of transition specially fitted to divide and agitate the hearts of men.

The success of the Italian Government and Parliament appears peculiarly conspicuous when attention is directed to the position of its chief opponents. The clerical party is of course its sworn foe, and the Republican party is so far opposed to it that it would like to alter altogether the character of the triumph that has been won. It might have been thought that, especially at Rome, where the clerical party has been in possession of absolute power for centuries, great trouble might have arisen as soon as that opening for clerical intrigues or boldness was given which necessarily attends the working of free institutions. Again, it was to the Republican party that the occupation of Rome was mainly due, for the Republicans, often at the hazard of their lives, kept alive the cry of "Rome or Death!" when the voices of Constitutionalists sounded a much humbler strain. It might have been thought that the harvest would have fallen to those who sowed it, and that in Rome a Liberal would have been a Republican. Both these very natural expectations have recently been falsified by events. An election for municipal and provincial officials has just been held in Rome, to which great interest has been attached. It was the first occasion on which the clerical party, with the

express sanction of the POPE, gave up the policy of abstention and fairly tried its strength with its adversaries in an electoral contest. It was thought wise to meet the enemy on his chosen battlefield, and to show that if the clergy could not at once recover the spoils of the Church they could at least hamper the daily administration of affairs, and beard the Government by opposing to it a little host of adverse officials. The Republicans kept aloof from the other adversaries of the clergy, had their own candidates, and, proclaiming their separation from the rest of Italy, voted on a perfectly distinct ticket. The voting took place on the 4th of this month, and the clerical party bore testimony to the perfect impartiality and decorum with which the proceedings were conducted. Many incidents occurred that thrilled the hearts of spectators. Agents of the old Papal police came up and voted at polling-places presided over by victims of the tyranny of which they had been the instruments. Papal gendarmes—a tribe peculiarly obnoxious to the Roman populace—voted and departed in peace. The only disturbance to be regretted was that of a warder of one of the prisons under the present Government, who fell, as it is guessed, by the blow of a ruffian who had conceived a grudge against him while in confinement. The clerical journals asserted that the man was murdered because he was erroneously thought to be on the side of the priests; but at any rate, as a matter of fact, not a hair of any one belonging to the clerical party was injured, and the ecclesiastics worked hard and did their best. As for the Republicans, they seem to have been regarded with a sort of amiable contempt. They had few voters to bring up, and were left entirely to themselves. The result was that the candidates proposed by the Central Liberal Committee representing the cause of the Government were all elected by an overwhelming majority. In itself the election was not very important, but it was looked on as a test of the strength of parties where parties adverse to the Government might be expected to be strong; and the result therefore may be accepted as very significant of the present state of Italian politics.

#### LORD RUSSELL'S HEPTARCHY.

IT is impossible not to sympathize with Lord Russell's successful efforts to provide amusement for his later years. At the end of the Session it has suddenly occurred to him both to write a letter to the *Times* and to announce for the winter a pamphlet which will pleasantly occupy his autumn leisure. His object is a reformation of Parliamentary arrangements, distributed into two suggestions of unequal boldness. The change of the close of the financial year from March 31 to June 30 would scarcely amount to a revolution; but Lord Russell in his last paragraph adds a proposal of a kind which was once thought paradoxical, for restoring the Heptarchy, or rather for applying the traditional division into seven to the United Kingdom. The grievances which he desires to remedy are the alleged stoppage of business till the middle or end of July, the delay of Supply till the month of August, the cost and uncertainty of Private Bills, and, above all, the supposed loss of health by the Ministers, by "the excellent SPEAKER," and by private members of Parliament. Lord Russell was formerly during several Sessions leader of the House of Commons, in which he sat for forty years; but it is difficult, even on his authority, to accept the proposition that a formal change in the dates of the financial accounts would either greatly facilitate legislation or perceptibly prolong the precious lives of Mr. AYRTON and Mr. WHALLEY. As Lord Russell admits, the greater part of the Supplies are discussed and voted after March 31. The conduct of business might in theory be more symmetrical if the House completed its financial functions before the close of the financial year, but the change would be entirely nominal. It is true that "the Estimates of the year and the taxes to be voted, though they occupy much time in the House of Commons, very rarely meet with any comment in the House of Lords. The increase of the Income-tax last year from fourpence to sixpence did not, as far as I recollect, provoke a single observation in the House of Lords." Before Lord Russell, in just recognition of his public services, obtained a seat in the car of the House of Lords balloon, he was one of the most zealous sticklers for the exclusive claim of the House of Commons to the control of taxation. It is natural that from his present exalted position he should discern less distinctly the terrestrial objects which once engrossed his attention. He was a member of the Ministry which was defeated on the motion of Lord MONTAGUE in the matter of repealing the paper duty, and it is not recorded that Lord JOHN RUSSELL then complained that

the House of Lords had been too chary of interference with finance. There might have been some satisfaction, though there would have been little use, in discussing Mr. Low's Budget in the House of Lords; and Lord Russell had the opportunity, if he had thought it worth while, of raising a question, and of remarking that the Budget of 1871 was one of the worst on record, and that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had himself condemned his own project of increasing the Income-tax. As nothing would have come of such a discussion, it was conveniently omitted; and the same causes would produce similar results even if the financial year were to extend to June, instead of ending with March.

It is possible that some readjustment of the order of business might be advantageous; but the whole amount of work to be done could not be reduced by any inversion of times and seasons. The House of Commons always contrives to pack into the Session both its financial votes and a certain amount of legislation. The number of important Bills which have been passed in the present year proves that there is no urgent need of additional facilities for legislation. No change in the beginning or end of the financial year would correct Mr. GLADSTONE's unaccountable custom of forcing Mr. GRANT DUFF to expound the Indian Budget in the absence of the great body of members, on the eve of the prorogation. The health of the excellent SPEAKER would be benefited at the expense of the constitution of the Chairman of Committees by the dedication of a larger portion of the Session to Committee of Supply; but private members and "the hard-worked official servants of the Crown" would still have to do their work sooner or later. It is remarkable that the only grievance which, according to Lord Russell, affects the House of Lords, is the practical exclusion of the Peers from any active control over financial policy. As he justly observes, "legislative Bills are discussed in the House of Lords, and amendments are often made." Thus the legislative Bill for the Ballot was discussed by Lord Russell himself, on the remarkable assumption that it would, if it had been passed in former times, have inflicted a penalty on any elector who might have boasted of having voted for the benevolent WILBERFORCE or for the virtuous ROMILLY. A legislative Assembly which never discussed legislative Bills would indeed be an anomalous institution. An Assembly which should discuss money votes which it cannot constitutionally or safely modify might incur the risk of descending to the level of a debating society.

Having disposed in half a dozen sentences of public business, of legislation, and of finance, Lord Russell proceeds to state that "the question of local legislation is one too large to be disposed of in the present letter." He will accordingly "endeavour in the course of the winter to explain in a pamphlet the course which he thinks might be taken to the satisfaction of the nation at large." Since the time when, according to a legend which has almost passed into history, Lord JOHN RUSSELL assumed the command of the Channel Fleet, he has not more strikingly displayed that happy boldness which is one of his well-known characteristics. Of the whole subject of private legislation Lord RUSSELL is as ignorant as of navigation; and it may be presumed that he attaches no distinct meaning to what he calls "the hazards of Private Bills." To the political consequences of the stupendous machinery which he proposes to provide for local legislation he has apparently paid no attention. "It appears to me," he says, "that if Ireland were to be allowed to elect a representative Assembly for each of its four provinces of Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught, and if Scotland were in a similar manner divided into Lowlands and Highlands, having for each province a representative Assembly, the local wants of Ireland and Scotland might be better provided for than at present." As it appears that England is to content itself with Parliament as its Representative Assembly, the new Heptarchy will possess exactly seven centres of local legislation; and, after all, by far the greater number of Private Bills will still be submitted to Parliament. The excellent SPEAKER and the hard-worked official members never sit on Select Committees on Private Bills; but the small minority of private members which, through the vicious arrangements of the Standing Order Committee, transacts all the private business of the House, will still be exposed to the risks which Lord RUSSELL proposes to remove or alleviate. Mr. BUTT and the supporters of Home Rule ought to receive with gratitude the plethora of concessions which Lord RUSSELL offers in answer to their reclamations. They ask for one Irish Representative Assembly, and they are told to be content and satisfied with four Parliaments, which will assuredly not confine them-

selves to the consideration of Private Bills. It is satisfactory to know from the speeches of Irish members on Sir ROWLAND BLANCKENHASTET's motion, that the four Wittenagemotes, though they might probably differ from one another on all other questions, would be unanimous in passing Bills for the purchase of the Irish railways by the Imperial Government. As they would by their first measure have almost exhausted the functions which they would have been created to discharge, they would afterwards have sufficient leisure for the discussion of political questions, including the repudiation of the control of the Imperial Parliament.

The Connaught Assembly would not fail to correct on behalf of the priests and bishops any failure of justice which may have impaired their supremacy over the Galway electors; and if the Orangemen succeeded in obtaining a majority in Ulster, the annual closing of the gates of Derry would probably become a ceremony of legal obligation. The two little Scotch Parliaments would probably, in a more moderate and practical spirit, confine their attention to local jobs; but some conflict of jurisdiction might arise between them in the consideration of Railway Bills. Both the North British and the Caledonian Railway systems extend from the English Border beyond the Highland line; and there might be some inconvenience in submitting questions in which either Company was concerned to two independent legislative bodies. It is strange that it should not have occurred to Lord RUSSELL to reflect that the extraordinary schemes which he recommends would, if they are now admissible, have been equally expedient in the days of his political activity. No position commands more general respect than that of a retired veteran who employs the authority acquired by experience and public services in moderating the conflicts of parties, or in discharging duties which others have neglected in consequence of political or personal motives. Lord RUSSELL undertook a task which well became him when, during the progress of the Alabama negotiations, he proposed to confirm the suspected resolution of the Government by an expression of the opinion of the House of Lords. Even the reminiscences which he enumerated in explanation of his vote in favour of optional secrecy of election were listened to with deference, if not with conviction. Hasty suggestions of wild and indefinite changes in the Constitution are not entitled to equal respect. It is true that little mischief can ensue from the proposal of creating half a dozen provincial Parliaments, because the project is not likely to be taken into consideration; but it is a disappointment when old experience attains to the reverse of a prophetic strain. It may be hoped that the time is distant at which biographical critics will discuss with freedom Lord RUSSELL's long and conspicuous career. Their task will be more agreeable if they are enabled to record the passage from an ambitious youth and an active maturity into the mellow wisdom which is properly associated with age.

#### FRANCE IN RETREAT.

THE French people are condemned to take a political holiday. It comes natural to individual politicians to have three or four months of vacation every year; but it is a novelty in the case of a whole nation. Last year at this time there was a general cessation from politics all over France, but it was the cessation of absolute exhaustion. A country which has only just come out of a foreign and a civil war, following hard on each other's heels, has no strength to spare for discussion. But this year there has been a breathing-space, and though Frenchmen have not even now shown any decided interest in politics, exciting debates have taken place in the Assembly, and important hints have been dropped by the PRESIDENT. The Session which has lately closed has had far more of a political character than the Session of 1871. The Executive has more and more identified itself with the Republic, and though M. THIERS is still the elect of the whole Assembly, something very like a monarchical Opposition has grown up against him. Consequently the natural occupation for Frenchmen during the autumn would be to fight over again the battles of the spring and summer, and to prepare themselves to fight the battles of the coming winter. Nothing of the sort, it seems, is likely to take place. The one of both the great parties apparently is to leave politics alone. As regards the Monarchists, they may naturally feel some alarm at the results of their recent essays in the opposite direction. They have been taking, or rather announcing that they soon intended to take, some decided action. Unfortunately the announcement fell exceedingly flat. The persons who were to have been startled by it accepted it with dis-

trossing indifference. Its only effect on M. THIERS was to make him more outspoken in favour of the Republic. Its only effect on the Republicans was to put them on better terms with M. THIERS. Until the visit of the delegates of the Right to the PRESIDENT, the Conservatives had had the credit of being a united body, while the Republicans had been supposed to be too reckless and passionate ever to lose an opportunity of damaging their own cause. The interview between the Right and M. THIERS showed that both these beliefs were delusions. The Conservative majority began quarrelling among themselves; the Republican minority took the occasion of strengthening in every possible way the links which bind them to the PRESIDENT. If M. THIERS is a more decided Republican than he was when he took office, the fact is due in part to the action of the majority in the Assembly. The logic of events has done much to convert him; but the want of logic of the Right has done something. It would argue more than human blindness on the part of the Monarchists if they did not see that of late they have only made their position worse every time that they have tried to improve it. Accordingly, the chief occupation of the journals which represent their views is to cut jokes at the honours paid to M. THIERS by the newspaper Correspondents who hang about his doorstep at Trouville. The devotion, the ingenuity, and the perseverance of these gentlemen are so striking, that there is every chance of their giving the monarchical organs ample employment throughout the recess.

It is rather early perhaps to speak with equal confidence of the way in which the Republicans mean to spend the time between this and November. They are a rising party, and they may find it harder to keep their tongues and their tempers in order. The continued existence of the present Assembly naturally acts on them as a constant irritant. It no longer, they say, represents France; indeed its great motive for clinging to life is its own conviction that it does not represent France. To the great majority of the deputies a dissolution would be, politically speaking, an execution, and it is because they know this that they are so determined to postpone a dissolution to the latest possible moment. Why, the more hot-headed Republicans may ask themselves, should we submit to be governed by a set of old women chosen at random to ratify whatever terms of peace could be got, longing to act in direct defiance of the wishes of the nation, and only prevented from doing so by their own stupid cowardice? There is a very good answer to the question, but it is one which men who ask it in this temper are not unlikely to miss. And if they do miss it, there is nothing to prevent them from beginning a campaign in favour of a dissolution during these very holidays. No French Government is altogether without the means of stopping inconvenient discussions, but it would be difficult to do more than discourage a peaceable agitation in favour of an appeal to the country. Happily for the interests of the party, a Republican is open to the same seasonable distractions as other men. He has a liver, and he must go and drink the waters, or he has a vineyard, and the vintage is approaching. Revolutionists of an extreme type may disregard these proprieties—they have indeed lamentably disregarded them on some former occasions—but at present such revolutionists of an extreme type as have not been shot are either in prison or in hiding. There is reason to suppose, therefore, that the Republicans will at all events not be in a hurry to stomp the country against the Assembly, and in the interval there are several considerations in favour of doing nothing which are likely to occur to them. In the first place, M. THIERS has promised that he will not lend himself to any such movement for a dissolution. In ordinary cases, of course, this would go for nothing, because the Government for the time being rarely does lend itself to movements of this sort. But in this case it goes for a good deal. The Republicans have the wit, seemingly, to see that M. THIERS is the best card in their hand, that he has already done more for them than they possibly could have done for themselves, that to alienate him from them in ever so small a degree would be the greatest blunder they could commit. If M. THIERS wishes to keep the present Assembly in being, it is impossible for him not to feel annoyed with any party that is strenuously labouring to get rid of it, and annoyance is often only the prelude to alienation. It is conceivable, of course, that M. THIERS may really be in favour of a dissolution, and that his promise not to further it is only a sacrifice to executive propriety. But though it is conceivable, it is in the highest degree improbable. If a general election were held this autumn, the result would no doubt show that M. THIERS's popularity is greater than ever. But though the

new Assembly would come to Versailles pledged to support him, it might not submit to his control in the way that the present Assembly does. The candidates would have been forced to declare their views on a variety of questions, and on many of these their views would probably be opposed to those of M. THIERS. Theories of what was due to their constituents, or, more accurately perhaps, of what their constituents were likely to think due to them, would come in to complicate their calculations, and the result might be that M. THIERS would occasionally find himself in a minority. The existing Assembly has on the whole a prudent horror of unknown evils, and so long as M. THIERS is willing to work with it, it will be willing to work with M. THIERS. A Republican of ordinary common sense may see all this for himself, and if he does see it, he will not be inclined to take M. THIERS's promise to discourage the cry for a dissolution in any but its most obvious sense.

In the second place, the Republicans have reasons of their own—besides those that grow out of their relations with M. THIERS—for not being as anxious as they profess to be to send the Assembly about its business. After all, it is doing a very necessary, but a very thankless, work. Its principal function in life is to vote new taxes, and to sanction such arrangements as the Government finds it convenient to make with the Army of Occupation. It is difficult to believe that when the Republican leaders take confidential counsel with one another, their attitude towards the Assembly is not of the "rather 'you than we' order. The money has to be raised, and the German troops have to be provided for; but, except during the momentary excitement of subscribing for a loan, there is no popularity to be gained by either process. On the whole, therefore, the Republican party may well feel glad that the work has fallen to the lot of a monarchical Assembly, and that their own share of it will be to criticize hereafter the manner in which it has been done. There never was a case in which the strength of a political party was more plainly to sit still, and to all appearance M. GAMBETTA, notwithstanding occasional outbursts of excitement, thoroughly sees this. He has applied himself with commendable prudence to disarm the hostility of the peasantry, and even of the clergy, and it is altogether to his interest that the interval during which this conciliatory process can best be carried on should not be brought to a premature end. M. THIERS's unmistakable leaning towards Republicanism is a sufficient warrant that no attempt at a monarchical *coup d'état* will be made by the Assembly, and this assurance leaves the Republicans nothing to do but to float up with the tide.

#### RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

THOSE who take an interest in railway affairs will remember that at the beginning of the present year Bills were deposited for some large amalgamations, of which the most important were the London and North-Western with the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Midland with the Glasgow and South-Western. A partial union of the Great Western and the broad-gauge lines beyond it with the London and South-Western would have applied only to the competing portions of their respective systems. The amalgamation of the North-Western railways would have been opposed by the Midland, by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and perhaps by some of the Scotch railways. The Midland scheme would have been opposed by the London and North-Western, by the Caledonian, and most strenuously by the North British; but it would of course have been possible for the amalgamating Companies to make such concessions to their neighbours as to buy off their opposition. In 1863 the scheme of amalgamation between the Great Western and the West Midland was opposed by the London and North-Western and the Midland, down to the commencement of the inquiry before the Select Committee; but at the last moment the dispute was compromised by agreements between the respective Companies, which were afterwards appended as Schedules to the Act. The London and North-Western amalgamation of the present year would also have been opposed by some of the trading communities which might have suffered from the extinction of competition, and the towns on the North British system would have objected to the anticipated diversion of traffic by the Midland amalgamation from the East to the West of Scotland. The combination of the Devonshire Companies would perhaps have been opposed, for the sake of obtaining conditions, by the Midland; but within their own district they would have been exempt from the interference of rivals, and the take-



bitants of the West of England would have had to choose between acquiescence in the establishment of a monopoly and a costly opposition which would probably have been unavailing. There was every reason to expect that, if all or any of the great Companies were amalgamated, their example would in a subsequent Session be followed by other Companies; and it was thought expedient to refer the preliminary question whether amalgamation was generally desirable to a Joint Committee of both Houses. Parliament was not disposed to listen to a warning that either there was no general principle which applied to different amalgamations, or that it was so entirely subordinate to considerations of detail as to be practically useless. Some Companies ought to be amalgamated; other Companies ought not to be amalgamated; and the special issue in each instance can only be tried to advantage by an inquiry in the nature of litigation. The Joint Committee included many able members, and it received information from witnesses of the highest authority; but there could be no hostile cross-examination; and judges can never fully discharge their functions without the aid of advocates. No contrivance which has hitherto been invented for the elimination of practical truth is to be compared to the conflict between two adverse parties before a competent umpire.

The fulness of the investigation instituted by the Joint Committee caused the unavoidable postponement of the proposed amalgamations. The result is not to be regretted, as there was, even if the schemes were in themselves expedient, no urgent need for legislation. It happened that the Midland could not have effected a physical junction with the Glasgow and South-Western until the completion of the Settle and Carlisle line, which is still in course of construction. It was also well that a Committee appointed on the assumption that some general theory of amalgamation was possible should satisfy itself of the truth of the sound proposition enunciated in the fourth paragraph of its recommendations, that "it is impossible to lay down any general rules determining the limits or the character of future amalgamations." It matters little that the appointment of the Committee is in one sense retrospectively condemned by the admission that the general rules which it was to frame cannot possibly be determined. EPIMENIDES the Cretan, notwithstanding the reflex operation of his celebrated dogma on his own character, was thought by ST. PAUL and others to have contributed to the store of human knowledge when he affirmed that all Cretans were liars. The Report, more especially in its negative portions, is the more creditable to the good sense of the Committee because it is evident that some or all of the members have been induced by fuller knowledge to abandon strong prepossessions. Their clear and accurate narrative of former efforts to regulate railway enterprise by general legislation or by administrative interference is a record of the triumph of experience over premature theories. Again and again Parliament has tried to constitute Boards which should control on conjectural grounds the extension of railways; and as often Parliamentary Committees, after ascertaining the material facts in each particular case, have wisely refused to listen to arbitrary official recommendations. The Reports of the Board of Trade in 1845 and 1846, under the presidency of Lord DALHOUSIE, afforded the most striking illustration of the inutility or mischievous tendency of attempts to regulate railway enterprise by one-sided inquiry, by guess, and in some instances by backstairs influence. As the Committee remark in their Report, it is curious to see by the light of subsequent experience the strange conclusions at which such men as Lord DALHOUSIE and his colleagues arrived. The members of the Committee were probably not aware that it was impossible for Lord DALHOUSIE himself to examine all the schemes of the time; and that some of the proceedings which were taken in his name were tainted with suspicion. Of the value of the suggestions of his Board it is enough to say that it reported against the scheme of the Great Northern Railway, and against the amalgamation of the Grand Junction Railway with the Liverpool and Manchester. Sir ROBERT PEEL never displayed sounder judgment than when, in opposition to popular prejudice, he decided on remitting questions of railway policy, as before, to Select Committees which would decide according to argument and evidence, instead of by favour or in accordance with preconceived theories. The various experiments of preliminary inquiry, and the preposterous scheme of submitting questions of engineering and estimate to the Referees, have successively failed; and the Reports of Commissioners and Committees have been valuable in proportion to the strictness with which they confined themselves to recommendations founded on the results of experience.

The Joint Committee nevertheless still hankers after some permanent authority which shall advise and guide Parliament on matters of railway legislation. The function which all former Boards and Commissions have proved utterly incompetent to discharge is to be but a secondary and incidental attribute of a judicial and administrative tribunal to be constituted for a different and more legitimate purpose. There is every reason to expect that, if such a Court is hereafter established, it will be fully occupied without wasting its time and the time of Committees in giving advice to bodies which will on the particular question be better informed than itself. It is true that some ingenuity would be required to emulate the inefficiency of the Board of Trade in all matters of the kind. By a Standing Order of the House of Commons, the Board is required to report on the expediency of every proposed level crossing. It was probably known to Parliament, as to the rest of mankind, that level crossings often involve danger, but that in some cases it is more convenient for the public, especially when the traffic consists of heavy loads, to cross the rails on a level than to ascend and descend the gradients of a bridge and its approaches. It might have been supposed that even the Board of Trade was capable of discharging the simple duty of inquiring into the circumstances of each proposed crossing, for the purpose of assisting the Committee; yet for several years the Board has, almost without exception, reported against every plan for a level crossing; and consequently Committees are compelled to undertake the inquiry for themselves, with the result, in at least one half of the plans which are laid before them, of overruling the recommendations of the Board. The principal duty of the proposed tribunal is to be the adjudication of the numerous questions which are now by agreement, or in accordance with the provisions of Acts of Parliament, referred to arbitration. The only objection to the plan is the probable inability of any single tribunal to dispose of the laborious business which is now transacted by many independent arbitrators. It will be impossible to shorten or to cheapen the investigation of details which must be separately examined. The only objection which is urged in the Report against arbitrations is that they are tedious and expensive; and both objections will apply to the same process before a new Tribunal. There will, however, be an advantage in the transfer to the Court of the jurisdiction which is at present vested in the Common Pleas. The public interest is not represented in railway arbitrations; and experience shows that it cannot be adequately protected by a Court of Law. The compulsory through rates which the Committee recommend will occasion much unavoidable litigation. There seems to be less reason for the proposal of a permanent Joint Committee of both Houses, to which schemes of amalgamation are to be referred. The second trial, which is at least as much required when the policy of amalgamations is under consideration. The Joint Committee which issues the Report was exceptionally strong, but it would have been unnecessarily and inconveniently numerous if it had been substituted for an ordinary Select Committee; and the approval of a Bill by the members of the House of Commons who belonged to the Joint Committee, and after an independent inquiry by Lord DERBY, Lord SALISBURY, and their colleagues of the Upper House, would have commanded greater confidence and given fuller satisfaction than the result of any single inquiry. The examination of the other conclusions of the Committee will be conveniently reserved for a future occasion.

#### DENOMINATIONALISM AND THE WESLEYANS.

THE signment of an education which shall be at once religious and unsectarian, after dying, or seeming to die, a natural death in every other Nonconformist communion, has been revived in the Wesleyan Conference. Its new advocates have at least the merit of frankness. When unsectarian education was a popular watchword, those who used it obstinately shut their eyes to the fact that to insist upon the Bible being read in schools maintained out of public money is as much a violation of religious equality, as regards Roman Catholics and High Churchmen, as to insist upon the Church Catechism being taught in schools supported out of public money would be as regards Dissenters. Those who have supported Mr. ANTUN's resolution in the Wesleyan Conference are quite indifferent to this identity. They avow that their object in demanding unsectarian schools is in the highest degree sectarian. They are willing to forego the teaching of Methodism, but their object in so doing is to strike

a side blow at Romanism and Ritualism. One of the speakers objected to see the education of a large portion of the nation left in the hands of the Church of England, on the ground that its tendency is "wholly Romeward." Another repudiated the Denominational system as being favourable beyond all others to Ultramontane claims. And in replying, at the end of the debate, Mr. ARTHUR characterized the issue he had raised as giving the Conference the choice between the Bible and Popery. The supporters of the resolution were more impregnable on the theoretical than on the practical grievance. If a man says that his conscience is afflicted because a school in which the doctrine of the Church of England or of the Church of Rome is taught to Anglican or Roman Catholic children receives a grant of public money in respect of the secular instruction given, we know of no answer that can be made to him. When the doctor in *Martin Chuzzlewit* could not find out where Mr. NADGETT's liver was wrong, Mr. NADGETT observed "that it was his own liver, and he hoped he ought to 'know.' It is the same with Mr. ARTHUR's conscience. It is his own—happily for society—and he must be supposed to know when it is out of order. It is when these gentlemen try to make out that the Conscience Clause affords no protection to Wesleyan children that they break down utterly. It may be true, as Mr. HOLLAND says, that it is impossible for poor men in rural districts to obtain equal religious rights under a Conscience Clause, or, as Mr. AULAY says, that many clergymen will pay no more attention to the Conscience Clause than they pay to some of the clauses in the Thirty-nine Articles. But if it is true, surely some evidence of it can be produced. There is a department of the Government charged, among other things, with administering this very clause, and there is a large staff of inspectors, of all forms of religious belief, part of whose work is to see that it is rigorously administered. It is strange under these circumstances that no case of religious oppression should have been brought forward, that no Wesleyan parent should have been independent enough to appeal to the Inspector, that no Wesleyan minister should have complained to the Education Department of the wrong sustained by parents who did not dare to complain for themselves. Among all the poor Wesleyans living in rural districts who are denied the benefit of the Conscience Clause, it might have been thought that some one case of hardship would have come to light in the two years that have passed since the Education Act became law. It does not appear, however, that any such case has been alleged. The speakers in the Conference knew of none, or, if they did, they chose to hold their tongues about it. Those who clamour for a change in the law, without giving any proof beyond their own assertion that the law as it stands is inoperative, have no right to be surprised if their tactics excite more suspicion than sympathy.

As the resolution was put aside in favour of an amendment reserving the controversy for the consideration of a Committee to be elected by the whole Wesleyan body, there is no means of knowing whether Mr. ARTHUR's views do or do not predominate in the Conference. As far as argument goes, his resolution was very effectually pulled to pieces. Mr. ARTHUR in effect calls upon the Wesleyans to merge their own Denominational schools in unsectarian schools—schools, that is, where the Bible is read, but not explained—to be provided by the several School Boards. It was pointed out by several speakers that, at most, the Wesleyans could only bind themselves. They "might merge their own schools in a national 'system,' but they could not 'compel the Church of England or the Church of Rome to merge theirs.'" To retire from the field of religious education would be merely to assist the Church of England in maintaining and extending its religious power. Nor was it only on grounds peculiar to their own denomination that many of the Methodist ministers protested against Mr. ARTHUR's proposal. They objected to the injustice of the idea as much as to the evil consequences involved in it. They admitted that a Roman Catholic might have a conscience, and that, if he had, that conscience ought to be respected. But if it is uncertain how far these views would command the assent of a majority of the Conference, it is still more uncertain how far they will command the assent of a majority of the Methodist body. Until now Wesleyans have usually been ranked among the Denominationalists. It is possible, however, that they are Denominationalists rather from habit than from conviction, and in this case the result of the controversy which has just been opened may entirely change the opinion hitherto entertained of them. So far as regards the secular party is wholly unrepresented in the Conference. Those who do not wish public money to be given to Denominational schools are anxious

that it should be given to schools in which the Bible is read and its meaning left to take its chance. If the dividing line throughout the Methodist connexion should prove to coincide with the dividing line in the Conference, the result of the coming discussion may possibly be to reinforce the unsectarian, as opposed to the secular, party in the country, and ultimately in Parliament.

With this possibility before them it would be well if the Denominational party would consider their future policy with somewhat less of the temper of men who are putting off their armour. The real enemy they have to fear is not secularism, but unsectarianism. The triumph of secularism would only mean the exclusion of religion from school hours, and from the list of subjects taught by the schoolmaster. It would not mean the exclusion of the clergy or their representatives from the school buildings. Whatever is now taught in a voluntary Denominational school might then be taught in a public and secular school. The only difference would be that it would be taught at a different hour and by a different teacher. The triumph of unsectarianism would mean much more than this. It would carry with it the doctrine that the reading of the Bible is a sufficient measure of religious instruction for elementary schools. Consequently, voluntary teachers of anything more than this would be told to provide their own schoolrooms, and catch children how they can. The theory of secular education as held in this country does not shut out the view that education without religion is incomplete; it simply seeks to find a compromise by which those who find they can agree upon secular instruction may work together amicably, notwithstanding their inability to agree upon religious instruction. The theory of unsectarian education is far more exclusive, and far more aggressive. It first degrades the Bible into a fetish, and then excommunicates all who will not join in worshipping the bare letter. But though it has of late fallen into discredit, and has been given up by many of those who formerly held it, there is no certainty that it may not rise again. That it is illogical and inconsistent is not necessarily a great disadvantage to it in England. It appeals to the unreasoning Protestantism which still characterizes the English middle class; it saves the scruples of those tender consciences who, so long as they can escape supporting schools in which other people's religion is taught, see no objection to other people being made to support schools in which their own religion is read; it sets free the funds that have hitherto gone to support British Schools; it has, in short, many practical recommendations which may give it renewed popularity among Dissenters, supposing that a return to it enables them to attack Denominationalism with the unexpected reinforcement of a large Wesleyan contingent. The present tendency of the Denominationalist party is to over-indulgence in a very natural sense of triumph. They have beaten the Secularists all along the line. In Parliament and in the elections for the School Boards they have won a conspicuous success. If the unsectarian party is as completely crushed as it has of late appeared to be, the Denominationalist victory may be undisturbed. But if it turns out, as is certainly possible, that the battle with unsectarianism is still to be fought, Denominationalists may yet see cause to regret that, while it was in their power to make terms with the Secularists, they refused even to consider whether the difference between them was fundamental or only superficial.

#### MR. WHALLEY.

IT is not impossible that Mr. WHALLEY, or somebody like him, may one day become a serious Parliamentary question. There are limits to the patience of a popular assembly, and when those limits are reached there is apt to be an explosion. It is an extremely delicate and difficult question to say what means can be taken of checking a member of a public body who habitually disregards not only the temper and convenience of his associates, but the rules under which they have agreed to transact their business, and even the formal decisions of the President. The House of Commons has never at any time been without its bores and drolls; and unfortunately the bores—the dull, sour, fussy fellows with annual motions and pet crotchets—seem to be sadly on the increase. Hitherto there has been a disposition to class Mr. WHALLEY among the drolls, and to consider his vagaries amusing; and perhaps nothing could give one a more striking idea of the prevailing dreariness of Parliamentary life. A little shrub makes a show in the desert, and the House of Commons is thankful for very small mercies in the way of fun. No doubt the member for Peterborough presents a type of the

rafter which has its humorous side—the type of one who gives himself up to a pet antipathy, who is perpetually harping on and haunted by it, who discovers traces of it in the most unlikely places, and, whatever subject may be started for discussion, never fails to bring it round to the same old point. Mr. WHALLEY's grotesque earnestness and vehemence, his simple faith in himself and in the infallibility of his own judgment, the calm way in which he sets aside everything that does not chime with his preconceived opinions, so that an argument or assertion may be repeated ten or twenty times without producing the slightest effect; the prosaic extravagance of his manner and diction, and, above all, the sort of good-humoured politeness with which he indulges in imputations and contradictions of the most offensive kind, are peculiarities that are ludicrous enough in their way; but it might be supposed that at the end of ten or twelve years the House would be rather tired of laughing at them. We cannot help suspecting that what was most amusing to members was not so much Mr. WHALLEY's oddities as the pretext they afforded for farcical displays on their own part, such as the chorus of "Sing, sing," and a running commentary of interjections. It may be doubted, however, whether this sort of fun is calculated to maintain the dignity of the assembly, and whether, in any case, it has not been rather overdone. The House is now perhaps paying the penalty of its own levity. Last Session there were various indications that the eccentricities which had previously amused the House were getting to be rather past a joke, and might one day lead to a serious interruption of business. The Parliamentary machine is in some respects of extremely delicate construction, and a very little grit might disturb its action. No reasonable person supposes that the Speaker never by any chance makes a mistake, but it is essential to the discipline of the House that his decisions should be received with respectful acquiescence.

The last moments of the House of Commons at the close of the Session appear to have been spent in a vain endeavour on the part of the SPEAKER and other members to restrain the irrepressible loquacity of the member for Peterborough, and to persuade him to submit to the rules of the House. It is easy to call a member to order, but what is to be done if he will not be orderly when called upon? Nothing can exceed the gracious urbanity of Mr. WHALLEY's frank defiance of law and order. He accepts in the most polite and pleasant manner the interruptions of the House, but goes on all the same. It seems to have occurred to him on Saturday last that the time for putting questions would be a good opportunity for delivering himself of a speech on the dangerous number of Roman Catholic magistrates in Ireland, and he was not to be deterred by any of the small conventionalities which are supposed to regulate the proceedings of Parliament. It would perhaps have been equally to the purpose if he had called attention to the excessive number of Roman Catholics of all classes in that country. As the great majority of the Irish people are Roman Catholics, it would appear to be not unnatural or unreasonable that the adherents of this Church should be represented in the magistracy. But Mr. WHALLEY is as much above such commonplace reasoning as he is above the ordinary rules of the House. Calls to order only made him more courteously vehement, and when the SPEAKER remarked that the honourable member was not putting a question, but debating, Mr. WHALLEY insisted upon arguing that he was not debating, but "merely pointing out." Turning to the subject of the TICHBORNE Claimant, Mr. WHALLEY next raised a question which he had repeatedly brought before the House, as to the right of the Claimant to demand that the Government should provide him with adequate means for conducting his defence. The friends of the Claimant appear to be under the impression that it is the duty of the Government to appoint a kind of roving commission to go up and down the world seeking for the survivors of the *Bella*, and that the prosecution may be conveniently postponed until one at least of those mysterious persons has been discovered in the flesh. It is easy to conceive that to the Claimant himself nothing should appear more natural or desirable than this course of procedure. Some day it may perhaps be understood that it is the proper function of the State, not to prosecute, but to defend all persons charged with criminal offences, but the established practice has hitherto been the other way. To Mr. WHALLEY's inquiries, Mr. WINTERTHAM replied with judicious brevity that, if the Claimant had any statutory rights in this respect, he could enforce them in the ordinary manner in the ordinary courts, but it was not the business of the House to interpret statutes or to offer opinions in such cases. It may be reasonably assumed that the Claimant's legal

advisers will not neglect to take advantage of whatever assistance he is entitled to claim from the Crown; but the money which is now being spent on "demonstrations" might be more profitably applied in endeavouring to secure the presence of those "material witnesses" who appear to be still missing.

What Mr. BRIGHT once said in his haste of the House of Lords may be said at leisure concerning a considerable section of the House of Commons. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of that institution will admit that it contains many members who are not very wise; and Mr. WHALLEY certainly does not stand alone in the oddity or absurdity of his opinions. He is clearly entitled, if he chooses, to devote himself to tracking the POPE and the Jesuits through all their stratagems and disguises, and establishing the identity of TOM CASTRO and ROGER TICHBORNE. The difficulty of dealing with Mr. WHALLEY arises, not from the eccentricity of his opinions, but from his ingenuous disregard of the etiquette of debate and the rules of public business. Being incapable of conceiving that he himself is liable to error, he is necessarily obliged to account for any difference of opinion on a question of order by assuming that it is the Speaker who has blundered. It will be observed that the arch-enemy of the Jesuits claims for himself to the fullest extent the infallibility he denies to the POPE. Nor is there anything singular to this state of mind; it is common to a great many excellent people; only it is awkward to find it pushed to an extreme in regard to the elementary rules of public discussion. Even Mr. WHALLEY might be expected to see that it would be impossible to carry on a debate if it were to be allowed to branch off every few minutes into a controversy on some point of order; and the only way in which this can be prevented is by making the Speaker absolute on all such matters. One of these days Mr. WHALLEY may hear himself "named" by the Speaker, and we should then perhaps have a solution of the mystery as to what would happen in that terrible event. If any gentle process of painless extinction could be applied to refractory members, it would greatly simplify the proceedings of Parliament. The *clôture* runs counter to our instincts and traditions, but it is only by conciliation and compromise that the necessity for a severe measure of this kind can be obviated. Mr. WHALLEY is not the only offender in this way, though his extravagant demeanour makes his offences more glaring. We have taken him merely as an extreme example of what, we fear, is an increasing danger to the good order and decorum of Parliamentary habits. It is not enough that the decisions of the Speaker should be promptly and scrupulously obeyed, and that unseemly wrangling on points of order should be avoided; but something is also due to the temper and convenience of the House at large, even in cases where the member who is addressing it has by the rules a perfect right to claim a hearing. A contest between a growling or howling House and a struggling orator is not a pretty spectacle; and there is a point, more readily understood than defined, at which a member should refrain from forcing himself upon an unwilling auditory. It would be well if the constituencies at the next elections would pay some attention to the manners as well as the opinions of candidates.

#### DR. CARPENTER AT BRIGHTON.

THE British Association may fairly be congratulated on its sustained and even growing devotion to the serious study and advancement of science. Among the signs of this enhanced sense of what is implied in the design and organization of the Society's annual gatherings is the choice which has now for some years past been made of its President from among the professional or practical workers in the field of science rather than the *dilettante* ranks of the peerage or baronetage. The difficulty of carrying into practice this stricter theory of choice lies of course in the limited area within which the process of selection must needs be exercised. An annual drain of this nature must ere long, it is to be feared, exhaust the supply of men of first-rate eminence in science or philosophy, or of men likely to rivet the attention of a mixed audience by such an encyclopædic survey of the whole domain of nature as the members, whether professional or amateur, look for from the lips of their President. The essay of some specialist, however eminent, directed to the history or the analysis of what forms his little world of ideas, may seem tame and lifeless work to those whose particular hobby is debarré from air and exercise. Not only may old rivalries or new shapes of jealousy lead to personal passages of arms between illustrious savants who may seize the opportunity of a temporary occupation of the chair, but occasion may be taken to run a tilt at the pretensions or the value of all other branches of scientific pursuit. We may have some distinguished botanist whose darling labours have been stigmatized as the attaching of "barbarous bignonia to foreign weeds," ready with his not less sarcastic or alliterative fling at the pride of the

comparative anatomist or paleontologist in sorting ready skeletons, or grubbing among refuse gravels. The best that we can hope for is that personal animosity and scientific rivalry may find at least a yearly truce, and that whether organic or inorganic nature, the secrets of animal or vegetable life, mechanical physics, or the ultimate elements of force and matter, find a mouthpiece in the annual tenant of the chair, turn and turn about may be the accepted rule. *Cuius in sua arte credendum* is a maxim which, without denying to the hearer the right of wakeful and critical intelligence, and without betraying the lecturer into dogmatic and dictatorial airs, should prepare the way to a good mutual understanding between the speaker and his audience.

There might have been some misgiving lest, by its choice of President on the occasion of the present meeting at Brighton, the Association had committed itself to the infliction of a diatribe upon a somewhat worn topic with which the name of its temporary head has of late years specially connected itself among scientific circles. It must have been in consequence with a feeling of relief and a stirring of new curiosity that the associated members heard Dr. Carpenter unfold his subject of discourse at the Pavilion on Wednesday evening last. The minds of his hearers were not, it appeared, to be sunk in deep-sea soundings, and bewildered by groping for the primary or ultimate germs of life in organisms at work miles below the rays of day. After but a passing reference to the newly organized expedition for the purpose of deep-sea sounding under Government authority, and in charge of Professor Wyville Thomson, the lecturer declared it to be his intention to launch forth upon what may be a yet wider and more unfathomable sea of investigation, albeit a sea that for long ages it has been sought to sound or to exhaust. Instead of opening up new accumulations of scientific knowledge, or announcing any addition of importance to the specific facts proper to his own branch of discovery, what he proposed to himself was an inquiry into the logical grounds of knowledge in general, a scrutiny of the depths to which the mind goes down in its search for the ultimate founts of reason and proof. With predecessors of his in the chair it has been the habit to discourse upon some aspect of nature in her relation to man. It was Dr. Carpenter's object to take up the opposite side of the inquiry—to treat of man as the interpreter of nature. He would speak of the mental processes by which are formed those fundamental conceptions of matter and force, of cause and effect, of law and order, which furnish the basis of all scientific reasoning, constituting the *prima philosophia* of Bacon. There seems to Dr. Carpenter to be abroad in the world at the present time a great deal of what he cannot but regard as fallacious and misleading philosophy—"oppositions of science falsely so called." There are those who set up their own conceptions of the orderly sequence which they discern in the phenomena of nature as fixed and determinate laws by which those phenomena not only are, but always have been, and always must be, invariably governed. And he has little difficulty in making it clear that such persons are in reality guilty of the same logical fallacy and the same intellectual arrogance which they themselves join in condemning in the systems of the ancients. They do but place themselves in antagonism to those real philosophers who, like Kepler, are ready to give up a darling system the moment it proves itself inconsistent with the facts disclosed by observation, or who, with Schiller, define the real philosopher as one who always loves truth better than his system, or who, above all, with a greater still, combining the truest philosophy with the deepest humility, see in the proudest efforts of the intellect nothing beyond the picking up a few shells on the shore of the vast ocean of truth. There must have been few among Dr. Carpenter's hearers who did not go thoroughly along with him in his denunciation of these heretics to science. The only difficulty must have been, as each looked round upon the assembled representatives of philosophy, to say on whom were the vials of scientific wrath meant to be emptied, or who was to fit the cap to his own head. That many a real or would-be leader of thought in his specific province of natural study may look upon his own scheme as the sole or the truest exponent of nature, we have no manner of doubt. That many a professor, with the class around a professor, may regard the conclusions or definitions which form the current coin of study as coming from the sterling mint of nature herself, and by no further increase of circulation or more delicate assay to undergo loss in value, we may equally concede. The question is, what *savant*, entitled to the name, but—tacitly at least—has ever held his most prized discoveries or theories subject to deterioration from such causes as the enlargement of the currency of ideas or the more searching processes which await them in the alembic of experiment or observation? A certain order of nature is, Dr. Carpenter warns us, "worshipped as a God" by the class of interpreters whose doctrine he calls in question. It may be replied that the rites of this dreaded deity are performed in secrecy so profound, or by worshippers so infrequent or so obscure, as to form little cause of terror or misgiving for the votaries of a purer creed.

There is much in Dr. Carpenter's exposition of the logic of nature which is true even to triteness. What may be asked is, what does it add to the existing edifice of thought and criticism? That even in the most exact of physical sciences, taking for the moment astronomy to be such, we cannot take a step without translating the phenomena of nature into intellectual representations of nature, is a truth so obvious that it scarcely needed to be enforced by comparison with the parallel modes of interpretation employed by

the artist and the poet. Whatever be the phase or mood which nature presents to contemplation, whether it be to the eye of the painter, the poet, or the philosopher that she poses for the while, it must be through the mind or the personal sense that the phenomena which she throws off or presents must pass, and it is into forms of human consciousness that they all resolve themselves under analysis. So geology, to take another instance from Dr. Carpenter, has been from first to last the reflection of the minds by which its study has been directed. Still, every true geologist will hold what is most accepted in opinion or most venerable in name subject to modification or reversal at the voice of one new authenticated fact. The advocates of "intuitive beliefs," of experience as the sole source of knowledge, or of common sense as the ultimate and fundamental ground of appeal, are at no real variance in this particular matter, nor do we see that much is gained to Dr. Carpenter's cause by bringing in those well-known distinctions of thought, whether in combination or antagonism, in rebuke of what he deems the most besetting fault in the philosophy of our day. Our belief in the uniformity of nature must ever underlie every process of physical experiment or speculation, just as the trustworthiness of our faculties must lie at the basis of every mental operation, being as much implied in the denial as in the assertion of their truth. But what is the ground of conviction in either case? Dr. Carpenter evidently thinks he has made a step when he has laid it down that "this confident anticipation is not justified by any absolute necessity of nature, but arises entirely out of our belief in her uniformity." We know out of what arises the power of opium to set people asleep, according to the scholastic formula. We should hardly have expected the President of a meeting like that at Brighton to halt on his way to make a point like this. Nor is it altogether consistent with his opening reprobation of substituting man's conceptions of nature for nature herself, that we find him resting with satisfaction in the conclusion that "to each man of science nature is what he individually believes her to be." Is it the whole result of his indignant censure of the puffed-up and egotistic school of the day that scientific truth is no more than what each man of science throweth?

There is more force and consistency in the later stage of Dr. Carpenter's reasoning, in which he traces our reliance upon the trustworthiness of common sense and scientific inference alike, not to any one set of experiences, but to our unconscious coordination of the whole aggregate of our experiences—"to our reliance, not on the conclusiveness of any one train of reasoning, but on the convergence of all our lines of thought towards this one centre." More forcible and progressive still is his remark, in the spirit, if not in the language, of Darwin, that "the intellectual intuitions of any one generation are the embodied experiences of the previous race." We are carried a step onward, or we should say, historically speaking, a step backward, toward the prime and ultimate origin of the belief in question. But what if the absolute and original form of this belief lies really as far off and as low down in the order of things as the origin of life, or the primary impulse of motion? What if, in the earliest dawn of consciousness, we take our belief to nature, at least as much, as truly, and to the full, as we draw it from her? What if we have here but one more instance or verification of that great law of unity or mutual interworking which, in the earnest peroration of this address, is spoken of as operating through the limitless extent and variety of the universe; alike in the inorganic or unconscious agencies of matter, and in the operations of organic, vital, and conscious force? Infinite and inexhaustible as are the "possibilities" which nature may have in store for man, her minister or interpreter, it is ever in the direction of harmony and unity that their joint action rightly tends. It is to Mind, as the address ends with saying, that "both the deep-seated instincts of man and the profoundest researches of philosophy alike point as the one and only source of power." Nor need we fear but that the laws of mind are ultimately in truth the same—in nature, man, and God. To speak of the formulas which from time to time embody man's empirical ideas of nature, of God, or of himself, as "laws" mechanical and self-acting, excluding or rendering unnecessary the power which alone can give them effect, is to exalt the mind of man to the exclusion or disparagement of the co-ordinate, or rather over-ruling, power, upon which both nature and man depend. Such may be the tendency of a narrow and hard, but not of a numerous or influential, sect of the philosophy of our day. Though modern science, "as seeking exclusively the order of nature," separates itself more and more widely from theology, "which seeks its cause," there is room and hope for the working of a higher and more comprehensive school, which may have for its task and its glory the correlation of laws or truths which as yet seem to have neither common measure nor design. Philosophy and religion may build up side by side the proofs of that stupendous whole of many parts contemplated by the poet,

Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

#### LARNTHAL.

WE feel, as the Quakers say, a concern lest we should be reproached for inconsistency. After speaking our mind pretty freely as to the sayings and doings of the British tourist and the delight of the genuine traveller on first getting beyond his range, we may seem to be cutting our own throat if we call attention to a region of high houses and wide streets which we suspect that



the British tourist does not often make his way. Near the districts which he does frequent there often lie other districts of high attraction in every way which the real traveller has all to himself. Hardly an English name is to be seen in the list of strangers; not a word of English, or of any tongue but the language of the country, is to be heard among those whom the traveller comes across. Such districts one would, if one could, keep hidden from the general public and reveal their being to those only who are worthy. But unluckily we know of no system of freemasonry by which we can pass on knowledge to the one class without at least putting it in the way of the other class. Our only hope is that, by a happy instinct which they not uncommonly display, they may read our invitation as a warning and keep themselves off of their own free will. We will venture then to suggest to those who set out from home with some reasonable object before them, be it history or antiquities or geology or natural history or the study of men and manners, that a region rich in more than one of these ways at once, and from which tourists seem hitherto to have had the grace to keep quite away, may be found within easy reach of another region where tourists, and classes much worse than tourists, do greatly abound. At no great distance from the Nassau watering-places, at no great distance from some of the most hackneyed points on the Rhine, lies the upper part of the beautiful valley of Lahn, one of the most picturesque regions of the old Frankland, a district fully answering in all points to the description which we have just given. We are half afraid to talk about it, for fear Mr. Cook should at once go and "open it up" to the British public. Still we cannot withstand the temptation of saying somewhat about so beautiful and so historic a region, and of pointing out what there is to be seen there to those who are worthy to enjoy it.

The banks of the Lahn have lately been brought into more notice than usual by reason of the festival held in those parts in honour of the famous Minister Von Stein, the second founder of the power of Prussia. And one of the picturesque towns of the district is familiar by name at least to every devotee of Goethe. For was it not in the free Imperial city of Wetzlar that Lötchen out the ever-memorable bread and butter for her brothers and sisters while Dr. Goethe was practising the law of the Empire before the *Reichskammergericht*? And in another part of the town the curious may still be shown the very house in which the luckless wight who bore the strange name of Jerusalem committed the rash act of shooting himself. We confess that our sympathies are more deeply awakened by the memory of Von Stein than by the memory of Lötchen; but, better than either, we like to carry our thoughts back to days before either the Minister or the poet, to days before there was either a *Reichskammergericht* to plead before or a kingdom of Prussia to set up again, and when there was no danger of a free Baron of the Empire being swallowed up either by a French Republic or by a Duchy of Nassau. We pass along the picturesque valley with its ranges of hills on either side, and the level of the plain itself broken by isolated rocks. Each island peak, each rocky promontory jutting over the river, has its own legend, its own living memorial in the shape of town, or castle, or church, or monastery. Amöneburg is still fragrant with the memory of St. Boniface. The basaltic rocks of Gleiberg and Felsberg are still crowned by their ruined towers. But some spots demand a longer stay and a longer notice, and among them the three towns of Marburg, Wetzlar, and Limburg, with what we may look on as its dependency of Dietkirchen, may fairly claim the first place. Each of these towns stands nobly over the river; each is rich in its surviving ancient buildings; Marburg especially has a double source of attraction in the possession at once of a church and of a castle of the highest interest. Wetzlar, besides its picturesque site and the hill-fort which looks down upon it, has a church which has gone through some of the strangest changes of any building in existence. At Limburg almost the whole interest gathers round one single building—the now cathedral church. And no better proof can there be to show how much may be done by the choice of a majestic site and by that variety of outline in which the German architect surpassed all others, when we see so small a church as this, on a scale far below that of Wells or Hereford, standing forth as a rival of the general effect at once of Lincoln and of Durham. The church is finished with seven towers, a plan designed at Winchester and half carried out at Leam, but which here at Limburg, as at Rouen, appears in its full perfection. Its south side rises like Lincoln over the city at its foot, while to the north and east the church and its attendant buildings crown, like those at Durham, the rocks which overhang the river. The whole pile as seen from the bridge, the east end as seen from the foot of the precipice on which it stands, are really among the greatest triumphs of the art of architectural grouping. At the first sight of Limburg there is perhaps a certain feeling of disappointment as the eye first takes in its small position. We have heard of the seven towers, we have seen them in engravings, and we are apt instinctively to conceive that the church which is crowned with such a diadem must be one to take its place among the great churches of Christendom. But this feeling soon passes away and we are left to admire without drawbacks the ever-shifting outlines of a building which must be nearly the most picturesque even among the picturesque churches of Germany. Its satellite Dietkirchen stands on a site not unlike its own. Its east end, almost hidden by a crowd of surrounding buildings, crowns the rocks above the Lahn just like its more lonely neighbour. As the chief church of a city Dietkirchen might, at least in Germany, be

looked down upon; but in England its two bold western towers, both Romanesque, but not exactly alike, would be unique in any except churches of the higher rank; and, standing as it does on the outskirts of a mere village, and placed on one of the most picturesque of sites, it is a building which would call to itself no small share of attention in any part of the world.

Setting aside Dietkirchen as a village, the three towns have each of them a character of its own conformable to its own peculiar history. Marburg was the dwelling-place of a temporal prince; its steep is therefore crowned, not by an episcopal church or an episcopal palace, but by the castle of the Landgraves. The great church of St. Elizabeth, the church of Conrad of Marburg, stands at the foot of the height and not on its summit. Limburg, for some centuries at least, was the possession, if not the dwelling-place, of an ecclesiastical prince, of the Primate who was also Arch-Chancellor of Gaul. It was neither an Imperial city nor the capital of a temporal principality. The ecclesiastical element is therefore predominant. The minster and its attendant buildings sit side by side as a stronghold on a rock; but there is nothing like the gorgeous display of temporal magnificence which we see in the episcopal palaces of Trier and Würzburg. Wetzlar had neither spiritual nor temporal lord; a free city of the Empire, the peer of Köln and Frankfurt, she had no King but Caesar, and no smaller potentate might enthrone himself as a master within her gates. A little way beyond them she had her *Melvoisin*, her evil neighbour, in the shape of the fortress crowning the hill which soars above her; but within her gates the objects to be studied are her gates and towers themselves, and the picturesque winding streets climbing up the hill crowned by the minster and the open space around it. It was only in the latest age of the Empire that Wetzlar became a chief seat of such Imperial power as still was left, when such causes as were reserved unto the hearing of Augustus, or of those by whom Augustus was directly represented, were decided—or at least argued—within her walls, and when a poet who survived the Empire held, or might have held, a brief at Caesar's judgment-seat. But the character of an Imperial city is impressed on Wetzlar from the beginning. Marburg is a city of princes; Limburg is mainly ecclesiastical; Wetzlar, small as it is, is every stone of it, a city of Emperors.

Of the four churches which we have brought together, Dietkirchen and Wetzlar are the only two which retain any portions of unmingled Romanesque. The internal look of Dietkirchen, with its plain square piers and arches, and the single round arch of its triforium, is, as so often happens in Germany, unworthy of the expectations which are aroused by the picturesque effort of its site and its towers. At Wetzlar the Romanesque part is of very small extent, but it is of the highest possible value; it consists of the original west front of the church, which has been preserved in a strange way through the very fact of its being destined to destruction. The whole church, from the west wall eastward, has been rebuilt, and it is now, both physically and theologically, divided into two, being parted asunder between the two prevalent religions. The nave, a fair example of what the Germans call a *Hallenkirche*, one with the nave and aisles of equal height like Bristol Cathedral, and containing some fine geometrical windows, is used for Protestant worship. The Catholics keep possession of the choir, and the two parts are divided by a most stately roodloft. This choir, contrary to all German custom, is lower than the nave, and the work is of earlier date, the windows showing tracery in its rudimental form. It is plain that the work of rebuilding began from the east, and that, as the builders got westward, their ideas enlarged, and they made their nave on a grander scale than their choir. When they came, a generation or two later, to design their west front, their ideas enlarged again, and they planned a magnificent facade with two lofty towers, and a stately double portal between them. The west wall was now to be advanced considerably to the west, and the length of the nave was to be increased by two bays. To this plan of course the original west front was to give way, but the builders had the discretion not to pull down till they had built up, and, as they never finished building up, they never altogether finished pulling down. The new west front was begun, its walls were carried up to a certain height all round, and its southern tower was finished as much as many other Continental towers are finished—that is, it is complete as a square tower, but lacks the crown of its spire or octagon. But the central compartment got no higher than the portal, and of the northern tower nothing but a mere stump was built. Meanwhile the ancient front was touched only so far as was needed for the building of the southern tower and its junction with the nave on that side. This involved the destruction of the southern tower of the old front, but left the northern tower and the great central doorway. The church therefore has now two imperfect fronts, one behind the other—the southern tower of the later, and the northern tower of the earlier front, being in a comparatively finished state. Thus, from our point of view, we trust it may always remain; we could not wish to see the church enlarged and the later front finished at the sacrifice of the precious relics of Romanesque work which lurk behind. The northern tower is one of those which in England we should be inclined to set very early, but which in Germany are often late in the eleventh century, or early in the twelfth. But the central doorway, double, and divided by a shaft, is one of the noblest examples of the style. The whole is rich with ornament bold and massive, but thoroughly appropriate, while the central front carries us back to Speyer and Gelnhausen, and to the lands

from which Speier and Gelnhausen drew their models. As becomes an Imperial city, the capital of the one single column in the whole building assumes what we may perhaps venture to call the Imperial form.

In chronological order Limburg comes next. The church, raised in modern times to cathedral rank, is throughout a perfect example of the German transitional style; the stage where, outside at least, the general look and feeling is still Romanesque, but where nearly every arch is pointed. The details of the west front show plainly that it belongs to the thirteenth century, but as far as the general outline and finish of its towers go, it might have belonged to the eleventh. Within, the piers, though their arches are pointed, retain the square massiveness of the Romanesque, but the upper portions are later, and, in idea at least, much more advanced. Limburg, indeed, has some points of likeness to Laon in internal treatment as well as in external outline. Both have the same double triforium, making a fourfold instead of threefold division of the height; but at Limburg, as so often in Germany, the lower triforium forms a real gallery designed from the beginning. The internal treatment of the central octagon is most skillfully managed, and the whole inside has an appearance of dignity which might have been thought hard to reach in a church on so small a scale.

Marburg is, on every ground, one of the most famous churches of Germany. Its connexion with the history of St. Elizabeth and with the early days of the Teutonic Order, its wealth in tombs, pictures, and other ornaments, the shrine of the sainted princess herself among them, combine with its singular perfection as an example of the earlier German Gothic style to make it one of the most typical churches of the land. All of a single date, except no doubt the finish of the two slightly unequal towers, the building gains as an artistic study what it loses as a matter of architectural history. In Marburg there is nothing to be spelled out, as at Wetzlar; there is a work, perfect in its own kind, to be studied and rated at its true value. It is a thoroughly German church, a *Hallenkirche* with apsidal transepts; no one could for a moment take it for a French or an English building. The merits of the arrangement, the equal height of the nave and its aisles, as compared with the several stages of internal elevation with which we are more familiar, is fairly a question of taste. It may perhaps be said that, at least as we see it at Marburg and Wetzlar, it gains in lightness but loses in dignity. The treatment of the piers and arches at Marburg is most successful; that of the windows and the external treatment generally strikes us as less so. We cannot blame its designers for not choosing the heavy roof which seems to crush so many churches of this type, as the choirs of the two great churches of Nürnberg. But surely the arrangement of Wetzlar, where each bay of the aisle is gabled and contains a single large window, is better than that of Marburg, where the gables are hipped, and the whole circuit of the outside is cut up into two ranges of small windows. Even in the apses, the special German arrangement, the tall narrow windows, so glorious at Aachen, and which may fairly stand their ground as an alternative arrangement beside the circling chapels of France and the great east windows of England, is at Marburg forsaken. To us it seems that two or more ranges of windows, unless they really mark two constructive stages of the building, sin against the first law of reality. The arcade, triforium, and clerestory are properly marked by three ranges of windows, because they are three real stages of the building; here at Marburg, the whole height of the church forms but one stage, and it should therefore have but one range of windows. In Romanesque apses and transept fronts we indeed see several ranges of windows one above the other, and the effect is thoroughly good. But why? Because, though they do not mark any actual constructive ranges in the apses and transept fronts themselves, they are continuations of real constructive ranges in other parts of the building. Also in Romanesque, a style without tracery, windows must ever be small, and a window of the height of those at Aachen or Wetzlar would be impossible. It struck us at the first glance, and we still think, after weighing the matter, that the arrangement of the windows is a fault throughout the beautiful church.

We have no room left to speak of the castle of Marburg. We will therefore only say that it is no mere ruin, no mere predatory fortress. It is a well preserved mediæval secular building, worthy of the site on which it stands, and of the church on which it looks down. Its vaulted halls, its chapel, its windows, the architectural details throughout the building, deserve real artistic study, and not mere picturesque admiration.

#### GROUSE, POLITICS, AND PROSPERITY.

NOW that the Twelfth of August is marked with a white stone by the fortunate people who can afford to enjoy it, it is curious to remember from what very recent times the great shooting festival dates its origin. Fashion has done much for it, and atone more, until at last the masses who never share in it have come to regard it as a national institution. Naturally, as July is followed by August, the Session goes out as the grouse comes in, nor dare the most autocratic of popular Ministers dream of prolonging legislation beyond the morning of the 10th. Grouse, as is known, wait for no man, and if you do not shoot them early in their season, they will not attend your leisure at the end. The harshest and least sympathetic critics feel that it is idle to protest against

the precipitancy that condemns many a promising measure to an untimely fate. The hardest-working Englishman believes in holidays, seldom as he may enjoy one; field sports are understood to be a grand specific for cobwebs on the brain, and the moors are believed to be a more bracing school for our public men than the stables. We grumble at national blunders and shortcomings, but in our most hearts we feel an honest pride in the rough-and-ready statesmanship, soldiery, and diplomacy that always pull us through somehow. We are perpetually coming to grief in matters of detail. We go on committing *laches* to which our generous consciences hasten to plead half guilty, hinting in advance our readiness to pay down millions by way of atonement if needful. We organize expeditions regardless of expense to avenge ourselves on some remote potentate who, secure in almost impregnable fastnesses, having taken umbrage at the negligence of a Foreign-Office clerk, has shown his displeasure by locking up a missionary and a traveller. We are always crying out about economy; and we keep up the most costly army in the world, which we loudly declare to be the most inefficient. But somehow the army, like our other institutions, has generally done its work, although it may be in an expensive fashion. We have had a succession of incompetent Ministers at home—witness philippics of the Opposition and leading articles *passim*. We have sent out diplomatists to be overreached and bamboozled by their shrewder rivals, and the result of it all is that England has attained her present highly satisfactory position of power and prosperity, while her purse seems to fill the faster for the perpetual waste.

We believe in the national pluck, vigour, and resources, and, above all, in the system of training that develops them. We have our theory as to why our somewhat haphazard statesmanship and strategy should have yielded results so brilliant. Our governing classes and the men who give an impulse to the commerce that fills the Treasury to overflowing have always gone to school in the open air, and we know that it is not the boy who pores over his books in playtime and prides himself on the propriety of his well-brushed jacket that makes the most conspicuous figure in after life. We do not say that there are not advantages in passing one's holidays as Continental generals and statesmen do. You go to your country house with chestfuls of books, blue, green, or yellow, and master after an early dinner an enormous amount of knowledge that may one day prove useful. You associate with kindred spirits at the waters, and discuss by the Brunton of a morning, or on the Casino terrace of an afternoon, subtle questions of campaigns, political and military. No doubt you have your reward. Knowledge of a certain kind can only come with assiduous study, and must always have its value. Of course you are less likely to bring to grief the country for whose destinies you are responsible if you have forecast and discussed in advance each conceivable contingency. But the other system has its advantages too, especially when contemporary politics are full of surprises, and pregnant with unlooked-for emergencies. A Minister startled by a telegram reaching him at his shooting-box finds his nerves already strung to deal with the difficulty that has risen of a sudden in his path. His first fresh, clear, courageous instinct ought to be worth hours of dull Cabinet deliberation. When is a great engineer more likely to strike out his most brilliant and original conceptions than when his brain is still working from habit in the accustomed grooves in the innocent intoxication of the breezy air of the mountains, possibly dashed with a suspicion of brine from the neighbouring ocean? The rank and file of Parliament in their degree profit by the regimen that invigorates their leaders, and the millionaires of industry and commerce temper their spirits for the cool daring speculations which have made the fortunes of England together with their own.

We do not exactly mean to say that the grouse are the guardian spirit of England. England flourished when the grouse was as rare in English markets as the bustard, and a thorough English Minister like Sir Robert Walpole freshened himself and his vigorous policy on his Norfolk partridge ground. But the moor and the hill, scarcely known in those more easy-going days, administer to our more jaded and effete civilization the stronger tonic which it requires. We remarked at the outset on the very recent date of the great festival which is now so popular. Even at the beginning of this century the Highland lairds had but the faintest glimmerings of the treasure they possessed in their barren mountains. A Highland gentleman shot, and made his keeper shoot, and his household was sated with game in the season, as it had been with salmon some fifty years earlier still. If a stray traveller ventured into those melancholy wilds, and chose to bring his gun with him, he might have a turn on the moors almost anywhere for the asking. In any case he found game everywhere on the inn tables, although there might be no beef, and only salted mutton. The host, by understanding with the functionary who combined the keepership with a variety of other avocations, might always send a gun upon the hill, if he desired to supply his larder. Those days should have been the golden age of the grouse, when an occasional flint single-barrel was the only weapon they had to dread. It is true that, as even the animal creation has never been exempt from the primal curse, it was not all so bright with them then as it might seem now in the retrospect. Their winged and four-footed enemies flourished and multiplied as they have never done since. Eagles, hawks and kites, ravens, crows and magpies, foxes, wild cats, marten cats, polecats, stoats, and weasels, harboured undisturbed in coony and corm, and were little molested in their nightly flights and patrols. But at least there were no

organized massacres in the early weeks of the season, when whole flocks of innocents, kicked up by single birds, fell fast to the deadly roll of quick-shooting, quick-loading central fires, as men shot against each other to top the paragraphs in the papers. Now fashion and science conspire against the birds. The remoteness which formerly was their best safeguard has become a thing of the past, now that Highland railways and swift steamers have established communications with the great Southern network of lines. They are scrupulously preserved from illicit raids, and their natural enemies are rigorously proscribed everywhere beyond the limits of the deer forests. But they are only preserved as the calf is cherished and fattened for the knife of the butcher. They fall in late August as pigeons at Hurlingham, or autumn leaves in Vallambrosa, and, useful in death as beautiful in life, they play no insignificant part in contributing to the greatness and prosperity of England.

It may be prejudice, but we believe there is no sport like grouse-shooting for the tolerably active man, well advanced past middle age. Even if he have the head, he has neither the limbs nor the wind left him to clear Alpine crevasses, to grind his way up interminable moraines, to scale ice-walls, and balance himself on giddy ridges. He may be no seaman, and may object to having his enfeebled constitution renovated by internal revolution as he is rocked on the heaving billows. Even if foxes came in with grouse, he may have lost as much in nerve as he has gained in weight. Low-country shooting is not to be despised, but it becomes rather a strain than otherwise when you must labour over the turnip drills while the languid air lies heavily on the flat between the hedgerows. Comparatively few men past fifty are sufficiently certain of their aim to care for the long break-neck stalk, now crawling in the ice-cold brook, now running like the animal they are after, on the vague chance of missing a deer with a shaking hand. But every one who has the money and the time can find grouse-shooting suitable to him. If he cares for heavy bags and easy walking, there are the great barren tablelands stretching away on the level, or rolling slightly on the rise towards the low ridge that bounds the horizon. If he likes fair but not excessive exercise, he may select his lodge in some valley among those uplands where the fitful puffs of air change into a cooling breeze as you saunter by easy zigzags up the gentle ascents. But if you really desire the sport in perfection, you must rent your moor among the wild hills on the Northern watershed, where, rising from the zone of the grouse to that of the ptarmigan, you may feast your eyes on each bare-scalped Pegasus in the glorious panorama, embracing everything in its scope from the yellow corn-fields in the remote lowlands to the grey distant haze that rests on the green rollers of the Atlantic. What a life-inspiring change from Pall Mall pavements, and close Committee-rooms looking over the lead-coloured Thames, provided you don't draw too freely on your pluck, and risk doing yourself irreparable injury in the first excitement of your intoxication! You have beats of a dozen or fifteen miles as the crow flies, where you go meandering after your dogs up hill and down corry, over rocks and precipices, now leaping from stone to stone in a half-dried torrent bed, now scrambling with hands and knees and painfully drawn breath up some rugged natural corridor. Birds are in plenty, although not in superabundance; all of them already well grown and strong upon the wing, save here and there a second covey of "cheepers" which you spare with their anxious parents in charitable contempt. Each corner that you turn opens up some fresh enchanting prospect, as different from the bricks and mortar among which you have been vegetating through the early summer as is the mountain breeze from the tainted atmosphere within the bills of mortality in the normal playgrounds of epidemics. Here are the remains of a blasted pine wood on a sheltered slope, and lower down a group of graceful birches—a notorious spot for black game—feathering down on a stretch of soft emerald turf by the rivulet. There is a wide barren plain, redeemed from utter solitude by a single shepherd's shieling, stretching away to where the sheer walls of rock drop into the deep blue lake that lies sleeping at their feet. Then comes the mid-day meal, when you make your frugal repast by some diamond of the desert, to be followed by the well-earned siesta, when you sink back as the extinguished cigar falls from your lips, and dream dreams of the worries that are past—dreams that are followed by awakening to the delightful reality. We know not whether grouse may not be doomed, as outraging the communistic tendencies of an age which denounces the reserving of special recreations for the plutocracy, but we are sure there is a great deal to be said for their careful preservation on national and material, as well as selfish and sentimental, grounds.

#### POETRY AND SEWAGE.

WE have all read much in prose and verse about the Tweed and its tributary streams, but it has not perhaps occurred to us to consider those rivers in the necessary, but unromantic, point of view of drainage outfalls. The Commission on the Pollution of Rivers has lately published a description of the basin of the Tweed which may scarcely harmonize with some other descriptions of the same locality with which we are familiar. The poets call a river clear or pure just as they call a man strong or a woman fair:—

Sweet Teviot, on thy silver side  
The glaring half-fires blime no more;  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and willowed shore

This river has long ceased to deserve to be called "sweet." Indeed, it has become so great a nuisance that nobody would ride upon its banks who could possibly reach his destination another way. The Teviot is polluted by town sewage, liquid refuse from woollen manufactories, dye-works, and tanyards, and also by cinders and spent bark. People who dwell upon a river's bank seem to expect that it will carry away, not only all the liquid filth which they choose to pour into it, but any quantity of solid refuse as well. No doubt a river can put away a good deal, and probably nobody ever explored a deep hole by diving without finding an old pot or kettle at the bottom of it. But, still, there is a limit to the capacity of every stream, and the entire sewage of Hawick, combined with cinders, broken crockery, pots, and kettles, seems to be rather too much for the Teviot. That bold moss-trooper William of Deloraine would have done much to serve the Lady of Branksome, but we question whether he would not have hesitated to ford the modern Teviot below Hawick. Let us hear a description of the Tweed just below the confluence of the Galawater, and close to Melrose, to which place Deloraine was sent. A resident at Melrose told the Commissioners that in his time the Tweed has always been filthy when the river is low, but of late years it has become much worse, and in summer-time now the stench of it is odious, and the colour of the water very bad. On Saturday afternoons it comes down blue, red, and green, with masses of woollen stuff floating on it. There is a weir at Melrose, which creates a great pool, in which this stuff settles. The result is that the bed of this pool has become perfectly filthy, so that if a dog goes into it he comes out just as if he had escaped from a dye-vat. The Galawater has the credit of bringing most of this impurity into the Tweed, and indeed that unfortunate little stream seems to be perfectly overwhelmed with nastiness. The Commissioners call it "the dirtiest of the affluents" of the Tweed. There is another stream, even more thoroughly consecrated to poetry, which has hitherto enjoyed a better fate:—

What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under?

Well, we are glad to say that it is still not much else. Woollen manufactories, dye works, paper mills, have not yet been established along its banks. But it is destined to share the fate of its sister rivers, and if you wish to see it in pristine purity, you had better not delay your visit. Its holms are green and its stream is sweet; but some enterprising capitalist will doubtless soon reduce it to the condition of the Galawater or the Teviot:—

Oh! swiftly can speed my dapple grey steed,  
Which drinks of the Teviot stream;

and it may be hoped that there are still fast horses in Buccleugh's country, although they may have a difficulty to find clear water. Some of the manufacturers boldly asserted that it was not they who polluted the rivers, but the farmers with their lime and manure and sheep-wash; but analysis was against this theory. Sheep-washing lasts only a few days, but wool-washing goes on all the year. By a curious fatality the Leader, which Wodsworth has associated so closely with the Galawater, is almost unpolluted, but nobody can tell how long it will remain so. The nuisance, however, may in time become unbearable. Every manufacturer requires pure water for his work, and if the stream which flows past his door has been polluted, he must fetch clear water from elsewhere. It would seem to be almost as cheap to leave the streams as nature made them, and to dispose of refuse otherwise than in their channels. It would be vain to ask commercial people to consider the poetical or the picturesque, but it really deserves attention that, if the natural beauty of this district be destroyed, tourists from America and England will cease to visit it, and then the hotels and railways will become unprofitable. It will, at any rate, be necessary to amend the quotations of the guide-books:—

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aight,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,  
But do not go on Saturday night;

because the stink of the Tweed will poison you. The river spirit who complained that

Tears of an imprudent maiden  
Mix with my polluted stream,

has doubtless been long since improved away from the banks of the Teviot, but if he remained there, he would know by this time what pollution really means. He was, we think, disposed to put "rather too fine a point on it" to suit this district in modern times. The Ale, through which Deloraine rode, remains hitherto uncontaminated, but the Jed, which like the Ale is a tributary of the Teviot, has been reduced to the condition of a sewer. We do not know whether the water spirit would find any maidens' tears in the Jed, but he would certainly find there town sewage and liquid refuse from woollen manufactories, dye works, tanyards, skinners, slaughter-houses, gas works, and sheep-dip manufactories.

The Clyde, which is laden with filth beyond computation before it joins the sea, is, in its upper reaches, and for more than two-thirds of its course, one of the most beautiful of Scottish rivers. Its waters pleasant upland pastoral valleys, traverses rich and fertile lowland landscapes, falls through abrupt and rocky wooded defiles, and furnishes, in one portion of its course, some of the finest river scenery in the island. Nowhere is there a greater contrast than that which exists between the unpolluted waters which come down to Lanark, or even as far as Hamilton, and the

foul and stinking fluid to which they have been changed not twenty miles beyond that point. The Commissioners from whom we are quoting grow positively eloquent in describing the nastiness of the Clyde. Within the space of a few miles, they say, river pollution is exhibited in almost all its forms, and may be witnessed in every degree of intensity. This change, which takes place so rapidly as the river passes certain points, has nearly all arisen within living recollection. It is not very long since the Clyde, even at Glasgow, was comparatively clean. Now its water is loaded with sewage mud, foul with sewage gas, and poisoned by sewage waste of every kind. The cause of this change is to be found in the enormous increase of population and of manufacturing industry which during the past generation has been witnessed in Clydesdale.

We will not examine the condition of other rivers. It may suffice to say that wherever manufacturing industry prevails there is an abominable nuisance. In truth, this question of sewage, however disagreeable, will force itself into notice as one of the most pressing questions of the time. The beauty of our rivers has been spoiled, the fish in them have been killed, and the water has been rendered unfit for use. All large towns pollute the water which comes to them naturally, and are forced to bring other water to them artificially. It is contemplated to take the water of "still St. Mary's Lake," which belongs to the basin of the Tweed, and carry it to Edinburgh. In like manner it has been proposed to carry water from the lakes of Wales or Cumberland to London. But before these violent interferences with the order of nature are attempted, it might be well to try the effect of allowing nature a fair chance. It has already been determined that the Thames shall not be polluted by the sewage of towns upon its banks. And when these towns find that they must dispose of their sewage otherwise, they will doubtless contrive the means of doing so. It is said that by sewage irrigation large crops of grass may be grown, on which cattle may be fed. But although sewage is a nuisance, and meat is scarce, it has hitherto been almost impossible to employ the one in producing the other. Yet these Commissioners agree with other authorities in declaring that sewage can be profitably applied to land, and that there is no other trustworthy means of getting rid of it. It is said that when a large breadth of land cannot be obtained near a town, a process of filtration may be employed, for which a few acres of land, properly prepared, will suffice. The latter process is declared by these Commissioners to be effectual, while the former process is not only effectual, but profitable. As regards the refuse of manufactories, which is usually much more poisonous than sewage, manufacturers themselves would be glad to be placed under a general law which should compel all alike to adopt measures for disposing of this refuse otherwise than by pouring it into rivers. The pollution of the Thames concerns London only, but the pollution of "Tweed's fair river broad and deep" concerns all the English-speaking world. Americans have subscribed to the rebuilding of Warwick Castle, and they would doubtless subscribe, if necessary, to preserve the purity and beauty of the Tweed and its tributary streams. If this object had been proposed to the enthusiastic assemblies which toasted the memory of Sir Walter Scott last year, it surely might have been accomplished.

We have a vision of our own;  
Ah! why should we undo it?

We have dreamed of the fair-flowing water of Teviot, and let us not allow ourselves to behold the hideous deformity of a dark and fetid stream. It were better never to cross the Scottish border than to run the risk of finding "another Yarrow" from that which bore burden to the Last Minstrel's song. But it cannot be that the process of defiling and deforming nature will continue. At the present rate of progress it would soon be necessary for an Englishman or Scotchman to cross the sea in order to behold anything that might deserve to be called a river. When things are at the worst they must mend, and nothing can be more disgusting than the description in this Report of the condition of the Galawater where it joins the Tweed above Melrose. The fiend who at the bidding of Michael Scott built a weir across the Tweed, and asked for another job, might find continuous employment in keeping this river clean. If he were very troublesome, he might be ordered to wash a man who had bathed in it.

#### THE EUPHRATES VALLEY RAILWAY.

THAT "England is an Asiatic Power" is a favourite doctrine with those who think it necessary to give some reason, founded on higher motives than avowed sloth and selfishness, for advocating the modern Manchester policy of total abstinence from European politics. If we may not altogether admire the use which is made of the plea, we cannot impugn its truth, nor altogether deny its validity; and it has at all events over the naked baseness of the "Perish Savoy!" principle the advantage of decency; it does recognize the existence of such a thing as national duty, and national responsibility for the exercise of the great powers and the use of the splendid opportunities which Providence has granted. It recognizes these things at least in name and form, even if those who employ the phrase are not generally more earnest in their zeal for the performance of England's duties and the maintenance of English policy in Asia than the old-fashioned statesmen who would have scorned to make the greatness of our Oriental Empire an excuse for littleness at home. England is a great Asiatic

Power—the greatest, if she chooses, of all Asiatic Powers—and enjoys in that position such opportunities of national greatness and of unselfish beneficence as have rarely, if ever, fallen to the lot of a ruling State or dominant race. And, as the mistress of the finest empire in Asia, and the stronger and more civilized of the two rivals between whom the hegemony of the continent is now divided, and in whose hands its future lies, she cannot, without a palpable dereliction of duty, without proving herself manifestly degenerate from her past and unworthy of her present, abdicate her paramount influence in Oriental politics, or leave them to settle themselves or be settled by the sword of the strongest, as she has of late seemed disposed to leave the affairs of Europe. Every question that affects the stability of a leading Asiatic Government, the rise or decline of a nation, the distribution of territory, even the intrigues of a Court or the slow and silent progress of hostile diplomacy, is of as deep concern to the sovereign of India as are the like matters in central Europe to Austria and Germany, or as the fate of Holland and Belgium is to France. Above all, she is intimately affected by the policy and the fortunes of the two principal Mahomedan States, by the tendency of their foreign alliances or leanings, by their internal development or decay, by everything that can render them an easier prey to Russian aggression, or a stronger barrier against it. She is interested in them, too, by a more unselfish title; by her obvious mission, or, in American language, her manifest destiny, as the civilizer of Southern Asia, the prospective or possible restorer of its lost prosperity, the developer of its long-neglected, but still enormous and practically inexhaustible, resources. And further she is interested in them, directly and immediately, as they lie between herself and her Eastern possessions; and as their friendship or enmity, their civilization or retrogression, may hinder or help communication between the source of her strength and the seat of her power—may facilitate or retard the transport of British troops, artillery, and material to India, and the establishment of a route along which traffic may pass more rapidly and readily than by the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and the existence of which would therefore tend more than anything else to open up India to British capital, energy, and enterprise, and to open to Indian industry and commerce, quickened by their influence, the markets of the West. Those, then, who remind us so emphatically that England is an Asiatic Power must in consistency allow that nothing that materially affects the fortunes of Asiatic Turkey can be matter of indifference to her. Those who, on the ground that our future lies in the East, bid us regard with undisturbed tranquillity the conquests of Germany, or the encroachments of France, must on the same ground admit that we are much more deeply interested in the advance of Russia and in the stability of the Porte; that, if we can afford to sit still while Prussia acquires the command of the Sound, it is because we are more intimately concerned in the security of the Bosphorus; and that in proportion as we think less of the balance of power on the Rhine, we are more impelled to watch with anxiety the balance of power on the Caucasus. That the principle in question has not been thus carried out, the complaints of Indian statesmen, the unopposed progress of Russia, and the recent abandonment of the Porte at a critical moment, sufficiently prove. That a certain number of English public men are alive to the greatness and urgency of our Asiatic interests, and contrive to compel the attention of languid or pre-occupied Ministers, is testified by a variety of valuable publications which the general public does not read, and by occasional questions and conversations in Parliament to which, significant as they are, it pays no attention.

After the question of an overland railway route to India, and the Report of General Chesney on the Euphrates Valley exploration, had been allowed to slumber for thirty-five years, a Committee sat during the two last Sessions to consider the subject; and it has produced a Report in favour of the project which has evidently been impaired in force and cogency by the lukewarmness of the commercial and the reserve of the official members, but which nevertheless is worth reading, and is backed by evidence, not voluminous, but extremely weighty and well chosen, and bringing a great preponderance of authority to bear on the affirmative side. That it would be of immense advantage to England and to India if the passage between them could be shortened by seven or eight days, few will dispute; that the military importance of such a result might at times be incalculable, the Mutiny has proved beyond possibility of doubt. The Suez Canal may to some extent have diminished the need for an overland route, but the Suez Canal may prove a precarious and inadequate resource in time of pressure; that it should be stopped altogether for a time is not inconceivable, and in any case a saving of seven days is sufficient to secure an extensive preference for the proposed Euphrates railway. That the latter might not, for some time to come, pay commercially is so probable that it is not likely to be undertaken as a mere commercial speculation. But it appears that the Turkish Government is willing to incur the outlay if England will guarantee a loan for the amount; the cost of the line proffered by the Committee is estimated by them not to exceed ten millions sterling, is stated by others as low as six and a-half millions; and the question for consideration is whether the value of the line to England, in her capacity as an Asiatic Power, is not worth all the expense that such a guarantee is likely to involve. Of course, if the line did not pay its working expenses, and if the Porte were insistent, we might have to pay some 300,000l. or 400,000l. a year. But if the Porte should become insistent, the prospect before us might well present difficulties and dangers compared with which



this would be the veriest trifle, and in which the possession of such a line would be of incalculable value.

A line from Scutari to Baghdad and Bussorah would enable the traveller to reach India with a minimum of sea voyage, by taking the route via Calais and Constantinople; but for military uses such a line would be valueless, and for commerce less convenient than the Suez Canal. A line with its terminus on the Euxine would be less advantageous still, and subject to the conclusive objection that it would be intercepted just when we needed it most. For English purposes, the required line must have its North-western terminus on the Mediterranean; and the choice appears to lie between Suedia (Seleucia, in the bay of Antioch) and Scanderoun or Alexandretta; the former of which is the less suitable port, while the latter is unhealthy in the extreme, and moreover involves a costly passage through a rough and mountainous district. In either case the line would run by Antioch and Aleppo to a point on the Euphrates; thence along the river to Baghdad; and thence probably along the Euphrates, perhaps by the left bank of the Tigris, to Bussorah or the neighbourhood, terminating probably at Grane, a small port to the south-west of Bussorah, on the Persian Gulf. It seems to be generally agreed that it would not be worth while at present to attempt to carry the line to the eastward as far as Kurrachee, where it would join the railway system of India; but, if the scheme prospered, and the route were found commercially profitable as well as politically important, such an extension would no doubt be made at a future date. It is obvious that both the termini of the proposed line would belong, practically, if not technically, to England. Both would be wholly beyond the reach of Russian aggression, so long as Turkey is capable of self-defence, and both would be easily held, and could only be held, by a Power that is mistress of the seas. The whole length of the line would be perfectly safe so long as we remained on terms of amity with Turkey and with Persia. It would pass through a country still fertile, though comparatively desolate at present; a country whose past history shows that nothing but irrigation and diligent cultivation are necessary to render it one of the most productive in the world; the seat of the powerful empires and populous cities of Assyria and Chaldaea, afterwards the richest portion of the Persian monarchy; in later days, the chosen seat of the Arabian Caliphate. Neither Turk, Arab, nor native Christian will ever by themselves restore even the shadow of its lost prosperity; but if the railway should attract English colonists, and if England should be resolute enough to secure for them adequate protection against local tyranny, their skill and enterprise might before many years had passed develop once more the extraordinary resources of the soil, and lay the foundations of a new agriculture and civilization upon the ruins of the oldest in the world. They would find native labour available to a sufficient extent for their original requirements, and would attract increasing numbers as their operations and their wealth increased; and the railway would secure to them the only remaining necessity of successful colonization—access to the markets of the world. In this way the American railways carried, sometimes on speculation, sometimes, as in this case, for the sake of "through" traffic, in advance of population, across unsettled regions, have brought population with them, and created the industry whose needs they exist to supply. So well is this understood in the States, that many railways have been made, chiefly if not entirely, at the cost of this prospective population—a moiety of the land within a mile on either side of the line being granted to the Company, and sold by it to defray the cost of making the road. A similar speculation in the case of the Euphrates Valley might be, and would certainly seem, too hazardous and uncertain a venture for English capitalists; but in estimating the prospects of the road, the possibility of making it the centre of a flourishing English settlement in one of the richest countries of the world ought not to be wholly overlooked.

On the political and military value of the road the Report of the Committee is silent, or nearly so. But a pamphlet lately published—the translation of a paper written in 1858 by an Austrian officer of high rank, on the position and policy of Russia in the East—sets this point in the clearest light. Russia, argues the writer, as a great inland Power, naturally and necessarily craves an access to the sea. At present she has none that answers her purpose. The Arctic seaboard is of course useless; the conquests of Prussia put it in her power at any time to close the Sound, and shut up the fleets of Russia in the Baltic; and Turkey holds the only outlet from the Euxine. The nearest and most attractive point at which the maritime ambition of Russia could aim is of course Constantinople. But neither Austria nor Germany could tolerate the occupation of European Turkey and the tenure of the Lower Danube by so powerful a neighbour, and, for military reasons, an attack on Constantinople while Austria and Germany hang on the flank of the invader would be a most hazardous, if not a desperate, enterprise. Of this the Cæars have shown themselves so far aware, that while they never have renounced, and probably dare not renounce, their designs on Constantinople—an object of no less eager desire to the nation than to its rulers—they have of late directed their active exertions in another direction, and have pushed their encroachments and strengthened themselves chiefly on the side of Asia. Their next effort may probably be made towards the Asiatic coast of the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. In that case Turkey and Persia would be thrown into the arms of England; and England would have to defend her Indian Empire on the battle-field of Asia Minor. In such a conflict a

railway which would enable her without difficulty to bring into the field of action the whole disposable force of India would be of the utmost importance, and might be decisive of the issue. This aspect of the question deserves attentive study from all but those who believe as obstinately that our Indian Empire would be safe if the Russian dominions were extended to the Levant and the Gulf of Persia, as that England would not be endangered if Belgium and Holland were annexed by a Continental rival, and helped to make the first of military Empires also a great naval Power. The case could not be better, more clearly, or more tersely stated than in this pamphlet (published by Stanford); and without an attentive consideration of its arguments, supplementing as they do the facts and supplying the omissions of the Parliamentary Report, it is hardly possible to form an adequate conception of the magnitude and urgency of the question to which General Chesney devoted the best energies of his life, and to which, just before its close, he succeeded at last in directing the thoughts of statesmen, the attention of Parliament, and, we trust, the interest of the nation.

#### LEGAL EPIDEMIC.

READERS of the newspapers must often have been struck by the way in which particular forms of crime or eccentricity seem suddenly to become prevalent. Now there is a series of peculiarly brutal murders; then all sorts of hubbuc and incapable people go out in boats in equally weather, and get drowned; for the next few weeks, drunken husbands take to setting unaging wives on the fire to cool their tempers; and after that, by way of a change, we are horrified by the news that our neighbours on all sides have acquired an uncomfortable habit of filling their houses with large pythons, boa-constrictors, apes, baboons, orang-outangs, and other ugly or malicious monsters, who occasionally get tired of domestic seclusion, and wander out into the streets. During the next few weeks we shall, no doubt, have the usual dose of accidental shootings. A fool sees a gun in a corner, assumes that it cannot possibly be loaded, points it in fun, and kills somebody, his mother or sweetheart perhaps. This is an everyday story of the autumn months. If the tender-hearted persons who are so troubled about dickybirds and acrobats would take up this much more serious question, they might possibly do some good. A sound flogging would be a mild penalty for the abominable folly of pointing a gun at any one "in fun." Disease has its fashions like bonnets and crinoline, and it would appear that the humours of the mind have a similar tendency to become epidemic. It cannot have escaped observation that for some time past the papers have been full of trials for libel and breach of promise of marriage. It might almost be supposed from the reports of the law courts that everybody had been seized with an uncontrollable passion for libelling everybody else, and that all the unmarried male adults in the country had given themselves up madly to flirting and jilting. We have not the slightest intention of discussing any of these cases, or of questioning the justice of the verdict in any particular instance. We refer to them merely as evidence of the curious tendency of such things to come in a rush. It is difficult to say whether it is only an epidemic of violent litigiousness, or whether libelling and jilting have really become more prevalent in English society; but, on the whole, we cannot help thinking that the former surmise is the correct one. It is difficult in reading the cases which are reported day after day to resist an impression that the strain which is now being put on the law of libel and slander, and also on that of breach of promise, is rather more than they can be expected to bear. We have certainly no sympathy with backbiters and slanderers, or with faithless swains. It is quite right that people should be taught to keep a watch upon their tongues, to eschew idle gossip, and to be very careful how they speak ill of their neighbours, and also that promises of marriage should not be allowed to be lightly broken. But it may be doubted whether it is desirable that a civil action should be twisted from its natural and legitimate purpose, and be made the means of inflicting punishment for small and not very easily defined offences. There is also an obvious danger in encouraging a spirit of excessive litigiousness, and in leading people to imagine that they are either bound or entitled to seek legal redress for everything that can be construed into an injury to their feelings. What is vulgarly called "taking the law" of a man may be a pleasant revenge for those who can afford it, and who, even if they fail to get a verdict, may have the satisfaction of knowing that their adversary has been subjected to much anxiety and expense; but it can hardly be supposed that reckless litigation is calculated to promote social harmony and good feeling.

It was predicted, when plaintiffs in breach of promise cases were allowed to appear in the witness-box, that defendants would certainly have a bad time of it; and the results of recent trials would seem to show that there were good grounds for this belief. It will be remembered that in the memorable case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, Mrs. Bardell was borne fainting into the Court, with her darling boy kicking and howling in sympathy behind her; and if she had been permitted to go into the box, her counsel's famous speech would probably have been superfluous. It is difficult to imagine the defendant in an action of this kind, who, on the most favourable construction of his conduct, has made a fool of himself and fallen a victim to the designs of an artful woman, presenting an interesting and prepossessing appearance before a jury. If he looks soft and ashamed of himself, the jurymen feel

that he is letting down their sex before the world; if he is bold and defiant, it is accounted heartlessness, and is pretty certain to be punished by heavy damages. Everything is against him. There may be good reasons why he is justified in endeavouring to escape from a marriage with a woman who has perhaps in many ways imposed on him; of whose want of delicacy, sensibility, refinement, or honesty, he has become painfully aware; whose parrot talk, sham graces, and false hair he has seen through as soon as the first glamour passed off; but then it is difficult to bring these things seriously and impressively before a jury. They are things hard to prove from the witness-box, although they are probably things which an impartial person of the least discernment could not be five minutes in the plaintiff's company without discovering. The smart flashy woman, who can droop her eyes and make good play with her handkerchief, and who is just the sort of person to lay a clever trap for a simple fellow, is also admirably adapted to produce an effect when giving her evidence in Court. Speculative attorneys, with an eye to a profitable case, may be trusted to take care that their client has sufficient schooling beforehand in the niceties of her part, and in those sensational passages which are supposed to be most telling with juries, and to be not altogether thrown away upon judges. It appears that a dead set has lately been made on the farmers. In nine out of ten recent breach of promise cases the defendants belonged to this amiable class, and perhaps it is not less significant that the plaintiffs have usually been barnmaids or young persons in a light fancy business. From of old the bucolic heart has been proverbially soft and tender, and the farmers of to-day are no doubt as susceptible as the shepherds of early times. After a brisk forenoon at market, and a comfortable dinner at the "ordinary," Strephon is just in the mood for a chat with Chloë in the bar, or a little philandering with Daphne at her counter, and is probably not too guarded in his simple prattle. The result is that he finds himself one day depicted in thrilling language as a gay and ruthless deceiver, and has to pay over a snug little fortune to the shrinking dove with whose gentle heart he has so cruelly trifled. There are no doubt cases in which it is possible to form a reasonable estimate of damages for breach of promise, as, for instance, where the plaintiff has given up a situation, or spent money in preparations for the wedding, or where her counsel take their ground solely on the material advantages she would have enjoyed if the defendant had married her, and ask compensation for so many gowns and dinners of which she has been defrauded. But if lacerated feelings are to be paid for, it would be interesting to see the account made out in detail. It is tolerably obvious that the sort of women who do not shrink from the exposure of their love affairs in a public Court, and the publication of the more ridiculous passages of their correspondence in every newspaper in the country, are not, as a rule, the most sensitive of their sex.

It is usual for judges in cases of this kind to warn the jury against giving what are called vindictive damages; but it would seem that they are not always indisposed to connive at verdicts which are intended to punish the defendant, although at the same time it is admitted that the plaintiff is not entitled to compensation. In a recent breach of promise case at Chester, the jury said they desired to give just enough damages to carry costs. The only meaning which can be attached to a verdict of this kind is, of course, that the jury do not see that the plaintiff has suffered any real injury, but they think the defendant acted imprudently, and should be made to smart for it a little. The same fundamental misconception of the meaning of a civil suit underlies most of the verdicts which are delivered in actions for libel. The person libelled rarely obtains more than a few shillings or a few pounds, which is as much as to say that he is none the worse for the hard things which have been said of him; but still, as a matter of social discipline, the defendant must pay a fine. The practice of allowing costs to suitors who have practically failed to make out their case is a dangerous encouragement to speculative actions. It may sometimes be necessary for a man to vindicate his character by an action for libel; but, as a rule, suits of this class only give a wide currency to observations which would otherwise have been quickly forgotten, and which in all probability never did the person to whom they were applied any substantial injury. It is seldom that any one resorts to this kind of protection who does not feel that his character is already in a questionable condition. It would appear that in the case of libels a reaction has set in against the over-straining of the law to which some of the judges have been in the habit of lending themselves, and it is not improbable that something of the same kind may happen before long in regard to actions for breach of promise. The only legitimate ground for a civil action is that an injury has been done for which compensation can be assessed in money; and if it cannot be fairly assessed in this way, the jury have no right to look beyond the claims of the plaintiff, and to consider whether the general interests of society require that the defendant should be punished. It is not desirable that the law should be administered in such a manner as to encourage frivolous or speculative suits. Some of the judges require to be reminded, as Dr. Carpenter reminded the philosophers at Brighton, that common sense is, after all, the basis of their science. They are too apt to forget that the object of the law is rather to make peace than to foster litigation and provide incomes for sharp attorneys. A strong judge who had the courage to take in hand tricky or trivial cases and to laugh them out of court, as the late Mr. Justice Maule used to do, would render eminent service at the present time.

#### WEYMOUTH AS IT WAS AND IS.

THE Special Correspondents of the newspapers who have been lately called upon to describe Weymouth seem to have laboured under the difficulty of finding that it is rather a poor place. It depends for its importance chiefly on the memory of King George III., and perhaps when many columns of the *Times* have been devoted to the visit of the Prince of Wales, it may be interesting to refer to the same newspaper for an account of Royal doings at Weymouth in the year 1798. At that day Special Correspondents had not been invented, and the country was so used to the occurrence of great events that it had no need to get up an artificial excitement over small ones. French war and Irish rebellion could not shock the Court from its dull propriety, and the King and Queen lived on the open beach at Weymouth in apparent disregard of the possibility of the sudden appearance of a hostile squadron in the Bay of Portland. The birthday of their Majesties' eldest daughter had been kept with "the usual demonstrations of joy," which perhaps had become rather too usual to be agreeable to the person in whose honour colours were displayed and salutes fired. The King, Queen, and all the Princesses, with a number of the nobility, had been varying the monotony of seaside life at Weymouth by an excursion to Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, to see the sports of the country people, which were not over till late in the afternoon. "All persons of jovial, friendly, and loyal dispositions" were invited to be present at these sports, which were held on the 29th of September. The amusements were perhaps too manifestly suitable to the tastes of a King whose serious speculations were, according to the satirist, directed to the question how the apple got inside the crust of a dumpling. The handbill announced that a pound of tobacco was to be grinned for, and a good hat was to be cudgelled for. A pig was to be given to whoever could catch him by the tail, and a barrel of beer was to be rolled down the hill as a "prize to whoever stops it." There was also diving, wrestling, and sack-racing. At the very time that the King and his Court were enjoying themselves in this homely fashion, an army was in the field against the Irish rebels, to whom a French squadron was striving to carry aid. The same newspaper which describes the birthday rejoicings at Maiden Castle announces that a British frigate fell in with the Brest squadron on the 24th of September, and was so nigh the flagship as plainly to perceive the troops on board of her. The squadron was so encumbered, and sailed so very badly, that it was thought Sir John Warren must reach the coast of Ireland before the French could approach it. This officer had sailed from Plymouth in quest of the Brest squadron, and the Correspondent of the *Times* comfortably adds that "Lord Bridport is stationed off Ushant to prevent their return into port." The King and his people were much alike both in their taste for amusement and in the imperturbability of mind which enabled them to enjoy it in the midst of tremendous dangers.

We have been quoting from the number of the *Times* which contains the official announcement of Nelson's victory at the Nile, but we dwell chiefly on the ordinary condition of England as shown by the correspondence of the newspaper transmitted before the victory was announced. The "naval and military intelligence," as we should now call it, is brief, businesslike, and entirely devoid of flurry or bombast. A portion of the North Sea fleet has sailed under Sir Richard Onslow for the Texel, while the remainder is with the Commander-in-chief, Lord Duncan, in Yarmouth Roads. It was enough to announce that the North Sea fleet was ready for sea, and Duncan in command, to assure the public that all was well. In the previous year that fleet had been so thinned by the secession of disaffected ships that Admiral Duncan had found himself at sea with only his own and another ship. He nevertheless proceeded to his station off the Texel, where lay at anchor a Dutch fleet of fifteen sail of the line. The mutiny at the Nore was not, like that at Sheerness, justified by the refusal of reasonable concessions to the seamen, nor did the mutineers display their patriotism by selecting for the mutiny a time when the enemy's fleet was not expected to put to sea. But it was a remnant of the same loyal spirit which caused the mutineers at the Nore to haul down the red flag and fire a royal salute on the King's birthday. This was on the 4th of June, 1797. Within a fortnight the mutiny was suppressed, and in October following Duncan's fleet, with many of the mutineers on board, fought the battle which terminated the existence of Holland as an independent naval Power. Napoleon proposed to employ the resources and situation of Holland against England, and it is possible that hereafter some other ambitious potentate may cherish a similar design. But after a century and a half of rivalry the Dutch were forced by this defeat to acknowledge that England had finally gone beyond them in naval power. About the same time Admiral Jervis had gained an equally important victory over a Spanish fleet, and therefore it probably seemed to the Editor of the *Times* enough to tell his readers that this veteran, now become Earl St. Vincent, was with his fleet off Cadix looking after the Spaniards. As regards the French squadron which had alighted out of Brest, Sir John Warren would catch them at sea, or, if not, Lord Bridport was ready for them when they should return to port. In the meantime let us all be jolly, and grin for a pound of tobacco, if we possess the faculty of grinning. We do not indeed know where Nelson is, or what he is doing, but if the expression had been invented, we should say that he is pretty certain to turn up as the right man in the right place. If he can only catch the French fleet which has sailed from Toulon, he will give a good account of it; but he is engaged

upon a task which resembles that of seizing a pig by his greased tail. The sports were held three days ago, and Weymouth is wondering whence will come the next excitement, when a messenger arrives from London bringing to His Majesty the news of Nelson's victory. This news had been delayed in transmission. The ship which bore Nelson's despatch was captured after an obstinate resistance by a French ship of superior force, and a duplicate despatch sent overland brought the news of the victory to England. The battle was fought on the night of the 1st of August, and the official announcement did not reach the Admiralty until the morning of the 2nd of October. It is difficult to believe that important intelligence could have travelled so slowly, and although the name of *Vanguard*, which belonged to Nelson's flagship, is borne by one of the ironclads at Portland, the ships and seamen of Nelson's age are as obsolete as the postchaise which carried the messenger to Weymouth with news of the battle of the Nile, and by great exertions was able to arrive there before the King went to rest.

Whatever else has changed in naval affairs, the nature of a south-west gale remains the same, and a gale, or little short of it, was blowing during the recent visit of the Prince of Wales. He came to celebrate the completion of an undertaking of great magnitude and manifest utility. The Portland Breakwater encloses a secure anchorage of about 1,600 acres. The entrance is defended by a fort at the end of the Breakwater, and the entire harbour is commanded by works on the Isle of Portland, and both fort and works will be as strong as the resources of military science can make them. The Breakwater is built of rough stone from the quarries of Portland, which has been excavated by convict labour. A scaffolding, supported on piles in the sea, carried a railway, and by means of it waggon-loads of stone were brought down from the quarry and tipped into the water. This work has been proceeding for twenty-three years. The first stone was laid by the Prince Consort, and the last stone has been laid by the Prince of Wales. A fleet of fifteen ironclads was assembled in honour of the completion of an undertaking worthy of a great naval power, and creditable to the engineers who designed and executed it. The money expended on this Breakwater has never been grudged by the most rigid economist; and we believe that no complaint was ever made against the conduct of the works, except when it was said that the convicts, being well fed and not overtasked, could not be undergoing very severe punishment. The Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur came from Osborne by steamer for the solemnity, and returned there after it was over. They lunched at the Gloucester Hotel in Weymouth, which was the favourite residence of their great-grandfather, and the country people collected for a sight of royalty, although there was not offered to them the additional attraction of a cudgelling-match for a new hat. Enormous sums of money have been spent upon new models of ships and forts during the last twenty years, and even if the result be unsatisfactory, there was no choice but to make the attempt. We have got an ironclad fleet, and nobody seems to know exactly what it can do, whereas when King George III. used to visit Weymouth the country had a fleet upon which it could always thoroughly rely. One point, however, which has been sometimes doubted seems to be ascertained. Whatever may be the form of ships of war, seamen are required for their management; nor is it likely that naval skill can ever be superseded by mechanical contrivances. That wonderful self-reliance which enabled Nelson and his captains to make a successful night attack on a French fleet anchored in an unknown bay was the product of long and hard service, in which the seamen of those days contended with the elements incessantly, and with the French, Dutch, and Spanish navies wherever they could be met with. But it must not be assumed, as some superficial readers of history have assumed, that the defence of the United Kingdom at that time was entrusted solely to the fleets with which Duncan, Jervis, Hood, and Nelson watched with sleepless vigilance every movement of their country's enemies. On the contrary, it appears by the same newspaper from which we have already quoted, that Militia regiments were embodied under canvas in England, while in Ireland an army was still in the field against the rebels, whose hopes were not finally crushed until Sir John Warren defeated the French squadron near its destination in the Bay of Donegal:—

The French are in the bay,  
They'll be here before the day,  
And the Orange shall decay, &c.

One French squadron did reach the bay, and landed the troops it brought, but they were soon defeated. If a similar attempt had been made in the Bay of Portland, we may be sure that the Militia and regular troops of the Western counties would have sufficed either to prevent or revenge an attack on the marine palace of King George III., nor would the change from cudgel-playing to a more exciting contest have been unwelcome to the men of Dorset. Perhaps if we were involved in actual war with near and powerful enemies, we should show ourselves not unworthy to represent the nation which neither French hostility, Irish rebellion, nor even the mutiny of its own fleet could terrify. Intellectually perhaps King George III. and his Court at Weymouth made rather a poor figure; but their calm enjoyment of the simple pleasures of country and sea-side life contrasts advantageously with modern fussiness and frivolity.

#### THE OPEN COMPETITION MANIA.

IT has not been stated whether the question of "master and slave," to use Mr. Ayrton's expressive language, has yet been adjusted at Kew, but most people, we imagine, will now be glad, if possible, to forget a painful and repulsive incident, and to hope that the scandal of the Director's retirement may be averted. We shall say nothing more on the personal aspects of the controversy, but there is one part of the Kew correspondence, relating to the appointment of an assistant to the Curator, which seems to deserve especial notice as an illustration of the practical working of the open competition system. It is a most amusing and suggestive story, and reads exactly like a novel with a purpose, only it is all true. Last summer it was discovered that the Curator of Kew Gardens was oppressed with heavy and multifarious duties, and it was therefore proposed that he should have an assistant who could, if necessary, take charge of the accounts; and who should be "familiar with the routine duties of a garden, and be recognized by the foremen and gardeners as holding a responsible position." It was also explained to Mr. Ayrton, whose personal experience has probably supplied him with some painful reflections on the subject, that "much tact and temper being required in dealing with gardeners as a class, it is above all things essential that the clerk, who must mix with all those at Kew, should be a person who would command their respect." The Treasury, after some correspondence, agreed to the appointment of a clerk to the Curator, at a salary of 100*l.* a year, rising to 200*l.*, and the next question was how the appointment should be made. When Mr. Ayrton decided that there should be an open competition, Dr. Hooker urged that at least there should be a selection of candidates previously to competition, as "certain personal qualifications that cannot be tested by competition are absolutely essential to the proper performance of the duties required." To this the First Commissioner replied, that if the person appointed did not give satisfaction during the period of probation, the appointment would not be confirmed. If the matter had been left to the Director and Curator, they would probably have picked out a young man for the place, without troubling the Civil Service Commissioners to do more than subject him to a test examination. The whole thing might have been settled in a week or two, and the over-worked Curator would at once have begun to enjoy the relief he so urgently required. But Mr. Ayrton was resolute in insisting upon an open competition, and of course the Civil Service Commissioners backed him up. The result was a long and complicated correspondence between the Board of Works, Kew Gardens, the Civil Service Commissioners, and the Treasury, and the appointment of an incompetent under-gardener who was a burden to the department, and had to be got rid of at the cost of half a year's salary for doing nothing. At this moment the poor Curator is still, as far as we can make out, without an assistant.

We wish we could print the whole correspondence, it is so characteristic of the blind and reckless fanaticism of the supporters of the craze about competition, as well as of the absurd way in which public departments contrive to waste time and stationery, and to make needless work for themselves. It is difficult to imagine anything more ridiculous than three or four great public offices concentrating their energies for months together on a petty question of this sort, which could have been settled straightway without any fuss or difficulty, and in the most satisfactory manner, if it had only been left to the authorities at Kew; and then making a mess of it altogether. It appears that the Treasury, as soon as they really understood the question, supported Dr. Hooker's proposal that he should nominate a candidate for a test examination, but this was opposed by the Board of Works and Civil Service Commissioners, and in the beginning of December the Treasury gave way. The result of the competition, for which there was a special examination, was that Mr. Robert Smith, an ex-gardener of Kew, was pronounced the successful candidate, and duly appointed. His arrival at Kew was reported in the following letter of the Curator:—

Kew Gardens, Kew, 21 Feb., 1872.

SIR.—In reference to Mr. R. Smith, whom you have sent to me as Clerk to the Curator, I beg to state that I have this morning explained to him fully the duties and responsibilities of the appointment, of which I found him entirely ignorant.

He then informed me that if he had known that such were the requirements of the office, he would not have become a candidate.

I consider him utterly unfitted for such a position, and am quite at a loss to find any employment for him.—I am, &c.,

JOHN SMITH, Curator.

Dr. Hooker also wrote to say that Robert Smith's testimonials were wholly unsatisfactory, and pointed out that they did not include one from himself, although Smith had for a short time been employed at Kew. On referring to the conditions of the competition, we find it laid down that "candidates will be required to show what preliminary training or technical education they have undergone to qualify themselves for a situation of this nature, and they must satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners on this point before they can be admitted to the competition." Yet on this important point the Commissioners never took the trouble to ascertain the opinion of R. Smith's late employer, the Director at Kew. English competition was one of the subjects in which Smith passed; and the first sentence of the first letter he wrote to the Board of Works was as follows:—"I presented myself to Dr. Hooker on Tuesday morning to receive instructions

in my duties, but neither he nor Mr. Smith have as yet given me any," &c. The accountant of the Board of Works was sent down to examine R. Smith in book-keeping, and reported that, having shown him a list of office duties, "he promptly replied that he did not understand anything of them, and that he knew nothing whatever of office business."

In the face of this testimony, the First Commissioner insisted that R. Smith "should be employed and instructed in his duties for six months, and a report made on his fitness at the end of that period"; though how a man could be employed, before being instructed, in duties of which he knew nothing, was not explained. Dr. Hooker replied that he knew R. Smith to be unfit for the place from "actual knowledge and experience of him in the Gardens," and that it was no part of his duties or the Curator's to instruct clerks for the Civil Service. In another letter he thus summed up the case:—

1. A man who has never kept accounts is selected to have made over to him complicated accounts involving many thousands annually.
2. A man who has never kept stores is selected to keep and check store accounts, and to supervise in detail the quantities and prices of stores purchased and delivered and consumed.
3. A man who does not spell correctly, punctuate properly, or write a good hand, is selected to conduct a general correspondence.
4. A man whose qualifications in point of skill, quickness of apprehension, neatness and order, have never been inquired into, is selected to arrange papers of a most heterogeneous and uncommon description.
5. A man who up to the age of twenty-eight has never directed men as a foreman himself is selected to direct foremen in matters with which they are more or less familiar, while he is not at all so.

He also observed that

to raise a gardener, who never had even a second-class place as such, to the rank of clerk, over-pay him, and put him into communication with skilled foremen, for the purpose of learning from them how to control them in some of their most responsible duties, would arouse their justifiable resentment.

Upon this the Board of Works asked the Civil Service Commissioners to re-examine R. Smith. The Commissioners replied that it would be "quite contrary to their practice and at variance with their principles" to re-examine a candidate whom once their judgment had been pronounced; but they could not deny that R. Smith "was not required to produce evidence on those points which cannot be tested by examination—i.e., the evidence of testimonials respecting his previous training, and especially his practical familiarity" with the duties he would have to discharge. The Commissioners were good enough to "regret that a certificate should have been issued by them implying his possession of practical qualifications" as to which they had never made the slightest inquiry, and which competent judges asserted that he did not possess. The certificate had been granted, however, and, no matter how inaccurate and misleading, could not be withdrawn. It appears that it is a "principle" with the Commissioners to insist upon "their own infallibility; and the only consolation they could offer to the department which they had saddled with a useless and ridiculously over-paid assistant was that it would be for the First Commissioner "to cancel his appointment, if after six months' trial he should prove incompetent to discharge the duties of his situation"; thus calmly ignoring the fact that he had already been pronounced incompetent, and had himself admitted that he would never have applied for the place if he had known what the duties really were. The Board of Works now intimated to the establishment at Kew that R. Smith must be taught and allowed a fair trial. This drew from the Curator a letter pointing out that he had never asked for a clerk, but for an assistant or "henchman"; that R. Smith at the best was hardly worth 20s. a week, not 100s. a year, "and that he could get the pick of the best men in England for the salary offered by the Board"; and protesting against having his "duties, already onerous, increased by having to superintend an officer of the Board doing next to nothing." Dr. Hooker appealed to the Treasury; the Treasury recommended Mr. Ayrton to cancel the appointment of R. Smith, and allow Dr. Hooker to choose a man for the place, remarking that, "if by the requisite probation you mean that R. Smith is entitled to be kept on trial until the end of some indefinite period, however completely he may have proved his unfitness, my Lords do not consider that view sustainable." The appointment was accordingly cancelled; but whether the other recommendation has been carried out does not appear. It need hardly be said that, if the head of an important establishment cannot be trusted to fill up a subordinate office of this nature, subject to a test examination by the Civil Service Commissioners, he is clearly unfit for the position he occupies. It should be observed that in this case two persons at least were very ill used—the over-worked Curator, who was deluded and mocked with the promise of assistance, and whose work was rather increased than diminished, and would have been very much increased if he had not refused to teach an under-gardener bookkeeping, arithmetic, English composition, &c.; and the unhappy candidate, who was tempted to offer himself for a situation for which, when he knew the duties, he candidly pronounced himself unfit, and who has had to endure the humiliation of being dismissed, and of having his deficiencies discussed in a public correspondence. Perhaps the good result of this incident has been that it has drawn from the Civil Service Commissioners an admission (13th July) that "in cases where the qualifications are of such a kind that the head of a department considers they cannot be tested except by personal inquiry on the part of one of its officers, the Commissioners see no reason why such personal inquiry should not be made a preliminary

for the competition"; for which small gleam of common sense, better late than never, there is reason to be thankful. The Commissioners have certainly had a very sharp and humiliating lesson.

#### THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

THE decree of the German Parliament against the Jesuits is evidently not intended to be a *brutum fulmen*. They are really to be expelled from the new Empire, and great is the consternation of the whole *Gesuitische* party, and indeed of Ultramontane prelates and the Ultramontane press throughout Europe. That the blow cannot now be averted appears to be quite understood, and there are indeed serious fears entertained that Catholic Governments like those of France and Austria may follow the example of the Protestant Cabinet of Berlin; indeed, the strictly Catholic Government of Bavaria had, many years ago, set them the example. The opposition accordingly now takes the form, not of petitions, but of protests; and as protesters have no directly practical aim, but simply desire to relieve their tortured feelings somewhat after the manner of the much-enduring Mrs. Gamp when she declared, "Them's my sentiments," they may naturally allow themselves considerable latitude in the choice of language. It is not politic to swear at people whom you wish to influence, and it is at best a work of supererogation when you are going to knock them down. But if you have no chance of persuading, and cannot use your fists, there is a certain satisfaction in letting them know very distinctly what you think of their conduct, more especially if you can take the public into your confidence also. It appears from a manifesto just issued by the indignant Catholics—we hardly know whether to say of Elsas or Alsace—that this temptation has proved too strong for them, and the fire long kindling within has at length found outward vent. Our hesitation as to the nomenclature arises from the circumstance that, while the *mandement* issued from the episcopal palace of Strasburg to all the parish priests in the diocese is in French, the accompanying protest, which they are requested to sign themselves, got signed by their congregations, and return at once to the Bishop's secretary, is in German. It was perhaps thought best, in addressing heretics, to use an heretical tongue. However, the contents of the document are of more interest than the language, and it certainly is not open to any imputation of unbecoming matters. What, then, are the essential points of the grievance alleged by the signatories?

They begin by observing that, if they kept silence while the Catholics of Germany were presenting monster petitions against the new law, it was not the silence of indifference. Most emphatically did they agree with the emphatic declarations of their brethren; and now that the obnoxious enactment has become a law of the Empire, they feel constrained in their "Catholic conscience" to put forth a solemn protest. The religious orders and congregations belong to the organism of the Church, as the nobler members belong to the human body: which suggests a curious physiological inquiry as to the vitality of the ecclesiastical body in the ages when the nobler members were as yet non-existent. The founders of these orders "are the heroes of Christian faith and love," and the Church is always and everywhere their debtor. Their principles and their works are known to the world—rather too much so, some critics of the Jesuits might think. For the last twelve centuries they have been models of Christian faith and morality. The protesters go on to observe that the religious working among them are of their own flesh and blood, and that their interests and sympathies are bound up together. They then refer, in refutation of the plea that the law against the Jesuits is not directed against the Catholic Church, to the language of official and officious journals, full of abuse of the so-called "black company," of the Holy See, and of the freedom and unity of the Church. But it is not so much to repudiate these insults as to give testimony to truth and right that they lift up their voice. Their view may be expressed in a few words:—"We see in the law against the Jesuits an attack on the freedom of conscience, the freedom of the Catholic Church and of Catholic families. We indignantly protest against the carrying out of a law which injures and revolts two hundred million Catholics in their inmost and holiest feelings." A protest not very dissimilar in style and tone had been issued a month before, accompanied by a long-winded address to the Catholics of Germany, by the German Catholic Union, in which the new law is attacked on five different grounds. It is an injury to the Church which has approved the Jesuit Order, and a menace to all Catholics who agree with them in faith and morals; it is an infringement of personal liberty; it is an act of ingratitude towards those who have given heroic proofs of courage and self-devotion; it is a violation of public opinion; and lastly it is a disturbance of religious and national security. The address expatiates on several other topics, including the Old Catholic movement, which is sharply denounced, and includes an elaborate, but somewhat ambiguous, exposition of the true relations of Church and State, quite open to an interpretation in accordance with Boniface VIII.'s famous *Unam Sanctam*, about the Two Swords.

We are not going to enter on a discussion here as to the abstract justice or injustice of the new law. Sir Robert Peel is probably almost singular among politicians who are not anxious to see a similar treatment applied to the Jesuits in England. But Germany is not England; and the German people, if



they are not much belied, differ considerably from their brethren here. Be that as it may, however, and whether or not the grounds of Prince Bismarck's policy are morally and politically adequate for its justification, it strikes us that some of the grounds of protest urged against it are not very happily selected. One might perhaps observe that what the Catholic Union calls "an attack on a defenceless band of scarcely two hundred priests," even supposing it to be arbitrary and unjust, is hardly equivalent to an outrage on the Catholic Church, and a menace to all her children. But, in fact, there is a far more serious *lacuna* in their statement of the case. As long as the Alsatian protest confines itself to a general glorification of the merciful and heroic deeds of religious orders during the last twelve hundred years, during three-fourths of which time the Jesuits were not in existence, they are on comparatively safe ground. There may be a reverse to the picture certainly, and regulars and seculars have not always, if history may be trusted, been on quite such affectionate terms of intimacy as appears to be the case at this moment. Still, on the whole, the great religious orders were a powerful instrument of good in the middle ages, and their services to literature and civilization as well as to religion ought never to be forgotten. But with them the German Empire is waging no contest. When the protesters claim an entire solidarity with the "maxims and works" of the incriminated communities, they must be presumed to refer chiefly, if not exclusively, to the particular Society which is the object of adverse legislation. Now, even supposing that there were, as there are not, 200,000,000 Roman Catholics in the world, is it exactly correct to say that they all feel their innermost and holiest feelings outraged by any sort of attack on the Jesuits? At the time of their suppression in 1773 we are told that the feeling on the subject was a mixed one, and that, if they had bitter assailants, they had also fanatical adherents. But there can be little doubt that Clement XIV. carried with him the general suffrage of the Catholic public, as he certainly had the unanimous support of the Catholic Governments in the step he took. And it is remarkable that the one country in Europe where the dispossessed Order found a welcome and a home was schismatical Russia. Catherine II. had gained too much by the religious dissensions which they had studiously fomented in Poland not to be grateful, and they readily accepted her invitation to settle, with their belongings, in a country where the Pope had no power; and there they remained—of course dropping the name, but retaining the reality of a religious order—till Pius VII. recalled them into active service. The maxims and deeds which had drawn on them this summary chastisement from the supreme authority of their Church did not altogether approve themselves to the "Catholic conscience" of Europe; and if Pascal found general applause in exposing a vicious theory of morals, the universal suspicion of every Catholic Government supplied strong presumptive evidence that his criticism was directed against no mere speculative errors. The "freedom of conscience and of Catholic families" which are now invoked in their defence are not the interests which they were then supposed especially to represent. And the case of Poland, already referred to, even if it stood alone, would go far to prove that their presence has not always been the surest guarantee of national "quiet and security." But it does not stand alone. No Englishman can forget that the Jesuits were seriously implicated in some at least of the conspiracies during Elizabeth's reign, and, after leaving a broad margin for the fancies or exaggerations of Protestant alarmists, it still remains true that they did much behind the scenes to foment the religious and political embroilments of the reign of Charles I. In France their political influence was of course as notorious as it was, for a time, almost absolute. We do not refer to these matters with any desire to stir up an anti-Jesuit crusade, or even with any intention of pronouncing on the wisdom of the recent legislation against them in Germany. But it does prove clearly that there is—to use the terminology of the logic books—a notable *ignoratio elenchi* in the vindications and protests which are being issued with a rather suspicious uniformity. That any curé in France or Germany would care to decline the "request" of his bishop to sign a petition or protest on any subject under the sun is highly improbable, but the signatures can hardly be taken as a safe index of even clerical opinion. And what the general result would be of polling the Catholic laity, either in Germany or elsewhere, as to their devotion to Jesuit principles and interests, there can, we should imagine, be very little doubt.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

##### II.

THE two Catalogues severally of the "Fine Arts" and of the "Industrial" Departments do little credit to the publishers, the compilers, or the editor. The "Publishers to Her Majesty's Commissioners" boasted at the time of the last International Exhibition in Paris that they alone had proved the possibility of bringing out a complete Catalogue on the day of opening. This boast was refuted by a public statement, never contradicted, that ten days after the opening a whole gallery of pictures was still waiting to the English edition of the Catalogue. We were thus prepared for what might otherwise have come on us as a surprise, that ten weeks after the opening of the present International Exhibition there was still a void of 500 numbers in the Catalogue of "the Fine Arts Department"—in other words, between No.

1700 and No. 2300 there is not a single entry. The companion Catalogue of the "Industrial Department" is no better. It is true that the authorities try to silence censure by the ingenious but now hackneyed device of "under revision" printed on the title-page. And, wishing to make all charitable allowances for the difficulties involved, we were willing to give the publishers time. We did not purchase a second copy of the Catalogue till July 13, and then went to work among the jewelry. But the confusion was still so considerable, the discrepancy between the Catalogue and the objects so great, that the simplest way was to throw the Catalogue aside altogether. We asked among the attendants for explanation, but in vain, till we came to the chief stall in the Gallery, when, from the midst of glittering diamonds and gold, the showman thus spoke:—"Those books are all wrong; they were published before the objects were arranged or in the cases, and have never since been set right." That a little knowledge and a fair amount of care would have rectified the errors, and secured for the use of the public a trustworthy and instructive inventory, there can be no doubt. The visitor has only to cross the road to the Museum, and turn to the Catalogue of Ancient Jewelry prepared by Mr. Sodon Smith, to appreciate, through force of contrast, the value of perspicuity and order. It is a pity that the Commissioners do not annul the essentially commercial arrangements with their publishers. It is time to abandon the policy of squeezing out penny or halfpenny profits. The paramount purpose should be to make the Catalogue, like that of the National Gallery, not an inventory of goods and chattels, not a parade of names, not an advertisement of shops, but an instrument for the education of the people.

The collection of sculpture is imposing from the multitude of works exhibited and the number of nations represented; but altogether it is without novelty, and it is insignificant in art merit. Figures almost as familiar as the Duke of Wellington on the arch are once again exposed to view without the possibility of the trite plea that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Yet for the purpose of pleasing decoration, or as objects which may serve as furniture to fill vacant windows and walls, we can scarcely object to the "Youth at a Stream" (2580), by Mr. Foley, R.A.; the "Young Naturalist" (2912), by Mr. Weekes, R.A.; or "The Reading Girl" (2641), by Signor Magni. It is well known that favourite figures are multiplied to order by journeyman carvers, and the replicas thus manufactured commonly lose the life of the originals; of such mechanical manipulation, at once hard and weak, pretentious yet purposeless, are many of the figures here placed on sale. On the whole it may be said that the chief value of the collection is to teach by dire example what students should avoid. It is sometimes indeed instructive to see the worst that an artist can do; on this principle we direct special attention to "Il Paradiso" (2519), by Mr. J. Ball; a terra-cotta bust of Mr. Millais (2524), by Mr. Boehm; a "Double Bust" (2569), by Miss Susan Durant; H.R.H. the Princess of Wales in hat, muff, and skates (2591), by Count Gleichen; and "The Dying Saviour" (2660), by Mr. Physick, sen. It is our duty to protest against the admission of works which bring the English school of sculpture under the ridicule and contempt of foreigners. But when the fundamental principle of these Exhibitions is abandoned for no principle at all, when the worst of mediocrity is allowed to usurp the place of the exceptional excellence for which these Galleries were originally reserved, it becomes difficult to save our national reputation from disaster and disgrace.

Turning in sorrow away from the English sculpture, we find but little consolation on the foreign side. The contributions from Italy are scarcely the best of their kind. "The Veiled Model" (2682), by Professor Tantardini, displays with habitual debility the pretty fancy, the delicate detail of the school; the head is half seen, half concealed by a gauze-like veil, a trick of the chisel which some years since rained for Signor Monti loud and empty applause. Italy also contributes samples of her genre and pictorial styles.

In contrast to the Italian sculpture, which shows the school of Canova in decadence and debility, are the vigorous bronzes which assert for Russia an honourable place among art-producing nations. By far the most remarkable figure of the year is a life-size statue of "John the Terrible" (2510), by M. Markus Antokolsky. The character of a monarch who killed his own son in a paroxysm of rage is here sketched with decisive force; the hands have the sinewy grip of talons, the eye is keen like the eagle's, the head is shadowed by moody melancholy and vindictive purpose. The manner is essentially Northern; indeed the style has points in common with Molin's "Vrestlers," exhibited in London in 1862, and now standing before the Academy in Stockholm. The modelling is sketchy, and the drapery wants decision, a defect accounted for by the sculptor having chiefly worked in wood or ivory, on a scale below life-size. M. Antokolsky was born in 1841, and was educated in the Academy of St. Petersburg. M. Nikolaus Lieberich, a member of the same Academy, is known for small bronzes—animals, hunting groups, &c.; seven of such works were in the last Paris International, many groups we have met with in Russia, and ten more are now in London. This artist has always seemed to us too prolific for improvement; yet "The Dead Roebuck on a Mat" (2634), now at Kensington, is exquisite for detail and modulation; the touch is tender, firm, and true. "Reindeer Sledge" (2631) is a favourite subject. Not so successful, because beyond the sculptor's reach, in composition and treatment, is a complex "Group of Polish

Hussars—the Death of Count Rjevonski, Commander of the Polish Hussars; seventeenth century" (2632). Another worker in bronze was Baron P. Clodt, Professor in the Academy, and sculptor of well-known groups in St. Petersburg. This diligent artist is here represented by no less than sixteen studies, among which stands conspicuous the "Model of the Monument to the Emperor Nicholas" (2540). Like Lieberich, and in common with genre painters who recently have risen into reputation, Baron P. Clodt took a naturalistic turn; accordingly the examples here shown have individual character, literal truth, without much art treatment. "Study of a Mare and Foal" and other groups lent by the Academy, are closely modelled from nature; the touch is sharp and trenchant. It will be interesting to compare this realistic and comparatively recent phase with the silver and gold work, and also with reproductions from ancient models. Russia has for centuries been famous for her artificers in silver and gold, and the styles adopted range from Byzantine to Finnish and Scandinavian, from Italian classicism to modern naturalism. We do not observe any of the revivals or reproductions of Finnish jewelry which were rightly deemed among the most artistic products in the St. Petersburg Exhibition of 1870.

We must not leave the plastic arts without directing the visitor to the Belgian annexe. Here are the best terra-cotta busts of the year (283, 284). M. Rodin and M. van Hasbourg have a facile, sketchy, staccato way of modelling and incising the clay. Also should be noted humorous and grotesque groups, likewise in terra cotta, by the famous M. Leopold Hauze of Brussels. In the Great Exhibition in Paris crowds gathered around clever scenes in miniature by this caricaturist in clay, taken from Molière, Shakespeare, and Béranger. M. Hauze in the way of grotesque sculpture has no rival; but kindred spirits may be found on the pictorial side of art; the late Herr Hasenclever, sometimes termed the Hogarth of Germany, occasionally indulged in these comic and sarcastic strains. But comedy in sculpture, even when reduced to the scale of statuettes, must necessarily have a restricted range.

In the section of "Metal Work" are several masterpieces, both English and foreign. "The Tennyson Vase; Silver" (2717) is a noble work for fertility of invention, for independence of treatment, and for decorative use of the figure. Mr. Armstrong, the designer, has just achieved a success in the reliefs on the Albert Memorial. He is one of the very few artists in modern times who, following the steps of Cellini and other versatile masters of the middle ages, can translate ideas into various materials; his art maintains dignity and observes essential law, while it ministers to use or descends into ornament. Like praise cannot be bestowed on the designs of Signor Raphael Monti; a "Silver-Gilt Jug" (2742) is extravagant, the composition is without governing purpose or definite style. Signor Monti in marble has been pretty and *petit*; his famous group "The Sleep of Sorrow and the Dream of Joy," belonged to a school of debilitated romance and emasculated beauty. A style thus wanting in severity and strength naturally degenerates into incoherent maudlin when permitted to enjoy its own caprice in the unrestrained sphere of decorative art. Yet Italy and Spain give interesting proof that their children cherish the old traditions, inherit the talents, and practise the arts which in the great historic times were transmitted from father to son. "A Steel, Gold, and Lapis Lazuli Book-cover" (2735) is an elaborate composition, a skilled work of Signor Cortellazzo, an artist some years since discovered and brought into notice by Englishmen who are in sympathy with the new birth, the modern Renaissance, in Italy. A year ago we noticed an important work by this artificer of Northern Italy, contributed by Sir William Drake, to whom the present Exhibition is indebted for further examples. The style has a vigour and originality seldom found in modern Italy; it would seem that in the plains of Lombardy the old fire still slumbers—the fierce Northern spirit, which speaks boldly in the sculptured stones of Verona. Spain, too, is not backward to give signs of renewed life and reanimated talent. Mr. Alfred Morrison has from time to time made us acquainted with damascene works, adapted from Moorish or Renaissance models. The artist, Señor Zuloaga, established near Madrid, revives that national inlay of metals for which the Moors were renowned. We hear that Señor Zuloaga is animated by the enthusiasm and singleness of purpose which belong to genius. Around him he has gathered scholars who share his devotion and lighten his labour. International Exhibitions need not fail of the good ends for which they were instituted if they can thus afford a place of common meeting for the talent which lies scattered too often in neglect over the face of Europe.

"Musical Instruments," one of the specialties of the year, scarcely fall under our immediate province; when mute they are but mechanism, and when speaking they are discord. They announce their presence in the loudest voice, all at the same time, and within hearing of the same persons. The confusion of tongues has seldom been equalled since the overthrow of Babel. By one of those *contemptus* habitual to International efforts, "Jewelry," another specialty of the year, finds itself located on the spot where the din incident to "the illustration of the art of music" is most deafening. The spectator, as he looks around the much vaunted "Peasant Jewelry," consisting of head-gear, "hair-pins," "bodice pendants," and such like, naturally fancies himself at a village wake made merry by songs, dances, and drums. The idea of "peasant jewelry,"

when first started with certain interesting importations from Italy, was not without promise. But all ideas generated at Kensington are hunted to the death; no art receives final justice till it has been exhibited in its last degradation. Such is the philosophy which so-called "peasant jewelry" is made to teach; here are gems which not the poorest woman that walks the street would care to wear. Here too are certain head-dresses from the Black Forest piled on wooden blocks; the beads, sealing-wax, tinsel spangles and base metals, heaped together might fill a bushel; a mid-Lent cake put on a peasant's head would have as much art as this and other silly monstrosities. Nothing but ill can follow when the British public, who need to be taught better, are told that such art deformities are worthy of regard.

Matters are scarcely improved by the collection of Brummagem jewelry, which occupies seven pages of the Catalogue, priced from 1s upwards. When to this are added "Clerkenwell Jewelry," "Ornaments in Jet," six cases of "Irish Bog-Oak Ornaments," "British Imitation Jewelry," "British Cut-Glass Black Jewelry," and "Cheap Imitation Jewelry from Bavaria," it will be readily understood that little space remains for works of true art merit. Indeed a leisurely walk up Bond Street yields more art than an uncomfortable crush through the crowd at Kensington. Yet in the mass of so-called international jewelry there is some percentage of good work. It were needless to commend Signor Castellani's reproductions from Etruscan models. Among English houses Messrs Hancock stand supreme, in part because other firms keep aloof. Mr. Richard Green shows good workmanship and excellence in design. Taken altogether, however, the collection is a failure; certain portions indeed look like weavings from the ancient and modern jewelry in the adjacent Museum.

It is pleasant to pass from shop products to the room devoted to "reproductions." A commendable result of International Exhibitions is a "convention" signed in 1867, which commences with the preamble that "throughout the world every country possesses fine historic monuments of art of its own which can easily be reproduced by casts, electrotypes, photographs, and other processes without the slightest damage to the originals." It often happens that projects which range "throughout the world" and nowhere in particular; still in the present instance "reproductions" are shown which in date extend from the sixth century, and in geographic area embrace India, Russia, and Italy. For example, here are "coloured paper casts" from the mosaics of the sixth century in the church of San Vitale, Ravenna. These historic works have often been made known by outline or otherwise, but never before has each touch been transcribed; in other words, never has each tessera or component cube been copied and reproduced. And yet our modern attempts at mosaic have sometimes failed because the scale of the tesserae or the lines in which they are laid depart from the ancient practice. International Exhibitions will do good service just in proportion as they revert to the historic past, and seek to revive modern art on the basis of principles which experience teaches to be lastingly beautiful and true.

## REVIEWS.

### GROTE'S ARISTOTLE.\*

IN the year 1865, in giving to the world his *Plato and the Companions of Socrates*, Mr. Grote announced his intention of completing the classical labours of his life with a similar review of Aristotle. "If," he said, "my health and energies continue, I hope one day to complete the present volumes, which contain only one-half of the speculative activity of Hellas during the fourth century B.C. The second half, of which Aristotle is the hero, remains still wanting." The posthumous volumes now published under the care of Professors Bain and Robertson are the fulfilment of the pledge thus given. That they are only a partial fulfilment cannot be matter of surprise when we recall the advanced age at which the undertaking was promised. Much rather must we admire the freshness of interest and the unclouded mental vigour which are visible throughout this fragment. For a fragment it is, imperfect in both senses, wanting in many integral parts as well as wanting throughout in finish and detail. The pious reverence which was justly due from the literary executors and editors has withheld them from supplying what was omitted, or filling in what was insufficient. Though they have evidently bestowed much care upon the revision of the papers in their hands, they have very properly felt that their duty to Mr. Grote was paramount to any ambition to present a complete exposition of the works of Aristotle. The kind of interest, therefore, which we find in these volumes is derived entirely from their reflection of the character and studies of the venerable author. We can by no means endorse Professor Bain's opinion that this book "taken altogether is undoubtedly a most important contribution to the history of ancient thought." It would perhaps be unfair to compare what was intended only as a popular work with Professor Bernays' essay on the lost writings, in which the inquiry moves in a plane of literary investigation into which Mr. Grote never ascended. But, to take only one of the various expositions of Aristotle in

\* Aristotle. By George Grote, F.R.S. Edited by Professor Alexander Bain, LL.D. and Professor G. Green Robertson, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1872.

the hands of the modern student, Mr. Grote's work will not bear a comparison with Zeller's volume on the subject, a volume which can be read with equal advantage by the learned and by the general reader.

The modern expositor of Aristotle has to encounter in *limine* a difficulty which does not attend attempts to render Plato intelligible. The general character of the discussions in Plato (there are some exceptions) is that of what we call questions of the day. The Platonic dialogue often runs into the abstract, but it as often returns back to the concrete application of the political, ethical, psychological, or æsthetic question debated. Besides this, the dramatic character of the composition introduces the imagination upon the scene, and assists the apprehension of the reader. On the other hand, the material which the expounder of Aristotle has to render is always the most abstract thought attainable, and couched in the curtest language. Here mere translation is no aid. Paraphrase is little better. Unless the Aristotelian conception can be wholly exchanged for a modern equivalent, it is not explained at all, and had better have been left in the original Greek. And then an expositor who should attempt the last-mentioned method of explanation would often run the risk of substituting a modern mode of thought instead of explaining the Greek original. We might have expected from Mr. Grote's turn of mind that he would have attempted this method of modernizing exposition. But he has not done so. He is content to reproduce the technical terms in their naked unintelligibility, and to speak of Matter, Form, Energy, Potentiality, Actuality, Entelechy; or sometimes of *Materia Prima*, *Materia Ultima*, *Materia Formata*, *Ens*, and *Non Ens*, *Relatum*, and *Hoc Aliquid*, as though the production of these Latin terms was somehow a step on the road towards sense and meaning. It may be said that it is impossible to treat the logical works of Aristotle in any other way than that of bare analysis, or to give any idea of their contents without the use of his own technical terms. This may be so; and then it is not a reason for attempting the analysis, but for letting it alone.

We can scarcely doubt that, had Mr. Grote been able to complete his work, the ethical and political writings of Aristotle would have furnished materials for that kind of delineation of thought in which Mr. Grote peculiarly excelled, and in which he was truly original. It unfortunately happens that he had hardly carried his survey beyond the dry and barren treatises which make up the *Organon*, the commencement of the *Metaphysics*, and the *Treatise on the Soul*. This is precisely that portion of the Aristotelian remains which afforded the least scope for Mr. Grote's special faculty of elucidation. What profit can there be to any class of readers in reading such an exposition as the following? e.g.:—

In introducing us to the study of First Philosophy Aristotle begins by clearing up the meaning of the term *Ens*. Of its various significations he enumerates four; 1. *Ens* which is merely concomitant with, dependent upon, or related to another *Ens* as terminus; 2. *Ens* in the sense of the True opposed to *Non Ens* in the sense of the False; 3. *Ens* according to each of the ten categories; 4. *Ens* potentially as contrasted with *Ens* actually. But among these four heads the two last only are matters upon which science is attainable, and to these two Aristotle confines *Ontology* or First Philosophy. They are the only two that have an objective, self-standing, independent nature. That which falls under the first head, *Ens* per accidens, is essentially indeterminate, and its causes being alike indeterminate are out of the reach of science. So also is that which falls under the second head, *Ens* *tantum verum*, contrasted with *Non Ens* *tantum falsum*. This has no independent standing, but results from an internal act of the judging or believing mind combining two elements or disjoining two elements in a way conformable to or non-conformable to real fact. The true combination or disjunction is a variety of *Ens*; the false combination or disjunction is a variety of *Non Ens*, &c., &c.

We do not say that all this is destitute of meaning, but we think it may fairly be said that its meaning will scarcely be apprehended except by one who is previously initiated into the original Greek text; and for him such an abstract of the original will be superfluous. Yet even amidst this arid waste of the *Organon* there are found spots on which Mr. Grote's fertilizing mind has succeeded in bestowing some of that fresh life which is so exuberant in the *History of Greece*. As one such, we may mention those pages in Chapter XI. in which the axiom of contradiction as the principle of reasoning is tracked from its first germ in Greek thought to its developed enunciation by Aristotle. Another such passage is that part of Chapter X., on the *Sophistici Elenchis*, in which the conduct of discussion and argument by speakers or writers of the day comes under notice. Here the historical element comes in, and here Mr. Grote is at home. It is possible that the comparative excellence of his chapter on the *Sophistici Elenchis* may be partly due to his having had before him Mr. Fölte's valuable edition of that treatise. But it must also be ascribed to the greater geniality of the treatise itself, the concluding paragraphs of which have the peculiar interest that in them (as nowhere else) Aristotle almost approaches to speak confidentially of himself and his labours as a discoverer in the science of logic. The interest of the passage may perhaps justify a quotation from Mr. Grote's paraphrase:—

While rhetorical theory has thus been gradually worked up to maturity, the case has been altogether different with Dialectic. In this I [Aristotle] found no basis prepared; no predecessor to follow; no models to copy. I had to begin from the beginning, and to make good the first step myself. The process of syllogizing had never yet been analysed by any one; such logs had anything been set forth about the different applications of it in detail. I worked it out for myself without any assistance by long and laborious application. There existed, indeed, paid teachers both in Dialectic and in Rhetoric, but their teaching had been entirely without analysis, or theory, or system. Just as rhetorical teachers gave out discourses to

learn by heart, so these dialectical teachers gave out discourses to learn by heart upon those subjects which they thought most likely to become topics of discourse. They thus imparted to their pupils a certain readiness and fluency, but they communicated no art, no rational conception of what was to be sought or avoided, no skill or power of dealing with new circumstances. They proceeded like men who, pretending to show how comfortable covering might be provided for the feet, should not teach the pupil to make shoes for himself, but should furnish him with a stock of ready-made shoes, a present valuable for use, but unconnected with any skill as an artificer. The syllogism as a system and theory with precepts founded on that theory for Demonstration and Dialectic has originated first with me. Mine is the first step, and therefore a small one, though worked out with much thought and hard labour; it must be looked at as a first step and judged with indulgence: You, my readers, or hearers of my lectures, if you think that I have done as much as can fairly be required for an initiatory start compared with other more advanced departments of theory, will acknowledge what I have achieved, and pardon what I have left for others to accomplish.—Vol. II. pp. 123-3.

The distinction referred to in the passage here quoted between Dialectic and Science may be almost said to be the keynote of Mr. Grote's "Aristotle" as we have it in these two volumes. If we complain of Mr. Grote as jejune and unsuggestive when expounding the logic of Science, we find that he becomes himself again as often as he comes across his favourite topic of dialectical debate, the elucidation of which filled so many pages of his "Plato." If it be true, as has been said, that the analysis of demonstrative reasoning has ever been the aim and inspiration of the true logician, the analysis of dialectical debate is the aim and inspiration of Mr. Grote. The way in which he defines and re-defines, describes and re-describes the dialectical process, is not the mere repetition of sheets which he did not revise himself; it is the reiteration of a favourite topic which has risen to perhaps undue importance in his mind. To this fondness for the idea of Dialectic we may perhaps ascribe the fact that Mr. Grote employs it to explain the much debated term "exoteric discourses." Perhaps we ought to apologize to the reader for introducing any mention of a word which, from the Renaissance downwards, has haunted like a spectre the name of Aristotle wherever his works have been the subject of discussion. It was impossible, however, for Mr. Grote either to pass over the word in silence, or to say anything new upon it. By exoteric discourses Aristotle, he says, means the process of noticing and tracing out the doubts or difficulties which beset the subject in hand, along with the different opinions entertained about it either by the vulgar or by individual philosophers, and the various reasons whereby such opinions may be sustained or impugned. We have neither space nor inclination to examine Mr. Grote's reasoning in detail. His disquisition reads extremely meagre when compared with Bernays' exhaustive examination of all the passages. Of some of these passages Mr. Grote seems indeed to have but loosely apprehended the meaning. And it is perhaps owing to the fact that his papers wanted his final revision that he appears to concede in one place (p. 72) the Ciceroonian interpretation of the word exoteric, against which he is contending, and that he attributes to Zeller two different opinions on the subject, and both of them erroneously. The fact would seem to be that Mr. Grote's mind was so filled by the rhetorical distinction between Dialectic and Science, or what he, as it seems to us, less correctly calls Philosophy, that this distinction occurred to him as a ready and simple solution of this among other problems.

In Mr. Grote's "Plato" the weakest chapter was that on the Canon of the Platonic writings. The chapter in the present work on the Aristotelian Canon is meagre and unsatisfactory. In the case of Plato, the data for deciding on the genuineness of the dialogues and epistles are comparatively few and simple. "The history of the Aristotelian Canon is much more complicated, and the facts and allusions are spread over the vast surface of the later Greek literature. It is true that, after the labours of Ross and Heitz, all the material passages may be considered to be ready prepared and digested for the use of the inquirer. It is easy to see that Mr. Grote is entirely dependent for his authorities on these previous collections. But though freshness and novelty were thus precluded, it was still open to him to have offered a succinct and neatly drawn summary of the existing state of the question. This Mr. Grote does not seem to have attempted. We have instead an imperfect and partial discussion in which only a part of the authorities is presented, and the chief difficulties of the subject are not brought into view. Mr. Grote is of opinion that both the collection of Andronikus (our Aristotle) and the Canon of the Catalogue in Diogenes are composed of genuine works of Aristotle; allowing of course for the intrusion into each collection of two or three spurious books. He appears also to adopt the belief, that the more abstruse philosophical works were unknown in the School in the interval between the death of Theophrastus and the edition of Andronikus; but he takes no notice of the long array of argument by which Zeller has attempted to prove that these books were known to the Peripatetic philosophers during that period—an argument which may not indeed be convincing, but which is too considerable to be passed over without an answer. Mr. Grote also endorses the opinion that the edition of Andronikus opened up a new phase to the Peripatetic philosophy, and that the loss of the original manuscripts had irreparably impoverished the School in so far as regards the deeper speculations of philosophy during the second and third centuries A.D. But the consideration of the Canon comes to an abrupt end in p. 62, where it merges in the discussion of the term exoteric, and is never again resumed. This no doubt must be again ascribed to the incomplete condition in which Mr. Grote's papers were left. The same cause probably is

the reasonable excuse for minor inaccuracies. *E.g.*, Heits had noticed that the Diogenes Catalogue assigns only five books to the *Ethics*, and yet that Diogenes himself quotes the *seventh* book. (Note corrects Heits by saying that seventh (*τὴν ἑβδόμην τῶν ἠθικῶν*) is only a conjecture of Henry Stephens or Ménage. The reader may ask why is it left doubtful of which of the two? But it is immaterial, for it is a conjecture of neither, *ἑβδόμη* being the reading of the *Editio Princeps*.)

#### FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

**P**ANTING Time, as Dr. Johnson said of Shakespeare, and panting Space, as he threatened to say, toil after Mr. Browning in vain. Within twelve months he has published three poems of considerable length and not inconsiderable difficulty. *Balaustion*, indeed, though it required and deserved careful study, was both in the translation and in the original framework of the poem perfectly intelligible; and the *Trance of Hohensted-Schrenkyan* was perhaps not more perplexing than any other hypothetically subjective history or theory of the Second Empire, as it might have presented itself to the mind of Napoleon III. if, instead of being a conspirator and statesman, he had been an analytic and somewhat fanciful philosopher. *Fifine* is the most enigmatic of all Mr. Browning's works, with the exception of *Sordello*; but it has the advantage over the earlier poem, although both are written in cipher, of containing the key, if indeed there be a key, within itself. Neither *Edipus* nor *Daniel* could have interpreted *Sordello*, unless they had consulted the same books, whatever they may be, from which Mr. Browning must have derived his knowledge of an obscure passage in Italian history; but a reader who should combine the energy of youth with the tolerance of age, and the sagacious industry of Scaliger or Bentley with the microscopic acuteness of a modern German metaphysician, might perhaps after ten readings comprehend the purpose and the language of *Fifine*. Even to the ordinary student, after long attention, the poem seems to assume something of a definite shape, but the discovery is less certain than the result of Alastor's similar efforts in the Egyptian temple, who

Through the long burning day  
Gazed on those speechless shapes; not when the moon  
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades  
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed  
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind  
Flashed like strong inspiration.

The vacant mind of the reader of *Fifine* is not solaced in the meantime by any metrical charm, for the poem is composed in lumbering rhymed Alexandrines, with the occasional variety of a line of fourteen syllables—

Which like a badly wounded snake drags its slow length along.

Yet, in spite of all the drawbacks to enjoyment which are wilfully interposed, the subtle and profound genius of Mr. Browning encourages and partially rewards apparently hopeless toil. It is his pleasure to follow in the plan of his poem the casual associations of a kind of meditative day dream, until, passing into an actual dream as it is conventionally represented in poetry, he composes one of those symbolic allegories which are unknown to the sleep of real life. An ingenious and loquacious personage occupies the entire poem with a monologue, except that his wife Elvire, whom he is addressing, is allowed to speak to the extent of three or four lines in the whole. The rest of her thoughts are intercepted or anticipated by her philosophic husband, after the fashion of the actor who, in the unexpected absence of his comrade, performed the dialogue of Brutus and Cassius alone, with the aid of a silent interlocutor. "Don't interrupt me, Cassius," he continued, when he had finished his speech in the character of Brutus; "I know what you would say"; and then he proceeded to deliver the proper answer to himself, until he resumed the cue of Brutus. So the protagonist in *Fifine*, adding gentle force to vocal predominance, tells his wife, when she wishes to express her opinions for herself:—

"Do I say, like Elvire?"

(Your husband holds you fast,  
Will have you listen, learn your character at last)  
"Do I say . . . ?"

And then for forty lines the poor lady is compelled to hear what she would say, though she probably never thought of saying it. At one time the speaker gives her the comforting assurance that he has nearly done; but Elvire had not, like the reader, the opportunity of seeing that there were still fifty pages left. She was, in fact, only on the verge of the long allegorical dream.

Fifine, who gives her name to the poem, is the dancing girl of a travelling mountebank's show, which visits a fair at Pornic on the coast of Brittany, and the reflections which she directly or indirectly suggests to the husband of Elvire occupy the volume of nearly two thousand lines. She and her troop represent, among other things, the lawless or abnormal element of life; and by a natural transition, the inalienable independence of every separate personality. It is a plausible theory that every person is capable of discharging better than any other person some function which may by a combination of circumstances become for a moment the highest, as one grain of sand among a million may at a given angle most directly reflect the sun:—

No creature's made so mean  
That that same way it bows, could we investigate,

Its supreme worth; falls by ordinance of fate  
Its momentary task, gets glory all its own;  
Tastes triumph in the world, pre-embued, alone.  
Where is the single grain of sand, mid millions heaped  
Confusedly on the beach, but, did we know, has leaped,  
Or will leap, would we wait, 'till the century, some once  
To the very throne of things? Earth's brightest for the moment,  
When sunshine shall impinge on just that grain's facets,  
Which fronts him fullest, first, returns his ray with jet  
Of promptest praise, thanks God best in Creation's name.

If so, Fifine herself, "the Parish of the North, the European Nautch," may perhaps also have her place in creation, and even her apology:—

Well then, thus much confessed, what wonder if there steal  
Unchallenged to my heart the force of one appeal  
She makes, and justice stamp the sole claim she asserts?  
So absolutely good is truth, truth never hurts  
The teller, whose worst crime gets somehow grace, avowed.  
To me that silent pose and prayer proclaimed aloud  
"Know all of me outside, the rest be emptiness  
For such as you. I call attention to my dream,  
Colture, outlandish features, and memorable limbs,  
Piquant entreaty, all that eye-glance overkissed."  
Does this much please? Then repay the pleasure—put  
The price 'till the tumbourine. Do you seek farther? Tut!  
I'm just my instrument—sound hollow, more smooth skin  
Stretched o'er gilt framework, I rub-dub, nought else within—  
Always for such as you. If I have use elsewhere,  
If certain bells, now mute, can jangle, need you care?  
Be it cauch, there's truth 'till the pleading, which comports  
With no word spoken out in colleges or courts,  
Since all I plead is, "Fav for just the slight you see,  
And give no credit to another charm in me."

Elvire, as her husband with much probability anticipates, entirely declines to share in his tolerant views, and complains in language which he puts into her mouth that he

"In short prefers to me, chaste, temperate, serene,  
What sputters green and blue, this flaggy called Fifine."  
So all your sex mistake—strange that so plain a fact  
Should raise such dire debate. Few families were racked  
By torture self-supplied did Nature grant but this,  
That women comprehend mental analysis.

Which certainly Nature has seldom granted; and the not infrequent soundness of simple intuition is illustrated by the ultimately suspicious departure of the philosophic apologist to visit Fifine; yet this apparent irregularity is only a symbol of an interest in earthly things which is not incompatible with the higher yearnings expressed in the graceful prologue and in the solemn grotesqueness of the epilogue. The fancy for Fifine is merely the typical and wholesome pleasure of

One, who in the world  
Both lives, and likes life a way,  
Nor wishes the wings unfurled  
That sleep in the worm, they say

Elvire herself, in some parts of the poem, becomes only a half imaginary personification of practical life and morality, while elsewhere she is as an ordinary woman equally accessible in her natural character for the poet's purpose. In one part of his devious disquisition the Pornic sage finds occasion to explain why he would rather influence women than men. To please a masculine audience he would think it expedient to profess himself one of the multitude, and only the exponent of their collective wisdom, while with women it is better for a man to make the most of himself, and even to assume fictitious excellences. Arion, whose dolphin was, it seems, a type of woman, is well known to have dressed himself in his purple robe when he struck the harp on the prow:—

So, standing on the bench o' the ship, let voice expend  
Thy soul, sing, unalloyed by meaner mode, thine own,  
The Orphic lay; then leap from music's lofty throne  
Into the lowest surge, make fearlessly thy launch.  
Whatever storm may threaten, some dolphin will be staunch  
Whatever roughness rage, some exquisite sea-thing  
Will surely rise to save, will bear, palpitating.  
One proud humility of love beneath its load,  
Stem tide, part wave, till both roll on thy jewelled road  
Of triumph, and the grim o' the gulph grow wonder-white  
I' the phosphorescent wake; and still the exquisite  
Sea-thing stems on, saves still, palpitatingly thus  
Lands safe at length its load of love at Tanarus  
True woman-creature.

It might have been thought that the use of the word palpitating with the accent and the rhyme on the last syllable was irritating enough without the introduction, six lines later, of the barbarous adjective palpitatingly; but, as usual, Mr. Browning is utterly reckless of the shocks which he inflicts on the educated ear. If it suits his purpose, he has no hesitation in putting into a kind of technical doggerel the details of musical mechanism:—

The augmented sixth resolved, from out the straighter stage  
Of D sharp minor—leap of disimprisoned thrill—  
Into thy light and life, D major natural.

The celebrated invocation to "Innocentia, Heavenly Maid," was comparatively poetical. At one point the colloquist, suspecting on insufficient grounds that his language is too plain and articulate, proceeds to explain his meaning to himself by playing Schumann's *Carnival* on the piano. The music tells him to sleep, and consequently enables him to construct an allegorical dream, something after the fashion of Shelley's most unworldly poem, *The Triumph of Life*. The dreamer is perhaps more consecutive in his thoughts asleep than awake. The curious student must be referred to the poem for the text of the allegory, and to his own ingenuity for the explanation; yet he may take with him the comforting assurance that it has a secondary or symbolic



meaning, and the hint that, though Mr. Browning is no disciple of Comte, his dream has the Positivist object of justifying the existence of all things as they are. It may be conjectured that he, or rather the discursive personage who is for the time his mouth-piece, regards with scepticism some modern theories of science which he inelegantly calls Philosophy:—

Ah, Philosophy!

Despite the shop and change, diminished or increased,  
Patched up and plastered o'er, Religion stands at least  
T' the Temple-type—But thou? Here gape I, all agog,  
These thirty years, to learn how tadpole turns to frog,  
And thrice at least have gazed with mild astonishment,  
As, skyward up and up, some fire-new fabric sent  
Its challenge to mankind that, clustered underneath,  
They hear the word, and straight believe, ay, in the teeth  
Of the Past, clap hands and hail triumphant Truth's outbreak,  
Tadpole-frog theory propounded past mistakes.  
In vain! A something ails the edifice, it bends,  
It bows, it bates

No—the one voice which failed  
Never, the preacher's coin of vantage nothing ailed,  
That had the luck to lodge i' the house not made with hands,  
And all it preached was this—"Truth builds upon the sands,  
Though stationed on a rock; and so her work decays,  
And so she builds again with like result."

The doctrine of development by natural selection is caricatured in a neat epigram:—

Man's instincts still attest  
Promotion comes to Sense, because Sense likes it best:  
For bodies sprouted legs through a desire to run,  
While hands, when fain to slich, got fingers one by one.

There is perhaps little use in quoting detached passages from a work of which the general design is but approximately conjectured. Whether Mr. Browning is aesthetically justified in framing elaborate riddles which drive ordinary readers to despair in language which occasionally rises into poetry, and sometimes descends into a jargon little better than slang, is a question of literary morality which is not to be hastily solved:—

Are we not here to learn the good of peace through strife,  
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?

Undoubtedly the puzzled and angry critic, striving with the intricate perplexities of *Fifine*, involuntarily finds himself liking what he approached with a feeling akin to hate; and as he inevitably begins with baffling ignorance, it may be hoped that he sometimes emerges into a glimmering of knowledge. From the first he finds that the discords which jar upon his ear and his judgment have a relation to art; and that the connexion of desultory passages is to be traced, if at all, by an imaginative clue. The stimulus to thought is in itself valuable, as a difficult or inaccessible Alpine summit furnishes an attraction to mountain climbers. The great majority of readers, who may think the discovery of the meaning of *Fifine* not worth the labour, may nevertheless find gratification in the Prologue and Epilogue, both of which probably bear some kind of relation to the main poem. The Epilogue, which also bears the title of "The Householder," is, with the exception of the last scene in the Second Part of *Faust*, an almost solitary attempt to apply a humorous treatment to Death; yet nothing can be more earnest than the figurative expression of impatience to have done with life. The assumption that personal recognition after death is not a doctrine to be asserted, but a familiar matter of course, gives to the little poem a reality worthy of Dante. There is nothing novel in the utterance of the feeling which

Counts Death kind Nature's signal for retreat;

but in "The Householder" the signal has long before been eagerly expected, and it is the more welcome because it is conveyed by "a certain soul, which early slipped its sheath," and which, in the Prologue wears the Psyche wings of the butterfly, associated perhaps with the image of the "half angel and half bird" who was invoked in the *Ring and the Book*. The householder is the discontented lodger in a house which is the body or earthly life. The gentle protest of the woman-spirit in favour of propriety and decorum is admirably dramatic:—

Savage, I was sitting in my house, late, lone  
Dreary, weary with the long day's work:  
Head of me, heart of me, stupid as a stone:  
Tongue-tied now, now blaspheaming like a Turk;  
When, in a moment, just a knock, call, cry,  
Half a pang and all a rapture, there again were we—  
"What, and is it really you again?" quoth I.  
"Again; what else did you expect?" quoth She.

"Never mind, lie away from this old house,  
Every crumbling brick embrowned with sin and shame.  
Quick, in its corners are certain shapes arouse—  
Let them, every devil of the night, lay claim.  
Make and mend, rap and read, for me—Good bye!  
God be their guard from disturbance at their glee.  
Till, quick, comes down the carcass in a heap," quoth I.  
"Say, but there's a decency required," quoth She.

Al, but if you know how time has dragged, days, nights,  
All the neighbour talk with men and maid—each man!  
All the fane and trouble of street sounds, window sights;  
All the weary of flapping door and echoing rust; and then  
All the fancies . . . Who were they had leave, dared try  
Darker ere that almost struck despair in me!  
If you know but how I dwelt down here!" quoth I.  
"And was I so better off up there?" quoth She.

Help and get it over! Ruminated to his wife.  
(How drew up the paper into the pocket people know?)

Like M. or N. departed from this life,  
Dug the dirt or dust, mow and gear the so-and so.  
What's the way of Soul Fourth? Press, verse? Try!  
Affliction sure long time he bore, or what is it to be?  
Till God did please to grant him ease—Do end," quoth I.  
"I end with—Love is all and Death is nought," quoth She.

#### BALDWIN'S ANCIENT AMERICA.

THE theory of primal barbarism is certainly at present in the ascendant. It is embraced by the best and soundest judges, and of those who dispute it several, and some of the most successful, are evidently influenced less by purely scientific reasons than by the supposed interests of revealed or natural religion; they object to believe that the first men were savages, from the same motives that make them resent the doctrine that the fathers of the first men were apes. *A priori* reasoning certainly seems to support the obnoxious view, and history and archaeology have of late been pressed into the same service, as we think with less justice. Their evidence may fairly be impugned on the ground of an obvious and inevitable bias; for barbarism has no history, and leaves no monuments. But, such as the evidence is—flint tools in the drift, Swiss lake villages, and Danish shell-heaps ("kitchen middens") notwithstanding—it appears to be on the side of primitive civilization. That is to say, we have evidences of civilizations as old as or older than the oldest barbarisms, unless we accept the flint tools found in deep-buried gravel as the oldest relics of humanity, and clear proofs of barbarism. There is no recorded instance of a civilization spontaneously developed out of previous barbarism; perhaps there hardly could be. There are everywhere proofs that civilization has perished or degenerated; instances in which regions now desolate or half-civilized have been the seats of highly-organized empires and cultivated races; monuments of civilizations that have utterly vanished from the face of the earth, and even from the memory of tradition. Of the later ages of the Assyrian and Egyptian empires we have what may be contemporary notices in the Hebrew Scriptures; but their monuments prove the existence of powerful monarchies, highly organized societies, a very advanced state of some at least of the arts, and a certain knowledge of science, with a vast accumulation of material wealth, ages before the beginning of the oldest history. In Greece, the walls of Mycenæ indicate that before the time of Homer Peloponnesus had been occupied by a race capable of building fabrics which to the contemporaries of Homer appeared supernatural, whose memory was lost in Homer's time; and the ascription of the walls of Troy to divine architects suggests the probability that the same or a similar race may have perished out of Phrygia before the date assigned to Agamemnon. Such relics as these, in the absence of machinery, imply a dense population, a productive agriculture, a powerful government, an accumulated wealth sufficient to support a heavy burden of unproductive labour. The civilizations of India and China claim to date back as far as that of Egypt herself—whatever may be the value of their claim. And not only in the Old World do we find barbarism more modern than civilization. Over regions which at the period of the discovery of America were occupied, and had been occupied for centuries, by savage hunters, destitute of every vestige of culture, with no arts beyond the rudest cultivation of the maize and the manufacture of stone arrowheads and pipes, are found the remains of a civilized people; and in Yucatan, Mexico, and throughout Central America there exist still mightier ruins—the relics of a prouder empire and a higher culture than those of Montezuma. The Aztecas in the South, the Iroquois and Algonquians in the North, had settled on the graves of a perished civilization which both were incapable of appreciating. Much less is commonly known of these monuments than of those of the Eastern hemisphere, the one or two important works which have been written on these subjects not being generally accessible to European readers, though known of course to students; and we therefore welcome the volume in which Mr. Baldwin endeavours to popularize the information collected by others, and to familiarize both his countrymen and ours with the buried relics and crumbling monuments of ancient America.

There is a considerable resemblance in all these monuments; the habit of mound-building, of erecting vast piles of earth as the foundation of buildings, belonging both to the nameless aborigines of the Ohio and to the predecessors and neighbours of the Aztecas. The truncated pyramid is a favourite form with both, as it must be with all earth-builders. And relics found in the mounds, both North and South, indicate that their builders were worshippers of the sun, as were the Peruvians and most of the peoples of Central America. But the most marked peculiarity of the Northern monuments is wanting to the Southern. The former are almost exclusively earthen; very few stone walls, and we believe not one stone building, are to be found among them; whereas the mounds of Yucatan and Mexico serve only as the foundation of stone temples, towers, and dwellings. It is a natural conclusion that the Mound-builders, as they are called, of North America, did not use stone, perhaps because they settled chiefly on vast alluvial tracts where wood was very abundant and stone difficult to obtain. They have left, however, earthworks which have no parallel elsewhere. These are chiefly of two classes, mounds and enclosures. The

"Ancient America; or, Notes on American Archaeology. By John D. Baldwin, A.M. Author of 'Prehistoric Nations.' With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.; Trilmer & Co. 1872.

former, chiefly of the pyramidal, but also of various other forms, range from 2,800 feet in circumference downwards, and are from six to ninety feet in height, but generally not exceeding thirty. Some of them, especially in Wisconsin, are in the form of animals. The enclosures are chiefly square or circular, shaped with a mathematical correctness which indicates considerable geometrical skill on the part of their builders, and fenced by vast and solid earthworks, which appear to have been meant for fortifications. In one case there is a square inscribed in a circle; in others, a vast square or oblong has had circular or square enclosures of smaller extent added on, as if the town or camp within had grown too large for its inhabitants. The mounds may have been intended as the foundations of temples or watch-towers; the former especially, as the builders appear to have worshipped the sun and moon, and may naturally have placed their shrines where neither forest trees nor sloping grounds would impede the first view of the rising luminaries. The settlements of this people appear to have their centre in the valley of the Ohio, but spread all along the course of the Mississippi, and through the greater part of the South and North-west.

They must have been an agricultural people, because only agriculture would support a population congregated in such numbers as these monuments imply, and furnish the means of employing a considerable portion of that population in unproductive works. They must have had a highly organized government, to have been able to collect large masses of labour for public objects; but, in the absence of massive palaces and temples, it may be that they did not live under the same unsparring despotism which rendered possible the monuments of Assyria and Egypt, and perhaps of Central America. But the nature of their monuments leaves this point absolutely uncertain. They had acquired the art of mining; for copper of the peculiar character of that found native on the banks of Lake Superior has been dug from their mounds, and extensive mining works are traced in that copper region, in which some of their tools, and the rollers on which they conveyed vast masses of metal, are also found. As no mounds are to be seen in that part of the States, it is supposed that no settlements were formed there, but that mining expeditions went there for the summer, and returned in winter. Water affords the only probable means of conveying large quantities of copper for the great distances they had to traverse; and the large masses found in their works imply their possession of vessels very much superior to the canoes of their successors. They had copper tools, and some silver utensils. They possessed the art of making pottery, and some vessels of perfect shape and superior ornamentation are found in their enclosures, and figured in this volume. They seem to have understood weaving, for fragments of cloth are found among the pottery. They perhaps knew something of astronomy, for a curious tube found in one mound exactly resembles one with which a silver figure discovered in Mexico appears to be observing the heavens. Of writing or sculpture there are no traces, and hardly could be any, seeing that no stonework is discovered, unless the so-called "Pictured Rocks" are relics of the Mound-builders.

The remains of a former civilization in Central America are of two classes; those which belong to the Aztecs, Quiches, and other races still in possession when the Spaniards landed, and those which were then ruins, and which clearly belong to an older and superior architecture. To the former comparatively little interest attaches; their history is to be found in the writings of the conquerors, and they add but little to our knowledge of the conquered. But there are ruined castles, temples, and cities which were ruins overgrown with forest when the Spaniards landed, and which seem to have belonged to an age long anterior to that of the Aztec dominion. The ruins of Palenque are assigned by antiquaries to a period many centuries prior to the Christian era, and of course it is not only possible, but probable, that the city had stood for centuries before its overthrow. The masonry, the ornamentation, sculpture, and mosaics of these ruins appear to be far superior to anything of which the later occupants were capable; and in some cases where a later building is erected on the foundations of an older one, the difference in strength and solidity, as well as in style, is such as to leave little doubt that they were not the work of the same people. In Central America, then, as well as in the United States, there remain the relics of a civilisation of which the very memory seems to have perished. The inscriptions of some of the former, if they should prove decipherable, may throw some light upon their history; the more probably that manuscripts of a somewhat similar character, though of recent date, appear to be still extant; of the Mound-builders we can hardly hope to know more than we do at present.

On the age of the latter much curious speculation has been bestowed, of which Mr. Baldwin gives his readers a very indiscriminate account, wasting much space on wild speculations respecting the imaginary island of Atlantis, and which it is lost time to discuss. But thus much seems to be ascertained. The mounds, and the whole region in which they lie, have been utterly overgrown with forest, and several generations of trees, some of them very old, have grown and perished since the Mound-builders were finally banished or exterminated from their towns and temples, their enclosures and their mines. The forests are supposed by good judges to indicate a space of from eight to ten centuries, and no one can tell how many more, since the disappearance of those who cultivated the land and covered it with forest-trees. Skeletons found in the mounds, in dry situations and in a favourable climate, have almost universally crumbled

away, and scarcely a single skull is to be found in as good condition as that of the great majority of skeletons dug up in Europe under conditions not more favourable to their preservation after a period which cannot be less than 2,000 years. It is therefore assumed that these skeletons must have lain there more than 2,000 years, and probably very much more. Finally, the surface of the country has greatly altered since the Mound-builders disappeared. Some of their works have been destroyed by streams which now flow through a channel half a mile distant. And one local feature, if we can rely on its evidence, implies a yet greater antiquity than could be inferred from any of the preceding facts. The Mound-builders especially settled in the valleys of the greater rivers and along their tributaries. These have left several successive terraces along their course, as they ate their way deeper and deeper into the earth. Each terrace marks the lapse of ages, and the last must, says Mr. Baldwin, have occupied the longest time of all in its formation. Now this terrace alone is wholly free from the works of the Mound-builders; and if it be a correct assumption that it did not exist in their time, that time must be assigned to a period indefinitely remote. Without pledging ourselves to any opinion on these points, we can hardly deny that there are plausible reasons for believing the perished civilization of America to be at least as old as the comparative barbarisms whose remains have been dug out from Danish morasses and Swiss lake shores.

Mr. Baldwin has, as we have mentioned, quoted and discussed at needless length certain absurd speculations about Atlantis, too unfounded for refutation, and too worthless to be of interest even as mere conjectures. He shows, moreover, an occasional tendency to accept over-credulously the legendary accounts of classical and mediæval visits to the Western world. But these have a legitimate place in such a volume, if the reader be fairly warned that they are not to be regarded as contemporary and trustworthy narrative; they show that floating traditions of the existence of a trans-oceanic land were rife in the minds both of Phœnician and of Scandinavian adventurers, and that the visits of one or the other to its shores are possibilities, though for us they never can be more. Whether the now ruined cities of Yucatan really were seen by Tyrian mariners, and furnished the basis for the story of Diodorus Siculus, no one can ever know; but the thing is so far within the limits of possibility as to afford fair subject for imaginative speculation. It is certainly a curious fact that about the time of which Diodorus speaks there really did exist "many days' sail from Libya westward" such cities and such a country as he describes; and that if Tyrian seamen had been driven thither, they would have seen much what they are said to have seen. But if they had, would no attempt have been made to repeat their voyage and verify their alleged discovery? The story, again, of a continent buried beneath the Atlantic may be true. But if the thing ever occurred, it must have been utterly forgotten ages before Plato wrote of it. Is it not possible that the West Indies or Florida furnished the suggestion of Atlantis, and that the supposed Paradise disappeared, not beneath, but beyond, the ocean—no subsequent adventurer being bold or fortunate enough to retrace the path which had led one tempest-tossed vessel to those shores? There is enough of plausibility in such conjectures to render them attractive; not the less so, perhaps, that they must remain conjectures for ever. Few persons probably will read Mr. Baldwin's book without being diverted for a moment into some such train of speculation, more interesting perhaps, and not more baseless, than many of those which the author has thought fit to present to his readers.

#### IN A GLASS DARKLY.\*

MR. LE FANU, having written some four or five foolish and vulgar ghost stories, presents them to the world as belonging to "metaphysical speculation," or "religious metaphysics," or "metaphysical medicine." He informs us that he has the stories from "the immense collection of papers" left by Dr. Martin Fleisselius, a man whose "knowledge was immense, his grasp of a case was an intuition." Happily for the non-scientific world, the Doctor "writes in two distinct characters." As Mr. Le Fanu says:—

He describes what he saw and heard as an intelligent layman might, and when in this style of narrative he had seen the patient either through his own hall-door to the light of day, or through the gates of darkness to the caverns of the dead, he returns upon the narrative, and in the terms of his art, and with all the force and originality of genius, proceeds to the work of analysis, diagnosis and illustration.

As for "the analysis, diagnosis, and illustration," and "the force and originality of genius," with which they are made, we must take Mr. Le Fanu's word; of course we have no opportunity given us of judging. But when he asks us to believe, after we have read through the stories, that the learned Doctor "describes what he saw and heard as an intelligent layman might," here at least we are able to exercise our own judgment. If Mr. Le Fanu can find readers so silly as to delight in all the horrors, as senseless as they are coarse, which he here serves up to them, he is welcome. But at all events let him not, while pretending to praise an imaginary author, have the assurance to claim for himself that he "describes as an intelligent layman might." It may be, however, that Mr. Le Fanu's readers look upon every one as intelligent who

\* In a Glass Darkly. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu, Author of "Uncle Silas," &c. &c. London: Smith & Son.

uses words beyond their comprehension. A man must needs be intelligent, for instance, who writes of "the lumen of the eyes," or of the "odyle and magnetic influence of the moon," who is quite familiar with "the primary distinction between the subjective and the objective," and speaks not of Brussels, but of "Bruxelles lace." Nevertheless, Mr. Le Fanu would have shown a little more modesty, and quite as much intelligence, if he had allowed his readers to find out his great powers for themselves, and had not added to his work a preface which is in fact a puff of himself. It is idle, we fear, to expect that Mr. Le Fanu will give up his ghosts and goblins, his gallows and coffins, his murderers and vampires, and his spectral forms, whether they come in the shape of a "small monkey, perfectly black, with a character of malignity—unfathomable malignity," or whether they come in the shape of "a sooty-black animal that resembled a monstrous cat, and that continued toing and froing (sic) with the lithe, sinister restlessness of a beast in a cage." There are some writers, indeed, who, ever dealing in horrors, yet are excused for their bad taste on account of the morbidness of their imagination. Before we can allow, however, Mr. Le Fanu to plead that his imagination is morbid, we shall require him to prove that he has, properly speaking, any imagination at all. In the most ignorant and debased of savage tribes there could scarcely be found an old woman who could not tell stories as full of childish horrors as Mr. Le Fanu's, and tell them in language that was at all events intelligible. Some of the mountain tribes of India believe in ghosts who reside in trees, and who are only to be propitiated by a dance being executed round the tree in which they reside. "Among the more superstitious tribes," we read in the *Annals of Rural Bengal*, "it is customary for each family to dance round every single tree, in order that they may not by any chance omit the one in which their god may be residing." Now, if any one man first struck out the thought that a ghost resided in a tree and required to be propitiated by a round dance, he indeed might justly lay claim to some amount of imagination. But when generation after generation had thus propitiated these ghosts, we should just as soon think of attributing imagination to a savage whom we found dancing round his hundredth tree as to Mr. Le Fanu, who, following in the track probably of his old nurse or of Mrs. Radcliff, is bringing in his hundredth spectre. Any one, if he were put to it, could find enough imagination to make up a story with the churchyard materials which Mr. Le Fanu delights to use, though it is not every one who, having performed this easy feat, would proceed to write a preface in praise of his own intelligence.

Mr. Le Fanu evidently thinks that in such imaginative works as his claim to be, the best way to win his reader's belief is to follow De Foe in his circumstantiality. Unfortunately, however, though he shows no imagination in his fiction, he shows a good deal of imagination in his facts, and while pretending to deal minutely with bygone days, proves at once that his ignorance of them is complete. His study of literature began, we should imagine, with the first novel that he wrote. The pelican, we are told, feeds her young on food which she plucks from her own breast. Mr. Le Fanu, on the contrary, would seem to feed the later offspring of his brain on sustenance solely derived from his first-born. We ought not, however, to fail to do him the justice of admitting that he now and then introduces a Latin word which suggests a certain acquaintance with the Latin Grammar, and a fine-sounding phrase which suggests a certain acquaintance with the *Daily Telegraph*. Like the editor of that paper, moreover, he has a great command over the moon, and in one of his stories passes with extraordinary rapidity from a night that is bright with moonlight to the next that is as dark as pitch. The scene of one of his stories is laid in the year 1794. It is certainly somewhat strange to find that in that year, of all years, a gentleman who was suffering from "depression, misery, and excitement," was advised "to try a short tour on the Continent," and went by way of Dover to Calais. It was not exactly the year in which a cure for excitement was to be looked for in France, or in which "a crowd of idlers stood upon the jetty at Calais to receive the packet." We are willing to forgive Mr. Le Fanu for the improbability of the ghost who was among the idlers, and who, Englishman, or rather English ghost, that he was, yet talked in "a broad provincial patois." We should be curious to learn, by the way, what *patois* is not provincial. Mr. Le Fanu may bring in his ghosts where he pleases, and when he pleases, and may make them talk even in the peculiar language which he writes, but he must not be allowed without rebuke to show an ignorance of modern history of which a writer of school histories might well be ashamed. In one of the stories, along with the spectre of the black monkey with the "unfathomable malignity," we have cabs and omnibuses. Now, though we think that the old women from whom alone, till we came across Mr. Le Fanu's writings, we had heard of such spectres, had sense enough to place them in far earlier times, yet we shall let him, if he pleases, take his monkey spectre to what he calls a 'bus. Nevertheless, if his story requires that 'buses and cabs and monkey spectres shall come together, we have a right to insist that he shall not pretend that his story was written quite so far back as "about sixty-four years ago." Even Dr. Henselius, though "his knowledge was immense, and his grasp of a case was an intuition," can scarcely be allowed in the year 1808 to have known of a 'bus. Perhaps, however, the prophetic knowledge, or intuition which he showed in this matter may have been a part of the "metaphysical speculation," or "religious metaphysics," for which he was so famous.

As for the five stories contained in these three volumes, there is

not one of them which is not hopelessly absurd. The hero of the first tale, a country vicar haunted by the black monkey, cuts his throat with a razor. The hero of the second, haunted by the ghost who at one time spoke "the provincial patois," and at another time apparently took the shape of an owl, was killed in his bed by this most intrusive apparition. In the third story an old judge of the last century, after hanging the husband of his mistress, gets tried in a ghostly court, and is at last found hanged himself. Ever since, "this dreadful old man," the judge, has haunted a house in Westminster, carrying "in his ringed and ruffled hand a coil of rope." These three stories fill up the first volume, with the help of such extracts from "metaphysical medicine" as the following:—

So soon as the spirit-action has established itself in the case of one patient, its developed energy begins to radiate, more or less effectually, upon others.

The fourth story, which is the longest, contains some horrors in Mr. Le Fanu's best style. The hero is made, without knowing it, to order his own grave and his own coffin. He is thrown into a kind of trance, in which, though he cannot move, he yet knows all that is going on. He is laid in the coffin, and hears very distinctly "the working of a turn-screw, and the crunching home of screws in succession." Then these vulgar sounds," he remarks in Mr. Le Fanu's best style, "no doom spoken in thunder could have been more tremendous." Happily, before the noble murderers could make off with the 30,000*l.* which the hero, after the fashion of young Englishmen, had taken with him on his first visit to Paris, they were surprised. The hero is let out of the coffin, becomes "a sadder if not a wiser man," and has "deep reason to be thankful to the all-merciful Ruler of events for an early and terrible lesson in the ways of sin."

Our readers will have had enough by this time of Mr. Le Fanu's stories, and may be thankful to be spared an account of the most foolish and the most offensive of all his tales—that, namely, of the Vampire. When an author has the grave opened of a person who had been buried one hundred and fifty years, and describes how "the leaden coffin floated with blood, in which, to a depth of seven inches, the body lay immersed," we are, we think, more than justified in declining to analyse his silly and miserable story. We should hope that this time he will find that he has miscalculated the taste of the subscribers to the seaside lending libraries, for whom he probably writes. They will no doubt stand a good deal, but possibly Dr. Martin Henselius and his raw-head and bloody-bones horrors will prove too much even for their powers of endurance.

#### MUIR'S ORIGINAL SANSKRIT TEXTS.\*

THE publication of these volumes has been somewhat irregular, and the fourth of the five volumes yet remains to be issued. Each volume treats of a distinct subject, and in fact constitutes a separate work; so that, although we have already (September 10, 1870) reviewed Vol. V., which dealt with Comparative Mythology, we now propose to notice another volume of the series. The first edition of the work was issued from fifteen to twenty years ago, but the second edition has been so greatly extended as to be almost a new work. An ardent student of Sanskrit during the years of his service in India, Dr. Muir has also been a liberal promoter of the spread of knowledge among the Hindus. Impressed with the belief that the Hindu system can be most successfully attacked by a demonstration of the weakness, insufficiency, and inconsistency of the writings upon which it is professedly founded, he has laboured hard to lay open the doctrines recorded in those writings; he has given liberal prizes to encourage others in the same course, he has munificently endowed a Professorship of Sanskrit in the University of Edinburgh, and now in the autumn of life he has released these volumes, the fruits of many a year of research and study. With the results of his own researches he has incorporated the opinions of his chief fellow-labourers in the same field of inquiry, and has brought together all the most important and authoritative writings, both Indian and European, upon the subjects of which he treats.

In the present article we shall confine our attention to the first volume, which notices the Mythical Accounts of the Creation of Man and of the Origin of the Four Castes. Of the portions which relate to the creation of man little need be said. They are interesting, and indeed important, to those who desire to study the rise and progress of Hindu belief and doctrine; but there is little in them to attract the attention of the general reader, or even to demand the study of the philosopher. It is different with the system of caste. How this great institution arose, developed, and spread, and how deeply and variously it has influenced the fortunes and decided the character of a large and most intelligent portion of the human race, are questions of primary importance in the history of man.

The oldest writings of the Hindus—the Hymns of the Rig Veda—whatever be their age, whether to be counted by hundreds, or by more than two thousand years anterior to the Christian era, represent the forefathers of this great branch of the Aryan race

\* *Original Sanskrit Texts on the Origin and History of the People of India, their Religion, and Institutions.* Collected, translated, and illustrated by J. Muir, D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. I.—Mythical and Legendary Accounts of the Origin of Caste, with an Inquiry into its Existence in the Vedic Age. Second Edition, rewritten and greatly enlarged. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

as a pastoral people, dwelling upon the banks of the Five Rivers, and worshipping the personified elements. That they were an incurive people, and had made their way thither from the westward, hardly admits of any reasonable doubt, though it has been questioned. These primitive hymns of the Rig have been diligently searched, and in only one of them is there any mention or indication of caste. This hymn, called the *Purusha sukta*, celebrates the sacrifice of the *purusha*, or male, by the gods; and from the position assigned to it in the ritual of a later Veda, it was probably used in the celebration of human sacrifices. The immolation of human beings would seem to have been actually practised in the Vedic period, but to have subsequently assumed a symbolical character, men being bound to the sacrificial posts, while animals were slain as vicarious sacrifices. This hymn thus describes the sacrifice of *Purusha* :—

When (the gods) divided *Purusha*, into how many parts did they cut him up? What was his mouth? what arms had he? what two objects are said (to have been) his thighs and feet? The *Brâhman* was his mouth; the *Râjanya* was made his arms; the being (called) the *Vaiya*, he was his thighs; the *Sûdra* sprang from his feet. The moon sprang from his soul (*manas*); the sun from his eye; *Indra* and *Agni* from his mouth; and *Vâyu* from his breath. From his navel arose the air; from his head the sky; from his feet the earth; from his ear the (four) quarters; in this manner the gods formed the world.

This agrees essentially with the generally accepted belief that the *Brâhman* sprang from the mouth, the *Kshatriya* from the arms, the *Vaiya* from the thighs, and the *Sûdra* from the feet of *Brâhma*, the progenitor of the human race. It symbolizes the wisdom which was to guide, the valour to defend, the strength to support, and the labour to serve the body politic. This hymn is to all appearance the source from which all the myths respecting the origin of caste had their origin. So if the hymn can be classed among the most ancient, the institution of caste must have existed previously to the oldest records of the Hindu race. But all European scholars who have considered the subject agree, with few exceptions, that it is of later date. Colobrooke, one of the earliest and yet one of the most profound of our Sanskrit scholars, who first penetrated the mystery in which the Vedas were shrouded, gave it as his opinion that

That remarkable hymn is in language, metre, and style very different from the rest of the prayers with which it is associated. It has a decidedly more modern tone; and must have been composed after the Sanskrit language had been refined, and its grammar and rhythm perfected.

If caste had existed in the early Vedic period, it must surely have found mention in more than one hymn. When, too, it is found that this hymn is the only one in which the word *Vaiya*, the name of the third caste, appears, that it is the only one which mentions the fourfold classification of Vedic composition, and that it refers to the seasons of the year in a way that accords with later usage but differs from that employed in the other hymns of the Rig, the conclusion seems inevitable. But though this hymn cannot be classed among the most ancient hymns, its antiquity is inferior only to theirs, and it is probably anterior to every other kind of extant Hindu writing. So, then, the institution of caste is not coeval with the earliest records of the Hindu people. This is the result to which independent reasoning would have brought us; for, as (with a special and partial exception to be presently noticed) caste is entirely unknown to the other Aryan races, it may fairly be inferred that the institution arose among the Hindus after they had separated from their kindred stock.

The priority of the hymns of the Rig to all other Hindu writings is incontestable. The language in which they are written is so archaic, both in grammar and vocabulary, that some centuries before the Christian era special treatises were written in its explanation. The other Vedas, with the exception of the fourth, the *Atharva*, contain little beyond what is to be found in the Rig. What new matter they do contain is to all appearance of a somewhat later date, and in these the mention of caste, or at any rate of classes, is more frequent and distinct. What time elapsed between the compilation of the hymns, and the appearance of the writings called *Brâhmanas*, can only be guessed at, but it must have been considerable. The *Brâhmanas* contain explanations of the hymns and regulations for their proper use in the celebration of sacrifices, and they embrace also the later treatises called *Aranyakas* and *Upanishads*, which are the beginnings of the speculative theology of the Hindus. These inquire into the mystic sense of the hymns, and the symbolism of the ceremonies, with the grand object of attaining a knowledge of the godhead, and of the origin and destiny of man. All these writings, both hymns and treatises, come under the denomination of *Śruti* or revelation, "that which was heard," as distinguished from the *Smṛiti*, or "that which was remembered," by the sages who committed to writing the various productions which fall under this classification, and which are considered inferior in authority to the revealed writings alone. Under the designation of *Smṛiti* come first the *Vedāngas* or supplements to the Vedas, devoted to the explanation of the grammar, vocabulary, pronunciation, metre, astronomy, and ceremonial of the Vedas. Next come the *Sûtras*, or aphorisms relating to domestic ceremonies and sacrificial rites. The Institutes of Manu follow next in order of time, and may be regarded as the great basis of Hindu civil law and political institutions. Last come the *Purânas* and the *Purânas*, the former including the great epic poems, the *Râmâyana* and *Mahâbhârata*; while the *Purânas*, eighteen in number, display the Hindu system in its fullest development. It is difficult to describe these latter works. They deal with cosmogony and mythology, with legendary lore, and volubly upon the destiny of the world. How much,

or rather how little, of fact they contain, it is difficult to estimate. Some gleams of fact shine feebly here and there; but the mind is bewildered with the millions of years and countless ages which they profess to record, while it is saddened with the sterile and empty results arrived at by a long succession of acute reasoners and daring speculators.

Through all these works Dr. Muir has pushed his inquiries upon the origin of caste, selecting and translating all the important passages which bear upon the question. The conclusion at which he arrives is that the passages quoted

have rendered it abundantly evident that the sacred books of the Hindus contain no uniform or consistent account of the origin of caste; but, on the contrary, present the greatest varieties of speculation on this subject. Explanations mystical, mythical, and rationalistic, are all offered in turn; and the freest scope is given by the individual writers to fanciful and arbitrary conjecture. . . . The most common story is that the castes issued from the mouth, arms, feet, and thighs of *Purusha*, or *Brâhma*. The oldest extant passage in which this idea occurs is to be found in the *Purusha Sûkta*; but it is doubtful whether in the form in which it is there presented this representation is anything more than an allegory. In some of the texts which I have quoted from the *Upanishads*, traces of the same allegorical character may be perceived; but in *Manu* and the *Purânas* the mystical import of the Vedic text disappears, and the figurative narrative is hardened into a literal statement of fact.

In another chapter Dr. Muir seeks, by a study of the hymns of Rig and Atharva Vedas, to "ascertain the mutual relations of the different classes of Indian society at the time the hymns were composed." That there were priests and a priestly order is sufficiently apparent, but there is nothing to indicate that the order was exclusive and hereditary. The name by which the priest was designated was *brâhman*, and although the term *brâhman* (the present name of the priestly caste) is occasionally used, it had none of the exclusive meaning it now bears, but was used in its strict etymological sense of "son of a priest," and in one text indeed the words "*brâhman-putra*, priest's son," are used as the equivalent of the term *brâhman*. It is hardly necessary to point out that there is a wide distinction between "son of a priest" and "son of a priestly class." The conclusion which Dr. Muir arrives at is that "in none of the texts is any clear reference made to the *Brâhmanas* as constituting an exclusive caste or race, and nothing whatever is said about their being descended from an ancestor distinct from those of the other classes of their countrymen."

In addition to the negative evidence thus afforded, there is proof in the hymns and in later works that the authors of some of the hymns were men who were not of sacerdotal descent, although some of them acted as priests. It is sufficient to notice a single instance, that of the sage *Visvâmitra*, who is the recognized author of several of the hymns, though he is by common consent acknowledged to have been of royal descent, and to have raised himself to the priestly order. This proves that, although there was a sacerdotal and also a regal class, the former at least was not exclusive and hereditary.

The term *Vaiya*, the name of the third caste, is said to be entirely unknown to the most ancient hymns; but the word *vis*, from which it is derived, is used in the hymns to designate the general community of Aryan worship and culture. That there were at first only three great divisions is curiously corroborated by the *Zand Avesta* of the Zoroastrians, which mentions three distinct classes, closely resembling in their names and functions these three classes of the Hindu race. Dr. Haug, who has brought this passage to light, considers that these were not simply classes, but castes; and if this were so, the origin of caste must be carried back to a period anterior to the separation of the Aryans of India from those of Persia; unless, indeed, it could be supposed that both these branches of the original stock, having the germ of the institution, developed it similarly and simultaneously. The evidence of the Zoroastrian divisions being castes, and not mere classes, is however too slight to influence the argument; and there is the grand objection that caste never became a recognized Zoroastrian institution.

The origin of the fourth caste, the *Sûdra*, is wrapped in mystery. The very etymology of the name is unsettled. A Puranic authority derives it from the roots *svak*, "to grieve," and *dra*, "to run"; but this is inconsistent with the ordinary rules of derivation, and the meaning assigned to it of "one who grieves and runs" is very far from carrying conviction with it. Another etymology derives it from *sudh*, "to purify," but this is equally worthless; for, apart from the difficulty of formation, the derivation of the name of the impure caste from a root signifying "to purify" is a worthy parallel of *hocus a non lucendo*. The name *Sûdra* does not occur in the most ancient hymns. It first occurs with that of *Vaiya* in the *Purusha sukta*. So, between the period of the oldest hymns and the composition of this hymn, the term *vis*, which was used in the former to designate the general community, had developed into the form *Vaiya*, and had become the recognized name of a third class or caste, consisting of proprietors and traders, such as we call middle-class people. The *Sûdras*, or servile race, then first come into notice—what was their origin? Upon this question there is no satisfactory evidence. All is left to inference and conjecture. Dr. Muir quotes the opinion of Professor Roth that "the *Sûdras* consisted of a race subdued by the Brahmanical conquerors, whether that race may have been a branch of the Aryan stock which immigrated at an early period into India, or an autochthonous Indian tribe." The latter supposition may, we think, be safely dismissed; for the *Sûdras* have all the characteristics of an Aryan race, and, on the other hand, the Aryan writers make abundant mention of the *śūdras*, or barbarian tribes of India, with which they come in contact in their



progress. Being left to conjecture, we may offer the following as at least a plausible theory of the formation of the fourth caste:—When the Aryan invaders made their way into India, they had their priests and their warrior chiefs, a hierarchy and an aristocracy distinct from each other and above the great body of the people; the first holding a position similar to that of the clergy of Europe, and the latter having, as there appears ground for believing, already acquired an hereditary character. It is not likely, however, that the great mass of immigrants was separated into clearly defined classes. But after the people had settled upon the territory they had won, some by superior intelligence and activity extended their possessions, and others through inferiority of character or misfortune sunk into or continued in the position of servants and labourers. There, as in other parts of the world, a moneyed class and a labouring class were gradually formed. The breach between wealth and poverty is ever widening. As the middle class grew rich and more secure in their possessions, they treated their dependents with the same contempt they received from the priestly and regal classes, and asserted for themselves a superiority over those who were dependent on their labour for their bread. These pretensions made no encroachment upon the privileges of the higher classes, and so met with no opposition on that side. Thus the middle class came to be recognized as the *vis* or people, and all below them were separated into a fourth and inferior class. Then the term *Vinaya* was formed from the old word *vis*, and applied with a more definite and restricted meaning, and the fourth or servile class received the appellation of *Sūdra*, which, whatever its etymology, is recognized as meaning "servile."

We have said that no satisfactory derivation has been found for the term *Sūdra*. If the origin of the word could be discovered, it would no doubt throw much light upon the position of the class to which it was applied. The failure to discover its root may perhaps be attributed to the fact of the search for it having been limited to roots beginning, like the word itself, with the palatal *s*, and, if such a root could be found, it would unquestionably be preferable to one beginning with the dental *s*. But although the interchange of these sibilants is not common, still the instances of such changes are sufficiently numerous to justify a search under the second sibilant when the proper one fails to supply any acceptable etymon. Now the dental sibilant does seem to offer a probable radix in the root *śvid*, identical with our word "sweat," which appears also in the Latin *sudo* and *sudor*. Admit the possibility of *śvid* being the root and the root is easy. The word *Sūdra* will mean "a sweater," one who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and will thus present an appropriate name for the labouring class. This theory is at least plausible and worth consideration.

Dr. Muir quotes, as the motto of his volume, a verse of the *Mahā-bhārata*:—

There is no distinction of castes. This world, which, as created by *Brāhmā*, was at first entirely Brahmanic, has become divided into classes in consequence of men's works.

Setting aside the pretensions advanced by the Brahmanical writer for his own caste, this appears to present an accurate statement of the facts. No distinction of castes was established by the Veda, but the institution sprang up subsequently as the result of men's habits and social arrangements.

In another somewhat lengthy chapter Dr. Muir proceeds to give some legendary illustrations of the struggle which no doubt occurred in the early ages of Hindu history between the *Brāhmins* and the *Kshatriyas*, after the former had begun to constitute a fraternity exercising the sacerdotal profession, but before the respective provinces of the two classes had been accurately defined by custom, and when the members of each were ready to encroach on the prerogatives claimed as their own exclusive birthright by the other.

This is another phase of the world-wide struggle between the spiritual and secular powers. It occupies a conspicuous position, and fills many a page of the epic poems and the *Purānas*. It also has its interest, as all such conflicts must have, but it is too extensive and diversified to receive more than a passing notice in the space at our command.

That great research and labour must have been expended on the preparation of these volumes is abundantly manifest, but how great can only be adequately appreciated by men who know the vast extent of the works from which Dr. Muir has drawn his materials. Equally conspicuous are the candour and the modesty with which the facts are arranged and the deductions drawn. If we have any fault to find, it is that the author has been too reticent perhaps of the opinions which he must have formed. He has gone to his work in the spirit of one anxious to arrive at the truth, not in search of proofs to establish a preconceived theory. The result is a mass of trustworthy evidence, for which he deserves the thanks of all who are interested in the history of the people of India.

#### ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL.

THE *Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal* is so mixed up with that of her spiritual father St. Francis de Sales, that the biography of the one admits the reader to a knowledge of the character and of many details of the active life of the other, thus adding greatly to its value and interest. We are introduced to a pair of modern saints—truly deserving the title—holding a

*Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. By Emily Davies. London: Burns & Oates. 1872.*

certain domestic relation towards each other; visiting at each other's homes, dining at the same table in the family circle, exchanging civilities, transacting business together, arranging a family alliance on ordinary secular principles of fitness, keeping up a close correspondence as devoted and mutually admiring and reverencing friends. We see them not only as (ultimately canonized) saints, but as accomplished gentleman and fine lady of the seventeenth century. These details of state, wealth, and property, of dress and courtly grace naturally belonging to their condition and accepted as such, are, however, in the history before us, so interwoven with the supernatural, with visions, prophecies, miracles, all related in the same tone of confident matter-of-course narration, never condescending to proof or evidence, that the effect upon the reader is that of reading two books at once—some monkish chronicle interlined with modern biography. The puzzle is explained when we recall the French origin of the narrative; the book being, in fact, as the editor informs us in the preface, only an abridgment and *résumé* of the Abbé Rougaud's *Histoire de Ste.-Chantal et des Origines de la Visitation*. Perhaps it is further explained by the necessities of the case; miracles being essential to the supreme distinction of canonization. This crowning honour St. Jane de Chantal set her heart upon obtaining for her departed friend and director, and, being a woman of remarkable strength of will, implicit faith in her Church, great authority, and saintly reputation, an inquiry set on foot by her for miracles constituted a demand which was sure to meet with its answering supply. Whatever view might previously have been taken of certain events, this inquiry would determine it in the desired way, and settle the question between natural and supernatural. Thus we read that Mother de Beaumont nailed his likeness upon the convent-gate, and was saved from the plague. A son-in-law of Madame de Chantal is wounded in battle and told by the doctors that death is imminent, upon which he applies a letter of St. Francis to the wound and the bullets come out of themselves. Mother de Chantal herself attested on oath that the whole convent at Annecy was frequently filled with a delicate subtle fragrance, attributing it to the fact that the Saint's body lay buried there. Of course many of the miracles recorded cannot be traced to simple honest imagination, but this was clearly stimulated to the utmost. The frequent testimonies to the odour of sanctity and to limbs pliant years after death, the story of a radiant picture and similar marvels, have the air of responses to an appeal which a convent of devout nuns would be ashamed to disappoint. Thus, if the chapel which contains the body of the Saint emits a fragrance, that at Lyons which holds his heart in a golden reliquary must needs rather surpass the wonder than fall short of it; and we are informed that from the relic continually flowed a sweet liquid resembling fragrant oil. Nor is the venerable Mother herself without similar testimonies to saintliness. While still a wife and living in the world, after exhausting the provisions at her command in alms to the poor during a famine, and being reduced to a single barrel of flour, we read, "It is credibly recorded that for full six months the entire household of Hourbilly and the neighbouring poor were abundantly fed from this single barrel of flour"; and as the famine went on the servants became quite accustomed, after sweeping out the granary one day, to find it full of corn the next. A gigantic porter renowned for his strength was seized with a strange attack of weakness when in later years he had to carry her litter, and it turned out afterwards that he had led a wicked life, and was executed for his many crimes; and so on. No wonder that, as her sanctity grew, the nuns of the eighty convents founded by her became anxious to retain as much of her as they could by any means secure for a lasting possession. Thus the nuns of the Visitation at Paris implored her to bequeath her heart to them, her body being pledged to Annecy, where lay St. Francis. The request was granted, but the convent at Moulins was eventually successful in securing the prize, which was preserved in a jewelled reliquary, the word itself bespeaking and foreshadowing miracles. Those less favoured had to be content with portions of her habit and her veil, surreptitiously snipped off as relics.

The reader willingly grants that the Saints were saintly, but feels that the mind cannot wholesomely dwell on the technical business of making out their saintliness. The whole strain appears to have been opposed to the spirit of St. Francis, and to the aims he had in view in organizing the order of which St. Jane de Chantal was foundress. But the spirit of the cloister must assert itself through every difference of rule. His turn was practical, he was opposed to excessive asceticism, he wished especially to dispense with the rule of enclosure, so that the poor and sick might be visited by the nuns at their own homes; but he had to yield in this to his spiritual superiors. There is no indication of his demanding that utter renunciation of the will and judgment which goes under the name of obedience, and which is naturally enough set up as the crowning test of sanctity in communities composed exclusively of two classes—the ultra strong wills that rule, the implicitly, blindly submissive who obey, and who under the term "simplicity" are indulged and commended in any amount of passivity in return for the self-respect which they renounce. We believe that St. Francis's test of sanctity would have been other than that here propounded:—

When Mother Roset was very old she was one day sent for to the parlour to sing to M. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice. At all times it is supposed that Mother Roset had not a pleasant voice, and as it was now cracked, it was a considerable humiliation to exercise it for the benefit of a stranger.

But the aged Sister with great simplicity went close to the parlour grating and sang until she was told by the Superior to leave off. As soon as she was gone away M. Olier, who was one of the best living judges of true spirituality, exclaimed, "Fifty miracles would not so thoroughly have convinced me of the Christian virtue of that nun as this act of heroic submission."

Let us hope that the old lady had a better opinion of her voice than her critic, and that she had that *satisfaction personnelle* which casuists claim in reward of the labours of the *pauvre esprit*, as a compensation for the world's disparagement, arguing—*C'est ainsi que Dieu, qui est juste, donne aux grenouilles de la satisfaction de leur chant*. It is melancholy to think of old age, which should be venerable, submitting to make sport in this fashion. The reader, after a string of such feats of abject docility, is simply shocked by the tameness they display; and we verily believe St. Francis would have felt the same. There was no desire in him to crush individuality and put down common sense. In a case which is made much of as enjoining implicit submission to rule, we may discern the influential end and motive which guided that rule. It was just before the Profession Day, when the Gallery House at Annecy, the seed of so many houses, was to be dedicated and the first nuns professed, that the Sisters persuaded their Mother to let them take some money which the bishop had given them for the sick to decorate the chapel and altar. Mother de Chantal allowed herself to be persuaded, but no sooner had she done so than she wrote to confess her error, and next day, kneeling and in tears, accused herself of her fault. "Daughter, this is your first disobedience to me; it has given me a very bad night," said the Saint, and passed on, leaving her still kneeling on the ground. The spot in the orchard where this scene passed is handed down by tradition as sacred. Possibly St. Francis owes the distinction of the present volume to his friendship and reverence for St. Ignatius, as throughout its pages we detect the spirit of the Order whose watchword is obedience; especially in the one harsh exception to a tone of general bland toleration, where the biographer speaks of Jansenism as one of the most detestable heresies that have ever disfigured the Church of Christ.

Jane Francoise Frémyot de Chantal (grandmother of Madame de Sévigné) was born at Dijon in 1572. Her father, Béguigne Frémyot, was President of the then famous Burgundian Parliament, a man of rank and wealth and high religious character. She lost her mother in infancy, to which circumstance her biographer attributes a sternness and austerity which it needed all her saintly director's guidance to subdue into the full sweetness of Christian charity. It was, however, this difference of temperament, joined with unity of aims, which no doubt attracted these remarkable persons towards each other, and united them in a life-long and most intimate friendship, one of those many spiritual friendships recorded in the lives of saints—alike beneficial to themselves and to their teaching as tempering the asperities of asceticism—which prove that pure friendship is possible between man and woman, though in no case can the distinction of sex be wholly forgotten or ignored. Jane Francoise came into the world when the controversy between Huguenots and Catholics was at its height, and when Burgundy was "overrun with Calvinists." Before she was five years old she entered into it with characteristic energy. Being present at a dispute on the Real Presence she joined in the argument; her opponent, viewing his small adversary with surprise, tried to settle it with sugar-plums. She took them in her pinafore and marching to the fireplace threw them into the fire, saying, "Look, my lord, this is how heretics will be burnt in the fire of hell because they do not believe what our Lord says." She seems to have been trained in more freedom of will than most girls of her age; for at sixteen she refused to marry one man who proposed for her because she suspected him of Huguenot proclivities, and she declined another brilliant match on other grounds. At length she acquiesced in her father's selection of Christopher de Chantal, then head of the Rabutin house, with whom he had served in support of Henry IV. A scrupulous conscience might have found something to object to even in his case, for before he was thirty he had fought eighteen duels, which Bussy Rabutin ascribes to his extreme gentleness and meekness of demeanour. But he was seen to be full of religious faith and devoted to his duties, besides possessing the Rabutin charm of manner—what Madame de Sévigné afterwards called Rabutinage. Jane, a beautiful woman of dignified manner, and, at twenty, with some knowledge of the world, made him in every respect an excellent wife; courteous to her equals, a wise manager of his estates during his frequent absences at Court or at the wars, and at the same time full of good works. She married in 1592. Five years afterwards he was killed by accident in hunting, and she was left a wealthy widow with four children. Her first act when the trance of despair was passed was to take a vow of chastity, and to dedicate more of her time to religious exercises, feeling now for the first time the need of a director in the stricter path which she desired to follow. We are here informed that, while riding alone about her property, she had a kind of manifestation as to who this director should be—a person who looked like a bishop walking towards her in cassock, rochet, and biretta, with countenance of serene and heavenly aspect, who disappeared on nearer approach. This vision did not prevent her putting herself soon after under the direction of a pious monk, who encouraged her desire for extreme austerities, and who extracted from her four vows, two of which were never to leave him, and to let no other person speak to her of her interior state. We are rather struck with the ease with which she was able to resist these embarrassing vows when the true director

came. In 1603 she heard St. Francis preach at Dijon, where her father lived, recognized him as the reality of her vision, he at the same moment noticing the young calm face in widow's weeds upraised in fixity of attention; and very soon Francis de Sales is on intimate terms with the President Frémyot and all her family, on further knowledge pronouncing upon her spiritual case—like the London physician overhauling the country practitioner's prescription—that the monk's advice had been excellent for the time, but the period had now come for reversing it, vows and all. We gather that the Saint's manner had an inherent native charm from the fact that nobody without such an instrument of power could have ventured on the freedoms which were more than allowed in him. Thus, sitting by Madame de Chantal at dinner, "Madame," he asks in a low voice, "should you like to marry again?" "No, indeed, my lord," she instantly replied. "Then you should pull down your flag," he said smiling. She perfectly understood him, and next day at dinner her dress was docked of certain little trimmings and coxcombries. It was the same when she wore lace; would not her dress be as clean without it? No doubt he had his eye upon a future foundress; for we read "He had at once discerned the noble and solid qualities of the young widow," and wrote of her that she brought vividly to his mind St. Paula, St. Angela, and St. Catharine. "She has a grand soul, and her courage in great religious undertakings is above that of women."

The character, the society, the proper work of women not only occupied St. Francis, but were a natural subject of interest with him. We find Françoise, Madame de Chantal's second daughter, who had a taste for dress, appealing to the Saint against her mother's restrictions, and he takes her part, advises a fine ruff for great days, and "thinks the child would be much pleased to have these laces and standing up ruffles. You see I know something about these things." In the same spirit he would call the young lady to order with paternal authority when his quick eye saw she was carrying things too far. His reproofs have a bantering tenderness. If he would check Madame de Chantal's too eager spiritual aspirations, he reminds her that she is but a poor miserable little widow—*une pauvre petite chétive veuve*. He condescended not only to dictate the material of the veils of the new Order, but, taking the scissors, shaped out the form with his own hand. When he led the nuns into the orchard of the Gallery House at Annecy during recreation, to explain to them the virtue of affability, and a thunderstorm came on, one of the novices cried, "Oh, my lord, I am so frightened!" He laughed and replied (on what warrant we know not), "O my child, don't be afraid; the lightning only strikes great saints or great sinners, and you are neither one nor the other." When Madame de Chantal wrote asking leave for less sleep, the request was promptly refused. He advised between seven and eight hours' sleep as necessary for women, whose brain and frame are more liable to give way under pressure, when their work necessarily loses its value. His rule permitted the indulgence of natural affection and terms of endearment. Perfect sweetness of character cannot be found without independence of mind. No blaze of sanctity ever obscured these natural graces in him, and his gracious air and manner set them off to their highest advantage. What must be the influence over men, and supereminently over women, of a Saint thus endowed?

All great undertakings for the benefit of society seem fated to exact some preliminary sacrifice, and to us the sacrifice in this case was St. Jane's eldest daughter Marie Aimée, betrothed at eleven and married at thirteen to the younger brother of St. Francis; we cannot help thinking because the arrangement conveniently put a difficulty out of the way of Madame de Chantal's dedication to her new work. Early marriages were allowed in those days, but when we read the complacent summing up of this interesting young creature's life—"this beautiful life, let it never be forgotten, had lasted little more than nineteen years, and during that time Marie Aimée de Chantal had become a wife, a mother, a widow, a nun"—it suggests some reflections in another key. St. Jane Francoise died in 1641, in her seventieth year, after a life of varied labour spent in the business of managing a family and large estates, and the more absorbing charge of the Order of which she was foundress. Her second daughter, Françoise, lived to eighty-five, and owed her death then to a holy imprudence in making a pilgrimage fasting to a sanctuary on a mountain height.

#### THE WELLINGTON PRIZE ESSAY ON TACTICS.

LIEUTENANT MAURICE may well claim credit for having built up a work of such living interest as his is, even to the layman, upon such a set of dry bones as the given thesis afforded. For, at a first glance, the sections into which this is divided for the purpose of strict technical inquiry (which may be briefly described as an examination of the best modes of marching on, of covering, of attacking, and of defending a position) do not suggest anything to the general reader likely to repay his perusal. He may probably expect only an addition to those unprofitable discussions of certain military theorists which profess to treat the whole possibilities of war in a given number of actions.

\* *The System of Field Manœuvres best adapted for enabling our Troops to meet a Continental Army.* By Lieut. F. Maurice, Royal Artillery, Instructor of Tactics and Organization, Royal Military College, Sandhurst. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

definitions, problems, and cases, presenting all the dryness of the First Book of Euclid without any of its truth, since nothing is more likely to lead to false results than this trick of reasoning about men as though they were soulless machines. Lieutenant Maurice's Essay by no means deserves to be classed with these very useless disquisitions. Often original, he is always interesting, and has kept clear throughout of this pedantic school. But it is possible to fly from this error into the opposite extreme, and, in the effort to avoid too close adherence to formulae, to become so vague and discursive in treating the theory of war as to afford the student little solid basis on which to fix his views, and to leave the more hasty reader with only a confused impression of the writer's design. And it seems to us that Lieutenant Maurice has barely escaped this latter danger, in his wish to make his Essay as complete a study of the subject as the conditions allowed, without theorizing too closely upon it. He tells us in his preface that, as it was impossible that the paper should be published until some months after it had been written, he has carefully revised it, and added references to works which have only recently become available. We find accordingly at the opening a long list of books quoted, and in the Essay itself references to the very latest utterances on the subject of tactics, even to lectures of fugitive interest very recently delivered. Added as these are to other very numerous quotations, they give the work as a whole too much the character of a commentary on what has been said and written about modern tactics by others, rather than of an original essay on the great questions handled. We say purposely "as a whole," for there are not wanting passages, as will presently be shown, which are remarkably fresh and original in thought. And to many readers who have had little opportunity of studying what the military press, especially in Germany, has put forth on these questions, so complete a review, and so clever an adaptation of this literature to English ideas as Lieutenant Maurice offers, may have a special value. But it is our desire here rather to notice the writer's own special views, and the treatment of them which his work affords. His use of the long list of German essayists whose works he tabulates is, in certain places, of doubtful worth. In extending his studies over such a mass of criticisms and reflections, he has possibly confused himself. At any rate he has hardly learnt to measure quality, or mastered the essential differences in the worth of his various authorities, and their respective relations to the circumstances of which they write.

The text of the Essay lies in the first sentences. The author begins by quoting the admirable definition of the word *Manœuvres* from Colonel Hanley's *Operations of War*. He follows this by the broad statement of his own opinion, delivered thus:—

I have been led to the conclusion that the very basis on which at present our [i.e. the British] scheme for accomplishing this manœuvring is founded must be changed if we would meet the changed conditions of war. The objects to be attained are precisely those named in the definition [i.e. the quick orderly change of highly trained and flexible masses from one kind of formation to another, or their transference from point to point]; the method of securing them is greatly modified. *Those who have been engaged in the recent fighting* [the italics are our own, to point attention to the chief sources of knowledge employed], and who have recorded their experiences, are very unanimous on the subject. I must therefore ask for patience if, before proceeding to the detailed consideration of our future manœuvres under the several assigned heads, I am drawn into an inquiry the relevancy of which will be perhaps not fully apparent till the details are discussed.

We quote these introductory sentences as giving the proper key to the study of what follows. The rest of the brief preface is not by any means so clear. For how we can introduce the "very radical changes" which are to be suggested, whilst at the same time holding the extremely conservative doctrine that "the less we imagine we can dispense with any of the lessons of the past, the sounder our conclusions will be," is not apparent to us, fresh though we are from a careful perusal of Mr. Maurice's general inquiry. This, with some short supplementary chapters on the proportionate advantages of Attack or Defence, and on the Retaining Power of Small Bodies, occupies about a hundred pages, and forms the really important part of the Essay. The application of the principles which are arrived at to the problems assigned for competition follows as a matter of course, in sections which are well worth perusal, but which are necessarily of a much more technical scope than the preliminary discussion.

This, as we said at the outset, is rather a review than an original body of thought. Lieutenant Maurice has, in fact, taken much pains to fortify by abundant references his views of the necessity of great changes. A large part of his citations are from the well-known book of Boguslawski, and other minor German works which deal with the results of the late war. And to an English reader it will not be uninteresting to find that to Colonel Gawler (whose little book on the *Essentials of Good Skirmishing* is frequently referred to), as doubtless to many other old Peninsular veterans, great part of what the Germans consider as so especially national, so entirely born of their own system, and so bound up with the use of the breech-loader, was familiar many years ago, when we knew little enough of the Prussian weapon or the Prussian military training. It is highly creditable to the essayist's industry and research to have brought this fact so clearly to light.

Our author devotes his attention especially to examining "the evidence on which we can safely rely as to the changes which new conditions have introduced into the art of manœuvring." He is not so clear here as he might be, his desire to be complete leading him occasionally into over-diffuseness. His

conclusion, in which we by no means concur, may best be read in his own words:—

We cannot judge absolutely of the future practice of the German general staff from either period of the late war. For in the first portion [the future before St. Privat has been introduced as an example] they had not learnt the necessities of the new condition of things, in the latter other circumstances [the moral inferiority of the Gambetta levies], had rendered even these new conditions of comparatively secondary importance. . . . It is essential to remember that the ground on which we are working is of an altogether different kind from the distinct positive study of such clearly recorded battles as those of Austerlitz, Waterloo, or Solferino. . . . The facts of the present campaign will not for a long time be so sifted as to supply us with a clear narrative of what occurred. When they are so sifted the evidence will not be of at all the same kind as in the other case. . . . On the whole, for the mass of our facts, we are obliged to rely on the statements of those German authors who adduce the facts expressly in order to establish their own theories.

We confess that the author seems here not only to fail in establishing his case, but to contradict it completely by showing the influence which these very statements have had in shaping his conclusions. To support this theory immediately, he here devotes some pages to a criticism of the *Tactical Retrospect*, directed, if we understand it aright, to show that Captain May took but a limited view of his subject, regarding it mainly from the standpoint of a captain of infantry. "He appears to err," is the somewhat long-winded expression, "from taking as the basis of all his calculations less a complete investigation into the duties and importance of each rank than his own partial experience." On the whole, however, Lieutenant Maurice seems after all to believe that Captain May's views, in order to be right, need chiefly to be extended, and that the independence claimed in the "Retrospect" for captains of companies must be diffused more or less through every grade of the military hierarchy. Such, at least, we take to be the writer's meaning; although here, as in some other parts of the Essay, it is somewhat obscured by superabundance of detail, and by over-anxiety to touch on every point that can by any possibility affect the question under consideration.

Some admirable remarks follow on the value of the local training which is the normal state of things in Germany, and of which it is added with truth that "an extreme difficulty presents itself in the application in detail of the local corps system to England." The author then passes on to suggest certain modifications in our organization which "seem to be needed, partly in order to enable troops to adopt the formations required by the new arm, partly in order to develop as far as possible the habit of independent action among subordinate commanders." Here he pursues—and with far more clearness than in his discussions on the German authorities whose influence, whilst he ostensibly criticizes them, is manifest throughout, even in his style—the path which so many of our military reformers would pursue, but which inveterate professional prejudices combine with national instincts to close against them. Larger and fewer companies; more independent training within these companies; a more perfect organization in each between the captain and the privates—these are the dreams of others besides the essayist, and bear the impress of that very German school, and particularly of that powerful "Retrospect" writer, which have been so closely criticized by him just before. That the same advantages might be gained by using smaller battalions, and making the battalion officer, be he styled major or lieutenant-colonel, for drill purposes what the company-chief is in Germany, seems to occur to Lieutenant Maurice as little as to those Prussian writers of whose spirit he has drunk so deeply whilst endeavouring to deprecate their claims to be an infallible guide. This section of the Essay is concluded with some remarks on our Auxiliary forces which will well repay study, and are free from the defects we have noticed. Here the author escapes from the trammels of a foreign school, and, being resolved to speak his mind, grasps a difficult subject with a firmness, yet delicacy, worthy of the highest praise. The following passage is so favourable a specimen of his manner, and so valuable in itself, that we quote it at length:—

It cannot be doubted that there are among the Volunteer corps bodies in all essentials as highly disciplined as men need be. The fact impressed itself upon all who had to do with most of those who undertook the trouble of attending the whole of the autumn manœuvres last year. There are among the Volunteers some who appear not even to have arrived at an elementary conception of what the nature of discipline is. The first are, under the present conditions of war, invaluable; the latter are much worse than useless.

I see no way of selecting those who ought to be employed, and of getting rid of those who would do mischief, except that of entrusting to each corps d'armée commander, at the moment when the services of the Volunteers of his district are required, the duty of a signing their proper functions to each. Some will be fit to join any troops of the line, and to become sharpshooters or mounted riflemen. Others may be able to act, if properly incorporated with good troops, as the Dutch-Belgians in Wellington's army in 1815. Others will only be fit to be thrown into a fortress, there to learn discipline and drill. [And drill, being now rather, for the army, a means of securing effective discipline than a direct preparation for war, its applicability to the Volunteers, a note explains, depends on the extent to which it tends to bring them under discipline.] In any case, for troops without discipline, there is no place in modern open war. Of the Militia, *musculis institutis*, almost exactly analogous expressions must at present be employed.

We have not space to consider the details into which the Essay afterwards passes, nor is it needful to our purpose. The argument which underlies the whole, obscured sometimes possibly by the author's desire to respect existing prejudices, appears with plainness in his closing page. More passive defence, to put it briefly, is a bad form of fighting. Defence, to be good, should include

counter attack. However, in all cases manœuvring power is needed; and yet "until a greater manœuvring facility—due as much to organization as to training—is acquired by our army, the defensive is the rôle we ought to seek. Unhappily no army can limit itself to the defensive."

The Duke of Wellington has done a twofold service to the army and the country by the timely liberality to which we are indebted for this volume. He has shown that in the junior ranks of the profession there are keensighted critics of its wants and shortcomings; whilst the publication of such an Essay as Lieutenant Maurice's gives hopes that among the rising generation of officers men will constantly be found ready at call to show how the needful remedies should be applied, and the spirit of our army kept up to the demands of the age.

#### TOTTIE'S TRIAL.\*

**U**NSWERVING self-sacrifice and uncompromising truth are the two favourite virtues of a certain class of novelists; and the exercise of common sense in the regulation of life is the one thing of which they are most afraid. As a rule, they think they have done the best when they have drawn the most impossible characters, which they weight all to one side; and to hint at the value of that kind of eclecticism which makes reason the supreme judge of action, and, in the case of conflicting virtues, chooses that which is most to the advantage of all concerned, is to them nothing more than Sadduceism, which no right-minded person should countenance. If, by being unnecessarily self-sacrificing, the hero and heroine can make themselves supremely wretched, and abandon the best interests of those dearest to them for a nominal and barren duty to a scamp; if they can show forth the superstition rather than the beauty of goodness, in the unelastic way in which they bind themselves to one dominant principle, then they think they have done a righteous work. They have vindicated the cause of morality against the selfish weaklings who sigh after happiness, and have put to shame the infidel philosophers who think that reason was given us to regulate our virtues as well as our follies; they have made their Moloch, and passed through the fire before it, and they are satisfied; but it does not trouble them that nine times out of ten they have talked nonsense, and created a fancy humanity which is not to be found in work-a-day life anywhere.

Kay Spen, who writes purely and prettily, is a little too much given to this kind of exaggerated morality, and seems to go upon the principle that, if a thing is but sufficiently disagreeable it is sure to be right; also, that the best method of effecting a reformation in a scoundrel is to deluge him with sickly sentiment, and to touch his sensibilities rather than his conscience. We are sorry to have this to say, but it is as well to hit the blot in her work boldly; for she has qualities of so good a kind that it is a pity to let them run to waste for want of more judicious holding together. We also object to her fondness for dwelling on puerile circumstances, by which she makes her book more like a child's book—or at the most like that special literature for young persons which is just the one step beyond—than we fancy she intends; nor, as a matter of style, can we see why "Tottie and I" should have the dignity of a whole line to itself, or why certain sentences should be ushered into the world denuded of their nominatives. This habit of writing without nominatives gives, to be sure, a fine, free, vignettéd character to a page, but it has its inconveniences; and on the whole we prefer to be favoured with the usual indication of what a sentence really means.

*Tottie's Trial* is a story of a slight and airy character, one with but little plot and no reserve, so that it is impossible to review it without betraying the secret of its construction; but as its strength lies in its simplicity and moral tendency rather than in its dramatic situations or power of exciting the interest of curiosity, we shall do it no harm by telling the story in its main features. Tottie's "trial" arises from the fact of her possessing an utter scoundrel for her father; a man who broke her mother's heart by ill-usage and desertion, and who has so entirely abandoned his child that she has never been seen by him at all; and, indeed, she has been taught, and the whole family have believed, that he went down with the *Seyern*, when this ill-fated ship foundered with all on board. Meanwhile Tottie has been brought up by her aunt and uncle, who idolize her, and who have adopted her. Suddenly, with no more warning than that contained in a letter from a brother in Australia, who says that he has seen him, backed by a letter from the man himself, Bertram Linford appears at the house, and claims his daughter. The aunt and uncle know him to be thoroughly vile, a heartless and unprincipled ruffian, a man with no more conscience than affection, and as little delicacy as either; yet because he is her father, they say nothing to Tottie to induce her to refuse to go with him, and suffer this young girl to wander away with a man who they know will make a market of her beauty, and in all ways degrade and make her miserable. As he is handsome and plausible, Tottie sees nothing of his real character; and naturally allows her passionate joy at possessing a father, whom all had so long believed dead, to have its full course. She might, however, have been induced not to go with him if her aunt had told her the truth; but her aunt did not tell her the truth, because of some exalted notion of duty to a parent, and of the beauty of self-sacrifice in any

case. And it is at this point that we think Kay Spen unable to distinguish true morality from that which is merely nominal and sentimental. The aunt had Tottie's good to consider as well as Mr. Linford's paternal claims; the very law would not have given the girl to him; and under the circumstances of the case, his long desertion and the close tie between her and her aunt and uncle, she would have been allowed at her age to choose her own guardian. But because he was her father as a natural fact, not in any of the essential qualities of paternity, they give her up to his keeping without an effort to retain her; give her up, too, leaving her in utter ignorance of his real character, and let her drift from the safe security of an honourable home and the careful guardianship of love into the degradation and loose living of a blackleg and unredeemed scoundrel. It does not make it better that Aunt Nelly talks affectionate goodyism, and that her delicacy, or her notions of right, prevent her from opening Tottie's eyes, though ever so partially.

When Tottie gets into her father's hands the inevitable sorrow of course comes. For reasons of his own he throws her in the way of a congenial scoundrel, one Baron Rogern, to whom he owes money which he would willingly pay off by the sale of her hand. Tottie's maid and faithful home servant, whom Mr. Linford has dismissed because too much in his way as her protector, comes back to Aunt Nelly in despair at the misery her young mistress is enduring, and the bad look of things in general; on which Aunt Nelly, who has been sunk into a kind of physical and moral lethargy at the loss of her husband, rouses herself and sets off to Germany to rescue her imperilled treasure. And here again what seems to us the author's exaggerated idea of sacrifice comes in; Tottie, who has no power of judgment at all, and who is as credulous as any typical gudgeon that ever swam, after a short struggle consents to become the Baron's wife, on the representations of her father as to his indebtedness which she can redeem if she will marry his creditor. To prevent such an unholy sacrifice, Aunt Nelly offers to help Bertram out of his difficulties; but Tottie's unselfishness forbids this, and she refuses, to poor "auntie's" unfeigned astonishment, confirming her father's declaration that she is marrying voluntarily, when she answers his question in the presence of her aunt, and confesses that it is of her own free will she is making herself the Baron's victim and her father's sacrifice. We will not say how the difficulty is averted, but really we must regard the providence which watches over Tottie in her trials as exceptionally vigilant, and the happy issue into which she comes as a greater piece of good luck than most persons can boast of after such deadly peril. Bertram's conversion, too, though rather understood than expressed, is another miracle in its way, and one which we are sorry to be too sceptical to credit. We do not say that such a reformation is impossible, but in this case we had no early indications to lead up to it, so that it comes on us with a certain sense of violence and improbability. The man was not one of those weak creatures whose plastic nature may be moulded into the shape of angel or fiend according to the will of the manipulator; he was simply bad, without feeling and without conscience; and why being tumbled out of a carriage and hurt should transform him all at once from a hardened sinner to a weeping saint, from a wretch who had deserted his wives and sold his daughter to a quite edifying example of Christian virtues—that is, why it should give him qualities full grown, of which he has never shown so much as the germ—is a mystery not easily explained. Perhaps in a book of this kind, which appeals so entirely to the sentiments, we ought not to be too impatient of spiritual sugar; and a kindly philosophy is better in a woman than a harsh one. Still we think it desirable for an author to keep as true to nature as possible, and to remember that every manifestation of character must have a pre-existing basis.

*Tottie's Trial* is substantially the moral of compensations, with the companion doctrine of love conquering all things, evil included. When Aunt Nelly loses her husband in the fire, she finds the child, a boy, for whom he had died, who brings her out of her self-absorbed sorrow and supplies the place in some degree of Tottie, now in the midst of her perplexities with her father and the Baron in Germany. When this boy, Willie, is taken from her, Tottie returns; when Bertram Linford becomes a cripple, or rather an invalid for life, his soul gets grace, and his vices are lost in a halo of unexpected virtues; while even Joanna, disagreeable, selfish, and peevish as she is, becomes gracious and sweet through the divine power lying in being loved and cared for on the one hand, and of having some one to love and care for on the other. It would be a pleasant world if this kind of thing were true; but it does no great harm to "make believe" that it is in fiction; though, for our own part, we prefer stories which are more like life, and which show the inherent goodness even of warped and distorted natures on more solid philosophical principles than those of *Tottie's Trial*. Nevertheless this is a good little book; and, if slightly silly, it is extremely well intentioned, and calculated to make innocent young people all the better boys and girls when they have read it.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

**I**N these days of strikes and high prices the subject of Trade Unions has become one of universal interest, and even those to whom it is already familiar may be gratified at seeing it treated in some measure from a new point of view. In England we have been content to consider the question as it has forced itself upon

\* *Tottie's Trial*. By Kay Spen, Author of "True of Heart," &c. &c. London: Grooman & Co.



public attention from time to time, without much heed of its roots in the past or its ramifications in the future. Dr. Brentano, convinced that no historical or social phenomenon can be altogether isolated, labours to connect the voluntary associations of the workmen of the nineteenth century, often proscribed and rarely encouraged by the law, with the recognized trade-guilds of the middle ages, an essential portion of the social fabric of the time. The decay of these institutions, and the omission of legislators to provide an adequate substitute, left, in his view, trade in an anarchical condition, and the working classes too completely at the mercy of the employers of labour. Trade Unions are, he considers, an instinctive effort to restore what was valuable in the old system, and have accordingly attained their fullest development in England, where the extirpation of guilds has been more complete than anywhere else. The filiation seems fairly made out; and, as an admirer of the ancient system of regulation, which, however antiquated and oppressive it may have ultimately become, undoubtedly corresponded to the needs of the society which originated it, Dr. Brentano is necessarily committed to the advocacy of its modern representative. His book, in fact, is substantially a plea for Trade Unions, favourably distinguished by sobriety of statement and closeness of argument, taking up the principal allegations against these institutions *seriatim*, and meeting them by facts and considerations principally derived from the proceedings of English Parliamentary Committees, accompanied with due references to the sources of information. From his own point of view his case seems conclusive, but it will probably strike an impartial reader that he has confined himself too closely to a single class of considerations, and in particular that he has failed to inquire into the discouragement to enterprise and invention, and the vexatious interference with business, which may be easily conceived to result from any minute system of trade regulations made in the interest of the workmen only. Of the two crying sins of Unionism—the tendency to repress exceptional talent, and the systematic coercion of minorities—the former is treated by him in much too offhand a fashion, and the latter ignored altogether. We hope we may conclude that the immorality of intimidation appears to him too palpable for exposure. There is so much force and justice in his observations respecting the good moral effect of combination, in so far as it leads workmen to recognize their responsibility as members of a great community, that we feel somewhat disappointed at finding his views of the ultimate extent of this influence so limited and partial after all. The proportion of intelligent artisans who are sufficiently intelligent to practise combination, and to submit to the self-denial it involves, will, he thinks, never be greater in comparison with the multitude than that of the burghers of the free cities to the serfs of the middle ages. If the advantages of combination are so great as is contended, they must exert an ever-increasing attraction on the mass; the inevitable spread of education seems also left out of account. Dr. Brentano's anticipations of the effects of the co-operative system likewise seem less than it might be reasonable to entertain. It may be inferred from this that he is no enemy to capitalists, and shows no countenance to Socialism in any form; no writer, indeed, could stand at a greater distance from Karl Marx and the International Society. He believes that the relation between employer and employed will always exist, but he looks forward to great changes in the former class from the absorption of small capitalists by large ones. As a political economist Dr. Brentano appears to be on the whole orthodox, except in so far as he differs from the majority of the Free-trade school by denying, as the argument of his work requires, the applicability of the principle of unrestricted competition to labour. A tendency to over-regulation by voluntary rule or legislative enactment is undoubtedly the weak point of his treatise; he appears, in particular, to hint at methods for repressing a surplus in the labour market which could not possibly be resorted to in a free country. With all its drawbacks, however, the work is one of great value as well as great interest, and well deserves to be translated into the language of the nation whose industry it principally concerns. It is a sequel to a former volume on trade-guilds in general, chiefly historical in its scope, and of less immediate interest.

The indefatigable industry of Dr. Bastian† has again been exerted in the compilation of a volume the magnitude of which, considering that it is but one of a series of similar works, can only be described as astounding. Unfortunately no improvement is apparent in the style or method of the treatise, which is, like its predecessors, an enormous commonplace book of excerpts, transcribed at full length in their original languages—a well nigh impenetrable jungle of erudition, without the advantage of an elephantine track. Dr. Bastian's subject, the legal institutions of uncivilized and semi-civilized nations, including the religious ceremonies and traditional observances which have the force of law, is one of great interest, and his accumulation of materials may be profitably resorted to as a valuable quarry, but he has scarcely taken the first step towards construction. This is the more to be regretted as the last few pages of his preface, treating of the scientific culture of morals, prove that he is inspired by sound practical ideas, and is perfectly capable of developing them with intelligence and precision when the thread of his argument does not snap under a weight of indiscriminate quotation. The first chapters of the work are devoted to the laws

of the various nations referred to—being nearly all the nations on the face of the earth—the latter chapters to their superstitions; the author's thesis being that law originates in theology, and that in the earlier stages of society the distinction between the two is very imperfectly defined.

The late Dr. Rudolph Köpke\*, although best known to the world as the friend and biographer of Tieck, and the editor of his correspondence, was also a scientific investigator of historical problems, and a pamphleteer on the Conservative side of German political questions. A collection of the former, and a selection from the latter class of his writings, with some literary reviews and memoirs, are published by Dr. F. G. Kiesling. The historical essays, the most important portion of the volume, chiefly relate to incidents in German history. They are composed in a popular style, and may always be read with pleasure, but on the whole were scarcely worth reprinting. There is nothing in any way approaching the interest of the author's *Life of Tieck*, by which he will be principally remembered.

Professor Watterich's work on the Rhenish Germans of the period of the Roman Empire† is principally occupied by an inquiry into the topography of the various tribes, and an argument to establish the reappearance of the Sigambri, so nearly exterminated by Tiberius, as constituents of the great Frankish confederation two centuries and a half afterwards. The dryness of these researches is to some extent relieved by the necessary introduction of historical detail, as well as by the amusing patriotism of the author, who writes as though the barbarian invaders of the Empire were impelled less by the spur of hunger, or the appetite for booty, than by a profound consciousness of their world-regenerating mission, and a resolution to fulfil the prophecies.

The original text of B. Hoencke's metrical Livonian chronicle‡ is lost; the work, however, exists in the form given it by Renner, a later historian. This has been edited by Dr. K. Hölshbaum, with a preface amply treating of the nature of the original work, the use made of it by Renner, and the relation of this historian to his successors. The transactions detailed belong to the early part of the fourteenth century, and consist mainly of the battles, massacres, famines, and pestilences which usually strike the imagination of a popular chronicler as chiefly deserving of record.

A society has been established for the annual publication of contributions to the history of the Hanse Towns§. The first volume contains much of great local interest.

The Silesian campaigns of the Hussites|| form a not uninteresting episode in the history of the long contest of the latter with the Emperor Sigismund. They are not, indeed, particularly rich in important incidents, consisting mainly of incursions made into Silesia for the sake of plunder, or in revenge for the original aggression of the Silesians, who had naturally taken the Emperor's side against their heretical neighbours. The circumstances of the country were favourable to the invaders. Silesia—a foundation, as Herr Grünhagen expresses it, of German culture upon the *tabula rasa* left two hundred years before by the Mongol Tartars—had attained a condition of great material prosperity. The people had thus become enervated, the old religious and political ideas had ceased to exert an inspiring influence, and the sentiment of national patriotism was almost quenched by the minute subdivision of the country into a number of petty principalities. Under these circumstances it is intelligible that the Silesians should have fought very badly, and that the Bohemians should have been able to ravage the land year after year with little effectual opposition. In the historian's opinion, however, this succession of disasters, and the estrangement they naturally occasioned between neighbours who had previously lived on good terms, are the main reasons which have prevented Silesia from being altogether Slavonized. The work is composed very much from the national point of view, but exhibits candour as well as research, and the style is pleasing.

The opinion of so artistic a writer as Herr Moritz Petri, the last editor of the works of J. G. Hamann¶, is entitled to great consideration, but we cannot help suspecting that his high estimate of "the Magnus of the North" has been mainly determined by theological prepossessions. Hamann's manner is pretentious, his style obscure, and his matter out of date. The most interesting portion of his writings is his correspondence and juvenile autobiography, which depict an abnormal, but not uncommon, type of character—the union of lofty aspirations and mystical religious feeling with shiftiness, pettiness, and general untrustworthiness in the concerns of practical life. The causes of the various irritating and undignified disputes in which he was continually engaged are indeed faintly indicated, but the impression remains that he was not one with whom intercourse was either agreeable or safe.

\* *Kleine Schriften zur Geschichte, Politik, und Literatur.* Von Dr. R. Köpke. Gesammelt und herausgegeben von Dr. F. G. Kiesling. Berlin: Mittler & Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Germanen des Rheins, ihr Kampf mit Rom und der Bundesgenossen.* Von Prof. Dr. Watterich. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die jüngere Livländische Reimchronik des Bartholomäus Hoencke.* Von Dr. K. Hölshbaum. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Hanseische Geschichtsbücher.* Herausgegeben vom Verein für Hanseische Geschichte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Hussitenkämpfe der Schlesier, 1430-1435.* Von Oskar Grünhagen. Breslau: Hirt. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *J. G. Hamanns Schriften und Briefe.* Erstert und herausgegeben von Moritz Petri. Th. I. Hannover: Meyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Zur Kritik der Englischen Gewerksysteme.* Von Lupo Brentano. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Rechtswissenschaften bei verschiedenen Völkern der Erde.* Von Prof. Dr. Bastian. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

The late Bishop Sedlnitzky\* presents a very different type of the religious character, and one entitled to deep respect, though too mildly speckle in its gentle benignity to be a proper subject for unreserved admiration. Sedlnitzky belonged to the small but interesting class of Evangelical Catholics, the nearest representatives of the Contarini and Sadoleti of the sixteenth century, and of whom Sailer is the best known example. These excellent men have always been distinguished by a simple and fervent piety, and almost total indifference to the sacerdotal and sacramentarian aspects of their communion, a disposition to fraternize with Protestants as far as possible, and a guileless and unworldly spirit, singularly unfitting them to cope with the persecution to which such tendencies have naturally exposed them on the part of acute and worldly-minded ecclesiastical superiors. Sedlnitzky's character for conciliation occasioned his appointment to the diocese of Breslau, in 1835, during the dispute between the Prussian Government and the Court of Rome on the subject of mixed marriages. This inevitably rendered him the object of bitter animosity at Rome, and when, upon the accession of a monarch of Catholic leanings, the Government ceased to protect him, he judged it advisable to resign his see. A man of more ability and resolution might have played an important part, but it is apparent, even from the record of his admiring biographer, that Sedlnitzky was officially a complete nullity. The only other important event in his life was his adherence to Protestantism a quarter of a century afterwards—a step delayed so long and accomplished so quietly as to pass almost unobserved. The work consists partly of the Bishop's autobiography to the time of his consecration, with additions by the anonymous editor, and partly of official documents relating to his appointment and resignation.

The reminiscences of a "South German theologian"† contain little that is eventful, dramatic, or picturesque, but possess the charm that is seldom absent from recollections interesting to the writer himself. The reminiscences of the author's childhood exhibit real freshness, and form an interesting picture of domestic life in a South German family of some position at the beginning of the present century. The union of homely simplicity with advanced culture is extremely pleasing. The writer subsequently studied at two German Universities, which may be recognized without much difficulty as Erlangen and Halle. The peculiarities of the various professors, many of them teachers of much reputation, are portrayed with remarkable vividness, not devoid of a slight infusion of satire, but free from every trace of ill-nature or disrespect. The author himself was intended for a philological career, but, becoming conscious of a lack of vocation, glided insensibly into a theologian—a professor eventually, as he hints. To this want of sympathy for the special studies of the University may perhaps be ascribed a comparatively low estimate of the efficiency of the professorial department. It is not precisely disparaged, but neither is it extolled. On the other hand, the picture of student life as it existed in the writer's time is highly favourable, the more so from the apparent absence of any aim at panegyric. It seems extraordinary that so much should have been expected, still more that so much should have been performed. The self-chosen occupations and recreations of the young men also appear to have been of an elevated, refined, and rational character. One would only like to know how far this excellent characteristic belonged to the author's own circle, and how far to the whole body of students.

The musical genius of Ignaz Moscheles‡ entitles him to a biographical record, which is especially interesting to English readers on account of his long residence in this country, his official connexion with the most important of our musical institutions, and his intimacy with the leading professors and patrons of the art in England. We do not indeed find much of absorbing interest or remarkable value, but the general tendency of the work is to revive agreeable recollections and to present a pleasing picture of a bright, simple, and cheerful existence, disinterestedly devoted to art. Few artistic biographies are so wholly free from every symptom of pottiness and every unpleasant episode. The most remarkable portions are those relating to three memorable passages in the history of music in England—the visit and death of Weber, the interposition of the Philharmonic Society on behalf of Beethoven, and the first visit of Mendelssohn. Heine, Schumann, and other celebrities are also noticed, and though there is a dearth of anything like piquancy of anecdote, the details are never trivial or uninteresting. The first chapter is autobiographical, the remainder is compiled by the musician's widow from her husband's letters and journals. Another volume will complete the work, which comes down at present to the year 1835.

W. A. Joukoffsky§ was one of the Russian poets who, in the opinion of his biographer, exercised most influence on the literature of his country. It would be dangerous to controvert this judgment, which, however, hardly seems justified by the account and analysis of the original productions he has left. Only two of these—a lyrical poem on the campaign of 1812, and a ballad-epic founded on the legend of a magician who sells his daughters to

the demon to obtain a prolongation of his own compact—appear to be works of any remarkable power or compass. On the other hand, Joukoffsky was extremely active as a translator; his most important performance in this department was a complete version of the *Odyssey*. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance in his history was his birth, he being the illegitimate son of a Turkish female captive. It would be interesting to trace the influence of this Turanian strain upon his character, which would appear to have been marked by a simplicity and sensitiveness reminding us forcibly of Blanco White. As with Blanco White also, his religious experiences make a large chapter in his history. For many years of his life he was under the influence of the more celebrated Russian author Gogol, who appears to have been a moody and restless fanatic; previously to his death, however, he returned into the bosom of orthodoxy. His life was in the main prosperous; he was caressed by the Court, partly entrusted with the education of the present Czar, and obtained, as is expressly stated, enough medals and decorations to require six cushions for their due exhibition at his funeral.

The story of Andrea del Castagno, the painter, who is said to have murdered his friend that he might be the sole possessor of the secret of oil-painting, has supplied Herr Arnold Beer\* with the subject of a not ineffective tragedy. The motive of the crime, being in itself too selfish and mean for the purposes of tragic representation, is ingeniously complicated with a love intrigue, and the violent, imperious, ambitious character of Andrea is ably contrasted with the frank and innocent openness of his rival. The other personages are insignificant, and the language, though refined and elegant, smells too much of the lamp for the footlights.

\* *Andrea del Castagno. Tragedie.* Von Arnold Beer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

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\* *Selbstbiographie des Grafen Leopold Sedlnitzky von Choltitz, Fürstbischofs von Breslau.* Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Bruchstücke aus dem Leben eines süddeutschen Theologen.* 2 Abthe. Bielefeld: Bollhagen & Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Das Moscheles Leben.* Nach Briefen und Tagebüchern herausgegeben von seiner Frau. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Ducker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *W. A. Joukoffsky. Ein Russisches Dichterleben.* Von Dr. C. von Schiller. Mittheil. Leipzig: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

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## HOME RULE IN BELFAST.

THE Belfast riots afford a melancholy illustration of the policy of governing by the apparently easy method of leaving disorder to cure itself. The Parliamentary Processions Act was passed some years ago for the legitimate purpose of preventing hostile factions from provoking one another to breaches of the peace. It is the delight of Irish mobs to cultivate hereditary animosities against those who differ from them with respect to the prejudices and passions which they mistake for politics and religion. The assertion of the principles in which they suppose themselves to believe is comparatively unattractive unless a profession of faith serves the collateral purpose of an insult and a challenge. It has long been the custom for the Orangemen of the North to celebrate the anniversaries of the closing of the gates of Derry and of the Battle of the Boyne for the purpose of reminding their Roman Catholic neighbours that the lapse of two centuries has not diminished their readiness to resume the contests which followed after the English Revolution. The opposite faction is neither more reasonable nor more pacific, and it enjoys the advantage of combining disaffection to the Crown with hatred of heretics. A few drums and fife, and a cluster of green or orange flags, seldom fail to produce a conflict which often leads to the destruction of human life. Party processions serve no legitimate object; and there are only two ways in which they can be rationally dealt with. The simplest course is to prohibit them by law, and to suppress them by force; but if they are tolerated, they ought, according to the American practice, to be protected by the whole force of the Government. A year ago the Mayor of New York, who happened to be an Irish Fenian, caused extreme indignation by prohibiting an insignificant Orange procession. The Governor of the State was compelled by public opinion to repeal the order of the Mayor; and the result was a riot in which several Ribbonmen were, little to the regret of respectable citizens, killed by the police and the soldiery. On the next anniversary a handful of Orangemen walked in procession without incurring any molestation from their enemies, because it was known that the troops and police were ready for the summary repression of any disturbance that might have been attempted. The Parliamentary Processions Act was honestly intended to put an end to a social nuisance which was not unattended with political danger; but in practice it was not administered with perfect impartiality; and sometimes seditious meetings of the Fenian type were tolerated, while the periodical and ceremonial observances of the Orangemen were rigorously suppressed.

The just discontent of the Northern Protestants not unreasonably tempted some of them to violations of the law. Fenians and Ribbonmen had been allowed to parade with banners and music under the pretext of visiting the tomb of O'Connell, or of doing honour to the memory of the Manchester murderers, and it seemed hard that an historical and symbolical commemoration of the triumphs of the partisans of England should be subjected to exceptional penalties. Some of the leaders of the disaffected Catholics displayed considerable political astuteness in joining in the demand for a repeal of the Act which had become especially distasteful to their Orange adversaries. Bona had been entertained that the disaffection of the Irish Church would induce the Protestants to contribute in the reign of the United Irishmen, with their bitterest enemies in hostility to the Imperial Government; and the removal of any kind of security against disorder is regarded by turbulent patriots as a gain. To the Ministers it probably appeared that the withdrawal of protection which was considered as superfluous might be an easy and unobjectionable mode of acquiring popularity. The

peaceable community in Ireland is accustomed to be left out of consideration in the conflict of pugnacious factions; and accordingly, with the general consent of Irish members, Lord HASTINGTON proposed and carried the repeal of the Processions Act, and one or two peers of Orange tendencies congratulated the House of Lords on adopting a measure of political justice and equality. The immediate consequence has been a scandalous street fight lasting for several days in the second town in Ireland. The Orangemen had marched in procession without interference on the 12th of July and on the 12th of August; but when the Roman Catholics and the Fenians organized a similar parade on one of the festivals of the Church, the lower Orange rabble, with or without provocation, attacked them. Since that time a petty civil war has raged between the contending parties, with short intervals of common action against the guardians of order. In the subsequent conflict the origin of the disturbance has probably been forgotten. If the green flags were carried through the quarters of the town which are inhabited by Orangemen, the Roman Catholics must be considered as having provoked the conflict; but it is equally probable that the Protestant rabble may have been the first to defy their adversaries. In such cases it is almost impossible to ascertain the truth; and the main responsibility rests on the authorities, and especially on the Legislature which directly encouraged a mischievous and dangerous practice. There is little satisfaction in the practical refutation of the idle fancy that Protestants and Catholics were inclined to coalesce against the English Government. The few Protestants who take part in the agitation for Home Rule are themselves almost avowedly the dependants and instruments of the priests. It is due to the Roman Catholic clergy in the North to admit that some of them discouraged the Fenian processions, although they must have been reasonably irritated by the Orange celebrations. There can be little doubt that in the next Session Parliament will re-enact the prohibition against party processions. The decorous hypocrisy which affects regret for the pacification of Westmeath under a mild Coercion Act will probably long find expression in Ministerial speeches; but without the sphere of official fiction it is not doubted that the primary want of Ireland is the stern and uniform enforcement of peace and order. The object would not be more easily attained by separation from England, whether under the name of Home Rule or in the form of a Fenian Republic. Englishmen would, after as before the dismemberment of the Empire, feel bound to protect the Orangemen with all their faults against extermination; and the Roman Catholics of the better classes, with a portion of the clergy, are entirely opposed to the experiment of a democracy in which Ultramontane and Jacobin doctrines would contend, perhaps in a bloody struggle, for supremacy.

The conditions of Home Rule are defined, with the unconvincing logic which is sometimes found to be combined with violent ignorance, in an amusing pamphlet lately published by a Mr. REARDEN, who once combined the functions of an ultra-patriotic Irish member with the more profitable occupations of a London tradesman. His imaginary sketch of Irish institutions under a Federal monarchy resembles a didactic nursery tale of a former generation, in which the advantages of parental discipline were illustrated by the adventures of a family of children who had been allowed to govern themselves for a day. It was of course easy for the moral essayist to show that the infant Home-rulers would incur abundant misadventures, that they would make themselves ill by eating sweetmeats, and that they would tumble down into the water and the fire. The green con-

city with the approval of the temporary rebels who had experienced the inconveniences of Home Rule or anarchy. Mr. REARDEN is still more extravagant in his involuntary caricature of Irish independence. The more plausible professors of Home Rule, as represented by Mr. BUTT, condescend to recognize the authority of the Crown, and even the share of an Irish House of Lords in legislation; and it is always assumed that the Federal or Imperial Government is to control the armed forces of the Empire. Mr. REARDEN, like the alarming child of proverbial notoriety, blurts out the more genuine hopes of the Fenians under the mask of the Home Rule agitator. Every electoral district in Ireland is simultaneously to elect a peer and a member of the House of Commons; so that the two branches of the Legislature will be identical in character and origin. The Viceroy, who might have been supposed to be the representative of the Crown, is also to be elected by universal suffrage; and it is inferred with much probability that the new dignity will not attempt to prevent seditious meetings in the Phoenix Park. The Ministers are to be elected by the two Houses of Parliament; and notwithstanding the utter annihilation of the prerogative, the Sovereign is to be compelled to reside for a quarter of every year in the perfectly independent Republic of Ireland. The whole population, including the Orangemen and Roman Catholics of Belfast, is to be armed and organized as a National Guard, and from its ranks an Irish Federal army, which is to be exclusively Irish and in no sense Federal, is to be raised by voluntary enlistment. The valour of the Irish Federal army will be sufficiently guaranteed by the military exploits of its ancestors, "from the hour when the Septs of 'Dathi routed the Roman legions in Gaul." It is not recorded whether the Septs of Dathi anticipated Mr. REARDEN's scheme of military organization by allowing the privates to elect all officers up to the rank of captain. Candidates for commissions in the Irish Federal navy, which in the time of the victorious Septs probably consisted of coracles, are "to be nominated by a previous vote of the crews." It has been thought by less thoroughgoing legislators that universal suffrage ought to be exceptionally excluded from men-of-war. If separation is not conceded for the purpose of establishing Mr. REARDEN's model Constitution, it is unnecessary to dwell on the terrible alternative which awaits the English tyrants. No dull Saxon would ever guess the special grievance which appears to have roused Mr. REARDEN to demand independence. A large part of his pamphlet is devoted to a demonstration that the Irish Land Act of 1870 is a plagiarism from a forgotten Bill once introduced by Mr. REARDEN himself. A mere Englishman might suppose that it was rather a merit than a crime in a Government to pass a measure which its professed author probably regards as just and useful; but an Irish patriot who believes at the same time in the efficacy of universal suffrage, and in the authority of "the Great Archbishop of the West," has no hesitation in using as an argument against the Imperial Parliament the beneficent character of its legislation. The Great Archbishop is not the only bugbear at which English usurpers must tremble. Mr. REARDEN announces the grave intelligence that Prince BISMARCK has taken lodgings in the Isle of Wight for the purpose of studying the weak points of the defences of England, and more especially the opportunities of an invasion of Ireland. It had been thought that Irishmen of Mr. REARDEN's stamp professed bitter hatred to Germany; but even BISMARCK will be welcome if he appears as a liberator. Nonsense, though it soon becomes tedious, is sometimes instructive, when it is a mere exaggeration of plausible delusions. There are not many Irish members silly enough to have written Mr. REARDEN's pamphlet, but it may be doubted whether any of them can propound a less absurd illustration of the objects of Home Rule.

#### RUSSIA.

THAT one consequence of the war between France and Germany would be to increase the power and influence of Russia was obvious enough, and was soon brought home to us by the ease with which Prince GORTCHAKOFF's bold attempt to undo the results of the Crimean war proved successful. There is no question at the present moment of Russia playing again so great a game; peace is the order of the day. But Russia has the opportunity of deciding in a great measure what the character of this reign of peace shall be. The CZAR is going to take part in the Imperial Congress, and the whole of the Continent seems occupied in speculating on the motives by which he has been induced to go to Berlin, and on the

policy which he will favour when he gets there. The German papers have naturally put on his coming the interpretation most in accordance with German wishes. They regard the meeting of the EMPERORS as a protest against the rising spirit of French ambition, and as a very significant warning that a war of revenge is not to be tolerated. The French in their hour of depression after the signature of peace boasted freely enough that before long they would be sure to have a great ally, and that Russia and France would humble the pride of Germany. The first overt act of Russia since that time has been to take part in a friendly meeting with the German Powers, and this has presented itself to the German mind as a signal confutation of the expectations of their enemies, and as a sign that Russia finds it more worth her while to be the ally of the conquerors than of the conquered. It is impossible to doubt that the CZAR wishes to discourage any hopes which France may entertain of being able to renew the war soon with Russia at her back. But, on the other hand, it is not at all consistent with Russian policy to let it be supposed that she is afraid of Germany, or willing to abandon the great advantages which she reaps from both France and Germany desiring to court her. Accordingly Prince ORLOFF has been directed to inform M. THIERS that Russia is not going to take part in the Congress in any spirit of hostility to France. Russia stands perfectly neutral, and does not either help or thwart Germany in its relations with France, and the attention of the CZAR will be given at Berlin to matters which have nothing to do with a French war of revenge. Nominally this is, no doubt, true. Neither Germany nor Austria would allow that France is to be in any way attacked, or insulted, or damaged by anything which the Congress may decide on. But when we come to examine the questions which it is generally recognized that the Congress purposes to discuss, it is impossible not to see that the action of the Congress, if its conference results in action, must be more or less adverse to France. The three matters which the EMPERORS are principally to discuss are the position of the conferring Powers towards Ultramontanism, their position towards the International and the different forms of ultra Democracy, and their position towards Turkey and the Slavonic populations of Eastern Europe. France is regarded, rightly or wrongly, as the only secular stay of Ultramontanism. However much the present French Government may detest the Commune, still France is the hot-bed of Red Republicanism, and, again, to settle Slavonic and Turkish questions without the assistance of France is to exclude her from a political field in which for more than a quarter of a century she has loved to dominate. It may be quite true, then, that Russia attends the Congress with a friendly feeling to France, and that Germany will be left to take its own precautions against a war of revenge; and yet it may be equally true that every step taken in the Congress will silently mark the decay of French influence and power. The wisest kind of Frenchmen seem to recognize this, and to draw from it the only lesson of consolation that can be extracted from it. They say that it is not the business of France now to think of Russian or other alliances, or to be touchy and sensitive about the decay of French influence in remote countries. France must bide its time, attend to its own affairs, get clear of its connexion with Ultramontanism, show that it can support a respectable Government against the attacks of Democratic fanaticism, and let Turkey and Austria get on as well as they can in face of Russia. Time will reward this prudent patience, and the day will come when France will again be courted, instead of being ignored or slighted.

It is curious to find that the Russians themselves are quite as much in the dark, and are quite as much divided in opinion as to the proper policy for Russia to advocate at the Congress, as outsiders can be. The conflicting views of Russian editors may be seen in two extracts lately published in the *Morning Post*. The *Golos* proclaims that Russia will not again allow herself to be made a political headle, and that the dangers of a reaction like that of 1848-9 are out of the question. Russia remembers only too well how she has been repaid by the Governments which were defeated in the struggle with their subjects. France, too, will now see that she cannot reckon on an alliance with Russia against Germany, and this will strengthen the general confidence in the maintenance of peace. Reports of a quarrel between Russia and Germany on account of the treatment of the Baltic provinces will be silenced, at least for a time, while the renewal of friendly relations between Russia and Austria will serve to give satisfaction to the Slavonic subjects of Austria, and the dreams of the Poles will lose their last basis of possible success. The Eastern question will be satisfactorily adjusted, especially in respect to the last change



of Ministry in Turkey, which the editor of the *Gloss* in his omniscience confidently asserts to have been the work of England and France. Russia has now convinced Turkey that she has no other object in interfering in Turkish affairs than to protect her co-religionists against Mussulman fanaticism. When the relations of Germany and Austria to Ultramontanism come to be discussed, Russia can be of the greatest use, for she has done what her neighbours are only trying to do, and has succeeded in removing all Papal influence from her own territory, so that she will hold the office of a wise instructress, teaching willing disciples; and Russia may even, according to the *Gloss*, take a useful part in deciding how the next Pope is to be elected. Russia has much less to fear from the International than Germany and Austria, but still she will be quite ready to show herself a good friend, and will aid cheerfully in trying to crush that dangerous society. In short, the presence of the Czar at the Congress is a symbol and guarantee of universal peace, whereas a mere meeting of the Emperors of GERMANY and AUSTRIA might have seemed likely to lead to aggression and disturbance. Very different are the sentiments of the editor of the *Exchange Gazette*. He thinks that the part taken by the Czar in the Congress is a complete mistake. Russia should hold herself aloof, and her real importance keenly felt by all parties. Austria is in great difficulties, and is worried out of her life by the proceedings of her discontented Slavonians. Prussia is even worse off; humiliated France haunts her like a ghost, and the machinery of the Jesuits is being set in play for her destruction. If Germany and Austria want the alliance of Russia, they must be made to pay for it. Russia is of course to be bought at a price, and the editor of the *Exchange Gazette* thinks that if Austria gave up the Ruthenian districts of Galicia and Hungary, and if Prussia gave up her territory on the right bank of the Memel, the Czar might wisely listen to the overtures of his neighbours. It is not to be supposed that either of the advocates of these divergent views knows much about the policy of his Government, or affects it in an appreciable degree. But the tone in which they both write deserves notice. Both are really inspired by the same conviction that Russia is the real arbitress of European politics, although the one thinks that Russia has most to gain by peace and friendship, and the other thinks she has most to gain by maintaining an attitude of sullen reserve until her alliance is bought at its proper price.

As to the International, it is not easy to see how the Congress or Russia can do much to thwart it beyond what each Government, according to its strength, can do for itself. Governments like those of Russia, Austria, and Prussia can act with exactly the amount of rigour against offenders that the habits and opinions of their subjects will tolerate, and in the present state of things the leaders of the International are not likely openly to defy very hostile authorities in such countries. But the strength of the International is the strength of opinion and feeling, and if the principles of the association gain real ground in Europe, society will inevitably in one way or another feel the effect. The International represents two different currents of thought. It represents the current of thought of lawless, ignorant, violent, and desperate men, who hate everything on which the present framework of society reposes, and wish to build up they know not what on the embers of a general conflagration. But it also represents to many minds that current of thought which is known as cosmopolitanism—the belief or fancy that all those who have not drawn the great prizes of life are bound together by a common brotherhood, possessing interests for its members far more intimate than the dividing interests of nationality or national ambition. It is in this respect that ultra-democracy has a likeness and kinship to Ultramontanism. But then there is this great difference between the two, that Ultramontanism is an established power, with possessions of its own, with recognized agents courted in high places, with a considerable historical prestige, and with claims more or less recognized by law. Governments therefore can do something against Ultramontanism. They can deprive it of its material resources. They can take away its property, banish its champions, prohibit its teaching, alter the laws under which it is sheltered. The only question is, how far they can do this wisely and profitably, and this must vary according to varying circumstances. There is something grotesque in the notion of Russia, which "removed Papal influence out of its territory" by sheer persecution, offering to teach this secret to Austria, a country four-fifths of whose inhabitants are Roman Catholics. All that Russia can do at the Congress is to engage not to thwart Germany and Austria by fermenting those Ultramontane intrigues in which the Court of Rome

loves to see Russian assistance. There is also very little for Russia to do or to get at the Congress in regard to the Eastern question. Emperors are people far too well informed to believe in a new Turkish Ministry being the creation of a subtle and veracious English diplomacy. If the Czar went to Berlin and never said or heard a word about Turkey, he would, by the mere fact of his going, have done almost as much as he could do. His meeting with his brother Emperors is a sufficient proclamation to Russian agents and Russian sympathisers that they are to keep quiet for a time; and in the present day it is only what is immediately before us that is looked to, for no political combination is expected to last for ever.

#### MR. MORLEY'S NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

THE new political party which Mr. S. MORLEY has lately attempted to organize is a device as old as political faction. In Athens, in Rome, and in the more prosaic communities of modern times, moneyed demagogues have found their account in subsidizing the ringleaders of mobs. The purchase of political influence has been most thoroughly elaborated into a system of corruption in the United States. Votes are there too numerous, and therefore too cheap, to be the subjects of purchase and sale; but ambitious candidates for office with plenty of money pay the expenses of meetings, of committees, and of elections, receiving in exchange a recognized claim to office, unless they are contented with a reputation for liberality and with a consequent share in the direction of the party. Mr. MORLEY deserves a certain kind of credit for the almost original project of elevating himself to the rank of a little Dissenting CRASSUS. His wealth, which is supposed to be considerable, must seem fabulous to the hungry demagogues whom he assembles at revolutionary tea-parties; and some of them probably regard him like the prize ox to which BUNKE compared the Duke of BEDFORD, with the joints marked out ready for carving, as he unconsciously walked in the midst of his Jacobin associates. The citizens with foreign names who, having left their own countries for their countries' good, are kind enough to undertake the reform of English institutions, have the good sense not to point to warehouses in Wood Street, or to appetizing investments, when they applaud Mr. MORLEY's projects for letting out waste land to Co-operative Associations. A suspicion that all kinds of property hang more or less together may perhaps account for Mr. MORLEY's omission to invite the managers of the Land and Labour Association; yet it mattered little whether the London Communists who constitute one club under many names were convoked by one appellation or another. The Committee which is to propose to the different revolutionary bodies a hollow alliance with the Dissenting Radicals includes Mr. ODGER and Mr. GALBRAITH, "Citizen LE LUBEZ of the BRADLAUGH Republicans," and "Citizen ECCARIUS of the International." Mr. MORLEY will probably have the pleasure of contributing to the funds of the Society which murdered the Paris hostages, and of the Club which proposes to confiscate all landed property and to abolish the National Debt. The wildest promoters of anarchy will not unwillingly concur in that union of the Liberal party which is to be promoted at Mr. MORLEY's expense, probably without the smallest regard to any opinions which Mr. MORLEY may profess or suppose himself to hold.

It is not worth while to inquire whether Mr. MORLEY's project has or has not been adopted for the present by his heterogeneous allies. Mr. MIALI, who belongs to the same political section with Mr. MORLEY, attempted some time ago to associate with himself the professed enemies of all religion in the attack on the Establishment which he sometimes represents as a measure intended for the benefit of religion; but the revolutionary Clubs are not familiar with Nonconformist prejudices or phrases, and the Church is only one among many institutions which they regard with indiscriminate hostility. Mr. MORLEY's proposal to pay the expenses of agitation was more attractive, and economists who habitually regard labour and capital as necessarily antagonistic must be delighted to find a capitalist who is willing to furnish the means of destroying the securities of property. It was not too great a concession on the part of the Jacobins in the first instance to adopt the platitudes and fallacies of a political programme which expresses the spirit of middle-class Radicalism. The extension of the suffrage and the establishment of equal electoral districts cannot but be acceptable to Republicans and Socialists, although such measures form but an infinitesimal portion of their demands. The ingrained habit of unmeaning cant is illustrated in a proposal for vote by

Ballot, as if it had not been already adopted by a reluctant and insincere Legislature. The abolition of property or rating qualifications for parochial and municipal offices, and of landed qualification for the office of justice of the peace, would gratify Mr. MORLEY's associates, inasmuch as it would more completely dissociate taxation and representation, and as it would place the administration of justice in less competent hands. The proposal that the State shall let waste lands, to be acquired for the purpose, to Co-operative Associations and small cultivators, and that it shall also lend them money to farm with, is probably intended as a compromise of the bolder projects of the Clubs. Compulsory education and the transfer of licensing power to the inhabitants, which is equivalent to the Permissive Bill, savour of the school to which Mr. MORLEY belongs. The purchase of railways by the State, and the substitution of nine hours labour for ten hours in the Factory Acts, are probably intended to conciliate workmen. The proposal that the Government shall compile a code of International Law, and procure the establishment of an International Tribunal, may be considered as a decorative and unmeaning flourish.

On the whole, Mr. MORLEY's bid for popularity and power is by some degrees less absurd than the scheme by which a predecessor obtained a temporary notoriety twelve months ago. The new list of commonplaces is not enlivened by any proposal for providing the population of great towns with houses and gardens in the country; and it would be inconsistent with Mr. MORLEY's objects as well as with his principles to attach to a project of revolution the names of Conservative noblemen and gentlemen. It probably appears to the author of the document which was adopted by Citizen LE LUBEZ and the rest, an adroit achievement to have induced a body of working-class demagogues to approve of a readjustment of the Income-tax for the benefit of traders at the expense of owners of property. The abolition of Schedule D would in itself amply remunerate those who might benefit by exemption from their due share of fiscal burdens for large contributions to the expenses of political agitation. The clamour against equal taxation, which was always unreasonable, becomes little less than impudent at a time when traders are realizing unprecedented profits, while the owners of fixed incomes find their revenues constantly diminishing in value through the increase in the cost of labour and of all commodities. By the citizens native or foreign who attend Mr. MORLEY's political receptions, the incidence of the Income-tax is regarded with profound indifference. The enlightened artisan takes good care not to return his income for taxation, although the clerk, and the curate, and the widow with a small annuity are compelled to pay a portion of his share in the tax as well as the whole of their own.

It is yet uncertain whether the form of corruption which prevails in America will take root in England in consequence of the establishment of secret voting and of a widely extended suffrage. The experience of exchanging money for power will be repeated again and again in a wealthy community in which political success has long been conducive to social eminence. The payment of election expenses or of the cost of preliminary agitation is as coarse a mode of bribery as the purchase of votes, but it has the advantage of being beyond the reach of the law. It will probably be necessary to submit to the exercise of pecuniary influence, and it is satisfactory to know that there will be rich men on all sides ready to bid against one another. If humble advocates of the public interest were likely to obtain a hearing from moneyed demagogues, they might perhaps venture to stipulate that by an honourable understanding purchasers should confine their expenditure to the propagation of their own political opinions. If a Radical can really buy up a Socialist Club, he performs a service to society; but he must be judged more severely when, not content with spending his money, he throws his own convictions into the bargain. It is possible that such negotiations as those which have resulted, or have not resulted, in the creation of the new political party, may remind the members of old political parties that the differences by which they are divided among themselves are insignificant in comparison with the chasm which separates a supporter of the English Constitution from a Citizen of the International, or of the Land and Labour League. The union of the whole Liberal party means an unprincipled coalition for the purposes of party ambition between the professed defenders of property and order and the promoters of universal spoliation and anarchy. It is a question of little interest whether Mr. MORLEY shares the opinions of Citizen ROUSSEAU; but it is important that an ally of Communist Citizens should not be recognised as a member of the Liberal party. Even in the worst days of the Lower Em-

pire Byzantine politicians were thought to exceed the license of faction when they invited the assistance of the barbarians. Mr. H. GREENFELL, who is really a member of the Liberal party, has addressed to Mr. MORLEY a letter in which he justly acquits his correspondent of the charge that he is laying a trap for the leaders of the working-men, who are, on the contrary, laying a trap for Mr. MORLEY, with or without his connivance. Other Liberals will perhaps have the courage to maintain, with Mr. GREENFELL, that "mere impudence, a strong voice, or the power of flattering electors, should not be the only road to St. Stephen's." A member who has bought his way into the House will be preferable to a demagogue with a loud voice; but perhaps it is desirable that there should be some further variety of qualification. Mr. GREENFELL's criticisms on the various proposals of Mr. MORLEY and his Club delegates are forcible and just; but it is almost a waste of labour to prove that it is impossible to satisfy at the same time the ODGERS and BRADLAUGHS, and the party which has hitherto been called Liberal. Among the open questions on which the members of the coalition were probably unable to agree, are the maintenance of the Monarchy and the existence of landed property.

#### THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

THE Japanese have come here at a time convenient enough for newspaper editors in search of materials, but not in itself very exciting or very illustrative of the gaiety or grandeur of London. They are said to be men of high importance in their own country, and one of them is going to stay here as an Envoy to the QUEEN. They are, however, but the humble precursors of a greater arrival. The MIKADO himself is said to be meditating a tour round the world, and a visit to Europe and America. But he is a wise man, and has learnt that the pleasure of being fêted and entertained in civilized nations is not without alloy, and that in some civilized countries the nuisance of the process rises to the height of perfect torture. His Ministers have been in the United States, and have been lionized there, and they must have told him all that they endured. Of England they will be able, we trust, to send very favourable reports. Anything quieter than London at the end of August it would be hard to find in the territories of civilized man. But they have doubtless learnt at New York that London is nothing to Paris, and that life at Paris is almost all pleasure, and that neither business nor parade there vexes the souls of men. Accordingly the MIKADO thinks he had better reverse the course taken in their inexperience by his Ministers. His notion is that he had better begin with Paris, and when he is a little braced up for the encounter with civilized life by the French capital, he will come on to London. We hope he will not expect too much here when he does come. In real life he will be allowed to spend a very great deal of money for very indifferent accommodation at an hotel, he will be shown round the Victoria Station, and the Lord Mayor will ask him to dinner, and give him the freedom of the City in a snuff-box. Few personages of his station have to complain of being too much noticed here, unless indeed something could be done for him at once grand and cheap, and a beautiful ball could be managed and the cost thrown on the revenues of Ceylon or Singapore. He will take the Americans last, and he will have the thoughts of home to support him while he goes through receptions, and "ovations," and interviews. No doubt, under the most disadvantageous circumstances he will see much that is worth seeing, as his Ministers are doing, even at this time of the year, in England. They have dined with Lord GRANVILLE, and been to see the Brighton Aquarium, and Lord GRANVILLE and the Aquarium are both types in their way of high civilization. But nothing that they see can be so wonderful to them as the fact that they are here. They are the representatives, and many of them have been among the chief agents, of a recent revolution which has altered the whole character of the Japanese Government. A monarchy guided by councillors determined on cultivating the most friendly relations with foreigners suddenly replaced an ancient feudal aristocracy the policy of which was based on the total exclusion of foreigners from the country. As the new Government wishes to benefit by all that foreigners have to teach the Japanese, and makes it its great aim to borrow from Europe and America all that it finds superior in arts and knowledge, it is not very strange that it should have sent an Embassy to Washington and London. What is extraordinary is that the Embassy should be composed of men so well prepared to study and

comprehend a different form of life as is said to be the case with the Ministers now in this country, and still more that they should not be wanted at home, and that their country after such a sudden change should be in a state of quiet so profound that its new Sovereign can think of leaving it and of going off to the other end of the world.

Speculation has a free field before it when an attempt is made to guess what will be the ultimate fruits of the opening up of Japan to the outer world. No country stands to us in the same position. Japan is so much more manageable than China; it is so much more full of life a little akin to our own; its people have so much industry, energy, and ability. The SULTAN and the Viceroy of EGYPT have been here just as the MIKADO is said to be coming; but the Turks and Egyptians are not like the Japanese. The Turks pay taxes, and the SULTAN buys ships and rifles with them, or rather with the loans which the taxes are supposed to cover. The VICEROY is a wonderful man. He is the one man who cares for a sort of civilization among a people totally indifferent to it. He has gigantic ideas, and orders machinery and cannon with a noble prodigality. But the Turks and the Egyptians go on as before. In Japan it is the people, not the Government, we have to think of. They will learn of us, will buy of us, will sell to us, will copy us, will perhaps some day teach us. Some of the consequences are not very doubtful. In the first place, they can scarcely fail to borrow from us the painful art, now the foremost in the Christian and civilized world, of preparing for war at an enormous cost. They have no choice. It is said that German officers have already been engaged to drill their troops after the pattern of the conquerors of Sedan, and they must afford themselves the luxury of Armstrong guns and ironclads. For the preservation of order, and to prevent the presence of lawless foreigners overawing the native authorities, they must have an army, and they must have it armed after the most approved type. This, again, will increase the strength of the central power in Japan, and political consequences are sure to flow from material changes. Then Japan will form in all likelihood an outlet to English trade and English capital in an increasing degree every year. Japan has already got its footing in the London market, and has a loan quoted on the Stock Exchange. It probably will borrow a great deal more. It will have railways and telegraphs, and it will work its mines, and it will institute banks and every civilized financial invention. The Americans will compete, of course, and will perhaps do as brisk a trade with Japan as we shall. But there will be for some time trade enough for both of us, and England has much more capital to send out to Japan than America has. But the end of all this may not be as the beginning, and we may discover that in Japan we have found or created a rival. A large iron ship is said to have been lately built in China by native Chinamen under the superintendence of only four Europeans. If a ship can be made, other articles now peculiarly the product of the civilized world may be made too; and if such articles can be made in China, they can be made equally easily, and what is of great importance, disposed of much more readily in Japan; for China will probably remain long out of that groove of foreign trade into which Japan is eagerly throwing itself. If Japan had capital and skill, with its cheap labour, its frugal and industrious people, and its greatly superior power of meeting the wishes and tastes of Orientals, it might vie with us in, or even beat us out of, our Eastern market. Perhaps it may seem a wild fancy, but it is one not wholly undeserving of attention, that the great gainers by the trade of Japan in the civilized world will not be Englishmen or Americans, but Germans. What Germans want in order to be the masters of a commercial position is simply security. They cannot, like Englishmen or Americans, make money while their lives are in danger. But they are longing to find a foothold in the East, where their patience and penuriosity, and their grasp of affairs at once great and small, may tell; and if Japan can give them the shelter of a decent Government, they may prove very dangerous competitors in the Japanese trade.

Some intellectual and moral and spiritual improvement must accrue to Japan from intercourse with the outer world, although it is impossible, except in the most shadowy way, to anticipate its amount or character. In order to rival the mechanicians and engineers of the civilized world, they must not only have the same practical experience, but the same knowledge of the exact sciences. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that they would find any difficulty in acquiring such a knowledge, but it must be a work of time, and the instruments and methods of this knowledge must

for many years come to them from abroad. A fair sprinkling of the Japanese will also learn English, and perhaps German, for the purposes of trade, and will thus acquire all the benefits that attend an imperfect knowledge of another language. The literature of the civilized world will some day permeate in a faint degree the Japanese mind, although the degree in which the literature of an alien civilization affects the minds of men, is curiously small, as is visible every day in India even in the case of the cleverest young Baboos, who know all about SHAKESPEARE, and can analyse his character, and quote his plays, and yet give Englishmen the impression that their notion of SHAKESPEARE, so far as they are not using more clever verbiage, is quite distinct from ours. The great importance of the English and American trade at first will probably give English literature a predominance in Japan, if European literature has any hold there at all. But at present the Germans are before us, and a traveller recently stated that in a Japanese seaport, while in nine shops he could buy German books, he could only buy English books in one. Some religious changes will also probably follow on commercial intercourse. Christianity is now completely tolerated in Japan, and an edict has been issued forbidding altogether the use in devotional rites of obscene emblems, which is at least a concession to that sort of right feeling which urges propriety when it is obvious that dirty lichen can no longer be washed at home. It is even said that the MIKADO could without any difficulty declare Christianity the national religion, and perhaps may do so; and that the Japanese indifference to religion is great enough to ensure that a large number of his subjects, and perhaps the majority, would call themselves whatever he wished. It is difficult to see that such a mere outward change is much to be wished for, and if there were nothing else to hinder it, a serious obstacle would be interposed when the MIKADO found that in favouring one denomination of Christians he would offend others, and that a political movement to conciliate foreigners might end in stirring up a bitterness among them which would extend to his own people.

#### FRANCE.

THE expectation of a peaceful autumn in France will not be disappointed if M. GAMBETTA can help it. For some time back his tempestuous energy has been more and more under restraint, and he now declares himself opposed to any agitation for the immediate dissolution of the Assembly. To outsiders the reasons in favour of this course seem so overwhelming that there is no merit in taking it. But before judging M. GAMBETTA by this standard two things have to be remembered. One is that conclusions equally self-evident have again and again been rejected or passed over by the Republican party. To wait till the pear is ripe before picking it may not be a conspicuous exercise of self-control, but it is an improvement upon the hitherto invariable custom of stripping the tree as soon as the fruit makes its appearance. The other is that M. GAMBETTA has been denounced by his enemies as a revolutionist of the worst type, a Communist without the honesty to declare himself. If there were any truth in this view he would spend the recess in making inflammatory speeches against the Assembly. By so doing he would inflict more damage on the cause of the moderate Republic than by any other that is open to him. The Republic that is being set up under the guidance of M. THIERS is essentially orderly and conservative. If it could be deprived of this character in the eyes of Frenchmen its remarkable popularity would be gone, and the country would once more be prepared to acquiesce in some kind of Monarchical reaction. This would give the extreme Republicans precisely the opportunity they want. The great body of the nation would again be alienated from politics, and power would again be a prize for any reckless faction to clutch at. By keeping silent as regards the dissolution of the Assembly, M. GAMBETTA is helping to prove that a Republic can give French Conservatives the material and social security which they demand of a Government. But a Republic which creates this conviction in minds so narrow and so keen-sighted must have a genuinely conservative character about it. By lending himself to the consolidation of such a system M. GAMBETTA gives good evidence of the falsity of the accusations levelled against him by the Right. Against its own will the existing Assembly is helping to found the Republic. More than any other body it has the power of doing this without exciting alarm or opposition in the country. But the Republic thus formed will be of a sort which in the eyes of a revolutionist will be as bad as any Monarchy.

The Left Centre have hit upon a novel device for relieving the dulness of the Parliamentary vacation. They have made arrangements under which any newspaper that desires it may receive a daily circular containing "appreciations" and "indications" of the line of conduct pursued by the Conservative Republicans. Their object in adopting this plan is probably of an economical character. They wish to save the expense of subsidizing a journal of their own. So long as matter is as scarce as it is at this season, these "appreciations" and "indications" will probably be received with gratitude. As soon as the Assembly meets again, the public will once more be left to learn the course of the Left Centre from the action of its members in the Chamber. In announcing the issue of this bulletin of its own political state, the Committee of the Left Centre make some observations of a more sensible character than might have been expected from the occasion which calls them forth. Eighteen months ago, they say, we despaired of seeing France survive her misfortunes. To-day we see her with the burden of a foreign occupation almost lifted from her shoulders and her old place in the world brought once more within her reach. Making allowance for much natural exaggeration, this is not an unfair account of the change that has come over the country. The burdens under which France still labours are so serious that we are tempted to forget that the burdens which weighed on her in the spring of 1871 were more serious still. It may be a fallacy to argue from the fact of her Government being Republican that the gains of the last year and a half are necessarily due to the Republic. They might conceivably have been realized under another system. But the mass of men are not logicians, and when they see a conspicuous success achieved by a Republic, they will be likely to assume that it could not have been achieved except by a Republic. Indeed for practical purposes the reasoning is sufficiently accurate; at all events the history of France since the close of the war has proved that a Republic is not hostile to the restoration and development of the national forces; and considering how little can be said in favour of any of the forms of government which it is proposed to put in place of a Republic, it is the part of ordinary prudence to accept it with contentment, if not with enthusiasm. The Committee of the Left Centre are evidently a little hurt that M. THIERS should have borrowed from them, without acknowledgment, the phrase "a Conservative Republic." They feel, however, that there is still something for the Left Centre to do. M. THIERS has appropriated their formula, but it will remain with those who invented it to define its principles, to explain its meaning, and to develop its consequences. To do all this is the mission of the press, and if the press should fail in its duty, the Committee of the Left Centre are ready to supply the newspapers with a series of ready-made leading articles.

The person, however, who is doing most to make the recess lively is the PRESIDENT himself. According to the *Times* Correspondent "it appears certain" that M. THIERS is meditating a very decided step forward in the direction of a permanent, as opposed to a provisional, Republic. The Assembly has always laid great stress upon the fact that it is constituent, and M. THIERS apparently intends to take it at its word. He will allow it to constitute a Second Chamber, and for this Second Chamber jointly with himself he will claim the power of dissolving the Assembly. The ingenuity of this device is considerable. It will be difficult for the Assembly to decline the task assigned to it, for a refusal to give the Executive even so much as a voice in the dissolution of a professedly representative Chamber would be to challenge it to decree a dissolution of its own mere motion, and trust to the result of the elections for a justification of its action. Yet to have the right to dissolve, even though it can only be exercised with the consent of a Second Chamber, is really to have the means of bringing a greatly increased pressure to bear upon the Deputies. In whatever way the Second Chamber is elected, it is likely to pull with the PRESIDENT in the matter of a dissolution. Even if it is elected by the Assembly from its own members, its duration will probably be regulated on a different principle, and it will have no personal interest in prolonging the life of a body to which it has no longer any special tie. If it is appointed by the Government, M. THIERS will certainly take care to nominate members of his own way of thinking. If it is elected by the country, it may be trusted to send the Assembly about its business as soon as the PRESIDENT shall be in any hurry to exercise the power which has been conferred on him. But the experience of the last session has probably made it clear to him that, if his hold over

the Assembly were a little more visible, it might not be necessary to tighten it quite so often. In theory the power of the Assembly is absolute. The Executive is its creature, and though it is nominally responsible to the country, the fact that it cannot be dissolved deprives this responsibility of almost all its value. In practice the power of the Assembly is exceedingly limited; indeed it amounts to little else than freedom to do M. THIERS's will with more or less of ill grace. The disadvantage of this state of things is that it provides M. THIERS with no means of coercing the Assembly short of threatening resignation—a step which under present circumstances would be equivalent to a new revolution. This menace has always answered M. THIERS's purpose, and would probably continue to answer it. But an Assembly over which the whip has to be publicly waved in this fashion is not an institution that reflects credit on representative government. The pressure exercised on the Deputies by the knowledge that if they defy the PRESIDENT he can appeal to the nation to judge between him and them, is not open to this objection. All representative bodies are liable by the very law of their being to have the test of a dissolution applied to them, and the wish to shrink from it affects at most the character for sincerity of the particular Assembly which betrays it.

#### RAILWAY ECONOMICS.

THIERS is reason to hope that the Report of the Committee on Railway Amalgamation will simplify future inquiries on similar subjects. It has been already observed that the most useful portions of the Report consist of the negative conclusions in which it rejects many of the remedies which have at different times been proposed for the alleged defects and evils of the railway system. The Committee, after full consideration, has satisfied itself that equal mileage rates are inexpedient, that it is impracticable to establish any standard for the revision of rates and fares founded on cost and profit, that there would be no advantage in establishing a maximum amount of terminal charges, that immediate reduction of rates and fares cannot be effectually made, that periodical revision of rates and fares is impracticable without a standard of revision, and that revision based on limitation of dividend is undesirable, while the scheme of dividing with the public profits exceeding a certain amount would be attended with great or insuperable difficulties. In an earlier part of the Report the Committee had shown that the provisions of the Act of 1844 for the compulsory purchase of railways by the State are no longer applicable. The limitation of dividends to a fixed percentage has been already adopted in the case of Gas and Water Companies, with the result, where the maximum has been attained, of depriving the undertakers of any motive for improving the value of their property, or for increasing the public accommodation. The supply of gas is a comparatively simple business; the rates are necessarily uniform, and the demand is within the district almost universal. Railway traffic requires to be fostered with minute and unceasing vigilance; and every large Company has at all times thousands of rates in operation, while scarcely a single charge corresponds with the maximum amount of the legal scale. Universal reduction of rates would be almost impossible, nor can any separate rate be fixed or altered without reference to other parts of the tariff, and also to the rates of all neighbouring Companies, which are consequently allowed, through the machinery of periodical meetings of managers, a voice in the adjustment of rates. Places both of consumption and of production compete as well as railways; and it would often happen that a change in the rates of goods at a town in Yorkshire would immediately affect the trade of Lancashire or Staffordshire. The competition of coal-fields affords a familiar illustration of the relations which connect all similar manufacturing districts or similar markets. An attempt to regulate rates according to the cost of railways, and to an assumed percentage of profit, would be at the same time unjust and impracticable. The effect of establishing such a standard would often be to increase the existing rates on traffic which could not bear even the smallest additional burden. The Committee rightly conjectures that, for the purpose of avoiding popular jealousy, Companies will voluntarily limit their dividends by applying surplus profits beyond a given return to the construction either of new branches or of additional rails. There is no other fund which can be so conveniently employed in providing on crowded railways additional lines of rail for the separation of passenger and goods traffic. The improvement has already been commenced by some of the largest Companies, and



matters nothing whether the cost is borne out of revenue or by the creation of new capital.

The effect of sea-competition, wherever it exists, in keeping down rates is likely to be permanent, and the Committee only thinks it necessary to suggest that Railway Companies ought not to be allowed to obtain a monopoly of seaports, except such as they may have themselves created. An unexpected importance is attributed to the independence of internal water-carriage, which has already been infringed to a great extent by the purchases and amalgamations of Railway Companies. The Report contains recommendations that no inland navigation now in the hands of a public Trust shall be transferred to a Railway Company; that adjoining canals and inland navigations shall be encouraged to amalgamate with one another; and even that facilities should be afforded to Canal Companies for the compulsory purchase of canals which are now possessed by Railway Companies. It would seem that the only competition which the Committee deems practicable is that between water carriage and railway conveyance. In common with all persons who form their opinions from theory and on general evidence, the Committee conclude that competition invariably ends in combination. In the investigation of Bills for competing lines, or for facilitating the competition of existing Companies, skilled witnesses and traders of all descriptions invariably express an exactly opposite opinion. Several Bills were promoted, and some were passed, in the last Session, for the purpose of establishing the competition which the Select Committee regards as illusory; and promoters, opponents, and independent witnesses on both sides invariably assumed as the inevitable result of the proposed undertakings, the institution not of temporary, but of permanent competition, which is perfectly compatible with agreement on the scale of rates. At the general meeting of the London, Chatham, and Dover proprietors, a few days ago, some of the shareholders objected to the high rate of working expenses arising from the speed and number of trains, which was, in the opinion of the dissentients, excessive. Mr. FORBES, Managing Director of the Company, who has no superior in experience or ability among railway managers, replied that the Chatham line was adjacent to the South-Eastern and to the Brighton, and that it was indispensable to the welfare of the Company that it should supply equal accommodation with its neighbours. Such a practical illustration of the effects of competition is worth many general propositions. The South-Eastern Railway, which compels the Chatham Railway to furnish good accommodation to passengers, is nevertheless for many purposes allied with it.

The Committee declines to recommend that Railway Companies should be allowed to exercise general running powers over the lines of other Companies. Even when such powers are given by agreement or by special legislation, they can only be used to a limited extent. It is often more convenient for all parties that a Company should obtain access to an important station over an existing railway than that it should construct a line and station of its own; yet, when the traffic is large and the distance considerable, it is sometimes advisable to incur a large expense for the sake of securing absolute independence. The Midland Company will have spent several millions in releasing itself from its connexion with the Great Northern Company in its access to London, and with the London and North-Western Company on its route to Scotland; and it is now generally admitted that in both instances the Board of Directors adopted a judicious policy. As the Committee remarks, the North British Company announced their intention of refusing the running powers over the Midland line which were offered in the Bill for the amalgamation of the Midland with the Glasgow and South-Western; but no confident inference can be drawn from a declaration which may perhaps have been made in pursuance of a plan for the management of the Parliamentary contest. It is well known that no direct profit can be made by running over a foreign line, inasmuch as the share of the gross receipts which is allowed to the running Company only covers the cost of working. It follows that there is a limit of distance, probably never exceeding fifty or sixty miles, beyond which the running Company cannot earn on its own line a profit which would make it worth while to use a foreign line. It is still a disputed point whether large facilities, including the employment of clerks and agents on a foreign system, are or are not equally effective for purposes of competition with running powers. It is the interest, and therefore the practice, of neighbouring Companies to make through rates with one another to all non-competitive places. The Committee proposes that universal through rates shall be compulsorily imposed; and that, as a general rule, the receipts shall be divided according to mileage.

The details of the system will be regulated in case of dispute by the new Commission; and in ordinary cases there will be little complication. The defect of universal through rates will, be, not that the traffic will be unduly charged, but that it will still be conveyed as at present by the Company which first handles the goods. In some instances through rates will give freighters a certain opportunity of choice; but in the great majority of cases traders know and care nothing about the route by which their goods are conveyed to their destination. Railway Companies are already legally compelled to send consigned goods as they may have been directed to travel; but the consignment is more often made by the agent of a Railway Company for the benefit of his principals than by the vendor or buyer. Nevertheless it is desirable to try the experiment of removing the impassable block which is now caused wherever through rates are withheld. Railway managers have many ways of protecting their Companies from the effects of too large concessions to their rivals. It will be well if writers on railway policy and economy will imitate the candour of the Committee in recognizing the inutility of almost all the contrivances which have been devised for anticipating by conjecture the lessons of experience. The want of forethought, or, as it might not less accurately be called, the inductive process, which it is a commonplace to denounce, has provided England with the best system of railways in the world; nor is it to be regretted that lines have been made because they seemed to those who possessed the greatest special knowledge likely to be useful and profitable, especially as in the great majority of instances the anticipation of the undertakers has been justified by the result.

#### MR. ROEBUCK AND THE WORKING-MAN.

MR. ROEBUCK, renouncing the bitterness of a political Ishmaelite, has treated the working-men of Sheffield to an impressive homily on the social value of suavity and gentleness. The result of recent political changes has been, as he said, to make the working-man the real governing man in England, or at least to put him in the way of becoming so, if he chooses to exercise the powers which have been bestowed on him. The numerical preponderance of the working classes has the effect, as long as they are united, of practically placing other classes at their mercy. Before the last Reform Act was passed Mr. Lowe suggested that it would be well to educate our masters, and Mr. ROEBUCK has drawn attention to a branch of their education which should certainly not be overlooked—education in social amenity and refinement. Mr. ROEBUCK said very truly that he has never been a flatterer of the working classes; indeed adulation of anybody can hardly be ascribed to him as his besetting sin. He once described himself as the dog 'Tear'em, who barked at everybody, and whose honest growl was always at the service of his country. Mr. ROEBUCK's favourite style of criticism is perhaps open to the artistic objection that it is deficient in variety; and his growling would occasionally have been more effective if relieved by a little genial approbation. Outspokenness at the risk of personal unpopularity is not, however, a common failing on the part of public men at the present day, and Mr. ROEBUCK's candour has frequently been attended with good results. It has been said that he lost his seat in the House of Commons in consequence of the part he took in bringing about an exposure of the abominable Trade Union conspiracy of which BROADHEAD was the leading spirit; but the working-men of Sheffield are probably convinced by this time that he could not have done them a more important service than in helping to break up the malignant despotism by which they were enslaved. Mr. ROEBUCK has always treated working-men, not with flattery, but respect. He has never thought it necessary to assure them that they were by nature the wisest and noblest of mankind, and at the same time to talk down to them as if they were silly little children who believed everything that was said to them, and who could be got to do anything by a few soft words and a little fawning. He has paid the working classes the compliment of believing that they are not deficient in common sense, manliness, and honesty, and that if they were told of their faults they would perhaps try to mend them. Instead of persuading them that they are naturally superior to all other classes of the community, he has repeatedly told them that it would be well to shake off the brutality, reckless self-indulgence, and ungenerous suspicion of others which too often distinguish them, and endeavour to become more gentle and amiable. And this, in other

words, was the burden of his speech at the opening of the St. Peter's Club.

It appears that the St. Peter's Club has been established "for the convenience of working-men, tradesmen, and the 'middle class generally.'" The attempts which have been made during the last few years to establish clubs for working-men appear, as a rule, to have broken down miserably. The working-man was asked to come and take his ease and make himself comfortable in places which by an exercise of fantastic ingenuity were made as uncomfortable for him as possible. The rooms provided for him were prim and cold, and the regulations were vexatious. He was deprived of his pipe and restricted as to his liquor, and worried in all sorts of ways by rules and by-laws which had apparently been borrowed from some severe form of prison discipline. It seems to be one of the most hopeful things about the St. Peter's Club that it starts with as few rules as possible. It is not to be a class or caste club. It has a thousand members; one-third of these are working-men, who will find themselves mixing on equal and friendly terms with men of other classes, clerks, shopmen, small tradesmen, and the like. Hitherto working-men have been too much shut up among themselves, and have been shy and suspicious of other classes; and the organization of the Trade Unions has perhaps tended to foster this isolation. It can hardly fail to be productive of good results if artisans and tradesmen can be brought together in a club of this kind. Mr. ROEBUCK said he never could understand why the working-man with the large wages he received should be so different from other men who earned less money, but who took a higher social position. It has lately been stated that one result of the general rise of wages has been to produce an increase of drunkenness among the labouring classes. It is obviously an equivocal satisfaction to the great body of working-men to direct their attention to exceptional instances in which some of their number have risen in the world, and made their way out of their own class into a superior social grade. If anything is to be done to improve the position of working-men as a class, it must be in the way of enabling them to rise to a higher standard of intelligence and refinement while continuing to practise their trades. If there is any faulting on their part that they are looked down upon by other classes—and this has probably a good deal to do with their clannishness and isolation—it will be removed by the free and friendly association of working-men with clerks and shopkeepers in a pleasant club. Mr. ROEBUCK looks forward to the day when working-men—at any rate the better sort of them—will sit down to their meals at what he called a gentleman's table. This does not imply, of course, fine meats or luxurious service, but only cleanliness, order, decorum, and all those little niceties which are associated with self-respect and consideration for others. A French workman who goes into a restaurant has his napkin like anybody else, and appreciates the propriety and convenience of all the arrangements. He not only feeds, but derives a delicate enjoyment from the white tablecloth, the gilding, and mirrors. Except that his meal costs a franc, instead of four or five francs, he is dining as any gentleman might do, and if at any time his circumstances placed him in a higher sphere he would feel quite at home there. There is nothing so fatal to the happiness and welfare of the English working-man as that want of self-respect which so often makes him alternately surly and oringing. When the Revolution gave everybody in France an equal right to be called Monsieur and Madame, it did a good deal for the elevation of the working classes of that country.

The opening of this little club may perhaps seem a small matter, but we are disposed to agree with Mr. ROEBUCK that the experiment is an important one in its possible results, and that, if successful, it may help in bringing about a gradual social revolution of the most desirable and valuable kind. It is to be hoped that the promoters will not expect too much from it all at once, and that, above all, they will steer clear of the blunder of over-regulating their society. As the entrance-fee has been fixed at 10s., it is obvious that at first only a very superior order of working-men can be expected to join, but these will act as a sort of social missionaries among their own class, and the influence of the club will be felt far beyond its precincts. Some fears seem to have been expressed lest the effect of establishing a handsome and attractive club-room should be to draw away men from their homes. We should imagine that the taproom and the drinking-bar would have more reason to fear this new competition. It is natural, however, to suppose that working-men, when they learn to appreciate the comforts of their club, will look for something of the same kind at home, and

their wives will be none the worse for the stimulus to exertion which will thus be applied to them. It was hardly necessary for Mr. ROEBUCK to disclaim any intention of making an onslaught on the British home and the British mother, for he had previously expressed a hope that the club-house might some day be open to the wife as well as the husband, so that they might dine there together with their children on a holiday afternoon. The plan of the club is a good one, and if it is left to develop itself naturally and gradually, and to manage its own affairs without external interference or fussy patronage, it will no doubt succeed. Even, however, if there were a number of clubs of this kind, they would hardly satisfy the wants either of working-men or of the middle classes generally to the same extent as a series of large, handsome, bright, well-conducted refreshment-rooms, after the fashion of the French cafés, open to everybody, and with a cheap tariff adapted to the poorest purse, where a man could smoke his pipe and read the papers, or gossip with a friend, at the cost of a few pence for refreshments. Mr. ROEBUCK's address to the working-men at Sheffield, whom he assumed to be honest, manly fellows who would not object to be told that they were not absolutely perfect, was equally creditable to himself and to his audience, and affords an agreeable contrast to the offensive adulation of interested sycophants.

#### EMIGRATION.

NOW that emigration is no longer regarded as the universal remedy for all the ills to which an old community is heir, there is perhaps some danger that its real advantages as a means of equalizing population and the means of subsistence may be lost sight of. The discovery that it is utterly unsuited for large classes of persons, coupled with the fact that these are often the very classes who are most disposed to emigrate, has a little brought it into discredit. It is pretty well known by this time that the colonies are not places into which paupers may be shot by arrangement, and that a distaste for work at home is not of itself a preparation for working elsewhere. Emigration cannot be trusted to empty the workhouses, or to rid the country of young men in whom education has developed the desire of wealth without suggesting any means of gratifying it. It is important, however, not to forget that the pressure of population may be relieved indirectly as well as directly; that paupers may be provided for not only by being shipped off to a new home, but by work being found for them in their old one; and that the condition of the class just above pauperism may be greatly bettered by a sudden diminution of its numbers, and an equally sudden rise in its standard of living. There was a time when emigration was a natural resource for skilled labourers, when to cross the Atlantic in search of work seemed all that was left to men who had fought their employers, and had again and again been compelled to surrender at discretion. At present, by some process the precise character of which is hardly ascertained, trade organization and the revival of industrial activity have brought about a kind of rough equation between the work to be done and the number of artisans who are able and willing to do it. As a rule, in all occupations which require much manual skill, and are pursued under conditions that make combination easy, the workman can meet his master on pretty equal terms. He is sure of good wages and fairly constant employment, and so long as this is the case he has no inducement to leave England. But besides the skilled workmen who are bound together in trade societies, there are others, not less skilled perhaps in their several handicrafts but destitute of the advantages which combination brings with it, who find it very hard to get on in this country. It is a common thing to find in a village young men, bred as carpenters or masons, who find just employment enough to keep them in their native place, but not enough to give them a comfortable or certain livelihood. Men of this sort would be better suited for an emigrant's life than the artisans of the great towns. In the country the division of labour is less complete, and a workman is more able to turn his hand to many things.

It is probable, however, that the real future of emigration lies in another direction. The class of persons who are best adapted for, and will most benefit by, emigration to an agricultural country are those who have been accustomed to agriculture at home. As yet this mine has scarcely been worked at all. In the emigration returns for 1871, 57,542 emigrants are described as "general labourers," 10,308 as "gentlemen," 8,053 as "farmers," 5,872 as "miners"

"and quarrymen," 2,870 as "carpenters and joiners," but only 1,378 as "agricultural labourers, gardeners, and carters." This mere fraction of the total of 252,435 persons who left the United Kingdom during the year is all that was contributed by the class which beyond every other is doing worst in England, and would be likely to do best in the British colonies. The reason for this disproportion is not hard to find. Dread of the unknown is greatest where education is least. If the agricultural labourer knows that there are countries where work and food are to be had in abundance, it is as much as he knows. He is absolutely ignorant of the means of getting there, and of the kind of life he would have to lead after getting there. The life he would leave behind him has so few attractions that to the educated man it seems that anything would be better. But to the uneducated man the ill that he knows not of are always worse than the ill he knows. Education must by degrees have changed this; but in all probability the process will be immensely accelerated by other causes. The immediate result of the general formation of agricultural Trade Unions must be a considerable disturbance of the relations between farmers and labourers, and the Unions will probably be driven to urge emigration upon their members as a temporary expedient for lightening the pressure on their funds. They will put themselves in communication with emigration agents, and get together and circulate the sort of information which the labourer requires to make him sure that by crossing the ocean he is not committing himself to a miserable life, and a still more miserable death. When once a few of the bolder spirits in each Union have made the trial, all difficulties will be at an end. Correspondence—even the rare and unsatisfactory correspondence which is the most that an uneducated man is likely to achieve—is a surer means of dispelling discouraging illusions as to the nature of an emigrant's life than any amount of printed evidence supplied by persons with whom the intending emigrant is unacquainted. And when once the initial difficulty of finding passage money has been surmounted, the example of Ireland shows what can be done by the absolutely unaided agency of emigrants interested in enabling others to follow them. Since the year 1848 the sum of seventeen millions sterling has been remitted by Irish settlers in North America to their friends in the United Kingdom. In the three successive years 1852, 1853, and 1854, the sums sent back were 1,404,000*l.*, 1,439,000*l.*, and 1,730,000*l.* In 1864, the year in which the least money was sent, the amount was 332,172*l.* From that date it steadily rose again till 1870, when it reached 727,408*l.* and in 1871 it was 702,488*l.* Of this last mentioned sum 310,990*l.* was in the form of pre-paid passages. The number of Irish emigrants during the year was 71,067, and the cost of their passage in steamers, as fixed by the Liverpool Steam Shipping Companies, was about 403,000*l.* The money sent back would thus far have sufficed to take out nearly as many again as actually wanted to go. In other words, the Irish peasantry have the means of emigrating whenever they wish to do so, as they might leave the country in nearly double their present numbers before exhausting the funds sent home by Irishmen who have already left it. It may be said perhaps that the family relationship is more keenly and more endearingly felt in Ireland than in England, and the fact is certainly borne out by other evidence than that of the money sent home by emigrants. But when full allowance has been made for this difference, we may still believe that sufficient affection is felt by the English poor for their wives or children or parents to induce them, if necessary, to make somewhat similar sacrifices to those which have been so freely made by the Irish. The figures which have been quoted are the best possible answer to the cry that is sometimes raised for State aid to emigration. The chief result of such a scheme would be to check a spontaneous liberality which, during the last quarter of a century, has raised seventeen millions of money.

At present the proportion of emigrants to the United States over the emigrants to the British colonies is very remarkable. In 1871, out of the 188,273 Englishmen who left this country, 144,617 went to the United States. Of Irishmen, the proportion was still greater, and in Scotland, though the proportion was much smaller, the actual excess was still considerable—16,236 out of 23,039. It is not impossible that these statistics may be modified if any large agricultural emigration takes place. The artisan and the town workman generally is disposed by political tendencies to prefer the United States to Canada, but the immediate opening for agricultural labour is perhaps greater in Canada. The agent of Ottawa assures the Emigration Commissioners that he has not been able to

furnish more than a partial supply of agricultural labourers to meet the many orders received from the farmers in the province. The agent at Kingston says that four times the number of immigrants could have been settled without difficulty in his district. The agent at Hamilton speaks of an unprecedented scarcity of agricultural labour, and adds that, were it not for the substitution of machinery, it would have been impossible to secure the crops. It is quite possible that life in Canada may have more attractions for an English agricultural labourer than the more unfamiliar conditions of life in the United States. That the supply has hitherto been inferior to the Canadian demand is probably due to the absence of the agricultural element among the emigrants. No other class is wanted to anything like the same extent, and no other important class makes so poor a show in the returns. If the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol will allow us to say so, there can be no greater charity than to help industrious agricultural labourers to make their way from districts where they are poorly paid to a country where certain prosperity awaits them as the reward of steady work. Before long it may be hoped that the emigration of the English peasantry will be as self-supporting as that of the Irish peasantry has been. But in the first instance the money must be found through agencies nearer home.

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE AND MR. STANLEY.

SHORT of the presence of the long-missing traveller himself, nothing can well be conceived capable of kindling greater curiosity and interest than the appearance before the throng assembled at Brighton of the youthful adventurer who had to speak of Livingstone's discovery and safety. A certain halo of romance which had from the first surrounded an enterprise so novel and original as that of Mr. Stanley seemed still to hover around the speaker, and to be kept up in part by the spirited and highly dramatic tone which characterized his narrative throughout. To the popular eye and ear here was the very impersonation of what was to be expected in the hero of such an expedition, as well in physique as in mental qualities. Cool, self-possessed, and fluent, restless in energy, with a fund of mother-wit and a power of holding his own against critics and gainsayers on every side, it was no difficult task with the speaker to win his way at once to the heart and the confidence of at least the less critical or the less coldly constituted body of his hearers. Both in his short opening address, spoken extempore with an energy at times rising or descending to brusqueness, and in the more formal paper in which he told of his travels and geographical impressions, he showed a descriptive skill and verve which kept the enthusiasm of the audience at the highest pitch. Nothing in the way of a popular harangue could well be more graphic or effective than his description of his abrupt and sudden call to what seemed to him a vague and shadowy mission, his girding himself up to the search for a man whom he had been wont to regard, and could still scarce keep himself from regarding, as a myth. "Do you think he is alive?" was his first question of the native ruler at Unyanyembe, who could say no more than that he was said to be living at Ujiji somewhere, and was a great eater of butter, but that for his part he had divined by the Koran and found Livingstone was dead. For Ujiji Mr. Stanley set out on the 23rd of September last, after an abortive start or two, his men having deserted him, and both trackless jungles and native warfare barring the path. How he felt and behaved when, on the 10th of November, the man whom he had believed to be a myth stood before him, how he would fain have turned a summersault, but, for the sake of the Arabs who stood by, kept all feeling under a severe curb as he walked side by side with the pale, thin, grey-bearded old man, "dressed in a red shirt, with a crimson joko, with a gold band round his cap, an old tweed pair of pants, and his shoes looking the worse for wear" all is movingly told—and what a tale of calamities did he read "in that wrinkled face, those grey hairs in his beard, those silver lines in his forehead!" It must be allowed that Mr. Stanley has made an intensely thrilling tale out of the meeting and the events that followed it. We can imagine his unlooked-for arrival and genial companionship having not a little to do with bringing up the "ruckle" of bones that had crawled back months before in weariness and pain to Ujiji to the bodily standard of the hale and hearty and energetic Livingstone of old. On the other hand, the enthusiasm of the veteran explorer and geographer seems to have kindled in his younger companion the zeal of a neophyte in the cause of physical discovery, and it is with unquestioning faith that he has made himself the mouthpiece of his master's theories.

It is not to be taken as in the slightest degree disparaging to the accuracy of Livingstone's observations, or the bona fides of Mr. Stanley's corroborative reports, that implicit acceptance of what both travellers unhesitatingly advance as a solution of the Nile mystery is at present out of the question with geographers. It is to be deplored that a certain kind of heat has been imported into the discussions at Brighton, leading to an unpleasant break in the amenities befitting the occasion. It should have been made clear that no amount of doubt as to

the inferences drawn by the travellers from what they saw and have told us need be taken as a slur upon the correctness or the good faith of what they declare as facts. Together they set out on the circuit of Lake Tanganyika round its northern shore, with the result of establishing beyond doubt that the lake has no possible connexion with the Albert Nyanza or the Nile. The River Ruzizi was conclusively found to flow into, not out of, Tanganyika, nor can it possibly flow into Baker's Lake. Rubinga, an intelligent chief of Usige, is reported by Mr. Stanley to have stated that the river escapes from the Lake Kivu, and he would appear to have himself traced as many as seventeen or eighteen of its affluents between the two lakes, including the Luanda or Ruanda. It is much to be regretted that the circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika was not extended to its south-east shore, so as to dispose of the question whether it discharges itself, as seems most probable, by the Lufiji, Rufigi, or Ruahin, into the sea near Zanzibar. Another, if not the same outlet, may lie through the beautiful Lake Ziamba or Liamba, previously described by Livingstone. From Livingstone's last despatch, dated Unyanyembe, February 20, 1872, we get the latest views of the great traveller as to what he had achieved, with his plans for the future. What he has placed beyond doubt is the existence of a great mountain range, dividing the drainage of the Zambesi from that to the northward, identical probably with Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon. But more important still is the great valley system of lakes and rivers, starting from a broad upland between  $10^{\circ}$  and  $12^{\circ}$  S., and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea, from which rise mountains 6,000 or 7,000 feet in actual height. This watershed extends over 700 miles from west to east. Countless springs here ooze up from the spongy soil, spreading out, says Livingstone, to a bird's-eye view, like the frost vegetation on a window-pane. In passing over 60 miles of latitude, he waded thirty-two primary sources of this kind. Several of them are covered with veritable living bridges, the rich dark glossy-leaved grass with its roots and leaves felting itself into a mat, which, when stepped upon, yields 12 or 15 inches, the water rising to that height up the leg, holes here and there appearing through which anywhere one might "plump through and finish the chapter." When the water is shallow, the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom and spreads its broad leaves across the floating bridge. Uniting into four such streams in the main these springs form the head waters of the Chambezi, the bed of which Livingstone followed from its source till it entered the large lake Bangweolo, 150 miles wide and 4,000 feet above the sea, which our readers will find set down in Keith Johnston's map (1870). Turning thence northwards, it flows, under the new name of Luapula, past the town of Cazembe—a distinguished chief made known to us by Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese—into Lake Moero, also set down in the said map. Thence the great river forces its way to the north through the Itua Mountains, and spreads out into a new lake, called Ulenqa or Kamalondo, in the Manyema country. It is here called the Lualaba, and has been named by Livingstone Webb's Lake River, after a friend. Soon after this it makes to the west a great bend of 180 miles, and after a further bend of 120 miles to the north and west, with 30 miles of southing next, draws round to the north-east, receiving the Lomame or Loeki, joined to which it flows through a large lake called "Lincoln" by the discoverer. Thence the united stream spreads out into a fourth large lake with many islands, to which Livingstone gives no name, and which he was unable to explore, failing health and supplies compelling his return in 1870 to Ujiji. Somewhat to the south-west from hence natives reported a remarkable mound, from the base of which the springs or fountains divide into two great rivers to the north-east. One of these, the Lufira, named by Livingstone Bartle Frero's, flows into Lake Kamalondo. That to the north-west of the mound, or "Young's Fountain," is considered by him to form the upper waters of the Lomame. These streams, with two others, which he believes to run south, are held by him to be those mentioned by Herodotus as flowing, one-half to the Nile and one-half into inner Ethiopia.

The main lacustrine stream thus tracked for the first time for 600 miles is held implicitly by the great traveller to be no other than the Nile. And this discovery he announces as the crowning glory of his career of toil. Here it is unhappily impossible for geographers to follow him. It is no question between gentlemen sitting at home in easy chairs, as Mr. Stanley somewhat hotly puts it, and one who has with his own eyes seen the Nile. As a matter, not of fact, but of inference, it is, to say the least, as much within the capacity of those at home, with the command of concurrent aids to judgment, and all the light of independent discovery, as of an observer on the spot. The simple and obvious laws of nature are at all events not to be gainsaid; and the mere considerations of level, unless the figures have undergone some strange and unimaginable juggling, are fatal to Livingstone's darling hypothesis. It is difficult to conceive the traveller himself sitting down to pen it without a misgiving, on second thought, that the height of the lower part of Central Lualaba, being one inch lower by barometer than Tanganyika, which he makes out to be 3,000 feet, is "about the altitude ascribed to Gondokoro." Some fifteen degrees of latitude, by his estimate, separating the Lualaba at this point from Gondokoro, both the latitude of which (over  $5^{\circ}$  N.) and the elevation are fixed by full and concurrent testimony, how is he to account for the river actually keeping a dead level for a thousand miles and upwards? As for Livingstone's river flowing into the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as has been suggested, not only is the same difficulty

of level in the way, but all evidence concurs in representing the Bahr-el-Ghazal as a shallow, reedy stream, utterly unequal to the reception of a broad and deep volume of water like the Lualaba, in places over two miles in width. Livingstone confesses himself at times to be haunted by a suspicion that he had hit upon the Congo, which, if we mistake not, will be the impression of geographers in general, for that a stream of this magnitude can lose itself in some inland lake or swamp passes the bounds of what is probable. It may be, of course, that Livingstone's observations of level, as well as of geographical distribution, were incorrect. What instruments he had with him appear to have been imperfect at the best, besides having been long in use. The boiling-water test, at no time scientifically exact, is anything but enhanced in accuracy in the tropics, where the pole-star, too, can be scarcely, if at all, available for observation, and the sun is seen under the worst conditions for latitude. Livingstone's timepieces having long been useless, longitude must for some time past have become a mere matter of dead reckoning; and with what strictness he had kept count of time may be tested by the fact of his allowing himself to have been three weeks out in his reckoning when found by Mr. Stanley. Refreshed as he must have been, and amply supplied, as he himself writes, with stores, he reports it as his future plan of action to go south-west from Unyanyembe to Fipa, near the south-eastern end of Tanganyika, from thence round to Pambette so as to cross the Chambezi, and coast the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo (lat.  $12^{\circ}$  S.), and thence due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus and Ptolemy. Thence it is no more than ten days north to Katanza, the copper-mines of which have been worked for ages, the malachite being practically inexhaustible. Ten days N.E. from Katanza are said to be the wondrous natural rock excavations ascribed by the natives to the Deity. In these, where water is said to be laid on in running streams, the inhabitants of large districts can take refuge in case of invasion. We shall look with interest for the account of these remarkable natural features. But the most absorbing curiosity must be felt for the solution of the central problem of all, by Livingstone's striking once more the southern shore of Lake Lincoln; going down from it to the Lomame, on into Webb's Lualaba, and pursuing the main river till it yields up the secret of its unknown issue. This issue he hopes and believes to be the Nile. In this belief and hope there can be few to join him. Still, the result, whatever it be, cannot fail to prove a valuable gain to our knowledge of African geography, and to our admiration of the indefatigable explorer. The thought of the hardships and toils which yet await him cannot but heighten our feelings of regret and disappointment that the expedition sent out from home at so much expense, and with such abundant promises, for his relief and support should have ended in so abortive a fashion. To the question of the responsibility incurred by those entrusted with this mission we may find occasion to refer hereafter, when the arrival of Lieutenant Dawson shall have put us in possession of all which that officer has to urge on behalf of himself or his comrades. In the meantime it is only fair to bear in mind the message conveyed to them by Mr. Stanley, that Livingstone wished all relief expeditions to be turned back; that he wanted no companions; and that he was amply supplied with stores—expressions which are fully borne out by his dispatch of February 20. Much blame has been thrown upon Mr. Stanley, apart from the amazing story about the commission for slave-chains, for his keeping back from the members of the Relief Expedition, and from Her Majesty's Consul, all information concerning his own or Livingstone's travels, besides supplanting his tried and faithful friend Dr. Kirk in the confidence of the great traveller. It was naturally with great pain that these gentlemen found the American Correspondent entrusted with Livingstone's despatches and letters home, as well as with the sending of fifty men with stores and arms for his relief. Not a little of this feeling has diffused itself at home, and doubtless found expression—strengthened it may be by what was deemed to savour of exaggeration, egotism, or love of sensational display in the address of Friday—in the unpleasant episode of Saturday evening's speech. Let it be borne in mind, however, what Mr. Stanley's functions and mission really were. His first duty was to his employers. As a newspaper Correspondent of the interviewing class, he fulfilled that duty with courage, resolution, and address. Charged with the interests of the *New York Herald*, he could hardly do otherwise than keep for the use, in the first instance, of that journal, the valuable matter which he had accumulated at so liberal and so heavy an expense to the proprietors. It must be annoying to the Geographical Society and its emissaries, as well as to the British public itself, to be forestalled in an enterprise so ably planned and so dear to the national heart as that for the discovery and relief of the missing traveller. Still, it would be unworthy of the nation, and even petty on the part of the representatives of geographical science, were feelings such as these suffered to detract from the meed of praise and thanks which is justly due to one who was in reality the first in the recovery and aid of Livingstone.

#### A PARISIAN SENSATION.

THE French, or at least the Parisians, notwithstanding the dangers which still threaten, seem to be enjoying their political holiday with a light heart. It is natural enough that an Assembly



which persists in sitting at Versailles should not be an object of enthusiasm to the inhabitants of the alighted capital; and Parliamentary debates, even at their best, are dull reading. Now and then there is a smart shower of epigrams in the Chamber, or a Minister dignifies an adversary by a neat riposte; and it is probably one of the secrets of M. Thiers's hold upon his countrymen that he is invariably amusing. His facts may be imaginary, his logic obviously false, but at least he is sure to be lively and entertaining, even on questions of taxes and tariffs. As a rule, however, politics are rather tiresome, and the Parisians evidently feel that for the present, at any rate, they have had enough of an unpalatable dose, and have plunged gladly into social philosophy. M. Dumas showed characteristic adroitness in launching his recent pamphlet at the right moment, when the public was sick of political controversy and eager for a change. At first sight it might seem that the right of a husband to slay an unfaithful wife with his own hands was a subject which would be soon exhausted. But this has not proved to be the case. Not only has *L'Homme-femme* had an enormous circulation, but it has called forth quite a library of other pamphlets bearing on the same subject. It must be assumed that this kind of literature is popular, or it would not be produced in such profusion. If these had been still the days of the Empire, it would no doubt have been suggested that the Government had a finger in the matter, and was not sorry to see attention distracted from burning political questions to social problems which did not affect the stability of the dynasty. But there is no reason to suppose that M. Thiers is in league with M. Dumas, or has taken any part in fomenting the controversy. The most curious contribution to this body of literature is that of the *Figaro*. A week ago it published a long report, filling some three or four columns, of a trial for murder which was said to have just taken place in Corsica. The evidence of witnesses, the speeches of counsel, the remarks of the Court, the exclamations of the accused, were all given in the most circumstantial way. The scene of the trial was laid in the Assize Court of Bastia, in Corsica. The prisoner, Lucia Medelli, was described as a young, high-born, and beautiful woman, and she was charged with killing her husband in revenge for his infidelity. The marriage had been one of love, and for several years she and her husband had enjoyed a life of perfect happiness. She was passionately attached to him; but after a time he became cold and indifferent, and treated her, not only with neglect, but insult. He was at no pains to conceal his reckless gallantries, and at last carried his outrages so far as to commence a liaison with her maid under the domestic roof. The wretched wife in vain resorted to entreaty and remonstrance. At last, in a fit of despair, she shot her husband dead, by the side of his paramour. All this was told with names and dates and abundance of minute detail. The *acte d'accusation* was set forth in the usual style. The prisoner, when questioned by the Judge, admitted the murder, but pleaded that it was her love for her husband which had led her to kill him. Her counsel reminded the jury that all persons were equal before the law, men and women alike, that sex made no difference, and that it was their duty to treat his client just as they would treat a man who was placed before them on a similar charge. The killing of a husband by a wife was not a greater crime than the killing of a wife by a husband; and he put it to the conscience of the jury to say whether they would not at once have acquitted a husband who, in vindication of his honour, had slain his guilty spouse. The jury immediately returned a unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty," which was received with a burst of applause.

The report of this trial, appearing just at the moment when everybody was talking of M. Dumas's pamphlet, and illustrating, as it seemed to do, in a practical form the converse of his proposition, naturally excited much interest. The story found its way in different shapes into other papers, and at last one journal, reputed to be M. Gambetta's organ, bolder than the rest, published a version of the case in a letter headed "From Our Special Correspondent at Bastia." The next day the *Figaro* announced that its own report was a pure fiction from beginning to end; that there was no Assize Court at Bastia, and that Lucia Medelli and the rest of the characters were only the creations of the writer's ingenious brain. "The narrative," it stated, "is entirely imaginative; our Correspondent, René de Pont-Jest, merely wished to treat the question of the day in a form familiar to him." He had for some time been engaged in reporting judicial proceedings at Versailles and elsewhere, and he thought he could throw his ideas into a striking and effective form if he drew up an account of an imaginary trial. Those who believe that the press reflects the character of its readers will probably discover a painful significance in an incident of this kind. It must be remembered that this is not the first occasion on which the *Figaro* has indulged in practical jokes of a similar character. In the last months of the Second Empire, when the proprietor thought he had not been well treated by the Government, he published a number of the paper purporting to be written by violent Republicans, as a hint that the *Figaro* might, under provocation, adopt this as its regular tone. And for a few hours Paris had a sensation after its own heart. There is an ingenious passage in one of M. Taine's letters on England in which he complains of the hard, dry, matter-of-fact news published by the English newspapers. In Paris, he remarked, this would never be tolerated. No editor would dream of printing anything without first dressing it up artistically, and making a pretty story of it. Between trimming a genuine narrative and inventing a fictitious one is, after all, only a step, and it is a step which is soon taken. When once it has

got to be understood that the newspapers are bound day after day to supply their readers with startling or amusing legends, and that it is no justification for a dull story that it happens to be true, we can hardly be surprised if a clever and audacious writer should be tempted to carry the artistic process a little farther back, and, instead of merely touching up a piece of news, should begin by inventing it altogether. It may be said that the *Figaro* in this instance had no intention to spread false news; that it merely indulged in a rather reckless jest. But the sort of news which was published by the *Figaro* and other journals during the war has not been forgotten, and it is hardly possible to take up any of the ordinary Parisian sheets without coming across numerous paragraphs which have evidently been concocted solely with a view to effect. The responsibility for tricks of this kind lies between the journalist and his readers. It is tolerably certain that he would not venture to sport with their confidence in his truthfulness if he had reason to suppose that truth had any value in their eyes. M. Thiers has a favourite theory as to the superiority, from the historian's point of view, of what he calls *l'intelligence des faits* over the facts themselves, and his countrymen are evidently not indisposed to agree with him on this point. The rise of a sober, truthful press would be one of the most hopeful symptoms of the regeneration of France.

As for the controversy which has been stirred up by M. Dumas's nonsensical and claptrap pamphlet, we must confess that we have no desire to go to the bottom of it, especially after reading some of the rejoinders which it has called forth, and which certainly go to a somewhat startling depth. We incline to the old-fashioned notion that there are some subjects which it is just as well not to probe too deeply, especially in a popular discussion. The advocates of women's rights have not neglected the opportunity of putting in a word, and their attack on French husbands is more vigorous than savoury. If the question which M. Dumas has raised is, as he would have us believe, a familiar one in French households, it may readily be believed that the blame does not rest exclusively on one sex. The artificial seclusion and restraint of French girls on the one hand, and the profligate character of many French husbands on the other, supply the conditions of inevitable domestic misery. It is simply impossible that a society could hold together in which the practices that form the monotonous theme of French plays and novels were really prevalent to the extent suggested. But the mere direction of the mind so constantly upon such subjects is in itself a sign of a grave moral epidemic. There could hardly be anything more characteristic of the views of French society than that strange rule in the unwritten code of manners, that no unmarried girl can be seen without loss of character at the Palais Royal Theatre, while a married woman, even the wife of a month or a year, is at liberty to revel at pleasure in the unequivocal indecency of the performance. The writer of a pamphlet entitled *Eve contre M. Dumas fils* protests against what she calls the foolish convention that well-bred women are absolutely free from the passions of humanity, and that they can be passed through the furnace of suggestion and temptation without being the worse for it. A relish for the dramatic analysis of the morbid psychology of illicit passion such as is presented in M. Dumas's *Une Visite de Noë* indicates a state of mind which can hardly fail to be productive of bad social results. It appears that the *L'Homme-femme* question has now found its way to the stage. A Correspondent of the *Times* mentions that at the Variétés a sort of lecture is delivered every night, called "Ne la tue pas," in which the fun is of the broadest kind; while another farce, on the same theme, called *Tue-la*, has proved highly attractive at the Palais Royal. The popularity of the controversy in this form is perhaps a sufficient indication of the kind of social atmosphere in which such things are possible.

#### OUR FOOD PROSPECTS.

EXCEPTIONAL anxiety has been felt this year, and with very good reason, by all classes of the community as to the prices which will have to be paid in the coming winter to the producers of our chief articles of food, whether natives or foreigners. The sudden rise which has taken place from various causes in the price of coal, that most important element in the comfort and in the expenditure of an English family, has had not a little to do with the sort of panic that has taken hold of the domestic mind. It has suggested, in combination with other matters, the fear that the winter which approaches may prove a hard one, and hard, not perhaps on account of the inclemency of the weather, but because of the pinching and starving that may have to be endured from the scarcity and dearness of food. There has, too, been an uncomfortable feeling abroad, more perhaps in commercial circles than elsewhere, that we are following paths in some of our great manufacturing industries which may be marked as dangerous; and there has been the conviction in cautious minds that a collapse as sudden as the inflation has been great in the prosperity of not a few chief branches of trade may only too easily be brought about by such a calamity as a bad harvest. The late frosts in the spring, the broken summer, the abnormally large rainfall of the year, sufficiently justified the apprehension that the grain crop must be a bad one, and that dear bread must be the lot of the people; while the constantly repeated accounts of the ravages of the "foot and mouth" disease, and lately the reports of cattle-plague at the nearest German port, and indeed amongst the cattle at our Northern ports imported from it,

have almost reconciled the public to the weekly increase of their butchers' bills. As to the corn crops, there is no doubt that last week while the rain continued they were in the utmost peril; but fortunately the wet weather passed away in the very nick of time, and with it much of the gloomy foreboding which prevailed; and now, with perfect harvest weather, we are able to consider our food prospects for the coming year in a comparatively cheerful and hopeful frame of mind.

There are no means available by which the annual consumption of meat in this country can be accurately or even approximately ascertained. The agricultural statistics supply us with the number of animals in existence in the country on a given day in the year, and roughly distinguish, in the case of cattle, between those reserved for breeding purposes and for consumption, and also between those above and under two years of age, the time when they may be deemed fit for the butcher, and, in the case of sheep, between those above and those under one year old. But it is impossible to ascertain how many animals actually find their way to market in any one year, or the weight of them when slaughtered; and although we can learn from the Board of Trade accounts of imports the number brought into the country, there is no information as to whether they are poor or fat, nor is it possible to make a trustworthy estimate of their weight. It follows that there are no means of ascertaining by comparison the increase of consumption at the present time over that of any bygone period. Thus much, however, is clear, that the consumption of meat in England has increased in a ratio far larger than its production, in spite of the improvement in breeds which has provided us with larger animals, developing at an earlier age than at any former period, in spite of improved methods of feeding which enable a skilful manager to send a greater weight of meat to market from his farm in a given space of time by the employment of materials not produced on the farm, and in spite also of importation from all neighbouring countries of the stock which, attracted by our high prices, they are willing to spare to us. It was hoped that the enormous herds of South America might supply us with frames which our feeders might cover with excellent meat; but, although the adventurers appear to have conducted the experiment of importing cattle from that continent judiciously as regards the means adopted for carrying it out, insuperable difficulties conquered them. Australian preserved meats are slowly making their way, but it is evident that for many years to come they can count for only a small proportion of the whole demand of the country. No doubt successive dry seasons have reduced our home supply of meat, especially of mutton, and it is to be hoped that the comparatively rainy seasons of 1871 and 1872 may be found to have encouraged breeders again to increase their stocks to the numbers attained in 1868. But even if this be the case, it will be more than a year before the increase could tell on the supply; and meanwhile, if England maintains her present condition of prosperity, the increase of consumption will again have overtaken any possible increase of supply. The position appears to be such that, as it is impossible to reckon on larger supplies, the only hope of a reduction in price must lie in reduction of consumption. Some reduction will be effected, no doubt, by the exercise of an economy which is rendered absolutely necessary in families of the middle class in order to make both ends meet. In large establishments of the wealthy classes it is hopeless to expect domestic servants to exercise any self-denial, and meat will continue to be eaten at three or four meals a day; among the lower labouring class, whose wages have not increased in nearly the same ratio as those of the skilled artisan, the cost of meat will forbid even the occasional use of it; but so long as the existing prosperity of the great trades enables skilled workmen to exact their own terms, and those terms include a large rate of wages, it must be expected that the workmen will continue to require a large supply of meat for their families, whatever its price may be. It is they who have recently become great consumers of meat, and it is, in a great measure, the new demand created by them that has rendered our supplies inadequate to the wants of the country. Unfortunately, too, the women of this class are unskilled for the most part in cooking, and consequently waste increases the quantity of meat which is thus used up. Until we can see some reason to believe that the purchasing power of this class of the community is likely to be reduced, we fear that it is hopeless to expect any important diminution in the price of meat. All that can be done is to take care that the butcher does not tax the commodity too heavily by undue profits. It is satisfactory, however, to know that farmers were never more abundantly supplied with provender, and that they, or at least those of them who have a stock of animals, will reap profits of which, if report speaks truly, they stand somewhat in need.

As to bread, there seems to be sufficient ground to enable us to prophesy smoother things. But although, while we write, the weather is all that can be desired for harvest, yet the crop of grain is by no means as yet out of jeopardy. Assuming, however, the continuance of sunshine, it may be expected that wheat, and therefore bread, will be cheaper for the next twelve months than it has been during those just ending. Not, indeed, because there is a large crop, or a crop of good quality, in England, for all authorities appear to agree that there is neither one nor the other. The plant was rather thin, the ears small rather than large, and not always well filled; though, on the other hand, the plant was everywhere tolerably regular. But bad weather during the blooming season had the effect of leaving blank places in the ears,

while the violent storms of July and August laid large breadths of the standing crop, which produced in consequence lean berries instead of plump ones, and the subsequent damp rainy weeks produced mildew and other diseases damaging to the grain. Some early wheats, and among them much of the finer qualities, began to sprout in the fields, and much that did not sprout will have been discoloured. The *Gardener's Chronicle*, in publishing its annual reports from 262 correspondents distributed over the country—of whom 135 estimate the crop to be an average one, while 98 put it below, and 29 above an average—remarks that since these letters were written the weather has been unfavourable and the estimates are probably too high; and, taking into consideration that the most important corn-growing districts send a large proportion of unfavourable estimates, it is feared "that it must be concluded that wheat will not yield an average return nor barley a full one; oats, and beans, and pease, on the other hand, are unusually good." It has also been reported that upon thrashing farmers find that the yield does not come up to their anticipations, while many samples leave much to be desired in point of quality. It seems, therefore, a conclusion not to be resisted, that our home crop is not equal to an average one in point of quantity or quality. Thirty years ago this state of things would immediately have rendered a higher range of prices certain, but now the development of the trade in grain since the abolition of the Corn-laws, and the facility of communication of remote districts in either hemisphere with the sea-board by railways, free us from apprehension of high prices if we can learn that some other countries have good crops. If several corn-growing countries have good crops, we may look for moderate prices even if England has a bad one. America and Russia alone can supply our deficiency, if other nations grow enough for themselves. For several years France has had poor crops, and has competed with us as a purchaser in foreign markets, at the same time buying our home-grown wheat in our own market. This year, however, France has the most exceptional abundance, and instead of drawing away from us part of the exports of other countries, will send us, according to trustworthy accounts, about one-fourth of what we are likely to need. Germany also will be able to spare no inconsiderable quantity, while America and Russia, with no other market than our own open to receive any of their surplus, will have to compete with France for English gold. California is said to have a prodigious yield of wheat, though the Eastern States of North America have a less crop than last season. The Russian districts have not uniformly good crops, but still, on the whole, they will send their usual large supplies. To sum up the whole matter—We have a crop, probably inferior to that of 1871, which was estimated to be from ten to twenty per cent. short of an average. America, from the Atlantic and Pacific together, may be expected to send us as much as last year; Russia about the same; Germany probably more; plus in each case what those countries sent to France last year. France will send us perhaps a fourth of our whole imports, and will not take anything from us. Of other sources of supply, such as the Danube, Egypt, Chili, Australia, &c., we cannot speak with certainty. We may reckon on having all the spare corn of the world poured into our ports, and we know that the crops are fairly good. We shall receive certainly more than we received last year, probably considerably more; and as there is no reason to anticipate a largely increased consumption, prices may be expected to decline. A bad potato crop, however, requires a supplement of bread, and the disease is said to have shown itself in this root over a large extent of country. The contingency of a larger bread supply being required on this account should not therefore be omitted from the calculation. If stock farmers may be expected to do well, corn farmers will have a bad time, as they will have to sell an indifferent crop of wheat at low prices. The public must content themselves with the hope of being able to set their saving in cheap bread against their loss on dear meat.

#### THE EPICENE SEX.

THERE has always been in the world a kind of women whom one scarcely knows how to classify as to sex; men by their instincts, women by their form, but neither men nor women as we regard either in the ideal. In early times they were divided into two classes; the Amazons who, donning helmet and cuirass, went to the wars that they might be with their lovers, or perhaps only for the masculine liking for rough work; and the tribe of ancient women, so withered and so wild, who should be women, yet whose boards forbade men so to account them, and for whom public opinion usually closed the controversy by declaring that they were witches—that is, creatures so unlike the rightful women of nature that only the devil himself was supposed to be answerable for them. These particular manifestations have long since passed away, and we have nowadays neither Amazons learning the goose step in our barrack-yards, nor witches brewing hell-broth on Scottish moors; but we have the epicene sex all the same—women who would defy the strictest social Cuvier among us to classify them, but who are growing daily into more importance, and making continually fresh strides in their unwholesome way.

Possessed by a restless discontent with their appointed work, and fired with a mad desire to dabble in all things unsexually, which they call ambition; blasphemous to the sweetest virtues of their sex, which until now have been accounted both their own pride

and the safeguard of society; holding it no honour to be reticent, unselfish, patient, obedient, but swaggering to the front ready to try conclusions in aggression, in selfishness, in insolent disregard of duty, in cynical abasement of modesty, with the hardest and least estimable of the men they emulate—these women of the doubtful gender have managed to drop all their own special graces while unable to gather up any of the more valuable virtues of men. They are no more philosophical than the most inconsequent sister who judges all things according to her feelings, and commands or condemns principles as she happens to like or dislike the persons advocating them; and they are as hysterical and intemperate in their political cries as if the whole world wagged by impulse only. They are no more magnanimous under rebuke than the staunchest advocate of the sacredness of sex, but resent all hostile criticism as passionately, and from grounds as merely personal, as if they were still shrouded from public blame by the safety of their privacy; and they are as little useful in their blatant energy as when they spent their days in working monstrous patterns in crude-coloured wools, or found spiritual satisfaction in cutting holes in strips of calico to sew up again with a new stitch. They have committed the mistake of abandoning such work as they can do well, while trying to manipulate things which they touch only to spoil; they have ceased to be women, and not learnt to be men; they have thrown aside beauty, and not put on strength.

The latest development of the impulses which animate the epicene sex has taken its expression in after-dinner oratory. If we were as malicious to women as those whose follies we rebuke would have the world believe, we should encourage them to fight it out with womanly modesty and the world's esteem on this line. Their worst enemies could not wish to see them inflict on themselves a greater annoyance than the obligation of getting on their legs after the cheese has been removed, to turn on a stream of verbal insipidity for a quarter of an hour at a stretch. None but men who have something to say on the subject that may be in hand, and so are glad of every opportunity no matter how unsatisfactory, or men who are eaten up with vanity, take pleasure in speechifying after dinner. Its uselessness is apparent; its mock hilarity is ghastly; even at political "banquets," when words are supposed to have some deep meaning, we get very little reality in it; while all the funny part of the business is of the dreariest comedy, the most distracting pretence imaginable. If anything were wanting to show how much vanity prompts a certain class of women in their ways and works, and how tremendous their passion for notoriety and personal display, it would be this assumption of the functions of the post-prandial orator. Indeed they have taken greatly of late to public speaking all round; and some among them seem only easy when they are standing before a crowd, to be admired if they are pretty, applauded if they are pert, and, in any case, the centre of attraction for the moment. We do not look forward with pleasure to the time when ladies will rise after their champagne and port, with flushed cheeks and eyes more bright than beautiful, steadying themselves adroitly against the back of their chairs, and rolling out either those interminable periods with no nominatives and no climax, under which we have all so often suffered, or spasmodically jerking forth a few unconnected sentences of which the sole merit is their brevity. In the beginning of things, when the wedge has to be introduced, only the best of its kind puts itself forward; and doubtless the ladies who have already varied the usual dull routine of after-dinner oratory by their livelier utterances have done the thing comparatively well, and avoided a breakdown; but we own that we tremble at the thought of the flood of feminine eloquence which will be let loose if the fashion spreads. Fancy the heavy British matron rearing her ample shoulders above the board, as she lays down the law on the duties of men towards women—especially sons-in-law—and the advantage to all concerned if wives are liberally dealt with in the matter of housekeeping money, and let to go their own way without marital hindrance. Or think of the woman's-rights woman, with her hybrid costume and her hard face, showing society how it can be saved from destruction only by throwing the balance of power into the hands of women, and swamping that rude, rough, masculine element which has so long mismanaged matters by the nobler and brighter instincts of the oppressed sex. Or even think of the coquettish and alluring little woman getting up before a crowd of men and firing off the neatest and smartest park of verbal artillery possible, every shot of which tells and is applauded to the echo. How will men take it all? For ourselves, having too sincere a respect for women as they ought to be, and as nature meant them to be, we do not wish to see them turned into social buffoons, the mark for jeering comments and angry hisses when what they say displeases their hearers, and told to "sit down," and "shut up," with entreaties to some strong man to "take them out of that and carry them home to the nursery," by a hundred voices roughened with drink and shouting. But if women expect that hostile feelings and opinions will be tamed or altogether suppressed in their honour because they choose to thrust themselves where they have no business, they will find out their mistake, perhaps when too late. If they abandon their safe cover and come out into the open, they must look to be hit like the rest. We cannot too often repeat that if they will mingle in the specialities of men's lives, they must put up with men's treatment, and not cry out when they are struck home. In deference to them plain-speaking has been banished from the drawing-rooms of society; but it is too much to expect men

to sit under heavy boredom or fatuous gobble without winking, and it is childish to ask us to make a free gift of our truth and time to women who outrage one and waste the other. On the other hand, the cheers that would follow if they hit the humour of the hour, or if, being specially pretty or specially smart, they afforded so much more excitement to the guests, would to our minds be just as offensive as the rougher truth, and perhaps more so. The leering approbation of men never over-nice in thought and now heated with wine, such as are always to be found at public dinners, is an infliction from which we should have imagined any woman with purity or self-respect would shrink with shame and dismay. But women who take to after-dinner speeches cannot be expected to be fastidious.

Perhaps it is asking too much of women of this kind to suppose that they will consider themselves in relation to men's liking. They profess to despise the unmaelike animal they are so fond of imitating, and to be careless of his liking, holding it a matter of supreme indifference whether they are to his taste or not. But it may be as well to say plainly that the disgust which we may presume the normal healthy woman feels for men who paint and pad and wear stays and work Berlin work—men who give their minds to chignons and costumes, who spy after their maids' love-letters, and watch their boys as cats watch mice—men who occupy themselves with domestic details they should know nothing about, who look after the baby's pap-boat and the cinders in the dust-heap, and can call the various articles of household linen by their proper names—the disgust which the womanly woman feels for men is exactly that which the manly man feels for the epicene sex. Hard, unblushing, unloving women, whose ideal of happiness lies in swagger and notoriety, who hate home life and despise home virtues, who have no tender regard for men and no instinctive love for children, who despise the modesty of sex as they deny its natural fitness—these women have worse than no charm for men, and their place in the human family seems to us altogether a mistake. If there were any special work which they could do better than manly men or feminine women, we could understand their economic uses, and accept them as perhaps not lovely outgrowths of a natural law, but at least as necessary and natural. But they are not wanted. They simply disgust men, and mislead women; and those women whom they do not mislead in their own direction they often influence too strongly in the other direction by way of reaction, rendering them sickly in their sweetness, and weak rather than womanly. If the interlacing margins of certain things are lovely, as colours that blend together are more harmonious than those which are crudely distinct, it is not so with the interlacing margin of sex. Let men be men, and women women, sharply, unmistakably defined; but to have an ambiguous sex which is neither the one nor the other, possessing the coarser passions and instincts of men without their strength or better judgment, and the position and privileges of women without their tenderness, their sense of duty, or their modesty, is a state of things that we should like to see abolished by public opinion, which alone can touch it.

#### ARCHBISHOP TAIT ON HEATHENISM.

OUR readers will hardly need to be reminded that the ill success of missionary enterprise has been a favourite topic of ridicule, at the expense of Christianity, not only with infidels, but with what is technically called "the world." And the fact, however it be interpreted or applied, is no doubt a sufficiently startling one, whether viewed in reference to Scriptural prophecies and commands, or to the vast expenditure of money and personal devotion which has been, we had almost said, wasted on so unproductive a field of labour. Roman Catholic missionaries have confessedly been the most successful, as might have been anticipated, if only from their much more effective organization; yet even their successes have been but short-lived and fragmentary as compared with the huge mass of untouched heathenism, including considerably over two-thirds of the human race. And Protestant missions have been very generally failures, although this country expends annually very large sums on the various missionary societies, as well Dissenting as Anglican. A good many reasons for the striking contrast between the achievements of the ancient, or mediæval, and the present Church in this particular might no doubt be found; but one principal difficulty in the way of our modern apostles of every sect is clearly attributable to the diversity of rival systems, all claiming to represent the pure Gospel, between which their catechumens are called to choose. "S. B. Thákûr," to whom we shall have to refer again presently, tells us plainly that the warfare of Christian sects is a matter of merriment to himself and other educated heathens. And the effect of this rivalry on the heathen mind was almost grotesquely exemplified when King Radama of Madagascar, after oscillating a whole year between the conflicting pretensions of his Protestant and Catholic teachers, died unbaptized, and each party at once charged the other with having poisoned him. However, we are not going to enter here on a discussion of the causes of missionary failures. The fact is patent, and has naturally been the subject of frequent comment, as well from a sympathetic as from a hostile point of view. It was left, however, for the Archbishop of Canterbury the other day, when speaking at a meeting of the Propagation of the Gospel Society at Carlisle, to put the matter in a new and alarming light, by suggesting as a clenching motive for renewed energy in

the work of conversion that, "unless we take some steps, instead of our converting the heathen, the heathen will be converting us." His Grace has been severely taken to task in some quarters for the line he has adopted on the vexed question of the Athanasian Creed, and he may have been desirous to make it clear that he is not altogether indifferent to the importance of dogmatic belief. Be this as it may, he has, as we observed, put the question in quite a new light, and his utterances appear to have considerably disturbed the equanimity of the "Heathen Chinee," whom he evidently thought safe game for the discharge of his double-barrelled gun, if we may judge from the indignant rejoinders of "Ardesheer B. Kapadia," and "S. B. Thākūr," which figured on the following day in the columns of the *Times*. But first let us briefly recapitulate the gist of his Grace's remarks.

The Archbishop started from the obvious consideration that travelling is now so much easier and so much more general than in the days of our grandfathers, that all sorts of strange specimens of humanity, which they could never have witnessed without a pilgrimage to distant lands, are now continually on view in our own metropolis. A single day's walk through the streets of London will afford spectacles which ought abundantly to stir up men's zeal for missionary enterprise. We confess our first impression was that he was about to call attention to the huge mass of moral heathenism to be found among the nominal subjects of his former diocesan jurisdiction, which might certainly suggest a tolerably practical comment on the evils of religious ignorance and unbelief. He proceeds, however, to direct attention to a phenomenon which, if not more impressive, is more conspicuous to the naked eye. If you gaze in one direction you see half-a-dozen carriages conveying the Burmese Ambassadors to Her Majesty's levee, "absolute heathens, who have come to do their homage to the greatness of England." If you go to the Temple, you may find some sixty Hindoos, "heathens in the centre of English civilization," among its members. The number, the Archbishop's critics tell us, should be reduced to twenty. At the East End you find Chinamen smoking opium, and a whole troupe of Japanese. In short, "in our own metropolis we are brought so near heathenism of the worst class"—this seems to be the expression which especially sticks in the throat of "S. B. Thākūr"—"that unless we take some steps, instead of our converting the heathen, the heathen will be converting us." This, the Archbishop adds, is no imaginary idea, for the proximity of the East has infected the philosophy on which the young men in our seminaries feed, and men of learning, from coming into contact with disbelievers in Christianity, have grown more tolerant of its denial, while heathen systems are even finding an echo in the literature and philosophy of this Christian land. It is hard enough to learn that converts are being made from Christianity to Mahometanism in Cape Colony—not there only we are afraid—but it would be far worse to find the influx of heathens into London making converts here. Such is the statement, and we confess there is nothing in it that strikes us as particularly irrational or intolerant. How far the Archbishop was right about the influence of Eastern philosophy on modern English thought we are hardly prepared to say. That there is a school of writers among us whose ideas approximate more closely to a Pagan than to a Christian standard of ethics is true enough, and there are not wanting symptoms among the youth of our seminaries and elsewhere of the approximation being not wholly ideal. But we should have thought that Mr. Swinburne, for instance, drew his inspiration, like the poets and *litterati* of the Renaissance, rather from ancient classical authorities than from China or Hindustan. It is, however, only to be expected that personal contact with various forms of more or less civilized heathenism will have a tendency to diminish any abstract feeling of repugnance, just as there was a marked difference between the feeling of the earlier and of the later Crusaders towards their infidel antagonists; and the moral results of such contact, so far as they go, are exceedingly unlikely to be beneficial. Such, however, is not at all the view of the two distinguished foreigners with whose names we are ashamed to have to confess ourselves previously unacquainted, who have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the calumniated "heathen" against "the High Priest of the Established Church."

Of the two correspondents the first is perhaps the more argumentative, and the second the more abusive, though both of them argue, and neither of them is superfluously polite. We will take "Ardesheer B. Kapadia" first. He begins with a significant allusion to people who are paid for propagating beliefs which they do not themselves believe in, and then makes a direct home thrust by accusing "the High Priest" of propounding opinions "equally remarkable for their inaccuracy and want of Christian charity," which reminds one strongly of the popular indictment against the Athanasian Creed. It is hardly worth while to wrangle over the objects of the Burmese envoys in visiting England, or the precise number of Hindoo students at the Temple, inasmuch as the Archbishop's inaccurate figures do not in the least affect his argument. When, however, his assailant proceeds to dwell on the transitional state of the Indian mind, and the rapid moral and intellectual advance in India which is the product of a liberal education, we do not quite follow him in his inference, "that the religious belief (if by religious belief is meant a system which inculcates doctrines of a future life, charity, &c.) of the so-called heathens is as enlightened as that professed (but not implicitly followed) by the class whose views are echoed by the Archbishop." Indeed we are not sure that we exactly catch his meaning. It

is surely not irrelevant to remark that the liberal education in India to which such salutary effects are attributed is the work of a Christian Government, and that "the doctrines of a future life, charity, &c."—to whatever extent they prevail—may not improbably be in great measure traced to Christian influences too. The last new religion of India is reported to be "the unity of God and good morals;" but then there are unfortunate diversities of opinion as to what is meant by God, and what is meant by morality, which somewhat mar the practical efficacy of this short and simple creed. However, "Ardesheer B. Kapadia" seems disposed to stake the relative value of different religions on a single issue. "These heathens," he tells us, "have toleration for their fundamental creed," and history teaches "that no religion can be considered enlightened which is not tolerant"—two propositions which he apparently fails to perceive are not quite identical. And he winds up by complaining that the Archbishop allows toleration no place in Christianity, and informing his Grace that it is as unlikely for the heathens of London to embrace his belief "as for Mr. Stuart Mill or Professor Tyndall to believe in the commonly received forms of Protestantism." "S. B. Thākūr" in like manner complains of people being called heathen of the worst class "for adopting the views of celebrities like Mr. Mill, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Darwin, Professor Huxley, &c." As no one suspects any of these "celebrities" of believing in the commonly received forms of Catholicism, we can only suppose it is meant to be implied that they have reached a perfection of toleration and enlightenment which supersedes every form of Christianity, and that the Archbishop would do well to emulate so distinguished an example. That, however, is a personal matter which does not concern us here. What does seem rather hard is that every religious system should be set down as intolerant which does not make toleration its "fundamental creed." And this is, in fact, the text of "S. B. Thākūr's" letter also, though he does not put it in exactly the same words as his fellow-heathen, "so called." Now we must confess ourselves to be so unenlightened as to doubt whether that is necessarily the best religion whose fundamental doctrine is that all religions are equally true, or at least equally useful. It is M. Huc, to the best of our recollection, who says in his *Travels* that it was a common form of salutation in China to ask a stranger "to what sublime form of religion he belonged," and, on his specifying his particular platform, to reply, "It is well, religions are many, reason is one." And a somewhat similar notion seems to have struck the Mikado of Japan, if it is true, as was reported the other day, that the Japanese Government has decided, "after careful consultation with the most noted exponents of every sect," to promulgate a new religion which "will be enlightened, simple, and adapted to common sense," and to which everybody will be compelled to conform. This syncretist form of faith might perhaps be worth the attention of our School Boards, and of the various Dissenting and other educational theorists who are themselves desirous, as the Bishop of Peterborough expressed it the other day, of manufacturing "a new religion." But we are not confident of its working so well even as "the commonly received forms of Protestantism," and the moral reputation of the Japanese is hardly such in all respects as to recommend an experiment "likely to meet the approval of all classes" in that country. Toleration is an excellent thing if it means that you are not to burn, hang, or otherwise maltreat your non-conforming neighbours. But a creed of which the fundamental article was the equal merit of all other beliefs would be too like a dietary made up of sugar-candy and rose-water.

There is one other point on which the Archbishop seems to us to be rather hardly dealt with by his assailants. They complain of his identifying Christianity with civilization, and they imply that heathen countries are not less civilized than Christian. This depends on whether civilization has any moral element, or, as Guizot expresses it, whether after all the human species is a mere ant-hill. We are not speaking of tribes like the North American Indians or the Hottentots, which seem incapable of surviving contact with civilized races, but we will take the most cultivated forms of heathenism, such as Mahometanism, which, strictly speaking, must rather be considered a Christian heresy, and what is the verdict of history? It has prevailed for about twelve centuries, and has made large conquests from Christianity, but in every country where it holds sway, in Turkey, in Asia, in Egypt, it has brought decay and demoralization in its train. Neither in the Mahometan, the Buddhist, nor the Brahminical systems are the true dignity of man, the sacredness of marriage, or the rights of personal freedom and of conscience consistently recognized. Everywhere infanticide is common, and woman is treated as a chattel. Buddhism, which dominates some four or five hundred millions of the world's inhabitants, holds out as the highest attainable perfection a state of otiose and unconscious passivity. Brahminism, which combines an abstract Pantheism with the grossest idolatry, knows no rights of man, but only of caste. As for the enlightened theism of which Keshub Chunder Sen has made himself the chief apostle, which is possibly what "Ardesheer B. Kapadia" means by the "doctrine of a future life, charity, &c.," it is as yet hardly on its trial, and, whatever be its value, is simply a mutilated plagiarism from Christianity, with a good many of the "etc.s" omitted. On the whole, we are not prepared, even under the distinguished sanction of "celebrities like Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley," to welcome its introduction into England in place of the religion which our "so-called heathen" critics assure us it is impossible for them to embrace.



## BAMBERG.

THE modern enlargement of Bavaria to the North has extended the dominion of the house of Wittelsbach over a crowd of spots of the highest interest in German history. Since the general overthrow of things there can be no doubt that the truest "Rex Francorum" has been he who reigns at Munich, though the title would have seemed strange if it had been applied to a Bavarian King who had assumed his kingship under the patronage of a Parisian "Emperor." The old Frankish land, with its hills, its rivers, its vineyards, its walled towns of every scale, from Ochsenfurt up to Nürnberg, was indeed a noble addition to the new-made realm, an addition which might even make up for those changes in geography by which the Bavaria of the modern map no longer, as of old, marches upon Lombardy. It is a land in which the change from even the last age to the present is forcibly brought home to us, when we see how many States, both principalities and commonwealths, which had a separate being within the memory of man, have been swallowed up to form one even among the secondary kingdoms of Europe. Among these the two Bishoprics of Würzburg and Bamberg and the free Imperial city of Nürnberg stand conspicuous. Of Würzburg, the seat of the episcopal Dukes of Francia, we spoke a year ago; a short journey bears us to the younger, but not less stately, seat of episcopal rule at Bamberg. The railway follows pretty closely—after the great bend of the stream at Schweinfurt it follows most closely—the upper course of the Main, till the point where, close below Bamberg, it receives the tributary waters of the Regnitz. The run through the Frankish hills reveals some object of interest at every step; here a height crowned by some happily ruined fortress; here a town which still keeps the walls which were once needed to guard it against those whom the fortress sheltered. There is Schweinfurt, with its walls, its long civic history, its memories alike of Olympia Morata and of Gustavus of Sweden; there is Hassfurt, with its walls and gates, the twin towers of its parish church, and the soaring choir of the knightly chapel; and a crowd of smaller places, each of which has its own interest and its own history. The journey may well end with the queen of all, with the city which a crowd of proverbs set forth as the glory of the Frankish land, episcopal and princely Bamberg itself. The higher part of the city, that which will first meet the eye of a traveller passing from Würzburg by Schweinfurt and Hassfurt, sends up a perfect diadem of towers, the crowns of the episcopal and abbatial ministers, while the houses of the city spread themselves far over the plain below. The great church stands on high, and yet Bamberg is not one of those cities which have grown out of primeval hill-forts. Neither is it a city which has grown up around the church of a bishopric or monastery. When we come to read its history, we find that the cathedral church which soars above the city is of later foundation than the city itself. So it is at Lincoln; but at Lincoln the minster was founded within the most ancient part of the city, and its foundation was one of the causes which made the city come down from the hill-top and spread itself over the lower ground. At Bamberg an exactly opposite process has taken place. The foundation of the cathedral church has caused the city to spread itself from the low ground on to the high. Bamberg belongs to the class of insular and peninsular cities. It may seem strange to compare a spot so far inland with a great haven of commerce; yet the position and history of Bamberg have much in common with those of Bristol. Bamberg is still a city of waters; streams and bridges meet us at every step; rows of picturesque houses line the shore in the less polished quarters of the city; the very *Rathhaus* floats on the water, and one of the bridges passes under its tower. The original town lies between the two arms of the Regnitz, as Bristol lies at the junction of the Avon and the Frome. It has spread itself over a flat suburb beyond the eastern arm, which, to follow out our Bristol parallel, answers to Redcliff and Bedminster, and at the other end it has spread itself beyond the western arm over the high ground answering to St. Augustine's and Clifton. And in both cases modern canals and docks, and changes in the natural course of the rivers, tend to increase the complication of the plan, and to make the watery element in the city yet more prominent. But it is not merely in their position, but in their history and in the results of their history, that Bamberg and Bristol have a likeness. In each case the spread of the city on to the higher ground has been caused or hastened by a great ecclesiastical foundation. At Bristol the Abbey of St. Augustine arose, and in the course of time became the cathedral church of a new diocese. Its place at Bamberg is filled by a crowd of ecclesiastical foundations, cathedral and abbey, collegiate and parochial churches, side by side. But in both cases the result has been the same. The church has sprung up on the higher ground, and the city has gone up after it.

In modern times Bamberg has become a Bavarian possession through the destruction of its ecclesiastical principality. Curiously enough, the gem of Frankensland was a Bavarian possession for a moment before that ecclesiastical principality was founded. The lordship of Babenberg—contracted into the later name of the city—had, after passing through several hands, come into the possession of Henry Duke of Bavaria, the sainted Emperor Henry the Second. Though his gift, in 1007, Bamberg became an episcopal see, with a diocese taken out of that of Würzburg, and the hill above the town, the seat of dominion of its earlier temporal lords, was covered with a crowd of holy places, grouped together as a kind of pattern card of the different classes of ecclesiastical founda-

tations. As early as 1012 the episcopal church, the church of St. Peter and St. George, was ready for consecration, and the account in the *Annales et Notæ Bambergenses* (Forts., xiv. 635) shows that what was consecrated was not a mere unfinished fragment, but a perfect church of the German type, with its choir and altar at each end. The chief altar at the west end ("altare occidentale, quod in eadem ecclesia precipuum est et principale") was hallowed by Eberhard, the first Bishop of the new see; the eastern altar ("altare orientale") by Erkenbald, Archbishop of Mainz, and a crowd of other altars by the Primates of Köln, Trier, Aquileia, Salzburg, Magdeburg, and "Aschericus Ungarorum Archiepiscopus." The fact is important, as showing that, though the building of a great church was often spread over many years, yet there were cases, like our own Canterbury under the hands of Lanfranc, perhaps our own Waltham under the hands of Harold, when such a work could be pushed on with great speed. But the church of Henry and Eberhard is no longer in being. The care of St. Otto, who, between 1102 and 1139, covered the church with sheets of copper as a defence against fire (*Ebonis Vita Ottonis*, ii. 17) was all in vain; in 1185 (*Annales S. Petri in anno*) church and city were burned. The present church is that which arose after this destruction, and, as its change of style shows, arose far more slowly than the original minster of Henry. We may express the difference by saying that the eastern apse with its towers—for the old plan is still preserved—is Romanesque with some slight signs of the approaching Gothic, while the western apse with its towers is Gothic with some slight traces of the departing Romanesque. Both fronts are rich and striking, but we greatly prefer the solidity of the two eastern towers to the western pair, which are in some degree frittered away, as at Leon. The inside is less satisfactory; the pointed arch never appears to less advantage than when it is set on a massive German square pier, without any attempt at artistic design. In monumental wealth few churches are richer. Not many minsters, even of the highest rank, can boast of the tombs of an Emperor and Empress, a Roman Pontiff, and a German King. In the midst of Bamberg nave, in a tomb of rich but late workmanship, rest the founder and his Empress, Henry and Kunigund, the pair who, like our own Edward and Edgyth, forsook their first duty in pursuit of a pretended sanctity. East and west lie two men of really higher fame. The western choir holds the tomb of Suidger of Bamberg, Clement of Rome, one of the virtuous Germans whom Henry the Third sent to reform the corrupted Papacy, and at whose hands he himself received the Imperial Crown. And in the crypt—a crypt of octagonal pillars, diversified by one column with a rich Corinthian capital—lies the crusading King, Conrad of Hohenstaufen, the uncle of the greater Frederick, who, for the good of his Empire, preferred his nephew to his son. Few Papal tombs are to be seen north of the Alps; few churches out of Bamberg can boast as their founder of one who was at once Saint and Emperor. But the union under one roof of a sainted Emperor and a Pope loyal alike to the Empire and to the Church makes the minster of St. Peter at Bamberg unique among the resting-places of the wielders of either sword.

But the zeal and bounty of the saintly Emperor did not stop at the foundation and endowment of the cathedral church. It would seem that, even in his days, the German Chapters had put on that character of disgraceful exclusiveness which made them a by-word down to the day of their fall. The church of St. Peter could receive none but men of noble birth among its members. But to provide for merit of lower degree, the Emperor founded, at no great distance from the episcopal church, on another of the five hills of Bamberg, the church of St. Stephen, also governed by the canonical rules, but to whose foundation persons of all ranks, and seemingly of both sexes, were admissible. The passage of the local writer Heimo (Jaffé, *Monumenta Bambergensia* 545) is worth quoting:—

In eodem loco extra urbem versus meridiem construxit ecclesiam in honore sancti Stephani protomartyris; ut, cum majori—scilicet sancti Petri et sancti Georgii—sole nobiles et eminentiores personas admittentur, hic minores et mulieres in Christi militum ordine canonico locum assumendi invenirent.

And for those who yearned after a stricter life than the canonical rule could supply, the Abbey of St. Michael and St. Benedict arose at the bidding of the Emperor on a third hill to the north of the cathedral church, so that the lower town of Bamberg could look up to three minsters all the work of the same Imperial founder. But St. Stephen's and St. Michael's have now but little left to remind us of the days of Henry. St. Stephen's has been rebuilt Jesuit fashion, all save a tower, seemingly of the fourteenth century, but which keeps the general air of a campanile of the eleventh, and whose pointed windows would seem more in place at Venice or Verona than at Bamberg. But the *Michelsberg* is still crowned by the great abbey church with its two spires, though its subordinate buildings have been first rebuilt and then applied to other uses. Some Romanesque work still remains at St. Michael's, not however of the days of Henry, but of the famous Bishop of the twelfth century, St. Otto, Bishop of Bamberg and Apostle of Pomerania, whose shrine and body still remain in the church which he reared. One picture, by a strange mixture of natural and spiritual genealogy, tells us both of the noble forefathers from whom Otto sprung, and of the bishoprics and monasteries which sprang from him. Other pictures set forth the various scenes of his apostolic life, a life which, written by two admiring biographers, will be found in the Bamberg collections of Jaffé. It is his memory which gives the greatest interest to the place, as the

church is but of little architectural worth, the greater part being of a plain Pointed style without, and hopelessly Jesuited within. But the position is glorious, looking down on the city below and on the hills and plains of Frankland around.

These are the three creations of the canonized Augustus, standing side by side, each on its hill. Whether Henry and Kunigund dreamed of the days when a successor of Eberhard would rear a princely palace hard by the greatest of the three, still more that the successor of Eberhard should be at the same time the successor of Boniface, holding the sees of Mainz and Bamberg in plurality, may well be doubted. But the tale of the ecclesiastical foundations of Bamberg was not yet told. The Imperial foundations all stood on the heights. The sixth Bishop Günther, who sat from 1057 to 1063, turned his thoughts to the lower regions, and, through his bounty and that of a noble named Reinhold, another church, with its Provost, its Dean, and the other members of a German Chapter, arose in honour of St. Mary and St. Gengulf, beyond the city at the other end, beyond both the streams and both the bridges, in the quarter which, still carrying out our English parallel, answers to that of St. Mary Redcliff. The church, at least a later one on its site, survives, but, though St. Gengulf has two towers and St. Mary Redcliff has only one, in this case at least the Continental building can hardly venture to enter the lists with the insular one. The next Bishop Hermann returned to the heights by his own throne, and began the foundation of yet another collegiate church of St. James, which was finally consecrated by St. Otto in 1109. This is in some respects the most interesting of the churches of Bamberg. Its single remaining tower and its choir have been rebuilt, but the original nave and transepts are still there, the nave being a perfect basilica, with a long arcade resting on seven true columns on either side. Carve out the plain cushion capitals, and this nave might hold a place at Lucca; fill the void space between arcade and clerestory with mosaics, and it might hold a place in Ravenna itself. We are again reminded that we are within the dominions of a power which stretched from the one sea to the other when a church in the middle of Germany, consecrated by a Bishop who carried the word of life to the shores of the Baltic, reminds us at the first glance of the forms which we have seen by the Adriatic and the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Thus was Bamberg, as its local historian boasts, surrounded on every side, as in the form of a cross, with the churches and the patronage of saints ("Sic locus Bambergenis ecclesie et patrocinii sanctorum in modum crucis undique munitus"). But all these holy places stood without the original city; St. Gengulf beyond the river, the others on the heights. In the original peninsula there arose a few small monastic foundations of later date, as houses of Friars arose on the slopes of the upper city also, but the ecclesiastical greatness of Bamberg was all gathered outside of the original town. The central part of the city now contains only the single parish church of St. Martin, a building of the Jesuit style, while an upper parish church, with a choir of great stateliness, arose among the monastic and secular foundations on the hills. The whole make such a range as is seldom seen. To the ecclesiastical historian no range can be more interesting; the student of municipal history may perhaps be tempted to contrast episcopal Bamberg with civic Nürnberg, and to say that, even on their own ground, in the very raising of ecclesiastical buildings, the commonwealth outdid the Bishop, save when the Bishop was backed by an Emperor. Certain it is that, save the cathedral itself, no church in Bamberg can compare to St. Lawrence and St. Sebald at Nürnberg.

Let us add that the see of Bamberg, secularized in 1802, arose again in 1821 with lessened temporal, but with increased ecclesiastical, rank. St. Peter's is now a metropolitan church, and the Archbishop of Bamberg of the new foundation has as his suffragans the Bishops of the far more ancient sees of Speier, Eichstätt, and Bamberg's own parent Würzburg. In nothing has the world been more thoroughly turned upside down than in German ecclesiastical geography.

#### BRIGHTON LIONS.

THERE would seem to be something in the air of fashionable watering-places unfavourable to the prolonged residence of distinguished visitors. It is not that the air itself does not agree with them, but that it has an effect on other people very detrimental to their comfort. We learn from the French papers that M. Thiers has been much distressed at Trouville by the too demonstrative attentions of a number of persons who appear to have made their escape from the lunatic asylums in which they were confined expressly for the purpose of paying their respects to the President of the Republic. One of M. Thiers's admirers, who is popularly known as the "Fou de Trouville," has obtained the distinction of being arrested on account of his invidious admiration for the saviour of France for the time being. But Brighton in this respect is hardly better than Trouville. The two lions of the British Association, Mr. Stanley and the Emperor Napoleon, have both been put to flight. Mr. Stanley, while narrating some of his adventures at a dinner party, heard, or fancied he heard, a titter at one end of the room, and immediately rushed off, and took the next train to London. It may perhaps seem surprising that a traveller who has successfully encountered the dangers and miseries of African travel should be so morbidly sensitive to the snar of criticism. It may be some consolation to Mr. Stanley to be reminded that he is not the only great traveller whose tales

have not been received with immediate and implicit credence. There is a passage in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* with regard to Bruce, the Abyssinian explorer, which should convince Mr. Stanley that it is certainly not because he is an American that he has been subjected to a style of criticism which he finds unpleasant:—

Dr. Johnson told me [says Boswell] that he had been in the company of a gentleman whose extraordinary travels had been much the subject of conversation. But I found he had not listened to him with that full confidence without which there is little satisfaction in the society of travellers. I was curious to hear what opinion so able a judge as Johnson had formed of his abilities, and I asked if he was not a man of sense. Johnson—"Why, sir, he is not a distinct relator; and I should say, he is neither abounding nor deficient in sense. I did not perceive any superiority of understanding." Boswell—"But will you not allow him a nobleness of resolution in penetrating into distant regions?" Johnson—"That, sir, is not to the present purpose. We are talking of sense. A fighting-cock has a nobleness of resolution."

It appears that Mr. Stanley also resents the observation of the President of the Geographical Section, that what was most wanted was precise geographical data, and not sensational stories. It is hardly worth while to inquire whether a narrative in this fashion—"I had to get there; I got there; there was a deal of killing"—can properly be characterized as sensational; but Mr. Stanley will probably admit, on reflection, that all the world was not bound in the first instance to believe that Livingstone had been discovered because a Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, of whom nobody knew anything, sent a vague telegram to that effect, followed by a ludicrously incoherent and blundering summary of some of Dr. Livingstone's old despatches, which had been published several years before. Letters from Livingstone of a recent date have since been received, and have placed beyond question the success of Mr. Stanley's enterprise; and there should now be no hesitation in doing justice to the spirit and dexterity with which he accomplished his mission. It may be true that the road he took was an easy caravan route, and of course this is a free country, and everybody is entitled to believe as much or as little as he pleases of the details of Mr. Stanley's growing narrative. But at least it does not become Englishmen, especially after the miserable collapse of the Livingstone Expedition, to underrate the perils or difficulties of a journey which none of their countrymen have had the courage to undertake. Mr. Stanley went out, as he said, not as a geographer, but as a newspaper Correspondent, and he brought back what his employers wanted, which was certainly not geography. It may be suggested, however, that, under those circumstances, Mr. Stanley is hardly justified in resenting his not being taken for what he does not pretend to be. "Nobleness of resolution" is not necessarily accompanied by a scientific understanding. It is not stated what effect was produced on Brighton by the news that the Correspondent of the *New York Herald* had suddenly departed, but it is possible that the event did not seriously disturb the equanimity of the inhabitants. Happily Mr. Stanley soon reported, and when he appeared at the Mayor's dinner on Wednesday everybody took care not to laugh. It was probably felt that there would be time enough to laugh when Mr. Stanley had gone.

As far as we can judge, "the young African lion," as he is familiarly called by those who profess to be his friends, seems to have suffered rather more from the newspaper reporters who dogged his steps, and overheard his talk, and decoyed him into private places to pump "copy" out of him, than from the indiscreet gentleman who laughed at the wrong place. Nor did the ex-Emperor escape a similar infliction. It has been suggested that his Majesty was driven away by the crowd which continually gathered under his window; but the Grand Hotel does not stand in the most secluded part of Brighton, and it is difficult to imagine any place where a distinguished personage who wished to be well stared at would be more likely to take up his quarters. We are rather surprised that we have not yet seen in any of the Imperialist journals an account of the "ovations" to which the Emperor was treated by the enthusiastic British public. It is conceivable that an ex-Emperor who has been leading a lonely life in a dull country house might not altogether dislike the flattering curiosity of the multitude; but a crowd at one's door is a very different thing from an intrusion of impertinent visitors into one's private room. It appears that on Saturday one or more reporters took the Emperor by storm, and insisted upon hearing from his lips a frank and candid statement of the intentions of the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia in meeting at Berlin. It was to no purpose that the poor gentleman repeatedly assured his guests that he knew absolutely nothing about the matter, and had no better means of knowing than anybody else. "It is impossible for me to know," he said, "what the precise object of their Imperial Majesties may be," and it may reasonably be supposed that their Majesties have not thought it necessary to take their fallen brother into their confidence on the subject. The account of this interview, which is given by one of the reporters in the *Daily Telegraph*, shows that the ex-Emperor had really nothing to say. "The Emperor," it is admitted, "did not express any definite and explicit terms his views upon the general state of the meeting at Berlin;" yet his visitors had, "seriously weakened our 'distinct impression' of his mode of thought, and of his reticence on the part of the Emperor." The public, for instance, scarcely interfere with its 30,000 infantry under his command, his own questions of "unnaturally, commensurate results," whereas "he may at probably only place 24,000 men in line of

even the looks, of his helpless victim. "I put it to him"—this is the usual style—"I put it to him whether," and then follows half a column, or thereabouts, of the reporter's own twaddle. "He looked at me, moved uneasily, but said nothing. That look, that movement plainly conveyed," and then we have another dose of idiotic or impertinent conjecture. Mr. Stanley seems to have gushed copiously on the gentlest provocation, but the Emperor required more dexterous handling. We are not informed what questions the "Fou de Trouville" intended to put to M. Thiers if he had not been arrested on the stairs; but they could hardly have been more silly and ridiculous than those which the Correspondent of the *Telegraph* addressed to the ex-Emperor at Brighton. The Correspondent primed himself for the attack by mastering a profound article in an evening paper, pointing out that if the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia could each get what they wanted without fighting, there would be peace; but if they could not, there might some day be war. It is tolerably obvious that the three Emperors think fighting may at least be avoided for the present, or they would not take the trouble of meeting to settle a common line of policy; and one would hardly suppose that any rational creature required to be told that no congress of potentates can furnish an absolute guarantee for everlasting peace. Having gone over the heads of this article, the Correspondent asked the ex-Emperor to furnish the company with an outline of Prince Bismarck's secret policy with regard to France. Napoleon replied very frankly that it was impossible for him to know what the Emperors had in view. He added that he could only answer the question whether they were likely to take France into their reckoning, by asking whether there was anything in the present attitude of the French Government to supply Germany with a pretext for taking precautions against it. Under some further pressure, Napoleon, still protesting his utter ignorance of the designs of Prince Bismarck, which will be readily believed, went on to hint that M. Thiers evidently meant mischief to Germany, and, as a Protectionist, was no friend to England. The ex-Emperor refrained from pointing the too obvious moral of his little parable—that it would be a fine thing for Europe to have somebody at the head of affairs in France who would make things pleasant all round. The Correspondent observes that Napoleon's "voice, according to some, may yet again be the most powerful in Europe"; but it can hardly be supposed that Napoleon himself labours under the delusion that the Powers either would or could put him back on the throne to keep the French down. It is still more incredible that the Emperor should imagine it to be for his interest to have this notion spread about through France.

It seems to us that there is a twofold impertinence in this system of interviewing—an impertinence as regards the person who is expected to make a clean breast of his secrets in this manner, and an impertinence as regards the public, which is supposed to be foolish enough to care for disclosures which are worthless unless properly authenticated. It may be interesting to know that the Emperor thinks Brighton "a delightful place," but it is difficult to say whether it is more absurd to suppose that he knows all Prince Bismarck's secrets, or that, if he had been taken into the Prince's confidence, he would share them with the first newspaper reporter who forced himself into his hotel. It seems to be understood that a certain relaxation of conventional proprieties is allowed at the sea-side which would not be tolerated elsewhere, but journalists should at least remember the respect they owe to their own calling and to the public. It is to be hoped that the Emperor may find protection against interviewing in the Isle of Wight, and that Mr. Stanley may also obtain a respite from his too diffuse admirers.

## AN ELECTION BY BALLOT.

"THE eyes of the world" are no longer fixed upon Pontefract, which must be very satisfactory to that borough. It is a difficult matter to satisfy the ideal expectations formed with regard to the constituency which has had the fortune of first testing the provisions of the Ballot Act. Pontefract during last week gazed with astonishment upon the foreigners who swarmed about its streets and asked innumerable questions, which were certainly not uncalled for, to judge from the querists' previous acquaintance with the subject. Letters must be written and materials must be found. Many of the Correspondents, whose personal luggage consisted of a pair of spectacles and a copy of the Ballot Act, had rushed down at a moment's notice, and hardly knew in what county they were. Pontefract had a castle, and a king had been murdered there. Had he in any way furthered the introduction of the Ballot, or patronized the cultivation of liquories? What was liquories, and where did Lord Mexborough live? Mr. Childers had accepted office, but how, when, and why? Such were the problems which had to be solved; any story was good enough for the ingenuous inquirers; the discussion of the dissyllabic or trissyllabic pronunciation of the borough as bearing upon the Ballot furnished another fertile topic. In spite, sternly enforced, of the wealth of material, the task of these enterprisers, it would certainly be a difficult one; they were not permitted to do as they would have to do in the process of voting, greatly to the care of oneself is generally very small, a functionary, and found out after having been taken care of in a school, the educational resources, one is apt to feel somewhat swayed. In this way

a great amount of information was given to the public, and two or three statements were often correct out of ten.

Two circumstances combined to give a special interest to the election—namely, the bitter personalities made use of, and the working of a new Act, although with regard to the latter we cannot regard this occasion as any criterion of what we may expect in the future. Political parties have always been pretty evenly balanced at Pontefract, and previously to the general election in 1868 a disposition existed to allow each party the possession of one seat. It was only at the strong instance of the newly enfranchised electors that a contest was set on foot at the dissolution, an impression being prevalent at Pontefract, as elsewhere, that the Reform Bill of the preceding year would largely increase the number of Liberal votes. The result of the polling showed that matters were very much as they had been before. The contest of 1868 was a political one; that of last week was simply personal. "You did—I did not"—was the form of argument employed in order to enlighten the electors. Lord Pollington attacked Mr. Childers in his address. Mr. Childers rejoined, and the subsequent disclosures will long supply the West Riding with gossip. The controversy was a very pretty one; there was the lie with circumstance, and the lie direct; "much virtue lay in an If, but If the only penmaker" was absent. On the day of the poll appeared Lord Pollington's last contribution to this literature unique in electioneering annals, in which he says:—

If I was a fool in 1868, if I was a "staunch Liberal" in 1868, if in 1868 I believed Mr. Childers to be a gentleman who would be incapable of divulging what he calls the purport of a private conversation, who would be incapable of reading in public a letter which I believe is marked "private," and which I in no manner disavow, is that any reason why I should not when I grow wiser, when certain evidence has proved to me that my opinions on those subjects were erroneous, is that any reason why four years later I should not stand before you as a Conservative candidate?

Strange as it may seem, we do not believe that this exposure had much influence upon the votes of the electors, for there is more than ordinary joy over the accession of a penitent Liberal to the Conservative ranks, who is precluded from making any more changes in his political convictions. It may have been a strong temptation to Mr. Childers to discredit his opponent, having such damning evidence at his disposal, but we venture to think that it would have been in better taste for a man in so powerful a position to make no use of such controversial weapons. It no doubt was extremely annoying to a Minister seeking re-election at the hands of a constituency which he had represented thirteen years to be opposed at such a time and in such a manner, but the private conversation and letters of his adversary ought not to have been required for the purpose of gaining the seat. Lord Pollington aggravated matters by giving a contradiction to the first story. Had he regretted that publicity had been given to a private conversation, frankly admitted that he had changed what he called his convictions, and omitted all mention of his father's name, the production of the letter would have been obviated, and the contest deprived of half its bitterness.

The repose of Pontefract was very mortifying to the newspaper reporters, who trusted to have some opportunity of describing a fight before they returned home. It would take far more than an election to disturb the peace of that ancient borough, which, as the whole world is now aware, contains within its limits Knottingley, Ferrybridge, Newtown, Monkhill, Carleton, Pontefract Park, and Tanahelf. Knottingley has always been the Conservative stronghold; to the burgeman in his fur cap and fur waistcoat, just on his way to, or just come back from, Google, political topics are profoundly uninteresting. He is inclined to support the "third man," as a new candidate is usually called, on the grounds that to the third man are due the drinking and the bribery which, in spite of Lord Houghton's contradiction, have been fondly looked upon as characteristics of a Pontefract election. The Knottingley voters are sailors rather than landmen, and present a strong contrast to the shrewd-faced inhabitants of Pontefract, who are quite as capable of judging of many questions as their representatives, and are no unfair specimens of West Riding intelligence. The contrast in point of education between the two divisions of Pontefract and Knottingley is brought out very strongly by an analysis of the poll. In the district of Pontefract 1,009 electors were on the register; of these 703 voted, 86 being illiterate. In the district of Knottingley 932 electors were on the register, of whom only 545 polled, the number of illiterates being 115. Twelve per cent. appear therefore to be uneducated in Pontefract, whereas the proportion is as high as 21 per cent. in Knottingley. Those who did poll were probably the more intelligent of the inhabitants, and we have little doubt that one-fourth of the gross number of voters in this latter district would be found unable to read. This is not a pleasant fact to contemplate as one of the results of the Act of 1867, for if the same proportion holds good in all other constituencies, one-sixth of the political power at present enjoyed is in the hands of illiterate persons. Attention has been already called in our columns to the small number of votes recorded in comparison with the election of 1868, when 132 more votes polled in the district of Pontefract, and 177 more in that of Knottingley. The friends of the Ballot have endeavoured to ascribe this indifference to special circumstances, but we cannot help thinking that it is chiefly to be attributed to the want of interest felt in the new method of voting. The labourer engaged in harvesting was not likely to give up a day's pay for the pleasure of exercising the franchise, nor was secrecy of voting very palatable

to the recipient of bounties in past years. Nothing could be duller than the Ballot—"dull, beyond all conception dull"; the policemen yawned in the face of the perplexed voter as they ushered him into the presence of the *Vehmgericht* who explained his mysterious duties, and then relapsed into a moody silence when their victim had been hurried away. At one time fears were expressed lest there should prove to be a deficiency of accommodation, but they proved wholly groundless. During the last hour more bottles of beer entered the polling-booths than voters, and the interest in the proceedings had completely died away. Advantage was taken of the permission accorded by the Act to use school-rooms to a very great extent, as out of the five polling-places four were held in schools of various denominations, the fifth being in the Town Hall. This was far from being satisfactory, as in the district of Knottingley the three polling-places were in the centre of the town of Knottingley, all within a few hundred yards of each other, and consequently more than a mile distant from the houses of many of the voters. This objection did not apply in so marked a degree to the district of Pontefract, although a polling-place on the Tanshelf side of the town would have been more convenient. The calculations made concerning the average number of voters who polled at the different booths have not been verified. At Booth I. 353 voted, while in Booth V. there were only 105 votes recorded.

With regard to the illiterate voter much dissatisfaction prevailed. An educated voter, polling quickly and meeting with no obstruction, could record his vote in half a minute; on the other hand, one gentleman, who must be reckoned as the king of illiterates, is reported to have occupied twenty minutes in performing his duty to his country. Various suggestions have already been made to remedy this difficulty; but the most practical came from a Pontefract constituent, who recommended the adoption of a paper coloured blue and yellow, an attachment to one of those two colours being frequently the only political conviction of which the voter's mind is capable. We suppose it would be impossible to disqualify the illiterate voter, or to hope for a moment that any educational test might be required from those who exercise the franchise; a separate booth, however, might be provided for his accommodation, and in case this tended to discourage him from voting, or to cast a stigma upon ignorance, such a contingency could hardly be looked upon as a misfortune by the community at large. Owing to the distance of Knottingley from Pontefract, the voting-papers were not collected until five o'clock; and owing to the fact that the Mayor, who performed his duty with singular decision and ability, counted them himself, being naturally desirous that no mistake should occur in the first election under the new Act, the result was not known until three hours afterwards. As the 48th rule of the first schedule declares that "in the case of a contested election for any county or borough, the returning officer may, in addition to any clerks, appoint competent persons to assist him in counting the votes," there is no reason to believe that there will be any delay in future elections. Much has been said concerning the quiet of the proceedings under the new system; but we do not believe that what took place at Pontefract is any criterion of what may be expected generally. There was just as much excitement and noise last week as in 1868, and in large towns the concentration of all the hopes and fears and speculations of the day into a single moment may not improbably lead to scenes which will rival any that have occurred under the old system. The crowd at Pontefract is always a good-natured one, party feeling does not run very high, the number of electors is very small, and we cannot think that the borough will serve as a very valuable precedent in the annals of the Ballot. No doubt certain small defects will be remedied; a ballot-pencil will perhaps be invented, the point of which will not break when the weight of a sturdy elector is leant upon it; the board upon which he writes will perhaps be planed, and the sepulchral character of the arrangements somewhat modified. What political lessons there are to be learnt from the Pontefract election are unpleasant ones. Lord Pollington can only look back with pain and regret at the position he occupied, while Mr. Childers's success is not one to make Liberal candidates hopeful for the future. Nothing could be more disgusting than the attitude assumed by the opponents of the Contagious Diseases Acts. The agitation on behalf of disease knew no bounds. Little boys and girls distributed papers of filthy import on all sides, in which the most audacious statements were made, and factory girls as they went to their work speculated aloud upon the examination of women. Three females devoted themselves to the propagation of these tenets, and conducted the bitterest opposition against Mr. Childers. Latterly, however, a reaction set in, and a meeting composed of women, and presided over by a person of the name of Butler, was brought to a premature conclusion by the sprinkling of Cayenne pepper in large quantities, and the intrusion into the room of a body of electors. It is as well that future candidates should know that an acquaintance with these subjects, and a capability to solve the most hypothetical cases, will be imperatively demanded from them. Unless some resistance is made against the clamours of these indecent Menada, this species of interference by deputations will become more common, and repugnances of opinions in obedience to some pressure of the moment will become a general feature at elections. To unite the votes of a Liberal constituency will, it may be feared, be almost an impossibility at the next dissolution. The 25th clause of the Education Act has alienated a certain number of Nonconformists, to whom compromise and conciliation are unknown. The prospect

indeed is not an encouraging one for those Liberals who may have opinions of their own, and who decline dictation at the hands of small sections of their party.

#### PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

THE preparations for the Autumn Manœuvres are steadily advancing, the Northern army being busily engaged at Aldershot in taking its gallops, and the Southern force being occupied about Blandford in getting the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from its quiet military pic-nic. The greater part of the invading army has been at the rendezvous for a week past, but until two or three days ago everybody was allowed to take thin leisurely, and merely to look forward to division and brigade drill and outpost duty. It is to be regretted that, as the Southern army has had so little to do, the Northern army was not moved near to the scene of action; for, active as the new generals may be, expeditions from Aldershot cannot afford the training to secure which autumn manœuvres were instituted. Neither, we fear, at the latter, under present arrangements, yield all the results which might reasonably be expected; and the cause is not far to seek. Owing to the system of scraping troops together from all parts of the kingdom, there must be for some time a certain amount of rawness and want of homogeneity which cannot fail to interpose obstacles to manœuvring rapidly and with precision. A brigade, a division, and a *corps d'armée* ought each to be solidly organized bodies; they actually are but a fortuitous agglomeration of tactical atoms. Outside each regiment and battery everything is new and strange. The generals do not know their staff, the latter are unacquainted even with the persons of commanding officers, and the Southern army, at all events, is very much in the same position as was the Channel Squadron a fortnight ago. Even the Aldershot force, which we had fondly imagined was a permanently organized and complete division, ready to take the field bodily at a moment's notice, is to be sent to the manœuvres under new conditions. Every brigade has been more or less broken up, fresh corps have been added to the force, and comparatively few of the general and staff officers of the original division remain with it now that it has been developed into a *corps d'armée*. But we have urged so frequently the advantages of permanent organization, and the arguments in its favour are so obvious, that we suppose it would be a waste of time to write anything further on the subject. We may, however, be permitted to make a few remarks on a kindred matter. It would seem to be only reasonable that the generals and the staff officers appointed to take part in the manœuvres should be either men of ascertained merit, to whom it was considered advisable to give opportunities of practice, or men believed to be capable, but whom it was desired to test. Some, however, of those nominated on this occasion are men of whom we do not think anybody will venture to assert that they realize either of these conditions. Could we hope to do any good by speaking more plainly on this point, we should not hesitate to do so; but nominations could not now be cancelled, and we shall be satisfied if we succeed in impressing on the authorities the necessity of making a more careful selection next year. The matter is undoubtedly one of the highest importance. Skill in handling troops is in these days more than ever required. Hitherto the bulldog courage of the British soldier has continually got his general out of a scrape; but we must no longer rely on this resource. Our leaders must, therefore, be the best men we can find. We fear, however, it is impossible to pretend that the best men have in all instances been selected to take part in the coming manœuvres; and consequently, as regards generals, the campaign will not be a real preparation for war. To employ in these manœuvres men who would certainly not be employed in case of real peril and difficulty is to commit the blunder of training men who would never be permitted to put their training into practice.

Nor is this the only point on which we feel bound to express our dissatisfaction with the pending arrangements. The authorities take considerable credit to themselves for having organized a system of regimental transport, and are under the delusion that in this instance at least they have closely followed the example of Prussia. The imitation is, however, only superficial. To each Prussian regiment on a war footing is assigned a certain number of train soldiers. These, however, are dispensed with in time of peace, and when present are always kept to their special duty, and are reckoned, like hospital orderlies, as non-combatant additions to the fighting men. We, on the contrary, take in an infantry battalion fourteen non-commissioned officers and men, and a proportional number in the cavalry, from the already too small number of fighting men, and employ them as drivers. The consequence is that the public are under a delusion as to the real number of actual combatants in each battalion, and believe that our army is much stronger than it really is. The average strength in non-commissioned officers and men of the battalions about to take part in the manœuvres is not far from 550, and from this we take two per cent. for transport work, which deduction added to that of the other men in regimental employ seriously weakens our already attenuated regiments. The whole system, indeed, by permitting a disagreement between our paper and our real strength is most pernicious. The public, for instance, hear that a British general has 50,000 infantry under his command and they expect, not unreasonably, commensurate results; whereas in reality he can probably only place 24,000 men in line.



battle. And there is yet another argument against the system which is now being introduced. We enlist men of good stature and strength, train them carefully in drill, rifle-practice, and field-engineering, and teach them to take advantage of cover and to perform outpost duty with vigilance and intelligence. We then order them to undertake work for the proper performance of which no part of their training is in the least essential. In short, we first make a soldier of a man, and then employ him as a waggoner. We carefully set the razor, and then use it for cutting slate-pencils. In an infantry soldier size is an advantage. In a driver the reverse is the case. As, therefore, we do not find it easy to keep up the standard of height and chest measurement, common sense suggests that we should enlist none but short and light, but strong, men as drivers, reckon them as supernumerary to the fighting men, and train them as drivers only. These remarks apply with even greater force to the cavalry, inasmuch as a dragoon is longer in making than an infantry soldier. Moreover, notwithstanding that our regiments are absurdly under-horsed, and that a trooper cannot be trained in a day, cavalry corps are compelled to furnish horses as well as men for their own transport. Either all this is a very bad system or it is an egregious sham. It is the former if it is intended to practise it in actual war. It is the latter if it is only to be viewed as a temporary expedient. In either case we can only regard it as a grave mistake.

The programme of the campaign may now, we believe, be regarded as definitely settled. On the 5th the outposts of the two armies will be in contact on the river Wiley. On the following day will be fought the first battle, probably about Codford. The 11th will be a day of rest, and on the 12th the march past will take place on Beacon Hill, some four or five miles north-east of Amesbury. This arrangement apparently confirms the current impression that the Northern army is predestined to defeat, for, if successful, how would it be possible to fix any place near Amesbury as the rendezvous for the 12th? Whether it be correct or not, the rumour that the result of the campaign is already decided cannot fail to deprive the officers and men, of the Northern army at least, of all real interest in the operations. Indeed we have already heard of complaints on the subject, and it must be admitted that such complaints are thoroughly reasonable. It shows a strange ignorance of human nature so to arrange matters that half the force will enter on the campaign with no other feeling than one of profound boredom. We are aware that, at the very best, open-air Kriegsspiel can never be a good imitation of war, but surely no endeavour should be spared to render it as realistic as possible. The contrary plan would seem to have been pursued on this occasion. A cut-and-dried programme is clearly an utter sham, and the careful examination of the whole district by the rival generals before the arrival of a single battalion is no better. Everything indeed appears to be done to render the evolutions round Salisbury as unlike real war as possible. It would have been easy and natural to fix some line of demarcation, and to insist that it should be passed by neither officer nor man until the actual commencement of the campaign. As the case stands, reconnoitring will be, as regards the ground, a perfect farce, for each commander will know from personal observation all that his patrols can have to tell him. In the matter of tactics we are glad to say that a slight improvement has taken place since we last touched on the subject. The Northern army will not go into the field without, at all events, a system of tactics which is considered to be worthy of trial. We believe that its chief feature is that an infantry attack should be made as follows:—A battalion throws out one or more companies to skirmish, and an equal number to act as supports, entire regiments of course backing up the whole. The skirmishing company at first only sends out its best shots to skirmish, gradually sending up additional men as the range diminishes, till at length the whole company is broken up. By this time, or shortly afterwards, it is assumed that the enemy's position has been almost reached, and at the critical moment the company in support makes a sudden rush in close formation and aligns itself for the decisive stroke with the skirmishers. The idea is not a bad one, but in our opinion the final blow ought to be dealt by a larger body than a company. Any system is, however, better than none at all, and the military authorities are therefore to be congratulated on the progress they have made.

In conclusion we desire to call attention to something of scarcely less importance than tactics. We refer to a point of discipline. In this respect we seem to have gone back since last year. An order was issued a short time ago limiting the amount of baggage to be carried, and forbidding officers to take their regimental mess into the field. This order has not, to our knowledge, been cancelled, but as regards some corps it has been simply ignored. Now a huge mess-marquee is scarcely an object which can be overlooked by a general, and as its appearance is in this case an indication of distinct disobedience of orders, it ought certainly to have been greeted with a severe reprimand to the commanding officer. But if the general winks, the colonel may well shut his eyes. Such an incident is much to be regretted. In the first place, if an order is not to be sternly enforced, it should not be issued at all; and in the second place, it would certainly have been good practice for officers to mess as they would have to do on service. The art of talking care of oneself is generally very assiduously cultivated, but when, after having been taken care of in a particular matter by others for a series of years, one is suddenly thrown on one's own resources, one is apt to feel somewhat awkward. We know a

general officer new living who, from want of being accustomed to rough it, was nearly starved during the Waterloo campaign. Curiously enough, he belonged to the same portion of the service which furnishes the chief offenders at Blandford.

## REVIEWS.

### LIFE AND LABOURS OF MR. BRASSEY.\*

ONCE, when Johnson was talking at Streatham with more than usual brilliancy, Boswell said to Mrs. Thrale, "Oh for shorthand to take this down!" "You will do it as well," the lady replied; "a long head is as good as shorthand." Sir Arthur Helps, having no opportunity of recording Mr. Brassey's conversation, has induced many persons who knew Mr. Brassey well to give evidence, as he calls it, which has been taken down in shorthand, Mr. Thomas Brassey acting as examiner. The biographer understands his business much too well to exhibit to his readers the raw material which he has made up into a readable and not uninteresting story. To the world in general Mr. Brassey is known as a great contractor, who amassed a large fortune; and it must have been generally believed that he was an able man of business. That he was much more than an ordinary employer of labour, and that the elements of his success were moral as well as intellectual, is clearly proved by Sir Arthur Helps's account of his history and character. Mr. Brassey appears to have been one of the kindest and one of the justest of men; and a natural disposition which inclined him to place a liberal confidence in those around him was eminently serviceable to him in the conduct of complicated transactions which were necessarily entrusted to numerous agents. His birth and all the circumstances of his education and his life were highly favourable. He was the representative of an ancient family which had some generations before subsided from the rank of gentry to become substantial yeomen. His father possessed a considerable freehold, which seems to have been kept in the family from the time of the Conquest; and he was also a tenant-farmer on a large scale. Mr. Brassey left a school at Okeham at the age of sixteen to be articled to Mr. Lawton, a land-surveyor, who admitted him to partnership as soon as he was of age. The firm were agents to Mr. Price of Bryn-y-pys, then owner of the site on which Birkenhead now stands; and before he was thirty, Mr. Brassey had, by the death of his partner, become sole agent for the property. He had previously been employed as a surveyor in the construction of the Holyhead road; and a negotiation about some stone from a quarry under his management procured him the acquaintance of Mr. George Stephenson, who encouraged him to tender for a contract on the Grand Junction line. Mr. Stephenson's successor, Mr. Locke, invited Mr. Brassey to aid in the construction of the London and Southampton Railway; and from that time his reputation and resources enabled him to contract for some of the greatest public works in England and in foreign countries. Having thoroughly mastered the details of his business, he knew, with the elasticity of practical genius, how to apply his attention, as his transactions became larger, only to the general superintendence of the works which he undertook. No man comprehended more fully the inexpediency of worrying subordinates by minute interference. Every agent and sub-contractor was allowed and encouraged to discharge his duties in his own way, provided that the result was satisfactory. In the same spirit Mr. Brassey avoided all wrangling with the Companies for which he constructed works; he never made excuses; he scarcely ever asked for an extension of time; and when a misadventure occurred, he was more anxious to repair the damage than to adjust the liability between himself and his employers. In all his enormous engagements he never but once had a lawsuit. The liberality which characterized all his dealings both with capitalists and with the persons whom he employed would have been politic and profitable if it had not proceeded from a large and generous nature. It may be added that his virtues were of the kind which are nourished and ripened by prosperity. He acquired great wealth early in life, so that he could give way to his natural bent without rashness or inconvenience. In any circumstances he would have been upright, and he would have been loyal to his associates. A great contractor, like a mediæval leader of mercenaries, requires an army of officers and privates to be constantly at his disposal. He must not only possess capital and professional skill, but he must also have a staff of agents, of engineers, of sub-contractors and workmen ready for any enterprise for which he may be engaged. Mr. Brassey's feelings coincided with his interest in producing extreme reluctance to part with those who had once served him, whether they were skilled assistants or simple navvies. Great forethought and judgment must have been used in adjusting his numerous undertakings in such order as to provide constant occupation for subordinates who were numbered by thousands.

Sir Arthur Helps has with sound judgment procured and inserted a list of the contracts in which Mr. Brassey had a share in partnership with many other persons. So zealous a stickler for organisation and accuracy would have done well to give the capital as well as the railway mileage, and to add up tables of figures which extend over several pages. In correction of one part of the biographer's omission, it may be stated that, with his

\* *Life and Labours of Mr. Brassey.* By Arthur Helps. London: Bell & Daldy.

partners, Mr. Brassey constructed 8,000 miles of railway, as well as many other works, including the Victoria Docks, the Northern sewer in the main drainage of London, and the Thames Embankment. The cost of the whole must have exceeded 150,000,000*l.*, and it may be roughly guessed that Mr. Brassey undertook on an average half of each contract. "There were periods in his career during which he and his partners were giving employment to 80,000 persons, upon works requiring 17,000,000*l.* of capital for their completion." With a laudable desire to gratify legitimate curiosity, Sir Arthur Helps states the total amount of Mr. Brassey's profits. His percentage of profit was, according to his biographer, only three per cent. "He laid out seventy-eight millions of other people's money, and upon that outlay retained about two millions and a half. The rest of his fortune consisted of accumulations." It has not occurred to Sir Arthur Helps that the figures which he has given bear little relation to one another. Three per cent. would be not only an unremunerative return, but an actual loss on trading capital. The sum of two and a half millions earned by professional exertion has little or nothing to do with the capital which may chance to be employed, except as forming a part of the expenditure. On the large capital which he invested in his undertakings Mr. Brassey must have made far more than three per cent. In many of his works the contractors accepted a large portion of their payment in shares, finding, to that extent, all the capital required. During the financial crisis of 1866, of which he was, among the great contractors, one of the few solvent survivors, Mr. Brassey was subject to liabilities on the Victoria Docks for 600,000*l.*, on Danish railways for 800,000*l.* He held unsaleable bonds of the Lemberg and Czernowitz Company to the amount of 1,200,000*l.*, and he had taken shares, which were for the moment worthless, in payment of works from several other Companies. On the Lemberg line he had to pay from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* a month for wages, and interest to shareholders at the rate of more than 120,000*l.* a year. The war between Austria and Prussia added to his difficulties; and one of his agents had once to run the gauntlet on an engine between the centres of the hostile armies. Nevertheless he contrived to finish the line four months before the agreed time; and consequently he was immediately able to place upon the market bonds of which he held more than a million. A trader who conducts business on this gigantic scale is primarily a capitalist; and the fortune which Mr. Brassey, after many heavy losses, is reputed to have left, was not more than an adequate return for his outlay and for his skill and labour. He was in the habit of expressing his determination not to retire from business, because, as he said, "It requires a special education to be idle, or to employ the twenty-four hours in a rational way without any particular calling or occupation. To live the life of a gentleman, one must have been brought up to it." He added that if he were forced to retire he would take to farming, and "weigh his stock every day, comparing their increase of weight with the cost of their food." In that or any similar occupation he would probably have made a little fortune. With his usual liberality of thought he admitted that fortunes, however large, might be suitably spent by those who had been brought up to it, but "the fatigue of spending 30,000*l.* a year would drive me mad." Unluckily for himself Mr. Brassey had never acquired the habit of reading; but he liked to collect knowledge from conversation, and he had a wholesome love of sight-seeing, from galleries and museums to the soldiers at the Horse Guards. Though not a speaker himself, he took pleasure in hearing speeches, and his favourite orator was Mr. Disraeli.

Although he was a punctual and voluminous letter-writer, his correspondence naturally related to matters of business, and a few letters which are inserted in the biography are entirely without interest. Sir Arthur Helps has not been able to preserve any record of Mr. Brassey's conversation, and consequently, notwithstanding all his efforts, the portrait which he has drawn remains vague and indistinct. Those who knew Mr. Brassey best appear to have considered him nearly faultless, except in the venial tendency of yielding too readily to the wishes and arguments of promoters of doubtful enterprises. The defect in his character was probably connected with the unsuspecting simplicity which must have contrasted strangely with the unscrupulous coarseness of many speculators and adventurers with whom he must have been constantly brought in contact. A great railway contractor has the greater merit in being harmless as a dove because those with whom he is forced to deal are often cunning as serpents. The widespread ruin which was caused by the failure of many of Mr. Brassey's competitors and associates was in few cases the result, as far as they were concerned, of innocent misfortune. The most interesting chapter in the volume is contributed by Mr. Thomas Brassey, who alone among the biographer's informants was better acquainted with his father's personal character than with his mode of conducting business. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Brassey had not only a disinterested love for applications of mechanical ingenuity, but a genuine taste for architecture and sculpture, while in consequence of some peculiarity of temperament he took less pleasure in painting. The colouring and texture of porcelain, the lines of a well-designed ship, and almost all other beautiful objects were appreciated by him with genuine zest. "I think," says Mr. Thomas Brassey, "I ought to allude to the admiration which he was wont to express for the troopers of the Household Brigade, their stature, their horses, and the style in which they always turn out." He approved of the Imperial system in France, and at home he inclined to Conservatism, but he never attempted to interfere with the political opinions of his

some, both of whom belong to the Liberal party in the House of Commons:—

He was graceful in every movement, always intelligent in observation, with an excellent command of language, and he only here and there betrayed by some slight provincialisms in how small a degree he had in early life enjoyed the educational advantages of those with whom his high commercial position in later years placed him in constant communication. In all he said or did he ever showed himself to be inspired by that equality of heart and mind which most truly ennoble him who possesses it, and without which one cannot be a perfect gentleman.

As one of his humbler admirers remarked, "If he had been a parson he would have been a bishop, and if he had been a prize-fighter he would have worn the belt." One of his assistants considers that he pays a high compliment to Count Cavour, who took an active part in the introduction of railways into Northern Italy, in describing him as the best man of business he ever met with the exception of Mr. Brassey. In a world of disappointed hopes, of stunted careers, and of faculties ill-adjusted to employments, it is an agreeable thought that one happy owner of a sound mind in a sound body experienced a life of uninterrupted prosperity in the exercise of useful functions which he was pre-eminently qualified to discharge. The works which were constructed during Mr. Brassey's lifetime are perhaps almost equal in magnitude to those which before his time existed in the world; and the largest share in the necessary organization and application of labour devolved by a natural fitness on the most practical, the most prudent, and the most liberal of contractors.

Sir Arthur Helps has almost entirely overlooked the great financial operations in which Mr. Brassey must have been engaged in his later years. It may be presumed from the result that in this department of business also he was skillful and sagacious. It is a comparatively simple matter to calculate the cost of works in money, as in the case of undertakings which are promoted at their own cost by Governments, by great capitalists, or by existing and solvent Companies. The railway extension of the last twenty years has been to a large extent undertaken at their own risk by contractors and other capitalists, who, in consideration of a high rate of anticipated profit, accept payment in shares, which they afterwards place in the market at their own discretion. No commercial enterprise can be more legitimate in itself, although the complications and legal fictions which such contracts frequently involve have in many instances enabled dishonest adventurers to defraud creditors and independent shareholders. The practice and its results have caused much misconception of the statistics of capital outlay, and have consequently added to the confusion of thought which generally characterizes popular lucubrations on railway economy. Many lines have been constructed for three-fourths or for two-thirds of the nominal expenditure, the residue representing the real or ostensible profits of the contractor and of the capitalists who have provided him with funds on terms corresponding to the greater or less hazard of the speculation. In almost every treatise on railway matters the figures which merely represent a balance of accounts are confused with the sums which have been actually sunk in works, materials, and labour. In Sir Arthur Helps's thoughtful and instructive remarks on the conditions of railway enterprise he displays a want of perfect familiarity with some of the elements of the question. His observations on the conduct of business, and on moral and intellectual points of character, are always valuable and interesting.

#### LORD STANHOPE'S MISCELLANIES.\*

LORD STANHOPE'S present collection of *Miscellanies* is in the strictest sense a collection of odds and ends. He has brought together pieces of various lengths, on various subjects, in various languages, and of very various degrees of interest. They are also by various authors, some of them being Lord Stanhope's own writing, and others the writing of various other people. They embrace subjects as remote from each other as the administration of the younger Pitt, the influence of Arabic philosophy in mediæval Europe, a somewhat perplexing incident in the life of Lady Mary Montagu, and the question whether the Latin *violet* really means what we call the violet, and not rather the iris. The pieces of Lord Stanhope's own, a few essays and lectures from various quarters, are much of the character of his writings in general. They show taste and reading; they are clear and straightforward, without a particle of pretence or affectation; they show something that may be called elegance, something even that may be called thought, but hardly anything betokening the attribute of strength. The last piece in the volume on the subject on which so many have written, the legends of Charlemagne, is exactly an example of what we mean. It is pleasant and graceful enough, but the subject is not treated as it would be either by a comparative mythologist or by a scientific historian. One is half angry to see such a subject taken in hand without a reference to the mutual light which, by help of the comparative method, the Homeric legends and the Carolingian legends throw on one another; and this, though Lord Stanhope, just like Mr. Gladstone, is for ever hovering on the borders of the comparative method, without ever quite getting within the pale of safety. Lord Stanhope never quite sees, though he seems to be always on the point of seeing, that the Charlemagne of French romance is to be looked on as a *poëte* being

\* *Miscellanies*. Collected and Edited by Earl Stanhope. Second Series. London: John Murray. 8vo.

of romance, to whom the historical German Emperor Charles has given a groundwork of personality and little more. He thus misses the great lesson to be drawn from this series of romances—namely, the light which these legends which we can compare with contemporary history throw on other legends which we have no contemporary history to compare with. And to our generation it seems grotesque to see the founder of modern Europe spoken of in a half-patronizing way, and to find him measured by the man who set himself to burlesque him:—

On no period of history however have these legends settled more closely or in greater numbers than on the era of Charlemagne. That great Sovereign might well make a powerful impression on the popular mind. His dominion was as extensive as that of Napoleon, and indeed almost commensurate with it, while the duration of his reign was about threefold. The excellence of his civil institutions enhanced the glory of his military exploits; and he stands high above the series both of his predecessors and of his descendants.

We follow Lord Stanhope better in his arguments about the iris and the violet, which, subject to the judgments of botanists, strike us as very much to the purpose. We can thank him too for a paper written forty years ago, headed "On a Fabulous Conquest of England by the Greeks"—by Greeks being understood an Eastern-Roman army under Belisarius—which illustrates a subject that has since been more fully handled, namely, the relations of the English in the early days of their settlement in Britain towards the rest of the world, and especially towards the New Rome. Belisarius invades, not Britain, but England—*Ἐγγλην*, a country which is very naturally governed by a *Πῆξ*, as we cannot expect the Byzantine writer to allow an English King the title of *Βασιλεὺς*. Now out of this it would be easy to put together a story the parts of which fit together so well that it is hard not to believe one's own invention. The presence of Belisarius in Britain is witnessed to by the existence of an encampment between Cambridge and Aldreth, known as Belas's Hill. That his presence there led to a conquest of the island is witnessed by his offering to the Goths Britain in exchange for Sicily, a sure sign, to all minds but that of Mr. Lowe, that he was then in possession of Britain. The motive of the invasion is easily explained. Do not Gibbon and Byron severally bear witness to the presence of Vandals in Cambridgeshire at dates earlier and later than that of Belisarius? This accounts for the work which records him being found in that particular part of Britain rather than in any other. Having overcome the Vandals of Africa, he naturally went on to complete his conquest by subduing the outlying colony in Britain. This of course happened in the interval between the Vandalic and the Gothic Wars. Thus, when the Gothic War began he was in a position to offer Britain to the Goths in exchange for Sicily. No piece of circumstantial evidence ever hung better together.

A certain amount of curiosity is awakened by the first piece in the volume, which deals with a strange story about Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Horace Walpole in 1751 had got hold of a tale of Lady Mary being kept in durance somewhere in Northern Italy, and that, he was pleased to add, by a lover, who had "taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees." To the mention of the lover there is the answer that Lady Mary was at this time sixty-one years old, though of course the rejoinder is possible that Queen Elizabeth had much love made to her after that age. Now it seems that among Lady Mary's papers there was found a long narrative in Italian, which Lord Stanhope decides to have been her own composition, though not in her own handwriting, about Lady Mary being kept, not indeed in actual confinement, but under "a system of fraud and falsehood, and, quite at the end, of intimidation," which, according to Lord Stanhope, "supplied its place." The doer of all this, whatever it was, was a certain Count Palazzo. Now the first Lord Wharnccliffe, Lady Mary's great-grandson, asked Lord Stanhope whether, when he was editing her works, he ought to publish this paper as the true explanation of the matter to which Horace Walpole's bit of scandalous gossip referred. Lord Stanhope gave him the common-sense piece of advice to publish it by all means. His words are worth quoting:—

The question is not, you will observe, whether or not you shall bury all these transactions in oblivion, but whether, when once stirred and glanced at, you shall throw upon them all the light your papers allow, or else leave some future critics and reviewers—no very charitable race—to surmise that the papers must contain something too shocking to publish.

Now it seems that Lord Wharnccliffe was actually so foolish as not to follow Lord Stanhope's advice, and the end has been that the paper has been lost without any copy having been made of it. But Lord Stanhope has lighted on a paper in the State Paper Office in which Mr. John Murray, the English Minister at Venice in 1756, writes to the Secretary of State that "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has been for some years past, and still continues, in the hands of a Brencian Count, who, it is said, plunders her of all her riches."

Another paper contains a correspondence between Lord Stanhope and Mr. Ticknor about a wild story of Miss Seward's as to the execution of André. According to Miss Seward's story, Washington estimated André to urge General Clinton to give up Arnold in exchange for himself, and, according to the same tale, Washington tried to save André's life, but, Commander-in-Chief as he was, was out-voted by the court-martial. This last story is of course absurd on the face of it, but it is something that Lord Stanhope has got hold of a letter written by Alexander Hamilton, then one

of Washington's aides-de-camp, to his future wife, in which he says that he had himself tried in vain to get André's sentence changed from hanging to shooting, and adds further, "It was proposed to me to suggest to him the idea of an exchange for Arnold, but I knew I should have forfeited his esteem for doing it."

There are also a good many letters passing between the younger Pitt and Lord Temple in 1783, in the last of which, dated December 23, Pitt says:—

I called just now to tell you that we have taken the step of filling up the offices. Lord Sydney and Lord Carmarthen have taken the Seals, and the Duke of Rutland Privy Seal, for how many days or weeks remains to be seen.

On this Lord Stanhope adds a note:—

It proved to be not for days or weeks, but for years—and seventeen of them, so far as Mr. Pitt was concerned.

In another set of letters, chiefly by Lady Hester Stanhope—the same, we believe, who afterwards led so strange a life in the East—we get a picture of Mr. Pitt in quite a new character, namely in that of a colonel at the head of his regiment. In this capacity we read that he "exposed himself to the easterly winds late in the evening, attending his duty not as a soldier and Colonel of a regiment, but more like a drill-sergeant." "Nobody," we further read, "is so like an angel when he is extremely ill, and few persons less tractable when a little ill." Lady Hester spoke her mind freely on most matters. When the Northamptonshire and also the Berkshire militia both come to Walmer in 1804, she draws a marked and invidious distinction between the two. The Berkshire contingent, to be sure, was in some unexplained way under Lady Hester's own command, as were also "the famous 15th Light Dragoons":—

I never saw any Militia regiment so well officered, or composed of such pleasant men, as the Berkshire. A Northamptonshire squire is not pleasant in his own country, and does not improve with transplanting, but the regiment is a fine body of men.

Perhaps more interesting than any other part of the volume are two groups of letters which give us the views of several men of more or less eminence with regard to the politics of their own times. First come a group of letters headed, "The English friends of the French Revolution," consisting of letters which passed between the then Earl Stanhope, one of the small body of "friends" just mentioned, and three correspondents in France, the Duke of La Rochefoucauld Liancourt, M. François of Nantes, and the better known Etienne Dumont of Geneva. Lord Stanhope points out that the two former of his predecessor's correspondents afterwards became less revolutionary in their ideas, and were members of the Chamber of Peers under Louis the Eighteenth and Louis-Philippe severally. What the letters are, as Lord Stanhope says, most remarkable for, is the sanguine hope with which, even in 1793, the writers looked forward to a good time coming, and the calmness with which they discuss various proposals of reform in detail, as the respective advantages of permanent courts of justice in the different districts, and of judges going circuits in the English fashion. The one letter on the English side is very well worth notice, as in it Lord Stanhope pleads on behalf of the French priests on the general principles of religious equality. Later on in the volume we find several letters from Sismondi to the present Lord Stanhope, from 1835 to 1841. In 1839 Sismondi makes some remarks on the condition of Switzerland, which was then in a transitional state, the cantonal governments having been made democratic, while no change had yet been made in the Federal Constitution. Thus the democratic governments of Zürich, Bern, and Luzern exercised in turn those powers of the *Vorort* which the Federal pact had given to those three Cantons. Sismondi, though assuredly no lover of oligarchies, complains that Federal affairs were not so well managed during this interval as they had been when the Constitutions of the three directing Cantons were more aristocratic. This we can easily believe. Sismondi does not scruple to call the Federal pact as it then stood absurd, and it certainly became so after the change in the cantonal Constitutions. The warmest friend of democracy must allow that democracies, and especially Swiss democracies, have not commonly shown their best side in positions involving anything like authority or pre-eminence over other States. Sismondi died in 1842, six years before the establishment of the Federal Constitution which the Swiss people the other day refused to change, and which we could wish that he had lived to see at work. Sismondi also speaks his mind upon English affairs, and vehemently blames the policy of England in Syria and in China. Two passages from his letter of May 23, 1841, are worth quoting:—

Il y avait de votre part, my Lord, une bonté toute particulière à songer à moi au milieu de cette crise qui ébranle aujourd'hui votre pays, et que je contemple de loin avec une curiosité triste, avec tremblement, sans oser faire des vœux pour personne. Il n'en aurait pas été de même il y a une année. Mes sympathies étaient alors toutes pour les Whigs, pour des Ministres en qui j'aimais le désir du bien, du progrès, quelque chose que je ne fusse pas toujours sans inquiétude sur leurs expériences. Mais leur politique égarée, les guerres injustes et cruelles dans lesquelles ils ont précipité la nation, ont fait une révolution en moi.

The other passage refers to the Opium war in China:—

La guerre de la Chine me cause un sentiment d'horreur et de pitié plus profond encore. Il me semble voir diriger des colonnes d'infanterie et d'artillerie sur les écoles de l'enfance: c'est une horrible boucherie que le massacre d'êtres qui n'ont aucun moyen de se défendre. Une guerre est déjà jugée quand on voit des millions d'hommes tués d'un côté, quelques individus blessés de l'autre. Et puis le motif de cette guerre, le commerce d'opium

et le commerce des nègres sont deux forfaits d'égale noirceur; de même c'est le sacrifice à la cupidité des droits du bonheur, de la vertu, de nations entières.

There are also some letters from Mr. Hallam. It is curious to hear him saying in 1841 that "the repeal of the Corn Laws would give but a temporary relief and aggravate the disease. But," he adds, "it will probably be expedient to modify the present duties, which have always struck me as rather too high." He speaks of the great position of Peel in 1842. He wishes in 1844, at the time of O'Connell's trial, for a Court of Appeal other than the House of Lords. He doubts about the retention of the Scottish Church Establishment, and adds:—

I doubt whether there is one man on the continent of Europe who would not condemn the Irish Protestant Church as an abuse. But I am far from saying that the whale O'Connell would cease to follow the ship if this tub were thrown to him. It would probably do much more harm than good.

The next year he writes:—

The Reform Bill chiefly, with other circumstances, has given us a constitution that does not work well. The annual complaint, that much is talked and little done, will recur more and more. The great cause is that nothing is thought too trifling to occupy the time of Parliament, and no Member too insignificant to bring it forward. The whole executive power is thus thrown into the House of Commons; not, indeed, *quid* executive, but so far as deciding what ought to be done, or what has been done rightly.

He holds that Private Bills would in many cases better go to some other tribunal, and also Railway Bills. On the one thing which has been transferred from the House of Commons to another authority—namely, election petitions—he does not, in the letters printed by Lord Stanhope, say anything.

#### CHINESE-ARYAN AFFINITIES.\*

ALMOST simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. Edkins's recent work on *China's Place in Philology*, which has already been noticed in these columns, a treatise covering precisely the same ground reaches us from a different quarter; and the fact may be hailed as a welcome token, not only of the growing interest which Chinese studies now inspire, but also of a wide addition to the area of knowledge accomplished within the last few years. Dr. Gustave Schlegel, who holds the post of Chinese interpreter to the Dutch Government in its East Indian possessions, is already favourably known as a Sinologue through the translations and *opuscules* on Chinese subjects which have issued from his pen; and in the treatise now before us he has sought, by following the rigorous methods of the German school of philology, unhappily too much neglected in his predecessor's work, to trace the affinities between the Chinese and Aryan root-sounds, which, like Mr. Edkins, he is convinced may yet be elucidated. The study of this problem, obscure though its details may be, and faint as are the indications that can safely be relied upon, has nevertheless its favourable side for the scholar and philologist. If the Chinese language has suffered through being arrested in its natural course of development, as Rémusat has suggested, through the premature formation of an ideographic method of writing, it is not the less true that we owe to this fact the preservation of primitive forms of speech in a degree unequalled elsewhere. To the same circumstance is due the maintenance of a system of transcribing sounds which perpetuates, and in many cases explains, the origin of ancient pronunciations; so that in Chinese the philologist finds patent to his eye those archaic peculiarities which in almost all other languages he is compelled to use serious efforts to recover. The monosyllabic character of Chinese, so far from constituting an element of an irreconcilable diversity with the Aryan family of languages, is now seen to offer special inducements for investigation by the comparative philologist, since the primarily similar nature of languages such as Sanskrit and Hebrew has become more fully ascertained; and to this task Dr. Schlegel has applied himself, under the light afforded by the instructive labours of Pott, Curtius, Bopp, Benfey, and the more recent Continental writers. In his preface, dated Batavia, June 1872, Dr. Schlegel notices the recent publication of Mr. Edkins's work, the lack of scientific method and information displayed in which he deploras in terms similar to those which we have ourselves heretofore employed; and it is only fair to the Dutch scholar to observe that he shows himself perhaps strongest in precisely those qualifications in which our countryman is deficient. Quoting as the motto of his work Welcker's saying, that "the succession of analogies gives force to conviction, just as lengthening the lever adds power to mechanical effort," Dr. Schlegel seeks to connect the monosyllabic root-sounds of Chinese with the corresponding Sanskrit roots and their acknowledged affinities. Amid much that we must hesitate to admit as satisfactorily proved, a considerable number of new and striking analogies are undoubtedly brought forward in the prosecution of this task. The simplest concrete forms are naturally those to which we look as having been the first to become distinguished by appropriate sounds; and, onomatopoeia apart, it is among these that radical affinities may the most successfully be looked for. Thus, to take a few examples, Mr. Schlegel observes that in Chinese

the generic name for the horse is *ma*, and that of the mare likewise *ma* [but written with the radical "female" beside the primary character]. In the Amoy dialect the horse is called *hā* or *hā*. In Japan it is called *u-ma*, in the

Loo-choo Islands *ma*. In Mongolian the suffix *ri* is added to the root *ma*, and the horse is called *ma-ri*, whence are certainly derived the Anglo-Saxon *meor*, the old German *meridā*, *marah*, Old Celtic *maros*, Bas Breton *marh*, Gaelic *mare*, Lithuanian *merga*, German *Mähre*, English *mare*, &c.—P. 18.

The affinity of the words quoted from European languages with the Mongolian *ma-ri*, if not their derivation from it, as somewhat negligently put by Dr. Schlegel, is extremely probable, and the connexion of this root with the Chinese *ma* is supported by strong analogies; whilst the same may be said of a large number of other radical sounds which Dr. Schlegel has analysed and compared. Great ingenuity is displayed in his attempt at solving a problem which has long defied the efforts of philologists. The root of *δωρεῖν* (*vulpes*) has been sought in the Sanskrit *lapdka* or *lapdaka* (the jackal), signifying "the eater of carrion"; but against this suggestion Professor Schmidt-Göbel has acutely urged that inasmuch as the fox is pre-eminently a clean-feeding animal, the identification lacks assurance. Pott and Grimm have avowed themselves at fault on this point of etymology, the former suggesting that *vulpes* may be referred to the prefix *vi* (*dis*) and the root *lip* (*scindere*); whilst Grimm would derive *fuchs* from the ancient Norse *far* (hair), as signifying "the hairy one." Dr. Schlegel, however, points out that in Chinese one of the names given to the fox is *fuh*, a character

composed of the radical signifying an animal, and the compound *fuh*, to crouch, thus indicating the crouching beast, an excellent designation for the fox, which moves forward only in a crouching and furtive manner. The ancient pronunciation of this character was *puk*. At Amoy the character is pronounced *hok* and *pok*, at Canton *fuk*. Now from this word may very plausibly be derived the Goth *fauhs*, the German *fuch-s*, English *fox*, Lith. *lape* (diminutive *lu-puk-as*), Greek *άλυ-ων*, &c.—P. 19.

An analogy which is perhaps more obvious than the foregoing is discovered for the first time between the designation *pek*, pronounced in archaic Chinese *puk*, *pok*, or *pik*, denoting the cypress or *conifera* in general, and the Greek *πικν* (*pinus*), and its affinities, the German *fichte*, Lithuanian *pušas*, &c., for which, as Curtius has observed, a root *puk* must be presupposed, although none has yet been brought forward in Sanskrit.

Leaving this elementary branch of his subject, we find Dr. Schlegel in his third chapter, under the heading "Semasiology, or Affinity of Ideas," displaying a high degree of acuteness, combined with original research, in the comparison of significations as well as of sounds in Chinese and Aryan roots. In this task he is aided materially by that quality of the Chinese language upon which we have already dwelt—viz., the pictorial or ideographic form of the written character. Not alone have the sounds of its primitive pronunciation been preserved, but an index to their meaning has in a still greater degree been retained, a result which merely phonetic writing can obviously not afford. To this clue Dr. Schlegel resorts as a means of tracing the early identity of *ideas* which led, as he contends, to the formulating of roots that appear alike in the Chinese and Aryan tongues. To use his own expression, he

seeks to rediscover in a multitude of roots the primitive and derivative significations that have become developed from this fundamental idea, which will be the best means of convincing men of science with respect to the kinship between Chinese and the Aryan languages.—P. 55.

Having in view the object thus defined, a great number of Chinese sounds, such as *kap*, *hap*, *bak*, *mut*, *pan*, *lut*, &c., are examined and connected by a more or less plausible chain of reasoning with Sanskrit roots and their acknowledged derivatives. It would be impossible without a free use of the Chinese written character, which unhappily has not yet become numbered among the resources of European typography, to do justice in quotations to Dr. Schlegel's elaborate treatment of this branch of his subject; but we may call attention to what is perhaps its most important section, involving as it does a novel and well-supported theory connecting the term *Arya* itself with one of the most ancient designations applied to themselves by the Chinese race. Every Sinologue is aware of the difficulties which surround the interpretation of the word *li*, or phrase *li-min*, = the *li* people, occurring in some of the most ancient portions of the Shoo King, or Book of History, to which an antiquity equal at least to that of the earliest portions of the Védas can with certainty be attributed. Native commentators have acknowledged their inability to recover the primary meaning of this term, and in apparent despair the signification *black* has been attributed to it. Hence the expression "black-haired race" has become arbitrarily adopted as the rendering of the phrase *li-min*, but this interpretation has always been admitted as open to much doubt. It is well known that an etymological connexion exists between the character *li* and the idea of agricultural labour (as indicated by its component parts), and in more than one native dictionary its identity with a character having the same sound and the meaning "to plough" is actually pointed out. At the conclusion of an exhaustive process of comparison, in which, for the reason assigned above, we are unable to follow him in these columns, Dr. Schlegel sums up with the declaration of his conviction that

the character *li* in *li-min* should be translated as "the ploughing people," and not as "the black-haired race"—a meaningless designation, since all the yellow races of Asia have black hair, and the Chinese could not possibly have given themselves this name by way of distinction from other men inhabiting China, with hair of a different colour, as Blott and Legge have supposed.

For contra, we find that the Chinese race was the only one, among all its neighbours, having *per se* an agricultural character, and the Chinese may therefore well have entitled themselves "the ploughing people," in

\* *Notice d'après les Recherches sur les Racines primitives dans les Langues chinoises et aryennes. Étude philologique par Gustave Schlegel, docteur en philosophie, &c. Batavia: 1872.*



distinction from their nomad and pastoral neighbours of the Tatar or Scythic race.—P. 163.

In support of this novel and interesting theory Dr. Schlegel would link all Indo-European words which designate the plough and its uses, and which contain the root *ar*, *er*, *or*, *ir*, with the Sanskrit *ri* or *ri*, signifying "to cut or hurt." This he identifies with the Chinese root *h*, sharp, ground to a point, whence are derived the compounds also pronounced *h* with the signification to plough, &c. From this basis Dr. Schlegel seeks to derive the renowned designation of our linguistic forefathers, the prehistoric invaders of Hindostan. If we accept this view, we must part of course, however reluctantly, with the meaning hitherto attributed to the root *ri* in *Arya*; and while ceasing to call the Chinese "the black-haired race," it would be no longer possible to believe that the Aryans gave themselves the title of the "exalted" or "noble" people. Few points in philology indeed have been more strenuously debated than this; and the striking etymological reasons assigned by Dr. Schlegel for his version of the title *h-min* are worthy of full consideration by Sanskrit as well as by Chinese scholars.

While recognizing with approbation the scientific method pursued by Dr. Schlegel, and the extensive research he has brought to bear in the treatment of his subject, we would nevertheless not withhold our opinion that the time has scarcely yet arrived for the expression of authoritative views on the subject of Chinese radical sounds. The course of study most creditably introduced by Mr. Edkins (apart from the mere theories enunciated in his late production), with the object of tracing and fixing synthetically the ancient forms of pronunciation, requires to be carried greatly further before we can feel sure that the necessary foundation for constructive work has been safely laid. Chinese literature is by no means deficient in writings of an archæological character; and the language has even its philologists, whose labours, although cramped within the narrow circle of exclusively national research, have been justly compared with the undertakings of men such as Bopp and Grimm. Twan Ta-ling and other native etymologists will render important services to the successors of Messrs. Edkins and Schlegel, whilst at the same time the gradual growth of the Chinese written character, with its numberless ideographic changes and phonetic transitions, remains to be studied and classified before we can hope to possess that degree of certainty in our premises without which comparative philology becomes a snare indeed. Equally needful is it that the Chinese dictionaries be resorted to for accurate knowledge of the origin whence individual words are historically derived. This necessary information they supply in a remarkable degree, notwithstanding which it has been strangely neglected by writers for whom it is of the first importance. Hundreds of Chinese characters, especially the names of concrete objects, owe their existence in the language to the fancy of this or that poet or translator, upon whom the exigencies of rhyme or tone, or phonetic difficulties connected with the task of rendering the Sanskrit and Pali records of Buddhism into Chinese, imposed at different periods the necessity of inventing some special written symbol. The Buddhist translations of the Han and T'ang dynasties notoriously swarm with characters of this description, partly ideographic and partly phonetic, and unless great care be exercised the comparative philologist may be led into basing upon one of these modern innovations theories which only the unquestionable antiquity of word and sound could justify. Another branch of study which still remains to be more actively pursued is that of the archaic forms of pronunciation still lingering in the spoken dialects of modern China. Dr. Schlegel has made great use of the existing dialect, or rather language, of Amoy, which is known to exhibit close coincidences with a very ancient form of Chinese pronunciation, and of which he is, we believe, a proficient speaker; whilst Mr. Edkins, on the other hand, has usefully explored the peculiarities of many of the dialects of Central China. The labour of a lifetime might yet, however, be bestowed upon this department of inquiry. The languages spoken at dialectal centres such as Canton, Amoy, Foochow, and Shanghai, all of which present notable differences in essential points, such as initial and final sounds, the modification of vowels, &c., have indeed been examined with care, and to some extent compared and classified; but all that has been done as yet in this respect is trifling beside the labours which philology still requires. In some of the minor local dialects of Kwangtung alone, archaic peculiarities may be found in full vigour which have already disappeared from the "Canton dialect" or recognized provincial language. This has alone been utilized thus far in the work of philological analysis, but, archaic as its pronunciation is in comparison with the language spoken in Northern China, it is less in harmony with the ancient sounds than several of the dialects, scarcely known to Europeans, which still occupy large tracts of country in the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. Thus, for instance, the Cantonese *fo* is represented in a dialect spoken at no great distance from the provincial capital by the sound 'h'k, where the ancient consonantal ending is clearly preserved in full force; whilst, in like manner, the initial *ch* and *ts* of modern Cantonese (as in *chen* and *tsin*) are represented in the more tenacious local dialect by the *t* of the ancient Chinese. We cannot err in recommending this field of study to the attention of Chinese philologists, and there can be no doubt that Dr. Schlegel's scholarly and suggestive work will stimulate research in this important respect.

#### THE TALES OF CHARLES PERRAULT.

THERE was a time when the whole of that department of folk-lore which, Teutonically speaking, comprises the "Märchen" as distinguished from the "Sagen," was represented in the world of letters by the few stories associated in France with the name of Perrault, and in England with the more mythical name of Mother Goose. At the present day, when the popular tales of all countries are compared with each other, and the work of comparison takes a course parallel to that of modern philology, we find a Cinderella and a Blue Beard in various ages and countries, and, in the eyes of studious inquirers, the myths that enlivened the nursery lose their definite outline amid the crowd of similar phenomena. Every German *savant* who publishes his volumes of "Volkmärchen" appends to each tale an elaborate note which tells how something similar has been made known in the first instance by the Brothers Grimm, the patriarchs of this species of investigation, and afterwards by the host of collectors who severally direct their attention to the old-world utterances of the Teutonic, Slavonic, or Latin nations.

Nevertheless, in the popular mind the tales of Perrault hold a place which completely separates them from other embodiments of fairy mythology, even from the *Arabian Nights*, which were first rendered familiar in Europe by his countryman and contemporary, Antoine Galland. Indeed, with the exception of "Aladdin," the "Forty Thieves," and perhaps "Sindbad," we are inclined to think that the stories related by Scheherazade are known only to the more literary section of the juvenile public. As for the tales of the Countess d'Aulnoy, although Mr. J. H. Planché, both by re-editing them and by reproducing them on the stage, has, with missionary zeal, endeavoured to render them universally familiar, they may be classed among the pedantries of childhood. But crass must be the ignorance of that urchin who, having attained the advanced age of ten years, has never heard of "Cinderella," or of "Little Red Riding Hood"—the "Cendrillon" and the "Petit Chaperon rouge" of Charles Perrault. It is notable too that these and other stories in the same collection are associated with no particular costume. All who have read the "Forty Thieves" figure to themselves Ali Baba as a man with a turban, and Aladdin as a *gamin* of China. They were foreigners; they were of the East, Oriental. But who save an archæologist would ever inquire after the country which gave birth to Cinderella, or the particular wood which nurtured Red Riding Hood's destroyer? In the popular imagination, the small-footed young lady who rode to the ball in a transformed pumpkin is certainly not Asiatic; a Cinderella presented on the stage with Turkish trousers would provoke the wrath of critical juveniles. But all the kingdoms, duchies, and republics of Europe are open to her for the choice of a birthplace, and if she will only avoid the high-waisted fashion of our Regency, she may go to what Court she will for her *parure de bal*.

The tales of Charles Perrault are ten in number—namely, "Le Petit Chaperon rouge," "Les Fées," "La Harpe bleue," "La Belle au Bois dormant," "Le Chat botté," "Cendrillon," "Riquet à la Houppe," "Le Petit Poucet," "L'Adroite Princesse," and "Peau d'Âne"; all of which, with the exception of the last, are known here as "Little Red Riding Hood," "Diamonds and Toads," "Blue Beard," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," "Riquet with the Tuft," "Hop o' my Thumb" (not "Tom Thumb"), and "The Discreet Princess." To these tales, which are in prose, are added in the edition before us three in verse, a rhymed "Peau d'Âne," the story of the patient Griselda, and the fable of the "Three Wishes," once rendered so needlessly indecent by Matthew Prior. The two latter stories, we need scarcely remark, have nothing in common with the rest, but are merely introduced into the volume as works by the same writer. Moreover, we read in an introductory "analysis" that "L'Adroite Princesse" did not appear in the earliest edition of the tales, and is therefore of doubtful authenticity. Intrinsic evidence favours this doubt, inasmuch as the tale in question seems much more akin to the school of D'Aulnoy than to the typical tales by which the name of Perrault is immortalized.

We use the word "typical" advisedly; for though Perrault had nothing to do with the origin of the tales, there is no doubt that he selected the very stories which more than any others are to be found among the folk-lore of the most diverse nations—stories which may serve as centres round which numbers of kindred but less familiar narratives may be conveniently grouped. One feels, indeed, curious to know whence Perrault immediately derived the subjects which, notwithstanding a little French *personnage*, he treated with such severe simplicity. That their origin is extremely remote everybody who has bestowed any thought upon the matter is perfectly aware. But what was the exact bridge by which they reached the mind of the Academician who in 1697 gave them to a world that received them as something entirely new? That they were regarded by the contemporaries of Perrault as the fruits of his own imagination is evident enough. In the edition before us, which is obviously intended to be erudite to a certain extent—an improvement on those which have gone before it—the conviction is clearly implied that Perrault was a sort of *Æsop*, a moral instructor who devised pleasing stories for the edification of youth. As for "Hop o' my Thumb," it answers the double purpose of burlesquing the Greek mythology and conveying ethical admonition. The ingenious urchin who contrives by

a happy stratagem to facilitate the egress of himself and his brothers from the forest is a pleasant caricature of Ariadne; and the adventures with the Ogre reproduce those of Odysseus with Polyphemus. Let it not be imagined that this view darkly shadows forth the now received opinion that there is a connexion between myth and "Märchen," not to be cut off by boundaries in space or time, and that possibly the Odysseus of Eastern Europe may figure as a "Däumlein" in the North. Nothing of the kind. The editor gravely suspects that Perrault took the *Odyssey* into his hand, and imitated some of the incidents in a comic way, just as Mr. H. J. Byron or Mr. F. C. Burnand burlesques a serious tale, play, or novel. This, however, is merely an hypothesis which we are not required to accept; of the earnestness of Perrault as a moral teacher when he wrote "*Le Petit Poucet*" there is no doubt:—

L'auteur veut que des enfants sachent qu'à tout âge, avec de l'esprit, du courage, et de la prudence, on peut échapper à la méchanceté des hommes; et la conduite du Petit Poucet est ici un exemple d'autant plus capable de les instruire, qu'il est plus à leur portée. La meilleure manière de former la jeunesse est de lui donner, pour ainsi dire, de grandes idées, avec de petits moyens.

This is somewhat tall talk, but the opinion as to Perrault's intention is not without foundation. He wished to appear as an ethical instructor; but far from inventing stories for a moral end, he found stories ready made to his hand, as everybody now is sure to perceive, though this was the very fact that escaped the notice of his contemporaries; and having written them down in a pleasing, simple style, appended to each a short "moralité" in verse. Telling fanciful tales for their own sake after the fashion which we find in the collection of the Grimms and their followers, without a thought of teaching or touching anybody, was not after the manner prevalent under the reign of Louis XIV. Perrault's great enemy, Boileau, would have been utterly amazed at the opinion of any one who might have predicted that the examination of such puerile trivialities would one day occupy the time of the gravest archaeologists, and his surprise would have been shared by Perrault himself. The only ancients recognized by scholarly men of letters in the early part of the eighteenth century were the Greeks and Romans, and Perrault, though he must have been conscious that he had picked up his stories somewhere, could not have believed that he, the doughty champion of the moderns against the ancients, would chiefly be remembered as the representative of an antiquity of which he had never heard. There must be some excuse for the publication of his nonsense, and that was the use which it might be made of it to instil wholesome doctrine into the young mind. This is the *moralité* he attaches to "*Le Petit Poucet*":—

On ne s'afflige point d'avoir beaucoup d'enfants  
Quand ils sont tous beaux, bien faits et bien grands  
Et d'un extérieur qui brille;  
Mais si l'un d'eux est faible, on ne dit mot;  
On le méprise, on le raille, on le pille;  
Quelquefois cependant, c'est ce petit marmot  
Qui fera le bonheur de toute la famille.

The aphorism that a sharp puny child may prove better than an athletic blockhead is not very profound; but at all events the indifferent verses served to float "*Hop o' my Thumb*" respectably into good society.

The title, *Tales of Mother Goose*, which in England has been given to the *Contes de Perrault*, does not emanate from ourselves, but may be traced to the French. His book was adorned with a frontispiece representing an old woman telling the stories to three children of different ages, and over her was a frame, inscribed with the words "*Contes de ma mère l'Oie*." This mother seems to have made herself known early in one of the old French "*fabliaux*" as a veritable goose-mother, who told amusing narratives to her goslings.

In his own time Charles Perrault was chiefly celebrated as the persistent antagonist of Boileau in the great battle fought among literary Frenchmen towards the end of the seventeenth century as to the comparative merits of the ancients and the moderns. The youngest brother of Claude Perrault, a physician of repute, who afterwards became noted as an architect and a translator of Vitruvius, Charles, born at Paris in 1633, was honoured at an early age with the patronage of Colbert, and was appointed "*Contrôleur-Général des Bâtimens*." His influence with the Minister was employed for the benefit of art and artists; he had much to do with the foundation of the Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and to him the Académie Française was indebted for a residence in the Louvre. On the death of Colbert he devoted himself exclusively to literature, and the controversy in which he was afterwards engaged began with a poem in which he sang the glories of Louis XIV., and which he entitled "*Le Siècle de Louis le Grand*." The worshippers of the ancients found in this poem an unwarranted depreciation of all other illustrious ages, and Perrault increased their hostility by a *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, the publication of which continued from 1688 to 1696, and in which he ranked above Homer, not only the best modern writers, but also Scudéry and Chapelain. Racine and Boileau, who had been very slightly treated in the "*Parallèle*," felt themselves personally aggrieved; but, in the first instance, the former contented himself with a couplet, the latter with an epigram, directed against the offender. When Boileau published his "*Reflexions*" on Longinus, and Perrault answered them, the contest was at its height; but in time both parties found that

they exposed themselves to the ridicule of the outside public, and through the intercession of friends peace was at last concluded. The last serious occupation of Charles Perrault seems to have been the composition of a series of panegyrics on the great men of the eighteenth century, which was completed in 1700, in two folio volumes, magnificently illustrated with portraits. Even this apparently harmless work was the source of a slight conflict. Among the great men who were the subjects of his *Éloges historiques*, Perrault had placed the world-famed Jansenists, Arnauld and Pascal, but through the influence of the Jesuits, these, by order of the Court, were excluded. However, the passage of Tacitus which declares how Brutus and Cassius shone pre-eminent through the absence of their images was cited on the occasion, and the two Jansenists were restored to their niches. Perrault died generally respected in the year 1713.

The tales, as we have said, were first published in 1697, about the time when the "*Parallèle*" which made such an important figure in the literary controversy was just completed. They were dedicated to Mademoiselle, and so little pride did the author take in them that he presented them as the work of Perrault d'Armonceau, his own son, who was a mere boy. Yet, without the "*Contes*," what would have become of the name of Charles Perrault?

#### LORD RAVENSWORTH'S VIRGIL.\*

BY a mild application of the co-operative principle another memorable translation of Virgil's epic has been begun and finished. Our readers will remember that the first half, undertaken by Mr. Rickards, was reviewed a year or more ago in these pages. It seems from Lord Ravensworth's preface that, after perusing Mr. Rickards's version of the Second Book, which might fairly be taken as the best trial-ground of merit for intending translators of Virgil, he was stimulated to proffer aid in bringing the work to a conclusion; and the result lies before us in a version of the second half of the *Æneid*, all of which, except the Eleventh Book, the work of Mr. Rickards, is due to Lord Ravensworth's scholarly and graceful muse. It is a part of his own modesty, it is indeed almost a necessary consequence of partnership in translation, that he should esteem his friend's version more perfect than it has been judged by less partial critics. Nor is it unnatural that the taste which accepts, as Lord Ravensworth does, Mr. Rickards's version as approximately perfect in spirit, fidelity, and elegance, should copy the same model in some instances almost to a fault. Truth bids us say of both halves of the work that whilst it presents Virgil's *Æneid* in a readable form for the sofa and the lounge, neither the first instalment nor the sequel strikes us as likely to satisfy that test of a good translation, attractiveness as a composition that may be read aloud; and this partly because of the metre chosen, and partly from an inherent defect of life and spirit in the style of the translators. Doubtless it may be said that to those who are wedded to Conington's octosyllables no other metre can seem tolerable; but we are fortunately able to rebut this impeachment, and to rest, if need be, the whole case upon the excellent prose version which Mr. Conington's literary executors have just put forth. Without giving in our adhesion to a growing theory that versions of classic poets in a sort of poetic prose are the nearest possible realization of the poetry of Greece and Rome, we may at all events point to Professor Conington's prose version as giving to an English reader a far livelier, finer, and more faithful transcript of Virgil's epic than has been presented by Mr. Rickards and Lord Ravensworth; whilst the desideratum which we miss in the prose version, a system of rhyme which keeps away tedium from readers and listeners, is supplied, to our thinking (and, to judge from Professor H. Smith's preface to Conington's Miscellaneous Works, the public is of the same mind), by the Scottish flow of the eight-syllable ballad metre, with its occasional changes and variations.

Thus it is that, compared with either of Mr. Conington's versions, the English *Æneid* of Mr. Rickards and Lord Ravensworth can hardly be reckoned a success. On the other hand, it may encourage the latter, if *ea cura quævis sollicitat*, to be assured that there are passages in his Eighth Book quite fit to hold their own against any chosen passages of the Second Book as rendered by Mr. Rickards. Evander's parting with his son Pallas breathes in this English transcript very much of the rare pathos of the original; and a famous bit of description that follows (viii. 592-6) will be found to have met its just equivalent in Lord Ravensworth's version, as follows:—

Matrons on the walls  
Stand trembling, and with moistened eyes pursue  
The whirling cloud of dust and flashing spears.  
Onward the squadron rides through brier and brake,  
Marshall'd in order, and the heavy tread  
Of prancing chargers shakes the mouldering ground.

Again, in the description of that portion of the workmanship of Vulcan's shield which relates to Cleopatra, Lord Ravensworth has wrought well and in a way worthy of his master (*Æn. viii. 699* &c.):—

Load rings the Egyptian sistrum where the Queen  
Undaunted in the midst exhorts her crew,  
Nor sees the asp that lurk behind her steps,  
Dog-faced Anubis and all monster Gods.

\* The *Æneid* of Virgil. Books VII.-XII. Translated in English Blank Verse, by Lord Ravensworth. London and Edinburgh: William Mackintosh & Sons. 1872.

'Gainst Neptune, Venus, and Minerva's might,  
 Their weapons poised. Mars through the battle din  
 Rages in iron mail; the Paria dire  
 Hovers in middle air, while with rent robe  
 Fierce Discord agitates the throng, and her  
 Bellona follows with blood-dripping scourge.  
 Actian Apollo in the clouds was seen  
 Bending his bow; thence, terror-stricken, all  
 Th' Egyptian and the Indian hosts, and all  
 The swarms of Arab and Sabean hordes  
 Trembled and turned to flight; the Queen invokes,  
 The winds with cables loosed and sails unfurled,  
 Her pale and stricken with the fear of death  
 Had Vulcan pained by the tide borne back,  
 When grieving Nile his bosom opened wide  
 And called the scatter'd armament to seek  
 Safety and refuge in his reedy stream.

There is an epic dignity about these lines which of itself commends them to notice, and, when we compare them with the original, many signs show a careful study of the commentators, and due pains to represent the very mind of Virgil. If in the third verse Lord Ravensworth ignores the epithet "geminus," which Conington, in both his translations, is careful to preserve, it is to be said in extenuation that Virgil's allusion is ambiguous and obscure, and that the accident of the snakes being twain, or twin-born, has no other importance than to give precision to an emblematic picture. The closing lines represent to a nicety all the thought of the poet. In truth, we are disposed to think that Lord Ravensworth, perhaps even beyond his colleague, has succeeded in making blank verse subserve the level narrative and descriptive passages of the original; and it is not his fault that he cannot make it rise to the high argument of battle-fields and fierce encounters of word or deed. Herein Lord Derby, whom he quotes with reverence, was able in a great measure to surmount an inherent difficulty by an excellent choice and concatenation of words and diction.

In the Ninth Book, which is dear to scholars as containing the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, we miss in Lord Ravensworth's copy the fire and life of the original. Not so with Conington, to whom not only his better metre, but also his long and intimate perception of his author's nicety of meaning, gives an immense advantage. One almost laughs to find the words which we italicize in the hasty address of Nisus to his comrade—

Euryale, audendum dextrâ; nunc ipse vocat res.  
*Huc iter est* (ix. 320-1)—

turned into a melodramatic aphorism:—

By bravery alone  
 The road of safety lies;

as if "hâc" meant "by daring deeds and intrepid action," and not simply the rough and ready way through the foe which the brave Nisus pointed out to his comrade with his forefinger. Conington in his prose version translates it "Hure lies our way"; and in his verse he renders the words "Here pass we." Though the point is a small one, it is remarkable how much more effective is the literal than the more subtle interpretation, which no weight of commentators, even if they were unanimous in support of it, would suffice to recommend to a poetic mind. Or let us take the agonized cry of Nisus when he finds his young companion in extreme peril, and can no longer brook to lie in ambush and not draw on himself the Rutulian onslaught:—

Me, me, adsum, qui feci; in me convertite ferrum,  
 O Rutuli! mea frans omnis; nihil iste nec auro,  
 Nec potuit; celum hoc et concita sidera testor;  
 Tantum infelicem nimium dilexist amicum.—ix. 427-30.

To give the true "conspectus" of this passage at once, we need but quote Conington's prose:—"Me, me! behold the deed! make me your mark, O Rutulians! mine is all the blame! He had no heart, no hand for such deeds; this heaven, these stars know that it is true! it was but that he loved his unhappy friend too well!" In verse the late Professor of Latin is almost as faithful as in prose:—

Me, guilty me, make me your aim,  
 O Rutules, mine is all the blame;  
 He did no wrong, nor e'er could do.  
 That sky, those stars, attest 'tis true  
 Love for his friend too freely shown,  
 This was his crime, and this alone!

Lord Ravensworth has misinterpreted the last line in taking it to be the author's gloss upon the words of Nisus, and not, as Conington saw, a part of those words, and, like the rest of them, an excuse and deprecation of vengeance for Euryalus. He translates—

"Me, me! Lo I am here; the fraud was mine!  
 'Gainst me direct your swords, O Rutuli!  
 He could not had he dared! So Heaven above  
 Be then my witness, and ye conscious stars,"  
 He loved he all too well his hapless friend.

Independently, however, of the final error, the broken utterances of the lines preceding strike us as less effectually realized in this than in the other versions we have quoted.

Lord Ravensworth's use of blank verse does not commend it as an instrument of superior faithfulness. If he has checked the tendency to paraphrase which was imputed to his translations from Homer, he has—quitting the freer license of the measure which he adopts from Mr. Richardson, and which he handles, so far as rhythm goes, with grace and facility—committed many errors of omission which damage the character of his version as a whole. We do not see why, in viii. 382-3, he should have utterly ignored the touch of history and reverence which Venus throws into her

prayer to Vulcan when she speaks of his divinity as *causam suam*. The mistress of so many wiles knew how to play the model wife when she had anything to gain; and so Conington represents her as pleading her suppliant posture—

Low at those knees I most revere—

a touch which in the translation before us is conspicuously absent. In the same book the essential epithet *aperte* is ignored in v. 523:—"Ni signum cecidit Cytherea dedisset aperte?"—

Till Venus from the sky proclaimed assent.

The epithet here omitted is a great deal more than half the battle. "It was thunder in a cloudless sky," says Mr. Conington in his commentary, "which constituted the sign." In the latter part of the Ninth Book we have noted three or four omissions of more or less gravity in the space of some forty lines. No sort of equivalent is given for Pandarus's taunt to Turnus (v. 739)—"*Castra inimica vides: nulla hinc exire potestas*." And when a little further on, Turnus tells his opponent that, though his lance has missed its mark, his sword and the hand that wields it shall not fail, it is disappointing to find the words which constitute the gist of the passage slurred over, if indeed not entirely unrecognized:—

At non hac telum, mea quod vi dextera verent,  
 Effugies; neque enim in tali nec vulnere auctor.—747-8.

But think not, boaster, to escape the sword  
 Wielded by this right hand, now not in vain!

The point and force of *is auctor* here must be gathered from the context. The speaker means that this time no goddoss can turn aside a blow on which his whole strength is concentrated. Conington's prose explains it exactly—namely, "he from whom wound and weapon come is too strong for that"—i.e. for a half-blow. In an address of Mnesteus, a little further on, intended to rally the Trojans against the enclosed wild beast, Turnus, who is enacting such feats of valour even in his trap as it were, Lord Ravensworth strangely omits the English for the important words of his appeal, which we emphasize by italics:—

Unus homo, et vestris, o civis, unusquis capibus  
 Aggeribus, tantas strages impune per urbem  
 Kaldorit?

And shall one man  
 Such slaughter perpetrate alone, and send  
 So many victims to the Shades below? &c.

We could accumulate like instances, and could add to them errors of taste, such as where the oaks which *sublimi vertice nutant* are said "to seem to brush the sky," and again where a fugitive warrior, of whom Virgil says that "inter et arma fugâ muros tenet" (ix. 557), is represented

*Dodging in hasty flight along the wall.*

Certainly in this last instance Lord Ravensworth has forgotten the dignity which he admires, in common with most scholars, in Lord Derby's Iliad.

One word more shall be the last of fault-finding. Why on earth should the striking periphrasis (viii. 625) for Vulcan's shield, "*Non enarrabile textum*," be translated as it is in this version, "The shield's inexplicable tart"? Of all the words that are calculated to puzzle in their non-natural sense this is the most gratuitously puzzling.

It would be a sad thing if versions such as this were stereotyped. Still, though we have pointed out blots, we are very far from quarrelling with Lord Ravensworth's experiment. A really good version of the *Æneid*, even in blank verse, would furnish another proof that unlettered folk may enjoy the spirit of the Virgilian epic, even as they enjoy Pope's version of the parting of Hector and Andromache whenever it is read aloud. We believe there is a better chance for heroic couplets, for Spenserian stanzas, and, best of all, for ballad metres. But when prose versions have to be pitted against poetic versions, something is wrong about our poetical translators. Much in Lord Ravensworth's work—notably the latter half of the last book—shows that with careful revision and casting away of fear as to multiplying lines of English his last half of the *Æneid* might earn a place, which its present inaccuracies scarcely justify it in asserting, in the first ranks of modern classical translation.

#### THE MAID OF SKER.

AS may be imagined by those who have read *Lorna Doone*, *The Maid of Sker* differs as widely as possible from the fashionable modern novel. It may be called an historical romance, in so far as it embodies vivid pictures of remote social life in England some ninety years ago. It is eminently a novel of character, inasmuch as the ancient fisherman who tells the story offers his character for our scrutiny by way of perpetual problem. Sensational it is, no doubt; but the sensation is subdued and subordinated; it follows the story, as it were, rather than forms it. In places, indeed, we think of Dr. Johnson's criticism on Sir Charles Grandison. When giving Richardson's novel the highest praise, he remarked that, if you were to read it for the story, you would be inclined to hang yourself. Above all, *The Maid of Sker* bears the traces of thought, of care, and of labour upon every page, and exacts corresponding patience on the part of the reader, if he desires to appreciate its merits and beauties. For these

"*The Maid of Sker*. By R. D. Blackmore, Author of "*Lorna Doone*." &c. 3 vols. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

might easily escape notice in a hurried perusal. It is rather the author's way, indeed, to employ the art that has learned to conceal art, and to betray his power with a studied absence of design. For example, few writers shine more in description. He uses language at once precise and poetical. With a complete command of words he has a happy gift of selection. It is plain enough that he faithfully paints nature from the life, yet he adds the touches, introduces the lights, and succeeds in reproducing the effects to which the ordinary observer would fail in giving expression. There is a hurricane which he describes at length in his opening chapters. He describes it with extreme minuteness; he does not omit a tint of the changing skies, or a single significant token of the rage of the angry elements. It is heralded, accompanied, and followed by strange and ominous phenomena, and yet he proves his power by holding us spell-bound as we see before us all that he describes. But more usually he contents himself with merely throwing in little unconsidered bits of description, which convey so much that they make us covetous of more. Whether this reserve be a vice or a virtue, it arises in great measure from the design of his book. In making an uneducated seaman and fisherman his spokesman, the author hampered himself in a way that taxed his talents to the utmost, while it denied them legitimate scope. As it is, the necessity of doing his story justice compels the old man to step out of his natural part. He thinks and speaks above his station. He makes a just application of words of which we cannot believe for a moment that a rude seaman can understand the meaning, and he spells polysyllabic derivations from the Greek with perfect accuracy. He indulges himself in humorous allusions which should be far beyond his natural depth. We venture no criticism on his actions, for, inconsistent as they sometimes seem with his nature, we know that all mankind are made up of incongruities, and old David Llewellyn is a most original specimen of his species. Nor are we disposed greatly to blame Mr. Blackmore if Llewellyn is inconsistent. If fault there is, it arises, as we said, from the mistake of the original design. In fact Mr. Blackmore has pushed his conscientious regard for consistency to a length which in the end becomes somewhat monotonous. Llewellyn, in his own sphere, is a humourist, a cynic, a philosopher, and a shrewd and caustic observer. There is often excellent humour in his remarks on men and things, in the gloss he puts on his own very ambiguous morality, in his running comments on his own actions, and the behaviour of other people. There is a sustained, although subdued, brilliancy about his speech with which at first we delight to dally. We are ever on the watch for some neat turn of thought, for some quaint comment from an original point of view. We have such surprises in abundance, nor does the well of wit run dry all through the volumes. But the wit necessarily smacks of the salt, until at last it begins to pall upon us. Llewellyn throughout asserts his individuality; no fault certainly, but undoubtedly a misfortune, for at last the inevitable mannerisms of the book come to detract from its unquestionable merits. Through a simple story, observing absolute unity of place and compassed in a single volume, David Llewellyn might have played his part to the glorification of the author and the delight of the readers. As it is, it must be owned that we sometimes have enough of him. We are wearied with his garrulosity. We know the tone of his talk about women and their ways, and of his remarks about matters in general. We could wish Mr. Blackmore had given us more of some of those secondary characters which he has drawn with rare vigour and discrimination.

There is another unaccustomed feature in this novel which we fear will not tend to its popularity. In these days love is lord of all at the circulating libraries, yet, in defiance of fashion and precedent, Mr. Blackmore almost dispenses with it. To be sure there is one marriageable young lady who cherishes a passion through the volume, but the course of affection runs rough with her all the time, and we are only allowed at rare intervals to see her making herself unhappy in the society of her lover; while the Maid of Sker is a baby for most of the time, or the childish object of boyish attachments. At the end, of course, she is wooed and married, and then Mr. Blackmore fetches up his leeway in a style that makes us regret he had not given us more of the tender passion. For our own part, we could wish that all the love-making of most novels was mercilessly suppressed. We should be relieved of much that is mawkish and monotonous, and works of fiction would be compressed into reasonable, if not readable, bulk. We pay Mr. Blackmore no ordinary compliment, then, when we express the wish that he had multiplied and lengthened his love scenes. Slight as it is, we have seldom met anything prettier in novel-writing than that where the Maid meets her naval lover in the passage, and welcomes him home from the glorious victory of the Nile.

The little Maid is a waif of the sea, who drifts on to the beach of Glamorganshire, where old David Llewellyn is pursuing his calling as a fisherman. The old man is fascinated by her infant beauty and winning ways, but more delighted still with the smart little boat in which she has been drifting. It is the very thing for his fishing. The child gains upon him so that he is sorely tempted to keep her. But butcher's meat is dear, and therefore, dismissing the extravagant caprice, he decides to give her up, and to keep the boat. At first we are greatly puzzled to know what to make of Mr. Llewellyn, and to the last, indeed, we are by no means clear about him. Undoubtedly from the first he looks sharply to the main chance, and considers himself a good deal, as is not unnatural

with an elderly widower. At the same time he seems to be so frank with it all, he shows such a captivating simplicity of mind, he seems to have so soft a heart for beauty, childhood, and helplessness, that we cannot help hoping his candour may do him injustice. As we come to know him better, we are constrained to dismiss the illusion. He has his good points, of course, although we are often disappointed even in these. But on his own showing he has most of the vices that usually fall to the lot of elderly seafaring humanity, and has cultivated others that are generally considered the monopoly of landmen. Above all, as we have said, he is intensely selfish. He would never dream of indulging his feelings in an act of generosity at the cost of the smallest personal sacrifice. Accordingly, with considerable regret, he quarters the pretty child he has found on a rude, but well-to-do, household in his neighbourhood. As she grows up he dotes upon her so far as his nature can love anything but himself. It is a significant and clever trait that she takes precedence in his affections over his own little granddaughter Bunny. He watches anxiously over her fortunes, partly or principally because he thinks his own may probably be bound up with them. For it is plain enough that she is no common child; her highbred beauty and the refinement of her infant manners are stronger evidence on this head than the extraordinary fineness of the linen in which she was washed ashore. Yet retributive justice visits him in the shape of his own selfish short-sightedness. For, in his anxiety to keep it, he makes a mystery of the little boat which might have led to the foundling's identification, and to his being handsomely rewarded for finding her. How soon he has a suspicion of her parentage we are not prepared to say, for it is hard to follow the crafty workings of his mind. But he knew that an infant answering the description of his treasure-trove had been carried off from Devonshire, and the date of its disappearance corresponded exactly with the time when this other one turned up mysteriously in Glamorganshire. Certain little circumstances unknown to other people were in his knowledge all the time, and if he did not put two and two together, he must have been much less shrewd than we give him credit for being. Of course the Maid of Sker finds her parents in the end, and all that astonishes us is that she was not restored to them sooner. It is true that ninety years ago the coast of Devon lay much further from that of Glamorgan than it does now. In those days it was a six days' journey by land between the counties, and the precarious communication by sea was by coasting craft. Still, when the infant heir of a great house disappeared dramatically from a grand fête given to the county, while the disappearance burdened an innocent member of the family with the accusation of a horrible crime, it is difficult to fancy that the rumour of the event would not spread and lead to the identification of the mysterious infant of Sker. But there is a certain weirdness and wildness pervading the whole story that makes it seem pedantic to test it by ordinary probabilities. The perilous water journey which the child made safely in her little boat is as unaccountable in its way as the long deferred establishment of her identity with the daughter of the Squire of Narnton Court. When Mr. Llewellyn speculates later on the action of the tides and currents, he has to invoke the phenomena of the unprecedented storm to give more likely colouring to his explanation. That storm too whirls up the Glamorganshire sands in a way which we should only have conceived possible in the lightly heaped drifts of Eastern deserts, swallowing up five stalwart lads in a single catastrophe. Yet, unlikely as it all sounds to our sober sense, and much as it exercises us on subsequent reflection, Mr. Blackmore's talent or genius makes us receive it all as we read. He has taken a leaf from Swift and Defoe. Occasionally he fills in a conception bold to extravagance with a careful realism of petty detail. On thinking the matter over we may be sceptical as to the existence of Brobdingnag or Lilliput, nor can we understand how an island could lie out of the track of ships anywhere in the latitude where Crusoe was shipwrecked. But we feel ashamed of our scepticism and blame our own stupidity, when we find Captain Gulliver exact to a line in the dimensions of all that appertains to his pigmy entertainers, or when Crusoe enters with the precision of a logbook into each petty detail of his misadventures.

It is not only the incidents of Mr. Blackmore's plot which smack of the marvellous. As in *Lorna Doone*, he revels in the delineation of a wild and semi-lawless state of society. Only in *Lorna Doone* the law-breakers openly set the law at defiance, and as robbers or highwaymen turn their hands avowedly against every man; whereas the most sinister and striking character in the *Maid of Sker* is the Rev. Stoyke Chowne, a man of family, a clergyman, and a justice of the peace. We wonder if society in Devon ninety years ago was really as Mr. Blackmore represents it, and whether such a man as Parson Chowne was a possibility. His conduct throws into the shade the clerical eccentricities of his neighbour, Parson Rambone, who held the champion's belt for wrestling and bruising against all Western England. For Chowne by his crimes makes himself the terror of his neighbourhood, and revenges himself by means equally violent and commonplace on all who were unlucky enough to provoke his resentment. He fired the farmers' ricks, had his enemies maimed or murdered, bullied and outraged successive bishops, kept a pack of ferocious hounds about him, and a gang of naked gipsies on his property. His crimes were notorious; hundreds of times he placed himself within reach of the law; he had accomplices in all rank, and his coachman admitted, in conversation with Mr. Llewellyn, that he had committed arson repeatedly by his master's orders; yet Chowne was never reached by the law, nor did he greatly lose caste among his equals.



In short, we cannot pretend to say how far Mr. Macrom may have pushed the privilege of a romancer, for we confess that he transports us for the most part into a world of which we know but little. But, let fact or fiction begin or end where they will, the book is exceedingly able, and strikingly original. There is much powerful writing in it, a great deal of dry humour, with some touches of rare pathos, and to our mind its chief blemishes flow from the original error of judgment that cast it in an unfortunate form.

#### MINOR POETS.\*

MR. MACROM, in offering his poems to the reader's notice, "expresses a hope that they may gain his approbation thoughtfully." We have noticed before now that not a few of our Minor Poets demand that they should be not only admired, but also read, and not only read, but read thoughtfully. Now, just as Polonius was ready in almost one and the same breath to admit that the cloud that Hamlet pointed to was like a camel, or backed like a weasel, or very like a whale, so the poet could find numbers of persons who, with just as little consideration, would admit that his poems were Shakespearian, Spenserian, or Tupperian, or anything else that he might require.

Si plus appocere visus,  
Fit Mimnermus et optivo cognomine crescit.

The demand for thoughtful approbation belongs, if we are not mistaken, to our time. Bavius and Mævius, Tibbald and Cibber were satisfied with praise, and did not ask for thought.

Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,  
Dear Cibber I never matched one ode of thine.

It may not perhaps be hard to find the reason why the Minor Poet of the present day is more exacting than his predecessors. It is not indeed all of them who thus challenge their reader's close attention. Many of them by their apologetic prefaces show that they will thankfully accept any praise of any kind. These authors, however, who make so large a call on our brains are those who have begun by first fairly puzzling their own. They have confused themselves over what they call metaphysics or philosophy. They have selected a subject which they do not understand, and they write about it in language which they do not understand, and then, lost in amazement at their own unintelligibility, they call for the thoughtful approbation of the world. Bad poetry is bad enough in itself, and bad philosophy is bad enough in itself. It has been reserved especially for the present age to have to suffer from the two at one and the same time, and to be constantly lost in wonder whether its poet is more foolish as a philosopher, or its philosopher more foolish as a poet.

Mr. Macrom has written two poems, only one of which, however, we can pretend to have read. And as this poem contains as many lines as five or six books of the *Paradise Lost*, we shall not perhaps be greatly censured when we state that we went through it, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, not by steps, but by strides, not by strides, but by leaps and bounds. The poem which is entitled "Idealities" thus opens:—

It was upon the mountain once revered—  
The sacred ground of Helicon, I sat,  
And in the action of its attributes—  
A fascination of celestial sense;  
For so I dreamed; this was its character;  
Another action that unfolded mine—  
A life in life,—a power addressing power;  
The while I lived a subject of its realm.

When we had read so far we turned to see how it would end, and found a conclusion not unworthy of its beginning:—

The recent vision! Improvements,—  
That semblance of reality—was gone;  
Merged in the actual,—the Universe.

We thought that we had read quite enough to be entitled to express our disapprobation thoughtfully, but nevertheless we thought it best to try whether the four thousand or so lines of the poem were all written in the same distracting style. The poet, we found, after a disquisition on Man, and the "retrogressive impulses" to which he has given himself up, and the "moral drunkenness" which is produced in him by certain "dire draughts," at a time when his brow is disgraced by a wreath "whose flowers were worthy of Tartarean meads," then has a vision. He gets into some place where there is "mellow duskiness" and "a blue-toned dusk"—such a place, apparently, as where one might expect to find, to quote his own words,

Intelligence in unison,  
To sympathize the sympathy it felt:—  
A sense-embodiment of sentiment,  
In real aspect, as in feeling, like;  
For vision's life of each external phase.

There Apollo meets the Muses, and addressing them as "Gentle associates," says, "I send my greeting." Why he says "I send my greeting," when they are actually before him, is not at first sight quite clear. By the time we reach the fourth line, however, we find that Apollo had to get a rhyme for "attend," and so might meet

\* *Unseen and Identical. Poems by J. B. Macrom. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1872.*

*Songs of Life and Death. By John Payne, Author of "Intaglios: Sonnets," "The Masque of Shadows," &c. London: Henry B. King & Co. 1872.*

*Poems, Translated from the Swedish, and Original. By Ellen Isabella Tupper. London: S. W. Partridge. 1872.*

*The Chaucer Lyrics. A Collection of Comic Pieces in Verse, on Indian Subjects. Madras: Higginbotham & Co. 1871.*

with some indulgence for using the wrong word. Moreover, as when he spoke the Muses and "everything around" were "charmed into listening joy," we poor mortals ought, we suppose, to be satisfied. Apollo and the Muses hold a highly philosophic discussion on "the microscopic fly," on "nature's prompting prophecies," and on "Perfect Justice," written in capital letters. And then Apollo exclaims:—

Would  
That this general belief, so good,  
Were equally as wide in practice too.

Thereupon he informs his sisters that there is a gentleman watching them hidden in the bushes. He treats the poet with the greatest affability, calls him "Brother on Earth," and, in fact, when he takes leave of him at the end of about one hundred and thirty pages, says:—

Now must I say  
Farewell: O, let it be but transiently!  
Farewell! Farewell!

But before this happy conclusion is reached, each of the Nine Muses has her say. Polymnia—a foot-note tells us that Polymnia is "the contraction for Polyhymnia"—has a good deal to say about "the sum of mind so unity (sic) essayed," while Erato, who is under an impression that the middle syllable of her name is long, discourses on "the spirit law of consanguinity," and "the little home-nest" that is "soul-magnetic to the gaze." Olio goes on talking at such length that she is obliged of herself to own that "this theme of immortality has made me slightly stray," and thereupon, joining in a kind of duet with Calliope, the two declare in italics that "his retrospection proves what has been gained." We have our doubts whether the two Muses are not here quoting *Proverbial Philosophy*, but as we are not in a position to prove it, we will give them credit for whatever originality there may be in the sentiment. Even the Nine Muses get tired of talking at last, and Apollo, as we have said before, wishes the poet farewell. With him we will also wish Mr. Macrom farewell, but we cannot add with Apollo, "O, let it be but transiently!"

We do not think that Mr. Payne's *Songs of Life and Death* are quite equal to his *Intaglios*, which we had the pleasure of reading and praising last year. Some of the poems indeed are equal to anything he then wrote, but we doubt if the general level is kept quite so high. It may be that the sonnet, which to most writers is so difficult to handle, especially suits Mr. Payne's genius, and that he was more successful in his last work simply because he used a form of verse which suits him better. Nevertheless there is much in his present work that deserves high praise. Had, indeed, the whole volume been equal to the best of the poems, we should have hesitated before we ventured to review it among our Minor Poets. As it is, we almost owe an apology to Mr. Payne for the company in which we place him, and we ought to acknowledge that, if he is a Minor Poet, he deserves at all events to be reckoned their undoubted leader. There is often an originality in his poetry, a subtlety in his thoughts, a niceness in his language, and a melody in his versification, which at the present time we look for in vain in any but some one or two of our leading poets. Many of the poems, we must admit, we do not care for, and at times we come to lines that seem poor and forced. The following stanza, for instance, from the poem entitled *The Dead Master*, seems to us not only to be, like the future it mentions, involved in a haze, but also by its subject and the versification of the last line to be somewhat too suggestive of Mr. Browning's *Grammarian's Funeral*:—

Have we then heard thy singing for the last time  
Shape us the glories of the olden days?  
Have we a last time listened to the lays,  
Wherein thou seal'dst the ancient heavens for pastime  
And in the future's iridescent haze  
Builtlest the past-time?

Mr. Payne, like Mr. Swinburne and some others among the poets, is extravagant in his admiration of France and his detestation of her conquerors. He addresses her as "the fairest and the holiest," as "Our Saviour France, the lover of mankind," as "writhing in the Vandals' hands," and "straining piteously against the brutal tyrant." But we can forgive Mr. Payne for his occasional haziness both in poetry and history when he gives us such fine poems as "The Ballad of Shameful Death," "Vocation Song," "Madrigal Triste," and "A Farewell." It is always difficult in the space we have at command to make such a selection from a poet as will do justice to him. Perhaps the following lines from the "Vocation Song" will show at once Mr. Payne's powers, and also a certain morbid melancholy of which we find too much in him. We should add that we omit the second and third stanzas:—

Lord, what unto Thy servants shall be given,  
That have so long in pain and doubt and strife,  
For Thee with hand and heart and song hard striven,  
What time Thou givest out the crowns of life?

We do not ask of Thee, as this our garden,  
To live a shining life among Thy blest;  
'Twould be for us but abiding of Thy burden,  
Not the fulfilment of the longed-for rest.

We have no kin with those uplifted faces,  
Those ordered ministers that before Thee bow,  
Set rank on rank upon the holy places,  
With stiff sharp laurel fringing every brow.

For us, no haloes of Heaven could stay our yearning,  
No crown of woven lilies and pale palms,  
No City with eternal glory burning,  
Set in the golden stress of careless psalms.

Miss Tupper gives us some poems which she says are translations, and other poems which she calls original. Her translations we read with a certain satisfaction, as we are kept all along in the best of company. In only one case does she descend below the poems of a Baroness, and, to make up for this solitary slip, we have translations from the writings of a King, of a Royal Highness a Prince, and a Royal Highness a Princess. As for what she calls her original poems, we shall next expect to find people talking of original echoes. Miss Tupper will certainly do better to keep to her translations from royalty than to write such original verses as the following, even if she has an Empress for her subject:—

Nobly the Empress did her part  
In that dark time of woe,  
And long from every loyal heart  
Shall blessings on her flow.  
So, gladdened by her people's love,  
Thrice happy may she live,  
Till the Great King who reigns above,  
A brighter crown shall give!

We learn with satisfaction from an announcement on the fly-leaf, that these poems have been printed by water-power. We are told, moreover, that "these printing works are the first in the country where water-power has been applied to the art of printing." If water-power has not been applied to the art of printing, it has certainly for long ages been applied to the art of poetry. We are glad to find that inventive skill has advanced so far that in the printing of modern poetry an agent can be used with which it has so much in common.

The *Chutney Lyrics* are, we are told, "a collection of comic pieces in verse, of which twelve have already appeared in the columns of the *Madras Athenæum and Daily News*." Some of the pieces are tolerably lively, but we should scarcely have thought them worthy of republication, still less of sending all the way to Europe. No doubt in the intense heat of Madras a very little comicality will go a great way, for we have always noticed in our own country, that the higher the quicksilver stands in the thermometer the lower is the standard by which a joke is criticized; so that many a professed punster, who in January is voted a very dull fellow, in August passes off as a wit. In fact, the smaller fry among the humorists would do well if they always consulted the thermometer before they fired off their jokes, and never attempted to be comical if it marked less than 80 degrees in the shade. Of these Madras poems, moreover, some are so full of local allusions, and of words of the country, that to an ordinary reader they are altogether unintelligible. We will not undertake to say that the following verse may not to an Anglo-Indian pass as humorous. To the ordinary Englishman it is little better than gibberish:—

She is coming, my godown, my ghaut!  
She is coming, my dawk, my sweet!  
My catchery leaps, and my tops  
In my bosom begins to beat,—  
O my love, my masoolah, my ghee,  
Thy poochie is at thy feet!

One of the poems, we are sorry to say, is written in the worst possible style, and is highly discreditable to the Englishmen who were concerned in the affair which is described, and to the author who wrote of it. The piece is bad enough in itself, but is made much worse by an explanatory note which the author has added. Even if the poem had had no foundation in fact, it would have been sufficiently shameful for an Englishman living in Madras to tell with glee how some of his fellow-countrymen, the leading civil and military officers of the station, accepted an invitation to a ball given by a Parsee, and then, while enjoying to the full all that their host with lavish hospitality had provided, ducked him in a tank as being a Parsee. Gross though the insult is to the native population, we should have hoped it would have been regarded as still grosser by our own countrymen. We should have hoped that not even a writer of comic pieces would have ventured to assert that in India a collector, a colonel, a major, a captain, and "the leading gentry," were mean enough to accept a man's hospitality because he was rich, and to insult him because he was a Parsee. Such a poem, we repeat, even if it had been a fiction from beginning to end, would have been bad enough, and would have shown where lies our greatest difficulty in governing India, and whence arises much of the ferocity that was displayed by the native population in the great mutiny. The author, however, informs us that "this piece is founded on fact," that the host was "turned out of the ball he himself had given because he was a 'nigger'." The parasite would seem to flourish everywhere. If he is weak, he is greedy and servile; if he is strong, he is greedy and insolent.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE two most important, the largest, and the most characteristically American works in our present monthly list are biographies—the one of a past, the other of a possible, President—

\* *The Life of Abraham Lincoln; from his Birth to his Inauguration as President.* By Ward B. Lamon. With illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *The Autobiography of Horace Greeley; or, Recollections of a Busy Life.* To which are added Miscellaneous Essays and Papers. Illustrated. New York: E. B. Tilton. Chicago: T. A. Smith. Detroit: Randall & Fish. St. Louis: H. C. Wright. San Francisco: Dunsmuir & Co. 1872.

Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley. Enormous length and minuteness, of detail, and the intrusion of much irrelevant and uninteresting matter, are common to both; and both throw a good deal of light on the peculiar conditions of political life in America. Probably English memoirs might be found of as intolerable size as this of Mr. Lincoln, which occupies upwards of five hundred of the largest octavo pages, closely printed, in relating his life down to the first moment at which that life acquired anything of public interest or significance. But they would seldom be equally worthless and wearisome, if only because an Englishman who has at any time filled an equal space in the public eye has been for many years before his final elevation an active public character, an important figure on the stage of history, or at least a participator in business of national and historical interest. But all of Mr. Lincoln's life that has any political value or historical importance was included in the period of less than five years which elapsed between his selection as the candidate of his party in 1860, and his murder in April 1865. Whatever interest attaches to his previous career is reflected upon it by his Presidency, and is simply such as we feel in the boyhood and early youth of one who has afterwards distinguished himself. It is interesting to learn what education such a man received, what signs of superiority his youth afforded, what circumstances first opened to him the career in which he has risen so high; but it would be intolerable to have to read hundreds of pages about his family, unknown and unworthy to be known, his lessons and his games, his unmarked and uneventful private life, his petty adventures and his paltry jokes, with long digressions about all his relatives and acquaintances. And if anything could aggravate the insufferable tediousness of such a narrative, it would be that laboured lightness of style which is affected by a certain class of bookmakers, English and American; and which combines the brilliancy of Mr. Sala with the self-confidence of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the voluminous facility of Dr. Doran, with the affected flippancy of Mr. Jeffreys. Mr. Lincoln never was a man of importance or prominence till he became chief magistrate of his country at the crisis of her fortunes—a crisis precipitated, if not created, by his election. At this point, however, the present volume leaves him, with the promise of a continuation, which, if any law of proportion is observed, ought to occupy ten such volumes. *Abat omnia!* It may be worth while to explode even such innocent and insignificant fictions as those which gathered round the early life of the rail-splitter and bargee, but it is hardly worth any one's while to study the refutation. The stories are true in substance and impression, if false in actual form. If Lincoln did not split rails, he did saw planks for a neighbour's house—which planks have since been cut into walking-sticks by relic-hunters; if he did not make a trading voyage in a boat of his own, he did in that of his employer, and so forth. His early life was really as rude, as hard, as devoid of luxury and culture, as it has been depicted; he was the son of a thriftless father, belonging to the lower class of American farmers, and seems in his earliest youth to have shown much of his father's temper, and not a little tendency to sink into the character of a loafer. He had very little schooling—not a year altogether, we are told—and whatever education he displayed in later life, and it was not much, was due to solitary and somewhat desultory reading. He had been a labourer and shopkeeper before he became a lawyer, and had not succeeded in either capacity. He served as a captain of volunteers in the "Black Hawk" War—so called from the name of the Indian chieftain who commenced it. On one occasion, by offering to fight any man of his company with any weapons, he saved the life of a helpless, harmless, and friendly Indian, an incident which displayed at once the utter want of discipline and ruffianism of the private, and that cool and resolute decision which the officer was one day to exhibit on a wider stage and in graver contingencies. This war first introduced Lincoln to popular favour. He was elected to the State Legislature, and afterwards to Congress, and gradually, as a prominent member of the anti-Slavery party, became the personal opponent and rival of Stephen H. Douglas, the leader of the Northern Democrats, and the chief advocate of that last effort to hold the balance even between the extreme parties and to conciliate the prejudices of the North without such an utter sacrifice of Southern claims as would have broken up the Union, which was founded on the Dred Scott decision, and was finally defeated by the break-up of the Conservative party in 1860. Thus it was, perhaps rather by his rival's eminence than his own, that Mr. Lincoln came to rank among the prominent chiefs of the nascent anti-Southern or Republican party, while he had never provoked that bitter hatred in the South and that distrust in the North which were felt for such real leaders of the party as Seward and Sumner. Hence his selection as a comparatively "safe candidate that no one ain't afeard on" by the Republican Convention, a selection probably made with little idea of actual success. Mr. Lincoln's supporters were in a very decided minority, and prevailed only through the irreconcilable quarrel of the extreme Southern Democrats with Douglas and his Northern adherents. The volume closes with a notice of the consequences of his election; the secession of the Southern and the fierce excitement of the Border States, the rumours of intended kidnapping or assassination, and the ridiculous flight of the President-elect from imaginary dangers, of which the writer gives a lively though contemptuous account, and of which, as he declares, Mr. Lincoln was soon heartily ashamed; and, finally, of the "inauguration" at Washington, and Mr. Lincoln's deprecatory appeal to that confidence in the Constitution and in the good faith of their fellow-citizens which the John Brown raid had

finally and inevitably driven from the minds of the Southern people.

Mr. Greeley's Memoirs—which, if we are not mistaken, is really, though not nominally, a new edition of a work we noticed not many months ago—consists of a series of autobiographical sketches, not forming a connected record of his life, but giving a lively account of its principal vicissitudes, and of those scenes and circumstances which had impressed themselves most vividly upon the mind of the writer. Mr. Greeley, like Mr. Lincoln, was born in the lower ranks of an agricultural community, and of a family either "feckless" or unlucky, or both; and he probably knew as much of actual hardship and privation in his boyhood as the great majority of his countrymen. Unlike Mr. Lincoln, he chose a city life; and while Mr. Lincoln gradually worked himself up through politics and law to a public position, Mr. Greeley early chose his profession as a journalist; and even when actually seated in Congress was known, and preferred to be known, to his countrymen chiefly through the *New York Tribune*. Without saying more of a volume which is not new to the public, we may note that both these biographies illustrate the present tendencies of American politics in an unintentional, but a very marked, manner. The selection of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Greeley in preference to men far superior to them in public estimation and established eminence, as the candidates of their respective parties, was undoubtedly prompted by a shrewd appreciation of popular preference for self-made men; for men who are not too refined, too cultivated, too superior to the electing multitude; who, as Presidents, will owe their temporary elevation above the farmer or tradesman who votes for them solely to his vote; who have no other superiority than what they derive from public favour, and in whom the rudest of their supporters sees only what he might have been, and what his sons may become. We perceive also that, as men of independent hereditary fortune are almost ostracized from public life, there are but two professions by which a politician can well hope to live when his party is out of power—that is, if he means to be honest and independent, and refuses to sell either his vote or his patronage—namely, the Bar and the Press. The former has been hitherto the chief nursery of American statesmen, since the old order died out with the younger Adams; but there are indications that in the future the Press offers even better opportunities, and perhaps a not less lucrative career. It is also worthy of note how easy and frequent, in a society where education of a sort is generally diffused, where few native-born citizens are wholly illiterate, and where the advantages of knowledge are appreciated, is the rise of men, by their own exertions and by diligent self-education, from a very low place in the social scale to competence and respectability. Few men have less schooling than Lincoln, yet he contrived to make himself a competent lawyer and legislator—the former certainly an easier task in America than in England. Mr. Greeley had no educational advantages greater than any village child may enjoy, either in Old or New England; yet his pen has for many years past been among the most powerful in the Union. Not a few of the foremost men in the States began life, we believe, under no better auspices. And it is not that they have dispensed with education, as we sometimes see men able to do, and yet achieve wealth and influence in special careers—for, though not scholars, most of them are cultivated and well-informed; it is that they have had the resolution—partly, no doubt, because they had means and encouragement—to educate themselves. As it seems probable that the political business of America will be thrown more and more into the hands of men born in the same rank as Lincoln and Greeley, it is earnestly to be hoped that those who aspire to popular favour will continue, as heretofore, to fit themselves by diligent self-culture for posts to which they are chosen because they were supposed to be "plain" and uncultivated men.

Two Church histories of considerable pretension are before us. That of Dr. Butler, in two volumes, brings down the annals of the Church to our own day; but it is written after the fashion of a chronicle, in single short paragraphs, each with its separate title, and each telling in a few curt, dry sentences the story of the person, incident, or subject to which it refers. Such a broken and disconnected method of narration would spoil the effect of the best style and the most interesting matter; and Dr. Butler's style is as far from being lively as a great part of ecclesiastical history is from being entertaining. The result is, that though the work may be convenient as a book of reference, it is singularly unreadable as a connected narrative. The other work, by Dr. Mahan, in a single thick octavo volume, confines itself to the first seven centuries, and deals with the gradual foundation of the Church by the Apostles and their successors, its struggles with Paganism, its progress towards victory and supremacy, and the development of its doctrine and discipline. Though specially anxious to preserve a connected treatment and chronological order, the writer practically divides his work into a series of chapters, each treating of a particular subject—a heresy, a personal career, an ecclesiastical epoch, or the like; and the effect is that his history gives a more definite view of the

course of ecclesiastical events, the causes and the tendencies of the different movements within the Church, and the manner in which it came to be what it was, and to hold the position it did at the fall of the Western Empire, than many works of far greater repute, deeper research, and higher authority. Intended rather for students than for scholars, it is calculated to serve as a useful introduction to ecclesiastical history on the one hand, and a valuable epitome for those who have no leisure to go further on the other. There is, as was natural, a strong ecclesiastical and orthodox bias discernible throughout, and heresiarchs especially are judged exclusively through the spectacles of their enemies and conquerors; but it would, we fear, be difficult to find an impartial historian of the Church, and, after all, this tendency probably deviates less from the truth than its opposite.

We may briefly mention two other works of a theological or ecclesiastical character: a comparison between the characters and careers of Wesley and Swedenborg\*, by a writer belonging to the New Church, which, if it contains little that is novel, at all events deals with two familiar personages from a new point of view; and a volume of Sermons† by a popular preacher, in which passing events or every-day ideas and phrases are made the texts and illustrations of spiritual instruction—instruction conveyed with that familiarity of language and handling which is so popular in the mouth of a Beecher or a Spurgeon, but which is apt to degenerate into something that, to a refined and educated taste, is painfully like profanity.

A treatise on the history of medicine‡ collects a good deal of information respecting the physiological theories, therapeutic practice, and medical superstitious of ancient times—Greek, Roman, Oriental, and mediæval—and respecting the life and teaching of some of the oldest practitioners of the art, from Hippocrates downwards. It is far too brief to give anything like a connected history of that real development of medical science which began but a few centuries ago, and to which only the latter chapters of a thin volume are devoted; but it will serve to bring within the reach of the curious a good many facts and traditions respecting the infancy of the art and its first reputed practitioners which are interesting, if not useful, and which few would have leisure to hunt out in the unfamiliar original works from which they are derived.

The *Land of the Veda*§ contains the impressions of an American missionary about the religion, the customs, and the people of India, and his experiences among them during the terrible crisis of 1857. Few Englishmen, of course, will think of looking to such a source for any real information concerning India; the author had infinitely less opportunity of learning anything about the country or its inhabitants than hundreds of English writers whose works are accessible to all, and familiar to many of us, and he is blinded by professional and religious prejudices of a very bitter flavour. It is not to an average missionary—and Dr. Butler is no better—that we should look for a fair and intelligent estimate of the various religions of India, and of their devotees and defenders. He knows fakirs and Brahmins only as enemies of his cause, and odious impostors and deceivers of the people. To the Moslem he stands in the relation of an invader to the most resolute and formidable of the invaded races; and he detests them the more because the very resemblance of their faith to his own makes them more obstinately bigoted against his teaching than those who, if they listen at all, can hardly fail to discern dimly the infinite superiority of Christianity to their own debased and grotesque superstitions. What is interesting in Dr. Butler's reminiscences is due not to his feelings as a missionary, but to his position as an independent and not favourably biased critic of English rule. And it is satisfactory to find that, despite American prejudice, and allowing for differences of opinion and point of view, his sympathies on the whole go strongly with the Imperial race; that he testifies to the comparative excellence of our Government, the purity of motive and devotion to their duties displayed by its servants; and that he abhors the mutineers too fiercely to be deeply shocked by the severity of the retribution inflicted on them. This is natural, perhaps, in one who shared the horrors and perils of an English community during months of constant anxiety and frequent alarms; and who had good reason to believe that Nana Sahib or Tantia Topes would have paid little respect to the doctrines of Grotius and Vattel, and drawn no subtle distinction between the missionary and the civilian—between American and English women and children.

\* *Wesley and Swedenborg: a Fraternal Appeal to Methodist Ministers, inviting them to consider the Relations of Methodism to the New Church.* By E. K. Keyes, Pastor of the first New Church Society in Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Sermons.* By the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, Author of "Crumbs Swept Up," "The Abominations of Modern Society," &c. Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *History of Medicine, from the Earliest Ages to the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century.* By Robley Dunglison, M.D., LL.D., late Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, &c. &c. Arranged and Edited by Richard J. Dunglison, M.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackston. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

§ *The Land of the Veda: being Personal Reminiscences of India; its People, Customs, Things, and Fakirs; its Religions, Mythology, principal Monuments, Palaces, and Mausoleums; together with the Incidents of the Great Ganges Rebellion, and its Results to Christianity and Civilization.* With a Map of India, and 40 Illustrations. Also, Statistical Tables of Christian Missions, and a Glossary of Indian Terms used in this Work and in Missionary Correspondence. By Rev. William Butler, D.D. Third Edition. New York: Carlton & Kanaban. San Francisco: E. Thomas. Cincinnati: Hisebeck & Walden. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

\* *An Ecclesiastical History, from the First to the Thirteenth Century.* By the Rev. C. E. Butler, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, West Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Garton, Benson, & Hallinger. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1868.

† *A Church History of the First Seven Centuries to the Close of the Sixth General Council.* By Ellis Mahan, D.D., some time of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Putt, Young, & Co. London: Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivington. 1872.

†† *Kate Bernmont.* By J. W. De Forest. With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co., late Tickner & Fields, & Fields, Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

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let me tell you about my experience with the FBI. I was arrested in 1968 and spent 10 years in prison. I was released in 1978 and have been living in the United States ever since. I am now 55 years old and have two children. I am still active in the community and have been involved in many projects over the years.



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## THE CONTEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

THE American newspapers have, in their laudable regard for the taste of their native readers, become for some time past utterly unreadable by foreigners. It is only a devoted supporter of General GRANT who can take pleasure in studying the revelations made by an hotel clerk of the number of glasses or bottles of brandy which were sent up on a certain day to the rooms of Mr. GRATZ BROWN, Liberal Republican nominee for the office of Vice-President. Mr. GREELEY, who had hoped to produce a good effect by a series of garden parties at his farm in the country, has been compelled to discontinue his receptions in consequence of the inconvenient curiosity of the reporters for hostile journals. Both the candidates for the Presidency have recently made tours which have been watched by their respective partisans with unequal degrees of anxiety. For some time Mr. GREELEY has abstained from committing himself by any unnecessary declarations of opinion, but it is difficult to be sure of a politician whose business in life is talking and writing. The elaborate speech in which he lately explained his determination not to speak seems to have been both effective and judicious. A denunciation of the Northern adventurers who are called "carpet-beggars" is thoroughly just; and Mr. GREELEY's supporters will not inquire too narrowly whether the intruders have not professed the principles of the *Tribune*. General GRANT is well known to possess a fortunate incapacity for making speeches, and his supporters have therefore no objection to his showing himself in public. It becomes more and more certain that the contest will lie between the Republicans and the Democrats. Those Republicans who had a right to call themselves Liberal originally seceded from their party with the object of promoting a reform of the Civil Service, a relaxation of the protective system, and, above all, a general elevation of political morality. They were baffled at Cincinnati by the election managers, who were chiefly bent on maintaining the corruption and abuses which had been associated with the candidature of General GRANT. Mr. GREELEY is a passionate and unreasoning Protectionist; and he is thoroughly imbued with the mischievous traditions of modern American politics. When he was lately requested by Mr. SCHURZ to express his opinion on the reform of the Civil Service, he had nothing better to suggest than that the re-election of a President ought to be prohibited by the Constitution. Having taken an active part in the Cincinnati Convention, Mr. SCHURZ thought himself bound to accept its decision; but some of the best of his political associates have resolved either to remain neutral or to support General GRANT. Among the hack politicians of the Republican party the only prominent adherents of Mr. GREELEY are Mr. FAYSON and Mr. BANKS. The nomination of Mr. GREELEY must have been abandoned if it had not been adopted by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore.

Mr. SUMNER's address to the coloured voters in favour of Mr. GRANT appears to have produced no effect. Mr. GANNON, Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, and Mr. FREDERICK Douglass have made a counter appeal on behalf of General GRANT, and if the question were to be decided by reason, they have the best of the argument. It is true that Mr. GREELEY is an old and consistent Abolitionist; but he is also recognized from the very beginning of the civil war as the right of secession; he proposed the payment of large compensation to the slave-holders, and he repeatedly urged Mr. LINCOLN to offer the Confederates favourable terms of peace. In truth, Mr. GREELEY's course from 1860 to 1865 affords the best proof of his honesty and candour; if not of his disinterestedness. But it is scarcely probable that the negro population should appreciate the motives which induced him to acknowledge the constitutional right of secession, or to offer aid to Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. As Mr. DOUGLASS remarks,

emancipation would never have been effected if the peaceable establishment of the Confederacy had been permitted; and although General GRANT may have been a supporter of the pro-slavery party before the war, he more than all other men contributed to the victory which enabled the North to impose abolition on the defeated States. It seems that in North Carolina the partial success of the Republicans is due to the support of the coloured voters, and it may be presumed that they will follow the same course in other parts of the South. Republican newspaper Correspondents record or invent the use of language which, if it is genuine, proves at the same time that the negroes may be trusted to vote for General GRANT, and that they are utterly unfit to exercise the elective franchise. It is highly probable that if the coloured population votes in a compact body, the white citizens in turn will unite in support of the Democratic candidate. No accurate calculations seem to have been made of the respective numbers of the two classes of voters in the different Southern States. Before the war the whites of the South outnumbered the slaves in the proportion of two to one, though in some of the Gulf States the majority was reversed. Even if all the Southern States were unanimous, they would only form about a fourth part of the entire Union. The most experienced and skilful of the election prophets calculate that the result will depend on the vote of Pennsylvania. In that State the Republicans slightly outnumber the Democrats; and in the list of General GRANT's local supporters are to be found some of the most corrupt and powerful managers of the party.

It is probable that the public discussions of the next two months will on the whole tend to the advantage of General GRANT. The Democrats have with few exceptions made up their minds to support Mr. GREELEY on grounds utterly unconnected with his opinions or his character. The balance of power is in the hands of moderate or non-political voters, who for the most part incline to Republican doctrines. It is true that the most intelligent of the number disapprove of the stupid fiscal policy of the dominant party; and that the regular Republicans thought fit at Philadelphia to pledge themselves to the maintenance of a protective tariff. The Cincinnati Convention left Free-trade an open question, while it selected one of the most bigoted of Protectionists as its nominee. All parties are probably aware that the commercial policy of the United States in no way depends on the opinion of the President. If Congress thought fit to reform the tariff, General GRANT must be too conscious of his own ignorance to interpose the obstacle of the veto, and Mr. GREELEY would certainly not use any influence which he might possess as President for the benefit of consumers. In the confusion of opinions and professions personal qualifications may probably in some degree affect the result of the election; and there can be no doubt that a successful general is a more presentable candidate than the odd and uncouth pamphleteer who has been selected as his opponent. Unless old soldiers in the United States differ from the same class in other countries, the hundreds of thousands of voters who are justly proud of having served in the war will be prejudiced in favour of the representative of the army. Few persons will share the personal animosity which tempted Mr. SUMNER to apprehend the bugbear of a military despotism. The enforcement of martial law in disturbed districts of the South is but the performance of a legal duty imposed by Congress; and it is perfectly well known that if General GRANT or any other officer were insane enough to attempt a military revolution, he would not find a corporal's guard to obey his orders.

There is no reason to suppose that the result of the Geneva arbitration will diminish the popularity of the present Government. The Americans have contrived to persuade themselves that the presentation of the Indirect Claims was not a

scandal, nor the collapse of the experiment a failure; and their national self-complacency is not likely to be again subjected to so severe a strain. There would be nothing discreditable to them even in a wholly unfavourable award, because the adverse litigant has admitted, by the signature of the Treaty of Washington, that the Direct Claims were a fit subject for arbitration. There is probably some foundation for the unpleasant rumour that the Arbitrators have decided against England on the question of liability for the acts of some of the Confederate emissaries. There is no party question at stake, for Mr. GAZELER and Mr. SUMNER were among the most vehement advocates of the Indirect Claims, and of the adoption of a hostile tone towards England; and it is now believed that Mr. CUSHING, who belongs to the Democratic party, procured the insertion of the Indirect Claims in the American Case. It may perhaps be with a view to the interests of General GRANT that the American agents at Geneva have, in direct violation of the expressed wishes of the arbitrators, lately published a portion of their arguments. Whatever may have been their motive, they will have satisfied their countrymen that down to the present time there has been no abatement of professional pugnacity, nor any undue consideration of English feeling. When the Tribunal asked for a further argument on the meaning and effect of the new-fangled rules of international law, it perhaps scarcely anticipated a discussion of all the topics which are introduced into the speeches of the American counsel; but possibly they may have intended to address voters in the United States as well as Judges at Geneva. It may not have been thought inexpedient to dwell on concessions which are so unpalatable to Englishmen that they must be agreeable to American patriots. It is scarcely in human nature to abstain from the satisfaction of recording the humiliation of an adversary. The award, even if it is unfavourable to the claimants, cannot efface the fact that the Treaty was concluded under pressure; and Mr. GAZELER's supporters can scarcely contend that any other Government would have extorted more advantageous terms than those which were obtained by General GRANT. At a distance the regular Republican party seems likely to win, but prudent observers will not forget that their means of judgment are imperfect.

#### ITALY.

THE Italian Government has recently revealed in a semi-official manner the mode in which it proposes to deal with the vexed question of ecclesiastical persons and property in the territory which it has taken from the Pope. It is supposed that this revelation of its intentions is designed to provoke discussion, so that the feeling of the country may be ascertained beforehand, and the proposals of the Government may ultimately be so shaped as to command sufficient Parliamentary support. The Government is in a position of great difficulty. Rome and all the territory of Rome is now part of Italy, and what is law for Italy generally ought to be law for Rome. If the national interests demand the suppression of religious orders and the confiscation of ecclesiastical property elsewhere, they must be supposed to demand the same thing in the capital and the adjacent districts. On the other hand, the Italian Government has proclaimed that it wishes to meet the Pope fairly and liberally, and recognizes his claim to have a special position at Rome as the head of his branch of the Christian world. To do too little would be to offend the bulk of the Italian nation and to show fear of the priests. To do too much would be to invade the spiritual power of the Pope, and to give him a grievance which might seem a grievance even in the eyes of those who thoroughly approve of the transfer of the capital to Rome. Whether lay Italy or priestly Rome will approve of the plan of the Government is doubtful, but at any rate it is based on intelligible principles, and seems to contain the elements of a satisfactory compromise. Outside the city of Rome the law is to be applied exactly as in the rest of Italy. The orders are to be suppressed in the same way, and ecclesiastical property is to be treated in the same manner. But inside Rome there are to be two differences. In the first place, ecclesiastical property is not to be sold for the benefit of the State. The proceeds of sales are to be specially appropriated to purposes having some analogy with those to which the property was originally destined when it passed into ecclesiastical hands. The money is to be devoted to religious, educational, and sanitary purposes. This may not mean much, for, if Rome is to be the capital, large sums must be found somehow to make its sanitary arrangements decent, and the State is only finding the means for doing so. If it appropriates the proceeds of

the sales of ecclesiastical property to draining and cleansing the city and contiguous districts. But the object is of course to make it appear that the Government does not wish to profit directly by the which it uses its strength to take on the Pope in his own city, and that it merely secures the application to good ends of property now wasted. In the second place, the property of the religious institutions having their central seat in Rome is not to be taken from them, except that they are to lose the property itself, and receive an equivalent in Italian rentes; and the houses of the great societies are not to be taken from them, except when wanted for purposes of public utility. Thus those institutions of the Roman Church which are of a universal rather than of an Italian character would still go on with their old local habitations and with their present revenues, but Italian land would pass out of their possession.

The arrangement appears in itself well contrived, for it at once recognizes that the Pope has duties to perform which have a scope beyond Italy, and at the same time it sets free Italian land for lay ownership. In a few years it would become almost impossible for any political changes to restore the ecclesiastical party to the possession of what it has lost. Property would pass into the hands of private owners, and experience has shown that the Church never regains what individuals have once bought and paid for. The interest of the religious institutions in Italian rentes would also tend to make them careful how they attacked a Government, the credit of which alone gives value to the securities they would hold. But the dislike of the priests is so bitter in Italy that it is by no means certain that the Government can carry its proposal, and impetuous men will claim that no more mercy shall be shown to their enemies, the priests, at Rome than elsewhere. The Government is alive to this feeling, and takes pains to prove that, if it is going to propose something more favourable to the priests than its supporters would like, it is not from any want of firmness. It has just ordered several ecclesiastical schools to be closed at Rome because Government inspectors were not received in them; and the ecclesiastical authorities had to succumb, and to agree that the schools should be so far placed under lay control before they were permitted to be reopened. The Italian Government also thoroughly joins with the German Government in its policy towards the Ultramontane party, and it will be sure to take every opportunity of avoiding the reproach that it does not dare to do what Prince BISMARCK dares, and that it hesitates between Germany and France. It is also doing its utmost to promote the national and lay feeling in the country, and perhaps its evident sincerity in this direction may, when the time comes, give it strength to carry a compromise with Rome which would be distasteful to the Parliamentary majority. Italians regard the army as at once the bulwark of the nation and as the great instrument for welding together the different parts of Italy, and giving habits of discipline and order to the population. The last time the Italian army showed itself on the field it did not distinguish itself; but the bitter lesson of Custoza was not thrown away. The greatest possible pains have been taken since then to make the army what it should be, and the officers have been made to familiarize themselves with every improvement in the art of war, while the men have been made to rival the Germans in the endurance of strict discipline and fatigue, and in the development of personal energy. During the last few days a series of manoeuvres has been going on in which the heir of the Crown has taken a leading part, and which has been conducted under the eyes of the King. It appears to have been a brilliant and successful affair, and competent judges speak in the highest terms both of the troops and of their leaders.

Italy, too, is constantly making progress in the road to wealth. Italian prosperity does not go on with Mr. GLADSTONE's famous leaps and bounds; it scarcely can be said to take strides; but it goes on at a good practical pace. There is almost always something new to record about Italian progress. The railway has been pushed on and opened to Oraneto, and this will give troops a ready access to districts hitherto infected with brigands. The works by which Brindisi has been made a fit port for the Indian trade are so far completed that travellers now find easy access to large steamers, and can get the requisite accommodation in the town. Venice has then thrown into long forgotten activity by the prospect of having a share in the Eastern trade, once so largely its own, restored to it. Slowly money is being put into the better cultivation of land, agricultural machinery is being introduced, and the backward barbarism of Italian agriculture shows signs of being changed here and there, although the habits of a nation cannot be changed in a single generation.

of the change shows itself in the vitality which brigandage still exhibits. The Papal and the Roman Neapolitan Governments did everything for many years to foster brigandage and make it one of the accepted occupations of the people. One man in Sicily or Southern Italy was a brigand just as another was a shepherd or a cowherd. The inevitable consequence was that the whole population got demoralized on the subject, and no one cared to uphold the law, or was even very much shocked when brigands were reported to have committed unusual atrocities. In Sicily the Government even entered into a sort of alliance with the brigands, and local authorities were left to decide how much brigandage should go on; so that complaints died away, and because no one complained, the Government affected to believe that it had put down the brigandage which it had really recognized. The Italian Government has immense difficulty in dealing with this social curse, and Englishmen cannot fail to sympathize with its difficulty, for we are baffled in Ireland just as the Italian Government is baffled in Sicily and the South. It makes laws and carries them out in a way that answers perfectly well in Tuscany or Lombardy, and as all Italy is one, the law fitted for the better parts is held to be the only law fitted for the worse. The Government cannot use enough severity, and it finds it difficult to use even as much severity as the law permits, as the local juries view brigands with as much sympathy, fear, and admiration as Irish local juries view hedgerow assassins. Even if it can get a peculiarly bad brigand convicted, the Italian Government does not know what to do with him; and, in order to devise a deterring punishment short of death, is said to be contemplating the establishment of a penal settlement in Borneo. Somehow it seems to be necessary to get the consent of the English Government to the project. There is no obvious reason why our Government should object, and we can only hope that the experiment may be more successful than English experience would warrant us in anticipating.

#### RECENT POLITICAL TALK.

**E**VEN in the dulllest days of the dulllest time of year something in the way of mild political discussion is sure to be said by somebody. Men who in the Session are very small people politically have a chance of being heard or reported when the vacation comes; and men who during the Session are conspicuous can speak with pleasure and comfort in the holiday time, for it is quite enough for their hearers that it is an eminent man who is addressing them. Mr. Lowe had a little talk at Wick the other day, and although he did not attempt to say anything of the slightest novelty or importance, he gave the utmost satisfaction. The only new feature in his speaking at Wick was probably lost on the burghers of that remote town, and they were unaware how very unusual it was for Mr. Lowe to make a speech in which he was civil throughout, and had a good word and a little bit of praise for everybody. Of course a stranger in Scotland must say something handsome of the Scotch, or things could not go off pleasantly; and Mr. Lowe found as good a subject of congratulation as any when he drew the attention of his audience to the possibility that, as the large majority of Scotchmen are Presbyterians, they may not quarrel at School Boards as bitterly as the more divided English. Lord Frederick Cavendish had scarcely even as much to say to his Yorkshire constituents as Mr. Lowe had to say at Wick; but he has lately given a pledge of his desire to work hard and learn business by accepting the post of the Premier's Secretary, and although most of his speech was nothing but a repetition of the old familiar history of the doings of the Liberal party in the last forty years, and especially in the last four glorious years, yet he suggested or lighted upon one or two points which were not destitute of interest. Defending the Ballot, although not warmly, and avowing that he regarded it only as an experiment, he strove with some ingenuity to do away with the reproach so often urged against it, that it is calculated to foster political apathy. It is not the Ballot, he urged, that makes men careless about voting. For want of the Ballot, many voted who did not in the least care about politics, but who were paid or forced to vote. Now that bribery and intimidation are discouraged by the Ballot, such men have no reason for voting, and so stay away. In a certain degree this is true. It will only be after a general election, or perhaps after more than one general election, that it will be possible to estimate how far the Ballot has really made electors disinclined to vote who, had there been open voting, would have taken a pleasure in recording what

they imagine to be their political opinions. In any one election it is possible to overrate the discouraging effect of the Ballot, and some allowance ought to be made for those who in other days voted from corrupt motives, and now stay away because the only motives that ever made them go to the poll no longer influence them.

A second point casually noticed by Lord Frederick Cavendish raises a question which it is very difficult to answer. He wished to comfort his hearers about the state of Ireland, and very naturally no object could be nearer the heart of Mr. Gladstone's Secretary. The ray of consolation which Lord Frederick Cavendish found in his survey of Irish politics beamed on him from the discovery that formerly all Irish revolutionary movements were headed by some portion of the Irish upper classes, while now none but men unknown beyond their own villages are disaffected, and the gentlemen who go in for Home Rule are, on their own showing, perfectly loyal. Is this properly a subject of congratulation or not? It is no doubt in one way easier to deal with the Fenians than they mostly belong to a class of rude and ignorant men, who, if they do anything at all, are sure to do something illegal. They can be watched, seized, and punished by the ordinary arrangements of police, soldiery, and law. On the other hand it is perhaps a source of political danger, and is certainly a source of social demoralization, that the lowest part of a population should nurse a revolution all its own, and that the minds of the poor should be penetrated with a longing for wild change without any influence to counteract the evil, such as springs from the leadership of a movement being in the hands of men of some sort of education, position, and political knowledge. It may be quite true, so far as the English public has any opportunity of judging, that the Home Rulers and the Fenians have no intimate connexion with each other. The Home Rulers are at once asking for what England will not give and Fenian Ireland does not want. An arrangement for concocting Irish jobs in Dublin instead of at Westminster, or even for getting with increased facility permission to lay down gas and water pipes, and to take land wanted for public purposes, is no more an object at which Fenians would be content to aim than the leave to elect provincial mayors would satisfy French Communists. Practically speaking, it makes perhaps little difference whether Lord Frederick Cavendish was right or wrong. Whether it is to our gain or loss that the Fenians and the Home Rulers are distinct in their aims, their feelings towards the Crown, and their social position, there is nothing to do but to keep down the Fenians with firmness, and to try to convince the Home Rulers that England is not going to commit suicide for their amusement. But every one connected with the present Ministry is so fond of making the best of everything Irish, and showing that in some unexpected way things there are all right, even when they seem wrong, that it is occasionally worth while to ask whether there is any ground for the assumptions of Ministerial speakers, and to question whether they do not unnecessarily often beg us to shut our eyes and swear that everything we see in Gladstonian Ireland is very delightful.

While the Liberal member was discoursing Liberalism in the North division of the Riding, Mr. Stanhope was discussing Conservatism in the Southern division. The vacation is for the present the time of the year which we imagine best suits the cast of Mr. Stanhope's political mind. During the Session he seems to have been overwhelmed with the novel secrets as to voting in which he was initiated. He explained to his constituents that he thought when he was elected a few months ago that voting in Parliament was simple, straightforward work. He would have to consider what was the point on which he was going to vote, and to vote accordingly. If he knows better than that now. He understands that he must not so much think of the question at issue as of the connexion of the vote with the tactics of his party. The Conservative Whip, in fact, can see which way a vote will tell in a manner that an honest young Yorkshire squire would never dream of. It is hardly necessary to say that a gentleman who had just made this amazing discovery, and was engrossed in the pleasure of realizing it, did not go very deeply into general politics, or attempt to meet the difficulty of the hour and to sketch the Conservative programme. But one subject of real interest seems to have presented itself in some dim way to his mind. Some one appears on one occasion to have asked him what was the reason why household suffrage should not prevail in the country as well as in the towns. This, he owns, puzzled him. He knew that the country householders ought not to have votes, but why was this? Two reasons appear ultimately to have dawned on him, in which he cheerfully acquiesced as perfectly

satisfactory. Assuming that the alteration of the county franchise would be coupled with the institution of electoral districts, he deduced two consequences; the first, that the counties would return fewer members, and the second, that electors would be parcelled out, and have to vote in squares, and that to be a voter in a square district would be a great change. Both reasons have some sort of foundation, but neither of them is the real reason why agricultural labourers should not have votes. Neither political party dares to say what the real reason is, for both think that these rural people may be soon added to the ranks of our masters, and that it is prudent to stand well with them beforehand. The one all-sufficient reason why the county householders should not at present have votes is that they are totally unfit to have them, that they cannot understand any political question, and that they require education before they can be trusted with political power. No doubt this was partly true of the town population; but some risk had to be run on account of the difficulty of drawing a line. Taken as a whole, the rural population is less advanced in intelligence than the urban, although it has a queer shrewdness of its own; and to the experiment of household suffrage in towns there is no immediate cause whatever for adding the experiment of household suffrage in counties. But Mr. STANHOPE was not perhaps far from the truth when he prophesied that before long the Liberal party will try to make capital out of the unrepresented agricultural labourers, and he might have gone on to say that not improbably the Conservative party will, in its desire to secure the special representation of every one connected with the land, rival or outbid its opponents.

#### THE COUNCILS-GENERAL.

THE proceedings of the Councils established in every French department can hardly be altogether satisfactory to the party which created them. The greatest, if not the only, victory of the majority of the Assembly over M. THIERS was the passing of the decentralization law. M. THIERS was strongly opposed to it on administrative grounds; the Left were strongly opposed to it on political grounds. The one thought that the existence of local checks would be fatal to the direct and vigorous action of the Central Government. The other thought that the existence of local elective bodies would give a great increase of strength to the rural, Conservative, and, as was presumed, monarchical element in the country. Upon this latter point the majority in the Assembly were for once at one with the minority. They hoped that the Departmental Councils would serve as so many centres round which local Conservatism would gather and organize itself, and they took for granted that in proportion as this effect was produced the monarchical party in the country would gain power. Whether M. THIERS's forebodings have been justified there is nothing to show, but the traditional position of the Central Government in France is probably too assured to be soon weakened. The hopes of the Right and the fears of the Left have been at once fulfilled and falsified. The Departmental Councils have done all that was predicted of them, whether by friends or enemies, but the net result of their action has been the opposite of what was expected by either. They have given a considerable degree of organization to local opinion, and that opinion is beyond all question Conservative in its general drift. So far the Right and the Left have both proved true prophets. But this local Conservatism, instead of beginning to agitate in favour of a Restoration, has done nothing but call down blessings on the Republic. After every allowance has been made for the habit of Frenchmen to speak well of the powers that be, and for the influence which the Government exercises in the Councils by means of the Prefects, it seems impossible to doubt that the general sentiment of the majority of them is one of satisfaction with M. THIERS, and of contented acquiescence in the Republic. They are not, of course, to be credited with any theoretical enthusiasm on the subject. They care nothing about the Republican idea. They would be willing to change the Republic to-morrow for any form of Government which would give them a security and tranquillity unattainable under a Republic. But as a matter of fact they believe, and believe for the first time, that the Republic can give them this order and tranquillity, and so long as it does so they have no wish to see it overthrown. The great lever of the monarchical parties is thus withdrawn. Hitherto the establishment of a Republic has always been the beginning of a steadily growing distrust of the Government on the part

of the rural population. It was upon this distrust that NAPOLEON III. traded with such success, and it was upon this distrust that Imperialists, Legitimists, and Orleanists alike hoped to trade in the time to come. Unless the future shall disclose some new discord between the Republic and the peasantry this prospect is now at an end. Whatever else the Departmental Councils may do, they will not proclaim HENRY V. or NAPOLEON IV. So long as the Republic deals fairly by the interests which they mostly represent, they will deal fairly by the Republic. They are content with things as they are, and no frame of mind can be less suited to the production of either restorations or revolutions.

However the expectations of their authors may have been disappointed by the action of the Councils, there is reason to hope that their creation will exert a very beneficial influence upon French politics. Public opinion in France has been far too much of a simple dead weight, which rolls from side to side according as the vessel happens to incline. This state of things is partly due to the dissociation of politics from the concerns of the people. Universal suffrage has been combined with a system under which everything has been done for them, and the result has been that, except in times of rare political excitement, they have voted with no conception that they were doing anything which could affect themselves except in some remote and wholly unascertained degree. Educated Englishmen are not usually disposed to think very highly of the system of local self-government which exists in this country. But, with all its faults, it has helped to keep alive an interest in elections, and has accustomed people to look to an election as the ordinary means of getting what they want. It will be a step in the political education of the French people that they should learn to see a connexion between their votes and the conduct of the Government. They will be brought to this point all the more easily if the matter at issue is the construction of a road or the building of a bridge. If they once recognize that when they desire the adoption of this or that measure of departmental policy the way to get their will is to vote for a particular candidate for the Council-General, it will not seem so strange to them that the return of a particular candidate to the Assembly should affect the fate of some measure of general policy which they equally wish to see adopted. It is worthy of note that the most generally expressed sentiment at the recent meetings of the Departmental Councils has been the desire for compulsory education. It may be that the French intellect, which is usually keen where it is most narrow, has discovered that the want of education is a fruitful source of political and social weakness. It may be that the wish is expressed rather as a polite mode of snubbing the clergy, who are for the most part hostile to compulsory education. But whatever may be the motive that has prompted the suggestion, the fact that it has been so generally made must strengthen the hands of the Government in dealing with the subject next year. The Right cannot absolutely reject the testimony of bodies which they themselves invested with power as being the best representatives of local feeling. The last Education Bill became so changed in its progress through Committee that the Government refused to acknowledge it when it came out. The majority will no doubt be anxious to subject the next Bill to a similar process, and in that case the Government will derive useful aid from the proceedings of the Departmental Councils.

The worst use, perhaps, to which the Councils-General could be turned would be to entrust them—as, according to report M. THIERS has, or, more accurately perhaps, had formerly, some thought of doing—with the election of a Second Chamber. No more ingenious means could be devised for bringing the Upper House into hopeless discredit. It would differ from the Lower House, not in being wiser, or richer, or more experienced, but simply in being returned by men specially chosen to see after small affairs and consult small interests. If we can imagine an elective House of Lords the members of which should be returned by the Boards of Guardians, we shall realize the kind of impression which would be made on the French nation by the news that the action of their direct representatives in the Assembly was liable to be overruled by the indirect representatives of local interests. The only thing that could have induced M. THIERS to entertain so wild a fancy is the extreme difficulty of constructing a Second Chamber, coupled with his own desire to get a Second Chamber somehow. The discrepancy between the precise statements of the *Times* Correspondent and the general denials of them which comes to us through Baron REUTER has not been explained. According to the latter account, M. THIERS is made to say that the Assembly



cannot usefully take up the subject of a Second Chamber until it has voted the Budget and passed an Education Bill and an Army Reorganisation Bill. This they mean that on all these points the President feels that he can trust the Assembly to do his bidding, and that he does not care to invent any new modes of bringing pressure to bear on it until it has shown fresh signs of insubordination. In M. THIERS's mind the wish to see a Second Chamber set up is probably altogether secondary to the wish to have the existing Chamber well under control. If he pursues the former object at all, it will be simply as a means of promoting the latter.

#### THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

THE adoption of Unions and strikes by farm-labourers in several districts is a matter too serious to be neglected, and yet it is difficult and embarrassing to discuss. The prospect of a chronic antagonism among the classes which occupy the rural districts naturally affords unqualified gratification to several sections of the great body of social and political agitators and reformers. The theorists of towns who have cultivated an imaginative hatred of landowners, the advocates of the alleged rights of labour as against capital, and the great majority of unattached philanthropists, all for various reasons welcome the adhesion of the farm-labourer to the doctrines of the modern artisan. There is no doubt that in some counties wages have been habitually low, and the price of labour may probably be raised by combination; but it is in the nature of Trade Unions to be both permanent and encroaching, and a revolution in the conditions of country life is not to be contemplated without uneasiness. Some of the literary promoters of the present movement are in the habit of denouncing the system of land tenure as a cause of deficiencies in agricultural improvement, and of a consequent limitation of the utility of land. That the art of farming has in the memory of the present generation advanced more rapidly than any other industrial process, and that the soil of Great Britain is, in proportion to the capital employed, the most productive in the world, are considerations too vulgar to be allowed to interfere with large generalizations. The farmer must be disappointed to find that the officious friends who have taught him to appreciate the grievances inflicted by his landlord now turn upon him on behalf of the oppressed and discontented labourer. No reduction of rent, no law of compensation for supposed improvements, nor even a tenant-right conferred on the occupier at the expense of the owner, could compensate him for the threatened interference with his management of his own affairs. Present prices, and the prospect of an increasing demand for agricultural produce, may perhaps enable him to bear up against the exaction of additional wages; but if the farm-labourers are to receive orders, like colliers or bricklayers, from a Union Committee, there is little prospect of further improvement in agriculture. The entire system of cultivation depends on the power of the farmer to direct in minute detail the operations of his workmen, which are incomparably more various and more dependent on circumstances than the monotonous toil of the miner or the weaver. A rule analogous to the regulation which prohibits bricklayers from using both hands for certain kinds of work might render profitable farming impossible. Forty years ago the labourers of the time with instinctive provision destroyed thrashing-machines. The more various and elaborate machinery of the present day will furnish some check on the demands of workmen. The extraordinary ingenuity of the Americans in devising mechanical contrivances for farming purposes has been chiefly stimulated by the scarcity of labour.

Any inquiry into the merits of the dispute between the farmers and the labourers is necessarily one-sided in its effect, though not in its substance. If an impartial student of rural economy forms conclusions in favour of the workman, his opinion is at once accepted as an admission by the supporters of agricultural Trade Unions. Any warnings which he may address to the labourers and to their leaders invariably fail to reach their destination. The dullest man can understand a statement that his wages ought to be raised; and a village labourer readily believes the doubtful proposition that the organization of Unions has on the whole improved the condition of mechanics and factory operatives. It is not so easy to explain to him comprehensively that the cultivation of the land is a business which scarcely admits of being conducted under arbitrary rules. Iron must be dug in the shape of ore, smelted, and puddled, and subjected to other processes in regular succession; but much of the work on a farm

is discretionary in its nature, and the amount is regulated by considerations of cost. As Lord DERBY remarked in his speech at Bury, while labour is at famine prices employers will naturally reserve it, as far as possible, for unavoidable and urgent wants, just as people resolve to abstain from meat when it is very dear. Labourers in the employment of landowners are to a large extent engaged in effecting improvements which are not urgently necessary, nor perhaps immediately profitable. One of the first results of a successful conspiracy of agricultural labour against capital would be a diversion of a portion of the capital now applied to the land into alien channels. The evil would be aggravated by the formidable nature of the weapons which the labourers' Unions can employ. A strike at the beginning of harvest would threaten farmers with ruin, and the whole country with frightful disaster. Newspaper readers have become accustomed to the statement that committees of carpenters or house-painters have called out the men employed by certain firms, and that the summons has been unhesitatingly obeyed. The consequence will be only that builders and contractors will be embarrassed in the conduct of their affairs, and that ultimately they will be forced to recoup themselves at the expense of the general community. The facts recorded in the daily column of "Strikes" indicate dearer houses, dearer furniture, and an increase of the growing cost of living. The same system applied, in accordance with the benevolent hopes of philanthropists, to agricultural labour may imply the ruin of the farmer and extreme distress to the poor. Lord DERBY has reminded the labourers that it does not follow, because they can make pretty much their own terms at harvest-time, that they will be equally able to do so in the winter months. It is true that in the dead seasons of the year the employer may have his turn; but the labourer is at the worst secured against starvation by his power of seeking in the provisions of the Poor-law an alternative for wages. In this case the rate-payers will enjoy the satisfaction of providing the funds by which the members of the labourers' Union will pay the expenses of the strike. In a short time, if the anticipations of democratic politicians are confirmed by the event, farm-labourers will be admitted to the franchise, and will be enabled to return all the county members. It will follow that the Poor-law will, if necessary, be modified in favour of labourers out of work; and it will be well if the agricultural population is satisfied without further concessions.

If it is useless to compete in argument with agitators before an audience of labourers, it is mischievous for the advocates of agricultural employers to rely on transparent cant. If incitations to popular violence were in any case justifiable, they become imbecile when they are facetiously addressed by bishops and others to the numerically weaker party. Assurances that travelling demagogues are the worst enemies of those to whom they appeal are certain, even if the statements are true, to be regarded as selfish falsehoods. The best security against the impending danger would be the discovery of some arrangement which would visibly and intelligibly identify the interests of the employer and the workman. A pamphlet by Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON, called the *Farm Labourer*, contains some suggestions on the subject which deserve consideration from those who have the means of appreciating their practical tendency. He recommends that large gardens should be appended to cottages, and that when it is possible pasture for a cow should be allowed on reasonable terms to the skilful and thrifty labourer. Another proposal is, that money allowances, such as those which are in some parts of the country made to shepherds for the lambs which they rear, should be extended to workmen engaged in the care of stock or in the cultivation of the land. A percentage on the excess of the crop over a certain return per acre, or on the price of fat beasts beyond the cost of purchase, would probably encourage care and industry. It also seems reasonable on an arable farm to increase the wages whenever wheat reaches a certain price, because dearthness of wheat is a clear gain to the farmer and a dead loss to the labourer. It is possible that there may be practical objections to the particular methods of remuneration which are suggested; but some approximation of the kind to a co-operative system would have advantages beyond the mere increase of money payment. Although the employment of a farm-labourer is intrinsically far more diversified, more speculative, and more interesting than any other manual kind of industry, his own share in the study of soils and processes and in the observation of seasons is dissociated from considerations of personal benefit. The dullness of the labourer's life is commonly exaggerated, and his intelligence has never been justly estimated since the days when COSSUTT expressed in

vigorous language his contempt for reading and writing in comparison with ploughing and reaping. It is only to a cockney that the contemplation of a turnip-field or a fat bullock is tedious; but it would become infinitely more exciting to the agricultural labourer if he could mentally convert farm produce into shillings and sixpences about to find their way into his pocket. It is possible that a judicious system of allowances proportioned to the results of his labour might disincline the workman to listen to the blandishments of itinerant agitators. It can only be known by experience whether concessions which might be attributed to alarm would encourage further demands. Roving orators would soon learn to claim for their clients as a right any privileges and perquisites to which especial value was attached; but on the whole employers would be prudent in making their relations to workmen somewhat more complicated than at present. It is easier for the Committee of a Union to demand an advance on the money rate of wages than a modification of contracts which might include percentages, allotments, and cow pasturage. Nothing can be more reasonable than the indignation of the farmers against the abettors of the Unions; but Socialist essayists are beyond the reach of their resentment; and they ought for their own sakes to disarm as far as possible an attack which they have no power to prevent.

#### SPANISH AMERICA.

THE New World which was early in the present century raised up to redress the balance of the Old seems us far as ever from establishing an equilibrium of its own. From one end of Spanish America to the other bloody and barren revolutions continue their monotonous succession. Two or three months ago an ambiguous war, half foreign and half civil, disturbed Honduras; and it is announced that a conspiracy headed by an Archbishop and some Jesuit priests has recently been frustrated in Salvador, which appears to have been somehow mixed up in the affair with Guatemala. As the militant prelate and his associates may be supposed to have engaged in this plot for the benefit of the Church, it is a relief to find that something like a principle or a corporate interest took the place for once of the personal intrigues which ordinarily distract South American Republics. There is also a clerical party in Mexico, where the town of Tampico has lately been seized by a revolutionary body; and it may be expected that further rebellions and civil wars will follow the death of JUAREZ. On the Northern frontier more serious complications threaten to demand the attention of the Mexican Government. It is asserted that cattle and horses have been stolen in large numbers from the parts of Texas which border on the Rio Grande; and it is significantly suggested that the best remedy for the mischief would be the annexation of the neighbouring districts to the United States. It seems a little surprising that American settlers should not be able to protect themselves against Mexican incursions, and that stolen cattle should not long since have been recovered with usury. It is evident that the mere advancement of a frontier only removes the point of contact with troublesome neighbours, and that the inconvenience of having to deal with independent Mexicans can only be abated by the annexation of the whole Republic. At present it may be doubted whether Congress will listen to the complaints of the anxious citizens of Texas. It would be perfectly easy for the United States to occupy the whole or any portion of Mexico; but American institutions include no machinery for the government of dependencies; and judicious politicians will not be disposed to admit a mongrel race of aliens to participation in their national sovereignty. The rejection of General GRANT's scheme for the acquisition of San Domingo proved that the Senate was disinclined to territorial aggression in the South. The acquisition of Texas was effected when the dominant party in the Union was principally bent on the extension of slavery into unoccupied soil. A conquest of half-a-dozen Mexican provinces in the present day would be inglorious and embarrassing.

In a remote part of Spanish America a revolution of the typical kind has partially failed. Peru had been thought to be comparatively orderly; and, like all the South American States, it enjoys the blessings of a nominally Republican form of Government. Among other conditions of civilization Peru has a National Debt, principally held in England; and its guano deposits form a valuable property. It frequently happens that the Spanish Republics elect a military leader as President, and a certain General BALTA had nearly arrived at the end of his term of office in Peru. As it was believed

that one Señor PARDO was the popular candidate for the Presidency, it was naturally expected that BALTA would attempt an irregular prolongation of his own power, and he was urged by his Minister of War, General GUTIERREZ, to make the experiment. When the decisive moment arrived BALTA shrank from the risk of usurpation, and consequently GUTIERREZ assembled an armed force, threw the President into prison, and proclaimed martial law in Lima. It appears that even in Peru repeated precedents have not yet given armed rebellion the force of law. PARDO and other principal citizens took refuge on board ships in the harbour, the Congress declared GUTIERREZ a traitor, and the populace of the city took part against the new Dictator. A brother of GUTIERREZ who had been appointed Minister of War, was killed in the streets; and the Dictator avenged his death by murdering BALTA in prison. After a struggle which lasted four days the partisans of PARDO obtained the victory, and the usurper and his principal adherents were put to death. The restoration of law and order has since been ostentatiously announced and PARDO is for the moment undisputed PRESIDENT of the Republic. The attempt at revolution is said to have cost only two hundred lives; but it sufficiently illustrates the anarchical condition of Peru. The mob by accident supported the cause which may be considered constitutional; but it celebrated the triumph of freedom after its own brutal manner. The corpses of GUTIERREZ and of his two brothers were stripped, rubbed with an inflammable substance, hoisted up with pulleys to the level of the tower of the cathedral, and finally burnt in the public square. Although GUTIERREZ was apparently a worthless adventurer, he may almost be excused for thinking military rule good enough for a barbarous and bloodthirsty rabble. Whatever may be the merits of the existing authorities, they were unable or unwilling to prevent a scandalous violation of public decency.

The holders of Peruvian bonds will scarcely be reassured by the official commonplaces of the representatives of the Government in London. During his brief reign GUTIERREZ raised a forced loan of 60,000*l.*, and he imprisoned the English managers of the London Bank of Lima for refusing a contribution. There is every reason to fear that his example may be hereafter followed by other ambitious soldiers, who will not fail to use their temporary or permanent authority for the extortion of money. The case of the Spanish Republics seems to be absolutely or indefinitely hopeless, as they contain no materials on which solid institutions can be founded. Democratic little communities, with petty armies exclusively employed in civil broils, seem destined to a perpetual alternation of anarchy and tyranny. The greatness and prosperity of the United States have been in the highest degree injurious as a model to the emancipated colonies of Spain. It was easy to imitate the rejection of the supremacy of the mother-country; but in Mexico and throughout the greater part of South America after the expulsion of the Spaniards no element of order or government remained behind. Notwithstanding the numerous faults of Spanish administration, it would be better for Peru or for Salvador to receive Governors from Madrid than to hold out the office of President as a prize for conspiracies and military mutinies. The only State in South America which is exempt from periodical revolutions is the Empire of Brazil, which has the good fortune to be governed by an ancient European dynasty. The present EMPEROR is as it happens, more accomplished, and probably more competent to govern, than an average President appointed by popular election; but his chief merit is, to make a new application of LEAUMARCHAIS' epigram, that he has taken the trouble to be born to a throne. He has no expiration of his term of office to provide for, and no rival to regard with jealousy; nor could a successful soldier hope to take his place even if he were able to overthrow his authority. The Brazilian army, when it was lately engaged in foreign service, was nominally at least commanded by a Prince of the Blood, who might be trusted not to employ his commission as an instrument of usurpation. There are many plausible arguments against hereditary rank; but in unsettled communities it is the only kind of distinction which is not attainable by force or by fraud. It is at least highly probable that the Spanish American States would have been happier and better governed if they could have followed the example of Brazil. It is true that there could scarcely have been a king of Peru or a king of Chili, and therefore a Viceroy ruling through a responsible Ministry would have been the best kind of ruler.

The Empire in Mexico was an artificial and anomalous contrivance, and probably MAXIMILIAN would have been unable to maintain himself even if the Government of the United States had not compelled the French Government to with-

draw its army from the Continent; yet the Americans incurred some moral responsibility by interfering with Mexican affairs exclusively for the purpose of gratifying their own feelings of resentment and pride. The enterprise of NAPOLEON III. implied his confidence in the permanent disruption of the American Union, and the Mexican Empire was consequently, and not unnaturally, regarded as an affront to the United States. Nevertheless the consolidation of the power of MAXIMILIAN, if it could have been effected, would have been an unmixed benefit to Mexico. The country requires rest and consistent administration; nor is it in a condition to afford the risk of being governed by an incapable or dishonest President. JUAREZ, as long as he lived, was vigorous and upright, but he was incessantly disturbed by provincial insurrections. His successor belongs to the opposite, and therefore to the weaker, party, and it is wholly uncertain whether he will command general support. The only useful result which a resolute optimist could attribute to the condition and character of the Republics of Spanish America would be the paradoxical object of keeping some of the most productive portions of the world in a physical and moral state of fallow. The vast capabilities of the area of the United States are surpassed by Mexico and by the Southern continent, and at some period they will probably be developed either by immigrant races, or by the descendants of the present population organized in a manner not yet discovered. A Federal Republic in Spain would probably in some respects resemble Guatemala or Peru; but it would assuredly not descend to their level.

#### THE LICENSING ACT AT WORK.

IT was not to be expected that the country would immediately settle down under the discipline of the new Licensing Act without any expressions of irritation or resentment. It cannot be said that it is a severe law, and there is every reason to suppose that it meets with general approval, and is believed to be just and necessary. But then it is new, and Englishmen do not like being put out of any of their accustomed ways, and are especially sensitive on any point affecting their personal freedom. We are justly entitled to the reputation of being what is called a law-abiding people, but this disposition is quite compatible with a little restiveness under a new law, which has not yet had time to make itself known and respected. It is quite in the nature of many of our countrymen to be very angry about being shut out or turned out of a public-house at a particular hour, although they would never have thought either of going or staying there but for the irresistible provocation of a brand-new prohibitory statute. The publicans believe that their commercial interests are at stake, and the publicans' customers resent the interference of the law with their old habits, and its implied imputation that they are incapable of taking care of themselves, and require to be regulated by Act of Parliament. There have been some disturbances at Exeter and Maidstone, and disturbances have also been threatened at Leicester, but there does not appear to have been serious opposition to the enforcement of the Act in any quarter. In Exeter a drunken man was rescued from the police, and at Leicester there was an unsuccessful attempt to rescue one. At Maidstone a mob went about the town shouting and demanding to be served with liquor; but the publicans were protected by their shutters and the police. At Exeter, however, there were at one moment apprehensions of a riot. A handbill had been circulated intimating that "working-men who do not get their 'wages early' would find 'beer and other refreshments'" after the public-houses were shut at the gentlemen's club-house. The mob took the hint and howled and booted under the windows of the club, by way of protest against the injustice, as they deemed it, of shutting the working-man out of his public-house while the gentleman could tiddle all night in his club-room. The handbill purported to be signed by "A Teetotaler," but it is suspected that some of the publicans were in reality responsible for it, and it is obvious that from the Alliance point of view the working classes are expected to be grateful for the protection of the Act as far as it goes. It has been stated that working-men's clubs are being organized in various towns, and there will probably be some difficulty in determining in every case whether a club is a genuine affair, or has been got up merely as a public-house in disguise. The best security against abuses of this kind is that the law is moderate and reasonable, and that there is really very little temptation for anybody to take the trouble of evading it. High duties and

smuggling go together, and if fanatical Teetotalers had their way there would no doubt be private drinking clubs at every corner. In a recent official Report on the operation of the liquor law in Maine, it is stated that it "has led to domestic" and public hypocrisy and secret drinking," and has "thoroughly demoralized the people." The multiplication of private facilities for drinking in this country would certainly supply unmistakable evidence that the law had failed to secure the object for which it was passed.

The discretion which is allowed to magistrates as to fixing the hours during which public-houses may be opened unfortunately leaves the door open for noisy and mischievous agitation; and it would appear that the Bench itself is not free from inflammatory influences, if we may judge from the pugilistic encounter which occurred the other day between a couple of justices at the Licensing Sessions at Norwich. In London the hours are permanently fixed by the Act, but elsewhere the magistrates have the option of varying them in no fewer than fourteen different ways. The partisans of the Teetotalers will naturally contend for the shortest, and the partisans of the publicans for the longest hours, and a great deal of pressure will naturally be brought to bear by each party on the magistrates with whom the decision rests. If the hours are suddenly reduced to the minimum allowed by the Act, there can be little doubt that it will occasion great annoyance and exasperation, and attempts will probably be made to defy or evade the law. A violent movement of this kind is certain to provoke an equally violent reaction, and the advocates of temperance will inevitably defeat their own purposes if they endeavour to push their views to an extreme. The Act, as we have said, appears to be supported by the great body of public opinion, and there is a general desire that it should have a fair trial; but there are many who sympathize with its objects who are by no means prepared for sudden and despotic changes. People in this country do not like to be too much policed, and their Act will do far more good if it is not forced too much against the popular grain. Even those who are anxious to see the hours reduced to the lowest point should understand that they are more likely in the long run to attain their object if they are willing in the first instance to proceed quietly and cautiously. The disturbances which have already taken place sufficiently indicate the temper of the mob; and we can imagine what would be the condition of the country if by any chance the United Kingdom Alliance succeeded in getting its pet crotchets embodied in an Act of Parliament. There would doubtless be violent excitement, rioting, resistance to the police, and probably, after a variety of scandalous scenes, the repeal of the obnoxious law. It is pointed out in the Report on the Maine Law to which we have already referred that the general irritation and inconvenience experienced from the law would probably have a powerful influence on the next elections in the State, and that, if it were repealed, a reaction might be expected which would add still more to the demoralization of the community. The warnings of Maine should not be lost on the Teetotalers of England. There is something to be said for the theory of the elasticity of the Act, and its adaptation to local habits and convenience; but the principle of local option is clearly liable to abuse. A different set of hours in every district will produce confusion, and an appearance of personal caprice, and will be apt to provoke a spirit of opposition. It is to be hoped that something like uniformity will be maintained, the only distinction being between towns and country places.

What is wanted is that the magistrates should exercise their common sense in administering the Act, allowing as much personal freedom as possible in regard to hours, but coming down severely on any flagrant violation of the law. A publican at Tipton has been very properly fined 5*l.* and costs for allowing drunken persons to frequent his house. Four drunken men were found in his house on one night, two in one room and two in another, and one of them so drunk that he sprawled on his hands and knees under the table. The landlord was told of it, and said he saw nothing wrong. Later on several drunken men were seen staggering out of the house; and early next morning one was found asleep inside so drunk that he could not stand. This was obviously a very bad case, and the magistrates did well to give the publican a sharp lesson. In recent controversies public opinion has been strongly on the side of the publicans as against the Teetotalers, but it will be unfortunate if the publicans misunderstand the reasons of this tendency. Most rational people are satisfied that there is a great deal too much drinking in this country, and a great deal too much money spent in drink. A vested interest in the pro-

pagation of drunkenness is recognized neither by law nor common sense, and if there has appeared to be any tenderness in dealing with the publicans, it has certainly not been prompted by any desire to extend their business. They have great political influence, and the political leaders on each side are perhaps a little too much afraid of them, but their strength, or what appeared to be their strength, in the recent contest was mainly due to the impracticable fanaticism of their opponents. If it were supposed that the tactics of the United Kingdom Alliance would really have the effect of checking drunkenness, they would no doubt meet with wider support; and it is not from any hesitation as to interfering with the profits of the liquor trade that a severely restrictive policy has not been adopted. The reason why a moderate measure has been preferred is simply because it is believed that it is more likely to promote the object in view than a system of violent prohibition. We observe that the publicans of Chatham and Rochester, in applying to the magistrates of the district to allow taverns to be kept open till twelve o'clock on week days instead of eleven, base their claim on the ground that a change from the old hours would cause inconvenience to the public and loss to the publicans. It is to be hoped that the magistrates when they give their reply will make it quite clear to the petitioners that the convenience of the public is all that they are entitled to consider, and that it is none of their business to encourage drinking in order to swell the profits of publicans. No refinements of language will gloss over the fact that drunkenness means drinking too much, and that the only way to check it is to get people to drink less. It is believed that this result may be most effectually promoted, not by harsh and despotic laws, but by moral influences and the progress of education.

#### PAUPERISM AND SCHOOL FEES.

THE Local Government Board have taken a step of considerable and commendable boldness. They have sent a circular letter to the London Boards of Guardians pointing out that the Education Act has not limited the discretion given to the Guardians by a previous statute to take into consideration, when granting outdoor relief, the inability of a parent to provide education for his child, and suggesting that, "in the exercise of this discretion the Guardians should upon each application for relief inquire whether the children of the applicant are being educated, and if, by reason of the inability of the parents to send them to school or to pay the school fees, they are not being educated, that in connexion with the administration of out-relief the Guardians should afford the parent such relief as may enable him to comply with the law which expressly compels that his children shall be educated." The boldness of this suggestion consists in the fact of its running counter to the sentimental dislike to call things by their right names which dictated the last words of the 25th section of the Education Act. This section, as so many politicians have painful cause to know, empowers School Boards to pay the fees payable at a public elementary school by any child whose parent is from poverty unable to pay them, and it then goes on to declare that "such payment shall not be deemed to be parochial relief given to such parent." In other words, it is solemnly decreed by Act of Parliament that a certain payment "shall not be deemed to be" what it undoubtedly is. A man who is unable to provide for those dependent on him the necessaries which the law declares him bound to provide for them, and who is assisted to provide these necessaries by a grant from the funds of the community, is a pauper. It makes no difference whether the necessaries in question are physical or moral. In so far as the law compels a man to send his children to school, it places schooling on the same level with food. There is no hardship in punishing a parent for allowing his children to starve, because if he is unable to feed them he can appeal to the community to feed them for him. In the same way there is no hardship in punishing a parent for allowing his children to grow up in ignorance, because if he is unable to educate them he can appeal to the community to educate them for him. The parallel between the two cases is complete, and it was a defect in the Education Act that it tried to ignore it. Parochial relief is relief given to enable a man to provide necessaries for himself or for others. The payment of school fees by a School Board on the ground that a parent is unable to pay them is relief given to enable a man to provide what the law declares to be necessary for his children. It would give the most skilful casuist some trouble to distinguish between the two payments, and to ex-

plain why one is parochial relief while the other is not. It is true that certain of the London Boards of Guardians seem to think that their casuistry is equal even to this demand, since they have adopted a resolution setting forth that the payment of school fees upon a large scale by the Boards of Guardians would have the effect of increasing pauperism rather than diminishing it, and recommending that the entire cost of educating the children of the poor shall be paid out of the school-rate, "thus relieving the poor-rate of any charge whatever upon it for educational purposes." The latter part of this resolution is only the expression of a natural wish that the School Boards, and not the Boards of Guardians, should be saddled with the unpopular duty of raising money. But the former part can only be explained on the theory that pauperism does not smell as ill if it is called by another name. If there are a hundred persons in a parish receiving aid from the rates in order to enable them to obey the law as regards giving their children food, and fifty persons receiving aid from the rates in order to enable them to obey the law as regards giving their children schooling, there are one hundred and fifty paupers altogether. Whether the two payments are made out of the same fund, or out of two different funds, they are equally paid by the public, and the effect on the character of the receiver is the same in both cases. Or, if there be any difference, it is that where the payments are made out of two different funds the aggregate of them will be greater, and the demoralization produced by them will be greater. Multiplication of agencies means multiplication of expense, and if the School Boards have to maintain a staff of officers for the purpose of ascertaining facts which could be equally ascertained by the existing staff of the Board of Guardians, the ratepayers will ultimately be the sufferers. What makes a man a pauper is the acceptance of relief from the community, and if the immediate source of relief is the school-rate, and not the poor-rate, there is the more danger that this acceptance will become habitual. Many parents would make an effort to avoid having to apply for aid if the application marked them as paupers, which they will not make so long as it is declared by Act of Parliament that a man may throw on the community the burden of educating his children, and yet not be ranked among those who receive parochial relief.

The circular of the Local Government Board is important from another point of view. It opens out a prospect of finally getting rid of that objection against the 25th clause which, though defeated for the present, may at any moment be renewed. The grievance alleged to be created by the clause as it stands is that the ratepayer may be wounded in conscience by having to contribute to a rate which will in part go to the maintenance of schools belonging to other denominations than his own. A more irrational objection was never raised; but there seems no reason to doubt that it is widely felt, and still more widely professed, and if the whole controversy could be blown away by a side wind, the prospects of elementary education would be greatly improved. The Local Government Board suggest that, if in all cases where a parent is unable to pay the school fees he were treated as to that extent a subject for outdoor relief, the Guardians would not be obliged to pay the fees for him any more than they are obliged to buy food or clothing for him when he is unable to buy them for himself. When a man is found to be destitute of the means of obtaining these necessaries, and is not considered a fit subject for indoor relief, he has a certain sum of money given him wherewith to procure them. In like manner, when a man is found to be destitute of the means of obtaining education for his children a sum of money would be given him wherewith to procure it. It is needless to say that this presupposes the universal establishment of compulsory attendance at school. Without this there would be no adequate check on the expenditure of the money given. The parent of a physically starving child may usually be trusted to buy food for it; but the parent of a morally starving child could hardly be relied on to the same extent. Under a system of universal compulsion, however, no difficulty would arise. The School Board would ascertain that A. had two children within the school age who were not attending any school. A. would be warned, and, if need were, prosecuted, for his omission to send them. His plea of poverty would be remitted to the Board of Guardians, who would investigate into the truth of it, and, according as he succeeded or failed in making it good, they would grant or refuse the required sum a week. The School Board would have nothing to do with the question how A. found the sum. They would know that he either had it or could obtain it, and they would simply insist on its being paid to the managers of some public



elementary school. The Board of Guardians would have nothing to do with the question how A. spent the particular sixpence he received from the parish. They would have satisfied themselves that his weekly income, when all told, was sixpence short of the lowest sum on which he could live and comply with the law as to school attendance. The enforcing of that law they would leave to the School Board. In this way the most scrupulous conscience could find no ground for offence. A portion of the poor-rate might go to support a Denominational school just as a portion of it may now go to support a Denominational grocer or cheesemonger. But there would be no means of discovering whether it did so except in those rare instances in which an outdoor pauper has absolutely no means of subsistence except what is allowed him by the Guardians. Even in this last case it is not probable that a Non-conformist ratepayer would insist on interfering with the way in which the pauper spent his allowance, provided it were not more than sufficient to supply him with bare necessities, and he could be proved to have complied with the provisions of the Education Act by sending his children to a public elementary school. If this is paying too great a compliment to the common sense of the Dissenting body, it will at any rate be safe to say that so extremely refined an objection would meet with no popular support.

The only persons to whom this solution of the difficulties arising out of the 25th clause would be unacceptable would be the extreme zealots on one, perhaps on both, sides. There may be some extreme denominationalists who, in their ardent desire to see local rates applied in aid of Denominational schools, would lose sight of the injury which a prolonged and acrid controversy on such a subject must do to the cause of education. There are certainly some secularists who, in their ardent desire to sweep all children into undenominational schools, will regret the discovery of a compromise which relieves the conscience of the ratepayer without doing violence to the conscience of the parent. But the whole body of reasonable men, of whatever religious persuasion, will see cause to rejoice in a settlement which abolishes the need of considering whether school fees shall be remitted or paid, and removes the question in what cases it is proper to do either from the cognizance of the School Boards. To the accomplishment of this happy result only two conditions are requisite—the establishment of universal compulsion, and the recognition that the receipt of public relief constitutes a pauper.

#### SOCIAL REPORTERS.

**M**OST people understand human nature well enough to know that nothing interests like self; that they are secure of attention, even eager attention, so long as they make their hearer their topic, and tell him what he does not know of the impression he makes on the minds of others. But their knowledge generally stops here; they do not know the consequences which naturally result from this class of communications. They wish to please, to put their friend in good humour with them and with himself; but sympathy is seldom deep enough or wide enough to calculate on the ultra-jealous sensitiveness of mankind in this matter of the estimate and appreciation of others. The report of any intelligent, honest discussion of one's character, however indulgent and friendly, is perfectly certain to leave some burrs sticking to the memory which not even time will rub off. It is a fact that only wholesale, and it is none the worse if indiscriminate, praise can safely be reported to the subject of it—the sort of praise that the recipient can pass off with an indulgent deprecatory complacency. Nothing short of this is without some lurking sting to our self-esteem. Not that this grosser incense is intoxicating to a man of ordinary sense, or is accepted for a moment without inward protest; but it is free from the drawback of the one ingredient which, however slight the tincture, will go far to embitter the most flattering decoction. No character is ever discussed in absolute freedom without much being said which would annoy the person in question beyond the compensating power of any amount of general encomium. Qualification at once turns eulogy into criticism, and, to sensitive natures, adverse criticism; the ifs and the buts, the bare hints at frailties, deficiencies, or weak sides, seem to absorb all the ingenuity of the speakers. Their praise is soured and curdled, and at best loses all its sparkle, under the evil influence of cold analysis.

In all eulogy, we are told, there is an infusion of poppy, and so, when unmixed, it will not linger verbatim on the memory. An intelligent participant in the discussion scarcely cares to report it even to its subject without the seasoning which gives it point and relish. It is something to have a character worth the labour of analysis. As it appears to the reporter, the cleverness of the discussion all comes out on this side. Some good things were said which it is a pity should not be heard by the person most concerned, and most able to feel their inclusive truth. They are the sort of things which he says of others, and therefore he is likely

to appreciate them; and in fact the report, criticism and all, ought to satisfy him. But it does not. He is amused for the moment, but reflection turns it to bitterness. To be discussed at all with any familiarity comes upon people as a disagreeable surprise, however free and easy they may be towards their own friends behind their backs. There is nothing more curious than this blindness to the natural law of reprisals, the hidden tit-for-tat which is ever going on, whereby the small injuries we commit against our neighbour are certainly being avenged somewhere; so that if we find our amusement in his weaknesses, the fact should remind us that our own are surely furnishing sport to him or to his unknown and unconscious champion, the instrument of fate who is making the balance even. Fortunately the avenging process is carried on in the dark; men retort on one another without knowing it. A providential blindness, in fact, lies upon us all in regard to this matter of what others are saying of us. We take liberties with our friends, and never speculate on a return in kind. Common sense does not think about it at all, and vanity takes for granted that we cut as superior a figure in other eyes as we do in our own. "Considering," says Mr. Trollope, "how much we are all given to discuss the characters of others, and to discuss them often not in the strictest spirit of charity, it is singular how little we are inclined to think that others can speak ill-naturedly of us, and how angry and hurt we are when proof reaches us that they have done so. It is hardly too much to say that we all of us occasionally speak of our dearest friend in a manner which that dearest friend would very little like, and that we nevertheless expect our dearest friends shall universally speak of us as though they were blind to all our faults, and keenly alive to every shade of our virtues." But our point is that, even where there is no ill-nature, no carping spirit, but, on the contrary, every desire to do justice, backed by a real appreciation, something is sure to be said that would jar on self-love, and that consequently cannot be retailed without peril to the equanimity of the hearer. Pascal is strong on this point, but his general tone towards human nature leaves it uncertain whether the inherent vanity of man, or his equally inherent malice, is most in fault:—

*Personne ne parle de nous en notre présence comme il en parle en notre absence. L'un qui est entre les hommes n'est fondé que sur cette mutuelle tromperie; et peu d'amitiés subsisteraient si chacun savait ce que son ami dit de lui lorsqu'il n'y est pas; quoiqu'il en parle sincèrement et sans passion.*

There are people whose social business it seems to be to expose this mutual deception. The temper that impels to the practice is not necessarily spiteful; at worst it need not go beyond a desire to tease for the moment, to "get a rise" perhaps out of a man who thinks himself superior, to see how he behaves under free handling. There is a relish in letting such a man know that he is not taken at his own estimate, that his friends presume to understand him a good deal better than he understands himself, and smile behind his back at certain delusions, while doing ample justice to his general powers; the "delusions" being the points of self-knowledge on which he most values himself. It displays a sense of discernment merely to report to a valetudinarian that his connexions are much more hopeful of his condition than he allows himself to be, and have cheerfully commented to one another on his good appetite and unbroken slumbers. A fine lady has been known to dismiss a favourite physician, to whom she was worth a considerable annuity, upon the information of one of these blunders that he had, in an offhand manner, without circumlocution, pronounced her "better" to some inquiring third party. The habit of reporting such conversations certainly deadens the sympathies; the people who indulge themselves in it cannot distinguish between their own feelings and those of their interested hearer. What strikes or amuses them must needs be intrinsically amusing, and will only gain point and relish from its personal bearing. In their obtuseness they even come to regard criticism as a sort of homage and compliment, from the fact that to be a topic of conversation is in the abstract infinitely gratifying and stimulating to vanity. It is in this way that servants and subordinates—the sympathies of different classes towards each other being always imperfect—once encouraged or even permitted to report the comments of others, quite lose sight of their main object of pleasing in the hurry of exhibiting their own admiring devotion; and will blurt out what "he said with his taunts and his flattery," for the credit of their own indignant rejoinder. No man whose self-respect is in working order will allow others, in mere talkativeness, or to recommend themselves, or to engage his prejudices on their side, to report to him what has been said in his disparagement, or indeed in any spirit whatever, merely to indulge his curiosity. He would feel himself a party to a breach of confidence by the simple act of listening. Prudence and dignity are close allies here, but these are three-time guardians, which the old *régime* permitted the master to cast off with his *valet de chambre*, and which ladies now throw over sometimes with their maids, or in condescending gossip with their social inferiors, to the permanent injury of their relations with their equals.

Children are often innocent victims of this liberty, which is the more inwarrantable from their defencelessness; and most people's memories must recall some personal comment repeated, some revelation of outside opinion for which their philosophy was not yet prepared, which set the blood coursing at the time, and infects the consciousness still in mere sympathy with dawning sensitiveness. The poor, whose ordinary training inculcates little dignity or self-restraint, are as a rule dead to the ill consequences of this habit.

In villages and small communities, the excitement of life, the sense of company and numbers, is kept up by it; it supplies that necessity to all monotonous existences, a grievance. Men, near neighbours, slowly and silently withdraw from speech and intercourse with each other, because somebody has told them something that the other has said. Taken simply there was not much harm in it—perhaps only some question of skill or management in their calling; it has to be twisted into ill-will; but brooding and silence supply the needful venom. The subject of the remark values himself more, feels himself more distinguished, more somebody, for keeping up a sense of soreness and investing a possible slight with the pomp and state of deliberate insult. On the other hand, there is a sort of satisfaction in finding your neighbour out of humour with you, supposing that no damage to worldly interest comes of it, and we shall not find the unintentional offender in any hurry to explain or make up matters. No society can exist without a public opinion of its own. What people say forms this opinion, and in very small circles, thrown for their excitement upon themselves, it is necessarily what people say of one another. It is first what Widow Smith "should say" which comes to the ear of Betty Jones; but it is amazing to see the ingenuity with which the idea of a public can be generated out of the inhabitants of two or three contiguous cottages; and thus, if one person makes a remark on another in the hearing of two or three, and remains uncontradicted, it is instantly reported under the formula "There's a many as says." It is no longer the opinion or the injustice of an individual; the judgment of her world is reported to the absentee.

It would be curious to know how many lasting prejudices, how many passive alienations, how many coldnesses which might have been friendships, are due to the repetition of trivial comments and small criticisms not intended for the ears they reach. It requires effort and some closeness of intercourse to overcome an early unfavourable impression formed on however slight grounds. We mostly hold by the opinion we first form of people, unless brought into some intimate relation to which prejudice inclines or which circumstances do not favour. Dante and other searers into the future and unseen have pleased themselves with grouping kings, philosophers, poets, great captains, and engaging them in the *Divine Comedy* upon an easy review of the past, setting them to compare notes as it were, and so bringing them to a mutual understanding. Might not neighbours and contemporaries whose sphere in this life is less elevated find a congenial diversion in tracing to their source the various separating influences which hold good people apart?

We have made no mention of the trick of reporting what has been said without giving the name of the speaker, either to stimulate curiosity or to impart more weight to a stricture. Seeds of vanity, or of mistrust and suspicion, are equally sown by this anonymous method; but as the tongue that spoke the criticism is shrouded in mystery, the particular indiscretion and breach of confidence which we have just now had in view has not been committed; the error, so far as there is one, is against society rather than the individual.

#### CHILDREN BY THE SEA.

**A**UTUMN brings its congresses—scientific, ecclesiastical, archaeological—but the prettiest of autumnal congresses is the children's congress by the sea. It is like a leap from prose into poetry when we step away from Associations and Institutes, from stuffy lecture-rooms and dismal sections, to the strip of sand which the children have chosen for their annual gathering. Behind us are the great white cliffs, before us the reach of grey waters with steamers and their smoke-trail in the offing and waves washing lazily in upon the shore. And between sea and cliff are a world of little creatures, digging, dabbling, delighted. What strikes us at first sight is the number of them. In ordinary life we meet the great host of children in detail, as it were; we kiss our little ones in the morning, we tumble over a perambulator, we dodge a hoop, we pat back a ball. Child after child meets us, but we never realize the world of children till we see it massed upon the sands. Children of every age, from the baby to the schoolboy; big children and small children, weak little urchins with pale cheeks and plump little urchins with sturdy legs; children of all tempers, from the screeching child in arms to the quiet child sitting placid and gazing out of large grey eyes; gay little mad-caps paddling at the water's edge; busy children, idle children, children careful of their dress, hoydens covered with sand and seaweed, wild children, demure children—all are mustered in the great many-coloured camp between the cliffs and the sea. It is their holiday as it is ours, but what is a mere refreshment to us is life to them. What a rapture of freedom looks up at us out of the little faces that watch us as we thread our way from group to group! The mere change of dress is a revolution in the child's existence. These brown-holland frocks, rough sunshades, and sandboots, these clothes that they may wet and dirty and tear as they like, mean deliverance from endless dressings—dressings for breakfast and dressings for lunch, dressings to go out with mamma, and dressings to come down to dessert—an escape from fashionable little shoes and tight little hats and stiff little dresses that it is treason to rumple. There is an inexpressible triumph in their return at eventide from the congress by the sea, bedraggled, but with no fear of a scolding from

nurse. Then, too, there is the freedom from "lessons." There are no more of those dreadful maps along the wall, no French exercises, no terrible arithmetic. The elder girls make a faint show of keeping up their practising, but the goody books which the governess packed carefully at the bottom of their boxes remain at the bottom unopened. There is no time for books, the grave little faces protest to you; there is only time for the congress. That is why they hurry over breakfast to get early to the sands, and are moody and restless at the length of luncheon. It is a hopeless business to keep them at home; they yawn over picture-books, they quarrel over croquet, they fall asleep over backgammon. Home is just now only an interlude of sleeping or dining in the serious business of the day. The one interest of existence is in the sea. Its novelty, its vastness, its life, dwarf everything else in the little minds beside it. There is the endless watching for the ships, the first peep at the little dot on the horizon, the controversies as it rises about its masts or its flag, the questions as to where it is coming from and where it is going to. There is the endless speculation on the tide, the doubt every morning whether it is coming in or going out, the wonder of its perpetual advance or retreat, the whispered tales of children hemmed in between it and the cliffs, the sense of a mysterious life, the sense of a mysterious danger. Above all there is the sense of a mysterious power. The children wake as the wind howls in the night, or the rain dashes against the window panes, to tell each other how the waves are leaping high over the pier and ships tearing to pieces on reefs far away. So charming and yet so terrible, the most playful of playfellows, the most awful of possible destroyers, the child's first consciousness of the greatness and mystery of the world around him is embodied in the sea.

It is amusing to see the precision with which the children's congress breaks up into its various sections. The most popular and important is that of the engineers. The little members come toddling down from the cliffs with a load of implements, shouldering rake and spade, and dangling tiny buckets from their arms. One little group makes straight for its sand-hole of yesterday, and is soon busy with huge heaps and mounds, which are to take the form of a castle. A crowing little urchin beside is already waving the Union Jack, which is ready to crown the edifice, if the Fates ever suffer it to be crowned. Engineers of less military taste are busy near the water's edge with an elaborate system of reservoirs and canals, and greeting with shouts of triumph the admission of the water to miniature little harbours. A corps of absolutely unscientific labourers are simply engaged in digging the deepest hole they can, and the blue nets over their sunshades are alone visible over the edge of the excavation. It is delightful to watch the industry, the energy, the absolute seriousness and conviction of the engineers. Sentries warn you off from the limits of the fortress; you are politely asked to "please take care," as your clumsy foot strays along the delicate brink of the canal. Suggestions that have a mechanical turn about them, hints on the best way of reaching the water, or the possibility of a steeper slope for the sand-walls, are listened to with attention and respect. You are rewarded by an invitation which allows you to witness the very moment when the dyke is broken, and the sea admitted into basin and canal, or the yet more ecstatic moment when the Union Jack waves over the completed castle. Indolence and adventure charm the dabbles, as industry absorbs the engineers. The sands are, of all earthly spots, the most delightful; but a greater delight than any earthly spot can afford awaits the dabbler in the sea. It is mostly the girls who dabble; the gaiety and frolic suit them better than the serious industry of castles and canals. Deliverance from shoes and stockings, the first thrill of pleasure and surprise at the cool touch of the water, the wild rush along the brim, the dainty advance till the sea covers the little ankles, the tremulous waiting with an air of defiance as the wave deepens round till it touches the knee, the firm line with which the dabbles grasp hand in hand and face the advancing tide, the sudden panic, the break, the disorderly flight, the tears and laughter, the run after the wave as it retreats again, the fresh advance and defiance—this is the paradise of the dabbler. Hour after hour, with clothes tucked round their waist, and a lavish display of stout little legs, the urchins wage their mimic warfare with the sea. Meanwhile the scientific section is encamped upon the rocks. With torn vestments and bruised feet, the votaries of knowledge are peering into every little pool, detecting mussel-shells, picking up sea-weed, hunting for anemones. A shout of triumph from the little adventurer who has climbed over the rough rock-shelf announces that he has secured a prize for the glass jar at home, where the lumps of formless jelly burst into rosy flowers with delicate tendrils waving gently round them for food. A cry of woe tells of some infantile Whymper who has lost his hold on an Alpine rock-edge some six inches high. Knowledge has its difficulties as well as its dangers, and the difficulty of forming a rock-section in the face of the stern opposition of mothers and nurses is undoubtedly great. Still, formed it is, and science furnishes a goodly company of votaries and martyrs to the congress by the sea. But of course the naval section bears away the palm. It is for the most part composed of the elder boys, and of a few girls who would be boys if they could. Its members all possess a hopeless passion for the sea, and besiege their mothers for promises that their future life shall be that of middies. They wear straw hats and loose blue shirts, and affect as much of the sailor in their costume as they can. Each has a boat, or as they call it, a "vessel," and the build and rig of these vessels is a subject of constant discussion and rivalry in the congress. Much

critical inquiry is directed to the propriety of Arthur's jib, or the necessity of "ballasting" or pouring a little molten lead into Edward's keel. The launch of a new vessel is the event of the week. The coast-guardman is called in to settle knotty questions of naval architecture and equipment, and the little seamen listen to his verdicts, his yarns, the records of his voyages, with a wondering reverence. They ask knowingly about the wind and the prospects of the weather; they submit to his higher knowledge their theories as to the nature and destination of each vessel that passes; they come home with a store of naval phrases which are poured recklessly out over the tea-table. The pier is a favourite haunt of the naval section. They delight in sitting on rough coils of old rope. Nothing that is of the sea comes amiss to them. "I like the smell of tar," shouts a little enthusiast. They tell tales among themselves of the life of a middie and the fun of the "fo-castle," and watch the waves leaping up over the pier-head with a wild longing to sing "Rule Britannia." Every ship in the offing is a living thing to them, and the appearance of a man-of-war sends them sleepless to bed.

There is but one general meeting of the children's congress, and that is in front of the bathing-machines. Rows of little faces wait for their turn, watching the dash of the waves beneath the wheels, peeping at the black-robed figures who are bobbing up and down in the sea, half longing for their dip, half shrinking at the inevitable moment comes nearer and nearer, dashing forward joyously at last as the door opens and the bathing-woman's "Now, my dear," summons them to the quaint little box. One lingers over the sight as one lingers over a bed of flowers. There is all the fragrance, the colour, the sweet caprice, the wilfulness, the delight of childhood in the tiny figures that meet us on the return from their bath, with dancing eyes and flushed cheeks and hair streaming over their shoulders. What a hero the group finds in the urbin who never cries, with what envy they regard the big sister who never wants to come out of the water! It is pleasant to listen to their prattle as they stroll over the sands with a fresh life running through every vein, to hear their confession of fright at the first dip, their dislike of putting their head under water, their chaff of the delicate little sister who "will only bathe with mamma." Mamma is always good-humoured by the sea; papas come out of their eternal newspaper and toss the wee brats on their shoulders, uncles drop down on the merry little group with fresh presents every day. The restraint, the distance, of home vanishes with the practical abolition of the nursery and the school-room. Home, schoolroom, nursery, all are crammed together in the little cockleshell of a boat where the little ones are packed together round father and mother and tossing gaily over the waves. What endless fun in the rising and falling, the creaking of the sail, the gruff voice of the boatman, the sight of the distant cliffs, the flock of sea-gulls nestling in the wave-hollows! The little ones trail their hands in the cool water and fancy they see mermaids in the cool green depths. The big boy watches the boatman and studies navigation. The little brother dips a hook now and then in a fond hope of whiting. The tide has come in ere they return, and the little voyageurs are lifted out, tired and sleepy, in the boatman's arms, to dream that night of endless sailings over endless seas. It is a terrible morning that brings the news of their recall to the smoke and din of town. They wander for a last visit down to the beach, listen for the last time to the young bandit in his Spanish sombrero who charms the nursery-maids with lays of love, clab their pence for a last interview with the itinerant photographer. It is all over; the sands are thinner now, group after group is breaking up, autumn is dying into winter, and rougher winds are blowing over the sea. But the sea is never too rough for the little ones. With hair-blown wildly about their faces, they linger disconsolately along the brink, count the boats they shall never see again, make pilgrimages to the rock caves to tell its separate story of enjoyment; in each of them, and fling themselves with a last kiss on the dear, dear sands! Then they shoulder their spade and rake, and with one fond look for the cliffs, turn their backs on the sea. But the sea is with them still, even when the crowded train has whirled them far from waves that the white gull skims over. They have their tales of it to tell to their governess, their memories of it to count over before they fall asleep, their dreams of it as they lie asleep, their hopes of seeing it again when weary winter and spring and summer have at last slipped away. They listen to stories of wrecks, and find a halfpenny for the sham sailor who trolls his ballads in the street. Now and then they look lovingly at the ships and the sand-buckets piled away in the play-cupboard. So with one abiding thought at their little hearts the long days glide away till autumn finds them again children by the sea.

#### AYRTON AMONG THE TOMBS.

THE First Commissioner of Works is, as we all know, great upon vaults. From vaults the transition to tombs is not a hard one; in the only sense of the word "vault" which Mr. Ayrtton seems to know, it is a very easy transition indeed. Give a dog a bad name and hang him, says the proverb; and it looks as if the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel had been pretty well put out by Mr. Ayrtton's calling it a vault. From snubbing the vault and its friends Mr. Ayrtton has now made a great advance; by a judiciously chosen sentence or two he has snubbed all the royal and historical tombs in England and all who care about them. Which, one might ask, is the

harder fate for a King or hero of past times, to have his tomb swept away by Henry in the sixteenth century or to have it survive to the nineteenth century to be snubbed by Ayrtton? The position of the First Commissioner is a sublime one. By some unusual good luck, he has got an opportunity of showing his contempt for the whole history of England, for the existing Society of Antiquaries, and for his own predecessor in office, all at once. One thing only was lacking; he might snub them all indeed, but he could not snub them in the most exquisite of all forms of snubbing; there was no chance of bidding even the living antiquaries, still less the departed Kings, to "govern themselves accordingly." Still it is something to be able to show that in the eyes of an Ayrtton the history of our country counts for no more than we have already seen that art and science count for. It is something to be able to show that in his eyes the memorials of departed princes and worthies are worth simply the intrinsic value of their materials. All the Kings of the earth may lie in glory, every one of them, in tombs rich with the choicest skill of the craftsman. To an Ayrtton the excellent work, graven out of the quarry or hewn out of the thick trees, is worth simply whatever it might fetch at the market price of stocks and stones. A "picture of brass" on tomb or pavement is to him a mere Nebuchadnezzar. The researches of the First Commissioner perhaps do not go so far back as the last century; otherwise how venerable in his eyes would be the memory of those Hampshire justices who eased the county rate of two guineas by selling the leaden coffin of King Alfred.

Mr. Ayrtton, as far as we know, was, like King George the Third, born and educated in this country. At all events he must join that revered monarch in glorying in the name of Briton, when he remembers that Britain is the only civilised country in the world where the monuments of its history are looked up as objects altogether beneath the national attention. In other lands we may sometimes complain of the way in which particular monuments are treated, we may sometimes sigh to see works of restoration going on which are in truth works of destruction; still the principle is acknowledged that the history of the nation, written in its earthworks, its buildings, its historical monuments of every class, is a matter which it is for the nation itself to take under its own care. It is only in England that we press the doctrine that it is lawful for a man to do what he will with his own, so far as to let him destroy, without the nation so much as lifting a finger, objects which are his only in the dry technicality of law, and which in a higher sense belong to the whole civilized world. One savage may dig down Dorchester dykes; another may build over Winnebendon Camp; a third may run riot through an ancient minster, toss its sepulchral figures about hither and thither, and may drill holes through its roof, seemingly for the purpose of making it easier to set it on fire. And it is plain that the noble savage of all loves to have it so. We may spend vast sums in excavating and plundering the monuments of other lands, but for the preservation of the monuments of our own not a farthing may be spent, not so much as a voice of protest may be lifted up. Nothing can be done, we are told, without legislation, and an Ayrtton is not inclined to legislate on so contemptible a subject. Wroxeter may perish before our eyes; Anderida and Silchester may follow it; our castles, our churches, our sepulchral monuments, may perish of decay or of barbarous handling, and the First Commissioner of Works would rather look upon it as good riddance of bad rubbish. Mr. Ayrtton has made up his mind that one curse at least shall never light on him; he at least knows how to escape the woe denounced in certain cases against those who build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous.

We have before us two documents, containing a correspondence between the Society of Antiquaries and the present and late First Commissioners of Works with regard to the "proper custody and preservation" of certain "regal and other historical tombs or monuments," which it would seem that the late First Commissioner, less enlightened than his successor, was inclined to look on as not wholly unworthy of the national care. It is plain that in February 1869 there was a disposition on the part of at least one member of the Government to see whether anything could be done for the preservation of at least one class of our national monuments. It is indeed rumoured, but we cannot vouch for the truth of the rumour, that it was only by a misconception that the care of the then First Commissioner was seemingly confined to a certain class of historical monuments. It is whispered, but we in no way commit ourselves to the truth of the whisperings, that representations had been made to the Government from various quarters pressing on them the necessity of doing something for the preservation of our historical monuments in general. It is said that, by a confusion on the part of some person or persons unknown, an inquiry which was meant to extend to historical monuments in the widest sense of the words, to historical memorials of every class, was narrowed to the particular class of monuments in the vulgar sense—that is, memorials set up or laid down to commemorate some dead person. We know not how this may be; it is certain that among historians or antiquaries the words historical monuments, like the French technical phrase *monuments historiques*, would not be understood of tombs and of nothing else. But we do not take upon ourselves to dive into the motives of Lords of the Treasury or First Commissioners of Works, or to know exactly by what kinds of pressure or persuasion they are brought to say what they say and do what they do. The fact about which there is no dispute is, that on February 17, 1869,

Mr. Layard, then First Commissioner of Works, directed his Secretary, Mr. Russell, to write to the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, requesting him to ask the Council of the Society "to have the goodness to furnish him with a list of such Regal and other Historical Tombs or Monuments existing in Cathedrals, Churches, and other Public Places and Buildings, as in their opinion it would be desirable to place under the protection and supervision of the Government, with a view to their proper custody and preservation." Such a request of course did not commit the Government to any particular course of action; it only showed that one of its members looked on the public custody and preservation of at least one class of historical monuments as a desirable end, and that he would be thankful for any hints as to the means by which that end might be compassed. The Society of Antiquaries was of course very much pleased, and at once appointed a Committee to get together the needful information; only they guarded themselves by the proviso "that, in consenting to point out such of our Regal and Historical Monuments as in their judgment stand in need of protective supervision, they consider it not within their province to commit themselves to any opinion as to the nature of the authority under which that supervision should be exercised." We quite go along with the Society; there should be some person or body clothed with authority to look after these things, but we cannot say that we have any definite view who that person or body ought to be. We have as yet only reached a strong negative conviction that it ought not to be Mr. Ayrton. The resolution of the Society to undertake the work was presently sent to Mr. Layard, and acknowledged by him, "with his thanks," through his Secretary.

The Society, in its resolution, very prudently warned Mr. Layard that "the task of drawing up, even with approximate accuracy, such a list as that proposed in the letter from the Office of Works, was one of no small magnitude, and would of necessity occupy a considerable time." The Society found it so. Their Committee, assisted by local inquirers in various districts, among whom we find such trustworthy names as Mr. G. T. Clark, Mr. John Evans, and Mr. Greenwell, took three years in putting together a very valuable and carefully arranged list. The Committee modestly say that their list, as the first attempt of the kind, is most likely not perfect; and most likely it is not. But at any rate it is a very good beginning. The "Regal Monuments" are arranged under several classes, Kings, Queens, their Children, Brothers, &c., but we are not surprised that, as they fixed 1760 as the limit of their labours, no return was made under "Class III.", which was to consist of "Princes Consort." The other division of "Historical Monuments," not being "Regal," consists of nine classes—Archbishops, Lord High Chancellors, Lord High Treasurers, Chief Justices, Statesmen, &c., Persons eminent in Theology, Science, &c., Eminent Naval and Military Personages, Eminent Merchants, and, lastly, "other Persons of Note." It is obvious that some of these classes will leave room for differences of opinion as to who ought to be let in and who ought to be kept out, but on the whole the list seems to be very judiciously drawn up. On March 18, 1872, the work was sent into the present First Commissioner, with an explanation of the principles on which the list had been drawn up, and with the following request contained in the last paragraph:—

The Council, in conclusion, desire me to request you to express to the First Commissioner their wish to be informed whether Her Majesty's Government designs on its own part to lay this Report and Appendix on the Table of both Houses of Parliament for public information, as the Council think would be desirable. They desire to press this question on the consideration of the First Commissioner, because, if such were not the intention of the Government, there are members of the Legislature connected with or interested in the Society who would undertake to move for the production of this paper in both Houses.

On April 3 came the answer; Mr. Ayrton having seemingly devoted the intermediate time to meditations among the tombs. At last, having fully convinced himself of their worthlessness, he sets his Secretary to answer the letter of the Society of Antiquaries. In Mr. Layard's time the Secretary was directed to acknowledge the receipt of the letter "with his thanks," but no thanks are to be found in the formula dictated by Mr. Ayrton. What Mr. Ayrton wishes to tell the Society of Antiquaries is set forth in two sentences of such remarkable length as to suggest the thought that Mr. Ayrton must give his leisure moments, when he has nobody in particular to snub, to a careful study of the obsolete *Kanzelstyl* of Germany. It would be a shame to abridge such a masterpiece in its own kind. So here the two sentences, long as they are, are at full length:—

SIR,—I am directed by the First Commissioner of Her Majesty's Works, &c., to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th ult., and I am to inform you, for the information of the Council of the Society of Antiquaries of London, that it appears that the communication addressed to you on the 13th February 1869, by the direction of the late First Commissioner, was made without the authority of the Treasury having been at any time obtained, and that the First Commissioner has now been informed by their Lordships that they must decline to authorise him to undertake any duties in respect of the Regal and Historical Tombs or Monuments referred to in the letter above mentioned, and in the valuable Report which you have been good enough to forward.

However much it is to be regretted that the Society should have been induced to embark on such a laborious and important investigation without the sanction of the Treasury, the First Commissioner deems it right to add that their Lordships further observe, that the object contemplated could not, consistently, be accomplished without legislation, and that they have no intention of introducing a Bill, or of laying before Parliament the Report which has been made by the Sepulchral Monuments Committee.

(Signed) GEORGE RUSSELL, Secretary.

We may notice here that, though Mr. Ayrton's letter does not like Mr. Layard's, contain any thanks, it does contain something like regrets. But Mr. Ayrton's regrets are of a most remarkable kind. He does not regret that he has no means of helping the at least harmless objects of the Society of Antiquaries—objects encouraged and even suggested by his own predecessor. What he regrets is, that the Society should have done so impertinent a thing as to make a list of royal and historical monuments without first asking leave from their Lordships at the Treasury. It is evident that, in his view of things, the Society ought never to have ventured "to embark on such a laborious and important investigation without the sanction of the Treasury." That the list can be in any sense its own reward, that it could be of any use to members of the Society or to others even without the sanction of the Treasury, does not seem to have come into Mr. Ayrton's head. Yet he somehow looks on it as "important." What its importance can be from his point of view it is hard to see. All that can be made out of it is that he has some general notion that laborious and important investigations should not be embarked on without the sanction of the Treasury. So the Society of Antiquaries get their snub. Yet if Mr. Ayrton could for a moment have brought himself to be civil to anybody, the Society of Antiquaries had a special claim for civility in this matter. All that they had done, the laborious and important investigation on which they had embarked, had been done and embarked on, if not with the sanction of the Treasury, yet with more than the sanction, at the express request, of Mr. Ayrton's predecessor in office. The Society of Antiquaries were not likely to know, and we are quite sure that we do not know, the exact relation between the First Commissioner and their Lordships. When a high official like the First Commissioner asked the Society to do a certain thing, they naturally thought that that official was doing the right thing in asking them. They were not likely to stop and ask whether the First Commissioner had the sanction of the Treasury for what he was doing. They did what the late First Commissioner asked them to do, and they get snubbed by the present First Commissioner for doing it. The Society of Antiquaries ought at all events to have been civilly treated. If Mr. Ayrton wanted somebody to be rude to on that particular day, he should certainly have vented his rudeness in a letter to his predecessor. If any one was to blame, if any one made any mistake, it was clearly Mr. Layard, and not the Society. On the other hand, it is quite possible that Mr. Layard may not be to blame either. We do not know how these things are managed, but it is quite possible that Mr. Layard's notion of his official duty may be more correct than Mr. Ayrton's. At all events, Mr. Ayrton cannot always gain his ends; for, though he and their Lordships had no intention of laying the Report of the Sepulchral Monuments' Committee before Parliament, yet it has somehow got before Parliament nevertheless. We have before us the "Report of the Sepulchral Monuments' Committee, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty." We have also a "Copy of Correspondence between the Society of Antiquaries and the Office of Works respecting Sepulchral Monuments," "ordered by the House of Commons to be printed." It well deserved the honour. Even in the Ayrtonian anthology, it may take its place as one of the choicest flowers.

#### WOMEN'S MEN.

IF songs are the expressions of a nation's political temper, novels show the current of its social morality, and what the learned would call its biological condition. When French novelists devote half their stories to the analysis of those feelings which end in breaking the seventh commandment, and the other half to the gradual evolution of the evidence which leads to the detection of a secret murderer, we may safely assume, on the one hand, that the marriage law presses heavily, and on the other that the national intellect is of that ingenious kind which takes pleasure in puzzles, and is best represented by the familiar examples of dovetailing and mosaic work. When, too, we see that their common feminine type is a creature given over as a prey to nervous fancies and an exalted imagination, of a feverish temperament and a general obscuration of plain morality in favour of a subtilizing and misleading kind of thing which she calls her *besoin d'âme*, we may be sure that this is the type most approved by both writer and readers, and that anything else would be unwelcome. The French novelist who should describe, as his central figure, a self-disciplined, straightforward, healthy young woman, honestly in love with her husband, rationally fond of her children, not given to dangerous musings about the need of her soul for an elective affinity outside her marriage bond, nor spending her hours in speculating on the philosophy of necessity as represented by Léon or Alphonse; who should make her absolutely impervious to the sickly sentimentalism of the inevitable *celibet*, and neither paltar with peril nor lament that sin should be sinful when it is so pleasant; who should paint domestic morality as we know it exists in France no less than in England, and trust for his interest to the quiet pathos of unfriendly but cleanly circumstances, would be hard put to it to make his heroine attractive and his story popular; and his readers would not be counted by tens of thousands, as were those who glistened over the sins of *Madame Bovary* and the puerility of *Fanny*. The Scandinavian type of woman, spare, stern-eyed, independent, athletic, practical, would not go down with the French reading public; whereas we may assume that the



*Parisienne*, as we know her in romance—feverish, subtle, casuistic, self-deluding, and always ready to sacrifice duty to sentiment—is the woman best liked by the people to whom she is offered, and that the novelist but repeats and represents the wish of his readers.

So, too, when our own novelists carry their stock puppets through the nine hundred pages held to be necessary for the due display of their follies and disasters, we may be sure that they are of the kind which finds favour in the eyes of the ordinary English reader; that the girls are the girls who please young men or do not alarm mothers, and that the men are the men that women delight in, and think the ideals of their sex. If, as it is said, the delineation of her hero is the touchstone of a woman's literary power, it must be confessed that the touchstone discloses a very feeble amount of literary power, and that the female mind has but a small perception of all that relates to man's needs and nature. It is the rarest thing possible to find a flesh-and-blood man in the pages of a woman's novel; far rarer than to meet with the ordinary young lady in the pages of a man's. They are all either prigs, ruffians, or curled darlings; each one of whom one longs to kick. They are goody men of such exalted morality that Sir Galahad himself might take a lesson from them; or they are brutes with the well-worn square jaw and beetling brow, who translate into the milder action of modern life the savage's method of wooing a woman by first knocking her senseless and then carrying her off; or they are impossible light-weights, with small hands and artistic tendencies, men who moon about a good deal, and are sure to love the wrong woman in a helpless, drifting sort of way, as if it were quite the right and manly thing to do to let themselves fall under the dominion of a passion which a little resolution could overcome. Sometimes, for a difference, these light-weights are men of tremendous pluck and quality of muscle, able to thrash a burly bargee twice their weight and development with as much ease as a steel sword can cut through one of pith. The female crowd of present novel-writers repeat these four types with undeviating constancy, so that we have learnt them all by heart; and after the first outline indicative of their attributes, we can tell who they are as certainly as we can tell Minerva by her owl, St. Catharine by her wheel, Jupiter by his thunderbolts, or St. Sebastian by his arrows. But in what form soever they elect to portray their hero, they are sure to make his love for woman his best and his dominant quality. Few women know anything of the intricacies of a man's life and emotion, save such as are connected with love. Yet, though love is certainly the strongest passion in youth, it is by no means so powerful in maturity and middle age. But the lady's hero of *Italy* and upwards is as much under the influence of his erotic fancies as if he were a boy of eighteen; and life holds nothing for him worth living for if he does not get the woman with whom he has fallen in love. It seems impossible for a woman to understand the loftier side of a man's nature. She knows nothing, subjectively, of his political aims, his love for abstract truth, his desire for human progress, which take him out of the narrow domestic sphere, and make him comparatively indifferent to the life of sense and emotion altogether. And when she sees this she does not tolerate it. When Newton used his lady's little finger for a tobacco-stopper, he dug his grave in the female garden of the soul; and women rarely appreciate either Dr. Johnson or Dean Swift, because of the absence in the one of anything like romantic tenderness, and its perversion in the other. All they care for is that men shall be tender and true to them, idealizing as lovers, as husbands constant and indulgent, and for this they will condone any amount of crookedness or meanness which does not make its way into the house. If he is complying and carressing there, he may be what the devil likes to make him elsewhere, so long as he is not unfaithful and never gets drunk. All the false glitter of the Corsair school is due solely to the capacity for loving ascribed to the heroes thereof. Though a man's name be "linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes," the one virtue, being love, outweighs the thousand crimes in the estimation of women and of the more effeminate kind of poets; and so long as the "heart is framed for softness," it may be "warped to wrong" without doing him much injury with them. The absolute rightness and justness of a man count for little in comparison with his tenderness, and we know of no woman whose ideal man would be one neither a saint nor a lover.

The reason why the men of a softer civilization are in general so successful with the women of the harder and more warthier countries is because of the comparative tenderness of their manners, and the larger place which love and love-making holds among them. All who know France know the Frenchman's jealous hatred of Italian men; which hatred we share here in England, only we add the Frenchman to the list. We affect to despise the arts by which the men succeed and the women are gained over; but we cannot deny their potency, nor shut our eyes to the esteem in which they are held by women. This is not saying that the chivalrous habit of deference taught by civilization is not a good thing in itself, but it is saying that it is not worth the stronger and more essentially masculine qualities. But to women the art of love-making is worth all the other virtues in a lump; indeed, it comprises them all, and without it the best are valueless. It is the crown and glory of life, the one thing to live for; and where it is not, there is no life worthy of the name. Nothing women are incapable to the charms of public fame. If a man has made himself a great reputation, he may throw the

handkerchief where he likes, and he will find plenty of women to pick it up. In this case they are not too rigid in their requirements; and if his ways are a little hard and cold, they hold themselves indemnified for the loss of personal tenderness by the glory which surrounds a name which is now theirs. A woman must be exceptionally silly if she cannot take comfort in her husband's public repute for her disappointment in his private manners. But this is only with recognised and fully successful heroes. As a rule, no amount of manly virtues will excuse the want of the softer graces; and the finest fellow that ever lived, the true *amoris* among men, must be content to be measured by women merely according to his own estimate of them, and the power which the passion of love has over him.

Nothing surprises men more than the odd ignorance of women concerning them; and half the unhappiness in married life, at least in England, springs from that ignorance. They cannot be made to understand the differences between a man's nature and requirements and their own; and they condemn all that they cannot understand. In those few rational homes where men's sports and gatherings, undisturbed by the presence of potticoats, are not made occasions for suspicion or remonstrance, the stock of love and happiness with which married life began is more like the widow's crust than elsewhere; but unfortunately for both husbands and wives, these homes are rare; while those are common where a game at billiards in the evening is occasion for tears or penting, and deadly offence is taken at club dinners or a week's shooting. The consequence of which is deceit or dissension; and sometimes both. The woman's ideal man has none of these erratic tendencies. His business done, he comes home with the docility of a well-bred pointer sent to heel, and finds energy enough after his hard day's work for a variety of *petite soies* which make him more precious in her eyes than all the tact, the temper, the judgment, the uprightness he has manifested in his dealings with the outside world. And the domesticity which she claims from her husband she demands from her son. Latchkeys are her abomination, and the "gas left burning" is as a beacon light on the way of destruction. She has the profoundest suspicion of all the men whom her boy calls his friends. She never knows into what mischief they may lead him, but she is sure it is mischief if they keep him away from his home in the evening. She would prescribe the same social restraints and moral regimen for her son as for her daughter, and she thinks the energies of masculine nature require no wider field and no looser rein. But though she likes those tame and tender men whom she can tie up close to her apron-strings and lovingly imprison in the narrow domain of home, she succumbs without a struggle to the square-jawed brute of the Rochester type, the man who dominates her by the mere force of superior strength; and she is not too severe on Don Juan, if only she can flatter herself that she is the best loved, and the last. That these are the men most liked by women is shown both by their own novels and by daily observation; and it seems to us that, among the many subjects for extended study of late proposed for women, a better acquaintance with men's minds, a higher regard for the nobler kind of man, and the ability to accept love as only one of many qualities, and not always the strongest or the most praiseworthy of his impulses, would not be out of place.

#### NEWSPAPER GARBAGE.

THE first few weeks after Parliament is up are traditionally supposed to be somewhat trying to those who have to supply the public with its daily stock of news. The long debates which were always good for so many columns have suddenly run dry. The speeches of the recess have not yet commenced. Ministers are shooting, or yachting, or cutting down trees in the family park; and their opponents are equally bent on recruiting their wasted energies. Society and politics have undergone a temporary eclipse, and the silly season sets in with its usual severity. The gigantic gooseberry was the crude expedient of a primitive age. It satisfied the simple tastes of an unsophisticated generation, but journalists who aspire to keep pace with advancing education and intelligence feel bound apparently to provide padding of a more highly flavoured description. It is interesting to observe the development of the British penny-a-liner under the imperious conditions of "largest" and "world-wide" circulations. He has taken wings to himself, and soars above the petty level of fires and accidents, or rather we should say, conflagrations and catastrophes. He flies at the highest game, and he has cultivated with remarkable success a style of writing appropriate to his new sphere. His chief function appears to be to depict what, in the slang of his class, would probably be called the "inner life" of the *Neopete Calendar*. It has been discovered that a literal report of the proceedings in a criminal Court when a murderer is on his trial do not sufficiently bring out the horrible, or, speaking technically, the creeping parts of the scene. An artist in thrilling effects is employed to supplement the notes of the shorthand writer; to tell us how the poor wretch in the dock looked, or sought to have looked, as the case went on; to catalogue his tremors and twitchings, and eager, fearful glances; to describe the home-thrusts of the witnesses, and his writhing under them; and generally to pile up the agony, and give the requisite screw to the feelings of those who read the graphic narrative. The unsatisfied gentleman, who has devoted themselves to this

kind of work were quite ready to go through with the job, and to "do" the last moments of the doomed man in their best style, with a powerful realistic study of his agonies and contortions when the drop fell, and curious speculations as to his state of mind; but somehow their first essays in this line were not received in a manner which encouraged a repetition of them, at least for the present. Indeed, such was the squeamishness with which they had to contend that even a spirited description of the backs of half-a-dozen grotters after a flogging gave offence to some fastidious persons. However, although debarred by a conventional prudishness, which after a time will perhaps wear off, from following the murderer to his quicklime in a nameless grave, the intrepid and ingenious liner is not without his consolation. If shut out from the end of the story, at least he can revenge himself by making the most of the beginning. We can hardly say we are surprised to find that the reporting of the loose gossip of policemen and undertakers' men has been elevated into a branch of literature in big type. This is the natural drift of the habit to which two at least of the morning papers appear to have unreservedly surrendered themselves. Inquests and police news are now treated in the style which has lately been introduced for trials at the Old Bailey, and it may be admitted that people who like to sup, or rather breakfast, on horrors are thus supplied with a sufficiently abundant meal of their favourite delicacy.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more loathsome and disgusting than the rival masses which have been hashed up by the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily News* out of the repulsive details of what is called the Chelsea tragedy. In order to make the most of this filthy garbage, it is served up by each paper in two different ways. Along with a shorthand report of the evidence we have a graphic and glowing narrative by the literary liner. People who like a concentrated dose, hot and strong, will apply themselves to the latter; while those who have leisure and inclination can swallow the one after the other; and this double dose may be doubled again, if anybody thinks he can stand it, by taking the *Daily News* as a finish to the *Telegraph*. The tragedy in itself appears to be only a miserable story of vulgar debauchery and drivelling despair. All the characters, incidents, and motives are of the lowest and vilest kind. From beginning to end there is not the faintest gleam of sentiment, or good feeling, or honest passion, to relieve the stupid, grovelling blackguardism of the whole business. There is a kind of awe in death which sometimes lends a strange momentary dignity to the sorriest creatures, but even this is almost wanting here. A couple of young Germans, calling themselves cousins, fled from Berlin, according to their own confession, to escape the conscription, and it is said they stole money for their flight. They reached London on the 10th inst. (at what interval after leaving Berlin does not exactly appear), spent two days at an hotel, then took up their quarters with a couple of loose women whom they met at Cremorne, went the usual round of gross and vulgar dissipation—music-halls, casinos, night-houses, and the rest of it—and on the evening of the 21st they were found in their lodgings each with a bullet through his breast. One died almost immediately, the other still survives. They seem to have drunk themselves into a state of maudlin despair, and after an afternoon of weeping and quarrelling and embracing decided to die. In everything there was the same dull stupidity and want of imagination. Their brief career of so-called pleasure appears to have been without spirit or gaiety; it was poor plodding vice and cheap debauchery, and the end was as cowardly as their first flight from Berlin. It is probable that the dead man, as the survivor asserts, shot his companion and himself too; there is no suggestion of any one else being concerned in the affair, and the letter which has been found shows that there was a preconcerted plan. The letter, which was signed by both men, states that they left Berlin with 300*l.*, and the police seem to think they are bound to trace the expenditure of this money. They are perhaps under the impression that, if they can do that, it will compensate for their not discovering the Hoxton and other murderers; but it may be doubted whether they are not putting themselves to needless trouble. The only question for the coroner's jury was whether Nagel shot May, or May shot Nagel, but even if May lives, the opinion of the jury on this point is, under the circumstances, of little practical consequence. It can hardly be worth while "to trace out," as the *Telegraph* says, the police are doing, "the fast life of the young men during their stay in London"; but whatever the police may do, it is at least no business of respectable journalists to pry into those unsavoury details for the sake of gratifying the prurient curiosity of a certain class of their readers. The *Telegraph* has thrown itself into the nasty work with characteristic impetuosity. Its labours have been rewarded by the discovery of "a Langton Street bill of fare." We have no wish to despoil our enterprising contemporary of the glorious fruit of his honest industry, and shall leave any who care to study this remarkable document to seek it in the columns where it first appeared. It is touching, however, to observe the various uses to which a great organ can devote itself; nothing comes amiss to it, and when Mr. Gladstone is out of town and the daily service of praise and worship in honour of the most pious of Ministers is for the moment suspended, it turns with equal relish to the no less congenial occupation of mastering the "inner life" of a Chelsea brothel. The artist in horrors knows the value of little details. The bullet extracted from Nagel's body, "bruised and flattened by knocking against his ribs"—how graphic this is!—is "produced

by the doctor from a green silk purse;" and we are also treated to "the handing round of Paul May's blood-stained and smoke-begrimed shirt," and the exhibition of the pistol before the dead man's paramour, whose "eyes followed the weapon, her voice trembled, and sank, while an expression of pain and horror stole over her face." All this is in the highest style of art—that is, of this kind of art; but still the *Daily News* is not outdone. It is interesting to have the calm and dispassionate opinion of the organ of philosophical Radicalism, that one of the prostitutes who has figured in this wretched story, "though she has no pretensions to good looks, is not without a certain attractiveness of appearance," and wears "neatly-fitting gloves." There is also a fine passage in which the murdered man is depicted "chambered for two sultry nights with the corpse of the friend who had attempted to take his life," which almost beats the "Langton Street bill of fare," so triumphantly paraded by its eager rival. On the whole, our contemporaries between them have made a handsome contribution to the literature of the stews and the charnel-house.

The whole affair, as we have said, is a poor story of coarse, commonplace vice. As historians of the events of the day the newspapers were bound to report it, but this they might have done briefly and simply. All the facts lie in a nutshell. It happened however that, besides the natural horrors of the case, there was about some of its incidents a flavour of prurient suggestion which seems to have presented an irresistible temptation to the manufacturers of sensational news. There is, or used to be, a class of periodicals dealing in murders and atrocities of all kinds, which among the class that chiefly patronized them went by the name of "penny dreadfuls." If these still continue to be published, they must find their province seriously invaded by the picturesque reporters of murders and trials. The newspapers which parade those long, minute, and inexpressibly disgusting narratives cannot plead at the present moment that they are obliged to make the most of their news on account of its scantiness. August may sometimes be a dull month, but not this year. What with strikes, high prices, autumn manoeuvres, "heathens" at home, Irish riots, the coal question, the food question, the potato question, the licensing question, and ever so many other questions, the intelligent manager of a newspaper can have no difficulty in finding subjects on which the public would be glad of information. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that this odious and demoralizing trash is deliberately concocted because it is supposed to sell, and "world-wide" circulations need to be kept up to the mark by perpetual doses of strong stimulants. When the war ceased and the Commune burnt itself out, it was thought necessary to provide readers with excitements of another kind. There are no more battle-pieces for the present, and inquests and murders have to be painted in with rather strong effects to pass as a substitute.

It would perhaps be idle to argue with those who have deliberately adopted this policy that they are doing all they can to corrupt and brutalize human nature, and to degrade the tone of public sentiment. The same reasons which led to the discontinuance of public executions equally apply to the practice of describing murders and other horrible things in minute and ghastly detail. Nor perhaps would it be much to the purpose to point out that the measure of respect which is paid to the press in any country is in the respect which the press shows for itself and its work. These arguments may be met by the obvious retort that what is sought is not respect, but a large sale. There is one consideration, however, which may not be without force. Nothing is easier than to work up cheap sensations out of bloodshed and crime. It has been tried in various kinds of literature, and always with the same result. It may be true that in the first instance he who peppers the highest is surest to please; but the diseased palate demands continually an increase of the stimulants to which it has been accustomed, till at the last even the most reckless spicing fails to satisfy. The newspapers to which we have been referring are only making future difficulties for themselves by the course they are now pursuing, and perhaps it may be worth while for them to consider whether they had not better pause before it is too late. Some reflections of this kind appear to have already crossed the mind of the *Daily News*. The reappearance of Mr. Chaffers, and the threatened reopening of the inquiry into the early life of Lady Twiss, has inspired this virtuous print with some uneasiness. It finds itself placed "at the mercy of every spiteful or morbid mind which delights in placarding its own and others' infamy," and it admits that this is one of those things "which gently remind us that a widely diffused press is not an unmixed blessing." Of course the *Daily News* will feel obliged to yield to the painful necessity of printing whatever nastiness comes in its way; and it hints in unmistakable language that not even Messalina, Beatrice Cenci, Francesca of Rimini, or Madame de Warens in the box making a frank disclosure of her history, would deter it from publishing a faithful report of the proceedings. Its only consolation is that "the revelations of our own day are less abominable than they might have been"; and this must be our consolation too.

#### BADEN-BADEN.

THOUGH the days of the Dupre dynasty are numbered, Baden next year will be but a phantom of itself, there is this season less than the usual glitter about the "summer capital" of Europe. The F&N would make, and has sent but few and in-

significant representatives. It despises the victories long assured to it of fashion, and since the eagles of the Great Nation have made so poor a show on the European stage, its peacocks are unwilling to display themselves. The absence of French notables depresses their Russian friends, leaves to American *belles* too great a pre-eminence, and is a portent of that Prussian morality and those Prussian manners which are to regenerate Western Europe, and meantime to sweep away the watering-place wickednesses of the German Empire. In spite, however, of the coming shadow, Baden maintains itself to the last as the brightest of Continental rendezvous. Nowhere is life easier; the only condition of enjoyment being sufficient money to pay the hotel bill without a pang, to listen with interest but without anxiety to the remarks of the croupiers, and to command a strong pair of horses for the charming excursions of the neighbourhood. Without possessing the brilliant Mediterranean beauty of Monaco, Baden has more variety of landscape, and of a type better suited to our Northern sympathies. It forms the background to entertainments which, though not as magnificent as those supplied by M. Blanc to his visitors either at Homburg or in his Southern capital, have the charm of greater unceremoniousness. Chevet does not at Baden minister to the appetites of dyspeptic and difficult guests. The Prussian Zeus does not, as at Eins, reveal himself in mufti; yet there is a livelier sparkle on the stream of life in the Southern stronghold of roulette. Amusement is at Baden treated scientifically, and it is recognized that we must not work too hard at our diversions. Nothing is obligatory, not even the morning promenade to the sound of martial music, which is a thing of necessity in places where there are real invalids to drink really efficacious mineral waters.

To do always exactly what is pleasantest would doubtless become in time as irksome as any other rule, nor could the most determined dawdler, if of English race, bear more than a month or two of total abstinence from work; but for a while the consciousness is agreeable that there is absolutely nothing expected of us, unless indeed we have brought with us those family responsibilities which will probably hamper us at Baden more than elsewhere. The atmosphere is singularly undomestic, and if a sad face is here and there to be seen, it will probably belong to some family-father told off on duty for some distasteful excursion with his belongings, or whose little ventures, or possibly his excessive caution, at *trente-et-quarante* are disapproved by his helpmate. The ties of relationship are sorely tried by the strain of even trivial gambling, and the worship of Fortune is unlike other cults in that, instead of binding, it loosens the social structure. We are not concerned to moralize on the fact that there is such a worship. The arguments for and against the permission of public gambling have been lately aired in various respectable French journals, and roulette has not been condemned with the unanimity that might have been expected; or at least pleas from unexpected quarters have been advanced in its favour as furnishing an outlet under police control for the irrepressible spirit of gaming. However that may be, the circle that presses round the green tables and their central piles of gold and silver when play is brisk affords curious glimpses of character. Cracks and flaws in our social polish are discoverable which, if further investigated, smell distinctly of brimstone, or whatever it be that supplies the bouquet of the nether world. Yet comedy rather than tragedy is enacted in the four salons sacred to Chance, and if now and then suffering is visible, it quickly becomes grotesque. Ever-watchful detectives and iron convention replace sufficiently for social purposes such virtues as pity and charity. Never has such equality been attained as under the Blanc and Dupressoir régimes, and the result is that dead level of vulgarity into which all enter who agree to accept the atmosphere as satisfactory. Russian prince, Borussia hero, American *élégant*, or British tourist, fall into it visibly as they jostle for their winnings and behave to their neighbours with all the rudeness allowable. Of course women can least withstand the influence of the place, and if there is a momentary flurry in the crowd, some fair fury is almost certainly the cause of it. In proportion as the stakes are insignificant the eagerness of the players seems to increase; and as at Baden every one plays except the townspeople, the proportion of small ventures and feverish anxiety is large. There is a freedom of speech permitted—always, however, within certain limits—which is not tolerated at Homburg or Monaco, so that, be the police ever so careful, in the agony of losing a thaler, or the despair of hearing double zero noir proclaimed, revelations of human nature are attainable as not elsewhere round the Baden bullion-traps.

Our readers, we take for granted, are not ignorant of the simple delights of *trente-et-quarante*, and know quite enough of the fascinating chances of roulette, but they may not have observed the faces of the players and their temporary ugliness, however well cut their features. Never was there an occupation more destructive of distinction, and in several subtle forms the ravages of even an hour's gambling betray themselves. The sudden face, bloodshot eyes, and shaking hand belong perhaps only to persons far gone, but carelessness of dress and looks, even among pretty women, and rough egotism in men ordinarily well bred, soon come of play. A great deal of "temper" is accumulated when luck is with the bank, and it shows itself in childish ways quite unworthy of our civilised superiority. Indeed an unreasonable irritability is a main source of gain to the bank. From the follies on which gambling sets, quite as much as from any chance in the game, is derived the income of those who know how to sweep into their coffers the harvest that "temper" and avidity and superstition supply.

Curious statistics of luck-worship might be collected in the neighbourhood of roulette, for though it is a faith widely practiced, nowhere else are its nature and results so tangible. Even *trente-et-quarante* does not lend itself to the same credulities, for it does not in the same way use numbers, and numbers have ever had a powerful influence on the imagination. Where public lotteries are allowed we know how every event of life, every combination of circumstances, is used for divination of a winning number. How exciting when every minute brings the chances of a fresh lottery! So profoundly rooted is the power of numbers that superstitions concerning them spring up in the most "positive" minds, and sacrifices which no other worship could extort are freely offered on the altar of luck. But luck being an inconstant and sometimes an implacable deity, an Ahirman rather than an Ormuzd, its votaries apply themselves continually to cheat their idol, and to circumvent fortune by the use of numbers revealed to them by some kinder deity. Hence out of the trivial event of a marble falling into a numbered place come conflicts of superstition that rouse forces in human nature little understood by the prophets of our superficial scepticism. When some favoured person wins largely on a number, his winnings are almost always immediately spent in fresh appeals to Fortune. Great is she, greater even than Mammon, and her votaries are ready to forego many things for her, even their little comforts. Fine ladies will hustle and be hustled; subscribers to Bible Societies will be busy in the unclean Sunday crowd. Even by the gayest, balls, concerts, and flirtations must be made secondary affairs if once the spirit of play descends upon them. Invalids become indifferent to temperature, and patients endure now the heat of a thousand gas-lights and a thousand guests, now the chilly draughts from the Forêt.

Yet there are pleasant sounds and gay doings outside the charmed circle of the Dupressoir magic. Strauss conducts his orchestra with energy, and himself puts in the high lights of his wild waltzes by the help of his excellent violin. He has this year been specially welcomed on his return from Boston, and the promenading crowd pressed round him to receive the passionate clangour, the wailing fury of his dance music, which suited the place and time better than did the more ambitious concerts of classical and orthodox strains. More characteristic, however, than either the theatrical entertainments or the dancing to which the Baden world is bidden are the occasional children's balls, where juvenile Europe disports itself with more originality than its elders. Let us make-believe ever so hard in natural grace and goodness, and refuse with noble pride the humiliating doctrine of original sin, yet it is undeniable that in an assembly of children severely repressive training and attention to etiquette are desirable, if not indispensable. The old Adam breaks out in the raw infant, and at the Baden ball showed itself in the rude gestures and reckless egotism of the unbroken, or badly broken, creatures that behaved by the light of nature and tramped through their Polonaise with conscious boorishness. The value of politeness became evident in the contrast of such children as had been trained to forms of respect whether for themselves or for others. We will call them old-fashioned, and think it praiseworthy to dwell on the satisfaction of watching some half-dozen pairs of miniature partners able to bow and curtsy with grace, to talk without grimace or grin, and to be at once obedient and at their ease as they were directed by the energetic master of the ceremonies. A *tombola*, or distribution of prizes, at the end was of course a severe trial; but good-breeding prevailed in some rare representatives of those children whose noble grace was understood by Velasquez and Vandyck.

Comfort for his visitors in their various modes of worship has not been neglected by M. Dupressoir. The elder churches are, indeed, not visibly affected by the affluence of the gambling suburb, unless the "*messe des pareux*," said by a French ecclesiastic during the season, be a concession to the foreign element; but a Protestant temple, a glittering Russian dome, and an English church of the latest Anglican architecture, would probably never have existed but for the adjacent worship of Fortune. The mineral waters are certainly not the attraction of Baden, for they are little used by the sixty thousand visitors, of whom but a few inquisitive souls are to be seen strolling through the Corinthian Trinkhalle and gazing at its faded frescoes. It seems impossible but that, when roulette disappears, the Dupressoir city should fall into decay. Its perfectly swept miles of walk and drive, its ornamental shrubs and fountains, its rows of stucco shops and white palaces, must require for their shining cleanliness and sparkle the stray thalers and friedrichs dropped on the tables. "There will be the same fêtes," say the Badenais; but from what byways will the guests be brought? Lovely as is the Black Forest scenery, its valleys will hardly draw strangers of the gaudy sort that now make Baden brilliant. The attractions of ruined or even habitable castles are very well by way of interlude. The Lichtenthal, its convent and oak-shaded *allée*, the fishing and shooting, even the races, will not attract purses enough to support the gas, the orchestra, or the magnificently whiskered footmen who now adorn the place. Demolition will fall on the "*parc anglais*, fait sur une montagne," of which Alfred de Musset sang when "*le vrai bon ton*" required.

A tout être créé, possédant équipage,  
De se précipiter sur ce petit village,  
Et de s'y bécotter impitoyablement.

Possibly the Greek dome may continue as brightly gilt, for Russia is an advancing Power on the European line, but we fear that yet more impassioned appeals than those now issued will be needed to

the remaining English and Americans who will be requested to maintain the Anglican services. The highly decorated congregation, to the beauty of which Worth and his fellows contribute so largely will become scant and dowdy. Erring and exhausted Cook's tourists will fill the free seats, and depress the spirits of the trustees. Alas for the *élégantes* who, walking delicately, sought the best places in return for their florins, with contemptuous mien! Alas for the irreproachable chimney-pots, shrines of English devotion! The economic residents will ill supply the place of the Dupressoir *monde*. The ancient castles will least suffer by a return to former quietude. If the Margraves or widowed Margravines whose dower-house Hohenbaden has in later times been have any consciousness of earthly events, we may congratulate them on the probable removal of the restaurant that now occupies the base of their noble fortress. At all events the innumerable hotel-keepers must dread the dulness of coming summers. Meantime, the race week is imminent, shooting parties are announced, the round of amusement is at its fastest pace; they will reap this year's harvest, and then doubtless the nomad race of waiters will disperse, and their masters will lead them to fresh woods and pastures new. As it is now, the charm of Baden seems inseparably connected with the scenery provided by its Administration des Jeux. The visitor feels as an actor in a comedy; responsibilities lose their weight, every one drifts with agreeable no-meaning to uncertain issues. Taste is never shocked, convention reigns over all troublesome individuality, and replaces moral law. Society is a specimen of perfect policedom and of material orderliness. All its arrangements are complete, even to the booth for the sale of Bibles, and the Sunday ceremonies provided for those who would be otherwise unenay.

We are told that the devotees of gambling will, when Germany has cast them out, repair to the village of Saxon in the Valais, where "Rien ne va plus!" may be heard all the year round. But gold will have to work its miracles on a large scale before the sad Rhône valley, the ruinous slopes of its monotonous mountains, the fever and crétin-haunted hamlets, can be sufficiently decorated to mask the ugly accessories of the green tables. Many louis d'or will be required ere Baden successes can be assured elsewhere. But great is the louis d'or; and even in our generation, who knows that we may not witness the supreme triumph which can show us a child's fête under the same roof as the roulette table, and a throng of most respectable churches of all denominations gathered round the inevitable theatre of the exotic city that is to rise—we will hope, not like an exhalation—by the grey torrent of the upper Rhône.

#### THE BUTCHER'S BILL.

THE London Patriotic Society, an offshoot apparently of the once famous "Hole in the Wall," has just discovered that political economy is a conspiracy against the working classes. This is an old story with the patriots, from Jack Cade downwards. If the country were governed in a right spirit, political economy would of course be put down by Act of Parliament, supply and demand would be prohibited from interfering with the privileges of honest labour, and there would be always "seven halfpenny loaves for a penny." We gather from the report of a meeting which was held on Sunday last at Clerkenwell Green, under the auspices of the Patriotic Society, that the working-men are very much surprised and disgusted to find that the rise of wages which they have secured for themselves has been followed by a general rise in the prices of provisions and other commodities. They appear to have been under the impression that the cost of labour could be indefinitely increased while other things remained at the same prices as before; and they are naturally disconcerted at learning that the concessions they have won from their employers represent only the beginning of a sharp struggle, in which all classes of the community are endeavouring in one way or another to recover the additional charge thus imposed upon them. One of the speakers at Clerkenwell drew an affecting picture of the universal plot against the working-man. There had been, he said, a most extraordinary rise in the price of that part of mutton which was mostly used by the working classes—namely, breasts of mutton. Six years ago they were sold at 3d. a pound, and now they are 8d. Legs of beef had gone up from 3½d. to 7d. Butter was double the price it used to be. On eggs there had been an advance of 60 per cent., on lard of 50 per cent. Coals were going up alarmingly. Lucifer matches and firewood had advanced in price, and "penny savoyes had been subjected to a remarkable reduction in size." Everybody was raising prices against them, and "the publicans, who still sold their beer at 3d. a quart, appeared to be their only friends"—an opinion, we suspect, which will not be accepted without qualification by the United Kingdom Alliance. The orators found it easier to state their grievances than to propound a remedy. Resolutions were passed at random vaguely denouncing the "land and game laws," and protesting against the restrictions placed on the importation of diseased foreign cattle as "a system of Protection in the interest of home breeders—a system which, in a nation pledged to Free-trade, ought no longer to be tolerated." The value of these resolutions is not a question of theory or speculation, but of experience; and the statistics of the devastations of the cattle-plagues before any restrictions were imposed supply a conclusive proof of the public advantage which has been derived from

them. Free-trade in disease would by this time have swept our flocks and herds almost utterly off the face of the land; and, apart from the effect of such a catastrophe on the retail price of meat, even patriots might be expected to understand that the ruin of a large class of the community is not exactly calculated to promote the general welfare of the nation. It is an axiom with the class of politicians from which the Patriotic Society derives its inspiration that all wrongs and grievances should be laid on the land, as they once were on the King. On reflection the patriots will probably agree that a redistribution of personal property, including the idle hoards of the Bank of England, would be of more immediate use to them than a division of the land. One of the speakers seemed to be not without doubts whether after all the question of butcher's meat was not one of domestic economy rather than of high politics, and hinted deferentially to the meeting that perhaps it might be worth while to try the effect of eating less meat, and of persuading their wives to learn cooking. We hope this gentleman will not fail to attend the "monster meeting" which is to be held in Trafalgar Square, and infuse a little common sense into the proceedings.

There can be no doubt that the price of meat is becoming a serious question, not only for the working classes, but perhaps still more for the middle classes, who have at the same time other burdens to contend with. It may be assumed that for the present, with the murrain in our pastures and stalls, the supply of meat is more likely to be diminished than increased; while, on the other hand, the prosperity of the industrial classes has undoubtedly enlarged the demand. Prices will probably go up, or at least keep up for some time to come; and consumers must therefore choose between spending more money and buying less meat. In a vast number of cases this will be Hobson's choice; but it is perhaps some consolation to reflect that buying less meat need not imply a diminution of nutriment. No people in the world consume so much flesh meat as the English, and no people consume it so wastefully. If the Patriotic Society would let the land alone for the present, and take up the practical suggestion of the member of their body who advised the working classes to give their minds to cooking, they would be doing an important service to their own class and to the country. It is perhaps forgotten that eight years ago the Privy Council directed an inquiry to be made into the dietaries of the lowest-fed classes of the population. The investigation was entrusted to Dr. Edward Smith, who examined the food of 53 households in England and Wales, of 29 in Scotland, and of 52 in Ireland. In 125 English cases the inquiry related to the poorer class of indoor workpeople, such as silk-weavers, needle-women, glove-stitchers, stocking-weavers, and shoemakers, in London and in various provincial towns; the other cases belonged almost exclusively to the agricultural population. The results brought to light were somewhat surprising. It appeared that a large body of people were actually existing, or trying to exist, on less food—that is, less carbon and nitrogen—than, according to scientific calculations, was deemed barely sufficient to "avert starvation diseases" from the unemployed operatives of Lancashire during the cotton famine. It was also discovered that as regards actual nourishment England was the worst-fed division of the kingdom. "On the whole," Dr. E. Smith reported, "there was the most nutriment, the least sum spent upon food, the least variety of food, the greatest economy in the selection of food, the most breadstuffs and milk, the least sugars, fats, meats, cheese, and tea, in Ireland. There was the least amount of nutriment, the greatest variety of food, the most costly selection of food, the least quantity of breadstuffs and milk, the greatest quantity of sugars, fats, and meats, in England." It was calculated that the Irish, who spent little more than half as much on food as the English, got fully twice as much for their money in the shape of carbon and nitrogen—the two chief elements of nutrition. Scotland followed Ireland in point of economy. Meat or bacon was eaten by 92 per cent. of all the families included in the inquiry. In England the percentage was 99, in Ireland 59, Scotland coming between the two. The quantity consumed by each adult weekly was 16 ounces in England, 10½ ounces in Scotland, and in Ireland, 4½ ounces, or only about a fourth of the English allowance.

While the English were pronounced from this point of view to be worse fed than the Irish or Scotch, the lower classes of London were similarly described as spending more and getting less than the corresponding classes in the provinces; and this was ascribed, not merely to the high prices of the metropolis, but chiefly to the injudicious choice of articles of food which were costly in proportion to the nutriment they afforded. Dr. E. Smith observed "a prevalent desire in the population of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green to obtain rapid food, such as cooked fish, herrings, trotters stewed and eaten with the broth, cockles, shrimps, mussels, black-puddings, pickled pork, liver and bacon, many of which contained but little nutriment, and in none could the weight be fairly ascertained and the nutritive value estimated." He also pointed out that the habit, very common among the poorer classes of London, of buying food in very small quantities, as, for example, bacon in pennyworths, and tea in quarter-ounces daily, necessarily caused a great waste of money, which might be avoided by a little thrift and foresight. The great disadvantage of London, as compared with country towns such as Macclesfield, Coventry, &c., is the want of milk. Of the nourishment of the agricultural labourer Dr. Smith gave, on the whole, a favourable account. The man, he thought, was usually well fed, though as much could not always be said of their families. He was startled to find that



"in Yorkshire cheesecakes and custards are given almost daily at breakfast and dinner, and the men take a nap for an hour after dinner, as at Mr. Thompson's, of Buckton"—surely an exceptional instance of bucolic luxury. It is with the population of the towns, however, and especially of London, that we are now concerned. It need hardly be observed that, wide as was the field of Dr. E. Smith's inquiry, it cannot be regarded as exhaustive or conclusive. Yet there is no reason to question the substantial soundness of his general conclusion, that the economy of food is much better understood in Ireland and Scotland than in England, and that the poorer classes of London are especially wasteful and extravagant in their selection of food. The inquiry did not extend to the better sort of mechanics and artisans, but if it had, it would no doubt have been found that their nutriment bore an utterly inadequate proportion to their expenditure. The secret of economical cooking is to be found in the Scotch kail-pot and the French *pot au feu*. When meat is cooked in soup, you get the salts as well as the meat. Rice and potatoes, though poor and insufficient in themselves, form a highly nutritious diet when cooked with a small morsel of meat, especially of the fat meat which the poor in their ignorant fastidiousness usually reject. Bones and scraps may be turned to very profitable account when cooked with vegetables, which absorb the fat and juices. Fish is sometimes suggested as a substitute for meat; but fish is rather a relish than a food, and contains little more nutriment than water. The labouring-classes are right in seeking to get as much flesh food as possible; but they would get more for their money if they would only understand the value of cooking it with other adjuncts. There is a melancholy waste both in the choice of flesh food and in the cooking. There is probably waste, too, in the white bread generally used, which has been pronounced by competent authorities to be dangerously deficient in the nutritive qualities essential to the support of a hard worker; but on this point the doctors are not quite agreed. Dr. E. Smith laments the amount of money which is, as he holds, wasted, and worse than wasted, upon tea. The amount of nutriment contained in an ounce of tea is infinitesimal, and medical evidence is very strong as to the deleterious consequences of the habitual use of strong, harsh, acrid tea, which has been boiled or stewed rather than infused. One of the most pressing and important wants of a town population is milk or something which should be a substitute for it. As far as we know, a substitute has yet to be invented, but if the English prejudice against buttermilk could be overcome, it would be a valuable addition to popular food, especially in the case of children. Preserved milk is dearer than fresh milk, and the principal constituent of a good deal of it seems to be, not milk, but brown sugar or honey. It is obvious that the butcher's bill is not to be cut down by fantastic resolutions to abstain from meat, which, even if they were adhered to, would not touch the permanent causes of scarcity, nor yet by wild and meaningless denunciations of what is called the "landed interest." All classes have it in their power to reduce the cost of meat by making a more thrifty and intelligent use of it, and if the present high prices have the effect of turning the public mind in this direction, there may in the long run be no reason to regret their pressure.

BALZAC'S *MODESTE MIGNON*.

THERE are so many turns and returns in the history of any human mind, and especially in the history of the largest and most persistently active minds, that he would be an acute critic indeed who could predict the kind of work which an author will produce in the future. No one who had read the stern and terrible tragedy of the *Père Goriot* would believe that an author so severe in his realism, so determined to see painful facts clearly and describe them accurately, so much disposed (as it appeared) to prefer painful facts as a subject of study, would, after ten years of further experience and intense application to labour, produce a romance so young and fresh and delicate as the history of *Modeste Mignon*. If the *Père Goriot* and *Modeste Mignon* were given to any ordinary critic, and he were asked to guess the age of the author when he wrote each of the two works, he would assign *Modeste Mignon* to the imagination of youth, and the *Père Goriot* to the saddened wisdom of the most advanced experience of life.

Balzac was born in May, 1799. He wrote the *Père Goriot* in 1834, and *Modeste Mignon* ten years later. The comparison of a man's life to the course of a year is a trite one; but it holds true also in this, that as in the course of the seasons there comes a brief return of summer when summer seemed already ended, so in the seasons of the mind there comes, after the hardest experience, a return of the romance of youth. The whole conception of the story of *Modeste Mignon* is that of a pure romance. Circumstances are brought about in the charmingly *improvisé* way that marks all genuine romantic composition, and the tale ends exactly as one would desire that it might have ended. The writer restrains his tendency to analysis, and becomes this time a simple and charming story-teller. A reader only partially acquainted with the range of Balzac's sympathies, and having the condensed conception of him which is generally prevalent, would find *Modeste Mignon* so unlike his idea of the author as to seem scarcely Balzac at all; and a few centuries hence some learned historian of literature may reject it without hesitation as spurious, and attribute it to some unknown and probably youthful writer of that school of passion and sentiment which has George Sand for its distinguished head.

Modeste Mignon is a young lady who, being brought up in a very quiet way, and looked after as closely as a respectable *jeune fille* always is looked after, finds her life somewhat too narrow for her intellect and imagination. She is partially of German extraction (this was necessary to account for her erratic habits as a reader), and having already access to the poets of two nations by the inheritance of two languages, finds the key of the English Byronian literature in the study of a third. It is necessary, to complete a situation of this kind, that the fervid young student should be surrounded by elderly people of rather *bourgeois* tastes who have settled down in that life of stupid, unprogressive tranquillity which makes provincial existence at once so safe for the nervous system and so slow. The picture of Modeste Mignon at the beginning of her adventures is a study of certain nature activities which find themselves repressed and confined by the tranquillity of the life around them, which has been cooled and solidified by time. These activities are the instincts of intellect and of sex, the desires of a fine young woman who naturally wants to be loved and married, and the aspirations of an ardent young intellect that wants a satisfying intellectual companionship. Modeste Mignon, like hundreds of young people of both sexes who live with persons older and more prosaic than themselves, finds a refuge from *ennui* in the imagination, and stimulus for the imagination in the works of the modern poets. The classes to whom poetry is most welcome are those who have leisure enough for dreaming, and yet whose actual life is bounded by narrow limits which cannot easily be passed. A young lady of superior natural gifts, in such a position as that of Modeste Mignon is sure to go to the poets in search of a temporary deliverance. The realm of poetry is a refuge from the dulness of a narrow life, a refuge vast enough for the imagination to roam and wander in freely.

It would be easy to treat a situation of this kind after the manner of facetious journalists. When a young woman has "everything that she can possibly require," that is, when she has material comfort, it is of course very wrong of her to be discontented, and very absurd to be aspiring after the ideal. But criticism of this kind does not reflect that it is precisely this material comfort which makes these aspirations possible, by leaving the mind free to dream, and to desire the realization of its dreams. It is scarcely possible that a farmer's lass who has to feed pigs, and is constantly occupied in a round of duties scarcely more elevating, should acquire the habit of dreaming with the immortal poets; and it is almost equally unlikely that a young woman of the world whose whole time is divided between showing herself in public and recovering from the fatigues of the exhibition, should find time for aspirations after the ideal life. But a girl in the comfortable middle-class who has neither labour nor pleasure to occupy and fatigue her is particularly liable, if she has a grain of imagination in her composition, to self-indulgent reveries in poetical reverie. It is true that these dreamings do not commonly take the direction which they took in the case of Mademoiselle Mignon. In the great majority of instances the young lady goes to religion for the poetical expansion which she needs, and her fervour disguises itself from her own criticism in something of a mystic character, till the glow of young imagination becomes the enthusiasm of saintly love and duty. When the case takes this turn, the danger, in a Roman Catholic country, is a passionate desire for the "religious life"—in other words, resolution to take conventual vows; but when the enthusiasm is rather of an intellectual than a religious kind it finds its satisfaction less easily, because such cases are less frequent and there is less provision for them in the organization of society. To speak quite plainly, whilst the poetically-religious young lady has the ceremonies of the Church to satisfy her, the ecstasies of the saints to authorize her own ecstasies by approved example and the doors of innumerable nunneries ready to open for her and her dowry, the poetically-intellectual young lady has no possible safety or satisfaction but in that rarest of all marriages, an intellectual union with a man capable of realizing her own intellectual ideal. The first, it is true, may fall in love with a priest, but then in a Catholic country she may not marry him. The second is more likely to fall in love with a poet, especially if she knows him exclusively by his writings.

What happened to Modeste Mignon has happened to many poetically-enthusiastic young ladies before her time and since. She used to read Byron and Lamartine till they fell in love with them and Modeste Mignon believed that in the poet Canalis (a poet existing only in Balzac's world of fiction) she would find the big companionship of the soul. So she began a correspondence with her poet—a correspondence which had to be conducted clandestinely and anonymously on her part, in order to escape the vigilance of her natural guardians. When her first letter reached the celebrated author he handed it to his secretary. The poet, who had received plenty of letters from female admirers, and became accustomed to that sort of demonstration, saw nothing in this to deserve his attention particularly, but the secretary liked the tone of the young lady's communication, and thought it deserved a reply. "Answer it yourself then," said the poet, "sign my name, and go to the very end of the adventure, you like. You will tell me the result three months hence." M. La Brière, the secretary, answered Modeste's letter kindly but severely, playing the part of a poet flattered by her praises yet at the same time that of a man of experience a little alarmed on her own account. In short, he reads her a lecture on the imprudence of the step she has taken in her ignorance of his

personal character, and points out that a step of this kind might have been really dangerous; that a poet may have great faults and blemishes, or even vices, and ought not to be personally trusted until he is personally known. Modeste answers this letter by asking whether the poet would have written it if he had known her to be a very wealthy heiress who was resolved not to have a stupid husband. To this question La Brière replied, very sensibly, that observations were different in the world according to the rank and fortune of the men and women composing it; that a king may not stoop to pick up a piece of gold, whereas a labourer ought to retrace his steps to seek for some lost coppers, whilst each must obey the laws of economy according to his position. So the heiress of a princely house might permit herself a frankness towards a poet which would be ridiculous in the daughter of a tradesman. Modeste answers that she is the daughter of a count, and that the principal personage in her family had been a cardinal. Modeste Mignon lived at Havre; La Brière knew thus much, and went there after having managed so that a letter from him should reach the Havre post-office about the same time. He followed Modeste's maid when she received this communication, and so at last had a glimpse of his fair correspondent. After this he returns to Paris and writes to her more frankly, confessing that he has seen her, and now the correspondence on both sides becomes more and more interesting, and affectionate, and romantic. In short, M. La Brière is in love in the full sense of the word, having seen the young lady with the eyes of the flesh as well as those of the spirit, whilst she is quite ready to love him as ardently, if she could only behold him. At last she begs him to become visible, and to visit a certain church at Havre, on a certain Sunday, wearing a white robe in his button-hole. After this she is in love with him, and tells him so pretty frankly, but requires that he shall not present himself without her father's permission.

The father of Modeste, Colonel Mignon, Count de La Bastie, had been absent for some years in the East, and now returned with a large fortune. La Brière was to see him as he passed through Paris on his way from Marseilles to Havre. La Brière's position had become false and difficult enough. Modeste still supposed him to be Canalis, and in all his correspondence he had used the name of the famous poet. A trusty man of business, named Dumay, whom the Colonel had left at Havre with the especial charge to guard Modeste against lovers, suspected something from her demeanour, and with the help of her blind mother, found everything out. This Dumay came to Paris and had an interview with the real Canalis, whom he accused of keeping up this correspondence. In this way Dumay discovered the part which had been played by La Brière, and the Colonel was prepared to consider La Brière as a sort of swindler. The Colonel is, however, disarmed by the frankness of La Brière's confession, and most especially by his joy when the Colonel tells him that Modeste will have but a small fortune. Canalis, on the other hand, knows that Modeste is to be a great heiress, and regrets that he has not pursued the adventure on his own account. To satisfy both, and place Modeste and the gentlemen in right relations, the Colonel decides that they shall both go in their true characters to Havre, and make themselves as agreeable as they can, after which Modeste shall decide for herself. M. La Brière, though he had acted as secretary to his friend Canalis, was also a referee of the Court of Accounts, and therefore really in an independent position. Canalis, however, when they arrive at Havre, plays the patron as much as he can and places La Brière in the shade. Modeste, too, treats La Brière with perfect coolness, and there comes a third candidate on the scene in the person of the Duke d'Héronville, a young gentleman of very good family but reduced fortune, and small personal prestige. Canalis lets off all the fireworks of his intellect wherewith to dazzle the provincial heiress, the Duke and his female relations do all in their power to get up great aristocratic effects that they may dazzle her by aristocracy, and poor La Brière, who has nothing to dazzle her with at all, feels strongly disposed to retire from the hopeless strife. Amidst this play there is a dwarf, Butscha, who loves Modeste in a resigned way, knowing that her perfections are not for him; and this Butscha, by playing the fool and letting Canalis fancy that he has made him drunk, and pumped him of all he knows, persuades Canalis that Modeste is not an heiress after all in any great Parisian sense of the word, but only in the narrow provincial sense. Canalis does not think it worth while to sacrifice his liberty and other advantages for a woman with a moderate fortune, and tries to manage a skilful retreat. When he has got so far back in his retreat that a return is impossible, Butscha plays with him by letting him know how rich Modeste really will be after all. At last there is a splendid hunt (which has been managed by the court influence of the Duke) at a great château near Havre, and Modeste shines there in great splendour, but dismisses the Duke kindly, and, by a word skilfully introduced, lets poor La Brière know that he is definitively accepted at last.

It is impossible in so rude and meagre an outline of the story as this to give a delicately finished portrait of such a creation as Modeste Mignon, but a few words may give the key to her character. If we have understood Balzac rightly, he intended to describe a maiden richly endowed by nature, in opposition to the ideal of the *jeune fille*. Scott, in Diana Vernon, had a similar intention, though the characters are wholly different. Perhaps even the choice of the name (Balzac was most anxiously careful in the choice of names) may be a reply beforehand to the objections of French strictness about the conduct of a *jeune fille*.

He intended to say that in spite of her first anonymous advances towards Canalis she was modest then, and always. In the latter part of the story she behaves with great dignity, spirit, and address. She seems to acquire suddenly, in the wonderfully rapid way peculiar to intelligent young ladies, a knowledge of the world that baffles the experience of men. To the early romantic phase of her existence succeeds this womanly knowledge of human nature. In this Balzac is true to the usual history of the mind. The best minds begin by being romantic; all men of ability write verses in their youth. Afterwards comes acquaintance with real life, and the intelligence enters upon a more positive and critical phase. Yet in the life of the intelligence, as in the life of this beautiful girl who is the personification of it, there is a harmony between the first desires and the late fulfilment in spite of all drawbacks and disappointments. The soul fancies in her youth that she loves her poet, her Canalis, and in reality is loving another who passes under the poet's name. But what the soul loved then (not the name, but the thing) it will love still better after passing through the teaching of comparison and experience. That such a consolatory doctrine should be deducible from a novel of Balzac's, and this one of his ripest and most experienced performances, may surprise not a few readers. And yet the story of *Modeste Mignon* points so plainly to this moral that one almost believes it to be an allegory.

#### TAKING THE FIELD

THE manoeuvres so long prepared for may now be said to have at last begun. The Northern army is well on its way to the seat of war, and the Southern army, waking up from its apparent lethargy, has been busily engaged lately in pitting division against division, and thus training itself for the more serious operations which are impending. It is well that some sign of energetic life should at last have been given, for, if hope deferred maketh the heart sick, so also prolonged anticipation wears out interest. Last year the autumn manoeuvres were a novelty, the scene of action was within easy access from London, and several little sensational incidents stimulated the attention of the public. This year's peace campaign is to many like a twice-told tale; Salisbury is far off, and the army as yet has been fortunate inasmuch as its history has recorded no more important event than the unlucky disturbance of a wasps' nest. The consequence is a slight tendency to public indifference. An additional cause of this result is perhaps to be found in the too recent discovery of the unquestionable truth that autumn manoeuvres cannot by any possibility be made to resemble real war. This, in a sense and within certain limits, is undoubtedly true, as we have more than once shown; but the misfortune is that a large number of people go from one extreme to another, refuse to recognize any limits to a principle which is only true within limits, and incorrectly jump to the conclusion that the whole affair is necessarily a mere sham. Now nothing can be more easy than to make it a sham, and economical and administrative difficulties offer strong temptations to the authorities to deprive it of all realism. Unless, therefore, the public are vigilant and public opinion is outspoken, there is considerable danger that the annual autumn campaign may by imperceptible degrees degenerate into something little better than an ordinary route march wound up by a series of drills. We have on a previous occasion pointed out what amount of realism can in our opinion be advantageously imported into the affair. We shall not repeat our arguments on this occasion, but we cannot refrain from observing that the Prussians, who ought to be good judges, are, notwithstanding that they have so recently been engaged in war, about to practise their annual manoeuvres this year with as much earnestness as ever.

The arrangements on the present occasion have been generally so good, and all ranks and departments have profited so much from last year's experience, that thus far everything has gone pretty smoothly. Still, however, keen observers have found grounds for criticizing the Control—not the *personnel* of the department, nor even the local system of that portion of the department attached to the field army, but rather the general system as directed from Pall Mall. We hear that even on the first day's march from Aldershot some of the hired transport waggons, moving on admirable roads, showed symptoms of breaking down. A Control waggon is drawn by four good horses, but a hired waggon is only allowed a pair of miserable screws, and one at least of the latter had to be taken bodily in tow by an army service team. As both waggons carried precisely the same load, there is nothing to be said, but that either one was over-horsed or the other was under-horsed. Then, as one newspaper Correspondent justly remarks, the arrangements for the supply of forage and fuel are such that it is the contractors, not the Control officers, who get the benefit of practice and experience. Hay, corn, and wood are delivered at certain places fixed upon weeks beforehand; consequently all that the Control officers have to do is to distribute. But in war the department would have to provide as well as to distribute, and the former process is infinitely more difficult than the latter. It is clear, therefore, that the Control officers will come out of the campaign quite unpractised in a most essential portion of their duties. This fact is all the more to be regretted as the result is positive extravagance, for we are told that in some cases contractors obtain their supplies in the very districts through which the troops march, and that by direct purchase the Government might save a large sum of money.

many articles being procurable on the spot for a less price than that paid by the War Office. In this instance valuable practice and substantial economy would be the result of a different system. By this time we surely ought to have discovered the cheapest method of supplying our troops, but so little system exists, so little care and forethought are exercised, that every arrangement has to be made over again, extemporised, as it were, every time that we move a few thousand men out of their barracks. The weeks of preparation, the fuss, the correspondence, the references, and the amount of labour cast on the shoulders of executive officers for supplying during a month a force of 30,000 men, would suffice in Prussia for the supply of an entire army. But then in Prussia decentralization and the division of labour are so perfect, every want is so carefully provided for by permanent arrangements, that nothing is required from the Berlin War Office save a single telegram. With us everything has to be calculated anew on each occasion, and fixed tables of requirements for bodies of men of different strength would appear to be unknown.

The whole Prussian army can be mobilized in little more than a fortnight; we, it seems, require months for the mobilization of a force weaker than a single Prussian corps d'armée. If such is the case in time of peace, what would happen in time of war? We shrink from giving an answer. It is surely time that all this uncertainty and rule-of-thumb work should come to an end. We remarked in a former article that we were without a system of tactics; we are equally unprovided with a system of supply. But the same want of well-considered fixed arrangements is observable in everything connected with our army, and the instant that we depart in the slightest degree from barrack-yard routine, voluminous general orders have to be issued for the occasion, to be replaced by others on the next emergency. Witness the lengthy instructions which have been given out during the last fortnight. With us an officer may know exactly what he has to do one year, but his knowledge is of little advantage to him twelve months later. Everything indeed in our military system is undetermined, fleeting, confused, and sometimes contradictory, and there seems to be no immediate prospect of our emerging from this unsatisfactory state. Since we last wrote on the subject a feeble attempt has been made to give us an outline of tactics. It is laid down that on the attack of a position a brigade is to advance in the following formation—a battalion of each brigade in skirmishing order in the first line, a battalion in support in column, and a battalion, which during the present manœuvres will belong to the auxiliary forces, in reserve. It is left to the commander of the supporting battalion to approach the enemy either in line or in columns of half battalions as he may find best with reference to the ground; still the column is prescribed as the normal formation. These instructions are declared to be only provisional, it being considered necessary—such is the excuse—to practise the auxiliary forces in column movements. On service, however, a brigade would, we are told, be in one line. Yet what can be the possible use of practising troops in that which they would never be called upon to perform before an enemy? Moreover this arrangement is eminently calculated to disgust the auxiliary forces, for they are virtually proclaimed to be only fit for a third line, like the Moscow Militia at Borodino. If they are not qualified for a more advanced position, it is evident that they ought never to have been ordered or permitted to take part in the manœuvres, and would have been better employed in battalion drill at their respective head-quarters. It really would seem as if the authorities were bent on slighting and snubbing the auxiliary forces, especially the Volunteers. Of the latter, only a paltry two thousand or so are to take part in the manœuvres, and yet we are always told by the Secretary of War that on the Militia and Volunteers the successful defence of the country must in great measure depend. If these assertions are really made in sincerity, what can we think of the absurdity of having so ridiculously small a contingent of Volunteers? Mr. Cardwell may urge that he cannot induce any larger number of them to attend, but, if the fact be so, he has only himself to thank for it. We have reason to believe that twenty thousand Volunteers would have gladly come forward had they been allowed to relieve each other at the end of eight days. To this arrangement, however, he refused to assent, insisting that, save in the case of one provincial corps, they should serve for sixteen days or not at all. The impression will certainly be that he does not want any of them; for it is preposterous to suppose that any large number of men can spare sixteen days from their business or will match that time from their brief holidays. Of course it is open to him to say that he thinks it a mistake to allow auxiliary corps to take part in autumn manœuvres at all; that it is battalion and company drill rather than practice in brigade manœuvres that they require, and that the former can be better learnt in quarters than in camp. Perhaps Mr. Cardwell really does think this; but, if so, why does he not speak out honestly? If not, then the Volunteers have every reason to consider themselves slighted.

To return to the tactical instructions recently issued; they are, we think, in the main sensible, but there are two exceptions. It is certainly a retrograde movement to tell skirmishers that they must not, without support, cross a plain commanded by the enemy's cavalry. Surely level ground is the last place on which cavalry will venture to face the breacheader. Much more dangerous would it be for skirmishers to venture over open but undulating ground if any hostile cavalry were supposed to be near; for in this case cavalry might be amongst them almost before they could discharge their rifles once. Another still more extraordinary

direction is given to cavalry with regard to attacks on unbroken infantry squares. The latter must not be charged by a single squadron, but three or four squadrons attacking each a different face are to be allowed to try what they can do. Surely the framers of these regulations must be a military Rip Van Winkle, who, after reading Captain Nolan's book when it first appeared, has been asleep ever since and only just awake.

While on the subject of cavalry, we wish to call attention to the sound common sense shown by the zealous Colonel of that excellent workmanlike regiment, the 2nd Life Guards. It is very certain that the less conspicuous cavalry are the better, and that no object can be more obtrusive to the eye than a glittering cuirass. Colonel Marshall has made his men cover their cuirasses with a dark composition, so that the sun's rays cannot by any possibility be reflected. It is a pity that not only cuirasses, but helmets and scabbards, should not have their perilous lustre dimmed. Less jingling on the part of the accoutrements generally, and a better method of hanging the sword, would also be an improvement. The Indian Irregular Cavalry attach their sabres to a frog suspended from the waist-belt by two short slings; thus slung they do not knock about, and they make no noise. Passing to another point, it would seem that neither cavalry nor infantry officers are well provided with large-scale maps, or else that instructions are not always sufficiently precise. We hear of an infantry advanced guard and a cavalry regiment having on two separate occasions taken the wrong road. On service such a mistake might produce serious consequences, and, as it was, much unnecessary fatigue was caused. We are glad to find that an end has been put to that unnecessary inspection before marching which has hitherto caused the men so much fatigue. At the appointed hour the troops fall in, and within ten minutes or so they start, thus being spared that standing about which is far more wearing than twice the time occupied in marching. The authorities have in some instances shown themselves less sensible in the matter of the hour of starting, which is fixed with a view to reaching the next camping ground at 9 A.M. Heat is no doubt bad for troops, but want of rest is, in the opinion of all practical military surgeons, still worse. A cavalry or artillery soldier who marches at 4.30 A.M. or 5 A.M. certainly has his usual night's rest diminished by two or three hours, and an infantry soldier is not very much better off.

## REVIEWS.

### HÜBNER'S LIFE OF SIXTUS V.\*

**B**ARON HÜBNER professes to have compiled his work from unpublished correspondence in the State archives of the Vatican, Simancas, Venice, Paris, Vienna, and Florence, and he has certainly collected a large mass of details bearing on the intercourse of Sixtus V. with foreign Courts. But his arrangement of his materials is not very skillful, and we doubt whether much of real interest is added to our knowledge of the life and policy of the great Pope—for such, after making all necessary deductions, he was—beyond what may be gathered from the clearer and more masterly, though far more concise, narrative of Ranke. Some important points, such as his revision of the Vulgate, which forms his principal claim to ecclesiastical distinction, though he did not live to publish it himself, are almost or altogether passed over. There is a further drawback in the entire omission, whether due to the negligence of author or of translator, of any table of contents beyond a bare catalogue of the titles of chapters; and the practical inconvenience of the omission is all the greater from the plan adopted throughout of breaking up the history of Sixtus's pontificate into separate chapters on his relations with the various European Courts, so that the same period, and sometimes the same events, are brought again and again under our notice in a new connexion. Thus, for instance, the Spanish Armada, which is the chief subject of one of the longest chapters on the Pope's "Relations with the Courts of Spain and France," does not figure at all in the contents, and the only reference to the new edition of the Bible is contained in a single page of a chapter, headed "The Pope and the King of Spain." This reminds us to add that there has been great carelessness in correcting the press, especially in Latin quotations; in one line alone we find "Biblia Sacra Vulgata editionis, Sixti V. pont. max. jussu recognita." Elsewhere the famous Jesuit theologian Laynes is transformed into Larines. We cannot think Baron Hübner a master of historical composition, but he has evidently taken pains with his task, and has also brought to it the qualification of a hearty, and on the whole well merited, admiration for the subject of his biography.

Sixtus V., like many other prominent personages of history, has been unduly praised and unduly depreciated. His fame is partly due, no doubt, to the prominent part he was called upon to take in the Catholic counter-reformation which gave its character to the latter half of the sixteenth century, and of which he was not the creator but the child. On that important movement the author dwells with the natural pride of a zealous Catholic, but with a somewhat indiscriminate enthusiasm. The Council of Trent, which was the Church's response to the challenge of

\* *The Life and Times of Sixtus the Fifth.* By Baron Hübner, formerly Ambassador of Austria in Paris and Rome. Translated by H. E. H. Jennings. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

Luther, did certainly effect "a real and lasting reform" in discipline; but to speak of its "not entirely fulfilling the hopes" of its promoters by "bringing the whole flock back to the fold" is an odd way of stating, or rather of disguising, the fact that it made the breach irreparable, and only tightened the grasp of the authority of the Holy See by circumscribing its range. It finally alienated both the Protestants and the Greeks, whom the leading churchmen of the day, such as Contarini, Pole, and even the stern Caraffa, had not long before cherished the hope of conciliating. And the broad gulf fixed by the Council was indefinitely widened during the next half-century by the action of those indefatigable "priest-rulers" of the renovated Papacy, the Jesuits, in whom, notwithstanding the profound distrust of the Order which Sixtus made no pretence of concealing, our author sees only "the precious instrument" which was alone equal to coping with the new aggressions of heresy. A decree which would have virtually amounted to a suppression of the Order was already prepared, though not formally issued, when Sixtus died, and his successor lost no time in confirming them in their privileges. Into the Catholic reaction Sixtus, who had been trained from boyhood in a Franciscan convent, threw himself with unfeigned ardour; and the whole policy of his brief but eventful reign, however vacillating and capricious it may appear in detail, was in its ultimate principles throughout perfectly consistent. The child of a peasant, originally of Slavonian origin, but who dreamt that his son would raise the family to prosperity—or, as Baron Hübnér puts it, that he would become Pope—he had to depend on chance, and then on the charity of a relation already in holy orders, for the first rudiments of education. He took the Franciscan habit at nine years' old, and while still young became a famous preacher, having three future Saints, Loyola, Philip Neri, and the Grand Inquisitor, Ghislieri (afterwards Pius V.), among his hearers and admirers. Pius IV. made him an inquisitor—an office from which he had to be removed on account of his extreme severity—and theologian to the Council of Trent; and Pius V., whose first introduction to him was to examine a charge of heresy brought against his preaching, raised him to the purple. But he was under an eclipse during the pontificate of Gregory XIII., who had an old grudge against him, and for whom he retained to the last so intense an antipathy that he used even to talk of his famous reform of the Calendar as savouring of heresy, and had frequent visions of him in the flames of Purgatory. Sixtus's election to the Papacy was like that of the present Pope, the result of a compromise between rival factions, effected during an unusually short conclave, though not due, like that of Pius IX., to the veto of one of the Catholic Powers arriving too late. The right of veto, in fact, did not then exist, though it was often indirectly exercised; nor is its origin known now; but it has long been formally recognized in the Crowns of France, Austria, and Spain. It is a mistake of the author's to speak of Sixtus being elected by "adoration," or what is generally called "inspiration," instead of by a regular ballot. This method of election, which supposes spontaneous agreement of the entire Conclave without any previous discussion, is in truth a purely ideal theory; but of the instances sometimes alleged by ecclesiastical writers the last is that of Pius V. It is a curious, if not singular, fact that a lay Cardinal, Archduke Albert of Austria, who afterwards married, voted at the election of Sixtus.

The new Pope exhibited that remarkable combination of seemingly incongruous characteristics which a monastic training is apt to foster. He had all the unflinching severity of one accustomed to implicit obedience, combined with a religious exaltation which neither age nor the cares of State could altogether subdue, and which filled his soul with lofty dreams as grand in conception as they were impossible of achievement. He gave a signal proof of his strong will by the prompt suppression in his dominions of the plague of brigandage, which had attained such dimensions during the easy reign of Gregory XIII. that nobody was safe in his own house in the middle of the day. When the custodians of the city came to offer him their congratulations on the morrow of his election, they were informed that, if they failed in the administration of justice, he was resolved to have them beheaded, and three days later he insisted, against the earnest entreaty of several Cardinals, on the execution of four young men who had been seized by the police for infringing the law against bearing arms, which, however, they had used during the interregnum for the maintenance of order. Still more shocking was the execution of a Trasteverine boy simply for resisting the sbirri when they took away his donkey from him; but here again Sixtus was inexorable. A paricide was executed for a crime committed forty years before; a friar convicted of working counterfeit miracles was publicly flogged; and a mother who had sold her daughter's honour was hanged on the bridge of St. Angelo. For the time this severe policy was perfectly successful. Within two years from the accession of the new Pope brigandage had ceased, but at the end of his life, when he was less able to count on the friendly co-operation of neighbouring States, the banditti began to reappear. In other ways, and more permanently, the Pope impressed on Rome the mark of his practical genius. He did not, as is sometimes imagined, create, but he multiplied and organized the various Congregations of Cardinals for special departments of ecclesiastical and civil administration, adding to the seven more important ones already in existence eight new Congregations, of which, however, two only were for Church affairs; and by his Bull, *Postquam verus*, he limited the number of the Sacred College to seventy. The suppression of nepotism is another merit which has been claimed for him, but

the abuse was already beginning to fall into disrepute, and Sixtus, who was rigidly disinterested in his general discharge of his high functions, actually made his favourite great-nephew, Montalto, a Cardinal at the mature age of fourteen, and soon after Secretary of State, while his younger brother became "General of the Holy Church"—i.e. of the Pontifical forces—when a child of eight. It is fair to say that the boy-Cardinal, who exercised great influence at several Conclaves, fully justified his choice, and died, in 1523, universally beloved and regretted. One other example of Sixtus's practical energy deserves to be mentioned. He had what his biographer justly calls a passion for building, though, as might be expected from his antecedents, he was wholly destitute of artistic or antiquarian tastes. And in this way, too, he has left a permanent mark, not on the ecclesiastical system, but on the material city of Rome. By raising the obelisk before St. Peter's, by opening five large streets, by bringing an abundant supply of water into the town, and by other works hitherto deemed almost impossible but achieved by him within a space of five years, he made his name remembered; nor did it for a moment concern him that he had to pull down the splendid pillars of the *Therma* to build his palace, or, as his architect—who seems inclined to place these demolitions to his credit—rather quaintly expresses it, to "spoil the antique ruins which obstructed the entrance to Sta. Maria de' Angeli." Baron Hübnér speaks of his works being "somewhat like the products from a manufactory," and we must confess that, both in themselves and in his way of setting about them, they remind us a little of the gigantic achievements wrung out of the slave labour at the command of the old Oriental despots. When his architect Fontana came to receive his blessing before commencing work on the obelisk, Sixtus is said to have informed him that, if any accident occurred, he should pay for it with his life. In a similar spirit, when he had resolved to make Loreto into a city, he would not listen to any suggestion of practical difficulties; valleys were to be filled up, hills levelled, and roads laid out. And the work was done as he directed. His success in increasing the resources of the Papal exchequer was again most remarkable; but it must be borne in mind that one of his chief means of accomplishing it was by greatly raising the prices of several State offices which were already venal, and exposing to sale others which had not been previously so treated, some being actually created *de novo* for the purpose of being sold. Such things were not of course looked upon in the same light then as they would be now, and it is indeed but a few years since bribery of judges and other high officials, who were always underpaid, was the universal practice in South Italy; as it is still, we believe, customary in Russia, unless the present Czar has succeeded in effecting a radical reform in this matter also.

We have left ourselves less space than we could wish to dwell on the foreign policy of Sixtus, in which the lofty and somewhat dreamy idealism of his mind came most conspicuously to the surface. He was always possessed with a magnificent view—it can hardly be called a scheme—of the reabsorption of Protestant Europe into the unity of the Church, and a league of all Christian princes in a new crusade to crush the Turkish Empire. Some measures he took with distinct reference to this object, such as urging the French King to enter into secret communications with Elizabeth with a view to her conversion, and himself carrying on a correspondence with the Persians and Druses about a projected attack on the Turks, for which purpose he also fitted out galleys of his own, and obtained others from Spain, while he hoped to utilize the services of King Stephen Bathori of Poland in organizing a land attack on Turkey, and bringing back the schismatic Greeks to Catholicism. Such projects were chimerical enough, but the leading idea which inspired them helped to shape the whole policy of Sixtus in his dealings with foreign States, and especially with Spain and France. The ultimate triumph of the Church was, as became his position, the one end which he always kept steadily in view, and in an age when the maxim *cujus regio ejus religio* was pretty generally accepted, the most obvious way of compassing it was by the return of heretical Sovereigns to the faith. It was partly on this account, and partly no doubt from a certain congeniality in her vigorous nature to his own, that Sixtus professed so hearty a regard for Elizabeth, of whose conversion, even after the defeat of the Armada and the execution of Mary Stuart, he never ceased to entertain hopes. He pitied Mary, but he liked and admired Elizabeth, of whom he once observed that "she was a brave woman, and if she were not a heretic, would be worth a whole world," while he told Pisany, the French Ambassador, that he had always indignantly rejected the proposals constantly made to him for her assassination. And this feeling seems to have been reciprocal. For though Elizabeth only laughed at his suggestions for her return to Catholicism, which came, in fact, a quarter of a century too late, she used to say, when pressed to choose a husband, that she knew of but one man worthy of her hand, and that was Sixtus V. Accordingly, though he had instigated and blessed the Spanish Armada, he never gave it more than a half-hearted support, and was anxious to forget as soon afterwards as possible that he had sanctioned it. In the same way he had a genuine regard for Henry of Navarre, whose conversion there was of course far better reason for anticipating than the English Queen's, while he thoroughly despised Henry III., till the murder of the Guise changed his contempt into detestation. From the fact he seems to have felt that the best hope of securing Catholic ascendancy in France lay in the conversion of Henry of Navarre.



and his recognition as sovereign, though he did not live to see his desires accomplished. But there was another strong personal feeling involved in his policy towards both England and France. He extremely disliked Philip II., while obliged to recognize his claims as the leading representative and zealous champion of Catholic interests in Europe; and the Spanish Ambassador Olivares, whose recall he was perpetually demanding, he detested most cordially, and not without cause. He felt therefore no sympathy with Philip's designs upon England, though it was of course better that England should become subject to the Spanish Crown than that it should remain in heresy. Still less did he desire to see France become a fief of Spain, when the interests of the Church would be as well or better served by other means; and Philip hardly affected to deny that he held this consummation to be necessary for the discharge of his "mission" as "the secular vicar of God on earth." This conflict of interests and sympathies gives to the foreign policy of Sixtus an appearance of vacillation inconsistent at first sight with his vigour and promptitude of action in matters which fell directly under his own control, but the inconsistency is more apparent than real. He could scarcely, as head of the Church, take a decided line against her most powerful civil protector, nor could he summarily discountenance what might turn out to be the only available plan for maintaining her supremacy. This will explain what looks like capricious coquetting with three rival parties in France, though he never really sympathized either with the League or with Henry III., and it also explains his uncertain attitude towards Philip II.

By far the most interesting portion of Baron Hubner's work is comprised in the later chapters of the second volume, which trace in considerable detail the successive stages of the Pope's negotiations with Philip and Henry of Navarre during the last few months of his life, when he was at once struggling for time against the importunities of their rival emissaries—which in the case of Olivares transgressed all bounds of personal and official courtesy—and against the advancing inroads of what proved to be a mortal sickness. His own legate was actually defending Paris against Henry, while he was himself convinced that the taking of the capital would be the signal for the King's recantation, when his claims to the throne of France might safely be acknowledged. The event justified his expectations, but he did not live to witness it. Worried and wearied out with the long struggle, but abating nothing of his wonted energy till within three days of his death, the brave old man expired on the evening of the 27th of August, 1590, during a violent thunder-storm, and, it was rumoured, without the Sacraments, the fact apparently being that he was too feeble at the last for confession. The Spanish Ambassador took no pains to conceal his exultation, and the Romans, who had respected, but had never loved, their stern ruler, jumped to the conclusion that, like Pius II. (Æneas Silvius) in the previous century, and Sixtus II. at an earlier period, who had also risen from a humble station to the Papacy, Sixtus had made a compact with the Evil One, who had come in thunder and lightning to seize his prey. They tore down the statues erected in his honour, and passed a resolution that henceforth no statue should be raised to a living pontiff. In the case of all these Popes alike, the angry fanaticism of their contemporaries has been condemned by the juster verdict of posterity. Sixtus had his weaknesses both as a man and a Pope, but he left his mark on his age, and we need not hesitate to endorse the judgment of his present biographer that in the main he deserved well of the Church and of humanity.

#### SPALDING'S TRANSLATION OF TEGNER'S FRITHIOF.

WE are glad that a translation of Tegner's *Frithiof* which on the whole is excellent, and in many portions deserves the highest praise, should be placed before English readers, who for the most part know nothing more of the poem than its name, and have a vague notion that Tegner was a great poet. They will find that in reading this Swedish epic they need make no effort to throw themselves into a state of feeling which is not congenial to them, and that the tale of Frithiof brings fresh evidence of the fact that a true poet speaks the languages of all ages and countries. The story itself is probably better known in this country than the poem of Tegner. Comparative mythologists have had to deal with it in the course of their work, and more than one short prose version of it has been given in collections of Teutonic and Scandinavian legends. Its chief beauty lies in its thorough simplicity and the perfectly natural character of the actors, while from first to last it exhibits scarcely a single feature which may be regarded as really repulsive.

The tale of Frithiof is the old story which, under an infinite variety of forms, has for ages stirred the deepest feelings of the human heart in every land; which in the loves of Kephale and Prokris, of Urvast and Pururavas, of Psyche and Eros, has delighted or saddened the Hindu or the Greek, and in the fortunes of Conal Gulban, of Rapunzel, and a thousand others, has swelled the treasures of Celtic and Teutonic folklore. Frithiof is the golden-haired hero who is numbered with the Fatal Children. He is born to be great, he is born to wed the maiden who was the love of his youth; but he may not win her until years have passed in danger and toils undergone at the bidding of one altogether

meaner than himself, whom the will of Odin has made his master. He grows up in the house of the wise Hilding, who imparts to him the wisdom which Achilles received from Chiron; but under the same roof with the child of Thorsten Vikingsson is placed Ingeborg, the beautiful daughter of King Beld, the steadfast friend of Thorsten. These two warriors, like Grettir and Illugi, or Ramund and Luxmon, or any other of the great company of twin-souled heroes, are united by a love which death cannot chill or sever and their hope and wish are that the daughter of the one shall be wedded to the son of the other. As they live, so they die together, after giving to their children sage counsel couched in proverbs; but great though the name of Thorsten may have been he is but a thegn whose son must stand to the heirs of Beld in relation as humble as that in which the child of Amphitryon stood to Eurystheus. Of these heirs, Helgi, the elder, is a man of savage and bloodthirsty temper; the younger, Haldan, is a graceful boy in whom the spirit of the Berserk has not been awakened; and as it comes to pass that when Frithiof asks that Ingeborg may become his wife, the answer is that kings' daughters may not rightly be mated with churls, but that nevertheless he may have her if he will bring from the kingdom of Angantyr the tribute money which has been left unpaid. The dream of Frithiof is rudely broken but, though he is not a king, yet he is not as other men. His home at Frammas is a palace as gorgeous as that of Alkinoos or Tantalos or Helios himself; and he is lord of the magic treasure of Angurvadel, the sword which no living thing can withstand of the mysterious ring, and of the wonderful ship Ellide which without rudder or oars can find its way, like the Phæakian bark to its haven. In this ship he would bear away Ingeborg from the sanctuary of Baldur, in which she has been placed, to the beautiful islands of the deep blue Egean; but Ingeborg has been brought up under the laws of the old Aryan civilization, and she holds the power of a father over his child has passed on to his heir and that her allegiance to her brother, the dark and hateful Helgi, must come before her devotion to her lover. Frithiof confesses that in her obedience to law she is better than he, and departs on the tyrant's errand. On his return he finds his halls at Frammas a mass of blackened ruins. His faithful dog comes forth to meet him; his milk-white steed comes bounding to his side; but all his wealth has been eaten by the flames, and the grass is scorched from his fields. The tyrant sits in Baldur temple; and there Frithiof stuns him by flinging in his face the money which Angantyr had given to Frithiof as a gift. He when he essays to take from the arm of Baldur the ring, Wayland's ring, which he had left on the arm of Ingeborg, the image remains it as tightly as it is held by the statue of Thorgerda in the Faroese Saga, or by Venus in the story of the newly-wedded Roman in the pages of Fordun and other chroniclers. In the struggle to draw it away the image of the god falls forward into the sacrificial fire, and the temple is wrapped in flames. For this disaster or crime exile must again be the doom of Frithiof, who has one tie the less to his father's land, as Ingeborg had long since been seized and carried away by the aged King to his distant kingdom. Thither with his friend Bjorn Frithiof comes in the course of his wanderings as a Viking. With a beggar's hood thrown over his head and a beggar's mantle over his body, he enters the hall, to be flouted and jeered as Iros mocked the disguised Odysseus. The removal of the disguise reveals the hero in all his strength and beauty, and King King feels that the man before him whom he has long wished to slay. But he cannot still a certain feeling of sympathy for the brave man who has to fight with a great sorrow, and he resolves to see whether Frithiof can withstand a temptation as mighty as his grief. His own time he knows, is fast drawing to an end, and he will therefore test him by bringing him near to Ingeborg in a journey across the ice sea, and by placing himself in his power, weaponless and helpless. As they journey on, the old man says he must sleep, and that his head cannot rest in comfort except in the lap of Frithiof. Here as King is wrapped in profound sleep, a raven seated on a bough above him bids him make short work of the matter by snatching of the old man's head, while a dove on another tree bids him remember that, though his gain for the time be great, yet with the gain he gives up fair fame and honour. With a feeling of horror Frithiof hurls Angurvadel far into the wood, and King awaking from his feigned slumber tells him that his unswerving faith shall be rewarded. As for himself King declares that he cannot die peacefully in his bed. Such is not the fitting mode of departure for a warrior, and with his dagger he gives himself a mortal wound, and after some grave and wise advice leaves Ingeborg to her first and only love.

The beauty of this story few perhaps will question. It furnishes more than the framework for a great epic poem; and the special merit of Tegner is that he has adhered with scrupulous fidelity to the spirit of the tale, and has even refrained from drawing upon his imagination for its incidents or for their colouring. It has found it a tale which has come down from ages long preceding the introduction of Christianity, and he has been content to reproduce it in its heathen form, which in this instance exhibit little or no antagonism to the new faith. In his last exhortation to Frithiof, that he should reconcile himself with the sons of Beld Hilding speaks of the Baldur who dwelt in the South:—

A virgin's son  
Sent by Alfather to expound the mythic runes  
Wrote on the Normans' sable shields, unknown before.  
Fame was his war-ory, love to men his shining sword,  
And innocence ate Dove-like on his silver horn.

Pious he lived and taught, until at last he died,  
And 'neath far-distant palms his grave in glory shines.  
His doctrine, say they, spreadeth far from vale to vale,  
Methought the hardened heart, and joins the friendly hand,  
And founds the reign of peace upon the gladdened earth.  
I know not well the creed, indeed, but darkly still  
Have I in better hours had glimpses of his teaching;  
At times each human heart yearns towards it, even as mine.  
One day, I feel assured, it comes and lightly waves  
Its snowy dove-like wings over the Northern hills.

The poet seems to make the seer forget the Resurrection, and in the triumph of Christianity shut his eyes to the work which the sword of Olaf should do towards the winning of the victory. The conquest was doubtless furthered by the spirit of resistance to some at least of the laws which were supposed to rest on the authority of the ancient gods; and this struggle with time-honoured superstition comes out strongly in the tale of Frithiof. It is the old law which makes Ingeborg sacrifice her life to the caprice of her brother, and of this law Frithiof is thinking when he exclaims:—

Different here I find my temper, boundless passion tears my soul,  
Strikes her wings upon my forehead, in a dream I downward roll;  
Can I banish from my memory midnight vows, alliance sworn?  
Vanished treasures—she ne'er broke them—vengeful gods my soul have torn.  
Oh they hate humanity, and scatter grief on joy with zest;  
Stole away my youthful rosebud, placed it in cold Winter's breast.  
What doth Winter chill with rosebuds? Can he understand their price?

No! his cold, unthankful spirit clothes both bud and stalk in ice.

In these last words we have one of the many passages in which Tegner seems to go off to the mythological origin of the story which he has invested with so much of the reality of human life. It may be difficult to determine whether he here had in his mind the transformation which has converted the Ring of the Frithiof Saga into the Rinkrank of the popular story, the long-bearded old man who keeps the beautiful maiden shut up in his dungeons until his beard is caught in the framework of a door, and the destruction of his winter home leaves the maiden once more in all the splendour of spring sunshine, with its wealth of blossoms and flowers. But the tone of the old phrases which gave shape to the story is distinctly felt in the pictures of Frithiof's home at Framnäs, over which the poet has thrown all the golden glory which rests on the palace of Alkinoös, and in the description of the mysterious bracelet wrought by the limping Wayland, the Hephaistos of Northern lands:—

Heaven was designed thereon, with the fortunes of the Immortals,  
Twelve, like the changing months, but named by the poets the sun-house.  
Alfheim too was portrayed, the castle of Frey: 'tis the sun, who,  
Now-born at Christmas, commences to climb the steep slopes of heaven.  
Söguabæk too was there, in whose hall ate Odin with Saga,  
Drank his wine from the golden cup; but that cup was the ocean,  
Coloured with gold and the glow of the morning; and Saga was spring time.  
Written on verdant fields; but instead of the wines were the flowers.  
Also Baldur appeared on the throne, like the sun at midsummer,  
From the firmament pouring his riches, of goodness the emblem,  
For Goodness is far-beaming light; but Evil is darkness.

This moral meaning, which lies close to the phrases of the old myth, and which may be discerned by a thousand analogies in the phenomena of the outward world, necessarily comes home to the heart of the poet, and the thought of the fall of the Æsir on the plain of blood suggests to the priest Hilding that

Evil dies  
For ever; but the good which fell, again arises  
Up from the burning world, refined and purified.  
The starry garlands bright fall pale and withered down  
From heaven's temple, and the earth sinks deep in ocean,  
But fairer still they rise again, and lift up glad  
Their flower-encircled heads high from the ocean-wave.

Nor does the poet ever forget the close connexion which exists between the hero of his story and the god Baldur; nor can the reader well fail to feel that the one is little more than a reflection of the other. Ingeborg in the Temple of the Bright God who dwells in Ganablick is as Uhas coming forth from the glowing halls of Dyaus:—

Whilst the bright sun with radiance plays,  
Sheds on the flower its crimson warm,  
Like to the rosy gauze whose haze  
Conceals the charms of Ingeborg's form,  
So long I wander on the strand,  
Consumed by everlasting fire,  
And, sighing, write upon the sand  
Her name, with love that nought can tire.

So too, in the spirit of Æschylus, who hails the friendly night as the inheritor of vast worlds, Frithiof welcomes her as

Of gods the mother,  
With pearls upon thy bridal-dress;

and Ingeborg, bidding farewell to Frithiof, bids him remember that

The mighty sun turns not away his eyes,  
Though pure and holy, from two faithful lovers,  
And Day's fair widow, star-beanpled Night,  
Immersed in grief, with joy receives their oaths.

This parting of the lovers is, if we may make a choice where so much of exquisite beauty meets us in every page, the gem of the whole poem. In truth, Tegner was singularly happy in the choice of his subject. There is much of grandeur, and something that

appeals to human sympathy, in the stories of the *Volunga*, and this grandeur, although it has become less rugged, is by no means lost in the Lay of the Nibelungs; but it is impossible to feel that beings like Brynild and Gudrum in the *Volunga* tale, and Kriemhild in the *Nibelungenlied*, are of the same flesh and blood with ourselves. Their crimes are so causeless, their vengeance so impossible, that we can read of them as calmly as we look on pictures painted by the clouds on the broad heavens; but whatever be the origin of the tale (and this seems obvious enough), the story of Frithiof seldom fights with the impulses of purely human feeling, and this feeling in the parting scene is brought out with all the majesty and severity of the Greek drama:—

FRITHIOF. But wherefore must we part?  
Because a sleepless night hath loosed thy nerves?  
INGEBORG. To save mine honour and thine own from ruin.  
FRITHIOF. On man's affection resteth woman's honour.  
INGEBORG. He loves not long who loves without esteem.  
FRITHIOF. By light caprice esteem is never gained.  
INGEBORG. The sense of right is sure a noble feeling.  
FRITHIOF. But yesterday our love was not against it.  
INGEBORG. No more to-day, but only 'gainst our flight.  
FRITHIOF. Pressing necessity compels us. Come!  
INGEBORG. Necessity is what is right and noble.  
FRITHIOF. High rides the sun, and fast the time speeds past.  
INGEBORG. Alas, alas! 'tis past, 'tis past for ever!  
FRITHIOF. Consider well; is this thy last resolve?  
INGEBORG. I have considered all; it is my last.  
FRITHIOF. Maiden, farewell; farewell, King Helge's sister.

Except in this outburst of mingled grief and anger, Frithiof never speaks of Ingeborg as the sister of the man who hates and has injured him, and by the love which breaks forth unrestrained in Ingeborg's reply he is completely conquered. Further quotations would take up too much space. The whole work is a great poem, but it must be carefully studied before its beauty can be thoroughly felt. On the translation we had intended to make some remarks which would have pointed out passages which seem obscure, if not unintelligible, and some others which have been weakened, if not marred, by the mere exigencies of rhyme. All these, however, would be comprised in two or three pages; and we have no wish to dwell on petty blemishes while we feel the charm that comes with the words of a great poet.

#### MAURICE'S LIFE OF STEPHEN LANGTON.\*

WE gather from the preface that this book is to be the first of a series of four, and that Stephen Langton is to be followed by Wat Tyler, Sir John Oldcastle, and Jack Cade. The quotation seems an odd one, but we reserve our judgment till we have the rehabilitation of Jack Cade in full before us. He has, we are told, suffered "gross and cruel misrepresentations," and his resurrection "combined some of the characteristics of the respective struggles of Tyler and Langton." When so queer a combination as this of "Tyler and Langton" is spoken of as a thing about which there can be no kind of doubt, we involuntarily rub our eyes, but we think it wiser to hold our tongues, as we know not what we may not be convinced of when we hear the arguments. Meanwhile we keep ourselves within the bounds of the known world, and look to see what Mr. Maurice has to say about the patriot Primate. And on the road it is something to read this:

That I have intended no disrespect in this to men so deservedly honoured as De Montfort and Grostete, will be clear from the allusions which I shall make to them in the introductory chapter to Wat Tyler.

It did strike us as somewhat funny that Mr. Maurice should assure us that he "intends no disrespect" to Earl Simon the Righteous and Holy Robert of Lincoln, that he looks on them as "deservedly honoured," and that he kindly purposes to make "allusions" to them in an introductory chapter to Wat Tyler. Where, we asked, can Mr. Maurice have picked up this mastery of the art of condescension? The key was found when we turned to a second preface, and there found Mr. C. H. Pearson spoken of with the bated breath of which Earl Simon and Bishop Robert are not thought worthy. This fact enlarges our knowledge of human nature. It is plain that there are people whom the grand style, the condescending style, really impresses. Mr. Maurice has his thanks for "Professor Stubbs of Oxford" and "Professor Brewer of King's College," but before Mr. Pearson he bows down. The thought suggests itself that there may be people who, in the like sort, bow down to Mr. Reeve. It is at least plain that the grand style pays. Mr. Pearson has not only found an admirer in Mr. Maurice, but an imitator, and Mr. Maurice turns about to try his hand at condescension on Earl Simon and Bishop Robert.

Yet, notwithstanding all this and notwithstanding one of those domestic dedications which, outside of the charmed circle, seem simply grotesque, there appears to be some real stuff in Mr. Maurice. He gives us the impression of one who has begun to write a little too soon, but who has at any rate really been reading. We confess that we do not exactly see his special object, either in the whole projected series or in this particular *Life*. We cannot say that we get up with any clearer notion of the great Archbishop than we had when we sat down. Mr. Maurice does not seem to have learned the art of giving any kind of life to his characters, or that of grouping his subordinate actions round about one central figure. We seem to be reading, not a *Life* of Stephen

\* *Life of Stephen Langton*. By C. Edmund Maurice. London: Smith, B. King & Co., 1872.

Langton, but Mr. Maurice's notions about a rather long period of history, spanning a good while before Stephen Langton was born. But, though the result is as yet nothing very striking, yet the process by which it has been brought about has been quite of the right kind. Mr. Maurice has been reading in the right places, and he has been thinking about what he has been reading. For his own mind the process must have been one of unmixed good. But the result reminds us to some extent of a prize essay. Mr. Maurice has indeed, in one important point, got far beyond the prize essay stage. He has got beyond the stage of wondering at his authorities from a distance and quoting them second-hand, as if a Byzantine historian or a chronicler in Pertz were something more inaccessible than the Pillars of Héraklées. Otherwise his matter ranges very much with that of a good prize essay. And we know that, with one or two brilliant exceptions, a prize essay is a thing the process of composing which does the successful—sometimes the unsuccessful—competitor a great deal of good, but which is seldom worth preserving in itself. The truth is that our prize essayists and other beginners—the prize essayists at any rate not by any fault of their own—take too wide and ambitious a range of subjects. Far more would come of their labours, though the immediate result would be less showy, if their first efforts at historical composition took the form of a thorough examination of some point of detail. We have heard it suggested, and we quite go along with the suggestion, that it would be far better if, instead of the necessarily superficial essays which we now get, we had something like the exercises for the Doctor's degree in the German Universities. The subjects chosen are much narrower than those which are set for our prize essays; they are subjects which a young man really can work out, and in the working out of which he may gain habits of research and criticism which may serve him for life. The best of these exercises form really valuable monographs, and we can commonly pick up something even from an inferior one. With Mr. Maurice's evident power of real work, if he had fixed himself down steadily to illustrate some particular point in the life of Stephen Langton, or of anybody else, he would have turned out something a good deal less ambitious than a series of English "Popular Leaders," but something really more useful both to himself and to other people.

Mr. Maurice begins his story with what he calls "England's preparation for Langton's work," which is in truth a sketch of the state of things in England from the Norman Conquest onwards. In dealing with these times Mr. Maurice is a little behind his own time. He shows some honest work among the original writers; but he has not yet learned accurately to distinguish the difference in value between one writer and another, and no wonder, for he seems still, in 1872, to cleave to Thierry as his chief guide. It is amusing when we read Mr. Maurice's statement of some of the questions which have been lately raised about the never-failing subject of questions, Archbishop Thomas. These he conceives to be

whether the Archbishop's name should be spelt with a "c" or without it; whether, as M. Thierry asserts, he was of pure English blood, or as Dr. Pauli believes, of Norman descent.

And he makes the matter funnier still by adding in a note,

Bromton seems to support Thierry in the spelling which the latter prefers, and in the story of Becket's birth, pp. 1052-1053.

We did not at all know that any one had raised a controversy on any point so frivolous as whether the word Becket should be spelled with a c or without it. We do know something about a controversy which Mr. Maurice may possibly have in his eye, whether it is wise to call a man by a name by which, to say the least, he was not familiarly known in his own times. But Mr. Maurice ought by this time to know that the Norman descent of Thomas, as opposed to his imaginary Old-English, or half Old-English and half Saracen, descent, is no longer a question of what "Dr. Pauli believes," but a matter on which all scholars have long ago made up their minds. The days are quite gone in which it could pass for a critical process simply to patch up the romance of Thierry by a reference to the older romance which goes under the name of Bromton. All this is a pity, because Mr. Maurice thoroughly takes in the fact that Thomas, born in London of Norman parents, was practically as good an Englishman as if ten generations of his forefathers had been born in London before him. But with his way of looking at the matter, he of course fails to see what an important piece of evidence this is as to the speed with which certain classes, at least of the Norman settlers, practically became English. So at an earlier stage we find Mr. Maurice believing the legends about Abbot Frithric of St. Alban's and Abbot Ethelwige of St. Augustine's, and finding out, on the strength of a queer legend in the local history of Durham, that the pious Conqueror "offended part of the nation by his scepticism." We are quite at a loss to guess what Mr. Maurice means when he says,

St. F. Palgrave's assertion that Northumbria never recognized the son of Godwin seems hardly borne out by the circumstances of the insurrection against Tostig.

And the following is almost queerer:—

The reverence for an oath seems to have been carried to an almost superstitious extent by the English of that day. Not merely Orderic, whose English patriotism is dashed with a personal friendship and admiration for William, but chroniclers like Bromton, the author of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and Henry of Huntingdon, seem to think that the oath which William wrong by treachery and cunning from Harold, should have loomed the latter, &c.

Now we had always thought that the fault of the eleventh century was not a superstitious reverence for oaths, but recklessness both in taking and in breaking them. The real point in the charge against Harold was the wrong done to the holy relic. Then there is something passing strange in the notion of a personal friendship between William and Orderic, who, when William died, was a boy monk of twelve years old. We smile at the coupling of "Bromton" and the "author of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle"; but we pass on to the more serious question, Where, among the various records called the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle"—which Mr. Maurice seemingly looks on as the work of one "author"—is one word to be found about any oath plighted by Harold to William under any circumstances whatever?

It is plain then that Mr. Maurice has not yet fully learned to use his books, old or new. It is amusing to see him going at this time of day to Thierry for Anselm's defence of the sanctity of Elpheg, who figures, Thierry-fashion, as "Elpheg." But he quite takes in Anselm's position, and in like manner he throughout shows a very respectable power of understanding history, as soon as he has mastered the preliminary art—the drudgery, some people may perhaps call it—of learning how to deal with his authorities, to rate them at their respective values, and to know what really is in them and what is not. To this last end Mr. Maurice would do well to cultivate the art of accurate translation. We were astounded at reading that the English of the eleventh century, "as William of Malmesbury sneeringly says, 'wasted all their time on religion.'" William's words, in which it is impossible to see any trace of a sneer, are, "Pro otio quod actabant, exercitium armorum in secundis ponentes, omnem in religione operam insumpserunt." And he should leave off the habit of going to inferior and second-hand writers to prove propositions about which there can be no manner of doubt. It is amusing to read, "The greater part of the bishops, we are informed by the 'Chronique de Normandie,' were Normans at the time of William I.'s death." We do not know for certain, but it is very likely that we might be "informed" of the same fact by Goldsmith, Pinnoek, or Mrs. Markham.

We look on to the part of the book which more directly concerns its subject, and we find, amid evident capacity for historical thought, the same incapacity for grappling with detail. That is to say, Mr. Maurice has begun to be a teacher while he is as yet only a learner, though a decidedly promising one. We commend him for several times daring to hold his own against his master Mr. Pearson on points where he is himself clearly right and Mr. Pearson clearly wrong. But we are amused at the prostration of spirit always shown at Mr. Pearson's name, and the apologies with which Mr. Maurice thinks it needful to excuse himself for not following the oracle in everything. A small proportion of the same reverence transferred from Mr. Pearson to Dr. Shirley might have saved Mr. Maurice from his harsh judgment of Hubert of Burgh. But, as our object is reformation and not destruction, as we wish to point out to Mr. Maurice the way by which he may some day win for himself a place among historical scholars, we must quote a few more instances of his way of dealing with details. In p. 244 he translates part of a letter printed in Dr. Shirley's *Royal and Historical Letters*, i. 20, addressed to Peter Bishop of Winchester, William Marshal Earl of Pembroke, and Hubert of Burgh, by the "justitarii domini Regis itinerantes in comitatu Lincolnie," who were Hugh of Wells, Bishop of Lincoln, and others. Mr. Maurice calls them "the justices of Lincolnshire," a name which is, to say the least, misleading, as it suggests the notion of modern justices of the peace. "Ad honorem regis majestatis" is not well rendered by "the honour of his Majesty," which suggests the notion of "Majesty" as a fixed and formal title. And it is quite beyond us to guess why the words "scimus quod homines sumus" should be turned into "we know that we are new." Here possibly the printer may be in fault. In speaking of Langton's Council of Oxford in 1222, Mr. Maurice quotes a decree by which certain persons were appointed in each deanery, "who, at the command of the Archbishop or his official, may denounce to them the public excesses of prelates, priests, and other clergy." On this Mr. Maurice amusingly comments:—

Whether or no this provision is considered wise, it shows at all events that, at a time when the partisanship of the bishops for their order was carried to excess, Langton was very conscious of the fact that they too needed the control of the law.

Mr. Maurice, it would seem, thinks that *prelati* means bishops only, though it could hardly be needful to set people in each rural deanery to look after the bishops. In the decrees of the Council of Westminster a few years later we read of "episcopi, abbates, et prelati alii," and the word is certainly used so as to take in holders of any considerable ecclesiastical preferment at least down to a canon residentiary. It is more serious when we read in p. 225 that "the barons of Yorkshire demanded of Hubert de Burgh that the King should not levy taxes on them except in a Parliament north of the Trent." This is in no way borne out by the letter (Shirley, i. 151) to which Mr. Maurice refers. What the Yorkshire barons and freeholders in general complain of is, that they were called on to pay a tax which had been granted in an assembly to which they had not been summoned. They offered to pay it even then if the King, who seems to have been coming to York, would summon them there. It is odd too for one who has a good deal to say about Gualdus Cambrensis to call him in one place "Bishop of St. David's" and "the worthy Bishop."

Lastly, to go back to the Council of Oxford, Mr. Maurice tells us that Langton settled the disputes between the Bishops of London and the Abbots of Westminster "in a way which, I believe, few have cause to regret, by freeing the Abbey of Westminster from the jurisdiction of the bishopric of London." Alas, we cannot help thinking that, if Langton had forbore so to do, we might have been spared a good deal of the nonsense which we have for some time past heard about the peculiar position and dignity of the collegiate church of St. Peter at Westminster.

#### WOODWARD AND CATES'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF CHRONOLOGY.\*

THE fruits of the scholarlike and unsparing toil of the late Librarian to the Queen at Windsor come before the public too late for the reward of the accomplished and laborious writer. All that is now to be paid in return for so much solid and conscientious service to literature is cordial and ungrudging recognition on the part of those who have the means of estimating its value. We had occasion not long ago to speak of Mr. Woodward's praiseworthy labours in the translation of M. Elisée Reclus's excellent work on the *Earth*. A volume more original in its scope, as well as wider and more laborious in its execution, now calls for our appreciation. Twenty years have elapsed since the design of the *Encyclopedia of Chronology* was projected and set on foot by the author, and we cannot doubt that from that time the compilation of the materials which make up its rich and multifarious contents filled no small share of his time and thought. The work combines in one the plan of a full and trustworthy book of reference for chronology, both for students and general readers, with a copious and carefully drawn up biographical date-book. Without treating directly of mathematical or technical chronology, it aims at filling a void long felt in literature by massing together in the form most convenient for reference the leading events of history, and the principal stages of growth in knowledge or discovery, with the names of the men with whom such date-points in the development of the world connect themselves. The alphabetical arrangement of its contents makes it easy to turn at once to the events which mark the rise, progress, and fall of States, with their alliances, wars, and treaties of peace, the dates of discoveries in every department of science, of inventions and improvements, mechanical, domestic, and economical. Admirable terseness characterizes every article, useless detail being rigidly excluded, and just so much reference to authorities admitted as may guide the student to further research without cumbering or confusing the text. Going back to the earliest times, the design of the work admits subjects of mythical or doubtful date, with the reserve that befits a manual of chronology; while not a few topics relating to literature or history which are of prime interest in their way are excluded because, vexatious as it may be deemed, of the absence of any ascertainable date. In the case of the dates of early Biblical history adopted from Usher, which have been, without a shadow of authority or reason, for generations past foisted by our privileged printers into the margins or headings of our Bibles, Mr. Woodward has waived his private conviction in deference to the probable expectation of those who do not like to miss what is usual. Side by side, however, with these figures are placed such dates as are derived by other authorities from the study of independent or concurrent sources of history, all being referred to their proper grounds of proof at the foot of the article. The same plan has been adopted in all cases in which it seemed desirable to furnish the student with a comparative estimate of the value of contradictory dates, or with a critical knowledge of the grounds on which they rest. Names and stories simply mythical have been either omitted altogether or expressly indicated as such, and where only a probable or conjectural date can be assigned, a mark of interrogation is appended. With every regard to exhaustive fulness, it has been sought to avoid crowding the page with trumpery or insignificant names. With very few exceptions, and those justifiable on public rather than on personal grounds, living characters have been shut out.

Twelve years ago Mr. W. L. R. Cates, editor of the *Dictionary of General Biography*, was invited by Mr. Woodward to take a share in the undertaking, and upon the sudden death of the projector in October 1869, he succeeded him in the conduct of the work, to which he had indeed contributed the larger proportion from the time of his friend's appointment as Royal Librarian. The manuscript has further, we are told, since the loss of the counsel and co-operation of Mr. Woodward, passed through the hands of Mr. G. W. Cox, whose name may be taken as a guarantee for critical judgment and scholarlike supervision. That pedantic formalism has not been suffered to overrule time-honoured usage or harmless prejudice in such matters as the spelling of Greek proper names is perhaps one sign of the exercise of liberal and judicious authority. A recognized scholar need have no fear in letting us keep our familiar "Thucydides" or "Pericles," giving the more literal equivalents *Thoukudides*, &c., in brackets, though he may seem to waver in the cases of "Cylon" and "Kymon," whilst he will cheerfully abide such tests as may be applied to his general faithfulness to facts and critical sifting of evidence. Articles of

the more prominent and comprehensive class, like those of States kingdoms, or treaties, approach in fact closely to the *Encyclopædia* of continuous précis-writing, and that on the widest possible scale. Classical learning, historical reading and acumen, with power of political and juridical analysis, are here called into play from first to last, controlled by a skill in compression and a clearness of statement which are given but to few. As a model of this skeleton form of treating great questions of history we might point to the series of articles in which Rome is handled under connected headings, "Wars," "Leagues and Treaties," "City," "Emperors," "Councils"; "Popes" having a heading for themselves apart. If anything can be expected to make clear to a reader of ordinary intelligence that historical puzzle over which so many would-be public guides or pretenders to learning get hopelessly muddled, the Holy Roman Empire, it is the succinct and lucid epitome which he will here take up, after having traced the line of Emperors from Augustus to Romulus Augustulus, overthrown by Odoacer A.D. 476:—

**Romans, Emperors of the, and Kings of Germany.**—[*Rome, Emperors of*]—the Empire restored by Charles the Great, 800—Louis (*Ludwig*) le Debonnaire, (son,) 814—Lothaire I., (son,) 840—Louis II., (son,) 855—Charles II., the Bald, 875—Charles the Fat, 876—on his death, disintegration of his dominions, 888.

• Empire revived as HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE, by Otto the Great, 962—Otto II., (son,) 973—Otto III., (son,) 983—Henry II., (DUKE OF BAVARIA,) 1002—Conrad II., the Salic, 1024—Henry III., (son,) 1035—Henry IV., (son,) 1056—Henry V., (son,) 1105—Lothaire II., (DUKE OF SAXONY,) 1125.

*House of Hohenstauffen*: Conrad III., 1138—Frederick I. Barbarossa, 1152—Henry VI., (son,) 1191—Philip, (brother,) 1198—Otto IV. (COUNT OF POITOU,) 1198—Frederick II., 1212—Conrad IV., (son,) 1250—William, (COUNT OF HOLLAND,) 1250—Interregnum, 1256—Richard, (EARL OF CORNWALL,) and Ailnoth X., (of Castile,) titular emperors, 1257.

*House of Hapsburg*: Rudolph of Hapsburg, 1273—Adolphus of Nassau, 1292—Albert I., (son of Rudolph,) 1298—Henry VII., (of Luxemburg,) 1308—on his death, Aug. 1313, interregnum, till Oct. 1314—when a double election took place, of Frederick III. (DUKE OF AUSTRIA) and Louis V. (DUKE OF BAVARIA). Louis alone, on death of Frederick, 1330—Charles IV. of Luxemburg, 1347—Wenceslaus, 1378—Rupert, 1400—Sigismund, 1410—Albert II., 1438—Frederick IV., 1440—Maximilian I., (son,) 1493—Charles V., (of Spain,) 1519—Ferdinand I., (brother,) 1558—Maximilian II., (son,) 1564—Rudolph II., (son,) 1576—Matthias, (brother,) 1612—Ferdinand II., 1619—Ferdinand III., (son,) 1637—Leopold I., (son,) 1658—Joseph I., (son,) 1705—Charles VI., (son) 1711—Charles VII., 1742—Francis I., 1745—Joseph II., (son,) 1765—Leopold II., (brother,) 1790—Francis II., (son,) 1792—extinction of the Empire on his renunciation, 6 Aug. 1806. [Austria.]

A cross reference to "Austria," "German Confederation, *der Deutsche Bund*," and "North German Confederation," will show that the most recent light has been brought to bear upon the problem, and may for the future be the means of sparing leading journalists their terrible exercise of mind between the rival claims of existing Hapsburgs and Hohenrollerns to the Imperial crown of Germany. The knot of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty having been cut by the sword ten years ago, there has been a practical end put to a juridical or historical problem which was said in its time to have driven more than one German professor mad. Yet, should any interest still linger about a puzzle of so long standing, the data for following each phase of the disputed title, whether by way of cession, treaty, or inherited right, are ready to the student's hand in Mr. Woodward's clearly drawn out chronological epitome, from the incorporation of the Duchy of Schleswig with the Empire under Henry the Fowler (A.D. 930) to its independence under Conrad II. in 1027, and its junction with Holstein under Duke Henry II. on failure of the male line of Duke Abel, 1375, from which point the article "Holstein" will help in throwing light upon the dark windings of the disputed succession. Under "Austria (Austria, Oesterreich, Oestrich, East France, Metz)" a flood of light is shed within the space of a column or so upon another chapter of history upon which the popular mind may be said to be exceptionally bewildered and liable to be misled by sciolists or crotchet-mongers: while "France, Kingdom of," "Gauls," "Franks," with cross references to the names of Emperors and Kings will together furnish a kind of skeleton map of the entire modern history of Western Europe. Matter of this sort, dry bones as it may seem to the ordinary reader, is of priceless value to the serious student, whether to guide and steady his steps as he toils on through the piled-up masses of original material, or to lie at his elbow for the refreshing and correcting of memory as he looks back upon the progress he has made. That books of this class may be perverted to the purposes of cram is no more than can be said of books of reference of whatever kind. The best safeguard against misuse in this direction will be found in the severity of style as well as in the strict limits as to facts which the authors or compilers of the *Encyclopedia of Chronology* have throughout imposed upon themselves. Nothing of the clasp-trap of epitome writers or the mechanical tricks of a *mnemonic technica* is to be traced in its columns. Comprising within its 1,500 pages something like, as we should judge, 20,000 articles, it may be expected to supersede every manual of its class as a treasury of accurate and trustworthy knowledge. The care and assiduity with which it has been brought down to the most recent dates may be tested by the copious appendix, which includes the deaths of Mazzini, Lord Mayo, and Professor Manning. We cannot pretend to have gone through the vast and miscellaneous contents of the book with anything like a systematic or exhaustive scrutiny. But such a process is no more needed in order to judge of its merits than it is necessary to get through a whole

\* *Encyclopedia of Chronology, Historical and Biographical*. By R. R. Woodward, Esq., late Librarian to the Queen, and William L. R. Cates, Esq., Editor of the *Dictionary of General Biography*. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.



cheese order to pass judgment upon its quality. Both to the original compiler, and to those in whose hands it has been carried to completion, the thanks of every class of readers are fairly due.

#### THE EARLY LIFE OF MR. JUSTICE MAULE.\*

MISS LEATHLEY'S sketch of the early life of her uncle, Sir W. H. Maule, is brief and tantalizing. It is only a fragment of biography, and leaves off at the point at which the chief interest of a biography is usually supposed to be just commencing. Sir W. H. Maule died in 1858, in his seventieth year; but this Memoir breaks off at the end of 1814, when he was making his first briefless journeys on circuit, and was known only as a quiet and rather eccentric young man, who had distinguished himself at Cambridge, and who showed little aptitude or relish for the profession he had chosen. In Miss Leathley's opinion, "the chief interest of his life ended" with his mother's death; "there were henceforward no great joys and sorrows, no wonderful triumphs or successes, or what perhaps may be yet more interesting, no great struggles or successes." How he made his way at the Bar, rose to the Bench, and proved himself one of the ablest Judges and most remarkable men of his day, are circumstances which Miss Leathley does not think it worth while to mention even in the slightest outline. Probably no one would be more astonished than the late Mr. Justice Maule to find himself made the subject of a good little story for the young, with a moral showing "the great influence children have over the happiness of their parents, and how in promoting that they most surely promote also their own welfare." It is true that in her dedication to Sir E. Ryan, Miss Leathley speaks of her own incapacity to write a complete life of a man of such varied powers; but it does not appear that she applied to any of Sir W. Maule's old friends to undertake the task, or to assist in it. For Miss Leathley's Memoir, however, such as it is, we are not disposed to be ungrateful. It is tantalizing in breaking off so abruptly at a critical point, and it is, from its narrow domestic range, imperfect even as an account of Maule's early years—for example, as regards his life at college. A great deal of it might with advantage have been omitted. Many of the letters, especially towards the end of the volume, are purely formal, or relate to trivial matters, and it is hardly a sufficient excuse for printing them that they happened to turn up in a bundle of family papers. Still the Memoir is extremely interesting as far as it goes, and throws a good deal of light on the character and career of a remarkable man who was sometimes a puzzle to his contemporaries.

William Henry Maule was the second son of Mr. Henry Maule, of Edmonton, whose grandfather had a good estate at Ecton, in Northamptonshire. The estate seems to have been gradually lost, and Henry's share barely sufficed to finish his education and start him in the world. He established himself as a doctor at Edmonton, married Hannah Rawson, "of the elder line of the Yorkshire Rawsons," and managed to provide comfortably for his family, but not without close thrift, and much anxiety arising from war taxes and high prices. Mrs. Maule is described as a superior and charming woman—"superior from her natural qualities, and charming from the charms of nature, which had somewhat resisted the restraints of cultivation." As a child, we are told, she delighted in nature, and to run wild in woods. She seems to have been a quick, bright, warm-hearted woman, and William probably inherited a good deal of her energy and independence, together with a share of the melancholy which marked his father's disposition. The influence that made the deepest impression on the lad's character was that of his uncle John, his father's elder brother, a clever and eccentric man, severe in manner and cynical in humour, who, in addition to the duties of a living of Greenford which he held from his college, took charge of a few pupils, including, for a time, his nephew William. The Rev. John Maule was a scholar of the old school, who insisted upon thoroughness and minute accuracy in everything. He had great faith in rigid discipline, and believed that a boy could be "made" to learn anything if he was only kept firmly to his task. William, he wrote to his brother, was to be taught arithmetic, "by which I mean the more abstruse and difficult parts of it, and to be made ready and quick with it"; as for "his Latin and Greek, and writing Latin and verses, he should be made to keep up that, and to improve in them"; and, again, he must stick to "mathematics, Euclid, &c., and have a taste for them—that is, be made to learn them." This was the constant burden of his letters, and the first principle of his system of teaching. Although he would never have admitted it to the boy himself, he wrote privately to his father that he was "extraordinarily quick and ready," and was evidently proud of him. Yet such was the severity of his discipline that William once ran away from him, and was only persuaded to return at the entreaty of his uncle, who declared he missed him so much in looking after the younger pupils that, if he did not come back, he should have to give up taking any more.

From boyhood William Maule was remarkable for his quickness of apprehension and prodigious memory; it seemed as if he could pick up anything without the least trouble, and remember

it for ever afterwards. In after years he used to astonish his friends by the vast amount of classical literature he carried textually in his head, so that he could begin at almost any point of certain works and recite straight on. He could get even an index by heart, and repeat it without a blunder. His natural gifts in this way were no doubt strengthened and sharpened by his uncle's discipline. One of his schoolfellows has described him as "not a great reader, and generally more inclined for amusement, or fun, or pleasure, than study." "His memory was always most excellent," says the same informant, "and his quickness very remarkable; and he must at that early period of his life have had great penetration and judgment in discerning and appreciating the meaning and spirit of what he treasured in his recollection, for I have heard him often very closely pressed by his uncle, who was an excellent scholar in Greek and Latin, for the very marrow of the most occult passages of the classic authors in use by us, and have almost always seen that his answers were satisfactory, and such in general as could not have been given by any of his seniors." Mr. Maule always took his meals with his pupils, and being of "a merry, witty turn himself," the conversation was frank and unrestrained; and the blunt, cynical humour which the nephew displayed in later years was probably developed under the uncle's influence. The Rev. Mr. Maule died at the end of 1804, and William, at the age of sixteen, found his school life abruptly terminated. His father, who had two other sons on his hands, and was in very low spirits at the time, did not see how he could afford to do anything for him. After remaining at home for a few months, studying by himself, he accepted a situation as tutor to the children of Mrs. Head, a daughter of Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, a Quaker lady who was well known at that time for her views on education.

The Heads, who were also Quakers, lived at Ipswich, and William gave his mother an amusing and characteristic account of his journey, and of the family with whom he was domesticated. On the road to London he found it no easy matter to get his pony past the haycocks, and "thought it very strange for a horse to be frightened at a load of hay, till I remembered having seen people frightened at a drove of oxen who had no objection to a dinner of beef." He had a kind welcome at Ipswich, but he was surprised when Mrs. Head, on showing him to his room, observed, "There is a little boy sleeps with you; you must help him dress in the morning." "And truly," he adds, "the very first thing I heard in the morning was the little urchin crying out, 'Wilt thee button my hind clothes?'" Amongst other things, his business consisted in calling his pupils at seven in the morning, in seeing them wash their faces and comb their hair, in seeing them to bed and taking their candle away, and in dressing the little one in the morning. Mrs. Head had her "system," and it was the reverse of the Rev. J. Maule's. She objected to force, and allowed no influence but persuasion. "She thinks," her tutor says, "Latin and Greek all very well in their way, but greatly approves of the general knowledge which enlarges the mind, and which some people (who have had no education but that of a public school and a University) call a smattering"; and it was, he suspected, a natural consequence of this system that the children were totally ignorant of everything. One of Mrs. Head's maxims was that "it is possible for a child to be a good Latin scholar without exactly knowing how to decline *hic, hæc, hoc*; for it is not that which makes a scholar, but the general knowledge of the language"—a maxim, we suspect, not universally discredited at the present day even by parents who are not Quakers. In accordance with this precept Mrs. Head occasionally heard the children their lessons, and "taught them a few false quantities," which the tutor did not feel bound to correct when she made them, as he had not undertaken to teach her Latin. It is easy to imagine the contempt of a scholar brought up at the feet of the Rev. J. Maule for such a system as this. Nor did the tutor think more highly of the moral than of the intellectual training of the Head family. He quotes an observation of his father's, that a private education made poor devils of boys, and that a public education made them sad dogs, and adds from his own experience, "I am convinced that this observation is well founded; poorer devils than my pupils even Mrs. Trimmer herself could not wish for. It is my private opinion that one sad dog is worth forty poor devils."

At this time young Maule—he was barely seventeen—used to look forward to the day when he would be "an old codger in a brown wig," and say to his grandchildren, "Ah, boys, boys! before I was your age I was out upon the world; but things are altered now." He was already at work upon an index to Homer, and calculated hopefully that it would be finished in about a couple of years, and might perhaps bring in twenty or thirty pounds—a calculation sadly disturbed by a hint from one of his friends that there was an index already. He was also grinding away at Greek, Latin, and Euclid, whenever he could snatch an hour for himself. He wore old shoes when teaching, pinched and saved as much as possible, and found it necessary, being "not over cool by nature," to make it his continual study to acquire a habit of coolness and self-possession. Although he made light of his troubles when writing home, it is evident that he chafed at the drudgery imposed on him, and at the fussy meddling and ridiculous pretensions of the silly woman whose spoilt children he was expected to lick into shape, while she herself did all she could to make them worse even than they were. However, a release was not long in coming. His father's circumstances and spirits had both improved, and on the advice of an old friend of the family, it was resolved to send William to Cam-

\* *Memoir of the Early Life of the Right Hon. Sir W. H. Maule.* Edited by Emma Leathley, his Niece. London: Bentley & Son.

bridge; and he was entered at Trinity in October, 1806. The domestic records of his college career are scanty. His own letters do not seem to have been preserved, and Miss Leathley, who disdains to go beyond the sacred limits of the family, is driven to conjecture what Maule said of himself in his letters to his friends from the answers he received. To any one else it would have appeared more natural and satisfactory to apply for information to one or other of Maule's old college friends, some of whom no doubt still survive. We got casual glimpses of the young student struggling to keep down expenses, reading diligently—"a hard fagger," his friends called him—and taking high places in the examinations. He was Senior Wrangler in 1810, and in the same year carried off the first Smith prize. One of his rivals for the wranglership who knew his powers when he exerted himself had augured hopefully on his own account from the fact that Maule was never out of bed till a late hour in the morning. He was not aware that Maule's favourite method of pursuing his studies was in bed. He used to read for hours after he went to bed at night, and in this way reconciled his love of ease with his appetite for books. According to a semi-official rumour of the period, the marks obtained by the two Wranglers at the head of the list on this occasion were 1,600 and 900. Maule won his fellowship in the following year, and Mrs. Maule, when she received the delightful intelligence that she was the mother of a Fellow of Trinity, confessed that she was "too well pleased to write with any decorum." He took pupils, but found teaching very disagreeable, the only consolation being, as he said, that they brought money, and few people were so fortunate as to be paid for doing agreeable things. He had already chosen the law as a profession, but it was with some reluctance that he turned from "the spacious, cool rooms, shady walks, and large libraries" of Cambridge to the dingy office of the special pleader. He went his first circuit in the summer of 1814, and at Uxbridge he had the satisfaction of receiving his first briefs and fees—a couple of briefs and three guineas. His younger brother Frederick had died the year before, and he now returned from circuit to find his mother on her death-bed. The shock was a severe one, for a keen sensibility was veiled under his blunt and independent manners, and he had always been devoted to his mother. The desire of pleasing her had been his strongest motive for exertion, and it is not improbable that the kind of moody indifference and somewhat cynical disregard of conventionalities which he afterwards displayed may be in some measure attributed to the effect of this loss.

Miss Leathley, as we have said, does not carry the Memoir of her uncle beyond his first circuit; and we cannot presume to supply the deficiency. Those who knew anything of Sir W. Maule will be able without much difficulty to trace the roots of his character in the story of his early years. His power of quiet humour and sarcasm, his pithy language and flow of apt and easy illustration, are shown even in his boyish letters. His tutorship with the Heads at Ipswich is an example of the good sense and resolute philosophy with which he took things as they came and made the best of them, doing whatever work fell to his share thoroughly and steadfastly, without any fuss or effort, or any expectation of great results. It was in precisely the same spirit that he went to Cambridge, and that he afterwards pushed his way at the Bar. He was not only one of the ablest, but, though almost destitute of ambition, one of the most successful, men of his day. Babbage, it is true, used to lament that one who might have become the first mathematician in Europe should have thrown himself away upon the law; but at least Maule's sterling qualities, notwithstanding serious defects of manner and temperament, were fully recognized in the profession to which he devoted himself. What was most remarkable about him was the apparent ease with which he mastered anything he took in hand. He seemed to have no love of work for its own sake, no enthusiasm for learning, and to prefer lounging and amusement to serious application; but when work had to be done it never found him wanting either in industry or power. His quickness, his keen common sense that stripped the husks from things and reduced knowledge to its substantial elements, and his prodigious memory, made a few hours' study in bed worth more to him than days of labour to others. There was something of Montaigne both in his character and his humour. He had a kindly pity, not devoid of cynicism, for the weaknesses and frailties of humanity, which made him, it was thought, sometimes too lenient as a judge, and too much disposed to strain a point on behalf of the poor and ignorant. No man had less of intellectual arrogance, but he seemed sometimes to be looking down on the world with an odd mixture of toleration and contempt, as if the people in it were a poor set, and too much must not be expected from them. His irony was the distraction of county juries. So many good things have been attributed to Sir W. Maule in the gossip of the Courts that it would perhaps be difficult in all cases to determine how far the putative parentage was genuine; but after the most liberal winnowing enough would remain to form a rich collection. We can only hope that Miss Leathley's Memoir will some day be followed by a complete and adequate biography of a very able and distinguished man.

## LANG'S POEMS.\*

MR. LANG'S attractive binding, and his even more attractive title, do not blind us to the fact that he has missed the opportunity of producing a good book. So far as the French translations are concerned, we have a book which is too brief for a good anthology, too meagre to be regarded as a series of specimens of any particular author, and which disappoints all the more because the handling of what actually has been translated is always pleasant and sometimes excellent, justifying the belief that a much ampler and more satisfactory introduction to the poets of his choice might have come from his pen.

The plan of the book as it stands is extremely sketchy. A series of translations from the older French poets comes first, and later in the volume there are some further specimens of poets in the nineteenth century. The rest of the space is filled with original lyrics, all written in the manner of a student of Ronsard or of the classical sources of Ronsard's lyrics, approached in his spirit and used after his method. Mr. Lang's choice of nineteenth-century poets led him to Alfred de Musset, Gérard de Nerval, and Henri Murger, all of whom were alive as lately as twenty years ago, and to Victor Hugo. We have nothing to say against this selection; but why these, and these only? Any writer is free to follow his own whims and preferences in work of this kind; but when such work is collected together and published in a set form, something more of seriousness and completeness is reasonably looked for in the design. It must just be added, in passing, that not a single note from the French lyre is given us between the Ronsard epoch—the Elizabethan era in our own literature—and the middle of the present century. But in the translations which Mr. Lang has produced in his own casual way there is a very real charm and genuine merit; as in these two stanzas from one of his three little excerpts out of Victor Hugo:

I now am bold to say to the swift changing hours,  
I pass, pass upon your way, for I grow never old,  
Fleet to the dark abyss with all your fading flowers,  
One rose that none may pluck, within my heart I hold.  
Your flying wings may anite, but they can never spill  
The cup fulfilled of love, from which my lips are wet;  
My heart has far more fire than you have frost to chill,  
My soul more love than you can make my soul forget.

And these lines from Gérard de Nerval on the effect of "An Old Tune" are vocal with just the right kind of rhythm:—

There is an air for which I would disown  
Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies,—  
A sweet sad air that languishes and sighs,  
And keeps its secret charm for me alone.  
Whenever I hear that music vague and old,  
Two hundred years are mist that rolls away;  
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold  
A green land golden in the dying day.  
An old red castle, strong with stony towers,  
The windows gay with many coloured glass;  
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers,  
That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

When we take the long leap back from De Nerval and De Musset to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we find seven lyrical writers passed before us—Charles of Orleans, François Villon, Du Bellay, Belleau, Ronsard, Tahureau, and Passerat. The last, as Mr. Lang says, was more of a political satirist than a poet; but if we confine ourselves to the other six, we find that they represent two distinct schools of the French Muse. Charles of Orleans, father of Louis XII., who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and lived for five-and-twenty years in England, died in 1465; and Villon died about 1470. These two men, then, belong to the pre-Renaissance period; they represent the epoch when the literature of the Langue d'Oïl was still under the influence of the Provençal spirit in the Langue d'Oc, which had received its deathblow less than two centuries before. Those modes of the European imagination to which Villemain has given the names of the "Mythologie chevaleresque" and the "Mythologie allégorique," and which in the thirteenth century had given birth to the *Roman de la Rose*, were as yet unexhausted in the time of Charles and of Villon. But with Ronsard and Du Bellay, and the rest of the famous Pleiad, or septet of reformers, to which they belonged, all was different. In them were concentrated the influences of the great Italian writers, and also the stress of Renaissance enthusiasm for ancient models, running into an extravagance analogous to that of Euphuism—an extravagance which was destined to be by and by curbed and counteracted by Malherbe. These and other points of contrast between the two schools might very well have been brought out by Mr. Lang in two ways—first, by an expansion of his excessively brief and unsatisfactory notes; and, secondly, by a larger and better arranged selection in each case. So much for the question of the schools or epochs of these poets. To take the poets themselves, surely one little spring song and one short rondo are very scant measure by way of giving some idea of Charles of Orleans, the poet patron of French verse in the fifteenth century. In an interesting volume of *Studies on French poets*, Mr. Walter Reesant divides the verses of Charles into four sets or departments—(1) Against melancholy, "Soing, Soucy, et Ennuy"; (2) Invocations of grace and kindness from his mistress; (3) Poems on

\* *Ballets and Lyrics of Old France; with other Poems.* By A. Lang. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

our death; (4) The regrets of exile, written perhaps mostly in England. Admitting the monotony of his Lyrics, Mr. Besant points to the element of monotony without tediousness in certain memorable successions of poems, as in Petrarch, in the sonnets of Shakespeare, and the cantos of *Le Mémorial*; and he remarks that, though the little *éclogues* of Charles come *longo intervallo* behind these, to say that they are monotonous is not to pronounce their condemnation. What we complain of in Mr. Lang is that either in note nor translated extract does he give us anything distinctive about Charles. There is nothing to create an idea of his chivalrous and generous refinement—"ingénue, familière, sans voir jamais rien de bas"—or to mark him off in this respect from his "Bohemian" contemporary Villon, who was in many ways the exact opposite of Charles. It would have been a very decided addition to the value of a book like Mr. Lang's to have a brief digest introduced of some of Sainte-Beuve's criticisms on these early French poets. Villon's life was indeed unspeakably worthless; but he had a real gift of song; and Sainte-Beuve seems to regard his influence on French poetry as one of very great power. It is an influence which he in large measure regrets; for it is the influence of the *esprit gaulois*, of mockery and railery, of the "péchant pour le badinage," which has so often hindered the worth of dignity and nobility of tone in French literature. It has been said that Villon's influence on Marot, and through Marot on La Fontaine, is evidence enough of his importance in French poetry; and so it probably is, in spite of the fact that, like some other roystering poets, he has had the most made of his genius, if not more than the most. Mr. Lang has given us the song written by Villon for himself and other gallows-birds who were just then expecting to be hanged, and this "Ballad of the Gibbet" is translated with his usual merit, though we totally fail to detect the spirit of mockery which the critics remark in it. There is at any rate not much mockery about this stanza:—

Listen, we pray you, and look not in scorn,  
Though justly, in sooth, we are cast to die;  
Ye wot no man so wise is born  
That keeps his wisdom constantly.  
Be ye then merciful, and cry  
To Mary's Son that is pitous,  
That his mercy take no stain from us,  
Having us out of the fiery place.  
We are but dead, let no soul deny  
To pray God succour us of His grace.

If Villon's long satirical and pathetic poem called *Le Grand Testament* Mr. Lang takes no account whatever. We wonder that he did not think it worth while to translate the ballad in the *Grand Testament* beginning

Dietes moy, où, n'en quel pays  
Est Flora, la belle Romaine.

Mr. Lang's own sonnet on Villon, included among a few at the end of his volume, some on pictures and some on poets, is, we think, a very striking and powerful one. After a sort of catalogue of "dead delights" and "departed desires," the sonnet ends thus:—

All this your master Villon knew and sung;  
Despised delights, and faint foredone desire;  
And shame, a deathless worm, a quenchless fire;  
And laughter from the heart's last sorrow wrung,  
When half-repentance but makes evil whole,  
And prayer that cannot help wears out the soul.

Of Du Bellay, between whom and the late poet Clough an ingenious parallel is drawn, we should have been very glad to see more translated remains. His sonnet "To Heavenly Beauty" is a noble poem, very worthily translated. The chief thought has appeared and reappeared in literature since the time of Plato, and very likely had some unrecorded expositors before his time. As mortal life is but a day in the Eternal, so mortal beauty is but a faint reflection and transient image of the Real:—

My soul, that my sad body doth restrain,  
Why of the moment's pleasure art thou fain?  
Nay, thou hast wings, nay, seek another stay.  
There is the joy whereto each soul aspires,  
And there the rest that all the world desires,  
And there is love, and peace, and gracious mirth;  
And there in the most highest heavens shalt thou  
Behold the Very Beauty, whereof now  
Thou worshippest the shadow upon earth.

The original sonnet was written in 1550, and we own that we should feel more kindly towards Mr. Lang if he had bestowed himself to give us a worthier series of Du Bellay's remains; also if he had thought it worth his pains to indicate by more thoughtful extracts, if not to expound in a short essay, the reasons of Ronsard's enormous popularity, the suggestions of which in Mr. Swinburne's "Chasteland" are not in the least in excess of the age. Sainte-Beuve has not only reviewed but edited Ronsard, and we have small sympathy with that self-regarding mode of composing a published book which limits its scope to that which has given the author immediate pleasure, and makes no attempt, or a very inadequate one, to satisfy the natural wants and inquiries of anyone who reads with interest and activity. As a final question, we will ask why is no place at all in the volume given to Saint-Johns and to Marot?

We have said enough to indicate fully our own view of Mr. Lang's merits and shortcomings as a translator and as an anthologist. We have not said quite all that we should like to do in commendation of his own verses. To some extent such words of praise must be circumscribed, because, as we before hinted, these

lyrics were clearly written under the inspiration of the school of poets whom their writer was translating, and often so much in their manner as to make it hard to speak of them as quite original. There are in the book, however, two series of short poems, the first called "Ave," and the other "Hesperotheren," parts of which strike us as possessing singular delicacy and beauty. In the first series, especially, there occurs a little poem called "Metempsychosis," which very finely describes the adapting power with which an engrossing love presses all kinds of sights and impressions into its own service. It is a phase of the same thought that is found in Coleridge's *Genesis* and in the *Le Mémorial* canto beginning "Thy voice is on the rolling air." These suggestive impressions may be drawn from sights of the passing moment, or from remains of the most distant past; and the few following words beautifully express that last thought:—

From all sweet art, and out of all "old rhyme,"  
Thine eyes and lips are light and song to me;  
The shadows of the beauty of all time,  
Carven and sung, are only shapes of thee;  
Alas, the shadowy shapes! ah, sweet my dear,  
Shall life or death bring all thy being near?

We should like to say something of a poem in the other series, called "Circe's Island Revisited"; but we must here part from Mr. Lang, with the hope that in any future work he will, to the grace and lightness of the poets of the Pleiad, add something of their energy and diligence.

#### A BATCH OF BOOKS ON THE WAR.\*

WE purposely put at the head of our list in this notice the Engineer's journal of the campaign of Metz. Few events in history have been so prolific of personal recollections on the part of those who shared in them as the disastrous campaign of the Army of the Rhine, and its fatal investment. Such hastily written works as those which the French and Belgian presses sent out last year are not always worth a special study; nor are they even sound material for history, composed as they have been too frequently under the influence of passion and personal prejudice, and sent out so near to the time of action as to allow the authors no space wherein to weigh their judgments, and yet long enough after the event to lose the vividness which delineation on the spot lends to the simplest narrative of an eye-witness of great affairs. The work which we have now before us is a striking exception to this rule. We may call attention to it even at this late date for its honesty of purpose and execution, as well as because issuing from a captive author through an obscure foreign publisher, it has escaped the notice it deserves in this country as well as in France.

The incidents which the author of "Three Months with the Army at Metz" paints are well known in their general outlines; nor will the commentary which he freely offers on them affect the general verdict of history, being at times hardly more trustworthy in its forecasts than the guesses of Special Correspondents. Indeed this Engineer's journal reflects just the current opinion of the professional public inside the camp of Bazaine as those did the opinion of the uninformed public outside who were staring at what they could not understand. It is not for his general narrative or criticisms that his little work should be studied, but for the minute touches of description and the hints on professional details which would often be petty in their value were it not for the close realism which plants us side by side with the young writer in the scenes he pictures. We see the gush of hopeful expectation with which the army made the confused advance on the Saar that so many of its members fancied to be preliminary to fresh glories for the eagles of France. We find the Staff from the first failing in the necessary activity and foresight, as well as in the technical knowledge which they needed the aid of the engineers to supplement. We trace the effects of Napoleon's and Leboeuf's indecision manifesting themselves hourly more and more among the very commonplace creatures who had been thrust into the charge of divisions under the rotten system of the Second Empire. We watch with fresh surprise the utter collapse of all order and discipline which ensued on the instant when the defeats of Forbach and Woerth gave the general signal to fall back.

Bazaine steps forward on the scene, and at first is gladly hailed as the best available man, an honest appointment, the hoped-for saviour of the army. But he soon disappoints the expectations of the author, not less than of others. And even at the first intimation of his being chosen, the accompanying announcement that "the Emperor would continue to direct the operations" spoilt any good effect anticipated from the change of command. Napoleon was ignorant how low he had fallen in the estimation of his troops. It is significant enough of the vicious

\* *Trois Mois à l'Armée de Metz.* Par un Officier de Génie. Bruxelles; Maquardt. 1871.

*Operations of the South Army, January and February 1872.* By Count von Wartenstein. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright, Chief of Staff, Eighth Corps. London: King & Co. 1872.

*La Marine en Siège de Paris.* Par le vice-amiral La Roncière-le-Noury. Accompagné d'un Atlas. Paris: Plon. 1872.

*Les Forces militaires de la France en 1870.* Par le comte de la Chapelle. Paris: Amyot. 1872.

*Military Reports of Baron Staffel.* Translated at the War Office by Captain Home, Royal Engineers. London: printed by Harrison & Sons, 1872.

condition of their organization that we find the Engineer writing on the fatal 14th August, just before the battle of Borny, "The army is on the march, the order being to pass the Moselle and camp on the other side of Metz. But the movement is very slow; both because on our side all movements are so, and because on this special occasion the bridges placed across the Moselle are not numerous enough." This, it should be remembered, was after the army had been lying five days, apparently doing nothing, about the city where the chief engineer school and depot of France had been, and where there was no lack of private supplies of timber and boats.

But this improvidence and mal-arrangement were far outdone during the succeeding days. The Engineer Staff had gone into the field destitute of proper maps or instruments, the officer who acted as custodian to the stock stored at the arsenal establishment in Metz having refused to supply them without proper authority:—

He looked, I imagine [says our Engineer], upon the arsenal as a museum in which everything that was useful was to be kept stored, but all marked with the inviolable inscription, "Not on any account to be touched." He must have had the satisfaction of surrendering his stores to the enemy in an admirable condition.

This touch of satire is the more striking because the author of the 'Three Months' journal is in general of a matter-of-fact turn of mind. However, the immediate result of this ill-placed care was that when the Engineers had got beyond the limits of their ordinary college walks of former years, they had to guide themselves in their duties by borrowed maps or none at all. Our hero lost his way once when scarcely out of sight of the city; and a little later, just before the battle of Gravelotte, he was sent by his general to bring up supplies to his corps (the Third) by finding a road where no road existed, through the steep and wood-covered sides of the valley of Montvaux which lay close to the rear, and completely cut off all approach for wheeled carriages on that side. This attempt of his was made in pursuance of an order of Lebœuf's, who, it will be remembered, commanded the Third Corps from the time of Decaen's fatal wound at Borny. We may say briefly that, if any one wishes to know what a thoroughly incompetent officer the Marshal was whom Napoleon III. had selected for his War Minister, he has only to study the pages of the Engineer's journal, which abound with revelations on this point. To stand still just within range of the enemy's shells so as to prove his animal courage, but to give no orders at all to any one, or at most only an occasional order which was wholly impracticable—such seems to have been the part constantly played by the Marshal during the actions of the 16th, 18th, and 31st August. Nor is the revelation made of the incompetency of the junior Staff officers at all out of keeping with what is shown of their chief. It is natural in a professional point of view that the writer should take pains to show how constantly from the first they were compelled to delegate functions which they should have personally performed to the ill-mounted and hitherto neglected Engineer officers attached to the divisional Staff. Something of this character has been observed in other armies than the French, where the Staff has been ill chosen, or allowed to rust entirely in time of peace. But it is to be hoped that such incidents could not repeat themselves elsewhere as this recorded of Marshal Lebœuf and his aides in the crisis of the battle of Gravelotte:—

At the other side of the valley which separated us from the Etain road we saw near Gravelotte large masses of the enemy. "Bring me up some mitrailleuses," said the Marshal. A major of Artillery whispered below his voice to Colonel R— that as the enemy was at least 3,000 yards off, it was not possible to reach him. Yet nobody dared make this remark to the Marshal, and the mitrailleuses were brought up, though they were not served, and only attracted the attention of the enemy, who directed his shells upon them.

Such is but one of a dozen instances that might be quoted in proof of the charges against the French generals. Bazaine's own conduct after the investment is largely criticized, and it is proved, we might almost say demonstrated, that the attempt to break out on the 31st August failed simply because he from the first never made it seriously, being probably determined to keep his passive attitude around the works of Metz, and wait upon events. The opinions long since expressed on this subject in our columns are abundantly justified by the Engineer's journal, which may be commended to our readers as the most faithful picture that has reached us of the inner side of the events which led to the most shameful capitulation of history. The work before us may be warmly recommended to all classes of readers; to professional students it forms an especially valuable commentary on the melancholy story of the Army of the Rhine.

The most striking study of strategy in the late war is admitted to be furnished by the operations of Manteuffel at its close, and we are not likely to have a better account of those until Colonel von Verdy's great work draws to its close than that of Count Wartensleben. Colonel Wright, from his English education and German military training, has peculiar facilities as a translator, and has done full justice to a somewhat dry original. Indeed we confess to finding his version more agreeable than the German itself, which reached us some time since. The most interesting point specially brought to notice is that Manteuffel deliberately aimed rather at driving Olinchant and the relics of Bourbaki's force over into Switzerland than at capturing them himself; Germany being in fact at the time so overloaded with prisoners that it was desirable not to add to their number. Count Wartensleben takes very proper pains to clear his chief of Gambetta's foolish charge,

made probably in the first heat of disappointment, that the saillies Convention was violated by the continuance of the war in a district reserved from its operation. We could wish that he had done the same justice to the loyalty and firmness with which the Swiss General Herzog conducted his difficult share in the operations, and to the good spirit and endurance shown by the raw cantonal militia of the Confederation.

The next work on our list is one which only the cacoethes of publishing which seized the Paris press when the world was reopened by peace to its long-restrained enterprise could have justified any private firm in sending out. The details of the conduct of the marine force during the siege of Paris will of course interest all connected with the brave men who served in it, and may furnish valuable material to future historians; but they cannot be expected to attract the general reader. It is to be gathered from Admiral Noury's story that the good conduct of the naval forces was due more to an ample but judicious use of rewards, and to an excellent spirit of camaraderie between officers and men, than to any specially severe discipline. Like most other writers of note on the events of the siege, he condemns unhesitatingly the weak and wavering conduct of Trochu towards the Reds shut up with him. On such points his evidence is very valuable; and the rich atlas which illustrates the narrative will serve for many other works than that of the laborious and gallant writer.

Count de la Chapelle's study of the Military Forces of France in 1870 is a painstaking exposure of the vital defect of the army of the Second Empire—its miserable want, not so much of men or material, as of organization. It can hardly be too earnestly commended to our own army reformers. From the keen-sighted artilleryman who is levelling his aim at the War Office under cover of the graphic story now appearing in "Blackwood," down to the slightest writer of "Occasional Notes" in a military weekly, all may learn something towards the completion of their task from the Count's revelations.

Last, but not least, on our list is the authorised War Office translation of the famous Stoffel Reports by Captain Home, R.E., who has done a valuable service to our general and military libraries by giving us a really good version of the most prophetic utterances ever wasted on a misguided Administration. The War Office deserves credit for having undertaken this task, and Messrs. Harrison have executed their portion of it with very praiseworthy care. We cannot too strongly recommend the study of the Stoffel Reports in Captain Home's vigorous English to all who have not read them in the original.

#### CATTLE, SHEEP, AND DEER.\*

MR. MACDONALD has a practical knowledge of the subjects upon which he writes, and his published works, whose name, to judge by the title-page, is legion, ought to be a warranty for his literary powers. The chief defect of the present volume is the length to which it is spun out by extracts and quotations from other writers upon farming, and from letters, articles, and reviews in the newspapers, the gist of which might much more conveniently have been given in a condensed form. As it is, the author's place is somewhere—and at a wide interval—between the exhaustive *Book of the Farm* of the veteran Henry Stephens, and the light and lively Handy-books of Mr. Holt Beavor, in whose entertaining *Notes on Fields and Cattle* there is as much information, in the space of some two hundred small pages, as in the bulky contents of Mr. Macdonald's seven hundred large ones. But the subject is one of much importance; and if by such works farmers as a body can be stimulated to apply themselves more intelligently and scientifically to cattle-breeding and cattle-feeding, and to substitute system for mere haphazard, there will be the surer grounds for hope that Great Britain may yet grow the chief portion of her own mutton, and by her own supplies repair the damage done by recent epidemics amongst her larger cattle. In Mr. Macdonald's work three chapters are devoted to the breeding and feeding of cattle, with collateral information as to the best means of turning them to profit. Two more chapters discuss the management of sheep, and the rest of the volume—except a brief appendix on the management of cattle and sheep in health and in disease—is given to the subject of deer, with remarks upon the game-laws. The interest of this last division of the book strikes us as of a distinct and separate nature; and therefore in the present article we shall confine ourselves to that part of the volume which concerns the more familiar kinds of animal food.

We suppose it is vain to hope that any writer of Mr. Macdonald's calibre will ever understand that the history of sheep and cattle before the days of the patriarchs may be dispensed with. Though it may be not generally known that "the native country of the ox, reckoning from the time of the Flood, was the plain of Ararat," most readers will forgive the omission of such archaeological information, and will even excuse silence on the difficult question of the "parent race of the ox," in consideration of fuller and more particular light being thrown upon matters of more immediate importance, such as the influence of climate upon cattle-breeding, at which topic the

\* *Cattle, Sheep, and Deer*. By Duncan George Fyvie Macdonald, LL.D., &c. London: Bell & Sons. 1872.



Mr. Macdonald early in his first chapter, and the reclamation of the degraded land for pasture. Mr. Macdonald justly attaches great importance to the draining of hill-pastures, till of late so utterly neglected, and he shows (pp. 17-19) how much can be done with them—supposing the land not to be radically moss-land, which gives way after draining to absolute sterility—“by judicious grass-sowing to promote a material increase of stock produce. The use of Italian rye-grass to increase this produce, and of clover, lucerne, sainfoin, &c., is enforced; and tables from Peter Lawson's *Agronomy-graphia*—a hard compound word, coined, we presume, to represent the whole range of unartificial grass seeds—are given to show what improvement light, medium, and heavy soils are capable of. Of wholesome manures Mr. Macdonald puts “bones” in the first rank, with justice, if we accept his comparative amounts of the nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and lime returns to the soil in the excrement of animals fed upon it, and in an equal proportion of the bones of such animals themselves. The principal value of bones is in the phosphates they contain, and in their action on the land when accelerated by admixture with half their weight of sulphuric acid diluted with three or four times its bulk of water. “By the free use of finely crushed manure, a Cheshire dairy farmer has been able to increase his head of stock from twenty to forty” (p. 27). Next to bones and dung our author classes guano and gypsum, but with reserve and caution as to the use of these stimulants. “The incautious application of guano to grass has been often known to spoil, for a time, good pasture-land by developing a coarse and unpalatable herbage”; still the more common error of farmers as to grass-land is rather on the side of deficiency than excess in “giving back an adequate return for the essential materials removed in the shape of hay and crops.” There is wisdom in the author's remarks upon so-called composts, which, on the strength of the sound axiom that mild and diluted manures are best for light land, are so mixed not infrequently as to be little else than mere rubbish and unrotted vegetable refuse, a farrago of weeds and seeds. Of liquid manures for grass land it is obvious that he cannot speak too highly.

In the second chapter, which is devoted to the management of cattle, the rearing of young stock, the arrangement of farmsteadings, and the domestic industries of butter and cheese making, the chief interest will be found to centre in dairy management. As to the vexed question of “breeding in and in,” so much has been written and printed already that most folks will be content to agree with the practical and successful member for Aberdeenshire, Mr. McCombie, and to adopt a middle course, stopping short in good time, lest that which is gained in breed and quality should be lost in quantity and in constitution. That a continued “breeding in and in” is against nature as well as against experience, is corroborated rather appositely in a later portion of the volume by Mr. Macdonald's reference to his father's diary of three visits to St. Kilda at the request of the S. P. C. K. in 1822 and 1824. The mortality of young children in that island was excessive fifty years ago; it has now increased to the ratio of eight in ten. Though other explanations of this startling fact are offered, it is probably referable, as the author suggests, “to the continued intermarrying of a population already too closely related.” On the water question, too, Mr. Macdonald has some very wholesome words for the professional and amateur farmer in pp. 108-16, and words which need not the enhancement of pages of quotation elsewhere about the sufferings of a traveller in the desert. Anyone who has seen poor brutes waiting in a cattle-truck at a railway station all through a broiling day ought to agitate for an adequate supply of water for farmsteads, homesteads, and pasture-lands, and the frugal management of it “by a system of drainage that shall fall in with nature and not oppose it.” Though it may be difficult to relieve the thirst of animals in railway transit, a little mechanical skill would furnish the poor creatures in their homes with a constant supply of pure fresh water in lieu of the miserable puddles at which too frequently they are doomed to the sufferings of Tantalus. And if humanity cannot hasten this reform, self-interest ought to co-operate in recommending it; for experiments have proved that, whereas animals cannot live beyond a few days without water, the stomach becoming worn out for lack of mixture of water with the solid aliment, on the other hand sheep and horses have lived for a much longer term without solid food upon water, which is a large constituent of organic bodies.

Probably there is no portion of the whole range of farming in which so many readers have an interest as “dairy-farming.” And dairy-farming depends for its credit on cleanliness, and for its profit on judicious management. The young farmer who looks about for a helpmate will do better if he chooses a “neat-handed Phillis” who has got a reputation in the dairy than if he mates with a damsel who can play the piano, or outshine her companions at the farmers' balls. Perhaps Mr. Macdonald's description of the ideal dairy is open to the objection that it is too spick-and-span to be every one's dairy, like the beautiful and perfect building devoted to that purpose at Shipley, in Nottinghamshire, the seat of Mr. Miller Mundy, which is really worth a visit, not the less for the exquisite taste of the appointments and surroundings of this rural temple, than for the completeness and nice arrangement of the essentials and accessories for churning, washing, scrubbing, and for storing away the butter when made. It is true that in this case, as in others, the proverb *Non curis homini* has some force. But the general lesson which a model teaches need not be thrown away, and if we cannot afford Dutch tiles for the walls, glazed tiles set in asphalt for the floor, and rural

nymphs and goddesses painted on the ceiling, still it is worth while taking a hint about a northern aspect, a thatched roof, a ventilator in the ceiling, and double lattice windows, into the opening of which wire-gauze blinds may be fitted; indeed the error committed in putting the dairy in the wrong place in house-building is often irremediable. Amongst a fund of information about milk and cream and kindred matters our author gives a full account of the process of making “clotted” or “clouted” cream, and a little further on the Devonshire mode of making butter. The latter is as follows:—

The milk, instead of being set for the cream to rise, is placed in tin or earthen pans, holding about eleven or twelve quarts each. Twelve hours after milking, these pans are placed on a broad iron plate, heated by a small furnace. The milk is not allowed to boil, but a thick scum rises to the surface. As soon as small bubbles begin to appear where a portion of this scum is removed with a spoon, the milk is taken off and allowed to cool. The thick part is taken off the surface; and this is called “clouted” cream; it is a sweet pleasant substance, more solid than cream, but not so solid as butter, and is generally considered a dainty.

It is possible that just at present such quotations may recall the adage of “sour grapes,” seeing that all around us as we write the “foot and mouth disease” is in possession, and the cattle plague—it may be—in prospect. In such case, perhaps, it were more opportune to refer the reader to the notice of the Anglo-Swiss Company's method of preserving milk at their factory on the Lake of Zug (p. 125). Yet it is not waste of time to learn why it is that Irish butter is so inferior in quality and in value to French or Sussex, or indeed to any English butter from dairy counties—to wit, because of “careless feeding, irregular milking, dirty dealing with the milk and with the butter, filthy floors, foul air, tainted pans, and bad packing.” With such a bad reputation “the best ‘Cloumel’ does not command within 20s. a cwt. of the market-price of either Normandy or Dorset.” Could we quote a wholesaler “verbum sap.” on cleanliness in the dairy? Those who are curious or particular as to cheese will find much to interest them in the pages devoted to this subject, which distinguish the different sorts according to the materials used, and explain the terminology which many cheese-eaters use without understanding. *Single Gloucester* is made of skimmed milk or of the milk deprived of half the cream. It is usually marked for distinction with a heart. *Double Gloucester*, a cheese that pleases almost every palate, is made of the whole milk and cream. The secret of its excellence is referred to the good quality of the natural grasses in Gloucestershire pastures, and to the nearness of the fields to the farmhouses, so that the milk is but little agitated, and gets set before it is cooled below its proper temperature. “Stilton” is made by adding the cream of one day to the entire milk of the next. Mr. Macdonald is right in thinking that it is finest in flavour when not ripened artificially. The fashionable Gruyère comes from a bailiwick in the Swiss canton of Fribourg, and owes its flavour to the dried herb of “*Melilotus officinalis*” (p. 156). Cheddar cheese is perhaps the most universally popular; and, this being so, it is satisfactory to know that its making is by no means restricted to the district whence it takes its name. Like Burton ale, it is made in other places, under certain conditions. The system of Cheddar cheese-making has spread to Scotland and America, is established in the Derbyshire Factory, which is an English reproduction of the American system of associated dairies, and depends for success, in whatever region it may be tried, mainly upon care and skill.

Our limits are so nearly reached that we cannot glance at the array of short-horns, middle-horns, long-horns, and polled cattle, which Mr. Macdonald parades in Chapter III. But this is the less important, as former articles on Mr. Bevor's books, and the valuable little volume of Mr. McCombie, have gone over the ground. Our readers are familiar—if they have visited the Islington Hall shows—with the Kylers, the Galloways, and the fine polled breed of “Angus” cattle. They ought still more to be at home with the points of the Hereford, the Devon, and the improved Durham or Teeswater breeds. But, if not, they will find abundance of detail in these pages as to the differentials of these and other breeds. The same may be said of the chapters upon sheep, about which Mr. Macdonald is peculiarly at home. His pros and cons touching the “deer v. sheep” question are well worth hearing. It pays highland landowners better, very considerably better, to put their mountains and glens “under deer than under sheep.” Whilst the 1,320,000 acres of Scotch deer-forest give an annual rent of 71,500*l.*, the same ground allotted to sheep farming would only rent for 55,000*l.* The deer would pay 16,500*l.* more than the sheep. But the loss to the nation thereby would, according to Mr. Macdonald's figures, be not less than 343,000*l.* This is one view of the subject, but it must not be supposed that, even as regards national interests, there is not much to be said on the other side, as will perhaps be apparent when the House of Commons has concluded its inquiry. The question of large and small holdings is connected with this, and is also discussed in this book. We could wish that, especially at the present time, the author had devoted to the “foot and mouth” disease more space than a quarter of a page in the appendix, and more thought than is contained in his meagre and second-hand information on the subject. Perhaps we may recur to his “deer” on another occasion.

## ROUGH BUT TRUE.\*

MR. VERNON ST. CLAIR is determined that there shall be no ambiguity about his principal personages. Black is black in his eyes and has no high lights, and white is white without shadows. When he sits down to write of a bad person, you feel that he is in earnest and by no means inclined to cheat the devil of his due; and his virtuous people leave nothing to be desired. To be sure, he does condescend a little sometimes to the human weakness of an uncertain central point, and attempts a more complicated set of motives in some of his characters; but this is rare; and even when he does so, we are left rather doubtful as to what would be his own nomenclature, and how he would catalogue his hybrids were he to set about it. His hero, for example, Charlie Harding—where would he be and the scientific classifier of humanity niche him? He is neither saint nor sinner, but between both; a kind of moral quadron of mixed complexion difficult to specify. He is evidently a young gentleman of good impulses, if a trifle feather-brained. He is generous too; for we read of his giving a girl on the platform at Glasgow a sovereign, because his friend, the Hon. Cecil Morecambe, insulted her more grossly than the worst ruffian in St. Giles's would have done; and when he has only three hundred pounds in the world he writes a cheque offhand for a hundred at the Holborn, which he hands to a friend's discarded mistress who has come there to try to get twenty. Frequenter of this soiled dovecote as he is, and intimate with kept women, he is yet a youth of such sweet ingenuousness, such Arcadian simplicity, that, thinking no evil, and apparently foreseeing none to follow from the questionableness of appearances, he takes a young lady home with him to his lodgings to pass the night there, because his first endeavours to rouse the servants of her father's house have failed. These two incidents are refreshing to read for people who, like ourselves, imagine that close familiarity with the peculiar world haunting casinos and the like places would soon take all the innocence out of our boys, and make them cynics, if it left them knowledge. With Charlie Harding it does neither the one nor the other. Read by the light of these two facts alone, we should pronounce this young man to be a gem of the first water; but when we come to his dealings with Miss Esther Jones of the black hair and haughty head, and with her father the tailor, to his coarseness of speech, his obtuseness and want of refinement in his choice of friends and associates, and his extravagance and inconsequence about money, we are thrown off this theory, and hold him to be only paste—very badly done.

If, however, the hero is a trifle vague, no one can have any misgivings about the heroine. To what shall we liken her? I'ure as "snow minaret on Alpine steep"; beautiful as the loveliest flaxen-wigged doll in a bazaar; sweet, if unsubstantial, as a barley-sugar ornament; innocent as a French *ingénue*; natural as a classic nymph—in her we presumably have Mr. Vernon St. Clair's ideal of practical and rational womanhood. Nothing can exceed the gushing simplicity of this young lady of seventeen. She goes to her first ball, which "the Duke" calls quite affably "a hop"; and after having made many pretty little demurrers about her dress, declaring that she could not wear flowers, and that she had never heard of a dress with roses and lilies on it, she proves her conversational powers by answering, when asked whether she likes Patti or Nilsson best, that "she did not know how Nilsson tasted, but that she was very fond of oyster-patty, and that Jess at home could make first-rate ones." Then she tells Charlie, with whom she is virginally in love, that she had been very unhappy when he went away, and that she had prayed to the Holy Virgin to take care of him and send him back to her. After this she is pulled to pieces by some ill-natured women, who are what they would make her appear; then Miss Crookshank, her chaperon and companion, and the demon of the story, leaves her in the care of Charlie to wrap up and drive home in his trap after four more dances, while she goes home in the carriage alone, drinks neat whisky, sends the servants to bed, and sits up for her charge and Mr. Charlie. When they drive up to the door she will not hear them, rap and ring as loudly as they may; on which Nelly begins to cry as she sits holding the reins in the dog-cart; and Charlie, in perfect innocence and good faith, proposes that she shall go home to his crib—where he has not even a servant—and sleep there. "Oh yes!" said Nelly, clapping her hands with pleasure. "How stupid it was of us not to have thought of it before. And I'll go to bed after all!" she added, smiling through her tears. All this Miss Crookshank hears, rejoicing at the prospect of Nelly's apparent ruin; making sure that the Laird, her father, will not upbraid her, Lavinia, for deserting her charge, nor Charlie for his crime, but that he will instantly turn Nelly out of doors when he hears what she has done, and end by marrying herself. It all comes about as she foresees; and Nelly, greatly wondering what crime she has committed, is sent adrift like a vagrant by the father who, a few pages ago, loves her so much that he cries when he looks at her. Carrying a crucifix under her cloak, Nelly in tears sets off to London, accompanied by Sandy, an old retainer whose "face was covered with dirty red hair, which immediately brought to one's mind an uncared for garden which has become overrun with weeds," and who is the "rough but true" of the title. And there, after sundry actions of a highly ingenuous character, she gets the inevitable cough, is nursed by

Maudie, no longer a frequenter of the Holborn but a hospital nurse, and dies sweetly, forgiving everybody. Before she dies, however, she makes it clear to herself and Charlie that she has been along been in love with him; but, being an *ingénue* of the weak type, she was ignorant of her own feelings until now. What she asks him to call any little daughter he may have by her name, Charlie finds out that he loves her too, and cries; but he does not seem aware that it was by him she had come to her present state, which also, for a young man who was wont to give diamond lockets to kept women, was a highly creditable feat of the barley-sugar kind. What makes this love passage the more edifying is that Charlie has married Esther, the tailor's daughter with black hair, a transparent body of black crape, and a proud head. Esther in time becomes Lady Prospects, and goes about in a "luxurious carriage bowing and smiling to friends at every step, but without one smile for her father." Not that she does not love him; for we are told elsewhere, with praiseworthy condescension to human weakness, that "this elegant and fashionable girl loved the vulgar, ignorant, hard man, perhaps because he was her father, or perhaps because he was never hard to her, and she only saw that he loved her"; but "if the world," says our author, with that nice discrimination which belongs to him, "knew that that little man who is slaving night and day to add to her wealth was her father, it would look coldly on her, and she would lose her standing."

One of the peculiarities of this book is the facility with which every one sheds tears on the smallest occasion, and at the shortest notice. Nelly of course sobs, weeps, or has tears in her "large," her "glorious," her "great big eyes," nearly as often as she appears on the scene; the Laird, her father, breaks down and cries with noisy demonstration when Miss Crookshank comes into his study and he remembers his dead wife. Then, mastering his emotion, he says in apology, "You see I'm an old man, nigh upon threescore." When the companion, to make matters more cheerful, "after a few minutes of suppressed agony," strikes the notes of an old cottage piano "as if inspired," and breaks out "into that melancholy song 'I Cannot Sing the Old Song,'" she hears "the Laird sobbing as if his heart would break, and then she broke down and buried her face in her handkerchief." This is pretty well for one sitting. The old Laird is always at this kind of thing. He meanders through the pages like a masculine Niobe; and all the other men follow suit. Even old Rough-and-True, with his face like a garden overrun with weeds, cries when he thinks of Nelly's seraphic sweetness. So do the female servants. But one of the most notable bursts of grief is in the case of the maid Marget, who, when she saw Nelly's ball dress, held up her hands, ejaculated "Guid preserve us!" and burst into tears:—

The sight of the pure, white, shimmering, spotless robe on the bed, with a cloud of tulle thrown over the body, and a bouquet fastening it in front, each flower of which conveyed the idea of purity, quite overcame her, and filled her with the same feeling that brings tears to the eyes of most educated minds when they read an exquisitely written tale of woe, or when they hear a song, every sad note of which calls up memories of those dear ones, and of the days that are no more.

We congratulate the author on this passage. What with tears in the eyes of educated minds, and the parallelism between a white satin ball dress and an exquisitely written tale of woe, we know of nothing more delightful in its way. Mr. Jones, the tailor, cries too, because his daughter, who loves him, regrets that he is a tailor and wishes he was not one, as she stamps her feet; the doctor of the district cries because Nelly asks to stay with a little peasant child who is dying of fever, and instead of forbidding, as he ought, consents, feeling "sure she will not catch the fever"—though he would not say why—a rather weak conclusion on the part of a doctor; and though Sandy and the Laird do not blubber audibly, as they sit all night on a large white stone outside the cottage door, they have husky voices, and show other signs of imperfect lachrymal excitement. But it does not occur to either of them to take any rational steps for the protection of the girl they adore in this wise:—

The one with his noble face and dark hair, which was fast becoming silvered, and his stately head and shoulders bent forward, gazing at the light a short distance off, anxious to hear if it were only his daughter's footstep in that sick room; the other, half sitting and half crouching, with his ill-proportioned limbs under him, and his rough, hair-covered head and face bent forward, listening and gazing at the cottage with the rapt devotional expression one sees on the face of a poor pious country Roman Catholic peasant girl, who for the first time enters one of the grand cathedrals with which the Continent abounds, and kneeling before a figure of the Virgin, made perfect by the device of man's hand, pours forth her impassioned petition.

The demon of the story is Miss Crookshank, who makes an undeniable counterfoil to all this ecstatic loveliness of mind and body. She is as vile as the rest are perfect; and from the first schemes, not only to marry the father, who still literally weeps for the loss of his wife, but also, with very unnecessary villany, to ruin the daughter. She succeeds in both enterprises; and offers us the sad spectacle of crime triumphant and left a widow with a handsome income. But we will not dwell on the dark side of this heavenly-minded book. Even snow has its shadows, and barley-sugar is not free from impurities; whereas we accept Miss Lavinia Crookshank as a possible inmate of the same world as that which produces Miss Nelly Campbell and other allied specimens of literary confectionery, scarcely knowing which is the more offensive of the two, garbage or sweetstuff. As a last specimen of our author's style we conclude with his peroration, which we expect will be vastly popular among millinery circles, where it will be pronounced "elegant and heavenly":—

Farewell, thou parent of women! We may meet, Nelly dearest, in that

\* *Rough but True*. A Novel. By Vernon St. Clair. 2 vol. London: Stanley Brothers.

home to which thou hast gone; but while I live on in this world, which was so cruel to thee, and I reflect how thou and the friends of my youth are banished for ever from my earthly vision, though never parted from my heart, I cry aloud, in the words of him who knew the human heart so well—

"When I remember all  
The friends so linked together  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one who stands alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed."

To say anything after this would be to gild refined gold and paint the lily.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1872. No Visitors to be admitted from the 2nd to the 7th of September, inclusive.  
British Museum, August 25, 1872. J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the Temple," with "Triumph of Christianity," "Christ's Ministry," "Christ's Passion," "Christ's Resurrection," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 55 New Bond Street. See Art. Advertisements, p. 2.

PICTURES, BRONZES, and WORKS OF ART on SALE at 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., at the word of command. From the collection of the late Sir John Lubbock, Bart. See Art. Advertisements, p. 2.  
CHARLES DEAR, 38 Southampton Street, Strand.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, PLYMOUTH, 11th to the 16th of September next.

President—The Right Hon. Lord KILMER and STRICK, K.T.

### DEPARTMENTS.

#### I.—JURISPRUDENCE AND AMENDMENT OF THE LAW.

President—The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Sir JOHN DUKES COLERIDGE, Q.C., M.P.

Special Questions for Discussion.

##### MUNICIPAL LAW SECTION.

1. Is it desirable that defendants in criminal proceedings, and their wives or husbands, should be competent or compellable to give evidence in their own behalf, and if so, in what cases? 2. Can a Court of International Arbitration be formed with a view to avoid War, and if so, in what way? 3. (United Railway Companies and other Carriers of Passengers to be liable to an unlimited extent for the acts of their servants?)

##### EXPRESSION OF CRIME SECTION.

Chairman—J. H. KENNAWAY, M.P.

1. Is it desirable to adopt the principle of Cumulative Punishment? 2. What ought to be the primary aim of Punishment—deter, or to reform? 3. Is it desirable that Industrial Day Schools should be established?

#### II.—EDUCATION.

President—GEORGE WOODYATT HASTINGS.

1. How far does recent legislation render new regulations necessary for the Training of Teachers in Elementary Schools? 2. Why are the results of our present Elementary Schools so unsatisfactory? 3. What Public Provision ought to be made for the Secondary Education of Girls?

#### III.—HEALTH.

President—H. W. ACHARD, M.D., F.R.S.

1. What are the Principles on which a Comprehensive Measure for the Improvement of the Sanitary Laws should be based? 2. What steps should be taken to guard against Sewage Pollution? 3. What means can be adopted to prevent the Pollution of Rivers?

#### IV.—ECONOMY AND TRADE.

President—The Right Hon. the Earl of LICHFIELD.

1. How far ought Taxation to be Direct or Indirect? 2. What Principles ought to regulate Local Taxation and Administration? 3. How may the Condition of the Agricultural Labourer be improved?

Two days will be set apart for the reading and discussion of Voluntary Papers on other subjects than the special Questions comprised within the several Departments.

Papers must be sent to the GENERAL SECRETARY on or before September 8th. Tickets, One Guinea and Ten Shillings, available from September 8th to the 10th, at the ordinary rate, to persons attending the Congress, on production of a Voucher, which may be obtained at the Office of the Association.

Preparations and full particulars relating to the Congress may be obtained on application to the SECRETARIAT at the undermentioned Offices:

1. Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.: the Athenæum, Plymouth; or the Mechanics' Institute, Devonport.

### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

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TWO CLASSES are held at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in each year, for the convenience of Gentlemen, who are preparing for the Matriculation Examination at the University of London—from October to June, and from March to June.

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MECHANICAL and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—P. J. HENSLEY, M.D., Cantab, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; Tutor to the Hospital.

Fee to Students of the Hospital ..... 4 Guineas.

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For further information application may be made, personally or by letter, to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

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Assistant Lecturer in Classics—

(Professor A. W. Ward, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.)

Assistant Lecturer, Thomas R. Feller, M.A., (Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge.)

Mathematics ..... (Professor Thomas Barker, M.A., (Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)

Assistant Lecturer, A. T. Bentley, M.A., (Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)

Natural Philosophy ..... (Professor H. B. Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S., (Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)

Physical Laboratories ..... (Professor Thomas H. Core, M.A., (Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)

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Geometrical and Mechanical Drawing ..... (Professor Thomas H. Core, M.A., (Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)

Logic and Mental and Moral Philosophy ..... (Professor W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S., (Fellow of University College, London.)

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Assistant Lecturer, A. V. Boer, M.A., (Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.)

Law ..... (Ditto, T. E. Holland, M.A., B.C.L., (late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.)

Ditto, Arthur Wilson, B.A.

Chemistry ..... (Professor J. R. Rogers, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., (Fellow of University College, London.)

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Animal Physiology and Zoology ..... (Professor W. C. Williamson, F.R.S.)

Vegetable Physiology and Botany ..... (Lecturer, W. Boyd Dawkins, M.A., F.R.S., F.C.S., (Fellow of University College, London.)

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Mineralogy ..... (Professor T. Thomsen.)

Oriental Languages ..... (Assistant Lecturer, Hermann Baymann, Ph.D., (Fellow of University College, London.)

Modern Languages ..... (Teacher, William Walker.)

Free Hand Drawing ..... (Teacher, William Walker.)

The next SESSION commences on October 1.

Candidates for Admission must not be under fourteen years of age, and those under Fifteen will be required to pass a preliminary examination in English, Arithmetic, and the Elements of Latin.

Professors of the several departments of the Day Classes, the Evening Classes, and the Medical School, and of the Scholarships and Entrance Examinations, are at the College, will be sent on application.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

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### DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

The Hon. Professor, E. J. FORTY, Esq., A.R.A., will deliver an Introductory LECTURE, open to the Public, at 7 P.M., on Wednesday, October 2.

The CLASSES for Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture, will begin at the following morning, at 9 A.M.

The late Mr. FREDERICK LEY, by his Will, founded SIX SCHOLARSHIPS of £20 per annum, each tenable for Three Years, by students of the College, for proficiency in Drawing, Painting, or Sculpture. Two of these Scholarships may be awarded in 1873, the competition for which will be limited to those who enter the Fine Arts Classes before November 16 next, or when open on June 1, 1873, and to those who pass the examination.

Programme, containing full information respecting these Scholarships, and the Regulations relating to the College Scholarships and Prizes, with other particulars, may be obtained on application at the College, Dover Street, W.C.

August, 1872. JOHN ROBBINS, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

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**General Manager:** Mr. J. H. Smith, 100 Main Street, New York, N.Y.



## SATURDAY REVIEW

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## THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THE great meeting at Berlin so long announced and so anxiously discussed is now really taking place. The Czar has arrived at Berlin, and the Emperor of AUSTRIA is close at hand. Naturally the Germans are proud of the occasion, and desire to represent its meaning in the most favourable colours. A semi-official journal has been instructed to declare that the EMPERORS only meet to give a pledge and guarantee of prolonged peace, and that when they see the German troops defiling before them, they will recognize that the German army is the natural champion of European peace. On the other hand, some foreign critics sneer at the meeting and its official interpretation, and think that it can have no peaceful significance whatever. There is in this some exaggeration on both sides. It is absurd to think that two foreign Sovereigns looking at the representative troops of the finest army in the world can see a guarantee of peace in the perfection of the machinery of war. The German army is meant for war, and the only question is to what purposes it is likely to be put. But in a standpoint of war there is some ground for saying that a foreigner may find materials for the anticipation of peace in the contemplation of the German army. For he might reflect, if he pleased, that the army is great chiefly because it is a national army, is in sympathy with the German nation, and is only likely to be used for purposes approved of by Germany. Now the wish entertained by the Germans is unmistakable. It is true that, as regards France, Germany has got all that it wanted, and only wishes to keep what it has got. But this is not all. The Germans have a deep sense of the miseries of war. Proud as they are of what they did in the French war, they have shown themselves singularly free from the intoxication of military glory. They have just given a proof of this by the very quiet and unostentatious way in which they have kept the anniversary of Sedan; and they showed it abundantly in the months following the conclusion of peace by the mode in which they received the troops coming back from France as friends returning home, not as military heroes. It also, we think, shows a misunderstanding of Continental affairs to treat this meeting of the EMPERORS as having no probable influence on the maintenance of the peace of Europe. It is not that the EMPERORS are likely to concert any measures which will make war impossible. It is the outward and visible sign of their meeting that tends to preserve peace. From what quarter does war threaten in Europe? From three quarters; from the desire of revenge in France, from the restlessness of the Danubian populations, and from the intrigues of the Ultramontanes. The meeting of the EMPERORS is a peaceful manifesto in the sense that it quietly proclaims that France is not for the present to be encouraged in its desire for revenge by an Austrian or Russian alliance, that Austria and Russia prefer that the Danubian populations should keep quiet, and that Germany and Italy will fight out their quarrel with the Church undisturbed by Russia or Austria. Let us suppose that the contrary of that which has happened had taken place—that the Emperor of AUSTRIA had persevered in his resolution not to go to Berlin, and that the Czar had held aloof. We should have seen a mounting and clapping of hands there, and in France, and in Ultramontane circles, and among the friends of the Serbs and the Wallachs and other such people, would have picked up their ears and grown impatient. The meeting of the EMPERORS does but maintain things as they are, but then it would those who would like to bring on a rapid change that such a change is not to the immediate prospect of the Emperor of Austria.

Of course France and Russia may quarrel hereafter, but such a quarrel, and of course, would be a very different thing from the present one.

sympathy, are not of eternal force. We may quarrel some day with the Americans, or, to use the language of greater probability, they may choose some day to quarrel with us, although we have now put ourselves on the best possible footing with them, and shall soon perhaps have to pay a good round sum for the restoration of their good opinion. But no one can say that for the creatures of a day terminations of quarrels and new starts in friendship are valueless. And it so happens that the causes of possible war in Europe are, so far as can be seen at present, peculiarly of a kind which can be made immediate or distant according to the wishes of the different great Powers of the Centre and the East. If Russia liked to encourage France, to patronise her, to show special attention to her Government, to set official journals to write up everything French, the agitation and uneasiness of France would be extreme; hopes would be formed of a speedy revenge, and the Rhine would be once more talked of as a natural boundary. If Russia does not mean to stir up France, and does not wish to compromise herself by the foreshadowing of a French alliance, it is the greatest possible kindness to France to let this be known, and the presence of the Czar at Berlin is a means of making it known far more effectual than a hundred despatches or official statements. There are thousands of restless spirits in the provinces of Austria or on her borders that only want a signal from Russia to rush into sedition, revolt, or war, and the assurance given by the meeting of the Czar with the Emperor of AUSTRIA that Russia does not want them to move, is the best possible means of intimating the present views of the Court of St. Petersburg. Southern Germany is agitated by the Ultramontane struggle, and abundant intrigues are on foot to bring about a disruption of the German Empire by fomenting religious dissensions. The King of BAVARIA has even attempted to form a distinctly Ultramontane Ministry. It is true that his endeavours do not as yet seem likely to be very successful; and if it is true that the secret of his change of views is to be found in the irritation with which he viewed the enthusiastic reception given by his subjects to the Crown Prince of Prussia, the real leaning of Bavaria is tolerably well ascertained, and the upholders of the German Empire have not much reason for disquiet. But as it is Austria on whom Bavaria must rely if she ventures to break with Germany, and as it is in Austria that the Ultramontane leaders hope to find the basis of their movements, it is of no slight significance that the Emperor of AUSTRIA, who for years has held aloof from Berlin, chooses as the moment of his first visit the exact period when Prussia, in alliance with Italy, has challenged Rome to do its worst, and has assumed the headship of the forces in Europe that are prepared to do battle with the Papacy.

Critics must criticize, and as the great Prussian Minister is now supposed to be at the bottom of everything that goes on in Europe, a stream of light criticism has been recently poured on Prince BISMARCK. It is unpleasant to think that any one is uniformly successful, and efforts have been made to show that this meeting of the EMPERORS is really a defeat for the German CHANCELLOR. He is even supposed by imaginative Viennese to have formed a deep scheme for embroiling Austria with Rome, and then turning round and making separate terms with his clerical antagonists. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, alive to these perfidious machinations, goes to Berlin to disconcert them. Others are in Prince BISMARCK's present policy an over-estimate, a needless talking thought for the morrow, which reminds one of a similar mistake which, after the event, they have discovered in the policy of the unfortunate MARSHAL EL, whose error has hitherto been supposed to be rather in the direction of insufficient forethought and preparation. Of Prince BISMARCK's secret

schemes we know nothing, and believe, if possible, less. That the meeting of the EMPERORS is doomed to be a failure, and that the failure will be due to Prince BISMARCK's not possessing that calmness and easiness of temperament which is happily the portion of English journalists, are assumptions entirely resting on the general conception entertained of the purposes of the meeting. If the main purpose of the meeting is simply that the EMPERORS shall meet, and thereby give a general but significant intimation that they do not wish the disturbing forces they could not in motion to operate, there is every probability that the object of the meeting will be obtained, and Prince BISMARCK will at least have the satisfaction of having allayed an uneasiness that might have interfered seriously with the progress of that prosperity which Germany is beginning to enjoy. If it is supposed that at the meeting the most irritating and delicate questions that could be raised between the three Powers will be raised, discussed in detail, and an attempt made to settle them, no doubt a meeting that began with sunshine might easily end in storm. It is not to be supposed that the EMPERORS will meet, and still less that Prince GORTCHAKOFF, if he comes to Berlin, Prince BISMARCK, and Count ANDRASSY will be placed in close communication, without some political discussion going on. There will be an interchange of views, but in all probability there will be no more. If Russia and Austria wish for the present to be on friendly terms, it will be easy to convey the reciprocal assurance of a good understanding, and it would be foolish to endanger this good understanding at the outset by exacting specific undertakings that the Czechs shall not be stirred up in Bohemia, or that the discontent of Russian Poland shall not be fomented from Galicia. Prince BISMARCK and Count ANDRASSY can confer on the general relations of the Church to the civil power, and on the fortunes of exiled Jesuits, without the former giving any indication of his Machiavellian schemes, or the latter entering into engagements which the influence of the clerical party in Austria would make it impossible for him to carry out. The representatives of all these Powers may cast a glance at Turkey, and at the dangers likely to arise on the one hand from the arming of the neighbouring Christian populations, and on the other from the possible consequences of the intended change in the order of succession to the Turkish throne, without joining in the everlasting battle of the Churches, or fighting over the quarrels of Patriarchs. In short, if the meeting is intended to signify a general disapprobation of the champions of discontent, and to afford an opportunity of friendly conference, it promises to effect its object. If it were converted into an opportunity of settling or trying to settle vexatious details of policy, it would probably end in a collapse; but until Prince BISMARCK has actually made the mistake of giving it a character which would stamp it with failure, he deserves to have credit given him for knowing what he is about, and to have it supposed that, with an excellent game to play, he will not insist on playing a very bad one.

#### RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

NEARLY all the half-yearly meetings of Railway Companies have passed off in the midst of general and well-founded satisfaction. The attendants on such occasions are comparatively few, except when depression or disaster suggests remonstrance and inquiry. Judicious men of business are seldom inclined to waste their time in listening to statements which they can read at their leisure, nor is it their habit to discuss matters of business in public. If misfortune is impending, it is better to sell shares before an anticipated fall than to foretell and probably accelerate the misfortune. The non-official speakers at railway meetings are generally either persons who are anxious for opportunities of hearing their own voices, or advocates of crochets such as the uniform expediency of closing the capital account. On recent occasions they have for the most part judiciously contented themselves with complimentary phrases addressed to the Directors; and some of them perhaps have discovered that it is rather advantageous than otherwise to invest capital in profitable undertakings. No Board has had better reason for complacency than that of the Great Western, which has within five years advanced from a condition in which preference dividends were paid by deferred warrants to a dividend on ordinary stock of 5½ per cent. In time of adversity numerous wiseacres were in the habit of lamenting over the heavy fixed charges which were supposed to press with unsupportable weight on the resources of the shareholders; and it seemed almost useless to explain that to the owners of an improving property it is desirable to have

as few partners as possible in the increasing profits. The large dividends of some of the French railways are earned on a small portion of the entire capital; as much as ninety per cent. of the whole amount having in some instances been raised in the form of bonds or mortgages. The Debt of English Railway Companies is, according to the Companies Act, which has the force of law, limited by the special Acts to one-third of the share capital; but Companies which have formerly paid only small dividends have in almost all cases been obliged to raise capital by the issue of preference shares. The Great Western ordinary stock forms only about a third of the total amount; and consequently every pound of additional net profit, after the fixed charges have been covered, is multiplied by three before it reaches the pockets of the proprietors. The abandonment of the broad gauge on all parts of the system, except between London and Bristol, has removed the principal impediment to the success of the Great Western Railway. When railways were first established the 8-foot gauge was in many respects preferable to the width of 4 feet 8½ inches, which had been adopted for no better reason than that it was the gauge of the old mail-coaches. Improvements in boilers and machinery have since made the narrow-gauge engine as powerful as the broad-gauge engine of thirty years ago; but with full trainloads the working expenses on the broad gauge would still be smaller than on the ordinary line. The fatal objection to the plan was that, as the rival system had got the start, the Great Western lines were isolated for purposes of exchange of goods or minerals. Even in South Wales the greater number of coal lines have been made on the narrow gauge; and consequently they could not for practical purposes communicate with the Great Western. The change of gauge was effected from Didcot to Milford Haven early in the present year in the course of two or three weeks, and without even a temporary interruption of the traffic. The completeness of railway organization was never more remarkably illustrated. There can be little doubt that in a short time the Great Western Company will arrange with the Bristol and Exeter and the South Devon the discontinuance of a system which involves the maintenance and renewal of two different establishments of rolling stock.

The Chairmen of Companies have for the most part said little of the recommendations of the Select Committee on Amalgamation. The London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Companies have anticipated the decision of Parliament by acting on their agreement, and even by throwing the earnings into a common purse, and dividing the profits according to a calculated proportion. The continuance of the practice depends on the unanimous acquiescence of the shareholders of both Companies, as any owner of stock to the smallest amount might by legal proceedings reopen the accounts if he thought that his proportion of dividend was insufficient. In this, as in all similar cases, prosperity sanctions legal irregularity; and contented shareholders in either Company are not certain that they would gain anything by disputing the acts of the Board. Experience shows that sooner or later voluntary agreements to divide profits are dissolved either by the opposition of shareholders or by some dissension between the railroads; yet the possibility of non-compulsory amalgamation is one of the elements of the question which will probably in the next Session be submitted to Parliament. A singular comment on the most definite recommendation of the Committee is furnished by an announcement which appeared in the papers on Monday last. It is stated that the Bridgewater Canals belonging to Lord ELLERRE have been sold to Mr. PRICE, Chairman of the Midland Company, and to Sir EDWARD WATKIN, Chairman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company. It is of course possible that the purchasers may have engaged in a private speculation; but it is generally understood that Railway Directors and Chairmen act in similar matters as trustees for their Companies. The Bridgewater Canals traverse the district which is principally occupied by the London and North-Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways, and if they should fall into the hands of rival Companies they will probably introduce an active competition. On the assumption that the canals are to belong to private owners or to an independent Company, no effect will be effected in their relation to the neighbouring railways. Some dissatisfaction will perhaps have been caused by the avowed determination of several Boards to raise their rates on goods in consequence of the great increase in wages and in the price of materials. The cost of coal has doubled within a few months, and in other respects the working expenses have largely increased. Only a portion of the enormous price of iron and steel will involve loss to the Companies, because

the value of the old rails has risen in proportion to the cost of renewals. It will soon appear whether the advance of rates is profitable, as it seems to be undoubtedly equitable. Different opinions are expressed as to the economical result of the encouragement which has lately been afforded to third-class passenger traffic. The total number of passengers has of course increased more rapidly than the gross receipts, and the second-class traffic has naturally diminished. There is but one opinion among Directors and shareholders as to the harshness of the Government in levying on third-class first trains the passenger duty from which Parliamentary trains are legally exempt. Unless relief is given, it will evidently be necessary to add the duty to the fare; and it may be remembered that a tax on one kind of locomotion only is utterly anomalous.

The Metropolitan Railway meeting recalled the memory of the painful exposures which were so often made in 1866 and in the following years. While other Companies have been gradually earning larger and larger dividends, the income of the Metropolitan shareholders has fallen from seven or six per cent. to a nominal amount, which, according to the statements of the Chairman, had not been fairly earned. It is impossible not to suspect that the earlier dividends were improperly declared, inasmuch as the traffic of the line has steadily improved, while there has been no exceptional increase of expenses. The reported defalcations of an officer of the Company appear to have been trifling in amount, and to have had nothing to do with the recent collapse. The alleged negligence and miscalculation of the Directors seem to have had more serious results. To permanent holders of stock it may have mattered little whether excessive dividends were declared when the funds of the Company ought rather to have been applied to the discharge of liabilities. In all such cases the main sufferers are purchasers who have been deluded by a market price based on a division of imaginary profits. It seems that large amounts are still due for legal and engineering expenses; and of course the burden will fall on the actual shareholders. The distress which is caused to the poorer classes of investors by the discontinuance or reduction of an income on which they had reckoned can scarcely be estimated by wealthy speculators in stocks and shares. The Metropolitan Railway, notwithstanding its enormous traffic, is subject to the disadvantage of excessive cost of construction, and to competition which compels it to charge low passenger fares. In some places its traffic is threatened by tramways, and omnibuses still convey large numbers of passengers. A serious loss to the Metropolitan Railway, and a great public inconvenience, has been caused by the non-completion of the inner circle of railways, and by the consequent break between the Mansion House and Moorgate Street. The result is that the District Railway, which would, if the original plan had been carried out, have fed the Metropolitan line, now merely competes with it between the City and the Western suburbs. The example of other Companies suggests the hope that the Metropolitan Company may hereafter produce profit to its owners as well as accommodation to the inhabitants of London; but for the present the prospects of the shareholders are not brilliant.

#### THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER.

THE Republic of M. THIERS has this advantage over some of the Governments which have preceded it, that it can forbid political banquets without giving occasion to revolution, or even to riot. Perhaps we shall not be far wrong in setting down the President's objection to celebrating the Fourth of September by a dinner to motives of taste rather than of policy. No doubt some imprudent things would have been said, and it is even possible that M. THIERS might have been placed in the inconvenient predicament of having to adopt or disavow some needlessly decisive assertion that in France, as elsewhere, a Republic is a Republic. But against this is to be set the fact that any display of rejoicing at the fall of a former Government is more or less of a compliment to the Government which has taken its place. The one of the advanced Republican party at present is to associate themselves as far as possible with M. THIERS, and though the Communists are an exception to this rule, it is highly improbable that any appreciable number of them would have run the risk of making a public appearance. With a little address, therefore, the glory of the proposed banquet might have been made to rest on M. THIERS's head, and though nominally held to celebrate the Republic proclaimed in September 1870, they would really have earned to the benefit of the Republic which exists without being proclaimed in September 1872.

Upon grounds of taste and good feeling the objections to these banquets were insuperable. It is quite possible to hold that on the balance of loss and gain France has profited by the fall of the Empire, and yet to feel that, considering the tremendous price she has paid for the advantage, there is something indecent in making the anniversary an occasion of deliberate festivity. If France herself had not accepted the rule of NAPOLEON III., if it had been imposed on her by a foreign enemy, or even by the accidental triumph of a domestic faction, the case would have been different. The nation might then have openly welcomed its deliverance, because, whatever cause for mourning the sufferings it involved had left behind them, it would have had nothing to repent of on its own account. But the Second Empire was not the creation either of a foreign enemy or of a domestic faction; it was the creation of the French people themselves—the offspring of their own shortsightedness, their own cowardice, their own cynicism, their own avarice. The factors which produced it were the democratic worship of names, and the conservative worship of material interests. Republican extravagance generated Conservative terror, and Conservative terror suggested that to surrender liberty was easier and more profitable than to maintain and guide it. The reaction that followed upon the news of Sedan was not a deliverance but a repentance, and even as a repentance it was not of the noblest kind. It was the conviction that the Empire had not paid, that the French people had sold their freedom and never pocketed the purchase-money, that the bargain had proved to be one-sided, that the sovereign they had chosen, though he had been King, Stork to his own subjects, had remained King Log to the enemies of France, that sent the Napoleonic dynasty into exile. There is no matter for festivity in this. There is matter indeed for solid satisfaction that the eyes of Frenchmen have been opened even at such terrible cost to themselves. But this satisfaction is so mixed up with the recollection of the wilful blindness which made such an enlightenment necessary, that it ought to be attended as much by shame as by rejoicing. M. THIERS has too often arraigned his countrymen for the supineness or the complacency with which they accepted the Empire not to feel some scorn for the readiness they now show to dance over their fallen idol as often as an occasion presents itself.

M. GAMETTA, in want apparently of a good plea for not attending any of the proposed banquets, has devised the theory that the 22nd of September, 1792, rather than the 4th of September, 1870, is the birthday of the French Republic. How far he is right as to the former date must depend on the degree in which the present Republic is identical with the Republic of the last century. When the beginning and the end of the Government set up in 1792 are taken into account, the horrors amid which it had its origin, the despotism before which it finally prostrated itself, it is difficult to comprehend M. GAMETTA's desire to mix up the Republic of which he looks forward to being the head with the cloudy glories of eighty years back. The permanent influences of the French Revolution are not to be looked for in the political institutions which it founded. The history of their own country yields French Republicans little but warning. In so far, however, as he objects to the Fourth of September, 1870, being chosen as an anniversary, M. GAMETTA's unwillingness is intelligible enough. That day has none of the characteristics which ought to mark such a date. The proclamation was the work of a chance crowd; the members of the Provisional Government were the men who happened at the moment to be deputies for Paris. In a sense, too, the Fourth of September was the birthday of the Commune equally with the Republic. The men who welcomed the latter with frantic acclamations were ready to overthrow it a month or two later, and actually did their best to overthrow it six months later. Politically speaking, 1870 is only a negative era. It will be known hereafter by what it deposed, not by what it set up. It is only misleading to imply that this or any other past date can supply a real starting point for the French Republic. If that Republic is to become the permanent Government of France, it must be by dissociating itself from the Republics that have existed in France heretofore, by building up the constitutional fabric on a very different base, and completing the superstructure in a very different style. There is good reason to believe that M. GAMETTA thoroughly appreciates the truth of this. But the love of sensational chronology which he shares with so many of his countrymen has led him to link on the Republic that now is with the first essay of the French nation in the same direction. The best chance that the new Republic has is the want of identity with those former Republics which have been tried

and found wanting. The attempt to deduce an imaginary pedigree from one to the other would be a serious political blunder if it were anything more than a piece of phrase-making.

While Republicans have been talking about celebrating the Fourth of September, another political party has been making preparation for turning to account an anniversary of a very different kind. The devotees who are thronging the roads to Salette might care but little if left to themselves about this or that form of government. But the clergy who organize and direct the pilgrimage take care that this indifference shall not long continue undisturbed. It would be difficult probably to define precisely where devotion to the POPE ends and devotion to the Count of CHAMBORD begins; but there seems to be a Legitimist character thrown over the whole movement, and a persistent determination to mix up the idea of national glory with the ideas of a religious revival and a BOURBON restoration. Processional hymns and fervid sermons are no bad engines for the diffusion of political excitement, and by all accounts they will be in active use in Dauphiné throughout the present month. The clergy who play this part are in most cases quite guiltless of any engrossing political enthusiasm. In himself the Count of CHAMBORD is no more to them than the Count of PARIS or M. THIERS. Their adherence to the Legitimist cause is explained by the fact that the temporal power of the POPE is in a certain sense bound up with it. They would probably find that success brought disappointment with it, and that if the Count of CHAMBORD were seated on the throne of France to-morrow, the white flag would be no nearer the gates of Rome than the tricolour is now. But at all events the Legitimists are the only party who even pretend that they will do anything for the POPE, and a doubtful chance is better than no chance at all. For the present, therefore, the sympathies of the Ultramontane section of the French clergy are Legitimist, just as in 1849 they were Republican, and a few years later Bonapartist. It is one of the worst consequences of the exaggerated value which the present POPE sets, and has taught others to set, on the maintenance of his position as a temporal sovereign, that in every Catholic country the most active section of the clergy are accustomed to determine their line in home politics by purely foreign considerations.

#### HOME POLITICS.

**E**VEN in a time of political quiet and at the duller season of the year there are sure in a country of so much political activity as England to be some questions kept alive and urged by the mere force of circumstances nearer to a solution. Everything seems now as tranquil as possible, and candidates and chairmen are thought to be exceptionally lucky if they can put on the appearance of having something to say. Still politics cannot be forced into the background, and two subjects of paramount importance are every day asserting their claim on public attention. These are the working of the Ballot Bill, and the immediate future of the various classes interested in the cultivation of the soil. It is quite true that the mention of the landed interests immediately calls up the memory of the agricultural strikes that have been going on with varied fortunes for some months; and it is obvious that the strike of farm-labourers is only one of many strikes framed on the same principles and raising the same issues. But the strikes of other labourers have no immediate connexion with politics, or, if they have any, the problem they suggest is mainly the same as that of the working of the Ballot Bill. As this Bill may not improbably diminish general political interest, and deaden the feelings which have hitherto formed the motive power of the two great political parties, it may increase the temporary importance of every special form of agitation, and workmen may view an election chiefly as a means of gaining an economic end, just as different fanatics swoop down on vacant constituencies to push their narrow views about Contagious Diseases or the Permissive Liquor Bill. But in the main the strikes of trade workmen are not at present a source of political capital to either party. The interest they excite is very great and very legitimate, and a writer in *Fraser* with the well-known initials of "W. R. G." suggests that any merging a well-constructed strike might starve London; to which an energetic contemporary replies that in such a case the duty of the unhappy Mr. BAUCK would be to order bread to be baked and meat to be supplied at the point of the bayonet. It is in real life much more interesting to us to consider whether there is any appreciable chance of finding ourselves among the speculators to eat than to speculate on the chances of the French election, or to ponder over the per-

plexities suggested by the relations of landlords, farmers, and labourers. But when we are talking of politics we must keep to things that are obviously connected with the action of political parties, and trading strikes are not among these things. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON has suddenly appeared in the *Fortnightly* as the prophet and poet of capitalists, denouncing all co-operative nostrums, and arguing that the solution of all difficulties between employers and artisans is to be found in the system of keeping machinery going for sixteen hours a day, with two relays of men, each working eight hours. This may or may not be a sound suggestion, but nothing like a party struggle is connected with it. At Preston the Conservative candidate seemed inclined to make himself popular by advocating a compulsory eight hours system. But a wiser friend, the sitting Conservative member, explained that this could never be applied to adult men, and that he was totally against the interference of the Legislature with the contracts of persons fitted to take care of themselves; and Mr. HOLKER boiled down his views into saying that he only meant that women and children should not be allowed to work for more than eight hours, and that this restriction on their toil should only be imposed if it could be clearly shown that it would cause no damage to trade. This is surely a platform on which the lambs and lions of Preston might lie down together. Politicians of all parties might agree so far, and nothing could show better than the utterance of such a platitude that trade strikes cannot be made to bring grist to the Conservative any more than to the Liberal mill.

But it is quite otherwise with agricultural strikes. It is, indeed, as Lord DEARBY showed last week, quite as easy to utter platitudes about them as about anything else; to say that the labourers will lose as well as gain by them; that prosperity is often followed by reverses; that when people are well off they marry, and that, when pressure comes, to be married often means to be very poor. All this is perfectly true, but so far agricultural strikes are like any other strikes. Those who strike run a risk, and so do those who combat the strike. But agricultural strikes are unlike other strikes in one way, and that is, in their close connexion with politics. They are but one feature of a great change which is rapidly coming over the labourer, the farmer, the landowner, and the distribution of political power. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, in his very hazy way, showed in his recent speech that he understood this; and it may be added that he was anxious that this great change should be effected under the auspices of the Conservative party. Everything tends to show that the next great battle of parties will be fought over some of the many questions which the present relations of landowners, farmers, and labourers suggest. It ought to be kept in mind that if the Conservatives are to be in office in order to carry those schemes of semi-socialistic benevolence which Sir JOHN PAKINGTON favours, Mr. GLADSTONE will be out of office. Let us suppose that such a state of things now existed, and consider the points which are actually being raised, or which would be raised directly Mr. GLADSTONE was leader of the Opposition, and Mr. DISRAELI was in office to dish the Gladstonites. The landlords have wisely or unwisely raised the large question of local taxation, and it is obvious that one effect of this must be that a controversy will be raised between them and the urban population, and between them and the farmers. The farmers have begun to ask for a tenant-right little short of that granted to Ireland, for leave to destroy ground game, and in some instances for the abolition of primogeniture and entail. The labourers ask for the utmost money value of their daily labour. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON accepts it all. He is ready to please everybody, and he advises the landowners to give up frankly all that they as yet retain of a feudal position, and to view the whole matter from a commercial point of view. The landowner, in short, is to be a resident receiver of rents, asking for nothing more and doing nothing more than if he were a fundholder resident in the neighbourhood. This would amount to a revolution in the habits of rural England, and to a redistribution of political power. Landlords of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's way of thinking see this, but they think that it may be made to work not injuriously to the Conservatives. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON advised that landlords, farmers, and labourers should all pull together. The landlords—that is the Conservative party—should, in his opinion, welcome the change, but initiate it; and it is quite possible that the Conservative party might endeavour to carry out the measures by which the farmer should be the owner of the soil, and the labourer be placed in a position of uncertainty as to his rights. It is a very hazy way of thinking, but it is a way of thinking that is not without its merits.



ward the Conservatives must give political power to those whom they would thus benefit. They must neutralize the effect of the Ballot by making tenants their political friends, and they must give votes to the labourers. If they do not do this, Mr. Gladstone directly he is in opposition will try either to force them to do it, or to leave the ground open to him for doing it. To "dish" him they must anticipate him, and their history warrants the expectation that they would not throw away the opportunity of winning a party triumph.

English labourers have been treated with much ignorant kindness, and they are proverbially a dull, slow set of men; yet they have learnt, and have dared to strike. English farmers are very dependant on their landlords; they in many cases hold the land at low rents, and they often farm so nearly at a loss that they can scarcely afford to agitate; yet there are abundant signs that they think farming does not under our present laws get a fair chance, and the example of the labourers is sure to tell on them. There is a not inconsiderable chance that the landowners, feeling that the battle is going against them, might acquiesce in a change if it were so shaped as to give them the comfort of seeing their party benefited. But this is not all. The Conservatives, in order to gain and maintain power, must win seats in boroughs and large towns. One very obvious effect of the Ballot will be, as we have said, to make men vote or not according as they feel keenly on special subjects. In the old days voters were kept together, and all that they knew was that they were blue or yellow, and had to vote according to their colours. In the course of time a new form of party organization may be established, and voters may have even less real liberty of choice than they used to have. But in all probability the first few years of the Ballot will be years of party disorganization, when men will not think of party or of principles or of the British Empire, but of something that comes home to their daily life and their own narrow experience. One of the primary subjects of interest to a poor elector will be, how to get enough to eat. He will have bread enough, and he will be told and believe that he has got his bread in spite of the landlords. But he will not have meat enough, and for this he will try to believe the landlords responsible. He will be told that in two ways the landlords make meat dear—by feeding game on crops available for the use of man, and by preventing tenants from embarking capital in cultivation to the best advantage. There is just enough truth, or show of truth, in both statements to make them dangerous, and the qualifications and explanations by which they ought to be accompanied are not very easily given to poor illiterate men on the point of rushing to the ballot-box in order to get cheap meat. The Conservatives will thus, if their prospects of political power coincide in time with a season of scarcity or commercial depression, have an additional motive for coming forward as the real reformers of all that is wrong with regard to the land. Primogeniture and entail will probably be dropped out of the discussion as of remote interest, and as too intimately connected with the existence of the House of Lords to be dealt with by Conservatives. But it is by no means improbable that when the Conservatives have seriously to face the conditions under which they must hold power under the reign of the Ballot, they will see that either they must carry or must let Mr. Gladstone carry measures for giving tenant-right to farmers, for limiting ground game, for compulsory improvement of cottages, for giving the franchise to rural householders, and for relieving the landowner from all burdens beyond those which he would bear if he had an equal income from any other source, apart of course from ancient taxation subject to which the land came into his hands. It is some comfort, however, to think that questions so important as these cannot be settled wholly by the leaders of political parties. The Ballot, which will make parties less powerful, and therefore inclined to bid more highly for support in various quarters, will also allow free discussion a better chance of effecting practical results. What is above all things desirable is that such matters should be calmly and deliberately discussed, with no prepossession for landowners or farmers or labourers, or against them, but with a sense of the vast issues opened, and with an anxiety to bring the fullest experience and the utmost accuracy of thought and language to throw light on the subject of controversy.

#### SPAIN.

If the small but formidable party of assassins will allow the King of Spain a fair trial, he seems to offer the country a reasonable prospect of a good and permanent

Government. He is young, able, and personally brave; he has already proved his attachment to constitutional liberty; and he belongs to one of the best and most vigorous of the royal races of Europe. In his late tour he has had the opportunity of impressing on the population of several provinces the fact of his existence; and the applause which was naturally excited by his escape from imminent danger may perhaps subside into a lasting feeling of good will. Although England has no special interest in the dynasty or form of government which may be established in Spain, the complimentary attendance of Admiral YELVERTON and his fleet on King AMADEO showed excellent taste and judgment. Every nation is for ceremonial purposes represented by its Government for the time being; and the courtesies which were immediately rendered to the King were also addressed to Spain. Fleets and armies are so much more ornamental than any part of the apparatus of civil life, that they naturally form the most conspicuous element in all international solemnities. A review of as many troops as can be assembled is the recognized entertainment offered in Continental capitals to foreign princes; and enormous ironclad ships with broadsides fired by electrical batteries are still rarer decorations of friendly intercourse. It is perhaps better not to inquire too closely into the peaceful attributes of implements of war. Broadbides, and the ships from which they are fired, are contrived for the primary object of killing or drowning any obnoxious foreigners who may require summary treatment at sea; but if they serve the incidental purpose of amusing the leisure of a friendly potentate, it is well that warlike preparations should have a harmless side. According to newspaper reports, Prince FREDERICK CHARLES of Prussia, during his recent inspection of the German positions in France, expressed a sympathetic interest in the artillery experiments which M. THIERS has been instituting at Trouville. It is impossible to carry further the conventional civilities of neighbouring nations, inasmuch as it is understood on all sides that the bronze breechloaders which are hereafter to constitute the French artillery are principally, if not exclusively, designed for employment in future campaigns against the German armies. Fortunately no similar anticipation could have disturbed the exchange of civilities between the King of Spain and the English Admiral. No Armada is likely to attempt the restoration of the true faith in England, nor has any merchant captain in the Spanish Main reason to dread the mythical fate of the unhappy JENKINS.

While the King has been cultivating popularity in the North, the general election has proceeded with results highly favourable to the present Ministry. Señor ZORRILLA has, it may be hoped, kept his promise of abstaining from the irregular interference with the elections which was commonly practised by his predecessors; yet, if the returns are accurately recorded, he has secured a majority of three-fourths of the Congress against all the hostile factions. About eighty Republicans, with a mere sprinkling of Conservatives, are opposed to a compact mass of more than three hundred Progressists or Radicals, who are probably upholders of the present Government. The only defect of the victory is that it looks too complete. SAGASTA had a large majority in the last Cortes, composed of Moderate members, with a certain number of Progressist seceders. It was asserted that the former election had been unscrupulously controlled; but the electoral institutions of Spain must be singularly unsound if a Minister can return a Parliamentary majority in direct defiance of public opinion. There would be much reason to regret the exclusion from the Cortes of TOPETE and SERRANO, who are among the most respectable, if they are not the most popular, of Spanish politicians. The absence or paucity of Carlist members may probably be explained by the late insurrection and its failure. The Republicans, on the other hand, notwithstanding their boasts of approaching triumph, have probably exhausted their strength in returning a fourth part of the Congress. They have undoubtedly proved that Spain's denunciation of a Republic without Republicans no longer describes the state of Spanish opinion. Unless their tactics are profoundly changed, the Republicans will employ their resources in embarrassing the Government, and not in attempting to control its policy. They will consequently be powerless against a united majority; but if the Ministerial party allows itself to be split up by intrigues and factions, the Republicans may easily become formidable.

From the various Pretenders there is for the present nothing to fear. The partisans of DON CARLOS, allied with a large section of the clergy, have learnt by experience, as they might have calculated with the aid of ordinary foresight, that they are at the utmost able to create troublesome disturbances in

two or three of the remoter provinces. The numerous priests who put themselves at the head of armed bands displayed at the same time an antique or mediæval sincerity and a hopeless incapacity of appreciating the conditions of modern war or peace. Since PRIAM armed himself to defend burning Troy, more unsuitable and useless defenders have never rallied round the banner of a hopeless cause. The strain which the Carlist bands succeeded in applying to the military resources of the Government would, if it had been more effectual, have only facilitated the success of a Republican insurrection. The adherents of the BOURBON dynasty are better able to calculate political and military chances, and they are not likely to engage in wanton and ostentatious defiance of law and order. The Duke of MONTPENSIER, who is the actual representative of the party, commands no popular enthusiasm, nor would a Regency conducted on behalf of a Pretender who is under age be a form of government likely to attract and impress the general imagination. The only chance of the Alfonsists would be during the anarchy which might probably ensue from the overthrow of the present Government by the Republicans. An exhaustive experience of revolutions might perhaps suggest the convenience of trying once more the dynasty which was overthrown at the commencement of the series. The son of Queen ISABELLA would not, like Don CARLOS, be pledged to the establishment of an Ultramontane despotism, although his mother was one of the most thoroughgoing and unscrupulous of devotees. As the only remaining alternative for a Jacobin Republic, a BOURBON Monarchy might perhaps be found acceptable; but the supporters of Don ALFONSO have nothing to allege against the present KING, except that he is a foreigner; and the Duke of MONTPENSIER is a Frenchman.

The greatest service which ZORRILLA can render to the KING and country is to remain in office for four or five consecutive years. Any tolerable Government is better than incessant change which destroys all authority; and experience shows that in all countries the possession of power tends for the time to produce a certain kind of honesty. It is not the owner of an estate who is ready to pull down the fences. In countries like Spain Kings are, on the average, more patriotic than Ministers, and Ministers than leaders of Opposition or military conspirators. In less than two years King AMADEO has been served by six or seven Cabinets, some of them with an apparent Parliamentary majority. Before his accession PRIAM had maintained himself in power from the revolution to his death; and consequently friends and enemies had become accustomed to trust, to fear, and to obey. To a moderately permanent Ministry it will matter little whether its professed principles are Moderate or Progressist. The Constitution is so democratic that it is impossible to propose any changes in a Liberal direction; and the business of a Spanish Government is not to alter institutions, but to maintain order and to pay its way. Financial difficulties will give way to upright administration and to the material prosperity which will inevitably result from the establishment of confidence and prosperity. The same taxes in Spain now produce double the returns of thirty years ago, because the increase of wealth in Spain has during that time been perhaps more rapid than in any other part of Europe. The financial discredit which renders it difficult to discount the resources of Spain has been exclusively caused by the blunders or dishonesty of incapable financiers. Good faith at home and abroad, combined with internal order, would confirm and accelerate the economic progress of the country. Señor RUM GOMEZ, now Minister of Finance, bears a fair reputation, and it is said that he has already projected some financial reforms. The most difficult problem for Spanish statesmen is presented by the chronic disaffection of Cuba. All parties are equally pledged to retain the colony; but the embarrassment which is caused by the incessant demand for military reinforcements weakens the position of every successive Ministry. Any Government which should lose or surrender the island would instantly fall before the public indignation, though ultimately the separation might perhaps be advantageous to Spain. If the KING and his Ministers were to succeed in crushing or conciliating the insurgents, they would both establish a claim to national gratitude and deliver themselves from their most pressing difficulty. If the rebellion smoulders on, the partisans of ALFONSO will not fail to remind their countrymen that the insurrection was contemporaneous with the Revolution of September.

#### INCOME-TAX AGITATORS.

DURING thirty years no long interval has elapsed without the recurrence of a more or less active opposition to the Income-tax. Sir ROBERT PEEL, who had freshly in his recollection the repeal of the tax in 1816, neither expected nor wished to obtain a permanent source of revenue when he reimposed it in 1842 for the purpose of reforming the fiscal system. Eleven years later Mr. GLADSTONE undertook in perfect good faith to provide for the extinction of the Income-tax in 1860; and his antipathy to the Russian war was greatly aggravated by the consequent inability of the Government of the day to redeem his pledge; yet no financier has in later years shown greater recklessness in increasing the amount whenever additional resources were required. In the very year which was to have witnessed the abolition of the tax Mr. GLADSTONE raised it from 9d. to 10d., to cover the reductions of indirect taxation under the provisions of the French Treaty, and in compensation for the proposed repeal of the paper duty. The percentage had afterwards gradually been reduced to 4d. in the pound when, under the virtual dictation of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. WARD HUNT, having no financial policy of their own, charged the Income-tax payer with the cost of the Abyssinian war. In 1871 Mr. LOWE, in open disregard of his own avowed principles, extorted a similar benevolence in resentment for the defeat of his match-tax and his perverse attempt to alter the Succession Duty. The relief which has been conceded in the present year will not be felt by contributors under Schedule D before the beginning of 1873; and it is said that, at the instigation of the Government, the surveyors have lately caused much irritation by their vigilant supervision of the returns of income. There are consequently symptoms of a revival of agitation in the form of local associations for the repeal of the tax, and of the occasional reproduction of pamphlets of popular commonplaces and fallacies. That the opposition to the tax is not for the moment formidable may be inferred from the fate of a late motion by Mr. R. B. SHERIDAN, "that the country having declared its irreconcilable hostility and war to the knife against Schedule D, no modification or rearrangement will satisfy the public." The irreconcilable hostility of the House of Commons was represented by a count-out, which can only by a bold figure of speech be described as "war to the knife." Pressed by frequent reiteration of simple propositions in political economy, politicians in and out of Parliament have at last begun partially to understand both the advantages of a certain amount of direct taxation, and the injustice and difficulty of distinguishing for fiscal purposes between one sovereign and another. All adjustments of wages and of profits are made on the assumption that the same amount of money, however wealth may be distributed, has a fixed value, irrespectively of the manner in which it may have been acquired. An Income-tax of 4d. in the pound leaves 19s. 8d. to the taxpayer without affecting the proportions of income enjoyed by different classes. Nevertheless judicious students or practitioners of finance are inclined to avoid as far as possible any of the unpopularity which might result from the strict enforcement of theoretical justice. An equal deduction from all incomes leaves the relative condition of rich and poor unaltered; but the smallest contributors are naturally the most sensitive. The deductions which are allowed to the recipients of small incomes may accordingly be regarded as a pardonable compromise. The total or partial exemption of larger incomes on the irrelevant ground that they are acquired in a particular manner was always indefensible; and it would become scandalously iniquitous at a time when fixed incomes are constantly becoming less valuable in comparison with earnings and profits.

The author of a recent pamphlet on the hackneyed topic has, with an originality not to be found in his arguments, happily thought of reprinting a pamphlet which was originally published in 1816 under the alarming title of *Realist, or the Ruined*. At that time the resistance was successful, and the widely-spread ruin or distress which followed the termination of the war could consequently not be attributed to the continuance of the Income-tax. The Ministers of the day, including Mr. VANSITTART, whose financial qualifications were not of a high order, committed a grave mistake in proposing to maintain the war percentage of two shillings in the pound. Lord BROUGHAM long afterwards recalled with complacency the effect which he produced in the House of Commons by quoting the words of the Act, which imposed the tax during the continuance of the war, and no longer. Whether it was for the public interest that the tax should be wholly abolished was to him a matter of much less moment than a theoretical

triumph. In those days a defeat of the Government was an almost unknown novelty; but Mr. VASSITTART's proposal was rejected by a majority of thirty-seven. It would have been easy to select a dozen taxes then existing which were more onerous, more injurious to trade, and in every sense more objectionable than a moderate tax upon income; but the scheme of the Government had included the payment of a large amount to the Sinking Fund, and Parliament judged rightly in refusing to raise a revenue for the unnecessary purpose of reducing the National Debt. Six-and-twenty years elapsed before a wise and patriotic Minister found himself strong enough to reverse the policy which had been adopted in 1816. A total repeal of the tax would now be as unpopular as it would be unwise; and indeed the agitation for the imposition of additional burdens on realized property is more formidable than any demand for the abolition of the Income-tax; yet writers of pamphlets who are only anxious to procure exemption or relief for traders generally think it expedient to extend their liberality to all the Schedules. In 1816 the patriots who proposed to themselves the alternative of resistance or ruin still clung with their contemporaries to the tradition of the eighteenth century, that property was as sacred as liberty. The majority which cheered Mr. BROUGHAM's quotation of the words of the Act was more deeply interested in rents and dividends than in the profits of trade. The pamphlet which is now republished enters into an elaborate calculation of the loss which the fundholder incurs by the tax, even if it increases the saleable value of his stock. Probably few members of Lord CASTLEBROUGH's House of Commons had troubled themselves with the demonstration that uniform annual payments equalize the tax on an income of two years' or of thirty years' purchase; but a proposal to give a bonus to bankers, brewers, and shopkeepers at the expense of country gentlemen would not have been favourably received. The most interesting part of the old pamphlet is a report of a debate in the Common Council on a proposed petition for the repeal of the Income-tax. The shadowy memory of half-forgotten demagogues is for the moment recalled by the names of WOOD, WATTHMAN, and WHITTLE HARVEY; and it is interesting to learn from Mr. HARVEY's speech that AUGUSTUS, "by subjecting every species of real and personal property to a permanent assessment, finally triumphed over the remaining liberties of his subjects." It would be difficult to persuade a degenerate Corporation in the present day that Mr. LOWE, by means of fourpence in the pound, is about to triumph over the remaining liberties of the QUEEN's subjects in imitation of AUGUSTUS.

Although agitators against Schedule D never listen to the exposure of their blunders by arguments which they would probably be incapable of understanding, they will gradually find that the numerical strength which they substitute for reason has, by recent political changes, become relatively smaller. The dominant portion of the constituencies created by Mr. DISRAELI is entirely indifferent to a tax which affected a perceptible minority of the ten-pound householders. As the writer of the present pamphlet not unreasonably complains, the highly paid artisans of the North systematically evade the payment of their quota of direct taxation. The curate, the clerk, the Dissenting minister, and the widowed annuitant enjoy the privilege of paying for the mechanic who is every day engaged in making the commodities which he produces scarcer and dearer. It is therefore highly improbable that the working classes, though they may be ready to join in any clamour against existing legislation, should seriously concern themselves with the removal or reduction of the taxes upon the profits of traders. If they were consulted they would, as Mr. FAWCETT reasonably apprehends, prefer the removal of the taxes on consumption to which alone they contribute. The Financial Reform Association of Liverpool has been for many years engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to substitute direct taxes on realized property for Customs and Excise. It is but fair to admit that the projectors of the scheme also advocate a small charge upon wages and other earnings; but if their project were nominally adopted as a whole, the workmen would, as at present, contrive to escape from their share of the burden. If trading capitalists, large and small, wish to retain any connexion between the duty of paying taxes and the right of spending public money, they will not engage in a vexatious squabble with the possessors of fixed incomes.

#### "HIGH CHURCH SECESSIONISTS."

IT has been assumed that if any change either in the matter of the Athanasian Creed, or in the extent of the obligation to recite it in the public services of the Church, is made by Parliament or by Convocation, Dr. PUSEY and Archdeacon DENISON will head a High Church secession. As regards Archdeacon DENISON the assumption seems to be altogether incorrect. At least all that he has pledged himself to do is to "ask to be admitted a member of the Liberation Society." Whether any members of the Church of England as by law established are now members of the Liberation Society we do not know, but there is no more reason, in point of strict logic, why they should not be than there lately was why an Englishman recognizing the authority of the unreformed Parliament should not be a member of the Reform League. Archdeacon DENISON may be exceedingly anxious to see the Church of England disestablished without having any intention of leaving the Church which he wishes to see thus dealt with. Indeed the Archdeacon's affiliation to the Liberation Society, if it ever takes place, will be rather an indication that he does not mean to secede. If he had made up his mind to leave the Church of England, it would be a matter of indifference to him whether it were disestablished or not. As regards Dr. PUSEY, it is not so easy to say whether his words do or do not imply an intention to secede. But before giving them the former meaning, it would be well to be quite sure that they will bear no other. Dr. PUSEY's object, it must be remembered, is to prevent any change being made, and he naturally uses the strongest language which he can employ without consciously overstating the truth. Ecclesiastical revolutions commonly leave a loophole for those whose second thoughts are less trenchant than their first; and should any compromise be arrived at with respect to the Athanasian Creed, Dr. PUSEY may see in it a ground for remaining where he is without any sacrifice of consistency. Meanwhile it ought not to be forgotten that those of the clergy who wish both the Creed and its use to be retained have more reason to complain of its alteration or excision than those who wish the Creed to be altered or omitted have to complain of its retention in its present form. Dr. PUSEY and Archdeacon DENISON only ask that they should be allowed to carry out the contract into which they entered at their ordination. It may be right or expedient that this contract should be modified, but it may fairly be urged that those who assert this cannot feel so strongly upon the subject as those who deny it. The Athanasian Creed is no worse now than it was when the Dean of WESTMINSTER took orders. If he was able to accept it then, he must, unless he will confess that his opinions have changed in the meantime, be able to accept it to-day. Dr. PUSEY, on the other hand, may plead that if the Athanasian Creed had not occupied its present place in the Prayer-Book, he would never have become a minister of the Church of England, and consequently cannot be expected to remain one. A conscience which, having all along accepted the Athanasian Creed, now objects to be deprived of it, is more intelligible than a conscience which, having all along accepted the Creed, suddenly becomes too tender to put up with it any longer.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who interprets Dr. PUSEY and Archdeacon DENISON's declarations as equivalent to an announcement of a High Church secession on the event of the Athanasian Creed being touched, indulges in some speculations as to the bearing of such an event on the disestablishment of the Church of England. His opinion is that a secession of ultra High Churchmen would do nothing at all to weaken the Establishment, and that it is by no means clear that it would not strengthen it. His reasons for this conclusion are not set out, but as he lays much stress on the unpopularity of High Church views, and expresses great doubt whether Dr. PUSEY would be followed even by so many as several hundred clergymen, it is probable that he thinks the secession in question would only remove a small number of "fire-brands," and thereby make moderate men of all parties still more contented with the Established Church than they are at present. No doubt this is one among the contingencies which an actuary calculating the life of the Established Church would have to take into account. But the writer leaves out of sight some other contingencies which, in our opinion, have a better claim to be noticed. Even if a High Church secession were at first of very small dimensions, it is by no means clear that it would long remain so. Granting that there are but few "ultra" High Churchmen, the presence of such men in the Established Church constitutes a sort of breakwater, the removal of which would be very disturbing to many moderate High Churchmen. So

long as they remain in the Established Church their presence acts as a guarantee that if any attack is made against High Church doctrines, it will, as a matter of prudence, be directed against those on which the High Church party are most likely to be divided among themselves. But if once the ultra section of the party is got rid of, the moderate section will be brought face to face with their Low Church opponents; and if the latter have lent their aid to the Broad Church in excising the Athanasian Creed, they will naturally expect their aid in return in modifying the Baptismal Service and the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. It would be natural to seek compensation for those lost in one direction by greater comprehension in other directions. If some men are kept out of the Established Church by the Damnable Clauses, others are kept out by the statements in the Prayer-Book about Baptismal Regeneration and Priestly Absolution. It is hard to believe that if the process of change were once to begin it would stop short at the Athanasian Creed, and if it went further it would certainly involve matters which might lead to a moderate as well as to an ultra High Church secession. Supposing that the moderate High Churchmen were to foresee this from the first—which is not crediting them with any extraordinary amount of wisdom—they might prefer making common cause with the ultras at starting, instead of waiting till they were forced to follow or imitate them afterwards. The writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* goes on to say that there is one difficulty about the disestablishment of the Church of England which ought "to make even 'such men as Dr. PUSEY and Archdeacon DENISON hesitate.' This difficulty is 'what is to be done with the property.' It appears to us that, so far as this consideration weighs with High Churchmen at all, it is likely to make them eager to hurry disestablishment rather than anxious to postpone it; assuming, of course, that they believe it will come some day. The debates upon the disestablishment of the Irish Church brought out certain tolerably clear principles by which the work of disendowment was to be regulated. It would be very difficult to disregard these principles if the disestablishment of the Church of England followed at all closely upon the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland. But if the two events should be separated by a very long interval, it is possible, if not probable, that the process in the second case would be carried out in a manner far less favourable to the Disestablished Church. To put the same point in another form, a High Churchman might prefer to see the Church of England disestablished by Mr. GLADSTONE rather than by Mr. LOWE. Or he might think that, if disestablishment took place now, the desire to get the private endowments out of the grasp of the State would induce all parties—as on a much smaller scale it did in Ireland—to lay aside their differences for the moment, and to present a united front until the disestablished Church had got all that was to come to it. How long even this momentary truce might be possible no one can say, but it would be an obvious advantage to all parties that disestablishment, if it comes at all, should come while it is still possible.

The result of these reflections is that it is extremely unsafe to assume either that a High Church secession would be a very small one, or that High Churchmen can be trusted, in consideration of the difficulty of disposing of Church property, not to make common cause with Mr. MIALL. It is a further question, of course, to what extent a considerable High Church secession, or a considerable movement on the part of the High Church party in favour of disestablishment, would tend to promote that end. The writer of the article which has suggested these remarks would probably say that neither incident would do much in this way. In that case he does not, as it seems to us, attach sufficient importance to the impetus that would be given to the assault upon an existing system by the sudden withdrawal of one of the chief practical arguments in its favour. The void left by a High Church secession would not be likely to be supplied by any important additions from without; for the Dissenting objection to the Established Church is rather an objection to an Established Church as such than an objection to the particular Church established in this country. The loss of doctrinal comprehensiveness, therefore, would not be made good by any considerable addition in the way of numerical comprehensiveness, and with the disappearance of that characteristic would disappear the principal reason why a particular religious body should be invested with immense wealth and exclusive privileges. It would be prudent, before attempting to dispense with any part of the fabric of the Established Church, to be quite sure that the exact position of the corner-stone has been ascertained.

### THE STRIKES.

THE builders' strike of 1872 has resulted, like the more desperate and embittered strike of 1859, in what is practically a surrender on the part of the men. At the end of a couple of months the carpenters, who originated the movement, have found themselves unable to hold out any longer, and have thankfully accepted the terms which they rejected in the early days of the conflict. They have gained something, it is true—an increase of wages and reduction of hours; but they might have obtained these concessions almost at the commencement of the struggle, and the price they have paid for them can never be recovered. They have consumed their savings and the funds of their Union, and they have also the satisfaction of knowing that they have, by the losses inflicted on their employers, diminished the stock of capital which is available for building operations. The moment chosen for the strike was scarcely opportune, and the demands of the men betrayed their usual ignorance of commercial laws. It was impossible that an increase in the cost of building to the amount of something like 5s. a week for every man engaged could be suddenly and immediately enforced. The rise in the expenses of living justified the application for an advance of wages; but when people want to make more money, they usually expect to have to do more, or at least not less, work in order to obtain it. On the other hand, there are few tradesmen, we imagine, who, being in possession of a commodity which is selling at a premium, are not anxious to dispose of as large a quantity of it as possible while the market is so favourable to them. If the calculations of the carpenters as to the value of their labour had been correct, their natural policy would have been to make hay while the sun shone, and to prolong rather than reduce their hours of work. It was admitted, however, that the supply of labour was actually in excess of the demand, and that the object of the Union was, by restrictions as to hours, piece-work, over-time, &c., to produce an artificial scarcity, and to compel the employment of three men to do two men's work.

It appears from the discussions which have taken place among the workmen, that the strike was in the nature of a dynastic coup; it was intended to divert attention from domestic strife, and to confirm the authority of the leaders of the Union. It was expected that the members of the Union would close up their ranks in the face of the common foe, that non-Unionists would be driven into the Society for the sake of relief during the strike, and that other Unions would heartily co-operate in an assault on the great enemy of labour, capital. Unfortunately everything has turned out exactly the reverse. The carpenters have been deserted by the other trades on whose support they reckoned, and while non-Unionists have not come in, Unionists have shown a dangerous tendency to go out, or at least to pursue their own interests in defiance of the edicts of the Union. The practice of "picketing," or setting bullies to watch a shop from which the workmen have been called out on strike, with a view to intimidate those who continue to work there, has now been brought within the criminal law; and Mr. OGDEN's prediction, that without pickets strikes could not be successfully maintained, has apparently received a practical confirmation. It is announced that "the Society men who went in 'black' during the struggle are all to be summoned before their respective lodges, and unless extenuating circumstances can be shown, such as the pressing wants of a large family, &c., they will be either heavily fined or expelled from the Society." Of course as long as men choose to enrol themselves in a Union, and pledge themselves to obey its rules, they must be prepared to suffer for their disobedience; but it is probable that the result of this contest will suggest some serious reflections both to Unionists and non-Unionists which may not prove favourable to the continued influence of these Societies. It is impossible not to see that if the leaders of the carpenters had had in view only the pecuniary interests of the class they represented they would at once have joined with the masons in accepting the compromise which was offered by the masters. "Nine hours at ninepence" was too much to expect at once, and the masons showed their practical sagacity in being content with eightpence-halfpenny an hour, and a reduction of hours to fifty-two in the summer and forty-eight in the winter. The carpenters are very glad to get these terms now, and they might have had them weeks ago if their leaders' amour propre had not been in question. The idea of reducing the hours in winter is not a new one. It has for years past been repeatedly proposed by the masters, but it suited the policy of the Unions to uphold the system of making men work in the dark, which provided employment and wages without diminishing the amount of work



to be done. The strike and lock-out are now alike at an end, but the season for active building operations is almost over, and the masters will probably have neither the inclination nor the means to make work for their men after what has happened. Only urgent and necessary work will be done. The general rise in prices may possibly force up rents in some degree, but it will certainly operate as a check upon building. People will have to be content with such houses as they have, and will be unable to indulge in the costly amusement of constructing new ones.

The conflict which has just terminated in the building trade or trades appears to offer some useful lessons both to masters and men. In this instance, as in the case of the engineers' strike at Newcastle, the terms offered by the masters in the early part of the strike were first rejected, and then after a time accepted, by the men. This would seem to show that the strength of the men lies in the beginning of the contest, and is exhausted as it proceeds. We are not now speaking merely of the capacity of the men for endurance, though of course that too wears out, but of their power over their employers. It is the breaking up of contracts and the suspension of work which employers dread; but when the first shock of this is over, they have time to make their arrangements, and the continuance of the strike is of comparatively little moment to them. They have suffered the worst, and can afford to bide their time. When it comes to be a question of which side can hold out longer than the other, the capitalist is sure to have the best of it. His plant lies idle on his hands, but he has no difficulty in investing his floating capital; he loses, but his losses are nothing to those of his men, whose labour is confined to the one groove, and who cannot distribute it throughout the world as he can his money. However much we may sympathize with the men in certain cases, no amount of sympathy or sentiment will get rid of hard facts like these. Nobody nowadays disputes the right of the men to strike and to exact the highest wages within their reach; the only question is whether the tactics of the Unions really advance the interests of the working classes. The Trade Unions Commissioners who inquired into the subject a few years ago, and who were as a body remarkable for their impartiality and breadth of view, came to the conclusion that it was doubtful whether the net earnings of the workmen connected with Unions had not on the whole been diminished rather than increased through the agency of the Unions; while it was unquestionable that in many cases large bodies of unskilled labourers, in numbers far exceeding those of the Unionists, were rendered destitute by strikes which they had no means of preventing or controlling. Mr. BRASSEY has shown that, without any assistance from Unions, wages have risen in various foreign countries at least as much as in England, and there is no reason to suppose that the present rate of wages in this country would not have been attained under the gradual influence of natural causes. The inference would seem to be irresistible, that the heavy cost of strikes has been a dead loss to the workmen who have to pay for them. In one sense strikes are only a commonplace of everyday life. Everybody may be said to strike who refuses to buy or sell on terms which do not satisfy him; but reasonable people are not in the habit of carrying out their principle to the extent of shutting up shop altogether because they cannot command exactly their own conditions. If they cannot get them in one quarter, they try another; and, if they still fail, they take the best they can get. Co-operation is often, and very properly, recommended to working-men as the most effectual means of promoting their interests; but if they could only be brought to understand what co-operation means, the knowledge of the principle might almost be enough for them without working it out in practice. Co-operation is simply a reversal of the formal relations between the manager of a business and his workmen. Instead of the manager hiring the workmen, and taking his chance of a profit, the workmen hire a manager, pay him a salary, and take their chance of a profit. But no arrangement of this kind will alter the fact that the sort of qualities which are required in a manager have to be highly paid for, and that no manager can do his work properly without the authority of a master. If a workman does not like his employer, let him seek another, or join with his fellows in appointing a manager after his own heart. In this way co-operation supplies a practical solution of the problem; but a strike can never be otherwise than wasteful and mischievous. On the other hand, the master builders appear to have committed the same error as the proprietors of the Newcastle engine-factories, in deferring their arrangements until the strike had actually commenced; if they had offered them earlier, the

strike might have been averted, and at any rate the masters would have appealed successfully to the sympathies of a large body of the men. It is amazing that employers should fail to see that the only way to cope with the Unions and to diminish their noxious influence is to render their action as far as possible unnecessary.

A well-known writer on economical questions, who is evidently very much alarmed at the prevalence of strikes, entreats the public to realize without delay and without reserve the full significance of the general disturbance of the labour-market; but the public, we should think, can hardly avoid doing so, seeing that strikes are continually breaking out on every hand, and that some of them press us very closely in our daily wants. The London bakers are now threatening to strike, and have even gone so far as to fix the day upon which they will suspend their services if their demands are not complied with. They ask for an increase of wages to the amount of 3s. each, the reduction of their hours of work to twelve a day, from 4 A.M. to 4 P.M., the abolition of Sunday baking, and the acceptance by the masters of a Union ticket as a certificate of character. The masters are willing to agree to an increase of wages, but object to a uniform advance of 3s. to every workman, good, bad, and indifferent. They accept a day of twelve hours, but hold that employers should be allowed to fix the hour at which the day should begin to be reckoned according to the exigencies of their business. The masters also point out that the baking of Sunday dinners is a great convenience to the working classes, and that the Union ticket cannot be accepted for what it does not pretend to be—a certificate of character. The ticket proves only that the holder pays certain fees to a Society which makes no attempt to ascertain whether he is a skilled workman or a person of good character. It is hard to say whether, considering the sort of work they have to do, and the small mechanical skill required for it, the bakers are or are not badly paid. Their wages seem to range from 20s. to 30s. a week, with allowances in bread worth 2s. or 3s. more, and if the masters, instead of reserving the question of the exact amount of the increase they are willing to give, would put their decision into plain figures at once, this part of the case would probably be settled without much difficulty. There can be no doubt that at present the bakers' hours are exceedingly long and exhausting. In the better class of shops they begin towards midnight and work till noon, and some of them till one or two o'clock next day; but those who have the longer hours are not confined to the bakehouse all the time, for they assist in the delivery of bread. In what are known as "cutting" shops the men are sometimes shut up in close, stifling, foul-smelling bakehouses from eleven o'clock one night till five or six o'clock the next. They are not continuously at work during these hours, for there are intervals when the bread is in the oven and can be left to itself, and then they can snatch a little sleep. But mere confinement in such an atmosphere for so many hours together must necessarily be injurious. Fastidious persons had perhaps better not go too deeply into the mysteries of bread-making; and it may be doubted whether the operatives are wise in raising an agitation which will direct the minds both of their employers and of the public to the substitution of machinery for human labour. There are already several large establishments in which bread is made wholly by machinery, and it is probable that as soon as people begin to reflect seriously on the matter, and to realize the processes by which bread is usually made, they will insist upon the general adoption of machinery. A strike which led to this result, and which also taught people to appreciate the economy and wholesomeness of stale bread, would certainly not be without good results. Unless the bakers of London are in close league with the bakers of the United Kingdom, all they can do is, for a short time, to deprive the public of new bread, smoking hot. The result of a strike in London will simply be to promote activity in provincial bakehouses. The doctors tell us that bread should not be eaten till it is a day old; and bread two or three days old, if properly kept, is not unpleasant to eat. If the bakers carry out their threat, a great diminution of dyspepsia may be looked for.

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT IN COUNTRY PLACES.

IN the great majority of cases the Sanitary authorities created by the Public Health Act will have already held their first meeting, or are about to hold it to-day. As regards rural authorities, the 13th section of the Act supplies a very simple test by which to judge how far they are really anxious to discharge their new functions properly. They are

empowered to delegate all their powers to a Committee of their own body. Further, the rural Sanitary authority, or the Committee appointed by it, if there be one, may form for any parish within its district a parochial Committee, consisting either wholly of members of the Sanitary authority, or partly of them and partly of such other persons contributing to the sanitary rate as the Sanitary authority may appoint. The creation of the first kind of Committee is an indispensable condition of the prosecution of any really useful work. The new duties imposed upon the Boards of Guardians are too important to be safely committed to a numerous and shifting body. The good that is done by one section of the Guardians at one meeting might, so far as the law allows, be undone by another section at the next meeting. In sanitary matters a Board of Guardians left wholly to itself would too often be like a House of Commons with no Cabinet to prepare measures or suggest the order of business. The creation of Committees of the second kind will be especially useful during the period between the passing of the Act and the next election of the Sanitary authority. The existing Boards of Guardians have been chosen for other qualifications than sanitary zeal or knowledge, and it does not follow that the man who possesses the confidence of the ratepayers in matters relating to the relief of the poor would equally possess it in matters relating to public health. In many parishes, therefore, the additional members of the parochial Committee appointed under this 13th section will be the persons who, if a new election of Guardians had been immediately ordered, would have been members of the Sanitary authority itself. In other cases again—and this reason for the appointment of parochial Committees will be permanent—there will be persons in a parish qualified and willing to take part in administering the sanitary laws, but not equally qualified or not equally willing to discharge the duties of a Guardian of the poor. In working a statute to the efficacy of which the hearty co-operation of the public is especially needful, it is of great importance that those auxiliary forces should be carefully utilized. Every ratepayer in a rural sanitary district may soon know therefore whether the Sanitary authority to which he is subject is in earnest about its work. If it is, he will hear that the Board of Guardians has delegated its authority to a Sanitary Committee, and that this Sanitary Committee has appointed parochial Sub-Committees to act as its agents for all the important parishes within its district.

It may be convenient to specify some of the powers possessed by the Sanitary authority and its agents in country places. The Boards of Guardians are authorised to construct such sewers as they may think necessary for keeping their district properly drained, and they may require the owner of any house situated within a hundred feet of a sewer to make a sufficient drain emptying into it. They are bound to see that all waterclosets and cesspools within their district are so kept as not to be a nuisance or injurious to health. For this purpose their officers may enter any premises and examine the drains, and, in the event of their being found to be in bad condition, the Sanitary authority is to order the owner or occupier of the house to do all that is necessary to put them in proper repair. If the owner or occupier neglects this order, he will be liable to a penalty of ten shillings a day, and the Sanitary authority may, if it pleases, execute the works for him, and summarily recover the cost. Upon complaint of a nuisance being made by any aggrieved person, or by two householders of the parish, the Guardians may order their officer to enter any private premises in order to ascertain whether the nuisance exists, or to execute or inspect any works ordered by the justices for its removal. Under the head of nuisances are included dirty premises, foul pools, ditches, or ash-pits, animals dirtily kept, foul accumulations, overcrowded houses, unventilated workshops, chimneys, other than those of private houses, sending forth black smoke, and gas washings sent into any stream or pond—provided that the existence and the annoying or injurious character of the alleged nuisance be proved to the satisfaction of the justices. As regards the supply of water, the Sanitary authority in country places, besides the power which it possesses in common with the Sanitary authorities in towns of constructing water-works, has the power of supplying its district with water by digging wells or making and maintaining reservoirs; and wherever any house is without a sufficient supply of water, and such a supply can be furnished at a cost of two pence per week, the Sanitary authority is bound to give notice to the owner requiring him to obtain such a supply, or, if he neglects to comply with this notice, the Sanitary authority may itself supply the water and charge him with the prescribed water-rate.

We do not pretend to say that these powers are all that the rural Sanitary authorities will be found to require. But we do say that, if these powers were energetically exercised, the sanitary condition of England would be radically changed. If every village were properly drained, sufficiently supplied with water, and protected against the accumulation or discharge of noxious matters on or from private premises, the chief preventable causes of ill-health would be removed. There is no part of the country in which there is not at the present time an authority capable of taking all the steps which have been enumerated, and in every case this authority, if sluggish or obstructive, can be removed at the next local election by the act of the ratepayers. Wherever in future any Poor Law Union is without water or without drainage, or without, as regards the cottages contained in it, proper provision for health and decency, it will be so at the will and pleasure of a majority of the inhabitants. And as regards some at least of these advantages, even a minority will be able to insist on them. Wherever indeed the Sanitary authorities are only authorised to act, the discretion vested in them by the existing laws is far too unlimited. In some cases it ought to be altogether taken away; in all it ought to be subject within certain limits to the control of the Local Government Board, supposing an appeal to be made to them. There is no need, however, to regret that the Act which has just been passed is not more extensive in its scope. At first all sanitary administration must be tentative, and it is well that the early experiments should be tried by men who wish to see them answer, rather than by men who wish to see them fail. When it is clearly seen what an energetic and intelligent Board of Guardians can do, we shall be in a much better position for determining what every Board of Guardians ought to be made to do. In the meantime it will be very useful to know what a Board of Guardians which is neither energetic nor intelligent can be made to do as the law now stands. For this purpose there is urgent need of volunteer parochial Committees such as were suggested in a former article. Wherever the Sanitary authority does not appoint a parochial Committee of its own, or wherever this parochial Committee shows any indisposition to use its powers, a volunteer Committee ought to be set up. The functions of this amateur organization would be three—to investigate the sanitary state of the parish, so far as a body armed with no public authority can undertake this; to bring such sanitary defects as it can discover before the notice of the Board of Guardians; and to communicate with the Local Government Board in the event of the Board of Guardians not using the powers vested in them, so as to ascertain by actual trial what they can and what they cannot be compelled to do. In some cases the intervention of such a Committee would be sufficient to stir the local authority into action; in some there would be such a clear neglect of duty as would bring the defaulting guardians within the grasp of the central authority; in all cases valuable data for future legislation would be stored up. The first volume of the Second Report of the Sanitary Commission contains a summary of the existing sanitary law which, though far from perfect in arrangement, will yet give the members of a volunteer Committee all the information they want to enable them to play their part. And a more useful part they may be assured it is not possible for persons of capacity and influence to play at the present time.

#### CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

THE metropolitan church of Canterbury has just had a narrow escape from the fate which befel a large part of it just two years short of seven hundred years back. On the one hand, there seems to have been a strange lack of preparation for an accident which is just as likely to happen now as it was in the twelfth century, but which we are now much better able to deal with when it does happen than men were in the twelfth century. On the other hand, a most creditable amount of zeal seems to have been shown by all who were called on to do anything to check the mischief, whether officially belonging to the church or not. Now the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury contrived to be so ill provided for a sudden emergency as the newspapers make them out to have been we will not pretend to say till we hear what they have to plead on their own side. First, then, the preparations seem to have been strangely inadequate; but it is perhaps in capital nature, as in human nature in general, to wait till the door till the steed is stolen. We gather from the newspaper reports that the wooden roof over a large part of the eastern portion of the church has been burned, but that, happily, no damage has been done to the stone vault below. When the fact is itself made this article seems almost needless, and, of course, which we do not remember that it is any great thing at Canterbury, a bad accident to the twelfth century. It is very much

the same as one of any other century. As for the wooden roof, we do not remember whether that of Canterbury is ancient or not, but in any case, where there is a stone vault, the timber above becomes a matter of quite secondary value. Of course a great end of a stone vault is as a defence against fire, to provide that, if the outer roof of wood should happen to be burned off, the building may still not remain roofless. A stone vault cannot, in any strict sense, burn, but it is satisfactory to know that in this case it has not been injured by the burning of the wooden roof over it. It is also no small comfort to hear that the precious stained glass is not hurt. The loss would indeed be a loss which could never be made good. A capital, or a moulding, or the tracery of a window can be made now as well as it ever could. All that the modern work lacks is the historical association. But the art of glass-staining is as much a lost art as the art of writing prayers. When we look at the glass of Canterbury and Rheims, or even at the later glass of Fairford and King's College Chapel, and then turn to the stuff which goes by the name of stained glass nowadays, we feel that there are some things in which the skill of man has not gone forward.

The danger from which the mother church of England has thus happily escaped has naturally called men's minds to its past history, and above all to former cases when it has either escaped or suffered from accidents the same as the present. But it is curious to see that the popular mind, on thinking of Canterbury Cathedral in connexion with fires, seems always to go back to that particular fire which caused the eastern part of the church to assume its present shape, and seems quite to forget that earlier, and certainly more memorable, fire to which the present building as a whole owes its being. The fabric of Christ Church, like most other ancient buildings, has gone through perils of fire more than once, and it has more than once suffered far more severely than it has now. Yet the continuous existence of the fabric of Christ Church has been more nearly unbroken than that of most other great churches. No church has gone through more changes in detail, more additions and rebuildings of particular parts, but from the days of Roman Christianity to our own here has been only one absolute rebuilding of the whole minster from the ground. On a dark day for England, on December 6, 1067, the day when William set sail at Dieppe to chastise the English goaded into revolt by the oppressions, not of his own rule, but of that of Odo Bayeux and William Fitz-Osbern, the metropolitan church was destroyed by fire, or at least so greatly damaged that Lanfranc either found it really necessary, or gladly seized the opportunity, to rebuild the church after his own fashion. We shall not be wrong in saying that only two churches have stood on the site which to Englishmen is the most venerable of all sites. The church which was burned in 1067 was, by an unbroken personality, the church of Augustine and of days before Augustine; the church which has just now been saved from a like fate we may without much violence of speech call the church of Lanfranc. Since the days of Lanfranc the church has been altogether changed in detail, but it has never been wholly rebuilt from the ground. The remains of Lanfranc's work which still survive are small indeed; but some remains do survive, and Lanfranc's ground-plan has still a visible effect on the portions and arrangements of the present building. So it was on the other side. The church whose ruins Lanfranc swept away may have retained as few traces of the Roman Basilica whose ruins Augustine preserved as the present fabric at Christ Church now retains of the work of Lanfranc. But the same sort of continuity existed as in the later case. The church had been repaired and enlarged—particular parts may well have been altogether reconstructed—but there was no general rebuilding from the ground. It must have needed a good deal of change to turn any Roman building, whether originally of heathen or Christian birth, into the minster of the German type with an apse at each end which was burned down in 1067. Still the church of Stigand was by personal identity the church of Augustine, and the church of Augustine was the Basilica of the Roman. On either side of the fire which causes the gap between the earlier and the later church of Canterbury there was a famous gap which in each case caused no small damage, but which in either case involved the rebuilding of the whole fabric. The fire of 1067 swept away everything, or at least the Lombard Prioate made it an excuse for sweeping away everything; but everything was not swept away either by the fire of Thurkill's Danes in 1011, or yet by the more famous fire of 1174, whose memory lives in the graphic pages of Gervase and William. Augustine found the Roman Church ruined and forsaken; but not wholly destroyed, using the days of English heathendom. His work was to repair, enlarge, to enlarge and modify, but not to rebuild. But between the Roman and the English Church of Canterbury the connexion is purely physical. The ruined walls of the Roman building were repaired, and the site which had been holy in the eyes of the Roman became holy in the eyes of the Englishmen. But there is no such connexion, no such unbroken identity of foundation, as when British Yng-Vidinn one and the same with English Hæthendun. That in the tenth century came the great reformation under Odo. The roof was renewed; the walls were thickened; the choir being perhaps added or made more lofty—its shape probably assumed the plan and outline which Gervase describes it, but there was no rebuilding from the ground. The walls were and the two old damaged, and destroyed much in the way of things and moveable goods; but this again did not in-

volve any rebuilding. The church of Augustine—the church older than Augustine—went on till the fire of 1067 made it give way to the church of Lanfranc.

The church of Lanfranc was a building of moderate size, small as compared with the gigantic piles which other prelates at London, Winchester, and St. Albans began to build, but were not always able to finish. Lanfranc, on the other hand, finished his church from one end to the other in the comparatively short space of seven years. In size and plan he modelled it according to the church which he had left behind at Caen, the still unfinished minster of St. Stephen. The effect of this model is still to be seen in the present building. Every one who has looked even carelessly at the church of Canterbury must have noticed how short and tall both the nave and what should be the principal transept, that which supports the central tower, seem in comparison with the vast extent of work to the east of them, including that eastern transept which throws the true crossing into insignificance. This is because the nave and transept still keep the ground-plan of Lanfranc's building, though but little of his masonry, and nothing of his ornamental work, now remains. His choir, short after the usual pattern of early Norman choirs, began to be despised even in the time of his successor, and a long eastern limb, including the eastern transepts and towers, arose under Conrad and Ernulf in the first half of the twelfth century. Then came the fire of 1174, and its consequence, the raising, the remodelling, the translating into a more advanced style, but not the complete rebuilding, under the hands of the two Williams—William of Sens and William the Englishman. Lastly, the addition of the chapel commonly known as Becket's Crown completed the building to the east, leaving the nave, transepts, and three towers of Lanfranc's work untouched till late in the fourteenth century. Considerably lower as they must have been than the eastern part, it is almost wonderful that they lasted so long. One of the western towers, as is well known, lasted till our own days; some have thought that it might even have been kept till now. As it is, nothing remains of Lanfranc's work but some small portions of the walls, which have no effect on the general appearance of the building. Still, as we have seen, there has never been any complete rebuilding of the whole church since Lanfranc's time, and the proportions of Lanfranc's building have still a most important effect on the church which now stands. In the same sense then in which we may say that the church of Augustine lasted till the days of Stigand, we may say that the church of Lanfranc has lasted till now.

It is a real matter for national thankfulness that this memorable building has escaped, without serious damage, from a kind of danger from which it has suffered so often; and there is one feature at least in the story of the last fire at Canterbury which deserves to be marked to the special honour of those concerned. It is something to be able to say that the fire of 1872 did not interrupt one of the ordinary services of the church. The reporters seem, some to admire, some to be half inclined to mock or to be a good deal amazed, that, notwithstanding the excitement which was still going on, notwithstanding the smoke with which the church was filled, the afternoon service of the day was gone on with as usual. The Chapter, or such members of it as may have been present, were, we are told, unwilling to break through a tradition of 300 years. We are half inclined charitably to suspect that a figure has been left out, and that we ought to read 1300. We do not remember that anything particular happened at Canterbury in 1572, and 572, though certainly somewhat too early, comes much nearer to the beginning of Christ Church as a place of worship for Christian Englishmen. It can hardly be meant as a literal assertion that divine worship according to the formularies of the Church of England for the time being has never ceased for 300 years within the walls of Christ Church. There is at all events the long vacancy of the metropolitan see between Laud and Juxon to be accounted for. But, however this may be, the metropolitan church has in this matter set a good example to her daughters. That the services of Canterbury Cathedral should have gone on uninterruptedly through such a time, just as the services in Bristol Cathedral are said to have gone on uninterruptedly through the more frightful danger of the famous riots, is indeed a rebuke to those guardians of our minsters who seem to seize on every paltry excuse for stopping the services the maintenance of which is one of the chief ends for which both the buildings and their guardians exist. While at Canterbury and several other churches divine service is never stopped for a single day from one year's end to another, there are others where every trumpery excuse is greedily seized on for condemning the walls of the church to silence. While some churches never need any greater cleaning than can be done in the interval between the ordinary services, there are others whose walls and pillars are held, officially at least, to gather such a preternatural amount of dirt that it needs a week in every quarter, a thirteenth part of the whole year, to get rid of the perpetually recurring stain. The congregation is expected to be on some special occasion greater than can be jammed into the boxed-up choir, and the supposed need of making ready the nave for its rare use is eagerly clutched at as an excuse for stopping choir and organ, prayer and anthem, for a day or two on each side of the special gathering. It is doing of this kind which gladden the hearts of those who would destroy our ancient cathedral foundations, and sadden the hearts of those who would preserve and therefore reform them. But it is at least something to know that in this matter the best church of all has nothing to be said against it.

and one would think that such an example as this might for very shame put some zeal into the hearts of men who are sometimes more careful about receiving the revenues of their offices than about discharging their duties.

#### A SOCIAL DIFFICULTY.

THE mysterious disappearance of a Russian traveller lately brought out the fact that the German doctors have invented a new form of mental disturbance, which goes by the name of the Wandering Mania. This disorder would seem to be violently epidemic in our own country from the end of July till well on in October, while large numbers of people are sporadically affected by it during the whole year. The social influence of cheap and easy locomotion is a subject which will probably not be overlooked by a future Buckle. The passion for travelling keeps pace with the facilities for its indulgence, and is undoubtedly on the increase. All classes go about more than they used to do. There are men who may be almost said to live in railway carriages. They are in London to-day, in Edinburgh or Paris to-morrow, and the next time you meet them they have just returned from Madrid or Moscow. Even the modest family trip to the country or the sea-side is getting to be measured by months instead of weeks. There can be no doubt that we work harder than our fathers and grandfathers, but our work is more concentrated, and gets packed into shorter hours. There are few men of business who cannot snatch a week or two now and then for a run from home, and something like the Long Vacation has been established in the City as well as in the courts of law. Even as he flies, the traveller, by means of the telegraph and post-office, can hold the threads of his work in his hands, and direct operations, like Moltke, at a distance from the field. But every pleasure has its drawbacks, and travelling is no exception to the rule. A correspondent of the *Daily News* has drawn attention to one of the difficulties attending the nomadic habits of modern society. He appears to be a resident in one of the Southern suburbs, a region of snug villas and pleasant gardens, where domestic comfort is supposed to be preferred to a position in society, but where the laws of fashion are not absolutely defied. The highly respectable inhabitants of that quarter are not beyond the insidious influence of the wandering mania, and make a point of seeking at the prescribed period that change of air and scene which is supposed to be indispensable alike to health and social reputation. The correspondent had himself resisted the impulse, and was seated at an open window overlooking the deserted gardens of his absent neighbours. He was startled by a remarkable apparition on the other side of the hedge of jessamine and beech which separated his own house from the next. A lady in a low-bodied mauve satin dress, trimmed with lace, came out of his neighbour's house, and walked across the lawn. Another lady arrayed in rose-coloured silk immediately followed, and then a third clothed in blue satin, mystic, wonderful. He knew the inmates of the house were away on a foreign tour, and who could these be? The three ladies had fans; they swept the lawn with their sumptuous trains; and their laughter rang through the air. If in the dim twilight their splendour seemed of fairyland, their gait and voices were hardly fairy-like. They did not tread on air; they were robust in form, and their laughter had a jovial breadth about it suggestive of gay and not particularly refined humanity. While these resplendent creatures were pacing the lawn they were joined by male companions in quite another guise—an old gentleman and two younger ones, all in their shirt-sleeves, and smoking long clay pipes, and two of them armed with pewter pots which they handled freely round. The ladies in rose-coloured silk and blue velvet did not disdain to touch the pewter with their dainty lips. Then as the pots circulated and the dusk deepened the various figures began to move to and fro in an uncertain quadrille on the green sward, the old gentleman whistling gaily and one of the ladies singing. It may be admitted that this strange combination of blue velvet, mauve satin, and rose-coloured silk with corduroys, shirt-sleeves, pewter pots, and long clay pipes was somewhat startling, and that it was natural for the witness of so remarkable a sight to rub his eyes and wonder whether it was an imagination or a reality which he seemed to see before him. He afterwards learned that the servants left in charge of the house by his absent neighbour had invited a few friends to spend the evening with them, and had availed themselves of their mistress's wardrobe to do honour to the occasion. The moral of the story is, he suggests, that ladies who have pretty dresses may as well lock them up securely when they go out of town; but we cannot help thinking that the moral is of a somewhat wider scope, and that it indicates one of the social difficulties of the day.

It is quite clear that when a family goes on its travels it cannot take its house with it. The architecture of the period is not adapted to nomadic flights. Respectable householders cannot strike their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away. They may steal away themselves, but they must leave their houses behind. In some parts of America we hear of houses on wheels, but the invention has not yet reached this country. As a taste for travelling spreads the tyranny of houses becomes more oppressive. The traveller has no fear of not being able to find a home where he is going; the difficulty is to know what to do with the home he has left. Great people with a host of retainers who can at any time divide their households, taking as many servants as they want with them, and

leaving behind a sufficient number to watch over the family mansion, of course find no difficulty in the matter. But we are not all great people. Some of us have only three or four servants; a great many only two. The old delusion of going into the country to economize is dying out, but still it is pleasant to get out of town for a few weeks or months, and enjoy the country in a quiet, leisurely way, and many people would allow themselves this indulgence more frequently if it were not for the recurring difficulty of disposing of their houses during their absence; and they would certainly be able to enjoy a holiday more thoroughly if uneasiness on this point could be banished from their minds. If any of the servants are left behind, they find it difficult to resist the temptation of taking a day out, as it is so dull at home, and for the same reason they like to surround themselves with a few old friends, or perhaps casual acquaintances. The absent householder little knows what sort of people he may be entertaining unawares, though it is possible he may discover unpleasant evidence of their character on his return. The pathetic history of Elias Davis conveys a solemn warning to young ladies engaged in domestic service of the danger of sudden intimacy with gentlemen whom they meet "promiscuously, walking in the public street"; but we are afraid the danger is hardly shunned as it ought to be. Servant relieved from the supervision of master and mistress, with nothing to do, and free from all restraints except such as are supplied by their own weak and shadowy moral sense, are apt to seek relaxation in a somewhat reckless manner. A day out without asking leave is so agreeable that it is pretty sure to be repeated, and probably there is a tolerably free interpretation of the limits of a day. It is an instinct of a generous nature to make some return at home for hospitalities received abroad, and when a house has been put under requisitions for festive purposes it is hardly likely that the cellar will be overlooked. Little obstacles in the shape of locks and bolts are only a challenge to a display of strength and skill, and offer a stimulating prospect of ingenious amusement. There is an old story of a gentleman returning from a summer holiday to find his house surrounded by scaffolding, and already picked to a skeleton by an enterprising builder who had taken a fancy to the materials. The anecdote may be regarded as apocryphal, but it is difficult to say why it might not be done to an empty house by a daring rogue who set to work in a practical, business-like manner, making no petty efforts at concealment, but working boldly in the face of the world. It is probable that furniture might be more easily and safely carried off in a heap with a van in the open daylight than piecemeal at night. We have heard of a case where a sale by auction was got up in the absence of a family who had gone off to spend a pleasant holiday, and who came back to find their goods and chattels dispersed under the hammer. In another instance the caretaker who was put in charge of a house, and whose practical mind, like nature, abhorred a vacuum, thought it a pity the dwelling should remain empty merely because the owners were abroad; so she let it out in lodgings on highly remunerative terms, and finished up by carrying off the beds and household linen. There is always a danger lest the caretaker or watchman should prove the Trojan horse that betrays the citadel. If you consult the police as to the best way of providing for the security of your house when you are away, they are sure to recommend you to engage a constable. If you do so, the chances are that you will get an Irishman with a large family, and Irishmen, it is known, are apt to have highly developed opinions on the subject of tenant-right and the intolerable tyranny of eviction. Policemen after all are only men, especially when out of uniform, and their wives do not presume to rise above the ordinary level of humanity. The protection of the house from external attack may possibly prove to be an indifferent compensation for internal riot and all-pervading dirt. On the whole we can hardly wonder if the distracted householder jumps to the conclusion that his house is safer under lock and key, and that he has more to fear from guardians within than from invaders without.

Co-operation is the favourite nostrum for all the difficulties of the day, and one form of co-operation which is obviously applicable to the difficulty we are speaking of would be an exchange of houses. When a family in town wants a change in the country, and a family in the country has longings for a taste of town, it is natural that they should supply each other's wants. As each would have the other's house in its hands, there would be an opportunity for reprisals which might be expected to operate as a wholesome check on any abuse of the privileges of a temporary tenant. The Insurance Companies might also perhaps find it worth while to consider whether they could not afford any assistance in this matter. Why should not one be able to insure a house against robbers as well as against fire? It is clear that people will not be able to indulge their passion for travelling to the full extent unless some means can be devised of putting their houses in safe keeping during their absence. We recollect a lady who had, with her husband, kindly undertaken to look after our modest dwelling, assuming as confidentially that their residence in it had had a most satisfactory effect upon her husband, a bricklayer by profession, who, when he had been there, had spent his Saturday nights comfortably in the drawing-room, and had never manifested the slightest desire to visit the public-house. We felt naturally flattered by the country bricklayer's appreciation of our taste in drawing-room furniture, though we could have wished that his admiration had been vent in tobacco of a somewhat milder and less seducing perfume. We



could not help reflecting on the possibilities of philanthropic enterprise in this direction. There is no saying what might not be done to elevate and refine the ranks of honest labour, and to counteract the seductive influences of gross and noxious dissipation, by means of nicely furnished drawing-rooms. The United Kingdom's Alliance might find a profitable investment in this way for some of its 100,000. It is obviously much better to render the working-man proof against the temptations of the public-house than to keep him out of it merely by slamming the door in his face. If the Alliance led the way, private householders might be persuaded to follow their example. It is already the practice of great landowners to throw open their parks and pleasure-grounds for the enjoyment of the public; and some day we may perhaps find a movement set on foot for utilizing the drawing-rooms of the West End during the dead season for the moral culture of the labouring classes.

#### MOUNTAINEERING.

THE pleasures of Alpine climbing have been described and discussed, praised and vituperated, almost beyond measure; and yet perhaps something still remains to be understood about the precise character of the attraction it offers. Let us define the pursuit of which we speak. We mean, on the one hand, expeditions which involve real mountain work as distinguished from those which, though they may happen to end in attaining a point considerably above the level of the sea, differ only in length and variety from walks in any other hilly country, and are within the compass of the light of nature and a walking-stick. On the other hand, we mean to confine our view to expeditions undertaken with the usual and reasonable precautions. The attractions of mountaineering without guides are far above our comprehension. There is no doubt that any amateur climber who is so minded may very seriously increase the difficulties of any high Alpine excursion, and create wholly new dangers, by undertaking it without guides instead of with them. And so also, if ever he should find climbing without guides to have become commonplace, he might introduce another fresh element by pulling all the nails out of his boots, carrying a horn-tipped, darning-needle-pointed, Zermatt- or Chamouni-branded stick instead of an ice-axe, or by discarding the rope on crevassed snow-fields; and in our opinion with about the same justification. There is a certain amount of real danger about travelling in the higher regions of rock and ice, as indeed there is about all human undertakings. Who can say that the passage of the Strand at Charing Cross is a positively safe operation? But the danger may be either reduced to a minimum by certain precautions now well known—of which acting under the professional assistance and advice of competent guides is one—or raised to a maximum by omitting those precautions. It cannot be denied that a man who travels in the high Alps with guides may contrive to break his neck; but the most that can be asserted of a man who travels without them is that he may possibly be lucky enough not to break his neck. All this, of course, does not apply to that happy amateur whom a few months of a few years spent in the mountain districts by way of amusement have made the equal in skill and knowledge of the men who have been born and bred among the mountains, and the business of whose life it is to know them. If some wonderful combination of genius and circumstances has produced, or is ever to produce, that happy person, let him be his own guide if he likes; and if others choose to put their trust in him, let him be their guide also. In the meantime we shall not believe in his existence without ocular proof.

The pleasure of rational mountaineering clearly has something in it of the nature of intellectual refreshment, something peculiarly fitted to the tone of a mind which has long been compelled to close attention. Of the whole number of Englishmen who year by year resort to the Alps for serious climbing, the proportion whose main occupation is head-work is too large to be set down to accident. A few weeks ago there might have been found in two well-known mountain inns only a few hours apart half-a-dozen masters from our great public schools, and as many Fellows of one of our chief colleges. They must have come there under the influence of some powerful common attraction not to be found elsewhere. It is not the scenery alone, nor the exercise alone, nor even the two together. For it is possible to get both scenery and exercise in many other regions, and even in the lower and middle Alpine regions, with far less trouble and expense than fall to the lot of the real mountaineer. Indeed all the outward and visible circumstances of a mountain expedition are such as one would think designed to be thoroughly repugnant to all the habits of a respectable member of a learned profession. Let us take a tolerably familiar ascent as the type; say the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn from the Eggischhorn. Some fine afternoon, say, three respectable, it may be learned, it may be reverend, Englishmen set forth with the like number of Swiss parsons, not reverend certainly, nor remarkably learned, though more learned probably than the average British elector, but respectable, if respect is due to the true and faithful performance of difficult work. After working round two or three or more shoulders of a hot and monotonous hill on which everything always seems to be round the next corner but one, they arrive at a glacier several miles long and about a mile and a half broad. After walking up this for some hours

they scramble up the bank, and find themselves at a rude stone hut furnished with a miniature stove, some more or less cracked pots and pans, and several tattered blankets. A nondescript evening meal follows, in which it is impossible to say whether the elements of dinner, supper, or tea most predominate. Perhaps a schoolboy's tea is the nearest English approach to the democratic repast in which soup, cheese, and chocolate have equal rights. And when the sun has set and the pipe of the just has been smoked out, our respectable travellers betake themselves to such sleep as they may find in a sort of box of hay within the hut; happy if some other party bent on a similar errand does not claim its share of the limited hay and blankets. In that case the "Horren" are packed like sardines, and no one can turn round without setting the whole company in motion. Premature wakings and guesses at the time and the weather interrupt these fitful slumbers. Once a Cambridge man, in such a semi-conscious interval, asked of his Oxford companion, "Is there any time, and if so, what is it?" The ruling passion is strong even in the Kastenstein (a mere cave this, and much less inhabitable than the Faulberg, which is the immediate object of our description). The Oxford man's dialectical nature was roused. He replied, without a moment's pause, "The first part of your question is metaphysical, and I am not now prepared to discuss it. As to the second, which is practical—" here one of the guides struck a light, and the discourse was cut short.

Let us pass on to the morning. In the first glimmer of daylight a caravan of devout pilgrims may be seen descending the stony path to the glacier, with their staves in their hands, or rather ice-axes if they are wise; their loins girded with the good Manila rope which is to be their bond of fellowship and assurance of safety through the day; and their lights burning—no picturesque torchlight, but a very commonplace candle stuck in the neck of an inverted bottle with the bottom knocked out. And so the representatives of English respectability are fairly embarked on their work. They feel their way along the glacier in the cold of dawn, climb hard slopes with hewing of steps and driving in of axe-heads in the light of the morning sun, and flounder down in soft snow in the blaze of afternoon. They climb up strange stairways and chimneys of rocks, they clutch the solid corners with eager hands, and circumvent loose blocks with delicate steps. They bless the ledges of the limestone when they lie the right way and do not bless them when they lie the wrong way, as if it was the Finsteraarhorn's business to adjust its angles to the convenience of human boot-nails. The wind bites them on the ridges and the sun scorches them in the hollows. They disguise themselves in snow-spectacles, and if they do not exactly escape the sun's power by the skin of their teeth, he exacts tribute of the skin of their noses. Nor is there much scope for conversation on the way beyond brief directions and interjections relating to the immediate business in hand. It is difficult at best for men proceeding in single file to keep up continuous talk, and still more difficult when they have no breath to spare and their eyes are occupied in looking for the next footstep. Now and then, indeed, the guides halt for a rapid conference in Swiss German, in which, amidst various verbal and adverbial forms unknown to the written language, *Gletscher* and *Felsen* may be caught, and the leader translates the net result for the benefit of the tourist into "Da geht gewiss kein Mensch," or some equally encouraging remark. However, the conclusion of the whole matter is that, after ten or twelve hours, if the snow is in a good temper, thirteen or fifteen if it is in an ill-conditioned mood, the tourists come down again to their head-quarters, dusty without but joyous within, eat, drink, and are merry, and straightway fall to devising how they shall procure another day of similar experiences.

It may seem a paradox to look for an element of moral repose in all this. But when we consider more narrowly what is really meant by repose, perhaps we shall find the thing sought. The strain which falls upon the mental faculties lies not so much in continued action as in the commencement of action. We tire ourselves much more with finding out what we have to do than with doing it. Personal choice and personal responsibility make up the real burden of our daily work. And what we are accustomed to call rest, meaning the rest which can be consciously enjoyed, is not a complete cessation from activity, but a modified activity, in which the strain of initiation is taken off. The mind which has been occupied in looking out for its objects and hunting them down delights in having objects brought before it without any exertion of its own, so that it can use its unexhausted powers in the contemplation of them. This is why entertainments in the nature of a spectacle afford so much more perfect a relaxation from head-work than any other kind of recreation. We may find a change of interest in a book; but we have to decide where to begin and when to leave off; nay, all the little circumstances of arranging our chair and our light bring their little fractions of troublesome self-consciousness. We may go through picture galleries; but we must choose for ourselves from one minute to another at which picture we will stop. But let us be established in view of a good play, or listening to good music, with all the little matters disposed of for us; our seat fixed and numbered, the times of beginning and ending arranged by an invisible providence whose ways we are not concerned to justify, no duties cast upon us, nothing required but the capacity to take and enjoy—and this is true repose. The oppressive sense of our individuality is lost, and, as we contemplate the action of others, a subdued internal current of indulged activity makes us pleasantly

conscious of renewed force. Now between full individual activity and the complete repose of looking on a spectacle it is possible to conceive an infinite gradation of intermediate states. The same person may be at the same time an actor in one respect and a spectator in another. We often dream, as has been noticed by Dr. Quincey and others, of looking on at some action from which we stand aloof, but in which we are obscurely aware that our own fate is somehow involved. Something like this finds a place in our waking as well as in our sleeping moments. Whenever we follow with complete acquiescence a course determined for us by a superior external power, we are, in regard to that particular determination, in a position of repose, however much exertion in detail may be required to carry out the plan once laid down.

And now we may apprehend the true specific character of Alpine climbing. A mountain expedition is really a spectacle on a grand scale, in which the traveller is both spectator and actor, but in the first place spectator; and this is part, at all events, of the peculiar charm which draws intellectual labourers to the high Alps for refreshment. The traveller toils indeed with hands and feet; but what is the essence of his toil, the object for which all his muscular movements co-operate? In a general way the main object of the expedition has been chosen by himself, though very often the suggestion of the guide has more to do even with this than might be supposed; but in detail the thing to be accomplished at any given moment is not anything depending on the traveller's own devices, but on the intelligent following of the guide's example. He has nothing else to think of. He may indeed speculate on the way the leader is likely to take, or find a salutary exercise in discovering after the event why his guesses are wrong, as they not unfrequently will be. But command and decision practically rest with the guide; his are the power and the responsibility. The amateur is intensely interested in the result; but his part in the process is confined to observation and imitation; and the more experience he gains, the more fully he becomes aware that this is the case. The nearer he comes to acquiring a kind of sympathetic instinct, the better he learns to recognize the superiority of the native instinct displayed by the born mountaineer. In this respect, therefore, his mental condition is, according to the distinction we have already made, one of repose. At the same time there is everything to stimulate the powers of observation and the pleasures of admiration, while the bodily exertion makes such demands on consciousness as to give ample security against these being overwrought. Thus the mountain traveller combines the enjoyments of a spectator and an actor in a degree which it would be difficult to parallel in any other occupation, and obtains precisely the kind of repose and the kind of activity which are suited to a mind and limbs wearied by sedentary intellectual work. The marvellous fascination of the ice-world is indeed a complex thing, and to explain it fully would require far more physiology and psychology than we either could or would inflict on our readers. But the element we have just pointed out is a *vera causa* as far as it goes, and may be taken as a partial answer to the question, What is the specific charm of Alpine climbing? which is too often asked by jesting unbelievers who do not wait for an answer, and is perhaps too seldom taken into deliberate consideration by the faithful who are strong in their faith without having any definite answer. At any rate the charm is there, a fact positive and curious enough to demand some kind of explanation; and year by year the craft of those who make Manila rope and ice-axes increases and thrives, and the coffee of fresh pilgrims sends up incense to the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn from the battered pots and pans of that "inn of strange meetings," the Faulberg.

#### SELFISH MISANTHROPY.

IT is not perhaps easy to draw the exact line between selfishness and what Butler would call an enlightened or reasonable self-love. But in practice we are all of us keen enough at detecting and condemning the vice in others, though there are very few indeed who have a right to cast the first stone. The "selfless gentleman," if not altogether a poetical ideal, is a rare exception in this evil world, but the ideal is universally admired, however seldom it may be attained. There are some faults to which we are inclined to be indulgent in our neighbours, and more than indulgent in our own case. But nobody would care to confess that he was selfish, still less to glory in it, and there is hardly any charge more fatal to a man's character in the eye of the world. But selfishness, like other faults, assumes a good many different shapes, and though it is always, and very naturally, disliked, some of its forms are more odious than others. It is selfish to refuse a kindness to others which you can grant at little cost to yourself, and it is selfish to feel gratification in their sufferings, as the old Romans gloated over a gladiatorial contest or the writhings of Christian martyrs in the lion's fangs. But the second kind of selfishness is considerably more shocking than the first. Nor is the reason far to seek. That we should care much for our own interest is inevitable, and that we should be disposed to cultivate it without due regard for the interest of our neighbours "understands itself," as the Germans say, though it is of course reprehensible. But that we should cherish deliberate malice towards those who have in any way injured us does not seem any necessary part of what theologians call "our corrupt nature," and is usually looked

on as peculiarly satanic. And hence it follows that what may be termed the more self-regarding forms of selfishness are the most readily excused, while those which have the least direct bearing on self-interest excite the greatest hatred and contempt. To take an illustration. Both jealousy and envy are selfish feelings which have much in common, and both are sufficiently unattractive; but there is a difference between the two when we come to analyse them. The object in the one case is our own advantage, and in the other the injury of somebody else. The naughty boy in the *Rejected Addresses* who burnt off the waxen nose of his sister's new doll because he suspected it cost more than his own top, was no doubt an extremely disagreeable and ill-conducted child. But his procedure was perfectly intelligible.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,  
He thinks mine came to more than his.

And accordingly he adopted what seemed to him the most emphatic method of asserting that his own birthday presents should be at least equal in value to his sister's, with some vague idea probably of providing against any future mistakes in the matter. And in the same way the *opreta injuria forma* of a young lady who is tormented by the fear of her intended lover being captivated by a rival's fairer face is a perfectly explicable, though not very amiable, sentiment. She is angry with the pretty face because she may herself suffer from its superior charms. For envy no such excuse can be pleaded. It has all the malice of jealousy, without the palliation of self-interest. Nothing can be more utterly despicable than irritation against "the other beavers," not for any injury, real or supposed, which they have done, or are likely to do to us, but simply for being "larger" than we are. Yet this grudge against others for being wiser, or richer, or better, or in some way superior to ourselves, just because of their superiority, is what is meant by envy. It is of course a selfish feeling in the worst sense of the word, but it is prompted by no intelligible motive of self-interest or self-love, for its only gratification would consist in the injuring of others, without any compensating advantage to ourselves. It is precisely the feeling of Milton's Satan towards the happier beings whom he wishes to decoy into a similar condemnation with himself. And yet Sophocles personifies envy as a deity, and the story of Polycrates' ring sufficiently illustrates its recognition among the Greeks as a divine attribute.

And this brings us to that particular form of selfishness, not indeed very common, but far from being wholly unknown in real life, which may be called selfish misanthropy. It is worse than envy, for it has even less colourable pretext of self-regard, and is more purely malicious. The great novelist of the day has familiarized us with a specimen which will be fresh at this moment in the memory of many of our readers. "Old Featherstone," whose funeral stands at the opening of the fourth book of *Middlemarch*, seems intended for a personified contradiction of the apostolic statement that no man liveth to himself or dieth to himself. He is careful in life and in death not only to consult his own wishes alone, to the exclusion of all other considerations, but to frame his wishes on a plan elaborately calculated to outrage the feelings and frustrate the natural expectations of every one who comes into contact with him. His habits are miserly, but that is not his ruling passion; he is less a miser than a misanthrope. And his misanthropy increases on a nicely graduated scale, according to the closer proximity of its objects, whether by blood relationship or otherwise, to himself. We will not stay now to discuss how far such characters are unmixedly evil. George Eliot leaves us free to think, if we please, that there are good points about them, but adds an unpleasantly suggestive remark that those who think so are more likely to have constructed their estimates *a priori* than to be judging from actual experience. Without entering on that controversy we may admit that such persons as old Featherstone do exist, and the question is how to account for them. Our readers will hardly require to be reminded of his leading characteristics. Suffice it to say here that he makes two wills, the earlier of which is only less iniquitous than the later, and keeps both by his bedside to the last. In both the bulk of his property is left away from his family, but in the former will legacies of 200*l.* apiece are bequeathed to his near relations, and 10,000*l.* left to a youth whom he had always encouraged to look upon himself as his heir; while in the second—which eventually comes to be acted on—this sum is bequeathed to a stranger, and the rest of his property is devoted to building almshouses, "because," as the document is worded, "I wish to please Almighty God." It must be added that his prolonged hesitation as to which of the two testaments shall be allowed to take effect arises apparently from a difficulty in deciding which will on the whole produce the least attachment and disgust; and that he leaves minute directions about the arrangements of his funeral, to which all those personages are presently ordered to be invited—in some cases from a considerable distance—whose anticipations will be most cruelly disappointed by the reading of the will. In short, he had evidently planned during his lingering illness, over the posthumous luxury of injuring in death those whom it had been through life his principal amusement to insult. He died, as he had lived, in isolation and discomfort, hating every one who approached him, and hated or despised by them, in turn, and knowing well that his enemies would regret his loss. Now what is to be said of this type of character, admitting it to exist? Are we simply to classify it with lycanthropy or wife-hating, as an incurable, though curable, mania? or shall we take refuge in the usual vent in human corruption, and content ourselves with perforce. We

vision that such phenomena are natural products of the "wicked heart." It is no adequate solution to say that old Featherstone is a fictitious monster, because, as the novelist is careful to remind us, such monsters do occasionally turn up in the world of fact. The difficulty is how to explain their vagaries in accordance with any utilitarian hypothesis of motives.

It would be impossible to enter at all fully into the question here. But we may indicate generally in what direction an explanation of the seeming anomaly may be most reasonably sought. In the first place, then, it must be remembered that selfishness is of very various kinds, and that the mere selfish instinct is not only distinct from the systematic pursuit of self-interest, but is often quite incompatible with it. We are not now speaking of "self-love," in Butler's sense of the term, in which it is consistent with the purest benevolence, but of the deliberate and exclusive pursuit of selfish gratification, without any regard to the feelings or interests of others except in their bearing on our own. Now it is obvious that for carrying out this programme successfully considerable powers both of intellect and self-control are requisite. Goethe is sometimes quoted as a typical example of this exquisite selfishness, consistently pursued through life, and with eminent success. But Goethe had very exceptional endowments both of mind and character. With the general run of men an exclusive devotion to selfish enjoyment will almost inevitably defeat itself. They may start with the best possible intentions of living for their own pleasure alone, but from the mere conflict of different passions and interests they will fail of realising even their own somewhat sordid conception of happiness. And one of the passions most certain, when indulged, to interfere with its attainment, is the passion of hatred, whether to particular individuals or classes, or, as it sometimes exhibits itself, to mankind generally. There is a certain satisfaction of course in gratifying this passion, as there is a satisfaction in gratifying any other, say anger or lust; but in the long run the gratification is very dearly purchased. That the sentiment itself is not more immoral than irrational may be perfectly true; but it is not the less a fact. We are far indeed from meaning to imply that the Featherstone type of character is a common one; life would become intolerable if it were so. But still the unpleasant old gentleman whose ruling passion—in this instance very strong in death—was to inflict the largest practicable discomfort on the largest number of people in any way connected with him, is a photograph and not a caricature. Of that passion, as of any other, the poet's words are true—*crevit indulgens sibi*. And although such exhibitions of full-blown misanthropy are hardly less rare than revolting, at least in civilized society, the initial instincts out of which they grow are one fruit of the "struggle for existence"—whether material or social—in which all of us are more or less engaged. There is not much to choose, in a moral point of view, between old Featherstone and Becky Sharp, only Becky had her amiable propensities well in hand, whereas Featherstone was run away with by the strength of his feelings. On the whole, if the latter phase of selfishness is the more openly offensive, the former is more likely to injure its victims. A "good hater," in Dr. Johnson's sense of the word, is generally too much of a rascal to be able to seize his prey.

#### THE WALHALLA.

IF the English traveller ventured to speak without reserve, he would perhaps say that he sometimes felt slightly bored with modern art in Germany. You come from Nuremberg the old to Ratisbon the older, and hardly have you glanced at the cathedral when you are rushed at by half-a-dozen cabmen who contend for the privilege of driving you off to the Walhalla, which King Lewis of Bavaria, to his own entire satisfaction, built upon a hill six miles from Ratisbon. This edifice, which cost nearly 700,000*l.*, would be called in homely English "King Lewis's folly." It is about as suitable to the place and time where it finds itself as Baroness Burdett-Coutts's Market-hall to Bethnal Green. We commit many absurdities in England, but we could hardly have conceived the grotesque idea of constructing an imitation of a Greek temple in order to place in it the busts of deceased Englishmen who might be deemed to have done eminent service to their country. Something of the kind has indeed been done at the Crystal Palace, and is perhaps contemplated at the Albert Hall; but then we are not responsible as a nation for the proceedings of any company of private speculators. This German edifice, being stocked with mere bodiless heads, might perhaps deserve to be called Golgotha rather than Walhalla. It might be thought that King Lewis had been a professor of phrenology, but that roguery, except perhaps in its very highest forms, is unrepresented in his collection. There is indeed one merit in his design to which Englishmen must be sensible, since it frequently occurs to us to raise a subscription for a statue of some eminent person, and when we have got our statue we cannot tell where to put it. Perhaps the magnificent structure at Bethnal Green, which declines to become a fish-market, might succeed as a Walhalla; and if certain of our public monuments, including what remains of the statue in Leicester Square, were placed there, nobody need see them unless so disposed. Let it not be understood that we speak otherwise than with admiration of the Market-hall at Bethnal Green as a building, still less that we do not appreciate and honour the munificent generosity of which it is a monument; but there is nevertheless the dread—then arrive at determining what is to be done with it. Even

King Lewis's temple might be tolerated if it were likely to stand alone; but Germany has wealth, and believes that she has taste, and her tendency towards classic art, or what is called so, may impose on the English tourist who does the country methodically with his Guide-book an overwhelming burden during the next few years. Let us venture on the extravagant supposition that this country sent an army to the Continent which gained a victory, and that an enterprising artist designed a group representing Cornet Campbell of the Scots Greys returning to the embrace of his family in a busby, surrounded with a laurel wreath instead of the wide-awake which that gallant officer would have assumed at the first convenient opportunity. We should all ridicule the sort of picture which is now exhibited by a townsman of Albert Dürer for the gratification of patriotic Germany. We have heard that the desire for glory is the infirmity of noble minds, and certainly an Englishman would be thought to be as mad as a hatter who desired to add a model of his head to a collection of blocks in a Walhalla. According to the Guide-book this German edifice contains fourteen "warrior virgins of the ancient German Paradise," and six "Victories"; and if the stone and marble work is to be in proportion to the military exploits of Germany, it would seem desirable that the artists of the country should undertake a wholesale order without delay. The modern German soldier might perhaps think that a "warrior virgin" who would condescend to employ herself in perpetually drawing beer would be an agreeable, although unscriptural, element of Paradise. Three centuries ago, when a valiant German died, they carved his shield of arms and placed it in a Gothic church. Now they place a barber's block shaped in his likeness in a Grecian temple. The best of the joke is that King Lewis considered that his curious compound of Greek and barbaric paganism had a Christian character, as is shown by the fact that his sensitive orthodoxy would not concede to Luther a place in his Walhalla. If Luther himself could have been consulted, he might perhaps have declined the honour which was conferred upon him after the King's abdication. There is of course a bust of the inevitable Gutenberg, whose statue produces itself in Germany as frequently as the Marquis of Granby's picture occurs on English signboards; and there are also busts of the early Emperors, including Rudolph of Hapsburg, who has received from his grateful country a very unsteady pair of legs at Nuremberg, and no legs at all in this Walhalla near Ratisbon. The picture of this Emperor in the Town Hall of Nuremberg has the legs placed wide apart, as if their owner found a difficulty in steadying himself, and was holding on to the ball and cup in his right hand under a confused belief that it supported him instead of his supporting it; and if he were an Englishman, we should suppose him to be remarking that he is all right. If the portraits of emperors, like giants in caravans, have a tendency to become groggy in the legs, it may be wise to substitute busts; and doubtless the plan adopted by King Lewis relieves the artist from many difficulties of costume, while it enables Germans of aspiring mind to promise themselves places in the Walhalla more reasonably than an English barrister and his mother and aunts destine him for the Woolstack.

To walk six miles along a muddy road to the foot of the hill on which Walhalla stands would be rather irritating if there were not a certain decency in placing this heathen temple at a respectful distance from the Cathedral of Ratisbon. It happened that the Crown Prince lately visited this ancient and famous city, and of course he was taken to that modern wonder the Walhalla, which he carefully inspected as if he were choosing a nice place for his own bust to occupy hereafter. The reception of the Crown Prince by the Bavarian village on which Walhalla looks down was a much more interesting sight than the blue and gold ceiling and marble pillars of that edifice. These Bavarian villagers can enter Walhalla every day, if they do not prefer, as they probably do, to contemplate the interior of one of their beer-pots; and besides, they would rightly consider that a live Crown Prince was worth any quantity of busts of defunct Kaisers. The Prince and his party were allowed an undisturbed inspection of the interior, while curiosity urged and decency forbade villagers and strangers to peep through the imperfectly closed doors. It may perhaps never be known whether the Crown Prince put on a pair of the hideous slippers by which the feet of ordinary visitors are prevented from scratching the marble floor. But it may be safely said that even Louis le Grand could not have looked kinglier in those slippers. There are assembled outside the temple its custodians in the blue coat of the Bavarian service, some villagers in their best clothes, others as they have left the plough, and two or three tourists. The little army of observation hastily forms itself as the Crown Prince emerges. The village girls "carry" their bouquets. The head man makes ready with his speech. The tourists are at "eyes front." The Crown Prince receives the flowers kindly, while signifying by expressive pantomime his dread of an oration, whereupon the head man takes it out as well as he can in cheering, at which, however, Bavarians are very poor performers. Whatever may be thought of the temple, its position deserves unqualified commendation. It stands on a hill of the height of 313 feet, at the foot of which the Danube flows. Behind the spectator, as he looks south, are the dark hills of the Bavarian forest which here come close upon the river. Before him is the fertile plain of Straubing, through which the shining river winds, and across which on a clear day he may see the snow-capped Alps. On his right are the town of Ratisbon and the hills which shut from his view the upper course of the river and the towns of Ingolstadt and Donauwörth. On his left the same river

flows on and on to Passau, Linz, Vienna, Belgrade, and the Black Sea. As the Crown Prince stands on that hill, the visible embodiment of the strength and unity of Germany in the present, the mental contrast is inevitable with the reverses which Germany suffered in the past, when she was weak because she was divided. In 1805, and again in 1809, this hill looked down upon the march of a French army which had defeated Austria as completely as the army of the Crown Prince lately defeated France. On the first occasion Prussia would not, and on the second she could not, help Austria. It seemed as much a law of nature that France should divide and conquer Germany as that the Danube should flow down from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. Once indeed the French were driven from the valley of the Danube, and forced to seek refuge beyond the Rhine, but that was when an English general and army gave cohesion and power to the German Empire. This same hill has seen the scarlet coats of English troopers employed after the manner of the time in ravaging Bavaria to punish the Elector for adhering to France against the Emperor. When we see Bavaria exulting in recent victories wherein her troops bore honourable part, we cannot but remember that when Austria, fighting the battle of Germany, was utterly defeated under the walls of Ratisbon, that city was given to the Elector as the reward of services to France. Three of the greatest generals that the world has seen have led armies over the district upon which now looks down the representative of one of the greatest of military Powers. First came Gustavus Adolphus, against whom Tilly, defending the passage of the Lech, received the wound of which he died at Ingolstadt. On the very next hill to that on which the Crown Prince stands there stood a fortress, which the Swedes, not without help of English and Scottish soldiers, captured and destroyed. After Gustavus Adolphus came Marlborough, whose first great battle with the French and their ally, the Elector of Bavaria, was fought a few miles above Donauwörth. After Marlborough came Napoleon, who twice opened the road to Vienna by victories gained in this same district. And now there stands looking over it a figure which might easily be mistaken for that of an English gentleman inspecting an estate with a view to introducing an improved drainage. The Crown Prince, if not a great general, has borne a prominent part in great military events, and peasants of the district may well boast that one of the foremost men of the age has been to visit them.

#### WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

FOR some time past a series of mysterious announcements have been appearing in the newspapers with regard to what is called "the movement in the City" for the purchase of the Alexandra Park and Palace. One day we read that "The Governor and Court of the Bank of England, in informing the Lord Mayor that it is against their practice, in their corporate capacity, to join any public Committee, desire to record their fullest appreciation of the importance of the acquisition of the Alexandra Park of five hundred acres in its integrity." We were not aware that it was the practice of the Bank of England to furnish testimonials in favour either of public or private speculations, and we imagine it will soon have enough on its hands if it takes the amusement of the people under its benevolent protection. We suppose we shall next hear that the Governors of the Bank of England desire to record their cordial appreciation of the social value of the Surrey Gardens, and that they cannot too highly express their admiration for Mr. Boucicault's remarkable effort to restore our national theatre. A few days afterwards we were informed that "The Lord Mayor has received letters from Mr. Robert Applegarth (Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, London); Mr. John D. Prior (Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, Manchester); Mr. George Potter of the *Dechive*; and Mr. George Howell (Reform Association), proffering their heartiest assistance in the work which the Mansion House Committee has in hand for the purchase of the Alexandra Park of five hundred acres, and the dedication of the Palace, with the Park in its grand integrity, to purposes of wholesome recreation." Mr. Applegarth, knowing from his own experience, which appears to have been unfortunate, the "vicious temptations which surround nearly every form of recreation open to the people," effusively wishes "God-speed to so noble an undertaking." Another week elapses, and then it is the Prince of Wales who is brought upon the scene. His Royal Highness, writing to the Lord Mayor through his private secretary, "agrees most cordially with the sentiments expressed by your Lordship on the subject," and intimates cautiously that "he will be prepared, when the proper time shall arrive, to give his best consideration to any application that may be made to him to be present, together with the Princess, at the inaugural ceremony." As far as we can make out, it does not appear that this mysterious movement has got beyond the shadowy stage of "his Lordship's sentiments," or that there is anything whatever for the Prince to "inaugurate." But a letter to the Prince of Wales, with an answer from His Royal Highness, is a good way of keeping the subject before the public, and of coupling his name with the speculation. It is not quite fair to the Prince perhaps that he should be turned to account in this manner for advertising purposes, but it is natural that a letter from the Lord Mayor should receive a civil answer. Other paragraphs have appeared from time to time announcing that various

public men and public bodies have expressed their approval of the project of acquiring this Park. There is no reason that we can see why any one should express disapproval of it. There can at least be no harm in buying up the Alexandra Palace, and trying to make it a respectable place of amusement. If a number of people choose to subscribe for the purchase of the property "in its grand integrity," they are perfectly entitled to do so, without asking anybody's approval. It is true the example of the Crystal Palace is not particularly encouraging. It cannot be said to have done very much to elevate the popular mind, and it has certainly not enriched the shareholders; but it is a pleasant enough lounge in its way, and if it were closed a certain amount of cheap and innocent amusement would be lost to the public. There is no reason why there should not be a Crystal Palace to the North as well as a Crystal Palace to the South of London; or, indeed, why there should not be one at every point of the compass, unless it be the sordid commercial reason that, as one Crystal Palace does not pay, it is not at all likely that more than one would be remunerative. Whether the Alexandra Palace did or did not pay, it would be an advantage to the public to have the use of it, and if the speculators lost their money they would have only themselves to blame. On the other hand, if it is proposed—for we must confess we find it difficult to understand exactly what is proposed—to buy up the Park and hand it over to the Metropolitan Board for the benefit of the public at large, that would be a still more laudable project; but then what is wanted to carry it out would seem to be, not expressions of approval, but subscriptions.

There is one thing quite clear, and it is that, whether or not there is anybody anxious to buy the Alexandra Palace, there is somebody extremely anxious to sell it. When the Exhibition of 1862 was closed, the building was removed by the contractors to Muswell Hill. It stands on an imposing site in the midst of extensive grounds, and repeated attempts have been made, hitherto fruitlessly, to turn it to commercial account. Last year there was a grand Tontine scheme, by which subscribers were promised "for themselves and their representatives benefits far exceeding in money value the sums which they had paid for them," while at the same time they were to have the satisfaction of erecting a floodgate that would stem "the torrent of folly, debauchery, and vice, which pours misery and infamy into myriads of England's homes." The combination of large profits, and a strong flavour of gambling, with the indulgence of the highest benevolence, imparted a peculiar character to the project; and some gushing verses were published which were supposed to express the emotions of a "dry City man" on reading the prospectus of this doubly attractive speculation. Statesmen were invited to support it because it would be "an efficient instrument in promoting the aims of sound statesmanship and honest legislation"; clergymen of all denominations on account of its moral influence; and women because "all the sentiments and objects which touch most closely the gentle and benignant heart of woman are consulted and cultivated by the plans of the establishment"; while those who were not sufficiently touched by these lofty considerations were assured that for every pound they invested they would have a good chance of obtaining at the end of fifteen years 10*l.*, with a further chance of carrying off 25,000*l.* in works of art. As a financial speculation the project appeared to be irresistibly tempting, assuming the calculations of the prospectus to be correct; and when the moral gratification of stemming the tide of vice, folly, and debauchery was added, it was almost too good to be true. Virtue in this world is not usually encouraged by heavy dividends, but is more commonly left to be its own reward. We felt bound at the time to suggest that so promising a financial operation might have been left to stand on its own merits, without an appeal to philanthropic sentiments; while, on the other hand, pure philanthropy would be apt to be put out of countenance by the process of gambling for prizes, and the prominence which was given to the pecuniary profits which were to be earned by "winning the masses from vice to virtue." Somehow or other the Tontine scheme does not seem to have answered. Perhaps it fell between two stools; perhaps the financial world was shy of philanthropy as an article of commerce, while the philanthropists resented the imputation that they had an eye to profits; perhaps the whole conception was too much for ordinary minds to grasp. What the reason may have been we do not know, we can only conjecture; but at any rate the fact seems to have been that, in vulgar phrase, the public did not bite. The fly may have been a little overdone, or the fish may have been hopelessly stupid; anyhow the fish did not take to the fly. We gather that the promoters have appreciated our advice and have dropped the financial part of the scheme more into the background. The purchase of the Park is now advocated exclusively on high moral grounds. The appeal is appropriately met by unlimited promises of moral support; but it is doubtful whether a bargain will be struck on these terms.

A pamphlet has been sent to us which at first sight promised to throw some light on the mysterious propaganda. It is entitled *The Alexandra Park and the Movement in the City*, and is further described on the title-page as "a tribute to the Chief Magistrate, and those who co-operate with him in a great work of good." We are vaguely informed that the object is "to secure the Alexandra Palace for the benefit of the people by means of the people themselves." For more precise particulars, we are referred to the resolutions passed at a meeting in the Mansion House on the 23rd July. We find that the meeting planned itself "morally as well as physically," to make "every legitimate effort to secure



the prompt and complete success of the enterprise," and further recommended to "the active co-operation of churches of all denominations an enterprise which, by promoting the rational amusement and healthy recreation of the people, will greatly tend also to promote their moral and physical welfare." The meeting took care to commit itself to nothing more than abstract approval of "the plan of enabling the people to become themselves the purchasers of the Park," and it would appear that its notion of "legitimate and strenuous support" did not include anything so presumptuous as offering to provide part of the purchase-money. The meeting, which, we are told, was "composed of representative men of all classes, in the most comprehensive meaning of the term," simply undertook to exhort the clergy to beg the people to buy the Park for their own use. The Bank of England fully appreciates the noble enterprise. The Prince of Wales has been good enough to inform the Lord Mayor that he will not say he won't come to the opening until he hears whether there is anything to open. "The influence and efforts of such financial and mercantile towers of strength as Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Samuel Morley are pledged to the result." The "good and venerable Sir William Bodkin" approves the scheme, and so does "that able and indefatigable member of the magisterial bench, Colonel Jenkes, J.P." It is obvious that if expressions of approval would buy the Alexandra Palace, it would be bought to-morrow; the difficulty appears to be to obtain support of a less ethereal kind. We must confess that we are at a loss to understand the meaning of this elaborate agitation, this persistent canvassing of public men and ludicrous parade of high moral pretensions. If the Alexandra Palace is to be a show like the Crystal Palace, it will be taken up only on commercial grounds, and with a view to a dividend; if it is to be made over for the free and absolute use of the public, the Metropolitan Board would be the proper body to arrange for its acquisition. Of course it would be a very nice thing for the inhabitants of London to have five hundred acres of pleasant country open to them at a short distance from town; but those persons must be of a singularly sanguine temperament who imagine that it is in the least degree probable that an estate of this kind will be purchased on behalf of the public either out of the rates or by private subscription. It can hardly be supposed that South Kensington has broken out in a new place, but the tactics of the agitation have a curious resemblance to those by which Cole O.B. contrived the aggrandizement of his department. The public men who have lent their names to the enterprise would perhaps do well to make sure that they understand exactly what it means.

#### PORTUGAL AND CHINA.

OF all European nations, Portugal might be considered the least likely to come into collision with the remotest and most pacific of Asiatic Powers; and some reflection may probably be needful to recall the point of contact at which disagreement could be generated. Macao, the little rocky peninsula guarding the western entrance to the Canton river, is almost forgotten by all but the most diligent geographers as a port once the emporium of our own trade in those waters; but the blue and white ensign of the Braganças still flies over its imposing, even if obsolete, fortifications; and, with an unquestioning fidelity rare in these days of colonial sldgetiness, its "Loyal Senate" annually remits to Lisbon a round sum in aid of the revenues of the mother-country. The flag of Portugal has indeed waved over Macao for upwards of three centuries; but even this lapse of time has not proved sufficient to establish a solid title to the ownership of the peninsula. On the contrary, nothing can be more clearly shown, although the fact may have gained little notoriety, than that China has never yielded her sovereign rights over Macao to Portugal, and that the last-named Power exercises but a precarious authority over the tract which she professes to govern as a colonial possession. From 1557, when the first Portuguese adventurers in the China Sea were permitted to "erect storehouses" upon what was then an island, or barren rocky promontory jutting out from an unfrequented coast, until 1849, Macao was in fact an integral part of China, governed by a Chinese mandarin so far as its native population and its revenues were concerned, the Portuguese being allowed, in virtue of ancient conventions, to regulate their own affairs on a footing similar to that on which the consular and municipal government of ports such as Shanghai and Hankow is at present conducted. Advantage was subsequently taken of the break-down of the external power and authority of the Chinese Government which was effected by our war of 1841-2 to suppress the functions of the Chinese officials, and at last to drive them from their residence at Macao; but simultaneously with the establishment of undivided authority on the part of Portugal over the peninsula came the rise of a British colony on the opposite side of the estuary, when all legitimate commerce at once deserted the shallow and inconvenient roadstead of Macao for the magnificent harbour and abundant facilities offered by the port of Hong Kong.

For twenty years past the business carried on by Europeans and Americans at Macao has been confined almost entirely to a traffic in human merchandise—victims for the sugar plantations of Cuba and the guano diggings of Peru—which has revived on a vast scale the horrors of the African slave trade; whilst the Chinese, who have found under Portuguese rule a convenient footing for illicit traffic, have made the port a depot for smuggling transactions in

salt and opium with the adjacent coast. Vessels under every flag but the British—for our own is honourably free from all connexion with this infamous traffic—have been employed in conveying thousands of kidnapped Chinese annually to Havana and the Chincheas; but it is only fair to add that the Portuguese Government have, as a rule, shown exemplary politeness in their acknowledgments of the receipt of remonstrances which from time to time the British envoy at Lisbon has been directed to address to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. These remonstrances, based upon the clearest evidence supplied both by our Consuls in China and by the Government of Hong Kong, have thus far remained practically unheeded, and the yellow slave trade is shown by the latest advices from China to be as flourishing as ever. Appeals are made from time to time by Europeans residing in China for a joint action on the part of the great Powers to terminate, by force if necessary, the scandal which the Portuguese Government is either unable or unwilling to suppress; but, apart from the difficulty of concerting harmonious measures in these days of strife and jealousy, there is weight in the assertion that to the Chinese Government alone belongs the duty of forbidding the further exportation of its subjects from Macao. There can be no doubt that a Chinese blockade of the peninsula would effectually prevent the introduction of the junk-loads of poor creatures who, after a sham process of official inspection, are transferred to the coolie ships and sent across the sea; but considerations of humanity have no weight with such a Government as that of Peking, and it is perhaps secretly not unwilling to see detestation of foreigners kept alive among the people at large by atrocities which at least result in the removal of large numbers of the most indigent and troublesome of its subjects. Although urged again and again to interpose for the prevention or regulation of the coolie traffic at Macao, the Chinese Government has hitherto refrained from interfering in any way with the doings of the Portuguese at that place, notwithstanding that it has firmly refused, when requested, to confirm their lawful possession of the settlement.

Recent intelligence now seems to foreshadow a different line of policy. Where humanity has been powerless to induce intervention, the potent leverage of fiscal necessities seems likely to stir up the sluggish energies of the mandarins; and Macao is threatened at last with the re-assertion of Chinese jurisdiction over its inhabitants. For some years past an efficient squadron of steam gunboats, commanded by European navigators, has been maintained by the provincial Government of Kwangtung, within whose limits Macao is situated; and these vessels, having almost entirely suppressed the once crying evil of piracy, have been employed by the Viceroy in guarding revenue stations established at different points along the coast. Greatly to the disgust of the foreign communities of Hong Kong and Macao, these stations have been so placed as to constitute virtually a cordon of custom-houses around the two settlements; and, although vigorously objected to, the right of the Chinese Government to collect in its own waters a revenue from purely Chinese junks and traders is too obvious to be easily impugned. The Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce has protested, and the Hong Kong authorities have complained, against what is termed a fiscal blockade; but it has been left for the newly appointed Governor of Macao, an official with the high-sounding title of Visconde de San Januario, to attempt forcible measures for breaking through the inconvenient restrictions. His Excellency is reported to have notified to the European commanders of the revenue gunboats that these vessels would be seized by Portuguese men-of-war if after a certain date they still continue watching the ingress and egress of Chinese junks at the approaches to the port of Macao; but the Governor appears to have counted too little upon the reviving energy of the Chinese Administration. If the Hong Kong newspapers may be trusted, this threat was speedily replied to by a notification from the Viceroy of Kwangtung to the effect that any such measure as that contemplated would be followed by an interdict forbidding the entry of all provisions from the Chinese mainland into Macao. As the settlement is wholly dependent upon the adjacent coast for its supplies, this would doubtless prove sufficiently inconvenient to the Chinese residents who constitute the bulk of the population to ensure their migration wholesale; but the interference, once begun, could scarcely stop short of more important results. If, for the mere purpose of protecting a chain of Customs stations, the Chinese Government were brought to take forcible measures against the Administration of Macao, it could scarcely refrain from raising the question of its absolute right to ownership of the peninsula; and other Powers would probably hail with satisfaction a return of Chinese jurisdiction in this quarter. The pecuniary resources of the Macanese officials are almost wholly derived from the coolie trade, supplemented by fees from the gambling-houses which form another notable feature of the settlement; and this being the case, it is idle to suppose that under Portuguese rule any effectual measures for the suppression of the traffic can be looked for. The new Governor, indeed, following the invariable practice of a long line of predecessors, has thought it advisable to appoint a Commission of inquiry into the conduct of emigration from Macao; but how little likely its members are to be unbiased in their deliberations may be judged from the fact, to which attention has been called in Hong Kong, that five out of the six Commissioners derive a substantial portion of their emoluments from the formalities attending the shipment of coolies. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the

main object of the Commission should be supposed to be a defence of the existing system, although its Report commences with the naive observation that the "national and humane efforts of the Government of Portugal"—for the protection of emigrants—"are not duly appreciated by certain classes of the most civilized nations of Europe!" These efforts have long been judged by the only effectual test—the test of results; and every year's experience only adds to the conviction that the authorities of a settlement whose profits are almost exclusively derived from a traffic in human merchandize are not to be trusted with its supervision. An agreement by which the Chinese should reoccupy Macao, indemnifying the Portuguese Government in view of its long *de facto* possession, would probably be the most feasible mode of solving the difficulty; and by constituting the place an open port on the same footing as the other ports established by treaty along the coast, all reasonable facilities for trade, including emigration, would be secured.

#### SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA.

IT is the general rule that the popularity and populousness of a place bring the railway. The Yorkshire watering-place of Saltburn-by-the-Sea is an exception. There the railway has created the place; and because there was convenience of locomotion, houses were built that their future inhabitants might use the line to Redcar. Saltburn is young, being only eleven years old at most; if we except the few squalid cottages on the beach at the foot of Hindcliff, where live the descendants of a former race of smugglers, and some say wreckers. A Quaker-planned place, it is both handsome and respectable so far as it has yet gone; and as no houses are allowed to be built below a certain standard, one may reasonably suppose that it will continue to grow as it has begun. The architecture is noticeably of a more homogeneous and ambitious kind than usual; while a wholesome absence of those vile yards, wynds, closes, courts, which are the true fever-beds of towns and villages, help to make it as exceptionally healthy as the Registrar-General's Report proves it to be.

Saltburn is an airy place. The breeze which comes off the German Ocean is of that uncompromising kind which some think a sea-breeze should be. There is no dallying with Cyprian zephyrs here, as on the Cornwall and Devonshire coasts. It is ozone administered in heroic doses; a kind of hygienic besom that seems to sweep the body clear of any amount of physical fluff, and brace it up from the limp enervation induced by towns. When the North-west wind blows, as it does sometimes with a will, we can imagine no fitter inhabitants of Saltburn than Thor and the Titans to meet it. The immediate view from Saltburn gives little but the sea. Take the windows of the hotel occupying the best position on the Terrace, you see only Hindcliff, with the conical point of Cut Nab, before you, and the sea to the side. But a few steps bring you to one of the pretty spots with which the neighbourhood abounds—namely, the valley of the Saltburn river, where rock and wood and stream seem to carry you off into the heart of the mountains, or to some of the lovely gorges out by Glenthorne and Lynton. Part of the valley has been laid out in gardens, which are one of the features of the place; and as they are prettily planned and nicely kept, as well as grandly situated by natural circumstance, they are not to be despised. On the other side of the gorge, but too far for the smoke to reach, are the ironworks of Brotton. Ironstone is being found in large quantities in the neighbourhood of Saltburn, and works are rising everywhere. You come upon them in all sorts of unexpected places. You follow a pretty road, and suddenly, in a romantic dell, set among the trees which have been cleared just enough to allow of their erection, the black smoke eddying over the tops of ash and elm, and showers of soot falling on the brackens and wild flowers below, appears a group of works and cottages, with a tramway flung off like a thread from a reel. Everywhere indeed the strange union of industry and picturesque beauty, of machinery and nature, strikes one. A fine suspension bridge is thrown over one gorge; a noble viaduct makes another into a safe highway; railroads right and left, and north and south, score the face of the country like a gridiron; steam-ploughs turn the furrows in the fields; reaping-machines whirl through the golden corn, and destroy the partridge shooting if they fill the farmer's strawyard; tall chimneys and black iron furnaces justify the mines that are sunk in all directions, honeycombing the ground to such an extent that whole tracts have to be left untilld where the branching shafts and galleries have rendered the crust insecure; and all this in the midst of a country which only the other day was agricultural of the simplest type, or seafaring of a still ruder kind.

Some places, however, are still left untouched, and their people unaltered by modern ways. At Staithes, which we may call the Clevelly of the Cleveland coast, people live as their fathers lived by drying cod and ling, &c. which they set up on the tops of stakes all along the cliffs and fields like hedgerows. At a distance you might fancy they were hawthornes in full bloom; but before your eyes are instructed your nose informs you; and the lesson is not delicious. Staithes itself is a universal pigstye; and of the two sets of denizens, perhaps the brutes are a trifle cleaner than the human. It has its little claim to historic notoriety from the fact that Cook was apprenticed there to a haberdashier and grocer; but happening to

take a fancy to a new shilling with the initials of the South Sea Company on it (S. S. C.), and exchanging it for one of his own, he was suspected of theft, which so disgusted him that he either broke his indentures or got them cancelled, and went off to Whitby, thence to sea, and in fulness of time to his famous discoveries. There are many Cook reminiscences to be found here and there. In the museum at Kirkleatham are shoes and other things belonging to the family; and it is quite a "great fact" at Marske, that James Cook the father, a day labourer of the period, is buried in the old churchyard. Kirkleatham again is an unchanged relic of former days. The hospital, or almshouse and school, for ten old men and ten old women, ten boys and ten girls, built by Sir William Turner in the time of Charles II., still exists in much the same state and on much the same conditions as of old. There is not a prettier, sleepier spot to be found in England than just that angle where the Hall gates and grounds face the old stone wall of the churchyard, and the leafy road leads away to Redcar. It is one of those little bits which remind one of nothing so much as a river pool, stagnant and unrippled, while the body of water is foaming and spluttering over the stones.

There are two or three fine fragments of ruins left standing within a walk of Saltburn. Kirtton Castle and Guisborough Priory, where the Bruce had his holding, are among the most beautiful. The latter has quite a respectable legend attached to it. The visitor is told that a subterranean way, now closed up, formerly led from the Priory to Plantation Field in Tocketts; and midway was a kist of gold guarded by a raven, who was of course the Evil One in disguise. One unfortunate who had got so far on his journey was set upon by this devil and nearly killed. But we imagine that the seeker would find neither kist nor gold, neither raven nor demon, now; and that the whole thing died out with smuggling. They were great smugglers in these parts in the days when a good trade was to be made out of contraband, and they used all sorts of queer hiding-places. The clerk at Staithes made the church-tower do duty for his vaults; and the formation of the country materially helped the bold Will Watches of the time. To be sure nature revenged insulted justice and the revenue, by eating out their names from their tombstones when they had been caught by death red-handed. A tombstone at Marske, sacred to the memory of a crew of smugglers drowned in their run, and which the wind and frost and rain have carved into the most graceful curves and arabesques, destroying all but the initial letter of the names, stands as a record of judgment to this day; and educated people (so called) teach their children the lesson of Divine wrath on men who cheat the Government, from the accidental set of a friable stone where the wind strikes it with fullest force.

Skinningrove is another beautiful gorge opening to the sea like Saltburn and Staithes. A short time ago it was almost uninhabited; now it is filled up with miners' houses set in thick uniform rows; the lines of grey pointed roofs, one exactly like another, looking more like large card houses than anything else, as one views them from the heights. It was at Skinningrove, or Skingrave, that the famous "sea-man" was caught in 1607. "Instead of voice he shrieked," says an old manuscript, "and showed himself courteous to such as flocked farre and near to visit him; sayre maidens were welcomest guests to his harbour, whome he woulde beholde with a very earnest countenance, as if his phlegmatic breast had been touched with the spark of love." When he stole away, which he did after "some days' subsistence on raw fish," "he reared up his shoulders from the water, and made signe of acknowledging his good entertainment." Which was very well for a phoca, and more than even our polite and affectionate friend at the Zoological Gardens would do. Paul Jones, too, paid Skinningrove a visit in 1779; but he was less courteous than the sea-man, and fired upon the smugglers' huts which then represented the hamlet.

There are many pretty excursions to be made from Saltburn, and many lovely walks within tolerably easy reach. The Cleveland Hills are fine in their way, if they are only molehills compared to the mountains of the Lake district, and still more when contrasted with the Highlands. Yet the view from Roseberry Topping is good. Like most highest points this hill has a local reputation for foretelling weather:—

When Roseberry Topping wears a cappe,  
Let Cleveland then beware of a clappa.

And the weather-wise prognosticate fair or foul according to its mistiness or distinctness, and its apparent distance. There was said to be a hermitage on Roseberry Topping in the days when men thought to serve God by living like beasts in a lair. It was called Wilfrid's Needle; and some say that it had, and some that it had not, the property of that Wilfrid's Needle at Ripon through which the fattest virtuous woman could pass easily, but which held the slenderest frail fair one as if in a vice. Then there is Marske, with its old Hall built by Sir William Pennycuik in the time of Charles I., and its old cross in the village; Kirkleatham, where the Hall is of the same style and in exactly the same relative position as that of Marske; Kirtton Castle; Skelton Mill and Castle; Hindcliff Top, where the commoners used to be, while seals swarmed in the bay below—last taken, says Camden, by men in women's clothes; the broad stretch of firm white sands reaching from Saltburn to Redcar and beyond; and, further off, the strange fantastic dykes which rise beyond Cockfield Fell in Durham, cross the Tees at Preston Gates, and end between Staithes and Mablethorpe, having run sixty miles unerringly, and through all sorts of geological formations. To the

geologist indeed the country round about is singularly interesting on many counts, besides being especially rich in fossils. At a jeweller's in Salisbury may be seen some unique specimens found in the carboniferous limestone at Leyburn, and a fine set of line fossils got nearer home. Then the botanist has his pleasures, for not so very far off the *Gentiana verna* is to be met with in the dale growing in large quantities. We forbear to indicate the exact spot, knowing by experience the greed of collectors. Tumuli and Roman remains offer their attractions to the archaeologist; so that, on the whole, this youngest specimen of the sea-bathing place is by no means the least interesting, take it how we will.

#### NEWSPAPER ERUDITION.

SUCH an event as the fire at Canterbury Cathedral, coming too in the month of September, when news is a little scarce, could hardly fail to put the writers in the daily papers on their mettle. Both the *Standard* and the *Daily Telegraph* are at their very grandest, both in their narratives and in their leading articles. But there is this distinction between them. The *Standard* has somehow or other got its head full of the fire of 1174, of which the *Daily Telegraph*, save in one passage supplied by its Own Correspondent, seems to take no notice. That one passage however is a remarkable one:—

Curiously enough, it is mentioned by Bede, a monk of Canterbury, of much later date than his venerable namesake, that at the burning of the old cathedral, about 1174, "fearsome evil" was done to the mosaic pavement, and in the course of excavations, about forty years ago, a portion of this very pavement was discovered bearing traces of the same kind of catastrophe as that which occurred again yesterday.

We have no doubt that it is our ignorance and the superior knowledge of the Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, but we really have not come across any person of the name of Bede between the ecclesiastical historian of the eighth century and the Adam and Outbert of our own times. Whether there is any confusion with any one bearing either of these two names, both of which are certainly to be found in the intermediate ages, we cannot pretend to say. But as the younger Bede would seem to have lived in the time of Henry the Second, and, to judge by the extract, to have written in English, we should really like to know something more about him. In the leading article, however, we hear nothing about Bede, nothing about the fire of 1174, any more than of the great fire of all in 1067. But the *Daily Telegraph* gives us instead two or three fires—while speaking of the *Daily Telegraph* we ought rather to say "conflagrations"—of which we can find no mention in any other authority:—

As a matter of fact, Canterbury Cathedral has been twice or thrice burned down. The Danes destroyed it in 1011 A.D.; again in 1101 it was almost totally consumed—and once more it was sorely damaged by a conflagration in 1180 A.D.

The *Standard* goes far deeper into these matters. It has really got up the facts about the rebuilding after the fire of 1174, and it has learned about William of Sens and William the Englishman. Only unluckily it confounds the distinction to be seen between the work of the two Williams with the much more marked distinction to be seen between the work of Ernulf and the first William:—

Now the very walls of Canterbury Cathedral exhibit most unmistakably at this day the line where the Englishman commenced his work; for the stones are larger, the masonry is better, instead of the capitals being chopped with a hatchet, as heretofore, as are the bases, we find them carved and sculptured. Dunkin (Alfred John) has given us, in his Report of the Transactions of the Archaeological Association, on their first congress, in 1844, at Canterbury, a translation of this eye-witness's account, to which Cressy, the great civil engineer and architect, appended notes.

To us it would have seemed more natural to go for Gervase's account either to Gervase himself in the "*Decem Scriptores*," or else to Professor Willis's translation and comment in the *Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral*. Not to be behind the world, however, we have looked to see what "Dunkin (Alfred John)" and "Cressy, the great civil engineer and architect," have got to say about the matter, and between them we have learned that "In 1101 the church was burnt down by the Danes, but by the munificence of Canute again rebuilt, to be the prey of another conflagration in 1073." From the crab-like fashion in which the events recorded by "Dunkin (Alfred John)" seem to have happened, we can only conceive that Canute and the Danes, their munificence and their conflagrations, were all looked upon as belonging to the ages which are reckoned not A.D. but B.C. After this, it is a small matter to learn, as we are also taught by "Dunkin (Alfred John)," that "Lanfranc died in 1109, being nearly one hundred years old." The date would seem to have been borrowed from St. Anselm, and the age from the late President of Magdalen College.

But the *Standard* has greater things than these. We had always thought that the first Primate of Canterbury, with all his merits as a practical evangelist, filled no particular place in ecclesiastical literature. We had never heard of any writings of his, except some not particularly wise letters to which Pope Gregory sent back much wiser answers. The *Standard*, however, has discovered that the founder of the Church of England was also in truth one of the doctors of the Church Universal. According to this new authority, the Metropolitan Church is one of those architectural nucleus houses of the first English Primate, the great

master of the "*Gloucester Dei*" himself, as its founder; whose walls have been incessantly repaired, and whose precincts enlarged, by Odo and by Anselm, by Lanfranc and by Langton.

We do not quite understand about the "architectural nucleus," or about the enlargement of the precincts by Langton. It is funny to put Anselm before Lanfranc, but perhaps chronology ought to yield to alliteration. But to roll St. Augustine of Hippo and St. Augustine of Canterbury into one really beats every confusion that we have before heard of. It even beats the belief which we have found existing in some minds that the Henry who stood in the snow at Canossa was the same Henry whose white plume waved at Ivry.

As we have reached one climax it might be as well to stop, for even the process by which the *Daily Telegraph* in the course of its leading article stops to explain that King Louis VII. of France is the same as "St. Louis" hardly equals the rolling together of the two Augustines. That the *Daily Telegraph* is at its very grandest in point of style might be taken for granted without reading a single line. There is only one very small point, a matter of mint and cummin, jota and tittles, on which we still wish to learn something. In the *Daily Telegraph* "the ambitious priest A' Beckett" appears with a double T. In the *Standard* "A' Hecket" without any epithet has one T only. It might be too much to ask either what the A is supposed to stand for, or what it is that the apostrophe marks as left out between the A and the B. But, as lovers of minute accuracy who like to be exact to a T on all points, we should really like to know the cause of the difference in the forms of spelling adopted severally by two such authorities.

#### THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

BEFORE these pages appear in print one battle between the Northern and Southern armies will probably have taken place, though too late for us to make any comments upon it. The first period of the autumn campaign has, however, been fruitful in valuable lessons of every description. The experience of the Northern army has disclosed our weak points as regards the movement of troops; while that of the Southern army has shown that, although some improvement has taken place since last year, we have yet much both to learn and unlearn in the matter of tactics. On Monday week the Northern army, commenced its march from Aldershot, and on the following Saturday finished it at Pewsey, the official strategical base. The movement was, with the exception of three wet days, conducted under most favourable circumstances; the arrangements for supplies at the differing halting-grounds having been made long previously, the roads being good, and the *corps d'armée* marching not only by divisions, but frequently by even smaller units. The result was on the whole satisfactory. The men, though rather young, and somewhat undersized in the majority of infantry regiments of the line, marched well. That many were on the last day footsore was obvious, but such was their spirit that scarcely a man availed himself of the ambulance waggon. The fact that any limping soldiers were observed would be, considering the comparative shortness of the marches, difficult to understand were it not for the statements of almost every newspaper Correspondent as to the men's boots. Even our infantry are, it seems, badly shod, while as to the mounted troops the new long boots recently served out to them are said to be simply crippling machines. In many cases they were not taken off during a whole week, for the excellent reason that when dried after having been wetted it is extremely difficult to get them on again. To mounted men the result has been great discomfort, but to the dismounted dragoon it has been positive agony. And here we may observe that the existence of dismounted men in a cavalry regiment is an anomaly which cannot too soon be swept away. A dragoon and his horse together make a perfect whole; but either alone is useless, nay, worse than useless, for he or it is a consumer without being a producer. It would be quite as reasonable to attach to every infantry battalion a certain proportion of men unprovided with rifles as to include in the establishment of a cavalry regiment men for whom there are no horses. In Prussia the term dragoon means an effective mounted man. But to return to our boots. A great outcry has been raised in the papers against long boots, and they are roundly condemned as failures. We cannot, however, believe that the long boot is necessarily a failure; there is too much experience to the contrary. If, therefore, our men do not like it, the reason must be that either pattern, fitting, or material, or all combined, are bad. As to the infantry soldier also, a change is evidently required, and suggestions have been made as to the form which such change should take. Here, again, we do not believe that the complaints which have been made have hit the real point. Shoes with gaiters covering the instep would be easy to get on and off, but they would involve much lacing or many buttons, and moreover would not support the ankles. The great fault and the real cause of the failure of the boots now issued is that sufficient money is not spent on obtaining pliable soft leather, and that sufficient trouble is not taken to fit each man according to the peculiar shape of his foot. That something must be done is certain, for a marching regiment which limps after six days' easy marching is not worthy of the name. The physique of the infantry regiments was, however, as we have already said, not quite as good as it should have been. It is true that the men, notwithstanding

their boots, marched well and stood the discomforts and small hardships with good humour and without injury to health, only twelve men out of the 7,000 fighting men of the Northern army having during the first five days of the march been sent back to Aldershot as sick; but it must be remembered that the test was not severe, and we greatly fear that a large proportion of those 7,000 would be unable to stand the prolonged fatigue and exposure of a real campaign. A medical report on this subject at the close of the campaign would be an instructive document. In the final marches to the Wiley all, save certain Militia regiments, have done well.

Scarcely less important than the question of boots is that of equipment. We have repeatedly expressed a hope that the authorities would see the necessity of abolishing knapsacks altogether. If, however, these incumbrances are still to be retained, it is desirable that the burden, in these days of skirmishing on a large scale, should be made to ride as easily as possible. For some years past the yoke knapsack or valise has been under trial, indeed it has been served out wholesale to many corps. The soldiers like it much, and say that it is not only less distressing, but also easier to put on and off than the old pack. Yet a rumour is current that these knapsacks are not to be universally adopted by the Guards—only one battalion is provided with them at present—because they are not considered to be smart in appearance. Can the report be true? It seems incredible, but very great sacrifices are often made to appearance in our army. At all events, the fact that a knapsack which has been decidedly approved of by all who have tried it should not yet have been issued to the whole army is discreditable to the authorities somewhere. We say "somewhere," for it is now absolutely impossible in military matters to fix responsibility on any particular person. The question of water-bottles is not quite so important as that of knapsacks, but there must surely be some one pattern which is the best, and the authorities have had ample time to make up their minds which of the four sorts now to be seen with the army at the seat of manœuvres is the best. The old wooden barrel is clearly bad, while of the others, that which consists of a covered soda-water bottle has stood a long and trying test in India. The only improvement we can suggest is that the covering should be, not cloth as in this country, but leather as in India. Cloth may keep the bottle cooler, but leather protects it better against breakage. Much might be said about clothing, but the subject is too large for treatment on this occasion.

As regards the arrangements for the baggage train, there is great room for improvement. We hear of waggons waiting during three or four hours before it came to their turn to start, and of constant blocks and much consequent delay on the line of march. A very little system would set all this right. It would only be necessary to calculate the time at which each division of baggage would quit the camp, and not allow horses to be put to till the last moment. By this means wearisome waiting in camp would be avoided. As to stoppages on the road, they were caused last Saturday by the necessity of putting on the drag at every pitch of the road, and taking it off again as soon as level ground was reached. Allowing that the double operation occupied half a minute for each waggon, it is obvious that in a column of several hundred vehicles passing along an undulating road the checks must be numerous and prolonged. By the preservation of fixed distances between each division of transport these checks would be reduced to a minimum. By the adoption of the experimental Woolwich waggon, in which a brake can be applied from the box, they would be almost entirely abolished, even if no distances were kept. That the present general service waggon is too heavy even on good roads is almost universally admitted. The Control Department has ever since its creation been subjected to much adverse criticism, and we ourselves have not been backward to point out its shortcomings. It is our duty on this occasion to say that in all that concerns the personal arrangements of the Control officers with the force everything has, with a few trifling exceptions, worked smoothly. Not the less, however, have there been well-grounded complaints. The explanation of this apparent paradox is as follows:—All the preliminary arrangements were made by the War Office, and all those which have been made since have been controlled and altered by the chief military authorities. In fact, the Department has been, not administrative, but simply executive; yet it has had to bear all blame when anything went wrong. Again, when the Control was established many of the duties of the Quartermaster-General's department were transferred to it. Owing, however, to a mischievously tentative and uncertain policy, the line which separates the functions and responsibilities of the two departments has never been clearly defined. Neither department knows exactly where its duties begin and end. There is no little jealousy on the part of the Quartermaster-General's staff, and in the present instance there is some ignorance on the part of officers now to their work. Public business often falls to the ground between the two stools. The regimental officer, however, has been told that Control is a Pharaoh's rod which has swallowed up all rivals, and consequently when he wants, or is in doubt about, anything, he generally betakes himself in the first place to a member of the vilified department. We believe that the system in its original form is a good one, and that the officers of the Control Department are very capable men, but at present they have to do everybody's work, bear everybody's responsibility, and get nobody's thanks. Control is, in fact, a sort of military maid-of-all-work. What is wanted is that its duties should be

clearly laid down, and that the War Office should be content to exercise only a general superintendence over it. If the War Office would only take a strong dose of chloral when anything is required to be done, and if the Horse Guards would place a little confidence in the department, we believe that matters would run smoothly enough.

Both armies have been sedulously practising tactics, and at Blandford several sham fights have taken place. That in the latest mistakes have occurred is only natural, and we have no wish to shelter from just criticism any general who may have given proof of incapacity. Still we think it right to protest against the way in which military reputations are nowadays made and destroyed. Do the public, we wonder, ever ask themselves the question, "Are these irresponsible and anonymous judges, the Special Correspondents, all qualified by training and experience to exercise such summary jurisdiction?" We have not a doubt of their honesty and good faith, and we admit that some of them are military men of talent and experience. On the other hand, however, many are utterly ignorant of the first principles of the art of war, and have been despatched to the scene of action only on account of their skill in what is termed descriptive writing. Yet by such incompetent critics are the public guided in forming an opinion as to the merits and demerits of different officers and corps. An officer of talent improved by study, temporarily commanding a distinguished cavalry regiment, put the case very fairly a few days ago substantially as follows:—"Whatever I do I am liable to be accused by some newspaper Correspondent of having committed a blunder; therefore I think the safest plan will be to do as little as possible." Nor is the invariable praise awarded to certain pet corps much less hurtful. For instance, there is an everlasting parrot cry of admiration for the 10th Hussars and the 4th battalion 60th Rifles. We have of course the very highest opinion of both these fine corps; but we confess that we are a little tired of hearing Baker's horsemen and Hawley's Riflemen spoken of as if they were exempt from the ordinary lot of humanity and could do no wrong. That they do sometimes find themselves in a scrape would appear from the record of the sham fight at Blandford. This eternal laudation excites no healthy rivalry, for soldiers have little respect for the source whence it comes; but it causes annoyance, and increases ill feeling to such an extent that it was found necessary to cease pitting the 1st against the 2nd division. Since we last wrote on the subject two new systems of tactics have been tried in the Northern army. At present, therefore, there are no less than four systems existing side by side. First comes what may be termed the Hyde Park system; secondly, that of which we gave an outline last week; thirdly, Sir Charles Staveley's; fourthly, Lord Mark Kerr's. Even in one and the same division one system has been applied in two different ways. Surely it would have been better had only one system in each army been tried; nor can we refrain from complaining that during the twelve months which have elapsed since last year's autumn manœuvres no decision should have been arrived at, and that scarcely any practice should have taken place. On Tuesday night the Northern army, leaving Powsey five minutes after the hour fixed for the commencement of hostilities, seized the fords of the Wiley by a forced march in a storm of rain and lightning. They met with no opposition, for the Southerners were completely taken by surprise. It appears to have been decided by the supreme authorities that this dashing act was a violation of the spirit of the instructions. Would it not be more correct to call it an upsetting of arrangements? Of course a movement of this kind interferes awkwardly with a cut and dried programme, and is too like the real work of war to be tolerated by the military stage-managers.

#### THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

THE Irish people have opened an Exhibition which does credit to their enterprise and resource. Over and above the common stock materials and the ordinary shop products which constitute the staple commodities of all such gatherings, there is a goodly percentage of works distinguished by exceptional excellence, together with some choice collections which have a specific bearing on the arts and industries, the social and political history of Ireland. As a matter of course we meet with some things which might as well have been left out, and yet perhaps the Irish are the best judges of what they stand in need of. And on this plea it might not be generous to exclude from the nave of the building the "Hair-dressing Room" and the "Toilet Room," where visitors enjoy the privilege of "hair-cutting for sixpence," and the additional luxury of "shampooing for sixpence" more. It will be seen that the Dublin Exhibition is in advance of the International bazaar; at Kensington the stranger can only have his photograph taken; hitherto he has not been able to get his hair cut on the premises. But the authorities in Dublin command respect; they have done their work well. By the generosity of two citizens, Sir Arthur Guinness and Mr. E. O. Guinness, the "Exhibition Palace," built some years ago, has been placed at the disposal of the three Committees entrusted with the conduct of the enterprise. One Committee took charge of "Section A—Natural Products," another of "Section B—Works of Art," a third of "Section C—Industries and Manufactures." These divisions are sufficiently comprehensive; thus the spacious galleries contain, under Section A, minerals, &c.; under Section B, paintings, old-



and water-colour paintings, architectural and decorative designs, photographs, enamels, stained glass, and mosaics; while Section C completes the series with porcelain and pottery of all kinds, textile fabrics, lace, printing, leather-work, metal-work, scientific inventions, jewelry, &c. We will not attempt to describe this heterogeneous collection in its entirety, but such parts as bear specifically on Ireland, especially such works as serve to illustrate the condition of art and the standard of taste among the people, have a fair claim on our attention.

Strangers in Dublin are at once struck with the skilful, and more or less faithful, reproductions in gold and silver, or in black bog-oak, of old Celtic ornaments supposed to have been worn by the native princes of Ireland. Certainly one of the most attractive cases in the Exhibition is that which is set apart to reproductions of "Antique Irish Brooches," such as the famous "Royal Tara Brooch" and "the Dublin University Brooch"; also may be seen copies of ancient gold fibules, as well as of the harp of Brian Boru. It is interesting to pass from these modern replicas to the time-worn originals either in the "Loan Museum" of the Exhibition or in the Royal Irish Academy in Dawson Street. We are sorry to say that the latter collection is now in dire confusion, and the only catalogue of the contents is a wordy and speculative disquisition, price 17s., still incomplete, though it has reached a total of 988 pages, and was commenced as far back as 1857. We further have to regret a delay of three years in the publication of photographs taken from the gold and silver ornaments—a collection which for weight of metal and for excellence in design and workmanship is scarcely surpassed by the analogous Scandinavian remains in silver and gold in the Museums of Copenhagen and Stockholm. The Council of the Royal Irish Academy would confer a benefit on antiquaries as well as on art manufacturers could they see their way to follow the example of the authorities of the British Museum in the publication of photographs from their art treasures. Here are the materials whence may be evoked a national school of design and decoration; the Exhibition tells us that a Celtic revival is the mission of Ireland, just as a Gothic revival has been the work devolving on England. The one drawback is the degradation of the human figure in the ancient art of Ireland: for example, the "Book of Kells," a Latin MS. of the gospels of the sixth or seventh century, one of the most precious illuminations in Europe, reproductions from which are shown in the Exhibition, presents the contradiction of mature and highly-wrought ornamentation combined with human figures altogether debased. Ireland, if she ever succeeds in working out anew a national style on a Celtic basis, will have to meet the difficulty of the figure in the spirit of accommodation which has actuated and sustained our Gothic revivalists. We rejoice at all times in efforts to keep alive any one of the distinctive national arts, any one of those pictorial or plastic languages which like the Celtic or Scandinavian pertain to generic races or families of mankind. The Irish show exemplary zeal in this matter; in the precious metals they reiterate the ideas of their ancestors, in black oak dug from their bogs they reproduce the designs of stone crosses and of old harps such as that which "once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed." Unfortunately the most saleable goods rather than the directly archaeological models have found a place in the Exhibition. The stalls, in fact, are shops; visitors buy and carry away. Ireland has no scruple about commercial transactions which in England and France have, after hot dispute, been finally prohibited. In concluding our notice of the reproductions which form a most interesting department in the Exhibition, we may observe on the essential unity of what we have termed the national style of Ireland. Whether the decoration be found on a cross, within a book, or in bronze, silver, or gold, the system of ornamentation is essentially the same. We will not enter on the discussion as to whence this Irish art came, how far it is Scandinavian, and how far a home produce; in Copenhagen we have found the local antiquaries ready to deny the existence of Ireland and her art altogether, and in like manner Denmark is as much as possible ignored in Dublin. For the immediate purpose in hand it matters little what nation first entwined the Celtic knot. But in the interest of the present and of all future Exhibitions the material point is that designers and manufacturers should enter into the thought and labour in the spirit of the cunning workers of old. Designs in their way scarcely inferior to Grecian or Etruscan are the heritage of the Irish people; let this old style live, and Dublin may, at least in the arts, prove her right to home rule.

The Exhibition sustains the reputation of Ireland for lace and fancy work. Since the middle of last century, when lace-making was taught to the children in the workhouse at Dublin, the art, which seems eminently suited to idle hands or impoverished resources, has obtained entrance into industrial schools, asylums, and other educational establishments. Among the contributors are "Sparks Lake Reformatory School, Monaghan," "Ballinasloe Reformatory School," "St. Joseph's Industrial School, Cavan," "Sisters of Mercy Industrial School, Kinsale, County Cork," "Richmond Asylum," &c. The designs are not always in the best taste; indeed here and elsewhere it is urgent that the Government schools of art already established in Dublin and other large towns should diffuse among the industrial classes correct principles of design. As a rule, bad art costs as much as good art; but the chief objection to bad designs in lace or other fabrics is that the young workers in these industrial schools have their tastes perverted; in other words, they miss that mental training, that refining process which are among the chief benefits that accrue when

the arts are brought within the sphere of the labouring classes. Among the specimens here displayed we may specially notice "Lace made at Lady Molyneux's Schools, Reproduced from Copies of the old Guipure at the Hôtel Cluny in Paris;" also a case effectively furnished by the "Newtownberrry Lace School for the Reproduction of the old Greek Lace." We do not observe any contributions from the "Irish Normal Lace School, Dublin," nor from the "Belfast Normal Lace School"; although these establishments are known to have done good work in the way of imitation of Venetian, Brussels, and Valenciennes lace. The Irish would appear to have more readiness in imitation than power of invention; thus an "imitation of fine Venetian Raised Point," shown in the Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, is pronounced by Mrs. Bury Palliser "without exception the finest imitation of the raised Venetian point ever made." The lace and fancy work in the Exhibition seem to tell of better days in store for Ireland; they speak of sympathy and succour, and, what is better, of self-help; they give promise of art industries which will tend to humanise the people.

Among other Irish products we may name the Belleek pottery, or rather porcelain, the clay being Irish, the labour Irish, and the locality of the factory likewise Irish. At Belleek, in the Northern county of Fermanagh, was found some years since a clay which in the furnace yielded the hard translucent body that for long was a secret held fast in China. This ceramic substance has the advantages of lightness, translucence, and hardness. Then the glaze, which is equally fortunate and exceptional, is of the nature of an iridescent lustre shining on a surface of pearl or ivory. The colours reflected, while less golden, are more silvery than in the famed lustre of Gubbio. This translucent material with its silvery cuticle lends itself prettily to the reproduction of nautilus shells, dolphins, and other creatures of ocean, especially those which are coated or illumined with mother of pearl. Some of the radiata and molluscs imitated are found on the Irish coasts; in fact, this Irish clay when made crystalline in the furnace assumes the form and lustre of glittering shells washed on the shores of the Emerald Isle. It has been said that Ireland is a land of raw materials, which only need industry, capital, and the security of law and order to be transmuted into wealth. Yet art sometimes does little justice to the best materials, as when, in stalls contiguous to this Belleek lustre-ware, we come upon plates and other table services painted by lady pupils in the Queen's Institute. It may be kind, but it cannot be politic, to employ this unskilled labour; art talent the Irish of both sexes undoubtedly possess, but it is merely suicidal to trust to genius when it is thus denied the moiest rudiments of knowledge. We may say, speaking generally, that it is painful to observe how Ireland is still struggling through comparative ignorance and neglect towards art development. Zeal is not wanting, but it is often a zeal without knowledge; yet the time draws nigh when the youth of Ireland will bring efficient training to the aid of innate talent; the present Exhibition serves as a forecast of the higher attainments which future Exhibitions will no doubt chronicle.

The Loan Museum, which is chiefly enriched by Irish collections, confers historic value on the Exhibition; a retrospective view is here taken of Irish arts and manufactures. We will pass over certain magnificent displays, such as the "Marlborough Table Service," presented by Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough; the contributions from Her Majesty, including Flaxman's "Shield of Achilles"; and an interesting collection tracing the history of the Worcester porcelain manufacture from its rise in 1750 down to the present time. Again the stranger turns from works familiar in England to products essentially Irish. It is curious to find how Irish bogs and rivers, like the Tiber and the soil of old Rome, have held in safety treasures which otherwise had perished. Thus from a bog at Killarney was dug up a large "glass bottle" in quality not unlike agate; in another bog, also near Killarney, was found a "bronze Irish war trumpet"; in like manner in the bog of Allan turned up an "ancient pastoral staff" likewise an "antique French watch," while from the river Witham was rescued an "Anglo-Saxon silver-gilt bowl." Ireland may be compared in this respect to Etruria; each country was the seat of an ancient but now subverted civilization; each land is a treasure-house of works in stone, bronze, iron, gold, and silver; in the arts of both countries alike are written the history of a people who for learning and for luxury, for genius and for cunning craft, were in advance of neighbouring nations. Long pedigrees and memorable histories written in calamity give to the art relics that remain to Ireland the distinctive character and colour of race and of soil. In this Loan Museum is shown the "Ancient Crown of the Kings of Munster, silver-gilt, attributed to the thirteenth century"; also the "Bell of St. Columba, of Gartan County, Donegal," which the compiler of the Catalogue ventures to assign to the sixth century; and specially must be mentioned the "Shrine of St. Manchan," here pronounced as "Irish manufacture of the seventh century," or, in other words, coeval with the "Book of Kells." Unfortunately dates in Ireland are often conjectural; thus this shrine, when exhibited in 1862 at Kensington, and described truly as a "very remarkable monument of ancient Irish art" was assigned not to "the seventh century," but "in all probability" to "the beginning of the twelfth century." Such are the chronological discrepancies which meet the inquirer; certainly five centuries would seem a pretty wide margin even for Irish antiquaries.

The paintings, with the exception of the portraits, are a failure. It will not be necessary to dwell among the "Ancient Masters."

If Ireland does not boast of more trustworthy examples, it would have been wise not to make the show. The Catalogue, too, which generally is exemplary, here breaks down; as, for example, when a poor copy of Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre is assigned to Bellini. We must not however omit to mention five compositions by Morland, who here at his best is scarcely behind Hogarth in sketchy mastery of touch or in piquant dramatic incident. We may add that many of Hogarth's works turn up in Ireland; to Hogarth are due some capital heads in the "National Portrait Gallery." The "Modern Masters" are for the most part mediocre, and several of the best pictures, such as the portraits of "Tennyson" and the "Duke of Argyle," by Mr. Watts, R.A., are shamefully hung. The collection, however, serves to bring to a focus the acknowledged genius of Ireland. We may sometimes be in danger of forgetting that Mulready, MacLise, Barry, and Sir Martin Shee, were all Irishmen. Here, too, are works by Mr. Burton, R.H.A., since known in the Old Water-Colour Society; also by the late Mr. Brennan, an Irish painter of bright promise in the Royal Academy; likewise by the late Mr. Catterson Smith, former President of the Hibernian Academy, and more than a respectable portrait-painter; and by Mr. Jones, the present President, likewise a portrait-painter. Ireland evidently has had need of portrait-painters; it was right that her illustrious sons should be transmitted to posterity. In the "Loan Museum" we meet with miniatures by Dunn, Comerford, Mulvany, and Dawson, all Irish artists. Here also we were glad to encounter the sensitive and poetic face (by Romney) of Mrs. Tighe, the authoress of *Psyche*. To the list of illustrious Irish artists must be added Mr. Foley, R.A.; the portrait statues by this sculptor of Goldsmith and Burke stand before Trinity College. Neither must the name of John Hogan be forgotten. "A Goatherd" by this artist here exhibited scarcely suffers by comparison with Thorwaldson's "Young Shepherd." We may say generally of this "National Portrait Gallery" that finer heads in point of intellect we have never seen; these portraits redound to the honour of Ireland.

## REVIEWS.

### FRIEDLÄNDER'S ROMAN MANNERS UNDER THE EARLIER EMPERORS.—VOL. III.\*

THE original design of Gibbon was, as is well known, to write a history of the decline and fall of the City of Rome; and it was only gradually that, during the quarter of a century which elapsed between the moment of inspiration among the ruins of the Capitol and the hour of consummation in the garden at Lausanne, his original conception developed into his yet more magnificent performance. The growth of the idea was legitimate and logical; for the vital force which held together the Roman Empire was neither nationality nor religion, but law; and the foundations of Roman law were municipal in their origin and character. It is this which gives to Roman history its continuity, as it gave to the Roman State its endurance; and, just as in one field of antiquities Mommsen has in his most recent work begun to show that there is no essential break to be assumed at the *regifugium*, so it is the task of those who specially devote themselves to the illustration of later periods of Roman history and archaeology to prove the consistency between the progress of the Empire and that of the Republic. Thanks to Dean Merivale and others, most of us have by this time unlearned the fatal habit of assuming the decay of Roman national life to have commenced punctually with the battle of Actium, and of tracing the downfall of the Empire to an inner disintegration commencing with its establishment. We have ceased to marvel why that Empire endured so long, because we have ceased to derive its fall from a more than dubious source. Happily, the vulgar teleology is out of date which dooms whole centuries as prefacing an unforeseen consummation; even the spoli of Tacitus is beginning to lose some of its magic; and students of history are awakened to the conviction that the Romans of the earlier Empire were not living as either conscious or blind victims of an inevitable destiny.

When, many years ago, Professor Friedländer began his series of essays on Roman manners during the first two centuries of the Christian era†, he also modestly as well as prudently took the City as his starting-point. His work, the earlier volumes of which we noticed with a commendation since more than justified by the general acceptance which they have obtained (though still untranslated into English, they have been translated into French, and have helped to supply some of the materials for Mr. Lecky's last book), has naturally and necessarily grown under his hands. The local influences of life in the city of Rome, the customs of the Court and of the three estates of the population, the conditions of social intercourse among the different classes and sexes, the diversions of the Romans in theatre and circus at home and in foreign travel, now give place to topics of even wider interest and more general significance. In his third volume he undertakes to discuss the whole question of Roman luxury—a term which, as we shall see, hardly receives at his hands the definition which it needs; and, after treating the subjects, in this

instance cognate to the *formæ*, of the fine arts and literature, he proceeds in his concluding chapters to address himself to the religious condition of the population under the Empire, necessarily supplementing his remarks by a view of philosophy and of the belief in immortality in their relations to the moral condition and progress of the Roman world.

The defects of incompleteness and consequent unevenness are all but inseparable from such an attempt. Even where, as in so thorough a book as Burckhardt's *Cultur der Renaissance in Italien*, the task is limited in space as well as time, the execution must remain that of a suggestive essay rather than of a perfected work; and the infinitely vaster range of Professor Friedländer's subject has not interfered with the modestly tentative spirit in which, unlike some writers on kindred topics whom a little learning has sufficed to make wondrous bold, he has approached it. As his book has more and more developed out of a series of essays on Roman manners into a sketch of Roman morals, generalization has become increasingly dangerous; the materials for anything approaching to an exhaustive description of provincial life in the Roman Empire are still only in course of collection; nor will it be forgotten that the author's limits confine him to a period at the close of which a thorough reorganization of the provinces took place. Essentially, therefore, though by no means throughout, he adheres to the standpoint from which he began his work; and we constantly remember that, up to the time of Hadrian at all events, the real centre of the social as well as of the political life of the Empire was still the city of Rome.

Of the several sections of the present volume, those treating of the religious life of the Romans will naturally attract the most general attention. Of the chapter on Luxury—in our opinion the least successful in the volume—we shall have a word to say presently; the essays on Art and Literature contain less that is open to cavil, though much that invites comment. Professor Friedländer is decidedly of opinion that the Romans were devoid of any innate literary or artistic sense. Certain it is that no literature was ever so susceptible to the sway of fashion as theirs, and that no changes of literary taste have been less the legitimate result of corresponding changes in the general progress of national life. How, for instance, the history of ancient Athens and that of modern France mirror themselves, in spite of the originality or capriciousness of individual authors, in the main phases of their literatures! But to draw conclusions from Roman literature as to Roman tendencies of public opinion and feeling, or even Roman currents of morals and manners, is an infinitely hazardous attempt, and one which has undoubtedly been fruitful of error. Leaving aside for the present the all-important question whether the religious faith and the unbelief of Rome find an adequate expression in her literature, we may instance such a phenomenon as the sudden decline of Roman poetry in the second century. Gibbon, who adverts to the fact, connects it with the degeneracy concerning which he quotes the laments of Longinus "in somewhat a later period"; Dean Merivale has unfortunately not added to his contrast between the Claudian and the Flavian literature another between the Flavian literature and that of the Antonines; but we incline to Professor Friedländer's view, that the main cause is after all to be sought in the cultivation of a new and attractive school of prose literature among the Greeks, whom the Romans, devoid of any real literary originality, were once more fain to follow. Neither in literature nor in art were the Romans ever essentially aught but imitators; and, though in one period it became the fashion among them to insist upon the excellence of their ancient poetry, to teach Ennius and Plautus in the schools, and religiously to abstain, as Fronto did in his correspondence with his pupils, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Varus, from quoting such moderns as Virgil and Livy, yet how small was the native literary element in the honoured ancients themselves! And, as to the fine arts, enormous and multifarious as was the patronage bestowed upon them by the Romans of the Empire, yet what was Roman art—except in architecture, where the grandeur of the conditions and means effected a difference which was perhaps more than one of degree—except reproduction? This is admirably shown by Professor Friedländer, in the section of his present volume entitled *Der Kunstbetrieb* (art-industry):—

This uniformity is only partially explained by the journeys of the artists and the spread of the works of art by trade. Its main cause is, first, that the development of Greek art had already come to a close when it entered into the service of Roman civilization. This development had been one of unexampled fertility. A measureless wealth of ideas and forms had been created by it; and the mode of representation and treatment had been most thoroughly perfected in every direction. With this heritage a period of epigonal, which lacked creative power of its own, could keep house for centuries farther, without betraying its poverty. This period then found a double advantage in faithfully holding fast to tradition—one of the main differences between all ancient and modern art. Far from striving after an originality which had become impossible, and from sacrificing the precious gain of former fortunate ages by fruitless experimentalizing, it rather for a long time with praiseworthy intelligence preserved it and turned it to account. Art continued to move in the accustomed sphere, and performed its new tasks according to anciently-proved laws. . . . If the adherence to tradition in connexion with the want of originality was the one main cause of the uniformity of the art of this period, the other lay in the levelling influence of Roman civilization. . . . Decorative and religious art were for the most part able to solve their tasks by unchanged reproduction from the existing stores; monumental art at all events drew its examples and models here for nearly all subjects; and where simple reproduction was inadmissible, it was generally possible "by transformation and development of the original motifs to express new turns of thought," and to convert the existing into something apparently new by means of variations, modifications, separation, and combination.

\* *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine.* Von Prof. Ludwig Friedländer. III. Theil. Leipzig: 1871.

† See Saturday Review, November 12, 1864.

These remarks, partly based upon Otto John, receive abundant illustration in the course of the second chapter of this volume; but we have no space to enlarge upon them. We may add that Professor Friedländer gives many details as to the social status and professional emoluments of artists and literary men at Rome; and he has much to say about the precarious position of the poets, their dealings with private and public patrons, with booksellers and critics—for what is the essential difference between the "early copy" system of our own day and the recitation system of Rome, except that in the latter the author was twice blessed, inasmuch as he could force the critic to become acquainted with the *whole* of the tragedy or epic under review? We may be certain that the Roman poets would not have dilated so persistently upon the grievance of having to listen to recitations, had it not been their fate to have their good word constantly claimed by members of their own fraternity as well as by dilettanti patrons. The spread of dilettantism in Rome defies comparison. All the Julian Emperors wrote in prose or verse, with the exception of Caligula, who devoted himself to the study of oratory; Titus wrote a beautiful poem about a comet; and Domitian is saluted by Martial as "the lord of the nine sisters," and one of his poems is compared by that abandoned flatterer Martial to the *Æneid* itself—

Ad Capitolini cœlestis carmina belli  
Grande coturnati pone Maronis opus—

where, as Professor Friedländer points out, the epithet *cœlestis* has an official character, and should be translated *allerkhöchste*, for which transcendent term the English language unhappily lacks an equivalent. Of dilettantism in the fine arts he gives many examples, with Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius at the head of the list; and in music it is sufficient to remember Nero, though the consuming ambition of that Emperor's life—to our mind no wholly contemptible trait in his character—was to be accounted, not a *dilettante*, but a real *artifex*.

The argument of the most important chapters of this volume, those on the religious life of the Romans, hardly admits of condensation into a few words. This part of the book deserves, and will doubtless receive, attentive study. Professor Friedländer is not armed with so vast an array of familiar quotations as Mr. Lecky; but the readers of the *History of European Morals* will find few of the points noted in that work omitted in the German essays. Herr Friedländer's starting-point is the great difference between the literary and monumental sources of our knowledge concerning the religious life of Rome; and his endeavour is to show that the former have misled many, or at all events have led them to form an exaggerated and one-sided opinion. But he shows how, even of the Romans possessing a literary education, it was only the minority whose position was irreconcilable with an acceptance of the ancient popular beliefs. And he dwells with emphasis on the religious reaction of the second century, to which Mr. Lecky has indeed adverted, but of which he has not traced the causes with similar fulness. On the part of the people at large, Professor Friedländer contends that in the masses the popular faith lived on in unchanged strength—a proposition which he proves in a way which may at first sight seem paradoxical. For in the power of assimilation (adoption of elements from Eastern religions), as well as in that of productivity (establishment of new divinities, the Emperors among the rest), he sees two proofs of the vigour retained by the ancient faith. But the best proof he finds in the fact that

For centuries the popular faith was able to maintain itself against Christianity, and not only this, but even in a certain sense to force the Christians to accord a recognition to its truths. For to deny the actual existence (*die reale Existenz*) of the heathen gods in general never entered into the thoughts of the Christians, neither did these dispute their superhuman character, or the miracles performed by them; only in their eyes the heathen gods were of course powers of darkness, demons, fallen or seduced angels and souls, to whom God had left the power of harming and tempting men.

In connexion with this argument it is shown how the struggle between the two religions intensified the belief in miracles, how in one case (which can hardly be exceptional) we find the same miracle claimed by both sides, and how it is in other causes than a decay of Pagan faith that we have to seek for the explanation of the ultimate triumph of Christianity. Among these Gibbon's second cause, the doctrine of a future life, is that to which Professor Friedländer unhesitatingly assigns the first place. The "vague belief in the immortality of the soul," of which Mr. Lecky speaks in passing (his remarks on the indifference of the Stoics to the subject do not of course affect the general question), is assuredly a very inadequate term by which to describe the prevalence of the belief in question among many belonging to the educated classes, and its general acceptance among the masses. The sneers of Juvenal at Charon's boat, in which only little children believed, prove nothing; and the sneers of Lucian at the credulity of the vulgar herd are a direct testimony to the contradiction in which the witty sceptic found himself with popular belief. On the other hand, there is the secondary evidence of the belief in ghosts. What Christianity did was to give firmness and security to a trembling, but conscious, popular belief; and to make the prospect of immortal life what it had not hitherto been, the highest and the one indispensable possession of man. For though it may be too much to assert, in Mr. Lecky's words, that Roman religion had never been an independent source of moral enthusiasm, yet it is most true that religion was with the Romans no more than with the Greeks the basis of morality; while Christianity, by revealing the divine will

as ordaining the pursuit of virtue, and promising to those who followed its paths the reward bestowed by the divine grace, established its religion in a place whence it had to oust no rival.

Such is the position assumed by Herr Friedländer, whom it is impossible for us to follow through the whole of the argument of his concluding chapters. They fitly conclude a deeply interesting volume, of which we are only obliged to take exception to the earlier portion. And this, not because the classical learning there displayed is less abundant, but because the author, being, as he candidly avows, unfamiliar with political economy, has indulged in a looseness of terminology which it needs no political economist to discover. For inasmuch as the author undertakes not only to describe Roman luxury under the earlier Emperors, but to compare it with that of modern peoples, and to show that erroneous notions prevail on the subject of their relative extent, he should have let us clearly understand what in his view the term luxury implies. We do not think that even the German word *Luxus* could be defined to mean nothing more than expenditure upon things which are not among the necessities of life. In any case Professor Friedländer's remarks concerning the relatively excessive expenditure of Romans and moderns are not decisive, inasmuch as he confesses (and with undisputable truth) that no satisfactory data at present exist for a comparison of prices in Imperial Rome and in the countries of modern Europe. But, apart from this perhaps inevitable defect in his argument, Professor Friedländer will surely allow that the degree to which a man's or a nation's life is open to the charge of luxury depends upon the proportion borne by its useless to its useful expenditure. There is no difficulty in capping a story about Agrippina's golden robe with a reference to Charles the Bold's hundred gold-embroidered coats, or in comparing with the menu of a Pontifical dinner in which Julius Cæsar took part (it seems to have been thoroughly Roman—i.e., overloaded with shellfish, game, and pork) that of an at least equally magnificent repast partaken of by twenty-four persons and friends at Leipzig in the year of grace 1721. Such stories can doubtless be indefinitely multiplied on either side; but the main questions to be solved must remain these:—How far was Roman luxury, as compared with modern—*le luxe Anglais*, e.g.—exceptional among the Romans themselves; and in what proportion was private expenditure among them, again considering it from a comparative point of view, directed to luxurious rather than useful objects? Professor Friedländer has adverted to the former of these questions; but to neither of them has he, in our opinion, furnished a very satisfactory reply.

#### FORSYTH ON ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.\*

THIS lecture, delivered in the Hall of an Inn of Court by its Treasurer, and "printed at the request of the Masters of the Bench," is of course a lecture and not a book, and it is to be judged by the standard not of books but of lectures. That is to say, we do not expect anything very new or profound, but we are satisfied if sound and useful matter is put into an agreeable shape, especially if it is a shape which will stir up the hearers to further inquiry. Mr. Forsyth's lecture reminds us of several things of which it is well ever and anon to be reminded. We have a dim remembrance of having years ago noticed a book, by the late Mr. Isaac Taylor we think, on nearly the same argument as Mr. Forsyth's. That our remembrance is so dim is a sign that the reminder in the shape of Mr. Forsyth's lecture has not come amiss. It is quite a subject for a lawyer, being essentially a part of the history of evidence. And we suspect that no people stand more in need than lawyers of an occasional reminder on a subject which comes so nearly home to their own calling. (Granted that the elephant is once safe on the tortoise's back, the lawyer will tell you with unflinching accuracy all the consequences which flow from that position of the elephant; but how the elephant got there, or how he manages to stay there, are questions which he commonly contrives to shirk. In other words, lawyers commonly start from some arbitrarily chosen authority, from some point of time of their own choosing, from some dictum of their own making or their own accepting, and then argue soundly and acutely from the premises of their own setting up, while refusing all inquiry into the value of the premises itself. The French lawyers who ruled that the Courtenays could not be allowed to rank as of royal blood because they were not descended from St. Louis but from an earlier King, the English lawyers who ruled that the time of legal memory should begin with the setting out of Richard the First on his Crusade, would doubtless have been able to trace out with perfect skill every inference which followed from their own arbitrary assumptions; but they would probably be wise enough to decline any research into the worth of the assumptions themselves. Nay, we have known learned gentlemen, men of no small note in their own calling, who evidently thought that Blackstone's *Commentaries* had come down from heaven like another Koran, and thought it a kind of heresy to hint that some of the historical positions in the infallible text-book would not stand the test of minute inquiry. To people in this frame of mind such a line of thought as that opened by Mr. Forsyth's lecture ought to be highly useful. The facts are not at all out of the way; the line of thought is one which any one who thinks about the matter at all

\* *History of Ancient Manuscripts: a Lecture delivered in the Hall of the Inner Temple. By William Forsyth, Esq., Q.C., LL.D. London: John Murray. 1872.*

ought to be able to follow out for himself; but, as a matter of fact, it is a line of thought which does not suggest itself so often as it ought to do. To many people a book is a book, an opinion is an opinion; to enter on Mr. Forsyth's special ground, a manuscript is a manuscript. It was certainly not a lawyer whom we once heard say, "I thought everything must be true that was in print"; but many people seem practically to act on a principle not very different. Many people seem to have no notion whatever of the nature of evidence and authority. In matters of history it is common to hear people talk as if a book, perhaps a modern book, was in itself an authority, as if its writer had some special and mysterious means of finding out what happened in past times. Men have been known to write to ask the author of a history what kind of weather it was on the day of a great battle, and what kind of looking people the chief actors in his story were. They clearly thought that the writer of a book had some kind of special revelation. It did not come into their heads that he had no means of knowing except such as were equally open to themselves, if they chose to take the same pains; nor does it seem to have struck them that, if he had known about the weather and the other points, he would not have failed to put it in his book. We see the same sort of thing when people sometimes say, in that most provoking way, that A. has a right to his opinion and B. has a right to his, when the point at issue is no matter of opinion at all, but something about which A. has proved himself to be right and proved B. to be wrong. So again, when people get further than this, when they begin to look to the sources of history, they constantly fail to see the difference between one authority and another. One book written before the invention of printing is as good as another. It is so tempting to judge merely *numero* and not *ponderis*; it is so hard to take in that the statement of one really original writer may be worth more than the statements of a dozen writers, if the one speaks from his own knowledge and the dozen have simply copied the one from the other. The first thing that a lawyer or a magistrate has to learn is that hearsay evidence goes for nothing; yet we constantly see books with their foot-notes crowded with references to long strings of writers quoted as if they were of exactly equal authority, while it may happen that one was a contemporary or even an eye-witness, and that the rest were compilers writing ages after. It is the first principle of all criticism that the mere repetition of an earlier statement by a later writer adds absolutely nothing to its authority, except when the later writer chooses between two earlier statements, one of which therefore has in its favour the value of the later writer's judgment, whatever that may be.

Now when we come to Mr. Forsyth's immediate subject of ancient manuscripts, all this is brought home to us with tenfold force. Students in any branch cannot fail to be a good deal at the mercy of the writers whose books they read; but they, and very often the writers too whom they trust, are yet more at the mercy of the editors of the original authorities. Classical and Biblical students above all constantly need reminding how far away they stand from the original writers of the books which they study. Mediæval students are better off; for them the autograph of the original writer is not so very rare a thing. But to the mass of readers, even of scholarly and critical readers, the manuscripts are as though they had never been. Many people who have read ancient writings in their printed form to no small profit never saw an ancient manuscript in their lives. And few except professed editors ever thought of reading a manuscript through; if they do look at a manuscript, it is simply now and then as a curiosity; it is on the modern printed book that they are really dependent for their knowledge. The printed text is almost unavoidably taken for granted, even by many who would certainly never take the matter of a book for granted in the same way. And after all, when we come to think of it, when we do get to the manuscripts, to the oldest existing manuscripts of classical or Scriptural writers, there is something frightful in the distance at which we still stand from the writer himself. Take Homer for instance. The received modern texts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were printed from late mediæval manuscripts. Manuscripts have since been found of far earlier date; fragments indeed have been found earlier than the Christian era. But they are only a century or so earlier. We not only have nothing belonging to any age to which anybody ever attributed a personal Homer; we have nothing of the age of Pseistratus; we have nothing even of the age between the tragedians and Plato, when Mr. Paley conceives that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in their present shape were put together. It is plain that, to the writers of those manuscripts, the Homeric question, if it was already raised, was a question of exactly the same nature as it is to us. They knew no more from their own knowledge than we do; they did but copy such a text as existed in their time; they are no more original authorities, in the sense of being eyewitnesses or contemporaries, than a modern editor is. At the same time it is something to know that the text which was put together from very late manuscripts is essentially the same as that which has been recovered from the early ones. If the text has not been seriously corrupted since the days of the Alexandrian scholars, during a long series of ages in which it has been liable to all kinds of dangers, we may fairly suppose that it lived safely through the few centuries which divide the oldest existing fragments from the time assigned by Mr. Paley to the putting together of the poems. On the whole, the examination of the subject makes us pretty well satisfied, in the case of most ancient authors, with the texts that we have. We have lost a vast deal, but we have

no reason to suspect that what we have has been seriously corrupted.

Mr. Forsyth goes, in lecture fashion, but in very good lecture fashion, through most of the points likely to be started in a popular view of the history of ancient manuscripts. He gives a sketch of the most remarkable manuscripts, classical and Biblical, which are known to exist, and he enlarges especially on the palimpsests, and the wonderful processes by which scholars have recovered the original texts of manuscripts which had been actually rubbed out to make room for a fresh writing on the same parchment. He naturally quotes largely from other writers, bringing in a good deal of curious matter from the writings of the shrewd and experienced Dr. Maitland, which we are afraid people have now pretty well forgotten. He quotes also the most interesting account which Tischendorf gives of his discoveries among the libraries of Mount Sinai. Mr. Forsyth has got together from one quarter and another a good deal of matter as to the customs and ways of doing business usual among the monastic copyists. Most of his sources are obvious enough, but it is well to have them brought together in an agreeable lecture form. Mr. Forsyth however should have been above a half contemptuous, half patronizing, way of talking about "those old monks" and such like, a condescending style which always shows that those who use it have never really lived among those of whom they are talking. In speaking of manuscripts too and translations of the Bible, Mr. Forsyth naturally gets on the subject of *Ulfilas*. It may be a whim of our own, but *Ulfilas* is just one of the two or three things in the world about which we expect every man, at least every Englishman, to warm up a little, to go through a mental process of doing poojah or taking off the hat. But Mr. Forsyth speaks of the Gothic Bishop—whom, by the way, he oddly calls Bishop of *Gothland*—as if he were just anybody else. Nor should we have thought it needful, in addressing an audience in the hall of the Inner Temple, to speak of "Catherine de Medici, famous, or rather infamous, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew."

We will end with a thing to think of. It appears very doubtful whether we have any copies of the Hebrew Scriptures older than the sixth century after Christ. The gap between that time and the latest of the Biblical Hebrew writers is enormous. Yet here again we have abundance of evidence, specially from the versions into different languages, *Ulfilas* among them, that no important corruptions of the text had taken place, at least for many centuries before the time when the series of existing manuscripts begins.

#### THE STILWINCHES OF COMBE MAVIS.\*

THERE are times when a novelist shows himself conspicuously conscious of not doing his best, when contempt for his readers rises to the dignity of an inspiration, and when "anything will do" might serve for the motto of every chapter. We discern this state of mind in full force in the three volumes before us. Mr. Adolphus Trollope must know the literary worth of *The Stilwinches* as well as we do; he must be quite aware that what stands for plot is at once meagre and absurd, that the actors are conventional, the motives such as never actuate men, the interests mean, the diction vulgar, the general tone low, the picture of society an insult to modern manners. In this judgment we feel so confident that we carry him along with us that it is the book and not its author which we take for the subject of our criticism, regarding it as a representative novel of a certain type, and as exhibiting the art of filling three volumes without composing anything that can be called a story. Ordinary novel-readers are a confiding generation. If a character is introduced to them with a very elaborate portraiture, if his height, his bulk, his eyes, features, expression, complexion, and phrenological developments are all enlarged upon, they assume at once that he has an important part to play, and forget afterwards if they see no more of him. If his house is described with minute particularity, they expect a mystery, and perhaps attach one to it of their own contriving. If a discussion arises as to where he is to sleep, their fancy is on the *qui vive*; the last thing they suspect is that the purpose of the episode is fulfilled in the filling of the page. The mere recapitulation of several names, masculine and feminine, in conjunction, suggests to a girlish imagination ideas of dress, bustle, company, excitement. Gatherings of people, reckonings of money, journeys, walks, drives, meetings, partings, are all supposed to have a general dependence, and to be parts of a whole tending to a *dénouement*; and it is by no means every reader who finds out that there has been no story, if all these things are put upon paper as though there were really a story in the recesses of the writer's mind.

The author of *The Stilwinches* shows his invention mainly in this art of irrelevant amplification, descending to the smallest trifles; for if two men go for a walk, it is always noted that they take their sticks with them. His first volume, which trenches on the woman's privilege of pure triviality, opens in a perfect maze of figures, suggesting an example out of Colenso's arithmetic or a puzzle demanding pencil and paper. Mr. Stilwinche, the hapless father of eight daughters, stands alone on the hearthrug, and breathes a patient sigh because six minutes have elapsed since the breakfast-bell rang. He stands in a room furnished with two arm-chairs, and twice four chairs on either side the table, against the wall nine chairs with nine hassocks before them, and five chairs

\* *The Stilwinches of Combe Mavis*. By T. Adolphus Trollope. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Sons. 1872.



for the servants. Then follow family prayers; and then we have the ages of eight girls ranging from twenty-eight to eighteen. On the table are ten eggs, ten pats of butter, ten rolls, ten tea-cups, and one teapot containing six spoonfuls of tea. Mr. Stilwinche is the owner of two farms and a park of sixty acres; his income is a thousand a year. Two of his daughters are provided for the one by a bequest of a sum bringing in 200*l.* a year, while the other (it is especially explained) receives 220*l.* from a precisely similar sum—a difference which has no bearing whatever upon the story. But Mr. Trollope likes to be exact; as also in the case of Mr. Ironside, the holder of the family living, worth 150*l.*, whose income is supplemented by 100*l.* from his fellowship and 150*l.* of his own, his sister also possessing 100*l.* a year; and all this detail is supposed to interest the reader simply on its own merits. Mr. Stilwinche lets the park to a farmer for 3*l.* an acre, which brings in an accession to his income of 180*l.*, so that the family starts in the story with a joint income of 1,650*l.*, which one would think might have supplied them with larger rolls and larger pats of butter, even in these dear times. But the moral of the story is the calamity, and, we may add, the demoralizing effect, of having eight daughters, and the depressing poverty in which they involve all concerned. Mr. Stilwinche maintains his amiability and moral sense at a higher level than the rest by forgetting the number of his children and calling them seven; but the girls themselves live in a terrible consciousness of their number, and press the fact and the misery of it upon all their male friends. It is their first confidence to boys of eighteen and nineteen, which is the prevailing age of the lovers in this story, and seems to justify the best of these young ladies in an antipathy to most of their sisters, and in throwing themselves at the head of any man whom they can cajole into having them; the fact of most of them being very pretty, and all being sure of a modest provision, being insufficient to allow of any repose of mind or trust in circumstances on the subject of settling in life. Being what they are, the author introduces us to their habits and amusements. We are told how many chambers they occupy, with hints as to the furniture; in one room there is a glass cracked from top to bottom. In the morning they sit together and criticize each other's flirtations; in the afternoon they play croquet; of the evenings in general we may judge from one in particular, when "there was no further talk that evening of anything except the making up of the sides of the game on the morrow."

As the Hall supplies the ladies of the story, the farm with its visitors supplies the necessary complement of men. None of these young ladies would have looked at a farmer's son if there had not been eight of them, so that they were not privileged to match in their own degree. Not that the farmer is altogether a common farmer, in spite of his smoking his pipe in the porch every day after dinner. Some circumstances about him are very uncommon indeed. He had married the daughter of an agricultural implement-maker, who, seized with the notion of founding a family, had left all his money—10,000*l.*—to his daughter's eldest son. The lady dies at the birth of a second son, and the farmer and his sister, seeing the now-born babe to be a much finer child than his brother, change the elder for the younger, and put Charles in the place of Peter, a parish clerk in the Isle of Man being found to connive at the villany and mutilate the register. The farmer has twinges of conscience, for the transaction is utterly at variance with both his character and figure; but these do not diminish his bulk or interfere with the frank jollity of his manner. But the sister, without any twinges of remorse, represents this passion to the eye, being described as a paragon of grim, forbidding angularity. Certainly never was committed a more disinterested felony as far as either actor is concerned; and nothing comes of it. Of course Charles is preferred to Peter by the young ladies, till one of them is let into the secret, and she then makes the dearest set at the wronged first-born; but simultaneously with the public discovery there turns up a remedy for it—a godsend of twenty thousand pounds from the Antipodes—which makes all straight and pleasant.

Perhaps the easiest recipe for making a series of chapters look like a story is to put into them a great deal about money. Money has its romantic, its vivacious, its mysterious side. It is so associated with all the reader's pains and pleasures that the mere sight on the page of a large sum conveys a sense of excitement. Money figured largely in these pages, whether in lumps like 40,000*l.*, or a "good bit of money," or "a little bit of fortune," or in financial statements of pounds, shillings, and pence, or in proverbial sayings—money will make the mare to go, money breeds money, money draws money—or in pantomime by holding out fingers and thumb for the inquirer's interpretation—or in innuendo, "If ten thou. is a good horse, may be twenty thou. is a better."

And these words bring us to our villain, Ikey Batt, the son of the parish clerk, who comes to visit at the farm, nourishing an intense, but not very intelligible, hatred of the so-called eldest son, and with the leaf out of the register in his pocket. He is an attorney, and has gone through the education necessary for that calling, which, however, has left his grammar in a primitive condition. We do not know whether we should say that all Mr. Adolphus Trollope's men talk like cockneys or like the conventional sailor in a melodrama, but they all talk pretty much one dialect, such as was never spoken among men, and they all enforce their meaning with winks. The elderly respectable London lawyer who exclaims "That's the ticket, I'm very glad to hear it, Ben, my boy!" supplements his salutations with a wink. The good genius of the scene enforces

his meaning by winking "slyly" or "sneakily," or by "winking hard," as the occasion demands. Ikey, the villain, winks "slowly and emphatically," and conveys the impression of preternatural cunning by whole "volleys of winks," lavished on men and women, intimates and strangers alike. And the eight daughters, daughters of an English squire of ancient lineage, who, we are assured, have lived among ladies and gentlemen all their lives, take very kindly both to the diction and the winks. Farnel allows Ikey Batt to call her "my dear Miss" at a first interview, and when, hearing of so many sisters, he politely inquires that from the specimen before him it must be "the more the merrier," she confides to him the family grievance—"I am afraid you would hardly find that we were all of us of that opinion, Mr. Batt; eight girls in a family is a serious thing." Barbara, the beauty of the family in her own estimation, as well as in that of some others, who is never mentioned without some notice of delicate feet and hands, fine figure, exquisite complexion, and fair ringlets, flirts desperately and resolutely with all the men, and might be said to be refused by everybody, but that she ends by eloping with the villain out of sheer desperation; lest with these advantages and her two hundred a year she should get nobody to marry her. This young lady grows by degrees into a monster, from being a victim to the author's habit of making raids among his characters, shaking them, and setting them at one another, in the evident necessity of spurring his own flagging efforts. She begins by sneers, which grow to concentrated sneers; but soon her hatred of her sisters "rages fiercely," and towards the rival beauty she feels "a hatred which absolutely excluded pity," and which finally extended itself to the whole bevy. "To say that she would have revelled in strangling them all (and their respective lovers) signifies little." And yet, having drawn a fiend in delicate slippers and faultless ringlets, the author makes the climax of her misdoings the shirking of an act of superfluous heroism. The "rhubarb-and-magnesia-coloured twins" are attacked with virulent small-pox. An aunt devotes herself to them (an aunt who shows herself in the eccentric interjection "Blatherum Scate," and the more familiar "Why the dickens"); two nurses are hired; two sisters volunteer; but Barbara takes herself off, and in so doing is treated to an insulting reproof from the author's favourite hero. Authors have such matters in their own hands and can reward the heroism they extol. There are two Ikeys, one an ex-gold-digger, who sets all things to rights, and his son, who, it is constantly observed, has more education than his father, an advantage we should hardly have discovered for ourselves. But whatever trammels of gentility hold the son in check, the father is certainly free from them. He calls a face a mug, and he does not like the cut of his navy's jib (with a wink at his son), and says, "Blessed if I don't think," and "leastways" and "noways," and introduces himself to ladies with "Servant, ma'am," and "You'll never go for to say." We are thus particular in proving our point because this Mr. Batt is the reward of the eldest Miss Stilwinche for nursing her sisters, and is her abundant compensation for catching the disease and being marked by it. She has seen very little of him, but when he modestly calls his proposal a presumption, she inwardly thinks it none at all; they come to a tacit understanding at once. The conclusion is succinctly and not badly told; we extract it for the curious in proposals:—

"Now, look here! young ladies are sometimes very shy of saying 'yes,' and as you are still an invalid, you know, we'll manage it this way. If you don't say 'no' in two minutes," said Mr. Batt, pulling out his great chronometer as he spoke, "I shall understand that it is to be 'yes.'"

Ben put the watch down on the table before him; Pen shook her head and laughed, but fixed her eyes on the watch; and they sat shoulder to shoulder, he holding her hand in his, with their heads very near together, as they both kept their eyes on the watch.

"That is the minute hand, is it not?" said Pen almost in a whisper.

"Yes, and it must go round to there a second time. Hold hard! hold hard! For the love of heaven don't say a word!"

The second hand sped on, and Ben followed its course with his finger. When it came to the last quarter of the second minute, Pen shook a little, and turned her face a little more away from Mr. Batt's. Another second or two, and Ben, crying, "Time's up! Hurrah!" caught her in his arms, and—that was the manner of the wooing and winning of Miss Penelope.

The author reckons no doubt on very young readers, who are expected to see a natural fitness in mutual disqualifications between a lady of twenty-eight and an ex-gold-digger whose manners as little conform to the usages of polite society as his diction. Let us hope they will not infer the further moral that refinement is but skin deep, an accomplishment to be left off with music, drawing, and the use of the globes.

#### MARKHAM'S REPORTS ON THE DISCOVERY OF PERU.\*

THE materials of Mr. Clements Markham's volume of *Reports on the Discovery of Peru*, though by no means unknown in their original tongue, have never yet appeared in an English translation. This circumstance, coupled with their intrinsic value as contributions to history, both entitles them to a place among the Hakluyt Society's publications and should ensure them a welcome from that section of the British public who take an interest in the early settlement of the great Western continent. Mr. Markham's exceptional knowledge of the countries of which he writes, of the native languages of Southern America, and of

\* *Reports on the Discovery of Peru*. Translated and Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, C.B. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1872.

the European tongues which have in part superseded, in part crossed or intermingled with them, fortified by his full and diligent cultivation of the literature to which they have given rise, invests his introductory remarks, brief as they are, with a degree of authority and interest which is still further enhanced by the careful and scholarlike notes which clear up points of difficulty in the translation or in the text. The first of the four Reports which make up the present volume, the itinerary of Pizarro, written by his secretary, Francisco de Xeres, a Sevillian of noble birth, is entitled a "A True Account of the Province of Cuzco, called New Castilla, conquered by Francisco Pizarro, captain to His Majesty the Emperor, our Master." It was first printed at Seville in 1534, the year of the writer's return with the first instalment of gold, after having for four years and a half attended his master in his voyage from San Lucar in January 1530, in his march along the Peruvian coast and across the Andes, and in the perils and toils of his romantic expedition unto the murder of the Ynca Atahualpa. The second edition, now rare like the first, was issued at Salamanca in 1547. The third and best known edition was that of Barcia, in his *Historiadores Primitivos de las Indias Occidentales*, published at Madrid in 1749. An Italian version by Domingo de Gastella of Tudela, secretary to Lope de Suria, ambassador from Charles V. to Venice, appeared at Venice in 1535, and was published there anew in the collection of Ramusio in 1556. Purchas gives a very brief notice of it. It is mentioned by Picknor in his *History of Spanish Literature*, and it was of much use to Robertson, Prescott, and Helps in their works upon the conquest of Peru. Mr. Markham speaks of a careful French version published at Paris in 1837, by M. Ternaux Compans, in his series of works on Spanish America.

Though much of Xeres' story has been told more in detail by Herrera and other compilers, there is in his simple and graphic narrative of stirring deeds the charm which only an eyewitness and participator could impart. The secretary modestly keeps himself in the background, nowhere writing in the first person. We are thus in doubt as to his having shared in his master's first abortive enterprise with which his chronicle begins; when Pizarro and his crew of 112 Spaniards, having sailed from Panama, November 14, 1524, were reduced at Port Famine to subsist upon a tanned cowhide which had been used to cover the pump, and he was left for dead after an attack of the Indians. Relieved by Almagro, Pizarro again made his way South. It was at Gallo, on the modern boundary line between New Granada and Ecuador, already discovered by Bartolomé Ruiz the pilot, that the famous scene occurred, told at greater length by Herrera and Garcilasso de la Vega, but simply and in brief by Xeres, when Pizarro drew with his sword a line upon the sand, and bade those cross it who had the daring to stay with him. Xeres differs from the other authorities in putting the number of these brave men as sixteen, which we agree with his editor in accepting as correct, since Xeres, if not present, had access to the best information. The period of his charter, however, running out, Pizarro was compelled half a year later to return to Panama, to set forth once more under more favourable auspices upon the voyage of which his secretary gives the ample details. With him went Hernando, the eldest and only legitimate son of his father, Gonzalo and Juan, illegitimate sons like Francisco himself, and Francisco de Alcantara, his mother's son by a different father. He had now, in three ships, 180 men and 37 horses. Landing in the Bay of San Mateo, he sent back his ships for more men and horses, with a goodly store of gold and silver; besides many emeralds, which were not then known as precious stones. Receiving reliefs and supports from time to time, the Spaniards rapidly over-ran and reduced the island of Puna, which they named Santiago, in the Bay of Guayaquil, recrossing thence to the conquest of Tumbes on the mainland, the transit both to and fro being partly effected by means of wooden rafts of native make called *balsas*. Upon a large raft made by himself Pizarro crossed a broad river, and, avenging the death of three of his men whom he sent as messengers of peace, routed the Indians of the place, and received the submission of the cacique. Xeres speaks with admiration of the roads which the Spaniards found on their advance, "all made by hand, broad and well built, and in bad places paved." On either side were abundant flocks of "sheep," as he calls the llamas and alpacas. Hernando, who had been sent forward to explore and to summon caciques and people to submission, reported mines of fine gold twenty leagues beyond Pucchio, on the river Ohira. Having done "justice" by burning the cacique of Almotaxe and his head men, with all the principal men of Lachira, who had got up a conspiracy to oppose the Christians, the first settlement was built at Tangarara, six leagues up the river, the town receiving the name of San Miguel. The site has since been abandoned on the score of unhealthiness for one in the valley of Piura.

The secretary's zeal for his master, and his pride in the astounding success of the Spanish arms, lead him to omit or gloss over the hideous cruelties and breaches of honour which marked the steps of the conquerors. Thus the seizure and judicial murder of the hapless Atahualpa, or as he is called by Xeres, Atabaliba, only paralleled by the fate of the unfortunate Montezuma, are set down in the calmest official tone. After an enormous ransom had been wrung from the miserable cacique, the usual charge of conspiracy was trumped up against him, which Xeres, as his editor shows, well knew to be false, though he makes much of his master's mercy in commutating the sentence from burning into being strangled in the public square. He is silent as to the protest of Hernando de Soto, who had been sent out of the way on a sham

errand, in which protest he was joined by eleven other men of honour. The mock trial was conducted by Pizarro and Almagro as judges, having as assessor friar Valverde, the ruffian who had goaded the unfortunate prince into casting the Bible to the ground, and had thereupon given the signal for his being dragged from his litter and his retinue slaughtered. The dignified bearing and sagacity in defence displayed by their victim were the theme of admiration among the Spaniards, who were astounded, writes Xeres, to find so much wisdom in a barbarian. We are surprised to find the obsequious secretary pass over in silence the tears which Pedro Pizarro says it cost his brother not to be able to spare the captive's life, as well as the mourning, in the shape of a great felt hat, which Soto found him wearing when he came back to report that there was no Indian army near, nor any sign of the insurrection which he had been sent off to discover and quell. "Sir," said Soto, as we learn from less partial Spanish sources, "you have done ill! It would have been right to have waited for our return; for the accusation against Atabaliba is false; no armed men have been assembled." Pizarro threw the blame upon Father Valverde and Riquelme, the Royal Treasurer, who, he said, had urged him to the execution; and there were recriminations on both sides. Xeres sees in the murder the just punishment of the cruelties and crimes of the Indian prince, who for a single trivial fault would destroy a whole village, and had killed ten thousand persons, being thereupon detected by all his subjects. On the other hand, his own narrative testifies to the love and devotion paid to Atahualpa, the sympathy with him in his captivity and sufferings, and the mourning at his death. He is careful to preserve the memory of Pizarro's leniency in resisting the truculent desire of his followers to have all the prince's Indian soldiers put to death, or at least to have their hands cut off. "They should not desire to be like those Indians in their cruelties and their sacrifices which they perpetrate on those they capture in war." We meet, however, with casual and unconcerned mention of the Spanish habit of torturing Indians by fire in order to draw from them the whereabouts of concealed treasure; generally, we are not sorry to learn, being put on a wrong track by the pertinacity of their victims. Hernando Pizarro, the report of whose expedition to Pachacamac and Xauxa, written by Miguel Astete, or Estete, is incorporated into Xeres' narrative, seems to have been more ruthless in this practice than his brother the Governor. Allowance being made for the barbarous habits of the time, it is impossible, after all, not to feel wonder and admiration for the brute courage, to say no more, of Hernando and his handful of adventurers. Piercing to the heart of an unknown and hostile country, they reach the centre of idol worship, Pachacamac, and demand in the name of the Spanish Governor all the gold of the "mosque," as Xeres throughout styles the temples of the Yncas. The captain would go in to see the idol. In a very dark chamber, with a close fetid smell, yet in a good house, well painted, he found a very dirty idol made of wood, at the feet of which were offerings of gold. Having ascertained, says Xeres, that the devil frequented this idol, and spoke diabolical things to his servants which were spread all over the land, he had it broken before all the people, and ordered the vault in which it stood to be pulled down, teaching the people the sign of the cross, whereby they might be able to defend themselves against the devil.

These exploits are yet more fully recapitulated in the letter of Hernando himself to the Royal Audience of Santo Domingo, which forms the third document in the collection before us. In a learned dissertation upon the temple of Pachacamac Mr. Markham, who himself explored the ruins of the place in the year 1853, and again in the following year, traces the true story of Pachacamac. The dirty idol destroyed by Hernando Pizarro was no Ynca deity, but a fish-god, worshipped and enshrined by the early people of the coast whom the Yncas invaded and conquered, suffering the idol to retain its shrine, where it was visited by pilgrims of the earlier race and worship. Upon a lofty hill adjoining the "mosque" containing the idol, which had no name, or at least is not named by the narrator, a large temple is described by Astete, built by the Yncas to the Sun. This was the great temple of Pachacamac, the Creator of the World, from two Quicha words, *pacha* "the world," and *camac*, the participle of *camani*, "I create." The worship of the Supreme Being under the names of Pachacamac and Pachayachachic, "teacher of the world" (from *yachachic*, participle of *yachachini*, "I teach"), formed a prominent feature in the religion of the Yncas. The names have the first place in the Ynca ritual. On conquering the city of the fish-god the Yncas bestowed upon the place the name of Pachacamac, which had nothing to do with the religion of the coast people. The name is a purely Quicha name, like Nasca, Pisco, Runahuanac, Rimac, Huaman, &c., bestowed upon the coast valleys by the conquering Yncas on disposing the aboriginal race, whom they called Yncas, a race totally distinct in blood and language from the people of the Andes. Of this Ynca race little has been learnt, save that they had brought the art of irrigation to a high state of perfection, and adorned the walls of their buildings with richly coloured paintings. No dictionary of their language exists, but Mr. Markham speaks of a grammar and vocabulary by Carrera, as well as a few specimens of one of its dialects by Bishop Oré, in MS. in the National Library at Madrid. Avila and Arriaga, who speak of the race being addicted to sorcery and fortune-telling, frequenting the shrines of Rimac, or the "Spanish" as well as that of Pachacamac, are to some extent in harmony with Astete, though they are in making Pachacamac the *creator* of the god. The idol, it may be inferred, was *settled* after the manner

lition by Hernando Pizarro. The popular confusion of ideas between Pachacamac and the Ynca Sun-god is made more confounded by the Ynca Garcilasso, who would make it out that the coast lord Cuismancu adopted the worship of Pachacamac from the Yncas, and erected to him a temple in which he placed the fish and the gods of the Yncas. The still more strange mistake of Mr. Prescott and Mr. Helps in dating the erection of a temple to Pachacamac prior to the away of the Yncas is corrected by Mr. Markham. The only temple to Pachacamac was that overhanging the town of that name, on the lofty hill of Cuzco. This was the famed Temple of the Sun, approached by three wide terraces, and having five surrounding walls, as described by Astota. At the foot of the hill were the storerooms of gold and the convents of women, carefully guarded. On the terrace above, Hernando Pizarro writes, were the buildings occupied by the chief priest, and by the fish-god or devil, as he calls it. On the summit of all was the Temple of the Sun. It is noted by Mr. Markham that Xeres seems never to have heard the name Ynca. He calls the Ynca Huayna Capac, the father of Atahualpa and Huascar, by the name of "Old Cuzco" throughout, mistaking the name of the capital city for that of the sovereign.

The last of Mr. Markham's four reports is that by the notary Pedro Sancho, upon the distribution of the ransom of Atahualpa. The well known offer of this unfortunate captive, fabulous as it might be thought in our day, to fill the room in which he was immured, thirty feet long by seventeen or eighteen wide, up to a line the height of a man and a half from the floor with gold, is literally borne out by this official statement. This quantity included 10,000 *teguels* or plates of gold, with which the chief temples and houses in Cuzco were covered, besides silver and jewels. It was the sight of this immense treasure, which the myriads of Indian bearers had set down in rows on a mountain side while they rested, that caused Hernando Pizarro and his band to bring in the report of their having seen a golden line miles long, on the hill over against their line of march, glittering like the sun. By a deed of the Governor, June 18, 1533, the mass was ordered to be melted down and distributed, according to a fixed scale, among the Spanish force; whose names, about one hundred and twenty in number, with their respective shares, are given at length by Sancho, the gold in *pesos*, the silver in *marcos*. For the Church were set aside 2,220 *pesos* of gold and 90 *marcos* of silver. To the share of Pizarro himself, as Lord Governor, "for his persons, his interpreters, and his horses," fell no less than 57,220 *pesos* of gold and 2,350 *marcos* of silver, not much more than a quarter, however, of what he is assigned by Garcilasso. The lowest in the list, Cristobal de Sora, who, as fate would have it, was one of the thirteen assassins who put Pizarro to death at Lima, June 26, 1541, had 3,330 *pesos* of gold and 135 *marcos* of silver. Mr. Markham, who sets down the total value of the ransom at 3,500,000*l.* sterling, has been at the pains to trace, wherever it was practicable, the after history of this band of bold but ruthless adventurers. The way in which Nemesis on the whole overtook his persecutors and murderers seems to have been such as might bring comfort to the manes of Atahualpa. The whole episode is one which Mr. Markham has done service to the truth of Hispano-American history in thoroughly bringing to light.

#### PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE.\*

THE title of this book will, we doubt not, go far to recommend it. Though, for all that we can see, it is altogether unmeaning, yet there is a good commercial ring about it which will give it currency. All business men know the value of experience, and most business men have at times to pay premiums. What more natural than to print them in capital letters, and to join them together by any preposition taken at random? Mr. Garrett, no doubt, while writing "the Incidents in My Business Life," was greatly embarrassed by the choice of the titles which lay open to him. He at once and wisely rejected as commonplace *The Price Paid for Experience*; but we can imagine that he may have pondered over such titles as *Discounts Returned by Experience*, *My Allotment of Scrip in Experience*, or *Bonuses Received from Experience*. Mr. Garrett says that he has been a business man, and that he has got experience. Should his book ever reach a second edition, we should be glad to learn how it was that he acquired experience by paying premiums to it, and of what nature were the premiums that he paid. It may be that he considers premiums a fine-sounding word for price, and that he retains just enough recollection of any Latin he may have acquired in his youth to confuse it with *pretium*. However much his title, with its smack of the Stock Exchange or of the Insurance Society, may pass with commercial men, he will find that there are those who are sufficiently accustomed to consider the meaning of words to refuse to rely on the experience of a man who shows that he is not even experienced enough to know when he is writing nonsense.

If the name of Mr. Garrett's book is silly, it is so far consistent as that it is the name of a very silly book. In his "Prologue" he tells us that he is "growing very old and feeble," and that he is "sitting with the last page of life's book turned down, and so little to add, that it does not much matter whether Death adds his 'finis' to-day or to-morrow." We might remark, by the way, that Mr. Garrett's metaphor is

somewhat confusing, for the last page of a book is never turned down, nor is it only when the reader reaches the end that the "finis" is added. Be this as it may, sitting in this peculiar fashion, and in his old age and his feebleness, a novel thought came to him:—

It strikes me that when it is so interesting to read the adventures of men who have travelled to far countries, it may not be uninteresting to hear of the adventures of one who has travelled the long journey of seventy years. It cannot practically matter to most of us what stores we should lay in, or what route we should take for the Great Sahara, since few of us will go there. But Life is a road some of whose milestones we must all pass.

It strikes us that we have heard this kind of comparison before, and that Mr. Garrett is scarcely the first to discover the resemblance between life and a journey. The Great Sahara no doubt is original; but then unfortunately, like the title of the book, it is quite beyond our understanding. As for the milestones we must all pass, so untrustworthy a guide is Mr. Garrett that he apparently does not know how many he himself has passed. We infer from the passage we have just quoted that he has passed seventy of these; but three pages earlier he writes, "I am sure I was harder and more worldly at sixteen than I am at sixty." It may be the case that as one city took ten years to take, so the one paragraph which fills the next three pages took ten years to write, and that therefore both passages when written were strictly correct. In that case we can only wish that the rest of the work had had to be composed at the same rate. We should not perhaps be far wrong if we were to infer that the Prologue and the various stories which it introduces—the so-called incidents in Mr. Garrett's business life—are all equally the products of Mr. Garrett's imagination. In fact, so little does the author tell us of himself, so entirely the opposite of circumstantial is the story of his own life, that, after hesitating for some while, we have come to the conclusion that we are reviewing, not a portion of a biography, but a collection of moral tales. If we are wrong in this, the fault lies with Mr. Garrett. For surely when an author within three pages makes a difference of ten years in his own age, critics may well begin to doubt whether he is not drawing on his imagination rather than on his memory. In point of garrulity we must admit that there is nothing inconsistent in the notion of *Premiums Paid to Experience* being the work of a most advanced old age. And yet when we look at the style, it strikes us that it is a sort of garrulity that will only have ripened when the next century has fairly begun, and when men have had time to grow old and talkative who have fed on the English which it has been the glory of these latter years to invent. There are no doubt at the present time, as indeed there always have been, many silly old men and some silly old authors. But we doubt very much if any man who had passed seventy of Mr. Garrett's milestones could be found able to frame his particular nonsense in such words as the following:—

In the hurry of a life rocked in a leaky mortality, it is hard to wait for the leisurely processes of Infinite Immortality. God works slowly. Man flutters among his devoirs like a poor moth in a garden. Does it fancy the hard green buds will never blossom? Can it believe that the early flower already blowing was like them only a day or two ago? And presently the poor thing tumbles on its wings, and drops, and dies. But the roses come out one by one in their season, and Christmas brings red berries even to the holly. If the moth had only believed!

We doubt if a man of seventy, however silly he might otherwise be, would write of a landlady as "using a quite supererogatory duster," or would say that "a splendid 'place' at Surbiton was quite supererogatory to Thomas Knight's own position or income." We doubt if he would have described an organ as "sighing forth a rather sleepy voluntary," or the Sunday as a "punctual, ideal holy-day," or would have known much about "a plain, grave, incidental way of 'saying' a hymn," or would have risen to such a height of modern poetry as to sing of the "loathly sea that soothed round a vessel becalmed." We doubt if a man of seventy could, when writing of the time when he was a lad, represent a woman as talking of the "p'lice station" and "the bobbies," or would bring in "a railway contractor well known for enterprise and wealth." Literary Institutes with scholarships, art exhibitions, "a Tauchnitz edition of one of Auerbach's tales," or the works of Strauss, even though, to give this author a certain antiquity, he sticks him between Neander and Kant, with Hobbins-broke and Chesterfield to complete the company. We should doubt, in however leaky a mortality his life or his memory may have been rocked, whether he would at that early date have brought in Ragged Schools or women as "illustrating insignificant periodicals," or would have made cake and "cabbies" so common, or would have placed the *Christian Year* by a sick man's couch. Nor would he forty years ago have made a woman complain that she "had to spend so much in omnibus fares, going here, there, and everywhere," or a young man talk of taking "a turn at the diggings." Some of Mr. Garrett's errors certainly might as well be committed by a man of seventy as of any other age. We can excuse him when he talks of "a young divinity student from Oxford," and tells how his partner's "eldest son was Senior Wrangler at Oxford fifteen years ago, and is a Queen's Counsel now." We can excuse him when he confounds all our notions of geography and common sense by making a man's "landmarks of personal history lie far apart and dim as the latitude on the map of the earth," and adds that "they centred and intensified at the two poles, as it were, of his life." A man of seventy might perhaps be more likely than a younger man to represent the game of "cut" as being played at "the grand old

\* *Premiums Paid to Experience: Incidents in My Business Life.* By Edward Garrett, Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," &c. 2 vols. London: E. B. & Co. 1872.

endowed schools," but he would scarcely have known how to describe it in our author's language:—

For he was not a specially pretty child, and I dare say he had once yelled and hallooed, and played at "cat," and all other pranks which are thought just beautiful, touching animal spirits in the fine boys of the grand old endowed schools, but only sheer impudence and bad behaviour on the part of smutty factory brats who ought to be kept in order by the police!

It is something new to learn that pranks are thought animal spirits in the case of any boys. The next time we are startled in the street by any one who has yelled or hallooed or played at "cat," we shall try to remember before we call for the police that these pranks are not to be thought sheer impudence and bad behaviour, but just beautiful, touching animal spirits. Mr. Garrett would seem to be as ignorant of children's amusements as he is of English. He may have played at "cat," but he certainly knows nothing of kites. He is writing of a girl who worshipped at a Dissenting chapel, and read at home Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*. He says:—

They each had something good for her. What in both was catholic and everlasting she took to her own heart—what in either was merely local and temporary fluttered harmlessly away, like a paper kite from its entanglement among the sturdy branches of a good old oak.

There must be few people, we should imagine, however leaky their mortality may be, foolish enough to make so absurd a comparison. Certainly no one who had ever in his boyhood suffered by seeing his kite entangled in a tree would write of its fluttering away, even were he inclined to compare a girl's heart to "a good old oak."

Hard as we find it to believe that Mr. Garrett is an old man, harder still do we find it to believe that he is a business man. What man who knew as much of business as could be learned by merely reading the City article in the *Times* could give such a ridiculous account as the following of the going down of the "book-binding business," and the ruin of the "Israelite indeed" who gives this name to one of the stories:—

A cabinet minister wrote a notable book, and an upstart firm contracted to bind it on cheaper terms than James Heriot, with his old-fashioned notions of justice towards his workmen, could dream of offering. I am quite sure that the old granite Scotchman made no complaint to anybody, though he knew well enough this was but the beginning of the end.

"Neighbours used to drop in," we are told, "with clamorous denunciation of" new-fangled "ideas of competition," and the old bookbinder quoted Ihabakkuk, but what with the Cabinet Minister's notable book, and the upstart firm, the bookbinding business went very far down indeed. Mr. Garrett does not anywhere tell us what the particular business was in which he was engaged, and the incidents of which he records. If he really was in business, and if we might hazard a guess, we should imagine that he might once have been at the head of an establishment where tracts were printed. There he would have seen that any one can turn author who has a sufficient knowledge of his Bible to quote texts, and a sufficient knowledge of language to put words together. Like Benjamin Franklin he would have been inspired with a desire to pass from printer to author, and unlike Benjamin Franklin, being singularly devoid of intelligence, "what his common sense came short," he would have eked it out with words. "Moral engines," as he tells us, "like physical ones, are too valuable to be left useless long. Somebody will take possession of them, and drive them—some whither." Whether what Mr. Garrett calls "physical ones," and what most people would have called "railway engines," are liable when "lying idle" to be wrongfully taken possession of and driven somewhere, we do not pretend to say. There is no doubt, however, that "moral engines"—and the more moral and full of morals they are the greater the danger—are very liable to get driven into print. If we might push the simile a little further, we would say that they have always ready a copious supply of water, and need only a certain amount of heat to be applied to swell it out into a bulk many hundred times as big. Mr. Garrett's two volumes, for instance, with their five or six hundred pages, might once, without undue pressure, have filled some five or six pages of a tract. Unfortunately the comparison here fails, as there is no condenser invented by which so much vapoury matter can be turned back into water. Our readers however will be content, we imagine, to keep altogether clear of this "moral engine," and, if premiums can be paid to experience, to allow us in the present case to have paid one for them.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF HORACE GREELEY.\*

THE personal recollections of a man of distinguished talent and of marked individuality of character must always possess a certain moral and intellectual interest. The experiences of a life spent in hard and constant work, beginning with the lowest mechanical functions and ending in the highest intellectual offices of a profession which connects its leading members so closely with the most important political movements of their day as does American journalism, can hardly fail to contain much that will gratify the curious and instruct the thoughtful. And when Mr. Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life" were first published, they naturally commanded considerable attention in a country which had long recognised him as one of her most conspicuous

politicians; and one, moreover, of far greater independence of mind and more vigorous and decided temper than are commonly to be found among the courtiers of the Sovereign People. Now that Mr. Greeley is a candidate for the chief magistracy of the Union—the standard-bearer of a great party, chosen under very exceptional conditions to represent them in a political contest, whose result must determine for years, and very critical years, the policy of the Government towards an important section of the Union, and the relations of the two races there brought face to face under new and difficult circumstances—autobiographical revelations that throw light on the nature, the capacity, and the convictions of the man have acquired a national significance, and command the attention of all who watch the struggle with interest even from this side the Atlantic. And we have not often met with a book which more thoroughly and frankly displays the character of the writer. Accustomed from his youth to public life, and to the public life of America, where no privacy is allowed to public men; identified from the first with the journal he created, as very few men are identified with any organ under the anonymous system of journalism, and used to being discussed and canvassed, praised and abused, not as an editor but personally and by name; of a temper naturally unreserved and outspoken to an unusual degree; too courageous to be reticent from fear, and too rough to be silent from delicacy; regretting little or nothing in the past, and not ashamed to avow regret if he felt it—Mr. Greeley speaks out about himself, his past experiences, his early poverty, privations, and struggles, his subsequent successes, his relation to political leaders and parties, his home life and personal tastes, as no Englishman not inordinately vain and egotistical would dream of speaking, and as few Americans would care to speak. The manner of his speaking is well calculated to interest the reader, and keep his attention alive. These are no continuous memoirs; the task of writing his life Mr. Greeley was content to leave to another and a far inferior hand. He has given the public only a series of papers, half narrative, half disquisition; upon those portions of his life, those features of his experience, which are most interesting to himself or most likely to instruct or entertain others. There is but a general sequence in order of time to connect the different topics, and this is broken without hesitation in order to preserve the unity of subject. Thus we have his own account of the general tenor of his life; of each of the principal political and social movements in which he was engaged; of some of the most important scenes in which he was an actor, written in each case with a fulness which would be impossible in a consecutive autobiography, but which sets before us the real history of his mind, his personal character, and his peculiar opinions much more distinctly and forcibly than such an autobiography would have done; at the same time that we learn every fact in his life which is in the least worth knowing.

It is said that party managers in the United States set a watch around the Presidential candidate to guard him from importunate interviewers, and keep him strictly from pen and paper, lest he should say something to damage his chances and theirs; on the same principle which leads them to select candidates whose past career is not sufficiently marked or well remembered to have given offence to any section or interest. The latter rule has been most signally violated in the case of Horace Greeley; few men could have been chosen in whose "record" opponents would find it easier to pick holes, or who has done and said more imprudent and offensive things. And to keep Mr. Greeley silent would, we fancy, be beyond the power even of American party discipline. If, despite the volume before us, and all that it recalls, he can be considered an available candidate, either that discipline must be far stronger than those who wield it used to suppose, or a striking personality and certain popular peculiarities must suffice to outweigh all the ordinary objections to a too notorious public character. For no man was ever more careless of offending or alarming friends and foes than the Editor of the *Tribune*. Even in these papers he avows himself a Socialist, though not a Communist, a Teetotaler with a strong leaning to vegetarianism, and a half-believer in Spiritualism; at the same time that he throws out a number of home truths which, if we are to judge American Spiritualists by their English congeners, will mortally offend nine-tenths of them. His paper on Margaret Fuller, for some time an inmate of his household, displays at once a leaning towards woman's rights which is not calculated to conciliate those who stand on the old ways, and a faith in the wholesome influence of "a husband and a couple of bouncing babies" which will simply infuriate the shrieking sisterhood. Those who think more of character than of opinions, believing that the general policy of a President is regulated by the programme of his party, but that the prudence and success of his administration depend in a great degree on his personal qualities—especially in the case of a strong-willed man of self-confident spirit and passionate convictions—will not be attracted towards Mr. Greeley by the evidence which these papers afford of a narrow education and vigorous but limited understanding, a common sense so uninformed by culture as to be no security against the wildest delusions in regard to matters falling outside the sphere of its own experience, and a tenacity of opinions once formed only equalled by the facility with which they are accepted on inadequate or irrelevant premises. In short, Mr. Greeley is about the last man whom statesmen would select for a position invested with no small amount of direct power and with a very large share of indirect influence, all of which the incumbent may, if he will, exercise at his own discretion, uncontrolled by responsible advisers, and very imperfectly checked by Congress.

\* *Autobiography of Horace Greeley: or, Recollections of a Busy Life. To which are added Miscellaneous Essays and Papers. Illustrated. New York: J. B. Ford. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.*



To a considerable proportion of his Northern supporters, however, the antecedents which have unfitted Mr. Greeley for rule, and the peculiarities which illustrate his unfitness, constitute his chief attraction. He is to them at once a man of personal eminence and one of themselves; he has over their imagination all the influence which belongs to marked personality in a country where there are no personages by right of rank, and all that belongs to homeliness and simplicity in high places. How great this influence is we may understand if we remember how deep is the interest of Englishmen in the only personages whose greatness is thoroughly realized by the multitude—the Royal Family; and how George III.'s "leg of mutton" and simple manners made him in the later half of his reign a popular idol. Mr. Greeley began life as the son of a very small farmer in New Hampshire, who speedily sank to the condition of a labourer; he started in the world, while still a boy, as a printer's apprentice in the office of a country newspaper, and after years of hard labour at the case, and of labour equally hard and scarcely better paid as the editor of party journals and "campaign papers" (the analogues of the papers often published in our large towns during a contested election), at last established the *Tribune*, and slowly worked it up into a powerful organ and a valuable property. He is a man of much reading, but little culture; of "plain" manners, eccentric dress and ways, and simple tastes; in short, in appearance and habits and ideas, in prejudices and character, as like a farmer of Vermont or Ohio as the editor of a successful New York journal well could be. He possesses much, and affects still more, of the tone and taste of farmers, their dry humour, straightforwardness of speech, and aversion to subtleties of reasoning and refinement of expression. His love of farming and of country life—a love which he shares with no small proportion of the most refined and dignified of our own aristocracy—is regarded by his rustic countrymen as an additional proof of his plainness and his likeness to themselves. In short, because he is not, and affects to be even less than he is, a man of cultivation, extensive knowledge, and political learning, he is thought more likely than a gentleman, scholar, and statesman like Mr. Adams to be chosen by his countrymen to direct the policy and administer the Government of one of the foremost nations of the world.

At the same time, if his memoirs do not raise our opinion of Mr. Greeley's fitness to fill the highest place among American statesmen, they do exhibit his personal character in a favourable and pleasing light. Strict morality, without a taint of hypocrisy or harshness, vehement and almost passionate earnestness, with perfect freedom from spite and malice, a steadfast adhesion to his own practices and principles, coupled with generous kindness for and a desire to do justice to those who most widely differ from him, are qualities that do not go far to make a statesman, but they do make an honest man, a good neighbour, and a valuable citizen. Mr. Greeley is put forward as the champion of Civil Service Reform; and his unlucky letter on the subject, coupled with his silence in face of the Tammany malpractices, has produced an impression that he is not earnest in that cause. But those who recollect his short career in Congress, and his indignant and effective struggle against the abuses of "mileage" or travelling allowances and the supply of books which formed the most valuable perquisites of Federal legislators—briefly and truthfully related in these pages—will hardly suspect Mr. Greeley of a disposition to tolerate malpractices which it would be his official duty to correct. His Socialist experiments do not inspire confidence in his judgment; but his frank recognition of their failure and its causes, and his repudiation of Communism, show capacity and willingness to profit by the lessons of practical experience. His conduct towards the South did not please his countrymen, and was about the only part of his political career of which he writes in an apologetic tone, as if standing on his defence. But most Englishmen will think that the man who had repeatedly advocated secession on the part of the North was bound to admit the right of the South to secede; and will consider that Mr. Greeley's moderate and courteous tone in speaking of the conquered people, his vindication of the now unpopular doctrine that when a rebellion has attained the dimensions of civil war its adherents cannot afterwards be dealt with as criminals, and his interposition to facilitate the release of Mr. Davis, do him more honour than the fiercest declamation against slavery or treason. Probably the portions of this volume which will do most to lower Mr. Greeley's reputation for political wisdom in this country are those which relate to Protection. It is not only that he is a vehement Protectionist, but that he shows himself incapable of appreciating the value of either facts or arguments upon the subject. He can, indeed, repeat with fluency and accuracy the accepted reasonings of his party; but he allows it to be understood that his animosity to Free-trade originated in the suffering which he witnessed and shared when the sudden influx of British goods after the war of 1812 drove the domestic manufactures of New Hampshire out of the market; as if, to avert that temporary suffering, it would have been just to impose a permanent tax on every American family for the benefit of the distaff-spinners and handloom-weavers. And he is so unreasonably, so blind to the most obvious considerations, as to maintain that at one time, and for a considerable period, British goods were sold in the States under cost price, not from necessity and a glut in the market, but in order to destroy the rising manufactures of America; as if merchants and manufacturers would incur a heavy, immediate, and personal loss for the chance of a

future advantage which might be snatched from them by their competitors at home. If Mr. Greeley had himself been a merchant or manufacturer, his practical knowledge would have saved him from such an absurdity; but he has not the general culture which would enable him, without that practical experience, to detect the impossibility of such a thing on grounds of universal application. His theoretical arguments, his general reasonings, are vitiated by this utter want of that width of view, that grasp of principles, which only education can give; but when he writes of what he has seen and felt, when he speaks from experience, his common sense enables him to clear away the rubbish of preconception and prejudice, and his evidence is on the whole trustworthy, and always useful and interesting. The reader finds in these reminiscences, not only a very distinct portrait of the man, but many graphic sketches of American life as it was and is; and altogether, after allowing for all drawbacks, is inclined to think better of both than more elaborate, but less simple and straightforward, accounts might have induced him to do.

#### KNOX'S AUTUMNS ON THE SPEY.\*

BOOKS on the sports and natural history of the British Isles are always attractive, if they are simply written. Thanks to our old friend Gilbert White, Solborne and its hangers, Woolmer Forest, and the Sussex Downs, have pleasant memories for thousands who have never seen them; and who has ever gone out deer-stalking with Scrope without feeling himself at home in the forest of Athol? St. John is another delightful companion. He became a successful author without suspecting it, merely by noting the incidents of a not very eventful life in the fulness of his own hearty enjoyment of them. His *Highland Wild Sports*, his *Sport in Moray*, his *Tour in Sutherlandshire*, are all to our mind model books in their way. They breathe the fresh air from loch, moor, and mountain; they reflect the scenery in bold, vigorous, unlaboured outline; they dash off the natives and their manners with rough but realistic fidelity; and they describe the habits of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles with minute yet most captivating accuracy. We do not say that Mr. Knox rivals Mr. St. John; it would be extraordinary, if not extravagant, praise to say as much. But we do say that the one reminds us of the other, and not merely because they write of very much the same neighbourhood. One and the other are sportsmen and naturalists by instinct, and the better sportsmen because they prefer nature to sport. They do not shoot or fish primarily for the bag or the basket. They can take the finger from the trigger when disarmed by the gambols of the unsuspecting game, or can altogether forget the business of the day in the absorbing interest of some pretty little episode—vide frontispiece of *Autumns on the Spey*, where the hero is admiring the antics of some crossbills, while the roe he should be looking out for cauters across the ride unobserved. Mr. St. John's lines fell on the banks of the Findhorn, Mr. Knox's on those of the magnificent Spey. As Mr. Scrope was fortunate enough to be the guest of the Duke of Athol, so the lucky Mr. Knox seems to find annual sporting quarters with his Grace of Richmond. And those Northern domains of the Gordons, which have passed to the Lennoxes, show as magnificent a range of sport as is to be found anywhere in the North. Highlands run into lowlands; there are the wild-deer forest of Glenfiddich, and the broad grouse moors of the Blackwater; there is lowland game in abundance in the fertile strath of the Lower Spey; there are dense pine-woods stretching away from the castle, while wild fowl swarm in the season in creek and estuary, and in many a secluded loch and pool. Chief of all to the enthusiastic salmon-fisher, the swift Spey comes rushing through the territory, a revolutionary torrent like the Loire, tearing its banks and shifting its bed when the snow melts in the spring or the floods descend in the mountains. Spey and salmon go naturally together; from all we have heard we are inclined to agree with Mr. Knox when he asserts that there is no such river in Scotland for the rod-fisher. The broad streams of Tay and Tweed must be fished from boat—tame work at best. The Spey is so rapid, and the navigation among its currents and intricate shallows so difficult, that as a rule it must be fished from the bank or not at all. Yet to talk of fishing it from the bank is a delusive figure of speech. Unless you are prepared to wade, or to dive and swim, if need be, you may as well leave your rod at home. Good salmon-fishing is the height of excitement in any case. There are few such sensations in life as the moment when a strong clean-run fish swallows a slight fly on a single gut, and rushes away with your line as he makes his start straight for the ocean. But when you cast your line, balancing yourself on the loose boulders of a treacherous bottom, standing immersed to your waist, while your next step may possibly sink you to the armpits, looking out for the trees that overhang the pool from behind, or the ripples that tell of submerged snags and branches, then the excitement culminates. Mr. Knox's fashion of attiring himself for the diversion of the day may give an idea of the adventures and vicissitudes he expected. Waterproof trousers and jerkin all of a piece are carefully secured over the shirt and beneath the armpits by a hempen cord. He found that the hempen armband where a leathern strap would have stretched, so that in the course of a long immersion only a wine-glassful of water filtered into the nother compartments of his costume. Then, if he quitted his feet, or was

\* *Autumns on the Spey*. By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.S., Author of "Ornithological Rambles in Sussex," &c. London: John Van Voorst. 1872.

carried off them, he could swim after his fish in comparative comfort and safety. His heavy boots were a positive advantage, as counterbalancing the buoyancy of his inflated waterproof, and keeping his feet in amicable relations with his head. There are fishermen and fishermen, and very different is a day's sport on the Spey from one in a punt on the placid bosom of the Thames. To show that Mr. Knox's elaborate preparations were not superfluous, we may refer to the salmon-fishing episode illustrated by the sensational vignette. One day he had been out after a protracted drought, when the river had long been clear and low, and when not a fish had been stirring in the most famous pools. Of course he was fishing with the lightest of gut and the very smallest of salmon-flies. He had the great luck to raise and hook a monster made conspicuous, or "kenspeckle," as the Scotch say, by the round mark of an otter-bite beneath the dorsal fin. But the fish was strong and crafty, and the stream swift and strong, and, to cut a long tale short, after some highly exciting play he broke the line and left the angler lamenting. Shortly afterwards Mr. Knox was again fishing the same water, and hooked the identical fish in the identical spot. There was no mistaking the otter-bite. Nothing can be better told than the incidents of the long and animated struggle, with all its hopes and fears. Now the betting was on the fish, now on the man. The line was slight; any strain on it was dangerous, yet the salmon was bent on taking his way down into deep water where there was no following him. A friend of Mr. Knox had rushed to the spot with the clip, and was eagerly watching for a chance of using it. At last the strike is made, when, "to my horror I see the gaff break off short in the hand of my friend. Our fate hangs on a hair. The next moment I lose sight of all except his head, but in an instant afterwards he reappears, clasping with his arms a goodly salmon—twenty-two pounds weight—in its struggles vainly to escape from his fond but firm embrace."

Those North-country rivers are very apt to come down in flood, and the people who have settled on the rich farms by their banks suffer occasionally from terrible calamities. We recollect how St. John talks of having more than once to gather up his rod and tackle and run for his life, while quietly pursuing his sport on the Findhorn. The Findhorn often runs between precipitous banks which are not to be scrambled up in all places, and the first intimation you have of your imminent danger is a murmur growing fast into a roar and rush, and then the vision of a wall of brown water surging down upon you. With the Spey it is different, at least in the lower part of its course by Fochabers and Gordon Castle. There the valley widens, and when the river overflows its embankments at all, it spreads itself over a stretch of country. But being pent up between the embankments, the water is continually changing its course; you may go full of agreeable anticipations to the famous pool where you did such execution in former years, to find it filled up or utterly worthless. To protect the banks too against the encroachments of the torrents, the natives have recourse to a formidable kind of works which seem to answer their purpose well, but which are extremely injurious to the angling. Huge crates very strongly constructed are filled with heavy boulders, and securely bound together. Worse still is the alternative plan, where young trees, branches and all, are laid in the stream when the river is at its lowest. The uppermost boughs, all pointing outwards, form a regular *chevaux de frise*, and on that layers of great boulders are deposited, and then again come more trees, and so until the defence is pronounced sufficiently solid. Even if a pool forms there, and the salmon take to it, it is of course impossible to fish in the immediate neighbourhood with the certainty of catching your flies in these subaqueous snags. They immeasurably increase the odds against the capture too, even if you hook your fish elsewhere. For if you see him heading in their direction, you must hold him hard at all hazards, and when it is pull fish, pull man, with a clean-run twenty-pound salmon at the other end of your line, the stoutest of tackle is likely to snap. But so long as the water is in order and sport plenty, all these perils only make the keen angler love the river the more. Mr. Knox's affection for the Spey is a passion, and he embodies it in the rollicking lines which conclude the volume, and which are plainly inspired by a Hibernian muse.

But he loves sport by land as well as by water, although he much prefers the latter. A lost salmon is pain and grief to him; but he can contemplate a blank day in the forest, or look back on the escape of a stag of the finest head, with tolerable complacency. In fact, an enthusiastic naturalist is seldom a very bloody-minded sportsman. Monotonous woods and barren moors have a thousand pleasures for him to which men less happily gifted are unresponsive; and the pleasure of his day lies rather in pursuit than achievement. We may refer again as a case in point to an incident which we have already noticed casually. There was a roe-hunt in the great fir woods near the castle; there were numerous beaters, drilled and marshalled by various keepers, and a scratch pack of dogs trained to the business. Sport in the ducal forests seems arranged in the most complete and methodical fashion. Along some of the beats, over rides, openings, and passes familiar to the game, ambushes were constructed up among the fir foliage. A ladder of fir poles led up to a nest of boughs, concealing the red platform it was built upon. In one of these Mr. Knox was stationed, and his beat had commenced. But the beaters had to fetch a great compass and cover a great extent of ground, and he was giving anxious orders with waiting, for the waiting had lasted for hours, and he had seen few living creatures except a few and the beaters followed on its scent, and swarms of

hungry gnats and midges. Above all, there was a singular absence of all small birds; when of a sudden he heard a shrill and unfamiliar chirping, as coming from several of them. Gradually it drew nearer, and at last the birds from which it proceeded came in a flight and actually settled in the boughs above his head. He was in the middle of a family circle of crossbills, busy splitting up the fir cones and swallowing the seed. Probably no one ever saw such a sight before under circumstances so favourable. He could observe the exact method of their operation; how they always gathered the cone before going to work upon it, tying with it to the central part of the bough, holding it parrot-fashion with the foot, for the most part swinging themselves under it, and then splitting it open by driving the bill home between the scales. He revelled in the curious spectacle until the near approach of the beaters scared the birds; so absorbed in it indeed, that, as he tells us, his interest cost him a shot at a roe-deer. Thus the little volume is brightened by natural episodes by wood as well as flood. There is a good deal of pleasant and instructive natural history in it, and a little not unpleasant science. Indeed we only wish it had been longer, and we do not care how soon Mr. Knox gives us another by way of sequel.

#### A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.\*

WE are no rigorous sticklers for the unities, but we object on artistic grounds to two heroes in one novel. In the first place, few writers possess the requisite talent for piloting even a single hero through a series of incidents in a way that shall be at once probable and amusing. Fewer still are competent to conduct two heroes each along a separate labyrinth of his own. Then, too, doubling the heroes involves a departure from a well-established and very sound tradition. It is true that in some of the masterpieces of fiction two characters rivalling each other in the interest which they inspire have been introduced. There are many novel-readers who will sympathize much more keenly with the chivalrous Lord Evandale than with the worthy but sententious Henry Morton. But it does not follow that there are two heroes in *Old Mortality*. Technically regarded, the hero in a novel is the central pivot on which the action of the story turns, and all the other characters, however attractive or contrasted, group themselves around him in a subordinate or assisting attitude. In this sense the hero is one and indivisible. To tamper with his indisputable supremacy is to weaken the effect which it should be the novelist's aim to produce. A novel with two characters in it of equal prominence is like a watch with two mainsprings. It is pretty sure to go badly.

In the novel before us the two heroes are obviously the result not so much of design as of an attempt on the author's part to pack into one work materials which more properly might have been expanded into two. There is a group of German characters to be trotted out, and there is a group of English characters to be brought upon the scene; and each must be supplied with an appropriate background and surroundings. But in order to combine a set of transactions in and about a German University town with another set of transactions in or about an English rectory, a connecting link must be found. In this case a link between the British and Teutonic elements in the story is obtained by the disclosure at the proper moment of a latent relationship between the German hero and the English hero. The evidence on which Arnold Muller is identified by Sir Robert Chesney as his German cousin would seem to have been somewhat slender, but this is a point to which two young men who had felt from the first a mysterious attraction towards each other would attach little importance. From the elder people on the Chesney side a little more caution might have been expected before recognizing a young foreign musician as heir-presumptive to the honours of a family of such portentous antiquity as the Chesneys, to whom "the Norman Conquest was a comparatively modern episode." But Arnold Muller had in every way proved himself so worthy of his historic lineage that even people who were descended from Saxon Thanes, and whose ancestors had been mixed up with every great event in English history from the Crusades to Culloden, might well be pleased to own him. A family solicitor, however, ought to be above merely sentimental intuitions, and inexorable in the matter of proof. We are surprised at the facility in jumping to a conclusion exhibited by Mr. Took, the Chesney man of business, familiarly referred to by the author as "the Man in Spectacles," by way of emphasizing the acuteness with which he surveyed the world through the medium of those instruments. A lawyer ought at least to be accurate, which Mr. Took is not when he introduces to the Rev. Stephen Chesney as his new-found nephew a young gentleman who is shown by the context to be his deceased sister's daughter's son. However, it is quite in keeping with Mr. Took's gushing temperament—a temperament unhappily rare in men of his profession—to slip a generation in tracing Arnold's connexion with the astounding Chesney pedigree. But when, in answer to the rector's natural hesitation, he testily asks whether he, Mr. Took, is given to make statements which he cannot prove, we must frankly say that he is not altogether to be acquitted of the charge, as well as of a tendency to entertain loose and unprofessional notions of the nature of evidence.

Of the twin heroes of this novel we much prefer the German to

\* A Novel with Two Heroes. By ELLIOT CHESNEY. London: Smith & Co. 1872.

the English. So poor a figure indeed does the young baronet cut by the side of the young musician that we suspect our author of sharing Mr. Arnold's well-known views about his countrymen, and of pointing a sly contrast between Teutonic Geist and British materialism. The inheritor from his mother of a "musico-aesthetic" temperament, Arnold had been from his earliest years enthusiastically devoted to the study of the divine art. As a child he would sit like another Mozart or Mendelssohn at the piano, absorbed in "the tone pictures of the old masters," or endeavouring "to assimilate his own crude harmonies to the full swell of theirs." To a musical genius the prospect of a seat in a Berlin country house was intolerable. So he joyfully accepts the offer of his father's old friend Herr Bergmann, Director of the Conservatorium at Städtlein, to further his musical studies in return for his services as secretary. The story opens with his introduction to the family circle of the kind old director, with whose pretty daughter—pretty in all but her ill-omened name of Mala—he rapidly falls in love. The interior of the director's household is pleasantly described: No more hospitable hostess could be found than simple-minded Fräulein Martha, her domestic and culinary anxieties notwithstanding. Then there is Herr Wallraf, Professor in the Conservatorium, hiding a warm heart under a caustic and cynical tongue. Even the inoffensive Arnold becomes for a season the target of his sarcasm, and it is not until the director relates Wallraf's story—a story of blighted love and ambition—that the first misunderstanding is removed, and they become fast friends. The Conservatorium and its staff are depicted with a minuteness and individuality which make us think that they must be drawn from life. There is Herr Schenk, good-natured and impeccable; Herr von Heintz, an accomplished amateur, devoted to his art; old Herr Braun, teacher of harmony, and nicknamed Sagittarius from his love of archery; and last, not least, there is Signora Eschino, professor of singing, a loud-voiced, black-ringed lady, who kept a meek little husband in complete subjection, as well as some fifty pupils who trembled and wept at her strange Italian expletives. With Mala Arnold is on the best of terms, and he begins to indulge in hopes of winning her love, when he is suddenly overwhelmed by a crushing discovery. Ominous allusions had been made from time to time by the Bergmanns to a certain absent Lucien, but they had failed to open Arnold's eyes to the real state of affairs. At last the fatal moment arrives. It is the director's annual vintage festival, and Arnold has been flirting with Mala over the grape-gathering. Suddenly the sound of an approaching footstep is heard, Mala springs forward, and is clasped in the arms of a stranger:—

A stranger! one look at the two was enough. An unutterable sense of desolation stole over Arnold. The sky lost its brightness, the earth rocked beneath his feet. Mechanically he staggered back to the white vine, unheeded by the lovers, and sheltered by the overhanging leaves knelt down as if to cut the grapes, in reality to gain a moment's time. "That cry—that upturned sparkling face! What a secret had these revealed! Mala, Mala, could never be his. What need of words to tell that which his eyes had seen? Fool, madman that he had been, so to deceive himself! How long he remained thus, stunned and motionless, he never knew; it might have been seconds, it might have been hours. The first thing that roused him to consciousness was his own name gaily, eagerly pronounced in Mala's voice. He rose hurriedly; the long shadows lay across the path, two others were approaching; by a great effort he recovered his self-control, and advanced to meet them; Mala and Lucien stood before him. In her impetuous way she seized his hand. "Come, Arnold, let me present you to Lucien, my cousin Lucien. Is it not delightful that he should have arrived just at the right time, on my fête day? Lucien, our Arnold. You know him, I am sure, already."

The rivals looked at each other, and bowed silently; each felt instinctively that friendship could not exist between them. But in that first glance Arnold read something more. As he encountered the half-averting, half-triumphant expression of Lucien's eye, and the cruel curve of the refined nostril, the life-forces came bounding back to his heart, misery gave place to indignation. The rays of the setting sun fell full on his face, disclosing only too plainly the mental conflict. "My God," cried Mala, falling back in horror, "Arnold, you are ill!" The insolent eyes were still upon him; pride came to his aid, and Arnold murmured a few words about the heat; but his voice sounded hoarse and unnatural. Mala looked wistfully at him, but she said nothing, and they began the descent to the village.

Arnold is generous enough to resign his own pretensions to succeed to Wallraf's chair in favour of his worthless rival, who is base enough after all to repudiate his engagement to Mala.

It is time to turn to the English hero in this novel—Sir Robert Chesney. He may be described as emphatically a poor creature. Except a tendency to talk slang and to get into mischief, there is nothing distinctively masculine about him; and certainly nothing can be more un-English than his egotistical prattle, his maudlin complaints of his uncle's harshness, and his readiness to swear eternal friendship at first sight. Imagine a young Englishman saying, like a gushing schoolgirl, to a friend of one afternoon, "Call me Robert!" The blood of the pre-Norman Chesneys must have sadly degenerated to flow in the veins of so very mawkish and feeble a representative. At Städtlein, whether Sir Robert is sent to study, the orbits of the two heroes cross. Looking about a German University strikes us as a singular scheme of education for a young baronet of great expectations, who enjoyed the care of a scrupulously severe and active guardian. It is another proof, if proof were needed, of the inability of a descent from Saxon Thanes to ensure a corresponding transmission of common sense. The Rev. Stephen Chesney is a specially irritating personage, however, while he is depicted as a solemn self-opinionated and even rigorous family martinet, his actions are fituous in the extreme. In one of his rambles round Städtlein the young baronet meets and falls in love with a pretty gipsy girl, with whom he proposes

to slope to New Zealand. The project is secretly encouraged by his unscrupulous and spendthrift cousin, Captain Hawthornthwaite, who believes himself to be the next heir to the Chesney estates. In concert with a villainous associate, Bully Clayton, this pleasant cousin has taken measures to make Sir Robert's return from the colonies in the highest degree improbable. Happily the conspiracy, concocted under the nose of the imbecile Mr. Chesney, is discovered in time, and by an opportune breaking of his leg the simple young baronet is prevented from fulfilling his share in the programme. The injury to his leg must have been serious, for two years afterwards, having been put in possession of his inheritance, he is still described as "limping."

The chief fault of this book is the redundancy of matter in it, and the absence of anything like chemical combination between the two elements in the story. The musical idyl of Städtlein never becomes properly fused with the more sensational chapter of adventures of which Ilmington Rectory and neighbourhood is the scene, although a link between them has been provided as wanted. The author, or, as we think we should rather say, the authoress, has crammed the substance of two novels into one. Not content with this feat, she has gratuitously loaded her work with episodes. With two heroes, and two heroines, and two sets of supernumeraries, and double scenic surroundings, one would think that her hands were sufficiently full. Not a bit of it. She can still find a place for the melancholy history of Lady Charleswood, a mere phantom so far as the main action of the story is concerned. This lady lay under the suspicion of having conspired at her first husband's murder. Parenthetically she is cleared of the charge by the dying confession of Bully Clayton, the same villain who had planned the kidnapping of Sir Robert Chesney. The intending murderer of the baronet had been the actual murderer of the late Mr. Penton. Killing two birds at one shot in this sweeping fashion is not perhaps very artistic; but one is grateful for any economy in handling materials in the present work. The villains of fiction, however, may fairly complain if, in addition to the central crimes which constitute their *raison d'être*, they have also to answer for all the subsidiary ones which it may please the novelist to introduce. Murderers are generally credited with the virtue of unobtrusiveness. But Mr. Clayton is an exception to the rule, for he insists on going to a race luncheon to meet the widow of his victim, who faints away at the sight of "the terrible man." The incident is further illustrative of the imbecility into which the last actions of the pre-Norman house of Chesney had lapsed. On no other evidence than Lady Charleswood's fainting fit and exclamation Mr. Chesney sends for a constable, and "in his capacity as a justice of the peace" charges Mr. Clayton with being one Jubes Hill, formerly of Wales, and concerned "in a certain murder." This was at all events a decided, if a slightly illegal, step for a justice of the peace to take. But what are we to think of the rector's capacity for administering nineteenth-century justice when we learn that, without any further inquiry, "on receiving from the accused a succinct account of his whole career, and references to certain well-known bankers and merchants," he then and there releases him, with apologies for the wrongful detention to which he had been subjected. Any one of the rude Saxon Thanes, his ancestors, would have made a better justice of the peace. As if one episode were not enough, we are treated to another concerning the hopeless attachment of Mr. Took, junior, an enthusiastic young curate, to Alice Chesney. In spite of his virtues and the surprisingly active part he takes in the Chesney affairs, such a *mésalliance* was not to be, and he is destined to extinguish his "only earthly hope" by reading the marriage service over Alice and Arnold Muller. It is singular that of the young ladies in this novel no one marries the object of her first affection, or the man one expects her to marry. Mala, in love with Lucien, and beloved by Arnold, marries nobody. Alice, with whom Sir Robert is in love, marries Arnold. Mariechen, Arnold's sister, in love with Lucien, is left, when the story closes, verging towards matrimony with the young baronet. We do not object to this odd solution of all the love problems, but in fiction it is rather unorthodox.

It is only fair to say, in conclusion, that in spite of faulty construction, superabundance of matter, and not a few incidental absurdities, this work has sterling merits. It is well written; it is readable; it is thoroughly inoffensive. Reviewers' advice is seldom of much avail, but we counsel the author in her next novel to eschew episodes, to cut down her characters by one-half, and to confine herself to one hero. A novel can hardly be satisfactory as a work of art if, like Mr. Arnold's *Titan*, it has to stagger along under the too vast orb of its contents.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE efforts which have been made in France within the last twenty years to bring about administrative decentralization are still apparently fruitless, and it seems difficult to eradicate completely a system the origin of which can be traced even further back than the Ministry of Cardinal Richelieu. But political thinkers who are little inclined to abolish altogether what appears to them an essentially French mode of government—one, therefore, suited to the national character—would gladly welcome certain modifications borrowed from ourselves, and we are glad to see the attention of students directed towards the organization and working of our local government. Hence the importance

of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu's volume;\* it was composed in pursuance of a programme published three years ago by the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, and it contains a very careful examination of the whole subject. The author has arranged in a most lucid and systematic manner the information gathered by him from official documents, and he has produced a readable as well as a learned book.

The organization of the French army is a topic which has been discussed almost *ad nauseam* by the authors of innumerable works already noticed in our columns. M. Ch. Beussière has had many predecessors, but his remarks† deserve more consideration than those of the great majority of the writers who have previously dealt with the subject. Military reform must, he observes, be applied to two very distinct things—first, the recruiting, and, secondly, the training of the army. M. Beussière develops these topics with considerable talent, showing a thorough knowledge of the subject which he has undertaken to elucidate. The distribution of military forces, the best way of employing soldiers in a useful manner, and the problem of education are the three principal points which he examines. He would transform the camp into a school, and would substitute for the idle life of garrison towns a system of training which would be profitable to the nation at large by raising the standard of intellect in the army.

Antoine Court‡ is one of the personages of the eighteenth century about whom readers know least, although he played a very distinguished part in the history of his own country and in that of religion. Beyond an interesting account in Messrs. Haag's *France protestante*, a few fragments published by the *Bulletin du Protestantisme français*, and other notices of less value, nothing as yet had been written about a man who, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of the severest political enactments, applied himself a hundred years ago to the task of reconstituting French Protestantism. The fact is that the philosophical movement, as it is called, had absorbed the attention of the majority of readers, and no one cared to inquire into the efforts made for the purpose of infusing new life into a merely religious community. Fortunately, however, a healthier direction has lately been given to the study of ecclesiastical history, and the excellent work now before us supplies a most important desideratum in the annals of French Protestantism. It contains a large number of documents hitherto unpublished, by the help of which we are enabled to reconstruct the biography of Antoine Court, and also to see what that distinguished and truly patriotic man did to raise the position of the descendants of the fugitives of the Cévennes.

The French Government has for many years, under the various régimes which have existed since 1830, steadily carried on the idea of publishing historical collections referring to modern as well as to mediæval times. The collection of Henry IV.'s correspondence is undoubtedly one of the most valuable instalments of the *Documents inédits* started by M. Guizot, and in its present form it can be profitably consulted by historical students. A good many despatches, however, emanating from the great Bourbon King had escaped the researches of M. Berger de Xivrey, the editor, and they have at different periods been issued by other scholars. The latest volume of this description has quite recently been given to the public through the intelligent care of M. Halphen.§ It contains no less than one hundred and eighty-nine letters addressed by Henry IV. to Chancellor de Bellièvre, who, as most readers are aware, held an important rank amongst the French diplomatists of the sixteenth century. He was successively ambassador in Switzerland under Charles IX. (1572), in Poland and in England under Henry III. (1573 and 1584), in England again under Henry IV. (1589), and finally in Spain (1596). The MS. collection of his negotiations has never yet been published, and it is from this important series of State papers that M. Halphen now extracts the materials of his work. We need scarcely point out the great value of this fresh contribution to the history of France, which has been prepared with all the care that M. Halphen's previous labours might have led us to expect. He had already done much towards throwing new light upon the life and times of Henry IV. His edition of Pierre de Lestolle's journal, and his volume of letters written by the King to M. de Sillery, published respectively in 1862 and in 1866, had shown his intimate knowledge of the sixteenth century and his editorial qualifications. The present publication cannot but add considerably to M. Halphen's reputation. M. A. Aubry deserves the thanks of all students of history for the spirit with which he has undertaken the issuing of these various supplements to the series of Henry IV.'s despatches.

Several important contributions to philological science have recently reached us. We have, first of all, M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's essay on the forms of the Latin declension in France during the Merovingian epoch.|| The various literary remains belonging to that period show us three systems of declining nouns, adjectives, and participles. First, we have the classical forms as they existed

in the regular Latin grammar, justified by the examples of the best authors. Secondly, the same forms still subsisting, a phœnic modification was introduced, consisting in a change affecting the pronunciation of vowels, and sometimes, but more rarely, the consonants. This fact marks what M. de Jubainville designates the vulgar declension of the first degree. Thirdly, an altogether new syntax gradually got into use. The cases were employed differently from what had previously been the rule; some of them being used promiscuously, and others consequently becoming superfluous. This system formed a kind of transition between the Latin language and archaic French; it is called by M. de Jubainville the vulgar declension of the second degree. In order to illustrate these three successive forms, our author has collected a great number of examples from (1) the original Merovingian diplomas published by M. Tardif; (2) the formulas of Marculphus, and other texts of the same kind; (3) the oldest texts of the Salic law; (4) M. Le Blant's series of Christian inscriptions; (5) the fragments of St. Avitus which M. Léopold Delisle printed about six years ago; (6) the Merovingian coins; and (7) the Romance Glossary of M. Diez.

M. L. Benloew's new volume\* is not, nor does it pretend to be, an original work. It explains with much clearness the present state of comparative philology, and gives a tolerably complete résumé of the works of Bopp, Humboldt, Max Müller, and E. Burnouf. M. Benloew's remarks on the formation of the Celtic languages are particularly valuable; they are both new and sound, and would alone suffice to secure attention to his book.

In approaching the substantial works of M. François Lenormant we feel quite overpowered by the *embarras des richesses*. The commentary on the fragments of Herodotus which we noticed on a previous occasion was a good specimen of the author's industry and of the immense variety of his erudition. Whilst attempting to describe the propagation of the Phœnician alphabet†, he has really given us a history of the formation of writing, and the great interest which characterizes this first instalment of his work makes us hope that the publication of the rest will not be long delayed. M. Lenormant's introduction, extending over nearly 130 pages, discusses the following proposition:—"The transmission of writing has never taken place without a more or less considerable transmission of ideas, of which writing is the exterior and tangible sign." Two principles, applied either simultaneously or separately, lead as an ultimate result to the use of writing; viz. ideographism, or the representation of ideas, and phonetism, or the representation of sounds. The former of these, we are told, consists either, first, in the figuration of the objects themselves which are to be designated—which is what Clement of Alexandria calls proceeding *κατά μιμήσιν*; or, secondly, in the figuration of a material object or image agreed upon as representing an abstract idea—which is what is meant by symbolism. In the same manner there are two degrees of phonetism—first, syllabism, which treats each syllable as an indivisible whole, composed of a consonant mute by itself and of a vowel or vocal sound by means of which the consonant is pronounced; secondly, alphabetism, a system which decomposes the syllable, and represents the consonant and the vowel separately. M. Lenormant's object is to show that logically, and in accordance with the very organization of the human mind, all systems of writing have begun by ideographism and gradually arrived at phonetism. In the application of the former principle, the purely figurative method has been the starting point and the symbolic method the goal. If the representation of sound has been the principle adopted, syllabism must have existed before phonetism. In elucidating this curious question M. Lenormant has been led to examine the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, Mexicans, and Chinese, the cuneiform inscriptions, and the scanty monuments we have of Phœnician civilization. By way of appendix to the introductory essay we find an interesting memoir of Phœnician palæography, illustrated by specimens of alphabets taken from various sources; and, finally, M. Lenormant gives a chapter on the writing belonging to the Hebrew-Samaritan family of languages.

We are also indebted to M. Lenormant for a series of letters on different topics of religion and philosophy bearing upon the history of the Asiatic nations.‡ These letters, commenced during the horrors of the late German invasion and the civil war which followed it, are extremely interesting from more than one point of view. In the first place, they show what the love of science can do under the most trying circumstances; just as M. Silvestre de Sacy composed during the Reign of Terror in 1793 his celebrated *Mémoires sur quelques antiquités de la Perse*, so the present Under-Librarian of the Institute has written a work of profound erudition amidst the rattling of mitrailleurs and the tramp of soldiers. But the chief value of the *Lettres assyriologiques* is of course to be found in the variety and importance of the materials they embody. The contents of the two volumes now before us are as follows:—Letter I, on the Monarchy of the Medes, its Origin and its Kings; II, on the Ethnography and History of Armenia before the Ashshurians; III, Essay towards determining the Kings of Babylonia and Assyria; IV, on the Hittite Inscription of the Temple

\* *L'Administration locale en France et en Angleterre*. Par M. Leroy-Beaulieu. Paris: Guillaumin.

† *Leite nouvelles sur l'organisation de l'Armée*. Par M. Ch. Beussière. Paris: Guillaumin.

‡ *Antoine Court, Histoire de la restauration du Protestantisme français*. Par M. E. Haag. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Documents inédits de Henry IV. ou chancelier de Bellièvre*. Publié par M. M. Halphen. Paris: Aubry.

|| *Recherches sur la langue mérovingienne*. Par M. d'Arbois de

\* *Apprent général de la science comparative des Langues*. Par M. Benloew. Paris: Thorin.

† *Essai sur la propagation de l'alphabet phœnicien*. Par M. F. Lenormant. Paris: Guillaumin.

‡ *Lettres assyriologiques et égyptiennes*. Par M. F. Lenormant.



of Yata at Abian; V., on the Heathen Worship of the Kabba during pre-Islamite times. This last occupies nearly the whole of the second volume.

The edition of Nonius Marcellus lately published by M. Quicherat is a work which could not fail to be noticed by classical scholars. As a monument of grammatical literature it occupies a conspicuous place on the roll of ancient learning, and the numerous extracts which it gives from productions now unknown except by name render it doubly valuable. But it would be very unfair to judge the accuracy and erudition of the Latin grammarian by merely referring to the MSS. of his treatise *De compendiosa doctrina*, and M. Quicherat has bravely taken up the cudgels on his behalf against certain German critics who express themselves slightly about him. The learned French editor shows conclusively—first, that trustworthy authorities concur in speaking very highly of Nonius Marcellus's scholarship; as, for instance, Pomponius Laetus, who, about the year 1460 or 1470, published the earliest edition of the *De compendiosa doctrina*, and who describes him as *ille peritissimus*; secondly, that even the merest tiro could not have allowed the enormous blunders to pass which disfigure the text of Nonius. The natural inference, therefore, is that copyists must be made responsible for these blunders, and M. Quicherat, in correcting them in a few cases, shows what an interesting commentary could be written on the work which he has edited. He concludes by suggesting some new readings of his own, thus giving us a useful pamphlet which all readers must examine if they would study impartially the volume itself.

Under the title *Les jeunes années de C.-A. Sainte-Beuve*, M. François Morand, the fellow-townsmen of the illustrious critic, has published a pamphlet which will be an indispensable source of materials to future biographers. Readers familiar with Sainte-Beuve's poetry recollect no doubt a certain Abbé Eustache Barbe, to whom is inscribed the beautiful epistle in the *Pensées d'Aout* beginning with the words

Il est trois fois béat celui qui dans sa ville . . .

M. Barbe was at a very early age the intimate friend of Sainte-Beuve, and the acquaintance begun at school lasted through life. M. Morand's volume comprises a set of letters written to the Abbé by the critic. The first is dated—1818, and the last was despatched on the 1st of March, 1863. We therefore can follow the whole of Sainte-Beuve's career from the period of his first religious belief to that when he discarded positive religion of every kind. It is pleasant to see M. Morand endeavouring to hope, almost against hope, for the conversion in *extremis* of the *causeur du lundi*, and we admire the Abbé Barbe, who to the last remained the faithful friend of him whom he had long ceased to influence by his moral teaching. This volume brings back to our mind M. Forquas's edition of the correspondence of Lamennais with those truly noble-minded ladies Mesdames de Trémilhuc and de Lucinières, whose attachment to the author of the *Essai sur l'Indifférence* was not shaken even after the publication of the *Paroles d'un Croyant*. M. Morand has added to his work a few supplemental letters from himself, and some detached thoughts of M. Sainte-Beuve *père* on the Reign of Terror.

M. Amédée Thierry continues his excellent and suggestive monographs on the history of the Roman Empire during the fifth century. The three volumes devoted to the life of St. Jerom had given him an opportunity of describing the state of society in the West; he could naturally group around the illustrious priest both the most influential members of the patriciate and the matrons whose social position or intellectual superiority had placed them in the front rank of society in those days. The present octavo, treating of St. John Chrysostom, is the counterpart of the previous monograph; but the proportions of the picture are much wider, and we are brought into contact with political history to a far greater extent than when the hero was St. Jerom. The Court of Byzantium and the whole society of the Eastern world stand before us in strong relief, and, as M. Amédée Thierry observes, we see all the passions of the human heart brought into play. The early part of St. John Chrysostom's life had formed the topic of a previous work; we have here an account of that struggle with the Empress Eudoxia which subjected the intrepid bishop to numberless persecutions, exile, and death. This fresh series of the *Récits de l'Histoire romaine* is in every respect worthy of the three preceding ones.

The old town of Ferrette was in days of yore the capital both of a lordship (*Herrschaft*) and of an earldom (*Grafenschaft*), which during the middle ages played a conspicuous part in the history of Alsace. M. Bonvalot has given us the history of the place in an introduction to one of the most valuable works on custom law which we have seen for a long time. We need not follow him through his minute description of the various political vicissitudes of the county of Ferrette; but we may say a few words about the code of laws which that description introduces. The province of Alsace was formerly split up into a number of in-

dependent communities having each its own legislative customs; the various codes in which these customs were embodied differed from each other in their date, their spirit, and their provisions; all of these were remarkable, especially that of the county of Ferrette, whose deeply Teutonic character and great antiquity placed it quite apart from the rest. The definitive form assumed by the Ferretan *coutumes* was given to it during the sixteenth century; at that time it was a collection of laws or decrees of various dates, referring to traditional usages never committed to writing. The part bearing upon the rights of succession was particularly characteristic; it had given its celebrity to the entire collection, and the Ferretan *coutumier* gradually came to be adopted by the whole of Alsace, besides influencing the legislation of Germany and of Switzerland. Hence the importance which it obtained, and the necessity of its being studied by all readers who would have an accurate knowledge of mediæval legislation. Whilst we wonder that it should never have been published before, we feel the more indebted to M. Bonvalot for the excellent edition he has given of a valuable specimen of feudal law, and for the notes which accompany it. The *coutumier*, divided into thirty-one chapters, is printed here in the original German text with a French translation; each chapter is illustrated by copious notes, and at the end of the volume M. Bonvalot has added an appendix of documents taken from the Red-book of Ferrette, and from the Record Office of the department of the Upper Rhine.

M. Henry Bordier has "paid off" the Germans in a curious manner. Unfortunately for our friends on the other side of the Rhine, after the revolution of the 4th of September M. Bordier was appointed a member of the Commission named to examine the papers preserved at the Tuileries, and he succeeded in getting hold of two thousand petitions presented by Germans who were anxious to obtain from the Emperor, under various pretences, money, distinctions of every kind, pensions, &c. &c. The list given by M. Bordier, and printed in alphabetical order, is a monument of ingenuity; one wonders at the innumerable recipes devised by suffering humanity for the perfect cure of rheumatism, piles, and other diseases, by which the Emperor Napoleon III. either was or might be afflicted. It is some comfort to think that the Englishmen who petitioned His Majesty had no anxiety whatever for pecuniary relief. Their great ambition was to obtain an autograph letter, or even a signature, if they could get nothing else.

Amongst the works of fiction we have lately received are two novels by M. Hector Malot, which betray a close imitation of Balzac's style. The idea of making the same *dramatis personæ* appear in a succession of tales, and of telling us their whole history from the cradle to the grave, is both a mistake and an impertinence, except in the case of masters of their art, for it supposes that the extreme interest we take in these puppets obliges us to remember the various books in which their adventures are related. The author of *Eugénie Grandet* might be allowed such liberties, but M. Hector Malot has not yet obtained the same privilege, and his recent productions are not likely to win it for him. *Un Curé de Province* and *Un Miracle* are not only stupid, but they have the serious fault of making religion responsible for the faults of some of its ministers. Balzac's mantle is evidently not yet appropriated.

\* *L'Allemagne aux Tuileries de 1850 à 1870. Collection de documents tirés du Cabinet de l'Empereur.* Par H. Bordier. Paris: Beauvois.

† *Un Curé de Province. Un Miracle.* Par M. Hector Malot. Paris: Lévy.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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